ORGANIZED LIBRARY

Volume 2 of 5
eBook Release Years: 2004–2011
30 Works • Chronological Order

Project Gutenberg Collection

Contents — Volume 2

1. Complete Project Gutenberg John Galsworthy Works — John Galsworthy [2004]
2. Politics: A Treatise on Government — Aristotle [2004]
3. Untitled — Aristotle [2004]
4. The Little Immigrant — Eva Stern [2004]
5. Untitled — John Locke [2005]
6. Untitled — Karl Marx [2005]
7. Untitled — Ida B. Wells-Barnett [2005]
8. The Mind in the Making: The Relation of Intelligence to Social Reform — James Harvey Robinson [2005]
9. The Ethics of Aristotle — Aristotle [2005]
10. The Ethics of Aristotle — Aristotle [2005]
11. Essays by Ralph Waldo Emerson — Ralph Waldo Emerson [2005]
12. Untitled — Elizabeth E. Lea [2005]
13. Untitled — Unknown [2006]
14. Untitled — Unknown [2006]
15. Untitled — Harriet Beecher Stowe [2006]
16. The Suppression of the African Slave Trade to the United States of America — W. E. B. Du Bois [2006]
17. Untitled — Fyodor Dostoyevsky [2006]
18. Untitled — Carveth Read [2006]
19. Moral Principles in Education — Bertrand RussellThe Project Gutenberg eBook of Moral Principles in Education [2008]
20. Xerxes — Jacob Abbott [2008]
21. The Martin Luther King, Jr. Day, 1995, Memorial Issue — Various [2008]
22. My Bondage and My Freedom — Frederick Douglass [2008]
23. Sketches of the Fair Sex, in All Parts of the World. — Anonymous [2008]
24. A Black Adonis — Linn Boyd Porter [2008]
25. A System of Logic, Ratiocinative and Inductive — John Stuart Mill [2009]
26. Cecilia Valdés o la Loma del Ángel — Cirilo Villaverde [2009]
27. Astounding Stories of Super-Science, August 1930 — Various [2009]
28. Untitled — Unknown [2010]
29. Untitled — John Addington Symonds [2010]
30. My own story — Emmeline Pankhurst [2011]

Complete Project Gutenberg John Galsworthy Works

John Galsworthy

Project Gutenberg Release: September 27, 2004 · eBook #3254

Produced by David Widger, Don Lainson, and Several Project Gutenberg Volunteers

THE ENTIRE PROJECT GUTENBERG GALSWORTHY FILES

The Forsyte Saga: Volume 1. The Man of Property Volume 2. Indian Summer of a Forsyte In Chancery Volume 3. Awakening To Let Other Novels: The Dark Flower The Freelands Beyond Villa Rubein and Other Stories Villa Rubein A Man of Devon A Knight Salvation of a Forsyte The Silence Saint's Progress The Island Pharisees The Country House Fraternity The Patrician The Burning Spear Five Short Tales The First and Last A Stoic The Apple Tree The Juryman Indian Summer of a Forsyte Essays and Studies: Concerning Life Inn of Tranquility Magpie over the Hill Sheep-shearing Evolution Riding in the Mist The Procession A Christian Wind in the Rocks My Distant Relative The Black Godmother Quality The Grand Jury Gone Threshing That Old-time Place Romance--three Gleams Memories Felicity Concerning Letters A Novelist's Allegory Some Platitudes Concerning Drama Meditation on Finality Wanted--Schooling On Our Dislike of Things as They Are The Windlestraw About Censorship Vague Thoughts on Art Plays: First Series: The Silver Box Joy Strife Second Series: The Eldest Son The Little Dream Justice Third Series: The Fugitive The Pigeon The Mob Fourth Series: A Bit O' Love The Foundations The Skin Game Six Short Plays: The First and The Last The Little Man Hall-marked Defeat The Sun Punch and Go Fifth Series: A Family Man Loyalties Windows

[NOTE: The spelling conforms to the original: "s's" instead of our "z's"; and "c's" where we would have "s's"; and "...our" as in colour and flavour; many interesting double consonants; etc.]

FORSYTE SAGA

Complete

By John Galsworthy

Contents: Part 1. The Man of Property Part 2. Indian Summer of a Forsyte In Chancery Part 3. Awakening To Let

THE MAN OF PROPERTY

TO MY WIFE:

I DEDICATE THE FORSYTE SAGA IN ITS ENTIRETY, BELIEVING IT TO BE OF ALL MY WORKS THE LEAST UNWORTHY OF ONE WITHOUT WHOSE ENCOURAGEMENT, SYMPATHY AND CRITICISM I COULD NEVER HAVE BECOME EVEN SUCH A WRITER AS I AM.

PREFACE:

"The Forsyte Saga" was the title originally destined for that part of it which is called "The Man of Property"; and to adopt it for the collected chronicles of the Forsyte family has indulged the Forsytean tenacity that is in all of us. The word Saga might be objected to on the ground that it connotes the heroic and that there is little heroism in these pages. But it is used with a suitable irony; and, after all, this long tale, though it may deal with folk in frock coats, furbelows, and a gilt-edged period, is not devoid of the essential heat of conflict. Discounting for the gigantic stature and blood-thirstiness of old days, as they have come down to us in fairy-tale and legend, the folk of the old Sagas were Forsytes, assuredly, in their possessive instincts, and as little proof against the inroads of beauty and passion as Swithin, Soames, or even Young Jolyon. And if heroic figures, in days that never were, seem to startle out from their surroundings in fashion unbecoming to a Forsyte of the Victorian era, we may be sure that tribal instinct was even then the prime force, and that "family" and the sense of home and property counted as they do to this day, for all the recent efforts to "talk them out."

So many people have written and claimed that their families were the originals of the Forsytes that one has been almost encouraged to believe in the typicality of an imagined species. Manners change and modes evolve, and "Timothy's on the Bayswater Road" becomes a nest of the unbelievable in all except essentials; we shall not look upon its like again, nor perhaps on such a one as James or Old Jolyon. And yet the figures of Insurance Societies and the utterances of Judges reassure us daily that our earthly paradise is still a rich preserve, where the wild raiders, Beauty and Passion, come stealing in, filching security from beneath our noses. As surely as a dog will bark at a brass band, so will the essential Soames in human nature ever rise up uneasily against the dissolution which hovers round the folds of ownership.

"Let the dead Past bury its dead" would be a better saying if the Past ever died. The persistence of the Past is one of those tragi-comic blessings which each new age denies, coming cocksure on to the stage to mouth its claim to a perfect novelty.

But no Age is so new as that! Human Nature, under its changing pretensions and clothes, is and ever will be very much of a Forsyte, and might, after all, be a much worse animal.

Looking back on the Victorian era, whose ripeness, decline, and 'fall-of' is in some sort pictured in "The Forsyte Saga," we see now that we have but jumped out of a frying-pan into a fire. It would be difficult to substantiate a claim that the case of England was better in 1913 than it was in 1886, when the Forsytes assembled at Old Jolyon's to celebrate the engagement of June to Philip Bosinney. And in 1920, when again the clan gathered to bless the marriage of Fleur with Michael Mont, the state of England is as surely too molten and bankrupt as in the eighties it was too congealed and low-percented. If these chronicles had been a really scientific study of transition one would have dwelt probably on such factors as the invention of bicycle, motor-car, and flying-machine; the arrival of a cheap Press; the decline of country life and increase of the towns; the birth of the Cinema. Men are, in fact, quite unable to control their own inventions; they at best develop adaptability to the new conditions those inventions create.

But this long tale is no scientific study of a period; it is rather an intimate incarnation of the disturbance that Beauty effects in the lives of men.

The figure of Irene, never, as the reader may possibly have observed, present, except through the senses of other characters, is a concretion of disturbing Beauty impinging on a possessive world.

One has noticed that readers, as they wade on through the salt waters of the Saga, are inclined more and more to pity Soames, and to think that in doing so they are in revolt against the mood of his creator. Far from it! He, too, pities Soames, the tragedy of whose life is the very simple, uncontrollable tragedy of being unlovable, without quite a thick enough skin to be thoroughly unconscious of the fact. Not even Fleur loves Soames as he feels he ought to be loved. But in pitying Soames, readers incline, perhaps, to animus against Irene: After all, they think, he wasn't a bad fellow, it wasn't his fault; she ought to have forgiven him, and so on!

And, taking sides, they lose perception of the simple truth, which underlies the whole story, that where sex attraction is utterly and definitely lacking in one partner to a union, no amount of pity, or reason, or duty, or what not, can overcome a repulsion implicit in Nature. Whether it ought to, or no, is beside the point; because in fact it never does. And where Irene seems hard and cruel, as in the Bois de Boulogne, or the Goupenor Gallery, she is but wisely realistic--knowing that the least concession is the inch which precedes the impossible, the repulsive ell.

A criticism one might pass on the last phase of the Saga is the complaint that Irene and Jolyon those rebels against property--claim spiritual property in their son Jon. But it would be hypercriticism, as the tale is told. No father and mother could have let the boy marry Fleur without knowledge of the facts; and the facts determine Jon, not the persuasion of his parents. Moreover, Jolyon's persuasion is not on his own account, but on Irene's, and Irene's persuasion becomes a reiterated: "Don't think of me, think of yourself!" That Jon, knowing the facts, can realise his mother's feelings, will hardly with justice be held proof that she is, after all, a Forsyte.

But though the impingement of Beauty and the claims of Freedom on a possessive world are the main prepossessions of the Forsyte Saga, it cannot be absolved from the charge of embalming the upper-middle class. As the old Egyptians placed around their mummies the necessaries of a future existence, so I have endeavoured to lay beside the, figures of Aunts Ann and Juley and Hester, of Timothy and Swithin, of Old Jolyon and James, and of their sons, that which shall guarantee them a little life here-after, a little balm in the hurried Gilead of a dissolving "Progress."

If the upper-middle class, with other classes, is destined to "move on" into amorphism, here, pickled in these pages, it lies under glass for strollers in the wide and ill-arranged museum of Letters. Here it rests, preserved in its own juice: The Sense of Property. 1922.

THE MAN OF PROPERTY

by JOHN GALSWORTHY

"..... You will answer The slaves are ours ....."

--Merchant of Venice.

TO EDWARD GARNETT

PART I

CHAPTER I

'AT HOME' AT OLD JOLYON'S

Those privileged to be present at a family festival of the Forsytes have seen that charming and instructive sight--an upper middle-class family in full plumage. But whosoever of these favoured persons has possessed the gift of psychological analysis (a talent without monetary value and properly ignored by the Forsytes), has witnessed a spectacle, not only delightful in itself, but illustrative of an obscure human problem. In plainer words, he has gleaned from a gathering of this family--no branch of which had a liking for the other, between no three members of whom existed anything worthy of the name of sympathy--evidence of that mysterious concrete tenacity which renders a family so formidable a unit of society, so clear a reproduction of society in miniature. He has been admitted to a vision of the dim roads of social progress, has understood something of patriarchal life, of the swarmings of savage hordes, of the rise and fall of nations. He is like one who, having watched a tree grow from its planting--a paragon of tenacity, insulation, and success, amidst the deaths of a hundred other plants less fibrous, sappy, and persistent--one day will see it flourishing with bland, full foliage, in an almost repugnant prosperity, at the summit of its efflorescence.

On June 15, eighteen eighty-six, about four of the afternoon, the observer who chanced to be present at the house of old Jolyon Forsyte in Stanhope Gate, might have seen the highest efflorescence of the Forsytes.

This was the occasion of an 'at home' to celebrate the engagement of Miss June Forsyte, old Jolyon's granddaughter, to Mr. Philip Bosinney. In the bravery of light gloves, buff waistcoats, feathers and frocks, the family were present, even Aunt Ann, who now but seldom left the corner of her brother Timothy's green drawing-room, where, under the aegis of a plume of dyed pampas grass in a light blue vase, she sat all day reading and knitting, surrounded by the effigies of three generations of Forsytes. Even Aunt Ann was there; her inflexible back, and the dignity of her calm old face personifying the rigid possessiveness of the family idea.

When a Forsyte was engaged, married, or born, the Forsytes were present; when a Forsyte died--but no Forsyte had as yet died; they did not die; death being contrary to their principles, they took precautions against it, the instinctive precautions of highly vitalized persons who resent encroachments on their property.

About the Forsytes mingling that day with the crowd of other guests, there was a more than ordinarily groomed look, an alert, inquisitive assurance, a brilliant respectability, as though they were attired in defiance of something. The habitual sniff on the face of Soames Forsyte had spread through their ranks; they were on their guard.

The subconscious offensiveness of their attitude has constituted old Jolyon's 'home' the psychological moment of the family history, made it the prelude of their drama.

The Forsytes were resentful of something, not individually, but as a family; this resentment expressed itself in an added perfection of raiment, an exuberance of family cordiality, an exaggeration of family importance, and--the sniff. Danger--so indispensable in bringing out the fundamental quality of any society, group, or individual--was what the Forsytes scented; the premonition of danger put a burnish on their armour. For the first time, as a family, they appeared to have an instinct of being in contact, with some strange and unsafe thing.

Over against the piano a man of bulk and stature was wearing two waistcoats on his wide chest, two waistcoats and a ruby pin, instead of the single satin waistcoat and diamond pin of more usual occasions, and his shaven, square, old face, the colour of pale leather, with pale eyes, had its most dignified look, above his satin stock. This was Swithin Forsyte. Close to the window, where he could get more than his fair share of fresh air, the other twin, James--the fat and the lean of it, old Jolyon called these brothers--like the bulky Swithin, over six feet in height, but very lean, as though destined from his birth to strike a balance and maintain an average, brooded over the scene with his permanent stoop; his grey eyes had an air of fixed absorption in some secret worry, broken at intervals by a rapid, shifting scrutiny of surrounding facts; his cheeks, thinned by two parallel folds, and a long, clean-shaven upper lip, were framed within Dundreary whiskers. In his hands he turned and turned a piece of china. Not far off, listening to a lady in brown, his only son Soames, pale and well-shaved, dark-haired, rather bald, had poked his chin up sideways, carrying his nose with that aforesaid appearance of 'sniff,' as though despising an egg which he knew he could not digest. Behind him his cousin, the tall George, son of the fifth Forsyte, Roger, had a Quilpish look on his fleshy face, pondering one of his sardonic jests. Something inherent to the occasion had affected them all.

Seated in a row close to one another were three ladies--Aunts Ann, Hester (the two Forsyte maids), and Juley (short for Julia), who not in first youth had so far forgotten herself as to marry Septimus Small, a man of poor constitution. She had survived him for many years. With her elder and younger sister she lived now in the house of Timothy, her sixth and youngest brother, on the Bayswater Road. Each of these ladies held fans in their hands, and each with some touch of colour, some emphatic feather or brooch, testified to the solemnity of the opportunity.

In the centre of the room, under the chandelier, as became a host, stood the head of the family, old Jolyon himself. Eighty years of age, with his fine, white hair, his dome-like forehead, his little, dark grey eyes, and an immense white moustache, which drooped and spread below the level of his strong jaw, he had a patriarchal look, and in spite of lean cheeks and hollows at his temples, seemed master of perennial youth. He held himself extremely upright, and his shrewd, steady eyes had lost none of their clear shining. Thus he gave an impression of superiority to the doubts and dislikes of smaller men. Having had his own way for innumerable years, he had earned a prescriptive right to it. It would never have occurred to old Jolyon that it was necessary to wear a look of doubt or of defiance.

Between him and the four other brothers who were present, James, Swithin, Nicholas, and Roger, there was much difference, much similarity. In turn, each of these four brothers was very different from the other, yet they, too, were alike.

Through the varying features and expression of those five faces could be marked a certain steadfastness of chin, underlying surface distinctions, marking a racial stamp, too prehistoric to trace, too remote and permanent to discuss--the very hall-mark and guarantee of the family fortunes.

Among the younger generation, in the tall, bull-like George, in pallid strenuous Archibald, in young Nicholas with his sweet and tentative obstinacy, in the grave and foppishly determined Eustace, there was this same stamp--less meaningful perhaps, but unmistakable--a sign of something ineradicable in the family soul. At one time or another during the afternoon, all these faces, so dissimilar and so alike, had worn an expression of distrust, the object of which was undoubtedly the man whose acquaintance they were thus assembled to make. Philip Bosinney was known to be a young man without fortune, but Forsyte girls had become engaged to such before, and had actually married them. It was not altogether for this reason, therefore, that the minds of the Forsytes misgave them. They could not have explained the origin of a misgiving obscured by the mist of family gossip. A story was undoubtedly told that he had paid his duty call to Aunts Ann, Juley, and Hester, in a soft grey hat--a soft grey hat, not even a new one--a dusty thing with a shapeless crown. "So, extraordinary, my dear--so odd," Aunt Hester, passing through the little, dark hall (she was rather short-sighted), had tried to 'shoo' it off a chair, taking it for a strange, disreputable cat--Tommy had such disgraceful friends! She was disturbed when it did not move.

Like an artist for ever seeking to discover the significant trifle which embodies the whole character of a scene, or place, or person, so those unconscious artists--the Forsytes had fastened by intuition on this hat; it was their significant trifle, the detail in which was embedded the meaning of the whole matter; for each had asked himself: "Come, now, should I have paid that visit in that hat?" and each had answered "No!" and some, with more imagination than others, had added: "It would never have come into my head!"

George, on hearing the story, grinned. The hat had obviously been worn as a practical joke! He himself was a connoisseur of such. "Very haughty!" he said, "the wild Buccaneer."

And this mot, the 'Buccaneer,' was bandied from mouth to mouth, till it became the favourite mode of alluding to Bosinney.

Her aunts reproached June afterwards about the hat.

"We don't think you ought to let him, dear!" they had said.

June had answered in her imperious brisk way, like the little embodiment of will she was: "Oh! what does it matter? Phil never knows what he's got on!"

No one had credited an answer so outrageous. A man not to know what he had on? No, no! What indeed was this young man, who, in becoming engaged to June, old Jolyon's acknowledged heiress, had done so well for himself? He was an architect, not in itself a sufficient reason for wearing such a hat. None of the Forsytes happened to be architects, but one of them knew two architects who would never have worn such a hat upon a call of ceremony in the London season.

Dangerous--ah, dangerous! June, of course, had not seen this, but, though not yet nineteen, she was notorious. Had she not said to Mrs. Soames--who was always so beautifully dressed--that feathers were vulgar? Mrs. Soames had actually given up wearing feathers, so dreadfully downright was dear June!

These misgivings, this disapproval, and perfectly genuine distrust, did not prevent the Forsytes from gathering to old Jolyon's invitation. An 'At Home' at Stanhope Gate was a great rarity; none had been held for twelve years, not indeed, since old Mrs. Jolyon had died.

Never had there been so full an assembly, for, mysteriously united in spite of all their differences, they had taken arms against a common peril. Like cattle when a dog comes into the field, they stood head to head and shoulder to shoulder, prepared to run upon and trample the invader to death. They had come, too, no doubt, to get some notion of what sort of presents they would ultimately be expected to give; for though the question of wedding gifts was usually graduated in this way: 'What are you givin'? Nicholas is givin' spoons!'--so very much depended on the bridegroom. If he were sleek, well-brushed, prosperous-looking, it was more necessary to give him nice things; he would expect them. In the end each gave exactly what was right and proper, by a species of family adjustment arrived at as prices are arrived at on the Stock Exchange--the exact niceties being regulated at Timothy's commodious, red-brick residence in Bayswater, overlooking the Park, where dwelt Aunts Ann, Juley, and Hester.

The uneasiness of the Forsyte family has been justified by the simple mention of the hat. How impossible and wrong would it have been for any family, with the regard for appearances which should ever characterize the great upper middle-class, to feel otherwise than uneasy!

The author of the uneasiness stood talking to June by the further door; his curly hair had a rumpled appearance, as though he found what was going on around him unusual. He had an air, too, of having a joke all to himself. George, speaking aside to his brother, Eustace, said:

"Looks as if he might make a bolt of it--the dashing Buccaneer!"

This 'very singular-looking man,' as Mrs. Small afterwards called him, was of medium height and strong build, with a pale, brown face, a dust-coloured moustache, very prominent cheek-bones, and hollow checks. His forehead sloped back towards the crown of his head, and bulged out in bumps over the eyes, like foreheads seen in the Lion-house at the Zoo. He had sherry-coloured eyes, disconcertingly inattentive at times. Old Jolyon's coachman, after driving June and Bosinney to the theatre, had remarked to the butler:

"I dunno what to make of 'im. Looks to me for all the world like an 'alf-tame leopard." And every now and then a Forsyte would come up, sidle round, and take a look at him.

June stood in front, fending off this idle curiosity--a little bit of a thing, as somebody once said, 'all hair and spirit,' with fearless blue eyes, a firm jaw, and a bright colour, whose face and body seemed too slender for her crown of red-gold hair.

A tall woman, with a beautiful figure, which some member of the family had once compared to a heathen goddess, stood looking at these two with a shadowy smile.

Her hands, gloved in French grey, were crossed one over the other, her grave, charming face held to one side, and the eyes of all men near were fastened on it. Her figure swayed, so balanced that the very air seemed to set it moving. There was warmth, but little colour, in her cheeks; her large, dark eyes were soft.

But it was at her lips--asking a question, giving an answer, with that shadowy smile--that men looked; they were sensitive lips, sensuous and sweet, and through them seemed to come warmth and perfume like the warmth and perfume of a flower.

The engaged couple thus scrutinized were unconscious of this passive goddess. It was Bosinney who first noticed her, and asked her name.

June took her lover up to the woman with the beautiful figure.

"Irene is my greatest chum," she said: "Please be good friends, you two!"

At the little lady's command they all three smiled; and while they were smiling, Soames Forsyte, silently appearing from behind the woman with the beautiful figure, who was his wife, said:

"Ah! introduce me too!"

He was seldom, indeed, far from Irene's side at public functions, and even when separated by the exigencies of social intercourse, could be seen following her about with his eyes, in which were strange expressions of watchfulness and longing.

At the window his father, James, was still scrutinizing the marks on the piece of china.

"I wonder at Jolyon's allowing this engagement," he said to Aunt Ann. "They tell me there's no chance of their getting married for years. This young Bosinney" (he made the word a dactyl in opposition to general usage of a short o) "has got nothing. When Winifred married Dartie, I made him bring every penny into settlement--lucky thing, too--they'd ha' had nothing by this time!"

Aunt Ann looked up from her velvet chair. Grey curls banded her forehead, curls that, unchanged for decades, had extinguished in the family all sense of time. She made no reply, for she rarely spoke, husbanding her aged voice; but to James, uneasy of conscience, her look was as good as an answer.

"Well," he said, "I couldn't help Irene's having no money. Soames was in such a hurry; he got quite thin dancing attendance on her."

Putting the bowl pettishly down on the piano, he let his eyes wander to the group by the door.

"It's my opinion," he said unexpectedly, "that it's just as well as it is."

Aunt Ann did not ask him to explain this strange utterance. She knew what he was thinking. If Irene had no money she would not be so foolish as to do anything wrong; for they said--they said--she had been asking for a separate room; but, of course, Soames had not....

James interrupted her reverie:

"But where," he asked, "was Timothy? Hadn't he come with them?"

Through Aunt Ann's compressed lips a tender smile forced its way:

"No, he didn't think it wise, with so much of this diphtheria about; and he so liable to take things."

James answered:

"Well, HE takes good care of himself. I can't afford to take the care of myself that he does."

Nor was it easy to say which, of admiration, envy, or contempt, was dominant in that remark.

Timothy, indeed, was seldom seen. The baby of the family, a publisher by profession, he had some years before, when business was at full tide, scented out the stagnation which, indeed, had not yet come, but which ultimately, as all agreed, was bound to set in, and, selling his share in a firm engaged mainly in the production of religious books, had invested the quite conspicuous proceeds in three per cent. consols. By this act he had at once assumed an isolated position, no other Forsyte being content with less than four per cent. for his money; and this isolation had slowly and surely undermined a spirit perhaps better than commonly endowed with caution. He had become almost a myth--a kind of incarnation of security haunting the background of the Forsyte universe. He had never committed the imprudence of marrying, or encumbering himself in any way with children.

James resumed, tapping the piece of china:

"This isn't real old Worcester. I s'pose Jolyon's told you something about the young man. From all I can learn, he's got no business, no income, and no connection worth speaking of; but then, I know nothing--nobody tells me anything."

Aunt Ann shook her head. Over her square-chinned, aquiline old face a trembling passed; the spidery fingers of her hands pressed against each other and interlaced, as though she were subtly recharging her will.

The eldest by some years of all the Forsytes, she held a peculiar position amongst them. Opportunists and egotists one and all--though not, indeed, more so than their neighbours--they quailed before her incorruptible figure, and, when opportunities were too strong, what could they do but avoid her!

Twisting his long, thin legs, James went on:

"Jolyon, he will have his own way. He's got no children"--and stopped, recollecting the continued existence of old Jolyon's son, young Jolyon, June's father, who had made such a mess of it, and done for himself by deserting his wife and child and running away with that foreign governess. "Well," he resumed hastily, "if he likes to do these things, I s'pose he can afford to. Now, what's he going to give her? I s'pose he'll give her a thousand a year; he's got nobody else to leave his money to."

He stretched out his hand to meet that of a dapper, clean-shaven man, with hardly a hair on his head, a long, broken nose, full lips, and cold grey eyes under rectangular brows.

"Well, Nick," he muttered, "how are you?"

Nicholas Forsyte, with his bird-like rapidity and the look of a preternaturally sage schoolboy (he had made a large fortune, quite legitimately, out of the companies of which he was a director), placed within that cold palm the tips of his still colder fingers and hastily withdrew them.

"I'm bad," he said, pouting--"been bad all the week; don't sleep at night. The doctor can't tell why. He's a clever fellow, or I shouldn't have him, but I get nothing out of him but bills."

"Doctors!" said James, coming down sharp on his words: "I've had all the doctors in London for one or another of us. There's no satisfaction to be got out of them; they'll tell you anything. There's Swithin, now. What good have they done him? There he is; he's bigger than ever; he's enormous; they can't get his weight down. Look at him!"

Swithin Forsyte, tall, square, and broad, with a chest like a pouter pigeon's in its plumage of bright waistcoats, came strutting towards them.

"Er--how are you?" he said in his dandified way, aspirating the 'h' strongly (this difficult letter was almost absolutely safe in his keeping)--"how are you?"

Each brother wore an air of aggravation as he looked at the other two, knowing by experience that they would try to eclipse his ailments.

"We were just saying," said James, "that you don't get any thinner."

Swithin protruded his pale round eyes with the effort of hearing.

"Thinner? I'm in good case," he said, leaning a little forward, "not one of your thread-papers like you!"

But, afraid of losing the expansion of his chest, he leaned back again into a state of immobility, for he prized nothing so highly as a distinguished appearance.

Aunt Ann turned her old eyes from one to the other. Indulgent and severe was her look. In turn the three brothers looked at Ann. She was getting shaky. Wonderful woman! Eighty-six if a day; might live another ten years, and had never been strong. Swithin and James, the twins, were only seventy-five, Nicholas a mere baby of seventy or so. All were strong, and the inference was comforting. Of all forms of property their respective healths naturally concerned them most.

"I'm very well in myself," proceeded James, "but my nerves are out of order. The least thing worries me to death. I shall have to go to Bath."

"Bath!" said Nicholas. "I've tried Harrogate. That's no good. What I want is sea air. There's nothing like Yarmouth. Now, when I go there I sleep...."

"My liver's very bad," interrupted Swithin slowly. "Dreadful pain here;" and he placed his hand on his right side.

"Want of exercise," muttered James, his eyes on the china. He quickly added: "I get a pain there, too."

Swithin reddened, a resemblance to a turkey-cock coming upon his old face.

"Exercise!" he said. "I take plenty: I never use the lift at the Club."

"I didn't know," James hurried out. "I know nothing about anybody; nobody tells me anything...."

Swithin fixed him with a stare:

"What do you do for a pain there?"

James brightened.

"I take a compound...."

"How are you, uncle?"

June stood before him, her resolute small face raised from her little height to his great height, and her hand outheld.

The brightness faded from James's visage.

"How are you?" he said, brooding over her. "So you're going to Wales to-morrow to visit your young man's aunts? You'll have a lot of rain there. This isn't real old Worcester." He tapped the bowl. "Now, that set I gave your mother when she married was the genuine thing."

June shook hands one by one with her three great-uncles, and turned to Aunt Ann. A very sweet look had come into the old lady's face, she kissed the girl's check with trembling fervour.

"Well, my dear," she said, "and so you're going for a whole month!"

The girl passed on, and Aunt Ann looked after her slim little figure. The old lady's round, steel grey eyes, over which a film like a bird's was beginning to come, followed her wistfully amongst the bustling crowd, for people were beginning to say good-bye; and her finger-tips, pressing and pressing against each other, were busy again with the recharging of her will against that inevitable ultimate departure of her own.

'Yes,' she thought, 'everybody's been most kind; quite a lot of people come to congratulate her. She ought to be very happy.' Amongst the throng of people by the door, the well-dressed throng drawn from the families of lawyers and doctors, from the Stock Exchange, and all the innumerable avocations of the upper-middle class--there were only some twenty percent of Forsytes; but to Aunt Ann they seemed all Forsytes--and certainly there was not much difference--she saw only her own flesh and blood. It was her world, this family, and she knew no other, had never perhaps known any other. All their little secrets, illnesses, engagements, and marriages, how they were getting on, and whether they were making money--all this was her property, her delight, her life; beyond this only a vague, shadowy mist of facts and persons of no real significance. This it was that she would have to lay down when it came to her turn to die; this which gave to her that importance, that secret self-importance, without which none of us can bear to live; and to this she clung wistfully, with a greed that grew each day! If life were slipping away from her, this she would retain to the end.

She thought of June's father, young Jolyon, who had run away with that foreign girl. And what a sad blow to his father and to them all. Such a promising young fellow! A sad blow, though there had been no public scandal, most fortunately, Jo's wife seeking for no divorce! A long time ago! And when June's mother died, six years ago, Jo had married that woman, and they had two children now, so she had heard. Still, he had forfeited his right to be there, had cheated her of the complete fulfilment of her family pride, deprived her of the rightful pleasure of seeing and kissing him of whom she had been so proud, such a promising young fellow! The thought rankled with the bitterness of a long-inflicted injury in her tenacious old heart. A little water stood in her eyes. With a handkerchief of the finest lawn she wiped them stealthily.

"Well, Aunt Ann?" said a voice behind.

Soames Forsyte, flat-shouldered, clean-shaven, flat-cheeked, flat-waisted, yet with something round and secret about his whole appearance, looked downwards and aslant at Aunt Ann, as though trying to see through the side of his own nose.

"And what do you think of the engagement?" he asked.

Aunt Ann's eyes rested on him proudly; of all the nephews since young Jolyon's departure from the family nest, he was now her favourite, for she recognised in him a sure trustee of the family soul that must so soon slip beyond her keeping.

"Very nice for the young man," she said; "and he's a good-looking young fellow; but I doubt if he's quite the right lover for dear June."

Soames touched the edge of a gold-lacquered lustre.

"She'll tame him," he said, stealthily wetting his finger and rubbing it on the knobby bulbs. "That's genuine old lacquer; you can't get it nowadays. It'd do well in a sale at Jobson's." He spoke with relish, as though he felt that he was cheering up his old aunt. It was seldom he was so confidential. "I wouldn't mind having it myself," he added; "you can always get your price for old lacquer."

"You're so clever with all those things," said Aunt Ann. "And how is dear Irene?"

Soames's smile died.

"Pretty well," he said. "Complains she can't sleep; she sleeps a great deal better than I do," and he looked at his wife, who was talking to Bosinney by the door.

Aunt Ann sighed.

"Perhaps," she said, "it will be just as well for her not to see so much of June. She's such a decided character, dear June!"

Soames flushed; his flushes passed rapidly over his flat cheeks and centered between his eyes, where they remained, the stamp of disturbing thoughts.

"I don't know what she sees in that little flibbertigibbet," he burst out, but noticing that they were no longer alone, he turned and again began examining the lustre.

"They tell me Jolyon's bought another house," said his father's voice close by; "he must have a lot of money--he must have more money than he knows what to do with! Montpellier Square, they say; close to Soames! They never told me, Irene never tells me anything!"

"Capital position, not two minutes from me," said the voice of Swithin, "and from my rooms I can drive to the Club in eight."

The position of their houses was of vital importance to the Forsytes, nor was this remarkable, since the whole spirit of their success was embodied therein.

Their father, of farming stock, had come from Dorsetshire near the beginning of the century.

'Superior Dosset Forsyte, as he was called by his intimates, had been a stonemason by trade, and risen to the position of a master-builder.

Towards the end of his life he moved to London, where, building on until he died, he was buried at Highgate. He left over thirty thousand pounds between his ten children. Old Jolyon alluded to him, if at all, as 'A hard, thick sort of man; not much refinement about him.' The second generation of Forsytes felt indeed that he was not greatly to their credit. The only aristocratic trait they could find in his character was a habit of drinking Madeira.

Aunt Hester, an authority on family history, described him thus: "I don't recollect that he ever did anything; at least, not in my time. He was er--an owner of houses, my dear. His hair about your Uncle Swithin's colour; rather a square build. Tall? No--not very tall" (he had been five feet five, with a mottled face); "a fresh-coloured man. I remember he used to drink Madeira; but ask your Aunt Ann. What was his father? He--er--had to do with the land down in Dorsetshire, by the sea."

James once went down to see for himself what sort of place this was that they had come from. He found two old farms, with a cart track rutted into the pink earth, leading down to a mill by the beach; a little grey church with a buttressed outer wall, and a smaller and greyer chapel. The stream which worked the mill came bubbling down in a dozen rivulets, and pigs were hunting round that estuary. A haze hovered over the prospect. Down this hollow, with their feet deep in the mud and their faces towards the sea, it appeared that the primeval Forsytes had been content to walk Sunday after Sunday for hundreds of years.

Whether or no James had cherished hopes of an inheritance, or of something rather distinguished to be found down there, he came back to town in a poor way, and went about with a pathetic attempt at making the best of a bad job.

"There's very little to be had out of that," he said; "regular country little place, old as the hills...."

Its age was felt to be a comfort. Old Jolyon, in whom a desperate honesty welled up at times, would allude to his ancestors as: "Yeomen--I suppose very small beer." Yet he would repeat the word 'yeomen' as if it afforded him consolation.

They had all done so well for themselves, these Forsytes, that they were all what is called 'of a certain position.' They had shares in all sorts of things, not as yet--with the exception of Timothy--in consols, for they had no dread in life like that of 3 per cent. for their money. They collected pictures, too, and were supporters of such charitable institutions as might be beneficial to their sick domestics. From their father, the builder, they inherited a talent for bricks and mortar. Originally, perhaps, members of some primitive sect, they were now in the natural course of things members of the Church of England, and caused their wives and children to attend with some regularity the more fashionable churches of the Metropolis. To have doubted their Christianity would have caused them both pain and surprise. Some of them paid for pews, thus expressing in the most practical form their sympathy with the teachings of Christ.

Their residences, placed at stated intervals round the park, watched like sentinels, lest the fair heart of this London, where their desires were fixed, should slip from their clutches, and leave them lower in their own estimations.

There was old Jolyon in Stanhope Place; the Jameses in Park Lane; Swithin in the lonely glory of orange and blue chambers in Hyde Park Mansions--he had never married, not he--the Soamses in their nest off Knightsbridge; the Rogers in Prince's Gardens (Roger was that remarkable Forsyte who had conceived and carried out the notion of bringing up his four sons to a new profession. "Collect house property, nothing like it," he would say; "I never did anything else").

The Haymans again--Mrs. Hayman was the one married Forsyte sister--in a house high up on Campden Hill, shaped like a giraffe, and so tall that it gave the observer a crick in the neck; the Nicholases in Ladbroke Grove, a spacious abode and a great bargain; and last, but not least, Timothy's on the Bayswater Road, where Ann, and Juley, and Hester, lived under his protection.

But all this time James was musing, and now he inquired of his host and brother what he had given for that house in Montpellier Square. He himself had had his eye on a house there for the last two years, but they wanted such a price.

Old Jolyon recounted the details of his purchase.

"Twenty-two years to run?" repeated James; "The very house I was after--you've given too much for it!"

Old Jolyon frowned.

"It's not that I want it," said James hastily; it wouldn't suit my purpose at that price. Soames knows the house, well--he'll tell you it's too dear--his opinion's worth having."

"I don't," said old Jolyon, "care a fig for his opinion."

"Well," murmured James, "you will have your own way--it's a good opinion. Good-bye! We're going to drive down to Hurlingham. They tell me June's going to Wales. You'll be lonely tomorrow. What'll you do with yourself? You'd better come and dine with us!"

Old Jolyon refused. He went down to the front door and saw them into their barouche, and twinkled at them, having already forgotten his spleen--Mrs. James facing the horses, tall and majestic with auburn hair; on her left, Irene--the two husbands, father and son, sitting forward, as though they expected something, opposite their wives. Bobbing and bounding upon the spring cushions, silent, swaying to each motion of their chariot, old Jolyon watched them drive away under the sunlight.

During the drive the silence was broken by Mrs. James.

"Did you ever see such a collection of rumty-too people?"

Soames, glancing at her beneath his eyelids, nodded, and he saw Irene steal at him one of her unfathomable looks. It is likely enough that each branch of the Forsyte family made that remark as they drove away from old Jolyon's 'At Home!'

Amongst the last of the departing guests the fourth and fifth brothers, Nicholas and Roger, walked away together, directing their steps alongside Hyde Park towards the Praed Street Station of the Underground. Like all other Forsytes of a certain age they kept carriages of their own, and never took cabs if by any means they could avoid it.

The day was bright, the trees of the Park in the full beauty of mid-June foliage; the brothers did not seem to notice phenomena, which contributed, nevertheless, to the jauntiness of promenade and conversation.

"Yes," said Roger, "she's a good-lookin' woman, that wife of Soames's. I'm told they don't get on."

This brother had a high forehead, and the freshest colour of any of the Forsytes; his light grey eyes measured the street frontage of the houses by the way, and now and then he would level his, umbrella and take a 'lunar,' as he expressed it, of the varying heights.

"She'd no money," replied Nicholas.

He himself had married a good deal of money, of which, it being then the golden age before the Married Women's Property Act, he had mercifully been enabled to make a successful use.

"What was her father?"

"Heron was his name, a Professor, so they tell me."

Roger shook his head.

"There's no money in that," he said.

"They say her mother's father was cement."

Roger's face brightened.

"But he went bankrupt," went on Nicholas.

"Ah!" exclaimed Roger, "Soames will have trouble with her; you mark my words, he'll have trouble--she's got a foreign look."

Nicholas licked his lips.

"She's a pretty woman," and he waved aside a crossing-sweeper.

"How did he get hold of her?" asked Roger presently. "She must cost him a pretty penny in dress!"

"Ann tells me," replied Nicholas, "he was half-cracked about her. She refused him five times. James, he's nervous about it, I can see."

"Ah!" said Roger again; "I'm sorry for James; he had trouble with Dartie." His pleasant colour was heightened by exercise, he swung his umbrella to the level of his eye more frequently than ever. Nicholas's face also wore a pleasant look.

"Too pale for me," he said, "but her figures capital!"

Roger made no reply.

"I call her distinguished-looking," he said at last--it was the highest praise in the Forsyte vocabulary. "That young Bosinney will never do any good for himself. They say at Burkitt's he's one of these artistic chaps--got an idea of improving English architecture; there's no money in that! I should like to hear what Timothy would say to it."

They entered the station.

"What class are you going? I go second."

"No second for me," said Nicholas;--"you never know what you may catch."

He took a first-class ticket to Notting Hill Gate; Roger a second to South Kensington. The train coming in a minute later, the two brothers parted and entered their respective compartments. Each felt aggrieved that the other had not modified his habits to secure his society a little longer; but as Roger voiced it in his thoughts:

'Always a stubborn beggar, Nick!'

And as Nicholas expressed it to himself:

'Cantankerous chap Roger--always was!'

There was little sentimentality about the Forsytes. In that great London, which they had conquered and become merged in, what time had they to be sentimental?

CHAPTER II

OLD JOLYON GOES TO THE OPERA

At five o'clock the following day old Jolyon sat alone, a cigar between his lips, and on a table by his side a cup of tea. He was tired, and before he had finished his cigar he fell asleep. A fly settled on his hair, his breathing sounded heavy in the drowsy silence, his upper lip under the white moustache puffed in and out. From between the fingers of his veined and wrinkled hand the cigar, dropping on the empty hearth, burned itself out.

The gloomy little study, with windows of stained glass to exclude the view, was full of dark green velvet and heavily-carved mahogany--a suite of which old Jolyon was wont to say: 'Shouldn't wonder if it made a big price some day!'

It was pleasant to think that in the after life he could get more for things than he had given.

In the rich brown atmosphere peculiar to back rooms in the mansion of a Forsyte, the Rembrandtesque effect of his great head, with its white hair, against the cushion of his high-backed seat, was spoiled by the moustache, which imparted a somewhat military look to his face. An old clock that had been with him since before his marriage forty years ago kept with its ticking a jealous record of the seconds slipping away forever from its old master.

He had never cared for this room, hardly going into it from one year's end to another, except to take cigars from the Japanese cabinet in the corner, and the room now had its revenge.

His temples, curving like thatches over the hollows beneath, his cheek-bones and chin, all were sharpened in his sleep, and there had come upon his face the confession that he was an old man.

He woke. June had gone! James had said he would be lonely. James had always been a poor thing. He recollected with satisfaction that he had bought that house over James's head.

Serve him right for sticking at the price; the only thing the fellow thought of was money. Had he given too much, though? It wanted a lot of doing to--He dared say he would want all his money before he had done with this affair of June's. He ought never to have allowed the engagement. She had met this Bosinney at the house of Baynes, Baynes and Bildeboy, the architects. He believed that Baynes, whom he knew--a bit of an old woman--was the young man's uncle by marriage. After that she'd been always running after him; and when she took a thing into her head there was no stopping her. She was continually taking up with 'lame ducks' of one sort or another. This fellow had no money, but she must needs become engaged to him--a harumscarum, unpractical chap, who would get himself into no end of difficulties.

She had come to him one day in her slap-dash way and told him; and, as if it were any consolation, she had added:

"He's so splendid; he's often lived on cocoa for a week!"

"And he wants you to live on cocoa too?"

"Oh no; he is getting into the swim now."

Old Jolyon had taken his cigar from under his white moustaches, stained by coffee at the edge, and looked at her, that little slip of a thing who had got such a grip of his heart. He knew more about 'swims' than his granddaughter. But she, having clasped her hands on his knees, rubbed her chin against him, making a sound like a purring cat. And, knocking the ash off his cigar, he had exploded

in nervous desperation:

"You're all alike: you won't be satisfied till you've got what you want. If you must come to grief, you must; I wash my hands of it."

So, he had washed his hands of it, making the condition that they should not marry until Bosinney had at least four hundred a year.

"I shan't be able to give you very much," he had said, a formula to which June was not unaccustomed. "Perhaps this What's-his-name will provide the cocoa."

He had hardly seen anything of her since it began. A bad business! He had no notion of giving her a lot of money to enable a fellow he knew nothing about to live on in idleness. He had seen that sort of thing before; no good ever came of it. Worst of all, he had no hope of shaking her resolution; she was as obstinate as a mule, always had been from a child. He didn't see where it was to end. They must cut their coat according to their cloth. He would not give way till he saw young Bosinney with an income of his own. That June would have trouble with the fellow was as plain as a pikestaff; he had no more idea of money than a cow. As to this rushing down to Wales to visit the young man's aunts, he fully expected they were old cats.

And, motionless, old Jolyon stared at the wall; but for his open eyes, he might have been asleep.... The idea of supposing that young cub Soames could give him advice! He had always been a cub, with his nose in the air! He would be setting up as a man of property next, with a place in the country! A man of property! H'mph! Like his father, he was always nosing out bargains, a cold-blooded young beggar!

He rose, and, going to the cabinet, began methodically stocking his cigar-case from a bundle fresh in. They were not bad at the price, but you couldn't get a good cigar, nowadays, nothing to hold a candle to those old Superfinos of Hanson and Bridger's. That was a cigar!

The thought, like some stealing perfume, carried him back to those wonderful nights at Richmond when after dinner he sat smoking on the terrace of the Crown and Sceptre with Nicholas Treffry and Traquair and Jack Herring and Anthony Thornworthy. How good his cigars were then! Poor old Nick!--dead, and Jack Herring--dead, and Traquair--dead of that wife of his, and Thornworthy--awfully shaky (no wonder, with his appetite).

Of all the company of those days he himself alone seemed left, except Swithin, of course, and he so outrageously big there was no doing anything with him.

Difficult to believe it was so long ago; he felt young still! Of all his thoughts, as he stood there counting his cigars, this was the most poignant, the most bitter. With his white head and his loneliness he had remained young and green at heart. And those Sunday afternoons on Hampstead Heath, when young Jolyon and he went for a stretch along the Spaniard's Road to Highgate, to Child's Hill, and back over the Heath again to dine at Jack Straw's Castle--how delicious his cigars were then! And such weather! There was no weather now.

When June was a toddler of five, and every other Sunday he took her to the Zoo, away from the society of those two good women, her mother and her grandmother, and at the top of the bear den baited his umbrella with buns for her favourite bears, how sweet his cigars were then!

Cigars! He had not even succeeded in out-living his palate--the famous palate that in the fifties men swore by, and speaking of him, said: "Forsyte's the best palate in London!" The palate that in a sense had made his fortune--the fortune of the celebrated tea men, Forsyte and Treffry, whose tea, like no other man's tea, had a romantic aroma, the charm of a quite singular genuineness. About the house of Forsyte and Treffry in the City had clung an air of enterprise and mystery, of special dealings in special ships, at special ports, with special Orientals.

He had worked at that business! Men did work in those days! these young pups hardly knew the meaning of the word. He had gone into every detail, known everything that went on, sometimes sat up all night over it. And he had always chosen his agents himself, prided himself on it. His eye for men, he used to say, had been the secret of his success, and the exercise of this masterful power of selection had been the only part of it all that he had really liked. Not a career for a man of his ability. Even now, when the business had been turned into a Limited Liability Company, and was declining (he had got out of his shares long ago), he felt a sharp chagrin in thinking of that time. How much better he might have done! He would have succeeded splendidly at the Bar! He had even thought of standing for Parliament. How often had not Nicholas Treffry said to him:

"You could do anything, Jo, if you weren't so d-damned careful of yourself!" Dear old Nick! Such a good fellow, but a racketty chap! The notorious Treffry! He had never taken any care of himself. So he was dead. Old Jolyon counted his cigars with a steady hand, and it came into his mind to wonder if perhaps he had been too careful of himself.

He put the cigar-case in the breast of his coat, buttoned it in, and walked up the long flights to his bedroom, leaning on one foot and the other, and helping himself by the bannister. The house was too big. After June was married, if she ever did marry this fellow, as he supposed she would, he would let it and go into rooms. What was the use of keeping half a dozen servants eating their heads off?

The butler came to the ring of his bell--a large man with a beard, a soft tread, and a peculiar capacity for silence. Old Jolyon told him to put his dress clothes out; he was going to dine at the Club.

How long had the carriage been back from taking Miss June to the station? Since two? Then let him come round at half-past six!

The Club which old Jolyon entered on the stroke of seven was one of those political institutions of the upper middle class which have seen better days. In spite of being talked about, perhaps in consequence of being talked about, it betrayed a disappointing vitality. People had grown tired of saying that the 'Disunion' was on its last legs. Old Jolyon would say it, too, yet disregarded the fact in a manner truly irritating to well-constituted Clubmen.

"Why do you keep your name on?" Swithin often asked him with profound vexation. "Why don't you join the 'Polyglot'? You can't get a wine like our Heidsieck under twenty shillin' a bottle anywhere in London;" and, dropping his voice, he added: "There's only five hundred dozen left. I drink it every night of my life."

"I'll think of it," old Jolyon would answer; but when he did think of it there was always the question of fifty guineas entrance fee, and it would take him four or five years to get in. He continued to think of it.

He was too old to be a Liberal, had long ceased to believe in the political doctrines of his Club, had even been known to allude to them as 'wretched stuff,' and it afforded him pleasure to continue a member in the teeth of principles so opposed to his own. He had always had a contempt for the place, having joined it many years ago when they refused to have him at the 'Hotch Potch' owing to his being 'in trade.' As if he were not as good as any of them! He naturally despised the Club that did take him. The members were a poor lot, many of them in the City --stockbrokers, solicitors, auctioneers--what not! Like most men of strong character but not too much originality, old Jolyon set small store by the class to which he belonged. Faithfully he followed their customs, social and otherwise, and secretly he thought them 'a common lot.'

Years and philosophy, of which he had his share, had dimmed the recollection of his defeat at the 'Hotch Potch'; and now in his thoughts it was enshrined as the Queen of Clubs. He would have been a member all these years himself, but, owing to the slipshod way his proposer, Jack Herring, had gone to work, they had not known what they were doing in keeping him out. Why! they had taken his son Jo at once, and he believed the boy was still a member; he had received a letter dated from there eight years ago.

He had not been near the 'Disunion' for months, and the house had undergone the piebald decoration which people bestow on old houses and old ships when anxious to sell them.

'Beastly colour, the smoking-room!' he thought. 'The dining-room is good!'

Its gloomy chocolate, picked out with light green, took his fancy.

He ordered dinner, and sat down in the very corner, at the very table perhaps! (things did not progress much at the 'Disunion,' a Club of almost Radical principles) at which he and young Jolyon used to sit twenty-five years ago, when he was taking the latter to Drury Lane, during his holidays.

The boy had loved the theatre, and old Jolyon recalled how he used to sit opposite, concealing his excitement under a careful but transparent nonchalance.

He ordered himself, too, the very dinner the boy had always chosen-soup, whitebait, cutlets, and a tart. Ah! if he were only opposite now!

The two had not met for fourteen years. And not for the first time during those fourteen years old Jolyon wondered whether he had been a little to blame in the matter of his son. An unfortunate love-affair with that precious flirt Danae Thornworthy (now Danae

Pellew), Anthony Thornworthy's daughter, had thrown him on the rebound into the arms of June's mother. He ought perhaps to have put a spoke in the wheel of their marriage; they were too young; but after that experience of Jo's susceptibility he had been only too anxious to see him married. And in four years the crash had come! To have approved his son's conduct in that crash was, of course, impossible; reason and training--that combination of potent factors which stood for his principles--told him of this impossibility, and his heart cried out. The grim remorselessness of that business had no pity for hearts. There was June, the atom with flaming hair, who had climbed all over him, twined and twisted herself about him--about his heart that was made to be the plaything and beloved resort of tiny, helpless things. With characteristic insight he saw he must part with one or with the other; no half-measures could serve in such a situation. In that lay its tragedy. And the tiny, helpless thing prevailed. He would not run with the hare and hunt with the hounds, and so to his son he said good-bye.

That good-bye had lasted until now.

He had proposed to continue a reduced allowance to young Jolyon, but this had been refused, and perhaps that refusal had hurt him more than anything, for with it had gone the last outlet of his penned-in affection; and there had come such tangible and solid proof of rupture as only a transaction in property, a bestowal or refusal of such, could supply.

His dinner tasted flat. His pint of champagne was dry and bitter stuff, not like the Veuve Clicquots of old days.

Over his cup of coffee, he bethought him that he would go to the opera. In the Times, therefore--he had a distrust of other papers--he read the announcement for the evening. It was 'Fidelio.'

Mercifully not one of those new-fangled German pantomimes by that fellow Wagner.

Putting on his ancient opera hat, which, with its brim flattened by use, and huge capacity, looked like an emblem of greater days, and, pulling out an old pair of very thin lavender kid gloves smelling strongly of Russia leather, from habitual proximity to the cigar-case in the pocket of his overcoat, he stepped into a hansom.

The cab rattled gaily along the streets, and old Jolyon was struck by their unwonted animation.

'The hotels must be doing a tremendous business,' he thought. A few years ago there had been none of these big hotels. He made a satisfactory reflection on some property he had in the neighbourhood. It must be going up in value by leaps and bounds! What traffic!

But from that he began indulging in one of those strange impersonal speculations, so uncharacteristic of a Forsyte, wherein lay, in part, the secret of his supremacy amongst them. What atoms men were, and what a lot of them! And what would become of them all?

He stumbled as he got out of the cab, gave the man his exact fare, walked up to the ticket office to take his stall, and stood there with his purse in his hand--he always carried his money in a purse, never having approved of that habit of carrying it loosely in the pockets, as so many young men did nowadays. The official leaned out, like an old dog from a kennel.

"Why," he said in a surprised voice, "it's Mr. Jolyon Forsyte! So it is! Haven't seen you, sir, for years. Dear me! Times aren't what they were. Why! you and your brother, and that auctioneer--Mr. Traquair, and Mr. Nicholas Treffry--you used to have six or seven stalls here regular every season. And how are you, sir? We don't get younger!"

The colour in old Jolyon's eyes deepened; he paid his guinea. They had not forgotten him. He marched in, to the sounds of the overture, like an old war-horse to battle.

Folding his opera hat, he sat down, drew out his lavender gloves in the old way, and took up his glasses for a long look round the house. Dropping them at last on his folded hat, he fixed his eyes on the curtain. More poignantly than ever he felt that it was all over and done with him. Where were all the women, the pretty women, the house used to be so full of? Where was that old feeling in the heart as he waited for one of those great singers? Where that sensation of the intoxication of life and of his own power to enjoy it all?

The greatest opera-goer of his day! There was no opera now! That fellow Wagner had ruined everything; no melody left, nor any voices to sing it. Ah! the wonderful singers! Gone! He sat watching the old scenes acted, a numb feeling at his heart.

From the curl of silver over his ear to the pose of his foot in its elastic-sided patent boot, there was nothing clumsy or weak about old Jolyon. He was as upright--very nearly--as in those old times when he came every night; his sight was as good--almost as good. But what a feeling of weariness and disillusion!

He had been in the habit all his life of enjoying things, even imperfect things--and there had been many imperfect things--he had enjoyed them all with moderation, so as to keep himself young. But now he was deserted by his power of enjoyment, by his philosophy, and left with this dreadful feeling that it was all done with. Not even the Prisoners' Chorus, nor Florian's Song, had the power to dispel the gloom of his loneliness.

If Jo were only with him! The boy must be forty by now. He had wasted fourteen years out of the life of his only son. And Jo was no longer a social pariah. He was married. Old Jolyon had been unable to refrain from marking his appreciation of the action by enclosing his son a cheque for L500. The cheque had been returned in a letter from the 'Hotch Potch,' couched in these words.

'MY DEAREST FATHER,

'Your generous gift was welcome as a sign that you might think worse of me. I return it, but should you think fit to invest it for the benefit of the little chap (we call him Jolly), who bears our Christian and, by courtesy, our surname, I shall be very glad.

'I hope with all my heart that your health is as good as ever.

'Your loving son,

'Jo.'

The letter was like the boy. He had always been an amiable chap. Old Jolyon had sent this reply:

'MY DEAR JO,

'The sum (L500) stands in my books for the benefit of your boy, under the name of Jolyon Forsyte, and will be duly-credited with interest at 5 per cent. I hope that you are doing well. My health remains good at present.

'With love, I am, 'Your affectionate Father, 'JOLYON FORSYTE.'

And every year on the 1st of January he had added a hundred and the interest. The sum was mounting up--next New Year's Day it would be fifteen hundred and odd pounds! And it is difficult to say how much satisfaction he had got out of that yearly transaction. But the correspondence had ended.

In spite of his love for his son, in spite of an instinct, partly constitutional, partly the result, as in thousands of his class, of the continual handling and watching of affairs, prompting him to judge conduct by results rather than by principle, there was at the bottom of his heart a sort of uneasiness. His son ought, under the circumstances, to have gone to the dogs; that law was laid down in all the novels, sermons, and plays he had ever read, heard, or witnessed.

After receiving the cheque back there seemed to him to be something wrong somewhere. Why had his son not gone to the dogs? But, then, who could tell?

He had heard, of course--in fact, he had made it his business to find out--that Jo lived in St. John's Wood, that he had a little house in Wistaria Avenue with a garden, and took his wife about with him into society--a queer sort of society, no doubt--and that they had two children--the little chap they called Jolly (considering the circumstances the name struck him as cynical, and old Jolyon both feared and disliked cynicism), and a girl called Holly, born since the marriage. Who could tell what his son's circumstances really were? He had capitalized the income he had inherited from his mother's father and joined Lloyd's as an underwriter; he painted pictures, too--water-colours. Old Jolyon knew this, for he had surreptitiously bought them from time to time, after chancing to see his son's name signed at the bottom of a representation of the river Thames in a dealer's window. He thought them bad, and did not hang them because of the signature; he kept them locked up in a drawer.

In the great opera-house a terrible yearning came on him to see his son. He remembered the days when he had been wont to slide him, in a brown holland suit, to and fro under the arch of his legs; the times when he ran beside the boy's pony, teaching him to ride; the day he first took him to school. He had been a loving, lovable little chap! After he went to Eton he had acquired, perhaps, a little too much of that desirable manner which old Jolyon knew was only to be obtained at such places and at great expense; but he had always been companionable. Always a companion, even after Cambridge--a little far off, perhaps, owing to the advantages he

had received. Old Jolyon's feeling towards our public schools and 'Varsities never wavered, and he retained touchingly his attitude of admiration and mistrust towards a system appropriate to the highest in the land, of which he had not himself been privileged to partake.... Now that June had gone and left, or as good as left him, it would have been a comfort to see his son again. Guilty of this treason to his family, his principles, his class, old Jolyon fixed his eyes on the singer. A poor thing--a wretched poor thing! And the Florian a perfect stick!

It was over. They were easily pleased nowadays!

In the crowded street he snapped up a cab under the very nose of a stout and much younger gentleman, who had already assumed it to be his own. His route lay through Pall Mall, and at the corner, instead of going through the Green Park, the cabman turned to drive up St. James's Street. Old Jolyon put his hand through the trap (he could not bear being taken out of his way); in turning, however, he found himself opposite the 'Hotch Potch,' and the yearning that had been secretly with him the whole evening prevailed. He called to the driver to stop. He would go in and ask if Jo still belonged there.

He went in. The hall looked exactly as it did when he used to dine there with Jack Herring, and they had the best cook in London; and he looked round with the shrewd, straight glance that had caused him all his life to be better served than most men.

"Mr. Jolyon Forsyte still a member here?"

"Yes, sir; in the Club now, sir. What name?"

Old Jolyon was taken aback.

"His father," he said.

And having spoken, he took his stand, back to the fireplace.

Young Jolyon, on the point of leaving the Club, had put on his hat, and was in the act of crossing the hall, as the porter met him. He was no longer young, with hair going grey, and face--a narrower replica of his father's, with the same large drooping moustache--decidedly worn. He turned pale. This meeting was terrible after all those years, for nothing in the world was so terrible as a scene. They met and crossed hands without a word. Then, with a quaver in his voice, the father said:

"How are you, my boy?"

The son answered:

"How are you, Dad?"

Old Jolyon's hand trembled in its thin lavender glove.

"If you're going my way," he said, "I can give you a lift."

And as though in the habit of taking each other home every night they went out and stepped into the cab.

To old Jolyon it seemed that his son had grown. 'More of a man altogether,' was his comment. Over the natural amiability of that son's face had come a rather sardonic mask, as though he had found in the circumstances of his life the necessity for armour. The features were certainly those of a Forsyte, but the expression was more the introspective look of a student or philosopher. He had no doubt been obliged to look into himself a good deal in the course of those fifteen years.

To young Jolyon the first sight of his father was undoubtedly a shock--he looked so worn and old. But in the cab he seemed hardly to have changed, still having the calm look so well remembered, still being upright and keen-eyed.

"You look well, Dad."

"Middling," old Jolyon answered.

He was the prey of an anxiety that he found he must put into words. Having got his son back like this, he felt he must know what was his financial position.

"Jo," he said, "I should like to hear what sort of water you're in. I suppose you're in debt?"

He put it this way that his son might find it easier to confess.

Young Jolyon answered in his ironical voice:

"No! I'm not in debt!"

Old Jolyon saw that he was angry, and touched his hand. He had run a risk. It was worth it, however, and Jo had never been sulky with him. They drove on, without speaking again, to Stanhope Gate. Old Jolyon invited him in, but young Jolyon shook his head.

"June's not here," said his father hastily: "went of to-day on a visit. I suppose you know that she's engaged to be married?"

"Already?" murmured young Jolyon'.

Old Jolyon stepped out, and, in paying the cab fare, for the first time in his life gave the driver a sovereign in mistake for a shilling.

Placing the coin in his mouth, the cabman whipped his horse secretly on the underneath and hurried away.

Old Jolyon turned the key softly in the lock, pushed open the door, and beckoned. His son saw him gravely hanging up his coat, with an expression on his face like that of a boy who intends to steal cherries.

The door of the dining-room was open, the gas turned low; a spirit-urn hissed on a tea-tray, and close to it a cynical looking cat had fallen asleep on the dining-table. Old Jolyon 'shoo'd' her off at once. The incident was a relief to his feelings; he rattled his opera hat behind the animal.

"She's got fleas," he said, following her out of the room. Through the door in the hall leading to the basement he called "Hssst!" several times, as though assisting the cat's departure, till by some strange coincidence the butler appeared below.

"You can go to bed, Parfitt," said old Jolyon. "I will lock up and put out."

When he again entered the dining-room the cat unfortunately preceded him, with her tail in the air, proclaiming that she had seen through this manouevre for suppressing the butler from the first....

A fatality had dogged old Jolyon's domestic stratagems all his life.

Young Jolyon could not help smiling. He was very well versed in irony, and everything that evening seemed to him ironical. The episode of the cat; the announcement of his own daughter's engagement. So he had no more part or parcel in her than he had in the Puss! And the poetical justice of this appealed to him.

"What is June like now?" he asked.

"She's a little thing," returned old Jolyon; they say she's like me, but that's their folly. She's more like your mother--the same eyes and hair."

"Ah! and she is pretty?"

Old Jolyon was too much of a Forsyte to praise anything freely; especially anything for which he had a genuine admiration.

"Not bad looking--a regular Forsyte chin. It'll be lonely here when she's gone, Jo."

The look on his face again gave young Jolyon the shock he had felt on first seeing his father.

"What will you do with yourself, Dad? I suppose she's wrapped up in him?"

"Do with myself?" repeated old Jolyon with an angry break in his voice. "It'll be miserable work living here alone. I don't know how it's to end. I wish to goodness...." He checked himself, and added: "The question is, what had I better do with this house?"

Young Jolyon looked round the room. It was peculiarly vast and dreary, decorated with the enormous pictures of still life that he remembered as a boy--sleeping dogs with their noses resting on bunches of carrots, together with onions and grapes lying side by side in mild surprise. The house was a white elephant, but he could not conceive of his father living in a smaller place; and all the more did it all seem ironical.

In his great chair with the book-rest sat old Jolyon, the figurehead of his family and class and creed, with his white head and dome-like forehead, the representative of moderation, and order, and love of property. As lonely an old man as there was in London.

There he sat in the gloomy comfort of the room, a puppet in the power of great forces that cared nothing for family or class or creed, but moved, machine-like, with dread processes to inscrutable ends. This was how it struck young Jolyon, who had the impersonal eye.

The poor old Dad! So this was the end, the purpose to which he had lived with such magnificent moderation! To be lonely, and grow older and older, yearning for a soul to speak to!

In his turn old Jolyon looked back at his son. He wanted to talk about many things that he had been unable to talk about all these years. It had been impossible to seriously confide in June his conviction that property in the Soho quarter would go up in value; his uneasiness about that tremendous silence of Pippin, the superintendent of the New Colliery Company, of which he had so long been chairman; his disgust at the steady fall in American Golgothas, or even to discuss how, by some sort of settlement, he could best avoid the payment of those death duties which would follow his decease. Under the influence, however, of a cup of tea, which he seemed to stir indefinitely, he began to speak at last. A new vista of life was thus opened up, a promised land of talk, where he could find a harbour against the waves of anticipation and regret; where he could soothe his soul with the opium of devising how to round off his property and make eternal the only part of him that was to remain alive.

Young Jolyon was a good listener; it was his great quality. He kept his eyes fixed on his father's face, putting a question now and then.

The clock struck one before old Jolyon had finished, and at the sound of its striking his principles came back. He took out his watch with a look of surprise:

"I must go to bed, Jo," he said.

Young Jolyon rose and held out his hand to help his father up. The old face looked worn and hollow again; the eyes were steadily averted.

"Good-bye, my boy; take care of yourself."

A moment passed, and young Jolyon, turning on his, heel, marched out at the door. He could hardly see; his smile quavered. Never in all the fifteen years since he had first found out that life was no simple business, had he found it so singularly complicated.

CHAPTER III DINNER AT SWITHIN'S

In Swithin's orange and light-blue dining-room, facing the Park, the round table was laid for twelve.

A cut-glass chandelier filled with lighted candles hung like a giant stalactite above its centre, radiating over large gilt-framed mirrors, slabs of marble on the tops of side-tables, and heavy gold chairs with crewel worked seats. Everything betokened that love of beauty so deeply implanted in each family which has had its own way to make into Society, out of the more vulgar heart of Nature. Swithin had indeed an impatience of simplicity, a love of ormolu, which had always stamped him amongst his associates as a man of great, if somewhat luxurious taste; and out of the knowledge that no one could possibly enter his rooms without perceiving him to be a man of wealth, he had derived a solid and prolonged happiness such as perhaps no other circumstance in life had afforded him.

Since his retirement from land agency, a profession deplorable in his estimation, especially as to its auctioneering department, he had abandoned himself to naturally aristocratic tastes.

The perfect luxury of his latter days had embedded him like a fly in sugar; and his mind, where very little took place from morning till night, was the junction of two curiously opposite emotions, a lingering and sturdy satisfaction that he had made his own way and his own fortune, and a sense that a man of his distinction should never have been allowed to soil his mind with work.

He stood at the sideboard in a white waistcoat with large gold and onyx buttons, watching his valet screw the necks of three champagne bottles deeper into ice-pails. Between the points of his stand-up collar, which--though it hurt him to move--he would on no account have had altered, the pale flesh of his under chin remained immovable. His eyes roved from bottle to bottle. He was

debating, and he argued like this: Jolyon drinks a glass, perhaps two, he's so careful of himself. James, he can't take his wine nowadays. Nicholas--Fanny and he would swill water he shouldn't wonder! Soames didn't count; these young nephews --Soames was thirty-one--couldn't drink! But Bosinney?

Encountering in the name of this stranger something outside the range of his philosophy, Swithin paused. A misgiving arose within him! It was impossible to tell! June was only a girl, in love too! Emily (Mrs. James) liked a good glass of champagne. It was too dry for Juley, poor old soul, she had no palate. As to Hatty Chessman! The thought of this old friend caused a cloud of thought to obscure the perfect glassiness of his eyes: He shouldn't wonder if she drank half a bottle!

But in thinking of his remaining guest, an expression like that of a cat who is just going to purr stole over his old face: Mrs. Soames! She mightn't take much, but she would appreciate what she drank; it was a pleasure to give her good wine! A pretty woman--and sympathetic to him!

The thought of her was like champagne itself! A pleasure to give a good wine to a young woman who looked so well, who knew how to dress, with charming manners, quite distinguished--a pleasure to entertain her. Between the points of his collar he gave his head the first small, painful oscillation of the evening.

"Adolf!" he said. "Put in another bottle."

He himself might drink a good deal, for, thanks to that prescription of Blight's, he found himself extremely well, and he had been careful to take no lunch. He had not felt so well for weeks. Puffing out his lower lip, he gave his last instructions:

"Adolf, the least touch of the West India when you come to the ham."

Passing into the anteroom, he sat down on the edge of a chair, with his knees apart; and his tall, bulky form was wrapped at once in an expectant, strange, primeval immobility. He was ready to rise at a moment's notice. He had not given a dinner-party for months. This dinner in honour of June's engagement had seemed a bore at first (among Forsytes the custom of solemnizing engagements by feasts was religiously observed), but the labours of sending invitations and ordering the repast over, he felt pleasantly stimulated.

And thus sitting, a watch in his hand, fat, and smooth, and golden, like a flattened globe of butter, he thought of nothing.

A long man, with side whiskers, who had once been in Swithin's service, but was now a greengrocer, entered and proclaimed:

"Mrs. Chessman, Mrs. Septimus Small!"

Two ladies advanced. The one in front, habited entirely in red, had large, settled patches of the same colour in her cheeks, and a hard, dashing eye. She walked at Swithin, holding out a hand cased in a long, primrose-coloured glove:

"Well! Swithin," she said, "I haven't seen you for ages. How are you? Why, my dear boy, how stout you're getting!"

The fixity of Swithin's eye alone betrayed emotion. A dumb and grumbling anger swelled his bosom. It was vulgar to be stout, to talk of being stout; he had a chest, nothing more. Turning to his sister, he grasped her hand, and said in a tone of command:

"Well, Juley."

Mrs. Septimus Small was the tallest of the four sisters; her good, round old face had gone a little sour; an innumerable pout clung all over it, as if it had been encased in an iron wire mask up to that evening, which, being suddenly removed, left little rolls of mutinous flesh all over her countenance. Even her eyes were pouting. It was thus that she recorded her permanent resentment at the loss of Septimus Small.

She had quite a reputation for saying the wrong thing, and, tenacious like all her breed, she would hold to it when she had said it, and add to it another wrong thing, and so on. With the decease of her husband the family tenacity, the family matter-of-factness, had gone sterile within her. A great talker, when allowed, she would converse without the faintest animation for hours together, relating, with epic monotony, the innumerable occasions on which Fortune had misused her; nor did she ever perceive that her hearers sympathized with Fortune, for her heart was kind.

Having sat, poor soul, long by the bedside of Small (a man of poor constitution), she had acquired, the habit, and there were countless subsequent occasions when she had sat immense periods of time to amuse sick people, children, and other helpless

persons, and she could never divest herself of the feeling that the world was the most ungrateful place anybody could live in. Sunday after Sunday she sat at the feet of that extremely witty preacher, the Rev. Thomas Scoles, who exercised a great influence over her; but she succeeded in convincing everybody that even this was a misfortune. She had passed into a proverb in the family, and when anybody was observed to be peculiarly distressing, he was known as a regular 'Juley.' The habit of her mind would have killed anybody but a Forsyte at forty; but she was seventy-two, and had never looked better. And one felt that there were capacities for enjoyment about her which might yet come out. She owned three canaries, the cat Tommy, and half a parrot--in common with her sister Hester;--and these poor creatures (kept carefully out of Timothy's way--he was nervous about animals), unlike human beings, recognising that she could not help being blighted, attached themselves to her passionately.

She was sombrely magnificent this evening in black bombazine, with a mauve front cut in a shy triangle, and crowned with a black velvet ribbon round the base of her thin throat; black and mauve for evening wear was esteemed very chaste by nearly every Forsyte.

Pouting at Swithin, she said:

"Ann has been asking for you. You haven't been near us for an age!"

Swithin put his thumbs within the armholes of his waistcoat, and replied:

"Ann's getting very shaky; she ought to have a doctor!"

"Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Forsyte!"

Nicholas Forsyte, cocking his rectangular eyebrows, wore a smile. He had succeeded during the day in bringing to fruition a scheme for the employment of a tribe from Upper India in the gold-mines of Ceylon. A pet plan, carried at last in the teeth of great difficulties--he was justly pleased. It would double the output of his mines, and, as he had often forcibly argued, all experience tended to show that a man must die; and whether he died of a miserable old age in his own country, or prematurely of damp in the bottom of a foreign mine, was surely of little consequence, provided that by a change in his mode of life he benefited the British Empire.

His ability was undoubted. Raising his broken nose towards his listener, he would add:

"For want of a few hundred of these fellows we haven't paid a dividend for years, and look at the price of the shares. I can't get ten shillings for them."

He had been at Yarmouth, too, and had come back feeling that he had added at least ten years to his own life. He grasped Swithin's hand, exclaiming in a jocular voice:

"Well, so here we are again!"

Mrs. Nicholas, an effete woman, smiled a smile of frightened jollity behind his back.

"Mr. and Mrs. James Forsyte! Mr. and Mrs. Soames Forsyte!"

Swithin drew his heels together, his deportment ever admirable.

"Well, James, well Emily! How are you, Soames? How do you do?"

His hand enclosed Irene's, and his eyes swelled. She was a pretty woman--a little too pale, but her figure, her eyes, her teeth! Too good for that chap Soames!

The gods had given Irene dark brown eyes and golden hair, that strange combination, provocative of men's glances, which is said to be the mark of a weak character. And the full, soft pallor of her neck and shoulders, above a gold-coloured frock, gave to her personality an alluring strangeness.

Soames stood behind, his eyes fastened on his wife's neck. The hands of Swithin's watch, which he still held open in his hand, had left eight behind; it was half an hour beyond his dinner-time--he had had no lunch--and a strange primeval impatience surged up within him.

"It's not like Jolyon to be late!" he said to Irene, with uncontrollable vexation. "I suppose it'll be June keeping him!"

"People in love are always late," she answered.

Swithin stared at her; a dusky orange dyed his cheeks.

"They've no business to be. Some fashionable nonsense!"

And behind this outburst the inarticulate violence of primitive generations seemed to mutter and grumble.

"Tell me what you think of my new star, Uncle Swithin," said Irene softly.

Among the lace in the bosom of her dress was shining a five-pointed star, made of eleven diamonds. Swithin looked at the star. He had a pretty taste in stones; no question could have been more sympathetically devised to distract his attention.

"Who gave you that?" he asked.

"Soames."

There was no change in her face, but Swithin's pale eyes bulged as though he might suddenly have been afflicted with insight.

"I dare say you're dull at home," he said. "Any day you like to come and dine with me, I'll give you as good a bottle of wine as you'll get in London."

"Miss June Forsyte--Mr. Jolyon Forsyte!... Mr. Boswainey!..."

Swithin moved his arm, and said in a rumbling voice:

"Dinner, now--dinner!"

He took in Irene, on the ground that he had not entertained her since she was a bride. June was the portion of Bosinney, who was placed between Irene and his fiancee. On the other side of June was James with Mrs. Nicholas, then old Jolyon with Mrs. James, Nicholas with Hatty Chessman, Soames with Mrs. Small, completing, the circle to Swithin again.

Family dinners of the Forsytes observe certain traditions. There are, for instance, no hors d'oeuvre. The reason for this is unknown. Theory among the younger members traces it to the disgraceful price of oysters; it is more probably due to a desire to come to the point, to a good practical sense deciding at once that hors d'oeuvre are but poor things. The Jameses alone, unable to withstand a custom almost universal in Park Lane, are now and then unfaithful.

A silent, almost morose, inattention to each other succeeds to the subsidence into their seats, lasting till well into the first entree, but interspersed with remarks such as, "Tom's bad again; I can't tell what's the matter with him!" "I suppose Ann doesn't come down in the mornings?"--"What's the name of your doctor, Fanny?" "Stubbs?" "He's a quack!"--"Winifred? She's got too many children. Four, isn't it? She's as thin as a lath!"--"What d'you give for this sherry, Swithin? Too dry for me!"

With the second glass of champagne, a kind of hum makes itself heard, which, when divested of casual accessories and resolved into its primal element, is found to be James telling a story, and this goes on for a long time, encroaching sometimes even upon what must universally be recognised as the crowning point of a Forsyte feast--'the saddle of mutton.'

No Forsyte has given a dinner without providing a saddle of mutton. There is something in its succulent solidity which makes it suitable to people 'of a certain position.' It is nourishing and tasty; the sort of thing a man remembers eating. It has a past and a future, like a deposit paid into a bank; and it is something that can be argued about.

Each branch of the family tenaciously held to a particular locality--old Jolyon swearing by Dartmoor, James by Welsh, Swithin by Southdown, Nicholas maintaining that people might sneer, but there was nothing like New Zealand! As for Roger, the 'original' of the brothers, he had been obliged to invent a locality of his own, and with an ingenuity worthy of a man who had devised a new profession for his sons, he had discovered a shop where they sold German; on being remonstrated with, he had proved his point by producing a butcher's bill, which showed that he paid more than any of the others. It was on this occasion that old Jolyon, turning to June, had said in one of his bursts of philosophy:

"You may depend upon it, they're a cranky lot, the Forsytes--and you'll find it out, as you grow older!"

Timothy alone held apart, for though he ate saddle of mutton heartily, he was, he said, afraid of it.

To anyone interested psychologically in Forsytes, this great saddle-of-mutton trait is of prime importance; not only does it illustrate their tenacity, both collectively and as individuals, but it marks them as belonging in fibre and instincts to that great class which believes in nourishment and flavour, and yields to no sentimental craving for beauty.

Younger members of the family indeed would have done without a joint altogether, preferring guinea-fowl, or lobster salad--something which appealed to the imagination, and had less nourishment--but these were females; or, if not, had been corrupted by their wives, or by mothers, who having been forced to eat saddle of mutton throughout their married lives, had passed a secret hostility towards it into the fibre of their sons.

The great saddle-of-mutton controversy at an end, a Tewkesbury ham commenced, together with the least touch of West Indian--Swithin was so long over this course that he caused a block in the progress of the dinner. To devote himself to it with better heart, he paused in his conversation.

From his seat by Mrs. Septimus Small Soames was watching. He had a reason of his own connected with a pet building scheme, for observing Bosinney. The architect might do for his purpose; he looked clever, as he sat leaning back in his chair, moodily making little ramparts with bread-crumbs. Soames noted his dress clothes to be well cut, but too small, as though made many years ago.

He saw him turn to Irene and say something and her face sparkle as he often saw it sparkle at other people--never at himself. He tried to catch what they were saying, but Aunt Juley was speaking.

Hadn't that always seemed very extraordinary to Soames? Only last Sunday dear Mr. Scole, had been so witty in his sermon, so sarcastic, "For what," he had said, "shall it profit a man if he gain his own soul, but lose all his property?" That, he had said, was the motto of the middle-class; now, what had he meant by that? Of course, it might be what middle-class people believed--she didn't know; what did Soames think?

He answered abstractedly: "How should I know? Scoles is a humbug, though, isn't he?" For Bosinney was looking round the table, as if pointing out the peculiarities of the guests, and Soames wondered what he was saying. By her smile Irene was evidently agreeing with his remarks. She seemed always to agree with other people.

Her eyes were turned on himself; Soames dropped his glance at once. The smile had died off her lips.

A humbug? But what did Soames mean? If Mr. Scoles was a humbug, a clergyman--then anybody might be--it was frightful!

"Well, and so they are!" said Soames.

During Aunt Juley's momentary and horrified silence he caught some words of Irene's that sounded like: 'Abandon hope, all ye who enter here!'

But Swithin had finished his ham.

"Where do you go for your mushrooms?" he was saying to Irene in a voice like a courtier's; "you ought to go to Smileybob's--he'll give 'em you fresh. These little men, they won't take the trouble!"

Irene turned to answer him, and Soames saw Bosinney watching her and smiling to himself. A curious smile the fellow had. A half-simple arrangement, like a child who smiles when he is pleased. As for George's nickname--'The Buccaneer'--he did not think much of that. And, seeing Bosinney turn to June, Soames smiled too, but sardonically--he did not like June, who was not looking too pleased.

This was not surprising, for she had just held the following conversation with James:

"I stayed on the river on my way home, Uncle James, and saw a beautiful site for a house."

James, a slow and thorough eater, stopped the process of mastication.

"Eh?" he said. "Now, where was that?"

"Close to Pangbourne."

James placed a piece of ham in his mouth, and June waited.

"I suppose you wouldn't know whether the land about there was freehold?" he asked at last. "You wouldn't know anything about the price of land about there?"

"Yes," said June; "I made inquiries." Her little resolute face under its copper crown was suspiciously eager and aglow.

James regarded her with the air of an inquisitor.

"What? You're not thinking of buying land!" he ejaculated, dropping his fork.

June was greatly encouraged by his interest. It had long been her pet plan that her uncles should benefit themselves and Bosinney by building country-houses.

"Of course not," she said. "I thought it would be such a splendid place for--you or--someone to build a country-house!"

James looked at her sideways, and placed a second piece of ham in his mouth....

"Land ought to be very dear about there," he said.

What June had taken for personal interest was only the impersonal excitement of every Forsyte who hears of something eligible in danger of passing into other hands. But she refused to see the disappearance of her chance, and continued to press her point.

"You ought to go into the country, Uncle James. I wish I had a lot of money, I wouldn't live another day in London."

James was stirred to the depths of his long thin figure; he had no idea his niece held such downright views.

"Why don't you go into the country?" repeated June; "it would do you a lot of good."

"Why?" began James in a fluster. "Buying land--what good d'you suppose I can do buying land, building houses?--I couldn't get four per cent. for my money!"

"What does that matter? You'd get fresh air."

"Fresh air!" exclaimed James; "what should I do with fresh air,"

"I should have thought anybody liked to have fresh air," said June scornfully.

James wiped his napkin all over his mouth.

"You don't know the value of money," he said, avoiding her eye.

"No! and I hope I never shall!" and, biting her lip with inexpressible mortification, poor June was silent.

Why were her own relations so rich, and Phil never knew where the money was coming from for to-morrow's tobacco. Why couldn't they do something for him? But they were so selfish. Why couldn't they build country-houses? She had all that naive dogmatism which is so pathetic, and sometimes achieves such great results. Bosinney, to whom she turned in her discomfiture, was talking to Irene, and a chill fell on June's spirit. Her eyes grew steady with anger, like old Jolyon's when his will was crossed.

James, too, was much disturbed. He felt as though someone had threatened his right to invest his money at five per cent. Jolyon had spoiled her. None of his girls would have said such a thing. James had always been exceedingly liberal to his children, and the consciousness of this made him feel it all the more deeply. He trifled moodily with his strawberries, then, deluging them with cream, he ate them quickly; they, at all events, should not escape him.

No wonder he was upset. Engaged for fifty-four years (he had been admitted a solicitor on the earliest day sanctioned by the law) in arranging mortgages, preserving investments at a dead level of high and safe interest, conducting negotiations on the principle of securing the utmost possible out of other people compatible with safety to his clients and himself, in calculations as to the exact pecuniary possibilities of all the relations of life, he had come at last to think purely in terms of money. Money was now his light, his medium for seeing, that without which he was really unable to see, really not cognisant of phenomena; and to have this thing, "I hope I shall never know the value of money!" said to his face, saddened and exasperated him. He knew it to be nonsense, or it would have frightened him. What was the world coming to! Suddenly recollecting the story of young Jolyon, however, he felt a little comforted, for what could you expect with a father like that! This turned his thoughts into a channel still less pleasant. What was all this talk about Soames and Irene?

As in all self-respecting families, an emporium had been established where family secrets were bartered, and family stock priced. It was known on Forsyte 'Change that Irene regretted her marriage. Her regret was disapproved of. She ought to have known her own mind; no dependable woman made these mistakes.

James reflected sourly that they had a nice house (rather small) in an excellent position, no children, and no money troubles. Soames was reserved about his affairs, but he must be getting a very warm man. He had a capital income from the business--for Soames, like his father, was a member of that well-known firm of solicitors, Forsyte, Bustard and Forsyte--and had always been very careful. He had done quite unusually well with some mortgages he had taken up, too--a little timely foreclosure--most lucky hits!

There was no reason why Irene should not be happy, yet they said she'd been asking for a separate room. He knew where that ended. It wasn't as if Soames drank.

James looked at his daughter-in-law. That unseen glance of his was cold and dubious. Appeal and fear were in it, and a sense of personal grievance. Why should he be worried like this? It was very likely all nonsense; women were funny things! They exaggerated so, you didn't know what to believe; and then, nobody told him anything, he had to find out everything for himself. Again he looked furtively at Irene, and across from her to Soames. The latter, listening to Aunt Juley, was looking up, under his brows in the direction of Bosinney.

'He's fond of her, I know,' thought James. 'Look at the way he's always giving her things.'

And the extraordinary unreasonableness of her disaffection struck him with increased force.

It was a pity, too, she was a taking little thing, and he, James, would be really quite fond of her if she'd only let him. She had taken up lately with June; that was doing her no good, that was certainly doing her no good. She was getting to have opinions of her own. He didn't know what she wanted with anything of the sort. She'd a good home, and everything she could wish for. He felt that her friends ought to be chosen for her. To go on like this was dangerous.

June, indeed, with her habit of championing the unfortunate, had dragged from Irene a confession, and, in return, had preached the necessity of facing the evil, by separation, if need be. But in the face of these exhortations, Irene had kept a brooding silence, as though she found terrible the thought of this struggle carried through in cold blood. He would never give her up, she had said to June.

"Who cares?" June cried; "let him do what he likes--you've only to stick to it!" And she had not scrupled to say something of this sort at Timothy's; James, when he heard of it, had felt a natural indignation and horror.

What if Irene were to take it into her head to--he could hardly frame the thought--to leave Soames? But he felt this thought so unbearable that he at once put it away; the shady visions it conjured up, the sound of family tongues buzzing in his ears, the horror of the conspicuous happening so close to him, to one of his own children! Luckily, she had no money--a beggarly fifty pound a year! And he thought of the deceased Heron, who had had nothing to leave her, with contempt. Brooding over his glass, his long legs twisted under the table, he quite omitted to rise when the ladies left the room. He would have to speak to Soames --would have to put him on his guard; they could not go on like this, now that such a contingency had occurred to him. And he noticed with sour disfavour that June had left her wine-glasses full of wine.

'That little, thing's at the bottom of it all,' he mused; 'Irene'd never have thought of it herself.' James was a man of imagination.

The voice of Swithin roused him from his reverie.

"I gave four hundred pounds for it," he was saying. "Of course it's a regular work of art."

"Four hundred! H'm! that's a lot of money!" chimed in Nicholas.

The object alluded to was an elaborate group of statuary in Italian marble, which, placed upon a lofty stand (also of marble), diffused an atmosphere of culture throughout the room. The subsidiary figures, of which there were six, female, nude, and of highly ornate workmanship, were all pointing towards the central figure, also nude, and female, who was pointing at herself; and all this gave the observer a very pleasant sense of her extreme value. Aunt Juley, nearly opposite, had had the greatest difficulty in not looking at it all the evening.

Old Jolyon spoke; it was he who had started the discussion.

"Four hundred fiddlesticks! Don't tell me you gave four hundred for that?"

Between the points of his collar Swithin's chin made the second painful oscillatory movement of the evening.

"Four-hundred-pounds, of English money; not a farthing less. I don't regret it. It's not common English--it's genuine modern Italian!"

Soames raised the corner of his lip in a smile, and looked across at Bosinney. The architect was grinning behind the fumes of his cigarette. Now, indeed, he looked more like a buccaneer.

"There's a lot of work about it," remarked James hastily, who was really moved by the size of the group. "It'd sell well at Jobson's."

"The poor foreign dey-vil that made it," went on Swithin, "asked me five hundred--I gave him four. It's worth eight. Looked half-starved, poor dey-vil!"

"Ah!" chimed in Nicholas suddenly, "poor, seedy-lookin' chaps, these artists; it's a wonder to me how they live. Now, there's young Flageoletti, that Fanny and the girls are always hav'in' in, to play the fiddle; if he makes a hundred a year it's as much as ever he does!"

James shook his head. "Ah!" he said, "I don't know how they live!"

Old Jolyon had risen, and, cigar in mouth, went to inspect the group at close quarters.

"Wouldn't have given two for it!" he pronounced at last.

Soames saw his father and Nicholas glance at each other anxiously; and, on the other side of Swithin, Bosinney, still shrouded in smoke.

'I wonder what he thinks of it?' thought Soames, who knew well enough that this group was hopelessly vieux jeu; hopelessly of the last generation. There was no longer any sale at Jobson's for such works of art.

Swithin's answer came at last. "You never knew anything about a statue. You've got your pictures, and that's all!"

Old Jolyon walked back to his seat, puffing his cigar. It was not likely that he was going to be drawn into an argument with an obstinate beggar like Swithin, pig-headed as a mule, who had never known a statue from a---straw hat.

"Stucco!" was all he said.

It had long been physically impossible for Swithin to start; his fist came down on the table.

"Stucco! I should like to see anything you've got in your house half as good!"

And behind his speech seemed to sound again that rumbling violence of primitive generations.

It was James who saved the situation.

"Now, what do you say, Mr. Bosinney? You're an architect; you ought to know all about statues and things!"

Every eye was turned upon Bosinney; all waited with a strange, suspicious look for his answer.

And Soames, speaking for the first time, asked:

"Yes, Bosinney, what do you say?"

Bosinney replied coolly:

"The work is a remarkable one."

His words were addressed to Swithin, his eyes smiled slyly at old Jolyon; only Soames remained unsatisfied.

"Remarkable for what?"

"For its naivete"

The answer was followed by an impressive silence; Swithin alone was not sure whether a compliment was intended.

CHAPTER IV

PROJECTION OF THE HOUSE

Soames Forsyte walked out of his green-painted front door three days after the dinner at Swithin's, and looking back from across the Square, confirmed his impression that the house wanted painting.

He had left his wife sitting on the sofa in the drawing-room, her hands crossed in her lap, manifestly waiting for him to go out. This was not unusual. It happened, in fact, every day.

He could not understand what she found wrong with him. It was not as if he drank! Did he run into debt, or gamble, or swear; was he violent; were his friends rackety; did he stay out at night? On the contrary.

The profound, subdued aversion which he felt in his wife was a mystery to him, and a source of the most terrible irritation. That she had made a mistake, and did not love him, had tried to love him and could not love him, was obviously no reason.

He that could imagine so outlandish a cause for his wife's not getting on with him was certainly no Forsyte.

Soames was forced, therefore, to set the blame entirely down to his wife. He had never met a woman so capable of inspiring affection. They could not go anywhere without his seeing how all the men were attracted by her; their looks, manners, voices, betrayed it; her behaviour under this attention had been beyond reproach. That she was one of those women--not too common in the Anglo-Saxon race--born to be loved and to love, who when not loving are not living, had certainly never even occurred to him. Her power of attraction, he regarded as part of her value as his property; but it made him, indeed, suspect that she could give as well as receive; and she gave him nothing! 'Then why did she marry me?' was his continual thought. He had, forgotten his courtship; that year and a half when he had besieged and lain in wait for her, devising schemes for her entertainment, giving her presents, proposing to her periodically, and keeping her other admirers away with his perpetual presence. He had forgotten the day when, adroitly taking advantage of an acute phase of her dislike to her home surroundings, he crowned his labours with success. If he remembered anything, it was the dainty capriciousness with which the gold-haired, dark-eyed girl had treated him. He certainly did not remember the look on her face--strange, passive, appealing--when suddenly one day she had yielded, and said that she would marry him.

It had been one of those real devoted wooings which books and people praise, when the lover is at length rewarded for hammering the iron till it is malleable, and all must be happy ever after as the wedding bells.

Soames walked eastwards, mousing doggedly along on the shady side.

The house wanted doing, up, unless he decided to move into the country, and build.

For the hundredth time that month he turned over this problem. There was no use in rushing into things! He was very comfortably off, with an increasing income getting on for three thousand a year; but his invested capital was not perhaps so large as his father believed--James had a tendency to expect that his children should be better off than they were. 'I can manage eight thousand easily enough,' he thought, 'without calling in either Robertson's or Nicholl's.'

He had stopped to look in at a picture shop, for Soames was an 'amateur' of pictures, and had a little-room in No. 62, Montpellier Square, full of canvases, stacked against the wall, which he had no room to hang. He brought them home with him on his way back from the City, generally after dark, and would enter this room on Sunday afternoons, to spend hours turning the pictures to the light, examining the marks on their backs, and occasionally making notes.

They were nearly all landscapes with figures in the foreground, a sign of some mysterious revolt against London, its tall houses, its interminable streets, where his life and the lives of his breed and class were passed. Every now and then he would take one or two pictures away with him in a cab, and stop at Jobson's on his way into the City.

He rarely showed them to anyone; Irene, whose opinion he secretly respected and perhaps for that reason never solicited, had only been into the room on rare occasions, in discharge of some wifely duty. She was not asked to look at the pictures, and she never did. To Soames this was another grievance. He hated that pride of hers, and secretly dreaded it.

In the plate-glass window of the picture shop his image stood and looked at him.

His sleek hair under the brim of the tall hat had a sheen like the hat itself; his cheeks, pale and flat, the line of his clean-shaven lips, his firm chin with its greyish shaven tinge, and the buttoned strictness of his black cut-away coat, conveyed an appearance of reserve and secrecy, of imperturbable, enforced composure; but his eyes, cold,--grey, strained--looking, with a line in the brow between them, examined him wistfully, as if they knew of a secret weakness.

He noted the subjects of the pictures, the names of the painters, made a calculation of their values, but without the satisfaction he usually derived from this inward appraisement, and walked on.

No. 62 would do well enough for another year, if he decided to build! The times were good for building, money had not been so dear for years; and the site he had seen at Robin Hill, when he had gone down there in the spring to inspect the Nicholl mortgage--what could be better! Within twelve miles of Hyde Park Corner, the value of the land certain to go up, would always fetch more than he gave for it; so that a house, if built in really good style, was a first-class investment.

The notion of being the one member of his family with a country house weighed but little with him; for to a true Forsyte, sentiment, even the sentiment of social position, was a luxury only to be indulged in after his appetite for more material pleasure had been satisfied.

To get Irene out of London, away from opportunities of going about and seeing people, away from her friends and those who put ideas into her head! That was the thing! She was too thick with June! June disliked him. He returned the sentiment. They were of the same blood.

It would be everything to get Irene out of town. The house would please her she would enjoy messing about with the decoration, she was very artistic!

The house must be in good style, something that would always be certain to command a price, something unique, like that last house of Parkes, which had a tower; but Parkes had himself said that his architect was ruinous. You never knew where you were with those fellows; if they had a name they ran you into no end of expense and were conceited into the bargain.

And a common architect was no good--the memory of Parkes' tower precluded the employment of a common architect:

This was why he had thought of Bosinney. Since the dinner at Swithin's he had made enquiries, the result of which had been meagre, but encouraging: "One of the new school."

"Clever?"

"As clever as you like--a bit--a bit up in the air!"

He had not been able to discover what houses Bosinney had built, nor what his charges were. The impression he gathered was that he would be able to make his own terms. The more he reflected on the idea, the more he liked it. It would be keeping the thing in the family, with Forsytes almost an instinct; and he would be able to get 'favoured-nation,' if not nominal terms--only fair, considering the chance to Bosinney of displaying his talents, for this house must be no common edifice.

Soames reflected complacently on the work it would be sure to bring the young man; for, like every Forsyte, he could be a thorough optimist when there was anything to be had out of it.

Bosinney's office was in Sloane Street, close at, hand, so that he would be able to keep his eye continually on the plans.

Again, Irene would not be to likely to object to leave London if her greatest friend's lover were given the job. June's marriage might depend on it. Irene could not decently stand in the way of June's marriage; she would never do that, he knew her too well. And June would be pleased; of this he saw the advantage.

Bosinney looked clever, but he had also--and--it was one of his great attractions--an air as if he did not quite know on which side his bread were buttered; he should be easy to deal with in money matters. Soames made this reflection in no defrauding spirit; it was the natural attitude of his mind--of the mind of any good business man--of all those thousands of good business men through whom he was threading his way up Ludgate Hill.

Thus he fulfilled the inscrutable laws of his great class--of human nature itself--when he reflected, with a sense of comfort, that Bosinney would be easy to deal with in money matters.

While he elbowed his way on, his eyes, which he usually kept fixed on the ground before his feet, were attracted upwards by the dome of St. Paul's. It had a peculiar fascination for him, that old dome, and not once, but twice or three times a week, would he halt in his daily pilgrimage to enter beneath and stop in the side aisles for five or ten minutes, scrutinizing the names and epitaphs on the monuments. The attraction for him of this great church was inexplicable, unless it enabled him to concentrate his thoughts on the business of the day. If any affair of particular moment, or demanding peculiar acuteness, was weighing on his mind, he invariably went in, to wander with mouse-like attention from epitaph to epitaph. Then retiring in the same noiseless way, he would hold steadily on up Cheapside, a thought more of dogged purpose in his gait, as though he had seen something which he had made up his mind to buy.

He went in this morning, but, instead of stealing from monument to monument, turned his eyes upwards to the columns and spacings of the walls, and remained motionless.

His uplifted face, with the awed and wistful look which faces take on themselves in church, was whitened to a chalky hue in the vast building. His gloved hands were clasped in front over the handle of his umbrella. He lifted them. Some sacred inspiration perhaps had come to him.

'Yes,' he thought, 'I must have room to hang my pictures.

That evening, on his return from the City, he called at Bosinney's office. He found the architect in his shirt-sleeves, smoking a pipe, and ruling off lines on a plan. Soames refused a drink, and came at once to the point.

"If you've nothing better to do on Sunday, come down with me to Robin Hill, and give me your opinion on a building site."

"Are you going to build?"

"Perhaps," said Soames; "but don't speak of it. I just want your opinion."

"Quite so," said the architect.

Soames peered about the room.

"You're rather high up here," he remarked.

Any information he could gather about the nature and scope of Bosinney's business would be all to the good.

"It does well enough for me so far," answered the architect. "You're accustomed to the swells."

He knocked out his pipe, but replaced it empty between his teeth; it assisted him perhaps to carry on the conversation. Soames noted a hollow in each cheek, made as it were by suction.

"What do you pay for an office like this?" said he.

"Fifty too much," replied Bosinney.

This answer impressed Soames favourably.

"I suppose it is dear," he said. "I'll call for you--on Sunday about eleven."

The following Sunday therefore he called for Bosinney in a hansom, and drove him to the station. On arriving at Robin Hill, they found no cab, and started to walk the mile and a half to the site.

It was the 1st of August--a perfect day, with a burning sun and cloudless sky--and in the straight, narrow road leading up the hill their feet kicked up a yellow dust.

"Gravel soil," remarked Soames, and sideways he glanced at the coat Bosinney wore. Into the side-pockets of this coat were thrust bundles of papers, and under one arm was carried a queer-looking stick. Soames noted these and other peculiarities.

No one but a clever man, or, indeed, a buccaneer, would have taken such liberties with his appearance; and though these eccentricities were revolting to Soames, he derived a certain satisfaction from them, as evidence of qualities by which he must inevitably profit. If the fellow could build houses, what did his clothes matter?

"I told you," he said, "that I want this house to be a surprise, so don't say anything about it. I never talk of my affairs until they're carried through."

Bosinney nodded.

"Let women into your plans," pursued Soames, "and you never know where it'll end."

"Ah!" Said Bosinney, "women are the devil!"

This feeling had long been at the--bottom of Soames's heart; he had never, however, put it into words.

"Oh!" he Muttered, "so you're beginning to...." He stopped, but added, with an uncontrollable burst of spite: "June's got a temper of her own--always had."

"A temper's not a bad thing in an angel."

Soames had never called Irene an angel. He could not so have violated his best instincts, letting other people into the secret of her value, and giving himself away. He made no reply.

They had struck into a half-made road across a warren. A cart-track led at right-angles to a gravel pit, beyond which the chimneys of a cottage rose amongst a clump of trees at the border of a thick wood. Tussocks of feathery grass covered the rough surface of the ground, and out of these the larks soared into the hate of sunshine. On the far horizon, over a countless succession of fields and hedges, rose a line of downs.

Soames led till they had crossed to the far side, and there he stopped. It was the chosen site; but now that he was about to divulge the spot to another he had become uneasy.

"The agent lives in that cottage," he said; "he'll give us some lunch--we'd better have lunch before we go into this matter."

He again took the lead to the cottage, where the agent, a tall man named Oliver, with a heavy face and grizzled beard, welcomed them. During lunch, which Soames hardly touched, he kept looking at Bosinney, and once or twice passed his silk handkerchief stealthily over his forehead. The meal came to an end at last, and Bosinney rose.

"I dare say you've got business to talk over," he said; "I'll just go and nose about a bit." Without waiting for a reply he strolled out.

Soames was solicitor to this estate, and he spent nearly an hour in the agent's company, looking at ground-plans and discussing the Nicholl and other mortgages; it was as it were by an afterthought that he brought up the question of the building site.

"Your people," he said, "ought to come down in their price to me, considering that I shall be the first to build."

Oliver shook his head.

The site you've fixed on, Sir, he said, "is the cheapest we've got. Sites at the top of the slope are dearer by a good bit."

"Mind," said Soames, "I've not decided; it's quite possible I shan't build at all. The ground rent's very high."

"Well, Mr. Forsyte, I shall be sorry if you go off, and I think you'll make a mistake, Sir. There's not a bit of land near London with such a view as this, nor one that's cheaper, all things considered; we've only to advertise, to get a mob of people after it."

They looked at each other. Their faces said very plainly: 'I respect you as a man of business; and you can't expect me to believe a word you say.'

Well, repeated Soames, "I haven't made up my mind; the thing will very likely go off!" With these words, taking up his umbrella, he put his chilly hand into the agent's, withdrew it without the faintest pressure, and went out into the sun.

He walked slowly back towards the site in deep thought. His instinct told him that what the agent had said was true. A cheap site. And the beauty of it was, that he knew the agent did not really think it cheap; so that his own intuitive knowledge was a victory over

the agent's.

'Cheap or not, I mean to have it,' he thought.

The larks sprang up in front of his feet, the air was full of butterflies, a sweet fragrance rose from the wild grasses. The sappy scent of the bracken stole forth from the wood, where, hidden in the depths, pigeons were cooing, and from afar on the warm breeze, came the rhythmic chiming of church bells.

Soames walked with his eyes on the ground, his lips opening and closing as though in anticipation of a delicious morsel. But when he arrived at the site, Bosinney was nowhere to be seen. After waiting some little time, he crossed the warren in the direction of the slope. He would have shouted, but dreaded the sound of his voice.

The warren was as lonely as a prairie, its silence only broken by the rustle of rabbits bolting to their holes, and the song of the larks.

Soames, the pioneer-leader of the great Forsyte army advancing to the civilization of this wilderness, felt his spirit daunted by the loneliness, by the invisible singing, and the hot, sweet air. He had begun to retrace his steps when he at last caught sight of Bosinney.

The architect was sprawling under a large oak tree, whose trunk, with a huge spread of bough and foliage, ragged with age, stood on the verge of the rise.

Soames had to touch him on the shoulder before he looked up.

"Hallo! Forsyte," he said, "I've found the very place for your house! Look here!"

Soames stood and looked, then he said, coldly:

"You may be very clever, but this site will cost me half as much again."

"Hang the cost, man. Look at the view!"

Almost from their feet stretched ripe corn, dipping to a small dark copse beyond. A plain of fields and hedges spread to the distant grey-bluedowns. In a silver streak to the right could be seen the line of the river.

The sky was so blue, and the sun so bright, that an eternal summer seemed to reign over this prospect. Thistledown floated round them, enraptured by the serenity, of the ether. The heat danced over the corn, and, pervading all, was a soft, insensible hum, like the murmur of bright minutes holding revel between earth and heaven.

Soames looked. In spite of himself, something swelled in his breast. To live here in sight of all this, to be able to point it out to his friends, to talk of it, to possess it! His cheeks flushed. The warmth, the radiance, the glow, were sinking into his senses as, four years before, Irene's beauty had sunk into his senses and made him long for her. He stole a glance at Bosinney, whose eyes, the eyes of the coachman's 'half-tame leopard,' seemed running wild over the landscape. The sunlight had caught the promontories of the fellow's face, the bumpy cheekbones, the point of his chin, the vertical ridges above his brow; and Soames watched this rugged, enthusiastic, careless face with an unpleasant feeling.

A long, soft ripple of wind flowed over the corn, and brought a puff of warm air into their faces.

"I could build you a teaser here," said Bosinney, breaking the silence at last.

"I dare say," replied Soames, drily. "You haven't got to pay for it."

"For about eight thousand I could build you a palace."

Soames had become very pale--a struggle was going on within him. He dropped his eyes, and said stubbornly:

"I can't afford it."

And slowly, with his mousing walk, he led the way back to the first site.

They spent some time there going into particulars of the projected house, and then Soames returned to the agent's cottage.

He came out in about half an hour, and, joining Bosinney, started for the station.

"Well," he said, hardly opening his lips, "I've taken that site of yours, after all."

And again he was silent, confusedly debating how it was that this fellow, whom by habit he despised, should have overborne his own decision.

CHAPTER V

A FORSYTE MENAGE

Like the enlightened thousands of his class and generation in this great city of London, who no longer believe in red velvet chairs, and know that groups of modern Italian marble are 'vieux jeu,' Soames Forsyte inhabited a house which did what it could. It owned a copper door knocker of individual design, windows which had been altered to open outwards, hanging flower boxes filled with fuchsias, and at the back (a great feature) a little court tiled with jade-green tiles, and surrounded by pink hydrangeas in peacock-blue tubs. Here, under a parchment-coloured Japanese sunshade covering the whole end, inhabitants or visitors could be screened from the eyes of the curious while they drank tea and examined at their leisure the latest of Soames's little silver boxes.

The inner decoration favoured the First Empire and William Morris. For its size, the house was commodious; there were countless nooks resembling birds' nests, and little things made of silver were deposited like eggs.

In this general perfection two kinds of fastidiousness were at war. There lived here a mistress who would have dwelt daintily on a desert island; a master whose daintiness was, as it were, an investment, cultivated by the owner for his advancement, in accordance with the laws of competition. This competitive daintiness had caused Soames in his Marlborough days to be the first boy into white waistcoats in summer, and corduroy waistcoats in winter, had prevented him from ever appearing in public with his tie climbing up his collar, and induced him to dust his patent leather boots before a great multitude assembled on Speech Day to hear him recite Moliere.

Skin-like immaculateness had grown over Soames, as over many Londoners; impossible to conceive of him with a hair out of place, a tie deviating one-eighth of an inch from the perpendicular, a collar unglossed! He would not have gone without a bath for worlds--it was the fashion to take baths; and how bitter was his scorn of people who omitted them!

But Irene could be imagined, like some nymph, bathing in wayside streams, for the joy of the freshness and of seeing her own fair body.

In this conflict throughout the house the woman had gone to the wall. As in the struggle between Saxon and Celt still going on within the nation, the more impressionable and receptive temperament had had forced on it a conventional superstructure.

Thus the house had acquired a close resemblance to hundreds of other houses with the same high aspirations, having become: 'That very charming little house of the Soames Forsytes, quite individual, my dear--really elegant.'

For Soames Forsyte--read James Peabody, Thomas Atkins, or Emmanuel Spagnoletti, the name in fact of any upper-middle class Englishman in London with any pretensions to taste; and though the decoration be different, the phrase is just.

On the evening of August 8, a week after the expedition to Robin Hill, in the dining-room of this house--'quite individual, my dear--really elegant'--Soames and Irene were seated at dinner. A hot dinner on Sundays was a little distinguishing elegance common to this house and many others. Early in married life Soames had laid down the rule: 'The servants must give us hot dinner on Sundays--they've nothing to do but play the concertina.'

The custom had produced no revolution. For--to Soames a rather deplorable sign--servants were devoted to Irene, who, in defiance of all safe tradition, appeared to recognise their right to a share in the weaknesses of human nature.

The happy pair were seated, not opposite each other, but rectangularly, at the handsome rosewood table; they dined without a cloth--a distinguishing elegance--and so far had not spoken a word.

Soames liked to talk during dinner about business, or what he had been buying, and so long as he talked Irene's silence did not distress him. This evening he had found it impossible to talk. The decision to build had been weighing on his mind all the week, and he had made up his mind to tell her.

His nervousness about this disclosure irritated him profoundly; she had no business to make him feel like that--a wife and a husband being one person. She had not looked at him once since they sat down; and he wondered what on earth she had been thinking about all the time. It was hard, when a man worked as he did, making money for her--yes, and with an ache in his heart--that she should sit there, looking--looking as if she saw the walls of the room closing in. It was enough to make a man get up and leave the table.

The light from the rose-shaded lamp fell on her neck and arms--Soames liked her to dine in a low dress, it gave him an inexpressible feeling of superiority to the majority of his acquaintance, whose wives were contented with their best high frocks or with tea-gowns, when they dined at home. Under that rosy light her amber-coloured hair and fair skin made strange contrast with her dark brown eyes.

Could a man own anything prettier than this dining-table with its deep tints, the starry, soft-petalled roses, the ruby-coloured glass, and quaint silver furnishing; could a man own anything prettier than the woman who sat at it? Gratitude was no virtue among Forsytes, who, competitive, and full of common-sense, had no occasion for it; and Soames only experienced a sense of exasperation amounting to pain, that he did not own her as it was his right to own her, that he could not, as by stretching out his hand to that rose, pluck her and sniff the very secrets of her heart.

Out of his other property, out of all the things he had collected, his silver, his pictures, his houses, his investments, he got a secret and intimate feeling; out of her he got none.

In this house of his there was writing on every wall. His business-like temperament protested against a mysterious warning that she was not made for him. He had married this woman, conquered her, made her his own, and it seemed to him contrary to the most fundamental of all laws, the law of possession, that he could do no more than own her body--if indeed he could do that, which he was beginning to doubt. If any one had asked him if he wanted to own her soul, the question would have seemed to him both ridiculous and sentimental. But he did so want, and the writing said he never would.

She was ever silent, passive, gracefully averse; as though terrified lest by word, motion, or sign she might lead him to believe that she was fond of him; and he asked himself: Must I always go on like this?

Like most novel readers of his generation (and Soames was a great novel reader), literature coloured his view of life; and he had imbibed the belief that it was only a question of time.

In the end the husband always gained the affection of his wife. Even in those cases--a class of book he was not very fond of--which ended in tragedy, the wife always died with poignant regrets on her lips, or if it were the husband who died--unpleasant thought--threw herself on his body in an agony of remorse.

He often took Irene to the theatre, instinctively choosing the modern Society Plays with the modern Society conjugal problem, so fortunately different from any conjugal problem in real life. He found that they too always ended in the same way, even when there was a lover in the case. While he was watching the play Soames often sympathized with the lover; but before he reached home again, driving with Irene in a hansom, he saw that this would not do, and he was glad the play had ended as it had. There was one class of husband that had just then come into fashion, the strong, rather rough, but extremely sound man, who was peculiarly successful at the end of the play; with this person Soames was really not in sympathy, and had it not been for his own position, would have expressed his disgust with the fellow. But he was so conscious of how vital to himself was the necessity for being a successful, even a 'strong,' husband, that he never spoke of a distaste born perhaps by the perverse processes of Nature out of a secret fund of brutality in himself.

But Irene's silence this evening was exceptional. He had never before seen such an expression on her face. And since it is always the unusual which alarms, Soames was alarmed. He ate his savoury, and hurried the maid as she swept off the crumbs with the silver sweeper. When she had left the room, he filled his glass with wine and said:

"Anybody been here this afternoon?"

"June."

"What did she want?" It was an axiom with the Forsytes that people did not go anywhere unless they wanted something. "Came to talk about her lover, I suppose?"

Irene made no reply.

"It looks to me," continued Soames, "as if she were sweeter on him than he is on her. She's always following him about."

Irene's eyes made him feel uncomfortable.

"You've no business to say such a thing!" she exclaimed.

"Why not? Anybody can see it."

"They cannot. And if they could, it's disgraceful to say so."

Soames's composure gave way.

"You're a pretty wife!" he said. But secretly he wondered at the heat of her reply; it was unlike her. "You're cracked about June! I can tell you one thing: now that she has the Buccaneer in tow, she doesn't care twopence about you, and, you'll find it out. But you won't see so much of her in future; we're going to live in the country."

He had been glad to get his news out under cover of this burst of irritation. He had expected a cry of dismay; the silence with which his pronouncement was received alarmed him.

"You don't seem interested," he was obliged to add.

"I knew it already."

He looked at her sharply.

"Who told you?"

"June."

"How did she know?"

Irene did not answer. Baffled and uncomfortable, he said:

"It's a fine thing for Bosinney, it'll be the making of him. I suppose she's told you all about it?"

"Yes."

There was another pause, and then Soames said:

"I suppose you don't want to, go?"

Irene made no reply.

"Well, I can't tell what you want. You never seem contented here."

"Have my wishes anything to do with it?"

She took the vase of roses and left the room. Soames remained seated. Was it for this that he had signed that contract? Was it for this that he was going to spend some ten thousand pounds? Bosinney's phrase came back to him: "Women are the devil!"

But presently he grew calmer. It might have, been worse. She might have flared up. He had expected something more than this. It was lucky, after all, that June had broken the ice for him. She must have wormed it out of Bosinney; he might have known she would.

He lighted his cigarette. After all, Irene had not made a scene! She would come round--that was the best of her; she was cold, but not sulky. And, puffing the cigarette smoke at a lady-bird on the shining table, he plunged into a reverie about the house. It was no good worrying; he would go and make it up presently. She would be sitting out there in the dark, under the Japanese sunshade, knitting. A beautiful, warm night....

In truth, June had come in that afternoon with shining eyes, and the words: "Soames is a brick! It's splendid for Phil--the very thing for him!"

Irene's face remaining dark and puzzled, she went on:

"Your new house at Robin Hill, of course. What? Don't you know?"

Irene did not know.

"Oh! then, I suppose I oughtn't to have told you!" Looking impatiently at her friend, she cried: "You look as if you didn't care. Don't you see, it's what I've' been praying for--the very chance he's been wanting all this time. Now you'll see what he can do;" and thereupon she poured out the whole story.

Since her own engagement she had not seemed much interested in her friend's position; the hours she spent with Irene were given to confidences of her own; and at times, for all her affectionate pity, it was impossible to keep out of her smile a trace of compassionate contempt for the woman who had made such a mistake in her life--such a vast, ridiculous mistake.

"He's to have all the decorations as well--a free hand. It's perfect--" June broke into laughter, her little figure quivered gleefully; she raised her hand, and struck a blow at a muslin curtain. "Do you, know I even asked Uncle James...." But, with a sudden dislike to mentioning that incident, she stopped; and presently, finding her friend so unresponsive, went away. She looked back from the pavement, and Irene was still standing in the doorway. In response to her farewell wave, Irene put her hand to her brow, and, turning slowly, shut the door....

Soames went to the drawing-room presently, and peered at her through the window.

Out in the shadow of the Japanese sunshade she was sitting very still, the lace on her white shoulders stirring with the soft rise and fall of her bosom.

But about this silent creature sitting there so motionless, in the dark, there seemed a warmth, a hidden fervour of feeling, as if the whole of her being had been stirred, and some change were taking place in its very depths.

He stole back to the dining-room unnoticed.

CHAPTER VI

JAMES AT LARGE

It was not long before Soames's determination to build went the round of the family, and created the flutter that any decision connected with property should make among Forsytes.

It was not his fault, for he had been determined that no one should know. June, in the fulness of her heart, had told Mrs. Small, giving her leave only to tell Aunt Ann--she thought it would cheer her, the poor old sweet! for Aunt Ann had kept her room now for many days.

Mrs. Small told Aunt Ann at once, who, smiling as she lay back on her pillows, said in her distinct, trembling old voice:

"It's very nice for dear June; but I hope they will be careful--it's rather dangerous!"

When she was left alone again, a frown, like a cloud presaging a rainy morrow, crossed her face.

While she was lying there so many days the process of recharging her will went on all the time; it spread to her face, too, and tightening movements were always in action at the corners of her lips.

The maid Smither, who had been in her service since girlhood, and was spoken of as "Smither--a good girl--but so slow!"--the maid Smither performed every morning with extreme punctiliousness the crowning ceremony of that ancient toilet. Taking from the recesses of their pure white band-box those flat, grey curls, the insignia of personal dignity, she placed them securely in her mistress's hands, and turned her back.

And every day Aunts Juley and Hester were required to come and report on Timothy; what news there was of Nicholas; whether dear June had succeeded in getting Jolyon to shorten the engagement, now that Mr. Bosinney was building Soames a house; whether young Roger's wife was really--expecting; how the operation on Archie had succeeded; and what Swithin had done about that empty house in Wigmore Street, where the tenant had lost all his money and treated him so badly; above all, about Soames; was Irene still--still asking for a separate room? And every morning Smither was told: "I shall be coming down this afternoon,

Smither, about two o'clock. I shall want your arm, after all these days in bed!"

After telling Aunt Ann, Mrs. Small had spoken of the house in the strictest confidence to Mrs. Nicholas, who in her turn had asked Winifred Dartie for confirmation, supposing, of course, that, being Soames's sister, she would know all about it. Through her it had in due course come round to the ears of James. He had been a good deal agitated.

"Nobody," he said, "told him anything." And, rather than go direct to Soames himself, of whose taciturnity he was afraid, he took his umbrella and went round to Timothy's.

He found Mrs. Septimus and Hester (who had been told--she was so safe, she found it tiring to talk) ready, and indeed eager, to discuss the news. It was very good of dear Soames, they thought, to employ Mr. Bosinney, but rather risky. What had George named him? 'The Buccaneer' How droll! But George was always droll! However, it would be all in the family they supposed they must really look upon Mr. Bosinney as belonging to the family, though it seemed strange.

James here broke in:

"Nobody knows anything about him. I don't see what Soames wants with a young man like that. I shouldn't be surprised if Irene had put her oar in. I shall speak to...."

"Soames," interposed Aunt Juley, "told Mr. Bosinney that he didn't wish it mentioned. He wouldn't like it to be talked about, I'm sure, and if Timothy knew he would be very vexed, I...."

James put his hand behind his ear:

"What?" he said. "I'm getting very deaf. I suppose I don't hear people. Emily's got a bad toe. We shan't be able to start for Wales till the end of the month. There' s always something!" And, having got what he wanted, he took his hat and went away.

It was a fine afternoon, and he walked across the Park towards Soames's, where he intended to dine, for Emily's toe kept her in bed, and Rachel and Cicely were on a visit to the country. He took the slanting path from the Bayswater side of the Row to the Knightsbridge Gate, across a pasture of short, burnt grass, dotted with blackened sheep, strewn with seated couples and strange waifs; lying prone on their faces, like corpses on a field over which the wave of battle has rolled.

He walked rapidly, his head bent, looking neither to right nor, left. The appearance of this park, the centre of his own battle-field, where he had all his life been fighting, excited no thought or speculation in his mind. These corpses flung down, there, from out the press and turmoil of the struggle, these pairs of lovers sitting cheek by jowl for an hour of idle Elysium snatched from the monotony of their treadmill, awakened no fancies in his mind; he had outlived that kind of imagination; his nose, like the nose of a sheep, was fastened to the pastures on which he browsed.

One of his tenants had lately shown a disposition to be behind-hand in his rent, and it had become a grave question whether he had not better turn him out at once, and so run the risk of not re-letting before Christmas. Swithin had just been let in very badly, but it had served him right--he had held on too long.

He pondered this as he walked steadily, holding his umbrella carefully by the wood, just below the crook of the handle, so as to keep the ferule off the ground, and not fray the silk in the middle. And, with his thin, high shoulders stooped, his long legs moving with swift mechanical precision, this passage through the Park, where the sun shone with a clear flame on so much idleness--on so many human evidences of the remorseless battle of Property, raging beyond its ring--was like the flight of some land bird across the sea.

He felt a--touch on the arm as he came out at Albert Gate.

It was Soames, who, crossing from the shady side of Piccadilly, where he had been walking home from the office, had suddenly appeared alongside.

"Your mother's in bed," said James; "I was, just coming to you, but I suppose I shall be in the way."

The outward relations between James and his son were marked by a lack of sentiment peculiarly Forsytean, but for all that the two were by no means unattached. Perhaps they regarded one another as an investment; certainly they were solicitous of each other's welfare, glad of each other's company. They had never exchanged two words upon the more intimate problems of life, or revealed in each other's presence the existence of any deep feeling.

Something beyond the power of word-analysis bound them together, something hidden deep in the fibre of nations and families--for blood, they say, is thicker than water--and neither of them was a cold-blooded man. Indeed, in James love of his children was now the prime motive of his existence. To have creatures who were parts of himself, to whom he might transmit the money he saved, was at the root of his saving; and, at seventy-five, what was left that could give him pleasure, but--saving? The kernel of life was in this saving for his children.

Than James Forsyte, notwithstanding all his 'Jonah-isms,' there was no saner man (if the leading symptom of sanity, as we are told, is self-preservation, though without doubt Timothy went too far) in all this London, of which he owned so much, and loved with such a dumb love, as the centre of his opportunities. He had the marvellous instinctive sanity of the middle class. In him--more than in Jolyon, with his masterful will and his moments of tenderness and philosophy--more than in Swithin, the martyr to crankiness--Nicholas, the sufferer from ability--and Roger, the victim of enterprise--beat the true pulse of compromise; of all the brothers he was least remarkable in mind and person, and for that reason more likely to live for ever.

To James, more than to any of the others, was "the family" significant and dear. There had always been something primitive and cosy in his attitude towards life; he loved the family hearth, he loved gossip, and he loved grumbling. All his decisions were formed of a cream which he skimmed off the family mind; and, through that family, off the minds of thousands of other families of similar fibre. Year after year, week after week, he went to Timothy's, and in his brother's front drawing-room--his legs twisted, his long white whiskers framing his clean-shaven mouth--would sit watching the family pot simmer, the cream rising to the top; and he would go away sheltered, refreshed, comforted, with an indefinable sense of comfort.

Beneath the adamant of his self-preserving instinct there was much real softness in James; a visit to Timothy's was like an hour spent in the lap of a mother; and the deep craving he himself had for the protection of the family wing reacted in turn on his feelings towards his own children; it was a nightmare to him to think of them exposed to the treatment of the world, in money, health, or reputation. When his old friend John Street's son volunteered for special service, he shook his head querulously, and wondered what John Street was about to allow it; and when young Street was assagaied, he took it so much to heart that he made a point of calling everywhere with the special object of saying: He knew how it would be--he'd no patience with them!

When his son-in-law Dartie had that financial crisis, due to speculation in Oil Shares, James made himself ill worrying over it; the knell of all prosperity seemed to have sounded. It took him three months and a visit to Baden-Baden to get better; there was something terrible in the idea that but for his, James's, money, Dartie's name might have appeared in the Bankruptcy List.

Composed of a physiological mixture so sound that if he had an earache he thought he was dying, he regarded the occasional ailments of his wife and children as in the nature of personal grievances, special interventions of Providence for the purpose of destroying his peace of mind; but he did not believe at all in the ailments of people outside his own immediate family, affirming them in every case to be due to neglected liver.

His universal comment was: "What can they expect? I have it myself, if I'm not careful!"

When he went to Soames's that evening he felt that life was hard on him: There was Emily with a bad toe, and Rachel gadding about in the country; he got no sympathy from anybody; and Ann, she was ill--he did not believe she would last through the summer; he had called there three times now without her being able to see him! And this idea of Soames's, building a house, that would have to be looked into. As to the trouble with Irene, he didn't know what was to come of that--anything might come of it!

He entered 62, Montpellier Square with the fullest intentions of being miserable. It was already half-past seven, and Irene, dressed for dinner, was seated in the drawing-room. She was wearing her gold-coloured frock--for, having been displayed at a dinner-party, a soiree, and a dance, it was now to be worn at home--and she had adorned the bosom with a cascade of lace, on which James's eyes riveted themselves at once.

"Where do you get your things?" he said in an aggravated voice. "I never see Rachel and Cicely looking half so well. That rose-point, now--that's not real!"

Irene came close, to prove to him that he was in error.

And, in spite of himself, James felt the influence of her deference, of the faint seductive perfume exhaling from her. No self-respecting Forsyte surrendered at a blow; so he merely said: He didn't know--he expected she was spending a pretty penny on dress.

The gong sounded, and, putting her white arm within his, Irene took him into the dining-room. She seated him in Soames's usual place, round the corner on her left. The light fell softly there, so that he would not be worried by the gradual dying of the day; and she began to talk to him about himself.

Presently, over James came a change, like the mellowing that steals upon a fruit in the, sun; a sense of being caressed, and praised, and petted, and all without the bestowal of a single caress or word of praise. He felt that what he was eating was agreeing with him; he could not get that feeling at home; he did not know when he had enjoyed a glass of champagne so much, and, on inquiring the brand and price, was surprised to find that it was one of which he had a large stock himself, but could never drink; he instantly formed the resolution to let his wine merchant know that he had been swindled.

Looking up from his food, he remarked:

"You've a lot of nice things about the place. Now, what did you give for that sugar-sifter? Shouldn't wonder if it was worth money!"

He was particularly pleased with the appearance of a picture, on the wall opposite, which he himself had given them:

"I'd no idea it was so good!" he said.

They rose to go into the drawing-room, and James followed Irene closely.

"That's what I call a capital little dinner," he murmured, breathing pleasantly down on her shoulder; "nothing heavy--and not too Frenchified. But I can't get it at home. I pay my cook sixty pounds a year, but she can't give me a dinner like that!"

He had as yet made no allusion to the building of the house, nor did he when Soames, pleading the excuse of business, betook himself to the room at the top, where he kept his pictures.

James was left alone with his daughter-in-law. The glow of the wine, and of an excellent liqueur, was still within him. He felt quite warm towards her. She was really a taking little thing; she listened to you, and seemed to understand what you were saying; and, while talking, he kept examining her figure, from her bronze-coloured shoes to the waved gold of her hair. She was leaning back in an Empire chair, her shoulders poised against the top--her body, flexibly straight and unsupported from the hips, swaying when she moved, as though giving to the arms of a lover. Her lips were smiling, her eyes half-closed.

It may have been a recognition of danger in the very charm of her attitude, or a twang of digestion, that caused a sudden dumbness to fall on James. He did not remember ever having been quite alone with Irene before. And, as he looked at her, an odd feeling crept over him, as though he had come across something strange and foreign.

Now what was she thinking about--sitting back like that?

Thus when he spoke it was in a sharper voice, as if he had been awakened from a pleasant dream.

"What d'you do with yourself all day?" he said. "You never come round to Park Lane!"

She seemed to be making very lame excuses, and James did not look at her. He did not want to believe that she was really avoiding them--it would mean too much.

"I expect the fact is, you haven't time," he said; "You're always about with June. I expect you're useful to her with her young man, chaperoning, and one thing and another. They tell me she's never at home now; your Uncle Jolyon he doesn't like it, I fancy, being left so much alone as he is. They tell me she's always hanging about for this young Bosinney; I suppose he comes here every day. Now, what do you think of him? D'you think he knows his own mind? He seems to me a poor thing. I should say the grey mare was the better horse!"

The colour deepened in Irene's face; and James watched her suspiciously.

"Perhaps you don't quite understand Mr. Bosinney," she said.

"Don't understand him!" James hummed out: "Why not?--you can see he's one of these artistic chaps. They say he's clever--they all think they're clever. You know more about him than I do," he added; and again his suspicious glance rested on her.

"He is designing a house for Soames," she said softly, evidently trying to smooth things over.

"That brings me to what I was going to say," continued James; "I don't know what Soames wants with a young man like that; why doesn't he go to a first-rate man?"

"Perhaps Mr. Bosinney is first-rate!"

James rose, and took a turn with bent head.

"That's it'," he said, "you young people, you all stick together; you all think you know best!"

Halting his tall, lank figure before her, he raised a finger, and levelled it at her bosom, as though bringing an indictment against her beauty:

"All I can say is, these artistic people, or whatever they call themselves, they're as unreliable as they can be; and my advice to you is, don't you have too much to do with him!"

Irene smiled; and in the curve of her lips was a strange provocation. She seemed to have lost her deference. Her breast rose and fell as though with secret anger; she drew her hands inwards from their rest on the arms of her chair until the tips of her fingers met, and her dark eyes looked unfathomably at James.

The latter gloomily scrutinized the floor.

"I tell you my opinion," he said, "it's a pity you haven't got a child to think about, and occupy you!"

A brooding look came instantly on Irene's face, and even James became conscious of the rigidity that took possession of her whole figure beneath the softness of its silk and lace clothing.

He was frightened by the effect he had produced, and like most men with but little courage, he sought at once to justify himself by bullying.

"You don't seem to care about going about. Why don't you drive down to Hurlingham with us? And go to the theatre now and then. At your time of life you ought to take an interest in things. You're a young woman!"

The brooding look darkened on her face; he grew nervous.

"Well, I know nothing about it," he said; "nobody tells me anything. Soames ought to be able to take care of himself. If he can't take care of himself he mustn't look to me--that's all."

Biting the corner of his forefinger he stole a cold, sharp look at his daughter-in-law.

He encountered her eyes fixed on his own, so dark and deep, that he stopped, and broke into a gentle perspiration.

"Well, I must be going," he said after a short pause, and a minute later rose, with a slight appearance of surprise, as though he had expected to be asked to stop. Giving his hand to Irene, he allowed himself to be conducted to the door, and let out into the street. He would not have a cab, he would walk, Irene was to say good-night to Soames for him, and if she wanted a little gaiety, well, he would drive her down to Richmond any day.

He walked home, and going upstairs, woke Emily out of the first sleep she had had for four and twenty hours, to tell her that it was his impression things were in a bad way at Soames's; on this theme he descanted for half an hour, until at last, saying that he would not sleep a wink, he turned on his side and instantly began to snore.

In Montpellier Square Soames, who had come from the picture room, stood invisible at the top of the stairs, watching Irene sort the letters brought by the last post. She turned back into the drawing-room; but in a minute came out, and stood as if listening. Then she came stealing up the stairs, with a kitten in her arms. He could see her face bent over the little beast, which was purring against her neck. Why couldn't she look at him like that?

Suddenly she saw him, and her face changed.

"Any letters for me?" he said.

"Three."

He stood aside, and without another word she passed on into the bedroom.

CHAPTER VII

OLD JOLYON'S PECCADILLO

Old Jolyon came out of Lord's cricket ground that same afternoon with the intention of going home. He had not reached Hamilton Terrace before he changed his mind, and hailing a cab, gave the driver an address in Wistaria Avenue. He had taken a resolution.

June had hardly been at home at all that week; she had given him nothing of her company for a long time past, not, in fact, since she had become engaged to Bosinney. He never asked her for her company. It was not his habit to ask people for things! She had just that one idea now--Bosinney and his affairs--and she left him stranded in his great house, with a parcel of servants, and not a soul to speak to from morning to night. His Club was closed for cleaning; his Boards in recess; there was nothing, therefore, to take him into the City. June had wanted him to go away; she would not go herself, because Bosinney was in London.

But where was he to go by himself? He could not go abroad alone; the sea upset his liver; he hated hotels. Roger went to a hydropathic--he was not going to begin that at his time of life, those new-fangled places we're all humbug!

With such formulas he clothed to himself the desolation of his spirit; the lines down his face deepening, his eyes day by day looking forth with the melancholy which sat so strangely on a face wont to be strong and serene.

And so that afternoon he took this journey through St. John's Wood, in the golden-light that sprinkled the rounded green bushes of the acacia's before the little houses, in the summer sunshine that seemed holding a revel over the little gardens; and he looked about him with interest; for this was a district which no Forsyte entered without open disapproval and secret curiosity.

His cab stopped in front of a small house of that peculiar buff colour which implies a long immunity from paint. It had an outer gate, and a rustic approach.

He stepped out, his bearing extremely composed; his massive head, with its drooping moustache and wings of white hair, very upright, under an excessively large top hat; his glance firm, a little angry. He had been driven into this!

"Mrs. Jolyon Forsyte at home?"

"Oh, yes sir!--what name shall I say, if you please, sir?"

Old Jolyon could not help twinkling at the little maid as he gave his name. She seemed to him such a funny little toad!

And he followed her through the dark hall, into a small double, drawing-room, where the furniture was covered in chintz, and the little maid placed him in a chair.

"They're all in the garden, sir; if you'll kindly take a seat, I'll tell them."

Old Jolyon sat down in the chintz-covered chair, and looked around him. The whole place seemed to him, as he would have expressed it, pokey; there was a certain--he could not tell exactly what--air of shabbiness, or rather of making two ends meet, about everything. As far as he could see, not a single piece of furniture was worth a five-pound note. The walls, distempered rather a long time ago, were decorated with water-colour sketches; across the ceiling meandered a long crack.

These little houses were all old, second-rate concerns; he should hope the rent was under a hundred a year; it hurt him more than he could have said, to think of a Forsyte--his own son living in such a place.

The little maid came back. Would he please to go down into the garden?

Old Jolyon marched out through the French windows. In descending the steps he noticed that they wanted painting.

Young Jolyon, his wife, his two children, and his dog Balthasar, were all out there under a pear-tree.

This walk towards them was the most courageous act of old Jolyon's life; but no muscle of his face moved, no nervous gesture betrayed him. He kept his deep-set eyes steadily on the enemy.

In those two minutes he demonstrated to perfection all that unconscious soundness, balance, and vitality of fibre that made, of him and so many others of his class the core of the nation. In the unostentatious conduct of their own affairs, to the neglect of everything else, they typified the essential individualism, born in the Briton from the natural isolation of his country's life.

The dog Balthasar sniffed round the edges of his trousers; this friendly and cynical mongrel--offspring of a liaison between a Russian poodle and a fox-terrier--had a nose for the unusual.

The strange greetings over, old Jolyon seated himself in a wicker chair, and his two grandchildren, one on each side of his knees, looked at him silently, never having seen so old a man.

They were unlike, as though recognising the difference set between them by the circumstances of their births. Jolly, the child of sin, pudgy-faced, with his tow-coloured hair brushed off his forehead, and a dimple in his chin, had an air of stubborn amiability, and the eyes of a Forsyte; little Holly, the child of wedlock, was a dark-skinned, solemn soul, with her mother's, grey and wistful eyes.

The dog Balthasar, having walked round the three small flower-beds, to show his extreme contempt for things at large, had also taken a seat in front of old Jolyon, and, oscillating a tail curled by Nature tightly over his back, was staring up with eyes that did not blink.

Even in the garden, that sense of things being pokey haunted old Jolyon; the wicker chair creaked under his weight; the garden-beds looked 'daverdy'; on the far side, under the smut-stained wall, cats had made a path.

While he and his grandchildren thus regarded each other with the peculiar scrutiny, curious yet trustful, that passes between the very young and the very old, young Jolyon watched his wife.

The colour had deepened in her thin, oval face, with its straight brows, and large, grey eyes. Her hair, brushed in fine, high curves back from her forehead, was going grey, like his own, and this greyness made the sudden vivid colour in her cheeks painfully pathetic.

The look on her face, such as he had never seen there before, such as she had always hidden from him, was full of secret resentments, and longings, and fears. Her eyes, under their twitching brows, stared painfully. And she was silent.

Jolly alone sustained the conversation; he had many possessions, and was anxious that his unknown friend with extremely large moustaches, and hands all covered with blue veins, who sat with legs crossed like his own father (a habit he was himself trying to acquire), should know it; but being a Forsyte, though not yet quite eight years old, he made no mention of the thing at the moment dearest to his heart--a camp of soldiers in a shop-window, which his father had promised to buy. No doubt it seemed to him too precious; a tempting of Providence to mention it yet.

And the sunlight played through the leaves on that little party of the three generations grouped tranquilly under the pear-tree, which had long borne no fruit.

Old Jolyon's furrowed face was reddening patchily, as old men's faces redden in the sun. He took one of Jolly's hands in his own; the boy climbed on to his knee; and little Holly, mesmerized by this sight, crept up to them; the sound of the dog Balthasar's scratching arose rhythmically.

Suddenly young Mrs. Jolyon got up and hurried indoors. A minute later her husband muttered an excuse, and followed. Old Jolyon was left alone with his grandchildren.

And Nature with her quaint irony began working in him one of her strange revolutions, following her cyclic laws into the depths of his heart. And that tenderness for little children, that passion for the beginnings of life which had once made him forsake his son and follow June, now worked in him to forsake June and follow these littler things. Youth, like a flame, burned ever in his breast, and to youth he turned, to the round little limbs, so reckless, that wanted care, to the small round faces so unreasonably solemn or bright, to the treble tongues, and the shrill, chuckling laughter, to the insistent tugging hands, and the feel of small bodies against his legs, to all that was young and young, and once more young. And his eyes grew soft, his voice, and thin-veined hands soft, and soft his heart within him. And to those small creatures he became at once a place of pleasure, a place where they were secure, and could talk and laugh and play; till, like sunshine, there radiated from old Jolyon's wicker chair the perfect gaiety of three hearts.

But with young Jolyon following to his wife's room it was different.

He found her seated on a chair before her dressing-glass, with her hands before her face.

Her shoulders were shaking with sobs. This passion of hers for suffering was mysterious to him. He had been through a hundred of these moods; how he had survived them he never knew, for he could never believe they were moods, and that the last hour of his partnership had not struck.

In the night she would be sure to throw her arms round his neck and say: "Oh! Jo, how I make you suffer!" as she had done a hundred times before.

He reached out his hand, and, unseen, slipped his razor-case into his pocket. 'I cannot stay here,' he thought, 'I must go down!' Without a word he left the room, and went back to the lawn.

Old Jolyon had little Holly on his knee; she had taken possession of his watch; Jolly, very red in the face, was trying to show that he could stand on his head. The dog Balthasar, as close as he might be to the tea-table, had fixed his eyes on the cake.

Young Jolyon felt a malicious desire to cut their enjoyment short.

What business had his father to come and upset his wife like this? It was a shock, after all these years! He ought to have known; he ought to have given them warning; but when did a Forsyte ever imagine that his conduct could upset anybody! And in his thoughts he did old Jolyon wrong.

He spoke sharply to the children, and told them to go in to their tea. Greatly surprised, for they had never heard their father speak sharply before, they went off, hand in hand, little Holly looking back over her shoulder.

Young Jolyon poured out the tea.

"My wife's not the thing today," he said, but he knew well enough that his father had penetrated the cause of that sudden withdrawal, and almost hated the old man for sitting there so calmly.

"You've got a nice little house here," said old Jolyon with a shrewd look; "I suppose you've taken a lease of it!"

Young Jolyon nodded.

"I don't like the neighbourhood," said old Jolyon; "a ramshackle lot."

Young Jolyon replied: "Yes, we're a ramshackle lot.'"

The silence was now only broken by the sound of the dog Balthasar's scratching.

Old Jolyon said simply: "I suppose I oughtn't to have come here, Jo; but I get so lonely!"

At these words young Jolyon got up and put his hand on his father's shoulder.

In the next house someone was playing over and over again: 'La Donna mobile' on an untuned piano; and the little garden had fallen into shade, the sun now only reached the wall at the end, whereon basked a crouching cat, her yellow eyes turned sleepily down on the dog Balthasar. There was a drowsy hum of very distant traffic; the creepered trellis round the garden shut out everything but sky, and house, and pear-tree, with its top branches still gilded by the sun.

For some time they sat there, talking but little. Then old Jolyon rose to go, and not a word was said about his coming again.

He walked away very sadly. What a poor miserable place; and he thought of the great, empty house in Stanhope Gate, fit residence for a Forsyte, with its huge billiard-room and drawing-room that no one entered from one week's end to another.

That woman, whose face he had rather liked, was too thin-skinned by half; she gave Jo a bad time he knew! And those sweet children! Ah! what a piece of awful folly!

He walked towards the Edgware Road, between rows of little houses, all suggesting to him (erroneously no doubt, but the prejudices of a Forsyte are sacred) shady histories of some sort or kind.

Society, forsooth, the chattering hags and jackanapes--had set themselves up to pass judgment on his flesh and blood! A parcel of old women! He stumped his umbrella on the ground, as though to drive it into the heart of that unfortunate body, which had dared to

ostracize his son and his son's son, in whom he could have lived again!

He stumped his umbrella fiercely; yet he himself had followed Society's behaviour for fifteen years--had only today been false to it!

He thought of June, and her dead mother, and the whole story, with all his old bitterness. A wretched business!

He was a long time reaching Stanhope Gate, for, with native perversity, being extremely tired, he walked the whole way.

After washing his hands in the lavatory downstairs, he went to the dining-room to wait for dinner, the only room he used when June was out--it was less lonely so. The evening paper had not yet come; he had finished the Times, there was therefore nothing to do.

The room faced the backwater of traffic, and was very silent. He disliked dogs, but a dog even would have been company. His gaze, travelling round the walls, rested on a picture entitled: 'Group of Dutch fishing boats at sunset'; the chef d'oeuvre of his collection. It gave him no pleasure. He closed his eyes. He was lonely! He oughtn't to complain, he knew, but he couldn't help it: He was a poor thing--had always been a poor thing--no pluck! Such was his thought.

The butler came to lay the table for dinner, and seeing his master apparently asleep, exercised extreme caution in his movements. This bearded man also wore a moustache, which had given rise to grave doubts in the minds of many members--of the family--, especially those who, like Soames, had been to public schools, and were accustomed to niceness in such matters. Could he really be considered a butler? Playful spirits alluded to him as: 'Uncle Jolyon's Nonconformist'; George, the acknowledged wag, had named him: 'Sankey.'

He moved to and fro between the great polished sideboard and the great polished table inimitably sleek and soft.

Old Jolyon watched him, feigning sleep. The fellow was a sneak--he had always thought so--who cared about nothing but rattling through his work, and getting out to his betting or his woman or goodness knew what! A slug! Fat too! And didn't care a pin about his master!

But then against his will, came one of those moments of philosophy which made old Jolyon different from other Forsytes:

After all why should the man care? He wasn't paid to care, and why expect it? In this world people couldn't look for affection unless they paid for it. It might be different in the next--he didn't know--couldn't tell! And again he shut his eyes.

Relentless and stealthy, the butler pursued his labours, taking things from the various compartments of the sideboard. His back seemed always turned to old Jolyon; thus, he robbed his operations of the unseemliness of being carried on in his master's presence; now and then he furtively breathed on the silver, and wiped it with a piece of chamois leather. He appeared to pore over the quantities of wine in the decanters, which he carried carefully and rather high, letting his heard droop over them protectingly. When he had finished, he stood for over a minute watching his master, and in his greenish eyes there was a look of contempt:

After all, this master of his was an old buffer, who hadn't much left in him!

Soft as a tom-cat, he crossed the room to press the bell. His orders were 'dinner at seven.' What if his master were asleep; he would soon have him out of that; there was the night to sleep in! He had himself to think of, for he was due at his Club at half-past eight!

In answer to the ring, appeared a page boy with a silver soup tureen. The butler took it from his hands and placed it on the table, then, standing by the open door, as though about to usher company into the room, he said in a solemn voice:

"Dinner is on the table, sir!"

Slowly old Jolyon got up out of his chair, and sat down at the table to eat his dinner.

CHAPTER VIII

PLANS OF THE HOUSE

Forsytes, as is generally admitted, have shells, like that extremely useful little animal which is made into Turkish delight, in other words, they are never seen, or if seen would not be recognised, without habitats, composed of circumstance, property, acquaintances, and wives, which seem to move along with them in their passage through a world composed of thousands of other Forsytes with their habitats. Without a habitat a Forsyte is inconceivable--he would be like a novel without a plot, which is

well-known to be an anomaly.

To Forsyte eyes Bosinney appeared to have no habitat, he seemed one of those rare and unfortunate men who go through life surrounded by circumstance, property, acquaintances, and wives that do not belong to them.

His rooms in Sloane Street, on the top floor, outside which, on a plate, was his name, 'Philip Baynes Bosinney, Architect,' were not those of a Forsyte.--He had no sitting-room apart from his office, but a large recess had been screened off to conceal the necessaries of life--a couch, an easy chair, his pipes, spirit case, novels and slippers. The business part of the room had the usual furniture; an open cupboard with pigeon-holes, a round oak table, a folding wash-stand, some hard chairs, a standing desk of large dimensions covered with drawings and designs. June had twice been to tea there under the chaperonage of his aunt.

He was believed to have a bedroom at the back.

As far as the family had been able to ascertain his income, it consisted of two consulting appointments at twenty pounds a year, together with an odd fee once in a way, and--more worthy item--a private annuity under his father's will of one hundred and fifty pounds a year.

What had transpired concerning that father was not so reassuring. It appeared that he had been a Lincolnshire country doctor of Cornish extraction, striking appearance, and Byronic tendencies--a well-known figure, in fact, in his county. Bosinney's uncle by marriage, Baynes, of Baynes and Bildeboy, a Forsyte in instincts if not in name, had but little that was worthy to relate of his brother-in-law.

"An odd fellow!' he would say: 'always spoke of his three eldest boys as 'good creatures, but so dull'; they're all doing capitally in the Indian Civil! Philip was the only one he liked. I've heard him talk in the queerest way; he once said to me: 'My dear fellow, never let your poor wife know what you're thinking of! But I didn't follow his advice; not I! An eccentric man! He would say to Phil: 'Whether you live like a gentleman or not, my boy, be sure you die like one! and he had himself embalmed in a frock coat suit, with a satin cravat and a diamond pin. Oh, quite an original, I can assure you!"

Of Bosinney himself Baynes would speak warmly, with a certain compassion: "He's got a streak of his father's Byronism. Why, look at the way he threw up his chances when he left my office; going off like that for six months with a knapsack, and all for what?--to study foreign architecture--foreign! What could he expect? And there he is--a clever young fellow--doesn't make his hundred a year! Now this engagement is the best thing that could have happened--keep him steady; he's one of those that go to bed all day and stay up all night, simply because they've no method; but no vice about him--not an ounce of vice. Old Forsyte's a rich man!"

Mr. Baynes made himself extremely pleasant to June, who frequently visited his house in Lowndes Square at this period.

"This house of your cousin's--what a capital man of business--is the very thing for Philip," he would say to her; "you mustn't expect to see too much of him just now, my dear young lady. The good cause--the good cause! The young man must make his way. When I was his age I was at work day and night. My dear wife used to say to me, 'Bobby, don't work too hard, think of your health'; but I never spared myself!"

June had complained that her lover found no time to come to Stanhope Gate.

The first time he came again they had not been together a quarter of an hour before, by one of those coincidences of which she was a mistress, Mrs. Septimus Small arrived. Thereon Bosinney rose and hid himself, according to previous arrangement, in the little study, to wait for her departure.

"My dear," said Aunt Juley, "how thin he is! I've often noticed it with engaged people; but you mustn't let it get worse. There's Barlow's extract of veal; it did your Uncle Swithin a lot of good."

June, her little figure erect before the hearth, her small face quivering grimly, for she regarded her aunt's untimely visit in the light of a personal injury, replied with scorn:

"It's because he's busy; people who can do anything worth doing are never fat!"

Aunt Juley pouted; she herself had always been thin, but the only pleasure she derived from the fact was the opportunity of longing to be stouter.

"I don't think," she said mournfully, "that you ought to let them call him 'The Buccaneer'; people might think it odd, now that he's going to build a house for Soames. I do hope he will be careful; it's so important for him. Soames has such good taste!"

"Taste!" cried June, flaring up at once; "wouldn't give that for his taste, or any of the family's!"

Mrs. Small was taken aback.

"Your Uncle Swithin," she said, "always had beautiful taste! And Soames's little house is lovely; you don't mean to say you don't think so!"

"H'mph!" said June, "that's only because Irene's there!"

Aunt Juley tried to say something pleasant:

"And how will dear Irene like living in the country?"

June gazed at her intently, with a look in her eyes as if her conscience had suddenly leaped up into them; it passed; and an even more intent look took its place, as if she had stared that conscience out of countenance. She replied imperiously:

"Of course she'll like it; why shouldn't she?"

Mrs. Small grew nervous.

"I didn't know," she said; "I thought she mightn't like to leave her friends. Your Uncle James says she doesn't take enough interest in life. We think--I mean Timothy thinks--she ought to go out more. I expect you'll miss her very much!"

June clasped her hands behind her neck.

"I do wish," she cried, "Uncle Timothy wouldn't talk about what doesn't concern him!"

Aunt Juley rose to the full height of her tall figure.

"He never talks about what doesn't concern him," she said.

June was instantly compunctious; she ran to her aunt and kissed her.

"I'm very sorry, auntie; but I wish they'd let Irene alone."

Aunt Juley, unable to think of anything further on the subject that would be suitable, was silent; she prepared for departure, hooking her black silk cape across her chest, and, taking up her green reticule:

"And how is your dear grandfather?" she asked in the hall, "I expect he's very lonely now that all your time is taken up with Mr. Bosinney."

She bent and kissed her niece hungrily, and with little, mincing steps passed away.

The tears sprang up in June's eyes; running into the little study, where Bosinney was sitting at the table drawing birds on the back of an envelope, she sank down by his side and cried:

"Oh, Phil! it's all so horrid!" Her heart was as warm as the colour of her hair.

On the following Sunday morning, while Soames was shaving, a message was brought him to the effect that Mr. Bosinney was below, and would be glad to see him. Opening the door into his wife's room, he said:

"Bosinney's downstairs. Just go and entertain him while I finish shaving. I'll be down in a minute. It's about the plans, I expect."

Irene looked at him, without reply, put the finishing touch to her dress and went downstairs. He could not make her out about this house. She had said nothing against it, and, as far as Bosinney was concerned, seemed friendly enough.

From the window of his dressing-room he could see them talking together in the little court below. He hurried on with his shaving, cutting his chin twice. He heard them laugh, and thought to himself: "Well, they get on all right, anyway!"

As he expected, Bosinney had come round to fetch him to look at the plans.

He took his hat and went over.

The plans were spread on the oak table in the architect's room; and pale, imperturbable, inquiring, Soames bent over them for a long time without speaking.

He said at last in a puzzled voice:

"It's an odd sort of house!"

A rectangular house of two stories was designed in a quadrangle round a covered-in court. This court, encircled by a gallery on the upper floor, was roofed with a glass roof, supported by eight columns running up from the ground.

It was indeed, to Forsyte eyes, an odd house.

"There's a lot of room cut to waste," pursued Soames.

Bosinney began to walk about, and Soames did not like the expression on his face.

"The principle of this house," said the architect, "was that you should have room to breathe--like a gentleman!"

Soames extended his finger and thumb, as if measuring the extent of the distinction he should acquire; and replied:

"Oh! yes; I see."

The peculiar look came into Bosinney's face which marked all his enthusiasms.

"I've tried to plan you a house here with some self-respect of its own. If you don't like it, you'd better say so. It's certainly the last thing to be considered--who wants self-respect in a house, when you can squeeze in an extra lavatory?" He put his finger suddenly down on the left division of the centre oblong: "You can swing a cat here. This is for your pictures, divided from this court by curtains; draw them back and you'll have a space of fifty-one by twenty-three six. This double-faced stove in the centre, here, looks one way towards the court, one way towards the picture room; this end wall is all window; You've a southeast light from that, a north light from the court. The rest of your pictures you can hang round the gallery upstairs, or in the other rooms." "In architecture," he went on--and though looking at Soames he did not seem to see him, which gave Soames an unpleasant feeling--"as in life, you'll get no self-respect without regularity. Fellows tell you that's old fashioned. It appears to be peculiar any way; it never occurs to us to embody the main principle of life in our buildings; we load our houses with decoration, gimcracks, corners, anything to distract the eye. On the contrary the eye should rest; get your effects with a few strong lines. The whole thing is regularity there's no self-respect without it."

Soames, the unconscious ironist, fixed his gaze on Bosinney's tie, which was far from being in the perpendicular; he was unshaven too, and his dress not remarkable for order. Architecture appeared to have exhausted his regularity.

"Won't it look like a barrack?" he inquired.

He did not at once receive a reply.

"I can see what it is," said Bosinney, "you want one of Littlemaster's houses--one of the pretty and commodious sort, where the servants will live in garrets, and the front door be sunk so that you may come up again. By all means try Littlemaster, you'll find him a capital fellow, I've known him all my life!"

Soames was alarmed. He had really been struck by the plans, and the concealment of his satisfaction had been merely instinctive. It was difficult for him to pay a compliment. He despised people who were lavish with their praises.

He found himself now in the embarrassing position of one who must pay a compliment or run the risk of losing a good thing. Bosinney was just the fellow who might tear up the plans and refuse to act for him; a kind of grown-up child!

This grown-up childishness, to which he felt so superior, exercised a peculiar and almost mesmeric effect on Soames, for he had never felt anything like it in himself.

"Well," he stammered at last, "it's--it's, certainly original."

He had such a private distrust and even dislike of the word 'original' that he felt he had not really given himself away by this remark.

Bosinney seemed pleased. It was the sort of thing that would please a fellow like that! And his success encouraged Soames.

"It's--a big place," he said.

"Space, air, light," he heard Bosinney murmur, "you can't live like a gentleman in one of Littlemaster's--he builds for manufacturers."

Soames made a deprecating movement; he had been identified with a gentleman; not for a good deal of money now would he be classed with manufacturers. But his innate distrust of general principles revived. What the deuce was the good of talking about regularity and self-respect? It looked to him as if the house would be cold.

"Irene can't stand the cold!" he said.

"Ah!" said Bosinney sarcastically. "Your wife? She doesn't like the cold? I'll see to that; she shan't be cold. Look here!" he pointed, to four marks at regular intervals on the walls of the court. "I've given you hot-water pipes in aluminium casings; you can get them with very good designs."

Soames looked suspiciously at these marks.

"It's all very well, all this," he said, "but what's it going to cost?"

The architect took a sheet of paper from his pocket:

"The house, of course, should be built entirely of stone, but, as I thought you wouldn't stand that, I've compromised for a facing. It ought to have a copper roof, but I've made it green slate. As it is, including metal work, it'll cost you eight thousand five hundred."

"Eight thousand five hundred?" said Soames. "Why, I gave you an outside limit of eight!"

"Can't be done for a penny less," replied Bosinney coolly.

"You must take it or leave it!"

It was the only way, probably, that such a proposition could have been made to Soames. He was nonplussed. Conscience told him to throw the whole thing up. But the design was good, and he knew it--there was completeness about it, and dignity; the servants' apartments were excellent too. He would gain credit by living in a house like that--with such individual features, yet perfectly well-arranged.

He continued poring over the plans, while Bosinney went into his bedroom to shave and dress.

The two walked back to Montpellier Square in silence, Soames watching him out of the corner of his eye.

The Buccaneer was rather a good-looking fellow--so he thought--when he was properly got up.

Irene was bending over her flowers when the two men came in.

She spoke of sending across the Park to fetch June.

"No, no," said Soames, "we've still got business to talk over!"

At lunch he was almost cordial, and kept pressing Bosinney to eat. He was pleased to see the architect in such high spirits, and left him to spend the afternoon with Irene, while he stole off to his pictures, after his Sunday habit. At tea-time he came down to the drawing-room, and found them talking, as he expressed it, nineteen to the dozen.

Unobserved in the doorway, he congratulated himself that things were taking the right turn. It was lucky she and Bosinney got on; she seemed to be falling into line with the idea of the new house.

Quiet meditation among his pictures had decided him to spring the five hundred if necessary; but he hoped that the afternoon might have softened Bosinney's estimates. It was so purely a matter which Bosinney could remedy if he liked; there must be a dozen ways in which he could cheapen the production of a house without spoiling the effect.

He awaited, therefore, his opportunity till Irene was handing the architect his first cup of tea. A chink of sunshine through the lace of the blinds warmed her cheek, shone in the gold of her hair, and in her soft eyes. Possibly the same gleam deepened Bosinney's colour, gave the rather startled look to his face.

Soames hated sunshine, and he at once got up, to draw the blind. Then he took his own cup of tea from his wife, and said, more coldly than he had intended:

"Can't you see your way to do it for eight thousand after all? There must be a lot of little things you could alter."

Bosinney drank off his tea at a gulp, put down his cup, and answered:

"Not one!"

Soames saw that his suggestion had touched some unintelligible point of personal vanity.

"Well," he agreed, with sulky resignation; "you must have it your own way, I suppose."

A few minutes later Bosinney rose to go, and Soames rose too, to see him off the premises. The architect seemed in absurdly high spirits. After watching him walk away at a swinging pace, Soames returned moodily to the drawing-room, where Irene was putting away the music, and, moved by an uncontrollable spasm of curiosity, he asked:

"Well, what do you think of 'The Buccaneer'?"

He looked at the carpet while waiting for her answer, and he had to wait some time.

"I don't know," she said at last.

"Do you think he's good-looking?"

Irene smiled. And it seemed to Soames that she was mocking him.

"Yes," she answered; "very."

CHAPTER IX

DEATH OF AUNT ANN

There came a morning at the end of September when Aunt Ann was unable to take from Smither's hands the insignia of personal dignity. After one look at the old face, the doctor, hurriedly sent for, announced that Miss Forsyte had passed away in her sleep.

Aunts Juley and Hester were overwhelmed by the shock. They had never imagined such an ending. Indeed, it is doubtful whether they had ever realized that an ending was bound to come. Secretly they felt it unreasonable of Ann to have left them like this without a word, without even a struggle. It was unlike her.

Perhaps what really affected them so profoundly was the thought that a Forsyte should have let go her grasp on life. If one, then why not all!

It was a full hour before they could make up their minds to tell Timothy. If only it could be kept from him! If only it could be broken to him by degrees!

And long they stood outside his door whispering together. And when it was over they whispered together again.

He would feel it more, they were afraid, as time went on. Still, he had taken it better than could have been expected. He would keep his bed, of course!

They separated, crying quietly.

Aunt Juley stayed in her room, prostrated by the blow. Her face, discoloured by tears, was divided into compartments by the little ridges of pouting flesh which had swollen with emotion. It was impossible to conceive of life without Ann, who had lived with her for seventy-three years, broken only by the short interregnum of her married life, which seemed now so unreal. At fixed intervals she went to her drawer, and took from beneath the lavender bags a fresh pocket-handkerchief. Her warm heart could not bear the thought that Ann was lying there so cold.

Aunt Hester, the silent, the patient, that backwater of the family energy, sat in the drawing-room, where the blinds were drawn; and she, too, had wept at first, but quietly, without visible effect. Her guiding principle, the conservation of energy, did not abandon her

in sorrow. She sat, slim, motionless, studying the grate, her hands idle in the lap of her black silk dress. They would want to rouse her into doing something, no doubt. As if there were any good in that! Doing something would not bring back Ann! Why worry her?

Five o'clock brought three of the brothers, Jolyon and James and Swithin; Nicholas was at Yarmouth, and Roger had a bad attack of gout. Mrs. Hayman had been by herself earlier in the day, and, after seeing Ann, had gone away, leaving a message for Timothy--which was kept from him--that she ought to have been told sooner. In fact, there was a feeling amongst them all that they ought to have been told sooner, as though they had missed something; and James said:

"I knew how it'd be; I told you she wouldn't last through the summer."

Aunt Hester made no reply; it was nearly October, but what was the good of arguing; some people were never satisfied.

She sent up to tell her sister that the brothers were there. Mrs. Small came down at once. She had bathed her face, which was still swollen, and though she looked severely at Swithin's trousers, for they were of light blue--he had come straight from the club, where the news had reached him--she wore a more cheerful expression than usual, the instinct for doing the wrong thing being even now too strong for her.

Presently all five went up to look at the body. Under the pure white sheet a quilted counter-pane had been placed, for now, more than ever, Aunt Ann had need of warmth; and, the pillows removed, her spine and head rested flat, with the semblance of their life-long inflexibility; the coif banding the top of her brow was drawn on either side to the level of the ears, and between it and the sheet her face, almost as white, was turned with closed eyes to the faces of her brothers and sisters. In its extraordinary peace the face was stronger than ever, nearly all bone now under the scarce-wrinkled parchment of skin--square jaw and chin, cheekbones, forehead with hollow temples, chiselled nose--the fortress of an unconquerable spirit that had yielded to death, and in its upward sightlessness seemed trying to regain that spirit, to regain the guardianship it had just laid down.

Swithin took but one look at the face, and left the room; the sight, he said afterwards, made him very queer. He went downstairs shaking the whole house, and, seizing his hat, clambered into his brougham, without giving any directions to the coachman. He was driven home, and all the evening sat in his chair without moving.

He could take nothing for dinner but a partridge, with an imperial pint of champagne....

Old Jolyon stood at the bottom of the bed, his hands folded in front of him. He alone of those in the room remembered the death of his mother, and though he looked at Ann, it was of that he was thinking. Ann was an old woman, but death had come to her at last--death came to all! His face did not move, his gaze seemed travelling from very far.

Aunt Hester stood beside him. She did not cry now, tears were exhausted--her nature refused to permit a further escape of force; she twisted her hands, looking not at Ann, but from side to side, seeking some way of escaping the effort of realization.

Of all the brothers and sisters James manifested the most emotion. Tears rolled down the parallel furrows of his thin face; where he should go now to tell his troubles he did not know; Juley was no good, Hester worse than useless! He felt Ann's death more than he had ever thought he should; this would upset him for weeks!

Presently Aunt Hester stole out, and Aunt Juley began moving about, doing 'what was necessary,' so that twice she knocked against something. Old Jolyon, roused from his reverie, that reverie of the long, long past, looked sternly at her, and went away. James alone was left by the bedside; glancing stealthily round, to see that he was not observed, he twisted his long body down, placed a kiss on the dead forehead, then he, too, hastily left the room. Encountering Smither in the hall, he began to ask her about the funeral, and, finding that she knew nothing, complained bitterly that, if they didn't take care, everything would go wrong. She had better send for Mr. Soames--he knew all about that sort of thing; her master was very much upset, he supposed--he would want looking after; as for her mistresses, they were no good--they had no gumption! They would be ill too, he shouldn't wonder. She had better send for the doctor; it was best to take things in time. He didn't think his sister Ann had had the best opinion; if she'd had Blank she would have been alive now. Smither might send to Park Lane any time she wanted advice. Of course, his carriage was at their service for the funeral. He supposed she hadn't such a thing as a glass of claret and a biscuit--he had had no lunch!

The days before the funeral passed quietly. It had long been known, of course, that Aunt Ann had left her little property to Timothy. There was, therefore, no reason for the slightest agitation. Soames, who was sole executor, took charge of all arrangements, and in due course sent out the following invitation to every male member of the family:

To.....

Your presence is requested at the funeral of Miss Ann Forsyte, in Highgate Cemetery, at noon of Oct. 1st. Carriages will meet at "The Bower," Bayswater Road, at 10.45. No flowers by request. 'R.S.V.P.'

The morning came, cold, with a high, grey, London sky, and at half-past ten the first carriage, that of James, drove up. It contained James and his son-in-law Dartie, a fine man, with a square chest, buttoned very tightly into a frock coat, and a sallow, fattish face adorned with dark, well-curled moustaches, and that incorrigible commencement of whisker which, eluding the strictest attempts at shaving, seems the mark of something deeply ingrained in the personality of the shaver, being especially noticeable in men who speculate.

Soames, in his capacity of executor, received the guests, for Timothy still kept his bed; he would get up after the funeral; and Aunts Juley and Hester would not be coming down till all was over, when it was understood there would be lunch for anyone who cared to come back. The next to arrive was Roger, still limping from the gout, and encircled by three of his sons--young Roger, Eustace, and Thomas. George, the remaining son, arrived almost immediately afterwards in a hansom, and paused in the hall to ask Soames how he found undertaking pay.

They disliked each other.

Then came two Haymans--Giles and Jesse perfectly silent, and very well dressed, with special creases down their evening trousers. Then old Jolyon alone. Next, Nicholas, with a healthy colour in his face, and a carefully veiled sprightliness in every movement of his head and body. One of his sons followed him, meek and subdued. Swithin Forsyte, and Bosinney arrived at the same moment,--and stood--bowing precedence to each other,--but on the door opening they tried to enter together; they renewed their apologies in the hall, and, Swithin, settling his stock, which had become disarranged in the struggle, very slowly mounted the stairs. The other Hayman; two married sons of Nicholas, together with Tweetyman, Spender, and Warry, the husbands of married Forsyte and Hayman daughters. The company was then complete, twenty-one in all, not a male member of the family being absent but Timothy and young Jolyon.

Entering the scarlet and green drawing-room, whose apparel made so vivid a setting for their unaccustomed costumes, each tried nervously to find a seat, desirous of hiding the emphatic blackness of his trousers. There seemed a sort of indecency in that blackness and in the colour of their gloves--a sort of exaggeration of the feelings; and many cast shocked looks of secret envy at 'the Buccaneer,' who had no gloves, and was wearing grey trousers. A subdued hum of conversation rose, no one speaking of the departed, but each asking after the other, as though thereby casting an indirect libation to this event, which they had come to honour.

And presently James said:

"Well, I think we ought to be starting."

They went downstairs, and, two and two, as they had been told off in strict precedence, mounted the carriages.

The hearse started at a foot's pace; the carriages moved slowly after. In the first went old Jolyon with Nicholas; in the second, the twins, Swithin and James; in the third, Roger and young Roger; Soames, young Nicholas, George, and Bosinney followed in the fourth. Each of the other carriages, eight in all, held three or four of the family; behind them came the doctor's brougham; then, at a decent interval, cabs containing family clerks and servants; and at the very end, one containing nobody at all, but bringing the total cortege up to the number of thirteen.

So long as the procession kept to the highway of the Bayswater Road, it retained the foot's-pace, but, turning into less important thorough-fares, it soon broke into a trot, and so proceeded, with intervals of walking in the more fashionable streets, until it arrived. In the first carriage old Jolyon and Nicholas were talking of their wills. In the second the twins, after a single attempt, had lapsed into complete silence; both were rather deaf, and the exertion of making themselves heard was too great. Only once James broke this silence:

"I shall have to be looking about for some ground somewhere. What arrangements have you made, Swithin?"

And Swithin, fixing him with a dreadful stare, answered:

"Don't talk to me about such things!"

In the third carriage a disjointed conversation was carried on in the intervals of looking out to see how far they had got, George remarking, "Well, it was really time that the poor old lady went." He didn't believe in people living beyond seventy, Young Nicholas replied mildly that the rule didn't seem to apply to the Forsytes. George said he himself intended to commit suicide at sixty. Young Nicholas, smiling and stroking a long chin, didn't think his father would like that theory; he had made a lot of money since he was sixty. Well, seventy was the outside limit; it was then time, George said, for them to go and leave their money to their children. Soames, hitherto silent, here joined in; he had not forgotten the remark about the 'undertaking,' and, lifting his eyelids almost imperceptibly, said it was all very well for people who never made money to talk. He himself intended to live as long as he could. This was a hit at George, who was notoriously hard up. Bosinney muttered abstractedly "Hear, hear!" and, George yawning, the conversation dropped.

Upon arriving, the coffin was borne into the chapel, and, two by two, the mourners filed in behind it. This guard of men, all attached to the dead by the bond of kinship, was an impressive and singular sight in the great city of London, with its overwhelming diversity of life, its innumerable vocations, pleasures, duties, its terrible hardness, its terrible call to individualism.

The family had gathered to triumph over all this, to give a show of tenacious unity, to illustrate gloriously that law of property underlying the growth of their tree, by which it had thriven and spread, trunk and branches, the sap flowing through all, the full growth reached at the appointed time. The spirit of the old woman lying in her last sleep had called them to this demonstration. It was her final appeal to that unity which had been their strength--it was her final triumph that she had died while the tree was yet whole.

She was spared the watching of the branches jut out beyond the point of balance. She could not look into the hearts of her followers. The same law that had worked in her, bringing her up from a tall, straight-backed slip of a girl to a woman strong and grown, from a woman grown to a woman old, angular, feeble, almost witchlike, with individuality all sharpened and sharpened, as all rounding from the world's contact fell off from her--that same law would work, was working, in the family she had watched like a mother.

She had seen it young, and growing, she had seen it strong and grown, and before her old eyes had time or strength to see any more, she died. She would have tried, and who knows but she might have kept it young and strong, with her old fingers, her trembling kisses--a little longer; alas! not even Aunt Ann could fight with Nature.

'Pride comes before a fall!' In accordance with this, the greatest of Nature's ironies, the Forsyte family had gathered for a last proud pageant before they fell. Their faces to right and left, in single lines, were turned for the most part impassively toward the ground, guardians of their thoughts; but here and there, one looking upward, with a line between his brows, searched to see some sight on the chapel walls too much for him, to be listening to something that appalled. And the responses, low-muttered, in voices through which rose the same tone, the same unseizable family ring, sounded weird, as though murmured in hurried duplication by a single person.

The service in the chapel over, the mourners filed up again to guard the body to the tomb. The vault stood open, and, round it, men in black were waiting.

From that high and sacred field, where thousands of the upper middle class lay in their last sleep, the eyes of the Forsytes travelled down across the flocks of graves. There--spreading to the distance, lay London, with no sun over it, mourning the loss of its daughter, mourning with this family, so dear, the loss of her who was mother and guardian. A hundred thousand spires and houses, blurred in the great grey web of property, lay there like prostrate worshippers before the grave of this, the oldest Forsyte of them all.

A few words, a sprinkle of earth, the thrusting of the coffin home, and Aunt Ann had passed to her last rest.

Round the vault, trustees of that passing, the five brothers stood, with white heads bowed; they would see that Ann was comfortable where she was going. Her little property must stay behind, but otherwise, all that could be should be done....

Then severally, each stood aside, and putting on his hat, turned back to inspect the new inscription on the marble of the family vault:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF ANN FORSYTE, THE DAUGHTER OF THE ABOVE JOLYON AND ANN FORSYTE, WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE THE 27TH DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1886, AGED EIGHTY-SEVEN YEARS AND FOUR DAYS

Soon perhaps, someone else would be wanting an inscription. It was strange and intolerable, for they had not thought somehow, that Forsytes could die. And one and all they had a longing to get away from this painfulness, this ceremony which had reminded them of things they could not bear to think about--to get away quickly and go about their business and forget.

It was cold, too; the wind, like some slow, disintegrating force, blowing up the hill over the graves, struck them with its chilly breath; they began to split into groups, and as quickly as possible to fill the waiting carriages.

Swithin said he should go back to lunch at Timothy's, and he offered to take anybody with him in his brougham. It was considered a doubtful privilege to drive with Swithin in his brougham, which was not a large one; nobody accepted, and he went off alone. James and Roger followed immediately after; they also would drop in to lunch. The others gradually melted away, Old Jolyon taking three nephews to fill up his carriage; he had a want of those young faces.

Soames, who had to arrange some details in the cemetery office, walked away with Bosinney. He had much to talk over with him, and, having finished his business, they strolled to Hampstead, lunched together at the Spaniard's Inn, and spent a long time in going into practical details connected with the building of the house; they then proceeded to the tram-line, and came as far as the Marble Arch, where Bosinney went off to Stanhope Gate to see June.

Soames felt in excellent spirits when he arrived home, and confided to Irene at dinner that he had had a good talk with Bosinney, who really seemed a sensible fellow; they had had a capital walk too, which had done his liver good--he had been short of exercise for a long time--and altogether a very satisfactory day. If only it hadn't been for poor Aunt Ann, he would have taken her to the theatre; as it was, they must make the best of an evening at home.

"The Buccaneer asked after you more than once," he said suddenly. And moved by some inexplicable desire to assert his proprietorship, he rose from his chair and planted a kiss on his wife's shoulder.

PART II

CHAPTER I

PROGRESS OF THE HOUSE

The winter had been an open one. Things in the trade were slack; and as Soames had reflected before making up his mind, it had been a good time for building. The shell of the house at Robin Hill was thus completed by the end of April.

Now that there was something to be seen for his money, he had been coming down once, twice, even three times a week, and would mouse about among the debris for hours, careful never to soil his clothes, moving silently through the unfinished brickwork of doorways, or circling round the columns in the central court.

And he would stand before them for minutes' together, as though peering into the real quality of their substance.

On April 30 he had an appointment with Bosinney to go over the accounts, and five minutes before the proper time he entered the tent which the architect had pitched for himself close to the old oak tree.

The accounts were already prepared on a folding table, and with a nod Soames sat down to study them. It was some time before he raised his head.

"I can't make them out," he said at last; "they come to nearly seven hundred more than they ought"

After a glance at Bosinney's face he went on quickly:

"If you only make a firm stand against these builder chaps you'll get them down. They stick you with everything if you don't look sharp.... Take ten per cent. off all round. I shan't mind it's coming out a hundred or so over the mark!"

Bosinney shook his head:

"I've taken off every farthing I can!"

Soames pushed back the table with a movement of anger, which sent the account sheets fluttering to the ground.

"Then all I can say is," he flustered out, "you've made a pretty mess of it!"

"I've told you a dozen times," Bosinney answered sharply, "that there'd be extras. I've pointed them out to you over and over again!"

"I know that," growled Soames: "I shouldn't have objected to a ten pound note here and there. How was I to know that by 'extras' you meant seven hundred pounds?"

The qualities of both men had contributed to this not-inconsiderable discrepancy. On the one hand, the architect's devotion to his idea, to the image of a house which he had created and believed in--had made him nervous of being stopped, or forced to the use of makeshifts; on the other, Soames' not less true and wholehearted devotion to the very best article that could be obtained for the money, had rendered him averse to believing that things worth thirteen shillings could not be bought with twelve.

"I wish I'd never undertaken your house," said Bosinney suddenly. "You come down here worrying me out of my life. You want double the value for your money anybody else would, and now that you've got a house that for its size is not to be beaten in the county, you don't want to pay for it. If you're anxious to be off your bargain, I daresay I can find the balance above the estimates myself, but I'm d----d if I do another stroke of work for you!"

Soames regained his composure. Knowing that Bosinney had no capital, he regarded this as a wild suggestion. He saw, too, that he would be kept indefinitely out of this house on which he had set his heart, and just at the crucial point when the architect's personal care made all the difference. In the meantime there was Irene to be thought of! She had been very queer lately. He really believed it was only because she had taken to Bosinney that she tolerated the idea of the house at all. It would not do to make an open breach with her.

"You needn't get into a rage," he said. "If I'm willing to put up with it, I suppose you needn't cry out. All I meant was that when you tell me a thing is going to cost so much, I like to--well, in fact, I--like to know where I am."

"Look here!" said Bosinney, and Soames was both annoyed and surprised by the shrewdness of his glance. "You've got my services dirt cheap. For the kind of work I've put into this house, and the amount of time I've given to it, you'd have had to pay Littlemaster or some other fool four times as much. What you want, in fact, is a first-rate man for a fourth-rate fee, and that's exactly what you've got!"

Soames saw that he really meant what he said, and, angry though he was, the consequences of a row rose before him too vividly. He saw his house unfinished, his wife rebellious, himself a laughingstock.

"Let's go over it," he said sulkily, "and see how the money's gone."

"Very well," assented Bosinney. "But we'll hurry up, if you don't mind. I have to get back in time to take June to the theatre."

Soames cast a stealthy look at him, and said: "Coming to our place, I suppose to meet her?" He was always coming to their place!

There had been rain the night before-a spring rain, and the earth smelt of sap and wild grasses. The warm, soft breeze swung the leaves and the golden buds of the old oak tree, and in the sunshine the blackbirds were whistling their hearts out.

It was such a spring day as breathes into a man an ineffable yearning, a painful sweetness, a longing that makes him stand motionless, looking at the leaves or grass, and fling out his arms to embrace he knows not what. The earth gave forth a fainting warmth, stealing up through the chilly garment in which winter had wrapped her. It was her long caress of invitation, to draw men down to lie within her arms, to roll their bodies on her, and put their lips to her breast.

On just such a day as this Soames had got from Irene the promise he had asked her for so often. Seated on the fallen trunk of a tree, he had promised for the twentieth time that if their marriage were not a success, she should be as free as if she had never married him!

"Do you swear it?" she had said. A few days back she had reminded him of that oath. He had answered: "Nonsense! I couldn't have sworn any such thing!" By some awkward fatality he remembered it now. What queer things men would swear for the sake of women! He would have sworn it at any time to gain her! He would swear it now, if thereby he could touch her--but nobody could touch her, she was cold-hearted!

And memories crowded on him with the fresh, sweet savour of the spring wind-memories of his courtship.

In the spring of the year 1881 he was visiting his old school-fellow and client, George Liversedge, of Branksome, who, with the view of developing his pine-woods in the neighbourhood of Bournemouth, had placed the formation of the company necessary to the scheme in Soames's hands. Mrs. Liversedge, with a sense of the fitness of things, had given a musical tea in his honour. Later in the course of this function, which Soames, no musician, had regarded as an unmitigated bore, his eye had been caught by the face of a girl dressed in mourning, standing by herself. The lines of her tall, as yet rather thin figure, showed through the wispy, clinging stuff of her black dress, her black-gloved hands were crossed in front of her, her lips slightly parted, and her large, dark eyes wandered from face to face. Her hair, done low on her neck, seemed to gleam above her black collar like coils of shining metal. And as Soames stood looking at her, the sensation that most men have felt at one time or another went stealing through him--a peculiar satisfaction of the senses, a peculiar certainty, which novelists and old ladies call love at first sight. Still stealthily watching her, he at once made his way to his hostess, and stood doggedly waiting for the music to cease.

"Who is that girl with yellow hair and dark eyes?" he asked.

"That--oh! Irene Heron. Her father, Professor Heron, died this year. She lives with her stepmother. She's a nice girl, a pretty girl, but no money!"

"Introduce me, please," said Soames.

It was very little that he found to say, nor did he find her responsive to that little. But he went away with the resolution to see her again. He effected his object by chance, meeting her on the pier with her stepmother, who had the habit of walking there from twelve to one of a forenoon. Soames made this lady's acquaintance with alacrity, nor was it long before he perceived in her the ally he was looking for. His keen scent for the commercial side of family life soon told him that Irene cost her stepmother more than the fifty pounds a year she brought her; it also told him that Mrs. Heron, a woman yet in the prime of life, desired to be married again. The strange ripening beauty of her stepdaughter stood in the way of this desirable consummation. And Soames, in his stealthy tenacity, laid his plans.

He left Bournemouth without having given himself away, but in a month's time came back, and this time he spoke, not to the girl, but to her stepmother. He had made up his mind, he said; he would wait any time. And he had long to wait, watching Irene bloom, the lines of her young figure softening, the stronger blood deepening the gleam of her eyes, and warming her face to a creamy glow; and at each visit he proposed to her, and when that visit was at an end, took her refusal away with him, back to London, sore at heart, but steadfast and silent as the grave. He tried to come at the secret springs of her resistance; only once had he a gleam of light. It was at one of those assembly dances, which afford the only outlet to the passions of the population of seaside watering-places. He was sitting with her in an embrasure, his senses tingling with the contact of the waltz. She had looked at him over her, slowly waving fan; and he had lost his head. Seizing that moving wrist, he pressed his lips to the flesh of her arm. And she had shuddered--to this day he had not forgotten that shudder--nor the look so passionately averse she had given him.

A year after that she had yielded. What had made her yield he could never make out; and from Mrs. Heron, a woman of some diplomatic talent, he learnt nothing. Once after they were married he asked her, "What made you refuse me so often?" She had answered by a strange silence. An enigma to him from the day that he first saw her, she was an enigma to him still....

Bosinney was waiting for him at the door; and on his rugged, good-looking, face was a queer, yearning, yet happy look, as though he too saw a promise of bliss in the spring sky, sniffed a coming happiness in the spring air. Soames looked at him waiting there. What was the matter with the fellow that he looked so happy? What was he waiting for with that smile on his lips and in his eyes? Soames could not see that for which Bosinney was waiting as he stood there drinking in the flower-scented wind. And once more he felt baffled in the presence of this man whom by habit he despised. He hastened on to the house.

"The only colour for those tiles," he heard Bosinney say,--"is ruby with a grey tint in the stuff, to give a transparent effect. I should like Irene's opinion. I'm ordering the purple leather curtains for the doorway of this court; and if you distemper the drawing-room ivory cream over paper, you'll get an illusive look. You want to aim all through the decorations at what I call charm."

Soames said: "You mean that my wife has charm!"

Bosinney evaded the question.

"You should have a clump of iris plants in the centre of that court."

Soames smiled superciliously.

"I'll look into Beech's some time," he said, "and see what's appropriate!"

They found little else to say to each other, but on the way to the Station Soames asked:

"I suppose you find Irene very artistic."

"Yes." The abrupt answer was as distinct a snub as saying: "If you want to discuss her you can do it with someone else!"

And the slow, sulky anger Soames had felt all the afternoon burned the brighter within him.

Neither spoke again till they were close to the Station, then Soames asked:

"When do you expect to have finished?"

"By the end of June, if you really wish me to decorate as well."

Soames nodded. "But you quite understand," he said, "that the house is costing me a lot beyond what I contemplated. I may as well tell you that I should have thrown it up, only I'm not in the habit of giving up what I've set my mind on."

Bosinney made no reply. And Soames gave him askance a look of dogged dislike--for in spite of his fastidious air and that supercilious, dandified taciturnity, Soames, with his set lips and squared chin, was not unlike a bulldog....

When, at seven o'clock that evening, June arrived at 62, Montpellier Square, the maid Bilson told her that Mr. Bosinney was in the drawing-room; the mistress--she said--was dressing, and would be down in a minute. She would tell her that Miss June was here.

June stopped her at once.

"All right, Bilson," she said, "I'll just go in. You, needn't hurry Mrs. Soames."

She took off her cloak, and Bilson, with an understanding look, did not even open the drawing-room door for her, but ran downstairs.

June paused for a moment to look at herself in the little old-fashioned silver mirror above the oaken rug chest--a slim, imperious young figure, with a small resolute face, in a white frock, cut moon-shaped at the base of a neck too slender for her crown of twisted red-gold hair.

She opened the drawing-room door softly, meaning to take him by surprise. The room was filled with a sweet hot scent of flowering azaleas.

She took a long breath of the perfume, and heard Bosinney's voice, not in the room, but quite close, saying.

"Ah! there were such heaps of things I wanted to talk about, and now we shan't have time!"

Irene's voice answered: "Why not at dinner?"

"How can one talk...."

June's first thought was to go away, but instead she crossed to the long window opening on the little court. It was from there that the scent of the azaleas came, and, standing with their backs to her, their faces buried in the golden-pink blossoms, stood her lover and Irene.

Silent but unashamed, with flaming cheeks and angry eyes, the girl watched.

"Come on Sunday by yourself--We can go over the house together."

June saw Irene look up at him through her screen of blossoms. It was not the look of a coquette, but--far worse to the watching girl--of a woman fearful lest that look should say too much.

"I've promised to go for a drive with Uncle...."

"The big one! Make him bring you; it's only ten miles--the very thing for his horses."

"Poor old Uncle Swithin!"

A wave of the azalea scent drifted into June's face; she felt sick and dizzy.

"Do! ah! do!"

"But why?"

"I must see you there--I thought you'd like to help me...."

The answer seemed to the girl to come softly with a tremble from amongst the blossoms: "So I do!"

And she stepped into the open space of the window.

"How stuffy it is here!" she said; "I can't bear this scent!"

Her eyes, so angry and direct, swept both their faces.

"Were you talking about the house? I haven't seen it yet, you know--shall we all go on Sunday?"'

From Irene's face the colour had flown.

"I am going for a drive that day with Uncle Swithin," she answered.

"Uncle Swithin! What does he matter? You can throw him over!"

"I am not in the habit of throwing people over!"

There was a sound of footsteps and June saw Soames standing just behind her.

"Well! if you are all ready," said Irene, looking from one to the other with a strange smile, "dinner is too!"

CHAPTER II

JUNE'S TREAT

Dinner began in silence; the women facing one another, and the men.

In silence the soup was finished--excellent, if a little thick; and fish was brought. In silence it was handed.

Bosinney ventured: "It's the first spring day."

Irene echoed softly: "Yes--the first spring day."

"Spring!" said June: "there isn't a breath of air!" No one replied.

The fish was taken away, a fine fresh sole from Dover. And Bilson brought champagne, a bottle swathed around the neck with white....

Soames said: "You'll find it dry."

Cutlets were handed, each pink-frilled about the legs. They were refused by June, and silence fell.

Soames said: "You'd better take a cutlet, June; there's nothing coming."

But June again refused, so they were borne away. And then Irene asked: "Phil, have you heard my blackbird?"

Bosinney answered: "Rather--he's got a hunting-song. As I came round I heard him in the Square."

"He's such a darling!"

"Salad, sir?" Spring chicken was removed.

But Soames was speaking: "The asparagus is very poor. Bosinney, glass of sherry with your sweet? June, you're drinking nothing!"

June said: "You know I never do. Wine's such horrid stuff!"

An apple charlotte came upon a silver dish, and smilingly Irene said: "The azaleas are so wonderful this year!"

To this Bosinney murmured: "Wonderful! The scent's extraordinary!"

June said: "How can you like the scent? Sugar, please, Bilson."

Sugar was handed her, and Soames remarked: "This charlottes good!"

The charlotte was removed. Long silence followed. Irene, beckoning, said: "Take out the azalea, Bilson. Miss June can't bear the scent."

"No; let it stay," said June.

Olives from France, with Russian caviare, were placed on little plates. And Soames remarked: "Why can't we have the Spanish?" But no one answered.

The olives were removed. Lifting her tumbler June demanded: "Give me some water, please." Water was given her. A silver tray was brought, with German plums. There was a lengthy pause. In perfect harmony all were eating them.

Bosinney counted up the stones: "This year--next year--some time."

Irene finished softly: "Never! There was such a glorious sunset. The sky's all ruby still--so beautiful!"

He answered: "Underneath the dark."

Their eyes had met, and June cried scornfully: "A London sunset!"

Egyptian cigarettes were handed in a silver box. Soames, taking one, remarked: "What time's your play begin?"

No one replied, and Turkish coffee followed in enamelled cups.

Irene, smiling quietly, said: "If only...."

"Only what?" said June.

"If only it could always be the spring!"

Brandy was handed; it was pale and old.

Soames said: "Bosinney, better take some brandy."

Bosinney took a glass; they all arose.

"You want a cab?" asked Soames.

June answered: "No! My cloaks please, Bilson." Her cloak was brought.

Irene, from the window, murmured: "Such a lovely night! The stars are coming out!"

Soames added: "Well, I hope you'll both enjoy yourselves."

From the door June answered: "Thanks. Come, Phil."

Bosinney cried: "I'm coming."

Soames smiled a sneering smile, and said: "I wish you luck!"

And at the door Irene watched them go.

Bosinney called: "Good night!"

"Good night!" she answered softly....

June made her lover take her on the top of a 'bus, saying she wanted air, and there sat silent, with her face to the breeze.

The driver turned once or twice, with the intention of venturing a remark, but thought better of it. They were a lively couple! The spring had got into his blood, too; he felt the need for letting steam escape, and clucked his tongue, flourishing his whip, wheeling his horses, and even they, poor things, had smelled the spring, and for a brief half-hour spurned the pavement with happy hoofs.

The whole town was alive; the boughs, curled upward with their decking of young leaves, awaited some gift the breeze could bring. New-lighted lamps were gaining mastery, and the faces of the crowd showed pale under that glare, while on high the great white clouds slid swiftly, softly, over the purple sky.

Men in, evening dress had thrown back overcoats, stepping jauntily up the steps of Clubs; working folk loitered; and women--those women who at that time of night are solitary--solitary and moving eastward in a stream--swung slowly along, with expectation in their gait, dreaming of good wine and a good supper, or--for an unwonted minute, of kisses given for love.

Those countless figures, going their ways under the lamps and the moving-sky, had one and all received some restless blessing from the stir of spring. And one and all, like those clubmen with their opened coats, had shed something of caste, and creed, and custom, and by the cock of their hats, the pace of their walk, their laughter, or their silence, revealed their common kinship under the passionate heavens.

Bosinney and June entered the theatre in silence, and mounted to their seats in the upper boxes. The piece had just begun, and the half-darkened house, with its rows of creatures peering all one way, resembled a great garden of flowers turning their faces to the sun.

June had never before been in the upper boxes. From the age of fifteen she had habitually accompanied her grandfather to the stalls, and not common stalls, but the best seats in the house, towards the centre of the third row, booked by old Jolyon, at Grogan and Boyne's, on his way home from the City, long before the day; carried in his overcoat pocket, together with his cigar-case and his old kid gloves, and handed to June to keep till the appointed night. And in those stalls--an erect old figure with a serene white head, a little figure, strenuous and eager, with a red-gold head--they would sit through every kind of play, and on the way home old Jolyon would say of the principal actor: "Oh, he's a poor stick! You should have seen little Bobson!"

She had looked forward to this evening with keen delight; it was stolen, chaperone-less, undreamed of at Stanhope Gate, where she was supposed to be at Soames'. She had expected reward for her subterfuge, planned for her lover's sake; she had expected it to break up the thick, chilly cloud, and make the relations between them which of late had been so puzzling, so tormenting--sunny and simple again as they had been before the winter. She had come with the intention of saying something definite; and she looked at the stage with a furrow between her brows, seeing nothing, her hands squeezed together in her lap. A swarm of jealous suspicions stung and stung her.

If Bosinney was conscious of her trouble he made no sign.

The curtain dropped. The first act had come to an end.

"It's awfully hot here!" said the girl; "I should like to go out."

She was very white, and she knew--for with her nerves thus sharpened she saw everything--that he was both uneasy and compunctious.

At the back of the theatre an open balcony hung over the street; she took possession of this, and stood leaning there without a word, waiting for him to begin.

At last she could bear it no longer.

"I want to say something to you, Phil," she said.

"Yes?"

The defensive tone of his voice brought the colour flying to her cheek, the words flying to her lips: "You don't give me a chance to be nice to you; you haven't for ages now!"

Bosinney stared down at the street. He made no answer....

June cried passionately: "You know I want to do everything for you--that I want to be everything to you...."

A hum rose from the street, and, piercing it with a sharp 'ping,' the bell sounded for the raising of the curtain. June did not stir. A desperate struggle was going on within her. Should she put everything to the proof? Should she challenge directly that influence, that attraction which was driving him away from her? It was her nature to challenge, and she said: "Phil, take me to see the house on Sunday!"

With a smile quivering and breaking on her lips, and trying, how hard, not to show that she was watching, she searched his face, saw it waver and hesitate, saw a troubled line come between his brows, the blood rush into his face. He answered: "Not Sunday, dear; some other day!"

"Why not Sunday? I shouldn't be in the way on Sunday."

He made an evident effort, and said: "I have an engagement."

"You are going to take...."

His eyes grew angry; he shrugged his shoulders, and answered: "An engagement that will prevent my taking you to see the house!"

June bit her lip till the blood came, and walked back to her seat without another word, but she could not help the tears of rage rolling down her face. The house had been mercifully darkened for a crisis, and no one could see her trouble.

Yet in this world of Forsytes let no man think himself immune from observation.

In the third row behind, Euphemia, Nicholas's youngest daughter, with her married-sister, Mrs. Tweetyman, were watching.

They reported at Timothy's, how they had seen June and her fiance at the theatre.

"In the stalls?" "No, not in the...." "Oh! in the dress circle, of course. That seemed to be quite fashionable nowadays with young people!"

Well--not exactly. In the.... Anyway, that engagement wouldn't last long. They had never seen anyone look so thunder and lightningy as that little June! With tears of enjoyment in their eyes, they related how she had kicked a man's hat as she returned to her seat in the middle of an act, and how the man had looked. Euphemia had a noted, silent laugh, terminating most disappointingly in squeaks; and when Mrs. Small, holding up her hands, said: "My dear! Kicked a ha-at?" she let out such a number of these that she had to be recovered with smelling-salts. As she went away she said to Mrs. Tweetyman:

"Kicked a--ha-at! Oh! I shall die."

For 'that little June' this evening, that was to have been 'her treat,' was the most miserable she had ever spent. God knows she tried to stifle her pride, her suspicion, her jealousy!

She parted from Bosinney at old Jolyon's door without breaking down; the feeling that her lover must be conquered was strong enough to sustain her till his retiring footsteps brought home the true extent of her wretchedness.

The noiseless 'Sankey' let her in. She would have slipped up to her own room, but old Jolyon, who had heard her entrance, was in the dining-room doorway.

"Come in and have your milk," he said. "It's been kept hot for you. You're very late. Where have you been?"

June stood at the fireplace, with a foot on the fender and an arm on the mantelpiece, as her grandfather had done when he came in that night of the opera. She was too near a breakdown to care what she told him.

"We dined at Soames's."

"H'm! the man of property! His wife there and Bosinney?"

"Yes."

Old Jolyon's glance was fixed on her with the penetrating gaze from which it was difficult to hide; but she was not looking at him, and when she turned her face, he dropped his scrutiny at once. He had seen enough, and too much. He bent down to lift the cup of milk for her from the hearth, and, turning away, grumbled: "You oughtn't to stay out so late; it makes you fit for nothing."

He was invisible now behind his paper, which he turned with a vicious crackle; but when June came up to kiss him, he said: "Good-night, my darling," in a tone so tremulous and unexpected, that it was all the girl could do to get out of the room without breaking into the fit of sobbing which lasted her well on into the night.

When the door was closed, old Jolyon dropped his paper, and stared long and anxiously in front of him.

'The beggar!' he thought. 'I always knew she'd have trouble with him!'

Uneasy doubts and suspicions, the more poignant that he felt himself powerless to check or control the march of events, came crowding upon him.

Was the fellow going to jilt her? He longed to go and say to him: "Look here, you sir! Are you going to jilt my grand-daughter?" But how could he? Knowing little or nothing, he was yet certain, with his unerring astuteness, that there was something going on. He suspected Bosinney of being too much at Montpellier Square.

'This fellow,' he thought, 'may not be a scamp; his face is not a bad one, but he's a queer fish. I don't know what to make of him. I shall never know what to make of him! They tell me he works like a nigger, but I see no good coming of it. He's unpractical, he has no method. When he comes here, he sits as glum as a monkey. If I ask him what wine he'll have, he says: "Thanks, any wine." If I offer him a cigar, he smokes it as if it were a twopenny German thing. I never see him looking at June as he ought to look at her; and yet, he's not after her money. If she were to make a sign, he'd be off his bargain to-morrow. But she won't--not she! She'll stick to him! She's as obstinate as fate--She'll never let go!'

Sighing deeply, he turned the paper; in its columns, perchance he might find consolation.

And upstairs in her room June sat at her open window, where the spring wind came, after its revel across the Park, to cool her hot cheeks and burn her heart.

CHAPTER III

DRIVE WITH SWITHIN

Two lines of a certain song in a certain famous old school's songbook run as follows:

'How the buttons on his blue frock shone, tra-la-la! How he carolled and he sang, like a bird!....'

Swithin did not exactly carol and sing like a bird, but he felt almost like endeavouring to hum a tune, as he stepped out of Hyde Park Mansions, and contemplated his horses drawn up before the door.

The afternoon was as balmy as a day in June, and to complete the simile of the old song, he had put on a blue frock-coat, dispensing with an overcoat, after sending Adolf down three times to make sure that there was not the least suspicion of east in the wind; and the frock-coat was buttoned so tightly around his personable form, that, if the buttons did not shine, they might pardonably have done so. Majestic on the pavement he fitted on a pair of dog-skin gloves; with his large bell-shaped top hat, and his great stature and bulk he looked too primeval for a Forsyte. His thick white hair, on which Adolf had bestowed a touch of pomatum, exhaled the fragrance of opoponax and cigars--the celebrated Swithin brand, for which he paid one hundred and forty shillings the hundred, and of which old Jolyon had unkindly said, he wouldn't smoke them as a gift; they wanted the stomach of a horse!

"Adolf!"

"Sare!"

"The new plaid rug!"

He would never teach that fellow to look smart; and Mrs. Soames he felt sure, had an eye!

"The phaeton hood down; I am going--to--drive--a--lady!"

A pretty woman would want to show off her frock; and well--he was going to drive a lady! It was like a new beginning to the good old days.

Ages since he had driven a woman! The last time, if he remembered, it had been Juley; the poor old soul had been as nervous as a cat the whole time, and so put him out of patience that, as he dropped her in the Bayswater Road, he had said: "Well I'm d---d if I ever drive you again!" And he never had, not he!

Going up to his horses' heads, he examined their bits; not that he knew anything about bits--he didn't pay his coachman sixty pounds a year to do his work for him, that had never been his principle. Indeed, his reputation as a horsey man rested mainly on the fact that once, on Derby Day, he had been welshed by some thimble-riggers. But someone at the Club, after seeing him drive his greys up to the door--he always drove grey horses, you got more style for the money, some thought--had called him 'Four-in-hand Forsyte.' The name having reached his ears through that fellow Nicholas Treffry, old Jolyon's dead partner, the great driving man notorious for more carriage accidents than any man in the kingdom--Swithin had ever after conceived it right to act up to it. The name had taken his fancy, not because he had ever driven four-in-hand, or was ever likely to, but because of something distinguished in the sound. Four-in-hand Forsyte! Not bad! Born too soon, Swithin had missed his vocation. Coming upon London twenty years later, he could not have failed to have become a stockbroker, but at the time when he was obliged to select, this great profession had not as yet became the chief glory of the upper-middle class. He had literally been forced into land agency.

Once in the driving seat, with the reins handed to him, and blinking over his pale old cheeks in the full sunlight, he took a slow look round--Adolf was already up behind; the cockaded groom at the horses' heads stood ready to let go; everything was prepared for the signal, and Swithin gave it. The equipage dashed forward, and before you could say Jack Robinson, with a rattle and flourish drew up at Soames' door.

Irene came out at once, and stepped in--he afterward described it at Timothy's--"as light as--er--Taglioni, no fuss about it, no wanting this or wanting that;" and above all, Swithin dwelt on this, staring at Mrs. Septimus in a way that disconcerted her a good deal, "no silly nervousness!" To Aunt Hester he portrayed Irene's hat. "Not one of your great flopping things, sprawling about, and catching the dust, that women are so fond of nowadays, but a neat little--" he made a circular motion of his hand, "white veil--capital taste."

"What was it made of?" inquired Aunt Hester, who manifested a languid but permanent excitement at any mention of dress.

"Made of?" returned Swithin; "now how should I know?"

He sank into silence so profound that Aunt Hester began to be afraid he had fallen into a trance. She did not try to rouse him herself, it not being her custom.

'I wish somebody would come,' she thought; 'I don't like the look of him!'

But suddenly Swithin returned to life. "Made of" he wheezed out slowly, "what should it be made of?"

They had not gone four miles before Swithin received the impression that Irene liked driving with him. Her face was so soft behind that white veil, and her dark eyes shone so in the spring light, and whenever he spoke she raised them to him and smiled.

On Saturday morning Soames had found her at her writing-table with a note written to Swithin, putting him off. Why did she want to put him off? he asked. She might put her own people off when she liked, he would not have her putting off his people!

She had looked at him intently, had torn up the note, and said: "Very well!"

And then she began writing another. He took a casual glance presently, and saw that it was addressed to Bosinney.

"What are you writing to him about?" he asked.

Irene, looking at him again with that intent look, said quietly: "Something he wanted me to do for him!"

"Humph!" said Soames,--"Commissions!"

"You'll have your work cut out if you begin that sort of thing!" He said no more.

Swithin opened his eyes at the mention of Robin Hill; it was a long way for his horses, and he always dined at half-past seven, before the rush at the Club began; the new chef took more trouble with an early dinner--a lazy rascal!

He would like to have a look at the house, however. A house appealed to any Forsyte, and especially to one who had been an auctioneer. After all he said the distance was nothing. When he was a younger man he had had rooms at Richmond for many

years, kept his carriage and pair there, and drove them up and down to business every day of his life.

Four-in-hand Forsyte they called him! His T-cart, his horses had been known from Hyde Park Corner to the Star and Garter. The Duke of Z.... wanted to get hold of them, would have given him double the money, but he had kept them; know a good thing when you have it, eh? A look of solemn pride came portentously on his shaven square old face, he rolled his head in his stand-up collar, like a turkey-cock preening himself.

She was really--a charming woman! He enlarged upon her frock afterwards to Aunt Juley, who held up her hands at his way of putting it.

Fitted her like a skin--tight as a drum; that was how he liked 'em, all of a piece, none of your daverdy, scarecrow women! He gazed at Mrs. Septimus Small, who took after James--long and thin.

"There's style about her," he went on, "fit for a king! And she's so quiet with it too!"

"She seems to have made quite a conquest of you, any way," drawled Aunt Hester from her corner.

Swithin heard extremely well when anybody attacked him.

"What's that?" he said. "I know a--pretty--woman when I see one, and all I can say is, I don't see the young man about that's fit for her; but perhaps--you--do, come, perhaps--you-do!"

"Oh?" murmured Aunt Hester, "ask Juley!"

Long before they reached Robin Hill, however, the unaccustomed airing had made him terribly sleepy; he drove with his eyes closed, a life-time of deportment alone keeping his tall and bulky form from falling askew.

Bosinney, who was watching, came out to meet them, and all three entered the house together; Swithin in front making play with a stout gold-mounted Malacca cane, put into his hand by Adolf, for his knees were feeling the effects of their long stay in the same position. He had assumed his fur coat, to guard against the draughts of the unfinished house.

The staircase--he said--was handsome! the baronial style! They would want some statuary about! He came to a standstill between the columns of the doorway into the inner court, and held out his cane inquiringly.

What was this to be--this vestibule, or whatever they called it? But gazing at the skylight, inspiration came to him.

"Ah! the billiard-room!"

When told it was to be a tiled court with plants in the centre, he turned to Irene:

"Waste this on plants? You take my advice and have a billiard table here!"

Irene smiled. She had lifted her veil, banding it like a nun's coif across her forehead, and the smile of her dark eyes below this seemed to Swithin more charming than ever. He nodded. She would take his advice he saw.

He had little to say of the drawing or dining-rooms, which he described as "spacious"; but fell into such raptures as he permitted to a man of his dignity, in the wine-cellar, to which he descended by stone steps, Bosinney going first with a light.

"You'll have room here," he said, "for six or seven hundred dozen--a very pooty little cellar!"

Bosinney having expressed the wish to show them the house from the copse below, Swithin came to a stop.

"There's a fine view from here," he remarked; "you haven't such a thing as a chair?"

A chair was brought him from Bosinney's tent.

"You go down," he said blandly; "you two! I'll sit here and look at the view."

He sat down by the oak tree, in the sun; square and upright, with one hand stretched out, resting on the nob of his cane, the other planted on his knee; his fur coat thrown open, his hat, roofing with its flat top the pale square of his face; his stare, very blank, fixed on the landscape.

He nodded to them as they went off down through the fields. He was, indeed, not sorry to be left thus for a quiet moment of reflection. The air was balmy, not too much heat in the sun; the prospect a fine one, a remarka.... His head fell a little to one side; he jerked it up and thought: Odd! He--ah! They were waving to him from the bottom! He put up his hand, and moved it more than once. They were active--the prospect was remar.... His head fell to the left, he jerked it up at once; it fell to the right. It remained there; he was asleep.

And asleep, a sentinel on the--top of the rise, he appeared to rule over this prospect--remarkable--like some image blocked out by the special artist, of primeval Forsytes in pagan days, to record the domination of mind over matter!

And all the unnumbered generations of his yeoman ancestors, wont of a Sunday to stand akimbo surveying their little plots of land, their grey unmoving eyes hiding their instinct with its hidden roots of violence, their instinct for possession to the exclusion of all the world--all these unnumbered generations seemed to sit there with him on the top of the rise.

But from him, thus slumbering, his jealous Forsyte spirit travelled far, into God-knows-what jungle of fancies; with those two young people, to see what they were doing down there in the copse--in the copse where the spring was running riot with the scent of sap and bursting buds, the song of birds innumerable, a carpet of bluebells and sweet growing things, and the sun caught like gold in the tops of the trees; to see what they were doing, walking along there so close together on the path that was too narrow; walking along there so close that they were always touching; to watch Irene's eyes, like dark thieves, stealing the heart out of the spring. And a great unseen chaperon, his spirit was there, stopping with them to look at the little furry corpse of a mole, not dead an hour, with his mushroom-and-silver coat untouched by the rain or dew; watching over Irene's bent head, and the soft look of her pitying eyes; and over that young man's head, gazing at her so hard, so strangely. Walking on with them, too, across the open space where a wood-cutter had been at work, where the bluebells were trampled down, and a trunk had swayed and staggered down from its gashed stump. Climbing it with them, over, and on to the very edge of the copse, whence there stretched an undiscovered country, from far away in which came the sounds, 'Cuckoo-cuckoo!'

Silent, standing with them there, and uneasy at their silence! Very queer, very strange!

Then back again, as though guilty, through the wood--back to the cutting, still silent, amongst the songs of birds that never ceased, and the wild scent--hum! what was it--like that herb they put in--back to the log across the path....

And then unseen, uneasy, flapping above them, trying to make noises, his Forsyte spirit watched her balanced on the log, her pretty figure swaying, smiling down at that young man gazing up with such strange, shining eyes, slipping now--a--ah! falling, o--oh! sliding--down his breast; her soft, warm body clutched, her head bent back from his lips; his kiss; her recoil; his cry: "You must know--I love you!" Must know--indeed, a pretty...? Love! Hah!

Swithin awoke; virtue had gone out of him. He had a taste in his mouth. Where was he?

Damme! He had been asleep!

He had dreamed something about a new soup, with a taste of mint in it.

Those young people--where had they got to? His left leg had pins and needles.

"Adolf!" The rascal was not there; the rascal was asleep somewhere.

He stood up, tall, square, bulky in his fur, looking anxiously down over the fields, and presently he saw them coming.

Irene was in front; that young fellow--what had they nicknamed him--'The Buccaneer?' looked precious hangdog there behind her; had got a flea in his ear, he shouldn't wonder. Serve him right, taking her down all that way to look at the house! The proper place to look at a house from was the lawn.

They saw him. He extended his arm, and moved it spasmodically to encourage them. But they had stopped. What were they standing there for, talking--talking? They came on again. She had been, giving him a rub, he had not the least doubt of it, and no wonder, over a house like that--a great ugly thing, not the sort of house he was accustomed to.

He looked intently at their faces, with his pale, immovable stare. That young man looked very queer!

"You'll never make anything of this!" he said tartly, pointing at the mansion;--"too newfangled!"

Bosinney gazed at him as though he had not heard; and Swithin afterwards described him to Aunt Hester as "an extravagant sort of fellow very odd way of looking at you--a bumpy beggar!"

What gave rise to this sudden piece of psychology he did not state; possibly Bosinney's, prominent forehead and cheekbones and chin, or something hungry in his face, which quarrelled with Swithin's conception of the calm satiety that should characterize the perfect gentleman.

He brightened up at the mention of tea. He had a contempt for tea--his brother Jolyon had been in tea; made a lot of money by it--but he was so thirsty, and had such a taste in his mouth, that he was prepared to drink anything. He longed to inform Irene of the taste in his mouth--she was so sympathetic--but it would not be a distinguished thing to do; he rolled his tongue round, and faintly smacked it against his palate.

In a far corner of the tent Adolf was bending his cat-like moustaches over a kettle. He left it at once to draw the cork of a pint-bottle of champagne. Swithin smiled, and, nodding at Bosinney, said: "Why, you're quite a Monte Cristo!" This celebrated novel--one of the half-dozen he had read--had produced an extraordinary impression on his mind.

Taking his glass from the table, he held it away from him to scrutinize the colour; thirsty as he was, it was not likely that he was going to drink trash! Then, placing it to his lips, he took a sip.

"A very nice wine," he said at last, passing it before his nose; "not the equal of my Heidsieck!"

It was at this moment that the idea came to him which he afterwards imparted at Timothy's in this nutshell: "I shouldn't wonder a bit if that architect chap were sweet upon Mrs. Soames!"

And from this moment his pale, round eyes never ceased to bulge with the interest of his discovery.

"The fellow," he said to Mrs. Septimus, "follows her about with his eyes like a dog--the bumpy beggar! I don't wonder at it--she's a very charming woman, and, I should say, the pink of discretion!" A vague consciousness of perfume caging about Irene, like that from a flower with half-closed petals and a passionate heart, moved him to the creation of this image. "But I wasn't sure of it," he said, "till I saw him pick up her handkerchief."

Mrs. Small's eyes boiled with excitement.

"And did he give it her back?" she asked.

"Give it back?" said Swithin: "I saw him slobber on it when he thought I wasn't looking!"

Mrs. Small gasped--too interested to speak.

"But she gave him no encouragement," went on Swithin; he stopped, and stared for a minute or two in the way that alarmed Aunt Hester so--he had suddenly recollected that, as they were starting back in the phaeton, she had given Bosinney her hand a second time, and let it stay there too.... He had touched his horses smartly with the whip, anxious to get her all to himself. But she had looked back, and she had not answered his first question; neither had he been able to see her face--she had kept it hanging down.

There is somewhere a picture, which Swithin has not seen, of a man sitting on a rock, and by him, immersed in the still, green water, a sea-nymph lying on her back, with her hand on her naked breast. She has a half-smile on her face--a smile of hopeless surrender and of secret joy.

Seated by Swithin's side, Irene may have been smiling like that.

When, warmed by champagne, he had her all to himself, he unbosomed himself of his wrongs; of his smothered resentment against the new chef at the club; his worry over the house in Wigmore Street, where the rascally tenant had gone bankrupt through helping his brother-in-law as if charity did not begin at home; of his deafness, too, and that pain he sometimes got in his right side. She listened, her eyes swimming under their lids. He thought she was thinking deeply of his troubles, and pitied himself terribly. Yet in his fur coat, with frogs across the breast, his top hat aslant, driving this beautiful woman, he had never felt more distinguished.

A coster, however, taking his girl for a Sunday airing, seemed to have the same impression about himself. This person had flogged his donkey into a gallop alongside, and sat, upright as a waxwork, in his shallopy chariot, his chin settled pompously on a red handkerchief, like Swithin's on his full cravat; while his girl, with the ends of a fly-blown boa floating out behind, aped a woman of

fashion. Her swain moved a stick with a ragged bit of string dangling from the end, reproducing with strange fidelity the circular flourish of Swithin's whip, and rolled his head at his lady with a leer that had a weird likeness to Swithin's primeval stare.

Though for a time unconscious of the lowly ruffian's presence, Swithin presently took it into his head that he was being guyed. He laid his whip-lash across the mares flank. The two chariots, however, by some unfortunate fatality continued abreast. Swithin's yellow, puffy face grew red; he raised his whip to lash the costermonger, but was saved from so far forgetting his dignity by a special intervention of Providence. A carriage driving out through a gate forced phaeton and donkey-cart into proximity; the wheels grated, the lighter vehicle skidded, and was overturned.

Swithin did not look round. On no account would he have pulled up to help the ruffian. Serve him right if he had broken his neck!

But he could not if he would. The greys had taken alarm. The phaeton swung from side to side, and people raised frightened faces as they went dashing past. Swithin's great arms, stretched at full length, tugged at the reins. His cheeks were puffed, his lips compressed, his swollen face was of a dull, angry red.

Irene had her hand on the rail, and at every lurch she gripped it tightly. Swithin heard her ask:

"Are we going to have an accident, Uncle Swithin?"

He gasped out between his pants: "It's nothing; a--little fresh!"

"I've never been in an accident."

"Don't you move!" He took a look at her. She was smiling, perfectly calm. "Sit still," he repeated. "Never fear, I'll get you home!"

And in the midst of all his terrible efforts, he was surprised to hear her answer in a voice not like her own:

"I don't care if I never get home!"

The carriage giving a terrific lurch, Swithin's exclamation was jerked back into his throat. The horses, winded by the rise of a hill, now steadied to a trot, and finally stopped of their own accord.

"When"--Swithin described it at Timothy's--"I pulled 'em up, there she was as cool as myself. God bless my soul! she behaved as if she didn't care whether she broke her neck or not! What was it she said: 'I don't care if I never get home?" Leaning over the handle of his cane, he wheezed out, to Mrs. Small's terror: "And I'm not altogether surprised, with a finickin' feller like young Soames for a husband!"

It did not occur to him to wonder what Bosinney had done after they had left him there alone; whether he had gone wandering about like the dog to which Swithin had compared him; wandering down to that copse where the spring was still in riot, the cuckoo still calling from afar; gone down there with her handkerchief pressed to lips, its fragrance mingling with the scent of mint and thyme. Gone down there with such a wild, exquisite pain in his heart that he could have cried out among the trees. Or what, indeed, the fellow had done. In fact, till he came to Timothy's, Swithin had forgotten all about him.

CHAPTER IV

JAMES GOES TO SEE FOR HIMSELF

Those ignorant of Forsyte 'Change would not, perhaps, foresee all the stir made by Irene's visit to the house.

After Swithin had related at Timothy's the full story of his memorable drive, the same, with the least suspicion of curiosity, the merest touch of malice, and a real desire to do good, was passed on to June.

"And what a dreadful thing to say, my dear!" ended Aunt Juley; "that about not going home. What did she mean?"

It was a strange recital for the girl. She heard it flushing painfully, and, suddenly, with a curt handshake, took her departure.

"Almost rude!" Mrs. Small said to Aunt Hester, when June was gone.

The proper construction was put on her reception of the news. She was upset. Something was therefore very wrong. Odd! She and Irene had been such friends!

It all tallied too well with whispers and hints that had been going about for some time past. Recollections of Euphemia's account of the visit to the theatre--Mr. Bosinney always at Soames's? Oh, indeed! Yes, of course, he would be about the house! Nothing open. Only upon the greatest, the most important provocation was it necessary to say anything open on Forsyte 'Change. This machine was too nicely adjusted; a hint, the merest trifling expression of regret or doubt, sufficed to set the family soul so sympathetic--vibrating. No one desired that harm should come of these vibrations--far from it; they were set in motion with the best intentions, with the feeling, that each member of the family had a stake in the family soul.

And much kindness lay at the bottom of the gossip; it would frequently result in visits of condolence being made, in accordance with the customs of Society, thereby conferring a real benefit upon the sufferers, and affording consolation to the sound, who felt pleasantly that someone at all events was suffering from that from which they themselves were not suffering. In fact, it was simply a desire to keep things well-aired, the desire which animates the Public Press, that brought James, for instance, into communication with Mrs. Septimus, Mrs. Septimus, with the little Nicholases, the little Nicholases with who-knows-whom, and so on. That great class to which they had risen, and now belonged, demanded a certain candour, a still more certain reticence. This combination guaranteed their membership.

Many of the younger Forsytes felt, very naturally, and would openly declare, that they did not want their affairs pried into; but so powerful was the invisible, magnetic current of family gossip, that for the life of them they could not help knowing all about everything. It was felt to be hopeless.

One of them (young Roger) had made an heroic attempt to free the rising generation, by speaking of Timothy as an 'old cat.' The effort had justly recoiled upon himself; the words, coming round in the most delicate way to Aunt Juley's ears, were repeated by her in a shocked voice to Mrs. Roger, whence they returned again to young Roger.

And, after all, it was only the wrong-doers who suffered; as, for instance, George, when he lost all that money playing billiards; or young Roger himself, when he was so dreadfully near to marrying the girl to whom, it was whispered, he was already married by the laws of Nature; or again Irene, who was thought, rather than said, to be in danger.

All this was not only pleasant but salutary. And it made so many hours go lightly at Timothy's in the Bayswater Road; so many hours that must otherwise have been sterile and heavy to those three who lived there; and Timothy's was but one of hundreds of such homes in this City of London--the homes of neutral persons of the secure classes, who are out of the battle themselves, and must find their reason for existing, in the battles of others.

But for the sweetness of family gossip, it must indeed have been lonely there. Rumours and tales, reports, surmises--were they not the children of the house, as dear and precious as the prattling babes the brother and sisters had missed in their own journey? To talk about them was as near as they could get to the possession of all those children and grandchildren, after whom their soft hearts yearned. For though it is doubtful whether Timothy's heart yearned, it is indubitable that at the arrival of each fresh Forsyte child he was quite upset.

Useless for young Roger to say, "Old cat!" for Euphemia to hold up her hands and cry: "Oh! those three!" and break into her silent laugh with the squeak at the end. Useless, and not too kind.

The situation which at this stage might seem, and especially to Forsyte eyes, strange--not to say 'impossible'--was, in view of certain facts, not so strange after all. Some things had been lost sight of. And first, in the security bred of many harmless marriages, it had been forgotten that Love is no hot-house flower, but a wild plant, born of a wet night, born of an hour of sunshine; sprung from wild seed, blown along the road by a wild wind. A wild plant that, when it blooms by chance within the hedge of our gardens, we call a flower; and when it blooms outside we call a weed; but, flower or weed, whose scent and colour are always, wild! And further--the facts and figures of their own lives being against the perception of this truth--it was not generally recognised by Forsytes that, where, this wild plant springs, men and women are but moths around the pale, flame-like blossom.

It was long since young Jolyon's escapade--there was danger of a tradition again arising that people in their position never cross the hedge to pluck that flower; that one could reckon on having love, like measles, once in due season, and getting over it comfortably for all time--as with measles, on a soothing mixture of butter and honey--in the arms of wedlock.

Of all those whom this strange rumour about Bosinney and Mrs. Soames reached, James was the most affected. He had long forgotten how he had hovered, lanky and pale, in side whiskers of chestnut hue, round Emily, in the days of his own courtship. He had long forgotten the small house in the purlieus of Mayfair, where he had spent the early days of his married life, or rather, he had

long forgotten the early days, not the small house,--a Forsyte never forgot a house--he had afterwards sold it at a clear profit of four hundred pounds.

He had long forgotten those days, with their hopes and fears and doubts about the prudence of the match (for Emily, though pretty, had nothing, and he himself at that time was making a bare thousand a year), and that strange, irresistible attraction which had drawn him on, till he felt he must die if he could not marry the girl with the fair hair, looped so neatly back, the fair arms emerging from a skin-tight bodice, the fair form decorously shielded by a cage of really stupendous circumference.

James had passed through the fire, but he had passed also through the river of years which washes out the fire; he had experienced the saddest experience of all--forgetfulness of what it was like to be in love.

Forgotten! Forgotten so long, that he had forgotten even that he had forgotten.

And now this rumour had come upon him, this rumour about his son's wife; very vague, a shadow dodging among the palpable, straightforward appearances of things, unreal, unintelligible as a ghost, but carrying with it, like a ghost, inexplicable terror.

He tried to bring it home to his mind, but it was no more use than trying to apply to himself one of those tragedies he read of daily in his evening paper. He simply could not. There could be nothing in it. It was all their nonsense. She didn't get on with Soames as well as she might, but she was a good little thing--a good little thing!

Like the not inconsiderable majority of men, James relished a nice little bit of scandal, and would say, in a matter-of-fact tone, licking his lips, "Yes, yes--she and young Dyson; they tell me they're living at Monte Carlo!"

But the significance of an affair of this sort--of its past, its present, or its future--had never struck him. What it meant, what torture and raptures had gone to its construction, what slow, overmastering fate had lurked within the facts, very naked, sometimes sordid, but generally spicy, presented to his gaze. He was not in the habit of blaming, praising, drawing deductions, or generalizing at all about such things; he simply listened rather greedily, and repeated what he was told, finding considerable benefit from the practice, as from the consumption of a sherry and bitters before a meal.

Now, however, that such a thing--or rather the rumour, the breath of it--had come near him personally, he felt as in a fog, which filled his mouth full of a bad, thick flavour, and made it difficult to draw breath.

A scandal! A possible scandal!

To repeat this word to himself thus was the only way in which he could focus or make it thinkable. He had forgotten the sensations necessary for understanding the progress, fate, or meaning of any such business; he simply could no longer grasp the possibilities of people running any risk for the sake of passion.

Amongst all those persons of his acquaintance, who went into the City day after day and did their business there, whatever it was, and in their leisure moments bought shares, and houses, and ate dinners, and played games, as he was told, it would have seemed to him ridiculous to suppose that there were any who would run risks for the sake of anything so recondite, so figurative, as passion.

Passion! He seemed, indeed, to have heard of it, and rules such as 'A young man and a young woman ought never to be trusted together' were fixed in his mind as the parallels of latitude are fixed on a map (for all Forsytes, when it comes to 'bed-rock' matters of fact, have quite a fine taste in realism); but as to anything else--well, he could only appreciate it at all through the catch-word 'scandal.'

Ah! but there was no truth in it--could not be. He was not afraid; she was really a good little thing. But there it was when you got a thing like that into your mind. And James was of a nervous temperament--one of those men whom things will not leave alone, who suffer tortures from anticipation and indecision. For fear of letting something slip that he might otherwise secure, he was physically unable to make up his mind until absolutely certain that, by not making it up, he would suffer loss.

In life, however, there were many occasions when the business of making up his mind did not even rest with himself, and this was one of them.

What could he do? Talk it over with Soames? That would only make matters worse. And, after all, there was nothing in it, he felt sure.

It was all that house. He had mistrusted the idea from the first. What did Soames want to go into the country for? And, if he must go spending a lot of money building himself a house, why not have a first-rate man, instead of this young Bosinney, whom nobody knew anything about? He had told them how it would be. And he had heard that the house was costing Soames a pretty penny beyond what he had reckoned on spending.

This fact, more than any other, brought home to James the real danger of the situation. It was always like this with these 'artistic' chaps; a sensible man should have nothing to say to them. He had warned Irene, too. And see what had come of it!

And it suddenly sprang into James's mind that he ought to go and see for himself. In the midst of that fog of uneasiness in which his mind was enveloped the notion that he could go and look at the house afforded him inexplicable satisfaction. It may have been simply the decision to do something--more possibly the fact that he was going to look at a house--that gave him relief. He felt that in staring at an edifice of bricks and mortar, of wood and stone, built by the suspected man himself, he would be looking into the heart of that rumour about Irene.

Without saying a word, therefore, to anyone, he took a hansom to the station and proceeded by train to Robin Hill; thence--there being no 'flies,' in accordance with the custom of the neighbourhood--he found himself obliged to walk.

He started slowly up the hill, his angular knees and high shoulders bent complainingly, his eyes fixed on his feet, yet, neat for all that, in his high hat and his frock-coat, on which was the speckless gloss imparted by perfect superintendence. Emily saw to that; that is, she did not, of course, see to it--people of good position not seeing to each other's buttons, and Emily was of good position--but she saw that the butler saw to it.

He had to ask his way three times; on each occasion he repeated the directions given him, got the man to repeat them, then repeated them a second time, for he was naturally of a talkative disposition, and one could not be too careful in a new neighbourhood.

He kept assuring them that it was a new house he was looking for; it was only, however, when he was shown the roof through the trees that he could feel really satisfied that he had not been directed entirely wrong.

A heavy sky seemed to cover the world with the grey whiteness of a whitewashed ceiling. There was no freshness or fragrance in the air. On such a day even British workmen scarcely cared to do more then they were obliged, and moved about their business without the drone of talk which whiles away the pangs of labour.

Through spaces of the unfinished house, shirt-sleeved figures worked slowly, and sounds arose--spasmodic knockings, the scraping of metal, the sawing of wood, with the rumble of wheelbarrows along boards; now and again the foreman's dog, tethered by a string to an oaken beam, whimpered feebly, with a sound like the singing of a kettle.

The fresh-fitted window-panes, daubed each with a white patch in the centre, stared out at James like the eyes of a blind dog.

And the building chorus went on, strident and mirthless under the grey-white sky. But the thrushes, hunting amongst the fresh-turned earth for worms, were silent quite.

James picked his way among the heaps of gravel--the drive was being laid--till he came opposite the porch. Here he stopped and raised his eyes. There was but little to see from this point of view, and that little he took in at once; but he stayed in this position many minutes, and who shall know of what he thought.

His china-blue eyes under white eyebrows that jutted out in little horns, never stirred; the long upper lip of his wide mouth, between the fine white whiskers, twitched once or twice; it was easy to see from that anxious rapt expression, whence Soames derived the handicapped look which sometimes came upon his face. James might have been saying to himself: 'I don't know--life's a tough job.'

In this position Bosinney surprised him.

James brought his eyes down from whatever bird's-nest they had been looking for in the sky to Bosinney's face, on which was a kind of humorous scorn.

"How do you do, Mr. Forsyte? Come down to see for yourself?"

It was exactly what James, as we know, had come for, and he was made correspondingly uneasy. He held out his hand, however, saying:

"How are you?" without looking at Bosinney.

The latter made way for him with an ironical smile.

James scented something suspicious in this courtesy. "I should like to walk round the outside first," he said, "and see what you've been doing!"

A flagged terrace of rounded stones with a list of two or three inches to port had been laid round the south-east and south-west sides of the house, and ran with a bevelled edge into mould, which was in preparation for being turfed; along this terrace James led the way.

"Now what did this cost?" he asked, when he saw the terrace extending round the corner.

"What should you think?" inquired Bosinney.

"How should I know?" replied James somewhat nonplussed; "two or three hundred, I dare say!"

"The exact sum!"

James gave him a sharp look, but the architect appeared unconscious, and he put the answer down to mishearing.

On arriving at the garden entrance, he stopped to look at the view.

"That ought to come down," he said, pointing to the oak-tree.

"You think so? You think that with the tree there you don't get enough view for your money."

Again James eyed him suspiciously--this young man had a peculiar way of putting things: "Well!" he said, with a perplexed, nervous, emphasis, "I don't see what you want with a tree."

"It shall come down to-morrow," said Bosinney.

James was alarmed. "Oh," he said, "don't go saying I said it was to come down! I know nothing about it!"

"No?"

James went on in a fluster: "Why, what should I know about it? It's nothing to do with me! You do it on your own responsibility."

"You'll allow me to mention your name?"

James grew more and more alarmed: "I don't know what you want mentioning my name for," he muttered; "you'd better leave the tree alone. It's not your tree!"

He took out a silk handkerchief and wiped his brow. They entered the house. Like Swithin, James was impressed by the inner court-yard.

"You must have spent a douce of a lot of money here," he said, after staring at the columns and gallery for some time. "Now, what did it cost to put up those columns?"

"I can't tell you off-hand," thoughtfully answered Bosinney, "but I know it was a deuce of a lot!"

"I should think so," said James. "I should...." He caught the architect's eye, and broke off. And now, whenever he came to anything of which he desired to know the cost, he stifled that curiosity.

Bosinney appeared determined that he should see everything, and had not James been of too 'noticing' a nature, he would certainly have found himself going round the house a second time. He seemed so anxious to be asked questions, too, that James felt he must be on his guard. He began to suffer from his exertions, for, though wiry enough for a man of his long build, he was seventy-five years old.

He grew discouraged; he seemed no nearer to anything, had not obtained from his inspection any of the knowledge he had vaguely hoped for. He had merely increased his dislike and mistrust of this young man, who had tired him out with his politeness, and in whose manner he now certainly detected mockery.

The fellow was sharper than he had thought, and better-looking than he had hoped. He had a--a 'don't care' appearance that James, to whom risk was the most intolerable thing in life, did not appreciate; a peculiar smile, too, coming when least expected; and very queer eyes. He reminded James, as he said afterwards, of a hungry cat. This was as near as he could get, in conversation with Emily, to a description of the peculiar exasperation, velvetiness, and mockery, of which Bosinney's manner had been composed.

At last, having seen all that was to be seen, he came out again at the door where he had gone in; and now, feeling that he was wasting time and strength and money, all for nothing, he took the courage of a Forsyte in both hands, and, looking sharply at Bosinney, said:

"I dare say you see a good deal of my daughter-in-law; now, what does she think of the house? But she hasn't seen it, I suppose?"

This he said, knowing all about Irene's visit not, of course, that there was anything in the visit, except that extraordinary remark she had made about 'not caring to get home'--and the story of how June had taken the news!

He had determined, by this way of putting the question, to give Bosinney a chance, as he said to himself.

The latter was long in answering, but kept his eyes with uncomfortable steadiness on James.

"She has seen the house, but I can't tell you what she thinks of it."

Nervous and baffled, James was constitutionally prevented from letting the matter drop.

"Oh!" he said, "she has seen it? Soames brought her down, I suppose?"

Bosinney smilingly replied: "Oh, no!"

"What, did she come down alone?"

"Oh, no!"

"Then--who brought her?"

"I really don't know whether I ought to tell you who brought her."

To James, who knew that it was Swithin, this answer appeared incomprehensible.

"Why!" he stammered, "you know that...." but he stopped, suddenly perceiving his danger.

"Well," he said, "if you don't want to tell me I suppose you won't! Nobody tells me anything."

Somewhat to his surprise Bosinney asked him a question.

"By the by," he said, "could you tell me if there are likely to be any more of you coming down? I should like to be on the spot!"

"Any more?" said James bewildered, "who should there be more? I don't know of any more. Good-bye?"

Looking at the ground he held out his hand, crossed the palm of it with Bosinney's, and taking his umbrella just above the silk, walked away along the terrace.

Before he turned the corner he glanced back, and saw Bosinney following him slowly--'slinking along the wall' as he put it to himself, 'like a great cat.' He paid no attention when the young fellow raised his hat.

Outside the drive, and out of sight, he slackened his pace still more. Very slowly, more bent than when he came, lean, hungry, and disheartened, he made his way back to the station.

The Buccaneer, watching him go so sadly home, felt sorry perhaps for his behaviour to the old man.

CHAPTER V

SOAMES AND BOSINNEY CORRESPOND

James said nothing to his son of this visit to the house; but, having occasion to go to Timothy's on morning on a matter connected with a drainage scheme which was being forced by the sanitary authorities on his brother, he mentioned it there.

It was not, he said, a bad house. He could see that a good deal could be made of it. The fellow was clever in his way, though what it was going to cost Soames before it was done with he didn't know.

Euphemia Forsyte, who happened to be in the room--she had come round to borrow the Rev. Mr. Scoles' last novel, 'Passion and Paregoric', which was having such a vogue--chimed in.

"I saw Irene yesterday at the Stores; she and Mr. Bosinney were having a nice little chat in the Groceries."

It was thus, simply, that she recorded a scene which had really made a deep and complicated impression on her. She had been hurrying to the silk department of the Church and Commercial Stores--that Institution than which, with its admirable system, admitting only guaranteed persons on a basis of payment before delivery, no emporium can be more highly recommended to Forsytes--to match a piece of prunella silk for her mother, who was waiting in the carriage outside.

Passing through the Groceries her eye was unpleasantly attracted by the back view of a very beautiful figure. It was so charmingly proportioned, so balanced, and so well clothed, that Euphemia's instinctive propriety was at once alarmed; such figures, she knew, by intuition rather than experience, were rarely connected with virtue--certainly never in her mind, for her own back was somewhat difficult to fit.

Her suspicions were fortunately confirmed. A young man coming from the Drugs had snatched off his hat, and was accosting the lady with the unknown back.

It was then that she saw with whom she had to deal; the lady was undoubtedly Mrs. Soames, the young man Mr. Bosinney. Concealing herself rapidly over the purchase of a box of Tunisian dates, for she was impatient of awkwardly meeting people with parcels in her hands, and at the busy time of the morning, she was quite unintentionally an interested observer of their little interview.

Mrs. Soames, usually somewhat pale, had a delightful colour in her cheeks; and Mr. Bosinney's manner was strange, though attractive (she thought him rather a distinguished-looking man, and George's name for him, 'The Buccaneer'--about which there was something romantic--quite charming). He seemed to be pleading. Indeed, they talked so earnestly--or, rather, he talked so earnestly, for Mrs. Soames did not say much--that they caused, inconsiderately, an eddy in the traffic. One nice old General, going towards Cigars, was obliged to step quite out of the way, and chancing to look up and see Mrs. Soames' face, he actually took off his hat, the old fool! So like a man!

But it was Mrs. Soames' eyes that worried Euphemia. She never once looked at Mr. Bosinney until he moved on, and then she looked after him. And, oh, that look!

On that look Euphemia had spent much anxious thought. It is not too much to say that it had hurt her with its dark, lingering softness, for all the world as though the woman wanted to drag him back, and unsay something she had been saying.

Ah, well, she had had no time to go deeply into the matter just then, with that prunella silk on her hands; but she was 'very intriguee'--very! She had just nodded to Mrs. Soames, to show her that she had seen; and, as she confided, in talking it over afterwards, to her chum Francie (Roger's daughter), "Didn't she look caught out just? ...."

James, most averse at the first blush to accepting any news confirmatory of his own poignant suspicions, took her up at once.

"Oh" he said, "they'd be after wall-papers no doubt."

Euphemia smiled. "In the Groceries?" she said softly; and, taking 'Passion and Paregoric' from the table, added: "And so you'll lend me this, dear Auntie? Good-bye!" and went away.

James left almost immediately after; he was late as it was.

When he reached the office of Forsyte, Bustard and Forsyte, he found Soames, sitting in his revolving, chair, drawing up a defence. The latter greeted his father with a curt good-morning, and, taking an envelope from his pocket, said:

"It may interest you to look through this."

James read as follows:

309D, SLOANE STREET, May 15. 'DEAR FORSYTE,

'The construction of your house being now completed, my duties as architect have come to an end. If I am to go on with the business of decoration, which at your request I undertook, I should like you to clearly understand that I must have a free hand.

'You never come down without suggesting something that goes counter to my scheme. I have here three letters from you, each of which recommends an article I should never dream of putting in. I had your father here yesterday afternoon, who made further valuable suggestions.

'Please make up your mind, therefore, whether you want me to decorate for you, or to retire which on the whole I should prefer to do.

'But understand that, if I decorate, I decorate alone, without interference of any sort.

If I do the thing, I will do it thoroughly, but I must have a free hand.

'Yours truly, 'PHILIP BOSINNEY.'

The exact and immediate cause of this letter cannot, of course, be told, though it is not improbable that Bosinney may have been moved by some sudden revolt against his position towards Soames--that eternal position of Art towards Property--which is so admirably summed up, on the back of the most indispensable of modern appliances, in a sentence comparable to the very finest in Tacitus:

THOS. T. SORROW, Inventor. BERT M. PADLAND, Proprietor.

"What are you going to say to him?" James asked.

Soames did not even turn his head. "I haven't made up my mind," he said, and went on with his defence.

A client of his, having put some buildings on a piece of ground that did not belong to him, had been suddenly and most irritatingly warned to take them off again. After carefully going into the facts, however, Soames had seen his way to advise that his client had what was known as a title by possession, and that, though undoubtedly the ground did not belong to him, he was entitled to keep it, and had better do so; and he was now following up this advice by taking steps to--as the sailors say--'make it so.'

He had a distinct reputation for sound advice; people saying of him: "Go to young Forsyte--a long-headed fellow!" and he prized this reputation highly.

His natural taciturnity was in his favour; nothing could be more calculated to give people, especially people with property (Soames had no other clients), the impression that he was a safe man. And he was safe. Tradition, habit, education, inherited aptitude, native caution, all joined to form a solid professional honesty, superior to temptation--from the very fact that it was built on an innate avoidance of risk. How could he fall, when his soul abhorred circumstances which render a fall possible--a man cannot fall off the floor!

And those countless Forsytes, who, in the course of innumerable transactions concerned with property of all sorts (from wives to water rights), had occasion for the services of a safe man, found it both reposeful and profitable to confide in Soames. That slight supercilliousness of his, combined with an air of mousing amongst precedents, was in his favour too--a man would not be supercilious unless he knew!

He was really at the head of the business, for though James still came nearly every day to, see for himself, he did little now but sit in his chair, twist his legs, slightly confuse things already decided, and presently go away again, and the other partner, Bustard, was a poor thing, who did a great deal of work, but whose opinion was never taken.

So Soames went steadily on with his defence. Yet it would be idle to say that his mind was at ease. He was suffering from a sense of impending trouble, that had haunted him for some time past. He tried to think it physical--a condition of his liver--but knew that it was not.

He looked at his watch. In a quarter of an hour he was due at the General Meeting of the New Colliery Company--one of Uncle Jolyon's concerns; he should see Uncle Jolyon there, and say something to him about Bosinney--he had not made up his mind

what, but something--in any case he should not answer this letter until he had seen Uncle Jolyon. He got up and methodically put away the draft of his defence. Going into a dark little cupboard, he turned up the light, washed his hands with a piece of brown Windsor soap, and dried them on a roller towel. Then he brushed his hair, paying strict attention to the parting, turned down the light, took his hat, and saying he would be back at half-past two, stepped into the Poultry.

It was not far to the Offices of the New Colliery Company in Ironmonger Lane, where, and not at the Cannon Street Hotel, in accordance with the more ambitious practice of other companies, the General Meeting was always held. Old Jolyon had from the first set his face against the Press. What business--he said--had the Public with his concerns!

Soames arrived on the stroke of time, and took his seat alongside the Board, who, in a row, each Director behind his own ink-pot, faced their Shareholders.

In the centre of this row old Jolyon, conspicuous in his black, tightly-buttoned frock-coat and his white moustaches, was leaning back with finger tips crossed on a copy of the Directors' report and accounts.

On his right hand, always a little larger than life, sat the Secretary, 'Down-by-the-starn' Hemmings; an all-too-sad sadness beaming in his fine eyes; his iron-grey beard, in mourning like the rest of him, giving the feeling of an all-too-black tie behind it.

The occasion indeed was a melancholy one, only six weeks having elapsed since that telegram had come from Scorrier, the mining expert, on a private mission to the Mines, informing them that Pippin, their Superintendent, had committed suicide in endeavouring, after his extraordinary two years' silence, to write a letter to his Board. That letter was on the table now; it would be read to the Shareholders, who would of course be put into possession of all the facts.

Hemmings had often said to Soames, standing with his coat-tails divided before the fireplace:

"What our Shareholders don't know about our affairs isn't worth knowing. You may take that from me, Mr. Soames."

On one occasion, old Jolyon being present, Soames recollected a little unpleasantness. His uncle had looked up sharply and said: "Don't talk nonsense, Hemmings! You mean that what they do know isn't worth knowing!" Old Jolyon detested humbug.

Hemmings, angry-eyed, and wearing a smile like that of a trained poodle, had replied in an outburst of artificial applause: "Come, now, that's good, sir--that's very good. Your uncle will have his joke!"

The next time he had seen Soames he had taken the opportunity of saying to him: "The chairman's getting very old!--I can't get him to understand things; and he's so wilful--but what can you expect, with a chin like his?"

Soames had nodded.

Everyone knew that Uncle Jolyon's chin was a caution. He was looking worried to-day, in spite of his General Meeting look; he (Soames) should certainly speak to him about Bosinney.

Beyond old Jolyon on the left was little Mr. Booker, and he, too, wore his General Meeting look, as though searching for some particularly tender shareholder. And next him was the deaf director, with a frown; and beyond the deaf director, again, was old Mr. Bleedham, very bland, and having an air of conscious virtue--as well he might, knowing that the brown-paper parcel he always brought to the Board-room was concealed behind his hat (one of that old-fashioned class, of flat-brimmed top-hats which go with very large bow ties, clean-shaven lips, fresh cheeks, and neat little, white whiskers).

Soames always attended the General Meeting; it was considered better that he should do so, in case 'anything should arise!' He glanced round with his close, supercilious air at the walls of the room, where hung plans of the mine and harbour, together with a large photograph of a shaft leading to a working which had proved quite remarkably unprofitable. This photograph--a witness to the eternal irony underlying commercial enterprise till retained its position on the--wall, an effigy of the directors' pet, but dead, lamb.

And now old Jolyon rose, to present the report and accounts.

Veiling under a Jove-like serenity that perpetual antagonism deep-seated in the bosom of a director towards his shareholders, he faced them calmly. Soames faced them too. He knew most of them by sight. There was old Scrubsole, a tar man, who always came, as Hemmings would say, 'to make himself nasty,' a cantankerous-looking old fellow with a red face, a jowl, and an enormous low-crowned hat reposing on his knee. And the Rev. Mr. Boms, who always proposed a vote of thanks to the chairman, in which he invariably expressed the hope that the Board would not forget to elevate their employees, using the word with a double e, as being

more vigorous and Anglo-Saxon (he had the strong Imperialistic tendencies of his cloth). It was his salutary custom to buttonhole a director afterwards, and ask him whether he thought the coming year would be good or bad; and, according to the trend of the answer, to buy or sell three shares within the ensuing fortnight.

And there was that military man, Major O'Bally, who could not help speaking, if only to second the re-election of the auditor, and who sometimes caused serious consternation by taking toasts--proposals rather--out of the hands of persons who had been flattered with little slips of paper, entrusting the said proposals to their care.

These made up the lot, together with four or five strong, silent shareholders, with whom Soames could sympathize--men of business, who liked to keep an eye on their affairs for themselves, without being fussy--good, solid men, who came to the City every day and went back in the evening to good, solid wives.

Good, solid wives! There was something in that thought which roused the nameless uneasiness in Soames again.

What should he say to his uncle? What answer should he make to this letter?

. . . . "If any shareholder has any question to put, I shall be glad to answer it." A soft thump. Old Jolyon had let the report and accounts fall, and stood twisting his tortoise-shell glasses between thumb and forefinger.

The ghost of a smile appeared on Soames' face. They had better hurry up with their questions! He well knew his uncle's method (the ideal one) of at once saying: "I propose, then, that the report and accounts be adopted!" Never let them get their wind--shareholders were notoriously wasteful of time!

A tall, white-bearded man, with a gaunt, dissatisfied face, arose:

"I believe I am in order, Mr. Chairman, in raising a question on this figure of L5000 in the accounts. 'To the widow and family'" (he looked sourly round), "'of our late superintendent,' who so--er--ill-advisedly (I say--ill-advisedly) committed suicide, at a time when his services were of the utmost value to this Company. You have stated that the agreement which he has so unfortunately cut short with his own hand was for a period of five years, of which one only had expired--I--"

Old Jolyon made a gesture of impatience.

"I believe I am in order, Mr. Chairman--I ask whether this amount paid, or proposed to be paid, by the Board to the er--deceased--is for services which might have been rendered to the Company--had he not committed suicide?"

"It is in recognition of past services, which we all know--you as well as any of us--to have been of vital value."

"Then, sir, all I have to say is that the services being past, the amount is too much."

The shareholder sat down.

Old Jolyon waited a second and said: "I now propose that the report and--"

The shareholder rose again: "May I ask if the Board realizes that it is not their money which--I don't hesitate to say that if it were their money...."

A second shareholder, with a round, dogged face, whom Soames recognised as the late superintendent's brother-in-law, got up and said warmly: "In my opinion, sir, the sum is not enough!"

The Rev. Mr. Boms now rose to his feet. "If I may venture to express myself," he said, "I should say that the fact of the--er--deceased having committed suicide should weigh very heavily--very heavily with our worthy chairman. I have no doubt it has weighed with him, for--I say this for myself and I think for everyone present (hear, hear)--he enjoys our confidence in a high degree. We all desire, I should hope, to be charitable. But I feel sure" (he-looked severely at the late superintendent's brother-in-law) "that he will in some way, by some written expression, or better perhaps by reducing the amount, record our grave disapproval that so promising and valuable a life should have been thus impiously removed from a sphere where both its own interests and--if I may say so--our interests so imperatively demanded its continuance. We should not--nay, we may not--countenance so grave a dereliction of all duty, both human and divine."

The reverend gentleman resumed his seat. The late superintendent's brother-in-law again rose: "What I have said I stick to," he said; "the amount is not enough!"

The first shareholder struck in: "I challenge the legality of the payment. In my opinion this payment is not legal. The Company's solicitor is present; I believe I am in order in asking him the question."

All eyes were now turned upon Soames. Something had arisen!

He stood up, close-lipped and cold; his nerves inwardly fluttered, his attention tweaked away at last from contemplation of that cloud looming on the horizon of his mind.

"The point," he said in a low, thin voice, "is by no means clear. As there is no possibility of future consideration being received, it is doubtful whether the payment is strictly legal. If it is desired, the opinion of the court could be taken."

The superintendent's brother-in-law frowned, and said in a meaning tone: "We have no doubt the opinion of the court could be taken. May I ask the name of the gentleman who has given us that striking piece of information? Mr. Soames Forsyte? Indeed!" He looked from Soames to old Jolyon in a pointed manner.

A flush coloured Soames' pale cheeks, but his superciliousness did not waver. Old Jolyon fixed his eyes on the speaker.

"If," he said, "the late superintendents brother-in-law has nothing more to say, I propose that the report and accounts...."

At this moment, however, there rose one of those five silent, stolid shareholders, who had excited Soames' sympathy. He said:

"I deprecate the proposal altogether. We are expected to give charity to this man's wife and children, who, you tell us, were dependent on him. They may have been; I do not care whether they were or not. I object to the whole thing on principle. It is high time a stand was made against this sentimental humanitarianism. The country is eaten up with it. I object to my money being paid to these people of whom I know nothing, who have done nothing to earn it. I object in toto; it is not business. I now move that the report and accounts be put back, and amended by striking out the grant altogether."

Old Jolyon had remained standing while the strong, silent man was speaking. The speech awoke an echo in all hearts, voicing, as it did, the worship of strong men, the movement against generosity, which had at that time already commenced among the saner members of the community.

The words 'it is not business' had moved even the Board; privately everyone felt that indeed it was not. But they knew also the chairman's domineering temper and tenacity. He, too, at heart must feel that it was not business; but he was committed to his own proposition. Would he go back upon it? It was thought to be unlikely.

All waited with interest. Old Jolyon held up his hand; dark-rimmed glasses depending between his finger and thumb quivered slightly with a suggestion of menace.

He addressed the strong, silent shareholder.

"Knowing, as you do, the efforts of our late superintendent upon the occasion of the explosion at the mines, do you seriously wish me to put that amendment, sir?"

"I do."

Old Jolyon put the amendment.

"Does anyone second this?" he asked, looking calmly round.

And it was then that Soames, looking at his uncle, felt the power of will that was in that old man. No one stirred. Looking straight into the eyes of the strong, silent shareholder, old Jolyon said:

"I now move, 'That the report and accounts for the year 1886 be received and adopted.' You second that? Those in favour signify the same in the usual way. Contrary--no. Carried. The next business, gentlemen...."

Soames smiled. Certainly Uncle Jolyon had a way with him!

But now his attention relapsed upon Bosinney.

Odd how that fellow haunted his thoughts, even in business hours.

Irene's visit to the house--but there was nothing in that, except that she might have told him; but then, again, she never did tell him anything. She was more silent, more touchy, every day. He wished to God the house were finished, and they were in it, away from London. Town did not suit her; her nerves were not strong enough. That nonsense of the separate room had cropped up again!

The meeting was breaking up now. Underneath the photograph of the lost shaft Hemmings was buttonholed by the Rev. Mr. Boms. Little Mr. Booker, his bristling eyebrows wreathed in angry smiles, was having a parting turn-up with old Scrubsole. The two hated each other like poison. There was some matter of a tar-contract between them, little Mr. Booker having secured it from the Board for a nephew of his, over old Scrubsole's head. Soames had heard that from Hemmings, who liked a gossip, more especially about his directors, except, indeed, old Jolyon, of whom he was afraid.

Soames awaited his opportunity. The last shareholder was vanishing through the door, when he approached his uncle, who was putting on his hat.

"Can I speak to you for a minute, Uncle Jolyon?"

It is uncertain what Soames expected to get out of this interview.

Apart from that somewhat mysterious awe in which Forsytes in general held old Jolyon, due to his philosophic twist, or perhaps--as Hemmings would doubtless have said--to his chin, there was, and always had been, a subtle antagonism between the younger man and the old. It had lurked under their dry manner of greeting, under their non-committal allusions to each other, and arose perhaps from old Jolyon's perception of the quiet tenacity ('obstinacy,' he rather naturally called it) of the young man, of a secret doubt whether he could get his own way with him.

Both these Forsytes, wide asunder as the poles in many respects, possessed in their different ways--to a greater degree than the rest of the family--that essential quality of tenacious and prudent insight into 'affairs,' which is the highwater mark of their great class. Either of them, with a little luck and opportunity, was equal to a lofty career; either of them would have made a good financier, a great contractor, a statesman, though old Jolyon, in certain of his moods when under the influence of a cigar or of Nature--would have been capable of, not perhaps despising, but certainly of questioning, his own high position, while Soames, who never smoked cigars, would not.

Then, too, in old Jolyon's mind there was always the secret ache, that the son of James--of James, whom he had always thought such a poor thing, should be pursuing the paths of success, while his own son...!

And last, not least--for he was no more outside the radiation of family gossip than any other Forsyte--he had now heard the sinister, indefinite, but none the less disturbing rumour about Bosinney, and his pride was wounded to the quick.

Characteristically, his irritation turned not against Irene but against Soames. The idea that his nephew's wife (why couldn't the fellow take better care of her--Oh! quaint injustice! as though Soames could possibly take more care!)--should be drawing to herself June's lover, was intolerably humiliating. And seeing the danger, he did not, like James, hide it away in sheer nervousness, but owned with the dispassion of his broader outlook, that it was not unlikely; there was something very attractive about Irene!

He had a presentiment on the subject of Soames' communication as they left the Board Room together, and went out into the noise and hurry of Cheapside. They walked together a good minute without speaking, Soames with his mousing, mincing step, and old Jolyon upright and using his umbrella languidly as a walking-stick.

They turned presently into comparative quiet, for old Jolyon's way to a second Board led him in the direction of Moorage Street.

Then Soames, without lifting his eyes, began: "I've had this letter from Bosinney. You see what he says; I thought I'd let you know. I've spent a lot more than I intended on this house, and I want the position to be clear."

Old Jolyon ran his eyes unwillingly over the letter: "What he says is clear enough," he said.

"He talks about 'a free hand,'" replied Soames.

Old Jolyon looked at him. The long-suppressed irritation and antagonism towards this young fellow, whose affairs were beginning to intrude upon his own, burst from him.

"Well, if you don't trust him, why do you employ him?"

Soames stole a sideway look: "It's much too late to go into that," he said, "I only want it to be quite understood that if I give him a free hand, he doesn't let me in. I thought if you were to speak to him, it would carry more weight!"

"No," said old Jolyon abruptly; "I'll have nothing to do with it!"

The words of both uncle and nephew gave the impression of unspoken meanings, far more important, behind. And the look they interchanged was like a revelation of this consciousness.

"Well," said Soames; "I thought, for June's sake, I'd tell you, that's all; I thought you'd better know I shan't stand any nonsense!"

"What is that to me?" old Jolyon took him up.

"Oh! I don't know," said Soames, and flurried by that sharp look he was unable to say more. "Don't say I didn't tell you," he added sulkily, recovering his composure.

"Tell me!" said old Jolyon; "I don't know what you mean. You come worrying me about a thing like this. I don't want to hear about your affairs; you must manage them yourself!"

"Very well," said Soames immovably, "I will!"

"Good-morning, then," said old Jolyon, and they parted.

Soames retraced his steps, and going into a celebrated eating-house, asked for a plate of smoked salmon and a glass of Chablis; he seldom ate much in the middle of the day, and generally ate standing, finding the position beneficial to his liver, which was very sound, but to which he desired to put down all his troubles.

When he had finished he went slowly back to his office, with bent head, taking no notice of the swarming thousands on the pavements, who in their turn took no notice of him.

The evening post carried the following reply to Bosinney:

'FORSYTE, BUSTARD AND FORSYTE, 'Commissioners for Oaths, '92001, BRANCH LANE, POULTRY, E.C.,

'May 17, 1887. 'DEAR BOSINNEY,

'I have, received your letter, the terms of which not a little surprise me. I was under the impression that you had, and have had all along, a "free hand"; for I do not recollect that any suggestions I have been so unfortunate as to make have met with your approval. In giving you, in accordance with your request, this "free hand," I wish you to clearly understand that the total cost of the house as handed over to me completely decorated, inclusive of your fee (as arranged between us), must not exceed twelve thousand pounds--L12,000. This gives you an ample margin, and, as you know, is far more than I originally contemplated.

'I am, 'Yours truly,

'SOAMES FORSYTE.'

On the following day he received a note from Bosinney:

'PHILIP BAYNES BOSINNEY, 'Architect, '309D, SLOANE STREET, S.W., 'May 18. 'DEAR FORSYTE,

'If you think that in such a delicate matter as decoration I can bind myself to the exact pound, I am afraid you are mistaken. I can see that you are tired of the arrangement, and of me, and I had better, therefore, resign.

'Yours faithfully, 'PHILIP BAYNES BOSINNEY.'

Soames pondered long and painfully over his answer, and late at night in the dining-room, when Irene had gone to bed, he composed the following:

'62, MONTPELLIER SQUARE, S.W., 'May 19, 1887. 'DEAR BOSINNEY,

'I think that in both our interests it would be extremely undesirable that matters should be so left at this stage. I did not mean to say that if you should exceed the sum named in my letter to you by ten or twenty or even fifty pounds, there would be any difficulty between us. This being so, I should like you to reconsider your answer. You have a "free hand" in the terms of this correspondence,

and I hope you will see your way to completing the decorations, in the matter of which I know it is difficult to be absolutely exact.

'Yours truly, 'SOAMES FORSYTE.'

Bosinney's answer, which came in the course of the next day, was:

'May 20. 'DEAR FORSYTE,

'Very well. 'PH. BOSINNEY.'

CHAPTER VI

OLD JOLYON AT THE ZOO

Old Jolyon disposed of his second Meeting--an ordinary Board--summarily. He was so dictatorial that his fellow directors were left in cabal over the increasing domineeringness of old Forsyte, which they were far from intending to stand much longer, they said.

He went out by Underground to Portland Road Station, whence he took a cab and drove to the Zoo.

He had an assignation there, one of those assignations that had lately been growing more frequent, to which his increasing uneasiness about June and the 'change in her,' as he expressed it, was driving him.

She buried herself away, and was growing thin; if he spoke to her he got no answer, or had his head snapped off, or she looked as if she would burst into tears. She was as changed as she could be, all through this Bosinney. As for telling him about anything, not a bit of it!

And he would sit for long spells brooding, his paper unread before him, a cigar extinct between his lips. She had been such a companion to him ever since she was three years old! And he loved her so!

Forces regardless of family or class or custom were beating down his guard; impending events over which he had no control threw their shadows on his head. The irritation of one accustomed to have his way was roused against he knew not what.

Chafing at the slowness of his cab, he reached the Zoo door; but, with his sunny instinct for seizing the good of each moment, he forgot his vexation as he walked towards the tryst.

From the stone terrace above the bear-pit his son and his two grandchildren came hastening down when they saw old Jolyon coming, and led him away towards the lion-house. They supported him on either side, holding one to each of his hands,--whilst Jolly, perverse like his father, carried his grandfather's umbrella in such a way as to catch people's legs with the crutch of the handle.

Young Jolyon followed.

It was as good as a play to see his father with the children, but such a play as brings smiles with tears behind. An old man and two small children walking together can be seen at any hour of the day; but the sight of old Jolyon, with Jolly and Holly seemed to young Jolyon a special peep-show of the things that lie at the bottom of our hearts. The complete surrender of that erect old figure to those little figures on either hand was too poignantly tender, and, being a man of an habitual reflex action, young Jolyon swore softly under his breath. The show affected him in a way unbecoming to a Forsyte, who is nothing if not undemonstrative.

Thus they reached the lion-house.

There had been a morning fete at the Botanical Gardens, and a large number of Forsy...'--that is, of well-dressed people who kept carriages had brought them on to the Zoo, so as to have more, if possible, for their money, before going back to Rutland Gate or Bryanston Square.

"Let's go on to the Zoo," they had said to each other; "it'll be great fun!" It was a shilling day; and there would not be all those horrid common people.

In front of the long line of cages they were collected in rows, watching the tawny, ravenous beasts behind the bars await their only pleasure of the four-and-twenty hours. The hungrier the beast, the greater the fascination. But whether because the spectators envied his appetite, or, more humanely, because it was so soon to be satisfied, young Jolyon could not tell. Remarks kept falling on

his ears: "That's a nasty-looking brute, that tiger!" "Oh, what a love! Look at his little mouth!" "Yes, he's rather nice! Don't go too near, mother."

And frequently, with little pats, one or another would clap their hands to their pockets behind and look round, as though expecting young Jolyon or some disinterested-looking person to relieve them of the contents.

A well-fed man in a white waistcoat said slowly through his teeth: "It's all greed; they can't be hungry. Why, they take no exercise." At these words a tiger snatched a piece of bleeding liver, and the fat man laughed. His wife, in a Paris model frock and gold nose-nippers, reproved him: "How can you laugh, Harry? Such a horrid sight!"

Young Jolyon frowned.

The circumstances of his life, though he had ceased to take a too personal view of them, had left him subject to an intermittent contempt; and the class to which he had belonged--the carriage class--especially excited his sarcasm.

To shut up a lion or tiger in confinement was surely a horrible barbarity. But no cultivated person would admit this.

The idea of its being barbarous to confine wild animals had probably never even occurred to his father for instance; he belonged to the old school, who considered it at once humanizing and educational to confine baboons and panthers, holding the view, no doubt, that in course of time they might induce these creatures not so unreasonably to die of misery and heart-sickness against the bars of their cages, and put the society to the expense of getting others! In his eyes, as in the eyes of all Forsytes, the pleasure of seeing these beautiful creatures in a state of captivity far outweighed the inconvenience of imprisonment to beasts whom God had so improvidently placed in a state of freedom! It was for the animals good, removing them at once from the countless dangers of open air and exercise, and enabling them to exercise their functions in the guaranteed seclusion of a private compartment! Indeed, it was doubtful what wild animals were made for but to be shut up in cages!

But as young Jolyon had in his constitution the elements of impartiality, he reflected that to stigmatize as barbarity that which was merely lack of imagination must be wrong; for none who held these views had been placed in a similar position to the animals they caged, and could not, therefore, be expected to enter into their sensations. It was not until they were leaving the gardens--Jolly and Holly in a state of blissful delirium--that old Jolyon found an opportunity of speaking to his son on the matter next his heart. "I don't know what to make of it," he said; "if she's to go on as she's going on now, I can't tell what's to come. I wanted her to see the doctor, but she won't. She's not a bit like me. She's your mother all over. Obstinate as a mule! If she doesn't want to do a thing, she won't, and there's an end of it!"

Young Jolyon smiled; his eyes had wandered to his father's chin. 'A pair of you,' he thought, but he said nothing.

"And then," went on old Jolyon, "there's this Bosinney. I should like to punch the fellow's head, but I can't, I suppose, though--I don't see why you shouldn't," he added doubtfully.

"What has he done? Far better that it should come to an end, if they don't hit it off!"

Old Jolyon looked at his son. Now they had actually come to discuss a subject connected with the relations between the sexes he felt distrustful. Jo would be sure to hold some loose view or other.

"Well, I don't know what you think," he said; "I dare say your sympathy's with him--shouldn't be surprised; but I think he's behaving precious badly, and if he comes my way I shall tell him so." He dropped the subject.

It was impossible to discuss with his son the true nature and meaning of Bosinney's defection. Had not his son done the very same thing (worse, if possible) fifteen years ago? There seemed no end to the consequences of that piece of folly.

Young Jolyon also was silent; he had quickly penetrated his father's thought, for, dethroned from the high seat of an obvious and uncomplicated view of things, he had become both perceptive and subtle.

The attitude he had adopted towards sexual matters fifteen years before, however, was too different from his father's. There was no bridging the gulf.

He said coolly: "I suppose he's fallen in love with some other woman?"

Old Jolyon gave him a dubious look: "I can't tell," he said; "they say so!"

"Then, it's probably true," remarked young Jolyon unexpectedly; "and I suppose they've told you who she is?"

"Yes," said old Jolyon, "Soames's wife!"

Young Jolyon did not whistle: The circumstances of his own life had rendered him incapable of whistling on such a subject, but he looked at his father, while the ghost of a smile hovered over his face.

If old Jolyon saw, he took no notice.

"She and June were bosom friends!" he muttered.

"Poor little June!" said young Jolyon softly. He thought of his daughter still as a babe of three.

Old Jolyon came to a sudden halt.

"I don't believe a word of it," he said, "it's some old woman's tale. Get me a cab, Jo, I'm tired to death!"

They stood at a corner to see if an empty cab would come along, while carriage after carriage drove past, bearing Forsytes of all descriptions from the Zoo. The harness, the liveries, the gloss on the horses' coats, shone and glittered in the May sunlight, and each equipage, landau, sociable, barouche, Victoria, or brougham, seemed to roll out proudly from its wheels:

'I and my horses and my men you know,' Indeed the whole turn-out have cost a pot. But we were worth it every penny. Look At Master and at Missis now, the dawgs! Ease with security--ah! that's the ticket!

And such, as everyone knows, is fit accompaniment for a perambulating Forsyte.

Amongst these carriages was a barouche coming at a greater pace than the others, drawn by a pair of bright bay horses. It swung on its high springs, and the four people who filled it seemed rocked as in a cradle.

This chariot attracted young Jolyon's attention; and suddenly, on the back seat, he recognised his Uncle James, unmistakable in spite of the increased whiteness of his whiskers; opposite, their backs defended by sunshades, Rachel Forsyte and her elder but married sister, Winifred Dartie, in irreproachable toilettes, had posed their heads haughtily, like two of the birds they had been seeing at the Zoo; while by James' side reclined Dartie, in a brand-new frock-coat buttoned tight and square, with a large expanse of carefully shot linen protruding below each wristband.

An extra, if subdued, sparkle, an added touch of the best gloss or varnish characterized this vehicle, and seemed to distinguish it from all the others, as though by some happy extravagance--like that which marks out the real 'work of art' from the ordinary 'picture'--it were designated as the typical car, the very throne of Forsytedom.

Old Jolyon did not see them pass; he was petting poor Holly who was tired, but those in the carriage had taken in the little group; the ladies' heads tilted suddenly, there was a spasmodic screening movement of parasols; James' face protruded naively, like the head of a long bird, his mouth slowly opening. The shield-like rounds of the parasols grew smaller and smaller, and vanished.

Young Jolyon saw that he had been recognised, even by Winifred, who could not have been more than fifteen when he had forfeited the right to be considered a Forsyte.

There was not much change in them! He remembered the exact look of their turn-out all that time ago: Horses, men, carriage--all different now, no doubt--but of the precise stamp of fifteen years before; the same neat display, the same nicely calculated arrogance ease with security! The swing exact, the pose of the sunshades exact, exact the spirit of the whole thing.

And in the sunlight, defended by the haughty shields of parasols, carriage after carriage went by.

"Uncle James has just passed, with his female folk," said young Jolyon.

His father looked black. "Did your uncle see us? Yes? Hmph! What's he want, coming down into these parts?"

An empty cab drove up at this moment, and old Jolyon stopped it.

"I shall see you again before long, my boy!" he said. "Don't you go paying any attention to what I've been saying about young Bosinney--I don't believe a word of it!"

Kissing the children, who tried to detain him, he stepped in and was borne away.

Young Jolyon, who had taken Holly up in his arms, stood motionless at the corner, looking after the cab.

CHAPTER VII

AFTERNOON AT TIMOTHY'S

If old Jolyon, as he got into his cab, had said: 'I won't believe a word of it!' he would more truthfully have expressed his sentiments.

The notion that James and his womankind had seen him in the company of his son had awakened in him not only the impatience he always felt when crossed, but that secret hostility natural between brothers, the roots of which--little nursery rivalries--sometimes toughen and deepen as life goes on, and, all hidden, support a plant capable of producing in season the bitterest fruits.

Hitherto there had been between these six brothers no more unfriendly feeling than that caused by the secret and natural doubt that the others might be richer than themselves; a feeling increased to the pitch of curiosity by the approach of death--that end of all handicaps--and the great 'closeness' of their man of business, who, with some sagacity, would profess to Nicholas ignorance of James' income, to James ignorance of old Jolyon's, to Jolyon ignorance of Roger's, to Roger ignorance of Swithin's, while to Swithin he would say most irritatingly that Nicholas must be a rich man. Timothy alone was exempt, being in gilt-edged securities.

But now, between two of them at least, had arisen a very different sense of injury. From the moment when James had the impertinence to pry into his affairs--as he put it--old Jolyon no longer chose to credit this story about Bosinney. His grand-daughter slighted through a member of 'that fellow's' family! He made up his mind that Bosinney was maligned. There must be some other reason for his defection.

June had flown out at him, or something; she was as touchy as she could be!

He would, however, let Timothy have a bit of his mind, and see if he would go on dropping hints! And he would not let the grass grow under his feet either, he would go there at once, and take very good care that he didn't have to go again on the same errand.

He saw James' carriage blocking the pavement in front of 'The Bower.' So they had got there before him--cackling about having seen him, he dared say! And further on, Swithin's greys were turning their noses towards the noses of James' bays, as though in conclave over the family, while their coachmen were in conclave above.

Old Jolyon, depositing his hat on the chair in the narrow hall, where that hat of Bosinney's had so long ago been mistaken for a cat, passed his thin hand grimly over his face with its great drooping white moustaches, as though to remove all traces of expression, and made his way upstairs.

He found the front drawing-room full. It was full enough at the best of times--without visitors--without any one in it--for Timothy and his sisters, following the tradition of their generation, considered that a room was not quite 'nice' unless it was 'properly' furnished. It held, therefore, eleven chairs, a sofa, three tables, two cabinets, innumerable knicknacks, and part of a large grand piano. And now, occupied by Mrs. Small, Aunt Hester, by Swithin, James, Rachel, Winifred, Euphemia, who had come in again to return 'Passion and Paregoric' which she had read at lunch, and her chum Frances, Roger's daughter (the musical Forsyte, the one who composed songs), there was only one chair left unoccupied, except, of course, the two that nobody ever sat on--and the only standing room was occupied by the cat, on whom old Jolyon promptly stepped.

In these days it was by no means unusual for Timothy to have so many visitors. The family had always, one and all, had a real respect for Aunt Ann, and now that she was gone, they were coming far more frequently to The Bower, and staying longer.

Swithin had been the first to arrive, and seated torpid in a red satin chair with a gilt back, he gave every appearance of lasting the others out. And symbolizing Bosinney's name 'the big one,' with his great stature and bulk, his thick white hair, his puffy immovable shaven face, he looked more primeval than ever in the highly upholstered room.

His conversation, as usual of late, had turned at once upon Irene, and he had lost no time in giving Aunts Juley and Hester his opinion with regard to this rumour he heard was going about. No--as he said--she might want a bit of flirtation--a pretty woman must have her fling; but more than that he did not believe. Nothing open; she had too much good sense, too much proper appreciation of what was due to her position, and to the family! No sc..., he was going to say 'scandal' but the very idea was so preposterous that he waved his hand as though to say--'but let that pass!'

Granted that Swithin took a bachelor's view of the situation--still what indeed was not due to that family in which so many had done so well for themselves, had attained a certain position? If he had heard in dark, pessimistic moments the words 'yeomen' and 'very small beer' used in connection with his origin, did he believe them?

No! he cherished, hugging it pathetically to his bosom the secret theory that there was something distinguished somewhere in his ancestry.

"Must be," he once said to young Jolyon, before the latter went to the bad. "Look at us, we've got on! There must be good blood in us somewhere."

He had been fond of young Jolyon: the boy had been in a good set at College, had known that old ruffian Sir Charles Fiste's sons--a pretty rascal one of them had turned out, too; and there was style about him--it was a thousand pities he had run off with that half-foreign governess! If he must go off like that why couldn't he have chosen someone who would have done them credit! And what was he now?--an underwriter at Lloyd's; they said he even painted pictures--pictures! Damme! he might have ended as Sir Jolyon Forsyte, Bart., with a seat in Parliament, and a place in the country!

It was Swithin who, following the impulse which sooner or later urges thereto some member of every great family, went to the Heralds' Office, where they assured him that he was undoubtedly of the same family as the well-known Forsites with an 'i,' whose arms were 'three dexter buckles on a sable ground gules,' hoping no doubt to get him to take them up.

Swithin, however, did not do this, but having ascertained that the crest was a 'pheasant proper,' and the motto 'For Forsite,' he had the pheasant proper placed upon his carriage and the buttons of his coachman, and both crest and motto on his writing-paper. The arms he hugged to himself, partly because, not having paid for them, he thought it would look ostentatious to put them on his carriage, and he hated ostentation, and partly because he, like any practical man all over the country, had a secret dislike and contempt for things he could not understand he found it hard, as anyone might, to swallow 'three dexter buckles on a sable ground gules.'

He never forgot, however, their having told him that if he paid for them he would be entitled to use them, and it strengthened his conviction that he was a gentleman. Imperceptibly the rest of the family absorbed the 'pheasant proper,' and some, more serious than others, adopted the motto; old Jolyon, however, refused to use the latter, saying that it was humbug meaning nothing, so far as he could see.

Among the older generation it was perhaps known at bottom from what great historical event they derived their crest; and if pressed on the subject, sooner than tell a lie--they did not like telling lies, having an impression that only Frenchmen and Russians told them--they would confess hurriedly that Swithin had got hold of it somehow.

Among the younger generation the matter was wrapped in a discretion proper. They did not want to hurt the feelings of their elders, nor to feel ridiculous themselves; they simply used the crest....

"No," said Swithin, "he had had an opportunity of seeing for himself, and what he should say was, that there was nothing in her manner to that young Buccaneer or Bosinney or whatever his name was, different from her manner to himself; in fact, he should rather say...." But here the entrance of Frances and Euphemia put an unfortunate stop to the conversation, for this was not a subject which could be discussed before young people.

And though Swithin was somewhat upset at being stopped like this on the point of saying something important, he soon recovered his affability. He was rather fond of Frances--Francie, as she was called in the family. She was so smart, and they told him she made a pretty little pot of pin-money by her songs; he called it very clever of her.

He rather prided himself indeed on a liberal attitude towards women, not seeing any reason why they shouldn't paint pictures, or write tunes, or books even, for the matter of that, especially if they could turn a useful penny by it; not at all--kept them out of mischief. It was not as if they were men!

'Little Francie,' as she was usually called with good-natured contempt, was an important personage, if only as a standing illustration of the attitude of Forsytes towards the Arts. She was not really 'little,' but rather tall, with dark hair for a Forsyte, which, together with a grey eye, gave her what was called 'a Celtic appearance.' She wrote songs with titles like 'Breathing Sighs,' or 'Kiss me, Mother, ere I die,' with a refrain like an anthem:

'Kiss me, Mother, ere I die; Kiss me-kiss me, Mother, ah! Kiss, ah! kiss me e-ere I-- Kiss me, Mother, ere I d-d-die!'

She wrote the words to them herself, and other poems. In lighter moments she wrote waltzes, one of which, the 'Kensington Coil,' was almost national to Kensington, having a sweet dip in it.

It was very original. Then there were her 'Songs for Little People,' at once educational and witty, especially 'Gran'ma's Porgie,' and that ditty, almost prophetically imbued with the coming Imperial spirit, entitled 'Black Him In His Little Eye.'

Any publisher would take these, and reviews like 'High Living,' and the 'Ladies' Genteel Guide' went into raptures over: 'Another of Miss Francie Forsyte's spirited ditties, sparkling and pathetic. We ourselves were moved to tears and laughter. Miss Forsyte should go far.'

With the true instinct of her breed, Francie had made a point of knowing the right people--people who would write about her, and talk about her, and people in Society, too--keeping a mental register of just where to exert her fascinations, and an eye on that steady scale of rising prices, which in her mind's eye represented the future. In this way she caused herself to be universally respected.

Once, at a time when her emotions were whipped by an attachment--for the tenor of Roger's life, with its whole-hearted collection of house property, had induced in his only daughter a tendency towards passion--she turned to great and sincere work, choosing the sonata form, for the violin. This was the only one of her productions that troubled the Forsytes. They felt at once that it would not sell.

Roger, who liked having a clever daughter well enough, and often alluded to the amount of pocket-money she made for herself, was upset by this violin sonata.

"Rubbish like that!" he called it. Francie had borrowed young Flageoletti from Euphemia, to play it in the drawing-room at Prince's Gardens.

As a matter of fact Roger was right. It was rubbish, but--annoying! the sort of rubbish that wouldn't sell. As every Forsyte knows, rubbish that sells is not rubbish at all--far from it.

And yet, in spite of the sound common sense which fixed the worth of art at what it would fetch, some of the Forsytes--Aunt Hester, for instance, who had always been musical--could not help regretting that Francie's music was not 'classical'; the same with her poems. But then, as Aunt Hester said, they didn't see any poetry nowadays, all the poems were 'little light things.'

There was nobody who could write a poem like 'Paradise Lost,' or 'Childe Harold'; either of which made you feel that you really had read something. Still, it was nice for Francie to have something to occupy her; while other girls were spending money shopping she was making it!

And both Aunt Hester and Aunt Juley were always ready to listen to the latest story of how Francie had got her price increased.

They listened now, together with Swithin, who sat pretending not to, for these young people talked so fast and mumbled so, he never could catch what they said.

"And I can't think," said Mrs. Septimus, "how you do it. I should never have the audacity!"

Francie smiled lightly. "I'd much rather deal with a man than a woman. Women are so sharp!"

"My dear," cried Mrs. Small, "I'm sure we're not."

Euphemia went off into her silent laugh, and, ending with the squeak, said, as though being strangled: "Oh, you'll kill me some day, auntie."

Swithin saw no necessity to laugh; he detested people laughing when he himself perceived no joke. Indeed, he detested Euphemia altogether, to whom he always alluded as 'Nick's daughter, what's she called--the pale one?' He had just missed being her god-father--indeed, would have been, had he not taken a firm stand against her outlandish name. He hated becoming a godfather. Swithin then said to Francie with dignity: "It's a fine day--er--for the time of year." But Euphemia, who knew perfectly well that he had refused to be her godfather, turned to Aunt Hester, and began telling her how she had seen Irene--Mrs. Soames--at the Church and Commercial Stores.

"And Soames was with her?" said Aunt Hester, to whom Mrs. Small had as yet had no opportunity of relating the incident.

"Soames with her? Of course not!"

"But was she all alone in London?"

"Oh, no; there was Mr. Bosinney with her. She was perfectly dressed."

But Swithin, hearing the name Irene, looked severely at Euphemia, who, it is true, never did look well in a dress, whatever she may have done on other occasions, and said:

"Dressed like a lady, I've no doubt. It's a pleasure to see her."

At this moment James and his daughters were announced. Dartie, feeling badly in want of a drink, had pleaded an appointment with his dentist, and, being put down at the Marble Arch, had got into a hansom, and was already seated in the window of his club in Piccadilly.

His wife, he told his cronies, had wanted to take him to pay some calls. It was not in his line--not exactly. Haw!

Hailing the waiter, he sent him out to the hall to see what had won the 4.30 race. He was dog-tired, he said, and that was a fact; had been drivin' about with his wife to 'shows' all the afternoon. Had put his foot down at last. A fellow must live his own life.

At this moment, glancing out of the bay window--for he loved this seat whence he could see everybody pass--his eye unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, chanced to light on the figure of Soames, who was mousing across the road from the Green Park-side, with the evident intention of coming in, for he, too, belonged to 'The Iseeum.'

Dartie sprang to his feet; grasping his glass, he muttered something about 'that 4.30 race,' and swiftly withdrew to the card-room, where Soames never came. Here, in complete isolation and a dim light, he lived his own life till half past seven, by which hour he knew Soames must certainly have left the club.

It would not do, as he kept repeating to himself whenever he felt the impulse to join the gossips in the bay-window getting too strong for him--it absolutely would not do, with finances as low as his, and the 'old man' (James) rusty ever since that business over the oil shares, which was no fault of his, to risk a row with Winifred.

If Soames were to see him in the club it would be sure to come round to her that he wasn't at the dentist's at all. He never knew a family where things 'came round' so. Uneasily, amongst the green baize card-tables, a frown on his olive coloured face, his check trousers crossed, and patent-leather boots shining through the gloom, he sat biting his forefinger, and wondering where the deuce he was to get the money if Erotic failed to win the Lancashire Cup.

His thoughts turned gloomily to the Forsytes. What a set they were! There was no getting anything out of them--at least, it was a matter of extreme difficulty. They were so d---d particular about money matters; not a sportsman amongst the lot, unless it were George. That fellow Soames, for instance, would have a ft if you tried to borrow a tenner from him, or, if he didn't have a fit, he looked at you with his cursed supercilious smile, as if you were a lost soul because you were in want of money.

And that wife of his (Dartie's mouth watered involuntarily), he had tried to be on good terms with her, as one naturally would with any pretty sister-in-law, but he would be cursed if the (he mentally used a coarse word)--would have anything to say to him--she looked at him, indeed, as if he were dirt--and yet she could go far enough, he wouldn't mind betting. He knew women; they weren't made with soft eyes and figures like that for nothing, as that fellow Soames would jolly soon find out, if there were anything in what he had heard about this Buccaneer Johnny.

Rising from his chair, Dartie took a turn across the room, ending in front of the looking-glass over the marble chimney-piece; and there he stood for a long time contemplating in the glass the reflection of his face. It had that look, peculiar to some men, of having been steeped in linseed oil, with its waxed dark moustaches and the little distinguished commencements of side whiskers; and concernedly he felt the promise of a pimple on the side of his slightly curved and fattish nose.

In the meantime old Jolyon had found the remaining chair in Timothy's commodious drawing-room. His advent had obviously put a stop to the conversation, decided awkwardness having set in. Aunt Juley, with her well-known kindheartedness, hastened to set people at their ease again.

"Yes, Jolyon," she said, "we were just saying that you haven't been here for a long time; but we mustn't be surprised. You're busy, of course? James was just saying what a busy time of year...."

"Was he?" said old Jolyon, looking hard at James. "It wouldn't be half so busy if everybody minded their own business."

James, brooding in a small chair from which his knees ran uphill, shifted his feet uneasily, and put one of them down on the cat, which had unwisely taken refuge from old Jolyon beside him.

"Here, you've got a cat here," he said in an injured voice, withdrawing his foot nervously as he felt it squeezing into the soft, furry body.

"Several," said old Jolyon, looking at one face and another; "I trod on one just now."

A silence followed.

Then Mrs. Small, twisting her fingers and gazing round with 'pathetic calm', asked: "And how is dear June?"

A twinkle of humour shot through the sternness of old Jolyon's eyes. Extraordinary old woman, Juley! No one quite like her for saying the wrong thing!

"Bad!" he said; "London don't agree with her--too many people about, too much clatter and chatter by half." He laid emphasis on the words, and again looked James in the face.

Nobody spoke.

A feeling of its being too dangerous to take a step in any direction, or hazard any remark, had fallen on them all. Something of the sense of the impending, that comes over the spectator of a Greek tragedy, had entered that upholstered room, filled with those white-haired, frock-coated old men, and fashionably attired women, who were all of the same blood, between all of whom existed an unseizable resemblance.

Not that they were conscious of it--the visits of such fateful, bitter spirits are only felt.

Then Swithin rose. He would not sit there, feeling like that--he was not to be put down by anyone! And, manoeuvring round the room with added pomp, he shook hands with each separately.

"You tell Timothy from me," he said, "that he coddles himself too much!" Then, turning to Francie, whom he considered 'smart,' he added: "You come with me for a drive one of these days." But this conjured up the vision of that other eventful drive which had been so much talked about, and he stood quite still for a second, with glassy eyes, as though waiting to catch up with the significance of what he himself had said; then, suddenly recollecting that he didn't care a damn, he turned to old Jolyon: "Well, good-bye, Jolyon! You shouldn't go about without an overcoat; you'll be getting sciatica or something!" And, kicking the cat slightly with the pointed tip of his patent leather boot, he took his huge form away.

When he had gone everyone looked secretly at the others, to see how they had taken the mention of the word 'drive'--the word which had become famous, and acquired an overwhelming importance, as the only official--so to speak--news in connection with the vague and sinister rumour clinging to the family tongue.

Euphemia, yielding to an impulse, said with a short laugh: "I'm glad Uncle Swithin doesn't ask me to go for drives."

Mrs. Small, to reassure her and smooth over any little awkwardness the subject might have, replied: "My dear, he likes to take somebody well dressed, who will do him a little credit. I shall never forget the drive he took me. It was an experience!" And her chubby round old face was spread for a moment with a strange contentment; then broke into pouts, and tears came into her eyes. She was thinking of that long ago driving tour she had once taken with Septimus Small.

James, who had relapsed into his nervous brooding in the little chair, suddenly roused himself: "He's a funny fellow, Swithin," he said, but in a half-hearted way.

Old Jolyon's silence, his stern eyes, held them all in a kind of paralysis. He was disconcerted himself by the effect of his own words--an effect which seemed to deepen the importance of the very rumour he had come to scotch; but he was still angry.

He had not done with them yet--No, no--he would give them another rub or two.

He did not wish to rub his nieces, he had no quarrel with them--a young and presentable female always appealed to old Jolyon's clemency--but that fellow James, and, in a less degree perhaps, those others, deserved all they would get. And he, too, asked for Timothy.

As though feeling that some danger threatened her younger brother, Aunt Juley suddenly offered him tea: "There it is," she said, "all cold and nasty, waiting for you in the back drawing room, but Smither shall make you some fresh."

Old Jolyon rose: "Thank you," he said, looking straight at James, "but I've no time for tea, and--scandal, and the rest of it! It's time I was at home. Good-bye, Julia; good-bye, Hester; good-bye, Winifred."

Without more ceremonious adieux, he marched out.

Once again in his cab, his anger evaporated, for so it ever was with his wrath--when he had rapped out, it was gone. Sadness came over his spirit. He had stopped their mouths, maybe, but at what a cost! At the cost of certain knowledge that the rumour he had been resolved not to believe was true. June was abandoned, and for the wife of that fellow's son! He felt it was true, and hardened himself to treat it as if it were not; but the pain he hid beneath this resolution began slowly, surely, to vent itself in a blind resentment against James and his son.

The six women and one man left behind in the little drawing-room began talking as easily as might be after such an occurrence, for though each one of them knew for a fact that he or she never talked scandal, each one of them also knew that the other six did; all were therefore angry and at a loss. James only was silent, disturbed, to the bottom of his soul.

Presently Francie said: "Do you know, I think Uncle Jolyon is terribly changed this last year. What do you think, Aunt Hester?"

Aunt Hester made a little movement of recoil: "Oh, ask your Aunt Julia!" she said; "I know nothing about it."

No one else was afraid of assenting, and James muttered gloomily at the floor: "He's not half the man he was."

"I've noticed it a long time," went on Francie; "he's aged tremendously."

Aunt Juley shook her head; her face seemed suddenly to have become one immense pout.

"Poor dear Jolyon," she said, "somebody ought to see to it for him!"

There was again silence; then, as though in terror of being left solitarily behind, all five visitors rose simultaneously, and took their departure.

Mrs. Small, Aunt Hester, and their cat were left once more alone, the sound of a door closing in the distance announced the approach of Timothy.

That evening, when Aunt Hester had just got off to sleep in the back bedroom that used to be Aunt Juley's before Aunt Juley took Aunt Ann's, her door was opened, and Mrs. Small, in a pink night-cap, a candle in her hand, entered: "Hester!" she said. "Hester!"

Aunt Hester faintly rustled the sheet.

"Hester," repeated Aunt Juley, to make quite sure that she had awakened her, "I am quite troubled about poor dear Jolyon. What," Aunt Juley dwelt on the word, "do you think ought to be done?"

Aunt Hester again rustled the sheet, her voice was heard faintly pleading: "Done? How should I know?"

Aunt Juley turned away satisfied, and closing the door with extra gentleness so as not to disturb dear Hester, let it slip through her fingers and fall to with a 'crack.'

Back in her own room, she stood at the window gazing at the moon over the trees in the Park, through a chink in the muslin curtains, close drawn lest anyone should see. And there, with her face all round and pouting in its pink cap, and her eyes wet, she thought of 'dear Jolyon,' so old and so lonely, and how she could be of some use to him; and how he would come to love her, as she had never been loved since--since poor Septimus went away.

CHAPTER VIII

DANCE AT ROGER'S

Roger's house in Prince's Gardens was brilliantly alight. Large numbers of wax candles had been collected and placed in cut-glass chandeliers, and the parquet floor of the long, double drawing-room reflected these constellations. An appearance of real spaciousness had been secured by moving out all the furniture on to the upper landings, and enclosing the room with those strange appendages of civilization known as 'rout' seats. In a remote corner, embowered in palms, was a cottage piano, with a copy of the 'Kensington Coil' open on the music-stand.

Roger had objected to a band. He didn't see in the least what they wanted with a band; he wouldn't go to the expense, and there was an end of it. Francie (her mother, whom Roger had long since reduced to chronic dyspepsia, went to bed on such occasions), had been obliged to content herself with supplementing the piano by a young man who played the cornet, and she so arranged with palms that anyone who did not look into the heart of things might imagine there were several musicians secreted there. She made up her mind to tell them to play loud--there was a lot of music in a cornet, if the man would only put his soul into it.

In the more cultivated American tongue, she was 'through' at last--through that tortuous labyrinth of make-shifts, which must be traversed before fashionable display can be combined with the sound economy of a Forsyte. Thin but brilliant, in her maize-coloured frock with much tulle about the shoulders, she went from place to place, fitting on her gloves, and casting her eye over it all.

To the hired butler (for Roger only kept maids) she spoke about the wine. Did he quite understand that Mr. Forsyte wished a dozen bottles of the champagne from Whiteley's to be put out? But if that were finished (she did not suppose it would be, most of the ladies would drink water, no doubt), but if it were, there was the champagne cup, and he must do the best he could with that.

She hated having to say this sort of thing to a butler, it was so infra dig.; but what could you do with father? Roger, indeed, after making himself consistently disagreeable about the dance, would come down presently, with his fresh colour and bumpy forehead, as though he had been its promoter; and he would smile, and probably take the prettiest woman in to supper; and at two o'clock, just as they were getting into the swing, he would go up secretly to the musicians and tell them to play 'God Save the Queen,' and go away.

Francie devoutly hoped he might soon get tired, and slip off to bed.

The three or four devoted girl friends who were staying in the house for this dance had partaken with her, in a small, abandoned room upstairs, of tea and cold chicken-legs, hurriedly served; the men had been sent out to dine at Eustace's Club, it being felt that they must be fed up.

Punctually on the stroke of nine arrived Mrs. Small alone. She made elaborate apologies for the absence of Timothy, omitting all mention of Aunt Hester, who, at the last minute, had said she could not be bothered. Francie received her effusively, and placed her on a rout seat, where she left her, pouting and solitary in lavender-coloured satin--the first time she had worn colour since Aunt Ann's death.

The devoted maiden friends came now from their rooms, each by magic arrangement in a differently coloured frock, but all with the same liberal allowance of tulle on the shoulders and at the bosom--for they were, by some fatality, lean to a girl. They were all taken up to Mrs. Small. None stayed with her more than a few seconds, but clustering together talked and twisted their programmes, looking secretly at the door for the first appearance of a man.

Then arrived in a group a number of Nicholases, always punctual--the fashion up Ladbroke Grove way; and close behind them Eustace and his men, gloomy and smelling rather of smoke.

Three or four of Francie's lovers now appeared, one after the other; she had made each promise to come early. They were all clean-shaven and sprightly, with that peculiar kind of young-man sprightliness which had recently invaded Kensington; they did not seem to mind each other's presence in the least, and wore their ties bunching out at the ends, white waistcoats, and socks with clocks. All had handkerchiefs concealed in their cuffs. They moved buoyantly, each armoured in professional gaiety, as though he had come to do great deeds. Their faces when they danced, far from wearing the traditional solemn look of the dancing Englishman, were irresponsible, charming, suave; they bounded, twirling their partners at great pace, without pedantic attention to the rhythm of the music.

At other dancers they looked with a kind of airy scorn--they, the light brigade, the heroes of a hundred Kensington 'hops'--from whom alone could the right manner and smile and step be hoped.

After this the stream came fast; chaperones silting up along the wall facing the entrance, the volatile element swelling the eddy in the larger room.

Men were scarce, and wallflowers wore their peculiar, pathetic expression, a patient, sourish smile which seemed to say: "Oh, no! don't mistake me, I know you are not coming up to me. I can hardly expect that!" And Francie would plead with one of her lovers, or with some callow youth: "Now, to please me, do let me introduce you to Miss Pink; such a nice girl, really!" and she would bring him up, and say: "Miss Pink--Mr. Gathercole. Can you spare him a dance?" Then Miss Pink, smiling her forced smile, colouring a little, answered: "Oh! I think so!" and screening her empty card, wrote on it the name of Gathercole, spelling it passionately in the district that he proposed, about the second extra.

But when the youth had murmured that it was hot, and passed, she relapsed into her attitude of hopeless expectation, into her patient, sourish smile.

Mothers, slowly fanning their faces, watched their daughters, and in their eyes could be read all the story of those daughters' fortunes. As for themselves, to sit hour after hour, dead tired, silent, or talking spasmodically--what did it matter, so long as the girls were having a good time! But to see them neglected and passed by! Ah! they smiled, but their eyes stabbed like the eyes of an offended swan; they longed to pluck young Gathercole by the slack of his dandified breeches, and drag him to their daughters--the jackanapes!

And all the cruelties and hardness of life, its pathos and unequal chances, its conceit, self-forgetfulness, and patience, were presented on the battle-field of this Kensington ball-room.

Here and there, too, lovers--not lovers like Francie's, a peculiar breed, but simply lovers--trembling, blushing, silent, sought each other by flying glances, sought to meet and touch in the mazes of the dance, and now and again dancing together, struck some beholder by the light in their eyes.

Not a second before ten o'clock came the Jameses--Emily, Rachel, Winifred (Dartie had been left behind, having on a former occasion drunk too much of Roger's champagne), and Cicely, the youngest, making her debut; behind them, following in a hansom from the paternal mansion where they had dined, Soames and Irene.

All these ladies had shoulder-straps and no tulle--thus showing at once, by a bolder exposure of flesh, that they came from the more fashionable side of the Park.

Soames, sidling back from the contact of the dancers, took up a position against the wall. Guarding himself with his pale smile, he stood watching. Waltz after waltz began and ended, couple after couple brushed by with smiling lips, laughter, and snatches of talk; or with set lips, and eyes searching the throng; or again, with silent, parted lips, and eyes on each other. And the scent of festivity, the odour of flowers, and hair, of essences that women love, rose suffocatingly in the heat of the summer night.

Silent, with something of scorn in his smile, Soames seemed to notice nothing; but now and again his eyes, finding that which they sought, would fix themselves on a point in the shifting throng, and the smile die off his lips.

He danced with no one. Some fellows danced with their wives; his sense of 'form' had never permitted him to dance with Irene since their marriage, and the God of the Forsytes alone can tell whether this was a relief to him or not.

She passed, dancing with other men, her dress, iris-coloured, floating away from her feet. She danced well; he was tired of hearing women say with an acid smile: "How beautifully your wife dances, Mr. Forsyte--it's quite a pleasure to watch her!" Tired of answering them with his sidelong glance: "You think so?"

A young couple close by flirted a fan by turns, making an unpleasant draught. Francie and one of her lovers stood near. They were talking of love.

He heard Roger's voice behind, giving an order about supper to a servant. Everything was very second-class! He wished that he had not come! He had asked Irene whether she wanted him; she had answered with that maddening smile of hers "Oh, no!"

Why had he come? For the last quarter of an hour he had not even seen her. Here was George advancing with his Quilpish face; it was too late to get out of his way.

"Have you seen 'The Buccaneer'?" said this licensed wag; "he's on the warpath--hair cut and everything!"

Soames said he had not, and crossing the room, half-empty in an interval of the dance, he went out on the balcony, and looked down into the street.

A carriage had driven up with late arrivals, and round the door hung some of those patient watchers of the London streets who spring up to the call of light or music; their faces, pale and upturned above their black and rusty figures, had an air of stolid watching that annoyed Soames. Why were they allowed to hang about; why didn't the bobby move them on?

But the policeman took no notice of them; his feet were planted apart on the strip of crimson carpet stretched across the pavement; his face, under the helmet, wore the same stolid, watching look as theirs.

Across the road, through the railings, Soames could see the branches of trees shining, faintly stirring in the breeze, by the gleam of the street lamps; beyond, again, the upper lights of the houses on the other side, so many eyes looking down on the quiet blackness of the garden; and over all, the sky, that wonderful London sky, dusted with the innumerable reflection of countless lamps; a dome woven over between its stars with the refraction of human needs and human fancies--immense mirror of pomp and misery that night after night stretches its kindly mocking over miles of houses and gardens, mansions and squalor, over Forsytes, policemen, and patient watchers in the streets.

Soames turned away, and, hidden in the recess, gazed into the lighted room. It was cooler out there. He saw the new arrivals, June and her grandfather, enter. What had made them so late? They stood by the doorway. They looked fagged. Fancy Uncle Jolyon turning out at this time of night! Why hadn't June come to Irene, as she usually did, and it occurred to him suddenly that he had seen nothing of June for a long time now.

Watching her face with idle malice, he saw it change, grow so pale that he thought she would drop, then flame out crimson. Turning to see at what she was looking, he saw his wife on Bosinney's arm, coming from the conservatory at the end of the room. Her eyes were raised to his, as though answering some question he had asked, and he was gazing at her intently.

Soames looked again at June. Her hand rested on old Jolyon's arm; she seemed to be making a request. He saw a surprised look on his uncle's face; they turned and passed through the door out of his sight.

The music began again--a waltz--and, still as a statue in the recess of the window, his face unmoved, but no smile on his lips, Soames waited. Presently, within a yard of the dark balcony, his wife and Bosinney passed. He caught the perfume of the gardenias that she wore, saw the rise and fall of her bosom, the languor in her eyes, her parted lips, and a look on her face that he did not know. To the slow, swinging measure they danced by, and it seemed to him that they clung to each other; he saw her raise her eyes, soft and dark, to Bosinney's, and drop them again.

Very white, he turned back to the balcony, and leaning on it, gazed down on the Square; the figures were still there looking up at the light with dull persistency, the policeman's face, too, upturned, and staring, but he saw nothing of them. Below, a carriage drew up, two figures got in, and drove away....

That evening June and old Jolyon sat down to dinner at the usual hour. The girl was in her customary high-necked frock, old Jolyon had not dressed.

At breakfast she had spoken of the dance at Uncle Roger's, she wanted to go; she had been stupid enough, she said, not to think of asking anyone to take her. It was too late now.

Old Jolyon lifted his keen eyes. June was used to go to dances with Irene as a matter of course! and deliberately fixing his gaze on her, he asked: "Why don't you get Irene?"

No! June did not want to ask Irene; she would only go if--if her grandfather wouldn't mind just for once for a little time!

At her look, so eager and so worn, old Jolyon had grumblingly consented. He did not know what she wanted, he said, with going to a dance like this, a poor affair, he would wager; and she no more fit for it than a cat! What she wanted was sea air, and after his general meeting of the Globular Gold Concessions he was ready to take her. She didn't want to go away? Ah! she would knock

herself up! Stealing a mournful look at her, he went on with his breakfast.

June went out early, and wandered restlessly about in the heat. Her little light figure that lately had moved so languidly about its business, was all on fire. She bought herself some flowers. She wanted--she meant to look her best. He would be there! She knew well enough that he had a card. She would show him that she did not care. But deep down in her heart she resolved that evening to win him back. She came in flushed, and talked brightly all lunch; old Jolyon was there, and he was deceived.

In the afternoon she was overtaken by a desperate fit of sobbing. She strangled the noise against the pillows of her bed, but when at last it ceased she saw in the glass a swollen face with reddened eyes, and violet circles round them. She stayed in the darkened room till dinner time.

All through that silent meal the struggle went on within her.

She looked so shadowy and exhausted that old Jolyon told 'Sankey' to countermand the carriage, he would not have her going out.... She was to go to bed! She made no resistance. She went up to her room, and sat in the dark. At ten o'clock she rang for her maid.

"Bring some hot water, and go down and tell Mr. Forsyte that I feel perfectly rested. Say that if he's too tired I can go to the dance by myself."

The maid looked askance, and June turned on her imperiously. "Go," she said, "bring the hot water at once!"

Her ball-dress still lay on the sofa, and with a sort of fierce care she arrayed herself, took the flowers in her hand, and went down, her small face carried high under its burden of hair. She could hear old Jolyon in his room as she passed.

Bewildered and vexed, he was dressing. It was past ten, they would not get there till eleven; the girl was mad. But he dared not cross her--the expression of her face at dinner haunted him.

With great ebony brushes he smoothed his hair till it shone like silver under the light; then he, too, came out on the gloomy staircase.

June met him below, and, without a word, they went to the carriage.

When, after that drive which seemed to last for ever, she entered Roger's drawing-room, she disguised under a mask of resolution a very torment of nervousness and emotion. The feeling of shame at what might be called 'running after him' was smothered by the dread that he might not be there, that she might not see him after all, and by that dogged resolve--somehow, she did not know how--to win him back.

The sight of the ballroom, with its gleaming floor, gave her a feeling of joy, of triumph, for she loved dancing, and when dancing she floated, so light was she, like a strenuous, eager little spirit. He would surely ask her to dance, and if he danced with her it would all be as it was before. She looked about her eagerly.

The sight of Bosinney coming with Irene from the conservatory, with that strange look of utter absorption on his face, struck her too suddenly. They had not seen--no one should see--her distress, not even her grandfather.

She put her hand on Jolyon's arm, and said very low:

"I must go home, Gran; I feel ill."

He hurried her away, grumbling to himself that he had known how it would be.

To her he said nothing; only when they were once more in the carriage, which by some fortunate chance had lingered near the door, he asked her: "What is it, my darling?"

Feeling her whole slender body shaken by sobs, he was terribly alarmed. She must have Blank to-morrow. He would insist upon it. He could not have her like this.... There, there!

June mastered her sobs, and squeezing his hand feverishly, she lay back in her corner, her face muffled in a shawl.

He could only see her eyes, fixed and staring in the dark, but he did not cease to stroke her hand with his thin fingers.

CHAPTER IX

EVENING AT RICHMOND

Other eyes besides the eyes of June and of Soames had seen 'those two' (as Euphemia had already begun to call them) coming from the conservatory; other eyes had noticed the look on Bosinney's face.

There are moments when Nature reveals the passion hidden beneath the careless calm of her ordinary moods--violent spring flashing white on almond-blossom through the purple clouds; a snowy, moonlit peak, with its single star, soaring up to the passionate blue; or against the flames of sunset, an old yew-tree standing dark guardian of some fiery secret.

There are moments, too, when in a picture-gallery, a work, noted by the casual spectator as '.....Titian--remarkably fine,' breaks through the defences of some Forsyte better lunched perhaps than his fellows, and holds him spellbound in a kind of ecstasy. There are things, he feels--there are things here which--well, which are things. Something unreasoning, unreasonable, is upon him; when he tries to define it with the precision of a practical man, it eludes him, slips away, as the glow of the wine he has drunk is slipping away, leaving him cross, and conscious of his liver. He feels that he has been extravagant, prodigal of something; virtue has gone out of him. He did not desire this glimpse of what lay under the three stars of his catalogue. God forbid that he should know anything about the forces of Nature! God forbid that he should admit for a moment that there are such things! Once admit that, and where was he? One paid a shilling for entrance, and another for the programme.

The look which June had seen, which other Forsytes had seen, was like the sudden flashing of a candle through a hole in some imaginary canvas, behind which it was being moved--the sudden flaming-out of a vague, erratic glow, shadowy and enticing. It brought home to onlookers the consciousness that dangerous forces were at work. For a moment they noticed it with pleasure, with interest, then felt they must not notice it at all.

It supplied, however, the reason of June's coming so late and disappearing again without dancing, without even shaking hands with her lover. She was ill, it was said, and no wonder.

But here they looked at each other guiltily. They had no desire to spread scandal, no desire to be ill-natured. Who would have? And to outsiders no word was breathed, unwritten law keeping them silent.

Then came the news that June had gone to the seaside with old Jolyon.

He had carried her off to Broadstairs, for which place there was just then a feeling, Yarmouth having lost caste, in spite of Nicholas, and no Forsyte going to the sea without intending to have an air for his money such as would render him bilious in a week. That fatally aristocratic tendency of the first Forsyte to drink Madeira had left his descendants undoubtedly accessible.

So June went to the sea. The family awaited developments; there was nothing else to do.

But how far--how far had 'those two' gone? How far were they going to go? Could they really be going at all? Nothing could surely come of it, for neither of them had any money. At the most a flirtation, ending, as all such attachments should, at the proper time.

Soames' sister, Winifred Dartie, who had imbibed with the breezes of Mayfair--she lived in Green Street--more fashionable principles in regard to matrimonial behaviour than were current, for instance, in Ladbroke Grove, laughed at the idea of there being anything in it. The 'little thing'--Irene was taller than herself, and it was real testimony to the solid worth of a Forsyte that she should always thus be a 'little thing'--the little thing was bored. Why shouldn't she amuse herself? Soames was rather tiring; and as to Mr. Bosinney--only that buffoon George would have called him the Buccaneer--she maintained that he was very chic.

This dictum--that Bosinney was chic--caused quit a sensation. It failed to convince. That he was 'good-looking in a way' they were prepared to admit, but that anyone could call a man with his pronounced cheekbones, curious eyes, and soft felt hats chic was only another instance of Winifred's extravagant way of running after something new.

It was that famous summer when extravagance was fashionable, when the very earth was extravagant, chestnut-trees spread with blossom, and flowers drenched in perfume, as they had never been before; when roses blew in every garden; and for the swarming stars the nights had hardly space; when every day and all day long the sun, in full armour, swung his brazen shield above the Park, and people did strange things, lunching and dining in the open air. Unprecedented was the tale of cabs and carriages that streamed across the bridges of the shining river, bearing the upper-middle class in thousands to the green glories of Bushey, Richmond,

Kew, and Hampton Court. Almost every family with any pretensions to be of the carriage-class paid one visit that year to the horse-chestnuts at Bushey, or took one drive amongst the Spanish chestnuts of Richmond Park. Bowling smoothly, if dustily, along, in a cloud of their own creation, they would stare fashionably at the antlered heads which the great slow deer raised out of a forest of bracken that promised to autumn lovers such cover as was never seen before. And now and again, as the amorous perfume of chestnut flowers and of fern was drifted too near, one would say to the other: "My dear! What a peculiar scent!"

And the lime-flowers that year were of rare prime, near honey-coloured. At the corners of London squares they gave out, as the sun went down, a perfume sweeter than the honey bees had taken--a perfume that stirred a yearning unnamable in the hearts of Forsytes and their peers, taking the cool after dinner in the precincts of those gardens to which they alone had keys.

And that yearning made them linger amidst the dim shapes of flower-beds in the failing daylight, made them turn, and turn, and turn again, as though lovers were waiting for them--waiting for the last light to die away under the shadow of the branches.

Some vague sympathy evoked by the scent of the limes, some sisterly desire to see for herself, some idea of demonstrating the soundness of her dictum that there was 'nothing in it'; or merely the craving to drive down to Richmond, irresistible that summer, moved the mother of the little Darties (of little Publius, of Imogen, Maud, and Benedict) to write the following note to her sister-in-law:

'DEAR IRENE, 'June 30.

'I hear that Soames is going to Henley tomorrow for the night. I thought it would be great fun if we made up a little party and drove down to, Richmond. Will you ask Mr. Bosinney, and I will get young Flippard.

'Emily (they called their mother Emily--it was so chic) will lend us the carriage. I will call for you and your young man at seven o'clock.

'Your affectionate sister, 'WINIFRED DARTIE.

'Montague believes the dinner at the Crown and Sceptre to be quite eatable.'

Montague was Dartie's second and better known name--his first being Moses; for he was nothing if not a man of the world.

Her plan met with more opposition from Providence than so benevolent a scheme deserved. In the first place young Flippard wrote:

'DEAR Mrs. DARTIE,

'Awfully sorry. Engaged two deep.

'Yours, 'AUGUSTUS FLIPPARD.'

It was late to send into the by-ways and hedges to remedy this misfortune. With the promptitude and conduct of a mother, Winifred fell back on her husband. She had, indeed, the decided but tolerant temperament that goes with a good deal of profile, fair hair, and greenish eyes. She was seldom or never at a loss; or if at a loss, was always able to convert it into a gain.

Dartie, too, was in good feather. Erotic had failed to win the Lancashire Cup. Indeed, that celebrated animal, owned as he was by a pillar of the turf, who had secretly laid many thousands against him, had not even started. The forty-eight hours that followed his scratching were among the darkest in Dartie's life.

Visions of James haunted him day and night. Black thoughts about Soames mingled with the faintest hopes. On the Friday night he got drunk, so greatly was he affected. But on Saturday morning the true Stock Exchange instinct triumphed within him. Owing some hundreds, which by no possibility could he pay, he went into town and put them all on Concertina for the Saltown Borough Handicap.

As he said to Major Scrotton, with whom he lunched at the Iseeum: "That little Jew boy, Nathans, had given him the tip. He didn't care a cursh. He wash in--a mucker. If it didn't come up--well then, damme, the old man would have to pay!"

A bottle of Pol Roger to his own cheek had given him a new contempt for James.

It came up. Concertina was squeezed home by her neck--a terrible squeak! But, as Dartie said: There was nothing like pluck!

He was by no means averse to the expedition to Richmond. He would 'stand' it himself! He cherished an admiration for Irene, and wished to be on more playful terms with her.

At half-past five the Park Lane footman came round to say: Mrs. Forsyte was very sorry, but one of the horses was coughing!

Undaunted by this further blow, Winifred at once despatched little Publius (now aged seven) with the nursery governess to Montpellier Square.

They would go down in hansoms and meet at the Crown and Sceptre at 7.45.

Dartie, on being told, was pleased enough. It was better than going down with your back to the horses! He had no objection to driving down with Irene. He supposed they would pick up the others at Montpellier Square, and swop hansoms there?

Informed that the meet was at the Crown and Sceptre, and that he would have to drive with his wife, he turned sulky, and said it was d---d slow!

At seven o'clock they started, Dartie offering to bet the driver half-a-crown he didn't do it in the three-quarters of an hour.

Twice only did husband and wife exchange remarks on the way.

Dartie said: "It'll put Master Soames's nose out of joint to hear his wife's been drivin' in a hansom with Master Bosinney!"

Winifred replied: "Don't talk such nonsense, Monty!"

"Nonsense!" repeated Dartie. "You don't know women, my fine lady!"

On the other occasion he merely asked: "How am I looking? A bit puffy about the gills? That fizz old George is so fond of is a windy wine!"

He had been lunching with George Forsyte at the Haversnake.

Bosinney and Irene had arrived before them. They were standing in one of the long French windows overlooking the river.

Windows that summer were open all day long, and all night too, and day and night the scents of flowers and trees came in, the hot scent of parching grass, and the cool scent of the heavy dews.

To the eye of the observant Dartie his two guests did not appear to be making much running, standing there close together, without a word. Bosinney was a hungry-looking creature--not much go about him.

He left them to Winifred, however, and busied himself to order the dinner.

A Forsyte will require good, if not delicate feeding, but a Dartie will tax the resources of a Crown and Sceptre. Living as he does, from hand to mouth, nothing is too good for him to eat; and he will eat it. His drink, too, will need to be carefully provided; there is much drink in this country 'not good enough' for a Dartie; he will have the best. Paying for things vicariously, there is no reason why he should stint himself. To stint yourself is the mark of a fool, not of a Dartie.

The best of everything! No sounder principle on which a man can base his life, whose father-in-law has a very considerable income, and a partiality for his grandchildren.

With his not unable eye Dartie had spotted this weakness in James the very first year after little Publius's arrival (an error); he had profited by his perspicacity. Four little Darties were now a sort of perpetual insurance.

The feature of the feast was unquestionably the red mullet. This delectable fish, brought from a considerable distance in a state of almost perfect preservation, was first fried, then boned, then served in ice, with Madeira punch in place of sauce, according to a recipe known to a few men of the world.

Nothing else calls for remark except the payment of the bill by Dartie.

He had made himself extremely agreeable throughout the meal; his bold, admiring stare seldom abandoning Irene's face and figure. As he was obliged to confess to himself, he got no change out of her--she was cool enough, as cool as her shoulders looked under their veil of creamy lace. He expected to have caught her out in some little game with Bosinney; but not a bit of it, she kept up

her end remarkably well. As for that architect chap, he was as glum as a bear with a sore head--Winifred could barely get a word out of him; he ate nothing, but he certainly took his liquor, and his face kept getting whiter, and his eyes looked queer.

It was all very amusing.

For Dartie himself was in capital form, and talked freely, with a certain poignancy, being no fool. He told two or three stories verging on the improper, a concession to the company, for his stories were not used to verging. He proposed Irene's health in a mock speech. Nobody drank it, and Winifred said: "Don't be such a clown, Monty!"

At her suggestion they went after dinner to the public terrace overlooking the river.

"I should like to see the common people making love," she said, "it's such fun!"

There were numbers of them walking in the cool, after the day's heat, and the air was alive with the sound of voices, coarse and loud, or soft as though murmuring secrets.

It was not long before Winifred's better sense--she was the only Forsyte present--secured them an empty bench. They sat down in a row. A heavy tree spread a thick canopy above their heads, and the haze darkened slowly over the river.

Dartie sat at the end, next to him Irene, then Bosinney, then Winifred. There was hardly room for four, and the man of the world could feel Irene's arm crushed against his own; he knew that she could not withdraw it without seeming rude, and this amused him; he devised every now and again a movement that would bring her closer still. He thought: 'That Buccaneer Johnny shan't have it all to himself! It's a pretty tight fit, certainly!'

From far down below on the dark river came drifting the tinkle of a mandoline, and voices singing the old round:

'A boat, a boat, unto the ferry, For we'll go over and be merry; And laugh, and quaff, and drink brown sherry!'

And suddenly the moon appeared, young and tender, floating up on her back from behind a tree; and as though she had breathed, the air was cooler, but down that cooler air came always the warm odour of the limes.

Over his cigar Dartie peered round at Bosinney, who was sitting with his arms crossed, staring straight in front of him, and on his face the look of a man being tortured.

And Dartie shot a glance at the face between, so veiled by the overhanging shadow that it was but like a darker piece of the darkness shaped and breathed on; soft, mysterious, enticing.

A hush had fallen on the noisy terrace, as if all the strollers were thinking secrets too precious to be spoken.

And Dartie thought: 'Women!'

The glow died above the river, the singing ceased; the young moon hid behind a tree, and all was dark. He pressed himself against Irene.

He was not alarmed at the shuddering that ran through the limbs he touched, or at the troubled, scornful look of her eyes. He felt her trying to draw herself away, and smiled.

It must be confessed that the man of the world had drunk quite as much as was good for him.

With thick lips parted under his well-curled moustaches, and his bold eyes aslant upon her, he had the malicious look of a satyr.

Along the pathway of sky between the hedges of the tree tops the stars clustered forth; like mortals beneath, they seemed to shift and swarm and whisper. Then on the terrace the buzz broke out once more, and Dartie thought: 'Ah! he's a poor, hungry-looking devil, that Bosinney!' and again he pressed himself against Irene.

The movement deserved a better success. She rose, and they all followed her.

The man of the world was more than ever determined to see what she was made of. Along the terrace he kept close at her elbow. He had within him much good wine. There was the long drive home, the long drive and the warm dark and the pleasant closeness of the hansom cab--with its insulation from the world devised by some great and good man. That hungry architect chap might drive with his wife--he wished him joy of her! And, conscious that his voice was not too steady, he was careful not to speak; but a smile

had become fixed on his thick lips.

They strolled along toward the cabs awaiting them at the farther end. His plan had the merit of all great plans, an almost brutal simplicity he would merely keep at her elbow till she got in, and get in quickly after her.

But when Irene reached the cab she did not get in; she slipped, instead, to the horse's head. Dartie was not at the moment sufficiently master of his legs to follow. She stood stroking the horse's nose, and, to his annoyance, Bosinney was at her side first. She turned and spoke to him rapidly, in a low voice; the words 'That man' reached Dartie. He stood stubbornly by the cab step, waiting for her to come back. He knew a trick worth two of that!

Here, in the lamp-light, his figure (no more than medium height), well squared in its white evening waistcoat, his light overcoat flung over his arm, a pink flower in his button-hole, and on his dark face that look of confident, good-humoured insolence, he was at his best--a thorough man of the world.

Winifred was already in her cab. Dartie reflected that Bosinney would have a poorish time in that cab if he didn't look sharp! Suddenly he received a push which nearly overturned him in the road. Bosinney's voice hissed in his ear: "I am taking Irene back; do you understand?" He saw a face white with passion, and eyes that glared at him like a wild cat's.

"Eh?" he stammered. "What? Not a bit. You take my wife!"

"Get away!" hissed Bosinney--"or I'll throw you into the road!"

Dartie recoiled; he saw as plainly as possible that the fellow meant it. In the space he made Irene had slipped by, her dress brushed his legs. Bosinney stepped in after her.

"Go on!" he heard the Buccaneer cry. The cabman flicked his horse. It sprang forward.

Dartie stood for a moment dumbfounded; then, dashing at the cab where his wife sat, he scrambled in.

"Drive on!" he shouted to the driver, "and don't you lose sight of that fellow in front!"

Seated by his wife's side, he burst into imprecations. Calming himself at last with a supreme effort, he added: "A pretty mess you've made of it, to let the Buccaneer drive home with her; why on earth couldn't you keep hold of him? He's mad with love; any fool can see that!"

He drowned Winifred's rejoinder with fresh calls to the Almighty; nor was it until they reached Barnes that he ceased a Jeremiad, in the course of which he had abused her, her father, her brother, Irene, Bosinney, the name of Forsyte, his own children, and cursed the day when he had ever married.

Winifred, a woman of strong character, let him have his say, at the end of which he lapsed into sulky silence. His angry eyes never deserted the back of that cab, which, like a lost chance, haunted the darkness in front of him.

Fortunately he could not hear Bosinney's passionate pleading--that pleading which the man of the world's conduct had let loose like a flood; he could not see Irene shivering, as though some garment had been torn from her, nor her eyes, black and mournful, like the eyes of a beaten child. He could not hear Bosinney entreating, entreating, always entreating; could not hear her sudden, soft weeping, nor see that poor, hungry-looking devil, awed and trembling, humbly touching her hand.

In Montpellier Square their cabman, following his instructions to the letter, faithfully drew up behind the cab in front. The Darties saw Bosinney spring out, and Irene follow, and hasten up the steps with bent head. She evidently had her key in her hand, for she disappeared at once. It was impossible to tell whether she had turned to speak to Bosinney.

The latter came walking past their cab; both husband and wife had an admirable view of his face in the light of a street lamp. It was working with violent emotion.

"Good-night, Mr. Bosinney!" called Winifred.

Bosinney started, clawed off his hat, and hurried on. He had obviously forgotten their existence.

"There!" said Dartie, "did you see the beast's face? What did I say? Fine games!" He improved the occasion.

There had so clearly been a crisis in the cab that Winifred was unable to defend her theory.

She said: "I shall say nothing about it. I don't see any use in making a fuss!"

With that view Dartie at once concurred; looking upon James as a private preserve, he disapproved of his being disturbed by the troubles of others.

"Quite right," he said; "let Soames look after himself. He's jolly well able to!"

Thus speaking, the Darties entered their habitat in Green Street, the rent of which was paid by James, and sought a well-earned rest. The hour was midnight, and no Forsytes remained abroad in the streets to spy out Bosinney's wanderings; to see him return and stand against the rails of the Square garden, back from the glow of the street lamp; to see him stand there in the shadow of trees, watching the house where in the dark was hidden she whom he would have given the world to see for a single minute--she who was now to him the breath of the lime-trees, the meaning of the light and the darkness, the very beating of his own heart.

CHAPTER X

DIAGNOSIS OF A FORSYTE

It is in the nature of a Forsyte to be ignorant that he is a Forsyte; but young Jolyon was well aware of being one. He had not known it till after the decisive step which had made him an outcast; since then the knowledge had been with him continually. He felt it throughout his alliance, throughout all his dealings with his second wife, who was emphatically not a Forsyte.

He knew that if he had not possessed in great measure the eye for what he wanted, the tenacity to hold on to it, the sense of the folly of wasting that for which he had given so big a price--in other words, the 'sense of property' he could never have retained her (perhaps never would have desired to retain her) with him through all the financial troubles, slights, and misconstructions of those fifteen years; never have induced her to marry him on the death of his first wife; never have lived it all through, and come up, as it were, thin, but smiling.

He was one of those men who, seated cross-legged like miniature Chinese idols in the cages of their own hearts, are ever smiling at themselves a doubting smile. Not that this smile, so intimate and eternal, interfered with his actions, which, like his chin and his temperament, were quite a peculiar blend of softness and determination.

He was conscious, too, of being a Forsyte in his work, that painting of water-colours to which he devoted so much energy, always with an eye on himself, as though he could not take so unpractical a pursuit quite seriously, and always with a certain queer uneasiness that he did not make more money at it.

It was, then, this consciousness of what it meant to be a Forsyte, that made him receive the following letter from old Jolyon, with a mixture of sympathy and disgust:

'SHELDRAKE HOUSE, 'BROADSTAIRS,

'July 1. 'MY DEAR JO,'

(The Dad's handwriting had altered very little in the thirty odd years that he remembered it.)

'We have been here now a fortnight, and have had good weather on the whole. The air is bracing, but my liver is out of order, and I shall be glad enough to get back to town. I cannot say much for June, her health and spirits are very indifferent, and I don't see what is to come of it. She says nothing, but it is clear that she is harping on this engagement, which is an engagement and no engagement, and--goodness knows what. I have grave doubts whether she ought to be allowed to return to London in the present state of affairs, but she is so self-willed that she might take it into her head to come up at any moment. The fact is someone ought to speak to Bosinney and ascertain what he means. I'm afraid of this myself, for I should certainly rap him over the knuckles, but I thought that you, knowing him at the Club, might put in a word, and get to ascertain what the fellow is about. You will of course in no way commit June. I shall be glad to hear from you in the course of a few days whether you have succeeded in gaining any information. The situation is very distressing to me, I worry about it at night.

With my love to Jolly and Holly. 'I am, 'Your affect. father, 'JOLYON FORSYTE.'

Young Jolyon pondered this letter so long and seriously that his wife noticed his preoccupation, and asked him what was the matter. He replied: "Nothing."

It was a fixed principle with him never to allude to June. She might take alarm, he did not know what she might think; he hastened, therefore, to banish from his manner all traces of absorption, but in this he was about as successful as his father would have been, for he had inherited all old Jolyon's transparency in matters of domestic finesse; and young Mrs. Jolyon, busying herself over the affairs of the house, went about with tightened lips, stealing at him unfathomable looks.

He started for the Club in the afternoon with the letter in his pocket, and without having made up his mind.

To sound a man as to 'his intentions' was peculiarly unpleasant to him; nor did his own anomalous position diminish this unpleasantness. It was so like his family, so like all the people they knew and mixed with, to enforce what they called their rights over a man, to bring him up to the mark; so like them to carry their business principles into their private relations.

And how that phrase in the letter--'You will, of course, in no way commit June'--gave the whole thing away.

Yet the letter, with the personal grievance, the concern for June, the 'rap over the knuckles,' was all so natural. No wonder his father wanted to know what Bosinney meant, no wonder he was angry.

It was difficult to refuse! But why give the thing to him to do? That was surely quite unbecoming; but so long as a Forsyte got what he was after, he was not too particular about the means, provided appearances were saved.

How should he set about it, or how refuse? Both seemed impossible. So, young Jolyon!

He arrived at the Club at three o'clock, and the first person he saw was Bosinney himself, seated in a corner, staring out of the window.

Young Jolyon sat down not far off, and began nervously to reconsider his position. He looked covertly at Bosinney sitting there unconscious. He did not know him very well, and studied him attentively for perhaps the first time; an unusual looking man, unlike in dress, face, and manner to most of the other members of the Club--young Jolyon himself, however different he had become in mood and temper, had always retained the neat reticence of Forsyte appearance. He alone among Forsytes was ignorant of Bosinney's nickname. The man was unusual, not eccentric, but unusual; he looked worn, too, haggard, hollow in the cheeks beneath those broad, high cheekbones, though without any appearance of ill-health, for he was strongly built, with curly hair that seemed to show all the vitality of a fine constitution.

Something in his face and attitude touched young Jolyon. He knew what suffering was like, and this man looked as if he were suffering.

He got up and touched his arm.

Bosinney started, but exhibited no sign of embarrassment on seeing who it was.

Young Jolyon sat down.

"I haven't seen you for a long time," he said. "How are you getting on with my cousin's house?"

"It'll be finished in about a week."

"I congratulate you!"

"Thanks--I don't know that it's much of a subject for congratulation."

"No?" queried young Jolyon; "I should have thought you'd be glad to get a long job like that off your hands; but I suppose you feel it much as I do when I part with a picture--a sort of child?"

He looked kindly at Bosinney.

"Yes," said the latter more cordially, "it goes out from you and there's an end of it. I didn't know you painted."

"Only water-colours; I can't say I believe in my work."

"Don't believe in it? There--how can you do it? Work's no use unless you believe in it!"

"Good," said young Jolyon; "it's exactly what I've always said. By-the-bye, have you noticed that whenever one says 'Good,' one always adds 'it's exactly what I've always said'! But if you ask me how I do it, I answer, because I'm a Forsyte."

"A Forsyte! I never thought of you as one!"

"A Forsyte," replied young Jolyon, "is not an uncommon animal. There are hundreds among the members of this Club. Hundreds out there in the streets; you meet them wherever you go!"

"And how do you tell them, may I ask?" said Bosinney.

"By their sense of property. A Forsyte takes a practical--one might say a commonsense--view of things, and a practical view of things is based fundamentally on a sense of property. A Forsyte, you will notice, never gives himself away."

"Joking?"

Young Jolyon's eye twinkled.

"Not much. As a Forsyte myself, I have no business to talk. But I'm a kind of thoroughbred mongrel; now, there's no mistaking you: You're as different from me as I am from my Uncle James, who is the perfect specimen of a Forsyte. His sense of property is extreme, while you have practically none. Without me in between, you would seem like a different species. I'm the missing link. We are, of course, all of us the slaves of property, and I admit that it's a question of degree, but what I call a 'Forsyte' is a man who is decidedly more than less a slave of property. He knows a good thing, he knows a safe thing, and his grip on property--it doesn't matter whether it be wives, houses, money, or reputation--is his hall-mark."

"Ah!" murmured Bosinney. "You should patent the word."

"I should like," said young Jolyon, "to lecture on it:

"Properties and quality of a Forsyte: This little animal, disturbed by the ridicule of his own sort, is unaffected in his motions by the laughter of strange creatures (you or I). Hereditarily disposed to myopia, he recognises only the persons of his own species, amongst which he passes an existence of competitive tranquillity."

"You talk of them," said Bosinney, "as if they were half England."

"They are," repeated young Jolyon, "half England, and the better half, too, the safe half, the three per cent. half, the half that counts. It's their wealth and security that makes everything possible; makes your art possible, makes literature, science, even religion, possible. Without Forsytes, who believe in none of these things, and habitats but turn them all to use, where should we be? My dear sir, the Forsytes are the middlemen, the commercials, the pillars of society, the cornerstones of convention; everything that is admirable!"

"I don't know whether I catch your drift," said Bosinney, "but I fancy there are plenty of Forsytes, as you call them, in my profession."

"Certainly," replied young Jolyon. "The great majority of architects, painters, or writers have no principles, like any other Forsytes. Art, literature, religion, survive by virtue of the few cranks who really believe in such things, and the many Forsytes who make a commercial use of them. At a low estimate, three-fourths of our Royal Academicians are Forsytes, seven-eighths of our novelists, a large proportion of the press. Of science I can't speak; they are magnificently represented in religion; in the House of Commons perhaps more numerous than anywhere; the aristocracy speaks for itself. But I'm not laughing. It is dangerous to go against the majority and what a majority!" He fixed his eyes on Bosinney: "It's dangerous to let anything carry you away--a house, a picture, a--woman!"

They looked at each other.--And, as though he had done that which no Forsyte did--given himself away, young Jolyon drew into his shell. Bosinney broke the silence.

"Why do you take your own people as the type?" said he.

"My people," replied young Jolyon, "are not very extreme, and they have their own private peculiarities, like every other family, but they possess in a remarkable degree those two qualities which are the real tests of a Forsyte--the power of never being able to give

yourself up to anything soul and body, and the 'sense of property'."

Bosinney smiled: "How about the big one, for instance?"

"Do you mean Swithin?" asked young Jolyon. "Ah! in Swithin there's something primeval still. The town and middle-class life haven't digested him yet. All the old centuries of farm work and brute force have settled in him, and there they've stuck, for all he's so distinguished."

Bosinney seemed to ponder. "Well, you've hit your cousin Soames off to the life," he said suddenly. "He'll never blow his brains out."

Young Jolyon shot at him a penetrating glance.

"No," he said; "he won't. That's why he's to be reckoned with. Look out for their grip! It's easy to laugh, but don't mistake me. It doesn't do to despise a Forsyte; it doesn't do to disregard them!"

"Yet you've done it yourself!"

Young Jolyon acknowledged the hit by losing his smile.

"You forget," he said with a queer pride, "I can hold on, too--I'm a Forsyte myself. We're all in the path of great forces. The man who leaves the shelter of the wall--well--you know what I mean. I don't," he ended very low, as though uttering a threat, "recommend every man to-go-my-way. It depends."

The colour rushed into Bosinney's face, but soon receded, leaving it sallow-brown as before. He gave a short laugh, that left his lips fixed in a queer, fierce smile; his eyes mocked young Jolyon.

"Thanks," he said. "It's deuced kind of you. But you're not the only chaps that can hold on." He rose.

Young Jolyon looked after him as he walked away, and, resting his head on his hand, sighed.

In the drowsy, almost empty room the only sounds were the rustle of newspapers, the scraping of matches being struck. He stayed a long time without moving, living over again those days when he, too, had sat long hours watching the clock, waiting for the minutes to pass--long hours full of the torments of uncertainty, and of a fierce, sweet aching; and the slow, delicious agony of that season came back to him with its old poignancy. The sight of Bosinney, with his haggard face, and his restless eyes always wandering to the clock, had roused in him a pity, with which was mingled strange, irresistible envy.

He knew the signs so well. Whither was he going--to what sort of fate? What kind of woman was it who was drawing him to her by that magnetic force which no consideration of honour, no principle, no interest could withstand; from which the only escape was flight.

Flight! But why should Bosinney fly? A man fled when he was in danger of destroying hearth and home, when there were children, when he felt himself trampling down ideals, breaking something. But here, so he had heard, it was all broken to his hand.

He himself had not fled, nor would he fly if it were all to come over again. Yet he had gone further than Bosinney, had broken up his own unhappy home, not someone else's: And the old saying came back to him: 'A man's fate lies in his own heart.'

In his own heart! The proof of the pudding was in the eating--Bosinney had still to eat his pudding.

His thoughts passed to the woman, the woman whom he did not know, but the outline of whose story he had heard.

An unhappy marriage! No ill-treatment--only that indefinable malaise, that terrible blight which killed all sweetness under Heaven; and so from day to day, from night to night, from week to week, from year to year, till death should end it.

But young Jolyon, the bitterness of whose own feelings time had assuaged, saw Soames' side of the question too. Whence should a man like his cousin, saturated with all the prejudices and beliefs of his class, draw the insight or inspiration necessary to break up this life? It was a question of imagination, of projecting himself into the future beyond the unpleasant gossip, sneers, and tattle that followed on such separations, beyond the passing pangs that the lack of the sight of her would cause, beyond the grave disapproval of the worthy. But few men, and especially few men of Soames' class, had imagination enough for that. A deal of mortals in this world, and not enough imagination to go round! And sweet Heaven, what a difference between theory and practice;

many a man, perhaps even Soames, held chivalrous views on such matters, who when the shoe pinched found a distinguishing factor that made of himself an exception.

Then, too, he distrusted his judgment. He had been through the experience himself, had tasted too the dregs the bitterness of an unhappy marriage, and how could he take the wide and dispassionate view of those who had never been within sound of the battle? His evidence was too first-hand--like the evidence on military matters of a soldier who has been through much active service, against that of civilians who have not suffered the disadvantage of seeing things too close. Most people would consider such a marriage as that of Soames and Irene quite fairly successful; he had money, she had beauty; it was a case for compromise. There was no reason why they should not jog along, even if they hated each other. It would not matter if they went their own ways a little so long as the decencies were observed--the sanctity of the marriage tie, of the common home, respected. Half the marriages of the upper classes were conducted on these lines: Do not offend the susceptibilities of Society; do not offend the susceptibilities of the Church. To avoid offending these is worth the sacrifice of any private feelings. The advantages of the stable home are visible, tangible, so many pieces of property; there is no risk in the statu quo. To break up a home is at the best a dangerous experiment, and selfish into the bargain.

This was the case for the defence, and young Jolyon sighed.

'The core of it all,' he thought, 'is property, but there are many people who would not like it put that way. To them it is "the sanctity of the marriage tie"; but the sanctity of the marriage tie is dependent on the sanctity of the family, and the sanctity of the family is dependent on the sanctity of property. And yet I imagine all these people are followers of One who never owned anything. It is curious!

And again young Jolyon sighed.

'Am I going on my way home to ask any poor devils I meet to share my dinner, which will then be too little for myself, or, at all events, for my wife, who is necessary to my health and happiness? It may be that after all Soames does well to exercise his rights and support by his practice the sacred principle of property which benefits us all, with the exception of those who suffer by the process.'

And so he left his chair, threaded his way through the maze of seats, took his hat, and languidly up the hot streets crowded with carriages, reeking with dusty odours, wended his way home.

Before reaching Wistaria Avenue he removed old Jolyon's letter from his pocket, and tearing it carefully into tiny pieces, scattered them in the dust of the road.

He let himself in with his key, and called his wife's name. But she had gone out, taking Jolly and Holly, and the house was empty; alone in the garden the dog Balthasar lay in the shade snapping at flies.

Young Jolyon took his seat there, too, under the pear-tree that bore no fruit.

CHAPTER XI

BOSINNEY ON PAROLE

The day after the evening at Richmond Soames returned from Henley by a morning train. Not constitutionally interested in amphibious sports, his visit had been one of business rather than pleasure, a client of some importance having asked him down.

He went straight to the City, but finding things slack, he left at three o'clock, glad of this chance to get home quietly. Irene did not expect him. Not that he had any desire to spy on her actions, but there was no harm in thus unexpectedly surveying the scene.

After changing to Park clothes he went into the drawing-room. She was sitting idly in the corner of the sofa, her favourite seat; and there were circles under her eyes, as though she had not slept.

He asked: "How is it you're in? Are you expecting somebody?"

"Yes that is, not particularly."

"Who?"

"Mr. Bosinney said he might come."

"Bosinney. He ought to be at work."

To this she made no answer.

"Well," said Soames, "I want you to come out to the Stores with me, and after that we'll go to the Park."

"I don't want to go out; I have a headache."

Soames replied: "If ever I want you to do anything, you've always got a headache. It'll do you good to come and sit under the trees."

She did not answer.

Soames was silent for some minutes; at last he said: "I don't know what your idea of a wife's duty is. I never have known!"

He had not expected her to reply, but she did.

"I have tried to do what you want; it's not my fault that I haven't been able to put my heart into it."

"Whose fault is it, then?" He watched her askance.

"Before we were married you promised to let me go if our marriage was not a success. Is it a success?"

Soames frowned.

"Success," he stammered--"it would be a success if you behaved yourself properly!"

"I have tried," said Irene. "Will you let me go?"

Soames turned away. Secretly alarmed, he took refuge in bluster.

"Let you go? You don't know what you're talking about. Let you go? How can I let you go? We're married, aren't we? Then, what are you talking about? For God's sake, don't let's have any of this sort of nonsense! Get your hat on, and come and sit in the Park."

"Then, you won't let me go?"

He felt her eyes resting on him with a strange, touching look.

"Let you go!" he said; "and what on earth would you do with yourself if I did? You've got no money!"

"I could manage somehow."

He took a swift turn up and down the room; then came and stood before her.

"Understand," he said, "once and for all, I won't have you say this sort of thing. Go and get your hat on!"

She did not move.

"I suppose," said Soames, "you don't want to miss Bosinney if he comes!"

Irene got up slowly and left the room. She came down with her hat on.

They went out.

In the Park, the motley hour of mid-afternoon, when foreigners and other pathetic folk drive, thinking themselves to be in fashion, had passed; the right, the proper, hour had come, was nearly gone, before Soames and Irene seated themselves under the Achilles statue.

It was some time since he had enjoyed her company in the Park. That was one of the past delights of the first two seasons of his married life, when to feel himself the possessor of this gracious creature before all London had been his greatest, though secret, pride. How many afternoons had he not sat beside her, extremely neat, with light grey gloves and faint, supercilious smile, nodding to acquaintances, and now and again removing his hat.

His light grey gloves were still on his hands, and on his lips his smile sardonic, but where the feeling in his heart?

The seats were emptying fast, but still he kept her there, silent and pale, as though to work out a secret punishment. Once or twice he made some comment, and she bent her head, or answered "Yes" with a tired smile.

Along the rails a man was walking so fast that people stared after him when he passed.

"Look at that ass!" said Soames; "he must be mad to walk like that in this heat!"

He turned; Irene had made a rapid movement.

"Hallo!" he said: "it's our friend the Buccaneer!"

And he sat still, with his sneering smile, conscious that Irene was sitting still, and smiling too.

"Will she bow to him?" he thought.

But she made no sign.

Bosinney reached the end of the rails, and came walking back amongst the chairs, quartering his ground like a pointer. When he saw them he stopped dead, and raised his hat.

The smile never left Soames' face; he also took off his hat.

Bosinney came up, looking exhausted, like a man after hard physical exercise; the sweat stood in drops on his brow, and Soames' smile seemed to say: "You've had a trying time, my friend .....What are you doing in the Park?" he asked. "We thought you despised such frivolity!"

Bosinney did not seem to hear; he made his answer to Irene: "I've been round to your place; I hoped I should find you in."

Somebody tapped Soames on the back, and spoke to him; and in the exchange of those platitudes over his shoulder, he missed her answer, and took a resolution.

"We're just going in," he said to Bosinney; "you'd better come back to dinner with us." Into that invitation he put a strange bravado, a stranger pathos: "You, can't deceive me," his look and voice seemed saying, "but see--I trust you--I'm not afraid of you!"

They started back to Montpellier Square together, Irene between them. In the crowded streets Soames went on in front. He did not listen to their conversation; the strange resolution of trustfulness he had taken seemed to animate even his secret conduct. Like a gambler, he said to himself: 'It's a card I dare not throw away--I must play it for what it's worth. I have not too many chances.'

He dressed slowly, heard her leave her room and go downstairs, and, for full five minutes after, dawdled about in his dressing-room. Then he went down, purposely shutting the door loudly to show that he was coming. He found them standing by the hearth, perhaps talking, perhaps not; he could not say.

He played his part out in the farce, the long evening through--his manner to his guest more friendly than it had ever been before; and when at last Bosinney went, he said: "You must come again soon; Irene likes to have you to talk about the house!" Again his voice had the strange bravado and the stranger pathos; but his hand was cold as ice.

Loyal to his resolution, he turned away from their parting, turned away from his wife as she stood under the hanging lamp to say good-night--away from the sight of her golden head shining so under the light, of her smiling mournful lips; away from the sight of Bosinney's eyes looking at her, so like a dog's looking at its master.

And he went to bed with the certainty that Bosinney was in love with his wife.

The summer night was hot, so hot and still that through every opened window came in but hotter air. For long hours he lay listening to her breathing.

She could sleep, but he must lie awake. And, lying awake, he hardened himself to play the part of the serene and trusting husband.

In the small hours he slipped out of bed, and passing into his dressing-room, leaned by the open window.

He could hardly breathe.

A night four years ago came back to him--the night but one before his marriage; as hot and stifling as this.

He remembered how he had lain in a long cane chair in the window of his sitting-room off Victoria Street. Down below in a side street a man had banged at a door, a woman had cried out; he remembered, as though it were now, the sound of the scuffle, the slam of the door, the dead silence that followed. And then the early water-cart, cleansing the reek of the streets, had approached through the strange-seeming, useless lamp-light; he seemed to hear again its rumble, nearer and nearer, till it passed and slowly died away.

He leaned far out of the dressing-room window over the little court below, and saw the first light spread. The outlines of dark walls and roofs were blurred for a moment, then came out sharper than before.

He remembered how that other night he had watched the lamps paling all the length of Victoria Street; how he had hurried on his clothes and gone down into the street, down past houses and squares, to the street where she was staying, and there had stood and looked at the front of the little house, as still and grey as the face of a dead man.

And suddenly it shot through his mind; like a sick man's fancy: What's he doing?--that fellow who haunts me, who was here this evening, who's in love with my wife--prowling out there, perhaps, looking for her as I know he was looking for her this afternoon; watching my house now, for all I can tell!

He stole across the landing to the front of the house, stealthily drew aside a blind, and raised a window.

The grey light clung about the trees of the square, as though Night, like a great downy moth, had brushed them with her wings. The lamps were still alight, all pale, but not a soul stirred--no living thing in sight.

Yet suddenly, very faint, far off in the deathly stillness, he heard a cry writhing, like the voice of some wandering soul barred out of heaven, and crying for its happiness. There it was again--again! Soames shut the window, shuddering.

Then he thought: 'Ah! it's only the peacocks, across the water.'

CHAPTER XII

JUNE PAYS SOME CALLS

Jolyon stood in the narrow hall at Broadstairs, inhaling that odour of oilcloth and herrings which permeates all respectable seaside lodging-houses. On a chair--a shiny leather chair, displaying its horsehair through a hole in the top left-hand corner--stood a black despatch case. This he was filling with papers, with the Times, and a bottle of Eau-de Cologne. He had meetings that day of the 'Globular Gold Concessions' and the 'New Colliery Company, Limited,' to which he was going up, for he never missed a Board; to 'miss a Board' would be one more piece of evidence that he was growing old, and this his jealous Forsyte spirit could not bear.

His eyes, as he filled that black despatch case, looked as if at any moment they might blaze up with anger. So gleams the eye of a schoolboy, baited by a ring of his companions; but he controls himself, deterred by the fearful odds against him. And old Jolyon controlled himself, keeping down, with his masterful restraint now slowly wearing out, the irritation fostered in him by the conditions of his life.

He had received from his son an unpractical letter, in which by rambling generalities the boy seemed trying to get out of answering a plain question. 'I've seen Bosinney,' he said; 'he is not a criminal. The more I see of people the more I am convinced that they are never good or bad--merely comic, or pathetic. You probably don't agree with me!'

Old Jolyon did not; he considered it cynical to so express oneself; he had not yet reached that point of old age when even Forsytes, bereft of those illusions and principles which they have cherished carefully for practical purposes but never believed in, bereft of all corporeal enjoyment, stricken to the very heart by having nothing left to hope for--break through the barriers of reserve and say things they would never have believed themselves capable of saying.

Perhaps he did not believe in 'goodness' and 'badness' any more than his son; but as he would have said: He didn't know--couldn't tell; there might be something in it; and why, by an unnecessary expression of disbelief, deprive yourself of possible advantage?

Accustomed to spend his holidays among the mountains, though (like a true Forsyte) he had never attempted anything too adventurous or too foolhardy, he had been passionately fond of them. And when the wonderful view (mentioned in Baedeker--'fatiguing but repaying')--was disclosed to him after the effort of the climb, he had doubtless felt the existence of some

great, dignified principle crowning the chaotic strivings, the petty precipices, and ironic little dark chasms of life. This was as near to religion, perhaps, as his practical spirit had ever gone.

But it was many years since he had been to the mountains. He had taken June there two seasons running, after his wife died, and had realized bitterly that his walking days were over.

To that old mountain--given confidence in a supreme order of things he had long been a stranger.

He knew himself to be old, yet he felt young; and this troubled him. It troubled and puzzled him, too, to think that he, who had always been so careful, should be father and grandfather to such as seemed born to disaster. He had nothing to say against Jo--who could say anything against the boy, an amiable chap?--but his position was deplorable, and this business of June's nearly as bad. It seemed like a fatality, and a fatality was one of those things no man of his character could either understand or put up with.

In writing to his son he did not really hope that anything would come of it. Since the ball at Roger's he had seen too clearly how the land lay--he could put two and two together quicker than most men--and, with the example of his own son before his eyes, knew better than any Forsyte of them all that the pale flame singes men's wings whether they will or no.

In the days before June's engagement, when she and Mrs. Soames were always together, he had seen enough of Irene to feel the spell she cast over men. She was not a flirt, not even a coquette--words dear to the heart of his generation, which loved to define things by a good, broad, inadequate word--but she was dangerous. He could not say why. Tell him of a quality innate in some women--a seductive power beyond their own control! He would but answer: 'Humbug!' She was dangerous, and there was an end of it. He wanted to close his eyes to that affair. If it was, it was; he did not want to hear any more about it--he only wanted to save June's position and her peace of mind. He still hoped she might once more become a comfort to himself.

And so he had written. He got little enough out of the answer. As to what young Jolyon had made of the interview, there was practically only the queer sentence: 'I gather that he's in the stream.' The stream! What stream? What was this new-fangled way of talking?

He sighed, and folded the last of the papers under the flap of the bag; he knew well enough what was meant.

June came out of the dining-room, and helped him on with his summer coat. From her costume, and the expression of her little resolute face, he saw at once what was coming.

"I'm going with you," she said.

"Nonsense, my dear; I go straight into the City. I can't have you racketting about!"

"I must see old Mrs. Smeech."

"Oh, your precious 'lame ducks!" grumbled out old Jolyon. He did not believe her excuse, but ceased his opposition. There was no doing anything with that pertinacity of hers.

At Victoria he put her into the carriage which had been ordered for himself--a characteristic action, for he had no petty selfishnesses.

"Now, don't you go tiring yourself, my darling," he said, and took a cab on into the city.

June went first to a back-street in Paddington, where Mrs. Smeech, her 'lame duck,' lived--an aged person, connected with the charring interest; but after half an hour spent in hearing her habitually lamentable recital, and dragooning her into temporary comfort, she went on to Stanhope Gate. The great house was closed and dark.

She had decided to learn something at all costs. It was better to face the worst, and have it over. And this was her plan: To go first to Phil's aunt, Mrs. Baynes, and, failing information there, to Irene herself. She had no clear notion of what she would gain by these visits.

At three o'clock she was in Lowndes Square. With a woman's instinct when trouble is to be faced, she had put on her best frock, and went to the battle with a glance as courageous as old Jolyon's itself. Her tremors had passed into eagerness.

Mrs. Baynes, Bosinney's aunt (Louisa was her name), was in her kitchen when June was announced, organizing the cook, for she was an excellent housewife, and, as Baynes always said, there was 'a lot in a good dinner.' He did his best work after dinner. It was Baynes who built that remarkably fine row of tall crimson houses in Kensington which compete with so many others for the title of 'the ugliest in London.'

On hearing June's name, she went hurriedly to her bedroom, and, taking two large bracelets from a red morocco case in a locked drawer, put them on her white wrists--for she possessed in a remarkable degree that 'sense of property,' which, as we know, is the touchstone of Forsyteism, and the foundation of good morality.

Her figure, of medium height and broad build, with a tendency to embonpoint, was reflected by the mirror of her whitewood wardrobe, in a gown made under her own organization, of one of those half-tints, reminiscent of the distempered walls of corridors in large hotels. She raised her hands to her hair, which she wore a la Princesse de Galles, and touched it here and there, settling it more firmly on her head, and her eyes were full of an unconscious realism, as though she were looking in the face one of life's sordid facts, and making the best of it. In youth her cheeks had been of cream and roses, but they were mottled now by middle-age, and again that hard, ugly directness came into her eyes as she dabbed a powder-puff across her forehead. Putting the puff down, she stood quite still before the glass, arranging a smile over her high, important nose, her, chin, (never large, and now growing smaller with the increase of her neck), her thin-lipped, down-drooping mouth. Quickly, not to lose the effect, she grasped her skirts strongly in both hands, and went downstairs.

She had been hoping for this visit for some time past. Whispers had reached her that things were not all right between her nephew and his fiancee. Neither of them had been near her for weeks. She had asked Phil to dinner many times; his invariable answer had been 'Too busy.'

Her instinct was alarmed, and the instinct in such matters of this excellent woman was keen. She ought to have been a Forsyte; in young Jolyon's sense of the word, she certainly had that privilege, and merits description as such.

She had married off her three daughters in a way that people said was beyond their deserts, for they had the professional plainness only to be found, as a rule, among the female kind of the more legal callings. Her name was upon the committees of numberless charities connected with the Church-dances, theatricals, or bazaars--and she never lent her name unless sure beforehand that everything had been thoroughly organized.

She believed, as she often said, in putting things on a commercial basis; the proper function of the Church, of charity, indeed, of everything, was to strengthen the fabric of 'Society.' Individual action, therefore, she considered immoral. Organization was the only thing, for by organization alone could you feel sure that you were getting a return for your money. Organization--and again, organization! And there is no doubt that she was what old Jolyon called her--"a 'dab' at that"--he went further, he called her "a humbug."

The enterprises to which she lent her name were organized so admirably that by the time the takings were handed over, they were indeed skim milk divested of all cream of human kindness. But as she often justly remarked, sentiment was to be deprecated. She was, in fact, a little academic.

This great and good woman, so highly thought of in ecclesiastical circles, was one of the principal priestesses in the temple of Forsyteism, keeping alive day and night a sacred flame to the God of Property, whose altar is inscribed with those inspiring words: 'Nothing for nothing, and really remarkably little for sixpence.'

When she entered a room it was felt that something substantial had come in, which was probably the reason of her popularity as a patroness. People liked something substantial when they had paid money for it; and they would look at her--surrounded by her staff in charity ballrooms, with her high nose and her broad, square figure, attired in an uniform covered with sequins--as though she were a general.

The only thing against her was that she had not a double name. She was a power in upper middle-class society, with its hundred sets and circles, all intersecting on the common battlefield of charity functions, and on that battlefield brushing skirts so pleasantly with the skirts of Society with the capital 'S.' She was a power in society with the smaller 's,' that larger, more significant, and more powerful body, where the commercially Christian institutions, maxims, and 'principle,' which Mrs. Baynes embodied, were real life-blood, circulating freely, real business currency, not merely the sterilized imitation that flowed in the veins of smaller Society with the larger 'S.' People who knew her felt her to be sound--a sound woman, who never gave herself away, nor anything else, if

she could possibly help it.

She had been on the worst sort of terms with Bosinney's father, who had not infrequently made her the object of an unpardonable ridicule. She alluded to him now that he was gone as her 'poor, dear, irreverend brother.'

She greeted June with the careful effusion of which she was a mistress, a little afraid of her as far as a woman of her eminence in the commercial and Christian world could be afraid--for so slight a girl June had a great dignity, the fearlessness of her eyes gave her that. And Mrs. Baynes, too, shrewdly recognized that behind the uncompromising frankness of June's manner there was much of the Forsyte. If the girl had been merely frank and courageous, Mrs. Baynes would have thought her 'cranky,' and despised her; if she had been merely a Forsyte, like Francie--let us say--she would have patronized her from sheer weight of metal; but June, small though she was--Mrs. Baynes habitually admired quantity--gave her an uneasy feeling; and she placed her in a chair opposite the light.

There was another reason for her respect which Mrs. Baynes, too good a churchwoman to be worldly, would have been the last to admit--she often heard her husband describe old Jolyon as extremely well off, and was biassed towards his granddaughter for the soundest of all reasons. To-day she felt the emotion with which we read a novel describing a hero and an inheritance, nervously anxious lest, by some frightful lapse of the novelist, the young man should be left without it at the end.

Her manner was warm; she had never seen so clearly before how distinguished and desirable a girl this was. She asked after old Jolyon's health. A wonderful man for his age; so upright, and young looking, and how old was he? Eighty-one! She would never have thought it! They were at the sea! Very nice for them; she supposed June heard from Phil every day? Her light grey eyes became more prominent as she asked this question; but the girl met the glance without flinching.

"No," she said, "he never writes!"

Mrs. Baynes's eyes dropped; they had no intention of doing so, but they did. They recovered immediately.

"Of course not. That's Phil all over--he was always like that!"

"Was he?" said June.

The brevity of the answer caused Mrs. Baynes's bright smile a moment's hesitation; she disguised it by a quick movement, and spreading her skirts afresh, said: "Why, my dear--he's quite the most harum-scarum person; one never pays the slightest attention to what he does!"

The conviction came suddenly to June that she was wasting her time; even were she to put a question point-blank, she would never get anything out of this woman.

'Do you see him?' she asked, her face crimsoning.

The perspiration broke out on Mrs. Baynes' forehead beneath the powder.

"Oh, yes! I don't remember when he was here last--indeed, we haven't seen much of him lately. He's so busy with your cousin's house; I'm told it'll be finished directly. We must organize a little dinner to celebrate the event; do come and stay the night with us!"

"Thank you," said June. Again she thought: 'I'm only wasting my time. This woman will tell me nothing.'

She got up to go. A change came over Mrs. Baynes. She rose too; her lips twitched, she fidgeted her hands. Something was evidently very wrong, and she did not dare to ask this girl, who stood there, a slim, straight little figure, with her decided face, her set jaw, and resentful eyes. She was not accustomed to be afraid of asking question's--all organization was based on the asking of questions!

But the issue was so grave that her nerve, normally strong, was fairly shaken; only that morning her husband had said: "Old Mr. Forsyte must be worth well over a hundred thousand pounds!"

And this girl stood there, holding out her hand--holding out her hand!

The chance might be slipping away--she couldn't tell--the chance of keeping her in the family, and yet she dared not speak.

Her eyes followed June to the door.

It closed.

Then with an exclamation Mrs. Baynes ran forward, wobbling her bulky frame from side to side, and opened it again.

Too late! She heard the front door click, and stood still, an expression of real anger and mortification on her face.

June went along the Square with her bird-like quickness. She detested that woman now whom in happier days she had been accustomed to think so kind. Was she always to be put off thus, and forced to undergo this torturing suspense?

She would go to Phil himself, and ask him what he meant. She had the right to know. She hurried on down Sloane Street till she came to Bosinney's number. Passing the swing-door at the bottom, she ran up the stairs, her heart thumping painfully.

At the top of the third flight she paused for breath, and holding on to the bannisters, stood listening. No sound came from above.

With a very white face she mounted the last flight. She saw the door, with his name on the plate. And the resolution that had brought her so far evaporated.

The full meaning of her conduct came to her. She felt hot all over; the palms of her hands were moist beneath the thin silk covering of her gloves.

She drew back to the stairs, but did not descend. Leaning against the rail she tried to get rid of a feeling of being choked; and she gazed at the door with a sort of dreadful courage. No! she refused to go down. Did it matter what people thought of her? They would never know! No one would help her if she did not help herself! She would go through with it.

Forcing herself, therefore, to leave the support of the wall, she rang the bell. The door did not open, and all her shame and fear suddenly abandoned her; she rang again and again, as though in spite of its emptiness she could drag some response out of that closed room, some recompense for the shame and fear that visit had cost her. It did not open; she left off ringing, and, sitting down at the top of the stairs, buried her face in her hands.

Presently she stole down, out into the air. She felt as though she had passed through a bad illness, and had no desire now but to get home as quickly as she could. The people she met seemed to know where she had been, what she had been doing; and suddenly--over on the opposite side, going towards his rooms from the direction of Montpellier Square--she saw Bosinney himself.

She made a movement to cross into the traffic. Their eyes met, and he raised his hat. An omnibus passed, obscuring her view; then, from the edge of the pavement, through a gap in the traffic, she saw him walking on.

And June stood motionless, looking after him.

CHAPTER XIII

PERFECTION OF THE HOUSE

'One mockturtle, clear; one oxtail; two glasses of port.'

In the upper room at French's, where a Forsyte could still get heavy English food, James and his son were sitting down to lunch.

Of all eating-places James liked best to come here; there was something unpretentious, well-flavoured, and filling about it, and though he had been to a certain extent corrupted by the necessity for being fashionable, and the trend of habits keeping pace with an income that would increase, he still hankered in quiet City moments after the tasty fleshpots of his earlier days. Here you were served by hairy English waiters in aprons; there was sawdust on the floor, and three round gilt looking-glasses hung just above the line of sight. They had only recently done away with the cubicles, too, in which you could have your chop, prime chump, with a floury-potato, without seeing your neighbours, like a gentleman.

He tucked the top corner of his napkin behind the third button of his waistcoat, a practice he had been obliged to abandon years ago in the West End. He felt that he should relish his soup--the entire morning had been given to winding up the estate of an old friend.

After filling his mouth with household bread, stale, he at once began: "How are you going down to Robin Hill? You going to take Irene? You'd better take her. I should think there'll be a lot that'll want seeing to."

Without looking up, Soames answered: "She won't go."

"Won't go? What's the meaning of that? She's going to live in the house, isn't she?"

Soames made no reply.

"I don't know what's coming to women nowadays," mumbled James; "I never used to have any trouble with them. She's had too much liberty. She's spoiled...."

Soames lifted his eyes: "I won't have anything said against her," he said unexpectedly.

The silence was only broken now by the supping of James's soup.

The waiter brought the two glasses of port, but Soames stopped him.

"That's not the way to serve port," he said; "take them away, and bring the bottle."

Rousing himself from his reverie over the soup, James took one of his rapid shifting surveys of surrounding facts.

"Your mother's in bed," he said; "you can have the carriage to take you down. I should think Irene'd like the drive. This young Bosinney'll be there, I suppose, to show you over"

Soames nodded.

"I should like to go and see for myself what sort of a job he's made finishing off," pursued James. "I'll just drive round and pick you both up."

"I am going down by train," replied Soames. "If you like to drive round and see, Irene might go with you, I can't tell."

He signed to the waiter to bring the bill, which James paid.

They parted at St. Paul's, Soames branching off to the station, James taking his omnibus westwards.

He had secured the corner seat next the conductor, where his long legs made it difficult for anyone to get in, and at all who passed him he looked resentfully, as if they had no business to be using up his air.

He intended to take an opportunity this afternoon of speaking to Irene. A word in time saved nine; and now that she was going to live in the country there was a chance for her to turn over a new leaf! He could see that Soames wouldn't stand very much more of her goings on!

It did not occur to him to define what he meant by her 'goings on'; the expression was wide, vague, and suited to a Forsyte. And James had more than his common share of courage after lunch.

On reaching home, he ordered out the barouche, with special instructions that the groom was to go too. He wished to be kind to her, and to give her every chance.

When the door of No.62 was opened he could distinctly hear her singing, and said so at once, to prevent any chance of being denied entrance.

Yes, Mrs. Soames was in, but the maid did not know if she was seeing people.

James, moving with the rapidity that ever astonished the observers of his long figure and absorbed expression, went forthwith into the drawing-room without permitting this to be ascertained. He found Irene seated at the piano with her hands arrested on the keys, evidently listening to the voices in the hall. She greeted him without smiling.

"Your mother-in-law's in bed," he began, hoping at once to enlist her sympathy. "I've got the carriage here. Now, be a good girl, and put on your hat and come with me for a drive. It'll do you good!"

Irene looked at him as though about to refuse, but, seeming to change her mind, went upstairs, and came down again with her hat on.

"Where are you going to take me?" she asked.

"We'll just go down to Robin Hill," said James, spluttering out his words very quick; "the horses want exercise, and I should like to see what they've been doing down there."

Irene hung back, but again changed her mind, and went out to the carriage, James brooding over her closely, to make quite sure.

It was not before he had got her more than half way that he began: "Soames is very fond of you--he won't have anything said against you; why don't you show him more affection?"

Irene flushed, and said in a low voice: "I can't show what I haven't got."

James looked at her sharply; he felt that now he had her in his own carriage, with his own horses and servants, he was really in command of the situation. She could not put him off; nor would she make a scene in public.

"I can't think what you're about," he said. "He's a very good husband!"

Irene's answer was so low as to be almost inaudible among the sounds of traffic. He caught the words: "You are not married to him!"

"What's that got to do with it? He's given you everything you want. He's always ready to take you anywhere, and now he's built you this house in the country. It's not as if you had anything of your own."

"No."

Again James looked at her; he could not make out the expression on her face. She looked almost as if she were going to cry, and yet....

"I'm sure," he muttered hastily, "we've all tried to be kind to you."

Irene's lips quivered; to his dismay James saw a tear steal down her cheek. He felt a choke rise in his own throat.

"We're all fond of you," he said, "if you'd only"--he was going to say, "behave yourself," but changed it to--"if you'd only be more of a wife to him."

Irene did not answer, and James, too, ceased speaking. There was something in her silence which disconcerted him; it was not the silence of obstinacy, rather that of acquiescence in all that he could find to say. And yet he felt as if he had not had the last word. He could not understand this.

He was unable, however, to long keep silence.

"I suppose that young Bosinney," he said, "will be getting married to June now?"

Irene's face changed. "I don't know," she said; "you should ask her."

"Does she write to you?" No.

"How's that?" said James. "I thought you and she were such great friends."

Irene turned on him. "Again," she said, "you should ask her!"

"Well," flustered James, frightened by her look, "it's very odd that I can't get a plain answer to a plain question, but there it is."

He sat ruminating over his rebuff, and burst out at last:

"Well, I've warned you. You won't look ahead. Soames he doesn't say much, but I can see he won't stand a great deal more of this sort of thing. You'll have nobody but yourself to blame, and, what's more, you'll get no sympathy from anybody."

Irene bent her head with a little smiling bow. "I am very much obliged to you."

James did not know what on earth to answer.

The bright hot morning had changed slowly to a grey, oppressive afternoon; a heavy bank of clouds, with the yellow tinge of coming thunder, had risen in the south, and was creeping up.

The branches of the trees dropped motionless across the road without the smallest stir of foliage. A faint odour of glue from the heated horses clung in the thick air; the coachman and groom, rigid and unbending, exchanged stealthy murmurs on the box, without ever turning their heads.

To James' great relief they reached the house at last; the silence and impenetrability of this woman by his side, whom he had always thought so soft and mild, alarmed him.

The carriage put them down at the door, and they entered.

The hall was cool, and so still that it was like passing into a tomb; a shudder ran down James's spine. He quickly lifted the heavy leather curtains between the columns into the inner court.

He could not restrain an exclamation of approval.

The decoration was really in excellent taste. The dull ruby tiles that extended from the foot of the walls to the verge of a circular clump of tall iris plants, surrounding in turn a sunken basin of white marble filled with water, were obviously of the best quality. He admired extremely the purple leather curtains drawn along one entire side, framing a huge white-tiled stove. The central partitions of the skylight had been slid back, and the warm air from outside penetrated into the very heart of the house.

He stood, his hands behind him, his head bent back on his high, narrow shoulders, spying the tracery on the columns and the pattern of the frieze which ran round the ivory-coloured walls under the gallery. Evidently, no pains had been spared. It was quite the house of a gentleman. He went up to the curtains, and, having discovered how they were worked, drew them asunder and disclosed the picture-gallery, ending in a great window taking up the whole end of the room. It had a black oak floor, and its walls, again, were of ivory white. He went on throwing open doors, and peeping in. Everything was in apple-pie order, ready for immediate occupation.

He turned round at last to speak to Irene, and saw her standing over in the garden entrance, with her husband and Bosinney.

Though not remarkable for sensibility, James felt at once that something was wrong. He went up to them, and, vaguely alarmed, ignorant of the nature of the trouble, made an attempt to smooth things over.

"How are you, Mr. Bosinney?" he said, holding out his hand. "You've been spending money pretty freely down here, I should say!"

Soames turned his back, and walked away.

James looked from Bosinney's frowning face to Irene, and, in his agitation, spoke his thoughts aloud: "Well, I can't tell what's the matter. Nobody tells me anything!" And, making off after his son, he heard Bosinney's short laugh, and his "Well, thank God! You look so...." Most unfortunately he lost the rest.

What had happened? He glanced back. Irene was very close to the architect, and her face not like the face he knew of her. He hastened up to his son.

Soames was pacing the picture-gallery.

"What's the matter?" said James. "What's all this?"

Soames looked at him with his supercilious calm unbroken, but James knew well enough that he was violently angry.

"Our friend," he said, "has exceeded his instructions again, that's all. So much the worse for him this time."

He turned round and walked back towards the door. James followed hurriedly, edging himself in front. He saw Irene take her finger from before her lips, heard her say something in her ordinary voice, and began to speak before he reached them.

"There's a storm coming on. We'd better get home. We can't take you, I suppose, Mr. Bosinney? No, I suppose not. Then, good-bye!" He held out his hand. Bosinney did not take it, but, turning with a laugh, said:

"Good-bye, Mr. Forsyte. Don't get caught in the storm!" and walked away.

"Well," began James, "I don't know...."

But the 'sight of Irene's face stopped him. Taking hold of his daughter-in-law by the elbow, he escorted her towards the carriage. He felt certain, quite certain, they had been making some appointment or other....

Nothing in this world is more sure to upset a Forsyte than the discovery that something on which he has stipulated to spend a certain sum has cost more. And this is reasonable, for upon the accuracy of his estimates the whole policy of his life is ordered. If he cannot rely on definite values of property, his compass is amiss; he is adrift upon bitter waters without a helm.

After writing to Bosinney in the terms that have already been chronicled, Soames had dismissed the cost of the house from his mind. He believed that he had made the matter of the final cost so very plain that the possibility of its being again exceeded had really never entered his head. On hearing from Bosinney that his limit of twelve thousand pounds would be exceeded by something like four hundred, he had grown white with anger. His original estimate of the cost of the house completed had been ten thousand pounds, and he had often blamed himself severely for allowing himself to be led into repeated excesses. Over this last expenditure, however, Bosinney had put himself completely in the wrong. How on earth a fellow could make such an ass of himself Soames could not conceive; but he had done so, and all the rancour and hidden jealousy that had been burning against him for so long was now focussed in rage at this crowning piece of extravagance. The attitude of the confident and friendly husband was gone. To preserve property--his wife--he had assumed it, to preserve property of another kind he lost it now.

"Ah!" he had said to Bosinney when he could speak, "and I suppose you're perfectly contented with yourself. But I may as well tell you that you've altogether mistaken your man!"

What he meant by those words he did not quite know at the time, but after dinner he looked up the correspondence between himself and Bosinney to make quite sure. There could be no two opinions about it--the fellow had made himself liable for that extra four hundred, or, at all events, for three hundred and fifty of it, and he would have to make it good.

He was looking at his wife's face when he came to this conclusion. Seated in her usual seat on the sofa, she was altering the lace on a collar. She had not once spoken to him all the evening.

He went up to the mantelpiece, and contemplating his face in the mirror said: "Your friend the Buccaneer has made a fool of himself; he will have to pay for it!"

She looked at him scornfully, and answered: "I don't know what you are talking about!"

"You soon will. A mere trifle, quite beneath your contempt--four hundred pounds."

"Do you mean that you are going to make him pay that towards this hateful, house?"

"I do."

"And you know he's got nothing?"

"Yes."

"Then you are meaner than I thought you."

Soames turned from the mirror, and unconsciously taking a china cup from the mantelpiece, clasped his hands around it as though praying. He saw her bosom rise and fall, her eyes darkening with anger, and taking no notice of the taunt, he asked quietly:

"Are you carrying on a flirtation with Bosinney?"

"No, I am not!"

Her eyes met his, and he looked away. He neither believed nor disbelieved her, but he knew that he had made a mistake in asking; he never had known, never would know, what she was thinking. The sight of her inscrutable face, the thought of all the hundreds of evenings he had seen her sitting there like that soft and passive, but unreadable, unknown, enraged him beyond measure.

"I believe you are made of stone," he said, clenching his fingers so hard that he broke the fragile cup. The pieces fell into the grate. And Irene smiled.

"You seem to forget," she said, "that cup is not!"

Soames gripped her arm. "A good beating," he said, "is the only thing that would bring you to your senses," but turning on his heel, he left the room.

CHAPTER XIV

SOAMES SITS ON THE STAIRS

Soames went upstairs that night that he had gone too far. He was prepared to offer excuses for his words.

He turned out the gas still burning in the passage outside their room. Pausing, with his hand on the knob of the door, he tried to shape his apology, for he had no intention of letting her see that he was nervous.

But the door did not open, nor when he pulled it and turned the handle firmly. She must have locked it for some reason, and forgotten.

Entering his dressing-room where the gas was also light and burning low, he went quickly to the other door. That too was locked. Then he noticed that the camp bed which he occasionally used was prepared, and his sleeping-suit laid out upon it. He put his hand up to his forehead, and brought it away wet. It dawned on him that he was barred out.

He went back to the door, and rattling the handle stealthily, called: "Unlock the door, do you hear? Unlock the door!"

There was a faint rustling, but no answer.

"Do you hear? Let me in at once--I insist on being let in!"

He could catch the sound of her breathing close to the door, like the breathing of a creature threatened by danger.

There was something terrifying in this inexorable silence, in the impossibility of getting at her. He went back to the other door, and putting his whole weight against it, tried to burst it open. The door was a new one--he had had them renewed himself, in readiness for their coming in after the honeymoon. In a rage he lifted his foot to kick in the panel; the thought of the servants restrained him, and he felt suddenly that he was beaten.

Flinging himself down in the dressing-room, he took up a book.

But instead of the print he seemed to see his wife--with her yellow hair flowing over her bare shoulders, and her great dark eyes--standing like an animal at bay. And the whole meaning of her act of revolt came to him. She meant it to be for good.

He could not sit still, and went to the door again. He could still hear her, and he called: "Irene! Irene!"

He did not mean to make his voice pathetic.

In ominous answer, the faint sounds ceased. He stood with clenched hands, thinking.

Presently he stole round on tiptoe, and running suddenly at the other door, made a supreme effort to break it open. It creaked, but did not yield. He sat down on the stairs and buried his face in his hands.

For a long time he sat there in the dark, the moon through the skylight above laying a pale smear which lengthened slowly towards him down the stairway. He tried to be philosophical.

Since she had locked her doors she had no further claim as a wife, and he would console himself with other women.

It was but a spectral journey he made among such delights--he had no appetite for these exploits. He had never had much, and he had lost the habit. He felt that he could never recover it. His hunger could only be appeased by his wife, inexorable and frightened, behind these shut doors. No other woman could help him.

This conviction came to him with terrible force out there in the dark.

His philosophy left him; and surly anger took its place. Her conduct was immoral, inexcusable, worthy of any punishment within his power. He desired no one but her, and she refused him!

She must really hate him, then! He had never believed it yet. He did not believe it now. It seemed to him incredible. He felt as though he had lost for ever his power of judgment. If she, so soft and yielding as he had always judged her, could take this decided step--what could not happen?

Then he asked himself again if she were carrying on an intrigue with Bosinney. He did not believe that she was; he could not afford to believe such a reason for her conduct--the thought was not to be faced.

It would be unbearable to contemplate the necessity of making his marital relations public property. Short of the most convincing proofs he must still refuse to believe, for he did not wish to punish himself. And all the time at heart--he did believe.

The moonlight cast a greyish tinge over his figure, hunched against the staircase wall.

Bosinney was in love with her! He hated the fellow, and would not spare him now. He could and would refuse to pay a penny piece over twelve thousand and fifty pounds--the extreme limit fixed in the correspondence; or rather he would pay, he would pay and sue him for damages. He would go to Jobling and Boulter and put the matter in their hands. He would ruin the impecunious beggar! And suddenly--though what connection between the thoughts?--he reflected that Irene had no money either. They were both beggars. This gave him a strange satisfaction.

The silence was broken by a faint creaking through the wall. She was going to bed at last. Ah! Joy and pleasant dreams! If she threw the door open wide he would not go in now!

But his lips, that were twisted in a bitter smile, twitched; he covered his eyes with his hands....

It was late the following afternoon when Soames stood in the dining-room window gazing gloomily into the Square.

The sunlight still showered on the plane-trees, and in the breeze their gay broad leaves shone and swung in rhyme to a barrel organ at the corner. It was playing a waltz, an old waltz that was out of fashion, with a fateful rhythm in the notes; and it went on and on, though nothing indeed but leaves danced to the tune.

The woman did not look too gay, for she was tired; and from the tall houses no one threw her down coppers. She moved the organ on, and three doors off began again.

It was the waltz they had played at Roger's when Irene had danced with Bosinney; and the perfume of the gardenias she had worn came back to Soames, drifted by the malicious music, as it had been drifted to him then, when she passed, her hair glistening, her eyes so soft, drawing Bosinney on and on down an endless ballroom.

The organ woman plied her handle slowly; she had been grinding her tune all day-grinding it in Sloane Street hard by, grinding it perhaps to Bosinney himself.

Soames turned, took a cigarette from the carven box, and walked back to the window. The tune had mesmerized him, and there came into his view Irene, her sunshade furled, hastening homewards down the Square, in a soft, rose-coloured blouse with drooping sleeves, that he did not know. She stopped before the organ, took out her purse, and gave the woman money.

Soames shrank back and stood where he could see into the hall.

She came in with her latch-key, put down her sunshade, and stood looking at herself in the glass. Her cheeks were flushed as if the sun had burned them; her lips were parted in a smile. She stretched her arms out as though to embrace herself, with a laugh that for all the world was like a sob.

Soames stepped forward.

"Very-pretty!" he said.

But as though shot she spun round, and would have passed him up the stairs. He barred the way.

"Why such a hurry?" he said, and his eyes fastened on a curl of hair fallen loose across her ear....

He hardly recognised her. She seemed on fire, so deep and rich the colour of her cheeks, her eyes, her lips, and of the unusual blouse she wore.

She put up her hand and smoothed back the curl. She was breathing fast and deep, as though she had been running, and with every breath perfume seemed to come from her hair, and from her body, like perfume from an opening flower.

"I don't like that blouse," he said slowly, "it's a soft, shapeless thing!"

He lifted his finger towards her breast, but she dashed his hand aside.

"Don't touch me!" she cried.

He caught her wrist; she wrenched it away.

"And where may you have been?" he asked.

"In heaven--out of this house!" With those words she fled upstairs.

Outside--in thanksgiving--at the very door, the organ-grinder was playing the waltz.

And Soames stood motionless. What prevented him from following her?

Was it that, with the eyes of faith, he saw Bosinney looking down from that high window in Sloane Street, straining his eyes for yet another glimpse of Irene's vanished figure, cooling his flushed face, dreaming of the moment when she flung herself on his breast--the scent of her still in the air around, and the sound of her laugh that was like a sob?

PART III

CHAPTER I

Mrs. MACANDER'S EVIDENCE

Many people, no doubt, including the editor of the 'Ultra Vivisectionist,' then in the bloom of its first youth, would say that Soames was less than a man not to have removed the locks from his wife's doors, and, after beating her soundly, resumed wedded happiness.

Brutality is not so deplorably diluted by humaneness as it used to be, yet a sentimental segment of the population may still be relieved to learn that he did none of these things. For active brutality is not popular with Forsytes; they are too circumspect, and, on the whole, too softhearted. And in Soames there was some common pride, not sufficient to make him do a really generous action, but enough to prevent his indulging in an extremely mean one, except, perhaps, in very hot blood. Above all this a true Forsyte refused to feel himself ridiculous. Short of actually beating his wife, he perceived nothing to be done; he therefore accepted the situation without another word.

Throughout the summer and autumn he continued to go to the office, to sort his pictures, and ask his friends to dinner.

He did not leave town; Irene refused to go away. The house at Robin Hill, finished though it was, remained empty and ownerless. Soames had brought a suit against the Buccaneer, in which he claimed from him the sum of three hundred and fifty pounds.

A firm of solicitors, Messrs. Freak and Able, had put in a defence on Bosinney's behalf. Admitting the facts, they raised a point on the correspondence which, divested of legal phraseology, amounted to this: To speak of 'a free hand in the terms of this correspondence' is an Irish bull.

By a chance, fortuitous but not improbable in the close borough of legal circles, a good deal of information came to Soames' ear anent this line of policy, the working partner in his firm, Bustard, happening to sit next at dinner at Walmisley's, the Taxing Master, to young Chankery, of the Common Law Bar.

The necessity for talking what is known as 'shop,' which comes on all lawyers with the removal of the ladies, caused Chankery, a young and promising advocate, to propound an impersonal conundrum to his neighbour, whose name he did not know, for, seated as he permanently was in the background, Bustard had practically no name.

He had, said Chankery, a case coming on with a 'very nice point.' He then explained, preserving every professional discretion, the riddle in Soames' case. Everyone, he said, to whom he had spoken, thought it a nice point. The issue was small unfortunately, 'though d----d serious for his client he believed'--Walmisley's champagne was bad but plentiful. A Judge would make short work of

it, he was afraid. He intended to make a big effort--the point was a nice one. What did his neighbour say?

Bustard, a model of secrecy, said nothing. He related the incident to Soames however with some malice, for this quiet man was capable of human feeling, ending with his own opinion that the point was 'a very nice one.'

In accordance with his resolve, our Forsyte had put his interests into the hands of Jobling and Boulter. From the moment of doing so he regretted that he had not acted for himself. On receiving a copy of Bosinney's defence he went over to their offices.

Boulter, who had the matter in hand, Jobling having died some years before, told him that in his opinion it was rather a nice point; he would like counsel's opinion on it.

Soames told him to go to a good man, and they went to Waterbuck, Q.C., marking him ten and one, who kept the papers six weeks and then wrote as follows:

'In my opinion the true interpretation of this correspondence depends very much on the intention of the parties, and will turn upon the evidence given at the trial. I am of opinion that an attempt should be made to secure from the architect an admission that he understood he was not to spend at the outside more than twelve thousand and fifty pounds. With regard to the expression, "a free hand in the terms of this correspondence," to which my attention is directed, the point is a nice one; but I am of opinion that upon the whole the ruling in "Boileau v. The Blasted Cement Co., Ltd.," will apply.'

Upon this opinion they acted, administering interrogatories, but to their annoyance Messrs. Freak and Able answered these in so masterly a fashion that nothing whatever was admitted and that without prejudice.

It was on October 1 that Soames read Waterbuck's opinion, in the dining-room before dinner.

It made him nervous; not so much because of the case of 'Boileau v. The Blasted Cement Co., Ltd.,' as that the point had lately begun to seem to him, too, a nice one; there was about it just that pleasant flavour of subtlety so attractive to the best legal appetites. To have his own impression confirmed by Waterbuck, Q.C., would have disturbed any man.

He sat thinking it over, and staring at the empty grate, for though autumn had come, the weather kept as gloriously fine that jubilee year as if it were still high August. It was not pleasant to be disturbed; he desired too passionately to set his foot on Bosinney's neck.

Though he had not seen the architect since the last afternoon at Robin Hill, he was never free from the sense of his presence--never free from the memory of his worn face with its high cheek bones and enthusiastic eyes. It would not be too much to say that he had never got rid of the feeling of that night when he heard the peacock's cry at dawn--the feeling that Bosinney haunted the house. And every man's shape that he saw in the dark evenings walking past, seemed that of him whom George had so appropriately named the Buccaneer.

Irene still met him, he was certain; where, or how, he neither knew, nor asked; deterred by a vague and secret dread of too much knowledge. It all seemed subterranean nowadays.

Sometimes when he questioned his wife as to where she had been, which he still made a point of doing, as every Forsyte should, she looked very strange. Her self-possession was wonderful, but there were moments when, behind the mask of her face, inscrutable as it had always been to him, lurked an expression he had never been used to see there.

She had taken to lunching out too; when he asked Bilson if her mistress had been in to lunch, as often as not she would answer: "No, sir."

He strongly disapproved of her gadding about by herself, and told her so. But she took no notice. There was something that angered, amazed, yet almost amused him about the calm way in which she disregarded his wishes. It was really as if she were hugging to herself the thought of a triumph over him.

He rose from the perusal of Waterbuck, Q.C.'s opinion, and, going upstairs, entered her room, for she did not lock her doors till bed-time--she had the decency, he found, to save the feelings of the servants. She was brushing her hair, and turned to him with strange fierceness.

"What do you want?" she said. "Please leave my room!"

He answered: "I want to know how long this state of things between us is to last? I have put up with it long enough."

"Will you please leave my room?"

"Will you treat me as your husband?"

"No."

"Then, I shall take steps to make you."

"Do!"

He stared, amazed at the calmness of her answer. Her lips were compressed in a thin line; her hair lay in fluffy masses on her bare shoulders, in all its strange golden contrast to her dark eyes--those eyes alive with the emotions of fear, hate, contempt, and odd, haunting triumph.

"Now, please, will you leave my room?" He turned round, and went sulkily out.

He knew very well that he had no intention of taking steps, and he saw that she knew too--knew that he was afraid to.

It was a habit with him to tell her the doings of his day: how such and such clients had called; how he had arranged a mortgage for Parkes; how that long-standing suit of Fryer v. Forsyte was getting on, which, arising in the preternaturally careful disposition of his property by his great uncle Nicholas, who had tied it up so that no one could get at it at all, seemed likely to remain a source of income for several solicitors till the Day of Judgment.

And how he had called in at Jobson's, and seen a Boucher sold, which he had just missed buying of Talleyrand and Sons in Pall Mall.

He had an admiration for Boucher, Watteau, and all that school. It was a habit with him to tell her all these matters, and he continued to do it even now, talking for long spells at dinner, as though by the volubility of words he could conceal from himself the ache in his heart.

Often, if they were alone, he made an attempt to kiss her when she said good-night. He may have had some vague notion that some night she would let him; or perhaps only the feeling that a husband ought to kiss his wife. Even if she hated him, he at all events ought not to put himself in the wrong by neglecting this ancient rite.

And why did she hate him? Even now he could not altogether believe it. It was strange to be hated!--the emotion was too extreme; yet he hated Bosinney, that Buccaneer, that prowling vagabond, that night-wanderer. For in his thoughts Soames always saw him lying in wait--wandering. Ah, but he must be in very low water! Young Burkitt, the architect, had seen him coming out of a third-rate restaurant, looking terribly down in the mouth!

During all the hours he lay awake, thinking over the situation, which seemed to have no end--unless she should suddenly come to her senses--never once did the thought of separating from his wife seriously enter his head....

And the Forsytes! What part did they play in this stage of Soames' subterranean tragedy?

Truth to say, little or none, for they were at the sea.

From hotels, hydropathics, or lodging-houses, they were bathing daily; laying in a stock of ozone to last them through the winter.

Each section, in the vineyard of its own choosing, grew and culled and pressed and bottled the grapes of a pet sea-air.

The end of September began to witness their several returns.

In rude health and small omnibuses, with considerable colour in their cheeks, they arrived daily from the various termini. The following morning saw them back at their vocations.

On the next Sunday Timothy's was thronged from lunch till dinner.

Amongst other gossip, too numerous and interesting to relate, Mrs. Septimus Small mentioned that Soames and Irene had not been away.

It remained for a comparative outsider to supply the next evidence of interest.

It chanced that one afternoon late in September, Mrs. MacAnder, Winifred Dartie's greatest friend, taking a constitutional, with young Augustus Flippard, on her bicycle in Richmond Park, passed Irene and Bosinney walking from the bracken towards the Sheen Gate.

Perhaps the poor little woman was thirsty, for she had ridden long on a hard, dry road, and, as all London knows, to ride a bicycle and talk to young Flippard will try the toughest constitution; or perhaps the sight of the cool bracken grove, whence 'those two' were coming down, excited her envy. The cool bracken grove on the top of the hill, with the oak boughs for roof, where the pigeons were raising an endless wedding hymn, and the autumn, humming, whispered to the ears of lovers in the fern, while the deer stole by. The bracken grove of irretrievable delights, of golden minutes in the long marriage of heaven and earth! The bracken grove, sacred to stags, to strange tree-stump fauns leaping around the silver whiteness of a birch-tree nymph at summer dusk.

This lady knew all the Forsytes, and having been at June's 'at home,' was not at a loss to see with whom she had to deal. Her own marriage, poor thing, had not been successful, but having had the good sense and ability to force her husband into pronounced error, she herself had passed through the necessary divorce proceedings without incurring censure.

She was therefore a judge of all that sort of thing, and lived in one of those large buildings, where in small sets of apartments, are gathered incredible quantities of Forsytes, whose chief recreation out of business hours is the discussion of each other's affairs.

Poor little woman, perhaps she was thirsty, certainly she was bored, for Flippard was a wit. To see 'those two' in so unlikely a spot was quite a merciful 'pick-me-up.'

At the MacAnder, like all London, Time pauses.

This small but remarkable woman merits attention; her all-seeing eye and shrewd tongue were inscrutably the means of furthering the ends of Providence.

With an air of being in at the death, she had an almost distressing power of taking care of herself. She had done more, perhaps, in her way than any woman about town to destroy the sense of chivalry which still clogs the wheel of civilization. So smart she was, and spoken of endearingly as 'the little MacAnder!'

Dressing tightly and well, she belonged to a Woman's Club, but was by no means the neurotic and dismal type of member who was always thinking of her rights. She took her rights unconsciously, they came natural to her, and she knew exactly how to make the most of them without exciting anything but admiration amongst that great class to whom she was affiliated, not precisely perhaps by manner, but by birth, breeding, and the true, the secret gauge, a sense of property.

The daughter of a Bedfordshire solicitor, by the daughter of a clergyman, she had never, through all the painful experience of being married to a very mild painter with a cranky love of Nature, who had deserted her for an actress, lost touch with the requirements, beliefs, and inner feeling of Society; and, on attaining her liberty, she placed herself without effort in the very van of Forsyteism.

Always in good spirits, and 'full of information,' she was universally welcomed. She excited neither surprise nor disapprobation when encountered on the Rhine or at Zermatt, either alone, or travelling with a lady and two gentlemen; it was felt that she was perfectly capable of taking care of herself; and the hearts of all Forsytes warmed to that wonderful instinct, which enabled her to enjoy everything without giving anything away. It was generally felt that to such women as Mrs. MacAnder should we look for the perpetuation and increase of our best type of woman. She had never had any children.

If there was one thing more than another that she could not stand it was one of those soft women with what men called 'charm' about them, and for Mrs. Soames she always had an especial dislike.

Obscurely, no doubt, she felt that if charm were once admitted as the criterion, smartness and capability must go to the wall; and she hated--with a hatred the deeper that at times this so-called charm seemed to disturb all calculations--the subtle seductiveness which she could not altogether overlook in Irene.

She said, however, that she could see nothing in the woman--there was no 'go' about her--she would never be able to stand up for herself--anyone could take advantage of her, that was plain--she could not see in fact what men found to admire!

She was not really ill-natured, but, in maintaining her position after the trying circumstances of her married life, she had found it so necessary to be 'full of information,' that the idea of holding her tongue about 'those two' in the Park never occurred to her.

And it so happened that she was dining that very evening at Timothy's, where she went sometimes to 'cheer the old things up,' as she was wont to put it. The same people were always asked to meet her: Winifred Dartie and her husband; Francie, because she belonged to the artistic circles, for Mrs. MacAnder was known to contribute articles on dress to 'The Ladies Kingdom Come'; and for her to flirt with, provided they could be obtained, two of the Hayman boys, who, though they never said anything, were believed to be fast and thoroughly intimate with all that was latest in smart Society.

At twenty-five minutes past seven she turned out the electric light in her little hall, and wrapped in her opera cloak with the chinchilla collar, came out into the corridor, pausing a moment to make sure she had her latch-key. These little self-contained flats were convenient; to be sure, she had no light and no air, but she could shut it up whenever she liked and go away. There was no bother with servants, and she never felt tied as she used to when poor, dear Fred was always about, in his mooney way. She retained no rancour against poor, dear Fred, he was such a fool; but the thought of that actress drew from her, even now, a little, bitter, derisive smile.

Firmly snapping the door to, she crossed the corridor, with its gloomy, yellow-ochre walls, and its infinite vista of brown, numbered doors. The lift was going down; and wrapped to the ears in the high cloak, with every one of her auburn hairs in its place, she waited motionless for it to stop at her floor. The iron gates clanked open; she entered. There were already three occupants, a man in a great white waistcoat, with a large, smooth face like a baby's, and two old ladies in black, with mittened hands.

Mrs. MacAnder smiled at them; she knew everybody; and all these three, who had been admirably silent before, began to talk at once. This was Mrs. MacAnder's successful secret. She provoked conversation.

Throughout a descent of five stories the conversation continued, the lift boy standing with his back turned, his cynical face protruding through the bars.

At the bottom they separated, the man in the white waistcoat sentimentally to the billiard room, the old ladies to dine and say to each other: "A dear little woman!" "Such a rattle!" and Mrs. MacAnder to her cab.

When Mrs. MacAnder dined at Timothy's, the conversation (although Timothy himself could never be induced to be present) took that wider, man-of-the-world tone current among Forsytes at large, and this, no doubt, was what put her at a premium there.

Mrs. Small and Aunt Hester found it an exhilarating change. "If only," they said, "Timothy would meet her!" It was felt that she would do him good. She could tell you, for instance, the latest story of Sir Charles Fiste's son at Monte Carlo; who was the real heroine of Tynemouth Eddy's fashionable novel that everyone was holding up their hands over, and what they were doing in Paris about wearing bloomers. She was so sensible, too, knowing all about that vexed question, whether to send young Nicholas' eldest into the navy as his mother wished, or make him an accountant as his father thought would be safer. She strongly deprecated the navy. If you were not exceptionally brilliant or exceptionally well connected, they passed you over so disgracefully, and what was it after all to look forward to, even if you became an admiral--a pittance! An accountant had many more chances, but let him be put with a good firm, where there was no risk at starting!

Sometimes she would give them a tip on the Stock Exchange; not that Mrs. Small or Aunt Hester ever took it. They had indeed no money to invest; but it seemed to bring them into such exciting touch with the realities of life. It was an event. They would ask Timothy, they said. But they never did, knowing in advance that it would upset him. Surreptitiously, however, for weeks after they would look in that paper, which they took with respect on account of its really fashionable proclivities, to see whether 'Bright's Rubies' or 'The Woollen Mackintosh Company' were up or down. Sometimes they could not find the name of the company at all; and they would wait until James or Roger or even Swithin came in, and ask them in voices trembling with curiosity how that 'Bolivia Lime and Speltrate' was doing--they could not find it in the paper.

And Roger would answer: "What do you want to know for? Some trash! You'll go burning your fingers--investing your money in lime, and things you know nothing about! Who told you?" and ascertaining what they had been told, he would go away, and, making inquiries in the City, would perhaps invest some of his own money in the concern.

It was about the middle of dinner, just in fact as the saddle of mutton had been brought in by Smither, that Mrs. MacAnder, looking airily round, said: "Oh! and whom do you think I passed to-day in Richmond Park? You'll never guess--Mrs. Soames and--Mr.

Bosinney. They must have been down to look at the house!"

Winifred Dartie coughed, and no one said a word. It was the piece of evidence they had all unconsciously been waiting for.

To do Mrs. MacAnder justice, she had been to Switzerland and the Italian lakes with a party of three, and had not heard of Soames' rupture with his architect. She could not tell, therefore, the profound impression her words would make.

Upright and a little flushed, she moved her small, shrewd eyes from face to face, trying to gauge the effect of her words. On either side of her a Hayman boy, his lean, taciturn, hungry face turned towards his plate, ate his mutton steadily.

These two, Giles and Jesse, were so alike and so inseparable that they were known as the Dromios. They never talked, and seemed always completely occupied in doing nothing. It was popularly supposed that they were cramming for an important examination. They walked without hats for long hours in the Gardens attached to their house, books in their hands, a fox-terrier at their heels, never saying a word, and smoking all the time. Every morning, about fifty yards apart, they trotted down Campden Hill on two lean hacks, with legs as long as their own, and every morning about an hour later, still fifty yards apart, they cantered up again. Every evening, wherever they had dined, they might be observed about half-past ten, leaning over the balustrade of the Alhambra promenade.

They were never seen otherwise than together; in this way passing their lives, apparently perfectly content.

Inspired by some dumb stirring within them of the feelings of gentlemen, they turned at this painful moment to Mrs. MacAnder, and said in precisely the same voice: "Have you seen the...?"

Such was her surprise at being thus addressed that she put down her fork; and Smither, who was passing, promptly removed her plate. Mrs. MacAnder, however, with presence of mind, said instantly: "I must have a little more of that nice mutton."

But afterwards in the drawing--room she sat down by Mrs. Small, determined to get to the bottom of the matter. And she began:

"What a charming woman, Mrs. Soames; such a sympathetic temperament! Soames is a really lucky man!"

Her anxiety for information had not made sufficient allowance for that inner Forsyte skin which refuses to share its troubles with outsiders.

Mrs. Septimus Small, drawing herself up with a creak and rustle of her whole person, said, shivering in her dignity:

"My dear, it is a subject we do not talk about!"

CHAPTER II

NIGHT IN THE PARK

Although with her infallible instinct Mrs. Small had said the very thing to make her guest 'more intriguee than ever,' it is difficult to see how else she could truthfully have spoken.

It was not a subject which the Forsytes could talk about even among themselves--to use the word Soames had invented to characterize to himself the situation, it was 'subterranean.'

Yet, within a week of Mrs. MacAnder's encounter in Richmond Park, to all of them--save Timothy, from whom it was carefully kept--to James on his domestic beat from the Poultry to Park Lane, to George the wild one, on his daily adventure from the bow window at the Haversnake to the billiard room at the 'Red Pottle,' was it known that 'those two' had gone to extremes.

George (it was he who invented many of those striking expressions still current in fashionable circles) voiced the sentiment more accurately than any one when he said to his brother Eustace that 'the Buccaneer' was 'going it'; he expected Soames was about 'fed up.'

It was felt that he must be, and yet, what could be done? He ought perhaps to take steps; but to take steps would be deplorable.

Without an open scandal which they could not see their way to recommending, it was difficult to see what steps could be taken. In this impasse, the only thing was to say nothing to Soames, and nothing to each other; in fact, to pass it over.

By displaying towards Irene a dignified coldness, some impression might be made upon her; but she was seldom now to be seen, and there seemed a slight difficulty in seeking her out on purpose to show her coldness. Sometimes in the privacy of his bedroom James would reveal to Emily the real suffering that his son's misfortune caused him.

"I can't tell," he would say; "it worries me out of my life. There'll be a scandal, and that'll do him no good. I shan't say anything to him. There might be nothing in it. What do you think? She's very artistic, they tell me. What? Oh, you're a 'regular Juley! Well, I don't know; I expect the worst. This is what comes of having no children. I knew how it would be from the first. They never told me they didn't mean to have any children--nobody tells me anything!"

On his knees by the side of the bed, his eyes open and fixed with worry, he would breathe into the counterpane. Clad in his nightshirt, his neck poked forward, his back rounded, he resembled some long white bird.

"Our Father-," he repeated, turning over and over again the thought of this possible scandal.

Like old Jolyon, he, too, at the bottom of his heart set the blame of the tragedy down to family interference. What business had that lot--he began to think of the Stanhope Gate branch, including young Jolyon and his daughter, as 'that lot'--to introduce a person like this Bosinney into the family? (He had heard George's soubriquet, 'The Buccaneer,' but he could make nothing of that--the young man was an architect.)

He began to feel that his brother Jolyon, to whom he had always looked up and on whose opinion he had relied, was not quite what he had expected.

Not having his eldest brother's force of character, he was more sad than angry. His great comfort was to go to Winifred's, and take the little Darties in his carriage over to Kensington Gardens, and there, by the Round Pond, he could often be seen walking with his eyes fixed anxiously on little Publius Dartie's sailing-boat, which he had himself freighted with a penny, as though convinced that it would never again come to shore; while little Publius--who, James delighted to say, was not a bit like his father skipping along under his lee, would try to get him to bet another that it never would, having found that it always did. And James would make the bet; he always paid--sometimes as many as three or four pennies in the afternoon, for the game seemed never to pall on little Publius--and always in paying he said: "Now, that's for your money-box. Why, you're getting quite a rich man!" The thought of his little grandson's growing wealth was a real pleasure to him. But little Publius knew a sweet-shop, and a trick worth two of that.

And they would walk home across the Park, James' figure, with high shoulders and absorbed and worried face, exercising its tall, lean protectorship, pathetically unregarded, over the robust child-figures of Imogen and little Publius.

But those Gardens and that Park were not sacred to James. Forsytes and tramps, children and lovers, rested and wandered day after day, night after night, seeking one and all some freedom from labour, from the reek and turmoil of the streets.

The leaves browned slowly, lingering with the sun and summer-like warmth of the nights.

On Saturday, October 5, the sky that had been blue all day deepened after sunset to the bloom of purple grapes. There was no moon, and a clear dark, like some velvety garment, was wrapped around the trees, whose thinned branches, resembling plumes, stirred not in the still, warm air. All London had poured into the Park, draining the cup of summer to its dregs.

Couple after couple, from every gate, they streamed along the paths and over the burnt grass, and one after another, silently out of the lighted spaces, stole into the shelter of the feathery trees, where, blotted against some trunk, or under the shadow of shrubs, they were lost to all but themselves in the heart of the soft darkness.

To fresh-comers along the paths, these forerunners formed but part of that passionate dusk, whence only a strange murmur, like the confused beating of hearts, came forth. But when that murmur reached each couple in the lamp-light their voices wavered, and ceased; their arms enlaced, their eyes began seeking, searching, probing the blackness. Suddenly, as though drawn by invisible hands, they, too, stepped over the railing, and, silent as shadows, were gone from the light.

The stillness, enclosed in the far, inexorable roar of the town, was alive with the myriad passions, hopes, and loves of multitudes of struggling human atoms; for in spite of the disapproval of that great body of Forsytes, the Municipal Council--to whom Love had long been considered, next to the Sewage Question, the gravest danger to the community--a process was going on that night in the Park, and in a hundred other parks, without which the thousand factories, churches, shops, taxes, and drains, of which they were custodians, were as arteries without blood, a man without a heart.

The instincts of self-forgetfulness, of passion, and of love, hiding under the trees, away from the trustees of their remorseless enemy, the 'sense of property,' were holding a stealthy revel, and Soames, returning from Bayswater for he had been alone to dine at Timothy's walking home along the water, with his mind upon that coming lawsuit, had the blood driven from his heart by a low laugh and the sound of kisses. He thought of writing to the Times the next morning, to draw the attention of the Editor to the condition of our parks. He did not, however, for he had a horror of seeing his name in print.

But starved as he was, the whispered sounds in the stillness, the half-seen forms in the dark, acted on him like some morbid stimulant. He left the path along the water and stole under the trees, along the deep shadow of little plantations, where the boughs of chestnut trees hung their great leaves low, and there was blacker refuge, shaping his course in circles which had for their object a stealthy inspection of chairs side by side, against tree-trunks, of enlaced lovers, who stirred at his approach.

Now he stood still on the rise overlooking the Serpentine, where, in full lamp-light, black against the silver water, sat a couple who never moved, the woman's face buried on the man's neck--a single form, like a carved emblem of passion, silent and unashamed.

And, stung by the sight, Soames hurried on deeper into the shadow of the trees.

In this search, who knows what he thought and what he sought? Bread for hunger--light in darkness? Who knows what he expected to find--impersonal knowledge of the human heart--the end of his private subterranean tragedy--for, again, who knew, but that each dark couple, unnamed, unnameable, might not be he and she?

But it could not be such knowledge as this that he was seeking--the wife of Soames Forsyte sitting in the Park like a common wench! Such thoughts were inconceivable; and from tree to tree, with his noiseless step, he passed.

Once he was sworn at; once the whisper, "If only it could always be like this!" sent the blood flying again from his heart, and he waited there, patient and dogged, for the two to move. But it was only a poor thin slip of a shop-girl in her draggled blouse who passed him, clinging to her lover's arm.

A hundred other lovers too whispered that hope in the stillness of the trees, a hundred other lovers clung to each other.

But shaking himself with sudden disgust, Soames returned to the path, and left that seeking for he knew not what.

CHAPTER III

MEETING AT THE BOTANICAL

Young Jolyon, whose circumstances were not those of a Forsyte, found at times a difficulty in sparing the money needful for those country jaunts and researches into Nature, without having prosecuted which no watercolour artist ever puts brush to paper.

He was frequently, in fact, obliged to take his colour-box into the Botanical Gardens, and there, on his stool, in the shade of a monkey-puzzler or in the lee of some India-rubber plant, he would spend long hours sketching.

An Art critic who had recently been looking at his work had delivered himself as follows:

"In a way your drawings are very good; tone and colour, in some of them certainly quite a feeling for Nature. But, you see, they're so scattered; you'll never get the public to look at them. Now, if you'd taken a definite subject, such as 'London by Night,' or 'The Crystal Palace in the Spring,' and made a regular series, the public would have known at once what they were looking at. I can't lay too much stress upon that. All the men who are making great names in Art, like Crum Stone or Bleeder, are making them by avoiding the unexpected; by specializing and putting their works all in the same pigeon-hole, so that the public know pat once where to go. And this stands to reason, for if a man's a collector he doesn't want people to smell at the canvas to find out whom his pictures are by; he wants them to be able to say at once, 'A capital Forsyte!' It is all the more important for you to be careful to choose a subject that they can lay hold of on the spot, since there's no very marked originality in your style."

Young Jolyon, standing by the little piano, where a bowl of dried rose leaves, the only produce of the garden, was deposited on a bit of faded damask, listened with his dim smile.

Turning to his wife, who was looking at the speaker with an angry expression on her thin face, he said:

"You see, dear?"

"I do not," she answered in her staccato voice, that still had a little foreign accent; "your style has originality."

The critic looked at her, smiled' deferentially, and said no more. Like everyone else, he knew their history.

The words bore good fruit with young Jolyon; they were contrary to all that he believed in, to all that he theoretically held good in his Art, but some strange, deep instinct moved him against his will to turn them to profit.

He discovered therefore one morning that an idea had come to him for making a series of watercolour drawings of London. How the idea had arisen he could not tell; and it was not till the following year, when he had completed and sold them at a very fair price, that in one of his impersonal moods, he found himself able to recollect the Art critic, and to discover in his own achievement another proof that he was a Forsyte.

He decided to commence with the Botanical Gardens, where he had already made so many studies, and chose the little artificial pond, sprinkled now with an autumn shower of red and yellow leaves, for though the gardeners longed to sweep them off, they could not reach them with their brooms. The rest of the gardens they swept bare enough, removing every morning Nature's rain of leaves; piling them in heaps, whence from slow fires rose the sweet, acrid smoke that, like the cuckoo's note for spring, the scent of lime trees for the summer, is the true emblem of the fall. The gardeners' tidy souls could not abide the gold and green and russet pattern on the grass. The gravel paths must lie unstained, ordered, methodical, without knowledge of the realities of life, nor of that slow and beautiful decay which flings crowns underfoot to star the earth with fallen glories, whence, as the cycle rolls, will leap again wild spring.

Thus each leaf that fell was marked from the moment when it fluttered a good-bye and dropped, slow turning, from its twig.

But on that little pond the leaves floated in peace, and praised Heaven with their hues, the sunlight haunting over them.

And so young Jolyon found them.

Coming there one morning in the middle of October, he was disconcerted to find a bench about twenty paces from his stand occupied, for he had a proper horror of anyone seeing him at work.

A lady in a velvet jacket was sitting there, with her eyes fixed on the ground. A flowering laurel, however, stood between, and, taking shelter behind this, young Jolyon prepared his easel.

His preparations were leisurely; he caught, as every true artist should, at anything that might delay for a moment the effort of his work, and he found himself looking furtively at this unknown dame.

Like his father before him, he had an eye for a face. This face was charming!

He saw a rounded chin nestling in a cream ruffle, a delicate face with large dark eyes and soft lips. A black 'picture' hat concealed the hair; her figure was lightly poised against the back of the bench, her knees were crossed; the tip of a patent-leather shoe emerged beneath her skirt. There was something, indeed, inexpressibly dainty about the person of this lady, but young Jolyon's attention was chiefly riveted by the look on her face, which reminded him of his wife. It was as though its owner had come into contact with forces too strong for her. It troubled him, arousing vague feelings of attraction and chivalry. Who was she? And what doing there, alone?

Two young gentlemen of that peculiar breed, at once forward and shy, found in the Regent's Park, came by on their way to lawn tennis, and he noted with disapproval their furtive stares of admiration. A loitering gardener halted to do something unnecessary to a clump of pampas grass; he, too, wanted an excuse for peeping. A gentleman, old, and, by his hat, a professor of horticulture, passed three times to scrutinize her long and stealthily, a queer expression about his lips.

With all these men young Jolyon felt the same vague irritation. She looked at none of them, yet was he certain that every man who passed would look at her like that.

Her face was not the face of a sorceress, who in every look holds out to men the offer of pleasure; it had none of the 'devil's beauty' so highly prized among the first Forsytes of the land; neither was it of that type, no less adorable, associated with the box of chocolate; it was not of the spiritually passionate, or passionately spiritual order, peculiar to house-decoration and modern poetry; nor did it seem to promise to the playwright material for the production of the interesting and neurasthenic figure, who commits suicide in the last act.

In shape and colouring, in its soft persuasive passivity, its sensuous purity, this woman's face reminded him of Titian's 'Heavenly Love,' a reproduction of which hung over the sideboard in his dining-room. And her attraction seemed to be in this soft passivity, in the feeling she gave that to pressure she must yield.

For what or whom was she waiting, in the silence, with the trees dropping here and there a leaf, and the thrushes strutting close on grass, touched with the sparkle of the autumn rime? Then her charming face grew eager, and, glancing round, with almost a lover's jealousy, young Jolyon saw Bosinney striding across the grass.

Curiously he watched the meeting, the look in their eyes, the long clasp of their hands. They sat down close together, linked for all their outward discretion. He heard the rapid murmur of their talk; but what they said he could not catch.

He had rowed in the galley himself! He knew the long hours of waiting and the lean minutes of a half-public meeting; the tortures of suspense that haunt the unhallowed lover.

It required, however, but a glance at their two faces to see that this was none of those affairs of a season that distract men and women about town; none of those sudden appetites that wake up ravening, and are surfeited and asleep again in six weeks. This was the real thing! This was what had happened to himself! Out of this anything might come!

Bosinney was pleading, and she so quiet, so soft, yet immovable in her passivity, sat looking over the grass.

Was he the man to carry her off, that tender, passive being, who would never stir a step for herself? Who had given him all herself, and would die for him, but perhaps would never run away with him!

It seemed to young Jolyon that he could hear her saying: "But, darling, it would ruin you!" For he himself had experienced to the full the gnawing fear at the bottom of each woman's heart that she is a drag on the man she loves.

And he peeped at them no more; but their soft, rapid talk came to his ears, with the stuttering song of some bird who seemed trying to remember the notes of spring: Joy--tragedy? Which--which?

And gradually their talk ceased; long silence followed.

'And where does Soames come in?' young Jolyon thought. 'People think she is concerned about the sin of deceiving her husband! Little they know of women! She's eating, after starvation--taking her revenge! And Heaven help her--for he'll take his.'

He heard the swish of silk, and, spying round the laurel, saw them walking away, their hands stealthily joined....

At the end of July old Jolyon had taken his grand-daughter to the mountains; and on that visit (the last they ever paid) June recovered to a great extent her health and spirits. In the hotels, filled with British Forsytes--for old Jolyon could not bear a 'set of Germans,' as he called all foreigners--she was looked upon with respect--the only grand-daughter of that fine-looking, and evidently wealthy, old Mr. Forsyte. She did not mix freely with people--to mix freely with people was not June's habit--but she formed some friendships, and notably one in the Rhone Valley, with a French girl who was dying of consumption.

Determining at once that her friend should not die, she forgot, in the institution of a campaign against Death, much of her own trouble.

Old Jolyon watched the new intimacy with relief and disapproval; for this additional proof that her life was to be passed amongst 'lame ducks' worried him. Would she never make a friendship or take an interest in something that would be of real benefit to her?

'Taking up with a parcel of foreigners,' he called it. He often, however, brought home grapes or roses, and presented them to 'Mam'zelle' with an ingratiating twinkle.

Towards the end of September, in spite of June's disapproval, Mademoiselle Vigor breathed her last in the little hotel at St. Luc, to which they had moved her; and June took her defeat so deeply to heart that old Jolyon carried her away to Paris. Here, in contemplation of the 'Venus de Milo' and the 'Madeleine,' she shook off her depression, and when, towards the middle of October, they returned to town, her grandfather believed that he had effected a cure.

No sooner, however, had they established themselves in Stanhope Gate than he perceived to his dismay a return of her old absorbed and brooding manner. She would sit, staring in front of her, her chin on her hand, like a little Norse spirit, grim and intent, while all around in the electric light, then just installed, shone the great, drawing-room brocaded up to the frieze, full of furniture

from Baple and Pullbred's. And in the huge gilt mirror were reflected those Dresden china groups of young men in tight knee breeches, at the feet of full-bosomed ladies nursing on their laps pet lambs, which old Jolyon had bought when he was a bachelor and thought so highly of in these days of degenerate taste. He was a man of most open mind, who, more than any Forsyte of them all, had moved with the times, but he could never forget that he had bought these groups at Jobson's, and given a lot of money for them. He often said to June, with a sort of disillusioned contempt:

"You don't care about them! They're not the gimcrack things you and your friends like, but they cost me seventy pounds!" He was not a man who allowed his taste to be warped when he knew for solid reasons that it was sound.

One of the first things that June did on getting home was to go round to Timothy's. She persuaded herself that it was her duty to call there, and cheer him with an account of all her travels; but in reality she went because she knew of no other place where, by some random speech, or roundabout question, she could glean news of Bosinney.

They received her most cordially: And how was her dear grandfather? He had not been to see them since May. Her Uncle Timothy was very poorly, he had had a lot of trouble with the chimney-sweep in his bedroom; the stupid man had let the soot down the chimney! It had quite upset her uncle.

June sat there a long time, dreading, yet passionately hoping, that they would speak of Bosinney.

But paralyzed by unaccountable discretion, Mrs. Septimus Small let fall no word, neither did she question June about him. In desperation the girl asked at last whether Soames and Irene were in town--she had not yet been to see anyone.

It was Aunt Hester who replied: Oh, yes, they were in town, they had not been away at all. There was some little difficulty about the house, she believed. June had heard, no doubt! She had better ask her Aunt Juley!

June turned to Mrs. Small, who sat upright in her chair, her hands clasped, her face covered with innumerable pouts. In answer to the girl's look she maintained a strange silence, and when she spoke it was to ask June whether she had worn night-socks up in those high hotels where it must be so cold of a night.

June answered that she had not, she hated the stuffy things; and rose to leave.

Mrs. Small's infallibly chosen silence was far more ominous to her than anything that could have been said.

Before half an hour was over she had dragged the truth from Mrs. Baynes in Lowndes Square, that Soames was bringing an action against Bosinney over the decoration of the house.

Instead of disturbing her, the news had a strangely calming effect; as though she saw in the prospect of this struggle new hope for herself. She learnt that the case was expected to come on in about a month, and there seemed little or no prospect of Bosinney's success.

"And whatever he'll do I can't think," said Mrs. Baynes; "it's very dreadful for him, you know--he's got no money--he's very hard up. And we can't help him, I'm sure. I'm told the money-lenders won't lend if you have no security, and he has none--none at all."

Her embonpoint had increased of late; she was in the full swing of autumn organization, her writing-table literally strewn with the menus of charity functions. She looked meaningly at June, with her round eyes of parrot-grey.

The sudden flush that rose on the girl's intent young face--she must have seen spring up before her a great hope--the sudden sweetness of her smile, often came back to Lady Baynes in after years (Baynes was knighted when he built that public Museum of Art which has given so much employment to officials, and so little pleasure to those working classes for whom it was designed).

The memory of that change, vivid and touching, like the breaking open of a flower, or the first sun after long winter, the memory, too, of all that came after, often intruded itself, unaccountably, inopportunely on Lady Baynes, when her mind was set upon the most important things.

This was the very afternoon of the day that young Jolyon witnessed the meeting in the Botanical Gardens, and on this day, too, old Jolyon paid a visit to his solicitors, Forsyte, Bustard, and Forsyte, in the Poultry. Soames was not in, he had gone down to Somerset House; Bustard was buried up to the hilt in papers and that inaccessible apartment, where he was judiciously placed, in order that he might do as much work as possible; but James was in the front office, biting a finger, and lugubriously turning over the pleadings in Forsyte v. Bosinney.

This sound lawyer had only a sort of luxurious dread of the 'nice point,' enough to set up a pleasurable feeling of fuss; for his good practical sense told him that if he himself were on the Bench he would not pay much attention to it. But he was afraid that this Bosinney would go bankrupt and Soames would have to find the money after all, and costs into the bargain. And behind this tangible dread there was always that intangible trouble, lurking in the background, intricate, dim, scandalous, like a bad dream, and of which this action was but an outward and visible sign.

He raised his head as old Jolyon came in, and muttered: "How are you, Jolyon? Haven't seen you for an age. You've been to Switzerland, they tell me. This young Bosinney, he's got himself into a mess. I knew how it would be!" He held out the papers, regarding his elder brother with nervous gloom.

Old Jolyon read them in silence, and while he read them James looked at the floor, biting his fingers the while.

Old Jolyon pitched them down at last, and they fell with a thump amongst a mass of affidavits in 're Buncombe, deceased,' one of the many branches of that parent and profitable tree, 'Fryer v. Forsyte.'

"I don't know what Soames is about," he said, "to make a fuss over a few hundred pounds. I thought he was a man of property."

James' long upper lip twitched angrily; he could not bear his son to be attacked in such a spot.

"It's not the money," he began, but meeting his brother's glance, direct, shrewd, judicial, he stopped.

There was a silence.

"I've come in for my Will," said old Jolyon at last, tugging at his moustache.

James' curiosity was roused at once. Perhaps nothing in this life was more stimulating to him than a Will; it was the supreme deal with property, the final inventory of a man's belongings, the last word on what he was worth. He sounded the bell.

"Bring in Mr. Jolyon's Will," he said to an anxious, dark-haired clerk.

"You going to make some alterations?" And through his mind there flashed the thought: 'Now, am I worth as much as he?'

Old Jolyon put the Will in his breast pocket, and James twisted his long legs regretfully.

"You've made some nice purchases lately, they tell me," he said.

"I don't know where you get your information from," answered old Jolyon sharply. "When's this action coming on? Next month? I can't tell what you've got in your minds. You must manage your own affairs; but if you take my advice, you'll settle it out of Court. Good-bye!" With a cold handshake he was gone.

James, his fixed grey-blue eye corkscrewing round some secret anxious image, began again to bite his finger.

Old Jolyon took his Will to the offices of the New Colliery Company, and sat down in the empty Board Room to read it through. He answered 'Down-by-the-starn' Hemmings so tartly when the latter, seeing his Chairman seated there, entered with the new Superintendent's first report, that the Secretary withdrew with regretful dignity; and sending for the transfer clerk, blew him up till the poor youth knew not where to look.

It was not--by George--as he (Down-by-the-starn) would have him know, for a whippersnapper of a young fellow like him, to come down to that office, and think that he was God Almighty. He (Down-by-the-starn) had been head of that office for more years than a boy like him could count, and if he thought that when he had finished all his work, he could sit there doing nothing, he did not know him, Hemmings (Down-by-the-starn), and so forth.

On the other side of the green baize door old Jolyon sat at the long, mahogany-and-leather board table, his thick, loose-jointed, tortoiseshell eye-glasses perched on the bridge of his nose, his gold pencil moving down the clauses of his Will.

It was a simple affair, for there were none of those vexatious little legacies and donations to charities, which fritter away a man's possessions, and damage the majestic effect of that little paragraph in the morning papers accorded to Forsytes who die with a hundred thousand pounds.

A simple affair. Just a bequest to his son of twenty thousand, and 'as to the residue of my property of whatsoever kind whether realty or personalty, or partaking of the nature of either--upon trust to pay the proceeds rents annual produce dividends or interest thereof and thereon to my said grand-daughter June Forsyte or her assigns during her life to be for her sole use and benefit and without, etc... and from and after her death or decease upon trust to convey assign transfer or make over the said last-mentioned lands hereditaments premises trust moneys stocks funds investments and securities or such as shall then stand for and represent the same unto such person or persons whether one or more for such intents purposes and uses and generally in such manner way and form in all respects as the said June Forsyte notwithstanding coverture shall by her last Will and Testament or any writing or writings in the nature of a Will testament or testamentary disposition to be by her duly made signed and published direct appoint or make over give and dispose of the same And in default etc.... Provided always...' and so on, in seven folios of brief and simple phraseology.

The Will had been drawn by James in his palmy days. He had foreseen almost every contingency.

Old Jolyon sat a long time reading this Will; at last he took half a sheet of paper from the rack, and made a prolonged pencil note; then buttoning up the Will, he caused a cab to be called and drove to the offices of Paramor and Herring, in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Jack Herring was dead, but his nephew was still in the firm, and old Jolyon was closeted with him for half an hour.

He had kept the hansom, and on coming out, gave the driver the address--3, Wistaria Avenue.

He felt a strange, slow satisfaction, as though he had scored a victory over James and the man of property. They should not poke their noses into his affairs any more; he had just cancelled their trusteeships of his Will; he would take the whole of his business out of their hands, and put it into the hands of young Herring, and he would move the business of his Companies too. If that young Soames were such a man of property, he would never miss a thousand a year or so; and under his great white moustache old Jolyon grimly smiled. He felt that what he was doing was in the nature of retributive justice, richly deserved.

Slowly, surely, with the secret inner process that works the destruction of an old tree, the poison of the wounds to his happiness, his will, his pride, had corroded the comely edifice of his philosophy. Life had worn him down on one side, till, like that family of which he was the head, he had lost balance.

To him, borne northwards towards his son's house, the thought of the new disposition of property, which he had just set in motion, appeared vaguely in the light of a stroke of punishment, levelled at that family and that Society, of which James and his son seemed to him the representatives. He had made a restitution to young Jolyon, and restitution to young Jolyon satisfied his secret craving for revenge-revenge against Time, sorrow, and interference, against all that incalculable sum of disapproval that had been bestowed by the world for fifteen years on his only son. It presented itself as the one possible way of asserting once more the domination of his will; of forcing James, and Soames, and the family, and all those hidden masses of Forsytes--a great stream rolling against the single dam of his obstinacy--to recognise once and for all that he would be master. It was sweet to think that at last he was going to make the boy a richer man by far than that son of James, that 'man of property.' And it was sweet to give to Jo, for he loved his son.

Neither young Jolyon nor his wife were in (young Jolyon indeed was not back from the Botanical), but the little maid told him that she expected the master at any moment:

"He's always at 'ome to tea, sir, to play with the children."

Old Jolyon said he would wait; and sat down patiently enough in the faded, shabby drawing room, where, now that the summer chintzes were removed, the old chairs and sofas revealed all their threadbare deficiencies. He longed to send for the children; to have them there beside him, their supple bodies against his knees; to hear Jolly's: "Hallo, Gran!" and see his rush; and feel Holly's soft little hand stealing up against his cheek. But he would not. There was solemnity in what he had come to do, and until it was over he would not play. He amused himself by thinking how with two strokes of his pen he was going to restore the look of caste so conspicuously absent from everything in that little house; how he could fill these rooms, or others in some larger mansion, with triumphs of art from Baple and Pullbred's; how he could send little Jolly to Harrow and Oxford (he no longer had faith in Eton and Cambridge, for his son had been there); how he could procure little Holly the best musical instruction, the child had a remarkable aptitude.

As these visions crowded before him, causing emotion to swell his heart, he rose, and stood at the window, looking down into the little walled strip of garden, where the pear-tree, bare of leaves before its time, stood with gaunt branches in the slow-gathering mist

of the autumn afternoon. The dog Balthasar, his tail curled tightly over a piebald, furry back, was walking at the farther end, sniffing at the plants, and at intervals placing his leg for support against the wall.

And old Jolyon mused.

What pleasure was there left but to give? It was pleasant to give, when you could find one who would be thankful for what you gave--one of your own flesh and blood! There was no such satisfaction to be had out of giving to those who did not belong to you, to those who had no claim on you! Such giving as that was a betrayal of the individualistic convictions and actions of his life, of all his enterprise, his labour, and his moderation, of the great and proud fact that, like tens of thousands of Forsytes before him, tens of thousands in the present, tens of thousands in the future, he had always made his own, and held his own, in the world.

And, while he stood there looking down on the smut-covered foliage of the laurels, the black-stained grass-plot, the progress of the dog Balthasar, all the suffering of the fifteen years during which he had been baulked of legitimate enjoyment mingled its gall with the sweetness of the approaching moment.

Young Jolyon came at last, pleased with his work, and fresh from long hours in the open air. On hearing that his father was in the drawing room, he inquired hurriedly whether Mrs. Forsyte was at home, and being informed that she was not, heaved a sigh of relief. Then putting his painting materials carefully in the little coat-closet out of sight, he went in.

With characteristic decision old Jolyon came at once to the point. "I've been altering my arrangements, Jo," he said. "You can cut your coat a bit longer in the future--I'm settling a thousand a year on you at once. June will have fifty thousand at my death; and you the rest. That dog of yours is spoiling the garden. I shouldn't keep a dog, if I were you!"

The dog Balthasar, seated in the centre of the lawn, was examining his tail.

Young Jolyon looked at the animal, but saw him dimly, for his eyes were misty.

"Yours won't come short of a hundred thousand, my boy," said old Jolyon; "I thought you'd better know. I haven't much longer to live at my age. I shan't allude to it again. How's your wife? And--give her my love."

Young Jolyon put his hand on his father's shoulder, and, as neither spoke, the episode closed.

Having seen his father into a hansom, young Jolyon came back to the drawing-room and stood, where old Jolyon had stood, looking down on the little garden. He tried to realize all that this meant to him, and, Forsyte that he was, vistas of property were opened out in his brain; the years of half rations through which he had passed had not sapped his natural instincts. In extremely practical form, he thought of travel, of his wife's costume, the children's education, a pony for Jolly, a thousand things; but in the midst of all he thought, too, of Bosinney and his mistress, and the broken song of the thrush. Joy--tragedy! Which? Which?

The old past--the poignant, suffering, passionate, wonderful past, that no money could buy, that nothing could restore in all its burning sweetness--had come back before him.

When his wife came in he went straight up to her and took her in his arms; and for a long time he stood without speaking, his eyes closed, pressing her to him, while she looked at him with a wondering, adoring, doubting look in her eyes.

CHAPTER IV

VOYAGE INTO THE INFERNO

The morning after a certain night on which Soames at last asserted his rights and acted like a man, he breakfasted alone.

He breakfasted by gaslight, the fog of late November wrapping the town as in some monstrous blanket till the trees of the Square even were barely visible from the dining-room window.

He ate steadily, but at times a sensation as though he could not swallow attacked him. Had he been right to yield to his overmastering hunger of the night before, and break down the resistance which he had suffered now too long from this woman who was his lawful and solemnly constituted helpmate?

He was strangely haunted by the recollection of her face, from before which, to soothe her, he had tried to pull her hands--of her terrible smothered sobbing, the like of which he had never heard, and still seemed to hear; and he was still haunted by the odd,

intolerable feeling of remorse and shame he had felt, as he stood looking at her by the flame of the single candle, before silently slinking away.

And somehow, now that he had acted like this, he was surprised at himself.

Two nights before, at Winifred Dartie's, he had taken Mrs. MacAnder into dinner. She had said to him, looking in his face with her sharp, greenish eyes: "And so your wife is a great friend of that Mr. Bosinney's?"

Not deigning to ask what she meant, he had brooded over her words.

They had roused in him a fierce jealousy, which, with the peculiar perversion of this instinct, had turned to fiercer desire.

Without the incentive of Mrs. MacAnder's words he might never have done what he had done. Without their incentive and the accident of finding his wife's door for once unlocked, which had enabled him to steal upon her asleep.

Slumber had removed his doubts, but the morning brought them again. One thought comforted him: No one would know--it was not the sort of thing that she would speak about.

And, indeed, when the vehicle of his daily business life, which needed so imperatively the grease of clear and practical thought, started rolling once more with the reading of his letters, those nightmare-like doubts began to assume less extravagant importance at the back of his mind. The incident was really not of great moment; women made a fuss about it in books; but in the cool judgment of right-thinking men, of men of the world, of such as he recollected often received praise in the Divorce Court, he had but done his best to sustain the sanctity of marriage, to prevent her from abandoning her duty, possibly, if she were still seeing Bosinney, from....

No, he did not regret it.

Now that the first step towards reconciliation had been taken, the rest would be comparatively--comparatively....

He, rose and walked to the window. His nerve had been shaken. The sound of smothered sobbing was in his ears again. He could not get rid of it.

He put on his fur coat, and went out into the fog; having to go into the City, he took the underground railway from Sloane Square station.

In his corner of the first-class compartment filled with City men the smothered sobbing still haunted him, so he opened the Times with the rich crackle that drowns all lesser sounds, and, barricaded behind it, set himself steadily to con the news.

He read that a Recorder had charged a grand jury on the previous day with a more than usually long list of offences. He read of three murders, five manslaughters, seven arsons, and as many as eleven rapes--a surprisingly high number--in addition to many less conspicuous crimes, to be tried during a coming Sessions; and from one piece of news he went on to another, keeping the paper well before his face.

And still, inseparable from his reading, was the memory of Irene's tear-stained face, and the sounds from her broken heart.

The day was a busy one, including, in addition to the ordinary affairs of his practice, a visit to his brokers, Messrs. Grin and Grinning, to give them instructions to sell his shares in the New Colliery Co., Ltd., whose business he suspected, rather than knew, was stagnating (this enterprise afterwards slowly declined, and was ultimately sold for a song to an American syndicate); and a long conference at Waterbuck, Q.C.'s chambers, attended by Boulter, by Fiske, the junior counsel, and Waterbuck, Q.C., himself.

The case of Forsyte v. Bosinney was expected to be reached on the morrow, before Mr. Justice Bentham.

Mr. Justice Bentham, a man of common-sense rather than too great legal knowledge, was considered to be about the best man they could have to try the action. He was a 'strong' Judge.

Waterbuck, Q.C., in pleasing conjunction with an almost rude neglect of Boulter and Fiske paid to Soames a good deal of attention, by instinct or the sounder evidence of rumour, feeling him to be a man of property.

He held with remarkable consistency to the opinion he had already expressed in writing, that the issue would depend to a great extent on the evidence given at the trial, and in a few well directed remarks he advised Soames not to be too careful in giving that evidence. "A little bluffness, Mr. Forsyte," he said, "a little bluffness," and after he had spoken he laughed firmly, closed his lips

tight, and scratched his head just below where he had pushed his wig back, for all the world like the gentleman-farmer for whom he loved to be taken. He was considered perhaps the leading man in breach of promise cases.

Soames used the underground again in going home.

The fog was worse than ever at Sloane Square station. Through the still, thick blur, men groped in and out; women, very few, grasped their reticules to their bosoms and handkerchiefs to their mouths; crowned with the weird excrescence of the driver, haloed by a vague glow of lamp-light that seemed to drown in vapour before it reached the pavement, cabs loomed dim-shaped ever and again, and discharged citizens, bolting like rabbits to their burrows.

And these shadowy figures, wrapped each in his own little shroud of fog, took no notice of each other. In the great warren, each rabbit for himself, especially those clothed in the more expensive fur, who, afraid of carriages on foggy days, are driven underground.

One figure, however, not far from Soames, waited at the station door.

Some buccaneer or lover, of whom each Forsyte thought: 'Poor devil! looks as if he were having a bad time!' Their kind hearts beat a stroke faster for that poor, waiting, anxious lover in the fog; but they hurried by, well knowing that they had neither time nor money to spare for any suffering but their own.

Only a policeman, patrolling slowly and at intervals, took an interest in that waiting figure, the brim of whose slouch hat half hid a face reddened by the cold, all thin, and haggard, over which a hand stole now and again to smooth away anxiety, or renew the resolution that kept him waiting there. But the waiting lover (if lover he were) was used to policemen's scrutiny, or too absorbed in his anxiety, for he never flinched. A hardened case, accustomed to long trysts, to anxiety, and fog, and cold, if only his mistress came at last. Foolish lover! Fogs last until the spring; there is also snow and rain, no comfort anywhere; gnawing fear if you bring her out, gnawing fear if you bid her stay at home!

"Serve him right; he should arrange his affairs better!"

So any respectable Forsyte. Yet, if that sounder citizen could have listened at the waiting lover's heart, out there in the fog and the cold, he would have said again: "Yes, poor devil he's having a bad time!"

Soames got into his cab, and, with the glass down, crept along Sloane Street, and so along the Brompton Road, and home. He reached his house at five.

His wife was not in. She had gone out a quarter of an hour before. Out at such a time of night, into this terrible fog! What was the meaning of that?

He sat by the dining-room fire, with the door open, disturbed to the soul, trying to read the evening paper. A book was no good--in daily papers alone was any narcotic to such worry as his. From the customary events recorded in the journal he drew some comfort. 'Suicide of an actress'--'Grave indisposition of a Statesman' (that chronic sufferer)--'Divorce of an army officer'--'Fire in a colliery'--he read them all. They helped him a little--prescribed by the greatest of all doctors, our natural taste.

It was nearly seven when he heard her come in.

The incident of the night before had long lost its importance under stress of anxiety at her strange sortie into the fog. But now that Irene was home, the memory of her broken-hearted sobbing came back to him, and he felt nervous at the thought of facing her.

She was already on the stairs; her grey fur coat hung to her knees, its high collar almost hid her face, she wore a thick veil.

She neither turned to look at him nor spoke. No ghost or stranger could have passed more silently.

Bilson came to lay dinner, and told him that Mrs. Forsyte was not coming down; she was having the soup in her room.

For once Soames did not 'change'; it was, perhaps, the first time in his life that he had sat down to dinner with soiled cuffs, and, not even noticing them, he brooded long over his wine. He sent Bilson to light a fire in his picture-room, and presently went up there himself.

Turning on the gas, he heaved a deep sigh, as though amongst these treasures, the backs of which confronted him in stacks, around the little room, he had found at length his peace of mind. He went straight up to the greatest treasure of them all, an

undoubted Turner, and, carrying it to the easel, turned its face to the light. There had been a movement in Turners, but he had not been able to make up his mind to part with it. He stood for a long time, his pale, clean-shaven face poked forward above his stand-up collar, looking at the picture as though he were adding it up; a wistful expression came into his eyes; he found, perhaps, that it came to too little. He took it down from the easel to put it back against the wall; but, in crossing the room, stopped, for he seemed to hear sobbing.

It was nothing--only the sort of thing that had been bothering him in the morning. And soon after, putting the high guard before the blazing fire, he stole downstairs.

Fresh for the morrow! was his thought. It was long before he went to sleep....

It is now to George Forsyte that the mind must turn for light on the events of that fog-engulfed afternoon.

The wittiest and most sportsmanlike of the Forsytes had passed the day reading a novel in the paternal mansion at Princes' Gardens. Since a recent crisis in his financial affairs he had been kept on parole by Roger, and compelled to reside 'at home.'

Towards five o'clock he went out, and took train at South Kensington Station (for everyone to-day went Underground). His intention was to dine, and pass the evening playing billiards at the Red Pottle--that unique hostel, neither club, hotel, nor good gilt restaurant.

He got out at Charing Cross, choosing it in preference to his more usual St. James's Park, that he might reach Jermyn Street by better lighted ways.

On the platform his eyes--for in combination with a composed and fashionable appearance, George had sharp eyes, and was always on the look-out for fillips to his sardonic humour--his eyes were attracted by a man, who, leaping from a first-class compartment, staggered rather than walked towards the exit.

'So ho, my bird!' said George to himself; 'why, it's "the Buccaneer!"' and he put his big figure on the trail. Nothing afforded him greater amusement than a drunken man.

Bosinney, who wore a slouch hat, stopped in front of him, spun around, and rushed back towards the carriage he had just left. He was too late. A porter caught him by the coat; the train was already moving on.

George's practised glance caught sight of the face of a lady clad in a grey fur coat at the carriage window. It was Mrs. Soames--and George felt that this was interesting!

And now he followed Bosinney more closely than ever--up the stairs, past the ticket collector into the street. In that progress, however, his feelings underwent a change; no longer merely curious and amused, he felt sorry for the poor fellow he was shadowing. 'The Buccaneer' was not drunk, but seemed to be acting under the stress of violent emotion; he was talking to himself, and all that George could catch were the words "Oh, God!" Nor did he appear to know what he was doing, or where going; but stared, hesitated, moved like a man out of his mind; and from being merely a joker in search of amusement, George felt that he must see the poor chap through.

He had 'taken the knock'--'taken the knock!' And he wondered what on earth Mrs. Soames had been saying, what on earth she had been telling him in the railway carriage. She had looked bad enough herself! It made George sorry to think of her travelling on with her trouble all alone.

He followed close behind Bosinney's elbow--tall, burly figure, saying nothing, dodging warily--and shadowed him out into the fog.

There was something here beyond a jest! He kept his head admirably, in spite of some excitement, for in addition to compassion, the instincts of the chase were roused within him.

Bosinney walked right out into the thoroughfare--a vast muffled blackness, where a man could not see six paces before him; where, all around, voices or whistles mocked the sense of direction; and sudden shapes came rolling slow upon them; and now and then a light showed like a dim island in an infinite dark sea.

And fast into this perilous gulf of night walked Bosinney, and fast after him walked George. If the fellow meant to put his 'twopenny' under a 'bus, he would stop it if he could! Across the street and back the hunted creature strode, not groping as other men were groping in that gloom, but driven forward as though the faithful George behind wielded a knout; and this chase after a haunted man began to have for George the strangest fascination.

But it was now that the affair developed in a way which ever afterwards caused it to remain green in his mind. Brought to a stand-still in the fog, he heard words which threw a sudden light on these proceedings. What Mrs. Soames had said to Bosinney in the train was now no longer dark. George understood from those mutterings that Soames had exercised his rights over an estranged and unwilling wife in the greatest--the supreme act of property.

His fancy wandered in the fields of this situation; it impressed him; he guessed something of the anguish, the sexual confusion and horror in Bosinney's heart. And he thought: 'Yes, it's a bit thick! I don't wonder the poor fellow is half-cracked!'

He had run his quarry to earth on a bench under one of the lions in Trafalgar Square, a monster sphynx astray like themselves in that gulf of darkness. Here, rigid and silent, sat Bosinney, and George, in whose patience was a touch of strange brotherliness, took his stand behind. He was not lacking in a certain delicacy--a sense of form--that did not permit him to intrude upon this tragedy, and he waited, quiet as the lion above, his fur collar hitched above his ears concealing the fleshy redness of his cheeks, concealing all but his eyes with their sardonic, compassionate stare. And men kept passing back from business on the way to their clubs--men whose figures shrouded in cocoons of fog came into view like spectres, and like spectres vanished. Then even in his compassion George's Quilpish humour broke forth in a sudden longing to pluck these spectres by the sleeve, and say:

"Hi, you Johnnies! You don't often see a show like this! Here's a poor devil whose mistress has just been telling him a pretty little story of her husband; walk up, walk up! He's taken the knock, you see."

In fancy he saw them gaping round the tortured lover; and grinned as he thought of some respectable, newly-married spectre enabled by the state of his own affections to catch an inkling of what was going on within Bosinney; he fancied he could see his mouth getting wider and wider, and the fog going down and down. For in George was all that contempt of the of the married middle-class--peculiar to the wild and sportsmanlike spirits in its ranks.

But he began to be bored. Waiting was not what he had bargained for.

'After all,' he thought, 'the poor chap will get over it; not the first time such a thing has happened in this little city!' But now his quarry again began muttering words of violent hate and anger. And following a sudden impulse George touched him on the shoulder.

Bosinney spun round.

"Who are you? What do you want?"

George could have stood it well enough in the light of the gas lamps, in the light of that everyday world of which he was so hardy a connoisseur; but in this fog, where all was gloomy and unreal, where nothing had that matter-of-fact value associated by Forsytes with earth, he was a victim to strange qualms, and as he tried to stare back into the eyes of this maniac, he thought:

'If I see a bobby, I'll hand him over; he's not fit to be at large.'

But waiting for no answer, Bosinney strode off into the fog, and George followed, keeping perhaps a little further off, yet more than ever set on tracking him down.

'He can't go on long like this,' he thought. 'It's God's own miracle he's not been run over already.' He brooded no more on policemen, a sportsman's sacred fire alive again within him.

Into a denser gloom than ever Bosinney held on at a furious pace; but his pursuer perceived more method in his madness--he was clearly making his way westwards.

'He's really going for Soames!' thought George. The idea was attractive. It would be a sporting end to such a chase. He had always disliked his cousin.

The shaft of a passing cab brushed against his shoulder and made him leap aside. He did not intend to be killed for the Buccaneer, or anyone. Yet, with hereditary tenacity, he stuck to the trail through vapour that blotted out everything but the shadow of the hunted man and the dim moon of the nearest lamp.

Then suddenly, with the instinct of a town-stroller, George knew himself to be in Piccadilly. Here he could find his way blindfold; and freed from the strain of geographical uncertainty, his mind returned to Bosinney's trouble.

Down the long avenue of his man-about-town experience, bursting, as it were, through a smirch of doubtful amours, there stalked to him a memory of his youth. A memory, poignant still, that brought the scent of hay, the gleam of moonlight, a summer magic, into the reek and blackness of this London fog--the memory of a night when in the darkest shadow of a lawn he had overheard from a woman's lips that he was not her sole possessor. And for a moment George walked no longer in black Piccadilly, but lay again, with hell in his heart, and his face to the sweet-smelling, dewy grass, in the long shadow of poplars that hid the moon.

A longing seized him to throw his arm round the Buccaneer, and say, "Come, old boy. Time cures all. Let's go and drink it off!"

But a voice yelled at him, and he started back. A cab rolled out of blackness, and into blackness disappeared. And suddenly George perceived that he had lost Bosinney. He ran forward and back, felt his heart clutched by a sickening fear, the dark fear which lives in the wings of the fog. Perspiration started out on his brow. He stood quite still, listening with all his might.

"And then," as he confided to Dartie the same evening in the course of a game of billiards at the Red Pottle, "I lost him."

Dartie twirled complacently at his dark moustache. He had just put together a neat break of twenty-three,--failing at a 'Jenny.' "And who was she?" he asked.

George looked slowly at the 'man of the world's' fattish, sallow face, and a little grim smile lurked about the curves of his cheeks and his heavy-lidded eyes.

'No, no, my fine fellow,' he thought, 'I'm not going to tell you.' For though he mixed with Dartie a good deal, he thought him a bit of a cad.

"Oh, some little love-lady or other," he said, and chalked his cue.

"A love-lady!" exclaimed Dartie--he used a more figurative expression. "I made sure it was our friend Soa...."

"Did you?" said George curtly. "Then damme you've made an error."

He missed his shot. He was careful not to allude to the subject again till, towards eleven o'clock, having, in his poetic phraseology, 'looked upon the drink when it was yellow,' he drew aside the blind, and gazed out into the street. The murky blackness of the fog was but faintly broken by the lamps of the 'Red Pottle,' and no shape of mortal man or thing was in sight.

"I can't help thinking of that poor Buccaneer," he said. "He may be wandering out there now in that fog. If he's not a corpse," he added with strange dejection.

"Corpse!" said Dartie, in whom the recollection of his defeat at Richmond flared up. "He's all right. Ten to one if he wasn't tight!"

George turned on him, looking really formidable, with a sort of savage gloom on his big face.

"Dry up!" he said. "Don't I tell you he's 'taken the knock!'"

CHAPTER V

THE TRIAL

In the morning of his case, which was second in the list, Soames was again obliged to start without seeing Irene, and it was just as well, for he had not as yet made up his mind what attitude to adopt towards her.

He had been requested to be in court by half-past ten, to provide against the event of the first action (a breach of promise) collapsing, which however it did not, both sides showing a courage that afforded Waterbuck, Q.C., an opportunity for improving his already great reputation in this class of case. He was opposed by Ram, the other celebrated breach of promise man. It was a battle of giants.

The court delivered judgment just before the luncheon interval. The jury left the box for good, and Soames went out to get something to eat. He met James standing at the little luncheon-bar, like a pelican in the wilderness of the galleries, bent over a sandwich with a glass of sherry before him. The spacious emptiness of the great central hall, over which father and son brooded as they stood together, was marred now and then for a fleeting moment by barristers in wig and gown hurriedly bolting across, by an occasional old lady or rusty-coated man, looking up in a frightened way, and by two persons, bolder than their generation, seated in an embrasure arguing. The sound of their voices arose, together with a scent as of neglected wells, which, mingling with the odour

of the galleries, combined to form the savour, like nothing but the emanation of a refined cheese, so indissolubly connected with the administration of British Justice.

It was not long before James addressed his son.

"When's your case coming on? I suppose it'll be on directly. I shouldn't wonder if this Bosinney'd say anything; I should think he'd have to. He'll go bankrupt if it goes against him." He took a large bite at his sandwich and a mouthful of sherry. "Your mother," he said, "wants you and Irene to come and dine to-night."

A chill smile played round Soames' lips; he looked back at his father. Anyone who had seen the look, cold and furtive, thus interchanged, might have been pardoned for not appreciating the real understanding between them. James finished his sherry at a draught.

"How much?" he asked.

On returning to the court Soames took at once his rightful seat on the front bench beside his solicitor. He ascertained where his father was seated with a glance so sidelong as to commit nobody.

James, sitting back with his hands clasped over the handle of his umbrella, was brooding on the end of the bench immediately behind counsel, whence he could get away at once when the case was over. He considered Bosinney's conduct in every way outrageous, but he did not wish to run up against him, feeling that the meeting would be awkward.

Next to the Divorce Court, this court was, perhaps, the favourite emporium of justice, libel, breach of promise, and other commercial actions being frequently decided there. Quite a sprinkling of persons unconnected with the law occupied the back benches, and the hat of a woman or two could be seen in the gallery.

The two rows of seats immediately in front of James were gradually filled by barristers in wigs, who sat down to make pencil notes, chat, and attend to their teeth; but his interest was soon diverted from these lesser lights of justice by the entrance of Waterbuck, Q.C., with the wings of his silk gown rustling, and his red, capable face supported by two short, brown whiskers. The famous Q.C. looked, as James freely admitted, the very picture of a man who could heckle a witness.

For all his experience, it so happened that he had never seen Waterbuck, Q.C., before, and, like many Forsytes in the lower branch of the profession, he had an extreme admiration for a good cross-examiner. The long, lugubrious folds in his cheeks relaxed somewhat after seeing him, especially as he now perceived that Soames alone was represented by silk.

Waterbuck, Q.C., had barely screwed round on his elbow to chat with his Junior before Mr. Justice Bentham himself appeared--a thin, rather hen-like man, with a little stoop, clean-shaven under his snowy wig. Like all the rest of the court, Waterbuck rose, and remained on his feet until the judge was seated. James rose but slightly; he was already comfortable, and had no opinion of Bentham, having sat next but one to him at dinner twice at the Bumley Tomms'. Bumley Tomm was rather a poor thing, though he had been so successful. James himself had given him his first brief. He was excited, too, for he had just found out that Bosinney was not in court.

'Now, what's he mean by that?' he kept on thinking.

The case having been called on, Waterbuck, Q.C., pushing back his papers, hitched his gown on his shoulder, and, with a semi-circular look around him, like a man who is going to bat, arose and addressed the Court.

The facts, he said, were not in dispute, and all that his Lordship would be asked was to interpret the correspondence which had taken place between his client and the defendant, an architect, with reference to the decoration of a house. He would, however, submit that this correspondence could only mean one very plain thing. After briefly reciting the history of the house at Robin Hill, which he described as a mansion, and the actual facts of expenditure, he went on as follows:

"My client, Mr. Soames Forsyte, is a gentleman, a man of property, who would be the last to dispute any legitimate claim that might be made against him, but he has met with such treatment from his architect in the matter of this house, over which he has, as your lordship has heard, already spent some twelve--some twelve thousand pounds, a sum considerably in advance of the amount he had originally contemplated, that as a matter of principle--and this I cannot too strongly emphasize--as a matter of principle, and in the interests of others, he has felt himself compelled to bring this action. The point put forward in defence by the architect I will suggest to your lordship is not worthy of a moment's serious consideration." He then read the correspondence.

His client, "a man of recognised position," was prepared to go into the box, and to swear that he never did authorize, that it was never in his mind to authorize, the expenditure of any money beyond the extreme limit of twelve thousand and fifty pounds, which he had clearly fixed; and not further to waste the time of the court, he would at once call Mr. Forsyte.

Soames then went into the box. His whole appearance was striking in its composure. His face, just supercilious enough, pale and clean-shaven, with a little line between the eyes, and compressed lips; his dress in unostentatious order, one hand neatly gloved, the other bare. He answered the questions put to him in a somewhat low, but distinct voice. His evidence under cross-examination savoured of taciturnity.

Had he not used the expression, "a free hand"? No.

"Come, come!"

The expression he had used was 'a free hand in the terms of this correspondence.'

"Would you tell the Court that that was English?"

"Yes!"

"What do you say it means?"

"What it says!"

"Are you prepared to deny that it is a contradiction in terms?"

"Yes."

"You are not an Irishman?"

"No."

"Are you a well-educated man?"

"Yes."

"And yet you persist in that statement?"

"Yes."

Throughout this and much more cross-examination, which turned again and again around the 'nice point,' James sat with his hand behind his ear, his eyes fixed upon his son.

He was proud of him! He could not but feel that in similar circumstances he himself would have been tempted to enlarge his replies, but his instinct told him that this taciturnity was the very thing. He sighed with relief, however, when Soames, slowly turning, and without any change of expression, descended from the box.

When it came to the turn of Bosinney's Counsel to address the Judge, James redoubled his attention, and he searched the Court again and again to see if Bosinney were not somewhere concealed.

Young Chankery began nervously; he was placed by Bosinney's absence in an awkward position. He therefore did his best to turn that absence to account.

He could not but fear--he said--that his client had met with an accident. He had fully expected him there to give evidence; they had sent round that morning both to Mr. Bosinney's office and to his rooms (though he knew they were one and the same, he thought it was as well not to say so), but it was not known where he was, and this he considered to be ominous, knowing how anxious Mr. Bosinney had been to give his evidence. He had not, however, been instructed to apply for an adjournment, and in default of such instruction he conceived it his duty to go on. The plea on which he somewhat confidently relied, and which his client, had he not unfortunately been prevented in some way from attending, would have supported by his evidence, was that such an expression as a 'free hand' could not be limited, fettered, and rendered unmeaning, by any verbiage which might follow it. He would go further and say that the correspondence showed that whatever he might have said in his evidence, Mr. Forsyte had in fact never contemplated repudiating liability on any of the work ordered or executed by his architect. The defendant had certainly never contemplated such a

contingency, or, as was demonstrated by his letters, he would never have proceeded with the work--a work of extreme delicacy, carried out with great care and efficiency, to meet and satisfy the fastidious taste of a connoisseur, a rich man, a man of property. He felt strongly on this point, and feeling strongly he used, perhaps, rather strong words when he said that this action was of a most unjustifiable, unexpected, indeed--unprecedented character. If his Lordship had had the opportunity that he himself had made it his duty to take, to go over this very fine house and see the great delicacy and beauty of the decorations executed by his client--an artist in his most honourable profession--he felt convinced that not for one moment would his Lordship tolerate this, he would use no stronger word than daring attempt to evade legitimate responsibility.

Taking the text of Soames' letters, he lightly touched on 'Boileau v. The Blasted Cement Company, Limited.' "It is doubtful," he said, "what that authority has decided; in any case I would submit that it is just as much in my favour as in my friend's." He then argued the 'nice point' closely. With all due deference he submitted that Mr. Forsyte's expression nullified itself. His client not being a rich man, the matter was a serious one for him; he was a very talented architect, whose professional reputation was undoubtedly somewhat at stake. He concluded with a perhaps too personal appeal to the Judge, as a lover of the arts, to show himself the protector of artists, from what was occasionally--he said occasionally--the too iron hand of capital. "What," he said, "will be the position of the artistic professions, if men of property like this Mr. Forsyte refuse, and are allowed to refuse, to carry out the obligations of the commissions which they have given." He would now call his client, in case he should at the last moment have found himself able to be present.

The name Philip Baynes Bosinney was called three times by the Ushers, and the sound of the calling echoed with strange melancholy throughout the Court and Galleries.

The crying of this name, to which no answer was returned, had upon James a curious effect: it was like calling for your lost dog about the streets. And the creepy feeling that it gave him, of a man missing, grated on his sense of comfort and security-on his cosiness. Though he could not have said why, it made him feel uneasy.

He looked now at the clock--a quarter to three! It would be all over in a quarter of an hour. Where could the young fellow be?

It was only when Mr. Justice Bentham delivered judgment that he got over the turn he had received.

Behind the wooden erection, by which he was fenced from more ordinary mortals, the learned Judge leaned forward. The electric light, just turned on above his head, fell on his face, and mellowed it to an orange hue beneath the snowy crown of his wig; the amplitude of his robes grew before the eye; his whole figure, facing the comparative dusk of the Court, radiated like some majestic and sacred body. He cleared his throat, took a sip of water, broke the nib of a quill against the desk, and, folding his bony hands before him, began.

To James he suddenly loomed much larger than he had ever thought Bentham would loom. It was the majesty of the law; and a person endowed with a nature far less matter-of-fact than that of James might have been excused for failing to pierce this halo, and disinter therefrom the somewhat ordinary Forsyte, who walked and talked in every-day life under the name of Sir Walter Bentham.

He delivered judgment in the following words:

"The facts in this case are not in dispute. On May 15 last the defendant wrote to the plaintiff, requesting to be allowed to withdraw from his professional position in regard to the decoration of the plaintiff's house, unless he were given 'a free hand.' The plaintiff, on May 17, wrote back as follows: 'In giving you, in accordance with your request, this free hand, I wish you to clearly understand that the total cost of the house as handed over to me completely decorated, inclusive of your fee (as arranged between us) must not exceed twelve thousand pounds.' To this letter the defendant replied on May 18: 'If you think that in such a delicate matter as decoration I can bind myself to the exact pound, I am afraid you are mistaken.' On May 19 the plaintiff wrote as follows: 'I did not mean to say that if you should exceed the sum named in my letter to you by ten or twenty or even fifty pounds there would be any difficulty between us. You have a free hand in the terms of this correspondence, and I hope you will see your way to completing the decorations.' On May 20 the defendant replied thus shortly: 'Very well.'

"In completing these decorations, the defendant incurred liabilities and expenses which brought the total cost of this house up to the sum of twelve thousand four hundred pounds, all of which expenditure has been defrayed by the plaintiff. This action has been brought by the plaintiff to recover from the defendant the sum of three hundred and fifty pounds expended by him in excess of a sum of twelve thousand and fifty pounds, alleged by the plaintiff to have been fixed by this correspondence as the maximum sum that the defendant had authority to expend.

"The question for me to decide is whether or no the defendant is liable to refund to the plaintiff this sum. In my judgment he is so liable.

"What in effect the plaintiff has said is this 'I give you a free hand to complete these decorations, provided that you keep within a total cost to me of twelve thousand pounds. If you exceed that sum by as much as fifty pounds, I will not hold you responsible; beyond that point you are no agent of mine, and I shall repudiate liability.' It is not quite clear to me whether, had the plaintiff in fact repudiated liability under his agent's contracts, he would, under all the circumstances, have been successful in so doing; but he has not adopted this course. He has accepted liability, and fallen back upon his rights against the defendant under the terms of the latter's engagement.

"In my judgment the plaintiff is entitled to recover this sum from the defendant.

"It has been sought, on behalf of the defendant, to show that no limit of expenditure was fixed or intended to be fixed by this correspondence. If this were so, I can find no reason for the plaintiff's importation into the correspondence of the figures of twelve thousand pounds and subsequently of fifty pounds. The defendant's contention would render these figures meaningless. It is manifest to me that by his letter of May 20 he assented to a very clear proposition, by the terms of which he must be held to be bound.

"For these reasons there will be judgment for the plaintiff for the amount claimed with costs."

James sighed, and stooping, picked up his umbrella which had fallen with a rattle at the words 'importation into this correspondence.'

Untangling his legs, he rapidly left the Court; without waiting for his son, he snapped up a hansom cab (it was a clear, grey afternoon) and drove straight to Timothy's where he found Swithin; and to him, Mrs. Septimus Small, and Aunt Hester, he recounted the whole proceedings, eating two muffins not altogether in the intervals of speech.

"Soames did very well," he ended; "he's got his head screwed on the right way. This won't please Jolyon. It's a bad business for that young Bosinney; he'll go bankrupt, I shouldn't wonder," and then after a long pause, during which he had stared disquietly into the fire, he added:

"He wasn't there--now why?"

There was a sound of footsteps. The figure of a thick-set man, with the ruddy brown face of robust health, was seen in the back drawing-room. The forefinger of his upraised hand was outlined against the black of his frock coat. He spoke in a grudging voice.

"Well, James," he said, "I can't--I can't stop," and turning round, he walked out.

It was Timothy.

James rose from his chair. "There!" he said, "there! I knew there was something wro...." He checked himself, and was silent, staring before him, as though he had seen a portent.

CHAPTER VI

SOAMES BREAKS THE NEWS

In leaving the Court Soames did not go straight home. He felt disinclined for the City, and drawn by need for sympathy in his triumph, he, too, made his way, but slowly and on foot, to Timothy's in the Bayswater Road.

His father had just left; Mrs. Small and Aunt Hester, in possession of the whole story, greeted him warmly. They were sure he was hungry after all that evidence. Smither should toast him some more muffins, his dear father had eaten them all. He must put his legs up on the sofa; and he must have a glass of prune brandy too. It was so strengthening.

Swithin was still present, having lingered later than his wont, for he felt in want of exercise. On hearing this suggestion, he 'pished.' A pretty pass young men were coming to! His own liver was out of order, and he could not bear the thought of anyone else drinking prune brandy.

He went away almost immediately, saying to Soames: "And how's your wife? You tell her from me that if she's dull, and likes to come and dine with me quietly, I'll give her such a bottle of champagne as she doesn't get every day." Staring down from his height on Soames he contracted his thick, puffy, yellow hand as though squeezing within it all this small fry, and throwing out his chest he waddled slowly away.

Mrs. Small and Aunt Hester were left horrified. Swithin was so droll!

They themselves were longing to ask Soames how Irene would take the result, yet knew that they must not; he would perhaps say something of his own accord, to throw some light on this, the present burning question in their lives, the question that from necessity of silence tortured them almost beyond bearing; for even Timothy had now been told, and the effect on his health was little short of alarming. And what, too, would June do? This, also, was a most exciting, if dangerous speculation!

They had never forgotten old Jolyon's visit, since when he had not once been to see them; they had never forgotten the feeling it gave all who were present, that the family was no longer what it had been--that the family was breaking up.

But Soames gave them no help, sitting with his knees crossed, talking of the Barbizon school of painters, whom he had just discovered. These were the coming men, he said; he should not wonder if a lot of money were made over them; he had his eye on two pictures by a man called Corot, charming things; if he could get them at a reasonable price he was going to buy them--they would, he thought, fetch a big price some day.

Interested as they could not but be, neither Mrs. Septimus Small nor Aunt Hester could entirely acquiesce in being thus put off.

It was interesting--most interesting--and then Soames was so clever that they were sure he would do something with those pictures if anybody could; but what was his plan now that he had won his case; was he going to leave London at once, and live in the country, or what was he going to do?

Soames answered that he did not know, he thought they should be moving soon. He rose and kissed his aunts.

No sooner had Aunt Juley received this emblem of departure than a change came over her, as though she were being visited by dreadful courage; every little roll of flesh on her face seemed trying to escape from an invisible, confining mask.

She rose to the full extent of her more than medium height, and said: "It has been on my mind a long time, dear, and if nobody else will tell you, I have made up my mind that...."

Aunt Hester interrupted her: "Mind, Julia, you do it...." she gasped--"on your own responsibility!"

Mrs. Small went on as though she had not heard: "I think you ought to know, dear, that Mrs. MacAnder saw Irene walking in Richmond Park with Mr. Bosinney."

Aunt Hester, who had also risen, sank back in her chair, and turned her face away. Really Juley was too--she should not do such things when she--Aunt Hester, was in the room; and, breathless with anticipation, she waited for what Soames would answer.

He had flushed the peculiar flush which always centred between his eyes; lifting his hand, and, as it were, selecting a finger, he bit a nail delicately; then, drawling it out between set lips, he said: "Mrs. MacAnder is a cat!"

Without waiting for any reply, he left the room.

When he went into Timothy's he had made up his mind what course to pursue on getting home. He would go up to Irene and say:

"Well, I've won my case, and there's an end of it! I don't want to be hard on Bosinney; I'll see if we can't come to some arrangement; he shan't be pressed. And now let's turn over a new leaf! We'll let the house, and get out of these fogs. We'll go down to Robin Hill at once. I--I never meant to be rough with you! Let's shake hands--and--" Perhaps she would let him kiss her, and forget!

When he came out of Timothy's his intentions were no longer so simple. The smouldering jealousy and suspicion of months blazed up within him. He would put an end to that sort of thing once and for all; he would not have her drag his name in the dirt! If she could not or would not love him, as was her duty and his right--she should not play him tricks with anyone else! He would tax her with it; threaten to divorce her! That would make her behave; she would never face that. But--but--what if she did? He was staggered; this had not occurred to him.

What if she did? What if she made him a confession? How would he stand then? He would have to bring a divorce!

A divorce! Thus close, the word was paralyzing, so utterly at variance with all the principles that had hitherto guided his life. Its lack of compromise appalled him; he felt--like the captain of a ship, going to the side of his vessel, and, with his own hands throwing over the most precious of his bales. This jettisoning of his property with his own hand seemed uncanny to Soames. It would injure him in his profession: He would have to get rid of the house at Robin Hill, on which he had spent so much money, so much anticipation--and at a sacrifice. And she! She would no longer belong to him, not even in name! She would pass out of his life, and he--he should never see her again!

He traversed in the cab the length of a street without getting beyond the thought that he should never see her again!

But perhaps there was nothing to confess, even now very likely there was nothing to confess. Was it wise to push things so far? Was it wise to put himself into a position where he might have to eat his words? The result of this case would ruin Bosinney; a ruined man was desperate, but--what could he do? He might go abroad, ruined men always went abroad. What could they do--if indeed it was 'they'--without money? It would be better to wait and see how things turned out. If necessary, he could have her watched. The agony of his jealousy (for all the world like the crisis of an aching tooth) came on again; and he almost cried out. But he must decide, fix on some course of action before he got home. When the cab drew up at the door, he had decided nothing.

He entered, pale, his hands moist with perspiration, dreading to meet her, burning to meet her, ignorant of what he was to say or do.

The maid Bilson was in the hall, and in answer to his question: "Where is your mistress?" told him that Mrs. Forsyte had left the house about noon, taking with her a trunk and bag.

Snatching the sleeve of his fur coat away from her grasp, he confronted her:

"What?" he exclaimed; "what's that you said?" Suddenly recollecting that he must not betray emotion, he added: "What message did she leave?" and noticed with secret terror the startled look of the maid's eyes.

"Mrs. Forsyte left no message, sir."

"No message; very well, thank you, that will do. I shall be dining out."

The maid went downstairs, leaving him still in his fur coat, idly turning over the visiting cards in the porcelain bowl that stood on the carved oak rug chest in the hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Bareham Culcher. Mrs. Septimus Small. Mrs. Baynes. Mr. Solomon Thornworthy. Lady Bellis. Miss Hermione Bellis. Miss Winifred Bellis. Miss Ella Bellis.

Who the devil were all these people? He seemed to have forgotten all familiar things. The words 'no message--a trunk, and a bag,' played a hide-and-seek in his brain. It was incredible that she had left no message, and, still in his fur coat, he ran upstairs two steps at a time, as a young married man when he comes home will run up to his wife's room.

Everything was dainty, fresh, sweet-smelling; everything in perfect order. On the great bed with its lilac silk quilt, was the bag she had made and embroidered with her own hands to hold her sleeping things; her slippers ready at the foot; the sheets even turned over at the head as though expecting her.

On the table stood the silver-mounted brushes and bottles from her dressing bag, his own present. There must, then, be some mistake. What bag had she taken? He went to the bell to summon Bilson, but remembered in time that he must assume knowledge of where Irene had gone, take it all as a matter of course, and grope out the meaning for himself.

He locked the doors, and tried to think, but felt his brain going round; and suddenly tears forced themselves into his eyes.

Hurriedly pulling off his coat, he looked at himself in the mirror.

He was too pale, a greyish tinge all over his face; he poured out water, and began feverishly washing.

Her silver-mounted brushes smelt faintly of the perfumed lotion she used for her hair; and at this scent the burning sickness of his jealousy seized him again.

Struggling into his fur, he ran downstairs and out into the street.

He had not lost all command of himself, however, and as he went down Sloane Street he framed a story for use, in case he should not find her at Bosinney's. But if he should? His power of decision again failed; he reached the house without knowing what he should do if he did find her there.

It was after office hours, and the street door was closed; the woman who opened it could not say whether Mr. Bosinney were in or no; she had not seen him that day, not for two or three days; she did not attend to him now, nobody attended to him, he....

Soames interrupted her, he would go up and see for himself. He went up with a dogged, white face.

The top floor was unlighted, the door closed, no one answered his ringing, he could hear no sound. He was obliged to descend, shivering under his fur, a chill at his heart. Hailing a cab, he told the man to drive to Park Lane.

On the way he tried to recollect when he had last given her a cheque; she could not have more than three or four pounds, but there were her jewels; and with exquisite torture he remembered how much money she could raise on these; enough to take them abroad; enough for them to live on for months! He tried to calculate; the cab stopped, and he got out with the calculation unmade.

The butler asked whether Mrs. Soames was in the cab, the master had told him they were both expected to dinner.

Soames answered: "No. Mrs. Forsyte has a cold."

The butler was sorry.

Soames thought he was looking at him inquisitively, and remembering that he was not in dress clothes, asked: "Anybody here to dinner, Warmson?"

"Nobody but Mr. and Mrs. Dartie, sir."

Again it seemed to Soames that the butler was looking curiously at him. His composure gave way.

"What are you looking at?" he said. "What's the matter with me, eh?"

The butler blushed, hung up the fur coat, murmured something that sounded like: "Nothing, sir, I'm sure, sir," and stealthily withdrew.

Soames walked upstairs. Passing the drawing-room without a look, he went straight up to his mother's and father's bedroom.

James, standing sideways, the concave lines of his tall, lean figure displayed to advantage in shirt-sleeves and evening waistcoat, his head bent, the end of his white tie peeping askew from underneath one white Dundreary whisker, his eyes peering with intense concentration, his lips pouting, was hooking the top hooks of his wife's bodice. Soames stopped; he felt half-choked, whether because he had come upstairs too fast, or for some other reason. He--he himself had never--never been asked to....

He heard his father's voice, as though there were a pin in his mouth, saying: "Who's that? Who's there? What d'you want?" His mother's: "Here, Felice, come and hook this; your master'll never get done."

He put his hand up to his throat, and said hoarsely:

"It's I--Soames!"

He noticed gratefully the affectionate surprise in Emily's: "Well, my dear boy?" and James', as he dropped the hook: "What, Soames! What's brought you up? Aren't you well?"

He answered mechanically: "I'm all right," and looked at them, and it seemed impossible to bring out his news.

James, quick to take alarm, began: "You don't look well. I expect you've taken a chill--it's liver, I shouldn't wonder. Your mother'll give you...."

But Emily broke in quietly: "Have you brought Irene?"

Soames shook his head.

"No," he stammered, "she--she's left me!"

Emily deserted the mirror before which she was standing. Her tall, full figure lost its majesty and became very human as she came running over to Soames.

"My dear boy! My dear boy!"

She put her lips to his forehead, and stroked his hand.

James, too, had turned full towards his son; his face looked older.

"Left you?" he said. "What d'you mean--left you? You never told me she was going to leave you."

Soames answered surlily: "How could I tell? What's to be done?"

James began walking up and down; he looked strange and stork-like without a coat. "What's to be done!" he muttered. "How should I know what's to be done? What's the good of asking me? Nobody tells me anything, and then they come and ask me what's to be done; and I should like to know how I'm to tell them! Here's your mother, there she stands; she doesn't say anything. What I should say you've got to do is to follow her.."

Soames smiled; his peculiar, supercilious smile had never before looked pitiable.

"I don't know where she's gone," he said.

"Don't know where she's gone!" said James. "How d'you mean, don't know where she's gone? Where d'you suppose she's gone? She's gone after that young Bosinney, that's where she's gone. I knew how it would be."

Soames, in the long silence that followed, felt his mother pressing his hand. And all that passed seemed to pass as though his own power of thinking or doing had gone to sleep.

His father's face, dusky red, twitching as if he were going to cry, and words breaking out that seemed rent from him by some spasm in his soul.

"There'll be a scandal; I always said so." Then, no one saying anything: "And there you stand, you and your mother!"

And Emily's voice, calm, rather contemptuous: "Come, now, James! Soames will do all that he can."

And James, staring at the floor, a little brokenly: "Well, I can't help you; I'm getting old. Don't you be in too great a hurry, my boy."

And his mother's voice again: "Soames will do all he can to get her back. We won't talk of it. It'll all come right, I dare say."

And James: "Well, I can't see how it can come right. And if she hasn't gone off with that young Bosinney, my advice to you is not to listen to her, but to follow her and get her back."

Once more Soames felt his mother stroking his hand, in token of her approval, and as though repeating some form of sacred oath, he muttered between his teeth: "I will!"

All three went down to the drawing-room together. There, were gathered the three girls and Dartie; had Irene been present, the family circle would have been complete.

James sank into his armchair, and except for a word of cold greeting to Dartie, whom he both despised and dreaded, as a man likely to be always in want of money, he said nothing till dinner was announced. Soames, too, was silent; Emily alone, a woman of cool courage, maintained a conversation with Winifred on trivial subjects. She was never more composed in her manner and conversation than that evening.

A decision having been come to not to speak of Irene's flight, no view was expressed by any other member of the family as to the right course to be pursued; there can be little doubt, from the general tone adopted in relation to events as they afterwards turned out, that James's advice: "Don't you listen to her, follow-her and get her back!" would, with here and there an exception, have been regarded as sound, not only in Park Lane, but amongst the Nicholases, the Rogers, and at Timothy's. Just as it would surely have been endorsed by that wider body of Forsytes all over London, who were merely excluded from judgment by ignorance of the story.

In spite then of Emily's efforts, the dinner was served by Warmson and the footman almost in silence. Dartie was sulky, and drank all he could get; the girls seldom talked to each other at any time. James asked once where June was, and what she was doing

with herself in these days. No one could tell him. He sank back into gloom. Only when Winifred recounted how little Publius had given his bad penny to a beggar, did he brighten up.

"Ah!" he said, "that's a clever little chap. I don't know what'll become of him, if he goes on like this. An intelligent little chap, I call him!" But it was only a flash.

The courses succeeded one another solemnly, under the electric light, which glared down onto the table, but barely reached the principal ornament of the walls, a so-called 'Sea Piece by Turner,' almost entirely composed of cordage and drowning men.

Champagne was handed, and then a bottle of James' prehistoric port, but as by the chill hand of some skeleton.

At ten o'clock Soames left; twice in reply to questions, he had said that Irene was not well; he felt he could no longer trust himself. His mother kissed him with her large soft kiss, and he pressed her hand, a flush of warmth in his cheeks. He walked away in the cold wind, which whistled desolately round the corners of the streets, under a sky of clear steel-blue, alive with stars; he noticed neither their frosty greeting, nor the crackle of the curled-up plane-leaves, nor the night-women hurrying in their shabby furs, nor the pinched faces of vagabonds at street corners. Winter was come! But Soames hastened home, oblivious; his hands trembled as he took the late letters from the gilt wire cage into which they had been thrust through the slit in the door.'

None from Irene!

He went into the dining-room; the fire was bright there, his chair drawn up to it, slippers ready, spirit case, and carven cigarette box on the table; but after staring at it all for a minute or two, he turned out the light and went upstairs. There was a fire too in his dressing-room, but her room was dark and cold. It was into this room that Soames went.

He made a great illumination with candles, and for a long time continued pacing up and down between the bed and the door. He could not get used to the thought that she had really left him, and as though still searching for some message, some reason, some reading of all the mystery of his married life, he began opening every recess and drawer.

There were her dresses; he had always liked, indeed insisted, that she should be well-dressed--she had taken very few; two or three at most, and drawer after drawer; full of linen and silk things, was untouched.

Perhaps after all it was only a freak, and she had gone to the seaside for a few days' change. If only that were so, and she were really coming back, he would never again do as he had done that fatal night before last, never again run that risk--though it was her duty, her duty as a wife; though she did belong to him--he would never again run that risk; she was evidently not quite right in her head!

He stooped over the drawer where she kept her jewels; it was not locked, and came open as he pulled; the jewel box had the key in it. This surprised him until he remembered that it was sure to be empty. He opened it.

It was far from empty. Divided, in little green velvet compartments, were all the things he had given her, even her watch, and stuck into the recess that contained--the watch was a three-cornered note addressed 'Soames Forsyte,' in Irene's handwriting:

'I think I have taken nothing that you or your people have given me.' And that was all.

He looked at the clasps and bracelets of diamonds and pearls, at the little flat gold watch with a great diamond set in sapphires, at the chains and rings, each in its nest, and the tears rushed up in his eyes and dropped upon them.

Nothing that she could have done, nothing that she had done, brought home to him like this the inner significance of her act. For the moment, perhaps, he understood nearly all there was to understand--understood that she loathed him, that she had loathed him for years, that for all intents and purposes they were like people living in different worlds, that there was no hope for him, never had been; even, that she had suffered--that she was to be pitied.

In that moment of emotion he betrayed the Forsyte in him--forgot himself, his interests, his property--was capable of almost anything; was lifted into the pure ether of the selfless and unpractical.

Such moments pass quickly.

And as though with the tears he had purged himself of weakness, he got up, locked the box, and slowly, almost trembling, carried it with him into the other room.

CHAPTER VII

JUNE'S VICTORY

June had waited for her chance, scanning the duller columns of the journals, morning and evening with an assiduity which at first puzzled old Jolyon; and when her chance came, she took it with all the promptitude and resolute tenacity of her character.

She will always remember best in her life that morning when at last she saw amongst the reliable Cause List of the Times newspaper, under the heading of Court XIII, Mr. Justice Bentham, the case of Forsyte v. Bosinney.

Like a gambler who stakes his last piece of money, she had prepared to hazard her all upon this throw; it was not her nature to contemplate defeat. How, unless with the instinct of a woman in love, she knew that Bosinney's discomfiture in this action was assured, cannot be told--on this assumption, however, she laid her plans, as upon a certainty.

Half past eleven found her at watch in the gallery of Court XIII., and there she remained till the case of Forsyte v. Bosinney was over. Bosinney's absence did not disquiet her; she had felt instinctively that he would not defend himself. At the end of the judgment she hastened down, and took a cab to his rooms.

She passed the open street-door and the offices on the three lower floors without attracting notice; not till she reached the top did her difficulties begin.

Her ring was not answered; she had now to make up her mind whether she would go down and ask the caretaker in the basement to let her in to await Mr. Bosinney's return, or remain patiently outside the door, trusting that no one would, come up. She decided on the latter course.

A quarter of an hour had passed in freezing vigil on the landing, before it occurred to her that Bosinney had been used to leave the key of his rooms under the door-mat. She looked and found it there. For some minutes she could not decide to make use of it; at last she let herself in and left the door open that anyone who came might see she was there on business.

This was not the same June who had paid the trembling visit five months ago; those months of suffering and restraint had made her less sensitive; she had dwelt on this visit so long, with such minuteness, that its terrors were discounted beforehand. She was not there to fail this time, for if she failed no one could help her.

Like some mother beast on the watch over her young, her little quick figure never stood still in that room, but wandered from wall to wall, from window to door, fingering now one thing, now another. There was dust everywhere, the room could not have been cleaned for weeks, and June, quick to catch at anything that should buoy up her hope, saw in it a sign that he had been obliged, for economy's sake, to give up his servant.

She looked into the bedroom; the bed was roughly made, as though by the hand of man. Listening intently, she darted in, and peered into his cupboards. A few shirts and collars, a pair of muddy boots--the room was bare even of garments.

She stole back to the sitting-room, and now she noticed the absence of all the little things he had set store by. The clock that had been his mother's, the field-glasses that had hung over the sofa; two really valuable old prints of Harrow, where his father had been at school, and last, not least, the piece of Japanese pottery she herself had given him. All were gone; and in spite of the rage roused within her championing soul at the thought that the world should treat him thus, their disappearance augured happily for the success of her plan.

It was while looking at the spot where the piece of Japanese pottery had stood that she felt a strange certainty of being watched, and, turning, saw Irene in the open doorway.

The two stood gazing at each other for a minute in silence; then June walked forward and held out her hand. Irene did not take it.

When her hand was refused, June put it behind her. Her eyes grew steady with anger; she waited for Irene to speak; and thus waiting, took in, with who-knows-what rage of jealousy, suspicion, and curiosity, every detail of her friend's face and dress and figure.

Irene was clothed in her long grey fur; the travelling cap on her head left a wave of gold hair visible above her forehead. The soft fullness of the coat made her face as small as a child's.

Unlike June's cheeks, her cheeks had no colour in them, but were ivory white and pinched as if with cold. Dark circles lay round her eyes. In one hand she held a bunch of violets.

She looked back at June, no smile on her lips; and with those great dark eyes fastened on her, the girl, for all her startled anger, felt something of the old spell.

She spoke first, after all.

"What have you come for?" But the feeling that she herself was being asked the same question, made her add: "This horrible case. I came to tell him--he has lost it."

Irene did not speak, her eyes never moved from June's face, and the girl cried:

"Don't stand there as if you were made of stone!"

Irene laughed: "I wish to God I were!"

But June turned away: "Stop!" she cried, "don't tell me! I don't want to hear! I don't want to hear what you've come for. I don't want to hear!" And like some uneasy spirit, she began swiftly walking to and fro. Suddenly she broke out:

"I was here first. We can't both stay here together!"

On Irene's face a smile wandered up, and died out like a flicker of firelight. She did not move. And then it was that June perceived under the softness and immobility of this figure something desperate and resolved; something not to be turned away, something dangerous. She tore off her hat, and, putting both hands to her brow, pressed back the bronze mass of her hair.

"You have no right here!" she cried defiantly.

Irene answered: "I have no right anywhere!

"What do you mean?"

"I have left Soames. You always wanted me to!"

June put her hands over her ears.

"Don't! I don't want to hear anything--I don't want to know anything. It's impossible to fight with you! What makes you stand like that? Why don't you go?"

Irene's lips moved; she seemed to be saying: "Where should I go?"

June turned to the window. She could see the face of a clock down in the street. It was nearly four. At any moment he might come! She looked back across her shoulder, and her face was distorted with anger.

But Irene had not moved; in her gloved hands she ceaselessly turned and twisted the little bunch of violets.

The tears of rage and disappointment rolled down June's cheeks.

"How could you come?" she said. "You have been a false friend to me!"

Again Irene laughed. June saw that she had played a wrong card, and broke down.

"Why have you come?" she sobbed. "You've ruined my life, and now you want to ruin his!"

Irene's mouth quivered; her eyes met June's with a look so mournful that the girl cried out in the midst of her sobbing, "No, no!"

But Irene's head bent till it touched her breast. She turned, and went quickly out, hiding her lips with the little bunch of violets.

June ran to the door. She heard the footsteps going down and down. She called out: "Come back, Irene! Come back!"

The footsteps died away....

Bewildered and torn, the girl stood at the top of the stairs. Why had Irene gone, leaving her mistress of the field? What did it mean? Had she really given him up to her? Or had she...? And she was the prey of a gnawing uncertainty.... Bosinney did not come....

About six o'clock that afternoon old Jolyon returned from Wistaria Avenue, where now almost every day he spent some hours, and asked if his grand-daughter were upstairs. On being told that she had just come in, he sent up to her room to request her to come down and speak to him.

He had made up his mind to tell her that he was reconciled with her father. In future bygones must be bygones. He would no longer live alone, or practically alone, in this great house; he was going to give it up, and take one in the country for his son, where they could all go and live together. If June did not like this, she could have an allowance and live by herself. It wouldn't make much difference to her, for it was a long time since she had shown him any affection.

But when June came down, her face was pinched and piteous; there was a strained, pathetic look in her eyes. She snuggled up in her old attitude on the arm of his chair, and what he said compared but poorly with the clear, authoritative, injured statement he had thought out with much care. His heart felt sore, as the great heart of a mother-bird feels sore when its youngling flies and bruises its wing. His words halted, as though he were apologizing for having at last deviated from the path of virtue, and succumbed, in defiance of sounder principles, to his more natural instincts.

He seemed nervous lest, in thus announcing his intentions, he should be setting his granddaughter a bad example; and now that he came to the point, his way of putting the suggestion that, if she didn't like it, she could live by herself and lump it, was delicate in the extreme.'

"And if, by any chance, my darling," he said, "you found you didn't get on--with them, why, I could make that all right. You could have what you liked. We could find a little flat in London where you could set up, and I could be running to continually. But the children," he added, "are dear little things!"

Then, in the midst of this grave, rather transparent, explanation of changed policy, his eyes twinkled. "This'll astonish Timothy's weak nerves. That precious young thing will have something to say about this, or I'm a Dutchman!"

June had not yet spoken. Perched thus on the arm of his chair, with her head above him, her face was invisible. But presently he felt her warm cheek against his own, and knew that, at all events, there was nothing very alarming in her attitude towards his news. He began to take courage.

"You'll like your father," he said--"an amiable chap. Never was much push about him, but easy to get on with. You'll find him artistic and all that."

And old Jolyon bethought him of the dozen or so water-colour drawings all carefully locked up in his bedroom; for now that his son was going to become a man of property he did not think them quite such poor things as heretofore.

"As to your--your stepmother," he said, using the word with some little difficulty, "I call her a refined woman--a bit of a Mrs. Gummidge, I shouldn't wonder--but very fond of Jo. And the children," he repeated--indeed, this sentence ran like music through all his solemn self-justification--"are sweet little things!"

If June had known, those words but reincarnated that tender love for little children, for the young and weak, which in the past had made him desert his son for her tiny self, and now, as the cycle rolled, was taking him from her.

But he began to get alarmed at her silence, and asked impatiently: "Well, what do you say?"

June slid down to his knee, and she in her turn began her tale. She thought it would all go splendidly; she did not see any difficulty, and she did not care a bit what people thought.

Old Jolyon wriggled. H'm! then people would think! He had thought that after all these years perhaps they wouldn't! Well, he couldn't help it! Nevertheless, he could not approve of his granddaughter's way of putting it--she ought to mind what people thought!

Yet he said nothing. His feelings were too mixed, too inconsistent for expression.

No--went on June he did not care; what business was it of theirs? There was only one thing--and with her cheek pressing against his knee, old Jolyon knew at once that this something was no trifle: As he was going to buy a house in the country, would he not--to please her--buy that splendid house of Soames' at Robin Hill? It was finished, it was perfectly beautiful, and no one would live in it now. They would all be so happy there.

Old Jolyon was on the alert at once. Wasn't the 'man of property' going to live in his new house, then? He never alluded to Soames now but under this title.

"No"--June said--"he was not; she knew that he was not!"

How did she know?

She could not tell him, but she knew. She knew nearly for certain! It was most unlikely; circumstances had changed! Irene's words still rang in her head: "I have left Soames. Where should I go?"

But she kept silence about that.

If her grandfather would only buy it and settle that wretched claim that ought never to have been made on Phil! It would be the very best thing for everybody, and everything--everything might come straight.

And June put her lips to his forehead, and pressed them close.

But old Jolyon freed himself from her caress, his face wore the judicial look which came upon it when he dealt with affairs. He asked: What did she mean? There was something behind all this--had she been seeing Bosinney?

June answered: "No; but I have been to his rooms."

"Been to his rooms? Who took you there?"

June faced him steadily. "I went alone. He has lost that case. I don't care whether it was right or wrong. I want to help him; and I will!"

Old Jolyon asked again: "Have you seen him?" His glance seemed to pierce right through the girl's eyes into her soul.

Again June answered: "No; he was not there. I waited, but he did not come."

Old Jolyon made a movement of relief. She had risen and looked down at him; so slight, and light, and young, but so fixed, and so determined; and disturbed, vexed, as he was, he could not frown away that fixed look. The feeling of being beaten, of the reins having slipped, of being old and tired, mastered him.

"Ah!" he said at last, "you'll get yourself into a mess one of these days, I can see. You want your own way in everything."

Visited by one of his strange bursts of philosophy, he added: "Like that you were born; and like that you'll stay until you die!"

And he, who in his dealings with men of business, with Boards, with Forsytes of all descriptions, with such as were not Forsytes, had always had his own way, looked at his indomitable grandchild sadly--for he felt in her that quality which above all others he unconsciously admired.

"Do you know what they say is going on?" he said slowly.

June crimsoned.

"Yes--no! I know--and I don't know--I don't care!" and she stamped her foot.

"I believe," said old Jolyon, dropping his eyes, "that you'd have him if he were dead!"

There was a long silence before he spoke again.

"But as to buying this house--you don't know what you're talking about!"

June said that she did. She knew that he could get it if he wanted. He would only have to give what it cost.

"What it cost! You know nothing about it. I won't go to Soames--I'll have nothing more to do with that young man."

"But you needn't; you can go to Uncle James. If you can't buy the house, will you pay his lawsuit claim? I know he is terribly hard up--I've seen it. You can stop it out of my money!"

A twinkle came into old Jolyon's eyes.

"Stop it out of your money! A pretty way. And what will you do, pray, without your money?"

But secretly, the idea of wresting the house from James and his son had begun to take hold of him. He had heard on Forsyte 'Change much comment, much rather doubtful praise of this house. It was 'too artistic,' but a fine place. To take from the 'man of property' that on which he had set his heart, would be a crowning triumph over James, practical proof that he was going to make a man of property of Jo, to put him back in his proper position, and there to keep him secure. Justice once for all on those who had chosen to regard his son as a poor, penniless outcast.

He would see, he would see! It might be out of the question; he was not going to pay a fancy price, but if it could be done, why, perhaps he would do it!

And still more secretly he knew that he could not refuse her.

But he did not commit himself. He would think it over--he said to June.

CHAPTER VIII

BOSINNEY'S DEPARTURE

Old Jolyon was not given to hasty decisions; it is probable that he would have continued to think over the purchase of the house at Robin Hill, had not June's face told him that he would have no peace until he acted.

At breakfast next morning she asked him what time she should order the carriage.

"Carriage!" he said, with some appearance of innocence; "what for? I'm not going out!"

She answered: "If you don't go early, you won't catch Uncle James before he goes into the City."

"James! what about your Uncle James?"

"The house," she replied, in such a voice that he no longer pretended ignorance.

"I've not made up my mind," he said.

"You must! You must! Oh! Gran--think of me!"

Old Jolyon grumbled out: "Think of you--I'm always thinking of you, but you don't think of yourself; you don't think what you're letting yourself in for. Well, order the carriage at ten!"

At a quarter past he was placing his umbrella in the stand at Park Lane--he did not choose to relinquish his hat and coat; telling Warmson that he wanted to see his master, he went, without being announced, into the study, and sat down.

James was still in the dining-room talking to Soames, who had come round again before breakfast. On hearing who his visitor was, he muttered nervously: "Now, what's he want, I wonder?"

He then got up.

"Well," he said to Soames, "don't you go doing anything in a hurry. The first thing is to find out where she is--I should go to Stainer's about it; they're the best men, if they can't find her, nobody can." And suddenly moved to strange softness, he muttered to himself, "Poor little thing, I can't tell what she was thinking about!" and went out blowing his nose.

Old Jolyon did not rise on seeing his brother, but held out his hand, and exchanged with him the clasp of a Forsyte.

James took another chair by the table, and leaned his head on his hand.

"Well," he said, "how are you? We don't see much of you nowadays!"

Old Jolyon paid no attention to the remark.

"How's Emily?" he asked; and waiting for no reply, went on "I've come to see you about this affair of young Bosinney's. I'm told that new house of his is a white elephant."

"I don't know anything about a white elephant," said James, "I know he's lost his case, and I should say he'll go bankrupt."

Old Jolyon was not slow to seize the opportunity this gave him.

"I shouldn't wonder a bit!" he agreed; "and if he goes bankrupt, the 'man of property'--that is, Soames'll be out of pocket. Now, what I was thinking was this: If he's not going to live there...."

Seeing both surprise and suspicion in James' eye, he quickly went on: "I don't want to know anything; I suppose Irene's put her foot down--it's not material to me. But I'm thinking of a house in the country myself, not too far from London, and if it suited me I don't say that I mightn't look at it, at a price."

James listened to this statement with a strange mixture of doubt, suspicion, and relief, merging into a dread of something behind, and tinged with the remains of his old undoubted reliance upon his elder brother's good faith and judgment. There was anxiety, too, as to what old Jolyon could have heard and how he had heard it; and a sort of hopefulness arising from the thought that if June's connection with Bosinney were completely at an end, her grandfather would hardly seem anxious to help the young fellow. Altogether he was puzzled; as he did not like either to show this, or to commit himself in any way, he said:

"They tell me you're altering your Will in favour of your son."

He had not been told this; he had merely added the fact of having seen old Jolyon with his son and grandchildren to the fact that he had taken his Will away from Forsyte, Bustard and Forsyte. The shot went home.

"Who told you that?" asked old Jolyon.

"I'm sure I don't know," said James; "I can't remember names--I know somebody told me Soames spent a lot of money on this house; he's not likely to part with it except at a good price."

"Well," said old Jolyon, "if, he thinks I'm going to pay a fancy price, he's mistaken. I've not got the money to throw away that he seems to have. Let him try and sell it at a forced sale, and see what he'll get. It's not every man's house, I hear!"

James, who was secretly also of this opinion, answered: "It's a gentleman's house. Soames is here now if you'd like to see him."

"No," said old Jolyon, "I haven't got as far as that; and I'm not likely to, I can see that very well if I'm met in this manner!"

James was a little cowed; when it came to the actual figures of a commercial transaction he was sure of himself, for then he was dealing with facts, not with men; but preliminary negotiations such as these made him nervous--he never knew quite how far he could go.

"Well," he said, "I know nothing about it. Soames, he tells me nothing; I should think he'd entertain it--it's a question of price."

"Oh!" said old Jolyon, "don't let him make a favour of it!" He placed his hat on his head in dudgeon.

The door was opened and Soames came in.

"There's a policeman out here," he said with his half smile, "for Uncle Jolyon."

Old Jolyon looked at him angrily, and James said: "A policeman? I don't know anything about a policeman. But I suppose you know something about him," he added to old Jolyon with a look of suspicion: "I suppose you'd better see him!"

In the hall an Inspector of Police stood stolidly regarding with heavy-lidded pale-blue eyes the fine old English furniture picked up by James at the famous Mavrojano sale in Portman Square. "You'll find my brother in there," said James.

The Inspector raised his fingers respectfully to his peaked cap, and entered the study.

James saw him go in with a strange sensation.

"Well," he said to Soames, "I suppose we must wait and see what he wants. Your uncle's been here about the house!"

He returned with Soames into the dining-room, but could not rest.

"Now what does he want?" he murmured again.

"Who?" replied Soames: "the Inspector? They sent him round from Stanhope Gate, that's all I know. That 'nonconformist' of Uncle Jolyon's has been pilfering, I shouldn't wonder!"

But in spite of his calmness, he too was ill at ease.

At the end of ten minutes old Jolyon came in. He walked up to the table, and stood there perfectly silent pulling at his long white moustaches. James gazed up at him with opening mouth; he had never seen his brother look like this.

Old Jolyon raised his hand, and said slowly:

"Young Bosinney has been run over in the fog and killed."

Then standing above his brother and his nephew, and looking down at him with his deep eyes:

"There's--some--talk--of--suicide," he said.

James' jaw dropped. "Suicide! What should he do that for?"

Old Jolyon answered sternly: "God knows, if you and your son don't!"

But James did not reply.

For all men of great age, even for all Forsytes, life has had bitter experiences. The passer-by, who sees them wrapped in cloaks of custom, wealth, and comfort, would never suspect that such black shadows had fallen on their roads. To every man of great age--to Sir Walter Bentham himself--the idea of suicide has once at least been present in the ante-room of his soul; on the threshold, waiting to enter, held out from the inmost chamber by some chance reality, some vague fear, some painful hope. To Forsytes that final renunciation of property is hard. Oh! it is hard! Seldom--perhaps never--can they achieve, it; and yet, how near have they not sometimes been!

So even with James! Then in the medley of his thoughts, he broke out: "Why I saw it in the paper yesterday: 'Run over in the fog!' They didn't know his name!" He turned from one face to the other in his confusion of soul; but instinctively all the time he was rejecting that rumour of suicide. He dared not entertain this thought, so against his interest, against the interest of his son, of every Forsyte. He strove against it; and as his nature ever unconsciously rejected that which it could not with safety accept, so gradually he overcame this fear. It was an accident! It must have been!

Old Jolyon broke in on his reverie.

"Death was instantaneous. He lay all day yesterday at the hospital. There was nothing to tell them who he was. I am going there now; you and your son had better come too."

No one opposing this command he led the way from the room.

The day was still and clear and bright, and driving over to Park Lane from Stanhope Gate, old Jolyon had had the carriage open. Sitting back on the padded cushions, finishing his cigar, he had noticed with pleasure the keen crispness of the air, the bustle of the cabs and people; the strange, almost Parisian, alacrity that the first fine day will bring into London streets after a spell of fog or rain. And he had felt so happy; he had not felt like it for months. His confession to June was off his mind; he had the prospect of his son's, above all, of his grandchildren's company in the future--(he had appointed to meet young Jolyon at the Hotch Potch that very manning to--discuss it again); and there was the pleasurable excitement of a coming encounter, a coming victory, over James and the 'man of property' in the matter of the house.

He had the carriage closed now; he had no heart to look on gaiety; nor was it right that Forsytes should be seen driving with an Inspector of Police.

In that carriage the Inspector spoke again of the death:

"It was not so very thick--Just there. The driver says the gentleman must have had time to see what he was about, he seemed to walk right into it. It appears that he was very hard up, we found several pawn tickets at his rooms, his account at the bank is overdrawn, and there's this case in to-day's papers;" his cold blue eyes travelled from one to another of the three Forsytes in the carriage.

Old Jolyon watching from his corner saw his brother's face change, and the brooding, worried, look deepen on it. At the Inspector's words, indeed, all James' doubts and fears revived. Hard-up--pawn-tickets--an overdrawn account! These words that had all his life been a far-off nightmare to him, seemed to make uncannily real that suspicion of suicide which must on no account be entertained. He sought his son's eye; but lynx-eyed, taciturn, immovable, Soames gave no answering look. And to old Jolyon watching, divining the league of mutual defence between them, there came an overmastering desire to have his own son at his side, as though this visit to the dead man's body was a battle in which otherwise he must single-handed meet those two. And the thought of how to keep June's name out of the business kept whirring in his brain. James had his son to support him! Why should he not send for Jo?

Taking out his card-case, he pencilled the following message:

'Come round at once. I've sent the carriage for you.'

On getting out he gave this card to his coachman, telling him to drive--as fast as possible to the Hotch Potch Club, and if Mr. Jolyon Forsyte were there to give him the card and bring him at once. If not there yet, he was to wait till he came.

He followed the others slowly up the steps, leaning on his umbrella, and stood a moment to get his breath. The Inspector said: "This is the mortuary, sir. But take your time."

In the bare, white-walled room, empty of all but a streak of sunshine smeared along the dustless floor, lay a form covered by a sheet. With a huge steady hand the Inspector took the hem and turned it back. A sightless face gazed up at them, and on either side of that sightless defiant face the three Forsytes gazed down; in each one of them the secret emotions, fears, and pity of his own nature rose and fell like the rising, falling waves of life, whose wish those white walls barred out now for ever from Bosinney. And in each one of them the trend of his nature, the odd essential spring, which moved him in fashions minutely, unalterably different from those of every other human being, forced him to a different attitude of thought. Far from the others, yet inscrutably close, each stood thus, alone with death, silent, his eyes lowered.

The Inspector asked softly:

"You identify the gentleman, sir?"

Old Jolyon raised his head and nodded. He looked at his brother opposite, at that long lean figure brooding over the dead man, with face dusky red, and strained grey eyes; and at the figure of Soames white and still by his father's side. And all that he had felt against those two was gone like smoke in the long white presence of Death. Whence comes it, how comes it--Death? Sudden reverse of all that goes before; blind setting forth on a path that leads to where? Dark quenching of the fire! The heavy, brutal crushing--out that all men must go through, keeping their eyes clear and brave unto the end! Small and of no import, insects though they are! And across old Jolyon's face there flitted a gleam, for Soames, murmuring to the Inspector, crept noiselessly away.

Then suddenly James raised his eyes. There was a queer appeal in that suspicious troubled look: "I know I'm no match for you," it seemed to say. And, hunting for handkerchief he wiped his brow; then, bending sorrowful and lank over the dead man, he too turned and hurried out.

Old Jolyon stood, still as death, his eyes fixed on the body. Who shall tell of what he was thinking? Of himself, when his hair was brown like the hair of that young fellow dead before him? Of himself, with his battle just beginning, the long, long battle he had loved; the battle that was over for this young man almost before it had begun? Of his grand-daughter, with her broken hopes? Of that other woman? Of the strangeness, and the pity of it? And the irony, inscrutable, and bitter of that end? Justice! There was no justice for men, for they were ever in the dark!

Or perhaps in his philosophy he thought: Better to be out of, it all! Better to have done with it, like this poor youth....

Some one touched him on the arm.

A tear started up and wetted his eyelash. "Well," he said, "I'm no good here. I'd better be going. You'll come to me as soon as you can, Jo," and with his head bowed he went away.

It was young Jolyon's turn to take his stand beside the dead man, round whose fallen body he seemed to see all the Forsytes breathless, and prostrated. The stroke had fallen too swiftly.

The forces underlying every tragedy--forces that take no denial, working through cross currents to their ironical end, had met and fused with a thunder-clap, flung out the victim, and flattened to the ground all those that stood around.

Or so at all events young Jolyon seemed to see them, lying around Bosinney's body.

He asked the Inspector to tell him what had happened, and the latter, like a man who does not every day get such a chance, again detailed such facts as were known.

"There's more here, sir, however," he said, "than meets the eye. I don't believe in suicide, nor in pure accident, myself. It's more likely I think that he was suffering under great stress of mind, and took no notice of things about him. Perhaps you can throw some light on these."

He took from his pocket a little packet and laid it on the table. Carefully undoing it, he revealed a lady's handkerchief, pinned through the folds with a pin of discoloured Venetian gold, the stone of which had fallen from the socket. A scent of dried violets rose to young Jolyon's nostrils.

"Found in his breast pocket," said the Inspector; "the name has been cut away!"

Young Jolyon with difficulty answered: "I'm afraid I cannot help you!" But vividly there rose before him the face he had seen light up, so tremulous and glad, at Bosinney's coming! Of her he thought more than of his own daughter, more than of them all--of her with the dark, soft glance, the delicate passive face, waiting for the dead man, waiting even at that moment, perhaps, still and patient in the sunlight.

He walked sorrowfully away from the hospital towards his father's house, reflecting that this death would break up the Forsyte family. The stroke had indeed slipped past their defences into the very wood of their tree. They might flourish to all appearance as before, preserving a brave show before the eyes of London, but the trunk was dead, withered by the same flash that had stricken down Bosinney. And now the saplings would take its place, each one a new custodian of the sense of property.

Good forest of Forsytes! thought young Jolyon--soundest timber of our land!

Concerning the cause of this death--his family would doubtless reject with vigour the suspicion of suicide, which was so compromising! They would take it as an accident, a stroke of fate. In their hearts they would even feel it an intervention of Providence, a retribution--had not Bosinney endangered their two most priceless possessions, the pocket and the hearth? And they would talk of 'that unfortunate accident of young Bosinney's,' but perhaps they would not talk--silence might be better!

As for himself, he regarded the bus-driver's account of the accident as of very little value. For no one so madly in love committed suicide for want of money; nor was Bosinney the sort of fellow to set much store by a financial crisis. And so he too rejected this theory of suicide, the dead man's face rose too clearly before him. Gone in the heyday of his summer--and to believe thus that an accident had cut Bosinney off in the full sweep of his passion was more than ever pitiful to young Jolyon.

Then came a vision of Soames' home as it now was, and must be hereafter. The streak of lightning had flashed its clear uncanny gleam on bare bones with grinning spaces between, the disguising flesh was gone....

In the dining-room at Stanhope Gate old Jolyon was sitting alone when his son came in. He looked very wan in his great armchair. And his eyes travelling round the walls with their pictures of still life, and the masterpiece 'Dutch fishing-boats at Sunset' seemed as though passing their gaze over his life with its hopes, its gains, its achievements.

"Ah! Jo!" he said, "is that you? I've told poor little June. But that's not all of it. Are you going to Soames'? She's brought it on herself, I suppose; but somehow I can't bear to think of her, shut up there--and all alone." And holding up his thin, veined hand, he clenched it.

CHAPTER IX

IRENE'S RETURN

After leaving James and old Jolyon in the mortuary of the hospital, Soames hurried aimlessly along the streets.

The tragic event of Bosinney's death altered the complexion of everything. There was no longer the same feeling that to lose a minute would be fatal, nor would he now risk communicating the fact of his wife's flight to anyone till the inquest was over.

That morning he had risen early, before the postman came, had taken the first-post letters from the box himself, and, though there had been none from Irene, he had made an opportunity of telling Bilson that her mistress was at the sea; he would probably, he said, be going down himself from Saturday to Monday. This had given him time to breathe, time to leave no stone unturned to find her.

But now, cut off from taking steps by Bosinney's death--that strange death, to think of which was like putting a hot iron to his heart, like lifting a great weight from it--he did not know how to pass his day; and he wandered here and there through the streets, looking at every face he met, devoured by a hundred anxieties.

And as he wandered, he thought of him who had finished his wandering, his prowling, and would never haunt his house again.

Already in the afternoon he passed posters announcing the identity of the dead man, and bought the papers to see what they said. He would stop their mouths if he could, and he went into the City, and was closeted with Boulter for a long time.

On his way home, passing the steps of Jobson's about half past four, he met George Forsyte, who held out an evening paper to Soames, saying:

"Here! Have you seen this about the poor Buccaneer?"

Soames answered stonily: "Yes."

George stared at him. He had never liked Soames; he now held him responsible for Bosinney's death. Soames had done for him--done for him by that act of property that had sent the Buccaneer to run amok that fatal afternoon.

'The poor fellow,' he was thinking, 'was so cracked with jealousy, so cracked for his vengeance, that he heard nothing of the omnibus in that infernal fog.'

Soames had done for him! And this judgment was in George's eyes.

"They talk of suicide here," he said at last. "That cat won't jump."

Soames shook his head. "An accident," he muttered.

Clenching his fist on the paper, George crammed it into his pocket. He could not resist a parting shot.

"H'mm! All flourishing at home? Any little Soameses yet?"

With a face as white as the steps of Jobson's, and a lip raised as if snarling, Soames brushed past him and was gone....

On reaching home, and entering the little lighted hall with his latchkey, the first thing that caught his eye was his wife's gold-mounted umbrella lying on the rug chest. Flinging off his fur coat, he hurried to the drawing-room.

The curtains were drawn for the night, a bright fire of cedar-logs burned in the grate, and by its light he saw Irene sitting in her usual corner on the sofa. He shut the door softly, and went towards her. She did not move, and did not seem to see him.

"So you've come back?" he said. "Why are you sitting here in the dark?"

Then he caught sight of her face, so white and motionless that it seemed as though the blood must have stopped flowing in her veins; and her eyes, that looked enormous, like the great, wide, startled brown eyes of an owl.

Huddled in her grey fur against the sofa cushions, she had a strange resemblance to a captive owl, bunched fir its soft feathers against the wires of a cage. The supple erectness of her figure was gone, as though she had been broken by cruel exercise; as though there were no longer any reason for being beautiful, and supple, and erect.

"So you've come back," he repeated.

She never looked up, and never spoke, the firelight playing over her motionless figure.

Suddenly she tried to rise, but he prevented her; it was then that he understood.

She had come back like an animal wounded to death, not knowing where to turn, not knowing what she was doing. The sight of her figure, huddled in the fur, was enough.

He knew then for certain that Bosinney had been her lover; knew that she had seen the report of his death--perhaps, like himself, had bought a paper at the draughty corner of a street, and read it.

She had come back then of her own accord, to the cage she had pined to be free of--and taking in all the tremendous significance of this, he longed to cry: "Take your hated body, that I love, out of my house! Take away that pitiful white face, so cruel and soft--before I crush it. Get out of my sight; never let me see you again!"

And, at those unspoken words, he seemed to see her rise and move away, like a woman in a terrible dream, from which she was fighting to awake--rise and go out into the dark and cold, without a thought of him, without so much as the knowledge of his presence.

Then he cried, contradicting what he had not yet spoken, "No; stay there!" And turning away from her, he sat down in his accustomed chair on the other side of the hearth.

They sat in silence.

And Soames thought: 'Why is all this? Why should I suffer so? What have I done? It is not my fault!'

Again he looked at her, huddled like a bird that is shot and dying, whose poor breast you see panting as the air is taken from it, whose poor eyes look at you who have shot it, with a slow, soft, unseeing look, taking farewell of all that is good--of the sun, and the air, and its mate.

So they sat, by the firelight, in the silence, one on each side of the hearth.

And the fume of the burning cedar logs, that he loved so well, seemed to grip Soames by the throat till he could bear it no longer. And going out into the hall he flung the door wide, to gulp down the cold air that came in; then without hat or overcoat went out into the Square.

Along the garden rails a half-starved cat came rubbing her way towards him, and Soames thought: 'Suffering! when will it cease, my suffering?'

At a front door across the way was a man of his acquaintance named Rutter, scraping his boots, with an air of 'I am master here.' And Soames walked on.

From far in the clear air the bells of the church where he and Irene had been married were pealing in 'practice' for the advent of Christ, the chimes ringing out above the sound of traffic. He felt a craving for strong drink, to lull him to indifference, or rouse him to fury. If only he could burst out of himself, out of this web that for the first time in his life he felt around him. If only he could surrender to the thought: 'Divorce her--turn her out! She has forgotten you. Forget her!'

If only he could surrender to the thought: 'Let her go--she has suffered enough!'

If only he could surrender to the desire: 'Make a slave of her--she is in your power!'

If only even he could surrender to the sudden vision: 'What does it all matter?' Forget himself for a minute, forget that it mattered what he did, forget that whatever he did he must sacrifice something.

If only he could act on an impulse!

He could forget nothing; surrender to no thought, vision, or desire; it was all too serious; too close around him, an unbreakable cage.

On the far side of the Square newspaper boys were calling their evening wares, and the ghoulish cries mingled and jangled with the sound of those church bells.

Soames covered his ears. The thought flashed across him that but for a chance, he himself, and not Bosinney, might be lying dead, and she, instead of crouching there like a shot bird with those dying eyes....

Something soft touched his legs, the cat was rubbing herself against them. And a sob that shook him from head to foot burst from Soames' chest. Then all was still again in the dark, where the houses seemed to stare at him, each with a master and mistress of its own, and a secret story of happiness or sorrow.

And suddenly he saw that his own door was open, and black against the light from the hall a man standing with his back turned. Something slid too in his breast, and he stole up close behind.

He could see his own fur coat flung across the carved oak chair; the Persian rugs; the silver bowls, the rows of porcelain plates arranged along the walls, and this unknown man who was standing there.

And sharply he asked: "What is it you want, sir?"

The visitor turned. It was young Jolyon.

"The door was open," he said. "Might I see your wife for a minute, I have a message for her?"

Soames gave him a strange, sidelong stare.

"My wife can see no one," he muttered doggedly.

Young Jolyon answered gently: "I shouldn't keep her a minute."

Soames brushed by him and barred the way.

"She can see no one," he said again.

Young Jolyon's glance shot past him into the hall, and Soames turned. There in the drawing-room doorway stood Irene, her eyes were wild and eager, her lips were parted, her hands outstretched. In the sight of both men that light vanished from her face; her hands dropped to her sides; she stood like stone.

Soames spun round, and met his visitor's eyes, and at the look he saw in them, a sound like a snarl escaped him. He drew his lips back in the ghost of a smile.

"This is my house," he said; "I manage my own affairs. I've told you once--I tell you again; we are not at home."

And in young Jolyon's face he slammed the door.

THE FORSYTE SAGA

By John Galsworthy

Part 2

Contents: Indian Summer of a Forsyte In Chancery

TO ANDRE CHEVRILLON

INDIAN SUMMER OF A FORSYTE

"And Summer's lease hath all too short a date." --Shakespeare I

In the last day of May in the early 'nineties, about six o'clock of the evening, old Jolyon Forsyte sat under the oak tree below the terrace of his house at Robin Hill. He was waiting for the midges to bite him, before abandoning the glory of the afternoon. His thin brown hand, where blue veins stood out, held the end of a cigar in its tapering, long-nailed fingers--a pointed polished nail had survived with him from those earlier Victorian days when to touch nothing, even with the tips of the fingers, had been so distinguished. His domed forehead, great white moustache, lean cheeks, and long lean jaw were covered from the westering sunshine by an old brown Panama hat. His legs were crossed; in all his attitude was serenity and a kind of elegance, as of an old man who every morning put eau de Cologne upon his silk handkerchief. At his feet lay a woolly brown-and-white dog trying to be a Pomeranian--the dog Balthasar between whom and old Jolyon primal aversion had changed into attachment with the years. Close to his chair was a swing, and on the swing was seated one of Holly's dolls--called 'Duffer Alice'--with her body fallen over her legs and her doleful nose buried in a black petticoat. She was never out of disgrace, so it did not matter to her how she sat. Below the oak tree the lawn dipped down a bank, stretched to the fernery, and, beyond that refinement, became fields, dropping to the pond, the coppice, and the prospect--'Fine, remarkable'--at which Swithin Forsyte, from under this very tree, had stared five years ago

when he drove down with Irene to look at the house. Old Jolyon had heard of his brother's exploit--that drive which had become quite celebrated on Forsyte 'Change. Swithin! And the fellow had gone and died, last November, at the age of only seventy-nine, renewing the doubt whether Forsytes could live for ever, which had first arisen when Aunt Ann passed away. Died! and left only Jolyon and James, Roger and Nicholas and Timothy, Julia, Hester, Susan! And old Jolyon thought: 'Eighty-five! I don't feel it--except when I get that pain.'

His memory went searching. He had not felt his age since he had bought his nephew Soames' ill-starred house and settled into it here at Robin Hill over three years ago. It was as if he had been getting younger every spring, living in the country with his son and his grandchildren--June, and the little ones of the second marriage, Jolly and Holly; living down here out of the racket of London and the cackle of Forsyte 'Change,' free of his boards, in a delicious atmosphere of no work and all play, with plenty of occupation in the perfecting and mellowing of the house and its twenty acres, and in ministering to the whims of Holly and Jolly. All the knots and crankiness, which had gathered in his heart during that long and tragic business of June, Soames, Irene his wife, and poor young Bosinney, had been smoothed out. Even June had thrown off her melancholy at last--witness this travel in Spain she was taking now with her father and her stepmother. Curiously perfect peace was left by their departure; blissful, yet blank, because his son was not there. Jo was never anything but a comfort and a pleasure to him nowadays--an amiable chap; but women, somehow--even the best--got a little on one's nerves, unless of course one admired them.

Far-off a cuckoo called; a wood-pigeon was cooing from the first elm-tree in the field, and how the daisies and buttercups had sprung up after the last mowing! The wind had got into the sou' west, too--a delicious air, sappy! He pushed his hat back and let the sun fall on his chin and cheek. Somehow, to-day, he wanted company--wanted a pretty face to look at. People treated the old as if they wanted nothing. And with the un-Forsytean philosophy which ever intruded on his soul, he thought: 'One's never had enough. With a foot in the grave one'll want something, I shouldn't be surprised!' Down here--away from the exigencies of affairs--his grandchildren, and the flowers, trees, birds of his little domain, to say nothing of sun and moon and stars above them, said, 'Open, sesame,' to him day and night. And sesame had opened--how much, perhaps, he did not know. He had always been responsive to what they had begun to call 'Nature,' genuinely, almost religiously responsive, though he had never lost his habit of calling a sunset a sunset and a view a view, however deeply they might move him. But nowadays Nature actually made him ache, he appreciated it so. Every one of these calm, bright, lengthening days, with Holly's hand in his, and the dog Balthasar in front looking studiously for what he never found, he would stroll, watching the roses open, fruit budding on the walls, sunlight brightening the oak leaves and saplings in the coppice, watching the water-lily leaves unfold and glisten, and the silvery young corn of the one wheat field; listening to the starlings and skylarks, and the Alderney cows chewing the cud, flicking slow their tufted tails; and every one of these fine days he ached a little from sheer love of it all, feeling perhaps, deep down, that he had not very much longer to enjoy it. The thought that some day--perhaps not ten years hence, perhaps not five--all this world would be taken away from him, before he had exhausted his powers of loving it, seemed to him in the nature of an injustice brooding over his horizon. If anything came after this life, it wouldn't be what he wanted; not Robin Hill, and flowers and birds and pretty faces--too few, even now, of those about him! With the years his dislike of humbug had increased; the orthodoxy he had worn in the 'sixties, as he had worn side-whiskers out of sheer exuberance, had long dropped off, leaving him reverent before three things alone--beauty, upright conduct, and the sense of property; and the greatest of these now was beauty. He had always had wide interests, and, indeed could still read The Times, but he was liable at any moment to put it down if he heard a blackbird sing. Upright conduct, property--somehow, they were tiring; the blackbirds and the sunsets never tired him, only gave him an uneasy feeling that he could not get enough of them. Staring into the stilly radiance of the early evening and at the little gold and white flowers on the lawn, a thought came to him: This weather was like the music of 'Orfeo,' which he had recently heard at Covent Garden. A beautiful opera, not like Meyerbeer, nor even quite Mozart, but, in its way, perhaps even more lovely; something classical and of the Golden Age about it, chaste and mellow, and the Ravogli 'almost worthy of the old days'--highest praise he could bestow. The yearning of Orpheus for the beauty he was losing, for his love going down to Hades, as in life love and beauty did go--the yearning which sang and throbbed through the golden music, stirred also in the lingering beauty of the world that evening. And with the tip of his cork-soled, elastic-sided boot he involuntarily stirred the ribs of the dog Balthasar, causing the animal to wake and attack his fleas; for though he was supposed to have none, nothing could persuade him of the fact. When he had finished he rubbed the place he had been scratching against his master's calf, and settled down again with his chin over the instep of the disturbing boot. And into old Jolyon's mind came a sudden recollection--a face he had seen at that opera three weeks ago--Irene, the wife of his precious nephew Soames, that man of property! Though he had not met her since the day of the 'At Home' in his old house at Stanhope Gate, which celebrated his granddaughter June's ill-starred engagement to young Bosinney, he had remembered her at once, for he had always admired her--a very pretty creature. After the death of young Bosinney, whose mistress she had so reprehensibly become, he had heard that she had left Soames at once.

Goodness only knew what she had been doing since. That sight of her face--a side view--in the row in front, had been literally the only reminder these three years that she was still alive. No one ever spoke of her. And yet Jo had told him something once--something which had upset him completely. The boy had got it from George Forsyte, he believed, who had seen Bosinney in the fog the day he was run over--something which explained the young fellow's distress--an act of Soames towards his wife--a shocking act. Jo had seen her, too, that afternoon, after the news was out, seen her for a moment, and his description had always lingered in old Jolyon's mind--'wild and lost' he had called her. And next day June had gone there--bottled up her feelings and gone there, and the maid had cried and told her how her mistress had slipped out in the night and vanished. A tragic business altogether! One thing was certain--Soames had never been able to lay hands on her again. And he was living at Brighton, and journeying up and down--a fitting fate, the man of property! For when he once took a dislike to anyone--as he had to his nephew--old Jolyon never got over it. He remembered still the sense of relief with which he had heard the news of Irene's disappearance. It had been shocking to think of her a prisoner in that house to which she must have wandered back, when Jo saw her, wandered back for a moment--like a wounded animal to its hole after seeing that news, 'Tragic death of an Architect,' in the street. Her face had struck him very much the other night--more beautiful than he had remembered, but like a mask, with something going on beneath it. A young woman still--twenty-eight perhaps. Ah, well! Very likely she had another lover by now. But at this subversive thought--for married women should never love: once, even, had been too much--his instep rose, and with it the dog Balthasar's head. The sagacious animal stood up and looked into old Jolyon's face. 'Walk?' he seemed to say; and old Jolyon answered: "Come on, old chap!"

Slowly, as was their wont, they crossed among the constellations of buttercups and daisies, and entered the fernery. This feature, where very little grew as yet, had been judiciously dropped below the level of the lawn so that it might come up again on the level of the other lawn and give the impression of irregularity, so important in horticulture. Its rocks and earth were beloved of the dog Balthasar, who sometimes found a mole there. Old Jolyon made a point of passing through it because, though it was not beautiful, he intended that it should be, some day, and he would think: 'I must get Varr to come down and look at it; he's better than Beech.' For plants, like houses and human complaints, required the best expert consideration. It was inhabited by snails, and if accompanied by his grandchildren, he would point to one and tell them the story of the little boy who said: 'Have plummers got leggers, Mother? 'No, sonny.' 'Then darned if I haven't been and swallowed a snileybob.' And when they skipped and clutched his hand, thinking of the snileybob going down the little boy's 'red lane,' his eyes would twinkle. Emerging from the fernery, he opened the wicket gate, which just there led into the first field, a large and park-like area, out of which, within brick walls, the vegetable garden had been carved. Old Jolyon avoided this, which did not suit his mood, and made down the hill towards the pond. Balthasar, who knew a water-rat or two, gambolled in front, at the gait which marks an oldish dog who takes the same walk every day. Arrived at the edge, old Jolyon stood, noting another water-lily opened since yesterday; he would show it to Holly to-morrow, when 'his little sweet' had got over the upset which had followed on her eating a tomato at lunch--her little arrangements were very delicate. Now that Jolly had gone to school--his first term--Holly was with him nearly all day long, and he missed her badly. He felt that pain too, which often bothered him now, a little dragging at his left side. He looked back up the hill. Really, poor young Bosinney had made an uncommonly good job of the house; he would have done very well for himself if he had lived! And where was he now? Perhaps, still haunting this, the site of his last work, of his tragic love affair. Or was Philip Bosinney's spirit diffused in the general? Who could say? That dog was getting his legs muddy! And he moved towards the coppice. There had been the most delightful lot of bluebells, and he knew where some still lingered like little patches of sky fallen in between the trees, away out of the sun. He passed the cow-houses and the hen-houses there installed, and pursued a path into the thick of the saplings, making for one of the bluebell plots. Balthasar, preceding him once more, uttered a low growl. Old Jolyon stirred him with his foot, but the dog remained motionless, just where there was no room to pass, and the hair rose slowly along the centre of his woolly back. Whether from the growl and the look of the dog's stivered hair, or from the sensation which a man feels in a wood, old Jolyon also felt something move along his spine. And then the path turned, and there was an old mossy log, and on it a woman sitting. Her face was turned away, and he had just time to think: 'She's trespassing--I must have a board put up!' before she turned. Powers above! The face he had seen at the opera--the very woman he had just been thinking of! In that confused moment he saw things blurred, as if a spirit--queer effect--the slant of sunlight perhaps on her violet-grey frock! And then she rose and stood smiling, her head a little to one side. Old Jolyon thought: 'How pretty she is!' She did not speak, neither did he; and he realized why with a certain admiration. She was here no doubt because of some memory, and did not mean to try and get out of it by vulgar explanation.

"Don't let that dog touch your frock," he said; "he's got wet feet. Come here, you!"

But the dog Balthasar went on towards the visitor, who put her hand down and stroked his head. Old Jolyon said quickly:

"I saw you at the opera the other night; you didn't notice me."

"Oh, yes! I did."

He felt a subtle flattery in that, as though she had added: 'Do you think one could miss seeing you?'

"They're all in Spain," he remarked abruptly. "I'm alone; I drove up for the opera. The Ravogli's good. Have you seen the cow-houses?"

In a situation so charged with mystery and something very like emotion he moved instinctively towards that bit of property, and she moved beside him. Her figure swayed faintly, like the best kind of French figures; her dress, too, was a sort of French grey. He noticed two or three silver threads in her amber-coloured hair, strange hair with those dark eyes of hers, and that creamy-pale face. A sudden sidelong look from the velvety brown eyes disturbed him. It seemed to come from deep and far, from another world almost, or at all events from some one not living very much in this. And he said mechanically:

"Where are you living now?"

"I have a little flat in Chelsea."

He did not want to hear what she was doing, did not want to hear anything; but the perverse word came out:

"Alone?"

She nodded. It was a relief to know that. And it came into his mind that, but for a twist of fate, she would have been mistress of this coppice, showing these cow-houses to him, a visitor.

"All Alderneys," he muttered; "they give the best milk. This one's a pretty creature. Woa, Myrtle!"

The fawn-coloured cow, with eyes as soft and brown as Irene's own, was standing absolutely still, not having long been milked. She looked round at them out of the corner of those lustrous, mild, cynical eyes, and from her grey lips a little dribble of saliva threaded its way towards the straw. The scent of hay and vanilla and ammonia rose in the dim light of the cool cow-house; and old Jolyon said:

"You must come up and have some dinner with me. I'll send you home in the carriage."

He perceived a struggle going on within her; natural, no doubt, with her memories. But he wanted her company; a pretty face, a charming figure, beauty! He had been alone all the afternoon. Perhaps his eyes were wistful, for she answered: "Thank you, Uncle Jolyon. I should like to."

He rubbed his hands, and said:

"Capital! Let's go up, then!" And, preceded by the dog Balthasar, they ascended through the field. The sun was almost level in their faces now, and he could see, not only those silver threads, but little lines, just deep enough to stamp her beauty with a coin-like fineness--the special look of life unshared with others. "I'll take her in by the terrace," he thought: "I won't make a common visitor of her."

"What do you do all day?" he said.

"Teach music; I have another interest, too."

"Work!" said old Jolyon, picking up the doll from off the swing, and smoothing its black petticoat. "Nothing like it, is there? I don't do any now. I'm getting on. What interest is that?"

"Trying to help women who've come to grief." Old Jolyon did not quite understand. "To grief?" he repeated; then realised with a shock that she meant exactly what he would have meant himself if he had used that expression. Assisting the Magdalenes of London! What a weird and terrifying interest! And, curiosity overcoming his natural shrinking, he asked:

"Why? What do you do for them?"

"Not much. I've no money to spare. I can only give sympathy and food sometimes."

Involuntarily old Jolyon's hand sought his purse. He said hastily: "How d'you get hold of them?"

"I go to a hospital."

"A hospital! Phew!"

"What hurts me most is that once they nearly all had some sort of beauty."

Old Jolyon straightened the doll. "Beauty!" he ejaculated: "Ha! Yes! A sad business!" and he moved towards the house. Through a French window, under sun-blinds not yet drawn up, he preceded her into the room where he was wont to study The Times and the sheets of an agricultural magazine, with huge illustrations of mangold wurzels, and the like, which provided Holly with material for her paint brush.

"Dinner's in half an hour. You'd like to wash your hands! I'll take you to June's room."

He saw her looking round eagerly; what changes since she had last visited this house with her husband, or her lover, or both perhaps--he did not know, could not say! All that was dark, and he wished to leave it so. But what changes! And in the hall he said:

"My boy Jo's a painter, you know. He's got a lot of taste. It isn't mine, of course, but I've let him have his way."

She was standing very still, her eyes roaming through the hall and music room, as it now was--all thrown into one, under the great skylight. Old Jolyon had an odd impression of her. Was she trying to conjure somebody from the shades of that space where the colouring was all pearl-grey and silver? He would have had gold himself; more lively and solid. But Jo had French tastes, and it had come out shadowy like that, with an effect as of the fume of cigarettes the chap was always smoking, broken here and there by a little blaze of blue or crimson colour. It was not his dream! Mentally he had hung this space with those gold-framed masterpieces of still and stiller life which he had bought in days when quantity was precious. And now where were they? Sold for a song! That something which made him, alone among Forsytes, move with the times had warned him against the struggle to retain them. But in his study he still had 'Dutch Fishing Boats at Sunset.'

He began to mount the stairs with her, slowly, for he felt his side.

"These are the bathrooms," he said, "and other arrangements. I've had them tiled. The nurseries are along there. And this is Jo's and his wife's. They all communicate. But you remember, I expect."

Irene nodded. They passed on, up the gallery and entered a large room with a small bed, and several windows.

"This is mine," he said. The walls were covered with the photographs of children and watercolour sketches, and he added doubtfully:

"These are Jo's. The view's first-rate. You can see the Grand Stand at Epsom in clear weather."

The sun was down now, behind the house, and over the 'prospect' a luminous haze had settled, emanation of the long and prosperous day. Few houses showed, but fields and trees faintly glistened, away to a loom of downs.

"The country's changing," he said abruptly, "but there it'll be when we're all gone. Look at those thrushes--the birds are sweet here in the mornings. I'm glad to have washed my hands of London."

Her face was close to the window pane, and he was struck by its mournful look. 'Wish I could make her look happy!' he thought. 'A pretty face, but sad!' And taking up his can of hot water he went out into the gallery.

"This is June's room," he said, opening the next door and putting the can down; "I think you'll find everything." And closing the door behind her he went back to his own room. Brushing his hair with his great ebony brushes, and dabbing his forehead with eau de Cologne, he mused. She had come so strangely--a sort of visitation; mysterious, even romantic, as if his desire for company, for beauty, had been fulfilled by whatever it was which fulfilled that sort of thing. And before the mirror he straightened his still upright figure, passed the brushes over his great white moustache, touched up his eyebrows with eau de Cologne, and rang the bell.

"I forgot to let them know that I have a lady to dinner with me. Let cook do something extra, and tell Beacon to have the landau and pair at half-past ten to drive her back to Town to-night. Is Miss Holly asleep?"

The maid thought not. And old Jolyon, passing down the gallery, stole on tiptoe towards the nursery, and opened the door whose hinges he kept specially oiled that he might slip in and out in the evenings without being heard.

But Holly was asleep, and lay like a miniature Madonna, of that type which the old painters could not tell from Venus, when they had completed her. Her long dark lashes clung to her cheeks; on her face was perfect peace--her little arrangements were evidently all right again. And old Jolyon, in the twilight of the room, stood adoring her! It was so charming, solemn, and loving--that little face. He had more than his share of the blessed capacity of living again in the young. They were to him his future life--all of a future life that his fundamental pagan sanity perhaps admitted. There she was with everything before her, and his blood--some of it--in her tiny veins. There she was, his little companion, to be made as happy as ever he could make her, so that she knew nothing but love. His heart swelled, and he went out, stilling the sound of his patent-leather boots. In the corridor an eccentric notion attacked him: To think that children should come to that which Irene had told him she was helping! Women who were all, once, little things like this one sleeping there! 'I must give her a cheque!' he mused; 'Can't bear to think of them!' They had never borne reflecting on, those poor outcasts; wounding too deeply the core of true refinement hidden under layers of conformity to the sense of property--wounding too grievously the deepest thing in him--a love of beauty which could give him, even now, a flutter of the heart, thinking of his evening in the society of a pretty woman. And he went downstairs, through the swinging doors, to the back regions. There, in the wine-cellar, was a hock worth at least two pounds a bottle, a Steinberg Cabinet, better than any Johannisberg that ever went down throat; a wine of perfect bouquet, sweet as a nectarine--nectar indeed! He got a bottle out, handling it like a baby, and holding it level to the light, to look. Enshrined in its coat of dust, that mellow coloured, slender-necked bottle gave him deep pleasure. Three years to settle down again since the move from Town--ought to be in prime condition! Thirty-five years ago he had bought it--thank God he had kept his palate, and earned the right to drink it. She would appreciate this; not a spice of acidity in a dozen. He wiped the bottle, drew the cork with his own hands, put his nose down, inhaled its perfume, and went back to the music room.

Irene was standing by the piano; she had taken off her hat and a lace scarf she had been wearing, so that her gold-coloured hair was visible, and the pallor of her neck. In her grey frock she made a pretty picture for old Jolyon, against the rosewood of the piano.

He gave her his arm, and solemnly they went. The room, which had been designed to enable twenty-four people to dine in comfort, held now but a little round table. In his present solitude the big dining-table oppressed old Jolyon; he had caused it to be removed till his son came back. Here in the company of two really good copies of Raphael Madonnas he was wont to dine alone. It was the only disconsolate hour of his day, this summer weather. He had never been a large eater, like that great chap Swithin, or Sylvanus Heythorp, or Anthony Thornworthy, those cronies of past times; and to dine alone, overlooked by the Madonnas, was to him but a sorrowful occupation, which he got through quickly, that he might come to the more spiritual enjoyment of his coffee and cigar. But this evening was a different matter! His eyes twinkled at her across the little table and he spoke of Italy and Switzerland, telling her stories of his travels there, and other experiences which he could no longer recount to his son and grand-daughter because they knew them. This fresh audience was precious to him; he had never become one of those old men who ramble round and round the fields of reminiscence. Himself quickly fatigued by the insensitive, he instinctively avoided fatiguing others, and his natural flirtatiousness towards beauty guarded him specially in his relations with a woman. He would have liked to draw her out, but though she murmured and smiled and seemed to be enjoying what he told her, he remained conscious of that mysterious remoteness which constituted half her fascination. He could not bear women who threw their shoulders and eyes at you, and chattered away; or hard-mouthed women who laid down the law and knew more than you did. There was only one quality in a woman that appealed to him--charm; and the quieter it was, the more he liked it. And this one had charm, shadowy as afternoon sunlight on those Italian hills and valleys he had loved. The feeling, too, that she was, as it were, apart, cloistered, made her seem nearer to himself, a strangely desirable companion. When a man is very old and quite out of the running, he loves to feel secure from the rivalries of youth, for he would still be first in the heart of beauty. And he drank his hock, and watched her lips, and felt nearly young. But the dog Balthasar lay watching her lips too, and despising in his heart the interruptions of their talk, and the tilting of those greenish glasses full of a golden fluid which was distasteful to him.

The light was just failing when they went back into the music-room. And, cigar in mouth, old Jolyon said:

"Play me some Chopin."

By the cigars they smoke, and the composers they love, ye shall know the texture of men's souls. Old Jolyon could not bear a strong cigar or Wagner's music. He loved Beethoven and Mozart, Handel and Gluck, and Schumann, and, for some occult reason, the operas of Meyerbeer; but of late years he had been seduced by Chopin, just as in painting he had succumbed to Botticelli. In

yielding to these tastes he had been conscious of divergence from the standard of the Golden Age. Their poetry was not that of Milton and Byron and Tennyson; of Raphael and Titian; Mozart and Beethoven. It was, as it were, behind a veil; their poetry hit no one in the face, but slipped its fingers under the ribs and turned and twisted, and melted up the heart. And, never certain that this was healthy, he did not care a rap so long as he could see the pictures of the one or hear the music of the other.

Irene sat down at the piano under the electric lamp festooned with pearl-grey, and old Jolyon, in an armchair, whence he could see her, crossed his legs and drew slowly at his cigar. She sat a few moments with her hands on the keys, evidently searching her mind for what to give him. Then she began and within old Jolyon there arose a sorrowful pleasure, not quite like anything else in the world. He fell slowly into a trance, interrupted only by the movements of taking the cigar out of his mouth at long intervals, and replacing it. She was there, and the hock within him, and the scent of tobacco; but there, too, was a world of sunshine lingering into moonlight, and pools with storks upon them, and bluish trees above, glowing with blurs of wine-red roses, and fields of lavender where milk-white cows were grazing, and a woman all shadowy, with dark eyes and a white neck, smiled, holding out her arms; and through air which was like music a star dropped and was caught on a cow's horn. He opened his eyes. Beautiful piece; she played well--the touch of an angel! And he closed them again. He felt miraculously sad and happy, as one does, standing under a lime-tree in full honey flower. Not live one's own life again, but just stand there and bask in the smile of a woman's eyes, and enjoy the bouquet! And he jerked his hand; the dog Balthasar had reached up and licked it.

"Beautiful!" He said: "Go on--more Chopin!"

She began to play again. This time the resemblance between her and 'Chopin' struck him. The swaying he had noticed in her walk was in her playing too, and the Nocturne she had chosen and the soft darkness of her eyes, the light on her hair, as of moonlight from a golden moon. Seductive, yes; but nothing of Delilah in her or in that music. A long blue spiral from his cigar ascended and dispersed. 'So we go out!' he thought. 'No more beauty! Nothing?'

Again Irene stopped.

"Would you like some Gluck? He used to write his music in a sunlit garden, with a bottle of Rhine wine beside him."

"Ah! yes. Let's have 'Orfeo.'" Round about him now were fields of gold and silver flowers, white forms swaying in the sunlight, bright birds flying to and fro. All was summer. Lingering waves of sweetness and regret flooded his soul. Some cigar ash dropped, and taking out a silk handkerchief to brush it off, he inhaled a mingled scent as of snuff and eau de Cologne. 'Ah!' he thought, 'Indian summer--that's all!' and he said: "You haven't played me 'Che faro.'"

She did not answer; did not move. He was conscious of something--some strange upset. Suddenly he saw her rise and turn away, and a pang of remorse shot through him. What a clumsy chap! Like Orpheus, she of course--she too was looking for her lost one in the hall of memory! And disturbed to the heart, he got up from his chair. She had gone to the great window at the far end. Gingerly he followed. Her hands were folded over her breast; he could just see her cheek, very white. And, quite emotionalized, he said:

"There, there, my love!" The words had escaped him mechanically, for they were those he used to Holly when she had a pain, but their effect was instantaneously distressing. She raised her arms, covered her face with them, and wept.

Old Jolyon stood gazing at her with eyes very deep from age. The passionate shame she seemed feeling at her abandonment, so unlike the control and quietude of her whole presence was as if she had never before broken down in the presence of another being.

"There, there--there, there!" he murmured, and putting his hand out reverently, touched her. She turned, and leaned the arms which covered her face against him. Old Jolyon stood very still, keeping one thin hand on her shoulder. Let her cry her heart out--it would do her good.

And the dog Balthasar, puzzled, sat down on his stern to examine them.

The window was still open, the curtains had not been drawn, the last of daylight from without mingled with faint intrusion from the lamp within; there was a scent of new-mown grass. With the wisdom of a long life old Jolyon did not speak. Even grief sobbed itself out in time; only Time was good for sorrow--Time who saw the passing of each mood, each emotion in turn; Time the layer-to-rest. There came into his mind the words: 'As panteth the hart after cooling streams'--but they were of no use to him. Then, conscious of a scent of violets, he knew she was drying her eyes. He put his chin forward, pressed his moustache against her forehead, and felt her shake with a quivering of her whole body, as of a tree which shakes itself free of raindrops. She put his hand to her lips, as if

saying: "All over now! Forgive me!"

The kiss filled him with a strange comfort; he led her back to where she had been so upset. And the dog Balthasar, following, laid the bone of one of the cutlets they had eaten at their feet.

Anxious to obliterate the memory of that emotion, he could think of nothing better than china; and moving with her slowly from cabinet to cabinet, he kept taking up bits of Dresden and Lowestoft and Chelsea, turning them round and round with his thin, veined hands, whose skin, faintly freckled, had such an aged look.

"I bought this at Jobson's," he would say; "cost me thirty pounds. It's very old. That dog leaves his bones all over the place. This old 'ship-bowl' I picked up at the sale when that precious rip, the Marquis, came to grief. But you don't remember. Here's a nice piece of Chelsea. Now, what would you say this was?" And he was comforted, feeling that, with her taste, she was taking a real interest in these things; for, after all, nothing better composes the nerves than a doubtful piece of china.

When the crunch of the carriage wheels was heard at last, he said:

"You must come again; you must come to lunch, then I can show you these by daylight, and my little sweet--she's a dear little thing. This dog seems to have taken a fancy to you."

For Balthasar, feeling that she was about to leave, was rubbing his side against her leg. Going out under the porch with her, he said:

"He'll get you up in an hour and a quarter. Take this for your protegees," and he slipped a cheque for fifty pounds into her hand. He saw her brightened eyes, and heard her murmur: "Oh! Uncle Jolyon!" and a real throb of pleasure went through him. That meant one or two poor creatures helped a little, and it meant that she would come again. He put his hand in at the window and grasped hers once more. The carriage rolled away. He stood looking at the moon and the shadows of the trees, and thought: 'A sweet night! She.....!'

Generated TOC, Edit, Use, or Remove.

Contents

II

III

IV

IN CHANCERY

PART 1

CHAPTER I

CHAPTER II

CHAPTER III

CHAPTER IV

CHAPTER V

CHAPTER VI

CHAPTER VII

CHAPTER VIII

CHAPTER IX

CHAPTER X

CHAPTER XI

CHAPTER XII
CHAPTER XIII
CHAPTER XIV
PART II
CHAPTER I
CHAPTER II
CHAPTER III
CHAPTER IV
CHAPTER V
CHAPTER VI
CHAPTER VII
CHAPTER VIII
CHAPTER IX
CHAPTER X
CHAPTER XI
CHAPTER XII
CHAPTER XIII
CHAPTER XIV
PART III
CHAPTER I
CHAPTER II
CHAPTER III
CHAPTER IV
CHAPTER V
CHAPTER VI
CHAPTER VII
CHAPTER VIII
CHAPTER IX
CHAPTER X
CHAPTER XI
CHAPTER XII
CHAPTER XIII
CHAPTER XIV

II

Two days of rain, and summer set in bland and sunny. Old Jolyon walked and talked with Holly. At first he felt taller and full of a new vigour; then he felt restless. Almost every afternoon they would enter the coppice, and walk as far as the log. 'Well, she's not there!' he would think, 'of course not!' And he would feel a little shorter, and drag his feet walking up the hill home, with his hand clapped to his left side. Now and then the thought would move in him: 'Did she come--or did I dream it?' and he would stare at space, while the dog Balthasar stared at him. Of course she would not come again! He opened the letters from Spain with less excitement. They were not returning till July; he felt, oddly, that he could bear it. Every day at dinner he screwed up his eyes and looked at where she had sat. She was not there, so he unscrewed his eyes again.

On the seventh afternoon he thought: 'I must go up and get some boots.' He ordered Beacon, and set out. Passing from Putney towards Hyde Park he reflected: 'I might as well go to Chelsea and see her.' And he called out: "Just drive me to where you took that lady the other night." The coachman turned his broad red face, and his juicy lips answered: "The lady in grey, sir?"

"Yes, the lady in grey." What other ladies were there! Stodgy chap!

The carriage stopped before a small three-storied block of flats, standing a little back from the river. With a practised eye old Jolyon saw that they were cheap. 'I should think about sixty pound a year,' he mused; and entering, he looked at the name-board. The name 'Forsyte' was not on it, but against 'First Floor, Flat C' were the words: 'Mrs. Irene Heron.' Ah! She had taken her maiden name again! And somehow this pleased him. He went upstairs slowly, feeling his side a little. He stood a moment, before ringing, to lose the feeling of drag and fluttering there. She would not be in! And then--Boots! The thought was black. What did he want with boots at his age? He could not wear out all those he had.

"Your mistress at home?"

"Yes, sir."

"Say Mr. Jolyon Forsyte."

"Yes, sir, will you come this way?"

Old Jolyon followed a very little maid--not more than sixteen one would say--into a very small drawing-room where the sun-blinds were drawn. It held a cottage piano and little else save a vague fragrance and good taste. He stood in the middle, with his top hat in his hand, and thought: 'I expect she's very badly off!' There was a mirror above the fireplace, and he saw himself reflected. An old-looking chap! He heard a rustle, and turned round. She was so close that his moustache almost brushed her forehead, just under her hair.

"I was driving up," he said. "Thought I'd look in on you, and ask you how you got up the other night."

And, seeing her smile, he felt suddenly relieved. She was really glad to see him, perhaps.

"Would you like to put on your hat and come for a drive in the Park?"

But while she was gone to put her hat on, he frowned. The Park! James and Emily! Mrs. Nicholas, or some other member of his precious family would be there very likely, prancing up and down. And they would go and wag their tongues about having seen him with her, afterwards. Better not! He did not wish to revive the echoes of the past on Forsyte 'Change. He removed a white hair from the lapel of his closely-buttoned-up frock coat, and passed his hand over his cheeks, moustache, and square chin. It felt very hollow there under the cheekbones. He had not been eating much lately--he had better get that little whippersnapper who attended Holly to give him a tonic. But she had come back and when they were in the carriage, he said:

"Suppose we go and sit in Kensington Gardens instead?" and added with a twinkle: "No prancing up and down there," as if she had been in the secret of his thoughts.

Leaving the carriage, they entered those select precincts, and strolled towards the water.

"You've gone back to your maiden name, I see," he said: "I'm not sorry."

She slipped her hand under his arm: "Has June forgiven me, Uncle Jolyon?"

He answered gently: "Yes--yes; of course, why not?"

"And have you?"

"I? I forgave you as soon as I saw how the land really lay." And perhaps he had; his instinct had always been to forgive the beautiful.

She drew a deep breath. "I never regretted--I couldn't. Did you ever love very deeply, Uncle Jolyon?"

At that strange question old Jolyon stared before him. Had he? He did not seem to remember that he ever had. But he did not like to say this to the young woman whose hand was touching his arm, whose life was suspended, as it were, by memory of a tragic love. And he thought: 'If I had met you when I was young I--I might have made a fool of myself, perhaps.' And a longing to escape in generalities beset him.

"Love's a queer thing," he said, "fatal thing often. It was the Greeks--wasn't it?--made love into a goddess; they were right, I dare say, but then they lived in the Golden Age."

"Phil adored them."

Phil! The word jarred him, for suddenly--with his power to see all round a thing, he perceived why she was putting up with him like this. She wanted to talk about her lover! Well! If it was any pleasure to her! And he said: "Ah! There was a bit of the sculptor in him, I fancy."

"Yes. He loved balance and symmetry; he loved the whole-hearted way the Greeks gave themselves to art."

Balance! The chap had no balance at all, if he remembered; as for symmetry--clean-built enough he was, no doubt; but those queer eyes of his, and high cheek-bones--Symmetry?

"You're of the Golden Age, too, Uncle Jolyon."

Old Jolyon looked round at her. Was she chaffing him? No, her eyes were soft as velvet. Was she flattering him? But if so, why? There was nothing to be had out of an old chap like him.

"Phil thought so. He used to say: 'But I can never tell him that I admire him.'"

Ah! There it was again. Her dead lover; her desire to talk of him! And he pressed her arm, half resentful of those memories, half grateful, as if he recognised what a link they were between herself and him.

"He was a very talented young fellow," he murmured. "It's hot; I feel the heat nowadays. Let's sit down."

They took two chairs beneath a chestnut tree whose broad leaves covered them from the peaceful glory of the afternoon. A pleasure to sit there and watch her, and feel that she liked to be with him. And the wish to increase that liking, if he could, made him go on:

"I expect he showed you a side of him I never saw. He'd be at his best with you. His ideas of art were a little new--to me "--he had stiffed the word 'fangled.'

"Yes: but he used to say you had a real sense of beauty." Old Jolyon thought: 'The devil he did!' but answered with a twinkle: "Well, I have, or I shouldn't be sitting here with you." She was fascinating when she smiled with her eyes, like that!

"He thought you had one of those hearts that never grow old. Phil had real insight."

He was not taken in by this flattery spoken out of the past, out of a longing to talk of her dead lover--not a bit; and yet it was precious to hear, because she pleased his eyes and heart which--quite true!--had never grown old. Was that because--unlike her and her dead lover, he had never loved to desperation, had always kept his balance, his sense of symmetry. Well! It had left him power, at eighty-four, to admire beauty. And he thought, 'If I were a painter or a sculptor! But I'm an old chap. Make hay while the sun shines.'

A couple with arms entwined crossed on the grass before them, at the edge of the shadow from their tree. The sunlight fell cruelly on their pale, squashed, unkempt young faces. "We're an ugly lot!" said old Jolyon suddenly. "It amazes me to see how--love triumphs over that."

"Love triumphs over everything!"

"The young think so," he muttered.

"Love has no age, no limit, and no death."

With that glow in her pale face, her breast heaving, her eyes so large and dark and soft, she looked like Venus come to life! But this extravagance brought instant reaction, and, twinkling, he said: "Well, if it had limits, we shouldn't be born; for by George! it's got a lot to put up with."

Then, removing his top hat, he brushed it round with a cuff. The great clumsy thing heated his forehead; in these days he often got a rush of blood to the head--his circulation was not what it had been.

She still sat gazing straight before her, and suddenly she murmured:

"It's strange enough that I'm alive."

Those words of Jo's 'Wild and lost' came back to him.

"Ah!" he said: "my son saw you for a moment--that day."

"Was it your son? I heard a voice in the hall; I thought for a second it was--Phil."

Old Jolyon saw her lips tremble. She put her hand over them, took it away again, and went on calmly: "That night I went to the Embankment; a woman caught me by the dress. She told me about herself. When one knows that others suffer, one's ashamed."

"One of those?"

She nodded, and horror stirred within old Jolyon, the horror of one who has never known a struggle with desperation. Almost against his will he muttered: "Tell me, won't you?"

"I didn't care whether I lived or died. When you're like that, Fate ceases to want to kill you. She took care of me three days--she never left me. I had no money. That's why I do what I can for them, now."

But old Jolyon was thinking: 'No money!' What fate could compare with that? Every other was involved in it.

"I wish you had come to me," he said. "Why didn't you?" But Irene did not answer.

"Because my name was Forsyte, I suppose? Or was it June who kept you away? How are you getting on now?" His eyes involuntarily swept her body. Perhaps even now she was--! And yet she wasn't thin--not really!

"Oh! with my fifty pounds a year, I make just enough." The answer did not reassure him; he had lost confidence. And that fellow Soames! But his sense of justice stifled condemnation. No, she would certainly have died rather than take another penny from him. Soft as she looked, there must be strength in her somewhere--strength and fidelity. But what business had young Bosinney to have got run over and left her stranded like this!

"Well, you must come to me now," he said, "for anything you want, or I shall be quite cut up." And putting on his hat, he rose. "Let's go and get some tea. I told that lazy chap to put the horses up for an hour, and come for me at your place. We'll take a cab presently; I can't walk as I used to."

He enjoyed that stroll to the Kensington end of the gardens--the sound of her voice, the glancing of her eyes, the subtle beauty of a charming form moving beside him. He enjoyed their tea at Ruffel's in the High Street, and came out thence with a great box of chocolates swung on his little finger. He enjoyed the drive back to Chelsea in a hansom, smoking his cigar. She had promised to come down next Sunday and play to him again, and already in thought he was plucking carnations and early roses for her to carry back to town. It was a pleasure to give her a little pleasure, if it WERE pleasure from an old chap like him! The carriage was already there when they arrived. Just like that fellow, who was always late when he was wanted! Old Jolyon went in for a minute to say good-bye. The little dark hall of the flat was impregnated with a disagreeable odour of patchouli, and on a bench against the wall--its only furniture--he saw a figure sitting. He heard Irene say softly: "Just one minute." In the little drawing-room when the door was shut, he asked gravely: "One of your protegees?"

"Yes. Now thanks to you, I can do something for her."

He stood, staring, and stroking that chin whose strength had frightened so many in its time. The idea of her thus actually in contact with this outcast grieved and frightened him. What could she do for them? Nothing. Only soil and make trouble for herself, perhaps. And he said: "Take care, my dear! The world puts the worst construction on everything."

"I know that."

He was abashed by her quiet smile. "Well then--Sunday," he murmured: "Good-bye."

She put her cheek forward for him to kiss.

"Good-bye," he said again; "take care of yourself." And he went out, not looking towards the figure on the bench. He drove home by way of Hammersmith; that he might stop at a place he knew of and tell them to send her in two dozen of their best Burgundy. She must want picking-up sometimes! Only in Richmond Park did he remember that he had gone up to order himself some boots, and was surprised that he could have had so paltry an idea.

III

The little spirits of the past which throng an old man's days had never pushed their faces up to his so seldom as in the seventy hours elapsing before Sunday came. The spirit of the future, with the charm of the unknown, put up her lips instead. Old Jolyon was not restless now, and paid no visits to the log, because she was coming to lunch. There is wonderful finality about a meal; it removes a world of doubts, for no one misses meals except for reasons beyond control. He played many games with Holly on the lawn, pitching them up to her who was batting so as to be ready to bowl to Jolly in the holidays. For she was not a Forsyte, but Jolly was--and Forsytes always bat, until they have resigned and reached the age of eighty-five. The dog Balthasar, in attendance, lay on the ball as often as he could, and the page-boy fielded, till his face was like the harvest moon. And because the time was getting shorter, each day was longer and more golden than the last. On Friday night he took a liver pill, his side hurt him rather, and though it was not the liver side, there is no remedy like that. Anyone telling him that he had found a new excitement in life and that excitement was not good for him, would have been met by one of those steady and rather defiant looks of his deep-set iron-grey eyes, which seemed to say: 'I know my own business best.' He always had and always would.

On Sunday morning, when Holly had gone with her governess to church, he visited the strawberry beds. There, accompanied by the dog Balthasar, he examined the plants narrowly and succeeded in finding at least two dozen berries which were really ripe. Stooping was not good for him, and he became very dizzy and red in the forehead. Having placed the strawberries in a dish on the dining-table, he washed his hands and bathed his forehead with eau de Cologne. There, before the mirror, it occurred to him that he was thinner. What a 'threadpaper' he had been when he was young! It was nice to be slim--he could not bear a fat chap; and yet perhaps his cheeks were too thin! She was to arrive by train at half-past twelve and walk up, entering from the road past Drage's farm at the far end of the coppice. And, having looked into June's room to see that there was hot water ready, he set forth to meet her, leisurely, for his heart was beating. The air smelled sweet, larks sang, and the Grand Stand at Epsom was visible. A perfect day! On just such a one, no doubt, six years ago, Soames had brought young Bosinney down with him to look at the site before they began to build. It was Bosinney who had pitched on the exact spot for the house--as June had often told him. In these days he was thinking much about that young fellow, as if his spirit were really haunting the field of his last work, on the chance of seeing--her. Bosinney--the one man who had possessed her heart, to whom she had given her whole self with rapture! At his age one could not, of course, imagine such things, but there stirred in him a queer vague aching--as it were the ghost of an impersonal jealousy; and a feeling, too, more generous, of pity for that love so early lost. All over in a few poor months! Well, well! He looked at his watch before entering the coppice--only a quarter past, twenty-five minutes to wait! And then, turning the corner of the path, he saw her exactly where he had seen her the first time, on the log; and realised that she must have come by the earlier train to sit there alone for a couple of hours at least. Two hours of her society missed! What memory could make that log so dear to her? His face showed what he was thinking, for she said at once:

"Forgive me, Uncle Jolyon; it was here that I first knew."

"Yes, yes; there it is for you whenever you like. You're looking a little Londony; you're giving too many lessons."

That she should have to give lessons worried him. Lessons to a parcel of young girls thumping out scales with their thick fingers.

"Where do you go to give them?" he asked.

"They're mostly Jewish families, luckily."

Old Jolyon stared; to all Forsytes Jews seem strange and doubtful.

"They love music, and they're very kind."

"They had better be, by George!" He took her arm--his side always hurt him a little going uphill--and said:

"Did you ever see anything like those buttercups? They came like that in a night."

Her eyes seemed really to fly over the field, like bees after the flowers and the honey. "I wanted you to see them--wouldn't let them turn the cows in yet." Then, remembering that she had come to talk about Bosinney, he pointed to the clock-tower over the stables:

"I expect he wouldn't have let me put that there--had no notion of time, if I remember."

But, pressing his arm to her, she talked of flowers instead, and he knew it was done that he might not feel she came because of her dead lover.

"The best flower I can show you," he said, with a sort of triumph, "is my little sweet. She'll be back from Church directly. There's something about her which reminds me a little of you," and it did not seem to him peculiar that he had put it thus, instead of saying: "There's something about you which reminds me a little of her." Ah! And here she was!

Holly, followed closely by her elderly French governess, whose digestion had been ruined twenty-two years ago in the siege of Strasbourg, came rushing towards them from under the oak tree. She stopped about a dozen yards away, to pat Balthasar and pretend that this was all she had in her mind. Old Jolyon, who knew better, said:

"Well, my darling, here's the lady in grey I promised you."

Holly raised herself and looked up. He watched the two of them with a twinkle, Irene smiling, Holly beginning with grave inquiry, passing into a shy smile too, and then to something deeper. She had a sense of beauty, that child--knew what was what! He enjoyed the sight of the kiss between them.

"Mrs. Heron, Mam'zelle Beauce. Well, Mam'zelle--good sermon?"

For, now that he had not much more time before him, the only part of the service connected with this world absorbed what interest in church remained to him. Mam'zelle Beauce stretched out a spidery hand clad in a black kid glove--she had been in the best families--and the rather sad eyes of her lean yellowish face seemed to ask: "Are you well-brrred?" Whenever Holly or Jolly did anything unpleasing to her--a not uncommon occurrence--she would say to them: "The little Tayleurs never did that--they were such well-brrred little children." Jolly hated the little Tayleurs; Holly wondered dreadfully how it was she fell so short of them. 'A thin rum little soul,' old Jolyon thought her--Mam'zelle Beauce.

Luncheon was a successful meal, the mushrooms which he himself had picked in the mushroom house, his chosen strawberries, and another bottle of the Steinberg cabinet filled him with a certain aromatic spirituality, and a conviction that he would have a touch of eczema to-morrow.

After lunch they sat under the oak tree drinking Turkish coffee. It was no matter of grief to him when Mademoiselle Beauce withdrew to write her Sunday letter to her sister, whose future had been endangered in the past by swallowing a pin--an event held up daily in warning to the children to eat slowly and digest what they had eaten. At the foot of the bank, on a carriage rug, Holly and the dog Balthasar teased and loved each other, and in the shade old Jolyon with his legs crossed and his cigar luxuriously savoured, gazed at Irene sitting in the swing. A light, vaguely swaying, grey figure with a fleck of sunlight here and there upon it, lips just opened, eyes dark and soft under lids a little drooped. She looked content; surely it did her good to come and see him! The selfishness of age had not set its proper grip on him, for he could still feel pleasure in the pleasure of others, realising that what he wanted, though much, was not quite all that mattered.

"It's quiet here," he said; "you mustn't come down if you find it dull. But it's a pleasure to see you. My little sweet is the only face which gives me any pleasure, except yours."

From her smile he knew that she was not beyond liking to be appreciated, and this reassured him. "That's not humbug," he said. "I never told a woman I admired her when I didn't. In fact I don't know when I've told a woman I admired her, except my wife in the old days; and wives are funny." He was silent, but resumed abruptly:

"She used to expect me to say it more often than I felt it, and there we were." Her face looked mysteriously troubled, and, afraid that he had said something painful, he hurried on: "When my little sweet marries, I hope she'll find someone who knows what women feel. I shan't be here to see it, but there's too much topsy-turvydom in marriage; I don't want her to pitch up against that." And, aware that he had made bad worse, he added: "That dog will scratch."

A silence followed. Of what was she thinking, this pretty creature whose life was spoiled; who had done with love, and yet was made for love? Some day when he was gone, perhaps, she would find another mate--not so disorderly as that young fellow who had got himself run over. Ah! but her husband?

"Does Soames never trouble you?" he asked.

She shook her head. Her face had closed up suddenly. For all her softness there was something irreconcilable about her. And a glimpse of light on the inexorable nature of sex antipathies strayed into a brain which, belonging to early Victorian civilisation--so much older than this of his old age--had never thought about such primitive things.

"That's a comfort," he said. "You can see the Grand Stand to-day. Shall we take a turn round?"

Through the flower and fruit garden, against whose high outer walls peach trees and nectarines were trained to the sun, through the stables, the vinery, the mushroom house, the asparagus beds, the rosery, the summer-house, he conducted her--even into the kitchen garden to see the tiny green peas which Holly loved to scoop out of their pods with her finger, and lick up from the palm of her little brown hand. Many delightful things he showed her, while Holly and the dog Balthasar danced ahead, or came to them at intervals for attention. It was one of the happiest afternoons he had ever spent, but it tired him and he was glad to sit down in the music room and let her give him tea. A special little friend of Holly's had come in--a fair child with short hair like a boy's. And the two sported in the distance, under the stairs, on the stairs, and up in the gallery. Old Jolyon begged for Chopin. She played studies, mazurkas, waltzes, till the two children, creeping near, stood at the foot of the piano their dark and golden heads bent forward, listening. Old Jolyon watched.

"Let's see you dance, you two!"

Shyly, with a false start, they began. Bobbing and circling, earnest, not very adroit, they went past and past his chair to the strains of that waltz. He watched them and the face of her who was playing turned smiling towards those little dancers thinking:

'Sweetest picture I've seen for ages.'

A voice said:

"Hollee! Mais enfin--qu'est-ce que tu fais la--danser, le dimanche! Viens, donc!"

But the children came close to old Jolyon, knowing that he would save them, and gazed into a face which was decidedly 'caught out.'

"Better the day, better the deed, Mam'zelle. It's all my doing. Trot along, chicks, and have your tea."

And, when they were gone, followed by the dog Balthasar, who took every meal, he looked at Irene with a twinkle and said:

"Well, there we are! Aren't they sweet? Have you any little ones among your pupils?"

"Yes, three--two of them darlings."

"Pretty?"

"Lovely!"

Old Jolyon sighed; he had an insatiable appetite for the very young. "My little sweet," he said, "is devoted to music; she'll be a musician some day. You wouldn't give me your opinion of her playing, I suppose?"

"Of course I will."

"You wouldn't like--" but he stifled the words "to give her lessons." The idea that she gave lessons was unpleasant to him; yet it would mean that he would see her regularly. She left the piano and came over to his chair.

"I would like, very much; but there is--June. When are they coming back?"

Old Jolyon frowned. "Not till the middle of next month. What does that matter?"

"You said June had forgiven me; but she could never forget, Uncle Jolyon."

Forget! She must forget, if he wanted her to.

But as if answering, Irene shook her head. "You know she couldn't; one doesn't forget."

Always that wretched past! And he said with a sort of vexed finality:

"Well, we shall see."

He talked to her an hour or more, of the children, and a hundred little things, till the carriage came round to take her home. And when she had gone he went back to his chair, and sat there smoothing his face and chin, dreaming over the day.

That evening after dinner he went to his study and took a sheet of paper. He stayed for some minutes without writing, then rose and stood under the masterpiece 'Dutch Fishing Boats at Sunset.' He was not thinking of that picture, but of his life. He was going to leave her something in his Will; nothing could so have stirred the stilly deeps of thought and memory. He was going to leave her a portion of his wealth, of his aspirations, deeds, qualities, work--all that had made that wealth; going to leave her, too, a part of all he had missed in life, by his sane and steady pursuit of wealth. All! What had he missed? 'Dutch Fishing Boats' responded blankly; he crossed to the French window, and drawing the curtain aside, opened it. A wind had got up, and one of last year's oak leaves which had somehow survived the gardener's brooms, was dragging itself with a tiny clicking rustle along the stone terrace in the twilight. Except for that it was very quiet out there, and he could smell the heliotrope watered not long since. A bat went by. A bird uttered its last 'cheep.' And right above the oak tree the first star shone. Faust in the opera had bartered his soul for some fresh years of youth. Morbid notion! No such bargain was possible, that was real tragedy! No making oneself new again for love or life or anything. Nothing left to do but enjoy beauty from afar off while you could, and leave it something in your Will. But how much? And, as if he could not make that calculation looking out into the mild freedom of the country night, he turned back and went up to the chimney-piece. There were his pet bronzes--a Cleopatra with the asp at her breast; a Socrates; a greyhound playing with her puppy; a strong man reining in some horses. 'They last!' he thought, and a pang went through his heart. They had a thousand years of life before them!

'How much?' Well! enough at all events to save her getting old before her time, to keep the lines out of her face as long as possible, and grey from soiling that bright hair. He might live another five years. She would be well over thirty by then. 'How much?' She had none of his blood in her! In loyalty to the tenor of his life for forty years and more, ever since he married and founded that mysterious thing, a family, came this warning thought--None of his blood, no right to anything! It was a luxury then, this notion. An extravagance, a petting of an old man's whim, one of those things done in dotage. His real future was vested in those who had his blood, in whom he would live on when he was gone. He turned away from the bronzes and stood looking at the old leather chair in which he had sat and smoked so many hundreds of cigars. And suddenly he seemed to see her sitting there in her grey dress, fragrant, soft, dark-eyed, graceful, looking up at him. Why! She cared nothing for him, really; all she cared for was that lost lover of hers. But she was there, whether she would or no, giving him pleasure with her beauty and grace. One had no right to inflict an old man's company, no right to ask her down to play to him and let him look at her--for no reward! Pleasure must be paid for in this world. 'How much?' After all, there was plenty; his son and his three grandchildren would never miss that little lump. He had made it himself, nearly every penny; he could leave it where he liked, allow himself this little pleasure. He went back to the bureau. 'Well, I'm going to,' he thought, 'let them think what they like. I'm going to!' And he sat down.

'How much?' Ten thousand, twenty thousand--how much? If only with his money he could buy one year, one month of youth. And startled by that thought, he wrote quickly:

'DEAR HERRING,--Draw me a codicil to this effect: "I leave to my niece Irene Forsyte, born Irene Heron, by which name she now goes, fifteen thousand pounds free of legacy duty." 'Yours faithfully, 'JOLYON FORSYTE.'

When he had sealed and stamped the envelope, he went back to the window and drew in a long breath. It was dark, but many stars shone now.

IV

He woke at half-past two, an hour which long experience had taught him brings panic intensity to all awkward thoughts. Experience had also taught him that a further waking at the proper hour of eight showed the folly of such panic. On this particular morning the thought which gathered rapid momentum was that if he became ill, at his age not improbable, he would not see her. From this it was but a step to realisation that he would be cut off, too, when his son and June returned from Spain. How could he justify desire for the company of one who had stolen--early morning does not mince words--June's lover? That lover was dead; but June was a stubborn little thing; warm-hearted, but stubborn as wood, and--quite true--not one who forgot! By the middle of next month they would be back. He had barely five weeks left to enjoy the new interest which had come into what remained of his life. Darkness showed up to him absurdly clear the nature of his feeling. Admiration for beauty--a craving to see that which delighted his eyes.

Preposterous, at his age! And yet--what other reason was there for asking June to undergo such painful reminder, and how prevent his son and his son's wife from thinking him very queer? He would be reduced to sneaking up to London, which tired him; and the least indisposition would cut him off even from that. He lay with eyes open, setting his jaw against the prospect, and calling himself an old fool, while his heart beat loudly, and then seemed to stop beating altogether. He had seen the dawn lighting the window chinks, heard the birds chirp and twitter, and the cocks crow, before he fell asleep again, and awoke tired but sane. Five weeks before he need bother, at his age an eternity! But that early morning panic had left its mark, had slightly fevered the will of one who had always had his own way. He would see her as often as he wished! Why not go up to town and make that codicil at his solicitor's instead of writing about it; she might like to go to the opera! But, by train, for he would not have that fat chap Beacon grinning behind his back. Servants were such fools; and, as likely as not, they had known all the past history of Irene and young Bosinney--servants knew everything, and suspected the rest. He wrote to her that morning:

"MY DEAR IRENE,--I have to be up in town to-morrow. If you would like to have a look in at the opera, come and dine with me quietly ...."

But where? It was decades since he had dined anywhere in London save at his Club or at a private house. Ah! that new-fangled place close to Covent Garden....

"Let me have a line to-morrow morning to the Piedmont Hotel whether to expect you there at 7 o'clock." "Yours affectionately, "JOLYON FORSYTE."

She would understand that he just wanted to give her a little pleasure; for the idea that she should guess he had this itch to see her was instinctively unpleasant to him; it was not seemly that one so old should go out of his way to see beauty, especially in a woman.

The journey next day, short though it was, and the visit to his lawyer's, tired him. It was hot too, and after dressing for dinner he lay down on the sofa in his bedroom to rest a little. He must have had a sort of fainting fit, for he came to himself feeling very queer; and with some difficulty rose and rang the bell. Why! it was past seven! And there he was and she would be waiting. But suddenly the dizziness came on again, and he was obliged to relapse on the sofa. He heard the maid's voice say:

"Did you ring, sir?"

"Yes, come here"; he could not see her clearly, for the cloud in front of his eyes. "I'm not well, I want some sal volatile."

"Yes, sir." Her voice sounded frightened.

Old Jolyon made an effort.

"Don't go. Take this message to my niece--a lady waiting in the hall--a lady in grey. Say Mr. Forsyte is not well--the heat. He is very sorry; if he is not down directly, she is not to wait dinner."

When she was gone, he thought feebly: 'Why did I say a lady in grey--she may be in anything. Sal volatile!' He did not go off again, yet was not conscious of how Irene came to be standing beside him, holding smelling salts to his nose, and pushing a pillow up behind his head. He heard her say anxiously: "Dear Uncle Jolyon, what is it?" was dimly conscious of the soft pressure of her lips

on his hand; then drew a long breath of smelling salts, suddenly discovered strength in them, and sneezed.

"Ha!" he said, "it's nothing. How did you get here? Go down and dine--the tickets are on the dressing-table. I shall be all right in a minute."

He felt her cool hand on his forehead, smelled violets, and sat divided between a sort of pleasure and a determination to be all right.

"Why! You are in grey!" he said. "Help me up." Once on his feet he gave himself a shake.

"What business had I to go off like that!" And he moved very slowly to the glass. What a cadaverous chap! Her voice, behind him, murmured:

"You mustn't come down, Uncle; you must rest."

"Fiddlesticks! A glass of champagne'll soon set me to rights. I can't have you missing the opera."

But the journey down the corridor was troublesome. What carpets they had in these newfangled places, so thick that you tripped up in them at every step! In the lift he noticed how concerned she looked, and said with the ghost of a twinkle:

"I'm a pretty host."

When the lift stopped he had to hold firmly to the seat to prevent its slipping under him; but after soup and a glass of champagne he felt much better, and began to enjoy an infirmity which had brought such solicitude into her manner towards him.

"I should have liked you for a daughter," he said suddenly; and watching the smile in her eyes, went on:

"You mustn't get wrapped up in the past at your time of life; plenty of that when you get to my age. That's a nice dress--I like the style."

"I made it myself."

Ah! A woman who could make herself a pretty frock had not lost her interest in life.

"Make hay while the sun shines," he said; "and drink that up. I want to see some colour in your cheeks. We mustn't waste life; it doesn't do. There's a new Marguerite to-night; let's hope she won't be fat. And Mephisto--anything more dreadful than a fat chap playing the Devil I can't imagine."

But they did not go to the opera after all, for in getting up from dinner the dizziness came over him again, and she insisted on his staying quiet and going to bed early. When he parted from her at the door of the hotel, having paid the cabman to drive her to Chelsea, he sat down again for a moment to enjoy the memory of her words: "You are such a darling to me, Uncle Jolyon!" Why! Who wouldn't be! He would have liked to stay up another day and take her to the Zoo, but two days running of him would bore her to death. No, he must wait till next Sunday; she had promised to come then. They would settle those lessons for Holly, if only for a month. It would be something. That little Mam'zelle Beauce wouldn't like it, but she would have to lump it. And crushing his old opera hat against his chest he sought the lift.

He drove to Waterloo next morning, struggling with a desire to say: 'Drive me to Chelsea.' But his sense of proportion was too strong. Besides, he still felt shaky, and did not want to risk another aberration like that of last night, away from home. Holly, too, was expecting him, and what he had in his bag for her. Not that there was any cupboard love in his little sweet--she was a bundle of affection. Then, with the rather bitter cynicism of the old, he wondered for a second whether it was not cupboard love which made Irene put up with him. No, she was not that sort either. She had, if anything, too little notion of how to butter her bread, no sense of property, poor thing! Besides, he had not breathed a word about that codicil, nor should he--sufficient unto the day was the good thereof.

In the victoria which met him at the station Holly was restraining the dog Balthasar, and their caresses made 'jubey' his drive home. All the rest of that fine hot day and most of the next he was content and peaceful, reposing in the shade, while the long lingering sunshine showered gold on the lawns and the flowers. But on Thursday evening at his lonely dinner he began to count the hours; sixty-five till he would go down to meet her again in the little coppice, and walk up through the fields at her side. He had intended to consult the doctor about his fainting fit, but the fellow would be sure to insist on quiet, no excitement and all that; and he did not

mean to be tied by the leg, did not want to be told of an infirmity--if there were one, could not afford to hear of it at his time of life, now that this new interest had come. And he carefully avoided making any mention of it in a letter to his son. It would only bring them back with a run! How far this silence was due to consideration for their pleasure, how far to regard for his own, he did not pause to consider.

That night in his study he had just finished his cigar and was dozing off, when he heard the rustle of a gown, and was conscious of a scent of violets. Opening his eyes he saw her, dressed in grey, standing by the fireplace, holding out her arms. The odd thing was that, though those arms seemed to hold nothing, they were curved as if round someone's neck, and her own neck was bent back, her lips open, her eyes closed. She vanished at once, and there were the mantelpiece and his bronzes. But those bronzes and the mantelpiece had not been there when she was, only the fireplace and the wall! Shaken and troubled, he got up. 'I must take medicine,' he thought; 'I can't be well.' His heart beat too fast, he had an asthmatic feeling in the chest; and going to the window, he opened it to get some air. A dog was barking far away, one of the dogs at Gage's farm no doubt, beyond the coppice. A beautiful still night, but dark. 'I dropped off,' he mused, 'that's it! And yet I'll swear my eyes were open!' A sound like a sigh seemed to answer.

"What's that?" he said sharply, "who's there?"

Putting his hand to his side to still the beating of his heart, he stepped out on the terrace. Something soft scurried by in the dark. "Shoo!" It was that great grey cat. 'Young Bosinney was like a great cat!' he thought. 'It was him in there, that she--that she was--He's got her still!' He walked to the edge of the terrace, and looked down into the darkness; he could just see the powdering of the daisies on the unmown lawn. Here to-day and gone to-morrow! And there came the moon, who saw all, young and old, alive and dead, and didn't care a dump! His own turn soon. For a single day of youth he would give what was left! And he turned again towards the house. He could see the windows of the night nursery up there. His little sweet would be asleep. 'Hope that dog won't wake her!' he thought. 'What is it makes us love, and makes us die! I must go to bed.'

And across the terrace stones, growing grey in the moonlight, he passed back within.

How should an old man live his days if not in dreaming of his well-spent past? In that, at all events, there is no agitating warmth, only pale winter sunshine. The shell can withstand the gentle beating of the dynamos of memory. The present he should distrust; the future shun. From beneath thick shade he should watch the sunlight creeping at his toes. If there be sun of summer, let him not go out into it, mistaking it for the Indian-summer sun! Thus peradventure he shall decline softly, slowly, imperceptibly, until impatient Nature clutches his wind-pipe and he gasps away to death some early morning before the world is aired, and they put on his tombstone: 'In the fulness of years!' yea! If he preserve his principles in perfect order, a Forsyte may live on long after he is dead.

Old Jolyon was conscious of all this, and yet there was in him that which transcended Forsyteism. For it is written that a Forsyte shall not love beauty more than reason; nor his own way more than his own health. And something beat within him in these days that with each throb fretted at the thinning shell. His sagacity knew this, but it knew too that he could not stop that beating, nor would if he could. And yet, if you had told him he was living on his capital, he would have stared you down. No, no; a man did not live on his capital; it was not done! The shibboleths of the past are ever more real than the actualities of the present. And he, to whom living on one's capital had always been anathema, could not have borne to have applied so gross a phrase to his own case. Pleasure is healthful; beauty good to see; to live again in the youth of the young--and what else on earth was he doing!

Methodically, as had been the way of his whole life, he now arranged his time. On Tuesdays he journeyed up to town by train; Irene came and dined with him. And they went to the opera. On Thursdays he drove to town, and, putting that fat chap and his horses up, met her in Kensington Gardens, picking up the carriage after he had left her, and driving home again in time for dinner. He threw out the casual formula that he had business in London on those two days. On Wednesdays and Saturdays she came down to give Holly music lessons. The greater the pleasure he took in her society, the more scrupulously fastidious he became, just a matter-of-fact and friendly uncle. Not even in feeling, really, was he more--for, after all, there was his age. And yet, if she were late he fidgeted himself to death. If she missed coming, which happened twice, his eyes grew sad as an old dog's, and he failed to sleep.

And so a month went by--a month of summer in the fields, and in his heart, with summer's heat and the fatigue thereof. Who could have believed a few weeks back that he would have looked forward to his son's and his grand-daughter's return with something like dread! There was such a delicious freedom, such recovery of that independence a man enjoys before he founds a family, about these weeks of lovely weather, and this new companionship with one who demanded nothing, and remained always a little

unknown, retaining the fascination of mystery. It was like a draught of wine to him who has been drinking water for so long that he has almost forgotten the stir wine brings to his blood, the narcotic to his brain. The flowers were coloured brighter, scents and music and the sunlight had a living value--were no longer mere reminders of past enjoyment. There was something now to live for which stirred him continually to anticipation. He lived in that, not in retrospection; the difference is considerable to any so old as he. The pleasures of the table, never of much consequence to one naturally abstemious, had lost all value. He ate little, without knowing what he ate; and every day grew thinner and more worn to look at. He was again a 'threadpaper'; and to this thinned form his massive forehead, with hollows at the temples, gave more dignity than ever. He was very well aware that he ought to see the doctor, but liberty was too sweet. He could not afford to pet his frequent shortness of breath and the pain in his side at the expense of liberty. Return to the vegetable existence he had led among the agricultural journals with the life-size mangold wurzels, before this new attraction came into his life--no! He exceeded his allowance of cigars. Two a day had always been his rule. Now he smoked three and sometimes four--a man will when he is filled with the creative spirit. But very often he thought: 'I must give up smoking, and coffee; I must give up rattling up to town.' But he did not; there was no one in any sort of authority to notice him, and this was a priceless boon.

The servants perhaps wondered, but they were, naturally, dumb. Mam'zelle Beauce was too concerned with her own digestion, and too 'wellbrrred' to make personal allusions. Holly had not as yet an eye for the relative appearance of him who was her plaything and her god. It was left for Irene herself to beg him to eat more, to rest in the hot part of the day, to take a tonic, and so forth. But she did not tell him that she was the a cause of his thinness--for one cannot see the havoc oneself is working. A man of eighty-five has no passions, but the Beauty which produces passion works on in the old way, till death closes the eyes which crave the sight of Her.

On the first day of the second week in July he received a letter from his son in Paris to say that they would all be back on Friday. This had always been more sure than Fate; but, with the pathetic improvidence given to the old, that they may endure to the end, he had never quite admitted it. Now he did, and something would have to be done. He had ceased to be able to imagine life without this new interest, but that which is not imagined sometimes exists, as Forsytes are perpetually finding to their cost. He sat in his old leather chair, doubling up the letter, and mumbling with his lips the end of an unlighted cigar. After to-morrow his Tuesday expeditions to town would have to be abandoned. He could still drive up, perhaps, once a week, on the pretext of seeing his man of business. But even that would be dependent on his health, for now they would begin to fuss about him. The lessons! The lessons must go on! She must swallow down her scruples, and June must put her feelings in her pocket. She had done so once, on the day after the news of Bosinney's death; what she had done then, she could surely do again now. Four years since that injury was inflicted on her--not Christian to keep the memory of old sores alive. June's will was strong, but his was stronger, for his sands were running out. Irene was soft, surely she would do this for him, subdue her natural shrinking, sooner than give him pain! The lessons must continue; for if they did, he was secure. And lighting his cigar at last, he began trying to shape out how to put it to them all, and explain this strange intimacy; how to veil and wrap it away from the naked truth--that he could not bear to be deprived of the sight of beauty. Ah! Holly! Holly was fond of her, Holly liked her lessons. She would save him--his little sweet! And with that happy thought he became serene, and wondered what he had been worrying about so fearfully. He must not worry, it left him always curiously weak, and as if but half present in his own body.

That evening after dinner he had a return of the dizziness, though he did not faint. He would not ring the bell, because he knew it would mean a fuss, and make his going up on the morrow more conspicuous. When one grew old, the whole world was in conspiracy to limit freedom, and for what reason?--just to keep the breath in him a little longer. He did not want it at such cost. Only the dog Balthasar saw his lonely recovery from that weakness; anxiously watched his master go to the sideboard and drink some brandy, instead of giving him a biscuit. When at last old Jolyon felt able to tackle the stairs he went up to bed. And, though still shaky next morning, the thought of the evening sustained and strengthened him. It was always such a pleasure to give her a good dinner--he suspected her of undereating when she was alone; and, at the opera to watch her eyes glow and brighten, the unconscious smiling of her lips. She hadn't much pleasure, and this was the last time he would be able to give her that treat. But when he was packing his bag he caught himself wishing that he had not the fatigue of dressing for dinner before him, and the exertion, too, of telling her about June's return.

The opera that evening was 'Carmen,' and he chose the last entr'acte to break the news, instinctively putting it off till the latest moment.

She took it quietly, queerly; in fact, he did not know how she had taken it before the wayward music lifted up again and silence became necessary. The mask was down over her face, that mask behind which so much went on that he could not see. She

wanted time to think it over, no doubt! He would not press her, for she would be coming to give her lesson to-morrow afternoon, and he should see her then when she had got used to the idea. In the cab he talked only of the Carmen; he had seen better in the old days, but this one was not bad at all. When he took her hand to say good-night, she bent quickly forward and kissed his forehead.

"Good-bye, dear Uncle Jolyon, you have been so sweet to me."

"To-morrow then," he said. "Good-night. Sleep well." She echoed softly: "Sleep well" and from the cab window, already moving away, he saw her face screwed round towards him, and her hand put out in a gesture which seemed to linger.

He sought his room slowly. They never gave him the same, and he could not get used to these 'spick-and-spandy' bedrooms with new furniture and grey-green carpets sprinkled all over with pink roses. He was wakeful and that wretched Habanera kept throbbing in his head.

His French had never been equal to its words, but its sense he knew, if it had any sense, a gipsy thing--wild and unaccountable. Well, there was in life something which upset all your care and plans--something which made men and women dance to its pipes. And he lay staring from deep-sunk eyes into the darkness where the unaccountable held sway. You thought you had hold of life, but it slipped away behind you, took you by the scruff of the neck, forced you here and forced you there, and then, likely as not, squeezed life out of you! It took the very stars like that, he shouldn't wonder, rubbed their noses together and flung them apart; it had never done playing its pranks. Five million people in this great blunderbuss of a town, and all of them at the mercy of that Life-Force, like a lot of little dried peas hopping about on a board when you struck your fist on it. Ah, well! Himself would not hop much longer--a good long sleep would do him good!

How hot it was up here!--how noisy! His forehead burned; she had kissed it just where he always worried; just there--as if she had known the very place and wanted to kiss it all away for him. But, instead, her lips left a patch of grievous uneasiness. She had never spoken in quite that voice, had never before made that lingering gesture or looked back at him as she drove away.

He got out of bed and pulled the curtains aside; his room faced down over the river. There was little air, but the sight of that breadth of water flowing by, calm, eternal, soothed him. 'The great thing,' he thought 'is not to make myself a nuisance. I'll think of my little sweet, and go to sleep.' But it was long before the heat and throbbing of the London night died out into the short slumber of the summer morning. And old Jolyon had but forty winks.

When he reached home next day he went out to the flower garden, and with the help of Holly, who was very delicate with flowers, gathered a great bunch of carnations. They were, he told her, for 'the lady in grey'--a name still bandied between them; and he put them in a bowl in his study where he meant to tackle Irene the moment she came, on the subject of June and future lessons. Their fragrance and colour would help. After lunch he lay down, for he felt very tired, and the carriage would not bring her from the station till four o'clock. But as the hour approached he grew restless, and sought the schoolroom, which overlooked the drive. The sun-blinds were down, and Holly was there with Mademoiselle Beauce, sheltered from the heat of a stifling July day, attending to their silkworms. Old Jolyon had a natural antipathy to these methodical creatures, whose heads and colour reminded him of elephants; who nibbled such quantities of holes in nice green leaves; and smelled, as he thought, horrid. He sat down on a chintz-covered windowseat whence he could see the drive, and get what air there was; and the dog Balthasar who appreciated chintz on hot days, jumped up beside him. Over the cottage piano a violet dust-sheet, faded almost to grey, was spread, and on it the first lavender, whose scent filled the room. In spite of the coolness here, perhaps because of that coolness the beat of life vehemently impressed his ebbed-down senses. Each sunbeam which came through the chinks had annoying brilliance; that dog smelled very strong; the lavender perfume was overpowering; those silkworms heaving up their grey-green backs seemed horribly alive; and Holly's dark head bent over them had a wonderfully silky sheen. A marvellous cruelly strong thing was life when you were old and weak; it seemed to mock you with its multitude of forms and its beating vitality. He had never, till those last few weeks, had this curious feeling of being with one half of him eagerly borne along in the stream of life, and with the other half left on the bank, watching that helpless progress. Only when Irene was with him did he lose this double consciousness.

Holly turned her head, pointed with her little brown fist to the piano--for to point with a finger was not 'well-brrred'--and said slyly:

"Look at the 'lady in grey,' Gran; isn't she pretty to-day?"

Old Jolyon's heart gave a flutter, and for a second the room was clouded; then it cleared, and he said with a twinkle:

"Who's been dressing her up?"

"Mam'zelle."

"Hollee! Don't be foolish!"

That prim little Frenchwoman! She hadn't yet got over the music lessons being taken away from her. That wouldn't help. His little sweet was the only friend they had. Well, they were her lessons. And he shouldn't budge shouldn't budge for anything. He stroked the warm wool on Balthasar's head, and heard Holly say: "When mother's home, there won't be any changes, will there? She doesn't like strangers, you know."

The child's words seemed to bring the chilly atmosphere of opposition about old Jolyon, and disclose all the menace to his new-found freedom. Ah! He would have to resign himself to being an old man at the mercy of care and love, or fight to keep this new and prized companionship; and to fight tired him to death. But his thin, worn face hardened into resolution till it appeared all Jaw. This was his house, and his affair; he should not budge! He looked at his watch, old and thin like himself; he had owned it fifty years. Past four already! And kissing the top of Holly's head in passing, he went down to the hall. He wanted to get hold of her before she went up to give her lesson. At the first sound of wheels he stepped out into the porch, and saw at once that the victoria was empty.

"The train's in, sir; but the lady 'asn't come."

Old Jolyon gave him a sharp upward look, his eyes seemed to push away that fat chap's curiosity, and defy him to see the bitter disappointment he was feeling.

"Very well," he said, and turned back into the house. He went to his study and sat down, quivering like a leaf. What did this mean? She might have lost her train, but he knew well enough she hadn't. 'Good-bye, dear Uncle Jolyon.' Why 'Good-bye' and not 'Good-night'? And that hand of hers lingering in the air. And her kiss. What did it mean? Vehement alarm and irritation took possession of him. He got up and began to pace the Turkey carpet, between window and wall. She was going to give him up! He felt it for certain--and he defenceless. An old man wanting to look on beauty! It was ridiculous! Age closed his mouth, paralysed his power to fight. He had no right to what was warm and living, no right to anything but memories and sorrow. He could not plead with her; even an old man has his dignity. Defenceless! For an hour, lost to bodily fatigue, he paced up and down, past the bowl of carnations he had plucked, which mocked him with its scent. Of all things hard to bear, the prostration of will-power is hardest, for one who has always had his way. Nature had got him in its net, and like an unhappy fish he turned and swam at the meshes, here and there, found no hole, no breaking point. They brought him tea at five o'clock, and a letter. For a moment hope beat up in him. He cut the envelope with the butter knife, and read:

"DEAREST UNCLE JOLYON,--I can't bear to write anything that may disappoint you, but I was too cowardly to tell you last night. I feel I can't come down and give Holly any more lessons, now that June is coming back. Some things go too deep to be forgotten. It has been such a joy to see you and Holly. Perhaps I shall still see you sometimes when you come up, though I'm sure it's not good for you; I can see you are tiring yourself too much. I believe you ought to rest quite quietly all this hot weather, and now you have your son and June coming back you will be so happy. Thank you a million times for all your sweetness to me.

"Lovingly your IRENE."

So, there it was! Not good for him to have pleasure and what he chiefly cared about; to try and put off feeling the inevitable end of all things, the approach of death with its stealthy, rustling footsteps. Not good for him! Not even she could see how she was his new lease of interest in life, the incarnation of all the beauty he felt slipping from him.

His tea grew cold, his cigar remained unlit; and up and down he paced, torn between his dignity and his hold on life. Intolerable to be squeezed out slowly, without a say of your own, to live on when your will was in the hands of others bent on weighing you to the ground with care and love. Intolerable! He would see what telling her the truth would do--the truth that he wanted the sight of her more than just a lingering on. He sat down at his old bureau and took a pen. But he could not write. There was something revolting in having to plead like this; plead that she should warm his eyes with her beauty. It was tantamount to confessing dotage. He simply could not. And instead, he wrote:

"I had hoped that the memory of old sores would not be allowed to stand in the way of what is a pleasure and a profit to me and my little grand-daughter. But old men learn to forego their whims; they are obliged to, even the whim to live must be foregone sooner or later; and perhaps the sooner the better. "My love to you, "JOLYON FORSYTE."

'Bitter,' he thought, 'but I can't help it. I'm tired.' He sealed and dropped it into the box for the evening post, and hearing it fall to the bottom, thought: 'There goes all I've looked forward to!'

That evening after dinner which he scarcely touched, after his cigar which he left half-smoked for it made him feel faint, he went very slowly upstairs and stole into the night-nursery. He sat down on the window-seat. A night-light was burning, and he could just see Holly's face, with one hand underneath the cheek. An early cockchafer buzzed in the Japanese paper with which they had filled the grate, and one of the horses in the stable stamped restlessly. To sleep like that child! He pressed apart two rungs of the venetian blind and looked out. The moon was rising, blood-red. He had never seen so red a moon. The woods and fields out there were dropping to sleep too, in the last glimmer of the summer light. And beauty, like a spirit, walked. 'I've had a long life,' he thought, 'the best of nearly everything. I'm an ungrateful chap; I've seen a lot of beauty in my time. Poor young Bosinney said I had a sense of beauty. There's a man in the moon to-night!' A moth went by, another, another. 'Ladies in grey!' He closed his eyes. A feeling that he would never open them again beset him; he let it grow, let himself sink; then, with a shiver, dragged the lids up. There was something wrong with him, no doubt, deeply wrong; he would have to have the doctor after all. It didn't much matter now! Into that coppice the moon-light would have crept; there would be shadows, and those shadows would be the only things awake. No birds, beasts, flowers, insects; Just the shadows --moving; 'Ladies in grey!' Over that log they would climb; would whisper together. She and Bosinney! Funny thought! And the frogs and little things would whisper too! How the clock ticked, in here! It was all eerie--out there in the light of that red moon; in here with the little steady night-light and, the ticking clock and the nurse's dressing-gown hanging from the edge of the screen, tall, like a woman's figure. 'Lady in grey!' And a very odd thought beset him: Did she exist? Had she ever come at all? Or was she but the emanation of all the beauty he had loved and must leave so soon? The violet-grey spirit with the dark eyes and the crown of amber hair, who walks the dawn and the moonlight, and at blue-bell time? What was she, who was she, did she exist? He rose and stood a moment clutching the window-sill, to give him a sense of reality again; then began tiptoeing towards the door. He stopped at the foot of the bed; and Holly, as if conscious of his eyes fixed on her, stirred, sighed, and curled up closer in defence. He tiptoed on and passed out into the dark passage; reached his room, undressed at once, and stood before a mirror in his night-shirt. What a scarecrow--with temples fallen in, and thin legs! His eyes resisted his own image, and a look of pride came on his face. All was in league to pull him down, even his reflection in the glass, but he was not down--yet! He got into bed, and lay a long time without sleeping, trying to reach resignation, only too well aware that fretting and disappointment were very bad for him.

He woke in the morning so unrefreshed and strengthless that he sent for the doctor. After sounding him, the fellow pulled a face as long as your arm, and ordered him to stay in bed and give up smoking. That was no hardship; there was nothing to get up for, and when he felt ill, tobacco always lost its savour. He spent the morning languidly with the sun-blinds down, turning and re-turning The Times, not reading much, the dog Balthasar lying beside his bed. With his lunch they brought him a telegram, running thus:

'Your letter received coming down this afternoon will be with you at four-thirty. Irene.'

Coming down! After all! Then she did exist--and he was not deserted. Coming down! A glow ran through his limbs; his cheeks and forehead felt hot. He drank his soup, and pushed the tray-table away, lying very quiet until they had removed lunch and left him alone; but every now and then his eyes twinkled. Coming down! His heart beat fast, and then did not seem to beat at all. At three o'clock he got up and dressed deliberately, noiselessly. Holly and Mam'zelle would be in the schoolroom, and the servants asleep after their dinner, he shouldn't wonder. He opened his door cautiously, and went downstairs. In the hall the dog Balthasar lay solitary, and, followed by him, old Jolyon passed into his study and out into the burning afternoon. He meant to go down and meet her in the coppice, but felt at once he could not manage that in this heat. He sat down instead under the oak tree by the swing, and the dog Balthasar, who also felt the heat, lay down beside him. He sat there smiling. What a revel of bright minutes! What a hum of insects, and cooing of pigeons! It was the quintessence of a summer day. Lovely! And he was happy--happy as a sand-boy, whatever that might be. She was coming; she had not given him up! He had everything in life he wanted--except a little more breath, and less weight--just here! He would see her when she emerged from the fernery, come swaying just a little, a violet-grey figure passing over the daisies and dandelions and 'soldiers' on the lawn--the soldiers with their flowery crowns. He would not move, but she would come up to him and say: 'Dear Uncle Jolyon, I am sorry!' and sit in the swing and let him look at her and tell her that he had not been very well but was all right now; and that dog would lick her hand. That dog knew his master was fond of her; that dog was a good dog.

It was quite shady under the tree; the sun could not get at him, only make the rest of the world bright so that he could see the Grand Stand at Epsom away out there, very far, and the cows cropping the clover in the field and swishing at the flies with their tails. He smelled the scent of limes, and lavender. Ah! that was why there was such a racket of bees. They were excited--busy, as his heart

was busy and excited. Drowsy, too, drowsy and drugged on honey and happiness; as his heart was drugged and drowsy. Summer--summer--they seemed saying; great bees and little bees, and the flies too!

The stable clock struck four; in half an hour she would be here. He would have just one tiny nap, because he had had so little sleep of late; and then he would be fresh for her, fresh for youth and beauty, coming towards him across the sunlit lawn--lady in grey! And settling back in his chair he closed his eyes. Some thistle-down came on what little air there was, and pitched on his moustache more white than itself. He did not know; but his breathing stirred it, caught there. A ray of sunlight struck through and lodged on his boot. A bumble-bee alighted and strolled on the crown of his Panama hat. And the delicious surge of slumber reached the brain beneath that hat, and the head swayed forward and rested on his breast. Summer--summer! So went the hum.

The stable clock struck the quarter past. The dog Balthasar stretched and looked up at his master. The thistledown no longer moved. The dog placed his chin over the sunlit foot. It did not stir. The dog withdrew his chin quickly, rose, and leaped on old Jolyon's lap, looked in his face, whined; then, leaping down, sat on his haunches, gazing up. And suddenly he uttered a long, long howl.

But the thistledown was still as death, and the face of his old master.

Summer--summer--summer! The soundless footsteps on the grass! 1917

IN CHANCERY

Two households both alike in dignity, From ancient grudge, break into new mutiny.

--Romeo and Juliet TO JESSIE AND JOSEPH CONRAD

PART 1

CHAPTER I

AT TIMOTHY'S

The possessive instinct never stands still. Through florescence and feud, frosts and fires, it followed the laws of progression even in the Forsyte family which had believed it fixed for ever. Nor can it be dissociated from environment any more than the quality of potato from the soil.

The historian of the English eighties and nineties will, in his good time, depict the somewhat rapid progression from self-contented and contained provincialism to still more self-contented if less contained imperialism--in other words, the 'possessive' instinct of the nation on the move. And so, as if in conformity, was it with the Forsyte family. They were spreading not merely on the surface, but within.

When, in 1895, Susan Hayman, the married Forsyte sister, followed her husband at the ludicrously low age of seventy-four, and was cremated, it made strangely little stir among the six old Forsytes left. For this apathy there were three causes. First: the almost surreptitious burial of old Jolyon in 1892 down at Robin Hill--first of the Forsytes to desert the family grave at Highgate. That burial, coming a year after Swithin's entirely proper funeral, had occasioned a great deal of talk on Forsyte 'Change, the abode of Timothy Forsyte on the Bayswater Road, London, which still collected and radiated family gossip. Opinions ranged from the lamentation of Aunt Juley to the outspoken assertion of Francie that it was 'a jolly good thing to stop all that stuffy Highgate business.' Uncle Jolyon in his later years--indeed, ever since the strange and lamentable affair between his granddaughter June's lover, young Bosinney, and Irene, his nephew Soames Forsyte's wife--had noticeably rapped the family's knuckles; and that way of his own which he had always taken had begun to seem to them a little wayward. The philosophic vein in him, of course, had always been too liable to crop out of the strata of pure Forsyteism, so they were in a way prepared for his interment in a strange spot. But the whole thing was an odd business, and when the contents of his Will became current coin on Forsyte 'Change, a shiver had gone round the clan. Out of his estate (L145,304 gross, with liabilities L35 7s. 4d.) he had actually left L15,000 to "whomever do you think, my dear? To Irene!" that runaway wife of his nephew Soames; Irene, a woman who had almost disgraced the family, and--still more amazing was to him no blood relation. Not out and out, of course; only a life interest--only the income from it! Still, there it was; and old Jolyon's claim to be the perfect Forsyte was ended once for all. That, then, was the first reason why the burial of Susan Hayman--at Woking--made little stir.

The second reason was altogether more expansive and imperial. Besides the house on Campden Hill, Susan had a place (left her by Hayman when he died) just over the border in Hants, where the Hayman boys had learned to be such good shots and riders, as it was believed, which was of course nice for them, and creditable to everybody; and the fact of owning something really countrified seemed somehow to excuse the dispersion of her remains--though what could have put cremation into her head they could not think! The usual invitations, however, had been issued, and Soames had gone down and young Nicholas, and the Will had been quite satisfactory so far as it went, for she had only had a life interest; and everything had gone quite smoothly to the children in equal shares.

The third reason why Susan's burial made little stir was the most expansive of all. It was summed up daringly by Euphemia, the pale, the thin: "Well, I think people have a right to their own bodies, even when they're dead." Coming from a daughter of Nicholas, a Liberal of the old school and most tyrannical, it was a startling remark--showing in a flash what a lot of water had run under bridges since the death of Aunt Ann in '86, just when the proprietorship of Soames over his wife's body was acquiring the uncertainty which had led to such disaster. Euphemia, of course, spoke like a child, and had no experience; for though well over thirty by now, her name was still Forsyte. But, making all allowances, her remark did undoubtedly show expansion of the principle of liberty, decentralisation and shift in the central point of possession from others to oneself. When Nicholas heard his daughter's remark from Aunt Hester he had rapped out: "Wives and daughters! There's no end to their liberty in these days. I knew that 'Jackson' case would lead to things--lugging in Habeas Corpus like that!" He had, of course, never really forgiven the Married Woman's Property Act, which would so have interfered with him if he had not mercifully married before it was passed. But, in truth, there was no denying the revolt among the younger Forsytes against being owned by others; that, as it were, Colonial disposition to own oneself, which is the paradoxical forerunner of Imperialism, was making progress all the time. They were all now married, except George, confirmed to the Turf and the Iseeum Club; Francie, pursuing her musical career in a studio off the King's Road, Chelsea, and still taking 'lovers' to dances; Euphemia, living at home and complaining of Nicholas; and those two Dromios, Giles and Jesse Hayman. Of the third generation there were not very many--young Jolyon had three, Winifred Dartie four, young Nicholas six already, young Roger had one, Marian Tweetyman one; St. John Hayman two. But the rest of the sixteen married--Soames, Rachel and Cicely of James' family; Eustace and Thomas of Roger's; Ernest, Archibald and Florence of Nicholas'; Augustus and Annabel Spender of the Hayman's--were going down the years unreproduced.

Thus, of the ten old Forsytes twenty-one young Forsytes had been born; but of the twenty-one young Forsytes there were as yet only seventeen descendants; and it already seemed unlikely that there would be more than a further unconsidered trifle or so. A student of statistics must have noticed that the birth rate had varied in accordance with the rate of interest for your money. Grandfather 'Superior Dosset' Forsyte in the early nineteenth century had been getting ten per cent. for his, hence ten children. Those ten, leaving out the four who had not married, and Juley, whose husband Septimus Small had, of course, died almost at once, had averaged from four to five per cent. for theirs, and produced accordingly. The twenty-one whom they produced were now getting barely three per cent. in the Consols to which their father had mostly tied the Settlements they made to avoid death duties, and the six of them who had been reproduced had seventeen children, or just the proper two and five-sixths per stem.

There were other reasons, too, for this mild reproduction. A distrust of their earning powers, natural where a sufficiency is guaranteed, together with the knowledge that their fathers did not die, kept them cautious. If one had children and not much income, the standard of taste and comfort must of necessity go down; what was enough for two was not enough for four, and so on--it would be better to wait and see what Father did. Besides, it was nice to be able to take holidays unhampered. Sooner in fact than own children, they preferred to concentrate on the ownership of themselves, conforming to the growing tendency fin de siecle, as it was called. In this way, little risk was run, and one would be able to have a motor-car. Indeed, Eustace already had one, but it had shaken him horribly, and broken one of his eye teeth; so that it would be better to wait till they were a little safer. In the meantime, no more children! Even young Nicholas was drawing in his horns, and had made no addition to his six for quite three years.

The corporate decay, however, of the Forsytes, their dispersion rather, of which all this was symptomatic, had not advanced so far as to prevent a rally when Roger Forsyte died in 1899. It had been a glorious summer, and after holidays abroad and at the sea they were practically all back in London, when Roger with a touch of his old originality had suddenly breathed his last at his own house in Princes Gardens. At Timothy's it was whispered sadly that poor Roger had always been eccentric about his digestion--had he not, for instance, preferred German mutton to all the other brands?

Be that as it may, his funeral at Highgate had been perfect, and coming away from it Soames Forsyte made almost mechanically for his Uncle Timothy's in the Bayswater Road. The 'Old Things'--Aunt Juley and Aunt Hester--would like to hear about it. His father--James--at eighty-eight had not felt up to the fatigue of the funeral; and Timothy himself, of course, had not gone; so that Nicholas had been the only brother present. Still, there had been a fair gathering; and it would cheer Aunts Juley and Hester up to know. The kindly thought was not unmixed with the inevitable longing to get something out of everything you do, which is the chief characteristic of Forsytes, and indeed of the saner elements in every nation. In this practice of taking family matters to Timothy's in the Bayswater Road, Soames was but following in the footsteps of his father, who had been in the habit of going at least once a week to see his sisters at Timothy's, and had only given it up when he lost his nerve at eighty-six, and could not go out without Emily. To go with Emily was of no use, for who could really talk to anyone in the presence of his own wife? Like James in the old days, Soames found time to go there nearly every Sunday, and sit in the little drawing-room into which, with his undoubted taste, he had introduced a good deal of change and china not quite up to his own fastidious mark, and at least two rather doubtful Barbizon pictures, at Christmastides. He himself, who had done extremely well with the Barbizons, had for some years past moved towards the Marises, Israels, and Mauve, and was hoping to do better. In the riverside house which he now inhabited near Mapledurham he had a gallery, beautifully hung and lighted, to which few London dealers were strangers. It served, too, as a Sunday afternoon attraction in those week-end parties which his sisters, Winifred or Rachel, occasionally organised for him. For though he was but a taciturn showman, his quiet collected determinism seldom failed to influence his guests, who knew that his reputation was grounded not on mere aesthetic fancy, but on his power of gauging the future of market values. When he went to Timothy's he almost always had some little tale of triumph over a dealer to unfold, and dearly he loved that coo of pride with which his aunts would greet it. This afternoon, however, he was differently animated, coming from Roger's funeral in his neat dark clothes--not quite black, for after all an uncle was but an uncle, and his soul abhorred excessive display of feeling. Leaning back in a marqueterie chair and gazing down his uplifted nose at the sky-blue walls plastered with gold frames, he was noticeably silent. Whether because he had been to a funeral or not, the peculiar Forsyte build of his face was seen to the best advantage this afternoon--a face concave and long, with a jaw which divested of flesh would have seemed extravagant: altogether a chinny face though not at all ill-looking. He was feeling more strongly than ever that Timothy's was hopelessly 'rum-ti-too' and the souls of his aunts dismally mid-Victorian. The subject on which alone he wanted to talk--his own undivorced position--was unspeakable. And yet it occupied his mind to the exclusion of all else. It was only since the Spring that this had been so and a new feeling grown up which was egging him on towards what he knew might well be folly in a Forsyte of forty-five. More and more of late he had been conscious that he was 'getting on.' The fortune already considerable when he conceived the house at Robin Hill which had finally wrecked his marriage with Irene, had mounted with surprising vigour in the twelve lonely years during which he had devoted himself to little else. He was worth to-day well over a hundred thousand pounds, and had no one to leave it to--no real object for going on with what was his religion. Even if he were to relax his efforts, money made money, and he felt that he would have a hundred and fifty thousand before he knew where he was. There had always been a strongly domestic, philoprogenitive side to Soames; baulked and frustrated, it had hidden itself away, but now had crept out again in this his 'prime of life.' Concreted and focussed of late by the attraction of a girl's undoubted beauty, it had become a veritable prepossession.

And this girl was French, not likely to lose her head, or accept any unlegalised position. Moreover, Soames himself disliked the thought of that. He had tasted of the sordid side of sex during those long years of forced celibacy, secretively, and always with disgust, for he was fastidious, and his sense of law and order innate. He wanted no hole and corner liaison. A marriage at the Embassy in Paris, a few months' travel, and he could bring Annette back quite separated from a past which in truth was not too distinguished, for she only kept the accounts in her mother's Soho Restaurant; he could bring her back as something very new and chic with her French taste and self-possession, to reign at 'The Shelter' near Mapledurham. On Forsyte 'Change and among his riverside friends it would be current that he had met a charming French girl on his travels and married her. There would be the flavour of romance, and a certain cachet about a French wife. No! He was not at all afraid of that. It was only this cursed undivorced condition of his, and--and the question whether Annette would take him, which he dared not put to the touch until he had a clear and even dazzling future to offer her.

In his aunts' drawing-room he heard with but muffled ears those usual questions: How was his dear father? Not going out, of course, now that the weather was turning chilly? Would Soames be sure to tell him that Hester had found boiled holly leaves most comforting for that pain in her side; a poultice every three hours, with red flannel afterwards. And could he relish just a little pot of their very best prune preserve--it was so delicious this year, and had such a wonderful effect. Oh! and about the Darties--had Soames heard that dear Winifred was having a most distressing time with Montague? Timothy thought she really ought to have protection It was said--but Soames mustn't take this for certain--that he had given some of Winifred's jewellery to a dreadful dancer.

It was such a bad example for dear Val just as he was going to college. Soames had not heard? Oh, but he must go and see his sister and look into it at once! And did he think these Boers were really going to resist? Timothy was in quite a stew about it. The price of Consols was so high, and he had such a lot of money in them. Did Soames think they must go down if there was a war? Soames nodded. But it would be over very quickly. It would be so bad for Timothy if it wasn't. And of course Soames' dear father would feel it very much at his age. Luckily poor dear Roger had been spared this dreadful anxiety. And Aunt Juley with a little handkerchief wiped away the large tear trying to climb the permanent pout on her now quite withered left cheek; she was remembering dear Roger, and all his originality, and how he used to stick pins into her when they were little together. Aunt Hester, with her instinct for avoiding the unpleasant, here chimed in: Did Soames think they would make Mr. Chamberlain Prime Minister at once? He would settle it all so quickly. She would like to see that old Kruger sent to St. Helena. She could remember so well the news of Napoleon's death, and what a, relief it had been to his grandfather. Of course she and Juley--"We were in pantalettes then, my dear"--had not felt it much at the time.

Soames took a cup of tea from her, drank it quickly, and ate three of those macaroons for which Timothy's was famous. His faint, pale, supercilious smile had deepened just a little. Really, his family remained hopelessly provincial, however much of London they might possess between them. In these go-ahead days their provincialism stared out even more than it used to. Why, old Nicholas was still a Free Trader, and a member of that antediluvian home of Liberalism, the Remove Club--though, to be sure, the members were pretty well all Conservatives now, or he himself could not have joined; and Timothy, they said, still wore a nightcap. Aunt Juley spoke again. Dear Soames was looking so well, hardly a day older than he did when dear Ann died, and they were all there together, dear Jolyon, and dear Swithin, and dear Roger. She paused and caught the tear which had climbed the pout on her right cheek. Did he--did he ever hear anything of Irene nowadays? Aunt Hester visibly interposed her shoulder. Really, Juley was always saying something! The smile left Soames' face, and he put his cup down. Here was his subject broached for him, and for all his desire to expand, he could not take advantage.

Aunt Juley went on rather hastily:

"They say dear Jolyon first left her that fifteen thousand out and out; then of course he saw it would not be right, and made it for her life only."

Had Soames heard that?

Soames nodded.

"Your cousin Jolyon is a widower now. He is her trustee; you knew that, of course?"

Soames shook his head. He did know, but wished to show no interest. Young Jolyon and he had not met since the day of Bosinney's death.

"He must be quite middle-aged by now," went on Aunt Juley dreamily. "Let me see, he was born when your dear uncle lived in Mount Street; long before they went to Stanhope Gate in December. Just before that dreadful Commune. Over fifty! Fancy that! Such a pretty baby, and we were all so proud of him; the very first of you all." Aunt Juley sighed, and a lock of not quite her own hair came loose and straggled, so that Aunt Hester gave a little shiver. Soames rose, he was experiencing a curious piece of self-discovery. That old wound to his pride and self-esteem was not yet closed. He had come thinking he could talk of it, even wanting to talk of his fettered condition, and--behold! he was shrinking away from this reminder by Aunt Juley, renowned for her Malapropisms.

Oh, Soames was not going already!

Soames smiled a little vindictively, and said:

"Yes. Good-bye. Remember me to Uncle Timothy!" And, leaving a cold kiss on each forehead, whose wrinkles seemed to try and cling to his lips as if longing to be kissed away, he left them looking brightly after him--dear Soames, it had been so good of him to come to-day, when they were not feeling very....!

With compunction tweaking at his chest Soames descended the stairs, where was always that rather pleasant smell of camphor and port wine, and house where draughts are not permitted. The poor old things--he had not meant to be unkind! And in the street he instantly forgot them, repossessed by the image of Annette and the thought of the cursed coil around him. Why had he not pushed the thing through and obtained divorce when that wretched Bosinney was run over, and there was evidence galore for the

asking! And he turned towards his sister Winifred Dartie's residence in Green Street, Mayfair.

CHAPTER II

EXIT A MAN OF THE WORLD

That a man of the world so subject to the vicissitudes of fortunes as Montague Dartie should still be living in a house he had inhabited twenty years at least would have been more noticeable if the rent, rates, taxes, and repairs of that house had not been defrayed by his father-in-law. By that simple if wholesale device James Forsyte had secured a certain stability in the lives of his daughter and his grandchildren. After all, there is something invaluable about a safe roof over the head of a sportsman so dashing as Dartie. Until the events of the last few days he had been almost-supernaturally steady all this year. The fact was he had acquired a half share in a filly of George Forsyte's, who had gone irreparably on the turf, to the horror of Roger, now stilled by the grave. Sleeve-links, by Martyr, out of Shirt-on-fire, by Suspender, was a bay filly, three years old, who for a variety of reasons had never shown her true form. With half ownership of this hopeful animal, all the idealism latent somewhere in Dartie, as in every other man, had put up its head, and kept him quietly ardent for months past. When a man has some thing good to live for it is astonishing how sober he becomes; and what Dartie had was really good--a three to one chance for an autumn handicap, publicly assessed at twenty-five to one. The old-fashioned heaven was a poor thing beside it, and his shirt was on the daughter of Shirt-on-fire. But how much more than his shirt depended on this granddaughter of Suspender! At that roving age of forty-five, trying to Forsytes--and, though perhaps less distinguishable from any other age, trying even to Darties--Montague had fixed his current fancy on a dancer. It was no mean passion, but without money, and a good deal of it, likely to remain a love as airy as her skirts; and Dartie never had any money, subsisting miserably on what he could beg or borrow from Winifred--a woman of character, who kept him because he was the father of her children, and from a lingering admiration for those now-dying Wardour Street good looks which in their youth had fascinated her. She, together with anyone else who would lend him anything, and his losses at cards and on the turf (extraordinary how some men make a good thing out of losses!) were his whole means of subsistence; for James was now too old and nervous to approach, and Soames too formidably adamant. It is not too much to say that Dartie had been living on hope for months. He had never been fond of money for itself, had always despised the Forsytes with their investing habits, though careful to make such use of them as he could. What he liked about money was what it bought--personal sensation.

"No real sportsman cares for money," he would say, borrowing a 'pony' if it was no use trying for a 'monkey.' There was something delicious about Montague Dartie. He was, as George Forsyte said, a 'daisy.'

The morning of the Handicap dawned clear and bright, the last day of September, and Dartie who had travelled to Newmarket the night before, arrayed himself in spotless checks and walked to an eminence to see his half of the filly take her final canter: If she won he would be a cool three thou. in pocket--a poor enough recompense for the sobriety and patience of these weeks of hope, while they had been nursing her for this race. But he had not been able to afford more. Should he 'lay it off' at the eight to one to which she had advanced? This was his single thought while the larks sang above him, and the grassy downs smelled sweet, and the pretty filly passed, tossing her head and glowing like satin.

After all, if he lost it would not be he who paid, and to 'lay it off' would reduce his winnings to some fifteen hundred--hardly enough to purchase a dancer out and out. Even more potent was the itch in the blood of all the Darties for a real flutter. And turning to George he said: "She's a clipper. She'll win hands down; I shall go the whole hog." George, who had laid off every penny, and a few besides, and stood to win, however it came out, grinned down on him from his bulky height, with the words: "So ho, my wild one!" for after a chequered apprenticeship weathered with the money of a deeply complaining Roger, his Forsyte blood was beginning to stand him in good stead in the profession of owner.

There are moments of disillusionment in the lives of men from which the sensitive recorder shrinks. Suffice it to say that the good thing fell down. Sleeve-links finished in the ruck. Dartie's shirt was lost.

Between the passing of these things and the day when Soames turned his face towards Green Street, what had not happened!

When a man with the constitution of Montague Dartie has exercised self-control for months from religious motives, and remains unrewarded, he does not curse God and die, he curses God and lives, to the distress of his family.

Winifred--a plucky woman, if a little too fashionable--who had borne the brunt of him for exactly twenty-one years, had never really believed that he would do what he now did. Like so many wives, she thought she knew the worst, but she had not yet known him in

his forty-fifth year, when he, like other men, felt that it was now or never. Paying on the 2nd of October a visit of inspection to her jewel case, she was horrified to observe that her woman's crown and glory was gone--the pearls which Montague had given her in '86, when Benedict was born, and which James had been compelled to pay for in the spring of '87, to save scandal. She consulted her husband at once. He 'pooh-poohed' the matter. They would turn up! Nor till she said sharply: "Very well, then, Monty, I shall go down to Scotland Yard myself," did he consent to take the matter in hand. Alas! that the steady and resolved continuity of design necessary to the accomplishment of sweeping operations should be liable to interruption by drink. That night Dartie returned home without a care in the world or a particle of reticence. Under normal conditions Winifred would merely have locked her door and let him sleep it off, but torturing suspense about her pearls had caused her to wait up for him. Taking a small revolver from his pocket and holding on to the dining table, he told her at once that he did not care a cursh whether she lived s'long as she was quiet; but he himself wash tired o' life. Winifred, holding onto the other side of the dining table, answered:

"Don't be a clown, Monty. Have you been to Scotland Yard?"

Placing the revolver against his chest, Dartie had pulled the trigger several times. It was not loaded. Dropping it with an imprecation, he had muttered: "For shake o' the children," and sank into a chair. Winifred, having picked up the revolver, gave him some soda water. The liquor had a magical effect. Life had illused him; Winifred had never 'unshtood'm.' If he hadn't the right to take the pearls he had given her himself, who had? That Spanish filly had got'm. If Winifred had any 'jection he w'd cut--her--throat. What was the matter with that? (Probably the first use of that celebrated phrase--so obscure are the origins of even the most classical language!)

Winifred, who had learned self-containment in a hard school, looked up at him, and said: "Spanish filly! Do you mean that girl we saw dancing in the Pandemonium Ballet? Well, you are a thief and a blackguard." It had been the last straw on a sorely loaded consciousness; reaching up from his chair Dartie seized his wife's arm, and recalling the achievements of his boyhood, twisted it. Winifred endured the agony with tears in her eyes, but no murmur. Watching for a moment of weakness, she wrenched it free; then placing the dining table between them, said between her teeth: "You are the limit, Monty." (Undoubtedly the inception of that phrase --so is English formed under the stress of circumstances.) Leaving Dartie with foam on his dark moustache she went upstairs, and, after locking her door and bathing her arm in hot water, lay awake all night, thinking of her pearls adorning the neck of another, and of the consideration her husband had presumably received therefor.

The man of the world awoke with a sense of being lost to that world, and a dim recollection of having been called a 'limit.' He sat for half an hour in the dawn and the armchair where he had slept--perhaps the unhappiest half-hour he had ever spent, for even to a Dartie there is something tragic about an end. And he knew that he had reached it. Never again would he sleep in his dining-room and wake with the light filtering through those curtains bought by Winifred at Nickens and Jarveys with the money of James. Never again eat a devilled kidney at that rose-wood table, after a roll in the sheets and a hot bath. He took his note case from his dress coat pocket. Four hundred pounds, in fives and tens--the remainder of the proceeds of his half of Sleeve-links, sold last night, cash down, to George Forsyte, who, having won over the race, had not conceived the sudden dislike to the animal which he himself now felt. The ballet was going to Buenos Aires the day after to-morrow, and he was going too. Full value for the pearls had not yet been received; he was only at the soup.

He stole upstairs. Not daring to have a bath, or shave (besides, the water would be cold), he changed his clothes and packed stealthily all he could. It was hard to leave so many shining boots, but one must sacrifice something. Then, carrying a valise in either hand, he stepped out onto the landing. The house was very quiet--that house where he had begotten his four children. It was a curious moment, this, outside the room of his wife, once admired, if not perhaps loved, who had called him 'the limit.' He steeled himself with that phrase, and tiptoed on; but the next door was harder to pass. It was the room his daughters slept in. Maud was at school, but Imogen would be lying there; and moisture came into Dartie's early morning eyes. She was the most like him of the four, with her dark hair, and her luscious brown glance. Just coming out, a pretty thing! He set down the two valises. This almost formal abdication of fatherhood hurt him. The morning light fell on a face which worked with real emotion. Nothing so false as penitence moved him; but genuine paternal feeling, and that melancholy of 'never again.' He moistened his lips; and complete irresolution for a moment paralysed his legs in their check trousers. It was hard--hard to be thus compelled to leave his home! "D---nit!" he muttered, "I never thought it would come to this." Noises above warned him that the maids were beginning to get up. And grasping the two valises, he tiptoed on downstairs. His cheeks were wet, and the knowledge of that was comforting, as though it guaranteed the genuineness of his sacrifice. He lingered a little in the rooms below, to pack all the cigars he had, some papers, a crush hat, a silver cigarette box, a Ruff's Guide. Then, mixing himself a stiff whisky and soda, and lighting a cigarette, he stood hesitating before a photograph of his two girls, in a silver frame. It belonged to Winifred. 'Never mind,' he thought; 'she can get another taken, and I

can't!' He slipped it into the valise. Then, putting on his hat and overcoat, he took two others, his best malacca cane, an umbrella, and opened the front door. Closing it softly behind him, he walked out, burdened as he had never been in all his life, and made his way round the corner to wait there for an early cab to come by.

Thus had passed Montague Dartie in the forty-fifth year of his age from the house which he had called his own.

When Winifred came down, and realised that he was not in the house, her first feeling was one of dull anger that he should thus elude the reproaches she had carefully prepared in those long wakeful hours. He had gone off to Newmarket or Brighton, with that woman as likely as not. Disgusting! Forced to a complete reticence before Imogen and the servants, and aware that her father's nerves would never stand the disclosure, she had been unable to refrain from going to Timothy's that afternoon, and pouring out the story of the pearls to Aunts Juley and Hester in utter confidence. It was only on the following morning that she noticed the disappearance of that photograph. What did it mean? Careful examination of her husband's relics prompted the thought that he had gone for good. As that conclusion hardened she stood quite still in the middle of his dressing-room, with all the drawers pulled out, to try and realise what she was feeling. By no means easy! Though he was 'the limit' he was yet her property, and for the life of her she could not but feel the poorer. To be widowed yet not widowed at forty-two; with four children; made conspicuous, an object of commiseration! Gone to the arms of a Spanish Jade! Memories, feelings, which she had thought quite dead, revived within her, painful, sullen, tenacious. Mechanically she closed drawer after drawer, went to her bed, lay on it, and buried her face in the pillows. She did not cry. What was the use of that? When she got off her bed to go down to lunch she felt as if only one thing could do her good, and that was to have Val home. He--her eldest boy--who was to go to Oxford next month at James' expense, was at Littlehampton taking his final gallops with his trainer for Smalls, as he would have phrased it following his father's diction. She caused a telegram to be sent to him.

"I must see about his clothes," she said to Imogen; "I can't have him going up to Oxford all anyhow. Those boys are so particular."

"Val's got heaps of things," Imogen answered.

"I know; but they want overhauling. I hope he'll come."

"He'll come like a shot, Mother. But he'll probably skew his Exam."

"I can't help that," said Winifred. "I want him."

With an innocent shrewd look at her mother's face, Imogen kept silence. It was father, of course! Val did come 'like a shot' at six o'clock.

Imagine a cross between a pickle and a Forsyte and you have young Publius Valerius Dartie. A youth so named could hardly turn out otherwise. When he was born, Winifred, in the heyday of spirits, and the craving for distinction, had determined that her children should have names such as no others had ever had. (It was a mercy--she felt now--that she had just not named Imogen Thisbe.) But it was to George Forsyte, always a wag, that Val's christening was due. It so happened that Dartie, dining with him a week after the birth of his son and heir, had mentioned this aspiration of Winifred's.

"Call him Cato," said George, "it'll be damned piquant!" He had just won a tenner on a horse of that name.

"Cato!" Dartie had replied--they were a little 'on' as the phrase was even in those days--"it's not a Christian name."

"Halo you!" George called to a waiter in knee breeches. "Bring me the Encyc'pedia Brit. from the Library, letter C."

The waiter brought it.

"Here you are!" said George, pointing with his cigar: "Cato Publius Valerius by Virgil out of Lydia. That's what you want. Publius Valerius is Christian enough."

Dartie, on arriving home, had informed Winifred. She had been charmed. It was so 'chic.' And Publius Valerius became the baby's name, though it afterwards transpired that they had got hold of the inferior Cato. In 1890, however, when little Publius was nearly ten, the word 'chic' went out of fashion, and sobriety came in; Winifred began to have doubts. They were confirmed by little Publius himself who returned from his first term at school complaining that life was a burden to him--they called him Pubby. Winifred--a woman of real decision--promptly changed his school and his name to Val, the Publius being dropped even as an initial.

At nineteen he was a limber, freckled youth with a wide mouth, light eyes, long dark lashes; a rather charming smile, considerable knowledge of what he should not know, and no experience of what he ought to do. Few boys had more narrowly escaped being expelled--the engaging rascal. After kissing his mother and pinching Imogen, he ran upstairs three at a time, and came down four, dressed for dinner. He was awfully sorry, but his 'trainer,' who had come up too, had asked him to dine at the Oxford and Cambridge; it wouldn't do to miss--the old chap would be hurt. Winifred let him go with an unhappy pride. She had wanted him at home, but it was very nice to know that his tutor was so fond of him. He went out with a wink at Imogen, saying: "I say, Mother, could I have two plover's eggs when I come in?--cook's got some. They top up so jolly well. Oh! and look here--have you any money?--I had to borrow a fiver from old Snobby."

Winifred, looking at him with fond shrewdness, answered:

"My dear, you are naughty about money. But you shouldn't pay him to-night, anyway; you're his guest. How nice and slim he looked in his white waistcoat, and his dark thick lashes!"

"Oh, but we may go to the theatre, you see, Mother; and I think I ought to stand the tickets; he's always hard up, you know."

Winifred produced a five-pound note, saying:

"Well, perhaps you'd better pay him, but you mustn't stand the tickets too."

Val pocketed the fiver.

"If I do, I can't," he said. "Good-night, Mum!"

He went out with his head up and his hat cocked joyously, sniffing the air of Piccadilly like a young hound loosed into covert. Jolly good biz! After that mouldy old slow hole down there!

He found his 'tutor,' not indeed at the Oxford and Cambridge, but at the Goat's Club. This 'tutor' was a year older than himself, a good-looking youth, with fine brown eyes, and smooth dark hair, a small mouth, an oval face, languid, immaculate, cool to a degree, one of those young men who without effort establish moral ascendancy over their companions. He had missed being expelled from school a year before Val, had spent that year at Oxford, and Val could almost see a halo round his head. His name was Crum, and no one could get through money quicker. It seemed to be his only aim in life--dazzling to young Val, in whom, however, the Forsyte would stand apart, now and then, wondering where the value for that money was.

They dined quietly, in style and taste; left the Club smoking cigars, with just two bottles inside them, and dropped into stalls at the Liberty. For Val the sound of comic songs, the sight of lovely legs were fogged and interrupted by haunting fears that he would never equal Crum's quiet dandyism. His idealism was roused; and when that is so, one is never quite at ease. Surely he had too wide a mouth, not the best cut of waistcoat, no braid on his trousers, and his lavender gloves had no thin black stitchings down the back. Besides, he laughed too much--Crum never laughed, he only smiled, with his regular dark brows raised a little so that they formed a gable over his just drooped lids. No! he would never be Crum's equal. All the same it was a jolly good show, and Cynthia Dark simply ripping. Between the acts Crum regaled him with particulars of Cynthia's private life, and the awful knowledge became Val's that, if he liked, Crum could go behind. He simply longed to say: "I say, take me!" but dared not, because of his deficiencies; and this made the last act or two almost miserable. On coming out Crum said: "It's half an hour before they close; let's go on to the Pandemonium." They took a hansom to travel the hundred yards, and seats costing seven-and-six apiece because they were going to stand, and walked into the Promenade. It was in these little things, this utter negligence of money that Crum had such engaging polish. The ballet was on its last legs and night, and the traffic of the Promenade was suffering for the moment. Men and women were crowded in three rows against the barrier. The whirl and dazzle on the stage, the half dark, the mingled tobacco fumes and women's scent, all that curious lure to promiscuity which belongs to Promenades, began to free young Val from his idealism. He looked admiringly in a young woman's face, saw she was not young, and quickly looked away. Shades of Cynthia Dark! The young woman's arm touched his unconsciously; there was a scent of musk and mignonette. Val looked round the corner of his lashes. Perhaps she was young, after all. Her foot trod on his; she begged his pardon. He said:

"Not at all; jolly good ballet, isn't it?"

"Oh, I'm tired of it; aren't you?"

Young Val smiled--his wide, rather charming smile. Beyond that he did not go--not yet convinced. The Forsyte in him stood out for greater certainty. And on the stage the ballet whirled its kaleidoscope of snow-white, salmon-pink, and emerald-green and violet and seemed suddenly to freeze into a stilly spangled pyramid. Applause broke out, and it was over! Maroon curtains had cut it off. The semi-circle of men and women round the barrier broke up, the young woman's arm pressed his. A little way off disturbance seemed centring round a man with a pink carnation; Val stole another glance at the young woman, who was looking towards it. Three men, unsteady, emerged, walking arm in arm. The one in the centre wore the pink carnation, a white waistcoat, a dark moustache; he reeled a little as he walked. Crum's voice said slow and level: "Look at that bounder, he's screwed!" Val turned to look. The 'bounder' had disengaged his arm, and was pointing straight at them. Crum's voice, level as ever, said:

"He seems to know you!" The 'bounder' spoke:

"H'llo!" he said. "You f'llows, look! There's my young rascal of a son!"

Val saw. It was his father! He could have sunk into the crimson carpet. It was not the meeting in this place, not even that his father was 'screwed'; it was Crum's word 'bounder,' which, as by heavenly revelation, he perceived at that moment to be true. Yes, his father looked a bounder with his dark good looks, and his pink carnation, and his square, self-assertive walk. And without a word he ducked behind the young woman and slipped out of the Promenade. He heard the word, "Val!" behind him, and ran down deep-carpeted steps past the 'chuckersout,' into the Square.

To be ashamed of his own father is perhaps the bitterest experience a young man can go through. It seemed to Val, hurrying away, that his career had ended before it had begun. How could he go up to Oxford now amongst all those chaps, those splendid friends of Crum's, who would know that his father was a 'bounder'! And suddenly he hated Crum. Who the devil was Crum, to say that? If Crum had been beside him at that moment, he would certainly have been jostled off the pavement. His own father--his own! A choke came up in his throat, and he dashed his hands down deep into his overcoat pockets. Damn Crum! He conceived the wild idea of running back and fending his father, taking him by the arm and walking about with him in front of Crum; but gave it up at once and pursued his way down Piccadilly. A young woman planted herself before him. "Not so angry, darling!" He shied, dodged her, and suddenly became quite cool. If Crum ever said a word, he would jolly well punch his head, and there would be an end of it. He walked a hundred yards or more, contented with that thought, then lost its comfort utterly. It wasn't simple like that! He remembered how, at school, when some parent came down who did not pass the standard, it just clung to the fellow afterwards. It was one of those things nothing could remove. Why had his mother married his father, if he was a 'bounder'? It was bitterly unfair--jolly low-down on a fellow to give him a 'bounder' for father. The worst of it was that now Crum had spoken the word, he realised that he had long known subconsciously that his father was not 'the clean potato.' It was the beastliest thing that had ever happened to him--beastliest thing that had ever happened to any fellow! And, down-hearted as he had never yet been, he came to Green Street, and let himself in with a smuggled latch-key. In the dining-room his plover's eggs were set invitingly, with some cut bread and butter, and a little whisky at the bottom of a decanter--just enough, as Winifred had thought, for him to feel himself a man. It made him sick to look at them, and he went upstairs.

Winifred heard him pass, and thought: 'The dear boy's in. Thank goodness! If he takes after his father I don't know what I shall do! But he won't he's like me. Dear Val!'

CHAPTER III

SOAMES PREPARES TO TAKE STEPS

When Soames entered his sister's little Louis Quinze drawing-room, with its small balcony, always flowered with hanging geraniums in the summer, and now with pots of Lilium Auratum, he was struck by the immutability of human affairs. It looked just the same as on his first visit to the newly married Darties twenty-one years ago. He had chosen the furniture himself, and so completely that no subsequent purchase had ever been able to change the room's atmosphere. Yes, he had founded his sister well, and she had wanted it. Indeed, it said a great deal for Winifred that after all this time with Dartie she remained well-founded. From the first Soames had nosed out Dartie's nature from underneath the plausibility, savoir faire, and good looks which had dazzled Winifred, her mother, and even James, to the extent of permitting the fellow to marry his daughter without bringing anything but shares of no value into settlement.

Winifred, whom he noticed next to the furniture, was sitting at her Buhl bureau with a letter in her hand. She rose and came towards him. Tall as himself, strong in the cheekbones, well tailored, something in her face disturbed Soames. She crumpled the letter in

her hand, but seemed to change her mind and held it out to him. He was her lawyer as well as her brother.

Soames read, on Iseeum Club paper, these words:

'You will not get chance to insult in my own again. I am leaving country to-morrow. It's played out. I'm tired of being insulted by you. You've brought on yourself. No self-respecting man can stand it. I shall not ask you for anything again. Good-bye. I took the photograph of the two girls. Give them my love. I don't care what your family say. It's all their doing. I'm going to live new life. 'M.D.'

This after-dinner note had a splotch on it not yet quite dry. He looked at Winifred--the splotch had clearly come from her; and he checked the words: 'Good riddance!' Then it occurred to him that with this letter she was entering that very state which he himself so earnestly desired to quit--the state of a Forsyte who was not divorced.

Winifred had turned away, and was taking a long sniff from a little gold-topped bottle. A dull commiseration, together with a vague sense of injury, crept about Soames' heart. He had come to her to talk of his own position, and get sympathy, and here was she in the same position, wanting of course to talk of it, and get sympathy from him. It was always like that! Nobody ever seemed to think that he had troubles and interests of his own. He folded up the letter with the splotch inside, and said:

"What's it all about, now?"

Winifred recited the story of the pearls calmly.

"Do you think he's really gone, Soames? You see the state he was in when he wrote that."

Soames who, when he desired a thing, placated Providence by pretending that he did not think it likely to happen, answered:

"I shouldn't think so. I might find out at his Club."

"If George is there," said Winifred, "he would know."

"George?" said Soames; "I saw him at his father's funeral."

"Then he's sure to be there."

Soames, whose good sense applauded his sister's acumen, said grudgingly: "Well, I'll go round. Have you said anything in Park Lane?"

"I've told Emily," returned Winifred, who retained that 'chic' way of describing her mother. "Father would have a fit."

Indeed, anything untoward was now sedulously kept from James. With another look round at the furniture, as if to gauge his sister's exact position, Soames went out towards Piccadilly. The evening was drawing in--a touch of chill in the October haze. He walked quickly, with his close and concentrated air. He must get through, for he wished to dine in Soho. On hearing from the hall porter at the Iseeum that Mr. Dartie had not been in to-day, he looked at the trusty fellow and decided only to ask if Mr. George Forsyte was in the Club. He was. Soames, who always looked askance at his cousin George, as one inclined to jest at his expense, followed the pageboy, slightly reassured by the thought that George had just lost his father. He must have come in for about thirty thousand, besides what he had under that settlement of Roger's, which had avoided death duty. He found George in a bow-window, staring out across a half-eaten plate of muffins. His tall, bulky, black-clothed figure loomed almost threatening, though preserving still the supernatural neatness of the racing man. With a faint grin on his fleshy face, he said:

"Hallo, Soames! Have a muffin?"

"No, thanks," murmured Soames; and, nursing his hat, with the desire to say something suitable and sympathetic, added:

"How's your mother?"

"Thanks," said George; "so-so. Haven't seen you for ages. You never go racing. How's the City?"

Soames, scenting the approach of a jest, closed up, and answered:

"I wanted to ask you about Dartie. I hear he's...."

"Flitted, made a bolt to Buenos Aires with the fair Lola. Good for Winifred and the little Darties. He's a treat."

Soames nodded. Naturally inimical as these cousins were, Dartie made them kin.

"Uncle James'll sleep in his bed now," resumed George; "I suppose he's had a lot off you, too."

Soames smiled.

"Ah! You saw him further," said George amicably. "He's a real rouser. Young Val will want a bit of looking after. I was always sorry for Winifred. She's a plucky woman."

Again Soames nodded. "I must be getting back to her," he said; "she just wanted to know for certain. We may have to take steps. I suppose there's no mistake?"

"It's quite O.K.," said George--it was he who invented so many of those quaint sayings which have been assigned to other sources. "He was drunk as a lord last night; but he went off all right this morning. His ship's the Tuscarora;" and, fishing out a card, he read mockingly:

"'Mr. Montague Dartie, Poste Restante, Buenos Aires.' I should hurry up with the steps, if I were you. He fairly fed me up last night."

"Yes," said Soames; "but it's not always easy." Then, conscious from George's eyes that he had roused reminiscence of his own affair, he got up, and held out his hand. George rose too.

"Remember me to Winifred.... You'll enter her for the Divorce Stakes straight off if you ask me."

Soames took a sidelong look back at him from the doorway. George had seated himself again and was staring before him; he looked big and lonely in those black clothes. Soames had never known him so subdued. 'I suppose he feels it in a way,' he thought. 'They must have about fifty thousand each, all told. They ought to keep the estate together. If there's a war, house property will go down. Uncle Roger was a good judge, though.' And the face of Annette rose before him in the darkening street; her brown hair and her blue eyes with their dark lashes, her fresh lips and cheeks, dewy and blooming in spite of London, her perfect French figure. 'Take steps!' he thought. Re-entering Winifred's house he encountered Val, and they went in together. An idea had occurred to Soames. His cousin Jolyon was Irene's trustee, the first step would be to go down and see him at Robin Hill. Robin Hill! The odd--the very odd feeling those words brought back! Robin Hill--the house Bosinney had built for him and Irene--the house they had never lived in--the fatal house! And Jolyon lived there now! H'm! And suddenly he thought: 'They say he's got a boy at Oxford! Why not take young Val down and introduce them! It's an excuse! Less bald--very much less bald!' So, as they went upstairs, he said to Val:

"You've got a cousin at Oxford; you've never met him. I should like to take you down with me to-morrow to where he lives and introduce you. You'll find it useful."

Val, receiving the idea with but moderate transports, Soames clinched it.

"I'll call for you after lunch. It's in the country--not far; you'll enjoy it."

On the threshold of the drawing-room he recalled with an effort that the steps he contemplated concerned Winifred at the moment, not himself.

Winifred was still sitting at her Buhl bureau.

"It's quite true," he said; "he's gone to Buenos Aires, started this morning--we'd better have him shadowed when he lands. I'll cable at once. Otherwise we may have a lot of expense. The sooner these things are done the better. I'm always regretting that I didn't..." he stopped, and looked sidelong at the silent Winifred. "By the way," he went on, "can you prove cruelty?"

Winifred said in a dull voice:

"I don't know. What is cruelty?"

"Well, has he struck you, or anything?"

Winifred shook herself, and her jaw grew square.

"He twisted my arm. Or would pointing a pistol count? Or being too drunk to undress himself, or--No--I can't bring in the children."

"No," said Soames; "no! I wonder! Of course, there's legal separation--we can get that. But separation! Um!"

"What does it mean?" asked Winifred desolately.

"That he can't touch you, or you him; you're both of you married and unmarried." And again he grunted. What was it, in fact, but his own accursed position, legalised! No, he would not put her into that!

"It must be divorce," he said decisively; "failing cruelty, there's desertion. There's a way of shortening the two years, now. We get the Court to give us restitution of conjugal rights. Then if he doesn't obey, we can bring a suit for divorce in six months' time. Of course you don't want him back. But they won't know that. Still, there's the risk that he might come. I'd rather try cruelty."

Winifred shook her head. "It's so beastly."

"Well," Soames murmured, "perhaps there isn't much risk so long as he's infatuated and got money. Don't say anything to anybody, and don't pay any of his debts."

Winifred sighed. In spite of all she had been through, the sense of loss was heavy on her. And this idea of not paying his debts any more brought it home to her as nothing else yet had. Some richness seemed to have gone out of life. Without her husband, without her pearls, without that intimate sense that she made a brave show above the domestic whirlpool, she would now have to face the world. She felt bereaved indeed.

And into the chilly kiss he placed on her forehead, Soames put more than his usual warmth.

"I have to go down to Robin Hill to-morrow," he said, "to see young Jolyon on business. He's got a boy at Oxford. I'd like to take Val with me and introduce him. Come down to 'The Shelter' for the week-end and bring the children. Oh! by the way, no, that won't do; I've got some other people coming." So saying, he left her and turned towards Soho.

CHAPTER IV

SOHO

Of all quarters in the queer adventurous amalgam called London, Soho is perhaps least suited to the Forsyte spirit. 'So-ho, my wild one!' George would have said if he had seen his cousin going there. Untidy, full of Greeks, Ishmaelites, cats, Italians, tomatoes, restaurants, organs, coloured stuffs, queer names, people looking out of upper windows, it dwells remote from the British Body Politic. Yet has it haphazard proprietary instincts of its own, and a certain possessive prosperity which keeps its rents up when those of other quarters go down. For long years Soames' acquaintanceship with Soho had been confined to its Western bastion, Wardour Street. Many bargains had he picked up there. Even during those seven years at Brighton after Bosinney's death and Irene's flight, he had bought treasures there sometimes, though he had no place to put them; for when the conviction that his wife had gone for good at last became firm within him, he had caused a board to be put up in Montpellier Square:

FOR SALE THE LEASE OF THIS DESIRABLE RESIDENCE

Enquire of Messrs. Lesson and Tukes, Court Street, Belgravia.

It had sold within a week--that desirable residence, in the shadow of whose perfection a man and a woman had eaten their hearts out.

Of a misty January evening, just before the board was taken down, Soames had gone there once more, and stood against the Square railings, looking at its unlighted windows, chewing the cud of possessive memories which had turned so bitter in the mouth. Why had she never loved him? Why? She had been given all she had wanted, and in return had given him, for three long years, all he had wanted--except, indeed, her heart. He had uttered a little involuntary groan, and a passing policeman had glanced suspiciously at him who no longer possessed the right to enter that green door with the carved brass knocker beneath the board 'For Sale!' A choking sensation had attacked his throat, and he had hurried away into the mist. That evening he had gone to Brighton to live....

Approaching Malta Street, Soho, and the Restaurant Bretagne, where Annette would be drooping her pretty shoulders over her accounts, Soames thought with wonder of those seven years at Brighton. How had he managed to go on so long in that town devoid of the scent of sweetpeas, where he had not even space to put his treasures? True, those had been years with no time at all

for looking at them--years of almost passionate money-making, during which Forsyte, Bustard and Forsyte had become solicitors to more limited Companies than they could properly attend to. Up to the City of a morning in a Pullman car, down from the City of an evening in a Pullman car. Law papers again after dinner, then the sleep of the tired, and up again next morning. Saturday to Monday was spent at his Club in town--curious reversal of customary procedure, based on the deep and careful instinct that while working so hard he needed sea air to and from the station twice a day, and while resting must indulge his domestic affections. The Sunday visit to his family in Park Lane, to Timothy's, and to Green Street; the occasional visits elsewhere had seemed to him as necessary to health as sea air on weekdays. Even since his migration to Mapledurham he had maintained those habits until--he had known Annette.

Whether Annette had produced the revolution in his outlook, or that outlook had produced Annette, he knew no more than we know where a circle begins. It was intricate and deeply involved with the growing consciousness that property without anyone to leave it to is the negation of true Forsyteism. To have an heir, some continuance of self, who would begin where he left off--ensure, in fact, that he would not leave off--had quite obsessed him for the last year and more. After buying a bit of Wedgwood one evening in April, he had dropped into Malta Street to look at a house of his father's which had been turned into a restaurant--a risky proceeding, and one not quite in accordance with the terms of the lease. He had stared for a little at the outside painted a good cream colour, with two peacock-blue tubs containing little bay-trees in a recessed doorway--and at the words 'Restaurant Bretagne' above them in gold letters, rather favourably impressed. Entering, he had noticed that several people were already seated at little round green tables with little pots of fresh flowers on them and Brittany-ware plates, and had asked of a trim waitress to see the proprietor. They had shown him into a back room, where a girl was sitting at a simple bureau covered with papers, and a small round, table was laid for two. The impression of cleanliness, order, and good taste was confirmed when the girl got up, saying, "You wish to see Maman, Monsieur?" in a broken accent.

"Yes," Soames had answered, "I represent your landlord; in fact, I'm his son."

"Won't you sit down, sir, please? Tell Maman to come to this gentleman."

He was pleased that the girl seemed impressed, because it showed business instinct; and suddenly he noticed that she was remarkably pretty--so remarkably pretty that his eyes found a difficulty in leaving her face. When she moved to put a chair for him, she swayed in a curious subtle way, as if she had been put together by someone with a special secret skill; and her face and neck, which was a little bared, looked as fresh as if they had been sprayed with dew. Probably at this moment Soames decided that the lease had not been violated; though to himself and his father he based the decision on the efficiency of those illicit adaptations in the building, on the signs of prosperity, and the obvious business capacity of Madame Lamotte. He did not, however, neglect to leave certain matters to future consideration, which had necessitated further visits, so that the little back room had become quite accustomed to his spare, not unsolid, but unobtrusive figure, and his pale, chinny face with clipped moustache and dark hair not yet grizzling at the sides.

"Un Monsieur tres distingue," Madame Lamotte found him; and presently, "Tres amical, tres gentil," watching his eyes upon her daughter.

She was one of those generously built, fine-faced, dark-haired Frenchwomen, whose every action and tone of voice inspire perfect confidence in the thoroughness of their domestic tastes, their knowledge of cooking, and the careful increase of their bank balances.

After those visits to the Restaurant Bretagne began, other visits ceased--without, indeed, any definite decision, for Soames, like all Forsytes, and the great majority of their countrymen, was a born empiricist. But it was this change in his mode of life which had gradually made him so definitely conscious that he desired to alter his condition from that of the unmarried married man to that of the married man remarried.

Turning into Malta Street on this evening of early October, 1899, he bought a paper to see if there were any after-development of the Dreyfus case--a question which he had always found useful in making closer acquaintanceship with Madame Lamotte and her daughter, who were Catholic and anti-Dreyfusard.

Scanning those columns, Soames found nothing French, but noticed a general fall on the Stock Exchange and an ominous leader about the Transvaal. He entered, thinking: 'War's a certainty. I shall sell my consols.' Not that he had many, personally, the rate of interest was too wretched; but he should advise his Companies--consols would assuredly go down. A look, as he passed the

doorways of the restaurant, assured him that business was good as ever, and this, which in April would have pleased him, now gave him a certain uneasiness. If the steps which he had to take ended in his marrying Annette, he would rather see her mother safely back in France, a move to which the prosperity of the Restaurant Bretagne might become an obstacle. He would have to buy them out, of course, for French people only came to England to make money; and it would mean a higher price. And then that peculiar sweet sensation at the back of his throat, and a slight thumping about the heart, which he always experienced at the door of the little room, prevented his thinking how much it would cost.

Going in, he was conscious of an abundant black skirt vanishing through the door into the restaurant, and of Annette with her hands up to her hair. It was the attitude in which of all others he admired her--so beautifully straight and rounded and supple. And he said:

"I just came in to talk to your mother about pulling down that partition. No, don't call her."

"Monsieur will have supper with us? It will be ready in ten minutes." Soames, who still held her hand, was overcome by an impulse which surprised him.

"You look so pretty to-night," he said, "so very pretty. Do you know how pretty you look, Annette?"

Annette withdrew her hand, and blushed. "Monsieur is very good."

"Not a bit good," said Soames, and sat down gloomily.

Annette made a little expressive gesture with her hands; a smile was crinkling her red lips untouched by salve.

And, looking at those lips, Soames said:

"Are you happy over here, or do you want to go back to France?"

"Oh, I like London. Paris, of course. But London is better than Orleans, and the English country is so beautiful. I have been to Richmond last Sunday."

Soames went through a moment of calculating struggle. Mapledurham! Dared he? After all, dared he go so far as that, and show her what there was to look forward to! Still! Down there one could say things. In this room it was impossible.

"I want you and your mother," he said suddenly, "to come for the afternoon next Sunday. My house is on the river, it's not too late in this weather; and I can show you some good pictures. What do you say?"

Annette clasped her hands.

"It will be lovelee. The river is so beautiful"

"That's understood, then. I'll ask Madame."

He need say no more to her this evening, and risk giving himself away. But had he not already said too much? Did one ask restaurant proprietors with pretty daughters down to one's country house without design? Madame Lamotte would see, if Annette didn't. Well! there was not much that Madame did not see. Besides, this was the second time he had stayed to supper with them; he owed them hospitality.

Walking home towards Park Lane--for he was staying at his father's--with the impression of Annette's soft clever hand within his own, his thoughts were pleasant, slightly sensual, rather puzzled. Take steps! What steps? How? Dirty linen washed in public? Pah! With his reputation for sagacity, for far-sightedness and the clever extrication of others, he, who stood for proprietary interests, to become the plaything of that Law of which he was a pillar! There was something revolting in the thought! Winifred's affair was bad enough! To have a double dose of publicity in the family! Would not a liaison be better than that--a liaison, and a son he could adopt? But dark, solid, watchful, Madame Lamotte blocked the avenue of that vision. No! that would not work. It was not as if Annette could have a real passion for him; one could not expect that at his age. If her mother wished, if the worldly advantage were manifestly great--perhaps! If not, refusal would be certain. Besides, he thought: 'I'm not a villain. I don't want to hurt her; and I don't want anything underhand. But I do want her, and I want a son! There's nothing for it but divorce--somehow--anyhow--divorce!' Under the shadow of the plane-trees, in the lamplight, he passed slowly along the railings of the Green Park. Mist clung there among the bluish tree shapes, beyond range of the lamps. How many hundred times he had walked past those trees from his father's house in Park Lane, when he was quite a young man; or from his own house in Montpellier Square in those four years of

married life! And, to-night, making up his mind to free himself if he could of that long useless marriage tie, he took a fancy to walk on, in at Hyde Park Corner, out at Knightsbridge Gate, just as he used to when going home to Irene in the old days. What could she be like now?--how had she passed the years since he last saw her, twelve years in all, seven already since Uncle Jolyon left her that money? Was she still beautiful? Would he know her if he saw her? 'I've not changed much,' he thought; 'I expect she has. She made me suffer.' He remembered suddenly one night, the first on which he went out to dinner alone--an old Malburian dinner--the first year of their marriage. With what eagerness he had hurried back; and, entering softly as a cat, had heard her playing. Opening the drawing-room door noiselessly, he had stood watching the expression on her face, different from any he knew, so much more open, so confiding, as though to her music she was giving a heart he had never seen. And he remembered how she stopped and looked round, how her face changed back to that which he did know, and what an icy shiver had gone through him, for all that the next moment he was fondling her shoulders. Yes, she had made him suffer! Divorce! It seemed ridiculous, after all these years of utter separation! But it would have to be. No other way! 'The question,' he thought with sudden realism, 'is--which of us? She or me? She deserted me. She ought to pay for it. There'll be someone, I suppose.' Involuntarily he uttered a little snarling sound, and, turning, made his way back to Park Lane.

CHAPTER V

JAMES SEES VISIONS

The butler himself opened the door, and closing it softly, detained Soames on the inner mat.

"The master's poorly, sir," he murmured. "He wouldn't go to bed till you came in. He's still in the diningroom."

Soames responded in the hushed tone to which the house was now accustomed.

"What's the matter with him, Warmson?"

"Nervous, sir, I think. Might be the funeral; might be Mrs. Dartie's comin' round this afternoon. I think he overheard something. I've took him in a negus. The mistress has just gone up."

Soames hung his hat on a mahogany stag's-horn.

"All right, Warmson, you can go to bed; I'll take him up myself." And he passed into the dining-room.

James was sitting before the fire, in a big armchair, with a camel-hair shawl, very light and warm, over his frock-coated shoulders, on to which his long white whiskers drooped. His white hair, still fairly thick, glistened in the lamplight; a little moisture from his fixed, light-grey eyes stained the cheeks, still quite well coloured, and the long deep furrows running to the corners of the clean-shaven lips, which moved as if mumbling thoughts. His long legs, thin as a crow's, in shepherd's plaid trousers, were bent at less than a right angle, and on one knee a spindly hand moved continually, with fingers wide apart and glistening tapered nails. Beside him, on a low stool, stood a half-finished glass of negus, bedewed with beads of heat. There he had been sitting, with intervals for meals, all day. At eighty-eight he was still organically sound, but suffering terribly from the thought that no one ever told him anything. It is, indeed, doubtful how he had become aware that Roger was being buried that day, for Emily had kept it from him. She was always keeping things from him. Emily was only seventy! James had a grudge against his wife's youth. He felt sometimes that he would never have married her if he had known that she would have so many years before her, when he had so few. It was not natural. She would live fifteen or twenty years after he was gone, and might spend a lot of money; she had always had extravagant tastes. For all he knew she might want to buy one of these motor-cars. Cicely and Rachel and Imogen and all the young people--they all rode those bicycles now and went off Goodness knew where. And now Roger was gone. He didn't know--couldn't tell! The family was breaking up. Soames would know how much his uncle had left. Curiously he thought of Roger as Soames' uncle not as his own brother. Soames! It was more and more the one solid spot in a vanishing world. Soames was careful; he was a warm man; but he had no one to leave his money to. There it was! He didn't know! And there was that fellow Chamberlain! For James' political principles had been fixed between '70 and '85 when 'that rascally Radical' had been the chief thorn in the side of property and he distrusted him to this day in spite of his conversion; he would get the country into a mess and make money go down before he had done with it. A stormy petrel of a chap! Where was Soames? He had gone to the funeral of course which they had tried to keep from him. He knew that perfectly well; he had seen his son's trousers. Roger! Roger in his coffin! He remembered how, when they came up from school together from the West, on the box seat of the old Slowflyer in 1824, Roger had got into the 'boot' and gone to sleep. James uttered a thin cackle. A funny fellow--Roger--an original! He didn't know! Younger than himself, and in his coffin! The

family was breaking up. There was Val going to the university; he never came to see him now. He would cost a pretty penny up there. It was an extravagant age. And all the pretty pennies that his four grandchildren would cost him danced before James' eyes. He did not grudge them the money, but he grudged terribly the risk which the spending of that money might bring on them; he grudged the diminution of security. And now that Cicely had married, she might be having children too. He didn't

[... TRUNCATED at 800,000 chars for file-size management — full text in original source ...]

==========

Politics: A Treatise on Government

Aristotle

Project Gutenberg Release: October 01, 2004 · eBook #6762

Produced by Eric Eldred

A TREATISE ON GOVERNMENT

By Aristotle

Translated From The Greek Of Aristotle By William Ellis, A.M.

London & Toronto Published By J M Dent & Sons Ltd. & In New York By E. P. Dutton &. Co

First Issue Of This Edition 1912 Reprinted 1919, 1923, 1928

INTRODUCTION

The Politics of Aristotle is the second part of a treatise of which the Ethics is the first part. It looks back to the Ethics as the Ethics looks forward to the Politics. For Aristotle did not separate, as we are inclined to do, the spheres of the statesman and the moralist. In the Ethics he has described the character necessary for the good life, but that life is for him essentially to be lived in society, and when in the last chapters of the Ethics he comes to the practical application of his inquiries, that finds expression not in moral exhortations addressed to the individual but in a description of the legislative opportunities of the statesman. It is the legislator's task to frame a society which shall make the good life possible. Politics for Aristotle is not a struggle between individuals or classes for power, nor a device for getting done such elementary tasks as the maintenance of order and security without too great encroachments on individual liberty. The state is "a community of well-being in families and aggregations of families for the sake of a perfect and self-sufficing life." The legislator is a craftsman whose material is society and whose aim is the good life.

In an early dialogue of Plato's, the Protagoras, Socrates asks Protagoras why it is not as easy to find teachers of virtue as it is to find teachers of swordsmanship, riding, or any other art. Protagoras' answer is that there are no special teachers of virtue, because virtue is taught by the whole community. Plato and Aristotle both accept the view of moral education implied in this answer. In a passage of the Republic (492 b) Plato repudiates the notion that the sophists have a corrupting moral influence upon young men. The public themselves, he says, are the real sophists and the most complete and thorough educators. No private education can hold out against the irresistible force of public opinion and the ordinary moral standards of society. But that makes it all the more essential that public opinion and social environment should not be left to grow up at haphazard as they ordinarily do, but should be made by the wise legislator the expression of the good and be informed in all their details by his knowledge. The legislator is the only possible teacher of virtue.

Such a programme for a treatise on government might lead us to expect in the Politics mainly a description of a Utopia or ideal state which might inspire poets or philosophers but have little direct effect upon political institutions. Plato's Republic is obviously impracticable, for its author had turned away in despair from existing politics. He has no proposals, in that dialogue at least, for making the best of things as they are. The first lesson his philosopher has to learn is to turn away from this world of becoming and decay, and to look upon the unchanging eternal world of ideas. Thus his ideal city is, as he says, a pattern laid up in heaven by which the just man may rule his life, a pattern therefore in the meantime for the individual and not for the statesman. It is a city, he admits in the Laws, for gods or the children of gods, not for men as they are.

Aristotle has none of the high enthusiasm or poetic imagination of Plato. He is even unduly impatient of Plato's idealism, as is shown by the criticisms in the second book. But he has a power to see the possibilities of good in things that are imperfect, and the patience of the true politician who has learned that if he would make men what they ought to be, he must take them as he finds them. His ideal is constructed not of pure reason or poetry, but from careful and sympathetic study of a wide range of facts. His criticism of Plato in the light of history, in Book II. chap, v., though as a criticism it is curiously inept, reveals his own attitude admirably: "Let us remember that we should not disregard the experience of ages; in the multitude of years, these things, if they

were good, would certainly not have been unknown; for almost everything has been found out, although sometimes they are not put together; in other cases men do not use the knowledge which they have." Aristotle in his Constitutions had made a study of one hundred and fifty-eight constitutions of the states of his day, and the fruits of that study are seen in the continual reference to concrete political experience, which makes the Politics in some respects a critical history of the workings of the institutions of the Greek city state. In Books IV., V., and VI. the ideal state seems far away, and we find a dispassionate survey of imperfect states, the best ways of preserving them, and an analysis of the causes of their instability. It is as though Aristotle were saying: "I have shown you the proper and normal type of constitution, but if you will not have it and insist on living under a perverted form, you may as well know how to make the best of it." In this way the Politics, though it defines the state in the light of its ideal, discusses states and institutions as they are. Ostensibly it is merely a continuation of the Ethics, but it comes to treat political questions from a purely political standpoint.

This combination of idealism and respect for the teachings of experience constitutes in some ways the strength and value of the Politics, but it also makes it harder to follow. The large nation states to which we are accustomed make it difficult for us to think that the state could be constructed and modelled to express the good life. We can appreciate Aristotle's critical analysis of constitutions, but find it hard to take seriously his advice to the legislator. Moreover, the idealism and the empiricism of the Politics are never really reconciled by Aristotle himself.

It may help to an understanding of the Politics if something is said on those two points.

We are accustomed since the growth of the historical method to the belief that states are "not made but grow," and are apt to be impatient with the belief which Aristotle and Plato show in the powers of the lawgiver. But however true the maxim may be of the modern nation state, it was not true of the much smaller and more self-conscious Greek city. When Aristotle talks of the legislator, he is not talking in the air. Students of the Academy had been actually called on to give new constitutions to Greek states. For the Greeks the constitution was not merely as it is so often with us, a matter of political machinery. It was regarded as a way of life. Further, the constitution within the framework of which the ordinary process of administration and passing of decrees went on, was always regarded as the work of a special man or body of men, the lawgivers. If we study Greek history, we find that the position of the legislator corresponds to that assigned to him by Plato and Aristotle. All Greek states, except those perversions which Aristotle criticises as being "above law," worked under rigid constitutions, and the constitution was only changed when the whole people gave a commission to a lawgiver to draw up a new one. Such was the position of the AEsumnetes, whom Aristotle describes in Book III. chap, xiv., in earlier times, and of the pupils of the Academy in the fourth century. The lawgiver was not an ordinary politician. He was a state doctor, called in to prescribe for an ailing constitution. So Herodotus recounts that when the people of Cyrene asked the oracle of Delphi to help them in their dissensions, the oracle told them to go to Mantinea, and the Mantineans lent them Demonax, who acted as a "setter straight" and drew up a new constitution for Cyrene. So again the Milesians, Herodotus tells us, were long troubled by civil discord, till they asked help from Paros, and the Parians sent ten commissioners who gave Miletus a new constitution. So the Athenians, when they were founding their model new colony at Thurii, employed Hippodamus of Miletus, whom Aristotle mentions in Book II, as the best expert in town-planning, to plan the streets of the city, and Protagoras as the best expert in law-making, to give the city its laws. In the Laws Plato represents one of the persons of the dialogue as having been asked by the people of Gortyna to draw up laws for a colony which they were founding. The situation described must have occurred frequently in actual life. The Greeks thought administration should be democratic and law-making the work of experts. We think more naturally of law-making as the special right of the people and administration as necessarily confined to experts.

Aristotle's Politics, then, is a handbook for the legislator, the expert who is to be called in when a state wants help. We have called him a state doctor. It is one of the most marked characteristics of Greek political theory that Plato and Aristotle think of the statesman as one who has knowledge of what ought to be done, and can help those who call him in to prescribe for them, rather than one who has power to control the forces of society. The desire of society for the statesman's advice is taken for granted, Plato in the Republic says that a good constitution is only possible when the ruler does not want to rule; where men contend for power, where they have not learnt to distinguish between the art of getting hold of the helm of state and the art of steering, which alone is statesmanship, true politics is impossible.

With this position much that Aristotle has to say about government is in agreement. He assumes the characteristic Platonic view that all men seek the good, and go wrong through ignorance, not through evil will, and so he naturally regards the state as a community which exists for the sake of the good life. It is in the state that that common seeking after the good which is the profoundest truth about men and nature becomes explicit and knows itself. The state is for Aristotle prior to the family and the village, although it succeeds them in time, for only when the state with its conscious organisation is reached can man understand

the secret of his past struggles after something he knew not what. If primitive society is understood in the light of the state, the state is understood in the light of its most perfect form, when the good after which all societies are seeking is realised in its perfection. Hence for Aristotle as for Plato, the natural state or the state as such is the ideal state, and the ideal state is the starting-point of political inquiry.

In accordance with the same line of thought, imperfect states, although called perversions, are regarded by Aristotle as the result rather of misconception and ignorance than of perverse will. They all represent, he says, some kind of justice. Oligarchs and democrats go wrong in their conception of the good. They have come short of the perfect state through misunderstanding of the end or through ignorance of the proper means to the end. But if they are states at all, they embody some common conception of the good, some common aspirations of all their members.

The Greek doctrine that the essence of the state consists in community of purpose is the counterpart of the notion often held in modern times that the essence of the state is force. The existence of force is for Plato and Aristotle a sign not of the state but of the state's failure. It comes from the struggle between conflicting misconceptions of the good. In so far as men conceive the good rightly they are united. The state represents their common agreement, force their failure to make that agreement complete. The cure, therefore, of political ills is knowledge of the good life, and the statesman is he who has such knowledge, for that alone can give men what they are always seeking.

If the state is the organisation of men seeking a common good, power and political position must be given to those who can forward this end. This is the principle expressed in Aristotle's account of political justice, the principle of "tools to those who can use them." As the aim of the state is differently conceived, the qualifications for government will vary. In the ideal state power will be given to the man with most knowledge of the good; in other states to the men who are most truly capable of achieving that end which the citizens have set themselves to pursue. The justest distribution of political power is that in which there is least waste of political ability.

Further, the belief that the constitution of a state is only the outward expression of the common aspirations and beliefs of its members, explains the paramount political importance which Aristotle assigns to education. It is the great instrument by which the legislator can ensure that the future citizens of his state will share those common beliefs which make the state possible. The Greeks with their small states had a far clearer apprehension than we can have of the dependence of a constitution upon the people who have to work it.

Such is in brief the attitude in which Aristotle approaches political problems, but in working out its application to men and institutions as they are, Aristotle admits certain compromises which are not really consistent with it.

1. Aristotle thinks of membership of a state as community in pursuit of the good. He wishes to confine membership in it to those who are capable of that pursuit in the highest and most explicit manner. His citizens, therefore, must be men of leisure, capable of rational thought upon the end of life. He does not recognise the significance of that less conscious but deep-seated membership of the state which finds its expression in loyalty and patriotism. His definition of citizen includes only a small part of the population of any Greek city. He is forced to admit that the state is not possible without the co-operation of men whom he will not admit to membership in it, either because they are not capable of sufficient rational appreciation of political ends, like the barbarians whom he thought were natural slaves, or because the leisure necessary for citizenship can only be gained by the work of the artisans who by that very work make themselves incapable of the life which they make possible for others. "The artisan only attains excellence in proportion as he becomes a slave," and the slave is only a living instrument of the good life. He exists for the state, but the state does not exist for him.

2. Aristotle in his account of the ideal state seems to waver between two ideals. There is the ideal of an aristocracy and the ideal of what he calls constitutional government, a mixed constitution. The principle of "tools to those who can use them" ought to lead him, as it does Plato, to an aristocracy. Those who have complete knowledge of the good must be few, and therefore Plato gave entire power in his state into the hands of the small minority of philosopher guardians. It is in accordance with this principle that Aristotle holds that kingship is the proper form of government when there is in the state one man of transcendent virtue. At the same time, Aristotle always holds that absolute government is not properly political, that government is not like the rule of a shepherd over his sheep, but the rule of equals over equals. He admits that the democrats are right in insisting that equality is a necessary element in the state, though he thinks they do not admit the importance of other equally necessary elements. Hence he comes to say that ruling and being ruled over by turns is an essential feature of constitutional government, which he admits as an alternative to

aristocracy. The end of the state, which is to be the standard of the distribution of political power, is conceived sometimes as a good for the apprehension and attainment of which "virtue" is necessary and sufficient (this is the principle of aristocracy), and sometimes as a more complex good, which needs for its attainment not only "virtue" but wealth and equality. This latter conception is the principle on which the mixed constitution is based. This in its distribution of political power gives some weight to "virtue," some to wealth, and some to mere number. But the principle of "ruling and being ruled by turns" is not really compatible with an unmodified principle of "tools to those who can use them." Aristotle is right in seeing that political government demands equality, not in the sense that all members of the state should be equal in ability or should have equal power, but in the sense that none of them can properly be regarded simply as tools with which the legislator works, that each has a right to say what will be made of his own life. The analogy between the legislator and the craftsman on which Plato insists, breaks down because the legislator is dealing with men like himself, men who can to some extent conceive their own end in life and cannot be treated merely as means to the end of the legislator. The sense of the value of "ruling and being ruled in turn" is derived from the experience that the ruler may use his power to subordinate the lives of the citizens of the state not to the common good but to his own private purposes. In modern terms, it is a simple, rough-and-ready attempt to solve that constant problem of politics, how efficient government is to be combined with popular control. This problem arises from the imperfection of human nature, apparent in rulers as well as in ruled, and if the principle which attempts to solve it be admitted as a principle of importance in the formation of the best constitution, then the starting-point of politics will be man's actual imperfection, not his ideal nature. Instead, then, of beginning with a state which would express man's ideal nature, and adapting it as well as may be to man's actual shortcomings from that ideal, we must recognise that the state and all political machinery are as much the expression of man's weakness as of his ideal possibilities. The state is possible only because men have common aspirations, but government, and political power, the existence of officials who are given authority to act in the name of the whole state, are necessary because men's community is imperfect, because man's social nature expresses itself in conflicting ways, in the clash of interests, the rivalry of parties, and the struggle of classes, instead of in the united seeking after a common good. Plato and Aristotle were familiar with the legislator who was called in by the whole people, and they tended therefore to take the general will or common consent of the people for granted. Most political questions are concerned with the construction and expression of the general will, and with attempts to ensure that the political machinery made to express the general will shall not be exploited for private or sectional ends.

Aristotle's mixed constitution springs from a recognition of sectional interests in the state. For the proper relation between the claims of "virtue," wealth, and numbers is to be based not upon their relative importance in the good life, but upon the strength of the parties which they represent. The mixed constitution is practicable in a state where the middle class is strong, as only the middle class can mediate between the rich and the poor. The mixed constitution will be stable if it represents the actual balance of power between different classes in the state. When we come to Aristotle's analysis of existing constitutions, we find that while he regards them as imperfect approximations to the ideal, he also thinks of them as the result of the struggle between classes. Democracy, he explains, is the government not of the many but of the poor; oligarchy a government not of the few but of the rich. And each class is thought of, not as trying to express an ideal, but as struggling to acquire power or maintain its position. If ever the class existed in unredeemed nakedness, it was in the Greek cities of the fourth century, and its existence is abundantly recognised by Aristotle. His account of the causes of revolutions in Book V. shows how far were the existing states of Greece from the ideal with which he starts. His analysis of the facts forces him to look upon them as the scene of struggling factions. The causes of revolutions are not described as primarily changes in the conception of the common good, but changes in the military or economic power of the several classes in the state. The aim which he sets before oligarchs or democracies is not the good life, but simple stability or permanence of the existing constitution.

With this spirit of realism which pervades Books IV., V., and VI. the idealism of Books I., II., VII., and VIII. is never reconciled. Aristotle is content to call existing constitutions perversions of the true form. But we cannot read the Politics without recognising and profiting from the insight into the nature of the state which is revealed throughout. Aristotle's failure does not lie in this, that he is both idealist and realist, but that he keeps these two tendencies too far apart. He thinks too much of his ideal state, as something to be reached once for all by knowledge, as a fixed type to which actual states approximate or from which they are perversions. But if we are to think of actual politics as intelligible in the light of the ideal, we must think of that ideal as progressively revealed in history, not as something to be discovered by turning our back on experience and having recourse to abstract reasoning. If we stretch forward from what exists to an ideal, it is to a better which may be in its turn transcended, not to a single immutable best. Aristotle found in the society of his time men who were not capable of political reflection, and who, as he thought, did their best work under superintendence. He therefore called them natural slaves. For, according to Aristotle, that is a man's natural condition in which he does his best work. But Aristotle also thinks of nature as something fixed and immutable; and therefore sanctions the institution of

slavery, which assumes that what men are that they will always be, and sets up an artificial barrier to their ever becoming anything else. We see in Aristotle's defence of slavery how the conception of nature as the ideal can have a debasing influence upon views of practical politics. His high ideal of citizenship offers to those who can satisfy its claims the prospect of a fair life; those who fall short are deemed to be different in nature and shut out entirely from approach to the ideal.

A. D. LINDSAY.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

First edition of works (with omission of Rhetorica, Poetica, and second book of OEconomica), 5 vols. by Aldus Manutius, Venice, 1495-8; re-impression supervised by Erasmus and with certain corrections by Grynaeus (including Rhetorica and Poetica), 1531, 1539, revised 1550; later editions were followed by that of Immanuel Bekker and Brandis (Greek and Latin), 5 vols. The 5th vol. contains the Index by Bonitz, 1831-70; Didot edition (Greek and Latin), 5 vols. 1848-74.

ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS: Edited by T. Taylor, with Porphyry's Introduction, 9 vols., 1812; under editorship of J. A. Smith and W. D. Ross, 1908.

Later editions of separate works:

De Anima: Torstrik, 1862; Trendelenburg, 2nd edition, 1877, with English translation, E. Wallace, 1882; Biehl, 1884, 1896; with English, R. D. Hicks, 1907.

Ethica: J. S. Brewer (Nicomachean), 1836; W. E. Jelf, 1856; J. E. T. Rogers, 1865; A. Grant, 1857-8, 1866, 1874, 1885; E. Moore, 1871, 1878, 4th edition, 1890; Ramsauer (Nicomachean), 1878, Susemihl, 1878, 1880, revised by O. Apelt, 1903; A. Grant, 1885; I. Bywater (Nicomachean), 1890; J. Burnet, 1900.

Historia Animalium: Schneider, 1812; Aubert and Wimmer, 1860, Dittmeyer, 1907.

Metaphysica: Schwegler, 1848; W. Christ, 1899.

Organon: Waitz, 1844-6.

Poetica: Vahlen, 1867, 1874, with Notes by E. Moore, 1875; with English translation by E. R. Wharton, 1883, 1885; Uberweg, 1870, 1875; with German translation, Susemihl, 1874; Schmidt, 1875; Christ, 1878; I. Bywater, 1898; T. G. Tucker, 1899.

De Republics, Atheniensium: Text and facsimile of Papyrus, F. G. Kenyon, 1891, 3rd edition, 1892; Kaibel and Wilamowitz--Moel-lendorf, 1891, 3rd edition, 1898; Van Herwerden and Leeuwen (from Kenyon's text), 1891; Blass, 1892, 1895, 1898, 1903; J. E. Sandys, 1893.

Politica: Susemihl, 1872; with German, 1878, 3rd edition, 1882; Susemihl and Hicks, 1894, etc.; O. Immisch, 1909.

Physica: C. Prantl, 1879.

Rhetorica: Stahr, 1862; Sprengel (with Latin text), 1867; Cope and Sandys, 1877; Roemer, 1885, 1898.

ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS OF ONE OR MORE WORKS: De Anima (with Parva Naturalia), by W. A. Hammond, 1902. Ethica: Of Morals to Nicomachus, by E. Pargiter, 1745; with Politica, by J. Gillies, 1797, 1804, 1813; with Rhetorica and Poetica, by T. Taylor, 1818, and later editions. Nicomachean Ethics, 1819; mainly from text of Bekker, by D. P. Chase, 1847; revised 1861, and later editions with an introductory essay by G. H. Lewes (Camelot Classics), 1890; re-edited by J. M. Mitchell (New Universal Library), 1906, 1910; with an introductory essay by Prof. J.H. Smith (Everyman's Library), 1911; by R.W.Browne (Bohn's Classical Library), 1848, etc.; by R. Williams, 1869, 1876; by W. M. Hatch and others (with translation of paraphrase attributed to Andronicus of Rhodes), edited by E. Hatch, 1879; by F, H. Peters, 1881; J. E. C. Welldon, 1892; J. Gillies (Lubbock's Hundred Books), 1893. Historia Animalium, by R. Creswell (Bohn's Classical Library), 1848; with Treatise on Physiognomy, by T. Taylor, 1809. Metaphysica, by T. Taylor, 1801; by J. H. M'Mahon (Bohn's Classical Library), 1848. Organon, with Porphyry's Introduction, by O. F. Owen (Bohn's Classical Library), 1848. Posterior Analytics, E. Poste, 1850; E. S. Bourchier, 1901; On Fallacies, E. Poste, 1866. Parva Naturalia (Greek and English), by G. R. T. Ross, 1906; with De Anima, by W. A. Hammond, 1902. Youth and Old Age, Life and Death and Respiration, W. Ogle, 1897. Poetica, with Notes from the French of D'Acier, 1705; by H. J. Pye, 1788, 1792; T. Twining, 1789,1812, with Preface and Notes by H. Hamilton, 1851; Treatise on Rhetorica and Poetica, by T. Hobbes (Bohn's

Classical Library), 1850; by Wharton, 1883 (see Greek version), S. H. Butcher, 1895, 1898, 3rd edition, 1902; E. S. Bourchier, 1907; by Ingram Bywater, 1909. De Partibus Animalium, W. Ogle, 1882. De Republica Athenientium, by E. Poste, 1891; F. G. Kenyon, 1891; T. J. Dymes, 1891. De Virtutibus et Vitiis, by W. Bridgman, 1804. Politica, from the French of Regius, 1598; by W. Ellis, 1776, 1778, 1888 (Morley's Universal Library), 1893 (Lubbock's Hundred Books); by E. Walford (with AEconomics, and Life by Dr. Gillies) (Bohn's Classical Library), 1848; J. E. C. Welldon, 1883; B. Jowett, 1885; with Introduction and Index by H. W. C. Davis, 1905; Books i. iii. iv. (vii.) from Bekker's text by W. E. Bolland, with Introduction by A. Lang, 1877. Problemata (with writings of other philosophers), 1597, 1607, 1680, 1684, etc. Rhetorica: A summary by T. Hobbes, 1655 (?), new edition, 1759; by the translators of the Art of Thinking, 1686, 1816; by D. M. Crimmin, 1812; J. Gillies, 1823; Anon. 1847; J. E. C. Welldon, 1886; R. C. Jebb, with Introduction and Supplementary Notes by J. E. Sandys, 1909 (see under Poetica and Ethica). Secreta Secretorum (supposititious work), Anon. 1702; from the Hebrew version by M. Gaster, 1907, 1908. Version by Lydgate and Burgh, edited by R. Steele (E.E.T.S.), 1894, 1898.

LIFE, ETC.: J. W. Blakesley, 1839; A Crichton (Jardine's Naturalist's Library), 1843; J. S. Blackie, Four Phases of Morals, Socrates, Aristotle, etc., 1871; G. Grote, Aristotle, edited by A. Bain and G. C. Robertson, 1872, 1880; E. Wallace, Outlines of the Philosophy of Aristotle, 1875, 1880; A. Grant (Ancient Classics for English readers), 1877; T. Davidson, Aristotle and Ancient Educational Ideals (Great Educators), 1892.

A TREATISE ON GOVERNMENT

BOOK I

CHAPTER I

As we see that every city is a society, and every society Ed. is established for some good purpose; for an apparent [Bekker 1252a] good is the spring of all human actions; it is evident that this is the principle upon which they are every one founded, and this is more especially true of that which has for its object the best possible, and is itself the most excellent, and comprehends all the rest. Now this is called a city, and the society thereof a political society; for those who think that the principles of a political, a regal, a family, and a herile government are the same are mistaken, while they suppose that each of these differ in the numbers to whom their power extends, but not in their constitution: so that with them a herile government is one composed of a very few, a domestic of more, a civil and a regal of still more, as if there was no difference between a large family and a small city, or that a regal government and a political one are the same, only that in the one a single person is continually at the head of public affairs; in the other, that each member of the state has in his turn a share in the government, and is at one time a magistrate, at another a private person, according to the rules of political science. But now this is not true, as will be evident to any one who will consider this question in the most approved method. As, in an inquiry into every other subject, it is necessary to separate the different parts of which it is compounded, till we arrive at their first elements, which are the most minute parts thereof; so by the same proceeding we shall acquire a knowledge of the primary parts of a city and see wherein they differ from each other, and whether the rules of art will give us any assistance in examining into each of these things which are mentioned.

CHAPTER II

Now if in this particular science any one would attend to its original seeds, and their first shoot, he would then as in others have the subject perfectly before him; and perceive, in the first place, that it is requisite that those should be joined together whose species cannot exist without each other, as the male and the female, for the business of propagation; and this not through choice, but by that natural impulse which acts both upon plants and animals also, for the purpose of their leaving behind them others like themselves. It is also from natural causes that some beings command and others obey, that each may obtain their mutual safety; for a being who is endowed with a mind capable of reflection and forethought is by nature the superior and governor, whereas he whose excellence is merely corporeal is formect to be a slave; whence it follows that the different state of master [1252b] and slave is equally advantageous to both. But there is a natural difference between a female and a slave: for nature is not like the artists who make the Delphic swords for the use of the poor, but for every particular purpose she has her separate instruments, and thus her ends are most complete, for whatsoever is employed on one subject only, brings that one to much greater perfection than when employed on many; and yet among the barbarians, a female and a slave are upon a level in the community, the reason for which is, that amongst them there are none qualified by nature to govern, therefore their society can be nothing but between slaves of

different sexes. For which reason the poets say, it is proper for the Greeks to govern the barbarians, as if a barbarian and a slave were by nature one. Now of these two societies the domestic is the first, and Hesiod is right when he says, "First a house, then a wife, then an ox for the plough," for the poor man has always an ox before a household slave. That society then which nature has established for daily support is the domestic, and those who compose it are called by Charondas _homosipuoi_, and by Epimenides the Cretan _homokapnoi_; but the society of many families, which was first instituted for their lasting, mutual advantage, is called a village, and a village is most naturally composed of the descendants of one family, whom some persons call homogalaktes, the children and the children's children thereof: for which reason cities were originally governed by kings, as the barbarian states now are, which are composed of those who had before submitted to kingly government; for every family is governed by the elder, as are the branches thereof, on account of their relationship thereunto, which is what Homer says, "Each one ruled his wife and child;" and in this scattered manner they formerly lived. And the opinion which universally prevails, that the gods themselves are subject to kingly government, arises from hence, that all men formerly were, and many are so now; and as they imagined themselves to be made in the likeness of the gods, so they supposed their manner of life must needs be the same. And when many villages so entirely join themselves together as in every respect to form but one society, that society is a city, and contains in itself, if I may so speak, the end and perfection of government: first founded that we might live, but continued that we may live happily. For which reason every city must be allowed to be the work of nature, if we admit that the original society between male and female is; for to this as their end all subordinate societies tend, and the end of everything is the nature of it. For what every being is in its most perfect state, that certainly is the nature of that being, whether it be a man, a horse, or a house: besides, whatsoever produces the final cause and the end which we [1253a] desire, must be best; but a government complete in itself is that final cause and what is best. Hence it is evident that a city is a natural production, and that man is naturally a political animal, and that whosoever is naturally and not accidentally unfit for society, must be either inferior or superior to man: thus the man in Homer, who is reviled for being "without society, without law, without family." Such a one must naturally be of a quarrelsome disposition, and as solitary as the birds. The gift of speech also evidently proves that man is a more social animal than the bees, or any of the herding cattle: for nature, as we say, does nothing in vain, and man is the only animal who enjoys it. Voice indeed, as being the token of pleasure and pain, is imparted to others also, and thus much their nature is capable of, to perceive pleasure and pain, and to impart these sensations to others; but it is by speech that we are enabled to express what is useful for us, and what is hurtful, and of course what is just and what is unjust: for in this particular man differs from other animals, that he alone has a perception of good and evil, of just and unjust, and it is a participation of these common sentiments which forms a family and a city. Besides, the notion of a city naturally precedes that of a family or an individual, for the whole must necessarily be prior to the parts, for if you take away the whole man, you cannot say a foot or a hand remains, unless by equivocation, as supposing a hand of stone to be made, but that would only be a dead one; but everything is understood to be this or that by its energic qualities and powers, so that when these no longer remain, neither can that be said to be the same, but something of the same name. That a city then precedes an individual is plain, for if an individual is not in himself sufficient to compose a perfect government, he is to a city as other parts are to a whole; but he that is incapable of society, or so complete in himself as not to want it, makes no part of a city, as a beast or a god. There is then in all persons a natural impetus to associate with each other in this manner, and he who first founded civil society was the cause of the greatest good; for as by the completion of it man is the most excellent of all living beings, so without law and justice he would be the worst of all, for nothing is so difficult to subdue as injustice in arms: but these arms man is born with, namely, prudence and valour, which he may apply to the most opposite purposes, for he who abuses them will be the most wicked, the most cruel, the most lustful, and most gluttonous being imaginable; for justice is a political virtue, by the rules of it the state is regulated, and these rules are the criterion of what is right.

CHAPTER III

SINCE it is now evident of what parts a city is composed, it will be necessary to treat first of family government, for every city is made up of families, and every family [1253b] has again its separate parts of which it is composed. When a family is complete, it consists of freemen and slaves; but as in every subject we should begin with examining into the smallest parts of which it consists, and as the first and smallest parts of a family are the master and slave, the husband and wife, the father and child, let us first inquire into these three, what each of them may be, and what they ought to be; that is to say, the herile, the nuptial, and the paternal. Let these then be considered as the three distinct parts of a family: some think that the providing what is necessary for the family is something different from the government of it, others that this is the greatest part of it; it shall be considered separately; but we will first speak of a master and a slave, that we may both understand the nature of those things which are absolutely necessary, and also try if we can learn anything better on this subject than what is already known. Some persons have thought that the power

of the master over his slave originates from his superior knowledge, and that this knowledge is the same in the master, the magistrate, and the king, as we have already said; but others think that herile government is contrary to nature, and that it is the law which makes one man a slave and another free, but that in nature there is no difference; for which reason that power cannot be founded in justice, but in force.

CHAPTER IV

Since then a subsistence is necessary in every family, the means of procuring it certainly makes up part of the management of a family, for without necessaries it is impossible to live, and to live well. As in all arts which are brought to perfection it is necessary that they should have their proper instruments if they would complete their works, so is it in the art of managing a family: now of instruments some of them are alive, others inanimate; thus with respect to the pilot of the ship, the tiller is without life, the sailor is alive; for a servant is as an instrument in many arts. Thus property is as an instrument to living; an estate is a multitude of instruments; so a slave is an animated instrument, but every one that can minister of himself is more valuable than any other instrument; for if every instrument, at command, or from a preconception of its master's will, could accomplish its work (as the story goes of the statues of Daedalus; or what the poet tells us of the tripods of Vulcan, "that they moved of their own accord into the assembly of the gods "), the shuttle would then weave, and the lyre play of itself; nor would the architect want servants, or the [1254a] master slaves. Now what are generally called instruments are the efficients of something else, but possessions are what we simply use: thus with a shuttle we make something else for our use; but we only use a coat, or a bed: since then making and using differ from each other in species, and they both require their instruments, it is necessary that these should be different from each other. Now life is itself what we use, and not what we employ as the efficient of something else; for which reason the services of a slave are for use. A possession may be considered in the same nature as a part of anything; now a part is not only a part of something, but also is nothing else; so is a possession; therefore a master is only the master of the slave, but no part of him; but the slave is not only the slave of the master, but nothing else but that. This fully explains what is the nature of a slave, and what are his capacities; for that being who by nature is nothing of himself, but totally another's, and is a man, is a slave by nature; and that man who is the property of another, is his mere chattel, though he continues a man; but a chattel is an instrument for use, separate from the body.

CHAPTER V

But whether any person is such by nature, and whether it is advantageous and just for any one to be a slave or no, or whether all slavery is contrary to nature, shall be considered hereafter; not that it is difficult to determine it upon general principles, or to understand it from matters of fact; for that some should govern, and others be governed, is not only necessary but useful, and from the hour of their birth some are marked out for those purposes, and others for the other, and there are many species of both sorts. And the better those are who are governed the better also is the government, as for instance of man, rather than the brute creation: for the more excellent the materials are with which the work is finished, the more excellent certainly is the work; and wherever there is a governor and a governed, there certainly is some work produced; for whatsoever is composed of many parts, which jointly become one, whether conjunct or separate, evidently show the marks of governing and governed; and this is true of every living thing in all nature; nay, even in some things which partake not of life, as in music; but this probably would be a disquisition too foreign to our present purpose. Every living thing in the first place is composed of soul and body, of these the one is by nature the governor, the other the governed; now if we would know what is natural, we ought to search for it in those subjects in which nature appears most perfect, and not in those which are corrupted; we should therefore examine into a man who is most perfectly formed both in soul and body, in whom this is evident, for in the depraved and vicious the body seems [1254b] to rule rather than the soul, on account of their being corrupt and contrary to nature. We may then, as we affirm, perceive in an animal the first principles of herile and political government; for the soul governs the body as the master governs his slave; the mind governs the appetite with a political or a kingly power, which shows that it is both natural and advantageous that the body should be governed by the soul, and the pathetic part by the mind, and that part which is possessed of reason; but to have no ruling power, or an improper one, is hurtful to all; and this holds true not only of man, but of other animals also, for tame animals are naturally better than wild ones, and it is advantageous that both should be under subjection to man; for this is productive of their common safety: so is it naturally with the male and the female; the one is superior, the other inferior; the one governs, the other is governed; and the same rule must necessarily hold good with respect to all mankind. Those men therefore who are as much inferior to others as the body is to the soul, are to be thus disposed of, as the proper use of them is their bodies, in which their excellence consists; and if what I have said be true, they are slaves by nature, and it is advantageous to them to be always under government. He then is by nature formed a

slave who is qualified to become the chattel of another person, and on that account is so, and who has just reason enough to know that there is such a faculty, without being indued with the use of it; for other animals have no perception of reason, but are entirely guided by appetite, and indeed they vary very little in their use from each other; for the advantage which we receive, both from slaves and tame animals, arises from their bodily strength administering to our necessities; for it is the intention of nature to make the bodies of slaves and freemen different from each other, that the one should be robust for their necessary purposes, the others erect, useless indeed for what slaves are employed in, but fit for civil life, which is divided into the duties of war and peace; though these rules do not always take place, for slaves have sometimes the bodies of freemen, sometimes the souls; if then it is evident that if some bodies are as much more excellent than others as the statues of the gods excel the human form, every one will allow that the inferior ought to be slaves to the superior; and if this is true with respect to the body, it is still juster to determine in the same manner, when we consider the soul; though it is not so easy to perceive the beauty of [1255a] the soul as it is of the body. Since then some men are slaves by nature, and others are freemen, it is clear that where slavery is advantageous to any one, then it is just to make him a slave.

CHAPTER VI

But it is not difficult to perceive that those who maintain the contrary opinion have some reason on their side; for a man may become a slave two different ways; for he may be so by law also, and this law is a certain compact, by which whatsoever is taken in battle is adjudged to be the property of the conquerors: but many persons who are conversant in law call in question this pretended right, and say that it would be hard that a man should be compelled by violence to be the slave and subject of another who had the power to compel him, and was his superior in strength; and upon this subject, even of those who are wise, some think one way and some another; but the cause of this doubt and variety of opinions arises from hence, that great abilities, when accompanied with proper means, are generally able to succeed by force: for victory is always owing to a superiority in some advantageous circumstances; so that it seems that force never prevails but in consequence of great abilities. But still the dispute concerning the justice of it remains; for some persons think, that justice consists in benevolence, others think it just that the powerful should govern: in the midst of these contrary opinions, there are no reasons sufficient to convince us, that the right of being master and governor ought not to be placed with those who have the greatest abilities. Some persons, entirely resting upon the right which the law gives (for that which is legal is in some respects just), insist upon it that slavery occasioned by war is just, not that they say it is wholly so, for it may happen that the principle upon which the wars were commenced is unjust; moreover no one will say that a man who is unworthily in slavery is therefore a slave; for if so, men of the noblest families might happen to be slaves, and the descendants of slaves, if they should chance to be taken prisoners in war and sold: to avoid this difficulty they say that such persons should not be called slaves, but barbarians only should; but when they say this, they do nothing more than inquire who is a slave by nature, which was what we at first said; for we must acknowledge that there are some persons who, wherever they are, must necessarily be slaves, but others in no situation; thus also it is with those of noble descent: it is not only in their own country that they are Esteemed as such, but everywhere, but the barbarians are respected on this account at home only; as if nobility and freedom were of two sorts, the one universal, the other not so. Thus says the Helen of Theodectes:

"Who dares reproach me with the name of slave? When from the immortal gods, on either side, I draw my lineage."

Those who express sentiments like these, shew only that they distinguish the slave and the freeman, the noble and the ignoble from each other by their virtues and their [1255b] vices; for they think it reasonable, that as a man begets a man, and a beast a beast, so from a good man, a good man should be descended; and this is what nature desires to do, but frequently cannot accomplish it. It is evident then that this doubt has some reason in it, and that these persons are not slaves, and those freemen, by the appointment of nature; and also that in some instances it is sufficiently clear, that it is advantageous to both parties for this man to be a slave, and that to be a master, and that it is right and just, that some should be governed, and others govern, in the manner that nature intended; of which sort of government is that which a master exercises over a slave. But to govern ill is disadvantageous to both; for the same thing is useful to the part and to the whole, to the body and to the soul; but the slave is as it were a part of the master, as if he were an animated part of his body, though separate. For which reason a mutual utility and friendship may subsist between the master and the slave, I mean when they are placed by nature in that relation to each other, for the contrary takes place amongst those who are reduced to slavery by the law, or by conquest.

CHAPTER VII

It is evident from what has been said, that a herile and a political government are not the same, or that all governments are alike to each other, as some affirm; for one is adapted to the nature of freemen, the other to that of slaves. Domestic government is a monarchy, for that is what prevails in every house; but a political state is the government of free men and equals. The master is not so called from his knowing how to manage his slave, but because he is so; for the same reason a slave and a freeman have their respective appellations. There is also one sort of knowledge proper for a master, another for a slave; the slave's is of the nature of that which was taught by a slave at Syracuse; for he for a stipulated sum instructed the boys in all the business of a household slave, of which there are various sorts to be learnt, as the art of cookery, and other such-like services, of which some are allotted to some, and others to others; some employments being more honourable, others more necessary; according to the proverb, "One slave excels another, one master excels another:" in such-like things the knowledge of a slave consists. The knowledge of the master is to be able properly to employ his slaves, for the mastership of slaves is the employment, not the mere possession of them; not that this knowledge contains anything great or respectable; for what a slave ought to know how to do, that a master ought to know how to order; for which reason, those who have it in their power to be free from these low attentions, employ a steward for this business, and apply themselves either to public affairs or philosophy: the knowledge of procuring what is necessary for a family is different from that which belongs either to the master or the slave: and to do this justly must be either by war or hunting. And thus much of the difference between a master and a slave.

CHAPTER VIII

[1256a] As a slave is a particular species of property, let us by all means inquire into the nature of property in general, and the acquisition of money, according to the manner we have proposed. In the first place then, some one may doubt whether the getting of money is the same thing as economy, or whether it is a part of it, or something subservient to it; and if so, whether it is as the art of making shuttles is to the art of weaving, or the art of making brass to that of statue founding, for they are not of the same service; for the one supplies the tools, the other the matter: by the matter I mean the subject out of which the work is finished, as wool for the cloth and brass for the statue. It is evident then that the getting of money is not the same thing as economy, for the business of the one is to furnish the means of the other to use them; and what art is there employed in the management of a family but economy, but whether this is a part of it, or something of a different species, is a doubt; for if it is the business of him who is to get money to find out how riches and possessions may be procured, and both these arise from various causes, we must first inquire whether the art of husbandry is part of money-getting or something different, and in general, whether the same is not true of every acquisition and every attention which relates to provision. But as there are many sorts of provision, so are the methods of living both of man and the brute creation very various; and as it is impossible to live without food, the difference in that particular makes the lives of animals so different from each other. Of beasts, some live in herds, others separate, as is most convenient for procuring themselves food; as some of them live upon flesh, others on fruit, and others on whatsoever they light on, nature having so distinguished their course of life, that they can very easily procure themselves subsistence; and as the same things are not agreeable to all, but one animal likes one thing and another another, it follows that the lives of those beasts who live upon flesh must be different from the lives of those who live on fruits; so is it with men, their lives differ greatly from each other; and of all these the shepherd's is the idlest, for they live upon the flesh of tame animals, without any trouble, while they are obliged to change their habitations on account of their flocks, which they are compelled to follow, cultivating, as it were, a living farm. Others live exercising violence over living creatures, one pursuing this thing, another that, these preying upon men; those who live near lakes and marshes and rivers, or the sea itself, on fishing, while others are fowlers, or hunters of wild beasts; but the greater part of mankind live upon the produce of the earth and its cultivated fruits; and the manner in which all those live who follow the direction of nature, and labour for their own subsistence, is nearly the same, without ever thinking to procure any provision by way of exchange or merchandise, such are shepherds, husband-men, [1256b] robbers, fishermen, and hunters: some join different employments together, and thus live very agreeably; supplying those deficiencies which were wanting to make their subsistence depend upon themselves only: thus, for instance, the same person shall be a shepherd and a robber, or a husbandman and a hunter; and so with respect to the rest, they pursue that mode of life which necessity points out. This provision then nature herself seems to have furnished all animals with, as well immediately upon their first origin as also when they are arrived at a state of maturity; for at the first of these periods some of them are provided in the womb with proper nourishment, which continues till that which is born can get food for itself, as is the case with worms and birds; and as to those which bring forth their young alive, they have the means for their subsistence for a certain time within themselves, namely milk. It is evident then that we may conclude of those things that are, that plants are created for the sake of animals, and animals for the sake of men; the tame for our use and provision; the wild, at least the greater part, for our provision also, or for some other advantageous purpose, as furnishing us with clothes, and the like. As

nature therefore makes nothing either imperfect or in vain, it necessarily follows that she has made all these things for men: for which reason what we gain in war is in a certain degree a natural acquisition; for hunting is a part of it, which it is necessary for us to employ against wild beasts; and those men who being intended by nature for slavery are unwilling to submit to it, on which occasion such a. war is by nature just: that species of acquisition then only which is according to nature is part of economy; and this ought to be at hand, or if not, immediately procured, namely, what is necessary to be kept in store to live upon, and which are useful as well for the state as the family. And true riches seem to consist in these; and the acquisition of those possessions which are necessary for a happy life is not infinite; though Solon says otherwise in this verse:

"No bounds to riches can be fixed for man;"

for they may be fixed as in other arts; for the instruments of no art whatsoever are infinite, either in their number or their magnitude; but riches are a number of instruments in domestic and civil economy; it is therefore evident that the acquisition of certain things according to nature is a part both of domestic and civil economy, and for what reason.

CHAPTER IX

There is also another species of acquisition which they [1257a] particularly call pecuniary, and with great propriety; and by this indeed it seems that there are no bounds to riches and wealth. Now many persons suppose, from their near relation to each other, that this is one and the same with that we have just mentioned, but it is not the same as that, though not very different; one of these is natural, the other is not, but rather owing to some art and skill; we will enter into a particular examination of this subject. The uses of every possession are two, both dependent upon the thing itself, but not in the same manner, the one supposing an inseparable connection with it, the other not; as a shoe, for instance, which may be either worn, or exchanged for something else, both these are the uses of the shoe; for he who exchanges a shoe with some man who wants one, for money or provisions, uses the shoe as a shoe, but not according to the original intention, for shoes were not at first made to be exchanged. The same thing holds true of all other possessions; for barter, in general, had its original beginning in nature, some men having a surplus, others too little of what was necessary for them: hence it is evident, that the selling provisions for money is not according to the natural use of things; for they were obliged to use barter for those things which they wanted; but it is plain that barter could have no place in the first, that is to say, in family society; but must have begun when the number of those who composed the community was enlarged: for the first of these had all things in common; but when they came to be separated they were obliged to exchange with each other many different things which both parties wanted. Which custom of barter is still preserved amongst many barbarous nations, who procure one necessary with another, but never sell anything; as giving and receiving wine for corn and the like. This sort of barter is not contradictory to nature, nor is it any species of money-getting; but is necessary in procuring that subsistence which is so consonant thereunto. But this barter introduced the use of money, as might be expected; for a convenient place from whence to import what you wanted, or to export what you had a surplus of, being often at a great distance, money necessarily made its way into commerce; for it is not everything which is naturally most useful that is easiest of carriage; for which reason they invented something to exchange with each other which they should mutually give and take, that being really valuable itself, should have the additional advantage of being of easy conveyance, for the purposes of life, as iron and silver, or anything else of the same nature: and this at first passed in value simply according to its weight or size; but in process of time it had a certain stamp, to save the trouble of weighing, which stamp expressed its value. [1257b]

Money then being established as the necessary medium of exchange, another species of money-getting soon took place, namely, by buying and selling, at probably first in a simple manner, afterwards with more skill and experience, where and how the greatest profits might be made. For which reason the art of money-getting seems to be chiefly conversant about trade, and the business of it to be able to tell where the greatest profits can be made, being the means of procuring abundance of wealth and possessions: and thus wealth is very often supposed to consist in the quantity of money which any one possesses, as this is the medium by which all trade is conducted and a fortune made, others again regard it as of no value, as being of none by nature, but arbitrarily made so by compact; so that if those who use it should alter their sentiments, it would be worth nothing, as being of no service for any necessary purpose. Besides, he who abounds in money often wants necessary food; and it is impossible to say that any person is in good circumstances when with all his possessions he may perish with hunger.

Like Midas in the fable, who from his insatiable wish had everything he touched turned into gold. For which reason others endeavour to procure other riches and other property, and rightly, for there are other riches and property in nature; and these are the proper objects of economy: while trade only procures money, not by all means, but by the exchange of it, and for that purpose it

is this which it is chiefly employed about, for money is the first principle and the end of trade; nor are there any bounds to be set to what is thereby acquired. Thus also there are no limits to the art of medicine, with respect to the health which it attempts to procure; the same also is true of all other arts; no line can be drawn to terminate their bounds, the several professors of them being desirous to extend them as far as possible. (But still the means to be employed for that purpose are limited; and these are the limits beyond which the art cannot proceed.) Thus in the art of acquiring riches there are no limits, for the object of that is money and possessions; but economy has a boundary, though this has not: for acquiring riches is not the business of that, for which reason it should seem that some boundary should be set to riches, though we see the contrary to this is what is practised; for all those who get riches add to their money without end; the cause of which is the near connection of these two arts with each other, which sometimes occasions the one to change employments with the other, as getting of money is their common object: for economy requires the possession of wealth, but not on its own account but with another view, to purchase things necessary therewith; but the other procures it merely to increase it: so that some persons are confirmed in their belief, that this is the proper object of economy, and think that for this purpose money should be saved and hoarded up without end; the reason for which disposition is, that they are intent upon living, but not upon living well; and this desire being boundless in its extent, the means which they aim at for that purpose are boundless also; and those who propose to live well, often confine that to the enjoyment of the pleasures of sense; so that as this also seems to depend upon what a man has, all their care is to get money, and hence arises the other cause for this art; for as this enjoyment is excessive in its degree, they endeavour to procure means proportionate to supply it; and if they cannot do this merely by the art of dealing in money, they will endeavour to do it by other ways, and apply all their powers to a purpose they were not by nature intended for. Thus, for instance, courage was intended to inspire fortitude, not to get money by; neither is this the end of the soldier's or the physician's art, but victory and health. But such persons make everything subservient to money-getting, as if this was the only end; and to the end everything ought to refer.

We have now considered that art of money-getting which is not necessary, and have seen in what manner we became in want of it; and also that which is necessary, which is different from it; for that economy which is natural, and whose object is to provide food, is not like this unlimited in its extent, but has its bounds.

CHAPTER X

We have now determined what was before doubtful, whether or no the art of getting money is his business who is at the head of a family or a state, and though not strictly so, it is however very necessary; for as a politician does not make men, but receiving them from the hand of nature employs them to proper purposes; thus the earth, or the sea, or something else ought to supply them with provisions, and this it is the business of the master of the family to manage properly; for it is not the weaver's business to make yarn, but to use it, and to distinguish what is good and useful from what is bad and of no service; and indeed some one may inquire why getting money should be a part of economy when the art of healing is not, as it is as requisite that the family should be in health as that they should eat, or have anything else which is necessary; and as it is indeed in some particulars the business both of the master of the family, and he to whom the government of the state is entrusted, to see after the health of those under their care, but in others not, but the physician's; so also as to money; in some respects it is the business of the master of the family, in others not, but of the servant; but as we have already said, it is chiefly nature's, for it is her part to supply her offspring with food; for everything finds nourishment left for it in what produced it; for which reason the natural riches of all men arise from fruits and animals. Now money-making, as we say, being twofold, it may be applied to two purposes, the service of the house or retail trade; of which the first is necessary and commendable, the other justly censurable; for it has not its origin in [1258b] nature, but by it men gain from each other; for usury is most reasonably detested, as it is increasing our fortune by money itself, and not employing it for the purpose it was originally intended, namely exchange.

And this is the explanation of the name (TOKOS), which means the breeding of money. For as offspring resemble their parents, so usury is money bred of money. Whence of all forms of money-making it is most against nature.

CHAPTER XI

Having already sufficiently considered the general principles of this subject, let us now go into the practical part thereof; the one is a liberal employment for the mind, the other necessary. These things are useful in the management of one's affairs; to be skilful in the nature of cattle, which are most profitable, and where, and how; as for instance, what advantage will arise from keeping horses, or oxen, or sheep, or any other live stock; it is also necessary to be acquainted with the comparative value of these things, and which of them in particular places are worth most; for some do better in one place, some in another. Agriculture also should be

understood, and the management of arable grounds and orchards; and also the care of bees, and fish, and birds, from whence any profit may arise; these are the first and most proper parts of domestic management.

With respect to gaining money by exchange, the principal method of doing this is by merchandise, which is carried on in three different ways, either by sending the commodity for sale by sea or by land, or else selling it on the place where it grows; and these differ from each other in this, that the one is more profitable, the other safer. The second method is by usury. The third by receiving wages for work done, and this either by being employed in some mean art, or else in mere bodily labour. There is also a third species of improving a fortune, that is something between this and the first; for it partly depends upon nature, partly upon exchange; the subject of which is, things that are immediately from the earth, or their produce, which, though they bear no fruit, are yet useful, such as selling of timber and the whole art of metallurgy, which includes many different species, for there are various sorts of things dug out of the earth.

These we have now mentioned in general, but to enter into particulars concerning each of them, though it might be useful to the artist, would be tiresome to dwell on. Now of all the works of art, those are the most excellent wherein chance has the least to do, and those are the meanest which deprave the body, those the most servile in which bodily strength alone is chiefly wanted, those most illiberal which require least skill; but as there are books written on these subjects by some persons, as by Chares the Panian, and Apollodorus the Lemnian, upon husbandry and planting; and by others on other matters, [1259b] let those who have occasion consult them thereon; besides, every person should collect together whatsoever he hears occasionally mentioned, by means of which many of those who aimed at making a fortune have succeeded in their intentions; for all these are useful to those who make a point of getting money, as in the contrivance of Thales the Milesian (which was certainly a gainful one, but as it was his it was attributed to his wisdom, though the method he used was a general one, and would universally succeed), when they reviled him for his poverty, as if the study of philosophy was useless: for they say that he, perceiving by his skill in astrology that there would be great plenty of olives that year, while it was yet winter, having got a little money, he gave earnest for all the oil works that were in Miletus and Chios, which he hired at a low price, there being no one to bid against him; but when the season came for making oil, many persons wanting them, he all at once let them upon what terms he pleased; and raising a large sum of money by that means, convinced them that it was easy for philosophers to be rich if they chose it, but that that was not what they aimed at; in this manner is Thales said to have shown his wisdom. It indeed is, as we have said, generally gainful for a person to contrive to make a monopoly of anything; for which reason some cities also take this method when they want money, and monopolise their commodities. There was a certain person in Sicily who laid out a sum of money which was deposited in his hand in buying up all the iron from the iron merchants; so that when the dealers came from the markets to purchase, there was no one had any to sell but himself; and though he put no great advance upon it, yet by laying out fifty talents he made an hundred. When Dionysius heard this he permitted him to take his money with him, but forbid him to continue any longer in Sicily, as being one who contrived means for getting money inconsistent with his affairs. This man's view and Thales's was exactly the same; both of them contrived to procure a monopoly for themselves: it is useful also for politicians to understand these things, for many states want to raise money and by such means, as well as private families, nay more so; for which reason some persons who are employed in the management of public affairs confine themselves to this province only.

CHAPTER XII

There are then three parts of domestic government, the masters, of which we have already treated, the fathers, and the husbands; now the government of the wife and children should both be that of free persons, but not the [I259b] same; for the wife should be treated as a citizen of a free state, the children should be under kingly power; for the male is by nature superior to the female, except when something happens contrary to the usual course of nature, as is the elder and perfect to the younger and imperfect. Now in the generality of free states, the governors and the governed alternately change place; for an equality without any preference is what nature chooses; however, when one governs and another is governed, she endeavours that there should be a distinction between them in forms, expressions, and honours; according to what Amasis said of his laver. This then should be the established rule between the man and the woman. The government of children should be kingly; for the power of the father over the child is founded in affection and seniority, which is a species of kingly government; for which reason Homer very properly calls Jupiter "the father of gods and men," who was king of both these; for nature requires that a king should be of the same species with those whom he governs, though superior in some particulars, as is the case between the elder and the younger, the father and the son.

CHAPTER XIII

It is evident then that in the due government of a family, greater attention should be paid to the several members of it and their virtues than to the possessions or riches of it; and greater to the freemen than the slaves: but here some one may doubt whether there is any other virtue in a slave than his organic services, and of higher estimation than these, as temperance, fortitude, justice, and such-like habits, or whether they possess only bodily qualities: each side of the question has its difficulties; for if they possess these virtues, wherein do they differ from freemen? and that they do not, since they are men, and partakers of reason, is absurd. Nearly the same inquiry may be made concerning a woman and a child, whether these also have their proper virtues; whether a woman ought to be temperate, brave, and just, and whether a child is temperate or no; and indeed this inquiry ought to be general, whether the virtues of those who, by nature, either govern or are governed, are the same or different; for if it is necessary that both of them should partake of the fair and good, why is it also necessary that, without exception, the one should govern, the other always be governed? for this cannot arise from their possessing these qualities in different degrees; for to govern, and to be governed, are things different in species, but more or less are not. And yet it is wonderful that one party ought to have them, and the other not; for if he who is to govern should not be temperate and just, how can he govern well? or if he is to be governed, how can he be governed well? for he who is intemperate [1260a] and a coward will never do what he ought: it is evident then that both parties ought to be virtuous; but there is a difference between them, as there is between those who by nature command and who by nature obey, and this originates in the soul; for in this nature has planted the governing and submitting principle, the virtues of which we say are different, as are those of a rational and an irrational being. It is plain then that the same principle may be extended farther, and that there are in nature a variety of things which govern and are governed; for a freeman is governed in a different manner from a slave, a male from a female, and a man from a child: and all these have parts of mind within them, but in a different manner. Thus a slave can have no power of determination, a woman but a weak one, a child an imperfect one. Thus also must it necessarily be with respect to moral virtues; all must be supposed to possess them, but not in the same manner, but as is best suited to every one's employment; on which account he who is to govern ought to be perfect in moral virtue, for his business is entirely that of an architect, and reason is the architect; while others want only that portion of it which may be sufficient for their station; from whence it is evident, that although moral virtue is common to all those we have spoken of, yet the temperance of a man and a woman are not the same, nor their courage, nor their justice, though Socrates thought otherwise; for the courage of the man consists in commanding, the woman's in obeying; and the same is true in other particulars: and this will be evident to those who will examine different virtues separately; for those who use general terms deceive themselves when they say, that virtue consists in a good disposition of mind, or doing what is right, or something of this sort. They do much better who enumerate the different virtues as Georgias did, than those who thus define them; and as Sophocles speaks of a woman, we think of all persons, that their 'virtues should be applicable to their characters, for says he,

"Silence is a woman's ornament,"

but it is not a man's; and as a child is incomplete, it is evident that his virtue is not to be referred to himself in his present situation, but to that in which he will be complete, and his preceptor. In like manner the virtue of a slave is to be referred to his master; for we laid it down as a maxim, that the use of a slave was to employ him in what you wanted; so that it is clear enough that few virtues are wanted in his station, only that he may not neglect his work through idleness or fear: some person may question if what I have said is true, whether virtue is not necessary for artificers in their calling, for they often through idleness neglect their work, but the difference between them is very great; for a slave is connected with you for life, but the artificer not so nearly: as near therefore as the artificer approaches to the situation of a slave, just so much ought he to have of the virtues of one; for a mean artificer is to a certain point a slave; but then a slave is one of those things which are by nature what they are, but this is not true [1260b] of a shoemaker, or any other artist. It is evident then that a slave ought to be trained to those virtues which are proper for his situation by his master; and not by him who has the power of a master, to teach him any particular art. Those therefore are in the wrong who would deprive slaves of reason, and say that they have only to follow their orders; for slaves want more instruction than children, and thus we determine this matter. It is necessary, I am sensible, for every one who treats upon government, to enter particularly into the relations of husband and wife, and of parent and child, and to show what are the virtues of each and their respective connections with each other; what is right and what is wrong; and how the one ought to be followed, and the other avoided. Since then every family is part of a city, and each of those individuals is part of a family, and the virtue of the parts ought to correspond to the virtue of the whole; it is necessary, that both the wives and children of the community should be instructed correspondent to the nature thereof, if it is of consequence to the virtue of the state, that the wives and children therein should be virtuous, and of consequence it certainly is, for the wives are one half of the free persons; and of the children the succeeding citizens are to be

formed. As then we have determined these points, we will leave the rest to be spoken to in another place, as if the subject was now finished; and beginning again anew, first consider the sentiments of those who have treated of the most perfect forms of government.

BOOK II

CHAPTER I

Since then we propose to inquire what civil society is of all others best for those who have it in their power to live entirely as they wish, it is necessary to examine into the polity of those states which are allowed to be well governed; and if there should be any others which some persons have described, and which appear properly regulated, to note what is right and useful in them; and when we point out wherein they have failed, let not this be imputed to an affectation of wisdom, for it is because there are great defects in all those which are already established, that I have been induced to undertake this work. We will begin with that part of the subject which naturally presents itself first to our consideration. The members of every state must of necessity have all things in common, or some things common, and not others, or nothing at all common. To have nothing in common is evidently impossible, for society itself is one species of [1261a] community; and the first thing necessary thereunto is a common place of habitation, namely the city, which must be one, and this every citizen must have a share in. But in a government which is to be well founded, will it be best to admit of a community in everything which is capable thereof, or only in some particulars, but in others not? for it is possible that the citizens may have their wives, and children, and goods in common, as in Plato's Commonwealth; for in that Socrates affirms that all these particulars ought to be so. Which then shall we prefer? the custom which is already established, or the laws which are proposed in that treatise?

CHAPTER II

Now as a community of wives is attended with many other difficulties, so neither does the cause for which he would frame his government in this manner seem agreeable to reason, nor is it capable of producing that end which he has proposed, and for which he says it ought to take place; nor has he given any particular directions for putting it in practice. Now I also am willing to agree with Socrates in the principle which he proceeds upon, and admit that the city ought to be one as much as possible; and yet it is evident that if it is contracted too much, it will be no longer a city, for that necessarily supposes a multitude; so that if we proceed in this manner, we shall reduce a city to a family, and a family to a single person: for we admit that a family is one in a greater degree than a city, and a single person than a family; so that if this end could be obtained, it should never be put in practice, as it would annihilate the city; for a city does not only consist of a large number of inhabitants, but there must also be different sorts; for were they all alike, there could be no city; for a confederacy and a city are two different things; for a confederacy is valuable from its numbers, although all those who compose it are men of the same calling; for this is entered into for the sake of mutual defence, as we add an additional weight to make the scale go down. The same distinction prevails between a city and a nation when the people are not collected into separate villages, but live as the Arcadians. Now those things in which a city should be one are of different sorts, and in preserving an alternate reciprocation of power between these, the safety thereof consists (as I have already mentioned in my treatise on Morals), for amongst freemen and equals this is absolutely necessary; for all cannot govern at the same time, but either by the year, or according to some other regulation or time, by which means every one in his turn will be in office; as if the shoemakers and carpenters should exchange occupations, and not always be employed in the same calling. But as it is evidently better, that these should continue to exercise their respective trades; so also in civil society, where it is possible, it would be better that the government should continue in the same hands; but where it [1261b] is not (as nature has made all men equal, and therefore it is just, be the administration good or bad, that all should partake of it), there it is best to observe a rotation, and let those who are their equals by turns submit to those who are at that time magistrates, as they will, in their turns, alternately be governors and governed, as if they were different men: by the same method different persons will execute different offices. From hence it is evident, that a city cannot be one in the manner that some persons propose; and that what has been said to be the greatest good which it could enjoy, is absolutely its destruction, which cannot be: for the good of anything is that which preserves it. For another reason also it is clear, that it is not for the best to endeavour to make a city too much one, because a family is more sufficient in itself than a single person, a city than a family; and indeed Plato supposes that a city owes its existence to that sufficiency in themselves which the members of it enjoy. If then this sufficiency is so desirable, the less the city is one the better.

CHAPTER III

But admitting that it is most advantageous for a city to be one as much as possible, it does not seem to follow that this will take place by permitting all at once to say this is mine, and this is not mine (though this is what Socrates regards as a proof that a city is entirely one), for the word All is used in two senses; if it means each individual, what Socrates proposes will nearly take place; for each person will say, this is his own son, and his own wife, and his own property, and of everything else that may happen to belong to him, that it is his own. But those who have their wives and children in common will not say so, but all will say so, though not as individuals; therefore, to use the word all is evidently a fallacious mode of speech; for this word is sometimes used distributively, and sometimes collectively, on account of its double meaning, and is the cause of inconclusive syllogisms in reasoning. Therefore for all persons to say the same thing was their own, using the word all in its distributive sense, would be well, but is impossible: in its collective sense it would by no means contribute to the concord of the state. Besides, there would be another inconvenience attending this proposal, for what is common to many is taken least care of; for all men regard more what is their own than what others share with them in, to which they pay less attention than is incumbent on every one: let me add also, that every one is more negligent of what another is to see to, as well as himself, than of his own private business; as in a family one is often worse served by many servants than by a few. Let each citizen then in the state have a thousand children, but let none of them be considered as the children of that individual, but let the relation of father and child be common to them all, and they will all be neglected. Besides, in consequence of this, [1262a] whenever any citizen behaved well or ill, every person, be the number what it would, might say, this is my son, or this man's or that; and in this manner would they speak, and thus would they doubt of the whole thousand, or of whatever number the city consisted; and it would be uncertain to whom each child belonged, and when it was born, who was to take care of it: and which do you think is better, for every one to say this is mine, while they may apply it equally to two thousand or ten thousand; or as we say, this is mine in our present forms of government, where one man calls another his son, another calls that same person his brother, another nephew, or some other relation, either by blood or marriage, and first extends his care to him and his, while another regards him as one of the same parish and the same tribe; and it is better for any one to be a nephew in his private capacity than a son after that manner. Besides, it will be impossible to prevent some persons from suspecting that they are brothers and sisters, fathers and mothers to each other; for, from the mutual likeness there is between the sire and the offspring, they will necessarily conclude in what relation they stand to each other, which circumstance, we are informed by those writers who describe different parts of the world, does sometimes happen; for in Upper Africa there are wives in common who yet deliver their children to their respective fathers, being guided by their likeness to them. There are also some mares and cows which naturally bring forth their young so like the male, that we can easily distinguish by which of them they were impregnated: such was the mare called Just, in Pharsalia.

CHAPTER IV

Besides, those who contrive this plan of community cannot easily avoid the following evils; namely, blows, murders involuntary or voluntary, quarrels, and reproaches, all which it would be impious indeed to be guilty of towards our fathers and mothers, or those who are nearly related to us; though not to those who are not connected to us by any tie of affinity: and certainly these mischiefs must necessarily happen oftener amongst those who do not know how they are connected to each other than those who do; and when they do happen, if it is among the first of these, they admit of a legal expiation, but amongst the latter that cannot be done. It is also absurd for those who promote a community of children to forbid those who love each other from indulging themselves in the last excesses of that passion, while they do not restrain them from the passion itself, or those intercourses which are of all things most improper, between a Father and a son, a brother and a brother, and indeed the thing itself is most absurd. It is also ridiculous to prevent this intercourse between the nearest relations, for no other reason than the violence of the pleasure, while they think that the relation of father and daughter, the brother and sister, is of no consequence at all. It seems also more advantageous for the state, that the husbandmen should have their wives and children in common than the military, for there will be less affection [1262b] among them in that case than when otherwise; for such persons ought to be under subjection, that they may obey the laws, and not seek after innovations. Upon the whole, the consequences of such a law as this would be directly contrary to those things which good laws ought to establish, and which Socrates endeavoured to establish by his regulations concerning women and children: for we think that friendship is the greatest good which can happen to any city, as nothing so much prevents seditions: and amity in a city is what Socrates commends above all things, which appears to be, as indeed he says, the effect of friendship; as we learn from Aristophanes in the Erotics, who says, that those who love one another from the excess of that passion, desire to breathe the same soul, and from being two to be blended into one: from whence it would necessarily follow, that both or one of them must be destroyed. But now in a city which admits of this community, the tie of friendship must, from that very cause, be extremely weak, when no father can say, this is my son; or son, this is my father; for as a very little of what is sweet, being mixed with a great deal of

water is imperceptible after the mixture, so must all family connections, and the names they go by, be necessarily disregarded in such a community, it being then by no means necessary that the father should have any regard for him he called a son, or the brothers for those they call brothers. There are two things which principally inspire mankind with care and love of their offspring, knowing it is their own, and what ought to be the object of their affection, neither of which can take place in this sort of community. As for exchanging the children of the artificers and husbandmen with those of the military, and theirs reciprocally with these, it will occasion great confusion in whatever manner it shall be done; for of necessity, those who carry the children must know from whom they took and to whom they gave them; and by this means those evils which I have already mentioned will necessarily be the more likely to happen, as blows, incestuous love, murders, and the like; for those who are given from their own parents to other citizens, the military, for instance, will not call them brothers, sons, fathers, or mothers. The same thing would happen to those of the military who were placed among the other citizens; so that by this means every one would be in fear how to act in consequence of consanguinity. And thus let us determine concerning a community of wives and children.

CHAPTER V

We proceed next to consider in what manner property should be regulated in a state which is formed after the most perfect mode of government, whether it should be common or not; for this may be considered as a separate question from what had been determined concerning [1263a] wives and children; I mean, whether it is better that these should be held separate, as they now everywhere are, or that not only possessions but also the usufruct of them should be in common; or that the soil should have a particular owner, but that the produce should be brought together and used as one common stock, as some nations at present do; or on the contrary, should the soil be common, and should it also be cultivated in common, while the produce is divided amongst the individuals for their particular use, which is said to be practised by some barbarians; or shall both the soil and the fruit be common? When the business of the husbandman devolves not on the citizen, the matter is much easier settled; but when those labour together who have a common right of possession, this may occasion several difficulties; for there may not be an equal proportion between their labour and what they consume; and those who labour hard and have but a small proportion of the produce, will certainly complain of those who take a large share of it and do but little for that. Upon the whole, as a community between man and man so entire as to include everything possible, and thus to have all things that man can possess in common, is very difficult, so is it particularly so with respect to property; and this is evident from that community which takes place between those who go out to settle a colony; for they frequently have disputes with each other upon the most common occasions, and come to blows upon trifles: we find, too, that we oftenest correct those slaves who are generally employed in the common offices of the family: a community of property then has these and other inconveniences attending it.

But the manner of life which is now established, more particularly when embellished with good morals and a system of equal laws, is far superior to it, for it will have the advantage of both; by both I mean properties being common, and divided also; for in some respects it ought to be in a manner common, but upon the whole private: for every man's attention being employed on his own particular concerns, will prevent mutual complaints against each other; nay, by this means industry will be increased, as each person will labour to improve his own private property; and it will then be, that from a principle of virtue they will mutually perform good offices to each other, according to the proverb, "All things are common amongst friends;" and in some cities there are traces of this custom to be seen, so that it is not impracticable, and particularly in those which are best governed; some things are by this means in a manner common, and others might be so; for there, every person enjoying his own private property, some things he assists his friend with, others are considered as in common; as in Lacedaemon, where they use each other's slaves, as if they were, so to speak, their own, as they do their horses and dogs, or even any provision they may want in a journey.

It is evident then that it is best to have property private, but to make the use of it common; but how the citizens are to be brought to it is the particular [1263b] business of the legislator. And also with respect to pleasure, it is unspeakable how advantageous it is, that a man should think he has something which he may call his own; for it is by no means to no purpose, that each person should have an affection for himself, for that is natural, and yet to be a self-lover is justly censured; for we mean by that, not one that simply loves himself, but one that loves himself more than he ought; in like manner we blame a money-lover, and yet both money and self is what all men love. Besides, it is very pleasing to us to oblige and assist our friends and companions, as well as those whom we are connected with by the rights of hospitality; and this cannot be done without the establishment of private property, which cannot take place with those who make a city too much one; besides, they prevent every opportunity of exercising two principal virtues, modesty and liberality. Modesty with respect to the female sex, for this virtue requires you to abstain from her who is another's; liberality, which depends upon private property, for without that no one can appear liberal, or do any generous action;

for liberality consists in imparting to others what is our own.

This system of polity does indeed recommend itself by its good appearance and specious pretences to humanity; and when first proposed to any one, must give him great pleasure, as he will conclude it to be a wonderful bond of friendship, connecting all to all; particularly when any one censures the evils which are now to be found in society, as arising from properties not being common, I mean the disputes which happen between man and man, upon their different contracts with each other; those judgments which are passed in court in consequence of fraud, and perjury, and flattering the rich, none of which arise from properties being private, but from the vices of mankind. Besides, those who live in one general community, and have all things in common, oftener dispute with each other than those who have their property separate; from the very small number indeed of those who have their property in common, compared with those where it is appropriated, the instances of their quarrels are but few. It is also but right to mention, not only the inconveniences they are preserved from who live in a communion of goods, but also the advantages they are deprived of; for when the whole comes to be considered, this manner of life will be found impracticable.

We must suppose, then, that Socrates's mistake arose from the principle he set out with being false; we admit, indeed, that both a family and a city ought to be one in some particulars, but not entirely; for there is a point beyond which if a city proceeds in reducing itself to one, it will be no longer a city.

There is also another point at which it will still continue to be a city, but it will approach so near to not being one, that it will be worse than none; as if any one should reduce the voices of those who sing in concert to one, or a verse to a foot. But the people ought to be made one, and a community, as I have already said, by education; as property at Lacedaemon, and their public tables at Crete, were made common by their legislators. But yet, whosoever shall introduce any education, and think thereby to make his city excellent and respectable, will be absurd, while he expects to form it by such regulations, and not by manners, philosophy, and laws. And whoever [1264a] would establish a government upon a community of goods, ought to know that he should consult the experience of many years, which would plainly enough inform him whether such a scheme is useful; for almost all things have already been found out, but some have been neglected, and others which have been known have not been put in practice. But this would be most evident, if any one could see such a government really established: for it would be impossible to frame such a city without dividing and separating it into its distinct parts, as public tables, wards, and tribes; so that here the laws will do nothing more than forbid the military to engage in agriculture, which is what the Lacedaemonians are at present endeavouring to do.

Nor has Socrates told us (nor is it easy to say) what plan of government should be pursued with respect to the individuals in the state where there is a community of goods established; for though the majority of his citizens will in general consist of a multitude of persons of different occupations, of those he has determined nothing; whether the property of the husbandman ought to be in common, or whether each person should have his share to himself; and also, whether their wives and children ought to be in common: for if all things are to be alike common to all, where will be the difference between them and the military, or what would they get by submitting to their government? and upon what principles would they do it, unless they should establish the wise practice of the Cretans? for they, allowing everything else to their slaves, forbid them only gymnastic exercises and the use of arms. And if they are not, but these should be in the same situation with respect to their property which they are in other cities, what sort of a community will there be? in one city there must of necessity be two, and those contrary to each other; for he makes the military the guardians of the state, and the husbandman, artisans, and others, citizens; and all those quarrels, accusations, and things of the like sort, which he says are the bane of other cities, will be found in his also: notwithstanding Socrates says they will not want many laws in consequence of their education, but such only as may be necessary for regulating the streets, the markets, and the like, while at the same time it is the education of the military only that he has taken any care of. Besides, he makes the husbandmen masters of property upon paying a tribute; but this would be likely to make them far more troublesome and high-spirited than the Helots, the Penestise, or the slaves which others employ; nor has he ever determined whether it is necessary to give any attention to them in these particulars, nor thought of what is connected therewith, their polity, their education, their laws; besides, it is of no little consequence, nor is it easy to determine, how these should be framed so as to preserve the community of the military.

Besides, if he makes the wives common, while the property [1264b] continues separate, who shall manage the domestic concerns with the same care which the man bestows upon his fields? nor will the inconvenience be remedied by making property as well as wives common; and it is absurd to draw a comparison from the brute creation, and say, that the same principle should regulate the connection of a man and a woman which regulates theirs amongst whom there is no family association.

It is also very hazardous to settle the magistracy as Socrates has done; for he would have persons of the same rank always in office, which becomes the cause of sedition even amongst those who are of no account, but more particularly amongst those who are of a courageous and warlike disposition; it is indeed evidently necessary that he should frame his community in this manner; for that golden particle which God has mixed up in the soul of man flies not from one to the other, but always continues with the same; for he says, that some of our species have gold, and others silver, blended in their composition from the moment of their birth: but those who are to be husbandmen and artists, brass and iron; besides, though he deprives the military of happiness, he says, that the legislator ought to make all the citizens happy; but it is impossible that the whole city can be happy, without all, or the greater, or some part of it be happy. For happiness is not like that numerical equality which arises from certain numbers when added together, although neither of them may separately contain it; for happiness cannot be thus added together, but must exist in every individual, as some properties belong to every integral; and if the military are not happy, who else are so? for the artisans are not, nor the multitude of those who are employed in inferior offices. The state which Socrates has described has all these defects, and others which are not of less consequence.

CHAPTER VI

It is also nearly the same in the treatise upon Laws which was writ afterwards, for which reason it will be proper in this place to consider briefly what he has there said upon government, for Socrates has thoroughly settled but very few parts of it; as for instance, in what manner the community of wives and children ought to be regulated, how property should be established, and government conducted.

Now he divides the inhabitants into two parts, husbandmen and soldiers, and from these he select a third part who are to be senators and govern the city; but he has not said whether or no the husbandman and artificer shall have any or what share in the government, or whether they shall have arms, and join with the others in war, or not. He thinks also that the women ought to go to war, and have the same education as the soldiers; as to other particulars, he has filled his treatise with matter foreign to the purpose; and with respect to education, he has only said what that of the guards ought to be.

[1265a] As to his book of Laws, laws are the principal thing which that contains, for he has there said but little concerning government; and this government, which he was so desirous of framing in such a manner as to impart to its members a more entire community of goods than is to be found in other cities, he almost brings round again to be the same as that other government which he had first proposed; for except the community of wives and goods, he has framed both his governments alike, for the education of the citizens is to be the same in both; they are in both to live without any servile employ, and their common tables are to be the same, excepting that in that he says the women should have common tables, and that there should be a thousand men-at-arms, in this, that there should be five thousand.

All the discourses of Socrates are masterly, noble, new, and inquisitive; but that they are all true it may probably be too much to say. For now with respect to the number just spoken of, it must be acknowledged that he would want the country of Babylonia for them, or some one like it, of an immeasurable extent, to support five thousand idle persons, besides a much greater number of women and servants. Every one, it is true, may frame an hypothesis as he pleases, but yet it ought to be possible. It has been said, that a legislator should have two things in view when he frames his laws, the country and the people. He will also do well, if he has some regard to the neighbouring states, if he intends that his community should maintain any political intercourse with them, for it is not only necessary that they should understand that practice of war which is adapted to their own country, but to others also; for admitting that any one chooses not this life either in public or private, yet there is not the less occasion for their being formidable to their enemies, not only when they invade their country, but also when they retire out of it.

It may also be considered whether the quantity of each person's property may not be settled in a different manner from what he has done it in, by making it more determinate; for he says, that every one ought to have enough whereon to live moderately, as if any one had said to live well, which is the most comprehensive expression. Besides, a man may live moderately and miserably at the same time; he had therefore better have proposed, that they should live both moderately and liberally; for unless these two conspire, luxury will come in on the one hand, or wretchedness on the other, since these two modes of living are the only ones applicable to the employment of our substance; for we cannot say with respect to a man's fortune, that he is mild or courageous, but we may say that he is prudent and liberal, which are the only qualities connected therewith.

It is also absurd to render property equal, and not to provide for the increasing number of the citizens; but to leave that circumstance uncertain, as if it would regulate itself according to the number of women who [1265b] should happen to be childless,

let that be what it would because this seems to take place in other cities; but the case would not be the same in such a state which he proposes and those which now actually unite; for in these no one actually wants, as the property is divided amongst the whole community, be their numbers what they will; but as it could not then be divided, the supernumeraries, whether they were many or few, would have nothing at all. But it is more necessary than even to regulate property, to take care that the increase of the people should not exceed a certain number; and in determining that, to take into consideration those children who will die, and also those women who will be barren; and to neglect this, as is done in several cities, is to bring certain poverty on the citizens; and poverty is the cause of sedition and evil. Now Phidon the Corinthian, one of the oldest legislators, thought the families and the number of the citizens should continue the same; although it should happen that all should have allotments at the first, disproportionate to their numbers.

In Plato's Laws it is however different; we shall mention hereafter what we think would be best in these particulars. He has also neglected in that treatise to point out how the governors are to be distinguished from the governed; for he says, that as of one sort of wool the warp ought to be made, and of another the woof, so ought some to govern, and others to be governed. But since he admits, that all their property may be increased fivefold, why should he not allow the same increase to the country? he ought also to consider whether his allotment of the houses will be useful to the community, for he appoints two houses to each person, separate from each other; but it is inconvenient for a person to inhabit two houses. Now he is desirous to have his whole plan of government neither a democracy nor an oligarchy, but something between both, which he calls a polity, for it is to be composed of men-at-arms. If Plato intended to frame a state in which more than in any other everything should be common, he has certainly given it a right name; but if he intended it to be the next in perfection to that which he had already framed, it is not so; for perhaps some persons will give the preference to the Lacedaemonian form of government, or some other which may more completely have attained to the aristocratic form.

Some persons say, that the most perfect government should be composed of all others blended together, for which reason they commend that of Lacedaemon; for they say, that this is composed of an oligarchy, a monarchy, and a democracy, their kings representing the monarchical part, the senate the oligarchical; and, that in the ephori may be found the democratical, as these are taken from the people. But some say, that in the ephori is absolute power, and that it is their common meal and daily course of life, in which the democratical form is represented. It is also said in this treatise of [1266a] Laws, that the best form of government must, be one composed of a democracy and a tyranny; though such a mixture no one else would ever allow to be any government at all, or if it is, the worst possible; those propose what is much better who blend many governments together; for the most perfect is that which is formed of many parts. But now in this government of Plato's there are no traces of a monarchy, only of an oligarchy and democracy; though he seems to choose that it should rather incline to an oligarchy, as is evident from the appointment of the magistrates; for to choose them by lot is common to both; but that a man of fortune must necessarily be a member of the assembly, or to elect the magistrates, or take part in the management of public affairs, while others are passed over, makes the state incline to an oligarchy; as does the endeavouring that the greater part of the rich may be in office, and that the rank of their appointments may correspond with their fortunes.

The same principle prevails also in the choice of their senate; the manner of electing which is favourable also to an oligarchy; for all are obliged to vote for those who are senators of the first class, afterwards they vote for the same number out of the second, and then out of the third; but this compulsion to vote at the election of senators does not extend to the third and fourth classes and the first and second class only are obliged to vote for the fourth. By this means he says he shall necessarily have an equal number of each rank, but he is mistaken--for the majority will always consist of those of the first rank, and the most considerable people; and for this reason, that many of the commonalty not being obliged to it, will not attend the elections. From hence it is evident, that such a state will not consist of a democracy and a monarchy, and this will be further proved by what we shall say when we come particularly to consider this form of government.

There will also great danger arise from the manner of electing the senate, when those who are elected themselves are afterwards to elect others; for by this means, if a certain number choose to combine together, though not very considerable, the election will always fall according to their pleasure. Such are the things which Plato proposes concerning government in his book of Laws.

CHAPTER VII

There are also some other forms of government, which have been proposed either by private persons, or philosophers, or politicians, all of which come much nearer to those which have been really established, or now exist, than these two of Plato's; for

neither have they introduced the innovation of a community of wives and children, and public tables for the women, but have been contented to set out with establishing such rules as are absolutely necessary.

There are some persons who think, that the first object of government should be to regulate well everything relating to private property; for they say, that a neglect herein is the source of all seditions whatsoever. For this reason, Phaleas the Chalcedonian first proposed, that the fortunes of the citizens should be equal, which he thought was not difficult to accomplish when a community was first settled, but that it was a work of greater difficulty in one that had been long established; but yet that it might be effected, and an equality of circumstances introduced by these means, that the rich should give marriage portions, but never receive any, while the poor should always receive, but never give.

But Plato, in his treatise of Laws, thinks that a difference in circumstances should be permitted to a certain degree; but that no citizen should be allowed to possess more than five times as much as the lowest census, as we have already mentioned. But legislators who would establish this principle are apt to overlook what they ought to consider; that while they regulate the quantity of provisions which each individual shall possess, they ought also to regulate the number of his children; for if these exceed the allotted quantity of provision, the law must necessarily be repealed; and yet, in spite of the repeal, it will have the bad effect of reducing many from wealth to poverty, so difficult is it for innovators not to fall into such mistakes. That an equality of goods was in some degree serviceable to strengthen the bands of society, seems to have been known to some of the ancients; for Solon made a law, as did some others also, to restrain persons from possessing as much land as they pleased. And upon the same principle there are laws which forbid men to sell their property, as among the Locrians, unless they can prove that some notorious misfortune has befallen them. They were also to preserve their ancient patrimony, which custom being broken through by the Leucadians, made their government too democratic; for by that means it was no longer necessary to be possessed of a certain fortune to be qualified to be a magistrate. But if an equality of goods is established, this may be either too much, when it enables the people to live luxuriously, or too little, when it obliges them to live hard. Hence it is evident, that it is not proper for the legislator to establish an equality of circumstances, but to fix a proper medium. Besides, if any one should regulate the division of property in such a manner that there should be a moderate sufficiency for all, it would be of no use; for it is of more consequence that the citizen should entertain a similarity of sentiments than an equality of circumstances; but this can never be attained unless they are properly educated under the direction of the law. But probably Phaleas may say, that this in what he himself mentions; for he both proposes a equality of property and one plan of education in his city. But he should have said particularly what education he intended, nor is it of any service to have this to much one; for this education may be one, and yet such as will make the citizens over-greedy, to grasp after honours, or riches, or both. Besides, not only an inequality of possessions, but also of honours, will occasion [1267a] seditions, but this upon contrary grounds; for the vulgar will be seditious if there be an inequality of goods, by those of more elevated sentiments, if there is an equality of honours.

"When good and bad do equal honours share."

For men are not guilty of crimes for necessaries only (for which he thinks an equality of goods would be a sufficient remedy, as they would then have no occasion to steal cold or hunger), but that they may enjoy what they desire, and not wish for it in vain; for if their desire extend beyond the common necessaries of life, they were be wicked to gratify them; and not only so, but if their wishes point that way, they will do the same to enjoy those pleasures which are free from the alloy of pain. What remedy then shall we find for these three disorders? And first, to prevent stealing from necessity, let every one be supplied with a moderate subsistence, which may make the addition of his own industry necessary; second to prevent stealing to procure the luxuries of life, temperance be enjoined; and thirdly, let those who wish for pleasure in itself seek for it only in philosophy, all others want the assistance of men.

Since then men are guilty of the greatest crimes from ambition, and not from necessity, no one, for instance aims at being a tyrant to keep him from the cold, hence great honour is due to him who kills not a thief, but tyrant; so that polity which Phaleas establishes would only be salutary to prevent little crimes. He has also been very desirous to establish such rules as will conduce to perfect the internal policy of his state, and he ought also to have done the same with respect to its neighbours and all foreign nations; for the considerations of the military establishment should take place in planning every government, that it may not be unprovided in case of a war, of which he has said nothing; so also with respect to property, it ought not only to be adapted to the exigencies of the state, but also to such dangers as may arise from without.

Thus it should not be so much as to tempt those who are near, and more powerful to invade it, while those who possess it are not able to drive out the invaders, nor so little as that the state should not be able to go to war with those who are quite equal to itself, and of this he has determined nothing; it must indeed be allowed that it is advantageous to a community to be rather rich than poor;

probably the proper boundary is this, not to possess enough to make it worth while for a more powerful neighbour to attack you, any more than he would those who had not so much as yourself; thus when Autophradatus proposed to besiege Atarneus, Eubulus advised him to consider what time it would require to take the city, and then would have him determine whether it would answer, for that he should choose, if it would even take less than he proposed, to quit the place; his saying this made Autophradatus reflect upon the business and give over the siege. There is, indeed, some advantage in an equality of goods amongst the citizens to prevent seditions; and yet, to say truth, no very great one; for men of great abilities will stomach their being put upon a level with the rest of the community. For which reason they will very often appear ready for every commotion and sedition; for the wickedness of mankind is insatiable. For though at first two oboli might be sufficient, yet when once it is become customary, they continually want something more, until they set no limits to their expectations; for it is the nature of our desires to be boundless, and many live only to gratify them. But for this purpose the first object is, not so much to establish an equality of fortune, as to prevent those who are of a good disposition from desiring more than their own, and those who are of a bad one from being able to acquire it; and this may be done if they are kept in an inferior station, and not exposed to injustice. Nor has he treated well the equality of goods, for he has extended his regulation only to land; whereas a man's substance consists not only in this, but also in slaves, cattle, money, and all that variety of things which fall under the name of chattels; now there must be either an equality established in all these, or some certain rule, or they must be left entirely at large. It appears too by his laws, that he intends to establish only a small state, as all the artificers are to belong to the public, and add nothing to the complement of citizens; but if all those who are to be employed in public works are to be the slaves of the public, it should be done in the same manner as it is at Epidamnum, and as Diophantus formerly regulated it at Athens. From these particulars any one may nearly judge whether Phaleas's community is well or ill established.

CHAPTER VIII

Hippodamus, the son of Euruphon a Milesian, contrived the art of laying out towns, and separated the Pireus. This man was in other respects too eager after notice, and seemed to many to live in a very affected manner, with his flowing locks and his expensive ornaments, and a coarse warm vest which he wore, not only in the winter, but also in the hot weather. As he was very desirous of the character of a universal scholar, he was the first who, not being actually engaged in the management of public affairs, sat himself to inquire what sort of government was best; and he planned a state, consisting of ten thousand persons, divided into three parts, one consisting of artisans, another of husbandmen, and the third of soldiers; he also divided the lands into three parts, and allotted one to sacred purposes, another to the public, and the third to individuals. The first of these was to supply what was necessary for the established worship of the gods; the second was to be allotted to the support of the soldiery; and the third was to be the property of the husbandman. He thought also that there need only be three sorts of laws, corresponding to the three sorts of actions which can be brought, namely, for assault, trespasses, or death. He ordered also that there should be a particular court of appeal, into which all causes might be removed which were supposed to have been unjustly determined elsewhere; which court should be composed of old men chosen for that purpose. He thought also [1268a] that they should not pass sentence by votes; but that every one should bring with him a tablet, on which he should write, that he found the party guilty, if it was so, but if not, he should bring a plain tablet; but if he acquitted him of one part of the indictment but not of the other, he should express that also on the tablet; for he disapproved of that general custom already established, as it obliges the judges to be guilty of perjury if they determined positively either on the one side or the other. He also made a law, that those should be rewarded who found out anything for the good of the city, and that the children of those who fell in battle should be educated at the public expense; which law had never been proposed by any other legislator, though it is at present in use at Athens as well as in other cities, he would have the magistrates chosen out of the people in general, by whom he meant the three parts before spoken of; and that those who were so elected should be the particular guardians of what belonged to the public, to strangers, and to orphans.

These are the principal parts and most worthy of notice in Hippodamus's plan. But some persons might doubt the propriety of his division of the citizens into three parts; for the artisans, the husbandmen, and the soldiers are to compose one community, where the husbandmen are to have no arms, and the artisans neither arms nor land, which would in a manner render them slaves to the soldiery. It is also impossible that the whole community should partake of all the honourable employments in it--for the generals and the guardians of the state must necessarily be appointed out of the soldiery, and indeed the most honourable magistrates; but as the two other parts will not have their share in the government, how can they be expected to have any affection for it? But it is necessary that the soldiery should be superior to the other two parts, and this superiority will not be easily gained without they are very numerous; and if they are so, why should the community consist of any other members? why should any others have a right to elect the magistrates? Besides, of what use are the husbandmen to this community? Artisans, 'tis true, are necessary, for these every city wants, and they can live upon their business. If the husbandmen indeed furnished the soldiers with provisions, they

would be properly part of the community; but these are supposed to have their private property, and to cultivate it for their own use. Moreover, if the soldiers themselves are to cultivate that common land which is appropriated for their support, there will be no distinction between the soldier and the husbandman, which the legislator intended there should be; and if there should be any others who are to cultivate the private property of the husbandman and the common lands of the military, there will be a fourth order in the state which will have no share in it, and always entertain hostile sentiments towards it. If any one should propose that the same persons should cultivate their own lands and the public ones also, then there would be a deficiency [1268b] of provisions to supply two families, as the lands would not immediately yield enough for themselves and the soldiers also; and all these things would occasion great confusion.

Nor do I approve of his method of determining causes, when he would have the judge split the case which comes simply before him; and thus, instead of being a judge, become an arbitrator. Now when any matter is brought to arbitration, it is customary for many persons to confer together upon the business that is before them; but when a cause is brought before judges it is not so; and many legislators take care that the judges shall not have it in their power to communicate their sentiments to each other. Besides, what can prevent confusion on the bench when one judge thinks a fine should be different from what another has set it at; one proposing twenty minae, another ten, or be it more or less, another four, and another five; and it is evident, that in this manner they will differ from each other, while some will give the whole damages sued for, and others nothing; in this situation, how shall their determinations be settled? Besides, a judge cannot be obliged to perjure himself who simply acquits or condemns, if the action is fairly and justly brought; for he who acquits the party does not say that he ought not to pay any fine at all, but that he ought not to pay a fine of twenty minae. But he that condemns him is guilty of perjury if he sentences him to pay twenty minae while he believes the damages ought not to be so much.

Now with respect to these honours which he proposes to bestow on those who can give any information useful to the community, this, though very pleasing in speculation, is what the legislator should not settle, for it would encourage informers, and probably occasion commotions in the state. And this proposal of his gives rise also to further conjectures and inquiries; for some persons have doubted whether it is useful or hurtful to alter the established law of any country, if even for the better; for which reason one cannot immediately determine upon what he here says, whether it is advantageous to alter the law or not. We know, indeed, that it is possible to propose to new model both the laws and government as a common good; and since we have mentioned this subject, it may be very proper to enter into a few particulars concerning it, for it contains some difficulties, as I have already said, and it may appear better to alter them, since it has been found useful in other sciences.

Thus the science of physic is extended beyond its ancient bounds; so is the gymnastic, and indeed all other arts and powers; so that one may lay it down for certain that the same thing will necessarily hold good in the art of government. And it may also be affirmed, that experience itself gives a proof of this; for the ancient laws are too simple and barbarous; which allowed the Greeks to wear swords in the city, and to buy their wives of each [1269a]. other. And indeed all the remains of old laws which we have are very simple; for instance, a law in Cuma relative to murder. If any person who prosecutes another for murder can produce a certain number of witnesses to it of his own relations, the accused person shall be held guilty. Upon the whole, all persons ought to endeavour to follow what is right, and not what is established; and it is probable that the first men, whether they sprung out of the earth, or were saved from some general calamity, had very little understanding or knowledge, as is affirmed of these aborigines; so that it would be absurd to continue in the practice of their rules. Nor is it, moreover, right to permit written laws always to remain without alteration; for as in all other sciences, so in politics, it is impossible to express everything in writing with perfect exactness; for when we commit anything to writing we must use general terms, but in every action there is something particular to itself, which these may not comprehend; from whence it is evident, that certain laws will at certain times admit of alterations. But if we consider this matter in another point of view, it will appear to require great caution; for when the advantage proposed is trifling, as the accustoming the people easily to abolish their laws is of bad consequence, it is evidently better to pass over some faults which either the legislator or the magistrates may have committed; for the alterations will not be of so much service as a habit of disobeying the magistrates will be of disservice. Besides, the instance brought from the arts is fallacious; for it is not the same thing to alter the one as the other. For a law derives all its strength from custom, and this requires long time to establish; so that, to make it an easy matter to pass from the established laws to other new ones, is to weaken the power of laws. Besides, here is another question; if the laws are to be altered, are they all to be altered, and in every government or not, and whether at the pleasure of one person or many? all which particulars will make a great difference; for which reason we will at present drop the inquiry, to pursue it at some other time.

CHAPTER IX

There are two considerations which offer themselves with respect to the government established at Lacedaemon and Crete, and indeed in almost all other states whatsoever; one is whether their laws do or do not promote the best establishment possible? the other is whether there is anything, if we consider either the principles upon which it is founded or the executive part of it, which prevents the form of government that they had proposed to follow from being observed; now it is allowed that in every well-regulated state the members of it should be free from servile labour; but in what manner this shall be effected is not so easy to determine; for the Penestse have very often attacked the Thessalians, and the Helots the Lacedaemonians, for they in a manner continually watch an opportunity for some misfortune befalling them. But no such thing has ever happened to the Cretans; the [1269b] reason for which probably is, that although they are engaged in frequent wars with the neighbouring cities, yet none of these would enter into an alliance with the revolters, as it would be disadvantageous for them, who themselves also have their villains. But now there is perpetual enmity between the Lacedaemonians and all their neighbours, the Argives, the Messenians, and the Arcadians. Their slaves also first revolted from the Thessalians while they were engaged in wars with their neighbours the Acheans, the Perrabeans, and the Magnesians. It seems to me indeed, if nothing else, yet something very troublesome to keep upon proper terms with them; for if you are remiss in your discipline they grow insolent, and think themselves upon an equality with their masters; and if they are hardly used they are continually plotting against you and hate you. It is evident, then, that those who employ slaves have not as yet hit upon the right way of managing them.

As to the indulging of women in any particular liberties, it is hurtful to the end of government and the prosperity of the city; for as a man and his wife are the two parts of a family, if we suppose a city to be divided into two parts, we must allow that the number of men and women will be equal.

In whatever city then the women are not under good regulations, we must look upon one half of it as not under the restraint of law, as it there happened; for the legislator, desiring to make his whole city a collection of warriors with respect to the men, he most evidently accomplished his design; but in the meantime the women were quite neglected, for they live without restraint in every improper indulgence and luxury. So that in such a state riches will necessarily be in general esteem, particularly if the men are governed by their wives, which has been the case with many a brave and warlike people except the Celts, and those other nations, if there are any such, who openly practise pederasty. And the first mythologists seem not improperly to have joined Mars and Venus together; for all nations of this character are greatly addicted either to the love of women or of boys, for which reason it was thus at Lacedaemon; and many things in their state were done by the authority of the women. For what is the difference, if the power is in the hands of the women, or in the hands of those whom they themselves govern? it must turn to the same account. As this boldness of the women can be of no use in any common occurrences, if it was ever so, it must be in war; but even here we find that the Lacedaemonian women were of the greatest disservice, as was proved at the time of the Theban invasion, when they were of no use at all, as they are in other cities, but made more disturbance than even the enemy.

The origin of this indulgence which the Lacedaemonian women enjoy is easily accounted for, from the long time the men were absent from home upon foreign expeditions [1270a] against the Argives, and afterwards the Arcadians and Messenians, so that, when these wars were at an end, their military life, in which there is no little virtue, prepared them to obey the precepts of their law-giver; but we are told, that when Lycurgus endeavoured also to reduce the women to an obedience to his laws, upon their refusal he declined it. It may indeed be said that the women were the causes of these things, and of course all the fault was theirs. But we are not now considering where the fault lies, or where it does not lie, but what is right and what is wrong; and when the manners of the women are not well regulated, as I have already said, it must not only occasion faults which are disgraceful to the state, but also increase the love of money. In the next place, fault may be found with his unequal division of property, for some will have far too much, others too little; by which means the land will come into few hands, which business is badly regulated by his laws. For he made it infamous for any one either to buy or sell their possessions, in which he did right; but he permitted any one that chose it to give them away, or bequeath them, although nearly the same consequences will arise from one practice as from the other. It is supposed that near two parts in five of the whole country is the property of women, owing to their being so often sole heirs, and having such large fortunes in marriage; though it would be better to allow them none, or a little, or a certain regulated proportion. Now every one is permitted to make a woman his heir if he pleases; and if he dies intestate, he who succeeds as heir at law gives it to whom he pleases. From whence it happens that although the country is able to support fifteen hundred horse and thirty thousand foot, the number does not amount to one thousand.

And from these facts it is evident, that this particular is badly regulated; for the city could not support one shock, but was ruined for want of men. They say, that during the reigns of their ancient kings they used to present foreigners with the freedom of their city, to prevent there being a want of men while they carried on long wars; it is also affirmed that the number of Spartans was formerly ten

thousand; but be that as it will, an equality of property conduces much to increase the number of the people. The law, too, which he made to encourage population was by no means calculated to correct this inequality; for being willing that the Spartans should be as numerous as [1270b] possible, to make them desirous of having large families he ordered that he who had three children should be excused the night-watch, and that he who had four should pay no taxes: though it is very evident, that while the land was divided in this manner, that if the people increased there must many of them be very poor.

Nor was he less blamable for the manner in which he constituted the ephori; for these magistrates take cognisance of things of the last importance, and yet they are chosen out of the people in general; so that it often happens that a very poor person is elected to that office, who, from that circumstance, is easily bought. There have been many instances of this formerly, as well as in the late affair at Andros. And these men, being corrupted with money, went as far as they could to ruin the city: and, because their power was too great and nearly tyrannical, their kings were obliged to natter them, which contributed greatly to hurt the state; so that it altered from an aristocracy to a democracy. This magistracy is indeed the great support of the state; for the people are easy, knowing that they are eligible to the first office in it; so that, whether it took place by the intention of the legislator, or whether it happened by chance, this is of great service to their affairs; for it is necessary that every member of the state should endeavour that each part of the government should be preserved, and continue the same. And upon this principle their kings have always acted, out of regard to their honour; the wise and good from their attachment to the senate, a seat wherein they consider as the reward of virtue; and the common people, that they may support the ephori, of whom they consist. And it is proper that these magistrates should be chosen out of the whole community, not as the custom is at present, which is very ridiculous. The ephori are the supreme judges in causes of the last consequence; but as it is quite accidental what sort of persons they may be, it is not right that they should determine according to their own opinion, but by a written law or established custom. Their way of life also is not consistent with the manners of the city, for it is too indulgent; whereas that of others is too severe; so that they cannot support it, but are obliged privately to act contrary to law, that they may enjoy some of the pleasures of sense. There are also great defects in the institution of their senators. If indeed they were fitly trained to the practice of every human virtue, every one would readily admit that they would be useful to the government; but still it might be debated whether they should be continued judges for life, to determine points of the greatest moment, since the mind has its old age as well as the body; but as they are so brought up, [1271a] that even the legislator could not depend upon them as good men, their power must be inconsistent with the safety of the state: for it is known that the members of that body have been guilty both of bribery and partiality in many public affairs; for which reason it had been much better if they had been made answerable for their conduct, which they are not. But it may be said the ephori seem to have a check upon all the magistrates. They have indeed in this particular very great power; but I affirm that they should not be entrusted with this control in the manner they are. Moreover, the mode of choice which they make use of at the election of their senators is very childish. Nor is it right for any one to solicit for a place he is desirous of; for every person, whether he chooses it or not, ought to execute any office he is fit for. But his intention was evidently the same in this as in the other parts of his government. For making his citizens ambitious after honours, with men of that disposition he has filled his senate, since no others will solicit for that office; and yet the principal part of those crimes which men are deliberately guilty of arise from ambition and avarice.

We will inquire at another time whether the office of a king is useful to the state: thus much is certain, that they should be chosen from a consideration of their conduct and not as they are now. But that the legislator himself did not expect to make all his citizens honourable and completely virtuous is evident from this, that he distrusts them as not being good men; for he sent those upon the same embassy that were at variance with each other; and thought, that in the dispute of the kings the safety of the state consisted. Neither were their common meals at first well established: for these should rather have been provided at the public expense, as at Crete, where, as at Lacedaemon, every one was obliged to buy his portion, although he might be very poor, and could by no means bear the expense, by which means the contrary happened to what the legislator desired: for he intended that those public meals should strengthen the democratic part of his government: but this regulation had quite the contrary effect, for those who were very poor could not take part in them; and it was an observation of their forefathers, that the not allowing those who could not contribute their proportion to the common tables to partake of them, would be the ruin of the state. Other persons have censured his laws concerning naval affairs, and not without reason, as it gave rise to disputes. For the commander of the fleet is in a manner set up in opposition to the kings, who are generals of the army for life.

[1271b] There is also another defect in his laws worthy of censure, which Plato has given in his book of Laws; that the whole constitution was calculated only for the business of war: it is indeed excellent to make them conquerors; for which reason the preservation of the state depended thereon. The destruction of it commenced with their victories: for they knew not how to be idle, or engage in any other employment than war. In this particular also they were mistaken, that though they rightly thought, that those things which are the objects of contention amongst mankind are better procured by virtue than vice, yet they wrongfully preferred

the things themselves to virtue. Nor was the public revenue well managed at Sparta, for the state was worth nothing while they were obliged to carry on the most extensive wars, and the subsidies were very badly raised; for as the Spartans possessed a large extent of country, they were not exact upon each other as to what they paid in. And thus an event contrary to the legislator's intention took place; for the state was poor, the individuals avaricious. Enough of the Lacedaemonian government; for these seem the chief defects in it.

CHAPTER X

The government of Crete bears a near resemblance to this, in some few particulars it is not worse, but in general it is far inferior in its contrivance. For it appears and is allowed in many particulars the constitution of Lacedaemon was formed in imitation of that of Crete; and in general most new things are an improvement upon the old. For they say, that when Lycurgus ceased to be guardian to King Charilles he went abroad and spent a long time with his relations in Crete, for the Lycians are a colony of the Lacedaemonians; and those who first settled there adopted that body of laws which they found already established by the inhabitants; in like manner also those who now live near them have the very laws which Minos first drew up.

This island seems formed by nature to be the mistress of Greece, for it is entirely surrounded by a navigable ocean which washes almost all the maritime parts of that country, and is not far distant on the one side from Peloponnesus, on the other, which looks towards Asia, from Triopium and Rhodes. By means of this situation Minos acquired the empire of the sea and the islands; some of which he subdued, in others planted colonies: at last he died at Camicus while he was attacking Sicily. There is this analogy between the customs of the Lacedaemonians and the Cretans, the Helots cultivate the grounds [1272a] for the one, the domestic slaves for the other. Both states have their common meals, and the Lacedaemonians called these formerly not _psiditia_ but _andpia_, as the Cretans do; which proves from whence the custom arose. In this particular their governments are also alike: the ephori have the same power with those of Crete, who are called _kosmoi_; with this difference only, that the number of the one is five, of the other ten. The senators are the same as those whom the Cretans call the council. There was formerly also a kingly power in Crete; but it was afterwards dissolved, and the command of their armies was given to the _kosmoi_. Every one also has a vote in their public assembly; but this has only the power of confirming what has already passed the council and the _kosmoi_.

The Cretans conducted their public meals better than the Lacedaemonians, for at Lacedaemon each individual was obliged to furnish what was assessed upon him; which if he could not do, there was a law which deprived him of the rights of a citizen, as has been already mentioned: but in Crete they were furnished by the community; for all the corn and cattle, taxes and contributions, which the domestic slaves were obliged to furnish, were divided into parts and allotted to the gods, the exigencies of the state, and these public meals; so that all the men, women, and children were maintained from a common stock. The legislator gave great attention to encourage a habit of eating sparingly, as very useful to the citizens. He also endeavoured, that his community might not be too populous, to lessen the connection with women, by introducing the love of boys: whether in this he did well or ill we shall have some other opportunity of considering. But that the public meals were better ordered at Crete than at Lacedaemon is very evident.

The institution of the _kosmoi_, was still worse than that of the ephori: for it contained all the faults incident to that magistracy and some peculiar to itself; for in both cases it is uncertain who will be elected: but the Lacedaemonians have this advantage which the others have not, that as all are eligible, the whole community have a share in the highest honours, and therefore all desire to preserve the state: whereas among the Cretans the _kosmoi_ are not chosen out of the people in general, but out of some certain families, and the senate out of the _kosmoi_. And the same observations which may be made on the senate at Lacedaemon may be applied to these; for their being under no control, and their continuing for life, is an honour greater than they merit; and to have their proceedings not regulated by a written law, but left to their own discretion, is dangerous. (As to there being no insurrections, although the people share not in the management of public affairs, this is no proof of a well-constituted government, as the _kosmoi_ have no opportunity of being bribed like the ephori, as they live in an [1272b] island far from those who would corrupt them.) But the method they take to correct that fault is absurd, impolitic, and tyrannical: for very often either their fellow-magistrates or some private persons conspire together and turn out the _kosmoi_. They are also permitted to resign their office before their time is elapsed, and if all this was done by law it would be well, and not at the pleasure of the individuals, which is a bad rule to follow. But what is worst of all is, that general confusion which those who are in power introduce to impede the ordinary course of justice; which sufficiently shows what is the nature of the government, or rather lawless force: for it is usual with the principal persons amongst them to collect together some of the common people and their friends, and then revolt and set up for themselves, and come to blows with each other. And what is the difference, if a state is dissolved at once by such violent means, or if it gradually so

alters in process of time as to be no longer the same constitution? A state like this would ever be exposed to the invasions of those who were powerful and inclined to attack it; but, as has been already mentioned, its situation preserves it, as it is free from the inroads of foreigners; and for this reason the family slaves still remain quiet at Crete, while the Helots are perpetually revolting: for the Cretans take no part in foreign affairs, and it is but lately that any foreign troops have made an attack upon the island; and their ravages soon proved the ineffectualness of their laws. And thus much for the government of Crete.

CHAPTER XI

The government of Carthage seems well established, and in many respects superior to others; in some particulars it bears a near resemblance to the Lacedaemonians; and indeed these three states, the Cretans, the Lacedaemonians and the Carthaginians are in some things very like each other, in others they differ greatly. Amongst many excellent constitutions this may show how well their government is framed, that although the people are admitted to a share in the administration, the form of it remains unaltered, without any popular insurrections, worth notice, on the one hand, or degenerating into a tyranny on the other. Now the Carthaginians have these things in common with the Lacedaemonians: public tables for those who are connected together by the tie of mutual friendship, after the manner of their Phiditia; they have also a magistracy, consisting of an hundred and four persons, similar to the ephori, or rather selected with more judgment; for amongst the Lacedaemonians, all the citizens are eligible, but amongst the Carthaginians, they are chosen out of those of the better sort: there is also some analogy between the king and the senate in both these governments, though the Carthaginian method of appointing their kings is best, for they do not confine themselves to one family; nor do they permit the election to be at large, nor have they any regard to seniority; for if amongst the candidates there are any of greater merit than the rest, these they prefer to those who may be older; for as their power is very extensive, if they are [1273a] persons of no account, they may be very hurtful to the state, as they have always been to the Lacedaemonians; also the greater part of those things which become reprehensible by their excess are common to all those governments which we have described.

Now of those principles on which the Carthaginians have established their mixed form of government, composed of an aristocracy and democracy, some incline to produce a democracy, others an oligarchy: for instance, if the kings and the senate are unanimous upon any point in debate, they can choose whether they will bring it before the people or no; but if they disagree, it is to these they must appeal, who are not only to hear what has been approved of by the senate, but are finally to determine upon it; and whosoever chooses it, has a right to speak against any matter whatsoever that may be proposed, which is not permitted in other cases. The five, who elect each other, have very great and extensive powers; and these choose the hundred, who are magistrates of the highest rank: their power also continues longer than any other magistrates, for it commences before they come into office, and is prolonged after they are out of it; and in this particular the state inclines to an oligarchy: but as they are not elected by lot, but by suffrage, and are not permitted to take money, they are the greatest supporters imaginable of an aristocracy.

The determining all causes by the same magistrates, and not orae in one court and another in another, as at Lacedaemon, has the same influence. The constitution of Carthage is now shifting from an aristocracy to an oligarchy, in consequence of an opinion which is favourably entertained by many, who think that the magistrates in the community ought not to be persons of family only, but of fortune also; as it is impossible for those who are in bad circumstances to support the dignity of their office, or to be at leisure to apply to public business. As choosing men of fortune to be magistrates make a state incline to an oligarchy, and men of abilities to an aristocracy, so is there a third method of proceeding which took place in the polity of Carthage; for they have an eye to these two particulars when they elect their officers, particularly those of the highest rank, their kings and their generals. It must be admitted, that it was a great fault in their legislator not to guard against the constitution's degenerating from an aristocracy; for this is a most necessary thing to provide for at first, that those citizens who have the best abilities should never be obliged to do anything unworthy their character, but be always at leisure to serve the public, not only when in office, but also when private persons; for if once you are obliged to look among the wealthy, that you may have men at leisure to serve you, your greatest offices, of king and general, will soon become venal; in consequence of which, riches will be more honourable than virtue and a love of money be the ruling principle in the city-for what those who have the chief power regard as honourable will necessarily be the object which the [1273b] citizens in general will aim at; and where the first honours are not paid to virtue, there the aristocratic form of government cannot flourish: for it is reasonable to conclude, that those who bought their places should generally make an advantage of what they laid out their money for; as it is absurd to suppose, that if a man of probity who is poor should be desirous of gaining something, a bad man should not endeavour to do the same, especially to reimburse himself; for which reason the magistracy should be formed of those who are most able to support an aristocracy. It would have been better for the legislature to

have passed over the poverty of men of merit, and only to have taken care to have ensured them sufficient leisure, when in office, to attend to public affairs.

It seems also improper, that one person should execute several offices, which was approved of at Carthage; for one business is best done by one person; and it is the duty of the legislator to look to this, and not make the same person a musician and a shoemaker: so that where the state is not small it is more politic and more popular to admit many persons to have a share in the government; for, as I just now said, it is not only more usual, but everything is better and sooner done, when one thing only is allotted to one person: and this is evident both in the army and navy, where almost every one, in his turn, both commands and is under command. But as their government inclines to an oligarchy, they avoid the ill effects of it by always appointing some of the popular party to the government of cities to make their fortunes. Thus they consult this fault in their constitution and render it stable; but this is depending on chance; whereas the legislator ought to frame his government, that there the no room for insurrections. But now, if there should be any general calamity, and the people should revolt from their rulers, there is no remedy for reducing them to obedience by the laws. And these are the particulars of the Lacedaemonian, the Cretan, and the Carthaginian governments which seem worthy of commendation.

CHAPTER XII

Some of those persons who have written upon government had never any share in public affairs, but always led a private life. Everything worthy of notice in their works we have already spoke to. Others were legislators, some in their own cities, others were employed in regulating the governments of foreign states. Some of them only composed a body of laws; others formed the constitution also, as Lycurgus; and Solon, who did both. The Lacedaemonians have been already mentioned. Some persons think that Solon was an excellent legislator, who could dissolve a pure oligarchy, and save the people from that slavery which hung over them, and establish the ancient democratic form of government in his country; wherein every part of it was so framed as to be well adapted to the whole. In the senate of Areopagus an oligarchy was preserved; by the manner of electing their [1274a] magistrates, an aristocracy; and in their courts of justice, a democracy.

Solon seems not to have altered the established form of government, either with respect to the senate or the mode of electing their magistrates; but to have raised the people to great consideration in the state by allotting the supreme judicial department to them; and for this some persons blame him, as having done what would soon overturn that balance of power he intended to establish; for by trying all causes whatsoever before the people, who were chosen by lot to determine them, it was necessary to flatter a tyrannical populace who had got this power; which contributed to bring the government to that pure democracy it now is.

Both Ephialtes and Pericles abridged the power of the Areopagites, the latter of whom introduced the method of paying those who attended the courts of justice: and thus every one who aimed at being popular proceeded increasing the power of the people to what we now see it. But it is evident that this was not Solon's intention, but that it arose from accident; for the people being the cause of the naval victory over the Medes, assumed greatly upon it, and enlisted themselves under factious demagogues, although opposed by the better part of the citizens. He thought it indeed most necessary to entrust the people with the choice of their magistrates and the power of calling them to account; for without that they must have been slaves and enemies to the other citizens: but he ordered them to elect those only who were persons of good account and property, either out of those who were worth five hundred medimns, or those who were called xeugitai, or those of the third census, who were called horsemen.

As for those of the fourth, which consisted of mechanics, they were incapable of any office. Zaleucus was the legislator of the Western Locrians, as was Charondas, the Catanean, of his own cities, and those also in Italy and Sicily which belonged to the Calcidians. Some persons endeavour to prove that Onomacritus, the Locrian, was the first person of note who drew up laws; and that he employed himself in that business while he was at Crete, where he continued some time to learn the prophetic art: and they say, that Thales was his companion; and that Lycurgus and Zaleucus were the scholars of Thales, and Charondas of Zaleucus; but those who advance this, advance what is repugnant to chronology. Philolaus also, of the family of the Bacchiades, was a Theban legislator. This man was very fond of Diocles, a victor in the Olympic games, and when he left his country from a disgust at an improper passion which his mother Alithoe had entertained for him, and settled at Thebes, Philolaus followed him, where they both died, and where they still show their tombs placed in view of each other, but so disposed, that one of them looks towards Corinth, the other does not; the reason they give for this is, that Diodes, from his detestation of his mother's passion, would have his tomb so placed that no one could see Corinth from it; but Philolaus chose that it might be seen from his: and this was the cause of their living at Thebes. [1274b]

As Philolaus gave them laws concerning many other things, so did he upon adoption, which they call adoptive laws; and this he in particular did to preserve the number of families. Charondas did nothing new, except in actions for perjury, which he was the first person who took into particular consideration. He also drew up his laws with greater elegance and accuracy than even any of our present legislators. Philolaus introduced the law for the equal distribution of goods; Plato that for the community of women, children, and goods, and also for public tables for the women; and one concerning drunkenness, that they might observe sobriety in their symposiums. He also made a law concerning their warlike exercises; that they should acquire a habit of using both hands alike, as it was necessary that one hand should be as useful as the other.

As for Draco's laws, they were published when the government was already established, and they have nothing particular in them worth mentioning, except their severity on account of the enormity of their punishments. Pittacus was the author of some laws, but never drew up any form of government; one of which was this, that if a drunken man beat any person he should be punished more than if he did it when sober; for as people are more apt to be abusive when drunk than sober, he paid no consideration to the excuse which drunkenness might claim, but regarded only the common benefit. Andromadas Regmus was also a lawgiver to the Thracian talcidians. There are some laws of his concerning murders and heiresses extant, but these contain nothing that any one can say is new and his own. And thus much for different sorts of governments, as well those which really exist as those which different persons have proposed.

BOOK III

CHAPTER I

Every one who inquires into the nature of government, and what are its different forms, should make this almost his first question, What is a city? For upon this there is a dispute: for some persons say the city did this or that, while others say, not the city, but the oligarchy, or the tyranny. We see that the city is the only object which both the politician and legislator have in view in all they do: but government is a certain ordering of those who inhabit a city. As a city is a collective body, and, like other wholes, composed of many parts, it is evident our first inquiry must be, what a citizen is: for a city is a certain number of citizens. So that we must consider whom we ought to call citizen, and who is one; for this is often doubtful: for every one will not allow that this character is applicable to the same person; for that man who would be a citizen in a republic would very often not be one in an oligarchy. We do not include in this inquiry many of those who acquire this appellation out of the ordinary way, as honorary persons, for instance, but those only who have a natural right to it.

Now it is not residence which constitutes a man a citizen; for in this sojourners and slaves are upon an equality with him; nor will it be sufficient for this purpose, that you have the privilege of the laws, and may plead or be impleaded, for this all those of different nations, between whom there is a mutual agreement for that purpose, are allowed; although it very often happens, that sojourners have not a perfect right therein without the protection of a patron, to whom they are obliged to apply, which shows that their share in the community is incomplete. In like manner, with respect to boys who are not yet enrolled, or old men who are past war, we admit that they are in some respects citizens, but not completely so, but with some exceptions, for these are not yet arrived to years of maturity, and those are past service; nor is there any difference between them. But what we mean is sufficiently intelligible and clear, we want a complete citizen, one in whom there is no deficiency to be corrected to make him so. As to those who are banished, or infamous, there may be the same objections made and the same answer given. There is nothing that more characterises a complete citizen than having a share in the judicial and executive part of the government.

With respect to offices, some are fixed to a particular time, so that no person is, on any account, permitted to fill them twice; or else not till some certain period has intervened; others are not fixed, as a juryman's, and a member of the general assembly: but probably some one may say these are not offices, nor have the citizens in these capacities any share in the government; though surely it is ridiculous to say that those who have the principal power in the state bear no office in it. But this objection is of no weight, for it is only a dispute about words; as there is no general term which can be applied both to the office of a juryman and a member of the assembly. For the sake of distinction, suppose we call it an indeterminate office: but I lay it down as a maxim, that those are citizens who could exercise it. Such then is the description of a citizen who comes nearest to what all those who are called citizens are. Every one also should know, that of the component parts of those things which differ from each other in species, after the first or second remove, those which follow have either nothing at all or very little common to each.

Now we see that governments differ from each other in their form, and that some of them are defective, others [1275b] as excellent as possible: for it is evident, that those which have many deficiencies and degeneracies in them must be far inferior to those which are without such faults. What I mean by degeneracies will be hereafter explained. Hence it is clear that the office of a citizen must differ as governments do from each other: for which reason he who is called a citizen has, in a democracy, every privilege which that station supposes. In other forms of government he may enjoy them; but not necessarily: for in some states the people have no power; nor have they any general assembly, but a few select men.

The trial also of different causes is allotted to different persons; as at Lacedaemon all disputes concerning contracts are brought before some of the ephori: the senate are the judges in cases of murder, and so on; some being to be heard by one magistrate, others by another: and thus at Carthage certain magistrates determine all causes. But our former description of a citizen will admit of correction; for in some governments the office of a juryman and a member of the general assembly is not an indeterminate one; but there are particular persons appointed for these purposes, some or all of the citizens being appointed jurymen or members of the general assembly, and this either for all causes and all public business whatsoever, or else for some particular one: and this may be sufficient to show what a citizen is; for he who has a right to a share in the judicial and executive part of government in any city, him we call a citizen of that place; and a city, in one word, is a collective body of such persons sufficient in themselves to all the purposes of life.

CHAPTER II

In common use they define a citizen to be one who is sprung from citizens on both sides, not on the father's or the mother's only. Others carry the matter still further, and inquire how many of his ancestors have been citizens, as his grandfather, great-grandfather, etc., but some persons have questioned how the first of the family could prove themselves citizens, according to this popular and careless definition. Gorgias of Leontium, partly entertaining the same doubt, and partly in jest, says, that as a mortar is made by a mortar-maker, so a citizen is made by a citizen-maker, and a Larisssean by a Larisssean-maker. This is indeed a very simple account of the matter; for if citizens are so, according to this definition, it will be impossible to apply it to the first founders or first inhabitants of states, who cannot possibly claim in right either of their father or mother. It is probably a matter of still more difficulty to determine their rights as citizens who are admitted to their freedom after any revolution in the state. As, for instance, at Athens, after the expulsion of the tyrants, when Clisthenes enrolled many foreigners and city-slaves amongst the tribes; and the doubt with respect to them was, not whether they were citizens or no, but whether they were legally so or not. Though indeed some persons may have this further [1276a] doubt, whether a citizen can be a citizen when he is illegally made; as if an illegal citizen, and one who is no citizen at all, were in the same predicament: but since we see some persons govern unjustly, whom yet we admit to govern, though not justly, and the definition of a citizen is one who exercises certain offices, for such a one we have defined a citizen to be, it is evident, that a citizen illegally created yet continues to be a citizen, but whether justly or unjustly so belongs to the former inquiry.

CHAPTER III

It has also been doubted what was and what was not the act of the city; as, for instance, when a democracy arises out of an aristocracy or a tyranny; for some persons then refuse to fulfil their contracts; as if the right to receive the money was in the tyrant and not in the state, and many other things of the same nature; as if any covenant was founded for violence and not for the common good. So in like manner, if anything is done by those who have the management of public affairs where a democracy is established, their actions are to be considered as the actions of the state, as well as in the oligarchy or tyranny.

And here it seems very proper to consider this question, When shall we say that a city is the same, and when shall we say that it is different?

It is but a superficial mode of examining into this question to begin with the place and the people; for it may happen that these may be divided from that, or that some one of them may live in one place, and some in another (but this question may be regarded as no very knotty one; for, as a city may acquire that appellation on many accounts, it may be solved many ways); and in like manner, when men inhabit one common place, when shall we say that they inhabit the same city, or that the city is the same? for it does not depend upon the walls; for I can suppose Peloponnesus itself surrounded with a wall, as Babylon was, and every other place, which rather encircles many nations than one city, and that they say was taken three days when some of the inhabitants knew nothing of it: but we shall find a proper time to determine this question; for the extent of a city, how large it should be, and whether it

should consist of more than one people, these are particulars that the politician should by no means be unacquainted with. This, too, is a matter of inquiry, whether we shall say that a city is the same while it is inhabited by the same race of men, though some of them are perpetually dying, others coming into the world, as we say that a river or a fountain is the same, though the waters are continually changing; or when a revolution takes place shall we [1276b] say the men are the same, but the city is different: for if a city is a community, it is a community of citizens; but if the mode of government should alter, and become of another sort, it would seem a necessary consequence that the city is not the same; as we regard the tragic chorus as different from the comic, though it may probably consist of the same performers: thus every other community or composition is said to be different if the species of composition is different; as in music the same hands produce different harmony, as the Doric and Phrygian. If this is true, it is evident, that when we speak of a city as being the same we refer to the government there established; and this, whether it is called by the same name or any other, or inhabited by the same men or different. But whether or no it is right to dissolve the community when the constitution is altered is another question.

CHAPTER IV

What has been said, it follows that we should consider whether the same virtues which constitute a good man make a valuable citizen, or different; and if a particular inquiry is necessary for this matter we must first give a general description of the virtues of a good citizen; for as a sailor is one of those who make up a community, so is a citizen, although the province of one sailor may be different from another's (for one is a rower, another a steersman, a third a boatswain, and so on, each having their several appointments), it is evident that the most accurate description of any one good sailor must refer to his peculiar abilities, yet there are some things in which the same description may be applied to the whole crew, as the safety of the ship is the common business of all of them, for this is the general centre of all their cares: so also with respect to citizens, although they may in a few particulars be very different, yet there is one care common to them all, the safety of the community, for the community of the citizens composes the state; for which reason the virtue of a citizen has necessarily a reference to the state. But if there are different sorts of governments, it is evident that those actions which constitute the virtue of an excellent citizen in one community will not constitute it in another; wherefore the virtue of such a one cannot be perfect: but we say, a man is good when his virtues are perfect; from whence it follows, that an excellent citizen does not possess that virtue which constitutes a good man. Those who are any ways doubtful concerning this question may be convinced of the truth of it by examining into the best formed states: for, if it is impossible that a city should consist entirely of excellent citizens (while it is necessary that every one should do well in his calling, in which consists his excellence, as it is impossible that all the citizens should have the same [1277a] qualifications) it is impossible that the virtue of a citizen and a good man should be the same; for all should possess the virtue of an excellent citizen: for from hence necessarily arise the perfection of the city: but that every one should possess the virtue of a good man is impossible without all the citizens in a well-regulated state were necessarily virtuous. Besides, as a city is composed of dissimilar parts, as an animal is of life and body; the soul of reason and appetite; a family of a man and his wife--property of a master and a slave; in the same manner, as a city is composed of all these and many other very different parts, it necessarily follows that the virtue of all the citizens cannot be the same; as the business of him who leads the band is different from the other dancers. From all which proofs it is evident that the virtues of a citizen cannot be one and the same. But do we never find those virtues united which constitute a good man and excellent citizen? for we say, such a one is an excellent magistrate and a prudent and good man; but prudence is a necessary qualification for all those who engage in public affairs. Nay, some persons affirm that the education of those who are intended to command should, from the beginning, be different from other citizens, as the children of kings are generally instructed in riding and warlike exercises; and thus Euripides says:

"... No showy arts Be mine, but teach me what the state requires."

As if those who are to rule were to have an education peculiar to themselves. But if we allow, that the virtues of a good man and a good magistrate may be the same, and a citizen is one who obeys the magistrate, it follows that the virtue of the one cannot in general be the same as the virtue of the other, although it may be true of some particular citizen; for the virtue of the magistrate must be different from the virtue of the citizen. For which reason Jason declared that was he deprived of his kingdom he should pine away with regret, as not knowing how to live a private man. But it is a great recommendation to know how to command as well as to obey; and to do both these things well is the virtue of an accomplished citizen. If then the virtue of a good man consists only in being able to command, but the virtue of a good citizen renders him equally fit for the one as well as the other, the commendation of both of them is not the same. It appears, then, that both he who commands and he who obeys should each of them learn their separate business: but that the citizen should be master of and take part in both these, as any one may easily perceive; in a family

government there is no occasion for the master to know how to perform the necessary offices, but rather to enjoy the labour of others; for to do the other is a servile part. I mean by the other, the common family business of the slave.

There are many sorts of slaves; for their employments are various: of these the handicraftsmen are one, who, as their name imports, get their living by the labour of their hands, and amongst these all mechanics are included; [1277b] for which reasons such workmen, in some states, were not formerly admitted into any share in the government; till at length democracies were established: it is not therefore proper for any man of honour, or any citizen, or any one who engages in public affairs, to learn these servile employments without they have occasion for them for their own use; for without this was observed the distinction between a master and a slave would be lost. But there is a government of another sort, in which men govern those who are their equals in rank, and freemen, which we call a political government, in which men learn to command by first submitting to obey, as a good general of horse, or a commander-in-chief, must acquire a knowledge of their duty by having been long under the command of another, and the like in every appointment in the army: for well is it said, no one knows how to command who has not himself been under command of another. The virtues of those are indeed different, but a good citizen must necessarily be endowed with them; he ought also to know in what manner freemen ought to govern, as well as be governed: and this, too, is the duty of a good man. And if the temperance and justice of him who commands is different from his who, though a freeman, is under command, it is evident that the virtues of a good citizen cannot be the same as justice, for instance but must be of a different species in these two different situations, as the temperance and courage of a man and a woman are different from each other; for a man would appear a coward who had only that courage which would be graceful in a woman, and a woman would be thought a talker who should take as large a part in the conversation as would become a man of consequence.

The domestic employments of each of them are also different; it is the man's business to acquire subsistence, the woman's to take care of it. But direction and knowledge of public affairs is a virtue peculiar to those who govern, while all others seem to be equally requisite for both parties; but with this the governed have no concern, it is theirs to entertain just notions: they indeed are like flute-makers, while those who govern are the musicians who play on them. And thus much to show whether the virtue of a good man and an excellent citizen is the same, or if it is different, and also how far it is the same, and how far different.

CHAPTER V

But with respect to citizens there is a doubt remaining, whether those only are truly so who are allowed to share in the government, or whether the mechanics also are to be considered as such? for if those who are not permitted to rule are to be reckoned among them, it is impossible that the virtue of all the citizens should be the same, for these also are citizens; and if none of them are admitted to be citizens, where shall they be ranked? for they are neither [1278a] sojourners nor foreigners? or shall we say that there will no inconvenience arise from their not being citizens, as they are neither slaves nor freedmen: for this is certainly true, that all those are not citizens who are necessary to the existence of a city, as boys are not citizens in the same manner that men are, for those are perfectly so, the others under some conditions; for they are citizens, though imperfect ones: for in former times among some people the mechanics were either slaves or foreigners, for which reason many of them are so now: and indeed the best regulated states will not permit a mechanic to be a citizen; but if it be allowed them, we cannot then attribute the virtue we have described to every citizen or freeman, but to those only who are disengaged from servile offices. Now those who are employed by one person in them are slaves; those who do them for money are mechanics and hired servants: hence it is evident on the least reflection what is their situation, for what I have said is fully explained by appearances. Since the number of communities is very great, it follows necessarily that there will be many different sorts of citizens, particularly of those who are governed by others, so that in one state it may be necessary to admit mechanics and hired servants to be citizens, but in others it may be impossible; as particularly in an aristocracy, where honours are bestowed on virtue and dignity: for it is impossible for one who lives the life of a mechanic or hired servant to acquire the practice of virtue. In an oligarchy also hired servants are not admitted to be citizens; because there a man's right to bear any office is regulated by his fortune; but mechanics are, for many citizens are very rich.

There was a law at Thebes that no one could have a share in the government till he had been ten years out of trade. In many states the law invites strangers to accept the freedom of the city; and in some democracies the son of a free-woman is himself free. The same is also observed in many others with respect to natural children; but it is through want of citizens regularly born that they admit such: for these laws are always made in consequence of a scarcity of inhabitants; so, as their numbers increase, they first deprive the children of a male or female slave of this privilege, next the child of a free-woman, and last of all they will admit none but those whose fathers and mothers were both free.

That there are many sorts of citizens, and that he may be said to be as completely who shares the honours of the state, is evident from what has been already said. Thus Achilles, in Homer, complains of Agamemnon's treating him like an unhonoured stranger; for a stranger or sojourner is one who does not partake of the honours of the state: and whenever the right to the freedom of the city is kept obscure, it is for the sake of the inhabitants. [1278b] From what has been said it is plain whether the virtue of a good man and an excellent citizen is the same or different: and we find that in some states it is the same, in others not; and also that this is not true of each citizen, but of those only who take the lead, or are capable of taking the lead, in public affairs, either alone or in conjunction with others.

CHAPTER VI

Having established these points, we proceed next to consider whether one form of government only should be established, or more than one; and if more, how many, and of what sort, and what are the differences between them. The form of government is the ordering and regulating of the city, and all the offices in it, particularly those wherein the supreme power is lodged; and this power is always possessed by the administration; but the administration itself is that particular form of government which is established in any state: thus in a democracy the supreme power is lodged in the whole people; on the contrary, in an oligarchy it is in the hands of a few. We say then, that the form of government in these states is different, and we shall find the same thing hold good in others. Let us first determine for whose sake a city is established; and point out the different species of rule which man may submit to in social life.

I have already mentioned in my treatise on the management of a family, and the power of the master, that man is an animal naturally formed for society, and that therefore, when he does not want any foreign assistance, he will of his own accord desire to live with others; not but that mutual advantage induces them to it, as far as it enables each person to live more agreeably; and this is indeed the great object not only to all in general, but also to each individual: but it is not merely matter of choice, but they join in society also, even that they may be able to live, which probably is not without some share of merit, and they also support civil society, even for the sake of preserving life, without they are grievously overwhelmed with the miseries of it: for it is very evident that men will endure many calamities for the sake of living, as being something naturally sweet and desirable. It is easy to point out the different modes of government, and we have already settled them in our exoteric discourses. The power of the master, though by nature equally serviceable, both to the master and to the slave, yet nevertheless has for its object the benefit of the master, while the benefit of the slave arises accidentally; for if the slave is destroyed, the power of the master is at an end: but the authority which a man has over his wife, and children, and his family, which we call domestic government, is either for the benefit of those who are under subjection, or else for the common benefit of the whole: but its particular object is the benefit of the governed, as we see in other arts; in physic, for instance, and the gymnastic exercises, wherein, if any benefit [1279a] arise to the master, it is accidental; for nothing forbids the master of the exercises from sometimes being himself one of those who exercises, as the steersman is always one of the sailors; but both the master of the exercises and the steersman consider the good of those who are under their government. Whatever good may happen to the steersman when he is a sailor, or to the master of the exercises when he himself makes one at the games, is not intentional, or the object of their power; thus in all political governments which are established to preserve and defend the equality of the citizens it is held right to rule by turns. Formerly, as was natural, every one expected that each of his fellow-citizens should in his turn serve the public, and thus administer to his private good, as he himself when in office had done for others; but now every one is desirous of being continually in power, that he may enjoy the advantage which he makes of public business and being in office; as if places were a never-failing remedy for every complaint, and were on that account so eagerly sought after.

It is evident, then, that all those governments which have a common good in view are rightly established and strictly just, but those who have in view only the good of the rulers are all founded on wrong principles, and are widely different from what a government ought to be, for they are tyranny over slaves, whereas a city is a community of freemen.

CHAPTER VII

Having established these particulars, we come to consider next the different number of governments which there are, and what they are; and first, what are their excellencies: for when we have determined this, their defects will be evident enough.

It is evident that every form of government or administration, for the words are of the same import, must contain a supreme power over the whole state, and this supreme power must necessarily be in the hands of one person, or a few, or many; and when either

of these apply their power for the common good, such states are well governed; but when the interest of the one, the few, or the many who enjoy this power is alone consulted, then ill; for you must either affirm that those who make up the community are not citizens, or else let these share in the advantages of government. We usually call a state which is governed by one person for the common good, a kingdom; one that is governed by more than one, but by a few only, an aristocracy; either because the government is in the hands of the most worthy citizens, or because it is the best form for the city and its inhabitants. When the citizens at large govern for the public good, it is called a state; which is also a common name for all other governments, and these distinctions are consonant to reason; for it will not be difficult to find one person, or a very few, of very distinguished abilities, but almost impossible to meet with the majority [1279b] of a people eminent for every virtue; but if there is one common to a whole nation it is valour; for this is created and supported by numbers: for which reason in such a state the profession of arms will always have the greatest share in the government.

Now the corruptions attending each of these governments are these; a kingdom may degenerate into a tyranny, an aristocracy into an oligarchy, and a state into a democracy. Now a tyranny is a monarchy where the good of one man only is the object of government, an oligarchy considers only the rich, and a democracy only the poor; but neither of them have a common good in view.

CHAPTER VIII

It will be necessary to enlarge a little more upon the nature of each of these states, which is not without some difficulty, for he who would enter into a philosophical inquiry into the principles of them, and not content himself with a superficial view of their outward conduct, must pass over and omit nothing, but explain the true spirit of each of them. A tyranny then is, as has been said, a monarchy, where one person has an absolute and despotic power over the whole community and every member therein: an oligarchy, where the supreme power of the state is lodged with the rich: a democracy, on the contrary, is where those have it who are worth little or nothing. But the first difficulty that arises from the distinctions which we have laid down is this, should it happen that the majority of the inhabitants who possess the power of the state (for this is a democracy) should be rich, the question is, how does this agree with what we have said? The same difficulty occurs, should it ever happen that the poor compose a smaller part of the people than the rich, but from their superior abilities acquire the supreme power; for this is what they call an oligarchy; it should seem then that our definition of the different states was not correct: nay, moreover, could any one suppose that the majority of the people were poor, and the minority rich, and then describe the state in this manner, that an oligarchy was a government in which the rich, being few in number, possessed the supreme power, and that a democracy was a state in which the poor, being many in number, possessed it, still there will be another difficulty; for what name shall we give to those states we have been describing? I mean, that in which the greater number are rich, and that in which the lesser number are poor (where each of these possess the supreme power), if there are no other states than those we have described. It seems therefore evident to reason, that whether the supreme power is vested in the hands of many or few may be a matter of accident; but that it is clear enough, that when it is in the hands of the few, it will be a government of the rich; when in the hands of the many, it will be a government of the poor; since in all countries there are many poor and few rich: it is not therefore the cause that has been already assigned (namely, the number of people in power) that makes the difference between the two governments; but an oligarchy and democracy differ in this from each other, in the poverty of those who govern in the one, and the riches I28oa of those who govern in the other; for when the government is in the hands of the rich, be they few or be they more, it is an oligarchy; when it is in the hands of the poor, it is a democracy: but, as we have already said, the one will be always few, the other numerous, but both will enjoy liberty; and from the claims of wealth and liberty will arise continual disputes with each other for the lead in public affairs.

CHAPTER IX

Let us first determine what are the proper limits of an oligarchy and a democracy, and what is just in each of these states; for all men have some natural inclination to justice; but they proceed therein only to a certain degree; nor can they universally point out what is absolutely just; as, for instance, what is equal appears just, and is so; but not to all; only among those who are equals: and what is unequal appears just, and is so; but not to all, only amongst those who are unequals; which circumstance some people neglect, and therefore judge ill; the reason for which is, they judge for themselves, and every one almost is the worst judge in his own cause. Since then justice has reference to persons, the same distinctions must be made with respect to persons which are made with respect to things, in the manner that I have already described in my Ethics.

As to the equality of the things, these they agree in; but their dispute is concerning the equality of the persons, and chiefly for the reason above assigned; because they judge ill in their own cause; and also because each party thinks, that if they admit what is

right in some particulars, they have done justice on the whole: thus, for instance, if some persons are unequal in riches, they suppose them unequal in the whole; or, on the contrary, if they are equal in liberty, they suppose them equal in the whole: but what is absolutely just they omit; for if civil society was founded for the sake of preserving and increasing property, every one's right in the city would be equal to his fortune; and then the reasoning of those who insist upon an oligarchy would be valid; for it would not be right that he who contributed one mina should have an equal share in the hundred along with him who brought in all the rest, either of the original money or what was afterwards acquired.

Nor was civil society founded merely to preserve the lives of its members; but that they might live well: for otherwise a state might be composed of slaves, or the animal creation: but this is not so; for these have no share in the happiness of it; nor do they live after their own choice; nor is it an alliance mutually to defend each other from injuries, or for a commercial intercourse: for then the Tyrrhenians and Carthaginians, and all other nations between whom treaties of commerce subsist, would be citizens of one city; for they have articles to regulate their exports and imports, and engagements for mutual protection, and alliances for mutual defence; but [1280b] yet they have not all the same magistrates established among them, but they are different among the different people; nor does the one take any care, that the morals of the other should be as they ought, or that none of those who have entered into the common agreements should be unjust, or in any degree vicious, only that they do not injure any member of the confederacy. But whosoever endeavours to establish wholesome laws in a state, attends to the virtues and the vices of each individual who composes it; from whence it is evident, that the first care of him who would found a city, truly deserving that name, and not nominally so, must be to have his citizens virtuous; for otherwise it is merely an alliance for self-defence; differing from those of the same cast which are made between different people only in place: for law is an agreement and a pledge, as the sophist Lycophron says, between the citizens of their intending to do justice to each other, though not sufficient to make all the citizens just and good: and that this is fact is evident, for could any one bring different places together, as, for instance, enclose Megara and Corinth in a wall, yet they would not be one city, not even if the inhabitants intermarried with each other, though this inter-community contributes much to make a place one city. Besides, could we suppose a set of people to live separate from each other, but within such a distance as would admit of an intercourse, and that there were laws subsisting between each party, to prevent their injuring one another in their mutual dealings, supposing one a carpenter, another a husbandman, shoemaker, and the like, and that their numbers were ten thousand, still all that they would have together in common would be a tariff for trade, or an alliance for mutual defence, but not the same city. And why? not because their mutual intercourse is not near enough, for even if persons so situated should come to one place, and every one should live in his own house as in his native city, and there should be alliances subsisting between each party to mutually assist and prevent any injury being done to the other, still they would not be admitted to be a city by those who think correctly, if they preserved the same customs when they were together as when they were separate.

It is evident, then, that a city is not a community of place; nor established for the sake of mutual safety or traffic with each other; but that these things are the necessary consequences of a city, although they may all exist where there is no city: but a city is a society of people joining together with their families and their children to live agreeably for the sake of having their lives as happy and as independent as possible: and for this purpose it is necessary that they should live in one place and intermarry with each other: hence in all cities there are family-meetings, clubs, sacrifices, and public entertainments to promote friendship; for a love of sociability is friendship itself; so that the end then for which a city is established is, that the inhabitants of it may live happy, and these things are conducive to that end: for it is a community of families and villages for the sake of a perfect independent life; that is, as we have already said, for the sake of living well and happily. It is not therefore founded for the purpose of men's merely [1281a] living together, but for their living as men ought; for which reason those who contribute most to this end deserve to have greater power in the city than those who are their equals in family and freedom, but their inferiors in civil virtue, or those who excel them in wealth but are below them in worth. It is evident from what has been said, that in all disputes upon government each party says something that is just.

CHAPTER X

It may also be a doubt where the supreme power ought to be lodged. Shall it be with the majority, or the wealthy, with a number of proper persons, or one better than the rest, or with a tyrant? But whichever of these we prefer some difficulty will arise. For what? shall the poor have it because they are the majority? they may then divide among themselves, what belongs to the rich: nor is this unjust; because truly it has been so judged by the supreme power. But what avails it to point out what is the height of injustice if this is not? Again, if the many seize into their own hands everything which belongs to the few, it is evident that the city will be at an end. But virtue will never destroy what is virtuous; nor can what is right be the ruin of the state: therefore such a law can never be right,

nor can the acts of a tyrant ever be wrong, for of necessity they must all be just; for he, from his unlimited power, compels every one to obey his command, as the multitude oppress the rich. Is it right then that the rich, the few, should have the supreme power? and what if they be guilty of the same rapine and plunder the possessions of the majority, that will be as right as the other: but that all things of this sort are wrong and unjust is evident. Well then, these of the better sort shall have it: but must not then all the other citizens live unhonoured, without sharing the offices of the city; for the offices of a city are its honours, and if one set of men are always in power, it is evident that the rest must be without honour. Well then, let it be with one person of all others the fittest for it: but by this means the power will be still more contracted, and a greater number than before continue unhonoured. But some one may say, that it is wrong to let man have the supreme power and not the law, as his soul is subject to so many passions. But if this law appoints an aristocracy, or a democracy, how will it help us in our present doubts? for those things will happen which we have already mentioned.

CHAPTER XI

Other particulars we will consider separately; but it seems proper to prove, that the supreme power ought to be lodged with the many, rather than with those of the better sort, who are few; and also to explain what doubts (and probably just ones) may arise: now, though not one individual of the many may himself be fit for the supreme power, yet when these many are joined together, it does not follow but they may be better qualified for it than those; and this not separately, but as a collective body; as the public suppers exceed those which are given at one person's private expense: for, as they are many, each person brings in his share of virtue and wisdom; and thus, coming together, they are like one man made up of a multitude, with many feet, many hands, and many intelligences: thus is it with respect to the manners and understandings of the multitude taken together; for which reason the public are the best judges of music and poetry; for some understand one part, some another, and all collectively the whole; and in this particular men of consequence differ from each of the many; as they say those who are beautiful do from those who are not so, and as fine pictures excel any natural objects, by collecting the several beautiful parts which were dispersed among different originals into one, although the separate parts, as the eye or any other, might be handsomer than in the picture.

But if this distinction is to be made between every people and every general assembly, and some few men of consequence, it may be doubtful whether it is true; nay, it is clear enough that, with respect to a few, it is not; since the same conclusion might be applied even to brutes: and indeed wherein do some men differ from brutes? Not but that nothing prevents what I have said being true of the people in some states. The doubt then which we have lately proposed, with all its consequences, may be settled in this manner; it is necessary that the freemen who compose the bulk of the people should have absolute power in some things; but as they are neither men of property, nor act uniformly upon principles of virtue, it is not safe to trust them with the first offices in the state, both on account of their iniquity and their ignorance; from the one of which they will do what is wrong, from the other they will mistake: and yet it is dangerous to allow them no power or share in the government; for when there are many poor people who are incapable of acquiring the honours of their country, the state must necessarily have many enemies in it; let them then be permitted to vote in the public assemblies and to determine causes; for which reason Socrates, and some other legislators, gave them the power of electing the officers of the state, and also of inquiring into their conduct when they came out of office, and only prevented their being magistrates by themselves; for the multitude when they are collected together have all of them sufficient understanding for these purposes, and, mixing among those of higher rank, are serviceable to the city, as some things, which alone are improper for food, when mixed with others make the whole more wholesome than a few of them would be.

But there is a difficulty attending this form of government, for it seems, that the person who himself was capable of curing any one who was then sick, must be the best judge whom to employ as a physician; but such a one must be himself a physician; and the same holds true in every other practice and art: and as a physician ought [1282a] to give an account of his practice to a physician, so ought it to be in other arts: those whose business is physic may be divided into three sorts, the first of these is he who makes up the medicines; the second prescribes, and is to the other as the architect is to the mason; the third is he who understands the science, but never practises it: now these three distinctions may be found in those who understand all other arts; nor have we less opinion of their judgment who are only instructed in the principles of the art than of those who practise it: and with respect to elections the same method of proceeding seems right; for to elect a proper person in any science is the business of those who are skilful therein; as in geometry, of geometricians; in steering, of steersmen: but if some individuals should know something of particular arts and works, they do not know more than the professors of them: so that even upon this principle neither the election of magistrates, nor the censure of their conduct, should be entrusted to the many.

But probably all that has been here said may not be right; for, to resume the argument I lately used, if the people are not very brutal indeed, although we allow that each individual knows less of these affairs than those who have given particular attention to them, yet when they come together they will know them better, or at least not worse; besides, in some particular arts it is not the workman only who is the best judge; namely, in those the works of which are understood by those who do not profess them: thus he who builds a house is not the only judge of it, for the master of the family who inhabits it is a better; thus also a steersman is a better judge of a tiller than he who made it; and he who gives an entertainment than the cook. What has been said seems a sufficient solution of this difficulty; but there is another that follows: for it seems absurd that the power of the state should be lodged with those who are but of indifferent morals, instead of those who are of excellent characters. Now the power of election and censure are of the utmost consequence, and this, as has been said, in some states they entrust to the people; for the general assembly is the supreme court of all, and they have a voice in this, and deliberate in all public affairs, and try all causes, without any objection to the meanness of their circumstances, and at any age: but their treasurers, generals, and other great officers of state are taken from men of great fortune and worth. This difficulty also may be solved upon the same principle; and here too they may be right, for the power is not in the man who is member of the assembly, or council, but the assembly itself, and the council, and the people, of which each individual of the whole community are the parts, I mean as senator, adviser, or judge; for which reason it is very right, that the many should have the greatest powers in their own hands; for the people, the council, and the judges are composed of them, and the property of all these collectively is more than the property of any person or a few who fill the great offices of the state: and thus I determine these points.

The first question that we stated shows plainly, that the supreme power should be lodged in laws duly made and that the magistrate or magistrates, either one or more, should be authorised to determine those cases which the laws cannot particularly speak to, as it is impossible for them, in general language, to explain themselves upon everything that may arise: but what these laws are which are established upon the best foundations has not been yet explained, but still remains a matter of some question: but the laws of every state will necessarily be like every state, either trifling or excellent, just or unjust; for it is evident, that the laws must be framed correspondent to the constitution of the government; and, if so, it is plain, that a well-formed government will have good laws, a bad one, bad ones.

CHAPTER XII

Since in every art and science the end aimed at is always good, so particularly in this, which is the most excellent of all, the founding of civil society, the good wherein aimed at is justice; for it is this which is for the benefit of all. Now, it is the common opinion, that justice is a certain equality; and in this point all the philosophers are agreed when they treat of morals: for they say what is just, and to whom; and that equals ought to receive equal: but we should know how we are to determine what things are equal and what unequal; and in this there is some difficulty, which calls for the philosophy of the politician. Some persons will probably say, that the employments of the state ought to be given according to every particular excellence of each citizen, if there is no other difference between them and the rest of the community, but they are in every respect else alike: for justice attributes different things to persons differing from each other in their character, according to their respective merits. But if this is admitted to be true, complexion, or height, or any such advantage will be a claim for a greater share of the public rights. But that this is evidently absurd is clear from other arts and sciences; for with respect to musicians who play on the flute together, the best flute is not given to him who is of the best family, for he will play never the better for that, but the best instrument ought to be given to him who is the best artist.

If what is now said does not make this clear, we will explain it still further: if there should be any one, a very excellent player on the flute, but very deficient in family and beauty, though each of them are more valuable endowments than a skill in music, and excel this art in a higher degree than that player excels others, yet the best flutes ought to be given to him; for the superiority [1283a] in beauty and fortune should have a reference to the business in hand; but these have none. Moreover, according to this reasoning, every possible excellence might come in comparison with every other; for if bodily strength might dispute the point with riches or liberty, even any bodily strength might do it; so that if one person excelled in size more than another did in virtue, and his size was to qualify him to take place of the other's virtue, everything must then admit of a comparison with each other; for if such a size is greater than virtue by so much, it is evident another must be equal to it: but, since this is impossible, it is plain that it would be contrary to common sense to dispute a right to any office in the state from every superiority whatsoever: for if one person is slow and the other swift, neither is the one better qualified nor the other worse on that account, though in the gymnastic races a difference in these particulars would gain the prize; but a pretension to the offices of the state should be founded on a superiority in

those qualifications which are useful to it: for which reason those of family, independency, and fortune, with great propriety, contend with each other for them; for these are the fit persons to fill them: for a city can no more consist of all poor men than it can of all slaves But if such persons are requisite, it is evident that those also who are just and valiant are equally so; for without justice and valour no state can be supported, the former being necessary for its existence, the latter for its happiness.

CHAPTER XIII

It seems, then, requisite for the establishment of a state, that all, or at least many of these particulars should be well canvassed and inquired into; and that virtue and education may most justly claim the right of being considered as the necessary means of making the citizens happy, as we have already said. As those who are equal in one particular are not therefore equal in all, and those who are unequal in one particular are not therefore unequal in all, it follows that all those governments which are established upon a principle which supposes they are, are erroneous.

We have already said, that all the members of the community will dispute with each other for the offices of the state; and in some particulars justly, but not so in general; the rich, for instance, because they have the greatest landed property, and the ultimate right to the soil is vested in the community; and also because their fidelity is in general most to be depended on. The freemen and men of family will dispute the point with each other, as nearly on an equality; for these latter have a right to a higher regard as citizens than obscure persons, for honourable descent is everywhere of great esteem: nor is it an improper conclusion, that the descendants of men of worth will be men of worth themselves; for noble birth is the fountain of virtue to men of family: for the same reason also we justly say, that virtue has a right to put in her pretensions. Justice, for instance, is a virtue, and so necessary to society, that all others must yield her the precedence.

Let us now see what the many have to urge on their side against the few; and they may say, that if, when collectively taken, they are compared with them, they are stronger, richer, and better than they are. But should it ever happen that all these should inhabit the [1283b] same city, I mean the good, the rich, the noble, as well as the many, such as usually make up the community, I ask, will there then be any reason to dispute concerning who shall govern, or will there not? for in every community which we have mentioned there is no dispute where the supreme power should be placed; for as these differ from each other, so do those in whom that is placed; for in one state the rich enjoy it, in others the meritorious, and thus each according to their separate manners. Let us however consider what is to be done when all these happen at the same time to inhabit the same city. If the virtuous should be very few in number, how then shall we act? shall we prefer the virtuous on account of their abilities, if they are capable of governing the city? or should they be so many as almost entirely to compose the state?

There is also a doubt concerning the pretensions of all those who claim the honours of government: for those who found them either on fortune or family have nothing which they can justly say in their defence; since it is evident upon their principle, that if any one person can be found richer than all the rest, the right of governing all these will be justly vested in this one person. In the same manner, one man who is of the best family will claim it from those who dispute the point upon family merit: and probably in an aristocracy the same dispute might arise on the score of virtue, if there is one man better than all the other men of worth who are in the same community; it seems just, by the same reasoning, that he should enjoy the supreme power. And upon this principle also, while the many suppose they ought to have the supreme command, as being more powerful than the few, if one or more than one, though a small number should be found stronger than themselves, these ought rather to have it than they.

All these things seem to make it plain, that none of these principles are justly founded on which these persons would establish their right to the supreme power; and that all men whatsoever ought to obey them: for with respect to those who claim it as due to their virtue or their fortune, they might have justly some objection to make; for nothing hinders but that it may sometimes happen, that the many may be better or richer than the few, not as individuals, but in their collective capacity.

As to the doubt which some persons have proposed and objected, we may answer it in this manner; it is this, whether a legislator, who would establish the most perfect system of laws, should calculate them for the use of the better part of the citizens, or the many, in the circumstances we have already mentioned? The rectitude of anything consists in its equality; that therefore which is equally right will be advantageous to the whole state, and to every member of it in common.

Now, in general, a citizen is one who both shares in the government and also in his turn submits to be governed; [1284a] their condition, it is true, is different in different states: the best is that in which a man is enabled to choose and to persevere in a course of virtue during his whole life, both in his public and private state. But should there be one person, or a very few, eminent for an

uncommon degree of virtue, though not enough to make up a civil state, so that the virtue of the many, or their political abilities, should be too inferior to come in comparison with theirs, if more than one; or if but one, with his only; such are not to be considered as part of the city; for it would be doing them injustice to rate them on a level with those who are so far their inferiors in virtue and political abilities, that they appear to them like a god amongst men. From whence it is evident, that a system of laws must be calculated for those who are equal to each other in nature and power. Such men, therefore, are not the object of law; for they are themselves a law: and it would be ridiculous in any one to endeavour to include them in the penalties of a law: for probably they might say what Antisthenes tells us the lions did to the hares when they demanded to be admitted to an equal share with them in the government. And it is on this account that democratic states have established the ostracism; for an equality seems the principal object of their government. For which reason they compel all those who are very eminent for their power, their fortune, their friendships, or any other cause which may give them too great weight in the government, to submit to the ostracism, and leave the city for a stated time; as the fabulous histories relate the Argonauts served Hercules, for they refused to take him with them in the ship Argo on account of his superior valour. For which reason those who hate a tyranny and find fault with the advice which Periander gave to Thrasybulus, must not think there was nothing to be said in its defence; for the story goes, that Periander said nothing to the messenger in answer to the business he was consulted about, but striking off those ears of corn which were higher than the rest, reduced the whole crop to a level; so that the messenger, without knowing the cause of what was done, related the fact to Thrasybulus, who understood by it that he must take off all the principal men in the city. Nor is this serviceable to tyrants only; nor is it tyrants only who do it; for the same thing is practised both in oligarchies and democracies: for the ostracism has in a manner nearly the same power, by restraining and banishing those who are too great; and what is done in one city is done also by those who have the supreme power in separate states; as the Athenians with respect to the Samians, the Chians, and the Lesbians; for when they suddenly acquired the superiority over all Greece, they brought the other states into subjection, contrary to the treaties which subsisted between them. The King of Persia also very often reduces the Medes and Babylonians when they assume upon their former power: [1284b] and this is a principle which all governments whatsoever keep in their eye; even those which are best administered, as well as those which are not, do it; these for the sake of private utility, the others for the public good.

The same thing is to be perceived in the other arts and sciences; for a painter would not represent an animal with a foot disproportionally large, though he had drawn it remarkably beautiful; nor would the shipwright make the prow or any other part of the vessel larger than it ought to be; nor will the master of the band permit any who sings louder and better than the rest to sing in concert with them. There is therefore no reason that a monarch should not act in agreement with free states, to support his own power, if they do the same thing for the benefit of their respective communities; upon which account when there is any acknowledged difference in the power of the citizens, the reason upon which the ostracism is founded will be politically just; but it is better for the legislator so to establish his state at the beginning as not to want this remedy: but if in course of time such an inconvenience should arise, to endeavour to amend it by some such correction. Not that this was the use it was put to: for many did not regard the benefit of their respective communities, but made the ostracism a weapon in the hand of sedition.

It is evident, then, that in corrupt governments it is partly just and useful to the individual, though probably it is as clear that it is not entirely just: for in a well-governed state there may be great doubts about the use of it, not on account of the pre-eminence which one may have in strength, riches, or connection: but when the pre-eminence is virtue, what then is to be done? for it seems not right to turn out and banish such a one; neither does it seem right to govern him, for that would be like desiring to share the power with Jupiter and to govern him: nothing then remains but what indeed seems natural, and that is for all persons quietly to submit to the government of those who are thus eminently virtuous, and let them be perpetually kings in the separate states.

CHAPTER XIV

What has been now said, it seems proper to change our subject and to inquire into the nature of monarchies; for we have already admitted them to be one of those species of government which are properly founded. And here let us consider whether a kingly government is proper for a city or a country whose principal object is the happiness of the inhabitants, or rather some other. But let us first determine whether this is of one kind only, or more; [1285a] and it is easy to know that it consists of many different species, and that the forms of government are not the same in all: for at Sparta the kingly power seems chiefly regulated by the laws; for it is not supreme in all circumstances; but when the king quits the territories of the state he is their general in war; and all religious affairs are entrusted to him: indeed the kingly power with them is chiefly that of a general who cannot be called to an account for his conduct, and whose command is for life: for he has not the power of life and death, except as a general; as they frequently had in their expeditions by martial law, which we learn from Homer; for when Agamemnon is affronted in council, he restrains his

resentment, but when he is in the field and armed with this power, he tells the Greeks:

"Whoe'er I know shall shun th' impending fight, To dogs and vultures soon shall be a prey; For death is mine...."

This, then, is one species of monarchical government in which the kingly power is in a general for life; and is sometimes hereditary, sometimes elective: besides, there is also another, which is to be met with among some of the barbarians, in which the kings are invested with powers nearly equal to a tyranny, yet are, in some respects, bound by the laws and the customs of their country; for as the barbarians are by nature more prone to slavery than the Greeks, and those in Asia more than those in Europe, they endure without murmuring a despotic government; for this reason their governments are tyrannies; but yet not liable to be overthrown, as being customary and according to law. Their guards also are such as are used in a kingly government, not a despotic one; for the guards of their kings are his citizens, but a tyrant's are foreigners. The one commands, in the manner the law directs, those who willingly obey; the other, arbitrarily, those who consent not. The one, therefore, is guarded by the citizens, the other against them.

These, then, are the two different sorts of these monarchies, and another is that which in ancient Greece they called _aesumnetes_; which is nothing more than an elective tyranny; and its difference from that which is to be found amongst the barbarians consists not in its not being according to law, but only in its not being according to the ancient customs of the country. Some persons possessed this power for life, others only for a particular time or particular purpose, as the people of Mitylene elected Pittacus to oppose the exiles, who were headed by Antimenides and Alcaeus the poet, as we learn from a poem of his; for he upbraids the Mitylenians for having chosen Pittacus for their tyrant, and with one [1285b] voice extolling him to the skies who was the ruin of a rash and devoted people. These sorts of government then are, and ever were, despotic, on account of their being tyrannies; but inasmuch as they are elective, and over a free people, they are also kingly.

A fourth species of kingly government is that which was in use in the heroic times, when a free people submitted to a kingly government, according to the laws and customs of their country. For those who were at first of benefit to mankind, either in arts or arms, or by collecting them into civil society, or procuring them an establishment, became the kings of a willing people, and established an hereditary monarchy. They were particularly their generals in war, and presided over their sacrifices, excepting such only as belonged to the priests: they were also the supreme judges over the people; and in this case some of them took an oath, others did not; they did, the form of swearing was by their sceptre held out.

In ancient times the power of the kings extended to everything whatsoever, both civil, domestic, and foreign; but in after-times they relinquished some of their privileges, and others the people assumed, so that, in some states, they left their kings only the right of presiding over the sacrifices; and even those whom it were worth while to call by that name had only the right of being commander-in-chief in their foreign wars.

These, then, are the four sorts of kingdoms: the first is that of the heroic times; which was a government over a free people, with its rights in some particulars marked out; for the king was their general, their judge, and their high priest. The second, that of the barbarians; which is an hereditary despotic government regulated by laws: the third is that which they call aesumnetic, which is an elective tyranny. The fourth is the Lacedaemonian; and this, in few words, is nothing more than an hereditary generalship: and in these particulars they differ from each other. There is a fifth species of kingly government, which is when one person has a supreme power over all things whatsoever, in the manner that every state and every city has over those things which belong to the public: for as the master of a family is king in his own house, so such a king is master of a family in his own city or state.

CHAPTER XV

But the different sorts of kingly governments may, if I may so say, be reduced to two; which we will consider more particularly. The last spoken of, and the Lacedaemonian, for the chief of the others are placed between these, which are as it were at the extremities, they having less power than an absolute government, and yet more than the Lacedaemonians; so that the whole matter in question may be reduced to these two points; the one is, whether it is advantageous to the citizens to have the office of general continue in one person for life, and whether it should be confined to any particular families or whether every one should be eligible: the other, whether [1286a] it is advantageous for one person to have the supreme power over everything or not. But to enter into the particulars concerning the office of a Lacedaemonian general would be rather to frame laws for a state than to consider the nature and utility of its constitution, since we know that the appointing of a general is what is done in every state. Passing over this question then, we will proceed to consider the other part of their government, which is the polity of the state; and this it will be necessary to examine particularly into, and to go through such questions as may arise.

Now the first thing which presents itself to our consideration is this, whether it is best to be governed by a good man, or by good laws? Those who prefer a kingly government think that laws can only speak a general language, but cannot adapt themselves to particular circumstances; for which reason it is absurd in any science to follow written rule; and even in Egypt the physician was allowed to alter the mode of cure which the law prescribed to him, after the fourth day; but if he did it sooner it was at his own peril: from whence it is evident, on the very same account, that a government of written laws is not the best; and yet general reasoning is necessary to all those who are to govern, and it will be much more perfect in those who are entirely free from passions than in those to whom they are natural. But now this is a quality which laws possess; while the other is natural to the human soul. But some one will say in answer to this, that man will be a better judge of particulars. It will be necessary, then, for a king to be a lawgiver, and that his laws should be published, but that those should have no authority which are absurd, as those which are not, should. But whether is it better for the community that those things which cannot possibly come under the cognisance of the law either at all or properly should be under the government of every worthy citizen, as the present method is, when the public community, in their general assemblies, act as judges and counsellors, where all their determinations are upon particular cases, for one individual, be he who he will, will be found, upon comparison, inferior to a whole people taken collectively: but this is what a city is, as a public entertainment is better than one man's portion: for this reason the multitude judge of many things better than any one single person. They are also less liable to corruption from their numbers, as water is from its quantity: besides, the judgment of an individual must necessarily be perverted if he is overcome by anger or any other passion; but it would be hard indeed if the whole community should be misled by anger. Moreover, let the people be free, and they will do nothing but in conformity to the law, except only in those cases which the law cannot speak to. But though what I am going to propose may not easily be met with, yet if the majority of the state should happen to be good men, should they prefer one uncorrupt governor or many equally good, is it not evident that they should choose the many? But there may be divisions among [1286b] these which cannot happen when there is but one. In answer to this it may be replied that all their souls will be as much animated with virtue as this one man's.

If then a government of many, and all of them good men, compose an aristocracy, and the government of one a kingly power, it is evident that the people should rather choose the first than the last; and this whether the state is powerful or not, if many such persons so alike can be met with: and for this reason probable it was, that the first governments were generally monarchies; because it was difficult to find a number of persons eminently virtuous, more particularly as the world was then divided into small communities; besides, kings were appointed in return for the benefits they had conferred on mankind; but such actions are peculiar to good men: but when many persons equal in virtue appeared at the time, they brooked not a superiority, but sought after an equality and established a free state; but after this, when they degenerated, they made a property of the public; which probably gave rise to oligarchies; for they made wealth meritorious, and the honours of government were reserved for the rich: and these afterwards turned to tyrannies and these in their turn gave rise to democracies; for the power of the tyrants continually decreasing, on account of their rapacious avarice, the people grew powerful enough to frame and establish democracies: and as cities after that happened to increase, probably it was not easy for them to be under any other government than a democracy. But if any person prefers a kingly government in a state, what is to be done with the king's children? Is the family also to reign? But should they have such children as some persons usually have, it will be very detrimental. It may be said, that then the king who has it in his power will never permit such children to succeed to his kingdom. But it is not easy to trust to that; for it is very hard and requires greater virtue than is to be met with in human nature. There is also a doubt concerning the power with which a king should be entrusted: whether he should be allowed force sufficient to compel those who do not choose to be obedient to the laws, and how he is to support his government? for if he is to govern according to law and do nothing of his own will which is contrary thereunto, at the same time it will be necessary to protect that power with which he guards the law, This matter however may not be very difficult to determine; for he ought to have a proper power, and such a one is that which will be sufficient to make the king superior to any one person or even a large part of the community, but inferior to the whole, as the ancients always appointed guards for that person whom they created aesumnetes or tyrant; and some one advised the Syracusians, when Dionysius asked for guards, to allow him such.

CHAPTER XVI

[1287a] We will next consider the absolute monarch that we have just mentioned, who does everything according to his own will: for a king governing under the direction of laws which he is obliged to follow does not of himself create any particular species of government, as we have already said: for in every state whatsoever, either aristocracy or democracy, it is easy to appoint a general for life; and there are many who entrust the administration of affairs to one person only; such is the government at Dyrrachium, and nearly the same at Opus. As for an absolute monarchy as it is called, that is to say, when the whole state is wholly subject to the will of one person, namely the king, it seems to many that it is unnatural that one man should have the entire rule over his

fellow-citizens when the state consists of equals: for nature requires that the same right and the same rank should necessarily take place amongst all those who are equal by nature: for as it would be hurtful to the body for those who are of different constitutions to observe the same regimen, either of diet or clothing, so is it with respect to the honours of the state as hurtful, that those who are equal in merit should be unequal in rank; for which reason it is as much a man's duty to submit to command as to assume it, and this also by rotation; for this is law, for order is law; and it is more proper that law should govern than any one of the citizens: upon the same principle, if it is advantageous to place the supreme power in some particular persons, they should be appointed to be only guardians, and the servants of the laws, for the supreme power must be placed somewhere; but they say, that it is unjust that where all are equal one person should continually enjoy it. But it seems unlikely that man should be able to adjust that which the law cannot determine; it may be replied, that the law having laid down the best rules possible, leaves the adjustment and application of particulars to the discretion of the magistrate; besides, it allows anything to be altered which experience proves may be better established. Moreover, he who would place the supreme power in mind, would place it in God and the laws; but he who entrusts man with it, gives it to a wild beast, for such his appetites sometimes make him; for passion influences those who are in power, even the very best of men: for which reason law is reason without desire.

The instance taken from the arts seems fallacious: wherein it is said to be wrong for a sick person to apply for a remedy to books, but that it would be far more eligible to employ those who are skilful in physic; for these do nothing contrary to reason from motives of friendship but earn their money by curing the sick, whereas those who have the management of public affairs do many things through hatred or favour. And, as a proof of what we have advanced, it may be observed, that whenever a sick person suspects that his physician has been persuaded by his enemies to be guilty of any foul practice to him in his profession, he then rather chooses to apply to books for his cure: and not only this [1287b] but even physicians themselves when they are ill call in other physicians: and those who teach others the gymnastic exercises, exercise with those of the same profession, as being incapable from self-partiality to form a proper judgment of what concerns themselves. From whence it is evident, that those who seek for what is just, seek for a mean; now law is a mean. Moreover; the moral law is far superior and conversant with far superior objects than the written law; for the supreme magistrate is safer to be trusted to than the one, though he is inferior to the other. But as it is impossible that one person should have an eye to everything himself, it will be necessary that the supreme magistrate should employ several subordinate ones under him; why then should not this be done at first, instead of appointing one person in this manner? Besides, if, according to what has been already said, the man of worth is on that account fit to govern, two men of worth are certainly better than one: as, for instance, in Homer, "Let two together go:" and also Agamemnon's wish; "Were ten such faithful counsel mine!" Not but that there are even now some particular magistrates invested with supreme power to decide, as judges, those things which the law cannot, as being one of those cases which comes not properly under its jurisdiction; for of those which can there is no doubt: since then laws comprehend some things, but not all, it is necessary to enquire and consider which of the two is preferable, that the best man or the best law should govern; for to reduce every subject which can come under the deliberation of man into a law is impossible.

No one then denies, that it is necessary that there should be some person to decide those cases which cannot come under the cognisance of a written law: but we say, that it is better to have many than one; for though every one who decides according to the principles of the law decides justly; yet surely it seems absurd to suppose, that one person can see better with two eyes, and hear better with two ears, or do better with two hands and two feet, than many can do with many: for we see that absolute monarchs now furnish themselves with many eyes and ears and hands and feet; for they entrust those who are friends to them and their government with part of their power; for if they are not friends to the monarch, they will not do what he chooses; but if they are friends to him, they are friends also to his government: but a friend is an equal and like his friend: if then he thinks that such should govern, he thinks that his equal also should govern. These are nearly the objections which are usually made to a kingly power.

CHAPTER XVII

Probably what we have said may be true of some persons, but not of others; for some men are by nature formed to be under the government of a master; others, of a king; others, to be the citizens of a free state, just and useful; but a tyranny is not according to nature, nor the other perverted forms of government; for they are contrary to it. But it is evident from what has been said, that among equals it is neither advantageous nor [1288a] right that one person should be lord over all where there are no established laws, but his will is the law; or where there are; nor is it right that one who is good should have it over those who are good; or one who is not good over those who are not good; nor one who is superior to the rest in worth, except in a particular manner, which shall be described, though indeed it has been already mentioned. But let us next determine what people are best qualified for a

kingly government, what for an aristocratic, and what for a democratic. And, first, for a kingly; and it should be those who are accustomed by nature to submit the civil government of themselves to a family eminent for virtue: for an aristocracy, those who are naturally framed to bear the rule of free men, whose superior virtue makes them worthy of the management of others: for a free state, a war-like people, formed by nature both to govern and be governed by laws which admit the poorest citizen to share the honours of the commonwealth according to his worth. But whenever a whole family or any one of another shall happen so far to excel in virtue as to exceed all other persons in the community, then it is right that the kingly power should be in them, or if it is an individual who does so, that he should be king and lord of all; for this, as we have just mentioned, is not only correspondent to that principle of right which all founders of all states, whether aristocracies, oligarchies, or democracies, have a regard to (for in placing the supreme power they all think it right to fix it to excellence, though not the same); but it is also agreeable to what has been already said; as it would not be right to kill, or banish, or ostracise such a one for his superior merit. Nor would it be proper to let him have the supreme power only in turn; for it is contrary to nature that what is highest should ever be lowest: but this would be the case should such a one ever be governed by others. So that there can nothing else be done but to submit, and permit him continually to enjoy the supreme power. And thus much with respect to kingly power in different states, and whether it is or is not advantageous to them, and to what, and in what manner.

CHAPTER XVIII

Since then we have said that there are three sorts of regular governments, and of these the best must necessarily be that which is administered by the best men (and this must be that which happens to have one man, or one family, or a number of persons excelling all the rest in virtue, who are able to govern and be governed in such a manner as will make life most agreeable, and we have already shown that the virtue of a good man and of a citizen in the most perfect government will be the same), it is evident, that in the same manner, and for those very qualities which would procure a man the character of good, any one would say, that the government of a state was a well-established aristocracy or kingdom; so that it will be found to be education and [1288b] morals that are almost the whole which go to make a good man, and the same qualities will make a good citizen or good king.

These particulars being treated of, we will now proceed to consider what sort of government is best, how it naturally arises, and how it is established; for it is necessary to make a proper inquiry concerning this.

BOOK IV

CHAPTER I

In every art and science which is not conversant in parts but in some one genus in which it is complete, it is the business of that art alone to determine what is fitted to its particular genus; as what particular exercise is fitted to a certain particular body, and suits it best: for that body which is formed by nature the most perfect and superior to others necessarily requires the best exercise-and also of what one kind that must be which will suit the generality; and this is the business of the gymnastic arts: and although any one should not desire to acquire an exact knowledge and skill in these exercises, yet it is not, on that account, the less necessary that he who professes to be a master and instruct the youth in them should be perfect therein: and we see that this is what equally befalls the healing, shipbuilding, cloth-making, and indeed all other arts; so that it evidently belongs to the same art to find out what kind of government is best, and would of all others be most correspondent to our wish, while it received no molestation from without: and what particular species of it is adapted to particular persons; for there are many who probably are incapable of enjoying the best form: so that the legislator, and he who is truly a politician, ought to be acquainted not only with that which is most perfect imaginable, but also that which is the best suited to any given circumstances. There is, moreover, a third sort, an imaginary one, and he ought, if such a one should be presented to his consideration, to be able to discern what sort of one it would be at the beginning; and, when once established, what would be the proper means to preserve it a long time. I mean, for instance, if a state should happen not to have the best form of government, or be deficient in what was necessary, or not receive every advantage possible, but something less. And, besides all this, it is necessary to know what sort of government is best fitting for all cities: for most of those writers who have treated this subject, however speciously they may handle other parts of it, have failed in describing the practical parts: for it is not enough to be able to perceive what is best without it is what can be put in practice. It should also be simple, and easy for all to attain to. But some seek only the most subtile forms of government. Others again, choosing [1289a] rather to treat of what is common, censure those under which they live, and extol the excellence of a particular state, as the Lacedaemonian, or some other: but every legislator ought to establish such a form of government as from the present state and

disposition of the people who are to receive it they will most readily submit to and persuade the community to partake of: for it is not a business of less trouble to correct the mistakes of an established government than to form a new one; as it is as difficult to recover what we have forgot as to learn anything afresh. He, therefore, who aspires to the character of a legislator, ought, besides all we have already said, to be able to correct the mistakes of a government already established, as we have before mentioned. But this is impossible to be done by him who does not know how many different forms of government there are: some persons think that there is only one species both of democracy and oligarchy; but this is not true: so that every one should be acquainted with the difference of these governments, how great they are, and whence they arise; and should have equal knowledge to perceive what laws are best, and what are most suitable to each particular government: for all laws are, and ought to be, framed agreeable to the state that is to be governed by them, and not the state to the laws: for government is a certain ordering in a state which particularly respects the magistrates in what manner they shall be regulated, and where the supreme power shall be placed; and what shall be the final object which each community shall have in view; but the laws are something different from what regulates and expresses the form of the constitution-it is their office to direct the conduct of the magistrate in the execution of his office and the punishment of offenders. From whence it is evident, that the founders of laws should attend both to the number and the different sorts of government; for it is impossible that the same laws should be calculated for all sorts of oligarchies and all sorts of democracies, for of both these governments there are many species, not one only.

CHAPTER II

Since, then, according to our first method in treating of the different forms of government, we have divided those which are regular into three sorts, the kingly, the aristocratical, the free states, and shown the three excesses which these are liable to: the kingly, of becoming tyrannical; the aristocratical, oligarchical; and the free state, democratical: and as we have already treated of the aristocratical and kingly; for to enter into an inquiry what sort of government is best is the same thing as to treat of these two expressly; for each of them desires to be established upon the principles of virtue: and as, moreover, we have already determined wherein a kingly power and an aristocracy differ from each other, and when a state may be said to be governed by a king, it now remains that we examine into a free state, and also these other governments, an oligarchy, a democracy, and a [1289b] tyranny; and it is evident of these three excesses which must be the worst of all, and which next to it; for, of course, the excesses of the best and most holy must be the worst; for it must necessarily happen either that the name of king only will remain, or else that the king will assume more power than belongs to him, from whence tyranny will arise, the worst excess imaginable, a government the most contrary possible to a free state. The excess next hurtful is an oligarchy; for an aristocracy differs much from this sort of government: that which is least so is a democracy. This subject has been already treated of by one of those writers who have gone before me, though his sentiments are not the same as mine: for he thought, that of all excellent constitutions, as a good oligarchy or the like, a democracy was the worst, but of all bad ones, the best.

Now I affirm, that all these states have, without exception, fallen into excess; and also that he should not have said that one oligarchy was better than another, but that it was not quite so bad. But this question we shall not enter into at present. We shall first inquire how many different sorts of free states there are; since there are many species of democracies and oligarchies; and which of them is the most comprehensive, and most desirable after the best form of government; or if there is any other like an aristocracy, well established; and also which of these is best adapted to most cities, and which of them is preferable for particular persons: for, probably, some may suit better with an oligarchy than a democracy, and others better with a democracy than an oligarchy; and afterwards in what manner any one ought to proceed who desires to establish either of these states, I mean every species of democracy, and also of oligarchy. And to conclude, when we shall have briefly gone through everything that is necessary, we will endeavour to point out the sources of corruption, and stability, in government, as well those which are common to all as those which are peculiar to each state, and from what causes they chiefly arise.

CHAPTER III

The reason for there being many different sorts of governments is this, that each state consists of a great number of parts; for, in the first place, we see that all cities are made up of families: and again, of the multitude of these some must be rich, some poor, and others in the middle station; and that, both of the rich and poor, some will be used to arms, others not. We see also, that some of the common people are husbandmen, others attend the market, and others are artificers. There is also a difference between the nobles in their wealth, and the dignity in which they live: for instance, in the number of horses they breed; for this cannot be supported without a large fortune: for which reason, in former times, those cities whose strength consisted in horse became by that

means oligarchies; and they used horse in their expeditions against the neighbouring cities; as the Eretrians the Chalcidians, the Magnetians, who lived near the river Meander, and many others in Asia. Moreover, besides the difference of fortune, there is that which arises from family and merit; or, if there are any other distinctions [1290a] which make part of the city, they have been already mentioned in treating of an aristocracy, for there we considered how many parts each city must necessarily be composed of; and sometimes each of these have a share in the government, sometimes a few, sometimes more.

It is evident then, that there must be many forms of government, differing from each other in their particular constitution: for the parts of which they are composed each differ from the other. For government is the ordering of the magistracies of the state; and these the community share between themselves, either as they can attain them by force, or according to some common equality which there is amongst them, as poverty, wealth, or something which they both partake of. There must therefore necessarily be as many different forms of governments as there are different ranks in the society, arising from the superiority of some over others, and their different situations. And these seem chiefly to be two, as they say, of the winds: namely, the north and the south; and all the others are declinations from these. And thus in politics, there is the government of the many and the government of the few; or a democracy and an oligarchy: for an aristocracy may be considered as a species of oligarchy, as being also a government of the few; and what we call a free state may be considered as a democracy: as in the winds they consider the west as part of the north, and the east as part of the south: and thus it is in music, according to some, who say there are only two species of it, the Doric and the Phrygian, and all other species of composition they call after one of these names; and many people are accustomed to consider the nature of government in the same light; but it is both more convenient and more correspondent to truth to distinguish governments as I have done, into two species: one, of those which are established upon proper principles; of which there may be one or two sorts: the other, which includes all the different excesses of these; so that we may compare the best form of government to the most harmonious piece of music; the oligarchic and despotic to the more violent tunes; and the democratic to the soft and gentle airs.

CHAPTER IV

We ought not to define a democracy as some do, who say simply, that it is a government where the supreme power is lodged in the people; for even in oligarchies the supreme power is in the majority. Nor should they define an oligarchy a government where the supreme power is in the hands of a few: for let us suppose the number of a people to be thirteen hundred, and that of these one thousand were rich, who would not permit the three hundred poor to have any share in the government, although they were free, and their equal in everything else; no one would say, that this government was a democracy. In like manner, if the poor, when few in number, should acquire the power over the rich, though more than themselves, no one would say, that this was an oligarchy; nor this, when the rest who are rich have no share in the administration. We should rather say, that a democracy is when the supreme power is in the [1290b] hands of the freemen; an oligarchy, when it is in the hands of the rich: it happens indeed that in the one case the many will possess it, in the other the few; because there are many poor and few rich. And if the power of the state was to be distributed according to the size of the citizens, as they say it is in Ethiopia, or according to their beauty, it would be an oligarchy: for the number of those who are large and beautiful is small.

Nor are those things which we have already mentioned alone sufficient to describe these states; for since there are many species both of a democracy and an oligarchy, the matter requires further consideration; as we cannot admit, that if a few persons who are free possess the supreme power over the many who are not free, that this government is a democracy: as in Apollonia, in Ionia, and in Thera: for in each of these cities the honours of the state belong to some few particular families, who first founded the colonies. Nor would the rich, because they are superior in numbers, form a democracy, as formerly at Colophon; for there the majority had large possessions before the Lydian war: but a democracy is a state where the freemen and the poor, being the majority, are invested with the power of the state. An oligarchy is a state where the rich and those of noble families, being few, possess it.

We have now proved that there are various forms of government and have assigned a reason for it; and shall proceed to show that there are even more than these, and what they are, and why; setting out with the principle we have already laid down. We admit that every city consists not of one, but many parts: thus, if we should endeavour to comprehend the different species of animals we should first of all note those parts which every animal must have, as a certain sensorium, and also what is necessary to acquire and retain food, as a mouth and a belly; besides certain parts to enable it to move from place to place. If, then, these are the only parts of an animal and there are differences between them; namely, in their various sorts of stomachs, bellies, and sensoriums: to which we must add their motive powers; the number of the combinations of all these must necessarily make up the different species of

animals. For it is not possible that the same kind of animal should have any very great difference in its mouth or ears; so that when all these are collected, who happen to have these things similar in all, they make up a species of animals of which there are as many as there are of these general combinations of necessary parts.

The same thing is true of what are called states; for a city is not made of one but many parts, as has already been often said; one of which is those who supply it with provisions, called husbandmen, another called mechanics, [1291a] whose employment is in the manual arts, without which the city could not be inhabited; of these some are busied about what is absolutely necessary, others in what contribute to the elegancies and pleasures of life; the third sort are your exchange-men, I mean by these your buyers, sellers, merchants, and victuallers; the fourth are your hired labourers or workmen; the fifth are the men-at-arms, a rank not less useful than the other, without you would have the community slaves to every invader; but what cannot defend itself is unworthy of the name of a city; for a city is self-sufficient, a slave not. So that when Socrates, in Plato's Republic, says that a city is necessarily composed of four sorts of people, he speaks elegantly but not correctly, and these are, according to him, weavers, husbandmen, shoe-makers, and builders; he then adds, as if these were not sufficient, smiths, herdsmen for what cattle are necessary, and also merchants and victuallers, and these are by way of appendix to his first list; as if a city was established for necessity, and not happiness, or as if a shoe-maker and a husbandman were equally useful. He reckons not the military a part before the increase of territory and joining to the borders of the neighbouring powers will make war necessary: and even amongst them who compose his four divisions, or whoever have any connection with each other, it will be necessary to have some one to distribute justice, and determine between man and man. If, then, the mind is a more valuable part of man than the body, every one would wish to have those things more regarded in his city which tend to the advantage of these than common matters, such are war and justice; to which may be added council, which is the business of civil wisdom (nor is it of any consequence whether these different employments are filled by different persons or one, as the same man is oftentimes both a soldier and a husbandman): so that if both the judge and the senator are parts of the city, it necessarily follows that the soldier must be so also. The seventh sort are those who serve the public in expensive employments at their own charge: these are called the rich. The eighth are those who execute the different offices of the state, and without these it could not possibly subsist: it is therefore necessary that there should be some persons capable of governing and filling the places in the city; and this either for life or in rotation: the office of senator, and judge, of which we have already sufficiently treated, are the only ones remaining. If, then, these things are necessary for a state, that it may be happy and just, it follows that the citizens who engage in public affairs should be men of abilities therein. [1291b] Several persons think, that different employments may be allotted to the same person; as a soldier's, a husbandman's, and an artificer's; as also that others may be both senators and judges.

Besides, every one supposes himself a man of political abilities, and that he is qualified for almost every department in the state. But the same person cannot at once be poor and rich: for which reason the most obvious division of the city is into two parts, the poor and rich; moreover, since for the generality the one are few, the other many, they seem of all the parts of a city most contrary to each other; so that as the one or the other prevail they form different states; and these are the democracy and the oligarchy.

But that there are many different states, and from what causes they arise, has been already mentioned: and that there are also different species both of democracies and oligarchies we will now show. Though this indeed is evident from what we have already said: there are also many different sorts of common people, and also of those who are called gentlemen. Of the different sorts of the first are husbandmen, artificers, exchange-men, who are employed in buying and selling, seamen, of which some are engaged in war, some in traffic, some in carrying goods and passengers from place to place, others in fishing, and of each of these there are often many, as fishermen at Tarentum and Byzantium, masters of galleys at Athens, merchants at AEgina and Chios, those who let ships on freight at Tenedos; we may add to these those who live by their manual labour and have but little property; so that they cannot live without some employ: and also those who are not free-born on both sides, and whatever other sort of common people there may be. As for gentlemen, they are such as are distinguished either by their fortune, their birth, their abilities, or their education, or any such-like excellence which is attributed to them.

The most pure democracy is that which is so called principally from that equality which prevails in it: for this is what the law in that state directs; that the poor shall be in no greater subjection than the rich; nor that the supreme power shall be lodged with either of these, but that both shall share it. For if liberty and equality, as some persons suppose, are chiefly to be found in a democracy, it must be most so by every department of government being alike open to all; but as the people are the majority, and what they vote is law, it follows that such a state must be a democracy. This, then, is one species thereof. Another is, when the magistrates are elected by a certain census; but this should be but small, and every one who was included in it should be eligible, but as soon as he was below it should lose that right. [1292a] Another sort is, in which every citizen who is not infamous has a share in the

government, but where the government is in the laws. Another, where every citizen without exception has this right. Another is like these in other particulars, but there the people govern, and not the law: and this takes place when everything is determined by a majority of votes, and not by a law; which happens when the people are influenced by the demagogues: for where a democracy is governed by stated laws there is no room for them, but men of worth fill the first offices in the state: but where the power is not vested in the laws, there demagogues abound: for there the people rule with kingly power: the whole composing one body; for they are supreme, not as individuals but in their collective capacity.

Homer also discommends the government of many; but whether he means this we are speaking of, or where each person exercises his power separately, is uncertain. When the people possess this power they desire to be altogether absolute, that they may not be under the control of the law, and this is the time when flatterers are held in repute. Nor is there any difference between such a people and monarchs in a tyranny: for their manners are the same, and they both hold a despotic power over better persons than themselves. For their decrees are like the others' edicts; their demagogues like the others' flatterers: but their greatest resemblance consists in the mutual support they give to each other, the flatterer to the tyrant, the demagogue to the people: and to them it is owing that the supreme power is lodged in the votes of the people, and not in the laws; for they bring everything before them, as their influence is owing to their being supreme whose opinions they entirely direct; for these are they whom the multitude obey. Besides, those who accuse the magistrates insist upon it, that the right of determining on their conduct lies in the people, who gladly receive their complaints as the means of destroying all their offices.

Any one, therefore, may with great justice blame such a government as being a democracy, and not a free state; for where the government is not in the laws, then there is no free state, for the law ought to be supreme over all things; and particular incidents which arise should be determined by the magistrates or the state. If, therefore, a democracy is to be reckoned a free state, it is evident that any such establishment which centres all power in the votes of the people cannot, properly speaking, be a democracy: for their decrees cannot be general in their extent. Thus, then, we may describe the several species of democracies.

CHAPTER V

Of the different species of oligarchies one is, when the right to the offices is regulated by a certain census; so that the poor, although the majority, have no share in it; while all those who are included therein take part in the management of public affairs. Another sort is, when [1292b] the magistrates are men of very small fortune, who upon any vacancy do themselves fill it up: and if they do this out of the community at large, the state approaches to an aristocracy; if out of any particular class of people, it will be an oligarchy. Another sort of oligarchy is, when the power is an hereditary nobility. The fourth is, when the power is in the same hands as the other, but not under the control of law; and this sort of oligarchy exactly corresponds to a tyranny in monarchies, and to that particular species of democracies which I last mentioned in treating of that state: this has the particular name of a dynasty. These are the different sorts of oligarchies and democracies.

It should also be known, that it often happens that a free state, where the supreme power is in the laws, may not be democratic, and yet in consequence of the established manners and customs of the people, may be governed as if it was; so, on the other hand, where the laws may countenance a more democratic form of government, these may make the state inclining to an oligarchy; and this chiefly happens when there has been any alteration in the government; for the people do not easily change, but love their own ancient customs; and it is by small degrees only that one thing takes place of another; so that the ancient laws will remain, while the power will be in the hands of those who have brought about a revolution in the state.

CHAPTER VI

It is evident from what has been said, that there are as many different sorts of democracies and oligarchies as I have reckoned up: for, of necessity, either all ranks of the people which I have enumerated must have a share in the government, or some only, and others not; for when the husbandmen, and those only who possess moderate fortunes, have the supreme power, they will govern according to law; for as they must get their livings by their employs, they have but little leisure for public business: they will therefore establish proper laws, and never call public assemblies but when there is a necessity for them; and they will readily let every one partake with them in the administration of public affairs as soon as they possess that fortune which the law requires for their qualification: every one, therefore, who is qualified will have his share in the government: for to exclude any would be to make the government an oligarchy, and for all to have leisure to attend without they had a subsistence would be impossible: for these reasons, therefore, this government is a species of democracy. Another species is distinguished by the mode of electing their

magistrates, in which every one is eligible, to whose birth there are no objections, provided he is supposed to have leisure to attend: for which reason in such a democracy the supreme power will be vested in the laws, as there will be nothing paid to those who go to the public assemblies. A third species is where every freeman has a right to a share in the government, which he will not accept for the cause already assigned; for which reason here also the supreme power will be in the law. The fourth species [1293a] of democracy, the last which was established in order of time, arose when cities were greatly enlarged to what they were at first, and when the public revenue became something considerable; for then the populace, on account of their numbers, were admitted to share in the management of public affairs, for then even the poorest people were at leisure to attend to them, as they received wages for so doing; nay, they were more so than others, as they were not hindered by having anything of their own to mind, as the rich had; for which reason these last very often did not frequent the public assemblies and the courts of justice: thus the supreme power was lodged in the poor, and not in the laws. These are the different sorts of democracies, and such are the causes which necessarily gave birth to them.

The first species of oligarchy is, when the generality of the state are men of moderate and not too large property; for this gives them leisure for the management of public affairs: and, as they are a numerous body, it necessarily follows that the supreme power must be in the laws, and not in men; for as they are far removed from a monarchical government, and have not sufficient fortune to neglect their private affairs, while they are too many to be supported by the public, they will of course determine to be governed by the laws, and not by each other. But if the men of property in the state are but few, and their property is large, then an oligarchy of the second sort will take place; for those who have most power will think that they have a right to lord it over the others; and, to accomplish this, they will associate to themselves some who have an inclination for public affairs, and as they are not powerful enough to govern without law, they will make a law for that purpose. And if those few who have large fortunes should acquire still greater power, the oligarchy will then alter into one of the third sort; for they will get all the offices of the state into their own hands by a law which directs the son to succeed upon the death of his father; and, after that, when, by means of their increasing wealth and powerful connections, they extend still further their oppression, a monarchical dynasty will directly succeed wherein men will be supreme, and not the law; and this is the fourth species of an oligarchy correspondent to the last-mentioned class of democracies.

CHAPTER VII

There are besides two other states, a democracy and an oligarchy, one of which all speak of, and it is always esteemed a species of the four sorts; and thus they reckon them up; a monarchy, an oligarchy, a democracy, and this fourth which they call an aristocracy. There is also a fifth, which bears a name that is also common to the other four, namely, a state: but as this is seldom to be met with, it has escaped those who have endeavoured to enumerate the different sorts of governments, which [1293b] they fix at four only, as does Plato in his Republic.

An aristocracy, of which I have already treated in the first book, is rightly called so; for a state governed by the best men, upon the most virtuous principles, and not upon any hypothesis, which even good men may propose, has alone a right to be called an aristocracy, for it is there only that a man is at once a good man and a good citizen; while in other states men are good only relative to those states. Moreover, there are some other states which are called by the same name, that differ both from oligarchies and free states, wherein not only the rich but also the virtuous have a share in the administration; and have therefore acquired the name of aristocracies; for in those governments wherein virtue is not their common care, there are still men of worth and approved goodness. Whatever state, then, like the Carthaginians, favours the rich, the virtuous, and the citizens at large, is a sort of aristocracy: when only the two latter are held in esteem, as at Lacedaemon, and the state is jointly composed of these, it is a virtuous democracy. These are the two species of aristocracies after the first, which is the best of all governments. There is also a third, which is, whenever a free state inclines to the dominion of a few.

CHAPTER VIII

It now remains for us to treat of that government which is particularly called a free state, and also of a tyranny; and the reason for my choosing to place that free state here is, because this, as well as those aristocracies already mentioned, although they do not seem excesses, yet, to speak true, they have all departed from what a perfect government is. Nay, they are deviations both of them equally from other forms, as I said at the beginning. It is proper to mention a tyranny the last of all governments, for it is of all others the least like one: but as my intention is to treat of all governments in general, for this reason that also, as I have said, will be taken into consideration in its proper place.

I shall now inquire into a free state and show what it is; and we shall the better understand its positive nature as we have already described an oligarchy and a democracy; for a free state is indeed nothing more than a mixture of them, and it has been usual to call those which incline most to a democracy, a free state; those which incline most to an oligarchy, an aristocracy, because those who are rich are generally men of family and education; besides, they enjoy those things which others are often guilty of crimes to procure: for which reason they are regarded as men of worth and honour and note.

Since, then, it is the genius of an aristocracy to allot the larger part of the government to the best citizens, they therefore say, that an oligarchy is chiefly composed of those men who are worthy and honourable: now it [1294a] seems impossible that where the government is in the hands of the good, there the laws should not be good, but bad; or, on the contrary, that where the government is in the hands of the bad, there the laws should be good; nor is a government well constituted because the laws are, without at the same time care is taken that they are observed; for to enforce obedience to the laws which it makes is one proof of a good constitution in the state-another is, to have laws well calculated for those who are to abide by them; for if they are improper they must be obeyed: and this may be done two ways, either by their being the best relative to the particular state, or the best absolutely. An aristocracy seems most likely to confer the honours of the state on the virtuous; for virtue is the object of an aristocracy, riches of an oligarchy, and liberty of a democracy; for what is approved of by the majority will prevail in all or in each of these three different states; and that which seems good to most of those who compose the community will prevail: for what is called a state prevails in many communities, which aim at a mixture of rich and poor, riches and liberty: as for the rich, they are usually supposed to take the place of the worthy and honourable. As there are three things which claim an equal rank in the state, freedom, riches, and virtue (for as for the fourth, rank, it is an attendant on two of the others, for virtue and riches are the origin of family), it is evident, that the conjuncture of the rich and the poor make up a free state; but that all three tend to an aristocracy more than any other, except that which is truly so, which holds the first rank.

We have already seen that there are governments different from a monarchy, a democracy, and an oligarchy; and what they are, and wherein they differ from each other; and also aristocracies and states properly so called, which are derived from them; and it is evident that these are not much unlike each other.

CHAPTER IX

We shall next proceed to show how that government which is peculiarly called a state arises alongside of democracy and oligarchy, and how it ought to be established; and this will at the same time show what are the proper boundaries of both these governments, for we must mark out wherein they differ from one another, and then from both these compose a state of such parts of each of them as will show from whence they were taken.

There are three different ways in which two states may be blended and joined together; for, in the first place, all those rules may be adopted which the laws of each of them have ordered; as for instance in the judicial department, for in an oligarchy the rich are fined if they do not come to the court as jurymen, but the poor are not paid for their attendance; but in democracies they are, while the rich are not fined for their neglect. Now these things, as being common to both, are fit to be observed in a free [1294b] state which is composed of both. This, then, is one way in which they may be joined together. In the second place, a medium may be taken between the different methods which each state observes; for instance, in a democracy the right to vote in the public assembly is either confined by no census at all, or limited by a very small one; in an oligarchy none enjoy it but those whose census is high: therefore, as these two practices are contrary to each other, a census between each may be established in such a state. In the third place, different laws of each community may be adopted; as, for instance, as it seems correspondent to the nature of a democracy, that the magistrates should be chosen by lot, but an aristocracy by vote, and in the one state according to a census, but not in the other: let, then, an aristocracy and a free state copy something from each of them; let them follow an oligarchy in choosing their magistrates by vote, but a democracy in not admitting of any census, and thus blend together the different customs of the two governments. But the best proof of a happy mixture of a democracy and an oligarchy is this, when a person may properly call the same state a democracy and an oligarchy. It is evident that those who speak of it in this manner are induced to it because both these governments are there well blended together: and indeed this is common to all mediums, that the extremes of each side should be discerned therein, as at Lacedaemon; for many affirm that it is a democracy from the many particulars in which it follows that form of government; as for instance, in the first place, in the bringing up of their children, for the rich and poor are brought up in the same manner; and their education is such that the children of the poor may partake of it; and the same rules are observed when they are youths and men, there is no distinction between a rich person and a poor one; and in their public tables the same provision is served to all. The rich also wear only such clothes as the poorest man is able to purchase. Moreover, with respect to two

magistracies of the highest rank, one they have a right to elect to, the other to fill; namely, the senate and the ephori. Others consider it as an oligarchy, the principles of which it follows in many things, as in choosing all their officers by vote, and not by lot; in there being but a few who have a right to sit in judgment on capital causes and the like. Indeed, a state which is well composed of two others ought to resemble them both, and neither, Such a state ought to have its means of preservation in itself, and not without; and when I say in itself, I do not mean that it should owe this to the forbearance of their neighbours, for this may happen to a bad government, but to every member of the community's not being willing that there should be the least alteration in their constitution. Such is the method in which a free state or aristocracy ought to be established.

CHAPTER X

It now remains to treat of a tyranny; not that there is [1295a] much to be said on that subject, but as it makes part of our plan, since we enumerated it amongst our different sorts of governments. In the beginning of this work we inquired into the nature of kingly government, and entered into a particular examination of what was most properly called so, and whether it was advantageous to a state or not, and what it should be, and how established; and we divided a tyranny into two pieces when we were upon this subject, because there is something analogous between this and a kingly government, for they are both of them established by law; for among some of the barbarians they elect a monarch with absolute power, and formerly among the Greeks there were some such, whom they called sesumnetes. Now these differ from each other; for some possess only kingly power regulated by law, and rule those who voluntarily submit to their government; others rule despotically according to their own will. There is a third species of tyranny, most properly so called, which is the very opposite to kingly power; for this is the government of one who rules over his equals and superiors without being accountable for his conduct, and whose object is his own advantage, and not the advantage of those he governs; for which reason he rules by compulsion, for no freemen will ever willingly submit to such a government. These are the different species of tyrannies, their principles, and their causes.

CHAPTER XI

We proceed now to inquire what form of government and what manner of life is best for communities in general, not adapting it to that superior virtue which is above the reach of the vulgar, or that education which every advantage of nature and fortune only can furnish, nor to those imaginary plans which may be formed at pleasure; but to that mode of life which the greater part of mankind can attain to, and that government which most cities may establish: for as to those aristocracies which we have now mentioned, they are either too perfect for a state to support, or one so nearly alike to that state we now going to inquire into, that we shall treat of them both as one.

The opinions which we form upon these subjects must depend upon one common principle: for if what I have said in my treatise on Morals is true, a happy life must arise from an uninterrupted course of virtue; and if virtue consists in a certain medium, the middle life must certainly be the happiest; which medium is attainable [1295b] by every one. The boundaries of virtue and vice in the state must also necessarily be the same as in a private person; for the form of government is the life of the city. In every city the people are divided into three sorts; the very rich, the very poor, and those who are between them. If this is universally admitted, that the mean is best, it is evident that even in point of fortune mediocrity is to be preferred; for that state is most submissive to reason; for those who are very handsome, or very strong, or very noble, or very rich; or, on the contrary; those who are very poor, or very weak, or very mean, with difficulty obey it; for the one are capricious and greatly flagitious, the other rascally and mean, the crimes of each arising from their different excesses: nor will they go through the different offices of the state; which is detrimental to it: besides, those who excel in strength, in riches, or friends, or the like, neither know how nor are willing to submit to command: and this begins at home when they are boys; for there they are brought up too delicately to be accustomed to obey their preceptors: as for the very poor, their general and excessive want of what the rich enjoy reduces them to a state too mean: so that the one know not how to command, but to be commanded as slaves, the others know not how to submit to any command, nor to command themselves but with despotic power.

A city composed of such men must therefore consist of slaves and masters, not freemen; where one party must hate, and the other despise, where there could be no possibility of friendship or political community: for community supposes affection; for we do not even on the road associate with our enemies. It is also the genius of a city to be composed as much as possible of equals; which will be most so when the inhabitants are in the middle state: from whence it follows, that that city must be best framed which is composed of those whom we say are naturally its proper members. It is men of this station also who will be best assured of safety and protection; for they will neither covet what belongs to others, as the poor do; nor will others covet what is theirs, as the poor do

what belongs to the rich; and thus, without plotting against any one, or having any one plot against them, they will live free from danger: for which reason Phocylides wisely wishes for the middle state, as being most productive of happiness. It is plain, then, that the most perfect political community must be amongst those who are in the middle rank, and those states are best instituted wherein these are a larger and more respectable part, if possible, than both the other; or, if that cannot be, at least than either of them separate; so that being thrown into the balance it may prevent either scale from preponderating.

It is therefore the greatest happiness which the citizens can enjoy to possess a moderate and convenient fortune; for when some possess too much, and others nothing at [1296a] all, the government must either be in the hands of the meanest rabble or else a pure oligarchy; or, from the excesses of both, a tyranny; for this arises from a headstrong democracy or an oligarchy, but very seldom when the members of the community are nearly on an equality with each other. We will assign a reason for this when we come to treat of the alterations which different states are likely to undergo. The middle state is therefore best, as being least liable to those seditions and insurrections which disturb the community; and for the same reason extensive governments are least liable to these inconveniences; for there those in a middle state are very numerous, whereas in small ones it is easy to pass to the two extremes, so as hardly to have any in a medium remaining, but the one half rich, the other poor: and from the same principle it is that democracies are more firmly established and of longer continuance than oligarchies; but even in those when there is a want of a proper number of men of middling fortune, the poor extend their power too far, abuses arise, and the government is soon at an end.

We ought to consider as a proof of what I now advance, that the best lawgivers themselves were those in the middle rank of life, amongst whom was Solon, as is evident from his poems, and Lycurgus, for he was not a king, and Charondas, and indeed most others. What has been said will show us why of so many free states some have changed to democracies, others to oligarchies: for whenever the number of those in the middle state has been too small, those who were the more numerous, whether the rich or the poor, always overpowered them and assumed to themselves the administration of public affairs; from hence arose either a democracy or an oligarchy. Moreover, when in consequence of their disputes and quarrels with each other, either the rich get the better of the poor, or the poor of the rich, neither of them will establish a free state; but, as the record of their victory, one which inclines to their own principles, and form either a democracy or an oligarchy.

Those who made conquests in Greece, having all of them an eye to the respective forms of government in their own cities, established either democracies or oligarchies, not considering what was serviceable to the state, but what was similar to their own; for which reason a government has never been established where the supreme power has been placed amongst those of the middling rank, or very seldom; and, amongst a few, one man only of those who have yet been conquerors has been persuaded to give the preference to this order of [1296b] men: it is indeed an established custom with the inhabitants of most cities not to desire an equality, but either to aspire to govern, or when they are conquered, to submit.

Thus we have shown what the best state is, and why. It will not be difficult to perceive of the many states which there are, for we have seen that there are various forms both of democracies and oligarchies, to which we should give the first place, to which the second, and in the same manner the next also; and to observe what are the particular excellences and defects of each, after we have first described the best possible; for that must be the best which is nearest to this, that worst which is most distant from the medium, without any one has a particular plan of his own which he judges by. I mean by this, that it may happen, that although one form of government may be better than another, yet there is no reason to prevent another from being preferable thereunto in particular circumstances and for particular purposes.

CHAPTER XII

After what has been said, it follows that we should now show what particular form of government is most suitable for particular persons; first laying this down as a general maxim, that that party which desires to support the actual administration of the state ought always to be superior to that which would alter it. Every city is made up of quality and quantity: by quality I mean liberty, riches, education, and family, and by quantity its relative populousness: now it may happen that quality may exist in one of those parts of which the city is composed, and quantity in another; thus the number of the ignoble may be greater than the number of those of family, the number of the poor than that of the rich; but not so that the quantity of the one shall overbalance the quality of the other; those must be properly adjusted to each other; for where the number of the poor exceeds the proportion we have mentioned, there a democracy will rise up, and if the husbandry should have more power than others, it will be a democracy of husbandmen; and the democracy will be a particular species according to that class of men which may happen to be most

numerous: thus, should these be the husbandmen, it will be of these, and the best; if of mechanics and those who hire themselves out, the worst possible: in the same manner it may be of any other set between these two. But when the rich and the noble prevail more by their quality than they are deficient in quantity, there an oligarchy ensues; and this oligarchy may be of different species, according to the nature of the prevailing party. Every legislator in framing his constitution ought to have a particular regard to those in the middle rank of life; and if he intends an oligarchy, these should be the object of his laws; if a democracy, to these they should be entrusted; and whenever their number exceeds that of the two others, or at least one of them, they give [1297a] stability to the constitution; for there is no fear that the rich and the poor should agree to conspire together against them, for neither of these will choose to serve the other. If any one would choose to fix the administration on the widest basis, he will find none preferable to this; for to rule by turns is what the rich and the poor will not submit to, on account of their hatred to each other. It is, moreover, allowed that an arbitrator is the most proper person for both parties to trust to; now this arbitrator is the middle rank.

Those who would establish aristocratical governments are mistaken not only in giving too much power to the rich, but also in deceiving the common people; for at last, instead of an imaginary good, they must feel a real evil, for the encroachments of the rich are more destructive to the state than those of the poor.

CHAPTER XIII

There are five particulars in which, under fair pretences, the rich craftily endeavour to undermine the rights of the people, these are their public assemblies, their offices of state, their courts of justice, their military power, and their gymnastic exercises. With respect to their public assemblies, in having them open to all, but in fining the rich only, or others very little, for not attending; with respect to offices, in permitting the poor to swear off, but not granting this indulgence to those who are within the census; with respect to their courts of justice, in fining the rich for non-attendance, but the poor not at all, or those a great deal, and these very little, as was done by the laws of Charondas. In some places every citizen who was enrolled had a right to attend the public assemblies and to try causes; which if they did not do, a very heavy fine was laid upon them; that through fear of the fine they might avoid being enrolled, as they were then obliged to do neither the one nor the other. The same spirit of legislation prevailed with respect to their bearing arms and their gymnastic exercises; for the poor are excused if they have no arms, but the rich are fined; the same method takes place if they do not attend their gymnastic exercises, there is no penalty on one, but there is on the other: the consequence of which is, that the fear of this penalty induces the rich to keep the one and attend the other, while the poor do neither. These are the deceitful contrivances of oligarchical legislators.

The contrary prevails in a democracy; for there they make the poor a proper allowance for attending the assemblies and the courts, but give the rich nothing for doing it: whence it is evident, that if any one would properly blend these customs together, they must extend both the pay and the fine to every member of the community, and then every one would share in it, whereas part only now do. The citizens of a free state ought to [1297b] consist of those only who bear arms: with respect to their census it is not easy to determine exactly what it ought to be, but the rule that should direct upon this subject should be to make it as extensive as possible, so that those who are enrolled in it make up a greater part of the people than those who are not; for those who are poor, although they partake not of the offices of the state, are willing to live quiet, provided that no one disturbs them in their property: but this is not an easy matter; for it may not always happen, that those who are at the head of public affairs are of a humane behaviour. In time of war the poor are accustomed to show no alacrity without they have provisions found them; when they have, then indeed they are willing to fight.

In some governments the power is vested not only in those who bear arms, but also in those who have borne them. Among the Malienses the state was composed of these latter only, for all the officers were soldiers who had served their time. And the first states in Greece which succeeded those where kingly power was established, were governed by the military. First of all the horse, for at that time the strength and excellence of the army depended on the horse, for as to the heavy-armed foot they were useless without proper discipline; but the art of tactics was not known to the ancients, for which reason their strength lay in their horse: but when cities grew larger, and they depended more on their foot, greater numbers partook of the freedom of the city; for which reason what we call republics were formerly called democracies. The ancient governments were properly oligarchies or kingdoms; for on account of the few persons in each state, it would have been impossible to have found a sufficient number of the middle rank; so these being but few, and those used to subordination, they more easily submitted to be governed.

We have now shown why there are many sorts of governments, and others different from those we have treated of: for there are more species of democracies than one, and the like is true of other forms, and what are their differences, and whence they arise;

and also of all others which is the best, at least in general; and which is best suited for particular people.

CHAPTER XIV

We will now proceed to make some general reflections upon the governments next in order, and also to consider each of them in particular; beginning with those principles which appertain to each: now there are three things in all states which a careful legislator ought well to consider, which are of great consequence to all, and which properly attended to the state must necessarily be happy; and according to the variation of which the one will differ from the other. The first of these is the [1298a] public assembly; the second the officers of the state, that is, who they ought to be, and with what power they should be entrusted, and in what manner they should be appointed; the third, the judicial department.

Now it is the proper business of the public assembly to determine concerning war and peace, making or breaking off alliances, to enact laws, to sentence to death, banishment, or confiscation of goods, and to call the magistrates to account for their behaviour when in office. Now these powers must necessarily be entrusted to the citizens in general, or all of them to some; either to one magistrate or more; or some to one, and some to another, or some to all, but others to some: to entrust all to all is in the spirit of a democracy, for the people aim at equality. There are many methods of delegating these powers to the citizens at large, one of which is to let them execute them by turn, and not altogether, as was done by Tellecles, the Milesian, in his state. In others the supreme council is composed of the different magistrates, and they succeed to the offices of the community by proper divisions of tribes, wards, and other very small proportions, till every one in his turn goes through them: nor does the whole community ever meet together, without it is when new laws are enacted, or some national affair is debated, or to hear what the magistrates have to propose to them. Another method is for the people to meet in a collective body, but only for the purpose of holding the comitia, making laws, determining concerning war or peace, and inquiring into the conduct of their magistrates, while the remaining part of the public business is conducted by the magistrates, who have their separate departments, and are chosen out of the whole community either by vote or ballot. Another method is for the people in general to meet for the choice of the magistrates, and to examine into their conduct; and also to deliberate concerning war and alliances, and to leave other things to the magistrates, whoever happen to be chosen, whose particular employments are such as necessarily require persons well skilled therein. A fourth method is for every person to deliberate upon every subject in public assembly, where the magistrates can determine nothing of themselves, and have only the privilege of giving their opinions first; and this is the method of the most pure democracy, which is analogous to the proceedings in a dynastic oligarchy and a tyrannic monarchy.

These, then, are the methods in which public business is conducted in a democracy. When the power is in the hands of part of the community only, it is an oligarchy and this also admits of different customs; for whenever the officers of the state are chosen out of those who have a moderate fortune, and these from that circumstance are many, and when they depart not from that line which the law has laid down, but carefully follow it, and when all within the census are eligible, certainly it is then an oligarchy, but founded on true principles of government [1298b] from its moderation. When the people in general do not partake of the deliberative power, but certain persons chosen for that purpose, who govern according to law; this also, like the first, is an oligarchy. When those who have the deliberative power elect each other, and the son succeeds to the father, and when they can supersede the laws, such a government is of necessity a strict oligarchy. When some persons determine on one thing, and others on another, as war and peace, and when all inquire into the conduct of their magistrates, and other things are left to different officers, elected either by vote or lot, then the government is an aristocracy or a free state. When some are chosen by vote and others by lot, and these either from the people in general, or from a certain number elected for that purpose, or if both the votes and the lots are open to all, such a state is partly an aristocracy, partly a free government itself. These are the different methods in which the deliberative power is vested in different states, all of whom follow some regulation here laid down. It is advantageous to a democracy, in the present sense of the word, by which I mean a state wherein the people at large have a supreme power, even over the laws, to hold frequent public assemblies; and it will be best in this particular to imitate the example of oligarchies in their courts of justice; for they fine those who are appointed to try causes if they do not attend, so should they reward the poor for coming to the public assemblies: and their counsels will be best when all advise with each other, the citizens with the nobles, the nobles with the citizens. It is also advisable when the council is to be composed of part of the citizens, to elect, either by vote or lot, an equal number of both ranks. It is also proper, if the common people in the state are very numerous, either not to pay every one for his attendance, but such a number only as will make them equal to the nobles, or to reject many of them by lot.

In an oligarchy they should either call up some of the common people to the council, or else establish a court, as is done in some other states, whom they call pre-advisers or guardians of the laws, whose business should be to propose first what they should

afterwards enact. By this means the people would have a place in the administration of public affairs, without having it in their power to occasion any disorder in the government. Moreover, the people may be allowed to have a vote in whatever bill is proposed, but may not themselves propose anything contrary thereto; or they may give their advice, while the power of determining may be with the magistrates only. It is also necessary to follow a contrary practice to what is established in democracies, for the people should be allowed the power of pardoning, but not of condemning, for the cause should be referred back again to the magistrates: whereas the contrary takes place in republics; for the power of pardoning is with the few, but not of condemning, which is always referred [1299a] to the people at large. And thus we determine concerning the deliberative power in any state, and in whose hands it shall be.

CHAPTER XV

We now proceed to consider the choice of magistrates; for this branch of public business contains many different Parts, as how many there shall be, what shall be their particular office, and with respect to time how long each of them shall continue in place; for some make it six months, others shorter, others for a year, others for a much longer time; or whether they should be perpetual or for a long time, or neither; for the same person may fill the same office several times, or he may not be allowed to enjoy it even twice, but only once: and also with respect to the appointment of magistrates, who are to be eligible, who is to choose them, and in what manner; for in all these particulars we ought properly to distinguish the different ways which may be followed; and then to show which of these is best suited to such and such governments.

Now it is not easy to determine to whom we ought properly to give the name of magistrate, for a government requires many persons in office; but every one of those who is either chosen by vote or lot is not to be reckoned a magistrate. The priests, for instance, in the first place; for these are to be considered as very different from civil magistrates: to these we may add the choregi and heralds; nay, even ambassadors are elected: there are some civil employments which belong to the citizens; and these are either when they are all engaged in one thing, as when as soldiers they obey their general, or when part of them only are, as in governing the women or educating the youth; and also some economic, for they often elect corn-meters: others are servile, and in which, if they are rich, they employ slaves. But indeed they are most properly called magistrates, who are members of the deliberative council, or decide causes, or are in some command, the last more especially, for to command is peculiar to magistrates. But to speak truth, this question is of no great consequence, nor is it the province of the judges to decide between those who dispute about words; it may indeed be an object of speculative inquiry; but to inquire what officers are necessary in a state, and how many, and what, though not most necessary, may yet be advantageous in a well-established government, is a much more useful employment, and this with respect to all states in general, as well as to small cities.

In extensive governments it is proper to allot one employment to one person, as there are many to serve the public in so numerous a society, where some may be passed over for a long time, and others never be in office but once; and indeed everything is better done which has the whole attention of one person, than when that [1299b] attention is divided amongst many; but in small states it is necessary that a few of the citizens should execute many employments; for their numbers are so small it will not be convenient to have many of them in office at the same time; for where shall we find others to succeed them in turn? Small states will sometimes want the same magistrates and the same laws as large ones; but the one will not want to employ them so often as the other; so that different charges may be intrusted to the same person without any inconvenience, for they will not interfere with each other, and for want of sufficient members in the community it will be necessary. If we could tell how many magistrates are necessary in every city, and how many, though not necessary, it is yet proper to have, we could then the better know how many different offices one might assign to one magistrate. It is also necessary to know what tribunals in different places should have different things under their jurisdiction, and also what things should always come under the cognisance of the same magistrate; as, for instance, decency of manners, shall the clerk of the market take cognisance of that if the cause arises in the market, and another magistrate in another place, or the same magistrate everywhere: or shall there be a distinction made of the fact, or the parties? as, for instance, in decency of manners, shall it be one cause when it relates to a man, another when it relates to a woman?

In different states shall the magistrates be different or the same? I mean, whether in a democracy, an oligarchy, an aristocracy, and a monarchy, the same persons shall have the same power? or shall it vary according to the different formation of the government? as in an aristocracy the offices of the state are allotted to those who are well educated; in an oligarchy to those who are rich; in a democracy to the freemen? Or shall the magistrates differ as the communities differ? For it may happen that the very same may be sometimes proper, sometimes otherwise: in this state it may be necessary that the magistrate have great powers, in that but small. There are also certain magistrates peculiar to certain states--as the pre-advisers are not proper in a democracy, but a senate is; for

one such order is necessary, whose business shall be to consider beforehand and prepare those bills which shall be brought before the people that they may have leisure to attend to their own affairs; and when these are few in number the state inclines to an oligarchy. The pre-advisers indeed must always be few for they are peculiar to an oligarchy: and where there are both these offices in the same state, the pre-adviser's is superior to the senator's, the one having only a democratical power, the other an oligarchical: and indeed the [1300a] power of the senate is lost in those democracies, in which the people, meeting in one public assembly, take all the business into their own hands; and this is likely to happen either when the community in general are in easy circumstances, or when they are paid for their attendance; for they are then at leisure often to meet together and determine everything for themselves. A magistrate whose business is to control the manners of the boys, or women, or who takes any department similar to this, is to be found in an aristocracy, not in a democracy; for who can forbid the wives of the poor from appearing in public? neither is such a one to be met with in an oligarchy; for the women there are too delicate to bear control. And thus much for this subject. Let us endeavour to treat at large of the establishment of magistrates, beginning from first principles. Now, they differ from each other in three ways, from which, blended together, all the varieties which can be imagined arise. The first of these differences is in those who appoint the magistrates, the second consists in those who are appointed, the third in the mode of appointment; and each of these three differ in three manners; for either all the citizens may appoint collectively, or some out of their whole body, or some out of a particular order in it, according to fortune, family, or virtue, or some other rule (as at Megara, where the right of election was amongst those who had returned together to their country, and had reinstated themselves by force of arms) and this either by vote or lot. Again, these several modes may be differently formed together, as some magistrates may be chosen by part of the community, others by the whole; some out of part, others out of the whole; some by vote, others by lot: and each of these different modes admit of a four-fold subdivision; for either all may elect all by vote or by lot; and when all elect, they may either proceed without any distinction, or they may elect by a certain division of tribes, wards, or companies, till they have gone through the whole community: and some magistrates may be elected one way, and others another. Again, if some magistrates are elected either by vote or lot of all the citizens, or by the vote of some and the lot of some, or some one way and some another; that is to say, some by the vote of all, others by the lot of all, there will then be twelve different methods of electing the magistrates, without blending the two together. Of these there are two adapted to a democracy; namely, to have all the magistrates chosen out of all the people, either by vote or lot, or both; that is to say, some of them by lot, some by vote. In a free state the whole community should not elect at the same time, but some out of the whole, or out of some particular rank; and this either by lot, or vote, or both: and they should elect either out of the whole community, or out of some particular persons in it, and this both by lot and vote. In an oligarchy it is proper to choose some magistrates out of the whole body of the citizens, some by vote, some by lot, others by both: by lot is most correspondent to that form of government. In a free aristocracy, some magistrates [1300b] should be chosen out of the community in general, others out of a particular rank, or these by choice, those by lot. In a pure oligarchy, the magistrates should be chosen out of certain ranks, and by certain persons, and some of those by lot, others by both methods; but to choose them out of the whole community is not correspondent to the nature of this government. It is proper in an aristocracy for the whole community to elect their magistrates out of particular persons, and this by vote. These then are all the different ways of electing of magistrates; and they have been allotted according to the nature of the different communities; but what mode of proceeding is proper for different communities, or how the offices ought to be established, or with what powers shall be particularly explained. I mean by the powers of a magistrate, what should be his particular province, as the management of the finances or the laws of the state; for different magistrates have different powers, as that of the general of the army differs from the clerk of the market.

CHAPTER XVI

Of the three parts of which a government is formed, we now come to consider the judicial; and this also we shall divide in the same manner as we did the magisterial, into three parts. Of whom the judges shall consist, and for what causes, and how. When I say of whom, I mean whether they shall be the whole people, or some particulars; by for what causes I mean, how many different courts shall be appointed; by how, whether they shall be elected by vote or lot. Let us first determine how many different courts there ought to be. Now these are eight. The first of these is the court of inspection over the behaviour of the magistrates when they have quitted their office; the second is to punish those who have injured the public; the third is to take cognisance of those causes in which the state is a party; the fourth is to decide between magistrates and private persons, who appeal from a fine laid upon them; the fifth is to determine disputes which may arise concerning contracts of great value; the sixth is to judge between foreigners, and of murders, of which there are different species; and these may all be tried by the same judges or by different ones; for there are murders of malice prepense and of chance-medley; there is also justifiable homicide, where the fact is admitted, and the legality of it disputed.

There is also another court called at Athens the Court of Phreattae, which determines points relating to a murder committed by one who has run away, to decide whether he shall return; though such an affair happens but seldom, and in very large cities; the seventh, to determine causes wherein strangers are concerned, and this whether they are between stranger and stranger or between a stranger and a citizen. The eighth and last is for small actions, from one to five drachma's, or a little more; for these ought also to be legally determined, but not to be brought before the whole body of the judges. But without entering into any particulars concerning actions for murder, and those wherein strangers are the parties, let us particularly treat of those courts which have the jurisdiction of those matters which more particularly relate to the affairs of the community and which if not well conducted occasion seditions and commotions in the state. Now, of necessity, either all persons must have a right to judge of all these different causes, appointed for that purpose, either by vote or lot, or all of all, some of them by vote, and others by lot, or in some causes by vote, in others by lot. Thus there will be four sorts of judges. There [1301a] will be just the same number also if they are chosen out of part of the people only; for either all the judges must be chosen out of that part either by vote or lot, or some by lot and some by vote, or the judges in particular causes must be chosen some by vote, others by lot; by which means there will be the same number of them also as was mentioned. Besides, different judges may be joined together; I mean those who are chosen out of the whole people or part of them or both; so that all three may sit together in the same court, and this either by vote, lot, or both. And thus much for the different sorts of judges. Of these appointments that which admits all the community to be judges in all causes is most suitable to a democracy; the second, which appoints that certain persons shall judge all causes, to an oligarchy; the third, which appoints the whole community to be judges in some causes, but particular persons in others, to an aristocracy or free state.

BOOK V

CHAPTER I

We have now gone through those particulars we proposed to speak of; it remains that we next consider from what causes and how alterations in government arise, and of what nature they are, and to what the destruction of each state is owing; and also to what form any form of polity is most likely to shift into, and what are the means to be used for the general preservation of governments, as well as what are applicable to any particular state; and also of the remedies which are to be applied either to all in general, or to any one considered separately, when they are in a state of corruption: and here we ought first to lay down this principle, that there are many governments, all of which approve of what is just and what is analogically equal; and yet have failed from attaining thereunto, as we have already mentioned; thus democracies have arisen from supposing that those who are equal in one thing are so in every other circumstance; as, because they are equal in liberty, they are equal in everything else; and oligarchies, from supposing that those who are unequal in one thing are unequal in all; that when men are so in point of fortune, that inequality extends to everything else. Hence it follows, that those who in some respects are equal with others think it right to endeavour to partake of an equality with them in everything; and those who are superior to others endeavour to get still more; and it is this more which is the inequality: thus most states, though they have some notion of what is just, yet are almost totally wrong; and, upon this account, when either party has not that share in the administration which answers to his expectations, he becomes seditious: but those who of all others have the greatest right to be so are the last that are; namely, those who excel in virtue; for they alone can be called generally superior. There are, too, some persons of distinguished families who, because they are so, disdain to be on an equality with others, for those esteem themselves noble who boast of their ancestors' merit and fortune: these, to speak truth, are the origin and fountain from whence seditions arise. The alterations which men may propose to make in governments are two; for either they may change the state already established into some other, as when they propose to erect an oligarchy where there is a democracy; or a democracy, or free state, where there is an oligarchy, or an aristocracy from these, or those from that; or else, when they have no objection to the established government, which they like very well, but choose to have the sole management in it themselves; either in the hands of a few or one only. They will also raise commotions concerning the degree in which they would have the established power; as if, for instance, the government is an oligarchy, to have it more purely so, and in the same manner if it is a democracy, or else to have it less so; and, in like manner, whatever may be the nature of the government, either to extend or contract its powers; or else to make some alterations in some parts of it; as to establish or abolish a particular magistracy, as some persons say Lysander endeavoured to abolish the kingly power in Sparta; and Pausanias that of the ephori. Thus in Epidamnus there was an alteration in one part of the constitution, for instead of the philarchi they established a senate. It is also necessary for all the magistrates at Athens; to attend in the court of the Helisea when any new magistrate is created: the power of the archon also in that state partakes of the nature of an oligarchy: inequality is always the occasion of sedition, but not when those who are

unequal are treated in a different manner correspondent to that inequality. Thus kingly power is unequal when exercised over equals. Upon the whole, those who aim after an equality are the cause of seditions. Equality is twofold, either in number or value. Equality in number is when two things contain the same parts or the same quantity; equality in value is by proportion as two exceeds one, and three two by the same number-thus by proportion four exceeds two, and two one in the same degree, for two is the same part of four that one is of two; that is to say, half. Now, all agree in what is absolutely and simply just; but, as we have already said they dispute concerning proportionate value; for some persons, if they are equal in one respect, think themselves equal in all; others, if they are superior in one thing, think they may claim the superiority in all; from whence chiefly arise two sorts of governments, a democracy and an oligarchy; for nobility and virtue are to be found only [1302a] amongst a few; the contrary amongst the many; there being in no place a hundred of the first to be met with, but enough of the last everywhere. But to establish a government entirely upon either of these equalities is wrong, and this the example of those so established makes evident, for none of them have been stable; and for this reason, that it is impossible that whatever is wrong at the first and in its principles should not at last meet with a bad end: for which reason in some things an equality of numbers ought to take place, in others an equality in value. However, a democracy is safer and less liable to sedition than an oligarchy; for in this latter it may arise from two causes, for either the few in power may conspire against each other or against the people; but in a democracy only one; namely, against the few who aim at exclusive power; but there is no instance worth speaking of, of a sedition of the people against themselves. Moreover, a government composed of men of moderate fortunes comes much nearer to a democracy than an oligarchy, and is the safest of all such states.

CHAPTER II

Since we are inquiring into the causes of seditions and revolutions in governments, we must begin entirely with the first principles from whence they arise. Now these, so to speak, are nearly three in number; which we must first distinguish in general from each other, and endeavour to show in what situation people are who begin a sedition; and for what causes; and thirdly, what are the beginnings of political troubles and mutual quarrels with each other. Now that cause which of all others most universally inclines men to desire to bring about a change in government is that which I have already mentioned; for those who aim at equality will be ever ready for sedition, if they see those whom they esteem their equals possess more than they do, as well as those also who are not content with equality but aim at superiority, if they think that while they deserve more than, they have only equal with, or less than, their inferiors. Now, what they aim at may be either just or unjust; just, when those who are inferior are seditious, that they may be equal; unjust, when those who are equal are so, that they may be superior. These, then, are the situations in which men will be seditious: the causes for which they will be so are profit and honour; and their contrary: for, to avoid dishonour or loss of fortune by mulcts, either on their own account or their friends, they will raise a commotion in the state. The original causes which dispose men to the things which I have mentioned are, taken in one manner, seven in number, in another they are more; two of which are the same with those that have been already mentioned: but influencing in a different manner; for profit and honour sharpen men against each other; not to get the possession of them for themselves (which was what I just now supposed), but when they see others, some justly, others [1302b] unjustly, engrossing them. The other causes are haughtiness, fear, eminence, contempt, disproportionate increase in some part of the state. There are also other things which in a different manner will occasion revolutions in governments; as election intrigues, neglect, want of numbers, a too great dissimilarity of circumstances.

CHAPTER III

What influence ill-treatment and profit have for this purpose, and how they may be the causes of sedition, is almost self-evident; for when the magistrates are haughty and endeavour to make greater profits than their office gives them, they not only occasion seditions amongst each other, but against the state also who gave them their power; and this their avarice has two objects, either private property or the property of the state. What influence honours have, and how they may occasion sedition, is evident enough; for those who are themselves unhonoured while they see others honoured, will be ready for any disturbance: and these things are done unjustly when any one is either honoured or discarded contrary to their deserts, justly when they are according to them. Excessive honours are also a cause of sedition when one person or more are greater than the state and the power of the government can permit; for then a monarchy or a dynasty is usually established: on which account the ostracism was introduced in some places, as at Argos and Athens: though it is better to guard against such excesses in the founding of a state, than when they have been permitted to take place, to correct them afterward. Those who have been guilty of crimes will be the cause of sedition, through fear of punishment; as will those also who expect an injury, that they may prevent it; as was the case at Rhodes, when the nobles conspired against the people on account of the decrees they expected would pass against them. Contempt also is a cause

of sedition and conspiracies; as in oligarchies, where there are many who have no share in the administration. The rich also even in democracies, despising the disorder and anarchy which will arise, hope to better themselves by the same means which happened at Thebes after the battle of Oenophyta, where, in consequence of bad administration, the democracy was destroyed; as it was at Megara, where the power of the people was lost through anarchy and disorder; the same thing happened at Syracuse before the tyranny of Gelon; and at Rhodes there was the same sedition before the popular government was overthrown. Revolutions in state will also arise from a disproportionate increase; for as the body consists of many parts, it ought to increase proportion-ably to preserve its symmetry, which would otherwise be destroyed; as if the foot was to be four cubits long, and the rest of the body but two palms; it might otherwise [1303a] be changed into an animal of a different form, if it increase beyond proportion not only in quantity, but also in disposition of parts; so also a city consists of parts, some of which may often increase without notice, as the number of poor in democracies and free states. They will also sometimes happen by accident, as at Tarentum, a little after the Median war, where so many of the nobles were killed in a battle by the Iapygi, that from a free state the government was turned into a democracy; and at Argos, where so many of the citizens were killed by Cleomenes the Spartan, that they were obliged to admit several husbandmen to the freedom of the state: and at Athens, through the unfortunate event of the infantry battles, the number of the nobles was reduced by the soldiers being chosen from the list of citizens in the Lacedaemonian wars. Revolutions also sometimes take place in a democracy, though seldomer; for where the rich grow numerous or properties increase, they become oligarchies or dynasties. Governments also sometimes alter without seditions by a combination of the meaner people; as at Hersea: for which purpose they changed the mode of election from votes to lots, and thus got themselves chosen: and by negligence, as when the citizens admit those who are not friends to the constitution into the chief offices of the state, which happened at Orus, when the oligarchy of the archons was put an end to at the election of Heracleodorus, who changed that form of government into a democratic free state. By little and little, I mean by this, that very often great alterations silently take place in the form of government from people's overlooking small matters; as at Ambracia, where the census was originally small, but at last became nothing at all, as if a little and nothing at all were nearly or entirely alike. That state also is liable to seditions which is composed of different nations, till their differences are blended together and undistinguishable; for as a city cannot be composed of every multitude, so neither can it in every given time; for which reason all those republics which have hitherto been originally composed of different people or afterwards admitted their neighbours to the freedom of their city, have been most liable to revolutions; as when the Achaeans joined with the Traezenians in founding Sybaris; for soon after, growing more powerful than the Traezenians, they expelled them from the city; from whence came the proverb of Sybarite wickedness: and again, disputes from a like cause happened at Thurium between the Sybarites and those who had joined with them in building the city; for they assuming upon these, on account of the country being their own, were driven out. And at Byzantium the new citizens, being detected in plots against the state, were driven out of the city by force of arms. The Antisseans also, having taken in those who were banished from Chios, afterwards did the same thing; and also the Zancleans, after having taken in the people of Samos. The Appolloniats, in the Euxine Sea, having admitted their sojourners to the freedom of their city, were troubled with seditions: and the Syracusians, after the expulsion of their tyrants, having enrolled [1303b] strangers and mercenaries amongst their citizens, quarrelled with each other and came to an open rupture: and the people of Amphipolis, having taken in a colony of Chalcidians, were the greater part of them driven out of the city by them. Many persons occasion seditions in oligarchies because they think themselves ill-used in not sharing the honours of the state with their equals, as I have already mentioned; but in democracies the principal people do the same because they have not more than an equal share with others who are not equal to them. The situation of the place will also sometimes occasion disturbances in the state when the ground is not well adapted for one city; as at Clazomene, where the people who lived in that part of the town called Chytrum quarrelled with them who lived in the island, and the Colophonians with the Notians. At Athens too the disposition of the citizens is not the same, for those who live in the Piraeus are more attached to a popular government than those who live in the city properly so called; for as the interposition of a rivulet, however small, will occasion the line of the phalanx to fluctuate, so any trifling disagreement will be the cause of seditions; but they will not so soon flow from anything else as from the disagreement between virtue and vice, and next to that between poverty and riches, and so on in order, one cause having more influence than another; one of which that I last mentioned.

CHAPTER IV

But seditions in government do not arise for little things, but from them; for their immediate cause is something of moment. Now, trifling quarrels are attended with the greatest consequences when they arise between persons of the first distinction in the state, as was the case with the Syracusians in a remote period; for a revolution in the government was brought about by a quarrel between two young men who were in office, upon a love affair; for one of them being absent, the other seduced his mistress; he in his turn,

offended with this, persuaded his friend's wife to come and live with him; and upon this the whole city took part either with the one or the other, and the government was overturned: therefore every one at the beginning of such disputes ought to take care to avoid the consequences; and to smother up all quarrels which may happen to arise amongst those in power, for the mischief lies in the beginning; for the beginning is said to be half of the business, so that what was then but a little fault will be found afterwards to bear its full proportion to what follows. Moreover, disputes between men of note involve the whole city in their consequences; in Hestiaea, after the Median war: two brothers having a dispute about their paternal estate; he who was the poorer, from the other's having concealed part of the effects, and some money which his father had found, engaged the popular party on his side, while the other, who was rich, the men of fashion. And at Delphos, [1304a] a quarrel about a wedding was the beginning of all the seditions that afterwards arose amongst them; for the bridegroom, being terrified by some unlucky omen upon waiting upon the bride, went away without marrying her; which her relations resenting, contrived secretly to convey some sacred money into his pocket while he was sacrificing, and then killed him as an impious person. At Mitylene also, a dispute, which arose concerning a right of heritage, was the beginning of great evils, and a war with the Athenians, in which Paches took their city, for Timophanes, a man of fortune, leaving two daughters, Doxander, who was circumvented in procuring them in marriage for his two sons, began a sedition, and excited the Athenians to attack them, being the host of that state. There was also a dispute at Phocea, concerning a right of inheritance, between Mnasis, the father of Mnasis, and Euthucrates, the father of Onomarchus, which brought on the Phoceans the sacred war. The government too of Epidamnus was changed from a quarrel that arose from an intended marriage; for a certain man having contracted his daughter in marriage, the father of the young person to whom she was contracted, being archon, punishes him, upon which account he, resenting the affront, associated himself with those who were excluded from any share in the government, and brought about a revolution. A government may be changed either into an oligarchy, democracy, or a free state; when the magistrates, or any part of the city acquire great credit, or are increased in power, as the court of Areopagus at Athens, having procured great credit during the Median war, added firmness to their administration; and, on the other hand, the maritime force, composed of the commonalty, having gained the victory at Salamis, by their power at sea, got the lead in the state, and strengthened the popular party: and at Argos, the nobles, having gained great credit by the battle of Mantinea against the Lacedaemonians, endeavoured to dissolve the democracy. And at Syracuse, the victory in their war with the Athenians being owing to the common people, they changed their free state into a democracy: and at Chalcis, the people having taken off the tyrant Phocis, together with the nobles, immediately seized the government: and at Ambracia also the people, having expelled the tyrant Periander, with his party, placed the supreme power in themselves. And this in general ought to be known, that whosoever has been the occasion of a state being powerful, whether private persons, or magistrates, a certain tribe, or any particular part of the citizens, or the multitude, be they who they will, will be the cause of disputes in the state. For either some persons, who envy them the honours they have acquired, will begin to be seditious, or they, on account of the dignity they have acquired, will not be content with their former equality. A state is also liable to commotions when those parts of it which seem to be opposite to each other approach to an [1304b] equality, as the rich and the common people; so that the part which is between them both is either nothing at all, or too little to be noticed; for if one party is so much more powerful than the other, as to be evidently stronger, that other will not be willing to hazard the danger: for which reason those who are superior in excellence and virtue will never be the cause of seditions; for they will be too few for that purpose when compared to the many. In general, the beginning and the causes of seditions in all states are such as I have now described, and revolutions therein are brought about in two ways, either by violence or fraud: if by violence, either at first by compelling them to submit to the change when it is made. It may also be brought about by fraud in two different ways, either when the people, being at first deceived, willingly consent to an alteration in their government, and are afterwards obliged by force to abide by it: as, for instance, when the four hundred imposed upon the people by telling them that the king of Persia would supply them with money for the war against the Lacedaemonians; and after they had been guilty of this falsity, they endeavoured to keep possession of the supreme power; or when they are at first persuaded and afterwards consent to be governed: and by one of these methods which I have mentioned are all revolutions in governments brought about.

CHAPTER V

We ought now to inquire into those events which will arise from these causes in every species of government. Democracies will be most subject to revolutions from the dishonesty of their demagogues; for partly, by informing against men of property, they induce them to join together through self-defence, for a common fear will make the greatest enemies unite; and partly by setting the common people against them: and this is what any one may continually see practised in many states. In the island of Cos, for instance, the democracy was subverted by the wickedness of the demagogues, for the nobles entered into a combination with each other. And at Rhodes the demagogues, by distributing of bribes, prevented the people from paying the trierarchs what was owing to

them, who were obliged by the number of actions they were harassed with to conspire together and destroy the popular state. The same thing was brought about at Heraclea, soon after the settlement of the city, by the same persons; for the citizens of note, being ill treated by them, quitted the city, but afterwards joining together they returned and overthrew the popular state. Just in the same manner the democracy was destroyed in Megara; for there the demagogues, to procure money by confiscations, drove out the nobles, till the number of those who were banished was considerable, who, [1305a] returning, got the better of the people in a battle, and established an oligarchy. The like happened at Cume, during the time of the democracy, which Thrasymachus destroyed; and whoever considers what has happened in other states may perceive the same revolutions to have arisen from the same causes. The demagogues, to curry favour with the people, drive the nobles to conspire together, either by dividing their estates, or obliging them to spend them on public services, or by banishing them, that they may confiscate the fortunes of the wealthy. In former times, when the same person was both demagogue and general, the democracies were changed into tyrannies; and indeed most of the ancient tyrannies arose from those states: a reason for which then subsisted, but not now; for at that time the demagogues were of the soldiery; for they were not then powerful by their eloquence; but, now the art of oratory is cultivated, the able speakers are at present the demagogues; but, as they are unqualified to act in a military capacity, they cannot impose themselves on the people as tyrants, if we except in one or two trifling instances. Formerly, too, tyrannies were more common than now, on account of the very extensive powers with which some magistrates were entrusted: as the prytanes at Miletus; for they were supreme in many things of the last consequence; and also because at that time the cities were not of that very great extent, the people in general living in the country, and being employed in husbandry, which gave them, who took the lead in public affairs, an opportunity, if they had a turn for war, to make themselves tyrants; which they all did when they had gained the confidence of the people; and this confidence was their hatred to the rich. This was the case of Pisistratus at Athens, when he opposed the Pediaci: and of Theagenes in Megara, who slaughtered the cattle belonging to the rich, after he had seized those who kept them by the riverside. Dionysius also, for accusing Daphnseus and the rich, was thought worthy of being raised to a tyranny, from the confidence which the people had of his being a popular man in consequence of these enmities. A government shall also alter from its ancient and approved democratic form into one entirely new, if there is no census to regulate the election of magistrates; for, as the election is with the people, the demagogues who are desirous of being in office, to flatter them, will endeavour with all their power to make the people superior even to the laws. To prevent this entirely, or at least in a great measure, the magistrates should be elected by the tribes, and not by the people at large. These are nearly the revolutions to which democracies are liable, and also the causes from whence they arise.

CHAPTER VI

There are two things which of all others most evidently occasion a revolution in an oligarchy; one is, when the people are ill used, for then every individual is ripe for [1305b] sedition; more particularly if one of the oligarchy should happen to be their leader; as Lygdamis, at Naxus, who was afterwards tyrant of that island. Seditions also which arise from different causes will differ from each other; for sometimes a revolution is brought about by the rich who have no share in the administration, which is in the hands of a very few indeed: and this happened at Massilia, Ister, Heraclea, and other cities; for those who had no share in the government ceased not to raise disputes till they were admitted to it: first the elder brothers, and then the younger also: for in some places the father and son are never in office at the same time; in others the elder and younger brother: and where this is observed the oligarchy partakes something of a free state. At Ister it was changed into a democracy; in Heraclea, instead of being in the hands of a few, it consisted of six hundred. At Cnidus the oligarchy was destroyed by the nobles quarrelling with each other, because the government was in the hands of so few: for there, as we have just mentioned, if the father was in office, the son could not; or, if there were many brothers, the eldest only; for the people, taking advantage of their disputes, elected one of the nobles for their general, and got the victory: for where there are seditions government is weak. And formerly at Erithria, during the oligarchy of the Basilides, although the state flourished greatly under their excellent management, yet because the people were displeased that the power should be in the hands of so few, they changed the government. Oligarchies also are subject to revolutions, from those who are in office therein, from the quarrels of the demagogues with each other. The demagogues are of two sorts; one who flatter the few when they are in power: for even these have their demagogues; such was Charicles at Athens, who had great influence over the thirty; and, in the same manner, Phrynichus over the four hundred. The others are those demagogues who have a share in the oligarchy, and flatter the people: such were the state-guardians at Larissa, who flattered the people because they were elected by them. And this will always happen in every oligarchy where the magistrates do not elect themselves, but are chosen out of men either of great fortune or certain ranks, by the soldiers or by the people; as was the custom at Abydos. And when the judicial department is not in the hands of the supreme power, the demagogues, favouring the people in their causes, overturn the

government; which happened at Heraclea in Pontus: and also when some desire to contract the power of the oligarchy into fewer hands; for those who endeavour to support an equality are obliged to apply to the people for assistance. An oligarchy is also subject to revolutions when the nobility spend their fortunes by luxury; for such persons are desirous of innovations, and either endeavour to be tyrants themselves or to support others in being so, as [1306a] Hypparinus supported Dionysius of Syracuse. And at Amphipolis one Cleotimus collected a colony of Chalcidians, and when they came set them to quarrel with the rich: and at AEgina a certain person who brought an action against Chares attempted on that account to alter the government. Sometimes they will try to raise commotions, sometimes they will rob the public, and then quarrel with each other, or else fight with those who endeavour to detect them; which was the case at Apollonia in Pontus. But if the members of an oligarchy agree among themselves the state is not very easily destroyed without some external force. Pharsalus is a proof of this, where, though the place is small, yet the citizens have great power, from the prudent use they make of it. An oligarchy also will be destroyed when they create another oligarchy under it; that is, when the management of public affairs is in the hands of a few, and not equally, but when all of them do not partake of the supreme power, as happened once at Elis, where the supreme power in general was in the hands of a very few out of whom a senate was chosen, consisting but of ninety, who held their places for life; and their mode of election was calculated to preserve the power amongst each other's families, like the senators at Lacedaemon. An oligarchy is liable to a revolution both in time of war and peace; in war, because through a distrust in the citizens the government is obliged to employ mercenary troops, and he to whom they give the command of the army will very often assume the tyranny, as Timophanes did at Corinth; and if they appoint more than one general, they will very probably establish a dynasty: and sometimes, through fear of this, they are forced to let the people in general have some share in the government, because they are obliged to employ them. In peace, from their want of confidence in each other, they will entrust the guardianship of the state to mercenaries and their general, who will be an arbiter between them, and sometimes become master of both, which happened at Larissa, when Simos and the Aleuadae had the chief power. The same thing happened at Abydos, during the time of the political clubs, of which Iphiades' was one. Commotions also will happen in an oligarchy from one party's overbearing and insulting another, or from their quarrelling about their law-suits or marriages. How their marriages, for instance, will have that effect has been already shown: and in Eretria, Diagoras destroyed the oligarchy of the knights upon the same account. A sedition also arose at Heraclea, from a certain person being condemned by the court; and at Thebes, in consequence of a man's being guilty of adultery; [1306b] the punishment indeed which Eurytion suffered at Heraclea was just, yet it was illegally executed: as was that at Thebes upon Archias; for their enemies endeavoured to have them publicly bound in the pillory. Many revolutions also have been brought about in oligarchies by those who could not brook the despotism which those persons assumed who were in power, as at Cnidus and Chios. Changes also may happen by accident in what we call a free state and in an oligarchy; wheresoever the senators, judges, and magistrates are chosen according to a certain census; for it often happens that the highest census is fixed at first; so that a few only could have a share in the government, in an oligarchy, or in a free state those of moderate fortunes only; when the city grows rich, through peace or some other happy cause, it becomes so little that every one's fortune is equal to the census, so that the whole community may partake of all the honours of government; and this change sometimes happens by little and little, and insensible approaches, sometimes quicker. These are the revolutions and seditions that arise in oligarchies, and the causes to which they are owing: and indeed both democracies and oligarchies sometimes alter, not into governments of a contrary form, but into those of the same government; as, for instance, from having the supreme power in the law to vest it in the ruling party, or the contrariwise.

CHAPTER VII

Commotions also arise in aristocracies, from there being so few persons in power (as we have already observed they do in oligarchies, for in this particular an aristocracy is most near an oligarchy, for in both these states the administration of public affairs is in the hands of a few; not that this arises from the same cause in both, though herein they chiefly seem alike): and these will necessarily be most likely to happen when the generality of the people are high-spirited and think themselves equal to each other in merit; such were those at Lacedasmon, called the Partheniae (for these were, as well as others, descendants of citizens), who being detected in a conspiracy against the state, were sent to found Tarentum. They will happen also when some great men are disgraced by those who have received higher honours than themselves, to whom they are no ways inferior in abilities, as Lysander by the kings: or when an ambitious man cannot get into power, as Cinadon, who, in the reign of Agesilaus, was chief in a conspiracy against the Spartans: and also when some are too poor and others too rich, which will most frequently happen in time of war; as at Lacedaemon during the Messenian war, which is proved by a poem of Tyrtaeus, [1307a] called "Eunomia;" for some persons being reduced thereby, desired that the lands might be divided: and also when some person of very high rank might still be higher if he could rule alone, which seemed to be Pausanias's intention at Lacedaemon, when he was their general in the Median

war, and Anno's at Carthage. But free states and aristocracies are mostly destroyed from want of a fixed administration of public affairs; the cause of which evil arises at first from want of a due mixture of the democratic and the oligarchic parts in a free state; and in an aristocracy from the same causes, and also from virtue not being properly joined to power; but chiefly from the two first, I mean the undue mixture of the democratic and oligarchic parts; for these two are what all free states endeavour to blend together, and many of those which we call aristocracies, in this particular these states differ from each other, and on this account the one of them is less stable than the other, for that state which inclines most to an oligarchy is called an aristocracy, and that which inclines most to a democracy is called a free state; on which account this latter is more secure than the former, for the wider the foundation the securer the building, and it is ever best to live where equality prevails. But the rich, if the community gives them rank, very often endeavour to insult and tyrannise over others. On the whole, whichever way a government inclines, in that it will settle, each party supporting their own. Thus a free state will become a democracy; an aristocracy an oligarchy; or the contrary, an aristocracy may change into a democracy (for the poor, if they think themselves injured, directly take part with the contrary side) and a free state into an oligarchy. The only firm state is that where every one enjoys that equality he has a right to and fully possesses what is his own. And what I have been speaking of happened to the Thurians; for the magistrates being elected according to a very high census, it was altered to a lower, and they were subdivided into more courts, but in consequence of the nobles possessing all the land, contrary to law; the state was too much of an oligarchy, which gave them an opportunity of encroaching greatly on the rest of the people; but these, after they had been well inured to war, so far got the better of their guards as to expel every one out of the country who possessed more than he ought. Moreover, as all aristocracies are free oligarchies, the nobles therein endeavour to have rather too much power, as at Lacedaemon, where property is now in the hands of a few, and the nobles have too much liberty to do as they please and make such alliances as they please. Thus the city of the Locrians was ruined from an alliance with Dionysius; which state was neither a democracy nor well-tempered aristocracy. But an aristocracy chiefly approaches to a secret change by its being destroyed by degrees, as we [1307b] have already said of all governments in general; and this happens from the cause of the alteration being trifling; for whenever anything which in the least regards the state is treated with contempt, after that something else, and this of a little more consequence, will be more easily altered, until the whole fabric of government is entirely subverted, which happened in the government of Thurium; for the law being that they should continue soldiers for five years, some young men of a martial disposition, who were in great esteem amongst their officers, despising those who had the management of public affairs, and imagining they could easily accomplish their intention, first endeavoured to abolish this law, with a view of having it lawful to continue the same person perpetually in the military, perceiving that the people would readily appoint them. Upon this, the magistrates who are called counselors first joined together with an intention to oppose it but were afterwards induced to agree to it, from a belief that if that law was not repealed they would permit the management of all other public affairs to remain in their hands; but afterwards, when they endeavoured to restrain some fresh alterations that were making, they found that they could do nothing, for the whole form of government was altered into a dynasty of those who first introduced the innovations. In short, all governments are liable to be destroyed either from within or from without; from without when they have for their neighbour a state whose policy is contrary to theirs, and indeed if it has great power the same thing will happen if it is not their neighbour; of which both the Athenians and the Lacedaemonians are a proof; for the one, when conquerors everywhere destroyed the oligarchies; the other the democracies. These are the chief causes of revolutions and dissensions in governments.

CHAPTER VIII

We are now to consider upon what the preservation of governments in general and of each state in particular depends; and, in the first place, it is evident that if we are right in the causes we have assigned for their destruction, we know also the means of their preservation; for things contrary produce contraries: but destruction and preservation are contrary to each other. In well-tempered governments it requires as much care as anything whatsoever, that nothing be done contrary to law: and this ought chiefly to be attended to in matters of small consequence; for an illegality that approaches insensibly, approaches secretly, as in a family small expenses continually repeated consume a man's income; for the understanding is deceived thereby, as by this false argument; if every part is little, then the whole is little: now, this in one sense is true, in another is false, for the whole and all the parts together are large, though made up of small parts. The first therefore of anything is what the state ought to guard against. In the next place, no credit ought to be given to those who endeavour to deceive the people with false pretences; for they will be [1308a] confuted by facts. The different ways in which they will attempt to do this have been already mentioned. You may often perceive both aristocracies and oligarchies continuing firm, not from the stability of their forms of government, but from the wise conduct of the magistrates, both towards those who have a part in the management of public affairs, and those also who have not: towards those who have not, by never injuring them; and also introducing those who are of most consequence amongst them into office; nor

disgracing those who are desirous of honour; or encroaching on the property of individuals; towards those who have, by behaving to each other upon an equality; for that equality which the favourers of a democracy desire to have established in the state is not only just, but convenient also, amongst those who are of the same rank: for which reason, if the administration is in the hands of many, those rules which are established in democracies will be very useful; as to let no one continue in office longer than six months: that all those who are of the same rank may have their turn; for between these there is a sort of democracy: for which reason demagogues are most likely to arise up amongst them, as we have already mentioned: besides, by this means both aristocracies and democracies will be the less liable to be corrupted into dynasties, because it will not be so easy for those who are magistrates for a little to do as much mischief as they could in a long time: for it is from hence that tyrannies arise in democracies and oligarchies; for either those who are most powerful in each state establish a tyranny, as the demagogues in the one, the dynasties in the other, or the chief magistrates who have been long in power. Governments are sometimes preserved not only by having the means of their corruption at a great distance, but also by its being very near them; for those who are alarmed at some impending evil keep a stricter hand over the state; for which reason it is necessary for those who have the guardianship of the constitution to be able to awaken the fears of the people, that they may preserve it, and not like a night-guard to be remiss in protecting the state, but to make the distant danger appear at hand. Great care ought also to be used to endeavour to restrain the quarrels and disputes of the nobles by laws, as well as to prevent those who are not already engaged in them from taking a part therein; for to perceive an evil at its very first approach is not the lot of every one, but of the politician. To prevent any alteration taking place in an oligarchy or free state on account of the census, if that happens to continue the same while the quantity of money is increased, it will be useful to take a general account of the whole amount of it in former times, to compare it with the present, and to do this every year in those cities where the census is yearly, [1308b] in larger communities once in three or five years; and if the whole should be found much larger or much less than it was at the time when the census was first established in the state, let there be a law either to extend or contract it, doing both these according to its increase or decrease; if it increases making the census larger, if it decreases smaller: and if this latter is not done in oligarchies and free states, you will have a dynasty arise in the one, an oligarchy in the other: if the former is not, free states will be changed into democracies, and oligarchies into free states or democracies. It is a general maxim in democracies, oligarchies, monarchies, and indeed in all governments, not to let any one acquire a rank far superior to the rest of the community, but rather to endeavour to confer moderate honours for a continuance than great ones for a short time; for these latter spoil men, for it is not every one who can bear prosperity: but if this rule is not observed, let not those honours which were conferred all at once be all at once taken away, but rather by degrees. But, above all things, let this regulation be made by the law, that no one shall have too much power, either by means of his fortune or friends; but if he has, for his excess therein, let it be contrived that he shall quit the country. Now, as many persons promote innovations, that they may enjoy their own particular manner of living, there ought to be a particular officer to inspect the manners of every one, and see that these are not contrary to the genius of the state in which he lives, whether it may be an oligarchy, a democracy, or any other form of government; and, for the same reason, those should be guarded against who are most prosperous in the city: the means of doing which is by appointing those who are otherwise to the business and the offices of the state. I mean, to oppose men of account to the common people, the poor to the rich, and to blend both these into one body, and to increase the numbers of those who are in the middle rank; and this will prevent those seditions which arise from an inequality of condition. But above all, in every state it is necessary, both by the laws and every other method possible, to prevent those who are employed by the public from being venal, and this particularly in an oligarchy; for then the people will not be so much displeased from seeing themselves excluded from a share in the government (nay, they will rather be glad to have leisure to attend their private affairs) as at suspecting that the officers of the state steal the public money, then indeed they are afflicted with double concern, both because they are deprived of the honours of the state, and pillaged by those who enjoy them. There is one method of blending together a democracy and an aristocracy, [1309a] if office brought no profit; by which means both the rich and the poor will enjoy what they desire; for to admit all to a share in the government is democratical; that the rich should be in office is aristocratical. This must be done by letting no public employment whatsoever be attended with any emolument; for the poor will not desire to be in office when they can get nothing by it, but had rather attend to their own affairs: but the rich will choose it, as they want nothing of the community. Thus the poor will increase their fortunes by being wholly employed in their own concerns; and the principal part of the people will not be governed by the lower sort. To prevent the exchequer from being defrauded, let all public money be delivered out openly in the face of the whole city, and let copies of the accounts be deposited in the different wards tribes, and divisions. But, as the magistrates are to execute their offices without any advantages, the law ought to provide proper honours for those who execute them well. In democracies also it is necessary that the rich should be protected, by not permitting their lands to be divided, nor even the produce of them, which in some states is done unperceivably. It would be also better if the people would prevent them when they offer to exhibit a number of unnecessary and yet expensive public entertainments of plays, music, processions, and the like. In an oligarchy it is necessary to

take great care of the poor, and allot them public employments which are gainful; and, if any of the rich insult them, to let their punishment be severer than if they insulted one of their own rank; and to let estates pass by affinity, and not gift: nor to permit any person to have more than one; for by this means property will be more equally divided, and the greater part of the poor get into better circumstances. It is also serviceable in a democracy and an oligarchy to allot those who take no part in public affairs an equality or a preference in other things; the rich in a democracy, to the poor in an oligarchy: but still all the principal offices in the state to be filled only by those who are best qualified to discharge them.

CHAPTER IX

There are three qualifications necessary for those who fill the first departments in government; first of all, an affection for the established constitution; second place, abilities every way completely equal to the business of their office; in the third, virtue and justice correspondent to the nature of that particular state they are placed in; for if justice is not the same in all states, it is evident that there must be different species thereof. There may be some doubt, when all these qualifications do not in the same persons, in what manner the choice shall be made; as for instance, suppose that one person is an accomplished general, but a bad man and no friend to the [1309b] constitution; another is just and a friend to it, which shall one prefer? we should then consider of two qualities, which of them the generality possess in a greater degree, which in a less; for which reason in the choice of a general we should regard his courage more than his virtue as the more uncommon quality; as there are fewer capable of conducting an army than there are good men: but, to protect the state or manage the finances, the contrary rule should be followed; for these require greater virtue than the generality are possessed of, but only that knowledge which is common to all. It may be asked, if a man has abilities equal to his appointment in the state, and is affectionate to the constitution, what occasion is there for being virtuous, since these two things alone are sufficient to enable him to be useful to the public? it is, because those who possess those qualities are often deficient in prudence; for, as they often neglect their own affairs, though they know them and love themselves, so nothing will prevent their serving the public in the same manner. In short, whatsoever the laws contain which we allow to be useful to the state contributes to its preservation: but its first and principal support is (as has been often insisted upon) to have the number of those who desire to preserve it greater than those who wish to destroy it. Above all things that ought not to be forgotten which many governments now corrupted neglect; namely, to preserve a mean. For many things seemingly favourable to a democracy destroy a democracy, and many things seemingly favourable to an oligarchy destroy an oligarchy. Those who think this the only virtue extend it to excess, not considering that as a nose which varies a little from perfect straightness, either towards a hook nose or a flat one, may yet be beautiful and agreeable to look at; but if this particularity is extended beyond measure, first of all the properties of the part is lost, but at last it can hardly be admitted to be a nose at all, on account of the excess of the rise or sinking: thus it is with other parts of the human body; so also the same thing is true with respect to states; for both an oligarchy and a democracy may something vary from their most perfect form and yet be well constituted; but if any one endeavours to extend either of them too far, at first he will make the government the worse for it, but at last there will be no government at all remaining. The lawgiver and the politician therefore should know well what preserves and what destroys a democracy or an oligarchy, for neither the one nor the other can possibly continue without rich and poor: but that whenever an entire equality of circumstances [1310a] prevails, the state must necessarily become of another form; so that those who destroy these laws, which authorise an inequality in property, destroy the government. It is also an error in democracies for the demagogues to endeavour to make the common people superior to the laws; and thus by setting them at variance with the rich, dividing one city into two; whereas they ought rather to speak in favour of the rich. In oligarchies, on the contrary, it is wrong to support those who are in administration against the people. The oaths also which they take in an oligarchy ought to be contrary to what they now are; for, at present, in some places they swear, "I will be adverse to the common people, and contrive all I can against them;" whereas they ought rather to suppose and pretend the contrary; expressing in their oaths, that they will not injure the people. But of all things which I have mentioned, that which contributes most to preserve the state is, what is now most despised, to educate your children for the state; for the most useful laws, and most approved by every statesman, will be of no service if the citizens are not accustomed to and brought up in the principles of the constitution; of a democracy, if that is by law established; of an oligarchy, if that is; for if there are bad morals in one man, there are in the city. But to educate a child fit for the state, it must not be done in the manner which would please either those who have the power in an oligarchy or those who desire a democracy, but so as they may be able to conduct either of these forms of governments. But now the children of the magistrates in an oligarchy are brought up too delicately, and the children of the poor hardy with exercise and labour; so that they are both desirous of and able to promote innovations. In democracies of the purest form they pursue a method which is contrary to their welfare; the reason of which is, that they define liberty wrong: now, there are two things which seem to be the objects of a democracy, that the people in general should possess the supreme power,

and all enjoy freedom; for that which is just seems to be equal, and what the people think equal, that is a law: now, their freedom and equality consists in every one's doing what they please: that is in such a democracy every one may live as he likes; "as his inclination guides," in the words of Euripides: but this is wrong, for no one ought to think it slavery to live in subjection to government, but protection. Thus I have mentioned the causes of corruption in different states, and the means of their preservation.

CHAPTER X

It now remains that we speak of monarchies, their causes of corruption, and means of preservation; and indeed almost the same things which have been said of other governments happen to kingdoms and tyrannies; for a kingdom partakes of an aristocracy, a tyranny of the worst species of an oligarchy and democracy; for which reason it is the worst that man can submit to, as being composed of two, both of which are bad, and collectively retains all the corruptions and all the defects of both these states. These two species of monarchies arise from principles contrary to each other: a kingdom is formed to protect the better sort of people against the multitude, and kings are appointed out of those, who are chosen either for their superior virtue and actions flowing from virtuous principles, or else from their noble descent; but a tyrant is chosen out of the meanest populace; an enemy to the better sort, that the common people may not be oppressed by them. That this is true experience convinces us; for the generality of tyrants were indeed mere demagogues, who gained credit with the people by oppressing the nobles. Some tyrannies were established in this manner after the cities were considerably enlarged--others before that time, by kings who exceeded the power which their country allowed them, from a desire of governing despotically: others were founded by those who were elected to the superior offices in the state; for formerly the people appointed officers for life, who came to be at the head of civil and religious affairs, and these chose one out of their body in whom the supreme power over all the magistrates was placed. By all these means it was easy to establish a tyranny, if they chose it; for their power was ready at hand, either by their being kings, or else by enjoying the honours of the state; thus Phidon at Argos and other tyrants enjoyed originally the kingly power; Phalaris and others in Ionia, the honours of the state. Pansetius at Leontium, Cypselus at Corinth, Pisistratus at Athens, Dionysius at Syracuse, and others, acquired theirs by having been demagogues. A kingdom, as we have said, partakes much of the nature of an aristocracy, and is bestowed according to worth, as either virtue, family, beneficent actions, or these joined with power; for those who have been benefactors to cities and states, or have it in their powers to be so, have acquired this honour, and those who have prevented a people from falling into slavery by war, as Codrus, or those who have freed them from it, as Cyrus, or the founders of cities, or settlers of colonies, as the kings of Sparta, Macedon, and Molossus. A king desires to be the guardian of his people, that those who have property may be secure in the possession of it, and that the people in general meet with no injury; but a tyrant, as has been often said, has no regard to the common good, except for his own advantage; his only object is pleasure, but a king's is virtue: what a tyrant therefore is ambitious of engrossing is wealth, but a king rather honour. The guards too of a king are citizens, a tyrant's foreigners.

That a tyranny contains all that is bad both in a democracy and an oligarchy is evident; with an oligarchy it has for its end gain, as the only means of providing the tyrant with guards and the luxuries of life; like that it places no confidence in the people; and therefore deprives them of the use of arms: it is also common to them both to persecute the populace, to drive them out of the city and their own habitations. With a democracy it quarrels with the nobles, and destroys them both publicly and privately, or drives them into banishment, as rivals and an impediment to the government; hence naturally arise conspiracies both amongst those who desire to govern and those who desire not to be slaves; hence arose Periander's advice to Thrasybulus to take off the tallest stalks, hinting thereby, that it was necessary to make away with the eminent citizens. We ought then in reason, as has been already said, to account for the changes which arise in a monarchy from the same causes which produce them in other states: for, through injustice received, fear, and contempt, many of those who are under a monarchical government conspire against it; but of all species of injustice, injurious contempt has most influence on them for that purpose: sometimes it is owing to their being deprived of their private fortunes. The dissolution too of a kingdom and a tyranny are generally the same; for monarchs abound in wealth and honour, which all are desirous to obtain. Of plots: some aim at the life of those who govern, others at their government; the first arises from hatred to their persons; which hatred may be owing to many causes, either of which will be sufficient to excite their anger, and the generality of those who are under the influence of that passion will join in a conspiracy, not for the sake of their own advancement, but for revenge. Thus the plot against the children of Pisistratus arose from their injurious treatment of Harmodius's sister, and insulting him also; for Harmodius resenting the injury done to his sister, and Aristogiton the injury done to Harmodius. Periander the tyrant of Ambracia also lost his life by a conspiracy, for some improper liberties he took with a boy in his cups: and Philip was slain by Pausanias for neglecting to revenge him of the affront he had received from Attains; as was Amintas the Little by Darda, for insulting him on account of his age; and the eunuch by Evagoras the Cyprian in revenge for having taken his son's wife away from him....

Many also who have had their bodies scourged with stripes have, through resentment, either killed those who caused them to be inflicted or conspired against them, even when they had kingly power, as at Mitylene Megacles, joining with his friends, killed the Penthelidee, who used to go about striking those they met with clubs. Thus, in later times, Smendes killed Penthilus for whipping him and dragging him away from his wife. Decamnichus also was the chief cause of the conspiracy against Archelaus, for he urged others on: the occasion of his resentment was his having delivered him to Euripides the poet to be scourged; for Euripides was greatly offended with him for having said something of the foulness of his breath. And many others have been killed or conspired against on the same account. Fear too is a cause which produces the same effects, as well in monarchies as in other states: thus Artabanes conspired against Xerxes through fear of punishment for having hanged Darius according to his orders, whom he supposed he intended to pardon, as the order was given at supper-time. Some kings also have been [1312a] dethroned and killed in consequence of the contempt they were held in by the people; as some one conspired against Sardanapalus, having seen him spinning with his wife, if what is related of him is true, or if not of him, it may very probably be true of some one else. Dion also conspired against Dionysius the Younger, seeing his subjects desirous of a conspiracy, and that he himself was always drunk: and even a man's friends will do this if they despise him; for from the confidence he places in them, they think that they shall not be found out. Those also who think they shall gain his throne will conspire against a king through contempt; for as they are powerful themselves, and despise the danger, on account of their own strength, they will readily attempt it. Thus a general at the head of his army will endeavour to dethrone the monarch, as Cyrus did Astyages, despising both his manner of life and his forces; his forces for want of action, his life for its effeminacy: thus Suthes, the Thracian, who was general to Amadocus, conspired against him. Sometimes more than one of these causes will excite men to enter into conspiracies, as contempt and desire of gain; as in the instance of Mithridates against Ariobarzanes. Those also who are of a bold disposition, and have gained military honours amongst kings, will of all others be most like to engage in sedition; for strength and courage united inspire great bravery: whenever, therefore, these join in one person, he will be very ready for conspiracies, as he will easily conquer. Those who conspire against a tyrant through love of glory and honour have a different motive in view from what I have already mentioned; for, like all others who embrace danger, they have only glory and honour in view, and think, not as some do, of the wealth and pomp they may acquire, but engage in this as they would in any other noble action, that they may be illustrious and distinguished, and destroy a tyrant, not to succeed in his tyranny, but to acquire renown. No doubt but the number of those who act upon this principle is small, for we must suppose they regard their own safety as nothing in case they should not succeed, and must embrace the opinion of Dion (which few can do) when he made war upon Dionysius with a very few troops; for he said, that let the advantage he made be ever so little it would satisfy him to have gained it; and that, should it be his lot to die the moment he had gained footing in his country, he should think his death sufficiently glorious. A tyranny also is exposed to the same destruction as all other states are, from too powerful neighbours: for it is evident, that an opposition of principles will make them desirous of subverting it; and what they desire, all who can, do: and there is a principle of opposition in one state to another, as a democracy against a tyranny, as says Hesiod, "a potter against a potter;" for the extreme of a democracy is a tyranny; a kingly power against an aristocracy, from their different forms of government--for which reason the Lacedaemonians destroyed many tyrannies; as did the Syracusians during the prosperity of their state. Nor are they only destroyed from without, but also from within, when those who have no share in the power bring about a revolution, as happened to Gelon, and lately to Dionysius; to the first, by means of Thrasybulus, the brother of Hiero, who nattered Gelon's son, and induced him to lead a life of pleasure, that he himself might govern; but the family joined together and endeavoured to support the tyranny and expel Thrasybulus; but those whom they made of their party seized the opportunity and expelled the whole family. Dion made war against his relation Dionysius, and being assisted by the people, first expelled and then killed him. As there are two causes which chiefly induce men to conspire against tyrants, hatred and contempt, one of these, namely hatred, seems inseparable from them. Contempt also is often the cause of their destruction: for though, for instance, those who raised themselves to the supreme power generally preserved it; but those who received it from them have, to speak truth, almost immediately all of them lost it; for, falling into an effeminate way of life, they soon grew despicable, and generally fell victims to conspiracies. Part of their hatred may be very fitly ascribed to anger; for in some cases this is their motive to action: for it is often a cause which impels them to act more powerfully than hatred, and they proceed with greater obstinacy against those whom they attack, as this passion is not under the direction of reason. Many persons also indulge this passion through contempt; which occasioned the fall of the Pisistratidae and many others. But hatred is more powerful than anger; for anger is accompanied with grief, which prevents the entrance of reason; but hatred is free from it. In short, whatever causes may be assigned as the destruction of a pure oligarchy unmixed with any other government and an extreme democracy, the same may be applied to a tyranny; for these are divided tyrannies.

Kingdoms are seldom destroyed by any outward attack; for which reason they are generally very stable; but they have many causes of subversion within; of which two are the principal; one is when those who are in power [1313a] excite a sedition, the other when they endeavour to establish a tyranny by assuming greater power than the law gives them. A kingdom, indeed, is not what we ever see erected in our times, but rather monarchies and tyrannies; for a kingly government is one that is voluntarily submitted to, and its supreme power admitted upon great occasions: but where many are equal, and there are none in any respect so much better than another as to be qualified for the greatness and dignity of government over them, then these equals will not willingly submit to be commanded; but if any one assumes the government, either by force or fraud, this is a tyranny. To what we have already said we shall add, the causes of revolutions in an hereditary kingdom. One of these is, that many of those who enjoy it are naturally proper objects of contempt only: another is, that they are insolent while their power is not despotic; but they possess kingly honours only. Such a state is soon destroyed; for a king exists but while the people are willing to obey, as their submission to him is voluntary, but to a tyrant involuntary. These and such-like are the causes of the destruction of monarchies.

CHAPTER XI

Monarchies, in a word, are preserved by means contrary to what I have already mentioned as the cause of their destruction; but to speak to each separately: the stability of a kingdom will depend upon the power of the king's being kept within moderate bounds; for by how much the less extensive his power is, by so much the longer will his government continue; for he will be less despotic and more upon an equality of condition with those he governs; who, on that account, will envy him the less.

It was on this account that the kingdom of the Molossi continued so long; and the Lacedaemonians from their government's being from the beginning divided into two parts, and also by the moderation introduced into the other parts of it by Theopompus, and his establishment of the ephori; for by taking something from the power he increased the duration of the kingdom, so that in some measure he made it not less, but bigger; as they say he replied to his wife, who asked him if he was not ashamed to deliver down his kingdom to his children reduced from what he received it from his ancestors? No, says he, I give it him more lasting. Tyrannies are preserved two ways most opposite to each other, one of which is when the power is delegated from one to the other, and in this manner many tyrants govern in their states. Report says that Periander founded many of these. There are also many of them to be met with amongst the Persians. What has been already mentioned is as conducive as anything can be to preserve a tyranny; namely, to keep down those who are of an aspiring disposition, to take off those who will not submit, to allow no public meals, no clubs, no education, nothing at all, but to guard against everything that gives rise to high spirits or mutual confidence; nor to suffer the learned meetings of those who are at leisure to hold conversation with each other; and to endeavour by every means possible to keep all the people strangers to each other; for knowledge increases mutual confidence; and to oblige all strangers to appear in public, and to live near the city-gate, that all their actions may be sufficiently seen; for those who are kept like slaves seldom entertain any noble thoughts: in short, to imitate everything which the Persians and barbarians do, for they all contribute to support slavery; and to endeavour to know what every one who is under their power does and says; and for this purpose to employ spies: such were those women whom the Syracusians called potagogides Hiero also used to send out listeners wherever there was any meeting or conversation; for the people dare not speak with freedom for fear of such persons; and if any one does, there is the less chance of its being concealed; and to endeavour that the whole community should mutually accuse and come to blows with each other, friend with friend, the commons with the nobles, and the rich with each other. It is also advantageous for a tyranny that all those who are under it should be oppressed with poverty, that they may not be able to compose a guard; and that, being employed in procuring their daily bread, they may have no leisure to conspire against their tyrants. The Pyramids of Egypt are a proof of this, and the votive edifices of the Cyposelidse, and the temple of Jupiter Olympus, built by the Pisistratidae, and the works of Polycrates at Samos; for all these produced one end, the keeping the people poor. It is necessary also to multiply taxes, as at Syracuse; where Dionysius in the space of five years collected all the private property of his subjects into his own coffers. A tyrant also should endeavour to engage his subjects in a war, that they may have employment and continually depend upon their general. A king is preserved by his friends, but a tyrant is of all persons the man who can place no confidence in friends, as every one has it in his desire and these chiefly in their power to destroy him. All these things also which are done in an extreme democracy should be done in a tyranny, as permitting great licentiousness to the women in the house, that they may reveal their husbands' secrets; and showing great indulgence to slaves also for the same reason; for slaves and women conspire not against tyrants: but when they are treated with kindness, both of them are abettors of tyrants, and extreme democracies also; and the people too in such a state desire to be despotic. For which reason flatterers are in repute in both these: the demagogue in the democracy, for he is the proper flatterer of the people; among tyrants, he who will servilely adapt himself to their humours; for this is the business of [1314a] flatterers. And for this reason tyrants always love the worst of wretches, for they rejoice in being flattered, which no man of a liberal

spirit will submit to; for they love the virtuous, but flatter none. Bad men too are fit for bad purposes; "like to like," as the proverb says. A tyrant also should show no favour to a man of worth or a freeman; for he should think, that no one deserved to be thought these but himself; for he who supports his dignity, and is a friend to freedom, encroaches upon the superiority and the despotism of the tyrant: such men, therefore, they naturally hate, as destructive to their government. A tyrant also should rather admit strangers to his table and familiarity than citizens, as these are his enemies, but the others have no design against him. These and such-like are the supports of a tyranny, for it comprehends whatsoever is wicked. But all these things may be comprehended in three divisions, for there are three objects which a tyranny has in view; one of which is, that the citizens should be of poor abject dispositions; for such men never propose to conspire against any one. The second is, that they should have no confidence in each other; for while they have not this, the tyrant is safe enough from destruction. For which reason they are always at enmity with those of merit, as hurtful to their government; not only as they scorn to be governed despotically, but also because they can rely upon each other's fidelity, and others can rely upon theirs, and because they will not inform against their associates, nor any one else. The third is, that they shall be totally without the means of doing anything; for no one undertakes what is impossible for him to perform: so that without power a tyranny can never be destroyed. These, then, are the three objects which the inclinations of tyrants desire to see accomplished; for all their tyrannical plans tend to promote one of these three ends, that their people may neither have mutual confidence, power, nor spirit. This, then, is one of the two methods of preserving tyrannies: the other proceeds in a way quite contrary to what has been already described, and which may be discerned from considering to what the destruction of a kingdom is owing; for as one cause of that is, making the government approach near to a tyranny, so the safety of a tyranny consists in making the government nearly kingly; preserving only one thing, namely power, that not only the willing, but the unwilling also, must be obliged to submit; for if this is once lost, the tyranny is at an end. This, then, as the foundation, must be preserved: in other particulars carefully do and affect to seem like a king; first, appear to pay a great attention [1314b] to what belongs to the public; nor make such profuse presents as will offend the people; while they are to supply the money out of the hard labour of their own hands, and see it given in profusion to mistresses, foreigners, and fiddlers; keeping an exact account both of what you receive and pay; which is a practice some tyrants do actually follow, by which means they seem rather fathers of families than tyrants: nor need you ever fear the want of money while you have the supreme power of the state in your own hands. It is also much better for those tyrants who quit their kingdom to do this than to leave behind them money they have hoarded up; for their regents will be much less desirous of making innovations, and they are more to be dreaded by absent tyrants than the citizens; for such of them as he suspects he takes with him, but these regents must be left behind. He should also endeavour to appear to collect such taxes and require such services as the exigencies of the state demand, that whenever they are wanted they may be ready in time of war; and particularly to take care that he appear to collect and keep them not as his own property, but the public's. His appearance also should not be severe, but respectable, so that he should inspire those who approach him with veneration and not fear; but this will not be easily accomplished if he is despised. If, therefore, he will not take the pains to acquire any other, he ought to endeavour to be a man of political abilities, and to fix that opinion of himself in the judgment of his subjects. He should also take care not to appear to be guilty of the least offence against modesty, nor to suffer it in those under him: nor to permit the women of his family to treat others haughtily; for the haughtiness of women has been the ruin of many tyrants. With respect to the pleasures of sense, he ought to do directly contrary to the practice of some tyrants at present; for they do not only continually indulge themselves in them for many days together, but they seem also to desire to have other witnesses of it, that they may wonder at their happiness; whereas he ought really to be moderate in these, and, if not, to appear to others to avoid them-for it is not the sober man who is exposed either to plots or contempt, but the drunkard; not the early riser, but the sluggard. His conduct in general should also be contrary to what is reported of former tyrants; for he ought to improve and adorn his city, so as to seem a guardian and not a tyrant; and, moreover., always to [1315a] seem particularly attentive to the worship of the gods; for from persons of such a character men entertain less fears of suffering anything illegal while they suppose that he who governs them is religious and reverences the gods; and they will be less inclined to raise insinuations against such a one, as being peculiarly under their protection: but this must be so done as to give no occasion for any suspicion of hypocrisy. He should also take care to show such respect to men of merit in every particular, that they should not think they could be treated with greater distinction by their fellow-citizens in a free state. He should also let all honours flow immediately from himself, but every censure from his subordinate officers and judges. It is also a common protection of all monarchies not to make one person too great, or, certainly, not many; for they will support each other: but, if it is necessary to entrust any large powers to one person, to take care that it is not one of an ardent spirit; for this disposition is upon every opportunity most ready for a revolution: and, if it should seem necessary to deprive any one of his power, to do it by degrees, and not reduce him all at once. It is also necessary to abstain from all kinds of insolence; more particularly from corporal punishment; which you must be most cautious never to exercise over those who have a delicate sense of honour; for, as those who love money are touched to the quick when anything affects their property, so are men of honour and principle when they receive

any disgrace: therefore, either never employ personal punishment, or, if you do, let it be only in the manner in which a father would correct his son, and not with contempt; and, upon the whole, make amends for any seeming disgrace by bestowing greater honours. But of all persons who are most likely to entertain designs against the person of a tyrant, those are chiefly to be feared and guarded against who regard as nothing the loss of their own lives, so that they can but accomplish their purpose: be very careful therefore of those who either think themselves affronted, or those who are dear to them; for those who are excited by anger to revenge regard as nothing their own persons: for, as Heraclitus says, it is dangerous to fight with an angry man who will purchase with his life the thing he aims at. As all cities are composed of two sorts of persons, the rich and the poor, it is necessary that both these should find equal protection from him who governs them, and that the one party should not have it in their power to injure the other; but that the tyrant should attach to himself that party which is the most powerful; which, if he does, he will have no occasion either to make his slaves free, or to deprive citizens of their arms; for the strength of either of the parties added to his own forces will render him superior to any conspiracy. It would be superfluous to go through all particulars; for the rule of conduct which the tyrant ought to pursue is evident enough, and that is, to affect to appear not the tyrant, but the king; the guardian of those he governs, not their plunderer, [1315b] but their protector, and to affect the middle rank in life, not one superior to all others: he should, therefore, associate his nobles with him and soothe his people; for his government will not only be necessarily more honourable and worthy of imitation, as it will be over men of worth, and not abject wretches who perpetually both hate and fear him; but it will be also more durable. Let him also frame his life so that his manners may be consentaneous to virtue, or at least let half of them be so, that he may not be altogether wicked, but only so in part.

CHAPTER XII

Indeed an oligarchy and a tyranny are of all governments of the shortest duration. The tyranny of Orthagoras and his family at Sicyon, it is true, continued longer than any other: the reason for which was, that they used their power with moderation, and were in many particulars obedient to the laws; and, as Clisthenes was an able general, he never fell into contempt, and by the care he took that in many particulars his government should be popular. He is reported also to have presented a person with a crown who adjudged the victory to another; and some say that it is the statue of that judge which is placed in the forum.

They say also, that Pisistratus submitted to be summoned into the court of the Areopagites. The second that we shall mention is the tyranny of the Cypselidse, at Corinth, which continued seventy-seven years and six months; for Cypselus was tyrant there thirty years, Periander forty-four, and Psammetichus, the son of Georgias, three years; the reason for which was, that Cypselus was a popular man, and governed without guards. Periander indeed ruled like a tyrant, but then he was an able general. The third was that of the Pisistradidae at Athens; but it was not continual: for Pisistratus himself was twice expelled; so that out of thirty-three years he was only fifteen in power, and his son eighteen; so that the whole time was thirty-three years. Of the rest we shall mention that of Hiero, and Gelo at Syracuse; and this did not continue long, for both their reigns were only eighteen years; for Gelo died in the eighth year of his tyranny, and Hiero in his tenth. Thrasybulus fell in his eleventh month, and many other tyrannies have continued a very short time. We have now gone through the general cases of corruption and [1316a] means of preservation both in free states and monarchies. In Plato's Republic, Socrates is introduced treating upon the changes which different governments are liable to: but his discourse is faulty; for he does not particularly mention what changes the best and first governments are liable to; for he only assigns the general cause, of nothing being immutable, but that in time everything will alter [***tr.: text is unintelligible here***] he conceives that nature will then produce bad men, who will not submit to education, and in this, probably, he is not wrong; for it is certain that there are some persons whom it is impossible by any education to make good men; but why should this change be more peculiar to what he calls the best-formed government, than to all other forms, and indeed to all other things that exist? and in respect to his assigned time, as the cause of the alteration of all things, we find that those which did not begin to exist at the same time cease to be at the same time; so that, if anything came into beginning the day before the solstice, it must alter at the same time. Besides, why should such a form of government be changed into the Lacedaemonian? for, in general, when governments alter, they alter into the contrary species to what they before were, and not into one like their former. And this reasoning holds true of other changes; for he says, that from the Lacedaemonian form it changes into an oligarchy, and from thence into a democracy, and from a democracy into a tyranny: and sometimes a contrary change takes place, as from a democracy into an oligarchy, rather than into a monarchy. With respect to a tyranny he neither says whether there will be any change in it; or if not, to what cause it will be owing; or if there is, into what other state it will alter: but the reason of this is, that a tyranny is an indeterminate government; and, according to him, every state ought to alter into the first, and most perfect, thus the continuity and circle would be preserved. But one tyranny often changed into another; as at Syria, from Myron's to Clisthenes'; or into an oligarchy, as was Antileo's at Chalcas; or into a democracy, as was Gelo's at Syracuse; or into an aristocracy, as was

Charilaus's at Lacedaemon, and at Carthage. An oligarchy is also changed into a tyranny; such was the rise of most of the ancient tyrannies in Sicily; at Leontini, into the tyranny of Panaetius; at Gela, into that of Cleander; at Rhegium into that of Anaxilaus; and the like in many other cities. It is absurd also to suppose, that a state is changed into an oligarchy because those who are in power are avaricious and greedy of money, and not because those who are by far richer than their fellow citizens think it unfair that those who have nothing should have an equal share in the rule of the state with themselves, who possess so much-for in many oligarchies it is not allowable to be employed in money-getting, and there are many laws to prevent it. But in Carthage, which is a democracy, money-getting is creditable, and yet their form of government remains unaltered. It is also absurd to say, that in an oligarchy there are two cities, one of the poor and another of the rich; for why should this happen to them more than to the Lacedaemonians, or any other state where all possess not equal property, or where all are not equally good? for though no one member of the community should be poorer than he was before, yet a democracy might nevertheless change into an oligarchy; if the rich should be more powerful than the poor, and the one too negligent, and the other attentive: and though these changes are owing to many causes, yet he mentions but one only, that the citizens become poor by luxury, and paying interest-money; as if at first they were all rich, or the greater part of them: but this is not so, but when some of those who have the principal management of public affairs lose their fortunes, they will endeavour to bring about a revolution; but when others do, nothing of consequence will follow, nor when such states do alter is there any more reason for their altering into a democracy than any other. Besides, though some of the members of the community may not have spent their fortunes, yet if they share not in the honours of the state, or if they are ill-used and insulted, they will endeavour to raise seditions, and bring about a revolution, that they may be allowed to do as they like; which, Plato says, arises from too much liberty. Although there are many oligarchies and democracies, yet Socrates, when he is treating of the changes they may undergo, speaks of them as if there was but one of each sort.

BOOK VI

CHAPTER I

We have already shown what is the nature of the supreme council in the state, and wherein one may differ from another, and how the different magistrates should be regulated; and also the judicial department, and what is best suited to what state; and also to what causes both the destruction and preservation of governments are owing.

As there are very many species of democracies, as well as of other states, it will not be amiss to consider at the same time anything which we may have omitted to mention concerning either of them, and to allot to each that mode of conduct which is peculiar to and advantageous for them; and also to inquire into the combinations of all these different modes of government which we [1317a] have mentioned; for as these are blended together the government is altered, as from an aristocracy to be an oligarchy, and from a free state to be a democracy. Now, I mean by those combinations of government (which I ought to examine into, but have not yet done), namely, whether the deliberative department and the election of magistrates is regulated in a manner correspondent to an oligarchy, or the judicial to an aristocracy, or the deliberative part only to an oligarchy, and the election of magistrates to an aristocracy, or whether, in any other manner, everything is not regulated according to the nature of the government. But we will first consider what particular sort of democracy is fitted to a particular city, and also what particular oligarchy to a particular people; and of other states, what is advantageous to what. It is also necessary to show clearly, not only which of these governments is best for a state, but also how it ought to be established there, and other things we will treat of briefly.

And first, we will speak of a democracy; and this will at the same time show clearly the nature of its opposite which some persons call an oligarchy; and in doing this we must examine into all the parts of a democracy, and everything that is connected therewith; for from the manner in which these are compounded together different species of democracies arise: and hence it is that they are more than one, and of various natures. Now, there are two causes which occasion there being so many democracies; one of which is that which we have already mentioned; namely, there being different sorts of people; for in one country the majority are husbandmen, in another mechanics, and hired servants; if the first of these is added to the second, and the third to both of them, the democracy will not only differ in the particular of better or worse, but in this, that it will be no longer the same government; the other is that which we will now speak of. The different things which are connected with democracies and seem to make part of these states, do, from their being joined to them, render them different from others: this attending a few, that more, and another all. It is necessary that he who would found any state which he may happen to approve of, or correct one, should be acquainted with all these particulars. All founders of states endeavour to comprehend within their own plan everything of nearly the same kind with it; but in doing this they err, in the manner I have already described in treating of the preservation and destruction of governments. I

will now speak of these first principles and manners, and whatever else a democratical state requires.

CHAPTER II

Now the foundation of a democratical state is liberty, and people have been accustomed to say this as if here only liberty was to be found; for they affirm that this is the end proposed by every democracy. But one part of liberty is to govern and be governed alternately; for, according to democratical justice, equality is measured by numbers, and not by worth: and this being just, it is necessary that the supreme power should be vested in the people at large; and that what the majority determine should be final: so that in a democracy the poor ought to have more power than the rich, as being the greater number; for this is one mark of liberty which all framers of a democracy lay down as a criterion of that state; another is, to live as every one likes; for this, they say, is a right which liberty gives, since he is a slave who must live as he likes not. This, then, is another criterion of a democracy. Hence arises the claim to be under no command whatsoever to any one, upon any account, any otherwise than by rotation, and that just as far only as that person is, in his turn, under his also. This also is conducive to that equality which liberty demands. These things being premised, and such being the government, it follows that such rules as the following should be observed in it, that all the magistrates should be chosen out of all the people, and all to command each, and each in his turn all: that all the magistrates should be chosen by lot, except to those offices only which required some particular knowledge and skill: that no census, or a very small one, should be required to qualify a man for any office: that none should be in the same employment twice, or very few, and very seldom, except in the army: that all their appointments should be limited to a very short time, or at least as many as possible: that the whole community should be qualified to judge in all causes whatsoever, let the object be ever so extensive, ever so interesting, or of ever so high a nature; as at Athens, where the people at large judge the magistrates when they come out of office, and decide concerning public affairs as well as private contracts: that the supreme power should be in the public assembly; and that no magistrate should be allowed any discretionary power but in a few instances, and of no consequence to public business. Of all magistrates a senate is best suited to a democracy, where the whole community is not paid for giving their attendance; for in that case it loses its power; for then the people will bring all causes before them, by appeal, as we have already mentioned in a former book. In the next place, there should, if possible, be a fund to pay all the citizens--who have any share in the management of public affairs, either as members of the assembly, judges, and magistrates; but if this cannot be done, at least the magistrates, the judges the senators, and members of the supreme assembly, and also those officers who are obliged to eat at a common table ought to be paid. Moreover, as an oligarchy is said to be a government of men of family, fortune, and education; so, on the contrary, a democracy is a government in the hands of men of no birth, indigent circumstances, and mechanical employments. In this state also no office [1318a] should be for life; and, if any such should remain after the government has been long changed into a democracy, they should endeavour by degrees to diminish the power; and also elect by lot instead of vote. These things, then, appertain to all democracies; namely, to be established on that principle of justice which is homogeneous to those governments; that is, that all the members of the state, by number, should enjoy an equality, which seems chiefly to constitute a democracy, or government of the people: for it seems perfectly equal that the rich should have no more share in the government than the poor, nor be alone in power; but that all should be equal, according to number; for thus, they think, the equality and liberty of the state best preserved.

CHAPTER III

In the next place we must inquire how this equality is to be procured. Shall the qualifications be divided so that five hundred rich should be equal to a thousand poor, or shall the thousand have equal power with the five hundred? or shall we not establish our equality in this manner? but divide indeed thus, and afterwards taking an equal number both out of the five hundred and the thousand, invest them with the power of creating the magistrates and judges. Is this state then established according to perfect democratical justice, or rather that which is guided by numbers only? For the defenders of a democracy say, that that is just which the majority approve of: but the favourers of an oligarchy say, that that is just which those who have most approve of; and that we ought to be directed by the value of property. Both the propositions are unjust; for if we agree with what the few propose we erect a tyranny: for if it should happen that an individual should have more than the rest who are rich, according to oligarchical justice, this man alone has a right to the supreme power; but if superiority of numbers is to prevail, injustice will then be done by confiscating the property of the rich, who are few, as we have already said. What then that equality is, which both parties will admit, must be collected from the definition of right which is common to them both; for they both say that what the majority of the state approves of ought to be established. Be it so; but not entirely: but since a city happens to be made up of two different ranks of people, the rich and the poor, let that be established which is approved of by both these, or the greater part: but should there be opposite

sentiments, let that be established which shall be approved of by the greater part: but let this be according to the census; for instance, if there should be ten of the rich and twenty of the poor, and six of the first and fifteen of the last should agree upon any measure, and the remaining four of the rich should join with the remaining five of the poor in opposing it, that party whose census when added together should determine which opinion should be law, and should these happen to be equal, it should be regarded as a case similar to an assembly or court of justice dividing equally upon any question that comes before them, who either determine it by lot or some such method. But although, with [1318b] respect to what is equal and just, it may be very difficult to establish the truth, yet it is much easier to do than to persuade those who have it in their power to encroach upon others to be guided thereby; for the weak always desire what is equal and just, but the powerful pay no regard thereunto.

CHAPTER IV

There are four kinds of democracies. The best is that which is composed of those first in order, as we have already said, and this also is the most ancient of any. I call that the first which every one would place so, was he to divide the people; for the best part of these are the husbandmen. We see, then, that a democracy may be framed where the majority live by tillage or pasturage; for, as their property is but small, they will not be at leisure perpetually to hold public assemblies, but will be continually employed in following their own business, not having otherwise the means of living; nor will they be desirous of what another enjoys, but will rather like to follow their own business than meddle with state affairs and accept the offices of government, which will be attended with no great profit; for the major part of mankind are rather desirous of riches than honour (a proof of this is, that they submitted to the tyrannies in ancient times, and do now submit to the oligarchies, if no one hinders them in their usual occupations, or deprives them of their property; for some of them soon get rich, others are removed from poverty); besides, their having the right of election and calling their magistrates to account for their conduct when they come out of office, will satisfy their desire of honours, if any of them entertain that passion: for in some states, though the commonalty have not the right of electing the magistrates, yet it is vested in part of that body chosen to represent them: and it is sufficient for the people at large to possess the deliberative power: and this ought to be considered as a species of democracy; such was that formerly at Mantinsea: for which reason it is proper for the democracy we have been now treating of to have a power (and it has been usual for them to have it) of censuring their magistrates when out of office, and sitting in judgment upon all causes: but that the chief magistrates should be elected, and according to a certain census, which should vary with the rank of their office, or else not by a census, but according to their abilities for their respective appointments. A state thus constituted must be well constituted; for the magistracies will be always filled with the best men with the approbation of the people; who will not envy their superiors: and these and the nobles should be content with this part in the administration; for they will not be governed by their inferiors. They will be also careful to use their power with moderation, as there are others to whom full power is delegated to censure their conduct; for it is very serviceable to the state to have them dependent upon others, and not to be permitted to do whatsoever they choose; for with such a liberty there would be no check to that evil particle there is in every one: therefore it is [1319a] necessary and most for the benefit of the state that the offices thereof should be filled by the principal persons in it, whose characters are unblemished, and that the people are not oppressed. It is now evident that this is the best species of democracy, and on what account; because the people are such and have such powers as they ought to have. To establish a democracy of husbandmen some of those laws which were observed in many ancient states are universally useful; as, for instance, on no account to permit any one to possess more than a certain quantity of land, or within a certain distance from the city. Formerly also, in some states, no one was allowed to sell their original lot of land. They also mention a law of one Oxylus, which forbade any one to add to their patrimony by usury. We ought also to follow the law of the Aphutaeans, as useful to direct us in this particular we are now speaking of; for they having but very little ground, while they were a numerous people, and at the same time were all husbandmen, did not include all their lands within the census, but divided them in such a manner that, according to the census, the poor had more power than the rich. Next to the commonalty of husbandmen is one of shepherds and herdsmen; for they have many things in common with them, and, by their way of life, are excellently qualified to make good soldiers, stout in body, and able to continue in the open air all night. The generality of the people of whom other democracies are composed are much worse than these; for their lives are wretched nor have they any business with virtue in anything they do; these are your mechanics, your exchange-men, and hired servants; as all these sorts of men frequent the exchange and the citadel, they can readily attend the public assembly; whereas the husbandmen, being more dispersed in the country, cannot so easily meet together; nor are they equally desirous of doing it with these others! When a country happens to be so situated that a great part of the land lies at a distance from the city, there it is easy to establish a good democracy or a free state for the people in general will be obliged to live in the country; so that it will be necessary in such a democracy, though there may be an exchange-mob at hand, never to allow a legal assembly without the inhabitants of the country attend. We have shown in what

manner the first and best democracy ought to be established, and it will be equally evident as to the rest, for from these we [1319b] should proceed as a guide, and always separate the meanest of the people from the rest. But the last and worst, which gives to every citizen without distinction a share in every part of the administration, is what few citizens can bear, nor is it easy to preserve for any long time, unless well supported by laws and manners. We have already noticed almost every cause that can destroy either this or any other state. Those who have taken the lead in such a democracy have endeavoured to support it, and make the people powerful by collecting together as many persons as they could and giving them their freedom, not only legitimately but naturally born, and also if either of their parents were citizens, that is to say, if either their father or mother; and this method is better suited to this state than any other: and thus the demagogues have usually managed. They ought, however, to take care, and do this no longer than the common people are superior to the nobles and those of the middle rank, and then stop; for, if they proceed still further, they will make the state disorderly, and the nobles will ill brook the power of the common people, and be full of resentment against it; which was the cause of an insurrection at Cyrene: for a little evil is overlooked, but when it becomes a great one it strikes the eye. It is, moreover, very-useful in such a state to do as Clisthenes did at Athens, when he was desirous of increasing the power of the people, and as those did who established the democracy in Cyrene; that is, to institute many tribes and fraternities, and to make the religious rites of private persons few, and those common; and every means is to be contrived to associate and blend the people together as much as possible; and that all former customs be broken through. Moreover, whatsoever is practised in a tyranny seems adapted to a democracy of this species; as, for instance, the licentiousness of the slaves, the women, and the children; for this to a certain degree is useful in such a state; and also to overlook every one's living as they choose; for many will support such a government: for it is more agreeable to many to live without any control than as prudence would direct.

CHAPTER V

It is also the business of the legislator and all those who would support a government of this sort not to make it too great a work, or too perfect; but to aim only to render it stable: for, let a state be constituted ever so badly, there is no difficulty in its continuing a few days: they should therefore endeavour to procure its safety by all those ways which we have described in assigning the causes of the preservation and destruction of governments; avoiding what is hurtful, and by framing such laws, written and unwritten, as contain those things which chiefly tend to the preservation of the state; nor to suppose that that is useful either for a democratic or [1320a] an oligarchic form of government which contributes to make them more purely so, but what will contribute to their duration: but our demagogues at present, to flatter the people, occasion frequent confiscations in the courts; for which reason those who have the welfare of the state really at heart should act directly opposite to what they do, and enact a law to prevent forfeitures from being divided amongst the people or paid into the treasury, but to have them set apart for sacred uses: for those who are of a bad disposition would not then be the less cautious, as their punishment would be the same; and the community would not be so ready to condemn those whom they sat in judgment on when they were to get nothing by it: they should also take care that the causes which are brought before the public should be as few as possible, and punish with the utmost severity those who rashly brought an action against any one; for it is not the commons but the nobles who are generally prosecuted: for in all things the citizens of the same state ought to be affectionate to each other, at least not to treat those who have the chief power in it as their enemies. Now, as the democracies which have been lately established are very numerous, and it is difficult to get the common people to attend the public assemblies without they are paid for it, this, when there is not a sufficient public revenue, is fatal to the nobles; for the deficiencies therein must be necessarily made up by taxes, confiscations, and fines imposed by corrupt courts of justice: which things have already destroyed many democracies. Whenever, then, the revenues of the state are small, there should be but few public assemblies and but few courts of justice: these, however, should have very extensive jurisdictions, but should continue sitting a few days only, for by this means the rich would not fear the expense, although they should receive nothing for their attendance, though the poor did; and judgment also would be given much better; for the rich will not choose to be long absent from their own affairs, but will willingly be so for a short time: and, when there are sufficient revenues, a different conduct ought to be pursued from what the demagogues at present follow; for now they divide the surplus of the public money amongst the poor; these receive it and again want the same supply, while the giving it is like pouring water into a sieve: but the true patriot in a democracy ought to take care that the majority of the community are not too poor, for this is the cause of rapacity in that government; he therefore should endeavour that they may enjoy perpetual plenty; and as this also is advantageous to the rich, what can be saved out of the public money should be put by, and then divided at once amongst the poor, if possible, in such a quantity as may enable every one of them to purchase a little field, and, if that cannot be done, at least to give each of them enough to procure the implements [1320b] of trade and husbandry; and if there is not enough for all to receive so much at once, then to divide it according to tribes or any other allotment. In the meantime let the rich pay them for necessary services, but not be obliged to find them in

useless amusements. And something like this was the manner in which they managed at Carthage, and preserved the affections of the people; for by continually sending some of their community into colonies they procured plenty. It is also worthy of a sensible and generous nobility to divide the poor amongst them, and supplying them with what is necessary, induce them to work; or to imitate the conduct of the people at Tarentum: for they, permitting the poor to partake in common of everything which is needful for them, gain the affections of the commonalty. They have also two different ways of electing their magistrates; for some are chosen by vote, others by lot; by the last, that the people at large may have some share in the administration; by the former, that the state may be well governed: the same may be accomplished if of the same magistrates you choose some by vote, others by lot. And thus much for the manner in which democracies ought to be established.

CHAPTER VI

What has been already said will almost of itself sufficiently show how an oligarchy ought to be founded; for he who would frame such a state should have in his view a democracy to oppose it; for every species of oligarchy should be founded on principles diametrically opposite to some species of democracy.

The first and best-framed oligarchy is that which approaches near to what we call a free state; in which there ought to be two different census, the one high, the other low: from those who are within the latter the ordinary officers of the state ought to be chosen; from the former the supreme magistrates: nor should any one be excluded from a part of the administration who was within the census; which should be so regulated that the commonalty who are included in it should by means thereof be superior to those who have no share in the government; for those who are to have the management of public affairs ought always to be chosen out of the better sort of the people. Much in the same manner ought that oligarchy to be established which is next in order: but as to that which is most opposite to a pure democracy, and approaches nearest to a dynasty and a tyranny, as it is of all others the worst, so it requires the greatest care and caution to preserve it: for as bodies of sound and healthy constitutions and ships which are well manned and well found for sailing can bear many injuries without perishing, while a diseased body or a leaky ship with an indifferent crew cannot support the [1321a] least shock; so the worst-established governments want most looking after. A number of citizens is the preservation of a democracy; for these are opposed to those rights which are founded in rank: on the contrary, the preservation of an oligarchy depends upon the due regulation of the different orders in the society.

CHAPTER VII

As the greater part of the community are divided into four sorts of people; husbandmen, mechanics, traders, and hired servants; and as those who are employed in war may likewise be divided into four; the horsemen, the heavy-armed soldier, the light-armed, and the sailor, where the nature of the country can admit a great number of horse; there a powerful oligarchy may be easily established: for the safety of the inhabitants depends upon a force of that sort; but those who can support the expense of horsemen must be persons of some considerable fortune. Where the troops are chiefly heavy-armed, there an oligarchy, inferior in power to the other, may be established; for the heavy-armed are rather made up of men of substance than the poor: but the light-armed and the sailors always contribute to support a democracy: but where the number of these is very great and a sedition arises, the other parts of the community fight at a disadvantage; but a remedy for this evil is to be learned from skilful generals, who always mix a proper number of light-armed soldiers with their horse and heavy-armed: for it is with those that the populace get the better of the men of fortune in an insurrection; for these being lighter are easily a match for the horse and the heavy-armed: so that for an oligarchy to form a body of troops from these is to form it against itself: but as a city is composed of persons of different ages, some young and some old, the fathers should teach their sons, while they were very young, a light and easy exercise; but, when they are grown up, they should be perfect in every warlike exercise. Now, the admission of the people to any share in the government should either be (as I said before) regulated by a census, or else, as at Thebes, allowed to those who for a certain time have ceased from any mechanic employment, or as at Massalia, where they are chosen according to their worth, whether citizens or foreigners. With respect to the magistrates of the highest rank which it may be necessary to have in a state, the services they are bound to do the public should be expressly laid down, to prevent the common people from being desirous of accepting their employments, and also to induce them to regard their magistrates with favour when they know what a price they pay for their honours. It is also necessary that the magistrates, upon entering into their offices, should make magnificent sacrifices and erect some public structure, that the people partaking of the entertainment, and seeing the city ornamented with votive gifts in their temples and public structures, may see with pleasure the stability of the government: add to this also, that the nobles will have their generosity recorded: but now this is not the conduct which those who are at present at the head of an oligarchy pursue, but the

contrary; for they are not more desirous of honour than of gain; for which reason such oligarchies may more properly be called little democracies. Thus [1321b] we have explained on what principles a democracy and an oligarchy ought to be established.

CHAPTER VIII

After what has been said I proceed next to treat particularly of the magistrates; of what nature they should be, how many, and for what purpose, as I have already mentioned: for without necessary magistrates no state can exist, nor without those which contribute to its dignity and good order can exist happily: now it is necessary that in small states the magistrates should be few; in a large one, many: also to know well what offices may be joined together, and what ought to be separated. The first thing necessary is to establish proper regulators in the markets; for which purpose a certain magistrate should be appointed to inspect their contracts and preserve good order; for of necessity, in almost every city there must be both buyers and sellers to supply each other's mutual wants: and this is what is most productive of the comforts of life; for the sake of which men seem to have joined together in one community. A second care, and nearly related to the first, is to have an eye both to the public and private edifices in the city, that they may be an ornament; and also to take care of all buildings which are likely to fall: and to see that the highways are kept in proper repair; and also that the landmarks between different estates are preserved, that there may be no disputes on that account; and all other business of the same nature. Now, this business may be divided into several branches, over each of which in populous cities they appoint a separate person; one to inspect the buildings, another the fountains, another the harbours; and they are called the inspectors of the city. A third, which is very like the last, and conversant nearly about the same objects, only in the country, is to take care of what is done out of the city. The officers who have this employment we call inspectors of the lands, or inspectors of the woods; but the business of all three of them is the same. There must also be other officers appointed to receive the public revenue and to deliver it out to those who are in the different departments of the state: these are called receivers or quaestors. There must also be another, before whom all private contracts and sentences of courts should be enrolled, as well as proceedings and declarations. Sometimes this employment is divided amongst many, but there is one supreme over the rest; these are called proctors, notaries, and the like. Next to these is an officer whose business is of all others the most necessary, and yet most difficult; namely, to take care that sentence is executed upon those who are condemned; and that every one pays the fines laid on him; and also to have the charge of those who are in prison. [1322a] This office is very disagreeable on account of the odium attending it, so that no one will engage therein without it is made very profitable, or, if they do, will they be willing to execute it according to law; but it is most necessary, as it is of no service to pass judgment in any cause without that judgment is carried into execution: for without this human society could not subsist: for which reason it is best that this office should not be executed by one person, but by some of the magistrates of the other courts. In like manner, the taking care that those fines which are ordered by the judges are levied should be divided amongst different persons. And as different magistrates judge different causes, let the causes of the young be heard by the young: and as to those which are already brought to a hearing, let one person pass sentence, and another see it executed: as, for instance, let the magistrates who have the care of the public buildings execute the sentence which the inspectors of the markets have passed, and the like in other cases: for by so much the less odium attends those who carry the laws into execution, by so much the easier will they be properly put in force: therefore for the same persons to pass the sentence and to execute it will subject them to general hatred; and if they pass it upon all, they will be considered as the enemies of all. Thus one person has often the custody of the prisoner's body, while another sees the sentence against him executed, as the eleven did at Athens: for which reason it is prudent to separate these offices, and to give great attention thereunto as equally necessary with anything we have already mentioned; for it will certainly happen that men of character will decline accepting this office, and worthless persons cannot properly be entrusted with it, as having themselves rather an occasion for a guard than being qualified to guard others. This, therefore, ought by no means to be a separate office from others; nor should it be continually allotted to any individuals, but the young men; where there is a city-guard, the youths ought in turns to take these offices upon them. These, then, as the most necessary magistrates, ought to be first mentioned: next to these are others no less necessary, but of much higher rank, for they ought to be men of great skill and fidelity. These are they who have the guard of the city, and provide everything that is necessary for war; whose business it is, both in war and peace, to defend the walls and the gates, and to take care to muster and marshal the citizens. Over all these there are sometimes more officers, sometimes fewer: thus in little cities there is only one whom they call either general or polemarch; but where there are horse and light-armed troops, and bowmen, and sailors, they sometimes put distinct commanders over each of these; who again have others under them, according to their different divisions; all of which join together to make one military body: and thus much for this department. Since some of the magistrates, if not all, have business with the public money, it is necessary that there should be other officers, whose employment should be nothing else than to take an account of what they have, and correct any mismanagement therein. But besides all these magistrates there is one who is supreme

over them all, who very often has in his own power the disposal of the public revenue and taxes; who presides over the people when the supreme power is in them; for there must be some magistrate who has a power to summon them together, and to preside as head of the state. These are sometimes called preadvisers; but where there are many, more properly a council. These are nearly the civil magistrates which are requisite to a government: but there are other persons whose business is confined to religion; as the priests, and those who are to take care of the temples, that they are kept in proper repair, or, if they fall down, that they may be rebuilt; and whatever else belongs to public worship. This charge is sometimes entrusted to one person, as in very small cities: in others it is delegated to many, and these distinct from the priesthood, as the builders or keepers of holy places, and officers of the sacred revenue. Next to these are those who are appointed to have the general care of all those public sacrifices to the tutelar god of the state, which the laws do not entrust to the priests: and these in different states have different appellations. To enumerate in few words the different departments of all those magistrates who are necessary: these are either religion, war, taxes, expenditures, markets, public buildings, harbours, highways. Belonging to the courts of justice there are scribes to enroll private contracts; and there must also be guards set over the prisoners, others to see the law is executed, council on either side, and also others to watch over the conduct of those who are to decide the causes. Amongst the magistrates also may finally be reckoned those who are to give their advice in public affairs. But separate states, who are peculiarly happy and have leisure to attend to more minute particulars, and are very attentive to good order, require particular magistrates for themselves; such as those who have the government of the women; who are to see the laws are executed; who take care of the boys and preside over their education. To these may be added those who have the care of their gymnastic exercises, [1323a] their theatres, and every other public spectacle which there may happen to be. Some of these, however, are not of general use; as the governors of the women: for the poor are obliged to employ their wives and children in servile offices for want of slaves. As there are three magistrates to whom some states entrust the supreme power; namely, guardians of the laws, preadvisers, and senators; guardians of the laws suit best to an aristocracy, preadvisers to an oligarchy, and a senate to a democracy. And thus much briefly concerning all magistrates.

BOOK VII

CHAPTER I

He who proposes to make that inquiry which is necessary concerning what government is best, ought first to determine what manner of living is most eligible; for while this remains uncertain it will also be equally uncertain what government is best: for, provided no unexpected accidents interfere, it is highly probable, that those who enjoy the best government will live the most happily according to their circumstances; he ought, therefore, first to know what manner of life is most desirable for all; and afterwards whether this life is the same to the man and the citizen, or different. As I imagine that I have already sufficiently shown what sort of life is best in my popular discourses on that subject, I think I may very properly repeat the same here; as most certainly no one ever called in question the propriety of one of the divisions; namely, that as what is good, relative to man, may be divided into three sorts, what is external, what appertains to the body, and what to the soul, it is evident that all these must conspire to make a man happy: for no one would say that a man was happy who had no fortitude, no temperance, no justice, no prudence; but was afraid of the flies that flew round him: nor would abstain from the meanest theft if he was either hungry or dry, or would murder his dearest friend for a farthing; and also was in every particular as wanting in his understanding as an infant or an idiot. These truths are so evident that all must agree to them; though some may dispute about the quantity and the degree: for they may think, that a very little virtue is sufficient for happiness; but for riches, property, power, honour, and all such things, they endeavour to increase them without bounds: but to such we reply, that it is easy to prove from what experience teaches us in these cases, that these external goods produce not virtue, but virtue them. As to a happy life, whether it is to be found in pleasure or virtue or both, certain it is, that those whose morals are most pure, and whose understandings are best cultivated, will enjoy more of it, although their fortune is but moderate than those do who own an exuberance of wealth, are deficient in those; and this utility any one who reflects may easily convince himself of; for whatsoever is external has its boundary, as a machine, and whatsoever is useful in its excess is either necessarily hurtful, or at best useless to the possessor; but every good quality of the soul the higher it is in degree, so much the more useful it is, if it is permitted on this subject to use the word useful as well as noble. It is also very evident, that the accidents of each subject take place of each other, as the subjects themselves, of which we allow they are accidents, differ from each other in value; so that if the soul is more noble than any outward possession, as the body, both in itself and with respect to us, it must be admitted of course that the best accidents of each must follow the same analogy. Besides, it is for the sake of the soul that these things are desirable; and it is on this account that wise men should desire them, not the soul for them. Let us therefore be well assured, that every one enjoys as much happiness as he possesses virtue and wisdom, and acts according to their dictates;

since for this we have the example of GOD Himself, _who is completely happy, not from any external good, but in Himself, and because such is His nature_. For good fortune is something different from happiness, as every good which depends not on the mind is owing to chance or fortune; but it is not from fortune that any one is wise and just: hence it follows, that that city is happiest which is the best and acts best: for no one can do well who acts not well; nor can the deeds either of man or city be praiseworthy without virtue and wisdom; for whatsoever is just, or wise, or prudent in a man, the same things are just, wise, and prudent in a city.

Thus much by way of introduction; for I could not but just touch upon this subject, though I could not go through a complete investigation of it, as it properly belongs to another question: let us at present suppose so much, that a man's happiest life, both as an individual and as a citizen, is a life of virtue, accompanied with those enjoyments which virtue usually procures. If [1324a] there are any who are not convinced by what I have said, their doubts shall be answered hereafter, at present we shall proceed according to our intended method.

CHAPTER II

It now remains for us to say whether the happiness of any individual man and the city is the same or different: but this also is evident; for whosoever supposes that riches will make a person happy, must place the happiness of the city in riches if it possesses them; those who prefer a life which enjoys a tyrannic power over others will also think, that the city which has many others under its command is most happy: thus also if any one approves a man for his virtue, he will think the most worthy city the happiest: but here there are two particulars which require consideration, one of which is, whether it is the most eligible life to be a member of the community and enjoy the rights of a citizen, or whether to live as a stranger, without interfering in public affairs; and also what form of government is to be preferred, and what disposition of the state is best; whether the whole community should be eligible to a share in the administration, or only the greater part, and some only: as this, therefore, is a subject of political examination and speculation, and not what concerns the individual, and the first of these is what we are at present engaged in, the one of these I am not obliged to speak to, the other is the proper business of my present design. It is evident that government must be the best which is so established, that every one therein may have it in his power to act virtuously and live happily: but some, who admit that a life of virtue is most eligible, still doubt which is preferable a public life of active virtue, or one entirely disengaged from what is without and spent in contemplation; which some say is the only one worthy of a philosopher; and one of these two different modes of life both now and formerly seem to have been chosen by all those who were the most virtuous men; I mean the public or philosophic. And yet it is of no little consequence on which side the truth lies; for a man of sense must naturally incline to the better choice; both as an individual and a citizen. Some think that a tyrannic government over those near us is the greatest injustice; but that a political one is not unjust: but that still is a restraint on the pleasures and tranquillity of life. Others hold the quite contrary opinion, and think that a public and active life is the only life for man: for that private persons have no opportunity of practising any one virtue, more than they have who are engaged in public life the management of the [1324b] state. These are their sentiments; others say, that a tyrannical and despotical mode of government is the only happy one; for even amongst some free states the object of their laws seems to be to tyrannise over their neighbours: so that the generality of political institutions, wheresoever dispersed, if they have any one common object in view, have all of them this, to conquer and govern. It is evident, both from the laws of the Lacedaemonians and Cretans, as well as by the manner in which they educated their children, that all which they had in view was to make them soldiers: besides, among all nations, those who have power enough and reduce others to servitude are honoured on that account; as were the Scythians, Persians, Thracians, and Gauls: with some there are laws to heighten the virtue of courage; thus they tell us that at Carthage they allowed every person to wear as many rings for distinction as he had served campaigns. There was also a law in Macedonia, that a man who had not himself killed an enemy should be obliged to wear a halter; among the Scythians, at a festival, none were permitted to drink out of the cup was carried about who had not done the same thing. Among the Iberians, a warlike nation, they fixed as many columns upon a man's tomb as he had slain enemies: and among different nations different things of this sort prevail, some of them established by law, others by custom. Probably it may seem too absurd to those who are willing to take this subject into their consideration to inquire whether it is the business of a legislator to be able to point out by what means a state may govern and tyrannise over its neighbours, whether they will, or will not: for how can that belong either to the politician or legislator which is unlawful? for that cannot be lawful which is done not only justly, but unjustly also: for a conquest may be unjustly made. But we see nothing of this in the arts: for it is the business neither of the physician nor the pilot to use either persuasion or force, the one to his patients, the other to his passengers: and yet many seem to think a despotic government is a political one, and what they would not allow to be just or proper, if exercised over themselves, they will not blush to exercise over others; for they endeavour to be wisely governed themselves, but think it of no consequence whether others are so or not: but a despotic power is absurd, except only where nature has framed the one party for dominion, the other for subordination; and

therefore no one ought to assume it over all in general, but those only which are the proper objects thereof: thus no one should hunt men either for food or sacrifice, but what is fit for those purposes, and these are wild animals which are eatable.

Now a city which is well governed might be very [1325a] happy in itself while it enjoyed a good system of laws, although it should happen to be so situated as to have no connection with any other state, though its constitution should not be framed for war or conquest; for it would then have no occasion for these. It is evident therefore that the business of war is to be considered as commendable, not as a final end, but as the means of procuring it. It is the duty of a good legislator to examine carefully into his state; and the nature of the people, and how they may partake of every intercourse, of a good life, and of the happiness which results from it: and in this respect some laws and customs differ from others. It is also the duty of a legislator, if he has any neighbouring states to consider in what manner he shall oppose each of them, or what good offices he shall show them. But what should be the final end of the best governments will be considered hereafter.

CHAPTER III

We will now speak to those who, while they agree that a life of virtue is most eligible, yet differ in the use of it addressing ourselves to both these parties; for there are some who disapprove of all political governments, and think that the life of one who is really free is different from the life of a citizen, and of all others most eligible: others again think that the citizen is the best; and that it is impossible for him who does nothing to be well employed; but that virtuous activity and happiness are the same thing. Now both parties in some particulars say what is right, in others what is wrong, thus, that the life of a freeman is better than the life of a slave is true, for a slave, as a slave, is employed in nothing honourable; for the common servile employments which he is commanded to perform have nothing virtuous in them; but, on the other hand, it is not true that a submission to all sorts of governments is slavery; for the government of freemen differs not more from the government of slaves than slavery and freedom differ from each other in their nature; and how they do has been already mentioned. To prefer doing of nothing to virtuous activity is also wrong, for happiness consists in action, and many noble ends are produced by the actions of the just and wise. From what we have already determined on this subject, some one probably may think, that supreme power is of all things best, as that will enable a man to command very many useful services from others; so that he who can obtain this ought not to give it up to another, but rather to seize it: and, for this purpose, the father should have no attention or regard for the son, or the son for the father, or friend for friend; for what is best is most eligible: but to be a member of the community and be in felicity is best. What these persons advance might probably be true, if the supreme good was certainly theirs who plunder and use violence to others: but it is [1325b] most unlikely that it should be so; for it is a mere supposition: for it does not follow that their actions are honourable who thus assume the supreme power over others, without they were by nature as superior to them as a man to a woman, a father to a child, a master to a slave: so that he who so far forsakes the paths of virtue can never return back from whence he departed from them: for amongst equals whatever is fair and just ought to be reciprocal; for this is equal and right; but that equals should not partake of what is equal, or like to like, is contrary to nature: but whatever is contrary to nature is not right; therefore, if there is any one superior to the rest of the community in virtue and abilities for active life, him it is proper to follow, him it is right to obey, but the one alone will not do, but must be joined to the other also: and, if we are right in what we have now said, it follows that happiness consists in virtuous activity, and that both with respect to the community as well as the individual an active life is the happiest: not that an active life must necessarily refer to other persons, as some think, or that those studies alone are practical which are pursued to teach others what to do; for those are much more so whose final object is in themselves, and to improve the judgment and understanding of the man; for virtuous activity has an end, therefore is something practical; nay, those who contrive the plan which others follow are more particularly said to act, and are superior to the workmen who execute their designs. But it is not necessary that states which choose to have no intercourse with others should remain inactive; for the several members thereof may have mutual intercourse with each other; for there are many opportunities for this among the different citizens; the same thing is true of every individual: for, was it otherwise, neither could the Deity nor the universe be perfect; to neither of whom can anything external separately exist. Hence it is evident that that very same life which is happy for each individual is happy also for the state and every member of it.

CHAPTER IV

As I have now finished what was introductory to this subject, and considered at large the nature of other states, it now remains that I should first say what ought to be the establishment of a city which one should form according to one's wish; for no good state can exist without a moderate proportion of what is necessary. Many things therefore ought to be forethought of as desirable, but none of them such as are impossible: I mean relative to the number of citizens and the extent of the territory: for as other artificers, such as

the weaver and the shipwright, ought to have such materials as are fit for their work, since so much the better they are, by so much [1326a] superior will the work itself necessarily be; so also ought the legislator and politician endeavour to procure proper materials for the business they have in hand. Now the first and principal instrument of the politician is the number of the people; he should therefore know how many, and what they naturally ought to be: in like manner the country, how large, and what it is. Most persons think that it is necessary for a city to be large to be happy: but, should this be true, they cannot tell what is a large one and what a small one; for according to the multitude of the inhabitants they estimate the greatness of it; but they ought rather to consider its strength than its numbers; for a state has a certain object in view, and from the power which it has in itself of accomplishing it, its greatness ought to be estimated; as a person might say, that Hippocrates was a greater physician, though not a greater man, than one that exceeded him in the size of his body: but if it was proper to determine the strength of the city from the number of the inhabitants, it should never be collected from the multitude in general who may happen to be in it; for in a city there must necessarily be many slaves, sojourners, and foreigners; but from those who are really part of the city and properly constitute its members; a multitude of these is indeed a proof of a large city, but in a state where a large number of mechanics inhabit, and but few soldiers, such a state cannot be great; for the greatness of the city, and the number of men in it, are not the same thing. This too is evident from fact, that it is very difficult, if not impossible, to govern properly a very numerous body of men; for of all the states which appear well governed we find not one where the rights of a citizen are open to an indiscriminate multitude. And this is also evident from the nature of the thing; for as law is a certain order, so good law is of course a certain good order: but too large a multitude are incapable of this, unless under the government of that DIVINE POWER which comprehends the universe. Not but that, as quantity and variety are usually essential to beauty, the perfection of a city consists in the largeness of it as far as that largeness is consistent with that order already mentioned: but still there is a determinate size to all cities, as well as everything else, whether animals, plants, or machines, for each of these, if they are neither too little nor too big, have their proper powers; but when they have not their due growth, or are badly constructed, as a ship a span long is not properly a ship, nor one of two furlongs length, but when it is of a fit size; for either from its smallness or from its largeness it may be quite useless: so is it with a city; one that is too small has not [1326b] in itself the power of self-defence, but this is essential to a city: one that is too large is capable of self-defence in what is necessary; but then it is a nation and not a city: for it will be very difficult to accommodate a form of government to it: for who would choose to be the general of such an unwieldy multitude, or who could be their herald but a stentor? The first thing therefore necessary is, that a city should consist of such numbers as will be sufficient to enable the inhabitants to live happily in their political community: and it follows, that the more the inhabitants exceed that necessary number the greater will the city be: but this must not be, as we have already said, without bounds; but what is its proper limit experience will easily show, and this experience is to be collected from the actions both of the governors and the governed. Now, as it belongs to the first to direct the inferior magistrates and to act as judges, it follows that they can neither determine causes with justice nor issue their orders with propriety without they know the characters of their fellow-citizens: so that whenever this happens not to be done in these two particulars, the state must of necessity be badly managed; for in both of them it is not right to determine too hastily and without proper knowledge, which must evidently be the case where the number of the citizens is too many: besides, it is more easy for strangers and sojourners to assume the rights of citizens, as they will easily escape detection in so great a multitude. It is evident, then, that the best boundary for a city is that wherein the numbers are the greatest possible, that they may be the better able to be sufficient in themselves, while at the same time they are not too large to be under the eye and government of the magistrates. And thus let us determine the extent of a city.

CHAPTER V

What we have said concerning a city may nearly be applied to a country; for as to what soil it should be, every one evidently will commend it if it is such as is sufficient in itself to furnish what will make the inhabitants happy; for which purpose it must be able to supply them with all the necessaries of life; for it is the having these in plenty, without any want, which makes them content. As to its extent, it should be such as may enable the inhabitants to live at their ease with freedom and temperance. Whether we have done right or wrong in fixing this limit to the territory shall be considered more minutely hereafter, when we come particularly to inquire into property, and what fortune is requisite for a man to live on, and how and in what manner they ought to employ it; for there are many doubts upon this question, while each party insists upon their own plan of life being carried to an excess, the one of severity, the other of indulgence. What the situation of the country should be it is not difficult to determine, in some particulars respecting that we ought to be advised by those who are skilful in military affairs. It should be difficult of access to an enemy, but easy to the inhabitants: and as we said, that the number of [1327a] inhabitants ought to be such as can come under the eye of the magistrate, so should it be with the country; for then it is easily defended. As to the position of the city, if one could place it to one's

wish, it is convenient to fix it on the seaside: with respect to the country, one situation which it ought to have has been already mentioned, namely, that it should be so placed as easily to give assistance to all places, and also to receive the necessaries of life from all parts, and also wood, or any other materials which may happen to be in the country.

CHAPTER VI

But with respect to placing a city in the neighbourhood of the sea, there are some who have many doubts whether it is serviceable or hurtful to a well-regulated state; for they say, that the resort of persons brought up under a different system of government is disserviceable to the state, as well by impeding the laws as by their numbers; for a multitude of merchants must necessarily arise from their trafficking backward and forward upon the seas, which will hinder the well-governing of the city: but if this inconvenience should not arise, it is evident that it is better, both on account of safety and also for the easier acquisition of the necessaries of life, that both the city and the country should be near the sea; for it is necessary that those who are to sustain the attack of the enemy should be ready with their assistance both by land and by sea, and to oppose any inroad, both ways if possible but if not, at least where they are most powerful, which they may do while they possess both. A maritime situation is also useful for receiving from others what your own country will not produce, and exporting those necessaries of your own growth which are more than you have occasion for; but a city ought to traffic to supply its own wants, and not the wants of others; for those who themselves furnish an open market for every one, do it for the sake of gain; which it is not proper for a well-established state to do, neither should they encourage such a commerce. Now, as we see that many places and cities have docks and harbours lying very convenient for the city, while those who frequent them have no communication with the citadel, and yet they are not too far off, but are surrounded by walls and such-like fortifications, it is evident, that if any good arises from such an intercourse the city will receive it, but if anything hurtful, it will be easy to restrain it by a law declaring and deputing whom the state will allow to have an intercourse with each other, and whom not. As to a naval power, it is by no means doubtful that it is necessary to have one to a certain degree; and this not only for the sake of the [1327b] city itself, but also because it may be necessary to appear formidable to some of the neighbouring states, or to be able to assist them as well by sea as by land; but to know how great that force should be, the health of the state should be inquired into, and if that appears vigorous and enables her to take the lead of other communities, it is necessary that her force should correspond with her actions. As for that multitude of people which a maritime power creates, they are by no means necessary to a state, nor ought they to make a part of the citizens; for the mariners and infantry, who have the command, are freemen, and upon these depends a naval engagement: but when there are many servants and husbandmen, there they will always have a number of sailors, as we now see happens to some states, as in Heraclea, where they man many triremes, though the extent of their city is much inferior to some others. And thus we determine concerning the country, the port, the city, the sea, and a maritime power: as to the number of the citizens, what that ought to be we have already said.

CHAPTER VII

We now proceed to point out what natural disposition the members of the community ought to be of: but this any one will easily perceive who will cast his eye over the states of Greece, of all others the most celebrated, and also the other different nations of this habitable world. Those who live in cold countries, as the north of Europe, are full of courage, but wanting in understanding and the arts: therefore they are very tenacious of their liberty; but, not being politicians, they cannot reduce their neighbours under their power: but the Asiatics, whose understandings are quick, and who are conversant in the arts, are deficient in courage; and therefore are always conquered and the slaves of others: but the Grecians, placed as it were between these two boundaries, so partake of them both as to be at the same time both courageous and sensible; for which reason Greece continues free, and governed in the best manner possible, and capable of commanding the whole world, could they agree upon one system of policy. Now this is the difference between the Grecians and other nations, that the latter have but one of these qualities, whereas in the former they are both happily blended together. Hence it is evident, that those persons ought to be both sensible and courageous who will readily obey a legislator, the object of whose laws is virtue. As to what some persons say, that the military must be mild and tender to those they know, but severe and cruel to those they know not, it is courage which [1328a] makes any one lovely; for that is the faculty of the soul which we most admire: as a proof of this, our resentment rises higher against our friends and acquaintance than against those we know not: for which reason Archilaus accusing his friends says very properly to himself, Shall my friends insult me? The spirit of freedom and command also is what all inherit who are of this disposition for courage is commanding and invincible. It also is not right for any one to say, that you should be severe to those you know not; for this behaviour is proper for no one: nor are those who are of a noble disposition harsh in their manners, excepting only to the wicked; and when they are particularly so, it is, as has been already said, against their friends, when they think they have injured them;

which is agreeable to reason: for when those who think they ought to receive a favour from any one do not receive it, beside the injury done them, they consider what they are deprived of: hence the saying, "Cruel are the wars of brothers;" and this, "Those who have greatly loved do greatly hate." And thus we have nearly determined how many the inhabitants of a city ought to be, and what their natural disposition, and also the country how large, and of what sort is necessary; I say nearly, because it is needless to endeavour at as great accuracy in those things which are the objects of the senses as in those which are inquired into by the understanding only.

CHAPTER VIII

As in natural bodies those things are not admitted to be parts of them without which the whole would not exist, so also it is evident that in a political state everything that is necessary thereunto is not to be considered as a part of it, nor any other community from whence one whole is made; for one thing ought to be common and the same to the community, whether they partake of it equally or unequally, as, for instance, food, land, or the like; but when one thing is for the benefit of one person, and another for the benefit of another, in this there is nothing like a community, excepting that one makes it and the other uses it; as, for instance, between any instrument employed in making any work, and the workmen, as there is nothing common between the house and the builder, but the art of the builder is employed on the house. Thus property is necessary for states, but property is no part of the state, though many species of it have life; but a city is a community of equals, for the purpose of enjoying the best life possible: but the happiest life is the best which consists in the perfect practice of virtuous energies: as therefore some persons have great, others little or no opportunity of being employed in these, it is evident that this is the cause of the difference there is between the different cities and communities there are to be found; for while each of these endeavour to acquire what is best by various and different means, they give [1328b] rise to different modes of living and different forms of government. We are now to consider what those things are without which a city cannot possibly exist; for what we call parts of the city must of necessity inhere in it: and this we shall plainly understand, if we know the number of things necessary to a city: first, the inhabitants must have food: secondly, arts, for many instruments are necessary in life: thirdly, arms, for it is necessary that the community should have an armed force within themselves, both to support their government against those of their own body who might refuse obedience to it, and also to defend it from those who might attempt to attack it from without: fourthly, a certain revenue, as well for the internal necessities of the state as for the business of war: fifthly, which is indeed the chief concern, a religious establishment: sixthly in order, but first of all in necessity, a court to determine both criminal and civil causes. These things are absolutely necessary, so to speak, in every state; for a city is a number of people not accidentally met together, but with a purpose of ensuring to themselves sufficient independency and self-protection; and if anything necessary for these purposes is wanting, it is impossible that in such a situation these ends can be obtained. It is necessary therefore that a city should be capable of acquiring all these things: for this purpose a proper number of husbandmen are necessary to procure food, also artificers and soldiers, and rich men, and priests and judges, to determine what is right and proper.

CHAPTER IX

Having determined thus far, it remains that we consider whether all these different employments shall be open to all; for it is possible to continue the same persons always husbandmen, artificers, judges, or counsellors; or shall we appoint different persons to each of those employments which we have already mentioned; or shall some of them be appropriated to particulars, and others of course common to all? but this does not take place in every state, for, as we have already said, it is possible that all may be common to all, or not, but only common to some; and this is the difference between one government and another: for in democracies the whole community partakes of everything, but in oligarchies it is different.

Since we are inquiring what is the best government possible, and it is admitted to be that in which the citizens are happy; and that, as we have already said, it is impossible to obtain happiness without virtue; it follows, that in the best-governed states, where the citizens are really men of intrinsic and not relative goodness, none of them should be permitted to exercise any mechanic employment or follow merchandise, as being ignoble and destructive to virtue; neither should they be husband-[1329a] men, that they may be at leisure to improve in virtue and perform the duty they owe to the state. With respect to the employments of a soldier, a senator, and a judge, which are evidently necessary to the community, shall they be allotted to different persons, or shall the same person execute both? This question, too, is easily answered: for in some cases the same persons may execute them, in others they should be different, where the different employments require different abilities, as when courage is wanting for one, judgment for the other, there they should be allotted to different persons; but when it is evident, that it is impossible to oblige those

who have arms in their hands, and can insist on their own terms, to be always under command; there these different employments should be trusted to one person; for those who have arms in their hands have it in their option whether they will or will not assume the supreme power: to these two (namely, those who have courage and judgment) the government must be entrusted; but not in the same manner, but as nature directs; what requires courage to the young, what requires judgment to the old; for with the young is courage, with the old is wisdom: thus each will be allotted the part they are fit for according to their different merits. It is also necessary that the landed property should belong to these men; for it is necessary that the citizens should be rich, and these are the men proper for citizens; for no mechanic ought to be admitted to the rights of a citizen, nor any other sort of people whose employment is not entirely noble, honourable, and virtuous; this is evident from the principle we at first set out with; for to be happy it is necessary to be virtuous; and no one should say that a city is happy while he considers only one part of its citizens, but for that purpose he ought to examine into all of them. It is evident, therefore, that the landed property should belong to these, though it may be necessary for them to have husbandmen, either slaves, barbarians, or servants. There remains of the different classes of the people whom we have enumerated, the priests, for these evidently compose a rank by themselves; for neither are they to be reckoned amongst the husbandmen nor the mechanics; for reverence to the gods is highly becoming every state: and since the citizens have been divided into orders, the military and the council, and it is proper to offer due worship to the gods, and since it is necessary that those who are employed in their service should have nothing else to do, let the business of the priesthood be allotted to those who are in years. We have now shown what is necessary to the existence of a city, and of what parts it consists, and that husbandmen, mechanic, and mercenary servants are necessary to a city; but that the parts of it are soldiers and sailors, and that these are always different from those, but from each other only occasionally.

CHAPTER X

It seems neither now nor very lately to have been known [1329b] to those philosophers who have made politics their study, that a city ought to be divided by families into different orders of men; and that the husbandmen and soldiers should be kept separate from each other; which custom is even to this day preserved in Egypt and in Crete; also Sesostris having founded it in Egypt, Minos in Crete. Common meals seem also to have been an ancient regulation, and to have been established in Crete during the reign of Minos, and in a still more remote period in Italy; for those who are the best judges in that country say that one Italus being king of AEnotria., from whom the people, changing their names, were called Italians instead of AEnotrians, and that part of Europe was called Italy which is bounded by the Scylletic Gulf on the one side and the Lametic on the other, the distance between which is about half a day's journey. This Italus, they relate, made the AEnotrians, who were formerly shepherds, husbandmen, and gave them different laws from what they had before, and to have been the first who established common meals, for which reason some of his descendants still use them, and observe some of his laws. The Opici inhabit that part which lies towards the Tyrrhenian Sea, who both now are and formerly were called Ausonians. The Chones inhabited the part toward Iapigia and the Ionian Sea which is called Syrtis. These Chones were descended from the AEnotrians. Hence arose the custom of common meals, but the separation of the citizens into different families from Egypt: for the reign of Sesostris is of much higher antiquity than that of Minos. As we ought to think that most other things were found out in a long, nay, even in a boundless time (reason teaching us that want would make us first invent that which was necessary, and, when that was obtained, then those things which were requisite for the conveniences and ornament of life), so should we conclude the same with respect to a political state; now everything in Egypt bears the marks of the most remote antiquity, for these people seem to be the most ancient of all others, and to have acquired laws and political order; we should therefore make a proper use of what is told us of them, and endeavour to find out what they have omitted. We have already said, that the landed property ought to belong to the military and those who partake of the government of the state; and that therefore the husbandmen should be a separate order of people; and how large and of what nature the country ought to be: we will first treat of the division of the land, and of the husbandmen, how many and of what sort they ought to be; since we by no means hold that property ought to be common, as some persons have said, only thus far, in friendship, it [1330a] should be their custom to let no citizen want subsistence. As to common meals, it is in general agreed that they are proper in well-regulated cities; my reasons for approving of them shall be mentioned hereafter: they are what all the citizens ought to partake of; but it will not be easy for the poor, out of what is their own, to furnish as much as they are ordered to do, and supply their own house besides. The expense also of religious worship should be defrayed by the whole state. Of necessity therefore the land ought to be divided into two parts, one of which should belong to the community in general, the other to the individuals separately; and each of these parts should again be subdivided into two: half of that which belongs to the public should be appropriated to maintain the worship of the gods, the other half to support the common meals. Half of that which belongs to the individuals should be at the extremity of the country, the other half near the city, so that these two portions being allotted to each person, all would partake of

land in both places, which would be both equal and right; and induce them to act in concert with greater harmony in any war with their neighbours: for when the land is not divided in this manner, one party neglects the inroads of the enemy on the borders, the other makes it a matter of too much consequence and more than is necessary; for which reason in some places there is a law which forbids the inhabitants of the borders to have any vote in the council when they are debating upon a war which is made against them as their private interest might prevent their voting impartially. Thus therefore the country ought to be divided and for the reasons before mentioned. Could one have one's choice, the husbandmen should by all means be slaves, not of the same nation, or men of any spirit; for thus they would be laborious in their business, and safe from attempting any novelties: next to these barbarian servants are to be preferred, similar in natural disposition to these we have already mentioned. Of these, let those who are to cultivate the private property of the individual belong to that individual, and those who are to cultivate the public territory belong to the public. In what manner these slaves ought to be used, and for what reason it is very proper that they should have the promise of their liberty made them, as a reward for their services, shall be mentioned hereafter.

CHAPTER XI

We have already mentioned, that both the city and all the country should communicate both with the sea and the continent as much as possible. There are these four things which we should be particularly desirous of in the position of the city with respect to itself: in the first place, health is to be consulted as the first thing necessary: now a city which fronts the east and receives the winds which blow from thence is esteemed most healthful; next to this that which has a northern position is to be preferred, as best in winter. It should next be contrived that it may have a proper situation for the business of government and for defence in war: that in war the citizens may [1330b] have easy access to it; but that it may be difficult of access to, and hardly to be taken by, the enemy. In the next place particularly, that there may be plenty of water, and rivers near at hand: but if those cannot be found, very large cisterns must be prepared to save rain-water, so that there may be no want of it in case they should be driven into the town in time of war. And as great care should be taken of the health of the inhabitants, the first thing to be attended to is, that the city should have a good situation and a good position; the second is, that they may have good water to drink; and this not be negligently taken care of; for what we chiefly and most frequently use for the support of the body must principally influence the health of it; and this influence is what the air and water naturally have: for which reason in all wise governments the waters ought to be appropriated to different purposes, and if they are not equally good, and if there is not a plenty of necessary water, that which is to drink should be separated from that which is for other uses. As to fortified places, what is proper for some governments is not proper for all; as, for instance, a lofty citadel is proper for a monarchy and an oligarchy; a city built upon a plain suits a democracy; neither of these for an aristocracy, but rather many strong places. As to the form of private houses, those are thought to be best and most useful for their different purposes which are distinct and separate from each other, and built in the modern manner, after the plan of Hippodamus: but for safety in time of war, on the contrary, they should be built as they formerly were; for they were such that strangers could not easily find their way out of them, and the method of access to them such as an enemy could with difficulty find out if he proposed to besiege them. A city therefore should have both these sorts of buildings, which may easily be contrived if any one will so regulate them as the planters do their rows of vines; not that the buildings throughout the city should be detached from each other, only in some parts of it; thus elegance and safety will be equally consulted. With respect to walls, those who say that a courageous people ought not to have any, pay too much respect to obsolete notions; particularly as we may see those who pride themselves therein continually confuted by facts. It is indeed disreputable for those who are equal, or nearly so, to the enemy, to endeavour to take refuge within their walls--but since it very often happens, that those who make the attack are too powerful for the bravery and courage of those few who oppose them to resist, if you would not suffer the calamities of war and the insolence of the enemy, it must be thought the part of a good soldier to seek for safety under the shelter and protection of walls more especially since so many missile weapons and machines have been most ingeniously invented to besiege cities with. Indeed to neglect surrounding a city with a wall would be similar to choosing a country which is easy of access to an enemy, or levelling the eminences of it; or as if an individual should not have a wall to his house lest it should be thought that the owner of it was a coward: nor should this be left unconsidered, that those who have a city surrounded with walls may act both ways, either as if it had or as if it had not; but where it has not they cannot do this. If this is true, it is not only necessary to have walls, but care must be taken that they may be a proper ornament to the city, as well as a defence in time of war; not only according to the old methods, but the modern improvements also: for as those who make offensive war endeavour by every way possible to gain advantages over their adversaries, so should those who are upon the defensive employ all the means already known, and such new ones as philosophy can invent, to defend themselves: for those who are well prepared are seldom first attacked.

CHAPTER XII

As the citizens in general are to eat at public tables in certain companies, and it is necessary that the walls should have bulwarks and towers in proper places and at proper distances, it is evident that it will be very necessary to have some of these in the towers; let the buildings for this purpose be made the ornaments of the walls. As to temples for public worship, and the hall for the public tables of the chief magistrates, they ought to be built in proper places, and contiguous to each other, except those temples which the law or the oracle orders to be separate from all other buildings; and let these be in such a conspicuous eminence, that they may have every advantage of situation, and in the neighbourhood of that part of the city which is best fortified. Adjoining to this place there ought to be a large square, like that which they call in Thessaly The Square of Freedom, in which nothing is permitted to be bought or sold; into which no mechanic nor husbandman, nor any such person, should be permitted to enter, unless commanded by the magistrates. It will also be an ornament to this place if the gymnastic exercises of the elders are performed in it. It is also proper, that for performing these exercises the citizens should be divided into distinct classes, according to their ages, and that the young persons should have proper officers to be with them, and that the seniors should be with the magistrates; for having them before their eyes would greatly inspire true modesty and ingenuous fear. There ought to be another square [1331b] separate from this for buying and selling, which should be so situated as to be commodious for the reception of goods both by sea and land. As the citizens may be divided into magistrates and priests, it is proper that the public tables of the priests should be in buildings near the temples. Those of the magistrates who preside over contracts, indictments, and such-like, and also over the markets, and the public streets near the square, or some public way, I mean the square where things are bought and sold; for I intended the other for those who are at leisure, and this for necessary business. The same order which I have directed here should be observed also in the country; for there also their magistrates such as the surveyors of the woods and overseers of the grounds, must necessarily have their common tables and their towers, for the purpose of protection against an enemy. There ought also to be temples erected at proper places, both to the gods and the heroes; but it is unnecessary to dwell longer and most minutely on these particulars--for it is by no means difficult to plan these things, it is rather so to carry them into execution; for the theory is the child of our wishes, but the practical part must depend upon fortune; for which reason we shall decline saying anything farther upon these subjects.

CHAPTER XIII

We will now show of what numbers and of what sort of people a government ought to consist, that the state may be happy and well administered. As there are two particulars on which the excellence and perfection of everything depend, one of these is, that the object and end proposed should be proper; the other, that the means to accomplish it should be adapted to that purpose; for it may happen that these may either agree or disagree with each other; for the end we propose may be good, but in taking the means to obtain it we may err; at other times we may have the right and proper means in our power, but the end may be bad, and sometimes we may mistake in both; as in the art of medicine the physician does not sometimes know in what situation the body ought to be, to be healthy; nor what to do to procure the end he aims at. In every art and science, therefore, we should be master of this knowledge, namely, the proper end, and the means to obtain it. Now it is evident that all persons are desirous to live well and be happy; but that some have the means thereof in their own power, others not; and this either through nature [1332a] or fortune; for many ingredients are necessary to a happy life; but fewer to those who are of a good than to those who are of a bad disposition. There are others who continually have the means of happiness in their own power, but do not rightly apply them. Since we propose to inquire what government is best, namely, that by which a state may be best administered, and that state is best administered where the people are the happiest, it is evident that happiness is a thing we should not be unacquainted with. Now, I have already said in my treatise on Morals (if I may here make any use of what I have there shown), that happiness consists in the energy and perfect practice of virtue; and this not relatively, but simply; I mean by relatively, what is necessary in some certain circumstances; by simply, what is good and fair in itself: of the first sort are just punishments, and restraints in a just cause; for they arise from virtue and are necessary, and on that account are virtuous; though it is more desirable that neither any state nor any individual should stand in need of them; but those actions which are intended either to procure honour or wealth are simply good; the others eligible only to remove an evil; these, on the contrary, are the foundation and means of relative good. A worthy man indeed will bear poverty, disease, and other unfortunate accidents with a noble mind; but happiness consists in the contrary to these (now we have already determined in our treatise on Morals, that he is a man of worth who considers what is good because it is virtuous as what is simply good; it is evident, therefore, that all the actions of such a one must be worthy and simply good): this has led some persons to conclude, that the cause of happiness was external goods; which would be as if any one should suppose that the playing well upon the lyre was owing to the instrument, and not to the art. It necessarily follows from what has been said, that some things should be ready at hand and others procured by the legislator; for which reason in founding a city we earnestly wish that there may

be plenty of those things which are supposed to be under the dominion of fortune (for some things we admit her to be mistress over); but for a state to be worthy and great is not only the work of fortune but of knowledge and judgment also. But for a state to be worthy it is necessary that those citizens which are in the administration should be worthy also; but as in our city every citizen is to be so, we must consider how this may be accomplished; for if this is what every one could be, and not some individuals only, it would be more desirable; for then it would follow, that what might be done by one might be done by all. Men are worthy and good three ways; by nature, by custom, by reason. In the first place, a man ought to be born a man, and not any other animal; that is to say, he ought to have both a body and soul; but it avails not to be only born [1332b] with some things, for custom makes great alterations; for there are some things in nature capable of alteration either way which are fixed by custom, either for the better or the worse. Now, other animals live chiefly a life of nature; and in very few things according to custom; but man lives according to reason also, which he alone is endowed with; wherefore he ought to make all these accord with each other; for if men followed reason, and were persuaded that it was best to obey her, they would act in many respects contrary to nature and custom. What men ought naturally to be, to make good members of a community, I have already determined; the rest of this discourse therefore shall be upon education; for some things are acquired by habit, others by hearing them.

CHAPTER XIV

As every political community consists of those who govern and of those who are governed, let us consider whether during the continuance of their lives they ought to be the same persons or different; for it is evident that the mode of education should be adapted to this distinction. Now, if one man differed from another as much, as we believe, the gods and heroes differ from men: in the first place, being far their superiors in body; and, secondly, in the soul: so that the superiority of the governors over the governed might be evident beyond a doubt, it is certain that it would be better for the one always to govern, the other always to be governed: but, as this is not easy to obtain, and kings are not so superior to those they govern as Scylax informs us they are in India, it is evident that for many reasons it is necessary that all in their turns should both govern and be governed: for it is just that those who are equal should have everything alike; and it is difficult for a state to continue which is founded in injustice; for all those in the country who are desirous of innovation will apply themselves to those who are under the government of the rest, and such will be their numbers in the state, that it will be impossible for the magistrates to get the better of them. But that the governors ought to excel the governed is beyond a doubt; the legislator therefore ought to consider how this shall be, and how it may be contrived that all shall have their equal share in the administration. Now, with respect to this it will be first said, that nature herself has directed us in our choice, laying down the selfsame thing when she has made some young, others old: the first of whom it becomes to obey, the latter to command; for no one when he is young is offended at his being under government, or thinks himself too good for it; more especially when he considers that he himself shall receive the same honours which he pays when he shall arrive at a proper age. In some respects it must be acknowledged that the governors and the governed are the same, in others they are different; it is therefore necessary that their education should be in [1333a] some respect the same, in others different: as they say, that he will be a good governor who has first learnt to obey. Now of governments, as we have already said, some are instituted for the sake of him who commands; others for him who obeys: of the first sort is that of the master over the servant; of the latter, that of freemen over each other. Now some things which are commanded differ from others; not in the business, but in the end proposed thereby: for which reason many works, even of a servile nature, are not disgraceful for young freemen to perform; for many things which are ordered to be done are not honourable or dishonourable so much in their own nature as in the end which is proposed, and the reason for which they are undertaken. Since then we have determined, that the virtue of a good citizen and good governor is the same as of a good man; and that every one before he commands should have first obeyed, it is the business of the legislator to consider how his citizens may be good men, what education is necessary to that purpose, and what is the final object of a good life. The soul of man may be divided into two parts; that which has reason in itself, and that which hath not, but is capable of obeying its dictates: and according to the virtues of these two parts a man is said to be good: but of those virtues which are the ends, it will not be difficult for those to determine who adopt the division I have already given; for the inferior is always for the sake of the superior; and this is equally evident both in the works of art as well as in those of nature; but that is superior which has reason. Reason itself also is divided into two parts, in the manner we usually divide it; the theoretic and the practical; which division therefore seems necessary for this part also: the same analogy holds good with respect to actions; of which those which are of a superior nature ought always to be chosen by those who have it in their power; for that is always most eligible to every one which will procure the best ends. Now life is divided into labour and rest, war and peace; and of what we do the objects are partly necessary and useful, partly noble: and we should give the same preference to these that we do to the different parts of the soul and its actions, as war to procure peace; labour, rest; and the useful, the noble. The politician, therefore, who composes a body of

laws ought to extend his views to everything; the different parts of the soul and their actions; more particularly to those things which are of a superior nature and ends; and, in the same manner, to the lives of men and their different actions.

They ought to be fitted both for labour and war, but rather [1333b] for rest and peace; and also to do what is necessary and useful, but rather what is fair and noble. It is to those objects that the education of the children ought to tend, and of all the youths who want instruction. All the Grecian states which now seem best governed, and the legislators who founded those states, appear not to have framed their polity with a view to the best end, or to every virtue, in their laws and education; but eagerly to have attended to what is useful and productive of gain: and nearly of the same opinion with these are some persons who have written lately, who, by praising the Lacedaemonian state, show they approve of the intention of the legislator in making war and victory the end of his government. But how contrary to reason this is, is easily proved by argument, and has already been proved by facts (but as the generality of men desire to have an extensive command, that they may have everything desirable in the greater abundance; so Thibron and others who have written on that state seem to approve of their legislator for having procured them an extensive command by continually enuring them to all sorts of dangers and hardships): for it is evident, since the Lacedemonians have now no hope that the supreme power will be in their own hand, that neither are they happy nor was their legislator wise. This also is ridiculous, that while they preserved an obedience to their laws, and no one opposed their being governed by them, they lost the means of being honourable: but these people understand not rightly what sort of government it is which ought to reflect honour on the legislator; for a government of freemen is nobler than despotic power, and more consonant to virtue. Moreover, neither should a city be thought happy, nor should a legislator be commended, because he has so trained the people as to conquer their neighbours; for in this there is a great inconvenience: since it is evident that upon this principle every citizen who can will endeavour to procure the supreme power in his own city; which crime the Lacedaemonians accuse Pausanias of, though he enjoyed such great honours.

Such reasoning and such laws are neither political, useful nor true: but a legislator ought to instil those laws on the minds of men which are most useful for them, both in their public and private capacities. The rendering a people fit for war, that they may enslave their inferiors ought not to be the care of the legislator; but that they may not themselves be reduced to slavery by others. In [1334a] the next place, he should take care that the object of his government is the safety of those who are under it, and not a despotism over all: in the third place, that those only are slaves who are fit to be only so. Reason indeed concurs with experience in showing that all the attention which the legislator pays to the business of war, and all other rules which he lays down, should have for their object rest and peace; since most of those states (which we usually see) are preserved by war; but, after they have acquired a supreme power over those around them, are ruined; for during peace, like a sword, they lose their brightness: the fault of which lies in the legislator, who never taught them how to be at rest.

CHAPTER XV

As there is one end common to a man both as an individual and a citizen, it is evident that a good man and a good citizen must have the same object in view; it is evident that all the virtues which lead to rest are necessary; for, as we have often said, the end of war is peace, of labour, rest; but those virtues whose object is rest, and those also whose object is labour, are necessary for a liberal life and rest; for we want a supply of many necessary things that we may be at rest. A city therefore ought to be temperate, brave, and patient; for, according to the proverb, "Rest is not for slaves;" but those who cannot bravely face danger are the slaves of those who attack them. Bravery, therefore, and patience are necessary for labour, philosophy for rest, and temperance and justice in both; but these chiefly in time of peace and rest; for war obliges men to be just and temperate; but the enjoyment of pleasure, with the rest of peace, is more apt to produce insolence; those indeed who are easy in their circumstances, and enjoy everything that can make them happy, have great occasion for the virtues of temperance and justice. Thus if there are, as the poets tell us, any inhabitants in the happy isles, to these a higher degree of philosophy, temperance, and justice will be necessary, as they live at their ease in the full plenty of every sensual pleasure. It is evident, therefore, that these virtues are necessary in every state that would be happy or worthy; for he who is worthless can never enjoy real good, much less is he qualified to be at rest; but can appear good only by labour and being at war, but in peace and at rest the meanest of creatures. For which reason virtue should not be cultivated as the Lacedaemonians did; for they did not differ from others in their opinion concerning the supreme good, but in [1334b] imagining this good was to be procured by a particular virtue; but since there are greater goods than those of war, it is evident that the enjoyment of those which are valuable in themselves should be desired, rather than those virtues which are useful in war; but how and by what means this is to be acquired is now to be considered. We have already assigned three causes on which it will depend; nature, custom, and reason, arid shown what sort of men nature must produce for this purpose; it remains then

that we determine which we shall first begin by in education, reason or custom, for these ought always to preserve the most entire harmony with each other; for it may happen that reason may err from the end proposed, and be corrected by custom. In the first place, it is evident that in this as in other things, its beginning or production arises from some principle, and its end also arises from another principle, which is itself an end. Now, with us, reason and intelligence are the end of nature; our production, therefore, and our manners ought to be accommodated to both these. In the next place, as the soul and the body are two distinct things, so also we see that the soul is divided into two parts, the reasoning and not-reasoning, with their habits which are two in number, one belonging to each, namely appetite and intelligence; and as the body is in production before the soul, so is the not-reasoning part of the soul before the reasoning; and this is evident; for anger, will and desire are to be seen in children nearly as soon as they are born; but reason and intelligence spring up as they grow to maturity. The body, therefore, necessarily demands our care before the soul; next the appetites for the sake of the mind; the body for the sake of the soul.

CHAPTER XVI

If then the legislator ought to take care that the bodies of the children are as perfect as possible, his first attention ought to be given to matrimony; at what time and in what situation it is proper that the citizens should engage in the nuptial contract. Now, with respect to this alliance, the legislator ought both to consider the parties and their time of life, that they may grow old at the same part of time, and that their bodily powers may not be different; that is to say, the man being able to have children, but the woman too old to bear them; or, on the contrary, the woman be young enough to produce children, but the man too old to be a father; for from such a situation discords and disputes continually arise. In the next place, with respect to the succession of children, there ought not to be too great an interval of time between them and their parents; for when there is, the parent can receive no benefit from his child's affection, or the child any advantage from his father's protection; [1335a] neither should the difference in years be too little, as great inconveniences may arise from it; as it prevents that proper reverence being shown to a father by a boy who considers him as nearly his equal in age, and also from the disputes it occasions in the economy of the family. But, to return from this digression, care ought to be taken that the bodies of the children may be such as will answer the expectations of the legislator; this also will be affected by the same means. Since season for the production of children is determined (not exactly, but to speak in general), namely, for the man till seventy years, and the woman till fifty, the entering into the marriage state, as far as time is concerned, should be regulated by these periods. It is extremely bad for the children when the father is too young; for in all animals whatsoever the parts of the young are imperfect, and are more likely to be productive of females than males, and diminutive also in size; the same thing of course necessarily holds true in men; as a proof of this you may see in those cities where the men and women usually marry very young, the people in general are very small and ill framed; in child-birth also the women suffer more, and many of them die. And thus some persons tell us the oracle of Traezenium should be explained, as if it referred to the many women who were destroyed by too early marriages, and not their gathering their fruits too soon. It is also conducive to temperance not to marry too soon; for women who do so are apt to be intemperate. It also prevents the bodies of men from acquiring their full size if they marry before their growth is completed; for this is the determinate period, which prevents any further increase; for which reason the proper time for a woman to marry is eighteen, for a man thirty-seven, a little more or less; for when they marry at that time their bodies are in perfection, and they will also cease to have children at a proper time; and moreover with respect to the succession of the children, if they have them at the time which may reasonably be expected, they will be just arriving into perfection when their parents are sinking down under the load of seventy years. And thus much for the time which is proper for marriage; but moreover a proper season of the year should be observed, as many persons do now, and appropriate the winter for this business. The married couple ought also to regard the precepts of physicians and naturalists, each of whom have treated on these [1335b] subjects. What is the fit disposition of the body will be better mentioned when we come to speak of the education of the child; we will just slightly mention a few particulars. Now, there is no occasion that any one should have the habit of body of a wrestler to be either a good citizen, or to enjoy a good constitution, or to be the father of healthy children; neither should he be infirm or too much dispirited by misfortunes, but between both these. He ought to have a habit of labour, but not of too violent labour; nor should that be confined to one object only, as the wrestler's is; but to such things as are proper for freemen. These things are equally necessary both for men and women. Women with child should also take care that their diet is not too sparing, and that they use sufficient exercise; which it will be easy for the legislator to effect if he commands them once every day to repair to the worship of the gods who are supposed to preside over matrimony. But, contrary to what is proper for the body, the mind ought to be kept as tranquil as possible; for as plants partake of the nature of the soil, so does the child receive much of the disposition of the mother. With respect to the exposing or bringing up of children, let it be a law, that nothing imperfect or maimed shall be brought up,..... As the proper time has been pointed out for a man and a woman to enter into the marriage state, so also let us determine how long

it is advantageous for the community that they should have children; for as the children of those who are too young are imperfect both in body and mind, so also those whose parents are too old are weak in both: while therefore the body continues in perfection, which (as some poets say, who reckon the different periods of life by sevens) is till fifty years, or four or five more, the children may be equally perfect; but when the parents are past that age it is better they should have no more. With respect to any connection between a man and a woman, or a woman and a man, when either of the parties are betrothed, let it be held in utter detestation [1336a] on any pretext whatsoever; but should any one be guilty of such a thing after the marriage is consummated, let his infamy be as great as his guilt deserves.

CHAPTER XVII

When a child is born it must be supposed that the strength of its body will depend greatly upon the quality of its food. Now whoever will examine into the nature of animals, and also observe those people who are very desirous their children should acquire a warlike habit, will find that they feed them chiefly with milk, as being best accommodated to their bodies, but without wine, to prevent any distempers: those motions also which are natural to their age are very serviceable; and to prevent any of their limbs from being crooked, on account of their extreme ductility, some people even now use particular machines that their bodies may not be distorted. It is also useful to enure them to the cold when they are very little; for this is very serviceable for their health; and also to enure them to the business of war; for which reason it is customary with many of the barbarians to dip their children in rivers when the water is cold; with others to clothe them very slightly, as among the Celts; for whatever it is possible to accustom children to, it is best to accustom them to it at first, but to do it by degrees: besides, boys have naturally a habit of loving the cold, on account of the heat. These, then, and such-like things ought to be the first object of our attention: the next age to this continues till the child is five years old; during which time it is best to teach him nothing at all, not even necessary labour, lest it should hinder his growth; but he should be accustomed to use so much motion as not to acquire a lazy habit of body; which he will get by various means and by play also: his play also ought to be neither illiberal nor too laborious nor lazy. Their governors and preceptors also should take care what sort of tales and stories it may be proper for them to hear; for all these ought to pave the way for their future instruction: for which reason the generality of their play should be imitations of what they are afterwards to do seriously. They too do wrong who forbid by laws the disputes between boys and their quarrels, for they contribute to increase their growth--as they are a sort of exercise to the body: for the struggles of the heart and the compression of the spirits give strength to those who labour, which happens to boys in their disputes. The preceptors also ought to have an eye upon their manner of life, and those with whom they converse; and to take care that they are never in the company of slaves. At this time and till they are seven [1336b] years old it is necessary that they should be educated at home. It is also very proper to banish, both from their hearing and sight, everything which is illiberal and the like. Indeed it is as much the business of the legislator as anything else, to banish every indecent expression out of the state: for from a permission to speak whatever is shameful, very quickly arises the doing it, and this particularly with young people: for which reason let them never speak nor hear any such thing: but if it appears that any freeman has done or said anything that is forbidden before he is of age to be thought fit to partake of the common meals, let him be punished by disgrace and stripes; but if a person above that age does so, let him be treated as you would a slave, on account of his being infamous. Since we forbid his speaking everything which is forbidden, it is necessary that he neither sees obscene stories nor pictures; the magistrates therefore are to take care that there are no statues or pictures of anything of this nature, except only to those gods to whom the law permits them, and to which the law allows persons of a certain age to pay their devotions, for themselves, their wives, and children. It should also be illegal for young persons to be present either at iambics or comedies before they are arrived at that age when they are allowed to partake of the pleasures of the table: indeed a good education will preserve them from all the evils which attend on these things. We have at present just touched upon this subject; it will be our business hereafter, when we properly come to it, to determine whether this care of children is unnecessary, or, if necessary, in what manner it must be done; at present we have only mentioned it as necessary. Probably the saying of Theodoras, the tragic actor, was not a bad one: That he would permit no one, not even the meanest actor, to go upon the stage before him, that he might first engage the ear of the audience. The same thing happens both in our connections with men and things: what we meet with first pleases best; for which reason children should be kept strangers to everything which is bad, more particularly whatsoever is loose and offensive to good manners. When five years are accomplished, the two next may be very properly employed in being spectators of those exercises they will afterwards have to learn. There are two periods into which education ought to be divided, according to the age of the child; the one is from his being seven years of age to the time of puberty; the other from thence till he is one-and-twenty: for those who divide ages by the number seven [1337a] are in general wrong: it is much better to follow the division of nature; for every art and every instruction is intended to complete what nature has left defective: we must first consider if any regulation whatsoever

is requisite for children; in the next place, if it is advantageous to make it a common care, or that every one should act therein as he pleases, which is the general practice in most cities; in the third place, what it ought to be.

BOOK VIII

CHAPTER I

No one can doubt that the magistrate ought greatly to interest himself in the care of youth; for where it is neglected it is hurtful to the city, for every state ought to be governed according to its particular nature; for the form and manners of each government are peculiar to itself; and these, as they originally established it, so they usually still preserve it. For instance, democratic forms and manners a democracy; oligarchic, an oligarchy: but, universally, the best manners produce the best government. Besides, as in every business and art there are some things which men are to learn first and be made accustomed to, which are necessary to perform their several works; so it is evident that the same thing is necessary in the practice of virtue. As there is one end in view in every city, it is evident that education ought to be one and the same in each; and that this should be a common care, and not the individual's, as it now is, when every one takes care of his own children separately; and their instructions are particular also, each person teaching them as they please; but what ought to be engaged in ought to be common to all. Besides, no one ought to think that any citizen belongs to him in particular, but to the state in general; for each one is a part of the state, and it is the natural duty of each part to regard the good of the whole: and for this the Lacedaemonians may be praised; for they give the greatest attention to education, and make it public. It is evident, then, that there should be laws concerning education, and that it should be public.

CHAPTER II

What education is, and how children ought to be instructed, is what should be well known; for there are doubts concerning the business of it, as all people do not agree in those things they would have a child taught, both with respect to their improvement in virtue and a happy life: nor is it clear whether the object of it should be to improve the reason or rectify the morals. From the present mode of education we cannot determine with certainty to which men incline, whether to instruct a child in what will be useful to him in life; or what tends to virtue, and what is excellent: for all these things have their separate defenders. As to virtue, there is no particular [1337b] in which they all agree: for as all do not equally esteem all virtues, it reasonably follows that they will not cultivate the same. It is evident that what is necessary ought to be taught to all: but that which is necessary for one is not necessary for all; for there ought to be a distinction between the employment of a freeman and a slave. The first of these should be taught everything useful which will not make those who know it mean. Every work is to be esteemed mean, and every art and every discipline which renders the body, the mind, or the understanding of freemen unfit for the habit and practice of virtue: for which reason all those arts which tend to deform the body are called mean, and all those employments which are exercised for gain; for they take off from the freedom of the mind and render it sordid. There are also some liberal arts which are not improper for freemen to apply to in a certain degree; but to endeavour to acquire a perfect skill in them is exposed to the faults I have just mentioned; for there is a great deal of difference in the reason for which any one does or learns anything: for it is not illiberal to engage in it for one's self, one's friend, or in the cause of virtue; while, at the same time, to do it for the sake of another may seem to be acting the part of a servant and a slave. The mode of instruction which now prevails seems to partake of both parts.

CHAPTER III

There are four things which it is usual to teach children--reading, gymnastic exercises, and music, to which (in the fourth place) some add painting. Reading and painting are both of them of singular use in life, and gymnastic exercises, as productive of courage. As to music, some persons may doubt, as most persons now use it for the sake of pleasure: but those who originally made it part of education did it because, as has been already said, nature requires that we should not only be properly employed, but to be able to enjoy leisure honourably: for this (to repeat what I have already said) is of all things the principal. But, though both labour and rest are necessary, yet the latter is preferable to the first; and by all means we ought to learn what we should do when at rest: for we ought not to employ that time at play; for then play would be the necessary business of our lives. But if this cannot be, play is more necessary for those who labour than those who are at rest: for he who labours requires relaxation; which play will supply: for as labour is attended with pain and continued exertion, it is necessary that play should be introduced, under proper regulations, as a medicine: for such an employment of the mind is a relaxation to it, and eases with pleasure. [1338a] Now rest itself seems to partake of pleasure, of happiness, and an agreeable life: but this cannot be theirs who labour, but theirs who are at rest;

for he who labours, labours for the sake of some end which he has not: but happiness is an end which all persons think is attended with pleasure and not with pain: but all persons do not agree in making this pleasure consist in the same thing; for each one has his particular standard, correspondent to his own habits; but the best man proposes the best pleasure, and that which arises from the noblest actions. But it is evident, that to live a life of rest there are some things which a man must learn and be instructed in; and that the object of this learning and this instruction centres in their acquisition: but the learning and instruction which is given for labour has for its object other things; for which reason the ancients made music a part of education; not as a thing necessary, for it is not of that nature, nor as a thing useful, as reading, in the common course of life, or for managing of a family, or for learning anything as useful in public life. Painting also seems useful to enable a man to judge more accurately of the productions of the finer arts: nor is it like the gymnastic exercises, which contribute to health and strength; for neither of these things do we see produced by music; there remains for it then to be the employment of our rest, which they had in view who introduced it; and, thinking it a proper employment for freemen, to them they allotted it; as Homer sings:

"How right to call Thalia to the feast:"

and of some others he says:

"The bard was call'd, to ravish every ear:"

and, in another place, he makes Ulysses say the happiest part of man's life is

"When at the festal board, in order plac'd, They hear the song."

It is evident, then, that there is a certain education in which a child may be instructed, not as useful nor as necessary, but as noble and liberal: but whether this is one or more than one, and of what sort they are, and how to be taught, shall be considered hereafter: we are now got so far on our way as to show that we have the testimony of the ancients in our favour, by what they have delivered down upon education--for music makes this plain. Moreover, it is necessary to instruct children in what is useful, not only on account of its being useful in itself, as, for instance, to learn to read, but also as the means of acquiring other different sorts of instruction: thus they should be instructed in painting, not only to prevent their being mistaken in purchasing pictures, or in buying or selling of vases, but rather as it makes [1338b] them judges of the beauties of the human form; for to be always hunting after the profitable ill agrees with great and freeborn souls. As it is evident whether a boy should be first taught morals or reasoning, and whether his body or his understanding should be first cultivated, it is plain that boys should be first put under the care of the different masters of the gymnastic arts, both to form their bodies and teach them their exercises.

CHAPTER IV

Now those states which seem to take the greatest care of their children's education, bestow their chief attention on wrestling, though it both prevents the increase of the body and hurts the form of it. This fault the Lacedaemonians did not fall into, for they made their children fierce by painful labour, as chiefly useful to inspire them with courage: though, as we have already often said, this is neither the only thing nor the principal thing necessary to attend to; and even with respect to this they may not thus attain their end; for we do not find either in other animals, or other nations, that courage necessarily attends the most cruel, but rather the milder, and those who have the dispositions of lions: for there are many people who are eager both to kill men and to devour human flesh, as the Achaeans and Heniochi in Pontus, and many others in Asia, some of whom are as bad, others worse than these, who indeed live by tyranny, but are men of no courage. Nay, we know that the Lacedaemonians themselves, while they continued those painful labours, and were superior to all others (though now they are inferior to many, both in war and gymnastic exercises), did not acquire their superiority by training their youth to these exercises, but because those who were disciplined opposed those who were not disciplined at all. What is fair and honourable ought then to take place in education of what is fierce and cruel: for it is not a wolf, nor any other wild beast, which will brave any noble danger, but rather a good man. So that those who permit boys to engage too earnestly in these exercises, while they do not take care to instruct them in what is necessary to do, to speak the real truth, render them mean and vile, accomplished only in one duty of a citizen, and in every other respect, as reason evinces, good for nothing. Nor should we form our judgments from past events, but from what we see at present: for now they have rivals in their mode of education, whereas formerly they had not. That gymnastic exercises are useful, and in what manner, is admitted; for during youth it is very proper to go through a course of those which are most gentle, omitting that violent diet and those painful exercises which are prescribed as necessary; that they may not prevent the growth of the body: and it is no small proof that they have this effect, that amongst the Olympic candidates we can scarce find two or three who have gained a victory

both when boys and men: because the necessary exercises they went through when young deprived them of their strength. When they have allotted three years from the time of puberty to other parts of education, they are then of a proper age to submit to labour and a regulated diet; for it is impossible for the mind and body both to labour at the same time, as they are productive of contrary evils to each other; the labour of the body preventing the progress of the mind, and the mind of the body.

CHAPTER V

With respect to music we have already spoken a little in a doubtful manner upon this subject. It will be proper to go over again more particularly what we then said, which may serve as an introduction to what any other person may choose to offer thereon; for it is no easy matter to distinctly point out what power it has, nor on what accounts one should apply it, whether as an amusement and refreshment, as sleep or wine; as these are nothing serious, but pleasing, and the killers of care, as Euripides says; for which reason they class in the same order and use for the same purpose all these, namely, sleep, wine, and music, to which some add dancing; or shall we rather suppose that music tends to be productive of virtue, having a power, as the gymnastic exercises have to form the body in a certain way, to influence the manners so as to accustom its professors to rejoice rightly? or shall we say, that it is of any service in the conduct of life, and an assistant to prudence? for this also is a third property which has been attributed to it. Now that boys are not to be instructed in it as play is evident; for those who learn don't play, for to learn is rather troublesome; neither is it proper to permit boys at their age to enjoy perfect leisure; for to cease to improve is by no means fit for what is as yet imperfect; but it may be thought that the earnest attention of boys in this art is for the sake of that amusement they will enjoy when they come to be men and completely formed; but, if this is the case, why are they themselves to learn it, and not follow the practice of the kings of the Medes and Persians, who enjoy the pleasure of music by hearing others play, and being shown its beauties by them; for of necessity those must be better skilled therein who make this science their particular study and business, than those who have only spent so much time at it as was sufficient just to learn the principles of it. But if this is a reason for a child's being taught anything, they ought also to learn the art of cookery, but this is absurd. The same doubt occurs if music has a power of improving the manners; for why should they on this account themselves learn it, and not reap every advantage of regulating the passions or forming a judgment [1339b] on the merits of the performance by hearing others, as the Lacedaemonians; for they, without having ever learnt music, are yet able to judge accurately what is good and what is bad; the same reasoning may be applied if music is supposed to be the amusement of those who live an elegant and easy life, why should they learn themselves, and not rather enjoy the benefit of others' skill. Let us here consider what is our belief of the immortal gods in this particular. Now we find the poets never represent Jupiter himself as singing and playing; nay, we ourselves treat the professors of these arts as mean people, and say that no one would practise them but a drunkard or a buffoon. But probably we may consider this subject more at large hereafter. The first question is, whether music is or is not to make a part of education? and of those three things which have been assigned as its proper employment, which is the right? Is it to instruct, to amuse, or to employ the vacant hours of those who live at rest? or may not all three be properly allotted to it? for it appears to partake of them all; for play is necessary for relaxation, and relaxation pleasant, as it is a medicine for that uneasiness which arises from labour. It is admitted also that a happy life must be an honourable one, and a pleasant one too, since happiness consists in both these; and we all agree that music is one of the most pleasing things, whether alone or accompanied with a voice; as Musseus says, "Music's the sweetest joy of man;" for which reason it is justly admitted into every company and every happy life, as having the power of inspiring joy. So that from this any one may suppose that it is necessary to instruct young persons in it; for all those pleasures which are harmless are not only conducive to the final end of life, but serve also as relaxations; and, as men are but rarely in the attainment of that final end, they often cease from their labour and apply to amusement, with no further view than to acquire the pleasure attending it. It is therefore useful to enjoy such pleasures as these. There are some persons who make play and amusement their end, and probably that end has some pleasure annexed to it, but not what should be; but while men seek the one they accept the other for it; because there is some likeness in human actions to the end; for the end is pursued for the sake of nothing else that attends it; but for itself only; and pleasures like these are sought for, not on account of what follows them, but on account of what has gone before them, as labour and grief; for which reason they seek for happiness in these sort of pleasures; and that this is the reason any one may easily perceive. That music should be pursued, not on this account only, but also as it is very serviceable during the hours of relaxation from labour, probably no [1340a] one doubts; we should also inquire whether besides this use it may not also have another of nobler nature--and we ought not only to partake of the common pleasure arising from it (which all have the sensation of, for music naturally gives pleasure, therefore the use of it is agreeable to all ages and all dispositions); but also to examine if it tends anything to improve our manners and our souls. And this will be easily known if we feel our dispositions any way influenced thereby; and that they are so is evident from many other instances, as well as the music at the Olympic games; and this confessedly fills the soul with

enthusiasm; but enthusiasm is an affection of the soul which strongly agitates the disposition. Besides, all those who hear any imitations sympathise therewith; and this when they are conveyed even without rhythm or verse. Moreover, as music is one of those things which are pleasant, and as virtue itself consists in rightly enjoying, loving, and hating, it is evident that we ought not to learn or accustom ourselves to anything so much as to judge right and rejoice in honourable manners and noble actions. But anger and mildness, courage and modesty, and their contraries, as well as all other dispositions of the mind, are most naturally imitated by music and poetry; which is plain by experience, for when we hear these our very soul is altered; and he who is affected either with joy or grief by the imitation of any objects, is in very nearly the same situation as if he was affected by the objects themselves; thus, if any person is pleased with seeing a statue of any one on no other account but its beauty, it is evident that the sight of the original from whence it was taken would also be pleasing; now it happens in the other senses there is no imitation of manners; that is to say, in the touch and the taste; in the objects of sight, a very little; for these are merely representations of things, and the perceptions which they excite are in a manner common to all. Besides, statues and paintings are not properly imitations of manners, but rather signs and marks which show the body is affected by some passion. However, the difference is not great, yet young men ought not to view the paintings of Pauso, but of Polygnotus, or any other painter or statuary who expresses manners. But in poetry and music there are imitations of manners; and this is evident, for different harmonies differ from each other so much by nature, that those who hear them are differently affected, and are not in the same disposition of mind when one is performed as when another is; the one, for instance, occasions grief 13406 and contracts the soul, as the mixed Lydian: others soften the mind, and as it were dissolve the heart: others fix it in a firm and settled state, such is the power of the Doric music only; while the Phrygian fills the soul with enthusiasm, as has been well described by those who have written philosophically upon this part of education; for they bring examples of what they advance from the things themselves. The same holds true with respect to rhythm; some fix the disposition, others occasion a change in it; some act more violently, others more liberally. From what has been said it is evident what an influence music has over the disposition of the mind, and how variously it can fascinate it: and if it can do this, most certainly it is what youth ought to be instructed in. And indeed the learning of music is particularly adapted to their disposition; for at their time of life they do not willingly attend to anything which is not agreeable; but music is naturally one of the most agreeable things; and there seems to be a certain connection between harmony and rhythm; for which reason some wise men held the soul itself to be harmony; others, that it contains it.

CHAPTER VI

We will now determine whether it is proper that children should be taught to sing, and play upon any instrument, which we have before made a matter of doubt. Now, it is well known that it makes a great deal of difference when you would qualify any one in any art, for the person himself to learn the practical part of it; for it is a thing very difficult, if not impossible, for a man to be a good judge of what he himself cannot do. It is also very necessary that children should have some employment which will amuse them; for which reason the rattle of Archytas seems well contrived, which they give children to play with, to prevent their breaking those things which are about the house; for at their age they cannot sit still: this therefore is well adapted to infants, as instruction ought to be their rattle as they grow up; hence it is evident that they should be so taught music as to be able to practise it. Nor is it difficult to say what is becoming or unbecoming of their age, or to answer the objections which some make to this employment as mean and low. In the first place, it is necessary for them to practise, that they may be judges of the art: for which reason this should be done when they are young; but when they are grown older the practical part may be dropped; while they will still continue judges of what is excellent in the art, and take a proper pleasure therein, from the knowledge they acquired of it in their youth. As to the censure which some persons throw upon music, as something mean and low, it is not difficult to answer that, if we will but consider how far we propose those who are to be educated so as to become good citizens should be instructed in this art, [1341a] and what music and what rhythms they should be acquainted with; and also what instruments they should play upon; for in these there is probably a difference. Such then is the proper answer to that censure: for it must be admitted, that in some cases nothing can prevent music being attended, to a certain degree, with the bad effects which are ascribed to it; it is therefore clear that the learning of it should never prevent the business of riper years; nor render the body effeminate, and unfit for the business of war or the state; but it should be practised by the young, judged of by the old. That children may learn music properly, it is necessary that they should not be employed in those parts of it which are the objects of dispute between the masters in that science; nor should they perform such pieces as are wondered at from the difficulty of their execution; and which, from being first exhibited in the public games, are now become a part of education; but let them learn so much of it as to be able to receive proper pleasure from excellent music and rhythms; and not that only which music must make all animals feel, and also slaves and boys, but more. It is therefore plain what instruments they should use; thus, they should never be taught to play upon the flute, or any other instrument which requires great

skill, as the harp or the like, but on such as will make them good judges of music, or any other instruction: besides, the flute is not a moral instrument, but rather one that will inflame the passions, and is therefore rather to be used when the soul is to be animated than when instruction is intended. Let me add also, that there is something therein which is quite contrary to what education requires; as the player on the flute is prevented from speaking: for which reason our forefathers very properly forbade the use of it to youth and freemen, though they themselves at first used it; for when their riches procured them greater leisure, they grew more animated in the cause of virtue; and both before and after the Median war their noble actions so exalted their minds that they attended to every part of education; selecting no one in particular, but endeavouring to collect the whole: for which reason they introduced the flute also, as one of the instruments they were to learn to play on. At Lacedaemon the choregus himself played on the flute; and it was so common at Athens that almost every freeman understood it, as is evident from the tablet which Thrasippus dedicated when he was choregus; but afterwards they rejected it as dangerous; having become better judges of what tended to promote virtue and what did not. For the same reason many of the ancient instruments were thrown aside, as the dulcimer and the lyre; as also those which were to inspire those who played on them with pleasure, and which required a nice finger and great skill to play well on. What the ancients tell us, by way of fable, of the flute is indeed very rational; namely, that after Minerva had found it, she threw it away: nor are they wrong who say that the goddess disliked it for deforming the face of him who played thereon: not but that it is more probable that she rejected it as the knowledge thereof contributed nothing to the improvement of the mind. Now, we regard Minerva as the inventress of arts and sciences. As we disapprove of a child's being taught to understand instruments, and to play like a master (which we would have confined to those who are candidates for the prize in that science; for they play not to improve themselves in virtue, but to please those who hear them, and gratify their importunity); therefore we think the practice of it unfit for freemen; but then it should be confined to those who are paid for doing it; for it usually gives people sordid notions, for the end they have in view is bad: for the impertinent spectator is accustomed to make them change their music; so that the artists who attend to him regulate their bodies according to his motions.

CHAPTER VII

We are now to enter into an inquiry concerning harmony and rhythm; whether all sorts of these are to be employed in education, or whether some peculiar ones are to be selected; and also whether we should give the same directions to those who are engaged in music as part of education, or whether there is something different from these two. Now, as all music consists in melody and rhythm, we ought not to be unacquainted with the power which each of these has in education; and whether we should rather choose music in which melody prevails, or rhythm: but when I consider how many things have been well written upon these subjects, not only by some musicians of the present age, but also by some philosophers who are perfectly skilled in that part of music which belongs to education; we will refer those who desire a very particular knowledge therein to those writers, and shall only treat of it in general terms, without descending to particulars. Melody is divided by some philosophers, whose notions we approve of, into moral, practical, and that which fills the mind with enthusiasm: they also allot to each of these a particular kind of harmony which naturally corresponds therewith: and we say that music should not be applied to one purpose only, but many; both for instruction and purifying the soul (now I use the word purifying at present without any explanation, but shall speak more at large of it in my Poetics); and, in the third place, as an agreeable manner of spending the time and a relaxation from the uneasiness of the mind. [1342a] It is evident that all harmonies are to be used; but not for all purposes; but the most moral in education: but to please the ear, when others play, the most active and enthusiastic; for that passion which is to be found very strong in some souls is to be met with also in all; but the difference in different persons consists in its being in a less or greater degree, as pity, fear, and enthusiasm also; which latter is so powerful in some as to overpower the soul: and yet we see those persons, by the application of sacred music to soothe their mind, rendered as sedate and composed as if they had employed the art of the physician: and this must necessarily happen to the compassionate, the fearful, and all those who are subdued by their passions: nay, all persons, as far as they are affected with those passions, admit of the same cure, and are restored to tranquillity with pleasure. In the same manner, all music which has the power of purifying the soul affords a harmless pleasure to man. Such, therefore, should be the harmony and such the music which those who contend with each other in the theatre should exhibit: but as the audience is composed of two sorts of people, the free and the well-instructed, the rude the mean mechanics, and hired servants, and a long collection of the like, there must be some music and some spectacles to please and soothe them; for as their minds are as it were perverted from their natural habits, so also is there an unnatural harmony, and overcharged music which is accommodated to their taste: but what is according to nature gives pleasure to every one, therefore those who are to contend upon the theatre should be allowed to use this species of music. But in education ethic melody and ethic harmony should be used, which is the Doric, as we have already said, or any other which those philosophers who are skilful in that music which is to be employed in education shall

approve of. But Socrates, in Plato's Republic, is very wrong when he [1342b] permits only the Phrygian music to be used as well as the Doric, particularly as amongst other instruments he banishes the flute; for the Phrygian music has the same power in harmony as the flute has amongst the instruments; for they are both pathetic and raise the mind: and this the practice of the poets proves; for in their bacchanal songs, or whenever they describe any violent emotions of the mind, the flute is the instrument they chiefly use: and the Phrygian harmony is most suitable to these subjects. Now, that the dithyrambic measure is Phrygian is allowed by general consent; and those who are conversant in studies of this sort bring many proofs of it; as, for instance, when Philoxenus endeavoured to compose dithyrambic music for Doric harmony, he naturally fell back again into Phrygian, as being fittest for that purpose; as every one indeed agrees, that the Doric music is most serious, and fittest to inspire courage: and, as we always commend the middle as being between the two extremes, and the Doric has this relation with respect to other harmonies, it is evident that is what the youth ought to be instructed in. There are two things to be taken into consideration, both what is possible and what is proper; every one then should chiefly endeavour to attain those things which contain both these qualities: but this is to be regulated by different times of life; for instance, it is not easy for those who are advanced in years to sing such pieces of music as require very high notes, for nature points out to them those which are gentle and require little strength of voice (for which reason some who are skilful in music justly find fault with Socrates for forbidding the youth to be instructed in gentle harmony; as if, like wine, it would make them drunk, whereas the effect of that is to render men bacchanals, and not make them languid): these therefore are what should employ those who are grown old. Moreover, if there is any harmony which is proper for a child's age, as being at the same time elegant and instructive, as the Lydian of all others seems chiefly to be-These then are as it were the three boundaries of education, moderation, possibility, and decorum.

INDEX

ACHILLES, 76

Act of the city, what, 69

Actions, their original spring, i

Administration, 76; whether to be shared by the whole community, 203

AEsumnetes, 96

AEthiopia, in what manner the power of the state is there regulated, 112

Alterations in government, whence they arise, 142; what they are, 143

Ambractia, the government of, changed, 151

Andromadas Reginus, a lawgiver to the Thracian Calcidians, 65

Animals, their different provisions by nature, 14; intended by nature for the benefit of man, 14; what constitutes their different species, 113

Animals, tame, why better than wild, 8

Arbitrator and judge, their difference, 49

Architas his rattle, 248

Areopagus, senate of, 63

Argonauts refuse to take Hercules with them, 93

Aristocracies, causes of commotions in them, 157; chief cause of their alteration, 158; may degenerate into an oligarchy, 79

Aristocracy, what, 78; treated of, 120; its object, 121

Art, works of, which most excellent, 20

Artificers and slaves, their difference, 24

Assemblies, public, advantageous to a democracy, 134

Assembly, public, its proper business, 133

Athens, different dispositions of the citizens of, 149

Barter, its original, 15

Being, what the nature of every one is, 3

Beings, why some command, others obey, 2

Body by nature to be governed, 8; requires our care before the soul, 232

Calchis, the government of, changed, 151

Calcidians, 65

Carthaginian government described, 60

Census in a free state should be as extensive as possible, 131; how to be altered, 162

Charondas supposed to be the scholar of Zaleucus, 64

Child, how to be managed when first born, 235; should be taught nothing till he is five years old, 235; how then to be educated, 236

Children, the proper government of, 22; what their proper virtues, 23; what they are usually taught, 240

Cities, how governed at first, 3; what, 3; the work of nature, 3; prior in contemplation to a family, or an individual, 4

Citizen, who is one? 66, 68; should know both how to command and obey, 73

Citizens must have some things in common, 26; should be exempted from servile labour, 51; privileges different in different governments, 68; if illegally made, whether illegal, 69; who admitted to be, 75; in the best states ought not to follow merchandise, 216

City, may be too much one, 27, 35; what, 66, 82; when it continues the same, 70; for whose sake established, 76; its end, 83; of what parts made up, 113; best composed of equals, 126

City of the best form, what its establishment ought to be, 149; wherein its greatness consists, 149; may be either too large or too small, 209; what should be its situation, 211; whether proper near the sea, 211; ought to be divided by families into different sorts of men, 218

City and confederacy, their difference, 37; wherein it should be one, 27

Command amongst equals should be in rotation, 101

Common meals not well established at Lacedaemon-well at Crete, 56; the model from whence the Lacedaemonian was taken, 56; inferior to it in some respects, 56

Community, its recommendations deceitful, 34; into what people it may be divided, 194

Community of children, 29, 30; inconveniences attending it, 31

Community of goods, its inconveniences, 28; destructive of modesty and liberality, 34

Community of wives, its inconveniences, 27

Contempt a cause of sedition, 146

Courage of a man different from a woman's, 74

Courts, how many there ought to be, 140

Courts of justice should be few in a small state, 192

Cretan customs similar to the Lacedasmonian, 57; assembly open to every citizen, 58

Cretans, their power, 58; their public meals, how conducted 58

Crete, the government of, 57; description of the island of 57

Customs at Carthage, Lacedaemon, and amongst the Scythians and Iberians, concerning those who had killed an enemy, 204, 205

Dadalus's statues, 6.

Delphos, an account of a sedition there, 150

Demagogues, their influence in a democracy, 116.

Democracies, arose out of tyrannies, 100; whence they arose, 142; when changed into tyrannies, 153; their different sorts, 184, 188; general rules for their establishment, 185; should not be made too perfect, 191

Democracy, what, 79, 80; its definition, 112, 113; different sorts of, 115, 118; its object, 122; how subverted in the Isle of Cos, 152

Democracy and aristocracy, how they may be blended together, 163

Democratical state, its foundation, 184

Despotic power absurd, 205

Dion, his noble resolution, 171

Dionysius, his taxes, 175

Dissolution of kingdoms and tyrannies, 169

Domestic employments of men and women different, 74

Domestic government, its object, 77

Domestic society the first, 3

Draco, 65

Dyrrachium, government of, 101

Economy and money-getting, difference, 17

Education necessary for the happiness of the city, 90; of all things most necessary to preserve the state, 166; what it ought to be, 166; the objects of it, 228, 229; should be taken care of by the magistrate, and correspond to the nature of government, 238; should be a common care, and regulated by laws, 238

Employment, one to be allotted to one person in an extensive government, 136

Employments in the state, how to be disposed of, 88-90; whether all should be open to all, 216

Ephialtes abridges the power of the senate of Areopagus, 63

Ephori, at Sparta, their power too great, 54; improperly chosen, 54; flattered by their kings, 54; the supreme judges, 55; manner of life too indulgent, 55

Epidamnus, an account of a revolution there, 150

Equality, how twofold, 143; in a democracy, how to be procured, 186

Euripides quoted, 72

Family government, of what it consists, 5

Father should not be too young, 232

Females and slaves, wherein they differ, 2; why upon a level amongst barbarians, 3

Forfeitures, how to be applied, 192

Fortune improper pretension for power, 91

Freemen in general, what power they ought to have, 86

Free state treated of, 121; how it arises out of a democracy and oligarchy, 122, 123

Friendship weakened by a community of children, 31

General, the office of, how to be disposed of, 98

Gods, why supposed subject to kingly government, 3

Good, relative to man, how divided, 201

Good and evil, the perception of, necessary to form a family and a city, 4

Good fortune something different from happiness, 202

Government should continue as much as possible in the same hands, 28; in what manner it should be in rotation, 28; what, 66; which best, of a good man or good laws, 98; good, to what it should owe its preservation, 124; what the best, 225

Government of the master over the slave sometimes reciprocally useful, ii

Governments, how different from each other, 67; whether more than one form should be established, 76; should endeavour to prevent others from being too powerful-- instances of it, 93; how compared to music, in; in general, to what they owe their preservation, 160

Governments, political, regal, family, and servile, their difference from each other, i

Governors and governed, whether their virtues are the same or different, 23; whether they should be the same persons or different, 227

Grecians, their superiority over other people, 213

Guards of a king natives, 96,168; of a tyrant foreigners, 96, 168

Gymnastic exercises, when to be performed, 223; how far they should be made a part of education, 242, 243

Happiness, wherein it consists, 207

Happy life, where most likely to be found, 202

Harmony, whether all kinds of it are to be used in education, 251

Helots troublesome to the Lacedaemonians, 87

Herdsmen compose the second-best democracy, 189

Hippodamus, an account of, 46; his plan of government, 46, 47: objected to, 47, 48

Homer quoted, 95, 116

Honours, an inequality of, occasions seditions, 44

Horse most suitable to an oligarchy, 195

Houses, private, their best form, 221

Human flesh devoured by some nations, 242

Husbandmen compose the best democracy, 189; will choose to govern according to law, 118

Husbandry, art of, whether part of money-getting, 13

Instruments, their difference from each other, 6; wherein they differ from possessions, 6

Italy, its ancient boundary, 218

Jason's declaration, 72

Judge should not act as an arbitrator, 48, 49; which is best for an individual, or the people in general, 98, 99

Judges, many better than one, 102; of whom to consist, 102; how many different sorts are necessary, 141

Judicial part of government, how to be divided, 140

Jurymen, particular powers sometimes appointed to that office, 68

Justice, what, 88; the course of, impeded in Crete, 59; different in different situations, 74

King, from whom to be chosen 60; the guardian of his people 168

King's children, what to be done with, 100

King's power, what it should be 100; when unequal, 143

Kingdom, what, 78

Kingdoms, their object, 167; how bestowed, 168; causes of their dissolution, 173; how preserved, 173

Kingly government in the heroic times, what, 96

Kingly power regulated by the laws at Sparta in peace, 95; absolute in war, 95

Kings formerly in Crete, 58; their power afterwards devolved to the kosmoi, 58; method of electing them at Carthage, 60

Knowledge of the master and slave different from each other, ii

Kosmoi, the power of, 58; their number, 58; wherein inferior to the ephori, 58; allowed to resign their office before their time is elapsed, 59

Lacedamonian customs similar to the Cretan, 57

Lacedaemonian government much esteemed, 41; the faults of it, 53-56; calculated only for war, 56; how composed of a democracy and oligarchy, 124

Lacedaemonian revenue badly raised, 56, 57

Lacedaemonians, wherein they admit things to be common, 33

Land should be divided into two parts, 219

Law makes one man a slave, another free, 6; whether just or not, 9; at Thebes respecting tradesmen, 75; nothing should be done contrary to it, 160

Law and government, their difference, 107, 108

Laws, when advantageous to alter them, 49,50, 52; of every state will be like the state, 88; whom they should be calculated for, 92; decide better than men, 101; moral preferable to written, 102; must sometimes bend to ancient customs, 117; should be framed to the state, 107; the same suit not all governments, 108

Legislator ought to know not only what is best, but what is practical, n

Legislators should fix a proper medium in property, 46

Liberty, wherein it partly consists, 184, 185

Life, happy, owing to a course of virtue, 125; how divided, 228

Locrians forbid men to sell their property, 43

Lycophron's account of law, 82

Lycurgus gave over reducing the women to obedience, 53; made it infamous for any one to sell his possessions, 53; some of his laws censured, 54; spent much time at Crete, 57; supposed to be the scholar of Thales, 64

Lysander wanted to abolish the kingly power in Sparta, 143

Magistrate, to whom that name is properly given, 136

Magistrates, when they make the state incline to an oligarchy, 61; when to an aristocracy, 61; at Athens, from whom to be chosen, 64; to determine those causes which the law cannot be applied to, 88; whether their power is to be the same, or different in different communities, 137; how they differ from each other, 138; in those who appoint them, 138; should be continued but a short time in democracies, 161; how to be chosen in a democracy, 185; different sorts and employments, 196

Making and using, their difference, 6

Malienses, their form of government, 131

Man proved to be a political animal, 4; has alone a perception of good and evil, 4; without law and justice the worst of beings, 5

Master, power of, whence it arises, as some think, 5

Matrimony, when to be engaged in, 232

Meals, common, established in Crete and Italy, 218; expense of, should be defrayed by the whole state, 219

Mechanic employments useful for citizens, 73

Mechanics, whether they should be allowed to be citizens, 74, 75; cannot acquire the practice of virtue, 75; admitted to be citizens in an oligarchy, 75

Medium of circumstances best, 126

Members of the community, their different pretences to the employments of the state, 90; what natural dispositions they ought to be of, 213

Men, some distinguished by nature for governors, others to be governed, 7; their different modes of living, 13; worthy three ways, 226

Merchandise, three different ways of carrying it on, 20

Middle rank of men make the best citizens, 127; most conducive to the preservation of the state, 128; should be particularly attended to by the legislators, 130

Military, how divided, 194

Mitylene, an account of a dispute there, 150

Monarch, absolute, 100

Monarchies, their nature, 95, 96; sometimes elective, 95; sometimes hereditary, 95; whence they sometimes arise, 146; causes of corruption in them, 167; how preserved, 173

Money, how it made its way into commerce, 16; first weighed, 16; afterwards stamped, 16; its value dependent on agreement, 16; how gained by exchange, 19

Money--getting considered at large, 17, 18

Monopolising gainful, 21; sometimes practised by cities, 21

Monopoly of iron in Sicily, a remarkable instance of the profit of it, 21

Music, how many species of it, in; why a part of education, 240; how far it should be taught, 242, 243; professors of it considered as mean people, 244; imitates the disposition of the mind, 246; improves our manners, 246; Lydian, softens the mind, 247; pieces of, difficult in their execution, not to be taught to children, 249

Nature requires equality amongst equals, 101

Naval power should be regulated by the strength of the city, 212

Necessary parts of a city, what, 215

Nobles, the difference between them, no; should take care of the poor, 193

Oath, an improper one in an oligarchy, 166

Officers of state, who they ought to be, 135; how long to continue, 135; who to choose them, 136

Offices, distinction between them, 67; when subversive of the rights of the people, 130

Offspring, an instance of the likeness of, to the sire, 30

Oligarchies arise where the strength of the state consists in horse, no; whence they arose, 142

Oligarchy admits not hired servants to be citizens, 75; its object, 79; what, 79, 81; its definition, 112; different sorts of, 117, 119; its object, 122; how it ought to be founded, 195

Onomacritus supposed to have drawn up laws, 64

Ostracism, why established, 93, 146; its power, 93; a weapon in the hand of sedition, 94

Painting, why it should be made a part of education, 241

Particulars, five, in which the rights of the people will be undermined, 130

Pausanias wanted to abolish the ephori, 143

People, how they should be made one, 35; of Athens assume upon their victory over the Medes, 64; what best to submit to a kingly government, 104; to an aristocratic, 104; to a free state, 104; should be allowed the power of pardoning, not of condemning, 135

Periander's advice to Thrasy-bulus, 93, 169

Pericles introduces the paying of those who attended the court of justice, 64

Philolaus, a Theban legislator, quits his native country, 64

Phocea, an account of a dispute there, 150

Physician, his business, 86

Physicians, their mode of practice in Egypt, 98; when ill consult others, 102

Pittacus, 65

Plato censured, 180

Poor excused from bearing arms and from gymnastic exercises in an oligarchy, 131; paid for attending the public assemblies in a democracy, 131

Power of the master, its object, 77

Power, supreme, where it ought to be lodged, 84; why with the many, 85, 87

Powers of a state, different methods of delegating them to the citizens, 132-134

Preadvisers, court of, 135

Priesthood, to whom to be allotted, 217

Prisoners of war, whether they may be justly made slaves, 9

Private property not regulated the source of sedition, 42; Phaleas would have it equal, 42; how Phaleas would correct the irregularities of it, 43; Plato would allow a certain difference in it, 43

Property, its nature, 12; how it should be regulated, 32, 33; the advantages of having it private, 34; what quantity the public ought to have, 44; ought not to be common, 219

Public assemblies, when subversive of the liberties of the people, 130

Public money, how to be divided, 193

Qualifications necessary for those who are to fill the first departments in government, 164

Quality of a city, what meant by it, 129

Quantity, 129

Rest and peace the proper objects of the legislator, 230

Revolutions in a democracy, whence they arise, 152; in an oligarchy, 156

Rich fined in an oligarchy for not bearing arms and attending the gymnastic exercises, 131; receive nothing for attending the public assemblies in a democracy, 131

Rights of a citizen, whether advantageous or not, 203

Seditions sometimes prevented by equality, 45; their causes, 144-146; how to be prevented, 163

Senate suits a democracy, 185

Shepherds compose the second-best democracy, 189

Slave, his nature and use, 6; a chattel, 7; by law, how, 9

Slavery not founded in nature but law, as some think, 6

Slaves, an inquiry into the virtues they are capable of, 23; difficult to manage properly, 51; their different sorts, 73

Society necessary to man, 77

Society, civil, the greatest blessing to man, 4; different from a commercial intercourse, 82

Socrates, his mistakes on government, Book II. passim; his division of the inhabitants, 38; would have the women go to war, 38; Aristotle's opinion of his discourses, 38; his city would require a country of immeasurable extent, 39; his comparison of the human species to different kinds of metals, 40; his account of the different orders of men in a city imperfect, 3

Sojourners, their situation, 66

Solon's opinion of riches, 14; law for restraining property, 43; alters the Athenian government, 63

Soul by nature the governor over the body, and in what manner, 8; of man how divided, 228, 231

Speech a proof that man was formed for society, 4

State, each, consists of a great number of parts, 109; its disproportionate increase the cause of revolutions, 147; firm, what, 159

Stealing, how to be prevented, 44

Submission to government, when it is slavery, 206

Supreme power should be ultimately vested in the laws, 101

Syracuse, the government of, languid, 151

Temperance in a man different from a woman, 74

Temples, how to be built, 223

Thales, his contrivance to get money, 21; supposed to be the companion of Onomacritus, 64

Things necessary to be known for the management of domestic affairs, 19, 20; necessary in the position of a city, 220

Tribunals, what different things they should have under their jurisdictions, 137

Tyrannies, how established, 168; how preserved, 174, 176; of short duration, 180; instances thereof, 180

Tyranny, what, 79; not natural, 103; whence it arises, 108; treated of, 124; contains all that is bad in all governments, 125

Tyrant, from whom usually chosen, 167; his object, 168; his guards, 168

Tyrants, many of them originally enjoyed only kingly power, 168; the causes of their being conspired against, 169, 170; always love the worst of men, 175

Uses of possessions, two, 15

Usury detested, 19

Venality to be guarded against, IDS

Village, what, 3

Virtue of a citizen has reference to the state, 71; different in different governments, 71

Virtues different in different persons, 23, 24; whether the same constitute a good man and a valuable citizen, 71

Walls necessary for a city, 222

War, what is gained by it in some degree a natural acquisition, 14; not a final end, 205, 229

Wife, the proper government of, 22

Women, what their proper virtue, 23; not to be indulged in improper liberties, 52; had great influence at Lacedaemon, 52; of great disservice to the Lacedemonians, 52; why indulged by them, 53; their proper time of marrying, 233; how to be managed when with child, 234

Zaleucus, legislator of the Western Locrians, 64; supposed to be the scholar of Thales, 64

==========

Untitled

Aristotle

Project Gutenberg Release: October 01, 2004 · eBook #6762

Produced by Eric Eldred

A TREATISE ON GOVERNMENT

By Aristotle

Translated From The Greek Of Aristotle By William Ellis, A.M.

London & Toronto Published By J M Dent & Sons Ltd. & In New York By E. P. Dutton &. Co

First Issue Of This Edition 1912 Reprinted 1919, 1923, 1928

INTRODUCTION

The Politics of Aristotle is the second part of a treatise of which the Ethics is the first part. It looks back to the Ethics as the Ethics looks forward to the Politics. For Aristotle did not separate, as we are inclined to do, the spheres of the statesman and the moralist. In the Ethics he has described the character necessary for the good life, but that life is for him essentially to be lived in society, and when in the last chapters of the Ethics he comes to the practical application of his inquiries, that finds expression not in moral exhortations addressed to the individual but in a description of the legislative opportunities of the statesman. It is the legislator's task to frame a society which shall make the good life possible. Politics for Aristotle is not a struggle between individuals or classes for power, nor a device for getting done such elementary tasks as the maintenance of order and security without too great encroachments on individual liberty. The state is "a community of well-being in families and aggregations of families for the sake of a perfect and self-sufficing life." The legislator is a craftsman whose material is society and whose aim is the good life.

In an early dialogue of Plato's, the Protagoras, Socrates asks Protagoras why it is not as easy to find teachers of virtue as it is to find teachers of swordsmanship, riding, or any other art. Protagoras' answer is that there are no special teachers of virtue, because virtue is taught by the whole community. Plato and Aristotle both accept the view of moral education implied in this answer. In a passage of the Republic (492 b) Plato repudiates the notion that the sophists have a corrupting moral influence upon young men. The public themselves, he says, are the real sophists and the most complete and thorough educators. No private education can hold out against the irresistible force of public opinion and the ordinary moral standards of society. But that makes it all the more essential that public opinion and social environment should not be left to grow up at haphazard as they ordinarily do, but should be made by the wise legislator the expression of the good and be informed in all their details by his knowledge. The legislator is the only possible teacher of virtue.

Such a programme for a treatise on government might lead us to expect in the Politics mainly a description of a Utopia or ideal state which might inspire poets or philosophers but have little direct effect upon political institutions. Plato's Republic is obviously impracticable, for its author had turned away in despair from existing politics. He has no proposals, in that dialogue at least, for making the best of things as they are. The first lesson his philosopher has to learn is to turn away from this world of becoming and decay, and to look upon the unchanging eternal world of ideas. Thus his ideal city is, as he says, a pattern laid up in heaven by which the just man may rule his life, a pattern therefore in the meantime for the individual and not for the statesman. It is a city, he admits in the Laws, for gods or the children of gods, not for men as they are.

Aristotle has none of the high enthusiasm or poetic imagination of Plato. He is even unduly impatient of Plato's idealism, as is shown by the criticisms in the second book. But he has a power to see the possibilities of good in things that are imperfect, and the patience of the true politician who has learned that if he would make men what they ought to be, he must take them as he finds them. His ideal is constructed not of pure reason or poetry, but from careful and sympathetic study of a wide range of facts. His criticism of Plato in the light of history, in Book II. chap, v., though as a criticism it is curiously inept, reveals his own attitude admirably: "Let us remember that we should not disregard the experience of ages; in the multitude of years, these things, if they

were good, would certainly not have been unknown; for almost everything has been found out, although sometimes they are not put together; in other cases men do not use the knowledge which they have." Aristotle in his Constitutions had made a study of one hundred and fifty-eight constitutions of the states of his day, and the fruits of that study are seen in the continual reference to concrete political experience, which makes the Politics in some respects a critical history of the workings of the institutions of the Greek city state. In Books IV., V., and VI. the ideal state seems far away, and we find a dispassionate survey of imperfect states, the best ways of preserving them, and an analysis of the causes of their instability. It is as though Aristotle were saying: "I have shown you the proper and normal type of constitution, but if you will not have it and insist on living under a perverted form, you may as well know how to make the best of it." In this way the Politics, though it defines the state in the light of its ideal, discusses states and institutions as they are. Ostensibly it is merely a continuation of the Ethics, but it comes to treat political questions from a purely political standpoint.

This combination of idealism and respect for the teachings of experience constitutes in some ways the strength and value of the Politics, but it also makes it harder to follow. The large nation states to which we are accustomed make it difficult for us to think that the state could be constructed and modelled to express the good life. We can appreciate Aristotle's critical analysis of constitutions, but find it hard to take seriously his advice to the legislator. Moreover, the idealism and the empiricism of the Politics are never really reconciled by Aristotle himself.

It may help to an understanding of the Politics if something is said on those two points.

We are accustomed since the growth of the historical method to the belief that states are "not made but grow," and are apt to be impatient with the belief which Aristotle and Plato show in the powers of the lawgiver. But however true the maxim may be of the modern nation state, it was not true of the much smaller and more self-conscious Greek city. When Aristotle talks of the legislator, he is not talking in the air. Students of the Academy had been actually called on to give new constitutions to Greek states. For the Greeks the constitution was not merely as it is so often with us, a matter of political machinery. It was regarded as a way of life. Further, the constitution within the framework of which the ordinary process of administration and passing of decrees went on, was always regarded as the work of a special man or body of men, the lawgivers. If we study Greek history, we find that the position of the legislator corresponds to that assigned to him by Plato and Aristotle. All Greek states, except those perversions which Aristotle criticises as being "above law," worked under rigid constitutions, and the constitution was only changed when the whole people gave a commission to a lawgiver to draw up a new one. Such was the position of the AEsumnetes, whom Aristotle describes in Book III. chap, xiv., in earlier times, and of the pupils of the Academy in the fourth century. The lawgiver was not an ordinary politician. He was a state doctor, called in to prescribe for an ailing constitution. So Herodotus recounts that when the people of Cyrene asked the oracle of Delphi to help them in their dissensions, the oracle told them to go to Mantinea, and the Mantineans lent them Demonax, who acted as a "setter straight" and drew up a new constitution for Cyrene. So again the Milesians, Herodotus tells us, were long troubled by civil discord, till they asked help from Paros, and the Parians sent ten commissioners who gave Miletus a new constitution. So the Athenians, when they were founding their model new colony at Thurii, employed Hippodamus of Miletus, whom Aristotle mentions in Book II, as the best expert in town-planning, to plan the streets of the city, and Protagoras as the best expert in law-making, to give the city its laws. In the Laws Plato represents one of the persons of the dialogue as having been asked by the people of Gortyna to draw up laws for a colony which they were founding. The situation described must have occurred frequently in actual life. The Greeks thought administration should be democratic and law-making the work of experts. We think more naturally of law-making as the special right of the people and administration as necessarily confined to experts.

Aristotle's Politics, then, is a handbook for the legislator, the expert who is to be called in when a state wants help. We have called him a state doctor. It is one of the most marked characteristics of Greek political theory that Plato and Aristotle think of the statesman as one who has knowledge of what ought to be done, and can help those who call him in to prescribe for them, rather than one who has power to control the forces of society. The desire of society for the statesman's advice is taken for granted, Plato in the Republic says that a good constitution is only possible when the ruler does not want to rule; where men contend for power, where they have not learnt to distinguish between the art of getting hold of the helm of state and the art of steering, which alone is statesmanship, true politics is impossible.

With this position much that Aristotle has to say about government is in agreement. He assumes the characteristic Platonic view that all men seek the good, and go wrong through ignorance, not through evil will, and so he naturally regards the state as a community which exists for the sake of the good life. It is in the state that that common seeking after the good which is the profoundest truth about men and nature becomes explicit and knows itself. The state is for Aristotle prior to the family and the village, although it succeeds them in time, for only when the state with its conscious organisation is reached can man understand

the secret of his past struggles after something he knew not what. If primitive society is understood in the light of the state, the state is understood in the light of its most perfect form, when the good after which all societies are seeking is realised in its perfection. Hence for Aristotle as for Plato, the natural state or the state as such is the ideal state, and the ideal state is the starting-point of political inquiry.

In accordance with the same line of thought, imperfect states, although called perversions, are regarded by Aristotle as the result rather of misconception and ignorance than of perverse will. They all represent, he says, some kind of justice. Oligarchs and democrats go wrong in their conception of the good. They have come short of the perfect state through misunderstanding of the end or through ignorance of the proper means to the end. But if they are states at all, they embody some common conception of the good, some common aspirations of all their members.

The Greek doctrine that the essence of the state consists in community of purpose is the counterpart of the notion often held in modern times that the essence of the state is force. The existence of force is for Plato and Aristotle a sign not of the state but of the state's failure. It comes from the struggle between conflicting misconceptions of the good. In so far as men conceive the good rightly they are united. The state represents their common agreement, force their failure to make that agreement complete. The cure, therefore, of political ills is knowledge of the good life, and the statesman is he who has such knowledge, for that alone can give men what they are always seeking.

If the state is the organisation of men seeking a common good, power and political position must be given to those who can forward this end. This is the principle expressed in Aristotle's account of political justice, the principle of "tools to those who can use them." As the aim of the state is differently conceived, the qualifications for government will vary. In the ideal state power will be given to the man with most knowledge of the good; in other states to the men who are most truly capable of achieving that end which the citizens have set themselves to pursue. The justest distribution of political power is that in which there is least waste of political ability.

Further, the belief that the constitution of a state is only the outward expression of the common aspirations and beliefs of its members, explains the paramount political importance which Aristotle assigns to education. It is the great instrument by which the legislator can ensure that the future citizens of his state will share those common beliefs which make the state possible. The Greeks with their small states had a far clearer apprehension than we can have of the dependence of a constitution upon the people who have to work it.

Such is in brief the attitude in which Aristotle approaches political problems, but in working out its application to men and institutions as they are, Aristotle admits certain compromises which are not really consistent with it.

1. Aristotle thinks of membership of a state as community in pursuit of the good. He wishes to confine membership in it to those who are capable of that pursuit in the highest and most explicit manner. His citizens, therefore, must be men of leisure, capable of rational thought upon the end of life. He does not recognise the significance of that less conscious but deep-seated membership of the state which finds its expression in loyalty and patriotism. His definition of citizen includes only a small part of the population of any Greek city. He is forced to admit that the state is not possible without the co-operation of men whom he will not admit to membership in it, either because they are not capable of sufficient rational appreciation of political ends, like the barbarians whom he thought were natural slaves, or because the leisure necessary for citizenship can only be gained by the work of the artisans who by that very work make themselves incapable of the life which they make possible for others. "The artisan only attains excellence in proportion as he becomes a slave," and the slave is only a living instrument of the good life. He exists for the state, but the state does not exist for him.

2. Aristotle in his account of the ideal state seems to waver between two ideals. There is the ideal of an aristocracy and the ideal of what he calls constitutional government, a mixed constitution. The principle of "tools to those who can use them" ought to lead him, as it does Plato, to an aristocracy. Those who have complete knowledge of the good must be few, and therefore Plato gave entire power in his state into the hands of the small minority of philosopher guardians. It is in accordance with this principle that Aristotle holds that kingship is the proper form of government when there is in the state one man of transcendent virtue. At the same time, Aristotle always holds that absolute government is not properly political, that government is not like the rule of a shepherd over his sheep, but the rule of equals over equals. He admits that the democrats are right in insisting that equality is a necessary element in the state, though he thinks they do not admit the importance of other equally necessary elements. Hence he comes to say that ruling and being ruled over by turns is an essential feature of constitutional government, which he admits as an alternative to

aristocracy. The end of the state, which is to be the standard of the distribution of political power, is conceived sometimes as a good for the apprehension and attainment of which "virtue" is necessary and sufficient (this is the principle of aristocracy), and sometimes as a more complex good, which needs for its attainment not only "virtue" but wealth and equality. This latter conception is the principle on which the mixed constitution is based. This in its distribution of political power gives some weight to "virtue," some to wealth, and some to mere number. But the principle of "ruling and being ruled by turns" is not really compatible with an unmodified principle of "tools to those who can use them." Aristotle is right in seeing that political government demands equality, not in the sense that all members of the state should be equal in ability or should have equal power, but in the sense that none of them can properly be regarded simply as tools with which the legislator works, that each has a right to say what will be made of his own life. The analogy between the legislator and the craftsman on which Plato insists, breaks down because the legislator is dealing with men like himself, men who can to some extent conceive their own end in life and cannot be treated merely as means to the end of the legislator. The sense of the value of "ruling and being ruled in turn" is derived from the experience that the ruler may use his power to subordinate the lives of the citizens of the state not to the common good but to his own private purposes. In modern terms, it is a simple, rough-and-ready attempt to solve that constant problem of politics, how efficient government is to be combined with popular control. This problem arises from the imperfection of human nature, apparent in rulers as well as in ruled, and if the principle which attempts to solve it be admitted as a principle of importance in the formation of the best constitution, then the starting-point of politics will be man's actual imperfection, not his ideal nature. Instead, then, of beginning with a state which would express man's ideal nature, and adapting it as well as may be to man's actual shortcomings from that ideal, we must recognise that the state and all political machinery are as much the expression of man's weakness as of his ideal possibilities. The state is possible only because men have common aspirations, but government, and political power, the existence of officials who are given authority to act in the name of the whole state, are necessary because men's community is imperfect, because man's social nature expresses itself in conflicting ways, in the clash of interests, the rivalry of parties, and the struggle of classes, instead of in the united seeking after a common good. Plato and Aristotle were familiar with the legislator who was called in by the whole people, and they tended therefore to take the general will or common consent of the people for granted. Most political questions are concerned with the construction and expression of the general will, and with attempts to ensure that the political machinery made to express the general will shall not be exploited for private or sectional ends.

Aristotle's mixed constitution springs from a recognition of sectional interests in the state. For the proper relation between the claims of "virtue," wealth, and numbers is to be based not upon their relative importance in the good life, but upon the strength of the parties which they represent. The mixed constitution is practicable in a state where the middle class is strong, as only the middle class can mediate between the rich and the poor. The mixed constitution will be stable if it represents the actual balance of power between different classes in the state. When we come to Aristotle's analysis of existing constitutions, we find that while he regards them as imperfect approximations to the ideal, he also thinks of them as the result of the struggle between classes. Democracy, he explains, is the government not of the many but of the poor; oligarchy a government not of the few but of the rich. And each class is thought of, not as trying to express an ideal, but as struggling to acquire power or maintain its position. If ever the class existed in unredeemed nakedness, it was in the Greek cities of the fourth century, and its existence is abundantly recognised by Aristotle. His account of the causes of revolutions in Book V. shows how far were the existing states of Greece from the ideal with which he starts. His analysis of the facts forces him to look upon them as the scene of struggling factions. The causes of revolutions are not described as primarily changes in the conception of the common good, but changes in the military or economic power of the several classes in the state. The aim which he sets before oligarchs or democracies is not the good life, but simple stability or permanence of the existing constitution.

With this spirit of realism which pervades Books IV., V., and VI. the idealism of Books I., II., VII., and VIII. is never reconciled. Aristotle is content to call existing constitutions perversions of the true form. But we cannot read the Politics without recognising and profiting from the insight into the nature of the state which is revealed throughout. Aristotle's failure does not lie in this, that he is both idealist and realist, but that he keeps these two tendencies too far apart. He thinks too much of his ideal state, as something to be reached once for all by knowledge, as a fixed type to which actual states approximate or from which they are perversions. But if we are to think of actual politics as intelligible in the light of the ideal, we must think of that ideal as progressively revealed in history, not as something to be discovered by turning our back on experience and having recourse to abstract reasoning. If we stretch forward from what exists to an ideal, it is to a better which may be in its turn transcended, not to a single immutable best. Aristotle found in the society of his time men who were not capable of political reflection, and who, as he thought, did their best work under superintendence. He therefore called them natural slaves. For, according to Aristotle, that is a man's natural condition in which he does his best work. But Aristotle also thinks of nature as something fixed and immutable; and therefore sanctions the institution of

slavery, which assumes that what men are that they will always be, and sets up an artificial barrier to their ever becoming anything else. We see in Aristotle's defence of slavery how the conception of nature as the ideal can have a debasing influence upon views of practical politics. His high ideal of citizenship offers to those who can satisfy its claims the prospect of a fair life; those who fall short are deemed to be different in nature and shut out entirely from approach to the ideal.

A. D. LINDSAY.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

First edition of works (with omission of Rhetorica, Poetica, and second book of OEconomica), 5 vols. by Aldus Manutius, Venice, 1495-8; re-impression supervised by Erasmus and with certain corrections by Grynaeus (including Rhetorica and Poetica), 1531, 1539, revised 1550; later editions were followed by that of Immanuel Bekker and Brandis (Greek and Latin), 5 vols. The 5th vol. contains the Index by Bonitz, 1831-70; Didot edition (Greek and Latin), 5 vols. 1848-74.

ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS: Edited by T. Taylor, with Porphyry's Introduction, 9 vols., 1812; under editorship of J. A. Smith and W. D. Ross, 1908.

Later editions of separate works:

De Anima: Torstrik, 1862; Trendelenburg, 2nd edition, 1877, with English translation, E. Wallace, 1882; Biehl, 1884, 1896; with English, R. D. Hicks, 1907.

Ethica: J. S. Brewer (Nicomachean), 1836; W. E. Jelf, 1856; J. E. T. Rogers, 1865; A. Grant, 1857-8, 1866, 1874, 1885; E. Moore, 1871, 1878, 4th edition, 1890; Ramsauer (Nicomachean), 1878, Susemihl, 1878, 1880, revised by O. Apelt, 1903; A. Grant, 1885; I. Bywater (Nicomachean), 1890; J. Burnet, 1900.

Historia Animalium: Schneider, 1812; Aubert and Wimmer, 1860, Dittmeyer, 1907.

Metaphysica: Schwegler, 1848; W. Christ, 1899.

Organon: Waitz, 1844-6.

Poetica: Vahlen, 1867, 1874, with Notes by E. Moore, 1875; with English translation by E. R. Wharton, 1883, 1885; Uberweg, 1870, 1875; with German translation, Susemihl, 1874; Schmidt, 1875; Christ, 1878; I. Bywater, 1898; T. G. Tucker, 1899.

De Republics, Atheniensium: Text and facsimile of Papyrus, F. G. Kenyon, 1891, 3rd edition, 1892; Kaibel and Wilamowitz--Moel-lendorf, 1891, 3rd edition, 1898; Van Herwerden and Leeuwen (from Kenyon's text), 1891; Blass, 1892, 1895, 1898, 1903; J. E. Sandys, 1893.

Politica: Susemihl, 1872; with German, 1878, 3rd edition, 1882; Susemihl and Hicks, 1894, etc.; O. Immisch, 1909.

Physica: C. Prantl, 1879.

Rhetorica: Stahr, 1862; Sprengel (with Latin text), 1867; Cope and Sandys, 1877; Roemer, 1885, 1898.

ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS OF ONE OR MORE WORKS: De Anima (with Parva Naturalia), by W. A. Hammond, 1902. Ethica: Of Morals to Nicomachus, by E. Pargiter, 1745; with Politica, by J. Gillies, 1797, 1804, 1813; with Rhetorica and Poetica, by T. Taylor, 1818, and later editions. Nicomachean Ethics, 1819; mainly from text of Bekker, by D. P. Chase, 1847; revised 1861, and later editions with an introductory essay by G. H. Lewes (Camelot Classics), 1890; re-edited by J. M. Mitchell (New Universal Library), 1906, 1910; with an introductory essay by Prof. J.H. Smith (Everyman's Library), 1911; by R.W.Browne (Bohn's Classical Library), 1848, etc.; by R. Williams, 1869, 1876; by W. M. Hatch and others (with translation of paraphrase attributed to Andronicus of Rhodes), edited by E. Hatch, 1879; by F, H. Peters, 1881; J. E. C. Welldon, 1892; J. Gillies (Lubbock's Hundred Books), 1893. Historia Animalium, by R. Creswell (Bohn's Classical Library), 1848; with Treatise on Physiognomy, by T. Taylor, 1809. Metaphysica, by T. Taylor, 1801; by J. H. M'Mahon (Bohn's Classical Library), 1848. Organon, with Porphyry's Introduction, by O. F. Owen (Bohn's Classical Library), 1848. Posterior Analytics, E. Poste, 1850; E. S. Bourchier, 1901; On Fallacies, E. Poste, 1866. Parva Naturalia (Greek and English), by G. R. T. Ross, 1906; with De Anima, by W. A. Hammond, 1902. Youth and Old Age, Life and Death and Respiration, W. Ogle, 1897. Poetica, with Notes from the French of D'Acier, 1705; by H. J. Pye, 1788, 1792; T. Twining, 1789,1812, with Preface and Notes by H. Hamilton, 1851; Treatise on Rhetorica and Poetica, by T. Hobbes (Bohn's

Classical Library), 1850; by Wharton, 1883 (see Greek version), S. H. Butcher, 1895, 1898, 3rd edition, 1902; E. S. Bourchier, 1907; by Ingram Bywater, 1909. De Partibus Animalium, W. Ogle, 1882. De Republica Athenientium, by E. Poste, 1891; F. G. Kenyon, 1891; T. J. Dymes, 1891. De Virtutibus et Vitiis, by W. Bridgman, 1804. Politica, from the French of Regius, 1598; by W. Ellis, 1776, 1778, 1888 (Morley's Universal Library), 1893 (Lubbock's Hundred Books); by E. Walford (with AEconomics, and Life by Dr. Gillies) (Bohn's Classical Library), 1848; J. E. C. Welldon, 1883; B. Jowett, 1885; with Introduction and Index by H. W. C. Davis, 1905; Books i. iii. iv. (vii.) from Bekker's text by W. E. Bolland, with Introduction by A. Lang, 1877. Problemata (with writings of other philosophers), 1597, 1607, 1680, 1684, etc. Rhetorica: A summary by T. Hobbes, 1655 (?), new edition, 1759; by the translators of the Art of Thinking, 1686, 1816; by D. M. Crimmin, 1812; J. Gillies, 1823; Anon. 1847; J. E. C. Welldon, 1886; R. C. Jebb, with Introduction and Supplementary Notes by J. E. Sandys, 1909 (see under Poetica and Ethica). Secreta Secretorum (supposititious work), Anon. 1702; from the Hebrew version by M. Gaster, 1907, 1908. Version by Lydgate and Burgh, edited by R. Steele (E.E.T.S.), 1894, 1898.

LIFE, ETC.: J. W. Blakesley, 1839; A Crichton (Jardine's Naturalist's Library), 1843; J. S. Blackie, Four Phases of Morals, Socrates, Aristotle, etc., 1871; G. Grote, Aristotle, edited by A. Bain and G. C. Robertson, 1872, 1880; E. Wallace, Outlines of the Philosophy of Aristotle, 1875, 1880; A. Grant (Ancient Classics for English readers), 1877; T. Davidson, Aristotle and Ancient Educational Ideals (Great Educators), 1892.

A TREATISE ON GOVERNMENT

BOOK I

CHAPTER I

As we see that every city is a society, and every society Ed. is established for some good purpose; for an apparent [Bekker 1252a] good is the spring of all human actions; it is evident that this is the principle upon which they are every one founded, and this is more especially true of that which has for its object the best possible, and is itself the most excellent, and comprehends all the rest. Now this is called a city, and the society thereof a political society; for those who think that the principles of a political, a regal, a family, and a herile government are the same are mistaken, while they suppose that each of these differ in the numbers to whom their power extends, but not in their constitution: so that with them a herile government is one composed of a very few, a domestic of more, a civil and a regal of still more, as if there was no difference between a large family and a small city, or that a regal government and a political one are the same, only that in the one a single person is continually at the head of public affairs; in the other, that each member of the state has in his turn a share in the government, and is at one time a magistrate, at another a private person, according to the rules of political science. But now this is not true, as will be evident to any one who will consider this question in the most approved method. As, in an inquiry into every other subject, it is necessary to separate the different parts of which it is compounded, till we arrive at their first elements, which are the most minute parts thereof; so by the same proceeding we shall acquire a knowledge of the primary parts of a city and see wherein they differ from each other, and whether the rules of art will give us any assistance in examining into each of these things which are mentioned.

CHAPTER II

Now if in this particular science any one would attend to its original seeds, and their first shoot, he would then as in others have the subject perfectly before him; and perceive, in the first place, that it is requisite that those should be joined together whose species cannot exist without each other, as the male and the female, for the business of propagation; and this not through choice, but by that natural impulse which acts both upon plants and animals also, for the purpose of their leaving behind them others like themselves. It is also from natural causes that some beings command and others obey, that each may obtain their mutual safety; for a being who is endowed with a mind capable of reflection and forethought is by nature the superior and governor, whereas he whose excellence is merely corporeal is formect to be a slave; whence it follows that the different state of master [1252b] and slave is equally advantageous to both. But there is a natural difference between a female and a slave: for nature is not like the artists who make the Delphic swords for the use of the poor, but for every particular purpose she has her separate instruments, and thus her ends are most complete, for whatsoever is employed on one subject only, brings that one to much greater perfection than when employed on many; and yet among the barbarians, a female and a slave are upon a level in the community, the reason for which is, that amongst them there are none qualified by nature to govern, therefore their society can be nothing but between slaves of

different sexes. For which reason the poets say, it is proper for the Greeks to govern the barbarians, as if a barbarian and a slave were by nature one. Now of these two societies the domestic is the first, and Hesiod is right when he says, "First a house, then a wife, then an ox for the plough," for the poor man has always an ox before a household slave. That society then which nature has established for daily support is the domestic, and those who compose it are called by Charondas _homosipuoi_, and by Epimenides the Cretan _homokapnoi_; but the society of many families, which was first instituted for their lasting, mutual advantage, is called a village, and a village is most naturally composed of the descendants of one family, whom some persons call homogalaktes, the children and the children's children thereof: for which reason cities were originally governed by kings, as the barbarian states now are, which are composed of those who had before submitted to kingly government; for every family is governed by the elder, as are the branches thereof, on account of their relationship thereunto, which is what Homer says, "Each one ruled his wife and child;" and in this scattered manner they formerly lived. And the opinion which universally prevails, that the gods themselves are subject to kingly government, arises from hence, that all men formerly were, and many are so now; and as they imagined themselves to be made in the likeness of the gods, so they supposed their manner of life must needs be the same. And when many villages so entirely join themselves together as in every respect to form but one society, that society is a city, and contains in itself, if I may so speak, the end and perfection of government: first founded that we might live, but continued that we may live happily. For which reason every city must be allowed to be the work of nature, if we admit that the original society between male and female is; for to this as their end all subordinate societies tend, and the end of everything is the nature of it. For what every being is in its most perfect state, that certainly is the nature of that being, whether it be a man, a horse, or a house: besides, whatsoever produces the final cause and the end which we [1253a] desire, must be best; but a government complete in itself is that final cause and what is best. Hence it is evident that a city is a natural production, and that man is naturally a political animal, and that whosoever is naturally and not accidentally unfit for society, must be either inferior or superior to man: thus the man in Homer, who is reviled for being "without society, without law, without family." Such a one must naturally be of a quarrelsome disposition, and as solitary as the birds. The gift of speech also evidently proves that man is a more social animal than the bees, or any of the herding cattle: for nature, as we say, does nothing in vain, and man is the only animal who enjoys it. Voice indeed, as being the token of pleasure and pain, is imparted to others also, and thus much their nature is capable of, to perceive pleasure and pain, and to impart these sensations to others; but it is by speech that we are enabled to express what is useful for us, and what is hurtful, and of course what is just and what is unjust: for in this particular man differs from other animals, that he alone has a perception of good and evil, of just and unjust, and it is a participation of these common sentiments which forms a family and a city. Besides, the notion of a city naturally precedes that of a family or an individual, for the whole must necessarily be prior to the parts, for if you take away the whole man, you cannot say a foot or a hand remains, unless by equivocation, as supposing a hand of stone to be made, but that would only be a dead one; but everything is understood to be this or that by its energic qualities and powers, so that when these no longer remain, neither can that be said to be the same, but something of the same name. That a city then precedes an individual is plain, for if an individual is not in himself sufficient to compose a perfect government, he is to a city as other parts are to a whole; but he that is incapable of society, or so complete in himself as not to want it, makes no part of a city, as a beast or a god. There is then in all persons a natural impetus to associate with each other in this manner, and he who first founded civil society was the cause of the greatest good; for as by the completion of it man is the most excellent of all living beings, so without law and justice he would be the worst of all, for nothing is so difficult to subdue as injustice in arms: but these arms man is born with, namely, prudence and valour, which he may apply to the most opposite purposes, for he who abuses them will be the most wicked, the most cruel, the most lustful, and most gluttonous being imaginable; for justice is a political virtue, by the rules of it the state is regulated, and these rules are the criterion of what is right.

CHAPTER III

SINCE it is now evident of what parts a city is composed, it will be necessary to treat first of family government, for every city is made up of families, and every family [1253b] has again its separate parts of which it is composed. When a family is complete, it consists of freemen and slaves; but as in every subject we should begin with examining into the smallest parts of which it consists, and as the first and smallest parts of a family are the master and slave, the husband and wife, the father and child, let us first inquire into these three, what each of them may be, and what they ought to be; that is to say, the herile, the nuptial, and the paternal. Let these then be considered as the three distinct parts of a family: some think that the providing what is necessary for the family is something different from the government of it, others that this is the greatest part of it; it shall be considered separately; but we will first speak of a master and a slave, that we may both understand the nature of those things which are absolutely necessary, and also try if we can learn anything better on this subject than what is already known. Some persons have thought that the power

of the master over his slave originates from his superior knowledge, and that this knowledge is the same in the master, the magistrate, and the king, as we have already said; but others think that herile government is contrary to nature, and that it is the law which makes one man a slave and another free, but that in nature there is no difference; for which reason that power cannot be founded in justice, but in force.

CHAPTER IV

Since then a subsistence is necessary in every family, the means of procuring it certainly makes up part of the management of a family, for without necessaries it is impossible to live, and to live well. As in all arts which are brought to perfection it is necessary that they should have their proper instruments if they would complete their works, so is it in the art of managing a family: now of instruments some of them are alive, others inanimate; thus with respect to the pilot of the ship, the tiller is without life, the sailor is alive; for a servant is as an instrument in many arts. Thus property is as an instrument to living; an estate is a multitude of instruments; so a slave is an animated instrument, but every one that can minister of himself is more valuable than any other instrument; for if every instrument, at command, or from a preconception of its master's will, could accomplish its work (as the story goes of the statues of Daedalus; or what the poet tells us of the tripods of Vulcan, "that they moved of their own accord into the assembly of the gods "), the shuttle would then weave, and the lyre play of itself; nor would the architect want servants, or the [1254a] master slaves. Now what are generally called instruments are the efficients of something else, but possessions are what we simply use: thus with a shuttle we make something else for our use; but we only use a coat, or a bed: since then making and using differ from each other in species, and they both require their instruments, it is necessary that these should be different from each other. Now life is itself what we use, and not what we employ as the efficient of something else; for which reason the services of a slave are for use. A possession may be considered in the same nature as a part of anything; now a part is not only a part of something, but also is nothing else; so is a possession; therefore a master is only the master of the slave, but no part of him; but the slave is not only the slave of the master, but nothing else but that. This fully explains what is the nature of a slave, and what are his capacities; for that being who by nature is nothing of himself, but totally another's, and is a man, is a slave by nature; and that man who is the property of another, is his mere chattel, though he continues a man; but a chattel is an instrument for use, separate from the body.

CHAPTER V

But whether any person is such by nature, and whether it is advantageous and just for any one to be a slave or no, or whether all slavery is contrary to nature, shall be considered hereafter; not that it is difficult to determine it upon general principles, or to understand it from matters of fact; for that some should govern, and others be governed, is not only necessary but useful, and from the hour of their birth some are marked out for those purposes, and others for the other, and there are many species of both sorts. And the better those are who are governed the better also is the government, as for instance of man, rather than the brute creation: for the more excellent the materials are with which the work is finished, the more excellent certainly is the work; and wherever there is a governor and a governed, there certainly is some work produced; for whatsoever is composed of many parts, which jointly become one, whether conjunct or separate, evidently show the marks of governing and governed; and this is true of every living thing in all nature; nay, even in some things which partake not of life, as in music; but this probably would be a disquisition too foreign to our present purpose. Every living thing in the first place is composed of soul and body, of these the one is by nature the governor, the other the governed; now if we would know what is natural, we ought to search for it in those subjects in which nature appears most perfect, and not in those which are corrupted; we should therefore examine into a man who is most perfectly formed both in soul and body, in whom this is evident, for in the depraved and vicious the body seems [1254b] to rule rather than the soul, on account of their being corrupt and contrary to nature. We may then, as we affirm, perceive in an animal the first principles of herile and political government; for the soul governs the body as the master governs his slave; the mind governs the appetite with a political or a kingly power, which shows that it is both natural and advantageous that the body should be governed by the soul, and the pathetic part by the mind, and that part which is possessed of reason; but to have no ruling power, or an improper one, is hurtful to all; and this holds true not only of man, but of other animals also, for tame animals are naturally better than wild ones, and it is advantageous that both should be under subjection to man; for this is productive of their common safety: so is it naturally with the male and the female; the one is superior, the other inferior; the one governs, the other is governed; and the same rule must necessarily hold good with respect to all mankind. Those men therefore who are as much inferior to others as the body is to the soul, are to be thus disposed of, as the proper use of them is their bodies, in which their excellence consists; and if what I have said be true, they are slaves by nature, and it is advantageous to them to be always under government. He then is by nature formed a

slave who is qualified to become the chattel of another person, and on that account is so, and who has just reason enough to know that there is such a faculty, without being indued with the use of it; for other animals have no perception of reason, but are entirely guided by appetite, and indeed they vary very little in their use from each other; for the advantage which we receive, both from slaves and tame animals, arises from their bodily strength administering to our necessities; for it is the intention of nature to make the bodies of slaves and freemen different from each other, that the one should be robust for their necessary purposes, the others erect, useless indeed for what slaves are employed in, but fit for civil life, which is divided into the duties of war and peace; though these rules do not always take place, for slaves have sometimes the bodies of freemen, sometimes the souls; if then it is evident that if some bodies are as much more excellent than others as the statues of the gods excel the human form, every one will allow that the inferior ought to be slaves to the superior; and if this is true with respect to the body, it is still juster to determine in the same manner, when we consider the soul; though it is not so easy to perceive the beauty of [1255a] the soul as it is of the body. Since then some men are slaves by nature, and others are freemen, it is clear that where slavery is advantageous to any one, then it is just to make him a slave.

CHAPTER VI

But it is not difficult to perceive that those who maintain the contrary opinion have some reason on their side; for a man may become a slave two different ways; for he may be so by law also, and this law is a certain compact, by which whatsoever is taken in battle is adjudged to be the property of the conquerors: but many persons who are conversant in law call in question this pretended right, and say that it would be hard that a man should be compelled by violence to be the slave and subject of another who had the power to compel him, and was his superior in strength; and upon this subject, even of those who are wise, some think one way and some another; but the cause of this doubt and variety of opinions arises from hence, that great abilities, when accompanied with proper means, are generally able to succeed by force: for victory is always owing to a superiority in some advantageous circumstances; so that it seems that force never prevails but in consequence of great abilities. But still the dispute concerning the justice of it remains; for some persons think, that justice consists in benevolence, others think it just that the powerful should govern: in the midst of these contrary opinions, there are no reasons sufficient to convince us, that the right of being master and governor ought not to be placed with those who have the greatest abilities. Some persons, entirely resting upon the right which the law gives (for that which is legal is in some respects just), insist upon it that slavery occasioned by war is just, not that they say it is wholly so, for it may happen that the principle upon which the wars were commenced is unjust; moreover no one will say that a man who is unworthily in slavery is therefore a slave; for if so, men of the noblest families might happen to be slaves, and the descendants of slaves, if they should chance to be taken prisoners in war and sold: to avoid this difficulty they say that such persons should not be called slaves, but barbarians only should; but when they say this, they do nothing more than inquire who is a slave by nature, which was what we at first said; for we must acknowledge that there are some persons who, wherever they are, must necessarily be slaves, but others in no situation; thus also it is with those of noble descent: it is not only in their own country that they are Esteemed as such, but everywhere, but the barbarians are respected on this account at home only; as if nobility and freedom were of two sorts, the one universal, the other not so. Thus says the Helen of Theodectes:

"Who dares reproach me with the name of slave? When from the immortal gods, on either side, I draw my lineage."

Those who express sentiments like these, shew only that they distinguish the slave and the freeman, the noble and the ignoble from each other by their virtues and their [1255b] vices; for they think it reasonable, that as a man begets a man, and a beast a beast, so from a good man, a good man should be descended; and this is what nature desires to do, but frequently cannot accomplish it. It is evident then that this doubt has some reason in it, and that these persons are not slaves, and those freemen, by the appointment of nature; and also that in some instances it is sufficiently clear, that it is advantageous to both parties for this man to be a slave, and that to be a master, and that it is right and just, that some should be governed, and others govern, in the manner that nature intended; of which sort of government is that which a master exercises over a slave. But to govern ill is disadvantageous to both; for the same thing is useful to the part and to the whole, to the body and to the soul; but the slave is as it were a part of the master, as if he were an animated part of his body, though separate. For which reason a mutual utility and friendship may subsist between the master and the slave, I mean when they are placed by nature in that relation to each other, for the contrary takes place amongst those who are reduced to slavery by the law, or by conquest.

CHAPTER VII

It is evident from what has been said, that a herile and a political government are not the same, or that all governments are alike to each other, as some affirm; for one is adapted to the nature of freemen, the other to that of slaves. Domestic government is a monarchy, for that is what prevails in every house; but a political state is the government of free men and equals. The master is not so called from his knowing how to manage his slave, but because he is so; for the same reason a slave and a freeman have their respective appellations. There is also one sort of knowledge proper for a master, another for a slave; the slave's is of the nature of that which was taught by a slave at Syracuse; for he for a stipulated sum instructed the boys in all the business of a household slave, of which there are various sorts to be learnt, as the art of cookery, and other such-like services, of which some are allotted to some, and others to others; some employments being more honourable, others more necessary; according to the proverb, "One slave excels another, one master excels another:" in such-like things the knowledge of a slave consists. The knowledge of the master is to be able properly to employ his slaves, for the mastership of slaves is the employment, not the mere possession of them; not that this knowledge contains anything great or respectable; for what a slave ought to know how to do, that a master ought to know how to order; for which reason, those who have it in their power to be free from these low attentions, employ a steward for this business, and apply themselves either to public affairs or philosophy: the knowledge of procuring what is necessary for a family is different from that which belongs either to the master or the slave: and to do this justly must be either by war or hunting. And thus much of the difference between a master and a slave.

CHAPTER VIII

[1256a] As a slave is a particular species of property, let us by all means inquire into the nature of property in general, and the acquisition of money, according to the manner we have proposed. In the first place then, some one may doubt whether the getting of money is the same thing as economy, or whether it is a part of it, or something subservient to it; and if so, whether it is as the art of making shuttles is to the art of weaving, or the art of making brass to that of statue founding, for they are not of the same service; for the one supplies the tools, the other the matter: by the matter I mean the subject out of which the work is finished, as wool for the cloth and brass for the statue. It is evident then that the getting of money is not the same thing as economy, for the business of the one is to furnish the means of the other to use them; and what art is there employed in the management of a family but economy, but whether this is a part of it, or something of a different species, is a doubt; for if it is the business of him who is to get money to find out how riches and possessions may be procured, and both these arise from various causes, we must first inquire whether the art of husbandry is part of money-getting or something different, and in general, whether the same is not true of every acquisition and every attention which relates to provision. But as there are many sorts of provision, so are the methods of living both of man and the brute creation very various; and as it is impossible to live without food, the difference in that particular makes the lives of animals so different from each other. Of beasts, some live in herds, others separate, as is most convenient for procuring themselves food; as some of them live upon flesh, others on fruit, and others on whatsoever they light on, nature having so distinguished their course of life, that they can very easily procure themselves subsistence; and as the same things are not agreeable to all, but one animal likes one thing and another another, it follows that the lives of those beasts who live upon flesh must be different from the lives of those who live on fruits; so is it with men, their lives differ greatly from each other; and of all these the shepherd's is the idlest, for they live upon the flesh of tame animals, without any trouble, while they are obliged to change their habitations on account of their flocks, which they are compelled to follow, cultivating, as it were, a living farm. Others live exercising violence over living creatures, one pursuing this thing, another that, these preying upon men; those who live near lakes and marshes and rivers, or the sea itself, on fishing, while others are fowlers, or hunters of wild beasts; but the greater part of mankind live upon the produce of the earth and its cultivated fruits; and the manner in which all those live who follow the direction of nature, and labour for their own subsistence, is nearly the same, without ever thinking to procure any provision by way of exchange or merchandise, such are shepherds, husband-men, [1256b] robbers, fishermen, and hunters: some join different employments together, and thus live very agreeably; supplying those deficiencies which were wanting to make their subsistence depend upon themselves only: thus, for instance, the same person shall be a shepherd and a robber, or a husbandman and a hunter; and so with respect to the rest, they pursue that mode of life which necessity points out. This provision then nature herself seems to have furnished all animals with, as well immediately upon their first origin as also when they are arrived at a state of maturity; for at the first of these periods some of them are provided in the womb with proper nourishment, which continues till that which is born can get food for itself, as is the case with worms and birds; and as to those which bring forth their young alive, they have the means for their subsistence for a certain time within themselves, namely milk. It is evident then that we may conclude of those things that are, that plants are created for the sake of animals, and animals for the sake of men; the tame for our use and provision; the wild, at least the greater part, for our provision also, or for some other advantageous purpose, as furnishing us with clothes, and the like. As

nature therefore makes nothing either imperfect or in vain, it necessarily follows that she has made all these things for men: for which reason what we gain in war is in a certain degree a natural acquisition; for hunting is a part of it, which it is necessary for us to employ against wild beasts; and those men who being intended by nature for slavery are unwilling to submit to it, on which occasion such a. war is by nature just: that species of acquisition then only which is according to nature is part of economy; and this ought to be at hand, or if not, immediately procured, namely, what is necessary to be kept in store to live upon, and which are useful as well for the state as the family. And true riches seem to consist in these; and the acquisition of those possessions which are necessary for a happy life is not infinite; though Solon says otherwise in this verse:

"No bounds to riches can be fixed for man;"

for they may be fixed as in other arts; for the instruments of no art whatsoever are infinite, either in their number or their magnitude; but riches are a number of instruments in domestic and civil economy; it is therefore evident that the acquisition of certain things according to nature is a part both of domestic and civil economy, and for what reason.

CHAPTER IX

There is also another species of acquisition which they [1257a] particularly call pecuniary, and with great propriety; and by this indeed it seems that there are no bounds to riches and wealth. Now many persons suppose, from their near relation to each other, that this is one and the same with that we have just mentioned, but it is not the same as that, though not very different; one of these is natural, the other is not, but rather owing to some art and skill; we will enter into a particular examination of this subject. The uses of every possession are two, both dependent upon the thing itself, but not in the same manner, the one supposing an inseparable connection with it, the other not; as a shoe, for instance, which may be either worn, or exchanged for something else, both these are the uses of the shoe; for he who exchanges a shoe with some man who wants one, for money or provisions, uses the shoe as a shoe, but not according to the original intention, for shoes were not at first made to be exchanged. The same thing holds true of all other possessions; for barter, in general, had its original beginning in nature, some men having a surplus, others too little of what was necessary for them: hence it is evident, that the selling provisions for money is not according to the natural use of things; for they were obliged to use barter for those things which they wanted; but it is plain that barter could have no place in the first, that is to say, in family society; but must have begun when the number of those who composed the community was enlarged: for the first of these had all things in common; but when they came to be separated they were obliged to exchange with each other many different things which both parties wanted. Which custom of barter is still preserved amongst many barbarous nations, who procure one necessary with another, but never sell anything; as giving and receiving wine for corn and the like. This sort of barter is not contradictory to nature, nor is it any species of money-getting; but is necessary in procuring that subsistence which is so consonant thereunto. But this barter introduced the use of money, as might be expected; for a convenient place from whence to import what you wanted, or to export what you had a surplus of, being often at a great distance, money necessarily made its way into commerce; for it is not everything which is naturally most useful that is easiest of carriage; for which reason they invented something to exchange with each other which they should mutually give and take, that being really valuable itself, should have the additional advantage of being of easy conveyance, for the purposes of life, as iron and silver, or anything else of the same nature: and this at first passed in value simply according to its weight or size; but in process of time it had a certain stamp, to save the trouble of weighing, which stamp expressed its value. [1257b]

Money then being established as the necessary medium of exchange, another species of money-getting soon took place, namely, by buying and selling, at probably first in a simple manner, afterwards with more skill and experience, where and how the greatest profits might be made. For which reason the art of money-getting seems to be chiefly conversant about trade, and the business of it to be able to tell where the greatest profits can be made, being the means of procuring abundance of wealth and possessions: and thus wealth is very often supposed to consist in the quantity of money which any one possesses, as this is the medium by which all trade is conducted and a fortune made, others again regard it as of no value, as being of none by nature, but arbitrarily made so by compact; so that if those who use it should alter their sentiments, it would be worth nothing, as being of no service for any necessary purpose. Besides, he who abounds in money often wants necessary food; and it is impossible to say that any person is in good circumstances when with all his possessions he may perish with hunger.

Like Midas in the fable, who from his insatiable wish had everything he touched turned into gold. For which reason others endeavour to procure other riches and other property, and rightly, for there are other riches and property in nature; and these are the proper objects of economy: while trade only procures money, not by all means, but by the exchange of it, and for that purpose it

is this which it is chiefly employed about, for money is the first principle and the end of trade; nor are there any bounds to be set to what is thereby acquired. Thus also there are no limits to the art of medicine, with respect to the health which it attempts to procure; the same also is true of all other arts; no line can be drawn to terminate their bounds, the several professors of them being desirous to extend them as far as possible. (But still the means to be employed for that purpose are limited; and these are the limits beyond which the art cannot proceed.) Thus in the art of acquiring riches there are no limits, for the object of that is money and possessions; but economy has a boundary, though this has not: for acquiring riches is not the business of that, for which reason it should seem that some boundary should be set to riches, though we see the contrary to this is what is practised; for all those who get riches add to their money without end; the cause of which is the near connection of these two arts with each other, which sometimes occasions the one to change employments with the other, as getting of money is their common object: for economy requires the possession of wealth, but not on its own account but with another view, to purchase things necessary therewith; but the other procures it merely to increase it: so that some persons are confirmed in their belief, that this is the proper object of economy, and think that for this purpose money should be saved and hoarded up without end; the reason for which disposition is, that they are intent upon living, but not upon living well; and this desire being boundless in its extent, the means which they aim at for that purpose are boundless also; and those who propose to live well, often confine that to the enjoyment of the pleasures of sense; so that as this also seems to depend upon what a man has, all their care is to get money, and hence arises the other cause for this art; for as this enjoyment is excessive in its degree, they endeavour to procure means proportionate to supply it; and if they cannot do this merely by the art of dealing in money, they will endeavour to do it by other ways, and apply all their powers to a purpose they were not by nature intended for. Thus, for instance, courage was intended to inspire fortitude, not to get money by; neither is this the end of the soldier's or the physician's art, but victory and health. But such persons make everything subservient to money-getting, as if this was the only end; and to the end everything ought to refer.

We have now considered that art of money-getting which is not necessary, and have seen in what manner we became in want of it; and also that which is necessary, which is different from it; for that economy which is natural, and whose object is to provide food, is not like this unlimited in its extent, but has its bounds.

CHAPTER X

We have now determined what was before doubtful, whether or no the art of getting money is his business who is at the head of a family or a state, and though not strictly so, it is however very necessary; for as a politician does not make men, but receiving them from the hand of nature employs them to proper purposes; thus the earth, or the sea, or something else ought to supply them with provisions, and this it is the business of the master of the family to manage properly; for it is not the weaver's business to make yarn, but to use it, and to distinguish what is good and useful from what is bad and of no service; and indeed some one may inquire why getting money should be a part of economy when the art of healing is not, as it is as requisite that the family should be in health as that they should eat, or have anything else which is necessary; and as it is indeed in some particulars the business both of the master of the family, and he to whom the government of the state is entrusted, to see after the health of those under their care, but in others not, but the physician's; so also as to money; in some respects it is the business of the master of the family, in others not, but of the servant; but as we have already said, it is chiefly nature's, for it is her part to supply her offspring with food; for everything finds nourishment left for it in what produced it; for which reason the natural riches of all men arise from fruits and animals. Now money-making, as we say, being twofold, it may be applied to two purposes, the service of the house or retail trade; of which the first is necessary and commendable, the other justly censurable; for it has not its origin in [1258b] nature, but by it men gain from each other; for usury is most reasonably detested, as it is increasing our fortune by money itself, and not employing it for the purpose it was originally intended, namely exchange.

And this is the explanation of the name (TOKOS), which means the breeding of money. For as offspring resemble their parents, so usury is money bred of money. Whence of all forms of money-making it is most against nature.

CHAPTER XI

Having already sufficiently considered the general principles of this subject, let us now go into the practical part thereof; the one is a liberal employment for the mind, the other necessary. These things are useful in the management of one's affairs; to be skilful in the nature of cattle, which are most profitable, and where, and how; as for instance, what advantage will arise from keeping horses, or oxen, or sheep, or any other live stock; it is also necessary to be acquainted with the comparative value of these things, and which of them in particular places are worth most; for some do better in one place, some in another. Agriculture also should be

understood, and the management of arable grounds and orchards; and also the care of bees, and fish, and birds, from whence any profit may arise; these are the first and most proper parts of domestic management.

With respect to gaining money by exchange, the principal method of doing this is by merchandise, which is carried on in three different ways, either by sending the commodity for sale by sea or by land, or else selling it on the place where it grows; and these differ from each other in this, that the one is more profitable, the other safer. The second method is by usury. The third by receiving wages for work done, and this either by being employed in some mean art, or else in mere bodily labour. There is also a third species of improving a fortune, that is something between this and the first; for it partly depends upon nature, partly upon exchange; the subject of which is, things that are immediately from the earth, or their produce, which, though they bear no fruit, are yet useful, such as selling of timber and the whole art of metallurgy, which includes many different species, for there are various sorts of things dug out of the earth.

These we have now mentioned in general, but to enter into particulars concerning each of them, though it might be useful to the artist, would be tiresome to dwell on. Now of all the works of art, those are the most excellent wherein chance has the least to do, and those are the meanest which deprave the body, those the most servile in which bodily strength alone is chiefly wanted, those most illiberal which require least skill; but as there are books written on these subjects by some persons, as by Chares the Panian, and Apollodorus the Lemnian, upon husbandry and planting; and by others on other matters, [1259b] let those who have occasion consult them thereon; besides, every person should collect together whatsoever he hears occasionally mentioned, by means of which many of those who aimed at making a fortune have succeeded in their intentions; for all these are useful to those who make a point of getting money, as in the contrivance of Thales the Milesian (which was certainly a gainful one, but as it was his it was attributed to his wisdom, though the method he used was a general one, and would universally succeed), when they reviled him for his poverty, as if the study of philosophy was useless: for they say that he, perceiving by his skill in astrology that there would be great plenty of olives that year, while it was yet winter, having got a little money, he gave earnest for all the oil works that were in Miletus and Chios, which he hired at a low price, there being no one to bid against him; but when the season came for making oil, many persons wanting them, he all at once let them upon what terms he pleased; and raising a large sum of money by that means, convinced them that it was easy for philosophers to be rich if they chose it, but that that was not what they aimed at; in this manner is Thales said to have shown his wisdom. It indeed is, as we have said, generally gainful for a person to contrive to make a monopoly of anything; for which reason some cities also take this method when they want money, and monopolise their commodities. There was a certain person in Sicily who laid out a sum of money which was deposited in his hand in buying up all the iron from the iron merchants; so that when the dealers came from the markets to purchase, there was no one had any to sell but himself; and though he put no great advance upon it, yet by laying out fifty talents he made an hundred. When Dionysius heard this he permitted him to take his money with him, but forbid him to continue any longer in Sicily, as being one who contrived means for getting money inconsistent with his affairs. This man's view and Thales's was exactly the same; both of them contrived to procure a monopoly for themselves: it is useful also for politicians to understand these things, for many states want to raise money and by such means, as well as private families, nay more so; for which reason some persons who are employed in the management of public affairs confine themselves to this province only.

CHAPTER XII

There are then three parts of domestic government, the masters, of which we have already treated, the fathers, and the husbands; now the government of the wife and children should both be that of free persons, but not the [I259b] same; for the wife should be treated as a citizen of a free state, the children should be under kingly power; for the male is by nature superior to the female, except when something happens contrary to the usual course of nature, as is the elder and perfect to the younger and imperfect. Now in the generality of free states, the governors and the governed alternately change place; for an equality without any preference is what nature chooses; however, when one governs and another is governed, she endeavours that there should be a distinction between them in forms, expressions, and honours; according to what Amasis said of his laver. This then should be the established rule between the man and the woman. The government of children should be kingly; for the power of the father over the child is founded in affection and seniority, which is a species of kingly government; for which reason Homer very properly calls Jupiter "the father of gods and men," who was king of both these; for nature requires that a king should be of the same species with those whom he governs, though superior in some particulars, as is the case between the elder and the younger, the father and the son.

CHAPTER XIII

It is evident then that in the due government of a family, greater attention should be paid to the several members of it and their virtues than to the possessions or riches of it; and greater to the freemen than the slaves: but here some one may doubt whether there is any other virtue in a slave than his organic services, and of higher estimation than these, as temperance, fortitude, justice, and such-like habits, or whether they possess only bodily qualities: each side of the question has its difficulties; for if they possess these virtues, wherein do they differ from freemen? and that they do not, since they are men, and partakers of reason, is absurd. Nearly the same inquiry may be made concerning a woman and a child, whether these also have their proper virtues; whether a woman ought to be temperate, brave, and just, and whether a child is temperate or no; and indeed this inquiry ought to be general, whether the virtues of those who, by nature, either govern or are governed, are the same or different; for if it is necessary that both of them should partake of the fair and good, why is it also necessary that, without exception, the one should govern, the other always be governed? for this cannot arise from their possessing these qualities in different degrees; for to govern, and to be governed, are things different in species, but more or less are not. And yet it is wonderful that one party ought to have them, and the other not; for if he who is to govern should not be temperate and just, how can he govern well? or if he is to be governed, how can he be governed well? for he who is intemperate [1260a] and a coward will never do what he ought: it is evident then that both parties ought to be virtuous; but there is a difference between them, as there is between those who by nature command and who by nature obey, and this originates in the soul; for in this nature has planted the governing and submitting principle, the virtues of which we say are different, as are those of a rational and an irrational being. It is plain then that the same principle may be extended farther, and that there are in nature a variety of things which govern and are governed; for a freeman is governed in a different manner from a slave, a male from a female, and a man from a child: and all these have parts of mind within them, but in a different manner. Thus a slave can have no power of determination, a woman but a weak one, a child an imperfect one. Thus also must it necessarily be with respect to moral virtues; all must be supposed to possess them, but not in the same manner, but as is best suited to every one's employment; on which account he who is to govern ought to be perfect in moral virtue, for his business is entirely that of an architect, and reason is the architect; while others want only that portion of it which may be sufficient for their station; from whence it is evident, that although moral virtue is common to all those we have spoken of, yet the temperance of a man and a woman are not the same, nor their courage, nor their justice, though Socrates thought otherwise; for the courage of the man consists in commanding, the woman's in obeying; and the same is true in other particulars: and this will be evident to those who will examine different virtues separately; for those who use general terms deceive themselves when they say, that virtue consists in a good disposition of mind, or doing what is right, or something of this sort. They do much better who enumerate the different virtues as Georgias did, than those who thus define them; and as Sophocles speaks of a woman, we think of all persons, that their 'virtues should be applicable to their characters, for says he,

"Silence is a woman's ornament,"

but it is not a man's; and as a child is incomplete, it is evident that his virtue is not to be referred to himself in his present situation, but to that in which he will be complete, and his preceptor. In like manner the virtue of a slave is to be referred to his master; for we laid it down as a maxim, that the use of a slave was to employ him in what you wanted; so that it is clear enough that few virtues are wanted in his station, only that he may not neglect his work through idleness or fear: some person may question if what I have said is true, whether virtue is not necessary for artificers in their calling, for they often through idleness neglect their work, but the difference between them is very great; for a slave is connected with you for life, but the artificer not so nearly: as near therefore as the artificer approaches to the situation of a slave, just so much ought he to have of the virtues of one; for a mean artificer is to a certain point a slave; but then a slave is one of those things which are by nature what they are, but this is not true [1260b] of a shoemaker, or any other artist. It is evident then that a slave ought to be trained to those virtues which are proper for his situation by his master; and not by him who has the power of a master, to teach him any particular art. Those therefore are in the wrong who would deprive slaves of reason, and say that they have only to follow their orders; for slaves want more instruction than children, and thus we determine this matter. It is necessary, I am sensible, for every one who treats upon government, to enter particularly into the relations of husband and wife, and of parent and child, and to show what are the virtues of each and their respective connections with each other; what is right and what is wrong; and how the one ought to be followed, and the other avoided. Since then every family is part of a city, and each of those individuals is part of a family, and the virtue of the parts ought to correspond to the virtue of the whole; it is necessary, that both the wives and children of the community should be instructed correspondent to the nature thereof, if it is of consequence to the virtue of the state, that the wives and children therein should be virtuous, and of consequence it certainly is, for the wives are one half of the free persons; and of the children the succeeding citizens are to be

formed. As then we have determined these points, we will leave the rest to be spoken to in another place, as if the subject was now finished; and beginning again anew, first consider the sentiments of those who have treated of the most perfect forms of government.

BOOK II

CHAPTER I

Since then we propose to inquire what civil society is of all others best for those who have it in their power to live entirely as they wish, it is necessary to examine into the polity of those states which are allowed to be well governed; and if there should be any others which some persons have described, and which appear properly regulated, to note what is right and useful in them; and when we point out wherein they have failed, let not this be imputed to an affectation of wisdom, for it is because there are great defects in all those which are already established, that I have been induced to undertake this work. We will begin with that part of the subject which naturally presents itself first to our consideration. The members of every state must of necessity have all things in common, or some things common, and not others, or nothing at all common. To have nothing in common is evidently impossible, for society itself is one species of [1261a] community; and the first thing necessary thereunto is a common place of habitation, namely the city, which must be one, and this every citizen must have a share in. But in a government which is to be well founded, will it be best to admit of a community in everything which is capable thereof, or only in some particulars, but in others not? for it is possible that the citizens may have their wives, and children, and goods in common, as in Plato's Commonwealth; for in that Socrates affirms that all these particulars ought to be so. Which then shall we prefer? the custom which is already established, or the laws which are proposed in that treatise?

CHAPTER II

Now as a community of wives is attended with many other difficulties, so neither does the cause for which he would frame his government in this manner seem agreeable to reason, nor is it capable of producing that end which he has proposed, and for which he says it ought to take place; nor has he given any particular directions for putting it in practice. Now I also am willing to agree with Socrates in the principle which he proceeds upon, and admit that the city ought to be one as much as possible; and yet it is evident that if it is contracted too much, it will be no longer a city, for that necessarily supposes a multitude; so that if we proceed in this manner, we shall reduce a city to a family, and a family to a single person: for we admit that a family is one in a greater degree than a city, and a single person than a family; so that if this end could be obtained, it should never be put in practice, as it would annihilate the city; for a city does not only consist of a large number of inhabitants, but there must also be different sorts; for were they all alike, there could be no city; for a confederacy and a city are two different things; for a confederacy is valuable from its numbers, although all those who compose it are men of the same calling; for this is entered into for the sake of mutual defence, as we add an additional weight to make the scale go down. The same distinction prevails between a city and a nation when the people are not collected into separate villages, but live as the Arcadians. Now those things in which a city should be one are of different sorts, and in preserving an alternate reciprocation of power between these, the safety thereof consists (as I have already mentioned in my treatise on Morals), for amongst freemen and equals this is absolutely necessary; for all cannot govern at the same time, but either by the year, or according to some other regulation or time, by which means every one in his turn will be in office; as if the shoemakers and carpenters should exchange occupations, and not always be employed in the same calling. But as it is evidently better, that these should continue to exercise their respective trades; so also in civil society, where it is possible, it would be better that the government should continue in the same hands; but where it [1261b] is not (as nature has made all men equal, and therefore it is just, be the administration good or bad, that all should partake of it), there it is best to observe a rotation, and let those who are their equals by turns submit to those who are at that time magistrates, as they will, in their turns, alternately be governors and governed, as if they were different men: by the same method different persons will execute different offices. From hence it is evident, that a city cannot be one in the manner that some persons propose; and that what has been said to be the greatest good which it could enjoy, is absolutely its destruction, which cannot be: for the good of anything is that which preserves it. For another reason also it is clear, that it is not for the best to endeavour to make a city too much one, because a family is more sufficient in itself than a single person, a city than a family; and indeed Plato supposes that a city owes its existence to that sufficiency in themselves which the members of it enjoy. If then this sufficiency is so desirable, the less the city is one the better.

CHAPTER III

But admitting that it is most advantageous for a city to be one as much as possible, it does not seem to follow that this will take place by permitting all at once to say this is mine, and this is not mine (though this is what Socrates regards as a proof that a city is entirely one), for the word All is used in two senses; if it means each individual, what Socrates proposes will nearly take place; for each person will say, this is his own son, and his own wife, and his own property, and of everything else that may happen to belong to him, that it is his own. But those who have their wives and children in common will not say so, but all will say so, though not as individuals; therefore, to use the word all is evidently a fallacious mode of speech; for this word is sometimes used distributively, and sometimes collectively, on account of its double meaning, and is the cause of inconclusive syllogisms in reasoning. Therefore for all persons to say the same thing was their own, using the word all in its distributive sense, would be well, but is impossible: in its collective sense it would by no means contribute to the concord of the state. Besides, there would be another inconvenience attending this proposal, for what is common to many is taken least care of; for all men regard more what is their own than what others share with them in, to which they pay less attention than is incumbent on every one: let me add also, that every one is more negligent of what another is to see to, as well as himself, than of his own private business; as in a family one is often worse served by many servants than by a few. Let each citizen then in the state have a thousand children, but let none of them be considered as the children of that individual, but let the relation of father and child be common to them all, and they will all be neglected. Besides, in consequence of this, [1262a] whenever any citizen behaved well or ill, every person, be the number what it would, might say, this is my son, or this man's or that; and in this manner would they speak, and thus would they doubt of the whole thousand, or of whatever number the city consisted; and it would be uncertain to whom each child belonged, and when it was born, who was to take care of it: and which do you think is better, for every one to say this is mine, while they may apply it equally to two thousand or ten thousand; or as we say, this is mine in our present forms of government, where one man calls another his son, another calls that same person his brother, another nephew, or some other relation, either by blood or marriage, and first extends his care to him and his, while another regards him as one of the same parish and the same tribe; and it is better for any one to be a nephew in his private capacity than a son after that manner. Besides, it will be impossible to prevent some persons from suspecting that they are brothers and sisters, fathers and mothers to each other; for, from the mutual likeness there is between the sire and the offspring, they will necessarily conclude in what relation they stand to each other, which circumstance, we are informed by those writers who describe different parts of the world, does sometimes happen; for in Upper Africa there are wives in common who yet deliver their children to their respective fathers, being guided by their likeness to them. There are also some mares and cows which naturally bring forth their young so like the male, that we can easily distinguish by which of them they were impregnated: such was the mare called Just, in Pharsalia.

CHAPTER IV

Besides, those who contrive this plan of community cannot easily avoid the following evils; namely, blows, murders involuntary or voluntary, quarrels, and reproaches, all which it would be impious indeed to be guilty of towards our fathers and mothers, or those who are nearly related to us; though not to those who are not connected to us by any tie of affinity: and certainly these mischiefs must necessarily happen oftener amongst those who do not know how they are connected to each other than those who do; and when they do happen, if it is among the first of these, they admit of a legal expiation, but amongst the latter that cannot be done. It is also absurd for those who promote a community of children to forbid those who love each other from indulging themselves in the last excesses of that passion, while they do not restrain them from the passion itself, or those intercourses which are of all things most improper, between a Father and a son, a brother and a brother, and indeed the thing itself is most absurd. It is also ridiculous to prevent this intercourse between the nearest relations, for no other reason than the violence of the pleasure, while they think that the relation of father and daughter, the brother and sister, is of no consequence at all. It seems also more advantageous for the state, that the husbandmen should have their wives and children in common than the military, for there will be less affection [1262b] among them in that case than when otherwise; for such persons ought to be under subjection, that they may obey the laws, and not seek after innovations. Upon the whole, the consequences of such a law as this would be directly contrary to those things which good laws ought to establish, and which Socrates endeavoured to establish by his regulations concerning women and children: for we think that friendship is the greatest good which can happen to any city, as nothing so much prevents seditions: and amity in a city is what Socrates commends above all things, which appears to be, as indeed he says, the effect of friendship; as we learn from Aristophanes in the Erotics, who says, that those who love one another from the excess of that passion, desire to breathe the same soul, and from being two to be blended into one: from whence it would necessarily follow, that both or one of them must be destroyed. But now in a city which admits of this community, the tie of friendship must, from that very cause, be extremely weak, when no father can say, this is my son; or son, this is my father; for as a very little of what is sweet, being mixed with a great deal of

water is imperceptible after the mixture, so must all family connections, and the names they go by, be necessarily disregarded in such a community, it being then by no means necessary that the father should have any regard for him he called a son, or the brothers for those they call brothers. There are two things which principally inspire mankind with care and love of their offspring, knowing it is their own, and what ought to be the object of their affection, neither of which can take place in this sort of community. As for exchanging the children of the artificers and husbandmen with those of the military, and theirs reciprocally with these, it will occasion great confusion in whatever manner it shall be done; for of necessity, those who carry the children must know from whom they took and to whom they gave them; and by this means those evils which I have already mentioned will necessarily be the more likely to happen, as blows, incestuous love, murders, and the like; for those who are given from their own parents to other citizens, the military, for instance, will not call them brothers, sons, fathers, or mothers. The same thing would happen to those of the military who were placed among the other citizens; so that by this means every one would be in fear how to act in consequence of consanguinity. And thus let us determine concerning a community of wives and children.

CHAPTER V

We proceed next to consider in what manner property should be regulated in a state which is formed after the most perfect mode of government, whether it should be common or not; for this may be considered as a separate question from what had been determined concerning [1263a] wives and children; I mean, whether it is better that these should be held separate, as they now everywhere are, or that not only possessions but also the usufruct of them should be in common; or that the soil should have a particular owner, but that the produce should be brought together and used as one common stock, as some nations at present do; or on the contrary, should the soil be common, and should it also be cultivated in common, while the produce is divided amongst the individuals for their particular use, which is said to be practised by some barbarians; or shall both the soil and the fruit be common? When the business of the husbandman devolves not on the citizen, the matter is much easier settled; but when those labour together who have a common right of possession, this may occasion several difficulties; for there may not be an equal proportion between their labour and what they consume; and those who labour hard and have but a small proportion of the produce, will certainly complain of those who take a large share of it and do but little for that. Upon the whole, as a community between man and man so entire as to include everything possible, and thus to have all things that man can possess in common, is very difficult, so is it particularly so with respect to property; and this is evident from that community which takes place between those who go out to settle a colony; for they frequently have disputes with each other upon the most common occasions, and come to blows upon trifles: we find, too, that we oftenest correct those slaves who are generally employed in the common offices of the family: a community of property then has these and other inconveniences attending it.

But the manner of life which is now established, more particularly when embellished with good morals and a system of equal laws, is far superior to it, for it will have the advantage of both; by both I mean properties being common, and divided also; for in some respects it ought to be in a manner common, but upon the whole private: for every man's attention being employed on his own particular concerns, will prevent mutual complaints against each other; nay, by this means industry will be increased, as each person will labour to improve his own private property; and it will then be, that from a principle of virtue they will mutually perform good offices to each other, according to the proverb, "All things are common amongst friends;" and in some cities there are traces of this custom to be seen, so that it is not impracticable, and particularly in those which are best governed; some things are by this means in a manner common, and others might be so; for there, every person enjoying his own private property, some things he assists his friend with, others are considered as in common; as in Lacedaemon, where they use each other's slaves, as if they were, so to speak, their own, as they do their horses and dogs, or even any provision they may want in a journey.

It is evident then that it is best to have property private, but to make the use of it common; but how the citizens are to be brought to it is the particular [1263b] business of the legislator. And also with respect to pleasure, it is unspeakable how advantageous it is, that a man should think he has something which he may call his own; for it is by no means to no purpose, that each person should have an affection for himself, for that is natural, and yet to be a self-lover is justly censured; for we mean by that, not one that simply loves himself, but one that loves himself more than he ought; in like manner we blame a money-lover, and yet both money and self is what all men love. Besides, it is very pleasing to us to oblige and assist our friends and companions, as well as those whom we are connected with by the rights of hospitality; and this cannot be done without the establishment of private property, which cannot take place with those who make a city too much one; besides, they prevent every opportunity of exercising two principal virtues, modesty and liberality. Modesty with respect to the female sex, for this virtue requires you to abstain from her who is another's; liberality, which depends upon private property, for without that no one can appear liberal, or do any generous action;

for liberality consists in imparting to others what is our own.

This system of polity does indeed recommend itself by its good appearance and specious pretences to humanity; and when first proposed to any one, must give him great pleasure, as he will conclude it to be a wonderful bond of friendship, connecting all to all; particularly when any one censures the evils which are now to be found in society, as arising from properties not being common, I mean the disputes which happen between man and man, upon their different contracts with each other; those judgments which are passed in court in consequence of fraud, and perjury, and flattering the rich, none of which arise from properties being private, but from the vices of mankind. Besides, those who live in one general community, and have all things in common, oftener dispute with each other than those who have their property separate; from the very small number indeed of those who have their property in common, compared with those where it is appropriated, the instances of their quarrels are but few. It is also but right to mention, not only the inconveniences they are preserved from who live in a communion of goods, but also the advantages they are deprived of; for when the whole comes to be considered, this manner of life will be found impracticable.

We must suppose, then, that Socrates's mistake arose from the principle he set out with being false; we admit, indeed, that both a family and a city ought to be one in some particulars, but not entirely; for there is a point beyond which if a city proceeds in reducing itself to one, it will be no longer a city.

There is also another point at which it will still continue to be a city, but it will approach so near to not being one, that it will be worse than none; as if any one should reduce the voices of those who sing in concert to one, or a verse to a foot. But the people ought to be made one, and a community, as I have already said, by education; as property at Lacedaemon, and their public tables at Crete, were made common by their legislators. But yet, whosoever shall introduce any education, and think thereby to make his city excellent and respectable, will be absurd, while he expects to form it by such regulations, and not by manners, philosophy, and laws. And whoever [1264a] would establish a government upon a community of goods, ought to know that he should consult the experience of many years, which would plainly enough inform him whether such a scheme is useful; for almost all things have already been found out, but some have been neglected, and others which have been known have not been put in practice. But this would be most evident, if any one could see such a government really established: for it would be impossible to frame such a city without dividing and separating it into its distinct parts, as public tables, wards, and tribes; so that here the laws will do nothing more than forbid the military to engage in agriculture, which is what the Lacedaemonians are at present endeavouring to do.

Nor has Socrates told us (nor is it easy to say) what plan of government should be pursued with respect to the individuals in the state where there is a community of goods established; for though the majority of his citizens will in general consist of a multitude of persons of different occupations, of those he has determined nothing; whether the property of the husbandman ought to be in common, or whether each person should have his share to himself; and also, whether their wives and children ought to be in common: for if all things are to be alike common to all, where will be the difference between them and the military, or what would they get by submitting to their government? and upon what principles would they do it, unless they should establish the wise practice of the Cretans? for they, allowing everything else to their slaves, forbid them only gymnastic exercises and the use of arms. And if they are not, but these should be in the same situation with respect to their property which they are in other cities, what sort of a community will there be? in one city there must of necessity be two, and those contrary to each other; for he makes the military the guardians of the state, and the husbandman, artisans, and others, citizens; and all those quarrels, accusations, and things of the like sort, which he says are the bane of other cities, will be found in his also: notwithstanding Socrates says they will not want many laws in consequence of their education, but such only as may be necessary for regulating the streets, the markets, and the like, while at the same time it is the education of the military only that he has taken any care of. Besides, he makes the husbandmen masters of property upon paying a tribute; but this would be likely to make them far more troublesome and high-spirited than the Helots, the Penestise, or the slaves which others employ; nor has he ever determined whether it is necessary to give any attention to them in these particulars, nor thought of what is connected therewith, their polity, their education, their laws; besides, it is of no little consequence, nor is it easy to determine, how these should be framed so as to preserve the community of the military.

Besides, if he makes the wives common, while the property [1264b] continues separate, who shall manage the domestic concerns with the same care which the man bestows upon his fields? nor will the inconvenience be remedied by making property as well as wives common; and it is absurd to draw a comparison from the brute creation, and say, that the same principle should regulate the connection of a man and a woman which regulates theirs amongst whom there is no family association.

It is also very hazardous to settle the magistracy as Socrates has done; for he would have persons of the same rank always in office, which becomes the cause of sedition even amongst those who are of no account, but more particularly amongst those who are of a courageous and warlike disposition; it is indeed evidently necessary that he should frame his community in this manner; for that golden particle which God has mixed up in the soul of man flies not from one to the other, but always continues with the same; for he says, that some of our species have gold, and others silver, blended in their composition from the moment of their birth: but those who are to be husbandmen and artists, brass and iron; besides, though he deprives the military of happiness, he says, that the legislator ought to make all the citizens happy; but it is impossible that the whole city can be happy, without all, or the greater, or some part of it be happy. For happiness is not like that numerical equality which arises from certain numbers when added together, although neither of them may separately contain it; for happiness cannot be thus added together, but must exist in every individual, as some properties belong to every integral; and if the military are not happy, who else are so? for the artisans are not, nor the multitude of those who are employed in inferior offices. The state which Socrates has described has all these defects, and others which are not of less consequence.

CHAPTER VI

It is also nearly the same in the treatise upon Laws which was writ afterwards, for which reason it will be proper in this place to consider briefly what he has there said upon government, for Socrates has thoroughly settled but very few parts of it; as for instance, in what manner the community of wives and children ought to be regulated, how property should be established, and government conducted.

Now he divides the inhabitants into two parts, husbandmen and soldiers, and from these he select a third part who are to be senators and govern the city; but he has not said whether or no the husbandman and artificer shall have any or what share in the government, or whether they shall have arms, and join with the others in war, or not. He thinks also that the women ought to go to war, and have the same education as the soldiers; as to other particulars, he has filled his treatise with matter foreign to the purpose; and with respect to education, he has only said what that of the guards ought to be.

[1265a] As to his book of Laws, laws are the principal thing which that contains, for he has there said but little concerning government; and this government, which he was so desirous of framing in such a manner as to impart to its members a more entire community of goods than is to be found in other cities, he almost brings round again to be the same as that other government which he had first proposed; for except the community of wives and goods, he has framed both his governments alike, for the education of the citizens is to be the same in both; they are in both to live without any servile employ, and their common tables are to be the same, excepting that in that he says the women should have common tables, and that there should be a thousand men-at-arms, in this, that there should be five thousand.

All the discourses of Socrates are masterly, noble, new, and inquisitive; but that they are all true it may probably be too much to say. For now with respect to the number just spoken of, it must be acknowledged that he would want the country of Babylonia for them, or some one like it, of an immeasurable extent, to support five thousand idle persons, besides a much greater number of women and servants. Every one, it is true, may frame an hypothesis as he pleases, but yet it ought to be possible. It has been said, that a legislator should have two things in view when he frames his laws, the country and the people. He will also do well, if he has some regard to the neighbouring states, if he intends that his community should maintain any political intercourse with them, for it is not only necessary that they should understand that practice of war which is adapted to their own country, but to others also; for admitting that any one chooses not this life either in public or private, yet there is not the less occasion for their being formidable to their enemies, not only when they invade their country, but also when they retire out of it.

It may also be considered whether the quantity of each person's property may not be settled in a different manner from what he has done it in, by making it more determinate; for he says, that every one ought to have enough whereon to live moderately, as if any one had said to live well, which is the most comprehensive expression. Besides, a man may live moderately and miserably at the same time; he had therefore better have proposed, that they should live both moderately and liberally; for unless these two conspire, luxury will come in on the one hand, or wretchedness on the other, since these two modes of living are the only ones applicable to the employment of our substance; for we cannot say with respect to a man's fortune, that he is mild or courageous, but we may say that he is prudent and liberal, which are the only qualities connected therewith.

It is also absurd to render property equal, and not to provide for the increasing number of the citizens; but to leave that circumstance uncertain, as if it would regulate itself according to the number of women who [1265b] should happen to be childless,

let that be what it would because this seems to take place in other cities; but the case would not be the same in such a state which he proposes and those which now actually unite; for in these no one actually wants, as the property is divided amongst the whole community, be their numbers what they will; but as it could not then be divided, the supernumeraries, whether they were many or few, would have nothing at all. But it is more necessary than even to regulate property, to take care that the increase of the people should not exceed a certain number; and in determining that, to take into consideration those children who will die, and also those women who will be barren; and to neglect this, as is done in several cities, is to bring certain poverty on the citizens; and poverty is the cause of sedition and evil. Now Phidon the Corinthian, one of the oldest legislators, thought the families and the number of the citizens should continue the same; although it should happen that all should have allotments at the first, disproportionate to their numbers.

In Plato's Laws it is however different; we shall mention hereafter what we think would be best in these particulars. He has also neglected in that treatise to point out how the governors are to be distinguished from the governed; for he says, that as of one sort of wool the warp ought to be made, and of another the woof, so ought some to govern, and others to be governed. But since he admits, that all their property may be increased fivefold, why should he not allow the same increase to the country? he ought also to consider whether his allotment of the houses will be useful to the community, for he appoints two houses to each person, separate from each other; but it is inconvenient for a person to inhabit two houses. Now he is desirous to have his whole plan of government neither a democracy nor an oligarchy, but something between both, which he calls a polity, for it is to be composed of men-at-arms. If Plato intended to frame a state in which more than in any other everything should be common, he has certainly given it a right name; but if he intended it to be the next in perfection to that which he had already framed, it is not so; for perhaps some persons will give the preference to the Lacedaemonian form of government, or some other which may more completely have attained to the aristocratic form.

Some persons say, that the most perfect government should be composed of all others blended together, for which reason they commend that of Lacedaemon; for they say, that this is composed of an oligarchy, a monarchy, and a democracy, their kings representing the monarchical part, the senate the oligarchical; and, that in the ephori may be found the democratical, as these are taken from the people. But some say, that in the ephori is absolute power, and that it is their common meal and daily course of life, in which the democratical form is represented. It is also said in this treatise of [1266a] Laws, that the best form of government must, be one composed of a democracy and a tyranny; though such a mixture no one else would ever allow to be any government at all, or if it is, the worst possible; those propose what is much better who blend many governments together; for the most perfect is that which is formed of many parts. But now in this government of Plato's there are no traces of a monarchy, only of an oligarchy and democracy; though he seems to choose that it should rather incline to an oligarchy, as is evident from the appointment of the magistrates; for to choose them by lot is common to both; but that a man of fortune must necessarily be a member of the assembly, or to elect the magistrates, or take part in the management of public affairs, while others are passed over, makes the state incline to an oligarchy; as does the endeavouring that the greater part of the rich may be in office, and that the rank of their appointments may correspond with their fortunes.

The same principle prevails also in the choice of their senate; the manner of electing which is favourable also to an oligarchy; for all are obliged to vote for those who are senators of the first class, afterwards they vote for the same number out of the second, and then out of the third; but this compulsion to vote at the election of senators does not extend to the third and fourth classes and the first and second class only are obliged to vote for the fourth. By this means he says he shall necessarily have an equal number of each rank, but he is mistaken--for the majority will always consist of those of the first rank, and the most considerable people; and for this reason, that many of the commonalty not being obliged to it, will not attend the elections. From hence it is evident, that such a state will not consist of a democracy and a monarchy, and this will be further proved by what we shall say when we come particularly to consider this form of government.

There will also great danger arise from the manner of electing the senate, when those who are elected themselves are afterwards to elect others; for by this means, if a certain number choose to combine together, though not very considerable, the election will always fall according to their pleasure. Such are the things which Plato proposes concerning government in his book of Laws.

CHAPTER VII

There are also some other forms of government, which have been proposed either by private persons, or philosophers, or politicians, all of which come much nearer to those which have been really established, or now exist, than these two of Plato's; for

neither have they introduced the innovation of a community of wives and children, and public tables for the women, but have been contented to set out with establishing such rules as are absolutely necessary.

There are some persons who think, that the first object of government should be to regulate well everything relating to private property; for they say, that a neglect herein is the source of all seditions whatsoever. For this reason, Phaleas the Chalcedonian first proposed, that the fortunes of the citizens should be equal, which he thought was not difficult to accomplish when a community was first settled, but that it was a work of greater difficulty in one that had been long established; but yet that it might be effected, and an equality of circumstances introduced by these means, that the rich should give marriage portions, but never receive any, while the poor should always receive, but never give.

But Plato, in his treatise of Laws, thinks that a difference in circumstances should be permitted to a certain degree; but that no citizen should be allowed to possess more than five times as much as the lowest census, as we have already mentioned. But legislators who would establish this principle are apt to overlook what they ought to consider; that while they regulate the quantity of provisions which each individual shall possess, they ought also to regulate the number of his children; for if these exceed the allotted quantity of provision, the law must necessarily be repealed; and yet, in spite of the repeal, it will have the bad effect of reducing many from wealth to poverty, so difficult is it for innovators not to fall into such mistakes. That an equality of goods was in some degree serviceable to strengthen the bands of society, seems to have been known to some of the ancients; for Solon made a law, as did some others also, to restrain persons from possessing as much land as they pleased. And upon the same principle there are laws which forbid men to sell their property, as among the Locrians, unless they can prove that some notorious misfortune has befallen them. They were also to preserve their ancient patrimony, which custom being broken through by the Leucadians, made their government too democratic; for by that means it was no longer necessary to be possessed of a certain fortune to be qualified to be a magistrate. But if an equality of goods is established, this may be either too much, when it enables the people to live luxuriously, or too little, when it obliges them to live hard. Hence it is evident, that it is not proper for the legislator to establish an equality of circumstances, but to fix a proper medium. Besides, if any one should regulate the division of property in such a manner that there should be a moderate sufficiency for all, it would be of no use; for it is of more consequence that the citizen should entertain a similarity of sentiments than an equality of circumstances; but this can never be attained unless they are properly educated under the direction of the law. But probably Phaleas may say, that this in what he himself mentions; for he both proposes a equality of property and one plan of education in his city. But he should have said particularly what education he intended, nor is it of any service to have this to much one; for this education may be one, and yet such as will make the citizens over-greedy, to grasp after honours, or riches, or both. Besides, not only an inequality of possessions, but also of honours, will occasion [1267a] seditions, but this upon contrary grounds; for the vulgar will be seditious if there be an inequality of goods, by those of more elevated sentiments, if there is an equality of honours.

"When good and bad do equal honours share."

For men are not guilty of crimes for necessaries only (for which he thinks an equality of goods would be a sufficient remedy, as they would then have no occasion to steal cold or hunger), but that they may enjoy what they desire, and not wish for it in vain; for if their desire extend beyond the common necessaries of life, they were be wicked to gratify them; and not only so, but if their wishes point that way, they will do the same to enjoy those pleasures which are free from the alloy of pain. What remedy then shall we find for these three disorders? And first, to prevent stealing from necessity, let every one be supplied with a moderate subsistence, which may make the addition of his own industry necessary; second to prevent stealing to procure the luxuries of life, temperance be enjoined; and thirdly, let those who wish for pleasure in itself seek for it only in philosophy, all others want the assistance of men.

Since then men are guilty of the greatest crimes from ambition, and not from necessity, no one, for instance aims at being a tyrant to keep him from the cold, hence great honour is due to him who kills not a thief, but tyrant; so that polity which Phaleas establishes would only be salutary to prevent little crimes. He has also been very desirous to establish such rules as will conduce to perfect the internal policy of his state, and he ought also to have done the same with respect to its neighbours and all foreign nations; for the considerations of the military establishment should take place in planning every government, that it may not be unprovided in case of a war, of which he has said nothing; so also with respect to property, it ought not only to be adapted to the exigencies of the state, but also to such dangers as may arise from without.

Thus it should not be so much as to tempt those who are near, and more powerful to invade it, while those who possess it are not able to drive out the invaders, nor so little as that the state should not be able to go to war with those who are quite equal to itself, and of this he has determined nothing; it must indeed be allowed that it is advantageous to a community to be rather rich than poor;

probably the proper boundary is this, not to possess enough to make it worth while for a more powerful neighbour to attack you, any more than he would those who had not so much as yourself; thus when Autophradatus proposed to besiege Atarneus, Eubulus advised him to consider what time it would require to take the city, and then would have him determine whether it would answer, for that he should choose, if it would even take less than he proposed, to quit the place; his saying this made Autophradatus reflect upon the business and give over the siege. There is, indeed, some advantage in an equality of goods amongst the citizens to prevent seditions; and yet, to say truth, no very great one; for men of great abilities will stomach their being put upon a level with the rest of the community. For which reason they will very often appear ready for every commotion and sedition; for the wickedness of mankind is insatiable. For though at first two oboli might be sufficient, yet when once it is become customary, they continually want something more, until they set no limits to their expectations; for it is the nature of our desires to be boundless, and many live only to gratify them. But for this purpose the first object is, not so much to establish an equality of fortune, as to prevent those who are of a good disposition from desiring more than their own, and those who are of a bad one from being able to acquire it; and this may be done if they are kept in an inferior station, and not exposed to injustice. Nor has he treated well the equality of goods, for he has extended his regulation only to land; whereas a man's substance consists not only in this, but also in slaves, cattle, money, and all that variety of things which fall under the name of chattels; now there must be either an equality established in all these, or some certain rule, or they must be left entirely at large. It appears too by his laws, that he intends to establish only a small state, as all the artificers are to belong to the public, and add nothing to the complement of citizens; but if all those who are to be employed in public works are to be the slaves of the public, it should be done in the same manner as it is at Epidamnum, and as Diophantus formerly regulated it at Athens. From these particulars any one may nearly judge whether Phaleas's community is well or ill established.

CHAPTER VIII

Hippodamus, the son of Euruphon a Milesian, contrived the art of laying out towns, and separated the Pireus. This man was in other respects too eager after notice, and seemed to many to live in a very affected manner, with his flowing locks and his expensive ornaments, and a coarse warm vest which he wore, not only in the winter, but also in the hot weather. As he was very desirous of the character of a universal scholar, he was the first who, not being actually engaged in the management of public affairs, sat himself to inquire what sort of government was best; and he planned a state, consisting of ten thousand persons, divided into three parts, one consisting of artisans, another of husbandmen, and the third of soldiers; he also divided the lands into three parts, and allotted one to sacred purposes, another to the public, and the third to individuals. The first of these was to supply what was necessary for the established worship of the gods; the second was to be allotted to the support of the soldiery; and the third was to be the property of the husbandman. He thought also that there need only be three sorts of laws, corresponding to the three sorts of actions which can be brought, namely, for assault, trespasses, or death. He ordered also that there should be a particular court of appeal, into which all causes might be removed which were supposed to have been unjustly determined elsewhere; which court should be composed of old men chosen for that purpose. He thought also [1268a] that they should not pass sentence by votes; but that every one should bring with him a tablet, on which he should write, that he found the party guilty, if it was so, but if not, he should bring a plain tablet; but if he acquitted him of one part of the indictment but not of the other, he should express that also on the tablet; for he disapproved of that general custom already established, as it obliges the judges to be guilty of perjury if they determined positively either on the one side or the other. He also made a law, that those should be rewarded who found out anything for the good of the city, and that the children of those who fell in battle should be educated at the public expense; which law had never been proposed by any other legislator, though it is at present in use at Athens as well as in other cities, he would have the magistrates chosen out of the people in general, by whom he meant the three parts before spoken of; and that those who were so elected should be the particular guardians of what belonged to the public, to strangers, and to orphans.

These are the principal parts and most worthy of notice in Hippodamus's plan. But some persons might doubt the propriety of his division of the citizens into three parts; for the artisans, the husbandmen, and the soldiers are to compose one community, where the husbandmen are to have no arms, and the artisans neither arms nor land, which would in a manner render them slaves to the soldiery. It is also impossible that the whole community should partake of all the honourable employments in it--for the generals and the guardians of the state must necessarily be appointed out of the soldiery, and indeed the most honourable magistrates; but as the two other parts will not have their share in the government, how can they be expected to have any affection for it? But it is necessary that the soldiery should be superior to the other two parts, and this superiority will not be easily gained without they are very numerous; and if they are so, why should the community consist of any other members? why should any others have a right to elect the magistrates? Besides, of what use are the husbandmen to this community? Artisans, 'tis true, are necessary, for these every city wants, and they can live upon their business. If the husbandmen indeed furnished the soldiers with provisions, they

would be properly part of the community; but these are supposed to have their private property, and to cultivate it for their own use. Moreover, if the soldiers themselves are to cultivate that common land which is appropriated for their support, there will be no distinction between the soldier and the husbandman, which the legislator intended there should be; and if there should be any others who are to cultivate the private property of the husbandman and the common lands of the military, there will be a fourth order in the state which will have no share in it, and always entertain hostile sentiments towards it. If any one should propose that the same persons should cultivate their own lands and the public ones also, then there would be a deficiency [1268b] of provisions to supply two families, as the lands would not immediately yield enough for themselves and the soldiers also; and all these things would occasion great confusion.

Nor do I approve of his method of determining causes, when he would have the judge split the case which comes simply before him; and thus, instead of being a judge, become an arbitrator. Now when any matter is brought to arbitration, it is customary for many persons to confer together upon the business that is before them; but when a cause is brought before judges it is not so; and many legislators take care that the judges shall not have it in their power to communicate their sentiments to each other. Besides, what can prevent confusion on the bench when one judge thinks a fine should be different from what another has set it at; one proposing twenty minae, another ten, or be it more or less, another four, and another five; and it is evident, that in this manner they will differ from each other, while some will give the whole damages sued for, and others nothing; in this situation, how shall their determinations be settled? Besides, a judge cannot be obliged to perjure himself who simply acquits or condemns, if the action is fairly and justly brought; for he who acquits the party does not say that he ought not to pay any fine at all, but that he ought not to pay a fine of twenty minae. But he that condemns him is guilty of perjury if he sentences him to pay twenty minae while he believes the damages ought not to be so much.

Now with respect to these honours which he proposes to bestow on those who can give any information useful to the community, this, though very pleasing in speculation, is what the legislator should not settle, for it would encourage informers, and probably occasion commotions in the state. And this proposal of his gives rise also to further conjectures and inquiries; for some persons have doubted whether it is useful or hurtful to alter the established law of any country, if even for the better; for which reason one cannot immediately determine upon what he here says, whether it is advantageous to alter the law or not. We know, indeed, that it is possible to propose to new model both the laws and government as a common good; and since we have mentioned this subject, it may be very proper to enter into a few particulars concerning it, for it contains some difficulties, as I have already said, and it may appear better to alter them, since it has been found useful in other sciences.

Thus the science of physic is extended beyond its ancient bounds; so is the gymnastic, and indeed all other arts and powers; so that one may lay it down for certain that the same thing will necessarily hold good in the art of government. And it may also be affirmed, that experience itself gives a proof of this; for the ancient laws are too simple and barbarous; which allowed the Greeks to wear swords in the city, and to buy their wives of each [1269a]. other. And indeed all the remains of old laws which we have are very simple; for instance, a law in Cuma relative to murder. If any person who prosecutes another for murder can produce a certain number of witnesses to it of his own relations, the accused person shall be held guilty. Upon the whole, all persons ought to endeavour to follow what is right, and not what is established; and it is probable that the first men, whether they sprung out of the earth, or were saved from some general calamity, had very little understanding or knowledge, as is affirmed of these aborigines; so that it would be absurd to continue in the practice of their rules. Nor is it, moreover, right to permit written laws always to remain without alteration; for as in all other sciences, so in politics, it is impossible to express everything in writing with perfect exactness; for when we commit anything to writing we must use general terms, but in every action there is something particular to itself, which these may not comprehend; from whence it is evident, that certain laws will at certain times admit of alterations. But if we consider this matter in another point of view, it will appear to require great caution; for when the advantage proposed is trifling, as the accustoming the people easily to abolish their laws is of bad consequence, it is evidently better to pass over some faults which either the legislator or the magistrates may have committed; for the alterations will not be of so much service as a habit of disobeying the magistrates will be of disservice. Besides, the instance brought from the arts is fallacious; for it is not the same thing to alter the one as the other. For a law derives all its strength from custom, and this requires long time to establish; so that, to make it an easy matter to pass from the established laws to other new ones, is to weaken the power of laws. Besides, here is another question; if the laws are to be altered, are they all to be altered, and in every government or not, and whether at the pleasure of one person or many? all which particulars will make a great difference; for which reason we will at present drop the inquiry, to pursue it at some other time.

CHAPTER IX

There are two considerations which offer themselves with respect to the government established at Lacedaemon and Crete, and indeed in almost all other states whatsoever; one is whether their laws do or do not promote the best establishment possible? the other is whether there is anything, if we consider either the principles upon which it is founded or the executive part of it, which prevents the form of government that they had proposed to follow from being observed; now it is allowed that in every well-regulated state the members of it should be free from servile labour; but in what manner this shall be effected is not so easy to determine; for the Penestse have very often attacked the Thessalians, and the Helots the Lacedaemonians, for they in a manner continually watch an opportunity for some misfortune befalling them. But no such thing has ever happened to the Cretans; the [1269b] reason for which probably is, that although they are engaged in frequent wars with the neighbouring cities, yet none of these would enter into an alliance with the revolters, as it would be disadvantageous for them, who themselves also have their villains. But now there is perpetual enmity between the Lacedaemonians and all their neighbours, the Argives, the Messenians, and the Arcadians. Their slaves also first revolted from the Thessalians while they were engaged in wars with their neighbours the Acheans, the Perrabeans, and the Magnesians. It seems to me indeed, if nothing else, yet something very troublesome to keep upon proper terms with them; for if you are remiss in your discipline they grow insolent, and think themselves upon an equality with their masters; and if they are hardly used they are continually plotting against you and hate you. It is evident, then, that those who employ slaves have not as yet hit upon the right way of managing them.

As to the indulging of women in any particular liberties, it is hurtful to the end of government and the prosperity of the city; for as a man and his wife are the two parts of a family, if we suppose a city to be divided into two parts, we must allow that the number of men and women will be equal.

In whatever city then the women are not under good regulations, we must look upon one half of it as not under the restraint of law, as it there happened; for the legislator, desiring to make his whole city a collection of warriors with respect to the men, he most evidently accomplished his design; but in the meantime the women were quite neglected, for they live without restraint in every improper indulgence and luxury. So that in such a state riches will necessarily be in general esteem, particularly if the men are governed by their wives, which has been the case with many a brave and warlike people except the Celts, and those other nations, if there are any such, who openly practise pederasty. And the first mythologists seem not improperly to have joined Mars and Venus together; for all nations of this character are greatly addicted either to the love of women or of boys, for which reason it was thus at Lacedaemon; and many things in their state were done by the authority of the women. For what is the difference, if the power is in the hands of the women, or in the hands of those whom they themselves govern? it must turn to the same account. As this boldness of the women can be of no use in any common occurrences, if it was ever so, it must be in war; but even here we find that the Lacedaemonian women were of the greatest disservice, as was proved at the time of the Theban invasion, when they were of no use at all, as they are in other cities, but made more disturbance than even the enemy.

The origin of this indulgence which the Lacedaemonian women enjoy is easily accounted for, from the long time the men were absent from home upon foreign expeditions [1270a] against the Argives, and afterwards the Arcadians and Messenians, so that, when these wars were at an end, their military life, in which there is no little virtue, prepared them to obey the precepts of their law-giver; but we are told, that when Lycurgus endeavoured also to reduce the women to an obedience to his laws, upon their refusal he declined it. It may indeed be said that the women were the causes of these things, and of course all the fault was theirs. But we are not now considering where the fault lies, or where it does not lie, but what is right and what is wrong; and when the manners of the women are not well regulated, as I have already said, it must not only occasion faults which are disgraceful to the state, but also increase the love of money. In the next place, fault may be found with his unequal division of property, for some will have far too much, others too little; by which means the land will come into few hands, which business is badly regulated by his laws. For he made it infamous for any one either to buy or sell their possessions, in which he did right; but he permitted any one that chose it to give them away, or bequeath them, although nearly the same consequences will arise from one practice as from the other. It is supposed that near two parts in five of the whole country is the property of women, owing to their being so often sole heirs, and having such large fortunes in marriage; though it would be better to allow them none, or a little, or a certain regulated proportion. Now every one is permitted to make a woman his heir if he pleases; and if he dies intestate, he who succeeds as heir at law gives it to whom he pleases. From whence it happens that although the country is able to support fifteen hundred horse and thirty thousand foot, the number does not amount to one thousand.

And from these facts it is evident, that this particular is badly regulated; for the city could not support one shock, but was ruined for want of men. They say, that during the reigns of their ancient kings they used to present foreigners with the freedom of their city, to prevent there being a want of men while they carried on long wars; it is also affirmed that the number of Spartans was formerly ten

thousand; but be that as it will, an equality of property conduces much to increase the number of the people. The law, too, which he made to encourage population was by no means calculated to correct this inequality; for being willing that the Spartans should be as numerous as [1270b] possible, to make them desirous of having large families he ordered that he who had three children should be excused the night-watch, and that he who had four should pay no taxes: though it is very evident, that while the land was divided in this manner, that if the people increased there must many of them be very poor.

Nor was he less blamable for the manner in which he constituted the ephori; for these magistrates take cognisance of things of the last importance, and yet they are chosen out of the people in general; so that it often happens that a very poor person is elected to that office, who, from that circumstance, is easily bought. There have been many instances of this formerly, as well as in the late affair at Andros. And these men, being corrupted with money, went as far as they could to ruin the city: and, because their power was too great and nearly tyrannical, their kings were obliged to natter them, which contributed greatly to hurt the state; so that it altered from an aristocracy to a democracy. This magistracy is indeed the great support of the state; for the people are easy, knowing that they are eligible to the first office in it; so that, whether it took place by the intention of the legislator, or whether it happened by chance, this is of great service to their affairs; for it is necessary that every member of the state should endeavour that each part of the government should be preserved, and continue the same. And upon this principle their kings have always acted, out of regard to their honour; the wise and good from their attachment to the senate, a seat wherein they consider as the reward of virtue; and the common people, that they may support the ephori, of whom they consist. And it is proper that these magistrates should be chosen out of the whole community, not as the custom is at present, which is very ridiculous. The ephori are the supreme judges in causes of the last consequence; but as it is quite accidental what sort of persons they may be, it is not right that they should determine according to their own opinion, but by a written law or established custom. Their way of life also is not consistent with the manners of the city, for it is too indulgent; whereas that of others is too severe; so that they cannot support it, but are obliged privately to act contrary to law, that they may enjoy some of the pleasures of sense. There are also great defects in the institution of their senators. If indeed they were fitly trained to the practice of every human virtue, every one would readily admit that they would be useful to the government; but still it might be debated whether they should be continued judges for life, to determine points of the greatest moment, since the mind has its old age as well as the body; but as they are so brought up, [1271a] that even the legislator could not depend upon them as good men, their power must be inconsistent with the safety of the state: for it is known that the members of that body have been guilty both of bribery and partiality in many public affairs; for which reason it had been much better if they had been made answerable for their conduct, which they are not. But it may be said the ephori seem to have a check upon all the magistrates. They have indeed in this particular very great power; but I affirm that they should not be entrusted with this control in the manner they are. Moreover, the mode of choice which they make use of at the election of their senators is very childish. Nor is it right for any one to solicit for a place he is desirous of; for every person, whether he chooses it or not, ought to execute any office he is fit for. But his intention was evidently the same in this as in the other parts of his government. For making his citizens ambitious after honours, with men of that disposition he has filled his senate, since no others will solicit for that office; and yet the principal part of those crimes which men are deliberately guilty of arise from ambition and avarice.

We will inquire at another time whether the office of a king is useful to the state: thus much is certain, that they should be chosen from a consideration of their conduct and not as they are now. But that the legislator himself did not expect to make all his citizens honourable and completely virtuous is evident from this, that he distrusts them as not being good men; for he sent those upon the same embassy that were at variance with each other; and thought, that in the dispute of the kings the safety of the state consisted. Neither were their common meals at first well established: for these should rather have been provided at the public expense, as at Crete, where, as at Lacedaemon, every one was obliged to buy his portion, although he might be very poor, and could by no means bear the expense, by which means the contrary happened to what the legislator desired: for he intended that those public meals should strengthen the democratic part of his government: but this regulation had quite the contrary effect, for those who were very poor could not take part in them; and it was an observation of their forefathers, that the not allowing those who could not contribute their proportion to the common tables to partake of them, would be the ruin of the state. Other persons have censured his laws concerning naval affairs, and not without reason, as it gave rise to disputes. For the commander of the fleet is in a manner set up in opposition to the kings, who are generals of the army for life.

[1271b] There is also another defect in his laws worthy of censure, which Plato has given in his book of Laws; that the whole constitution was calculated only for the business of war: it is indeed excellent to make them conquerors; for which reason the preservation of the state depended thereon. The destruction of it commenced with their victories: for they knew not how to be idle, or engage in any other employment than war. In this particular also they were mistaken, that though they rightly thought, that those things which are the objects of contention amongst mankind are better procured by virtue than vice, yet they wrongfully preferred

the things themselves to virtue. Nor was the public revenue well managed at Sparta, for the state was worth nothing while they were obliged to carry on the most extensive wars, and the subsidies were very badly raised; for as the Spartans possessed a large extent of country, they were not exact upon each other as to what they paid in. And thus an event contrary to the legislator's intention took place; for the state was poor, the individuals avaricious. Enough of the Lacedaemonian government; for these seem the chief defects in it.

CHAPTER X

The government of Crete bears a near resemblance to this, in some few particulars it is not worse, but in general it is far inferior in its contrivance. For it appears and is allowed in many particulars the constitution of Lacedaemon was formed in imitation of that of Crete; and in general most new things are an improvement upon the old. For they say, that when Lycurgus ceased to be guardian to King Charilles he went abroad and spent a long time with his relations in Crete, for the Lycians are a colony of the Lacedaemonians; and those who first settled there adopted that body of laws which they found already established by the inhabitants; in like manner also those who now live near them have the very laws which Minos first drew up.

This island seems formed by nature to be the mistress of Greece, for it is entirely surrounded by a navigable ocean which washes almost all the maritime parts of that country, and is not far distant on the one side from Peloponnesus, on the other, which looks towards Asia, from Triopium and Rhodes. By means of this situation Minos acquired the empire of the sea and the islands; some of which he subdued, in others planted colonies: at last he died at Camicus while he was attacking Sicily. There is this analogy between the customs of the Lacedaemonians and the Cretans, the Helots cultivate the grounds [1272a] for the one, the domestic slaves for the other. Both states have their common meals, and the Lacedaemonians called these formerly not _psiditia_ but _andpia_, as the Cretans do; which proves from whence the custom arose. In this particular their governments are also alike: the ephori have the same power with those of Crete, who are called _kosmoi_; with this difference only, that the number of the one is five, of the other ten. The senators are the same as those whom the Cretans call the council. There was formerly also a kingly power in Crete; but it was afterwards dissolved, and the command of their armies was given to the _kosmoi_. Every one also has a vote in their public assembly; but this has only the power of confirming what has already passed the council and the _kosmoi_.

The Cretans conducted their public meals better than the Lacedaemonians, for at Lacedaemon each individual was obliged to furnish what was assessed upon him; which if he could not do, there was a law which deprived him of the rights of a citizen, as has been already mentioned: but in Crete they were furnished by the community; for all the corn and cattle, taxes and contributions, which the domestic slaves were obliged to furnish, were divided into parts and allotted to the gods, the exigencies of the state, and these public meals; so that all the men, women, and children were maintained from a common stock. The legislator gave great attention to encourage a habit of eating sparingly, as very useful to the citizens. He also endeavoured, that his community might not be too populous, to lessen the connection with women, by introducing the love of boys: whether in this he did well or ill we shall have some other opportunity of considering. But that the public meals were better ordered at Crete than at Lacedaemon is very evident.

The institution of the _kosmoi_, was still worse than that of the ephori: for it contained all the faults incident to that magistracy and some peculiar to itself; for in both cases it is uncertain who will be elected: but the Lacedaemonians have this advantage which the others have not, that as all are eligible, the whole community have a share in the highest honours, and therefore all desire to preserve the state: whereas among the Cretans the _kosmoi_ are not chosen out of the people in general, but out of some certain families, and the senate out of the _kosmoi_. And the same observations which may be made on the senate at Lacedaemon may be applied to these; for their being under no control, and their continuing for life, is an honour greater than they merit; and to have their proceedings not regulated by a written law, but left to their own discretion, is dangerous. (As to there being no insurrections, although the people share not in the management of public affairs, this is no proof of a well-constituted government, as the _kosmoi_ have no opportunity of being bribed like the ephori, as they live in an [1272b] island far from those who would corrupt them.) But the method they take to correct that fault is absurd, impolitic, and tyrannical: for very often either their fellow-magistrates or some private persons conspire together and turn out the _kosmoi_. They are also permitted to resign their office before their time is elapsed, and if all this was done by law it would be well, and not at the pleasure of the individuals, which is a bad rule to follow. But what is worst of all is, that general confusion which those who are in power introduce to impede the ordinary course of justice; which sufficiently shows what is the nature of the government, or rather lawless force: for it is usual with the principal persons amongst them to collect together some of the common people and their friends, and then revolt and set up for themselves, and come to blows with each other. And what is the difference, if a state is dissolved at once by such violent means, or if it gradually so

alters in process of time as to be no longer the same constitution? A state like this would ever be exposed to the invasions of those who were powerful and inclined to attack it; but, as has been already mentioned, its situation preserves it, as it is free from the inroads of foreigners; and for this reason the family slaves still remain quiet at Crete, while the Helots are perpetually revolting: for the Cretans take no part in foreign affairs, and it is but lately that any foreign troops have made an attack upon the island; and their ravages soon proved the ineffectualness of their laws. And thus much for the government of Crete.

CHAPTER XI

The government of Carthage seems well established, and in many respects superior to others; in some particulars it bears a near resemblance to the Lacedaemonians; and indeed these three states, the Cretans, the Lacedaemonians and the Carthaginians are in some things very like each other, in others they differ greatly. Amongst many excellent constitutions this may show how well their government is framed, that although the people are admitted to a share in the administration, the form of it remains unaltered, without any popular insurrections, worth notice, on the one hand, or degenerating into a tyranny on the other. Now the Carthaginians have these things in common with the Lacedaemonians: public tables for those who are connected together by the tie of mutual friendship, after the manner of their Phiditia; they have also a magistracy, consisting of an hundred and four persons, similar to the ephori, or rather selected with more judgment; for amongst the Lacedaemonians, all the citizens are eligible, but amongst the Carthaginians, they are chosen out of those of the better sort: there is also some analogy between the king and the senate in both these governments, though the Carthaginian method of appointing their kings is best, for they do not confine themselves to one family; nor do they permit the election to be at large, nor have they any regard to seniority; for if amongst the candidates there are any of greater merit than the rest, these they prefer to those who may be older; for as their power is very extensive, if they are [1273a] persons of no account, they may be very hurtful to the state, as they have always been to the Lacedaemonians; also the greater part of those things which become reprehensible by their excess are common to all those governments which we have described.

Now of those principles on which the Carthaginians have established their mixed form of government, composed of an aristocracy and democracy, some incline to produce a democracy, others an oligarchy: for instance, if the kings and the senate are unanimous upon any point in debate, they can choose whether they will bring it before the people or no; but if they disagree, it is to these they must appeal, who are not only to hear what has been approved of by the senate, but are finally to determine upon it; and whosoever chooses it, has a right to speak against any matter whatsoever that may be proposed, which is not permitted in other cases. The five, who elect each other, have very great and extensive powers; and these choose the hundred, who are magistrates of the highest rank: their power also continues longer than any other magistrates, for it commences before they come into office, and is prolonged after they are out of it; and in this particular the state inclines to an oligarchy: but as they are not elected by lot, but by suffrage, and are not permitted to take money, they are the greatest supporters imaginable of an aristocracy.

The determining all causes by the same magistrates, and not orae in one court and another in another, as at Lacedaemon, has the same influence. The constitution of Carthage is now shifting from an aristocracy to an oligarchy, in consequence of an opinion which is favourably entertained by many, who think that the magistrates in the community ought not to be persons of family only, but of fortune also; as it is impossible for those who are in bad circumstances to support the dignity of their office, or to be at leisure to apply to public business. As choosing men of fortune to be magistrates make a state incline to an oligarchy, and men of abilities to an aristocracy, so is there a third method of proceeding which took place in the polity of Carthage; for they have an eye to these two particulars when they elect their officers, particularly those of the highest rank, their kings and their generals. It must be admitted, that it was a great fault in their legislator not to guard against the constitution's degenerating from an aristocracy; for this is a most necessary thing to provide for at first, that those citizens who have the best abilities should never be obliged to do anything unworthy their character, but be always at leisure to serve the public, not only when in office, but also when private persons; for if once you are obliged to look among the wealthy, that you may have men at leisure to serve you, your greatest offices, of king and general, will soon become venal; in consequence of which, riches will be more honourable than virtue and a love of money be the ruling principle in the city-for what those who have the chief power regard as honourable will necessarily be the object which the [1273b] citizens in general will aim at; and where the first honours are not paid to virtue, there the aristocratic form of government cannot flourish: for it is reasonable to conclude, that those who bought their places should generally make an advantage of what they laid out their money for; as it is absurd to suppose, that if a man of probity who is poor should be desirous of gaining something, a bad man should not endeavour to do the same, especially to reimburse himself; for which reason the magistracy should be formed of those who are most able to support an aristocracy. It would have been better for the legislature to

have passed over the poverty of men of merit, and only to have taken care to have ensured them sufficient leisure, when in office, to attend to public affairs.

It seems also improper, that one person should execute several offices, which was approved of at Carthage; for one business is best done by one person; and it is the duty of the legislator to look to this, and not make the same person a musician and a shoemaker: so that where the state is not small it is more politic and more popular to admit many persons to have a share in the government; for, as I just now said, it is not only more usual, but everything is better and sooner done, when one thing only is allotted to one person: and this is evident both in the army and navy, where almost every one, in his turn, both commands and is under command. But as their government inclines to an oligarchy, they avoid the ill effects of it by always appointing some of the popular party to the government of cities to make their fortunes. Thus they consult this fault in their constitution and render it stable; but this is depending on chance; whereas the legislator ought to frame his government, that there the no room for insurrections. But now, if there should be any general calamity, and the people should revolt from their rulers, there is no remedy for reducing them to obedience by the laws. And these are the particulars of the Lacedaemonian, the Cretan, and the Carthaginian governments which seem worthy of commendation.

CHAPTER XII

Some of those persons who have written upon government had never any share in public affairs, but always led a private life. Everything worthy of notice in their works we have already spoke to. Others were legislators, some in their own cities, others were employed in regulating the governments of foreign states. Some of them only composed a body of laws; others formed the constitution also, as Lycurgus; and Solon, who did both. The Lacedaemonians have been already mentioned. Some persons think that Solon was an excellent legislator, who could dissolve a pure oligarchy, and save the people from that slavery which hung over them, and establish the ancient democratic form of government in his country; wherein every part of it was so framed as to be well adapted to the whole. In the senate of Areopagus an oligarchy was preserved; by the manner of electing their [1274a] magistrates, an aristocracy; and in their courts of justice, a democracy.

Solon seems not to have altered the established form of government, either with respect to the senate or the mode of electing their magistrates; but to have raised the people to great consideration in the state by allotting the supreme judicial department to them; and for this some persons blame him, as having done what would soon overturn that balance of power he intended to establish; for by trying all causes whatsoever before the people, who were chosen by lot to determine them, it was necessary to flatter a tyrannical populace who had got this power; which contributed to bring the government to that pure democracy it now is.

Both Ephialtes and Pericles abridged the power of the Areopagites, the latter of whom introduced the method of paying those who attended the courts of justice: and thus every one who aimed at being popular proceeded increasing the power of the people to what we now see it. But it is evident that this was not Solon's intention, but that it arose from accident; for the people being the cause of the naval victory over the Medes, assumed greatly upon it, and enlisted themselves under factious demagogues, although opposed by the better part of the citizens. He thought it indeed most necessary to entrust the people with the choice of their magistrates and the power of calling them to account; for without that they must have been slaves and enemies to the other citizens: but he ordered them to elect those only who were persons of good account and property, either out of those who were worth five hundred medimns, or those who were called xeugitai, or those of the third census, who were called horsemen.

As for those of the fourth, which consisted of mechanics, they were incapable of any office. Zaleucus was the legislator of the Western Locrians, as was Charondas, the Catanean, of his own cities, and those also in Italy and Sicily which belonged to the Calcidians. Some persons endeavour to prove that Onomacritus, the Locrian, was the first person of note who drew up laws; and that he employed himself in that business while he was at Crete, where he continued some time to learn the prophetic art: and they say, that Thales was his companion; and that Lycurgus and Zaleucus were the scholars of Thales, and Charondas of Zaleucus; but those who advance this, advance what is repugnant to chronology. Philolaus also, of the family of the Bacchiades, was a Theban legislator. This man was very fond of Diocles, a victor in the Olympic games, and when he left his country from a disgust at an improper passion which his mother Alithoe had entertained for him, and settled at Thebes, Philolaus followed him, where they both died, and where they still show their tombs placed in view of each other, but so disposed, that one of them looks towards Corinth, the other does not; the reason they give for this is, that Diodes, from his detestation of his mother's passion, would have his tomb so placed that no one could see Corinth from it; but Philolaus chose that it might be seen from his: and this was the cause of their living at Thebes. [1274b]

As Philolaus gave them laws concerning many other things, so did he upon adoption, which they call adoptive laws; and this he in particular did to preserve the number of families. Charondas did nothing new, except in actions for perjury, which he was the first person who took into particular consideration. He also drew up his laws with greater elegance and accuracy than even any of our present legislators. Philolaus introduced the law for the equal distribution of goods; Plato that for the community of women, children, and goods, and also for public tables for the women; and one concerning drunkenness, that they might observe sobriety in their symposiums. He also made a law concerning their warlike exercises; that they should acquire a habit of using both hands alike, as it was necessary that one hand should be as useful as the other.

As for Draco's laws, they were published when the government was already established, and they have nothing particular in them worth mentioning, except their severity on account of the enormity of their punishments. Pittacus was the author of some laws, but never drew up any form of government; one of which was this, that if a drunken man beat any person he should be punished more than if he did it when sober; for as people are more apt to be abusive when drunk than sober, he paid no consideration to the excuse which drunkenness might claim, but regarded only the common benefit. Andromadas Regmus was also a lawgiver to the Thracian talcidians. There are some laws of his concerning murders and heiresses extant, but these contain nothing that any one can say is new and his own. And thus much for different sorts of governments, as well those which really exist as those which different persons have proposed.

BOOK III

CHAPTER I

Every one who inquires into the nature of government, and what are its different forms, should make this almost his first question, What is a city? For upon this there is a dispute: for some persons say the city did this or that, while others say, not the city, but the oligarchy, or the tyranny. We see that the city is the only object which both the politician and legislator have in view in all they do: but government is a certain ordering of those who inhabit a city. As a city is a collective body, and, like other wholes, composed of many parts, it is evident our first inquiry must be, what a citizen is: for a city is a certain number of citizens. So that we must consider whom we ought to call citizen, and who is one; for this is often doubtful: for every one will not allow that this character is applicable to the same person; for that man who would be a citizen in a republic would very often not be one in an oligarchy. We do not include in this inquiry many of those who acquire this appellation out of the ordinary way, as honorary persons, for instance, but those only who have a natural right to it.

Now it is not residence which constitutes a man a citizen; for in this sojourners and slaves are upon an equality with him; nor will it be sufficient for this purpose, that you have the privilege of the laws, and may plead or be impleaded, for this all those of different nations, between whom there is a mutual agreement for that purpose, are allowed; although it very often happens, that sojourners have not a perfect right therein without the protection of a patron, to whom they are obliged to apply, which shows that their share in the community is incomplete. In like manner, with respect to boys who are not yet enrolled, or old men who are past war, we admit that they are in some respects citizens, but not completely so, but with some exceptions, for these are not yet arrived to years of maturity, and those are past service; nor is there any difference between them. But what we mean is sufficiently intelligible and clear, we want a complete citizen, one in whom there is no deficiency to be corrected to make him so. As to those who are banished, or infamous, there may be the same objections made and the same answer given. There is nothing that more characterises a complete citizen than having a share in the judicial and executive part of the government.

With respect to offices, some are fixed to a particular time, so that no person is, on any account, permitted to fill them twice; or else not till some certain period has intervened; others are not fixed, as a juryman's, and a member of the general assembly: but probably some one may say these are not offices, nor have the citizens in these capacities any share in the government; though surely it is ridiculous to say that those who have the principal power in the state bear no office in it. But this objection is of no weight, for it is only a dispute about words; as there is no general term which can be applied both to the office of a juryman and a member of the assembly. For the sake of distinction, suppose we call it an indeterminate office: but I lay it down as a maxim, that those are citizens who could exercise it. Such then is the description of a citizen who comes nearest to what all those who are called citizens are. Every one also should know, that of the component parts of those things which differ from each other in species, after the first or second remove, those which follow have either nothing at all or very little common to each.

Now we see that governments differ from each other in their form, and that some of them are defective, others [1275b] as excellent as possible: for it is evident, that those which have many deficiencies and degeneracies in them must be far inferior to those which are without such faults. What I mean by degeneracies will be hereafter explained. Hence it is clear that the office of a citizen must differ as governments do from each other: for which reason he who is called a citizen has, in a democracy, every privilege which that station supposes. In other forms of government he may enjoy them; but not necessarily: for in some states the people have no power; nor have they any general assembly, but a few select men.

The trial also of different causes is allotted to different persons; as at Lacedaemon all disputes concerning contracts are brought before some of the ephori: the senate are the judges in cases of murder, and so on; some being to be heard by one magistrate, others by another: and thus at Carthage certain magistrates determine all causes. But our former description of a citizen will admit of correction; for in some governments the office of a juryman and a member of the general assembly is not an indeterminate one; but there are particular persons appointed for these purposes, some or all of the citizens being appointed jurymen or members of the general assembly, and this either for all causes and all public business whatsoever, or else for some particular one: and this may be sufficient to show what a citizen is; for he who has a right to a share in the judicial and executive part of government in any city, him we call a citizen of that place; and a city, in one word, is a collective body of such persons sufficient in themselves to all the purposes of life.

CHAPTER II

In common use they define a citizen to be one who is sprung from citizens on both sides, not on the father's or the mother's only. Others carry the matter still further, and inquire how many of his ancestors have been citizens, as his grandfather, great-grandfather, etc., but some persons have questioned how the first of the family could prove themselves citizens, according to this popular and careless definition. Gorgias of Leontium, partly entertaining the same doubt, and partly in jest, says, that as a mortar is made by a mortar-maker, so a citizen is made by a citizen-maker, and a Larisssean by a Larisssean-maker. This is indeed a very simple account of the matter; for if citizens are so, according to this definition, it will be impossible to apply it to the first founders or first inhabitants of states, who cannot possibly claim in right either of their father or mother. It is probably a matter of still more difficulty to determine their rights as citizens who are admitted to their freedom after any revolution in the state. As, for instance, at Athens, after the expulsion of the tyrants, when Clisthenes enrolled many foreigners and city-slaves amongst the tribes; and the doubt with respect to them was, not whether they were citizens or no, but whether they were legally so or not. Though indeed some persons may have this further [1276a] doubt, whether a citizen can be a citizen when he is illegally made; as if an illegal citizen, and one who is no citizen at all, were in the same predicament: but since we see some persons govern unjustly, whom yet we admit to govern, though not justly, and the definition of a citizen is one who exercises certain offices, for such a one we have defined a citizen to be, it is evident, that a citizen illegally created yet continues to be a citizen, but whether justly or unjustly so belongs to the former inquiry.

CHAPTER III

It has also been doubted what was and what was not the act of the city; as, for instance, when a democracy arises out of an aristocracy or a tyranny; for some persons then refuse to fulfil their contracts; as if the right to receive the money was in the tyrant and not in the state, and many other things of the same nature; as if any covenant was founded for violence and not for the common good. So in like manner, if anything is done by those who have the management of public affairs where a democracy is established, their actions are to be considered as the actions of the state, as well as in the oligarchy or tyranny.

And here it seems very proper to consider this question, When shall we say that a city is the same, and when shall we say that it is different?

It is but a superficial mode of examining into this question to begin with the place and the people; for it may happen that these may be divided from that, or that some one of them may live in one place, and some in another (but this question may be regarded as no very knotty one; for, as a city may acquire that appellation on many accounts, it may be solved many ways); and in like manner, when men inhabit one common place, when shall we say that they inhabit the same city, or that the city is the same? for it does not depend upon the walls; for I can suppose Peloponnesus itself surrounded with a wall, as Babylon was, and every other place, which rather encircles many nations than one city, and that they say was taken three days when some of the inhabitants knew nothing of it: but we shall find a proper time to determine this question; for the extent of a city, how large it should be, and whether it

should consist of more than one people, these are particulars that the politician should by no means be unacquainted with. This, too, is a matter of inquiry, whether we shall say that a city is the same while it is inhabited by the same race of men, though some of them are perpetually dying, others coming into the world, as we say that a river or a fountain is the same, though the waters are continually changing; or when a revolution takes place shall we [1276b] say the men are the same, but the city is different: for if a city is a community, it is a community of citizens; but if the mode of government should alter, and become of another sort, it would seem a necessary consequence that the city is not the same; as we regard the tragic chorus as different from the comic, though it may probably consist of the same performers: thus every other community or composition is said to be different if the species of composition is different; as in music the same hands produce different harmony, as the Doric and Phrygian. If this is true, it is evident, that when we speak of a city as being the same we refer to the government there established; and this, whether it is called by the same name or any other, or inhabited by the same men or different. But whether or no it is right to dissolve the community when the constitution is altered is another question.

CHAPTER IV

What has been said, it follows that we should consider whether the same virtues which constitute a good man make a valuable citizen, or different; and if a particular inquiry is necessary for this matter we must first give a general description of the virtues of a good citizen; for as a sailor is one of those who make up a community, so is a citizen, although the province of one sailor may be different from another's (for one is a rower, another a steersman, a third a boatswain, and so on, each having their several appointments), it is evident that the most accurate description of any one good sailor must refer to his peculiar abilities, yet there are some things in which the same description may be applied to the whole crew, as the safety of the ship is the common business of all of them, for this is the general centre of all their cares: so also with respect to citizens, although they may in a few particulars be very different, yet there is one care common to them all, the safety of the community, for the community of the citizens composes the state; for which reason the virtue of a citizen has necessarily a reference to the state. But if there are different sorts of governments, it is evident that those actions which constitute the virtue of an excellent citizen in one community will not constitute it in another; wherefore the virtue of such a one cannot be perfect: but we say, a man is good when his virtues are perfect; from whence it follows, that an excellent citizen does not possess that virtue which constitutes a good man. Those who are any ways doubtful concerning this question may be convinced of the truth of it by examining into the best formed states: for, if it is impossible that a city should consist entirely of excellent citizens (while it is necessary that every one should do well in his calling, in which consists his excellence, as it is impossible that all the citizens should have the same [1277a] qualifications) it is impossible that the virtue of a citizen and a good man should be the same; for all should possess the virtue of an excellent citizen: for from hence necessarily arise the perfection of the city: but that every one should possess the virtue of a good man is impossible without all the citizens in a well-regulated state were necessarily virtuous. Besides, as a city is composed of dissimilar parts, as an animal is of life and body; the soul of reason and appetite; a family of a man and his wife--property of a master and a slave; in the same manner, as a city is composed of all these and many other very different parts, it necessarily follows that the virtue of all the citizens cannot be the same; as the business of him who leads the band is different from the other dancers. From all which proofs it is evident that the virtues of a citizen cannot be one and the same. But do we never find those virtues united which constitute a good man and excellent citizen? for we say, such a one is an excellent magistrate and a prudent and good man; but prudence is a necessary qualification for all those who engage in public affairs. Nay, some persons affirm that the education of those who are intended to command should, from the beginning, be different from other citizens, as the children of kings are generally instructed in riding and warlike exercises; and thus Euripides says:

"... No showy arts Be mine, but teach me what the state requires."

As if those who are to rule were to have an education peculiar to themselves. But if we allow, that the virtues of a good man and a good magistrate may be the same, and a citizen is one who obeys the magistrate, it follows that the virtue of the one cannot in general be the same as the virtue of the other, although it may be true of some particular citizen; for the virtue of the magistrate must be different from the virtue of the citizen. For which reason Jason declared that was he deprived of his kingdom he should pine away with regret, as not knowing how to live a private man. But it is a great recommendation to know how to command as well as to obey; and to do both these things well is the virtue of an accomplished citizen. If then the virtue of a good man consists only in being able to command, but the virtue of a good citizen renders him equally fit for the one as well as the other, the commendation of both of them is not the same. It appears, then, that both he who commands and he who obeys should each of them learn their separate business: but that the citizen should be master of and take part in both these, as any one may easily perceive; in a family

government there is no occasion for the master to know how to perform the necessary offices, but rather to enjoy the labour of others; for to do the other is a servile part. I mean by the other, the common family business of the slave.

There are many sorts of slaves; for their employments are various: of these the handicraftsmen are one, who, as their name imports, get their living by the labour of their hands, and amongst these all mechanics are included; [1277b] for which reasons such workmen, in some states, were not formerly admitted into any share in the government; till at length democracies were established: it is not therefore proper for any man of honour, or any citizen, or any one who engages in public affairs, to learn these servile employments without they have occasion for them for their own use; for without this was observed the distinction between a master and a slave would be lost. But there is a government of another sort, in which men govern those who are their equals in rank, and freemen, which we call a political government, in which men learn to command by first submitting to obey, as a good general of horse, or a commander-in-chief, must acquire a knowledge of their duty by having been long under the command of another, and the like in every appointment in the army: for well is it said, no one knows how to command who has not himself been under command of another. The virtues of those are indeed different, but a good citizen must necessarily be endowed with them; he ought also to know in what manner freemen ought to govern, as well as be governed: and this, too, is the duty of a good man. And if the temperance and justice of him who commands is different from his who, though a freeman, is under command, it is evident that the virtues of a good citizen cannot be the same as justice, for instance but must be of a different species in these two different situations, as the temperance and courage of a man and a woman are different from each other; for a man would appear a coward who had only that courage which would be graceful in a woman, and a woman would be thought a talker who should take as large a part in the conversation as would become a man of consequence.

The domestic employments of each of them are also different; it is the man's business to acquire subsistence, the woman's to take care of it. But direction and knowledge of public affairs is a virtue peculiar to those who govern, while all others seem to be equally requisite for both parties; but with this the governed have no concern, it is theirs to entertain just notions: they indeed are like flute-makers, while those who govern are the musicians who play on them. And thus much to show whether the virtue of a good man and an excellent citizen is the same, or if it is different, and also how far it is the same, and how far different.

CHAPTER V

But with respect to citizens there is a doubt remaining, whether those only are truly so who are allowed to share in the government, or whether the mechanics also are to be considered as such? for if those who are not permitted to rule are to be reckoned among them, it is impossible that the virtue of all the citizens should be the same, for these also are citizens; and if none of them are admitted to be citizens, where shall they be ranked? for they are neither [1278a] sojourners nor foreigners? or shall we say that there will no inconvenience arise from their not being citizens, as they are neither slaves nor freedmen: for this is certainly true, that all those are not citizens who are necessary to the existence of a city, as boys are not citizens in the same manner that men are, for those are perfectly so, the others under some conditions; for they are citizens, though imperfect ones: for in former times among some people the mechanics were either slaves or foreigners, for which reason many of them are so now: and indeed the best regulated states will not permit a mechanic to be a citizen; but if it be allowed them, we cannot then attribute the virtue we have described to every citizen or freeman, but to those only who are disengaged from servile offices. Now those who are employed by one person in them are slaves; those who do them for money are mechanics and hired servants: hence it is evident on the least reflection what is their situation, for what I have said is fully explained by appearances. Since the number of communities is very great, it follows necessarily that there will be many different sorts of citizens, particularly of those who are governed by others, so that in one state it may be necessary to admit mechanics and hired servants to be citizens, but in others it may be impossible; as particularly in an aristocracy, where honours are bestowed on virtue and dignity: for it is impossible for one who lives the life of a mechanic or hired servant to acquire the practice of virtue. In an oligarchy also hired servants are not admitted to be citizens; because there a man's right to bear any office is regulated by his fortune; but mechanics are, for many citizens are very rich.

There was a law at Thebes that no one could have a share in the government till he had been ten years out of trade. In many states the law invites strangers to accept the freedom of the city; and in some democracies the son of a free-woman is himself free. The same is also observed in many others with respect to natural children; but it is through want of citizens regularly born that they admit such: for these laws are always made in consequence of a scarcity of inhabitants; so, as their numbers increase, they first deprive the children of a male or female slave of this privilege, next the child of a free-woman, and last of all they will admit none but those whose fathers and mothers were both free.

That there are many sorts of citizens, and that he may be said to be as completely who shares the honours of the state, is evident from what has been already said. Thus Achilles, in Homer, complains of Agamemnon's treating him like an unhonoured stranger; for a stranger or sojourner is one who does not partake of the honours of the state: and whenever the right to the freedom of the city is kept obscure, it is for the sake of the inhabitants. [1278b] From what has been said it is plain whether the virtue of a good man and an excellent citizen is the same or different: and we find that in some states it is the same, in others not; and also that this is not true of each citizen, but of those only who take the lead, or are capable of taking the lead, in public affairs, either alone or in conjunction with others.

CHAPTER VI

Having established these points, we proceed next to consider whether one form of government only should be established, or more than one; and if more, how many, and of what sort, and what are the differences between them. The form of government is the ordering and regulating of the city, and all the offices in it, particularly those wherein the supreme power is lodged; and this power is always possessed by the administration; but the administration itself is that particular form of government which is established in any state: thus in a democracy the supreme power is lodged in the whole people; on the contrary, in an oligarchy it is in the hands of a few. We say then, that the form of government in these states is different, and we shall find the same thing hold good in others. Let us first determine for whose sake a city is established; and point out the different species of rule which man may submit to in social life.

I have already mentioned in my treatise on the management of a family, and the power of the master, that man is an animal naturally formed for society, and that therefore, when he does not want any foreign assistance, he will of his own accord desire to live with others; not but that mutual advantage induces them to it, as far as it enables each person to live more agreeably; and this is indeed the great object not only to all in general, but also to each individual: but it is not merely matter of choice, but they join in society also, even that they may be able to live, which probably is not without some share of merit, and they also support civil society, even for the sake of preserving life, without they are grievously overwhelmed with the miseries of it: for it is very evident that men will endure many calamities for the sake of living, as being something naturally sweet and desirable. It is easy to point out the different modes of government, and we have already settled them in our exoteric discourses. The power of the master, though by nature equally serviceable, both to the master and to the slave, yet nevertheless has for its object the benefit of the master, while the benefit of the slave arises accidentally; for if the slave is destroyed, the power of the master is at an end: but the authority which a man has over his wife, and children, and his family, which we call domestic government, is either for the benefit of those who are under subjection, or else for the common benefit of the whole: but its particular object is the benefit of the governed, as we see in other arts; in physic, for instance, and the gymnastic exercises, wherein, if any benefit [1279a] arise to the master, it is accidental; for nothing forbids the master of the exercises from sometimes being himself one of those who exercises, as the steersman is always one of the sailors; but both the master of the exercises and the steersman consider the good of those who are under their government. Whatever good may happen to the steersman when he is a sailor, or to the master of the exercises when he himself makes one at the games, is not intentional, or the object of their power; thus in all political governments which are established to preserve and defend the equality of the citizens it is held right to rule by turns. Formerly, as was natural, every one expected that each of his fellow-citizens should in his turn serve the public, and thus administer to his private good, as he himself when in office had done for others; but now every one is desirous of being continually in power, that he may enjoy the advantage which he makes of public business and being in office; as if places were a never-failing remedy for every complaint, and were on that account so eagerly sought after.

It is evident, then, that all those governments which have a common good in view are rightly established and strictly just, but those who have in view only the good of the rulers are all founded on wrong principles, and are widely different from what a government ought to be, for they are tyranny over slaves, whereas a city is a community of freemen.

CHAPTER VII

Having established these particulars, we come to consider next the different number of governments which there are, and what they are; and first, what are their excellencies: for when we have determined this, their defects will be evident enough.

It is evident that every form of government or administration, for the words are of the same import, must contain a supreme power over the whole state, and this supreme power must necessarily be in the hands of one person, or a few, or many; and when either

of these apply their power for the common good, such states are well governed; but when the interest of the one, the few, or the many who enjoy this power is alone consulted, then ill; for you must either affirm that those who make up the community are not citizens, or else let these share in the advantages of government. We usually call a state which is governed by one person for the common good, a kingdom; one that is governed by more than one, but by a few only, an aristocracy; either because the government is in the hands of the most worthy citizens, or because it is the best form for the city and its inhabitants. When the citizens at large govern for the public good, it is called a state; which is also a common name for all other governments, and these distinctions are consonant to reason; for it will not be difficult to find one person, or a very few, of very distinguished abilities, but almost impossible to meet with the majority [1279b] of a people eminent for every virtue; but if there is one common to a whole nation it is valour; for this is created and supported by numbers: for which reason in such a state the profession of arms will always have the greatest share in the government.

Now the corruptions attending each of these governments are these; a kingdom may degenerate into a tyranny, an aristocracy into an oligarchy, and a state into a democracy. Now a tyranny is a monarchy where the good of one man only is the object of government, an oligarchy considers only the rich, and a democracy only the poor; but neither of them have a common good in view.

CHAPTER VIII

It will be necessary to enlarge a little more upon the nature of each of these states, which is not without some difficulty, for he who would enter into a philosophical inquiry into the principles of them, and not content himself with a superficial view of their outward conduct, must pass over and omit nothing, but explain the true spirit of each of them. A tyranny then is, as has been said, a monarchy, where one person has an absolute and despotic power over the whole community and every member therein: an oligarchy, where the supreme power of the state is lodged with the rich: a democracy, on the contrary, is where those have it who are worth little or nothing. But the first difficulty that arises from the distinctions which we have laid down is this, should it happen that the majority of the inhabitants who possess the power of the state (for this is a democracy) should be rich, the question is, how does this agree with what we have said? The same difficulty occurs, should it ever happen that the poor compose a smaller part of the people than the rich, but from their superior abilities acquire the supreme power; for this is what they call an oligarchy; it should seem then that our definition of the different states was not correct: nay, moreover, could any one suppose that the majority of the people were poor, and the minority rich, and then describe the state in this manner, that an oligarchy was a government in which the rich, being few in number, possessed the supreme power, and that a democracy was a state in which the poor, being many in number, possessed it, still there will be another difficulty; for what name shall we give to those states we have been describing? I mean, that in which the greater number are rich, and that in which the lesser number are poor (where each of these possess the supreme power), if there are no other states than those we have described. It seems therefore evident to reason, that whether the supreme power is vested in the hands of many or few may be a matter of accident; but that it is clear enough, that when it is in the hands of the few, it will be a government of the rich; when in the hands of the many, it will be a government of the poor; since in all countries there are many poor and few rich: it is not therefore the cause that has been already assigned (namely, the number of people in power) that makes the difference between the two governments; but an oligarchy and democracy differ in this from each other, in the poverty of those who govern in the one, and the riches I28oa of those who govern in the other; for when the government is in the hands of the rich, be they few or be they more, it is an oligarchy; when it is in the hands of the poor, it is a democracy: but, as we have already said, the one will be always few, the other numerous, but both will enjoy liberty; and from the claims of wealth and liberty will arise continual disputes with each other for the lead in public affairs.

CHAPTER IX

Let us first determine what are the proper limits of an oligarchy and a democracy, and what is just in each of these states; for all men have some natural inclination to justice; but they proceed therein only to a certain degree; nor can they universally point out what is absolutely just; as, for instance, what is equal appears just, and is so; but not to all; only among those who are equals: and what is unequal appears just, and is so; but not to all, only amongst those who are unequals; which circumstance some people neglect, and therefore judge ill; the reason for which is, they judge for themselves, and every one almost is the worst judge in his own cause. Since then justice has reference to persons, the same distinctions must be made with respect to persons which are made with respect to things, in the manner that I have already described in my Ethics.

As to the equality of the things, these they agree in; but their dispute is concerning the equality of the persons, and chiefly for the reason above assigned; because they judge ill in their own cause; and also because each party thinks, that if they admit what is

right in some particulars, they have done justice on the whole: thus, for instance, if some persons are unequal in riches, they suppose them unequal in the whole; or, on the contrary, if they are equal in liberty, they suppose them equal in the whole: but what is absolutely just they omit; for if civil society was founded for the sake of preserving and increasing property, every one's right in the city would be equal to his fortune; and then the reasoning of those who insist upon an oligarchy would be valid; for it would not be right that he who contributed one mina should have an equal share in the hundred along with him who brought in all the rest, either of the original money or what was afterwards acquired.

Nor was civil society founded merely to preserve the lives of its members; but that they might live well: for otherwise a state might be composed of slaves, or the animal creation: but this is not so; for these have no share in the happiness of it; nor do they live after their own choice; nor is it an alliance mutually to defend each other from injuries, or for a commercial intercourse: for then the Tyrrhenians and Carthaginians, and all other nations between whom treaties of commerce subsist, would be citizens of one city; for they have articles to regulate their exports and imports, and engagements for mutual protection, and alliances for mutual defence; but [1280b] yet they have not all the same magistrates established among them, but they are different among the different people; nor does the one take any care, that the morals of the other should be as they ought, or that none of those who have entered into the common agreements should be unjust, or in any degree vicious, only that they do not injure any member of the confederacy. But whosoever endeavours to establish wholesome laws in a state, attends to the virtues and the vices of each individual who composes it; from whence it is evident, that the first care of him who would found a city, truly deserving that name, and not nominally so, must be to have his citizens virtuous; for otherwise it is merely an alliance for self-defence; differing from those of the same cast which are made between different people only in place: for law is an agreement and a pledge, as the sophist Lycophron says, between the citizens of their intending to do justice to each other, though not sufficient to make all the citizens just and good: and that this is fact is evident, for could any one bring different places together, as, for instance, enclose Megara and Corinth in a wall, yet they would not be one city, not even if the inhabitants intermarried with each other, though this inter-community contributes much to make a place one city. Besides, could we suppose a set of people to live separate from each other, but within such a distance as would admit of an intercourse, and that there were laws subsisting between each party, to prevent their injuring one another in their mutual dealings, supposing one a carpenter, another a husbandman, shoemaker, and the like, and that their numbers were ten thousand, still all that they would have together in common would be a tariff for trade, or an alliance for mutual defence, but not the same city. And why? not because their mutual intercourse is not near enough, for even if persons so situated should come to one place, and every one should live in his own house as in his native city, and there should be alliances subsisting between each party to mutually assist and prevent any injury being done to the other, still they would not be admitted to be a city by those who think correctly, if they preserved the same customs when they were together as when they were separate.

It is evident, then, that a city is not a community of place; nor established for the sake of mutual safety or traffic with each other; but that these things are the necessary consequences of a city, although they may all exist where there is no city: but a city is a society of people joining together with their families and their children to live agreeably for the sake of having their lives as happy and as independent as possible: and for this purpose it is necessary that they should live in one place and intermarry with each other: hence in all cities there are family-meetings, clubs, sacrifices, and public entertainments to promote friendship; for a love of sociability is friendship itself; so that the end then for which a city is established is, that the inhabitants of it may live happy, and these things are conducive to that end: for it is a community of families and villages for the sake of a perfect independent life; that is, as we have already said, for the sake of living well and happily. It is not therefore founded for the purpose of men's merely [1281a] living together, but for their living as men ought; for which reason those who contribute most to this end deserve to have greater power in the city than those who are their equals in family and freedom, but their inferiors in civil virtue, or those who excel them in wealth but are below them in worth. It is evident from what has been said, that in all disputes upon government each party says something that is just.

CHAPTER X

It may also be a doubt where the supreme power ought to be lodged. Shall it be with the majority, or the wealthy, with a number of proper persons, or one better than the rest, or with a tyrant? But whichever of these we prefer some difficulty will arise. For what? shall the poor have it because they are the majority? they may then divide among themselves, what belongs to the rich: nor is this unjust; because truly it has been so judged by the supreme power. But what avails it to point out what is the height of injustice if this is not? Again, if the many seize into their own hands everything which belongs to the few, it is evident that the city will be at an end. But virtue will never destroy what is virtuous; nor can what is right be the ruin of the state: therefore such a law can never be right,

nor can the acts of a tyrant ever be wrong, for of necessity they must all be just; for he, from his unlimited power, compels every one to obey his command, as the multitude oppress the rich. Is it right then that the rich, the few, should have the supreme power? and what if they be guilty of the same rapine and plunder the possessions of the majority, that will be as right as the other: but that all things of this sort are wrong and unjust is evident. Well then, these of the better sort shall have it: but must not then all the other citizens live unhonoured, without sharing the offices of the city; for the offices of a city are its honours, and if one set of men are always in power, it is evident that the rest must be without honour. Well then, let it be with one person of all others the fittest for it: but by this means the power will be still more contracted, and a greater number than before continue unhonoured. But some one may say, that it is wrong to let man have the supreme power and not the law, as his soul is subject to so many passions. But if this law appoints an aristocracy, or a democracy, how will it help us in our present doubts? for those things will happen which we have already mentioned.

CHAPTER XI

Other particulars we will consider separately; but it seems proper to prove, that the supreme power ought to be lodged with the many, rather than with those of the better sort, who are few; and also to explain what doubts (and probably just ones) may arise: now, though not one individual of the many may himself be fit for the supreme power, yet when these many are joined together, it does not follow but they may be better qualified for it than those; and this not separately, but as a collective body; as the public suppers exceed those which are given at one person's private expense: for, as they are many, each person brings in his share of virtue and wisdom; and thus, coming together, they are like one man made up of a multitude, with many feet, many hands, and many intelligences: thus is it with respect to the manners and understandings of the multitude taken together; for which reason the public are the best judges of music and poetry; for some understand one part, some another, and all collectively the whole; and in this particular men of consequence differ from each of the many; as they say those who are beautiful do from those who are not so, and as fine pictures excel any natural objects, by collecting the several beautiful parts which were dispersed among different originals into one, although the separate parts, as the eye or any other, might be handsomer than in the picture.

But if this distinction is to be made between every people and every general assembly, and some few men of consequence, it may be doubtful whether it is true; nay, it is clear enough that, with respect to a few, it is not; since the same conclusion might be applied even to brutes: and indeed wherein do some men differ from brutes? Not but that nothing prevents what I have said being true of the people in some states. The doubt then which we have lately proposed, with all its consequences, may be settled in this manner; it is necessary that the freemen who compose the bulk of the people should have absolute power in some things; but as they are neither men of property, nor act uniformly upon principles of virtue, it is not safe to trust them with the first offices in the state, both on account of their iniquity and their ignorance; from the one of which they will do what is wrong, from the other they will mistake: and yet it is dangerous to allow them no power or share in the government; for when there are many poor people who are incapable of acquiring the honours of their country, the state must necessarily have many enemies in it; let them then be permitted to vote in the public assemblies and to determine causes; for which reason Socrates, and some other legislators, gave them the power of electing the officers of the state, and also of inquiring into their conduct when they came out of office, and only prevented their being magistrates by themselves; for the multitude when they are collected together have all of them sufficient understanding for these purposes, and, mixing among those of higher rank, are serviceable to the city, as some things, which alone are improper for food, when mixed with others make the whole more wholesome than a few of them would be.

But there is a difficulty attending this form of government, for it seems, that the person who himself was capable of curing any one who was then sick, must be the best judge whom to employ as a physician; but such a one must be himself a physician; and the same holds true in every other practice and art: and as a physician ought [1282a] to give an account of his practice to a physician, so ought it to be in other arts: those whose business is physic may be divided into three sorts, the first of these is he who makes up the medicines; the second prescribes, and is to the other as the architect is to the mason; the third is he who understands the science, but never practises it: now these three distinctions may be found in those who understand all other arts; nor have we less opinion of their judgment who are only instructed in the principles of the art than of those who practise it: and with respect to elections the same method of proceeding seems right; for to elect a proper person in any science is the business of those who are skilful therein; as in geometry, of geometricians; in steering, of steersmen: but if some individuals should know something of particular arts and works, they do not know more than the professors of them: so that even upon this principle neither the election of magistrates, nor the censure of their conduct, should be entrusted to the many.

But probably all that has been here said may not be right; for, to resume the argument I lately used, if the people are not very brutal indeed, although we allow that each individual knows less of these affairs than those who have given particular attention to them, yet when they come together they will know them better, or at least not worse; besides, in some particular arts it is not the workman only who is the best judge; namely, in those the works of which are understood by those who do not profess them: thus he who builds a house is not the only judge of it, for the master of the family who inhabits it is a better; thus also a steersman is a better judge of a tiller than he who made it; and he who gives an entertainment than the cook. What has been said seems a sufficient solution of this difficulty; but there is another that follows: for it seems absurd that the power of the state should be lodged with those who are but of indifferent morals, instead of those who are of excellent characters. Now the power of election and censure are of the utmost consequence, and this, as has been said, in some states they entrust to the people; for the general assembly is the supreme court of all, and they have a voice in this, and deliberate in all public affairs, and try all causes, without any objection to the meanness of their circumstances, and at any age: but their treasurers, generals, and other great officers of state are taken from men of great fortune and worth. This difficulty also may be solved upon the same principle; and here too they may be right, for the power is not in the man who is member of the assembly, or council, but the assembly itself, and the council, and the people, of which each individual of the whole community are the parts, I mean as senator, adviser, or judge; for which reason it is very right, that the many should have the greatest powers in their own hands; for the people, the council, and the judges are composed of them, and the property of all these collectively is more than the property of any person or a few who fill the great offices of the state: and thus I determine these points.

The first question that we stated shows plainly, that the supreme power should be lodged in laws duly made and that the magistrate or magistrates, either one or more, should be authorised to determine those cases which the laws cannot particularly speak to, as it is impossible for them, in general language, to explain themselves upon everything that may arise: but what these laws are which are established upon the best foundations has not been yet explained, but still remains a matter of some question: but the laws of every state will necessarily be like every state, either trifling or excellent, just or unjust; for it is evident, that the laws must be framed correspondent to the constitution of the government; and, if so, it is plain, that a well-formed government will have good laws, a bad one, bad ones.

CHAPTER XII

Since in every art and science the end aimed at is always good, so particularly in this, which is the most excellent of all, the founding of civil society, the good wherein aimed at is justice; for it is this which is for the benefit of all. Now, it is the common opinion, that justice is a certain equality; and in this point all the philosophers are agreed when they treat of morals: for they say what is just, and to whom; and that equals ought to receive equal: but we should know how we are to determine what things are equal and what unequal; and in this there is some difficulty, which calls for the philosophy of the politician. Some persons will probably say, that the employments of the state ought to be given according to every particular excellence of each citizen, if there is no other difference between them and the rest of the community, but they are in every respect else alike: for justice attributes different things to persons differing from each other in their character, according to their respective merits. But if this is admitted to be true, complexion, or height, or any such advantage will be a claim for a greater share of the public rights. But that this is evidently absurd is clear from other arts and sciences; for with respect to musicians who play on the flute together, the best flute is not given to him who is of the best family, for he will play never the better for that, but the best instrument ought to be given to him who is the best artist.

If what is now said does not make this clear, we will explain it still further: if there should be any one, a very excellent player on the flute, but very deficient in family and beauty, though each of them are more valuable endowments than a skill in music, and excel this art in a higher degree than that player excels others, yet the best flutes ought to be given to him; for the superiority [1283a] in beauty and fortune should have a reference to the business in hand; but these have none. Moreover, according to this reasoning, every possible excellence might come in comparison with every other; for if bodily strength might dispute the point with riches or liberty, even any bodily strength might do it; so that if one person excelled in size more than another did in virtue, and his size was to qualify him to take place of the other's virtue, everything must then admit of a comparison with each other; for if such a size is greater than virtue by so much, it is evident another must be equal to it: but, since this is impossible, it is plain that it would be contrary to common sense to dispute a right to any office in the state from every superiority whatsoever: for if one person is slow and the other swift, neither is the one better qualified nor the other worse on that account, though in the gymnastic races a difference in these particulars would gain the prize; but a pretension to the offices of the state should be founded on a superiority in

those qualifications which are useful to it: for which reason those of family, independency, and fortune, with great propriety, contend with each other for them; for these are the fit persons to fill them: for a city can no more consist of all poor men than it can of all slaves But if such persons are requisite, it is evident that those also who are just and valiant are equally so; for without justice and valour no state can be supported, the former being necessary for its existence, the latter for its happiness.

CHAPTER XIII

It seems, then, requisite for the establishment of a state, that all, or at least many of these particulars should be well canvassed and inquired into; and that virtue and education may most justly claim the right of being considered as the necessary means of making the citizens happy, as we have already said. As those who are equal in one particular are not therefore equal in all, and those who are unequal in one particular are not therefore unequal in all, it follows that all those governments which are established upon a principle which supposes they are, are erroneous.

We have already said, that all the members of the community will dispute with each other for the offices of the state; and in some particulars justly, but not so in general; the rich, for instance, because they have the greatest landed property, and the ultimate right to the soil is vested in the community; and also because their fidelity is in general most to be depended on. The freemen and men of family will dispute the point with each other, as nearly on an equality; for these latter have a right to a higher regard as citizens than obscure persons, for honourable descent is everywhere of great esteem: nor is it an improper conclusion, that the descendants of men of worth will be men of worth themselves; for noble birth is the fountain of virtue to men of family: for the same reason also we justly say, that virtue has a right to put in her pretensions. Justice, for instance, is a virtue, and so necessary to society, that all others must yield her the precedence.

Let us now see what the many have to urge on their side against the few; and they may say, that if, when collectively taken, they are compared with them, they are stronger, richer, and better than they are. But should it ever happen that all these should inhabit the [1283b] same city, I mean the good, the rich, the noble, as well as the many, such as usually make up the community, I ask, will there then be any reason to dispute concerning who shall govern, or will there not? for in every community which we have mentioned there is no dispute where the supreme power should be placed; for as these differ from each other, so do those in whom that is placed; for in one state the rich enjoy it, in others the meritorious, and thus each according to their separate manners. Let us however consider what is to be done when all these happen at the same time to inhabit the same city. If the virtuous should be very few in number, how then shall we act? shall we prefer the virtuous on account of their abilities, if they are capable of governing the city? or should they be so many as almost entirely to compose the state?

There is also a doubt concerning the pretensions of all those who claim the honours of government: for those who found them either on fortune or family have nothing which they can justly say in their defence; since it is evident upon their principle, that if any one person can be found richer than all the rest, the right of governing all these will be justly vested in this one person. In the same manner, one man who is of the best family will claim it from those who dispute the point upon family merit: and probably in an aristocracy the same dispute might arise on the score of virtue, if there is one man better than all the other men of worth who are in the same community; it seems just, by the same reasoning, that he should enjoy the supreme power. And upon this principle also, while the many suppose they ought to have the supreme command, as being more powerful than the few, if one or more than one, though a small number should be found stronger than themselves, these ought rather to have it than they.

All these things seem to make it plain, that none of these principles are justly founded on which these persons would establish their right to the supreme power; and that all men whatsoever ought to obey them: for with respect to those who claim it as due to their virtue or their fortune, they might have justly some objection to make; for nothing hinders but that it may sometimes happen, that the many may be better or richer than the few, not as individuals, but in their collective capacity.

As to the doubt which some persons have proposed and objected, we may answer it in this manner; it is this, whether a legislator, who would establish the most perfect system of laws, should calculate them for the use of the better part of the citizens, or the many, in the circumstances we have already mentioned? The rectitude of anything consists in its equality; that therefore which is equally right will be advantageous to the whole state, and to every member of it in common.

Now, in general, a citizen is one who both shares in the government and also in his turn submits to be governed; [1284a] their condition, it is true, is different in different states: the best is that in which a man is enabled to choose and to persevere in a course of virtue during his whole life, both in his public and private state. But should there be one person, or a very few, eminent for an

uncommon degree of virtue, though not enough to make up a civil state, so that the virtue of the many, or their political abilities, should be too inferior to come in comparison with theirs, if more than one; or if but one, with his only; such are not to be considered as part of the city; for it would be doing them injustice to rate them on a level with those who are so far their inferiors in virtue and political abilities, that they appear to them like a god amongst men. From whence it is evident, that a system of laws must be calculated for those who are equal to each other in nature and power. Such men, therefore, are not the object of law; for they are themselves a law: and it would be ridiculous in any one to endeavour to include them in the penalties of a law: for probably they might say what Antisthenes tells us the lions did to the hares when they demanded to be admitted to an equal share with them in the government. And it is on this account that democratic states have established the ostracism; for an equality seems the principal object of their government. For which reason they compel all those who are very eminent for their power, their fortune, their friendships, or any other cause which may give them too great weight in the government, to submit to the ostracism, and leave the city for a stated time; as the fabulous histories relate the Argonauts served Hercules, for they refused to take him with them in the ship Argo on account of his superior valour. For which reason those who hate a tyranny and find fault with the advice which Periander gave to Thrasybulus, must not think there was nothing to be said in its defence; for the story goes, that Periander said nothing to the messenger in answer to the business he was consulted about, but striking off those ears of corn which were higher than the rest, reduced the whole crop to a level; so that the messenger, without knowing the cause of what was done, related the fact to Thrasybulus, who understood by it that he must take off all the principal men in the city. Nor is this serviceable to tyrants only; nor is it tyrants only who do it; for the same thing is practised both in oligarchies and democracies: for the ostracism has in a manner nearly the same power, by restraining and banishing those who are too great; and what is done in one city is done also by those who have the supreme power in separate states; as the Athenians with respect to the Samians, the Chians, and the Lesbians; for when they suddenly acquired the superiority over all Greece, they brought the other states into subjection, contrary to the treaties which subsisted between them. The King of Persia also very often reduces the Medes and Babylonians when they assume upon their former power: [1284b] and this is a principle which all governments whatsoever keep in their eye; even those which are best administered, as well as those which are not, do it; these for the sake of private utility, the others for the public good.

The same thing is to be perceived in the other arts and sciences; for a painter would not represent an animal with a foot disproportionally large, though he had drawn it remarkably beautiful; nor would the shipwright make the prow or any other part of the vessel larger than it ought to be; nor will the master of the band permit any who sings louder and better than the rest to sing in concert with them. There is therefore no reason that a monarch should not act in agreement with free states, to support his own power, if they do the same thing for the benefit of their respective communities; upon which account when there is any acknowledged difference in the power of the citizens, the reason upon which the ostracism is founded will be politically just; but it is better for the legislator so to establish his state at the beginning as not to want this remedy: but if in course of time such an inconvenience should arise, to endeavour to amend it by some such correction. Not that this was the use it was put to: for many did not regard the benefit of their respective communities, but made the ostracism a weapon in the hand of sedition.

It is evident, then, that in corrupt governments it is partly just and useful to the individual, though probably it is as clear that it is not entirely just: for in a well-governed state there may be great doubts about the use of it, not on account of the pre-eminence which one may have in strength, riches, or connection: but when the pre-eminence is virtue, what then is to be done? for it seems not right to turn out and banish such a one; neither does it seem right to govern him, for that would be like desiring to share the power with Jupiter and to govern him: nothing then remains but what indeed seems natural, and that is for all persons quietly to submit to the government of those who are thus eminently virtuous, and let them be perpetually kings in the separate states.

CHAPTER XIV

What has been now said, it seems proper to change our subject and to inquire into the nature of monarchies; for we have already admitted them to be one of those species of government which are properly founded. And here let us consider whether a kingly government is proper for a city or a country whose principal object is the happiness of the inhabitants, or rather some other. But let us first determine whether this is of one kind only, or more; [1285a] and it is easy to know that it consists of many different species, and that the forms of government are not the same in all: for at Sparta the kingly power seems chiefly regulated by the laws; for it is not supreme in all circumstances; but when the king quits the territories of the state he is their general in war; and all religious affairs are entrusted to him: indeed the kingly power with them is chiefly that of a general who cannot be called to an account for his conduct, and whose command is for life: for he has not the power of life and death, except as a general; as they frequently had in their expeditions by martial law, which we learn from Homer; for when Agamemnon is affronted in council, he restrains his

resentment, but when he is in the field and armed with this power, he tells the Greeks:

"Whoe'er I know shall shun th' impending fight, To dogs and vultures soon shall be a prey; For death is mine...."

This, then, is one species of monarchical government in which the kingly power is in a general for life; and is sometimes hereditary, sometimes elective: besides, there is also another, which is to be met with among some of the barbarians, in which the kings are invested with powers nearly equal to a tyranny, yet are, in some respects, bound by the laws and the customs of their country; for as the barbarians are by nature more prone to slavery than the Greeks, and those in Asia more than those in Europe, they endure without murmuring a despotic government; for this reason their governments are tyrannies; but yet not liable to be overthrown, as being customary and according to law. Their guards also are such as are used in a kingly government, not a despotic one; for the guards of their kings are his citizens, but a tyrant's are foreigners. The one commands, in the manner the law directs, those who willingly obey; the other, arbitrarily, those who consent not. The one, therefore, is guarded by the citizens, the other against them.

These, then, are the two different sorts of these monarchies, and another is that which in ancient Greece they called _aesumnetes_; which is nothing more than an elective tyranny; and its difference from that which is to be found amongst the barbarians consists not in its not being according to law, but only in its not being according to the ancient customs of the country. Some persons possessed this power for life, others only for a particular time or particular purpose, as the people of Mitylene elected Pittacus to oppose the exiles, who were headed by Antimenides and Alcaeus the poet, as we learn from a poem of his; for he upbraids the Mitylenians for having chosen Pittacus for their tyrant, and with one [1285b] voice extolling him to the skies who was the ruin of a rash and devoted people. These sorts of government then are, and ever were, despotic, on account of their being tyrannies; but inasmuch as they are elective, and over a free people, they are also kingly.

A fourth species of kingly government is that which was in use in the heroic times, when a free people submitted to a kingly government, according to the laws and customs of their country. For those who were at first of benefit to mankind, either in arts or arms, or by collecting them into civil society, or procuring them an establishment, became the kings of a willing people, and established an hereditary monarchy. They were particularly their generals in war, and presided over their sacrifices, excepting such only as belonged to the priests: they were also the supreme judges over the people; and in this case some of them took an oath, others did not; they did, the form of swearing was by their sceptre held out.

In ancient times the power of the kings extended to everything whatsoever, both civil, domestic, and foreign; but in after-times they relinquished some of their privileges, and others the people assumed, so that, in some states, they left their kings only the right of presiding over the sacrifices; and even those whom it were worth while to call by that name had only the right of being commander-in-chief in their foreign wars.

These, then, are the four sorts of kingdoms: the first is that of the heroic times; which was a government over a free people, with its rights in some particulars marked out; for the king was their general, their judge, and their high priest. The second, that of the barbarians; which is an hereditary despotic government regulated by laws: the third is that which they call aesumnetic, which is an elective tyranny. The fourth is the Lacedaemonian; and this, in few words, is nothing more than an hereditary generalship: and in these particulars they differ from each other. There is a fifth species of kingly government, which is when one person has a supreme power over all things whatsoever, in the manner that every state and every city has over those things which belong to the public: for as the master of a family is king in his own house, so such a king is master of a family in his own city or state.

CHAPTER XV

But the different sorts of kingly governments may, if I may so say, be reduced to two; which we will consider more particularly. The last spoken of, and the Lacedaemonian, for the chief of the others are placed between these, which are as it were at the extremities, they having less power than an absolute government, and yet more than the Lacedaemonians; so that the whole matter in question may be reduced to these two points; the one is, whether it is advantageous to the citizens to have the office of general continue in one person for life, and whether it should be confined to any particular families or whether every one should be eligible: the other, whether [1286a] it is advantageous for one person to have the supreme power over everything or not. But to enter into the particulars concerning the office of a Lacedaemonian general would be rather to frame laws for a state than to consider the nature and utility of its constitution, since we know that the appointing of a general is what is done in every state. Passing over this question then, we will proceed to consider the other part of their government, which is the polity of the state; and this it will be necessary to examine particularly into, and to go through such questions as may arise.

Now the first thing which presents itself to our consideration is this, whether it is best to be governed by a good man, or by good laws? Those who prefer a kingly government think that laws can only speak a general language, but cannot adapt themselves to particular circumstances; for which reason it is absurd in any science to follow written rule; and even in Egypt the physician was allowed to alter the mode of cure which the law prescribed to him, after the fourth day; but if he did it sooner it was at his own peril: from whence it is evident, on the very same account, that a government of written laws is not the best; and yet general reasoning is necessary to all those who are to govern, and it will be much more perfect in those who are entirely free from passions than in those to whom they are natural. But now this is a quality which laws possess; while the other is natural to the human soul. But some one will say in answer to this, that man will be a better judge of particulars. It will be necessary, then, for a king to be a lawgiver, and that his laws should be published, but that those should have no authority which are absurd, as those which are not, should. But whether is it better for the community that those things which cannot possibly come under the cognisance of the law either at all or properly should be under the government of every worthy citizen, as the present method is, when the public community, in their general assemblies, act as judges and counsellors, where all their determinations are upon particular cases, for one individual, be he who he will, will be found, upon comparison, inferior to a whole people taken collectively: but this is what a city is, as a public entertainment is better than one man's portion: for this reason the multitude judge of many things better than any one single person. They are also less liable to corruption from their numbers, as water is from its quantity: besides, the judgment of an individual must necessarily be perverted if he is overcome by anger or any other passion; but it would be hard indeed if the whole community should be misled by anger. Moreover, let the people be free, and they will do nothing but in conformity to the law, except only in those cases which the law cannot speak to. But though what I am going to propose may not easily be met with, yet if the majority of the state should happen to be good men, should they prefer one uncorrupt governor or many equally good, is it not evident that they should choose the many? But there may be divisions among [1286b] these which cannot happen when there is but one. In answer to this it may be replied that all their souls will be as much animated with virtue as this one man's.

If then a government of many, and all of them good men, compose an aristocracy, and the government of one a kingly power, it is evident that the people should rather choose the first than the last; and this whether the state is powerful or not, if many such persons so alike can be met with: and for this reason probable it was, that the first governments were generally monarchies; because it was difficult to find a number of persons eminently virtuous, more particularly as the world was then divided into small communities; besides, kings were appointed in return for the benefits they had conferred on mankind; but such actions are peculiar to good men: but when many persons equal in virtue appeared at the time, they brooked not a superiority, but sought after an equality and established a free state; but after this, when they degenerated, they made a property of the public; which probably gave rise to oligarchies; for they made wealth meritorious, and the honours of government were reserved for the rich: and these afterwards turned to tyrannies and these in their turn gave rise to democracies; for the power of the tyrants continually decreasing, on account of their rapacious avarice, the people grew powerful enough to frame and establish democracies: and as cities after that happened to increase, probably it was not easy for them to be under any other government than a democracy. But if any person prefers a kingly government in a state, what is to be done with the king's children? Is the family also to reign? But should they have such children as some persons usually have, it will be very detrimental. It may be said, that then the king who has it in his power will never permit such children to succeed to his kingdom. But it is not easy to trust to that; for it is very hard and requires greater virtue than is to be met with in human nature. There is also a doubt concerning the power with which a king should be entrusted: whether he should be allowed force sufficient to compel those who do not choose to be obedient to the laws, and how he is to support his government? for if he is to govern according to law and do nothing of his own will which is contrary thereunto, at the same time it will be necessary to protect that power with which he guards the law, This matter however may not be very difficult to determine; for he ought to have a proper power, and such a one is that which will be sufficient to make the king superior to any one person or even a large part of the community, but inferior to the whole, as the ancients always appointed guards for that person whom they created aesumnetes or tyrant; and some one advised the Syracusians, when Dionysius asked for guards, to allow him such.

CHAPTER XVI

[1287a] We will next consider the absolute monarch that we have just mentioned, who does everything according to his own will: for a king governing under the direction of laws which he is obliged to follow does not of himself create any particular species of government, as we have already said: for in every state whatsoever, either aristocracy or democracy, it is easy to appoint a general for life; and there are many who entrust the administration of affairs to one person only; such is the government at Dyrrachium, and nearly the same at Opus. As for an absolute monarchy as it is called, that is to say, when the whole state is wholly subject to the will of one person, namely the king, it seems to many that it is unnatural that one man should have the entire rule over his

fellow-citizens when the state consists of equals: for nature requires that the same right and the same rank should necessarily take place amongst all those who are equal by nature: for as it would be hurtful to the body for those who are of different constitutions to observe the same regimen, either of diet or clothing, so is it with respect to the honours of the state as hurtful, that those who are equal in merit should be unequal in rank; for which reason it is as much a man's duty to submit to command as to assume it, and this also by rotation; for this is law, for order is law; and it is more proper that law should govern than any one of the citizens: upon the same principle, if it is advantageous to place the supreme power in some particular persons, they should be appointed to be only guardians, and the servants of the laws, for the supreme power must be placed somewhere; but they say, that it is unjust that where all are equal one person should continually enjoy it. But it seems unlikely that man should be able to adjust that which the law cannot determine; it may be replied, that the law having laid down the best rules possible, leaves the adjustment and application of particulars to the discretion of the magistrate; besides, it allows anything to be altered which experience proves may be better established. Moreover, he who would place the supreme power in mind, would place it in God and the laws; but he who entrusts man with it, gives it to a wild beast, for such his appetites sometimes make him; for passion influences those who are in power, even the very best of men: for which reason law is reason without desire.

The instance taken from the arts seems fallacious: wherein it is said to be wrong for a sick person to apply for a remedy to books, but that it would be far more eligible to employ those who are skilful in physic; for these do nothing contrary to reason from motives of friendship but earn their money by curing the sick, whereas those who have the management of public affairs do many things through hatred or favour. And, as a proof of what we have advanced, it may be observed, that whenever a sick person suspects that his physician has been persuaded by his enemies to be guilty of any foul practice to him in his profession, he then rather chooses to apply to books for his cure: and not only this [1287b] but even physicians themselves when they are ill call in other physicians: and those who teach others the gymnastic exercises, exercise with those of the same profession, as being incapable from self-partiality to form a proper judgment of what concerns themselves. From whence it is evident, that those who seek for what is just, seek for a mean; now law is a mean. Moreover; the moral law is far superior and conversant with far superior objects than the written law; for the supreme magistrate is safer to be trusted to than the one, though he is inferior to the other. But as it is impossible that one person should have an eye to everything himself, it will be necessary that the supreme magistrate should employ several subordinate ones under him; why then should not this be done at first, instead of appointing one person in this manner? Besides, if, according to what has been already said, the man of worth is on that account fit to govern, two men of worth are certainly better than one: as, for instance, in Homer, "Let two together go:" and also Agamemnon's wish; "Were ten such faithful counsel mine!" Not but that there are even now some particular magistrates invested with supreme power to decide, as judges, those things which the law cannot, as being one of those cases which comes not properly under its jurisdiction; for of those which can there is no doubt: since then laws comprehend some things, but not all, it is necessary to enquire and consider which of the two is preferable, that the best man or the best law should govern; for to reduce every subject which can come under the deliberation of man into a law is impossible.

No one then denies, that it is necessary that there should be some person to decide those cases which cannot come under the cognisance of a written law: but we say, that it is better to have many than one; for though every one who decides according to the principles of the law decides justly; yet surely it seems absurd to suppose, that one person can see better with two eyes, and hear better with two ears, or do better with two hands and two feet, than many can do with many: for we see that absolute monarchs now furnish themselves with many eyes and ears and hands and feet; for they entrust those who are friends to them and their government with part of their power; for if they are not friends to the monarch, they will not do what he chooses; but if they are friends to him, they are friends also to his government: but a friend is an equal and like his friend: if then he thinks that such should govern, he thinks that his equal also should govern. These are nearly the objections which are usually made to a kingly power.

CHAPTER XVII

Probably what we have said may be true of some persons, but not of others; for some men are by nature formed to be under the government of a master; others, of a king; others, to be the citizens of a free state, just and useful; but a tyranny is not according to nature, nor the other perverted forms of government; for they are contrary to it. But it is evident from what has been said, that among equals it is neither advantageous nor [1288a] right that one person should be lord over all where there are no established laws, but his will is the law; or where there are; nor is it right that one who is good should have it over those who are good; or one who is not good over those who are not good; nor one who is superior to the rest in worth, except in a particular manner, which shall be described, though indeed it has been already mentioned. But let us next determine what people are best qualified for a

kingly government, what for an aristocratic, and what for a democratic. And, first, for a kingly; and it should be those who are accustomed by nature to submit the civil government of themselves to a family eminent for virtue: for an aristocracy, those who are naturally framed to bear the rule of free men, whose superior virtue makes them worthy of the management of others: for a free state, a war-like people, formed by nature both to govern and be governed by laws which admit the poorest citizen to share the honours of the commonwealth according to his worth. But whenever a whole family or any one of another shall happen so far to excel in virtue as to exceed all other persons in the community, then it is right that the kingly power should be in them, or if it is an individual who does so, that he should be king and lord of all; for this, as we have just mentioned, is not only correspondent to that principle of right which all founders of all states, whether aristocracies, oligarchies, or democracies, have a regard to (for in placing the supreme power they all think it right to fix it to excellence, though not the same); but it is also agreeable to what has been already said; as it would not be right to kill, or banish, or ostracise such a one for his superior merit. Nor would it be proper to let him have the supreme power only in turn; for it is contrary to nature that what is highest should ever be lowest: but this would be the case should such a one ever be governed by others. So that there can nothing else be done but to submit, and permit him continually to enjoy the supreme power. And thus much with respect to kingly power in different states, and whether it is or is not advantageous to them, and to what, and in what manner.

CHAPTER XVIII

Since then we have said that there are three sorts of regular governments, and of these the best must necessarily be that which is administered by the best men (and this must be that which happens to have one man, or one family, or a number of persons excelling all the rest in virtue, who are able to govern and be governed in such a manner as will make life most agreeable, and we have already shown that the virtue of a good man and of a citizen in the most perfect government will be the same), it is evident, that in the same manner, and for those very qualities which would procure a man the character of good, any one would say, that the government of a state was a well-established aristocracy or kingdom; so that it will be found to be education and [1288b] morals that are almost the whole which go to make a good man, and the same qualities will make a good citizen or good king.

These particulars being treated of, we will now proceed to consider what sort of government is best, how it naturally arises, and how it is established; for it is necessary to make a proper inquiry concerning this.

BOOK IV

CHAPTER I

In every art and science which is not conversant in parts but in some one genus in which it is complete, it is the business of that art alone to determine what is fitted to its particular genus; as what particular exercise is fitted to a certain particular body, and suits it best: for that body which is formed by nature the most perfect and superior to others necessarily requires the best exercise-and also of what one kind that must be which will suit the generality; and this is the business of the gymnastic arts: and although any one should not desire to acquire an exact knowledge and skill in these exercises, yet it is not, on that account, the less necessary that he who professes to be a master and instruct the youth in them should be perfect therein: and we see that this is what equally befalls the healing, shipbuilding, cloth-making, and indeed all other arts; so that it evidently belongs to the same art to find out what kind of government is best, and would of all others be most correspondent to our wish, while it received no molestation from without: and what particular species of it is adapted to particular persons; for there are many who probably are incapable of enjoying the best form: so that the legislator, and he who is truly a politician, ought to be acquainted not only with that which is most perfect imaginable, but also that which is the best suited to any given circumstances. There is, moreover, a third sort, an imaginary one, and he ought, if such a one should be presented to his consideration, to be able to discern what sort of one it would be at the beginning; and, when once established, what would be the proper means to preserve it a long time. I mean, for instance, if a state should happen not to have the best form of government, or be deficient in what was necessary, or not receive every advantage possible, but something less. And, besides all this, it is necessary to know what sort of government is best fitting for all cities: for most of those writers who have treated this subject, however speciously they may handle other parts of it, have failed in describing the practical parts: for it is not enough to be able to perceive what is best without it is what can be put in practice. It should also be simple, and easy for all to attain to. But some seek only the most subtile forms of government. Others again, choosing [1289a] rather to treat of what is common, censure those under which they live, and extol the excellence of a particular state, as the Lacedaemonian, or some other: but every legislator ought to establish such a form of government as from the present state and

disposition of the people who are to receive it they will most readily submit to and persuade the community to partake of: for it is not a business of less trouble to correct the mistakes of an established government than to form a new one; as it is as difficult to recover what we have forgot as to learn anything afresh. He, therefore, who aspires to the character of a legislator, ought, besides all we have already said, to be able to correct the mistakes of a government already established, as we have before mentioned. But this is impossible to be done by him who does not know how many different forms of government there are: some persons think that there is only one species both of democracy and oligarchy; but this is not true: so that every one should be acquainted with the difference of these governments, how great they are, and whence they arise; and should have equal knowledge to perceive what laws are best, and what are most suitable to each particular government: for all laws are, and ought to be, framed agreeable to the state that is to be governed by them, and not the state to the laws: for government is a certain ordering in a state which particularly respects the magistrates in what manner they shall be regulated, and where the supreme power shall be placed; and what shall be the final object which each community shall have in view; but the laws are something different from what regulates and expresses the form of the constitution-it is their office to direct the conduct of the magistrate in the execution of his office and the punishment of offenders. From whence it is evident, that the founders of laws should attend both to the number and the different sorts of government; for it is impossible that the same laws should be calculated for all sorts of oligarchies and all sorts of democracies, for of both these governments there are many species, not one only.

CHAPTER II

Since, then, according to our first method in treating of the different forms of government, we have divided those which are regular into three sorts, the kingly, the aristocratical, the free states, and shown the three excesses which these are liable to: the kingly, of becoming tyrannical; the aristocratical, oligarchical; and the free state, democratical: and as we have already treated of the aristocratical and kingly; for to enter into an inquiry what sort of government is best is the same thing as to treat of these two expressly; for each of them desires to be established upon the principles of virtue: and as, moreover, we have already determined wherein a kingly power and an aristocracy differ from each other, and when a state may be said to be governed by a king, it now remains that we examine into a free state, and also these other governments, an oligarchy, a democracy, and a [1289b] tyranny; and it is evident of these three excesses which must be the worst of all, and which next to it; for, of course, the excesses of the best and most holy must be the worst; for it must necessarily happen either that the name of king only will remain, or else that the king will assume more power than belongs to him, from whence tyranny will arise, the worst excess imaginable, a government the most contrary possible to a free state. The excess next hurtful is an oligarchy; for an aristocracy differs much from this sort of government: that which is least so is a democracy. This subject has been already treated of by one of those writers who have gone before me, though his sentiments are not the same as mine: for he thought, that of all excellent constitutions, as a good oligarchy or the like, a democracy was the worst, but of all bad ones, the best.

Now I affirm, that all these states have, without exception, fallen into excess; and also that he should not have said that one oligarchy was better than another, but that it was not quite so bad. But this question we shall not enter into at present. We shall first inquire how many different sorts of free states there are; since there are many species of democracies and oligarchies; and which of them is the most comprehensive, and most desirable after the best form of government; or if there is any other like an aristocracy, well established; and also which of these is best adapted to most cities, and which of them is preferable for particular persons: for, probably, some may suit better with an oligarchy than a democracy, and others better with a democracy than an oligarchy; and afterwards in what manner any one ought to proceed who desires to establish either of these states, I mean every species of democracy, and also of oligarchy. And to conclude, when we shall have briefly gone through everything that is necessary, we will endeavour to point out the sources of corruption, and stability, in government, as well those which are common to all as those which are peculiar to each state, and from what causes they chiefly arise.

CHAPTER III

The reason for there being many different sorts of governments is this, that each state consists of a great number of parts; for, in the first place, we see that all cities are made up of families: and again, of the multitude of these some must be rich, some poor, and others in the middle station; and that, both of the rich and poor, some will be used to arms, others not. We see also, that some of the common people are husbandmen, others attend the market, and others are artificers. There is also a difference between the nobles in their wealth, and the dignity in which they live: for instance, in the number of horses they breed; for this cannot be supported without a large fortune: for which reason, in former times, those cities whose strength consisted in horse became by that

means oligarchies; and they used horse in their expeditions against the neighbouring cities; as the Eretrians the Chalcidians, the Magnetians, who lived near the river Meander, and many others in Asia. Moreover, besides the difference of fortune, there is that which arises from family and merit; or, if there are any other distinctions [1290a] which make part of the city, they have been already mentioned in treating of an aristocracy, for there we considered how many parts each city must necessarily be composed of; and sometimes each of these have a share in the government, sometimes a few, sometimes more.

It is evident then, that there must be many forms of government, differing from each other in their particular constitution: for the parts of which they are composed each differ from the other. For government is the ordering of the magistracies of the state; and these the community share between themselves, either as they can attain them by force, or according to some common equality which there is amongst them, as poverty, wealth, or something which they both partake of. There must therefore necessarily be as many different forms of governments as there are different ranks in the society, arising from the superiority of some over others, and their different situations. And these seem chiefly to be two, as they say, of the winds: namely, the north and the south; and all the others are declinations from these. And thus in politics, there is the government of the many and the government of the few; or a democracy and an oligarchy: for an aristocracy may be considered as a species of oligarchy, as being also a government of the few; and what we call a free state may be considered as a democracy: as in the winds they consider the west as part of the north, and the east as part of the south: and thus it is in music, according to some, who say there are only two species of it, the Doric and the Phrygian, and all other species of composition they call after one of these names; and many people are accustomed to consider the nature of government in the same light; but it is both more convenient and more correspondent to truth to distinguish governments as I have done, into two species: one, of those which are established upon proper principles; of which there may be one or two sorts: the other, which includes all the different excesses of these; so that we may compare the best form of government to the most harmonious piece of music; the oligarchic and despotic to the more violent tunes; and the democratic to the soft and gentle airs.

CHAPTER IV

We ought not to define a democracy as some do, who say simply, that it is a government where the supreme power is lodged in the people; for even in oligarchies the supreme power is in the majority. Nor should they define an oligarchy a government where the supreme power is in the hands of a few: for let us suppose the number of a people to be thirteen hundred, and that of these one thousand were rich, who would not permit the three hundred poor to have any share in the government, although they were free, and their equal in everything else; no one would say, that this government was a democracy. In like manner, if the poor, when few in number, should acquire the power over the rich, though more than themselves, no one would say, that this was an oligarchy; nor this, when the rest who are rich have no share in the administration. We should rather say, that a democracy is when the supreme power is in the [1290b] hands of the freemen; an oligarchy, when it is in the hands of the rich: it happens indeed that in the one case the many will possess it, in the other the few; because there are many poor and few rich. And if the power of the state was to be distributed according to the size of the citizens, as they say it is in Ethiopia, or according to their beauty, it would be an oligarchy: for the number of those who are large and beautiful is small.

Nor are those things which we have already mentioned alone sufficient to describe these states; for since there are many species both of a democracy and an oligarchy, the matter requires further consideration; as we cannot admit, that if a few persons who are free possess the supreme power over the many who are not free, that this government is a democracy: as in Apollonia, in Ionia, and in Thera: for in each of these cities the honours of the state belong to some few particular families, who first founded the colonies. Nor would the rich, because they are superior in numbers, form a democracy, as formerly at Colophon; for there the majority had large possessions before the Lydian war: but a democracy is a state where the freemen and the poor, being the majority, are invested with the power of the state. An oligarchy is a state where the rich and those of noble families, being few, possess it.

We have now proved that there are various forms of government and have assigned a reason for it; and shall proceed to show that there are even more than these, and what they are, and why; setting out with the principle we have already laid down. We admit that every city consists not of one, but many parts: thus, if we should endeavour to comprehend the different species of animals we should first of all note those parts which every animal must have, as a certain sensorium, and also what is necessary to acquire and retain food, as a mouth and a belly; besides certain parts to enable it to move from place to place. If, then, these are the only parts of an animal and there are differences between them; namely, in their various sorts of stomachs, bellies, and sensoriums: to which we must add their motive powers; the number of the combinations of all these must necessarily make up the different species of

animals. For it is not possible that the same kind of animal should have any very great difference in its mouth or ears; so that when all these are collected, who happen to have these things similar in all, they make up a species of animals of which there are as many as there are of these general combinations of necessary parts.

The same thing is true of what are called states; for a city is not made of one but many parts, as has already been often said; one of which is those who supply it with provisions, called husbandmen, another called mechanics, [1291a] whose employment is in the manual arts, without which the city could not be inhabited; of these some are busied about what is absolutely necessary, others in what contribute to the elegancies and pleasures of life; the third sort are your exchange-men, I mean by these your buyers, sellers, merchants, and victuallers; the fourth are your hired labourers or workmen; the fifth are the men-at-arms, a rank not less useful than the other, without you would have the community slaves to every invader; but what cannot defend itself is unworthy of the name of a city; for a city is self-sufficient, a slave not. So that when Socrates, in Plato's Republic, says that a city is necessarily composed of four sorts of people, he speaks elegantly but not correctly, and these are, according to him, weavers, husbandmen, shoe-makers, and builders; he then adds, as if these were not sufficient, smiths, herdsmen for what cattle are necessary, and also merchants and victuallers, and these are by way of appendix to his first list; as if a city was established for necessity, and not happiness, or as if a shoe-maker and a husbandman were equally useful. He reckons not the military a part before the increase of territory and joining to the borders of the neighbouring powers will make war necessary: and even amongst them who compose his four divisions, or whoever have any connection with each other, it will be necessary to have some one to distribute justice, and determine between man and man. If, then, the mind is a more valuable part of man than the body, every one would wish to have those things more regarded in his city which tend to the advantage of these than common matters, such are war and justice; to which may be added council, which is the business of civil wisdom (nor is it of any consequence whether these different employments are filled by different persons or one, as the same man is oftentimes both a soldier and a husbandman): so that if both the judge and the senator are parts of the city, it necessarily follows that the soldier must be so also. The seventh sort are those who serve the public in expensive employments at their own charge: these are called the rich. The eighth are those who execute the different offices of the state, and without these it could not possibly subsist: it is therefore necessary that there should be some persons capable of governing and filling the places in the city; and this either for life or in rotation: the office of senator, and judge, of which we have already sufficiently treated, are the only ones remaining. If, then, these things are necessary for a state, that it may be happy and just, it follows that the citizens who engage in public affairs should be men of abilities therein. [1291b] Several persons think, that different employments may be allotted to the same person; as a soldier's, a husbandman's, and an artificer's; as also that others may be both senators and judges.

Besides, every one supposes himself a man of political abilities, and that he is qualified for almost every department in the state. But the same person cannot at once be poor and rich: for which reason the most obvious division of the city is into two parts, the poor and rich; moreover, since for the generality the one are few, the other many, they seem of all the parts of a city most contrary to each other; so that as the one or the other prevail they form different states; and these are the democracy and the oligarchy.

But that there are many different states, and from what causes they arise, has been already mentioned: and that there are also different species both of democracies and oligarchies we will now show. Though this indeed is evident from what we have already said: there are also many different sorts of common people, and also of those who are called gentlemen. Of the different sorts of the first are husbandmen, artificers, exchange-men, who are employed in buying and selling, seamen, of which some are engaged in war, some in traffic, some in carrying goods and passengers from place to place, others in fishing, and of each of these there are often many, as fishermen at Tarentum and Byzantium, masters of galleys at Athens, merchants at AEgina and Chios, those who let ships on freight at Tenedos; we may add to these those who live by their manual labour and have but little property; so that they cannot live without some employ: and also those who are not free-born on both sides, and whatever other sort of common people there may be. As for gentlemen, they are such as are distinguished either by their fortune, their birth, their abilities, or their education, or any such-like excellence which is attributed to them.

The most pure democracy is that which is so called principally from that equality which prevails in it: for this is what the law in that state directs; that the poor shall be in no greater subjection than the rich; nor that the supreme power shall be lodged with either of these, but that both shall share it. For if liberty and equality, as some persons suppose, are chiefly to be found in a democracy, it must be most so by every department of government being alike open to all; but as the people are the majority, and what they vote is law, it follows that such a state must be a democracy. This, then, is one species thereof. Another is, when the magistrates are elected by a certain census; but this should be but small, and every one who was included in it should be eligible, but as soon as he was below it should lose that right. [1292a] Another sort is, in which every citizen who is not infamous has a share in the

government, but where the government is in the laws. Another, where every citizen without exception has this right. Another is like these in other particulars, but there the people govern, and not the law: and this takes place when everything is determined by a majority of votes, and not by a law; which happens when the people are influenced by the demagogues: for where a democracy is governed by stated laws there is no room for them, but men of worth fill the first offices in the state: but where the power is not vested in the laws, there demagogues abound: for there the people rule with kingly power: the whole composing one body; for they are supreme, not as individuals but in their collective capacity.

Homer also discommends the government of many; but whether he means this we are speaking of, or where each person exercises his power separately, is uncertain. When the people possess this power they desire to be altogether absolute, that they may not be under the control of the law, and this is the time when flatterers are held in repute. Nor is there any difference between such a people and monarchs in a tyranny: for their manners are the same, and they both hold a despotic power over better persons than themselves. For their decrees are like the others' edicts; their demagogues like the others' flatterers: but their greatest resemblance consists in the mutual support they give to each other, the flatterer to the tyrant, the demagogue to the people: and to them it is owing that the supreme power is lodged in the votes of the people, and not in the laws; for they bring everything before them, as their influence is owing to their being supreme whose opinions they entirely direct; for these are they whom the multitude obey. Besides, those who accuse the magistrates insist upon it, that the right of determining on their conduct lies in the people, who gladly receive their complaints as the means of destroying all their offices.

Any one, therefore, may with great justice blame such a government as being a democracy, and not a free state; for where the government is not in the laws, then there is no free state, for the law ought to be supreme over all things; and particular incidents which arise should be determined by the magistrates or the state. If, therefore, a democracy is to be reckoned a free state, it is evident that any such establishment which centres all power in the votes of the people cannot, properly speaking, be a democracy: for their decrees cannot be general in their extent. Thus, then, we may describe the several species of democracies.

CHAPTER V

Of the different species of oligarchies one is, when the right to the offices is regulated by a certain census; so that the poor, although the majority, have no share in it; while all those who are included therein take part in the management of public affairs. Another sort is, when [1292b] the magistrates are men of very small fortune, who upon any vacancy do themselves fill it up: and if they do this out of the community at large, the state approaches to an aristocracy; if out of any particular class of people, it will be an oligarchy. Another sort of oligarchy is, when the power is an hereditary nobility. The fourth is, when the power is in the same hands as the other, but not under the control of law; and this sort of oligarchy exactly corresponds to a tyranny in monarchies, and to that particular species of democracies which I last mentioned in treating of that state: this has the particular name of a dynasty. These are the different sorts of oligarchies and democracies.

It should also be known, that it often happens that a free state, where the supreme power is in the laws, may not be democratic, and yet in consequence of the established manners and customs of the people, may be governed as if it was; so, on the other hand, where the laws may countenance a more democratic form of government, these may make the state inclining to an oligarchy; and this chiefly happens when there has been any alteration in the government; for the people do not easily change, but love their own ancient customs; and it is by small degrees only that one thing takes place of another; so that the ancient laws will remain, while the power will be in the hands of those who have brought about a revolution in the state.

CHAPTER VI

It is evident from what has been said, that there are as many different sorts of democracies and oligarchies as I have reckoned up: for, of necessity, either all ranks of the people which I have enumerated must have a share in the government, or some only, and others not; for when the husbandmen, and those only who possess moderate fortunes, have the supreme power, they will govern according to law; for as they must get their livings by their employs, they have but little leisure for public business: they will therefore establish proper laws, and never call public assemblies but when there is a necessity for them; and they will readily let every one partake with them in the administration of public affairs as soon as they possess that fortune which the law requires for their qualification: every one, therefore, who is qualified will have his share in the government: for to exclude any would be to make the government an oligarchy, and for all to have leisure to attend without they had a subsistence would be impossible: for these reasons, therefore, this government is a species of democracy. Another species is distinguished by the mode of electing their

magistrates, in which every one is eligible, to whose birth there are no objections, provided he is supposed to have leisure to attend: for which reason in such a democracy the supreme power will be vested in the laws, as there will be nothing paid to those who go to the public assemblies. A third species is where every freeman has a right to a share in the government, which he will not accept for the cause already assigned; for which reason here also the supreme power will be in the law. The fourth species [1293a] of democracy, the last which was established in order of time, arose when cities were greatly enlarged to what they were at first, and when the public revenue became something considerable; for then the populace, on account of their numbers, were admitted to share in the management of public affairs, for then even the poorest people were at leisure to attend to them, as they received wages for so doing; nay, they were more so than others, as they were not hindered by having anything of their own to mind, as the rich had; for which reason these last very often did not frequent the public assemblies and the courts of justice: thus the supreme power was lodged in the poor, and not in the laws. These are the different sorts of democracies, and such are the causes which necessarily gave birth to them.

The first species of oligarchy is, when the generality of the state are men of moderate and not too large property; for this gives them leisure for the management of public affairs: and, as they are a numerous body, it necessarily follows that the supreme power must be in the laws, and not in men; for as they are far removed from a monarchical government, and have not sufficient fortune to neglect their private affairs, while they are too many to be supported by the public, they will of course determine to be governed by the laws, and not by each other. But if the men of property in the state are but few, and their property is large, then an oligarchy of the second sort will take place; for those who have most power will think that they have a right to lord it over the others; and, to accomplish this, they will associate to themselves some who have an inclination for public affairs, and as they are not powerful enough to govern without law, they will make a law for that purpose. And if those few who have large fortunes should acquire still greater power, the oligarchy will then alter into one of the third sort; for they will get all the offices of the state into their own hands by a law which directs the son to succeed upon the death of his father; and, after that, when, by means of their increasing wealth and powerful connections, they extend still further their oppression, a monarchical dynasty will directly succeed wherein men will be supreme, and not the law; and this is the fourth species of an oligarchy correspondent to the last-mentioned class of democracies.

CHAPTER VII

There are besides two other states, a democracy and an oligarchy, one of which all speak of, and it is always esteemed a species of the four sorts; and thus they reckon them up; a monarchy, an oligarchy, a democracy, and this fourth which they call an aristocracy. There is also a fifth, which bears a name that is also common to the other four, namely, a state: but as this is seldom to be met with, it has escaped those who have endeavoured to enumerate the different sorts of governments, which [1293b] they fix at four only, as does Plato in his Republic.

An aristocracy, of which I have already treated in the first book, is rightly called so; for a state governed by the best men, upon the most virtuous principles, and not upon any hypothesis, which even good men may propose, has alone a right to be called an aristocracy, for it is there only that a man is at once a good man and a good citizen; while in other states men are good only relative to those states. Moreover, there are some other states which are called by the same name, that differ both from oligarchies and free states, wherein not only the rich but also the virtuous have a share in the administration; and have therefore acquired the name of aristocracies; for in those governments wherein virtue is not their common care, there are still men of worth and approved goodness. Whatever state, then, like the Carthaginians, favours the rich, the virtuous, and the citizens at large, is a sort of aristocracy: when only the two latter are held in esteem, as at Lacedaemon, and the state is jointly composed of these, it is a virtuous democracy. These are the two species of aristocracies after the first, which is the best of all governments. There is also a third, which is, whenever a free state inclines to the dominion of a few.

CHAPTER VIII

It now remains for us to treat of that government which is particularly called a free state, and also of a tyranny; and the reason for my choosing to place that free state here is, because this, as well as those aristocracies already mentioned, although they do not seem excesses, yet, to speak true, they have all departed from what a perfect government is. Nay, they are deviations both of them equally from other forms, as I said at the beginning. It is proper to mention a tyranny the last of all governments, for it is of all others the least like one: but as my intention is to treat of all governments in general, for this reason that also, as I have said, will be taken into consideration in its proper place.

I shall now inquire into a free state and show what it is; and we shall the better understand its positive nature as we have already described an oligarchy and a democracy; for a free state is indeed nothing more than a mixture of them, and it has been usual to call those which incline most to a democracy, a free state; those which incline most to an oligarchy, an aristocracy, because those who are rich are generally men of family and education; besides, they enjoy those things which others are often guilty of crimes to procure: for which reason they are regarded as men of worth and honour and note.

Since, then, it is the genius of an aristocracy to allot the larger part of the government to the best citizens, they therefore say, that an oligarchy is chiefly composed of those men who are worthy and honourable: now it [1294a] seems impossible that where the government is in the hands of the good, there the laws should not be good, but bad; or, on the contrary, that where the government is in the hands of the bad, there the laws should be good; nor is a government well constituted because the laws are, without at the same time care is taken that they are observed; for to enforce obedience to the laws which it makes is one proof of a good constitution in the state-another is, to have laws well calculated for those who are to abide by them; for if they are improper they must be obeyed: and this may be done two ways, either by their being the best relative to the particular state, or the best absolutely. An aristocracy seems most likely to confer the honours of the state on the virtuous; for virtue is the object of an aristocracy, riches of an oligarchy, and liberty of a democracy; for what is approved of by the majority will prevail in all or in each of these three different states; and that which seems good to most of those who compose the community will prevail: for what is called a state prevails in many communities, which aim at a mixture of rich and poor, riches and liberty: as for the rich, they are usually supposed to take the place of the worthy and honourable. As there are three things which claim an equal rank in the state, freedom, riches, and virtue (for as for the fourth, rank, it is an attendant on two of the others, for virtue and riches are the origin of family), it is evident, that the conjuncture of the rich and the poor make up a free state; but that all three tend to an aristocracy more than any other, except that which is truly so, which holds the first rank.

We have already seen that there are governments different from a monarchy, a democracy, and an oligarchy; and what they are, and wherein they differ from each other; and also aristocracies and states properly so called, which are derived from them; and it is evident that these are not much unlike each other.

CHAPTER IX

We shall next proceed to show how that government which is peculiarly called a state arises alongside of democracy and oligarchy, and how it ought to be established; and this will at the same time show what are the proper boundaries of both these governments, for we must mark out wherein they differ from one another, and then from both these compose a state of such parts of each of them as will show from whence they were taken.

There are three different ways in which two states may be blended and joined together; for, in the first place, all those rules may be adopted which the laws of each of them have ordered; as for instance in the judicial department, for in an oligarchy the rich are fined if they do not come to the court as jurymen, but the poor are not paid for their attendance; but in democracies they are, while the rich are not fined for their neglect. Now these things, as being common to both, are fit to be observed in a free [1294b] state which is composed of both. This, then, is one way in which they may be joined together. In the second place, a medium may be taken between the different methods which each state observes; for instance, in a democracy the right to vote in the public assembly is either confined by no census at all, or limited by a very small one; in an oligarchy none enjoy it but those whose census is high: therefore, as these two practices are contrary to each other, a census between each may be established in such a state. In the third place, different laws of each community may be adopted; as, for instance, as it seems correspondent to the nature of a democracy, that the magistrates should be chosen by lot, but an aristocracy by vote, and in the one state according to a census, but not in the other: let, then, an aristocracy and a free state copy something from each of them; let them follow an oligarchy in choosing their magistrates by vote, but a democracy in not admitting of any census, and thus blend together the different customs of the two governments. But the best proof of a happy mixture of a democracy and an oligarchy is this, when a person may properly call the same state a democracy and an oligarchy. It is evident that those who speak of it in this manner are induced to it because both these governments are there well blended together: and indeed this is common to all mediums, that the extremes of each side should be discerned therein, as at Lacedaemon; for many affirm that it is a democracy from the many particulars in which it follows that form of government; as for instance, in the first place, in the bringing up of their children, for the rich and poor are brought up in the same manner; and their education is such that the children of the poor may partake of it; and the same rules are observed when they are youths and men, there is no distinction between a rich person and a poor one; and in their public tables the same provision is served to all. The rich also wear only such clothes as the poorest man is able to purchase. Moreover, with respect to two

magistracies of the highest rank, one they have a right to elect to, the other to fill; namely, the senate and the ephori. Others consider it as an oligarchy, the principles of which it follows in many things, as in choosing all their officers by vote, and not by lot; in there being but a few who have a right to sit in judgment on capital causes and the like. Indeed, a state which is well composed of two others ought to resemble them both, and neither, Such a state ought to have its means of preservation in itself, and not without; and when I say in itself, I do not mean that it should owe this to the forbearance of their neighbours, for this may happen to a bad government, but to every member of the community's not being willing that there should be the least alteration in their constitution. Such is the method in which a free state or aristocracy ought to be established.

CHAPTER X

It now remains to treat of a tyranny; not that there is [1295a] much to be said on that subject, but as it makes part of our plan, since we enumerated it amongst our different sorts of governments. In the beginning of this work we inquired into the nature of kingly government, and entered into a particular examination of what was most properly called so, and whether it was advantageous to a state or not, and what it should be, and how established; and we divided a tyranny into two pieces when we were upon this subject, because there is something analogous between this and a kingly government, for they are both of them established by law; for among some of the barbarians they elect a monarch with absolute power, and formerly among the Greeks there were some such, whom they called sesumnetes. Now these differ from each other; for some possess only kingly power regulated by law, and rule those who voluntarily submit to their government; others rule despotically according to their own will. There is a third species of tyranny, most properly so called, which is the very opposite to kingly power; for this is the government of one who rules over his equals and superiors without being accountable for his conduct, and whose object is his own advantage, and not the advantage of those he governs; for which reason he rules by compulsion, for no freemen will ever willingly submit to such a government. These are the different species of tyrannies, their principles, and their causes.

CHAPTER XI

We proceed now to inquire what form of government and what manner of life is best for communities in general, not adapting it to that superior virtue which is above the reach of the vulgar, or that education which every advantage of nature and fortune only can furnish, nor to those imaginary plans which may be formed at pleasure; but to that mode of life which the greater part of mankind can attain to, and that government which most cities may establish: for as to those aristocracies which we have now mentioned, they are either too perfect for a state to support, or one so nearly alike to that state we now going to inquire into, that we shall treat of them both as one.

The opinions which we form upon these subjects must depend upon one common principle: for if what I have said in my treatise on Morals is true, a happy life must arise from an uninterrupted course of virtue; and if virtue consists in a certain medium, the middle life must certainly be the happiest; which medium is attainable [1295b] by every one. The boundaries of virtue and vice in the state must also necessarily be the same as in a private person; for the form of government is the life of the city. In every city the people are divided into three sorts; the very rich, the very poor, and those who are between them. If this is universally admitted, that the mean is best, it is evident that even in point of fortune mediocrity is to be preferred; for that state is most submissive to reason; for those who are very handsome, or very strong, or very noble, or very rich; or, on the contrary; those who are very poor, or very weak, or very mean, with difficulty obey it; for the one are capricious and greatly flagitious, the other rascally and mean, the crimes of each arising from their different excesses: nor will they go through the different offices of the state; which is detrimental to it: besides, those who excel in strength, in riches, or friends, or the like, neither know how nor are willing to submit to command: and this begins at home when they are boys; for there they are brought up too delicately to be accustomed to obey their preceptors: as for the very poor, their general and excessive want of what the rich enjoy reduces them to a state too mean: so that the one know not how to command, but to be commanded as slaves, the others know not how to submit to any command, nor to command themselves but with despotic power.

A city composed of such men must therefore consist of slaves and masters, not freemen; where one party must hate, and the other despise, where there could be no possibility of friendship or political community: for community supposes affection; for we do not even on the road associate with our enemies. It is also the genius of a city to be composed as much as possible of equals; which will be most so when the inhabitants are in the middle state: from whence it follows, that that city must be best framed which is composed of those whom we say are naturally its proper members. It is men of this station also who will be best assured of safety and protection; for they will neither covet what belongs to others, as the poor do; nor will others covet what is theirs, as the poor do

what belongs to the rich; and thus, without plotting against any one, or having any one plot against them, they will live free from danger: for which reason Phocylides wisely wishes for the middle state, as being most productive of happiness. It is plain, then, that the most perfect political community must be amongst those who are in the middle rank, and those states are best instituted wherein these are a larger and more respectable part, if possible, than both the other; or, if that cannot be, at least than either of them separate; so that being thrown into the balance it may prevent either scale from preponderating.

It is therefore the greatest happiness which the citizens can enjoy to possess a moderate and convenient fortune; for when some possess too much, and others nothing at [1296a] all, the government must either be in the hands of the meanest rabble or else a pure oligarchy; or, from the excesses of both, a tyranny; for this arises from a headstrong democracy or an oligarchy, but very seldom when the members of the community are nearly on an equality with each other. We will assign a reason for this when we come to treat of the alterations which different states are likely to undergo. The middle state is therefore best, as being least liable to those seditions and insurrections which disturb the community; and for the same reason extensive governments are least liable to these inconveniences; for there those in a middle state are very numerous, whereas in small ones it is easy to pass to the two extremes, so as hardly to have any in a medium remaining, but the one half rich, the other poor: and from the same principle it is that democracies are more firmly established and of longer continuance than oligarchies; but even in those when there is a want of a proper number of men of middling fortune, the poor extend their power too far, abuses arise, and the government is soon at an end.

We ought to consider as a proof of what I now advance, that the best lawgivers themselves were those in the middle rank of life, amongst whom was Solon, as is evident from his poems, and Lycurgus, for he was not a king, and Charondas, and indeed most others. What has been said will show us why of so many free states some have changed to democracies, others to oligarchies: for whenever the number of those in the middle state has been too small, those who were the more numerous, whether the rich or the poor, always overpowered them and assumed to themselves the administration of public affairs; from hence arose either a democracy or an oligarchy. Moreover, when in consequence of their disputes and quarrels with each other, either the rich get the better of the poor, or the poor of the rich, neither of them will establish a free state; but, as the record of their victory, one which inclines to their own principles, and form either a democracy or an oligarchy.

Those who made conquests in Greece, having all of them an eye to the respective forms of government in their own cities, established either democracies or oligarchies, not considering what was serviceable to the state, but what was similar to their own; for which reason a government has never been established where the supreme power has been placed amongst those of the middling rank, or very seldom; and, amongst a few, one man only of those who have yet been conquerors has been persuaded to give the preference to this order of [1296b] men: it is indeed an established custom with the inhabitants of most cities not to desire an equality, but either to aspire to govern, or when they are conquered, to submit.

Thus we have shown what the best state is, and why. It will not be difficult to perceive of the many states which there are, for we have seen that there are various forms both of democracies and oligarchies, to which we should give the first place, to which the second, and in the same manner the next also; and to observe what are the particular excellences and defects of each, after we have first described the best possible; for that must be the best which is nearest to this, that worst which is most distant from the medium, without any one has a particular plan of his own which he judges by. I mean by this, that it may happen, that although one form of government may be better than another, yet there is no reason to prevent another from being preferable thereunto in particular circumstances and for particular purposes.

CHAPTER XII

After what has been said, it follows that we should now show what particular form of government is most suitable for particular persons; first laying this down as a general maxim, that that party which desires to support the actual administration of the state ought always to be superior to that which would alter it. Every city is made up of quality and quantity: by quality I mean liberty, riches, education, and family, and by quantity its relative populousness: now it may happen that quality may exist in one of those parts of which the city is composed, and quantity in another; thus the number of the ignoble may be greater than the number of those of family, the number of the poor than that of the rich; but not so that the quantity of the one shall overbalance the quality of the other; those must be properly adjusted to each other; for where the number of the poor exceeds the proportion we have mentioned, there a democracy will rise up, and if the husbandry should have more power than others, it will be a democracy of husbandmen; and the democracy will be a particular species according to that class of men which may happen to be most

numerous: thus, should these be the husbandmen, it will be of these, and the best; if of mechanics and those who hire themselves out, the worst possible: in the same manner it may be of any other set between these two. But when the rich and the noble prevail more by their quality than they are deficient in quantity, there an oligarchy ensues; and this oligarchy may be of different species, according to the nature of the prevailing party. Every legislator in framing his constitution ought to have a particular regard to those in the middle rank of life; and if he intends an oligarchy, these should be the object of his laws; if a democracy, to these they should be entrusted; and whenever their number exceeds that of the two others, or at least one of them, they give [1297a] stability to the constitution; for there is no fear that the rich and the poor should agree to conspire together against them, for neither of these will choose to serve the other. If any one would choose to fix the administration on the widest basis, he will find none preferable to this; for to rule by turns is what the rich and the poor will not submit to, on account of their hatred to each other. It is, moreover, allowed that an arbitrator is the most proper person for both parties to trust to; now this arbitrator is the middle rank.

Those who would establish aristocratical governments are mistaken not only in giving too much power to the rich, but also in deceiving the common people; for at last, instead of an imaginary good, they must feel a real evil, for the encroachments of the rich are more destructive to the state than those of the poor.

CHAPTER XIII

There are five particulars in which, under fair pretences, the rich craftily endeavour to undermine the rights of the people, these are their public assemblies, their offices of state, their courts of justice, their military power, and their gymnastic exercises. With respect to their public assemblies, in having them open to all, but in fining the rich only, or others very little, for not attending; with respect to offices, in permitting the poor to swear off, but not granting this indulgence to those who are within the census; with respect to their courts of justice, in fining the rich for non-attendance, but the poor not at all, or those a great deal, and these very little, as was done by the laws of Charondas. In some places every citizen who was enrolled had a right to attend the public assemblies and to try causes; which if they did not do, a very heavy fine was laid upon them; that through fear of the fine they might avoid being enrolled, as they were then obliged to do neither the one nor the other. The same spirit of legislation prevailed with respect to their bearing arms and their gymnastic exercises; for the poor are excused if they have no arms, but the rich are fined; the same method takes place if they do not attend their gymnastic exercises, there is no penalty on one, but there is on the other: the consequence of which is, that the fear of this penalty induces the rich to keep the one and attend the other, while the poor do neither. These are the deceitful contrivances of oligarchical legislators.

The contrary prevails in a democracy; for there they make the poor a proper allowance for attending the assemblies and the courts, but give the rich nothing for doing it: whence it is evident, that if any one would properly blend these customs together, they must extend both the pay and the fine to every member of the community, and then every one would share in it, whereas part only now do. The citizens of a free state ought to [1297b] consist of those only who bear arms: with respect to their census it is not easy to determine exactly what it ought to be, but the rule that should direct upon this subject should be to make it as extensive as possible, so that those who are enrolled in it make up a greater part of the people than those who are not; for those who are poor, although they partake not of the offices of the state, are willing to live quiet, provided that no one disturbs them in their property: but this is not an easy matter; for it may not always happen, that those who are at the head of public affairs are of a humane behaviour. In time of war the poor are accustomed to show no alacrity without they have provisions found them; when they have, then indeed they are willing to fight.

In some governments the power is vested not only in those who bear arms, but also in those who have borne them. Among the Malienses the state was composed of these latter only, for all the officers were soldiers who had served their time. And the first states in Greece which succeeded those where kingly power was established, were governed by the military. First of all the horse, for at that time the strength and excellence of the army depended on the horse, for as to the heavy-armed foot they were useless without proper discipline; but the art of tactics was not known to the ancients, for which reason their strength lay in their horse: but when cities grew larger, and they depended more on their foot, greater numbers partook of the freedom of the city; for which reason what we call republics were formerly called democracies. The ancient governments were properly oligarchies or kingdoms; for on account of the few persons in each state, it would have been impossible to have found a sufficient number of the middle rank; so these being but few, and those used to subordination, they more easily submitted to be governed.

We have now shown why there are many sorts of governments, and others different from those we have treated of: for there are more species of democracies than one, and the like is true of other forms, and what are their differences, and whence they arise;

and also of all others which is the best, at least in general; and which is best suited for particular people.

CHAPTER XIV

We will now proceed to make some general reflections upon the governments next in order, and also to consider each of them in particular; beginning with those principles which appertain to each: now there are three things in all states which a careful legislator ought well to consider, which are of great consequence to all, and which properly attended to the state must necessarily be happy; and according to the variation of which the one will differ from the other. The first of these is the [1298a] public assembly; the second the officers of the state, that is, who they ought to be, and with what power they should be entrusted, and in what manner they should be appointed; the third, the judicial department.

Now it is the proper business of the public assembly to determine concerning war and peace, making or breaking off alliances, to enact laws, to sentence to death, banishment, or confiscation of goods, and to call the magistrates to account for their behaviour when in office. Now these powers must necessarily be entrusted to the citizens in general, or all of them to some; either to one magistrate or more; or some to one, and some to another, or some to all, but others to some: to entrust all to all is in the spirit of a democracy, for the people aim at equality. There are many methods of delegating these powers to the citizens at large, one of which is to let them execute them by turn, and not altogether, as was done by Tellecles, the Milesian, in his state. In others the supreme council is composed of the different magistrates, and they succeed to the offices of the community by proper divisions of tribes, wards, and other very small proportions, till every one in his turn goes through them: nor does the whole community ever meet together, without it is when new laws are enacted, or some national affair is debated, or to hear what the magistrates have to propose to them. Another method is for the people to meet in a collective body, but only for the purpose of holding the comitia, making laws, determining concerning war or peace, and inquiring into the conduct of their magistrates, while the remaining part of the public business is conducted by the magistrates, who have their separate departments, and are chosen out of the whole community either by vote or ballot. Another method is for the people in general to meet for the choice of the magistrates, and to examine into their conduct; and also to deliberate concerning war and alliances, and to leave other things to the magistrates, whoever happen to be chosen, whose particular employments are such as necessarily require persons well skilled therein. A fourth method is for every person to deliberate upon every subject in public assembly, where the magistrates can determine nothing of themselves, and have only the privilege of giving their opinions first; and this is the method of the most pure democracy, which is analogous to the proceedings in a dynastic oligarchy and a tyrannic monarchy.

These, then, are the methods in which public business is conducted in a democracy. When the power is in the hands of part of the community only, it is an oligarchy and this also admits of different customs; for whenever the officers of the state are chosen out of those who have a moderate fortune, and these from that circumstance are many, and when they depart not from that line which the law has laid down, but carefully follow it, and when all within the census are eligible, certainly it is then an oligarchy, but founded on true principles of government [1298b] from its moderation. When the people in general do not partake of the deliberative power, but certain persons chosen for that purpose, who govern according to law; this also, like the first, is an oligarchy. When those who have the deliberative power elect each other, and the son succeeds to the father, and when they can supersede the laws, such a government is of necessity a strict oligarchy. When some persons determine on one thing, and others on another, as war and peace, and when all inquire into the conduct of their magistrates, and other things are left to different officers, elected either by vote or lot, then the government is an aristocracy or a free state. When some are chosen by vote and others by lot, and these either from the people in general, or from a certain number elected for that purpose, or if both the votes and the lots are open to all, such a state is partly an aristocracy, partly a free government itself. These are the different methods in which the deliberative power is vested in different states, all of whom follow some regulation here laid down. It is advantageous to a democracy, in the present sense of the word, by which I mean a state wherein the people at large have a supreme power, even over the laws, to hold frequent public assemblies; and it will be best in this particular to imitate the example of oligarchies in their courts of justice; for they fine those who are appointed to try causes if they do not attend, so should they reward the poor for coming to the public assemblies: and their counsels will be best when all advise with each other, the citizens with the nobles, the nobles with the citizens. It is also advisable when the council is to be composed of part of the citizens, to elect, either by vote or lot, an equal number of both ranks. It is also proper, if the common people in the state are very numerous, either not to pay every one for his attendance, but such a number only as will make them equal to the nobles, or to reject many of them by lot.

In an oligarchy they should either call up some of the common people to the council, or else establish a court, as is done in some other states, whom they call pre-advisers or guardians of the laws, whose business should be to propose first what they should

afterwards enact. By this means the people would have a place in the administration of public affairs, without having it in their power to occasion any disorder in the government. Moreover, the people may be allowed to have a vote in whatever bill is proposed, but may not themselves propose anything contrary thereto; or they may give their advice, while the power of determining may be with the magistrates only. It is also necessary to follow a contrary practice to what is established in democracies, for the people should be allowed the power of pardoning, but not of condemning, for the cause should be referred back again to the magistrates: whereas the contrary takes place in republics; for the power of pardoning is with the few, but not of condemning, which is always referred [1299a] to the people at large. And thus we determine concerning the deliberative power in any state, and in whose hands it shall be.

CHAPTER XV

We now proceed to consider the choice of magistrates; for this branch of public business contains many different Parts, as how many there shall be, what shall be their particular office, and with respect to time how long each of them shall continue in place; for some make it six months, others shorter, others for a year, others for a much longer time; or whether they should be perpetual or for a long time, or neither; for the same person may fill the same office several times, or he may not be allowed to enjoy it even twice, but only once: and also with respect to the appointment of magistrates, who are to be eligible, who is to choose them, and in what manner; for in all these particulars we ought properly to distinguish the different ways which may be followed; and then to show which of these is best suited to such and such governments.

Now it is not easy to determine to whom we ought properly to give the name of magistrate, for a government requires many persons in office; but every one of those who is either chosen by vote or lot is not to be reckoned a magistrate. The priests, for instance, in the first place; for these are to be considered as very different from civil magistrates: to these we may add the choregi and heralds; nay, even ambassadors are elected: there are some civil employments which belong to the citizens; and these are either when they are all engaged in one thing, as when as soldiers they obey their general, or when part of them only are, as in governing the women or educating the youth; and also some economic, for they often elect corn-meters: others are servile, and in which, if they are rich, they employ slaves. But indeed they are most properly called magistrates, who are members of the deliberative council, or decide causes, or are in some command, the last more especially, for to command is peculiar to magistrates. But to speak truth, this question is of no great consequence, nor is it the province of the judges to decide between those who dispute about words; it may indeed be an object of speculative inquiry; but to inquire what officers are necessary in a state, and how many, and what, though not most necessary, may yet be advantageous in a well-established government, is a much more useful employment, and this with respect to all states in general, as well as to small cities.

In extensive governments it is proper to allot one employment to one person, as there are many to serve the public in so numerous a society, where some may be passed over for a long time, and others never be in office but once; and indeed everything is better done which has the whole attention of one person, than when that [1299b] attention is divided amongst many; but in small states it is necessary that a few of the citizens should execute many employments; for their numbers are so small it will not be convenient to have many of them in office at the same time; for where shall we find others to succeed them in turn? Small states will sometimes want the same magistrates and the same laws as large ones; but the one will not want to employ them so often as the other; so that different charges may be intrusted to the same person without any inconvenience, for they will not interfere with each other, and for want of sufficient members in the community it will be necessary. If we could tell how many magistrates are necessary in every city, and how many, though not necessary, it is yet proper to have, we could then the better know how many different offices one might assign to one magistrate. It is also necessary to know what tribunals in different places should have different things under their jurisdiction, and also what things should always come under the cognisance of the same magistrate; as, for instance, decency of manners, shall the clerk of the market take cognisance of that if the cause arises in the market, and another magistrate in another place, or the same magistrate everywhere: or shall there be a distinction made of the fact, or the parties? as, for instance, in decency of manners, shall it be one cause when it relates to a man, another when it relates to a woman?

In different states shall the magistrates be different or the same? I mean, whether in a democracy, an oligarchy, an aristocracy, and a monarchy, the same persons shall have the same power? or shall it vary according to the different formation of the government? as in an aristocracy the offices of the state are allotted to those who are well educated; in an oligarchy to those who are rich; in a democracy to the freemen? Or shall the magistrates differ as the communities differ? For it may happen that the very same may be sometimes proper, sometimes otherwise: in this state it may be necessary that the magistrate have great powers, in that but small. There are also certain magistrates peculiar to certain states--as the pre-advisers are not proper in a democracy, but a senate is; for

one such order is necessary, whose business shall be to consider beforehand and prepare those bills which shall be brought before the people that they may have leisure to attend to their own affairs; and when these are few in number the state inclines to an oligarchy. The pre-advisers indeed must always be few for they are peculiar to an oligarchy: and where there are both these offices in the same state, the pre-adviser's is superior to the senator's, the one having only a democratical power, the other an oligarchical: and indeed the [1300a] power of the senate is lost in those democracies, in which the people, meeting in one public assembly, take all the business into their own hands; and this is likely to happen either when the community in general are in easy circumstances, or when they are paid for their attendance; for they are then at leisure often to meet together and determine everything for themselves. A magistrate whose business is to control the manners of the boys, or women, or who takes any department similar to this, is to be found in an aristocracy, not in a democracy; for who can forbid the wives of the poor from appearing in public? neither is such a one to be met with in an oligarchy; for the women there are too delicate to bear control. And thus much for this subject. Let us endeavour to treat at large of the establishment of magistrates, beginning from first principles. Now, they differ from each other in three ways, from which, blended together, all the varieties which can be imagined arise. The first of these differences is in those who appoint the magistrates, the second consists in those who are appointed, the third in the mode of appointment; and each of these three differ in three manners; for either all the citizens may appoint collectively, or some out of their whole body, or some out of a particular order in it, according to fortune, family, or virtue, or some other rule (as at Megara, where the right of election was amongst those who had returned together to their country, and had reinstated themselves by force of arms) and this either by vote or lot. Again, these several modes may be differently formed together, as some magistrates may be chosen by part of the community, others by the whole; some out of part, others out of the whole; some by vote, others by lot: and each of these different modes admit of a four-fold subdivision; for either all may elect all by vote or by lot; and when all elect, they may either proceed without any distinction, or they may elect by a certain division of tribes, wards, or companies, till they have gone through the whole community: and some magistrates may be elected one way, and others another. Again, if some magistrates are elected either by vote or lot of all the citizens, or by the vote of some and the lot of some, or some one way and some another; that is to say, some by the vote of all, others by the lot of all, there will then be twelve different methods of electing the magistrates, without blending the two together. Of these there are two adapted to a democracy; namely, to have all the magistrates chosen out of all the people, either by vote or lot, or both; that is to say, some of them by lot, some by vote. In a free state the whole community should not elect at the same time, but some out of the whole, or out of some particular rank; and this either by lot, or vote, or both: and they should elect either out of the whole community, or out of some particular persons in it, and this both by lot and vote. In an oligarchy it is proper to choose some magistrates out of the whole body of the citizens, some by vote, some by lot, others by both: by lot is most correspondent to that form of government. In a free aristocracy, some magistrates [1300b] should be chosen out of the community in general, others out of a particular rank, or these by choice, those by lot. In a pure oligarchy, the magistrates should be chosen out of certain ranks, and by certain persons, and some of those by lot, others by both methods; but to choose them out of the whole community is not correspondent to the nature of this government. It is proper in an aristocracy for the whole community to elect their magistrates out of particular persons, and this by vote. These then are all the different ways of electing of magistrates; and they have been allotted according to the nature of the different communities; but what mode of proceeding is proper for different communities, or how the offices ought to be established, or with what powers shall be particularly explained. I mean by the powers of a magistrate, what should be his particular province, as the management of the finances or the laws of the state; for different magistrates have different powers, as that of the general of the army differs from the clerk of the market.

CHAPTER XVI

Of the three parts of which a government is formed, we now come to consider the judicial; and this also we shall divide in the same manner as we did the magisterial, into three parts. Of whom the judges shall consist, and for what causes, and how. When I say of whom, I mean whether they shall be the whole people, or some particulars; by for what causes I mean, how many different courts shall be appointed; by how, whether they shall be elected by vote or lot. Let us first determine how many different courts there ought to be. Now these are eight. The first of these is the court of inspection over the behaviour of the magistrates when they have quitted their office; the second is to punish those who have injured the public; the third is to take cognisance of those causes in which the state is a party; the fourth is to decide between magistrates and private persons, who appeal from a fine laid upon them; the fifth is to determine disputes which may arise concerning contracts of great value; the sixth is to judge between foreigners, and of murders, of which there are different species; and these may all be tried by the same judges or by different ones; for there are murders of malice prepense and of chance-medley; there is also justifiable homicide, where the fact is admitted, and the legality of it disputed.

There is also another court called at Athens the Court of Phreattae, which determines points relating to a murder committed by one who has run away, to decide whether he shall return; though such an affair happens but seldom, and in very large cities; the seventh, to determine causes wherein strangers are concerned, and this whether they are between stranger and stranger or between a stranger and a citizen. The eighth and last is for small actions, from one to five drachma's, or a little more; for these ought also to be legally determined, but not to be brought before the whole body of the judges. But without entering into any particulars concerning actions for murder, and those wherein strangers are the parties, let us particularly treat of those courts which have the jurisdiction of those matters which more particularly relate to the affairs of the community and which if not well conducted occasion seditions and commotions in the state. Now, of necessity, either all persons must have a right to judge of all these different causes, appointed for that purpose, either by vote or lot, or all of all, some of them by vote, and others by lot, or in some causes by vote, in others by lot. Thus there will be four sorts of judges. There [1301a] will be just the same number also if they are chosen out of part of the people only; for either all the judges must be chosen out of that part either by vote or lot, or some by lot and some by vote, or the judges in particular causes must be chosen some by vote, others by lot; by which means there will be the same number of them also as was mentioned. Besides, different judges may be joined together; I mean those who are chosen out of the whole people or part of them or both; so that all three may sit together in the same court, and this either by vote, lot, or both. And thus much for the different sorts of judges. Of these appointments that which admits all the community to be judges in all causes is most suitable to a democracy; the second, which appoints that certain persons shall judge all causes, to an oligarchy; the third, which appoints the whole community to be judges in some causes, but particular persons in others, to an aristocracy or free state.

BOOK V

CHAPTER I

We have now gone through those particulars we proposed to speak of; it remains that we next consider from what causes and how alterations in government arise, and of what nature they are, and to what the destruction of each state is owing; and also to what form any form of polity is most likely to shift into, and what are the means to be used for the general preservation of governments, as well as what are applicable to any particular state; and also of the remedies which are to be applied either to all in general, or to any one considered separately, when they are in a state of corruption: and here we ought first to lay down this principle, that there are many governments, all of which approve of what is just and what is analogically equal; and yet have failed from attaining thereunto, as we have already mentioned; thus democracies have arisen from supposing that those who are equal in one thing are so in every other circumstance; as, because they are equal in liberty, they are equal in everything else; and oligarchies, from supposing that those who are unequal in one thing are unequal in all; that when men are so in point of fortune, that inequality extends to everything else. Hence it follows, that those who in some respects are equal with others think it right to endeavour to partake of an equality with them in everything; and those who are superior to others endeavour to get still more; and it is this more which is the inequality: thus most states, though they have some notion of what is just, yet are almost totally wrong; and, upon this account, when either party has not that share in the administration which answers to his expectations, he becomes seditious: but those who of all others have the greatest right to be so are the last that are; namely, those who excel in virtue; for they alone can be called generally superior. There are, too, some persons of distinguished families who, because they are so, disdain to be on an equality with others, for those esteem themselves noble who boast of their ancestors' merit and fortune: these, to speak truth, are the origin and fountain from whence seditions arise. The alterations which men may propose to make in governments are two; for either they may change the state already established into some other, as when they propose to erect an oligarchy where there is a democracy; or a democracy, or free state, where there is an oligarchy, or an aristocracy from these, or those from that; or else, when they have no objection to the established government, which they like very well, but choose to have the sole management in it themselves; either in the hands of a few or one only. They will also raise commotions concerning the degree in which they would have the established power; as if, for instance, the government is an oligarchy, to have it more purely so, and in the same manner if it is a democracy, or else to have it less so; and, in like manner, whatever may be the nature of the government, either to extend or contract its powers; or else to make some alterations in some parts of it; as to establish or abolish a particular magistracy, as some persons say Lysander endeavoured to abolish the kingly power in Sparta; and Pausanias that of the ephori. Thus in Epidamnus there was an alteration in one part of the constitution, for instead of the philarchi they established a senate. It is also necessary for all the magistrates at Athens; to attend in the court of the Helisea when any new magistrate is created: the power of the archon also in that state partakes of the nature of an oligarchy: inequality is always the occasion of sedition, but not when those who are

unequal are treated in a different manner correspondent to that inequality. Thus kingly power is unequal when exercised over equals. Upon the whole, those who aim after an equality are the cause of seditions. Equality is twofold, either in number or value. Equality in number is when two things contain the same parts or the same quantity; equality in value is by proportion as two exceeds one, and three two by the same number-thus by proportion four exceeds two, and two one in the same degree, for two is the same part of four that one is of two; that is to say, half. Now, all agree in what is absolutely and simply just; but, as we have already said they dispute concerning proportionate value; for some persons, if they are equal in one respect, think themselves equal in all; others, if they are superior in one thing, think they may claim the superiority in all; from whence chiefly arise two sorts of governments, a democracy and an oligarchy; for nobility and virtue are to be found only [1302a] amongst a few; the contrary amongst the many; there being in no place a hundred of the first to be met with, but enough of the last everywhere. But to establish a government entirely upon either of these equalities is wrong, and this the example of those so established makes evident, for none of them have been stable; and for this reason, that it is impossible that whatever is wrong at the first and in its principles should not at last meet with a bad end: for which reason in some things an equality of numbers ought to take place, in others an equality in value. However, a democracy is safer and less liable to sedition than an oligarchy; for in this latter it may arise from two causes, for either the few in power may conspire against each other or against the people; but in a democracy only one; namely, against the few who aim at exclusive power; but there is no instance worth speaking of, of a sedition of the people against themselves. Moreover, a government composed of men of moderate fortunes comes much nearer to a democracy than an oligarchy, and is the safest of all such states.

CHAPTER II

Since we are inquiring into the causes of seditions and revolutions in governments, we must begin entirely with the first principles from whence they arise. Now these, so to speak, are nearly three in number; which we must first distinguish in general from each other, and endeavour to show in what situation people are who begin a sedition; and for what causes; and thirdly, what are the beginnings of political troubles and mutual quarrels with each other. Now that cause which of all others most universally inclines men to desire to bring about a change in government is that which I have already mentioned; for those who aim at equality will be ever ready for sedition, if they see those whom they esteem their equals possess more than they do, as well as those also who are not content with equality but aim at superiority, if they think that while they deserve more than, they have only equal with, or less than, their inferiors. Now, what they aim at may be either just or unjust; just, when those who are inferior are seditious, that they may be equal; unjust, when those who are equal are so, that they may be superior. These, then, are the situations in which men will be seditious: the causes for which they will be so are profit and honour; and their contrary: for, to avoid dishonour or loss of fortune by mulcts, either on their own account or their friends, they will raise a commotion in the state. The original causes which dispose men to the things which I have mentioned are, taken in one manner, seven in number, in another they are more; two of which are the same with those that have been already mentioned: but influencing in a different manner; for profit and honour sharpen men against each other; not to get the possession of them for themselves (which was what I just now supposed), but when they see others, some justly, others [1302b] unjustly, engrossing them. The other causes are haughtiness, fear, eminence, contempt, disproportionate increase in some part of the state. There are also other things which in a different manner will occasion revolutions in governments; as election intrigues, neglect, want of numbers, a too great dissimilarity of circumstances.

CHAPTER III

What influence ill-treatment and profit have for this purpose, and how they may be the causes of sedition, is almost self-evident; for when the magistrates are haughty and endeavour to make greater profits than their office gives them, they not only occasion seditions amongst each other, but against the state also who gave them their power; and this their avarice has two objects, either private property or the property of the state. What influence honours have, and how they may occasion sedition, is evident enough; for those who are themselves unhonoured while they see others honoured, will be ready for any disturbance: and these things are done unjustly when any one is either honoured or discarded contrary to their deserts, justly when they are according to them. Excessive honours are also a cause of sedition when one person or more are greater than the state and the power of the government can permit; for then a monarchy or a dynasty is usually established: on which account the ostracism was introduced in some places, as at Argos and Athens: though it is better to guard against such excesses in the founding of a state, than when they have been permitted to take place, to correct them afterward. Those who have been guilty of crimes will be the cause of sedition, through fear of punishment; as will those also who expect an injury, that they may prevent it; as was the case at Rhodes, when the nobles conspired against the people on account of the decrees they expected would pass against them. Contempt also is a cause

of sedition and conspiracies; as in oligarchies, where there are many who have no share in the administration. The rich also even in democracies, despising the disorder and anarchy which will arise, hope to better themselves by the same means which happened at Thebes after the battle of Oenophyta, where, in consequence of bad administration, the democracy was destroyed; as it was at Megara, where the power of the people was lost through anarchy and disorder; the same thing happened at Syracuse before the tyranny of Gelon; and at Rhodes there was the same sedition before the popular government was overthrown. Revolutions in state will also arise from a disproportionate increase; for as the body consists of many parts, it ought to increase proportion-ably to preserve its symmetry, which would otherwise be destroyed; as if the foot was to be four cubits long, and the rest of the body but two palms; it might otherwise [1303a] be changed into an animal of a different form, if it increase beyond proportion not only in quantity, but also in disposition of parts; so also a city consists of parts, some of which may often increase without notice, as the number of poor in democracies and free states. They will also sometimes happen by accident, as at Tarentum, a little after the Median war, where so many of the nobles were killed in a battle by the Iapygi, that from a free state the government was turned into a democracy; and at Argos, where so many of the citizens were killed by Cleomenes the Spartan, that they were obliged to admit several husbandmen to the freedom of the state: and at Athens, through the unfortunate event of the infantry battles, the number of the nobles was reduced by the soldiers being chosen from the list of citizens in the Lacedaemonian wars. Revolutions also sometimes take place in a democracy, though seldomer; for where the rich grow numerous or properties increase, they become oligarchies or dynasties. Governments also sometimes alter without seditions by a combination of the meaner people; as at Hersea: for which purpose they changed the mode of election from votes to lots, and thus got themselves chosen: and by negligence, as when the citizens admit those who are not friends to the constitution into the chief offices of the state, which happened at Orus, when the oligarchy of the archons was put an end to at the election of Heracleodorus, who changed that form of government into a democratic free state. By little and little, I mean by this, that very often great alterations silently take place in the form of government from people's overlooking small matters; as at Ambracia, where the census was originally small, but at last became nothing at all, as if a little and nothing at all were nearly or entirely alike. That state also is liable to seditions which is composed of different nations, till their differences are blended together and undistinguishable; for as a city cannot be composed of every multitude, so neither can it in every given time; for which reason all those republics which have hitherto been originally composed of different people or afterwards admitted their neighbours to the freedom of their city, have been most liable to revolutions; as when the Achaeans joined with the Traezenians in founding Sybaris; for soon after, growing more powerful than the Traezenians, they expelled them from the city; from whence came the proverb of Sybarite wickedness: and again, disputes from a like cause happened at Thurium between the Sybarites and those who had joined with them in building the city; for they assuming upon these, on account of the country being their own, were driven out. And at Byzantium the new citizens, being detected in plots against the state, were driven out of the city by force of arms. The Antisseans also, having taken in those who were banished from Chios, afterwards did the same thing; and also the Zancleans, after having taken in the people of Samos. The Appolloniats, in the Euxine Sea, having admitted their sojourners to the freedom of their city, were troubled with seditions: and the Syracusians, after the expulsion of their tyrants, having enrolled [1303b] strangers and mercenaries amongst their citizens, quarrelled with each other and came to an open rupture: and the people of Amphipolis, having taken in a colony of Chalcidians, were the greater part of them driven out of the city by them. Many persons occasion seditions in oligarchies because they think themselves ill-used in not sharing the honours of the state with their equals, as I have already mentioned; but in democracies the principal people do the same because they have not more than an equal share with others who are not equal to them. The situation of the place will also sometimes occasion disturbances in the state when the ground is not well adapted for one city; as at Clazomene, where the people who lived in that part of the town called Chytrum quarrelled with them who lived in the island, and the Colophonians with the Notians. At Athens too the disposition of the citizens is not the same, for those who live in the Piraeus are more attached to a popular government than those who live in the city properly so called; for as the interposition of a rivulet, however small, will occasion the line of the phalanx to fluctuate, so any trifling disagreement will be the cause of seditions; but they will not so soon flow from anything else as from the disagreement between virtue and vice, and next to that between poverty and riches, and so on in order, one cause having more influence than another; one of which that I last mentioned.

CHAPTER IV

But seditions in government do not arise for little things, but from them; for their immediate cause is something of moment. Now, trifling quarrels are attended with the greatest consequences when they arise between persons of the first distinction in the state, as was the case with the Syracusians in a remote period; for a revolution in the government was brought about by a quarrel between two young men who were in office, upon a love affair; for one of them being absent, the other seduced his mistress; he in his turn,

offended with this, persuaded his friend's wife to come and live with him; and upon this the whole city took part either with the one or the other, and the government was overturned: therefore every one at the beginning of such disputes ought to take care to avoid the consequences; and to smother up all quarrels which may happen to arise amongst those in power, for the mischief lies in the beginning; for the beginning is said to be half of the business, so that what was then but a little fault will be found afterwards to bear its full proportion to what follows. Moreover, disputes between men of note involve the whole city in their consequences; in Hestiaea, after the Median war: two brothers having a dispute about their paternal estate; he who was the poorer, from the other's having concealed part of the effects, and some money which his father had found, engaged the popular party on his side, while the other, who was rich, the men of fashion. And at Delphos, [1304a] a quarrel about a wedding was the beginning of all the seditions that afterwards arose amongst them; for the bridegroom, being terrified by some unlucky omen upon waiting upon the bride, went away without marrying her; which her relations resenting, contrived secretly to convey some sacred money into his pocket while he was sacrificing, and then killed him as an impious person. At Mitylene also, a dispute, which arose concerning a right of heritage, was the beginning of great evils, and a war with the Athenians, in which Paches took their city, for Timophanes, a man of fortune, leaving two daughters, Doxander, who was circumvented in procuring them in marriage for his two sons, began a sedition, and excited the Athenians to attack them, being the host of that state. There was also a dispute at Phocea, concerning a right of inheritance, between Mnasis, the father of Mnasis, and Euthucrates, the father of Onomarchus, which brought on the Phoceans the sacred war. The government too of Epidamnus was changed from a quarrel that arose from an intended marriage; for a certain man having contracted his daughter in marriage, the father of the young person to whom she was contracted, being archon, punishes him, upon which account he, resenting the affront, associated himself with those who were excluded from any share in the government, and brought about a revolution. A government may be changed either into an oligarchy, democracy, or a free state; when the magistrates, or any part of the city acquire great credit, or are increased in power, as the court of Areopagus at Athens, having procured great credit during the Median war, added firmness to their administration; and, on the other hand, the maritime force, composed of the commonalty, having gained the victory at Salamis, by their power at sea, got the lead in the state, and strengthened the popular party: and at Argos, the nobles, having gained great credit by the battle of Mantinea against the Lacedaemonians, endeavoured to dissolve the democracy. And at Syracuse, the victory in their war with the Athenians being owing to the common people, they changed their free state into a democracy: and at Chalcis, the people having taken off the tyrant Phocis, together with the nobles, immediately seized the government: and at Ambracia also the people, having expelled the tyrant Periander, with his party, placed the supreme power in themselves. And this in general ought to be known, that whosoever has been the occasion of a state being powerful, whether private persons, or magistrates, a certain tribe, or any particular part of the citizens, or the multitude, be they who they will, will be the cause of disputes in the state. For either some persons, who envy them the honours they have acquired, will begin to be seditious, or they, on account of the dignity they have acquired, will not be content with their former equality. A state is also liable to commotions when those parts of it which seem to be opposite to each other approach to an [1304b] equality, as the rich and the common people; so that the part which is between them both is either nothing at all, or too little to be noticed; for if one party is so much more powerful than the other, as to be evidently stronger, that other will not be willing to hazard the danger: for which reason those who are superior in excellence and virtue will never be the cause of seditions; for they will be too few for that purpose when compared to the many. In general, the beginning and the causes of seditions in all states are such as I have now described, and revolutions therein are brought about in two ways, either by violence or fraud: if by violence, either at first by compelling them to submit to the change when it is made. It may also be brought about by fraud in two different ways, either when the people, being at first deceived, willingly consent to an alteration in their government, and are afterwards obliged by force to abide by it: as, for instance, when the four hundred imposed upon the people by telling them that the king of Persia would supply them with money for the war against the Lacedaemonians; and after they had been guilty of this falsity, they endeavoured to keep possession of the supreme power; or when they are at first persuaded and afterwards consent to be governed: and by one of these methods which I have mentioned are all revolutions in governments brought about.

CHAPTER V

We ought now to inquire into those events which will arise from these causes in every species of government. Democracies will be most subject to revolutions from the dishonesty of their demagogues; for partly, by informing against men of property, they induce them to join together through self-defence, for a common fear will make the greatest enemies unite; and partly by setting the common people against them: and this is what any one may continually see practised in many states. In the island of Cos, for instance, the democracy was subverted by the wickedness of the demagogues, for the nobles entered into a combination with each other. And at Rhodes the demagogues, by distributing of bribes, prevented the people from paying the trierarchs what was owing to

them, who were obliged by the number of actions they were harassed with to conspire together and destroy the popular state. The same thing was brought about at Heraclea, soon after the settlement of the city, by the same persons; for the citizens of note, being ill treated by them, quitted the city, but afterwards joining together they returned and overthrew the popular state. Just in the same manner the democracy was destroyed in Megara; for there the demagogues, to procure money by confiscations, drove out the nobles, till the number of those who were banished was considerable, who, [1305a] returning, got the better of the people in a battle, and established an oligarchy. The like happened at Cume, during the time of the democracy, which Thrasymachus destroyed; and whoever considers what has happened in other states may perceive the same revolutions to have arisen from the same causes. The demagogues, to curry favour with the people, drive the nobles to conspire together, either by dividing their estates, or obliging them to spend them on public services, or by banishing them, that they may confiscate the fortunes of the wealthy. In former times, when the same person was both demagogue and general, the democracies were changed into tyrannies; and indeed most of the ancient tyrannies arose from those states: a reason for which then subsisted, but not now; for at that time the demagogues were of the soldiery; for they were not then powerful by their eloquence; but, now the art of oratory is cultivated, the able speakers are at present the demagogues; but, as they are unqualified to act in a military capacity, they cannot impose themselves on the people as tyrants, if we except in one or two trifling instances. Formerly, too, tyrannies were more common than now, on account of the very extensive powers with which some magistrates were entrusted: as the prytanes at Miletus; for they were supreme in many things of the last consequence; and also because at that time the cities were not of that very great extent, the people in general living in the country, and being employed in husbandry, which gave them, who took the lead in public affairs, an opportunity, if they had a turn for war, to make themselves tyrants; which they all did when they had gained the confidence of the people; and this confidence was their hatred to the rich. This was the case of Pisistratus at Athens, when he opposed the Pediaci: and of Theagenes in Megara, who slaughtered the cattle belonging to the rich, after he had seized those who kept them by the riverside. Dionysius also, for accusing Daphnseus and the rich, was thought worthy of being raised to a tyranny, from the confidence which the people had of his being a popular man in consequence of these enmities. A government shall also alter from its ancient and approved democratic form into one entirely new, if there is no census to regulate the election of magistrates; for, as the election is with the people, the demagogues who are desirous of being in office, to flatter them, will endeavour with all their power to make the people superior even to the laws. To prevent this entirely, or at least in a great measure, the magistrates should be elected by the tribes, and not by the people at large. These are nearly the revolutions to which democracies are liable, and also the causes from whence they arise.

CHAPTER VI

There are two things which of all others most evidently occasion a revolution in an oligarchy; one is, when the people are ill used, for then every individual is ripe for [1305b] sedition; more particularly if one of the oligarchy should happen to be their leader; as Lygdamis, at Naxus, who was afterwards tyrant of that island. Seditions also which arise from different causes will differ from each other; for sometimes a revolution is brought about by the rich who have no share in the administration, which is in the hands of a very few indeed: and this happened at Massilia, Ister, Heraclea, and other cities; for those who had no share in the government ceased not to raise disputes till they were admitted to it: first the elder brothers, and then the younger also: for in some places the father and son are never in office at the same time; in others the elder and younger brother: and where this is observed the oligarchy partakes something of a free state. At Ister it was changed into a democracy; in Heraclea, instead of being in the hands of a few, it consisted of six hundred. At Cnidus the oligarchy was destroyed by the nobles quarrelling with each other, because the government was in the hands of so few: for there, as we have just mentioned, if the father was in office, the son could not; or, if there were many brothers, the eldest only; for the people, taking advantage of their disputes, elected one of the nobles for their general, and got the victory: for where there are seditions government is weak. And formerly at Erithria, during the oligarchy of the Basilides, although the state flourished greatly under their excellent management, yet because the people were displeased that the power should be in the hands of so few, they changed the government. Oligarchies also are subject to revolutions, from those who are in office therein, from the quarrels of the demagogues with each other. The demagogues are of two sorts; one who flatter the few when they are in power: for even these have their demagogues; such was Charicles at Athens, who had great influence over the thirty; and, in the same manner, Phrynichus over the four hundred. The others are those demagogues who have a share in the oligarchy, and flatter the people: such were the state-guardians at Larissa, who flattered the people because they were elected by them. And this will always happen in every oligarchy where the magistrates do not elect themselves, but are chosen out of men either of great fortune or certain ranks, by the soldiers or by the people; as was the custom at Abydos. And when the judicial department is not in the hands of the supreme power, the demagogues, favouring the people in their causes, overturn the

government; which happened at Heraclea in Pontus: and also when some desire to contract the power of the oligarchy into fewer hands; for those who endeavour to support an equality are obliged to apply to the people for assistance. An oligarchy is also subject to revolutions when the nobility spend their fortunes by luxury; for such persons are desirous of innovations, and either endeavour to be tyrants themselves or to support others in being so, as [1306a] Hypparinus supported Dionysius of Syracuse. And at Amphipolis one Cleotimus collected a colony of Chalcidians, and when they came set them to quarrel with the rich: and at AEgina a certain person who brought an action against Chares attempted on that account to alter the government. Sometimes they will try to raise commotions, sometimes they will rob the public, and then quarrel with each other, or else fight with those who endeavour to detect them; which was the case at Apollonia in Pontus. But if the members of an oligarchy agree among themselves the state is not very easily destroyed without some external force. Pharsalus is a proof of this, where, though the place is small, yet the citizens have great power, from the prudent use they make of it. An oligarchy also will be destroyed when they create another oligarchy under it; that is, when the management of public affairs is in the hands of a few, and not equally, but when all of them do not partake of the supreme power, as happened once at Elis, where the supreme power in general was in the hands of a very few out of whom a senate was chosen, consisting but of ninety, who held their places for life; and their mode of election was calculated to preserve the power amongst each other's families, like the senators at Lacedaemon. An oligarchy is liable to a revolution both in time of war and peace; in war, because through a distrust in the citizens the government is obliged to employ mercenary troops, and he to whom they give the command of the army will very often assume the tyranny, as Timophanes did at Corinth; and if they appoint more than one general, they will very probably establish a dynasty: and sometimes, through fear of this, they are forced to let the people in general have some share in the government, because they are obliged to employ them. In peace, from their want of confidence in each other, they will entrust the guardianship of the state to mercenaries and their general, who will be an arbiter between them, and sometimes become master of both, which happened at Larissa, when Simos and the Aleuadae had the chief power. The same thing happened at Abydos, during the time of the political clubs, of which Iphiades' was one. Commotions also will happen in an oligarchy from one party's overbearing and insulting another, or from their quarrelling about their law-suits or marriages. How their marriages, for instance, will have that effect has been already shown: and in Eretria, Diagoras destroyed the oligarchy of the knights upon the same account. A sedition also arose at Heraclea, from a certain person being condemned by the court; and at Thebes, in consequence of a man's being guilty of adultery; [1306b] the punishment indeed which Eurytion suffered at Heraclea was just, yet it was illegally executed: as was that at Thebes upon Archias; for their enemies endeavoured to have them publicly bound in the pillory. Many revolutions also have been brought about in oligarchies by those who could not brook the despotism which those persons assumed who were in power, as at Cnidus and Chios. Changes also may happen by accident in what we call a free state and in an oligarchy; wheresoever the senators, judges, and magistrates are chosen according to a certain census; for it often happens that the highest census is fixed at first; so that a few only could have a share in the government, in an oligarchy, or in a free state those of moderate fortunes only; when the city grows rich, through peace or some other happy cause, it becomes so little that every one's fortune is equal to the census, so that the whole community may partake of all the honours of government; and this change sometimes happens by little and little, and insensible approaches, sometimes quicker. These are the revolutions and seditions that arise in oligarchies, and the causes to which they are owing: and indeed both democracies and oligarchies sometimes alter, not into governments of a contrary form, but into those of the same government; as, for instance, from having the supreme power in the law to vest it in the ruling party, or the contrariwise.

CHAPTER VII

Commotions also arise in aristocracies, from there being so few persons in power (as we have already observed they do in oligarchies, for in this particular an aristocracy is most near an oligarchy, for in both these states the administration of public affairs is in the hands of a few; not that this arises from the same cause in both, though herein they chiefly seem alike): and these will necessarily be most likely to happen when the generality of the people are high-spirited and think themselves equal to each other in merit; such were those at Lacedasmon, called the Partheniae (for these were, as well as others, descendants of citizens), who being detected in a conspiracy against the state, were sent to found Tarentum. They will happen also when some great men are disgraced by those who have received higher honours than themselves, to whom they are no ways inferior in abilities, as Lysander by the kings: or when an ambitious man cannot get into power, as Cinadon, who, in the reign of Agesilaus, was chief in a conspiracy against the Spartans: and also when some are too poor and others too rich, which will most frequently happen in time of war; as at Lacedaemon during the Messenian war, which is proved by a poem of Tyrtaeus, [1307a] called "Eunomia;" for some persons being reduced thereby, desired that the lands might be divided: and also when some person of very high rank might still be higher if he could rule alone, which seemed to be Pausanias's intention at Lacedaemon, when he was their general in the Median

war, and Anno's at Carthage. But free states and aristocracies are mostly destroyed from want of a fixed administration of public affairs; the cause of which evil arises at first from want of a due mixture of the democratic and the oligarchic parts in a free state; and in an aristocracy from the same causes, and also from virtue not being properly joined to power; but chiefly from the two first, I mean the undue mixture of the democratic and oligarchic parts; for these two are what all free states endeavour to blend together, and many of those which we call aristocracies, in this particular these states differ from each other, and on this account the one of them is less stable than the other, for that state which inclines most to an oligarchy is called an aristocracy, and that which inclines most to a democracy is called a free state; on which account this latter is more secure than the former, for the wider the foundation the securer the building, and it is ever best to live where equality prevails. But the rich, if the community gives them rank, very often endeavour to insult and tyrannise over others. On the whole, whichever way a government inclines, in that it will settle, each party supporting their own. Thus a free state will become a democracy; an aristocracy an oligarchy; or the contrary, an aristocracy may change into a democracy (for the poor, if they think themselves injured, directly take part with the contrary side) and a free state into an oligarchy. The only firm state is that where every one enjoys that equality he has a right to and fully possesses what is his own. And what I have been speaking of happened to the Thurians; for the magistrates being elected according to a very high census, it was altered to a lower, and they were subdivided into more courts, but in consequence of the nobles possessing all the land, contrary to law; the state was too much of an oligarchy, which gave them an opportunity of encroaching greatly on the rest of the people; but these, after they had been well inured to war, so far got the better of their guards as to expel every one out of the country who possessed more than he ought. Moreover, as all aristocracies are free oligarchies, the nobles therein endeavour to have rather too much power, as at Lacedaemon, where property is now in the hands of a few, and the nobles have too much liberty to do as they please and make such alliances as they please. Thus the city of the Locrians was ruined from an alliance with Dionysius; which state was neither a democracy nor well-tempered aristocracy. But an aristocracy chiefly approaches to a secret change by its being destroyed by degrees, as we [1307b] have already said of all governments in general; and this happens from the cause of the alteration being trifling; for whenever anything which in the least regards the state is treated with contempt, after that something else, and this of a little more consequence, will be more easily altered, until the whole fabric of government is entirely subverted, which happened in the government of Thurium; for the law being that they should continue soldiers for five years, some young men of a martial disposition, who were in great esteem amongst their officers, despising those who had the management of public affairs, and imagining they could easily accomplish their intention, first endeavoured to abolish this law, with a view of having it lawful to continue the same person perpetually in the military, perceiving that the people would readily appoint them. Upon this, the magistrates who are called counselors first joined together with an intention to oppose it but were afterwards induced to agree to it, from a belief that if that law was not repealed they would permit the management of all other public affairs to remain in their hands; but afterwards, when they endeavoured to restrain some fresh alterations that were making, they found that they could do nothing, for the whole form of government was altered into a dynasty of those who first introduced the innovations. In short, all governments are liable to be destroyed either from within or from without; from without when they have for their neighbour a state whose policy is contrary to theirs, and indeed if it has great power the same thing will happen if it is not their neighbour; of which both the Athenians and the Lacedaemonians are a proof; for the one, when conquerors everywhere destroyed the oligarchies; the other the democracies. These are the chief causes of revolutions and dissensions in governments.

CHAPTER VIII

We are now to consider upon what the preservation of governments in general and of each state in particular depends; and, in the first place, it is evident that if we are right in the causes we have assigned for their destruction, we know also the means of their preservation; for things contrary produce contraries: but destruction and preservation are contrary to each other. In well-tempered governments it requires as much care as anything whatsoever, that nothing be done contrary to law: and this ought chiefly to be attended to in matters of small consequence; for an illegality that approaches insensibly, approaches secretly, as in a family small expenses continually repeated consume a man's income; for the understanding is deceived thereby, as by this false argument; if every part is little, then the whole is little: now, this in one sense is true, in another is false, for the whole and all the parts together are large, though made up of small parts. The first therefore of anything is what the state ought to guard against. In the next place, no credit ought to be given to those who endeavour to deceive the people with false pretences; for they will be [1308a] confuted by facts. The different ways in which they will attempt to do this have been already mentioned. You may often perceive both aristocracies and oligarchies continuing firm, not from the stability of their forms of government, but from the wise conduct of the magistrates, both towards those who have a part in the management of public affairs, and those also who have not: towards those who have not, by never injuring them; and also introducing those who are of most consequence amongst them into office; nor

disgracing those who are desirous of honour; or encroaching on the property of individuals; towards those who have, by behaving to each other upon an equality; for that equality which the favourers of a democracy desire to have established in the state is not only just, but convenient also, amongst those who are of the same rank: for which reason, if the administration is in the hands of many, those rules which are established in democracies will be very useful; as to let no one continue in office longer than six months: that all those who are of the same rank may have their turn; for between these there is a sort of democracy: for which reason demagogues are most likely to arise up amongst them, as we have already mentioned: besides, by this means both aristocracies and democracies will be the less liable to be corrupted into dynasties, because it will not be so easy for those who are magistrates for a little to do as much mischief as they could in a long time: for it is from hence that tyrannies arise in democracies and oligarchies; for either those who are most powerful in each state establish a tyranny, as the demagogues in the one, the dynasties in the other, or the chief magistrates who have been long in power. Governments are sometimes preserved not only by having the means of their corruption at a great distance, but also by its being very near them; for those who are alarmed at some impending evil keep a stricter hand over the state; for which reason it is necessary for those who have the guardianship of the constitution to be able to awaken the fears of the people, that they may preserve it, and not like a night-guard to be remiss in protecting the state, but to make the distant danger appear at hand. Great care ought also to be used to endeavour to restrain the quarrels and disputes of the nobles by laws, as well as to prevent those who are not already engaged in them from taking a part therein; for to perceive an evil at its very first approach is not the lot of every one, but of the politician. To prevent any alteration taking place in an oligarchy or free state on account of the census, if that happens to continue the same while the quantity of money is increased, it will be useful to take a general account of the whole amount of it in former times, to compare it with the present, and to do this every year in those cities where the census is yearly, [1308b] in larger communities once in three or five years; and if the whole should be found much larger or much less than it was at the time when the census was first established in the state, let there be a law either to extend or contract it, doing both these according to its increase or decrease; if it increases making the census larger, if it decreases smaller: and if this latter is not done in oligarchies and free states, you will have a dynasty arise in the one, an oligarchy in the other: if the former is not, free states will be changed into democracies, and oligarchies into free states or democracies. It is a general maxim in democracies, oligarchies, monarchies, and indeed in all governments, not to let any one acquire a rank far superior to the rest of the community, but rather to endeavour to confer moderate honours for a continuance than great ones for a short time; for these latter spoil men, for it is not every one who can bear prosperity: but if this rule is not observed, let not those honours which were conferred all at once be all at once taken away, but rather by degrees. But, above all things, let this regulation be made by the law, that no one shall have too much power, either by means of his fortune or friends; but if he has, for his excess therein, let it be contrived that he shall quit the country. Now, as many persons promote innovations, that they may enjoy their own particular manner of living, there ought to be a particular officer to inspect the manners of every one, and see that these are not contrary to the genius of the state in which he lives, whether it may be an oligarchy, a democracy, or any other form of government; and, for the same reason, those should be guarded against who are most prosperous in the city: the means of doing which is by appointing those who are otherwise to the business and the offices of the state. I mean, to oppose men of account to the common people, the poor to the rich, and to blend both these into one body, and to increase the numbers of those who are in the middle rank; and this will prevent those seditions which arise from an inequality of condition. But above all, in every state it is necessary, both by the laws and every other method possible, to prevent those who are employed by the public from being venal, and this particularly in an oligarchy; for then the people will not be so much displeased from seeing themselves excluded from a share in the government (nay, they will rather be glad to have leisure to attend their private affairs) as at suspecting that the officers of the state steal the public money, then indeed they are afflicted with double concern, both because they are deprived of the honours of the state, and pillaged by those who enjoy them. There is one method of blending together a democracy and an aristocracy, [1309a] if office brought no profit; by which means both the rich and the poor will enjoy what they desire; for to admit all to a share in the government is democratical; that the rich should be in office is aristocratical. This must be done by letting no public employment whatsoever be attended with any emolument; for the poor will not desire to be in office when they can get nothing by it, but had rather attend to their own affairs: but the rich will choose it, as they want nothing of the community. Thus the poor will increase their fortunes by being wholly employed in their own concerns; and the principal part of the people will not be governed by the lower sort. To prevent the exchequer from being defrauded, let all public money be delivered out openly in the face of the whole city, and let copies of the accounts be deposited in the different wards tribes, and divisions. But, as the magistrates are to execute their offices without any advantages, the law ought to provide proper honours for those who execute them well. In democracies also it is necessary that the rich should be protected, by not permitting their lands to be divided, nor even the produce of them, which in some states is done unperceivably. It would be also better if the people would prevent them when they offer to exhibit a number of unnecessary and yet expensive public entertainments of plays, music, processions, and the like. In an oligarchy it is necessary to

take great care of the poor, and allot them public employments which are gainful; and, if any of the rich insult them, to let their punishment be severer than if they insulted one of their own rank; and to let estates pass by affinity, and not gift: nor to permit any person to have more than one; for by this means property will be more equally divided, and the greater part of the poor get into better circumstances. It is also serviceable in a democracy and an oligarchy to allot those who take no part in public affairs an equality or a preference in other things; the rich in a democracy, to the poor in an oligarchy: but still all the principal offices in the state to be filled only by those who are best qualified to discharge them.

CHAPTER IX

There are three qualifications necessary for those who fill the first departments in government; first of all, an affection for the established constitution; second place, abilities every way completely equal to the business of their office; in the third, virtue and justice correspondent to the nature of that particular state they are placed in; for if justice is not the same in all states, it is evident that there must be different species thereof. There may be some doubt, when all these qualifications do not in the same persons, in what manner the choice shall be made; as for instance, suppose that one person is an accomplished general, but a bad man and no friend to the [1309b] constitution; another is just and a friend to it, which shall one prefer? we should then consider of two qualities, which of them the generality possess in a greater degree, which in a less; for which reason in the choice of a general we should regard his courage more than his virtue as the more uncommon quality; as there are fewer capable of conducting an army than there are good men: but, to protect the state or manage the finances, the contrary rule should be followed; for these require greater virtue than the generality are possessed of, but only that knowledge which is common to all. It may be asked, if a man has abilities equal to his appointment in the state, and is affectionate to the constitution, what occasion is there for being virtuous, since these two things alone are sufficient to enable him to be useful to the public? it is, because those who possess those qualities are often deficient in prudence; for, as they often neglect their own affairs, though they know them and love themselves, so nothing will prevent their serving the public in the same manner. In short, whatsoever the laws contain which we allow to be useful to the state contributes to its preservation: but its first and principal support is (as has been often insisted upon) to have the number of those who desire to preserve it greater than those who wish to destroy it. Above all things that ought not to be forgotten which many governments now corrupted neglect; namely, to preserve a mean. For many things seemingly favourable to a democracy destroy a democracy, and many things seemingly favourable to an oligarchy destroy an oligarchy. Those who think this the only virtue extend it to excess, not considering that as a nose which varies a little from perfect straightness, either towards a hook nose or a flat one, may yet be beautiful and agreeable to look at; but if this particularity is extended beyond measure, first of all the properties of the part is lost, but at last it can hardly be admitted to be a nose at all, on account of the excess of the rise or sinking: thus it is with other parts of the human body; so also the same thing is true with respect to states; for both an oligarchy and a democracy may something vary from their most perfect form and yet be well constituted; but if any one endeavours to extend either of them too far, at first he will make the government the worse for it, but at last there will be no government at all remaining. The lawgiver and the politician therefore should know well what preserves and what destroys a democracy or an oligarchy, for neither the one nor the other can possibly continue without rich and poor: but that whenever an entire equality of circumstances [1310a] prevails, the state must necessarily become of another form; so that those who destroy these laws, which authorise an inequality in property, destroy the government. It is also an error in democracies for the demagogues to endeavour to make the common people superior to the laws; and thus by setting them at variance with the rich, dividing one city into two; whereas they ought rather to speak in favour of the rich. In oligarchies, on the contrary, it is wrong to support those who are in administration against the people. The oaths also which they take in an oligarchy ought to be contrary to what they now are; for, at present, in some places they swear, "I will be adverse to the common people, and contrive all I can against them;" whereas they ought rather to suppose and pretend the contrary; expressing in their oaths, that they will not injure the people. But of all things which I have mentioned, that which contributes most to preserve the state is, what is now most despised, to educate your children for the state; for the most useful laws, and most approved by every statesman, will be of no service if the citizens are not accustomed to and brought up in the principles of the constitution; of a democracy, if that is by law established; of an oligarchy, if that is; for if there are bad morals in one man, there are in the city. But to educate a child fit for the state, it must not be done in the manner which would please either those who have the power in an oligarchy or those who desire a democracy, but so as they may be able to conduct either of these forms of governments. But now the children of the magistrates in an oligarchy are brought up too delicately, and the children of the poor hardy with exercise and labour; so that they are both desirous of and able to promote innovations. In democracies of the purest form they pursue a method which is contrary to their welfare; the reason of which is, that they define liberty wrong: now, there are two things which seem to be the objects of a democracy, that the people in general should possess the supreme power,

and all enjoy freedom; for that which is just seems to be equal, and what the people think equal, that is a law: now, their freedom and equality consists in every one's doing what they please: that is in such a democracy every one may live as he likes; "as his inclination guides," in the words of Euripides: but this is wrong, for no one ought to think it slavery to live in subjection to government, but protection. Thus I have mentioned the causes of corruption in different states, and the means of their preservation.

CHAPTER X

It now remains that we speak of monarchies, their causes of corruption, and means of preservation; and indeed almost the same things which have been said of other governments happen to kingdoms and tyrannies; for a kingdom partakes of an aristocracy, a tyranny of the worst species of an oligarchy and democracy; for which reason it is the worst that man can submit to, as being composed of two, both of which are bad, and collectively retains all the corruptions and all the defects of both these states. These two species of monarchies arise from principles contrary to each other: a kingdom is formed to protect the better sort of people against the multitude, and kings are appointed out of those, who are chosen either for their superior virtue and actions flowing from virtuous principles, or else from their noble descent; but a tyrant is chosen out of the meanest populace; an enemy to the better sort, that the common people may not be oppressed by them. That this is true experience convinces us; for the generality of tyrants were indeed mere demagogues, who gained credit with the people by oppressing the nobles. Some tyrannies were established in this manner after the cities were considerably enlarged--others before that time, by kings who exceeded the power which their country allowed them, from a desire of governing despotically: others were founded by those who were elected to the superior offices in the state; for formerly the people appointed officers for life, who came to be at the head of civil and religious affairs, and these chose one out of their body in whom the supreme power over all the magistrates was placed. By all these means it was easy to establish a tyranny, if they chose it; for their power was ready at hand, either by their being kings, or else by enjoying the honours of the state; thus Phidon at Argos and other tyrants enjoyed originally the kingly power; Phalaris and others in Ionia, the honours of the state. Pansetius at Leontium, Cypselus at Corinth, Pisistratus at Athens, Dionysius at Syracuse, and others, acquired theirs by having been demagogues. A kingdom, as we have said, partakes much of the nature of an aristocracy, and is bestowed according to worth, as either virtue, family, beneficent actions, or these joined with power; for those who have been benefactors to cities and states, or have it in their powers to be so, have acquired this honour, and those who have prevented a people from falling into slavery by war, as Codrus, or those who have freed them from it, as Cyrus, or the founders of cities, or settlers of colonies, as the kings of Sparta, Macedon, and Molossus. A king desires to be the guardian of his people, that those who have property may be secure in the possession of it, and that the people in general meet with no injury; but a tyrant, as has been often said, has no regard to the common good, except for his own advantage; his only object is pleasure, but a king's is virtue: what a tyrant therefore is ambitious of engrossing is wealth, but a king rather honour. The guards too of a king are citizens, a tyrant's foreigners.

That a tyranny contains all that is bad both in a democracy and an oligarchy is evident; with an oligarchy it has for its end gain, as the only means of providing the tyrant with guards and the luxuries of life; like that it places no confidence in the people; and therefore deprives them of the use of arms: it is also common to them both to persecute the populace, to drive them out of the city and their own habitations. With a democracy it quarrels with the nobles, and destroys them both publicly and privately, or drives them into banishment, as rivals and an impediment to the government; hence naturally arise conspiracies both amongst those who desire to govern and those who desire not to be slaves; hence arose Periander's advice to Thrasybulus to take off the tallest stalks, hinting thereby, that it was necessary to make away with the eminent citizens. We ought then in reason, as has been already said, to account for the changes which arise in a monarchy from the same causes which produce them in other states: for, through injustice received, fear, and contempt, many of those who are under a monarchical government conspire against it; but of all species of injustice, injurious contempt has most influence on them for that purpose: sometimes it is owing to their being deprived of their private fortunes. The dissolution too of a kingdom and a tyranny are generally the same; for monarchs abound in wealth and honour, which all are desirous to obtain. Of plots: some aim at the life of those who govern, others at their government; the first arises from hatred to their persons; which hatred may be owing to many causes, either of which will be sufficient to excite their anger, and the generality of those who are under the influence of that passion will join in a conspiracy, not for the sake of their own advancement, but for revenge. Thus the plot against the children of Pisistratus arose from their injurious treatment of Harmodius's sister, and insulting him also; for Harmodius resenting the injury done to his sister, and Aristogiton the injury done to Harmodius. Periander the tyrant of Ambracia also lost his life by a conspiracy, for some improper liberties he took with a boy in his cups: and Philip was slain by Pausanias for neglecting to revenge him of the affront he had received from Attains; as was Amintas the Little by Darda, for insulting him on account of his age; and the eunuch by Evagoras the Cyprian in revenge for having taken his son's wife away from him....

Many also who have had their bodies scourged with stripes have, through resentment, either killed those who caused them to be inflicted or conspired against them, even when they had kingly power, as at Mitylene Megacles, joining with his friends, killed the Penthelidee, who used to go about striking those they met with clubs. Thus, in later times, Smendes killed Penthilus for whipping him and dragging him away from his wife. Decamnichus also was the chief cause of the conspiracy against Archelaus, for he urged others on: the occasion of his resentment was his having delivered him to Euripides the poet to be scourged; for Euripides was greatly offended with him for having said something of the foulness of his breath. And many others have been killed or conspired against on the same account. Fear too is a cause which produces the same effects, as well in monarchies as in other states: thus Artabanes conspired against Xerxes through fear of punishment for having hanged Darius according to his orders, whom he supposed he intended to pardon, as the order was given at supper-time. Some kings also have been [1312a] dethroned and killed in consequence of the contempt they were held in by the people; as some one conspired against Sardanapalus, having seen him spinning with his wife, if what is related of him is true, or if not of him, it may very probably be true of some one else. Dion also conspired against Dionysius the Younger, seeing his subjects desirous of a conspiracy, and that he himself was always drunk: and even a man's friends will do this if they despise him; for from the confidence he places in them, they think that they shall not be found out. Those also who think they shall gain his throne will conspire against a king through contempt; for as they are powerful themselves, and despise the danger, on account of their own strength, they will readily attempt it. Thus a general at the head of his army will endeavour to dethrone the monarch, as Cyrus did Astyages, despising both his manner of life and his forces; his forces for want of action, his life for its effeminacy: thus Suthes, the Thracian, who was general to Amadocus, conspired against him. Sometimes more than one of these causes will excite men to enter into conspiracies, as contempt and desire of gain; as in the instance of Mithridates against Ariobarzanes. Those also who are of a bold disposition, and have gained military honours amongst kings, will of all others be most like to engage in sedition; for strength and courage united inspire great bravery: whenever, therefore, these join in one person, he will be very ready for conspiracies, as he will easily conquer. Those who conspire against a tyrant through love of glory and honour have a different motive in view from what I have already mentioned; for, like all others who embrace danger, they have only glory and honour in view, and think, not as some do, of the wealth and pomp they may acquire, but engage in this as they would in any other noble action, that they may be illustrious and distinguished, and destroy a tyrant, not to succeed in his tyranny, but to acquire renown. No doubt but the number of those who act upon this principle is small, for we must suppose they regard their own safety as nothing in case they should not succeed, and must embrace the opinion of Dion (which few can do) when he made war upon Dionysius with a very few troops; for he said, that let the advantage he made be ever so little it would satisfy him to have gained it; and that, should it be his lot to die the moment he had gained footing in his country, he should think his death sufficiently glorious. A tyranny also is exposed to the same destruction as all other states are, from too powerful neighbours: for it is evident, that an opposition of principles will make them desirous of subverting it; and what they desire, all who can, do: and there is a principle of opposition in one state to another, as a democracy against a tyranny, as says Hesiod, "a potter against a potter;" for the extreme of a democracy is a tyranny; a kingly power against an aristocracy, from their different forms of government--for which reason the Lacedaemonians destroyed many tyrannies; as did the Syracusians during the prosperity of their state. Nor are they only destroyed from without, but also from within, when those who have no share in the power bring about a revolution, as happened to Gelon, and lately to Dionysius; to the first, by means of Thrasybulus, the brother of Hiero, who nattered Gelon's son, and induced him to lead a life of pleasure, that he himself might govern; but the family joined together and endeavoured to support the tyranny and expel Thrasybulus; but those whom they made of their party seized the opportunity and expelled the whole family. Dion made war against his relation Dionysius, and being assisted by the people, first expelled and then killed him. As there are two causes which chiefly induce men to conspire against tyrants, hatred and contempt, one of these, namely hatred, seems inseparable from them. Contempt also is often the cause of their destruction: for though, for instance, those who raised themselves to the supreme power generally preserved it; but those who received it from them have, to speak truth, almost immediately all of them lost it; for, falling into an effeminate way of life, they soon grew despicable, and generally fell victims to conspiracies. Part of their hatred may be very fitly ascribed to anger; for in some cases this is their motive to action: for it is often a cause which impels them to act more powerfully than hatred, and they proceed with greater obstinacy against those whom they attack, as this passion is not under the direction of reason. Many persons also indulge this passion through contempt; which occasioned the fall of the Pisistratidae and many others. But hatred is more powerful than anger; for anger is accompanied with grief, which prevents the entrance of reason; but hatred is free from it. In short, whatever causes may be assigned as the destruction of a pure oligarchy unmixed with any other government and an extreme democracy, the same may be applied to a tyranny; for these are divided tyrannies.

Kingdoms are seldom destroyed by any outward attack; for which reason they are generally very stable; but they have many causes of subversion within; of which two are the principal; one is when those who are in power [1313a] excite a sedition, the other when they endeavour to establish a tyranny by assuming greater power than the law gives them. A kingdom, indeed, is not what we ever see erected in our times, but rather monarchies and tyrannies; for a kingly government is one that is voluntarily submitted to, and its supreme power admitted upon great occasions: but where many are equal, and there are none in any respect so much better than another as to be qualified for the greatness and dignity of government over them, then these equals will not willingly submit to be commanded; but if any one assumes the government, either by force or fraud, this is a tyranny. To what we have already said we shall add, the causes of revolutions in an hereditary kingdom. One of these is, that many of those who enjoy it are naturally proper objects of contempt only: another is, that they are insolent while their power is not despotic; but they possess kingly honours only. Such a state is soon destroyed; for a king exists but while the people are willing to obey, as their submission to him is voluntary, but to a tyrant involuntary. These and such-like are the causes of the destruction of monarchies.

CHAPTER XI

Monarchies, in a word, are preserved by means contrary to what I have already mentioned as the cause of their destruction; but to speak to each separately: the stability of a kingdom will depend upon the power of the king's being kept within moderate bounds; for by how much the less extensive his power is, by so much the longer will his government continue; for he will be less despotic and more upon an equality of condition with those he governs; who, on that account, will envy him the less.

It was on this account that the kingdom of the Molossi continued so long; and the Lacedaemonians from their government's being from the beginning divided into two parts, and also by the moderation introduced into the other parts of it by Theopompus, and his establishment of the ephori; for by taking something from the power he increased the duration of the kingdom, so that in some measure he made it not less, but bigger; as they say he replied to his wife, who asked him if he was not ashamed to deliver down his kingdom to his children reduced from what he received it from his ancestors? No, says he, I give it him more lasting. Tyrannies are preserved two ways most opposite to each other, one of which is when the power is delegated from one to the other, and in this manner many tyrants govern in their states. Report says that Periander founded many of these. There are also many of them to be met with amongst the Persians. What has been already mentioned is as conducive as anything can be to preserve a tyranny; namely, to keep down those who are of an aspiring disposition, to take off those who will not submit, to allow no public meals, no clubs, no education, nothing at all, but to guard against everything that gives rise to high spirits or mutual confidence; nor to suffer the learned meetings of those who are at leisure to hold conversation with each other; and to endeavour by every means possible to keep all the people strangers to each other; for knowledge increases mutual confidence; and to oblige all strangers to appear in public, and to live near the city-gate, that all their actions may be sufficiently seen; for those who are kept like slaves seldom entertain any noble thoughts: in short, to imitate everything which the Persians and barbarians do, for they all contribute to support slavery; and to endeavour to know what every one who is under their power does and says; and for this purpose to employ spies: such were those women whom the Syracusians called potagogides Hiero also used to send out listeners wherever there was any meeting or conversation; for the people dare not speak with freedom for fear of such persons; and if any one does, there is the less chance of its being concealed; and to endeavour that the whole community should mutually accuse and come to blows with each other, friend with friend, the commons with the nobles, and the rich with each other. It is also advantageous for a tyranny that all those who are under it should be oppressed with poverty, that they may not be able to compose a guard; and that, being employed in procuring their daily bread, they may have no leisure to conspire against their tyrants. The Pyramids of Egypt are a proof of this, and the votive edifices of the Cyposelidse, and the temple of Jupiter Olympus, built by the Pisistratidae, and the works of Polycrates at Samos; for all these produced one end, the keeping the people poor. It is necessary also to multiply taxes, as at Syracuse; where Dionysius in the space of five years collected all the private property of his subjects into his own coffers. A tyrant also should endeavour to engage his subjects in a war, that they may have employment and continually depend upon their general. A king is preserved by his friends, but a tyrant is of all persons the man who can place no confidence in friends, as every one has it in his desire and these chiefly in their power to destroy him. All these things also which are done in an extreme democracy should be done in a tyranny, as permitting great licentiousness to the women in the house, that they may reveal their husbands' secrets; and showing great indulgence to slaves also for the same reason; for slaves and women conspire not against tyrants: but when they are treated with kindness, both of them are abettors of tyrants, and extreme democracies also; and the people too in such a state desire to be despotic. For which reason flatterers are in repute in both these: the demagogue in the democracy, for he is the proper flatterer of the people; among tyrants, he who will servilely adapt himself to their humours; for this is the business of [1314a] flatterers. And for this reason tyrants always love the worst of wretches, for they rejoice in being flattered, which no man of a liberal

spirit will submit to; for they love the virtuous, but flatter none. Bad men too are fit for bad purposes; "like to like," as the proverb says. A tyrant also should show no favour to a man of worth or a freeman; for he should think, that no one deserved to be thought these but himself; for he who supports his dignity, and is a friend to freedom, encroaches upon the superiority and the despotism of the tyrant: such men, therefore, they naturally hate, as destructive to their government. A tyrant also should rather admit strangers to his table and familiarity than citizens, as these are his enemies, but the others have no design against him. These and such-like are the supports of a tyranny, for it comprehends whatsoever is wicked. But all these things may be comprehended in three divisions, for there are three objects which a tyranny has in view; one of which is, that the citizens should be of poor abject dispositions; for such men never propose to conspire against any one. The second is, that they should have no confidence in each other; for while they have not this, the tyrant is safe enough from destruction. For which reason they are always at enmity with those of merit, as hurtful to their government; not only as they scorn to be governed despotically, but also because they can rely upon each other's fidelity, and others can rely upon theirs, and because they will not inform against their associates, nor any one else. The third is, that they shall be totally without the means of doing anything; for no one undertakes what is impossible for him to perform: so that without power a tyranny can never be destroyed. These, then, are the three objects which the inclinations of tyrants desire to see accomplished; for all their tyrannical plans tend to promote one of these three ends, that their people may neither have mutual confidence, power, nor spirit. This, then, is one of the two methods of preserving tyrannies: the other proceeds in a way quite contrary to what has been already described, and which may be discerned from considering to what the destruction of a kingdom is owing; for as one cause of that is, making the government approach near to a tyranny, so the safety of a tyranny consists in making the government nearly kingly; preserving only one thing, namely power, that not only the willing, but the unwilling also, must be obliged to submit; for if this is once lost, the tyranny is at an end. This, then, as the foundation, must be preserved: in other particulars carefully do and affect to seem like a king; first, appear to pay a great attention [1314b] to what belongs to the public; nor make such profuse presents as will offend the people; while they are to supply the money out of the hard labour of their own hands, and see it given in profusion to mistresses, foreigners, and fiddlers; keeping an exact account both of what you receive and pay; which is a practice some tyrants do actually follow, by which means they seem rather fathers of families than tyrants: nor need you ever fear the want of money while you have the supreme power of the state in your own hands. It is also much better for those tyrants who quit their kingdom to do this than to leave behind them money they have hoarded up; for their regents will be much less desirous of making innovations, and they are more to be dreaded by absent tyrants than the citizens; for such of them as he suspects he takes with him, but these regents must be left behind. He should also endeavour to appear to collect such taxes and require such services as the exigencies of the state demand, that whenever they are wanted they may be ready in time of war; and particularly to take care that he appear to collect and keep them not as his own property, but the public's. His appearance also should not be severe, but respectable, so that he should inspire those who approach him with veneration and not fear; but this will not be easily accomplished if he is despised. If, therefore, he will not take the pains to acquire any other, he ought to endeavour to be a man of political abilities, and to fix that opinion of himself in the judgment of his subjects. He should also take care not to appear to be guilty of the least offence against modesty, nor to suffer it in those under him: nor to permit the women of his family to treat others haughtily; for the haughtiness of women has been the ruin of many tyrants. With respect to the pleasures of sense, he ought to do directly contrary to the practice of some tyrants at present; for they do not only continually indulge themselves in them for many days together, but they seem also to desire to have other witnesses of it, that they may wonder at their happiness; whereas he ought really to be moderate in these, and, if not, to appear to others to avoid them-for it is not the sober man who is exposed either to plots or contempt, but the drunkard; not the early riser, but the sluggard. His conduct in general should also be contrary to what is reported of former tyrants; for he ought to improve and adorn his city, so as to seem a guardian and not a tyrant; and, moreover., always to [1315a] seem particularly attentive to the worship of the gods; for from persons of such a character men entertain less fears of suffering anything illegal while they suppose that he who governs them is religious and reverences the gods; and they will be less inclined to raise insinuations against such a one, as being peculiarly under their protection: but this must be so done as to give no occasion for any suspicion of hypocrisy. He should also take care to show such respect to men of merit in every particular, that they should not think they could be treated with greater distinction by their fellow-citizens in a free state. He should also let all honours flow immediately from himself, but every censure from his subordinate officers and judges. It is also a common protection of all monarchies not to make one person too great, or, certainly, not many; for they will support each other: but, if it is necessary to entrust any large powers to one person, to take care that it is not one of an ardent spirit; for this disposition is upon every opportunity most ready for a revolution: and, if it should seem necessary to deprive any one of his power, to do it by degrees, and not reduce him all at once. It is also necessary to abstain from all kinds of insolence; more particularly from corporal punishment; which you must be most cautious never to exercise over those who have a delicate sense of honour; for, as those who love money are touched to the quick when anything affects their property, so are men of honour and principle when they receive

any disgrace: therefore, either never employ personal punishment, or, if you do, let it be only in the manner in which a father would correct his son, and not with contempt; and, upon the whole, make amends for any seeming disgrace by bestowing greater honours. But of all persons who are most likely to entertain designs against the person of a tyrant, those are chiefly to be feared and guarded against who regard as nothing the loss of their own lives, so that they can but accomplish their purpose: be very careful therefore of those who either think themselves affronted, or those who are dear to them; for those who are excited by anger to revenge regard as nothing their own persons: for, as Heraclitus says, it is dangerous to fight with an angry man who will purchase with his life the thing he aims at. As all cities are composed of two sorts of persons, the rich and the poor, it is necessary that both these should find equal protection from him who governs them, and that the one party should not have it in their power to injure the other; but that the tyrant should attach to himself that party which is the most powerful; which, if he does, he will have no occasion either to make his slaves free, or to deprive citizens of their arms; for the strength of either of the parties added to his own forces will render him superior to any conspiracy. It would be superfluous to go through all particulars; for the rule of conduct which the tyrant ought to pursue is evident enough, and that is, to affect to appear not the tyrant, but the king; the guardian of those he governs, not their plunderer, [1315b] but their protector, and to affect the middle rank in life, not one superior to all others: he should, therefore, associate his nobles with him and soothe his people; for his government will not only be necessarily more honourable and worthy of imitation, as it will be over men of worth, and not abject wretches who perpetually both hate and fear him; but it will be also more durable. Let him also frame his life so that his manners may be consentaneous to virtue, or at least let half of them be so, that he may not be altogether wicked, but only so in part.

CHAPTER XII

Indeed an oligarchy and a tyranny are of all governments of the shortest duration. The tyranny of Orthagoras and his family at Sicyon, it is true, continued longer than any other: the reason for which was, that they used their power with moderation, and were in many particulars obedient to the laws; and, as Clisthenes was an able general, he never fell into contempt, and by the care he took that in many particulars his government should be popular. He is reported also to have presented a person with a crown who adjudged the victory to another; and some say that it is the statue of that judge which is placed in the forum.

They say also, that Pisistratus submitted to be summoned into the court of the Areopagites. The second that we shall mention is the tyranny of the Cypselidse, at Corinth, which continued seventy-seven years and six months; for Cypselus was tyrant there thirty years, Periander forty-four, and Psammetichus, the son of Georgias, three years; the reason for which was, that Cypselus was a popular man, and governed without guards. Periander indeed ruled like a tyrant, but then he was an able general. The third was that of the Pisistradidae at Athens; but it was not continual: for Pisistratus himself was twice expelled; so that out of thirty-three years he was only fifteen in power, and his son eighteen; so that the whole time was thirty-three years. Of the rest we shall mention that of Hiero, and Gelo at Syracuse; and this did not continue long, for both their reigns were only eighteen years; for Gelo died in the eighth year of his tyranny, and Hiero in his tenth. Thrasybulus fell in his eleventh month, and many other tyrannies have continued a very short time. We have now gone through the general cases of corruption and [1316a] means of preservation both in free states and monarchies. In Plato's Republic, Socrates is introduced treating upon the changes which different governments are liable to: but his discourse is faulty; for he does not particularly mention what changes the best and first governments are liable to; for he only assigns the general cause, of nothing being immutable, but that in time everything will alter [***tr.: text is unintelligible here***] he conceives that nature will then produce bad men, who will not submit to education, and in this, probably, he is not wrong; for it is certain that there are some persons whom it is impossible by any education to make good men; but why should this change be more peculiar to what he calls the best-formed government, than to all other forms, and indeed to all other things that exist? and in respect to his assigned time, as the cause of the alteration of all things, we find that those which did not begin to exist at the same time cease to be at the same time; so that, if anything came into beginning the day before the solstice, it must alter at the same time. Besides, why should such a form of government be changed into the Lacedaemonian? for, in general, when governments alter, they alter into the contrary species to what they before were, and not into one like their former. And this reasoning holds true of other changes; for he says, that from the Lacedaemonian form it changes into an oligarchy, and from thence into a democracy, and from a democracy into a tyranny: and sometimes a contrary change takes place, as from a democracy into an oligarchy, rather than into a monarchy. With respect to a tyranny he neither says whether there will be any change in it; or if not, to what cause it will be owing; or if there is, into what other state it will alter: but the reason of this is, that a tyranny is an indeterminate government; and, according to him, every state ought to alter into the first, and most perfect, thus the continuity and circle would be preserved. But one tyranny often changed into another; as at Syria, from Myron's to Clisthenes'; or into an oligarchy, as was Antileo's at Chalcas; or into a democracy, as was Gelo's at Syracuse; or into an aristocracy, as was

Charilaus's at Lacedaemon, and at Carthage. An oligarchy is also changed into a tyranny; such was the rise of most of the ancient tyrannies in Sicily; at Leontini, into the tyranny of Panaetius; at Gela, into that of Cleander; at Rhegium into that of Anaxilaus; and the like in many other cities. It is absurd also to suppose, that a state is changed into an oligarchy because those who are in power are avaricious and greedy of money, and not because those who are by far richer than their fellow citizens think it unfair that those who have nothing should have an equal share in the rule of the state with themselves, who possess so much-for in many oligarchies it is not allowable to be employed in money-getting, and there are many laws to prevent it. But in Carthage, which is a democracy, money-getting is creditable, and yet their form of government remains unaltered. It is also absurd to say, that in an oligarchy there are two cities, one of the poor and another of the rich; for why should this happen to them more than to the Lacedaemonians, or any other state where all possess not equal property, or where all are not equally good? for though no one member of the community should be poorer than he was before, yet a democracy might nevertheless change into an oligarchy; if the rich should be more powerful than the poor, and the one too negligent, and the other attentive: and though these changes are owing to many causes, yet he mentions but one only, that the citizens become poor by luxury, and paying interest-money; as if at first they were all rich, or the greater part of them: but this is not so, but when some of those who have the principal management of public affairs lose their fortunes, they will endeavour to bring about a revolution; but when others do, nothing of consequence will follow, nor when such states do alter is there any more reason for their altering into a democracy than any other. Besides, though some of the members of the community may not have spent their fortunes, yet if they share not in the honours of the state, or if they are ill-used and insulted, they will endeavour to raise seditions, and bring about a revolution, that they may be allowed to do as they like; which, Plato says, arises from too much liberty. Although there are many oligarchies and democracies, yet Socrates, when he is treating of the changes they may undergo, speaks of them as if there was but one of each sort.

BOOK VI

CHAPTER I

We have already shown what is the nature of the supreme council in the state, and wherein one may differ from another, and how the different magistrates should be regulated; and also the judicial department, and what is best suited to what state; and also to what causes both the destruction and preservation of governments are owing.

As there are very many species of democracies, as well as of other states, it will not be amiss to consider at the same time anything which we may have omitted to mention concerning either of them, and to allot to each that mode of conduct which is peculiar to and advantageous for them; and also to inquire into the combinations of all these different modes of government which we [1317a] have mentioned; for as these are blended together the government is altered, as from an aristocracy to be an oligarchy, and from a free state to be a democracy. Now, I mean by those combinations of government (which I ought to examine into, but have not yet done), namely, whether the deliberative department and the election of magistrates is regulated in a manner correspondent to an oligarchy, or the judicial to an aristocracy, or the deliberative part only to an oligarchy, and the election of magistrates to an aristocracy, or whether, in any other manner, everything is not regulated according to the nature of the government. But we will first consider what particular sort of democracy is fitted to a particular city, and also what particular oligarchy to a particular people; and of other states, what is advantageous to what. It is also necessary to show clearly, not only which of these governments is best for a state, but also how it ought to be established there, and other things we will treat of briefly.

And first, we will speak of a democracy; and this will at the same time show clearly the nature of its opposite which some persons call an oligarchy; and in doing this we must examine into all the parts of a democracy, and everything that is connected therewith; for from the manner in which these are compounded together different species of democracies arise: and hence it is that they are more than one, and of various natures. Now, there are two causes which occasion there being so many democracies; one of which is that which we have already mentioned; namely, there being different sorts of people; for in one country the majority are husbandmen, in another mechanics, and hired servants; if the first of these is added to the second, and the third to both of them, the democracy will not only differ in the particular of better or worse, but in this, that it will be no longer the same government; the other is that which we will now speak of. The different things which are connected with democracies and seem to make part of these states, do, from their being joined to them, render them different from others: this attending a few, that more, and another all. It is necessary that he who would found any state which he may happen to approve of, or correct one, should be acquainted with all these particulars. All founders of states endeavour to comprehend within their own plan everything of nearly the same kind with it; but in doing this they err, in the manner I have already described in treating of the preservation and destruction of governments. I

will now speak of these first principles and manners, and whatever else a democratical state requires.

CHAPTER II

Now the foundation of a democratical state is liberty, and people have been accustomed to say this as if here only liberty was to be found; for they affirm that this is the end proposed by every democracy. But one part of liberty is to govern and be governed alternately; for, according to democratical justice, equality is measured by numbers, and not by worth: and this being just, it is necessary that the supreme power should be vested in the people at large; and that what the majority determine should be final: so that in a democracy the poor ought to have more power than the rich, as being the greater number; for this is one mark of liberty which all framers of a democracy lay down as a criterion of that state; another is, to live as every one likes; for this, they say, is a right which liberty gives, since he is a slave who must live as he likes not. This, then, is another criterion of a democracy. Hence arises the claim to be under no command whatsoever to any one, upon any account, any otherwise than by rotation, and that just as far only as that person is, in his turn, under his also. This also is conducive to that equality which liberty demands. These things being premised, and such being the government, it follows that such rules as the following should be observed in it, that all the magistrates should be chosen out of all the people, and all to command each, and each in his turn all: that all the magistrates should be chosen by lot, except to those offices only which required some particular knowledge and skill: that no census, or a very small one, should be required to qualify a man for any office: that none should be in the same employment twice, or very few, and very seldom, except in the army: that all their appointments should be limited to a very short time, or at least as many as possible: that the whole community should be qualified to judge in all causes whatsoever, let the object be ever so extensive, ever so interesting, or of ever so high a nature; as at Athens, where the people at large judge the magistrates when they come out of office, and decide concerning public affairs as well as private contracts: that the supreme power should be in the public assembly; and that no magistrate should be allowed any discretionary power but in a few instances, and of no consequence to public business. Of all magistrates a senate is best suited to a democracy, where the whole community is not paid for giving their attendance; for in that case it loses its power; for then the people will bring all causes before them, by appeal, as we have already mentioned in a former book. In the next place, there should, if possible, be a fund to pay all the citizens--who have any share in the management of public affairs, either as members of the assembly, judges, and magistrates; but if this cannot be done, at least the magistrates, the judges the senators, and members of the supreme assembly, and also those officers who are obliged to eat at a common table ought to be paid. Moreover, as an oligarchy is said to be a government of men of family, fortune, and education; so, on the contrary, a democracy is a government in the hands of men of no birth, indigent circumstances, and mechanical employments. In this state also no office [1318a] should be for life; and, if any such should remain after the government has been long changed into a democracy, they should endeavour by degrees to diminish the power; and also elect by lot instead of vote. These things, then, appertain to all democracies; namely, to be established on that principle of justice which is homogeneous to those governments; that is, that all the members of the state, by number, should enjoy an equality, which seems chiefly to constitute a democracy, or government of the people: for it seems perfectly equal that the rich should have no more share in the government than the poor, nor be alone in power; but that all should be equal, according to number; for thus, they think, the equality and liberty of the state best preserved.

CHAPTER III

In the next place we must inquire how this equality is to be procured. Shall the qualifications be divided so that five hundred rich should be equal to a thousand poor, or shall the thousand have equal power with the five hundred? or shall we not establish our equality in this manner? but divide indeed thus, and afterwards taking an equal number both out of the five hundred and the thousand, invest them with the power of creating the magistrates and judges. Is this state then established according to perfect democratical justice, or rather that which is guided by numbers only? For the defenders of a democracy say, that that is just which the majority approve of: but the favourers of an oligarchy say, that that is just which those who have most approve of; and that we ought to be directed by the value of property. Both the propositions are unjust; for if we agree with what the few propose we erect a tyranny: for if it should happen that an individual should have more than the rest who are rich, according to oligarchical justice, this man alone has a right to the supreme power; but if superiority of numbers is to prevail, injustice will then be done by confiscating the property of the rich, who are few, as we have already said. What then that equality is, which both parties will admit, must be collected from the definition of right which is common to them both; for they both say that what the majority of the state approves of ought to be established. Be it so; but not entirely: but since a city happens to be made up of two different ranks of people, the rich and the poor, let that be established which is approved of by both these, or the greater part: but should there be opposite

sentiments, let that be established which shall be approved of by the greater part: but let this be according to the census; for instance, if there should be ten of the rich and twenty of the poor, and six of the first and fifteen of the last should agree upon any measure, and the remaining four of the rich should join with the remaining five of the poor in opposing it, that party whose census when added together should determine which opinion should be law, and should these happen to be equal, it should be regarded as a case similar to an assembly or court of justice dividing equally upon any question that comes before them, who either determine it by lot or some such method. But although, with [1318b] respect to what is equal and just, it may be very difficult to establish the truth, yet it is much easier to do than to persuade those who have it in their power to encroach upon others to be guided thereby; for the weak always desire what is equal and just, but the powerful pay no regard thereunto.

CHAPTER IV

There are four kinds of democracies. The best is that which is composed of those first in order, as we have already said, and this also is the most ancient of any. I call that the first which every one would place so, was he to divide the people; for the best part of these are the husbandmen. We see, then, that a democracy may be framed where the majority live by tillage or pasturage; for, as their property is but small, they will not be at leisure perpetually to hold public assemblies, but will be continually employed in following their own business, not having otherwise the means of living; nor will they be desirous of what another enjoys, but will rather like to follow their own business than meddle with state affairs and accept the offices of government, which will be attended with no great profit; for the major part of mankind are rather desirous of riches than honour (a proof of this is, that they submitted to the tyrannies in ancient times, and do now submit to the oligarchies, if no one hinders them in their usual occupations, or deprives them of their property; for some of them soon get rich, others are removed from poverty); besides, their having the right of election and calling their magistrates to account for their conduct when they come out of office, will satisfy their desire of honours, if any of them entertain that passion: for in some states, though the commonalty have not the right of electing the magistrates, yet it is vested in part of that body chosen to represent them: and it is sufficient for the people at large to possess the deliberative power: and this ought to be considered as a species of democracy; such was that formerly at Mantinsea: for which reason it is proper for the democracy we have been now treating of to have a power (and it has been usual for them to have it) of censuring their magistrates when out of office, and sitting in judgment upon all causes: but that the chief magistrates should be elected, and according to a certain census, which should vary with the rank of their office, or else not by a census, but according to their abilities for their respective appointments. A state thus constituted must be well constituted; for the magistracies will be always filled with the best men with the approbation of the people; who will not envy their superiors: and these and the nobles should be content with this part in the administration; for they will not be governed by their inferiors. They will be also careful to use their power with moderation, as there are others to whom full power is delegated to censure their conduct; for it is very serviceable to the state to have them dependent upon others, and not to be permitted to do whatsoever they choose; for with such a liberty there would be no check to that evil particle there is in every one: therefore it is [1319a] necessary and most for the benefit of the state that the offices thereof should be filled by the principal persons in it, whose characters are unblemished, and that the people are not oppressed. It is now evident that this is the best species of democracy, and on what account; because the people are such and have such powers as they ought to have. To establish a democracy of husbandmen some of those laws which were observed in many ancient states are universally useful; as, for instance, on no account to permit any one to possess more than a certain quantity of land, or within a certain distance from the city. Formerly also, in some states, no one was allowed to sell their original lot of land. They also mention a law of one Oxylus, which forbade any one to add to their patrimony by usury. We ought also to follow the law of the Aphutaeans, as useful to direct us in this particular we are now speaking of; for they having but very little ground, while they were a numerous people, and at the same time were all husbandmen, did not include all their lands within the census, but divided them in such a manner that, according to the census, the poor had more power than the rich. Next to the commonalty of husbandmen is one of shepherds and herdsmen; for they have many things in common with them, and, by their way of life, are excellently qualified to make good soldiers, stout in body, and able to continue in the open air all night. The generality of the people of whom other democracies are composed are much worse than these; for their lives are wretched nor have they any business with virtue in anything they do; these are your mechanics, your exchange-men, and hired servants; as all these sorts of men frequent the exchange and the citadel, they can readily attend the public assembly; whereas the husbandmen, being more dispersed in the country, cannot so easily meet together; nor are they equally desirous of doing it with these others! When a country happens to be so situated that a great part of the land lies at a distance from the city, there it is easy to establish a good democracy or a free state for the people in general will be obliged to live in the country; so that it will be necessary in such a democracy, though there may be an exchange-mob at hand, never to allow a legal assembly without the inhabitants of the country attend. We have shown in what

manner the first and best democracy ought to be established, and it will be equally evident as to the rest, for from these we [1319b] should proceed as a guide, and always separate the meanest of the people from the rest. But the last and worst, which gives to every citizen without distinction a share in every part of the administration, is what few citizens can bear, nor is it easy to preserve for any long time, unless well supported by laws and manners. We have already noticed almost every cause that can destroy either this or any other state. Those who have taken the lead in such a democracy have endeavoured to support it, and make the people powerful by collecting together as many persons as they could and giving them their freedom, not only legitimately but naturally born, and also if either of their parents were citizens, that is to say, if either their father or mother; and this method is better suited to this state than any other: and thus the demagogues have usually managed. They ought, however, to take care, and do this no longer than the common people are superior to the nobles and those of the middle rank, and then stop; for, if they proceed still further, they will make the state disorderly, and the nobles will ill brook the power of the common people, and be full of resentment against it; which was the cause of an insurrection at Cyrene: for a little evil is overlooked, but when it becomes a great one it strikes the eye. It is, moreover, very-useful in such a state to do as Clisthenes did at Athens, when he was desirous of increasing the power of the people, and as those did who established the democracy in Cyrene; that is, to institute many tribes and fraternities, and to make the religious rites of private persons few, and those common; and every means is to be contrived to associate and blend the people together as much as possible; and that all former customs be broken through. Moreover, whatsoever is practised in a tyranny seems adapted to a democracy of this species; as, for instance, the licentiousness of the slaves, the women, and the children; for this to a certain degree is useful in such a state; and also to overlook every one's living as they choose; for many will support such a government: for it is more agreeable to many to live without any control than as prudence would direct.

CHAPTER V

It is also the business of the legislator and all those who would support a government of this sort not to make it too great a work, or too perfect; but to aim only to render it stable: for, let a state be constituted ever so badly, there is no difficulty in its continuing a few days: they should therefore endeavour to procure its safety by all those ways which we have described in assigning the causes of the preservation and destruction of governments; avoiding what is hurtful, and by framing such laws, written and unwritten, as contain those things which chiefly tend to the preservation of the state; nor to suppose that that is useful either for a democratic or [1320a] an oligarchic form of government which contributes to make them more purely so, but what will contribute to their duration: but our demagogues at present, to flatter the people, occasion frequent confiscations in the courts; for which reason those who have the welfare of the state really at heart should act directly opposite to what they do, and enact a law to prevent forfeitures from being divided amongst the people or paid into the treasury, but to have them set apart for sacred uses: for those who are of a bad disposition would not then be the less cautious, as their punishment would be the same; and the community would not be so ready to condemn those whom they sat in judgment on when they were to get nothing by it: they should also take care that the causes which are brought before the public should be as few as possible, and punish with the utmost severity those who rashly brought an action against any one; for it is not the commons but the nobles who are generally prosecuted: for in all things the citizens of the same state ought to be affectionate to each other, at least not to treat those who have the chief power in it as their enemies. Now, as the democracies which have been lately established are very numerous, and it is difficult to get the common people to attend the public assemblies without they are paid for it, this, when there is not a sufficient public revenue, is fatal to the nobles; for the deficiencies therein must be necessarily made up by taxes, confiscations, and fines imposed by corrupt courts of justice: which things have already destroyed many democracies. Whenever, then, the revenues of the state are small, there should be but few public assemblies and but few courts of justice: these, however, should have very extensive jurisdictions, but should continue sitting a few days only, for by this means the rich would not fear the expense, although they should receive nothing for their attendance, though the poor did; and judgment also would be given much better; for the rich will not choose to be long absent from their own affairs, but will willingly be so for a short time: and, when there are sufficient revenues, a different conduct ought to be pursued from what the demagogues at present follow; for now they divide the surplus of the public money amongst the poor; these receive it and again want the same supply, while the giving it is like pouring water into a sieve: but the true patriot in a democracy ought to take care that the majority of the community are not too poor, for this is the cause of rapacity in that government; he therefore should endeavour that they may enjoy perpetual plenty; and as this also is advantageous to the rich, what can be saved out of the public money should be put by, and then divided at once amongst the poor, if possible, in such a quantity as may enable every one of them to purchase a little field, and, if that cannot be done, at least to give each of them enough to procure the implements [1320b] of trade and husbandry; and if there is not enough for all to receive so much at once, then to divide it according to tribes or any other allotment. In the meantime let the rich pay them for necessary services, but not be obliged to find them in

useless amusements. And something like this was the manner in which they managed at Carthage, and preserved the affections of the people; for by continually sending some of their community into colonies they procured plenty. It is also worthy of a sensible and generous nobility to divide the poor amongst them, and supplying them with what is necessary, induce them to work; or to imitate the conduct of the people at Tarentum: for they, permitting the poor to partake in common of everything which is needful for them, gain the affections of the commonalty. They have also two different ways of electing their magistrates; for some are chosen by vote, others by lot; by the last, that the people at large may have some share in the administration; by the former, that the state may be well governed: the same may be accomplished if of the same magistrates you choose some by vote, others by lot. And thus much for the manner in which democracies ought to be established.

CHAPTER VI

What has been already said will almost of itself sufficiently show how an oligarchy ought to be founded; for he who would frame such a state should have in his view a democracy to oppose it; for every species of oligarchy should be founded on principles diametrically opposite to some species of democracy.

The first and best-framed oligarchy is that which approaches near to what we call a free state; in which there ought to be two different census, the one high, the other low: from those who are within the latter the ordinary officers of the state ought to be chosen; from the former the supreme magistrates: nor should any one be excluded from a part of the administration who was within the census; which should be so regulated that the commonalty who are included in it should by means thereof be superior to those who have no share in the government; for those who are to have the management of public affairs ought always to be chosen out of the better sort of the people. Much in the same manner ought that oligarchy to be established which is next in order: but as to that which is most opposite to a pure democracy, and approaches nearest to a dynasty and a tyranny, as it is of all others the worst, so it requires the greatest care and caution to preserve it: for as bodies of sound and healthy constitutions and ships which are well manned and well found for sailing can bear many injuries without perishing, while a diseased body or a leaky ship with an indifferent crew cannot support the [1321a] least shock; so the worst-established governments want most looking after. A number of citizens is the preservation of a democracy; for these are opposed to those rights which are founded in rank: on the contrary, the preservation of an oligarchy depends upon the due regulation of the different orders in the society.

CHAPTER VII

As the greater part of the community are divided into four sorts of people; husbandmen, mechanics, traders, and hired servants; and as those who are employed in war may likewise be divided into four; the horsemen, the heavy-armed soldier, the light-armed, and the sailor, where the nature of the country can admit a great number of horse; there a powerful oligarchy may be easily established: for the safety of the inhabitants depends upon a force of that sort; but those who can support the expense of horsemen must be persons of some considerable fortune. Where the troops are chiefly heavy-armed, there an oligarchy, inferior in power to the other, may be established; for the heavy-armed are rather made up of men of substance than the poor: but the light-armed and the sailors always contribute to support a democracy: but where the number of these is very great and a sedition arises, the other parts of the community fight at a disadvantage; but a remedy for this evil is to be learned from skilful generals, who always mix a proper number of light-armed soldiers with their horse and heavy-armed: for it is with those that the populace get the better of the men of fortune in an insurrection; for these being lighter are easily a match for the horse and the heavy-armed: so that for an oligarchy to form a body of troops from these is to form it against itself: but as a city is composed of persons of different ages, some young and some old, the fathers should teach their sons, while they were very young, a light and easy exercise; but, when they are grown up, they should be perfect in every warlike exercise. Now, the admission of the people to any share in the government should either be (as I said before) regulated by a census, or else, as at Thebes, allowed to those who for a certain time have ceased from any mechanic employment, or as at Massalia, where they are chosen according to their worth, whether citizens or foreigners. With respect to the magistrates of the highest rank which it may be necessary to have in a state, the services they are bound to do the public should be expressly laid down, to prevent the common people from being desirous of accepting their employments, and also to induce them to regard their magistrates with favour when they know what a price they pay for their honours. It is also necessary that the magistrates, upon entering into their offices, should make magnificent sacrifices and erect some public structure, that the people partaking of the entertainment, and seeing the city ornamented with votive gifts in their temples and public structures, may see with pleasure the stability of the government: add to this also, that the nobles will have their generosity recorded: but now this is not the conduct which those who are at present at the head of an oligarchy pursue, but the

contrary; for they are not more desirous of honour than of gain; for which reason such oligarchies may more properly be called little democracies. Thus [1321b] we have explained on what principles a democracy and an oligarchy ought to be established.

CHAPTER VIII

After what has been said I proceed next to treat particularly of the magistrates; of what nature they should be, how many, and for what purpose, as I have already mentioned: for without necessary magistrates no state can exist, nor without those which contribute to its dignity and good order can exist happily: now it is necessary that in small states the magistrates should be few; in a large one, many: also to know well what offices may be joined together, and what ought to be separated. The first thing necessary is to establish proper regulators in the markets; for which purpose a certain magistrate should be appointed to inspect their contracts and preserve good order; for of necessity, in almost every city there must be both buyers and sellers to supply each other's mutual wants: and this is what is most productive of the comforts of life; for the sake of which men seem to have joined together in one community. A second care, and nearly related to the first, is to have an eye both to the public and private edifices in the city, that they may be an ornament; and also to take care of all buildings which are likely to fall: and to see that the highways are kept in proper repair; and also that the landmarks between different estates are preserved, that there may be no disputes on that account; and all other business of the same nature. Now, this business may be divided into several branches, over each of which in populous cities they appoint a separate person; one to inspect the buildings, another the fountains, another the harbours; and they are called the inspectors of the city. A third, which is very like the last, and conversant nearly about the same objects, only in the country, is to take care of what is done out of the city. The officers who have this employment we call inspectors of the lands, or inspectors of the woods; but the business of all three of them is the same. There must also be other officers appointed to receive the public revenue and to deliver it out to those who are in the different departments of the state: these are called receivers or quaestors. There must also be another, before whom all private contracts and sentences of courts should be enrolled, as well as proceedings and declarations. Sometimes this employment is divided amongst many, but there is one supreme over the rest; these are called proctors, notaries, and the like. Next to these is an officer whose business is of all others the most necessary, and yet most difficult; namely, to take care that sentence is executed upon those who are condemned; and that every one pays the fines laid on him; and also to have the charge of those who are in prison. [1322a] This office is very disagreeable on account of the odium attending it, so that no one will engage therein without it is made very profitable, or, if they do, will they be willing to execute it according to law; but it is most necessary, as it is of no service to pass judgment in any cause without that judgment is carried into execution: for without this human society could not subsist: for which reason it is best that this office should not be executed by one person, but by some of the magistrates of the other courts. In like manner, the taking care that those fines which are ordered by the judges are levied should be divided amongst different persons. And as different magistrates judge different causes, let the causes of the young be heard by the young: and as to those which are already brought to a hearing, let one person pass sentence, and another see it executed: as, for instance, let the magistrates who have the care of the public buildings execute the sentence which the inspectors of the markets have passed, and the like in other cases: for by so much the less odium attends those who carry the laws into execution, by so much the easier will they be properly put in force: therefore for the same persons to pass the sentence and to execute it will subject them to general hatred; and if they pass it upon all, they will be considered as the enemies of all. Thus one person has often the custody of the prisoner's body, while another sees the sentence against him executed, as the eleven did at Athens: for which reason it is prudent to separate these offices, and to give great attention thereunto as equally necessary with anything we have already mentioned; for it will certainly happen that men of character will decline accepting this office, and worthless persons cannot properly be entrusted with it, as having themselves rather an occasion for a guard than being qualified to guard others. This, therefore, ought by no means to be a separate office from others; nor should it be continually allotted to any individuals, but the young men; where there is a city-guard, the youths ought in turns to take these offices upon them. These, then, as the most necessary magistrates, ought to be first mentioned: next to these are others no less necessary, but of much higher rank, for they ought to be men of great skill and fidelity. These are they who have the guard of the city, and provide everything that is necessary for war; whose business it is, both in war and peace, to defend the walls and the gates, and to take care to muster and marshal the citizens. Over all these there are sometimes more officers, sometimes fewer: thus in little cities there is only one whom they call either general or polemarch; but where there are horse and light-armed troops, and bowmen, and sailors, they sometimes put distinct commanders over each of these; who again have others under them, according to their different divisions; all of which join together to make one military body: and thus much for this department. Since some of the magistrates, if not all, have business with the public money, it is necessary that there should be other officers, whose employment should be nothing else than to take an account of what they have, and correct any mismanagement therein. But besides all these magistrates there is one who is supreme

over them all, who very often has in his own power the disposal of the public revenue and taxes; who presides over the people when the supreme power is in them; for there must be some magistrate who has a power to summon them together, and to preside as head of the state. These are sometimes called preadvisers; but where there are many, more properly a council. These are nearly the civil magistrates which are requisite to a government: but there are other persons whose business is confined to religion; as the priests, and those who are to take care of the temples, that they are kept in proper repair, or, if they fall down, that they may be rebuilt; and whatever else belongs to public worship. This charge is sometimes entrusted to one person, as in very small cities: in others it is delegated to many, and these distinct from the priesthood, as the builders or keepers of holy places, and officers of the sacred revenue. Next to these are those who are appointed to have the general care of all those public sacrifices to the tutelar god of the state, which the laws do not entrust to the priests: and these in different states have different appellations. To enumerate in few words the different departments of all those magistrates who are necessary: these are either religion, war, taxes, expenditures, markets, public buildings, harbours, highways. Belonging to the courts of justice there are scribes to enroll private contracts; and there must also be guards set over the prisoners, others to see the law is executed, council on either side, and also others to watch over the conduct of those who are to decide the causes. Amongst the magistrates also may finally be reckoned those who are to give their advice in public affairs. But separate states, who are peculiarly happy and have leisure to attend to more minute particulars, and are very attentive to good order, require particular magistrates for themselves; such as those who have the government of the women; who are to see the laws are executed; who take care of the boys and preside over their education. To these may be added those who have the care of their gymnastic exercises, [1323a] their theatres, and every other public spectacle which there may happen to be. Some of these, however, are not of general use; as the governors of the women: for the poor are obliged to employ their wives and children in servile offices for want of slaves. As there are three magistrates to whom some states entrust the supreme power; namely, guardians of the laws, preadvisers, and senators; guardians of the laws suit best to an aristocracy, preadvisers to an oligarchy, and a senate to a democracy. And thus much briefly concerning all magistrates.

BOOK VII

CHAPTER I

He who proposes to make that inquiry which is necessary concerning what government is best, ought first to determine what manner of living is most eligible; for while this remains uncertain it will also be equally uncertain what government is best: for, provided no unexpected accidents interfere, it is highly probable, that those who enjoy the best government will live the most happily according to their circumstances; he ought, therefore, first to know what manner of life is most desirable for all; and afterwards whether this life is the same to the man and the citizen, or different. As I imagine that I have already sufficiently shown what sort of life is best in my popular discourses on that subject, I think I may very properly repeat the same here; as most certainly no one ever called in question the propriety of one of the divisions; namely, that as what is good, relative to man, may be divided into three sorts, what is external, what appertains to the body, and what to the soul, it is evident that all these must conspire to make a man happy: for no one would say that a man was happy who had no fortitude, no temperance, no justice, no prudence; but was afraid of the flies that flew round him: nor would abstain from the meanest theft if he was either hungry or dry, or would murder his dearest friend for a farthing; and also was in every particular as wanting in his understanding as an infant or an idiot. These truths are so evident that all must agree to them; though some may dispute about the quantity and the degree: for they may think, that a very little virtue is sufficient for happiness; but for riches, property, power, honour, and all such things, they endeavour to increase them without bounds: but to such we reply, that it is easy to prove from what experience teaches us in these cases, that these external goods produce not virtue, but virtue them. As to a happy life, whether it is to be found in pleasure or virtue or both, certain it is, that those whose morals are most pure, and whose understandings are best cultivated, will enjoy more of it, although their fortune is but moderate than those do who own an exuberance of wealth, are deficient in those; and this utility any one who reflects may easily convince himself of; for whatsoever is external has its boundary, as a machine, and whatsoever is useful in its excess is either necessarily hurtful, or at best useless to the possessor; but every good quality of the soul the higher it is in degree, so much the more useful it is, if it is permitted on this subject to use the word useful as well as noble. It is also very evident, that the accidents of each subject take place of each other, as the subjects themselves, of which we allow they are accidents, differ from each other in value; so that if the soul is more noble than any outward possession, as the body, both in itself and with respect to us, it must be admitted of course that the best accidents of each must follow the same analogy. Besides, it is for the sake of the soul that these things are desirable; and it is on this account that wise men should desire them, not the soul for them. Let us therefore be well assured, that every one enjoys as much happiness as he possesses virtue and wisdom, and acts according to their dictates;

since for this we have the example of GOD Himself, _who is completely happy, not from any external good, but in Himself, and because such is His nature_. For good fortune is something different from happiness, as every good which depends not on the mind is owing to chance or fortune; but it is not from fortune that any one is wise and just: hence it follows, that that city is happiest which is the best and acts best: for no one can do well who acts not well; nor can the deeds either of man or city be praiseworthy without virtue and wisdom; for whatsoever is just, or wise, or prudent in a man, the same things are just, wise, and prudent in a city.

Thus much by way of introduction; for I could not but just touch upon this subject, though I could not go through a complete investigation of it, as it properly belongs to another question: let us at present suppose so much, that a man's happiest life, both as an individual and as a citizen, is a life of virtue, accompanied with those enjoyments which virtue usually procures. If [1324a] there are any who are not convinced by what I have said, their doubts shall be answered hereafter, at present we shall proceed according to our intended method.

CHAPTER II

It now remains for us to say whether the happiness of any individual man and the city is the same or different: but this also is evident; for whosoever supposes that riches will make a person happy, must place the happiness of the city in riches if it possesses them; those who prefer a life which enjoys a tyrannic power over others will also think, that the city which has many others under its command is most happy: thus also if any one approves a man for his virtue, he will think the most worthy city the happiest: but here there are two particulars which require consideration, one of which is, whether it is the most eligible life to be a member of the community and enjoy the rights of a citizen, or whether to live as a stranger, without interfering in public affairs; and also what form of government is to be preferred, and what disposition of the state is best; whether the whole community should be eligible to a share in the administration, or only the greater part, and some only: as this, therefore, is a subject of political examination and speculation, and not what concerns the individual, and the first of these is what we are at present engaged in, the one of these I am not obliged to speak to, the other is the proper business of my present design. It is evident that government must be the best which is so established, that every one therein may have it in his power to act virtuously and live happily: but some, who admit that a life of virtue is most eligible, still doubt which is preferable a public life of active virtue, or one entirely disengaged from what is without and spent in contemplation; which some say is the only one worthy of a philosopher; and one of these two different modes of life both now and formerly seem to have been chosen by all those who were the most virtuous men; I mean the public or philosophic. And yet it is of no little consequence on which side the truth lies; for a man of sense must naturally incline to the better choice; both as an individual and a citizen. Some think that a tyrannic government over those near us is the greatest injustice; but that a political one is not unjust: but that still is a restraint on the pleasures and tranquillity of life. Others hold the quite contrary opinion, and think that a public and active life is the only life for man: for that private persons have no opportunity of practising any one virtue, more than they have who are engaged in public life the management of the [1324b] state. These are their sentiments; others say, that a tyrannical and despotical mode of government is the only happy one; for even amongst some free states the object of their laws seems to be to tyrannise over their neighbours: so that the generality of political institutions, wheresoever dispersed, if they have any one common object in view, have all of them this, to conquer and govern. It is evident, both from the laws of the Lacedaemonians and Cretans, as well as by the manner in which they educated their children, that all which they had in view was to make them soldiers: besides, among all nations, those who have power enough and reduce others to servitude are honoured on that account; as were the Scythians, Persians, Thracians, and Gauls: with some there are laws to heighten the virtue of courage; thus they tell us that at Carthage they allowed every person to wear as many rings for distinction as he had served campaigns. There was also a law in Macedonia, that a man who had not himself killed an enemy should be obliged to wear a halter; among the Scythians, at a festival, none were permitted to drink out of the cup was carried about who had not done the same thing. Among the Iberians, a warlike nation, they fixed as many columns upon a man's tomb as he had slain enemies: and among different nations different things of this sort prevail, some of them established by law, others by custom. Probably it may seem too absurd to those who are willing to take this subject into their consideration to inquire whether it is the business of a legislator to be able to point out by what means a state may govern and tyrannise over its neighbours, whether they will, or will not: for how can that belong either to the politician or legislator which is unlawful? for that cannot be lawful which is done not only justly, but unjustly also: for a conquest may be unjustly made. But we see nothing of this in the arts: for it is the business neither of the physician nor the pilot to use either persuasion or force, the one to his patients, the other to his passengers: and yet many seem to think a despotic government is a political one, and what they would not allow to be just or proper, if exercised over themselves, they will not blush to exercise over others; for they endeavour to be wisely governed themselves, but think it of no consequence whether others are so or not: but a despotic power is absurd, except only where nature has framed the one party for dominion, the other for subordination; and

therefore no one ought to assume it over all in general, but those only which are the proper objects thereof: thus no one should hunt men either for food or sacrifice, but what is fit for those purposes, and these are wild animals which are eatable.

Now a city which is well governed might be very [1325a] happy in itself while it enjoyed a good system of laws, although it should happen to be so situated as to have no connection with any other state, though its constitution should not be framed for war or conquest; for it would then have no occasion for these. It is evident therefore that the business of war is to be considered as commendable, not as a final end, but as the means of procuring it. It is the duty of a good legislator to examine carefully into his state; and the nature of the people, and how they may partake of every intercourse, of a good life, and of the happiness which results from it: and in this respect some laws and customs differ from others. It is also the duty of a legislator, if he has any neighbouring states to consider in what manner he shall oppose each of them, or what good offices he shall show them. But what should be the final end of the best governments will be considered hereafter.

CHAPTER III

We will now speak to those who, while they agree that a life of virtue is most eligible, yet differ in the use of it addressing ourselves to both these parties; for there are some who disapprove of all political governments, and think that the life of one who is really free is different from the life of a citizen, and of all others most eligible: others again think that the citizen is the best; and that it is impossible for him who does nothing to be well employed; but that virtuous activity and happiness are the same thing. Now both parties in some particulars say what is right, in others what is wrong, thus, that the life of a freeman is better than the life of a slave is true, for a slave, as a slave, is employed in nothing honourable; for the common servile employments which he is commanded to perform have nothing virtuous in them; but, on the other hand, it is not true that a submission to all sorts of governments is slavery; for the government of freemen differs not more from the government of slaves than slavery and freedom differ from each other in their nature; and how they do has been already mentioned. To prefer doing of nothing to virtuous activity is also wrong, for happiness consists in action, and many noble ends are produced by the actions of the just and wise. From what we have already determined on this subject, some one probably may think, that supreme power is of all things best, as that will enable a man to command very many useful services from others; so that he who can obtain this ought not to give it up to another, but rather to seize it: and, for this purpose, the father should have no attention or regard for the son, or the son for the father, or friend for friend; for what is best is most eligible: but to be a member of the community and be in felicity is best. What these persons advance might probably be true, if the supreme good was certainly theirs who plunder and use violence to others: but it is [1325b] most unlikely that it should be so; for it is a mere supposition: for it does not follow that their actions are honourable who thus assume the supreme power over others, without they were by nature as superior to them as a man to a woman, a father to a child, a master to a slave: so that he who so far forsakes the paths of virtue can never return back from whence he departed from them: for amongst equals whatever is fair and just ought to be reciprocal; for this is equal and right; but that equals should not partake of what is equal, or like to like, is contrary to nature: but whatever is contrary to nature is not right; therefore, if there is any one superior to the rest of the community in virtue and abilities for active life, him it is proper to follow, him it is right to obey, but the one alone will not do, but must be joined to the other also: and, if we are right in what we have now said, it follows that happiness consists in virtuous activity, and that both with respect to the community as well as the individual an active life is the happiest: not that an active life must necessarily refer to other persons, as some think, or that those studies alone are practical which are pursued to teach others what to do; for those are much more so whose final object is in themselves, and to improve the judgment and understanding of the man; for virtuous activity has an end, therefore is something practical; nay, those who contrive the plan which others follow are more particularly said to act, and are superior to the workmen who execute their designs. But it is not necessary that states which choose to have no intercourse with others should remain inactive; for the several members thereof may have mutual intercourse with each other; for there are many opportunities for this among the different citizens; the same thing is true of every individual: for, was it otherwise, neither could the Deity nor the universe be perfect; to neither of whom can anything external separately exist. Hence it is evident that that very same life which is happy for each individual is happy also for the state and every member of it.

CHAPTER IV

As I have now finished what was introductory to this subject, and considered at large the nature of other states, it now remains that I should first say what ought to be the establishment of a city which one should form according to one's wish; for no good state can exist without a moderate proportion of what is necessary. Many things therefore ought to be forethought of as desirable, but none of them such as are impossible: I mean relative to the number of citizens and the extent of the territory: for as other artificers, such as

the weaver and the shipwright, ought to have such materials as are fit for their work, since so much the better they are, by so much [1326a] superior will the work itself necessarily be; so also ought the legislator and politician endeavour to procure proper materials for the business they have in hand. Now the first and principal instrument of the politician is the number of the people; he should therefore know how many, and what they naturally ought to be: in like manner the country, how large, and what it is. Most persons think that it is necessary for a city to be large to be happy: but, should this be true, they cannot tell what is a large one and what a small one; for according to the multitude of the inhabitants they estimate the greatness of it; but they ought rather to consider its strength than its numbers; for a state has a certain object in view, and from the power which it has in itself of accomplishing it, its greatness ought to be estimated; as a person might say, that Hippocrates was a greater physician, though not a greater man, than one that exceeded him in the size of his body: but if it was proper to determine the strength of the city from the number of the inhabitants, it should never be collected from the multitude in general who may happen to be in it; for in a city there must necessarily be many slaves, sojourners, and foreigners; but from those who are really part of the city and properly constitute its members; a multitude of these is indeed a proof of a large city, but in a state where a large number of mechanics inhabit, and but few soldiers, such a state cannot be great; for the greatness of the city, and the number of men in it, are not the same thing. This too is evident from fact, that it is very difficult, if not impossible, to govern properly a very numerous body of men; for of all the states which appear well governed we find not one where the rights of a citizen are open to an indiscriminate multitude. And this is also evident from the nature of the thing; for as law is a certain order, so good law is of course a certain good order: but too large a multitude are incapable of this, unless under the government of that DIVINE POWER which comprehends the universe. Not but that, as quantity and variety are usually essential to beauty, the perfection of a city consists in the largeness of it as far as that largeness is consistent with that order already mentioned: but still there is a determinate size to all cities, as well as everything else, whether animals, plants, or machines, for each of these, if they are neither too little nor too big, have their proper powers; but when they have not their due growth, or are badly constructed, as a ship a span long is not properly a ship, nor one of two furlongs length, but when it is of a fit size; for either from its smallness or from its largeness it may be quite useless: so is it with a city; one that is too small has not [1326b] in itself the power of self-defence, but this is essential to a city: one that is too large is capable of self-defence in what is necessary; but then it is a nation and not a city: for it will be very difficult to accommodate a form of government to it: for who would choose to be the general of such an unwieldy multitude, or who could be their herald but a stentor? The first thing therefore necessary is, that a city should consist of such numbers as will be sufficient to enable the inhabitants to live happily in their political community: and it follows, that the more the inhabitants exceed that necessary number the greater will the city be: but this must not be, as we have already said, without bounds; but what is its proper limit experience will easily show, and this experience is to be collected from the actions both of the governors and the governed. Now, as it belongs to the first to direct the inferior magistrates and to act as judges, it follows that they can neither determine causes with justice nor issue their orders with propriety without they know the characters of their fellow-citizens: so that whenever this happens not to be done in these two particulars, the state must of necessity be badly managed; for in both of them it is not right to determine too hastily and without proper knowledge, which must evidently be the case where the number of the citizens is too many: besides, it is more easy for strangers and sojourners to assume the rights of citizens, as they will easily escape detection in so great a multitude. It is evident, then, that the best boundary for a city is that wherein the numbers are the greatest possible, that they may be the better able to be sufficient in themselves, while at the same time they are not too large to be under the eye and government of the magistrates. And thus let us determine the extent of a city.

CHAPTER V

What we have said concerning a city may nearly be applied to a country; for as to what soil it should be, every one evidently will commend it if it is such as is sufficient in itself to furnish what will make the inhabitants happy; for which purpose it must be able to supply them with all the necessaries of life; for it is the having these in plenty, without any want, which makes them content. As to its extent, it should be such as may enable the inhabitants to live at their ease with freedom and temperance. Whether we have done right or wrong in fixing this limit to the territory shall be considered more minutely hereafter, when we come particularly to inquire into property, and what fortune is requisite for a man to live on, and how and in what manner they ought to employ it; for there are many doubts upon this question, while each party insists upon their own plan of life being carried to an excess, the one of severity, the other of indulgence. What the situation of the country should be it is not difficult to determine, in some particulars respecting that we ought to be advised by those who are skilful in military affairs. It should be difficult of access to an enemy, but easy to the inhabitants: and as we said, that the number of [1327a] inhabitants ought to be such as can come under the eye of the magistrate, so should it be with the country; for then it is easily defended. As to the position of the city, if one could place it to one's

wish, it is convenient to fix it on the seaside: with respect to the country, one situation which it ought to have has been already mentioned, namely, that it should be so placed as easily to give assistance to all places, and also to receive the necessaries of life from all parts, and also wood, or any other materials which may happen to be in the country.

CHAPTER VI

But with respect to placing a city in the neighbourhood of the sea, there are some who have many doubts whether it is serviceable or hurtful to a well-regulated state; for they say, that the resort of persons brought up under a different system of government is disserviceable to the state, as well by impeding the laws as by their numbers; for a multitude of merchants must necessarily arise from their trafficking backward and forward upon the seas, which will hinder the well-governing of the city: but if this inconvenience should not arise, it is evident that it is better, both on account of safety and also for the easier acquisition of the necessaries of life, that both the city and the country should be near the sea; for it is necessary that those who are to sustain the attack of the enemy should be ready with their assistance both by land and by sea, and to oppose any inroad, both ways if possible but if not, at least where they are most powerful, which they may do while they possess both. A maritime situation is also useful for receiving from others what your own country will not produce, and exporting those necessaries of your own growth which are more than you have occasion for; but a city ought to traffic to supply its own wants, and not the wants of others; for those who themselves furnish an open market for every one, do it for the sake of gain; which it is not proper for a well-established state to do, neither should they encourage such a commerce. Now, as we see that many places and cities have docks and harbours lying very convenient for the city, while those who frequent them have no communication with the citadel, and yet they are not too far off, but are surrounded by walls and such-like fortifications, it is evident, that if any good arises from such an intercourse the city will receive it, but if anything hurtful, it will be easy to restrain it by a law declaring and deputing whom the state will allow to have an intercourse with each other, and whom not. As to a naval power, it is by no means doubtful that it is necessary to have one to a certain degree; and this not only for the sake of the [1327b] city itself, but also because it may be necessary to appear formidable to some of the neighbouring states, or to be able to assist them as well by sea as by land; but to know how great that force should be, the health of the state should be inquired into, and if that appears vigorous and enables her to take the lead of other communities, it is necessary that her force should correspond with her actions. As for that multitude of people which a maritime power creates, they are by no means necessary to a state, nor ought they to make a part of the citizens; for the mariners and infantry, who have the command, are freemen, and upon these depends a naval engagement: but when there are many servants and husbandmen, there they will always have a number of sailors, as we now see happens to some states, as in Heraclea, where they man many triremes, though the extent of their city is much inferior to some others. And thus we determine concerning the country, the port, the city, the sea, and a maritime power: as to the number of the citizens, what that ought to be we have already said.

CHAPTER VII

We now proceed to point out what natural disposition the members of the community ought to be of: but this any one will easily perceive who will cast his eye over the states of Greece, of all others the most celebrated, and also the other different nations of this habitable world. Those who live in cold countries, as the north of Europe, are full of courage, but wanting in understanding and the arts: therefore they are very tenacious of their liberty; but, not being politicians, they cannot reduce their neighbours under their power: but the Asiatics, whose understandings are quick, and who are conversant in the arts, are deficient in courage; and therefore are always conquered and the slaves of others: but the Grecians, placed as it were between these two boundaries, so partake of them both as to be at the same time both courageous and sensible; for which reason Greece continues free, and governed in the best manner possible, and capable of commanding the whole world, could they agree upon one system of policy. Now this is the difference between the Grecians and other nations, that the latter have but one of these qualities, whereas in the former they are both happily blended together. Hence it is evident, that those persons ought to be both sensible and courageous who will readily obey a legislator, the object of whose laws is virtue. As to what some persons say, that the military must be mild and tender to those they know, but severe and cruel to those they know not, it is courage which [1328a] makes any one lovely; for that is the faculty of the soul which we most admire: as a proof of this, our resentment rises higher against our friends and acquaintance than against those we know not: for which reason Archilaus accusing his friends says very properly to himself, Shall my friends insult me? The spirit of freedom and command also is what all inherit who are of this disposition for courage is commanding and invincible. It also is not right for any one to say, that you should be severe to those you know not; for this behaviour is proper for no one: nor are those who are of a noble disposition harsh in their manners, excepting only to the wicked; and when they are particularly so, it is, as has been already said, against their friends, when they think they have injured them;

which is agreeable to reason: for when those who think they ought to receive a favour from any one do not receive it, beside the injury done them, they consider what they are deprived of: hence the saying, "Cruel are the wars of brothers;" and this, "Those who have greatly loved do greatly hate." And thus we have nearly determined how many the inhabitants of a city ought to be, and what their natural disposition, and also the country how large, and of what sort is necessary; I say nearly, because it is needless to endeavour at as great accuracy in those things which are the objects of the senses as in those which are inquired into by the understanding only.

CHAPTER VIII

As in natural bodies those things are not admitted to be parts of them without which the whole would not exist, so also it is evident that in a political state everything that is necessary thereunto is not to be considered as a part of it, nor any other community from whence one whole is made; for one thing ought to be common and the same to the community, whether they partake of it equally or unequally, as, for instance, food, land, or the like; but when one thing is for the benefit of one person, and another for the benefit of another, in this there is nothing like a community, excepting that one makes it and the other uses it; as, for instance, between any instrument employed in making any work, and the workmen, as there is nothing common between the house and the builder, but the art of the builder is employed on the house. Thus property is necessary for states, but property is no part of the state, though many species of it have life; but a city is a community of equals, for the purpose of enjoying the best life possible: but the happiest life is the best which consists in the perfect practice of virtuous energies: as therefore some persons have great, others little or no opportunity of being employed in these, it is evident that this is the cause of the difference there is between the different cities and communities there are to be found; for while each of these endeavour to acquire what is best by various and different means, they give [1328b] rise to different modes of living and different forms of government. We are now to consider what those things are without which a city cannot possibly exist; for what we call parts of the city must of necessity inhere in it: and this we shall plainly understand, if we know the number of things necessary to a city: first, the inhabitants must have food: secondly, arts, for many instruments are necessary in life: thirdly, arms, for it is necessary that the community should have an armed force within themselves, both to support their government against those of their own body who might refuse obedience to it, and also to defend it from those who might attempt to attack it from without: fourthly, a certain revenue, as well for the internal necessities of the state as for the business of war: fifthly, which is indeed the chief concern, a religious establishment: sixthly in order, but first of all in necessity, a court to determine both criminal and civil causes. These things are absolutely necessary, so to speak, in every state; for a city is a number of people not accidentally met together, but with a purpose of ensuring to themselves sufficient independency and self-protection; and if anything necessary for these purposes is wanting, it is impossible that in such a situation these ends can be obtained. It is necessary therefore that a city should be capable of acquiring all these things: for this purpose a proper number of husbandmen are necessary to procure food, also artificers and soldiers, and rich men, and priests and judges, to determine what is right and proper.

CHAPTER IX

Having determined thus far, it remains that we consider whether all these different employments shall be open to all; for it is possible to continue the same persons always husbandmen, artificers, judges, or counsellors; or shall we appoint different persons to each of those employments which we have already mentioned; or shall some of them be appropriated to particulars, and others of course common to all? but this does not take place in every state, for, as we have already said, it is possible that all may be common to all, or not, but only common to some; and this is the difference between one government and another: for in democracies the whole community partakes of everything, but in oligarchies it is different.

Since we are inquiring what is the best government possible, and it is admitted to be that in which the citizens are happy; and that, as we have already said, it is impossible to obtain happiness without virtue; it follows, that in the best-governed states, where the citizens are really men of intrinsic and not relative goodness, none of them should be permitted to exercise any mechanic employment or follow merchandise, as being ignoble and destructive to virtue; neither should they be husband-[1329a] men, that they may be at leisure to improve in virtue and perform the duty they owe to the state. With respect to the employments of a soldier, a senator, and a judge, which are evidently necessary to the community, shall they be allotted to different persons, or shall the same person execute both? This question, too, is easily answered: for in some cases the same persons may execute them, in others they should be different, where the different employments require different abilities, as when courage is wanting for one, judgment for the other, there they should be allotted to different persons; but when it is evident, that it is impossible to oblige those

who have arms in their hands, and can insist on their own terms, to be always under command; there these different employments should be trusted to one person; for those who have arms in their hands have it in their option whether they will or will not assume the supreme power: to these two (namely, those who have courage and judgment) the government must be entrusted; but not in the same manner, but as nature directs; what requires courage to the young, what requires judgment to the old; for with the young is courage, with the old is wisdom: thus each will be allotted the part they are fit for according to their different merits. It is also necessary that the landed property should belong to these men; for it is necessary that the citizens should be rich, and these are the men proper for citizens; for no mechanic ought to be admitted to the rights of a citizen, nor any other sort of people whose employment is not entirely noble, honourable, and virtuous; this is evident from the principle we at first set out with; for to be happy it is necessary to be virtuous; and no one should say that a city is happy while he considers only one part of its citizens, but for that purpose he ought to examine into all of them. It is evident, therefore, that the landed property should belong to these, though it may be necessary for them to have husbandmen, either slaves, barbarians, or servants. There remains of the different classes of the people whom we have enumerated, the priests, for these evidently compose a rank by themselves; for neither are they to be reckoned amongst the husbandmen nor the mechanics; for reverence to the gods is highly becoming every state: and since the citizens have been divided into orders, the military and the council, and it is proper to offer due worship to the gods, and since it is necessary that those who are employed in their service should have nothing else to do, let the business of the priesthood be allotted to those who are in years. We have now shown what is necessary to the existence of a city, and of what parts it consists, and that husbandmen, mechanic, and mercenary servants are necessary to a city; but that the parts of it are soldiers and sailors, and that these are always different from those, but from each other only occasionally.

CHAPTER X

It seems neither now nor very lately to have been known [1329b] to those philosophers who have made politics their study, that a city ought to be divided by families into different orders of men; and that the husbandmen and soldiers should be kept separate from each other; which custom is even to this day preserved in Egypt and in Crete; also Sesostris having founded it in Egypt, Minos in Crete. Common meals seem also to have been an ancient regulation, and to have been established in Crete during the reign of Minos, and in a still more remote period in Italy; for those who are the best judges in that country say that one Italus being king of AEnotria., from whom the people, changing their names, were called Italians instead of AEnotrians, and that part of Europe was called Italy which is bounded by the Scylletic Gulf on the one side and the Lametic on the other, the distance between which is about half a day's journey. This Italus, they relate, made the AEnotrians, who were formerly shepherds, husbandmen, and gave them different laws from what they had before, and to have been the first who established common meals, for which reason some of his descendants still use them, and observe some of his laws. The Opici inhabit that part which lies towards the Tyrrhenian Sea, who both now are and formerly were called Ausonians. The Chones inhabited the part toward Iapigia and the Ionian Sea which is called Syrtis. These Chones were descended from the AEnotrians. Hence arose the custom of common meals, but the separation of the citizens into different families from Egypt: for the reign of Sesostris is of much higher antiquity than that of Minos. As we ought to think that most other things were found out in a long, nay, even in a boundless time (reason teaching us that want would make us first invent that which was necessary, and, when that was obtained, then those things which were requisite for the conveniences and ornament of life), so should we conclude the same with respect to a political state; now everything in Egypt bears the marks of the most remote antiquity, for these people seem to be the most ancient of all others, and to have acquired laws and political order; we should therefore make a proper use of what is told us of them, and endeavour to find out what they have omitted. We have already said, that the landed property ought to belong to the military and those who partake of the government of the state; and that therefore the husbandmen should be a separate order of people; and how large and of what nature the country ought to be: we will first treat of the division of the land, and of the husbandmen, how many and of what sort they ought to be; since we by no means hold that property ought to be common, as some persons have said, only thus far, in friendship, it [1330a] should be their custom to let no citizen want subsistence. As to common meals, it is in general agreed that they are proper in well-regulated cities; my reasons for approving of them shall be mentioned hereafter: they are what all the citizens ought to partake of; but it will not be easy for the poor, out of what is their own, to furnish as much as they are ordered to do, and supply their own house besides. The expense also of religious worship should be defrayed by the whole state. Of necessity therefore the land ought to be divided into two parts, one of which should belong to the community in general, the other to the individuals separately; and each of these parts should again be subdivided into two: half of that which belongs to the public should be appropriated to maintain the worship of the gods, the other half to support the common meals. Half of that which belongs to the individuals should be at the extremity of the country, the other half near the city, so that these two portions being allotted to each person, all would partake of

land in both places, which would be both equal and right; and induce them to act in concert with greater harmony in any war with their neighbours: for when the land is not divided in this manner, one party neglects the inroads of the enemy on the borders, the other makes it a matter of too much consequence and more than is necessary; for which reason in some places there is a law which forbids the inhabitants of the borders to have any vote in the council when they are debating upon a war which is made against them as their private interest might prevent their voting impartially. Thus therefore the country ought to be divided and for the reasons before mentioned. Could one have one's choice, the husbandmen should by all means be slaves, not of the same nation, or men of any spirit; for thus they would be laborious in their business, and safe from attempting any novelties: next to these barbarian servants are to be preferred, similar in natural disposition to these we have already mentioned. Of these, let those who are to cultivate the private property of the individual belong to that individual, and those who are to cultivate the public territory belong to the public. In what manner these slaves ought to be used, and for what reason it is very proper that they should have the promise of their liberty made them, as a reward for their services, shall be mentioned hereafter.

CHAPTER XI

We have already mentioned, that both the city and all the country should communicate both with the sea and the continent as much as possible. There are these four things which we should be particularly desirous of in the position of the city with respect to itself: in the first place, health is to be consulted as the first thing necessary: now a city which fronts the east and receives the winds which blow from thence is esteemed most healthful; next to this that which has a northern position is to be preferred, as best in winter. It should next be contrived that it may have a proper situation for the business of government and for defence in war: that in war the citizens may [1330b] have easy access to it; but that it may be difficult of access to, and hardly to be taken by, the enemy. In the next place particularly, that there may be plenty of water, and rivers near at hand: but if those cannot be found, very large cisterns must be prepared to save rain-water, so that there may be no want of it in case they should be driven into the town in time of war. And as great care should be taken of the health of the inhabitants, the first thing to be attended to is, that the city should have a good situation and a good position; the second is, that they may have good water to drink; and this not be negligently taken care of; for what we chiefly and most frequently use for the support of the body must principally influence the health of it; and this influence is what the air and water naturally have: for which reason in all wise governments the waters ought to be appropriated to different purposes, and if they are not equally good, and if there is not a plenty of necessary water, that which is to drink should be separated from that which is for other uses. As to fortified places, what is proper for some governments is not proper for all; as, for instance, a lofty citadel is proper for a monarchy and an oligarchy; a city built upon a plain suits a democracy; neither of these for an aristocracy, but rather many strong places. As to the form of private houses, those are thought to be best and most useful for their different purposes which are distinct and separate from each other, and built in the modern manner, after the plan of Hippodamus: but for safety in time of war, on the contrary, they should be built as they formerly were; for they were such that strangers could not easily find their way out of them, and the method of access to them such as an enemy could with difficulty find out if he proposed to besiege them. A city therefore should have both these sorts of buildings, which may easily be contrived if any one will so regulate them as the planters do their rows of vines; not that the buildings throughout the city should be detached from each other, only in some parts of it; thus elegance and safety will be equally consulted. With respect to walls, those who say that a courageous people ought not to have any, pay too much respect to obsolete notions; particularly as we may see those who pride themselves therein continually confuted by facts. It is indeed disreputable for those who are equal, or nearly so, to the enemy, to endeavour to take refuge within their walls--but since it very often happens, that those who make the attack are too powerful for the bravery and courage of those few who oppose them to resist, if you would not suffer the calamities of war and the insolence of the enemy, it must be thought the part of a good soldier to seek for safety under the shelter and protection of walls more especially since so many missile weapons and machines have been most ingeniously invented to besiege cities with. Indeed to neglect surrounding a city with a wall would be similar to choosing a country which is easy of access to an enemy, or levelling the eminences of it; or as if an individual should not have a wall to his house lest it should be thought that the owner of it was a coward: nor should this be left unconsidered, that those who have a city surrounded with walls may act both ways, either as if it had or as if it had not; but where it has not they cannot do this. If this is true, it is not only necessary to have walls, but care must be taken that they may be a proper ornament to the city, as well as a defence in time of war; not only according to the old methods, but the modern improvements also: for as those who make offensive war endeavour by every way possible to gain advantages over their adversaries, so should those who are upon the defensive employ all the means already known, and such new ones as philosophy can invent, to defend themselves: for those who are well prepared are seldom first attacked.

CHAPTER XII

As the citizens in general are to eat at public tables in certain companies, and it is necessary that the walls should have bulwarks and towers in proper places and at proper distances, it is evident that it will be very necessary to have some of these in the towers; let the buildings for this purpose be made the ornaments of the walls. As to temples for public worship, and the hall for the public tables of the chief magistrates, they ought to be built in proper places, and contiguous to each other, except those temples which the law or the oracle orders to be separate from all other buildings; and let these be in such a conspicuous eminence, that they may have every advantage of situation, and in the neighbourhood of that part of the city which is best fortified. Adjoining to this place there ought to be a large square, like that which they call in Thessaly The Square of Freedom, in which nothing is permitted to be bought or sold; into which no mechanic nor husbandman, nor any such person, should be permitted to enter, unless commanded by the magistrates. It will also be an ornament to this place if the gymnastic exercises of the elders are performed in it. It is also proper, that for performing these exercises the citizens should be divided into distinct classes, according to their ages, and that the young persons should have proper officers to be with them, and that the seniors should be with the magistrates; for having them before their eyes would greatly inspire true modesty and ingenuous fear. There ought to be another square [1331b] separate from this for buying and selling, which should be so situated as to be commodious for the reception of goods both by sea and land. As the citizens may be divided into magistrates and priests, it is proper that the public tables of the priests should be in buildings near the temples. Those of the magistrates who preside over contracts, indictments, and such-like, and also over the markets, and the public streets near the square, or some public way, I mean the square where things are bought and sold; for I intended the other for those who are at leisure, and this for necessary business. The same order which I have directed here should be observed also in the country; for there also their magistrates such as the surveyors of the woods and overseers of the grounds, must necessarily have their common tables and their towers, for the purpose of protection against an enemy. There ought also to be temples erected at proper places, both to the gods and the heroes; but it is unnecessary to dwell longer and most minutely on these particulars--for it is by no means difficult to plan these things, it is rather so to carry them into execution; for the theory is the child of our wishes, but the practical part must depend upon fortune; for which reason we shall decline saying anything farther upon these subjects.

CHAPTER XIII

We will now show of what numbers and of what sort of people a government ought to consist, that the state may be happy and well administered. As there are two particulars on which the excellence and perfection of everything depend, one of these is, that the object and end proposed should be proper; the other, that the means to accomplish it should be adapted to that purpose; for it may happen that these may either agree or disagree with each other; for the end we propose may be good, but in taking the means to obtain it we may err; at other times we may have the right and proper means in our power, but the end may be bad, and sometimes we may mistake in both; as in the art of medicine the physician does not sometimes know in what situation the body ought to be, to be healthy; nor what to do to procure the end he aims at. In every art and science, therefore, we should be master of this knowledge, namely, the proper end, and the means to obtain it. Now it is evident that all persons are desirous to live well and be happy; but that some have the means thereof in their own power, others not; and this either through nature [1332a] or fortune; for many ingredients are necessary to a happy life; but fewer to those who are of a good than to those who are of a bad disposition. There are others who continually have the means of happiness in their own power, but do not rightly apply them. Since we propose to inquire what government is best, namely, that by which a state may be best administered, and that state is best administered where the people are the happiest, it is evident that happiness is a thing we should not be unacquainted with. Now, I have already said in my treatise on Morals (if I may here make any use of what I have there shown), that happiness consists in the energy and perfect practice of virtue; and this not relatively, but simply; I mean by relatively, what is necessary in some certain circumstances; by simply, what is good and fair in itself: of the first sort are just punishments, and restraints in a just cause; for they arise from virtue and are necessary, and on that account are virtuous; though it is more desirable that neither any state nor any individual should stand in need of them; but those actions which are intended either to procure honour or wealth are simply good; the others eligible only to remove an evil; these, on the contrary, are the foundation and means of relative good. A worthy man indeed will bear poverty, disease, and other unfortunate accidents with a noble mind; but happiness consists in the contrary to these (now we have already determined in our treatise on Morals, that he is a man of worth who considers what is good because it is virtuous as what is simply good; it is evident, therefore, that all the actions of such a one must be worthy and simply good): this has led some persons to conclude, that the cause of happiness was external goods; which would be as if any one should suppose that the playing well upon the lyre was owing to the instrument, and not to the art. It necessarily follows from what has been said, that some things should be ready at hand and others procured by the legislator; for which reason in founding a city we earnestly wish that there may

be plenty of those things which are supposed to be under the dominion of fortune (for some things we admit her to be mistress over); but for a state to be worthy and great is not only the work of fortune but of knowledge and judgment also. But for a state to be worthy it is necessary that those citizens which are in the administration should be worthy also; but as in our city every citizen is to be so, we must consider how this may be accomplished; for if this is what every one could be, and not some individuals only, it would be more desirable; for then it would follow, that what might be done by one might be done by all. Men are worthy and good three ways; by nature, by custom, by reason. In the first place, a man ought to be born a man, and not any other animal; that is to say, he ought to have both a body and soul; but it avails not to be only born [1332b] with some things, for custom makes great alterations; for there are some things in nature capable of alteration either way which are fixed by custom, either for the better or the worse. Now, other animals live chiefly a life of nature; and in very few things according to custom; but man lives according to reason also, which he alone is endowed with; wherefore he ought to make all these accord with each other; for if men followed reason, and were persuaded that it was best to obey her, they would act in many respects contrary to nature and custom. What men ought naturally to be, to make good members of a community, I have already determined; the rest of this discourse therefore shall be upon education; for some things are acquired by habit, others by hearing them.

CHAPTER XIV

As every political community consists of those who govern and of those who are governed, let us consider whether during the continuance of their lives they ought to be the same persons or different; for it is evident that the mode of education should be adapted to this distinction. Now, if one man differed from another as much, as we believe, the gods and heroes differ from men: in the first place, being far their superiors in body; and, secondly, in the soul: so that the superiority of the governors over the governed might be evident beyond a doubt, it is certain that it would be better for the one always to govern, the other always to be governed: but, as this is not easy to obtain, and kings are not so superior to those they govern as Scylax informs us they are in India, it is evident that for many reasons it is necessary that all in their turns should both govern and be governed: for it is just that those who are equal should have everything alike; and it is difficult for a state to continue which is founded in injustice; for all those in the country who are desirous of innovation will apply themselves to those who are under the government of the rest, and such will be their numbers in the state, that it will be impossible for the magistrates to get the better of them. But that the governors ought to excel the governed is beyond a doubt; the legislator therefore ought to consider how this shall be, and how it may be contrived that all shall have their equal share in the administration. Now, with respect to this it will be first said, that nature herself has directed us in our choice, laying down the selfsame thing when she has made some young, others old: the first of whom it becomes to obey, the latter to command; for no one when he is young is offended at his being under government, or thinks himself too good for it; more especially when he considers that he himself shall receive the same honours which he pays when he shall arrive at a proper age. In some respects it must be acknowledged that the governors and the governed are the same, in others they are different; it is therefore necessary that their education should be in [1333a] some respect the same, in others different: as they say, that he will be a good governor who has first learnt to obey. Now of governments, as we have already said, some are instituted for the sake of him who commands; others for him who obeys: of the first sort is that of the master over the servant; of the latter, that of freemen over each other. Now some things which are commanded differ from others; not in the business, but in the end proposed thereby: for which reason many works, even of a servile nature, are not disgraceful for young freemen to perform; for many things which are ordered to be done are not honourable or dishonourable so much in their own nature as in the end which is proposed, and the reason for which they are undertaken. Since then we have determined, that the virtue of a good citizen and good governor is the same as of a good man; and that every one before he commands should have first obeyed, it is the business of the legislator to consider how his citizens may be good men, what education is necessary to that purpose, and what is the final object of a good life. The soul of man may be divided into two parts; that which has reason in itself, and that which hath not, but is capable of obeying its dictates: and according to the virtues of these two parts a man is said to be good: but of those virtues which are the ends, it will not be difficult for those to determine who adopt the division I have already given; for the inferior is always for the sake of the superior; and this is equally evident both in the works of art as well as in those of nature; but that is superior which has reason. Reason itself also is divided into two parts, in the manner we usually divide it; the theoretic and the practical; which division therefore seems necessary for this part also: the same analogy holds good with respect to actions; of which those which are of a superior nature ought always to be chosen by those who have it in their power; for that is always most eligible to every one which will procure the best ends. Now life is divided into labour and rest, war and peace; and of what we do the objects are partly necessary and useful, partly noble: and we should give the same preference to these that we do to the different parts of the soul and its actions, as war to procure peace; labour, rest; and the useful, the noble. The politician, therefore, who composes a body of

laws ought to extend his views to everything; the different parts of the soul and their actions; more particularly to those things which are of a superior nature and ends; and, in the same manner, to the lives of men and their different actions.

They ought to be fitted both for labour and war, but rather [1333b] for rest and peace; and also to do what is necessary and useful, but rather what is fair and noble. It is to those objects that the education of the children ought to tend, and of all the youths who want instruction. All the Grecian states which now seem best governed, and the legislators who founded those states, appear not to have framed their polity with a view to the best end, or to every virtue, in their laws and education; but eagerly to have attended to what is useful and productive of gain: and nearly of the same opinion with these are some persons who have written lately, who, by praising the Lacedaemonian state, show they approve of the intention of the legislator in making war and victory the end of his government. But how contrary to reason this is, is easily proved by argument, and has already been proved by facts (but as the generality of men desire to have an extensive command, that they may have everything desirable in the greater abundance; so Thibron and others who have written on that state seem to approve of their legislator for having procured them an extensive command by continually enuring them to all sorts of dangers and hardships): for it is evident, since the Lacedemonians have now no hope that the supreme power will be in their own hand, that neither are they happy nor was their legislator wise. This also is ridiculous, that while they preserved an obedience to their laws, and no one opposed their being governed by them, they lost the means of being honourable: but these people understand not rightly what sort of government it is which ought to reflect honour on the legislator; for a government of freemen is nobler than despotic power, and more consonant to virtue. Moreover, neither should a city be thought happy, nor should a legislator be commended, because he has so trained the people as to conquer their neighbours; for in this there is a great inconvenience: since it is evident that upon this principle every citizen who can will endeavour to procure the supreme power in his own city; which crime the Lacedaemonians accuse Pausanias of, though he enjoyed such great honours.

Such reasoning and such laws are neither political, useful nor true: but a legislator ought to instil those laws on the minds of men which are most useful for them, both in their public and private capacities. The rendering a people fit for war, that they may enslave their inferiors ought not to be the care of the legislator; but that they may not themselves be reduced to slavery by others. In [1334a] the next place, he should take care that the object of his government is the safety of those who are under it, and not a despotism over all: in the third place, that those only are slaves who are fit to be only so. Reason indeed concurs with experience in showing that all the attention which the legislator pays to the business of war, and all other rules which he lays down, should have for their object rest and peace; since most of those states (which we usually see) are preserved by war; but, after they have acquired a supreme power over those around them, are ruined; for during peace, like a sword, they lose their brightness: the fault of which lies in the legislator, who never taught them how to be at rest.

CHAPTER XV

As there is one end common to a man both as an individual and a citizen, it is evident that a good man and a good citizen must have the same object in view; it is evident that all the virtues which lead to rest are necessary; for, as we have often said, the end of war is peace, of labour, rest; but those virtues whose object is rest, and those also whose object is labour, are necessary for a liberal life and rest; for we want a supply of many necessary things that we may be at rest. A city therefore ought to be temperate, brave, and patient; for, according to the proverb, "Rest is not for slaves;" but those who cannot bravely face danger are the slaves of those who attack them. Bravery, therefore, and patience are necessary for labour, philosophy for rest, and temperance and justice in both; but these chiefly in time of peace and rest; for war obliges men to be just and temperate; but the enjoyment of pleasure, with the rest of peace, is more apt to produce insolence; those indeed who are easy in their circumstances, and enjoy everything that can make them happy, have great occasion for the virtues of temperance and justice. Thus if there are, as the poets tell us, any inhabitants in the happy isles, to these a higher degree of philosophy, temperance, and justice will be necessary, as they live at their ease in the full plenty of every sensual pleasure. It is evident, therefore, that these virtues are necessary in every state that would be happy or worthy; for he who is worthless can never enjoy real good, much less is he qualified to be at rest; but can appear good only by labour and being at war, but in peace and at rest the meanest of creatures. For which reason virtue should not be cultivated as the Lacedaemonians did; for they did not differ from others in their opinion concerning the supreme good, but in [1334b] imagining this good was to be procured by a particular virtue; but since there are greater goods than those of war, it is evident that the enjoyment of those which are valuable in themselves should be desired, rather than those virtues which are useful in war; but how and by what means this is to be acquired is now to be considered. We have already assigned three causes on which it will depend; nature, custom, and reason, arid shown what sort of men nature must produce for this purpose; it remains then

that we determine which we shall first begin by in education, reason or custom, for these ought always to preserve the most entire harmony with each other; for it may happen that reason may err from the end proposed, and be corrected by custom. In the first place, it is evident that in this as in other things, its beginning or production arises from some principle, and its end also arises from another principle, which is itself an end. Now, with us, reason and intelligence are the end of nature; our production, therefore, and our manners ought to be accommodated to both these. In the next place, as the soul and the body are two distinct things, so also we see that the soul is divided into two parts, the reasoning and not-reasoning, with their habits which are two in number, one belonging to each, namely appetite and intelligence; and as the body is in production before the soul, so is the not-reasoning part of the soul before the reasoning; and this is evident; for anger, will and desire are to be seen in children nearly as soon as they are born; but reason and intelligence spring up as they grow to maturity. The body, therefore, necessarily demands our care before the soul; next the appetites for the sake of the mind; the body for the sake of the soul.

CHAPTER XVI

If then the legislator ought to take care that the bodies of the children are as perfect as possible, his first attention ought to be given to matrimony; at what time and in what situation it is proper that the citizens should engage in the nuptial contract. Now, with respect to this alliance, the legislator ought both to consider the parties and their time of life, that they may grow old at the same part of time, and that their bodily powers may not be different; that is to say, the man being able to have children, but the woman too old to bear them; or, on the contrary, the woman be young enough to produce children, but the man too old to be a father; for from such a situation discords and disputes continually arise. In the next place, with respect to the succession of children, there ought not to be too great an interval of time between them and their parents; for when there is, the parent can receive no benefit from his child's affection, or the child any advantage from his father's protection; [1335a] neither should the difference in years be too little, as great inconveniences may arise from it; as it prevents that proper reverence being shown to a father by a boy who considers him as nearly his equal in age, and also from the disputes it occasions in the economy of the family. But, to return from this digression, care ought to be taken that the bodies of the children may be such as will answer the expectations of the legislator; this also will be affected by the same means. Since season for the production of children is determined (not exactly, but to speak in general), namely, for the man till seventy years, and the woman till fifty, the entering into the marriage state, as far as time is concerned, should be regulated by these periods. It is extremely bad for the children when the father is too young; for in all animals whatsoever the parts of the young are imperfect, and are more likely to be productive of females than males, and diminutive also in size; the same thing of course necessarily holds true in men; as a proof of this you may see in those cities where the men and women usually marry very young, the people in general are very small and ill framed; in child-birth also the women suffer more, and many of them die. And thus some persons tell us the oracle of Traezenium should be explained, as if it referred to the many women who were destroyed by too early marriages, and not their gathering their fruits too soon. It is also conducive to temperance not to marry too soon; for women who do so are apt to be intemperate. It also prevents the bodies of men from acquiring their full size if they marry before their growth is completed; for this is the determinate period, which prevents any further increase; for which reason the proper time for a woman to marry is eighteen, for a man thirty-seven, a little more or less; for when they marry at that time their bodies are in perfection, and they will also cease to have children at a proper time; and moreover with respect to the succession of the children, if they have them at the time which may reasonably be expected, they will be just arriving into perfection when their parents are sinking down under the load of seventy years. And thus much for the time which is proper for marriage; but moreover a proper season of the year should be observed, as many persons do now, and appropriate the winter for this business. The married couple ought also to regard the precepts of physicians and naturalists, each of whom have treated on these [1335b] subjects. What is the fit disposition of the body will be better mentioned when we come to speak of the education of the child; we will just slightly mention a few particulars. Now, there is no occasion that any one should have the habit of body of a wrestler to be either a good citizen, or to enjoy a good constitution, or to be the father of healthy children; neither should he be infirm or too much dispirited by misfortunes, but between both these. He ought to have a habit of labour, but not of too violent labour; nor should that be confined to one object only, as the wrestler's is; but to such things as are proper for freemen. These things are equally necessary both for men and women. Women with child should also take care that their diet is not too sparing, and that they use sufficient exercise; which it will be easy for the legislator to effect if he commands them once every day to repair to the worship of the gods who are supposed to preside over matrimony. But, contrary to what is proper for the body, the mind ought to be kept as tranquil as possible; for as plants partake of the nature of the soil, so does the child receive much of the disposition of the mother. With respect to the exposing or bringing up of children, let it be a law, that nothing imperfect or maimed shall be brought up,..... As the proper time has been pointed out for a man and a woman to enter into the marriage state, so also let us determine how long

it is advantageous for the community that they should have children; for as the children of those who are too young are imperfect both in body and mind, so also those whose parents are too old are weak in both: while therefore the body continues in perfection, which (as some poets say, who reckon the different periods of life by sevens) is till fifty years, or four or five more, the children may be equally perfect; but when the parents are past that age it is better they should have no more. With respect to any connection between a man and a woman, or a woman and a man, when either of the parties are betrothed, let it be held in utter detestation [1336a] on any pretext whatsoever; but should any one be guilty of such a thing after the marriage is consummated, let his infamy be as great as his guilt deserves.

CHAPTER XVII

When a child is born it must be supposed that the strength of its body will depend greatly upon the quality of its food. Now whoever will examine into the nature of animals, and also observe those people who are very desirous their children should acquire a warlike habit, will find that they feed them chiefly with milk, as being best accommodated to their bodies, but without wine, to prevent any distempers: those motions also which are natural to their age are very serviceable; and to prevent any of their limbs from being crooked, on account of their extreme ductility, some people even now use particular machines that their bodies may not be distorted. It is also useful to enure them to the cold when they are very little; for this is very serviceable for their health; and also to enure them to the business of war; for which reason it is customary with many of the barbarians to dip their children in rivers when the water is cold; with others to clothe them very slightly, as among the Celts; for whatever it is possible to accustom children to, it is best to accustom them to it at first, but to do it by degrees: besides, boys have naturally a habit of loving the cold, on account of the heat. These, then, and such-like things ought to be the first object of our attention: the next age to this continues till the child is five years old; during which time it is best to teach him nothing at all, not even necessary labour, lest it should hinder his growth; but he should be accustomed to use so much motion as not to acquire a lazy habit of body; which he will get by various means and by play also: his play also ought to be neither illiberal nor too laborious nor lazy. Their governors and preceptors also should take care what sort of tales and stories it may be proper for them to hear; for all these ought to pave the way for their future instruction: for which reason the generality of their play should be imitations of what they are afterwards to do seriously. They too do wrong who forbid by laws the disputes between boys and their quarrels, for they contribute to increase their growth--as they are a sort of exercise to the body: for the struggles of the heart and the compression of the spirits give strength to those who labour, which happens to boys in their disputes. The preceptors also ought to have an eye upon their manner of life, and those with whom they converse; and to take care that they are never in the company of slaves. At this time and till they are seven [1336b] years old it is necessary that they should be educated at home. It is also very proper to banish, both from their hearing and sight, everything which is illiberal and the like. Indeed it is as much the business of the legislator as anything else, to banish every indecent expression out of the state: for from a permission to speak whatever is shameful, very quickly arises the doing it, and this particularly with young people: for which reason let them never speak nor hear any such thing: but if it appears that any freeman has done or said anything that is forbidden before he is of age to be thought fit to partake of the common meals, let him be punished by disgrace and stripes; but if a person above that age does so, let him be treated as you would a slave, on account of his being infamous. Since we forbid his speaking everything which is forbidden, it is necessary that he neither sees obscene stories nor pictures; the magistrates therefore are to take care that there are no statues or pictures of anything of this nature, except only to those gods to whom the law permits them, and to which the law allows persons of a certain age to pay their devotions, for themselves, their wives, and children. It should also be illegal for young persons to be present either at iambics or comedies before they are arrived at that age when they are allowed to partake of the pleasures of the table: indeed a good education will preserve them from all the evils which attend on these things. We have at present just touched upon this subject; it will be our business hereafter, when we properly come to it, to determine whether this care of children is unnecessary, or, if necessary, in what manner it must be done; at present we have only mentioned it as necessary. Probably the saying of Theodoras, the tragic actor, was not a bad one: That he would permit no one, not even the meanest actor, to go upon the stage before him, that he might first engage the ear of the audience. The same thing happens both in our connections with men and things: what we meet with first pleases best; for which reason children should be kept strangers to everything which is bad, more particularly whatsoever is loose and offensive to good manners. When five years are accomplished, the two next may be very properly employed in being spectators of those exercises they will afterwards have to learn. There are two periods into which education ought to be divided, according to the age of the child; the one is from his being seven years of age to the time of puberty; the other from thence till he is one-and-twenty: for those who divide ages by the number seven [1337a] are in general wrong: it is much better to follow the division of nature; for every art and every instruction is intended to complete what nature has left defective: we must first consider if any regulation whatsoever

is requisite for children; in the next place, if it is advantageous to make it a common care, or that every one should act therein as he pleases, which is the general practice in most cities; in the third place, what it ought to be.

BOOK VIII

CHAPTER I

No one can doubt that the magistrate ought greatly to interest himself in the care of youth; for where it is neglected it is hurtful to the city, for every state ought to be governed according to its particular nature; for the form and manners of each government are peculiar to itself; and these, as they originally established it, so they usually still preserve it. For instance, democratic forms and manners a democracy; oligarchic, an oligarchy: but, universally, the best manners produce the best government. Besides, as in every business and art there are some things which men are to learn first and be made accustomed to, which are necessary to perform their several works; so it is evident that the same thing is necessary in the practice of virtue. As there is one end in view in every city, it is evident that education ought to be one and the same in each; and that this should be a common care, and not the individual's, as it now is, when every one takes care of his own children separately; and their instructions are particular also, each person teaching them as they please; but what ought to be engaged in ought to be common to all. Besides, no one ought to think that any citizen belongs to him in particular, but to the state in general; for each one is a part of the state, and it is the natural duty of each part to regard the good of the whole: and for this the Lacedaemonians may be praised; for they give the greatest attention to education, and make it public. It is evident, then, that there should be laws concerning education, and that it should be public.

CHAPTER II

What education is, and how children ought to be instructed, is what should be well known; for there are doubts concerning the business of it, as all people do not agree in those things they would have a child taught, both with respect to their improvement in virtue and a happy life: nor is it clear whether the object of it should be to improve the reason or rectify the morals. From the present mode of education we cannot determine with certainty to which men incline, whether to instruct a child in what will be useful to him in life; or what tends to virtue, and what is excellent: for all these things have their separate defenders. As to virtue, there is no particular [1337b] in which they all agree: for as all do not equally esteem all virtues, it reasonably follows that they will not cultivate the same. It is evident that what is necessary ought to be taught to all: but that which is necessary for one is not necessary for all; for there ought to be a distinction between the employment of a freeman and a slave. The first of these should be taught everything useful which will not make those who know it mean. Every work is to be esteemed mean, and every art and every discipline which renders the body, the mind, or the understanding of freemen unfit for the habit and practice of virtue: for which reason all those arts which tend to deform the body are called mean, and all those employments which are exercised for gain; for they take off from the freedom of the mind and render it sordid. There are also some liberal arts which are not improper for freemen to apply to in a certain degree; but to endeavour to acquire a perfect skill in them is exposed to the faults I have just mentioned; for there is a great deal of difference in the reason for which any one does or learns anything: for it is not illiberal to engage in it for one's self, one's friend, or in the cause of virtue; while, at the same time, to do it for the sake of another may seem to be acting the part of a servant and a slave. The mode of instruction which now prevails seems to partake of both parts.

CHAPTER III

There are four things which it is usual to teach children--reading, gymnastic exercises, and music, to which (in the fourth place) some add painting. Reading and painting are both of them of singular use in life, and gymnastic exercises, as productive of courage. As to music, some persons may doubt, as most persons now use it for the sake of pleasure: but those who originally made it part of education did it because, as has been already said, nature requires that we should not only be properly employed, but to be able to enjoy leisure honourably: for this (to repeat what I have already said) is of all things the principal. But, though both labour and rest are necessary, yet the latter is preferable to the first; and by all means we ought to learn what we should do when at rest: for we ought not to employ that time at play; for then play would be the necessary business of our lives. But if this cannot be, play is more necessary for those who labour than those who are at rest: for he who labours requires relaxation; which play will supply: for as labour is attended with pain and continued exertion, it is necessary that play should be introduced, under proper regulations, as a medicine: for such an employment of the mind is a relaxation to it, and eases with pleasure. [1338a] Now rest itself seems to partake of pleasure, of happiness, and an agreeable life: but this cannot be theirs who labour, but theirs who are at rest;

for he who labours, labours for the sake of some end which he has not: but happiness is an end which all persons think is attended with pleasure and not with pain: but all persons do not agree in making this pleasure consist in the same thing; for each one has his particular standard, correspondent to his own habits; but the best man proposes the best pleasure, and that which arises from the noblest actions. But it is evident, that to live a life of rest there are some things which a man must learn and be instructed in; and that the object of this learning and this instruction centres in their acquisition: but the learning and instruction which is given for labour has for its object other things; for which reason the ancients made music a part of education; not as a thing necessary, for it is not of that nature, nor as a thing useful, as reading, in the common course of life, or for managing of a family, or for learning anything as useful in public life. Painting also seems useful to enable a man to judge more accurately of the productions of the finer arts: nor is it like the gymnastic exercises, which contribute to health and strength; for neither of these things do we see produced by music; there remains for it then to be the employment of our rest, which they had in view who introduced it; and, thinking it a proper employment for freemen, to them they allotted it; as Homer sings:

"How right to call Thalia to the feast:"

and of some others he says:

"The bard was call'd, to ravish every ear:"

and, in another place, he makes Ulysses say the happiest part of man's life is

"When at the festal board, in order plac'd, They hear the song."

It is evident, then, that there is a certain education in which a child may be instructed, not as useful nor as necessary, but as noble and liberal: but whether this is one or more than one, and of what sort they are, and how to be taught, shall be considered hereafter: we are now got so far on our way as to show that we have the testimony of the ancients in our favour, by what they have delivered down upon education--for music makes this plain. Moreover, it is necessary to instruct children in what is useful, not only on account of its being useful in itself, as, for instance, to learn to read, but also as the means of acquiring other different sorts of instruction: thus they should be instructed in painting, not only to prevent their being mistaken in purchasing pictures, or in buying or selling of vases, but rather as it makes [1338b] them judges of the beauties of the human form; for to be always hunting after the profitable ill agrees with great and freeborn souls. As it is evident whether a boy should be first taught morals or reasoning, and whether his body or his understanding should be first cultivated, it is plain that boys should be first put under the care of the different masters of the gymnastic arts, both to form their bodies and teach them their exercises.

CHAPTER IV

Now those states which seem to take the greatest care of their children's education, bestow their chief attention on wrestling, though it both prevents the increase of the body and hurts the form of it. This fault the Lacedaemonians did not fall into, for they made their children fierce by painful labour, as chiefly useful to inspire them with courage: though, as we have already often said, this is neither the only thing nor the principal thing necessary to attend to; and even with respect to this they may not thus attain their end; for we do not find either in other animals, or other nations, that courage necessarily attends the most cruel, but rather the milder, and those who have the dispositions of lions: for there are many people who are eager both to kill men and to devour human flesh, as the Achaeans and Heniochi in Pontus, and many others in Asia, some of whom are as bad, others worse than these, who indeed live by tyranny, but are men of no courage. Nay, we know that the Lacedaemonians themselves, while they continued those painful labours, and were superior to all others (though now they are inferior to many, both in war and gymnastic exercises), did not acquire their superiority by training their youth to these exercises, but because those who were disciplined opposed those who were not disciplined at all. What is fair and honourable ought then to take place in education of what is fierce and cruel: for it is not a wolf, nor any other wild beast, which will brave any noble danger, but rather a good man. So that those who permit boys to engage too earnestly in these exercises, while they do not take care to instruct them in what is necessary to do, to speak the real truth, render them mean and vile, accomplished only in one duty of a citizen, and in every other respect, as reason evinces, good for nothing. Nor should we form our judgments from past events, but from what we see at present: for now they have rivals in their mode of education, whereas formerly they had not. That gymnastic exercises are useful, and in what manner, is admitted; for during youth it is very proper to go through a course of those which are most gentle, omitting that violent diet and those painful exercises which are prescribed as necessary; that they may not prevent the growth of the body: and it is no small proof that they have this effect, that amongst the Olympic candidates we can scarce find two or three who have gained a victory

both when boys and men: because the necessary exercises they went through when young deprived them of their strength. When they have allotted three years from the time of puberty to other parts of education, they are then of a proper age to submit to labour and a regulated diet; for it is impossible for the mind and body both to labour at the same time, as they are productive of contrary evils to each other; the labour of the body preventing the progress of the mind, and the mind of the body.

CHAPTER V

With respect to music we have already spoken a little in a doubtful manner upon this subject. It will be proper to go over again more particularly what we then said, which may serve as an introduction to what any other person may choose to offer thereon; for it is no easy matter to distinctly point out what power it has, nor on what accounts one should apply it, whether as an amusement and refreshment, as sleep or wine; as these are nothing serious, but pleasing, and the killers of care, as Euripides says; for which reason they class in the same order and use for the same purpose all these, namely, sleep, wine, and music, to which some add dancing; or shall we rather suppose that music tends to be productive of virtue, having a power, as the gymnastic exercises have to form the body in a certain way, to influence the manners so as to accustom its professors to rejoice rightly? or shall we say, that it is of any service in the conduct of life, and an assistant to prudence? for this also is a third property which has been attributed to it. Now that boys are not to be instructed in it as play is evident; for those who learn don't play, for to learn is rather troublesome; neither is it proper to permit boys at their age to enjoy perfect leisure; for to cease to improve is by no means fit for what is as yet imperfect; but it may be thought that the earnest attention of boys in this art is for the sake of that amusement they will enjoy when they come to be men and completely formed; but, if this is the case, why are they themselves to learn it, and not follow the practice of the kings of the Medes and Persians, who enjoy the pleasure of music by hearing others play, and being shown its beauties by them; for of necessity those must be better skilled therein who make this science their particular study and business, than those who have only spent so much time at it as was sufficient just to learn the principles of it. But if this is a reason for a child's being taught anything, they ought also to learn the art of cookery, but this is absurd. The same doubt occurs if music has a power of improving the manners; for why should they on this account themselves learn it, and not reap every advantage of regulating the passions or forming a judgment [1339b] on the merits of the performance by hearing others, as the Lacedaemonians; for they, without having ever learnt music, are yet able to judge accurately what is good and what is bad; the same reasoning may be applied if music is supposed to be the amusement of those who live an elegant and easy life, why should they learn themselves, and not rather enjoy the benefit of others' skill. Let us here consider what is our belief of the immortal gods in this particular. Now we find the poets never represent Jupiter himself as singing and playing; nay, we ourselves treat the professors of these arts as mean people, and say that no one would practise them but a drunkard or a buffoon. But probably we may consider this subject more at large hereafter. The first question is, whether music is or is not to make a part of education? and of those three things which have been assigned as its proper employment, which is the right? Is it to instruct, to amuse, or to employ the vacant hours of those who live at rest? or may not all three be properly allotted to it? for it appears to partake of them all; for play is necessary for relaxation, and relaxation pleasant, as it is a medicine for that uneasiness which arises from labour. It is admitted also that a happy life must be an honourable one, and a pleasant one too, since happiness consists in both these; and we all agree that music is one of the most pleasing things, whether alone or accompanied with a voice; as Musseus says, "Music's the sweetest joy of man;" for which reason it is justly admitted into every company and every happy life, as having the power of inspiring joy. So that from this any one may suppose that it is necessary to instruct young persons in it; for all those pleasures which are harmless are not only conducive to the final end of life, but serve also as relaxations; and, as men are but rarely in the attainment of that final end, they often cease from their labour and apply to amusement, with no further view than to acquire the pleasure attending it. It is therefore useful to enjoy such pleasures as these. There are some persons who make play and amusement their end, and probably that end has some pleasure annexed to it, but not what should be; but while men seek the one they accept the other for it; because there is some likeness in human actions to the end; for the end is pursued for the sake of nothing else that attends it; but for itself only; and pleasures like these are sought for, not on account of what follows them, but on account of what has gone before them, as labour and grief; for which reason they seek for happiness in these sort of pleasures; and that this is the reason any one may easily perceive. That music should be pursued, not on this account only, but also as it is very serviceable during the hours of relaxation from labour, probably no [1340a] one doubts; we should also inquire whether besides this use it may not also have another of nobler nature--and we ought not only to partake of the common pleasure arising from it (which all have the sensation of, for music naturally gives pleasure, therefore the use of it is agreeable to all ages and all dispositions); but also to examine if it tends anything to improve our manners and our souls. And this will be easily known if we feel our dispositions any way influenced thereby; and that they are so is evident from many other instances, as well as the music at the Olympic games; and this confessedly fills the soul with

enthusiasm; but enthusiasm is an affection of the soul which strongly agitates the disposition. Besides, all those who hear any imitations sympathise therewith; and this when they are conveyed even without rhythm or verse. Moreover, as music is one of those things which are pleasant, and as virtue itself consists in rightly enjoying, loving, and hating, it is evident that we ought not to learn or accustom ourselves to anything so much as to judge right and rejoice in honourable manners and noble actions. But anger and mildness, courage and modesty, and their contraries, as well as all other dispositions of the mind, are most naturally imitated by music and poetry; which is plain by experience, for when we hear these our very soul is altered; and he who is affected either with joy or grief by the imitation of any objects, is in very nearly the same situation as if he was affected by the objects themselves; thus, if any person is pleased with seeing a statue of any one on no other account but its beauty, it is evident that the sight of the original from whence it was taken would also be pleasing; now it happens in the other senses there is no imitation of manners; that is to say, in the touch and the taste; in the objects of sight, a very little; for these are merely representations of things, and the perceptions which they excite are in a manner common to all. Besides, statues and paintings are not properly imitations of manners, but rather signs and marks which show the body is affected by some passion. However, the difference is not great, yet young men ought not to view the paintings of Pauso, but of Polygnotus, or any other painter or statuary who expresses manners. But in poetry and music there are imitations of manners; and this is evident, for different harmonies differ from each other so much by nature, that those who hear them are differently affected, and are not in the same disposition of mind when one is performed as when another is; the one, for instance, occasions grief 13406 and contracts the soul, as the mixed Lydian: others soften the mind, and as it were dissolve the heart: others fix it in a firm and settled state, such is the power of the Doric music only; while the Phrygian fills the soul with enthusiasm, as has been well described by those who have written philosophically upon this part of education; for they bring examples of what they advance from the things themselves. The same holds true with respect to rhythm; some fix the disposition, others occasion a change in it; some act more violently, others more liberally. From what has been said it is evident what an influence music has over the disposition of the mind, and how variously it can fascinate it: and if it can do this, most certainly it is what youth ought to be instructed in. And indeed the learning of music is particularly adapted to their disposition; for at their time of life they do not willingly attend to anything which is not agreeable; but music is naturally one of the most agreeable things; and there seems to be a certain connection between harmony and rhythm; for which reason some wise men held the soul itself to be harmony; others, that it contains it.

CHAPTER VI

We will now determine whether it is proper that children should be taught to sing, and play upon any instrument, which we have before made a matter of doubt. Now, it is well known that it makes a great deal of difference when you would qualify any one in any art, for the person himself to learn the practical part of it; for it is a thing very difficult, if not impossible, for a man to be a good judge of what he himself cannot do. It is also very necessary that children should have some employment which will amuse them; for which reason the rattle of Archytas seems well contrived, which they give children to play with, to prevent their breaking those things which are about the house; for at their age they cannot sit still: this therefore is well adapted to infants, as instruction ought to be their rattle as they grow up; hence it is evident that they should be so taught music as to be able to practise it. Nor is it difficult to say what is becoming or unbecoming of their age, or to answer the objections which some make to this employment as mean and low. In the first place, it is necessary for them to practise, that they may be judges of the art: for which reason this should be done when they are young; but when they are grown older the practical part may be dropped; while they will still continue judges of what is excellent in the art, and take a proper pleasure therein, from the knowledge they acquired of it in their youth. As to the censure which some persons throw upon music, as something mean and low, it is not difficult to answer that, if we will but consider how far we propose those who are to be educated so as to become good citizens should be instructed in this art, [1341a] and what music and what rhythms they should be acquainted with; and also what instruments they should play upon; for in these there is probably a difference. Such then is the proper answer to that censure: for it must be admitted, that in some cases nothing can prevent music being attended, to a certain degree, with the bad effects which are ascribed to it; it is therefore clear that the learning of it should never prevent the business of riper years; nor render the body effeminate, and unfit for the business of war or the state; but it should be practised by the young, judged of by the old. That children may learn music properly, it is necessary that they should not be employed in those parts of it which are the objects of dispute between the masters in that science; nor should they perform such pieces as are wondered at from the difficulty of their execution; and which, from being first exhibited in the public games, are now become a part of education; but let them learn so much of it as to be able to receive proper pleasure from excellent music and rhythms; and not that only which music must make all animals feel, and also slaves and boys, but more. It is therefore plain what instruments they should use; thus, they should never be taught to play upon the flute, or any other instrument which requires great

skill, as the harp or the like, but on such as will make them good judges of music, or any other instruction: besides, the flute is not a moral instrument, but rather one that will inflame the passions, and is therefore rather to be used when the soul is to be animated than when instruction is intended. Let me add also, that there is something therein which is quite contrary to what education requires; as the player on the flute is prevented from speaking: for which reason our forefathers very properly forbade the use of it to youth and freemen, though they themselves at first used it; for when their riches procured them greater leisure, they grew more animated in the cause of virtue; and both before and after the Median war their noble actions so exalted their minds that they attended to every part of education; selecting no one in particular, but endeavouring to collect the whole: for which reason they introduced the flute also, as one of the instruments they were to learn to play on. At Lacedaemon the choregus himself played on the flute; and it was so common at Athens that almost every freeman understood it, as is evident from the tablet which Thrasippus dedicated when he was choregus; but afterwards they rejected it as dangerous; having become better judges of what tended to promote virtue and what did not. For the same reason many of the ancient instruments were thrown aside, as the dulcimer and the lyre; as also those which were to inspire those who played on them with pleasure, and which required a nice finger and great skill to play well on. What the ancients tell us, by way of fable, of the flute is indeed very rational; namely, that after Minerva had found it, she threw it away: nor are they wrong who say that the goddess disliked it for deforming the face of him who played thereon: not but that it is more probable that she rejected it as the knowledge thereof contributed nothing to the improvement of the mind. Now, we regard Minerva as the inventress of arts and sciences. As we disapprove of a child's being taught to understand instruments, and to play like a master (which we would have confined to those who are candidates for the prize in that science; for they play not to improve themselves in virtue, but to please those who hear them, and gratify their importunity); therefore we think the practice of it unfit for freemen; but then it should be confined to those who are paid for doing it; for it usually gives people sordid notions, for the end they have in view is bad: for the impertinent spectator is accustomed to make them change their music; so that the artists who attend to him regulate their bodies according to his motions.

CHAPTER VII

We are now to enter into an inquiry concerning harmony and rhythm; whether all sorts of these are to be employed in education, or whether some peculiar ones are to be selected; and also whether we should give the same directions to those who are engaged in music as part of education, or whether there is something different from these two. Now, as all music consists in melody and rhythm, we ought not to be unacquainted with the power which each of these has in education; and whether we should rather choose music in which melody prevails, or rhythm: but when I consider how many things have been well written upon these subjects, not only by some musicians of the present age, but also by some philosophers who are perfectly skilled in that part of music which belongs to education; we will refer those who desire a very particular knowledge therein to those writers, and shall only treat of it in general terms, without descending to particulars. Melody is divided by some philosophers, whose notions we approve of, into moral, practical, and that which fills the mind with enthusiasm: they also allot to each of these a particular kind of harmony which naturally corresponds therewith: and we say that music should not be applied to one purpose only, but many; both for instruction and purifying the soul (now I use the word purifying at present without any explanation, but shall speak more at large of it in my Poetics); and, in the third place, as an agreeable manner of spending the time and a relaxation from the uneasiness of the mind. [1342a] It is evident that all harmonies are to be used; but not for all purposes; but the most moral in education: but to please the ear, when others play, the most active and enthusiastic; for that passion which is to be found very strong in some souls is to be met with also in all; but the difference in different persons consists in its being in a less or greater degree, as pity, fear, and enthusiasm also; which latter is so powerful in some as to overpower the soul: and yet we see those persons, by the application of sacred music to soothe their mind, rendered as sedate and composed as if they had employed the art of the physician: and this must necessarily happen to the compassionate, the fearful, and all those who are subdued by their passions: nay, all persons, as far as they are affected with those passions, admit of the same cure, and are restored to tranquillity with pleasure. In the same manner, all music which has the power of purifying the soul affords a harmless pleasure to man. Such, therefore, should be the harmony and such the music which those who contend with each other in the theatre should exhibit: but as the audience is composed of two sorts of people, the free and the well-instructed, the rude the mean mechanics, and hired servants, and a long collection of the like, there must be some music and some spectacles to please and soothe them; for as their minds are as it were perverted from their natural habits, so also is there an unnatural harmony, and overcharged music which is accommodated to their taste: but what is according to nature gives pleasure to every one, therefore those who are to contend upon the theatre should be allowed to use this species of music. But in education ethic melody and ethic harmony should be used, which is the Doric, as we have already said, or any other which those philosophers who are skilful in that music which is to be employed in education shall

approve of. But Socrates, in Plato's Republic, is very wrong when he [1342b] permits only the Phrygian music to be used as well as the Doric, particularly as amongst other instruments he banishes the flute; for the Phrygian music has the same power in harmony as the flute has amongst the instruments; for they are both pathetic and raise the mind: and this the practice of the poets proves; for in their bacchanal songs, or whenever they describe any violent emotions of the mind, the flute is the instrument they chiefly use: and the Phrygian harmony is most suitable to these subjects. Now, that the dithyrambic measure is Phrygian is allowed by general consent; and those who are conversant in studies of this sort bring many proofs of it; as, for instance, when Philoxenus endeavoured to compose dithyrambic music for Doric harmony, he naturally fell back again into Phrygian, as being fittest for that purpose; as every one indeed agrees, that the Doric music is most serious, and fittest to inspire courage: and, as we always commend the middle as being between the two extremes, and the Doric has this relation with respect to other harmonies, it is evident that is what the youth ought to be instructed in. There are two things to be taken into consideration, both what is possible and what is proper; every one then should chiefly endeavour to attain those things which contain both these qualities: but this is to be regulated by different times of life; for instance, it is not easy for those who are advanced in years to sing such pieces of music as require very high notes, for nature points out to them those which are gentle and require little strength of voice (for which reason some who are skilful in music justly find fault with Socrates for forbidding the youth to be instructed in gentle harmony; as if, like wine, it would make them drunk, whereas the effect of that is to render men bacchanals, and not make them languid): these therefore are what should employ those who are grown old. Moreover, if there is any harmony which is proper for a child's age, as being at the same time elegant and instructive, as the Lydian of all others seems chiefly to be-These then are as it were the three boundaries of education, moderation, possibility, and decorum.

INDEX

ACHILLES, 76

Act of the city, what, 69

Actions, their original spring, i

Administration, 76; whether to be shared by the whole community, 203

AEsumnetes, 96

AEthiopia, in what manner the power of the state is there regulated, 112

Alterations in government, whence they arise, 142; what they are, 143

Ambractia, the government of, changed, 151

Andromadas Reginus, a lawgiver to the Thracian Calcidians, 65

Animals, their different provisions by nature, 14; intended by nature for the benefit of man, 14; what constitutes their different species, 113

Animals, tame, why better than wild, 8

Arbitrator and judge, their difference, 49

Architas his rattle, 248

Areopagus, senate of, 63

Argonauts refuse to take Hercules with them, 93

Aristocracies, causes of commotions in them, 157; chief cause of their alteration, 158; may degenerate into an oligarchy, 79

Aristocracy, what, 78; treated of, 120; its object, 121

Art, works of, which most excellent, 20

Artificers and slaves, their difference, 24

Assemblies, public, advantageous to a democracy, 134

Assembly, public, its proper business, 133

Athens, different dispositions of the citizens of, 149

Barter, its original, 15

Being, what the nature of every one is, 3

Beings, why some command, others obey, 2

Body by nature to be governed, 8; requires our care before the soul, 232

Calchis, the government of, changed, 151

Calcidians, 65

Carthaginian government described, 60

Census in a free state should be as extensive as possible, 131; how to be altered, 162

Charondas supposed to be the scholar of Zaleucus, 64

Child, how to be managed when first born, 235; should be taught nothing till he is five years old, 235; how then to be educated, 236

Children, the proper government of, 22; what their proper virtues, 23; what they are usually taught, 240

Cities, how governed at first, 3; what, 3; the work of nature, 3; prior in contemplation to a family, or an individual, 4

Citizen, who is one? 66, 68; should know both how to command and obey, 73

Citizens must have some things in common, 26; should be exempted from servile labour, 51; privileges different in different governments, 68; if illegally made, whether illegal, 69; who admitted to be, 75; in the best states ought not to follow merchandise, 216

City, may be too much one, 27, 35; what, 66, 82; when it continues the same, 70; for whose sake established, 76; its end, 83; of what parts made up, 113; best composed of equals, 126

City of the best form, what its establishment ought to be, 149; wherein its greatness consists, 149; may be either too large or too small, 209; what should be its situation, 211; whether proper near the sea, 211; ought to be divided by families into different sorts of men, 218

City and confederacy, their difference, 37; wherein it should be one, 27

Command amongst equals should be in rotation, 101

Common meals not well established at Lacedaemon-well at Crete, 56; the model from whence the Lacedaemonian was taken, 56; inferior to it in some respects, 56

Community, its recommendations deceitful, 34; into what people it may be divided, 194

Community of children, 29, 30; inconveniences attending it, 31

Community of goods, its inconveniences, 28; destructive of modesty and liberality, 34

Community of wives, its inconveniences, 27

Contempt a cause of sedition, 146

Courage of a man different from a woman's, 74

Courts, how many there ought to be, 140

Courts of justice should be few in a small state, 192

Cretan customs similar to the Lacedasmonian, 57; assembly open to every citizen, 58

Cretans, their power, 58; their public meals, how conducted 58

Crete, the government of, 57; description of the island of 57

Customs at Carthage, Lacedaemon, and amongst the Scythians and Iberians, concerning those who had killed an enemy, 204, 205

Dadalus's statues, 6.

Delphos, an account of a sedition there, 150

Demagogues, their influence in a democracy, 116.

Democracies, arose out of tyrannies, 100; whence they arose, 142; when changed into tyrannies, 153; their different sorts, 184, 188; general rules for their establishment, 185; should not be made too perfect, 191

Democracy, what, 79, 80; its definition, 112, 113; different sorts of, 115, 118; its object, 122; how subverted in the Isle of Cos, 152

Democracy and aristocracy, how they may be blended together, 163

Democratical state, its foundation, 184

Despotic power absurd, 205

Dion, his noble resolution, 171

Dionysius, his taxes, 175

Dissolution of kingdoms and tyrannies, 169

Domestic employments of men and women different, 74

Domestic government, its object, 77

Domestic society the first, 3

Draco, 65

Dyrrachium, government of, 101

Economy and money-getting, difference, 17

Education necessary for the happiness of the city, 90; of all things most necessary to preserve the state, 166; what it ought to be, 166; the objects of it, 228, 229; should be taken care of by the magistrate, and correspond to the nature of government, 238; should be a common care, and regulated by laws, 238

Employment, one to be allotted to one person in an extensive government, 136

Employments in the state, how to be disposed of, 88-90; whether all should be open to all, 216

Ephialtes abridges the power of the senate of Areopagus, 63

Ephori, at Sparta, their power too great, 54; improperly chosen, 54; flattered by their kings, 54; the supreme judges, 55; manner of life too indulgent, 55

Epidamnus, an account of a revolution there, 150

Equality, how twofold, 143; in a democracy, how to be procured, 186

Euripides quoted, 72

Family government, of what it consists, 5

Father should not be too young, 232

Females and slaves, wherein they differ, 2; why upon a level amongst barbarians, 3

Forfeitures, how to be applied, 192

Fortune improper pretension for power, 91

Freemen in general, what power they ought to have, 86

Free state treated of, 121; how it arises out of a democracy and oligarchy, 122, 123

Friendship weakened by a community of children, 31

General, the office of, how to be disposed of, 98

Gods, why supposed subject to kingly government, 3

Good, relative to man, how divided, 201

Good and evil, the perception of, necessary to form a family and a city, 4

Good fortune something different from happiness, 202

Government should continue as much as possible in the same hands, 28; in what manner it should be in rotation, 28; what, 66; which best, of a good man or good laws, 98; good, to what it should owe its preservation, 124; what the best, 225

Government of the master over the slave sometimes reciprocally useful, ii

Governments, how different from each other, 67; whether more than one form should be established, 76; should endeavour to prevent others from being too powerful-- instances of it, 93; how compared to music, in; in general, to what they owe their preservation, 160

Governments, political, regal, family, and servile, their difference from each other, i

Governors and governed, whether their virtues are the same or different, 23; whether they should be the same persons or different, 227

Grecians, their superiority over other people, 213

Guards of a king natives, 96,168; of a tyrant foreigners, 96, 168

Gymnastic exercises, when to be performed, 223; how far they should be made a part of education, 242, 243

Happiness, wherein it consists, 207

Happy life, where most likely to be found, 202

Harmony, whether all kinds of it are to be used in education, 251

Helots troublesome to the Lacedaemonians, 87

Herdsmen compose the second-best democracy, 189

Hippodamus, an account of, 46; his plan of government, 46, 47: objected to, 47, 48

Homer quoted, 95, 116

Honours, an inequality of, occasions seditions, 44

Horse most suitable to an oligarchy, 195

Houses, private, their best form, 221

Human flesh devoured by some nations, 242

Husbandmen compose the best democracy, 189; will choose to govern according to law, 118

Husbandry, art of, whether part of money-getting, 13

Instruments, their difference from each other, 6; wherein they differ from possessions, 6

Italy, its ancient boundary, 218

Jason's declaration, 72

Judge should not act as an arbitrator, 48, 49; which is best for an individual, or the people in general, 98, 99

Judges, many better than one, 102; of whom to consist, 102; how many different sorts are necessary, 141

Judicial part of government, how to be divided, 140

Jurymen, particular powers sometimes appointed to that office, 68

Justice, what, 88; the course of, impeded in Crete, 59; different in different situations, 74

King, from whom to be chosen 60; the guardian of his people 168

King's children, what to be done with, 100

King's power, what it should be 100; when unequal, 143

Kingdom, what, 78

Kingdoms, their object, 167; how bestowed, 168; causes of their dissolution, 173; how preserved, 173

Kingly government in the heroic times, what, 96

Kingly power regulated by the laws at Sparta in peace, 95; absolute in war, 95

Kings formerly in Crete, 58; their power afterwards devolved to the kosmoi, 58; method of electing them at Carthage, 60

Knowledge of the master and slave different from each other, ii

Kosmoi, the power of, 58; their number, 58; wherein inferior to the ephori, 58; allowed to resign their office before their time is elapsed, 59

Lacedamonian customs similar to the Cretan, 57

Lacedaemonian government much esteemed, 41; the faults of it, 53-56; calculated only for war, 56; how composed of a democracy and oligarchy, 124

Lacedaemonian revenue badly raised, 56, 57

Lacedaemonians, wherein they admit things to be common, 33

Land should be divided into two parts, 219

Law makes one man a slave, another free, 6; whether just or not, 9; at Thebes respecting tradesmen, 75; nothing should be done contrary to it, 160

Law and government, their difference, 107, 108

Laws, when advantageous to alter them, 49,50, 52; of every state will be like the state, 88; whom they should be calculated for, 92; decide better than men, 101; moral preferable to written, 102; must sometimes bend to ancient customs, 117; should be framed to the state, 107; the same suit not all governments, 108

Legislator ought to know not only what is best, but what is practical, n

Legislators should fix a proper medium in property, 46

Liberty, wherein it partly consists, 184, 185

Life, happy, owing to a course of virtue, 125; how divided, 228

Locrians forbid men to sell their property, 43

Lycophron's account of law, 82

Lycurgus gave over reducing the women to obedience, 53; made it infamous for any one to sell his possessions, 53; some of his laws censured, 54; spent much time at Crete, 57; supposed to be the scholar of Thales, 64

Lysander wanted to abolish the kingly power in Sparta, 143

Magistrate, to whom that name is properly given, 136

Magistrates, when they make the state incline to an oligarchy, 61; when to an aristocracy, 61; at Athens, from whom to be chosen, 64; to determine those causes which the law cannot be applied to, 88; whether their power is to be the same, or different in different communities, 137; how they differ from each other, 138; in those who appoint them, 138; should be continued but a short time in democracies, 161; how to be chosen in a democracy, 185; different sorts and employments, 196

Making and using, their difference, 6

Malienses, their form of government, 131

Man proved to be a political animal, 4; has alone a perception of good and evil, 4; without law and justice the worst of beings, 5

Master, power of, whence it arises, as some think, 5

Matrimony, when to be engaged in, 232

Meals, common, established in Crete and Italy, 218; expense of, should be defrayed by the whole state, 219

Mechanic employments useful for citizens, 73

Mechanics, whether they should be allowed to be citizens, 74, 75; cannot acquire the practice of virtue, 75; admitted to be citizens in an oligarchy, 75

Medium of circumstances best, 126

Members of the community, their different pretences to the employments of the state, 90; what natural dispositions they ought to be of, 213

Men, some distinguished by nature for governors, others to be governed, 7; their different modes of living, 13; worthy three ways, 226

Merchandise, three different ways of carrying it on, 20

Middle rank of men make the best citizens, 127; most conducive to the preservation of the state, 128; should be particularly attended to by the legislators, 130

Military, how divided, 194

Mitylene, an account of a dispute there, 150

Monarch, absolute, 100

Monarchies, their nature, 95, 96; sometimes elective, 95; sometimes hereditary, 95; whence they sometimes arise, 146; causes of corruption in them, 167; how preserved, 173

Money, how it made its way into commerce, 16; first weighed, 16; afterwards stamped, 16; its value dependent on agreement, 16; how gained by exchange, 19

Money--getting considered at large, 17, 18

Monopolising gainful, 21; sometimes practised by cities, 21

Monopoly of iron in Sicily, a remarkable instance of the profit of it, 21

Music, how many species of it, in; why a part of education, 240; how far it should be taught, 242, 243; professors of it considered as mean people, 244; imitates the disposition of the mind, 246; improves our manners, 246; Lydian, softens the mind, 247; pieces of, difficult in their execution, not to be taught to children, 249

Nature requires equality amongst equals, 101

Naval power should be regulated by the strength of the city, 212

Necessary parts of a city, what, 215

Nobles, the difference between them, no; should take care of the poor, 193

Oath, an improper one in an oligarchy, 166

Officers of state, who they ought to be, 135; how long to continue, 135; who to choose them, 136

Offices, distinction between them, 67; when subversive of the rights of the people, 130

Offspring, an instance of the likeness of, to the sire, 30

Oligarchies arise where the strength of the state consists in horse, no; whence they arose, 142

Oligarchy admits not hired servants to be citizens, 75; its object, 79; what, 79, 81; its definition, 112; different sorts of, 117, 119; its object, 122; how it ought to be founded, 195

Onomacritus supposed to have drawn up laws, 64

Ostracism, why established, 93, 146; its power, 93; a weapon in the hand of sedition, 94

Painting, why it should be made a part of education, 241

Particulars, five, in which the rights of the people will be undermined, 130

Pausanias wanted to abolish the ephori, 143

People, how they should be made one, 35; of Athens assume upon their victory over the Medes, 64; what best to submit to a kingly government, 104; to an aristocratic, 104; to a free state, 104; should be allowed the power of pardoning, not of condemning, 135

Periander's advice to Thrasy-bulus, 93, 169

Pericles introduces the paying of those who attended the court of justice, 64

Philolaus, a Theban legislator, quits his native country, 64

Phocea, an account of a dispute there, 150

Physician, his business, 86

Physicians, their mode of practice in Egypt, 98; when ill consult others, 102

Pittacus, 65

Plato censured, 180

Poor excused from bearing arms and from gymnastic exercises in an oligarchy, 131; paid for attending the public assemblies in a democracy, 131

Power of the master, its object, 77

Power, supreme, where it ought to be lodged, 84; why with the many, 85, 87

Powers of a state, different methods of delegating them to the citizens, 132-134

Preadvisers, court of, 135

Priesthood, to whom to be allotted, 217

Prisoners of war, whether they may be justly made slaves, 9

Private property not regulated the source of sedition, 42; Phaleas would have it equal, 42; how Phaleas would correct the irregularities of it, 43; Plato would allow a certain difference in it, 43

Property, its nature, 12; how it should be regulated, 32, 33; the advantages of having it private, 34; what quantity the public ought to have, 44; ought not to be common, 219

Public assemblies, when subversive of the liberties of the people, 130

Public money, how to be divided, 193

Qualifications necessary for those who are to fill the first departments in government, 164

Quality of a city, what meant by it, 129

Quantity, 129

Rest and peace the proper objects of the legislator, 230

Revolutions in a democracy, whence they arise, 152; in an oligarchy, 156

Rich fined in an oligarchy for not bearing arms and attending the gymnastic exercises, 131; receive nothing for attending the public assemblies in a democracy, 131

Rights of a citizen, whether advantageous or not, 203

Seditions sometimes prevented by equality, 45; their causes, 144-146; how to be prevented, 163

Senate suits a democracy, 185

Shepherds compose the second-best democracy, 189

Slave, his nature and use, 6; a chattel, 7; by law, how, 9

Slavery not founded in nature but law, as some think, 6

Slaves, an inquiry into the virtues they are capable of, 23; difficult to manage properly, 51; their different sorts, 73

Society necessary to man, 77

Society, civil, the greatest blessing to man, 4; different from a commercial intercourse, 82

Socrates, his mistakes on government, Book II. passim; his division of the inhabitants, 38; would have the women go to war, 38; Aristotle's opinion of his discourses, 38; his city would require a country of immeasurable extent, 39; his comparison of the human species to different kinds of metals, 40; his account of the different orders of men in a city imperfect, 3

Sojourners, their situation, 66

Solon's opinion of riches, 14; law for restraining property, 43; alters the Athenian government, 63

Soul by nature the governor over the body, and in what manner, 8; of man how divided, 228, 231

Speech a proof that man was formed for society, 4

State, each, consists of a great number of parts, 109; its disproportionate increase the cause of revolutions, 147; firm, what, 159

Stealing, how to be prevented, 44

Submission to government, when it is slavery, 206

Supreme power should be ultimately vested in the laws, 101

Syracuse, the government of, languid, 151

Temperance in a man different from a woman, 74

Temples, how to be built, 223

Thales, his contrivance to get money, 21; supposed to be the companion of Onomacritus, 64

Things necessary to be known for the management of domestic affairs, 19, 20; necessary in the position of a city, 220

Tribunals, what different things they should have under their jurisdictions, 137

Tyrannies, how established, 168; how preserved, 174, 176; of short duration, 180; instances thereof, 180

Tyranny, what, 79; not natural, 103; whence it arises, 108; treated of, 124; contains all that is bad in all governments, 125

Tyrant, from whom usually chosen, 167; his object, 168; his guards, 168

Tyrants, many of them originally enjoyed only kingly power, 168; the causes of their being conspired against, 169, 170; always love the worst of men, 175

Uses of possessions, two, 15

Usury detested, 19

Venality to be guarded against, IDS

Village, what, 3

Virtue of a citizen has reference to the state, 71; different in different governments, 71

Virtues different in different persons, 23, 24; whether the same constitute a good man and a valuable citizen, 71

Walls necessary for a city, 222

War, what is gained by it in some degree a natural acquisition, 14; not a final end, 205, 229

Wife, the proper government of, 22

Women, what their proper virtue, 23; not to be indulged in improper liberties, 52; had great influence at Lacedaemon, 52; of great disservice to the Lacedemonians, 52; why indulged by them, 53; their proper time of marrying, 233; how to be managed when with child, 234

Zaleucus, legislator of the Western Locrians, 64; supposed to be the scholar of Thales, 64

==========

The Little Immigrant

Eva Stern

Project Gutenberg Release: December 01, 2004 · eBook #7090

Thanks to Robert Stern, great-grandson of the author, for donating this eBook.

INTRODUCTION

In 1921, my great-grandmother, wrote this book about how her parents met, married and began a family. Eva's mother, Ernestine, was presumably "the little immigrant." The book was privately printed, and only a few copies survive.

The names of most of the characters have been disguised, although thinly. In the table below, the fictitious names appear on the left, the real names, where known, on the right:

Renestine Jewel Ernestine Jacobowsky Aldine Bilter (her married sister) Jaffray Starr Jacob Sterne Lola, the Starrs' first-born Laura Sterne Ena, their second-born Eva Sterne Lester Leopold Sterne Andrew Alfred Sterne Frank, the youngest child Fred Sterne Josiah, longtime family slave Caroline, Josiah's wife Sarah, successor to Carolina

One name that is authentic is that of Gen. Buell, whom the Starrs put up during the Reconstruction period after the Civil War and who in fact was sent to Jefferson following a breakout of violence during this period.

Eva Sterne, who became the wife of Leopold Stern (with only one e), was 59 when this book was printed.

THE LITTLE IMMIGRANT

Eva Stern

CHAPTER I

"NAH! Renestine, cannot you come with the skirt and let me lay it in your trunk? You are dreaming, dreaming all the time. My child, these things must be ready by midnight tonight."

The girl was thirteen years old and her mother was getting her possessions together to send her to America to join a sister who had already gone there and was married and now sent to have her little sister journey to the States, too.

"Oh, Mutterchen, I do not want to go," burst out Renestine. "I want to stay with you. I do not want to go."

"Nah! Kindlein, stay then," said the mother, keeping her own grief away from her child.

Just then the door to the little room flew open and three excited girls of about Renestine's own age or perhaps one or two years older, bustled themselves inside.

"Why, Renestine, you are not finished packing yet! We are ready and our trunks are roped and standing at the door for Laaskar to put on the post-wagon when he drives by on his way to the post-house tonight."

The speaker stopped confused seeing that Renestine was silent with no joy in her eyes and the mother sat quietly with flushed checks and said nothing.

"What has happened?" said the three girls in chorus. "You are not going to back out, are you?"

Still Renestine did not look up or make any sign that she was interested in the preparations for her arranged trip. Presently the mother spoke and her voice trembled.

"Renestine has changed her mind and will remain at home."

Then the girls broke into a laugh and chided Renestine, saying she was a baby and would never see the ocean or go to America and ride in carriages. The mental picture was doing its work. Not ride in carriages and have pretty clothes and .learn to speak

English? That was too much to refuse. Renestine raised her head, wiped the tears out of her eyes, brought the skirt neatly folded to her mother and said: "Mutterchen, finish my trunk. I am going with Yetta, Selma and Polly to America."

The journey began and Renestine made the voyage over in a sailing vessel which took six weeks to make her port at Galveston, Texas, in the early fifties. The girls experienced days of seasickness when they thought it was better to die than to ride in carriages and were weary and homesick. But when, at last, they walked again upon land and were welcomed in Galveston by their relatives, all the melancholy hours were forgotten. The girls had separated into their different families on arriving at Houston, but frequently met just as they had before leaving their home town, and were observing everything with eagerness and getting their first impressions of America.

One balmy Sunday morning they took a walk and marveled much that Houston had so many houses and such large ones. While they walked they chatted and were merry. Finally, they noticed that a great many looked at them curiously, and some smiled. They were at last spoken to by an old lady, who reminded them that it was not customary for girls to walk in the middle of the street. This was a conceit that pleased them, to walk in the middle of the street just to see people walking on either side of them.

The ringing of the Sunday morning church bells was a startling sound and Paula exclaimed, as the three stood still listening: "Oh, listen to the music box!" Solemnly they walked on and wondered that the world was so large and full of beautiful things. Itwas a long time before Renestine realized that they had gone a great distance. "We will return now," she said. But when they turned to retrace their steps they found themselves in a wood of large, dark trees with heavy gray moss dropping from their branches and a solemn stillness over all. It was growing dusk, too, and the trees looked ghostly in the falling gloom.

"Do you know which way to go?" asked Yetta.

"Oh, come with me and I will show you," said Paula.

Trustingly they followed Paula. But the brave girl, after a half hour's vain effort, had to admit that she was puzzled herself and did not know how to get out of the wood. Yetta showed the nearness of tears, but Renestine set to work to extricate themselves. Before she had decided what to do they all three heard horses' hoofs trampling down bush-wood and dry twigs not far away. The riders, or whatever it was, came nearer until the girls saw a young man on horseback, a boy accompanying him. The horsemen reined in their horses and stopped when they saw the girls standing before them. The older man, who was about twenty-eight, asked how they came to be so far in the depth of the trackless woods. When they had told him, he dismounted, throwing the reins over his arm and leading his horse, he walked along by the side of the girls guiding them out of their difficulty; the boy followed on his horse which carried the saddle-bags containing the personal belongings of both of them. As they walked many questions were asked and answered and in a little time the woods were left behind and the. girls were opening the gate of Renestine's sister's home. The young rescuer, after seeing them safely disappear in the doorway, got on his horse again and trotted off to his hotel, the boy following.

CHAPTER II

SEATED at her work table in her sitting room, Mrs. Bilter was putting the last stitches in a white Swiss dress that Renestine was to wear that night to a ball. The puff sleeve close to the shoulder was the last of the dainty dress to be put on. Mrs. Bilter took eager pleasure in dressing her pretty sister in the daintiest of gowns. When she looked up she saw her husband coming through the gate for his noon dinner. She put down her sewing and moved to meet him on the porch.

"Well, dear, how are you getting on with the ball dress?" For Mr. Bilter was as interested in his little sister-in-law as his wife was. "Renestine will have to look her prettiest to-night. There are some visiting young men in the town and they will be at the ball."

They went in together and were received by old Aunt Mary, a colored family servant who was much respected and held in affection by the members.

"Dinnah jest put on de table, Missus."

"Has Miss Renestine come home?"

"No'm. I's hasn't seen her; prehaps she's kept in fer not knowin' her lessons."

Just then Renestine came in, her cheeks rosy and her large black eyes luminous with the exercise of walking home from school. She entered the dining-room laughing and sat down next to her brother-in-law.

"How were the lessons today, Renestine?" he asked, patting her hand that lay in his. "Arithmetic right?"

"No trouble at all. Oh, I am so glad that you both had the idea to send me to school, I love it. I love to be puzzled over a question and find it out for myself. I love to feel myself gaining knowledge and understanding many things that used to be dark and incomprehensible to me and that seem plain now. I rejoice that I am able to think and speak English," and Renestine turned her head toward her sister and her eyes were moist. "You are very good to me, Aldine, and besides you are spoiling me with all the pretty dresses you make for me."

"Oh, do come in right after dinner and look at your dress for to-night. It is just lovely with the little rosebuds around the shoulders," said Mrs. Bilter.

It did not take long before the three were admiring the fluffy white dress and predicting its success at the ball.

Renestine hurried home after school and sat down by the side of her sister to help sew rosebuds on the flounces of the wide skirt. When the dress was finished Renestine took it to her room and pinned it up on the curtains of her bed to look at it and get the effect of it. Then she got out her little white satin slippers and began the ceremony of the toilette for the ball.

Carriages were coming and going before the brilliantly lighted Colonial house owned by the Good Fellowship Club. The colored drivers sat proud and erect on their boxes and held in their restive horses while their masters and mistresses alighted. Young dandies in ruffled shirts and flowered velvet waistcoats came on foot and sprang eagerly up the steps and vanished through the double doors swung back by colored attendants. Strains of music reached the street and ceased when the doors opened and shut and the sound of many voices in conversation and happy laughter burst upon the ear of the passer-by. Inside, all was gaiety and animation. Festoons of greens hung from the chandelier of kerosene lights and garlands and wreaths decorated the walls of the wide hall and rooms where there was dancing. In the ballroom five colored musicians were the orchestra and the leader "called out" the figures of the lancers and quadrilles. "Face your pardners," he called out as the square dance was begun. Several sets of four couples were formed ready for the first strains of the lancers music and the prompter. "Forward all," and all the couples advanced to the center. "Swing your pardners," "balance corners," the lady and gentleman faced to the right and took steps to the music. "Swing," and they swung around.

The next figure was the "Grand right and left," called out by the prompter and the couples circled around and after a large ring was formed by taking hands and going first to the right and then to the left, amid laughter the dance broke up.

Standing near the window on the porch were two young men. They were smoking cigars and commenting on the guests and the surroundings generally.

"There's a little Queen Esther with her black hair braided and folded over her shell pink ears. Look at her graceful walk. Do you see the one I mean?".asked the taller of the two men.

"Do you mean the one with the rosebuds on her gown?"

"Yes, the very one. She has the most beautiful black eyes I have ever seen."

"Yes, she is a beautiful girl," assented his companion.

"Where have I seen her before? I recognize those eyes."

"You are not captured, are you, Jaffray?"

"Well, I don't know." And they both laughed. "Let us go inside."

They threw away their cigars and went in.

"Miss Jewel, Mr. Starr would like to be presented to you, may I bring him to you?" Renestine looked up and found a friend speaking to her, but before she could answer the tall stranger was at her friend's elbow.

"This is a great pleasure for me," said the newly introduced guest. "But, Miss Jewel, it has been an impression of mine since I first saw you this evening that we have met before. Can you help me settle upon the place, time and occasion?"

"Why, no," laughed Renestine, showing two rows of small, white teeth that enhanced her charm.

"I am sure if we try hard enough we shall soon discover," Jaffray said. "May I sit down?" Renestine drew sideways to allow him to draw up a chair, her hoop skirt spreading her tarlatan flounces some space around her.

"Why, yes, indeed, now that I look at you, the woods, gray moss, three frightened young ladies; it was in the dusk of evening as I was riding from McKinney, all of that picture returns," he put his forefinger to his lips, and looked down at the floor in deep reflection.

For a moment Renestine was silent, then turned rosy red. "Oh, Mr. Starr, was it you who brought us out of the Wilderness and restored us to our families? You appeared at the most fortunate moment, we were really lost," and she laughed heartily. "You are a stranger here, Mr. Starr?"

"Not altogether. I have visited here before on business. Where I live it is lonesome for me and I take my vacations with much the spirit of a school boy. Shall we dance?"

The "Kiss Waltz" was a great favorite and the opening bars were beginning, "Hun" Williams, leader of the orchestra, putting a good swing into it. Renestine and Jaffrey glided with the rhythm of the music and danced until the last strains closed the tuneful composition. Throwing a lace scarf about her shoulders, Jaffray led Renestine to the balcony. The moon was bright as day and the early May dew brought out the fragrance of the jessamine and clematis climbing over the balustrade.

They stood for a time without speaking, feeling the spell of the Southern spring time.

"Is not this solemn beauty? Somehow it hurts, it is so beautiful," said Renestine quietly, her large eyes dreamy and full of softness.

"Ah, you have a poet's soul, Miss Jewel. Will you tell me something of your life? You were not born here?"

They were walking up and down the broad verandah and Renestine was telling him of the little mother so far away, parted from, perhaps never to be seen again. She was saying, "At last when the time came to say good-bye, I clung to my mother's form and in that moment could see my soul, bared, bruised, wounded and somehow the little girl passed with that parting and although I was but a few months younger than I am to-night, I am here just one year, I feel much changed and older." Her lids closed and Jaffray did not interrupt. "Mr. Starr, do you know of any experience more cruel than this parting of parents in Europe with their children to come to America? I think of it now so often. I think there cannot be in all life . . . ."

Jaffray saw the tears in those wonderful eyes. "No, Miss Jewel, no. I know of nothing more humanly cruel! I, too, parted from my beloved mother and twin sister when a mere lad to cross the ocean to seek my fortune in America. A lad barely fifteen years of age, I had no idea of what I was going out to meet in the world when I took my small belongings and journeyed toward these shores. There were no friends, no relatives where I was going; all those were being left behind; but the spirit of adventure possessed me and I wanted more freedom to work out my destiny in and the parting had to be for me and I cannot tell you how I have suffered from homesickness for the beloved Mother and good sister, for the little home in the Rhine village where the terraces of grapes lay just back of our house; that never is forgotten, no matter how long one lives. We have a common bond of sympathy, may I hope it means a tie of friendship?"

She gave him her hand and shortly afterwards he led her back into the ballroom; but the music could not tempt them to dance again and, after seeing Renestine with friends, he said good-night and left.

It was near daylight when Jaffray smoked his last cigar and finally put out the light in his little room in the hotel and went to bed.

Jaffray paid frequent visits to Houston from McKinney, after he met Miss Jewel. Although Renestine was busy with her school work, her sister permitted her, like all the young girls, to accept the attentions of young men who wished to call or who invited her to social affairs.

Jaffray was some years older than Renestine and was aware that she was but a school girl, untutored in the ways of the world, even less than most girls of her age. But Renestine's modesty, her innocence, her beauty, appealed to him as no other woman's charms had done and thoughts of her took possession him. His stuffy little office in McKinney, in the long, narrow store where general merchandise was rather irregularly piled around in high wooden boxes, in barrels, and on shallow shelves, became a

prison house and the weeks endless terms of sentence. It happened that be could not absent himself from duty oftener than once every month and then only from Friday to Sunday night. These days of freedom were now prized tenfold more dearly than if he had had his time free to do as he wished.

Heretofore it had been his dearest wish to employ his spare time with books, reading and studying to improve his mind and for the pleasure that books gave him. Now his thoughts refused to concentrate upon anything but Miss Jewel.

After some weeks of acquaintance there was an exchange of letters which grew into a long correspondence. Those were happy days for Jaffray! Eagerly he would look forward to the mail and from the receipt of each of Renestine's letters to the next he would be in a heaven all his own. He sent her songs and books of verse; he wrote long and throbbing letters, and Winter and Spring, Summer and Autumn were just one long summer day for him with the music of the birds overhead and the earth a garden of blossoms.

CHAPTER III

TWO years went by and Renestine had been the bride of Jaffray Starr three months. Grown into womanhood, she was radiant; happy in her love and secure in the faith of her choice, she went forth from her sister's home full of hope and cheer. Renestine had had many suitors, had had much admiration. She could have become the wife of a young adoring banker; she had refused to listen to the suit of men of more substance than her husband; but because of the quiet manliness of Jaffray Starr, because of his keen intellect, because of his nobility of heart and generous nature, she gave her heart into his keeping, sure that she had made no mistake, and set out with him to share his fortune, whatever it would bring. They had been married and left at once for Jaffray's home at Jefferson, where he had a position in the County Clerk's office. Now they were settled and housekeeping. But it was a long, rough journey they had made from Houston to Jefferson. The railroads had not been built in that section of the country and travel was done by horse teams and in covered wagons. Two good colored servants accompanied them; old Josiah, who drove and took care of the rough work, and his wife; Caroline, to look after the "Missus" and do the cooking. Bringing out kettles and pans tucked away in the wagon, Josiah would build a brushwood fire and Caroline would cook the meals, rations for two weeks having been provided. When it was time to stop for a meal or to rest the horses, Josiah would be on the watch for a clear spring of water along the roadside, would draw up by the side of it and begin preparations for camping. It was not as much of a hardship as Pullman travelers would conclude. The wagons were fitted with springs which gave easily over rough roads and even had a fascination and romance, and in the cool of the evening when a stretch of smooth road lay before them it was delicious to feel the soft air blowing into their faces and to experience the exhilaration of the rapid motion of the wagon. There were also arrangements for comfortable beds.

Word had gone ahead that Jaffray was bringing home a bride and the people were alert to give her welcome. Jaffray never realized how much he was thought of until he came back a Benedict. Homes were thrown open to him and his young wife with offers to remain as long as they would, and all .kinds of propositions made for their comfort and welfare.

"No, thank you, John or Tom or Buck," he would reply, kindly but firmly. "We shall go to the hotel until we can arrange a home. I have already rented a house and it won't take us long to get settled."

Nor did it. In a few weeks Jaffray and Renestine were occupying a small house, not far from the river that skirted the town, with Josiah and Caroline in charge.

"I do not see how anything can be prettier," said Renestine one day after they had been in their home about a week. She had just finished looping the pretty Swiss curtains at the windows of their living room. "I really do not," she continued, stepping back, her finger tips together, her head quizzically on one side. "Nothing can be sweeter or prettier than our home. Jaffray, have you noticed how dainty the chintz furniture is and how well it goes with the walls? I think I deserve commendation for that wall paper, Jaffray."

"Indeed, you do, my darling," returned Jaffray, pulling solemnly at his pipe and looking half amused, half serious, at his young wife. "Are you quite sure the pattern is large enough?" he said, laughing.

"Oh, you ungrateful man, you are making fun of me, I do believe. Come into the dining-room and have dinner. Caroline is just bringing it in."

Arm in arm, they stepped into a long, narrow room which went the width of the house, only excepting a little room off the main bedroom which was used for a dressing room.

The house consisted of a living room, a small hall and across from the living room, the bedroom. Back of the little room was a small porch and detached from the house, but connected by a covered walk, was the kitchen. The dining-room was a foot below the two front rooms, the kitchen joining it by the covered passage way. They could never explain why the dining-room was so arranged, but concluded that the owner had added it on at a later time. It was cosy and comfortable and became attractive under the deft fingers of Renestine. The little covered porch in front of the house was screened by running vines from the gaze of the street.

"Now for my book shelf!" exclaimed Jaffray, after he had smoked his afternoon pipe. "You must help me arrange them, Renestine. No real home without books, little girl."

Josiah brought in the large drygoods box, which he opened, and together Jaffray and Renestine took out the books, dusted them and placed them on the shelves built in one side of the wall. Among them were Byron,

Moore, Pope, History of the United States, Josephus, Irving's Life of Washington. It was late when the last one had been put away, and they were glad enough to rest in their rockers on the porch in the gloaming.

CHAPTER IV

THE day was hot and sultry. The chinaberry trees gave out their sweet flower fragrance, almost too sweet to breathe freely in, while their lacy leaves scarcely stirred. A great shady one grew in the corner of the paling-fence around the yard and close to the two-room living quarters for the negro servants. Aunt Caroline sat in the door combing her wiry hair with a curry comb, a jagged piece of broken mirror in her lap to guide her in her hairdressing; close by were a couple of rush-bottom chairs set face to face and holding across their seats a pillow with a mosquito netting pulled tight across the top of the backs. Every once in a while Aunt Caroline would twist her neck in the direction of the improvised bed and, finding nothing stirring, would resume her hair-brushing.

"Oh, Aunt Caroline," rushed out of the air and a two-year-old little girl threw herself heavily against the old servant's knees, nearly dashing her toilet articles to the ground. Aunt Caroline started, raised her curry brush over her head and shook it hard at the child.

"My lands," she said, in a low voice. "Whar you come from and making all dat noise and your sister lying dar asleep. Ain't you never swine to renembar what I's al'ays tellin' yer, not ter brash up against one like out de Sperrit world and nearly scare yer old mammy ter deth? Ennyhow yer look tired; come heah in my lap and le' me rock yer."

"May I have your looking glass, then, Aunt Caroline?"

"Look out, chile, you'll cut yerself! No. I's got to lay dis up on de shelf for mahself. Dis no lookin' glass fer a white chile. Now you come heah and get in my lap dis minute."

The child, tired from play and romping around, lifted her arms to be taken up into her dear old mammy's lap. With her curlv head pressed against Aunt Caroline's breast, she fell asleep in a little while and was resting there long after Aunt Caroline had stopped tilting her chair forward and backward--a way quite familiar to Southern nurses in lulling children to sleep. In a little while she had succumbed to the silent noon hour herself.

"Looka heah, nigger. What you mean holden dat chile in yer lap and you fast ter sleep? Wake up. Yer heah? Miss Tiny is comin!" Josiah shoved his brogan over Aunt Caroline's thinly shod foot and she jerked her head up with a start.

"Bless mah soul!" She looked around with a frightened appearance at the chairs with the mosquito netting over them and two blue gray eyes were looking up into hers and a little fist was being devoured.

"Here you are with the children," said a low, sweet voice. "I've wondered if Lola was with you. Has the baby been asleep a long time, Aunt Caroline?"

"Yes'm. She jest now waken up. Ain't she purty, Miss Tiny? Just look at her little face looken like a cherub's. She shore is a buiful chile. Looks a hole lot like you wid her big eyes, on'y dey gray 'stead of black."

"Let me take Lola from you and you lift the baby and bring her to the house."

"Yes'm." Aunt Caroline didn't lose an opportunity, however, to turn around to remark to Josiah, who was hoeing not far away, "Yer, Josiah, you jes come heah, suh, and tote dis chile up to de house. She too hebby fer de Missus. You lubbering black nigger, you jes good fer nothin' nohow and doan you eber stamp on my foot agin! Go long, Miss Tiny, we will bring up de chillens!"

Jaffray was home for midday dinner. "I've bought a nurse girl for you, Renestine. Here is the bill of sale," he said, handing a light blue paper to her. Renestine read: "A copper colored girl," etc. When they were seated at the table Jaffray said: "I felt like a mean creature when I paid the money for that girl, but I knew we needed a nurse girl. Aunt Caroline can't cook and care any longer for the children too, so what was to be done? This slavery system is frightful, and mark my words, Renestine, the day will come when the darkies will be free. Where I was born on the Rhine, no one would believe for a moment that I would buy a human being. They would hate me as I hate myself for bartering in human flesh."

"I know, I know, Jaffray. I remember when my sister used to send Josiah out in the morning to work, he would come back in the evening with his pay that he had earned in the blacksmith shop and give it to her, and Aunt Caroline would bring her money, too, that she had made by a hard day's, washing and ironing. Oh, yes, it is all wrong and dreadful, but we will treat them well and wait for the day to set them free!"

"It will not be long now. There are all sorts of rumors about Lincoln doing this 'and that."

"You mean about setting the negroes free?"

"Yes."

"But how? People will not just let them walk away!

"Walk away! Oh, little woman, if it could be brought around that way the threatening clouds would not be so dark ahead! 'Just walk away.' The President is offering to find a way out. One is to 'compensate' owners out of Government funds for the release of their slaves; another is sending them to some warm country for colonization. Of course, he would ask Congress for an appropriation for this."

For long hours they sat reading the latest news in the day's paper and discussing the war reports with a very solemn foreboding of coming events.

CHAPTER V

WHEN the Civil War broke out the women of the South blanched with the terrible ordeal before them, but never for one moment doubted but that their beloved ones would come out of it all victorious. To them it was not conceivable that a cause so plainly one of individual rights could be lost. Sacrifice upon sacrifice was cheerfully made, even gloried in by these wonderful women of the South in 1861 and to the bitter end. Delicately nurtured women denied themselves comforts, sleep, food and drink; they were reduced to personal hardships which were met and borne with a sublime fortitude.

When it was all over those families which had possessed wealth and culture were in the grip of poverty, and it was then that the spirit of Southern womanhood showed its divine strength. Facing family troubles with the courage of noble resignation, those women who had been educated--some abroad--and accomplished, became school teachers at five dollars a month for a pupil, and many a woman to-day bears gratitude in her heart for the sweet influence of these school teachers, which has gone with her into every clime, into every condition, and proved an unfailing guide to the uplands and the heights. Many became seamstresses, some governesses and others traveling companions. But wherever these gentlewoman went they carried refinement and ideals.

The heroism of the Southern women in the Civil War is an Epic in American History!

Renestine was the mother now of three little daughters. Jaffray had gone to Mexico to buy up horses, saddles and commissaries for the army. Caroline and Josiah were her bodyguards and, faithful servants, they saved her little anxieties and looked after the welfare of the children.

Renestine made their little shoes by shaping cloth after their worn ones and sewing them together with pieces of soft cardboard for soles. She made coffee by drying beets, and flour by drying potatoes. Her practical little head was resourceful for any emergency. She felt sad at the separation from her husband, and her large black eyes were mournful but not tearful. To be and doing was her spirit. In spare moments she sat down to her tambourine to do crewel work on a tapestry picture. It was a large subject--The bard Ossian playing his harp to Malvino. Ossian seated on the front of some brown rocks, Malvino seated before him, her hands folded across his knees, full of tender regard for the gentle musician. This work was her pastime and recreation. She selected the worsteds and worked her needle out and in, shading and coloring and outlining with the skill of an artist in paints. Three years she

worked on this picture, almost to the end of the war, almost as long as Penelope worked on her task awaiting Ulysses' return.

In the meantime Jaftray paid short visits to his family and made them as comfortable for periods of his absence as he had it in his power to do. Texas was too far away to be the theatre of battles during the conflict, so that no real harassing of the families by the invading Northern soldiers took place, but her people suffered privations and danger just as much as her sister states and perhaps more after the war was over and the reconstruction period set in.

In 1870 the town of Jefferson was thrown into a panic by the murder one night of a "carpet-bagger." Carpet-bagger was a name given to those men who came into Southern towns after the war to stir up the people, and particularly the darkies, against the authorities. It was necessary for Washington to send troops to Jefferson to restore order.

A stockade was built up on the hill near the new home of Jaffray, for he had found his first little house too small for his growing family, and into this stockade some of Jefferson's prominent citizens were thrown and kept until they could prove their innocence of the charges brought against them, namely, that they had knowledge of the murder of the carpet-bagger. Those were trying days. Jaffray had returned from Mexico in impaired health, which had been caused by the impure drinking water in the country and also the intense heat there. The doctors told him he had to take a long rest.

Things were going badly in the town, military law was established and all men found implicated in the disturbance were drastically punished. The war bad reduced the prosperous store holder to penury, there was little money left to circulate among the people and Jefferson was demoralized in its business, civic and social life.

General Buell, commanding the military occupation, asked as a favor to be put up at Jaffray's house, as it was one of the largest in the town and near the camp. Jaffray consented. So General Buell and his wife came to live with Renestine and Jaffray, and afterwards one or two other officers and their wives joined General Buell. This was a courageous thing for Jaffray to have done, for, with the spirit existing in the town at that critical time, not many residents would harbor the Yankees. It was so dangerous that one night, when the General wished to retire to his rooms across the broad hall, he turned to Jaffray and said:

"Jaffray, put out the lamps before I cross over."

Kerosene lamps were in use and Jaffray put out the light before the officer walked from the sitting room across to his own rooms. In politics Jaffray was a Republican and he had the courage to live up to his convictions in a community that was enraged against Lincoln and his party. But the Republicans stood for free men, whatever color or creed, and Jaffray championed their doctrines. For him humanity, justice and liberty was the breath of his nostrils. This passion for men's rights he had inherited from a long line of ancestors reaching back into the mists of "In the beginning." He was an Israelite.

Renestine was glad to accept this change in their lives, as she realized that Jaffray's affairs were not prosperous and with the assistance of her servants she could help him very well, particularly as he was not in robust health. Whatever situation faced her she met it with high courage and a spirit to do. Their devotion was deep and with their little family they were happy and contented. Sorrow had not spared them, however, for their baby daughter bad contracted whooping cough and died a few months before. Jaffray grieved deeply for the little child and Renestine was almost overcome. But she straightened up herb beautiful head, like a flower after the storm has passed, and comforted her husband.

CHAPTER VI

JAFFRAY was now Postmaster of Jefferson. he city had resumed its normal life and gained in population and wealth. The streets were filled with wagons loaded with bales of cotton brought from as far away as 250 miles by ox teams, which took three weeks.

Jefferson was at the head of navigation on an arm of the Red River. Steamboats came up once or twice a week and the cotton was shipped to New Orleans and from that city to the mills in the East. When the boats arrived the scene on the levee was a very animated one. Negroes would fix large bill hooks into the bagging around the cotton bales and load them into drays. Some of them worked singing, as sailors do when they haul and pull.

Sometimes the captains of the larger steamboats would issue invitations to the families for a soiree, when the excitement would fill society for days. The ladies would dress in their silks and laces and the men spruce up in their frock coats and flowered waistcoats and cross the gang plank into the kerosene-lighted steamboats and dance until morning. Those were red letter days for Jefferson. As a matter of etiquette, when the steamboat was loaded and about to start back, everybody would be at the levee to wave

good-bye. The side paddle would turn and the hospitable captain would be up in the pilot house, waving his cap in return until the churning side-wheel carried him around the bend.

New houses were dotting the town here and there, some of them large and handsome with spacious grounds. Kerosene oil lamps were put up to light the streets and an "Opera House" was built, where many a stock company came to play in tragedy or comedy. Shakespeare's plays were the favorites of the community and Jaffray and Renestine went often to the theatre, accompanied by their two daughters, who were in their advanced school-day years and able to appreciate it. There were two little sons added to their family circle; they remained asleep in their trundle beds with old Aunt Caroline watching over them, as she had watched over the little daughters. Josiah had died right after the war was over, but he lived to see his people freed and schools opened where they could be taught to read and write--a precious privilege. He had said to Aunt Caroline just before his last illness: "Thanks be to God that He has set the colored folks free, but thanks be to Him mosen for gibbin' me a good marsa and missus who gibs me my close, my vittles and my me'cine."

The relation of the household servants to the Southern family was that of trust and affection after their liberation. In advanced years, like old Aunt Caroline, the younger servants saved them unnecessary steps and their days were happy and peaceful.

Near the home which Renestine and Jaffrav occupied almost touching the porch was a huge oak tree spreading wide shade around it. Here the children played; or, if it was a rainy day, they carried their precious dolls and drums into the latticed summer house built for ornamentation and use in very hot weather, where woodbine and honeysuckle ran along its diamond-shaped walls and hung thick and colorful in great waves. Jaffray loved his home and spared nothing that would make it comfortable and attractive.

His days were very arduous now, as he had to learn the methods of a government position. It appealed to him, though, for it was a pursuit which required reading up on rules, laws and regulations, and his bent was for books and instruction from them. While his days passed in attending to the business of the Post Office, his nights were given to study and self-improvement. He was never satisfied with what he achieved; to learn and to know more and more was his ruling passion. Many citizens now called upon him for advice. He would be asked to speak when a new building was opened or a public movement was on foot. They knew him to be generous and full of civic pride. He belonged to the Board of Aldermen and at one time was offered the office of Mayor. He had the confidence and respect of all the inhabitants of the town and his politeness and gentleness were the qualifications which made them love him.

He was a tall, spare figure, with black, well-set eyes, black hair, now showing thin at the temples and somewhat bald; he had a short black beard and moustache and his carriage was upright and dignified. He could be stern, even severe, when things aroused his anger, and nothing could touch his temper quicker than underhand dealings or a mean act. But his whole being was steeped with love of his kind and sympathy with the poor.

In the early days of Jefferson he and a friend bought a deed for a cemetery and presented it to the Jewish community. His home was opened to social and political gatherings where his friends were sure of a warm welcome. Renestine was always the center of attraction of these social affairs. She was proud of her husband and flushed with happiness when she saw him surrounded by admiring groups of men.

At this time a new influence came into their lives. It was a fine old Frenchman, who had drifted down to Jefferson from Alabama, where he had been a professor of piano teaching. His name was D'Archais, and by degrees they learned his history. But the immediate result of their meeting was to give their two little daughters, now eight and ten years old, to him to be instructed in music.

The history of this new friend was a romantic one. During the time of Louis Philippe he left Paris. His property and title had been taken by the revolutionists for he was an aristocrat, a Count, and he found that he was safer with the ocean between him and his beloved Paris.

He landed in Mobile, Alabama, and used his accomplishments of painting and music as a means of gaining a livelihood. For many years he worked in his profession and accumulated enough to lay aside. This he invested in cotton which was destroyed in a warehouse by fire. It was hard, but he began all over again and in the meantime married a widow with a daughter. This step-daughter won his complete affection, and when she married he devoted himself to her two children, a girl and a boy. It was because of these two children that he came to Jefferson, where they were then living.

The music teacher was 70 years old when he came into the lives of Jaffray and Renestine; a polished, grand old man of kingly soul and manners. The little daughters quickly learned to love their dear old teacher and all his life time he was their dear friend.

Jaffray was much impressed by this gentle nobleman and was glad to have the privilege of his friendship for himself and his family. He found that he was easily tired in these days and welcomed nightfall when he could sit on the porch in the twilight of summer and feel the peace of evening creep on apace. Often Mr. D'Archais would join him and chat about travel and the fall and rise of political parties in France.

"I left France after the fall of Louis Philippe," he said, "and came to America. My property was confiscated and I arrived here penniless. A friend of mine had gone to Mobile, Alabama, some years before, and I resolved to follow him. I began life over again and took a position in a young ladies' academy there to teach piano. I had taken lessons from renowned musicians in Paris, the same as taught Napoleon's sister, Pauline, and this was my only means now of making a living.

"I did very well, lived comfortably and saved a little besides, so that when the war broke out I had invested in cotton which was in a warehouse waiting to be sold. A large fire destroyed the warehouse with its contents, leaving me penniless once more, as there was not a dollar of insurance on it.

"In the meantime my friend had died leaving his family--wife and daughter--in my care. I decided to carry out his wish on his deathbed and married his wife soon after. His daughter became my joy and happiness. She was docile, ma foi, so perfect, that in a few years, when she married, I was irreconcilable." Here the music master would stop, let his face drop into his big, white, soft hands for a moment and then go on with his story. "She died three years after her marriage, leaving two children, a boy and a girl. These children were adopted by people here in this state and I followed. Jefferson was recommended to me as a good place to begin a class in music. I am not sorry I came as I have made friends and in my old age I can look forward to peace and a few devoted pupils to brighten the days." Many times during his recital he would exclaim: "Mon Dieu, mon dieu, I have seen many trials and tribulations."

Jaffray was always sorry to see Mr. D'Archais leave; his personality and story were romantic and picturesque. Long into the shadows of the night he would sit watching the stars come out one by one, thinking of the troublous life of the nobleman and simple music teacher.

In the Autumn Jaffray took to his bed utterly worn out and grew very ill, so ill that the family doctor felt a great deal of concern about his symptoms. He instructed that Jaffray be kept very quiet on a low diet and stimulants, to be given every few hours. This treatment benefited Jaffray so that he was able to sit up in a favorite arm chair now and then and listen to Charles Dickens' story, "Our Mutual Friend," then running as a serial in Harper's Magazine, read to him by his little gray-eyed daughter now ten years old.

At the close of the reading one morning he said: "What a great man! I'd rather die to-day and leave behind me the fame of Charles Dickens than live to be a hundred years old."

Much encouraged by Jaffray's condition, Renestine took fresh hope and went about her daily occupation with more energy. She knew Jaffray's tender affection for his children and when on his good days he had been made comfortable in his big arm chair the two young daughters, Lola and Ena, and their little brothers, Lester, Andrew and Frank, were allowed to come into his room and be near him, the infant son Frank resting in his arms, Lola standing by like a little mother watching over them all.

Other days he would look out of the window and watch the big oak tree standing near, with its leaves turning brown, shaking in the wind. Winter was turning the vines on the summer house into lifeless twists of runners and bending the rose hushes until the petals were strewn about the ground.

It was not until the first week in November that Renestine noticed that Jaffray was not as strong as usual. He kept to his bed now altogether, and his great heart seemed to speak to her of what was uppermost there--the parting; after only thirteen years of wedded life the end had come. His little Queen Esther with the rosebuds on her gown!

In his last moments he said to a friend: "What does it matter whether a man lives a little longer or not? It is only the loved ones he leaves that matter."

At his death the city closed the places of business by proclamation of the Mayor, and the long line of followers at his bier to the little cemetery he had given testified to the love his fellow men bore him.

Renestine was crushed. Her five children were to be lived for, of course, but how could she face the long years before her? She was young, inexperienced, unused to the world and its ways. She was overwhelmed by her fate. The assets of a generous man at his death are debts and some friends. Had it not been for the advice and devotion of a few friends, Renestine would have gone

down in the black waters that were now surging around her. The Post Office was looked after until she could find strength in body and mind to assume the duties of Post Mistress to which she was appointed. When she entered the door that first morning it was as a broken spirit without any idea of what she was about to undertake. The task was serious and exacting, she realized, but how to grasp its thousand details? Her master would be the U. S. Government, an uncompromising, stern and bloodless one.

Not many years before, this little woman was an immigrant child, landing with timid step on strange soil. To-day she was ushered into the important office of Government Mail and Money matters, one of the most responsible positions in the country.

With her usual courage and determination to learn, Renestine set about the long figures of quarterly returns and register reports, money order and stamp reports, making up and distributing mail, prompt deliveries and sending out of mail. Her pride in her new life responded to the demands made upon her and she went forward. Unafraid now, for she had a grasp of the difficulties, she bent her work. She pored over her monthly and quarterly returns in the quiet of night, and over and over again she wrote and figured until she understood and could make them out correctly. She was encouraged by her friends, and complimented by the bankers and merchants in the city for her successful efforts.

The first year was a long trial to Renestine. Her children were young and needed her care and guidance as well as the new occupation. But the little mother was all the busier when she returned home in the evening. With a divine strength to perform and serve, she labored.

The education of each child was followed patiently, eagerly, unceasingly, by her. Music and languages, besides the fundamentals, were to be given to each.

The bodies were clothed by her flying fingers at night. What a boon ready-to-wear would have been to this little mother. Not a boy's garment could be had unless it was the handiwork of the household.

One evening, many years afterward, Renestine returned to her home with her sixteenth commission in her hand. She had served the public of Jefferson faithfully and efficiently and the people had honored her. During these years her elder daughter had married but only lived a year after her marriage. This was another searing sorrow and for many days seemed to consume her. Now her second daughter was about to become the wife of a noble man who had long wished to wed her and take her back with him to make their home in New York City.

This evening she sat in the midst of her little family and recalled many scenes of her life. She was still a young woman, forty-eight, and she intended sending her resignation to Washington. She was about to leave Jefferson and follow her daughter to New York where there were better opportunities for the advancement of her three sons.

The following day she went with her prospective son-in-law and her daughter to pay a farewell visit to Mr. D'Archais at his little two-roomed house. The old man rose with his arms outstretched to meet them and his "little girl" was soon enclosed in them. On parting he turned to her soon-to-be husband and said:

"Make her happy. Make my little girl happy," and held his hand affectionately in his own.

So it was that Renestine, the little immigrant girl, became a superb woman of deeds, a wonderful American mother whose grandchildren have fought in this last war to win democracy for the world!

THE END

==========

Untitled

John Locke

Project Gutenberg Release: January 01, 2005 · eBook #7370

SECOND TREATISE OF GOVERNMENT

by JOHN LOCKE

Digitized by Dave Gowan. John Locke's "Second Treatise of Government" was published in 1690. The complete unabridged text has been republished several times in edited commentaries. This text is recovered entire from the paperback book, "John Locke Second Treatise of Government", Edited, with an Introduction, By C.B. McPherson, Hackett Publishing Company, Indianapolis and Cambridge, 1980. None of the McPherson edition is included in the Etext below; only the original words contained in the 1690 Locke text is included. The 1690 edition text is free of copyright.

* * * * *

TWO TREATISES OF GOVERNMENT

BY IOHN LOCKE

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX ESTO

LONDON PRINTED MDCLXXXVIII

REPRINTED, THE SIXTH TIME, BY A. MILLAR, H. WOODFALL, 1. WHISTON AND B. WHITE, 1. RIVINGTON, L. DAVIS AND C. REYMERS, R. BALDWIN, HAWES CLARKE AND COLLINS; W. IOHNSTON, W. OWEN, 1. RICHARDSON, S. CROWDER, T. LONGMAN, B. LAW, C. RIVINGTON, E. DILLY, R. WITHY, C. AND R. WARE, S. BAKER, T. PAYNE, A. SHUCKBURGH, 1. HINXMAN

MDCCLXIII

TWO TREATISES OF GOVERNMENT. IN THE FORMER THE FALSE PRINCIPLES AND FOUNDATION OF SIR ROBERT FILMER AND HIS FOLLOWERS ARE DETECTED AND OVERTHROWN. THE LATTER IS AN ESSAY CONCERNING THE TRUE ORIGINAL EXTENT AND END OF CIVIL GOVERNMENT.

1764 EDITOR'S NOTE The present Edition of this Book has not only been collated with the first three Editions, which were published during the Author's Life, but also has the Advantage of his last Corrections and Improvements, from a Copy delivered by him to Mr. Peter Coste, communicated to the Editor, and now lodged in Christ College, Cambridge.

PREFACE

Reader, thou hast here the beginning and end of a discourse concerning government; what fate has otherwise disposed of the papers that should have filled up the middle, and were more than all the rest, it is not worth while to tell thee. These, which remain, I hope are sufficient to establish the throne of our great restorer, our present King William; to make good his title, in the consent of the people, which being the only one of all lawful governments, he has more fully and clearly, than any prince in Christendom; and to justify to the world the people of England, whose love of their just and natural rights, with their resolution to preserve them, saved the nation when it was on the very brink of slavery and ruin. If these papers have that evidence, I flatter myself is to be found in them, there will be no great miss of those which are lost, and my reader may be satisfied without them: for I imagine, I shall have neither the time, nor inclination to repeat my pains, and fill up the wanting part of my answer, by tracing Sir Robert again, through all the windings and obscurities, which are to be met with in the several branches of his wonderful system. The king, and body of the nation, have since so thoroughly confuted his Hypothesis, that I suppose no body hereafter will have either the confidence to appear against our common safety, and be again an advocate for slavery; or the weakness to be deceived with contradictions dressed up in a popular stile, and well-turned periods: for if any one will be at the pains, himself, in those parts, which are here untouched, to strip Sir Robert's discourses of the flourish of doubtful expressions, and endeavour to reduce his words to direct,

positive, intelligible propositions, and then compare them one with another, he will quickly be satisfied, there was never so much glib nonsense put together in well-sounding English. If he think it not worth while to examine his works all thro', let him make an experiment in that part, where he treats of usurpation; and let him try, whether he can, with all his skill, make Sir Robert intelligible, and consistent with himself, or common sense. I should not speak so plainly of a gentleman, long since past answering, had not the pulpit, of late years, publicly owned his doctrine, and made it the current divinity of the times. It is necessary those men, who taking on them to be teachers, have so dangerously misled others, should be openly shewed of what authority this their Patriarch is, whom they have so blindly followed, that so they may either retract what upon so ill grounds they have vented, and cannot be maintained; or else justify those principles which they preached up for gospel; though they had no better an author than an English courtier: for I should not have writ against Sir Robert, or taken the pains to shew his mistakes, inconsistencies, and want of (what he so much boasts of, and pretends wholly to build on) scripture-proofs, were there not men amongst us, who, by crying up his books, and espousing his doctrine, save me from the reproach of writing against a dead adversary. They have been so zealous in this point, that, if I have done him any wrong, I cannot hope they should spare me. I wish, where they have done the truth and the public wrong, they would be as ready to redress it, and allow its just weight to this reflection, viz. that there cannot be done a greater mischief to prince and people, than the propagating wrong notions concerning government; that so at last all times might not have reason to complain of the Drum Ecclesiastic. If any one, concerned really for truth, undertake the confutation of my Hypothesis, I promise him either to recant my mistake, upon fair conviction; or to answer his difficulties. But he must remember two things.

First, That cavilling here and there, at some expression, or little incident of my discourse, is not an answer to my book.

Secondly, That I shall not take railing for arguments, nor think either of these worth my notice, though I shall always look on myself as bound to give satisfaction to any one, who shall appear to be conscientiously scrupulous in the point, and shall shew any just grounds for his scruples.

I have nothing more, but to advertise the reader, that Observations stands for Observations on Hobbs, Milton, &c. and that a bare quotation of pages always means pages of his Patriarcha, Edition 1680.

Book II

CHAPTER. I.

AN ESSAY CONCERNING THE TRUE ORIGINAL, EXTENT AND END OF CIVIL GOVERNMENT

Sect. 1. It having been shewn in the foregoing discourse,

(1). That Adam had not, either by natural right of fatherhood, or by positive donation from God, any such authority over his children, or dominion over the world, as is pretended:

(2). That if he had, his heirs, yet, had no right to it:

(3). That if his heirs had, there being no law of nature nor positive law of God that determines which is the right heir in all cases that may arise, the right of succession, and consequently of bearing rule, could not have been certainly determined:

(4). That if even that had been determined, yet the knowledge of which is the eldest line of Adam's posterity, being so long since utterly lost, that in the races of mankind and families of the world, there remains not to one above another, the least pretence to be the eldest house, and to have the right of inheritance:

All these premises having, as I think, been clearly made out, it is impossible that the rulers now on earth should make any benefit, or derive any the least shadow of authority from that, which is held to be the fountain of all power, Adam's private dominion and paternal jurisdiction; so that he that will not give just occasion to think that all government in the world is the product only of force and violence, and that men live together by no other rules but that of beasts, where the strongest carries it, and so lay a foundation for perpetual disorder and mischief, tumult, sedition and rebellion, (things that the followers of that hypothesis so loudly cry out against) must of necessity find out another rise of government, another original of political power, and another way of designing and knowing the persons that have it, than what Sir Robert Filmer hath taught us.

Sect. 2. To this purpose, I think it may not be amiss, to set down what I take to be political power; that the power of a MAGISTRATE over a subject may be distinguished from that of a FATHER over his children, a MASTER over his servant, a HUSBAND over his wife, and a LORD over his slave. All which distinct powers happening sometimes together in the same man, if he be considered under these different relations, it may help us to distinguish these powers one from wealth, a father of a family, and a captain of a galley.

Sect. 3. POLITICAL POWER, then, I take to be a RIGHT of making laws with penalties of death, and consequently all less penalties, for the regulating and preserving of property, and of employing the force of the community, in the execution of such laws, and in the defence of the commonwealth from foreign injury; and all this only for the public good.

CHAPTER. II.

OF THE STATE OF NATURE.

Sect. 4. TO understand political power right, and derive it from its original, we must consider, what state all men are naturally in, and that is, a state of perfect freedom to order their actions, and dispose of their possessions and persons, as they think fit, within the bounds of the law of nature, without asking leave, or depending upon the will of any other man.

A state also of equality, wherein all the power and jurisdiction is reciprocal, no one having more than another; there being nothing more evident, than that creatures of the same species and rank, promiscuously born to all the same advantages of nature, and the use of the same faculties, should also be equal one amongst another without subordination or subjection, unless the lord and master of them all should, by any manifest declaration of his will, set one above another, and confer on him, by an evident and clear appointment, an undoubted right to dominion and sovereignty.

Sect. 5. This equality of men by nature, the judicious Hooker looks upon as so evident in itself, and beyond all question, that he makes it the foundation of that obligation to mutual love amongst men, on which he builds the duties they owe one another, and from whence he derives the great maxims of justice and charity. His words are,

/# The like natural inducement hath brought men to know that it is no less their duty, to love others than themselves; for seeing those things which are equal, must needs all have one measure; if I cannot but wish to receive good, even as much at every man's hands, as any man can wish unto his own soul, how should I look to have any part of my desire herein satisfied, unless myself be careful to satisfy the like desire, which is undoubtedly in other men, being of one and the same nature? To have any thing offered them repugnant to this desire, must needs in all respects grieve them as much as me; so that if I do harm, I must look to suffer, there being no reason that others should shew greater measure of love to me, than they have by me shewed unto them: my desire therefore to be loved of my equals in nature as much as possible may be, imposeth upon me a natural duty of bearing to them-ward fully the like affection; from which relation of equality between ourselves and them that are as ourselves, what several rules and canons natural reason hath drawn, for direction of life, no man is ignorant, Eccl. Pol. Lib. 1.

#/

Sect. 6. But though this be a state of liberty, yet it is not a state of licence: though man in that state have an uncontroulable liberty to dispose of his person or possessions, yet he has not liberty to destroy himself, or so much as any creature in his possession, but where some nobler use than its bare preservation calls for it. The state of nature has a law of nature to govern it, which obliges every one: and reason, which is that law, teaches all mankind, who will but consult it, that being all equal and independent, no one ought to harm another in his life, health, liberty, or possessions: for men being all the workmanship of one omnipotent, and infinitely wise maker; all the servants of one sovereign master, sent into the world by his order, and about his business; they are his property, whose workmanship they are, made to last during his, not one another's pleasure: and being furnished with like faculties, sharing all in one community of nature, there cannot be supposed any such subordination among us, that may authorize us to destroy one another, as if we were made for one another's uses, as the inferior ranks of creatures are for our's. Every one, as he is bound to preserve himself, and not to quit his station wilfully, so by the like reason, when his own preservation comes not in competition, ought he, as much as he can, to preserve the rest of mankind, and may not, unless it be to do justice on an offender, take away, or impair the life, or what tends to the preservation of the life, the liberty, health, limb, or goods of another.

Sect. 7. And that all men may be restrained from invading others rights, and from doing hurt to one another, and the law of nature be observed, which willeth the peace and preservation of all mankind, the execution of the law of nature is, in that state, put into

every man's hands, whereby every one has a right to punish the transgressors of that law to such a degree, as may hinder its violation: for the law of nature would, as all other laws that concern men in this world be in vain, if there were no body that in the state of nature had a power to execute that law, and thereby preserve the innocent and restrain offenders. And if any one in the state of nature may punish another for any evil he has done, every one may do so: for in that state of perfect equality, where naturally there is no superiority or jurisdiction of one over another, what any may do in prosecution of that law, every one must needs have a right to do.

Sect. 8. And thus, in the state of nature, one man comes by a power over another; but yet no absolute or arbitrary power, to use a criminal, when he has got him in his hands, according to the passionate heats, or boundless extravagancy of his own will; but only to retribute to him, so far as calm reason and conscience dictate, what is proportionate to his transgression, which is so much as may serve for reparation and restraint: for these two are the only reasons, why one man may lawfully do harm to another, which is that we call punishment. In transgressing the law of nature, the offender declares himself to live by another rule than that of reason and common equity, which is that measure God has set to the actions of men, for their mutual security; and so he becomes dangerous to mankind, the tye, which is to secure them from injury and violence, being slighted and broken by him. Which being a trespass against the whole species, and the peace and safety of it, provided for by the law of nature, every man upon this score, by the right he hath to preserve mankind in general, may restrain, or where it is necessary, destroy things noxious to them, and so may bring such evil on any one, who hath transgressed that law, as may make him repent the doing of it, and thereby deter him, and by his example others, from doing the like mischief. And in the case, and upon this ground, EVERY MAN HATH A RIGHT TO PUNISH THE OFFENDER, AND BE EXECUTIONER OF THE LAW OF NATURE.

Sect. 9. I doubt not but this will seem a very strange doctrine to some men: but before they condemn it, I desire them to resolve me, by what right any prince or state can put to death, or punish an alien, for any crime he commits in their country. It is certain their laws, by virtue of any sanction they receive from the promulgated will of the legislative, reach not a stranger: they speak not to him, nor, if they did, is he bound to hearken to them. The legislative authority, by which they are in force over the subjects of that commonwealth, hath no power over him. Those who have the supreme power of making laws in England, France or Holland, are to an Indian, but like the rest of the world, men without authority: and therefore, if by the law of nature every man hath not a power to punish offences against it, as he soberly judges the case to require, I see not how the magistrates of any community can punish an alien of another country; since, in reference to him, they can have no more power than what every man naturally may have over another.

Sect, 10. Besides the crime which consists in violating the law, and varying from the right rule of reason, whereby a man so far becomes degenerate, and declares himself to quit the principles of human nature, and to be a noxious creature, there is commonly injury done to some person or other, and some other man receives damage by his transgression: in which case he who hath received any damage, has, besides the right of punishment common to him with other men, a particular right to seek reparation from him that has done it: and any other person, who finds it just, may also join with him that is injured, and assist him in recovering from the offender so much as may make satisfaction for the harm he has suffered.

Sect. 11. From these two distinct rights, the one of punishing the crime for restraint, and preventing the like offence, which right of punishing is in every body; the other of taking reparation, which belongs only to the injured party, comes it to pass that the magistrate, who by being magistrate hath the common right of punishing put into his hands, can often, where the public good demands not the execution of the law, remit the punishment of criminal offences by his own authority, but yet cannot remit the satisfaction due to any private man for the damage he has received. That, he who has suffered the damage has a right to demand in his own name, and he alone can remit: the damnified person has this power of appropriating to himself the goods or service of the offender, by right of self-preservation, as every man has a power to punish the crime, to prevent its being committed again, by the right he has of preserving all mankind, and doing all reasonable things he can in order to that end: and thus it is, that every man, in the state of nature, has a power to kill a murderer, both to deter others from doing the like injury, which no reparation can compensate, by the example of the punishment that attends it from every body, and also to secure men from the attempts of a criminal, who having renounced reason, the common rule and measure God hath given to mankind, hath, by the unjust violence and slaughter he hath committed upon one, declared war against all mankind, and therefore may be destroyed as a lion or a tyger, one of those wild savage beasts, with whom men can have no society nor security: and upon this is grounded that great law of nature, Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed. And Cain was so fully convinced, that every one had a right to destroy such a criminal, that after the murder of his brother, he cries out, Every one that findeth me, shall slay me; so plain was it writ in the hearts of all mankind.

Sect. 12. By the same reason may a man in the state of nature punish the lesser breaches of that law. It will perhaps be demanded, with death? I answer, each transgression may be punished to that degree, and with so much severity, as will suffice to make it an ill bargain to the offender, give him cause to repent, and terrify others from doing the like. Every offence, that can be committed in the state of nature, may in the state of nature be also punished equally, and as far forth as it may, in a commonwealth: for though it would be besides my present purpose, to enter here into the particulars of the law of nature, or its measures of punishment; yet, it is certain there is such a law, and that too, as intelligible and plain to a rational creature, and a studier of that law, as the positive laws of commonwealths; nay, possibly plainer; as much as reason is easier to be understood, than the fancies and intricate contrivances of men, following contrary and hidden interests put into words; for so truly are a great part of the municipal laws of countries, which are only so far right, as they are founded on the law of nature, by which they are to be regulated and interpreted.

Sect. 13. To this strange doctrine, viz. That in the state of nature every one has the executive power of the law of nature, I doubt not but it will be objected, that it is unreasonable for men to be judges in their own cases, that self-love will make men partial to themselves and their friends: and on the other side, that ill nature, passion and revenge will carry them too far in punishing others; and hence nothing but confusion and disorder will follow, and that therefore God hath certainly appointed government to restrain the partiality and violence of men. I easily grant, that civil government is the proper remedy for the inconveniencies of the state of nature, which must certainly be great, where men may be judges in their own case, since it is easy to be imagined, that he who was so unjust as to do his brother an injury, will scarce be so just as to condemn himself for it: but I shall desire those who make this objection, to remember, that absolute monarchs are but men; and if government is to be the remedy of those evils, which necessarily follow from men's being judges in their own cases, and the state of nature is therefore not to be endured, I desire to know what kind of government that is, and how much better it is than the state of nature, where one man, commanding a multitude, has the liberty to be judge in his own case, and may do to all his subjects whatever he pleases, without the least liberty to any one to question or controul those who execute his pleasure? and in whatsoever he doth, whether led by reason, mistake or passion, must be submitted to? much better it is in the state of nature, wherein men are not bound to submit to the unjust will of another: and if he that judges, judges amiss in his own, or any other case, he is answerable for it to the rest of mankind.

Sect. 14. It is often asked as a mighty objection, where are, or ever were there any men in such a state of nature? To which it may suffice as an answer at present, that since all princes and rulers of independent governments all through the world, are in a state of nature, it is plain the world never was, nor ever will be, without numbers of men in that state. I have named all governors of independent communities, whether they are, or are not, in league with others: for it is not every compact that puts an end to the state of nature between men, but only this one of agreeing together mutually to enter into one community, and make one body politic; other promises, and compacts, men may make one with another, and yet still be in the state of nature. The promises and bargains for truck, &c. between the two men in the desert island, mentioned by Garcilasso de la Vega, in his history of Peru; or between a Swiss and an Indian, in the woods of America, are binding to them, though they are perfectly in a state of nature, in reference to one another: for truth and keeping of faith belongs to men, as men, and not as members of society.

Sect. 15. To those that say, there were never any men in the state of nature, I will not only oppose the authority of the judicious Hooker, Eccl. Pol. lib. i. sect. 10, where he says,

/# The laws which have been hitherto mentioned, i.e. the laws of nature, do bind men absolutely, even as they are men, although they have never any settled fellowship, never any solemn agreement amongst themselves what to do, or not to do: but forasmuch as we are not by ourselves sufficient to furnish ourselves with competent store of things, needful for such a life as our nature doth desire, a life fit for the dignity of man; therefore to supply those defects and imperfections which are in us, as living single and solely by ourselves, we are naturally induced to seek communion and fellowship with others: this was the cause of men's uniting themselves at first in politic societies.

#/

But I moreover affirm, that all men are naturally in that state, and remain so, till by their own consents they make themselves members of some politic society; and I doubt not in the sequel of this discourse, to make it very clear.

CHAPTER. III.

OF THE STATE OF WAR.

Sect. 16. THE state of war is a state of enmity and destruction: and therefore declaring by word or action, not a passionate and hasty, but a sedate settled design upon another man's life, puts him in a state of war with him against whom he has declared such an intention, and so has exposed his life to the other's power to be taken away by him, or any one that joins with him in his defence, and espouses his quarrel; it being reasonable and just, I should have a right to destroy that which threatens me with destruction: for, by the fundamental law of nature, man being to be preserved as much as possible, when all cannot be preserved, the safety of the innocent is to be preferred: and one may destroy a man who makes war upon him, or has discovered an enmity to his being, for the same reason that he may kill a wolf or a lion; because such men are not under the ties of the commonlaw of reason, have no other rule, but that of force and violence, and so may be treated as beasts of prey, those dangerous and noxious creatures, that will be sure to destroy him whenever he falls into their power.

Sect. 17. And hence it is, that he who attempts to get another man into his absolute power, does thereby put himself into a state of war with him; it being to be understood as a declaration of a design upon his life: for I have reason to conclude, that he who would get me into his power without my consent, would use me as he pleased when he had got me there, and destroy me too when he had a fancy to it; for no body can desire to have me in his absolute power, unless it be to compel me by force to that which is against the right of my freedom, i.e. make me a slave. To be free from such force is the only security of my preservation; and reason bids me look on him, as an enemy to my preservation, who would take away that freedom which is the fence to it; so that he who makes an attempt to enslave me, thereby puts himself into a state of war with me. He that, in the state of nature, would take away the freedom that belongs to any one in that state, must necessarily be supposed to have a design to take away every thing else, that freedom being the foundation of all the rest; as he that, in the state of society, would take away the freedom belonging to those of that society or commonwealth, must be supposed to design to take away from them every thing else, and so be looked on as in a state of war.

Sect. 18. This makes it lawful for a man to kill a thief, who has not in the least hurt him, nor declared any design upon his life, any farther than, by the use of force, so to get him in his power, as to take away his money, or what he pleases, from him; because using force, where he has no right, to get me into his power, let his pretence be what it will, I have no reason to suppose, that he, who would take away my liberty, would not, when he had me in his power, take away every thing else. And therefore it is lawful for me to treat him as one who has put himself into a state of war with me, i.e. kill him if I can; for to that hazard does he justly expose himself, whoever introduces a state of war, and is aggressor in it.

Sect. 19. And here we have the plain difference between the state of nature and the state of war, which however some men have confounded, are as far distant, as a state of peace, good will, mutual assistance and preservation, and a state of enmity, malice, violence and mutual destruction, are one from another. Men living together according to reason, without a common superior on earth, with authority to judge between them, is properly the state of nature. But force, or a declared design of force, upon the person of another, where there is no common superior on earth to appeal to for relief, is the state of war: and it is the want of such an appeal gives a man the right of war even against an aggressor, tho' he be in society and a fellow subject. Thus a thief, whom I cannot harm, but by appeal to the law, for having stolen all that I am worth, I may kill, when he sets on me to rob me but of my horse or coat; because the law, which was made for my preservation, where it cannot interpose to secure my life from present force, which, if lost, is capable of no reparation, permits me my own defence, and the right of war, a liberty to kill the aggressor, because the aggressor allows not time to appeal to our common judge, nor the decision of the law, for remedy in a case where the mischief may be irreparable. Want of a common judge with authority, puts all men in a state of nature: force without right, upon a man's person, makes a state of war, both where there is, and is not, a common judge.

Sect. 20. But when the actual force is over, the state of war ceases between those that are in society, and are equally on both sides subjected to the fair determination of the law; because then there lies open the remedy of appeal for the past injury, and to prevent future harm: but where no such appeal is, as in the state of nature, for want of positive laws, and judges with authority to appeal to, the state of war once begun, continues, with a right to the innocent party to destroy the other whenever he can, until the aggressor offers peace, and desires reconciliation on such terms as may repair any wrongs he has already done, and secure the innocent for the future; nay, where an appeal to the law, and constituted judges, lies open, but the remedy is denied by a manifest perverting of justice, and a barefaced wresting of the laws to protect or indemnify the violence or injuries of some men, or party of men, there it is hard to imagine any thing but a state of war: for wherever violence is used, and injury done, though by hands appointed to administer justice, it is still violence and injury, however coloured with the name, pretences, or forms of law, the end whereof being to protect and redress the innocent, by an unbiassed application of it, to all who are under it; wherever that is not bona fide done, war is made upon the sufferers, who having no appeal on earth to right them, they are left to the only remedy in such cases, an

appeal to heaven.

Sect. 21. To avoid this state of war (wherein there is no appeal but to heaven, and wherein every the least difference is apt to end, where there is no authority to decide between the contenders) is one great reason of men's putting themselves into society, and quitting the state of nature: for where there is an authority, a power on earth, from which relief can be had by appeal, there the continuance of the state of war is excluded, and the controversy is decided by that power. Had there been any such court, any superior jurisdiction on earth, to determine the right between Jephtha and the Ammonites, they had never come to a state of war: but we see he was forced to appeal to heaven. The Lord the Judge (says he) be judge this day between the children of Israel and the children of Ammon, Judg. xi. 27. and then prosecuting, and relying on his appeal, he leads out his army to battle: and therefore in such controversies, where the question is put, who shall be judge? It cannot be meant, who shall decide the controversy; every one knows what Jephtha here tells us, that the Lord the Judge shall judge. Where there is no judge on earth, the appeal lies to God in heaven. That question then cannot mean, who shall judge, whether another hath put himself in a state of war with me, and whether I may, as Jephtha did, appeal to heaven in it? of that I myself can only be judge in my own conscience, as I will answer it, at the great day, to the supreme judge of all men.

CHAPTER. IV.

OF SLAVERY.

Sect. 22. THE natural liberty of man is to be free from any superior power on earth, and not to be under the will or legislative authority of man, but to have only the law of nature for his rule. The liberty of man, in society, is to be under no other legislative power, but that established, by consent, in the commonwealth; nor under the dominion of any will, or restraint of any law, but what that legislative shall enact, according to the trust put in it. Freedom then is not what Sir Robert Filmer tells us, Observations, A. 55. a liberty for every one to do what he lists, to live as he pleases, and not to be tied by any laws: but freedom of men under government is, to have a standing rule to live by, common to every one of that society, and made by the legislative power erected in it; a liberty to follow my own will in all things, where the rule prescribes not; and not to be subject to the inconstant, uncertain, unknown, arbitrary will of another man: as freedom of nature is, to be under no other restraint but the law of nature.

Sect. 23. This freedom from absolute, arbitrary power, is so necessary to, and closely joined with a man's preservation, that he cannot part with it, but by what forfeits his preservation and life together: for a man, not having the power of his own life, cannot, by compact, or his own consent, enslave himself to any one, nor put himself under the absolute, arbitrary power of another, to take away his life, when he pleases. No body can give more power than he has himself; and he that cannot take away his own life, cannot give another power over it. Indeed, having by his fault forfeited his own life, by some act that deserves death; he, to whom he has forfeited it, may (when he has him in his power) delay to take it, and make use of him to his own service, and he does him no injury by it: for, whenever he finds the hardship of his slavery outweigh the value of his life, it is in his power, by resisting the will of his master, to draw on himself the death he desires.

Sect. 24. This is the perfect condition of slavery, which is nothing else, but the state of war continued, between a lawful conqueror and a captive: for, if once compact enter between them, and make an agreement for a limited power on the one side, and obedience on the other, the state of war and slavery ceases, as long as the compact endures: for, as has been said, no man can, by agreement, pass over to another that which he hath not in himself, a power over his own life.

I confess, we find among the Jews, as well as other nations, that men did sell themselves; but, it is plain, this was only to drudgery, not to slavery: for, it is evident, the person sold was not under an absolute, arbitrary, despotical power: for the master could not have power to kill him, at any time, whom, at a certain time, he was obliged to let go free out of his service; and the master of such a servant was so far from having an arbitrary power over his life, that he could not, at pleasure, so much as maim him, but the loss of an eye, or tooth, set him free, Exod. xxi.

CHAPTER. V.

OF PROPERTY.

Sect. 25. Whether we consider natural reason, which tells us, that men, being once born, have a right to their preservation, and consequently to meat and drink, and such other things as nature affords for their subsistence: or revelation, which gives us an

account of those grants God made of the world to Adam, and to Noah, and his sons, it is very clear, that God, as king David says, Psal. cxv. 16. has given the earth to the children of men; given it to mankind in common. But this being supposed, it seems to some a very great difficulty, how any one should ever come to have a property in any thing: I will not content myself to answer, that if it be difficult to make out property, upon a supposition that God gave the world to Adam, and his posterity in common, it is impossible that any man, but one universal monarch, should have any property upon a supposition, that God gave the world to Adam, and his heirs in succession, exclusive of all the rest of his posterity. But I shall endeavour to shew, how men might come to have a property in several parts of that which God gave to mankind in common, and that without any express compact of all the commoners.

Sect. 26. God, who hath given the world to men in common, hath also given them reason to make use of it to the best advantage of life, and convenience. The earth, and all that is therein, is given to men for the support and comfort of their being. And tho' all the fruits it naturally produces, and beasts it feeds, belong to mankind in common, as they are produced by the spontaneous hand of nature; and no body has originally a private dominion, exclusive of the rest of mankind, in any of them, as they are thus in their natural state: yet being given for the use of men, there must of necessity be a means to appropriate them some way or other, before they can be of any use, or at all beneficial to any particular man. The fruit, or venison, which nourishes the wild Indian, who knows no enclosure, and is still a tenant in common, must be his, and so his, i.e. a part of him, that another can no longer have any right to it, before it can do him any good for the support of his life.

Sect. 27. Though the earth, and all inferior creatures, be common to all men, yet every man has a property in his own person: this no body has any right to but himself. The labour of his body, and the work of his hands, we may say, are properly his. Whatsoever then he removes out of the state that nature hath provided, and left it in, he hath mixed his labour with, and joined to it something that is his own, and thereby makes it his property. It being by him removed from the common state nature hath placed it in, it hath by this labour something annexed to it, that excludes the common right of other men: for this labour being the unquestionable property of the labourer, no man but he can have a right to what that is once joined to, at least where there is enough, and as good, left in common for others.

Sect. 28. He that is nourished by the acorns he picked up under an oak, or the apples he gathered from the trees in the wood, has certainly appropriated them to himself. No body can deny but the nourishment is his. I ask then, when did they begin to be his? when he digested? or when he eat? or when he boiled? or when he brought them home? or when he picked them up? and it is plain, if the first gathering made them not his, nothing else could. That labour put a distinction between them and common: that added something to them more than nature, the common mother of all, had done; and so they became his private right. And will any one say, he had no right to those acorns or apples, he thus appropriated, because he had not the consent of all mankind to make them his? Was it a robbery thus to assume to himself what belonged to all in common? If such a consent as that was necessary, man had starved, notwithstanding the plenty God had given him. We see in commons, which remain so by compact, that it is the taking any part of what is common, and removing it out of the state nature leaves it in, which begins the property; without which the common is of no use. And the taking of this or that part, does not depend on the express consent of all the commoners. Thus the grass my horse has bit; the turfs my servant has cut; and the ore I have digged in any place, where I have a right to them in common with others, become my property, without the assignation or consent of any body. The labour that was mine, removing them out of that common state they were in, hath fixed my property in them.

Sect. 29. By making an explicit consent of every commoner, necessary to any one's appropriating to himself any part of what is given in common, children or servants could not cut the meat, which their father or master had provided for them in common, without assigning to every one his peculiar part. Though the water running in the fountain be every one's, yet who can doubt, but that in the pitcher is his only who drew it out? His labour hath taken it out of the hands of nature, where it was common, and belonged equally to all her children, and hath thereby appropriated it to himself.

Sect. 30. Thus this law of reason makes the deer that Indian's who hath killed it; it is allowed to be his goods, who hath bestowed his labour upon it, though before it was the common right of every one. And amongst those who are counted the civilized part of mankind, who have made and multiplied positive laws to determine property, this original law of nature, for the beginning of property, in what was before common, still takes place; and by virtue thereof, what fish any one catches in the ocean, that great and still remaining common of mankind; or what ambergrise any one takes up here, is by the labour that removes it out of that common state nature left it in, made his property, who takes that pains about it. And even amongst us, the hare that any one is hunting, is thought his who pursues her during the chase: for being a beast that is still looked upon as common, and no man's private possession; whoever has employed so much labour about any of that kind, as to find and pursue her, has thereby removed her from the state of nature, wherein she was common, and hath begun a property.

Sect. 31. It will perhaps be objected to this, that if gathering the acorns, or other fruits of the earth, &c. makes a right to them, then any one may ingross as much as he will. To which I answer, Not so. The same law of nature, that does by this means give us property, does also bound that property too. God has given us all things richly, 1 Tim. vi. 12. is the voice of reason confirmed by inspiration. But how far has he given it us? To enjoy. As much as any one can make use of to any advantage of life before it spoils, so much he may by his labour fix a property in: whatever is beyond this, is more than his share, and belongs to others. Nothing was made by God for man to spoil or destroy. And thus, considering the plenty of natural provisions there was a long time in the world, and the few spenders; and to how small a part of that provision the industry of one man could extend itself, and ingross it to the prejudice of others; especially keeping within the bounds, set by reason, of what might serve for his use; there could be then little room for quarrels or contentions about property so established.

Sect. 32. But the chief matter of property being now not the fruits of the earth, and the beasts that subsist on it, but the earth itself; as that which takes in and carries with it all the rest; I think it is plain, that property in that too is acquired as the former. As much land as a man tills, plants, improves, cultivates, and can use the product of, so much is his property. He by his labour does, as it were, inclose it from the common. Nor will it invalidate his right, to say every body else has an equal title to it; and therefore he cannot appropriate, he cannot inclose, without the consent of all his fellow-commoners, all mankind. God, when he gave the world in common to all mankind, commanded man also to labour, and the penury of his condition required it of him. God and his reason commanded him to subdue the earth, i.e. improve it for the benefit of life, and therein lay out something upon it that was his own, his labour. He that in obedience to this command of God, subdued, tilled and sowed any part of it, thereby annexed to it something that was his property, which another had no title to, nor could without injury take from him.

Sect. 33. Nor was this appropriation of any parcel of land, by improving it, any prejudice to any other man, since there was still enough, and as good left; and more than the yet unprovided could use. So that, in effect, there was never the less left for others because of his enclosure for himself: for he that leaves as much as another can make use of, does as good as take nothing at all. No body could think himself injured by the drinking of another man, though he took a good draught, who had a whole river of the same water left him to quench his thirst: and the case of land and water, where there is enough of both, is perfectly the same.

Sect. 34. God gave the world to men in common; but since he gave it them for their benefit, and the greatest conveniencies of life they were capable to draw from it, it cannot be supposed he meant it should always remain common and uncultivated. He gave it to the use of the industrious and rational, (and labour was to be his title to it;) not to the fancy or covetousness of the quarrelsome and contentious. He that had as good left for his improvement, as was already taken up, needed not complain, ought not to meddle with what was already improved by another's labour: if he did, it is plain he desired the benefit of another's pains, which he had no right to, and not the ground which God had given him in common with others to labour on, and whereof there was as good left, as that already possessed, and more than he knew what to do with, or his industry could reach to.

Sect. 35. It is true, in land that is common in England, or any other country, where there is plenty of people under government, who have money and commerce, no one can inclose or appropriate any part, without the consent of all his fellow-commoners; because this is left common by compact, i.e. by the law of the land, which is not to be violated. And though it be common, in respect of some men, it is not so to all mankind; but is the joint property of this country, or this parish. Besides, the remainder, after such enclosure, would not be as good to the rest of the commoners, as the whole was when they could all make use of the whole; whereas in the beginning and first peopling of the great common of the world, it was quite otherwise. The law man was under, was rather for appropriating. God commanded, and his wants forced him to labour. That was his property which could not be taken from him where-ever he had fixed it. And hence subduing or cultivating the earth, and having dominion, we see are joined together. The one gave title to the other. So that God, by commanding to subdue, gave authority so far to appropriate: and the condition of human life, which requires labour and materials to work on, necessarily introduces private possessions.

Sect. 36. The measure of property nature has well set by the extent of men's labour and the conveniencies of life: no man's labour could subdue, or appropriate all; nor could his enjoyment consume more than a small part; so that it was impossible for any man, this way, to intrench upon the right of another, or acquire to himself a property, to the prejudice of his neighbour, who would still have room for as good, and as large a possession (after the other had taken out his) as before it was appropriated. This measure did confine every man's possession to a very moderate proportion, and such as he might appropriate to himself, without injury to any body, in the first ages of the world, when men were more in danger to be lost, by wandering from their company, in the then vast wilderness of the earth, than to be straitened for want of room to plant in. And the same measure may be allowed still without prejudice to any body, as full as the world seems: for supposing a man, or family, in the state they were at first peopling of the world

by the children of Adam, or Noah; let him plant in some inland, vacant places of America, we shall find that the possessions he could make himself, upon the measures we have given, would not be very large, nor, even to this day, prejudice the rest of mankind, or give them reason to complain, or think themselves injured by this man's incroachment, though the race of men have now spread themselves to all the corners of the world, and do infinitely exceed the small number was at the beginning. Nay, the extent of ground is of so little value, without labour, that I have heard it affirmed, that in Spain itself a man may be permitted to plough, sow and reap, without being disturbed, upon land he has no other title to, but only his making use of it. But, on the contrary, the inhabitants think themselves beholden to him, who, by his industry on neglected, and consequently waste land, has increased the stock of corn, which they wanted. But be this as it will, which I lay no stress on; this I dare boldly affirm, that the same rule of propriety, (viz.) that every man should have as much as he could make use of, would hold still in the world, without straitening any body; since there is land enough in the world to suffice double the inhabitants, had not the invention of money, and the tacit agreement of men to put a value on it, introduced (by consent) larger possessions, and a right to them; which, how it has done, I shall by and by shew more at large.

Sect. 37. This is certain, that in the beginning, before the desire of having more than man needed had altered the intrinsic value of things, which depends only on their usefulness to the life of man; or had agreed, that a little piece of yellow metal, which would keep without wasting or decay, should be worth a great piece of flesh, or a whole heap of corn; though men had a right to appropriate, by their labour, each one of himself, as much of the things of nature, as he could use: yet this could not be much, nor to the prejudice of others, where the same plenty was still left to those who would use the same industry. To which let me add, that he who appropriates land to himself by his labour, does not lessen, but increase the common stock of mankind: for the provisions serving to the support of human life, produced by one acre of inclosed and cultivated land, are (to speak much within compass) ten times more than those which are yielded by an acre of land of an equal richness lying waste in common. And therefore he that incloses land, and has a greater plenty of the conveniencies of life from ten acres, than he could have from an hundred left to nature, may truly be said to give ninety acres to mankind: for his labour now supplies him with provisions out of ten acres, which were but the product of an hundred lying in common. I have here rated the improved land very low, in making its product but as ten to one, when it is much nearer an hundred to one: for I ask, whether in the wild woods and uncultivated waste of America, left to nature, without any improvement, tillage or husbandry, a thousand acres yield the needy and wretched inhabitants as many conveniencies of life, as ten acres of equally fertile land do in Devonshire, where they are well cultivated?

Before the appropriation of land, he who gathered as much of the wild fruit, killed, caught, or tamed, as many of the beasts, as he could; he that so imployed his pains about any of the spontaneous products of nature, as any way to alter them from the state which nature put them in, by placing any of his labour on them, did thereby acquire a propriety in them: but if they perished, in his possession, without their due use; if the fruits rotted, or the venison putrified, before he could spend it, he offended against the common law of nature, and was liable to be punished; he invaded his neighbour's share, for he had no right, farther than his use called for any of them, and they might serve to afford him conveniencies of life.

Sect. 38. The same measures governed the possession of land too: whatsoever he tilled and reaped, laid up and made use of, before it spoiled, that was his peculiar right; whatsoever he enclosed, and could feed, and make use of, the cattle and product was also his. But if either the grass of his enclosure rotted on the ground, or the fruit of his planting perished without gathering, and laying up, this part of the earth, notwithstanding his enclosure, was still to be looked on as waste, and might be the possession of any other. Thus, at the beginning, Cain might take as much ground as he could till, and make it his own land, and yet leave enough to Abel's sheep to feed on; a few acres would serve for both their possessions. But as families increased, and industry inlarged their stocks, their possessions inlarged with the need of them; but yet it was commonly without any fixed property in the ground they made use of, till they incorporated, settled themselves together, and built cities; and then, by consent, they came in time, to set out the bounds of their distinct territories, and agree on limits between them and their neighbours; and by laws within themselves, settled the properties of those of the same society: for we see, that in that part of the world which was first inhabited, and therefore like to be best peopled, even as low down as Abraham's time, they wandered with their flocks, and their herds, which was their substance, freely up and down; and this Abraham did, in a country where he was a stranger. Whence it is plain, that at least a great part of the land lay in common; that the inhabitants valued it not, nor claimed property in any more than they made use of. But when there was not room enough in the same place, for their herds to feed together, they by consent, as Abraham and Lot did, Gen. xiii. 5. separated and inlarged their pasture, where it best liked them. And for the same reason Esau went from his father, and his brother, and planted in mount Seir, Gen. xxxvi. 6.

Sect. 39. And thus, without supposing any private dominion, and property in Adam, over all the world, exclusive of all other men, which can no way be proved, nor any one's property be made out from it; but supposing the world given, as it was, to the children of men in common, we see how labour could make men distinct titles to several parcels of it, for their private uses; wherein there could be no doubt of right, no room for quarrel.

Sect. 40. Nor is it so strange, as perhaps before consideration it may appear, that the property of labour should be able to over-balance the community of land: for it is labour indeed that puts the difference of value on every thing; and let any one consider what the difference is between an acre of land planted with tobacco or sugar, sown with wheat or barley, and an acre of the same land lying in common, without any husbandry upon it, and he will find, that the improvement of labour makes the far greater part of the value. I think it will be but a very modest computation to say, that of the products of the earth useful to the life of man nine tenths are the effects of labour: nay, if we will rightly estimate things as they come to our use, and cast up the several expences about them, what in them is purely owing to nature, and what to labour, we shall find, that in most of them ninety-nine hundredths are wholly to be put on the account of labour.

Sect. 41. There cannot be a clearer demonstration of any thing, than several nations of the Americans are of this, who are rich in land, and poor in all the comforts of life; whom nature having furnished as liberally as any other people, with the materials of plenty, i.e. a fruitful soil, apt to produce in abundance, what might serve for food, raiment, and delight; yet for want of improving it by labour, have not one hundredth part of the conveniencies we enjoy: and a king of a large and fruitful territory there, feeds, lodges, and is clad worse than a day-labourer in England.

Sect. 42. To make this a little clearer, let us but trace some of the ordinary provisions of life, through their several progresses, before they come to our use, and see how much they receive of their value from human industry. Bread, wine and cloth, are things of daily use, and great plenty; yet notwithstanding, acorns, water and leaves, or skins, must be our bread, drink and cloathing, did not labour furnish us with these more useful commodities: for whatever bread is more worth than acorns, wine than water, and cloth or silk, than leaves, skins or moss, that is wholly owing to labour and industry; the one of these being the food and raiment which unassisted nature furnishes us with; the other, provisions which our industry and pains prepare for us, which how much they exceed the other in value, when any one hath computed, he will then see how much labour makes the far greatest part of the value of things we enjoy in this world: and the ground which produces the materials, is scarce to be reckoned in, as any, or at most, but a very small part of it; so little, that even amongst us, land that is left wholly to nature, that hath no improvement of pasturage, tillage, or planting, is called, as indeed it is, waste; and we shall find the benefit of it amount to little more than nothing.

This shews how much numbers of men are to be preferred to largeness of dominions; and that the increase of lands, and the right employing of them, is the great art of government: and that prince, who shall be so wise and godlike, as by established laws of liberty to secure protection and encouragement to the honest industry of mankind, against the oppression of power and narrowness of party, will quickly be too hard for his neighbours: but this by the by.

To return to the argument in hand.

Sect. 43. An acre of land, that bears here twenty bushels of wheat, and another in America, which, with the same husbandry, would do the like, are, without doubt, of the same natural intrinsic value: but yet the benefit mankind receives from the one in a year, is worth 5l. and from the other possibly not worth a penny, if all the profit an Indian received from it were to be valued, and sold here; at least, I may truly say, not one thousandth. It is labour then which puts the greatest part of value upon land, without which it would scarcely be worth any thing: it is to that we owe the greatest part of all its useful products; for all that the straw, bran, bread, of that acre of wheat, is more worth than the product of an acre of as good land, which lies waste, is all the effect of labour: for it is not barely the plough-man's pains, the reaper's and thresher's toil, and the baker's sweat, is to be counted into the bread we eat; the labour of those who broke the oxen, who digged and wrought the iron and stones, who felled and framed the timber employed about the plough, mill, oven, or any other utensils, which are a vast number, requisite to this corn, from its being feed to be sown to its being made bread, must all be charged on the account of labour, and received as an effect of that: nature and the earth furnished only the almost worthless materials, as in themselves. It would be a strange catalogue of things, that industry provided and made use of, about every loaf of bread, before it came to our use, if we could trace them; iron, wood, leather, bark, timber, stone, bricks, coals, lime, cloth, dying drugs, pitch, tar, masts, ropes, and all the materials made use of in the ship, that brought any of the commodities made use of by any of the workmen, to any part of the work; all which it would be almost impossible, at least too long, to reckon up.

Sect. 44. From all which it is evident, that though the things of nature are given in common, yet man, by being master of himself, and proprietor of his own person, and the actions or labour of it, had still in himself the great foundation of property; and that, which made up the great part of what he applied to the support or comfort of his being, when invention and arts had improved the conveniencies of life, was perfectly his own, and did not belong in common to others.

Sect. 45. Thus labour, in the beginning, gave a right of property, wherever any one was pleased to employ it upon what was common, which remained a long while the far greater part, and is yet more than mankind makes use of. Men, at first, for the most part, contented themselves with what unassisted nature offered to their necessities: and though afterwards, in some parts of the world, (where the increase of people and stock, with the use of money, had made land scarce, and so of some value) the several communities settled the bounds of their distinct territories, and by laws within themselves regulated the properties of the private men of their society, and so, by compact and agreement, settled the property which labour and industry began; and the leagues that have been made between several states and kingdoms, either expresly or tacitly disowning all claim and right to the land in the others possession, have, by common consent, given up their pretences to their natural common right, which originally they had to those countries, and so have, by positive agreement, settled a property amongst themselves, in distinct parts and parcels of the earth; yet there are still great tracts of ground to be found, which (the inhabitants thereof not having joined with the rest of mankind, in the consent of the use of their common money) lie waste, and are more than the people who dwell on it do, or can make use of, and so still lie in common; tho' this can scarce happen amongst that part of mankind that have consented to the use of money.

Sect. 46. The greatest part of things really useful to the life of man, and such as the necessity of subsisting made the first commoners of the world look after, as it doth the Americans now, are generally things of short duration; such as, if they are not consumed by use, will decay and perish of themselves: gold, silver and diamonds, are things that fancy or agreement hath put the value on, more than real use, and the necessary support of life. Now of those good things which nature hath provided in common, every one had a right (as hath been said) to as much as he could use, and property in all that he could effect with his labour; all that his industry could extend to, to alter from the state nature had put it in, was his. He that gathered a hundred bushels of acorns or apples, had thereby a property in them, they were his goods as soon as gathered. He was only to look, that he used them before they spoiled, else he took more than his share, and robbed others. And indeed it was a foolish thing, as well as dishonest, to hoard up more than he could make use of. If he gave away a part to any body else, so that it perished not uselesly in his possession, these he also made use of. And if he also bartered away plums, that would have rotted in a week, for nuts that would last good for his eating a whole year, he did no injury; he wasted not the common stock; destroyed no part of the portion of goods that belonged to others, so long as nothing perished uselesly in his hands. Again, if he would give his nuts for a piece of metal, pleased with its colour; or exchange his sheep for shells, or wool for a sparkling pebble or a diamond, and keep those by him all his life he invaded not the right of others, he might heap up as much of these durable things as he pleased; the exceeding of the bounds of his just property not lying in the largeness of his possession, but the perishing of any thing uselesly in it.

Sect. 47. And thus came in the use of money, some lasting thing that men might keep without spoiling, and that by mutual consent men would take in exchange for the truly useful, but perishable supports of life.

Sect. 48. And as different degrees of industry were apt to give men possessions in different proportions, so this invention of money gave them the opportunity to continue and enlarge them: for supposing an island, separate from all possible commerce with the rest of the world, wherein there were but an hundred families, but there were sheep, horses and cows, with other useful animals, wholsome fruits, and land enough for corn for a hundred thousand times as many, but nothing in the island, either because of its commonness, or perishableness, fit to supply the place of money; what reason could any one have there to enlarge his possessions beyond the use of his family, and a plentiful supply to its consumption, either in what their own industry produced, or they could barter for like perishable, useful commodities, with others? Where there is not some thing, both lasting and scarce, and so valuable to be hoarded up, there men will not be apt to enlarge their possessions of land, were it never so rich, never so free for them to take: for I ask, what would a man value ten thousand, or an hundred thousand acres of excellent land, ready cultivated, and well stocked too with cattle, in the middle of the inland parts of America, where he had no hopes of commerce with other parts of the world, to draw money to him by the sale of the product? It would not be worth the enclosing, and we should see him give up again to the wild common of nature, whatever was more than would supply the conveniencies of life to be had there for him and his family.

Sect. 49. Thus in the beginning all the world was America, and more so than that is now; for no such thing as money was any where known. Find out something that hath the use and value of money amongst his neighbours, you shall see the same man will begin presently to enlarge his possessions.

Sect. 50. But since gold and silver, being little useful to the life of man in proportion to food, raiment, and carriage, has its value only from the consent of men, whereof labour yet makes, in great part, the measure, it is plain, that men have agreed to a disproportionate and unequal possession of the earth, they having, by a tacit and voluntary consent, found out, a way how a man may fairly possess more land than he himself can use the product of, by receiving in exchange for the overplus gold and silver, which may be hoarded up without injury to any one; these metals not spoiling or decaying in the hands of the possessor. This partage of things in an inequality of private possessions, men have made practicable out of the bounds of society, and without compact, only by putting a value on gold and silver, and tacitly agreeing in the use of money: for in governments, the laws regulate the right of property, and the possession of land is determined by positive constitutions.

Sect. 51. And thus, I think, it is very easy to conceive, without any difficulty, how labour could at first begin a title of property in the common things of nature, and how the spending it upon our uses bounded it. So that there could then be no reason of quarrelling about title, nor any doubt about the largeness of possession it gave. Right and conveniency went together; for as a man had a right to all he could employ his labour upon, so he had no temptation to labour for more than he could make use of. This left no room for controversy about the title, nor for encroachment on the right of others; what portion a man carved to himself, was easily seen; and it was useless, as well as dishonest, to carve himself too much, or take more than he needed.

CHAPTER. VI.

OF PATERNAL POWER.

Sect. 52. IT may perhaps be censured as an impertinent criticism, in a discourse of this nature, to find fault with words and names, that have obtained in the world: and yet possibly it may not be amiss to offer new ones, when the old are apt to lead men into mistakes, as this of paternal power probably has done, which seems so to place the power of parents over their children wholly in the father, as if the mother had no share in it; whereas, if we consult reason or revelation, we shall find, she hath an equal title. This may give one reason to ask, whether this might not be more properly called parental power? for whatever obligation nature and the right of generation lays on children, it must certainly bind them equal to both the concurrent causes of it. And accordingly we see the positive law of God every where joins them together, without distinction, when it commands the obedience of children, Honour thy father and thy mother, Exod. xx. 12. Whosoever curseth his father or his mother, Lev. xx. 9. Ye shall fear every man his mother and his father, Lev. xix. 3. Children, obey your parents, &c. Eph. vi. 1. is the stile of the Old and New Testament.

Sect. 53. Had but this one thing been well considered, without looking any deeper into the matter, it might perhaps have kept men from running into those gross mistakes, they have made, about this power of parents; which, however it might, without any great harshness, bear the name of absolute dominion, and regal authority, when under the title of paternal power it seemed appropriated to the father, would yet have founded but oddly, and in the very name shewn the absurdity, if this supposed absolute power over children had been called parental; and thereby have discovered, that it belonged to the mother too: for it will but very ill serve the turn of those men, who contend so much for the absolute power and authority of the fatherhood, as they call it, that the mother should have any share in it; and it would have but ill supported the monarchy they contend for, when by the very name it appeared, that that fundamental authority, from whence they would derive their government of a single person only, was not placed in one, but two persons jointly. But to let this of names pass.

Sect. 54. Though I have said above, Chap. II. That all men by nature are equal, I cannot be supposed to understand all sorts of equality: age or virtue may give men a just precedency: excellency of parts and merit may place others above the common level: birth may subject some, and alliance or benefits others, to pay an observance to those to whom nature, gratitude, or other respects, may have made it due: and yet all this consists with the equality, which all men are in, in respect of jurisdiction or dominion one over another; which was the equality I there spoke of, as proper to the business in hand, being that equal right, that every man hath, to his natural freedom, without being subjected to the will or authority of any other man.

Sect. 55. Children, I confess, are not born in this full state of equality, though they are born to it. Their parents have a sort of rule and jurisdiction over them, when they come into the world, and for some time after; but it is but a temporary one. The bonds of this subjection are like the swaddling clothes they are wrapt up in, and supported by, in the weakness of their infancy: age and reason as they grow up, loosen them, till at length they drop quite off, and leave a man at his own free disposal.

Sect. 56. Adam was created a perfect man, his body and mind in full possession of their strength and reason, and so was capable, from the first instant of his being to provide for his own support and preservation, and govern his actions according to the dictates of

the law of reason which God had implanted in him. From him the world is peopled with his descendants, who are all born infants, weak and helpless, without knowledge or understanding: but to supply the defects of this imperfect state, till the improvement of growth and age hath removed them, Adam and Eve, and after them all parents were, by the law of nature, under an obligation to preserve, nourish, and educate the children they had begotten; not as their own workmanship, but the workmanship of their own maker, the Almighty, to whom they were to be accountable for them.

Sect. 57. The law, that was to govern Adam, was the same that was to govern all his posterity, the law of reason. But his offspring having another way of entrance into the world, different from him, by a natural birth, that produced them ignorant and without the use of reason, they were not presently under that law; for no body can be under a law, which is not promulgated to him; and this law being promulgated or made known by reason only, he that is not come to the use of his reason, cannot be said to be under this law; and Adam's children, being not presently as soon as born under this law of reason, were not presently free: for law, in its true notion, is not so much the limitation as the direction of a free and intelligent agent to his proper interest, and prescribes no farther than is for the general good of those under that law: could they be happier without it, the law, as an useless thing, would of itself vanish; and that ill deserves the name of confinement which hedges us in only from bogs and precipices. So that, however it may be mistaken, the end of law is not to abolish or restrain, but to preserve and enlarge freedom: for in all the states of created beings capable of laws, where there is no law, there is no freedom: for liberty is, to be free from restraint and violence from others; which cannot be, where there is no law: but freedom is not, as we are told, a liberty for every man to do what he lists: (for who could be free, when every other man's humour might domineer over him?) but a liberty to dispose, and order as he lists, his person, actions, possessions, and his whole property, within the allowance of those laws under which he is, and therein not to be subject to the arbitrary will of another, but freely follow his own.

Sect. 58. The power, then, that parents have over their children, arises from that duty which is incumbent on them, to take care of their off-spring, during the imperfect state of childhood. To inform the mind, and govern the actions of their yet ignorant nonage, till reason shall take its place, and ease them of that trouble, is what the children want, and the parents are bound to: for God having given man an understanding to direct his actions, has allowed him a freedom of will, and liberty of acting, as properly belonging thereunto, within the bounds of that law he is under. But whilst he is in an estate, wherein he has not understanding of his own to direct his will, he is not to have any will of his own to follow: he that understands for him, must will for him too; he must prescribe to his will, and regulate his actions; but when he comes to the estate that made his father a freeman, the son is a freeman too.

Sect. 59. This holds in all the laws a man is under, whether natural or civil. Is a man under the law of nature? What made him free of that law? what gave him a free disposing of his property, according to his own will, within the compass of that law? I answer, a state of maturity wherein he might be supposed capable to know that law, that so he might keep his actions within the bounds of it. When he has acquired that state, he is presumed to know how far that law is to be his guide, and how far he may make use of his freedom, and so comes to have it; till then, some body else must guide him, who is presumed to know how far the law allows a liberty. If such a state of reason, such an age of discretion made him free, the same shall make his son free too. Is a man under the law of England? What made him free of that law? that is, to have the liberty to dispose of his actions and possessions according to his own will, within the permission of that law? A capacity of knowing that law; which is supposed by that law, at the age of one and twenty years, and in some cases sooner. If this made the father free, it shall make the son free too. Till then we see the law allows the son to have no will, but he is to be guided by the will of his father or guardian, who is to understand for him. And if the father die, and fail to substitute a deputy in his trust; if he hath not provided a tutor, to govern his son, during his minority, during his want of understanding, the law takes care to do it; some other must govern him, and be a will to him, till he hath attained to a state of freedom, and his understanding be fit to take the government of his will. But after that, the father and son are equally free as much as tutor and pupil after nonage; equally subjects of the same law together, without any dominion left in the father over the life, liberty, or estate of his son, whether they be only in the state and under the law of nature, or under the positive laws of an established government.

Sect. 60. But if, through defects that may happen out of the ordinary course of nature, any one comes not to such a degree of reason, wherein he might be supposed capable of knowing the law, and so living within the rules of it, he is never capable of being a free man, he is never let loose to the disposure of his own will (because he knows no bounds to it, has not understanding, its proper guide) but is continued under the tuition and government of others, all the time his own understanding is uncapable of that charge. And so lunatics and ideots are never set free from the government of their parents;

/# children, who are not as yet come unto those years whereat they may have; and innocents which are excluded by a natural defect from ever having; thirdly, madmen, which for the present cannot possibly have the use of right reason to guide themselves,

have for their guide, the reason that guideth other men which are tutors over them, to seek and procure their good for them, #/

says Hooker, Eccl. Pol. lib. i. sec. 7. All which seems no more than that duty, which God and nature has laid on man, as well as other creatures, to preserve their offspring, till they can be able to shift for themselves, and will scarce amount to an instance or proof of parents regal authority.

Sect. 61. Thus we are born free, as we are born rational; not that we have actually the exercise of either: age, that brings one, brings with it the other too. And thus we see how natural freedom and subjection to parents may consist together, and are both founded on the same principle. A child is free by his father's title, by his father's understanding, which is to govern him till he hath it of his own. The freedom of a man at years of discretion, and the subjection of a child to his parents, whilst yet short of that age, are so consistent, and so distinguishable, that the most blinded contenders for monarchy, by right of fatherhood, cannot miss this difference; the most obstinate cannot but allow their consistency: for were their doctrine all true, were the right heir of Adam now known, and by that title settled a monarch in his throne, invested with all the absolute unlimited power Sir Robert Filmer talks of; if he should die as soon as his heir were born, must not the child, notwithstanding he were never so free, never so much sovereign, be in subjection to his mother and nurse, to tutors and governors, till age and education brought him reason and ability to govern himself and others? The necessities of his life, the health of his body, and the information of his mind, would require him to be directed by the will of others, and not his own; and yet will any one think, that this restraint and subjection were inconsistent with, or spoiled him of that liberty or sovereignty he had a right to, or gave away his empire to those who had the government of his nonage? This government over him only prepared him the better and sooner for it. If any body should ask me, when my son is of age to be free? I shall answer, just when his monarch is of age to govern. But at what time, says the judicious Hooker, Eccl. Pol. l. i. sect. 6. a man may be said to have attained so far forth the use of reason, as sufficeth to make him capable of those laws whereby he is then bound to guide his actions: this is a great deal more easy for sense to discern, than for any one by skill and learning to determine.

Sect. 62. Common-wealths themselves take notice of, and allow, that there is a time when men are to begin to act like free men, and therefore till that time require not oaths of fealty, or allegiance, or other public owning of, or submission to the government of their countries.

Sect. 63. The freedom then of man, and liberty of acting according to his own will, is grounded on his having reason, which is able to instruct him in that law he is to govern himself by, and make him know how far he is left to the freedom of his own will. To turn him loose to an unrestrained liberty, before he has reason to guide him, is not the allowing him the privilege of his nature to be free; but to thrust him out amongst brutes, and abandon him to a state as wretched, and as much beneath that of a man, as their's. This is that which puts the authority into the parents hands to govern the minority of their children. God hath made it their business to employ this care on their offspring, and hath placed in them suitable inclinations of tenderness and concern to temper this power, to apply it, as his wisdom designed it, to the children's good, as long as they should need to be under it.

Sect. 64. But what reason can hence advance this care of the parents due to their off-spring into an absolute arbitrary dominion of the father, whose power reaches no farther, than by such a discipline, as he finds most effectual, to give such strength and health to their bodies, such vigour and rectitude to their minds, as may best fit his children to be most useful to themselves and others; and, if it be necessary to his condition, to make them work, when they are able, for their own subsistence. But in this power the mother too has her share with the father.

Sect. 65. Nay, this power so little belongs to the father by any peculiar right of nature, but only as he is guardian of his children, that when he quits his care of them, he loses his power over them, which goes along with their nourishment and education, to which it is inseparably annexed; and it belongs as much to the foster-father of an exposed child, as to the natural father of another. So little power does the bare act of begetting give a man over his issue; if all his care ends there, and this be all the title he hath to the name and authority of a father. And what will become of this paternal power in that part of the world, where one woman hath more than one husband at a time? or in those parts of America, where, when the husband and wife part, which happens frequently, the children are all left to the mother, follow her, and are wholly under her care and provision? If the father die whilst the children are young, do they not naturally every where owe the same obedience to their mother, during their minority, as to their father were he alive? and will any one say, that the mother hath a legislative power over her children? that she can make standing rules, which shall be of perpetual obligation, by which they ought to regulate all the concerns of their property, and bound their liberty all the course of their lives? or can she inforce the observation of them with capital punishments? for this is the proper power of the magistrate, of which the father hath not so much as the shadow. His command over his children is but temporary, and reaches not

their life or property: it is but a help to the weakness and imperfection of their nonage, a discipline necessary to their education: and though a father may dispose of his own possessions as he pleases, when his children are out of danger of perishing for want, yet his power extends not to the lives or goods, which either their own industry, or another's bounty has made their's; nor to their liberty neither, when they are once arrived to the infranchisement of the years of discretion. The father's empire then ceases, and he can from thence forwards no more dispose of the liberty of his son, than that of any other man: and it must be far from an absolute or perpetual jurisdiction, from which a man may withdraw himself, having license from divine authority to leave father and mother, and cleave to his wife.

Sect. 66. But though there be a time when a child comes to be as free from subjection to the will and command of his father, as the father himself is free from subjection to the will of any body else, and they are each under no other restraint, but that which is common to them both, whether it be the law of nature, or municipal law of their country; yet this freedom exempts not a son from that honour which he ought, by the law of God and nature, to pay his parents. God having made the parents instruments in his great design of continuing the race of mankind, and the occasions of life to their children; as he hath laid on them an obligation to nourish, preserve, and bring up their offspring; so he has laid on the children a perpetual obligation of honouring their parents, which containing in it an inward esteem and reverence to be shewn by all outward expressions, ties up the child from any thing that may ever injure or affront, disturb or endanger, the happiness or life of those from whom he received his; and engages him in all actions of defence, relief, assistance and comfort of those, by whose means he entered into being, and has been made capable of any enjoyments of life: from this obligation no state, no freedom can absolve children. But this is very far from giving parents a power of command over their children, or an authority to make laws and dispose as they please of their lives or liberties. It is one thing to owe honour, respect, gratitude and assistance; another to require an absolute obedience and submission. The honour due to parents, a monarch in his throne owes his mother; and yet this lessens not his authority, nor subjects him to her government.

Sect. 67. The subjection of a minor places in the father a temporary government, which terminates with the minority of the child: and the honour due from a child, places in the parents a perpetual right to respect, reverence, support and compliance too, more or less, as the father's care, cost, and kindness in his education, has been more or less. This ends not with minority, but holds in all parts and conditions of a man's life. The want of distinguishing these two powers, viz. that which the father hath in the right of tuition, during minority, and the right of honour all his life, may perhaps have caused a great part of the mistakes about this matter: for to speak properly of them, the first of these is rather the privilege of children, and duty of parents, than any prerogative of paternal power. The nourishment and education of their children is a charge so incumbent on parents for their children's good, that nothing can absolve them from taking care of it: and though the power of commanding and chastising them go along with it, yet God hath woven into the principles of human nature such a tenderness for their off-spring, that there is little fear that parents should use their power with too much rigour; the excess is seldom on the severe side, the strong byass of nature drawing the other way. And therefore God almighty when he would express his gentle dealing with the Israelites, he tells them, that though he chastened them, he chastened them as a man chastens his son, Deut. viii. 5. i.e. with tenderness and affection, and kept them under no severer discipline than what was absolutely best for them, and had been less kindness to have slackened. This is that power to which children are commanded obedience, that the pains and care of their parents may not be increased, or ill rewarded.

Sect. 68. On the other side, honour and support, all that which gratitude requires to return for the benefits received by and from them, is the indispensable duty of the child, and the proper privilege of the parents. This is intended for the parents advantage, as the other is for the child's; though education, the parents duty, seems to have most power, because the ignorance and infirmities of childhood stand in need of restraint and correction; which is a visible exercise of rule, and a kind of dominion. And that duty which is comprehended in the word honour, requires less obedience, though the obligation be stronger on grown, than younger children: for who can think the command, Children obey your parents, requires in a man, that has children of his own, the same submission to his father, as it does in his yet young children to him; and that by this precept he were bound to obey all his father's commands, if, out of a conceit of authority, he should have the indiscretion to treat him still as a boy?

Sect. 69. The first part then of paternal power, or rather duty, which is education, belongs so to the father, that it terminates at a certain season; when the business of education is over, it ceases of itself, and is also alienable before: for a man may put the tuition of his son in other hands; and he that has made his son an apprentice to another, has discharged him, during that time, of a great part of his obedience both to himself and to his mother. But all the duty of honour, the other part, remains never the less entire to them; nothing can cancel that: it is so inseparable from them both, that the father's authority cannot dispossess the mother of this right, nor can any man discharge his son from honouring her that bore him. But both these are very far from a power to make laws, and enforcing them with penalties, that may reach estate, liberty, limbs and life. The power of commanding ends with nonage; and

though, after that, honour and respect, support and defence, and whatsoever gratitude can oblige a man to, for the highest benefits he is naturally capable of, be always due from a son to his parents; yet all this puts no scepter into the father's hand, no sovereign power of commanding. He has no dominion over his son's property, or actions; nor any right, that his will should prescribe to his son's in all things; however it may become his son in many things, not very inconvenient to him and his family, to pay a deference to it.

Sect. 70. A man may owe honour and respect to an ancient, or wise man; defence to his child or friend; relief and support to the distressed; and gratitude to a benefactor, to such a degree, that all he has, all he can do, cannot sufficiently pay it: but all these give no authority, no right to any one, of making laws over him from whom they are owing. And it is plain, all this is due not only to the bare title of father; not only because, as has been said, it is owing to the mother too; but because these obligations to parents, and the degrees of what is required of children, may be varied by the different care and kindness, trouble and expence, which is often employed upon one child more than another.

Sect. 71. This shews the reason how it comes to pass, that parents in societies, where they themselves are subjects, retain a power over their children, and have as much right to their subjection, as those who are in the state of nature. Which could not possibly be, if all political power were only paternal, and that in truth they were one and the same thing: for then, all paternal power being in the prince, the subject could naturally have none of it. But these two powers, political and paternal, are so perfectly distinct and separate; are built upon so different foundations, and given to so different ends, that every subject that is a father, has as much a paternal power over his children, as the prince has over his: and every prince, that has parents, owes them as much filial duty and obedience, as the meanest of his subjects do to their's; and can therefore contain not any part or degree of that kind of dominion, which a prince or magistrate has over his subject.

Sect. 72. Though the obligation on the parents to bring up their children, and the obligation on children to honour their parents, contain all the power on the one hand, and submission on the other, which are proper to this relation, yet there is another power ordinarily in the father, whereby he has a tie on the obedience of his children; which tho' it be common to him with other men, yet the occasions of shewing it, almost constantly happening to fathers in their private families, and the instances of it elsewhere being rare, and less taken notice of, it passes in the world for a part of paternal jurisdiction. And this is the power men generally have to bestow their estates on those who please them best; the possession of the father being the expectation and inheritance of the children, ordinarily in certain proportions, according to the law and custom of each country; yet it is commonly in the father's power to bestow it with a more sparing or liberal hand, according as the behaviour of this or that child hath comported with his will and humour.

Sect. 73. This is no small tie on the obedience of children: and there being always annexed to the enjoyment of land, a submission to the government of the country, of which that land is a part; it has been commonly supposed, that a father could oblige his posterity to that government, of which he himself was a subject, and that his compact held them; whereas, it being only a necessary condition annexed to the land, and the inheritance of an estate which is under that government, reaches only those who will take it on that condition, and so is no natural tie or engagement, but a voluntary submission: for every man's children being by nature as free as himself, or any of his ancestors ever were, may, whilst they are in that freedom, choose what society they will join themselves to, what commonwealth they will put themselves under. But if they will enjoy the inheritance of their ancestors, they must take it on the same terms their ancestors had it, and submit to all the conditions annexed to such a possession. By this power indeed fathers oblige their children to obedience to themselves, even when they are past minority, and most commonly too subject them to this or that political power: but neither of these by any peculiar right of fatherhood, but by the reward they have in their hands to inforce and recompence such a compliance; and is no more power than what a French man has over an English man, who by the hopes of an estate he will leave him, will certainly have a strong tie on his obedience: and if, when it is left him, he will enjoy it, he must certainly take it upon the conditions annexed to the possession of land in that country where it lies, whether it be France or England.

Sect. 74. To conclude then, tho' the father's power of commanding extends no farther than the minority of his children, and to a degree only fit for the discipline and government of that age; and tho' that honour and respect, and all that which the Latins called piety, which they indispensably owe to their parents all their life-time, and in all estates, with all that support and defence is due to them, gives the father no power of governing, i.e. making laws and enacting penalties on his children; though by all this he has no dominion over the property or actions of his son: yet it is obvious to conceive how easy it was, in the first ages of the world, and in places still, where the thinness of people gives families leave to separate into unpossessed quarters, and they have room to remove or plant themselves in yet vacant habitations, for the father of the family to become the prince of it;* he had been a ruler

from the beginning of the infancy of his children: and since without some government it would be hard for them to live together, it was likeliest it should, by the express or tacit consent of the children when they were grown up, be in the father, where it seemed without any change barely to continue; when indeed nothing more was required to it, than the permitting the father to exercise alone, in his family, that executive power of the law of nature, which every free man naturally hath, and by that permission resigning up to him a monarchical power, whilst they remained in it. But that this was not by any paternal right, but only by the consent of his children, is evident from hence, that no body doubts, but if a stranger, whom chance or business had brought to his family, had there killed any of his children, or committed any other fact, he might condemn and put him to death, or other-wise have punished him, as well as any of his children; which it was impossible he should do by virtue of any paternal authority over one who was not his child, but by virtue of that executive power of the law of nature, which, as a man, he had a right to: and he alone could punish him in his family, where the respect of his children had laid by the exercise of such a power, to give way to the dignity and authority they were willing should remain in him, above the rest of his family.

(*It is no improbable opinion therefore, which the archphilosopher was of, that the chief person in every houshold was always, as it were, a king: so when numbers of housholds joined themselves in civil societies together, kings were the first kind of governors amongst them, which is also, as it seemeth, the reason why the name of fathers continued still in them, who, of fathers, were made rulers; as also the ancient custom of governors to do as Melchizedec, and being kings, to exercise the office of priests, which fathers did at the first, grew perhaps by the same occasion. Howbeit, this is not the only kind of regiment that has been received in the world. The inconveniences of one kind have caused sundry others to be devised; so that in a word, all public regiment, of what kind soever, seemeth evidently to have risen from the deliberate advice, consultation and composition between men, judging it convenient and behoveful; there being no impossibility in nature considered by itself, but that man might have lived without any public regiment, Hooker's Eccl. Pol. lib. i. sect. 10.)

Sect. 75. Thus it was easy, and almost natural for children, by a tacit, and scarce avoidable consent, to make way for the father's authority and government. They had been accustomed in their childhood to follow his direction, and to refer their little differences to him, and when they were men, who fitter to rule them? Their little properties, and less covetousness, seldom afforded greater controversies; and when any should arise, where could they have a fitter umpire than he, by whose care they had every one been sustained and brought up, and who had a tenderness for them all? It is no wonder that they made no distinction betwixt minority and full age; nor looked after one and twenty, or any other age that might make them the free disposers of themselves and fortunes, when they could have no desire to be out of their pupilage: the government they had been under, during it, continued still to be more their protection than restraint; and they could no where find a greater security to their peace, liberties, and fortunes, than in the rule of a father.

Sect. 76. Thus the natural fathers of families, by an insensible change, became the politic monarchs of them too: and as they chanced to live long, and leave able and worthy heirs, for several successions, or otherwise; so they laid the foundations of hereditary, or elective kingdoms, under several constitutions and manners, according as chance, contrivance, or occasions happened to mould them. But if princes have their titles in their fathers right, and it be a sufficient proof of the natural right of fathers to political authority, because they commonly were those in whose hands we find, de facto, the exercise of government: I say, if this argument be good, it will as strongly prove, that all princes, nay princes only, ought to be priests, since it is as certain, that in the beginning, the father of the family was priest, as that he was ruler in his own houshold.

CHAPTER. VII.

OF POLITICAL OR CIVIL SOCIETY.

Sect. 77. GOD having made man such a creature, that in his own judgment, it was not good for him to be alone, put him under strong obligations of necessity, convenience, and inclination to drive him into society, as well as fitted him with understanding and language to continue and enjoy it. The first society was between man and wife, which gave beginning to that between parents and children; to which, in time, that between master and servant came to be added: and though all these might, and commonly did meet together, and make up but one family, wherein the master or mistress of it had some sort of rule proper to a family; each of these, or all together, came short of political society, as we shall see, if we consider the different ends, ties, and bounds of each of these.

Sect. 78. Conjugal society is made by a voluntary compact between man and woman; and tho' it consist chiefly in such a communion and right in one another's bodies as is necessary to its chief end, procreation; yet it draws with it mutual support and assistance, and a communion of interests too, as necessary not only to unite their care and affection, but also necessary to their

common off-spring, who have a right to be nourished, and maintained by them, till they are able to provide for themselves.

Sect. 79. For the end of conjunction, between male and female, being not barely procreation, but the continuation of the species; thisconjunction betwixt male and female ought to last, even after procreation, so long as is necessary to the nourishment and support of the young ones, who are to be sustained by those that got them, till they are able to shift and provide for themselves. This rule, which the infinite wise maker hath set to the works of his hands, we find the inferior creatures steadily obey. In those viviparous animals which feed on grass, the conjunction between male and female lasts no longer than the very act of copulation; because the teat of the dam being sufficient to nourish the young, till it be able to feed on grass, the male only begets, but concerns not himself for the female or young, to whose sustenance he can contribute nothing. But in beasts of prey the conjunction lasts longer: because the dam not being able well to subsist herself, and nourish her numerous off-spring by her own prey alone, a more laborious, as well as more dangerous way of living, than by feeding on grass, the assistance of the male is necessary to the maintenance of their common family, which cannot subsist till they are able to prey for themselves, but by the joint care of male and female. The same is to be observed in all birds, (except some domestic ones, where plenty of food excuses the cock from feeding, and taking care of the young brood) whose young needing food in the nest, the cock and hen continue mates, till the young are able to use their wing, and provide for themselves.

Sect. 80. And herein I think lies the chief, if not the only reason, why the male and female in mankind are tied to a longer conjunction than other creatures, viz. because the female is capable of conceiving, and de facto is commonly with child again, and brings forth too a new birth, long before the former is out of a dependency for support on his parents help, and able to shift for himself, and has all the assistance is due to him from his parents: whereby the father, who is bound to take care for those he hath begot, is under an obligation to continue in conjugal society with the same woman longer than other creatures, whose young being able to subsist of themselves, before the time of procreation returns again, the conjugal bond dissolves of itself, and they are at liberty, till Hymen at his usual anniversary season summons them again to chuse new mates. Wherein one cannot but admire the wisdom of the great Creator, who having given to man foresight, and an ability to lay up for the future, as well as to supply the present necessity, hath made it necessary, that society of man and wife should be more lasting, than of male and female amongst other creatures; that so their industry might be encouraged, and their interest better united, to make provision and lay up goods for their common issue, which uncertain mixture, or easy and frequent solutions of conjugal society would mightily disturb.

Sect. 81. But tho' these are ties upon mankind, which make the conjugal bonds more firm and lasting in man, than the other species of animals; yet it would give one reason to enquire, why this compact, where procreation and education are secured, and inheritance taken care for, may not be made determinable, either by consent, or at a certain time, or upon certain conditions, as well as any other voluntary compacts, there being no necessity in the nature of the thing, nor to the ends of it, that it should always be for life; I mean, to such as are under no restraint of any positive law, which ordains all such contracts to be perpetual.

Sect. 82. But the husband and wife, though they have but one common concern, yet having different understandings, will unavoidably sometimes have different wills too; it therefore being necessary that the last determination, i. e. the rule, should be placed somewhere; it naturally falls to the man's share, as the abler and the stronger. But this reaching but to the things of their common interest and property, leaves the wife in the full and free possession of what by contract is her peculiar right, and gives the husband no more power over her life than she has over his; the power of the husband being so far from that of an absolute monarch, that the wife has in many cases a liberty to separate from him, where natural right, or their contract allows it; whether that contract be made by themselves in the state of nature, or by the customs or laws of the country they live in; and the children upon such separation fall to the father or mother's lot, as such contract does determine.

Sect. 83. For all the ends of marriage being to be obtained under politic government, as well as in the state of nature, the civil magistrate doth not abridge the right or power of either naturally necessary to those ends, viz. procreation and mutual support and assistance whilst they are together; but only decides any controversy that may arise between man and wife about them. If it were otherwise, and that absolute sovereignty and power of life and death naturally belonged to the husband, and were necessary to the society between man and wife, there could be no matrimony in any of those countries where the husband is allowed no such absolute authority. But the ends of matrimony requiring no such power in the husband, the condition of conjugal society put it not in him, it being not at all necessary to that state. Conjugal society could subsist and attain its ends without it; nay, community of goods, and the power over them, mutual assistance and maintenance, and other things belonging to conjugal society, might be varied and regulated by that contract which unites man and wife in that society, as far as may consist with procreation and the bringing up of children till they could shift for themselves; nothing being necessary to any society, that is not necessary to the ends for which it is made.

Sect. 84. The society betwixt parents and children, and the distinct rights and powers belonging respectively to them, I have treated of so largely, in the foregoing chapter, that I shall not here need to say any thing of it. And I think it is plain, that it is far different from a politic society.

Sect. 85. Master and servant are names as old as history, but given to those of far different condition; for a freeman makes himself a servant to another, by selling him, for a certain time, the service he undertakes to do, in exchange for wages he is to receive: and though this commonly puts him into the family of his master, and under the ordinary discipline thereof; yet it gives the master but a temporary power over him, and no greater than what is contained in the contract between them. But there is another sort of servants, which by a peculiar name we call slaves, who being captives taken in a just war, are by the right of nature subjected to the absolute dominion and arbitrary power of their masters. These men having, as I say, forfeited their lives, and with it their liberties, and lost their estates; and being in the state of slavery, not capable of any property, cannot in that state be considered as any part of civil society; the chief end whereof is the preservation of property.

Sect. 86. Let us therefore consider a master of a family with all these subordinate relations of wife, children, servants, and slaves, united under the domestic rule of a family; which, what resemblance soever it may have in its order, offices, and number too, with a little commonwealth, yet is very far from it, both in its constitution, power and end: or if it must be thought a monarchy, and the paterfamilias the absolute monarch in it, absolute monarchy will have but a very shattered and short power, when it is plain, by what has been said before, that the master of the family has a very distinct and differently limited power, both as to time and extent, over those several persons that are in it; for excepting the slave (and the family is as much a family, and his power as paterfamilias as great, whether there be any slaves in his family or no) he has no legislative power of life and death over any of them, and none too but what a mistress of a family may have as well as he. And he certainly can have no absolute power over the whole family, who has but a very limited one over every individual in it. But how a family, or any other society of men, differ from that which is properly political society, we shall best see, by considering wherein political society itself consists.

Sect. 87. Man being born, as has been proved, with a title to perfect freedom, and an uncontrouled enjoyment of all the rights and privileges of the law of nature, equally with any other man, or number of men in the world, hath by nature a power, not only to preserve his property, that is, his life, liberty and estate, against the injuries and attempts of other men; but to judge of, and punish the breaches of that law in others, as he is persuaded the offence deserves, even with death itself, in crimes where the heinousness of the fact, in his opinion, requires it. But because no political society can be, nor subsist, without having in itself the power to preserve the property, and in order thereunto, punish the offences of all those of that society; there, and there only is political society, where every one of the members hath quitted this natural power, resigned it up into the hands of the community in all cases that exclude him not from appealing for protection to the law established by it. And thus all private judgment of every particular member being excluded, the community comes to be umpire, by settled standing rules, indifferent, and the same to all parties; and by men having authority from the community, for the execution of those rules, decides all the differences that may happen between any members of that society concerning any matter of right; and punishes those offences which any member hath committed against the society, with such penalties as the law has established: whereby it is easy to discern, who are, and who are not, in political society together. Those who are united into one body, and have a common established law and judicature to appeal to, with authority to decide controversies between them, and punish offenders, are in civil society one with another: but those who have no such common appeal, I mean on earth, are still in the state of nature, each being, where there is no other, judge for himself, and executioner; which is, as I have before shewed it, the perfect state of nature.

Sect. 88. And thus the commonwealth comes by a power to set down what punishment shall belong to the several transgressions which they think worthy of it, committed amongst the members of that society, (which is the power of making laws) as well as it has the power to punish any injury done unto any of its members, by any one that is not of it, (which is the power of war and peace;) and all this for the preservation of the property of all the members of that society, as far as is possible. But though every man who has entered into civil society, and is become a member of any commonwealth, has thereby quitted his power to punish offences, against the law of nature, in prosecution of his own private judgment, yet with the judgment of offences, which he has given up to the legislative in all cases, where he can appeal to the magistrate, he has given a right to the commonwealth to employ his force, for the execution of the judgments of the commonwealth, whenever he shall be called to it; which indeed are his own judgments, they being made by himself, or his representative. And herein we have the original of the legislative and executive power of civil society, which is to judge by standing laws, how far offences are to be punished, when committed within the commonwealth; and also to determine, by occasional judgments founded on the present circumstances of the fact, how far injuries from without are to be vindicated; and in both these to employ all the force of all the members, when there shall be need.

Sect. 89. Where-ever therefore any number of men are so united into one society, as to quit every one his executive power of the law of nature, and to resign it to the public, there and there only is a political, or civil society. And this is done, where-ever any number of men, in the state of nature, enter into society to make one people, one body politic, under one supreme government; or else when any one joins himself to, and incorporates with any government already made: for hereby he authorizes the society, or which is all one, the legislative thereof, to make laws for him, as the public good of the society shall require; to the execution whereof, his own assistance (as to his own decrees) is due. And this puts men out of a state of nature into that of a commonwealth, by setting up a judge on earth, with authority to determine all the controversies, and redress the injuries that may happen to any member of the commonwealth; which judge is the legislative, or magistrates appointed by it. And where-ever there are any number of men, however associated, that have no such decisive power to appeal to, there they are still in the state of nature.

Sect. 90. Hence it is evident, that absolute monarchy, which by some men is counted the only government in the world, is indeed inconsistent with civil society, and so can be no form of civil-government at all: for the end of civil society, being to avoid, and remedy those inconveniencies of the state of nature, which necessarily follow from every man's being judge in his own case, by setting up a known authority, to which every one of that society may appeal upon any injury received, or controversy that may arise, and which every one of the society ought to obey;* where-ever any persons are, who have not such an authority to appeal to, for the decision of any difference between them, there those persons are still in the state of nature; and so is every absolute prince, in respect of those who are under his dominion.

(*The public power of all society is above every soul contained in the same society; and the principal use of that power is, to give laws unto all that are under it, which laws in such cases we must obey, unless there be reason shewed which may necessarily inforce, that the law of reason, or of God, doth enjoin the contrary, Hook. Eccl. Pol. l. i. sect. 16.)

Sect. 91. For he being supposed to have all, both legislative and executive power in himself alone, there is no judge to be found, no appeal lies open to any one, who may fairly, and indifferently, and with authority decide, and from whose decision relief and redress may be expected of any injury or inconviency, that may be suffered from the prince, or by his order: so that such a man, however intitled, Czar, or Grand Seignior, or how you please, is as much in the state of nature, with all under his dominion, as he is with the rest of mankind: for where-ever any two men are, who have no standing rule, and common judge to appeal to on earth, for the determination of controversies of right betwixt them, there they are still in the state of* nature, and under all the inconveniencies of it, with only this woful difference to the subject, or rather slave of an absolute prince: that whereas, in the ordinary state of nature, he has a liberty to judge of his right, and according to the best of his power, to maintain it; now, whenever his property is invaded by the will and order of his monarch, he has not only no appeal, as those in society ought to have, but as if he were degraded from the common state of rational creatures, is denied a liberty to judge of, or to defend his right; and so is exposed to all the misery and inconveniencies, that a man can fear from one, who being in the unrestrained state of nature, is yet corrupted with flattery, and armed with power.

(*To take away all such mutual grievances, injuries and wrongs, i.e. such as attend men in the state of nature, there was no way but only by growing into composition and agreement amongst themselves, by ordaining some kind of govemment public, and by yielding themselves subject thereunto, that unto whom they granted authority to rule and govem, by them the peace, tranquillity and happy estate of the rest might be procured. Men always knew that where force and injury was offered, they might be defenders of themselves; they knew that however men may seek their own commodity, yet if this were done with injury unto others, it was not to be suffered, but by all men, and all good means to be withstood. Finally, they knew that no man might in reason take upon him to determine his own right, and according to his own determination proceed in maintenance thereof, in as much as every man is towards himself, and them whom he greatly affects, partial; and therefore that strifes and troubles would be endless, except they gave their common consent, all to be ordered by some, whom they should agree upon, without which consent there would be no reason that one man should take upon him to be lord or judge over another, Hooker's Eccl. Pol. l. i. sect. 10.)

Sect. 92. For he that thinks absolute power purifies men's blood, and corrects the baseness of human nature, need read but the history of this, or any other age, to be convinced of the contrary. He that would have been insolent and injurious in the woods of America, would not probably be much better in a throne; where perhaps learning and religion shall be found out to justify all that he shall do to his subjects, and the sword presently silence all those that dare question it: for what the protection of absolute monarchy is, what kind of fathers of their countries it makes princes to be and to what a degree of happiness and security it carries civil society, where this sort of government is grown to perfection, he that will look into the late relation of Ceylon, may easily see.

Sect. 93. In absolute monarchies indeed, as well as other governments of the world, the subjects have an appeal to the law, and judges to decide any controversies, and restrain any violence that may happen betwixt the subjects themselves, one amongst another. This every one thinks necessary, and believes he deserves to be thought a declared enemy to society and mankind, who should go about to take it away. But whether this be from a true love of mankind and society, and such a charity as we owe all one to another, there is reason to doubt: for this is no more than what every man, who loves his own power, profit, or greatness, may and naturally must do, keep those animals from hurting, or destroying one another, who labour and drudge only for his pleasure and advantage; and so are taken care of, not out of any love the master has for them, but love of himself, and the profit they bring him: for if it be asked, what security, what fence is there, in such a state, against the violence and oppression of this absolute ruler? the very question can scarce be borne. They are ready to tell you, that it deserves death only to ask after safety. Betwixt subject and subject, they will grant, there must be measures, laws and judges, for their mutual peace and security: but as for the ruler, he ought to be absolute, and is above all such circumstances; because he has power to do more hurt and wrong, it is right when he does it. To ask how you may be guarded from harm, or injury, on that side where the strongest hand is to do it, is presently the voice of faction and rebellion: as if when men quitting the state of nature entered into society, they agreed that all of them but one, should be under the restraint of laws, but that he should still retain all the liberty of the state of nature, increased with power, and made licentious by impunity. This is to think, that men are so foolish, that they take care to avoid what mischiefs may be done them by pole-cats, or foxes; but are content, nay, think it safety, to be devoured by lions.

Sect. 94. But whatever flatterers may talk to amuse people's understandings, it hinders not men from feeling; and when they perceive, that any man, in what station soever, is out of the bounds of the civil society which they are of, and that they have no appeal on earth against any harm, they may receive from him, they are apt to think themselves in the state of nature, in respect of him whom they find to be so; and to take care, as soon as they can, to have that safety and security in civil society, for which it was first instituted, and for which only they entered into it. And therefore, though perhaps at first, (as shall be shewed more at large hereafter in the following part of this discourse) some one good and excellent man having got a pre-eminency amongst the rest, had this deference paid to his goodness and virtue, as to a kind of natural authority, that the chief rule, with arbitration of their differences, by a tacit consent devolved into his hands, without any other caution, but the assurance they had of his uprightness and wisdom; yet when time, giving authority, and (as some men would persuade us) sacredness of customs, which the negligent, and unforeseeing innocence of the first ages began, had brought in successors of another stamp, the people finding their properties not secure under the government, as then it was, (whereas government has no other end but the preservation of* property) could never be safe nor at rest, nor think themselves in civil society, till the legislature was placed in collective bodies of men, call them senate, parliament, or what you please. By which means every single person became subject, equally with other the meanest men, to those laws, which he himself, as part of the legislative, had established; nor could any one, by his own authority; avoid the force of the law, when once made; nor by any pretence of superiority plead exemption, thereby to license his own, or the miscarriages of any of his dependents.** No man in civil society can be exempted from the laws of it: for if any man may do what he thinks fit, and there be no appeal on earth, for redress or security against any harm he shall do; I ask, whether he be not perfectly still in the state of nature, and so can be no part or member of that civil society; unless any one will say, the state of nature and civil society are one and the same thing, which I have never yet found any one so great a patron of anarchy as to affirm.

(*At the first, when some certain kind of regiment was once appointed, it may be that nothing was then farther thought upon for the manner of goveming, but all permitted unto their wisdom and discretion, which were to rule, till by experience they found this for all parts very inconvenient, so as the thing which they had devised for a remedy, did indeed but increase the sore, which it should have cured. They saw, that to live by one man's will, became the cause of all men's misery. This constrained them to come unto laws, wherein all men might see their duty beforehand, and know the penalties of transgressing them. Hooker's Eccl. Pol. l. i. sect. 10.)

(**Civil law being the act of the whole body politic, doth therefore over-rule each several part of the same body. Hooker, ibid.)

CHAPTER. VIII.

OF THE BEGINNING OF POLITICAL SOCIETIES.

Sect. 95. MEN being, as has been said, by nature, all free, equal, and independent, no one can be put out of this estate, and subjected to the political power of another, without his own consent. The only way whereby any one divests himself of his natural liberty, and puts on the bonds of civil society, is by agreeing with other men to join and unite into a community for their comfortable,

safe, and peaceable living one amongst another, in a secure enjoyment of their properties, and a greater security against any, that are not of it. This any number of men may do, because it injures not the freedom of the rest; they are left as they were in the liberty of the state of nature. When any number of men have so consented to make one community or government, they are thereby presently incorporated, and make one body politic, wherein the majority have a right to act and conclude the rest.

Sect. 96. For when any number of men have, by the consent of every individual, made a community, they have thereby made that community one body, with a power to act as one body, which is only by the will and determination of the majority: for that which acts any community, being only the consent of the individuals of it, and it being necessary to that which is one body to move one way; it is necessary the body should move that way whither the greater force carries it, which is the consent of the majority: or else it is impossible it should act or continue one body, one community, which the consent of every individual that united into it, agreed that it should; and so every one is bound by that consent to be concluded by the majority. And therefore we see, that in assemblies, impowered to act by positive laws, where no number is set by that positive law which impowers them, the act of the majority passes for the act of the whole, and of course determines, as having, by the law of nature and reason, the power of the whole.

Sect. 97. And thus every man, by consenting with others to make one body politic under one government, puts himself under an obligation, to every one of that society, to submit to the determination of the majority, and to be concluded by it; or else this original compact, whereby he with others incorporates into one society, would signify nothing, and be no compact, if he be left free, and under no other ties than he was in before in the state of nature. For what appearance would there be of any compact? what new engagement if he were no farther tied by any decrees of the society, than he himself thought fit, and did actually consent to? This would be still as great a liberty, as he himself had before his compact, or any one else in the state of nature hath, who may submit himself, and consent to any acts of it if he thinks fit.

Sect. 98. For if the consent of the majority shall not, in reason, be received as the act of the whole, and conclude every individual; nothing but the consent of every individual can make any thing to be the act of the whole: but such a consent is next to impossible ever to be had, if we consider the infirmities of health, and avocations of business, which in a number, though much less than that of a commonwealth, will necessarily keep many away from the public assembly. To which if we add the variety of opinions, and contrariety of interests, which unavoidably happen in all collections of men, the coming into society upon such terms would be only like Cato's coming into the theatre, only to go out again. Such a constitution as this would make the mighty Leviathan of a shorter duration, than the feeblest creatures, and not let it outlast the day it was born in: which cannot be supposed, till we can think, that rational creatures should desire and constitute societies only to be dissolved: for where the majority cannot conclude the rest, there they cannot act as one body, and consequently will be immediately dissolved again.

Sect. 99. Whosoever therefore out of a state of nature unite into a community, must be understood to give up all the power, necessary to the ends for which they unite into society, to the majority of the community, unless they expresly agreed in any number greater than the majority. And this is done by barely agreeing to unite into one political society, which is all the compact that is, or needs be, between the individuals, that enter into, or make up a commonwealth. And thus that, which begins and actually constitutes any political society, is nothing but the consent of any number of freemen capable of a majority to unite and incorporate into such a society. And this is that, and that only, which did, or could give beginning to any lawful government in the world.

Sect. 100. To this I find two objections made. First, That there are no instances to be found in story, of a company of men independent, and equal one amongst another, that met together, and in this way began and set up a government.

Secondly, It is impossible of right, that men should do so, because all men being born under government, they are to submit to that, and are not at liberty to begin a new one.

Sect. 101. To the first there is this to answer, That it is not at all to be wondered, that history gives us but a very little account of men, that lived together in the state of nature. The inconveniences of that condition, and the love and want of society, no sooner brought any number of them together, but they presently united and incorporated, if they designed to continue together. And if we may not suppose men ever to have been in the state of nature, because we hear not much of them in such a state, we may as well suppose the armies of Salmanasser or Xerxes were never children, because we hear little of them, till they were men, and imbodied in armies. Government is every where antecedent to records, and letters seldom come in amongst a people till a long continuation of civil society has, by other more necessary arts, provided for their safety, ease, and plenty: and then they begin to look after the history of their founders, and search into their original, when they have outlived the memory of it: for it is with commonwealths as with particular persons, they are commonly ignorant of their own births and infancies: and if they know any

thing of their original, they are beholden for it, to the accidental records that others have kept of it. And those that we have, of the beginning of any polities in the world, excepting that of the Jews, where God himself immediately interposed, and which favours not at all paternal dominion, are all either plain instances of such a beginning as I have mentioned, or at least have manifest footsteps of it.

Sect. 102. He must shew a strange inclination to deny evident matter of fact, when it agrees not with his hypothesis, who will not allow, that the beginning of Rome and Venice were by the uniting together of several men free and independent one of another, amongst whom there was no natural superiority or subjection. And if Josephus Acosta's word may be taken, he tells us, that in many parts of America there was no government at all.

There are great and apparent conjectures, says he, that these men, speaking of those of Peru, for a long time had neither kings nor commonwealths, but lived in troops, as they do this day in Florida, the Cheriquanas, those of Brazil, and many other nations, which have no certain kings, but as occasion is offered, in peace or war, they choose their captains as they please, 1. i. c. 25.

If it be said, that every man there was born subject to his father, or the head of his family; that the subjection due from a child to a father took not away his freedom of uniting into what political society he thought fit, has been already proved. But be that as it will, these men, it is evident, were actually free; and whatever superiority some politicians now would place in any of them, they themselves claimed it not, but by consent were all equal, till by the same consent they set rulers over themselves. So that their politic societies all began from a voluntary union, and the mutual agreement of men freely acting in the choice of their governors, and forms of government.

Sect. 103. And I hope those who went away from Sparta with Palantus, mentioned by Justin, 1. iii. c. 4. will be allowed to have been freemen independent one of another, and to have set up a government over themselves, by their own consent. Thus I have given several examples, out of history, of people free and in the state of nature, that being met together incorporated and began a commonwealth. And if the want of such instances be an argument to prove that government were not, nor could not be so begun, I suppose the contenders for paternal empire were better let it alone, than urge it against natural liberty: for if they can give so many instances, out of history, of governments begun upon paternal right, I think (though at best an argument from what has been, to what should of right be, has no great force) one might, without any great danger, yield them the cause. But if I might advise them in the case, they would do well not to search too much into the original of governments, as they have begun de facto, lest they should find, at the foundation of most of them, something very little favourable to the design they promote, and such a power as they contend for.

Sect. 104. But to conclude, reason being plain on our side, that men are naturally free, and the examples of history shewing, that the governments of the world, that were begun in peace, had their beginning laid on that foundation, and were made by the consent of the people; there can be little room for doubt, either where the right is, or what has been the opinion, or practice of mankind, about the first erecting of governments.

Sect. 105. I will not deny, that if we look back as far as history will direct us, towards the original of commonwealths, we shall generally find them under the government and administration of one man. And I am also apt to believe, that where a family was numerous enough to subsist by itself, and continued entire together, without mixing with others, as it often happens, where there is much land, and few people, the government commonly began in the father: for the father having, by the law of nature, the same power with every man else to punish, as he thought fit, any offences against that law, might thereby punish his transgressing children, even when they were men, and out of their pupilage; and they were very likely to submit to his punishment, and all join with him against the offender, in their turns, giving him thereby power to execute his sentence against any transgression, and so in effect make him the law-maker, and governor over all that remained in conjunction with his family. He was fittest to be trusted; paternal affection secured their property and interest under his care; and the custom of obeying him, in their childhood, made it easier to submit to him, rather than to any other. If therefore they must have one to rule them, as government is hardly to be avoided amongst men that live together; who so likely to be the man as he that was their common father; unless negligence, cruelty, or any other defect of mind or body made him unfit for it? But when either the father died, and left his next heir, for want of age, wisdom, courage, or any other qualities, less fit for rule; or where several families met, and consented to continue together; there, it is not to be doubted, but they used their natural freedom, to set up him, whom they judged the ablest, and most likely, to rule well over them. Conformable hereunto we find the people of America, who (living out of the reach of the conquering swords, and spreading domination of the two great empires of Peru and Mexico) enjoyed their own natural freedom, though, caeteris paribus, they commonly prefer the heir of their deceased king; yet if they find him any way weak, or uncapable, they pass him by,

and set up the stoutest and bravest man for their ruler.

Sect. 106. Thus, though looking back as far as records give us any account of peopling the world, and the history of nations, we commonly find the government to be in one hand; yet it destroys not that which I affirm, viz. that the beginning of politic society depends upon the consent of the individuals, to join into, and make one society; who, when they are thus incorporated, might set up what form of government they thought fit. But this having given occasion to men to mistake, and think, that by nature government was monarchical, and belonged to the father, it may not be amiss here to consider, why people in the beginning generally pitched upon this form, which though perhaps the father's pre-eminency might, in the first institution of some commonwealths, give a rise to, and place in the beginning, the power in one hand; yet it is plain that the reason, that continued the form of government in a single person, was not any regard, or respect to paternal authority; since all petty monarchies, that is, almost all monarchies, near their original, have been commonly, at least upon occasion, elective.

Sect. 107. First then, in the beginning of things, the father's government of the childhood of those sprung from him, having accustomed them to the rule of one man, and taught them that where it was exercised with care and skill, with affection and love to those under it, it was sufficient to procure and preserve to men all the political happiness they sought for in society. It was no wonder that they should pitch upon, and naturally run into that form of government, which from their infancy they had been all accustomed to; and which, by experience, they had found both easy and safe. To which, if we add, that monarchy being simple, and most obvious to men, whom neither experience had instructed in forms of government, nor the ambition or insolence of empire had taught to beware of the encroachments of prerogative, or the inconveniences of absolute power, which monarchy in succession was apt to lay claim to, and bring upon them, it was not at all strange, that they should not much trouble themselves to think of methods of restraining any exorbitances of those to whom they had given the authority over them, and of balancing the power of government, by placing several parts of it in different hands. They had neither felt the oppression of tyrannical dominion, nor did the fashion of the age, nor their possessions, or way of living, (which afforded little matter for covetousness or ambition) give them any reason to apprehend or provide against it; and therefore it is no wonder they put themselves into such a frame of government, as was not only, as I said, most obvious and simple, but also best suited to their present state and condition; which stood more in need of defence against foreign invasions and injuries, than of multiplicity of laws. The equality of a simple poor way of living, confining their desires within the narrow bounds of each man's small property, made few controversies, and so no need of many laws to decide them, or variety of officers to superintend the process, or look after the execution of justice, where there were but few trespasses, and few offenders. Since then those, who like one another so well as to join into society, cannot but be supposed to have some acquaintance and friendship together, and some trust one in another; they could not but have greater apprehensions of others, than of one another: and therefore their first care and thought cannot but be supposed to be, how to secure themselves against foreign force. It was natural for them to put themselves under a frame of government which might best serve to that end, and chuse the wisest and bravest man to conduct them in their wars, and lead them out against their enemies, and in this chiefly be their ruler.

Sect. 108. Thus we see, that the kings of the Indians in America, which is still a pattern of the first ages in Asia and Europe, whilst the inhabitants were too few for the country, and want of people and money gave men no temptation to enlarge their possessions of land, or contest for wider extent of ground, are little more than generals of their armies; and though they command absolutely in war, yet at home and in time of peace they exercise very little dominion, and have but a very moderate sovereignty, the resolutions of peace and war being ordinarily either in the people, or in a council. Tho' the war itself, which admits not of plurality of governors, naturally devolves the command into the king's sole authority.

Sect. 109. And thus in Israel itself, the chief business of their judges, and first kings, seems to have been to be captains in war, and leaders of their armies; which (besides what is signified by going out and in before the people, which was, to march forth to war, and home again in the heads of their forces) appears plainly in the story of Jephtha. The Ammonites making war upon Israel, the Gileadites in fear send to Jephtha, a bastard of their family whom they had cast off, and article with him, if he will assist them against the Ammonites, to make him their ruler; which they do in these words, And the people made him head and captain over them, Judg. xi, 11. which was, as it seems, all one as to be judge. And he judged Israel, judg. xii. 7. that is, was their captain-general six years. So when Jotham upbraids the Shechemites with the obligation they had to Gideon, who had been their judge and ruler, he tells them, He fought for you, and adventured his life far, and delivered you out of the hands of Midian, Judg. ix. 17. Nothing mentioned of him but what he did as a general: and indeed that is all is found in his history, or in any of the rest of the judges. And Abimelech particularly is called king, though at most he was but their general. And when, being weary of the ill conduct of Samuel's sons, the children of Israel desired a king, like all the nations to judge them, and to go out before them, and to fight

their battles, I. Sam viii. 20. God granting their desire, says to Samuel, I will send thee a man, and thou shalt anoint him to be captain over my people Israel, that he may save my people out of the hands of the Philistines, ix. 16. As if the only business of a king had been to lead out their armies, and fight in their defence; and accordingly at his inauguration pouring a vial of oil upon him, declares to Saul, that the Lord had anointed him to be captain over his inheritance, x. 1. And therefore those, who after Saul's being solemnly chosen and saluted king by the tribes at Mispah, were unwilling to have him their king, made no other objection but this, How shall this man save us? v. 27. as if they should have said, this man is unfit to be our king, not having skill and conduct enough in war, to be able to defend us. And when God resolved to transfer the government to David, it is in these words, But now thy kingdom shall not continue: the Lord hath sought him a man after his own heart, and the Lord hath commanded him to be captain over his people, xiii. 14. As if the whole kingly authority were nothing else but to be their general: and therefore the tribes who had stuck to Saul's family, and opposed David's reign, when they came to Hebron with terms of submission to him, they tell him, amongst other arguments they had to submit to him as to their king, that he was in effect their king in Saul's time, and therefore they had no reason but to receive him as their king now. Also (say they) in time past, when Saul was king over us, thou wast he that reddest out and broughtest in Israel, and the Lord said unto thee, Thou shalt feed my people Israel, and thou shalt be a captain over Israel.

Sect. 110. Thus, whether a family by degrees grew up into a commonwealth, and the fatherly authority being continued on to the elder son, every one in his turn growing up under it, tacitly submitted to it, and the easiness and equality of it not offending any one, every one acquiesced, till time seemed to have confirmed it, and settled a right of succession by prescription: or whether several families, or the descendants of several families, whom chance, neighbourhood, or business brought together, uniting into society, the need of a general, whose conduct might defend them against their enemies in war, and the great confidence the innocence and sincerity of that poor but virtuous age, (such as are almost all those which begin governments, that ever come to last in the world) gave men one of another, made the first beginners of commonwealths generally put the rule into one man's hand, without any other express limitation or restraint, but what the nature of the thing, and the end of government required: which ever of those it was that at first put the rule into the hands of a single person, certain it is no body was intrusted with it but for the public good and safety, and to those ends, in the infancies of commonwealths, those who had it commonly used it. And unless they had done so, young societies could not have subsisted; without such nursing fathers tender and careful of the public weal, all governments would have sunk under the weakness and infirmities of their infancy, and the prince and the people had soon perished together.

Sect. 111. But though the golden age (before vain ambition, and amor sceleratus habendi, evil concupiscence, had corrupted men's minds into a mistake of true power and honour) had more virtue, and consequently better governors, as well as less vicious subjects, and there was then no stretching prerogative on the one side, to oppress the people; nor consequently on the other, any dispute about privilege, to lessen or restrain the power of the magistrate, and so no contest betwixt rulers and people about governors or government: yet, when ambition and luxury in future ages* would retain and increase the power, without doing the business for which it was given; and aided by flattery, taught princes to have distinct and separate interests from their people, men found it necessary to examine more carefully the original and rights of government; and to find out ways to restrain the exorbitances, and prevent the abuses of that power, which they having intrusted in another's hands only for their own good, they found was made use of to hurt them.

(*At first, when some certain kind of regiment was once approved, it may be nothing was then farther thought upon for the manner of governing, but all permitted unto their wisdom and discretion which were to rule, till by experience they found this for all parts very inconvenient, so as the thing which they had devised for a remedy, did indeed but increase the sore which it should have cured. They saw, that to live by one man's will, became the cause of all men's misery. This constrained them to come unto laws wherein all men might see their duty before hand, and know the penalties of transgressing them. Hooker's Eccl. Pol. l. i. sect. 10.)

Sect. 112. Thus we may see how probable it is, that people that were naturally free, and by their own consent either submitted to the government of their father, or united together out of different families to make a government, should generally put the rule into one man's hands, and chuse to be under the conduct of a single person, without so much as by express conditions limiting or regulating his power, which they thought safe enough in his honesty and prudence; though they never dreamed of monarchy being lure Divino, which we never heard of among mankind, till it was revealed to us by the divinity of this last age; nor ever allowed paternal power to have a right to dominion, or to be the foundation of all government. And thus much may suffice to shew, that as far as we have any light from history, we have reason to conclude, that all peaceful beginnings of government have been laid in the consent of the people. I say peaceful, because I shall have occasion in another place to speak of conquest, which some esteem a way of beginning of governments.

The other objection I find urged against the beginning of polities, in the way I have mentioned, is this, viz.

Sect. 113. That all men being born under government, some or other, it is impossible any of them should ever be free, and at liberty to unite together, and begin a new one, or ever be able to erect a lawful government.

If this argument be good; I ask, how came so many lawful monarchies into the world? for if any body, upon this supposition, can shew me any one man in any age of the world free to begin a lawful monarchy, I will be bound to shew him ten other free men at liberty, at the same time to unite and begin a new government under a regal, or any other form; it being demonstration, that if any one, born under the dominion of another, may be so free as to have a right to command others in a new and distinct empire, every one that is born under the dominion of another may be so free too, and may become a ruler, or subject, of a distinct separate government. And so by this their own principle, either all men, however born, are free, or else there is but one lawful prince, one lawful government in the world. And then they have nothing to do, but barely to shew us which that is; which when they have done, I doubt not but all mankind will easily agree to pay obedience to him.

Sect. 114. Though it be a sufficient answer to their objection, to shew that it involves them in the same difficulties that it doth those they use it against; yet I shall endeavour to discover the weakness of this argument a little farther. All men, say they, are born under government, and therefore they cannot be at liberty to begin a new one. Every one is born a subject to his father, or his prince, and is therefore under the perpetual tie of subjection and allegiance. It is plain mankind never owned nor considered any such natural subjection that they were born in, to one or to the other that tied them, without their own consents, to a subjection to them and their heirs.

Sect. 115. For there are no examples so frequent in history, both sacred and profane, as those of men withdrawing themselves, and their obedience, from the jurisdiction they were born under, and the family or community they were bred up in, and setting up new governments in other places; from whence sprang all that number of petty commonwealths in the beginning of ages, and which always multiplied, as long as there was room enough, till the stronger, or more fortunate, swallowed the weaker; and those great ones again breaking to pieces, dissolved into lesser dominions. All which are so many testimonies against paternal sovereignty, and plainly prove, that it was not the natural right of the father descending to his heirs, that made governments in the beginning, since it was impossible, upon that ground, there should have been so many little kingdoms; all must have been but only one universal monarchy, if men had not been at liberty to separate themselves from their families, and the government, be it what it will, that was set up in it, and go and make distinct commonwealths and other governments, as they thought fit.

Sect. 116. This has been the practice of the world from its first beginning to this day; nor is it now any more hindrance to the freedom of mankind, that they are born under constituted and ancient polities, that have established laws, and set forms of government, than if they were born in the woods, amongst the unconfined inhabitants, that run loose in them: for those, who would persuade us, that by being born under any government, we are naturally subjects to it, and have no more any title or pretence to the freedom of the state of nature, have no other reason (bating that of paternal power, which we have already answered) to produce for it, but only, because our fathers or progenitors passed away their natural liberty, and thereby bound up themselves and their posterity to a perpetual subjection to the government, which they themselves submitted to. It is true, that whatever engagements or promises any one has made for himself, he is under the obligation of them, but cannot, by any compact whatsoever, bind his children or posterity: for his son, when a man, being altogether as free as the father, any act of the father can no more give away the liberty of the son, than it can of any body else: he may indeed annex such conditions to the land, he enjoyed as a subject of any commonwealth, as may oblige his son to be of that community, if he will enjoy those possessions which were his father's; because that estate being his father's property, he may dispose, or settle it, as he pleases.

Sect. 117. And this has generally given the occasion to mistake in this matter; because commonwealths not permitting any part of their dominions to be dismembered, nor to be enjoyed by any but those of their community, the son cannot ordinarily enjoy the possessions of his father, but under the same terms his father did, by becoming a member of the society; whereby he puts himself presently under the government he finds there established, as much as any other subject of that commonwealth. And thus the consent of freemen, born under government, which only makes them members of it, being given separately in their turns, as each comes to be of age, and not in a multitude together; people take no notice of it, and thinking it not done at all, or not necessary, conclude they are naturally subjects as they are men.

Sect. 118. But, it is plain, governments themselves understand it otherwise; they claim no power over the son, because of that they had over the father; nor look on children as being their subjects, by their fathers being so. If a subject of England have a child, by an

English woman in France, whose subject is he? Not the king of England's; for he must have leave to be admitted to the privileges of it: nor the king of France's; for how then has his father a liberty to bring him away, and breed him as he pleases? and who ever was judged as a traytor or deserter, if he left, or warred against a country, for being barely born in it of parents that were aliens there? It is plain then, by the practice of governments themselves, as well as by the law of right reason, that a child is born a subject of no country or government. He is under his father's tuition and authority, till he comes to age of discretion; and then he is a freeman, at liberty what government he will put himself under, what body politic he will unite himself to: for if an Englishman's son, born in France, be at liberty, and may do so, it is evident there is no tie upon him by his father's being a subject of this kingdom; nor is he bound up by any compact of his ancestors. And why then hath not his son, by the same reason, the same liberty, though he be born any where else? Since the power that a father hath naturally over his children, is the same, where-ever they be born, and the ties of natural obligations, are not bounded by the positive limits of kingdoms and commonwealths.

Sect. 119. Every man being, as has been shewed, naturally free, and nothing being able to put him into subjection to any earthly power, but only his own consent; it is to be considered, what shall be understood to be a sufficient declaration of a man's consent, to make him subject to the laws of any government. There is a common distinction of an express and a tacit consent, which will concern our present case. No body doubts but an express consent, of any man entering into any society, makes him a perfect member of that society, a subject of that government. The difficulty is, what ought to be looked upon as a tacit consent, and how far it binds, i.e. how far any one shall be looked on to have consented, and thereby submitted to any government, where he has made no expressions of it at all. And to this I say, that every man, that hath any possessions, or enjoyment, of any part of the dominions of any government, doth thereby give his tacit consent, and is as far forth obliged to obedience to the laws of that government, during such enjoyment, as any one under it; whether this his possession be of land, to him and his heirs for ever, or a lodging only for a week; or whether it be barely travelling freely on the highway; and in effect, it reaches as far as the very being of any one within the territories of that government.

Sect. 120. To understand this the better, it is fit to consider, that every man, when he at first incorporates himself into any commonwealth, he, by his uniting himself thereunto, annexed also, and submits to the community, those possessions, which he has, or shall acquire, that do not already belong to any other government: for it would be a direct contradiction, for any one to enter into society with others for the securing and regulating of property; and yet to suppose his land, whose property is to be regulated by the laws of the society, should be exempt from the jurisdiction of that government, to which he himself, the proprietor of the land, is a subject. By the same act therefore, whereby any one unites his person, which was before free, to any commonwealth, by the same he unites his possessions, which were before free, to it also; and they become, both of them, person and possession, subject to the government and dominion of that commonwealth, as long as it hath a being. Whoever therefore, from thenceforth, by inheritance, purchase, permission, or otherways, enjoys any part of the land, so annexed to, and under the government of that commonwealth, must take it with the condition it is under; that is, of submitting to the government of the commonwealth, under whose jurisdiction it is, as far forth as any subject of it.

Sect. 121. But since the government has a direct jurisdiction only over the land, and reaches the possessor of it, (before he has actually incorporated himself in the society) only as he dwells upon, and enjoys that; the obligation any one is under, by virtue of such enjoyment, to submit to the government, begins and ends with the enjoyment; so that whenever the owner, who has given nothing but such a tacit consent to the government, will, by donation, sale, or otherwise, quit the said possession, he is at liberty to go and incorporate himself into any other commonwealth; or to agree with others to begin a new one, in vacuis locis, in any part of the world, they can find free and unpossessed: whereas he, that has once, by actual agreement, and any express declaration, given his consent to be of any commonwealth, is perpetually and indispensably obliged to be, and remain unalterably a subject to it, and can never be again in the liberty of the state of nature; unless, by any calamity, the government he was under comes to be dissolved; or else by some public act cuts him off from being any longer a member of it.

Sect. 122. But submitting to the laws of any country, living quietly, and enjoying privileges and protection under them, makes not a man a member of that society: this is only a local protection and homage due to and from all those, who, not being in a state of war, come within the territories belonging to any government, to all parts whereof the force of its laws extends. But this no more makes a man a member of that society, a perpetual subject of that commonwealth, than it would make a man a subject to another, in whose family he found it convenient to abide for some time; though, whilst he continued in it, he were obliged to comply with the laws, and submit to the government he found there. And thus we see, that foreigners, by living all their lives under another government, and enjoying the privileges and protection of it, though they are bound, even in conscience, to submit to its administration, as far forth as any denison; yet do not thereby come to be subjects or members of that commonwealth. Nothing can make any man so, but his

actually entering into it by positive engagement, and express promise and compact. This is that, which I think, concerning the beginning of political societies, and that consent which makes any one a member of any commonwealth.

CHAPTER. IX.

OF THE ENDS OF POLITICAL SOCIETY AND GOVERNMENT.

Sect. 123. IF man in the state of nature be so free, as has been said; if he be absolute lord of his own person and possessions, equal to the greatest, and subject to no body, why will he part with his freedom? why will he give up this empire, and subject himself to the dominion and controul of any other power? To which it is obvious to answer, that though in the state of nature he hath such a right, yet the enjoyment of it is very uncertain, and constantly exposed to the invasion of others: for all being kings as much as he, every man his equal, and the greater part no strict observers of equity and justice, the enjoyment of the property he has in this state is very unsafe, very unsecure. This makes him willing to quit a condition, which, however free, is full of fears and continual dangers: and it is not without reason, that he seeks out, and is willing to join in society with others, who are already united, or have a mind to unite, for the mutual preservation of their lives, liberties and estates, which I call by the general name, property.

Sect. 124. The great and chief end, therefore, of men's uniting into commonwealths, and putting themselves under government, is the preservation of their property. To which in the state of nature there are many things wanting.

First, There wants an established, settled, known law, received and allowed by common consent to be the standard of right and wrong, and the common measure to decide all controversies between them: for though the law of nature be plain and intelligible to all rational creatures; yet men being biassed by their interest, as well as ignorant for want of study of it, are not apt to allow of it as a law binding to them in the application of it to their particular cases.

Sect. 125. Secondly, In the state of nature there wants a known and indifferent judge, with authority to determine all differences according to the established law: for every one in that state being both judge and executioner of the law of nature, men being partial to themselves, passion and revenge is very apt to carry them too far, and with too much heat, in their own cases; as well as negligence, and unconcernedness, to make them too remiss in other men's.

Sect. 126. Thirdly, In the state of nature there often wants power to back and support the sentence when right, and to give it due execution, They who by any injustice offended, will seldom fail, where they are able, by force to make good their injustice; such resistance many times makes the punishment dangerous, and frequently destructive, to those who attempt it.

Sect. 127. Thus mankind, notwithstanding all the privileges of the state of nature, being but in an ill condition, while they remain in it, are quickly driven into society. Hence it comes to pass, that we seldom find any number of men live any time together in this state. The inconveniencies that they are therein exposed to, by the irregular and uncertain exercise of the power every man has of punishing the transgressions of others, make them take sanctuary under the established laws of government, and therein seek the preservation of their property. It is this makes them so willingly give up every one his single power of punishing, to be exercised by such alone, as shall be appointed to it amongst them; and by such rules as the community, or those authorized by them to that purpose, shall agree on. And in this we have the original right and rise of both the legislative and executive power, as well as of the governments and societies themselves.

Sect. 128. For in the state of nature, to omit the liberty he has of innocent delights, a man has two powers.

The first is to do whatsoever he thinks fit for the preservation of himself, and others within the permission of the law of nature: by which law, common to them all, he and all the rest of mankind are one community, make up one society, distinct from all other creatures. And were it not for the corruption and vitiousness of degenerate men, there would be no need of any other; no necessity that men should separate from this great and natural community, and by positive agreements combine into smaller and divided associations.

The other power a man has in the state of nature, is the power to punish the crimes committed against that law. Both these he gives up, when he joins in a private, if I may so call it, or particular politic society, and incorporates into any commonwealth, separate from the rest of mankind.

Sect. 129. The first power, viz. of doing whatsoever he thought for the preservation of himself, and the rest of mankind, he gives up to be regulated by laws made by the society, so far forth as the preservation of himself, and the rest of that society shall require;

which laws of the society in many things confine the liberty he had by the law of nature.

Sect. 130. Secondly, The power of punishing he wholly gives up, and engages his natural force, (which he might before employ in the execution of the law of nature, by his own single authority, as he thought fit) to assist the executive power of the society, as the law thereof shall require: for being now in a new state, wherein he is to enjoy many conveniencies, from the labour, assistance, and society of others in the same community, as well as protection from its whole strength; he is to part also with as much of his natural liberty, in providing for himself, as the good, prosperity, and safety of the society shall require; which is not only necessary, but just, since the other members of the society do the like.

Sect. 131. But though men, when they enter into society, give up the equality, liberty, and executive power they had in the state of nature, into the hands of the society, to be so far disposed of by the legislative, as the good of the society shall require; yet it being only with an intention in every one the better to preserve himself, his liberty and property; (for no rational creature can be supposed to change his condition with an intention to be worse) the power of the society, or legislative constituted by them, can never be supposed to extend farther, than the common good; but is obliged to secure every one's property, by providing against those three defects above mentioned, that made the state of nature so unsafe and uneasy. And so whoever has the legislative or supreme power of any commonwealth, is bound to govern by established standing laws, promulgated and known to the people, and not by extemporary decrees; by indifferent and upright judges, who are to decide controversies by those laws; and to employ the force of the community at home, only in the execution of such laws, or abroad to prevent or redress foreign injuries, and secure the community from inroads and invasion. And all this to be directed to no other end, but the peace, safety, and public good of the people.

CHAPTER. X.

OF THE FORMS OF A COMMON-WEALTH.

Sect. 132. THE majority having, as has been shewed, upon men's first uniting into society, the whole power of the community naturally in them, may employ all that power in making laws for the community from time to time, and executing those laws by officers of their own appointing; and then the form of the government is a perfect democracy: or else may put the power of making laws into the hands of a few select men, and their heirs or successors; and then it is an oligarchy: or else into the hands of one man, and then it is a monarchy: if to him and his heirs, it is an hereditary monarchy: if to him only for life, but upon his death the power only of nominating a successor to return to them; an elective monarchy. And so accordingly of these the community may make compounded and mixed forms of government, as they think good. And if the legislative power be at first given by the majority to one or more persons only for their lives, or any limited time, and then the supreme power to revert to them again; when it is so reverted, the community may dispose of it again anew into what hands they please, and so constitute a new form of government: for the form of government depending upon the placing the supreme power, which is the legislative, it being impossible to conceive that an inferior power should prescribe to a superior, or any but the supreme make laws, according as the power of making laws is placed, such is the form of the commonwealth.

Sect. 133. By commonwealth, I must be understood all along to mean, not a democracy, or any form of government, but any independent community, which the Latines signified by the word civitas, to which the word which best answers in our language, is commonwealth, and most properly expresses such a society of men, which community or city in English does not; for there may be subordinate communities in a government; and city amongst us has a quite different notion from commonwealth: and therefore, to avoid ambiguity, I crave leave to use the word commonwealth in that sense, in which I find it used by king James the first; and I take it to be its genuine signification; which if any body dislike, I consent with him to change it for a better.

CHAPTER. XI.

OF THE EXTENT OF THE LEGISLATIVE POWER.

Sect. 134. THE great end of men's entering into society, being the enjoyment of their properties in peace and safety, and the great instrument and means of that being the laws established in that society; the first and fundamental positive law of all commonwealths is the establishing of the legislative power; as the first and fundamental natural law, which is to govern even the legislative itself, is the preservation of the society, and (as far as will consist with the public good) of every person in it. This legislative is not only the supreme power of the commonwealth, but sacred and unalterable in the hands where the community have

once placed it; nor can any edict of any body else, in what form soever conceived, or by what power soever backed, have the force and obligation of a law, which has not its sanction from that legislative which the public has chosen and appointed: for without this the law could not have that, which is absolutely necessary to its being a law,* the consent of the society, over whom no body can have a power to make laws, but by their own consent, and by authority received from them; and therefore all the obedience, which by the most solemn ties any one can be obliged to pay, ultimately terminates in this supreme power, and is directed by those laws which it enacts: nor can any oaths to any foreign power whatsoever, or any domestic subordinate power, discharge any member of the society from his obedience to the legislative, acting pursuant to their trust; nor oblige him to any obedience contrary to the laws so enacted, or farther than they do allow; it being ridiculous to imagine one can be tied ultimately to obey any power in the society, which is not the supreme.

(*The lawful power of making laws to command whole politic societies of men, belonging so properly unto the same intire societies, that for any prince or potentate of what kind soever upon earth, to exercise the same of himself, and not by express commission immediately and personally received from God, or else by authority derived at the first from their consent, upon whose persons they impose laws, it is no better than mere tyranny. Laws they are not therefore which public approbation hath not made so. Hooker's Eccl. Pol. l. i. sect. 10.

Of this point therefore we are to note, that such men naturally have no full and perfect power to command whole politic multitudes of men, therefore utterly without our consent, we could in such sort be at no man's commandment living. And to be commanded we do consent, when that society, whereof we be a part, hath at any time before consented, without revoking the same after by the like universal agreement. Laws therefore human, of what kind so ever, are available by consent. Ibid.)

Sect. 135. Though the legislative, whether placed in one or more, whether it be always in being, or only by intervals, though it be the supreme power in every commonwealth; yet:

First, It is not, nor can possibly be absolutely arbitrary over the lives and fortunes of the people: for it being but the joint power of every member of the society given up to that person, or assembly, which is legislator; it can be no more than those persons had in a state of nature before they entered into society, and gave up to the community: for no body can transfer to another more power than he has in himself; and no body has an absolute arbitrary power over himself, or over any other, to destroy his own life, or take away the life or property of another. A man, as has been proved, cannot subject himself to the arbitrary power of another; and having in the state of nature no arbitrary power over the life, liberty, or possession of another, but only so much as the law of nature gave him for the preservation of himself, and the rest of mankind; this is all he doth, or can give up to the commonwealth, and by it to the legislative power, so that the legislative can have no more than this. Their power, in the utmost bounds of it, is limited to the public good of the society. It is a power, that hath no other end but preservation, and therefore can never have a right to destroy, enslave, or designedly to impoverish the subjects.* The obligations of the law of nature cease not in society, but only in many cases are drawn closer, and have by human laws known penalties annexed to them, to inforce their observation. Thus the law of nature stands as an eternal rule to all men, legislators as well as others. The rules that they make for other men's actions, must, as well as their own and other men's actions, be conformable to the law of nature, i.e. to the will of God, of which that is a declaration, and the fundamental law of nature being the preservation of mankind, no human sanction can be good, or valid against it.

(*Two foundations there are which bear up public societies; the one a natural inclination, whereby all men desire sociable life and fellowship; the other an order, expresly or secretly agreed upon, touching the manner of their union in living together: the latter is that which we call the law of a common-weal, the very soul of a politic body, the parts whereof are by law animated, held together, and set on work in such actions as the common good requireth. Laws politic, ordained for external order and regiment amongst men, are never framed as they should be, unless presuming the will of man to be inwardly obstinate, rebellious, and averse from all obedience to the sacred laws of his nature; in a word, unless presuming man to be, in regard of his depraved mind, little better than a wild beast, they do accordingly provide, notwithstanding, so to frame his outward actions, that they be no hindrance unto the common good, for which societies are instituted. Unless they do this, they are not perfect. Hooker's Eccl. Pol. l. i. sect. 10.)

Sect. 136. Secondly, The legislative, or supreme authority, cannot assume to its self a power to rule by extemporary arbitrary decrees, but is bound to dispense justice, and decide the rights of the subject by promulgated standing laws, and known authorized judges:* for the law of nature being unwritten, and so no where to be found but in the minds of men, they who through passion or interest shall miscite, or misapply it, cannot so easily be convinced of their mistake where there is no established judge: and so it serves not, as it ought, to determine the rights, and fence the properties of those that live under it, especially where every one is judge, interpreter, and executioner of it too, and that in his own case: and he that has right on his side, having ordinarily but his own

single strength, hath not force enough to defend himself from injuries, or to punish delinquents. To avoid these inconveniences, which disorder men's propperties in the state of nature, men unite into societies, that they may have the united strength of the whole society to secure and defend their properties, and may have standing rules to bound it, by which every one may know what is his. To this end it is that men give up all their natural power to the society which they enter into, and the community put the legislative power into such hands as they think fit, with this trust, that they shall be governed by declared laws, or else their peace, quiet, and property will still be at the same uncertainty, as it was in the state of nature.

(*Human laws are measures in respect of men whose actions they must direct, howbeit such measures they are as have also their higher rules to be measured by, which rules are two, the law of God, and the law of nature; so that laws human must be made according to the general laws of nature, and without contradiction to any positive law of scripture, otherwise they are ill made. Hooker's Eccl. Pol. l. iii. sect. 9.

To constrain men to any thing inconvenient doth seem unreasonable. Ibid. l. i. sect. 10.)

Sect. 137. Absolute arbitrary power, or governing without settled standing laws, can neither of them consist with the ends of society and government, which men would not quit the freedom of the state of nature for, and tie themselves up under, were it not to preserve their lives, liberties and fortunes, and by stated rules of right and property to secure their peace and quiet. It cannot be supposed that they should intend, had they a power so to do, to give to any one, or more, an absolute arbitrary power over their persons and estates, and put a force into the magistrate's hand to execute his unlimited will arbitrarily upon them. This were to put themselves into a worse condition than the state of nature, wherein they had a liberty to defend their right against the injuries of others, and were upon equal terms of force to maintain it, whether invaded by a single man, or many in combination. Whereas by supposing they have given up themselves to the absolute arbitrary power and will of a legislator, they have disarmed themselves, and armed him, to make a prey of them when he pleases; he being in a much worse condition, who is exposed to the arbitrary power of one man, who has the command of 100,000, than he that is exposed to the arbitrary power of 100,000 single men; no body being secure, that his will, who has such a command, is better than that of other men, though his force be 100,000 times stronger. And therefore, whatever form the commonwealth is under, the ruling power ought to govern by declared and received laws, and not by extemporary dictates and undetermined resolutions: for then mankind will be in a far worse condition than in the state of nature, if they shall have armed one, or a few men with the joint power of a multitude, to force them to obey at pleasure the exorbitant and unlimited decrees of their sudden thoughts, or unrestrained, and till that moment unknown wills, without having any measures set down which may guide and justify their actions: for all the power the government has, being only for the good of the society, as it ought not to be arbitrary and at pleasure, so it ought to be exercised by established and promulgated laws; that both the people may know their duty, and be safe and secure within the limits of the law; and the rulers too kept within their bounds, and not be tempted, by the power they have in their hands, to employ it to such purposes, and by such measures, as they would not have known, and own not willingly.

Sect. 138. Thirdly, The supreme power cannot take from any man any part of his property without his own consent: for the preservation of property being the end of government, and that for which men enter into society, it necessarily supposes and requires, that the people should have property, without which they must be supposed to lose that, by entering into society, which was the end for which they entered into it; too gross an absurdity for any man to own. Men therefore in society having property, they have such a right to the goods, which by the law of the community are their's, that no body hath a right to take their substance or any part of it from them, without their own consent: without this they have no property at all; for I have truly no property in that, which another can by right take from me, when he pleases, against my consent. Hence it is a mistake to think, that the supreme or legislative power of any commonwealth, can do what it will, and dispose of the estates of the subject arbitrarily, or take any part of them at pleasure. This is not much to be feared in governments where the legislative consists, wholly or in part, in assemblies which are variable, whose members, upon the dissolution of the assembly, are subjects under the common laws of their country, equally with the rest. But in governments, where the legislative is in one lasting assembly always in being, or in one man, as in absolute monarchies, there is danger still, that they will think themselves to have a distinct interest from the rest of the community; and so will be apt to increase their own riches and power, by taking what they think fit from the people: for a man's property is not at all secure, tho' there be good and equitable laws to set the bounds of it between him and his fellow subjects, if he who commands those subjects have power to take from any private man, what part he pleases of his property, and use and dispose of it as he thinks good.

Sect. 139. But government, into whatsoever hands it is put, being, as I have before shewed, intrusted with this condition, and for this end, that men might have and secure their properties; the prince, or senate, however it may have power to make laws, for the

regulating of property between the subjects one amongst another, yet can never have a power to take to themselves the whole, or any part of the subjects property, without their own consent: for this would be in effect to leave them no property at all. And to let us see, that even absolute power, where it is necessary, is not arbitrary by being absolute, but is still limited by that reason, and confined to those ends, which required it in some cases to be absolute, we need look no farther than the common practice of martial discipline: for the preservation of the army, and in it of the whole commonwealth, requires an absolute obedience to the command of every superior officer, and it is justly death to disobey or dispute the most dangerous or unreasonable of them; but yet we see, that neither the serjeant, that could command a soldier to march up to the mouth of a cannon, or stand in a breach, where he is almost sure to perish, can command that soldier to give him one penny of his money; nor the general, that can condemn him to death for deserting his post, or for not obeying the most desperate orders, can yet, with all his absolute power of life and death, dispose of one farthing of that soldier's estate, or seize one jot of his goods; whom yet he can command any thing, and hang for the least disobedience; because such a blind obedience is necessary to that end, for which the commander has his power, viz. the preservation of the rest; but the disposing of his goods has nothing to do with it.

Sect. 140. It is true, governments cannot be supported without great charge, and it is fit every one who enjoys his share of the protection, should pay out of his estate his proportion for the maintenance of it. But still it must be with his own consent, i.e. the consent of the majority, giving it either by themselves, or their representatives chosen by them: for if any one shall claim a power to lay and levy taxes on the people, by his own authority, and without such consent of the people, he thereby invades the fundamental law of property, and subverts the end of government: for what property have I in that, which another may by right take, when he pleases, to himself?

Sect. 141. Fourthly, The legislative cannot transfer the power of making laws to any other hands: for it being but a delegated power from the people, they who have it cannot pass it over to others. The people alone can appoint the form of the commonwealth, which is by constituting the legislative, and appointing in whose hands that shall be. And when the people have said, We will submit to rules, and be governed by laws made by such men, and in such forms, no body else can say other men shall make laws for them; nor can the people be bound by any laws, but such as are enacted by those whom they have chosen, and authorized to make laws for them. The power of the legislative, being derived from the people by a positive voluntary grant and institution, can be no other than what that positive grant conveyed, which being only to make laws, and not to make legislators, the legislative can have no power to transfer their authority of making laws, and place it in other hands.

Sect. 142. These are the bounds which the trust, that is put in them by the society, and the law of God and nature, have set to the legislative power of every commonwealth, in all forms of government.

First, They are to govern by promulgated established laws, not to be varied in particular cases, but to have one rule for rich and poor, for the favourite at court, and the country man at plough.

Secondly, These laws also ought to be designed for no other end ultimately, but the good of the people.

Thirdly, They must not raise taxes on the property of the people, without the consent of the people, given by themselves, or their deputies. And this properly concerns only such governments where the legislative is always in being, or at least where the people have not reserved any part of the legislative to deputies, to be from time to time chosen by themselves.

Fourthly, The legislative neither must nor can transfer the power of making laws to any body else, or place it any where, but where the people have.

CHAPTER. XII.

OF THE LEGISLATIVE, EXECUTIVE, AND FEDERATIVE POWER OF THE COMMON-WEALTH.

Sect. 143. THE legislative power is that, which has a right to direct how the force of the commonwealth shall be employed for preserving the community and the members of it. But because those laws which are constantly to be executed, and whose force is always to continue, may be made in a little time; therefore there is no need, that the legislative should be always in being, not having always business to do. And because it may be too great a temptation to human frailty, apt to grasp at power, for the same persons, who have the power of making laws, to have also in their hands the power to execute them, whereby they may exempt themselves from obedience to the laws they make, and suit the law, both in its making, and execution, to their own private advantage, and thereby come to have a distinct interest from the rest of the community, contrary to the end of society and

government: therefore in wellordered commonwealths, where the good of the whole is so considered, as it ought, the legislative power is put into the hands of divers persons, who duly assembled, have by themselves, or jointly with others, a power to make laws, which when they have done, being separated again, they are themselves subject to the laws they have made; which is a new and near tie upon them, to take care, that they make them for the public good.

Sect. 144. But because the laws, that are at once, and in a short time made, have a constant and lasting force, and need a perpetual execution, or an attendance thereunto; therefore it is necessary there should be a power always in being, which should see to the execution of the laws that are made, and remain in force. And thus the legislative and executive power come often to be separated.

Sect. 145. There is another power in every commonwealth, which one may call natural, because it is that which answers to the power every man naturally had before he entered into society: for though in a commonwealth the members of it are distinct persons still in reference to one another, and as such as governed by the laws of the society; yet in reference to the rest of mankind, they make one body, which is, as every member of it before was, still in the state of nature with the rest of mankind. Hence it is, that the controversies that happen between any man of the society with those that are out of it, are managed by the public; and an injury done to a member of their body, engages the whole in the reparation of it. So that under this consideration, the whole community is one body in the state of nature, in respect of all other states or persons out of its community.

Sect. 146. This therefore contains the power of war and peace, leagues and alliances, and all the transactions, with all persons and communities without the commonwealth, and may be called federative, if any one pleases. So the thing be understood, I am indifferent as to the name.

Sect. 147. These two powers, executive and federative, though they be really distinct in themselves, yet one comprehending the execution of the municipal laws of the society within its self, upon all that are parts of it; the other the management of the security and interest of the public without, with all those that it may receive benefit or damage from, yet they are always almost united. And though this federative power in the well or ill management of it be of great moment to the commonwealth, yet it is much less capable to be directed by antecedent, standing, positive laws, than the executive; and so must necessarily be left to the prudence and wisdom of those, whose hands it is in, to be managed for the public good: for the laws that concern subjects one amongst another, being to direct their actions, may well enough precede them. But what is to be done in reference to foreigners, depending much upon their actions, and the variation of designs and interests, must be left in great part to the prudence of those, who have this power committed to them, to be managed by the best of their skill, for the advantage of the commonwealth.

Sect. 148. Though, as I said, the executive and federative power of every community be really distinct in themselves, yet they are hardly to be separated, and placed at the same time, in the hands of distinct persons: for both of them requiring the force of the society for their exercise, it is almost impracticable to place the force of the commonwealth in distinct, and not subordinate hands; or that the executive and federative power should be placed in persons, that might act separately, whereby the force of the public would be under different commands: which would be apt some time or other to cause disorder and ruin.

CHAPTER. XIII.

OF THE SUBORDINATION OF THE POWERS OF THE COMMON-WEALTH.

Sect. 149. THOUGH in a constituted commonwealth, standing upon its own basis, and acting according to its own nature, that is, acting for the preservation of the community, there can be but one supreme power, which is the legislative, to which all the rest are and must be subordinate, yet the legislative being only a fiduciary power to act for certain ends, there remains still in the people a supreme power to remove or alter the legislative, when they find the legislative act contrary to the trust reposed in them: for all power given with trust for the attaining an end, being limited by that end, whenever that end is manifestly neglected, or opposed, the trust must necessarily be forfeited, and the power devolve into the hands of those that gave it, who may place it anew where they shall think best for their safety and security. And thus the community perpetually retains a supreme power of saving themselves from the attempts and designs of any body, even of their legislators, whenever they shall be so foolish, or so wicked, as to lay and carry on designs against the liberties and properties of the subject: for no man or society of men, having a power to deliver up their preservation, or consequently the means of it, to the absolute will and arbitrary dominion of another; when ever any one shall go about to bring them into such a slavish condition, they will always have a right to preserve, what they have not a power to part with; and to rid themselves of those, who invade this fundamental, sacred, and unalterable law of self-preservation, for which

they entered into society. And thus the community may be said in this respect to be always the supreme power, but not as considered under any form of government, because this power of the people can never take place till the government be dissolved.

Sect. 150. In all cases, whilst the government subsists, the legislative is the supreme power: for what can give laws to another, must needs be superior to him; and since the legislative is no otherwise legislative of the society, but by the right it has to make laws for all the parts, and for every member of the society, prescribing rules to their actions, and giving power of execution, where they are transgressed, the legislative must needs be the supreme, and all other powers, in any members or parts of the society, derived from and subordinate to it.

Sect. 151. In some commonwealths, where the legislative is not always in being, and the executive is vested in a single person, who has also a share in the legislative; there that single person in a very tolerable sense may also be called supreme: not that he has in himself all the supreme power, which is that of law-making; but because he has in him the supreme execution, from whom all inferior magistrates derive all their several subordinate powers, or at least the greatest part of them: having also no legislative superior to him, there being no law to be made without his consent, which cannot be expected should ever subject him to the other part of the legislative, he is properly enough in this sense supreme. But yet it is to be observed, that tho' oaths of allegiance and fealty are taken to him, it is not to him as supreme legislator, but as supreme executor of the law, made by a joint power of him with others; allegiance being nothing but an obedience according to law, which when he violates, he has no right to obedience, nor can claim it otherwise than as the public person vested with the power of the law, and so is to be considered as the image, phantom, or representative of the commonwealth, acted by the will of the society, declared in its laws; and thus he has no will, no power, but that of the law. But when he quits this representation, this public will, and acts by his own private will, he degrades himself, and is but a single private person without power, and without will, that has any right to obedience; the members owing no obedience but to the public will of the society.

Sect. 152. The executive power, placed any where but in a person that has also a share in the legislative, is visibly subordinate and accountable to it, and may be at pleasure changed and displaced; so that it is not the supreme executive power, that is exempt from subordination, but the supreme executive power vested in one, who having a share in the legislative, has no distinct superior legislative to be subordinate and accountable to, farther than he himself shall join and consent; so that he is no more subordinate than he himself shall think fit, which one may certainly conclude will be but very little. Of other ministerial and subordinate powers in a commonwealth, we need not speak, they being so multiplied with infinite variety, in the different customs and constitutions of distinct commonwealths, that it is impossible to give a particular account of them all. Only thus much, which is necessary to our present purpose, we may take notice of concerning them, that they have no manner of authority, any of them, beyond what is by positive grant and commission delegated to them, and are all of them accountable to some other power in the commonwealth.

Sect. 153. It is not necessary, no, nor so much as convenient, that the legislative should be always in being; but absolutely necessary that the executive power should, because there is not always need of new laws to be made, but always need of execution of the laws that are made. When the legislative hath put the execution of the laws, they make, into other hands, they have a power still to resume it out of those hands, when they find cause, and to punish for any maladministration against the laws. The same holds also in regard of the federative power, that and the executive being both ministerial and subordinate to the legislative, which, as has been shewed, in a constituted commonwealth is the supreme. The legislative also in this case being supposed to consist of several persons, (for if it be a single person, it cannot but be always in being, and so will, as supreme, naturally have the supreme executive power, together with the legislative) may assemble, and exercise their legislature, at the times that either their original constitution, or their own adjournment, appoints, or when they please; if neither of these hath appointed any time, or there be no other way prescribed to convoke them: for the supreme power being placed in them by the people, it is always in them, and they may exercise it when they please, unless by their original constitution they are limited to certain seasons, or by an act of their supreme power they have adjourned to a certain time; and when that time comes, they have a right to assemble and act again.

Sect. 154. If the legislative, or any part of it, be made up of representatives chosen for that time by the people, which afterwards return into the ordinary state of subjects, and have no share in the legislature but upon a new choice, this power of chusing must also be exercised by the people, either at certain appointed seasons, or else when they are summoned to it; and in this latter case the power of convoking the legislative is ordinarily placed in the executive, and has one of these two limitations in respect of time: that either the original constitution requires their assembling and acting at certain intervals, and then the executive power does nothing but ministerially issue directions for their electing and assembling, according to due forms; or else it is left to his prudence to call them by new elections, when the occasions or exigencies of the public require the amendment of old, or making of new laws,

or the redress or prevention of any inconveniencies, that lie on, or threaten the people.

Sect. 155. It may be demanded here, What if the executive power, being possessed of the force of the commonwealth, shall make use of that force to hinder the meeting and acting of the legislative, when the original constitution, or the public exigencies require it? I say, using force upon the people without authority, and contrary to the trust put in him that does so, is a state of war with the people, who have a right to reinstate their legislative in the exercise of their power: for having erected a legislative, with an intent they should exercise the power of making laws, either at certain set times, or when there is need of it, when they are hindered by any force from what is so necessary to the society, and wherein the safety and preservation of the people consists, the people have a right to remove it by force. In all states and conditions, the true remedy of force without authority, is to oppose force to it. The use of force without authority, always puts him that uses it into a state of war, as the aggressor, and renders him liable to be treated accordingly.

Sect. 156. The power of assembling and dismissing the legislative, placed in the executive, gives not the executive a superiority over it, but is a fiduciary trust placed in him, for the safety of the people, in a case where the uncertainty and variableness of human affairs could not bear a steady fixed rule: for it not being possible, that the first framers of the government should, by any foresight, be so much masters of future events, as to be able to prefix so just periods of return and duration to the assemblies of the legislative, in all times to come, that might exactly answer all the exigencies of the commonwealth; the best remedy could be found for this defect, was to trust this to the prudence of one who was always to be present, and whose business it was to watch over the public good. Constant frequent meetings of the legislative, and long continuations of their assemblies, without necessary occasion, could not but be burdensome to the people, and must necessarily in time produce more dangerous inconveniencies, and yet the quick turn of affairs might be sometimes such as to need their present help: any delay of their convening might endanger the public; and sometimes too their business might be so great, that the limited time of their sitting might be too short for their work, and rob the public of that benefit which could be had only from their mature deliberation. What then could be done in this case to prevent the community from being exposed some time or other to eminent hazard, on one side or the other, by fixed intervals and periods, set to the meeting and acting of the legislative, but to intrust it to the prudence of some, who being present, and acquainted with the state of public affairs, might make use of this prerogative for the public good? and where else could this be so well placed as in his hands, who was intrusted with the execution of the laws for the same end? Thus supposing the regulation of times for the assembling and sitting of the legislative, not settled by the original constitution, it naturally fell into the hands of the executive, not as an arbitrary power depending on his good pleasure, but with this trust always to have it exercised only for the public weal, as the occurrences of times and change of affairs might require. Whether settled periods of their convening, or a liberty left to the prince for convoking the legislative, or perhaps a mixture of both, hath the least inconvenience attending it, it is not my business here to inquire, but only to shew, that though the executive power may have the prerogative of convoking and dissolving such conventions of the legislative, yet it is not thereby superior to it.

Sect. 157. Things of this world are in so constant a flux, that nothing remains long in the same state. Thus people, riches, trade, power, change their stations, flourishing mighty cities come to ruin, and prove in times neglected desolate corners, whilst other unfrequented places grow into populous countries, filled with wealth and inhabitants. But things not always changing equally, and private interest often keeping up customs and privileges, when the reasons of them are ceased, it often comes to pass, that in governments, where part of the legislative consists of representatives chosen by the people, that in tract of time this representation becomes very unequal and disproportionate to the reasons it was at first established upon. To what gross absurdities the following of custom, when reason has left it, may lead, we may be satisfied, when we see the bare name of a town, of which there remains not so much as the ruins, where scarce so much housing as a sheepcote, or more inhabitants than a shepherd is to be found, sends as many representatives to the grand assembly of law-makers, as a whole county numerous in people, and powerful in riches. This strangers stand amazed at, and every one must confess needs a remedy; tho' most think it hard to find one, because the constitution of the legislative being the original and supreme act of the society, antecedent to all positive laws in it, and depending wholly on the people, no inferior power can alter it. And therefore the people, when the legislative is once constituted, having, in such a government as we have been speaking of, no power to act as long as the government stands; this inconvenience is thought incapable of a remedy.

Sect. 158. Salus populi suprema lex, is certainly so just and fundamental a rule, that he, who sincerely follows it, cannot dangerously err. If therefore the executive, who has the power of convoking the legislative, observing rather the true proportion, than fashion of representation, regulates, not by old custom, but true reason, the number of members, in all places that have a right to be distinctly represented, which no part of the people however incorporated can pretend to, but in proportion to the assistance

which it affords to the public, it cannot be judged to have set up a new legislative, but to have restored the old and true one, and to have rectified the disorders which succession of time had insensibly, as well as inevitably introduced: For it being the interest as well as intention of the people, to have a fair and equal representative; whoever brings it nearest to that, is an undoubted friend to, and establisher of the government, and cannot miss the consent and approbation of the community; prerogative being nothing but a power, in the hands of the prince, to provide for the public good, in such cases, which depending upon unforeseen and uncertain occurrences, certain and unalterable laws could not safely direct; whatsoever shall be done manifestly for the good of the people, and the establishing the government upon its true foundations, is, and always will be, just prerogative, The power of erecting new corporations, and therewith new representatives, carries with it a supposition, that in time the measures of representation might vary, and those places have a just right to be represented which before had none; and by the same reason, those cease to have a right, and be too inconsiderable for such a privilege, which before had it. 'Tis not a change from the present state, which perhaps corruption or decay has introduced, that makes an inroad upon the government, but the tendency of it to injure or oppress the people, and to set up one part or party, with a distinction from, and an unequal subjection of the rest. Whatsoever cannot but be acknowledged to be of advantage to the society, and people in general, upon just and lasting measures, will always, when done, justify itself; and whenever the people shall chuse their representatives upon just and undeniably equal measures, suitable to the original frame of the government, it cannot be doubted to be the will and act of the society, whoever permitted or caused them so to do.

CHAPTER. XIV.

OF PREROGATIVE.

Sect. 159. WHERE the legislative and executive power are in distinct hands, (as they are in all moderated monarchies, and well-framed governments) there the good of the society requires, that several things should be left to the discretion of him that has the executive power: for the legislators not being able to foresee, and provide by laws, for all that may be useful to the community, the executor of the laws having the power in his hands, has by the common law of nature a right to make use of it for the good of the society, in many cases, where the municipal law has given no direction, till the legislative can conveniently be assembled to provide for it. Many things there are, which the law can by no means provide for; and those must necessarily be left to the discretion of him that has the executive power in his hands, to be ordered by him as the public good and advantage shall require: nay, it is fit that the laws themselves should in some cases give way to the executive power, or rather to this fundamental law of nature and government, viz. That as much as may be, all the members of the society are to be preserved: for since many accidents may happen, wherein a strict and rigid observation of the laws may do harm; (as not to pull down an innocent man's house to stop the fire, when the next to it is burning) and a man may come sometimes within the reach of the law, which makes no distinction of persons, by an action that may deserve reward and pardon; 'tis fit the ruler should have a power, in many cases, to mitigate the severity of the law, and pardon some offenders: for the end of government being the preservation of all, as much as may be, even the guilty are to be spared, where it can prove no prejudice to the innocent.

Sect. 160. This power to act according to discretion, for the public good, without the prescription of the law, and sometimes even against it, is that which is called prerogative: for since in some governments the lawmaking power is not always in being, and is usually too numerous, and so too slow, for the dispatch requisite to execution; and because also it is impossible to foresee, and so by laws to provide for, all accidents and necessities that may concern the public, or to make such laws as will do no harm, if they are executed with an inflexible rigour, on all occasions, and upon all persons that may come in their way; therefore there is a latitude left to the executive power, to do many things of choice which the laws do not prescribe.

Sect. 161. This power, whilst employed for the benefit of the community, and suitably to the trust and ends of the government, is undoubted prerogative, and never is questioned: for the people are very seldom or never scrupulous or nice in the point; they are far from examining prerogative, whilst it is in any tolerable degree employed for the use it was meant, that is, for the good of the people, and not manifestly against it: but if there comes to be a question between the executive power and the people, about a thing claimed as a prerogative; the tendency of the exercise of such prerogative to the good or hurt of the people, will easily decide that question.

Sect. 162. It is easy to conceive, that in the infancy of governments, when commonwealths differed little from families in number of people, they differed from them too but little in number of laws: and the governors, being as the fathers of them, watching over them for their good, the government was almost all prerogative. A few established laws served the turn, and the discretion and care of

the ruler supplied the rest. But when mistake or flattery prevailed with weak princes to make use of this power for private ends of their own, and not for the public good, the people were fain by express laws to get prerogative determined in those points wherein they found disadvantage from it: and thus declared limitations of prerogative were by the people found necessary in cases which they and their ancestors had left, in the utmost latitude, to the wisdom of those princes who made no other but a right use of it, that is, for the good of their people.

Sect. 163. And therefore they have a very wrong notion of government, who say, that the people have encroached upon the prerogative, when they have got any part of it to be defined by positive laws: for in so doing they have not pulled from the prince any thing that of right belonged to him, but only declared, that that power which they indefinitely left in his or his ancestors hands, to be exercised for their good, was not a thing which they intended him when he used it otherwise: for the end of government being the good of the community, whatsoever alterations are made in it, tending to that end, cannot be an encroachment upon any body, since no body in government can have a right tending to any other end: and those only are encroachments which prejudice or hinder the public good. Those who say otherwise, speak as if the prince had a distinct and separate interest from the good of the community, and was not made for it; the root and source from which spring almost all those evils and disorders which happen in kingly governments. And indeed, if that be so, the people under his government are not a society of rational creatures, entered into a community for their mutual good; they are not such as have set rulers over themselves, to guard, and promote that good; but are to be looked on as an herd of inferior creatures under the dominion of a master, who keeps them and works them for his own pleasure or profit. If men were so void of reason, and brutish, as to enter into society upon such terms, prerogative might indeed be, what some men would have it, an arbitrary power to do things hurtful to the people.

Sect. 164. But since a rational creature cannot be supposed, when free, to put himself into subjection to another, for his own harm; (though, where he finds a good and wise ruler, he may not perhaps think it either necessary or useful to set precise bounds to his power in all things) prerogative can be nothing but the people's permitting their rulers to do several things, of their own free choice, where the law was silent, and sometimes too against the direct letter of the law, for the public good; and their acquiescing in it when so done: for as a good prince, who is mindful of the trust put into his hands, and careful of the good of his people, cannot have too much prerogative, that is, power to do good; so a weak and ill prince, who would claim that power which his predecessors exercised without the direction of the law, as a prerogative belonging to him by right of his office, which he may exercise at his pleasure, to make or promote an interest distinct from that of the public, gives the people an occasion to claim their right, and limit that power, which, whilst it was exercised for their good, they were content should be tacitly allowed.

Sect. 165. And therefore he that will look into the history of England, will find, that prerogative was always largest in the hands of our wisest and best princes; because the people, observing the whole tendency of their actions to be the public good, contested not what was done without law to that end: or, if any human frailty or mistake (for princes are but men, made as others) appeared in some small declinations from that end; yet 'twas visible, the main of their conduct tended to nothing but the care of the public. The people therefore, finding reason to be satisfied with these princes, whenever they acted without, or contrary to the letter of the law, acquiesced in what they did, and, without the least complaint, let them inlarge their prerogative as they pleased, judging rightly, that they did nothing herein to the prejudice of their laws, since they acted conformable to the foundation and end of all laws, the public good.

Sect. 166. Such god-like princes indeed had some title to arbitrary power by that argument, that would prove absolute monarchy the best government, as that which God himself governs the universe by; because such kings partake of his wisdom and goodness. Upon this is founded that saying, That the reigns of good princes have been always most dangerous to the liberties of their people: for when their successors, managing the government with different thoughts, would draw the actions of those good rulers into precedent, and make them the standard of their prerogative, as if what had been done only for the good of the people was a right in them to do, for the harm of the people, if they so pleased; it has often occasioned contest, and sometimes public disorders, before the people could recover their original right, and get that to be declared not to be prerogative, which truly was never so; since it is impossible that any body in the society should ever have a right to do the people harm; though it be very possible, and reasonable, that the people should not go about to set any bounds to the prerogative of those kings, or rulers, who themselves transgressed not the bounds of the public good: for prerogative is nothing but the power of doing public good without a rule.

Sect. 167. The power of calling parliaments in England, as to precise time, place, and duration, is certainly a prerogative of the king, but still with this trust, that it shall be made use of for the good of the nation, as the exigencies of the times, and variety of occasions, shall require: for it being impossible to foresee which should always be the fittest place for them to assemble in, and what the best season; the choice of these was left with the executive power, as might be most subservient to the public good, and

best suit the ends of parliaments.

Sect. 168. The old question will be asked in this matter of prerogative, But who shall be judge when this power is made a right use of one answer: between an executive power in being, with such a prerogative, and a legislative that depends upon his will for their convening, there can be no judge on earth; as there can be none between the legislative and the people, should either the executive, or the legislative, when they have got the power in their hands, design, or go about to enslave or destroy them. The people have no other remedy in this, as in all other cases where they have no judge on earth, but to appeal to heaven: for the rulers, in such attempts, exercising a power the people never put into their hands, (who can never be supposed to consent that any body should rule over them for their harm) do that which they have not a right to do. And where the body of the people, or any single man, is deprived of their right, or is under the exercise of a power without right, and have no appeal on earth, then they have a liberty to appeal to heaven, whenever they judge the cause of sufficient moment. And therefore, though the people cannot be judge, so as to have, by the constitution of that society, any superior power, to determine and give effective sentence in the case; yet they have, by a law antecedent and paramount to all positive laws of men, reserved that ultimate determination to themselves which belongs to all mankind, where there lies no appeal on earth, viz. to judge, whether they have just cause to make their appeal to heaven. And this judgment they cannot part with, it being out of a man's power so to submit himself to another, as to give him a liberty to destroy him; God and nature never allowing a man so to abandon himself, as to neglect his own preservation: and since he cannot take away his own life, neither can he give another power to take it. Nor let any one think, this lays a perpetual foundation for disorder; for this operates not, till the inconveniency is so great, that the majority feel it, and are weary of it, and find a necessity to have it amended. But this the executive power, or wise princes, never need come in the danger of: and it is the thing, of all others, they have most need to avoid, as of all others the most perilous.

CHAPTER. XV.

OF PATERNAL, POLITICAL, AND DESPOTICAL POWER, CONSIDERED TOGETHER.

Sect. 169. THOUGH I have had occasion to speak of these separately before, yet the great mistakes of late about government, having, as I suppose, arisen from confounding these distinct powers one with another, it may not, perhaps, be amiss to consider them here together.

Sect. 170. First, then, Paternal or parental power is nothing but that which parents have over their children, to govern them for the children's good, till they come to the use of reason, or a state of knowledge, wherein they may be supposed capable to understand that rule, whether it be the law of nature, or the municipal law of their country, they are to govern themselves by: capable, I say, to know it, as well as several others, who live as freemen under that law. The affection and tenderness which God hath planted in the breast of parents towards their children, makes it evident, that this is not intended to be a severe arbitrary government, but only for the help, instruction, and preservation of their offspring. But happen it as it will, there is, as I have proved, no reason why it should be thought to extend to life and death, at any time, over their children, more than over any body else; neither can there be any pretence why this parental power should keep the child, when grown to a man, in subjection to the will of his parents, any farther than having received life and education from his parents, obliges him to respect, honour, gratitude, assistance and support, all his life, to both father and mother. And thus, 'tis true, the paternal is a natural government, but not at all extending itself to the ends and jurisdictions of that which is political. The power of the father doth not reach at all to the property of the child, which is only in his own disposing.

Sect. 171. Secondly, Political power is that power, which every man having in the state of nature, has given up into the hands of the society, and therein to the governors, whom the society hath set over itself, with this express or tacit trust, that it shall be employed for their good, and the preservation of their property: now this power, which every man has in the state of nature, and which he parts with to the society in all such cases where the society can secure him, is to use such means, for the preserving of his own property, as he thinks good, and nature allows him; and to punish the breach of the law of nature in others, so as (according to the best of his reason) may most conduce to the preservation of himself, and the rest of mankind. So that the end and measure of this power, when in every man's hands in the state of nature, being the preservation of all of his society, that is, all mankind in general, it can have no other end or measure, when in the hands of the magistrate, but to preserve the members of that society in their lives, liberties, and possessions; and so cannot be an absolute, arbitrary power over their lives and fortunes, which are as much as possible to be preserved; but a power to make laws, and annex such penalties to them, as may tend to the preservation of the whole, by cutting off those parts, and those only, which are so corrupt, that they threaten the sound and healthy, without which no

severity is lawful. And this power has its original only from compact and agreement, and the mutual consent of those who make up the community.

Sect. 172. Thirdly, Despotical power is an absolute, arbitrary power one man has over another, to take away his life, whenever he pleases. This is a power, which neither nature gives, for it has made no such distinction between one man and another; nor compact can convey: for man not having such an arbitrary power over his own life, cannot give another man such a power over it; but it is the effect only of forfeiture, which the aggressor makes of his own life, when he puts himself into the state of war with another: for having quitted reason, which God hath given to be the rule betwixt man and man, and the common bond whereby human kind is united into one fellowship and society; and having renounced the way of peace which that teaches, and made use of the force of war, to compass his unjust ends upon another, where he has no right; and so revolting from his own kind to that of beasts, by making force, which is their's, to be his rule of right, he renders himself liable to be destroyed by the injured person, and the rest of mankind, that will join with him in the execution of justice, as any other wild beast, or noxious brute, with whom mankind can have neither society nor security*. And thus captives, taken in a just and lawful war, and such only, are subject to a despotical power, which, as it arises not from compact, so neither is it capable of any, but is the state of war continued: for what compact can be made with a man that is not master of his own life? what condition can he perform? and if he be once allowed to be master of his own life, the despotical, arbitrary power of his master ceases. He that is master of himself, and his own life, has a right too to the means of preserving it; so that as soon as compact enters, slavery ceases, and he so far quits his absolute power, and puts an end to the state of war, who enters into conditions with his captive.

(*Another copy corrected by Mr. Locke, has it thus, Noxious brute that is destructive to their being.)

Sect. 173. Nature gives the first of these, viz. paternal power to parents for the benefit of their children during their minority, to supply their want of ability, and understanding how to manage their property. (By property I must be understood here, as in other places, to mean that property which men have in their persons as well as goods.) Voluntary agreement gives the second, viz. political power to governors for the benefit of their subjects, to secure them in the possession and use of their properties. And forfeiture gives the third despotical power to lords for their own benefit, over those who are stripped of all property.

Sect. 174. He, that shall consider the distinct rise and extent, and the different ends of these several powers, will plainly see, that paternal power comes as far short of that of the magistrate, as despotical exceeds it; and that absolute dominion, however placed, is so far from being one kind of civil society, that it is as inconsistent with it, as slavery is with property. Paternal power is only where minority makes the child incapable to manage his property; political, where men have property in their own disposal; and despotical, over such as have no property at all.

CHAPTER. XVI.

OF CONQUEST.

Sect. 175. THOUGH governments can originally have no other rise than that before mentioned, nor polities be founded on any thing but the consent of the people; yet such have been the disorders ambition has filled the world with, that in the noise of war, which makes so great a part of the history of mankind, this consent is little taken notice of: and therefore many have mistaken the force of arms for the consent of the people, and reckon conquest as one of the originals of government. But conquest is as far from setting up any government, as demolishing an house is from building a new one in the place. Indeed, it often makes way for a new frame of a commonwealth, by destroying the former; but, without the consent of the people, can never erect a new one.

Sect. 176. That the aggressor, who puts himself into the state of war with another, and unjustly invades another man's right, can, by such an unjust war, never come to have a right over the conquered, will be easily agreed by all men, who will not think, that robbers and pyrates have a right of empire over whomsoever they have force enough to master; or that men are bound by promises, which unlawful force extorts from them. Should a robber break into my house, and with a dagger at my throat make me seal deeds to convey my estate to him, would this give him any title? Just such a title, by his sword, has an unjust conqueror, who forces me into submission. The injury and the crime is equal, whether committed by the wearer of a crown, or some petty villain. The title of the offender, and the number of his followers, make no difference in the offence, unless it be to aggravate it. The only difference is, great robbers punish little ones, to keep them in their obedience; but the great ones are rewarded with laurels and triumphs, because they are too big for the weak hands of justice in this world, and have the power in their own possession, which should punish offenders. What is my remedy against a robber, that so broke into my house? Appeal to the law for justice. But perhaps

justice is denied, or I am crippled and cannot stir, robbed and have not the means to do it. If God has taken away all means of seeking remedy, there is nothing left but patience. But my son, when able, may seek the relief of the law, which I am denied: he or his son may renew his appeal, till he recover his right. But the conquered, or their children, have no court, no arbitrator on earth to appeal to. Then they may appeal, as Jephtha did, to heaven, and repeat their appeal till they have recovered the native right of their ancestors, which was, to have such a legislative over them, as the majority should approve, and freely acquiesce in. If it be objected, This would cause endless trouble; I answer, no more than justice does, where she lies open to all that appeal to her. He that troubles his neighbour without a cause, is punished for it by the justice of the court he appeals to: and he that appeals to heaven must be sure he has right on his side; and a right too that is worth the trouble and cost of the appeal, as he will answer at a tribunal that cannot be deceived, and will be sure to retribute to every one according to the mischiefs he hath created to his fellow subjects; that is, any part of mankind: from whence it is plain, that he that conquers in an unjust war can thereby have no title to the subjection and obedience of the conquered.

Sect. 177. But supposing victory favours the right side, let us consider a conqueror in a lawful war, and see what power he gets, and over whom.

First, It is plain he gets no power by his conquest over those that conquered with him. They that fought on his side cannot suffer by the conquest, but must at least be as much freemen as they were before. And most commonly they serve upon terms, and on condition to share with their leader, and enjoy a part of the spoil, and other advantages that attend the conquering sword; or at least have a part of the subdued country bestowed upon them. And the conquering people are not, I hope, to be slaves by conquest, and wear their laurels only to shew they are sacrifices to their leaders triumph. They that found absolute monarchy upon the title of the sword, make their heroes, who are the founders of such monarchies, arrant Draw-can-sirs, and forget they had any officers and soldiers that fought on their side in the battles they won, or assisted them in the subduing, or shared in possessing, the countries they mastered. We are told by some, that the English monarchy is founded in the Norman conquest, and that our princes have thereby a title to absolute dominion: which if it were true, (as by the history it appears otherwise) and that William had a right to make war on this island; yet his dominion by conquest could reach no farther than to the Saxons and Britons, that were then inhabitants of this country. The Normans that came with him, and helped to conquer, and all descended from them, are freemen, and no subjects by conquest; let that give what dominion it will. And if I, or any body else, shall claim freedom, as derived from them, it will be very hard to prove the contrary: and it is plain, the law, that has made no distinction between the one and the other, intends not there should be any difference in their freedom or privileges.

Sect. 178. But supposing, which seldom happens, that the conquerors and conquered never incorporate into one people, under the same laws and freedom; let us see next what power a lawful conqueror has over the subdued: and that I say is purely despotical. He has an absolute power over the lives of those who by an unjust war have forfeited them; but not over the lives or fortunes of those who engaged not in the war, nor over the possessions even of those who were actually engaged in it.

Sect. 179. Secondly, I say then the conqueror gets no power but only over those who have actually assisted, concurred, or consented to that unjust force that is used against him: for the people having given to their governors no power to do an unjust thing, such as is to make an unjust war, (for they never had such a power in themselves) they ought not to be charged as guilty of the violence and unjustice that is committed in an unjust war, any farther than they actually abet it; no more than they are to be thought guilty of any violence or oppression their governors should use upon the people themselves, or any part of their fellow subjects, they having empowered them no more to the one than to the other. Conquerors, it is true, seldom trouble themselves to make the distinction, but they willingly permit the confusion of war to sweep all together: but yet this alters not the right; for the conquerors power over the lives of the conquered, being only because they have used force to do, or maintain an injustice, he can have that power only over those who have concurred in that force; all the rest are innocent; and he has no more title over the people of that country, who have done him no injury, and so have made no forfeiture of their lives, than he has over any other, who, without any injuries or provocations, have lived upon fair terms with him.

Sect. 180. Thirdly, The power a conqueror gets over those he overcomes in a just war, is perfectly despotical: he has an absolute power over the lives of those, who, by putting themselves in a state of war, have forfeited them; but he has not thereby a right and title to their possessions. This I doubt not, but at first sight will seem a strange doctrine, it being so quite contrary to the practice of the world; there being nothing more familiar in speaking of the dominion of countries, than to say such an one conquered it; as if conquest, without any more ado, conveyed a right of possession. But when we consider, that the practice of the strong and powerful, how universal soever it may be, is seldom the rule of right, however it be one part of the subjection of the conquered, not to argue against the conditions cut out to them by the conquering sword.

Sect. 181. Though in all war there be usually a complication of force and damage, and the aggressor seldom fails to harm the estate, when he uses force against the persons of those he makes war upon; yet it is the use of force only that puts a man into the state of war: for whether by force he begins the injury, or else having quietly, and by fraud, done the injury, he refuses to make reparation, and by force maintains it, (which is the same thing, as at first to have done it by force) it is the unjust use of force that makes the war: for he that breaks open my house, and violently turns me out of doors; or having peaceably got in, by force keeps me out, does in effect the same thing; supposing we are in such a state, that we have no common judge on earth, whom I may appeal to, and to whom we are both obliged to submit: for of such I am now speaking. It is the unjust use of force then, that puts a man into the state of war with another; and thereby he that is guilty of it makes a forfeiture of his life: for quitting reason, which is the rule given between man and man, and using force, the way of beasts, he becomes liable to be destroyed by him he uses force against, as any savage ravenous beast, that is dangerous to his being.

Sect. 182. But because the miscarriages of the father are no faults of the children, and they may be rational and peaceable, notwithstanding the brutishness and injustice of the father; the father, by his miscarriages and violence, can forfeit but his own life, but involves not his children in his guilt or destruction. His goods, which nature, that willeth the preservation of all mankind as much as is possible, hath made to belong to the children to keep them from perishing, do still continue to belong to his children: for supposing them not to have joined in the war, either thro' infancy, absence, or choice, they have done nothing to forfeit them: nor has the conqueror any right to take them away, by the bare title of having subdued him that by force attempted his destruction; though perhaps he may have some right to them, to repair the damages he has sustained by the war, and the defence of his own right; which how far it reaches to the possessions of the conquered, we shall see by and by. So that he that by conquest has a right over a man's person to destroy him if he pleases, has not thereby a right over his estate to possess and enjoy it: for it is the brutal force the aggressor has used, that gives his adversary a right to take away his life, and destroy him if he pleases, as a noxious creature; but it is damage sustained that alone gives him title to another man's goods: for though I may kill a thief that sets on me in the highway, yet I may not (which seems less) take away his money, and let him go: this would be robbery on my side. His force, and the state of war he put himself in, made him forfeit his life, but gave me no title to his goods. The right then of conquest extends only to the lives of those who joined in the war, not to their estates, but only in order to make reparation for the damages received, and the charges of the war, and that too with reservation of the right of the innocent wife and children.

Sect. 183. Let the conqueror have as much justice on his side, as could be supposed, he has no right to seize more than the vanquished could forfeit: his life is at the victor's mercy; and his service and goods he may appropriate, to make himself reparation; but he cannot take the goods of his wife and children; they too had a title to the goods he enjoyed, and their shares in the estate he possessed: for example, I in the state of nature (and all commonwealths are in the state of nature one with another) have injured another man, and refusing to give satisfaction, it comes to a state of war, wherein my defending by force what I had gotten unjustly, makes me the aggressor. I am conquered: my life, it is true, as forfeit, is at mercy, but not my wife's and children's. They made not the war, nor assisted in it. I could not forfeit their lives; they were not mine to forfeit. My wife had a share in my estate; that neither could I forfeit. And my children also, being born of me, had a right to be maintained out of my labour or substance. Here then is the case: the conqueror has a title to reparation for damages received, and the children have a title to their father's estate for their subsistence: for as to the wife's share, whether her own labour, or compact, gave her a title to it, it is plain, her husband could not forfeit what was her's. What must be done in the case? I answer; the fundamental law of nature being, that all, as much as may be, should be preserved, it follows, that if there be not enough fully to satisfy both, viz, for the conqueror's losses, and children's maintenance, he that hath, and to spare, must remit something of his full satisfaction, and give way to the pressing and preferable title of those who are in danger to perish without it.

Sect. 184. But supposing the charge and damages of the war are to be made up to the conqueror, to the utmost farthing; and that the children of the vanquished, spoiled of all their father's goods, are to be left to starve and perish; yet the satisfying of what shall, on this score, be due to the conqueror, will scarce give him a title to any country he shall conquer: for the damages of war can scarce amount to the value of any considerable tract of land, in any part of the world, where all the land is possessed, and none lies waste. And if I have not taken away the conqueror's land, which, being vanquished, it is impossible I should; scarce any other spoil I have done him can amount to the value of mine, supposing it equally cultivated, and of an extent any way coming near what I had overrun of his. The destruction of a year's product or two (for it seldom reaches four or five) is the utmost spoil that usually can be done: for as to money, and such riches and treasure taken away, these are none of nature's goods, they have but a fantastical imaginary value: nature has put no such upon them: they are of no more account by her standard, than the wampompeke of the Americans to an European prince, or the silver money of Europe would have been formerly to an American. And five years product

is not worth the perpetual inheritance of land, where all is possessed, and none remains waste, to be taken up by him that is disseized: which will be easily granted, if one do but take away the imaginary value of money, the disproportion being more than between five and five hundred; though, at the same time, half a year's product is more worth than the inheritance, where there being more land than the inhabitants possess and make use of, any one has liberty to make use of the waste: but there conquerors take little care to possess themselves of the lands of the vanquished, No damage therefore, that men in the state of nature (as all princes and governments are in reference to one another) suffer from one another, can give a conqueror power to dispossess the posterity of the vanquished, and turn them out of that inheritance, which ought to be the possession of them and their descendants to all generations. The conqueror indeed will be apt to think himself master: and it is the very condition of the subdued not to be able to dispute their right. But if that be all, it gives no other title than what bare force gives to the stronger over the weaker: and, by this reason, he that is strongest will have a right to whatever he pleases to seize on.

Sect. 185. Over those then that joined with him in the war, and over those of the subdued country that opposed him not, and the posterity even of those that did, the conqueror, even in a just war, hath, by his conquest, no right of dominion: they are free from any subjection to him, and if their former government be dissolved, they are at liberty to begin and erect another to themselves.

Sect. 186. The conqueror, it is true, usually, by the force he has over them, compels them, with a sword at their breasts, to stoop to his conditions, and submit to such a government as he pleases to afford them; but the enquiry is, what right he has to do so? If it be said, they submit by their own consent, then this allows their own consent to be necessary to give the conqueror a title to rule over them. It remains only to be considered, whether promises extorted by force, without right, can be thought consent, and how far they bind. To which I shall say, they bind not at all; because whatsoever another gets from me by force, I still retain the right of, and he is obliged presently to restore. He that forces my horse from me, ought presently to restore him, and I have still a right to retake him. By the same reason, he that forced a promise from me, ought presently to restore it, i.e. quit me of the obligation of it; or I may resume it myself, i.e. chuse whether I will perform it: for the law of nature laying an obligation on me only by the rules she prescribes, cannot oblige me by the violation of her rules: such is the extorting any thing from me by force. Nor does it at all alter the case to say, I gave my promise, no more than it excuses the force, and passes the right, when I put my hand in my pocket, and deliver my purse myself to a thief, who demands it with a pistol at my breast.

Sect. 187. From all which it follows, that the government of a conqueror, imposed by force on the subdued, against whom he had no right of war, or who joined not in the war against him, where he had right, has no obligation upon them.

Sect. 188. But let us suppose, that all the men of that community, being all members of the same body politic, may be taken to have joined in that unjust war wherein they are subdued, and so their lives are at the mercy of the conqueror.

Sect. 189. I say this concerns not their children who are in their minority: for since a father hath not, in himself, a power over the life or liberty of his child, no act of his can possibly forfeit it. So that the children, whatever may have happened to the fathers, are freemen, and the absolute power of the conqueror reaches no farther than the persons of the men that were subdued by him, and dies with them: and should he govern them as slaves, subjected to his absolute arbitrary power, he has no such right of dominion over their children. He can have no power over them but by their own consent, whatever he may drive them to say or do; and he has no lawfull authority, whilst force, and not choice, compels them to submission.

Sect. 190. Every man is born with a double right: first, a right of freedom to his person, which no other man has a power over, but the free disposal of it lies in himself. Secondly, a right, before any other man, to inherit with his brethren his father's goods.

Sect. 191. By the first of these, a man is naturally free from subjection to any government, tho' he be born in a place under its jurisdiction; but if he disclaim the lawful government of the country he was born in, he must also quit the right that belonged to him by the laws of it, and the possessions there descending to him from his ancestors, if it were a government made by their consent.

Sect. 192. By the second, the inhabitants of any country, who are descended, and derive a title to their estates from those who are subdued, and had a government forced upon them against their free consents, retain a right to the possession of their ancestors, though they consent not freely to the government, whose hard conditions were by force imposed on the possessors of that country: for the first conqueror never having had a title to the land of that country, the people who are the descendants of, or claim under those who were forced to submit to the yoke of a government by constraint, have always a right to shake it off, and free themselves from the usurpation or tyranny which the sword hath brought in upon them, till their rulers put them under such a frame of government as they willingly and of choice consent to. Who doubts but the Grecian Christians, descendants of the ancient possessors of that country, may justly cast off the Turkish yoke, which they have so long groaned under, whenever they have an

opportunity to do it? For no government can have a right to obedience from a people who have not freely consented to it; which they can never be supposed to do, till either they are put in a full state of liberty to chuse their government and governors, or at least till they have such standing laws, to which they have by themselves or their representatives given their free consent, and also till they are allowed their due property, which is so to be proprietors of what they have, that no body can take away any part of it without their own consent, without which, men under any government are not in the state of freemen, but are direct slaves under the force of war.

Sect. 193. But granting that the conqueror in a just war has a right to the estates, as well as power over the persons, of the conquered; which, it is plain, he hath not: nothing of absolute power will follow from hence, in the continuance of the government; because the descendants of these being all freemen, if he grants them estates and possessions to inhabit his country, (without which it would be worth nothing) whatsoever he grants them, they have, so far as it is granted, property in. The nature whereof is, that without a man's own consent it cannot be taken from him.

Sect. 194. Their persons are free by a native right, and their properties, be they more or less, are their own, and at their own dispose, and not at his; or else it is no property. Supposing the conqueror gives to one man a thousand acres, to him and his heirs for ever; to another he lets a thousand acres for his life, under the rent of 50_l_. or 500_l_. per ann. has not the one of these a right to his thousand acres for ever, and the other, during his life, paying the said rent? and hath not the tenant for life a property in all that he gets over and above his rent, by his labour and industry during the said term, supposing it be double the rent? Can any one say, the king, or conqueror, after his grant, may by his power of conqueror take away all, or part of the land from the heirs of one, or from the other during his life, he paying the rent? or can he take away from either the goods or money they have got upon the said land, at his pleasure? If he can, then all free and voluntary contracts cease, and are void in the world; there needs nothing to dissolve them at any time, but power enough: and all the grants and promises of men in power are but mockery and collusion: for can there be any thing more ridiculous than to say, I give you and your's this for ever, and that in the surest and most solemn way of conveyance can be devised; and yet it is to be understood, that I have right, if I please, to take it away from you again to morrow?

Sect. 195. I will not dispute now whether princes are exempt from the laws of their country; but this I am sure, they owe subjection to the laws of God and nature. No body, no power, can exempt them from the obligations of that eternal law. Those are so great, and so strong, in the case of promises, that omnipotency itself can be tied by them. Grants, promises, and oaths, are bonds that hold the Almighty: whatever some flatterers say to princes of the world, who all together, with all their people joined to them, are, in comparison of the great God, but as a drop of the bucket, or a dust on the balance, inconsiderable, nothing!

Sect. 196. The short of the case in conquest is this: the conqueror, if he have a just cause, has a despotical right over the persons of all, that actually aided, and concurred in the war against him, and a right to make up his damage and cost out of their labour and estates, so he injure not the right of any other. Over the rest of the people, if there were any that consented not to the war, and over the children of the captives themselves, or the possessions of either, he has no power; and so can have, by virtue of conquest, no lawful title himself to dominion over them, or derive it to his posterity; but is an aggressor, if he attempts upon their properties, and thereby puts himself in a state of war against them, and has no better a right of principality, he, nor any of his successors, than Hingar, or Hubba, the Danes, had here in England; or Spartacus, had he conquered Italy, would have had; which is to have their yoke cast off, as soon as God shall give those under their subjection courage and opportunity to do it. Thus, notwithstanding whatever title the kings of Assyria had over Judah, by the sword, God assisted Hezekiah to throw off the dominion of that conquering empire. And the lord was with Hezekiah, and he prospered; wherefore he went forth, and he rebelled against the king of Assyria, and served him not, 2 Kings xviii. 7. Whence it is plain, that shaking off a power, which force, and not right, hath set over any one, though it hath the name of rebellion, yet is no offence before God, but is that which he allows and countenances, though even promises and covenants, when obtained by force, have intervened: for it is very probable, to any one that reads the story of Ahaz and Hezekiah attentively, that the Assyrians subdued Ahaz, and deposed him, and made Hezekiah king in his father's lifetime; and that Hezekiah by agreement had done him homage, and paid him tribute all this time.

CHAPTER. XVII.

OF USURPATION.

Sect. 197. AS conquest may be called a foreign usurpation, so usurpation is a kind of domestic conquest, with this difference, that an usurper can never have right on his side, it being no usurpation, but where one is got into the possession of what another has right to. This, so far as it is usurpation, is a change only of persons, but not of the forms and rules of the government: for if the

usurper extend his power beyond what of right belonged to the lawful princes, or governors of the commonwealth, it is tyranny added to usurpation.

Sect. 198. In all lawful governments, the designation of the persons, who are to bear rule, is as natural and necessary a part as the form of the government itself, and is that which had its establishment originally from the people; the anarchy being much alike, to have no form of government at all; or to agree, that it shall be monarchical, but to appoint no way to design the person that shall have the power, and be the monarch. Hence all commonwealths, with the form of government established, have rules also of appointing those who are to have any share in the public authority, and settled methods of conveying the right to them: for the anarchy is much alike, to have no form of government at all; or to agree that it shall be monarchical, but to appoint no way to know or design the person that shall have the power, and be the monarch. Whoever gets into the exercise of any part of the power, by other ways than what the laws of the community have prescribed, hath no right to be obeyed, though the form of the commonwealth be still preserved; since he is not the person the laws have appointed, and consequently not the person the people have consented to. Nor can such an usurper, or any deriving from him, ever have a title, till the people are both at liberty to consent, and have actually consented to allow, and confirm in him the power he hath till then usurped.

CHAPTER. XVIII.

OF TYRANNY.

Sect. 199. AS usurpation is the exercise of power, which another hath a right to; so tyranny is the exercise of power beyond right, which no body can have a right to. And this is making use of the power any one has in his hands, not for the good of those who are under it, but for his own private separate advantage. When the governor, however intitled, makes not the law, but his will, the rule; and his commands and actions are not directed to the preservation of the properties of his people, but the satisfaction of his own ambition, revenge, covetousness, or any other irregular passion.

Sect. 200. If one can doubt this to be truth, or reason, because it comes from the obscure hand of a subject, I hope the authority of a king will make it pass with him. King James the first, in his speech to the parliament, 1603, tells them thus,

/# I will ever prefer the weal of the public, and of the whole commonwealth, in making of good laws and constitutions, to any particular and private ends of mine; thinking ever the wealth and weal of the commonwealth to be my greatest weal and worldly felicity; a point wherein a lawful king doth directly differ from a tyrant: for I do acknowledge, that the special and greatest point of difference that is between a rightful king and an usurping tyrant, is this, that whereas the proud and ambitious tyrant doth think his kingdom and people are only ordained for satisfaction of his desires and unreasonable appetites, the righteous and just king doth by the contrary acknowledge himself to be ordained for the procuring of the wealth and property of his people. #/

And again, in his speech to the parliament, 1609, he hath these words:

/# The king binds himself by a double oath, to the observation of the fundamental laws of his kingdom; tacitly, as by being a king, and so bound to protect as well the people, as the laws of his kingdom; and expressly, by his oath at his coronation, so as every just king, in a settled kingdom, is bound to observe that paction made to his people, by his laws, in framing his government agreeable thereunto, according to that paction which God made with Noah after the deluge. Hereafter, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease while the earth remaineth. And therefore a king governing in a settled kingdom, leaves to be a king, and degenerates into a tyrant, as soon as he leaves off to rule according to his laws. #/

And a little after,

/# Therefore all kings that are not tyrants, or perjured, will be glad to bound themselves within the limits of their laws; and they that persuade them the contrary, are vipers, and pests both against them and the commonwealth. #/

Thus that learned king, who well understood the notion of things, makes the difference betwixt a king and a tyrant to consist only in this, that one makes the laws the bounds of his power, and the good of the public, the end of his government; the other makes all give way to his own will and appetite.

Sect. 201. It is a mistake, to think this fault is proper only to monarchies; other forms of government are liable to it, as well as that: for wherever the power, that is put in any hands for the government of the people, and the preservation of their properties, is

applied to other ends, and made use of to impoverish, harass, or subdue them to the arbitrary and irregular commands of those that have it; there it presently becomes tyranny, whether those that thus use it are one or many. Thus we read of the thirty tyrants at Athens, as well as one at Syracuse; and the intolerable dominion of the Decemviri at Rome was nothing better.

Sect. 202. Where-ever law ends, tyranny begins, if the law be transgressed to another's harm; and whosoever in authority exceeds the power given him by the law, and makes use of the force he has under his command, to compass that upon the subject, which the law allows not, ceases in that to be a magistrate; and, acting without authority, may be opposed, as any other man, who by force invades the right of another. This is acknowledged in subordinate magistrates. He that hath authority to seize my person in the street, may be opposed as a thief and a robber, if he endeavours to break into my house to execute a writ, notwithstanding that I know he has such a warrant, and such a legal authority, as will impower him to arrest me abroad. And why this should not hold in the highest, as well as in the most inferior magistrate, I would gladly be informed. Is it reasonable, that the eldest brother, because he has the greatest part of his father's estate, should thereby have a right to take away any of his younger brothers portions? or that a rich man, who possessed a whole country, should from thence have a right to seize, when he pleased, the cottage and garden of his poor neighbour? The being rightfully possessed of great power and riches, exceedingly beyond the greatest part of the sons of Adam, is so far from being an excuse, much less a reason, for rapine and oppression, which the endamaging another without authority is, that it is a great aggravation of it: for the exceeding the bounds of authority is no more a right in a great, than in a petty officer; no more justifiable in a king than a constable; but is so much the worse in him, in that he has more trust put in him, has already a much greater share than the rest of his brethren, and is supposed, from the advantages of his education, employment, and counsellors, to be more knowing in the measures of right and wrong.

Sect. 203. May the commands then of a prince be opposed? may he be resisted as often as any one shall find himself aggrieved, and but imagine he has not right done him? This will unhinge and overturn all polities, and, instead of government and order, leave nothing but anarchy and confusion.

Sect. 204. To this I answer, that force is to be opposed to nothing, but to unjust and unlawful force; whoever makes any opposition in any other case, draws on himself a just condemnation both from God and man; and so no such danger or confusion will follow, as is often suggested: for,

Sect. 205. First, As, in some countries, the person of the prince by the law is sacred; and so, whatever he commands or does, his person is still free from all question or violence, not liable to force, or any judicial censure or condemnation. But yet opposition may be made to the illegal acts of any inferior officer, or other commissioned by him; unless he will, by actually putting himself into a state of war with his people, dissolve the government, and leave them to that defence which belongs to every one in the state of nature: for of such things who can tell what the end will be? and a neighbour kingdom has shewed the world an odd example. In all other cases the sacredness of the person exempts him from all inconveniencies, whereby he is secure, whilst the government stands, from all violence and harm whatsoever; than which there cannot be a wiser constitution: for the harm he can do in his own person not being likely to happen often, nor to extend itself far; nor being able by his single strength to subvert the laws, nor oppress the body of the people, should any prince have so much weakness, and ill nature as to be willing to do it, the inconveniency of some particular mischiefs, that may happen sometimes, when a heady prince comes to the throne, are well recompensed by the peace of the public, and security of the government, in the person of the chief magistrate, thus set out of the reach of danger: it being safer for the body, that some few private men should be sometimes in danger to suffer, than that the head of the republic should be easily, and upon slight occasions, exposed.

Sect. 206. Secondly, But this privilege, belonging only to the king's person, hinders not, but they may be questioned, opposed, and resisted, who use unjust force, though they pretend a commission from him, which the law authorizes not; as is plain in the case of him that has the king's writ to arrest a man, which is a full commission from the king; and yet he that has it cannot break open a man's house to do it, nor execute this command of the king upon certain days, nor in certain places, though this commission have no such exception in it; but they are the limitations of the law, which if any one transgress, the king's commission excuses him not: for the king's authority being given him only by the law, he cannot impower any one to act against the law, or justify him, by his commission, in so doing; the commission, or command of any magistrate, where he has no authority, being as void and insignificant, as that of any private man; the difference between the one and the other, being that the magistrate has some authority so far, and to such ends, and the private man has none at all: for it is not the commission, but the authority, that gives the right of acting; and against the laws there can be no authority. But, notwithstanding such resistance, the king's person and authority are still both secured, and so no danger to governor or government.

Sect. 207. Thirdly, Supposing a government wherein the person of the chief magistrate is not thus sacred; yet this doctrine of the lawfulness of resisting all unlawful exercises of his power, will not upon every slight occasion indanger him, or imbroil the government: for where the injured party may be relieved, and his damages repaired by appeal to the law, there can be no pretence for force, which is only to be used where a man is intercepted from appealing to the law: for nothing is to be accounted hostile force, but where it leaves not the remedy of such an appeal; and it is such force alone, that puts him that uses it into a state of war, and makes it lawful to resist him. A man with a sword in his hand demands my purse in the high-way, when perhaps I have not twelve pence in my pocket: this man I may lawfully kill. To another I deliver 100 pounds to hold only whilst I alight, which he refuses to restore me, when I am got up again, but draws his sword to defend the possession of it by force, if I endeavour to retake it. The mischief this man does me is a hundred, or possibly a thousand times more than the other perhaps intended me (whom I killed before he really did me any); and yet I might lawfully kill the one, and cannot so much as hurt the other lawfully. The reason whereof is plain; because the one using force, which threatened my life, I could not have time to appeal to the law to secure it: and when it was gone, it was too late to appeal. The law could not restore life to my dead carcass: the loss was irreparable; which to prevent, the law of nature gave me a right to destroy him, who had put himself into a state of war with me, and threatened my destruction. But in the other case, my life not being in danger, I may have the benefit of appealing to the law, and have reparation for my 100 pounds that way.

Sect. 208. Fourthly, But if the unlawful acts done by the magistrate be maintained (by the power he has got), and the remedy which is due by law, be by the same power obstructed; yet the right of resisting, even in such manifest acts of tyranny, will not suddenly, or on slight occasions, disturb the government: for if it reach no farther than some private men's cases, though they have a right to defend themselves, and to recover by force what by unlawful force is taken from them; yet the right to do so will not easily engage them in a contest, wherein they are sure to perish; it being as impossible for one, or a few oppressed men to disturb the government, where the body of the people do not think themselves concerned in it, as for a raving mad-man, or heady malcontent to overturn a well settled state; the people being as little apt to follow the one, as the other.

Sect. 209. But if either these illegal acts have extended to the majority of the people; or if the mischief and oppression has lighted only on some few, but in such cases, as the precedent, and consequences seem to threaten all; and they are persuaded in their consciences, that their laws, and with them their estates, liberties, and lives are in danger, and perhaps their religion too; how they will be hindered from resisting illegal force, used against them, I cannot tell. This is an inconvenience, I confess, that attends all governments whatsoever, when the governors have brought it to this pass, to be generally suspected of their people; the most dangerous state which they can possibly put themselves in, wherein they are the less to be pitied, because it is so easy to be avoided; it being as impossible for a governor, if he really means the good of his people, and the preservation of them, and their laws together, not to make them see and feel it, as it is for the father of a family, not to let his children see he loves, and takes care of them.

Sect. 210. But if all the world shall observe pretences of one kind, and actions of another; arts used to elude the law, and the trust of prerogative (which is an arbitrary power in some things left in the prince's hand to do good, not harm to the people) employed contrary to the end for which it was given: if the people shall find the ministers and subordinate magistrates chosen suitable to such ends, and favoured, or laid by, proportionably as they promote or oppose them: if they see several experiments made of arbitrary power, and that religion underhand favoured, (tho' publicly proclaimed against) which is readiest to introduce it; and the operators in it supported, as much as may be; and when that cannot be done, yet approved still, and liked the better: if a long train of actions shew the councils all tending that way; how can a man any more hinder himself from being persuaded in his own mind, which way things are going; or from casting about how to save himself, than he could from believing the captain of the ship he was in, was carrying him, and the rest of the company, to Algiers, when he found him always steering that course, though cross winds, leaks in his ship, and want of men and provisions did often force him to turn his course another way for some time, which he steadily returned to again, as soon as the wind, weather, and other circumstances would let him?

CHAPTER. XIX.

OF THE DISSOLUTION OF GOVERNMENT.

Sect. 211. HE that will with any clearness speak of the dissolution of government, ought in the first place to distinguish between the dissolution of the society and the dissolution of the government. That which makes the community, and brings men out of the loose state of nature, into one politic society, is the agreement which every one has with the rest to incorporate, and act as one body, and

so be one distinct commonwealth. The usual, and almost only way whereby this union is dissolved, is the inroad of foreign force making a conquest upon them: for in that case, (not being able to maintain and support themselves, as one intire and independent body) the union belonging to that body which consisted therein, must necessarily cease, and so every one return to the state he was in before, with a liberty to shift for himself, and provide for his own safety, as he thinks fit, in some other society. Whenever the society is dissolved, it is certain the government of that society cannot remain. Thus conquerors swords often cut up governments by the roots, and mangle societies to pieces, separating the subdued or scattered multitude from the protection of, and dependence on, that society which ought to have preserved them from violence. The world is too well instructed in, and too forward to allow of, this way of dissolving of governments, to need any more to be said of it; and there wants not much argument to prove, that where the society is dissolved, the government cannot remain; that being as impossible, as for the frame of an house to subsist when the materials of it are scattered and dissipated by a whirl-wind, or jumbled into a confused heap by an earthquake.

Sect. 212. Besides this over-turning from without, governments are dissolved from within.

First, When the legislative is altered. Civil society being a state of peace, amongst those who are of it, from whom the state of war is excluded by the umpirage, which they have provided in their legislative, for the ending all differences that may arise amongst any of them, it is in their legislative, that the members of a commonwealth are united, and combined together into one coherent living body. This is the soul that gives form, life, and unity, to the commonwealth: from hence the several members have their mutual influence, sympathy, and connexion: and therefore, when the legislative is broken, or dissolved, dissolution and death follows: for the essence and union of the society consisting in having one will, the legislative, when once established by the majority, has the declaring, and as it were keeping of that will. The constitution of the legislative is the first and fundamental act of society, whereby provision is made for the continuation of their union, under the direction of persons, and bonds of laws, made by persons authorized thereunto, by the consent and appointment of the people, without which no one man, or number of men, amongst them, can have authority of making laws that shall be binding to the rest. When any one, or more, shall take upon them to make laws, whom the people have not appointed so to do, they make laws without authority, which the people are not therefore bound to obey; by which means they come again to be out of subjection, and may constitute to themselves a new legislative, as they think best, being in full liberty to resist the force of those, who without authority would impose any thing upon them. Every one is at the disposure of his own will, when those who had, by the delegation of the society, the declaring of the public will, are excluded from it, and others usurp the place, who have no such authority or delegation.

Sect. 213. This being usually brought about by such in the commonwealth who misuse the power they have; it is hard to consider it aright, and know at whose door to lay it, without knowing the form of government in which it happens. Let us suppose then the legislative placed in the concurrence of three distinct persons.

(1). A single hereditary person, having the constant, supreme, executive power, and with it the power of convoking and dissolving the other two within certain periods of time.

(2). An assembly of hereditary nobility.

(3). An assembly of representatives chosen, pro tempore, by the people. Such a form of government supposed, it is evident,

Sect. 214. First, That when such a single person, or prince, sets up his own arbitrary will in place of the laws, which are the will of the society, declared by the legislative, then the legislative is changed: for that being in effect the legislative, whose rules and laws are put in execution, and required to be obeyed; when other laws are set up, and other rules pretended, and inforced, than what the legislative, constituted by the society, have enacted, it is plain that the legislative is changed. Whoever introduces new laws, not being thereunto authorized by the fundamental appointment of the society, or subverts the old, disowns and overturns the power by which they were made, and so sets up a new legislative.

Sect. 215. Secondly, When the prince hinders the legislative from assembling in its due time, or from acting freely, pursuant to those ends for which it was constituted, the legislative is altered: for it is not a certain number of men, no, nor their meeting, unless they have also freedom of debating, and leisure of perfecting, what is for the good of the society, wherein the legislative consists: when these are taken away or altered, so as to deprive the society of the due exercise of their power, the legislative is truly altered; for it is not names that constitute governments, but the use and exercise of those powers that were intended to accompany them; so that he, who takes away the freedom, or hinders the acting of the legislative in its due seasons, in effect takes away the legislative, and puts an end to the government.

Sect. 216. Thirdly, When, by the arbitrary power of the prince, the electors, or ways of election, are altered, without the consent, and contrary to the common interest of the people, there also the legislative is altered: for, if others than those whom the society hath authorized thereunto, do chuse, or in another way than what the society hath prescribed, those chosen are not the legislative appointed by the people.

Sect. 217. Fourthly, The delivery also of the people into the subjection of a foreign power, either by the prince, or by the legislative, is certainly a change of the legislative, and so a dissolution of the government: for the end why people entered into society being to be preserved one intire, free, independent society, to be governed by its own laws; this is lost, whenever they are given up into the power of another.

Sect. 218. Why, in such a constitution as this, the dissolution of the government in these cases is to be imputed to the prince, is evident; because he, having the force, treasure and offices of the state to employ, and often persuading himself, or being flattered by others, that as supreme magistrate he is uncapable of controul; he alone is in a condition to make great advances toward such changes, under pretence of lawful authority, and has it in his hands to terrify or suppress opposers, as factious, seditious, and enemies to the government: whereas no other part of the legislative, or people, is capable by themselves to attempt any alteration of the legislative, without open and visible rebellion, apt enough to be taken notice of, which, when it prevails, produces effects very little different from foreign conquest. Besides, the prince in such a form of government, having the power of dissolving the other parts of the legislative, and thereby rendering them private persons, they can never in opposition to him, or without his concurrence, alter the legislative by a law, his consent being necessary to give any of their decrees that sanction. But yet, so far as the other parts of the legislative any way contribute to any attempt upon the government, and do either promote, or not, what lies in them, hinder such designs, they are guilty, and partake in this, which is certainly the greatest crime which men can partake of one towards another.

Sec. 219.There is one way more whereby such a government may be dissolved, and that is: When he who has the supreme executive power, neglects and abandons that charge, so that the laws already made can no longer be put in execution. This is demonstratively to reduce all to anarchy, and so effectually to dissolve the government: for laws not being made for themselves, but to be, by their execution, the bonds of the society, to keep every part of the body politic in its due place and function; when that totally ceases, the government visibly ceases, and the people become a confused multitude, without order or connexion. Where there is no longer the administration of justice, for the securing of men’s rights, nor any remaining power within the community to direct the force, or provide for the necessities of the public, there certainly is no government left. Where the laws cannot be executed, it is all one as if there were no laws; and a government without laws is, I suppose, a mystery in politics, unconceivable to human capacity, and inconsistent with human society.

Sect. 220. In these and the like cases, when the government is dissolved, the people are at liberty to provide for themselves, by erecting a new legislative, differing from the other, by the change of persons, or form, or both, as they shall find it most for their safety and good: for the society can never, by the fault of another, lose the native and original right it has to preserve itself, which can only be done by a settled legislative, and a fair and impartial execution of the laws made by it. But the state of mankind is not so miserable that they are not capable of using this remedy, till it be too late to look for any. To tell people they may provide for themselves, by erecting a new legislative, when by oppression, artifice, or being delivered over to a foreign power, their old one is gone, is only to tell them, they may expect relief when it is too late, and the evil is past cure. This is in effect no more than to bid them first be slaves, and then to take care of their liberty; and when their chains are on, tell them, they may act like freemen. This, if barely so, is rather mockery than relief; and men can never be secure from tyranny, if there be no means to escape it till they are perfectly under it: and therefore it is, that they have not only a right to get out of it, but to prevent it.

Sect. 221. There is therefore, secondly, another way whereby governments are dissolved, and that is, when the legislative, or the prince, either of them, act contrary to their trust.

First, The legislative acts against the trust reposed in them, when they endeavour to invade the property of the subject, and to make themselves, or any part of the community, masters, or arbitrary disposers of the lives, liberties, or fortunes of the people.

Sect. 222. The reason why men enter into society, is the preservation of their property; and the end why they chuse and authorize a legislative, is, that there may be laws made, and rules set, as guards and fences to the properties of all the members of the society, to limit the power, and moderate the dominion, of every part and member of the society: for since it can never be supposed to be the will of the society, that the legislative should have a power to destroy that which every one designs to secure, by entering into

society, and for which the people submitted themselves to legislators of their own making; whenever the legislators endeavour to take away, and destroy the property of the people, or to reduce them to slavery under arbitrary power, they put themselves into a state of war with the people, who are thereupon absolved from any farther obedience, and are left to the common refuge, which God hath provided for all men, against force and violence. Whensoever therefore the legislative shall transgress this fundamental rule of society; and either by ambition, fear, folly or corruption, endeavour to grasp themselves, or put into the hands of any other, an absolute power over the lives, liberties, and estates of the people; by this breach of trust they forfeit the power the people had put into their hands for quite contrary ends, and it devolves to the people, who have a right to resume their original liberty, and, by the establishment of a new legislative, (such as they shall think fit) provide for their own safety and security, which is the end for which they are in society. What I have said here, concerning the legislative in general, holds true also concerning the supreme executor, who having a double trust put in him, both to have a part in the legislative, and the supreme execution of the law, acts against both, when he goes about to set up his own arbitrary will as the law of the society. He acts also contrary to his trust, when he either employs the force, treasure, and offices of the society, to corrupt the representatives, and gain them to his purposes; or openly preengages the electors, and prescribes to their choice, such, whom he has, by sollicitations, threats, promises, or otherwise, won to his designs; and employs them to bring in such, who have promised before-hand what to vote, and what to enact. Thus to regulate candidates and electors, and new-model the ways of election, what is it but to cut up the government by the roots, and poison the very fountain of public security? for the people having reserved to themselves the choice of their representatives, as the fence to their properties, could do it for no other end, but that they might always be freely chosen, and so chosen, freely act, and advise, as the necessity of the commonwealth, and the public good should, upon examination, and mature debate, be judged to require. This, those who give their votes before they hear the debate, and have weighed the reasons on all sides, are not capable of doing. To prepare such an assembly as this, and endeavour to set up the declared abettors of his own will, for the true representatives of the people, and the law-makers of the society, is certainly as great a breach of trust, and as perfect a declaration of a design to subvert the government, as is possible to be met with. To which, if one shall add rewards and punishments visibly employed to the same end, and all the arts of perverted law made use of, to take off and destroy all that stand in the way of such a design, and will not comply and consent to betray the liberties of their country, it will be past doubt what is doing. What power they ought to have in the society, who thus employ it contrary to the trust went along with it in its first institution, is easy to determine; and one cannot but see, that he, who has once attempted any such thing as this, cannot any longer be trusted.

Sect. 223. To this perhaps it will be said, that the people being ignorant, and always discontented, to lay the foundation of government in the unsteady opinion and uncertain humour of the people, is to expose it to certain ruin; and no government will be able long to subsist, if the people may set up a new legislative, whenever they take offence at the old one. To this I answer, Quite the contrary. People are not so easily got out of their old forms, as some are apt to suggest. They are hardly to be prevailed with to amend the acknowledged faults in the frame they have been accustomed to. And if there be any original defects, or adventitious ones introduced by time, or corruption; it is not an easy thing to get them changed, even when all the world sees there is an opportunity for it. This slowness and aversion in the people to quit their old constitutions, has, in the many revolutions which have been seen in this kingdom, in this and former ages, still kept us to, or, after some interval of fruitless attempts, still brought us back again to our old legislative of king, lords and commons: and whatever provocations have made the crown be taken from some of our princes heads, they never carried the people so far as to place it in another line.

Sect. 224. But it will be said, this hypothesis lays a ferment for frequent rebellion. To which I answer,

First, No more than any other hypothesis: for when the people are made miserable, and find themselves exposed to the ill usage of arbitrary power, cry up their governors, as much as you will, for sons of Jupiter; let them be sacred and divine, descended, or authorized from heaven; give them out for whom or what you please, the same will happen. The people generally ill treated, and contrary to right, will be ready upon any occasion to ease themselves of a burden that sits heavy upon them. They will wish, and seek for the opportunity, which in the change, weakness and accidents of human affairs, seldom delays long to offer itself. He must have lived but a little while in the world, who has not seen examples of this in his time; and he must have read very little, who cannot produce examples of it in all sorts of governments in the world.

Sect. 225. Secondly, I answer, such revolutions happen not upon every little mismanagement in public affairs. Great mistakes in the ruling part, many wrong and inconvenient laws, and all the slips of human frailty, will be born by the people without mutiny or murmur. But if a long train of abuses, prevarications and artifices, all tending the same way, make the design visible to the people, and they cannot but feel what they lie under, and see whither they are going; it is not to be wondered, that they should then rouze themselves, and endeavour to put the rule into such hands which may secure to them the ends for which government was at first

erected; and without which, ancient names, and specious forms, are so far from being better, that they are much worse, than the state of nature, or pure anarchy; the inconveniencies being all as great and as near, but the remedy farther off and more difficult.

Sect. 226. Thirdly, I answer, that this doctrine of a power in the people of providing for their safety a-new, by a new legislative, when their legislators have acted contrary to their trust, by invading their property, is the best fence against rebellion, and the probablest means to hinder it: for rebellion being an opposition, not to persons, but authority, which is founded only in the constitutions and laws of the government; those, whoever they be, who by force break through, and by force justify their violation of them, are truly and properly rebels: for when men, by entering into society and civil-government, have excluded force, and introduced laws for the preservation of property, peace, and unity amongst themselves, those who set up force again in opposition to the laws, do rebellare, that is, bring back again the state of war, and are properly rebels: which they who are in power, (by the pretence they have to authority, the temptation of force they have in their hands, and the flattery of those about them) being likeliest to do; the properest way to prevent the evil, is to shew them the danger and injustice of it, who are under the greatest temptation to run into it.

Sect. 227. In both the fore-mentioned cases, when either the legislative is changed, or the legislators act contrary to the end for which they were constituted; those who are guilty are guilty of rebellion: for if any one by force takes away the established legislative of any society, and the laws by them made, pursuant to their trust, he thereby takes away the umpirage, which every one had consented to, for a peaceable decision of all their controversies, and a bar to the state of war amongst them. They, who remove, or change the legislative, take away this decisive power, which no body can have, but by the appointment and consent of the people; and so destroying the authority which the people did, and no body else can set up, and introducing a power which the people hath not authorized, they actually introduce a state of war, which is that of force without authority: and thus, by removing the legislative established by the society, (in whose decisions the people acquiesced and united, as to that of their own will) they untie the knot, and expose the people a-new to the state of war, And if those, who by force take away the legislative, are rebels, the legislators themselves, as has been shewn, can be no less esteemed so; when they, who were set up for the protection, and preservation of the people, their liberties and properties, shall by force invade and endeavour to take them away; and so they putting themselves into a state of war with those who made them the protectors and guardians of their peace, are properly, and with the greatest aggravation, rebellantes, rebels.

Sect. 228. But if they, who say it lays a foundation for rebellion, mean that it may occasion civil wars, or intestine broils, to tell the people they are absolved from obedience when illegal attempts are made upon their liberties or properties, and may oppose the unlawful violence of those who were their magistrates, when they invade their properties contrary to the trust put in them; and that therefore this doctrine is not to be allowed, being so destructive to the peace of the world: they may as well say, upon the same ground, that honest men may not oppose robbers or pirates, because this may occasion disorder or bloodshed. If any mischief come in such cases, it is not to be charged upon him who defends his own right, but on him that invades his neighbours. If the innocent honest man must quietly quit all he has, for peace sake, to him who will lay violent hands upon it, I desire it may be considered, what a kind of peace there will be in the world, which consists only in violence and rapine; and which is to be maintained only for the benefit of robbers and oppressors. Who would not think it an admirable peace betwix the mighty and the mean, when the lamb, without resistance, yielded his throat to be torn by the imperious wolf? Polyphemus's den gives us a perfect pattern of such a peace, and such a government, wherein Ulysses and his companions had nothing to do, but quietly to suffer themselves to be devoured. And no doubt Ulysses, who was a prudent man, preached up passive obedience, and exhorted them to a quiet submission, by representing to them of what concernment peace was to mankind; and by shewing the inconveniences might happen, if they should offer to resist Polyphemus, who had now the power over them.

Sect. 229. The end of government is the good of mankind; and which is best for mankind, that the people should be always exposed to the boundless will of tyranny, or that the rulers should be sometimes liable to be opposed, when they grow exorbitant in the use of their power, and employ it for the destruction, and not the preservation of the properties of their people?

Sect. 230. Nor let any one say, that mischief can arise from hence, as often as it shall please a busy head, or turbulent spirit, to desire the alteration of the government. It is true, such men may stir, whenever they please; but it will be only to their own just ruin and perdition: for till the mischief be grown general, and the ill designs of the rulers become visible, or their attempts sensible to the greater part, the people, who are more disposed to suffer than right themselves by resistance, are not apt to stir. The examples of particular injustice, or oppression of here and there an unfortunate man, moves them not. But if they universally have a persuation, grounded upon manifest evidence, that designs are carrying on against their liberties, and the general course and tendency of things cannot but give them strong suspicions of the evil intention of their governors, who is to be blamed for it? Who can help it, if they, who might avoid it, bring themselves into this suspicion? Are the people to be blamed, if they have the sense of rational

creatures, and can think of things no otherwise than as they find and feel them? And is it not rather their fault, who put things into such a posture, that they would not have them thought to be as they are? I grant, that the pride, ambition, and turbulency of private men have sometimes caused great disorders in commonwealths, and factions have been fatal to states and kingdoms. But whether the mischief hath oftener begun in the peoples wantonness, and a desire to cast off the lawful authority of their rulers, or in the rulers insolence, and endeavours to get and exercise an arbitrary power over their people; whether oppression, or disobedience, gave the first rise to the disorder, I leave it to impartial history to determine. This I am sure, whoever, either ruler or subject, by force goes about to invade the rights of either prince or people, and lays the foundation for overturning the constitution and frame of any just government, is highly guilty of the greatest crime, I think, a man is capable of, being to answer for all those mischiefs of blood, rapine, and desolation, which the breaking to pieces of governments bring on a country. And he who does it, is justly to be esteemed the common enemy and pest of mankind, and is to be treated accordingly.

Sect. 231. That subjects or foreigners, attempting by force on the properties of any people, may be resisted with force, is agreed on all hands. But that magistrates, doing the same thing, may be resisted, hath of late been denied: as if those who had the greatest privileges and advantages by the law, had thereby a power to break those laws, by which alone they were set in a better place than their brethren: whereas their offence is thereby the greater, both as being ungrateful for the greater share they have by the law, and breaking also that trust, which is put into their hands by their brethren.

Sect. 232. Whosoever uses force without right, as every one does in society, who does it without law, puts himself into a state of war with those against whom he so uses it; and in that state all former ties are cancelled, all other rights cease, and every one has a right to defend himself, and to resist the aggressor. This is so evident, that Barclay himself, that great assertor of the power and sacredness of kings, is forced to confess, That it is lawful for the people, in some cases, to resist their king; and that too in a chapter, wherein he pretends to shew, that the divine law shuts up the people from all manner of rebellion. Whereby it is evident, even by his own doctrine, that, since they may in some cases resist, all resisting of princes is not rebellion. His words are these. Quod siquis dicat, Ergone populus tyrannicae crudelitati & furori jugulum semper praebebit? Ergone multitude civitates suas fame, ferro, & flamma vastari, seque, conjuges, & liberos fortunae ludibrio & tyranni libidini exponi, inque omnia vitae pericula omnesque miserias & molestias a rege deduci patientur? Num illis quod omni animantium generi est a natura tributum, denegari debet, ut sc. vim vi repellant, seseq; ab injuria, tueantur? Huic breviter responsum sit, Populo universo negari defensionem, quae juris naturalis est, neque ultionem quae praeter naturam est adversus regem concedi debere. Quapropter si rex non in singulares tantum personas aliquot privatum odium exerceat, sed corpus etiam reipublicae, cujus ipse caput est, i.e. totum populum, vel insignem aliquam ejus partem immani & intoleranda saevitia seu tyrannide divexet; populo, quidem hoc casu resistendi ac tuendi se ab injuria potestas competit, sed tuendi se tantum, non enim in principem invadendi: & restituendae injuriae illatae, non recedendi a debita reverentia propter acceptam injuriam. Praesentem denique impetum propulsandi non vim praeteritam ulciscenti jus habet. Horum enim alterum a natura est, ut vitam scilicet corpusque tueamur. Alterum vero contra naturam, ut inferior de superiori supplicium sumat. Quod itaque populus malum, antequam factum sit, impedire potest, ne fiat, id postquam factum est, in regem authorem sceleris vindicare non potest: populus igitur hoc amplius quam privatus quispiam habet: quod huic, vel ipsis adversariis judicibus, excepto Buchanano, nullum nisi in patientia remedium superest. Cum ille si intolerabilis tyrannus est (modicum enim ferre omnino debet) resistere cum reverentia possit, Barclay contra Monarchom. 1. iii. c. 8.

In English thus:

Sect. 233. But if any one should ask, Must the people then always lay themselves open to the cruelty and rage of tyranny? Must they see their cities pillaged, and laid in ashes, their wives and children exposed to the tyrant’s lust and fury, and themselves and families reduced by their king to ruin, and all the miseries of want and oppression, and yet sit still? Must men alone be debarred the common privilege of opposing force with force, which nature allows so freely to all other creatures for their preservation from injury? I answer: Self-defence is a part of the law of nature; nor can it be denied the community, even against the king himself: but to revenge themselves upon him, must by no means be allowed them; it being not agreeable to that law. Wherefore if the king shall shew an hatred, not only to some particular persons, but sets himself against the body of the commonwealth, whereof he is the head, and shall, with intolerable ill usage, cruelly tyrannize over the whole, or a considerable part of the people, in this case the people have a right to resist and defend themselves from injury: but it must be with this caution, that they only defend themselves, but do not attack their prince: they may repair the damages received, but must not for any provocation exceed the bounds of due reverence and respect. They may repulse the present attempt, but must not revenge past violences: for it is natural for us to defend life and limb, but that an inferior should punish a superior, is against nature. The mischief which is designed them, the people may prevent before it be done; but when it is done, they must not revenge it on the king, though author of the villany. This therefore is

the privilege of the people in general, above what any private person hath; that particular men are allowed by our adversaries themselves (Buchanan only excepted) to have no other remedy but patience; but the body of the people may with respect resist intolerable tyranny; for when it is but moderate, they ought to endure it.

Sect. 234. Thus far that great advocate of monarchical power allows of resistance.

Sect. 235. It is true, he has annexed two limitations to it, to no purpose:

First, He says, it must be with reverence.

Secondly, It must be without retribution, or punishment; and the reason he gives is, because an inferior cannot punish a superior. First, How to resist force without striking again, or how to strike with reverence, will need some skill to make intelligible. He that shall oppose an assault only with a shield to receive the blows, or in any more respectful posture, without a sword in his hand, to abate the confidence and force of the assailant, will quickly be at an end of his resistance, and will find such a defence serve only to draw on himself the worse usage. This is as ridiculous a way of resisting, as juvenal thought it of fighting; ubi tu pulsas, ego vapulo tantum. And the success of the combat will be unavoidably the same he there describes it:

/*[4] -----Libertas pauperis haec est: Pulsatus rogat, et pugnis concisus, adorat, Ut liceat paucis cum dentibus inde reverti. */

This will always be the event of such an imaginary resistance, where men may not strike again. He therefore who may resist, must be allowed to strike. And then let our author, or any body else, join a knock on the head, or a cut on the face, with as much reverence and respect as he thinks fit. He that can reconcile blows and reverence, may, for aught I know, desire for his pains, a civil, respectful cudgeling where-ever he can meet with it.

Secondly, As to his second, An inferior cannot punish a superior; that is true, generally speaking, whilst he is his superior. But to resist force with force, being the state of war that levels the parties, cancels all former relation of reverence, respect, and superiority: and then the odds that remains, is, that he, who opposes the unjust agressor, has this superiority over him, that he has a right, when he prevails, to punish the offender, both for the breach of the peace, and all the evils that followed upon it. Barclay therefore, in another place, more coherently to himself, denies it to be lawful to resist a king in any case. But he there assigns two cases, whereby a king may un-king himself. His words are,

Quid ergo, nulline casus incidere possunt quibus populo sese erigere atque in regem impotentius dominantem arma capere & invadere jure suo suaque authoritate liceat? Nulli certe quamdiu rex manet. Semper enim ex divinis id obstat, Regem honorificato; & qui potestati resistit, Dei ordinationi resisit: non alias igitur in eum populo potestas est quam si id committat propter quod ipso jure rex esse desinat. Tunc enim se ipse principatu exuit atque in privatis constituit liber: hoc modo populus & superior efficitur, reverso ad eum sc. jure illo quod ante regem inauguratum in interregno habuit. At sunt paucorum generum commissa ejusmodi quae hunc effectum pariunt. At ego cum plurima animo perlustrem, duo tantum invenio, duos, inquam, casus quibus rex ipso facto ex rege non regem se facit & omni honore & dignitate regali atque in subditos potestate destituit; quorum etiam meminit Winzerus. Horum unus est, Si regnum disperdat, quemadmodum de Nerone fertur, quod is nempe senatum populumque Romanum, atque adeo urbem ipsam ferro flammaque vastare, ac novas sibi sedes quaerere decrevisset. Et de Caligula, quod palam denunciarit se neque civem neque principem senatui amplius fore, inque animo habuerit interempto utriusque ordinis electissimo quoque Alexandriam commigrare, ac ut populum uno ictu interimeret, unam ei cervicem optavit. Talia cum rex aliquis meditator & molitur serio, omnem regnandi curam & animum ilico abjicit, ac proinde imperium in subditos amittit, ut dominus servi pro derelicto habiti dominium.

Sect. 236. Alter casus est, Si rex in alicujus clientelam se contulit, ac regnum quod liberum a majoribus & populo traditum accepit, alienae ditioni mancipavit. Nam tunc quamvis forte non ea mente id agit populo plane ut incommodet: tamen quia quod praecipuum est regiae dignitatis amifit, ut summus scilicet in regno secundum Deum sit, & solo Deo inferior, atque populum etiam totum ignorantem vel invitum, cujus libertatem sartam & tectam conservare debuit, in alterius gentis ditionem & potestatem dedidit; hac velut quadam regni ab alienatione effecit, ut nec quod ipse in regno imperium habuit retineat, nec in eum cui collatum voluit, juris quicquam transferat; atque ita eo facto liberum jam & suae potestatis populum relinquit, cujus rei exemplum unum annales Scotici suppeditant. Barclay contra Monarchom. 1. iii. c. 16.

Which in English runs thus:

Sect. 237. What then, can there no case happen wherein the people may of right, and by their own authority, help themselves, take arms, and set upon their king, imperiously domineering over them? None at all, whilst he remains a king. Honour the king, and he

that resists the power, resists the ordinance of God; are divine oracles that will never permit it, The people therefore can never come by a power over him, unless he does something that makes him cease to be a king: for then he divests himself of his crown and dignity, and returns to the state of a private man, and the people become free and superior, the power which they had in the interregnum, before they crowned him king, devolving to them again. But there are but few miscarriages which bring the matter to this state. After considering it well on all sides, I can find but two. Two cases there are, I say, whereby a king, ipso facto, becomes no king, and loses all power and regal authority over his people; which are also taken notice of by Winzerus.

The first is, If he endeavour to overturn the government, that is, if he have a purpose and design to ruin the kingdom and commonwealth, as it is recorded of Nero, that he resolved to cut off the senate and people of Rome, lay the city waste with fire and sword, and then remove to some other place. And of Caligula, that he openly declared, that he would be no longer a head to the people or senate, and that he had it in his thoughts to cut off the worthiest men of both ranks, and then retire to Alexandria: and he wisht that the people had but one neck, that he might dispatch them all at a blow, Such designs as these, when any king harbours in his thoughts, and seriously promotes, he immediately gives up all care and thought of the commonwealth; and consequently forfeits the power of governing his subjects, as a master does the dominion over his slaves whom he hath abandoned.

Sect. 238. The other case is, When a king makes himself the dependent of another, and subjects his kingdom which his ancestors left him, and the people put free into his hands, to the dominion of another: for however perhaps it may not be his intention to prejudice the people; yet because he has hereby lost the principal part of regal dignity, viz. to be next and immediately under God, supreme in his kingdom; and also because he betrayed or forced his people, whose liberty he ought to have carefully preserved, into the power and dominion of a foreign nation. By this, as it were, alienation of his kingdom, he himself loses the power he had in it before, without transferring any the least right to those on whom he would have bestowed it; and so by this act sets the people free, and leaves them at their own disposal. One example of this is to be found in the Scotch Annals.

Sect. 239. In these cases Barclay, the great champion of absolute monarchy, is forced to allow, that a king may be resisted, and ceases to be a king. That is, in short, not to multiply cases, in whatsoever he has no authority, there he is no king, and may be resisted: for wheresoever the authority ceases, the king ceases too, and becomes like other men who have no authority. And these two cases he instances in, differ little from those above mentioned, to be destructive to governments, only that he has omitted the principle from which his doctrine flows: and that is, the breach of trust, in not preserving the form of government agreed on, and in not intending the end of government itself, which is the public good and preservation of property. When a king has dethroned himself, and put himself in a state of war with his people, what shall hinder them from prosecuting him who is no king, as they would any other man, who has put himself into a state of war with them, Barclay, and those of his opinion, would do well to tell us. This farther I desire may be taken notice of out of Barclay, that he says, The mischief that is designed them, the people may prevent before it be done: whereby he allows resistance when tyranny is but in design. Such designs as these (says he) when any king harbours in his thoughts and seriously promotes, he immediately gives up all care and thought of the commonwealth; so that, according to him, the neglect of the public good is to be taken as an evidence of such design, or at least for a sufficient cause of resistance. And the reason of all, he gives in these words, Because he betrayed or forced his people, whose liberty he ought carefully to have preserved. What he adds, into the power and dominion of a foreign nation, signifies nothing, the fault and forfeiture lying in the loss of their liberty, which he ought to have preserved, and not in any distinction of the persons to whose dominion they were subjected. The peoples right is equally invaded, and their liberty lost, whether they are made slaves to any of their own, or a foreign nation; and in this lies the injury, and against this only have they the right of defence. And there are instances to be found in all countries, which shew, that it is not the change of nations in the persons of their governors, but the change of government, that gives the offence. Bilson, a bishop of our church, and a great stickler for the power and prerogative of princes, does, if I mistake not, in his treatise of Christian subjection, acknowledge, that princes may forfeit their power, and their title to the obedience of their subjects; and if there needed authority in a case where reason is so plain, I could send my reader to Bracton, Fortescue, and the author of the Mirrour, and others, writers that cannot be suspected to be ignorant of our government, or enemies to it. But I thought Hooker alone might be enough to satisfy those men, who relying on him for their ecclesiastical polity, are by a strange fate carried to deny those principles upon which he builds it. Whether they are herein made the tools of cunninger workmen, to pull down their own fabric, they were best look. This I am sure, their civil policy is so new, so dangerous, and so destructive to both rulers and people, that as former ages never could bear the broaching of it; so it may be hoped, those to come, redeemed from the impositions of these Egyptian under-task-masters, will abhor the memory of such servile flatterers, who, whilst it seemed to serve their turn, resolved all government into absolute tyranny, and would have all men born to, what their mean souls fitted them for, slavery.

Sect. 240. Here, it is like, the common question will be made, Who shall be judge, whether the prince or legislative act contrary to their trust? This, perhaps, ill-affected and factious men may spread amongst the people, when the prince only makes use of his due prerogative. To this I reply, The people shall be judge; for who shall be judge whether his trustee or deputy acts well, and according to the trust reposed in him, but he who deputes him, and must, by having deputed him, have still a power to discard him, when he fails in his trust? If this be reasonable in particular cases of private men, why should it be otherwise in that of the greatest moment, where the welfare of millions is concerned, and also where the evil, if not prevented, is greater, and the redress very difficult, dear, and dangerous?

Sect. 241. But farther, this question, (Who shall be judge?) cannot mean, that there is no judge at all: for where there is no judicature on earth, to decide controversies amongst men, God in heaven is judge. He alone, it is true, is judge of the right. But every man is judge for himself, as in all other cases, so in this, whether another hath put himself into a state of war with him, and whether he should appeal to the Supreme Judge, as Jeptha did.

Sect. 242. If a controversy arise betwixt a prince and some of the people, in a matter where the law is silent, or doubtful, and the thing be of great consequence, I should think the proper umpire, in such a case, should be the body of the people: for in cases where the prince hath a trust reposed in him, and is dispensed from the common ordinary rules of the law; there, if any men find themselves aggrieved, and think the prince acts contrary to, or beyond that trust, who so proper to judge as the body of the people, (who, at first, lodged that trust in him) how far they meant it should extend? But if the prince, or whoever they be in the administration, decline that way of determination, the appeal then lies no where but to heaven; force between either persons, who have no known superior on earth, or which permits no appeal to a judge on earth, being properly a state of war, wherein the appeal lies only to heaven; and in that state the injured party must judge for himself, when he will think fit to make use of that appeal, and put himself upon it.

Sect. 243. To conclude, The power that every individual gave the society, when he entered into it, can never revert to the individuals again, as long as the society lasts, but will always remain in the community; because without this there can be no community, no commonwealth, which is contrary to the original agreement: so also when the society hath placed the legislative in any assembly of men, to continue in them and their successors, with direction and authority for providing such successors, the legislative can never revert to the people whilst that government lasts; because having provided a legislative with power to continue for ever, they have given up their political power to the legislative, and cannot resume it. But if they have set limits to the duration of their legislative, and made this supreme power in any person, or assembly, only temporary; or else, when by the miscarriages of those in authority, it is forfeited; upon the forfeiture, or at the determination of the time set, it reverts to the society, and the people have a right to act as supreme, and continue the legislative in themselves; or erect a new form, or under the old form place it in new hands, as they think good.

FINIS.

==========

Untitled

Karl Marx

Project Gutenberg Release: January 25, 2005 · eBook #61

The Communist Manifesto

by Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels

[From the English edition of 1888, edited by Friedrich Engels]

Contents

I. BOURGEOIS AND PROLETARIANS II. PROLETARIANS AND COMMUNISTS III. SOCIALIST AND COMMUNIST LITERATURE IV. POSITION OF THE COMMUNISTS IN RELATION TO THE VARIOUS EXISTING OPPOSITION PARTIES

A spectre is haunting Europe—the spectre of Communism. All the Powers of old Europe have entered into a holy alliance to exorcise this spectre: Pope and Czar, Metternich and Guizot, French Radicals and German police-spies.

Where is the party in opposition that has not been decried as Communistic by its opponents in power? Where is the Opposition that has not hurled back the branding reproach of Communism, against the more advanced opposition parties, as well as against its reactionary adversaries?

Two things result from this fact.

I. Communism is already acknowledged by all European Powers to be itself a Power.

II. It is high time that Communists should openly, in the face of the whole world, publish their views, their aims, their tendencies, and meet this nursery tale of the Spectre of Communism with a Manifesto of the party itself.

To this end, Communists of various nationalities have assembled in London, and sketched the following Manifesto, to be published in the English, French, German, Italian, Flemish and Danish languages.

I. BOURGEOIS AND PROLETARIANS

The history of all hitherto existing societies is the history of class struggles.

Freeman and slave, patrician and plebeian, lord and serf, guild-master and journeyman, in a word, oppressor and oppressed, stood in constant opposition to one another, carried on an uninterrupted, now hidden, now open fight, a fight that each time ended, either in a revolutionary re-constitution of society at large, or in the common ruin of the contending classes.

In the earlier epochs of history, we find almost everywhere a complicated arrangement of society into various orders, a manifold gradation of social rank. In ancient Rome we have patricians, knights, plebeians, slaves; in the Middle Ages, feudal lords, vassals, guild-masters, journeymen, apprentices, serfs; in almost all of these classes, again, subordinate gradations.

The modern bourgeois society that has sprouted from the ruins of feudal society has not done away with class antagonisms. It has but established new classes, new conditions of oppression, new forms of struggle in place of the old ones. Our epoch, the epoch of the bourgeoisie, possesses, however, this distinctive feature: it has simplified the class antagonisms. Society as a whole is more and more splitting up into two great hostile camps, into two great classes, directly facing each other: Bourgeoisie and Proletariat.

From the serfs of the Middle Ages sprang the chartered burghers of the earliest towns. From these burgesses the first elements of the bourgeoisie were developed.

The discovery of America, the rounding of the Cape, opened up fresh ground for the rising bourgeoisie. The East-Indian and Chinese markets, the colonisation of America, trade with the colonies, the increase in the means of exchange and in commodities generally, gave to commerce, to navigation, to industry, an impulse never before known, and thereby, to the revolutionary element

in the tottering feudal society, a rapid development.

The feudal system of industry, under which industrial production was monopolised by closed guilds, now no longer sufficed for the growing wants of the new markets. The manufacturing system took its place. The guild-masters were pushed on one side by the manufacturing middle class; division of labour between the different corporate guilds vanished in the face of division of labour in each single workshop.

Meantime the markets kept ever growing, the demand ever rising. Even manufacture no longer sufficed. Thereupon, steam and machinery revolutionised industrial production. The place of manufacture was taken by the giant, Modern Industry, the place of the industrial middle class, by industrial millionaires, the leaders of whole industrial armies, the modern bourgeois.

Modern industry has established the world-market, for which the discovery of America paved the way. This market has given an immense development to commerce, to navigation, to communication by land. This development has, in its time, reacted on the extension of industry; and in proportion as industry, commerce, navigation, railways extended, in the same proportion the bourgeoisie developed, increased its capital, and pushed into the background every class handed down from the Middle Ages.

We see, therefore, how the modern bourgeoisie is itself the product of a long course of development, of a series of revolutions in the modes of production and of exchange.

Each step in the development of the bourgeoisie was accompanied by a corresponding political advance of that class. An oppressed class under the sway of the feudal nobility, an armed and self-governing association in the mediaeval commune; here independent urban republic (as in Italy and Germany), there taxable “third estate” of the monarchy (as in France), afterwards, in the period of manufacture proper, serving either the semi-feudal or the absolute monarchy as a counterpoise against the nobility, and, in fact, corner-stone of the great monarchies in general, the bourgeoisie has at last, since the establishment of Modern Industry and of the world-market, conquered for itself, in the modern representative State, exclusive political sway. The executive of the modern State is but a committee for managing the common affairs of the whole bourgeoisie.

The bourgeoisie, historically, has played a most revolutionary part.

The bourgeoisie, wherever it has got the upper hand, has put an end to all feudal, patriarchal, idyllic relations. It has pitilessly torn asunder the motley feudal ties that bound man to his “natural superiors,” and has left remaining no other nexus between man and man than naked self-interest, than callous “cash payment.” It has drowned the most heavenly ecstasies of religious fervour, of chivalrous enthusiasm, of philistine sentimentalism, in the icy water of egotistical calculation. It has resolved personal worth into exchange value, and in place of the numberless and indefeasible chartered freedoms, has set up that single, unconscionable freedom—Free Trade. In one word, for exploitation, veiled by religious and political illusions, naked, shameless, direct, brutal exploitation.

The bourgeoisie has stripped of its halo every occupation hitherto honoured and looked up to with reverent awe. It has converted the physician, the lawyer, the priest, the poet, the man of science, into its paid wage labourers.

The bourgeoisie has torn away from the family its sentimental veil, and has reduced the family relation to a mere money relation.

The bourgeoisie has disclosed how it came to pass that the brutal display of vigour in the Middle Ages, which Reactionists so much admire, found its fitting complement in the most slothful indolence. It has been the first to show what man’s activity can bring about. It has accomplished wonders far surpassing Egyptian pyramids, Roman aqueducts, and Gothic cathedrals; it has conducted expeditions that put in the shade all former Exoduses of nations and crusades.

The bourgeoisie cannot exist without constantly revolutionising the instruments of production, and thereby the relations of production, and with them the whole relations of society. Conservation of the old modes of production in unaltered form, was, on the contrary, the first condition of existence for all earlier industrial classes. Constant revolutionising of production, uninterrupted disturbance of all social conditions, everlasting uncertainty and agitation distinguish the bourgeois epoch from all earlier ones. All fixed, fast-frozen relations, with their train of ancient and venerable prejudices and opinions, are swept away, all new-formed ones become antiquated before they can ossify. All that is solid melts into air, all that is holy is profaned, and man is at last compelled to face with sober senses, his real conditions of life, and his relations with his kind.

The need of a constantly expanding market for its products chases the bourgeoisie over the whole surface of the globe. It must nestle everywhere, settle everywhere, establish connexions everywhere.

The bourgeoisie has through its exploitation of the world-market given a cosmopolitan character to production and consumption in every country. To the great chagrin of Reactionists, it has drawn from under the feet of industry the national ground on which it stood. All old-established national industries have been destroyed or are daily being destroyed. They are dislodged by new industries, whose introduction becomes a life and death question for all civilised nations, by industries that no longer work up indigenous raw material, but raw material drawn from the remotest zones; industries whose products are consumed, not only at home, but in every quarter of the globe. In place of the old wants, satisfied by the productions of the country, we find new wants, requiring for their satisfaction the products of distant lands and climes. In place of the old local and national seclusion and self-sufficiency, we have intercourse in every direction, universal inter-dependence of nations. And as in material, so also in intellectual production. The intellectual creations of individual nations become common property. National one-sidedness and narrow-mindedness become more and more impossible, and from the numerous national and local literatures, there arises a world literature.

The bourgeoisie, by the rapid improvement of all instruments of production, by the immensely facilitated means of communication, draws all, even the most barbarian, nations into civilisation. The cheap prices of its commodities are the heavy artillery with which it batters down all Chinese walls, with which it forces the barbarians' intensely obstinate hatred of foreigners to capitulate. It compels all nations, on pain of extinction, to adopt the bourgeois mode of production; it compels them to introduce what it calls civilisation into their midst, _i.e_., to become bourgeois themselves. In one word, it creates a world after its own image.

The bourgeoisie has subjected the country to the rule of the towns. It has created enormous cities, has greatly increased the urban population as compared with the rural, and has thus rescued a considerable part of the population from the idiocy of rural life. Just as it has made the country dependent on the towns, so it has made barbarian and semi-barbarian countries dependent on the civilised ones, nations of peasants on nations of bourgeois, the East on the West.

The bourgeoisie keeps more and more doing away with the scattered state of the population, of the means of production, and of property. It has agglomerated production, and has concentrated property in a few hands. The necessary consequence of this was political centralisation. Independent, or but loosely connected provinces, with separate interests, laws, governments and systems of taxation, became lumped together into one nation, with one government, one code of laws, one national class-interest, one frontier and one customs-tariff. The bourgeoisie, during its rule of scarce one hundred years, has created more massive and more colossal productive forces than have all preceding generations together. Subjection of Nature's forces to man, machinery, application of chemistry to industry and agriculture, steam-navigation, railways, electric telegraphs, clearing of whole continents for cultivation, canalisation of rivers, whole populations conjured out of the ground—what earlier century had even a presentiment that such productive forces slumbered in the lap of social labour?

We see then: the means of production and of exchange, on whose foundation the bourgeoisie built itself up, were generated in feudal society. At a certain stage in the development of these means of production and of exchange, the conditions under which feudal society produced and exchanged, the feudal organisation of agriculture and manufacturing industry, in one word, the feudal relations of property became no longer compatible with the already developed productive forces; they became so many fetters. They had to be burst asunder; they were burst asunder.

Into their place stepped free competition, accompanied by a social and political constitution adapted to it, and by the economical and political sway of the bourgeois class.

A similar movement is going on before our own eyes. Modern bourgeois society with its relations of production, of exchange and of property, a society that has conjured up such gigantic means of production and of exchange, is like the sorcerer, who is no longer able to control the powers of the nether world whom he has called up by his spells. For many a decade past the history of industry and commerce is but the history of the revolt of modern productive forces against modern conditions of production, against the property relations that are the conditions for the existence of the bourgeoisie and of its rule. It is enough to mention the commercial crises that by their periodical return put on its trial, each time more threateningly, the existence of the entire bourgeois society. In these crises a great part not only of the existing products, but also of the previously created productive forces, are periodically destroyed. In these crises there breaks out an epidemic that, in all earlier epochs, would have seemed an absurdity—the epidemic of over-production. Society suddenly finds itself put back into a state of momentary barbarism; it appears as if a famine, a universal war of devastation had cut off the supply of every means of subsistence; industry and commerce seem to be destroyed; and why? Because there is too much civilisation, too much means of subsistence, too much industry, too much commerce. The productive forces at the disposal of society no longer tend to further the development of the conditions of bourgeois property; on the contrary,

they have become too powerful for these conditions, by which they are fettered, and so soon as they overcome these fetters, they bring disorder into the whole of bourgeois society, endanger the existence of bourgeois property. The conditions of bourgeois society are too narrow to comprise the wealth created by them. And how does the bourgeoisie get over these crises? On the one hand inforced destruction of a mass of productive forces; on the other, by the conquest of new markets, and by the more thorough exploitation of the old ones. That is to say, by paving the way for more extensive and more destructive crises, and by diminishing the means whereby crises are prevented.

The weapons with which the bourgeoisie felled feudalism to the ground are now turned against the bourgeoisie itself.

But not only has the bourgeoisie forged the weapons that bring death to itself; it has also called into existence the men who are to wield those weapons—the modern working class—the proletarians.

In proportion as the bourgeoisie, _i.e_., capital, is developed, in the same proportion is the proletariat, the modern working class, developed—a class of labourers, who live only so long as they find work, and who find work only so long as their labour increases capital. These labourers, who must sell themselves piece-meal, are a commodity, like every other article of commerce, and are consequently exposed to all the vicissitudes of competition, to all the fluctuations of the market.

Owing to the extensive use of machinery and to division of labour, the work of the proletarians has lost all individual character, and consequently, all charm for the workman. He becomes an appendage of the machine, and it is only the most simple, most monotonous, and most easily acquired knack, that is required of him. Hence, the cost of production of a workman is restricted, almost entirely, to the means of subsistence that he requires for his maintenance, and for the propagation of his race. But the price of a commodity, and therefore also of labour, is equal to its cost of production. In proportion therefore, as the repulsiveness of the work increases, the wage decreases. Nay more, in proportion as the use of machinery and division of labour increases, in the same proportion the burden of toil also increases, whether by prolongation of the working hours, by increase of the work exacted in a given time or by increased speed of the machinery, etc.

Modern industry has converted the little workshop of the patriarchal master into the great factory of the industrial capitalist. Masses of labourers, crowded into the factory, are organised like soldiers. As privates of the industrial army they are placed under the command of a perfect hierarchy of officers and sergeants. Not only are they slaves of the bourgeois class, and of the bourgeois State; they are daily and hourly enslaved by the machine, by the over-looker, and, above all, by the individual bourgeois manufacturer himself. The more openly this despotism proclaims gain to be its end and aim, the more petty, the more hateful and the more embittering it is.

The less the skill and exertion of strength implied in manual labour, in other words, the more modern industry becomes developed, the more is the labour of men superseded by that of women. Differences of age and sex have no longer any distinctive social validity for the working class. All are instruments of labour, more or less expensive to use, according to their age and sex.

No sooner is the exploitation of the labourer by the manufacturer, so far at an end, that he receives his wages in cash, than he is set upon by the other portions of the bourgeoisie, the landlord, the shopkeeper, the pawnbroker, etc.

The lower strata of the middle class—the small tradespeople, shopkeepers, retired tradesmen generally, the handicraftsmen and peasants—all these sink gradually into the proletariat, partly because their diminutive capital does not suffice for the scale on which Modern Industry is carried on, and is swamped in the competition with the large capitalists, partly because their specialized skill is rendered worthless by the new methods of production. Thus the proletariat is recruited from all classes of the population.

The proletariat goes through various stages of development. With its birth begins its struggle with the bourgeoisie. At first the contest is carried on by individual labourers, then by the workpeople of a factory, then by the operatives of one trade, in one locality, against the individual bourgeois who directly exploits them. They direct their attacks not against the bourgeois conditions of production, but against the instruments of production themselves; they destroy imported wares that compete with their labour, they smash to pieces machinery, they set factories ablaze, they seek to restore by force the vanished status of the workman of the Middle Ages.

At this stage the labourers still form an incoherent mass scattered over the whole country, and broken up by their mutual competition. If anywhere they unite to form more compact bodies, this is not yet the consequence of their own active union, but of the union of the bourgeoisie, which class, in order to attain its own political ends, is compelled to set the whole proletariat in motion, and is moreover yet, for a time, able to do so. At this stage, therefore, the proletarians do not fight their enemies, but the enemies of

their enemies, the remnants of absolute monarchy, the landowners, the non-industrial bourgeois, the petty bourgeoisie. Thus the whole historical movement is concentrated in the hands of the bourgeoisie; every victory so obtained is a victory for the bourgeoisie.

But with the development of industry the proletariat not only increases in number; it becomes concentrated in greater masses, its strength grows, and it feels that strength more. The various interests and conditions of life within the ranks of the proletariat are more and more equalised, in proportion as machinery obliterates all distinctions of labour, and nearly everywhere reduces wages to the same low level. The growing competition among the bourgeois, and the resulting commercial crises, make the wages of the workers ever more fluctuating. The unceasing improvement of machinery, ever more rapidly developing, makes their livelihood more and more precarious; the collisions between individual workmen and individual bourgeois take more and more the character of collisions between two classes. Thereupon the workers begin to form combinations (Trades Unions) against the bourgeois; they club together in order to keep up the rate of wages; they found permanent associations in order to make provision beforehand for these occasional revolts. Here and there the contest breaks out into riots.

Now and then the workers are victorious, but only for a time. The real fruit of their battles lies, not in the immediate result, but in the ever-expanding union of the workers. This union is helped on by the improved means of communication that are created by modern industry and that place the workers of different localities in contact with one another. It was just this contact that was needed to centralise the numerous local struggles, all of the same character, into one national struggle between classes. But every class struggle is a political struggle. And that union, to attain which the burghers of the Middle Ages, with their miserable highways, required centuries, the modern proletarians, thanks to railways, achieve in a few years.

This organisation of the proletarians into a class, and consequently into a political party, is continually being upset again by the competition between the workers themselves. But it ever rises up again, stronger, firmer, mightier. It compels legislative recognition of particular interests of the workers, by taking advantage of the divisions among the bourgeoisie itself. Thus the ten-hours' bill in England was carried.

Altogether collisions between the classes of the old society further, in many ways, the course of development of the proletariat. The bourgeoisie finds itself involved in a constant battle. At first with the aristocracy; later on, with those portions of the bourgeoisie itself, whose interests have become antagonistic to the progress of industry; at all times, with the bourgeoisie of foreign countries. In all these battles it sees itself compelled to appeal to the proletariat, to ask for its help, and thus, to drag it into the political arena. The bourgeoisie itself, therefore, supplies the proletariat with its own instruments of political and general education, in other words, it furnishes the proletariat with weapons for fighting the bourgeoisie.

Further, as we have already seen, entire sections of the ruling classes are, by the advance of industry, precipitated into the proletariat, or are at least threatened in their conditions of existence. These also supply the proletariat with fresh elements of enlightenment and progress.

Finally, in times when the class struggle nears the decisive hour, the process of dissolution going on within the ruling class, in fact within the whole range of society, assumes such a violent, glaring character, that a small section of the ruling class cuts itself adrift, and joins the revolutionary class, the class that holds the future in its hands. Just as, therefore, at an earlier period, a section of the nobility went over to the bourgeoisie, so now a portion of the bourgeoisie goes over to the proletariat, and in particular, a portion of the bourgeois ideologists, who have raised themselves to the level of comprehending theoretically the historical movement as a whole.

Of all the classes that stand face to face with the bourgeoisie today, the proletariat alone is a really revolutionary class. The other classes decay and finally disappear in the face of Modern Industry; the proletariat is its special and essential product. The lower middle class, the small manufacturer, the shopkeeper, the artisan, the peasant, all these fight against the bourgeoisie, to save from extinction their existence as fractions of the middle class. They are therefore not revolutionary, but conservative. Nay more, they are reactionary, for they try to roll back the wheel of history. If by chance they are revolutionary, they are so only in view of their impending transfer into the proletariat, they thus defend not their present, but their future interests, they desert their own standpoint to place themselves at that of the proletariat.

The "dangerous class," the social scum, that passively rotting mass thrown off by the lowest layers of old society, may, here and there, be swept into the movement by a proletarian revolution; its conditions of life, however, prepare it far more for the part of a bribed tool of reactionary intrigue.

In the conditions of the proletariat, those of old society at large are already virtually swamped. The proletarian is without property; his relation to his wife and children has no longer anything in common with the bourgeois family-relations; modern industrial labour, modern subjection to capital, the same in England as in France, in America as in Germany, has stripped him of every trace of national character. Law, morality, religion, are to him so many bourgeois prejudices, behind which lurk in ambush just as many bourgeois interests.

All the preceding classes that got the upper hand, sought to fortify their already acquired status by subjecting society at large to their conditions of appropriation. The proletarians cannot become masters of the productive forces of society, except by abolishing their own previous mode of appropriation, and thereby also every other previous mode of appropriation. They have nothing of their own to secure and to fortify; their mission is to destroy all previous securities for, and insurances of, individual property.

All previous historical movements were movements of minorities, or in the interests of minorities. The proletarian movement is the self-conscious, independent movement of the immense majority, in the interests of the immense majority. The proletariat, the lowest stratum of our present society, cannot stir, cannot raise itself up, without the whole superincumbent strata of official society being sprung into the air.

Though not in substance, yet in form, the struggle of the proletariat with the bourgeoisie is at first a national struggle. The proletariat of each country must, of course, first of all settle matters with its own bourgeoisie.

In depicting the most general phases of the development of the proletariat, we traced the more or less veiled civil war, raging within existing society, up to the point where that war breaks out into open revolution, and where the violent overthrow of the bourgeoisie lays the foundation for the sway of the proletariat.

Hitherto, every form of society has been based, as we have already seen, on the antagonism of oppressing and oppressed classes. But in order to oppress a class, certain conditions must be assured to it under which it can, at least, continue its slavish existence. The serf, in the period of serfdom, raised himself to membership in the commune, just as the petty bourgeois, under the yoke of feudal absolutism, managed to develop into a bourgeois. The modern laborer, on the contrary, instead of rising with the progress of industry, sinks deeper and deeper below the conditions of existence of his own class. He becomes a pauper, and pauperism develops more rapidly than population and wealth. And here it becomes evident, that the bourgeoisie is unfit any longer to be the ruling class in society, and to impose its conditions of existence upon society as an over-riding law. It is unfit to rule because it is incompetent to assure an existence to its slave within his slavery, because it cannot help letting him sink into such a state, that it has to feed him, instead of being fed by him. Society can no longer live under this bourgeoisie, in other words, its existence is no longer compatible with society.

The essential condition for the existence, and for the sway of the bourgeois class, is the formation and augmentation of capital; the condition for capital is wage-labour. Wage-labour rests exclusively on competition between the laborers. The advance of industry, whose involuntary promoter is the bourgeoisie, replaces the isolation of the labourers, due to competition, by their revolutionary combination, due to association. The development of Modern Industry, therefore, cuts from under its feet the very foundation on which the bourgeoisie produces and appropriates products. What the bourgeoisie, therefore, produces, above all, is its own grave-diggers. Its fall and the victory of the proletariat are equally inevitable.

II. PROLETARIANS AND COMMUNISTS

In what relation do the Communists stand to the proletarians as a whole?

The Communists do not form a separate party opposed to other working-class parties.

They have no interests separate and apart from those of the proletariat as a whole.

They do not set up any sectarian principles of their own, by which to shape and mould the proletarian movement.

The Communists are distinguished from the other working-class parties by this only: (1) In the national struggles of the proletarians of the different countries, they point out and bring to the front the common interests of the entire proletariat, independently of all nationality. (2) In the various stages of development which the struggle of the working class against the bourgeoisie has to pass through, they always and everywhere represent the interests of the movement as a whole.

The Communists, therefore, are on the one hand, practically, the most advanced and resolute section of the working-class parties of every country, that section which pushes forward all others; on the other hand, theoretically, they have over the great mass of the proletariat the advantage of clearly understanding the line of march, the conditions, and the ultimate general results of the proletarian movement.

The immediate aim of the Communist is the same as that of all the other proletarian parties: formation of the proletariat into a class, overthrow of the bourgeois supremacy, conquest of political power by the proletariat.

The theoretical conclusions of the Communists are in no way based on ideas or principles that have been invented, or discovered, by this or that would-be universal reformer. They merely express, in general terms, actual relations springing from an existing class struggle, from a historical movement going on under our very eyes. The abolition of existing property relations is not at all a distinctive feature of Communism.

All property relations in the past have continually been subject to historical change consequent upon the change in historical conditions.

The French Revolution, for example, abolished feudal property in favour of bourgeois property.

The distinguishing feature of Communism is not the abolition of property generally, but the abolition of bourgeois property. But modern bourgeois private property is the final and most complete expression of the system of producing and appropriating products, that is based on class antagonisms, on the exploitation of the many by the few.

In this sense, the theory of the Communists may be summed up in the single sentence: Abolition of private property.

We Communists have been reproached with the desire of abolishing the right of personally acquiring property as the fruit of a man’s own labour, which property is alleged to be the groundwork of all personal freedom, activity and independence.

Hard-won, self-acquired, self-earned property! Do you mean the property of the petty artisan and of the small peasant, a form of property that preceded the bourgeois form? There is no need to abolish that; the development of industry has to a great extent already destroyed it, and is still destroying it daily.

Or do you mean modern bourgeois private property?

But does wage-labour create any property for the labourer? Not a bit. It creates capital, i.e., that kind of property which exploits wage-labour, and which cannot increase except upon condition of begetting a new supply of wage-labour for fresh exploitation. Property, in its present form, is based on the antagonism of capital and wage-labour. Let us examine both sides of this antagonism.

To be a capitalist, is to have not only a purely personal, but a social _status_ in production. Capital is a collective product, and only by the united action of many members, nay, in the last resort, only by the united action of all members of society, can it be set in motion.

Capital is, therefore, not a personal, it is a social power.

When, therefore, capital is converted into common property, into the property of all members of society, personal property is not thereby transformed into social property. It is only the social character of the property that is changed. It loses its class-character.

Let us now take wage-labour.

The average price of wage-labour is the minimum wage, _i.e_., that quantum of the means of subsistence, which is absolutely requisite in bare existence as a labourer. What, therefore, the wage-labourer appropriates by means of his labour, merely suffices to prolong and reproduce a bare existence. We by no means intend to abolish this personal appropriation of the products of labour, an appropriation that is made for the maintenance and reproduction of human life, and that leaves no surplus wherewith to command the labour of others. All that we want to do away with, is the miserable character of this appropriation, under which the labourer lives merely to increase capital, and is allowed to live only in so far as the interest of the ruling class requires it.

In bourgeois society, living labour is but a means to increase accumulated labour. In Communist society, accumulated labour is but a means to widen, to enrich, to promote the existence of the labourer.

In bourgeois society, therefore, the past dominates the present; in Communist society, the present dominates the past. In bourgeois society capital is independent and has individuality, while the living person is dependent and has no individuality.

And the abolition of this state of things is called by the bourgeois, abolition of individuality and freedom! And rightly so. The abolition of bourgeois individuality, bourgeois independence, and bourgeois freedom is undoubtedly aimed at.

By freedom is meant, under the present bourgeois conditions of production, free trade, free selling and buying.

But if selling and buying disappears, free selling and buying disappears also. This talk about free selling and buying, and all the other “brave words” of our bourgeoisie about freedom in general, have a meaning, if any, only in contrast with restricted selling and buying, with the fettered traders of the Middle Ages, but have no meaning when opposed to the Communistic abolition of buying and selling, of the bourgeois conditions of production, and of the bourgeoisie itself.

You are horrified at our intending to do away with private property. But in your existing society, private property is already done away with for nine-tenths of the population; its existence for the few is solely due to its non-existence in the hands of those nine-tenths. You reproach us, therefore, with intending to do away with a form of property, the necessary condition for whose existence is the non-existence of any property for the immense majority of society.

In one word, you reproach us with intending to do away with your property. Precisely so; that is just what we intend.

From the moment when labour can no longer be converted into capital, money, or rent, into a social power capable of being monopolised, _i.e_., from the moment when individual property can no longer be transformed into bourgeois property, into capital, from that moment, you say individuality vanishes.

You must, therefore, confess that by “individual” you mean no other person than the bourgeois, than the middle-class owner of property. This person must, indeed, be swept out of the way, and made impossible.

Communism deprives no man of the power to appropriate the products of society; all that it does is to deprive him of the power to subjugate the labour of others by means of such appropriation.

It has been objected that upon the abolition of private property all work will cease, and universal laziness will overtake us.

According to this, bourgeois society ought long ago to have gone to the dogs through sheer idleness; for those of its members who work, acquire nothing, and those who acquire anything, do not work. The whole of this objection is but another expression of the tautology: that there can no longer be any wage-labour when there is no longer any capital.

All objections urged against the Communistic mode of producing and appropriating material products, have, in the same way, been urged against the Communistic modes of producing and appropriating intellectual products. Just as, to the bourgeois, the disappearance of class property is the disappearance of production itself, so the disappearance of class culture is to him identical with the disappearance of all culture.

That culture, the loss of which he laments, is, for the enormous majority, a mere training to act as a machine.

But don’t wrangle with us so long as you apply, to our intended abolition of bourgeois property, the standard of your bourgeois notions of freedom, culture, law, etc. Your very ideas are but the outgrowth of the conditions of your bourgeois production and bourgeois property, just as your jurisprudence is but the will of your class made into a law for all, a will, whose essential character and direction are determined by the economical conditions of existence of your class.

The selfish misconception that induces you to transform into eternal laws of nature and of reason, the social forms springing from your present mode of production and form of property—historical relations that rise and disappear in the progress of production—this misconception you share with every ruling class that has preceded you. What you see clearly in the case of ancient property, what you admit in the case of feudal property, you are of course forbidden to admit in the case of your own bourgeois form of property.

Abolition of the family! Even the most radical flare up at this infamous proposal of the Communists.

On what foundation is the present family, the bourgeois family, based? On capital, on private gain. In its completely developed form this family exists only among the bourgeoisie. But this state of things finds its complement in the practical absence of the family among the proletarians, and in public prostitution.

The bourgeois family will vanish as a matter of course when its complement vanishes, and both will vanish with the vanishing of capital.

Do you charge us with wanting to stop the exploitation of children by their parents? To this crime we plead guilty.

But, you will say, we destroy the most hallowed of relations, when we replace home education by social.

And your education! Is not that also social, and determined by the social conditions under which you educate, by the intervention, direct or indirect, of society, by means of schools, etc.? The Communists have not invented the intervention of society in education; they do but seek to alter the character of that intervention, and to rescue education from the influence of the ruling class.

The bourgeois clap-trap about the family and education, about the hallowed co-relation of parent and child, becomes all the more disgusting, the more, by the action of Modern Industry, all family ties among the proletarians are torn asunder, and their children transformed into simple articles of commerce and instruments of labour.

But you Communists would introduce community of women, screams the whole bourgeoisie in chorus.

The bourgeois sees in his wife a mere instrument of production. He hears that the instruments of production are to be exploited in common, and, naturally, can come to no other conclusion than that the lot of being common to all will likewise fall to the women.

He has not even a suspicion that the real point is to do away with the status of women as mere instruments of production.

For the rest, nothing is more ridiculous than the virtuous indignation of our bourgeois at the community of women which, they pretend, is to be openly and officially established by the Communists. The Communists have no need to introduce community of women; it has existed almost from time immemorial.

Our bourgeois, not content with having the wives and daughters of their proletarians at their disposal, not to speak of common prostitutes, take the greatest pleasure in seducing each other's wives.

Bourgeois marriage is in reality a system of wives in common and thus, at the most, what the Communists might possibly be reproached with, is that they desire to introduce, in substitution for a hypocritically concealed, an openly legalised community of women. For the rest, it is self-evident that the abolition of the present system of production must bring with it the abolition of the community of women springing from that system, _i.e_., of prostitution both public and private.

The Communists are further reproached with desiring to abolish countries and nationality.

The working men have no country. We cannot take from them what they have not got. Since the proletariat must first of all acquire political supremacy, must rise to be the leading class of the nation, must constitute itself _the_ nation, it is, so far, itself national, though not in the bourgeois sense of the word.

National differences and antagonisms between peoples are daily more and more vanishing, owing to the development of the bourgeoisie, to freedom of commerce, to the world-market, to uniformity in the mode of production and in the conditions of life corresponding thereto.

The supremacy of the proletariat will cause them to vanish still faster. United action, of the leading civilised countries at least, is one of the first conditions for the emancipation of the proletariat.

In proportion as the exploitation of one individual by another is put an end to, the exploitation of one nation by another will also be put an end to. In proportion as the antagonism between classes within the nation vanishes, the hostility of one nation to another will come to an end.

The charges against Communism made from a religious, a philosophical, and, generally, from an ideological standpoint, are not deserving of serious examination.

Does it require deep intuition to comprehend that man's ideas, views and conceptions, in one word, man's consciousness, changes with every change in the conditions of his material existence, in his social relations and in his social life?

What else does the history of ideas prove, than that intellectual production changes its character in proportion as material production is changed? The ruling ideas of each age have ever been the ideas of its ruling class.

When people speak of ideas that revolutionise society, they do but express the fact, that within the old society, the elements of a new one have been created, and that the dissolution of the old ideas keeps even pace with the dissolution of the old conditions of existence.

When the ancient world was in its last throes, the ancient religions were overcome by Christianity. When Christian ideas succumbed in the 18th century to rationalist ideas, feudal society fought its death battle with the then revolutionary bourgeoisie. The ideas of religious liberty and freedom of conscience merely gave expression to the sway of free competition within the domain of knowledge.

“Undoubtedly,” it will be said, “religious, moral, philosophical and juridical ideas have been modified in the course of historical development. But religion, morality philosophy, political science, and law, constantly survived this change.”

“There are, besides, eternal truths, such as Freedom, Justice, etc. that are common to all states of society. But Communism abolishes eternal truths, it abolishes all religion, and all morality, instead of constituting them on a new basis; it therefore acts in contradiction to all past historical experience.”

What does this accusation reduce itself to? The history of all past society has consisted in the development of class antagonisms, antagonisms that assumed different forms at different epochs.

But whatever form they may have taken, one fact is common to all past ages, viz., the exploitation of one part of society by the other. No wonder, then, that the social consciousness of past ages, despite all the multiplicity and variety it displays, moves within certain common forms, or general ideas, which cannot completely vanish except with the total disappearance of class antagonisms.

The Communist revolution is the most radical rupture with traditional property relations; no wonder that its development involves the most radical rupture with traditional ideas.

But let us have done with the bourgeois objections to Communism.

We have seen above, that the first step in the revolution by the working class, is to raise the proletariat to the position of ruling as to win the battle of democracy.

The proletariat will use its political supremacy to wrest, by degrees, all capital from the bourgeoisie, to centralise all instruments of production in the hands of the State, _i.e_., of the proletariat organised as the ruling class; and to increase the total of productive forces as rapidly as possible.

Of course, in the beginning, this cannot be effected except by means of despotic inroads on the rights of property, and on the conditions of bourgeois production; by means of measures, therefore, which appear economically insufficient and untenable, but which, in the course of the movement, outstrip themselves, necessitate further inroads upon the old social order, and are unavoidable as a means of entirely revolutionising the mode of production.

These measures will of course be different in different countries.

Nevertheless in the most advanced countries, the following will be pretty generally applicable.

1. Abolition of property in land and application of all rents of land to public purposes.

2. A heavy progressive or graduated income tax.

3. Abolition of all right of inheritance.

4. Confiscation of the property of all emigrants and rebels.

5. Centralisation of credit in the hands of the State, by means of a national bank with State capital and an exclusive monopoly.

6. Centralisation of the means of communication and transport in the hands of the State.

7. Extension of factories and instruments of production owned by the State; the bringing into cultivation of waste-lands, and the improvement of the soil generally in accordance with a common plan.

8. Equal liability of all to labour. Establishment of industrial armies, especially for agriculture.

9. Combination of agriculture with manufacturing industries; gradual abolition of the distinction between town and country, by a more equable distribution of the population over the country.

10. Free education for all children in public schools. Abolition of children's factory labour in its present form. Combination of education with industrial production, &c., &c.

When, in the course of development, class distinctions have disappeared, and all production has been concentrated in the hands of a vast association of the whole nation, the public power will lose its political character. Political power, properly so called, is merely the organised power of one class for oppressing another. If the proletariat during its contest with the bourgeoisie is compelled, by the force of circumstances, to organise itself as a class, if, by means of a revolution, it makes itself the ruling class, and, as such, sweeps away by force the old conditions of production, then it will, along with these conditions, have swept away the conditions for the existence of class antagonisms and of classes generally, and will thereby have abolished its own supremacy as a class.

In place of the old bourgeois society, with its classes and class antagonisms, we shall have an association, in which the free development of each is the condition for the free development of all.

III. SOCIALIST AND COMMUNIST LITERATURE

1. REACTIONARY SOCIALISM

A. Feudal Socialism

Owing to their historical position, it became the vocation of the aristocracies of France and England to write pamphlets against modern bourgeois society. In the French revolution of July 1830, and in the English reform agitation, these aristocracies again succumbed to the hateful upstart. Thenceforth, a serious political contest was altogether out of the question. A literary battle alone remained possible. But even in the domain of literature the old cries of the restoration period had become impossible.

In order to arouse sympathy, the aristocracy were obliged to lose sight, apparently, of their own interests, and to formulate their indictment against the bourgeoisie in the interest of the exploited working class alone. Thus the aristocracy took their revenge by singing lampoons on their new master, and whispering in his ears sinister prophecies of coming catastrophe.

In this way arose Feudal Socialism: half lamentation, half lampoon; half echo of the past, half menace of the future; at times, by its bitter, witty and incisive criticism, striking the bourgeoisie to the very heart's core; but always ludicrous in its effect, through total incapacity to comprehend the march of modern history.

The aristocracy, in order to rally the people to them, waved the proletarian alms-bag in front for a banner. But the people, so often as it joined them, saw on their hindquarters the old feudal coats of arms, and deserted with loud and irreverent laughter.

One section of the French Legitimists and "Young England" exhibited this spectacle.

In pointing out that their mode of exploitation was different to that of the bourgeoisie, the feudalists forget that they exploited under circumstances and conditions that were quite different, and that are now antiquated. In showing that, under their rule, the modern proletariat never existed, they forget that the modern bourgeoisie is the necessary offspring of their own form of society.

For the rest, so little do they conceal the reactionary character of their criticism that their chief accusation against the bourgeoisie amounts to this, that under the bourgeois _regime_ a class is being developed, which is destined to cut up root and branch the old order of society.

What they upbraid the bourgeoisie with is not so much that it creates a proletariat, as that it creates a _revolutionary_ proletariat.

In political practice, therefore, they join in all coercive measures against the working class; and in ordinary life, despite their high falutin phrases, they stoop to pick up the golden apples dropped from the tree of industry, and to barter truth, love, and honour for traffic in wool, beetroot-sugar, and potato spirits.

As the parson has ever gone hand in hand with the landlord, so has Clerical Socialism with Feudal Socialism.

Nothing is easier than to give Christian asceticism a Socialist tinge. Has not Christianity declaimed against private property, against marriage, against the State? Has it not preached in the place of these, charity and poverty, celibacy and mortification of the flesh,

monastic life and Mother Church? Christian Socialism is but the holy water with which the priest consecrates the heart-burnings of the aristocrat.

B. Petty-Bourgeois Socialism

The feudal aristocracy was not the only class that was ruined by the bourgeoisie, not the only class whose conditions of existence pined and perished in the atmosphere of modern bourgeois society. The mediaeval burgesses and the small peasant proprietors were the precursors of the modern bourgeoisie. In those countries which are but little developed, industrially and commercially, these two classes still vegetate side by side with the rising bourgeoisie.

In countries where modern civilisation has become fully developed, a new class of petty bourgeois has been formed, fluctuating between proletariat and bourgeoisie and ever renewing itself as a supplementary part of bourgeois society. The individual members of this class, however, are being constantly hurled down into the proletariat by the action of competition, and, as modern industry develops, they even see the moment approaching when they will completely disappear as an independent section of modern society, to be replaced, in manufactures, agriculture and commerce, by overlookers, bailiffs and shopmen.

In countries like France, where the peasants constitute far more than half of the population, it was natural that writers who sided with the proletariat against the bourgeoisie, should use, in their criticism of the bourgeois _regime_, the standard of the peasant and petty bourgeois, and from the standpoint of these intermediate classes should take up the cudgels for the working class. Thus arose petty-bourgeois Socialism. Sismondi was the head of this school, not only in France but also in England.

This school of Socialism dissected with great acuteness the contradictions in the conditions of modern production. It laid bare the hypocritical apologies of economists. It proved, incontrovertibly, the disastrous effects of machinery and division of labour; the concentration of capital and land in a few hands; overproduction and crises; it pointed out the inevitable ruin of the petty bourgeois and peasant, the misery of the proletariat, the anarchy in production, the crying inequalities in the distribution of wealth, the industrial war of extermination between nations, the dissolution of old moral bonds, of the old family relations, of the old nationalities.

In its positive aims, however, this form of Socialism aspires either to restoring the old means of production and of exchange, and with them the old property relations, and the old society, or to cramping the modern means of production and of exchange, within the framework of the old property relations that have been, and were bound to be, exploded by those means. In either case, it is both reactionary and Utopian.

Its last words are: corporate guilds for manufacture, patriarchal relations in agriculture.

Ultimately, when stubborn historical facts had dispersed all intoxicating effects of self-deception, this form of Socialism ended in a miserable fit of the blues.

C. German, or “True,” Socialism

The Socialist and Communist literature of France, a literature that originated under the pressure of a bourgeoisie in power, and that was the expression of the struggle against this power, was introduced into Germany at a time when the bourgeoisie, in that country, had just begun its contest with feudal absolutism.

German philosophers, would-be philosophers, and _beaux esprits_, eagerly seized on this literature, only forgetting, that when these writings immigrated from France into Germany, French social conditions had not immigrated along with them. In contact with German social conditions, this French literature lost all its immediate practical significance, and assumed a purely literary aspect. Thus, to the German philosophers of the eighteenth century, the demands of the first French Revolution were nothing more than the demands of “Practical Reason” in general, and the utterance of the will of the revolutionary French bourgeoisie signified in their eyes the law of pure Will, of Will as it was bound to be, of true human Will generally.

The world of the German _literati_ consisted solely in bringing the new French ideas into harmony with their ancient philosophical conscience, or rather, in annexing the French ideas without deserting their own philosophic point of view.

This annexation took place in the same way in which a foreign language is appropriated, namely, by translation.

It is well known how the monks wrote silly lives of Catholic Saints _over_ the manuscripts on which the classical works of ancient heathendom had been written. The German _literati_ reversed this process with the profane French literature. They wrote their philosophical nonsense beneath the French original. For instance, beneath the French criticism of the economic functions of money, they wrote “Alienation of Humanity,” and beneath the French criticism of the bourgeois State they wrote “dethronement of the Category of the General,” and so forth.

The introduction of these philosophical phrases at the back of the French historical criticisms they dubbed “Philosophy of Action,” “True Socialism,” “German Science of Socialism,” “Philosophical Foundation of Socialism,” and so on.

The French Socialist and Communist literature was thus completely emasculated. And, since it ceased in the hands of the German to express the struggle of one class with the other, he felt conscious of having overcome “French one-sidedness” and of representing, not true requirements, but the requirements of truth; not the interests of the proletariat, but the interests of Human Nature, of Man in general, who belongs to no class, has no reality, who exists only in the misty realm of philosophical fantasy.

This German Socialism, which took its schoolboy task so seriously and solemnly, and extolled its poor stock-in-trade in such mountebank fashion, meanwhile gradually lost its pedantic innocence.

The fight of the German, and especially, of the Prussian bourgeoisie, against feudal aristocracy and absolute monarchy, in other words, the liberal movement, became more earnest.

By this, the long wished-for opportunity was offered to “True” Socialism of confronting the political movement with the Socialist demands, of hurling the traditional anathemas against liberalism, against representative government, against bourgeois competition, bourgeois freedom of the press, bourgeois legislation, bourgeois liberty and equality, and of preaching to the masses that they had nothing to gain, and everything to lose, by this bourgeois movement. German Socialism forgot, in the nick of time, that the French criticism, whose silly echo it was, presupposed the existence of modern bourgeois society, with its corresponding economic conditions of existence, and the political constitution adapted thereto, the very things whose attainment was the object of the pending struggle in Germany.

To the absolute governments, with their following of parsons, professors, country squires and officials, it served as a welcome scarecrow against the threatening bourgeoisie.

It was a sweet finish after the bitter pills of floggings and bullets with which these same governments, just at that time, dosed the German working-class risings.

While this “True” Socialism thus served the governments as a weapon for fighting the German bourgeoisie, it, at the same time, directly represented a reactionary interest, the interest of the German Philistines. In Germany the _petty bourgeois_ class, a _relique_ of the sixteenth century, and since then constantly cropping up again under various forms, is the real social basis of the existing state of things.

To preserve this class is to preserve the existing state of things in Germany. The industrial and political supremacy of the bourgeoisie threatens it with certain destruction; on the one hand, from the concentration of capital; on the other, from the rise of a revolutionary proletariat. “True” Socialism appeared to kill these two birds with one stone. It spread like an epidemic.

The robe of speculative cobwebs, embroidered with flowers of rhetoric, steeped in the dew of sickly sentiment, this transcendental robe in which the German Socialists wrapped their sorry “eternal truths,” all skin and bone, served to wonderfully increase the sale of their goods amongst such a public. And on its part, German Socialism recognised, more and more, its own calling as the bombastic representative of the petty-bourgeois Philistine.

It proclaimed the German nation to be the model nation, and the German petty Philistine to be the typical man. To every villainous meanness of this model man it gave a hidden, higher, Socialistic interpretation, the exact contrary of its real character. It went to the extreme length of directly opposing the “brutally destructive” tendency of Communism, and of proclaiming its supreme and impartial contempt of all class struggles. With very few exceptions, all the so-called Socialist and Communist publications that now (1847) circulate in Germany belong to the domain of this foul and enervating literature.

2. CONSERVATIVE, OR BOURGEOIS, SOCIALISM

A part of the bourgeoisie is desirous of redressing social grievances, in order to secure the continued existence of bourgeois society.

To this section belong economists, philanthropists, humanitarians, improvers of the condition of the working class, organisers of charity, members of societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, temperance fanatics, hole-and-corner reformers of every imaginable kind. This form of Socialism has, moreover, been worked out into complete systems.

We may cite Proudhon's _Philosophie de la Misère_ as an example of this form.

The Socialistic bourgeois want all the advantages of modern social conditions without the struggles and dangers necessarily resulting therefrom. They desire the existing state of society minus its revolutionary and disintegrating elements. They wish for a bourgeoisie without a proletariat. The bourgeoisie naturally conceives the world in which it is supreme to be the best; and bourgeois Socialism develops this comfortable conception into various more or less complete systems. In requiring the proletariat to carry out such a system, and thereby to march straightway into the social New Jerusalem, it but requires in reality, that the proletariat should remain within the bounds of existing society, but should cast away all its hateful ideas concerning the bourgeoisie.

A second and more practical, but less systematic, form of this Socialism sought to depreciate every revolutionary movement in the eyes of the working class, by showing that no mere political reform, but only a change in the material conditions of existence, in economic relations, could be of any advantage to them. By changes in the material conditions of existence, this form of Socialism, however, by no means understands abolition of the bourgeois relations of production, an abolition that can be effected only by a revolution, but administrative reforms, based on the continued existence of these relations; reforms, therefore, that in no respect affect the relations between capital and labour, but, at the best, lessen the cost, and simplify the administrative work, of bourgeois government.

Bourgeois Socialism attains adequate expression, when, and only when, it becomes a mere figure of speech.

Free trade: for the benefit of the working class. Protective duties: for the benefit of the working class. Prison Reform: for the benefit of the working class. This is the last word and the only seriously meant word of bourgeois Socialism.

It is summed up in the phrase: the bourgeois is a bourgeois—for the benefit of the working class.

3. CRITICAL-UTOPIAN SOCIALISM AND COMMUNISM

We do not here refer to that literature which, in every great modern revolution, has always given voice to the demands of the proletariat, such as the writings of Babeuf and others.

The first direct attempts of the proletariat to attain its own ends, made in times of universal excitement, when feudal society was being overthrown, these attempts necessarily failed, owing to the then undeveloped state of the proletariat, as well as to the absence of the economic conditions for its emancipation, conditions that had yet to be produced, and could be produced by the impending bourgeois epoch alone. The revolutionary literature that accompanied these first movements of the proletariat had necessarily a reactionary character. It inculcated universal asceticism and social levelling in its crudest form.

The Socialist and Communist systems properly so called, those of Saint-Simon, Fourier, Owen and others, spring into existence in the early undeveloped period, described above, of the struggle between proletariat and bourgeoisie (see Section 1. Bourgeois and Proletarians).

The founders of these systems see, indeed, the class antagonisms, as well as the action of the decomposing elements, in the prevailing form of society. But the proletariat, as yet in its infancy, offers to them the spectacle of a class without any historical initiative or any independent political movement.

Since the development of class antagonism keeps even pace with the development of industry, the economic situation, as they find it, does not as yet offer to them the material conditions for the emancipation of the proletariat. They therefore search after a new social science, after new social laws, that are to create these conditions.

Historical action is to yield to their personal inventive action, historically created conditions of emancipation to fantastic ones, and the gradual, spontaneous class-organisation of the proletariat to the organisation of society specially contrived by these inventors. Future history resolves itself, in their eyes, into the propaganda and the practical carrying out of their social plans.

In the formation of their plans they are conscious of caring chiefly for the interests of the working class, as being the most suffering class. Only from the point of view of being the most suffering class does the proletariat exist for them.

The undeveloped state of the class struggle, as well as their own surroundings, causes Socialists of this kind to consider themselves far superior to all class antagonisms. They want to improve the condition of every member of society, even that of the most favoured. Hence, they habitually appeal to society at large, without distinction of class; nay, by preference, to the ruling class. For how can people, when once they understand their system, fail to see in it the best possible plan of the best possible state of society?

Hence, they reject all political, and especially all revolutionary, action; they wish to attain their ends by peaceful means, and endeavour, by small experiments, necessarily doomed to failure, and by the force of example, to pave the way for the new social Gospel.

Such fantastic pictures of future society, painted at a time when the proletariat is still in a very undeveloped state and has but a fantastic conception of its own position correspond with the first instinctive yearnings of that class for a general reconstruction of society.

But these Socialist and Communist publications contain also a critical element. They attack every principle of existing society. Hence they are full of the most valuable materials for the enlightenment of the working class. The practical measures proposed in them—such as the abolition of the distinction between town and country, of the family, of the carrying on of industries for the account of private individuals, and of the wage system, the proclamation of social harmony, the conversion of the functions of the State into a mere superintendence of production, all these proposals, point solely to the disappearance of class antagonisms which were, at that time, only just cropping up, and which, in these publications, are recognised in their earliest, indistinct and undefined forms only. These proposals, therefore, are of a purely Utopian character.

The significance of Critical-Utopian Socialism and Communism bears an inverse relation to historical development. In proportion as the modern class struggle develops and takes definite shape, this fantastic standing apart from the contest, these fantastic attacks on it, lose all practical value and all theoretical justification. Therefore, although the originators of these systems were, in many respects, revolutionary, their disciples have, in every case, formed mere reactionary sects. They hold fast by the original views of their masters, in opposition to the progressive historical development of the proletariat. They, therefore, endeavour, and that consistently, to deaden the class struggle and to reconcile the class antagonisms. They still dream of experimental realisation of their social Utopias, of founding isolated “phalansteres,” of establishing “Home Colonies,” of setting up a “Little Icaria”—duodecimo editions of the New Jerusalem—and to realise all these castles in the air, they are compelled to appeal to the feelings and purses of the bourgeois. By degrees they sink into the category of the reactionary conservative Socialists depicted above, differing from these only by more systematic pedantry, and by their fanatical and superstitious belief in the miraculous effects of their social science.

They, therefore, violently oppose all political action on the part of the working class; such action, according to them, can only result from blind unbelief in the new Gospel.

The Owenites in England, and the Fourierists in France, respectively, oppose the Chartists and the “Réformistes.”

IV. POSITION OF THE COMMUNISTS IN RELATION TO THE VARIOUS EXISTING OPPOSITION PARTIES

Section II has made clear the relations of the Communists to the existing working-class parties, such as the Chartists in England and the Agrarian Reformers in America.

The Communists fight for the attainment of the immediate aims, for the enforcement of the momentary interests of the working class; but in the movement of the present, they also represent and take care of the future of that movement. In France the Communists ally themselves with the Social-Democrats, against the conservative and radical bourgeoisie, reserving, however, the right to take up a critical position in regard to phrases and illusions traditionally handed down from the great Revolution.

In Switzerland they support the Radicals, without losing sight of the fact that this party consists of antagonistic elements, partly of Democratic Socialists, in the French sense, partly of radical bourgeois.

In Poland they support the party that insists on an agrarian revolution as the prime condition for national emancipation, that party which fomented the insurrection of Cracow in 1846.

In Germany they fight with the bourgeoisie whenever it acts in a revolutionary way, against the absolute monarchy, the feudal squirearchy, and the petty bourgeoisie.

But they never cease, for a single instant, to instil into the working class the clearest possible recognition of the hostile antagonism between bourgeoisie and proletariat, in order that the German workers may straightaway use, as so many weapons against the bourgeoisie, the social and political conditions that the bourgeoisie must necessarily introduce along with its supremacy, and in order that, after the fall of the reactionary classes in Germany, the fight against the bourgeoisie itself may immediately begin.

The Communists turn their attention chiefly to Germany, because that country is on the eve of a bourgeois revolution that is bound to be carried out under more advanced conditions of European civilisation, and with a much more developed proletariat, than that of England was in the seventeenth, and of France in the eighteenth century, and because the bourgeois revolution in Germany will be but the prelude to an immediately following proletarian revolution.

In short, the Communists everywhere support every revolutionary movement against the existing social and political order of things.

In all these movements they bring to the front, as the leading question in each, the property question, no matter what its degree of development at the time.

Finally, they labour everywhere for the union and agreement of the democratic parties of all countries.

The Communists disdain to conceal their views and aims. They openly declare that their ends can be attained only by the forcible overthrow of all existing social conditions. Let the ruling classes tremble at a Communistic revolution. The proletarians have nothing to lose but their chains. They have a world to win.

WORKING MEN OF ALL COUNTRIES, UNITE!

==========

Untitled

Ida B. Wells-Barnett

Project Gutenberg Release: February 08, 2005 · eBook #14977

Produced by Suzanne Shell, Melissa Er-Raqabi and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team at https://www.pgdp.net

The Red Record: Tabulated Statistics and Alleged Causes of Lynching in the United States

By Ida B. Wells-Barnett

1895

[Transcriber's Note: This pamphlet was first published in 1895 but was subsequently reprinted. It's not apparent if the curiosities in spelling date back to the original or were introduced later; they have been retained as found, and the reader is left to decide. Please verify with another source before quoting this material.]

PREFACE

HON. FREDERICK DOUGLASS'S LETTER

DEAR MISS WELLS:

Let me give you thanks for your faithful paper on the lynch abomination now generally practiced against colored people in the South. There has been no word equal to it in convincing power. I have spoken, but my word is feeble in comparison. You give us what you know and testify from actual knowledge. You have dealt with the facts with cool, painstaking fidelity, and left those naked and uncontradicted facts to speak for themselves.

Brave woman! you have done your people and mine a service which can neither be weighed nor measured. If the American conscience were only half alive, if the American church and clergy were only half Christianized, if American moral sensibility were not hardened by persistent infliction of outrage and crime against colored people, a scream of horror, shame, and indignation would rise to Heaven wherever your pamphlet shall be read.

But alas! even crime has power to reproduce itself and create conditions favorable to its own existence. It sometimes seems we are deserted by earth and Heaven--yet we must still think, speak and work, and trust in the power of a merciful God for final deliverance.

Very truly and gratefully yours, FREDERICK DOUGLASS Cedar Hill, Anacostia, D.C.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER 1 The Case Stated 57

CHAPTER 2 Lynch-Law Statistics 65

CHAPTER 3 Lynching Imbeciles 73

CHAPTER 4 Lynching of Innocent Men 84

CHAPTER 5 Lynched for Anything or Nothing 93

CHAPTER 6 History of Some Cases of Rape 108

CHAPTER 7 The Crusade Justified 121

CHAPTER 8 Miss Willard's Attitude 129

CHAPTER 9 Lynching Record for 1894 139

CHAPTER 10 The Remedy 147

1

THE CASE STATED

The student of American sociology will find the year 1894 marked by a pronounced awakening of the public conscience to a system of anarchy and outlawry which had grown during a series of ten years to be so common, that scenes of unusual brutality failed to have any visible effect upon the humane sentiments of the people of our land.

Beginning with the emancipation of the Negro, the inevitable result of unbribled power exercised for two and a half centuries, by the white man over the Negro, began to show itself in acts of conscienceless outlawry. During the slave regime, the Southern white man owned the Negro body and soul. It was to his interest to dwarf the soul and preserve the body. Vested with unlimited power over his slave, to subject him to any and all kinds of physical punishment, the white man was still restrained from such punishment as tended to injure the slave by abating his physical powers and thereby reducing his financial worth. While slaves were scourged mercilessly, and in countless cases inhumanly treated in other respects, still the white owner rarely permitted his anger to go so far as to take a life, which would entail upon him a loss of several hundred dollars. The slave was rarely killed, he was too valuable; it was easier and quite as effective, for discipline or revenge, to sell him "Down South."

But Emancipation came and the vested interests of the white man in the Negro's body were lost. The white man had no right to scourge the emancipated Negro, still less has he a right to kill him. But the Southern white people had been educated so long in that school of practice, in which might makes right, that they disdained to draw strict lines of action in dealing with the Negro. In slave times the Negro was kept subservient and submissive by the frequency and severity of the scourging, but, with freedom, a new system of intimidation came into vogue; the Negro was not only whipped and scourged; he was killed.

Not all nor nearly all of the murders done by white men, during the past thirty years in the South, have come to light, but the statistics as gathered and preserved by white men, and which have not been questioned, show that during these years more than ten thousand Negroes have been killed in cold blood, without the formality of judicial trial and legal execution. And yet, as evidence of the absolute impunity with which the white man dares to kill a Negro, the same record shows that during all these years, and for all these murders only three white men have been tried, convicted, and executed. As no white man has been lynched for the murder of colored people, these three executions are the only instances of the death penalty being visited upon white men for murdering Negroes.

Naturally enough the commission of these crimes began to tell upon the public conscience, and the Southern white man, as a tribute to the nineteenth-century civilization, was in a manner compelled to give excuses for his barbarism. His excuses have adapted themselves to the emergency, and are aptly outlined by that greatest of all Negroes, Frederick Douglass, in an article of recent date, in which he shows that there have been three distinct eras of Southern barbarism, to account for which three distinct excuses have been made.

The first excuse given to the civilized world for the murder of unoffending Negroes was the necessity of the white man to repress and stamp out alleged "race riots." For years immediately succeeding the war there was an appalling slaughter of colored people, and the wires usually conveyed to northern people and the world the intelligence, first, that an insurrection was being planned by Negroes, which, a few hours later, would prove to have been vigorously resisted by white men, and controlled with a resulting loss of several killed and wounded. It was always a remarkable feature in these insurrections and riots that only Negroes were killed during the rioting, and that all the white men escaped unharmed.

From 1865 to 1872, hundreds of colored men and women were mercilessly murdered and the almost invariable reason assigned was that they met their death by being alleged participants in an insurrection or riot. But this story at last wore itself out. No insurrection ever materialized; no Negro rioter was ever apprehended and proven guilty, and no dynamite ever recorded the black man's protest against oppression and wrong. It was too much to ask thoughtful people to believe this transparent story, and the southern white people at last made up their minds that some other excuse must be had.

Then came the second excuse, which had its birth during the turbulent times of reconstruction. By an amendment to the Constitution the Negro was given the right of franchise, and, theoretically at least, his ballot became his invaluable emblem of citizenship. In a government "of the people, for the people, and by the people," the Negro's vote became an important factor in all

matters of state and national politics. But this did not last long. The southern white man would not consider that the Negro had any right which a white man was bound to respect, and the idea of a republican form of government in the southern states grew into general contempt. It was maintained that "This is a white man's government," and regardless of numbers the white man should rule. "No Negro domination" became the new legend on the sanguinary banner of the sunny South, and under it rode the Ku Klux Klan, the Regulators, and the lawless mobs, which for any cause chose to murder one man or a dozen as suited their purpose best. It was a long, gory campaign; the blood chills and the heart almost loses faith in Christianity when one thinks of Yazoo, Hamburg, Edgefield, Copiah, and the countless massacres of defenseless Negroes, whose only crime was the attempt to exercise their right to vote.

But it was a bootless strife for colored people. The government which had made the Negro a citizen found itself unable to protect him. It gave him the right to vote, but denied him the protection which should have maintained that right. Scourged from his home; hunted through the swamps; hung by midnight raiders, and openly murdered in the light of day, the Negro clung to his right of franchise with a heroism which would have wrung admiration from the hearts of savages. He believed that in that small white ballot there was a subtle something which stood for manhood as well as citizenship, and thousands of brave black men went to their graves, exemplifying the one by dying for the other.

The white man's victory soon became complete by fraud, violence, intimidation and murder. The franchise vouchsafed to the Negro grew to be a "barren ideality," and regardless of numbers, the colored people found themselves voiceless in the councils of those whose duty it was to rule. With no longer the fear of "Negro Domination" before their eyes, the white man's second excuse became valueless. With the Southern governments all subverted and the Negro actually eliminated from all participation in state and national elections, there could be no longer an excuse for killing Negroes to prevent "Negro Domination."

Brutality still continued; Negroes were whipped, scourged, exiled, shot and hung whenever and wherever it pleased the white man so to treat them, and as the civilized world with increasing persistency held the white people of the South to account for its outlawry, the murderers invented the third excuse--that Negroes had to be killed to avenge their assaults upon women. There could be framed no possible excuse more harmful to the Negro and more unanswerable if true in its sufficiency for the white man.

Humanity abhors the assailant of womanhood, and this charge upon the Negro at once placed him beyond the pale of human sympathy. With such unanimity, earnestness and apparent candor was this charge made and reiterated that the world has accepted the story that the Negro is a monster which the Southern white man has painted him. And today, the Christian world feels, that while lynching is a crime, and lawlessness and anarchy the certain precursors of a nation's fall, it can not by word or deed, extend sympathy or help to a race of outlaws, who might mistake their plea for justice and deem it an excuse for their continued wrongs.

The Negro has suffered much and is willing to suffer more. He recognizes that the wrongs of two centuries can not be righted in a day, and he tries to bear his burden with patience for today and be hopeful for tomorrow. But there comes a time when the veriest worm will turn, and the Negro feels today that after all the work he has done, all the sacrifices he has made, and all the suffering he has endured, if he did not, now, defend his name and manhood from this vile accusation, he would be unworthy even of the contempt of mankind. It is to this charge he now feels he must make answer.

If the Southern people in defense of their lawlessness, would tell the truth and admit that colored men and women are lynched for almost any offense, from murder to a misdemeanor, there would not now be the necessity for this defense. But when they intentionally, maliciously and constantly belie the record and bolster up these falsehoods by the words of legislators, preachers, governors and bishops, then the Negro must give to the world his side of the awful story.

A word as to the charge itself. In considering the third reason assigned by the Southern white people for the butchery of blacks, the question must be asked, what the white man means when he charges the black man with rape. Does he mean the crime which the statutes of the civilized states describe as such? Not by any means. With the Southern white man, any mesalliance existing between a white woman and a colored man is a sufficient foundation for the charge of rape. The Southern white man says that it is impossible for a voluntary alliance to exist between a white woman and a colored man, and therefore, the fact of an alliance is a proof of force. In numerous instances where colored men have have been lynched on the charge of rape, it was positively known at the time of lynching, and indisputably proven after the victim's death, that the relationship sustained between the man and woman was voluntary and clandestine, and that in no court of law could even the charge of assault have been successfully maintained.

It was for the assertion of this fact, in the defense of her own race, that the writer hereof became an exile; her property destroyed and her return to her home forbidden under penalty of death, for writing the following editorial which was printed in her paper, the _Free Speech,_ in Memphis, Tenn., May 21,1892:

Eight Negroes lynched since last issue of the _Free Speech_ one at Little Rock, Ark., last Saturday morning where the citizens broke(?) into the penitentiary and got their man; three near Anniston, Ala., one near New Orleans; and three at Clarksville, Ga., the last three for killing a white man, and five on the same old racket--the new alarm about raping white women. The same programme of hanging, then shooting bullets into the lifeless bodies was carried out to the letter. Nobody in this section of the country believes the old threadbare lie that Negro men rape white women. If Southern white men are not careful, they will overreach themselves and public sentiment will have a reaction; a conclusion will then be reached which will be very damaging to the moral reputation of their women.

But threats cannot suppress the truth, and while the Negro suffers the soul deformity, resultant from two and a half centuries of slavery, he is no more guilty of this vilest of all vile charges than the white man who would blacken his name.

During all the years of slavery, no such charge was ever made, not even during the dark days of the rebellion, when the white man, following the fortunes of war went to do battle for the maintenance of slavery. While the master was away fighting to forge the fetters upon the slave, he left his wife and children with no protectors save the Negroes themselves. And yet during those years of trust and peril, no Negro proved recreant to his trust and no white man returned to a home that had been dispoiled.

Likewise during the period of alleged "insurrection," and alarming "race riots," it never occurred to the white man, that his wife and children were in danger of assault. Nor in the Reconstruction era, when the hue and cry was against "Negro Domination," was there ever a thought that the domination would ever contaminate a fireside or strike to death the virtue of womanhood. It must appear strange indeed, to every thoughtful and candid man, that more than a quarter of a century elapsed before the Negro began to show signs of such infamous degeneration.

In his remarkable apology for lynching, Bishop Haygood, of Georgia, says: "No race, not the most savage, tolerates the rape of woman, but it may be said without reflection upon any other people that the Southern people are now and always have been most sensitive concerning the honor of their women--their mothers, wives, sisters and daughters." It is not the purpose of this defense to say one word against the white women of the South. Such need not be said, but it is their misfortune that the chivalrous white men of that section, in order to escape the deserved execration of the civilized world, should shield themselves by their cowardly and infamously false excuse, and call into question that very honor about which their distinguished priestly apologist claims they are most sensitive. To justify their own barbarism they assume a chivalry which they do not possess. True chivalry respects all womanhood, and no one who reads the record, as it is written in the faces of the million mulattoes in the South, will for a minute conceive that the southern white man had a very chivalrous regard for the honor due the women of his own race or respect for the womanhood which circumstances placed in his power. That chivalry which is "most sensitive concerning the honor of women" can hope for but little respect from the civilized world, when it confines itself entirely to the women who happen to be white. Virtue knows no color line, and the chivalry which depends upon complexion of skin and texture of hair can command no honest respect.

When emancipation came to the Negroes, there arose in the northern part of the United States an almost divine sentiment among the noblest, purest and best white women of the North, who felt called to a mission to educate and Christianize the millions of southern exslaves. From every nook and corner of the North, brave young white women answered that call and left their cultured homes, their happy associations and their lives of ease, and with heroic determination went to the South to carry light and truth to the benighted blacks. It was a heroism no less than that which calls for volunteers for India, Africa and the Isles of the sea. To educate their unfortunate charges; to teach them the Christian virtues and to inspire in them the moral sentiments manifest in their own lives, these young women braved dangers whose record reads more like fiction than fact. They became social outlaws in the South. The peculiar sensitiveness of the southern white men for women, never shed its protecting influence about them. No friendly word from their own race cheered them in their work; no hospitable doors gave them the companionship like that from which they had come. No chivalrous white man doffed his hat in honor or respect. They were "Nigger teachers"--unpardonable offenders in the social ethics of the South, and were insulted, persecuted and ostracised, not by Negroes, but by the white manhood which boasts of its chivalry toward women.

And yet these northern women worked on, year after year, unselfishly, with a heroism which amounted almost to martyrdom. Threading their way through dense forests, working in schoolhouse, in the cabin and in the church, thrown at all times and in all

places among the unfortunate and lowly Negroes, whom they had come to find and to serve, these northern women, thousands and thousands of them, have spent more than a quarter of a century in giving to the colored people their splendid lessons for home and heart and soul. Without protection, save that which innocence gives to every good woman, they went about their work, fearing no assault and suffering none. Their chivalrous protectors were hundreds of miles away in their northern homes, and yet they never feared any "great dark-faced mobs," they dared night or day to "go beyond their own roof trees." They never complained of assaults, and no mob was ever called into existence to avenge crimes against them. Before the world adjudges the Negro a moral monster, a vicious assailant of womanhood and a menace to the sacred precincts of home, the colored people ask the consideration of the silent record of gratitude, respect, protection and devotion of the millions of the race in the South, to the thousands of northern white women who have served as teachers and missionaries since the war.

The Negro may not have known what chivalry was, but he knew enough to preserve inviolate the womanhood of the South which was entrusted to his hands during the war. The finer sensibilities of his soul may have been crushed out by years of slavery, but his heart was full of gratitude to the white women of the North, who blessed his home and inspired his soul in all these years of freedom. Faithful to his trust in both of these instances, he should now have the impartial ear of the civilized world, when he dares to speak for himself as against the infamy wherewith he stands charged.

It is his regret, that, in his own defense, he must disclose to the world that degree of dehumanizing brutality which fixes upon America the blot of a national crime. Whatever faults and failings other nations may have in their dealings with their own subjects or with other people, no other civilized nation stands condemned before the world with a series of crimes so peculiarly national. It becomes a painful duty of the Negro to reproduce a record which shows that a large portion of the American people avow anarchy, condone murder and defy the contempt of civilization. These pages are written in no spirit of vindictiveness, for all who give the subject consideration must concede that far too serious is the condition of that civilized government in which the spirit of unrestrained outlawry constantly increases in violence, and casts its blight over a continually growing area of territory. We plead not for the colored people alone, but for all victims of the terrible injustice which puts men and women to death without form of law. During the year 1894, there were 132 persons executed in the United States by due form of law, while in the same year, 197 persons were put to death by mobs who gave the victims no opportunity to make a lawful defense. No comment need be made upon a condition of public sentiment responsible for such alarming results.

The purpose of the pages which follow shall be to give the record which has been made, not by colored men, but that which is the result of compilations made by white men, of reports sent over the civilized world by white men in the South. Out of their own mouths shall the murderers be condemned. For a number of years the _Chicago Tribune_, admittedly one of the leading journals of America, has made a specialty of the compilation of statistics touching upon lynching. The data compiled by that journal and published to the world January 1, 1894, up to the present time has not been disputed. In order to be safe from the charge of exaggeration, the incidents hereinafter reported have been confined to those vouched for by the Tribune.

LYNCH-LAW STATISTICS

From the record published in the _Chicago Tribune_, January 1, 1894, the following computation of lynching statistics is made referring only to the colored victims of Lynch Law during the year 1893:

ARSON

Sept. 15, Paul Hill, Carrollton, Ala.; Sept. 15, Paul Archer, Carrollton, Ala.; Sept. 15, William Archer, Carrollton, Ala.; Sept. 15, Emma Fair, Carrollton, Ala.

SUSPECTED ROBBERY

Dec. 23, unknown negro, Fannin, Miss.

ASSAULT

Dec. 25, Calvin Thomas, near Brainbridge, Ga.

ATTEMPTED ASSAULT

Dec. 28, Tillman Green, Columbia, La.

INCENDIARISM

Jan. 26, Patrick Wells, Quincy, Fla.; Feb. 9, Frank Harrell, Dickery, Miss.; Feb. 9, William Filder, Dickery, Miss.

ATTEMPTED RAPE

Feb. 21, Richard Mays, Springville, Mo.; Aug. 14, Dug Hazleton, Carrollton, Ga.; Sept. 1, Judge McNeil, Cadiz, Ky.; Sept. 11, Frank Smith, Newton, Miss.; Sept. 16, William Jackson, Nevada, Mo.; Sept. 19, Riley Gulley, Pine Apple, Ala.; Oct. 9, John Davis, Shorterville, Ala.; Nov. 8, Robert Kennedy, Spartansburg, S.C.

BURGLARY

Feb. 16, Richard Forman, Granada, Miss.

WIFE BEATING

Oct. 14, David Jackson, Covington, La.

ATTEMPTED MURDER

Sept. 21, Thomas Smith, Roanoke, Va.

ATTEMPTED ROBBERY

Dec. 12, four unknown negroes, near Selma, Ala.

RACE PREJUDICE

Jan. 30, Thomas Carr, Kosciusko, Miss.; Feb. 7, William Butler, Hickory Creek, Texas; Aug. 27, Charles Tart, Lyons Station, Miss.; Dec. 7, Robert Greenwood, Cross county, Ark.; July 14, Allen Butler, Lawrenceville, Ill.

THIEVES

Oct. 24, two unknown negroes, Knox Point, La.

ALLEGED BARN BURNING

Nov. 4, Edward Wagner, Lynchburg, Va.; Nov. 4, William Wagner, Lynchburg, Va.; Nov. 4, Samuel Motlow, Lynchburg, Va.; Nov. 4, Eliza Motlow, Lynchburg, Va.

ALLEGED MURDER

Jan. 21, Robert Landry, St. James Parish, La.; Jan. 21, Chicken George, St. James Parish, La.; Jan. 21, Richard Davis, St. James Parish, La.; Dec. 8, Benjamin Menter, Berlin, Ala.; Dec. 8, Robert Wilkins, Berlin, Ala.; Dec. 8, Joseph Gevhens, Berlin, Ala.

ALLEGED COMPLICITY IN MURDER

Sept. 16, Valsin Julian, Jefferson Parish, La.; Sept. 16, Basil Julian, Jefferson Parish, La.; Sept. 16, Paul Julian, Jefferson Parish, La.; Sept. 16, John Willis, Jefferson Parish, La.

MURDER

June 29, Samuel Thorp, Savannah, Ga.; June 29, George S. Riechen, Waynesboro, Ga.; June 30, Joseph Bird, Wilberton, I.T.; July 1, James Lamar, Darien, Ga.; July 28, Henry Miller, Dallas, Texas; July 28, Ada Hiers, Walterboro, S.C.; July 28, Alexander Brown, Bastrop, Texas; July 30, W.G. Jamison, Quincy, Ill.; Sept. 1, John Ferguson, Lawrens, S.C.; Sept. 1, Oscar Johnston, Berkeley, S.C.; Sept. 1, Henry Ewing, Berkeley, S.C.; Sept. 8, William Smith, Camden, Ark.; Sept. 15, Staples Green, Livingston, Ala.; Sept. 29, Hiram Jacobs, Mount Vernon, Ga.; Sept. 29, Lucien Mannet, Mount Vernon, Ga.; Sept. 29, Hire Bevington, Mount

Vernon, Ga.; Sept. 29, Weldon Gordon, Mount Vernon, Ga.; Sept. 29, Parse Strickland, Mount Vernon, Ga.; Oct. 20, William Dalton, Cartersville, Ga.; Oct. 27, M.B. Taylor, Wise Court House, Va.; Oct. 27, Isaac Williams, Madison, Ga.; Nov. 10, Miller Davis, Center Point, Ark.; Nov. 14, John Johnston, Auburn, N.Y.

Sept. 27, Calvin Stewart, Langley, S.C.; Sept. 29, Henry Coleman, Denton, La.; Oct. 18, William Richards, Summerfield, Ga.; Oct. 18, James Dickson, Summerfield, Ga.; Oct. 27, Edward Jenkins, Clayton county, Ga.; Nov. 9, Henry Boggs, Fort White, Fla.; Nov. 14, three unknown negroes, Lake City Junction, Fla.; Nov. 14, D.T. Nelson, Varney, Ark.; Nov. 29, Newton Jones, Baxley, Ga.; Dec. 2, Lucius Holt, Concord, Ga.; Dec. 10, two unknown negroes, Richmond, Ala.; July 12, Henry Fleming, Columbus, Miss.; July 17, unknown negro, Briar Field, Ala.; July 18, Meredith Lewis, Roseland, La. July 29, Edward Bill, Dresden, Tenn.; Aug. 1, Henry Reynolds, Montgomery, Tenn.; Aug. 9, unknown negro, McCreery, Ark.; Aug. 12, unknown negro, Brantford, Fla.; Aug. 18, Charles Walton, Morganfield, Ky; Aug. 21, Charles Tait, near Memphis, Tenn.; Aug. 28, Leonard Taylor, New Castle, Ky; Sept. 8, Benjamin Jackson, Quincy, Miss.; Sept. 14, John Williams, Jackson, Tenn.

SELF-DEFENSE

July 30, unknown negro, Wingo, Ky.

POISONING WELLS

Aug. 18, two unknown negroes, Franklin Parish, La.

ALLEGED WELL POISONING

Sept. 15, Benjamin Jackson, Jackson, Miss.; Sept. 15, Mahala Jackson, Jackson, Miss.; Sept. 15, Louisa Carter, Jackson, Miss.; Sept. 15, W.A. Haley, Jackson, Miss.; Sept. 16, Rufus Bigley, Jackson, Miss.

INSULTING WHITES

Feb. 18, John Hughes, Moberly, Mo.; June 2, Isaac Lincoln, Fort Madison, S.C.

MURDEROUS ASSAULT

April 20, Daniel Adams, Selina, Kan.

NO OFFENSE

July 21, Charles Martin, Shelby Co., Tenn.; July 30, William Steen, Paris, Miss.; Aug. 31, unknown negro, Yarborough, Tex.; Sept. 30, unknown negro, Houston, Tex.; Dec. 28, Mack Segars, Brantley, Ala.

ALLEGED RAPE

July 7, Charles T. Miller, Bardwell, Ky.; Aug. 10, Daniel Lewis, Waycross, Ga.; Aug. 10, James Taylor, Waycross, Ga.; Aug. 10, John Chambers, Waycross, Ga.

ALLEGED STOCK POISONING

Dec. 16, Henry G. Givens, Nebro, Ky.

SUSPECTED MURDER

Dec. 23, Sloan Allen, West Mississippi.

SUSPICION OF RAPE

Feb. 14, Andy Blount, Chattanooga, Tenn.

TURNING STATE'S EVIDENCE

Dec. 19, William Ferguson, Adele, Ga.

RAPE

Jan. 19, James Williams, Pickens Co., Ala.; Feb. 11, unknown negro, Forest Hill, Tenn.; Feb. 26, Joseph Hayne, or Paine, Jellico, Tenn.; Nov. 1, Abner Anthony, Hot Springs, Va.; Nov. 1, Thomas Hill, Spring Place, Ga.; April 24, John Peterson, Denmark, S.C.; May 6, Samuel Gaillard, ----, S.C.; May 10, Haywood Banks, or Marksdale, Columbia, S.C.; May 12, Israel Halliway, Napoleonville, La.; May 12, unknown negro, Wytheville, Va.; May 31, John Wallace, Jefferson Springs, Ark.; June 3, Samuel Bush, Decatur, Ill.; June 8, L.C. Dumas, Gleason, Tenn.; June 13, William Shorter, Winchester, Va.; June 14, George Williams, near Waco, Tex.; June 24, Daniel Edwards, Selina or Selma, Ala.; June 27, Ernest Murphy, Daleville, Ala.; July 6, unknown negro, Poplar Head, La.; July 6, unknown negro, Poplar Head, La.; July 12, Robert Larkin, Oscola, Tex.; July 17, Warren Dean, Stone Creek, Ga.; July 21, unknown negro, Brantford, Fla.; July 17, John Cotton, Connersville, Ark.; July 22, Lee Walker, New Albany, Miss.; July 26, ---- Handy, Suansea, S.C.; July 30, William Thompson, Columbia, S.C.; July 28, Isaac Harper, Calera, Ala.; July 30, Thomas Preston, Columbia, S.C.; July 30, Handy Kaigler, Columbia, S.C.; Aug. 13, Monroe Smith, Springfield, Ala.; Aug. 19, negro tramp, near Paducah, Ky.; Aug. 21, John Nilson, near Leavenworth, Kan.; Aug. 23, Jacob Davis, Green Wood, S.C.; Sept. 2, William Arkinson, McKenney, Ky.; Sept. 16, unknown negro, Centerville, Ala.; Sept. 16, Jessie Mitchell, Amelia C.H., Va.; Sept. 25, Perry Bratcher, New Boston, Tex.; Oct. 9, William Lacey, Jasper, Ala.; Oct. 22, John Gamble, Pikesville, Tenn.

OFFENSES CHARGED ARE AS FOLLOWS

Rape, 39; attempted rape, 8; alleged rape, 4; suspicion of rape, 1; murder, 44; alleged murder, 6; alleged complicity in murder, 4; murderous assault, 1; attempted murder, 1; attempted robbery, 4; arson, 4; incendiarism, 3; alleged stock poisoning, 1; poisoning wells, 2; alleged poisoning wells, 5; burglary, 1; wife beating, 1; self-defense, 1; suspected robbery, 1; assault and battery, 1; insulting whites, 2; malpractice, 1; alleged barn burning, 4; stealing, 2; unknown offense, 4; no offense, 1; race prejudice, 4; total, 159.

LYNCHINGS BY STATES

Alabama, 25; Arkansas, 7; Florida, 7; Georgia, 24; Indian Territory, 1; Illinois, 3; Kansas, 2; Kentucky, 8; Louisiana, 18; Mississippi, 17; Missouri, 3; New York, 1; South Carolina, 15; Tennessee, 10; Texas, 8; Virginia, 10.

RECORD FOR THE YEAR 1892

While it is intended that the record here presented shall include specially the lynchings of 1893, it will not be amiss to give the record for the year preceding. The facts contended for will always appear manifest--that not one-third of the victims lynched were charged with rape, and further that the charges made embraced a range of offenses from murders to misdemeanors.

In 1892 there were 241 persons lynched. The entire number is divided among the following states:

Alabama, 22; Arkansas, 25; California, 3; Florida, 11; Georgia, 17; Idaho, 8; Illinois, 1; Kansas, 3; Kentucky, 9; Louisiana, 29; Maryland, 1; Mississippi, 16; Missouri, 6; Montana, 4; New York, 1; North Carolina, 5; North Dakota, 1; Ohio, 3; South Carolina, 5; Tennessee, 28; Texas, 15; Virginia, 7; West Virginia, 5; Wyoming, 9; Arizona Territory, 3; Oklahoma, 2.

Of this number 160 were of Negro descent. Four of them were lynched in New York, Ohio and Kansas; the remainder were murdered in the South. Five of this number were females. The charges for which they were lynched cover a wide range. They are as follows:

Rape, 46; murder, 58; rioting, 3; race prejudice, 6; no cause given, 4; incendiarism, 6; robbery, 6; assault and battery, 1; attempted rape, 11; suspected robbery, 4; larceny, 1; self-defense, 1; insulting women, 2; desperadoes, 6; fraud, 1; attempted murder, 2; no offense stated, boy and girl, 2.

In the case of the boy and girl above referred to, their father, named Hastings, was accused of the murder of a white man; his fourteen-year-old daughter and sixteen-year-old son were hanged and their bodies filled with bullets, then the father was also lynched. This was in November, 1892, at Jonesville, Louisiana.

LYNCHING IMBECILES

(An Arkansas Butchery)

The only excuse which capital punishment attempts to find is upon the theory that the criminal is past the power of reformation and his life is a constant menace to the community. If, however, he is mentally unbalanced, irresponsible for his acts, there can be no more inhuman act conceived of than the wilful sacrifice of his life. So thoroughly is that principle grounded in the law, that all civilized society surrounds human life with a safeguard, which prevents the execution of a criminal who is insane, even if sane at the time of his criminal act. Should he become insane after its commission the law steps in and protects him during the period of his insanity. But Lynch Law has no such regard for human life. Assuming for itself an absolute supremacy over the law of the land, it has time and again dyed its hands in the blood of men who were imbeciles. Two or three noteworthy cases will suffice to show with what inhuman ferocity irresponsible men have been put to death by this system of injustice.

An instance occurred during the year 1892 in Arkansas, a report of which is given in full in the _Arkansas Democrat_, published at Little Rock, in that state, on the eleventh day of February of that year. The paper mentioned is perhaps one of the leading weeklies in that state and the account given in detail has every mark of a careful and conscientious investigation. The victims of this tragedy were a colored man, named Hamp Biscoe, his wife and a thirteen-year-old son. Hamp Biscoe, it appears, was a hard working, thrifty farmer, who lived near England, Arkansas, upon a small farm with his family. The investigation of the tragedy was conducted by a resident of Arkansas named R.B. Caries, a white man, who furnished the account to the _Arkansas Democrat_ over his own signature. He says the original trouble which led to the lynching was a quarrel between Biscoe and a white man about a debt. About six years after Biscoe preempted his land, a white man made a demand of $100 upon him for services in showing him the land and making the sale. Biscoe denied the service and refused to pay the demand. The white man, however, brought suit, obtained judgment for the hundred dollars and Biscoe's farm was sold to pay the judgment.

The suit, judgment and subsequent legal proceedings appear to have driven Biscoe almost crazy and brooding over his wrongs he grew to be a confirmed imbecile. He would allow but few men, white or colored, to come upon his place, as he suspected every stranger to be planning to steal his farm. A week preceding the tragedy, a white man named Venable, whose farm adjoined Biscoe's, let down the fence and proceeded to drive through Biscoe's field. The latter saw him; grew very excited, cursed him and drove him from his farm with bitter oaths and violent threats. Venable went away and secured a warrant for Biscoe's arrest. This warrant was placed in the hands of a constable named John Ford, who took a colored deputy and two white men out to Biscoe's farm to make the arrest. When they arrived at the house Biscoe refused to be arrested and warned them he would shoot if they persisted in their attempt to arrest him. The warning was unheeded by Ford, who entered upon the premises, when Biscoe, true to his word, fired upon him. The load tore a part of his clothes from his body, one shot going through his arm and entering his breast. After he had fallen, Ford drew his revolver and shot Biscoe in the head and his wife through the arm. The Negro deputy then began firing and struck Biscoe in the small of the back. Ford's wound was not dangerous and in a few days he was able to be around again. Biscoe, however, was so severely shot that he was unable to stand after the firing was over.

Two other white men hearing the exchange of shots went to the rescue of the officers, forced open the door of Biscoe's cabin and arrested him, his wife and thirteen-year-old son, and took them, together with a babe at the breast, to a small frame house near the depot and put them under guard. The subsequent proceedings were briefly told by Mr. Carlee in the columns of the _Arkansas Democrat_ above mentioned, from whose account the following excerpt is taken:

It was rumored here that the Negroes were to be lynched that night, but I do not think it was generally credited, as it was not believed that Ford was greatly hurt and the Negro was held to be fatally injured and crazy at that. But that night, about 8 o'clock, a party of perhaps twelve or fifteen men, a number of whom were known to the guards, came to the house and told the Negro guards they would take care of the prisoners now, and for them to leave; as they did not obey at once they were persuaded to leave with words that did not admit of delay.

The woman began to cry and said, "You intend to kill us to get our money." They told her to hush (she was heavy with child and had a child at her breast) as they intended to give her a nice present. The guards heard no more, but hastened to a Negro church near by and urged the preacher to go up and stop the mob. A few minutes after, the shooting began, perhaps about forty shots being fired. The white men then left rapidly and the Negroes went to the house. Hamp Biscoe and his wife were killed, the baby had a slight wound across the upper lip; the boy was still alive and lived until after midnight, talking rationally and telling who did the shooting.

He said when they came in and shot his father, he attempted to run out of doors and a young man shot him in the bowels and that he fell. He saw another man shoot his mother and a taller young man, whom he did not know, shoot his father. After they had killed them, the young man who had shot his mother pulled off her stockings and took $220 in currency that she had hid there. The men then came to the door where the boy was lying and one of them turned him over and put his pistol to his breast and shot him again. This is the story the dying boy told as near as I can get it. It is quite singular that the guards and those who had conversed with him were not required to testify. The woman was known to have the money as she had exposed it that day. She also had $36 in silver, which the plunderer of the body did not get. The Negro was undoubtedly insane and had been for several years. The citizens of this community condemn the murder and have no sympathy with it. The Negro was a well-to-do farmer, but had become crazed because he was convinced some plot had been made to steal his land and only a few days ago declared that he expected to die in defense of his home in a short time and he did not care how soon. The killing of a woman with the child at her breast and in her condition, and also a young boy, was extremely brutal. As for Hamp Biscoe he was dangerous and should long have been confined in the insane asylum. Such were the facts as near as I can get them and you can use them as you see fit, but I would prefer you would suppress the names charged by the Negroes with the killing.

Perhaps the civilized world will think, that with all these facts laid before the public, by a writer who signs his name to his communication, in a land where grand juries are sworn to investigate, where judges and juries are sworn to administer the law and sheriffs are paid to execute the decrees of the courts, and where, in fact, every instrument of civilization is supposed to work for the common good of all citizens, that this matter was duly investigated, the criminals apprehended and the punishment meted out to the murderers. But this is a mistake; nothing of the kind was done or attempted. Six months after the publication, above referred to, an investigator, writing to find out what had been done in the matter, received the following reply:

OFFICE OF S.S. GLOVER, SHERIFF AND COLLECTOR, LONOKE COUNTY.

Lonoke, Ark., 9-12-1892

Geo. Washington, Esq., Chicago, Ill.

DEAR SIR:--The parties who killed Hamp Briscoe February the ninth, have never been arrested. The parties are still in the county. It was done by some of the citizens, and those who know will not tell.

S.S. GLOVER, Sheriff

Thus acts the mob with the victim of its fury, conscious that it will never be called to an account. Not only is this true, but the moral support of those who are chosen by the people to execute the law, is frequently given to the support of lawlessness and mob violence. The press and even the pulpit, in the main either by silence or open apology, have condoned and encouraged this state of anarchy.

TORTURED AND BURNED IN TEXAS

Never In the history of civilization has any Christian people stooped to such shocking brutality and indescribable barbarism as that which characterized the people of Paris, Texas, and adjacent communities on the first of February, 1893. The cause of this awful outbreak of human passion was the murder of a four-year-old child, daughter of a man named Vance. This man, Vance, had been a police officer in Paris for years, and was known to be a man of bad temper, overbearing manner and given to harshly treating the prisoners under his care. He had arrested Smith and, it is said, cruelly mistreated him. Whether or not the murder of his child was an art of fiendish revenge, it has not been shown, but many persons who know of the incident have suggested that the secret of the attack on the child lay in a desire for revenge against its father.

In the same town there lived a Negro, named Henry Smith, a well-known character, a kind of roustabout, who was generally considered a harmless, weak-minded fellow, not capable of doing any important work, but sufficiently able to do chores and odd jobs around the houses of the white people who cared to employ him. A few days before the final tragedy, this man, Smith, was accused of murdering Myrtle Vance. The crime of murder was of itself bad enough, and to prove that against Smith would have been amply sufficient in Texas to have committed him to the gallows, but the finding of the child so exasperated the father and his friends, that they at once shamefully exaggerated the facts and declared that the babe had been ruthlessly assaulted and then killed. The truth was bad enough, but the white people of the community made it a point to exaggerate every detail of the awful affair, and to inflame the public mind so that nothing less than immediate and violent death would satisfy the populace. As a matter of fact, the child was not brutally assaulted as the world has been told in excuse for the awful barbarism of that day. Persons who

saw the child after its death, have stated, under the most solemn pledge to truth, that there was no evidence of such an assault as was published at that time, only a slight abrasion and discoloration was noticeable and that mostly about the neck. In spite of this fact, so eminent a man as Bishop Haygood deliberately and, it must also appear, maliciously falsified the fact by stating that the child was torn limb from limb, or to quote his own words, "First outraged with demoniacal cruelty and then taken by her heels and torn asunder in the mad wantonness of gorilla ferocity."

Nothing is farther from the truth than that statement. It is a coldblooded, deliberate, brutal falsehood which this Christian(?) Bishop uses to bolster up the infamous plea that the people of Paris were driven to insanity by learning that the little child had been viciously assaulted, choked to death, and then torn to pieces by a demon in human form. It was a brutal murder, but no more brutal than hundreds of murders which occur in this country, and which have been equalled every year in fiendishness and brutality, and for which the death penalty is prescribed by law and inflicted only after the person has been legally adjudged guilty of the crime. Those who knew Smith, believe that Vance had at some time given him cause to seek revenge and that this fearful crime was the outgrowth of his attempt to avenge himself of some real or fancied wrong. That the murderer was known as an imbecile, had no effect whatever upon the people who thirsted for his blood. They determined to make an example of him and proceeded to carry out their purpose with unspeakably greater ferocity than that which characterized the half-crazy object of their revenge.

For a day or so after the child was found in the woods, Smith remained in the vicinity as if nothing had happened, and when finally becoming aware that he was suspected, he made an attempt to escape. He was apprehended, however, not far from the scene of his crime and the news flashed across the country that the white Christian people of Paris, Texas and the communities thereabout had deliberately determined to lay aside all forms of law and inaugurate an entirely new form of punishment for the murder. They absolutely refused to make any inquiry as to the sanity or insanity of their prisoner, but set the day and hour when in the presence of assembled thousands they put their helpless victim to the stake, tortured him, and then burned him to death for the delectation and satisfaction of Christian people.

Lest it might be charged that any description of the deeds of that day are exaggerated, a white man's description which was published in the white journals of this country is used. The _New York Sun_ of February 2, 1893, contains an account, from which we make the following excerpt:

PARIS, Tex., Feb. 1, 1893.--Henry Smith, the negro ravisher of four-year-old Myrtle Vance, has expiated in part his awful crime by death at the stake. Ever since the perpetration of his awful crime this city and the entire surrounding country has been in a wild frenzy of excitement. When the news came last night that he had been captured at Hope, Ark., that he had been identified by B.B. Sturgeon, James T. Hicks, and many other of the Paris searching party, the city was wild with joy over the apprehension of the brute. Hundreds of people poured into the city from the adjoining country and the word passed from lip to lip that the punishment of the fiend should fit the crime that death by fire was the penalty Smith should pay for the most atrocious murder and terrible outrage in Texas history. Curious and sympathizing alike, they came on train and wagons, on horse, and on foot to see if the frail mind of a man could think of a way to sufficiently punish the perpetrator of so terrible a crime. Whisky shops were closed, unruly mobs were dispersed, schools were dismissed by a proclamation from the mayor, and everything was done in a business-like manner.

MEETING OF CITIZENS

About 2 o'clock Friday a mass meeting was called at the courthouse and captains appointed to search for the child. She was found mangled beyond recognition, covered with leaves and brush as above mentioned. As soon as it was learned upon the recovery of the body that the crime was so atrocious the whole town turned out in the chase. The railroads put up bulletins offering free transportation to all who would join in the search. Posses went in every direction, and not a stone was left unturned. Smith was tracked to Detroit on foot, where he jumped on a freight train and left for his old home in Hempstead county, Arkansas. To this county he was tracked and yesterday captured at Clow, a flag station on the Arkansas & Louisiana railway about twenty miles north of Hope. Upon being questioned the fiend denied everything, but upon being stripped for examination his undergarments were seen to be spattered with blood and a part of his shirt was torn off. He was kept under heavy guard at Hope last night, and later on confessed the crime.

This morning he was brought through Texarkana, where 5,000 people awaited the train, anxious to see a man who had received the fate of Ed. Coy. At that place speeches were made by prominent Paris citizens, who asked that the prisoner be not molested by Texarkana people, but that the guard be allowed to deliver him up to the outraged and indignant citizens of Paris. Along the road the train gathered strength from the various towns, the people crowded upon the platforms and tops of coaches anxious to see the

lynching and the negro who was soon to be delivered to an infuriated mob.

BURNED AT THE STAKE

Arriving here at 12 o'clock the train was met by a surging mass of humanity 10,000 strong. The negro was placed upon a carnival float in mockery of a king upon his throne, and, followed by an immense crowd, was escorted through the city so that all might see the most inhuman monster known in current history. The line of march was up Main Street to the square, around the square down Clarksville street to Church Street, thence to the open prairies about 300 yards from the Texas & Pacific depot. Here Smith was placed upon a scaffold, six feet square and ten feet high, securely bound, within the view of all beholders. Here the victim was tortured for fifty minutes by red-hot iron brands thrust against his quivering body. Commencing at the feet the brands were placed against him inch by inch until they were thrust against the face. Then, being apparently dead, kerosene was poured upon him, cottonseed hulls placed beneath him and set on fire. In less time than it takes to relate it, the tortured man was wafted beyond the grave to another fire, hotter and more terrible than the one just experienced.

Curiosity seekers have carried away already all that was left of the memorable event, even to pieces of charcoal. The cause of the crime was that Henry Vance when a deputy policeman, in the course of his duty was called to arrest Henry Smith for being drunk and disorderly. The Negro was unruly, and Vance was forced to use his club. The Negro swore vengeance, and several times assaulted Vance. In his greed for revenge, last Thursday, he grabbed up the little girl and committed the crime. The father is prostrated with grief and the mother now lies at death's door, but she has lived to see the slayer of her innocent babe suffer the most horrible death that could be conceived.

TORTURE BEYOND DESCRIPTION

Words to describe the awful torture inflicted upon Smith cannot be found. The Negro, for a long time after starting on the journey to Paris, did not realize his plight. At last when he was told that he must die by slow torture he begged for protection. His agony was awful. He pleaded and writhed in bodily and mental pain. Scarcely had the train reached Paris than this torture commenced. His clothes were torn off piecemeal and scattered in the crowd, people catching the shreds and putting them away as mementos. The child's father, her brother, and two uncles then gathered about the Negro as he lay fastened to the torture platform and thrust hot irons into his quivering flesh. It was horrible--the man dying by slow torture in the midst of smoke from his own burning flesh. Every groan from the fiend, every contortion of his body was cheered by the thickly packed crowd of 10,000 persons. The mass of beings 600 yards in diameter, the scaffold being the center. After burning the feet and legs, the hot irons--plenty of fresh ones being at hand--were rolled up and down Smith's stomach, back, and arms. Then the eyes were burned out and irons were thrust down his throat.

The men of the Vance family having wreaked vengeance, the crowd piled all kinds of combustible stuff around the scaffold, poured oil on it and set it afire. The Negro rolled and tossed out of the mass, only to be pushed back by the people nearest him. He tossed out again, and was roped and pulled back. Hundreds of people turned away, but the vast crowd still looked calmly on. People were here from every part of this section. They came from Dallas, Fort Worth, Sherman, Denison, Bonham, Texarkana, Fort Smith, Ark., and a party of fifteen came from Hempstead county, Arkansas, where he was captured. Every train that came in was loaded to its utmost capacity, and there were demands at many points for special trains to bring the people here to see the unparalleled punishment for an unparalleled crime. When the news of the burning went over the country like wildfire, at every country town anvils boomed forth the announcement.

SHOULD HAVE BEEN IN AN ASYLUM

It may not be amiss in connection with this awful affair, in proof of our assertion that Smith was an imbecile, to give the testimony of a well-known colored minister, who lived at Paris, Texas, at the time of the lynching. He was a witness of the awful scenes there enacted, and attempted, in the name of God and humanity, to interfere in the programme. He barely escaped with his life, was driven out of the city and became an exile because of his actions. Reverend King was in New York about the middle of February, and he was there interviewed for a daily paper for that city, and we quote his account as an eye witness of the affair. Said he:

I was ridden out of Paris on a rail because I was the only man in Lamar county to raise my voice against the lynching of Smith. I opposed the illegal measures before the arrival of Henry Smith as a prisoner, and I was warned that I might meet his fate if I was not careful; but the sense of justice made me bold, and when I saw the poor wretch trembling with fear, and got so near him that I could hear his teeth chatter, I determined to stand by him to the last.

I hated him for his crime, but two crimes do not make a virtue; and in the brief conversation I had with Smith I was more firmly convinced than ever that he was irresponsible.

I had known Smith for years, and there were times when Smith was out of his head for weeks. Two years ago I made an effort to have him put in an asylum, but the white people were trying to fasten the murder of a young colored girl upon him, and would not listen. For days before the murder of the little Vance girl, Smith was out of his head and dangerous. He had just undergone an attack of delirium tremens and was in no condition to be allowed at large. He realized his condition, for I spoke with him not three weeks ago, and in answer to my exhortations, he promised to reform. The next time I saw him was on the day of his execution.

"Drink did it! drink did it," he sobbed. Then bowing his face in his hands, he asked: "Is it true, did I kill her? Oh, my God, my God!" For a moment he seemed to forget the awful fate that awaited him, and his body swayed to and fro with grief. Some one seized me by the shoulder and hurled me back, and Smith fell writhing to the ground in terror as four men seized his arms to drag him to the float on which he was to be exhibited before he was finally burned at the stake.

I followed the procession and wept aloud as I saw little children of my own race follow the unfortunate man and taunt him with jeers. Even at the stake, children of both sexes and colors gathered in groups, and when the father of the murdered child raised the hissing iron with which he was about to torture the helpless victim, the children became as frantic as the grown people and struggled forward to obtain places of advantage.

It was terrible. One little tot scarcely older than little Myrtle Vance clapped her baby hands as her father held her on his shoulders above the heads of the people.

"For God's sake," I shouted, "send the children home."

"No, no," shouted a hundred maddened voices; "let them learn a lesson."

I love children, but as I looked about the little faces distorted with passion and the bloodshot eyes of the cruel parents who held them high in their arms, I thanked God that I have none of my own.

As the hot iron sank deep into poor Henry's flesh a hideous yell rent the air, and, with a sound as terrible as the cry, of lost souls on judgment day, 20,000 maddened people took up the victim's cry of agony and a prolonged howl of maddened glee rent the air.

No one was himself now. Every man, woman and child in that awful crowd was worked up to a greater frenzy than that which actuated Smith's horrible crime. The people were capable of any new atrocity now, and as Smith's yells became more and more frequent, it was difficult to hold the crowd back, so anxious were the savages to participate in the sickening tortures.

For half an hour I tried to pray as the beads of agony rolled down my forehead and bathed my face.

For an instant a hush spread over the people. I could stand no more, and with a superhuman effort dashed through the compact mass of humanity and stood at the foot of the burning scaffold.

"In the name of God," I cried, "I command you to cease this torture."

The heavy butt of a Winchester rifle descended on my head and I fell to the ground. Rough hands seized me and angry men bore me away, and I was thankful.

At the outskirts of the crowd I was attacked again, and then several men, no doubt glad to get away from the fearful place, escorted me to my home, where I was allowed to take a small amount of clothing. A jeering crowd gathered without, and when I appeared at the door ready hands seized me and I was placed upon a rail, and, with curses and oaths, taken to the railway station and placed upon a train. As the train moved out some one thrust a roll of bills into my hand and said, "God bless you, but it was no use."

When asked if he should ever return to Paris, Mr. King said: "I shall never go south again. The impressions of that awful day will stay with me forever."

LYNCHING OF INNOCENT MEN

(Lynched on Account of Relationship)

If no other reason appealed to the sober sense of the American people to check the growth of Lynch Law, the absolute unreliability and recklessness of the mob in inflicting punishment for crimes done, should do so. Several instances of this spirit have occurred in the year past. In Louisiana, near New Orleans, in July, 1893, Roselius Julian, a colored man, shot and killed a white judge, named Victor Estopinal. The cause of the shooting has never been definitely ascertained. It is claimed that the Negro resented an insult to his wife, and the killing of the white man was an act of a Negro (who dared) to defend his home. The judge was killed in the court house, and Julian, heavily armed, made his escape to the swamps near the city. He has never been apprehended, nor has any information ever been gleaned as to his whereabouts. A mob determined to secure the fugitive murderer and burn him alive. The swamps were hunted through and through in vain, when, being unable to wreak their revenge upon the murderer, the mob turned its attention to his unfortunate relatives. Dispatches from New Orleans, dated September 19, 1893, described the affair as follows:

Posses were immediately organized and the surrounding country was scoured, but the search was fruitless so far as the real criminal was concerned. The mother, three brothers and two sisters of the Negro were arrested yesterday at the Black Ridge in the rear of the city by the police and taken to the little jail on Judge Estopinal's place about Southport, because of the belief that they were succoring the fugitive.

About 11 o'clock twenty-five men, some armed with rifles and shotguns, came up to the jail. They unlocked the door and held a conference among themselves as to what they should do. Some were in favor of hanging the five, while others insisted that only two of the brothers should be strung up. This was finally agreed to, and the two doomed negroes were hurried to a pasture one hundred yards distant, and there asked to take their last chance of saving their lives by making a confession, but the Negroes made no reply. They were then told to kneel down and pray. One did so, the other remained standing, but both prayed fervently. The taller Negro was then hoisted up. The shorter Negro stood gazing at the horrible death of his brother without flinching. Five minutes later he was also hanged. The mob decided to take the remaining brother out to Camp Parapet and hang him there. The other two were to be taken out and flogged, with an order to get out of the parish in less than half an hour. The third brother, Paul, was taken out to the camp, which is about a mile distant in the interior, and there he was hanged to a tree.

Another young man, who was in no way related to Julian, who perhaps did not even know the man and who was entirely innocent of any offense in connection therewith, was murdered by the same mob. The same paper says:

During the search for Julian on Saturday one branch of the posse visited the house of a Negro family in the neighborhood of Camp Parapet, and failing to find the object of their search, tried to induce John Willis, a young Negro, to disclose the whereabouts of Julian. He refused to do so, or could not do so, and was kicked to death by the gang.

AN INDIANA CASE

Almost equal to the ferocity of the mob which killed the three brothers, Julian and the unoffending, John Willis, because of the murder of Judge Estopinal, was the action of a mob near Vincennes, Ind. In this case a wealthy colored man, named Allen Butler, who was well known in the community, and enjoyed the confidence and respect of the entire country, was made the victim of a mob and hung because his son had become unduly intimate with a white girl who was a servant around his house. There was no pretense that the facts were otherwise than as here stated. The woman lived at Butler's house as a servant, and she and Butler's son fell in love with each other, and later it was found that the girl was in a delicate condition. It was claimed, but with how much truth no one has ever been able to tell, that the father had procured an abortion, or himself had operated on the girl, and that she had left the house to go back to her home. It was never claimed that the father was in any way responsible for the action of his son, but the authorities procured the arrest of both father and son, and at the preliminary examination the father gave bail to appear before the Grand Jury when it should convene. On the same night, however, the mob took the matter in hand and with the intention of hanging the son. It assembled near Sumner, while the boy, who had been unable to give bail, was lodged in jail at Lawrenceville. As it was impossible to reach Lawrenceville and hang the son, the leaders of the mob concluded they would go to Butler's house and hang him. Butler was found at his home, taken out by the mob and hung to a tree. This was in the lawabiding state of Indiana, which furnished the United States its last president and which claims all the honor, pride and glory of northern civilization. None of the leaders of the mob were apprehended, and no steps whatever were taken to bring the murderers to justice.

KILLED FOR HIS STEPFATHER'S CRIME

An account has been given of the cremation of Henry Smith, at Paris, Texas, for the murder of the infant child of a man named Vance. It would appear that human ferocity was not sated when it vented itself upon a human being by burning his eyes out, by

thrusting a red-hot iron down his throat, and then by burning his body to ashes. Henry Smith, the victim of these savage orgies, was beyond all the power of torture, but a few miles outside of Paris, some members of the community concluded that it would be proper to kill a stepson named William Butler as a partial penalty for the original crime. This young man, against whom no word has ever been said, and who was in fact an orderly, peaceable boy, had been watched with the severest scrutiny by members of the mob who believed he knew something of the whereabouts of Smith. He declared from the very first that he did not know where his stepfather was, which statement was well proven to be a fact after the discovery of Smith in Arkansas, whence he had fled through swamps and woods and unfrequented places. Yet Butler was apprehended, placed under arrest, and on the night of February 6, taken out on Hickory Creek, five miles southeast of Paris, and hung for his stepfather's crime. After his body was suspended in the air, the mob filled it with bullets.

LYNCHED BECAUSE THE JURY ACQUITTED HIM

The entire system of the judiciary of this country is in the hands of white people. To this add the fact of the inherent prejudice against colored people, and it will be clearly seen that a white jury is certain to find a Negro prisoner guilty if there is the least evidence to warrant such a finding.

Meredith Lewis was arrested in Roseland, La., in July of last year. A white jury found him not guilty of the crime of murder wherewith he stood charged. This did not suit the mob. A few nights after the verdict was rendered, and he declared to be innocent, a mob gathered in his vicinity and went to his house. He was called, and suspecting nothing, went outside. He was seized and hurried off to a convenient spot and hanged by the neck until he was dead for the murder of a woman of which the jury had said he was innocent.

LYNCHED AS A SCAPEGOAT

Wednesday, July 5, about 10 o'clock in the morning, a terrible crime was committed within four miles of Wickliffe, Ky. Two girls, Mary and Ruby Ray, were found murdered a short distance from their home. The news of this terrible cowardly murder of two helpless young girls spread like wild fire, and searching parties scoured the territory surrounding Wickliffe and Bardwell. Two of the searching party, the Clark brothers, saw a man enter the Dupoyster cornfield; they got their guns and fired at the fleeing figure, but without effect; he got away, but they said he was a white man or nearly so. The search continued all day without effect, save the arrest of two or three strange Negroes. A bloodhound was brought from the penitentiary and put on the trail which he followed from the scene of the murder to the river and into the boat of a fisherman named Gordon. Gordon stated that he had ferried one man and only one across the river about about half past six the evening of July 5; that his passenger sat in front of him, and he was a white man or a very bright mulatto, who could not be told from a white man. The bloodhound was put across the river in the boat, and he struck a trail again at Bird's Point on the Missouri side, ran about three hundred yards to the cottage of a white farmer named Grant and there lay down refusing to go further.

Thursday morning a brakesman on a freight train going out of Sikeston, Mo., discovered a Negro stealing a ride; he ordered him off and had hot words which terminated in a fight. The brakesman had the Negro arrested. When arrested, between 11 and 12 o'clock, he had on a dark woolen shirt, light pants and coat, and no vest. He had twelve dollars in paper, two silver dollars and ninety-five cents in change; he had also four rings in his pockets, a knife and a razor which were rusted and stained. The Sikeston authorities immediately jumped to the conclusion that this man was the murderer for whom the Kentuckians across the river were searching. They telegraphed to Bardwell that their prisoner had on no coat, but wore a blue vest and pants which would perhaps correspond with the coat found at the scene of the murder, and that the names of the murdered girls were in the rings found in his possession.

As soon as this news was received, the sheriffs of Ballard and Carlisle counties and a posse(?) of thirty well-armed and determined Kentuckians, who had pledged their word the prisoner should be taken back to the scene of the supposed crime, to be executed there if proved to be the guilty man, chartered a train and at nine o'clock Thursday night started for Sikeston. Arriving there two hours later, the sheriff at Sikeston, who had no warrant for the prisoner's arrest and detention, delivered him into the hands of the mob without authority for so doing, and accompanied them to Bird's Point. The prisoner gave his name as Miller, his home at Springfield, and said he had never been in Kentucky in his life, but the sheriff turned him over to the mob to be taken to Wickliffe, that Frank Gordon, the fisherman, who had put a man across the river might identify him.

In other words, the protection of the law was withdrawn from C.J. Miller, and he was given to a mob by this sheriff at Sikeston, who knew that the prisoner's life depended on one man's word. After an altercation with the train men, who wanted another $50 for

taking the train back to Bird's Point, the crowd arrived there at three o'clock, Friday morning. Here was anchored _The Three States_, a ferryboat plying between Wickliffe, Ky, Cairo, Ill., and Bird's Point, Mo. This boat left Cairo at twelve o'clock, Thursday, with nearly three hundred of Cairo's best(?) citizens and thirty kegs of beer on board. This was consumed while the crowd and the bloodhound waited for the prisoner.

When the prisoner was on board _The Three States_ the dog was turned loose, and after moving aimlessly around, followed the crowd to where Miller sat handcuffed and there stopped. The crowd closed in on the pair and insisted that the brute had identified him because of that action. When the boat reached Wickliffe, Gordon, the fisherman, was called on to say whether the prisoner was the man he ferried over the river the day of the murder.

[Illustration: Lynching of C.J. Miller, at Bardwell, Kentucky, July 7, 1893.]

The sheriff of Ballard County informed him, sternly that if the prisoner was not the man, he (the fisherman) would be held responsible as knowing who the guilty man was. Gordon stated before, that the man he ferried across was a white man or a bright colored man; Miller was a dark brown skinned man, with kinky hair, "neither yellow nor black," says the _Cairo Evening Telegram_ of Friday, July 7. The fisherman went up to Miller from behind, looked at him without speaking for fully five minutes, then slowly said, "Yes, that's the man I crossed over." This was about six o'clock, Friday morning, and the crowd wished to hang Miller then and there. But Mr. Ray, the father of the girls, insisted that he be taken to Bardwell, the county seat of Ballard, and twelve miles inland. He said he thought a white man committed the crime, and that he was not satisfied that was the man. They took him to Bardwell and at ten o'clock, this same excited, unauthorized mob undertook to determine Miller's guilt. One of the Clark brothers who shot at a fleeing man in the Dupoyster cornfield, said the prisoner was the same man; the other said he was not, but the testimony of the first was accepted. A colored woman who had said she gave breakfast to a colored man clad in a blue flannel suit the morning of the murder, said positively that she had never seen Miller before. The gold rings found in his possession had no names in them, as had been asserted, and Mr. Ray said they did not belong to his daughters. Meantime a funeral pyre for the purpose of burning Miller to death had been erected in the center of the village. While the crowd swayed by passion was clamoring that he be burnt, Miller stepped forward and made the following statement: "My name is C.J. Miller. I am from Springfield, Ill.; my wife lives at 716 N. 2d Street. I am here among you today, looked upon as one of the most brutal men before the people. I stand here surrounded by men who are excited, men who are not willing to let the law take its course, and as far as the crime is concerned, I have committed no crime, and certainly no crime gross enough to deprive me of my life and liberty to walk upon the green earth."

A telegram was sent to the chief of the police at Springfield, Ill., asking if one C.J. Miller lived there. An answer in the negative was returned. A few hours after, it was ascertained that a man named Miller, and his wife, did live at the number the prisoner gave in his speech, but the information came to Bardwell too late to do the prisoner any good. Miller was taken to jail, every stitch of clothing literally torn from his body and examined again. On the lower left side of the bosom of his shirt was found a dark reddish spot about the size of a dime. Miller said it was paint which he had gotten on him at Jefferson Barracks. This spot was only on the right side, and could not be seen from the under side at all, thus showing it had not gone through the cloth as blood or any liquid substance would do.

Chief-of-Police Mahaney, of Cairo, Ill., was with the prisoner, and he took his knife and scraped at the spot, particles of which came off in his hand. Miller told them to take his clothes to any expert, and if the spot was shown to be blood, they might do anything they wished with him. They took his clothes away and were gone some time. After a while they were brought back and thrown into the cell without a word. It is needless to say that if the spot had been found to be blood, that fact would have been announced, and the shirt retained as evidence. Meanwhile numbers of rough, drunken men crowded into the cell and tried to force a confession of the deed from the prisoner's lips. He refused to talk save to reiterate his innocence. To Mr. Mahaney, who talked seriously and kindly to him, telling him the mob meant to burn and torture him at three o'clock, Miller said: "Burning and torture here lasts but a little while, but if I die with a lie on my soul, I shall be tortured forever. I am innocent." For more than three hours, all sorts of pressure in the way of threats, abuse and urging, was brought to bear to force him to confess to the murder and thus justify the mob in its deed of murder. Miller remained firm; but as the hour drew near, and the crowd became more impatient, he asked for a priest. As none could be procured, he then asked for a Methodist minister, who came, prayed with the doomed man, baptized him and exhorted Miller to confess. To keep up the flagging spirits of the dense crowd around the jail, the rumor went out more than once, that Miller had confessed. But the solemn assurance of the minister, chief-of-police, and leading editor--who were with Miller all along--is that this rumor is absolutely false.

At three o'clock the mob rushed to the jail to secure the prisoner. Mr. Ray had changed his mind about the promised burning; he was still in doubt as to the prisoner's guilt. He again addressed the crowd to that effect, urging them not to burn Miller, and the mob heeded him so far, that they compromised on hanging instead of burning, which was agreed to by Mr. Ray. There was a loud yell, and a rush was made for the prisoner. He was stripped naked, his clothing literally torn from his body, and his shirt was tied around his loins. Some one declared the rope was a "white man's death," and a log-chain, nearly a hundred feet in length, weighing over one hundred pounds, was placed round Miller's neck and body, and he was led and dragged through the streets of the village in that condition followed by thousands of people. He fainted from exhaustion several times, but was supported to the platform where they first intended burning him.

The chain was hooked around his neck, a man climbed the telegraph pole and the other end of the chain was passed up to him and made fast to the cross-arm. Others brought a long forked stick which Miller was made to straddle. By this means he was raised several feet from the ground and then let fall. The first fall broke his neck, but he was raised in this way and let fall a second time. Numberless shots were fired into the dangling body, for most of that crowd were heavily armed, and had been drinking all day.

Miller's body hung thus exposed from three to five o'clock, during which time, several photographs of him as he hung dangling at the end of the chain were taken, and his toes and fingers were cut off. His body was taken down, placed on the platform, the torch applied, and in a few moments there was nothing left of C.J. Miller save a few bones and ashes. Thus perished another of the many victims of Lynch Law, but it is the honest and sober belief of many who witnessed the scene that an innocent man has been barbarously and shockingly put to death in the glare of the nineteenth-century civilization, by those who profess to believe in Christianity, law and order.

5

LYNCHED FOR ANYTHING OR NOTHING

(_Lynched for Wife Beating_)

In nearly all communities wife beating is punishable with a fine, and in no community is it made a felony. Dave Jackson, of Abita, La., was a colored man who had beaten his wife. He had not killed her, nor seriously wounded her, but as Louisiana lynchers had not filled out their quota of crimes, his case was deemed of sufficient importance to apply the method of that barbarous people. He was in the custody of the officials, but the mob went to the jail and took him out in front of the prison and hanged him by the neck until he was dead. This was in Nov. 1893.

HANGED FOR STEALING HOGS

Details are very meagre of a lynching which occurred near Knox Point, La., on the twenty-fourth of October, 1893. Upon one point, however, there was no uncertainty, and that is, that the persons lynched were Negroes. It was claimed that they had been stealing hogs, but even this claim had not been subjected to the investigation of a court. That matter was not considered necessary. A few of the neighbors who had lost hogs suspected these men were responsible for their loss, and made up their minds to furnish an example for others to be warned by. The two men were secured by a mob and hanged.

LYNCHED FOR NO OFFENSE

Perhaps the most characteristic feature of this record of lynch law for the year 1893, is the remarkable fact that five human beings were lynched and that the matter was considered of so little importance that the powerful press bureaus of the country did not consider the matter of enough importance to ascertain the causes for which they were hanged. It tells the world, with perhaps greater emphasis than any other feature of the record, that Lynch Law has become so common in the United States that the finding of the dead body of a Negro, suspended between heaven and earth to the limb of a tree, is of so slight importance that neither the civil authorities nor press agencies consider the matter worth investigating. July 21, in Shelby County, Tenn., a colored man by the name of Charles Martin was lynched. July 30, at Paris, Mo., a colored man named William Steen shared the same fate. December 28, Mack Segars was announced to have been lynched at Brantley, Alabama. August 31, at Yarborough, Texas, and on September 19, at Houston, a colored man was found lynched, but so little attention was paid to the matter that not only was no record made as to why these last two men were lynched, but even their names were not given. The dispatches simply stated that an unknown Negro was found lynched in each case.

There are friends of humanity who feel their souls shrink from any compromise with murder, but whose deep and abiding reverence for womanhood causes them to hesitate in giving their support to this crusade against Lynch Law, out of fear that they may encourage the miscreants whose deeds are worse than murder. But to these friends it must appear certain that these five men could not have been guilty of any terrible crime. They were simply lynched by parties of men who had it in their power to kill them, and who chose to avenge some fancied wrong by murder, rather than submit their grievances to court.

LYNCHED BECAUSE THEY WERE SAUCY

At Moberly, Mo., February 18 and at Fort Madison, S.C., June 2, both in 1892, a record was made in the line of lynching which should certainly appeal to every humanitarian who has any regard for the sacredness of human life. John Hughes, of Moberly, and Isaac Lincoln, of Fort Madison, and Will Lewis in Tullahoma, Tenn., suffered death for no more serious charge than that they "were saucy to white people." In the days of slavery it was held to be a very serious matter for a colored person to fail to yield the sidewalk at the demand of a white person, and it will not be surprising to find some evidence of this intolerance existing in the days of freedom. But the most that could be expected as a penalty for acting or speaking saucily to a white person would be a slight physical chastisement to make the Negro "know his place" or an arrest and fine. But Missouri, Tennessee and South Carolina chose to make precedents in their cases and as a result both men, after being charged with their offense and apprehended, were taken by a mob and lynched. The civil authorities, who in either case would have been very quick to satisfy the aggrieved white people had they complained and brought the prisoners to court, by imposing proper penalty upon them, did not feel it their duty to make any investigation after the Negroes were killed. They were dead and out of the way and as no one would be called upon to render an account for their taking off, the matter was dismissed from the public mind.

LYNCHED FOR A QUARREL

One of the most notable instances of lynching for the year 1893, occurred about the twentieth of September. It was notable for the fact that the mayor of the city exerted every available power to protect the victim of the lynching from the mob. In his splendid endeavor to uphold the law, the mayor called out the troops, and the result was a deadly fight between the militia and mob, nine of the mob being killed. The trouble occurred at Roanoke, Va. It is frequently claimed that lynchings occur only in sparsely settled districts, and, in fact, it is a favorite plea of governors and reverend apologists to couple two arrant falsehoods, stating that lynchings occur only because of assaults upon white women, and that these assaults occur and the lynchings follow in thinly inhabited districts where the power of the law is entirely inadequate to meet the emergency. This Roanoke case is a double refutation, for it not only disproves the alleged charge that the Negro assaulted a white woman, as was telegraphed all over the country at the time, but it also shows conclusively that even in one of the largest cities of the old state of Virginia, one of the original thirteen colonies, which prides itself of being the mother of presidents, it was possible for a lynching to occur in broad daylight under circumstances of revolting savagery.

When the news first came from Roanoke of the contemplated lynching, it was stated that a big burly Negro had assaulted a white woman, that he had been apprehended and that the citizens were determined to summarily dispose of his case. Mayor Trout was a man who believed in maintaining the majesty of the law, and who at once gave notice that no lynching would be permitted in Roanoke, and that the Negro, whose name was Smith, being in the custody of the law, should be dealt with according to law; but the mob did not pay any attention to the brave words of the mayor. It evidently thought that it was only another case of swagger, such as frequently characterizes lynching episodes. Mayor Trout, finding immense crowds gathering about the city, and fearing an attempt to lynch Smith, called out the militia and stationed them at the jail.

It was known that the woman refused to accuse Smith of assaulting her, and that his offense consisted in quarreling with her about the change of money in a transaction in which he bought something from her market booth. Both parties lost their temper, and the result was a row from which Smith had to make his escape. At once the old cry was sounded that the woman had been assaulted, and in a few hours all the town was wild with people thirsting for the assailant's blood. The further incidents of that day may well be told by a dispatch from Roanoke under date of the twenty-first of September and published in the _Chicago Record_. It says:

It is claimed by members of the military company that they frequently warned the mob to keep away from the jail, under penalty of being shot. Capt. Bird told them he was under orders to protect the prisoner whose life the mob so eagerly sought, and come what may he would not allow him to be taken by the mob. To this the crowd replied with hoots and derisive jeers. The rioters appeared to become frenzied at the determined stand taken by the men and Captain Bird, and finally a crowd of excited men made a rush for the side door of the jail. The captain directed his men to drive the would-be lynchers back.

At this moment the mob opened fire on the soldiers. This appeared for a moment to startle the captain and his men. But it was only for a moment. Then he coolly gave the command: "Ready! aim! fire!" The company obeyed to the instant, and poured a volley of bullets into that part of the mob which was trying to batter down the side door of the jail.

The rioters fell back before the fire of the militia, leaving one man writhing in the agonies of death at the doorstep. There was a lull for a moment. Then the word was quickly passed through the throng in front of the jail and down the street that a man was killed. Then there was an awful rush toward the little band of soldiers. Excited men were yelling like demons.

The fight became general, and ere it was ended nine men were dead and more than forty wounded.

This stubborn stand on behalf of law and order disconcerted the crowd and it fell back in disorder. It did not long remain inactive but assembled again for a second assault. Having only a small band of militia, and knowing they would be absolutely at the mercy of the thousands who were gathering to wreak vengeance upon them, the mayor ordered them to disperse and go to their homes, and he himself, having been wounded, was quietly conveyed out of the city.

The next day the mob grew in numbers and its rage increased in its intensity. There was no longer any doubt that Smith, innocent as he was of any crime, would be killed, for with the mayor out of the city and the governor of the state using no effort to control the mob, it was only a question of a few hours when the assault would be repeated and its victim put to death. All this happened as per programme. The description of that morning's carnival appeared in the paper above quoted and reads as follows:

A squad of twenty men took the negro Smith from three policemen just before five o'clock this morning and hanged him to a hickory limb on Ninth Avenue, in the residence section of the city. They riddled his body with bullets and put a placard on it saying: "This is Mayor Trout's friend." A coroner's jury of Bismel was summoned and viewed the body and rendered a verdict of death at the hands of unknown men. Thousands of persons visited the scene of the lynching between daylight and eight o'clock when the body was cut down. After the jury had completed its work the body was placed in the hands of officers, who were unable to keep back the mob. Three hundred men tried to drag the body through the streets of the town, but the Rev. Dr. Campbell of the First Presbyterian church and Capt. R.B. Moorman, with pleas and by force prevented them.

Capt. Moorman hired a wagon and the body was put in it. It was then conveyed to the bank of the Roanoke, about two miles from the scene of the lynching. Here the body was dragged from the wagon by ropes for about 200 yards and burned. Piles of dry brushwood were brought, and the body was placed upon it, and more brushwood piled on the body, leaving only the head bare. The whole pile was then saturated with coal oil and a match was applied. The body was consumed within an hour. The cremation was witnessed by several thousand people. At one time the mob threatened to burn the Negro in Mayor Trout's yard.

Thus did the people of Roanoke, Va., add this measure of proof to maintain our contention that it is only necessary to charge a Negro with a crime in order to secure his certain death. It was well known in the city before he was killed that he had not assaulted the woman with whom he had had the trouble, but he dared to have an altercation with a white woman, and he must pay the penalty. For an offense which would not in any civilized community have brought upon him a punishment greater than a fine of a few dollars, this unfortunate Negro was hung, shot and burned.

SUSPECTED, INNOCENT AND LYNCHED

Five persons, Benjamin Jackson, his wife, Mahala Jackson, his mother-in-law, Lou Carter, Rufus Bigley, were lynched near Quincy, Miss., the charge against them being suspicion of well poisoning. It appears from the newspaper dispatches at that time that a family by the name of Woodruff was taken ill in September of 1892. As a result of their illness one or more of the family are said to have died, though that matter is not stated definitely. It was suspected that the cause of their illness was the existence of poison in the water, some miscreant having placed poison in the well. Suspicion pointed to a colored man named Benjamin Jackson who was at once arrested. With him also were arrested his wife and mother-in-law and all were held on the same charge.

The matter came up for judicial investigation, but as might have been expected, the white people concluded it was unnecessary to wait the result of the investigation--that it was preferable to hang the accused first and try him afterward. By this method of procedure, the desired result was always obtained--the accused was hanged. Accordingly Benjamin Jackson was taken from the officers by a crowd of about two hundred people, while the inquest was being held, and hanged. After the killing of Jackson, the inquest was continued to ascertain the possible connection of the other persons charged with the crime. Against the wife and mother-in-law of the unfortunate man there was not the slightest evidence and the coroner's jury was fair enough to give them their

liberty. They were declared innocent and returned to their homes. But this did not protect the women from the demands of the Christian white people of that section of the country. In any other land and with any other people, the fact that these two accused persons were women would have pleaded in their favor for protection and fair play, but that had no weight with the Mississippi Christians nor the further fact that a jury of white men had declared them innocent. The hanging of one victim on an unproven charge did not begin to satisfy the mob in its bloodthirsty demands and the result was that even after the women had been discharged, they were at once taken in charge by a mob, which hung them by the neck until they were dead.

Still the mob was not satisfied. During the coroner's investigation the name of a fourth person, Rufus Bigley, was mentioned. He was acquainted with the Jacksons and that fact, together with some testimony adduced at the inquest, prompted the mob to decide that he should die also. Search was at once made for him and the next day he was apprehended. He was not given over into the hands of the civil authorities for trial nor did the coroner's inquest find that he was guilty, but the mob was quite sufficient in itself. After finding Bigley, he was strung up to a tree and his body left hanging, where it was found next day. It may be remarked here in passing that this instance of the moral degradation of the people of Mississippi did not excite any interest in the public at large. American Christianity heard of this awful affair and read of its details and neither press nor pulpit gave the matter more than a passing comment. Had it occurred in the wilds of interior Africa, there would have been an outcry from the humane people of this country against the savagery which would so mercilessly put men and women to death. But it was an evidence of American civilization to be passed by unnoticed, to be denied or condoned as the requirements of any future emergency might determine.

LYNCHED FOR AN ATTEMPTED ASSAULT

With only a little more aggravation than that of Smith who quarreled at Roanoke with the market woman, was the assault which operated as the incentive to a most brutal lynching in Memphis, Tenn. Memphis is one of the queen cities of the south, with a population of about seventy thousand souls--easily one of the twenty largest, most progressive and wealthiest cities of the United States. And yet in its streets there occurred a scene of shocking savagery which would have disgraced the Congo. No woman was harmed, no serious indignity suffered. Two women driving to town in a wagon, were suddenly accosted by Lee Walker. He claimed that he demanded something to eat. The women claimed that he attempted to assault them. They gave such an alarm that he ran away. At once the dispatches spread over the entire country that a big, burly Negro had brutally assaulted two women. Crowds began to search for the alleged fiend. While hunting him they shot another Negro dead in his tracks for refusing to stop when ordered to do so. After a few days Lee Walker was found, and put in jail in Memphis until the mob there was ready for him.

The _Memphis Commercial_ of Sunday, July 23, contains a full account of the tragedy from which the following extracts are made:

At 12 o'clock last night, Lee Walker, who attempted to outrage Miss Mollie McCadden, last Tuesday morning, was taken from the county jail and hanged to a telegraph pole just north of the prison. All day rumors were afloat that with nightfall an attack would be made upon the jail, and as everyone anticipated that a vigorous resistance would be made, a conflict between the mob and the authorities was feared.

At 10 o'clock Capt. O'Haver, Sergt. Horan and several patrolmen were on hand, but they could do nothing with the crowd. An attack by the mob was made on the door in the south wall, and it yielded. Sheriff McLendon and several of his men threw themselves into the breach, but two or three of the storming party shoved by. They were seized by the police, but were not subdued, the officers refraining from using their clubs. The entire mob might at first have been dispersed by ten policemen who would use their clubs, but the sheriff insisted that no violence be done.

The mob got an iron rail and used it as a battering ram against the lobby doors. Sheriff McLendon tried to stop them, and some one of the mob knocked him down with a chair. Still he counseled moderation and would not order his deputies and the police to disperse the crowd by force. The pacific policy of the sheriff impressed the mob with the idea that the officers were afraid, or at least would do them no harm, and they redoubled their efforts, urged on by a big switchman. At 12 o'clock the door of the prison was broken in with a rail.

As soon as the rapist was brought out of the door calls were heard for a rope; then someone shouted, "Burn him!" But there was no time to make a fire. When Walker got into the lobby a dozen of the men began beating and stabbing him. He was half dragged, half carried to the corner of Front Street and the alley between Sycamore and Mill, and hung to a telegraph pole.

Walker made a desperate resistance. Two men entered his cell first and ordered him to come forth. He refused, and they failing to drag him out, others entered. He scratched and bit his assailants, wounding several of them severely with his teeth. The mob

retaliated by striking and cutting him with fists and knives. When he reached the steps leading down to the door he made another stand and was stabbed again and again. By the time he reached the lobby his power to resist was gone, and he was shoved along through the mob of yelling, cursing men and boys, who beat, spat upon and slashed the wretch-like demon. One of the leaders of the mob fell, and the crowd walked ruthlessly over him. He was badly hurt--a jawbone fractured and internal injuries inflicted. After the lynching friends took charge of him.

The mob proceeded north on Front Street with the victim, stopping at Sycamore Street to get a rope from a grocery. "Take him to the iron bridge on Main Street," yelled several men. The men who had hold of the Negro were in a hurry to finish the job, however, and when they reached the telephone pole at the corner of Front Street and the first alley north of Sycamore they stopped. A hastily improvised noose was slipped over the Negro's head, and several young men mounted a pile of lumber near the pole and threw the rope over one of the iron stepping pins. The Negro was lifted up until his feet were three feet above the ground, the rope was made taut, and a corpse dangled in midair. A big fellow who helped lead the mob pulled the Negro's legs until his neck cracked. The wretch's clothes had been torn off, and, as he swung, the man who pulled his legs mutilated the corpse.

One or two knife cuts, more or less, made little difference in the appearance of the dead rapist, however, for before the rope was around his neck his skin was cut almost to ribbons. One pistol shot was fired while the corpse was hanging. A dozen voices protested against the use of firearms, and there was no more shooting. The body was permitted to hang for half an hour, then it was cut down and the rope divided among those who lingered around the scene of the tragedy. Then it was suggested that the corpse be burned, and it was done. The entire performance, from the assault on the jail to the burning of the dead Negro was witnessed by a score or so of policemen and as many deputy sheriffs, but not a hand was lifted to stop the proceedings after the jail door yielded.

As the body hung to the telegraph pole, blood streaming down from the knife wounds in his neck, his hips and lower part of his legs also slashed with knives, the crowd hurled expletives at him, swung the body so that it was dashed against the pole, and, so far from the ghastly sight proving trying to the nerves, the crowd looked on with complaisance, if not with real pleasure. The Negro died hard. The neck was not broken, as the body was drawn up without being given a fall, and death came by strangulation. For fully ten minutes after he was strung up the chest heaved occasionally, and there were convulsive movements of the limbs. Finally he was pronounced dead, and a few minutes later Detective Richardson climbed on a pile of staves and cut the rope. The body fell in a ghastly heap, and the crowd laughed at the sound and crowded around the prostrate body, a few kicking the inanimate carcass.

Detective Richardson, who is also a deputy coroner, then proceeded to impanel the following jury of inquest: J.S. Moody, A.C. Waldran, B.J. Childs, J.N. House, Nelson Bills, T.L. Smith, and A. Newhouse. After viewing the body the inquest was adjourned without any testimony being taken until 9 o'clock this morning. The jury will meet at the coroner's office, 51 Beale Street, upstairs, and decide on a verdict. If no witnesses are forthcoming, the jury will be able to arrive at a verdict just the same, as all members of it saw the lynching. Then someone raised the cry of "Burn him!" It was quickly taken up and soon resounded from a hundred throats. Detective Richardson, for a long time, single-handed, stood the crowd off. He talked and begged the men not to bring disgrace on the city by burning the body, arguing that all the vengeance possible had been wrought.

While this was going on a small crowd was busy starting a fire in the middle of the street. The material was handy. Some bundles of staves were taken from the adjoining lumber yard for kindling. Heavier wood was obtained from the same source, and coal oil from a neighboring grocery. Then the cries of "Burn him! Burn him!" were redoubled.

Half a dozen men seized the naked body. The crowd cheered. They marched to the fire, and giving the body a swing, it was landed in the middle of the fire. There was a cry for more wood, as the fire had begun to die owing to the long delay. Willing hands procured the wood, and it was piled up on the Negro, almost, for a time, obscuring him from view. The head was in plain view, as also were the limbs, and one arm which stood out high above the body, the elbow crooked, held in that position by a stick of wood. In a few moments the hands began to swell, then came great blisters over all the exposed parts of the body; then in places the flesh was burned away and the bones began to show through. It was a horrible sight, one which, perhaps, none there had ever witnessed before. It proved too much for a large part of the crowd and the majority of the mob left very shortly after the burning began.

But a large number stayed, and were not a bit set back by the sight of a human body being burned to ashes. Two or three white women, accompanied by their escorts, pushed to the front to obtain an unobstructed view, and looked on with astonishing coolness and nonchalance. One man and woman brought a little girl, not over twelve years old, apparently their daughter, to view a scene

which was calculated to drive sleep from the child's eyes for many nights, if not to produce a permanent injury to her nervous system. The comments of the crowd were varied. Some remarked on the efficacy of this style of cure for rapists, others rejoiced that men's wives and daughters were now safe from this wretch. Some laughed as the flesh cracked and blistered, and while a large number pronounced the burning of a dead body as a useless episode, not in all that throng was a word of sympathy heard for the wretch himself.

The rope that was used to hang the Negro, and also that which was used to lead him from the jail, were eagerly sought by relic hunters. They almost fought for a chance to cut off a piece of rope, and in an incredibly short time both ropes had disappeared and were scattered in the pockets of the crowd in sections of from an inch to six inches long. Others of the relic hunters remained until the ashes cooled to obtain such ghastly relics as the teeth, nails, and bits of charred skin of the immolated victim of his own lust. After burning the body the mob tied a rope around the charred trunk and dragged it down Main Street to the courthouse, where it was hanged to a center pole. The rope broke and the corpse dropped with a thud, but it was again hoisted, the charred legs barely touching the ground. The teeth were knocked out and the fingernails cut off as souvenirs. The crowd made so much noise that the police interfered. Undertaker Walsh was telephoned for, who took charge of the body and carried it to his establishment, where it will be prepared for burial in the potter's field today.

[Illustration: Scene of lynching at Clanton, Alabama, August 1891.]

[Illustration: Facsimile of back of photograph. W.R. MARTIN, Traveling Photographer. (Handwritten: This S.O.B. was hung at Clanton Ala. Friday Aug 21st/91 for murdering a little boy in cold blood for 35¢ in cash. He is a good specimen of your "Black Christian hung by White Heathens" [illegible] of the Committee.)]

A prelude to this exhibition of nineteenth-century barbarism was the following telegram received by the _Chicago Inter Ocean_, at 2 o'clock, Saturday afternoon--ten hours before the lynching:

MEMPHIS TENN., July 22, To _Inter-Ocean_, Chicago.

Lee Walker, colored man, accused of raping white women, in jail here, will be taken out and burned by whites tonight. Can you send Miss Ida Wells to write it up? Answer. R.M. Martin, with _Public Ledger_.

The _Public Ledger_ is one of the oldest evening daily papers in Memphis, and this telegram shows that the intentions of the mob were well known long before they were executed. The personnel of the mob is given by the _Memphis Appeal-Avalanche_. It says, "At first it seemed as if a crowd of roughs were the principals, but as it increased in size, men in all walks of life figured as leaders, although the majority were young men."

This was the punishment meted out to a Negro, charged, not with rape, but attempted assault, and without any proof as to his guilt, for the women were not given a chance to identify him. It was only a little less horrible than the burning alive of Henry Smith, at Paris, Texas, February 1, 1893, or that of Edward Coy, in Texarkana, Texas, February 20, 1892. Both were charged with assault on white women, and both were tied to the stake and burned while yet alive, in the presence of ten thousand persons. In the case of Coy, the white woman in the case applied the match, even while the victim protested his innocence.

The cut which is here given is the exact reproduction of the photograph taken at the scene of the lynching at Clanton, Alabama, August, 1891. The cause for which the man was hanged is given in the words of the mob which were written on the back of the photograph, and they are also given. This photograph was sent to Judge A.W. Tourgee, of Mayville, N.Y.

In some of these cases the mob affects to believe in the Negro's guilt. The world is told that the white woman in the case identifies him, or the prisoner "confesses." But in the lynching which took place in Barnwell County, South Carolina, April 24, 1893, the mob's victim, John Peterson, escaped and placed himself under Governor Tillman's protection; not only did he declare his innocence, but offered to prove an alibi, by white witnesses. Before his witnesses could be brought, the mob arrived at the Governor's mansion and demanded the prisoner. He was given up, and although the white woman in the case said he was not the man, he was hanged twenty-four hours after, and over a thousand bullets fired into his body, on the declaration that "a crime had been committed and someone had to hang for it."

It has been claimed that the Southern white women have been slandered because, in defending the Negro race from the charge that all colored men, who are lynched, only pay penalty for assaulting women. It is certain that lynching mobs have not only refused to give the Negro a chance to defend himself, but have killed their victim with a full knowledge that the relationship of the alleged assailant with the woman who accused him, was voluntary and clandestine. As a matter of fact, one of the prime causes of the Lynch Law agitation has been a necessity for defending the Negro from this awful charge against him. This defense has been necessary because the apologists for outlawry insist that in no case has the accusing woman been a willing consort of her paramour, who is lynched because overtaken in wrong. It is well known, however, that such is the case. In July of this year, 1894, John Paul Bocock, a Southern white man living in New York, and assistant editor of the _New York Tribune_, took occasion to defy the publication of any instance where the lynched Negro was the victim of a white woman's falsehood. Such cases are not rare, but the press and people conversant with the facts, almost invariably suppress them.

The _New York Sun_ of July 30,1894, contained a synopsis of interviews with leading congressmen and editors of the South. Speaker Crisp, of the House of Representatives, who was recently a Judge of the Supreme Court of Georgia, led in declaring that lynching seldom or never took place, save for vile crime against women and children. Dr. Hass, editor of the leading organ of the Methodist Church South, published in its columns that it was his belief that more than three hundred women had been assaulted by Negro men within three months. When asked to prove his charges, or give a single case upon which his "belief" was founded, he said that he could do so, but the details were unfit for publication. No other evidence but his "belief" could be adduced to substantiate this grave charge, yet Bishop Haygood, in the _Forum_ of October, 1893, quotes this "belief" in apology for lynching, and voluntarily adds: "It is my opinion that this is an underestimate." The "opinion" of this man, based upon a "belief," had greater weight coming from a man who has posed as a friend to "Our Brother in Black," and was accepted as authority. An interview of Miss Frances E. Willard, the great apostle of temperance, the daughter of abolitionists and a personal friend and helper of many individual colored people, has been quoted in support of the utterance of this calumny against a weak and defenseless race. In the _New York Voice_ of October 23, 1890, after a tour in the South, where she was told all these things by the "best white people," she said: "The grogshop is the Negro's center of power. Better whisky and more of it is the rallying cry of great, dark-faced mobs. The colored race multiplies like the locusts of Egypt. The grogshop is its center of power. The safety of woman, of childhood, the home, is menaced in a thousand localities at this moment, so that men dare not go beyond the sight of their own roof-tree."

These charges so often reiterated, have had the effect of fastening the odium upon the race of a peculiar propensity for this foul crime. The Negro is thus forced to a defense of his good name, and this chapter will be devoted to the history of some of the cases where assault upon white women by Negroes is charged. He is not the aggressor in this fight, but the situation demands that the facts be given, and they will speak for themselves. Of the 1,115 Negro men, women and children hanged, shot and roasted alive from January 1, 1882, to January 1, 1894, inclusive, only 348 of that number were charged with rape. Nearly 700 of these persons were lynched for any other reason which could be manufactured by a mob wishing to indulge in a lynching bee.

A WHITE WOMAN'S FALSEHOOD

The _Cleveland, Ohio, Gazette_, January 16, 1892, gives an account of one of these cases of "rape."

Mrs. J.C. Underwood, the wife of a minister of Elyria, Ohio, accused an Afro-American of rape. She told her husband that during his absence in 1888, stumping the state for the Prohibition Party, the man came to the kitchen door, forced his way in the house and insulted her. She tried to drive him out with a heavy poker, but he overpowered and chloroformed her, and when she revived her clothing was torn and she was in a horrible condition. She did not know the man, but could identify him. She subsequently pointed out William Offett, a married man, who was arrested, and, being in Ohio, was granted a trial.

The prisoner vehemently denied the charge of rape, but confessed he went to Mrs. Underwood's residence at her invitation and was criminally intimate with her at her request. This availed him nothing against the sworn testimony of a minister's wife, a lady of the highest respectability. He was found guilty, and entered the penitentiary, December 14, 1888, for fifteen years. Sometime afterwards the woman's remorse led her to confess to her husband that the man was innocent. These are her words: "I met Offett at the postoffice. It was raining. He was polite to me, and as I had several bundles in my arms he offered to carry them home for me, which he did. He had a strange fascination for me, and I invited him to call on me. He called, bringing chestnuts and candy for the children. By this means we got them to leave us alone in the room. Then I sat on his lap. He made a proposal to me and I readily consented. Why I did so I do not know, but that I did is true. He visited me several times after that and each time I was indiscreet. I did not care after the first time. In fact I could not have resisted, and had no desire to resist."

When asked by her husband why she told him she had been outraged, she said: "I had several reasons for telling you. One was the neighbors saw the fellow here, another was, I was afraid I had contracted a loathsome disease, and still another was that I feared I might give birth to a Negro baby. I hoped to save my reputation by telling you a deliberate lie." Her husband, horrified by the confession, had Offett, who had already served four years, released and secured a divorce.

There have been many such cases throughout the South, with the difference that the Southern white men in insensate fury wreak their vengeance without intervention of law upon the Negro who consorts with their women.

TRIED TO MANUFACTURE AN OUTRAGE

The _Memphis (Tenn.) Ledger_, of June 8, 1892, has the following:

If Lillie Bailey, a rather pretty white girl, seventeen years of age, who is now at the city hospital, would be somewhat less reserved about her disgrace there would be some very nauseating details in the story of her life. She is the mother of a little coon. The truth might reveal fearful depravity or the evidence of a rank outrage. She will not divulge the name of the man who has left such black evidence of her disgrace, and in fact says it is a matter in which there can be no interest to the outside world. She came to Memphis nearly three months ago, and was taken in at the Woman's Refuge in the southern part of the city. She remained there until a few weeks ago when the child was born. The ladies in charge of the Refuge were horrified. The girl was at once sent to the city hospital, where she has been since May 30. She is a country girl. She came to Memphis from her father's farm, a short distance from Hernando, Miss. Just when she left there she would not say. In fact she says she came to Memphis from Arkansas, and says her home is in that state. She is rather good looking, has blue eyes, a low forehead and dark red hair. The ladies at the Woman's Refuge do not know anything about the girl further than what they learned when she was an inmate of the institution; and she would not tell much. When the child was born an attempt was made to get the girl to reveal the name of the Negro who had disgraced her, she obstinately refused and it was impossible to elicit any information from her on the subject.

Note the wording: "The truth might reveal fearful depravity or rank outrage." If it had been a white child or if Lillie Bailey had told a pitiful story of Negro outrage, it would have been a case of woman's weakness or assault and she could have remained at the Woman's Refuge. But a Negro child and to withhold its father's name and thus prevent the killing of another Negro "rapist" was a case of "fearful depravity." Had she revealed the father's name, he would have been lynched and his taking off charged to an assault upon a white woman.

BURNED ALIVE FOR ADULTERY

In Texarkana, Arkansas, Edward Coy was accused of assaulting a white woman. The press dispatches of February 18, 1892, told in detail how he was tied to a tree, the flesh cut from his body by men and boys, and after coal oil was poured over him, the woman he had assaulted gladly set fire to him, and 15,000 persons saw him burn to death. October 1, the _Chicago Inter Ocean_ contained the following account of that horror from the pen of the "Bystander" Judge Albion W. Tourgee--as the result of his investigations:

1. The woman who was paraded as victim of violence was of bad character; her husband was a drunkard and a gambler.

2. She was publicly reported and generally known to have been criminally intimate with Coy for more than a year previous.

3. She was compelled by threats, if not by violence, to make the charge against the victim.

4. When she came to apply the match Coy asked her if she would burn him after they had "been sweethearting" so long.

5. A large majority of the "superior" white men prominent in the affair are the reputed fathers of mulatto children.

These are not pleasant facts, but they are illustrative of the vital phase of the so-called race question, which should properly be designated an earnest inquiry as to the best methods by which religion, science, law and political power may be employed to excuse injustice, barbarity and crime done to a people because of race and color. There can be no possible belief that these people were inspired by any consuming zeal to vindicate God's law against miscegenationists of the most practical sort. The woman was a willing partner in the victim's guilt, and being of the "superior" race must naturally have been more guilty.

NOT IDENTIFIED BUT LYNCHED

February 11, 1893, there occurred in Shelby County, Tennessee, the fourth Negro lynching within fifteen months. The three first were lynched in the city of Memphis for firing on white men in self-defense. This Negro, Richard Neal, was lynched a few miles from the city limits, and the following is taken from the _Memphis (Tenn.) Scimitar_:

As the _Scimitar_ stated on Saturday the Negro, Richard Neal, who raped Mrs. Jack White near Forest Hill, in this county, was lynched by a mob of about 200 white citizens of the neighborhood. Sheriff McLendon, accompanied by Deputies Perkins, App and Harvey and a _Scimitar_ reporter, arrived on the scene of the execution about 3:30 in the afternoon. The body was suspended from the first limb of a post oak tree by a new quarter-inch grass rope. A hangman's knot, evidently tied by an expert, fitted snugly under the left ear of the corpse, and a new hame string pinioned the victim's arms behind him. His legs were not tied. The body was perfectly limber when the Sheriff's posse cut it down and retained enough heat to warm the feet of Deputy Perkins, whose road cart was converted into a hearse. On arriving with the body at Forest Hill the Sheriff made a bargain with a stalwart young man with a blonde mustache and deep blue eyes, who told the _Scimitar_ reporter that he was the leader of the mob, to haul the body to Germantown for $3.

When within half-a-mile of Germantown the Sheriff and posse were overtaken by Squire McDonald of Collierville, who had come down to hold the inquest. The Squire had his jury with him, and it was agreed for the convenience of all parties that he should proceed with the corpse to Germantown and conduct the inquiry as to the cause of death. He did so, and a verdict of death from hanging by parties unknown was returned in due form.

The execution of Neal was done deliberately and by the best people of the Collierville, Germantown and Forest Hill neighborhoods, without passion or exhibition of anger.

He was arrested on Friday about ten o'clock, by Constable Bob Cash, who carried him before Mrs. White. She said: "I think he is the man. I am almost certain of it. If he isn't the man he is exactly like him."

The Negro's coat was torn also, and there were other circumstances against him. The committee returned and made its report, and the chairman put the question of guilt or innocence to a vote.

All who thought the proof strong enough to warrant execution were invited to cross over to the other side of the road. Everybody but four or five negroes crossed over.

The committee then placed Neal on a mule with his arms tied behind him, and proceeded to the scene of the crime, followed by the mob. The rope, with a noose already prepared, was tied to the limb nearest the spot where the unpardonable sin was committed, and the doomed man's mule was brought to a standstill beneath it.

Then Neal confessed. He said he was the right man, but denied that he used force or threats to accomplish his purpose. It was a matter of purchase, he claimed, and said the price paid was twenty-five cents. He warned the colored men present to beware of white women and resist temptation, for to yield to their blandishments or to the passions of men, meant death.

While he was speaking, Mrs. White came from her home and calling Constable Cash to one side, asked if he could not save the Negro's life. The reply was, "No," and Mrs. White returned to the house.

When all was in readiness, the husband of Neal's victim leaped upon the mule's back and adjusted the rope around the Negro's neck. No cap was used, and Neal showed no fear, nor did he beg for mercy. The mule was struck with a whip and bounded out from under Neal, leaving him suspended in the air with his feet about three feet from the ground.

DELIVERED TO THE MOB BY THE GOVERNOR OF THE STATE

John Peterson, near Denmark, S.C., was suspected of rape, but escaped, went to Columbia, and placed himself under Gov. Tillman's protection, declaring he too could prove an alibi by white witnesses. A white reporter hearing his declaration volunteered to find these witnesses, and telegraphed the governor that he would be in Columbia with them on Monday. In the meantime the mob at Denmark, learning Peterson's whereabouts, went to the governor and demanded the prisoner. Gov. Tillman, who had during his canvass for reelection the year before, declared that he would lead a mob to lynch a Negro that assaulted a white woman, gave Peterson up to the mob. He was taken back to Denmark, and the white girl in the case as positively declared that he was not the man. But the verdict of the mob was that "the crime had been committed and somebody had to hang for it, and if he, Peterson, was not guilty of that he was of some other crime," and he was hung, and his body riddled with 1,000 bullets.

LYNCHED AS A WARNING

Alabama furnishes a case in point. A colored man named Daniel Edwards, lived near Selma, Alabama, and worked for a family of a farmer near that place. This resulted in an intimacy between the young man and a daughter of the householder, which finally developed in the disgrace of the girl. After the birth of the child, the mother disclosed the fact that Edwards was its father. The relationship had been sustained for more than a year, and yet this colored man was apprehended, thrown into jail from whence he was taken by a mob of one hundred neighbors and hung to a tree and his body riddled with bullets. A dispatch which describes the lynching, ends as follows. "Upon his back was found pinned this morning the following: 'Warning to all Negroes that are too intimate with white girls. This the work of one hundred best citizens of the South Side.'"

There can be no doubt from the announcement made by this "one hundred best citizens" that they understood full well the character of the relationship which existed between Edwards and the girl, but when the dispatches were sent out, describing the affair, it was claimed that Edwards was lynched for rape.

SUPPRESSING THE TRUTH

In a county in Mississippi during the month of July the Associated Press dispatches sent out a report that the sheriff's eight-year-old daughter had been assaulted by a big, black, burly brute who had been promptly lynched. The facts which have since been investigated show that the girl was more than eighteen years old and that she was discovered by her father in this young man's room who was a servant on the place. But these facts the Associated Press has not given to the world, nor did the same agency acquaint the world with the fact that a Negro youth who was lynched in Tuscumbia, Ala., the same year on the same charge told the white girl who accused him before the mob, that he had met her in the woods often by appointment. There is a young mulatto in one of the State prisons of the South today who is there by charge of a young white woman to screen herself. He is a college graduate and had been corresponding with, and clandestinely visiting her until he was surprised and run out of her room en deshabille by her father. He was put in prison in another town to save his life from the mob and his lawyer advised that it were better to save his life by pleading guilty to charges made and being sentenced for years, than to attempt a defense by exhibiting the letters written him by this girl. In the latter event, the mob would surely murder him, while there was a chance for his life by adopting the former course. Names, places and dates are not given for the same reason.

The excuse has come to be so safe, it is not surprising that a Philadelphia girl, beautiful and well educated, and of good family, should make a confession published in all the daily papers of that city October, 1894, that she had been stealing for some time, and that to cover one of her thefts, she had said she had been bound and gagged in her father's house by a colored man, and money stolen therefrom by him. Had this been done in many localities, it would only have been necessary for her to "identify" the first Negro in that vicinity, to have brought about another lynching bee.

A VILE SLANDER WITH SCANT RETRACTION

The following published in the _Cleveland (Ohio) Leader_ of Oct. 23, 1894, only emphasizes our demand that a fair trial shall be given those accused of crime, and the protection of the law be extended until time for a defense be granted.

The sensational story sent out last night from Hicksville that a Negro had outraged a little four-year-old girl proves to be a base canard. The correspondents who went into the details should have taken the pains to investigate, and the officials should have known more of the matter before they gave out such grossly exaggerated information.

The Negro, Charles O'Neil, had been working for a couple of women and, it seems, had worked all winter without being remunerated. There is a little girl, and the girl's mother and grandmother evidently started the story with idea of frightening the Negro out of the country and thus balancing accounts. The town was considerably wrought up and for a time things looked serious. The accused had a preliminary hearing today and not an iota of evidence was produced to indicate that such a crime had been committed, or that he had even attempted such an outrage. The village marshal was frightened nearly out of his wits and did little to quiet the excitement last night.

The affair was an outrage on the Negro, at the expense of innocent childhood, a brainless fabrication from start to finish.

The original story was sent throughout this country and England, but the _Cleveland Leader_, so far as known, is the only journal which has published these facts in refutation of the slander so often published against the race. Not only is it true that many of the alleged cases of rape against the Negro, are like the foregoing, but the same crime committed by white men against Negro women

and girls, is never punished by mob or the law. A leading journal in South Carolina openly said some months ago that "it is not the same thing for a white man to assault a colored woman as for a colored man to assault a white woman, because the colored woman had no finer feelings nor virtue to be outraged!" Yet colored women have always had far more reason to complain of white men in this respect than ever white women have had of Negroes.

ILLINOIS HAS A LYNCHING

In the month of June, 1893, the proud commonwealth of Illinois joined the ranks of Lynching States. Illinois, which gave to the world the immortal heroes, Lincoln, Grant and Logan, trailed its banner of justice in the dust--dyed its hands red in the blood of a man not proven guilty of crime.

June 3,1893, the country about Decatur, one of the largest cities of the state was startled with the cry that a white woman had been assaulted by a colored tramp. Three days later a colored man named Samuel Bush was arrested and put in jail. A white man testified that Bush, on the day of the assault, asked him where he could get a drink and he pointed to the house where the farmer's wife was subsequently said to have been assaulted. Bush said he went to the well but did not go near the house, and did not assault the woman. After he was arrested the alleged victim did not see him to identify him--he was presumed to be guilty.

The citizens determined to kill him. The mob gathered, went to the jail, met with no resistance, took the suspected man, dragged him out tearing every stitch of clothing from his body, then hanged him to a telegraph pole. The grand jury refused to indict the lynchers though the names of over twenty persons who were leaders in the mob were well known. In fact twenty-two persons were indicted, but the grand jurors and the prosecuting attorney disagreed as to the form of the indictments, which caused the jurors to change their minds. All indictments were reconsidered and the matter was dropped. Not one of the dozens of men prominent in that murder have suffered a whit more inconvenience for the butchery of that man, than they would have suffered for shooting a dog.

COLOR LINE JUSTICE

In Baltimore, Maryland, a gang of white ruffians assaulted a respectable colored girl who was out walking with a young man of her own race. They held her escort and outraged the girl. It was a deed dastardly enough to arouse Southern blood, which gives its horror of rape as excuse for lawlessness, but she was a colored woman. The case went to the courts and they were acquitted.

In Nashville, Tennessee, there was a white man, Pat Hanifan, who outraged a little colored girl, and from the physical injuries received she was ruined for life. He was jailed for six months, discharged, and is now a detective in that city. In the same city, last May, a white man outraged a colored girl in a drug store. He was arrested and released on bail at the trial. It was rumored that five hundred colored men had organized to lynch him. Two hundred and fifty white citizens armed themselves with Winchesters and guarded him. A cannon was placed in front of his home, and the Buchanan Rifles (State Militia) ordered to the scene for his protection. The colored mob did not show up. Only two weeks before, Eph. Grizzard, who had only been charged with rape upon a white woman, had been taken from the jail, with Governor Buchanan and the police and militia standing by, dragged through the streets in broad daylight, knives plunged into him at every step, and with every fiendish cruelty that a frenzied mob could devise, he was at last swung out on the bridge with hands cut to pieces as he tried to climb up the stanchions. A naked, bloody example of the bloodthirstiness of the nineteenth-century civilization of the Athens of the South! No cannon nor military were called out in his defense. He dared to visit a white woman.

At the very moment when these civilized whites were announcing their determination "to protect their wives and daughters," by murdering Grizzard, a white man was in the same jail for raping eight-year-old Maggie Reese, a colored girl. He was not harmed. The "honor" of grown women who were glad enough to be supported by the Grizzard boys and Ed. Coy, as long as the liaison was not known, needed protection; they were white. The outrage upon helpless childhood needed no avenging in this case; she was black.

A white man in Guthrie, Oklahoma Territory, two months after inflicted such injuries upon another colored girl that she died. He was not punished, but an attempt was made in the same town in the month of June to lynch a colored man who visited a white woman.

In Memphis, Tennessee, in the month of June, Ellerton L. Dorr, who is the husband of Russell Hancock's widow, was arrested for attempted rape on Mattie Cole, a neighbor's cook; he was only prevented from accomplishing his purpose by the appearance of Mattie's employer. Dorr's friends say he was drunk and, not responsible for his actions. The grand jury refused to indict him and he was discharged.

In Tallahassee, Florida, a colored girl, Charlotte Gilliam, was assaulted by white men. Her father went to have a warrant for their arrest issued, but the judge refused to issue it.

In Bowling Green, Virginia, Moses Christopher, a colored lad, was charged with assault, September 10. He was indicted, tried, convicted and sentenced to death in one day. In the same state at Danville, two weeks before--August 29, Thomas J. Penn, a white man, committed a criminal assault upon Lina Hanna, a twelve-year-old colored girl, but he has not been tried, certainly not killed either by the law or the mob.

In Surrey county, Virginia, C.L. Brock, a white man, criminally assaulted a ten-year-old colored girl, and threatened to kill her if she told. Notwithstanding, she confessed to her aunt, Mrs. Alice Bates, and the white brute added further crime by killing Mrs. Bates when she upbraided him about his crime upon her niece. He emptied the contents of his revolver into her body as she lay. Brock has never been apprehended, and no effort has been made to do so by the legal authorities.

But even when punishment is meted out by law to white villians for this horrible crime, it is seldom or never that capital punishment is invoked. Two cases just clipped from the daily papers will suffice to show how this crime is punished when committed by white offenders and black.

LOUISVILLE, KY., October 19.--Smith Young, colored, was today sentenced to be hanged. Young criminally assaulted a six-year-old child about six months ago.

Jacques Blucher, the Pontiac Frenchman who was arrested at that place for a criminal assault on his daughter Fanny on July 29 last, pleaded nolo contendere when placed on trial at East Greenwich, near Providence, R.I., Tuesday, and was sentenced to five years in State Prison.

Charles Wilson was convicted of assault upon seven-year-old Mamie Keys in Philadelphia, in October, and sentenced to ten years in prison. He was white. Indianapolis courts sentenced a white man in September to eight years in prison for assault upon a twelve-year-old white girl.

April 24, 1893, a lynching was set for Denmark, S.C., on the charge of rape. A white girl accused a Negro of assault, and the mob was about to lynch him. A few hours before the lynching three reputable white men rode into the town and solemnly testified that the accused Negro was at work with them 25 miles away on the day and at the hour the crime had been committed. He was accordingly set free. A white person's word is taken as absolutely for as against a Negro.

7

THE CRUSADE JUSTIFIED

(Appeal from America to the World)

It has been urged in criticism of the movement appealing to the English people for sympathy and support in our crusade against Lynch Law that our action was unpatriotic, vindictive and useless. It is not a part of the plan of this pamphlet to make any defense for that crusade nor to indict any apology for the motives which led to the presentation of the facts of American lynchings to the world at large. To those who are not willfully blind and unjustly critical, the record of more than a thousand lynchings in ten years is enough to justify any peaceable movement tending to ameliorate the conditions which led to this unprecedented slaughter of human beings.

If America would not hear the cry of men, women and children whose dying groans ascended to heaven praying for relief, not only for them but for others who might soon be treated as they, then certainly no fair-minded person can charge disloyalty to those who make an appeal to the civilization of the world for such sympathy and help as it is possible to extend. If stating the facts of these lynchings, as they appeared from time to time in the white newspapers of America--the news gathered by white correspondents, compiled by white press bureaus and disseminated among white people--shows any vindictiveness, then the mind which so charges is not amenable to argument.

But it is the desire of this pamphlet to urge that the crusade started and thus far continued has not been useless, but has been blessed with the most salutary results. The many evidences of the good results can not here be mentioned, but the thoughtful student of the situation can himself find ample proof. There need not here be mentioned the fact that for the first time since lynching began, has there been any occasion for the governors of the several states to speak out in reference to these crimes against law

and order.

No matter how heinous the act of the lynchers may have been, it was discussed only for a day or so and then dismissed from the attention of the public. In one or two instances the governor has called attention to the crime, but the civil processes entirely failed to bring the murderers to justice. Since the crusade against lynching was started, however, governors of states, newspapers, senators and representatives and bishops of churches have all been compelled to take cognizance of the prevalence of this crime and to speak in one way or another in the defense of the charge against this barbarism in the United States. This has not been because there was any latent spirit of justice voluntarily asserting itself, especially in those who do the lynching, but because the entire American people now feel, both North and South, that they are objects in the gaze of the civilized world and that for every lynching humanity asks that America render its account to civilization and itself.

AWFUL BARBARISM IGNORED

Much has been said during the months of September and October of 1894 about the lynching of six colered men who on suspicion of incendiarism were made the victims of a most barbarous massacre.

They were arrested, one by one, by officers of the law; they were handcuffed and chained together and by the officers of the law loaded in a wagon and deliberately driven into an ambush where a mob of lynchers awaited them. At the time and upon the chosen spot, in the darkness of the night and far removed from the habitation of any human soul, the wagon was halted and the mob fired upon the six manacled men, shooting them to death as no humane person would have shot dogs. Chained together as they were, in their awful struggles after the first volley, the victims tumbled out of the wagon upon the ground and there in the mud, struggling in their death throes, the victims were made the target of the murderous shotguns, which fired into the writhing, struggling, dying mass of humanity, until every spark of life was gone. Then the officers of the law who had them in charge, drove away to give the alarm and to tell the world that they had been waylaid and their prisoners forcibly taken from them and killed.

It has been claimed that the prompt, vigorous and highly commendable steps of the governor of the State of Tennessee and the judge having jurisdiction over the crime, and of the citizens of Memphis generally, was the natural revolt of the humane conscience in that section of the country, and the determination of honest and honorable men to rid the community of such men as those who were guilty of this terrible massacre. It has further been claimed that this vigorous uprising of the people and this most commendably prompt action of the civil authorities, is ample proof that the American people will not tolerate the lynching of innocent men, and that in cases where brutal lynchings have not been promptly dealt with, the crimes on the part of the victims were such as to put them outside the pale of humanity and that the world considered their death a necessary sacrifice for the good of all.

But this line of argument can in no possible way be truthfully sustained. The lynching of the six men in 1894, barbarous as it was, was in no way more barbarous than took nothing more than a passing notice. It was only the other lynchings which preceded it, and of which the public fact that the attention of the civilized world has been called to lynching in America which made the people of Tennessee feel the absolute necessity for a prompt, vigorous and just arraignment of all the murderers connected with that crime. Lynching is no longer "Our Problem," it is the problem of the civilized world, and Tennessee could not afford to refuse the legal measures which Christianity demands shall be used for the punishment of crime.

MEMPHIS THEN AND NOW

Only two years prior to the massacre of the six men near Memphis, that same city took part in a massacre in every way as bloody and brutal as that of September last. It was the murder of three young colored men and who were known to be among the most honorable, reliable, worthy and peaceable colored citizens of the community. All of them were engaged in the mercantile business, being members of a corporation which conducted a large grocery store, and one of the three being a letter carrier in the employ of the government. These three men were arrested for resisting an attack of a mob upon their store, in which melee none of the assailants, who had armed themselves for their devilish deeds by securing court processes, were killed or even seriously injured. But these three men were put in jail, and on three or four nights after their incarceration a mob of less than a dozen men, by collusion with the civil authorities, entered the jail, took the three men from the custody of the law and shot them to death. Memphis knew of this awful crime, knew then and knows today who the men were who committed it, and yet not the first step was ever taken to apprehend the guilty wretches who walk the streets today with the brand of murder upon their foreheads, but as safe from harm as the most upright citizen of that community. Memphis would have been just as calm and complacent and self-satisfied over the murder of the six colored men in 1894 as it was over these three colored men in 1892, had it not recognized the fact that to escape

the brand of barbarism it had not only to speak its denunciation but to act vigorously in vindication of its name.

AN ALABAMA HORROR IGNORED

A further instance of this absolute disregard of every principle of justice and the indifference to the barbarism of Lynch Law may be cited here, and is furnished by white residents in the city of Carrolton, Alabama. Several cases of arson had been discovered, and in their search for the guilty parties, suspicion was found to rest upon three men and a woman. The four suspects were Paul Hill, Paul Archer, William Archer, his brother, and a woman named Emma Fair. The prisoners were apprehended, earnestly asserted their innocence, but went to jail without making any resistance. They claimed that they could easily prove their innocence upon trial.

One would suspect that the civilization which defends itself against the barbarisms of Lynch Law by stating that it lynches human beings only when they are guilty of awful attacks upon women and children, would have been very careful to have given these four prisoners, who were simply charged with arson, a fair trial, to which they were entitled upon every principle of law and humanity. Especially would this seem to be the case when if is considered that one of the prisoners charged was a woman, and if the nineteenth century has shown any advancement upon any lines of human action, it is preeminently shown in its reverence, respect and protection of its womanhood. But the people of Alabama failed to have any regard for womanhood whatever.

The three men and the woman were put in jail to await trial. A few days later it was rumored that they were to be subjects of Lynch Law, and, sure enough, at night a mob of lynchers went to the jail, not to avenge any awful crime against womanhood, but to kill four people who had been suspected of setting a house on fire. They were caged in their cells, helpless and defenseless; they were at the mercy of civilized white Americans, who, armed with shotguns, were there to maintain the majesty of American law. And most effectively was their duty done by these splendid representatives of Governor Fishback's brave and honorable white southerners, who resent "outside interference." They lined themselves up in the most effective manner and poured volley after volley into the bodies of their helpless, pleading victims, who in their bolted prison cells could do nothing but suffer and die. Then these lynchers went quietly away and the bodies of the woman and three men were taken out and buried with as little ceremony as men would bury hogs.

No one will say that the massacre near Memphis in 1894 was any worse than this bloody crime of Alabama in 1892. The details of this shocking affair were given to the public by the press, but public sentiment was not moved to action in the least; it was only a matter of a day's notice and then went to swell the list of murders which stand charged against the noble, Christian people of Alabama.

AMERICA AWAKENED

But there is now an awakened conscience throughout the land, and Lynch Law can not flourish in the future as it has in the past. The close of the year 1894 witnessed an aroused interest, an assertative humane principle which must tend to the extirpation of that crime. The awful butchery last mentioned failed to excite more than a passing comment In 1894, but far different is it today. Gov. Jones, of Alabama, in 1893 dared to speak out against the rule of the mob in no uncertain terms. His address indicated a most helpful result of the present agitation. In face of the many denials of the outrages on the one hand and apologies for lynchers on the other, Gov. Jones admits the awful lawlessness charged and refuses to join in the infamous plea made to condone the crime. No stronger nor more effective words have been said than those following from Gov. Jones.

While the ability of the state to deal with open revolts against the supremacy of its laws has been ably demonstrated, I regret that deplorable acts of violence have been perpetrated, in at least four instances, within the past two years by mobs, whose sudden work and quick dispersions rendered it impossible to protect their victims. Within the past two years nine prisoners, who were either in jail or in the custody of the officers, have been taken from them without resistance, and put to death. There was doubt of the guilt of the defendants in most of these cases, and few of them were charged with capital offenses. None of them involved the crime of rape. The largest rewards allowed by law were offered for the apprehension of the offenders, and officers were charged to a vigilant performance of their duties, and aided in some instances by the services of skilled detectives; but not a single arrest has been made and the grand juries in these counties have returned no bills of indictment. This would indicate either that local public sentiment approved these acts of violence or was too weak to punish them, or that the officers charged with that duty were in some way lacking in their performance. The evil cannot be cured or remedied by silence as to its existence. Unchecked, it will continue until it becomes a reproach to our good name, and a menace to our prosperity and peace; and it behooves you to exhaust all remedies within your power to find better preventives for such crimes.

A FRIENDLY WARNING

From England comes a friendly voice which must give to every patriotic citizen food for earnese thought. Writing from London, to the _Chicago Inter Ocean_, Nov. 25, 1894, the distinguished compiler of our last census, Hon. Robert P. Porter, gives the American people a most interesting review of the antilynching crusade in England, submitting editorial opinions from all sections of England and Scotland, showing the consensus of British opinion on this subject. It hardly need be said, that without exception, the current of English thought deprecates the rule of mob law, and the conscience of England is shocked by the revelation made during the present crusade. In his letter Mr. Porter says:

While some English journals have joined certain American journals in ridiculing the well-meaning people who have formed the antilynching committee, there is a deep under current on this subject which is injuring the Southern States far more than those who have not been drawn into the question of English investment for the South as I have can surmise. This feeling is by no means all sentiment. An Englishman whose word and active cooperation could send a million sterling to any legitimate Southern enterprise said the other day: "I will not invest a farthing in States where these horrors occur. I have no particular sympathy with the antilynching committee, but such outrages indicate to my mind that where life is held to be of such little value there is even less assurance that the laws will protect property. As I understand it the States, not the national government, control in such matters, and where those laws are strongest there is the best field for British capital."

Probably the most bitter attack on the antilynching committee has come from the _London Times_. Those Southern Governors who had their bombastic letters published in the _Times_, with favorable editorial comment, may have had their laugh at the antilynchers here too soon. A few days ago, in commenting on an interesting communication from Richard H. Edmonds, editor of the _Manufacturer's Record_, setting forth the industrial advantages of the Southern States, which was published in its columns, the _Times_ says:

Without in any way countenancing the impertinence of "antilynching" committee, we may say that a state of things in which the killing of Negroes by bloodthirsty mobs is an incident of not unfrequent occurrence is not conducive to success in industry. Its existence, however, is a serious obstacle to the success of the South in industry; for even now Negro labor, which means at best inefficient labor, must be largely relied on there, and its efficiency must be still further diminished by spasmodic terrorism.

Those interested in the development of the resources of the Southern States, and no one in proportion to his means has shown more faith in the progress of the South than the writer of this article, must take hold of this matter earnestly and intelligently. Sneering at the antilynching committee will do no good. Back of them, in fact, if not in form, is the public opinion of Great Britain. Even the _Times_ cannot deny this. It may not be generally known in the United States, but while the Southern and some of the Northern newspapers are making a target of Miss Wells, the young colored woman who started this English movement, and cracking their jokes at the expense of Miss Florence Balgarnie, who, as honorable secretary, conducts the committee's correspondence, the strongest sort of sentiment is really at the back of the movement. Here we have crystallized every phase of political opinion. Extreme Unionists like the Duke of Argyll and advanced home rulers such as Justin McCarthy; Thomas Burt, the labor leader; Herbert Burrows, the Socialist, and Tom Mann, representing all phases of the Labor party, are cooperating with conservatives like Sir T. Eldon Gorst. But the real strength of this committee is not visible to the casual observer. As a matter of fact it represents many of the leading and most powerful British journals. A.E. Fletcher is editor of the _London Daily Chronicle_; P.W. Clayden is prominent in the counsels of the _London Daily News_; Professor James Stuart is Gladstone's great friend and editor of the _London Star_, William Byles is editor and proprietor of the _Bradford Observer_, Sir Hugh Gilzen Reid is a leading Birmingham editor; in short, this committee has secured if not the leading editors, certainly important and warm friends, representing the Manchester Guardian, the _Leeds Mercury_, the _Plymouth Western News, Newcastle Leader_, the _London Daily Graphic_, the _Westminster Gazette_, the _London Echo_, a host of minor papers all over the kingdom, and practically the entire religious press of the kingdom.

The greatest victory for the antilynchers comes this morning in the publication in the _London Times_ of William Lloyd Garrison's letter. This letter will have immense effect here. It may have been printed in full in the United States, but nevertheless I will quote a paragraph which will strengthen the antilynchers greatly in their crusade here:

A year ago the South derided and resented Northern protests; today it listens, explains and apologizes for its uncovered cruelties. Surely a great triumph for a little woman to accomplish! It is the power of truth simply and unreservedly spoken, for her language was inadequate to describe the horrors exposed.

If the Southern states are wise, and I say this with the earnestness of a friend and one who has built a home in the mountain regions of the South and thrown his lot in with them, they will not only listen, but stop lawlessness of all kinds. If they do, and thus secure the confidence of Englishmen, we may in the next decade realize some of the hopes for the new South we have so fondly cherished.

8

MISS WILLARD'S ATTITUDE

No class of American citizens stands in greater need of the humane and thoughtful consideration of all sections of our country than do the colored people, nor does any class exceed us in the measure of grateful regard for acts of kindly interest in our behalf. It is, therefore, to us, a matter of keen regret that a Christian organization, so large and influential as the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, should refuse to give its sympathy and support to our oppressed people who ask no further favor than the promotion of public sentiment which shall guarantee to every person accused of crime the safeguard of a fair and impartial trial, and protection from butchery by brutal mobs. Accustomed as we are to the indifference and apathy of Christian people, we would bear this instance of ill fortune in silence, had not Miss Willard gone out of her way to antagonize the cause so dear to our hearts by including in her Annual Address to the W.C.T.U. Convention at Cleveland, November 5, 1894, a studied, unjust and wholly unwarranted attack upon our work.

In her address Miss Willard said:

The zeal for her race of Miss Ida B. Wells, a bright young colored woman, has, it seems to me, clouded her perception as to who were her friends and well-wishers in all high-minded and legitimate efforts to banish the abomination of lynching and torture from the land of the free and the home of the brave. It is my firm belief that in the statements made by Miss Wells concerning white women having taken the initiative in nameless acts between the races she has put an imputation upon half the white race in this country that is unjust, and, save in the rarest exceptional instances, wholly without foundation. This is the unanimous opinion of the most disinterested and observant leaders of opinion whom I have consulted on the subject, and I do not fear to say that the laudable efforts she is making are greatly handicapped by statements of this kind, nor to urge her as a friend and well-wisher to banish from her vocabulary all such allusions as a source of weakness to the cause she has at heart.

This paragraph, brief as it is, contains two statements which have not the slightest foundation in fact. At no time, nor in any place, have I made statements "concerning white women having taken the initiative in nameless acts between the races." Further, at no time, or place nor under any circumstance, have I directly or inferentially "put an imputation upon half the white race in this country" and I challenge this "friend and well-wisher" to give proof of the truth of her charge. Miss Willard protests against lynching in one paragraph and then, in the next, deliberately misrepresents my position in order that she may criticise a movement, whose only purpose is to protect our oppressed race from vindictive slander and Lynch Law.

What I have said and what I now repeat--in answer to her first charge--is, that colored men have been lynched for assault upon women, when the facts were plain that the relationship between the victim lynched and the alleged victim of his assault was voluntary, clandestine and illicit. For that very reason we maintain, that, in every section of our land, the accused should have a fair, impartial trial, so that a man who is colored shall not be hanged for an offense, which, if he were white, would not be adjudged a crime. Facts cited in another chapter--"History of Some Cases of Rape"--amply maintain this position. The publication of these facts in defense of the good name of the race casts no "imputation upon half the white race in this country" and no such imputation can be inferred except by persons deliberately determined to be unjust.

But this is not the only injury which this cause has suffered at the hands of our "friend and well-wisher." It has been said that the Women's Christian Temperance Union, the most powerful organization of women in America, was misrepresented by me while I was in England. Miss Willard was in England at the time and knowing that no such misrepresentation came to her notice, she has permitted that impression to become fixed and widespread, when a word from her would have made the facts plain.

I never at any time or place or in any way misrepresented that organization. When asked what concerted action had been taken by churches and great moral agencies in America to put down Lynch Law, I was compelled in truth to say that no such action had occurred, that pulpit, press and moral agencies in the main were silent and for reasons known to themselves, ignored the awful conditions which to the English people appeared so abhorent. Then the question was asked what the great moral reformers like Miss Frances Willard and Mr. Moody had done to suppress Lynch Law and again I answered nothing. That Mr. Moody had never

said a word against lynching in any of his trips to the South, or in the North either, so far as was known, and that Miss Willard's only public utterance on the situation had condoned lynching and other unjust practices of the South against the Negro. When proof of these statements was demanded, I sent a letter containing a copy of the _New York Voice_, Oct. 23,1890, in which appeared Miss Willard's own words of wholesale slander against the colored race and condonation of Southern white people's outrages against us. My letter in part reads as follows:

But Miss Willard, the great temperance leader, went even further in putting the seal of her approval upon the southerners' method of dealing with the Negro. In October, 1890, the Women's Christian Temperance Union held its national meeting at Atlanta, Georgia. It was the first time in the history of the organization that it had gone south for a national meeting, and met the southerners in their own homes. They were welcomed with open arms. The governor of the state and the legislature gave special audiences in the halls of state legislation to the temperance workers. They set out to capture the northerners to their way of seeing things, and without troubling to hear the Negro side of the question, these temperance people accepted the white man's story of the problem with which he had to deal. State organizers were appointed that year, who had gone through the southern states since then, but in obedience to southern prejudices have confined their work to white persons only. It is only after Negroes are in prison for crimes that efforts of these temperance women are exerted without regard to "race, color, or previous condition." No "ounce of prevention" is used in their case; they are black, and if these women went among the Negroes for this work, the whites would not receive them. Except here and there, are found no temperance workers of the Negro race; "the great dark-faced mobs" are left the easy prey of the saloonkeepers.

There was pending in the National Congress at this time a Federal Election Bill, the object being to give the National Government control of the national elections in the several states. Had this bill become a law, the Negro, whose vote has been systematically suppressed since 1875 in the southern states, would have had the protection of the National Government, and his vote counted. The South would have been no longer "solid"; the Southerners saw that the balance of power which they unlawfully held in the House of Representatives and the Electoral College, based on the Negro population, would be wrested from them. So they nick-named the pending elections law the "Force Bill"--probably because it would force them to disgorge their ill-gotten political gains--and defeated it. While it was being discussed, the question was submitted to Miss Willard: "What do you think of the race problem and the Force Bill?"

Said Miss Willard: "Now, as to the 'race problem' in its minified, current meaning, I am a true lover of the southern people--have spoken and worked in, perhaps, 200 of their towns and cities; have been taken into their love and confidence at scores of hospitable firesides; have heard them pour out their hearts in the splendid frankness of their impetuous natures. And I have said to them at such times: 'When I go North there will be wafted to you no word from pen or voice that is not loyal to what we are saying here and now.' Going South, a woman, a temperance woman, and a Northern temperance woman--three great barriers to their good will yonder--I was received by them with a confidence that was one of the most delightful surprises of my life. I think we have wronged the South, though we did not mean to do so. The reason was, in part, that we had irreparably wronged ourselves by putting no safeguards on the ballot box at the North that would sift out alien illiterates. They rule our cities today; the saloon is their palace, and the toddy stick their sceptre. It is not fair that they should vote, nor is it fair that a plantation Negro, who can neither read nor write, whose ideas are bounded by the fence of his own field and the price of his own mule, should be entrusted with the ballot. We ought to have put an educational test upon that ballot from the first. The Anglo-Saxon race will never submit to be dominated by the Negro so long as his altitude reaches no higher than the personal liberty of the saloon, and the power of appreciating the amount of liquor that a dollar will buy. New England would no more submit to this than South Carolina. 'Better whisky and more of it' has been the rallying cry of great dark-faced mobs in the Southern localities where local option was snowed under by the colored vote. Temperance has no enemy like that, for it is unreasoning and unreasonable. Tonight it promises in a great congregation to vote for temperance at the polls tomorrow; but tomorrow twenty-five cents changes that vote in favor of the liquor-seller.

"I pity the southerners, and I believe the great mass of them are as conscientious and kindly intentioned toward the colored man as an equal number of white church-members of the North. Would-be demagogues lead the colored people to destruction. Half-drunken white roughs murder them at the polls, or intimidate them so that they do not vote. But the better class of people must not be blamed for this, and a more thoroughly American population than the Christian people of the South does not exist. They have the traditions, the kindness, the probity, the courage of our forefathers. The problem on their hands is immeasurable. The colored race multiplies like the locusts of Egypt. The grog-shop is its center of power. 'The safety of woman, of childhood, of the home, is menaced in a thousand localities at this moment, so that the men dare not go beyond the sight of their own roof-tree.' How

little we know of all this, seated in comfort and affluence here at the North, descanting upon the rights of every man to cast one vote and have it fairly counted; that well-worn shibboleth invoked once more to dodge a living issue.

"The fact is that illiterate colored men will not vote at the South until the white population chooses to have them do so; and under similar conditions they would not at the North." Here we have Miss Willard's words in full, condoning fraud, violence, murder, at the ballot box; rapine, shooting, hanging and burning; for all these things are done and being done now by the Southern white people. She does not stop there, but goes a step further to aid them in blackening the good name of an entire race, as shown by the sentences quoted in the paragraph above. These utterances, for which the colored people have never forgiven Miss Willard, and which Frederick Douglass has denounced as false, are to be found in full in the Voice of October 23,1890, a temperance organ published at New York City.

This letter appeared in the May number of _Fraternity_, the organ of the first Anti-Lynching society of Great Britain. When Lady Henry Somerset learned through Miss Florence Balgarnie that this letter had been published she informed me that if the interview was published she would take steps to let the public know that my statements must be received with caution. As I had no money to pay the printer to suppress the edition which was already published and these ladies did not care to do so, the May number of _Fraternity_ was sent to its subscribers as usual. Three days later there appeared in the daily _Westminster Gazette_ an "interview" with Miss Willard, written by Lady Henry Somerset, which was so subtly unjust in its wording that I was forced to reply in my own defense. In that reply I made only statements which, like those concerning Miss Willard's _Voice_ interview, have not been and cannot be denied. It was as follows:

LADY HENRY SOMERSET'S INTERVIEW WITH MISS WILLARD

To the Editor of the _Westminster Gazette_: Sir--The interview published in your columns today hardly merits a reply, because of the indifference to suffering manifested. Two ladies are represented sitting under a tree at Reigate, and, after some preliminary remarks on the terrible subject of lynching, Miss Willard laughingly replies by cracking a joke. And the concluding sentence of the interview shows the object is not to determine how best they may help the Negro who is being hanged, shot and burned, but "to guard Miss Willard's reputation."

With me it is not myself nor my reputation, but the life of my people, which is at stake, and I affirm that this is the first time to my knowledge that Miss Willard has said a single word in denunciation of lynching or demand for law. The year 1890, the one in which the interview appears, had a larger lynching record than any previous year, and the number and territory have increased, to say nothing of the human beings burnt alive.

If so earnest as she would have the English public believe her to be, why was she silent when five minutes were given me to speak last June at Princes' Hall, and in Holborn Town Hall this May? I should say it was as President of the Women's Christian Temperance Union of America she is timid, because all these unions in the South emphasize the hatred of the Negro by excluding him. There is not a single colored woman admitted to the Southern W.C.T.U., but still Miss Willard blames the Negro for the defeat of Prohibition in the South. Miss Willard quotes from _Fraternity_, but forgets to add my immediate recognition of her presence on the platform at Holborn Town Hall, when, amidst many other resolutions on temperance and other subjects in which she is interested, time was granted to carry an anti-lynching resolution. I was so thankful for this crumb of her speechless presence that I hurried off to the editor of _Fraternity_ and added a postscript to my article blazoning forth that fact.

Any statements I have made concerning Miss Willard are confirmed by the Hon. Frederick Douglass (late United States minister to Hayti) in a speech delivered by him in Washington in January of this year, which has since been published in a pamphlet. The fact is, Miss Willard is no better or worse than the great bulk of white Americans on the Negro questions. They are all afraid to speak out, and it is only British public opinion which will move them, as I am thankful to see it has already begun to move Miss Willard. I am, etc.,

May 21

IDA B. WELLS

Unable to deny the truth of these assertions, the charge has been made that I have attacked Miss Willard and misrepresented the W.C.T.U. If to state facts is misrepresentation, then I plead guilty to the charge.

I said then and repeat now, that in all the ten terrible years of shooting, hanging and burning of men, women and children in America, the Women's Christian Temperance Union never suggested one plan or made one move to prevent those awful crimes. If this statement is untrue the records of that organization would disprove it before the ink is dry. It is clearly an issue of fact and in all fairness this charge of misrepresentation should either be substantiated or withdrawn.

It is not necessary, however, to make any representation concerning the W.C.T.U. and the lynching question. The record of that organization speaks for itself. During all the years prior to the agitation begun against Lynch Law, in which years men, women and children were scourged, hanged, shot and burned, the W.C.T.U. had no word, either of pity or protest; its great heart, which concerns itself about humanity the world over, was, toward our cause, pulseless as a stone. Let those who deny this speak by the record. Not until after the first British campaign, in 1893, was even a resolution passed by the body which is the self-constituted guardian for "God, home and native land."

Nor need we go back to other years. The annual session of that organization held in Cleveland in November, 1894, made a record which confirms and emphasizes the silence charged against it. At that session, earnest efforts were made to secure the adoption of a resolution of protest against lynching. At that very time two men were being tried for the murder of six colored men who were arrested on charge of barn burning, chained together, and on pretense of being taken to jail, were driven into the woods where they were ambushed and all six shot to death. The six widows of the butchered men had just finished the most pathetic recital ever heard in any court room, and the mute appeal of twenty-seven orphans for justice touched the stoutest hearts. Only two weeks prior to the session, Gov. Jones of Alabama, in his last message to the retiring state legislature, cited the fact that in the two years just past, nine colored men had been taken from the legal authorities by lynching mobs and butchered in cold blood--and not one of these victims was even charged with an assault upon womanhood.

It was thought that this great organization, in face of these facts, would not hesitate to place itself on record in a resolution of protest against this awful brutality towards colored people. Miss Willard gave assurance that such a resolution would be adopted, and that assurance was relied on. The record of the session shows in what good faith that assurance was kept. After recommending an expression against Lynch Law, the President attacked the antilynching movement, deliberately misrepresenting my position, and in her annual address, charging me with a statement I never made.

Further than that, when the committee on resolutions reported their work, not a word was said against lynching. In the interest of the cause I smothered the resentment. I felt because of the unwarranted and unjust attack of the President, and labored with members to secure an expression of some kind, tending to abate the awful slaughter of my race. A resolution against lynching was introduced by Mrs. Fessenden and read, and then that great Christian body, which in its resolutions had expressed itself in opposition to the social amusement of card playing, athletic sports and promiscuous dancing; had protested against the licensing of saloons, inveighed against tobacco, pledged its allegiance to the Prohibition party, and thanked the Populist party in Kansas, the Republican party in California and the Democratic party in the South, wholly ignored the seven millions of colored people of this country whose plea was for a word of sympathy and support for the movement in their behalf. The resolution was not adopted, and the convention adjourned.

In the _Union Signal_ Dec. 6, 1894, among the resolutions is found this one:

Resolved, That the National W.C.T.U, which has for years counted among its departments that of peace and arbitration, is utterly opposed to all lawless acts in any and all parts of our common lands and it urges these principles upon the public, praying that the time may speedily come when no human being shall be condemned without due process of law; and when the unspeakable outrages which have so often provoked such lawlessness shall be banished from the world, and childhood, maidenhood and womanhood shall no more be the victims of atrocities worse than death.

This is not the resolution offered by Mrs. Fessenden. She offered the one passed last year by the W.C.T.U. which was a strong unequivocal denunciation of lynching. But she was told by the chairman of the committee on resolutions, Mrs. Rounds, that there was already a lynching resolution in the hands of the committee. Mrs. Fessenden yielded the floor on that assurance, and no resolution of any kind against lynching was submitted and none was voted upon, not even the one above, taken from the columns of the _Union Signal_, the organ of the national W.C.T.U!

Even the wording of this resolution which was printed by the W.C.T.U., reiterates the false and unjust charge which has been so often made as an excuse for lynchers. Statistics show that less than one-third of the lynching victims are hanged, shot and burned alive for "unspeakable outrages against womanhood, maidenhood and childhood;" and that nearly a thousand, including women

and children, have been lynched upon any pretext whatsoever; and that all have met death upon the unsupported word of white men and women. Despite these facts this resolution which was printed, cloaks an apology for lawlessness, in the same paragraph which affects to condemn it, where it speaks of "the unspeakable outrages which have so often provoked such lawlessness."

Miss Willard told me the day before the resolutions were offered that the Southern women present had held a caucus that day. This was after I, as fraternal delegate from the Woman's Mite Missionary Society of the A.M.E. Church at Cleveland, O., had been introduced to tender its greetings. In so doing I expressed the hope of the colored women that the W.C.T.U. would place itself on record as opposed to lynching which robbed them of husbands, fathers, brothers and sons and in many cases of women as well. No note was made either in the daily papers or the _Union Signal_ of that introduction and greeting, although every other incident of that morning was published. The failure to submit a lynching resolution and the wording of the one above appears to have been the result of that Southern caucus.

On the same day I had a private talk with Miss Willard and told her she had been unjust to me and the cause in her annual address, and asked that she correct the statement that I had misrepresented the W.C.T.U, or that I had "put an imputation on one-half the white race in this country." She said that somebody in England told her it was a pity that I attacked the white women of America. "Oh," said I, "then you went out of your way to prejudice me and my cause in your annual address, not upon what you had heard me say, but what somebody had told you I said?" Her reply was that I must not blame her for her rhetorical expressions--that I had my way of expressing things and she had hers. I told her I most assuredly did blame her when those expressions were calculated to do such harm. I waited for an honest an unequivocal retraction of her statements based on "hearsay." Not a word of retraction or explanation was said in the convention and I remained misrepresented before that body through her connivance and consent.

The editorial notes in the _Union Signal_, Dec. 6, 1894, however, contains the following:

In her repudiation of the charges brought by Miss Ida Wells against white women as having taken the initiative in nameless crimes between the races, Miss Willard said in her annual address that this statement "put an unjust imputation upon half the white race." But as this expression has been misunderstood she desires to declare that she did not intend a literal interpretation to be given to the language used, but employed it to express a tendency that might ensue in public thought as a result of utterances so sweeping as some that have been made by Miss Wells.

Because this explanation is as unjust as the original offense, I am forced in self-defense to submit this account of differences. I desire no quarrel with the W.C.T.U., but my love for the truth is greater than my regard for an alleged friend who, through ignorance or design misrepresents in the most harmful way the cause of a long suffering race, and then unable to maintain the truth of her attack excuses herself as it were by the wave of the hand, declaring that "she did not intend a literal interpretation to be given to the language used." When the lives of men, women and children are at stake, when the inhuman butchers of innocents attempt to justify their barbarism by fastening upon a whole race the obloque of the most infamous of crimes, it is little less than criminal to apologize for the butchers today and tomorrow to repudiate the apology by declaring it a figure of speech.

9

LYNCHING RECORD FOR 1894

The following tables are based on statistics taken from the columns of the _Chicago Tribune_, Jan. 1, 1895. They are a valuable appendix to the foregoing pages. They show, among other things, that in Louisiana, April 23-28, eight Negroes were lynched because one white man was killed by the Negro, the latter acting in self defense. Only seven of them are given in the list.

Near Memphis, Tenn., six Negroes were lynched--this time charged with burning barns. A trial of the indicted resulted in an acquittal, although it was shown on trial that the lynching was prearranged for them. Six widows and twenty-seven orphans are indebted to this mob for their condition, and this lynching swells the number to eleven Negroes lynched in and about Memphis since March 9, 1892.

In Brooks County, Ga., Dec. 23, while this Christian country was preparing for Christmas celebration, seven Negroes were lynched in twenty-four hours because they refused, or were unable to tell the whereabouts of a colored man named Pike, who killed a white man. The wives and daughters of these lynched men were horribly and brutally outraged by the murderers of their husbands and fathers. But the mob has not been punished and again women and children are robbed of their protectors whose blood cries unavenged to Heaven and humanity. Georgia heads the list of lynching states.

MURDER

Jan. 9, Samuel Smith, Greenville, Ala., Jan. 11, Sherman Wagoner, Mitchell, Ind.; Jan. 12, Roscoe Parker, West Union, Ohio; Feb. 7, Henry Bruce, Gulch Co., Ark.; March 5, Sylvester Rhodes, Collins, Ga.; March 15, Richard Puryea, Stroudsburg, Pa.; March 29, Oliver Jackson, Montgomery, Ala.; March 30, ---- Saybrick, Fisher's Ferry, Miss.; April 14, William Lewis, Lanison, Ala.; April 23, Jefferson Luggle, Cherokee, Kan.; April 23, Samuel Slaugate, Tallulah, La.; April 23, Thomas Claxton, Tallulah, La.; April 23, David Hawkins, Tallulah, La.; April 27, Thel Claxton, Tallulah, La.; April 27, Comp Claxton, Tallulah, La.; April 27, Scot Harvey, Tallulah, La.; April 27, Jerry McCly, Tallulah, La.; May 17, Henry Scott, Jefferson, Tex.; May 15, Coat Williams, Pine Grove, Fla.; June 2, Jefferson Crawford, Bethesda, S.C.; June 4, Thondo Underwood, Monroe, La.; June 8, Isaac Kemp, Cape Charles, Va.; June 13, Lon Hall, Sweethouse, Tex.; June 13, Bascom Cook, Sweethouse, Tex.; June 15, Luke Thomas, Biloxi, Miss.; June 29, John Williams, Sulphur, Tex.; June 29, Ulysses Hayden, Monett, Mo.; July 6, ---- Hood, Amite, Miss.; July 7, James Bell, Charlotte, Tenn.; Sept. 2, Henderson Hollander, Elkhorn, W. Va.; Sept. 14, Robert Williams, Concordia Parish, La.; Sept. 22, Luke Washington, Meghee, Ark.; Sept. 22, Richard Washington, Meghee, Ark.; Sept. 22, Henry Crobyson, Meghee, Ark.; Nov. 10, Lawrence Younger, Lloyd, Va.; Dec. 17, unknown Negro, Williamston, S.C.; Dec. 23, Samuel Taylor, Brooks County, Ga.; Dec. 23, Charles Frazier, Brooks County, Ga.; Dec. 23, Samuel Pike, Brooks County, Ga.; Dec. 22, Harry Sherard, Brooks County, Ga.; Dec. 23, unknown Negro, Brooks County, Ga.; Dec. 23, unknown Negro, Brooks County, Ga.; Dec. 23, unknown Negro, Brooks County, Ga.; Dec. 26, Daniel McDonald, Winston County, Miss.; Dec. 23, William Carter, Winston County, Miss.

RAPE

Jan. 17, John Buckner, Valley Park, Mo.; Jan. 21, M.G. Cambell, Jellico Mines, Ky.; Jan. 27, unknown, Verona, Mo.; Feb. 11, Henry McCreeg, near Pioneer, Tenn.; April 6, Daniel Ahren, Greensboro, Ga.; April 15, Seymour Newland, Rushsylvania, Ohio; April 26, Robert Evarts, Jamaica, Ga.; April 27, James Robinson, Manassas, Va.; April 27, Benjamin White, Manassas, Va.; May 15, Nim Young, Ocala, Fla.; May 22, unknown, Miller County, Ga.; June 13, unknown, Blackshear, Ga.; June 18, Owen Opliltree, Forsyth, Ga.; June 22, Henry Capus, Magnolia, Ark.; June 26, Caleb Godly, Bowling Green, Ky.; June 28, Fayette Franklin, Mitchell, Ga.; July 2, Joseph Johnson, Hiller's Creek, Mo.; July 6, Lewis Bankhead, Cooper, Ala.; July 16, Marion Howard, Scottsville, Ky.; July 20, William Griffith, Woodville, Tex.; Aug. 12, William Nershbread, Rossville, Tenn.; Aug. 14, Marshall Boston, Frankfort, Ky; Sept. 19, David Gooseby, Atlanta, Ga.; Oct. 15, Willis Griffey, Princeton, Ky; Nov. 8, Lee Lawrence, Jasper County, Ga.; Nov. 10, Needham Smith, Tipton County, Tenn.; Nov. 14, Robert Mosely, Dolinite, Ala.; Dec. 4, William Jackson, Ocala, Fla.; Dec. 18, unknown, Marion County, Fla.

UNKNOWN OFFENSES

March 6, Lamsen Gregory, Bell's Depot, Tenn.; March 6, unknown woman, near Marche, Ark.; April 14, Alfred Brenn, Calhoun, Ga.; June 8, Harry Gill, West Lancaster, S.C.; Nov. 23, unknown, Landrum, S.C.; Dec. 5, Mrs. Teddy Arthur, Lincoln County, W. Va.

DESPERADO

Jan. 14, Charles Willis, Ocala, Fla.

SUSPECTED INCENDIARISM

Jan. 18, unknown, Bayou Sarah, La.

SUSPECTED ARSON

June 14, J.H. Dave, Monroe, La.

ENTICING SERVANT AWAY

Feb. 10, ---- Collins, Athens, Ga.

TRAIN WRECKING

Feb. 10, Jesse Dillingham, Smokeyville, Tex.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY

June 3, unknown, Dublin, Ga.

INCENDIARISM

Nov. 8, Gabe Nalls, Blackford, Ky.; Nov. 8, Ulysses Nails, Blackford, Ky.

ARSON

Dec. 20, James Allen, Brownsville, Tex.

ASSAULT

Dec. 23, George King, New Orleans, La.

NO OFFENSE

Dec. 28, Scott Sherman, Morehouse Parish, La.

BURGLARY

May 29, Henry Smith, Clinton, Miss.; May 29, William James, Clinton, Miss.

ALLEGED RAPE

June 4, Ready Murdock, Yazoo, Miss.

ATTEMPTED RAPE

July 14, unknown Negro, Biloxi, Miss.; July 26, Vance McClure, New Iberia, La.; July 26, William Tyler, Carlisle, Ky.; Sept. 14, James Smith, Stark, Fla.; Oct. 8, Henry Gibson, Fairfield, Tex.; Oct. 20, ---- Williams, Upper Marlboro, Md.; June 9, Lewis Williams, Hewett Springs, Miss.; June 28, George Linton, Brookhaven, Miss.; June 28, Edward White, Hudson, Ala.; July 6, George Pond, Fulton, Miss.; July 7, Augustus Pond, Tupelo, Miss.

RACE PREJUDICE

June 10, Mark Jacobs, Bienville, La.; July 24, unknown woman, Sampson County, Miss.

INTRODUCING SMALLPOX

June 10, James Perry, Knoxville, Ark.

KIDNAPPING

March 2, Lentige, Harland County, Ky.

CONSPIRACY

May 29, J.T. Burgis, Palatka, Fla.

HORSE STEALING

June 20, Archie Haynes, Mason County, Ky.; June 20, Burt Haynes, Mason County, Ky.; June 20, William Haynes, Mason County, Ky.

WRITING LETTER TO WHITE WOMAN

May 9, unknown Negro, West Texas.

GIVING INFORMATION

July 12, James Nelson, Abbeyville, S.C.

STEALING

Jan. 5, Alfred Davis, Live Oak County, Ark.

LARCENY

April 18, Henry Montgomery, Lewisburg, Tenn.

POLITICAL CAUSES

July 19, John Brownlee, Oxford, Ala.

CONJURING

July 20, Allen Myers, Rankin County, Miss.

ATTEMPTED MURDER

June 1, Frank Ballard, Jackson, Tenn.

ALLEGED MURDER

April 5, Negro, near Selma, Ala.; April 5, Negro, near Selma, Ala.

WITHOUT CAUSE

May 17, Samuel Wood, Gates City, Va.

BARN BURNING

April 22, Thomas Black, Tuscumbia, Ala.; April 22, John Williams, Tuscumbia, Ala.; April 22, Toney Johnson, Tuscumbia, Ala.; July 14, William Bell, Dixon, Tenn.; Sept. 1, Daniel Hawkins, Millington, Tenn.; Sept. 1, Robert Haynes, Millington, Tenn.; Sept. 1, Warner Williams, Millington, Tenn.; Sept. 1, Edward Hall, Millington, Tenn.; Sept. 1, John Haynes, Millington, Tenn.; Sept. 1, Graham White, Millington, Tenn.

ASKING WHITE WOMAN TO MARRY HIM

May 23, William Brooks, Galesline, Ark.

OFFENSES CHARGED FOR LYNCHING

Suspected arson, 2; stealing, 1; political causes, 1; murder, 45; rape, 29; desperado, 1; suspected incendiarism, 1; train wrecking, 1; enticing servant away, 1; kidnapping, 1; unknown offense, 6; larceny, 1; barn burning, 10; writing letters to a white woman, 1; without cause, 1; burglary, 1; asking white woman to marry, 1; conspiracy, 1; attempted murder, 1; horse stealing, 3; highway robbery, 1; alleged rape, 1; attempted rape, 11; race prejudice, 2; introducing smallpox, 1; giving information, 1; conjuring, 1; incendiarism, 2; arson, 1; assault, 1; no offense, 1; alleged murder, 2; total (colored), 134.

LYNCHING STATES

Mississippi, 15; Arkansas, 8; Virginia, 5; Tennessee, 15; Alabama, 12; Kentucky, 12; Texas, 9; Georgia, 19; South Carolina, 5; Florida, 7; Louisiana, 15; Missouri, 4; Ohio, 2; Maryland, 1; West Virginia, 2; Indiana, 1; Kansas, 1; Pennsylvania, 1.

LYNCHING BY THE MONTH

January, 11; February, 17; March, 8; April, 36; May, 16; June, 31; July, 21; August, 4; September, 17; October, 7; November, 9; December, 20; total colored and white, 197.

WOMEN LYNCHED

July 24, unknown woman, race prejudice, Sampson County, Miss.; March 6, unknown, woman, unknown offense, Marche, Ark.; Dec. 5, Mrs. Teddy Arthur, unknown cause, Lincoln County, W. Va.

10

THE REMEDY

It is a well-established principle of law that every wrong has a remedy. Herein rests our respect for law. The Negro does not claim that all of the one thousand black men, women and children, who have been hanged, shot and burned alive during the past ten years, were innocent of the charges made against them. We have associated too long with the white man not to have copied his vices as well as his virtues. But we do insist that the punishment is not the same for both classes of criminals. In lynching, opportunity is not given the Negro to defend himself against the unsupported accusations of white men and women. The word of the accuser is held to be true and the excited bloodthirsty mob demands that the rule of law be reversed and instead of proving the accused to be guilty, the victim of their hate and revenge must prove himself innocent. No evidence he can offer will satisfy the mob; he is bound hand and foot and swung into eternity. Then to excuse its infamy, the mob almost invariably reports the monstrous falsehood that its victim made a full confession before he was hanged.

With all military, legal and political power in their hands, only two of the lynching States have attempted a check by exercising the power which is theirs. Mayor Trout, of Roanoke, Virginia, called out the militia in 1893, to protect a Negro prisoner, and in so doing nine men were killed and a number wounded. Then the mayor and militia withdrew, left the Negro to his fate and he was promptly lynched. The business men realized the blow to the town's were given light sentences, the highest being one of twelve financial interests, called the mayor home, the grand jury indicted and prosecuted the ringleaders of the mob. They months in State prison. The day he arrived at the penitentiary, he was pardoned by the governor of the State.

The only other real attempt made by the authorities to protect a prisoner of the law, and which was more successful, was that of Gov. McKinley, of Ohio, who sent the militia to Washington Courthouse, O., in October, 1894, and five men were killed and twenty wounded in maintaining the principle that the law must be upheld.

In South Carolina, in April, 1893, Gov. Tillman aided the mob by yielding up to be killed, a prisoner of the law, who had voluntarily placed himself under the Governor's protection. Public sentiment by its representatives has encouraged Lynch Law, and upon the revolution of this sentiment we must depend for its abolition.

Therefore, we demand a fair trial by law for those accused of crime, and punishment by law after honest conviction. No maudlin sympathy for criminals is solicited, but we do ask that the law shall punish all alike. We earnestly desire those that control the forces which make public sentiment to join with us in the demand. Surely the humanitarian spirit of this country which reaches out to denounce the treatment of the Russian Jews, the Armenian Christians, the laboring poor of Europe, the Siberian exiles and the native women of India--will not longer refuse to lift its voice on this subject. If it were known that the cannibals or the savage Indians had burned three human beings alive in the past two years, the whole of Christendom would be roused, to devise ways and means to put a stop to it. Can you remain silent and inactive when such things are done in our own community and country? Is your duty to humanity in the United States less binding?

What can you do, reader, to prevent lynching, to thwart anarchy and promote law and order throughout our land?

1st. You can help disseminate the facts contained in this book by bringing them to the knowledge of every one with whom you come in contact, to the end that public sentiment may be revolutionized. Let the facts speak for themselves, with you as a medium.

2d. You can be instrumental in having churches, missionary societies, Y.M.C.A.'s, W.C.T.U.'s and all Christian and moral forces in connection with your religious and social life, pass resolutions of condemnation and protest every time a lynching takes place; and see that they axe sent to the place where these outrages occur.

3d. Bring to the intelligent consideration of Southern people the refusal of capital to invest where lawlessness and mob violence hold sway. Many labor organizations have declared by resolution that they would avoid lynch infested localities as they would the pestilence when seeking new homes. If the South wishes to build up its waste places quickly, there is no better way than to uphold the majesty of the law by enforcing obedience to the same, and meting out the same punishment to all classes of criminals, white as well as black. "Equality before the law," must become a fact as well as a theory before America is truly the "land of the free and

the home of the brave."

4th. Think and act on independent lines in this behalf, remembering that after all, it is the white man's civilization and the white man's government which are on trial. This crusade will determine whether that civilization can maintain itself by itself, or whether anarchy shall prevail; Whether this Nation shall write itself down a success at self government, or in deepest humiliation admit its failure complete; whether the precepts and theories of Christianity are professed and practiced by American white people as Golden Rules of thought and action, or adopted as a system of morals to be preached to, heathen until they attain to the intelligence which needs the system of Lynch Law.

5th. Congressman Blair offered a resolution in the House of Representatives, August, 1894. The organized life of the country can speedily make this a law by sending resolutions to Congress indorsing Mr. Blair's bill and asking Congress to create the commission. In no better way can the question be settled, and the Negro does not fear the issue. The following is the resolution:

Resolved, By the House of Representatives and Senate in congress assembled, That the committee on labor be instructed to investigate and report the number, location and date of all alleged assaults by males upon females throughout the country during the ten years last preceding the passing of this joint resolution, for or on account of which organized but unlawful violence has been inflicted or attempted to be inflicted. Also to ascertain and report all facts of organized but unlawful violence to the person, with the attendant facts and circumstances, which have been inflicted upon accused persons alleged to have been guilty of crimes punishable by due process of law which have taken place in any part of the country within the ten years last preceding the passage of this resolution. Such investigation shall be made by the usual methods and agencies of the Department of Labor, and report made to Congress as soon as the work can be satisfactorily done, and the sum of $25,000, or so much thereof as may be necessary, is hereby appropriated to pay the expenses out of any money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated.

The belief has been constantly expressed in England that in the United States, which has produced Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Henry Ward Beecher, James Russell Lowell, John G. Whittier and Abraham Lincoln there must be those of their descendants who would take hold of the work of inaugurating an era of law and order. The colored people of this country who have been loyal to the flag believe the same, and strong in that belief have begun this crusade. To those who still feel they have no obligation in the matter, we commend the following lines of Lowell on "Freedom."

Men! whose boast it is that ye Come of fathers brave and free, If there breathe on earth a slave Are ye truly free and brave? If ye do not feel the chain, When it works a brother's pain, Are ye not base slaves indeed, Slaves unworthy to be freed?

Women! who shall one day bear Sons to breathe New England air, If ye hear without a blush, Deeds to make the roused blood rush Like red lava through your veins, For your sisters now in chains,-- Answer! are ye fit to be Mothers of the brave and free?

Is true freedom but to break Fetters for our own dear sake, And, with leathern hearts, forget That we owe mankind a debt? No! true freedom is to share All the chains our brothers wear, And, with heart and hand, to be Earnest to make others free!

There are slaves who fear to speak For the fallen and the weak; They are slaves who will not choose Hatred, scoffing, and abuse, Rather than in silence shrink From the truth they needs must think; They are slaves who dare not be In the right with two or three.

A FIELD FOR PRACTICAL WORK

The very frequent inquiry made after my lectures by interested friends is "What can I do to help the cause?" The answer always is: "Tell the world the facts." When the Christian world knows the alarming growth and extent of outlawry in our land, some means will be found to stop it.

The object of this publication is to tell the facts, and friends of the cause can lend a helping hand by aiding in the distribution of these books. When I present our cause to a minister, editor, lecturer, or representative of any moral agency, the first demand is for facts and figures. Plainly, I can not then hand out a book with a twenty-five-cent tariff on the information contained. This would be only a new method in the book agents' art. In all such cases it is a pleasure to submit this book for investigation, with the certain assurance of gaining a friend to the cause.

There are many agencies which may be enlisted in our cause by the general circulation of the facts herein contained. The preachers, teachers, editors and humanitarians of the white race, at home and abroad, must have facts laid before them, and it is our duty to supply these facts. The Central Anti-Lynching League, Room 9, 128 Clark St., Chicago, has established a Free Distribution Fund, the work of which can be promoted by all who are interested in this work.

Antilynching leagues, societies and individuals can order books from this fund at agents' rates. The books will be sent to their order, or, if desired, will be distributed by the League among those whose cooperative aid we so greatly need. The writer hereof assures prompt distribution of books according to order, and public acknowledgment of all orders through the public press.

==========

The Mind in the Making: The Relation of Intelligence to Social Reform

James Harvey Robinson

Project Gutenberg Release: May 01, 2005 · eBook #8077

Produced by Tiffany Vergon, Marc D'Hooghe, Charles Franks and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team.

THE MIND IN THE MAKING

The Relation of Intelligence to Social Reform

By JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON

Author of "PETRARCH, THE FIRST MODERN SCHOLAR" "MEDIAEVAL AND MODERN TIMES" "THE NEW HISTORY", ETC.

CONTENTS

I

PREFACE

1. ON THE PURPOSE OF THIS VOLUME

2. THREE DISAPPOINTED METHODS OF REFORM

II

3. ON VARIOUS KINDS OF THINKING

4. RATIONALIZING

5. HOW CREATIVE THOUGHT TRANSFORMS THE WORLD

III

6. OUR ANIMAL HERITAGE. THE NATURE OF CIVILIZATION

7. OUR SAVAGE MIND

IV

8. BEGINNING OF CRITICAL THINKING

9. INFLUENCE OF PLATO AND ARISTOTLE

V

10. ORIGIN OF MEDIAEVAL CIVILIZATION

11. OUR MEDIAEVAL INTELLECTUAL INHERITANCE

VI

12. THE SCIENTIFIC REVOLUTION

13. HOW SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE HAS THE CONDITIONS OF LIFE

VII

14. "THE SICKNESS OF AN ACQUISITIVE SOCIETY"

15. THE PHILOSOPHY OF SAFETY AND SANITY

VIII

16. SOME REFLECTIONS ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF REPRESSION

17. WHAT OF IT?

APPENDIX

* * * * *

I.

PREFACE

This is an essay--not a treatise--on the most important of all matters of human concern. Although it has cost its author a great deal more thought and labor than will be apparent, it falls, in his estimation, far below the demands of its implacably urgent theme. Each page could readily be expanded into a volume. It suggests but the beginning of the beginning now being made to raise men's thinking onto a plain which may perhaps enable them to fend off or reduce some of the dangers which lurk on every hand.

J. H. R.

NEW SCHOOL FOR SOCIAL RESEARCH, NEW YORK CITY, _August, 1921._

THE MIND IN THE MAKING

1. ON THE PURPOSE OF THIS VOLUME

If some magical transformation could be produced in men's ways of looking at themselves and their fellows, no inconsiderable part of the evils which now afflict society would vanish away or remedy themselves automatically. If the majority of influential persons held the opinions and occupied the point of view that a few rather uninfluential people now do, there would, for instance, be no likelihood of another great war; the whole problem of "labor and capital" would be transformed and attenuated; national arrogance, race animosity, political corruption, and inefficiency would all be reduced below the danger point. As an old Stoic proverb has it, men are tormented by the opinions they have of things, rather than by the things themselves. This is eminently true of many of our worst problems to-day. We have available knowledge and ingenuity and material resources to make a far fairer world than that in which we find ourselves, but various obstacles prevent our intelligently availing ourselves of them. The object of this book is to substantiate this proposition, to exhibit with entire frankness the tremendous difficulties that stand in the way of such a beneficent change of mind, and to point out as clearly as may be some of the measures to be taken in order to overcome them.

When we contemplate the shocking derangement of human affairs which now prevails in most civilized countries, including our own, even the best minds are puzzled and uncertain in their attempts to grasp the situation. The world seems to demand a moral and economic regeneration which it is dangerous to postpone, but as yet impossible to imagine, let alone direct. The preliminary intellectual regeneration which would put our leaders in a position to determine and control the course of affairs has not taken place. We have unprecedented conditions to deal with and novel adjustments to make--there can be no doubt of that. We also have a great stock of scientific knowledge unknown to our grandfathers with which to operate. So novel are the conditions, so copious the knowledge, that we must undertake the arduous task of reconsidering a great part of the opinions about man and his relations to his fellow-men which have been handed down to us by previous generations who lived in far other conditions and possessed far less information about the world and themselves. We have, however, first to create an _unprecedented attitude of mind to cope with unprecedented conditions, and to utilize unprecedented knowledge_ This is the preliminary, and most difficult, step to be taken--far more difficult than one would suspect who fails to realize that in order to take it we must overcome inveterate natural tendencies and artificial habits of long standing. How are we to put ourselves in a position to come to think of things that we not only never thought of before, but are most reluctant to question? In short, how are we to rid ourselves of our fond prejudices and _open our minds_?

As a historical student who for a good many years has been especially engaged in inquiring how man happens to have the ideas and convictions about himself and human relations which now prevail, the writer has reached the conclusion that history can at least shed a great deal of light on our present predicaments and confusion. I do not mean by history that conventional chronicle of remote and irrelevant events which embittered the youthful years of many of us, but rather a study of how man has come to be as he is and to believe as he does.

No historian has so far been able to make the whole story very plain or popular, but a number of considerations are obvious enough, and it ought not to be impossible some day to popularize them. I venture to think that if certain seemingly indisputable historical facts were generally known and accepted and permitted to play a daily part in our thought, the world would forthwith become a very different place from what it now is. We could then neither delude ourselves in the simple-minded way we now do, nor could we take advantage of the primitive ignorance of others. All our discussions of social, industrial, and political reform would be raised to a higher plane of insight and fruitfulness.

In one of those brilliant divagations with which Mr. H. G. Wells is wont to enrich his novels he says:

When the intellectual history of this time comes to be written, nothing, I think, will stand out more strikingly than the empty gulf in quality between the superb and richly fruitful scientific investigations that are going on, and the general thought of other educated sections of the community. I do not mean that scientific men are, as a whole, a class of supermen, dealing with and thinking about everything in a way altogether better than the common run of humanity, but in their field they think and work with an intensity, an integrity, a breadth, boldness, patience, thoroughness, and faithfulness--excepting only a few artists--which puts their work out of all comparison with any other human activity.... In these particular directions the human mind has achieved a new and higher quality of attitude and gesture, a veracity, a self-detachment, and self-abnegating vigor of criticism that tend to spread out and must ultimately spread out to every other human affair.

No one who is even most superficially acquainted with the achievements of students of nature during the past few centuries can fail to see that their thought has been astoundingly effective in constantly adding to our knowledge of the universe, from the hugest nebula to the tiniest atom; moreover, this knowledge has been so applied as to well-nigh revolutionize human affairs, and both the knowledge and its applications appear to be no more than hopeful beginnings, with indefinite revelations ahead, if only the same kind of thought be continued in the same patient and scrupulous manner.

But the knowledge of man, of the springs of his conduct, of his relation to his fellow-men singly or in groups, and the felicitous regulation of human intercourse in the interest of harmony and fairness, have made no such advance. Aristotle's treatises on astronomy and physics, and his notions of "generation and decay" and of chemical processes, have long gone by the board, but his politics and ethics are still revered. Does this mean that his penetration in the sciences of man exceeded so greatly his grasp of natural science, or does it mean that the progress of mankind in the scientific knowledge and regulation of human affairs has remained almost stationary for over two thousand years? I think that we may safely conclude that the latter is the case.

It has required three centuries of scientific thought and of subtle inventions for its promotion to enable a modern chemist or physicist to center his attention on electrons and their relation to the mysterious nucleus of the atom, or to permit an embryologist to study the early stirrings of the fertilized egg. As yet relatively little of the same kind of thought has been brought to bear on human affairs.

When we compare the discussions in the United States Senate in regard to the League of Nations with the consideration of a broken-down car in a roadside garage the contrast is shocking. The rural mechanic thinks scientifically; his only aim is to avail himself of his knowledge of the nature and workings of the car, with a view to making it run once more. The Senator, on the other hand, appears too often to have little idea of the nature and workings of nations, and he relies on rhetoric and appeals to vague fears and hopes or mere partisan animosity. The scientists have been busy for a century in revolutionizing the _practical_ relation of nations. The ocean is no longer a barrier, as it was in Washington's day, but to all intents and purposes a smooth avenue closely connecting, rather than safely separating, the eastern and western continents. The Senator will nevertheless unblushingly appeal to policies of a century back, suitable, mayhap, in their day, but now become a warning rather than a guide. The garage man, on the contrary, takes his mechanism as he finds it, and does not allow any mystic respect for the earlier forms of the gas engine to interfere with the needed adjustments.

Those who have dealt with natural phenomena, as distinguished from purely human concerns, did not, however, quickly or easily gain popular approbation and respect. The process of emancipating natural science from current prejudices, both of the learned

and of the unlearned, has been long and painful, and is not wholly completed yet. If we go back to the opening of the seventeenth century we find three men whose business it was, above all, to present and defend common sense in the natural sciences. The most eloquent and variedly persuasive of these was Lord Bacon. Then there was the young Descartes trying to shake himself loose from his training in a Jesuit seminary by going into the Thirty Years' War, and starting his intellectual life all over by giving up for the moment all he had been taught. Galileo had committed an offense of a grave character by discussing in the mother tongue the problems of physics. In his old age he was imprisoned and sentenced to repeat the seven penitential psalms for differing from Aristotle and Moses and the teachings of the theologians. On hearing Galileo's fate. Descartes burned a book he had written, _On The World_, lest he, too, get into trouble.

From that time down to the days of Huxley and John Fiske the struggle has continued, and still continues--the Three Hundred Years' War for intellectual freedom in dealing with natural phenomena. It has been a conflict against ignorance, tradition, and vested interests in church and university, with all that preposterous invective and cruel misrepresentation which characterize the fight against new and critical ideas. Those who cried out against scientific discoveries did so in the name of God, of man's dignity, and of holy religion and morality. Finally, however, it has come about that our instruction in the natural sciences is tolerably free; although there are still large bodies of organized religious believers who are hotly opposed to some of the more fundamental findings of biology. Hundreds of thousands of readers can be found for Pastor Russell's exegesis of Ezekiel and the Apocalypse to hundreds who read Conklin's _Heredity and Environment_ or Slosson's _Creative Chemistry_. No publisher would accept a historical textbook based on an explicit statement of the knowledge we now have of man's animal ancestry. In general, however, our scientific men carry on their work and report their results with little or no effective hostility on the part of the clergy or the schools. The social body has become tolerant of their virus.

This is not the case, however, with the social sciences. One cannot but feel a little queasy when he uses the expression "social science", because it seems as if we had not as yet got anywhere near a real science of man. I mean by social science our feeble efforts to study man, his natural equipment and impulses, and his relations to his fellows in the light of his origin and the history of the race.

This enterprise has hitherto been opposed by a large number of obstacles essentially more hampering and far more numerous than those which for three hundred years hindered the advance of the natural sciences. Human affairs are in themselves far more intricate and perplexing than molecules and chromosomes. But this is only the more reason for bringing to bear on human affairs that critical type of thought and calculation for which the remunerative thought about molecules and chromosomes has prepared the way.

I do not for a moment suggest that we can use precisely the same kind of thinking in dealing with the quandaries of mankind that we use in problems of chemical reaction and mechanical adjustment. Exact scientific results, such as might be formulated in mechanics, are, of course, out of the question. It would be unscientific to expect to apply them. I am not advocating any particular method of treating human affairs, but rather such a _general frame of mind, such a critical open-minded attitude_, as has hitherto been but sparsely developed among those who aspire to be men's guides, whether religious, political, economic, or academic. Most human progress has been, as Wells expresses it, a mere "muddling through". It has been man's wont to explain and sanctify his ways, with little regard to their fundamental and permanent expediency. An arresting example of what this muddling may mean we have seen during these recent years in the slaying or maiming of fifteen million of our young men, resulting in incalculable loss, continued disorder, and bewilderment. Yet men seem blindly driven to defend and perpetuate the conditions which produced the last disaster.

Unless we wish to see a recurrence of this or some similar calamity, we must, as I have already suggested, create a new and unprecedented attitude of mind to meet the new and unprecedented conditions which confront us. _We should proceed to the thorough reconstruction of our mind, with a view to understanding actual human conduct and organization_. We must examine the facts freshly, critically, and dispassionately, and then allow our philosophy to formulate itself as a result of this examination, instead of permitting our observations to be distorted by archaic philosophy, political economy, and ethics. As it is, we are taught our philosophy first, and in its light we try to justify the facts. We must reverse this process, as did those who began the great work in experimental science; we must first face the facts, and patiently await the emergence of a new philosophy.

A willingness to examine the very foundations of society does not mean a desire to encourage or engage in any hasty readjustment, but certainly no wise or needed readjustment _can_ be made unless such an examination is undertaken.

I come back, then, to my original point that in this examination of existing facts history, by revealing the origin of many of our current fundamental beliefs, will tend to free our minds so as to permit honest thinking. Also, that the historical facts which I propose to recall would, if permitted to play a constant part in our thinking, automatically eliminate a very considerable portion of the gross stupidity and blindness which characterize our present thought and conduct in public affairs, and would contribute greatly to developing the needed scientific attitude toward human concerns--in other words, to _bringing the mind up to date_.

2. THREE DISAPPOINTED METHODS OF REFORM

Plans for social betterment and the cure of public ills have in the past taken three general forms: (I) changes in the rules of the game, (II) spiritual exhortation, and (III) education. Had all these not largely failed, the world would not be in the plight in which it now confessedly is.

I. Many reformers concede that they are suspicious of what they call "ideas". They are confident that our troubles result from defective organization, which should be remedied by more expedient legislation and wise ordinances. Abuses should be abolished or checked by forbidding them, or by some ingenious reordering of procedure. Responsibility should be concentrated or dispersed. The term of office of government officials should be lengthened or shortened; the number of members in governing bodies should be increased or decreased; there should be direct primaries, referendum, recall, government by commission; powers should be shifted here and there with a hope of meeting obvious mischances all too familiar in the past. In industry and education administrative reform is constantly going on, with the hope of reducing friction and increasing efficiency. The House of Commons not long ago came to new terms with the peers. The League of Nations has already had to adjust the functions and influence of the Council and the Assembly, respectively.

No one will question that organization is absolutely essential in human affairs, but reorganization, while it sometimes produces assignable benefit, often fails to meet existing evils, and not uncommonly engenders new and unexpected ones. Our confidence in restriction and regimentation is exaggerated. What we usually need is a _change of attitude_, and without this our new regulations often leave the old situation unaltered. So long as we allow our government to be run by politicians and business lobbies it makes little difference how many aldermen or assemblymen we have or how long the mayor or governor holds office. In a university the fundamental drift of affairs cannot be greatly modified by creating a new dean, or a university council, or by enhancing or decreasing the nominal authority of the president or faculty. We now turn to the second sanctified method of reform, moral uplift.

II. Those who are impatient with mere administrative reform, or who lack faith in it, declare that what we need is brotherly love. Thousands of pulpits admonish us to remember that we are all children of one Heavenly Father and that we should bear one another's burdens with fraternal patience. Capital is too selfish; Labor is bent on its own narrow interests regardless of the risks Capital takes. We are all dependent on one another, and a recognition of this should beget mutual forbearance and glad co-operation. Let us forget ourselves in others. "Little children, love one another."

The fatherhood of God has been preached by Christians for over eighteen centuries, and the brotherhood of man by the Stoics long before them. The doctrine has proved compatible with slavery and serfdom, with wars blessed, and not infrequently instigated, by religious leaders, and with industrial oppression which it requires a brave clergyman or teacher to denounce to-day. True, we sometimes have moments of sympathy when our fellow-creatures become objects of tender solicitude. Some rare souls may honestly flatter themselves that they love mankind in general, but it would surely be a very rare soul indeed who dared profess that he loved his personal enemies--much less the enemies of his country or institutions. We still worship a tribal god, and the "foe" is not to be reckoned among his children. Suspicion and hate are much more congenial to our natures than love, for very obvious reasons in this world of rivalry and common failure. There is, beyond doubt, a natural kindliness in mankind which will show itself under favorable auspices. But experience would seem to teach that it is little promoted by moral exhortation. This is the only point that need be urged here. Whether there is another way of forwarding the brotherhood of man will be considered in the sequel.

III. One disappointed in the effects of mere reorganization, and distrusting the power of moral exhortation, will urge that what we need above all is _education_. It is quite true that what we need is education, but something so different from what now passes as such that it needs a new name.

Education has more various aims than we usually recognize, and should of course be judged in relation to the importance of its several intentions, and of its success in gaining them. The arts of reading and writing and figuring all would concede are basal in a world of newspapers and business. Then there is technical information and the training that prepares one to earn a livelihood in

some more or less standardized guild or profession. Both these aims are reached fairly well by our present educational system, subject to various economies and improvements in detail. Then there are the studies which it is assumed contribute to general culture and to "training the mind", with the hope of cultivating our tastes, stimulating the imagination, and mayhap improving our reasoning powers.

This branch of education is regarded by the few as very precious and indispensable; by the many as at best an amenity which has little relation to the real purposes and success of life. It is highly traditional and retrospective in the main, concerned with ancient tongues, old and revered books, higher mathematics, somewhat archaic philosophy and history, and the fruitless form of logic which has until recently been prized as man's best guide in the fastnesses of error. To these has been added in recent decades a choice of the various branches of natural science.

The results, however, of our present scheme of liberal education are disappointing. One who, like myself, firmly agrees with its objects and is personally so addicted to old books, so pleased with such knowledge as he has of the ancient and modern languages, so envious of those who can think mathematically, and so interested in natural science--such a person must resent the fact that those who have had a liberal education rarely care for old books, rarely read for pleasure any foreign language, think mathematically, love philosophy or history, or care for the beasts, birds, plants, and rocks with any intelligent insight, or even real curiosity. This arouses the suspicion that our so-called "liberal education" miscarries and does not attain its ostensible aims.

The three educational aims enumerated above have one thing in common. They are all directed toward an enhancement of the chances of _personal_ worldly success, or to the increase of our _personal_ culture and intellectual and literary enjoyment. Their purpose is not primarily to fit us to play a part in social or political betterment. But of late a fourth element has been added to the older ambitions, namely the hope of preparing boys and girls to become intelligent voters. This need has been forced upon us by the coming of political democracy, which makes one person's vote exactly as good as another's.

Now education for citizenship would seem to consist in gaining a knowledge of the actual workings of our social organization, with some illuminating notions of its origin, together with a full realization of its defects and their apparent sources. But here we encounter an obstacle that is unimportant in the older types of education, but which may prove altogether fatal to any good results in our efforts to make better citizens. Subjects of instruction like reading and writing, mathematics, Latin and Greek, chemistry and physics, medicine and the law are fairly well standardized and retrospective. Doubtless there is a good deal of internal change in method and content going on, but this takes place unobtrusively and does not attract the attention of outside critics. Political and social questions, on the other hand, and matters relating to prevailing business methods, race animosities, public elections, and governmental policy are, if they are vital, necessarily "controversial". School boards and superintendents, trustees and presidents of colleges and universities, are sensitive to this fact. They eagerly deprecate in their public manifestos any suspicion that pupils and students are being awakened in any way to the truth that our institutions can possibly be fundamentally defective, or that the present generation of citizens has not conducted our affairs with exemplary success, guided by the immutable principles of justice.

How indeed can a teacher be expected to explain to the sons and daughters of businessmen, politicians, doctors, lawyers, and clergymen--all pledged to the maintenance of the sources of their livelihood--the actual nature of business enterprise as now practiced, the prevailing methods of legislative bodies and courts, and the conduct of foreign affairs? Think of a teacher in the public schools recounting the more illuminating facts about the municipal government under which he lives, with due attention to graft and jobs! So, courses in government, political economy, sociology, and ethics confine themselves to inoffensive generalizations, harmless details of organization, and the commonplaces of routine morality, for only in that way can they escape being controversial. Teachers are rarely able or inclined to explain our social life and its presuppositions with sufficient insight and honesty to produce any very important results. Even if they are tempted to tell the essential facts they dare not do so, for fear of losing their places, amid the applause of all the righteously minded.

However we may feel on this important matter, we must all agree that the aim of education for citizenship as now conceived is a preparation for the same old citizenship which has so far failed to eliminate the shocking hazards and crying injustices of our social and political life. For we sedulously inculcate in the coming generation exactly the same illusions and the same ill-placed confidence in existing institutions and prevailing notions that have brought the world to the pass in which we find it. Since we do all we can to corroborate the beneficence of what we have, we can hardly hope to raise up a more intelligent generation bent on achieving what we have not. We all know this to be true; it has been forcibly impressed on our minds of late. Most of us agree that it is right and best that it should be so; some of us do not like to think about it at all, but a few will be glad to spend a little time weighing certain suggestions in this volume which may indicate a way out of this _impasse_.[1]

We have now considered briefly the three main hopes that have been hitherto entertained of bettering things (I) by changing the rules of the game, (II) by urging men to be good, and to love their neighbor as themselves, and (III) by education for citizenship. It may be that these hopes are not wholly unfounded, but it must be admitted that so far they have been grievously disappointed. Doubtless they will continue to be cherished on account of their assured respectability.

Mere lack of success does not discredit a method, for there are many things that determine and perpetuate our sanctified ways of doing things besides their success in reaching their proposed ends. Had this not always been so, our life to-day would be far less stupidly conducted than it is. But let us agree to assume for the moment that the approved schemes of reform enumerated above have, to say the least, shown themselves inadequate to meet the crisis in which civilized society now finds itself. Have we any other hope?

Yes, there is Intelligence. That is as yet an untested hope in its application to the regulation of human relations. It is not discredited because it has not been tried on any large scale outside the realm of natural science. There, everyone will confess, it has produced marvelous results. Employed in regard to stars, rocks, plants, and animals, and in the investigation of mechanical and chemical processes, it has completely revolutionized men's notions of the world in which they live, and of its inhabitants, _with the notable exception of man himself_. These discoveries have been used to change our habits and to supply us with everyday necessities which a hundred years ago were not dreamed of as luxuries accessible even to kings and millionaires.

But most of us know too little of the past to realize the penalty that had to be paid for this application of intelligence. In order that these discoveries should be made and ingeniously applied to the conveniences of life, _it was necessary to discard practically all the consecrated notions of the world and its workings which had been held by the best and wisest and purest of mankind down to three hundred years ago_--indeed, until much more recently. Intelligence, in a creature of routine like man and in a universe so ill understood as ours, must often break valiantly with the past in order to get ahead. It would be pleasant to assume that all we had to do was to build on well-designed foundations, firmly laid by the wisdom of the ages. But those who have studied the history of natural science would agree that Bacon, Galileo, and Descartes found no such foundation, but had to begin their construction from the ground up.

The several hopes of reform mentioned above all assume that the now generally accepted notions of righteous human conduct are not to be questioned. Our churches and universities defend this assumption. Our editors and lawyers and the more vocal of our business men adhere to it. Even those who pretend to study society and its origin seem often to believe that our present ideals and standards of property, the state, industrial organization, the relations of the sexes, and education are practically final and must necessarily be the basis of any possible betterment in detail. But if this be so Intelligence has already done its perfect work, and we can only lament that the outcome in the way of peace, decency, and fairness, judged even by existing standards, has been so disappointing.

There are, of course, a few here and there who suspect and even repudiate current ideals and standards. But at present their resentment against existing evils takes the form of more or less dogmatic plans of reconstruction, like those of the socialists and communists, or exhausts itself in the vague protest and faultfinding of the average "Intellectual". Neither the socialist nor the common run of Intellectual appears to me to be on the right track. The former is more precise in his doctrines and confident in his prophecies than a scientific examination of mankind and its ways would at all justify; the other, more indefinite than he need be.

If Intelligence is to have the freedom of action necessary to accumulate new and valuable knowledge about man's nature and possibilities which may ultimately be applied to reforming our ways, it must loose itself from the bonds that now confine it. The primeval curse still holds: "Of every tree in the garden thou mayest freely eat; but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it; for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." Few people confess that they are afraid of knowledge, but the university presidents, ministers, and editors who most often and publicly laud what they are wont to call "the fearless pursuit of truth", feel compelled, in the interest of public morals and order, to discourage any reckless indulgence in the fruit of the forbidden tree, for the inexperienced may select an unripe apple and suffer from the colic in consequence. "Just look at Russia!" Better always, instead of taking the risk on what the church calls "science falsely so called", fall back on ignorance rightly so called. No one denies that Intelligence is the light of the world and the chief glory of man, but, as Bertrand Russell says, we dread its indifference to respectable opinions and what we deem the well-tried wisdom of the ages. "It is," as he truly says, "fear that holds men back; fear that their cherished beliefs should prove harmful, fear lest they themselves should prove less worthy of respect than they have supposed themselves to be. 'Should the workingman think freely about property? What then will become of us, the rich? Should young men and women think freely about sex? What then will become of morality? Should soldiers think freely

about war? What then will become of military discipline?'"

This fear is natural and inevitable, but it is none the less dangerous and discreditable. Human arrangements are no longer so foolproof as they may once have been when the world moved far more slowly than it now does. It should therefore be a good deed to remove or lighten any of the various restraints on thought. I believe that there is an easy and relatively painless way in which our respect for the past can be lessened so that we shall no longer feel compelled to take the wisdom of the ages as the basis of our reforms. My own confidence in what President Butler calls "the findings of mankind" is gone, and the process by which it was lost will become obvious as we proceed. I have no reforms to recommend, except the liberation of Intelligence, which is the first and most essential one. I propose to review by way of introduction some of the new ideas which have been emerging during the past few years in regard to our minds and their operations. Then we shall proceed to the main theme of the book, a sketch of the manner in which our human intelligence appears to have come about. If anyone will follow the story with a fair degree of sympathy and patience he may, by merely putting together well-substantiated facts, many of which he doubtless knows in other connections, hope better to understand the perilous quandary in which mankind is now placed and the ways of escape that offer themselves.

NOTES.

[1] George Bernard Shaw reaches a similar conclusion when he contemplates education in the British Isles. "We must teach citizenship and political science at school. But must we? There is no must about it, the hard fact being that we must not teach political science or citizenship at school. The schoolmaster who attempted it would soon find himself penniless in the streets without pupils, if not in the dock pleading to a pompously worded indictment for sedition against the exploiters. Our schools teach the morality of feudalism corrupted by commercialism, and hold up the military conqueror, the robber baron, and the profiteer, as models of the illustrious and successful."--_Back to Methuselah_, xii.

* * * * *

II

Good sense is, of all things among men, the most equally distributed; for everyone thinks himself so abundantly provided with it that those even who are the most difficult to satisfy in everything else do not usually desire a larger measure of this quality than they already possess.--DESCARTES.

We see man to-day, instead of the frank and courageous recognition of his status, the docile attention to his biological history, the determination to let nothing stand in the way of the security and permanence of his future, which alone can establish the safety and happiness of the race, substituting blind confidence in his destiny, unclouded faith in the essentially respectful attitude of the universe toward his moral code, and a belief no less firm that his traditions and laws and institutions necessarily contain permanent qualities of reality.--WILLIAM TROTTER.

3. ON VARIOUS KINDS OF THINKING

The truest and most profound observations on Intelligence have in the past been made by the poets and, in recent times, by story-writers. They have been keen observers and recorders and reckoned freely with the emotions and sentiments. Most philosophers, on the other hand, have exhibited a grotesque ignorance of man's life and have built up systems that are elaborate and imposing, but quite unrelated to actual human affairs. They have almost consistently neglected the actual process of thought and have set the mind off as something apart to be studied by itself. _But no such mind, exempt from bodily processes, animal impulses, savage traditions, infantile impressions, conventional reactions, and traditional knowledge, ever existed_, even in the case of the most abstract of metaphysicians. Kant entitled his great work _A Critique of Pure Reason_. But to the modern student of mind pure reason seems as mythical as the pure gold, transparent as glass, with which the celestial city is paved.

Formerly philosophers thought of mind as having to do exclusively with conscious thought. It was that within man which perceived, remembered, judged, reasoned, understood, believed, willed. But of late it has been shown that we are unaware of a great part of what we perceive, remember, will, and infer; and that a great part of the thinking of which we are aware is determined by that of which we are not conscious. It has indeed been demonstrated that our unconscious psychic life far outruns our conscious. This seems perfectly natural to anyone who considers the following facts:

The sharp distinction between the mind and the body is, as we shall find, a very ancient and spontaneous uncritical savage prepossession. What we think of as "mind" is so intimately associated with what we call "body" that we are coming to realize that the one cannot be understood without the other. Every thought reverberates through the body, and, on the other hand, alterations in our physical condition affect our whole attitude of mind. The insufficient elimination of the foul and decaying products of digestion may plunge us into deep melancholy, whereas a few whiffs of nitrous monoxide may exalt us to the seventh heaven of supernal knowledge and godlike complacency. And vice versa, a sudden word or thought may cause our heart to jump, check our breathing, or make our knees as water. There is a whole new literature growing up which studies the effects of our bodily secretions and our muscular tensions and their relation to our emotions and our thinking.

Then there are hidden impulses and desires and secret longings of which we can only with the greatest difficulty take account. They influence our conscious thought in the most bewildering fashion. Many of these unconscious influences appear to originate in our very early years. The older philosophers seem to have forgotten that even they were infants and children at their most impressionable age and never could by any possibility get over it.

The term "unconscious", now so familiar to all readers of modern works on psychology, gives offense to some adherents of the past. There should, however, be no special mystery about it. It is not a new animistic abstraction, but simply a collective word to include all the physiological changes which escape our notice, all the forgotten experiences and impressions of the past which continue to influence our desires and reflections and conduct, even if we cannot remember them. What we can remember at any time is indeed an infinitesimal part of what has happened to us. We could not remember anything unless we forgot almost everything. As Bergson says, the brain is the organ of forgetfulness as well as of memory. Moreover, we tend, of course, to become oblivious to things to which we are thoroughly accustomed, for habit blinds us to their existence. So the forgotten and the habitual make up a great part of the so-called "unconscious".

If we are ever to understand man, his conduct and reasoning, and if we aspire to learn to guide his life and his relations with his fellows more happily than heretofore, we cannot neglect the great discoveries briefly noted above. We must reconcile ourselves to novel and revolutionary conceptions of the mind, for it is clear that the older philosophers, whose works still determine our current views, had a very superficial notion of the subject with which they dealt. But for our purposes, with due regard to what has just been said and to much that has necessarily been left unsaid (and with the indulgence of those who will at first be inclined to dissent), _we shall consider mind chiefly as conscious knowledge and intelligence, as what we know and our attitude toward it--our disposition to increase our information, classify it, criticize it and apply it_.

We do not think enough about thinking, and much of our confusion is the result of current illusions in regard to it. Let us forget for the moment any impressions we may have derived from the philosophers, and see what seems to happen in ourselves. The first thing that we notice is that our thought moves with such incredible rapidity that it is almost impossible to arrest any specimen of it long enough to have a look at it. When we are offered a penny for our thoughts we always find that we have recently had so many things in mind that we can easily make a selection which will not compromise us too nakedly. On inspection we shall find that even if we are not downright ashamed of a great part of our spontaneous thinking it is far too intimate, personal, ignoble or trivial to permit us to reveal more than a small part of it. I believe this must be true of everyone. We do not, of course, know what goes on in other people's heads. They tell us very little and we tell them very little. The spigot of speech, rarely fully opened, could never emit more than driblets of the ever renewed hogshead of thought--_noch grösser wie's Heidelberger Fass_. We find it hard to believe that other people's thoughts are as silly as our own, but they probably are.

We all appear to ourselves to be thinking all the time during our waking hours, and most of us are aware that we go on thinking while we are asleep, even more foolishly than when awake. When uninterrupted by some practical issue we are engaged in what is now known as a _reverie_. This is our spontaneous and favorite kind of thinking. We allow our ideas to take their own course and this course is determined by our hopes and fears, our spontaneous desires, their fulfillment or frustration; by our likes and dislikes, our loves and hates and resentments. There is nothing else anything like so interesting to ourselves as ourselves. All thought that is not more or less laboriously controlled and directed will inevitably circle about the beloved Ego. It is amusing and pathetic to observe this tendency in ourselves and in others. We learn politely and generously to overlook this truth, but if we dare to think of it, it blazes forth like the noontide sun.

The reverie or "free association of ideas" has of late become the subject of scientific research. While investigators are not yet agreed on the results, or at least on the proper interpretation to be given to them, there can be no doubt that our reveries form the chief index to our fundamental character. They are a reflection of our nature as modified by often hidden and forgotten experiences.

We need not go into the matter further here, for it is only necessary to observe that the reverie is at all times a potent and in many cases an omnipotent rival to every other kind of thinking. It doubtless influences all our speculations in its persistent tendency to self-magnification and self-justification, which are its chief preoccupations, but it is the last thing to make directly or indirectly for honest increase of knowledge.[2] Philosophers usually talk as if such thinking did not exist or were in some way negligible. This is what makes their speculations so unreal and often worthless. The reverie, as any of us can see for himself, is frequently broken and interrupted by the necessity of a second kind of thinking. We have to make practical decisions. Shall we write a letter or no? Shall we take the subway or a bus? Shall we have dinner at seven or half past? Shall we buy U. S. Rubber or a Liberty Bond? Decisions are easily distinguishable from the free flow of the reverie. Sometimes they demand a good deal of careful pondering and the recollection of pertinent facts; often, however, they are made impulsively. They are a more difficult and laborious thing than the reverie, and we resent having to "make up our mind" when we are tired, or absorbed in a congenial reverie. Weighing a decision, it should be noted, does not necessarily add anything to our knowledge, although we may, of course, seek further information before making it.

4. RATIONALIZING

A third kind of thinking is stimulated when anyone questions our belief and opinions. We sometimes find ourselves changing our minds without any resistance or heavy emotion, but if we are told that we are wrong we resent the imputation and harden our hearts. We are incredibly heedless in the formation of our beliefs, but find ourselves filled with an illicit passion for them when anyone proposes to rob us of their companionship. It is obviously not the ideas themselves that are dear to us, but our self-esteem, which is threatened. We are by nature stubbornly pledged to defend our own from attack, whether it be our person, our family, our property, or our opinion. A United States Senator once remarked to a friend of mine that God Almighty could not make him change his mind on our Latin-America policy. We may surrender, but rarely confess ourselves vanquished. In the intellectual world at least peace is without victory.

Few of us take the pains to study the origin of our cherished convictions; indeed, we have a natural repugnance to so doing. We like to continue to believe what we have been accustomed to accept as true, and the resentment aroused when doubt is cast upon any of our assumptions leads us to seek every manner of excuse for clinging to them. _The result is that most of our so-called reasoning consists in finding arguments for going on believing as we already do_.

I remember years ago attending a public dinner to which the Governor of the state was bidden. The chairman explained that His Excellency could not be present for certain "good" reasons; what the "real" reasons were the presiding officer said he would leave us to conjecture. This distinction between "good" and "real" reasons is one of the most clarifying and essential in the whole realm of thought. We can readily give what seem to us "good" reasons for being a Catholic or a Mason, a Republican or a Democrat, an adherent or opponent of the League of Nations. But the "real" reasons are usually on quite a different plane. Of course the importance of this distinction is popularly, if somewhat obscurely, recognized. The Baptist missionary is ready enough to see that the Buddhist is not such because his doctrines would bear careful inspection, but because he happened to be born in a Buddhist family in Tokio. But it would be treason to his faith to acknowledge that his own partiality for certain doctrines is due to the fact that his mother was a member of the First Baptist church of Oak Ridge. A savage can give all sorts of reasons for his belief that it is dangerous to step on a man's shadow, and a newspaper editor can advance plenty of arguments against the Bolsheviki. But neither of them may realize why he happens to be defending his particular opinion.

The "real" reasons for our beliefs are concealed from ourselves as well as from others. As we grow up we simply adopt the ideas presented to us in regard to such matters as religion, family relations, property, business, our country, and the state. We unconsciously absorb them from our environment. They are persistently whispered in our ear by the group in which we happen to live. Moreover, as Mr. Trotter has pointed out, these judgments, being the product of suggestion and not of reasoning, have the quality of perfect obviousness, so that to question them

... is to the believer to carry skepticism to an insane degree, and will be met by contempt, disapproval, or condemnation, according to the nature of the belief in question. When, therefore, we find ourselves entertaining an opinion about the basis of which there is a quality of feeling which tells us that to inquire into it would be absurd, obviously unnecessary, unprofitable, undesirable, bad form, or wicked, we may know that that opinion is a nonrational one, and probably, therefore, founded upon inadequate evidence.[3]

Opinions, on the other hand, which are the result of experience or of honest reasoning do not have this quality of "primary certitude". I remember when as a youth I heard a group of business men discussing the question of the immortality of the soul, I

was outraged by the sentiment of doubt expressed by one of the party. As I look back now I see that I had at the time no interest in the matter, and certainly no least argument to urge in favor of the belief in which I had been reared. But neither my personal indifference to the issue, nor the fact that I had previously given it no attention, served to prevent an angry resentment when I heard _my_ ideas questioned.

This spontaneous and loyal support of our preconceptions--this process of finding "good" reasons to justify our routine beliefs--is known to modern psychologists as "rationalizing"--clearly only a new name for a very ancient thing. Our "good" reasons ordinarily have no value in promoting honest enlightenment, because, no matter how solemnly they may be marshaled, they are at bottom the result of personal preference or prejudice, and not of an honest desire to seek or accept new knowledge.

In our reveries we are frequently engaged in self-justification, for we cannot bear to think ourselves wrong, and yet have constant illustrations of our weaknesses and mistakes. So we spend much time finding fault with circumstances and the conduct of others, and shifting on to them with great ingenuity the on us of our own failures and disappointments. _Rationalizing is the self-exculpation which occurs when we feel ourselves, or our group, accused of misapprehension or error._

The little word _my_ is the most important one in all human affairs, and properly to reckon with it is the beginning of wisdom. It has the same force whether it is _my_ dinner, _my_ dog, and _my_ house, or _my_ faith, _my_ country, and _my God_. We not only resent the imputation that our watch is wrong, or our car shabby, but that our conception of the canals of Mars, of the pronunciation of "Epictetus", of the medicinal value of salicine, or the date of Sargon I, are subject to revision.

Philosophers, scholars, and men of science exhibit a common sensitiveness in all decisions in which their _amour propre_ is involved. Thousands of argumentative works have been written to vent a grudge. However stately their reasoning, it may be nothing but rationalizing, stimulated by the most commonplace of all motives. A history of philosophy and theology could be written in terms of grouches, wounded pride, and aversions, and it would be far more instructive than the usual treatments of these themes. Sometimes, under Providence, the lowly impulse of resentment leads to great achievements. Milton wrote his treatise on divorce as a result of his troubles with his seventeen-year-old wife, and when he was accused of being the leading spirit in a new sect, the Divorcers, he wrote his noble _Areopagitica_ to prove his right to say what he thought fit, and incidentally to establish the advantage of a free press in the promotion of Truth.

All mankind, high and low, thinks in all the ways which have been described. The reverie goes on all the time not only in the mind of the mill hand and the Broadway flapper, but equally in weighty judges and godly bishops. It has gone on in all the philosophers, scientists, poets, and theologians that have ever lived. Aristotle's most abstruse speculations were doubtless tempered by highly irrelevant reflections. He is reported to have had very thin legs and small eyes, for which he doubtless had to find excuses, and he was wont to indulge in very conspicuous dress and rings and was accustomed to arrange his hair carefully.[4] Diogenes the Cynic exhibited the impudence of a touchy soul. His tub was his distinction. Tennyson in beginning his "Maud" could not forget his chagrin over losing his patrimony years before as the result of an unhappy investment in the Patent Decorative Carving Company. These facts are not recalled here as a gratuitous disparagement of the truly great, but to insure a full realization of the tremendous competition which all really exacting thought has to face, even in the minds of the most highly endowed mortals.

And now the astonishing and perturbing suspicion emerges that perhaps almost all that had passed for social science, political economy, politics, and ethics in the past may be brushed aside by future generations as mainly rationalizing. John Dewey has already reached this conclusion in regard to philosophy.[5] Veblen[6] and other writers have revealed the various unperceived presuppositions of the traditional political economy, and now comes an Italian sociologist, Vilfredo Pareto, who, in his huge treatise on general sociology, devotes hundreds of pages to substantiating a similar thesis affecting all the social sciences.[7] This conclusion may be ranked by students of a hundred years hence as one of the several great discoveries of our age. It is by no means fully worked out, and it is so opposed to nature that it will be very slowly accepted by the great mass of those who consider themselves thoughtful. As a historical student I am personally fully reconciled to this newer view. Indeed, it seems to me inevitable that just as the various sciences of nature were, before the opening of the seventeenth century, largely masses of rationalizations to suit the religious sentiments of the period, so the social sciences have continued even to our own day to be rationalizations of uncritically accepted beliefs and customs.

It will become apparent as we proceed that the fact that an idea is ancient and that it has been widely received is no argument in its favor, but should immediately suggest the necessity of carefully testing it as a probable instance of rationalization.

5. HOW CREATIVE THOUGHT TRANSFORMS THE WORLD

This brings us to another kind of thought which can fairly easily be distinguished from the three kinds described above. It has not the usual qualities of the reverie, for it does not hover about our personal complacencies and humiliations. It is not made up of the homely decisions forced upon us by everyday needs, when we review our little stock of existing information, consult our conventional preferences and obligations, and make a choice of action. It is not the defense of our own cherished beliefs and prejudices just because they are our own--mere plausible excuses for remaining of the same mind. On the contrary, it is that peculiar species of thought which leads us to _change_ our mind.

It is this kind of thought that has raised man from his pristine, subsavage ignorance and squalor to the degree of knowledge and comfort which he now possesses. On his capacity to continue and greatly extend this kind of thinking depends his chance of groping his way out of the plight in which the most highly civilized peoples of the world now find themselves. In the past this type of thinking has been called Reason. But so many misapprehensions have grown up around the word that some of us have become very suspicious of it. I suggest, therefore, that we substitute a recent name and speak of "creative thought" rather than of Reason. _For this kind of meditation begets knowledge, and knowledge is really creative inasmuch as it makes things look different from what they seemed before and may indeed work for their reconstruction_.

In certain moods some of us realize that we are observing things or making reflections with a seeming disregard of our personal preoccupations. We are not preening or defending ourselves; we are not faced by the necessity of any practical decision, nor are we apologizing for believing this or that. We are just wondering and looking and mayhap seeing what we never perceived before.

Curiosity is as clear and definite as any of our urges. We wonder what is in a sealed telegram or in a letter in which some one else is absorbed, or what is being said in the telephone booth or in low conversation. This inquisitiveness is vastly stimulated by jealousy, suspicion, or any hint that we ourselves are directly or indirectly involved. But there appears to be a fair amount of personal interest in other people's affairs even when they do not concern us except as a mystery to be unraveled or a tale to be told. The reports of a divorce suit will have "news value" for many weeks. They constitute a story, like a novel or play or moving picture. This is not an example of pure curiosity, however, since we readily identify ourselves with others, and their joys and despair then become our own.

We also take note of, or "observe", as Sherlock Holmes says, things which have nothing to do with our personal interests and make no personal appeal either direct or by way of sympathy. This is what Veblen so well calls "idle curiosity". And it is usually idle enough. Some of us when we face the line of people opposite us in a subway train impulsively consider them in detail and engage in rapid inferences and form theories in regard to them. On entering a room there are those who will perceive at a glance the degree of preciousness of the rugs, the character of the pictures, and the personality revealed by the books. But there are many, it would seem, who are so absorbed in their personal reverie or in some definite purpose that they have no bright-eyed energy for idle curiosity. The tendency to miscellaneous observation we come by honestly enough, for we note it in many of our animal relatives.

Veblen, however, uses the term "idle curiosity" somewhat ironically, as is his wont. It is idle only to those who fail to realize that it may be a very rare and indispensable thing from which almost all distinguished human achievement proceeds. Since it may lead to systematic examination and seeking for things hitherto undiscovered. For research is but diligent search which enjoys the high flavor of primitive hunting. Occasionally and fitfully idle curiosity thus leads to creative thought, which alters and broadens our own views and aspirations and may in turn, under highly favorable circumstances, affect the views and lives of others, even for generations to follow. An example or two will make this unique human process clear.

Galileo was a thoughtful youth and doubtless carried on a rich and varied reverie. He had artistic ability and might have turned out to be a musician or painter. When he had dwelt among the monks at Valambrosa he had been tempted to lead the life of a religious. As a boy he busied himself with toy machines and he inherited a fondness for mathematics. All these facts are of record. We may safely assume also that, along with many other subjects of contemplation, the Pisan maidens found a vivid place in his thoughts.

One day when seventeen years old he wandered into the cathedral of his native town. In the midst of his reverie he looked up at the lamps hanging by long chains from the high ceiling of the church. Then something very difficult to explain occurred. He found himself no longer thinking of the building, worshipers, or the services; of his artistic or religious interests; of his reluctance to become a physician as his father wished. He forgot the question of a career and even the _graziosissime donne_. As he watched the swinging lamps he was suddenly wondering if mayhap their oscillations, whether long or short, did not occupy the same time.

Then he tested this hypothesis by counting his pulse, for that was the only timepiece he had with him.

This observation, however remarkable in itself, was not enough to produce a really creative thought. Others may have noticed the same thing and yet nothing came of it. Most of our observations have no assignable results. Galileo may have seen that the warts on a peasant's face formed a perfect isosceles triangle, or he may have noticed with boyish glee that just as the officiating priest was uttering the solemn words, _ecce agnus Dei_, a fly lit on the end of his nose. To be really creative, ideas have to be worked up and then "put over", so that they become a part of man's social heritage. The highly accurate pendulum clock was one of the later results of Galileo's discovery. He himself was led to reconsider and successfully to refute the old notions of falling bodies. It remained for Newton to prove that the moon was falling, and presumably all the heavenly bodies. This quite upset all the consecrated views of the heavens as managed by angelic engineers. The universality of the laws of gravitation stimulated the attempt to seek other and equally important natural laws and cast grave doubts on the miracles in which mankind had hitherto believed. In short, those who dared to include in their thought the discoveries of Galileo and his successors found themselves in a new earth surrounded by new heavens.

On the 28th of October, 1831, three hundred and fifty years after Galileo had noticed the isochronous vibrations of the lamps, creative thought and its currency had so far increased that Faraday was wondering what would happen if he mounted a disk of copper between the poles of a horseshoe magnet. As the disk revolved an electric current was produced. This would doubtless have seemed the idlest kind of an experiment to the stanch business men of the time, who, it happened, were just then denouncing the child-labor bills in their anxiety to avail themselves to the full of the results of earlier idle curiosity. But should the dynamos and motors which have come into being as the outcome of Faraday's experiment be stopped this evening, the business man of to-day, agitated over labor troubles, might, as he trudged home past lines of "dead" cars, through dark streets to an unlighted house, engage in a little creative thought of his own and perceive that he and his laborers would have no modern factories and mines to quarrel about had it not been for the strange practical effects of the idle curiosity of scientists, inventors, and engineers.

The examples of creative intelligence given above belong to the realm of modern scientific achievement, which furnishes the most striking instances of the effects of scrupulous, objective thinking. But there are, of course, other great realms in which the recording and embodiment of acute observation and insight have wrought themselves into the higher life of man. The great poets and dramatists and our modern story-tellers have found themselves engaged in productive reveries, noting and artistically presenting their discoveries for the delight and instruction of those who have the ability to appreciate them.

The process by which a fresh and original poem or drama comes into being is doubtless analogous to that which originates and elaborates so-called scientific discoveries; but there is clearly a temperamental difference. The genesis and advance of painting, sculpture, and music offer still other problems. We really as yet know shockingly little about these matters, and indeed very few people have the least curiosity about them.[8] Nevertheless, creative intelligence in its various forms and activities is what makes man. Were it not for its slow, painful, and constantly discouraged operations through the ages man would be no more than a species of primate living on seeds, fruit, roots, and uncooked flesh, and wandering naked through the woods and over the plains like a chimpanzee.

The origin and progress and future promotion of civilization are ill understood and misconceived. These should be made the chief theme of education, but much hard work is necessary before we can reconstruct our ideas of man and his capacities and free ourselves from innumerable persistent misapprehensions. There have been obstructionists in all times, not merely the lethargic masses, but the moralists, the rationalizing theologians, and most of the philosophers, all busily if unconsciously engaged in ratifying existing ignorance and mistakes and discouraging creative thought. Naturally, those who reassure us seem worthy of honor and respect. Equally naturally those who puzzle us with disturbing criticisms and invite us to change our ways are objects of suspicion and readily discredited. Our personal discontent does not ordinarily extend to any critical questioning of the general situation in which we find ourselves. In every age the prevailing conditions of civilization have appeared quite natural and inevitable to those who grew up in them. The cow asks no questions as to how it happens to have a dry stall and a supply of hay. The kitten laps its warm milk from a china saucer, without knowing anything about porcelain; the dog nestles in the corner of a divan with no sense of obligation to the inventors of upholstery and the manufacturers of down pillows. So we humans accept our breakfasts, our trains and telephones and orchestras and movies, our national Constitution, or moral code and standards of manners, with the simplicity and innocence of a pet rabbit. We have absolutely inexhaustible capacities for appropriating what others do for us with no thought of a "thank you". We do not feel called upon to make any least contribution to the merry game ourselves. Indeed, we are usually quite unaware that a game is being played at all.

We have now examined the various classes of thinking which we can readily observe in ourselves and which we have plenty of reasons to believe go on, and always have been going on, in our fellow-men. We can sometimes get quite pure and sparkling examples of all four kinds, but commonly they are so confused and intermingled in our reverie as not to be readily distinguishable. The reverie is a reflection of our longings, exultations, and complacencies, our fears, suspicions, and disappointments. We are chiefly engaged in struggling to maintain our self-respect and in asserting that supremacy which we all crave and which seems to us our natural prerogative. It is not strange, but rather quite inevitable, that our beliefs about what is true and false, good and bad, right and wrong, should be mixed up with the reverie and be influenced by the same considerations which determine its character and course. We resent criticisms of our views exactly as we do of anything else connected with ourselves. Our notions of life and its ideals seem to us to be _our own_ and as such necessarily true and right, to be defended at all costs.

We very rarely consider, however, the process by which we gained our convictions. If we did so, we could hardly fail to see that there was usually little ground for our confidence in them. Here and there, in this department of knowledge or that, some one of us might make a fair claim to have taken some trouble to get correct ideas of, let us say, the situation in Russia, the sources of our food supply, the origin of the Constitution, the revision of the tariff, the policy of the Holy Roman Apostolic Church, modern business organization, trade unions, birth control, socialism, the League of Nations, the excess-profits tax, preparedness, advertising in its social bearings; but only a very exceptional person would be entitled to opinions on all of even these few matters. And yet most of us have opinions on all these, and on many other questions of equal importance, of which we may know even less. We feel compelled, as self-respecting persons, to take sides when they come up for discussion. We even surprise ourselves by our omniscience. Without taking thought we see in a flash that it is most righteous and expedient to discourage birth control by legislative enactment, or that one who decries intervention in Mexico is clearly wrong, or that big advertising is essential to big business and that big business is the pride of the land. As godlike beings why should we not rejoice in our omniscience?

It is clear, in any case, that our convictions on important matters are not the result of knowledge or critical thought, nor, it may be added, are they often dictated by supposed self-interest. Most of them are _pure prejudices_ in the proper sense of that word. We do not form them ourselves. They are the whisperings of "the voice of the herd". We have in the last analysis no responsibility for them and need assume none. They are not really our own ideas, but those of others no more well informed or inspired than ourselves, who have got them in the same careless and humiliating manner as we. It should be our pride to revise our ideas and not to adhere to what passes for respectable opinion, for such opinion can frequently be shown to be not respectable at all. We should, in view of the considerations that have been mentioned, resent our supine credulity. As an English writer has remarked:

"If we feared the entertaining of an unverifiable opinion with the warmth with which we fear using the wrong implement at the dinner table, if the thought of holding a prejudice disgusted us as does a foul disease, then the dangers of man's suggestibility would be turned into advantages."[9]

The purpose of this essay is to set forth briefly the way in which the notions of the herd have been accumulated. This seems to me the best, easiest, and least invidious educational device for cultivating a proper distrust for the older notions on which we still continue to rely.

The "real" reasons, which explain how it is we happen to hold a particular belief, are chiefly historical. Our most important opinions--those, for example, having to do with traditional, religious, and moral convictions, property rights, patriotism, national honor, the state, and indeed all the assumed foundations of society--are, as I have already suggested, rarely the result of reasoned consideration, but of unthinking absorption from the social environment in which we live. Consequently, they have about them a quality of "elemental certitude", and we especially resent doubt or criticism cast upon them. So long, however, as we revere the whisperings of the herd, we are obviously unable to examine them dispassionately and to consider to what extent they are suited to the novel conditions and social exigencies in which we find ourselves to-day.

The "real" reasons for our beliefs, by making clear their origins and history, can do much to dissipate this emotional blockade and rid us of our prejudices and preconceptions. Once this is done and we come critically to examine our traditional beliefs, we may well find some of them sustained by experience and honest reasoning, while others must be revised to meet new conditions and our more extended knowledge. But only after we have undertaken such a critical examination in the light of experience and modern knowledge, freed from any feeling of "primary certitude", can we claim that the "good" are also the "real" reasons for our opinions.

I do not flatter myself that this general show-up of man's thought through the ages will cure myself or others of carelessness in adopting ideas, or of unseemly heat in defending them just because we have adopted them. But if the considerations which I

propose to recall are really incorporated into our thinking and are permitted to establish our general outlook on human affairs, they will do much to relieve the imaginary obligation we feel in regard to traditional sentiments and ideals. Few of us are capable of engaging in creative thought, but some of us can at least come to distinguish it from other and inferior kinds of thought and accord to it the esteem that it merits as the greatest treasure of the past and the only hope of the future.

NOTES.

[2] The poet-clergyman, John Donne, who lived in the time of James I, has given a beautifully honest picture of the doings of a saint's mind: "I throw myself down in my chamber and call in and invite God and His angels thither, and when they are there I neglect God and His angels for the noise of a fly, for the rattling of a coach, for the whining of a door. I talk on in the same posture of praying, eyes lifted up, knees bowed down, as though I prayed to God, and if God or His angels should ask me when I thought last of God in that prayer I cannot tell. Sometimes I find that I had forgot what I was about, but when I began to forget it I cannot tell. A memory of yesterday's pleasures, a fear of to-morrow's dangers, a straw under my knee, a noise in mine ear, a light in mine eye, an anything, a nothing, a fancy, a chimera in my brain troubles me in my prayer."--Quoted by ROBERT LYND, _The Art of Letters_, pp. 46-47.

[3] Instincts of the Herd, p. 44.

[4] Diogenes Laertius, book v.

[5] _Reconstruction in Philosophy_.

[6] _The Place of Science in Modern Civilization._

[7] _Traité de Sociologie Générale, passim._ The author's term "_derivations_" seems to be his precise way of expressing what we have called the "good" reasons, and his "_residus_" correspond to the "real" reasons. He well says, _"L'homme éprouve le besoin de raisonner, et en outre d'étendre un voile sur ses instincts et sur ses sentiments"_--hence, rationalization. (P. 788.) His aim is to reduce sociology to the "real" reasons. (P. 791.)

[8] Recently a re-examination of creative thought has begun as a result of new knowledge which discredits many of the notions formerly held about "reason". See, for example, _Creative Intelligence_, by a group of American philosophic thinkers; John Dewey, _Essays in Experimental Logic_ (both pretty hard books); and Veblen, _The Place of Science in Modern Civilization_. Easier than these and very stimulating are Dewey, _Reconstruction in Philosophy_, and Woodworth, _Dynamic Psychology_.

[9] Trotter, _op. cit._, p. 45. The first part of this little volume is excellent.

* * * * *

III

Nous étions déjà si vieux quand nous sommes nés.--ANATOLE FRANCE.

Simia quam similis, turpissima bestia, nobis?--ENNIUS.

Tous les homines se ressemblent si fort qu'il n'y a point de peuple dont les sottises ne nous doivent faire trembler.--FONTENELLE.

The savage is very close to us indeed, both in his physical and mental make-up and in the forms of his social life. Tribal society is virtually delayed civilization, and the savages are a sort of contemporaneous ancestry.--WILLIAM I. THOMAS.

6. OUR ANIMAL HERITAGE. THE NATURE OF CIVILIZATION

There are four historical layers underlying the minds of civilized men--the animal mind, the child mind, the savage mind, and the traditional civilized mind. We are all animals and never can cease to be; we were all children at our most impressionable age and can never get over the effects of that; our human ancestors have lived in savagery during practically the whole existence of the race, say five hundred thousand or a million years, and the primitive human mind is ever with us; finally, we are all born into an elaborate civilization, the constant pressure of which we can by no means escape.

Each of these underlying minds has its special sciences and appropriate literatures. The new discipline of animal or comparative psychology deals with the first; genetic and analytical psychology with the second;[10] anthropology, ethnology, and comparative religion with the third; and the history of philosophy, science, theology, and literature with the fourth.

We may grow beyond these underlying minds and in the light of new knowledge we may criticize their findings and even persuade ourselves that we have successfully transcended them. But if we are fair with ourselves we shall find that their hold on us is really inexorable. We can only transcend them artificially and precariously and in certain highly favorable conditions. Depression, anger, fear, or ordinary irritation will speedily prove the insecurity of any structure that we manage to rear on our fourfold foundation. Such fundamental and vital preoccupations as religion, love, war, and the chase stir impulses that lie far back in human history and which effectually repudiate the cavilings of ratiocination.

In all our reveries and speculations, even the most exacting, sophisticated, and disillusioned, we have three unsympathetic companions sticking closer than a brother and looking on with jealous impatience--our wild apish progenitor, a playful or peevish baby, and a savage. We may at any moment find ourselves overtaken with a warm sense of camaraderie for any or all of these ancient pals of ours, and experience infinite relief in once more disporting ourselves with them as of yore. Some of us have in addition a Greek philosopher or man of letters in us; some a neoplatonic mystic, some a mediaeval monk, all of whom have learned to make terms with their older playfellows.

Before retracing the way in which the mind as we now find it in so-called intelligent people has been accumulated, we may take time to try to see what civilization is and why man alone can become civilized. For the mind has expanded _pari passu_ with civilization, and without civilization there would, I venture to conjecture, have been no human mind in the commonly accepted sense of that term.

It is now generally conceded by all who have studied the varied evidence and have freed themselves from ancient prejudice that, if we traced back our human lineage far enough we should come to a point where our human ancestors had no civilization and lived a speechless, naked, houseless, fireless, and toolless life, similar to that of the existing primates with which we are zoologically closely connected.

This is one of the most fully substantiated of historical facts and one which we can never neglect in our attempts to explain man as he now is. We are all descended from the lower animals. We are furthermore still animals with not only an animal body, but with an animal mind. And this animal body and animal mind are the original foundations on which even the most subtle and refined intellectual life must perforce rest.

We are ready to classify certain of our most essential desires as brutish--hunger and thirst, the urgence of sleep, and especially sexual longing. We know of blind animal rage, of striking, biting, scratching, howling, and snarling, of irrational fears and ignominious flight. We share our senses with the higher animals, have eyes and ears, noses and tongues much like theirs; heart, lungs, and other viscera, and four limbs. They have brains which stand them in good stead, although their heads are not so good as ours. But when one speaks of the animal mind he should think of still other resemblances between the brute and man.

All animals learn--even the most humble among them may gain something from experience. All the higher animals exhibit curiosity under certain circumstances, and it is this impulse which underlies all human science.

Moreover, some of the higher animals, especially the apes and monkeys, are much given to fumbling and groping. They are restless, easily bored, and spontaneously experimental. They therefore make discoveries quite unconsciously, and form new and sometimes profitable habits of action. If, by mere fumbling, a monkey, cat, or dog happens on a way to secure food, this remunerative line of conduct will "occur" to the creature when he feels hungry. This is what Thorndike has named learning by "trial and error". It might better be called "fumbling and success", for it is the success that establishes the association. The innate curiosity which man shares with his uncivilized zoological relatives is the native impulse that leads to scientific and philosophical speculation, and the original fumbling of a restless ape has become the ordered experimental investigation of modern times. A creature which lacked curiosity and had no tendency to fumble could never have developed civilization and human intelligence.[l0]

But why did man alone of all the animals become civilized? The reason is not far to seek, although it has often escaped writers[11] on the subject. All animals gain a certain wisdom with age and experience, but the experience of one ape does not profit another. Learning among animals below man is _individual_, not _co-operative_ and _cumulative_. One dog does not seem to learn from another, nor one ape from another, in spite of the widespread misapprehension in this regard. Many experiments have been

patiently tried in recent years and it seems to be pretty well established that the monkey learns by _monkeying_, but that he rarely or never appears to _ape_. He does not learn by imitation, because he does not imitate. There may be minor exceptions, but the fact that apes never, in spite of a bodily equipment nearly human, become in the least degree civilized, would seem to show that the accumulation of knowledge or dexterity through imitation is impossible for them.

Man has the various sense organs of the apes and their extraordinary power of manipulation. To these essentials he adds a brain sufficiently more elaborate than that of the chimpanzee to enable him to do something that the ape cannot do--namely, "see" things clearly enough to form associations through imitation.[12]

We can imagine the manner in which man unwittingly took one of his momentous and unprecedented first steps in civilization. Some restless primeval savage might find himself scraping the bark off a stick with the edge of a stone or shell and finally cutting into the wood and bringing the thing to a point. He might then spy an animal and, quite without reasoning, impulsively make a thrust with the stick and discover that it pierced the creature. If he could hold these various elements in the situation, sharpening the stick and using it, he would have made an invention--a rude spear. A particularly acute bystander might comprehend and imitate the process. If others did so and the habit was established in the tribe so that it became traditional and was transmitted to following generations, the process of civilization would have begun--also the process of human learning, which is noticing distinctions and analyzing situations. This simple process of sharpening a stick would involve the "concepts", as the philosophers say, of a tool and bark and a point and an artificial weapon. But ages and ages were to elapse before the botanist would distinguish the various layers which constitute the bark, or successive experimenters come upon the idea of a bayonet to take the place of the spear.

Of late, considerable attention has been given to the question of man's original, uneducated, animal nature; what resources has he as a mere creature independent of any training that results from being brought up in some sort of civilized community? The question is difficult to formulate satisfactorily and still more difficult to answer. But without attempting to list man's supposed natural "instincts" we must assume that civilization is built up on his original propensities and impulses, whatever they may be. These probably remain nearly the same from generation to generation. The idea formerly held that the civilization of our ancestors affects our original nature is almost completely surrendered. _We are all born wholly uncivilized._

If a group of infants from the "best" families of to-day could be reared by apes they would find themselves with no civilization. How long it would take them and their children to gain what now passes for even a low savage culture it is impossible to say. The whole arduous task would have to be performed anew and it might not take place at all, unless conditions were favorable, for man is not naturally a "progressive" animal. He shares the tendency of all other animal tribes just to pull through and reproduce his kind.

Most of us do not stop to think of the conditions of an animal existence. When we read the descriptions of our nature as given by William James, McDougall, or even Thorndike, with all his reservations, we get a rather impressive idea of our possibilities, not a picture of uncivilized life. When we go camping we think that we are deserting civilization, forgetting the sophisticated guides, and the pack horses laden with the most artificial luxuries, many of which would not have been available even a hundred years ago. We lead the simple life with Swedish matches, Brazilian coffee, Canadian bacon, California canned peaches, magazine rifles, jointed fishing rods, and electric flashlights. We are elaborately clothed and can discuss Bergson's views or D. H. Lawrence's last story. We naïvely imagine we are returning to "primitive" conditions because we are living out of doors or sheltered in a less solid abode than usual, and have to go to the brook for water.

But man's original estate was, as Hobbes reflected, "poor, nasty, brutish, and short". To live like an animal is to rely upon one's own quite naked equipment and efforts, and not to mind getting wet or cold or scratching one's bare legs in the underbrush. One would have to eat his roots and seeds quite raw, and gnaw a bird as a cat does. To get the feel of uncivilized life, let us recall how savages with the comparatively advanced degree of culture reached by our native Indian tribes may fall to when really hungry. In the journal of the Lewis and Clark expedition there is an account of the killing of a deer by the white men. Hearing of this, the Shoshones raced wildly to the spot where the warm and bloody entrails had been thrown out

... and ran tumbling over one another like famished dogs. Each tore away whatever part he could, and instantly began to eat it; some had the liver, some the kidneys, and, in short, no part on which we are accustomed to look with disgust escaped them. One of them who had seized about nine feet of the entrails was chewing at one end, while with his hand he was diligently clearing his way by discharging the contents at the other.

Another striking example of simple animal procedure is given in the same journal:

One of the women, who had been leading two of our pack horses, halted at a rivulet about a mile behind and sent on the two horses by a female friend. On inquiring of Cameahwait the cause of her detention, he answered, with great apparent unconcern, that she had just stopped to lie in, but would soon overtake us. In fact, we were astonished to see her in about an hour's time come on with her new-born infant, and pass us on her way to the camp, seemingly in perfect health.

This is the simple life and it was the life of our ancestors before civilization began. It had been the best kind of life possible in all the preceding aeons of the world's history. Without civilization it would be the existence to which all human beings now on the earth would forthwith revert. It is man's starting point.[13]

But what about the mind? What was going on in the heads of our untutored forbears? We are apt to fall into the error of supposing that because they had human brains they must have had somewhat the same kinds of ideas and made the same kind of judgments that we do. Even distinguished philosophers like Descartes and Rousseau made this mistake. This assumption will not stand inspection. To reach back in imagination to the really primitive mind we should of course have to deduct at the start all the knowledge and all the discriminations and classifications that have grown up as a result of our education and our immersion from infancy in a highly artificial environment. Then we must recollect that our primitive ancestor had no words with which to name and tell about things. He was speechless. His fellows knew no more than he did. Each one learned during his lifetime according to his capacity, but no instruction in our sense of the word was possible. What he saw and heard was not what we should have called seeing and hearing. He responded to situations in a blind and impulsive manner, with no clear idea of them. In short, he must have _thought_ much as a wolf or bear does, just as he _lived_ much like them.

We must be on our guard against accepting the prevalent notions of even the animal intellect. An owl may look quite as wise as a judge. A monkey, canary, or collie has bright eyes and seems far more alert than most of the people we see on the street car. A squirrel in the park appears to be looking at us much as we look at him. But he cannot be seeing the same things that we do. We can be scarcely more to him than a vague suggestion of peanuts. And even the peanut has little of the meaning for him that it has for us. A dog perceives a motor-car and may be induced to ride in it, but his idea of it would not differ from that of an ancient carryall, except, mayhap, in an appreciative distinction between the odor of gasoline and that of the stable. Only in times of sickness, drunkenness, or great excitement can we get some hint in ourselves of the impulsive responses in animals free from human sophistication and analysis.

Locke thought that we first got simple ideas and then combined them into more complex conceptions and finally into generalizations or abstract ideas. But this is not the way that man's knowledge arose. He started with mere impressions of general situations, and gradually by his ability to handle things he came upon distinctions, which in time he made clearer by attaching names to them.

We keep repeating this process when we learn about anything. The typewriter is at first a mere mass impression, and only gradually and imperfectly do most of us distinguish certain of its parts; only the men who made it are likely to realize its full complexity by noting and assigning names to all the levers, wheels, gears, bearings, controls, and adjustments. John Stuart Mill thought that the chief function of the mind was making inferences. But making distinctions is equally fundamental--seeing that there are really many things where only one was at first apparent. This process of analysis has been man's supreme accomplishment. This is what has made his mind grow.

The human mind has then been built up through hundreds of thousands of years by gradual accretions and laborious accumulations. Man started at a cultural zero and had to find out everything for himself; or rather a very small number of peculiarly restless and adventurous spirits did the work. The great mass of humanity has never had anything to do with the increase of intelligence except to act as its medium of transfusion and perpetuation. Creative intelligence is confined to the very few, but the many can thoughtlessly avail themselves of the more obvious achievements of those who are exceptionally highly endowed.

Even an ape will fit himself into a civilized environment. A chimpanzee can be taught to relish bicycles, roller skates, and cigarettes which he could never have devised, cannot understand, and could not reproduce. Even so with mankind. Most of us could not have devised, do not understand, and consequently could not reproduce any of the everyday conveniences and luxuries which surround us. Few of us could make an electric light, or write a good novel to read by it, or paint a picture for it to shine upon.

Professor Giddings has recently asked the question, Why has there been any history?[14] Why, indeed, considering that the "good" and "respectable" is usually synonymous with the ancient routine, and the old have always been there to repress the young? Such heavy words of approval as "venerable", "sanctified", and "revered" all suggest great age rather than fresh discoveries. As it was in

the beginning, is now and ever shall be, is our protest against being disturbed, forced to think or to change our habits. So history, _namely change_, has been mainly due to a small number of "seers",--really gropers and monkeyers--whose native curiosity outran that of their fellows and led them to escape here and there from the sanctified blindness of their time.

The seer is simply an example of a _variation_ biologically, such as occurs in all species of living things, both animal and vegetable. But the unusually large roses in our gardens, the swifter horses of the herd, and the cleverer wolf in the pack have no means of influencing their fellows as a result of their peculiar superiority. Their offspring has some chance of sharing to some degree this pre-eminence, but otherwise things will go on as before. Whereas the singular variation represented by a St. Francis, a Dante, a Voltaire, or a Darwin may permanently, and for ages to follow change somewhat the character and ambitions of innumerable inferior members of the species who could by no possibility have originated anything for themselves, but who can, nevertheless, suffer some modification as a result of the teachings of others. This illustrates the magical and unique workings of culture and creative intelligence in mankind.[15]

We have no means of knowing when or where the first contribution to civilization was made, and with it a start on the arduous building of the mind. There is some reason to think that the men who first transcended the animal mind were of inferior mental capacity to our own, but even if man, emerging from his animal estate, had had on the average quite as good a brain as those with which we are now familiar, I suspect that the extraordinarily slow and hazardous process of accumulating modern civilization would not have been greatly shortened. Mankind is lethargic, easily pledged to routine, timid, suspicious of innovation. That is his nature. He is only artificially, partially, and very recently "progressive". He has spent almost his whole existence as a savage hunter, and in that state of ignorance he illustrated on a magnificent scale all the inherent weaknesses of the human mind.

7. OUR SAVAGE MIND

Should we arrange our present beliefs and opinions on the basis of their age, we should find that some of them were very, very old, going back to primitive man; others were derived from the Greeks; many more of them would prove to come directly from the Middle Ages; while certain others in our stock were unknown until natural science began to develop in a new form about three hundred years ago. The idea that man has a soul or double which survives the death of the body is very ancient indeed and is accepted by most savages. Such confidence as we have in the liberal arts, metaphysics, and formal logic goes back to the Greek thinkers; our religious ideas and our standards of sexual conduct are predominantly mediaeval in their presuppositions; our notions of electricity and disease germs are, of course, recent in origin, the result of painful and prolonged research which involved the rejection of a vast number of older notions sanctioned by immemorial acceptance.

In general, those ideas which are still almost universally accepted in regard to man's nature, his proper conduct, and his relations to God and his fellows are far more ancient and far less critical than those which have to do with the movement of the stars, the stratification of the rocks and the life of plants and animals.

Nothing is more essential in our attempt to escape from the bondage of consecrated ideas than to get a vivid notion of human achievement in its proper historical perspective. In order to do this let us imagine the whole gradual and laborious attainments of mankind compressed into the compass of a single lifetime. Let us assume that a single generation of men have in fifty years managed to accumulate all that now passes for civilization. They would have to start, as all individuals do, absolutely uncivilized, and their task would be to recapitulate what has occupied the race for, let us guess, at least five hundred thousand years. Each year in the life of a generation would therefore correspond to ten thousand years in the progress of the race.

On this scale it would require forty-nine years to reach a point of intelligence which would enable our self-taught generation to give up their ancient and inveterate habits of wandering hunters and settle down here and there to till the ground, harvest their crops, domesticate animals, and weave their rough garments. Six months later, or half through the fiftieth year, some of them, in a particularly favorable situation, would have invented writing and thus established a new and wonderful means of spreading and perpetuating civilization. Three months later another group would have carried literature, art, and philosophy to a high degree of refinement and set standards for the succeeding weeks. For two months our generation would have been living under the blessings of Christianity; the printing press would be but a fortnight old and they would not have had the steam engine for quite a week. For two or three days they would have been hastening about the globe in steamships and railroad trains, and only yesterday would they have come upon the magical possibilities of electricity. Within the last few hours they would have learned to sail in the air and beneath the waters, and have forthwith applied their newest discoveries to the prosecution of a magnificent war on the scale befitting their high ideals and new resources. This is not so strange, for only a week ago they were burning and burying alive those

who differed from the ruling party in regard to salvation, eviscerating in public those who had new ideas of government, and hanging old women who were accused of traffic with the devil. All of them had been no better than vagrant savages a year before. Their fuller knowledge was altogether too recent to have gone very deep, and they had many institutions and many leaders dedicated to the perpetuation of outworn notions which would otherwise have disappeared. Until recently changes had taken place so slowly and so insensibly that only a very few persons could be expected to realize that not a few of the beliefs that were accepted as eternal verities were due to the inevitable misunderstandings of a savage.

In speaking of the "savage" or "primitive mind", we are, of course, using a very clumsy expression. We shall employ the term, nevertheless, to indicate the characteristics of the human mind when there was as yet no writing, no organized industry or mechanical arts, no money, no important specialization of function except between the sexes, no settled life in large communities. The period so described covers all but about five or six thousand of the half million to a million years that man has existed on the earth.

There are no chronicles to tell us the story of those long centuries. Some inferences can be made from the increasing artfulness and variety of the flint weapons and tools which we find. But the stone weapons which have come down to us, even in their crudest forms (eoliths), are very far from representing the earliest achievements of man in the accumulation of culture. Those dim, remote cycles must have been full of great, but inconspicuous, originators who laid the foundations of civilization in discoveries and achievements so long taken for granted that we do not realize that they ever had to be made at all.

Since man is descended from less highly endowed animals, there must have been a time when the man-animal was in a state of animal ignorance. He started with no more than an ape is able to know. He had to learn everything for himself, as he had no one to teach him the tricks that apes and children can be taught by sophisticated human beings. He was necessarily self-taught, and began, as we have seen, in a state of ignorance beyond anything we can readily conceive. He lived naked and speechless in the woods, or wandered over the plains without artificial shelter or any way of cooking his food. He subsisted on raw fruit, berries, roots, insects, and such animals as he could strike down or pick up dead. His mind must have corresponded with his brutish state. He must at the first have learned just as his animal relatives learn--by fumbling and by forming accidental associations. He had impulses and such sagacity as he individually derived from experience, but no heritage of knowledge accumulated by the group and transmitted by education. This heritage had to be constructed on man's potentialities.

Of mankind in this extremely primitive condition we have no traces. There could indeed be no traces. All savages of the present day or of whom we have any record represent a relatively highly developed traditional culture, with elaborate languages, myths, and well-established artificial customs, which it probably took hundreds of thousands of years to accumulate. Man in "a state of nature" is only a presupposition, but a presupposition which is forced upon us by compelling evidence, conjectural and inferential though it is.

On a geological time scale we are still close to savagery, and it is inevitable that the ideas and customs and sentiments of savagery should have become so ingrained that they may have actually affected man's nature by natural selection through the survival of those who most completely adjusted themselves to the uncritical culture which prevailed. But in any case it is certain, as many anthropologists have pointed out, that customs, savage ideas, and primitive sentiments have continued to form an important part of our own culture down even to the present day. We are met thus with the necessity of reckoning with this inveterate element in our present thought and customs. Much of the data that we have regarding primitive man has been accumulated in recent times, for the most part as a result of the study of simple peoples. These differ greatly in their habits and myths, but some salient common traits emerge which cast light on the spontaneous workings of the human mind when unaffected by the sophistications of a highly elaborate civilization.

At the start man had to distinguish himself from the group to which he belonged and say, "I am I." This is not an idea given by nature.[16] There are evidences that the earlier religious notions were not based on individuality, but rather on the "virtue" which objects had--that is, their potency to do things. Only later did the animistic belief in the personalities of men, animals, and the forces of nature appear. When man discovered his own individuality he spontaneously ascribed the same type of individuality and purpose to animals and plants, to the wind and the thunder.

This exhibits one of the most noxious tendencies of the mind--namely, personification. It is one of the most virulent enemies of clear thinking. We speak of the Spirit of the Reformation or the Spirit of Revolt or the Spirit of Disorder and Anarchy. The papers tell us that, "Berlin says", "London says", "Uncle Sam so decides", "John Bull is disgruntled". Now, whether or no there are such things as

spirits, Berlin and London have no souls, and Uncle Sam is as mythical as the great god Pan. Sometimes this regression to the savage is harmless, but when a newspaper states that "Germany is as militaristic as ever", on the ground that some insolent Prussian lieutenant says that German armies will occupy Paris within five years, we have an example of animism which in a society farther removed from savagery than ours might be deemed a high crime and misdemeanor. Chemists and physicians have given up talking of spirits, but in discussing social and economic questions we are still victimized by the primitive animistic tendencies of the mind.

The dream has had a great influence in the building up of the mind. Our ideas, especially our religious beliefs, would have had quite another history had men been dreamless. For it was not merely his shadow and his reflection in the water that led man to imagine souls and doubles, but pre-eminently the visions of the night. As his body lay quiet in sleep he found himself wandering in distant places.

Sometimes he was visited by the dead. So it was clear that the body had an inhabitant who was not necessarily bound to it, who could desert it from time to time during life, and who continued to exist and interest itself in human affairs after death.

Whole civilizations and religions and vast theological speculations have been dominated by this savage inference. It is true that in very recent times, since Plato, let us say, other reasons have been urged for believing in the soul and its immortality, but the idea appears to have got its firm footing in savage logic. It is a primitive inference, however it may later have been revised, rationalized, and ennobled.

The taboo--the forbidden thing--of savage life is another thing very elementary in man's make-up. He had tendencies to fall into habits and establish inhibitions for reasons that he either did not discover or easily forgot. These became fixed and sacred to him and any departure from them filled him with dread. Sometimes the prohibition might have some reasonable justification, sometimes it might seem wholly absurd and even a great nuisance, but that made no difference in its binding force. For example, pork was taboo among the ancient Hebrews--no one can say why, but none of the modern justifications for abstaining from that particular kind of meat would have counted in early Jewish times. It is not improbable that it was the original veneration for the boar and not an abhorrence of him that led to the prohibition.

The modern "principle" is too often only a new form of the ancient taboo, rather than an enlightened rule of conduct. The person who justifies himself by saying that he holds certain beliefs, or acts in a certain manner "on principle", and yet refuses to examine the basis and expediency of his principle, introduces into his thinking and conduct an irrational, mystical element similar to that which characterized savage prohibitions. Principles unintelligently urged make a great deal of trouble in the free consideration of social readjustment, for they are frequently as recalcitrant and obscurantist as the primitive taboo, and are really scarcely more than an excuse for refusing to reconsider one's convictions and conduct. The psychological conditions lying back of both taboo and this sort of principle are essentially the same.

We find in savage thought a sort of intensified and generalized taboo in the classification of things as clean and unclean and in the conceptions of the sacred. These are really expressions of profound and persistent traits in the uncritical mind and can only be overcome by carefully cultivated criticism. They are the result of our natural timidity and the constant dread lest we find ourselves treading on holy (_i. e._, dangerous) ground.[17] When they are intrenched in the mind we cannot expect to think freely and fairly, for they effectually stop argument. If a thing is held to be sacred it is the center of what may be called a defense complex, and a reasonable consideration of the merits of the case will not be tolerated. When an issue is declared to be a "moral" one--for example, the prohibition of strong drink--an emotional state is implied which makes reasonable compromise and adjustment impossible; for "moral" is a word on somewhat the same plane as "sacred", and has much the same qualities and similar effects on thinking. In dealing with the relations of the sexes the terms "pure" and "impure" introduce mystic and irrational moods alien to clear analysis and reasonable readjustments. Those who have studied the characteristics of savage life are always struck by its deadly conservatism, its needless restraints on the freedom of the individual, and its hopeless routine. Man, like plants and animals in general, tends to go on from generation to generation, living as nearly as may be the life of his forbears. Changes have to be forced upon him by hard experience, and he is ever prone to find excuses for slipping back into older habits, for these are likely to be simpler, less critical, more spontaneous--more closely akin, in short, to his animal and primitive promptings. One who prides himself to-day on his conservatism, on the ground that man is naturally an anarchic and disorderly creature who is held in check by the far-seeing Tory, is almost exactly reversing the truth. Mankind is conservative by nature and readily generates restraints on himself and obstacles to change which have served to keep him in a state of savagery during almost his whole existence on the earth, and which still perpetuate all sorts of primitive barbarism in modern society. The conservative "on principle" is therefore a most

unmistakably primitive person in his attitude. His only advance beyond the savage mood lies in the specious reasons he is able to advance for remaining of the same mind. What we vaguely call a "radical" is a very recent product due to altogether exceptional and unprecedented circumstances.

NOTES.

[10] It is impossible to discuss here the results which a really honest study of child psychology promises. The relations of the child to his parents and elders in general and to the highly artificial system of censorship and restraints which they impose in their own interests on his natural impulses must surely have a permanent influence on the notions he continues to have as an adult in regard to his "superiors" and the institutions and _mores_ under which he is called to live. Attempts in later life to gain intellectual freedom can only be successful if one comes to think of the childish origin of a great part of his "real" reasons.

[11] Clarence Day in _Our Simian World_ discusses with delightful humor the effects of our underlying simian temperament on the conduct of life.

[12] The word "imitation" is commonly used very loosely. The real question is does an animal, or even man himself, tend to make movements or sounds made by their fellow-creatures in their presence It seems to be made out now that even monkeys are not imitative in that sense and that man himself has no general inclination to do over what he sees being done. Pray, if you doubt this, note how many things you see others doing that you have no inclination to imitate! For an admirable summary see Thorndike, E. L., _The Original Nature of Man_, 1913, pp. 108 ff.

[13] "If the earth were struck by one of Mr. Wells's comets, and if, in consequence, every human being now alive were to lose all the knowledge and habits which he had acquired from preceding generations (though retaining unchanged all his own powers of invention and memory and habituation) nine tenths of the inhabitants of London or New York would be dead in a month, and 99 per cent of the remaining tenth would be dead in six months. They would have no language to express their thoughts, and no thoughts but vague reverie. They could not read notices, or drive motors or horses. They would wander about, led by the inarticulate cries of a few naturally dominant individuals, drowning themselves, as thirst came on, in hundreds at the riverside landing places, looting those shops where the smell of decaying food attracted them, and perhaps at the end stumbling on the expedient of cannibalism. Even in the country districts men could not invent, in time to preserve their lives, methods of growing food, or taming animals, or making fire, or so clothing themselves as to endure a Northern winter."--GRAHAM WALLAS, _Our Social Heritage_, p. 16. Only the very lowest of savages might possibly pull through if culture should disappear.

[14] "A Theory of History", Political Science Quarterly, December, 1920. He attributes history to the adventurers.

[15] Count Korzybski in his _Manhood of Humanity_ is so impressed by the uniqueness and undreamed possibilities of human civilization and man's "time-binding" capacity that he declares that it is a gross and misleading error to regard man as an animal at all. Yet he is forced sadly to confess that man continues all too often to operate on an animal or "space-binding" plan of life. His aim and outlook are, however, essentially the same as those of the present writer. His method of approach will appeal especially to those who are wont to deal with affairs in the spirit of the mathematician and engineer. He is quite right in thinking that man has hitherto had little conception of his peculiar prerogatives and unlimited opportunities for betterment.

[16] In the beginning, too, man did not know how children came about, for it was not easy to connect a common impulsive act with the event of birth so far removed in time. The tales told to children still are reminiscences of the mythical explanations which our savage ancestors advanced to explain the arrival of the infant. Consequently, all popular theories of the origin of marriage and the family based on the assumption of conscious paternity are outlawed.

[17] Lucretius warns the reader not to be deterred from considering the evils wrought by religion by the fear of treading on "the unholy grounds of reason and in the path of sin".--_De Rer. Nat_. i, 80 ff.

* * * * *

IV

Thereupon one of the Egyptian priests, who was of a very great age, said: O Solon, Solon, you Hellenes are but children, and there was never an old man who was a Hellene. Solon in return asked him what he meant. I mean to say, he replied, that in mind you are all young; there is no old opinion handed down among you by ancient tradition; nor any science which is hoary with age. --PLATO'S

Timaeus, 22 (Jowett's translation).

The truth is that we are far more likely to underrate the originality of the Greeks than to exaggerate it, and we do not always remember the very short time they took to lay down the lines scientific inquiry has followed ever since.--JOHN BURNET.

8. BEGINNING OF CRITICAL THINKING

The Egyptians were the first people, so far as we know, who invented a highly artificial method of writing, about five thousand years ago, and began to devise new arts beyond those of their barbarous predecessors. They developed painting and architecture, navigation, and various ingenious industries; they worked in glass and enamels and began the use of copper, and so introduced metal into human affairs. But in spite of their extraordinary advance in practical, matter-of-fact knowledge they remained very primitive in their beliefs. The same may be said of the peoples of Mesopotamia and of the western Asiatic nations in general--just as in our own day the practical arts have got a long start compared with the revision of beliefs in regard to man and the gods. The peculiar opinions of the Egyptians do not enter directly into our intellectual heritage, but some of the fundamental religious ideas which developed in western Asia have, through the veneration for the Hebrew Scriptures, become part and parcel of our ways of thinking. To the Greeks, however, we are intellectually under heavy obligation. The literature of the Greeks, in such fragments as escaped destruction, was destined, along with the Hebrew Scriptures, to exercise an incalculable influence in the formation of our modern civilized minds. These two dominating literary heritages originated about the same time--day before yesterday--viewed in the perspective of our race's history. Previous to the Greek civilization books had played no great part in the development, dissemination, and transmission of culture from generation to generation. Now they were to become a cardinal force in advancing and retarding the mind's expansion.

It required about a thousand years for the Greek shepherds from the pastures of the Danube to assimilate the culture of the highly civilized regions in which they first appeared as barbarian destroyers. They accepted the industrial arts of the eastern Mediterranean, adopted the Phoenician alphabet, and emulated the Phoenician merchant. By the seventh century before our era they had towns, colonies, and commerce, with much stimulating running hither and thither. We get our first traces of new intellectual enterprise in the Ionian cities, especially Miletus, and in the Italian colonies of the Greeks. Only later did Athens become the unrivaled center in a marvelous outflowering of the human intelligence.

It is a delicate task to summarize what we owe to the Greeks. Leaving aside their supreme achievements in literature and art, we can consider only very briefly the general scope and nature of their thinking as it relates most closely to our theme.

The chief strength of the Greeks lay in their freedom from hampering intellectual tradition. They had no venerated classics, no holy books, no dead languages to master, no authorities to check their free speculation. As Lord Bacon reminds us, they had no antiquity of knowledge and no knowledge of antiquity. A modern classicist would have been a forlorn outlander in ancient Athens, with no books in a forgotten tongue, no obsolete inflections to impose upon reluctant youth. He would have had to use the everyday speech of the sandal-maker and fuller.

For a long time no technical words were invented to give aloofness and seeming precision to philosophic and scientific discussion. Aristotle was the first to use words incomprehensible to the average citizen. It was in these conditions that the possibilities of human criticism first showed themselves. The primitive notions of man, of the gods, and of the workings of natural forces began to be overhauled on an entirely new scale. Intelligence developed rapidly as exceptionally bold individuals came to have their suspicions of simple, spontaneous, and ancient ways of looking at things. Ultimately there came men who professed to doubt everything.

As Abelard long after put it, "By doubting we come to question, and by seeking we may come upon the truth." But man is by nature credulous. He is victimized by first impressions, from which he can only escape with great difficulty. He resents criticism of accepted and familiar ideas as he resents any unwelcome disturbance of routine. So criticism is against nature, for it conflicts with the smooth workings of our more primitive minds, those of the child and the savage.

It should not be forgotten that the Greek people were no exception in this matter. Anaxagoras and Aristotle were banished for thinking as they did; Euripides was an object of abhorrence to the conservative of his day, and Socrates was actually executed for his godless teachings. The Greek thinkers furnish the first instance of intellectual freedom, of the "self-detachment and self-abnegating vigor of criticism" which is most touchingly illustrated in the honest "know-nothingism" of Socrates. _They discovered skepticism in the higher and proper significance of the word, and this was their supreme contribution to human

thought_.

One of the finest examples of early Greek skepticism was the discovery of Xenophanes that man created the gods in his own image. He looked about him, observed the current conceptions of the gods, compared those of different peoples, and reached the conclusion that the way in which a tribe pictured its gods was not the outcome of any knowledge of how they really looked and whether they had black eyes or blue, but was a reflection of the familiarly human. If the lions had gods they would have the shape of their worshipers.

No more fundamentally shocking revelation was ever made than this, for it shook the very foundations of religious belief. The home life on Olympus as described in Homer was too scandalous to escape the attention of the thoughtful, and no later Christian could have denounced the demoralizing influence of the current religious beliefs in hotter indignation than did Plato. To judge from the reflection of Greek thought which we find in Lucretius and Cicero, none of the primitive religious beliefs escaped mordant criticism.

The second great discovery of the Greek thinkers was _metaphysics_. They did not have the name, which originated long after in quite an absurd fashion,[18] but they reveled in the thing. Nowadays metaphysics is revered by some as our noblest effort to reach the highest truth, and scorned by others as the silliest of wild-goose chases. I am inclined to rate it, like smoking, as a highly gratifying indulgence to those who like it, and, as indulgences go, relatively innocent. The Greeks found that the mind could carry on an absorbing game with itself. We all engage in reveries and fantasies of a homely, everyday type, concerned with our desires or resentments, but the fantasy of the metaphysician busies itself with conceptions, abstractions, distinctions, hypotheses, postulates, and logical inferences. Having made certain postulates or hypotheses, he finds new conclusions, which he follows in a seemingly convincing manner. This gives him the delightful emotion of pursuing Truth, something as the simple man pursues a maiden. Only Truth is more elusive than the maiden and may continue to beckon her follower for long years, no matter how gray and doddering he may become.

Let me give two examples of metaphysical reasoning.[19] We have an idea of an omnipotent, all-good, and perfect being. We are incapable, knowing as we do only imperfect things, of framing such an idea for ourselves, so it must have been given us by the being himself. And perfection must include existence, so God must exist. This was good enough for Anselm and for Descartes, who went on to build a whole closely concatenated philosophical system on this foundation. To them the logic seemed irrefragable; to the modern student of comparative religion, even to Kant, himself a metaphysician, there was nothing whatsoever in it but an illustration of the native operations of a mind that has made a wholly gratuitous hypothesis and is victimized by an orderly series of spontaneous associations.

A second example of metaphysics may be found in the doctrines of the Eleatic philosophers, who early appeared in the Greek colonies on the coast of Italy, and thought hard about space and motion. Empty space seemed as good as nothing, and, as nothing could not be said to exist, space must be an illusion; and as motion implied space in which to take place, there could be no motion. So all things were really perfectly compact and at rest, and all our impressions of change were the illusions of the thoughtless and the simple-minded. Since one of the chief satisfactions of the metaphysicians is to get away from the welter of our mutable world into a realm of assurance, this doctrine exercised a great fascination over many minds. The Eleatic conviction of unchanging stability received a new form in Plato's doctrine of eternal "ideas", and later developed into the comforting conception of the "Absolute", in which logical and world-weary souls have sought refuge from the times of Plotinus to those of Josiah Royce.

But there was one group of Greek thinkers whose general notions of natural operations correspond in a striking manner to the conclusions of the most recent science. These were the Epicureans. Democritus was in no way a modern experimental scientist, but he met the Eleatic metaphysics with another set of speculative considerations which happened to be nearer what is now regarded as the truth than theirs. He rejected the Eleatic decisions against the reality of space and motion on the ground that, since motion obviously took place, the void must be a reality, even if the metaphysician could not conceive it. He hit upon the notion that all things were composed of minute, indestructible particles (or atoms) of fixed kinds. Given motion and sufficient time, these might by fortuitous concourse make all possible combinations. And it was one of these combinations which we call the world as we find it. For the atoms of various shapes were inherently capable of making up all material things, even the soul of man and the gods themselves. There was no permanence anywhere; all was no more than the shifting accidental and fleeting combinations of the permanent atoms of which the cosmos was composed. This doctrine was accepted by the noble Epicurus and his school and is delivered to us in the immortal poem of Lucretius "On the Nature of Things".

The Epicureans believed the gods to exist because, like Anselm and Descartes, they thought we had an innate idea of them. But the divine beings led a life of elegant ease and took no account of man; neither his supplications, nor his sweet-smelling sacrifices, nor his blasphemies, ever disturbed their calm. Moreover, the human soul was dissipated at death. So the Epicureans flattered themselves that they had delivered man from his two chief apprehensions, the fear of the gods and the fear of death. For, as Lucretius says, he who understands the real nature of things will see that both are the illusions of ignorance. Thus one school of Greek thinkers attained to a complete rejection of religious beliefs in the name of natural science.

9. INFLUENCE OF PLATO AND ARISTOTLE

In Plato we have at once the skepticism and the metaphysics of his contemporaries. He has had his followers down through the ages, some of whom carried his skepticism to its utmost bounds, while others availed themselves of his metaphysics to rear a system of arrogant mystical dogmatism. He put his speculations in the form of dialogues --ostensible discussions in the market place or the houses of philosophic Athenians. The Greek word for logic is dialectic, which really means "discussion". argumentation in the interest of fuller analysis, with the hope of more critical conclusions. The dialogues are the drama of his day, employed in Plato's magical hand as a vehicle of discursive reason. Of late we have in Ibsen, Shaw, Brieux, and Galsworthy the old expedient applied to the consideration of social perplexities and contradictions. The dialogue is indecisive in its outcome. It does not lend itself to dogmatic conclusions and systematic presentation, but exposes the intricacy of all important questions and the inevitable conflict of views, which may seem altogether irreconcilable. We much need to encourage and elaborate opportunities for profitable discussion to-day. We should revert to the dialectic of the Athenian agora and make it a chosen instrument for clarifying, co-ordinating and directing our co-operative thinking.

Plato's indecision and urbane fair-mindedness is called irony. Now irony is seriousness without solemnity. It assumes that man is a serio-comic animal, and that no treatment of his affairs can be appropriate which gives him a consistency and dignity which he does not possess. He is always a child and a savage. He is the victim of conflicting desires and hidden yearnings. He may talk like a sentimental idealist and act like a brute. The same person will devote anxious years to the invention of high explosives and then give his fortune to the promotion of peace. We devise the most exquisite machinery for blowing our neighbors to pieces and then display our highest skill and organization in trying to patch together such as offer hope of being mended. Our nature forbids us to make a definite choice between the machine gun and the Red Cross nurse. So we use the one to keep the other busy. Human thought and conduct can only be treated broadly and truly in a mood of tolerant irony. It belies the logical precision of the long-faced, humorless writer on politics and ethics, whose works rarely deal with man at all, but are a stupid form of metaphysics.

Plato made terms with the welter of things, but sought relief in the conception of supernal models, eternal in the heavens, after which all things were imperfectly fashioned. He confessed that he could not bear to accept a world which was like a leaky pot or a man running at the nose. In short, he ascribed the highest form of existence to ideals and abstractions. This was a new and sophisticated republication of savage animism. It invited lesser minds than his to indulge in all sorts of noble vagueness and impertinent jargon which continue to curse our popular discussions of human affairs. He consecrated one of the chief foibles of the human mind and elevated it to a religion.

Ever since his time men have discussed the import of names. Are there such things as love, friendship, and honor, or are there only lovely things, friendly emotions in this individual and that, deeds which we may, according to our standards, pronounce honorable or dishonorable? If you believe in beauty, truth, and love _as such_ you are a Platonist. If you believe that there are only individual instances and illustrations of various classified emotions and desires and acts, and that abstractions are only the inevitable categories of thought, you would in the Middle Ages have been called a "nominalist".

This matter merits a long discussion, but one can test any book or newspaper editorial at his leisure and see whether the writer puts you off with abstractions--Americanism, Bolshevism, public welfare, liberty, national honor, religion, morality, good taste, rights of man, science, reason, error--or, on the other hand, casts some light on actual human complications. I do not mean, of course, that we can get along without the use of abstract and general terms in our thinking and speaking, but we should be on our constant guard against viewing them as forces and attributing to them the vigor of personality. Animism is, as already explained, a pitfall which is always yawning before us and into which we are sure to plunge unless we are ever watchful. Platonism is its most amiable and complete disguise.

Previous to Aristotle, Greek thought had been wonderfully free and elastic. It had not settled into compartments or assumed an educational form which would secure its unrevised transmission from teacher to student. It was not gathered together in systematic

treatises. Aristotle combined the supreme powers of an original and creative thinker with the impulses of a textbook writer. He loved order and classification. He supplied manuals of Ethics, Politics, Logic, Psychology, Physics, Metaphysics, Economics, Poetics, Zoölogy, Meteorology, Constitutional Law, and God only knows what not, for we do not have by any means all the things he wrote. And he was equally interested, and perhaps equally capable, in all the widely scattered fields in which he labored. And some of his manuals were so overwhelming in the conclusiveness of their reasoning, so all-embracing in their scope, that the mediaeval universities may be forgiven for having made them the sole basis of a liberal education and for imposing fines on those who ventured to differ from "The Philosopher". He seemed to know everything that could be known and to have ordered all earthly knowledge in an inspired codification which would stand the professors in good stead down to the day of judgment.

Aristotle combined an essentially metaphysical taste with a preternatural power of observation in dealing with the workings of nature. In spite of his inevitable mistakes, which became the curse of later docile generations, no other thinker of whom we have record can really compare with him in the distinction and variety of his achievements. It is not his fault that posterity used his works to hamper further progress and clarification. He is the father of book knowledge and the grandfather of the commentator.

After two or three hundred years of talking in the market place and of philosophic discussions prolonged until morning, such of the Greeks as were predisposed to speculation had thought all the thoughts and uttered all the criticisms of commonly accepted beliefs and of one another that could by any possibility occur to those who had little inclination to fare forth and extend their knowledge of the so-called realities of nature by painful and specialized research and examination. This is to me the chief reason why, except for some advances in mathematics, astronomy, geography, and the refinements of scholarship, the glorious period of the Greek mind is commonly and rightfully assumed to have come to an end about the time of Aristotle's death. Why did the Greeks not go on, as modern scientists have gone on, with vistas of the unachieved still ahead of them?

In the first place, Greek civilization was founded on slavery and a fixed condition of the industrial arts. The philosopher and scholar was estopped from fumbling with those everyday processes that were associated with the mean life of the slave and servant. Consequently there was no one to devise the practical apparatus by which alone profound and ever-increasing knowledge of natural operations is possible. The mechanical inventiveness of the Greeks was slight, and hence they never came upon the lens; they had no microscope to reveal the minute, no telescope to attract the remote; they never devised a mechanical timepiece, a thermometer, nor a barometer, to say nothing of cameras and spectroscopes. Archimedes, it is reported, disdained to make any record of his ingenious devices, for they were unworthy the noble profession of a philosopher. Such inventions as were made were usually either toys or of a heavy practical character. So the next great step forward in the extension of the human mind awaited the disappearance of slavery and the slowly dawning suspicion, and final repudiation, of the older metaphysics, which first became marked some three hundred years ago.

NOTES.

[18] When in the time of Cicero the long-hidden works of Aristotle were recovered and put into the hands of Andronicus of Rhodes to edit, he found certain fragments of highly abstruse speculation which he did not know what to do with. So he called them "addenda to the Physics"--_Ta meta ta physica_. These fragments, under the caption "Metaphysica", became the most revered of Aristotle's productions, his "First Philosophy", as the Scholastics were wont to call it.

[19] John Dewey deduces metaphysics from man's original reverie and then shows how in time it became a solemn form of rationalizing current habits and standards. _Reconstruction in Philosophy_, lectures i-ii. It is certainly surprising how few philosophical writers have ever reached other than perfectly commonplace conclusions in regard to practical "morality".

* * * * *

V

And God made the two great lights; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night; he made the stars also. And God set them in the firmament of heaven to give light upon the earth.

And God said, Let the earth bring forth the living creature after its kind, cattle and creeping thing, and beast of the earth after its kind: and it was so.

And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.--Gen. i.

Ibi vacabimus et videbimus, videbimus et amabimus, amabimus et laudabimus. Ecce quod erit in fine sine fine. Nam quis alius noster est finis nisi pervenire ad regnum, cuius nullus est finis?--AUGUSTINE.

10. ORIGIN OF THE MEDIAEVAL CIVILIZATION

In the formation of what we may call our historical mind--namely, that modification of our animal and primitive outlook which has been produced by men of exceptional intellectual venturesomeness--the Greeks played a great part. We have seen how the Greek thinkers introduced for the first time highly subtle and critical ways of scrutinizing old beliefs, and, how they disabused their minds of many an ancient and naïve mistake. But our current ways of thinking are not derived directly from the Greeks; we are separated from them by the Roman Empire and the Middle Ages. When we think of Athens we think of the Parthenon and its frieze, of Sophocles and Euripides, of Socrates and Plato and Aristotle, of urbanity and clarity and moderation in all things. When we think of the Middle Ages we find ourselves in a world of monks, martyrs, and miracles, of popes and emperors, of knights and ladies; we remember Gregory the Great, Abélard, and Thomas Aquinas --and very little do these reminiscences have in common with those of Hellas.

It was indeed a different world, with quite different fundamental presuppositions. Marvelous as were the achievements of the Greeks in art and literature, and ingenious as they were in new and varied combinations of ideas, they paid too little attention to the common things of the world to devise the necessary means of penetrating its mysteries. They failed to come upon the lynx-eyed lens, or other instruments of modern investigation, and thus never gained a godlike vision of the remote and the minute. Their critical thought was consequently not grounded in experimental or applied science, and without that the western world was unable to advance or even long maintain their high standards of criticism.

After the Hellenes were absorbed into the vast Roman Empire critical thought and creative intelligence--rare and precarious things at best--began to decline, at first slowly and then with fatal rapidity and completeness. Moreover, new and highly uncritical beliefs and modes of thought became popular. They came from the Near East --Mesopotamia, Syria, Egypt, and Asia Minor--and largely supplanted the critical traditions of the great schools of Greek philosophy. The Stoic and Epicurean dogmas had lost their freshness. The Greek thinkers had all agreed in looking for salvation through intelligence and knowledge. But eloquent leaders arose to reveal a new salvation, and over the portal of truth they erased the word "Reason" and wrote "Faith" in its stead; and the people listened gladly to the new prophets, for it was necessary only _to believe_ to be saved, and believing is far easier than thinking.

It was religious and mystical thought which, in contrast to the secular philosophy of the Greeks and the scientific thought of our own day, dominated the intellectual life of the Middle Ages.

Before considering this new phase through which the human mind was to pass it is necessary to guard against a common misapprehension in the use of the term "Middle Ages". Our historical textbooks usually include in that period the happenings between the dissolution of the Roman Empire and the voyages of Columbus or the opening of the Protestant revolt. To the student of intellectual history this is unfortunate, for the simple reason that almost all the ideas and even institutions of the Middle Ages, such as the church and monasticism and organized religious intolerance, really originated in the late Roman Empire. Moreover, the intellectual revolution which has ushered in the thought of our day did not get well under way until the seventeenth century. So one may say that medieval thought began long before the accepted beginning of the Middle Ages and persisted a century or so after they are ordinarily esteemed to have come to an end. We have to continue to employ the old expression for convenience' sake, but from the standpoint of the history of the European mind three periods should be distinguished, lying between ancient Greek thought as it was flourishing in Athens, Alexandria, Rhodes, Rome, and elsewhere at the opening of the Christian era, and the birth of modern science some sixteen hundred years later.

The first of these is the period of the Christian Fathers, culminating in the authoritative writings of Augustine, who died in 430. By this time a great part of the critical Greek books had disappeared in western Europe. As for pagan writers, one has difficulty in thinking of a single name (except that of Lucian) later than Juvenal, who had died nearly three hundred years before Augustine. Worldly knowledge was reduced to pitiful compendiums on which the mediaeval students were later to place great reliance. Scientific, literary, and historical information was scarcely to be had. The western world, so far as it thought at all, devoted its attention to religion and all manner of mystical ideas, old and new. As Harnack has so well said, the world was already intellectually bankrupt before the German invasions and their accompanying disorders plunged it into still deeper ignorance and mental

obscurity.

The second, or "Dark Age", lasted with only slight improvement from Augustine to Abélard, about seven hundred years. The prosperous _villas_ disappeared; towns vanished or shriveled up; libraries were burned or rotted away from neglect; schools were closed, to be reopened later here and there, after Charlemagne's educational edict, in an especially enterprising monastery or by some exceptional bishop who did not spend his whole time in fighting.

From about the year 1100 conditions began to be more and more favorable to the revival of intellectual ambition, a recovery of forgotten knowledge, and a gradual accumulation of new information and inventions unknown to the Greeks, or indeed to any previous civilization. The main presuppositions of this third period of the later Middle Ages go back, however, to the Roman Empire. They had been formulated by the Church Fathers, transmitted through the Dark Age, and were now elaborated by the professors in the newly established universities under the influence of Aristotle's recovered works and built up into a majestic intellectual structure known as Scholasticism. On these mediaeval university professors--the schoolmen--Lord Bacon long ago pronounced a judgment that may well stand to-day. "Having sharp and strong wits, and abundance of leisure, and small variety of reading, but their wits being shut up in the cells of a few authors (chiefly Aristotle, their dictator), as their persons were shut up in the cells of monasteries and colleges, and knowing little history, either of nature or time [they], did out of no great quantity of matter and infinite agitation of wit spin out unto us those laborious webs of learning which are extant in their books."

Our civilization and the human mind, critical and uncritical, as we now find it in our western world, is a direct and uninterrupted outgrowth of the civilization and thought of the later Middle Ages. Very gradually only did peculiarly free and audacious individual thinkers escape from this or that mediaeval belief, until in our own day some few have come to reject practically all the presuppositions on which the Scholastic system was reared. But the great mass of Christian believers, whether Catholic or Protestant, still professedly or implicitly adhere to the assumptions of the Middle Ages, at least in all matters in which religious or moral sanctions are concerned. It is true that outside the Catholic clergy the term "mediaeval" is often used in a sense of disparagement, but that should not blind us to the fact that mediaeval presumptions, whether for better or worse, are still common. A few of the most fundamental of these presuppositions especially germane to our theme may be pointed out here.

11. OUR MEDIAEVAL INTELLECTUAL INHERITANCE

The Greeks and Romans had various theories of the origin of things, all vague and admittedly conjectural. But the Christians, relying upon the inspired account in the Bible, built their theories on information which they believed vouchsafed to them by God himself. Their whole conception of human history was based upon a far more fundamental and thorough supernaturalism than we find among the Greeks and Romans. The pagan philosophers reckoned with the gods, to be sure, but they never assumed that man's earthly life should turn entirely on what was to happen after death. This was in theory the sole preoccupation of the mediaeval Christian. Life here below was but a brief, if decisive, preliminary to the real life to come.

The mediaeval Christian was essentially more polytheistic than his pagan predecessors, for he pictured hierarchies of good and evil spirits who were ever aiding him to reach heaven or seducing him into the paths of sin and error. Miracles were of common occurrence and might be attributed either to God or the devil; the direct intervention of both good and evil spirits played a conspicuous part in the explanation of daily acts and motives.[20]

As a distinguished church historian has said, the God of the Middle Ages was a God of arbitrariness--the more arbitrary the more Godlike. By frequent interferences with the regular course of events he made his existence clear, reassured his children of his continued solicitude, and frustrated the plots of the Evil One. Not until the eighteenth century did any considerable number of thinkers revolt against this conception of the Deity and come to worship a God of orderliness who abode by his own laws.

The mediaeval thinkers all accepted without question what Santayana has strikingly described as the "Christian Epic". This included the general historical conceptions of how man came about, and how, in view of his origin and his past, he should conduct his life. The universe had come into being in less than a week, and man had originally been created in a state of perfection along with all other things--sun, moon, and stars, plants and animals. After a time the first human pair had yielded to temptation, transgressed God's commands, and been driven from the lovely garden in which he had placed them. So sin came into the world, and the offspring of the guilty pair were thereby contaminated and defiled from the womb.

In time the wickedness became such on the newly created earth that God resolved to blot out mankind, excepting only Noah's family, which was spared to repeople the earth after the Flood, but the unity of language that man had formerly possessed was lost.

At the appointed time, preceded by many prophetic visions among the chosen people, God sent his Son to live the life of men on earth and become their Saviour by submitting to death. Thereafter, with the spread of the gospel, the struggle between the kingdom of God and that of the devil became the supreme conflict of history. It was to culminate in the Last Judgment, when the final separation of good and evil should take place and the blessed should ascend into the heavens to dwell with God forever, while the wicked sank to hell to writhe in endless torment.

This general account of man, his origin and fate, embraced in the Christian Epic, was notable for its precision, its divine authenticity, and the obstacles which its authority consequently presented to any revision in the light of increasing knowledge. The fundamental truths in regard to man were assumed to be established once and for all. The Greek thinkers had had little in the way of authority on which to build, and no inconsiderable number of them frankly confessed that they did not believe that such a thing could exist for the thoroughly sophisticated intelligence. But mediaeval philosophy and science _were grounded wholly in authority_. The mediaeval schoolmen turned aside from the hard path of skepticism, long searchings and investigation of actual phenomena, and confidently believed that they could find truth by the easy way of revelation and the elaboration of unquestioned dogmas.

This reliance on authority is a fundamental primitive trait. We have inherited it not only from our mediaeval forefathers, but, like them and through them, from long generations of prehistoric men. We all have a natural tendency to rely upon established beliefs and fixed institutions. This is an expression of our spontaneous confidence in everything that comes to us in an unquestioned form. As children we are subject to authority and cannot escape the control of existing opinion. We unconsciously absorb our ideas and views from the group in which we happen to live. What we see about us, what we are told, and what we read has to be received at its face value so long as there are no conflicts to arouse skepticism.

We are tremendously suggestible. Our mechanism is much better adapted to credulity than to questioning. All of us believe nearly all the time. Few doubt, and only now and then. The past exercises an almost irresistible fascination over us. As children we learn to look up to the old, and when we grow up we do not permit our poignant realization of elderly incapacity among our contemporaries to rouse suspicions of Moses, Isaiah, Confucius, or Aristotle. Their sayings come to us unquestioned; their remoteness makes inquiry into their competence impossible. We readily assume that they had sources of information and wisdom superior to the prophets of our own day.

During the Middle Ages reverence for authority, and for that particular form of authority which we may call the tyranny of the past, was dominant, but probably not more so than it had been in other societies and ages--in ancient Egypt, in China and India. Of the great sources of mediaeval authority, the Bible and the Church Fathers, the Roman and Church law, and the encyclopaedic writings of Aristotle, none continues nowadays to hold us in its old grip. Even the Bible, although nominally unquestioned among Roman Catholics and all the more orthodox Protestant sects, is rarely appealed to, as of old, in parliamentary debate or in discussions of social and economic questions. It is still a religious authority, but it no longer forms the basis of secular decisions.

The findings of modern science have shaken the hold of the sources of mediaeval authority, but they have done little as yet to loosen our inveterate habit of relying on the more insidious authority of current practice and belief. We still assume that received dogmas represent the secure conclusions of mankind, and that current institutions represent the approved results of much experiment in the past, which it would be worse than futile to repeat. One solemn remembrancer will cite as a warning the discreditable experience of the Greek cities in democracy; another, how the decline of "morality" and the disintegration of the family heralded the fall of Rome; another, the constant menace of mob rule as exemplified in the Reign of Terror. But to the student of history these alleged illustrations have little bearing on present conditions. He is struck, moreover, with the ease with which ancient misapprehensions are transmitted from generation to generation and with the difficulty of launching a newer and clearer and truer idea of anything. Bacon warns us that the multitude, "or the wisest for the multitude's sake", is in reality "ready to give passage rather to that which is popular and superficial than to that which is substantial and profound; for the truth is that time seemeth to be of the nature of a river or stream, which carrieth down to us that which is light and blown up, and sinketh and drowneth that which is weighty and solid".

It is very painful to most minds to admit that the past does not furnish us with reliable, permanent standards of conduct and of public policy. We resent the imputation that things are not going, on the whole, pretty well, and find excuses for turning our backs on disconcerting and puzzling facts. We are full of respectable fears and a general timidity in the face of conditions which we vaguely feel are escaping control in spite of our best efforts to prevent any thoroughgoing readjustment. We instinctively try to show that Mr. Keynes must surely be wrong about the Treaty of Versailles; that Mr. Gibbs must be perversely exaggerating the horrors of modern

war; that Mr. Hobson certainly views the industrial crisis with unjustifiable pessimism; that "business as usual" cannot be that socially perverse and incredibly inexpedient thing Mr. Veblen shows it to be; that Mr. Robin's picture of Lenin can only be explained by a disguised sympathy for Bolshevism.

Yet, even if we could assume that traditional opinion is a fairly clear and reliable reflection of hard-earned experience, surely it should have less weight in our day and generation than in the past. For changes have overtaken mankind which have fundamentally altered the conditions in which we live, and which are revolutionizing the relations between individuals and classes and nations. Moreover, we must remember that knowledge has widened and deepened, so that, could any of us really catch up with the information of our own time, he would have little temptation to indulge the mediaeval habit of appealing to the authority of the past.

The Christian Epic did not have to rely for its perpetuation either on its intellectual plausibility or its traditional authority. During the Middle Ages there developed a vast and powerful religious State, the mediaeval Church, the real successor, as Hobbes pointed out, to the Roman Empire; and the Church with all its resources, including its control over "the secular arm" of kings and princes, was ready to defend the Christian beliefs against question and revision. To doubt the teachings of the Church was the supreme crime; it was treason against God himself, in comparison with which--to judge from mediaeval experts on heresy--murder was a minor offense.

We do not, however, inherit our present disposition to intolerance solely from the Middle Ages. As animals and children and savages, we are naively and unquestioningly intolerant. All divergence from the customary is suspicious and repugnant. It seems perverse, and readily suggests evil intentions. Indeed, so natural and spontaneous is intolerance that the question of freedom of speech and writing scarcely became a real issue before the seventeenth century. We have seen that some of the Greek thinkers were banished, or even executed, for their new ideas. The Roman officials, as well as the populace, pestered the early Christians, not so much for the substance of their views as because they were puritanical, refused the routine reverence to the gods, and prophesied the downfall of the State.

But with the firm establishment of Christianity edicts began to be issued by the Roman emperors making orthodox Christian belief the test of good citizenship. One who disagreed with the emperor and his religious advisers in regard to the relation of the three members of the Trinity was subject to prosecution. Heretical books were burned, the houses of heretics destroyed. So, organized mediaeval religious intolerance was, like so many other things, a heritage of the later Roman Empire, and was duly sanctioned in both the Theodosian and Justinian Codes. It was, however, with the Inquisition, beginning in the thirteenth century, that the intolerance of the Middle Ages reached its most perfect organization.

Heresy was looked upon as a contagious disease that must be checked at all costs. It did not matter that the heretic usually led a conspicuously blameless life, that he was arduous, did not swear, was emaciated with fasting and refused to participate in the vain recreations of his fellows. He was, indeed, overserious and took his religion too hard. This offensive parading as an angel of light was explained as the devil's camouflage. No one tried to find out what the heretic really thought or what were the merits of his divergent beliefs. Because he insisted on expressing his conception of God in slightly unfamiliar terms, the heretic was often branded as an atheist, just as to-day the Socialist is so often accused of being opposed to all government, when the real objection to him is that he believes in too much government. It was sufficient to classify a suspected heretic as an Albigensian, or Waldensian, or a member of some other heretical sect. There was no use in his trying to explain or justify; it was enough that he diverged.

There have been various explanations of mediaeval religious intolerance. Lecky, for example, thought that it was due to the theory of exclusive salvation; that, since there was only one way of getting to heaven, all should obviously be compelled to adopt it, for the saving of their souls from eternal torment. But one finds little solicitude for the damned in mediaeval writings. The public at large thought hell none too bad for one who revolted against God and Holy Church. No, the heretics were persecuted because heresy was, according to the notions of the time, a monstrous and unutterably wicked thing, and because their beliefs threatened the vested interests of that day.

We now realize more clearly than did Lecky that the Church was really a State in the Middle Ages, with its own laws and courts and prisons and regular taxation to which all were subject. It had all the interests and all the touchiness of a State, and more. The heretic was a traitor and a rebel. He thought that he could get along without the pope and bishops, and that he could well spare the ministrations of the orthodox priests and escape their exactions. He was the "anarchist", the "Red" of his time, who was

undermining established authority, and, with the approval of all right-minded citizens, he was treated accordingly. For the mediaeval citizen no more conceived of a State in which the Church was not the dominating authority than we can conceive of a society in which the present political State may have been superseded by some other form of organization.

Yet the inconceivable has come to pass. Secular authority has superseded in nearly all matters the old ecclesiastical regime. What was the supreme issue of the Middle Ages--the distinction between the religious heretic and the orthodox--is the least of public questions now.

What, then, we may ask, has been the outcome of the old religious persecutions, of the trials, tortures, imprisonings, burnings, and massacres, culminating with the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes? What did the Inquisition and the censorship, both so long unquestioned, accomplish? Did they succeed in defending the truth or "safeguarding" society? At any rate, conformity was not established. Nor did the Holy Roman Church maintain its monopoly, although it has survived, purified and freed from many an ancient abuse. In most countries of western Europe and in our own land one may now believe as he wishes, teach such religious views as appeal to him, and join with others who share his sympathies. "Atheism" is still a shocking charge in many ears, but the atheist is no longer an outlaw. _It has been demonstrated, in short, that religious dogma can be neglected in matters of public concern and reduced to a question of private taste and preference_.

This is an incredible revolution. But we have many reasons for suspecting that in a much shorter time than that which has elapsed since the Inquisition was founded, the present attempt to eliminate by force those who contemplate a fundamental reordering of social and economic relations will seem quite as inexpedient and hopeless as the Inquisition's effort to defend the monopoly of the mediaeval Church.

We can learn much from the past in regard to wrong ways of dealing with new ideas. As yet we have only old-fashioned and highly expensive modes of meeting the inevitable changes which are bound to take place. Repression has now and then enjoyed some temporary success, it is true, but in the main it has failed lamentably and produced only suffering and confusion. Much will depend on whether our purpose is to keep things as they are or to bring about readjustments designed to correct abuses and injustice in the present order. Do we believe, in other words, that truth is finally established and that we have only to defend it, or that it is still in the making? Do we believe in what is commonly called progress, or do we think of that as belonging only to the past? Have we, on the whole, arrived, or are we only on the way, or mayhap just starting?

In the Middle Ages, even in the times of the Greeks and Romans, there was little or no conception of progress as the word is now used. There could doubtless be improvement in detail. Men could be wiser and better or more ignorant and perverse. But the assumption was that in general the social, economic, and religious order was fairly standardized.

This was especially true in the Middle Ages. During these centuries men's single objective was the assurance of heaven and escape from hell. Life was an angry river into which men were cast. Demons were on every hand to drag them down. The only aim could be, with God's help, to reach the celestial shore. There was no time to consider whether the river might be made less dangerous by concerted effort, through the deflection of its torrents and the removal of its sharpest rocks. No one thought that human efforts should be directed to making the lot of humanity progressively better by intelligent reforms in the light of advancing knowledge.

The world was a place to escape from on the best terms possible. In our own day this mediaeval idea of a static society yields only grudgingly, and the notion of inevitable vital change is as yet far from assimilated. We confess it with our lips, but resist it in our hearts. We have learned as yet to respect only one class of fundamental innovators, those dedicated to natural science and its applications. The social innovator is still generally suspect.

To the mediaeval theologian, man was by nature vile. We have seen that, according to the Christian Epic, he was assoiled from birth with the primeval sin of his first parents, and began to darken his score with fresh offenses of his own as soon as he became intelligent enough to do so. An elaborate mechanism was supplied by the Church for washing away the original pollution and securing forgiveness for later sins. Indeed, this was ostensibly its main business.

We may still well ask, Is man by nature bad? And accordingly as we answer the question we either frame appropriate means for frustrating his evil tendencies or, if we see some promise in him, work for his freedom and bid him take advantage of it to make himself and others happy. So far as I know, Charron, a friend of Montaigne, was one of the first to say a good word for man's animal nature, and a hundred years later the amiable Shaftesbury pointed out some honestly gentlemanly traits in the species. To

the modern student of biology and anthropology man is neither good nor bad. There is no longer any "mystery of evil". But the mediaeval notion of _sin_--a term heavy with mysticism and deserving of careful scrutiny by every thoughtful person--still confuses us.

Of man's impulses, the one which played the greatest part in mediaeval thoughts of sin and in the monastic ordering of life was the sexual. The presuppositions of the Middle Ages in the matter of the relations of men and women have been carried over to our own day. As compared with many of the ideas which we have inherited from the past, they are of comparatively recent origin. The Greeks and Romans were, on the whole, primitive and uncritical in their view of sex. The philosophers do not seem to have speculated on sex, although there was evidently some talk in Athens of women's rights. The movement is satirized by Aristophanes, and later Plato showed a willingness in _The Republic_ to impeach the current notions of the family and women's position in general.

But there are few traces of our ideas of sexual "purity" in the classical writers. To the Stoic philosopher, and to other thoughtful elderly people, sexual indulgence was deemed a low order of pleasure and one best carefully controlled in the interests of peace of mind. But with the incoming of Christianity an essentially new attitude developed, which is still, consciously or unconsciously, that of most people to-day.

St. Augustine, who had led a free life as a teacher of rhetoric in Carthage and Rome, came in his later years to believe, as he struggled to overcome his youthful temptations, that sexual desire was the most devilish of man's enemies and the chief sign of his degradation. He could imagine no such unruly urgence in man's perfect estate, when Adam and Eve still dwelt in Paradise. But with man's fall sexual desire appeared as the sign and seal of human debasement. This theory is poignantly set forth in Augustine's _City of God_. He furnished therein a philosophy for the monks, and doubtless his fourteenth book was well thumbed by those who were wont to ponder somewhat wistfully on one of the sins they had fled the world to escape.

Christian monasticism was spreading in western Europe in Augustine's time, and the monkist vows included "chastity". There followed a long struggle to force the whole priesthood to adopt a celibate life, and this finally succeeded so far as repeated decrees of the Church could effect it. Marriage was proper for the laity, but both the monastic and secular clergy aspired to a superior holiness which should banish all thoughts of fervent earthly love. Thus a highly unnatural life was accepted by men and women of the most varied temperament and often with slight success.

The result of Augustine's theories and of the efforts to frustrate one of man's most vehement impulses was to give sex a conscious importance it had never possessed before. The devil was thrust out of the door only to come in at all the windows. In due time the Protestant sects abolished monasteries, and the Catholic countries later followed their example. The Protestant clergy were permitted to marry, and the old asceticism has visibly declined. But it has done much to determine our whole attitude toward sex, and there is no class of questions still so difficult to discuss with full honesty or to deal with critically and with an open mind as those relating to the intimate relations of men and women.

No one familiar with mediaeval literature will, however, be inclined to accuse its authors of prudishness. Nevertheless, modern prudishness, as it prevails especially in England and the United States--our squeamish and shamefaced reluctance to recognize and deal frankly with the facts and problems of sex--is clearly an outgrowth of the mediaeval attitude which looked on sexual impulse as of evil origin and a sign of man's degradation. Modern psychologists have shown that prudishness is not always an indication of exceptional purity, but rather the reverse. It is often a disguise thrown over repressed sexual interest and sexual preoccupations. It appears to be decreasing among the better educated of the younger generation. The study of biology, and especially of embryology, is an easy and simple way of disintegrating the "impurity complex". "Purity" in the sense of ignorance and suppressed curiosity is a highly dangerous state of mind. And such purity in alliance with prudery and defensive hypocrisy makes any honest discussion or essential readjustment of our institutions and habits extremely difficult.

One of the greatest contrasts between mediaeval thinking and the more critical thought of to-day lies in the general conception of man's relation to the cosmos. To the medieval philosopher, as to the stupidest serf of the time, the world was made for man. All the heavenly bodies revolved about man's abode as their center. All creatures were made to assist or to try man. God and the devil were preoccupied with his fate, for had not God made him in his own image for his glory, and was not the devil intent on populating his own infernal kingdom? It was easy for those who had a poetic turn of mind to think of nature's workings as symbols for man's edification. The habits of the lion or the eagle yielded moral lessons or illustrated the divine scheme of salvation. Even the written word was to be valued, not for what it seemed to say, but for hidden allegories depicting man's struggles against evil and cheering

him on his way.

This is a perennially appealing conception of things. It corresponds to primitive and inveterate tendencies in humanity and gratifies, under the guise of humility, our hungering for self-importance. The mediaeval thinker, however freely he might exercise his powers of logical analysis in rationalizing the Christian Epic, never permitted himself to question its general anthropocentric and mystical view of the world. The philosophic mystic assumes the role of a docile child. He feels that all vital truth transcends his powers of discovery. He looks to the Infinite and Eternal Mind to reveal it to him through the prophets of old, or in moments of ecstatic communion with the Divine Intelligence. To the mystic all that concerns our deeper needs transcends logic and defies analysis. In his estimate the human reason is a feeble rushlight which can at best cast a flickering and uncertain ray on the grosser concerns of life, but which only serves to intensify the darkness which surrounds the hidden truth of God.

In order that modern science might develop it is clear that a wholly new and opposed set of fundamental convictions had to be substituted for those of the Middle Ages. Man had to cultivate another kind of self-importance and a new and more profound humility. He had come to believe in his capacity to discover important truth through thoughtful examination of things about him, and he had to recognize, on the other hand, that the world did not seem to be made for him, but that humanity was apparently a curious incident in the universe, and its career a recent episode in cosmic history. He had to acquire a taste for the simplest possible and most thoroughgoing explanation of things. His whole mood had to change and impel him to reduce everything so far as possible to the commonplace.

This new view was inevitably fiercely attacked by the mystically disposed. They misunderstood it and berated its adherents and accused them of robbing man of all that was most precious in life. These, in turn, were goaded into bitterness and denounced their opponents as pig-headed obscurantists.

But we must, after all, come to terms in some way with the emotions underlying mysticism. They are very dear to us, and scientific knowledge will never form an adequate substitute for them. No one need fear that the supply of mystery will ever give out; but a great deal depends on our taste in mystery; that certainly needs refining. What disturbs the so-called rationalist in the mystic's attitude is his propensity to see mysteries where there are none and to fail to see those that we cannot possibly escape. In declaring that one is not a mystic, one makes no claim to be able to explain everything, nor does he maintain that all things are explicable in scientific terms.

Indeed, no thoughtful person will be likely to boast that he can fully explain anything. We have only to scrape the surface of our experiences to find fundamental mystery. And how, indeed, as descendants of an extinct race of primates, with a mind still in the early stages of accumulation, should we be in the way of reaching ultimate truth at any point? One may properly urge, however, that as sharp a distinction as possible be made between fictitious mysteries and the unavoidable ones which surround us on every side. How milk turned sour used to be a real mystery, now partially solved since the discovery of bacteria; how the witch flew up the chimney was a gratuitous mystery with which we need no longer trouble ourselves. A "live" wire would once have suggested magic; now it is at least partially explained by the doctrine of electrons.

It is the avowed purpose of scientific thought to reduce the number of mysteries, and its success has been marvelous, but it has by no means done its perfect work as yet. We have carried over far too much of mediaeval mysticism in our views of man and his duty toward himself and others.

We must now recall the method adopted by students of the natural sciences in breaking away from the standards and limitations of the mediaeval philosophers and establishing new standards of their own. They thus prepared the way for a revolution in human affairs in the midst of which we now find ourselves. As yet their type of thinking has not been applied on any considerable scale to the solution of social problems. By learning to understand and appreciate the scientific frame of mind as a historical victory won against extraordinary odds, we may be encouraged to cultivate and popularize a similar attitude toward the study of man himself.

NOTES.

[20] St. Ethelred, returning from a pious visit to Citeaux in the days of Henry II, encountered a great storm when he reached the Channel. He asked himself what _he_ had done to be thus delayed, and suddenly thought that he had failed to _fulfill_ a promise to write a poem on St. Cuthbert. When he had completed this, "wonderful to say, the sea ceased to rage and became tranquil".--_Surtees Society Publications_, i, p. 177.

* * * * *

VI

Narrabo igitur primo opera artis et naturae miranda.... ut videatur quod omnis magica potestas sit inferior his operibus et indigna. --ROGER BACON.

I do not endeavor either by triumphs of confutation, or pleadings of antiquity, or assumption of authority, or even, by the veil of obscurity, to invest these inventions of mine with any majesty.... I have not sought nor do I seek either to force or ensnare men's judgments, but I lead them to things themselves and the concordances of things, that they may see for themselves what they have, what they can dispute, what they can add and contribute to the common stock.--FRANCIS BACON (_Preface to the Great Instauration_).

12. THE SCIENTIFIC REVOLUTION

At the opening of the seventeenth century a man of letters, of sufficient genius to be suspected by some of having written the plays of Shakespeare, directed his distinguished literary ability to the promotion and exaltation of natural science. Lord Bacon was the chief herald of that habit of scientific and critical thought which has played so novel and all-important a part in the making of the modern mind. When but twenty-two years old he was already sketching out a work which he planned to call _Temporis Partus Maximus (The Greatest Thing Ever)_. He felt that he had discovered why the human mind, enmeshed in mediaeval metaphysics and indifferent to natural phenomena, had hitherto been a stunted and ineffective thing, and how it might be so nurtured and guided as to gain undreamed of strength and vigor.

And never has there been a man better equipped with literary gifts to preach a new gospel than Francis Bacon. He spent years in devising eloquent and ingenious ways of delivering learning from the "discredits and disgraces" of the past, and in exhorting man to explore the realms of nature for his delight and profit. He never wearied of trumpeting forth the glories of the new knowledge which would come with the study of common things and the profitable uses to which it might be put in relieving man's estate. He impeached the mediaeval schoolmen for spinning out endless cobwebs of learning, remarkable for their fineness, but of no substance or spirit. He urged the learned to come out of their cells, study the creations of God, and build upon what they discovered a new and true philosophy.

Even in his own day students of natural phenomena had begun to carry out Bacon's general program with striking effects. While he was urging men to cease "tumbling up and down in their own reason and conceits" and to spell out, and so by degrees to learn to read, the volume of God's works, Galileo had already begun the reading and had found out that the Aristotelian physics ran counter to the facts; that a body once in motion will continue to move forever in a straight line unless it be stopped or deflected. Studying the sky through his newly invented telescope, he beheld the sun spots and noted the sun's revolution on its axis, the phases of Venus, and the satellites of Jupiter. These discoveries seemed to confirm the ideas advanced long before by Copernicus--the earth was not the center of the universe and the heavens were not perfect and unchanging. He dared to discuss these matters in the language of the people and was, as everyone knows, condemned by the Inquisition.

This preoccupation with natural phenomena and this refusal to accept the old, established theories until they had been verified by an investigation of common fact was a very novel thing. It introduced a fresh and momentous element into our intellectual heritage. We have recalled the mysticism, supernaturalism, and intolerance of the Middle Ages, their reliance on old books, and their indifference to everyday fact except as a sort of allegory for the edification of the Christian pilgrim. In the mediaeval universities the professors, or "schoolmen", devoted themselves to the elaborate formulation of Christian doctrine and the interpretation of Aristotle's works. It was a period of revived Greek metaphysics, adapted to prevailing religious presuppositions. Into this fettered world Bacon, Galileo, Descartes, and others brought a new aspiration to promote investigation and honest, critical thinking about everyday things.

These founders of modern natural science realized that they would have to begin afresh. This was a bold resolve, but not so bold as must be that of the student of mankind to-day if he expects to free himself from the trammels of the past. Bacon pointed out that the old days were not those of mature knowledge, but of youthful human ignorance. "_These_ times are the ancient times, when the world is ancient, and not those we count ancient, _ordine retrogrado_, by a computation backward from ourselves." In his _New Atlantis_ he pictures an ideal State which concentrated its resources on systematic scientific research, with a view to

applying new discoveries to the betterment of man's lot.

Descartes, who was a young man when Bacon was an old one, insisted on the necessity, if we proposed to seek the truth, of questioning _everything_ at least once in our lives. To all these leaders in the development of modern science doubt, not faith, was the beginning of wisdom. They doubted--and with good reason--what the Greeks were supposed to have discovered; they doubted all the old books and all the university professors' lecture notes. They did not venture to doubt the Bible, but they eluded it in various ways. They set to work to find out exactly what happened under certain circumstances. They experimented individually and reported their discoveries to the scientific academies which began to come into existence.

As one follows the deliberations of these bodies it is pathetic to observe how little the learning of previous centuries, in spite of its imposing claims, had to contribute to a fruitful knowledge of common things. It required a century of hard work to establish the most elementary facts which would now be found in a child's book. How water and air act, how to measure time and temperature and atmospheric pressure, had to be discovered. The microscope revealed the complexity of organic tissues, the existence of minute creatures, vaguely called infusoria, and the strange inhabitants of the blood, the red and white corpuscles. The telescope put an end to the flattering assumption that the cosmos circled around man and the little ball he lives on.

Without a certain un-Greek, practical inventive tendency which, for reasons not easily to be discovered, first began to manifest itself in the thirteenth century, this progress would not have been possible. The new thinkers descended from the magisterial chair and patiently fussed with lenses, tubes, pulleys, and wheels, thus weaning themselves from the adoration of man's mind and understanding. They had to devise the machinery of investigation as investigation itself progressed.

Moreover, they did not confine themselves to the conventionally noble and elevated subjects of speculation. They addressed themselves to worms and ditch water in preference to metaphysical subtleties. They agreed with Bacon that the mean and even filthy things deserve study. All this was naturally scorned by the university professors, and the universities consequently played little or no part in the advance of natural science until the nineteenth century.

Nor were the moral leaders of mankind behind the intellectual in opposing the novel tendencies. The clergy did all they could to perpetuate the squalid belief in witchcraft, but found no place for experimental science in their scheme of learning, and judged it offensive to the Maker of all things. But their opposition could do no more than hamper the new scientific impulse, which was far too potent to be seriously checked.

So in one department of human thought--the investigation of natural processes--majestic progress has been made since the opening of the seventeenth century, with every promise of continued and startling advance. The new methods employed by students of natural science have resulted in the accumulation of a stupendous mass of information in regard to the material structure and operation of things, and the gradual way in which the earth and all its inhabitants have come into being. The nature and workings of atoms and molecules are being cleared up, and their relation to heat, light, and electricity established. The slow processes which have brought about the mountains and valleys, the seas and plains, have been exposed. The structure of the elementary cell can be studied under powerful lenses; its divisions, conjunctions, differentiation, and multiplication into the incredibly intricate substance of plants and animals can be traced.

In short, man is now in a position, for the first time in his history, to have some really clear and accurate notion of the world in which he dwells and of the living creatures which surround him and with which he must come to terms. It would seem obvious that this fresh knowledge should enable him to direct his affairs more intelligently than his ancestors were able to do in their ignorance. He should be in a position to accommodate himself more and more successfully to the exigencies of an existence which he can understand more fully than any preceding generation, and he should aspire to deal more and more sagaciously with himself and his fellow-men.

13. HOW SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE HAS REVOLUTIONIZED THE CONDITIONS OF LIFE

But while our information in regard to man and the world is incalculably greater than that available a hundred, even fifty years ago, we must frankly admit that the knowledge is still so novel, so imperfectly assimilated, so inadequately co-ordinated, and so feebly and ineffectively presented to the great mass of men, that its _direct_ effects upon human impulses and reasoning and outlook are as yet inconsiderable and disappointing. We _might_ think in terms of molecules and atoms, but we rarely do. Few have any more knowledge of their own bodily operations than had their grandparents. The farmer's confidence in the phases of the moon gives way but slowly before recent discoveries in regard to the bacteria of the soil. Few who use the telephone, ride on electric cars, and

carry a camera have even the mildest curiosity in regard to how these things work. It is only _indirectly_, through _invention_, that scientific knowledge touches our lives on every hand, modifying our environment, altering our daily habits, dislocating the anciently established order, and imposing the burden of constant adaptation on even the most ignorant and lethargic.

Unlike a great part of man's earlier thought, modern scientific knowledge and theory have not remained matter merely for academic discourse and learned books, but have provoked the invention of innumerable practical devices which surround us on every hand, and from which we can now scarce escape by land or sea. Thus while scientific knowledge has not greatly affected the thoughts of most of us, its influence in the promotion of modern invention has served to place us in a new setting or environment, the novel features of which it would be no small task to explain to one's great-great-grandfather, should he unexpectedly apply for up-to-date information. So even if modern scientific _knowledge_ is as yet so imperfect and ill understood as to make it impossible for us to apply much of it directly and personally in our daily conduct, we nevertheless cannot neglect the urgent effects of scientific _inventions_, for they are constantly posing new problems of adjustment to us, and sometimes disposing of old ones.

Let us recall a few striking examples of the astonishing way in which what seemed in the beginning to be rather trivial inventions and devices have, with the improvements of modern science, profoundly altered the conditions of life.

Some centuries before the time of Bacon and Galileo four discoveries were made which, supplemented and elaborated by later insight and ingenuity, may be said to underlie our modern civilization. A writer of the time of Henry II of England reports that sailors when caught in fog or darkness were wont to touch a needle to a bit of magnetic iron. The needle would then, it had been found, whirl around in a circle and come to rest pointing north. On this tiny index the vast extension of modern commerce and imperialism rests.

That lentil-shaped bits of glass would magnify objects was known before the end of the thirteenth century, and from that little fact have come microscopes, telescopes, spectroscopes, and cameras; and from these in turn has come a great part of our present knowledge of natural processes in men, animals, and plants and our comprehension of the cosmos at large.

Gunpowder began to be used a few decades after the lens was discovered; it and its terrible descendants have changed the whole problem of human warfare and of the public defense.

The printing press, originally a homely scheme for saving the labor of the copyist, has not only made modern democracy and nationality possible, but has helped by the extension of education to undermine the ancient foundations upon which human industry has rested from the beginnings of civilization.

In the middle of the eighteenth century the steam engine began to supplant the muscular power of men and animals, which had theretofore been only feebly supplemented by windmills and water wheels. And now we use steam and gas engines and water power to generate potent electric currents which do their work far from the source of supply. Mechanical ingenuity has utilized all this undreamed-of energy in innumerable novel ways for producing old and new commodities in tremendous quantities and distributing them with incredible rapidity throughout the earth.

Vast factories have sprung up, with their laborious multitudes engaged on minute contributions to the finished article; overgrown cities sprawl over the neighboring green fields and pastures; long freight trains of steel cars thunder across continents; monstrous masses of wealth pile up, are reinvested, and applied to making the whole system more and more inconceivably intricate and interdependent; and incidentally there is hurry and worry and discontent and hazard beyond belief for a creature who has to grasp it all and control it all with a mind reared on that of an animal, a child, and a savage.

As if these changes were not astounding enough, now has come the chemist who devotes himself to making not new _commodities_ (or old ones in new ways), but new _substances_. He juggles with the atoms of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, chlorine, and the rest, and far outruns the workings of nature. Up to date he has been able to produce artfully over two hundred thousand compounds, for some of which mankind formerly depended on the alchemy of animals and plants. He can make foodstuffs out of sewage; he can entrap the nitrogen in the air and use it to raise wheat to feed, or high explosives to slaughter, his fellows. He no longer relies on plants and animals for dyes and perfumes. In short, a chemical discovery may at any moment devastate an immemorial industry and leave both capital and labor in the lurch. The day may not be far distant when, should the chemist learn to control the incredible interatomic energy, the steam engine will seem as complete an anachronism as the treadmill.

The uttermost parts of the earth have been visited by Europeans, and commerce has brought all races of the globe into close touch. We have now to reckon with every nation under heaven, as was shown in the World War. At the same time steam and

electrical communication have been so perfected that space has been practically annihilated as regards speech, and in matters of transportation reduced to perhaps a fifth. So all the peoples of the earth form economically a loose and, as yet, scarcely acknowledged federation of man, in which the fate of any member may affect the affairs of all the others, no matter how remote they may be geographically.

All these unprecedented conditions have conspired to give business for business' sake a fascination and overwhelming importance it has never had before. We no longer make things for the sake of making them, but for money. The chair is not made to sit on, but for profit; the soap is no longer prepared for purposes of cleanliness, but to be sold for profit. Practically nothing catches our eye in the way of writing that was written for its own sake and not for money. Our magazines and newspapers are our modern commercial travelers proclaiming the gospel of business competition. Formerly the laboring classes worked because they were slaves, or because they were defenseless and could not escape from thraldom--or, mayhap, because they were natural artisans; but now they are coming into a position where they can combine and bargain and enter into business competition with their employers. Like their employers, they are learning to give as little as possible for as much as possible. This is good business; and the employer should realize that at last he has succeeded in teaching his employees to be strictly businesslike. When houses were built to live in, and wheat and cattle grown to eat, these essential industries took care of themselves. But now that profit is the motive for building houses and raising grain, if the promised returns are greater from manufacturing automobiles or embroidered lingerie, one is tempted to ask if there are any longer compelling reasons for building houses or raising food?

Along with the new inventions and discoveries and our inordinately pervasive commerce have come two other novel elements in our environment--what we vaguely call "democracy" and "nationality". These also are to be traced to applied science and mechanical contrivances.

The printing press has made popular education possible, and it is our aspiration to have every boy and girl learn to read and write--an ideal that the Western World has gone far to realize in the last hundred years. General education, introduced first among men and then extended to women, has made plausible the contention that all adults should have a vote, and thereby exercise some ostensible influence in the choice of public officials and in the direction of the policy of the government.

Until recently the mass of the people have not been invited to turn their attention to public affairs, which have been left in the control of the richer classes and their representatives and agents, the statesmen or politicians. Doubtless our crowded cities have contributed to a growing sense of the importance of the common man, for all must now share the street car, the public park, the water supply, and contagious diseases.

But there is a still more fundamental discovery underlying our democratic tendencies. This is the easily demonstrated scientific truth that nearly all men and women, whatever their social and economic status, may have much greater possibilities of activity and thought and emotion than they exhibit in the particular conditions in which they happen to be placed; that in all ranks may be found evidence of unrealized capacity; that we are living on a far lower scale of intelligent conduct and rational enjoyment than is necessary.

Our present notions of nationality are of very recent origin, going back scarcely a hundred years. Formerly nations were made up of the subjects of this or that gracious majesty and were regarded by their God-given rulers as beasts of burden or slaves or, in more amiable moods, as children. The same forces that have given rise to modern democracy have made it possible for vast groups of people, such as make up France or the United States, to be held together more intimately than ever before by the news which reaches them daily of the enterprises of their government and the deeds of their conspicuous fellow-countrymen.

In this way the inhabitants of an extensive territory embracing hundreds of thousands of square miles are brought as close together as the people of Athens in former days. Man Is surely a gregarious animal who dislikes solitude. He is, moreover, given to the most exaggerated estimate of his tribe; and on these ancient foundations modern nationality has been built up by means of the printing press, the telegraph, and cheap postage. _So it has fallen out that just when the world was becoming effectively cosmopolitan in its economic interdependence, its scientific research, and its exchange of books and art, the ancient tribal insolence has been developed on a stupendous scale._

The manner in which man has revolutionized his environment, habits of conduct, and purposes of life by inventions is perhaps the most astonishing thing in human history. It is an obscure and hitherto rather neglected subject. But it is clear enough, from the little that has been said here, that since the Middle Ages, and especially in the past hundred years, science has so hastened the process of change that it becomes increasingly difficult for man's common run of thinking to keep pace with the radical alterations in

his actual practices and conditions of living.

* * * * *

VII

Peace sitting under her olive, and slurring the days gone by, When the poor are hovell'd and hustled together, each sex, like swine, When only the ledger lives, and when only not all men lie; Peace in her vineyard--yes!--but a company forges the wine. --TENNYSON.

Could great men thunder As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet. For every pelting, petty officer Would use his heaven for thunder; Nothing but thunder! ... Man, proud man, Drest in a little brief authority, Most ignorant of what he's most assured, His glassy essence, like an angry ape, Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens, Would all themselves laugh mortal. --SHAKESPEARE.

14. "THE SICKNESS OF AN ACQUISITIVE SOCIETY"

It is so difficult a task to form any correct estimate of one's own surroundings, largely on account of our very familiarity with them, that historical students have generally evaded this responsibility. They have often declared that it was impossible to do so satisfactorily. And yet no one will ever know more than we about what is going on now. Some secrets may be revealed to coming generations, but plenty of our circumstances will be obscure to them. And it certainly seems pusillanimous, if not hazardous, to depute to those yet unborn the task of comprehending the conditions under which we must live and strive. I have long believed that the only unmistakable contribution that the historical student can make to the progress of intelligence is to study the past with an eye constantly on the present. For history not only furnishes us with the key to the present by showing how our situation came about, but at the same time supplies a basis of comparison and a point of vantage by virtue of which the salient contrasts between our days and those of old can be detected. Without history the essential differences are sure to escape us. Our generation, like all preceding generations of mankind, inevitably takes what it finds largely for granted, and the great mass of men who argue about existing conditions assume a fundamental likeness to past conditions as the basis of their conclusions in regard to the present and the still unrolled future.

Such a procedure becomes more and more dangerous, for although a continuity persists, there are more numerous, deeper and wider reaching contrasts between the world of to-day and that of a hundred, or even fifty, years ago, than have developed in any corresponding lapse of time since the beginning of civilization. This is not the place even to sketch the novelties in our knowledge and circumstances, our problems and possibilities. No more can be done here than to illustrate in a single field of human interest the need of an unprecedentedly open mind in order to avail ourselves of existing resources in grasping and manipulating the problems forced upon us.

Few people realize how novel is the almost universal preoccupation with business which we can observe on every hand, but to which we are already so accustomed that it easily escapes the casual observer. But in spite of its vastness and magnificent achievements, business, based upon mass production and speculative profits, has produced new evils and reinforced old ones which no thoughtful person can possibly overlook. Consequently it has become the great issue of our time, the chief subject of discussion, to be defended or attacked according to one's tastes, even as religion and politics formerly had their day.

Business men, whether conspicuous in manufacture, trade, or finance, are the leading figures of our age. They exercise a dominant influence in domestic and foreign policy; they subsidize our education and exert an unmistakable control over it. In other ages a military or religious caste enjoyed a similar pre-eminence. But now business directs and equips the soldier, who is far more dependent on its support than formerly. Most religious institutions make easy terms with business, and, far from interfering with it or its teachings, on the whole cordially support it. Business has its philosophy, which it holds to be based upon the immutable traits of human nature and as identical with morality and patriotism. It is a sensitive, intolerant philosophy, of which something will be said in the following section.

Modern business produced a sort of paradise for the luckier of mankind, which endured down to the war, and which many hope to see restored in its former charm, and perhaps further beautified as the years go on. It represents one of the most startling of human achievements. No doubt a great part of the population worked hard and lived in relative squalor, but even then they had many comforts unknown to the toiling masses of previous centuries, and were apparently fairly contented.

But escape was possible, for any man of capacity or character at all exceeding the average, into the middle or upper classes, for whom life offered, at a low cost and with the least trouble, conveniencies, comforts, and amenities beyond the compass of the richest and most powerful monarchs of other ages. The inhabitant of London could order by telephone, sipping his morning tea in bed, the various products of the whole earth, in such quantity as he might see fit, and reasonably expect their early delivery upon his doorstep; he could at the same moment and by the same means adventure his wealth in the natural resources and new enterprises of any quarter of the world, and share, without exertion or even trouble, in their prospective fruits and advantages.... He could secure forthwith, if he wished it, cheap and comfortable means of transit to any country or climate without passport or other formality, could dispatch his servant to the neighboring office of a bank for such supply of the precious metals as might seem convenient, and could then proceed abroad to foreign quarters, without knowledge of their religion, language, or customs, bearing coined wealth upon his person, and would consider himself greatly aggrieved and much surprised at the least interference.

And most important of all, he could, before the war, regard this state of affairs as

... normal, certain, and permanent, except in the direction of further improvement, and any deviation from it as aberrant, scandalous, and avoidable. The projects and politics of militarism, and imperialism, of racial and cultural rivalries, of monopolies, restrictions, and exclusion, which were to play the serpent in this paradise, were little more than the amusements of his daily newspaper, and appeared to exercise almost no influence at all on the ordinary course of social and economic life, the internationalization of which was nearly complete in practice.[21]

This assumption of the permanence and normality of the prevailing business system was much disturbed by the outcome of the war, but less so, especially in this country, than might have been expected. It was easy to argue that the terrible conflict merely interrupted the generally beneficent course of affairs which would speedily re-establish itself when given an opportunity. To those who see the situation in this light, modern business has largely solved the age-long problem of producing and distributing the material necessities and amenities of life; and nothing remains except to perfect the system in detail, develop its further potentialities, and fight tooth and nail those who are led by lack of personal success or a maudlin sympathy for the incompetent to attack and undermine it.

On the other hand, there were many before the war, not themselves suffering conspicuously from the system, who challenged its beneficence and permanence, in the name of justice, economy, and the best and highest interests of mankind as a whole. Since the war many more have come to the conclusion that business as now conducted is not merely unfair, exceedingly wasteful, and often highly inexpedient from a social standpoint, but that from an historical standpoint it is "intensely unusual, unstable, complicated, unreliable, and temporary" (Keynes). It may prove to be the chief eccentricity of our age; quite as impermanent as was the feudal and manorial system or the role of the mediaeval Church or of monarchs by the grace of God; and destined to undergo changes which it is now quite impossible to forecast.

In any case, economic issues are the chief and bitterest of our time. It is in connection with them that free thinking is most difficult and most apt to be misunderstood, for they easily become confused with the traditional reverences and sanctities of political fidelity, patriotism, morality, and even religion. There is something humiliating about this situation, which subordinates all the varied possibilities of life to its material prerequisites, much as if we were again back in a stage of impotent savagery, scratching for roots and looking for berries and dead animals. One of the most brilliant of recent English economists says with truth:

The burden of our civilization is not merely, as many suppose, that the product of industry is ill-distributed, or its conduct tyrannical, or its operation interrupted by bitter disagreements. It is that industry itself has come to hold a position of exclusive predominance among human interests, which no single interest, and least of all the provision of the material means of existence, is fit to occupy. Like a hypochondriac who is so absorbed in the processes of his own digestion that he goes to the grave before he has begun to live, industrialized communities neglect the very objects for which it is worth while to acquire riches in their feverish preoccupation with the means by which riches can be acquired.

That obsession by economic issues is as local and transitory as it is repulsive and disturbing. To future generations it will appear as pitiable as the obsession of the seventeenth century by religious quarrels appears to-day; indeed, it is less rational, since the object with which it is concerned is less important. And it is a poison which inflames every wound and turns each trivial scratch into a malignant ulcer.[22]

Whatever may be the merits of the conflicting views of our business system, there can be no doubt that it is agitating all types of thoughtful men and women. Poets, dramatists, and story writers turn aside from their old _motifs_ to play the role of economists.

Psychologists, biologists, chemists, engineers, are as never before striving to discover the relation between their realms of information and the general problems of social and industrial organization. And here is a historical student allowing the dust to collect on mediaeval chronicles, church histories, and even seventeenth-century rationalists, once fondly perused, in order to see if he can come to some terms with the profit system. And why not? Are we not all implicated? We all buy and many sell, and no one is left untouched by a situation which can in two or three years halve our incomes, without fault of ours. But before seeking to establish the bearing of the previous sections of this volume on our attitude toward the puzzles of our day, we must consider more carefully the "good reasons" commonly urged in defense of the existing system.

15. THE PHILOSOPHY OF SAFETY AND SANITY

So far we have been mainly engaged in recalling the process by which man has accumulated such a mind as he now has, and the effects of this accumulation on his mode of life. Under former conditions (which are now passing away) and in a state of ignorance about highly essential matters (which are now being put in quite a new light) he established certain standards and practices in his political, social, and industrial life. His views of property, government, education, the relations of the sexes, and various other matters he reaffirms and perpetuates by means of schools, colleges, churches, newspapers, and magazines, which in order to be approved and succeed must concur in and ratify these established standards and practices and the current notions of good and evil, right and wrong. This is what happened in the past, and to the great majority of people this still seems to be the only means of "safeguarding society". Before subjecting this attitude of mind to further criticism it will be helpful to see how those argue who fail to perceive the vicious circle involved.

The war brought with it a burst of unwonted and varied animation. Those who had never extended their activities beyond the usual routine of domestic and professional life suddenly found themselves participating in a vast enterprise in which they seemed to be broadening their knowledge and displaying undreamed of capacity for co-operation with their fellows. Expressions of high idealism exalted us above the petty cares of our previous existence, roused new ambitions, and opened up an exhilarating perspective of possibility and endeavor. It was common talk that when the foe, whose criminal lust for power had precipitated the mighty tragedy, should be vanquished, things would "no longer be the same". All would then agree that war was the abomination of abominations, the world would be made safe for right-minded democracy, and the nations would unite in smiling emulation.

Never did bitterer disappointment follow high hopes. All the old habits of nationalistic policy reasserted themselves at Versailles. A frightened and bankrupt world could indeed hardly be expected to exhibit greater intelligence than the relatively happy and orderly one which had five years earlier allowed its sanctified traditions to drag it over the edge of the abyss. Then there emerged from the autocracy of the Tsars the dictatorship of the proletariat, and in Hungary and Germany various startling attempts to revolutionize hastily and excessively that ancient order which the Hapsburg and Hohenzollern rulers had managed to perpetuate in spite of all modern novelties. The real character of these movements was ill understood in our country, but it was inevitable that with man's deep-seated animistic tendencies they should appear as a sort of wicked demon or a deadly contagion which might attack even our own land unless prevented by timely measures. War had naturally produced its machinery for dealing with dissenters, sympathizers with the enemy, and those who deprecated or opposed war altogether; and it was the easiest thing in the world to extend the repression to those who held exceptional or unpopular views, like the Socialists and members of the I.W.W. It was plausible to charge these associations with being under the guidance of foreigners, with "pacificism" and a general tendency to disloyalty. But suspicion went further so as to embrace members of a rather small, thoughtful class who, while rarely socialistic, were confessedly skeptical in regard to the general beneficence of existing institutions, and who failed to applaud at just the right points to suit the taste of the majority of their fellow-citizens. So the general impression grew up that there was a sort of widespread conspiracy to overthrow the government by violence or, at least, a dangerous tendency to prepare the way for such a disaster, or at any rate a culpable indifference to its possibility.

Business depression reinforced a natural reaction which had set in with the sudden and somewhat unexpected close of the war. The unwonted excitement brought on a national headache, and a sedative in the form of normalcy was proffered by the Republican party and thankfully accepted by the country at large. Under these circumstances the philosophy of safety and sanity was formulated. It is familiar and reassuring and puts no disagreeable task of mental and emotional readjustment on those who accept it. Hence its inevitable popularity and obvious soundness.

And these are its presuppositions: No nation is comparable to our own in its wealth and promise, in its freedom and opportunity for all. It has opened its gates to the peoples of the earth, who have flocked across the ocean to escape the poverty and oppression of

Europe. From the scattered colonies of the pre-revolutionary period the United States has rapidly advanced to its world ascendancy. When the European powers had reached a hopeless stalemate after four years of war the United States girded on the sword as the champion of liberty and democracy and in an incredibly short time brought the conflict to a victorious close before she had dispatched half the troops she could easily have spared. She had not entered the conflict with any motives of aggrandizement or of territorial extension. She felt her self-sufficiency and could well afford proudly to refuse to join the League of Nations on the ground that she did not wish to be involved in European wrangles or sacrifice a tittle of her rights of self-determination.

The prosperity of the United States is to be attributed largely to the excellence of the Federal Constitution and the soundness of her democratic institutions. Class privileges do not exist, or at least are not recognized. Everyone has equal opportunity to rise in the world unhampered by the shackles of European caste. There is perfect freedom in matters of religious belief. Liberty of speech and of the press is confirmed by both the Federal Constitution and the constitutions of the various states. If people are not satisfied with their form of government they may at any time alter it by a peaceful exercise of the suffrage.

In no other country is morality more highly prized or stoutly defended. Woman is held in her proper esteem and the institution of the family everywhere recognized as fundamental. We are singularly free from the vices which disgrace the capitals of Europe, not excepting London.

In no other country is the schoolhouse so assuredly acknowledged to be the corner stone of democracy and liberty. Our higher institutions of learning are unrivaled; our public libraries numerous and accessible. Our newspapers and magazines disseminate knowledge and rational pleasure throughout the land.

We are an ingenious people in the realm of invention and in the boldness of our business enterprise. We have the sturdy virtues of the pioneer. We are an honest people, keeping our contracts and giving fair measure. We are a tireless people in the patient attention to business and the laudable resolve to rise in the world. Many of our richest men began on the farm or as office boys. Success depends in our country almost exclusively on native capacity, which is rewarded here with a prompt and cheerful recognition which is rare in other lands.

We are a progressive people, always ready for improvements, which indeed we take for granted, so regularly do they make their appearance. No alert American can visit any foreign country without noting innumerable examples of stupid adherence to outworn and cumbrous methods in industry, commerce, and transportation.

Of course no one is so blind as not to see that here and there evils develop which should be remedied, either by legislation or by the gradual advance in enlightenment. Many of them will doubtless cure themselves. Our democracy is right at heart and you cannot fool all the people all the time. We have not escaped our fair quota of troubles. It would be too much to expect that we should. The difference of opinion between the Northern and Southern states actually led to civil war, but this only served to confirm the natural unity of the country and prepare the way for further advance. Protestants have sometimes dreaded a Catholic domination; the Mormons have been a source of anxiety to timid souls. Populists and advocates of free silver have seemed to threaten sound finance. On the other hand, Wall Street and the trusts have led some to think that corporate business enterprise may at times, if left unhampered, lead to over-powerful monopolies. But the evil workings of all these things had before the war been peaceful, if insidious. They might rouse apprehension in the minds of far-sighted and public-spirited observers, but there had been no general fear that any of them would overthrow the Republic and lead to a violent destruction of society as now constituted and mayhap to a reversion to barbarism.

The circumstances of our participation in the World War and the rise of Bolshevism convinced many for the first time that at last society and the Republic were actually threatened. Heretofore the socialists of various kinds, the communists and anarchists, had attracted relatively little attention in our country. Except for the Chicago anarchist episode and the troubles with the I.W.W., radical reformers had been left to go their way, hold their meetings, and publish their newspapers and pamphlets with no great interference on the part of the police or attention on the part of lawgivers. With the progress of the war this situation changed; police and lawgivers began to interfere, and government officials and self-appointed guardians of the public weal began to denounce the "reds" and those suspected of "radical tendencies". The report of the Lusk Committee in the state of New York is perhaps the most imposing monument to this form of patriotic zeal.

It is not our business here to discuss the merits of Socialism or Bolshevism either from the standpoint of their underlying theories or their promise in practice. It is only in their effects in developing and substantiating the philosophy of safety and sanity that they concern us in this discussion.

Whether the report of the so-called Lusk Committee[23] has any considerable influence or no, it well illustrates a common and significant frame of mind and an habitual method of reasoning. The ostensible aim of the report is:

... to give a clear, unbiased statement and history of the purposes and objects, tactics and methods, of the various forces now at work in the United States, and particularly within the state of New York, which are seeking to undermine and destroy, not only the government under which we live, but also the very structure of American society. It also seeks to analyze the various constructive forces which are at work throughout the country counteracting these evil influences, and to present the many industrial and social problems that these constructive forces must meet and are meeting.

The plan is executed with laborious comprehensiveness, and one unacquainted with the vast and varied range of so-called "radical" utterances will be overwhelmed by the mass brought together. But our aim here is to consider the attitude of mind and assumptions of the editors and their sympathizers.

They admit the existence of "real grievances and natural demands of the working classes for a larger share in the management and use of the common wealth". It is these grievances and demands which the agitators use as a basis of their machinations. Those bent on a social revolution fall into two classes--socialists and anarchists. But while the groups differ in detail, these details are not worth considering. "Anyone who studies the propaganda of the various groups which we have named will learn that the arguments employed are the same; that the tactics advocated cannot be distinguished from one another, and that articles, or speeches made on the question of tactics or methods by anarchists, could, with propriety, be published in socialist, or communist newspapers without offending the membership of these organizations." So, fortunately for the reader, it is unnecessary to make any distinctions between socialists, anarchists, communists, and Bolsheviki. They all have the common purpose of overthrowing existing society and "general strikes and sabotage are the direct means advocated". The object is to drive business into bankruptcy by reducing production and raising costs.[24]

But it would be a serious mistake to assume that the dangers are confined to our industrial system. "The very first general fact that must be driven home to Americans is that the pacifist movement in this country, the growth and connections of which are an important part of this report, is an absolutely integral and fundamental part of international socialism." European socialism, from which ours is derived, has had for one of its main purposes "the creation of an international sentiment to supersede national patriotism and effort, and this internationalism was based upon pacificism, in the sense that it opposed all wars between nations and developed at the same time class consciousness that was to culminate in relentless class warfare. In other words, it was not really peace that was the goal, but the abolition of the patriotic, warlike spirit of nationalities".

In view of the necessity of making head against this menace the Criminal Anarchy statute of the State of New York was invoked, search warrants issued, "large quantities of revolutionary, incendiary and seditious written and printed matter were seized". After the refusal of Governor Smith to sign them, the so-called Lusk educational bills were repassed and signed by the Republican Governor Miller. No teacher in the schools shall be licensed to teach who "has advocated, either by word of mouth or in writing, a form of government other than the government of the United States or of this state". Moreover, "No person, firm, corporation, association, or society shall conduct, maintain, or operate any school, institute, class, or course of instruction in any subject without making application for and being granted a license from the University of the State of New York [_i. e_. the Regents]." The Regents shall have the right to send inspectors to visit classes and schools so licensed and to revoke licenses if they deem that an overthrow of the existing government by violence is being taught.[25]

But the safe and sane philosophy by no means stops with the convenient and compendious identification of socialists of all kinds, anarchists, pacificists and internationalists, as belonging to one threatening group united in a like-minded attempt to overthrow society as we now know it. This class includes, it may be observed, such seemingly distinguishable personalities as Trotzky and Miss Jane Addams, who are assumed to be in essential harmony upon the great issue. But there are many others who are perhaps the innocent tools of the socialists. These include teachers, lecturers, writers, clergymen, and editors to whom the Lusk report devotes a long section on "the spread of socialism in educated circles". It is the purpose of this section

... to show the use made by members of the Socialist Party of America and other extreme radicals and revolutionaries of pacifist sentiment among people of education and culture in the United States as a vehicle for the promotion of revolutionary socialistic propaganda. The facts here related are important because they show that these socialists, playing upon the pacifist sentiment in a large body of sincere persons, were able to organize their energies and capitalize their prestige for the spread of their doctrines. [P. 969.]

An instance of this is an article in the _New Republic_ which:

... includes more or less open attacks on Attorney-General Palmer, Mr. Lansing, the House Immigration Committee, the New York _Times_, Senator Fall, this Committee, etc. It also quotes the dissenting opinions in the Abrams case of Justices Holmes and Brandeis, and ends by making light of the danger of revolution in America: ... This belittling of the very real danger to the institutions of this country, as well as the attempted discrediting of any investigating group (or individual), has become thoroughly characteristic of our "Parlor Bolshevik" or "Intelligentsia". [P. 1103.]

So it comes about, as might indeed have been foreseen from the first, that one finds himself, if not actually violating the criminal anarchy statute, at least branded as a Bolshevik if he speaks slightingly of the New York _Times_ or recalls the dissenting opinion of two judges of the Supreme Court.

Moreover, as might have been anticipated, the issues prove to be at bottom not so much economic as moral and religious, for "Materialism and its formidable sons, Anarchy, Bolshevism, and Unrest, have thrown down the gauge of battle" to all decency.

... What is of the greatest importance for churchmen to understand, in order that they may not be led astray by specious arguments of so-called Christian Socialists and so-called liberals and self-styled partisans of free speech, is that socialism as a system, as well as anarchism and all its ramifications, from high-brow Bolshevism to the Russian Anarchist Association, are all the declared enemies of religion and all recognized moral standards and restraints. [P. 1124.]

We must not be misled by "false, specious idealism masquerading as progress". The fight is one for God as well as country, in which all forms of radicalism, materialism, and anarchy should be fiercely and promptly stamped out.[26]

NOTES.

[21] Keynes, _The Economic Consequences of the Peace_, pp. 11-12.

[22] Tawney, R. H., _The Acquisitive Society_, pp. 183-184. The original title of this admirable little work, a Fabian tract, was, _The Sickness of an Acquisitive Society_, but the American publishers evidently thought it inexpedient to stress the contention of the author that modern society has anything fundamentally the matter with it.

[23] _Revolutionary Radicalism, Its History, Purpose, and Tactics: with an exposition and discussion of the steps being taken and required to curb it, being the report of the Joint Legislative Committee investigating seditious activities, filed April 24, 1920, in the Senate of the state of New York._ This comprises four stout volumes (over 4,200 pages in all) divided into two parts, dealing, respectively, with "Revolutionary and Subversive Movements at Home and Abroad" and "Constructive Movements and Measures in America". Albany, 1920.

[24] "While the nature of this investigation has led the committee to lay its emphasis upon the activities of subversive organizations, it feels that this report would not be complete if it did not state emphatically that it believes that those persons in business and commercial enterprise and certain owners of property who seek to take advantage of the situation to reap inordinate gain from the public contribute in no small part to the social unrest which affords the radical a field of operation which otherwise would be closed to him." (P. 10.)

[25] The general history throughout the United States of these and similar measures, the interference with public meetings, the trials, imprisonments, and censorship, are all set forth in Professor Chaffee's _Freedom of Speech_, 1920.

[26] During the summer of 1921 the Vice-President of the United States published in _The Delineator_ a series of three articles on "Enemies of the Republic", in which he considers the question, "Are the 'reds' stalking our college women?" He finds some indications that they are, and warns his readers that, "Adherence to radical doctrines means the ultimate breaking down of the old, sturdy virtues of manhood and womanhood, the insidious destruction of character, the weakening of the moral fiber of the individual, and the destruction of the foundations of society." It may seem anomalous to some that the defenders of the old, sturdy virtues should so carelessly brand honest and thoughtful men and women, of whose opinions they can have no real knowledge, as "enemies of the Republic"--but there is nothing whatever anomalous in this. It has been the habit of defenders of the sturdy, old virtues from time immemorial to be careless of others' reputations.

* * * * *

VIII

Dans les sciences politiques, il est un ordre de vérités qui, surtout chez les peuples libres ... ne peuvent être utiles, que lorsqu'elles sont généralement connues et avouées. Ainsi, l'influence du progrês de ces sciences sur la liberté, sur la prospérité des nations, doivent en quelque sorts se mesurer sur le nombre de ces vérités qui, par l'effet d'une instruction élémentaire, deviennent commune à tous les esprits; ainsi les progrès toujours croissants de cette instruction élémentaire, liés eux mêmes aux progrès nécessaires de ces sciences, nous répondent d'une amélioration dans les destinées de l'espèce humaine qui peut être regardée comme indéfinie, puisqu'elle n'a d'autres limites que celles de ces progrès mêmes.--CONDORCET.

16. SOME HISTORICAL REFLECTIONS ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF REPRESSION

Of course the kind of reasoning and the presuppositions described in the previous section will appeal to many readers as an illustration of excessive and unjustifiable fear lest the present order be disturbed --a frenzied impulse to rush to the defense of our threatened institutions. Doubtless the Lusk report may quite properly be classed as a mere episode in war psychology. Having armed to put down the Germans and succeeded in so doing, the ardor of conflict does not immediately abate, but new enemies are sought and easily discovered. The hysteria of repression will probably subside, but it is now a well-recognized fact that in disease, whether organic or mental, the abnormal and excessive are but instructive exaggerations and perversions of the usual course of things. They do not exist by themselves, but represent the temporary and exaggerated functioning of bodily and mental processes. The real question for us here is not whether Senator Lusk is too fearful and too indiscriminate in his denunciations, but whether he and his colleagues do not merely furnish an overcharged and perhaps somewhat grotesque instance of man's natural and impulsive way of dealing with social problems. It seems to me that enough has already been said to lead us to suspect this.

At the outset of this volume the statement was hazarded that if only men could come to look at things differently from the way they now generally do, a number of our most shocking evils would either remedy themselves or show themselves subject to gradual elimination or hopeful reduction. Among these evils a very fundamental one is the defensive attitude toward the criticism of our existing order and the naïve tendency to class critics as enemies of society. It was argued that a fuller understanding of the history of the race would contribute to that essential freedom of mind which would welcome criticism and permit fair judgments of its merits. Having reviewed the arguments of those who would suppress criticism lest it lead to violence and destruction, we may now properly recall in this connection certain often neglected historical facts which serve to weaken if not to discredit most of these arguments.

Man has never been able to adapt himself very perfectly to his civilization, and there has always been a deal of injustice and maladjustment which might conceivably have been greatly decreased by intelligence. But now it would seem that this chronic distress has become acute, and some careful observers express the quite honest conviction that unless thought be raised to a far higher plane than hitherto, some great setback to civilization is inevitable.

Yet instead of subjecting traditional ideas and rules to a thoroughgoing reconsideration, our impulse is, as we have seen, to hasten to justify existing and habitual notions of human conduct. There are many who flatter themselves that by suppressing so-called "radical" thought and its diffusion, the present system can be made to work satisfactorily on the basis of ideas of a hundred or a hundred thousand years ago.

While we have permitted our free thought in the natural sciences to transform man's old world, we allow our schools and even our universities to continue to inculcate beliefs and ideals which may or may not have been appropriate to the past, but which are clearly anachronisms now. For, the "social science" taught in our schools is, it would appear, an orderly presentation of the conventional proprieties, rather than a summons to grapple with the novel and disconcerting facts that surround us on every side.

At the opening of the twentieth century the so-called sciences of man, despite some progress, are, as has been pointed out, in much the same position that the natural sciences were some centuries earlier. Hobbes says of the scholastic philosophy that it went on one brazen leg and one of an ass. This seems to be our plight to-day. Our scientific leg is lusty and grows in strength daily; its fellow member--our thought of man and his sorry estate--is capricious and halting. We have not realized the hopes of the eighteenth-century "illumination", when confident philosophers believed that humanity was shaking off its ancient chains; that the clouds of superstition were lifting, and that with the new achievements of science man would boldly and rapidly advance toward hitherto undreamed-of concord and happiness. We can no longer countenance the specious precision of the English classical school of economics, whose premises have been given the lie by further thought and experience. We have really to start anew.

The students of natural phenomena early realized the arduous path they had to travel. They had to escape, above all things, from the past. They perceived that they could look for no help from those whose special business it was to philosophize and moralize in terms of the past. They had to look for light in their own way and in the directions from which they conjectured it might come. Their first object was, as Bacon put it, _light_, not _fruit_. They had to learn before they could undertake changes, and Descartes is very careful to say that philosophic doubt was not to be carried over to daily conduct. This should for the time being conform to accepted standards, unenlightened as they might be.

Such should be the frame of mind of one who seeks insight into human affairs. His subject matter is, however, far more intricate and unmanageable than that of the natural scientist. Experiment on which natural science has reared itself is by no means so readily applicable in studying mankind and its problems. The student of humanity has even more inveterate prejudices to overcome, more inherent and cultivated weaknesses of the mind to guard against, than the student of nature. Like the early scientists, he has a scholastic tradition to combat. He can look for little help from the universities as now constituted. The clergy, although less sensitive in regard to what they find in the Bible, are still stoutly opposed, on the whole, to any thoroughgoing criticism of the standards of morality to which they are accustomed. Few lawyers can view their profession with any considerable degree of detachment. Then there are the now all-potent business interests, backed by the politicians and in general supported by the ecclesiastical, legal, and educational classes. Many of the newspapers and magazines are under their influence, since they are become the business man's heralds and live off his bounty.

Business indeed has almost become our religion; it is defended by the civil government even as the later Roman emperors and the mediaeval princes protected the Church against attack. Socialists and communists are the Waldensians and Albigensians of our day, heretics to be cast out, suppressed, and deported to Russia, if not directly to hell as of old.

The Secret Service seems inclined to play the part of a modern Inquisition, which protects our new religion. Collected in its innumerable files is the evidence in regard to suspected heretics who have dared impugn "business as usual", or who have dwelt too lovingly on peace and good will among nations. Books and pamphlets, although no longer burned by the common hangman, are forbidden the mails by somewhat undiscerning officials. We have a pious vocabulary of high resentment and noble condemnation, even as they had in the Middle Ages, and part of it is genuine, if unintelligent, as it was then.

Such are some of the obstacles which the student of human affairs must surmount. Yet we may hope that it will become increasingly clear that the repression of criticism (even if such criticism becomes fault-finding and takes the form of a denunciation of existing habits and institutions) is inexpedient and inappropriate to the situation in which the world finds itself. Let us assume that such people as really advocate lawlessness and disorder should be carefully watched and checked if they promise to be a cause of violence and destruction. But is it not possible to distinguish between them and those who question and even arraign with some degree of heat the standardized unfairness and maladjustments of our times?

And there is another class who cannot by any exaggeration be considered agitators, who have by taking thought come to see that our conditions have so altered in the past hundred years and our knowledge so increased that the older ways of doing and viewing things are not only unreasonable, but actually dangerous. But so greatly has the hysteria of war unsettled the public mind that even this latter class is subject to discreditable accusations and some degree of interference.

We constantly hear it charged that this or that individual or group advocates the violent overthrow of government, is not loyal to the Constitution, or is openly or secretly working for the abolition of private property or the family, or, in general, is supposed to be eager to "overturn everything without having anything to put in its place".

The historical student may well recommend that we be on our guard against such accusations brought against groups and individuals. For the student of history finds that it has always been the custom to charge those who happened to be unpopular, with holding beliefs and doing things which they neither believed nor did. Socrates was executed for corrupting youth and infidelity to the gods; Jesus for proposing to overthrow the government; Luther was to the officials of his time one who taught "a loose, self-willed life, severed from all laws and wholly brutish".

Those who questioned the popular delusions in regard to witchcraft were declared by clergymen, professors, and judges of the seventeenth century to be as good as atheists, who shed doubt on the devil's existence in order to lead their godless lives without fear of future retribution. How is it possible, in view of this inveterate habit of mankind, to accept at its face value what the police or Department of Justice, or self-appointed investigators, choose to report of the teachings of people who are already condemned in their eyes?

Of course the criticism of accepted ideas is offensive and will long remain so. After all, talk and writing are forms of conduct, and, like all conduct, are inevitably disagreeable when they depart from the current standards of respectable behavior. To talk as if our established notions of religion, morality, and property, our ideas of stealing and killing, were defective and in need of revision, is indeed more shocking than to violate the current rules of action. For we are accustomed to actual crimes, misdemeanors, and sins, which are happening all the time, but we will not tolerate any suspected attempt to palliate them in theory.

It is inevitable that new views should appear to the thoughtless to be justifications or extenuations of evil actions and an encouragement of violence and rebellion, and that they will accordingly be bitterly denounced. But there is no reason why an increase of intelligence should not put a growing number of us on our guard against this ancient pitfall.

If we are courageously to meet and successfully to overcome the dangers with which our civilization is threatened, it is clear that we need _more mind_ than ever before. It is also clear that we can have indefinitely more mind than we already have if we but honestly desire it and avail ourselves of resources already at hand. Mind, as previously defined, is our "conscious knowledge and intelligence, what we know and our attitude toward it--our disposition to increase our information, classify it, criticize it, and apply it". _It is obvious that in this sense the mind is a matter of accumulation and that it has been in the making ever since man took his first step in civilization._ I have tried to suggest the manner in which man's long history illuminates our plight and casts light on the path to be followed. And history is beginning to take account of the knowledge of man's nature and origin contributed by the biologist and the anthropologist and the newer psychologists.

Few people realize the hopeful revolution that is already beginning to influence the aims and methods of all these sciences of man. No previous generation of thinkers has been so humble on the whole as is that of to-day, so ready to avow their ignorance and to recognize the tendency of each new discovery to reveal further complexities in the problem. On the other hand, we are justified in feeling that at last we have the chance to start afresh. We are freer than any previous age from the various prepossessions and prejudices which we now see hampered the so-called "free" thinking of the eighteenth century.

The standards and mood of natural science are having an increasing influence in stimulating eager research into human nature, beliefs, and institutions. With Bacon's recommendations of the study of common _things_ the human mind entered a new stage of development. Now that historic forces have brought the common _man_ to the fore, we are submitting him to scientific study and gaining thereby that elementary knowledge of his nature which needs to be vastly increased and spread abroad, since it can form the only possible basis for a successful and real democracy.

I would not have the reader infer that I overrate the place of science or exact knowledge in the life of man. Science, which is but the most accurate information available about the world in which we live and the nature of ourselves and of our fellow men, is not the whole of life; and except to a few peculiar persons it can never be the most absorbing and vivid of our emotional satisfactions. We are poetic and artistic and romantic and mystical. We resent the cold analysis and reduction of life to the commonplace and well substantiated--and this is after all is said, the aim of scientific endeavor. But we have to adjust ourselves to a changing world in the light of constantly accumulating knowledge. It is knowledge that has altered the world and we must rely on knowledge and understanding to accommodate ourselves to our new surroundings and establish peace and order and security for the pursuit of those things that to most of us are more enticing than science itself.[27]

No previous generation has been so perplexed as ours, but none has ever been justified in holding higher hopes if it could but reconcile itself to making bold and judicious use of its growing resources, material and intellectual. _It is fear that holds us back._ And fear is begotten of ignorance and uncertainty. And these mutually reinforce one another, for we feebly try to condone our ignorance by our uncertainty and to excuse our uncertainty by our ignorance.

Our hot defense of our ideas and beliefs does not indicate an established confidence in them but often half-distrust, which we try to hide from ourselves, just as one who suffers from bashfulness offsets his sense of inferiority and awkwardness by rude aggression. If, for example, religious beliefs had been really firmly established there would have been no need of "aids to faith"; and so with our business system to-day, our politics and international relations. We dread to see things as they would appear if we thought of them honestly, for it is the nature of critical thought to metamorphose our familiar and approved world into something strange and unfamiliar. It is undoubtedly a nervous sense of the precariousness of the existing social system which accounts for the present strenuous opposition to a fair and square consideration of its merits and defects.

Partisanship is our great curse. We too readily assume that everything has two sides and that it is our duty to be on one or the other. We must be defending or attacking something; only the lily-livered hide their natural cowardice by asking the impudent

question, What is it all about? The heroic gird on the armor of the Lord, square their shoulders, and establish a muscular tension which serves to dispel doubt and begets the voluptuousness of bigotry and fanaticism.[28] In this mood questions become issues of right and wrong, not of expediency and inexpediency. It has been said that the worthy people of Cambridge are able promptly to reduce the most complex social or economic problem to a simple moral issue, and this is a wile of the Father of Lies, to which many of us yield readily enough.

It is, however, possible for the individual to overcome the fear of thought. Once I was afraid that men might think too much; now, I only dread lest they will think too little and far too timidly, for I now see that real thinking is rare and difficult and that it needs every incentive in the face of innumerable ancient and inherent discouragements and impediments. We must first endeavor manfully to free our own minds and then do what we can to hearten others to free theirs. _Toujours de l'audace!_ As members of a race that has required from five hundred thousand to a million years to reach its present state of enlightenment, there is little reason to think that anyone of us is likely to cultivate intelligence too assiduously or in harmful excess.

17. WHAT OF IT?

Our age is one of unprecedented responsibility. As Mr. Lippmann has so well said:

Never before have we had to rely so completely on ourselves. No guardian to think for us, no precedent to follow without question, no lawmaker above, only ordinary men set to deal with heartbreaking perplexity. All weakness comes to the surface. We are homeless in a jungle of machines and untamed powers that haunt and lure the imagination. Of course our culture is confused, our thinking spasmodic, and our emotion out of kilter. No mariner ever enters upon a more uncharted sea than does the average human being born in the twentieth century. Our ancestors thought they knew their way from birth through all eternity; we are puzzled about day after to-morrow.... It is with emancipation that real tasks begin, and liberty is a searching challenge, for it takes away the guardianship of the master and the comfort of the priest. The iconoclasts did not free us. They threw us into the water, and now we have to swim.[29]

We must look forward to ever new predicaments and adventures. _Nothing is going to be settled in the sense in which things were once supposed to be settled, for the simple reason that knowledge will probably continue to increase and will inevitably alter the world with which we have to make terms_. The only thing that might conceivably remain somewhat stabilized is an attitude of mind and unflagging expectancy appropriate to the terms and the rules according to which life's game must hereafter be played. We must promote a new cohesion and co-operation on the basis of this truth. And this means that we have now to substitute purpose for tradition, and this is a concise statement of the great revolution which we face.

Now, when all human institutions so slowly and laboriously evolved are impugned, every consensus challenged, every creed flouted, as much as and perhaps even more than by the ancient Sophists, the call comes to us ... to explore, test, and, if necessary, reconstruct the very bases of conviction, for all open questions are new opportunities. Old beacon lights have shifted or gone out. Some of the issues we lately thought to be minor have taken on cosmic dimensions. We are all "up against" questions too big for us, so that there is everywhere a sense of insufficiency which is too deep to be fully deployed in the narrow field of consciousness. Hence, there is a new discontent with old leaders, standards, criteria, methods, and values, and a demand everywhere for new ones, a realization that mankind must now reorient itself and take its bearings from the eternal stars and sail no longer into the unknown future by the dead reckonings of the past.[30]

Life, in short, has become a solemn sporting proposition--solemn enough in its heavy responsibilities and the magnitude of the stakes to satisfy our deepest religious longings; sporty enough to tickle the fancy of a baseball fan or an explorer in darkest Borneo. We can play the game or refuse to play it. At present most of human organization, governmental, educational, social, and religious, is directed, as it always has been, to holding things down, and to perpetuating beliefs and policies which belong to the past and have been but too gingerly readjusted to our new knowledge and new conditions. On the other hand, there are various scientific associations which are bent on revising and amplifying our knowledge and are not pledged to keeping alive any belief or method which cannot stand the criticism which comes with further information. The terrible fear of falling into mere rationalizing is gradually extending from the so-called natural sciences to psychology, anthropology, politics, and political economy. All this is a cheering response to the new situation.

But, as has been pointed out, really honest discussion of our social, economic, and political standards and habits readily takes on the suspicion of heresy and infidelity. Just as the "freethinker" who, in the eighteenth century, strove to discredit miracles in the

name of an all-wise and foreseeing God (who could not be suspected of tampering with his own laws), was accused of being an atheist and of really believing in no God at all; so those who would ennoble our ideals of social organization are described as "Intellectuals" or "parlor Bolshevists" who would overthrow society and all the achievements of the past in order to free themselves from moral and religious restraints and mayhap "get something for nothing". The parallel is very exact indeed.

The Church always argued that there were no new heresies. All would, on examination, prove to be old and discredited. So the Vice-President of the United States has recently declared that:

Men have experimented with radical theories in great and small ways times without number and always, always with complete failure. They are not new; they are old. Each failure has demonstrated anew that without effort there is no success. The race never gets something for nothing.[31]

But is this not a complete reversal of the obvious truth? Unless we define "radical" as that which never does succeed, how can anyone with the most elementary notions of history fail to see that almost all the things that we prize to-day represent revolts against tradition, and were in their beginnings what seemed to be shocking divergences from current beliefs and practices? What about Christianity, and Protestantism, and constitutional government, and the rejection of old superstitions and the acceptance of modern scientific ideas? The race has always been getting something for nothing, for creative thought is, as we have seen, confined to a very few. And it has been the custom to discourage or kill those who prosecuted it too openly, not to reward them according to their merits.

One cannot but wonder at this constantly recurring phrase "getting something for nothing", as if it were the peculiar and perverse ambition of disturbers of society. Except for our animal outfit, practically all we have is handed to us gratis. Can the most complacent reactionary flatter himself that he invented the art of writing or the printing press, or discovered his religious, economic, and moral convictions, or any of the devices which supply him with meat and raiment or any of the sources of such pleasure as he may derive from literature or the fine arts? In short, civilization is little else than getting something for nothing. Like other vested interests, it is "the legitimate right to something for nothing".[32] How much execrable reasoning and how many stupid accusations would fall away if this truth were accepted as a basis of discussion! Of course there is no more flagrant example of a systematic endeavor to get something for nothing than the present business system based on profits, and absentee ownership of stocks.

Since the invention of printing, and indeed long before, those fearful of change have attempted to check criticism by attacking books. These were classified as orthodox or heterodox, moral or immoral, treasonable or loyal, according to their tone. Unhappily this habit continues and shows itself in the distinction between sound and unsound, radical and conservative, safe and dangerous. The sensible question to ask about a book is obviously whether it makes some contribution to a clearer understanding of our situation by adding or reaffirming important considerations and the inferences to be made from these. Such books could be set off against those that were but expressions of vague discontent or emulation, or denunciations of things because they are as they are or are not as they are not. I have personally little confidence in those who cry lo here or lo there. It is premature to advocate any wide sweeping reconstruction of the social order, although experiments and suggestions should not be discouraged. What we need first is a change of heart and a chastened mood which will permit an ever increasing number of people to see things as they are, in the light of what they have been and what they might be. The dogmatic socialist with his unhistorical assumptions of class struggle, his exaggerated economic interpretation of history, and his notion that labor is the sole producer of capital, is shedding scarcely more light on the actual situation than is the Lusk Committee and Mr. Coolidge, with their confidence in the sacredness of private property, as they conceive it, in the perennial rightness and inspiration of existing authority and the blessedness of the profit system. But there are plenty of writers, to mention only a few of the more recent ones, like Veblen, Dewey, J. A. Hobson, Tawney, Cole, Havelock Ellis, Bertrand Russell, Graham Wallas, who may or may not have (or ever have had) any confidence in the presuppositions and forecasts of socialism, whose books do make clearer to any fair-minded reader the painful exigencies of our own times.

I often think of the economic historians of, say, two centuries hence who may find time to dig up the vestiges of the economic literature of to-day. We may in imagination appeal to their verdicts and in some cases venture to forecast them. Many of our writers they will throw aside as dominated by a desire merely to save the ill-understood present at all costs; others as attempting to realize plans which were already discredited in their own day. Future historians will, nevertheless, clearly distinguish a few who, by a sort of persistent and ardent detachment, were able to see things close at hand more fully and truly than their fellows and endeavored to do what they could to lead their fellows to perceive and reckon with the facts which so deeply concerned them. Blessed be those who aspire to win this glory. On the monument erected to Bruno on the site where he was burned for seeing more clearly than

those in authority in his days, is the simple inscription, "Raised to Giordano Bruno by the generation which he foresaw."

We are all purblind, but some are blinder than others who use the various means available for sharpening their eyesight. As an onlooker it seems to me safe to say that the lenses recommended by both the "radicals" and their vivid opponents rather tend to increase than diminish our natural astigmatism.

Those who agree, on the whole, at least, with the _facts_ brought together in this essay and, on the whole, with the main _inferences_ suggested either explicitly or implicitly, will properly begin to wonder how our educational system and aims are to be so rearranged that coming generations may be better prepared to understand the condition of human life and to avail themselves of its possibilities more fully and guard against its dangers more skillfully than previous generations. There is now widespread discontent with our present educational methods and their elaborate futility; but it seems to me that we are rather rarely willing to face the fundamental difficulty, for it is obviously so very hard to overcome. _We do not dare to be honest enough to tell boys and girls and young men and women what would be most useful to them in an age of imperative social reconstruction._

We have seen that the ostensible aims of education are various,[33] and that among them is now included the avowed attempt to prepare the young to play their part later as voting citizens. If they are to do better than preceding generations they must be brought up differently. They would have to be given a different general attitude toward institutions and ideals; instead of having these represented to them as standardized and sacred they should be taught to view them as representing half-solved problems. But how can we ever expect to cultivate the judgment of the young in matters of fundamental social, economic, and political readjustment when we consider the really dominating forces in education? But even if these restraints were weakened or removed, the task would remain a very delicate one. Even with teachers free and far better informed than they are, it would be no easy thing to cultivate in the young a justifiable admiration for the achievements and traditional ideals of mankind and at the same time develop the requisite knowledge of the prevailing abuses, culpable stupidity, common dishonesty, and empty political buncombe, which too often passes for statesmanship.

But the problem has to be tackled, and it may be tackled directly or indirectly. The direct way would be to describe as realistically as might be the actual conditions and methods, and their workings, good and bad. If there were better books than are now available it would be possible for teachers tactfully to show not only how government is supposed to run, but how it actually is run. There are plenty of reports of investigating committees, Federal and state, which furnish authentic information in regard to political corruption, graft, waste, and incompetency. These have not hitherto been supposed to have anything to do with the _science_ of government, although they are obviously absolutely essential to an _understanding_ of it. Similar reflections suggest themselves in the matter of business, international relations, and race animosities. But so long as our schools depend on appropriations made by politicians, and colleges and universities are largely supported by business men or by the state, and are under the control of those who are bent on preserving the existing system from criticism, it is hard to see any hope of a kind of education which would effectively question the conventional notions of government and business. They cannot be discussed with sufficient honesty to make their consideration really medicinal. We laud the brave and outspoken and those supposed to have the courage of their convictions--but only when these convictions are acceptable or indifferent to us. Otherwise, honesty and frankness become mere impudence.[34]

No doubt politics and economics could be taught, and are being taught, better as time goes on. Neither of them are so utterly unreal and irrelevant to human proceedings as they formerly were. There is no reason why a teacher of political economy should not describe the actual workings of the profit system of industry with its restraints on production and its dependence on the engineer, and suggest the possibility of gathering together capital from functionless absentee stockholders on the basis of the current rate of interest rather than speculative dividends. The actual conditions of the workers could be described, their present precarious state, the inordinate and wasteful prevalence of hiring and firing; the policy of the unions, and their defensive and offensive tactics. Every youngster might be given some glimmering notion that neither "private property" nor "capital" is the real issue (since few question their essentiality) but rather the new problem of supplying other than the traditional motives for industrial enterprise--namely, the slave-like docility and hard compulsion of the great masses of workers, on the one hand, and speculative profits, on the other, which now dominate in our present business system. For the existing organization is not only becoming more and more patently wasteful, heartless, and unjust, but is beginning, for various reasons, to break down. In short, whatever the merits of our present ways of producing the material necessities and amenities of life, it looks to many as if they could not succeed indefinitely, even as well as they have in the past, without some fundamental revision.

As for political life, a good deal would be accomplished if students could be habituated to distinguish successfully between the empty declamations of politicians and statements of facts, between vague party programs and concrete recommendations and

proposals. They should early learn that language is not primarily a vehicle of ideas and information, but an emotional outlet, corresponding to various cooings, growlings, snarls, crowings, and brayings. Their attention could be invited to the rhetoric of the bitter-enders in the Senate or the soothing utterances of Mr. Harding on accepting the nomination for President:

"With a Senate advising as the Constitution contemplates, I would hopefully approach the nations of Europe and of the earth, proposing that understanding which makes us a willing participant in the consecration of nations to a new relationship, to commit the moral forces of the world, America included, to peace and international justice, still leaving America free, independent, self-reliant, but offering friendship to all the world. If men call for more specific details, I remind them that moral committals are broad and all-inclusive, and we are contemplating peoples in the concord of humanity's advancement."

After mastering the difference between language used to express facts and purposes and that which amounts to no more than a pious ejaculation, a suave and deprecating gesture, or an inferential accusation directed against the opposing party, the youth should be instructed in the theory and practice of party fidelity and the effects of partisanship on the conduct of our governmental affairs. In fine, he should get some notion of the motives and methods of those who really run our government, whether he learned anything else or not.

These _direct_ attempts to produce a more intelligently critical and open-minded generation are, however, likely to be far less feasible than the _indirect_ methods. Partly because they will arouse strenuous opposition from the self-appointed defenders of society as now regulated, and partly because no immediate inspection of habits and institutions is so instructive as a study of their origin and progress and a comparison of them with other forms of social adjustment. I hope that it has already become clear that we have great, and hitherto only very superficially worked, resources in History, as it is now coming to be conceived.

We are in the midst of the greatest intellectual revolution that has ever overtaken mankind. Our whole conception of mind is undergoing a great change. We are beginning to understand its nature, and as we find out more, intelligence may be raised to a recognized dignity and effectiveness which it has never enjoyed before. An encouraging beginning has been made in the case of the natural sciences, and a similar success may await the studies which have to do with the critical estimate of man's complicated nature, his fundamental impulses and resources, the needless and fatal repressions which these have suffered through the ignorance of the past, and the discovery of untried ways of enriching our existence and improving our relations with our fellow men.

There[35] is a well-known passage in Goethe's "Faust" where he likens History to the Book with Seven Seals described in Revelation, which no one in heaven, or on the earth or under the earth, was able to open and read therein. All sorts of guesses have been hazarded as to its contents by Augustine, Orosius, Otto of Freising, Bossuet, Bolingbroke, Voltaire, Herder, Hegel, and many others, but none of them were able to break the seals, and all of them were gravely misled by their fragmentary knowledge of the book's contents. For we now see that the seven seals were seven great ignorances. No one knew much (1) of man's physical nature, or (2) the workings of his thoughts and desires, or (3) of the world in which he lives, or (4) of how he has come about as a race, or (5) of how he develops as an individual from a tiny egg, or (6) how deeply and permanently he is affected by the often forgotten impressions of infancy and childhood, or (7) how his ancestors lived for hundreds of thousands of years in the dark ignorance of savagery.

The seals are all off now. The book at last lies open before those who are capable of reading it, and few they be as yet; for most of us still cling to the guesses made in regard to its contents before anyone knew what was in it. We have become attached to the familiar old stories which now prove to be fictions, and we find it hard to reconcile ourselves to the many hard sayings which the book proves to contain--its constant stress on the stupidity of "good" people; its scorn for the respectable and normal, which it often reduces to little more than sanctimonious routine and indolence and pious resentment at being disturbed in one's complacent assurances. Indeed, much of its teaching appears downright immoral according to existing standards.

One awful thing that the Book of the Past makes plain is that with our animal heritage we are singularly oblivious to the large concerns of life. We are keenly sensitive to little discomforts, minor irritations, wounded vanity, and various danger signals; but our comprehension is inherently vague and listless when it comes to grasping intricate situations and establishing anything like a fair perspective in life's problems and possibilities. Our imagination is restrained by our own timidity, constantly reinforced by the warnings of our fellows, who are always urging us to be safe and sane, by which they mean convenient for them, predictable in our conduct and graciously amenable to the prevailing standards.

But it is obvious that it is increasingly dangerous to yield to this inveterate tendency, however comfortable and respectable it may seem for the moment.

History, as H. G. Wells has so finely expressed it, is coming more and more to be "a race between education and catastrophe. Our internal policies and our economic and social ideas are profoundly vitiated at present by wrong and fantastic ideas of the origin and historical relationship of social classes. A sense of history as the common adventure of all mankind is as necessary for peace within as it is for peace between the nations". There can be no secure peace now but a common peace of the whole world; no prosperity but a general prosperity, and this for the simple reason that we are all now brought so near together and are so pathetically and intricately interdependent, that the old notions of noble Isolation and national sovereignty are magnificently criminal.

In the bottom of their hearts, or the depths of their unconscious, do not the conservatively minded realize that their whole attitude toward the world and its betterment is based on an assumption that finds no least support in the Great Book of the Past? Does it not make plain that the "conservative", so far as he is consistent and lives up to his professions, is fatally in the wrong? The so-called "radical" is also almost always wrong, for no one can foresee the future. But he works on a right assumption--namely, that the future has so far always proved different from the past and that it will continue to do so. Some of us, indeed, see that the future is tending to become more and more rapidly and widely different from the past. The conservative himself furnishes the only illustration of his theory, and even that is highly inconclusive. His general frame of mind appears to remain constant, but he finds himself defending and rejecting very different things. The great issue may, according to the period, be a primeval taboo, the utterances of the Delphic oracle, the Athanasian creed, the Inquisition, the geocentric theory, monarchy by the grace of God, witchcraft, slavery, war, capitalism, private property, or noble isolation. All of these tend to appear to the conservative under the aspect of eternity, but all of these things have come, many of them have gone, and the remainder would seem to be subject to undreamed-of modifications as time goes on. This is the teaching of the now unsealed book.

NOTES.

[27] Mr. James Branch Cabell has in his _Beyond Life_ defended man's romantic longings and inexorable craving to live part of the time at least in a world far more sweetly molded to his fancy than that of natural science and political economy. There is no reason why man should live by bread alone. There is a time, however, for natural science and political economy, for they should establish the conditions in which we may rejoice in our vital lies, which will then do no harm and bring much joy.

[28] The relation of our kinesthesia or muscular sense to fanaticism on the one hand and freedom of mind on the other is a matter now beginning to be studied with the promise of highly important results.

[29] _Drift and Mastery_, pp. 196-197.

[30] G. Stanley Hall, "The Message of the Zeitgeist", in _Scientific Monthly_, August, 1921--a very wonderful and eloquent appeal by one of our oldest and boldest truth seekers.

[31] _Delineator_, August, 1921, p. II.

[32] Adopting Mr. Veblen's definition of a vested interest which caused some scandal in conservative circles when it was first reported. Doubtless the seeming offensiveness of the latter part of the definition obscured its reassuring beginning.

[33] See Section 2 above.

[34] The wise Goethe has said, _"Zieret Stärke den Mann und freies, muthiges Wesen, O, so ziemet ihm fast tiefes Geheimniss noch mehr"_, --Römische Elegien, xx.

[35] The closing reflections are borrowed from _The Leaflet_, issued by the students of the New School for Social Research, established in New York in 1919, with a view of encouraging adults to continue their studies in the general spirit and mood which permeate this essay.

APPENDIX

SOME SUGGESTIONS IN REGARD TO READING

It may happen that among the readers of this essay there will be some who will ask how they can most readily get a clearer idea of the various newer ways of looking at mankind and the problems of the day. The following list of titles is furnished with a view of doing something to meet this demand. It is not a bibliography in the usual sense of the term. It is confined to rather short and readily understandable presentations appropriate to the overcrowded schedule upon which most of us have to operate. All the writers

mentioned belong, however, to that rather small class whose opinions are worth considering, even if one reserves the imprescriptible right not to agree with all they say. There may well be better references than those with which I happen to be acquainted, and others quite as useful; but I can hardly imagine anyone, whatever his degree of information, unless he happens to be a specialist in the particular field, failing to gain something of value from any one of the volumes mentioned.

For the astounding revelations in regard to the fundamental nature of matter and the ways in which the modern chemist plays with it, see John Mills, _Within the Atom_ (D. Van Nostrand Company), and Slosson, _Creative Chemistry_ (The Century Company).

A general account of the evolutionary process will be found in Crampton, _The Doctrine of Evolution_ (Columbia University Press), chaps, i-v. For our development as an individual from the egg see Conklin, _Heredity and Environment_ (Princeton University Press).

The general scope of modern anthropology and the influence of this study on our notions of mankind as we now find it can be gathered from Goldenweiser, _Early Civilization, Introduction to Anthropology_ (Knopf). This should be supplemented by the remarkable volume of essays by Franz Boas, _The Mind of Primitive Man_ (Macmillan).

Of the more recent and easily available books relating to the reconstruction of philosophy and the newer conceptions in regard to mind and intelligence the following may be mentioned: Dewey, _Reconstruction in Philosophy_ and _Human Nature and Conduct_ (Holt); Woodworth, _Dynamic Psychology_ (Columbia University Press); _Trotter, Instincts of the Herd in Peace and War_ (Macmillan)--especially the first two sections, pp. 1-65; Bernard Hart, _The Psychology of Insanity_ (Putnam), an admirable little introduction to the importance of abnormal mental conditions in understanding our usual thoughts and emotions; McDougall, _Social Psychology_ (J. W. Luce); Everett D. Martin, _The Behavior of Crowds_ (Harpers); Edman, _Human Traits_ (Houghton-Mifflin). For the so-called behavioristic interpretation of mankind, see Watson, _Psychology from the Standpoint of a Behaviorist_ (Lippincott). Haldane, _Mechanism, Life, and Personality_ (Dutton), is a short discussion of some of the most fundamental elements in our modern conception of life itself.

When it comes to gaining an idea of "Freudianism" and all the overwhelming discoveries, theories, and suggestions due to those who have busied themselves with the lasting effects of infantile and childish experiences, of hidden desires--sexual and otherwise, of "the Unconscious" and psychoanalysis, while there are many books, great and small, there would be no unanimity of opinion among those somewhat familiar with the subjects as to what should be recommended. It would be well if everyone could read in Havelock Ellis, _The Philosophy of Conflict_ (Houghton-Mifflin), the essay (XVIII) on Freud and his influence. Wilfred Lay, _Man's Unconscious Conflict_ (Dodd, Mead), is a popular exposition of psychoanalysis, and Tansley, _The New Psychology_ (Dodd, Mead), likewise. Harvey O'Higgins, _The Secret Springs_ (Harpers), reports, in a pleasing manner, some of the actual medical experiences of Dr. Edward Reede of Washington. But much of importance remains unsaid in all these little books for which one would have to turn to Freud himself, his present and former disciples, his enemies, and the special contributions of investigators and practitioners in this new and essential field of psychological research and therapy.

Turning to the existing industrial system, its nature, defects, and recommendations for its reform, I may say that I think that relatively little is to be derived from the common run of economic textbooks. The following compendious volumes give an analysis of the situation and a consideration of the proposed remedies for existing evils and maladjustments: Veblen, _The Vested Interests and the Common Man_, also his _The Engineers and the Price System_ (Huebsch); J. A. Hobson, _Democracy after the War_ (Macmillan) and his more recent _Problems of a New World_ (Macmillan); Tawney, _The Acquisitive Society_ (Harcourt, Brace); Bertrand Russell, _Why Men Fight_ (Century) and his _Proposed Roads to Freedom_ (Holt), in which he describes clearly the history and aims of the various radical leaders and parties of recent times.

As for newer views and criticism of the modern state and political life in general, in addition to Mr. Hobson's books mentioned above, the following are of importance: Graham Wallas, _The Great Society_ (Macmillan); Harold Laski, _Authority in the Modern State_ and _Problems of Sovereignty_ (Yale University Press); Walter Lippmann, _Preface to Politics_ and _Drift and Mastery_ (Holt).

J. Russell Smith, _The World's Food Resources_ (Holt), is a larger and more detailed discussion than most of those recommended above, but contains a number of general facts and comment of first-rate importance.

One who desires a highly thoughtful and scholarly review of the trend of religious thought in recent times should read McGiffert, _The Rise of Modern Religious Ideas_ (Macmillan).

End of Project Gutenberg's The Mind in the Making, by James Harvey Robinson

==========

The Ethics of Aristotle

Aristotle

Project Gutenberg Release: July 01, 2005 · eBook #8438

The Nicomachean Ethics of Aristotle

By Aristotle

Introduction by J. A. Smith

Contents

INTRODUCTION

ARISTOTLE'S ETHICS BOOK I BOOK II BOOK III BOOK IV BOOK V BOOK VI BOOK VII BOOK VIII BOOK IX BOOK X NOTES

INTRODUCTION

The _Ethics_ of Aristotle is one half of a single treatise of which his _Politics_ is the other half. Both deal with one and the same subject. This subject is what Aristotle calls in one place the "philosophy of human affairs;" but more frequently Political or Social Science. In the two works taken together we have their author's whole theory of human conduct or practical activity, that is, of all human activity which is not directed merely to knowledge or truth. The two parts of this treatise are mutually complementary, but in a literary sense each is independent and self-contained. The proem to the _Ethics_ is an introduction to the whole subject, not merely to the first part; the last chapter of the _Ethics_ points forward to the _Politics_, and sketches for that part of the treatise the order of enquiry to be pursued (an order which in the actual treatise is not adhered to).

The principle of distribution of the subject-matter between the two works is far from obvious, and has been much debated. Not much can be gathered from their titles, which in any case were not given to them by their author. Nor do these titles suggest any very compact unity in the works to which they are applied: the plural forms, which survive so oddly in English (Ethic_s_, Politic_s_), were intended to indicate the treatment within a single work of a _group_ of connected questions. The unity of the first group arises from their centring round the topic of character, that of the second from their connection with the existence and life of the city or state. We have thus to regard the _Ethics_ as dealing with one group of problems and the _Politics_ with a second, both falling within the wide compass of Political Science. Each of these groups falls into sub-groups which roughly correspond to the several books in each work. The tendency to take up one by one the various problems which had suggested themselves in the wide field obscures both the unity of the subject-matter and its proper articulation. But it is to be remembered that what is offered us is avowedly rather an enquiry than an exposition of hard and fast doctrine.

Nevertheless each work aims at a relative completeness, and it is important to observe the relation of each to the other. The distinction is not that the one treats of Moral and the other of Political Philosophy, nor again that the one deals with the moral activity of the individual and the other with that of the State, nor once more that the one gives us the theory of human conduct, while the other discusses its application in practice, though not all of these misinterpretations are equally erroneous. The clue to the right interpretation is given by Aristotle himself, where in the last chapter of the _Ethics_ he is paving the way for the _Politics_. In the _Ethics_ he has not confined himself to the abstract or isolated individual, but has always thought of him, or we might say, in his social and political context, with a given nature due to race and heredity and in certain surroundings. So viewing him he has studied the nature and formation of his character—all that he can make himself or be made by others to be. Especially he has investigated the various admirable forms of human character and the mode of their production. But all this, though it brings more clearly before us what goodness or virtue is, and how it is to be reached, remains mere theory or talk. By itself it does not enable us to become, or to help others to become, good. For this it is necessary to bring into play the great force of the Political Community or State, of which the main instrument is Law. Hence arises the demand for the necessary complement to the _Ethics, i.e._, a treatise devoted to the questions which centre round the enquiry; by what organisation of social or political forces, by what laws or institutions can we best secure the greatest amount of good character?

We must, however, remember that the production of good character is not the end of either individual or state action: that is the aim of the one and the other because good character is the indispensable condition and chief determinant of happiness, itself the goal of all human doing. The end of all action, individual or collective, is the greatest happiness of the greatest number. There is, Aristotle insists, no difference of kind between the good of one and the good of many or all. The sole difference is one of amount or scale. This does not mean simply that the State exists to secure in larger measure the objects of degree which the isolated individual attempts, but is too feeble, to secure without it. On the contrary, it rather insists that whatever goods society alone enables a man to secure have always had to the individual—whether he realised it or not—the value which, when so secured, he recognises them to possess. The best and happiest life for the individual is that which the State renders possible, and this it does mainly by revealing to him the value of new objects of desire and educating him to appreciate them. To Aristotle or to Plato the State is, above all, a large and powerful educative agency which gives the individual increased opportunities of self-development and greater capacities for the enjoyment of life.

Looking forward, then, to the life of the State as that which aids support, and combines the efforts of the individual to obtain happiness, Aristotle draws no hard and fast distinction between the spheres of action of Man as individual and Man as citizen. Nor does the division of his discussion into the _Ethics_ and the _Politics_ rest upon any such distinction. The distinction implied is rather between two stages in the life of the civilised man—the stage of preparation for the full life of the adult citizen, and the stage of the actual exercise or enjoyment of citizenship. Hence the _Ethics_, where his attention is directed upon the formation of character, is largely and centrally a treatise on Moral Education. It discusses especially those admirable human qualities which fit a man for life in an organised civic community, which makes him “a good citizen,” and considers how they can be fostered or created and their opposites prevented.

This is the kernel of the _Ethics_, and all the rest is subordinate to this main interest and purpose. Yet “the rest” is not irrelevant; the whole situation in which character grows and operates is concretely conceived. There is a basis of what we should call Psychology, sketched in firm outlines, the deeper presuppositions and the wider issues of human character and conduct are not ignored, and there is no little of what we should call Metaphysics. But neither the Psychology nor the Metaphysics is elaborated, and only so much is brought forward as appears necessary to put the main facts in their proper perspective and setting. It is this combination of width of outlook with close observation of the concrete facts of conduct which gives its abiding value to the work, and justifies the view of it as containing Aristotle’s Moral Philosophy. Nor is it important merely as summing up the moral judgments and speculations of an age now long past. It seizes and dwells upon those elements and features in human practice which are most essential and permanent, and it is small wonder that so much in it survives in our own ways of regarding conduct and speaking of it. Thus it still remains one of the classics of Moral Philosophy, nor is its value likely soon to be exhausted.

As was pointed out above, the proem (Book I., cc. i-iii.) is a prelude to the treatment of the whole subject covered by the _Ethics_ and the _Politics_ together. It sets forth the purpose of the enquiry, describes the spirit in which it is to be undertaken and what ought to be the expectation of the reader, and lastly states the necessary conditions of studying it with profit. The aim of it is the acquisition and propagation of a certain kind of knowledge (science), but this knowledge and the thinking which brings it about are subsidiary to a practical end. The knowledge aimed at is of what is best for man and of the conditions of its realisation. Such knowledge is that which in its consumate form we find in great statesmen, enabling them to organise and administer their states and regulate by law the life of the citizens to their advantage and happiness, but it is the same kind of knowledge which on a smaller scale secures success in the management of the family or of private life.

It is characteristic of such knowledge that it should be deficient in “exactness,” in precision of statement, and closeness of logical concatenation. We must not look for a mathematics of conduct. The subject-matter of Human Conduct is not governed by necessary and uniform laws. But this does not mean that it is subject to no laws. There are general principles at work in it, and these can be formulated in “rules,” which rules can be systematised or unified. It is all-important to remember that practical or moral rules are only general and always admit of exceptions, and that they arise not from the mere complexity of the facts, but from the liability of the facts to a certain unpredictable variation. At their very best, practical rules state probabilities, not certainties; a relative constancy of connection is all that exists, but it is enough to serve as a guide in life. Aristotle here holds the balance between a misleading hope of reducing the subject-matter of conduct to a few simple rigorous abstract principles, with conclusions necessarily issuing from them, and the view that it is the field of operation of inscrutable forces acting without predictable regularity. He does not pretend to find in it absolute uniformities, or to deduce the details from his principles. Hence, too, he insists on the necessity of experience as the source or test of all that he has to say. Moral experience—the actual possession and exercise of good character—is necessary truly to understand moral principles and profitably to apply them. The mere intellectual apprehension of

them is not possible, or if possible, profitless.

The _Ethics_ is addressed to students who are presumed both to have enough general education to appreciate these points, and also to have a solid foundation of good habits. More than that is not required for the profitable study of it.

If the discussion of the nature and formation of character be regarded as the central topic of the _Ethics_, the contents of Book I., cc. iv.-xii. may be considered as still belonging to the introduction and setting, but these chapters contain matter of profound importance and have exercised an enormous influence upon subsequent thought. They lay down a principle which governs all Greek thought about human life, viz. that it is only intelligible when viewed as directed towards some end or good. This is the Greek way of expressing that all human life involves an ideal element—something which it is not yet and which under certain conditions it is to be. In that sense Greek Moral Philosophy is essentially idealistic. Further it is always assumed that all human practical activity is directed or "oriented" to a _single_ end, and that that end is knowable or definable in advance of its realisation. To know it is not merely a matter of speculative interest, it is of the highest practical moment for only in the light of it can life be duly guided, and particularly only so can the state be properly organised and administered. This explains the stress laid throughout by Greek Moral Philosophy upon the necessity of knowledge as a condition of the best life. This knowledge is not, though it includes knowledge of the nature of man and his circumstances, it is knowledge of what is best—of man's supreme end or good.

But this end is not conceived as presented to him by a superior power nor even as something which _ought_ to be. The presentation of the Moral Ideal as Duty is almost absent. From the outset it is identified with the object of desire, of what we not merely judge desirable but actually do desire, or that which would, if realised, satisfy human desire. In fact it is what we all, wise and simple, agree in naming "Happiness" (Welfare or Well-being)

In what then does happiness consist? Aristotle summarily sets aside the more or less popular identifications of it with abundance of physical pleasures, with political power and honour, with the mere possession of such superior gifts or attainments as normally entitle men to these, with wealth. None of these can constitute the end or good of man as such. On the other hand, he rejects his master Plato's conception of a good which is the end of the whole universe, or at least dismisses it as irrelevant to his present enquiry. The good towards which all human desires and practical activities are directed must be one conformable to man's special nature and circumstances and attainable by his efforts. There is in Aristotle's theory of human conduct no trace of Plato's "other worldliness", he brings the moral ideal in Bacon's phrase down to "right earth"—and so closer to the facts and problems of actual human living. Turning from criticism of others he states his own positive view of Happiness, and, though he avowedly states it merely in outline his account is pregnant with significance. Human Happiness lies in activity or energising, and that in a way peculiar to man with his given nature and his given circumstances, it is not theoretical, but practical: it is the activity not of reason but still of a being who possesses reason and applies it, and it presupposes in that being the development, and not merely the natural possession, of certain relevant powers and capacities. The last is the prime condition of successful living and therefore of satisfaction, but Aristotle does not ignore other conditions, such as length of life, wealth and good luck, the absence or diminution of which render happiness not impossible, but difficult of attainment.

It is interesting to compare this account of Happiness with Mill's in _Utilitarianism_. Mill's is much the less consistent: at times he distinguishes and at times he identifies, happiness, pleasure, contentment, and satisfaction. He wavers between belief in its general attainability and an absence of hopefulness. He mixes up in an arbitrary way such ingredients as "not expecting more from life than it is capable of bestowing," "mental cultivation," "improved laws," etc., and in fact leaves the whole conception vague, blurred, and uncertain. Aristotle draws the outline with a firmer hand and presents a more definite ideal. He allows for the influence on happiness of conditions only partly, if at all, within the control of man, but he clearly makes the man positive determinant of man's happiness he in himself, and more particularly in what he makes directly of his own nature, and so indirectly of his circumstances. "'Tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus" But once more this does not involve an artificial or abstract isolation of the individual moral agent from his relation to other persons or things from his context in society and nature, nor ignore the relative dependence of his life upon a favourable environment.

The main factor which determines success or failure in human life is the acquisition of certain powers, for Happiness is just the exercise or putting forth of these in actual living, everything else is secondary and subordinate. These powers arise from the due development of certain natural aptitudes which belong (in various degrees) to human nature as such and therefore to all normal human beings. In their developed form they are known as virtues (the Greek means simply "goodnesses," "perfections," "excellences," or "fitnesses"), some of them are physical, but others are psychical, and among the latter some, and these distinctively or peculiarly human, are "rational," _i e_, presuppose the possession and exercise of mind or intelligence. These last

fall into two groups, which Aristotle distinguishes as Goodnesses of Intellect and Goodnesses of Character. They have in common that they all excite in us admiration and praise of their possessors, and that they are not natural endowments, but acquired characteristics But they differ in important ways. (1) the former are excellences or developed powers of the reason as such—of that in us which sees and formulates laws, rules, regularities systems, and is content in the vision of them, while the latter involve a submission or obedience to such rules of something in us which is in itself capricious and irregular, but capable of regulation, viz our instincts and feelings, (2) the former are acquired by study and instruction, the latter by discipline. The latter constitute "character," each of them as a "moral virtue" (literally "a goodness of character"), and upon them primarily depends the realisation of happiness. This is the case at least for the great majority of men, and for all men their possession is an indispensable basis of the best, _i e_, the most desirable life. They form the chief or central subject-matter of the _Ethics_.

Perhaps the truest way of conceiving Aristotle's meaning here is to regard a moral virtue as a form of obedience to a maxim or rule of conduct accepted by the agent as valid for a class of recurrent situations in human life. Such obedience requires knowledge of the rule and acceptance of it _as the rule_ of the agent's own actions, but not necessarily knowledge of its ground or of its systematic connexion with other similarly known and similarly accepted rules (It may be remarked that the Greek word usually translated "reason," means in almost all cases in the _Ethics_ such a rule, and not the faculty which apprehends, formulates, considers them).

The "moral virtues and vices" make up what we call character, and the important questions arise: (1) What is character? and (2) How is it formed? (for character in this sense is not a natural endowment; it is formed or produced). Aristotle deals with these questions in the reverse order. His answers are peculiar and distinctive—not that they are absolutely novel (for they are anticipated in Plato), but that by him they are for the first time distinctly and clearly formulated.

(1.) Character, good or bad, is produced by what Aristotle calls "habituation," that is, it is the result of the repeated doing of acts which have a similar or common quality. Such repetition acting upon natural aptitudes or propensities gradually fixes them in one or other of two opposite directions, giving them a bias towards good or evil. Hence the several acts which determine goodness or badness of character must be done in a certain way, and thus the formation of good character requires discipline and direction from without. Not that the agent himself contributes nothing to the formation of his character, but that at first he needs guidance. The point is not so much that the process cannot be safely left to Nature, but that it cannot be entrusted to merely intellectual instruction. The process is one of assimilation, largely by imitation and under direction and control. The result is a growing understanding of what is done, a choice of it for its own sake, a fixity and steadiness of purpose. Right acts and feelings become, through habit, easier and more pleasant, and the doing of them a "second nature." The agent acquires the power of doing them freely, willingly, more and more "of himself."

But what are "right" acts? In the first place, they are those that conform to a rule—to the right rule, and ultimately to reason. The Greeks never waver from the conviction that in the end moral conduct is essentially reasonable conduct. But there is a more significant way of describing their "rightness," and here for the first time Aristotle introduces his famous "Doctrine of the Mean." Reasoning from the analogy of "right" physical acts, he pronounces that rightness always means adaptation or adjustment to the special requirements of a situation. To this adjustment he gives a quantitative interpretation. To do (or to feel) what is right in a given situation is to do or to feel just the amount required—neither more nor less: to do wrong is to do or to feel too much or too little—to fall short of or over-shoot, "a mean" determined by the situation. The repetition of acts which lie in the mean is the cause of the formation of each and every "goodness of character," and for this "rules" can be given.

(2) What then is a "moral virtue," the result of such a process duly directed? It is no mere mood of feeling, no mere liability to emotion, no mere natural aptitude or endowment, it is a permanent _state_ of the agent's self, or, as we might in modern phrase put it, of his will, it consists in a steady self-imposed obedience to a rule of action in certain situations which frequently recur in human life. The rule prescribes the control and regulation within limits of the agent's natural impulses to act and feel thus and thus. The situations fall into groups which constitute the "fields" of the several "moral virtues", for each there is a rule, conformity to which secures rightness in the individual acts. Thus the moral ideal appears as a code of rules, accepted by the agent, but as yet _to him_ without rational justification and without system or unity. But the rules prescribe no mechanical uniformity: each within its limits permits variety, and the exactly right amount adopted to the requirements of the individual situation (and every actual situation is individual) must be determined by the intuition of the moment. There is no attempt to reduce the rich possibilities of right action to a single monotonous type. On the contrary, there are acknowledged to be many forms of moral virtue, and there is a long list of them, with their correlative vices enumerated.

The Doctrine of the Mean here takes a form in which it has impressed subsequent thinkers, but which has less importance than is usually ascribed to it. In the “Table of the Virtues and Vices,” each of the virtues is flanked by two opposite vices, which are respectively the excess and defect of that which in due measure constitutes the virtue. Aristotle tries to show that this is the case in regard to every virtue named and recognised as such, but his treatment is often forced and the endeavour is not very successful. Except as a convenient principle of arrangement of the various forms of praiseworthy or blameworthy characters, generally acknowledged as such by Greek opinion, this form of the doctrine is of no great significance.

Books III-V are occupied with a survey of the moral virtues and vices. These seem to have been undertaken in order to verify in detail the general account, but this aim is not kept steadily in view. Nor is there any well-considered principle of classification. What we find is a sort of portrait-gallery of the various types of moral excellence which the Greeks of the author’s age admired and strove to encourage. The discussion is full of acute, interesting and sometimes profound observations. Some of the types are those which are and will be admired at all times, but others are connected with peculiar features of Greek life which have now passed away. The most important is that of Justice or the Just Man, to which we may later return. But the discussion is preceded by an attempt to elucidate some difficult and obscure points in the general account of moral virtue and action (Book III, cc i-v). This section is concerned with the notion of Responsibility. The discussion designedly excludes what we may call the metaphysical issues of the problem, which here present themselves, it moves on the level of thought of the practical man, the statesman, and the legislator. Coercion and ignorance of relevant circumstances render acts involuntary and exempt their doer from responsibility, otherwise the act is voluntary and the agent responsible, choice or preference of what is done, and inner consent to the deed, are to be presumed. Neither passion nor ignorance of the right rule can extenuate responsibility. But there is a difference between acts done voluntarily and acts done of _set_ choice or purpose. The latter imply Deliberation. Deliberation involves thinking, thinking out means to ends: in deliberate acts the whole nature of the agent consents to and enters into the act, and in a peculiar sense they are his, they _are_ him in action, and the most significant evidence of what he is. Aristotle is unable wholly to avoid allusion to the metaphysical difficulties and what he does here say upon them is obscure and unsatisfactory. But he insists upon the importance in moral action of the agent’s inner consent, and on the reality of his individual responsibility. For his present purpose the metaphysical difficulties are irrelevant.

The treatment of Justice in Book V has always been a source of great difficulty to students of the _Ethics_. Almost more than any other part of the work it has exercised influence upon mediaeval and modern thought upon the subject. The distinctions and divisions have become part of the stock-in-trade of would be philosophic jurists. And yet, oddly enough, most of these distinctions have been misunderstood and the whole purport of the discussion misconceived. Aristotle is here dealing with justice in a restricted sense viz as that special goodness of character which is required of every adult citizen and which can be produced by early discipline or habituation. It is the temper or habitual attitude demanded of the citizen for the due exercise of his functions as taking part in the administration of the civic community—as a member of the judicature and executive. The Greek citizen was only exceptionally, and at rare intervals if ever, a law-maker while at any moment he might be called upon to act as a judge (juryman or arbitrator) or as an administrator. For the work of a legislator far more than the moral virtue of justice or fairmindedness was necessary, these were requisite to the rarer and higher “intellectual virtue” of practical wisdom. Then here, too, the discussion moves on a low level, and the raising of fundamental problems is excluded. Hence “distributive justice” is concerned not with the large question of the distribution of political power and privileges among the constituent members or classes of the state but with the smaller questions of the distribution among those of casual gains and even with the division among private claimants of a common fund or inheritance, while “corrective justice” is concerned solely with the management of legal redress. The whole treatment is confused by the unhappy attempt to give a precise mathematical form to the principles of justice in the various fields distinguished. Still it remains an interesting first endeavour to give greater exactness to some of the leading conceptions of jurisprudence.

Book VI appears to have in view two aims: (1) to describe goodness of intellect and discover its highest form or forms; (2) to show how this is related to goodness of character, and so to conduct generally. As all thinking is either theoretical or practical, goodness of intellect has _two_ supreme forms—Theoretical and Practical Wisdom. The first, which apprehends the eternal laws of the universe, has no direct relation to human conduct: the second is identical with that master science of human life of which the whole treatise, consisting of the _Ethics_ and the _Politics_, is an exposition. It is this science which supplies the right rules of conduct Taking them as they emerge in and from practical experience, it formulates them more precisely and organises them into a system where they are all seen to converge upon happiness. The mode in which such knowledge manifests itself is in the power to show that such and such rules of action follow from the very nature of the end or good for man. It presupposes and starts from a clear conception of the end and the wish for it as conceived, and it proceeds by a deduction which is dehberation writ large. In the man of

practical wisdom this process has reached its perfect result, and the code of right rules is apprehended as a system with a single principle and so as something wholly rational or reasonable He has not on each occasion to seek and find the right rule applicable to the situation, he produces it at once from within himself, and can at need justify it by exhibiting its rationale, _i.e._ , its connection with the end. This is the consummate form of reason applied to conduct, but there are minor forms of it, less independent or original, but nevertheless of great value, such as the power to think out the proper cause of policy in novel circumstances or the power to see the proper line of treatment to follow in a court of law.

The form of the thinking which enters into conduct is that which terminates in the production of a rule which declares some means to the end of life. The process presupposes _(a)_ a clear and just apprehension of the nature of that end—such as the _Ethics_ itself endeavours to supply; _(b)_ a correct perception of the conditions of action, _(a)_ at least is impossible except to a man whose character has been duly formed by discipline; it arises only in a man who has acquired moral virtue. For such action and feeling as forms bad character, blinds the eye of the soul and corrupts the moral principle, and the place of practical wisdom is taken by that parody of itself which Aristotle calls “cleverness”—the “wisdom” of the unscrupulous man of the world. Thus true practical wisdom and true goodness of character are interdependent; neither is genuinely possible or “completely” present without the other. This is Aristotle’s contribution to the discussion of the question, so central in Greek Moral Philosophy, of the relation of the intellectual and the passionate factors in conduct.

Aristotle is not an intuitionist, but he recognises the implication in conduct of a direct and immediate apprehension both of the end and of the character of his circumstances under which it is from moment to moment realised. The directness of such apprehension makes it analogous to sensation or sense-perception; but it is on his view in the end due to the existence or activity in man of that power in him which is the highest thing in his nature, and akin to or identical with the divine nature—mind, or intelligence. It is this which reveals to us what is best for us—the ideal of a happiness which is the object of our real wish and the goal of all our efforts. But beyond and above the practical ideal of what is best _for man_ begins to show itself another and still higher ideal—that of a life not distinctively human or in a narrow sense practical, yet capable of being participated in by man even under the actual circumstances of this world. For a time, however, this further and higher ideal is ignored.

The next book (Book VII.), is concerned partly with moral conditions, in which the agent seems to rise above the level of moral virtue or fall below that of moral vice, but partly and more largely with conditions in which the agent occupies a middle position between the two. Aristotle’s attention is here directed chiefly towards the phenomena of “Incontinence,” weakness of will or imperfect self-control. This condition was to the Greeks a matter of only too frequent experience, but it appeared to them peculiarly difficult to understand. How can a man know what is good or best for him, and yet chronically fail to act upon his knowledge? Socrates was driven to the paradox of denying the possibility, but the facts are too strong for him. Knowledge of the right rule may be present, nay the rightfulness of its authority may be acknowledged, and yet time after time it may be disobeyed; the will may be good and yet overmastered by the force of desire, so that the act done is contrary to the agent’s will. Nevertheless the act may be the agent’s, and the will therefore divided against itself. Aristotle is aware of the seriousness and difficulty of the problem, but in spite of the vividness with which he pictures, and the acuteness with which he analyses, the situation in which such action occurs, it cannot be said that he solves the problem. It is time that he rises above the abstract view of it as a conflict between reason and passion, recognising that passion is involved in the knowledge which in conduct prevails or is overborne, and that the force which leads to the wrong act is not blind or ignorant passion, but always has some reason in it. But he tends to lapse back into the abstraction, and his final account is perplexed and obscure. He finds the source of the phenomenon in the nature of the desire for bodily pleasures, which is not irrational but has something rational in it. Such pleasures are not necessarily or inherently bad, as has sometimes been maintained; on the contrary, they are good, but only in certain amounts or under certain conditions, so that the will is often misled, hesitates, and is lost.

Books VIII. and IX. (on Friendship) are almost an interruption of the argument. The subject-matter of them was a favourite topic of ancient writers, and the treatment is smoother and more orderly than elsewhere in the _Ethics_. The argument is clear, and may be left without comment to the readers. These books contain a necessary and attractive complement to the somewhat dry account of Greek morality in the preceding books, and there are in them profound reflections on what may be called the metaphysics of friendship or love.

At the beginning of Book X. we return to the topic of Pleasure, which is now regarded from a different point of view. In Book VII. the antagonists were those who over-emphasised the irrationality or badness of Pleasure: here it is rather those who so exaggerate its value as to confuse or identify it with the good or Happiness. But there is offered us in this section much more than criticism of the errors of others. Answers are given both to the psychological question, “What is Pleasure?” and to the ethical question, “What is its

value?" Pleasure, we are told, is the natural concomitant and index of perfect activity, distinguishable but inseparable from it—"the activity of a subject at its best acting upon an object at its best." It is therefore always and in itself a good, but its value rises and falls with that of the activity with which it is conjoined, and which it intensifies and perfects. Hence it follows that the highest and best pleasures are those which accompany the highest and best activity.

Pleasure is, therefore, a necessary element in the best life, but it is not the whole of it nor the principal ingredient. The value of a life depends upon the nature and worth of the activity which it involves; given the maximum of full free action, the maximum of pleasure necessary follows. But on what sort of life is such activity possible? This leads us back to the question, What is happiness? In what life can man find the fullest satisfaction for his desires? To this question Aristotle gives an answer which cannot but surprise us after what has preceded. True Happiness, great satisfaction, cannot be found by man in any form of "practical" life, no, not in the fullest and freest exercise possible of the "moral virtues," not in the life of the citizen or of the great soldier or statesman. To seek it there is to court failure and disappointment. It is to be found in the life of the onlooker, the disinterested spectator; or, to put it more distinctly, "in the life of the philosopher, the life of scientific and philosophic contemplation." The highest and most satisfying form of life possible to man is "the contemplative life"; it is only in a secondary sense and for those incapable of their life, that the practical or moral ideal is the best. It is time that such a life is not distinctively human, but it is the privilege of man to partake in it, and such participation, at however rare intervals and for however short a period, is the highest Happiness which human life can offer. All other activities have value only because and in so far as they render _this_ life possible.

But it must not be forgotten that Aristotle conceives of this life as one of intense activity or energising: it is just this which gives it its supremacy. In spite of the almost religious fervour with which he speaks of it ("the most orthodox of his disciples" paraphrases his meaning by describing its content as "the service and vision of God"), it is clear that he identified it with the life of the philosopher, as he understood it, a life of ceaseless intellectual activity in which at least at times all the distractions and disturbances inseparable from practical life seemed to disappear and become as nothing. This ideal was partly an inheritance from the more ardent idealism of his master Plato, but partly it was the expression of personal experience.

The nobility of this ideal cannot be questioned; the conception of the end of man or a life lived for truth—of a life blissfully absorbed in the vision of truth—is a lofty and inspiring one. But we cannot resist certain criticisms upon its presentation by Aristotle: (1) the relation of it to the lower ideal of practice is left somewhat obscure; (2) it is described in such a way as renders its realisation possible only to a gifted few, and under exceptional circumstances; (3) it seems in various ways, as regards its content, to be unnecessarily and unjustifiably limited. But it must be borne in mind that this is a first endeavour to determine its principle, and that similar failures have attended the attempts to describe the "religious" or the "spiritual" ideals of life, which have continually been suggested by the apparently inherent limitations of the "practical" or "moral" life, which is the subject of Moral Philosophy.

The Moral Ideal to those who have most deeply reflected on it leads to the thought of an Ideal beyond and above it, which alone gives it meaning, but which seems to escape from definite conception by man. The richness and variety of this Ideal ceaselessly invite, but as ceaselessly defy, our attempts to imprison it in a definite formula or portray it in detailed imagination. Yet the thought of it is and remains inexpungable from our minds.

This conception of the best life is not forgotten in the _Politics_ The end of life in the state is itself well-living and well-doing—a life which helps to produce the best life The great agency in the production of such life is the State operating through Law, which is Reason backed by Force. For its greatest efficiency there is required the development of a science of legislation. The main drift of what he says here is that the most desirable thing would be that the best reason of the community should be embodied in its laws. But so far as that is not possible, it still is true that anyone who would make himself and others better must become a miniature legislator—must study the general principles of law, morality, and education. The conception of πολιτικ■ with which he opened the _Ethics_ would serve as a guide to a father educating his children as well as to the legislator legislating for the state. Finding in his predecessors no developed doctrine on this subject, Aristotle proposes himself to undertake the construction of it, and sketches in advance the programme of the _Politics_ in the concluding sentence of the _Ethics_ His ultimate object is to answer the questions, What is the best form of Polity, how should each be constituted, and what laws and customs should it adopt and employ? Not till this answer is given will "the philosophy of human affairs" be complete.

On looking back it will be seen that the discussion of the central topic of the nature and formation of character has expanded into a Philosophy of Human Conduct, merging at its beginning and end into metaphysics The result is a Moral Philosophy set against a background of Political Theory and general Philosophy. The most characteristic features of this Moral Philosophy are due to the fact of its essentially teleological view of human life and action: (1) Every human activity, but especially every human practical

activity, is directed towards a simple End discoverable by reflection, and this End is conceived of as the object of universal human desire, as something to be enjoyed, not as something which ought to be done or enacted. Anstotle's Moral Philosophy is not hedonistic but it is eudæmomstic, the end is the enjoyment of Happiness, not the fulfilment of Duty. (2) Every human practical activity derives its value from its efficiency as a means to that end, it is good or bad, right or wrong, as it conduces or fails to conduce to Happiness Thus his Moral Philosophy is essentially utilitarian or prudential Right action presupposes Thought or Thinking, partly on the development of a clearer and distincter conception of the end of desire, partly as the deduction from that of rules which state the normally effective conditions of its realisation. The thinking involved in right conduct is calculation—calculation of means to an end fixed by nature and foreknowable Action itself is at its best just the realisation of a scheme preconceived and thought out beforehand, commending itself by its inherent attractiveness or promise of enjoyment.

This view has the great advantage of exhibiting morality as essentially reasonable, but the accompanying disadvantage of lowering it into a somewhat prosaic and unideal Prudentialism, nor is it saved from this by the tacking on to it, by a sort of after-thought, of the second and higher Ideal—an addition which ruins the coherence of the account without really transmuting its substance The source of our dissatisfaction with the whole theory lies deeper than in its tendency to identify the end with the maximum of enjoyment or satisfaction, or to regard the goodness or badness of acts and feelings as lying solely in their efficacy to produce such a result It arises from the application to morality of the distinction of means and end For this distinction, for all its plausibility and usefulness in ordinary thought and speech, cannot finally be maintained In morality—and this is vital to its character—everything is both means and end, and so neither in distinction or separation, and all thinking about it which presupposes the finality of this distinction wanders into misconception and error. The thinking which really matters in conduct is not a thinking which imaginatively forecasts ideals which promise to fulfil desire, or calculates means to their attainment—that is sometimes useful, sometimes harmful, and always subordinate, but thinking which reveals to the agent the situation in which he is to act, both, that is, the universal situation on which as man he always and everywhere stands, and the ever-varying and ever-novel situation in which he as this individual, here and now, finds himself. In such knowledge of given or historic fact lie the natural determinants of his conduct, in such knowledge alone lies the condition of his freedom and his good.

But this does not mean that Moral Philosophy has not still much to learn from Aristotle's _Ethics_. The work still remains one of the best introductions to a study of its important subject-matter, it spreads before us a view of the relevant facts, it reduces them to manageable compass and order, it raises some of the central problems, and makes acute and valuable suggestions towards their solution. Above all, it perpetually incites to renewed and independent reflection upon them.

J. A. SMITH

The following is a list of the works of Aristotle:—

First edition of works (with omission of Rhetorica, Poetica, and second book of Economica), 5 vols by Aldus Manutius, Venice, 1495 8, re impression supervised by Erasmus and with certain corrections by Grynaeus (including Rhetorica and Poetica), 1531, 1539, revised 1550, later editions were followed by that of Immanuel Bekker and Brandis (Greek and Latin), 5 vols. The 5th vol contains the Index by Bomtz, 1831-70, Didot edition (Greek and Latin), 5 vols 1848 74

ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS Edited by T Taylor, with Porphyry's Introduction, 9 vols, 1812, under editorship of J A Smith and W D Ross, II vols, 1908-31, Loeb editions Ethica, Rhetorica, Poetica, Physica, Politica, Metaphysica, 1926-33

Later editions of separate works _De Anima_ Torstrik, 1862, Trendelenburg, 2nd edition, 1877, with English translation, L Wallace, 1882, Biehl, 1884, 1896, with English, R D Hicks, 1907 _Ethica_ J S Brewer (Nicomachean), 1836, W E Jelf, 1856, J F T Rogers, 1865, A Grant, 1857 8, 1866, 1874, 1885, E Moore, 1871, 1878, 4th edition, 1890, Ramsauer (Nicomachean), 1878, Susemihl, 1878, 1880, revised by O Apelt, 1903, A Grant, 1885, I Bywater (Nicomachean), 1890, J Burnet, 1900

Historia Animalium Schneider, 1812, Aubert and Wimmer, 1860; Dittmeyer, 1907

Metaphysica Schwegler, 1848, W Christ, 1899

Organon Waitz, 1844 6

Poetica Vahlen, 1867, 1874, with Notes by E Moore, 1875, with English translation by E R Wharton, 1883, 1885, Uberweg, 1870, 1875, with German translation, Susemihl, 1874, Schmidt, 1875, Christ, 1878, I Bywater, 1898, T G Tucker, 1899

De Republica Athenientium Text and facsimile of Papyrus, F G Kenyon, 1891, 3rd edition, 1892, Kaibel and Wilamowitz-Moellendorf, 1891, 3rd edition, 1898, Van Herwerden and Leeuwen (from Kenyon's text), 1891, Blass, 1892, 1895, 1898, 1903, J E Sandys, 1893

Politica Susemihl, 1872, with German, 1878, 3rd edition, 1882, Susemihl and Hicks, 1894, etc, O Immisch, 1909

Physica C Prantl, 1879

Rhetorica Stahr, 1862, Sprengel (with Latin text), 1867, Cope and Sandys, 1877, Roemer, 1885, 1898

ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS OF ONE OR MORE WORKS De Anima (with Parva Naturalia), by W A Hammond, 1902 Ethica Of Morals to Nicomachus, by E Pargiter, 1745, with Politica by J Gillies, 1797, 1804, 1813, with Rhetorica and Poetica, by T Taylor, 1818, and later editions Nicomachean Ethics, 1819, mainly from text of Bekker by D P Chase, 1847, revised 1861, and later editions, with an introductory essay by G H Lewes (Camelot Classics) 1890, re-edited by J M Mitchell (New Universal Library), 1906, 1910, by R W Browne (Bohn's Classical Library), 1848, etc, by R Williams, 1869, 1876, by W M Hatch and others (with translation of paraphrase attributed to Andronicus of Rhodes), edited by E Hatch, 1879 by F H Peters, 1881, J E C Welldon, 1892, J Gillies (Lubbock's Hundred Books) 1893 Historia Animalium, by R Creswell (Bonn's Classical Library) 1848, with Treatise on Physiognomy, by T Taylor, 1809 Metaphysica, by T Taylor, 1801, by J H M Mahon (Bohn's Classical Library), 1848 Organon, with Porphyry's Introduction, by O F Owen (Bohn's Classical Library), 1848 Posterior Analytics, E Poste, 1850, E S Bourchier, 1901, On Fallacies, E Poste, 1866 Parva Naturaha (Greek and English), by G R T Ross, 1906, with De Anima, by W A Hammond, 1902 Youth and Old Age, Life and Death and Respiration, W Ogle 1897 Poetica, with Notes from the French of D Acier, 1705, by H J Pye, 1788, 1792, T Twining, 1789, 1812, with Preface and Notes by H Hamilton, 1851, Treatise on Rhetorica and Poetica, by T Hobbes (Bohn's Classical Library), 1850, by Wharton, 1883 (see Greek version), S H Butcher, 1895, 1898, 3rd edition, 1902, E S Bourchier, 1907, by Ingram Bywater, 1909 De Partibus Animalium, W Ogle, 1882 De Republica Athenientium, by E Poste, 1891, F G Kenyon, 1891, T J Dymes, 1891 De Virtutibus et Vitus, by W Bridgman, 1804 Politica, from the French of Regius, 1598, by W Ellis, 1776, 1778, 1888 (Morley's Universal Library), 1893 (Lubbock's Hundred Books) by E Walford (with Æconomics, and Life by Dr Gillies), (Bohn's Classical Library), 1848, J E. C. Welldon, 1883, B Jowett, 1885, with Introduction and Index by H W C Davis, 1905, Books i iii iv (vii) from Bekker's text by W E Bolland, with Introduction by A Lang, 1877. Problemata (with writings of other philosophers), 1597, 1607, 1680, 1684, etc. Rhetorica, A summary by T Hobbes, 1655 (?), new edition, 1759, by the translators of the Art of Thinking, 1686, 1816, by D M Crimmin, 1812, J Gillies, 1823, Anon 1847, J E C Welldon, 1886, R C Jebb, with Introduction and Supplementary Notes by J E Sandys, 1909 (see under Poetica and Ethica). Secreta Secretorum (supposititious work), Anon 1702, from the Hebrew version by M Gaster, 1907, 1908. Version by Lydgate and Burgh, edited by R Steele (E E T S), 1894, 1898.

LIFE, ETC J W Blakesley, 1839, A Crichton (Jardine's Naturalist's Library), 1843, JS Blackie, Four Phases of Morals, Socrates, Aristotle, etc, 1871, G Grote, Aristotle, edited by A Bain and G C Robertson, 1872, 1880, E Wallace, Outlines of the Philosophy of Aristotle, 1875, 1880, A Grant (Ancient Classics for English readers), 1877, T Davidson, Aristotle and Ancient Educational Ideals (Great Educators), 1892, F Sewall, Swedenborg and Aristotle, 1895, W A Heidel, The Necessary and the Contingent of the Aristotelian System (University of Chicago Contributions to Philosophy), 1896, F W Bain, On the Realisation of the Possible, and the Spirit of Aristotle, 1899, J H Hyslop, The Ethics of the Greek Philosophers, etc (Evolution of Ethics), 1903, M V Williams, Six Essays on the Platonic Theory of Knowledge as expounded in the later dialogues and reviewed by Aristotle, 1908, J M Watson, Aristotle's Criticism of Plato, 1909 A E Taylor, Aristotle, 1919, W D Ross, Aristotle, 1923.

ARISTOTLE'S ETHICS

BOOK I

Chapter I.

Every art, and every science reduced to a teachable form, and in like manner every action and moral choice, aims, it is thought, at some good: for which reason a common and by no means a bad description of the Chief Good is, "that which all things aim at."

Now there plainly is a difference in the Ends proposed: for in some cases they are acts of working, and in others certain works or tangible results beyond and beside the acts of working: and where there are certain Ends beyond and beside the actions, the works are in their nature better than the acts of working. Again, since actions and arts and sciences are many, the Ends likewise come to

be many: of the healing art, for instance, health; of the ship-building art, a vessel; of the military art, victory; and of domestic management, wealth; are respectively the Ends.

And whatever of such actions, arts, or sciences range under some one faculty (as under that of horsemanship the art of making bridles, and all that are connected with the manufacture of horse-furniture in general; this itself again, and every action connected with war, under the military art; and in the same way others under others), in all such, the Ends of the master-arts are more choice-worthy than those ranging under them, because it is with a view to the former that the latter are pursued.

(And in this comparison it makes no difference whether the acts of working are themselves the Ends of the actions, or something further beside them, as is the case in the arts and sciences we have been just speaking of.)

Since then of all things which may be done there is some one End which we desire for its own sake, and with a view to which we desire everything else; and since we do not choose in all instances with a further End in view (for then men would go on without limit, and so the desire would be unsatisfied and fruitless), this plainly must be the Chief Good, _i.e._ the best thing of all.

Surely then, even with reference to actual life and conduct, the knowledge of it must have great weight; and like archers, with a mark in view, we shall be more likely to hit upon what is right: and if so, we ought to try to describe, in outline at least, what it is and of which of the sciences and faculties it is the End.

Now one would naturally suppose it to be the End of that which is most commanding and most inclusive: and to this description, πολιτικ■[1] plainly answers: for this it is that determines which of the sciences should be in the communities, and which kind individuals are to learn, and what degree of proficiency is to be required. Again; we see also ranging under this the most highly esteemed faculties, such as the art military, and that of domestic management, and Rhetoric. Well then, since this uses all the other practical sciences, and moreover lays down rules as to what men are to do, and from what to abstain, the End of this must include the Ends of the rest, and so must be The Good of Man. And grant that this is the same to the individual and to the community, yet surely that of the latter is plainly greater and more perfect to discover and preserve: for to do this even for a single individual were a matter for contentment; but to do it for a whole nation, and for communities generally, were more noble and godlike.

Such then are the objects proposed by our treatise, which is of the nature of πολιτικ■: and I conceive I shall have spoken on them satisfactorily, if they be made as distinctly clear as the nature of the subject-matter will admit: for exactness must not be looked for in all discussions alike, any more than in all works of handicraft. Now the notions of nobleness and justice, with the examination of which πολιτικ■ is concerned, admit of variation and error to such a degree, that they are supposed by some to exist conventionally only, and not in the nature of things: but then, again, the things which are allowed to be goods admit of a similar error, because harm comes to many from them: for before now some have perished through wealth, and others through valour.

We must be content then, in speaking of such things and from such data, to set forth the truth roughly and in outline; in other words, since we are speaking of general matter and from general data, to draw also conclusions merely general. And in the same spirit should each person receive what we say: for the man of education will seek exactness so far in each subject as the nature of the thing admits, it being plainly much the same absurdity to put up with a mathematician who tries to persuade instead of proving, and to demand strict demonstrative reasoning of a Rhetorician.

Now each man judges well what he knows, and of these things he is a good judge: on each particular matter then he is a good judge who has been instructed in _it_, and in a general way the man of general mental cultivation.[2]

Hence the young man is not a fit student of Moral Philosophy, for he has no experience in the actions of life, while all that is said presupposes and is concerned with these: and in the next place, since he is apt to follow the impulses of his passions, he will hear as though he heard not, and to no profit, the end in view being practice and not mere knowledge.

And I draw no distinction between young in years, and youthful in temper and disposition: the defect to which I allude being no direct result of the time, but of living at the beck and call of passion, and following each object as it rises.[3] For to them that are such the knowledge comes to be unprofitable, as to those of imperfect self-control: but, to those who form their desires and act in accordance with reason, to have knowledge on these points must be very profitable.

Let thus much suffice by way of preface on these three points, the student, the spirit in which our observations should be received, and the object which we propose.

Chapter II.

And now, resuming the statement with which we commenced, since all knowledge and moral choice grasps at good of some kind or another, what good is that which we say πολιτικ■ aims at? or, in other words, what is the highest of all the goods which are the objects of action?

So far as name goes, there is a pretty general agreement: for HAPPINESS both the multitude and the refined few call it, and “living well” and “doing well” they conceive to be the same with “being happy;” but about the Nature of this Happiness, men dispute, and the multitude do not in their account of it agree with the wise. For some say it is some one of those things which are palpable and apparent, as pleasure or wealth or honour; in fact, some one thing, some another; nay, oftentimes the same man gives a different account of it; for when ill, he calls it health; when poor, wealth: and conscious of their own ignorance, men admire those who talk grandly and above their comprehension. Some again held it to be something by itself, other than and beside these many good things, which is in fact to all these the cause of their being good.

Now to sift all the opinions would be perhaps rather a fruitless task; so it shall suffice to sift those which are most generally current, or are thought to have some reason in them.

And here we must not forget the difference between reasoning from principles, and reasoning to principles: for with good cause did Plato too doubt about this, and enquire whether the right road is from principles or to principles, just as in the racecourse from the judges to the further end, or _vice versâ_.

Of course, we must begin with what is known; but then this is of two kinds, what we _do_ know, and what we _may_ know:[5] perhaps then as individuals we must begin with what we _do_ know. Hence the necessity that he should have been well trained in habits, who is to study, with any tolerable chance of profit, the principles of nobleness and justice and moral philosophy generally. For a principle is a matter of fact, and if the fact is sufficiently clear to a man there will be no need in addition of the reason for the fact. And he that has been thus trained either has principles already, or can receive them easily: as for him who neither has nor can receive them, let him hear his sentence from Hesiod:

He is best of all who of himself conceiveth all things; Good again is he too who can adopt a good suggestion; But whoso neither of himself conceiveth nor hearing from another Layeth it to heart;—he is a useless man.

Chapter III.

But to return from this digression.

Now of the Chief Good (_i.e._ of Happiness) men seem to form their notions from the different modes of life, as we might naturally expect: the many and most low conceive it to be pleasure, and hence they are content with the life of sensual enjoyment. For there are three lines of life which stand out prominently to view: that just mentioned, and the life in society, and, thirdly, the life of contemplation.

Now the many are plainly quite slavish, choosing a life like that of brute animals: yet they obtain some consideration, because many of the great share the tastes of Sardanapalus. The refined and active again conceive it to be honour: for this may be said to be the end of the life in society: yet it is plainly too superficial for the object of our search, because it is thought to rest with those who pay rather than with him who receives it, whereas the Chief Good we feel instinctively must be something which is our own, and not easily to be taken from us.

And besides, men seem to pursue honour, that they may believe themselves to be good:[6] for instance, they seek to be honoured by the wise, and by those among whom they are known, and for virtue: clearly then, in the opinion at least of these men, virtue is higher than honour. In truth, one would be much more inclined to think this to be the end of the life in society; yet this itself is plainly not sufficiently final: for it is conceived possible, that a man possessed of virtue might sleep or be inactive all through his life, or, as a third case, suffer the greatest evils and misfortunes: and the man who should live thus no one would call happy, except for mere disputation’s sake.[7]

And for these let thus much suffice, for they have been treated of at sufficient length in my Encyclia.[8]

A third line of life is that of contemplation, concerning which we shall make our examination in the following pages.[9]

As for the life of money-making, it is one of constraint, and wealth manifestly is not the good we are seeking, because it is for use, that is, for the sake of something further: and hence one would rather conceive the forementioned ends to be the right ones, for

men rest content with them for their own sakes. Yet, clearly, they are not the objects of our search either, though many words have been wasted on them.[10] So much then for these.

Again, the notion of one Universal Good (the same, that is, in all things), it is better perhaps we should examine, and discuss the meaning of it, though such an enquiry is unpleasant, because they are friends of ours who have introduced these ε■δη.[11] Still perhaps it may appear better, nay to be our duty where the safety of the truth is concerned, to upset if need be even our own theories, specially as we are lovers of wisdom: for since both are dear to us, we are bound to prefer the truth. Now they who invented this doctrine of ε■δη, did not apply it to those things in which they spoke of priority and posteriority, and so they never made any ■δ■α of numbers; but good is predicated in the categories of Substance, Quality, and Relation; now that which exists of itself, i.e. Substance, is prior in the nature of things to that which is relative, because this latter is an off-shoot, as it were, and result of that which is; on their own principle then there cannot be a common ■δ■α in the case of these.

In the next place, since good is predicated in as many ways as there are modes of existence [for it is predicated in the category of Substance, as God, Intellect—and in that of Quality, as The Virtues—and in that of Quantity, as The Mean—and in that of Relation, as The Useful—and in that of Time, as Opportunity—and in that of Place, as Abode; and other such like things], it manifestly cannot be something common and universal and one in all: else it would not have been predicated in all the categories, but in one only.

Thirdly, since those things which range under one ■δ■α are also under the cognisance of one science, there would have been, on their theory, only one science taking cognisance of all goods collectively: but in fact there are many even for those which range under one category: for instance, of Opportunity or Seasonableness (which I have before mentioned as being in the category of Time), the science is, in war, generalship; in disease, medical science; and of the Mean (which I quoted before as being in the category of Quantity), in food, the medical science; and in labour or exercise, the gymnastic science. A person might fairly doubt also what in the world they mean by very-this that or the other, since, as they would themselves allow, the account of the humanity is one and the same in the very-Man, and in any individual Man: for so far as the individual and the very-Man are both Man, they will not differ at all: and if so, then very-good and any particular good will not differ, in so far as both are good. Nor will it do to say, that the eternity of the very-good makes it to be more good; for what has lasted white ever so long, is no whiter than what lasts but for a day.

No. The Pythagoreans do seem to give a more credible account of the matter, who place “One” among the goods in their double list of goods and bads:[12] which philosophers, in fact, Speusippus[13] seems to have followed.

But of these matters let us speak at some other time. Now there is plainly a loophole to object to what has been advanced, on the plea that the theory I have attacked is not by its advocates applied to all good: but those goods only are spoken of as being under one ■δ■α, which are pursued, and with which men rest content simply for their own sakes: whereas those things which have a tendency to produce or preserve them in any way, or to hinder their contraries, are called good because of these other goods, and after another fashion. It is manifest then that the goods may be so called in two senses, the one class for their own sakes, the other because of these.

Very well then, let us separate the independent goods from the instrumental, and see whether they are spoken of as under one ■δ■α. But the question next arises, what kind of goods are we to call independent? All such as are pursued even when separated from other goods, as, for instance, being wise, seeing, and certain pleasures and honours (for these, though we do pursue them with some further end in view, one would still place among the independent goods)? or does it come in fact to this, that we can call nothing independent good except the ■δ■α, and so the concrete of it will be nought?

If, on the other hand, these are independent goods, then we shall require that the account of the goodness be the same clearly in all, just as that of the whiteness is in snow and white lead. But how stands the fact? Why of honour and wisdom and pleasure the accounts are distinct and different in so far as they are good. The Chief Good then is not something common, and after one ■δ■α.

But then, how does the name come to be common (for it is not seemingly a case of fortuitous equivocation)? Are different individual things called good by virtue of being from one source, or all conducing to one end, or rather by way of analogy, for that intellect is to the soul as sight to the body, and so on? However, perhaps we ought to leave these questions now, for an accurate investigation of them is more properly the business of a different philosophy. And likewise respecting the ■δ■α: for even if there is some one good predicated in common of all things that are good, or separable and capable of existing independently, manifestly it cannot be the object of human action or attainable by Man; but we are in search now of something that is so.[14]

It may readily occur to any one, that it would be better to attain a knowledge of it with a view to such concrete goods as are attainable and practical, because, with this as a kind of model in our hands, we shall the better know what things are good for us individually, and when we know them, we shall attain them.

Some plausibility, it is true, this argument possesses, but it is contradicted by the facts of the Arts and Sciences; for all these, though aiming at some good, and seeking that which is deficient, yet pretermit the knowledge of it: now it is not exactly probable that all artisans without exception should be ignorant of so great a help as this would be, and not even look after it; neither is it easy to see wherein a weaver or a carpenter will be profited in respect of his craft by knowing the very-good, or how a man will be the more apt to effect cures or to command an army for having seen the ■δ■α itself. For manifestly it is not health after this general and abstract fashion which is the subject of the physician's investigation, but the health of Man, or rather perhaps of this or that man; for he has to heal individuals.—Thus much on these points.

Chapter IV.

And now let us revert to the Good of which we are in search: what can it be? for manifestly it is different in different actions and arts: for it is different in the healing art and in the art military, and similarly in the rest. What then is the Chief Good in each? Is it not "that for the sake of which the other things are done?" and this in the healing art is health, and in the art military victory, and in that of house-building a house, and in any other thing something else; in short, in every action and moral choice the End, because in all cases men do everything else with a view to this. So that if there is some one End of all things which are and may be done, this must be the Good proposed by doing, or if more than one, then these.

Thus our discussion after some traversing about has come to the same point which we reached before. And this we must try yet more to clear up.

Now since the ends are plainly many, and of these we choose some with a view to others (wealth, for instance, musical instruments, and, in general, all instruments), it is clear that all are not final: but the Chief Good is manifestly something final; and so, if there is some one only which is final, this must be the object of our search: but if several, then the most final of them will be it.

Now that which is an object of pursuit in itself we call more final than that which is so with a view to something else; that again which is never an object of choice with a view to something else than those which are so both in themselves and with a view to this ulterior object: and so by the term "absolutely final," we denote that which is an object of choice always in itself, and never with a view to any other.

And of this nature Happiness is mostly thought to be, for this we choose always for its own sake, and never with a view to anything further: whereas honour, pleasure, intellect, in fact every excellence we choose for their own sakes, it is true (because we would choose each of these even if no result were to follow), but we choose them also with a view to happiness, conceiving that through their instrumentality we shall be happy: but no man chooses happiness with a view to them, nor in fact with a view to any other thing whatsoever.

The same result[15] is seen to follow also from the notion of self-sufficiency, a quality thought to belong to the final good. Now by sufficient for Self, we mean not for a single individual living a solitary life, but for his parents also and children and wife, and, in general, friends and countrymen; for man is by nature adapted to a social existence. But of these, of course, some limit must be fixed: for if one extends it to parents and descendants and friends' friends, there is no end to it. This point, however, must be left for future investigation: for the present we define that to be self-sufficient "which taken alone makes life choice-worthy, and to be in want of nothing;" now of such kind we think Happiness to be: and further, to be most choice-worthy of all things; not being reckoned with any other thing,[16] for if it were so reckoned, it is plain we must then allow it, with the addition of ever so small a good, to be more choice-worthy than it was before:[17] because what is put to it becomes an addition of so much more good, and of goods the greater is ever the more choice-worthy.

So then Happiness is manifestly something final and self-sufficient, being the end of all things which are and may be done.

Chapter V.

But, it may be, to call Happiness the Chief Good is a mere truism, and what is wanted is some clearer account of its real nature. Now this object may be easily attained, when we have discovered what is the work of man; for as in the case of flute-player, statuary, or artisan of any kind, or, more generally, all who have any work or course of action, their Chief Good and Excellence is

thought to reside in their work, so it would seem to be with man, if there is any work belonging to him.

Are we then to suppose, that while carpenter and cobbler have certain works and courses of action, Man as Man has none, but is left by Nature without a work? or would not one rather hold, that as eye, hand, and foot, and generally each of his members, has manifestly some special work; so too the whole Man, as distinct from all these, has some work of his own?[18]

What then can this be? not mere life, because that plainly is shared with him even by vegetables, and we want what is peculiar to him. We must separate off then the life of mere nourishment and growth, and next will come the life of sensation: but this again manifestly is common to horses, oxen, and every animal. There remains then a kind of life of the Rational Nature apt to act: and of this Nature there are two parts denominated Rational, the one as being obedient to Reason, the other as having and exerting it. Again, as this life is also spoken of in two ways,[19] we must take that which is in the way of actual working, because this is thought to be most properly entitled to the name. If then the work of Man is a working of the soul in accordance with reason, or at least not independently of reason, and we say that the work of any given subject, and of that subject good of its kind, are the same in kind (as, for instance, of a harp-player and a good harp-player, and so on in every case, adding to the work eminence in the way of excellence; I mean, the work of a harp-player is to play the harp, and of a good harp-player to play it well); if, I say, this is so, and we assume the work of Man to be life of a certain kind, that is to say a working of the soul, and actions with reason, and of a good man to do these things well and nobly, and in fact everything is finished off well in the way of the excellence which peculiarly belongs to it: if all this is so, then the Good of Man comes to be “a working of the Soul in the way of Excellence,” or, if Excellence admits of degrees, in the way of the best and most perfect Excellence.

And we must add, ■ν β■■ τελε■■;[20] for as it is not one swallow or one fine day that makes a spring, so it is not one day or a short time that makes a man blessed and happy.

Let this then be taken for a rough sketch of the Chief Good: since it is probably the right way to give first the outline, and fill it in afterwards. And it would seem that any man may improve and connect what is good in the sketch, and that time is a good discoverer and co-operator in such matters: it is thus in fact that all improvements in the various arts have been brought about, for any man may fill up a deficiency.

You must remember also what has been already stated, and not seek for exactness in all matters alike, but in each according to the subject-matter, and so far as properly belongs to the system. The carpenter and geometrician, for instance, enquire into the right line in different fashion: the former so far as he wants it for his work, the latter enquires into its nature and properties, because he is concerned with the truth.

So then should one do in other matters, that the incidental matters may not exceed the direct ones.

And again, you must not demand the reason either in all things alike,[21] because in some it is sufficient that the fact has been well demonstrated, which is the case with first principles; and the fact is the first step, _i.e._ starting-point or principle.

And of these first principles some are obtained by induction, some by perception,[22] some by a course of habituation, others in other different ways. And we must try to trace up each in their own nature, and take pains to secure their being well defined, because they have great influence on what follows: it is thought, I mean, that the starting-point or principle is more than half the whole matter, and that many of the points of enquiry come simultaneously into view thereby.

Chapter VI.

We must now enquire concerning Happiness, not only from our conclusion and the data on which our reasoning proceeds, but likewise from what is commonly said about it: because with what is true all things which really are are in harmony, but with that which is false the true very soon jars.

Now there is a common division of goods into three classes; one being called external, the other two those of the soul and body respectively, and those belonging to the soul we call most properly and specially good. Well, in our definition we assume that the actions and workings of the soul constitute Happiness, and these of course belong to the soul. And so our account is a good one, at least according to this opinion, which is of ancient date, and accepted by those who profess philosophy. Rightly too are certain actions and workings said to be the end, for thus it is brought into the number of the goods of the soul instead of the external. Agreeing also with our definition is the common notion, that the happy man lives well and does well, for it has been stated by us to be pretty much a kind of living well and doing well.

And further, the points required in Happiness are found in combination in our account of it.

For some think it is virtue, others practical wisdom, others a kind of scientific philosophy; others that it is these, or else some one of them, in combination with pleasure, or at least not independently of it; while others again take in external prosperity.

Of these opinions, some rest on the authority of numbers or antiquity, others on that of few, and those men of note: and it is not likely that either of these classes should be wrong in all points, but be right at least in some one, or even in most.

Now with those who assert it to be Virtue (Excellence), or some kind of Virtue, our account agrees: for working in the way of Excellence surely belongs to Excellence.

And there is perhaps no unimportant difference between conceiving of the Chief Good as in possession or as in use, in other words, as a mere state or as a working. For the state or habit[23] may possibly exist in a subject without effecting any good, as, for instance, in him who is asleep, or in any other way inactive; but the working cannot so, for it will of necessity act, and act well. And as at the Olympic games it is not the finest and strongest men who are crowned, but they who enter the lists, for out of these the prize-men are selected; so too in life, of the honourable and the good, it is they who act who rightly win the prizes.[24]

Their life too is in itself pleasant: for the feeling of pleasure is a mental sensation, and that is to each pleasant of which he is said to be fond: a horse, for instance, to him who is fond of horses, and a sight to him who is fond of sights: and so in like manner just acts to him who is fond of justice, and more generally the things in accordance with virtue to him who is fond of virtue. Now in the case of the multitude of men the things which they individually esteem pleasant clash, because they are not such by nature, whereas to the lovers of nobleness those things are pleasant which are such by nature: but the actions in accordance with virtue are of this kind, so that they are pleasant both to the individuals and also in themselves.

So then their life has no need of pleasure as a kind of additional appendage, but involves pleasure in itself. For, besides what I have just mentioned, a man is not a good man at all who feels no pleasure in noble actions,[25] just as no one would call that man just who does not feel pleasure in acting justly, or liberal who does not in liberal actions, and similarly in the case of the other virtues which might be enumerated: and if this be so, then the actions in accordance with virtue must be in themselves pleasurable. Then again they are certainly good and noble, and each of these in the highest degree; if we are to take as right the judgment of the good man, for he judges as we have said.

Thus then Happiness is most excellent, most noble, and most pleasant, and these attributes are not separated as in the well-known Delian inscription—

“Most noble is that which is most just, but best is health; And naturally most pleasant is the obtaining one’s desires.”

For all these co-exist in the best acts of working: and we say that Happiness is these, or one, that is, the best of them.

Still[26] it is quite plain that it does require the addition of external goods, as we have said: because without appliances it is impossible, or at all events not easy, to do noble actions: for friends, money, and political influence are in a manner instruments whereby many things are done: some things there are again a deficiency in which mars blessedness; good birth, for instance, or fine offspring, or even personal beauty: for he is not at all capable of Happiness who is very ugly, or is ill-born, or solitary and childless; and still less perhaps supposing him to have very bad children or friends, or to have lost good ones by death. As we have said already, the addition of prosperity of this kind does seem necessary to complete the idea of Happiness; hence some rank good fortune, and others virtue, with Happiness.

Chapter VII.

And hence too a question is raised, whether it is a thing that can be learned, or acquired by habituation or discipline of some other kind, or whether it comes in the way of divine dispensation, or even in the way of chance.

Now to be sure, if anything else is a gift of the Gods to men, it is probable that Happiness is a gift of theirs too, and specially because of all human goods it is the highest. But this, it may be, is a question belonging more properly to an investigation different from ours:[27] and it is quite clear, that on the supposition of its not being sent from the Gods direct, but coming to us by reason of virtue and learning of a certain kind, or discipline, it is yet one of the most Godlike things; because the prize and End of virtue is manifestly somewhat most excellent, nay divine and blessed.

It will also on this supposition be widely participated, for it may through learning and diligence of a certain kind exist in all who have not been maimed[28] for virtue.

And if it is better we should be happy thus than as a result of chance, this is in itself an argument that the case is so; because those things which are in the way of nature, and in like manner of art, and of every cause, and specially the best cause, are by nature in the best way possible: to leave them to chance what is greatest and most noble would be very much out of harmony with all these facts.[29]

The question may be determined also by a reference to our definition of Happiness, that it is a working of the soul in the way of excellence or virtue of a certain kind: and of the other goods, some we must have to begin with, and those which are co-operative and useful are given by nature as instruments.[30]

These considerations will harmonise also with what we said at the commencement: for we assumed the End of πολιτικ■ to be most excellent: now this bestows most care on making the members of the community of a certain character; good that is and apt to do what is honourable.

With good reason then neither ox nor horse nor any other brute animal do we call happy, for none of them can partake in such working: and for this same reason a child is not happy either, because by reason of his tender age he cannot yet perform such actions: if the term is applied, it is by way of anticipation.

For to constitute Happiness, there must be, as we have said, complete virtue and a complete life: for many changes and chances of all kinds arise during a life, and he who is most prosperous may become involved in great misfortunes in his old age, as in the heroic poems the tale is told of Priam: but the man who has experienced such fortune and died in wretchedness, no man calls happy.

Chapter VIII.

Are we then to call no man happy while he lives, and, as Solon would have us, look to the end? And again, if we are to maintain this position, is a man then happy when he is dead? or is not this a complete absurdity, specially in us who say Happiness is a working of a certain kind?

If on the other hand we do not assert that the dead man is happy, and Solon does not mean this, but only that one would then be safe in pronouncing a man happy, as being thenceforward out of the reach of evils and misfortunes, this too admits of some dispute, since it is thought that the dead has somewhat both of good and evil (if, as we must allow, a man may have when alive but not aware of the circumstances), as honour and dishonour, and good and bad fortune of children and descendants generally.

Nor is this view again without its difficulties: for, after a man has lived in blessedness to old age and died accordingly, many changes may befall him in right of his descendants; some of them may be good and obtain positions in life accordant to their merits, others again quite the contrary: it is plain too that the descendants may at different intervals or grades stand in all manner of relations to the ancestors.[31] Absurd indeed would be the position that even the dead man is to change about with them and become at one time happy and at another miserable. Absurd however it is on the other hand that the affairs of the descendants should in no degree and during no time affect the ancestors.

But we must revert to the point first raised,[32] since the present question will be easily determined from that.

If then we are to look to the end and then pronounce the man blessed, not as being so but as having been so at some previous time, surely it is absurd that when he _is_ happy the truth is not to be asserted of him, because we are unwilling to pronounce the living happy by reason of their liability to changes, and because, whereas we have conceived of happiness as something stable and no way easily changeable, the fact is that good and bad fortune are constantly circling about the same people: for it is quite plain, that if we are to depend upon the fortunes of men, we shall often have to call the same man happy, and a little while after miserable, thus representing our happy man,

“Chameleon-like, and based on rottenness.”

Is not this the solution? that to make our sentence dependent on the changes of fortune, is no way right: for not in them stands the well, or the ill, but though human life needs these as accessories (which we have allowed already), the workings in the way of virtue are what determine Happiness, and the contrary the contrary.

And, by the way, the question which has been here discussed, testifies incidentally to the truth of our account of Happiness.[33] For to nothing does a stability of human results attach so much as it does to the workings in the way of virtue, since these are held to be more abiding even than the sciences: and of these last again[34] the most precious are the most abiding, because the blessed live in them most and most continuously, which seems to be the reason why they are not forgotten. So then this stability which is sought will be in the happy man, and he will be such through life, since always, or most of all, he will be doing and contemplating the things which are in the way of virtue: and the various chances of life he will bear most nobly, and at all times and in all ways harmoniously, since he is the truly good man, or in the terms of our proverb “a faultless cube.”

And whereas the incidents of chance are many, and differ in greatness and smallness, the small pieces of good or ill fortune evidently do not affect the balance of life, but the great and numerous, if happening for good, will make life more blessed (for it is their nature to contribute to ornament, and the using of them comes to be noble and excellent), but if for ill, they bruise as it were and maim the blessedness: for they bring in positive pain, and hinder many acts of working. But still, even in these, nobleness shines through when a man bears contentedly many and great mischances not from insensibility to pain but because he is noble and high-spirited.

And if, as we have said, the acts of working are what determine the character of the life, no one of the blessed can ever become wretched, because he will never do those things which are hateful and mean. For the man who is truly good and sensible bears all fortunes, we presume, becomingly, and always does what is noblest under the circumstances, just as a good general employs to the best advantage the force he has with him; or a good shoemaker makes the handsomest shoe he can out of the leather which has been given him; and all other good artisans likewise. And if this be so, wretched never can the happy man come to be: I do not mean to say he will be blessed should he fall into fortunes like those of Priam.

Nor, in truth, is he shifting and easily changeable, for on the one hand from his happiness he will not be shaken easily nor by ordinary mischances, but, if at all, by those which are great and numerous; and, on the other, after such mischances he cannot regain his happiness in a little time; but, if at all, in a long and complete period, during which he has made himself master of great and noble things.

Why then should we not call happy the man who works in the way of perfect virtue, and is furnished with external goods sufficient for acting his part in the drama of life:[35] and this during no ordinary period but such as constitutes a complete life as we have been describing it.

Or we must add, that not only is he to live so, but his death must be in keeping with such life, since the future is dark to us, and Happiness we assume to be in every way an end and complete. And, if this be so, we shall call them among the living blessed who have and will have the things specified, but blessed _as Men_.[36]

On these points then let it suffice to have denned thus much.

Chapter IX.

Now that the fortunes of their descendants, and friends generally, contribute nothing towards forming the condition of the dead, is plainly a very heartless notion, and contrary to the current opinions.

But since things which befall are many, and differ in all kinds of ways, and some touch more nearly, others less, to go into minute particular distinctions would evidently be a long and endless task: and so it may suffice to speak generally and in outline.

If then, as of the misfortunes which happen to one’s self, some have a certain weight and turn the balance of life, while others are, so to speak, lighter; so it is likewise with those which befall all our friends alike; if further, whether they whom each suffering befalls be alive or dead makes much more difference than in a tragedy the presupposing or actual perpetration of the various crimes and horrors, we must take into our account this difference also, and still more perhaps the doubt concerning the dead whether they really partake of any good or evil; it seems to result from all these considerations, that if anything does pierce the veil and reach them, be the same good or bad, it must be something trivial and small, either in itself or to them; or at least of such a magnitude or such a kind as neither to make happy them that are not so otherwise, nor to deprive of their blessedness them that are.[37]

It is plain then that the good or ill fortunes of their friends do affect the dead somewhat: but in such kind and degree as neither to make the happy unhappy nor produce any other such effect.

Chapter X.

Having determined these points, let us examine with respect to Happiness, whether it belongs to the class of things praiseworthy or things precious; for to that of faculties[38] it evidently does not.

Now it is plain that everything which is a subject of praise is praised for being of a certain kind and bearing a certain relation to something else: for instance, the just, and the valiant, and generally the good man, and virtue itself, we praise because of the actions and the results: and the strong man, and the quick runner, and so forth, we praise for being of a certain nature and bearing a certain relation to something good and excellent (and this is illustrated by attempts to praise the gods; for they are presented in a ludicrous aspect[39] by being referred to our standard, and this results from the fact, that all praise does, as we have said, imply reference to a standard). Now if it is to such objects that praise belongs, it is evident that what is applicable to the best objects is not praise, but something higher and better: which is plain matter of fact, for not only do we call the gods blessed and happy, but of men also we pronounce those blessed who most nearly resemble the gods. And in like manner in respect of goods; no man thinks of praising Happiness as he does the principle of justice, but calls it blessed, as being somewhat more godlike and more excellent.

Eudoxus[40] too is thought to have advanced a sound argument in support of the claim of pleasure to the highest prize: for the fact that, though it is one of the good things, it is not praised, he took for an indication of its superiority to those which are subjects of praise: a superiority he attributed also to a god and the Chief Good, on the ground that they form the standard to which everything besides is referred. For praise applies to virtue, because it makes men apt to do what is noble; but encomia to definite works of body or mind.[41]

However, it is perhaps more suitable to a regular treatise on encomia to pursue this topic with exactness: it is enough for our purpose that from what has been said it is evident that Happiness belongs to the class of things precious and final. And it seems to be so also because of its being a starting-point; which it is, in that with a view to it we all do everything else that is done; now the starting-point and cause of good things we assume to be something precious and divine.

Chapter XI.

Moreover, since Happiness is a kind of working of the soul in the way of perfect Excellence, we must enquire concerning Excellence: for so probably shall we have a clearer view concerning Happiness; and again, he who is really a statesman is generally thought to have spent most pains on this, for he wishes to make the citizens good and obedient to the laws. (For examples of this class we have the lawgivers of the Cretans and Lacedæmonians and whatever other such there have been.) But if this investigation belongs properly to πολιτικ■, then clearly the enquiry will be in accordance with our original design.

Well, we are to enquire concerning Excellence, _i.e._ Human Excellence of course, because it was the Chief Good of Man and the Happiness of Man that we were enquiring of just now.

And by Human Excellence we mean not that of man's body but that of his soul; for we call Happiness a working of the Soul.

And if this is so, it is plain that some knowledge of the nature of the Soul is necessary for the statesman, just as for the oculist a knowledge of the whole body, and the more so in proportion as πολιτικ■ is more precious and higher than the healing art: and in fact physicians of the higher class do busy themselves much with the knowledge of the body.

So then the statesman is to consider the nature of the Soul: but he must do so with these objects in view, and so far only as may suffice for the objects of his special enquiry: for to carry his speculations to a greater exactness is perhaps a task more laborious than falls within his province.

In fact, the few statements made on the subject in my popular treatises are quite enough, and accordingly we will adopt them here: as, that the Soul consists of two parts, the Irrational and the Rational (as to whether these are actually divided, as are the parts of the body, and everything that is capable of division; or are only metaphysically speaking two, being by nature inseparable, as are convex and concave circumferences, matters not in respect of our present purpose). And of the Irrational, the one part seems common to other objects, and in fact vegetative; I mean the cause of nourishment and growth (for such a faculty of the Soul one would assume to exist in all things that receive nourishment, even in embryos, and this the same as in the perfect creatures; for this is more likely than that it should be a different one).

Now the Excellence of this manifestly is not peculiar to the human species but common to others: for this part and this faculty is thought to work most in time of sleep, and the good and bad man are least distinguishable while asleep; whence it is a common saying that during one half of life there is no difference between the happy and the wretched; and this accords with our

anticipations, for sleep is an inactivity of the soul, in so far as it is denominated good or bad, except that in some wise some of its movements find their way through the veil and so the good come to have better dreams than ordinary men. But enough of this: we must forego any further mention of the nutritive part, since it is not naturally capable of the Excellence which is peculiarly human.

And there seems to be another Irrational Nature of the Soul, which yet in a way partakes of Reason. For in the man who controls his appetites, and in him who resolves to do so and fails, we praise the Reason or Rational part of the Soul, because it exhorts aright and to the best course: but clearly there is in them, beside the Reason, some other natural principle which fights with and strains against the Reason. (For in plain terms, just as paralysed limbs of the body when their owners would move them to the right are borne aside in a contrary direction to the left, so is it in the case of the Soul, for the impulses of men who cannot control their appetites are to contrary points: the difference is that in the case of the body we do see what is borne aside but in the case of the soul we do not. But, it may be, not the less[42] on that account are we to suppose that there is in the Soul also somewhat besides the Reason, which is opposed to this and goes against it; as to _how_ it is different, that is irrelevant.)

But of Reason this too does evidently partake, as we have said: for instance, in the man of self-control it obeys Reason: and perhaps in the man of perfected self-mastery,[43] or the brave man, it is yet more obedient; in them it agrees entirely with the Reason.

So then the Irrational is plainly twofold: the one part, the merely vegetative, has no share of Reason, but that of desire, or appetition generally, does partake of it in a sense, in so far as it is obedient to it and capable of submitting to its rule. (So too in common phrase we say we have λ■γος of our father or friends, and this in a different sense from that in which we say we have λ■γος of mathematics.)[44]

Now that the Irrational is in some way persuaded by the Reason, admonition, and every act of rebuke and exhortation indicate. If then we are to say that this also has Reason, then the Rational, as well as the Irrational, will be twofold, the one supremely and in itself, the other paying it a kind of filial regard.

The Excellence of Man then is divided in accordance with this difference: we make two classes, calling the one Intellectual, and the other Moral; pure science, intelligence, and practical wisdom—Intellectual: liberality, and perfected self-mastery—Moral: in speaking of a man's Moral character, we do not say he is a scientific or intelligent but a meek man, or one of perfected self-mastery: and we praise the man of science in right of his mental state;[45] and of these such as are praiseworthy we call Excellences.

BOOK II

Chapter I.

Well: human Excellence is of two kinds, Intellectual and Moral:[1] now the Intellectual springs originally, and is increased subsequently, from teaching (for the most part that is[2]), and needs therefore experience and time; whereas the Moral comes from custom, and so the Greek term denoting it is but a slight deflection from the term denoting custom in that language.

From this fact it is plain that not one of the Moral Virtues comes to be in us merely by nature: because of such things as exist by nature, none can be changed by custom: a stone, for instance, by nature gravitating downwards, could never by custom be brought to ascend, not even if one were to try and accustom it by throwing it up ten thousand times; nor could file again be brought to descend, nor in fact could anything whose nature is in one way be brought by custom to be in another. The Virtues then come to be in us neither by nature, nor in despite of nature,[3] but we are furnished by nature with a capacity for receiving themu and are perfected in them through custom.

Again, in whatever cases we get things by nature, we get the faculties first and perform the acts of working afterwards; an illustration of which is afforded by the case of our bodily senses, for it was not from having often seen or heard that we got these senses, but just the reverse: we had them and so exercised them, but did not have them because we had exercised them. But the Virtues we get by first performing single acts of working, which, again, is the case of other things, as the arts for instance; for what we have to make when we have learned how, these we learn how to make by making: men come to be builders, for instance, by building; harp-players, by playing on the harp: exactly so, by doing just actions we come to be just; by doing the actions of self-mastery we come to be perfected in self-mastery; and by doing brave actions brave.

And to the truth of this testimony is borne by what takes place in communities: because the law-givers make the individual members good men by habituation, and this is the intention certainly of every law-giver, and all who do not effect it well fail of their intent; and herein consists the difference between a good Constitution and a bad.

Again, every Virtue is either produced or destroyed from and by the very same circumstances: art too in like manner; I mean it is by playing the harp that both the good and the bad harp-players are formed: and similarly builders and all the rest; by building well men will become good builders; by doing it badly bad ones: in fact, if this had not been so, there would have been no need of instructors, but all men would have been at once good or bad in their several arts without them.

So too then is it with the Virtues: for by acting in the various relations in which we are thrown with our fellow men, we come to be, some just, some unjust: and by acting in dangerous positions and being habituated to feel fear or confidence, we come to be, some brave, others cowards.

Similarly is it also with respect to the occasions of lust and anger: for some men come to be perfected in self-mastery and mild, others destitute of all self-control and passionate; the one class by behaving in one way under them, the other by behaving in another. Or, in one word, the habits are produced from the acts of working like to them: and so what we have to do is to give a certain character to these particular acts, because the habits formed correspond to the differences of these.

So then, whether we are accustomed this way or that straight from childhood, makes not a small but an important difference, or rather I would say it makes all the difference.

Chapter II.

Since then the object of the present treatise is not mere speculation, as it is of some others (for we are enquiring not merely that we may know what virtue is but that we may become virtuous, else it would have been useless), we must consider as to the particular actions how we are to do them, because, as we have just said, the quality of the habits that shall be formed depends on these.

Now, that we are to act in accordance with Right Reason is a general maxim, and may for the present be taken for granted: we will speak of it hereafter, and say both what Right Reason is, and what are its relations to the other virtues.[4]

But let this point be first thoroughly understood between us, that all which can be said on moral action must be said in outline, as it were, and not exactly: for as we remarked at the commencement, such reasoning only must be required as the nature of the subject-matter admits of, and matters of moral action and expediency have no fixedness any more than matters of health. And if the subject in its general maxims is such, still less in its application to particular cases is exactness attainable:[5] because these fall not under any art or system of rules, but it must be left in each instance to the individual agents to look to the exigencies of the particular case, as it is in the art of healing, or that of navigating a ship. Still, though the present subject is confessedly such, we must try and do what we can for it.

First then this must be noted, that it is the nature of such things to be spoiled by defect and excess; as we see in the case of health and strength (since for the illustration of things which cannot be seen we must use those that can), for excessive training impairs the strength as well as deficient: meat and drink, in like manner, in too great or too small quantities, impair the health: while in due proportion they cause, increase, and preserve it.

Thus it is therefore with the habits of perfected Self-Mastery and Courage and the rest of the Virtues: for the man who flies from and fears all things, and never stands up against anything, comes to be a coward; and he who fears nothing, but goes at everything, comes to be rash. In like manner too, he that tastes of every pleasure and abstains from none comes to lose all self-control; while he who avoids all, as do the dull and clownish, comes as it were to lose his faculties of perception: that is to say, the habits of perfected Self-Mastery and Courage are spoiled by the excess and defect, but by the mean state are preserved.

Furthermore, not only do the origination, growth, and marring of the habits come from and by the same circumstances, but also the acts of working after the habits are formed will be exercised on the same: for so it is also with those other things which are more directly matters of sight, strength for instance: for this comes by taking plenty of food and doing plenty of work, and the man who has attained strength is best able to do these: and so it is with the Virtues, for not only do we by abstaining from pleasures come to be perfected in Self-Mastery, but when we have come to be so we can best abstain from them: similarly too with Courage: for it is by accustoming ourselves to despise objects of fear and stand up against them that we come to be brave; and after we have come to be so we shall be best able to stand up against such objects.

And for a test of the formation of the habits we must take the pleasure or pain which succeeds the acts; for he is perfected in Self-Mastery who not only abstains from the bodily pleasures but is glad to do so; whereas he who abstains but is sorry to do it has not Self-Mastery: he again is brave who stands up against danger, either with positive pleasure or at least without any pain; whereas he who does it with pain is not brave.[6]

For Moral Virtue has for its object-matter pleasures and pains, because by reason of pleasure we do what is bad, and by reason of pain decline doing what is right (for which cause, as Plato observes, men should have been trained straight from their childhood to receive pleasure and pain from proper objects, for this is the right education). Again: since Virtues have to do with actions and feelings, and on every feeling and every action pleasure and pain follow, here again is another proof that Virtue has for its object-matter pleasure and pain. The same is shown also by the fact that punishments are effected through the instrumentality of these; because they are of the nature of remedies, and it is the nature of remedies to be the contraries of the ills they cure. Again, to quote what we said before: every habit of the Soul by its very nature has relation to, and exerts itself upon, things of the same kind as those by which it is naturally deteriorated or improved: now such habits do come to be vicious by reason of pleasures and pains, that is, by men pursuing or avoiding respectively, either such as they ought not, or at wrong times, or in wrong manner, and so forth (for which reason, by the way, some people define the Virtues as certain states of impassibility and utter quietude,[7] but they are wrong because they speak without modification, instead of adding “as they ought,” “as they ought not,” and “when,” and so on). Virtue then is assumed to be that habit which is such, in relation to pleasures and pains, as to effect the best results, and Vice the contrary.

The following considerations may also serve to set this in a clear light. There are principally three things moving us to choice and three to avoidance, the honourable, the expedient, the pleasant; and their three contraries, the dishonourable, the hurtful, and the painful: now the good man is apt to go right, and the bad man wrong, with respect to all these of course, but most specially with respect to pleasure: because not only is this common to him with all animals but also it is a concomitant of all those things which move to choice, since both the honourable and the expedient give an impression of pleasure.

Again, it grows up with us all from infancy, and so it is a hard matter to remove from ourselves this feeling, engrained as it is into our very life.

Again, we adopt pleasure and pain (some of us more, and some less) as the measure even of actions: for this cause then our whole business must be with them, since to receive right or wrong impressions of pleasure and pain is a thing of no little importance in respect of the actions. Once more; it is harder, as Heraclitus says, to fight against pleasure than against anger: now it is about that which is more than commonly difficult that art comes into being, and virtue too, because in that which is difficult the good is of a higher order: and so for this reason too both virtue and moral philosophy generally must wholly busy themselves respecting pleasures and pains, because he that uses these well will be good, he that does so ill will be bad.

Let us then be understood to have stated, that Virtue has for its object-matter pleasures and pains, and that it is either increased or marred by the same circumstances (differently used) by which it is originally generated, and that it exerts itself on the same circumstances out of which it was generated.

Chapter III.

Now I can conceive a person perplexed as to the meaning of our statement, that men must do just actions to become just, and those of self-mastery to acquire the habit of self-mastery; “for,” he would say, “if men are doing the actions they have the respective virtues already, just as men are grammarians or musicians when they do the actions of either art.” May we not reply by saying that it is not so even in the case of the arts referred to: because a man may produce something grammatical either by chance or the suggestion of another; but then only will he be a grammarian when he not only produces something grammatical but does so grammarian-wise, _i.e._ in virtue of the grammatical knowledge he himself possesses.

Again, the cases of the arts and the virtues are not parallel: because those things which are produced by the arts have their excellence in themselves, and it is sufficient therefore that these when produced should be in a certain state: but those which are produced in the way of the virtues, are, strictly speaking, actions of a certain kind (say of Justice or perfected Self-Mastery), not merely if in themselves they are in a certain state but if also he who does them does them being himself in a certain state, first if knowing what he is doing, next if with deliberate preference, and with such preference for the things’ own sake; and thirdly if being himself stable and unapt to change. Now to constitute possession of the arts these requisites are not reckoned in, excepting the one point of knowledge: whereas for possession of the virtues knowledge avails little or nothing, but the other requisites avail not a

little, but, in fact, are all in all, and these requisites as a matter of fact do come from oftentimes doing the actions of Justice and perfected Self-Mastery.

The facts,[8] it is true, are called by the names of these habits when they are such as the just or perfectly self-mastering man would do; but he is not in possession of the virtues who merely does these facts, but he who also so does them as the just and self-mastering do them.

We are right then in saying, that these virtues are formed in a man by his doing the actions; but no one, if he should leave them undone, would be even in the way to become a good man. Yet people in general do not perform these actions, but taking refuge in talk they flatter themselves they are philosophising, and that they will so be good men: acting in truth very like those sick people who listen to the doctor with great attention but do nothing that he tells them: just as these then cannot be well bodily under such a course of treatment, so neither can those be mentally by such philosophising.

Chapter IV.

Next, we must examine what Virtue is.[9] Well, since the things which come to be in the mind are, in all, of three kinds, Feelings, Capacities, States, Virtue of course must belong to one of the three classes.

By Feelings, I mean such as lust, anger, fear, confidence, envy, joy, friendship, hatred, longing, emulation, compassion, in short all such as are followed by pleasure or pain: by Capacities, those in right of which we are said to be capable of these feelings; as by virtue of which we are able to have been made angry, or grieved, or to have compassionated; by States, those in right of which we are in a certain relation good or bad to the aforementioned feelings; to having been made angry, for instance, we are in a wrong relation if in our anger we were too violent or too slack, but if we were in the happy medium we are in a right relation to the feeling. And so on of the rest.

Now Feelings neither the virtues nor vices are, because in right of the Feelings we are not denominated either good or bad, but in right of the virtues and vices we are.

Again, in right of the Feelings we are neither praised nor blamed,[10] (for a man is not commended for being afraid or being angry, nor blamed for being angry merely but for being so in a particular way), but in right of the virtues and vices we are.

Again, both anger and fear we feel without moral choice, whereas the virtues are acts of moral choice, or at least certainly not independent of it.

Moreover, in right of the Feelings we are said to be moved, but in right of the virtues and vices not to be moved, but disposed, in a certain way.

And for these same reasons they are not Capacities, for we are not called good or bad merely because we are able to feel, nor are we praised or blamed.

And again, Capacities we have by nature, but we do not come to be good or bad by nature, as we have said before.

Since then the virtues are neither Feelings nor Capacities, it remains that they must be States.

Chapter V.

Now what the genus of Virtue is has been said; but we must not merely speak of it thus, that it is a state but say also what kind of a state it is.

We must observe then that all excellence makes that whereof it is the excellence both to be itself in a good state and to perform its work well. The excellence of the eye, for instance, makes both the eye good and its work also: for by the excellence of the eye we see well. So too the excellence of the horse makes a horse good, and good in speed, and in carrying his rider, and standing up against the enemy. If then this is universally the case, the excellence of Man, i.e. Virtue, must be a state whereby Man comes to be good and whereby he will perform well his proper work. Now how this shall be it is true we have said already, but still perhaps it may throw light on the subject to see what is its characteristic nature.

In all quantity then, whether continuous or discrete,[11] one may take the greater part, the less, or the exactly equal, and these either with reference to the thing itself, or relatively to us: and the exactly equal is a mean between excess and defect. Now by the mean of the thing, _i.e._ absolute mean, I denote that which is equidistant from either extreme (which of course is one and the

same to all), and by the mean relatively to ourselves, that which is neither too much nor too little for the particular individual. This of course is not one nor the same to all: for instance, suppose ten is too much and two too little, people take six for the absolute mean; because it exceeds the smaller sum by exactly as much as it is itself exceeded by the larger, and this mean is according to arithmetical proportion.[12]

But the mean relatively to ourselves must not be so found ; for it does not follow, supposing ten minæ[13] is too large a quantity to eat and two too small, that the trainer will order his man six; because for the person who is to take it this also may be too much or too little: for Milo it would be too little, but for a man just commencing his athletic exercises too much: similarly too of the exercises themselves, as running or wrestling.

So then it seems every one possessed of skill avoids excess and defect, but seeks for and chooses the mean, not the absolute but the relative.

Now if all skill thus accomplishes well its work by keeping an eye on the mean, and bringing the works to this point (whence it is common enough to say of such works as are in a good state, “one cannot add to or take ought from them,” under the notion of excess or defect destroying goodness but the mean state preserving it), and good artisans, as we say, work with their eye on this, and excellence, like nature, is more exact and better than any art in the world, it must have an aptitude to aim at the mean.

It is moral excellence, _i.e._ Virtue, of course which I mean, because this it is which is concerned with feelings and actions, and in these there can be excess and defect and the mean: it is possible, for instance, to feel the emotions of fear, confidence, lust, anger, compassion, and pleasure and pain generally, too much or too little, and in either case wrongly; but to feel them when we ought, on what occasions, towards whom, why, and as, we should do, is the mean, or in other words the best state, and this is the property of Virtue.

In like manner too with respect to the actions, there may be excess and defect and the mean. Now Virtue is concerned with feelings and actions, in which the excess is wrong and the defect is blamed but the mean is praised and goes right; and both these circumstances belong to Virtue. Virtue then is in a sense a mean state, since it certainly has an aptitude for aiming at the mean.

Again, one may go wrong in many different ways (because, as the Pythagoreans expressed it, evil is of the class of the infinite, good of the finite), but right only in one; and so the former is easy, the latter difficult; easy to miss the mark, but hard to hit it: and for these reasons, therefore, both the excess and defect belong to Vice, and the mean state to Virtue; for, as the poet has it,

“Men may be bad in many ways, But good in one alone.”

Chapter VI.

Virtue then is “a state apt to exercise deliberate choice, being in the relative mean, determined by reason, and[14] as the man of practical wisdom would determine.”

It is a middle state between too faulty ones, in the way of excess on one side and of defect on the other: and it is so moreover, because the faulty states on one side fall short of, and those on the other exceed, what is right, both in the case of the feelings and the actions; but Virtue finds, and when found adopts, the mean.

And so, viewing it in respect of its essence and definition, Virtue is a mean state; but in reference to the chief good and to excellence it is the highest state possible.

But it must not be supposed that every action or every feeling is capable of subsisting in this mean state, because some there are which are so named as immediately to convey the notion of badness, as malevolence, shamelessness, envy; or, to instance in actions, adultery, theft, homicide; for all these and suchlike are blamed because they are in themselves bad, not the having too much or too little of them.

In these then you never can go right, but must always be wrong: nor in such does the right or wrong depend on the selection of a proper person, time, or manner (take adultery for instance), but simply doing any one soever of those things is being wrong.

You might as well require that there should be determined a mean state, an excess and a defect in respect of acting unjustly, being cowardly, or giving up all control of the passions: for at this rate there will be of excess and defect a mean state; of excess, excess; and of defect, defect.

But just as of perfected self-mastery and courage there is no excess and defect, because the mean is in one point of view the highest possible state, so neither of those faulty states can you have a mean state, excess, or defect, but howsoever done they are wrong: you cannot, in short, have of excess and defect a mean state, nor of a mean state excess and defect.

Chapter VII.

It is not enough, however, to state this in general terms, we must also apply it to particular instances, because in treatises on moral conduct general statements have an air of vagueness, but those which go into detail one of greater reality: for the actions after all must be in detail, and the general statements, to be worth anything, must hold good here.

We must take these details then from the well-known scheme.[15]

I. In respect of fears and confidence or boldness:

The Mean state is Courage: men may exceed, of course, either in absence of fear or in positive confidence: the former has no name (which is a common case), the latter is called rash: again, the man who has too much fear and too little confidence is called a coward.

II. In respect of pleasures and pains (but not all, and perhaps fewer pains than pleasures):

The Mean state here is perfected Self-Mastery, the defect total absence of Self-control. As for defect in respect of pleasure, there are really no people who are chargeable with it, so, of course, there is really no name for such characters, but, as they are conceivable, we will give them one and call them insensible.

III. In respect of giving and taking wealth[16] (_a_):

The mean state is Liberality, the excess Prodigality, the defect Stinginess: here each of the extremes involves really an excess and defect contrary to each other: I mean, the prodigal gives out too much and takes in too little, while the stingy man takes in too much and gives out too little. (It must be understood that we are now giving merely an outline and summary, intentionally: and we will, in a later part of the treatise, draw out the distinctions with greater exactness.)

IV. In respect of wealth (b):

There are other dispositions besides these just mentioned; a mean state called Munificence (for the munificent man differs from the liberal, the former having necessarily to do with great wealth, the latter with but small); the excess called by the names either of Want of taste or Vulgar Profusion, and the defect Paltriness (these also differ from the extremes connected with liberality, and the manner of their difference shall also be spoken of later).

V. In respect of honour and dishonour (a):

The mean state Greatness of Soul, the excess which may be called χαυν■τηϛ,[17] and the defect Littleness of Soul.

VI. In respect of honour and dishonour (b):

Now there is a state bearing the same relation to Greatness of Soul as we said just now Liberality does to Munificence, with the difference that is of being about a small amount of the same thing: this state having reference to small honour, as Greatness of Soul to great honour; a man may, of course, grasp at honour either more than he should or less; now he that exceeds in his grasping at it is called ambitious, he that falls short unambitious, he that is just as he should be has no proper name: nor in fact have the states, except that the disposition of the ambitious man is called ambition. For this reason those who are in either extreme lay claim to the mean as a debateable land, and we call the virtuous character sometimes by the name ambitious,[18] sometimes by that of unambitious, and we commend sometimes the one and sometimes the other. Why we do it shall be said in the subsequent part of the treatise; but now we will go on with the rest of the virtues after the plan we have laid down.

VII. In respect of anger:

Here too there is excess, defect, and a mean state; but since they may be said to have really no proper names, as we call the virtuous character Meek, we will call the mean state Meekness, and of the extremes, let the man who is excessive be denominated Passionate, and the faulty state Passionateness, and him who is deficient Angerless, and the defect Angerlessness.

There are also three other mean states, having some mutual resemblance, but still with differences; they are alike in that they all have for their object-matter intercourse of words and deeds, and they differ in that one has respect to truth herein, the other two to what is pleasant; and this in two ways, the one in relaxation and amusement, the other in all things which occur in daily life. We must say a word or two about these also, that we may the better see that in all matters the mean is praiseworthy, while the extremes are neither right nor worthy of praise but of blame.

Now of these, it is true, the majority have really no proper names, but still we must try, as in the other cases, to coin some for them for the sake of clearness and intelligibleness.

I. In respect of truth:

The man who is in the mean state we will call Truthful, and his state Truthfulness, and as to the disguise of truth, if it be on the side of exaggeration, Braggadocia, and him that has it a Braggadocio; if on that of diminution, Reserve and Reserved shall be the terms.

II. In respect of what is pleasant in the way of relaxation or amusement.

The mean state shall be called Easy-pleasantry, and the character accordingly a man of Easy-pleasantry; the excess Buffoonery, and the man a Buffoon; the man deficient herein a Clown, and his state Clownishness.

III. In respect of what is pleasant in daily life.

He that is as he should be may be called Friendly, and his mean state Friendliness: he that exceeds, if it be without any interested motive, somewhat too Complaisant, if with such motive, a Flatterer: he that is deficient and in all instances unpleasant, Quarrelsome and Cross.

There are mean states likewise in feelings and matters concerning them. Shamefacedness, for instance, is no virtue, still a man is praised for being shamefaced: for in these too the one is denominated the man in the mean state, the other in the excess; the Dumbfoundered, for instance, who is overwhelmed with shame on all and any occasions: the man who is in the defect, _i.e._ who has no shame at all in his composition, is called Shameless: but the right character Shamefaced.

Indignation against successful vice,[19] again, is a state in the mean between Envy and Malevolence: they all three have respect to pleasure and pain produced by what happens to one's neighbour: for the man who has this right feeling is annoyed at undeserved success of others, while the envious man goes beyond him and is annoyed at all success of others, and the malevolent falls so far short of feeling annoyance that he even rejoices [at misfortune of others].

But for the discussion of these also there will be another opportunity, as of Justice too, because the term is used in more senses than one. So after this we will go accurately into each and say how they are mean states: and in like manner also with respect to the Intellectual Excellences.

Chapter VIII.

Now as there are three states in each case, two faulty either in the way of excess or defect, and one right, which is the mean state, of course all are in a way opposed to one another; the extremes, for instance, not only to the mean but also to one another, and the mean to the extremes: for just as the half is greater if compared with the less portion, and less if compared with the greater, so the mean states, compared with the defects, exceed, whether in feelings or actions, and _vice versa_. The brave man, for instance, shows as rash when compared with the coward, and cowardly when compared with the rash; similarly too the man of perfected self-mastery, viewed in comparison with the man destitute of all perception, shows like a man of no self-control, but in comparison with the man who really has no self-control, he looks like one destitute of all perception: and the liberal man compared with the stingy seems prodigal, and by the side of the prodigal, stingy.

And so the extreme characters push away, so to speak, towards each other the man in the mean state; the brave man is called a rash man by the coward, and a coward by the rash man, and in the other cases accordingly. And there being this mutual opposition, the contrariety between the extremes is greater than between either and the mean, because they are further from one another than from the mean, just as the greater or less portion differ more from each other than either from the exact half.

Again, in some cases an extreme will bear a resemblance to the mean; rashness, for instance, to courage, and prodigality to liberality; but between the extremes there is the greatest dissimilarity. Now things which are furthest from one another[20] are defined to be contrary, and so the further off the more contrary will they be.

Further: of the extremes in some cases the excess, and in others the defect, is most opposed to the mean: to courage, for instance, not rashness which is the excess, but cowardice which is the defect; whereas to perfected self-mastery not insensibility which is the defect but absence of all self-control which is the excess.

And for this there are two reasons to be given; one from the nature of the thing itself, because from the one extreme being nearer and more like the mean, we do not put this against it, but the other; as, for instance, since rashness is thought to be nearer to courage than cowardice is, and to resemble it more, we put cowardice against courage rather than rashness, because those things which are further from the mean are thought to be more contrary to it. This then is one reason arising from the thing itself; there is another arising from our own constitution and make: for in each man's own case those things give the impression of being more contrary to the mean to which we individually have a natural bias. Thus we have a natural bias towards pleasures, for which reason we are much more inclined to the rejection of all self-control, than to self-discipline.

These things then to which the bias is, we call more contrary, and so total want of self-control (the excess) is more contrary than the defect is to perfected self-mastery.

Chapter IX.

Now that Moral Virtue is a mean state, and how it is so, and that it lies between two faulty states, one in the way of excess and another in the way of defect, and that it is so because it has an aptitude to aim at the mean both in feelings and actions, all this has been set forth fully and sufficiently.

And so it is hard to be good: for surely hard it is in each instance to find the mean, just as to find the mean point or centre of a circle is not what any man can do, but only he who knows how: just so to be angry, to give money, and be expensive, is what any man can do, and easy: but to do these to the right person, in due proportion, at the right time, with a right object, and in the right manner, this is not as before what any man can do, nor is it easy; and for this cause goodness is rare, and praiseworthy, and noble.

Therefore he who aims at the mean should make it his first care to keep away from that extreme which is more contrary than the other to the mean; just as Calypso in Homer advises Ulysses,

"Clear of this smoke and surge thy barque direct;"

because of the two extremes the one is always more, and the other less, erroneous; and, therefore, since to hit exactly on the mean is difficult, one must take the least of the evils as the safest plan;[21] and this a man will be doing, if he follows this method.

We ought also to take into consideration our own natural bias; which varies in each man's case, and will be ascertained from the pleasure and pain arising in us. Furthermore, we should force ourselves off in the contrary direction, because we shall find ourselves in the mean after we have removed ourselves far from the wrong side, exactly as men do in straightening bent timber.[22]

But in all cases we must guard most carefully against what is pleasant, and pleasure itself, because we are not impartial judges of it.

We ought to feel in fact towards pleasure as did the old counsellors towards Helen, and in all cases pronounce a similar sentence; for so by sending it away from us, we shall err the less.[23]

Well, to speak very briefly, these are the precautions by adopting which we shall be best able to attain the mean.

Still, perhaps, after all it is a matter of difficulty, and specially in the particular instances: it is not easy, for instance, to determine exactly in what manner, with what persons, for what causes, and for what length of time, one ought to feel anger: for we ourselves sometimes praise those who are defective in this feeling, and we call them meek; at another, we term the hot-tempered manly and spirited.

Then, again, he who makes a small deflection from what is right, be it on the side of too much or too little, is not blamed, only he who makes a considerable one; for he cannot escape observation. But to what point or degree a man must err in order to incur blame, it is not easy to determine exactly in words: nor in fact any of those points which are matter of perception by the Moral Sense: such questions are matters of detail, and the decision of them rests with the Moral Sense.[24]

At all events thus much is plain, that the mean state is in all things praiseworthy, and that practically we must deflect sometimes towards excess sometimes towards defect, because this will be the easiest method of hitting on the mean, that is, on what is right.

BOOK III

Chapter I.

Now since Virtue is concerned with the regulation of feelings and actions, and praise and blame arise upon such as are voluntary, while for the involuntary allowance is made, and sometimes compassion is excited, it is perhaps a necessary task for those who are investigating the nature of Virtue to draw out the distinction between what is voluntary and what involuntary; and it is certainly useful for legislators, with respect to the assigning of honours and punishments.

Involuntary actions then are thought to be of two kinds, being done either on compulsion, or by reason of ignorance. An action is, properly speaking, compulsory, when the origination is external to the agent, being such that in it the agent (perhaps we may more properly say the patient) contributes nothing; as if a wind were to convey you anywhere, or men having power over your person.

But when actions are done, either from fear of greater evils, or from some honourable motive, as, for instance, if you were ordered to commit some base act by a despot who had your parents or children in his power, and they were to be saved upon your compliance or die upon your refusal, in such cases there is room for a question whether the actions are voluntary or involuntary.

A similar question arises with respect to cases of throwing goods overboard in a storm: abstractedly no man throws away his property willingly, but with a view to his own and his shipmates' safety any one would who had any sense.

The truth is, such actions are of a mixed kind, but are most like voluntary actions; for they are choice-worthy at the time when they are being done, and the end or object of the action must be taken with reference to the actual occasion. Further, we must denominate an action voluntary or involuntary at the time of doing it: now in the given case the man acts voluntarily, because the originating of the motion of his limbs in such actions rests with himself; and where the origination is in himself it rests with himself to do or not to do.

Such actions then are voluntary, though in the abstract perhaps involuntary because no one would choose any of such things in and by itself.

But for such actions men sometimes are even praised, as when they endure any disgrace or pain to secure great and honourable equivalents; if _vice versâ_, then they are blamed, because it shows a base mind to endure things very disgraceful for no honourable object, or for a trifling one.

For some again no praise is given, but allowance is made; as where a man does what he should not by reason of such things as overstrain the powers of human nature, or pass the limits of human endurance.

Some acts perhaps there are for which compulsion cannot be pleaded, but a man should rather suffer the worst and die; how absurd, for instance, are the pleas of compulsion with which Alcmaeon in Euripides' play excuses his matricide!

But it is difficult sometimes to decide what kind of thing should be chosen instead of what, or what endured in preference to what, and much moreso to abide by one's decisions: for in general the alternatives are painful, and the actions required are base, and so praise or blame is awarded according as persons have been compelled or no.

What kind of actions then are to be called compulsory? may we say, simply and abstractedly whenever the cause is external and the agent contributes nothing; and that where the acts are in themselves such as one would not wish but choice-worthy at the present time and in preference to such and such things, and where the origination rests with the agent, the actions are in themselves involuntary but at the given time and in preference to such and such things voluntary; and they are more like voluntary than involuntary, because the actions consist of little details, and these are voluntary.

But what kind of things one ought to choose instead of what, it is not easy to settle, for there are many differences in particular instances.

But suppose a person should say, things pleasant and honourable exert a compulsive force (for that they are external and do compel); at that rate every action is on compulsion, because these are universal motives of action.

Again, they who act on compulsion and against their will do so with pain; but they who act by reason of what is pleasant or honourable act with pleasure.

It is truly absurd for a man to attribute his actions to external things instead of to his own capacity for being easily caught by them;[1] or, again, to ascribe the honourable to himself, and the base ones to pleasure.

So then that seems to be compulsory “whose origination is from without, the party compelled contributing nothing.”

Chapter II.

Now every action of which ignorance is the cause is not-voluntary, but that only is involuntary which is attended with pain and remorse; for clearly the man who has done anything by reason of ignorance, but is not annoyed at his own action, cannot be said to have done it _with_ his will because he did not know he was doing it, nor again _against_ his will because he is not sorry for it.

So then of the class “acting by reason of ignorance,” he who feels regret afterwards is thought to be an involuntary agent, and him that has no such feeling, since he certainly is different from the other, we will call a not-voluntary agent; for as there is a real difference it is better to have a proper name.

Again, there seems to be a difference between acting _because of_ ignorance and acting _with_ ignorance: for instance, we do not usually assign ignorance as the cause of the actions of the drunken or angry man, but either the drunkenness or the anger, yet they act not knowingly but with ignorance.

Again, every bad man is ignorant what he ought to do and what to leave undone, and by reason of such error men become unjust and wholly evil.

Again, we do not usually apply the term involuntary when a man is ignorant of his own true interest;[2] because ignorance which affects moral choice[3] constitutes depravity but not involuntariness: nor does any ignorance of principle (because for this men are blamed) but ignorance in particular details, wherein consists the action and wherewith it is concerned, for in these there is both compassion and allowance, because he who acts in ignorance of any of them acts in a proper sense involuntarily.

It may be as well, therefore, to define these particular details; what they are, and how many; viz. who acts, what he is doing, with respect to what or in what, sometimes with what, as with what instrument, and with what result;[4] as that of preservation, for instance, and how, as whether softly or violently.

All these particulars, in one and the same case, no man in his senses could be ignorant of; plainly not of the agent, being himself. But what he is doing a man may be ignorant, as men in speaking say a thing escaped them unawares; or as Aeschylus did with respect to the Mysteries, that he was not aware that it was unlawful to speak of them; or as in the case of that catapult accident the other day the man said he discharged it merely to display its operation. Or a person might suppose a son to be an enemy, as Merope did; or that the spear really pointed was rounded off; or that the stone was a pumice; or in striking with a view to save might kill; or might strike when merely wishing to show another, as people do in sham-fighting.

Now since ignorance is possible in respect to all these details in which the action consists, he that acted in ignorance of any of them is thought to have acted involuntarily, and he most so who was in ignorance as regards the most important, which are thought to be those in which the action consists, and the result.

Further, not only must the ignorance be of this kind, to constitute an action involuntary, but it must be also understood that the action is followed by pain and regret.

Chapter III.

Now since all involuntary action is either upon compulsion or by reason of ignorance, Voluntary Action would seem to be “that whose origination is in the agent, he being aware of the particular details in which the action consists.”

For, it may be, men are not justified by calling those actions involuntary, which are done by reason of Anger or Lust.

Because, in the first place, if this be so no other animal but man, and not even children, can be said to act voluntarily. Next, is it meant that we never act voluntarily when we act from Lust or Anger, or that we act voluntarily in doing what is right and involuntarily in doing what is discreditable? The latter supposition is absurd, since the cause is one and the same. Then as to the former, it is a strange thing to maintain actions to be involuntary which we are bound to grasp at: now there are occasions on which anger is a

duty,[5] and there are things which we are bound to lust after,[6] health, for instance, and learning.

Again, whereas actions strictly involuntary are thought to be attended with pain, those which are done to gratify lust are thought to be pleasant.

Again: how does the involuntariness make any difference[7] between wrong actions done from deliberate calculation, and those done by reason of anger? for both ought to be avoided, and the irrational feelings are thought to be just as natural to man as reason, and so of course must be such actions of the individual as are done from Anger and Lust. It is absurd then to class these actions among the involuntary.

Chapter IV.

Having thus drawn out the distinction between voluntary and involuntary action our next step is to examine into the nature of Moral Choice, because this seems most intimately connected with Virtue and to be a more decisive test of moral character than a man's acts are.

Now Moral Choice is plainly voluntary, but the two are not co-extensive, voluntary being the more comprehensive term; for first, children and all other animals share in voluntary action but not in Moral Choice; and next, sudden actions we call voluntary but do not ascribe them to Moral Choice.

Nor do they appear to be right who say it is lust or anger, or wish, or opinion of a certain kind; because, in the first place, Moral Choice is not shared by the irrational animals while Lust and Anger are. Next; the man who fails of self-control acts from Lust but not from Moral Choice; the man of self-control, on the contrary, from Moral Choice, not from Lust. Again: whereas Lust is frequently opposed to Moral Choice, Lust is not to Lust.

Lastly: the object-matter of Lust is the pleasant and the painful, but of Moral Choice neither the one nor the other. Still less can it be Anger, because actions done from Anger are thought generally to be least of all consequent on Moral Choice.

Nor is it Wish either, though appearing closely connected with it; because, in the first place, Moral Choice has not for its objects impossibilities, and if a man were to say he chose them he would be thought to be a fool; but Wish may have impossible things for its objects, immortality for instance.

Wish again may be exercised on things in the accomplishment of which one's self could have nothing to do, as the success of any particular actor or athlete; but no man chooses things of this nature, only such as he believes he may himself be instrumental in procuring.

Further: Wish has for its object the End rather, but Moral Choice the means to the End; for instance, we wish to be healthy but we choose the means which will make us so; or happiness again we wish for, and commonly say so, but to say we choose is not an appropriate term, because, in short, the province of Moral Choice seems to be those things which are in our own power.

Neither can it be Opinion; for Opinion is thought to be unlimited in its range of objects, and to be exercised as well upon things eternal and impossible as on those which are in our own power: again, Opinion is logically divided into true and false, not into good and bad as Moral Choice is.

However, nobody perhaps maintains its identity with Opinion simply; but it is not the same with opinion of any kind,[8] because by choosing good and bad things we are constituted of a certain character, but by having opinions on them we are not.

Again, we choose to take or avoid, and so on, but we opine what a thing is, or for what it is serviceable, or how; but we do not opine to take or avoid.

Further, Moral Choice is commended rather for having a right object than for being judicious, but Opinion for being formed in accordance with truth.

Again, we choose such things as we pretty well know to be good, but we form opinions respecting such as we do not know at all.

And it is not thought that choosing and opining best always go together, but that some opine the better course and yet by reason of viciousness choose not the things which they should.

It may be urged, that Opinion always precedes or accompanies Moral Choice; be it so, this makes no difference, for this is not the point in question, but whether Moral Choice is the same as Opinion of a certain kind.

Since then it is none of the aforementioned things, what is it, or how is it characterised? Voluntary it plainly is, but not all voluntary action is an object of Moral Choice. May we not say then, it is “that voluntary which has passed through a stage of previous deliberation?” because Moral Choice is attended with reasoning and intellectual process. The etymology of its Greek name seems to give a hint of it, being when analysed “chosen in preference to somewhat else.”

Chapter V.

Well then; do men deliberate about everything, and is anything soever the object of Deliberation, or are there some matters with respect to which there is none? (It may be as well perhaps to say, that by “object of Deliberation” is meant such matter as a sensible man would deliberate upon, not what any fool or madman might.)

Well: about eternal things no one deliberates; as, for instance, the universe, or the incommensurability of the diameter and side of a square.

Nor again about things which are in motion but which always happen in the same way either necessarily, or naturally, or from some other cause, as the solstices or the sunrise.

Nor about those which are variable, as drought and rains; nor fortuitous matters, as finding of treasure.

Nor in fact even about all human affairs; no Lacedæmonian, for instance, deliberates as to the best course for the Scythian government to adopt; because in such cases we have no power over the result.

But we do deliberate respecting such practical matters as are in our own power (which are what are left after all our exclusions).

I have adopted this division because causes seem to be divisible into nature, necessity, chance, and moreover intellect, and all human powers.

And as man in general deliberates about what man in general can effect, so individuals do about such practical things as can be effected through their own instrumentality.

Again, we do not deliberate respecting such arts or sciences as are exact and independent: as, for instance, about written characters, because we have no doubt how they should be formed; but we do deliberate on all buch things as are usually done through our own instrumentality, but not invariably in the same way; as, for instance, about matters connected with the healing art, or with money-making; and, again, more about piloting ships than gymnastic exercises, because the former has been less exactly determined, and so forth; and more about arts than sciences, because we more frequently doubt respecting the former.

So then Deliberation takes place in such matters as are under general laws, but still uncertain how in any given case they will issue, _i.e._ in which there is some indefiniteness; and for great matters we associate coadjutors in counsel, distrusting our ability to settle them alone.

Further, we deliberate not about Ends, but Means to Ends. No physician, for instance, deliberates whether he will cure, nor orator whether he will persuade, nor statesman whether he will produce a good constitution, nor in fact any man in any other function about his particular End; but having set before them a certain End they look how and through what means it may be accomplished: if there is a choice of means, they examine further which are easiest and most creditable; or, if there is but one means of accomplishing the object, then how it may be through this, this again through what, till they come to the first cause; and this will be the last found; for a man engaged in a process of deliberation seems to seek and analyse, as a man, to solve a problem, analyses the figure given him. And plainly not every search is Deliberation, those in mathematics to wit, but every Deliberation is a search, and the last step in the analysis is the first in the constructive process. And if in the course of their search men come upon an impossibility, they give it up; if money, for instance, be necessary, but cannot be got: but if the thing appears possible they then attempt to do it.

And by possible I mean what may be done through our own instrumentality (of course what may be done through our friends is through our own instrumentality in a certain sense, because the origination in such cases rests with us). And the object of search is sometimes the necessary instruments, sometimes the method of using them; and similarly in the rest sometimes through what, and sometimes how or through what.[9]

So it seems, as has been said, that Man is the originator of his actions; and Deliberation has for its object whatever may be done through one's own instrumentality, and the actions are with a view to other things; and so it is, not the End, but the Means to Ends on which Deliberation is employed.

Nor, again, is it employed on matters of detail, as whether the substance before me is bread, or has been properly cooked; for these come under the province of sense, and if a man is to be always deliberating, he may go on _ad infinitum_.

Further, exactly the same matter is the object both of Deliberation and Moral Choice; but that which is the object of Moral Choice is thenceforward separated off and definite,[10] because by object of Moral Choice is denoted that which after Deliberation has been preferred to something else: for each man leaves off searching how he shall do a thing when he has brought the origination up to himself, _i.e_. to the governing principle in himself,[11] because it is this which makes the choice. A good illustration of this is furnished by the old regal constitutions which Homer drew from, in which the Kings would announce to the commonalty what they had determined before.

Now since that which is the object of Moral Choice is something in our own power, which is the object of deliberation and the grasping of the Will, Moral Choice must be "a grasping after something in our own power consequent upon Deliberation:" because after having deliberated we decide, and then grasp by our Will in accordance with the result of our deliberation.[12]

Let this be accepted as a sketch of the nature and object of Moral Choice, that object being "Means to Ends."

Chapter VI.

That Wish has for its object-matter the End, has been already stated; but there are two opinions respecting it; some thinking that its object is real good, others whatever impresses the mind with a notion of good.

Now those who maintain that the object of Wish is real good are beset by this difficulty, that what is wished for by him who chooses wrongly is not really an object of Wish (because, on their theory, if it is an object of wish, it must be good, but it is, in the case supposed, evil). Those who maintain, on the contrary, that that which impresses the mind with a notion of good is properly the object of Wish, have to meet this difficulty, that there is nothing naturally an object of Wish but to each individual whatever seems good to him; now different people have different notions, and it may chance contrary ones.

But, if these opinions do not satisfy us, may we not say that, abstractedly and as a matter of objective truth, the really good is the object of Wish, but to each individual whatever impresses his mind with the notion of good.[13] And so to the good man that is an object of Wish which is really and truly so, but to the bad man anything may be; just as physically those things are wholesome to the healthy which are really so, but other things to the sick. And so too of bitter and sweet, and hot and heavy, and so on. For the good man judges in every instance correctly, and in every instance the notion conveyed to his mind is the true one.

For there are fair and pleasant things peculiar to, and so varying with, each state; and perhaps the most distinguishing characteristic of the good man is his seeing the truth in every instance, he being, in fact, the rule and measure of these matters.

The multitude of men seem to be deceived by reason of pleasure, because though it is not really a good it impresses their minds with the notion of goodness, so they choose what is pleasant as good and avoid pain as an evil.

Chapter VII.

Now since the End is the object of Wish, and the means to the End of Deliberation and Moral Choice, the actions regarding these matters must be in the way of Moral Choice, _i.e._ voluntary: but the acts of working out the virtues are such actions, and therefore Virtue is in our power.

And so too is Vice: because wherever it is in our power to do it is also in our power to forbear doing, and _vice versâ_: therefore if the doing (being in a given case creditable) is in our power, so too is the forbearing (which is in the same case discreditable), and _vice versâ_.

But if it is in our power to do and to forbear doing what is creditable or the contrary, and these respectively constitute the being good or bad, then the being good or vicious characters is in our power.

As for the well-known saying, "No man voluntarily is wicked or involuntarily happy," it is partly true, partly false; for no man is happy against his will, of course, but wickedness is voluntary. Or must we dispute the statements lately made, and not say that Man is the

originator or generator of his actions as much as of his children?

But if this is matter of plain manifest fact, and we cannot refer our actions to any other originations beside those in our own power, those things must be in our own power, and so voluntary, the originations of which are in ourselves.

Moreover, testimony seems to be borne to these positions both privately by individuals, and by law-givers too, in that they chastise and punish those who do wrong (unless they do so on compulsion, or by reason of ignorance which is not self-caused), while they honour those who act rightly, under the notion of being likely to encourage the latter and restrain the former. But such things as are not in our own power, _i.e._ not voluntary, no one thinks of encouraging us to do, knowing it to be of no avail for one to have been persuaded not to be hot (for instance), or feel pain, or be hungry, and so forth, because we shall have those sensations all the same.

And what makes the case stronger is this: that they chastise for the very fact of ignorance, when it is thought to be self-caused; to the drunken, for instance, penalties are double, because the origination in such case lies in a man's own self: for he might have helped getting drunk, and this is the cause of his ignorance.

Again, those also who are ignorant of legal regulations which they are bound to know, and which are not hard to know, they chastise; and similarly in all other cases where neglect is thought to be the cause of the ignorance, under the notion that it was in their power to prevent their ignorance, because they might have paid attention.

But perhaps a man is of such a character that he cannot attend to such things: still men are themselves the causes of having become such characters by living carelessly, and also of being unjust or destitute of self-control, the former by doing evil actions, the latter by spending their time in drinking and such-like; because the particular acts of working form corresponding characters, as is shown by those who are practising for any contest or particular course of action, for such men persevere in the acts of working.

As for the plea, that a man did not know that habits are produced from separate acts of working, we reply, such ignorance is a mark of excessive stupidity.

Furthermore, it is wholly irrelevant to say that the man who acts unjustly or dissolutely does not _wish_ to attain the habits of these vices: for if a man wittingly does those things whereby he must become unjust he is to all intents and purposes unjust voluntarily; but he cannot with a wish cease to be unjust and become just. For, to take the analogous case, the sick man cannot with a wish be well again, yet in a supposable case he is voluntarily ill because he has produced his sickness by living intemperately and disregarding his physicians. There was a time then when he might have helped being ill, but now he has let himself go he cannot any longer; just as he who has let a stone out of his hand cannot recall it,[14] and yet it rested with him to aim and throw it, because the origination was in his power. Just so the unjust man, and he who has lost all self-control, might originally have helped being what they are, and so they are voluntarily what they are; but now that they are become so they no longer have the power of being otherwise.

And not only are mental diseases voluntary, but the bodily are so in some men, whom we accordingly blame: for such as are naturally deformed no one blames, only such as are so by reason of want of exercise, and neglect: and so too of weakness and maiming: no one would think of upbraiding, but would rather compassionate, a man who is blind by nature, or from disease, or from an accident; but every one would blame him who was so from excess of wine, or any other kind of intemperance. It seems, then, that in respect of bodily diseases, those which depend on ourselves are censured, those which do not are not censured; and if so, then in the case of the mental disorders, those which are censured must depend upon ourselves.

But suppose a man to say, "that (by our own admission) all men aim at that which conveys to their minds an impression of good, and that men have no control over this impression, but that the End impresses each with a notion correspondent to his own individual character; that to be sure if each man is in a way the cause of his own moral state, so he will be also of the kind of impression he receives: whereas, if this is not so, no one is the cause to himself of doing evil actions, but he does them by reason of ignorance of the true End, supposing that through their means he will secure the chief good. Further, that this aiming at the End is no matter of one's own choice, but one must be born with a power of mental vision, so to speak, whereby to judge fairly and choose that which is really good; and he is blessed by nature who has this naturally well: because it is the most important thing and the fairest, and what a man cannot get or learn from another but will have such as nature has given it; and for this to be so given well and fairly would be excellence of nature in the highest and truest sense."

If all this be true, how will Virtue be a whit more voluntary than Vice? Alike to the good man and the bad, the End gives its impression and is fixed by nature or howsoever you like to say, and they act so and so, referring everything else to this End.

Whether then we suppose that the End impresses each man's mind with certain notions not merely by nature, but that there is somewhat also dependent on himself; or that the End is given by nature, and yet Virtue is voluntary because the good man does all the rest voluntarily, Vice must be equally so; because his own agency equally attaches to the bad man in the actions, even if not in the selection of the End.

If then, as is commonly said, the Virtues are voluntary (because we at least cooperate[15] in producing our moral states, and we assume the End to be of a certain kind according as we are ourselves of certain characters), the Vices must be voluntary also, because the cases are exactly similar.

Chapter VIII.

Well now, we have stated generally respecting the Moral Virtues, the genus (in outline), that they are mean states, and that they are habits, and how they are formed, and that they are of themselves calculated to act upon the circumstances out of which they were formed, and that they are in our own power and voluntary, and are to be done so as right Reason may direct.

But the particular actions and the habits are not voluntary in the same sense; for of the actions we are masters from beginning to end (supposing of course a knowledge of the particular details), but only of the origination of the habits, the addition by small particular accessions not being cognisiable (as is the case with sicknesses): still they are voluntary because it rested with us to use our circumstances this way or that.

Chapter IX.

Here we will resume the particular discussion of the Moral Virtues, and say what they are, what is their object-matter, and how they stand respectively related to it: of course their number will be thereby shown.

First, then, of Courage. Now that it is a mean state, in respect of fear and boldness, has been already said: further, the objects of our fears are obviously things fearful or, in a general way of statement, evils; which accounts for the common definition of fear, viz. "expectation of evil."

Of course we fear evils of all kinds: disgrace, for instance, poverty, disease, desolateness, death; but not all these seem to be the object-matter of the Brave man, because there are things which to fear is right and noble, and not to fear is base; disgrace, for example, since he who fears this is a good man and has a sense of honour, and he who does not fear it is shameless (though there are those who call him Brave by analogy, because he somewhat resembles the Brave man who agrees with him in being free from fear); but poverty, perhaps, or disease, and in fact whatever does not proceed from viciousness, nor is attributable to his own fault, a man ought not to fear: still, being fearless in respect of these would not constitute a man Brave in the proper sense of the term.

Yet we do apply the term[16] in right of the similarity of the cases; for there are men who, though timid in the dangers of war, are liberal men and are stout enough to face loss of wealth.

And, again, a man is not a coward for fearing insult to his wife or children, or envy, or any such thing; nor is he a Brave man for being bold when going to be scourged.

What kind of fearful things then do constitute the object-matter of the Brave man? first of all, must they not be the greatest, since no man is more apt to withstand what is dreadful. Now the object of the greatest dread is death, because it is the end of all things, and the dead man is thought to be capable neither of good nor evil. Still it would seem that the Brave man has not for his object-matter even death in every circumstance; on the sea, for example, or in sickness: in what circumstances then? must it not be in the most honourable? now such is death in war, because it is death in the greatest and most honourable danger; and this is confirmed by the honours awarded in communities, and by monarchs.

He then may be most properly denominated Brave who is fearless in respect of honourable death and such sudden emergencies as threaten death; now such specially are those which arise in the course of war.

It is not meant but that the Brave man will be fearless also on the sea (and in sickness), but not in the same way as sea-faring men; for these are light-hearted and hopeful by reason of their experience, while landsmen though Brave are apt to give themselves up for lost and shudder at the notion of such a death: to which it should be added that Courage is exerted in circumstances which

admit of doing something to help one’s self, or in which death would be honourable; now neither of these requisites attach to destruction by drowning or sickness.

Chapter X.

Again, fearful is a term of relation, the same thing not being so to all, and there is according to common parlance somewhat so fearful as to be beyond human endurance: this of course would be fearful to every man of sense, but those objects which are level to the capacity of man differ in magnitude and admit of degrees, so too the objects of confidence or boldness.

Now the Brave man cannot be frighted from his propriety (but of course only so far as he is man); fear such things indeed he will, but he will stand up against them as he ought and as right reason may direct, with a view to what is honourable, because this is the end of the virtue.

Now it is possible to fear these things too much, or too little, or again to fear what is not really fearful as if it were such. So the errors come to be either that a man fears when he ought not to fear at all, or that he fears in an improper way, or at a wrong time, and so forth; and so too in respect of things inspiring confidence. He is Brave then who withstands, and fears, and is bold, in respect of right objects, from a right motive, in right manner, and at right times: since the Brave man suffers or acts as he ought and as right reason may direct.

Now the end of every separate act of working is that which accords with the habit, and so to the Brave man Courage; which is honourable; therefore such is also the End, since the character of each is determined by the End.[17]

So honour is the motive from which the Brave man withstands things fearful and performs the acts which accord with Courage.

Of the characters on the side of Excess, he who exceeds in utter absence of fear has no appropriate name (I observed before that many states have none), but he would be a madman or inaccessible to pain if he feared nothing, neither earthquake, nor the billows, as they tell of the Celts.

He again who exceeds in confidence in respect of things fearful is rash. He is thought moreover to be a braggart, and to advance unfounded claims to the character of Brave: the relation which the Brave man really bears to objects of fear this man wishes to appear to bear, and so imitates him in whatever points he can; for this reason most of them exhibit a curious mixture of rashness and cowardice; because, affecting rashness in these circumstances, they do not withstand what is truly fearful.

The man moreover who exceeds in feeling fear is a coward, since there attach to him the circumstances of fearing wrong objects, in wrong ways, and so forth. He is deficient also in feeling confidence, but he is most clearly seen as exceeding in the case of pains; he is a fainthearted kind of man, for he fears all things: the Brave man is just the contrary, for boldness is the property of the light-hearted and hopeful.

So the coward, the rash, and the Brave man have exactly the same object-matter, but stand differently related to it: the two first-mentioned respectively exceed and are deficient, the last is in a mean state and as he ought to be. The rash again are precipitate, and, being eager before danger, when actually in it fall away, while the Brave are quick and sharp in action, but before are quiet and composed.

Well then, as has been said, Courage is a mean state in respect of objects inspiring boldness or fear, in the circumstances which have been stated, and the Brave man chooses his line and withstands danger either because to do so is honourable, or because not to do so is base. But dying to escape from poverty, or the pangs of love, or anything that is simply painful, is the act not of a Brave man but of a coward; because it is mere softness to fly from what is toilsome, and the suicide braves the terrors of death not because it is honourable but to get out of the reach of evil.

Chapter XI.

Courage proper is somewhat of the kind I have described, but there are dispositions, differing in five ways,[18] which also bear in common parlance the name of Courage.

We will take first that which bears most resemblance to the true, the Courage of Citizenship, so named because the motives which are thought to actuate the members of a community in braving danger are the penalties and disgrace held out by the laws to cowardice, and the dignities conferred on the Brave; which is thought to be the reason why those are the bravest people among whom cowards are visited with disgrace and the Brave held in honour.

Such is the kind of Courage Homer exhibits in his characters; Diomed and Hector for example. The latter says,

“Polydamas will be the first to fix Disgrace upon me.”

Diomed again,

“For Hector surely will hereafter say, Speaking in Troy, Tydides by my hand”—

This I say most nearly resembles the Courage before spoken of, because it arises from virtue, from a feeling of shame, and a desire of what is noble (that is, of honour), and avoidance of disgrace which is base.

In the same rank one would be inclined to place those also who act under compulsion from their commanders; yet are they really lower, because not a sense of honour but fear is the motive from which they act, and what they seek to avoid is not that which is base but that which is simply painful: commanders do in fact compel their men sometimes, as Hector says (to quote Homer again),

“But whomsoever I shall find cowering afar from the fight, The teeth of dogs he shall by no means escape.”

Those commanders who station staunch troops by doubtful ones,[19] or who beat their men if they flinch, or who draw their troops up in line with the trenches, or other similar obstacles, in their rear, do in effect the same as Hector, for they all use compulsion.

But a man is to be Brave, not on compulsion, but from a sense of honour.

In the next place, Experience and Skill in the various particulars is thought to be a species of Courage: whence Socrates also thought that Courage was knowledge.[20]

This quality is exhibited of course by different men under different circumstances, but in warlike matters, with which we are now concerned, it is exhibited by the soldiers (“the regulars”): for there are, it would seem, many things in war of no real importance[21] which these have been constantly used to see; so they have a show of Courage because other people are not aware of the real nature of these things. Then again by reason of their skill they are better able than any others to inflict without suffering themselves, because they are able to use their arms and have such as are most serviceable both with a view to offence and defence: so that their case is parallel to that of armed men fighting with unarmed or trained athletes with amateurs, since in contests of this kind those are the best fighters, not who are the bravest men, but who are the strongest and are in the best condition.

In fact, the regular troops come to be cowards whenever the danger is greater than their means of meeting it; supposing, for example, that they are inferior in numbers and resources: then they are the first to fly, but the mere militia stand and fall on the ground (which as you know really happened at the Hermæum),[22] for in the eyes of these flight was disgraceful and death preferable to safety bought at such a price: while “the regulars” originally went into the danger under a notion of their own superiority, but on discovering their error they took to flight,[23] having greater fear of death than of disgrace; but this is not the feeling of the Brave man.

Thirdly, mere Animal Spirit is sometimes brought under the term Courage: they are thought to be Brave who are carried on by mere Animal Spirit, as are wild beasts against those who have wounded them, because in fact the really Brave have much Spirit, there being nothing like it for going at danger of any kind; whence those frequent expressions in Homer, “infused strength into his spirit,” “roused his strength and spirit,” or again, “and keen strength in his nostrils,” “his blood boiled:” for all these seem to denote the arousing and impetuosity of the Animal Spirit.

Now they that are truly Brave act from a sense of honour, and this Animal Spirit co-operates with them; but wild beasts from pain, that is because they have been wounded, or are frightened; since if they are quietly in their own haunts, forest or marsh, they do not attack men. Surely they are not Brave because they rush into danger when goaded on by pain and mere Spirit, without any view of the danger: else would asses be Brave when they are hungry, for though beaten they will not then leave their pasture: profligate men besides do many bold actions by reason of their lust. We may conclude then that they are not Brave who are goaded on to meet danger by pain and mere Spirit; but still this temper which arises from Animal Spirit appears to be most natural, and would be Courage of the true kind if it could have added to it moral choice and the proper motive.

So men also are pained by a feeling of anger, and take pleasure in revenge; but they who fight from these causes may be good fighters, but they are not truly Brave (in that they do not act from a sense of honour, nor as reason directs, but merely from the present feeling), still they bear some resemblance to that character.

Nor, again, are the Sanguine and Hopeful therefore Brave: since their boldness in dangers arises from their frequent victories over numerous foes. The two characters are alike, however, in that both are confident; but then the Brave are so from the afore-mentioned causes, whereas these are so from a settled conviction of their being superior and not likely to suffer anything in return (they who are intoxicated do much the same, for they become hopeful when in that state); but when the event disappoints their expectations they run away: now it was said to be the character of a Brave man to withstand things which are fearful to man or produce that impression, because it is honourable so to do and the contrary is dishonourable.

For this reason it is thought to be a greater proof of Courage to be fearless and undisturbed under the pressure of sudden fear than under that which may be anticipated, because Courage then comes rather from a fixed habit, or less from preparation: since as to foreseen dangers a man might take his line even from calculation and reasoning, but in those which are sudden he will do so according to his fixed habit of mind.

Fifthly and lastly, those who are acting under Ignorance have a show of Courage and are not very far from the Hopeful; but still they are inferior inasmuch as they have no opinion of themselves; which the others have, and therefore stay and contest a field for some little time; but they who have been deceived fly the moment they know things to be otherwise than they supposed, which the Argives experienced when they fell on the Lacedæmonians, taking them for the men of Sicyon.

Chapter XII.

We have described then what kind of men the Brave are, and what they who are thought to be, but are not really, Brave.

It must be remarked, however, that though Courage has for its object-matter boldness and fear it has not both equally so, but objects of fear much more than the former; for he that under pressure of these is undisturbed and stands related to them as he ought is better entitled to the name of Brave than he who is properly affected towards objects of confidence. So then men are termed Brave for withstanding painful things.

It follows that Courage involves pain and is justly praised, since it is a harder matter to withstand things that are painful than to abstain from such as are pleasant.

It must not be thought but that the End and object of Courage is pleasant, but it is obscured by the surrounding circumstances: which happens also in the gymnastic games; to the boxers the End is pleasant with a view to which they act, I mean the crown and the honours; but the receiving the blows they do is painful and annoying to flesh and blood, and so is all the labour they have to undergo; and, as these drawbacks are many, the object in view being small appears to have no pleasantness in it.

If then we may say the same of Courage, of course death and wounds must be painful to the Brave man and against his will: still he endures these because it is honourable so to do or because it is dishonourable not to do so. And the more complete his virtue and his happiness so much the more will he be pained at the notion of death: since to such a man as he is it is best worth while to live, and he with full consciousness is deprived of the greatest goods by death, and this is a painful idea. But he is not the less Brave for feeling it to be so, nay rather it may be he is shown to be more so because he chooses the honour that may be reaped in war in preference to retaining safe possession of these other goods. The fact is that to act with pleasure does not belong to all the virtues, except so far as a man realises the End of his actions.

But there is perhaps no reason why not such men should make the best soldiers, but those who are less truly Brave but have no other good to care for: these being ready to meet danger and bartering their lives against small gain.

Let thus much be accepted as sufficient on the subject of Courage; the true nature of which it is not difficult to gather, in outline at least, from what has been said.

Chapter XIII.

Next let us speak of Perfected Self-Mastery, which seems to claim the next place to Courage, since these two are the Excellences of the Irrational part of the Soul.

That it is a mean state, having for its object-matter Pleasures, we have already said (Pains being in fact its object-matter in a less degree and dissimilar manner), the state of utter absence of self-control has plainly the same object-matter; the next thing then is to determine what kind of Pleasures.

Let Pleasures then be understood to be divided into mental and bodily: instances of the former being love of honour or of learning: it being plain that each man takes pleasure in that of these two objects which he has a tendency to like, his body being no way affected but rather his intellect. Now men are not called perfectly self-mastering or wholly destitute of self-control in respect of pleasures of this class: nor in fact in respect of any which are not bodily; those for example who love to tell long stories, and are prosy, and spend their days about mere chance matters, we call gossips but not wholly destitute of self-control, nor again those who are pained at the loss of money or friends.

It is bodily Pleasures then which are the object-matter of Perfected Self-Mastery, but not even all these indifferently: I mean, that they who take pleasure in objects perceived by the Sight, as colours, and forms, and painting, are not denominated men of Perfected Self-Mastery, or wholly destitute of self-control; and yet it would seem that one may take pleasure even in such objects, as one ought to do, or excessively, or too little.

So too of objects perceived by the sense of Hearing; no one applies the terms before quoted respectively to those who are excessively pleased with musical tunes or acting, or to those who take such pleasure as they ought.

Nor again to those persons whose pleasure arises from the sense of Smell, except incidentally:[24] I mean, we do not say men have no self-control because they take pleasure in the scent of fruit, or flowers, or incense, but rather when they do so in the smells of unguents and sauces: since men destitute of self-control take pleasure herein, because hereby the objects of their lusts are recalled to their imagination (you may also see other men take pleasure in the smell of food when they are hungry): but to take pleasure in such is a mark of the character before named since these are objects of desire to him.

Now not even brutes receive pleasure in right of these senses, except incidentally. I mean, it is not the scent of hares' flesh but the eating it which dogs take pleasure in, perception of which pleasure is caused by the sense of Smell. Or again, it is not the lowing of the ox but eating him which the lion likes; but of the fact of his nearness the lion is made sensible by the lowing, and so he appears to take pleasure in this. In like manner, he has no pleasure in merely seeing or finding a stag or wild goat, but in the prospect of a meal.

The habits of Perfect Self-Mastery and entire absence of self-control have then for their object-matter such pleasures as brutes also share in, for which reason they are plainly servile and brutish: they are Touch and Taste.

But even Taste men seem to make little or no use of; for to the sense of Taste belongs the distinguishing of flavours; what men do, in fact, who are testing the quality of wines or seasoning "made dishes."

But men scarcely take pleasure at all in these things, at least those whom we call destitute of self-control do not, but only in the actual enjoyment which arises entirely from the sense of Touch, whether in eating or in drinking, or in grosser lusts. This accounts for the wish said to have been expressed once by a great glutton, "that his throat had been formed longer than a crane's neck," implying that his pleasure was derived from the Touch.

The sense then with which is connected the habit of absence of self-control is the most common of all the senses, and this habit would seem to be justly a matter of reproach, since it attaches to us not in so far as we are men but in so far as we are animals. Indeed it is brutish to take pleasure in such things and to like them best of all; for the most respectable of the pleasures arising from the touch have been set aside; those, for instance, which occur in the course of gymnastic training from the rubbing and the warm bath: because the touch of the man destitute of self-control is not indifferently of _any_ part of the body but only of particular parts.

Now of lusts or desires some are thought to be universal, others peculiar and acquired; thus desire for food is natural since every one who really needs desires also food, whether solid or liquid, or both (and, as Homer says, the man in the prime of youth needs and desires intercourse with the other sex); but when we come to this or that particular kind, then neither is the desire universal nor in all men is it directed to the same objects. And therefore the conceiving of such desires plainly attaches to us as individuals. It must be admitted, however, that there is something natural in it: because different things are pleasant to different men and a preference of some particular objects to chance ones is universal. Well then, in the case of the desires which are strictly and properly natural few men go wrong and all in one direction, that is, on the side of too much: I mean, to eat and drink of such food as happens to be on the table till one is overfilled is exceeding in quantity the natural limit, since the natural desire is simply a supply of a real deficiency.

For this reason these men are called belly-mad, as filling it beyond what they ought, and it is the slavish who become of this character.

But in respect of the peculiar pleasures many men go wrong and in many different ways; for whereas the term “fond of so and so” implies either taking pleasure in wrong objects, or taking pleasure excessively, or as the mass of men do, or in a wrong way, they who are destitute of all self-control exceed in all these ways; that is to say, they take pleasure in some things in which they ought not to do so (because they are properly objects of detestation), and in such as it is right to take pleasure in they do so more than they ought and as the mass of men do.

Well then, that excess with respect to pleasures is absence of self-control, and blameworthy, is plain. But viewing these habits on the side of pains, we find that a man is not said to have the virtue for withstanding them (as in the case of Courage), nor the vice for not withstanding them; but the man destitute of self-control is such, because he is pained more than he ought to be at not obtaining things which are pleasant (and thus his pleasure produces pain to him), and the man of Perfected Self-Mastery is such in virtue of not being pained by their absence, that is, by having to abstain from what is pleasant.

Now the man destitute of self-control desires either all pleasant things indiscriminately or those which are specially pleasant, and he is impelled by his desire to choose these things in preference to all others; and this involves pain, not only when he misses the attainment of his objects but, in the very desiring them, since all desire is accompanied by pain. Surely it is a strange case this, being pained by reason of pleasure.

As for men who are defective on the side of pleasure, who take less pleasure in things than they ought, they are almost imaginary characters, because such absence of sensual perception is not natural to man: for even the other animals distinguish between different kinds of food, and like some kinds and dislike others. In fact, could a man be found who takes no pleasure in anything and to whom all things are alike, he would be far from being human at all: there is no name for such a character because it is simply imaginary.

But the man of Perfected Self-Mastery is in the mean with respect to these objects: that is to say, he neither takes pleasure in the things which delight the vicious man, and in fact rather dislikes them, nor at all in improper objects; nor to any great degree in any object of the class; nor is he pained at their absence; nor does he desire them; or, if he does, only in moderation, and neither more than he ought, nor at improper times, and so forth; but such things as are conducive to health and good condition of body, being also pleasant, these he will grasp at in moderation and as he ought to do, and also such other pleasant things as do not hinder these objects, and are not unseemly or disproportionate to his means; because he that should grasp at such would be liking such pleasures more than is proper; but the man of Perfected Self-Mastery is not of this character, but regulates his desires by the dictates of right reason.

Chapter XIV.

Now the vice of being destitute of all Self-Control seems to be more truly voluntary than Cowardice, because pleasure is the cause of the former and pain of the latter, and pleasure is an object of choice, pain of avoidance. And again, pain deranges and spoils the natural disposition of its victim, whereas pleasure has no such effect and is more voluntary and therefore more justly open to reproach.

It is so also for the following reason; that it is easier to be inured by habit to resist the objects of pleasure, there being many things of this kind in life and the process of habituation being unaccompanied by danger; whereas the case is the reverse as regards the objects of fear.

Again, Cowardice as a confirmed habit would seem to be voluntary in a different way from the particular instances which form the habit; because it is painless, but these derange the man by reason of pain so that he throws away his arms and otherwise behaves himself unseemly, for which reason they are even thought by some to exercise a power of compulsion.

But to the man destitute of Self-Control the particular instances are on the contrary quite voluntary, being done with desire and direct exertion of the will, but the general result is less voluntary: since no man desires to form the habit.

The name of this vice (which signifies etymologically unchastened-ness) we apply also to the faults of children, there being a certain resemblance between the cases: to which the name is primarily applied, and to which secondarily or derivatively, is not relevant to the present subject, but it is evident that the later in point of time must get the name from the earlier. And the metaphor seems to be a very good one; for whatever grasps after base things, and is liable to great increase, ought to be chastened; and to this description desire and the child answer most truly, in that children also live under the direction of desire and the grasping after what is pleasant is most prominently seen in these.

Unless then the appetite be obedient and subjected to the governing principle it will become very great: for in the fool the grasping after what is pleasant is insatiable and undiscriminating; and every acting out of the desire increases the kindred habit, and if the desires are great and violent in degree they even expel Reason entirely; therefore they ought to be moderate and few, and in no respect to be opposed to Reason. Now when the appetite is in such a state we denominate it obedient and chastened.

In short, as the child ought to live with constant regard to the orders of its educator, so should the appetitive principle with regard to those of Reason.

So then in the man of Perfected Self-Mastery, the appetitive principle must be accordant with Reason: for what is right is the mark at which both principles aim: that is to say, the man of perfected self-mastery desires what he ought in right manner and at right times, which is exactly what Reason directs. Let this be taken for our account of Perfected Self-Mastery.

BOOK IV

Chapter I.

We will next speak of Liberality. Now this is thought to be the mean state, having for its object-matter Wealth: I mean, the Liberal man is praised not in the circumstances of war, nor in those which constitute the character of perfected self-mastery, nor again in judicial decisions, but in respect of giving and receiving Wealth, chiefly the former. By the term Wealth I mean “all those things whose worth is measured by money.”

Now the states of excess and defect in regard of Wealth are respectively Prodigality and Stinginess: the latter of these terms we attach invariably to those who are over careful about Wealth, but the former we apply sometimes with a complex notion; that is to say, we give the name to those who fail of self-control and spend money on the unrestrained gratification of their passions; and this is why they are thought to be most base, because they have many vices at once.

It must be noted, however, that this is not a strict and proper use of the term, since its natural etymological meaning is to denote him who has one particular evil, viz. the wasting his substance: he is unsaved (as the term literally denotes) who is wasting away by his own fault; and this he really may be said to be; the destruction of his substance is thought to be a kind of wasting of himself, since these things are the means of living. Well, this is our acceptation of the term Prodigality.

Again. Whatever things are for use may be used well or ill, and Wealth belongs to this class. He uses each particular thing best who has the virtue to whose province it belongs: so that he will use Wealth best who has the virtue respecting Wealth, that is to say, the Liberal man.

Expenditure and giving are thought to be the using of money, but receiving and keeping one would rather call the possessing of it. And so the giving to proper persons is more characteristic of the Liberal man, than the receiving from proper quarters and forbearing to receive from the contrary. In fact generally, doing well by others is more characteristic of virtue than being done well by, and doing things positively honourable than forbearing to do things dishonourable; and any one may see that the doing well by others and doing things positively honourable attaches to the act of giving, but to that of receiving only the being done well by or forbearing to do what is dishonourable.

Besides, thanks are given to him who gives, not to him who merely forbears to receive, and praise even more. Again, forbearing to receive is easier than giving, the case of being too little freehanded with one’s own being commoner than taking that which is not one’s own.

And again, it is they who give that are denominated Liberal, while they who forbear to receive are commended, not on the score of Liberality but of just dealing, while for receiving men are not, in fact, praised at all.

And the Liberal are liked almost best of all virtuous characters, because they are profitable to others, and this their profitableness consists in their giving.

Furthermore: all the actions done in accordance with virtue are honourable, and done from the motive of honour: and the Liberal man, therefore, will give from a motive of honour, and will give rightly; I mean, to proper persons, in right proportion, at right times, and whatever is included in the term “right giving:” and this too with positive pleasure, or at least without pain, since whatever is done in accordance with virtue is pleasant or at least not unpleasant, most certainly not attended with positive pain.

But the man who gives to improper people, or not from a motive of honour but from some other cause, shall be called not Liberal but something else. Neither shall he be so denominated who does it with pain: this being a sign that he would prefer his wealth to the honourable action, and this is no part of the Liberal man's character; neither will such an one receive from improper sources, because the so receiving is not characteristic of one who values not wealth: nor again will he be apt to ask, because one who does kindnesses to others does not usually receive them willingly; but from proper sources (his own property, for instance) he will receive, doing this not as honourable but as necessary, that he may have somewhat to give: neither will he be careless of his own, since it is his wish through these to help others in need: nor will he give to chance people, that he may have wherewith to give to those to whom he ought, at right times, and on occasions when it is honourable so to do.

Again, it is a trait in the Liberal man's character even to exceed very much in giving so as to leave too little for himself, it being characteristic of such an one not to have a thought of self.

Now Liberality is a term of relation to a man's means, for the Liberal-ness depends not on the amount of what is given but on the moral state of the giver which gives in proportion to his means. There is then no reason why he should not be the more Liberal man who gives the less amount, if he has less to give out of.

Again, they are thought to be more Liberal who have inherited, not acquired for themselves, their means; because, in the first place, they have never experienced want, and next, all people love most their own works, just as parents do and poets.

It is not easy for the Liberal man to be rich, since he is neither apt to receive nor to keep but to lavish, and values not wealth for its own sake but with a view to giving it away. Hence it is commonly charged upon fortune that they who most deserve to be rich are least so. Yet this happens reasonably enough; it is impossible he should have wealth who does not take any care to have it, just as in any similar case.

Yet he will not give to improper people, nor at wrong times, and so on: because he would not then be acting in accordance with Liberality, and if he spent upon such objects, would have nothing to spend on those on which he ought: for, as I have said before, he is Liberal who spends in proportion to his means, and on proper objects, while he who does so in excess is prodigal (this is the reason why we never call despots prodigal, because it does not seem to be easy for them by their gifts and expenditure to go beyond their immense possessions).

To sum up then. Since Liberality is a mean state in respect of the giving and receiving of wealth, the Liberal man will give and spend on proper objects, and in proper proportion, in great things and in small alike, and all this with pleasure to himself; also he will receive from right sources, and in right proportion: because, as the virtue is a mean state in respect of both, he will do both as he ought, and, in fact, upon proper giving follows the correspondent receiving, while that which is not such is contrary to it. (Now those which follow one another come to co-exist in the same person, those which are contraries plainly do not.)

Again, should it happen to him to spend money beyond what is needful, or otherwise than is well, he will be vexed, but only moderately and as he ought; for feeling pleasure and pain at right objects, and in right manner, is a property of Virtue.

The Liberal man is also a good man to have for a partner in respect of wealth: for he can easily be wronged, since he values not wealth, and is more vexed at not spending where he ought to have done so than at spending where he ought not, and he relishes not the maxim of Simonides.

Chapter II.

But the Prodigal man goes wrong also in these points, for he is neither pleased nor pained at proper objects or in proper manner, which will become more plain as we proceed.

We have said already that Prodigality and Stinginess are respectively states of excess and defect, and this in two things, giving and receiving (expenditure of course we class under giving). Well now, Prodigality exceeds in giving and forbearing to receive and is deficient in receiving, while Stinginess is deficient in giving and exceeds in receiving, but it is in small things.

The two parts of Prodigality, to be sure, do not commonly go together; it is not easy, I mean, to give to all if you receive from none, because private individuals thus giving will soon find their means run short, and such are in fact thought to be prodigal. He that should combine both would seem to be no little superior to the Stingy man: for he may be easily cured, both by advancing in years, and also by the want of means, and he may come thus to the mean: he has, you see, already the _facts_ of the Liberal man, he gives and forbears to receive, only he does neither in right manner or well. So if he could be wrought upon by habituation in this

respect, or change in any other way, he would be a real Liberal man, for he will give to those to whom he should, and will forbear to receive whence he ought not. This is the reason too why he is thought not to be low in moral character, because to exceed in giving and in forbearing to receive is no sign of badness or meanness, but only of folly.

Well then, he who is Prodigal in this fashion is thought far superior to the Stingy man for the aforementioned reasons, and also because he does good to many, but the Stingy man to no one, not even to himself. But most Prodigals, as has been said, combine with their other faults that of receiving from improper sources, and on this point are Stingy: and they become grasping, because they wish to spend and cannot do this easily, since their means soon run short and they are necessitated to get from some other quarter; and then again, because they care not for what is honourable, they receive recklessly, and from all sources indifferently, because they desire to give but care not how or whence.

And for this reason their givings are not Liberal, inasmuch as they are not honourable, nor purely disinterested, nor done in right fashion; but they oftentimes make those rich who should be poor, and to those who are quiet respectable kind of people they will give nothing, but to flatterers, or those who subserve their pleasures in any way, they will give much. And therefore most of them are utterly devoid of self-restraint; for as they are open-handed they are liberal in expenditure upon the unrestrained gratification of their passions, and turn off to their pleasures because they do not live with reference to what is honourable.

Thus then the Prodigal, if unguided, slides into these faults; but if he could get care bestowed on him he might come to the mean and to what is right.

Stinginess, on the contrary, is incurable: old age, for instance, and incapacity of any kind, is thought to make people Stingy; and it is more congenial to human nature than Prodigality, the mass of men being fond of money rather than apt to give: moreover it extends far and has many phases, the modes of stinginess being thought to be many. For as it consists of two things, defect of giving and excess of receiving, everybody does not have it entire, but it is sometimes divided, and one class of persons exceed in receiving, the other are deficient in giving. I mean those who are designated by such appellations as sparing, close-fisted, niggards, are all deficient in giving; but other men's property they neither desire nor are willing to receive, in some instances from a real moderation and shrinking from what is base.

There are some people whose motive, either supposed or alleged, for keeping their property is this, that they may never be driven to do anything dishonourable: to this class belongs the skinflint, and every one of similar character, so named from the excess of not-giving. Others again decline to receive their neighbour's goods from a motive of fear; their notion being that it is not easy to take other people's things yourself without their taking yours: so they are content neither to receive nor give.

The other class again who are Stingy in respect of receiving exceed in that they receive anything from any source; such as they who work at illiberal employments, brothel keepers, and such-like, and usurers who lend small sums at large interest: for all these receive from improper sources, and improper amounts. Their common characteristic is base-gaining, since they all submit to disgrace for the sake of gain and that small; because those who receive great things neither whence they ought, nor what they ought (as for instance despots who sack cities and plunder temples), we denominate wicked, impious, and unjust, but not Stingy.

Now the dicer and bath-plunderer and the robber belong to the class of the Stingy, for they are given to base gain: both busy themselves and submit to disgrace for the sake of gain, and the one class incur the greatest dangers for the sake of their booty, while the others make gain of their friends to whom they ought to be giving.

So both classes, as wishing to make gain from improper sources, are given to base gain, and all such receivings are Stingy. And with good reason is Stinginess called the contrary of Liberality: both because it is a greater evil than Prodigality, and because men err rather in this direction than in that of the Prodigality which we have spoken of as properly and completely such.

Let this be considered as what we have to say respecting Liberality and the contrary vices.

Chapter III.

Next in order would seem to come a dissertation on Magnificence, this being thought to be, like liberality, a virtue having for its object-matter Wealth; but it does not, like that, extend to all transactions in respect of Wealth, but only applies to such as are expensive, and in these circumstances it exceeds liberality in respect of magnitude, because it is (what the very name in Greek hints at) fitting expense on a large scale: this term is of course relative: I mean, the expenditure of equipping and commanding a trireme is not the same as that of giving a public spectacle: "fitting" of course also is relative to the individual, and the matter

wherein and upon which he has to spend. And a man is not denominated Magnificent for spending as he should do in small or ordinary things, as, for instance,

“Oft to the wandering beggar did I give,”

but for doing so in great matters: that is to say, the Magnificent man is liberal, but the liberal is not thereby Magnificent. The falling short of such a state is called Meanness, the exceeding it Vulgar Profusion, Want of Taste, and so on; which are faulty, not because they are on an excessive scale in respect of right objects but, because they show off in improper objects, and in improper manner: of these we will speak presently. The Magnificent man is like a man of skill, because he can see what is fitting, and can spend largely in good taste; for, as we said at the commencement, the confirmed habit is determined by the separate acts of working, and by its object-matter.

Well, the expenses of the Magnificent man are great and fitting: such also are his works (because this secures the expenditure being not great merely, but befitting the work). So then the work is to be proportionate to the expense, and this again to the work, or even above it: and the Magnificent man will incur such expenses from the motive of honour, this being common to all the virtues, and besides he will do it with pleasure and lavishly; excessive accuracy in calculation being Mean. He will consider also how a thing may be done most beautifully and fittingly, rather, than for how much it may be done, and how at the least expense.

So the Magnificent man must be also a liberal man, because the liberal man will also spend what he ought, and in right manner: but it is the Great, that is to say tke large scale, which is distinctive of the Magnificent man, the object-matter of liberality being the same, and without spending more money than another man he will make the work more magnificent. I mean, the excellence of a possession and of a work is not the same: as a piece of property that thing is most valuable which is worth most, gold for instance; but as a work that which is great and beautiful, because the contemplation of such an object is admirable, and so is that which is Magnificent. So the excellence of a work is Magnificence on a large scale. There are cases of expenditure which we call honourable, such as are dedicatory offerings to the gods, and the furnishing their temples, and sacrifices, and in like manner everything that has reference to the Deity, and all such public matters as are objects of honourable ambition, as when men think in any case that it is their duty to furnish a chorus for the stage splendidly, or fit out and maintain a trireme, or give a general public feast.

Now in all these, as has been already stated, respect is had also to the rank and the means of the man who is doing them: because they should be proportionate to these, and befit not the work only but also the doer of the work. For this reason a poor man cannot be a Magnificent man, since he has not means wherewith to spend largely and yet becomingly; and if he attempts it he is a fool, inasmuch as it is out of proportion and contrary to propriety, whereas to be in accordance with virtue a thing must be done rightly.

Such expenditure is fitting moreover for those to whom such things previously belong, either through themselves or through their ancestors or people with whom they are connected, and to the high-born or people of high repute, and so on: because all these things imply greatness and reputation.

So then the Magnificent man is pretty much as I have described him, and Magnificence consists in such expenditures: because they are the greatest and most honourable: and of private ones such as come but once for all, marriage to wit, and things of that kind; and any occasion which engages the interest of the community in general, or of those who are in power; and what concerns receiving and despatching strangers; and gifts, and repaying gifts: because the Magnificent man is not apt to spend upon himself but on the public good, and gifts are pretty much in the same case as dedicatory offerings.

It is characteristic also of the Magnificent man to furnish his house suitably to his wealth, for this also in a way reflects credit; and again, to spend rather upon such works as are of long duration, these being most honourable. And again, propriety in each case, because the same things are not suitable to gods and men, nor in a temple and a tomb. And again, in the case of expenditures, each must be great of its kind, and great expense on a great object is most magnificent, that is in any case what is great in these particular things.

There is a difference too between greatness of a work and greatness of expenditure: for instance, a very beautiful ball or cup is magnificent as a present to a child, while the price of it is small and almost mean. Therefore it is characteristic of the Magnificent man to do magnificently whatever he is about: for whatever is of this kind cannot be easily surpassed, and bears a proper proportion to the expenditure.

Such then is the Magnificent man.

The man who is in the state of excess, called one of Vulgar Profusion, is in excess because he spends improperly, as has been said. I mean in cases requiring small expenditure he lavishes much and shows off out of taste; giving his club a feast fit for a wedding-party, or if he has to furnish a chorus for a comedy, giving the actors purple to wear in the first scene, as did the Megarians. And all such things he will do, not with a view to that which is really honourable, but to display his wealth, and because he thinks he shall be admired for these things; and he will spend little where he ought to spend much, and much where he should spend little.

The Mean man will be deficient in every case, and even where he has spent the most he will spoil the whole effect for want of some trifle; he is procrastinating in all he does, and contrives how he may spend the least, and does even that with lamentations about the expense, and thinking that he does all things on a greater scale than he ought.

Of course, both these states are faulty, but they do not involve disgrace because they are neither hurtful to others nor very unseemly.

Chapter IV.

The very name of Great-mindedness implies, that great things are its object-matter; and we will first settle what kind of things. It makes no difference, of course, whether we regard the moral state in the abstract or as exemplified in an individual.

Well then, he is thought to be Great-minded who values himself highly and at the same time justly, because he that does so without grounds is foolish, and no virtuous character is foolish or senseless. Well, the character I have described is Great-minded. The man who estimates himself lowly, and at the same time justly, is modest; but not Great-minded, since this latter quality implies greatness, just as beauty implies a large bodily conformation while small people are neat and well made but not beautiful.

Again, he who values himself highly without just grounds is a Vain man: though the name must not be applied to every case of unduly high self-estimation. He that values himself below his real worth is Small-minded, and whether that worth is great, moderate, or small, his own estimate falls below it. And he is the strongest case of this error who is really a man of great worth, for what would he have done had his worth been less?

The Great-minded man is then, as far as greatness is concerned, at the summit, but in respect of propriety he is in the mean, because he estimates himself at his real value (the other characters respectively are in excess and defect). Since then he justly estimates himself at a high, or rather at the highest possible rate, his character will have respect specially to one thing: this term “rate” has reference of course to external goods: and of these we should assume that to be the greatest which we attribute to the gods, and which is the special object of desire to those who are in power, and which is the prize proposed to the most honourable actions: now honour answers to these descriptions, being the greatest of external goods. So the Great-minded man bears himself as he ought in respect of honour and dishonour. In fact, without need of words, the Great-minded plainly have honour for their object-matter: since honour is what the great consider themselves specially worthy of, and according to a certain rate.

The Small-minded man is deficient, both as regards himself, and also as regards the estimation of the Great-minded: while the Vain man is in excess as regards himself, but does not get beyond the Great-minded man. Now the Great-minded man, being by the hypothesis worthy of the greatest things, must be of the highest excellence, since the better a man is the more is he worth, and he who is best is worth the most: it follows then, that to be truly Great-minded a man must be good, and whatever is great in each virtue would seem to belong to the Great-minded. It would no way correspond with the character of the Great-minded to flee spreading his hands all abroad; nor to injure any one; for with what object in view will he do what is base, in whose eyes nothing is great? in short, if one were to go into particulars, the Great-minded man would show quite ludicrously unless he were a good man: he would not be in fact deserving of honour if he were a bad man, honour being the prize of virtue and given to the good.

This virtue, then, of Great-mindedness seems to be a kind of ornament of all the other virtues, in that it makes them better and cannot be without them; and for this reason it is a hard matter to be really and truly Great-minded; for it cannot be without thorough goodness and nobleness of character.

Honour then and dishonour are specially the object-matter of the Great-minded man: and at such as is great, and given by good men, he will be pleased moderately as getting his own, or perhaps somewhat less for no honour can be quite adequate to perfect virtue: but still he will accept this because they have nothing higher to give him. But such as is given by ordinary people and on trifling grounds he will entirely despise, because these do not come up to his deserts: and dishonour likewise, because in his case there cannot be just ground for it.

Now though, as I have said, honour is specially the object-matter of the Great-minded man, I do not mean but that likewise in respect of wealth and power, and good or bad fortune of every kind, he will bear himself with moderation, fall out how they may, and neither in prosperity will he be overjoyed nor in adversity will he be unduly pained. For not even in respect of honour does he so bear himself; and yet it is the greatest of all such objects, since it is the cause of power and wealth being choice-worthy, for certainly they who have them desire to receive honour through them. So to whom honour even is a small thing to him will all other things also be so; and this is why such men are thought to be supercilious.

It seems too that pieces of good fortune contribute to form this character of Great-mindedness: I mean, the nobly born, or men of influence, or the wealthy, are considered to be entitled to honour, for they are in a position of eminence and whatever is eminent by good is more entitled to honour: and this is why such circumstances dispose men rather to Great-mindedness, because they receive honour at the hands of some men.

Now really and truly the good man alone is entitled to honour; only if a man unites in himself goodness with these external advantages he is thought to be more entitled to honour: but they who have them without also having virtue are not justified in their high estimate of themselves, nor are they rightly denominated Great-minded; since perfect virtue is one of the indispensable conditions to such & character.

Further, such men become supercilious and insolent, it not being easy to bear prosperity well without goodness; and not being able to bear it, and possessed with an idea of their own superiority to others, they despise them, and do just whatever their fancy prompts; for they mimic the Great-minded man, though they are not like him, and they do this in such points as they can, so without doing the actions which can only flow from real goodness they despise others. Whereas the Great-minded man despises on good grounds (for he forms his opinions truly), but the mass of men do it at random.

Moreover, he is not a man to incur little risks, nor does he court danger, because there are but few things he has a value for; but he will incur great dangers, and when he does venture he is prodigal of his life as knowing that there are terms on which it is not worth his while to live. He is the sort of man to do kindnesses, but he is ashamed to receive them; the former putting a man in the position of superiority, the latter in that of inferiority; accordingly he will greatly overpay any kindness done to him, because the original actor will thus be laid under obligation and be in the position of the party benefited. Such men seem likewise to remember those they have done kindnesses to, but not those from whom they have received them: because he who has received is inferior to him who has done the kindness and our friend wishes to be superior; accordingly he is pleased to hear of his own kind acts but not of those done to himself (and this is why, in Homer, Thetis does not mention to Jupiter the kindnesses she had done him, nor did the Lacedæmonians to the Athenians but only the benefits they had received).

Further, it is characteristic of the Great-minded man to ask favours not at all, or very reluctantly, but to do a service very readily; and to bear himself loftily towards the great or fortunate, but towards people of middle station affably; because to be above the former is difficult and so a grand thing, but to be above the latter is easy; and to be high and mighty towards the former is not ignoble, but to do it towards those of humble station would be low and vulgar; it would be like parading strength against the weak.

And again, not to put himself in the way of honour, nor to go where others are the chief men; and to be remiss and dilatory, except in the case of some great honour or work; and to be concerned in few things, and those great and famous. It is a property of him also to be open, both in his dislikes and his likings, because concealment is a consequent of fear. Likewise to be careful for reality rather than appearance, and talk and act openly (for his contempt for others makes him a bold man, for which same reason he is apt to speak the truth, except where the principle of reserve comes in), but to be reserved towards the generality of men.

And to be unable to live with reference to any other but a friend; because doing so is servile, as may be seen in that all flatterers are low and men in low estate are flatterers. Neither is his admiration easily excited, because nothing is great in his eyes; nor does he bear malice, since remembering anything, and specially wrongs, is no part of Great-mindedness, but rather overlooking them; nor does he talk of other men; in fact, he will not speak either of himself or of any other; he neither cares to be praised himself nor to have others blamed; nor again does he praise freely, and for this reason he is not apt to speak ill even of his enemies except to show contempt and insolence.

And he is by no means apt to make laments about things which cannot be helped, or requests about those which are trivial; because to be thus disposed with respect to these things is consequent only upon real anxiety about them. Again, he is the kind of man to acquire what is beautiful and unproductive rather than what is productive and profitable: this being rather the part of an independent man.

Also slow motion, deep-toned voice, and deliberate style of speech, are thought to be characteristic of the Great-minded man: for he who is earnest about few things is not likely to be in a hurry, nor he who esteems nothing great to be very intent: and sharp tones and quickness are the result of these.

Chapter V.

This then is my idea of the Great-minded man; and he who is in the defect is a Small-minded man, he who is in the excess a Vain man. However, as we observed in respect of the last character we discussed, these extremes are not thought to be vicious exactly, but only mistaken, for they do no harm.

The Small-minded man, for instance, being really worthy of good deprives himself of his deserts, and seems to have somewhat faulty from not having a sufficiently high estimate of his own desert, in fact from self-ignorance: because, but for this, he would have grasped after what he really is entitled to, and that is good. Still such characters are not thought to be foolish, but rather laggards. But the having such an opinion of themselves seems to have a deteriorating effect on the character: because in all cases men's aims are regulated by their supposed desert, and thus these men, under a notion of their own want of desert, stand aloof from honourable actions and courses, and similarly from external goods.

But the Vain are foolish and self-ignorant, and that palpably: because they attempt honourable things, as though they were worthy, and then they are detected. They also set themselves off, by dress, and carriage, and such-like things, and desire that their good circumstances may be seen, and they talk of them under the notion of receiving honour thereby. Small-mindedness rather than Vanity is opposed to Great-mindedness, because it is more commonly met with and is worse.

Chapter VI.

Well, the virtue of Great-mindedness has for its object great Honour, as we have said: and there seems to be a virtue having Honour also for its object (as we stated in the former book), which may seem to bear to Great-mindedness the same relation that Liberality does to Magnificence: that is, both these virtues stand aloof from what is great but dispose us as we ought to be disposed towards moderate and small matters. Further: as in giving and receiving of wealth there is a mean state, an excess, and a defect, so likewise in grasping after Honour there is the more or less than is right, and also the doing so from right sources and in right manner.

For we blame the lover of Honour as aiming at Honour more than he ought, and from wrong sources; and him who is destitute of a love of Honour as not choosing to be honoured even for what is noble. Sometimes again we praise the lover of Honour as manly and having a love for what is noble, and him who has no love for it as being moderate and modest (as we noticed also in the former discussion of these virtues).

It is clear then that since "Lover of so and so" is a term capable of several meanings, we do not always denote the same quality by the term "Lover of Honour;" but when we use it as a term of commendation we denote more than the mass of men are; when for blame more than a man should be.

And the mean state having no proper name the extremes seem to dispute for it as unoccupied ground: but of course where there is excess and defect there must be also the mean. And in point of fact, men do grasp at Honour more than they should, and less, and sometimes just as they ought; for instance, this state is praised, being a mean state in regard of Honour, but without any appropriate name. Compared with what is called Ambition it shows like a want of love for Honour, and compared with this it shows like Ambition, or compared with both, like both faults: nor is this a singular case among the virtues. Here the extreme characters appear to be opposed, because the mean has no name appropriated to it.

Chapter VII.

Meekness is a mean state, having for its object-matter Anger: and as the character in the mean has no name, and we may almost say the same of the extremes, we give the name of Meekness (leaning rather to the defect, which has no name either) to the character in the mean.

The excess may be called an over-aptness to Anger: for the passion is Anger, and the producing causes many and various. Now he who is angry at what and with whom he ought, and further, in right manner and time, and for proper length of time, is praised, so this Man will be Meek since Meekness is praised. For the notion represented by the term Meek man is the being imperturbable, and not being led away by passion, but being angry in that manner, and at those things, and for that length of time, which Reason may

direct. This character however is thought to err rather on the side of defect, inasmuch as he is not apt to take revenge but rather to make allowances and forgive. And the defect, call it Angerlessness or what you will, is blamed: I mean, they who are not angry at things at which they ought to be angry are thought to be foolish, and they who are angry not in right manner, nor in right time, nor with those with whom they ought; for a man who labours under this defect is thought to have no perception, nor to be pained, and to have no tendency to avenge himself, inasmuch as he feels no anger: now to bear with scurrility in one's own person, and patiently see one's own friends suffer it, is a slavish thing.

As for the excess, it occurs in all forms; men are angry with those with whom, and at things with which, they ought not to be, and more than they ought, and too hastily, and for too great a length of time. I do not mean, however, that these are combined in any one person: that would in fact be impossible, because the evil destroys itself, and if it is developed in its full force it becomes unbearable.

Now those whom we term the Passionate are soon angry, and with people with whom and at things at which they ought not, and in an excessive degree, but they soon cool again, which is the best point about them. And this results from their not repressing their anger, but repaying their enemies (in that they show their feeings by reason of their vehemence), and then they have done with it.

The Choleric again are excessively vehement, and are angry at everything, and on every occasion; whence comes their Greek name signifying that their choler lies high.

The Bitter-tempered are hard to reconcile and keep their anger for a long while, because they repress the feeling: but when they have revenged themselves then comes a lull; for the vengeance destroys their anger by producing pleasure in lieu of pain. But if this does not happen they keep the weight on their minds: because, as it does not show itself, no one attempts to reason it away, and digesting anger within one's self takes time. Such men are very great nuisances to themselves and to their best friends.

Again, we call those Cross-grained who are angry at wrong objects, and in excessive degree, and for too long a time, and who are not appeased without vengeance or at least punishing the offender.

To Meekness we oppose the excess rather than the defect, because it is of more common occurrence: for human nature is more disposed to take than to forgo revenge. And the Cross-grained are worse to live with [than they who are too phlegmatic].

Now, from what has been here said, that is also plain which was said before. I mean, it is no easy matter to define how, and with what persons, and at what kind of things, and how long one ought to be angry, and up to what point a person is right or is wrong. For he that transgresses the strict rule only a little, whether on the side of too much or too little, is not blamed: sometimes we praise those who are deficient in the feeling and call them Meek, sometimes we call the irritable Spirited as being well qualified for government. So it is not easy to lay down, in so many words, for what degree or kind of transgression a man is blameable: because the decision is in particulars, and rests therefore with the Moral Sense. Thus much, however, is plain, that the mean state is praiseworthy, in virtue of which we are angry with those with whom, and at those things with which, we ought to be angry, and in right manner, and so on; while the excesses and defects are blameable, slightly so if only slight, more so if greater, and when considerable very blameable.

It is clear, therefore, that the mean state is what we are to hold to.

This then is to be taken as our account of the various moral states which have Anger for their object-matter.

Chapter VIII.

Next, as regards social intercourse and interchange of words and acts, some men are thought to be Over-Complaisant who, with a view solely to giving pleasure, agree to everything and never oppose, but think their line is to give no pain to those they are thrown amongst: they, on the other hand, are called Cross and Contentious who take exactly the contrary line to these, and oppose in everything, and have no care at all whether they give pain or not.

Now it is quite clear of course, that the states I have named are blameable, and that the mean between them is praiseworthy, in virtue of which a man will let pass what he ought as he ought, and also will object in like manner. However, this state has no name appropriated, but it is most like Friendship; since the man who exhibits it is just the kind of man whom we would call the amiable friend, with the addition of strong earnest affection; but then this is the very point in which it differs from Friendship, that it is quite independent of any feeling or strong affection for those among whom the man mixes: I mean, that he takes everything as he ought, not from any feeling of love or hatred, but simply because his natural disposition leads him to do so; he will do it alike to those

whom he does know and those whom he does not, and those with whom he is intimate and those with whom he is not; only in each case as propriety requires, because it is not fitting to care alike for intimates and strangers, nor again to pain them alike.

It has been stated in a general way that his social intercourse will be regulated by propriety, and his aim will be to avoid giving pain and to contribute to pleasure, but with a constant reference to what is noble and expedient.

His proper object-matter seems to be the pleasures and pains which arise out of social intercourse, but whenever it is not honourable or even hurtful to him to contribute to pleasure, in these instances he will run counter and prefer to give pain.

Or if the things in question involve unseemliness to the doer, and this not inconsiderable, or any harm, whereas his opposition will cause some little pain, here he will not agree but will run counter.

Again, he will regulate differently his intercourse with great men and with ordinary men, and with all people according to the knowledge he has of them; and in like manner, taking in any other differences which may exist, giving to each his due, and in itself preferring to give pleasure and cautious not to give pain, but still guided by the results, I mean by what is noble and expedient according as they preponderate.

Again, he will inflict trifling pain with a view to consequent pleasure.

Well, the man bearing the mean character is pretty well such as I have described him, but he has no name appropriated to him: of those who try to give pleasure, the man who simply and disinterestedly tries to be agreeable is called Over-Complaisant, he who does it with a view to secure some profit in the way of wealth, or those things which wealth may procure, is a Flatterer: I have said before, that the man who is “always non-content” is Cross and Contentious. Here the extremes have the appearance of being opposed to one another, because the mean has no appropriate name.

Chapter IX.

The mean state which steers clear of Exaggeration has pretty much the same object-matter as the last we described, and likewise has no name appropriated to it. Still it may be as well to go over these states: because, in the first place, by a particular discussion of each we shall be better acquainted with the general subject of moral character, and next we shall be the more convinced that the virtues are mean states by seeing that this is universally the case.

In respect then of living in society, those who carry on this intercourse with a view to pleasure and pain have been already spoken of; we will now go on to speak of those who are True or False, alike in their words and deeds and in the claims which they advance.

Now the Exaggerator is thought to have a tendency to lay claim to things reflecting credit on him, both when they do not belong to him at all and also in greater degree than that in which they really do: whereas the Reserved man, on the contrary, denies those which really belong to him or else depreciates them, while the mean character being a Plain-matter-of-fact person is Truthful in life and word, admitting the existence of what does really belong to him and making it neither greater nor less than the truth.

It is possible of course to take any of these lines either with or without some further view: but in general men speak, and act, and live, each according to his particular character and disposition, unless indeed a man is acting from any special motive.

Now since falsehood is in itself low and blameable, while truth is noble and praiseworthy, it follows that the Truthful man (who is also in the mean) is praiseworthy, and the two who depart from strict truth are both blameable, but especially the Exaggerator.

We will now speak of each, and first of the Truthful man: I call him Truthful, because we are not now meaning the man who is true in his agreements nor in such matters as amount to justice or injustice (this would come within the province of a different virtue), but, in such as do not involve any such serious difference as this, the man we are describing is true in life and word simply because he is in a certain moral state.

And he that is such must be judged to be a good man: for he that has a love for Truth as such, and is guided by it in matters indifferent, will be so likewise even more in such as are not indifferent; for surely he will have a dread of falsehood as base, since he shunned it even in itself: and he that is of such a character is praiseworthy, yet he leans rather to that which is below the truth, this having an appearance of being in better taste because exaggerations are so hateful.

As for the man who lays claim to things above what really belongs to him _without_ any special motive, he is like a base man because he would not otherwise have taken pleasure in falsehood, but he shows as a fool rather than as a knave. But if a man

does this _with_ a special motive, suppose for honour or glory, as the Braggart does, then he is not so very blameworthy, but if, directly or indirectly, for pecuniary considerations, he is more unseemly.

Now the Braggart is such not by his power but by his purpose, that is to say, in virtue of his moral state, and because he is a man of a certain kind; just as there are liars who take pleasure in falsehood for its own sake while others lie from a desire of glory or gain. They who exaggerate with a view to glory pretend to such qualities as are followed by praise or highest congratulation; they who do it with a view to gain assume those which their neighbours can avail themselves of, and the absence of which can be concealed, as a man's being a skilful soothsayer or physician; and accordingly most men pretend to such things and exaggerate in this direction, because the faults I have mentioned are in them.

The Reserved, who depreciate their own qualities, have the appearance of being more refined in their characters, because they are not thought to speak with a view to gain but to avoid grandeur: one very common trait in such characters is their denying common current opinions, as Socrates used to do. There are people who lay claim falsely to small things and things the falsity of their pretensions to which is obvious; these are called Factotums and are very despicable.

This very Reserve sometimes shows like Exaggeration; take, for instance, the excessive plainness of dress affected by the Lacedæmonians: in fact, both excess and the extreme of deficiency partake of the nature of Exaggeration. But they who practise Reserve in moderation, and in cases in which the truth is not very obvious and plain, give an impression of refinement. Here it is the Exaggerator (as being the worst character) who appears to be opposed to the Truthful Man.

Chapter X.

Next, as life has its pauses and in them admits of pastime combined with Jocularity, it is thought that in this respect also there is a kind of fitting intercourse, and that rules may be prescribed as to the kind of things one should say and the manner of saying them; and in respect of hearing likewise (and there will be a difference between the saying and hearing such and such things). It is plain that in regard to these things also there will be an excess and defect and a mean.

Now they who exceed in the ridiculous are judged to be Buffoons and Vulgar, catching at it in any and every way and at any cost, and aiming rather at raising laughter than at saying what is seemly and at avoiding to pain the object of their wit. They, on the other hand, who would not for the world make a joke themselves and are displeased with such as do are thought to be Clownish and Stern. But they who are Jocular in good taste are denominated by a Greek term expressing properly ease of movement, because such are thought to be, as one may say, motions of the moral character; and as bodies are judged of by their motions so too are moral characters.

Now as the ridiculous lies on the surface, and the majority of men take more pleasure than they ought in Jocularity and Jesting, the Buffoons too get this name of Easy Pleasantry, as if refined and gentlemanlike; but that they differ from these, and considerably too, is plain from what has been said.

One quality which belongs to the mean state is Tact: it is characteristic of a man of Tact to say and listen to such things as are fit for a good man and a gentleman to say and listen to: for there are things which are becoming for such a one to say and listen to in the way of Jocularity, and there is a difference between the Jocularity of the Gentleman and that of the Vulgarian; and again, between that of the educated and uneducated man. This you may see from a comparison of the Old and New Comedy: in the former obscene talk made the fun; in the latter it is rather innuendo: and this is no slight difference _as regards decency_.

Well then, are we to characterise him who jests well by his saying what is becoming a gentleman, or by his avoiding to pain the object of his wit, or even by his giving him pleasure? or will not such a definition be vague, since different things are hateful and pleasant to different men?

Be this as it may, whatever he says such things will he also listen to, since it is commonly held that a man will do what he will bear to hear: this must, however, be limited; a man will not do quite all that he will hear: because jesting is a species of scurrility and there are some points of scurrility forbidden by law; it may be certain points of jesting should have been also so forbidden. So then the refined and gentlemanlike man will bear himself thus as being a law to himself. Such is the mean character, whether denominated the man of Tact or of Easy Pleasantry.

But the Buffoon cannot resist the ridiculous, sparing neither himself nor any one else so that he can but raise his laugh, saying things of such kind as no man of refinement would say and some which he would not even tolerate if said by others in his hearing.

The Clownish man is for such intercourse wholly useless: inasmuch as contributing nothing jocose of his own he is savage with all who do.

Yet some pause and amusement in life are generally judged to be indispensable.

The three mean states which have been described do occur in life, and the object-matter of all is interchange of words and deeds. They differ, in that one of them is concerned with truth, and the other two with the pleasurable: and of these two again, the one is conversant with the jocosities of life, the other with all other points of social intercourse.

Chapter XI.

To speak of Shame as a Virtue is incorrect, because it is much more like a feeling than a moral state. It is defined, we know, to be "a kind of fear of disgrace," and its effects are similar to those of the fear of danger, for they who feel Shame grow red and they who fear death turn pale. So both are evidently in a way physical, which is thought to be a mark of a feeling rather than a moral state.

Moreover, it is a feeling not suitable to every age, but only to youth: we do think that the young should be Shamefaced, because since they live at the beck and call of passion they do much that is wrong and Shame acts on them as a check. In fact, we praise such young men as are Shamefaced, but no one would ever praise an old man for being given to it, inasmuch as we hold that he ought not to do things which cause Shame; for Shame, since it arises at low bad actions, does not at all belong to the good man, because such ought not to be done at all: nor does it make any difference to allege that some things are disgraceful really, others only because they are thought so; for neither should be done, so that a man ought not to be in the position of feeling Shame. In truth, to be such a man as to do anything disgraceful is the part of a faulty character. And for a man to be such that he would feel Shame if he should do anything disgraceful, and to think that this constitutes him a good man, is absurd: because Shame is felt at voluntary actions only, and a good man will never voluntarily do what is base.

True it is, that Shame may be good on a certain supposition, as "if a man should do such things, he would feel Shame:" but then the Virtues are good in themselves, and not merely in supposed cases. And, granted that impudence and the not being ashamed to do what is disgraceful is base, it does not the more follow that it is good for a man to do such things and feel Shame.

Nor is Self-Control properly a Virtue, but a kind of mixed state: however, all about this shall be set forth in a future Book.

BOOK V

Chapter I.

Now the points for our enquiry in respect of Justice and Injustice are, what kind of actions are their object-matter, and what kind of a mean state Justice is, and between what points the abstract principle of it, i.e. the Just, is a mean. And our enquiry shall be, if you please, conducted in the same method as we have observed in the foregoing parts of this Treatise.

We see then that all men mean by the term Justice a moral state such that in consequence of it men have the capacity of doing what is just, and actually do it, and wish it:[1] similarly also with respect to Injustice, a moral state such that in consequence of it men do unjustly and wish what is unjust: let us also be content then with these as a ground-work sketched out.

I mention the two, because the same does not hold with regard to States whether of mind or body as with regard to Sciences or Faculties: I mean that whereas it is thought that the same Faculty or Science embraces contraries, a State will not: from health, for instance, not the contrary acts are done but the healthy ones only; we say a man walks healthily when he walks as the healthy man would.

However, of the two contrary states the one may be frequently known from the other, and oftentimes the states from their subject-matter: if it be seen clearly what a good state of body is, then is it also seen what a bad state is, and from the things which belong to a good state of body the good state itself is seen, and _vice versâ_. If, for instance, the good state is firmness of flesh it follows that the bad state is flabbiness of flesh; and whatever causes firmness of flesh is connected with the good state.

It follows moreover in general,[2] that if of two contrary terms the one is used in many senses so also will the other be; as, for instance, if "the Just," then also "the Unjust." Now Justice and Injustice do seem to be used respectively in many senses, but, because the line of demarcation between these is very fine and minute,[3] it commonly escapes notice that they are thus used, and it is not plain and manifest as where the various significations of terms are widely different for in these last the visible difference is

great, for instance, the word κλε■ς is used equivocally to denote the bone which is under the neck of animals and the instrument with which people close doors.

Let it be ascertained then in how many senses the term “Unjust man” is used. Well, he who violates the law, and he who is a grasping man, and the unequal man, are all thought to be Unjust and so manifestly the Just man will be, the man who acts according to law, and the equal man “The Just” then will be the lawful and the equal, and “the Unjust” the unlawful and the unequal.

Well, since the Unjust man is also a grasping man, he will be so, of course, with respect to good things, but not of every kind, only those which are the subject-matter of good and bad fortune and which are in themselves always good but not always to the individual.[4] Yet men pray for and pursue these things: this they should not do but pray that things which are in the abstract good may be so also to them, and choose what is good for themselves.

But the Unjust man does not always choose actually the greater part, but even sometimes the less; as in the case of things which are simply evil: still, since the less evil is thought to be in a manner a good and the grasping is after good, therefore even in this case he is thought to be a grasping man, _i.e._ one who strives for more good than fairly falls to his share: of course he is also an unequal man, this being an inclusive and common term.

Chapter II.

We said that the violator of Law is Unjust, and the keeper of the Law Just: further, it is plain that all Lawful things are in a manner Just, because by Lawful we understand what have been defined by the legislative power and each of these we say is Just. The Laws too give directions on all points, aiming either at the common good of all, or that of the best, or that of those in power (taking for the standard real goodness or adopting some other estimate); in one way we mean by Just, those things which are apt to produce and preserve happiness and its ingredients for the social community.

Further, the Law commands the doing the deeds not only of the brave man (as not leaving the ranks, nor flying, nor throwing away one’s arms), but those also of the perfectly self-mastering man, as abstinence from adultery and wantonness; and those of the meek man, as refraining from striking others or using abusive language: and in like manner in respect of the other virtues and vices commanding some things and forbidding others, rightly if it is a good law, in a way somewhat inferior if it is one extemporised.

Now this Justice is in fact perfect Virtue, yet not simply so but as exercised towards one’s neighbour: and for this reason Justice is thought oftentimes to be the best of the Virtues, and

“neither Hesper nor the Morning-star So worthy of our admiration:”

and in a proverbial saying we express the same;

“All virtue is in Justice comprehended.”

And it is in a special sense perfect Virtue because it is the practice of perfect Virtue. And perfect it is because he that has it is able to practise his virtue towards his neighbour and not merely on himself; I mean, there are many who can practise virtue in the regulation of their own personal conduct who are wholly unable to do it in transactions with their neighbour. And for this reason that saying of Bias is thought to be a good one,

“Rule will show what a man is;”

for he who bears Rule is necessarily in contact with others, i.e. in a community. And for this same reason Justice alone of all the Virtues is thought to be a good to others, because it has immediate relation to some other person, inasmuch as the Just man does what is advantageous to another, either to his ruler or fellow-subject. Now he is the basest of men who practises vice not only in his own person,[5] but towards his friends also; but he the best who practises virtue not merely in his own person but towards his neighbour, for this is a matter of some difficulty.

However, Justice in this sense is not a part of Virtue but is co-extensive with Virtue; nor is the Injustice which answers to it a part of Vice but co-extensive with Vice. Now wherein Justice in this sense differs from Virtue appears from what has been said: it is the same really, but the point of view is not the same: in so far as it has respect to one’s neighbour it is Justice, in so far as it is such and such a moral state it is simply Virtue.

Chapter III.

But the object of our enquiry is Justice, in the sense in which it is a part of Virtue (for there is such a thing, as we commonly say), and likewise with respect to particular Injustice. And of the existence of this last the following consideration is a proof: there are many vices by practising which a man acts unjustly, of course, but does not grasp at more than his share of good; if, for instance, by reason of cowardice he throws away his shield, or by reason of ill-temper he uses abusive language, or by reason of stinginess does not give a friend pecuniary assistance; but whenever he does a grasping action, it is often in the way of none of these vices, certainly not in all of them, still in the way of some vice or other (for we blame him), and in the way of Injustice. There is then some kind of Injustice distinct from that co-extensive with Vice and related to it as a part to a whole, and some “Unjust” related to that which is co-extensive with violation of the law as a part to a whole.

Again, suppose one man seduces a man’s wife with a view to gain and actually gets some advantage by it,[6] and another does the same from impulse of lust, at an expense of money and damage; this latter will be thought to be rather destitute of self-mastery than a grasping man, and the former Unjust but not destitute of self-mastery: now why? plainly because of his gaining.

Again, all other acts of Injustice we refer to some particular depravity, as, if a man commits adultery, to abandonment to his passions; if he deserts his comrade, to cowardice; if he strikes another, to anger: but if he gains by the act to no other vice than to Injustice.

Thus it is clear that there is a kind of Injustice different from and besides that which includes all Vice, having the same name because the definition is in the same genus; for both have their force in dealings with others, but the one acts upon honour, or wealth, or safety, or by whatever one name we can include all these things, and is actuated by pleasure attendant on gain, while the other acts upon all things which constitute the sphere of the good man’s action.

Chapter IV.

Now that there is more than one kind of Justice, and that there is one which is distinct from and besides that which is co-extensive with, Virtue, is plain: we must next ascertain what it is, and what are its characteristics.

Well, the Unjust has been divided into the unlawful and the unequal, and the Just accordingly into the lawful and the equal: the aforementioned Injustice is in the way of the unlawful. And as the unequal and the more[7] are not the same, but differing as part to whole (because all more is unequal, but not all unequal more), so the Unjust and the Injustice we are now in search of are not the same with, but other than, those before mentioned, the one being the parts, the other the wholes; for this particular Injustice is a part of the Injustice co-extensive with Vice, and likewise this Justice of the Justice co-extensive with Virtue. So that what we have now to speak of is the particular Justice and Injustice, and likewise the particular Just and Unjust.

Here then let us dismiss any further consideration of the Justice ranking as co-extensive with Virtue (being the practice of Virtue in all its bearings towards others), and of the co-relative Injustice (being similarly the practice of Vice). It is clear too, that we must separate off the Just and the Unjust involved in these: because one may pretty well say that most lawful things are those which naturally result in action from Virtue in its fullest sense, because the law enjoins the living in accordance with each Virtue and forbids living in accordance with each Vice. And the producing causes of Virtue in all its bearings are those enactments which have been made respecting education for society.

By the way, as to individual education, in respect of which a man is simply good without reference to others, whether it is the province of πολιτικ■ or some other science we must determine at a future time: for it may be it is not the same thing to be a good man and a good citizen in every case.[8]

Chapter V.

Now of the Particular Justice, and the Just involved in it, one species is that which is concerned in the distributions of honour, or wealth, or such other things as are to be shared among the members of the social community (because in these one man as compared with another may have either an equal or an unequal share), and the other is that which is Corrective in the various transactions between man and man.

And of this latter there are two parts: because of transactions some are voluntary and some involuntary; voluntary, such as follow; selling, buying, use, bail, borrowing, deposit, hiring: and this class is called voluntary because the origination of these transactions is voluntary.

The involuntary again are either such as effect secrecy; as theft, adultery, poisoning, pimping, kidnapping of slaves, assassination, false witness; or accompanied with open violence; as insult, bonds, death, plundering, maiming, foul language, slanderous abuse.

Chapter VI.

Well, the unjust man we have said is unequal, and the abstract “Unjust” unequal: further, it is plain that there is some mean of the unequal, that is to say, the equal or exact half (because in whatever action there is the greater and the less there is also the equal, i.e. the exact half). If then the Unjust is unequal the Just is equal, which all must allow without further proof: and as the equal is a mean the Just must be also a mean. Now the equal implies two terms at least: it follows then that the Just is both a mean and equal, and these to certain persons; and, in so far as it is a mean, between certain things (that is, the greater and the less), and, so far as it is equal, between two, and in so far as it is just it is so to certain persons. The Just then must imply four terms at least, for those[9] to which it is just are two, and the terms representing the things are two.

And there will be the same equality between the terms representing the persons, as between those representing the things: because as the latter are to one another so are the former: for if the persons are not equal they must not have equal shares; in fact this is the very source of all the quarrelling and wrangling in the world, when either they who are equal have and get awarded to them things not equal, or being not equal those things which are equal. Again, the necessity of this equality of ratios is shown by the common phrase “according to rate,” for all agree that the Just in distributions ought to be according to some rate: but what that rate is to be, all do not agree; the democrats are for freedom, oligarchs for wealth, others for nobleness of birth, and the aristocratic party for virtue.

The Just, then, is a certain proportionable thing. For proportion does not apply merely to number in the abstract,[10] but to number generally, since it is equality of ratios, and implies four terms at least (that this is the case in what may be called discrete proportion is plain and obvious, but it is true also in continual proportion, for this uses the one term as two, and mentions it twice; thus A:B:C may be expressed A:B::B:C. In the first, B is named twice; and so, if, as in the second, B is actually written twice, the proportionals will be four): and the Just likewise implies four terms at the least, and the ratio between the two pair of terms is the same, because the persons and the things are divided similarly. It will stand then thus, A:B::C:D, and then permutando A:C::B:D, and then (supposing C and D to represent the things) A+C:B+D::A:B. The distribution in fact consisting in putting together these terms thus: and if they are put together so as to preserve this same ratio, the distribution puts them together justly.[11] So then the joining together of the first and third and second and fourth proportionals is the Just in the distribution, and this Just is the mean relatively to that which violates the proportionate, for the proportionate is a mean and the Just is proportionate. Now mathematicians call this kind of proportion geometrical: for in geometrical proportion the whole is to the whole as each part to each part. Furthermore this proportion is not continual, because the person and thing do not make up one term.

The Just then is this proportionate, and the Unjust that which violates the proportionate; and so there comes to be the greater and the less: which in fact is the case in actual transactions, because he who acts unjustly has the greater share and he who is treated unjustly has the less of what is good: but in the case of what is bad this is reversed: for the less evil compared with the greater comes to be reckoned for good, because the less evil is more choice-worthy than the greater, and what is choice-worthy is good, and the more so the greater good.

This then is the one species of the Just.

Chapter VII.

And the remaining one is the Corrective, which arises in voluntary as well as involuntary transactions. Now this just has a different form from the aforementioned; for that which is concerned in distribution of common property is always according to the aforementioned proportion: I mean that, if the division is made out of common property, the shares will bear the same proportion to one another as the original contributions did: and the Unjust which is opposite to this Just is that which violates the proportionate.

But the Just which arises in transactions between men is an equal in a certain sense, and the Unjust an unequal, only not in the way of that proportion but of arithmetical.[12] Because it makes no difference whether a robbery, for instance, is committed by a good man on a bad or by a bad man on a good, nor whether a good or a bad man has committed adultery: the law looks only to the difference created by the injury and treats the men as previously equal, where the one does and the other suffers injury, or the one has done and the other suffered harm. And so this Unjust, being unequal, the judge endeavours to reduce to equality again, because really when the one party has been wounded and the other has struck him, or the one kills and the other dies, the suffering

and the doing are divided into unequal shares; well, the judge tries to restore equality by penalty, thereby taking from the gain.

For these terms gain and loss are applied to these cases, though perhaps the term in some particular instance may not be strictly proper, as gain, for instance, to the man who has given a blow, and loss to him who has received it: still, when the suffering has been estimated, the one is called loss and the other gain.

And so the equal is a mean between the more and the less, which represent gain and loss in contrary ways (I mean, that the more of good and the less of evil is gain, the less of good and the more of evil is loss): between which the equal was stated to be a mean, which equal we say is Just: and so the Corrective Just must be the mean between loss and gain. And this is the reason why, upon a dispute arising, men have recourse to the judge: going to the judge is in fact going to the Just, for the judge is meant to be the personification of the Just.[13] And men seek a judge as one in the mean, which is expressed in a name given by some to judges (μεσ■διοι, or middle-men) under the notion that if they can hit on the mean they shall hit on the Just. The Just is then surely a mean since the judge is also.

So it is the office of a judge to make things equal, and the line, as it were, having been unequally divided, he takes from the greater part that by which it exceeds the half, and adds this on to the less. And when the whole is divided into two exactly equal portions then men say they have their own, when they have gotten the equal; and the equal is a mean between the greater and the less according to arithmetical equality.

This, by the way, accounts for the etymology of the term by which we in Greek express the ideas of Just and Judge; (δ■καιον quasi δ■χαιον, that is in two parts, and δικ■στης quasi διχ■στης, he who divides into two parts). For when from one of two equal magnitudes somewhat has been taken and added to the other, this latter exceeds the former by twice that portion: if it had been merely taken from the former and not added to the latter, then the latter would have exceeded the former only by that one portion; but in the other case, the greater exceeds the mean by one, and the mean exceeds also by one that magnitude from which the portion was taken. By this illustration, then, we obtain a rule to determine what one ought to take from him who has the greater, and what to add to him who has the less. The excess of the mean over the less must be added to the less, and the excess of the greater over the mean be taken from the greater.

Thus let there be three straight lines equal to one another. From one of them cut off a portion, and add as much to another of them. The whole line thus made will exceed the remainder of the first-named line, by twice the portion added, and will exceed the untouched line by that portion.[14] And these terms loss and gain are derived from voluntary exchange: that is to say, the having more than what was one's own is called gaining, and the having less than one's original stock is called losing; for instance, in buying or selling, or any other transactions which are guaranteed by law: but when the result is neither more nor less, but exactly the same as there was originally,[15] people say they have their own, and neither lose nor gain.

So then the Just we have been speaking of is a mean between loss and gain arising in involuntary transactions; that is, it is the having the same after the transaction as one had before it took place.

Chapter VIII.

There are people who have a notion that Reciprocation is simply just, as the Pythagoreans said: for they defined the Just simply and without qualification as "That which reciprocates with another." But this simple Reciprocation will not fit on either to the Distributive Just, or the Corrective (and yet this is the interpretation they put on the Rhadamanthian rule of Just,

If a man should suffer what he hath done, then there would be straightforward justice;")

for in many cases differences arise: as, for instance, suppose one in authority has struck a man, he is not to be struck in turn; or if a man has struck one in authority, he must not only be struck but punished also.[16] And again, the voluntariness or involuntariness of actions makes a great difference.

But in dealings of exchange such a principle of Justice as this Reciprocation forms the bond of union, but then it must be Reciprocation according to proportion and not exact equality, because by proportionate reciprocity of action the social community is held together, For either Reciprocation of evil is meant, and if this be not allowed it is thought to be a servile condition of things: or else Reciprocation of good, and if this be not effected then there is no admission to participation which is the very bond of their union.

And this is the moral of placing the Temple of the Graces (χ■ριτες) in the public streets; to impress the notion that there may be requital, this being peculiar to χ■ρις[17] because a man ought to requite with a good turn the man who has done him a favour and then to become himself the originator of another χ■ρις, by doing him a favour.

Now the acts of mutual giving in due proportion may be represented by the diameters of a parallelogram, at the four angles of which the parties and their wares are so placed that the side connecting the parties be opposite to that connecting the wares, and each party be connected by one side with his own ware, as in the accompanying diagram.

[Illustration]

The builder is to receive from the shoemaker of his ware, and to give him of his own: if then there be first proportionate equality, and _then_ the Reciprocation takes place, there will be the just result which we are speaking of: if not, there is not the equal, nor will the connection stand: for there is no reason why the ware of the one may not be better than that of the other, and therefore before the exchange is made they must have been equalised. And this is so also in the other arts: for they would have been destroyed entirely if there were not a correspondence in point of quantity and quality between the producer and the consumer. For, we must remember, no dealing arises between two of the same kind, two physicians, for instance; but say between a physician and agriculturist, or, to state it generally, between those who are different and not equal, but these of course must have been equalised before the exchange can take place.

It is therefore indispensable that all things which can be exchanged should be capable of comparison, and for this purpose money has come in, and comes to be a kind of medium, for it measures all things and so likewise the excess and defect; for instance, how many shoes are equal to a house or a given quantity of food. As then the builder to the shoemaker, so many shoes must be to the house (or food, if instead of a builder an agriculturist be the exchanging party); for unless there is this proportion there cannot be exchange or dealing, and this proportion cannot be unless the terms are in some way equal; hence the need, as was stated above, of some one measure of all things. Now this is really and truly the Demand for them, which is the common bond of all such dealings. For if the parties were not in want at all or not similarly of one another's wares, there would either not be any exchange, or at least not the same.

And money has come to be, by general agreement, a representative of Demand: and the account of its Greek name νομισμα is this, that it is what it is not naturally but by custom or law (ν■μος), and it rests with us to change its value, or make it wholly useless.

Very well then, there will be Reciprocation when the terms have been equalised so as to stand in this proportion; Agriculturist : Shoemaker : : wares of Shoemaker : wares of Agriculturist; but you must bring them to this form of proportion when they exchange, otherwise the one extreme will combine both exceedings of the mean:[18] but when they have exactly their own then they are equal and have dealings, because the same equality can come to be in their case. Let A represent an agriculturist, C food, B a shoemaker, D his wares equalised with A's. Then the proportion will be correct, A:B::C:D; _now_ Reciprocation will be practicable, if it were not, there would have been no dealing.

Now that what connects men in such transactions is Demand, as being some one thing, is shown by the fact that, when either one does not want the other or neither want one another, they do not exchange at all: whereas they do[19] when one wants what the other man has, wine for instance, giving in return corn for exportation.

And further, money is a kind of security to us in respect of exchange at some future time (supposing that one wants nothing now that we shall have it when we do): the theory of money being that whenever one brings it one can receive commodities in exchange: of course this too is liable to depreciation, for its purchasing power is not always the same, but still it is of a more permanent nature than the commodities it represents. And this is the reason why all things should have a price set upon them, because thus there may be exchange at any time, and if exchange then dealing. So money, like a measure, making all things commensurable equalises them: for if there was not exchange there would not have been dealing, nor exchange if there were not equality, nor equality if there were not the capacity of being commensurate: it is impossible that things so greatly different should be really commensurate, but we can approximate sufficiently for all practical purposes in reference to Demand. The common measure must be some one thing, and also from agreement (for which reason it is called ν■μισμα), for this makes all things commensurable: in fact, all things are measured by money. Let B represent ten minæ, A a house worth five minæ, or in other words half B, C a bed worth 1/10th of B: it is clear then how many beds are equal to one house, namely, five.

It is obvious also that exchange was thus conducted before the existence of money: for it makes no difference whether you give for a house five beds or the price of five beds.

Chapter IX.

We have now said then what the abstract Just and Unjust are, and these having been defined it is plain that just acting is a mean between acting unjustly and being acted unjustly towards: the former being equivalent to having more, and the latter to having less.

But Justice, it must be observed, is a mean state not after the same manner as the forementioned virtues, but because it aims at producing the mean, while Injustice occupies _both_ the extremes.

And Justice is the moral state in virtue of which the just man is said to have the aptitude for practising the Just in the way of moral choice, and for making division between, himself and another, or between two other men, not so as to give to himself the greater and to his neighbour the less share of what is choice-worthy and contrariwise of what is hurtful, but what is proportionably equal, and in like manner when adjudging the rights of two other men.

Injustice is all this with respect to the Unjust: and since the Unjust is excess or defect of what is good or hurtful respectively, in violation of the proportionate, therefore Injustice is both excess and defect because it aims at producing excess and defect; excess, that is, in a man's own case of what is simply advantageous, and defect of what is hurtful: and in the case of other men in like manner generally speaking, only that the proportionate is violated not always in one direction as before but whichever way it happens in the given case. And of the Unjust act the less is being acted unjustly towards, and the greater the acting unjustly towards others.[20]

Let this way of describing the nature of Justice and Injustice, and likewise the Just and the Unjust generally, be accepted as sufficient.

Chapter X.

[Again, since a man may do unjust acts and not yet have formed a character of injustice, the question arises whether a man is unjust in each particular form of injustice, say a thief, or adulterer, or robber, by doing acts of a given character.

We may say, I think, that this will not of itself make any difference; a man may, for instance, have had connection with another's wife, knowing well with whom he was sinning, but he may have done it not of deliberate choice but from the impulse of passion: of course he acts unjustly, but he has not necessarily formed an unjust character: that is, he may have stolen yet not be a thief; or committed an act of adultery but still not be an adulterer, and so on in other cases which might be enumerated.][21]

Of the relation which Reciprocation bears to the Just we have already spoken: and here it should be noticed that the Just which we are investigating is both the Just in the abstract and also as exhibited in Social Relations, which latter arises in the case of those who live in communion with a view to independence and who are free and equal either proportionately or numerically.[22]

It follows then that those who are not in this position have not among themselves the Social Just, but still Just of some kind and resembling that other. For Just implies mutually acknowledged law, and law the possibility of injustice, for adjudication is the act of distinguishing between the Just and the Unjust.

And among whomsoever there is the possibility of injustice among these there is that of acting unjustly; but it does not hold conversely that injustice attaches to all among whom there is the possibility of acting unjustly, since by the former we mean giving one's self the larger share of what is abstractedly good and the less of what is abstractedly evil.

This, by the way, is the reason why we do not allow a man to govern, but Principle, because a man governs for himself and comes to be a despot: but the office of a ruler is to be guardian of the Just and therefore of the Equal. Well then, since he seems to have no peculiar personal advantage, supposing him a Just man, for in this case he does not allot to himself the larger share of what is abstractedly good unless it falls to his share proportionately (for which reason he really governs for others, and so Justice, men say, is a good not to one's self so much as to others, as was mentioned before), therefore some compensation must be given him, as there actually is in the shape of honour and privilege; and wherever these are not adequate there rulers turn into despots.

But the Just which arises in the relations of Master and Father, is not identical with, but similar to, these; because there is no possibility of injustice towards those things which are absolutely one's own; and a slave or child (so long as this last is of a certain age and not separated into an independent being), is, as it were, part of a man's self, and no man chooses to hurt himself, for which

reason there cannot be injustice towards one's own self: therefore neither is there the social Unjust or Just, which was stated to be in accordance with law and to exist between those among whom law naturally exists, and these were said to be they to whom belongs equality of ruling and being ruled.

Hence also there is Just rather between a man and his wife than between a man and his children or slaves; this is in fact the Just arising in domestic relations: and this too is different from the Social Just.

Further, this last-mentioned Just is of two kinds, natural and conventional; the former being that which has everywhere the same force and does not depend upon being received or not; the latter being that which originally may be this way or that indifferently but not after enactment: for instance, the price of ransom being fixed at a mina, or the sacrificing a goat instead of two sheep; and again, all cases of special enactment, as the sacrificing to Brasidas as a hero; in short, all matters of special decree.

But there are some men who think that all the Justs are of this latter kind, and on this ground: whatever exists by nature, they say, is unchangeable and has everywhere the same force; fire, for instance, burns not here only but in Persia as well, but the Justs they see changed in various places.

Now this is not really so, and yet it is in a way (though among the gods perhaps by no means): still even amongst ourselves there is somewhat existing by nature: allowing that everything is subject to change, still there is that which does exist by nature, and that which does not.[23]

Nay, we may go further, and say that it is practically plain what among things which can be otherwise does exist by nature, and what does not but is dependent upon enactment and conventional, even granting that both are alike subject to be changed: and the same distinctive illustration will apply to this and other cases; the right hand is naturally the stronger, still some men may become equally strong in both.

A parallel may be drawn between the Justs which depend upon convention and expedience, and measures; for wine and corn measures are not equal in all places, but where men buy they are large, and where these same sell again they are smaller: well, in like manner the Justs which are not natural, but of human invention, are not everywhere the same, for not even the forms of government are, and yet there is one only which by nature would be best in all places.

Chapter XI.

Now of Justs and Lawfuls each bears to the acts which embody and exemplify it the relation of an universal to a particular; the acts being many, but each of the principles only singular because each is an universal. And so there is a difference between an unjust act and the abstract Unjust, and the just act and the abstract Just: I mean, a thing is unjust in itself, by nature or by ordinance; well, when this has been embodied in act, there is an unjust act, but not till then, only some unjust thing.[24] And similarly of a just act. (Perhaps δικαιοπρ■γημα is more correctly the common or generic term for just act, the word δικα■ωμα, which I have here used, meaning generally and properly the act corrective of the unjust act.) Now as to each of them, what kinds there are, and how many, and what is their object-matter, we must examine afterwards.

For the present we proceed to say that, the Justs and the Unjusts being what have been mentioned, a man is said to act unjustly or justly when he embodies these abstracts in voluntary actions, but when in involuntary, then he neither acts unjustly or justly except accidentally; I mean that the being just or unjust is really only accidental to the agents in such cases.

So both unjust and just actions are limited by the being voluntary or the contrary: for when an embodying of the Unjust is voluntary, then it is blamed and is at the same time also an unjust action: but, if voluntariness does not attach, there will be a thing which is in itself unjust but not yet an unjust action.

By voluntary, I mean, as we stated before, whatsoever of things in his own power a man does with knowledge, and the absence of ignorance as to the person to whom, or the instrument with which, or the result with which he does; as, for instance, whom he strikes, what he strikes him with, and with what probable result; and each of these points again, not accidentally nor by compulsion; as supposing another man were to seize his hand and strike a third person with it, here, of course, the owner of the hand acts not voluntarily, because it did not rest with him to do or leave undone: or again, it is conceivable that the person struck may be his father, and he may know that it is a man, or even one of the present company, whom he is striking, but not know that it is his father. And let these same distinctions be supposed to be carried into the case of the result and in fact the whole of any given action. In fine then, that is involuntary which is done through ignorance, or which, not resulting from ignorance, is not in the agent's control or

is done on compulsion.

I mention these cases, because there are many natural things which we do and suffer knowingly but still no one of which is either voluntary or involuntary, growing old, or dying, for instance.

Again, accidentality may attach to the unjust in like manner as to the just acts. For instance, a man may have restored what was deposited with him, but against his will and from fear of the consequences of a refusal: we must not say that he either does what is just, or does justly, except accidentally: and in like manner the man who through compulsion and against his will fails to restore a deposit, must be said to do unjustly, or to do what is unjust, accidentally only.

Again, voluntary actions we do either from deliberate choice or without it; from it, when we act from previous deliberation; without it, when without any previous deliberation. Since then hurts which may be done in transactions between man and man are threefold, those mistakes which are attended with ignorance are, when a man either does a thing not to the man to whom he meant to do it, or not the thing he meant to do, or not with the instrument, or not with the result which he intended: either he did not think he should hit him at all, or not with this, or this is not the man he thought he should hit, or he did not think this would be the result of the blow but a result has followed which he did not anticipate; as, for instance, he did it not to wound but merely to prick him; or it is not the man whom, or the way in which, he meant.

Now when the hurt has come about contrary to all reasonable expectation, it is a Misadventure; when though not contrary to expectation yet without any viciousness, it is a Mistake; for a man makes a mistake when the origination of the cause rests with himself, he has a misadventure when it is external to himself. When again he acts with knowledge, but not from previous deliberation, it is an unjust action; for instance, whatever happens to men from anger or other passions which are necessary or natural: for when doing these hurts or making these mistakes they act unjustly of course and their actions are unjust, still they are not yet confirmed unjust or wicked persons by reason of these, because the hurt did not arise from depravity in the doer of it: but when it does arise from deliberate choice, then the doer is a confirmed unjust and depraved man.

And on this principle acts done from anger are fairly judged not to be from malice prepense, because it is not the man who acts in wrath who is the originator really but he who caused his wrath. And again, the question at issue in such cases is not respecting the fact but respecting the justice of the case, the occasion of anger being a notion of injury.[25] I mean, that the parties do not dispute about the fact, as in questions of contract (where one of the two must be a rogue, unless real forgetfulness can be pleaded), but, admitting the fact, they dispute on which side the justice of the case lies (the one who plotted against the other, _i.e._ the real aggressor, of course, cannot be ignorant),[26] so that the one thinks there is injustice committed while the other does not.

Well then, a man acts unjustly if he has hurt another of deliberate purpose, and he who commits such acts of injustice is _ipso facto_ an unjust character when they are in violation of the proportionate or the equal; and in like manner also a man is a just character when he acts justly of deliberate purpose, and he does act justly if he acts voluntarily.

Then as for involuntary acts of harm, they are either such as are excusable or such as are not: under the former head come all errors done not merely in ignorance but from ignorance; under the latter all that are done not from ignorance but in ignorance caused by some passion which is neither natural nor fairly attributable to human infirmity.

Chapter XII.

Now a question may be raised whether we have spoken with sufficient distinctness as to being unjustly dealt with, and dealing unjustly towards others.

First, whether the case is possible which Euripides has put, saying somewhat strangely,

“My mother he hath slain; the tale is short, Either he willingly did slay her willing, Or else with her will but against his own.”

I mean then, is it really possible for a person to be unjustly dealt with with his own consent, or must every case of being unjustly dealt with be against the will of the sufferer as every act of unjust dealing is voluntary?

And next, are cases of being unjustly dealt with to be ruled all one way as every act of unjust dealing is voluntary? or may we say that some cases are voluntary and some involuntary?

Similarly also as regards being justly dealt with: all just acting is voluntary, so that it is fair to suppose that the being dealt with unjustly or justly must be similarly opposed, as to being either voluntary or involuntary.

Now as for being justly dealt with, the position that every case of this is voluntary is a strange one, for some are certainly justly dealt with without their will.[27] The fact is a man may also fairly raise this question, whether in every case he who has suffered what is unjust is therefore unjustly dealt with, or rather that the case is the same with suffering as it is with acting; namely that in both it is possible to participate in what is just, but only accidentally. Clearly the case of what is unjust is similar: for doing things in themselves unjust is not identical with acting unjustly, nor is suffering them the same as being unjustly dealt with. So too of acting justly and being justly dealt with, since it is impossible to be unjustly dealt with unless some one else acts unjustly or to be justly dealt with unless some one else acts justly.

Now if acting unjustly is simply “hurting another voluntarily” (by which I mean, knowing whom you are hurting, and wherewith, and how you are hurting him), and the man who fails of self-control voluntarily hurts himself, then this will be a case of being voluntarily dealt unjustly with, and it will be possible for a man to deal unjustly with himself. (This by the way is one of the questions raised, whether it is possible for a man to deal unjustly with himself.) Or again, a man may, by reason of failing of self-control, receive hurt from another man acting voluntarily, and so here will be another case of being unjustly dealt with voluntarily.

The solution, I take it, is this: the definition of being unjustly dealt with is not correct, but we must add, to the hurting with the knowledge of the person hurt and the instrument and the manner of hurting him, the fact of its being against the wish of the man who is hurt.

So then a man may be hurt and suffer what is in itself unjust voluntarily, but unjustly dealt with voluntarily no man can be: since no man wishes to be hurt, not even he who fails of self-control, who really acts contrary to his wish: for no man wishes for that which he does not _think_ to be good, and the man who fails of self-control does not what he thinks he ought to do.

And again, he that gives away his own property (as Homer says Glaucus gave to Diomed, “armour of gold for brass, armour worth a hundred oxen for that which was worth but nine”) is not unjustly dealt with, because the giving rests entirely with himself; but being unjustly dealt with does not, there must be some other person who is dealing unjustly towards him.

With respect to being unjustly dealt with then, it is clear that it is not voluntary.

Chapter XIII.

There remain yet two points on which we purposed to speak: first, is he chargeable with an unjust act who in distribution has _given_ the larger share to one party contrary to the proper rate, or he that _has_ the larger share? next, can a man deal unjustly by himself?

In the first question, if the first-named alternative is possible and it is the distributor who acts unjustly and not he who has the larger share, then supposing that a person knowingly and willingly gives more to another than to himself here is a case of a man dealing unjustly by himself; which, in fact, moderate men are thought to do, for it is a characteristic of the equitable man to take less than his due.

Is not this the answer? that the case is not quite fairly stated, because of some other good, such as credit or the abstract honourable, in the supposed case the man did get the larger share. And again, the difficulty is solved by reference to the definition of unjust dealing: for the man suffers nothing contrary to his own wish, so that, on this score at least, he is not unjustly dealt with, but, if anything, he is hurt only.

It is evident also that it is the distributor who acts unjustly and not the man who has the greater share: because the mere fact of the abstract Unjust attaching to what a man does, does not constitute unjust action, but the doing this voluntarily: and voluntariness attaches to that quarter whence is the origination of the action, which clearly is in the distributor not in the receiver. And again the term doing is used in several senses; in one sense inanimate objects kill, or the hand, or the slave by his master’s bidding; so the man in question does not act unjustly but does things which are in themselves unjust.

Again, suppose that a man has made a wrongful award in ignorance; in the eye of the law he does not act unjustly nor is his awarding unjust, but yet he is in a certain sense: for the Just according to law and primary or natural Just are not coincident: but, if he knowingly decided unjustly, then he himself as well as the receiver got the larger share, that is, either of favour from the receiver or private revenge against the other party: and so the man who decided unjustly from these motives gets a larger share, in exactly

the same sense as a man would who received part of the actual matter of the unjust action: because in this case the man who wrongly adjudged, say a field, did not actually get land but money by his unjust decision.

Chapter XIV.

Now men suppose that acting Unjustly rests entirely with themselves, and conclude that acting Justly is therefore also easy. But this is not really so; to have connection with a neighbour's wife, or strike one's neighbour, or give the money with one's hand, is of course easy and rests with one's self: but the doing these acts with certain inward dispositions neither is easy nor rests entirely with one's self. And in like way, the knowing what is Just and what Unjust men think no great instance of wisdom because it is not hard to comprehend those things of which the laws speak. They forget that these are not Just actions, except accidentally: to be Just they must be done and distributed in a certain manner: and this is a more difficult task than knowing what things are wholesome; for in this branch of knowledge it is an easy matter to know honey, wine, hellebore, cautery, or the use of the knife, but the knowing how one should administer these with a view to health, and to whom and at what time, amounts in fact to being a physician.

From this very same mistake they suppose also, that acting Unjustly is equally in the power of the Just man, for the Just man no less, nay even more, than the Unjust, may be able to do the particular acts; he may be able to have intercourse with a woman or strike a man; or the brave man to throw away his shield and turn his back and run this way or that. True: but then it is not the mere doing these things which constitutes acts of cowardice or injustice (except accidentally), but the doing them with certain inward dispositions: just as it is not the mere using or not using the knife, administering or not administering certain drugs, which constitutes medical treatment or curing, but doing these things in a certain particular way.

Again the abstract principles of Justice have their province among those who partake of what is abstractedly good, and can have too much or too little of these.[28] Now there are beings who cannot have too much of them, as perhaps the gods; there are others, again, to whom no particle of them is of use, those who are incurably wicked to whom all things are hurtful; others to whom they are useful to a certain degree: for this reason then the province of Justice is among _Men_.

Chapter XV.

We have next to speak of Equity and the Equitable, that is to say, of the relations of Equity to Justice and the Equitable to the Just; for when we look into the matter the two do not appear identical nor yet different in kind; and we sometimes commend the Equitable and the man who embodies it in his actions, so that by way of praise we commonly transfer the term also to other acts instead of the term good, thus showing that the more Equitable a thing is the better it is: at other times following a certain train of reasoning we arrive at a difficulty, in that the Equitable though distinct from the Just is yet praiseworthy; it seems to follow either that the Just is not good or the Equitable not Just, since they are by hypothesis different; or if both are good then they are identical.

This is a tolerably fair statement of the difficulty which on these grounds arises in respect of the Equitable; but, in fact, all these may be reconciled and really involve no contradiction: for the Equitable is Just, being also better than one form of Just, but is not better than the Just as though it were different from it in kind: Just and Equitable then are identical, and, both being good, the Equitable is the better of the two.

What causes the difficulty is this; the Equitable is Just, but not the Just which is in accordance with written law, being in fact a correction of that kind of Just. And the account of this is, that every law is necessarily universal while there are some things which it is not possible to speak of rightly in any universal or general statement. Where then there is a necessity for general statement, while a general statement cannot apply rightly to all cases, the law takes the generality of cases, being fully aware of the error thus involved; and rightly too notwithstanding, because the fault is not in the law, or in the framer of the law, but is inherent in the nature of the thing, because the matter of all action is necessarily such.

When then the law has spoken in general terms, and there arises a case of exception to the general rule, it is proper, in so far as the lawgiver omits the case and by reason of his universality of statement is wrong, to set right the omission by ruling it as the lawgiver himself would rule were he there present, and would have provided by law had he foreseen the case would arise. And so the Equitable is Just but better than one form of Just; I do not mean the abstract Just but the error which arises out of the universality of statement: and this is the nature of the Equitable, "a correction of Law, where Law is defective by reason of its universality."

This is the reason why not all things are according to law, because there are things about which it is simply impossible to lay down a law, and so we want special enactments for particular cases. For to speak generally, the rule of the undefined must be itself

undefined also, just as the rule to measure Lesbian building is made of lead: for this rule shifts according to the form of each stone and the special enactment according to the facts of the case in question.

It is clear then what the Equitable is; namely that it is Just but better than one form of Just: and hence it appears too who the Equitable man is: he is one who has a tendency to choose and carry out these principles, and who is not apt to press the letter of the law on the worse side but content to waive his strict claims though backed by the law: and this moral state is Equity, being a species of Justice, not a different moral state from Justice.

Chapter XVI.

The answer to the second of the two questions indicated above, “whether it is possible for a man to deal unjustly by himself,” is obvious from what has been already stated.

In the first place, one class of Justs is those which are enforced by law in accordance with Virtue in the most extensive sense of the term: for instance, the law does not bid a man kill himself; and whatever it does not bid it forbids: well, whenever a man does hurt contrary to the law (unless by way of requital of hurt), voluntarily, i.e. knowing to whom he does it and wherewith, he acts Unjustly. Now he that from rage kills himself, voluntarily, does this in contravention of Right Reason, which the law does not permit. He therefore acts Unjustly: but towards whom? towards the Community, not towards himself (because he suffers with his own consent, and no man can be Unjustly dealt with with his own consent), and on this principle the Community punishes him; that is a certain infamy is attached to the suicide as to one who acts Unjustly towards the Community.

Next, a man cannot deal Unjustly by himself in the sense in which a man is Unjust who only does Unjust acts without being entirely bad (for the two things are different, because the Unjust man is in a way bad, as the coward is, not as though he were chargeable with badness in the full extent of the term, and so he does not act Unjustly in this sense), because if it were so then it would be possible for the same thing to have been taken away from and added to the same person:[29] but this is really not possible, the Just and the Unjust always implying a plurality of persons.

Again, an Unjust action must be voluntary, done of deliberate purpose, and aggressive (for the man who hurts because he has first suffered and is merely requiting the same is not thought to act Unjustly), but here the man does to himself and suffers the same things at the same time.

Again, it would imply the possibility of being Unjustly dealt with with one’s own consent.

And, besides all this, a man cannot act Unjustly without his act falling under some particular crime; now a man cannot seduce his own wife, commit a burglary on his own premises, or steal his own property.

After all, the general answer to the question is to allege what was settled respecting being Unjustly dealt with with one’s own consent.

Chapter XVII.

It is obvious, moreover, that being Unjustly dealt by and dealing Unjustly by others are both wrong; because the one is having less, the other having more, than the mean, and the case is parallel to that of the healthy in the healing art, and that of good condition in the art of training: but still the dealing Unjustly by others is the worst of the two, because this involves wickedness and is blameworthy; wickedness, I mean, either wholly, or nearly so (for not all voluntary wrong implies injustice), but the being Unjustly dealt by does not involve wickedness or injustice.

In itself then, the being Unjustly dealt by is the least bad, but accidentally it may be the greater evil of the two. However, scientific statement cannot take in such considerations; a pleurisy, for instance, is called a greater physical evil than a bruise: and yet this last may be the greater accidentally; it may chance that a bruise received in a fall may cause one to be captured by the enemy and slain.

Further: Just, in the way of metaphor and similitude, there may be I do not say between a man and himself exactly but between certain parts of his nature; but not Just of every kind, only such as belongs to the relation of master and slave, or to that of the head of a family. For all through this treatise the rational part of the Soul has been viewed as distinct from the irrational.

Now, taking these into consideration, there is thought to be a possibility of injustice towards one’s self, because herein it is possible for men to suffer somewhat in contradiction of impulses really their own; and so it is thought that there is Just of a certain kind

between these parts mutually, as between ruler and ruled.

Let this then be accepted as an account of the distinctions which we recognise respecting Justice and the rest of the moral virtues.[30]

BOOK VI

Chapter I.

Having stated in a former part of this treatise that men should choose the mean instead of either the excess or defect, and that the mean is according to the dictates of Right Reason; we will now proceed to explain this term.

For in all the habits which we have expressly mentioned, as likewise in all the others, there is, so to speak, a mark with his eye fixed on which the man who has Reason tightens or slacks his rope;[1] and there is a certain limit of those mean states which we say are in accordance with Right Reason, and lie between excess on the one hand and defect on the other.

Now to speak thus is true enough but conveys no very definite meaning: as, in fact, in all other pursuits requiring attention and diligence on which skill and science are brought to bear; it is quite true of course to say that men are neither to labour nor relax too much or too little, but in moderation, and as Right Reason directs; yet if this were all a man had he would not be greatly the wiser; as, for instance, if in answer to the question, what are proper applications to the body, he were to be told, “Oh! of course, whatever the science of medicine, and in such manner as the physician, directs.”

And so in respect of the mental states it is requisite not merely that this should be true which has been already stated, but further that it should be expressly laid down what Right Reason is, and what is the definition of it.

Chapter II.

Now in our division of the Excellences of the Soul, we said there were two classes, the Moral and the Intellectual: the former we have already gone through; and we will now proceed to speak of the others, premising a few words respecting the Soul itself. It was stated before, you will remember, that the Soul consists of two parts, the Rational, and Irrational: we must now make a similar division of the Rational.

Let it be understood then that there are two parts of the Soul possessed of Reason; one whereby we realise those existences whose causes cannot be otherwise than they are, and one whereby we realise those which can be otherwise than they are,[2] (for there must be, answering to things generically different, generically different parts of the soul naturally adapted to each, since these parts of the soul possess their knowledge in virtue of a certain resemblance and appropriateness in themselves to the objects of which they are percipients);[3] and let us name the former, “that which is apt to know,” the latter, “that which is apt to calculate” (because deliberating and calculating are the same, and no one ever deliberates about things which cannot be otherwise than they are: and so the Calculative will be one part of the Rational faculty of the soul).

We must discover, then, which is the best state of each of these, because that will be the Excellence of each; and this again is relative to the work each has to do.[4]

There are in the Soul three functions on which depend moral action and truth; Sense, Intellect, Appetition, whether vague Desire or definite Will. Now of these Sense is the originating cause of no moral action, as is seen from the fact that brutes have Sense but are in no way partakers of moral action.[5]

[Intellect and Will are thus connected,] what in the Intellectual operation is Affirmation and Negation that in the Will is Pursuit and Avoidance, And so, since Moral Virtue is a State apt to exercise Moral Choice and Moral Choice is Will consequent on deliberation, the Reason must be true and the Will right, to constitute good Moral Choice, and what the Reason affirms the Will must pursue.[6]

Now this Intellectual operation and this Truth is what bears upon Moral Action; of course truth and falsehood must be the good and the bad of that Intellectual Operation which is purely Speculative, and concerned neither with action nor production, because this is manifestly the work of every Intellectual faculty, while of the faculty which is of a mixed Practical and Intellectual nature, the work is that Truth which, as I have described above, corresponds to the right movement of the Will.

Now the starting-point of moral action is Moral Choice, (I mean, what actually sets it in motion, not the final cause,)[7] and of Moral Choice, Appetition, and Reason directed to a certain result: and thus Moral Choice is neither independent of intellect, i. e. intellectual operation, nor of a certain moral state: for right or wrong action cannot be, independently of operation of the Intellect, and moral character.

But operation of the Intellect by itself moves nothing, only when directed to a certain result, i. e. exercised in Moral Action: (I say nothing of its being exercised in production, because this function is originated by the former: for every one who makes makes with a view to somewhat further; and that which is or may be made, is not an End in itself, but only relatively to somewhat else, and belonging to some one:[8] whereas that which is or may be done is an End in itself, because acting well is an End in itself, and this is the object of the Will,) and so Moral Choice is either[9] Intellect put in a position of Will-ing, or Appetition subjected to an Intellectual Process. And such a Cause is Man.

But nothing which is done and past can be the object of Moral Choice; for instance, no man chooses to have sacked Troy; because, in fact, no one ever deliberates about what is past, but only about that which is future, and which may therefore be influenced, whereas what has been cannot not have been: and so Agathon is right in saying

“Of this alone is Deity bereft, To make undone whatever hath been done.”

Thus then Truth is the work of both the Intellectual Parts of the Soul; those states therefore are the Excellences of each in which each will best attain truth.

Chapter III.

Commencing then from the point stated above we will now speak of these Excellences again. Let those faculties whereby the Soul attains truth in Affirmation or Negation, be assumed to be in number five:[10] viz. Art, Knowledge, Practical Wisdom, Science, Intuition: (Supposition and Opinion I do not include, because by these one may go wrong.)

What Knowledge is, is plain from the following of considerations, if one is to speak accurately, instead of being led away by resemblances. For we all conceive that what we strictly speaking know, cannot be otherwise than it is, because as to those things which can be otherwise than they are, we are uncertain whether they are or are not, the moment they cease to be within the sphere of our actual observation.

So then, whatever comes within the range of Knowledge is by necessity, and therefore eternal, (because all things are so which exist necessarily,) and all eternal things are without beginning, and indestructible.

Again, all Knowledge is thought to be capable of being taught, and what comes within its range capable of being learned. And all teaching is based upon previous knowledge; (a statement you will find in the Analytics also,)[11] for there are two ways of teaching, by Syllogism and by Induction. In fact. Induction is the source of universal propositions, and Syllogism reasons from these universals.[12] Syllogism then may reason from principles which cannot be themselves proved Syllogistically: and therefore must by Induction.

So Knowledge is “a state or mental faculty apt to demonstrate syllogistically,” &c. as in the Analytics:[13] because a man, strictly and properly speaking, _knows_, when he establishes his conclusion in a certain way, and the principles are known to him: for if they are not better known to him than the conclusion, such knowledge as he has will be merely accidental.

Let thus much be accepted as a definition of Knowledge.

Chapter IV.

Matter which may exist otherwise than it actually does in any given case (commonly called Contingent) is of two kinds, that which is the object of Making, and that which is the object of Doing; now Making and Doing are two different things (as we show in the exoteric treatise), and so that state of mind, conjoined with Reason, which is apt to Do, is distinct from that also conjoined with Reason, which is apt to Make: and for this reason they are not included one by the other, that is, Doing is not Making, nor Making Doing.[14] Now[15] as Architecture is an Art, and is the same as “a certain state of mind, conjoined with Reason, which is apt to Make,” and as there is no Art which is not such a state, nor any such state which is not an Art, Art, in its strict and proper sense, must be “a state of mind, conjoined with true Reason, apt to Make.”

Now all Art has to do with production, and contrivance, and seeing how any of those things may be produced which may either be or not be, and the origination of which rests with the maker and not with the thing made.

And, so neither things which exist or come into being necessarily, nor things in the way of nature, come under the province of Art, because these are self-originating. And since Making and Doing are distinct, Art must be concerned with the former and not the latter. And in a certain sense Art and Fortune are concerned with the same things, as, Agathon says by the way,

“Art Fortune loves, and is of her beloved.”

So Art, as has been stated, is “a certain state of mind, apt to Make, conjoined with true Reason;” its absence, on the contrary, is the same state conjoined with false Reason, and both are employed upon Contingent matter.

Chapter V.

As for Practical Wisdom, we shall ascertain its nature by examining to what kind of persons we in common language ascribe it.[16]

It is thought then to be the property of the Practically Wise man to be able to deliberate well respecting what is good and expedient for himself, not in any definite line,[17] as what is conducive to health or strength, but what to living well. A proof of this is that we call men Wise in this or that, when they calculate well with a view to some good end in a case where there is no definite rule. And so, in a general way of speaking, the man who is good at deliberation will be Practically Wise. Now no man deliberates respecting things which cannot be otherwise than they are, nor such as lie not within the range of his own action: and so, since Knowledge requires strict demonstrative reasoning, of which Contingent matter does not admit (I say Contingent matter, because all matters of deliberation must be Contingent and deliberation cannot take place with respect to things which are Necessarily), Practical Wisdom cannot be Knowledge nor Art; nor the former, because what falls under the province of Doing must be Contingent; not the latter, because Doing and Making are different in kind.

It remains then that it must be “a state of mind true, conjoined with Reason, and apt to Do, having for its object those things which are good or bad for Man:” because of Making something beyond itself is always the object, but cannot be of Doing because the very well-doing is in itself an End.

For this reason we think Pericles and men of that stamp to be Practically Wise, because they can see what is good for themselves and for men in general, and we also think those to be such who are skilled in domestic management or civil government. In fact, this is the reason why we call the habit of perfected self-mastery by the name which in Greek it bears, etymologically signifying “that which preserves the Practical Wisdom:” for what it does preserve is the Notion I have mentioned, _i.e._ of one’s own true interest.[18]

For it is not every kind of Notion which the pleasant and the painful corrupt and pervert, as, for instance, that “the three angles of every rectilineal triangle are equal to two right angles,” but only those bearing on moral action.

For the Principles of the matters of moral action are the final cause of them:[19] now to the man who has been corrupted by reason of pleasure or pain the Principle immediately becomes obscured, nor does he see that it is his duty to choose and act in each instance with a view to this final cause and by reason of it: for viciousness has a tendency to destroy the moral Principle: and so Practical Wisdom must be “a state conjoined with reason, true, having human good for its object, and apt to do.”

Then again Art admits of degrees of excellence, but Practical Wisdom does not:[20] and in Art he who goes wrong purposely is preferable to him who does so unwittingly,[21] but not so in respect of Practical Wisdom or the other Virtues. It plainly is then an Excellence of a certain kind, and not an Art.

Now as there are two parts of the Soul which have Reason, it must be the Excellence of the Opinionative [which we called before calculative or deliberative], because both Opinion and Practical Wisdom are exercised upon Contingent matter. And further, it is not simply a state conjoined with Reason, as is proved by the fact that such a state may be forgotten and so lost while Practical Wisdom cannot.

Chapter VI.

Now Knowledge is a conception concerning universals and Necessary matter, and there are of course certain First Principles in all trains of demonstrative reasoning (that is of all Knowledge because this is connected with reasoning): that faculty, then, which

takes in the first principles of that which comes under the range of Knowledge, cannot be either Knowledge, or Art, or Practical Wisdom: not Knowledge, because what is the object of Knowledge must be derived from demonstrative reasoning; not either of the other two, because they are exercised upon Contingent matter only. Nor can it be Science which takes in these, because the Scientific Man must in some cases depend on demonstrative Reasoning.

It comes then to this: since the faculties whereby we always attain truth and are never deceived when dealing with matter Necessary or even Contingent are Knowledge, Practical Wisdom, Science, and Intuition, and the faculty which takes in First Principles cannot be any of the three first; the last, namely Intuition, must be it which performs this function.

Chapter VII.

Science is a term we use principally in two meanings: in the first place, in the Arts we ascribe it to those who carry their arts to the highest accuracy;[22] Phidias, for instance, we call a Scientific or cunning sculptor; Polycleitus a Scientific or cunning statuary; meaning, in this instance, nothing else by Science than an excellence of art: in the other sense, we think some to be Scientific in a general way, not in any particular line or in any particular thing, just as Homer says of a man in his Margites; “Him the Gods made neither a digger of the ground, nor ploughman, nor in any other way Scientific.”

So it is plain that Science must mean the most accurate of all Knowledge; but if so, then the Scientific man must not merely know the deductions from the First Principles but be in possession of truth respecting the First Principles. So that Science must be equivalent to Intuition and Knowledge; it is, so to speak, Knowledge of the most precious objects, _with a head on_.[23]

I say of the most precious things, because it is absurd to suppose πολιτικ■,[24] or Practical Wisdom, to be the highest, unless it can be shown that Man is the most excellent of all that exists in the Universe. Now if “healthy” and “good” are relative terms, differing when applied to men or to fish, but “white” and “straight” are the same always, men must allow that the Scientific is the same always, but the Practically Wise varies: for whatever provides all things well for itself, to this they would apply the term Practically Wise, and commit these matters to it; which is the reason, by the way, that they call some brutes Practically Wise, such that is as plainly have a faculty of forethought respecting their own subsistence.

And it is quite plain that Science and πολιτικ■ cannot be identical: because if men give the name of Science to that faculty which is employed upon what is expedient for themselves, there will be many instead of one, because there is not one and the same faculty employed on the good of all animals collectively, unless in the same sense as you may say there is one art of healing with respect to all living beings.

If it is urged that man is superior to all other animals, that makes no difference: for there are many other things more Godlike in their nature than Man, as, most obviously, the elements of which the Universe is composed.[25]

It is plain then that Science is the union of Knowledge and Intuition, and has for its objects those things which are most precious in their nature. Accordingly, Anexagoras, Thales, and men of that stamp, people call Scientific, but not Practically Wise because they see them ignorant of what concerns themselves; and they say that what they know is quite out of the common run certainly, and wonderful, and hard, and very fine no doubt, but still useless because they do not seek after what is good for them as men.

Chapter VIII.

But Practical Wisdom is employed upon human matters, and such as are objects of deliberation (for we say, that to deliberate well is most peculiarly the work of the man who possesses this Wisdom), and no man deliberates about things which cannot be otherwise than they are, nor about any save those that have some definite End and this End good resulting from Moral Action; and the man to whom we should give the name of Good in Counsel, simply and without modification, is he who in the way of calculation has a capacity for attaining that of practical goods which is the best for Man.

Nor again does Practical Wisdom consist in a knowledge of general principles only, but it is necessary that one should know also the particular details, because it is apt to act, and action is concerned with details: for which reason sometimes men who have not much knowledge are more practical than others who have; among others, they who derive all they know from actual experience: suppose a man to know, for instance, that light meats are easy of digestion and wholesome, but not what kinds of meat are light, he will not produce a healthy state; that man will have a much better chance of doing so, who knows that the flesh of birds is light and wholesome. Since then Practical Wisdom is apt to act, one ought to have both kinds of knowledge, or, if only one, the knowledge of details rather than of Principles. So there will be in respect of Practical Wisdom the distinction of supreme and subordinate.[26]

Further: πολιτικ■ and Practical Wisdom are the same mental state, but the point of view is not the same.

Of Practical Wisdom exerted upon a community that which I would call the Supreme is the faculty of Legislation; the subordinate, which is concerned with the details, generally has the common name πολιτικ■, and its functions are Action and Deliberation (for the particular enactment is a matter of action, being the ultimate issue of this branch of Practical Wisdom, and therefore people commonly say, that these men alone are really engaged in government, because they alone act, filling the same place relatively to legislators, that workmen do to a master).[27]

Again, that is thought to be Practical Wisdom in the most proper sense which has for its object the interest of the Individual: and this usually appropriates the common name: the others are called respectively Domestic Management, Legislation, Executive Government divided into two branches, Deliberative and Judicial.[28] Now of course, knowledge for one's self is one kind of knowledge, but it admits of many shades of difference: and it is a common notion that the man who knows and busies himself about his own concerns merely is the man of Practical Wisdom, while they who extend their solicitude to society at large are considered meddlesome.

Euripides has thus embodied this sentiment; "How," says one of his Characters, "How foolish am I, who whereas I might have shared equally, idly numbered among the multitude of the army *** for them that are busy and meddlesome [Jove hates]," because the generality of mankind seek their own good and hold that this is their proper business. It is then from this opinion that the notion has arisen that such men are the Practically-Wise. And yet it is just possible that the good of the individual cannot be secured independently of connection with a family or a community. And again, how a man should manage his own affairs is sometimes not quite plain, and must be made a matter of enquiry.[29]

A corroboration of what I have said is[30] the fact, that the young come to be geometricians, and mathematicians, and Scientific in such matters, but it is not thought that a young man can come to be possessed of Practical Wisdom: now the reason is, that this Wisdom has for its object particular facts, which come to be known from experience, which a young man has not because it is produced only by length of time.

By the way, a person might also enquire,[31] why a boy may be made a mathematician but not Scientific or a natural philosopher. Is not this the reason? that mathematics are taken in by the process of abstraction, but the principles of Science[32] and natural philosophy must be gained by experiment; and the latter young men talk of but do not realise, while the nature of the former is plain and clear.

Again, in matter of practice, error attaches either to the general rule, in the process of deliberation, or to the particular fact: for instance, this would be a general rule, "All water of a certain gravity is bad;" the particular fact, "this water is of that gravity."

And that Practical Wisdom is not Knowledge is plain, for it has to do with the ultimate issue,[33] as has been said, because every object of action is of this nature.

To Intuition it is opposed, for this takes in those principles which cannot be proved by reasoning, while Practical Wisdom is concerned with the ultimate particular fact which cannot be realised by Knowledge but by Sense; I do not mean one of the five senses, but the same by which we take in the mathematical fact, that no rectilineal figure can be contained by less than three lines, i.e. that a triangle is the ultimate figure, because here also is a stopping point.

This however is Sense rather than Practical Wisdom, which is of another kind.[34]

Chapter IX.

Now the acts of enquiring and deliberating differ, though deliberating is a kind of enquiring. We ought to ascertain about Good Counsel likewise what it is, whether a kind of Knowledge, or Opinion, or Happy Conjecture, or some other kind of faculty. Knowledge it obviously is not, because men do not enquire about what they know, and Good Counsel is a kind of deliberation, and the man who is deliberating is enquiring and calculating.

Neither is it Happy Conjecture; because this is independent of reasoning, and a rapid operation; but men deliberate a long time, and it is a common saying that one should execute speedily what has been resolved upon in deliberation, but deliberate slowly.

Quick perception of causes[35] again is a different faculty from good counsel, for it is a species of Happy Conjecture. Nor is Good Counsel Opinion of any kind.

Well then, since he who deliberates ill goes wrong, and he who deliberates well does so rightly, it is clear that Good Counsel is rightness of some kind, but not of Knowledge nor of Opinion: for Knowledge cannot be called right because it cannot be wrong, and Rightness of Opinion is Truth: and again, all which is the object of opinion is definitely marked out.[36]

Still, however, Good Counsel is not independent of Reason, Does it remain then that it is a rightness of Intellectual Operation simply, because this does not amount to an assertion; and the objection to Opinion was that it is not a process of enquiry but already a definite assertion; whereas whosoever deliberates, whether well or ill, is engaged in enquiry and calculation.

Well, Good Counsel is a Rightness of deliberation, and so the first question must regard the nature and objects of deliberation. Now remember Rightness is an equivocal term; we plainly do not mean Rightness of any kind whatever; the ■κρατ■ς, for instance, or the bad man, will obtain by his calculation what he sets before him as an object, and so he may be said to have deliberated _rightly_ in one sense, but will have attained a great evil. Whereas to have deliberated well is thought to be a good, because Good Counsel is Rightness of deliberation of such a nature as is apt to attain good.

But even this again you may get by false reasoning, and hit upon the right effect though not through right means,[37] your middle term being fallacious: and so neither will this be yet Good Counsel in consequence of which you get what you ought but not through proper means.

Again, one man may hit on a thing after long deliberation, another quickly. And so that before described will not be yet Good Counsel, but the Rightness must be with reference to what is expedient; and you must have a proper end in view, pursue it in a right manner and right time.

Once more. One may deliberate well either generally or towards some particular End.[38] Good counsel in the general then is that which goes right towards that which is the End in a general way of consideration; in particular, that which does so towards some particular End.

Since then deliberating well is a quality of men possessed of Practical Wisdom, Good Counsel must be “Rightness in respect of what conduces to a given End, of which[39] Practical Wisdom is the true conception.”

Chapter X.

There is too the faculty of Judiciousness, and also its absence, in virtue of which we call men Judicious or the contrary.

Now Judiciousness is neither entirely identical with Knowledge or Opinion (for then all would have been Judicious), nor is it any one specific science, as medical science whose object matter is things wholesome; or geometry whose object matter is magnitude: for it has not for its object things which always exist and are immutable, nor of those things which come into being just any which may chance; but those in respect of which a man might doubt and deliberate.

And so it has the same object matter as Practical Wisdom; yet the two faculties are not identical, because Practical Wisdom has the capacity for commanding and taking the initiative, for its End is “what one should do or not do:” but Judiciousness is only apt to decide upon suggestions (though we do in Greek put “well” on to the faculty and its concrete noun, these really mean exactly the same as the plain words), and Judiciousness is neither the having Practical Wisdom, nor attaining it: but just as learning is termed συνι■ναι when a man uses his knowledge, so judiciousness consists in employing the Opinionative faculty in judging concerning those things which come within the province of Practical Wisdom, when another enunciates them; and not judging merely, but judging well (for ε■ and καλ■ς mean exactly the same thing). And the Greek name of this faculty is derived from the use of the term συνι■ναι in learning: μανθ■νειν and συνι■ναι being often used as synonymous.

The faculty called γν■μη,[40] in right of which we call men ε■γν■μονες, or say they have γν■μη, is “the right judgment of the equitable man.” A proof of which is that we most commonly say that the equitable man has a tendency to make allowance, and the making allowance in certain cases is equitable. And συγγν■μη (the word denoting allowance) is right γν■μη having a capacity of making equitable decisions, By “right” I mean that of the Truthful man.

Chapter XI.

Now all these mental states[41] tend to the same object, as indeed common language leads us to expect: I mean, we speak of γν■μη, Judiciousness, Practical Wisdom, and Practical Intuition, attributing the possession of γν■μη and Practical Intuition to the same Individuals whom we denominate Practically-Wise and Judicious: because all these faculties are employed upon the

extremes,[42] i.e. on particular details; and in right of his aptitude for deciding on the matters which come within the province of the Practically-Wise, a man is Judicious and possessed of good γν■μη; i.e. he is disposed to make allowance, for considerations of equity are entertained by all good men alike in transactions with their fellows.

And all matters of Moral Action belong to the class of particulars, otherwise called extremes: for the man of Practical Wisdom must know them, and Judiciousness and γν■μη are concerned with matters of Moral Actions, which are extremes.

Intuition, moreover, takes in the extremes at both ends:[43] I mean, the first and last terms must be taken in not by reasoning but by Intuition [so that Intuition comes to be of two kinds], and that which belongs to strict demonstrative reasonings takes in immutable, i.e. Necessary, first terms; while that which is employed in practical matters takes in the extreme, the Contingent, and the minor Premiss:[44] for the minor Premisses are the source of the Final Cause, Universals being made up out of Particulars.[45] To take in these, of course, we must have Sense, i.e. in other words Practical Intuition.

And for this reason these are thought to be simply gifts of nature; and whereas no man is thought to be Scientific by nature, men are thought to have γν■μη, and Judiciousness, and Practical Intuition: a proof of which is that we think these faculties are a consequence even of particular ages, and this given age has Practical Intuition and γν■μη, we say, as if under the notion that nature is the cause. And thus Intuition is both the beginning and end, because the proofs are based upon the one kind of extremes and concern the other.

And so[46] one should attend to the undemonstrable dicta and opinions of the skilful, the old and the Practically-Wise, no less than to those which are based on strict reasoning, because they see aright, having gained their power of moral vision from experience.

Chapter XII.

Well, we have now stated the nature and objects of Practical Wisdom and Science respectively, and that they belong each to a different part of the Soul. But I can conceive a person questioning their utility. “Science,” he would say, “concerns itself with none of the causes of human happiness (for it has nothing to do with producing anything): Practical Wisdom has this recommendation, I grant, but where is the need of it, since its province is those things which are just and honourable, and good for man, and these are the things which the good man as such does; but we are not a bit the more apt to do them because we know them, since the Moral Virtues are Habits; just as we are not more apt to be healthy or in good condition from mere knowledge of what relates to these (I mean,[47] of course, things so called not from their producing health, etc., but from their evidencing it in a particular subject), for we are not more apt to be healthy and in good condition merely from knowing the art of medicine or training.

“If it be urged that _knowing what is_ good does not by itself make a Practically-Wise man but _becoming_ good; still this Wisdom will be no use either to those that are good, and so have it already, or to those who have it not; because it will make no difference to them whether they have it themselves or put themselves under the guidance of others who have; and we might be contented to be in respect of this as in respect of health: for though we wish to be healthy still we do not set about learning the art of healing.

“Furthermore, it would seem to be strange that, though lower in the scale than Science, it is to be its master; which it is, because whatever produces results takes the rule and directs in each matter.”

This then is what we are to talk about, for these are the only points now raised.

Now first we say that being respectively Excellences of different parts of the Soul they must be choice-worthy, even on the supposition that they neither of them produce results.

In the next place we say that they _do_ produce results; that Science makes Happiness, not as the medical art but as healthiness makes health:[48] because, being a part of Virtue in its most extensive sense, it makes a man happy by being possessed and by working.

Next, Man’s work _as Man_ is accomplished by virtue of Practical Wisdom and Moral Virtue, the latter giving the right aim and direction, the former the right means to its attainment;[49] but of the fourth part of the Soul, the mere nutritive principle, there is no such Excellence, because nothing is in its power to do or leave undone.[50]

As to our not being more apt to do what is noble and just by reason of possessing Practical Wisdom, we must begin a little higher up,[51] taking this for our starting-point. As we say that men may do things in themselves just and yet not be just men; for instance, when men do what the laws require of them, either against their will, or by reason of ignorance or something else, at all events not

for the sake of the things themselves; and yet they do what they ought and all that the good man should do; so it seems that to be a good man one must do each act in a particular frame of mind, I mean from Moral Choice and for the sake of the things themselves which are done. Now it is Virtue which makes the Moral Choice right, but whatever is naturally required to carry out that Choice comes under the province not of Virtue but of a different faculty. We must halt, as it were, awhile, and speak more clearly on these points.

There is then a certain faculty, commonly named Cleverness, of such a nature as to be able to do and attain whatever conduces to _any_ given purpose: now if that purpose be a good one the faculty is praiseworthy; if otherwise, it goes by a name which, denoting strictly the ability, implies the willingness to do _anything_; we accordingly call the Practically-Wise Clever, and also those who can and will do anything.[52]

Now Practical Wisdom is not identical with Cleverness, nor is it without this power of adapting means to ends: but this Eye of the Soul (as we may call it) does not attain its proper state without goodness, as we have said before and as is quite plain, because the syllogisms into which Moral Action may be analysed have for their Major Premiss,[53] “since —— is the End and the Chief Good”[54] (fill up the blank with just anything you please, for we merely want to exhibit the Form, so that anything will do), but _how_ this blank should be filled is seen only by the good man: because Vice distorts the moral vision and causes men to be deceived in respect of practical principles.[55]

It is clear, therefore, that a man cannot be a Practically-Wise, without being a good, man.

We must enquire again also about Virtue: for it may be divided into Natural Virtue and Matured, which two bear to each other a relation similar to that which Practical Wisdom bears to Cleverness, one not of identity but resemblance. I speak of Natural Virtue, because men hold that each of the moral dispositions attach to us all somehow by nature: we have dispositions[56] towards justice, self-mastery and courage, for instance, immediately from our birth: but still we seek Goodness in its highest sense as something distinct from these, and that these dispositions should attach to us in a somewhat different fashion.[57] Children and brutes have these natural states, but then they are plainly hurtful unless combined with an intellectual element: at least thus much is matter of actual experience and observation, that as a strong body destitute of sight must, if set in motion, fall violently because it has not sight, so it is also in the case we are considering: but if it can get the intellectual element it then excels in acting. Just so the Natural State of Virtue, being like this strong body, will then be Virtue in the highest sense when it too is combined with the intellectual element.

So that, as in the case of the Opinionative faculty, there are two forms, Cleverness and Practical Wisdom; so also in the case of the Moral there are two, Natural Virtue and Matured; and of these the latter cannot be formed without Practical Wisdom.[58]

This leads some to say that all the Virtues are merely intellectual Practical Wisdom, and Socrates was partly right in his enquiry and partly wrong: wrong in that he thought all the Virtues were merely intellectual Practical Wisdom, right in saying they were not independent of that faculty.

A proof of which is that now all, in defining Virtue, add on the “state” [mentioning also to what standard it has reference, namely that] “which is accordant with Right Reason:” now “right” means in accordance with Practical Wisdom. So then all seem to have an instinctive notion that that state which is in accordance with Practical Wisdom is Virtue; however, we must make a slight change in their statement, because that state is Virtue, not merely which is in accordance with but which implies the possession of Right Reason; which, upon such matters, is Practical Wisdom. The difference between us and Socrates is this: he thought the Virtues were reasoning processes (_i.e._ that they were all instances of Knowledge in its strict sense), but we say they imply the possession of Reason.

From what has been said then it is clear that one cannot be, strictly speaking, good without Practical Wisdom nor Practically-Wise without moral goodness.

And by the distinction between Natural and Matured Virtue one can meet the reasoning by which it might be argued “that the Virtues are separable because the same man is not by nature most inclined to all at once so that he will have acquired this one before he has that other:” we would reply that this is possible with respect to the Natural Virtues but not with respect to those in right of which a man is denominated simply good: because they will all belong to him together with the one faculty of Practical Wisdom.

It is plain too that even had it not been apt to act we should have needed it, because it is the Excellence of a part of the Soul; and that the moral choice cannot be right independently of Practical Wisdom and Moral Goodness; because this gives the right End,

that causes the doing these things which conduce to the End.

Then again, it is not Master of Science (i.e. of the superior part of the Soul), just as neither is the healing art Master of health; for it does not make use of it, but looks how it may come to be: so it commands for the sake of it but does not command it.

The objection is, in fact, about as valid as if a man should say πολιτικ■ governs the gods because it gives orders about all things in the communty.

APPENDIX

On ■πισπ■μη, from I. Post. Analyt. chap. i. and ii.

(Such parts only are translated as throw light on the Ethics.)

All teaching, and all intellectual learning, proceeds on the basis of previous knowledge, as will appear on an examination of all. The Mathematical Sciences, and every other system, draw their conclusions in this method. So too of reasonings, whether by syllogism, or induction: for both teach through what is previously known, the former assuming the premisses as from wise men, the latter proving universals from the evidentness of the particulars. In like manner too rhetoricians persuade, either through examples (which amounts to induction), or through enthymemes (which amounts to syllogism).

CHAP. II

Well, we suppose that we _know_ things (in the strict and proper sense of the word) when we suppose ourselves to know the cause by reason of which the thing is to be the cause of it; and that this cannot be otherwise. It is plain that the idea intended to be conveyed by the term _knowing_ is something of this kind; because they who do not really know suppose themselves thus related to the matter in hand and they who do know really are so that of whatsoever there is properly speaking Knowledge this cannot be otherwise than it is Whether or no there is another way of knowing we will say afterwards, but we do say that we know through demonstration, by which I mean a syllogism apt to produce Knowledge, i.e. in right of which through having it, we know.

If Knowledge then is such as we have described it, the Knowledge produced by demonstrative reasoning must be drawn from premisses _true_ and _first_, and _incapable of syllogistic proof_, and _better known_, and _prior in order of time_, and _causes of the conclusion_, for so the principles will be akin to the conclusion demonstrated.

(Syllogism, of course there may be without such premisses, but it will not be demonstration because it will not produce knowledge).

True, they must be, because it is impossible to know that which is not.

First, that is indemonstrable, because, if demonstrable, he cannot be said to _know_ them who has no demonstration of them for knowing such things as are demonstrable is the same as having demonstration of them.

Causes they must be, and _better known_, and _prior_ in time, _causes_, because we then know when we are acquainted with the cause, and _prior_, if causes, and _known beforehand_, not merely comprehended in idea but known to exist (The terms prior, and better known, bear two senses for _prior by nature_ and _prior relatively to ourselves_ are not the same, nor _better known by nature_, and _better known to us_ I mean, by _prior_ and _better known relatively to ourselves_, such things as are nearer to sensation, but abstractedly so such as are further Those are furthest which are most universal those nearest which are particulars, and these are mutually opposed.)

And by _first_, I mean _principles akin to the conclusion_, for principle means the same as first And the principle or first step in demonstration is a proposition incapable of syllogistic proof, _i.e._ one to which there is none prior. Now of such syllogistic principles I call that a θ■σις which you cannot demonstrate, and which is unnecessary with a view to learning something else. That which is necessary in order to learn something else is an Axiom.

Further, since one is to believe and know the thing by having a syllogism of the kind called demonstration, and what constitutes it to be such is the nature of the premisses, it is necessary not merely to _know before_, but to _know better than the conclusion_, either all or at least some of, the principles, because that which is the cause of a quality inhering in something else always inheres itself more as the cause of our loving is itself more lovable. So, since the principles are the cause of our knowing and behoving we know and believe them more, because by reason of them we know also the conclusion following.

Further: the man who is to have the Knowledge which comes through demonstration must not merely know and believe his principles better than he does his conclusion, but he must believe nothing more firmly than the contradictories of those principles out of which the contrary fallacy may be constructed: since he who _knows_, is to be simply and absolutely infallible.

BOOK VII

Chapter I.

Next we must take a different point to start from,[1] and observe that of what is to be avoided in respect of moral character there are three forms; Vice, Imperfect Self-Control, and Brutishness. Of the two former it is plain what the contraries are, for we call the one Virtue, the other Self-Control; and as answering to Brutishness it will be most suitable to assign Superhuman, i.e. heroical and godlike Virtue, as, in Homer, Priam says of Hector “that he was very excellent, nor was he like the offspring of mortal man, but of a god.” and so, if, as is commonly said, men are raised to the position of gods by reason of very high excellence in Virtue, the state opposed to the Brutish will plainly be of this nature: because as brutes are not virtuous or vicious so neither are gods; but the state of these is something more precious than Virtue, of the former something different in kind from Vice.

And as, on the one hand, it is a rare thing for a man to be godlike (a term the Lacedæmonians are accustomed to use when they admire a man exceedingly; σε■ος ■ν■ρ they call him), so the brutish man is rare; the character is found most among barbarians, and some cases of it are caused by disease or maiming; also such men as exceed in vice all ordinary measures we therefore designate by this opprobrious term. Well, we must in a subsequent place make some mention of this disposition, and Vice has been spoken of before: for the present we must speak of Imperfect Self-Control and its kindred faults of Softness and Luxury, on the one hand, and of Self-Control and Endurance on the other; since we are to conceive of them, not as being the same states exactly as Virtue and Vice respectively, nor again as differing in kind.

And we should adopt the same course as before, i.e. state the phenomena, and, after raising and discussing difficulties which suggest themselves, then exhibit, if possible, all the opinions afloat respecting these affections of the moral character; or, if not all, the greater part and the most important: for we may consider we have illustrated the matter sufficiently when the difficulties have been solved, and such theories as are most approved are left as a residuum.

The chief points may be thus enumerated. It is thought,

I. That Self-Control and Endurance belong to the class of things good and praiseworthy, while Imperfect Self-Control and Softness belong to that of things low and blameworthy.

II. That the man of Self-Control is identical with the man who is apt to abide by his resolution, and the man of Imperfect Self-Control with him who is apt to depart from his resolution.

III. That the man of Imperfect Self-Control does things at the instigation of his passions, knowing them to be wrong, while the man of Self-Control, knowing his lusts to be wrong, refuses, by the influence of reason, to follow their suggestions.

IV. That the man of Perfected Self-Mastery unites the qualities of Self-Control and Endurance, and some say that every one who unites these is a man of Perfect Self-Mastery, others do not.

V. Some confound the two characters of the man who has _no_ Self-Control, and the man of _Imperfect Self-Control_, while others distinguish between them.

VI. It is sometimes said that the man of Practical Wisdom cannot be a man of Imperfect Self-Control, sometimes that men who are Practically Wise and Clever are of Imperfect Self-Control.

VII. Again, men are said to be of Imperfect Self-Control, not simply but with the addition of the thing wherein, as in respect of anger, of honour, and gain.

These then are pretty well the common statements.

Chapter II.

Now a man may raise a question as to the nature of the right conception in violation of which a man fails of Self-Control.

That he can so fail when _knowing_ in the strict sense what is right some say is impossible: for it is a strange thing, as Socrates thought, that while Knowledge is present in his mind something else should master him and drag him about like a slave. Socrates in fact contended generally against the theory, maintaining there is no such state as that of Imperfect Self-Control, for that no one acts contrary to what is best conceiving it to be best but by reason of ignorance what is best.

With all due respect to Socrates, his account of the matter is at variance with plain facts, and we must enquire with respect to the affection, if it be caused by ignorance what is the nature of the ignorance: for that the man so failing does not suppose his acts to be right before he is under the influence of passion is quite plain.[2]

There are people who partly agree with Socrates and partly not: that nothing can be stronger than Knowledge they agree, but that no man acts in contravention of his conviction of what is better they do not agree; and so they say that it is not Knowledge, but only Opinion, which the man in question has and yet yields to the instigation of his pleasures.

But then, if it is Opinion and not Knowledge, that is it the opposing conception be not strong but only mild (as in the case of real doubt), the not abiding by it in the face of strong lusts would be excusable: but wickedness is not excusable, nor is anything which deserves blame.

Well then, is it Practical Wisdom which in this case offers opposition: for that is the strongest principle? The supposition is absurd, for we shall have the same man uniting Practical Wisdom and Imperfect Self-Control, and surely no single person would maintain that it is consistent with the character of Practical Wisdom to do voluntarily what is very wrong; and besides we have shown before that the very mark of a man of this character is aptitude to act, as distinguished from mere knowledge of what is right; because he is a man conversant with particular details, and possessed of all the other virtues.

Again, if the having strong and bad lusts is necessary to the idea of the man of Self-Control, this character cannot be identical with the man of Perfected Self-Mastery, because the having strong desires or bad ones does not enter into the idea of this latter character: and yet the man of Self-Control must have such: for suppose them good; then the moral state which should hinder a man from following their suggestions must be bad, and so Self-Control would not be in all cases good: suppose them on the other hand to be weak and not wrong, it would be nothing grand; nor anything great, supposing them to be wrong and weak.

Again, if Self-Control makes a man apt to abide by all opinions without exception, it may be bad, as suppose the case of a false opinion: and if Imperfect Self-Control makes a man apt to depart from all without exception, we shall have cases where it will be good; take that of Neoptolemus in the Philoctetes of Sophocles, for instance: he is to be praised for not abiding by what he was persuaded to by Ulysses, because he was pained at being guilty of falsehood.

Or again, false sophistical reasoning presents a difficulty: for because men wish to prove paradoxes that they may be counted clever when they succeed, the reasoning that has been used becomes a difficulty: for the intellect is fettered; a man being unwilling to abide by the conclusion because it does not please his judgment, but unable to advance because he cannot disentangle the web of sophistical reasoning.

Or again, it is conceivable on this supposition that folly joined with Imperfect Self-Control may turn out, in a given case, goodness: for by reason of his imperfection of self-control a man acts in a way which contradicts his notions; now his notion is that what is really good is bad and ought not to be done; and so he will eventually do what is good and not what is bad.

Again, on the same supposition, the man who acting on conviction pursues and chooses things because they are pleasant must be thought a better man than he who does so not by reason of a quasi-rational conviction but of Imperfect Self-Control: because he is more open to cure by reason of the possibility of his receiving a contrary conviction. But to the man of Imperfect Self-Control would apply the proverb, “when water chokes, what should a man drink then?” for had he never been convinced at all in respect of what he does,[3] then by a conviction in a contrary direction he might have stopped in his course; but now though he has had convictions he notwithstanding acts against them.

Again, if any and every thing is the object-matter of Imperfect and Perfect Self-Control, who is the man of Imperfect Self-Control simply? because no one unites all cases of it, and we commonly say that some men are so simply, not adding any particular thing in which they are so.

Well, the difficulties raised are pretty near such as I have described them, and of these theories we must remove some and leave others as established; because the solving of a difficulty is a positive act of establishing something as true.

Chapter III.

Now we must examine first whether men of Imperfect Self-Control act with a knowledge of what is right or not: next, if with such knowledge, in what sense; and next what are we to assume is the object-matter of the man of Imperfect Self-Control, and of the man of Self-Control; I mean, whether pleasure and pain of all kinds or certain definite ones; and as to Self-Control and Endurance, whether these are designations of the same character or different. And in like manner we must go into all questions which are connected with the present.

But the real starting point of the enquiry is, whether the two characters of Self-Control and Imperfect Self-Control are distinguished by their object-matter, or their respective relations to it. I mean, whether the man of Imperfect Self-Control is such simply by virtue of having such and such object-matter; or not, but by virtue of his being related to it in such and such a way, or by virtue of both: next, whether Self-Control and Imperfect Self-Control are unlimited in their object-matter: because he who is designated without any addition a man of Imperfect Self-Control is not unlimited in his object-matter, but has exactly the same as the man who has lost all Self-Control: nor is he so designated because of his relation to this object-matter merely (for then his character would be identical with that just mentioned, loss of all Self-Control), but because of his relation to it being such and such. For the man who has lost all Self-Control is led on with deliberate moral choice, holding that it is his line to pursue pleasure as it rises: while the man of Imperfect Self-Control does not think that he ought to pursue it, but does pursue it all the same.

Now as to the notion that it is True Opinion and not Knowledge in contravention of which men fail in Self-Control, it makes no difference to the point in question, because some of those who hold Opinions have no doubt about them but suppose themselves to have accurate Knowledge; if then it is urged that men holding Opinions will be more likely than men who have Knowledge to act in contravention of their conceptions, as having but a moderate belief in them; we reply, Knowledge will not differ in this respect from Opinion: because some men believe their own Opinions no less firmly than others do their positive Knowledge: Heraclitus is a case in point.

Rather the following is the account of it: the term _knowing_ has two senses; both the man who does not use his Knowledge, and he who does, are said to _know_: there will be a difference between a man's acting wrongly, who though possessed of Knowledge does not call it into operation, and his doing so who has it and actually exercises it: the latter is a strange case, but the mere having, if not exercising, presents no anomaly.

Again, as there are two kinds of propositions affecting action,[4] universal and particular, there is no reason why a man may not act against his Knowledge, having both propositions in his mind, using the universal but not the particular, for the particulars are the objects of moral action.

There is a difference also in universal propositions;[5] a universal proposition may relate partly to a man's self and partly to the thing in question: take the following for instance; "dry food is good for every man," this may have the two minor premisses, "this is a man," and "so and so is dry food;" but whether a given substance is so and so a man either has not the Knowledge or does not exert it. According to these different senses there will be an immense difference, so that for a man to _know_ in the one sense, and yet act wrongly, would be nothing strange, but in any of the other senses it would be a matter for wonder.

Again, men may have Knowledge in a way different from any of those which have been now stated: for we constantly see a man's state so differing by having and not using Knowledge, that he has it in a sense and also has not; when a man is asleep, for instance, or mad, or drunk: well, men under the actual operation of passion are in exactly similar conditions; for anger, lust, and some other such-like things, manifestly make changes even in the body, and in some they even cause madness; it is plain then that we must say the men of Imperfect Self-Control are in a state similar to these.

And their saying what embodies Knowledge is no proof of their actually then exercising it, because they who are under the operation of these passions repeat demonstrations; or verses of Empedocles,[6] just as children, when first learning, string words together, but as yet know nothing of their meaning, because they must grow into it, and this is a process requiring time: so that we must suppose these men who fail in Self-Control to say these moral sayings just as actors do.

Furthermore, a man may look at the account of the phænomenon in the following way, from an examination of the actual working of the mind: All action may be analysed into a syllogism, in which the one premiss is an universal maxim and the other concerns particulars of which Sense [moral or physical, as the case may be] is cognisant: now when one results from these two, it follows necessarily that, as far as theory goes the mind must assert the conclusion, and in practical propositions the man must act

accordingly.

For instance, let the universal be, “All that is sweet should be tasted,” the particular, “This is sweet;” it follows necessarily that he who is able and is not hindered should not only draw, but put in practice, the conclusion “This is to be tasted.” When then there is in the mind one universal proposition forbidding to taste, and the other “All that is sweet is pleasant” with its minor “This is sweet” (which is the one that really works), and desire happens to be in the man, the first universal bids him avoid this but the desire leads him on to taste; for it has the power of moving the various organs: and so it results that he fails in Self-Control, in a certain sense under the influence of Reason and Opinion not contrary in itself to Reason but only accidentally so; because it is the desire that is contrary to Right Reason, but not the Opinion:[7] and so for this reason brutes are not accounted of Imperfect Self-Control, because they have no power of conceiving universals but only of receiving and retaining particular impressions.

As to the manner in which the ignorance is removed and the man of Imperfect Self-Control recovers his Knowledge, the account is the same as with respect to him who is drunk or asleep, and is not peculiar to this affection, so physiologists[8] are the right people to apply to. But whereas the minor premiss of every practical syllogism is an opinion on matter cognisable by Sense and determines the actions; he who is under the influence of passion either has not this, or so has it that his having does not amount to _knowing_ but merely saying, as a man when drunk might repeat Empedocles’ verses; and because the minor term[9] is neither universal, nor is thought to have the power of producing Knowledge in like manner as the universal term: and so the result which Socrates was seeking comes out, that is to say, the affection does not take place in the presence of that which is thought to be specially and properly Knowledge, nor is this dragged about by reason of the affection, but in the presence of that Knowledge which is conveyed by Sense.

Let this account then be accepted of the question respecting the failure in Self-Control, whether it is with Knowledge, and the manner in which such failure is possible or not, though a man possesses Knowledge.

Chapter IV.

The next question to be discussed is whether there is a character to be designated by the term “of Imperfect Self-Control” simply, or whether all who are so are to be accounted such, in respect of some particular thing; and, if there is such a character, what is his object-matter.

Now that pleasures and pains are the object-matter of men of Self-Control and of Endurance, and also of men of Imperfect Self-Control and Softness, is plain.

Further, things which produce pleasure are either necessary, or objects of choice in themselves but yet admitting of excess. All bodily things which produce pleasure are necessary; and I call such those which relate to food and other grosser appetities, in short such bodily things as we assumed were the Object-matter of absence of Self-Control and of Perfected Self-Mastery.

The other class of objects are not necessary, but objects of choice in themselves: I mean, for instance, victory, honour, wealth, and such-like good or pleasant things. And those who are excessive in their liking for such things contrary to the principle of Right Reason which is in their own breasts we do not designate men of Imperfect Self-Control simply, but with the addition of the thing wherein, as in respect of money, or gain, or honour, or anger, and not simply; because we consider them as different characters and only having that title in right of a kind of resemblance (as when we add to a man’s name “conqueror in the Olympic games” the account of him as Man differs but little from the account of him as the Man who conquered in the Olympic games, but still it is different). And a proof of the real difference between these so designated with an addition and those simply so called is this, that Imperfect Self-Control is blamed, not as an error merely but also as being a vice, either wholly or partially; but none of these other cases is so blamed.

But of those who have for their object-matter the bodily enjoyments, which we say are also the object-matter of the man of Perfected Self-Mastery and the man who has lost all Self-Control, he that pursues excessive pleasures and too much avoids[10] things which are painful (as hunger and thirst, heat and cold, and everything connected with touch and taste), not from moral choice but in spite of his moral choice and intellectual conviction, is termed “a man of Imperfect Self-Control,” not with the addition of any particular object-matter as we do in respect of want of control of anger but simply.

And a proof that the term is thus applied is that the kindred term “Soft” is used in respect of these enjoyments but not in respect of any of those others. And for this reason we put into the same rank the man of Imperfect Self-Control, the man who has lost it entirely, the man who has it, and the man of Perfected Self-Mastery; but not any of those other characters, because the former

have for their object-matter the same pleasures and pains: but though they have the same object-matter, they are not related to it in the same way, but two of them act upon moral choice, two without it. And so we should say that man is more entirely given up to his passions who pursues excessive pleasures, and avoids moderate pains, being either not at all, or at least but little, urged by desire, than the man who does so because his desire is very strong: because we think what would the former be likely to do if he had the additional stimulus of youthful lust and violent pain consequent on the want of those pleasures which we have denominated necessary?

Well then, since of desires and pleasures there are some which are in kind honourable and good (because things pleasant are divisible, as we said before, into such as are naturally objects of choice, such as are naturally objects of avoidance, and such as are in themselves indifferent, money, gain, honour, victory, for instance); in respect of all such and those that are indifferent, men are blamed not merely[11] for being affected by or desiring or liking them, but for exceeding in any way in these feelings.

And so they are blamed, whosoever in spite of Reason are mastered by, that is pursue, any object, though in its nature noble and good; they, for instance, who are more earnest than they should be respecting honour, or their children or parents; not but what these are good objects and men are praised for being earnest about them: but still they admit of excess; for instance, if any one, as Niobe did, should fight even against the gods, or feel towards his father as Satyrus, who got therefrom the nickname of φιλοπ■τωρ, because he was thought to be very foolish.

Now depravity there is none in regard of these things, for the reason assigned above, that each of them in itself is a thing naturally choice-worthy, yet the excesses in respect of them are wrong and matter for blame: and similarly there is no Imperfect Self-Control in respect of these things; that being not merely a thing that should be avoided but blameworthy.

But because of the resemblance of the affection to the Imperfection of Self-Control the term is used with the addition in each case of the particular object-matter, just as men call a man a bad physician, or bad actor, whom they would not think of calling simply bad. As then in these cases we do not apply the term simply because each of the states is not a vice, but only like a vice in the way of analogy,[12] so it is plain that in respect of Imperfect Self-Control and Self-Control we must limit the names to those states which have the same object-matter as Perfected Self-Mastery and utter loss of Self-Control, and that we do apply it to the case of anger only in the way of resemblance: for which reason, with an addition, we designate a man of Imperfect Self-Control in respect of anger, as of honour or of gain.

Chapter V.

As there are some things naturally pleasant, and of these two kinds; those, namely, which are pleasant generally, and those which are so relatively to particular kinds of animals and men; so there are others which are not naturally pleasant but which come to be so in consequence either of maimings, or custom, or depraved natural tastes: and one may observe moral states similar to those we have been speaking of, having respectively these classes of things for their object-matter.

I mean the Brutish, as in the case of the female who, they say, would rip up women with child and eat the foetus; or the tastes which are found among the savage tribes bordering on the Pontus, some liking raw flesh, and some being cannibals, and some lending one another their children to make feasts of; or what is said of Phalaris. These are instances of Brutish states, caused in some by disease or madness; take, for instance, the man who sacrificed and ate his mother, or him who devoured the liver of his fellow-servant. Instances again of those caused by disease or by custom, would be, plucking out of hair, or eating one's nails, or eating coals and earth.[13] Now wherever nature is really the cause no one would think of calling men of Imperfect Self-Control, ... nor, in like manner, such as are in a diseased state through custom.

The having any of these inclinations is something foreign to what is denominated Vice, just as Brutishness is: and when a man has them his mastering them is not properly Self-Control, nor his being mastered by them Imperfection of Self-Control in the proper sense, but only in the way of resemblance; just as we may say a man of ungovernable wrath fails of Self-Control in respect of anger but not simply fails of Self-Control. For all excessive folly, cowardice, absence of Self-Control, or irritability, are either Brutish or morbid. The man, for instance, who is naturally afraid of all things, even if a mouse should stir, is cowardly after a Brutish sort; there was a man again who, by reason of disease, was afraid of a cat: and of the fools, they who are naturally destitute of Reason and live only by Sense are Brutish, as are some tribes of the far-off barbarians, while others who are so by reason of diseases, epileptic or frantic, are in morbid states.

So then, of these inclinations, a man may sometimes merely have one without yielding to it: I mean, suppose that Phalaris had restrained his unnatural desire to eat a child: or he may both have and yield to it. As then Vice when such as belongs to human nature is called Vice simply, while the other is so called with the addition of “brutish” or “morbid,” but not simply Vice, so manifestly there is Brutish and Morbid Imperfection of Self-Control, but that alone is entitled to the name without any qualification which is of the nature of utter absence of Self-Control, as it is found in Man.

Chapter VI.

It is plain then that the object-matter of Imperfect Self-Control and Self-Control is restricted to the same as that of utter absence of Self-Control and that of Perfected Self-Mastery, and that the rest is the object-matter of a different species so named metaphorically and not simply: we will now examine the position, “that Imperfect Self-Control in respect of Anger is less disgraceful than that in respect of Lusts.”

In the first place, it seems that Anger does in a way listen to Reason but mishears it; as quick servants who run out before they have heard the whole of what is said and then mistake the order; dogs, again, bark at the slightest stir, before they have seen whether it be friend or foe; just so Anger, by reason of its natural heat and quickness, listening to Reason, but without having heard the command of Reason, rushes to its revenge. That is to say, Reason or some impression on the mind shows there is insolence or contempt[14] in the offender, and then Anger, reasoning as it were that one ought to fight against what is such, fires up immediately: whereas Lust, if Reason or Sense, as the case may be, merely says a thing is sweet, rushes to the enjoyment of it: and so Anger follows Reason in a manner, but Lust does not and is therefore more disgraceful: because he that cannot control his anger yields in a manner to Reason, but the other to his Lust and not to Reason at all.

Again, a man is more excusable for following such desires as are natural, just as he is for following such Lusts as are common to all and to that degree in which they are common. Now Anger and irritability are more natural than Lusts when in excess and for objects not necessary. (This was the ground of the defence the man made who beat his father, “My father,” he said, “used to beat his, and his father his again, and this little fellow here,” pointing to his child, “will beat me when he is grown a man: it runs in the family.” And the father, as he was being dragged along, bid his son leave off beating him at the door, because he had himself been used to drag his father so far and no farther.)

Again, characters are less unjust in proportion as they involve less insidiousness. Now the Angry man is not insidious, nor is Anger, but quite open: but Lust is: as they say of Venus,

“Cyprus-born Goddess, _weaver of deceits_”

Or Homer of the girdle called the Cestus,

“Persuasiveness _cheating_ e’en the subtlest mind.”

And so since this kind of Imperfect Self-Control is more unjust, it is also more disgraceful than that in respect of Anger, and is simply Imperfect Self-Control, and Vice in a certain sense.

Again, no man feels pain in being insolent, but every one who acts through Anger does act with pain; and he who acts insolently does it with pleasure. If then those things are most unjust with which we have most right to be angry, then Imperfect Self-Control, arising from Lust, is more so than that arising from Anger: because in Anger there is no insolence.[15]

Well then, it is clear that Imperfect Self-Control in respect of Lusts is more disgraceful than that in respect of Anger, and that the object-matter of Self-Control, and the Imperfection of it, are bodily Lusts and pleasures; but of these last we must take into account the differences; for, as was said at the commencement, some are proper to the human race and natural both in kind and degree, others Brutish, and others caused by maimings and diseases.

Now the first of these only are the object-matter of Perfected Self-Mastery and utter absence of Self-Control; and therefore we never attribute either of these states to Brutes (except metaphorically, and whenever any one kind of animal differs entirely from another in insolence, mischievousness, or voracity), because they have not moral choice or process of deliberation, but are quite different from that kind of creature just as are madmen from other men.

Brutishness is not so low in the scale as Vice, yet it is to be regarded with more fear: because it is not that the highest principle has been corrupted, as in the human creature, but the subject has it not at all.

It is much the same, therefore, as if one should compare an inanimate with an animate being, which were the worse: for the badness of that which has no principle of origination is always less harmful; now Intellect is a principle of origination. A similar case would be the comparing injustice and an unjust man together: for in different ways each is the worst: a bad man would produce ten thousand times as much harm as a bad brute.

Chapter VII.

Now with respect to the pleasures and pains which come to a man through Touch and Taste, and the desiring or avoiding such (which we determined before to constitute the object-matter of the states of utter absence of Self-Control and Perfected Self-Mastery), one may be so disposed as to yield to temptations to which most men would be superior, or to be superior to those to which most men would yield: in respect of pleasures, these characters will be respectively the man of Imperfect Self-Control, and the man of Self-Control; and, in respect of pains, the man of Softness and the man of Endurance: but the moral state of most men is something between the two, even though they lean somewhat to the worse characters.

Again, since of the pleasures indicated some are necessary and some are not, others are so to a certain degree but not the excess or defect of them, and similarly also of Lusts and pains, the man who pursues the excess of pleasant things, or such as are in themselves excess, or from moral choice, for their own sake, and not for anything else which is to result from them, is a man utterly void of Self-Control: for he must be incapable of remorse, and so incurable, because he that has not remorse is incurable. (He that has too little love of pleasure is the opposite character, and the man of Perfected Self-Mastery the mean character.) He is of a similar character who avoids the bodily pains, not because he _cannot_, but because he _chooses not to_, withstand them.

But of the characters who go wrong without _choosing_ so to do, the one is led on by reason of pleasure, the other because he avoids the pain it would cost him to deny his lust; and so they are different the one from the other. Now every one would pronounce a man worse for doing something base without any impulse of desire, or with a very slight one, than for doing the same from the impulse of a very strong desire; for striking a man when not angry than if he did so in wrath: because one naturally says, “What would he have done had he been under the influence of passion?” (and on this ground, by the bye, the man utterly void of Self-Control is worse than he who has it imperfectly). However, of the two characters which have been mentioned,[16] [as included in that of utter absence of Self-Control], the one is rather Softness, the other properly the man of no Self-Control.

Furthermore, to the character of Imperfect Self-Control is opposed that of Self-Control, and to that of Softness that of Endurance: because Endurance consists in continued resistance but Self-Control in actual mastery, and continued resistance and actual mastery are as different as not being conquered is from conquering; and so Self-Control is more choice-worthy than Endurance.

Again, he who fails when exposed to those temptations against which the common run of men hold out, and are well able to do so, is Soft and Luxurious (Luxury being a kind of Softness): the kind of man, I mean, to let his robe drag in the dirt to avoid the trouble of lifting it, and who, aping the sick man, does not however suppose himself wretched though he is like a wretched man. So it is too with respect to Self-Control and the Imperfection of it: if a man yields to pleasures or pains which are violent and excessive it is no matter for wonder, but rather for allowance if he made what resistance he could (instances are, Philoctetes in Theodectes’ drama when wounded by the viper; or Cercyon in the Alope of Carcinus, or men who in trying to suppress laughter burst into a loud continuous fit of it, as happened, you remember, to Xenophantus), but it is a matter for wonder when a man yields to and cannot contend against those pleasures or pains which the common herd are able to resist; always supposing his failure not to be owing to natural constitution or disease, I mean, as the Scythian kings are constitutionally Soft, or the natural difference between the sexes.

Again, the man who is a slave to amusement is commonly thought to be destitute of Self-Control, but he really is Soft; because amusement is an act of relaxing, being an act of resting, and the character in question is one of those who exceed due bounds in respect of this.

Moreover of Imperfect Self-Control there are two forms, Precipitancy and Weakness: those who have it in the latter form though they have made resolutions do not abide by them by reason of passion; the others are led by passion because they have never formed any resolutions at all: while there are some who, like those who by tickling themselves beforehand get rid of ticklishness, having felt and seen beforehand the approach of temptation, and roused up themselves and their resolution, yield not to passion; whether the temptation be somewhat pleasant or somewhat painful. The Precipitate form of Imperfect Self-Control they are most liable to who are constitutionally of a sharp or melancholy temperament: because the one by reason of the swiftness, the other by reason of the violence, of their passions, do not wait for Reason, because they are disposed to follow whatever notion is impressed upon their minds.

Again, the man utterly destitute of Self-Control, as was observed before, is not given to remorse: for it is part of his character that he abides by his moral choice: but the man of Imperfect Self-Control is almost made up of remorse: and so the case is not as we determined it before, but the former is incurable and the latter may be cured: for depravity is like chronic diseases, dropsy and consumption for instance, but Imperfect Self-Control is like acute disorders: the former being a continuous evil, the latter not so. And, in fact, Imperfect Self-Control and Confirmed Vice are different in kind: the latter being imperceptible to its victim, the former not so.[17]

But, of the different forms of Imperfect Self-Control, those are better who are carried off their feet by a sudden access of temptation than they who have Reason but do not abide by it; these last being overcome by passion less in degree, and not wholly without premeditation as are the others: for the man of Imperfect Self-Control is like those who are soon intoxicated and by little wine and less than the common run of men.

Well then, that Imperfection of Self-Control is not Confirmed Viciousness is plain: and yet perhaps it is such in a way, because in one sense it is contrary to moral choice and in another the result of it:[18] at all events, in respect of the actions, the case is much like what Demodocus said of the Miletians. “The people of Miletus are not fools, but they do just the kind of things that fools do;” and so they of Imperfect Self-Control are not unjust, but they do unjust acts.

But to resume. Since the man of Imperfect Self-Control is of such a character as to follow bodily pleasures in excess and in defiance of Right Reason, without acting on any deliberate conviction, whereas the man utterly destitute of Self-Control does act upon a conviction which rests on his natural inclination to follow after these pleasures; the former may be easily persuaded to a different course, but the latter not: for Virtue and Vice respectively preserve and corrupt the moral principle; now the motive is the principle or starting point in moral actions, just as axioms and postulates are in mathematics: and neither in morals nor mathematics is it Reason which is apt to teach the principle; but Excellence, either natural or acquired by custom, in holding right notions with respect to the principle. He who does this in morals is the man of Perfected Self-Mastery, and the contrary character is the man utterly destitute of Self-Control.

Again, there is a character liable to be taken off his feet in defiance of Right Reason because of passion; whom passion so far masters as to prevent his acting in accordance with Right Reason, but not so far as to make him be convinced that it is his proper line to follow after such pleasures without limit: this character is the man of Imperfect Self- Control, better than he who is utterly destitute of it, and not a bad man simply and without qualification: because in him the highest and best part, i.e. principle, is preserved: and there is another character opposed to him who is apt to abide by his resolutions, and not to depart from them; at all events, not at the instigation of passion.

It is evident then from all this, that Self-Control is a good state and the Imperfection of it a bad one.

Chapter VIII.

Next comes the question, whether a man is a man of Self-Control for abiding by his conclusions and moral choice be they of what kind they may, or only by the right one; or again, a man of Imperfect Self-Control for not abiding by his conclusions and moral choice be they of whatever kind; or, to put the case we did before, is he such for not abiding by false conclusions and wrong moral choice?

Is not this the truth, that _incidentally_ it is by conclusions and moral choice of any kind that the one character abides and the other does not, but _per se_ true conclusions and right moral choice:[19] to explain what is meant by incidentally, and _per se_; suppose a man chooses or pursues this thing for the sake of that, he is said to pursue and choose that _per se_, but this only incidentally. For the term _per se_ we use commonly the word “simply,” and so, in a way, it is opinion of any kind soever by which the two characters respectively abide or not, but he is “simply” entitled to the designations who abides or not by the true opinion.

There are also people, who have a trick of abiding by their, own opinions, who are commonly called Positive, as they who are hard to be persuaded, and whose convictions are not easily changed: now these people bear some resemblance to the character of Self-Control, just as the prodigal to the liberal or the rash man to the brave, but they are different in many points. The man of Self-Control does not change by reason of passion and lust, yet when occasion so requires he will be easy of persuasion: but the Positive man changes not at the call of Reason, though many of this class take up certain desires and are led by their pleasures. Among the class of Positive are the Opinionated, the Ignorant, and the Bearish: the first, from the motives of pleasure and pain: I mean, they have the pleasurable feeling of a kind of victory in not having their convictions changed, and they are pained when their

decrees, so to speak, are reversed: so that, in fact, they rather resemble the man of Imperfect Self-Control than the man of Self-Control.

Again, there are some who depart from their resolutions not by reason of any Imperfection of Self-Control; take, for instance, Neoptolemus in the Philoctetes of Sophocles. Here certainly pleasure was the motive of his departure from his resolution, but then it was one of a noble sort: for to be truthful was noble in his eyes and he had been persuaded by Ulysses to lie.

So it is not every one who acts from the motive of pleasure who is utterly destitute of Self-Control or base or of Imperfect Self-Control, only he who acts from the impulse of a base pleasure.

Chapter IX.

Moreover as there is a character who takes less pleasure than he ought in bodily enjoyments, and he also fails to abide by the conclusion of his Reason,[20] the man of Self-Control is the mean between him and the man of Imperfect Self-Control: that is to say, the latter fails to abide by them because of somewhat too much, the former because of somewhat too little; while the man of Self-Control abides by them, and never changes by reason of anything else than such conclusions.

Now of course since Self-Control is good both the contrary States must be bad, as indeed they plainly are: but because the one of them is seen in few persons, and but rarely in them, Self-Control comes to be viewed as if opposed only to the Imperfection of it, just as Perfected Self-Mastery is thought to be opposed only to utter want of Self-Control.

Again, as many terms are used in the way of similitude, so people have come to talk of the Self-Control of the man of Perfected Self-Mastery in the way of similitude: for the man of Self-Control and the man of Perfected Self-Mastery have this in common, that they do nothing against Right Reason on the impulse of bodily pleasures, but then the former has bad desires, the latter not; and the latter is so constituted as not even to feel pleasure contrary to his Reason, the former feels but does not yield to it.

Like again are the man of Imperfect Self-Control and he who is utterly destitute of it, though in reality distinct: both follow bodily pleasures, but the latter under a notion that it is the proper line for him to take, his former without any such notion.

And it is not possible for the same man to be at once a man of Practical Wisdom and of Imperfect Self-Control: because the character of Practical Wisdom includes, as we showed before, goodness of moral character. And again, it is not knowledge merely, but aptitude for action, which constitutes Practical Wisdom: and of this aptitude the man of Imperfect Self-Control is destitute. But there is no reason why the Clever man should not be of Imperfect Self-Control: and the reason why some men are occasionally thought to be men of Practical Wisdom, and yet of Imperfect Self-Control, is this, that Cleverness differs from Practical Wisdom in the way I stated in a former book, and is very near it so far as the intellectual element is concerned but differs in respect of the moral choice.

Nor is the man of Imperfect Self-Control like the man who both has and calls into exercise his knowledge, but like the man who, having it, is overpowered by sleep or wine. Again, he acts voluntarily (because he knows, in a certain sense, what he does and the result of it), but he is not a confirmed bad man, for his moral choice is good, so he is at all events only half bad. Nor is he unjust, because he does not act with deliberate intent: for of the two chief forms of the character, the one is not apt to abide by his deliberate resolutions, and the other, the man of constitutional strength of passion, is not apt to deliberate at all.

So in fact the man of Imperfect Self-Control is like a community which makes all proper enactments, and has admirable laws, only does not act on them, verifying the scoff of Anaxandrides,

“That State did will it, which cares nought for laws;”

whereas the bad man is like one which acts upon its laws, but then unfortunately they are bad ones.

Imperfection of Self-Control and Self-Control, after all, are above the average state of men; because he of the latter character is more true to his Reason, and the former less so, than is in the power of most men.

Again, of the two forms of Imperfect Self-Control that is more easily cured which they have who are constitutionally of strong passions, than that of those who form resolutions and break them; and they that are so through habituation than they that are so naturally; since of course custom is easier to change than nature, because the very resemblance of custom to nature is what constitutes the difficulty of changing it; as Evenus says,

“Practice, I say, my friend, doth long endure, And at the last is even very nature.”

We have now said then what Self-Control is, what Imperfection of Self-Control, what Endurance, and what Softness, and how these states are mutually related.

APPENDIX. Book VII. Chapters 12 to 15. (Bekker.)

To consider the subject of Pleasure and Pain falls within the province of the Social-Science Philosopher, since he it is who has to fix the Master-End which is to guide us in dominating any object absolutely evil or good.

But we may say more: an enquiry into their nature is absolutely necessary. First, because we maintained that Moral Virtue and Moral Vice are both concerned with Pains and Pleasures: next, because the greater part of mankind assert that Happiness must include Pleasure (which by the way accounts for the word they use, μακ■ριος; χα■ρειν being the root of that word).

Now some hold that no one Pleasure is good, either in itself or as a matter of result, because Good and Pleasure are not identical. Others that some Pleasures are good but the greater number bad. There is yet a third view; granting that every Pleasure is good, still the Chief Good cannot possibly be Pleasure.

In support of the first opinion (that Pleasure is utterly not-good) it is urged that:

1. Every Pleasure is a sensible process towards a complete state; but no such process is akin to the end to be attained: _e.g._ no process of building to the completed house.

2. The man of Perfected Self-Mastery avoids Pleasures.

3. The man of Practical Wisdom aims at avoiding Pain, not at attaining Pleasure.

4. Pleasures are an impediment to thought, and the more so the more keenly they are felt. An obvious instance will readily occur.

5. Pleasure cannot be referred to any Art: and yet every good is the result of some Art.

6. Children and brutes pursue Pleasures.

In support of the second (that not all Pleasures are good), That there are some base and matter of reproach, and some even hurtful: because some things that are pleasant produce disease.

In support of the third (that Pleasure is not the Chief Good), That it is not an End but a process towards creating an End.

This is, I think, a fair account of current views on the matter.

But that the reasons alleged do not prove it either to be not-good or the Chief Good is plain from the following considerations.

First. Good being either absolute or relative, of course the natures and states embodying it will be so too; therefore also the movements and the processes of creation. So, of those which are thought to be bad some will be bad absolutely, but relatively not bad, perhaps even choice-worthy; some not even choice-worthy relatively to any particular person, only at certain times or for a short time but not in themselves choice-worthy.

Others again are not even Pleasures at all though they produce that impression on the mind: all such I mean as imply pain and whose purpose is cure; those of sick people, for instance.

Next, since Good may be either an active working or a state, those [κιν■σεις or γεν■σεις] which tend to place us in our natural state are pleasant incidentally because of that tendency: but the active working is really in the desires excited in the remaining (sound) part of our state or nature: for there are Pleasures which have no connection with pain or desire: the acts of contemplative intellect, for instance, in which case there is no deficiency in the nature or state of him who performs the acts.

A proof of this is that the same pleasant thing does not produce the sensation of Pleasure when the natural state is being filled up or completed as when it is already in its normal condition: in this latter case what give the sensation are things pleasant _per se_, in the former even those things which are contrary. I mean, you find people taking pleasure in sharp or bitter things of which no one is naturally or in itself pleasant; of course not therefore the Pleasures arising from them, because it is obvious that as is the classification of pleasant things such must be that of the Pleasures arising from them.

Next, it does not follow that there must be something else better than any given pleasure because (as some say) the End must be better than the process which creates it. For it is not true that all Pleasures are processes or even attended by any process, but (some are) active workings or even Ends: in fact they result not from our coming to be something but from our using our powers. Again, it is not true that the End is, in every case, distinct from the process: it is true only in the case of such processes as conduce to the perfecting of the natural state.

For which reason it is wrong to say that Pleasure is “a sensible process of production.” For “process etc.” should be substituted “active working of the natural state,” for “sensible” “unimpeded.” The reason of its being thought to be a “process etc.” is that it is good in the highest sense: people confusing “active working” and “process,” whereas they really are distinct.

Next, as to the argument that there are bad Pleasures because some things which are pleasant are also hurtful to health, it is the same as saying that some healthful things are bad for “business.” In this sense, of course, both may be said to be bad, but then this does not make them out to be bad _simpliciter_: the exercise of the pure Intellect sometimes hurts a man’s health: but what hinders Practical Wisdom or any state whatever is, not the Pleasure peculiar to, but some Pleasure foreign to it: the Pleasures arising from the exercise of the pure Intellect or from learning only promote each.

Next. “No Pleasure is the work of any Art.” What else would you expect? No active working is the work of any Art, only the faculty of so working. Still the perfumer’s Art or the cook’s are thought to belong to Pleasure.

Next. “The man of Perfected Self-Mastery avoids Pleasures.” “The man of Practical Wisdom aims at escaping Pain rather than at attaining Pleasure.”

“Children and brutes pursue Pleasures.”

One answer will do for all.

We have already said in what sense all Pleasures are good _per se_ and in what sense not all are good: it is the latter class that brutes and children pursue, such as are accompanied by desire and pain, that is the bodily Pleasures (which answer to this description) and the excesses of them: in short, those in respect of which the man utterly destitute of Self-Control is thus utterly destitute. And it is the absence of the pain arising from these Pleasures that the man of Practical Wisdom aims at. It follows that these Pleasures are what the man of Perfected Self-Mastery avoids: for obviously he has Pleasures peculiarly his own.

Then again, it is allowed that Pain is an evil and a thing to be avoided partly as bad _per se_, partly as being a hindrance in some particular way. Now the contrary of that which is to be avoided, _quâ_ it is to be avoided, _i.e._ evil, is good. Pleasure then must be _a_ good.

The attempted answer of Speusippus, “that Pleasure may be opposed and yet not contrary to Pain, just as the greater portion of any magnitude is contrary to the less but only opposed to the exact half,” will not hold: for he cannot say that Pleasure is identical with evil of any kind.

Again. Granting that some Pleasures are low, there is no reason why some particular Pleasure may not be very good, just as some particular Science may be although there are some which are low.

Perhaps it even follows, since each state may have active working unimpeded, whether the active workings of all be Happiness or that of some one of them, that this active working, if it be unimpeded, must be choice-worthy: now Pleasure is exactly this. So that the Chief Good may be Pleasure of some kind, though most Pleasures be (let us assume) low _per se_.

And for this reason all men think the happy life is pleasant, and interweave Pleasure with Happiness. Reasonably enough: because Happiness is perfect, but no impeded active working is perfect; and therefore the happy man needs as an addition the goods of the body and the goods external and fortune that in these points he may not be fettered. As for those who say that he who is being tortured on the wheel, or falls into great misfortunes is happy provided only he be good, they talk nonsense, whether they mean to do so or not. On the other hand, because fortune is needed as an addition, some hold good fortune to be identical with Happiness: which it is not, for even this in excess is a hindrance, and perhaps then has no right to be called good fortune since it is good only in so far as it contributes to Happiness.

The fact that all animals, brute and human alike, pursue Pleasure, is some presumption of its being in a sense the Chief Good;

("There must be something in what most folks say,") only as one and the same nature or state neither is nor is thought to be the best, so neither do all pursue the same Pleasure, Pleasure nevertheless all do. Nay further, what they pursue is, perhaps, not what they think nor what they would say they pursue, but really one and the same: for in all there is some instinct above themselves. But the bodily Pleasures have received the name exclusively, because theirs is the most frequent form and that which is universally partaken of; and so, because to many these alone are known they believe them to be the only ones which exist.

It is plain too that, unless Pleasure and its active working be good, it will not be true that the happy man's life embodies Pleasure: for why will he want it on the supposition that it is not good and that he can live even with Pain? because, assuming that Pleasure is not good, then Pain is neither evil nor good, and so why should he avoid it?

Besides, the life of the good man is not more pleasurable than any other unless it be granted that his active workings are so too.

Some enquiry into the bodily Pleasures is also necessary for those who say that some Pleasures, to be sure, are highly choice-worthy (the good ones to wit), but not the bodily Pleasures; that is, those which are the object-matter of the man utterly destitute of Self-Control.

If so, we ask, why are the contrary Pains bad? they cannot be (on their assumption) because the contrary of bad is good.

May we not say that the necessary bodily Pleasures are good in the sense in which that which is not-bad is good? or that they are good only up to a certain point? because such states or movements as cannot have too much of the better cannot have too much of Pleasure, but those which can of the former can also of the latter. Now the bodily Pleasures do admit of excess: in fact the low bad man is such because he pursues the excess of them instead of those which are necessary (meat, drink, and the objects of other animal appetites do give pleasure to all, but not in right manner or degree to all). But his relation to Pain is exactly the contrary: it is not excessive Pain, but Pain at all, that he avoids [which makes him to be in this way too a bad low man], because only in the case of him who pursues excessive Pleasure is Pain contrary to excessive Pleasure.

It is not enough however merely to state the truth, we should also show how the false view arises; because this strengthens conviction. I mean, when we have given a probable reason why that impresses people as true which really is not true, it gives them a stronger conviction of the truth. And so we must now explain why the bodily Pleasures appear to people to be more choice-worthy than any others.

The first obvious reason is, that bodily Pleasure drives out Pain; and because Pain is felt in excess men pursue Pleasure in excess, _i.e._ generally bodily Pleasure, under the notion of its being a remedy for that Pain. These remedies, moreover, come to be violent ones; which is the very reason they are pursued, since the impression they produce on the mind is owing to their being looked at side by side with their contrary.

And, as has been said before, there are the two following reasons why bodily Pleasure is thought to be not-good.

1. Some Pleasures of this class are actings of a low nature, whether congenital as in brutes, or acquired by custom as in low bad men.

2. Others are in the nature of cures, cures that is of some deficiency; now of course it is better to have [the healthy state] originally than that it should accrue afterwards.

(But some Pleasures result when natural states are being perfected: these therefore are good as a matter of result.)

Again, the very fact of their being violent causes them to be pursued by such as can relish no others: such men in fact create violent thirsts for themselves (if harmless ones then we find no fault, if harmful then it is bad and low) because they have no other things to take pleasure in, and the neutral state is distasteful to some people constitutionally; for toil of some kind is inseparable from life, as physiologists testify, telling us that the acts of seeing or hearing are painful, only that we are used to the pain and do not find it out.

Similarly in youth the constant growth produces a state much like that of vinous intoxication, and youth is pleasant. Again, men of the melancholic temperament constantly need some remedial process (because the body, from its temperament, is constantly being worried), and they are in a chronic state of violent desire. But Pleasure drives out Pain; not only such Pleasure as is directly contrary to Pain but even any Pleasure provided it be strong: and this is how men come to be utterly destitute of Self-Mastery, _i.e._ low and bad.

But those Pleasures which are unconnected with Pains do not admit of excess: _i.e._ such as belong to objects which are naturally pleasant and not merely as a matter of result: by the latter class I mean such as are remedial, and the reason why these are thought to be pleasant is that the cure results from the action in some way of that part of the constitution which remains sound. By “pleasant naturally” I mean such as put into action a nature which is pleasant.

The reason why no one and the same thing is invariably pleasant is that our nature is, not simple, but complex, involving something different from itself (so far as we are corruptible beings). Suppose then that one part of this nature be doing something, this something is, to the other part, unnatural: but, if there be an equilibrium of the two natures, then whatever is being done is indifferent. It is obvious that if there be any whose nature is simple and not complex, to such a being the same course of acting will always be the most pleasurable.

For this reason it is that the Divinity feels Pleasure which is always one, _i.e._ simple: not motion merely but also motionlessness acts, and Pleasure resides rather in the absence than in the presence of motion.

The reason why the Poet’s dictum “change is of all things most pleasant” is true, is “a baseness in our blood;” for as the bad man is easily changeable, bad must be also the nature that craves change, _i.e._ it is neither simple nor good.

We have now said our say about Self-Control and its opposite; and about Pleasure and Pain. What each is, and how the one set is good the other bad. We have yet to speak of Friendship.

BOOK VIII

Chapter I.

Next would seem properly to follow a dissertation on Friendship: because, in the first place, it is either itself a virtue or connected with virtue; and next it is a thing most necessary for life, since no one would choose to live without friends though he should have all the other good things in the world: and, in fact, men who are rich or possessed of authority and influence are thought to have special need of friends: for where is the use of such prosperity if there be taken away the doing of kindnesses of which friends are the most usual and most commendable objects? Or how can it be kept or preserved without friends? because the greater it is so much the more slippery and hazardous: in poverty moreover and all other adversities men think friends to be their only refuge.

Furthermore, Friendship helps the young to keep from error: the old, in respect of attention and such deficiencies in action as their weakness makes them liable to; and those who are in their prime, in respect of noble deeds (“They _two_ together going,” Homer says, you may remember), because they are thus more able to devise plans and carry them out.

Again, it seems to be implanted in us by Nature: as, for instance, in the parent towards the offspring and the offspring towards the parent (not merely in the human species, but likewise in birds and most animals), and in those of the same tribe towards one another, and specially in men of the same nation; for which reason we commend those men who love their fellows: and one may see in the course of travel how close of kin and how friendly man is to man.

Furthermore, Friendship seems to be the bond of Social Communities, and legislators seem to be more anxious to secure it than Justice even. I mean, Unanimity is somewhat like to Friendship, and this they certainly aim at and specially drive out faction as being inimical.

Again, where people are in Friendship Justice is not required;[1] but, on the other hand, though they are just they need Friendship in addition, and that principle which is most truly just is thought to partake of the nature of Friendship.

Lastly, not only is it a thing necessary but honourable likewise: since we praise those who are fond of friends, and the having numerous friends is thought a matter of credit to a man; some go so far as to hold, that “good man” and “friend” are terms synonymous.

Chapter II.

Yet the disputed points respecting it are not few: some men lay down that it is a kind of resemblance, and that men who are like one another are friends: whence come the common sayings, “Like will to like,” “Birds of a feather,” and so on. Others, on the contrary, say, that all such come under the maxim, “Two of a trade never agree.”[2]

Again, some men push their enquiries on these points higher and reason physically: as Euripides, who says,

“The earth by drought consumed doth love the rain, And the great heaven, overcharged with rain, Doth love to fall in showers upon the earth.”

Heraclitus, again, maintains, that “contrariety is expedient, and that the best agreement arises from things differing, and that all things come into being in the way of the principle of antagonism.”

Empedocles, among others, in direct opposition to these, affirms, that “like aims at like.”

These physical questions we will take leave to omit, inasmuch as they are foreign to the present enquiry; and we will examine such as are proper to man and concern moral characters and feelings: as, for instance, “Does Friendship arise among all without distinction, or is it impossible for bad men to be friends?” and, “Is there but one species of Friendship, or several?” for they who ground the opinion that there is but one on the fact that Friendship admits of degrees hold that upon insufficient proof; because things which are different in species admit likewise of degrees (on this point we have spoken before).

Chapter III.

Our view will soon be cleared on these points when we have ascertained what is properly the object-matter of Friendship: for it is thought that not everything indiscriminately, but some peculiar matter alone, is the object of this affection; that is to say, what is good, or pleasurable, or useful. Now it would seem that that is useful through which accrues any good or pleasure, and so the objects of Friendship, as absolute Ends, are the good and the pleasurable.

A question here arises; whether it is good absolutely or that which is good to the individuals, for which men feel Friendship (these two being sometimes distinct): and similarly in respect of the pleasurable. It seems then that each individual feels it towards that which is good to himself, and that abstractedly it is the real good which is the object of Friendship, and to each individual that which is good to each. It comes then to this; that each individual feels Friendship not for what _is_ but for that which _conveys to his mind the impression of being_ good to himself. But this will make no real difference, because that which is truly the object of Friendship will also convey this impression to the mind.

There are then three causes from which men feel Friendship: but the term is not applied to the case of fondness for things inanimate because there is no requital of the affection nor desire for the good of those objects: it certainly savours of the ridiculous to say that a man fond of wine wishes well to it: the only sense in which it is true being that he wishes it to be kept safe and sound for his own use and benefit.[3] But to the friend they say one should wish all good for his sake. And when men do thus wish good to another (he not reciprocating the feeling), people call them Kindly; because Friendship they describe as being “Kindliness between persons who reciprocate it.” But must they not add that the feeling must be mutually known? for many men are kindly disposed towards those whom they have never seen but whom they conceive to be amiable or useful: and this notion amounts to the same thing as a real feeling between them.

Well, these are plainly Kindly-disposed towards one another: but how can one call them friends while their mutual feelings are unknown to one another? to complete the idea of Friendship, then, it is requisite that they have kindly feelings towards one another, and wish one another good from one of the aforementioned causes, and that these kindly feelings should be mutually known.

Chapter IV.

As the motives to Friendship differ in kind so do the respective feelings and Friendships. The species then of Friendship are three, in number equal to the objects of it, since in the line of each there may be “mutual affection mutually known.”

Now they who have Friendship for one another desire one another’s good according to the motive of their Friendship; accordingly they whose motive is utility have no Friendship for one another really, but only in so far as some good arises to them from one another.

And they whose motive is pleasure are in like case: I mean, they have Friendship for men of easy pleasantry, not because they are of a given character but because they are pleasant to themselves. So then they whose motive to Friendship is utility love their friends for what is good to themselves; they whose motive is pleasure do so for what is pleasurable to themselves; that is to say, not in so far as the friend beloved _is_ but in so far as he is useful or pleasurable. These Friendships then are a matter of result: since the object is not beloved in that he is the man he is but in that he furnishes advantage or pleasure as the case may be.

Such Friendships are of course very liable to dissolution if the parties do not continue alike: I mean, that the others cease to have any Friendship for them when they are no longer pleasurable or useful. Now it is the nature of utility not to be permanent but constantly varying: so, of course, when the motive which made them friends is vanished, the Friendship likewise dissolves; since it existed only relatively to those circumstances.

Friendship of this kind is thought to exist principally among the old (because men at that time of life pursue not what is pleasurable but what is profitable); and in such, of men in their prime and of the young, as are given to the pursuit of profit. They that are such have no intimate intercourse with one another; for sometimes they are not even pleasurable to one another; nor, in fact, do they desire such intercourse unless their friends are profitable to them, because they are pleasurable only in so far as they have hopes of advantage. With these Friendships is commonly ranked that of hospitality.

But the Friendship of the young is thought to be based on the motive of pleasure: because they live at the beck and call of passion and generally pursue what is pleasurable to themselves and the object of the present moment: and as their age changes so likewise do their pleasures.

This is the reason why they form and dissolve Friendships rapidly: since the Friendship changes with the pleasurable object and such pleasure changes quickly.

The young are also much given up to Love; this passion being, in great measure, a matter of impulse and based on pleasure: for which cause they conceive Friendships and quickly drop them, changing often in the same day: but these wish for society and intimate intercourse with their friends, since they thus attain the object of their Friendship.

Chapter V.

That then is perfect Friendship which subsists between those who are good and whose similarity consists in their goodness: for these men wish one another's good in similar ways; in so far as they are good (and good they are in themselves); and those are specially friends who wish good to their friends for their sakes, because they feel thus towards them on their own account and not as a mere matter of result; so the Friendship between these men continues to subsist so long as they are good; and goodness, we know, has in it a principle of permanence.

Moreover, each party is good abstractedly and also relatively to his friend, for all good men are not only abstractedly good but also useful to one another. Such friends are also mutually pleasurable because all good men are so abstractedly, and also relatively to one another, inasmuch as to each individual those actions are pleasurable which correspond to his nature, and all such as are like them. Now when men are good these will be always the same, or at least similar.

Friendship then under these circumstances is permanent, as we should reasonably expect, since it combines in itself all the requisite qualifications of friends. I mean, that Friendship of whatever kind is based upon good or pleasure (either abstractedly or relatively to the person entertaining the sentiment of Friendship), and results from a similarity of some sort; and to this kind belong all the aforementioned requisites in the parties themselves, because in this the parties are similar, and so on:[4] moreover, in it there is the abstractedly good and the abstractedly pleasant, and as these are specially the object-matter of Friendship so the feeling and the state of Friendship is found most intense and most excellent in men thus qualified.

Rare it is probable Friendships of this kind will be, because men of this kind are rare. Besides, all requisite qualifications being presupposed, there is further required time and intimacy: for, as the proverb says, men cannot know one another "till they have eaten the requisite quantity of salt together;" nor can they in fact admit one another to intimacy, much less be friends, till each has appeared to the other and been proved to be a fit object of Friendship. They who speedily commence an interchange of friendly actions may be said to wish to be friends, but they are not so unless they are also proper objects of Friendship and mutually known to be such: that is to say, a desire for Friendship may arise quickly but not Friendship itself.

Well, this Friendship is perfect both in respect of the time and in all other points; and exactly the same and similar results accrue to each party from the other; which ought to be the case between friends.

The friendship based upon the pleasurable is, so to say, a copy of this, since the good are sources of pleasure to one another: and that based on utility likewise, the good being also useful to one another. Between men thus connected Friendships are most permanent when the same result accrues to both from one another, pleasure, for instance; and not merely so but from the same source, as in the case of two men of easy pleasantry; and not as it is in that of a lover and the object of his affection, these not

deriving their pleasure from the same causes, but the former from seeing the latter and the latter from receiving the attentions of the former: and when the bloom of youth fades the Friendship sometimes ceases also, because then the lover derives no pleasure from seeing and the object of his affection ceases to receive the attentions which were paid before: in many cases, however, people so connected continue friends, if being of similar tempers they have come from custom to like one another's disposition.

Where people do not interchange pleasure but profit in matters of Love, the Friendship is both less intense in degree and also less permanent: in fact, they who are friends because of advantage commonly part when the advantage ceases; for, in reality, they never were friends of one another but of the advantage.

So then it appears that from motives of pleasure or profit bad men may be friends to one another, or good men to bad men or men of neutral character to one of any character whatever: but disinterestedly, for the sake of one another, plainly the good alone can be friends; because bad men have no pleasure even in themselves unless in so far as some advantage arises.

And further, the Friendship of the good is alone superior to calumny; it not being easy for men to believe a third person respecting one whom they have long tried and proved: there is between good men mutual confidence, and the feeling that one's friend would never have done one wrong, and all other such things as are expected in Friendship really worthy the name; but in the other kinds there is nothing to prevent all such suspicions.

I call them Friendships, because since men commonly give the name of friends to those who are connected from motives of profit (which is justified by political language, for alliances between states are thought to be contracted with a view to advantage), and to those who are attached to one another by the motive of pleasure (as children are), we may perhaps also be allowed to call such persons friends, and say there are several species of Friendship; primarily and specially that of the good, in that they are good, and the rest only in the way of resemblance: I mean, people connected otherwise are friends in that way in which there arises to them somewhat good and some mutual resemblance (because, we must remember the pleasurable is good to those who are fond of it).

These secondary Friendships, however, do not combine very well; that is to say, the same persons do not become friends by reason of advantage and by reason of the pleasurable, for these matters of result are not often combined. And Friendship having been divided into these kinds, bad men will be friends by reason of pleasure or profit, this being their point of resemblance; while the good are friends for one another's sake, that is, in so far as they are good.

These last may be termed abstractedly and simply friends, the former as a matter of result and termed friends from their resemblance to these last.

Chapter VI.

Further; just as in respect of the different virtues some men are termed good in respect of a certain inward state, others in respect of acts of working, so is it in respect of Friendship: I mean, they who live together take pleasure in, and impart good to, one another: but they who are asleep or are locally separated do not perform acts, but only are in such a state as to act in a friendly way if they acted at all: distance has in itself no direct effect upon Friendship, but only prevents the acting it out: yet, if the absence be protracted, it is thought to cause a forgetfulness even of the Friendship: and hence it has been said, "many and many a Friendship doth want of intercourse destroy."

Accordingly, neither the old nor the morose appear to be calculated for Friendship, because the pleasurableness in them is small, and no one can spend his days in company with that which is positively painful or even not pleasurable; since to avoid the painful and aim at the pleasurable is one of the most obvious tendencies of human nature. They who get on with one another very fairly, but are not in habits of intimacy, are rather like people having kindly feelings towards one another than friends; nothing being so characteristic of friends as the living with one another, because the necessitous desire assistance, and the happy companionship, they being the last persons in the world for solitary existence: but people cannot spend their time together unless they are mutually pleasurable and take pleasure in the same objects, a quality which is thought to appertain to the Friendship of companionship.

Chapter VII.

The connection then subsisting between the good is Friendship _par excellence_, as has already been frequently said: since that which is abstractedly good or pleasant is thought to be an object of Friendship and choice-worthy, and to each individual whatever is such to him; and the good man to the good man for both these reasons.

(Now the entertaining the sentiment is like a feeling, but Friendship itself like a state: because the former may have for its object even things inanimate, but requital of Friendship is attended with moral choice which proceeds from a moral state: and again, men wish good to the objects of their Friendship for their sakes, not in the way of a mere feeling but of moral state.)

And the good, in loving their friend, love their own good (inasmuch as the good man, when brought into that relation, becomes a good to him with whom he is so connected), so that either party loves his own good, and repays his friend equally both in wishing well and in the pleasurable: for equality is said to be a tie of Friendship. Well, these points belong most to the Friendship between good men.

But between morose or elderly men Friendship is less apt to arise, because they are somewhat awkward-tempered, and take less pleasure in intercourse and society; these being thought to be specially friendly and productive of Friendship: and so young men become friends quickly, old men not so (because people do not become friends with any, unless they take pleasure in them); and in like manner neither do the morose. Yet men of these classes entertain kindly feelings towards one another: they wish good to one another and render mutual assistance in respect of their needs, but they are not quite friends, because they neither spend their time together nor take pleasure in one another, which circumstances are thought specially to belong to Friendship.

To be a friend to many people, in the way of the perfect Friendship, is not possible; just as you cannot be in love with many at once: it is, so to speak, a state of excess which naturally has but one object; and besides, it is not an easy thing for one man to be very much pleased with many people at the same time, nor perhaps to find many really good. Again, a man needs experience, and to be in habits of close intimacy, which is very difficult.

But it _is_ possible to please many on the score of advantage and pleasure: because there are many men of the kind, and the services may be rendered in a very short time.

Of the two imperfect kinds that which most resembles the perfect is the Friendship based upon pleasure, in which the same results accrue from both and they take pleasure in one another or in the same objects; such as are the Friendships of the young, because a generous spirit is most found in these. The Friendship because of advantage is the connecting link of shopkeepers.

Then again, the very happy have no need of persons who are profitable, but of pleasant ones they have because they wish to have people to live intimately with; and what is painful they bear for a short time indeed, but continuously no one could support it, nay, not even the Chief Good itself, if it were painful to him individually: and so they look out for pleasant friends: perhaps they ought to require such to be good also; and good moreover to themselves individually, because then they will have all the proper requisites of Friendship.

Men in power are often seen to make use of several distinct friends: for some are useful to them and others pleasurable, but the two are not often united: because they do not, in fact, seek such as shall combine pleasantness and goodness, nor such as shall be useful for honourable purposes: but with a view to attain what is pleasant they look out for men of easy-pleasantry; and again, for men who are clever at executing any business put into their hands: and these qualifications are not commonly found united in the same man.

It has been already stated that the good man unites the qualities of pleasantness and usefulness: but then such a one will not be a friend to a superior unless he be also his superior in goodness: for if this be not the case, he cannot, being surpassed in one point, make things equal by a proportionate degree of Friendship.[5] And characters who unite superiority of station and goodness are not common.

Chapter VIII.

Now all the kinds of Friendship which have been already mentioned exist in a state of equality, inasmuch as either the same results accrue to both and they wish the same things to one another, or else they barter one thing against another; pleasure, for instance, against profit: it has been said already that Friendships of this latter kind are less intense in degree and less permanent.

And it is their resemblance or dissimilarity to the same thing which makes them to be thought to be and not to be Friendships: they show like Friendships in right of their likeness to that which is based on virtue (the one kind having the pleasurable, the other the profitable, both of which belong also to the other); and again, they do not show like Friendships by reason of their unlikeness to that true kind; which unlikeness consists herein, that while that is above calumny and so permanent these quickly change and differ in many other points.

But there is another form of Friendship, that, namely, in which the one party is superior to the other; as between father and son, elder and younger, husband and wife, ruler and ruled. These also differ one from another: I mean, the Friendship between parents and children is not the same as between ruler and the ruled, nor has the father the same towards the son as the son towards the father, nor the husband towards the wife as she towards him; because the work, and therefore the excellence, of each of these is different, and different therefore are the causes of their feeling Friendship; distinct and different therefore are their feelings and states of Friendship.

And the same results do not accrue to each from the other, nor in fact ought they to be looked for: but, when children render to their parents what they ought to the authors of their being, and parents to their sons what they ought to their offspring, the Friendship between such parties will be permanent and equitable.

Further; the feeling of Friendship should be in a due proportion in all Friendships which are between superior and inferior; I mean, the better man, or the more profitable, and so forth, should be the object of a stronger feeling than he himself entertains, because when the feeling of Friendship comes to be after a certain rate then equality in a certain sense is produced, which is thought to be a requisite in Friendship.

(It must be remembered, however, that the equal is not in the same case as regards Justice and Friendship: for in strict Justice the exactly proportioned equal ranks first, and the actual numerically equal ranks second, while in Friendship this is exactly reversed.)

And that equality is thus requisite is plainly shown by the occurrence of a great difference of goodness or badness, or prosperity, or something else: for in this case, people are not any longer friends, nay they do not even feel that they ought to be. The clearest illustration is perhaps the case of the gods, because they are most superior in all good things. It is obvious too, in the case of kings, for they who are greatly their inferiors do not feel entitled to be friends to them; nor do people very insignificant to be friends to those of very high excellence or wisdom. Of course, in such cases it is out of the question to attempt to define up to what point they may continue friends: for you may remove many points of agreement and the Friendship last nevertheless; but when one of the parties is very far separated (as a god from men), it cannot continue any longer.

This has given room for a doubt, whether friends do really wish to their friends the very highest goods, as that they may be gods: because, in case the wish were accomplished, they would no longer have them for friends, nor in fact would they have the good things they had, because friends are good things. If then it has been rightly said that a friend wishes to his friend good things for that friend’s sake, it must be understood that he is to remain such as he now is: that is to say, he will wish the greatest good to him of which as man he is capable: yet perhaps not all, because each man desires good for himself most of all.

It is thought that desire for honour makes the mass of men wish rather to be the objects of the feeling of Friendship than to entertain it themselves (and for this reason they are fond of flatterers, a flatterer being a friend inferior or at least pretending to be such and rather to entertain towards another the feeling of Friendship than to be himself the object of it), since the former is thought to be nearly the same as being honoured, which the mass of men desire. And yet men seem to choose honour, not for its own sake, but incidentally:[6] I mean, the common run of men delight to be honoured by those in power because of the hope it raises; that is they think they shall get from them anything they may happen to be in want of, so they delight in honour as an earnest of future benefit. They again who grasp at honour at the hands of the good and those who are really acquainted with their merits desire to confirm their own opinion about themselves: so they take pleasure in the conviction that they are good, which is based on the sentence of those who assert it. But in being the objects of Friendship men delight for its own sake, and so this may be judged to be higher than being honoured and Friendship to be in itself choice-worthy. Friendship, moreover, is thought to consist in feeling, rather than being the object of, the sentiment of Friendship, which is proved by the delight mothers have in the feeling: some there are who give their children to be adopted and brought up by others, and knowing them bear this feeling towards them never seeking to have it returned, if both are not possible; but seeming to be content with seeing them well off and bearing this feeling themselves towards them, even though they, by reason of ignorance, never render to them any filial regard or love.

Since then Friendship stands rather in the entertaining, than in being the object of, the sentiment, and they are praised who are fond of their friends, it seems that entertaining the sentiment is the Excellence of friends; and so, in whomsoever this exists in due proportion these are stable friends and their Friendship is permanent. And in this way may they who are unequal best be friends, because they may thus be made equal.

Equality, then, and similarity are a tie to Friendship, and specially the similarity of goodness, because good men, being stable in themselves, are also stable as regards others, and neither ask degrading services nor render them, but, so to say, rather prevent

them: for it is the part of the good neither to do wrong themselves nor to allow their friends in so doing.

The bad, on the contrary, have no principle of stability: in fact, they do not even continue like themselves: only they come to be friends for a short time from taking delight in one another's wickedness. Those connected by motives of profit, or pleasure, hold together somewhat longer: so long, that is to say, as they can give pleasure or profit mutually.

The Friendship based on motives of profit is thought to be most of all formed out of contrary elements: the poor man, for instance, is thus a friend of the rich, and the ignorant of the man of information; that is to say, a man desiring that of which he is, as it happens, in want, gives something else in exchange for it. To this same class we may refer the lover and beloved, the beautiful and the ill-favoured. For this reason lovers sometimes show in a ridiculous light by claiming to be the objects of as intense a feeling as they themselves entertain: of course if they are equally fit objects of Friendship they are perhaps entitled to claim this, but if they have nothing of the kind it is ridiculous.

Perhaps, moreover, the contrary does not aim at its contrary for its own sake but incidentally: the mean is really what is grasped at; it being good for the dry, for instance, not to become wet but to attain the mean, and so of the hot, etc.

However, let us drop these questions, because they are in fact somewhat foreign to our purpose.

Chapter IX.

It seems too, as was stated at the commencement, that Friendship and Justice have the same object-matter, and subsist between the same persons: I mean that in every Communion there is thought to be some principle of Justice and also some Friendship: men address as friends, for instance, those who are their comrades by sea, or in war, and in like manner also those who are brought into Communion with them in other ways: and the Friendship, because also the Justice, is co-extensive with the Communion, This justifies the common proverb, "the goods of friends are common," since Friendship rests upon Communion.

Now brothers and intimate companions have all in common, but other people have their property separate, and some have more in common and others less, because the Friendships likewise differ in degree. So too do the various principles of Justice involved, not being the same between parents and children as between brothers, nor between companions as between fellow-citizens merely, and so on of all the other conceivable Friendships. Different also are the principles of Injustice as regards these different grades, and the acts become intensified by being done to friends; for instance, it is worse to rob your companion than one who is merely a fellow-citizen; to refuse help to a brother than to a stranger; and to strike your father than any one else. So then the Justice naturally increases with the degree of Friendship, as being between the same parties and of equal extent.

All cases of Communion are parts, so to say, of the great Social one, since in them men associate with a view to some advantage and to procure some of those things which are needful for life; and the great Social Communion is thought originally to have been associated and to continue for the sake of some advantage: this being the point at which legislators aim, affirming that to be just which is generally expedient.

All the other cases of Communion aim at advantage in particular points; the crew of a vessel at that which is to result from the voyage which is undertaken with a view to making money, or some such object; comrades in war at that which is to result from the war, grasping either at wealth or victory, or it may be a political position; and those of the same tribe, or Demus, in like manner.

Some of them are thought to be formed for pleasure's sake, those, for instance, of bacchanals or club-fellows, which are with a view to Sacrifice or merely company. But all these seem to be ranged under the great Social one, inasmuch as the aim of this is, not merely the expediency of the moment but, for life and at all times; with a view to which the members of it institute sacrifices and their attendant assemblies, to render honour to the gods and procure for themselves respite from toil combined with pleasure. For it appears that sacrifices and religious assemblies in old times were made as a kind of first-fruits after the ingathering of the crops, because at such seasons they had most leisure.

So then it appears that all the instances of Communion are parts of the great Social one: and corresponding Friendships will follow upon such Communions.

Chapter X.

Of Political Constitutions there are three kinds; and equal in number are the deflections from them, being, so to say, corruptions of them.

The former are Kingship, Aristocracy, and that which recognises the principle of wealth, which it seems appropriate to call Timocracy (I give to it the name of a political constitution because people commonly do so). Of these the best is Monarchy, and Timocracy the worst.

From Monarchy the deflection is Despotism; both being Monarchies but widely differing from each other; for the Despot looks to his own advantage, but the King to that of his subjects: for he is in fact no King who is not thoroughly independent and superior to the rest in all good things, and he that is this has no further wants: he will not then have to look to his own advantage but to that of his subjects, for he that is not in such a position is a mere King elected by lot for the nonce.

But Despotism is on a contrary footing to this Kingship, because the Despot pursues his own good: and in the case of this its inferiority is most evident, and what is worse is contrary to what is best. The Transition to Despotism is made from Kingship, Despotism being a corrupt form of Monarchy, that is to say, the bad King comes to be a Despot.

From Aristocracy to Oligarchy the transition is made by the fault of the Rulers in distributing the public property contrary to right proportion; and giving either all that is good, or the greatest share, to themselves; and the offices to the same persons always, making wealth their idol; thus a few bear rule and they bad men in the place of the best.

From Timocracy the transition is to Democracy, they being contiguous: for it is the nature of Timocracy to be in the hands of a multitude, and all in the same grade of property are equal. Democracy is the least vicious of all, since herein the form of the constitution undergoes least change.

Well, these are generally the changes to which the various Constitutions are liable, being the least in degree and the easiest to make.

Likenesses, and, as it were, models of them, one may find even in Domestic life: for instance, the Communion between a Father and his Sons presents the figure of Kingship, because the children are the Father's care: and hence Homer names Jupiter Father because Kingship is intended to be a paternal rule. Among the Persians, however, the Father's rule is Despotic, for they treat their Sons as slaves. (The relation of Master to Slaves is of the nature of Despotism because the point regarded herein is the Master's interest): this now strikes me to be as it ought, but the Persian custom to be mistaken; because for different persons there should be different rules.

Between Husband and Wife the relation takes the form of Aristocracy, because he rules by right and in such points only as the Husband should, and gives to the Wife all that befits her to have. Where the Husband lords it in everything he changes the relation into an Oligarchy; because he does it contrary to right and not as being the better of the two. In some instances the Wives take the reins of government, being heiresses: here the rule is carried on not in right of goodness but by reason of wealth and power, as it is in Oligarchies.

Timocracy finds its type in the relation of Brothers: they being equal except as to such differences as age introduces: for which reason, if they are very different in age, the Friendship comes to be no longer a fraternal one: while Democracy is represented specially by families which have no head (all being there equal), or in which the proper head is weak and so every member does that which is right in his own eyes.

Chapter XI.

Attendant then on each form of Political Constitution there plainly is Friendship exactly co-extensive with the principle of Justice; that between a King and his Subjects being in the relation of a superiority of benefit, inasmuch as he benefits his subjects; it being assumed that he is a good king and takes care of their welfare as a shepherd tends his flock; whence Homer (to quote him again) calls Agamemnon, "shepherd of the people." And of this same kind is the Paternal Friendship, only that it exceeds the former in the greatness of the benefits done; because the father is the author of being (which is esteemed the greatest benefit) and of maintenance and education (these things are also, by the way, ascribed to ancestors generally): and by the law of nature the father has the right of rule over his sons, ancestors over their descendants, and the king over his subjects.

These friendships are also between superiors and inferiors, for which reason parents are not merely loved but also honoured. The principle of Justice also between these parties is not exactly the same but according to proportiton, because so also is the Friendship.

Now between Husband and Wife there is the same Friendship as in Aristocracy: for the relation is determined by relative excellence, and the better person has the greater good and each has what befits: so too also is the principle of Justice between them.

The Fraternal Friendship is like that of Companions, because brothers are equal and much of an age, and such persons have generally like feelings and like dispositions. Like to this also is the Friendship of a Timocracy, because the citizens are intended to be equal and equitable: rule, therefore, passes from hand to hand, and is distributed on equal terms: so too is the Friendship accordingly.

In the deflections from the constitutional forms, just as the principle of Justice is but small so is the Friendship also: and least of all in the most perverted form: in Despotism there is little or no Friendship. For generally wherever the ruler and the ruled have nothing in common there is no Friendship because there is no Justice; but the case is as between an artisan and his tool, or between soul and body, and master and slave; all these are benefited by those who use them, but towards things inanimate there is neither Friendship nor Justice: nor even towards a horse or an ox, or a slave _quâ_ slave, because there is nothing in common: a slave as such is an animate tool, a tool an inanimate slave. _Quâ_ slave, then, there is no Friendship towards him, only _quâ_ man: for it is thought that there is some principle of Justice between every man, and every other who can share in law and be a party to an agreement; and so somewhat of Friendship, in so far as he is man. So in Despotisms the Friendships and the principle of Justice are inconsiderable in extent, but in Democracies they are most considerable because they who are equal have much in common.

Chapter XII.

Now of course all Friendship is based upon Communion, as has been already stated: but one would be inclined to separate off from the rest the Friendship of Kindred, and that of Companions: whereas those of men of the same city, or tribe, or crew, and all such, are more peculiarly, it would seem, based upon Communion, inasmuch as they plainly exist in right of some agreement expressed or implied: among these one may rank also the Friendship of Hospitality,

The Friendship of Kindred is likewise of many kinds, and appears in all its varieties to depend on the Parental: parents, I mean, love their children as being a part of themselves, children love their parents as being themselves somewhat derived from them. But parents know their offspring more than these know that they are from the parents, and the source is more closely bound to that which is produced than that which is produced is to that which formed it: of course, whatever is derived from one's self is proper to that from which it is so derived (as, for instance, a tooth or a hair, or any other thing whatever to him that has it): but the source to it is in no degree proper, or in an inferior degree at least.

Then again the greater length of time comes in: the parents love their offspring from the first moment of their being, but their offspring them only after a lapse of time when they have attained intelligence or instinct. These considerations serve also to show why mothers have greater strength of affection than fathers.

Now parents love their children as themselves (since what is derived from themselves becomes a kind of other Self by the fact of separation), but children their parents as being sprung from them. And brothers love one another from being sprung from the same; that is, their sameness with the common stock creates a sameness with one another;[7] whence come the phrases, "same blood," "root," and so on. In fact they are the same, in a sense, even in the separate distinct individuals.

Then again the being brought up together, and the nearness of age, are a great help towards Friendship, for a man likes one of his own age and persons who are used to one another are companions, which accounts for the resemblance between the Friendship of Brothers and that of Companions.

And cousins and all other relatives derive their bond of union from these, that is to say, from their community of origin: and the strength of this bond varies according to their respective distances from the common ancestor.

Further: the Friendship felt by children towards parents, and by men towards the gods, is as towards something good and above them; because these have conferred the greatest possible benefits, in that they are the causes of their being and being nourished, and of their having been educated after they were brought into being.

And Friendship of this kind has also the pleasurable and the profitable more than that between persons unconnected by blood, in proportion as their life is also more shared in common. Then again in the Fraternal Friendship there is all that there is in that of Companions, and more in the good, and generally in those who are alike; in proportion as they are more closely tied and from their

very birth have a feeling of affection for one another to begin with, and as they are more like in disposition who spring from the same stock and have grown up together and been educated alike: and besides this they have the greatest opportunities in respect of time for proving one another, and can therefore depend most securely upon the trial.

Between Husband and Wife there is thought to be Friendship by a law of nature: man being by nature disposed to pair, more than to associate in Communities: in proportion as the family is prior in order of time and more absolutely necessary than the Community. And procreation is more common to him with other animals; all the other animals have Communion thus far, but human creatures cohabit not merely for the sake of procreation but also with a view to life in general::[8] because in this connection the works are immediately divided, and some belong to the man, others to the woman: thus they help one the other, putting what is peculiar to each into the common stock.

And for these reasons this Friendship is thought to combine the profitable and the pleasurable: it will be also based upon virtue if they are good people; because each has goodness and they may take delight in this quality in each other. Children too are thought to be a tie: accordingly the childless sooner separate, for the children are a good common to both and anything in common is a bond of union.

The question how a man is to live with his wife, or (more generally) one friend with another, appears to be no other than this, how it is just that they should: because plainly there is not the same principle of Justice between a friend and friend, as between strangers, or companions, or mere chance fellow-travellers.

Chapter XIII.

There are then, as was stated at the commencement of this book, three kinds of Friendship, and in each there may be friends on a footing of equality and friends in the relation of superior and inferior; we find, I mean, that people who are alike in goodness, become friends, and better with worse, and so also pleasant people; again, because of advantage people are friends, either balancing exactly their mutual profitableness or differing from one another herein. Well then, those who are equal should in right of this equality be equalised also by the degree of their Friendship and the other points, and those who are on a footing of inequality by rendering Friendship in proportion to the superiority of the other party.

Fault-finding and blame arises, either solely or most naturally, in Friendship of which utility is the motive: for they who are friends by reason of goodness, are eager to do kindnesses to one another because this is a natural result of goodness and Friendship; and when men are vying with each other for this End there can be no fault-finding nor contention: since no one is annoyed at one who entertains for him the sentiment of Friendship and does kindnesses to him, but if of a refined mind he requites him with kind actions. And suppose that one of the two exceeds the other, yet as he is attaining his object he will not find fault with his friend, for good is the object of each party.

Neither can there well be quarrels between men who are friends for pleasure’s sake: because supposing them to delight in living together then both attain their desire; or if not a man would be put in a ridiculous light who should find fault with another for not pleasing him, since it is in his power to forbear intercourse with him. But the Friendship because of advantage is very liable to fault-finding; because, as the parties use one another with a view to advantage, the requirements are continually enlarging, and they think they have less than of right belongs to them, and find fault because though justly entitled they do not get as much as they want: while they who do the kindnesses, can never come up to the requirements of those to whom they are being done.

It seems also, that as the Just is of two kinds, the unwritten and the legal, so Friendship because of advantage is of two kinds, what may be called the Moral, and the Legal: and the most fruitful source of complaints is that parties contract obligations and discharge them not in the same line of Friendship. The Legal is upon specified conditions, either purely tradesmanlike from hand to hand or somewhat more gentlemanly as regards time but still by agreement a _quid pro quo_.

In this Legal kind the obligation is clear and admits of no dispute, the friendly element is the delay in requiring its discharge: and for this reason in some countries no actions can be maintained at Law for the recovery of such debts, it being held that they who have dealt on the footing of credit must be content to abide the issue.

That which may be termed the Moral kind is not upon specified conditions, but a man gives as to his friend and so on: but still he expects to receive an equivalent, or even more, as though he had not given but lent: he also will find fault, because he does not get the obligation discharged in the same way as it was contracted.

Now this results from the fact, that all men, or the generality at least, _wish_ what is honourable, but, when tested, _choose_ what is profitable; and the doing kindnesses disinterestedly is honourable while receiving benefits is profitable. In such cases one should, if able, make a return proportionate to the good received, and do so willingly, because one ought not to make a disinterested friend[9] of a man against his inclination: one should act, I say, as having made a mistake originally in receiving kindness from one from whom one ought not to have received it, he being not a friend nor doing the act disinterestedly; one should therefore discharge one's self of the obligation as having received a kindness on specified terms: and if able a man would engage to repay the kindness, while if he were unable even the doer of it would not expect it of him: so that if he is able he ought to repay it. But one ought at the first to ascertain from whom one is receiving kindness, and on what understanding, that on that same understanding one may accept it or not.

A question admitting of dispute is whether one is to measure a kindness by the good done to the receiver of it, and make this the standard by which to requite, or by the kind intention of the doer?

For they who have received kindnesses frequently plead in depreciation that they have received from their benefactors such things as were small for them to give, or such as they themselves could have got from others: while the doers of the kindnesses affirm that they gave the best they had, and what could not have been got from others, and under danger, or in such-like straits.

May we not say, that as utility is the motive of the Friendship the advantage conferred on the receiver must be the standard? because he it is who requests the kindness and the other serves him in his need on the understanding that he is to get an equivalent: the assistance rendered is then exactly proportionate to the advantage which the receiver has obtained, and he should therefore repay as much as he gained by it, or even more, this being more creditable.

In Friendships based on goodness, the question, of course, is never raised, but herein the motive of the doer seems to be the proper standard, since virtue and moral character depend principally on motive.

Chapter XIV.

Quarrels arise also in those Friendships in which the parties are unequal because each party thinks himself entitled to the greater share, and of course, when this happens, the Friendship is broken up.

The man who is better than the other thinks that having the greater share pertains to him of right, for that more is always awarded to the good man: and similarly the man who is more profitable to another than that other to him: "one who is useless," they say, "ought not to share equally, for it comes to a tax, and not a Friendship, unless the fruits of the Friendship are reaped in proportion to the works done:" their notion being, that as in a money partnership they who contribute more receive more so should it be in Friendship likewise.

On the other hand, the needy man and the less virtuous advance the opposite claim: they urge that "it is the very business of a good friend to help those who are in need, else what is the use of having a good or powerful friend if one is not to reap the advantage at all?"

Now each seems to advance a right claim and to be entitled to get more out of the connection than the other, only _not more of the same thing_: but the superior man should receive more respect, the needy man more profit: respect being the reward of goodness and beneficence, profit being the aid of need.

This is plainly the principle acted upon in Political Communities: he receives no honour who gives no good to the common stock: for the property of the Public is given to him who does good to the Public, and honour is the property of the Public; it is not possible both to make money out of the Public and receive honour likewise; because no one will put up with the less in every respect: so to him who suffers loss as regards money they award honour, but money to him who can be paid by gifts: since, as has been stated before, the observing due proportion equalises and preserves Friendship.

Like rules then should be observed in the intercourse of friends who are unequal; and to him who advantages another in respect of money, or goodness, that other should repay honour, making requital according to his power; because Friendship requires what is possible, not what is strictly due, this being not possible in all cases, as in the honours paid to the gods and to parents: no man could ever make the due return in these cases, and so he is thought to be a good man who pays respect according to his ability.

For this reason it may be judged never to be allowable for a son to disown his father, whereas a father may his son: because he that owes is bound to pay; now a son can never, by anything he has done, fully requite the benefits first conferred on him by his

father, and so is always a debtor. But they to whom anything is owed may cast off their debtors: therefore the father may his son. But at the same time it must perhaps be admitted, that it seems no father ever _would_ sever himself utterly from a son, except in a case of exceeding depravity: because, independently of the natural Friendship, it is like human nature not to put away from one's self the assistance which a son might render. But to the son, if depraved, assisting his father is a thing to be avoided, or at least one which he will not be very anxious to do; most men being willing enough to receive kindness, but averse to doing it as unprofitable.

Let thus much suffice on these points.

BOOK IX

Chapter I.

Well, in all the Friendships the parties to which are dissimilar it is the proportionate which equalises and preserves the Friendship, as has been already stated: I mean, in the Social Friendship the cobbler, for instance, gets an equivalent for his shoes after a certain rate; and the weaver, and all others in like manner. Now in this case a common measure has been provided in money, and to this accordingly all things are referred and by this are measured: but in the Friendship of Love the complaint is sometimes from the lover that, though he loves exceedingly, his love is not requited; he having perhaps all the time nothing that can be the object of Friendship: again, oftentimes from the object of love that he who as a suitor promised any and every thing now performs nothing. These cases occur because the Friendship of the lover for the beloved object is based upon pleasure, that of the other for him upon utility, and in one of the parties the requisite quality is not found: for, as these are respectively the grounds of the Friendship, the Friendship comes to be broken up because the motives to it cease to exist: the parties loved not one another but qualities in one another which are not permanent, and so neither are the Friendships: whereas the Friendship based upon the moral character of the parties, being independent and disinterested, is permanent, as we have already stated.

Quarrels arise also when the parties realise different results and not those which they desire; for the not attaining one's special object is all one, in this case, with getting nothing at all: as in the well-known case where a man made promises to a musician, rising in proportion to the excellence of his music; but when, the next morning, the musician claimed the performance of his promises, he said that he had given him pleasure for pleasure: of course, if each party had intended this, it would have been all right: but if the one desires amusement and the other gain, and the one gets his object but the other not, the dealing cannot be fair: because a man fixes his mind upon what he happens to want, and will give so and so for that specific thing.

The question then arises, who is to fix the rate? the man who first gives, or the man who first takes? because, _primâ facie_, the man who first gives seems to leave the rate to be fixed by the other party. This, they say, was in fact the practice of Protagoras: when he taught a man anything he would bid the learner estimate the worth of the knowledge gained by his own private opinion; and then he used to take so much from him. In such cases some people adopt the rule,

"With specified reward a friend should be content."

They are certainly fairly found fault with who take the money in advance and then do nothing of what they said they would do, their promises having been so far beyond their ability; for such men do not perform what they agreed, The Sophists, however, are perhaps obliged to take this course, because no one would give a sixpence for their knowledge. These then, I say, are fairly found fault with, because they do not what they have already taken money for doing.

In cases where no stipulation as to the respective services is made they who disinterestedly do the first service will not raise the question (as we have said before), because it is the nature of Friendship, based on mutual goodness to be reference to the intention of the other, the intention being characteristic of the true friend and of goodness.

And it would seem the same rule should be laid down for those who are connected with one another as teachers and learners of philosophy; for here the value of the commodity cannot be measured by money, and, in fact, an exactly equivalent price cannot be set upon it, but perhaps it is sufficient to do what one can, as in the case of the gods or one's parents.

But where the original giving is not upon these terms but avowedly for some return, the most proper course is perhaps for the requital to be such as _both_ shall allow to be proportionate, and, where this cannot be, then for the receiver to fix the value would seem to be not only necessary but also fair: because when the first giver gets that which is equivalent to the advantage received by the other, or to what he would have given to secure the pleasure he has had, then he has the value from him: for not only is this

seen to be the course adopted in matters of buying and selling but also in some places the law does not allow of actions upon voluntary dealings; on the principle that when one man has trusted another he must be content to have the obligation discharged in the same spirit as he originally contracted it: that is to say, it is thought fairer for the trusted, than for the trusting, party, to fix the value. For, in general, those who have and those who wish to get things do not set the same value on them: what is their own, and what they give in each case, appears to them worth a great deal: but yet the return is made according to the estimate of those who have received first, it should perhaps be added that the receiver should estimate what he has received, not by the value he sets upon it now that he has it, but by that which he set upon it before he obtained it.

Chapter II.

Questions also arise upon such points as the following: Whether one's father has an unlimited claim on one's services and obedience, or whether the sick man is to obey his physician? or, in an election of a general, the warlike qualities of the candidates should be alone regarded?

In like manner whether one should do a service rather to one's friend or to a good man? whether one should rather requite a benefactor or give to one's companion, supposing that both are not within one's power?

Is not the true answer that it is no easy task to determine all such questions accurately, inasmuch as they involve numerous differences of all kinds, in respect of amount and what is honourable and what is necessary? It is obvious, of course, that no one person can unite in himself all claims. Again, the requital of benefits is, in general, a higher duty than doing unsolicited kindnesses to one's companion; in other words, the discharging of a debt is more obligatory upon one than the duty of giving to a companion. And yet this rule may admit of exceptions; for instance, which is the higher duty? for one who has been ransomed out of the hands of robbers to ransom in return his ransomer, be he who he may, or to repay him on his demand though he has not been taken by robbers, or to ransom his own father? for it would seem that a man ought to ransom his father even in preference to himself.

Well then, as has been said already, as a general rule the debt should be discharged, but if in a particular case the giving greatly preponderates as being either honourable or necessary, we must be swayed by these considerations: I mean, in some cases the requital of the obligation previously existing may not be equal; suppose, for instance, that the original benefactor has conferred a kindness on a good man, knowing him to be such, whereas this said good man has to repay it believing him to be a scoundrel.

And again, in certain cases no obligation lies on a man to lend to one who has lent to him; suppose, for instance, that a bad man lent to him, as being a good man, under the notion that he should get repaid, whereas the said good man has no hope of repayment from him being a bad man. Either then the case is really as we have supposed it and then the claim is not equal, or it is not so but supposed to be; and still in so acting people are not to be thought to act wrongly. In short, as has been oftentimes stated before, all statements regarding feelings and actions can be definite only in proportion as their object-matter is so; it is of course quite obvious that all people have not the same claim upon one, nor are the claims of one's father unlimited; just as Jupiter does not claim all kinds of sacrifice without distinction: and since the claims of parents, brothers, companions, and benefactors, are all different, we must give to each what belongs to and befits each.

And this is seen to be the course commonly pursued: to marriages men commonly invite their relatives, because these are from a common stock and therefore all the actions in any way pertaining thereto are common also: and to funerals men think that relatives ought to assemble in preference to other people, for the same reason.

And it would seem that in respect of maintenance it is our duty to assist our parents in preference to all others, as being their debtors, and because it is more honourable to succour in these respects the authors of our existence than ourselves. Honour likewise we ought to pay to our parents just as to the gods, but then, not all kinds of honour: not the same, for instance, to a father as to a mother: nor again to a father the honour due to a scientific man or to a general but that which is a father's due, and in like manner to a mother that which is a mother's.

To all our elders also the honour befitting their age, by rising up in their presence, turning out of the way for them, and all similar marks of respect: to our companions again, or brothers, frankness and free participation in all we have. And to those of the same family, or tribe, or city, with ourselves, and all similarly connected with us, we should constantly try to render their due, and to discriminate what belongs to each in respect of nearness of connection, or goodness, or intimacy: of course in the case of those of the same class the discrimination is easier; in that of those who are in different classes it is a matter of more trouble. This, however, should not be a reason for giving up the attempt, but we must observe the distinctions so far as it is practicable to do so.

Chapter III.

A question is also raised as to the propriety of dissolving or not dissolving those Friendships the parties to which do not remain what they were when the connection was formed.

Now surely in respect of those whose motive to Friendship is utility or pleasure there can be nothing wrong in breaking up the connection when they no longer have those qualities; because they were friends [not of one another, but] of those qualities: and, these having failed, it is only reasonable to expect that they should cease to entertain the sentiment.

But a man has reason to find fault if the other party, being really attached to him because of advantage or pleasure, pretended to be so because of his moral character: in fact, as we said at the commencement, the most common source of quarrels between friends is their not being friends on the same grounds as they suppose themselves to be.

Now when a man has been deceived in having supposed himself to excite the sentiment of Friendship by reason of his moral character, the other party doing nothing to indicate he has but himself to blame: but when he has been deceived by the pretence of the other he has a right to find fault with the man who has so deceived him, aye even more than with utterers of false coin, in proportion to the greater preciousness of that which is the object-matter of the villany.

But suppose a man takes up another as being a good man, who turns out, and is found by him, to be a scoundrel, is he bound still to entertain Friendship for him? or may we not say at once it is impossible? since it is not everything which is the object-matter of Friendship, but only that which is good; and so there is no obligation to be a bad man's friend, nor, in fact, ought one to be such: for one ought not to be a lover of evil, nor to be assimilated to what is base; which would be implied, because we have said before, like is friendly to like.

Are we then to break with him instantly? not in all cases; only where our friends are incurably depraved; when there is a chance of amendment we are bound to aid in repairing the moral character of our friends even more than their substance, in proportion as it is better and more closely related to Friendship. Still he who should break off the connection is not to be judged to act wrongly, for he never was a friend to such a character as the other now is, and therefore, since the man is changed and he cannot reduce him to his original state, he backs out of the connection.

To put another case: suppose that one party remains what he was when the Friendship was formed, while the other becomes morally improved and widely different from his friend in goodness; is the improved character to treat the other as a friend?

May we not say it is impossible? The case of course is clearest where there is a great difference, as in the Friendships of boys: for suppose that of two boyish friends the one still continues a boy in mind and the other becomes a man of the highest character, how can they be friends? since they neither are pleased with the same objects nor like and dislike the same things: for these points will not belong to them as regards one another, and without them it was assumed they cannot be friends because they cannot live in intimacy: and of the case of those who cannot do so we have spoken before.

Well then, is the improved party to bear himself towards his former friend in no way differently to what he would have done had the connection never existed?

Surely he ought to bear in mind the intimacy of past times, and just as we think ourselves bound to do favours for our friends in preference to strangers, so to those who have been friends and are so no longer we should allow somewhat on the score of previous Friendship, whenever the cause of severance is not excessive depravity on their part.

Chapter IV.

Now the friendly feelings which are exhibited towards our friends, and by which Friendships are characterised, seem to have sprung out of those which we entertain toward ourselves.

I mean, people define a friend to be "one who intends and does what is good (or what he believes to be good) to another for that other's sake," or "one who wishes his friend to be and to live for that friend's own sake" (which is the feeling of mothers towards their children, and of friends who have come into collision). Others again, "one who lives with another and chooses the same objects," or "one who sympathises with his friend in his sorrows and in his joys" (this too is especially the case with mothers).

Well, by some one of these marks people generally characterise Friendship: and each of these the good man has towards himself, and all others have them in so far as they suppose themselves to be good. (For, as has been said before, goodness, that is the

good man, seems to be a measure to every one else.)

For he is at unity in himself, and with every part of his soul he desires the same objects; and he wishes for himself both what is, and what he believes to be, good; and he does it (it being characteristic of the good man to work at what is good), and for the sake of himself, inasmuch as he does it for the sake of his Intellectual Principle which is generally thought to be a man's Self. Again, he wishes himself And specially this Principle whereby he is an intelligent being, to live and be preserved in life, because existence is a good to him that is a good man.

But it is to himself that each individual wishes what is good, and no man, conceiving the possibility of his becoming other than he now is, chooses that that New Self should have all things indiscriminately: a god, for instance, has at the present moment the Chief Good, but he has it in right of being whatever he actually now is: and the Intelligent Principle must be judged to be each man's Self, or at least eminently so [though other Principles help, of course, to constitute him the man he is].

Furthermore, the good man wishes to continue to live with himself; for he can do it with pleasure, in that his memories of past actions are full of delight and his anticipations of the future are good and such are pleasurable. Then, again, he has good store of matter for his Intellect to contemplate, and he most especially sympathises with his Self in its griefs and joys, because the objects which give him pain and pleasure are at all times the same, not one thing to-day and a different one to-morrow: because he is not given to repentance,[1] if one may so speak. It is then because each of these feelings are entertained by the good man towards his own Self and a friend feels towards a friend as towards himself (a friend being in fact another Self), that Friendship is thought to be some one of these things and they are accounted friends in whom they are found. Whether or no there can really be Friendship between a man and his Self is a question we will not at present entertain: there may be thought to be Friendship, in so far as there are two or more of the aforesaid requisites, and because the highest degree of Friendship, in the usual acceptation of that term, resembles the feeling entertained by a man towards himself.

But it may be urged that the aforesaid requisites are to all appearance found in the common run of men, though they are men of a low stamp.

May it not be answered, that they share in them only in so far as they please themselves, and conceive themselves to be good? for certainly, they are not either really, or even apparently, found in any one of those who are very depraved and villainous; we may almost say not even in those who are bad men at all: for they are at variance with themselves and lust after different things from those which in cool reason they wish for, just as men who fail of Self-Control: I mean, they choose things which, though hurtful, are pleasurable, in preference to those which in their own minds they believe to be good: others again, from cowardice and indolence, decline to do what still they are convinced is best for them: while they who from their depravity have actually done many dreadful actions hate and avoid life, and accordingly kill themselves: and the wicked seek others in whose company to spend their time, but fly from themselves because they have many unpleasant subjects of memory, and can only look forward to others like them when in solitude but drown their remorse in the company of others: and as they have nothing to raise the sentiment of Friendship so they never feel it towards themselves.

Neither, in fact, can they who are of this character sympathise with their Selves in their joys and sorrows, because their soul is, as it were, rent by faction, and the one principle, by reason of the depravity in them, is grieved at abstaining from certain things, while the other and better principle is pleased thereat; and the one drags them this way and the other that way, as though actually tearing them asunder.[2] And though it is impossible actually to have at the same time the sensations of pain and pleasure; yet after a little time the man is sorry for having been pleased, and he could wish that those objects had not given him pleasure; for the wicked are full of remorse.

It is plain then that the wicked man cannot be in the position of a friend even towards himself, because he has in himself nothing which can excite the sentiment of Friendship. If then to be thus is exceedingly wretched it is a man's duty to flee from wickedness with all his might and to strive to be good, because thus may he be friends with himself and may come to be a friend to another.

Chapter V.

Kindly Feeling, though resembling Friendship, is not identical with it, because it may exist in reference to those whom we do not know and without the object of it being aware of its existence, which Friendship cannot. (This, by the way, has also been said before.) And further, it is not even Affection because it does not imply intensity nor yearning, which are both consequences of Affection. Again Affection requires intimacy but Kindly Feeling may arise quite suddenly, as happens sometimes in respect of men

against whom people are matched in any way, I mean they come to be kindly disposed to them and sympathise in their wishes, but still they would not join them in any action, because, as we said, they conceive this feeling of kindness suddenly and so have but a superficial liking.

What it does seem to be is the starting point of a Friendship; just as pleasure, received through the sight, is the commencement of Love: for no one falls in love without being first pleased with the personal appearance of the beloved object, and yet he who takes pleasure in it does not therefore necessarily love, but when he wearies for the object in its absence and desires its presence. Exactly in the same way men cannot be friends without having passed through the stage of Kindly Feeling, and yet they who are in that stage do not necessarily advance to Friendship: they merely have an inert wish for the good of those toward whom they entertain the feeling, but would not join them in any action, nor put themselves out of the way for them. So that, in a metaphorical way of speaking, one might say that it is dormant Friendship, and when it has endured for a space and ripened into intimacy comes to be real Friendship; but not that whose object is advantage or pleasure, because such motives cannot produce even Kindly Feeling.

I mean, he who has received a kindness requites it by Kindly Feeling towards his benefactor, and is right in so doing: but he who wishes another to be prosperous, because he has hope of advantage through his instrumentality, does not seem to be kindly disposed to that person but rather to himself; just as neither is he his friend if he pays court to him for any interested purpose.

Kindly Feeling always arises by reason of goodness and a certain amiability, when one man gives another the notion of being a fine fellow, or brave man, etc., as we said was the case sometimes with those matched against one another.

Chapter VI.

Unity of Sentiment is also plainly connected with Friendship, and therefore is not the same as Unity of Opinion, because this might exist even between people unacquainted with one another.

Nor do men usually say people are united in sentiment merely because they agree in opinion on _any_ point, as, for instance, on points of astronomical science (Unity of Sentiment herein not having any connection with Friendship), but they say that Communities have Unity of Sentiment when they agree respecting points of expediency and take the same line and carry out what has been determined in common consultation.

Thus we see that Unity of Sentiment has for its object matters of action, and such of these as are of importance, and of mutual, or, in the case of single States, common, interest: when, for instance, all agree in the choice of magistrates, or forming alliance with the Lacedæmonians, or appointing Pittacus ruler (that is to say, supposing he himself was willing). But when each wishes himself to be in power (as the brothers in the Phœnissæ), they quarrel and form parties: for, plainly, Unity of Sentiment does not merely imply that each entertains the same idea be it what it may, but that they do so in respect of the same object, as when both the populace and the sensible men of a State desire that the best men should be in office, because then all attain their object.

Thus Unity of Sentiment is plainly a social Friendship, as it is also said to be: since it has for its object-matter things expedient and relating to life.

And this Unity exists among the good: for they have it towards themselves and towards one another, being, if I may be allowed the expression, in the same position: I mean, the wishes of such men are steady and do not ebb and flow like the Euripus, and they wish what is just and expedient and aim at these things in common.

The bad, on the contrary, can as little have Unity of Sentiment as they can be real friends, except to a very slight extent, desiring as they do unfair advantage in things profitable while they shirk labour and service for the common good: and while each man wishes for these things for himself he is jealous of and hinders his neighbour: and as they do not watch over the common good it is lost. The result is that they quarrel while they are for keeping one another to work but are not willing to perform their just share.

Chapter VII.

Benefactors are commonly held to have more Friendship for the objects of their kindness than these for them: and the fact is made a subject of discussion and enquiry, as being contrary to reasonable expectation.

The account of the matter which satisfies most persons is that the one are debtors and the others creditors: and therefore that, as in the case of actual loans the debtors wish their creditors out of the way while the creditors are anxious for the preservation of their

debtors, so those who have done kindnesses desire the continued existence of the people they have done them to, under the notion of getting a return of their good offices, while these are not particularly anxious about requital.

Epicharmus, I suspect, would very probably say that they who give this solution judge from their own baseness; yet it certainly is like human nature, for the generality of men have short memories on these points, and aim rather at receiving than conferring benefits.

But the real cause, it would seem, rests upon nature, and the case is not parallel to that of creditors; because in this there is no affection to the persons, but merely a wish for their preservation with a view to the return: whereas, in point of fact, they who have done kindnesses feel friendship and love for those to whom they have done them, even though they neither are, nor can by possibility hereafter be, in a position to serve their benefactors.

And this is the case also with artisans; every one, I mean, feels more affection for his own work than that work possibly could for him if it were animate. It is perhaps specially the case with poets: for these entertain very great affection for their poems, loving them as their own children. It is to this kind of thing I should be inclined to compare the case of benefactors: for the object of their kindness is their own work, and so they love this more than this loves its creator.

And the account of this is that existence is to all a thing choice-worthy and an object of affection; now we exist by acts of working, that is, by living and acting; he then that has created a given work exists, it may be said, by his act of working: therefore he loves his work because he loves existence. And this is natural, for the work produced displays in act what existed before potentially.

Then again, the benefactor has a sense of honour in right of his action, so that he may well take pleasure in him in whom this resides; but to him who has received the benefit there is nothing honourable in respect of his benefactor, only something advantageous which is both less pleasant and less the object of Friendship.

Again, pleasure is derived from the actual working out of a present action, from the anticipation of a future one, and from the recollection of a past one: but the highest pleasure and special object of affection is that which attends on the actual working. Now the benefactor's work abides (for the honourable is enduring), but the advantage of him who has received the kindness passes away.

Again, there is pleasure in recollecting honourable actions, but in recollecting advantageous ones there is none at all or much less (by the way though, the contrary is true of the expectation of advantage).

Further, the entertaining the feeling of Friendship is like acting on another; but being the object of the feeling is like being acted upon.

So then, entertaining the sentiment of Friendship, and all feelings connected with it, attend on those who, in the given case of a benefaction, are the superior party.

Once more: all people value most what has cost them much labour in the production; for instance, people who have themselves made their money are fonder of it than those who have inherited it: and receiving kindness is, it seems, unlaborious, but doing it is laborious. And this is the reason why the female parents are most fond of their offspring; for their part in producing them is attended with most labour, and they know more certainly that they are theirs. This feeling would seem also to belong to benefactors.

Chapter VIII.

A question is also raised as to whether it is right to love one's Self best, or some one else: because men find fault with those who love themselves best, and call them in a disparaging way lovers of Self; and the bad man is thought to do everything he does for his own sake merely, and the more so the more depraved he is; accordingly men reproach him with never doing anything unselfish: whereas the good man acts from a sense of honour (and the more so the better man he is), and for his friend's sake, and is careless of his own interest.

But with these theories facts are at variance, and not unnaturally: for it is commonly said also that a man is to love most him who is most his friend, and he is most a friend who wishes good to him to whom he wishes it for that man's sake even though no one knows. Now these conditions, and in fact all the rest by which a friend is characterised, belong specially to each individual in respect of his Self: for we have said before that all the friendly feelings are derived to others from those which have Self primarily for their object. And all the current proverbs support this view; for instance, "one soul," "the goods of friends are common," "equality

is a tie of Friendship," "the knee is nearer than the shin." For all these things exist specially with reference to a man's own Self: he is specially a friend to himself and so he is bound to love himself the most.

It is with good reason questioned which of the two parties one should follow, both having plausibility on their side. Perhaps then, in respect of theories of this kind, the proper course is to distinguish and define how far each is true, and in what way. If we could ascertain the sense in which each uses the term "Self-loving," this point might be cleared up.

Well now, they who use it disparagingly give the name to those who, in respect of wealth, and honours, and pleasures of the body, give to themselves the larger share: because the mass of mankind grasp after these and are earnest about them as being the best things; which is the reason why they are matters of contention. They who are covetous in regard to these gratify their lusts and passions in general, that is to say the irrational part of their soul: now the mass of mankind are so disposed, for which reason the appellation has taken its rise from that mass which is low and bad. Of course they are justly reproached who are Self-loving in this sense.

And that the generality of men are accustomed to apply the term to denominate those who do give such things to themselves is quite plain: suppose, for instance, that a man were anxious to do, more than other men, acts of justice, or self-mastery, or any other virtuous acts, and, in general, were to secure to himself that which is abstractedly noble and honourable, no one would call him Self-loving, nor blame him.

Yet might such an one be judged to be more truly Self-loving: certainly he gives to himself the things which are most noble and most good, and gratifies that Principle of his nature which is most rightfully authoritative, and obeys it in everything: and just as that which possesses the highest authority is thought to constitute a Community or any other system, so also in the case of Man: and so he is most truly Self-loving who loves and gratifies this Principle.

Again, men are said to have, or to fail of having, self-control, according as the Intellect controls or not, it being plainly implied thereby that this Principle constitutes each individual; and people are thought to have done of themselves, and voluntarily, those things specially which are done with Reason.

It is plain, therefore, that this Principle does, either entirely or specially constitute the individual man, and that the good man specially loves this. For this reason then he must be specially Self-loving, in a kind other than that which is reproached, and as far superior to it as living in accordance with Reason is to living at the beck and call of passion, and aiming at the truly noble to aiming at apparent advantage.

Now all approve and commend those who are eminently earnest about honourable actions, and if all would vie with one another in respect of the καλ■ν, and be intent upon doing what is most truly noble and honourable, society at large would have all that is proper while each individual in particular would have the greatest of goods, Virtue being assumed to be such.

And so the good man ought to be Self-loving: because by doing what is noble he will have advantage himself and will do good to others: but the bad man ought not to be, because he will harm himself and his neighbours by following low and evil passions. In the case of the bad man, what he ought to do and what he does are at variance, but the good man does what he ought to do, because all Intellect chooses what is best for itself and the good man puts himself under the direction of Intellect.

Of the good man it is true likewise that he does many things for the sake of his friends and his country, even to the extent of dying for them, if need be: for money and honours, and, in short, all the good things which others fight for, he will throw away while eager to secure to himself the καλ■ν: he will prefer a brief and great joy to a tame and enduring one, and to live nobly for one year rather than ordinarily for many, and one great and noble action to many trifling ones. And this is perhaps that which befals men who die for their country and friends; they choose great glory for themselves: and they will lavish their own money that their friends may receive more, for hereby the friend gets the money but the man himself the καλ■ν; so, in fact he gives to himself the greater good. It is the same with honours and offices; all these things he will give up to his friend, because this reflects honour and praise on himself: and so with good reason is he esteemed a fine character since he chooses the honourable before all things else. It is possible also to give up the opportunities of action to a friend; and to have caused a friend's doing a thing may be more noble than having done it one's self.

In short, in all praiseworthy things the good man does plainly give to himself a larger share of the honourable. In this sense it is right to be Self-loving, in the vulgar acceptation of the term it is not.

Chapter IX.

A question is raised also respecting the Happy man, whether he will want Friends, or no?

Some say that they who are blessed and independent have no need of Friends, for they already have all that is good, and so, as being independent, want nothing further: whereas the notion of a friend's office is to be as it were a second Self and procure for a man what he cannot get by himself: hence the saying,

"When Fortune gives us good, what need we Friends?"

On the other hand, it looks absurd, while we are assigning to the Happy man all other good things, not to give him Friends, which are, after all, thought to be the greatest of external goods.

Again, if it is more characteristic of a friend to confer than to receive kindnesses, and if to be beneficent belongs to the good man and to the character of virtue, and if it is more noble to confer kindnesses on friends than strangers, the good man will need objects for his benefactions. And out of this last consideration springs a question whether the need of Friends be greater in prosperity or adversity, since the unfortunate man wants people to do him kindnesses and they who are fortunate want objects for their kind acts.

Again, it is perhaps absurd to make our Happy man a solitary, because no man would choose the possession of all goods in the world on the condition of solitariness, man being a social animal and formed by nature for living with others: of course the Happy man has this qualification since he has all those things which are good by nature: and it is obvious that the society of friends and good men must be preferable to that of strangers and ordinary people, and we conclude, therefore, that the Happy man does need Friends.

But then, what do they mean whom we quoted first, and how are they right? Is it not that the mass of mankind mean by Friends those who are useful? and of course the Happy man will not need such because he has all good things already; neither will he need such as are Friends with a view to the pleasurable, or at least only to a slight extent; because his life, being already pleasurable, does not want pleasure imported from without; and so, since the Happy man does not need Friends of these kinds, he is thought not to need any at all.

But it may be, this is not true: for it was stated originally, that Happiness is a kind of Working; now Working plainly is something that must come into being, not be already there like a mere piece of property.

If then the being happy consists in living and working, and the good man's working is in itself excellent and pleasurable (as we said at the commencement of the treatise), and if what is our own reckons among things pleasurable, and if we can view our neighbours better than ourselves and their actions better than we can our own, then the actions of their Friends who are good men are pleasurable to the good; inasmuch as they have both the requisites which are naturally pleasant. So the man in the highest state of happiness will need Friends of this kind, since he desires to contemplate good actions, and actions of his own, which those of his friend, being a good man, are.

Again, common opinion requires that the Happy man live with pleasure to himself: now life is burthensome to a man in solitude, for it is not easy to work continuously by one's self, but in company with, and in regard to others, it is easier, and therefore the working, being pleasurable in itself will be more continuous (a thing which should be in respect of the Happy man); for the good man, in that he is good takes pleasure in the actions which accord with Virtue and is annoyed at those which spring from Vice, just as a musical man is pleased with beautiful music and annoyed by bad. And besides, as Theognis says, Virtue itself may be improved by practice, from living with the good.

And, upon the following considerations more purely metaphysical, it will probably appear that the good friend is naturally choice-worthy to the good man. We have said before, that whatever is naturally good is also in itself good and pleasant to the good man; now the fact of living, so far as animals are concerned, is characterised generally by the power of sentience, in man it is characterised by that of sentience, or of rationality (the faculty of course being referred to the actual operation of the faculty, certainly the main point is the actual operation of it); so that living seems mainly to consist in the act of sentience or exerting rationality: now the fact of living is in itself one of the things that are good and pleasant (for it is a definite totality, and whatever is such belongs to the nature of good), but what is naturally good is good to the good man: for which reason it seems to be pleasant to all. (Of course one must not suppose a life which is depraved and corrupted, nor one spent in pain, for that which is such is indefinite as are its inherent qualities: however, what is to be said of pain will be clearer in what is to follow.)

If then the fact of living is in itself good and pleasant (and this appears from the fact that all desire it, and specially those who are good and in high happiness; their course of life being most choice-worthy and their existence most choice-worthy likewise), then also he that sees perceives that he sees; and he that hears perceives that he hears; and he that walks perceives that he walks; and in all the other instances in like manner there is a faculty which reflects upon and perceives the fact that we are working, so that we can perceive that we perceive and intellectually know that we intellectually know: but to perceive that we perceive or that we intellectually know is to perceive that we exist, since existence was defined to be perceiving or intellectually knowing. Now to perceive that one lives is a thing pleasant in itself, life being a thing naturally good, and the perceiving of the presence in ourselves of things naturally good being pleasant.

Therefore the fact of living is choice-worthy, and to the good specially so since existence is good and pleasant to them: for they receive pleasure from the internal consciousness of that which in itself is good.

But the good man is to his friend as to himself, friend being but a name for a second Self; therefore as his own existence is choice-worthy to each so too, or similarly at least, is his friend's existence. But the ground of one's own existence being choice-worthy is the perceiving of one's self being good, any such perception being in itself pleasant. Therefore one ought to be thoroughly conscious of one's friend's existence, which will result from living with him, that is sharing in his words and thoughts: for this is the meaning of the term as applied to the human species, not mere feeding together as in the case of brutes.

If then to the man in a high state of happiness existence is in itself choice-worthy, being naturally good and pleasant, and so too a friend's existence, then the friend also must be among things choice-worthy. But whatever is choice-worthy to a man he should have or else he will be in this point deficient. The man therefore who is to come up to our notion "Happy" will need good Friends.

Chapter X.

Are we then to make our friends as numerous as possible? or, as in respect of acquaintance it is thought to have been well said "have not thou many acquaintances yet be not without;" so too in respect of Friendship may we adopt the precept, and say that a man should not be without friends, nor again have exceeding many friends?

Now as for friends who are intended for use, the maxim I have quoted will, it seems, fit in exceedingly well, because to requite the services of many is a matter of labour, and a whole life would not be long enough to do this for them. So that, if more numerous than what will suffice for one's own life, they become officious, and are hindrances in respect of living well: and so we do not want them. And again of those who are to be for pleasure a few are quite enough, just like sweetening in our food.

But of the good are we to make as many as ever we can, or is there any measure of the number of friends, as there is of the number to constitute a Political Community? I mean, you cannot make one out of ten men, and if you increase the number to one hundred thousand it is not any longer a Community. However, the number is not perhaps some one definite number but any between certain extreme limits.

Well, of friends likewise there is a limited number, which perhaps may be laid down to be the greatest number with whom it would be possible to keep up intimacy; this being thought to be one of the greatest marks of Friendship, and it being quite obvious that it is not possible to be intimate with many, in other words, to part one's self among many. And besides it must be remembered that they also are to be friends to one another if they are all to live together: but it is a matter of difficulty to find this in many men at once.

It comes likewise to be difficult to bring home to one's self the joys and sorrows of many: because in all probability one would have to sympathise at the same time with the joys of this one and the sorrows of that other.

Perhaps then it is well not to endeavour to have very many friends but so many as are enough for intimacy: because, in fact, it would seem not to be possible to be very much a friend to many at the same time: and, for the same reason, not to be in love with many objects at the same time: love being a kind of excessive Friendship which implies but one object: and all strong emotions must be limited in the number towards whom they are felt.

And if we look to facts this seems to be so: for not many at a time become friends in the way of companionship, all the famous Friendships of the kind are between _two_ persons: whereas they who have many friends, and meet everybody on the footing of intimacy, seem to be friends really to no one except in the way of general society; I mean the characters denominated as over-complaisant.

To be sure, in the way merely of society, a man may be a friend to many without being necessarily over-complaisant, but being truly good: but one cannot be a friend to many because of their virtue, and for the persons' own sake; in fact, it is a matter for contentment to find even a few such.

Chapter XI.

Again: are friends most needed in prosperity or in adversity? they are required, we know, in both states, because the unfortunate need help and the prosperous want people to live with and to do kindnesses to: for they have a desire to act kindly to some one.

To have friends is more necessary in adversity, and therefore in this case useful ones are wanted; and to have them in prosperity is more honourable, and this is why the prosperous want good men for friends, it being preferable to confer benefits on, and to live with, these. For the very presence of friends is pleasant even in adversity: since men when grieved are comforted by the sympathy of their friends.

And from this, by the way, the question might be raised, whether it is that they do in a manner take part of the weight of calamities, or only that their presence, being pleasurable, and the consciousness of their sympathy, make the pain of the sufferer less.

However, we will not further discuss whether these which have been suggested or some other causes produce the relief, at least the effect we speak of is a matter of plain fact.

But their presence has probably a mixed effect: I mean, not only is the very seeing friends pleasant, especially to one in misfortune, and actual help towards lessening the grief is afforded (the natural tendency of a friend, if he is gifted with tact, being to comfort by look and word, because he is well acquainted with the sufferer's temper and disposition and therefore knows what things give him pleasure and pain), but also the perceiving a friend to be grieved at his misfortunes causes the sufferer pain, because every one avoids being cause of pain to his friends. And for this reason they who are of a manly nature are cautious not to implicate their friends in their pain; and unless a man is exceedingly callous to the pain of others he cannot bear the pain which is thus caused to his friends: in short, he does not admit men to wail with him, not being given to wail at all: women, it is true, and men who resemble women, like to have others to groan with them, and love such as friends and sympathisers. But it is plain that it is our duty in all things to imitate the highest character.

On the other hand, the advantages of friends in our prosperity are the pleasurable intercourse and the consciousness that they are pleased at our good fortune.

It would seem, therefore, that we ought to call in friends readily on occasion of good fortune, because it is noble to be ready to do good to others: but on occasion of bad fortune, we should do so with reluctance; for we should as little as possible make others share in our ills; on which principle goes the saying, "I am unfortunate, let that suffice." The most proper occasion for calling them in is when with small trouble or annoyance to themselves they can be of very great use to the person who needs them.

But, on the contrary, it is fitting perhaps to go to one's friends in their misfortunes unasked and with alacrity (because kindness is the friend's office and specially towards those who are in need and who do not demand it as a right, this being more creditable and more pleasant to both); and on occasion of their good fortune to go readily, if we can forward it in any way (because men need their friends for this likewise), but to be backward in sharing it, any great eagerness to receive advantage not being creditable.

One should perhaps be cautious not to present the appearance of sullenness in declining the sympathy or help of friends, for this happens occasionally.

It appears then that the presence of friends is, under all circumstances, choice-worthy.

Chapter XII.

May we not say then that, as seeing the beloved object is most prized by lovers and they choose this sense rather than any of the others because Love

"Is engendered in the eyes, With gazing fed,"

in like manner intimacy is to friends most choice-worthy, Friendship being communion? Again, as a man is to himself so is he to his friend; now with respect to himself the perception of his own existence is choice-worthy, therefore is it also in respect of his friend.

And besides, their Friendship is acted out in intimacy, and so with good reason they desire this. And whatever in each man's opinion constitutes existence, or whatsoever it is for the sake of which they choose life, herein they wish their friends to join with them; and so some men drink together, others gamble, others join in gymnastic exercises or hunting, others study philosophy together: in each case spending their days together in that which they like best of all things in life, for since they wish to be intimate with their friends they do and partake in those things whereby they think to attain this object.

Therefore the Friendship of the wicked comes to be depraved; for, being unstable, they share in what is bad and become depraved in being made like to one another: but the Friendship of the good is good, growing with their intercourse; they improve also, as it seems, by repeated acts, and by mutual correction, for they receive impress from one another in the points which give them pleasure; whence says the Poet,

"Thou from the good, good things shalt surely learn."

Here then we will terminate our discourse of Friendship. The next thing is to go into the subject of Pleasure.

BOOK X

Chapter I.

Next, it would seem, follows a discussion respecting Pleasure, for it is thought to be most closely bound up with our kind: and so men train the young, guiding them on their course by the rudders of Pleasure and Pain. And to like and dislike what one ought is judged to be most important for the formation of good moral character: because these feelings extend all one's life through, giving a bias towards and exerting an influence on the side of Virtue and Happiness, since men choose what is pleasant and avoid what is painful.

Subjects such as these then, it would seem, we ought by no means to pass by, and specially since they involve much difference of opinion. There are those who call Pleasure the Chief Good; there are others who on the contrary maintain that it is exceedingly bad;[1] some perhaps from a real conviction that such is the case, others from a notion that it is better, in reference to our life and conduct, to show up Pleasure as bad, even if it is not so really; arguing that, as the mass of men have a bias towards it and are the slaves of their pleasures, it is right to draw them to the contrary, for that so they may possibly arrive at the mean.[2]

I confess I suspect the soundness of this policy; in matters respecting men's feelings and actions theories are less convincing than facts: whenever, therefore, they are found conflicting with actual experience, they not only are despised but involve the truth in their fall: he, for instance, who deprecates Pleasure, if once seen to aim at it, gets the credit of backsliding to it as being universally such as he said it was, the mass of men being incapable of nice distinctions.

Real accounts, therefore, of such matters seem to be most expedient, not with a view to knowledge merely but to life and conduct: for they are believed as being in harm with facts, and so they prevail with the wise to live in accordance with them.

But of such considerations enough: let us now proceed to the current maxims respecting Pleasure.

Chapter II.

Now Eudoxus thought Pleasure to be the Chief Good because he saw all, rational and irrational alike, aiming at it: and he argued that, since in all what was the object of choice must be good and what most so the best, the fact of all being drawn to the same thing proved this thing to be the best for all: "For each," he said, "finds what is good for itself just as it does its proper nourishment, and so that which is good for all, and the object of the aim of all, is their Chief Good."

(And his theories were received, not so much for their own sake, as because of his excellent moral character; for he was thought to be eminently possessed of perfect self-mastery, and therefore it was not thought that he said these things because he was a lover of Pleasure but that he really was so convinced.)

And he thought his position was not less proved by the argument from the contrary: that is, since Pain was in itself an object of avoidance to all the contrary must be in like manner an object of choice.

Again he urged that that is most choice-worthy which we choose, not by reason of, or with a view to, anything further; and that Pleasure is confessedly of this kind because no one ever goes on to ask to what purpose he is pleased, feeling that Pleasure is in

itself choice-worthy.

Again, that when added to any other good it makes it more choice-worthy; as, for instance, to actions of justice, or perfected self-mastery; and good can only be increased by itself.

However, this argument at least seems to prove only that it belongs to the class of goods, and not that it does so more than anything else: for every good is more choicewortby in combination with some other than when taken quite alone. In fact, it is by just such an argument that Plato proves that Pleasure is not the Chief Good:[3] “For,” says he, “the life of Pleasure is more choice-worthy in combination with Practical Wisdom than apart from it; but, if the compound better then simple Pleasure cannot be the Chief Good; because the very Chief Good cannot by any addition become choice-worthy than it is already:” and it is obvious that nothing else can be the Chief Good, which by combination with any of the things in themselves good comes to be more choice-worthy.

What is there then of such a nature? (meaning, of course, whereof we can partake; because that which we are in search of must be such).

As for those who object that “what all aim at is not necessarily good,” I confess I cannot see much in what they say, because what all _think_ we say _is_. And he who would cut away this ground from under us will not bring forward things more dependable: because if the argument had rested on the desires of irrational creatures there might have been something in what he says, but, since the rational also desire Pleasure, how can his objection be allowed any weight? and it may be that, even in the lower animals, there is some natural good principle above themselves which aims at the good peculiar to them.

Nor does that seem to be sound which is urged respecting the argument from the contrary: I mean, some people say “it does not follow that Pleasure must be good because Pain is evil, since evil may be opposed to evil, and both evil and good to what is indifferent:” now what they say is right enough in itself but does not hold in the present instance. If both Pleasure and Pain were bad both would have been objects of avoidance; or if neither then neither would have been, at all events they must have fared alike: but now men do plainly avoid the one as bad and choose the other as good, and so there is a complete opposition.

Nor again is Pleasure therefore excluded from being good because it does not belong to the class of qualities:[4] the acts of Virtue are not qualities, neither is Happiness [yet surely both are goods].

Again, they say the Chief Good is limited but Pleasure unlimited, in that it admits of degrees.

Now if they judge this from the act of feeling Pleasure then the same thing will apply to justice and all the other virtues,[5] in respect of which clearly it is said that men are more or less of such and such characters (according to the different virtues), they are more just or more brave, or one may practise justice and self-mastery more or less.

If, on the other hand, they judge in respect of the Pleasures themselves then it may be they miss the true cause, namely that some are unmixed and others mixed: for just as health being in itself limited, admits of degrees, why should not Pleasure do so and yet be limited? in the former case we account for it by the fact that there is not the same adjustment of parts in all men, nor one and the same always in the same individual: but health, though relaxed, remains up to a certain point, and differs in degrees; and of course the same may be the case with Pleasure.

Again, assuming the Chief Good to be perfect and all Movements[6] and Generations imperfect, they try to shew that Pleasure is a Movement and a Generation.

Yet they do not seem warranted in saying even that it is a Movement: for to every Movement are thought to belong swiftness and slowness, and if not in itself, as to that of the universe, yet relatively: but to Pleasure neither of these belongs: for though one may have got quickly into the state Pleasure, as into that of anger, one cannot be in the state quickly,[7] nor relatively to the state of any other person; but we can walk or grow, and so on, quickly or slowly.

Of course it is possible to change into the state of Pleasure quickly or slowly, but to act in the state (by which, I mean, have the perception of Pleasure) quickly, is not possible.

And how can it be a Generation? because, according to notions generally held, not _any_thing is generated from _any_thing, but a thing resolves itself into that out of which it was generated: whereas of that of which Pleasure is a Generation Pain is a Destruction.

Again, they say that Pain is a lack of something suitable to nature and Pleasure a supply of it.

But these are affections of the body: now if Pleasure really is a supplying of somewhat suitable to nature, that must feel the Pleasure in which the supply takes place, therefore the body of course: yet this is not thought to be so: neither then is Pleasure a supplying, only a person of course will be pleased when a supply takes place just as he will be pained when he is cut short.

This notion would seem to have arisen out of the Pains and Pleasures connected with natural nourishment; because, when people have felt a lack and so have had Pain first, they, of course, are pleased with the supply of their lack.

But this is not the case with all Pleasures: those attendant on mathematical studies, for instance, are unconnected with any Pain; and of such as attend on the senses those which arise through the sense of Smell; and again, many sounds, and sights, and memories, and hopes: now of what can these be Generations? because there has been here no lack of anything to be afterwards supplied.

And to those who bring forward disgraceful Pleasures we may reply that these are not really pleasant things; for it does not follow because they are pleasant to the ill-disposed that we are to admit that they are pleasant except to them; just as we should not say that those things are really wholesome, or sweet, or bitter, which are so to the sick, or those objects really white which give that impression to people labouring under ophthalmia.[8]

Or we might say thus, that the Pleasures are choice-worthy but not as derived from these sources: just as wealth is, but not as the price of treason; or health, but not on the terms of eating anything however loathsome.

Or again, may we not say that Pleasures differ in kind? those derived from honourable objects, for instance are different from those arising from disgraceful ones; and it is not possible to experience the Pleasure of the just man without being just, or of the musical man without being musical; and so on of others.

The distinction commonly drawn between the friend and the flatterer would seem to show clearly either that Pleasure is not a good, or that there are different kinds of Pleasure: for the former is thought to have good as the object of his intercourse, the latter Pleasure only; and this last is reproached, but the former men praise as having different objects in his intercourse.

Again, no one would choose to live with a child's intellect all his life through, though receiving the highest possible Pleasure from such objects as children receive it from; or to take Pleasure in doing any of the most disgraceful things, though sure never to be pained.

There are many things also about which we should be diligent even though they brought no Pleasure; as seeing, remembering, knowing, possessing the various Excellences; and the fact that Pleasures do follow on these naturally makes no difference, because we should certainly choose them even though no Pleasure resulted from them.

It seems then to be plain that Pleasure is not the Chief Good, nor is every kind of it choice-worthy: and that there are some choice-worthy in themselves, differing in kind, _i.e._ in the sources from which they are derived. Let this then suffice by way of an account of the current maxims respecting Pleasure and Pain.

Chapter III.

Now what it is, and how characterised, will be more plain if we take up the subject afresh.

An act of Sight is thought to be complete at any moment; that is to say, it lacks nothing the accession of which subsequently will complete its whole nature.

Well, Pleasure resembles this: because it is a whole, as one may say; and one could not at any moment of time take a Pleasure whose whole nature would be completed by its lasting for a longer time. And for this reason it is not a Movement: for all Movement takes place in time of certain duration and has a certain End to accomplish; for instance, the Movement of house-building[9] is then only complete when the builder has produced what he intended, that is, either in the whole time [necessary to complete the whole design], or in a given portion.[10] But all the subordinate Movements are incomplete in the parts of the time, and are different in kind from the whole movement and from one another (I mean, for instance, that the fitting the stones together is a Movement different from that of fluting the column, and both again from the construction of the Temple as a whole: but this last is complete as lacking nothing to the result proposed; whereas that of the basement, or of the triglyph, is incomplete, because each is a Movement of a part merely).

As I said then, they differ in kind, and you cannot at any time you choose find a Movement complete in its whole nature, but, if at all, in the whole time requisite.

And so it is with the Movement of walking and all others: for, if motion be a Movement from one place to another place, then of it too there are different kinds, flying, walking, leaping, and such-like. And not only so, but there are different kinds even in walking: the where-from and where-to are not the same in the whole Course as in a portion of it; nor in one portion as in another; nor is crossing this line the same as crossing that: because a man is not merely crossing a line but a line in a given place, and this is in a different place from that.

Of Movement I have discoursed exactly in another treatise. I will now therefore only say that it seems not to be complete at any given moment; and that most movements are incomplete and specifically different, since the whence and whither constitute different species.

But of Pleasure the whole nature is complete at any given moment: it is plain then that Pleasure and Movement must be different from one another, and that Pleasure belongs to the class of things whole and complete. And this might appear also from the impossibility of moving except in a definite time, whereas there is none with respect to the sensation of Pleasure, for what exists at the very present moment is a kind of “whole.”

From these considerations then it is plain that people are not warranted in saying that Pleasure is a Movement or a Generation: because these terms are not applicable to all things, only to such as are divisible and not “wholes:” I mean that of an act of Sight there is no Generation, nor is there of a point, nor of a monad, nor is any one of these a Movement or a Generation: neither then of Pleasure is there Movement or Generation, because it is, as one may say, “a whole.”[11]

Chapter IV.

Now since every Percipient Faculty works upon the Object answering to it, and perfectly the Faculty in a good state upon the most excellent of the Objects within its range (for Perfect Working is thought to be much what I have described; and we will not raise any question about saying “the Faculty” works, instead of, “that subject wherein the Faculty resides”), in each case the best Working is that of the Faculty in its best state upon the best of the Objects answering to it. And this will be, further, most perfect and most pleasant: for Pleasure is attendant upon every Percipient Faculty, and in like manner on every intellectual operation and speculation; and that is most pleasant which is most perfect, and that most perfect which is the Working of the best Faculty upon the most excellent of the Objects within its range.

And Pleasure perfects the Working. But Pleasure does not perfect it in the same way as the Faculty and Object of Perception do, being good; just as health and the physician are not in similar senses causes of a healthy state.

And that Pleasure does arise upon the exercise of every Percipient Faculty is evident, for we commonly say that sights and sounds are pleasant; it is plain also that this is especially the case when the Faculty is most excellent and works upon a similar Object: and when both the Object and Faculty of Perception are such, Pleasure will always exist, supposing of course an agent and a patient.

Furthermore, Pleasure perfects the act of Working not in the way of an inherent state but as a supervening finish, such as is bloom in people at their prime. Therefore so long as the Object of intellectual or sensitive Perception is such as it should be and also the Faculty which discerns or realises the Object, there will be Pleasure in the Working: because when that which has the capacity of being acted on and that which is apt to act are alike and similarly related, the same result follows naturally.

How is it then that no one feels Pleasure continuously? is it not that he wearies, because all human faculties are incapable of unintermitting exertion; and so, of course, Pleasure does not arise either, because that follows upon the act of Working. But there are some things which please when new, but afterwards not in the like way, for exactly the same reason: that at first the mind is roused and works on these Objects with its powers at full tension; just as they who are gazing stedfastly at anything; but afterwards the act of Working is not of the kind it was at first, but careless, and so the Pleasure too is dulled.

Again, a person may conclude that all men grasp at Pleasure, because all aim likewise at Life and Life is an act of Working, and every man works at and with those things which also he best likes; the musical man, for instance, works with his hearing at music; the studious man with his intellect at speculative questions, and so forth. And Pleasure perfects the acts of Working, and so Life after which men grasp. No wonder then that they aim also at Pleasure, because to each it perfects Life, which is itself choice-worthy. (We will take leave to omit the question whether we choose Life for Pleasure’s sake of Pleasure for Life’s sake;

because these two plainly are closely connected and admit not of separation; since Pleasure comes not into being without Working, and again, every Working Pleasure perfects.)

And this is one reason why Pleasures are thought to differ in kind, because we suppose that things which differ in kind must be perfected by things so differing: it plainly being the case with the productions of Nature and Art; as animals, and trees, and pictures, and statues, and houses, and furniture; and so we suppose that in like manner acts of Working which are different in kind are perfected by things differing in kind. Now Intellectual Workings differ specifically from those of the Senses, and these last from one another; therefore so do the Pleasures which perfect them.

This may be shown also from the intimate connection subsisting between each Pleasure and the Working which it perfects: I mean, that the Pleasure proper to any Working increases that Working; for they who work with Pleasure sift all things more closely and carry them out to a greater degree of nicety; for instance, those men become geometricians who take Pleasure in geometry, and they apprehend particular points more completely: in like manner men who are fond of music, or architecture, or anything else, improve each on his own pursuit, because they feel Pleasure in them. Thus the Pleasures aid in increasing the Workings, and things which do so aid are proper and peculiar: but the things which are proper and peculiar to others specifically different are themselves also specifically different.

Yet even more clearly may this be shown from the fact that the Pleasures arising from one kind of Workings hinder other Workings; for instance, people who are fond of flute-music cannot keep their attention to conversation or discourse when they catch the sound of a flute; because they take more Pleasure in flute-playing than in the Working they are at the time engaged on; in other words, the Pleasure attendant on flute-playing destroys the Working of conversation or discourse.

Much the same kind of thing takes place in other cases, when a person is engaged in two different Workings at the same time: that is, the pleasanter of the two keeps pushing out the other, and, if the disparity in pleasantness be great, then more and more till a man even ceases altogether to work at the other.

This is the reason why, when we are very much pleased with anything whatever, we do nothing else, and it is only when we are but moderately pleased with one occupation that we vary it with another: people, for instance, who eat sweetmeats in the theatre do so most when the performance is indifferent.

Since then the proper and peculiar Pleasure gives accuracy to the Workings and makes them more enduring and better of their kind, while those Pleasures which are foreign to them mar them, it is plain there is a wide difference between them: in fact, Pleasures foreign to any Working have pretty much the same effect as the Pains proper to it,[12] which, in fact, destroy the Workings; I mean, if one man dislikes writing, or another calculation, the one does not write, the other does not calculate; because, in each case, the Working is attended with some Pain: so then contrary effects are produced upon the Workings by the Pleasures and Pains proper to them, by which I mean those which arise upon the Working, in itself, independently of any other circumstances. As for the Pleasures foreign to a Working, we have said already that they produce a similar effect to the Pain proper to it; that is they destroy the Working, only not in like way.

Well then, as Workings differ from one another in goodness and badness, some being fit objects of choice, others of avoidance, and others in their nature indifferent, Pleasures are similarly related; since its own proper Pleasure attends or each Working: of course that proper to a good Working is good, that proper to a bad, bad: for even the desires for what is noble are praiseworthy, and for what is base blameworthy.

Furthermore, the Pleasures attendant on Workings are more closely connected with them even than the desires after them: for these last are separate both in time and nature, but the former are close to the Workings, and so indivisible from them as to raise a question whether the Working and the Pleasure are identical; but Pleasure does not seem to be an Intellectual Operation nor a Faculty of Perception, because that is absurd; but yet it gives some the impression of being the same from not being separated from these.

As then the Workings are different so are their Pleasures; now Sight differs from Touch in purity, and Hearing and Smelling from Taste; therefore, in like manner, do their Pleasures; and again, Intellectual Pleasures from these Sensual, and the different kinds both of Intellectual and Sensual from one another.

It is thought, moreover, that each animal has a Pleasure proper to itself, as it has a proper Work; that Pleasure of course which is attendant on the Working. And the soundness of this will appear upon particular inspection: for horse, dog, and man have different

Pleasures; as Heraclitus says, an ass would sooner have hay than gold; in other words, provender is pleasanter to asses than gold. So then the Pleasures of animals specifically different are also specifically different, but those of the same, we may reasonably suppose, are without difference.

Yet in the case of human creatures they differ not a little: for the very same things please some and pain others: and what are painful and hateful to some are pleasant to and liked by others. The same is the case with sweet things: the same will not seem so to the man in a fever as to him who is in health: nor will the invalid and the person in robust health have the same notion of warmth. The same is the case with other things also.

Now in all such cases that is held to _be_ which impresses the good man with the notion of being such and such; and if this is a second maxim (as it is usually held to be), and Virtue, that is, the Good man, in that he is such, is the measure of everything, then those must be real Pleasures which gave him the impression of being so and those things pleasant in which he takes Pleasure. Nor is it at all astonishing that what are to him unpleasant should give another person the impression of being pleasant, for men are liable to many corruptions and marrings; and the things in question are not pleasant really, only to these particular persons, and to them only as being thus disposed.

Well of course, you may say, it is obvious that we must assert those which are confessedly disgraceful to be real Pleasures, except to depraved tastes: but of those which are thought to be good what kind, or which, must we say is _The Pleasure of Man?_ is not the answer plain from considering the Workings, because the Pleasures follow upon these?

If then there be one or several Workings which belong to the perfect and blessed man, the Pleasures which perfect these Workings must be said to be specially and properly _The Pleasures of Man;_ and all the rest in a secondary sense, and in various degrees according as the Workings are related to those highest and best ones.

Chapter V.

Now that we have spoken about the Excellences of both kinds, and Friendship in its varieties, and Pleasures, it remains to sketch out Happiness, since we assume that to be the one End of all human things: and we shall save time and trouble by recapitulating what was stated before.

Well then, we said that it is not a State merely; because, if it were, it might belong to one who slept all his life through and merely vegetated, or to one who fell into very great calamities: and so, if these possibilities displease us and we would rather put it into the rank of some kind of Working (as was also said before), and Workings are of different kinds (some being necessary and choice-worthy with a view to other things, while others are so in themselves), it is plain we must rank Happiness among those choice-worthy for their own sakes and not among those which are so with a view to something further: because Happiness has no lack of anything but is self-sufficient.

By choice-worthy in themselves are meant those from which nothing is sought beyond the act of Working: and of this kind are thought to be the actions according to Virtue, because doing what is noble and excellent is one of those things which are choice-worthy for their own sake alone.

And again, such amusements as are pleasant; because people do not choose them with any further purpose: in fact they receive more harm than profit from them, neglecting their persons and their property. Still the common run of those who are judged happy take refuge in such pastimes, which is the reason why they who have varied talent in such are highly esteemed among despots; because they make themselves pleasant in those things which these aim at, and these accordingly want such men.

Now these things are thought to be appurtenances of Happiness because men in power spend their leisure herein: yet, it may be, we cannot argue from the example of such men: because there is neither Virtue nor Intellect necessarily involved in having power, and yet these are the only sources of good Workings: nor does it follow that because these men, never having tasted pure and generous Pleasure, take refuge in bodily ones, we are therefore to believe them to be more choice-worthy: for children too believe that those things are most excellent which are precious in their eyes.

We may well believe that as children and men have different ideas as to what is precious so too have the bad and the good: therefore, as we have many times said, those things are really precious and pleasant which seem so to the good man: and as to each individual that Working is most choice-worthy which is in accordance with his own state to the good man that is so which is in accordance with Virtue.

Happiness then stands not in amusement; in fact the very notion is absurd of the End being amusement, and of one's toiling and enduring hardness all one's life long with a view to amusement: for everything in the world, so to speak, we choose with some further End in view, except Happiness, for that is the End comprehending all others. Now to take pains and to labour with a view to amusement is plainly foolish and very childish: but to amuse one's self with a view to steady employment afterwards, as Anacharsis says, is thought to be right: for amusement is like rest, and men want rest because unable to labour continuously.

Rest, therefore, is not an End, because it is adopted with a view to Working afterwards.

Again, it is held that the Happy Life must be one in the way of Excellence, and this is accompanied by earnestness,[13] and stands not in amusement. Moreover those things which are done in earnest, we say, are better than things merely ludicrous and joined with amusement: and we say that the Working of the better part, or the better man, is more earnest; and the Working of the better is at once better and more capable of Happiness.

Then, again, as for bodily Pleasures, any ordinary person, or even a slave, might enjoy them, just as well as the best man living but Happiness no one supposes a slave to share except so far as it is implied in life: because Happiness stands not in such pastimes but in the Workings in the way of Excellence, as has also been stated before.

Chapter VI.

Now if Happiness is a Working in the way of Excellence of course that Excellence must be the highest, that is to say, the Excellence of the best Principle. Whether then this best Principle is Intellect or some other which is thought naturally to rule and to lead and to conceive of noble and divine things, whether being in its own nature divine or the most divine of all our internal Principles, the Working of this in accordance with its own proper Excellence must be the perfect Happiness.

That it is Contemplative has been already stated: and this would seem to be consistent with what we said before and with truth: for, in the first place, this Working is of the highest kind, since the Intellect is the highest of our internal Principles and the subjects with which it is conversant the highest of all which fall within the range of our knowledge.

Next, it is also most Continuous: for we are better able to contemplate than to do anything else whatever, continuously.

Again, we think Pleasure must be in some way an ingredient in Happiness, and of all Workings in accordance with Excellence that in the way of Science is confessedly most pleasant: at least the pursuit of Science is thought to contain Pleasures admirable for purity and permanence; and it is reasonable to suppose that the employment is more pleasant to those who have mastered, than to those who are yet seeking for, it.[14]

And the Self-Sufficiency which people speak of will attach chiefly to the Contemplative Working: of course the actual necessaries of life are needed alike by the man of science, and the just man, and all the other characters; but, supposing all sufficiently supplied with these, the just man needs people towards whom, and in concert with whom, to practise his justice; and in like manner the man of perfected self-mastery, and the brave man, and so on of the rest; whereas the man of science can contemplate and speculate even when quite alone, and the more entirely he deserves the appellation the more able is he to do so: it may be he can do better for having fellow-workers but still he is certainly most Self-Sufficient.

Again, this alone would seem to be rested in for its own sake, since nothing results from it beyond the fact of having contemplated; whereas from all things which are objects of moral action we do mean to get something beside the doing them, be the same more or less.

Also, Happiness is thought to stand in perfect rest;[15] for we toil that we may rest, and war that we may be at peace. Now all the Practical Virtues require either society or war for their Working, and the actions regarding these are thought to exclude rest; those of war entirely, because no one chooses war, nor prepares for war, for war's sake: he would indeed be thought a bloodthirsty villain who should make enemies of his friends to secure the existence of fighting and bloodshed. The Working also of the statesman excludes the idea of rest, and, beside the actual work of government, seeks for power and dignities or at least Happiness for the man himself and his fellow-citizens: a Happiness distinct[16] from the national Happiness, which we evidently seek as being different and distinct.

If then of all the actions in accordance with the various virtues those of policy and war are pre-eminent in honour and greatness, and these are restless, and aim at some further End and are not choice-worthy for their own sakes, but the Working of the Intellect, being apt for contemplation, is thought to excel in earnestness, and to aim at no End beyond itself and to have Pleasure of its own

which helps to increase the Working, and if the attributes of Self-Sufficiency, and capacity of rest, and unweariedness (as far as is compatible with the infirmity of human nature), and all other attributes of the highest Happiness, plainly belong to this Working, this must be perfect Happiness, if attaining a complete duration of life, which condition is added because none of the points of Happiness is incomplete.

But such a life will be higher than mere human nature, because a man will live thus, not in so far as he is man but in so far as there is in him a divine Principle: and in proportion as this Principle excels his composite nature so far does the Working thereof excel that in accordance with any other kind of Excellence: and therefore, if pure Intellect, as compared with human nature, is divine, so too will the life in accordance with it be divine compared with man's ordinary life.

Yet must we not give ear to those who bid one as man to mind only man's affairs, or as mortal only mortal things; but, so far as we can, make ourselves like immortals and do all with a view to living in accordance with the highest Principle in us, for small as it may be in bulk yet in power and preciousness it far more excels all the others.

In fact this Principle would seem to constitute each man's "Self," since it is supreme and above all others in goodness it _would_ be absurd then for a man not to choose his own life but that of some other.

And here will apply an observation made before, that whatever is proper to each is naturally best and pleasantest to him: such then is to Man the life in accordance with pure Intellect (since this Principle is most truly Man), and if so, then it is also the happiest.

And second in degree of Happiness will be that Life which is in accordance with the other kind of Excellence, for the Workings in accordance with this are proper to Man: I mean, we do actions of justice, courage, and the other virtues, towards one another, in contracts, services of different kinds, and in all kinds of actions and feelings too, by observing what is befitting for each: and all these plainly are proper to man. Further, the Excellence of the Moral character is thought to result in some points from physical circumstances, and to be, in many, very closely connected with the passions.

Again, Practical Wisdom[17] and Excellence of the Moral character are very closely united; since the Principles of Practical Wisdom are in accordance with the Moral Virtues and these are right when they accord with Practical Wisdom.

These moreover, as bound up with the passions, must belong to the composite nature, and the Excellences or Virtues of the composite nature are proper to man: therefore so too will be the life and Happiness which is in accordance with them. But that of the Pure Intellect is separate and distinct: and let this suffice upon the subject, since great exactness is beyond our purpose,

It would seem, moreover, to require supply of external goods to a small degree, or certainly less than the Moral Happiness: for, as far as necessaries of life are concerned, we will suppose both characters to need them equally (though, in point of fact, the man who lives in society does take more pains about his person and all that kind of thing; there will really be some little difference), but when we come to consider their Workings there will be found a great difference.

I mean, the liberal man must have money to do his liberal actions with, and the just man to meet his engagements (for mere intentions are uncertain, and even those who are unjust make a pretence of _wishing_ to do justly), and the brave man must have power, if he is to perform any of the actions which appertain to his particular Virtue, and the man of perfected self-mastery must have opportunity of temptation, else how shall he or any of the others display his real character?

(By the way, a question is sometimes raised, whether the moral choice or the actions have most to do with Virtue, since it consists in both: it is plain that the perfection of virtuous action requires both: but for the actions many things are required, and the greater and more numerous they are the more.) But as for the man engaged in Contemplative Speculation, not only are such things unnecessary for his Working, but, so to speak, they are even hindrances: as regards the Contemplation at least; because of course in so far as he is Man and lives in society he chooses to do what Virtue requires, and so he will need such things for maintaining his character as Man though not as a speculative philosopher.

And that the perfect Happiness must be a kind of Contemplative Working may appear also from the following consideration: our conception of the gods is that they are above all blessed and happy: now what kind of Moral actions are we to attribute to them? those of justice? nay, will they not be set in a ridiculous light if represented as forming contracts, and restoring deposits, and so on? well then, shall we picture them performing brave actions, withstanding objects of fear and meeting dangers, because it is noble to do so? or liberal ones? but to whom shall they be giving? and further, it is absurd to think they have money or anything of the kind. And as for actions of perfected self-mastery, what can theirs be? would it not be a degrading praise that they have no bad desires?

In short, if one followed the subject into all details all the circumstances connected with Moral actions would appear trivial and unworthy of Gods.

Still, every one believes that they live, and therefore that they Work because it is not supposed that they sleep their time away like Endymion: now if from a living being you take away Action, still more if Creation, what remains but Contemplation? So then the Working of the Gods, eminent in blessedness, will be one apt for Contemplative Speculation; and of all human Workings that will have the greatest capacity for Happiness which is nearest akin to this.

A corroboration of which position is the fact that the other animals do not partake of Happiness, being completely shut out from any such Working.

To the Gods then all their life is blessed; and to men in so far as there is in it some copy of such Working, but of the other animals none is happy because it in no way shares in Contemplative Speculation.

Happiness then is co-extensive with this Contemplative Speculation, and in proportion as people have the act of Contemplation so far have they also the being happy, not incidentally, but in the way of Contemplative Speculation because it is in itself precious.

Chapter VII.

So Happiness must be a kind of Contemplative Speculation; but since it is Man we are speaking of he will need likewise External Prosperity, because his Nature is not by itself sufficient for Speculation, but there must be health of body, and nourishment, and tendance of all kinds.

However, it must not be thought, because without external goods a man cannot enjoy high Happiness, that therefore he will require many and great goods in order to be happy: for neither Self-sufficiency, nor Action, stand in Excess, and it is quite possible to act nobly without being ruler of sea and land, since even with moderate means a man may act in accordance with Virtue.

And this may be clearly seen in that men in private stations are thought to act justly, not merely no less than men in power but even more: it will be quite enough that just so much should belong to a man as is necessary, for his life will be happy who works in accordance with Virtue.

Solon perhaps drew a fair picture of the Happy, when he said that they are men moderately supplied with external goods, and who have achieved the most noble deeds, as he thought, and who have lived with perfect self-mastery: for it is quite possible for men of moderate means to act as they ought.

Anaxagoras also seems to have conceived of the Happy man not as either rich or powerful, saying that he should not wonder if he were accounted a strange man in the judgment of the multitude: for they judge by outward circumstances of which alone they have any perception.

And thus the opinions of the Wise seem to be accordant with our account of the matter: of course such things carry some weight, but truth, in matters of moral action, is judged from facts and from actual life, for herein rests the decision. So what we should do is to examine the preceding statements by referring them to facts and to actual life, and when they harmonise with facts we may accept them, when they are at variance with them conceive of them as mere theories.

Now he that works in accordance with, and pays observance to, Pure Intellect, and tends this, seems likely to be both in the best frame of mind and dearest to the Gods: because if, as is thought, any care is bestowed on human things by the Gods then it must be reasonable to think that they take pleasure in what is best and most akin to themselves (and this must be the Pure Intellect); and that they requite with kindness those who love and honour this most, as paying observance to what is dear to them, and as acting rightly and nobly. And it is quite obvious that the man of Science chiefly combines all these: he is therefore dearest to the Gods, and it is probable that he is at the same time most Happy.

Thus then on this view also the man of Science will be most Happy.

Chapter VIII.

Now then that we have said enough in our sketchy kind of way on these subjects; I mean, on the Virtues, and also on Friendship and Pleasure; are we to suppose that our original purpose is completed? Must we not rather acknowledge, what is commonly said, that in matters of moral action mere Speculation and Knowledge is not the real End but rather Practice: and if so, then neither in

respect of Virtue is Knowledge enough; we must further strive to have and exert it, and take whatever other means there are of becoming good.

Now if talking and writing were of themselves sufficient to make men good, they would justly, as Theognis observes have reaped numerous and great rewards, and the thing to do would be to provide them: but in point of fact, while they plainly have the power to guide and stimulate the generous among the young and to base upon true virtuous principle any noble and truly high-minded disposition, they as plainly are powerless to guide the mass of men to Virtue and goodness; because it is not their nature to be amenable to a sense of shame but only to fear; nor to abstain from what is low and mean because it is disgraceful to do it but because of the punishment attached to it: in fact, as they live at the beck and call of passion, they pursue their own proper pleasures and the means of securing them, and they avoid the contrary pains; but as for what is noble and truly pleasurable they have not an idea of it, inasmuch as they have never tasted of it.

Men such as these then what mere words can transform? No, indeed! it is either actually impossible, or a task of no mean difficulty, to alter by words what has been of old taken into men's very dispositions: and, it may be, it is a ground for contentment if with all the means and appliances for goodness in our hands we can attain to Virtue.

The formation of a virtuous character some ascribe to Nature, some to Custom, and some to Teaching. Now Nature's part, be it what it may, obviously does not rest with us, but belongs to those who in the truest sense are fortunate, by reason of certain divine agency,

Then, as for Words and Precept, they, it is to be feared, will not avail with all; but it may be necessary for the mind of the disciple to have been previously prepared for liking and disliking as he ought; just as the soil must, to nourish the seed sown. For he that lives in obedience to passion cannot hear any advice that would dissuade him, nor, if he heard, understand: now him that is thus how can one reform? in fact, generally, passion is not thought to yield to Reason but to brute force. So then there must be, to begin with, a kind of affinity to Virtue in the disposition; which must cleave to what is honourable and loath what is disgraceful. But to get right guidance towards Virtue from the earliest youth is not easy unless one is brought up under laws of such kind; because living with self-mastery and endurance is not pleasant to the mass of men, and specially not to the young. For this reason the food, and manner of living generally, ought to be the subject of legal regulation, because things when become habitual will not be disagreeable.

Yet perhaps it is not sufficient that men while young should get right food and tendance, but, inasmuch as they will have to practise and become accustomed to certain things even after they have attained to man's estate, we shall want laws on these points as well, and, in fine, respecting one's whole life, since the mass of men are amenable to compulsion rather than Reason, and to punishment rather than to a sense of honour.

And therefore some men hold that while lawgivers should employ the sense of honour to exhort and guide men to Virtue, under the notion that they will then obey who have been well trained in habits; they should impose chastisement and penalties on those who disobey and are of less promising nature; and the incurable expel entirely: because the good man and he who lives under a sense of honour will be obedient to reason; and the baser sort, who grasp at pleasure, will be kept in check, like beasts of burthen by pain. Therefore also they say that the pains should be such as are most contrary to the pleasures which are liked.

As has been said already, he who is to be good must have been brought up and habituated well, and then live accordingly under good institutions, and never do what is low and mean, either against or with his will. Now these objects can be attained only by men living in accordance with some guiding Intellect and right order, with power to back them.

As for the Paternal Rule, it possesses neither strength nor compulsory power, nor in fact does the Rule of any one man, unless he is a king or some one in like case: but the Law has power to compel, since it is a declaration emanating from Practical Wisdom and Intellect. And people feel enmity towards their fellow-men who oppose their impulses, however rightly they may do so: the Law, on the contrary, is not the object of hatred, though enforcing right rules.

The Lacedæmonian is nearly the only State in which the framer of the Constitution has made any provision, it would seem, respecting the food and manner of living of the people: in most States these points are entirely neglected, and each man lives just as he likes, ruling his wife and children Cyclops-Fashion.

Of course, the best thing would be that there should be a right Public System and that we should be able to carry it out: but, since as a public matter those points are neglected, the duty would seem to devolve upon each individual to contribute to the cause of

Virtue with his own children and friends, or at least to make this his aim and purpose: and this, it would seem, from what has been said, he will be best able to do by making a Legislator of himself: since all public systems, it is plain, are formed by the instrumentality of laws and those are good which are formed by that of good laws: whether they are written or unwritten, whether they are applied to the training of one or many, will not, it seems, make any difference, just as it does not in music, gymnastics, or any other such accomplishments, which are gained by practice.

For just as in Communities laws and customs prevail, so too in families the express commands of the Head, and customs also: and even more in the latter, because of blood-relationship and the benefits conferred: for there you have, to begin with, people who have affection and are naturally obedient to the authority which controls them.

Then, furthermore, Private training has advantages over Public, as in the case of the healing art: for instance, as a general rule, a man who is in a fever should keep quiet, and starve; but in a particular case, perhaps, this may not hold good; or, to take a different illustration, the boxer will not use the same way of fighting with all antagonists.

It would seem then that the individual will be most exactly attended to under Private care, because so each will be more likely to obtain what is expedient for him. Of course, whether in the art of healing, or gymnastics, or any other, a man will treat individual cases the better for being acquainted with general rules; as, “that so and so is good for all, or for men in such and such cases:” because general maxims are not only said to be but are the object-matter of sciences: still this is no reason against the possibility of a man’s taking excellent care of some _one_ case, though he possesses no scientific knowledge but from experience is exactly acquainted with what happens in each point; just as some people are thought to doctor themselves best though they would be wholly unable to administer relief to others. Yet it may seem to be necessary nevertheless, for one who wishes to become a real artist and well acquainted with the theory of his profession, to have recourse to general principles and ascertain all their capacities: for we have already stated that these are the object-matter of sciences.

If then it appears that we may become good through the instrumentality of laws, of course whoso wishes to make men better by a system of care and training must try to make a Legislator of himself; for to treat skilfully just any one who may be put before you is not what any ordinary person can do, but, if any one, he who has knowledge; as in the healing art, and all others which involve careful practice and skill.

Will not then our next business be to enquire from what sources, or how one may acquire this faculty of Legislation; or shall we say, that, as in similar cases, Statesmen are the people to learn from, since this faculty was thought to be a part of the Social Science? Must we not admit that the Political Science plainly does not stand on a similar footing to that of other sciences and faculties? I mean, that while in all other cases those who impart the faculties and themselves exert them are identical (physicians and painters for instance) matters of Statesmanship the Sophists profess to teach, but not one of them practises it, that being left to those actually engaged in it: and these might really very well be thought to do it by some singular knack and by mere practice rather than by any intellectual process: for they neither write nor speak on these matters (though it might be more to their credit than composing speeches for the courts or the assembly), nor again have they made Statesmen of their own sons or their friends.

One can hardly suppose but that they would have done so if they could, seeing that they could have bequeathed no more precious legacy to their communities, nor would they have preferred, for themselves or their dearest friends, the possession of any faculty rather than this.

Practice, however, seems to contribute no little to its acquisition; merely breathing the atmosphere of politics would never have made Statesmen of them, and therefore we may conclude that they who would acquire a knowledge of Statesmanship must have in addition practice.

But of the Sophists they who profess to teach it are plainly a long way off from doing so: in fact, they have no knowledge at all of its nature and objects; if they had, they would never have put it on the same footing with Rhetoric or even on a lower: neither would they have conceived it to be “an easy matter to legislate by simply collecting such laws as are famous because of course one could select the best,” as though the selection were not a matter of skill, and the judging aright a very great matter, as in Music: for they alone, who have practical knowledge of a thing, can judge the performances rightly or understand with what means and in what way they are accomplished, and what harmonises with what: the unlearned must be content with being able to discover whether the result is good or bad, as in painting.

Now laws may be called the performances or tangible results of Political Science; how then can a man acquire from these the faculty of Legislation, or choose the best? we do not see men made physicians by compilations: and yet in these treatises men endeavour to give not only the cases but also how they may be cured, and the proper treatment in each case, dividing the various bodily habits. Well, these are thought to be useful to professional men, but to the unprofessional useless. In like manner it may be that collections of laws and Constitutions would be exceedingly useful to such as are able to speculate on them, and judge what is well, and what ill, and what kind of things fit in with what others: but they who without this qualification should go through such matters cannot have right judgment, unless they have it by instinct, though they may become more intelligent in such matters.

Since then those who have preceded us have left uninvestigated the subject of Legislation, it will be better perhaps for us to investigate it ourselves, and, in fact, the whole subject of Polity, that thus what we may call Human Philosophy may be completed as far as in us lies.

First then, let us endeavour to get whatever fragments of good there may be in the statements of our predecessors, next, from the Polities we have collected, ascertain what kind of things preserve or destroy Communities, and what, particular Constitutions; and the cause why some are well and others ill managed, for after such enquiry, we shall be the better able to take a concentrated view as to what kind of Constitution is best, what kind of regulations are best for each, and what laws and customs.

NOTES

BOOK I

[1] For this term, as here employed, our language contains no equivalent expression except an inconvenient paraphrase.

There are three senses which it bears in this treatise: the first (in which it is here employed) is its strict etymological signfication “The science of Society,” and this includes everything which can bear at all upon the well-being of Man in his social capacity, “Quicquid agunt homines nostri est farrago libelli.” It is in this view that it is fairly denominated most commanding and inclusive.

The second sense (in which it occurs next, just below) is “Moral Philosophy.” Aristotle explains the term in this sense in the Rhetoric (1 2) [Greek: hae peri ta aethae pragmateia aen dikaion esti prosagoreuen politikaen]. He has principally in view in this treatise the moral training of the Individual, the branch of the Science of Society which we call Ethics Proper, bearing the same relation to the larger Science as the hewing and squaring of the stones to the building of the Temple, or the drill of the Recruit to the manoeuvres of the field. Greek Philosophy viewed men principally as constituent parts of a [Greek: polis], considering this function to be the real End of each, and this state as that in which the Individual attained his highest and most complete development.

The third sense is “The detail of Civil Government,” which Aristotle expressly states (vi. 8) was the most common acceptation of the term.

[2] Matters of which a man is to judge either belong to some definite art or science, or they do not. In the former case he is the best judge who has thorough acquaintance with that art or science, in the latter, the man whose powers have been developed and matured by education. A lame horse one would show to a farmer, not to the best and wisest man of one’s acquaintance; to the latter, one would apply in a difficult case of conduct.

Experience answers to the first, a state of self-control to the latter.

[3] In the last chapter of the third book of this treatise it is said of the fool, that his desire of pleasure is not only insatiable, but indiscriminate in its objects, παντα■θεν.

[4] ■ρ■ is a word used in this treatise in various significations. The primary one is “beginning or first cause,” and this runs through all its various uses.

“Rule,” and sometimes “Rulers,” are denoted by this term the initiative being a property of Rule.

“Principle” is a very usual signification of it, and in fact the most characteristic of the Ethics. The word Principle means “starting-point.” Every action has two beginnings, that of Resolve ο■ ■νεκα, and that of Action (■θεν ■ κιν■σις). I desire praise of men this then is the beginning of Resolve. Having considered how it is to be attained, I resolve upon some course and this Resolve is the beginning of Action.

The beginnings of Resolve, ■ρχ■ or Motives, when formally stated, are the major premisses of what Aristotle calls the συλλογ■σμοι τ■ν πρακτ■ν, i.e. the reasoning into which actions may be analysed.

Thus we say that the desire of human praise was the motive of the Pharisees, or the principle on which they acted.

Their practical syllogism then would stand thus:

Whatever gains human praise is to be done; Public praying and almsgiving gave human praise: [ergo] Public praying and almsgiving are to be done.

The major premisses may be stored up in the mind as rules of action, and this is what is commonly meant by having principles good or bad.

[5] The difficulty of this passage consists in determining the signification of the terms [Greek: gnorima aemin] and [Greek: gnorima aplos]

I have translated them without reference to their use elsewhere, as denoting respectively what _is_ and what _may_ be known. All truth is [Greek: gnorimon aplos], but that alone [Greek: aemin] which we individually realise, therefore those principles alone are [Greek: gnorima aemin] which _we have received as true_. From this appears immediately the necessity of good training as preparatory to the study of Moral Philosophy for good training in habits will either work principles into our nature, or make us capable of accepting them as soon as they are put before us; which no mere intellectual training can do. The child who has been used to obey his parents may never have heard the fifth Commandment but it is in the very texture of his nature, and the first time he hears it he will recognise it as morally true and right the principle is in his case a fact, the reason for which he is as little inclined to ask as any one would be able to prove its truth if he should ask.

But these terms are employed elsewhere (Analytica Post I cap. 11. sect. 10) to denote respectively particulars and universals The latter are so denominated, because principles or laws must be supposed to have existed before the instances of their operation. Justice must have existed before just actions, Redness before red things, but since what we meet with are the concrete instances (from which we gather the principles and laws), the particulars are said to be [Greek: gnorimotera aemin]

Adopting this signification gives greater unity to the whole passage, which will then stand thus. The question being whether we are to assume principles, or obtain them by an analysis of facts, Aristotle says, “We must begin of course with what is known but then this term denotes either particulars or universals perhaps we then must begin with particulars and hence the necessity of a previous good training in habits, etc. (which of course is beginning with particular facts), for a fact is a starting point, and if this be sufficiently clear, there will be no want of the reason for the fact in addition”

The objection to this method of translation is, that [Greek: archai] occurs immediately afterwards in the sense of “principles.”

Utere tuo judicio nihil enim impedio.

[6] Or “prove themselves good,” as in the Prior Analytics, ii 25, [Greek: apanta pisteuomen k.t l] but the other rendering is supported by a passage in Book VIII. chap. ix. [Greek: oi d’ upo ton epieikon kai eidoton oregomenoi timaes bebaiosai ten oikeian doxan ephientai peri auton chairousi de oti eisin agathoi, pisteuontes te ton legonton krisei]

[7] [Greek: thesis] meant originally some paradoxical statement by any philosopher of name enough to venture on one, but had come to mean any dialectical question. Topics, I. chap. ix.

[8] A lost work, supposed to have been so called, because containing miscellaneous questions.

[9] It is only quite at the close of the treatise that Aristotle refers to this, and allows that [Greek: theoria] constitutes the highest happiness because it is the exercise of the highest faculty in man the reason of thus deferring the statement being that till the lower, that is the moral, nature has been reduced to perfect order, [Greek: theoria] cannot have place, though, had it been held out from the first, men would have been for making the experiment at once, without the trouble of self-discipline.

[10] Or, as some think, “many theories have been founded on them.”

[11] The ■δ■α is the archetype, the ε■δος the concrete embodying the resemblance of it; hence Aristotle alludes to the theory under both names, and this is the reason for retaining the Greek terms.

[12] The list ran thus—

[Greek: to peras to apeiron | to euthu to perisson to artion | to phos to en to plethos | to tetragonon to dexion to aristeron | to aeremoun to arren to thelu | to agathon]

[13] Plato's sister's son.

[14] This is the capital defect in Aristotle's eyes, who being eminently practical, could not like a theory which not only did not necessarily lead to action, but had a tendency to discourage it by enabling unreal men to talk finely. If true, the theory is merely a way of stating facts, and leads to no action.

[15] _i.e._ the identification of Happiness with the Chief Good.

[16] _i.e._ without the capability of addition.

[17] And then Happiness would at once be shown not to be the Chief Good. It is a contradiction in terms to speak of adding to the Chief Good. See Book X. chap. 11. [Greek: delon os oud allo ouden tagathon an eiae o meta tenos ton kath' auto agathon airetoteron ginetai.]

[18] Compare Bishop Butler's account of "Human Nature as a System" in the Preface to his Sermons.

[19] _i.e._ as working or as quiescent.

[20] The mere translation of this term would convey no idea of its meaning, I have therefore retained the Greek term. It is afterwards explained to include space of time and external appliances requisite for the full development of Man's energies; here the time only is alluded to.

[21] This principle is more fully stated, with illustrations, in the Topics, I. chap. ix.

[22] Either that of the bodily senses, or that of the moral senses. "Fire burns," is an instance of the former, "Treason is odious," of the latter.

[23] I have thought it worthwhile to vary the interpretation of this word, because though "habitus" may be equivalent to all the senses of [Greek: exis], "habit" is not, at least according to our colloquial usage we commonly denote by "habit" a state formed by habituation.

[24] Another and perhaps more obvious method of rendering this passage is to apply [Greek: kalon kagathon] to things, and let them depend grammatically on [Greek: epaeboli]. It is to be remembered, however, that [Greek: kalos kagathos] bore a special and well-known meaning also the comparison is in the text more complete, and the point of the passage seems more completely brought out.

[25] "Goodness always implies the love of itself, an affection to goodness." (Bishop Butler, Sermon xiii) Aristotle describes pleasure in the Tenth Book of this Treatise as the result of any faculty of perception meeting with the corresponding object, vicious pleasure being as truly pleasure as the most refined and exalted. If Goodness then implies the love of itself, the percipient will always have its object present, and pleasure continually result.

[26] In spite of theory, we know as a matter of fact that external circumstances are necessary to complete the idea of Happiness not that Happiness is capable of addition, but that when we assert it to be identical with virtuous action we must understand that it is to have a fair field; in fact, the other side of [Greek: bios teleios].

[27] It is remarkable how Aristotle here again shelves what he considers an unpractical question. If Happiness were really a direct gift from Heaven, independently of human conduct, all motive to self-discipline and moral improvement would vanish He shows therefore that it is no depreciation of the value of Happiness to suppose it to come partly at least from ourselves, and he then goes on with other reasons why we should think with him.

[28] This term is important, what has been maimed was once perfect; he does not contemplate as possible the case of a man being born incapable of virtue, and so of happiness.

[29] [Greek] Plato. Phædon. xlvi.

[30] But why give materials and instruments, if there is no work to do?

[31] The supposed pair of ancestors.

[32] Solon says, “Call no man happy till he is dead.” He must mean either, The man when dead _is_ happy (a), or, The man when dead _may be said to have been happy_ (b). If the former, does he mean positive happiness (a)? or only freedom from unhappiness (β)? _We_ cannot allow (a), Men’s opinions disallow (β), We revert now to the consideration of (b).

[33] The difficulty was raised by the clashing of a notion commonly held, and a fact universally experienced. Most people conceive that Happiness should be abiding, every one knows that fortune is changeable. It is the notion which supports the definition, because we have therein based Happiness on the most abiding cause.

[34] I have taken το■τον α■τ■ν to refer to ■πιστημ■ν, against Magirus and the Paraphrase of Andronicus Rhodius. I would refer to Aristotle’s account of θεωρ■α in the Tenth Book, chap. vii. where he expressly says of the working of νο■ς or pure intelect, that it is “most continuous.”

[35] The term seems to be employed advisedly. The Choragus, of course, dressed his actors _for their parts;_ not according to their fancies or his own.

Hooker has (E. P. v. ixxvi. 5) a passage which seems to be an admirable paraphrase on this.

“Again, that the measure of our outward prosperity be taken by proportion with that which every man’s estate in this present life requireth. External abilities are instruments of action. It contenteth wise artificers to have their instruments proportionable to their work, rather fit for use than huge and goodly to please the eye. Seeing then the actions of a servant do not need that which may be necessary for men of calling and place in the world, neither men of inferior condition many things which greater personages can hardly want; surely they are blessed in worldly respects who have wherewith to perform what their station and place asketh, though they have no more.”

[36] Always bearing in mind that man “never continueth in one stay.”

[37] The meaning is this: personal fortunes, we have said, must be in certain weight and number to affect our own happiness, this will be true, of course, of those which are reflected on us from our friends: and these are the only ones to which the dead are supposed to be liable? add then the difference of sensibility which it is fair to presume, and there is a very small residuum of joy or sorrow.

[38] This is meant for an exhaustive division of goods, which are either so _in esse_ or _in posse_.

If _in esse_, they are either above praise, or subjects of praise. Those _in posse_, here called faculties, are good only when rightly used. Thus Rhetoric is a faculty which may be used to promote justice or abused to support villainy. Money in like way.

[39] The doubt is, whether [Greek] or [Greek] is the subject of the sentence. It is translated as above, not merely with reference to the sense of this passage, but on a comparison with a similar one in Book X. chap 8. [Greek].

[40] Eudoxus, a philosopher holding the doctrine afterwards adopted by Epicurus respecting pleasure, but (as Aristotle testifies in the Tenth Book) of irreproachable character.

[41] See the Rhetoric, Book I. chap ix.

[42] The unseen is at least as real as the seen.

[43] The terms are borrowed from the Seventh Book and are here used in their strict philosophical meaning. The [Greek: enkrates] is he who has bad or unruly appetites, but whose reason is strong enough to keep them under. The [Greek: akrates] is he whose appetites constantly prevail over his reason and previous good resolutions.

By the law of habits the former is constantly approximating to a state in which the appetites are wholly quelled. This state is called [Greek: sophrosyne], and the man in it [Greek: sophron]. By the same law the remonstrances of reason in the latter grow fainter and fainter till they are silenced for ever. This state is called [Greek: akolasia], and the man in it [Greek: akolastos].

[44] This is untranslateable. As the Greek phrase, [Greek: echein logon tinos], really denotes substituting that person’s [Greek: logos] for one’s own, so the Irrational nature in a man of self-control or perfected self-mastery substitutes the orders of Reason for

its own impulses. The other phrase means the actual possession of mathematical truths as part of the mental furniture, _i.e._ knowing them.

[45] [Greek: xin] may be taken as opposed to [Greek: energeian], and the meaning will be, to show a difference between Moral and Intellectual Excellences, that men are commended for merely having the latter, but only for exerting and using the former.

BOOK II

[1] Which we call simply virtue.

[2] For nature must of course supply the capacity.

[3] Or “as a simple result of nature.”

[4] This is done in the Sixth Book.

[5] It is, in truth, in the application of rules to particular details of practice that our moral Responsibility chiefly lies no rule can be so framed, that evasion shall be impossible. See Bishop Butler’s Sermon on the character of Balaam, and that on Self-Deceit.

[6] The words ■κ■λαστος and δειλ■ς are not used here in their strict significations to denote confirmed states of vice: the ■γκρατ■ς necessarily feels pain, because he must always be thwarting passions which are a real part of his nature; though this pain will grow less and less as he nears the point of σωφροσ■νη or perfected Self-Mastery, which being attained the pain will then and then only cease entirely. So a certain degree of fear is necessary to the _formation_ of true courage. All that is meant here is, that no habit of courage or self-mastery can be said to be matured, until pain altogether vanishes.

[7] Virtue consists in the due regulation of _all_ the parts of our nature our passions are a real part of that nature, and as such have their proper office, it is an error then to aim at their extirpation. It is true that in a perfect moral state emotion will be rare, but then this will have been gained by regular process, being the legitimate result of the law that “passive impressions weaken as active habits are strengthened, by repetition.” If musical instruments are making discord, I may silence or I may bring them into harmony in either case I get rid of discord, but in the latter I have the positive enjoyment of music. The Stoics would have the passions rooted out, Aristotle would have them cultivated to use an apt figure (whose I know not), They would pluck the blossom off at once, he would leave it to fall in due course when the fruit was formed. Of them we might truly say, _Solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant_. See on this point Bishop Butler’s fifth Sermon, and sect. 11. of the chapter on Moral Discipline in the first part of his Analogy.

[8] I have adopted this word from our old writers, because our word _act_ is so commonly interchanged with _action_. [Greek: Praxis] (action) properly denotes the whole process from the conception to the performance. [Greek: Pragma] (fact) only the result. The latter may be right when the former is wrong if, for example, a murderer was killed by his accomplices. Again, the [Greek: praxis] may be _good_ though the [Greek: pragma] be wrong, as if a man under erroneous impressions does what would have been right if his impressions had been true (subject of course to the question how far he is guiltless of his original error), but in this case we could not call the [Greek: praxis] _right_. No repetition of [Greek: pragmata] goes to form a habit. See Bishop Butler on the Theory of Habits m the chapter on Moral Discipline, quoted above, sect. 11. “And in like manner as habits belonging to the body,” etc.

[9] Being about to give a strict logical definition of Virtue, Aristotle ascertains first what is its genus [Greek: ti estin].

[10] That is, not for _merely having_ them, because we did not make ourselves.

See Bishop Butler’s account of our nature as containing “particular propensions,” in sect. iv. of the chapter on Moral discipline, and in the Preface to the Sermons.

[11] This refers to the division of quantity ([Greek: poson]) in the Categories. Those Quantities are called by Aristotle Continuous whose parts have position relatively to one another, as a line, surface, or solid, those discrete, whose parts have no such relation, as numbers themselves, or any string of words grammatically unconnected.

[12] Numbers are in arithmetical proportion (more usually called progression), when they increase or decrease by a common difference thus, 2, 6, 10 are so, because 2 + 4 = 6, 6 + 4= 10, or _vice versa_, 10 - 4 = 6, 6 - 4 = 2.

[13] If the mina be taken at 15 oz. avoirdupois, (Dict. of G. and R. Antiquities, article _Talentum_,) we must be sadly degenerate in our gastric capacity.

[14] The two are necessary, because since the reason itself may be perverted, a man must have recourse to an external standard; we may suppose his [Greek: logos] originally to have been a sufficient guide, but when he has injured his moral perceptions in any degree, he must go out of himself for direction.

[15] This is one of the many expressions which seem to imply that this treatise is rather a collection of notes of a _vivâ voce_ lecture than a set formal treatise. “The table” of virtues and vices probably was sketched out and exhibited to the audience.

[16] Afterwards defined as “All things whose value is measured by money.”

[17] We have no term exactly equivalent; it may be illustrated by Horace’s use of the term _hiatus_:

“Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu?” Opening the mouth wide gives a promise of something great to come, if nothing great does come, this is a case of [Greek: chaunotes] or fruitless and unmeaning _hiatus_; the transference to the present subject is easy.

[18] In like manner _we_ talk of laudable ambition, implying of course there may be that which is not laudable.

[19] An expression of Bishop Butler’s, which corresponds exactly to the definition of [Greek: nemesis] in the Rhetoric.

[20] That is, in the same genus; to be contraries, things must be generically connected: [Greek: ta pleiston allelon diestekota ton en to auto genei enantia orizontai]. Categories, iv. 15.

[21] “[Greek: Deuteros plous] is a proverb,” says the Scholiast on the Phaedo, “used of those who do anything safely and cautiously inasmuch as they who have miscarried in their first voyage, set about then: preparations for the second cautiously,” and he then alludes to this passage.

[22] That is, you must allow for the _recoil_. “Naturam expellas furca tamen usque recurret.”

P. 43, l. 2. This illustration sets in so clear a light the doctrines entertained respectively by Aristotle, Eudoxus, and the Stoics regarding pleasure, that it is worth while to go into it fully.

The reference is to Iliad iii. 154-160. The old counsellors, as Helen comes upon the city wall, acknowledge her surpassing beauty, and have no difficulty in understanding how both nations should have incurred such suffering for her sake still, fair as she is, home she must go, that she bring not ruin on themselves and their posterity.

This exactly represents Aristotle’s relation to Pleasure he does not, with Eudoxus and his followers, exalt it into the Summum Bonum (as Paris would risk all for Helen), nor does he the the Stoics call it wholly evil, as Hector might have said that the woes Helen had caused had “banished all the beauty from her cheek,” but, with the aged counsellors, admits its charms, but aware of their dangerousness resolves to deny himself, he “feels her sweetness, yet defies her thrall.”

[24] A■σθησις is here used as an analogous noun, to denote the faculty which, in respect of moral matters, discharges the same function that bodily sense does in respect of physical objects. It is worth while to notice how in our colloquial language we carry out the same analogy. We say of a transaction, that it “looks ugly,” “sounds oddly,” is a “nasty job,” “stinks in our nostrils,” is a “hard dealing.”

BOOK III

[1] A man is not responsible for being [Greek: theratos], because “particular propensions, from their very nature, must be felt, the objects of them being present, though they cannot be gratified at all, or not with the allowance of the moral principle.” But he is responsible for being [Greek: eutheratos], because, though thus formed, he “might have improved and raised himself to an higher and more secure state of virtue by the contrary behaviour, by steadily following the moral principle, supposed to be one part of his nature, and thus withstanding that unavoidable danger of defection which necessarily arose from propension, the other part of it. For by thus preserving his integrity for some time, his danger would lessen, since propensions, by being inured to submit, would do it more easily and of course and his security against this lessening danger would increase, since the moral principle would gain additional strength by exercise, both which things are implied in the notion of virtuous habits.” (From the chapter on Moral Discipline

m the Analogy, sect. iv.) The purpose of this disquisition is to refute the Necessitarians; it is resumed in the third chapter of this Book.

[2] Virtue is not only the duty, but (by the laws of the Moral Government of the World) also the interest of Man, or to express it in Bishop Butler's manner, Conscience and Reasonable self-love are the two principles in our nature which of right have supremacy over the rest, and these two lead in point of fact the same course of action. (Sermon II.)

[3] Any ignorance of particular facts affects the rightness not of the [Greek: praxis], but of the [Greek: pragma], but ignorance of _i.e._ incapacity to discern, Principles, shows the Moral Constitution to have been depraved, _i.e._ shows Conscience to be perverted, or the sight of Self-love to be impaired.

[4] [Greek: eneka] primarily denotes the relation of cause and effect all circumstances which in any way contribute to a cert result are [Greek: eneka] that result.

From the power which we have or acquire of deducing future results from present causes we are enabled to act towards, with a view to produce, these results thus [Greek: eneka] comes to mean not causation merely, but _designed_ causation and so [Greek: on eneka] is used for Motive, or final cause.

It is the primary meaning which is here intended, it would be a contradiction in terms to speak of a man's being ignorant of his own Motive of action.

When the man "drew a bow at a venture and smote the King of Israel between the joints of the harnesss" (i Kings xxii 34) he did it [Greek: eneka ton apdkteinai] the King of Israel, in the primary sense of [Greek: eneka] that is to say, the King's death was _in fact the result_, but could not have been the motive, of the shot, because the King was disguised and the shot was at a venture.

[5] Bishop Butler would agree to this: he says of settled deliberate anger, "It seems in us plainly connected with a sense of virtue and vice, of moral good and evil." See the whole Sermon on Resentment.

[6] Aristotle has, I venture to think, rather quibbled here, by using [Greek: epithumia] and its verb, equivocally as there is no following his argument without condescending to the same device, I have used our word lust in its ancient signification Ps. xxiv. 12, "What man is he that lusteth to live?"

[7] The meaning is, that the _onus probandi_ is thrown upon the person who maintains the distinction, Aristotle has a _prima facie_ case. The whole passage is one of difficulty. Card wells text gives the passage from [Greek: dokei de] as a separate argument Bekker's seems to intend al 81 ir/jd£eis as a separate argument but if so, the argument would be a mere _petitio principii_. I have adopted Cardwell's reading in part, but retain the comma at [Greek: dmpho] and have translated the last four words as applying to the whole discussion, whereas Cardwell's reading seems to restrict them to the last argument.

[8] _i.e._ on objects of Moral Choice, opinion of this kind is not the same as Moral Choice, because actions alone form habits and constitute character, opinions are in general _signs_ of character, but when they begin to be acted on they cease to be opinions, and merge in Moral Choice.

"Treason doth never prosper, what's the reason? When it doth prosper, none dare call it Treason."

[9] The introduction of the words [Greek: dia tinos] seems a mere useless repetition, as in the second chapter [Greek: en tini] added to [Greek: peri ti]. These I take for some among the many indications that the treatise is a collection of notes for lectures, and not a finished or systematic one.

[10] Suppose that three alternatives lay before a man, each of the three is of course an object of Deliberation; when he has made his choice, the alternative chosen does not cease to be in nature an object of Deliberation, but superadds the character of being chosen and so distinguished. Three men are admitted candidates for an office, the one chosen is the successful candidate, so of the three [Greek: bouleuta], the one chosen is the [Greek: bouleuton proaireton].

[11] Compare Bishop Butler's "System of Human Nature," in the Preface to the Sermons.

[12] These words, [Greek: ek tou bouleusasthai—bouleusin], contain the account of the whole mental machinery of any action. The first step is a Wish, implied in the first here mentioned, viz. Deliberation, for it has been already laid down that Deliberation has for its object-matter means to Ends supposed to be set before the mind, the next step is Deliberation, the next Decision, the last the

definite extending of the mental hand towards the object thus selected, the two last constitute [Greek: proairesis] in its full meaning. The word [Greek: orexis] means literally “a grasping at or after” now as this physically may be either vague or definite, so too may the mental act, consequently the term as transferred to the mind has two uses, and denotes either the first wish, [Greek: boulaesis], or the last definite movement, Will in its strict and proper sense. These two uses are recognised in the Rhetoric (I 10), where [Greek: orexis] is divided into [Greek: alogos] and [Greek: logistikae].

The illustration then afforded by the polities alluded to is this, as the Kings first decided and then announced their decision for acceptance and execution by their subjects, so Reason, having decided on the course to be taken, communicates its decision to the Will, which then proceeds to move [Greek: ta organika merae]. To instance in an action of the mixed kind mentioned in the first chapter, safe arrival at land is naturally desired, two means are suggested, either a certain loss of goods, or trying to save both lives and goods, the question being debated, the former is chosen, this decision is communicated to the Will, which causes the owner’s hands to throw overboard his goods: the act is denominated voluntary, because the Will is consenting, but in so denominating it, we leave out of sight how that consent was obtained. In a purely compulsory case the never gets beyond the stage of Wish, for no means are power and deliberation therefore is useless, consequently there is neither Decision nor Will, in other words, no Choice.

[13] Compare the statement in the Rhetoric, 1 10, [Greek: esti d hae men boulaeis agathou orexis (oudeis gar bouletai all ae otan oiaetho einai agathon)]

[14] A stone once set in motion cannot be recalled, because it is then placed under the operation of natural laws which cannot be controlled or altered, so too in Moral declension, there is a point at which gravitation operates irretrievably, “there is a certain bound to imprudence and misbehaviour which being transgressed, there remains no place for repentance in the natural course of things.” Bishop Butler’s Analogy, First Part, chap 11.

[15] Habits being formed by acting in a certain way under certain circumstances we can only choose how we will act not what circumstances we will have to act under.

[16] “_Moral_ Courage” is our phrase.

[17] The meaning of this passage can scarcely be conveyed except by a paraphrase.

“The object of each separate act of working is that which accords with the habit they go to form. Courage is the habit which separate acts of bravery go to form, therefore the object of these is that which accords with Courage, _i.e._ Courage itself. But Courage is honourable (which implies that the end and object of it is honour, since things are denominated according to their end and object), therefore the object of each separate act of bravery is honour.”

[18] For true Courage is required, i. Exact appreciation of danger. 2. A Proper motive for resisting fear. Each of the Spurious kinds will be found to fail in one or other, or both.

[19] This may merely mean, “who give strict orders” not to flinch, which would imply the necessity of compulsion The word is capable of the sense given above, which seems more forcible.

[20] See Book VI. chap. xiii. near the end [Greek: sokrataes aehen oun logous tas aretas oeto einai (epiotaemas gar einai pasas)]

[21] Such as the noise, the rapid movements, and apparent confusion which to an inexperienced eye and ear would be alarming. So Livy says of the Gauls, v. 37, Nata in _vanos_ tumultus gens.

[22]In Coronea in Bœotia, on the occasion of the citadel being betrayed to some Phocians. “The regulars” were Boeotian troops, the [Greek: politika] Coroneans.

[23] By the difference of tense it seems Aristotle has mixed up two things, beginning to speak of the particular instance, and then carried into the general statement again. This it is scarce worth while to imitate.

[24] The meaning of the phrase [Greek: kata sumbebaekos], as here used, in given in the Seventh Book, chap. X. [Greek: ei gar tis todi dia todi aireitai ae diokei, kath ahuto men touto diokei kai aireitai, kata sumbebaekos de to proteron].

BOOK V

[1] Each term is important to make up the character of Justice, men must have the capacity, do the acts, and do them from moral choice.

[2] But not always. [Greek: Philein], for instance, has two senses, “to love” and “to kiss,” [Greek: misein] but one. Topics, I. chap. XIII. 5.

[3] _Things_ are [Greek: homonuma] which have only their name in common, being in themselves different. The [Greek: homonumia] is _close_ therefore when the difference though real is but slight. There is no English expression for [Greek: homonumia], “equivocal” being applied to a term and not to its various significates.

[4] See Book I. chap. 1. [Greek: toiautaen de tina planaen echei kai tagatha k.t.l.]

[5] A man habitually drunk in private is viewed by our law as confining his vice to himself, and the law therefore does not attempt to touch him; a religious hermit may be viewed as one who confines his virtue to his own person.

[6] See the account of Sejanus and Livia. Tac. Annal. IV. 3.

[7] Cardwell’s text, which here gives [Greek: paranomon], yields a much easier and more natural sense. All Injustice violates law, but only the particular kinds violate equality; and therefore the unlawful : the unequal :: universal Injustice the particular _i.e._ as whole to part.

There is a reading which also alters the words within the parenthesis, but this hardly affects the gist of the passage.

[8] There are two reasons why the characters are not necessarily coincident. He is a good citizen, who does his best to carry out the [Greek: politeia] under which he lives, but this may be faulty, so therefore _pro tanto_ is he.

Again, it is sufficient, so far as the Community is concerned, that he does the _facts_ of a good man but for the perfection of his own individual character, he must do them virtuously. A man may move rightly in his social orbit, without revolving rightly on his own axis.

The question is debated in the Politics, III. 2. Compare also the distinction between the brave man, and good soldier (supra, Book III. chap. xii.), and also Bishop Butler’s first Sermon.

[9] Terms used for persons.

[10] By [Greek:——] is meant numbers themselves, 4, 20, 50, etc, by [Greek:——] these numbers exemplified, 4 horses, 20 sheep, etc.

[11] The profits of a mercantile transaction (say £1000) are to be divided between A and B, in the ratio of 2 to 3 (which is the real point to be settled); then,

A : B :: 400 : 600.

A : 400 :: B : 600 (permutando, and assuming a value for A and B, so as to make them commensurable with the respectiy sums).

A+400 : B+600 :: A : B. This represents the actual distribution; its fairness depending entirely on that of the first proportion.

[12] _i.e._ where the ratio is that of equality, thus 2 : 2 :: 40 : 40

[13] Her Majesty’s “Justices.”

[14] I have omitted the next three lines, as they seem to be out of place here, and to occur much more naturally afterwards; it not being likely that they were originally twice written, one is perhaps at liberty to give Aristotle the benefit of the doubt, and conclude that he put them where they made the best sense.

[15] This I believe to be the meaning of the passage but do not pretend to be able to get it out of the words.

[16] This is apparently contrary to what was said before, but not really so. Aristotle does not mean that the man in authority struck wrongfully, but he takes the extreme case of simple Reciprocation, and in the second case, the man who strikes one in authority commits two offences, one against the person (and so far they are equal), and another against the office.

[17] χ■ρις denotes, 1st, a kindly feeling issuing in a gratuitous act of kindness, 2ndly, the effect of this act of kindness on a generous mind; 3rdly, this effect issuing in a requital of the kindness.

[18] The Shoemaker would get a house while the Builder only had (say) one pair of shoes, or at all events not so many as he ought to have. Thus the man producing the least valuable ware would get the most valuable, and _vice versa_.

Adopting, as I have done, the reading which omits [Greek:——] at [Greek:——], we have simply a repetition of the caution, that before Reciprocation is attempted, there must be the same ratio between the wares as between the persons, _i.e._ the ratio of equality.

If we admit [Greek: ou], the meaning may be, that you must not bring into the proportion the difference mentioned above [Greek: eteron kai ouk ison], since for the purposes of commerce all men are equal.

Say that the Builder is to the Shoemaker as 10:1. Then there must be the same ratio between the wares, consequently the highest artist will carry off the most valuable wares, thus combining in himself both [Greek: uperochai]. The following are the three cases, given 100 pr. shoes = 1 house.

Builder : Shoemaker : : 1 pr. shoes : 1 house—_wrong_. —— —— 100 pr. shoes : 1 house—_right_ —— —— 10 (100 pr. shoes) : 1 house—_wrong_.

[19] [Greek] Compare a similar use of [Greek]. De Interpretatione, II. 2. [Greek].

[20] Every unjust act embodies [Greek: to adikon], which is a violation of [Greek: to ison], and so implies a greater and a less share, the former being said to fall to the doer, the latter to the sufferer, of injury.

[21] This passage certainly occurs awkwardly here. If attached to the close of the preceding Chapter it would leave that Chapter incomplete, for the question is not gone into, but only stated. As the commencement of this Chapter it is yet more out of place; I should propose to insert it at the commencement of the following Chapter, to which it forms an appropriate introduction.

[22] In a pure democracy men are absolutely, _i.e._ numerically, equal, in other forms only proportionately equal. Thus the meanest British subject is proportionately equal to the Sovereign, that is to say, is as fully secured in his rights as the Sovereign in hers.

[23] Or, according to Cardwell's reading ([Greek: kineton ou mentoi pan]) "but amongst ourselves there is Just, which is naturally variable, but certainly all Just is not such." The sense of the passage is not affected by the reading. In Bekker's text we must take [Greek: kineton] to mean the same as [Greek: kinoumenon], _i.e._ "we admit there is no Just which has not been sometimes disallowed, still," etc. With Cardwell's, [Greek: kineton] will mean "which not only _does_ but naturally _may_ vary."

[24] Murder is unjust by the law of nature, Smuggling by enactment. Therefore any act which can be referred to either of these heads is an unjust act, or, as Bishop Butler phrases it, an act _materially_ unjust. Thus much may be decided without reference to the agent. See the note on page 32, l. 16.

[25] "As distinct from pain or loss." Bishop Butler's Sermon on Resentment. See also, Rhet. 11. 2 Def. of [Greek: orgae].

[26] This method of reading the passage is taken from Zell as quoted in Cardwell's Notes, and seems to yield the best sense. The Paraphrast gives it as follows:

"But the aggressor is not ignorant that he began, and so he feels himself to be wrong [and will not acknowledge that he is the aggressor], but the other does not."

[27] As when a man is "_justified_ at the Grass Market," _i.e._ hung.

[28] Where the stock of good is limited, if any individual takes more than his share some one else must have less than his share; where it is infinite, or where there is no good at all this cannot happen.

[29] The reference is to chap. vii. where it was said that the law views the parties in a case of particular injustice as originally equal, but now unequal, the wrong doer the gainer and the sufferer the loser by the wrong, but in the case above supposed there is but _one_ party.

[30] So in the Politics, 1. 2.

Hae men gar psuchae tou somatos archei despotikaen archaen, o de nous taes orexeos politikaen kai despotikaev.

Compare also Bishop Butler's account of human nature as a system—of the different authority of certain principles, and specially the supremacy of Conscience.

BOOK VI

[1] I understand the illustration to be taken from the process of lowering a weight into its place; a block of marble or stone, for instance, in a building.

[2] Called for convenience sake Necessary and Contingent matter.

[3] One man learns Mathematics more easily than another, in common language, _he has a turn for_ Mathematics, _i e_ something in his mental conformation answers to that science The Phrenologist shows the bump denoting this aptitude.

[4] And therefore the question resolves itself into this, "What is the work of the Speculative, and what of the Practical, faculty of Reason." See the description of _apetae_ II. 5.

[5] _praxis_ is here used in its strict and proper meaning.

[6] That is to say, the Will waits upon deliberation in which Reason is the judge; when the decision is pronounced, the Will must act accordingly.

The question at issue always is, _Is this Good?_ because the Will is only moved by an impression of Good; the Decision then will be always _Aye or No_, and the mental hand is put forth to grasp in the former case, and retracted in the later.

So far as what must take place in _every_ Moral Action, right or wrong, the Machinery of the mind being supposed uninjured but to constitute a good Moral Choice, _i e._. a good Action, the Reason must have said Aye when it ought.

The cases of faulty action will be, either when the Machinery is perfect but wrongly directed, as in the case of a deliberate crime, or when the direction given by the Reason is right but the Will does not move in accordance with that direction, in other words, when the Machinery is out of order; as in the case of the [Greek: akrates]—video meliora proboque, Deteriora sequor.

[7] See the note on [Greek: Arche] on page 4, l. 30.

[8] The cobbler is at his last, why? to make shoes, which are to clothe the feet of someone and the price to be paid, _i.e._ the produce of his industry, is to enable him to support his wife and children; thus his production is subordinate to Moral Action.

[9] It may be fairly presumed that Aristotle would not thus have varied his phrase without some real difference of meaning. That difference is founded, I think, on the two senses of [Greek: orexis] before alluded to (note, p. 53, l. 33). The first impulse of the mind towards Action may be given either by a vague desire or by the suggestion of Reason. The vague desire passing through the deliberate stage would issue in Moral Choice. Reason must enlist the Will before any Action can take place.

Reason ought to be the originator in all cases, as Bishop Butler observes that Conscience should be. If this were so, every act of Moral Choice would be [Greek: orektikos nous].

But one obvious function of the feelings and passions in our composite nature is to instigate Action, when Reason and Conscience by themselves do not: so that as a matter of fact our Moral Choice is, in general, fairly described as [Greek: orexis dianoetike]. See Bishop Butler's Sermon II. and the First upon Compassion.

[10] The mind attains truth, either for the sake of truth itself ([Greek: aplos]), or for the sake of something further ([Greek: eneka tinos]). If the first then either syllogistically ([Greek: episteme]), non-syllogistically ([Greek: nous]), or by union of the two methods ([Greek: sophla]). If the second, either with a view to _act_ ([Greek: phronesis]), or with a view to _make_ ([Greek: techne]).

Otherwise. The mind contemplates Matter Necessary or Contingent. If necessary, Principles ([Greek: nous]), Deductions ([Greek: episteme]), or Mixed ([Greek: sophla]). If Contingent, Action ([Greek: phronesis]), Production ([Greek: techen]). (Giphanius quoted in Cardwell's notes.)

[11] It is the opening statement of the Post Analytics.

[12] Aristotle in his logical analysis of Induction, Prior. Analytics II. 25, defines it to be “the proving the inherence of the major term in the middle (_i.e._ proving the truth of the major premiss in fig. 1) through the minor term.” He presupposes a Syllogism in the first Figure with an universal affirmative conclusion, which reasons, of course, from an universal, which universal is to be taken as proved by Induction. His doctrine turns upon a canon which he there quotes. “If of one and the same term two others be predicated, one of which is coextensive with that one and the same, the other may be predicated of that which is thus coextensive.” The fact of this coextensiveness must be ascertained by [Greek: nous], in other words, by the Inductive Faculty. We will take Aldrich’s instance. All Magnets attract iron A B C are Magnets A B C attract iron. Presupposed Syllogism reasoning from an universal.

A B C attract iron (Matter of observation and experiment)

All Magnets are A B C (Assumed by [Greek: nous], i.e. the Inductive faculty)

All Magnets attract iron (Major premiss of the last Syllogism proved by taking the minor term of that for the middle term of this.)

Or, according to the canon quoted above: A B C are Magnets. A B C attract iron.

But [Greek: nous] tells me that the term Magnets is coextensive with the term A B C, therefore of all Magnets I may predicate that they attract iron.

Induction is said by Aristotle to be [Greek: hoia phanton], but he says in the same place that for this reason we must _conceive_ ([Greek: noehin]) the term containing the particular Instances (as A B C above) as composed of all the Individuals.

If Induction implied actual examination of all particular instances it would cease to be Reasoning at all and sink into repeated acts of Simple Apprehension it is really the bridging over of a chasm, not the steps cut in the rock on either side to enable us to walk down into and again out of it. It is a branch of probable Reasoning, and its validity depends _entirely_ upon the quality of the particular mind which performs it. Rapid Induction has always been a distinguishing mark of Genius the certainty produced by it is Subjective and not Objective. It may be useful to exhibit it Syllogistically, but the Syllogism which exhibits it is either nugatory, or contains a premiss _literally_ false. It will be found useful to compare on the subject of Induction _as the term is used by Aristotle_, Analytica Prior. II 25 26 Analytica Post. I. 1, 3, and I. Topics VI I and X.

[13] The reference is made to the Post Analyt I II and it is impossible to understand the account of [Greek: epistaemae] without a perusal of the chapter, the additions to the definition referred to relate to the nature of the premisses from which [Greek: epistaemae] draws its conclusions they are to be “true, first principles incapable of any syllogistic proof, better known than the conclusion, prior to it, and causes of it.” (See the appendix to this Book.)

[14] This is the test of correct logical division, that the _membra dividentia_ shall be opposed, _i.e._ not included the one by the other.

[15] The meaning of the [Greek: hepehi] appears to be this: the appeal is made in the first instance to popular language, just as it the case of [Greek: epistaemae], and will be in those of [Greek: phronaesis] and [Greek: sophia]. We commonly call Architecture an Art, and it is so and so, therefore the name Art and this so and so are somehow connected to prove that connection to be “coextensiveness,” we predicate one of the other and then simply convert the proposition, which is the proper test of any logical definition, or of any specific property. See the Topics, 1. vi.

[16] See the parable of the unjust Steward, in which the popular sense of [Greek: phronaesis] is strongly brought out; [Greek: ephaenesen ho kurios ton oikonomon taes adikias oti phronimos epoiaesen hoti ohi viohi tou aionos toutou phronimoteroi, k.t.l.]—Luke xvi. 8.

[17] Compare the [Greek: aplos] and [Greek: kath’ ekasta pepaideumenos] of Book I. chap. 1.

[18] The two aspects under which Virtue may be considered as claiming the allegiance of moral agents are, that of being right, and that of being truly expedient, because Conscience and Reasonable Self-Love are the two Principles of our moral constitution naturally supreme and “Conscience and Self-Love, _if we understand our true happiness_, always lead us the same way.” Bishop Butler, end of Sermon III.

And again:

“If by _a sense of interest_ is meant a practical regard to what is upon the whole our Happiness this is not only coincident with the principle of Virtue or Moral Rectitude, but is a part of the idea itself. And it is evident this Reasonable Self-Love wants to be improved as really as any principle in our nature. So little cause is there for Moralists to disclaim this principle.” From the note on sect. iv. of the chapter on Moral Discipline, Analogy, part I chap. v.

[19] See the note on [Greek: Arche] on page 4, l. 30.

The student will find it worth while to compare this passage with the following—Chap. xiii. of this book beginning [Greek: e d’ exis to ommati touto k. t. l]—vii. 4. [Greek: eti kai ode physikos. k.t.l.] vii. 9.—[Greek: ae gar arethae kai ae mochthaeria. k.t.l.]—iii. 7 _ad finem_. [Greek: ei de tis legoi. k.t.l.]

[20] This is not quite fair. Used in its strict sense, Art does not admit of degrees of excellence any more than Practical Wisdom. In popular language we use the term “wiser man,” as readily as “better artist” really denoting in each case different degrees of approximation to Practical Wisdom and Art respectively, [Greek: dia to ginesthai tous epainous di anaphoras]. I. 12.

[21] He would be a _better Chymist_ who should poison intentionally, than he on whose mind the prevailing impression was that “Epsom Salts mean Oxalic Acid, and Syrup of Senna Laudanum.”

[22]The term Wisdom is used in our English Translation of the Old Testament in the sense first given to [Greek:——] here. “Then wrought Bezaleel and Ahohab, and every _wise-hearted man, in whom the Lord put wisdom and understanding_ to know how to work all manner of work for the service of the Sanctuary” Exodus xxxvi. i.

[23] [Greek:——] and [Greek:——], (in the strict sense, for it is used in many different senses in this book) are different parts of the whole function [Greek:——], [Greek:——] takes in conclusions, drawn by strict reasoning from Principles of a certain kind which [Greek: ——] supplies. It is conceivable that a man might go on gaining these principles by Intuition and never reasoning from them, and so [Greek: ——] might exist independent of [Greek:——], but not this without that. Put the two together, the head to the trunk, and you form the living being [Greek:——]. There are three branches of [Greek:——] according to Greek Philosophy, [Greek:——], [Greek:——], [Greek:——]. Science is perhaps the nearest English term, but we have none really equivalent.

[24][Greek:——] is here used in its most extensive sense, [Greek:——] would be its chief Instrument.

[25] The faculty concerned with which is [Greek:——].

[26] In every branch of Moral Action in which Practical Wisdom is employed there will be general principles, and the application of them, but in some branches there are distinct names appropriated to the operations of Practical Wisdom, in others there are not.

Thus Practical Wisdom, when employed on the general principles of Civil Government, is called Legislation, as administering its particular functions it is called simply Government. In Domestic Management, there are of course general Rules, and also the particular application of them; but here the faculty is called only by one name. So too when Self-Interest is the object of Practical Wisdom.

[27] [Greek:——], “our mere Operatives in Public business.” (Chalmers.)

[28] Practical Wisdom may be employed either respecting Self, (which is [Greek:——] proper) or not-Self, _i.e._ either one’s family=[Greek:——], or one’s community=[Greek:——], but here the supreme and subordinate are distinguished, the former is [Greek:——], the latter [Greek:——] proper, whose functions are deliberation and the administration of justice.

[29] But where can this be done, if there be no community? see Horace’s account of the way in which his father made him reap instruction from the examples in the society around him. 1. Sat. iv. 105, etc. See also Bishop Butler, Analogy, part I. chap. v. sect. iii.

The whole question of the Selfish Morality is treated in Bishop Butler’s first three and the eleventh Sermons, in which he shows the coincidence in _fact_ of enlightened Self-Love and Benevolence _i.e._ love of others. Compare also what is said in the first Book of this treatise, chap. v., about [Greek: autarkeia].

[30] More truly “implied,” namely, that Practical Wisdom results from experience.

[31] This observation seems to be introduced, simply because suggested by the last, and not because at all relevant to the matter in hand.

[32] An instance of Principles gained [Greek: aisthesei]. (Book 1. chap. viii.)

[33] Particulars are called [Greek: eschata] because they are last arrived at in the deliberative process, but a little further on we have the term applied to first principles, because they stand at one extremity, and facts at the other, of the line of action.

[34] I prefer the reading [Greek: e phronesis], which gives this sense, “Well, as I have said, Practical Wisdom is this kind of sense, and the other we mentioned is different in kind.” In a passage so utterly unimportant, and thrown in almost colloquially, it is not worth while to take much trouble about such a point.

[35] The definition of it in the Organon (Post Analyt. 1. xxiv.), “a happy conjecture of the middle term without time to consider of it.”

The quaestio states the phenomena, and the middle term the causation the rapid ascertaining of which constitutes [Greek: anchinoia]. All that receives light from the sun is bright on the side next to the sun. The moon receives light from the sun, The moon is bright on the side next the sun. The [Greek: anchinoia] consists in rapidly and correctly accounting for the observed fact, that the moon is bright on the side next to the sun.

[36] Opinion is a complete, deliberation an incomplete, mental act.

[37] The End does not sanctify the Means.

[38] The meaning is, there is one End including all others; and in this sense [Greek: phronesis] is concerned with means, not Ends but there are also many subordinate Ends which are in fact Means to the Great End of all. Good counsel has reference not merely to the grand End, but to the subordinate Ends which [Greek: phronesis] selects as being right means to the Grand End of all.

[39] The relative [Greek: on] might be referred to [Greek: sumpheron], but that [Greek: eubonlia] has been already divided into two kinds, and this construction would restrict the name to one of them, namely that [Greek: pros ti telos] as opposed to that [Greek: pros to telos aplos].

[40] We have no term which at all approximates to the meaning of this word, much less will our language admit of the play upon it which connects it with [Greek: suggnomae].

[41] Meaning, of course, all those which relate to Moral Action. [Greek: psronaesis] is equivalent to [Greek: euboulia, ounesis, gnomae, and nous] (in the new sense here given to it).

The faculty which guides us truly in all matters of Moral Action is [Greek: phronaesis], i.e. Reason directed by Goodness or Goodness informed by Reason. But just as every faculty of body and soul is not actually in operation at the same time, though the Man is acting, so proper names are given to the various Functions of Practical Wisdom.

Is the [Greek: phronimos] forming plans to attain some particular End? he is then [Greek: euboulos]—is he passing under review the suggestions of others? he is [Greek: sunetos]—is he judging of the acts of others? he admits [Greek: gnomae] to temper the strictness of justness—is he applying general Rules to particular cases? he is exercising [Greek: nous praktikos] or [Greek: agsthaesis]—while in each and all he is [Greek: phronimos]?

[42] See note, on p. 140.

[43] There are cases where we must simply accept or reject without proof: either when Principles are propounded which are prior to all reasoning, or when particular facts are brought before us which are simply matters of [Greek: agsthaesis]. Aristotle here brings both these cases within the province of [Greek: nous], _i.e._ he calls by this name the Faculty which attains Truth in each.

[44] _i.e._ of the [Greek: syllogisimai ton prakton].

[45] See the note on [Greek: Archae] on p. 4,1 30. As a matter of fact and mental experience the Major Premiss of the Practica Syllogism is wrought into the mind by repeatedly acting upon the Minor Premiss (_i.e._ by [Greek: ethismos]).

All that is pleasant is to be done, This is pleasant, This is to be done

By habitually acting on the Minor Premiss, _i.e._ on the suggestions of [Greek: epithymia], a man comes really to hold the Major Premiss. Aristotle says of the man destitute of all self-control that he is firmly persuaded that it is his proper line to pursue the gratification of his bodily appetites, [Greek: dia to toioytos einai oios diokein aytas]. And his analysis of [Greek: akrasia] (the state of

progress towards this utter abandonment to passion) shows that each case of previous good resolution succumbing to temptation is attributable to [Greek: epithymia] suggesting its own Minor Premiss in place of the right one. Book VII. 8 and 5.

[46] The _consequentia_ is this:

There are cases both of principles and facts which cannot admit of reasoning, and must be authoritatively determined by [Greek: nous]. What makes [Greek: nous] to be a true guide? only practice, i.e. Experience, and _therefore_, etc.

[47] This is a note to explain [Greek: hygieina] and [Greek: euektika], he gives these three uses of the term [Greek: hygieinon] in the Topics, I. xiii. 10,

{ [Greek: to men hygieias poiætikon], [Greek: hygieinon legetai] { [Greek: to de phylaktikon], { [Greek: to de sæmantikon].

Of course the same will apply to [Greek: euektikon].

[48] Healthiness is the formal cause of health. Medicine is the efficient cause of health.

See Book X. chap. iv. [Greek: hosper oud hæ hygieia kai ho iatros homoios aitia esti tou ugiainein].

[49] [Greek: phronæsis] is here used in a partial sense to signify the Intellectual, as distinct from the Moral, element of Practical Wisdom.

[50] This is another case of an observation being thrown in _obiter_, not relevant to, but suggested by, the matter in hand.

[51] See Book II. chap. iii. and V. xiii.

[52]The article is supplied at [Greek: panourgous], because the abstract word has just been used expressly in a bad sense. “Up to anything” is the nearest equivalent to [Greek: panourgos], but too nearly approaches to a colloquial vulgarism.

[53] See the note on [Greek: Archæ] on page 4, l. 30.

P. 147, l. 14. And for the Minor, of course,

“This particular action is———.”

We may paraphrase [Greek: to telos] by [Greek: ti dei prattein—ti gar dei prattein hæ mæ, to telos autæs estin] i.e. [Greek: tæs phronæseos].—(Chap. xi. of this Book.)

[55] “Look asquint on the face of truth.” Sir T. Browne, Religio Medici.

[56] The term [Greek: sophronikoi] must be understood as governing the signification of the other two terms, there being no single Greek term to denote in either case mere dispositions towards these Virtues.

[57] Compare the passage at the commencement of Book X. [Greek: nun de phainontai] [Greek: katokochimon ek tæs aretæs].

[58] It must be remembered, that [Greek: phronæsis] is used throughout this chapter in two senses, its proper and complete sense of Practical Wisdom, and its incomplete one of merely the Intellectual Element of it.

BOOK VII

[1] The account of Virtue and Vice hitherto given represents rather what men _may be_ than what they _are_. In this book we take a practical view of Virtue and Vice, in their ordinary, every day development.

[2] This illustrates the expression, “_Deceits_ of the Flesh.”

[3] Another reading omits the [Greek:——]; the meaning of the whole passage would be exactly the same—it would then run, “if he had been convinced of the rightness of what he does, _i.e._ if he were now acting on conviction, he might stop in his course on a change of conviction.”

[4] Major and minor Premises of the [Greek:——] [Greek——]

[5]Some necessarily implying knowledge of the particular, others not.

[6] As a modern parallel, take old Trumbull in Scott's "Red Gauntlet."

[7] That is, as I understand it, either the major or the minor premise, it is true, that "all that is sweet is pleasant," it is true also, that "this is sweet," what is contrary to Right Reason is the bringing in this minor to the major _i.e._ the universal maxim, forbidding to taste. Thus, a man goes to a convivial meeting with the maxim in his mind "All excess is to be avoided," at a certain time his [Greek:——] tells him "This glass is excess." As a matter of mere reasoning, he cannot help receiving the conclusion "This glass is to be avoided," and supposing him to be morally sound he would accordingly abstain. But [Greek:——], being a simple tendency towards indulgence suggests, in place of the minor premise "This is excess," its own premise "This is sweet," this again suggests the self-indulgent maxim or principle ('[Greek:——]), "All that is sweet is to be tasted," and so, by strict logical sequence, proves "This glass is to be tasted."

The solution then of the phænomenon of [Greek:——] is this that [Greek:——], by its direct action on the animal nature, swamps the suggestions of Right Reason.

On the high ground of Universals, [Greek:——] i.e. [Greek:——] easily defeats [Greek:——]. The [Greek:——], an hour before he is in temptation, would never deliberately prefer the maxim "All that is sweet is to be tasted" to "All excess is to be avoided." The [Greek:——] would.

Horace has a good comment upon this (II Sat 2):

Quæ virtus et quanta, bom, sit vivere parvo Discite, _non inter lances mensasque nitentes_ Verum hic _impransi_ mecum disquirite

Compare also Proverbs XXIII. 31. "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red," etc.

[8] As we commonly speak, Metaphysicians. Physiology of course includes Metaphysics.

[9] [Greek: oron]. Aristotle's own account of this word (Prior Analyt ii. 1) is [Greek: eis on dialuetai hae protasis], but both in the account of [Greek: nous] and here it seems that the proposition itself is really indicated by it.

[10] The Greek would give "avoids excessive pain," but this is not true, for the excess of pain would be ground for excuse the warrant for translating as in the text, is the passage occurring just below [Greek: diokei tas uperbolas kai pheugei metrias lupas].

[11] Compare Bishop Butler on Particular Propensions, Analogy, Part I chap v sect. iv.

[12] That is, they are to the right states as Vice to Virtue.

[14] Consult in connection with this Chapter the Chapter on [Greek: orgae] in the Rhetoric, II. 2, and Bishop Butler's Sermon on Resentment.

[15] The reasoning here being somewhat obscure from the concisement of expression, the following exposition of it is subjoined.

Actions of Lust are wrong actions done with pleasure, Wrong actions done with pleasure are more justly objects of wrath,[*] Such as are more justly objects of wrath are more unjust, Actions of Lust are more unjust

[*] [Greek: hubpis] is introduced as the single instance from which this premiss is proved inductively. See the account of it in the Chapter of the Rhetoric referred to in the preceding note.

[16][Greek: ton dae lechthenton]. Considerable difference of opinion exists as to the proper meaning of these words. The emendation which substitutes [Greek: akrataes] for [Greek: akolastos] removes all difficulty, as the clause would then naturally refer to [Greek: ton mae proairoumenon] but Zell adheres to the reading in the text of Bekker, because the authority of MSS and old editions is all on this side.

I understand [Greek: mallon] as meant to modify the word [Greek: malakias], which properly denotes that phase of [Greek: akrasia] (not [Greek: akolasia]) which is caused by pain.

The [Greek: akolastos] _deliberately_ pursues pleasure and declines pain if there is to be a distinct name for the latter phase, it comes under [Greek: malakia] more nearly than any other term, though perhaps not quite properly.

Or the words may be understood as referring to the class of wrong acts caused by avoidance of pain, whether deliberate or otherwise, and then of course the names of [Greek: malakia] and [Greek: akolasia] may be fitly given respectively.

[17] “If we went into a hospital where all were sick or dying, we should think those least ill who were insensible to pain; a physician who knew the whole, would behold them with despair. And there is a mortification of the soul as well as of the body, in which the first symptoms of returning hope are pain and anguish” Sewell, Sermons to Young Men (Sermon xii.)

[18] Before the time of trial comes the man deliberately makes his Moral Choice to act rightly, but, at the moment of acting, the powerful strain of desire makes him contravene this choice his Will does not act in accordance with the affirmation or negation of his Reason. His actions are therefore of the mixed kind. See Book III. chap. i, and note on page 128.

[19] Let a man be punctual _on principle_ to any one engagement in the day, and he must, as a matter of course, keep all his others in their due places relatively to this one; and so will often wear an appearance of being needlessly punctilious in trifles.

[20] Because he is destitute of these minor springs of action, which are intended to supply the defects of the higher principle.

See Bishop Butler’s first Sermon on Compassion, and the conclusion of note on p. 129.

BOOK VIII

[1] “Owe no man anything, but to _love_ one another for he that loveth another _hath fulfilled the Law_.” Romans XIII. 8.

[2] [Greek: kerameis]. The Proverb in full is a line from Hesiod, [Greek: kahi keramehus keramei koteei kai tektoni tekton].

[3] In this sense, therefore, is it sung of Mrs. Gilpin that she

“two stone bottles found, To hold the liquor that she _loved_, And keep it safe and sound.”

[4] Cardwell’s reading, [Greek: tautae gar omoioi, kai ta loipa] is here adopted, as yielding a better sense than Bekker’s.

[5]The Great man will have a right to look for more Friendship than he bestows, but the Good man _can_ feel Friendship only for, and in proportion to, the goodness of the other.

[6] See note on page 68, 1. 8.

[7] See I. Topics, Chap. v. on the various senses of [Greek: tauton].

[8] “For the mutual society, help, and comfort that the one ought to have of the other, both in prosperity and adversity.”

[9] Which one would be assuming he was, if one declined to recognise the obligation to requite the favour or kindness.

BOOK IX

[1] “Neither the Son of man, that He should _repent_.” Numbers xxiii. 19.

“In a few instances the Second Intention, or Philosophical employment of a Term, is more extensive than the First Intention, or popular use.” Whately, Logic, iii. 10.

[2] “I have sometimes considered in what troublesome case is that Chamberlain in an Inn who being but one is to give attendance to many guests. For suppose them all in one chamber, yet, if one shall command him to come to the window, and the other to the table, and another to the bed, and another to the chimney, and another to come upstairs, and another to go downstairs, and all in the same instant, how would he be distracted to please them all? And yet such is the sad condition of nay soul by nature, not only a servant but a slave unto sin. Pride calls me to the window, gluttony to the table, wantonness to the bed, laziness to the chimney, ambition commands me to go upstairs, and covetousness to come down. Vices, I see, are as well contrary to themselves as to Virtue.” (Fuller’s Good Thoughts in Bad Times. Mix’t Contemplations, viii.)

BOOK X

[1] See note, p. 43.

[2] See Book II. chap. ix.

[3] See Book I. chap. v. ad finem.

[4] The notion alluded to is that of the [greek: idea]: that there is no real substantial good except the [greek: auto agathon], and therefore whatever is so called is so named in right of its participation in that.

[5] See note on page 136, 1. 15.

P. 238, 1. 24. Movement is, according to Aristotle, of six kinds: From not being to being . . . . Generation From being to not being . . . . Destruction From being to being more . . . . Increase From being to being less . . . . Diminution From being here to being there . . Change of Place From being in this way to being in that Alteration

[7] _A_ may go to sleep quicker than _B_, but cannot _do more sleep_ in a given time.

[8] Compare Book III. chap. vi. [Greek: osper kai epi ton somaton, k. t. l.]

[9] Which is of course a [Greek: genesis].

[10] That is, subordinate Movements are complete before the whole Movement is.

[11] Pleasure is so instantaneous a sensation, that it cannot be conceived divisible or incomplete; the longest continued Pleasure is only a succession of single sparks, so rapid as to give the appearance of a stream, of light.

[12] A man is as effectually hindered from taking a walk by the [Greek: allotria haedouae] of reading a novel, as by the [Greek: oikeia lupae] of gout in the feet.

[13] I have thus rendered [Greek: spoudae (ouk agnoon to hamartanomenon)]; but, though the English term does not represent the depth of the Greek one, it is some approximation to the truth to connect an earnest serious purpose with Happiness.

[14] Bishop Butler, _contra_ (Sermon XV.).

“Knowledge is not our proper Happiness. Whoever will in the least attend to the thing will see that it is the gaining, not the having, of it, which is the entertainment of the mind.” The two statements may however be reconciled. Aristotle may be well understood only to mean, that the pursuit of knowledge will be the pleasanter, the freer it is from the minor hindrances which attend on _learning_.

[15] The clause immediately following indicates that Aristotle felt this statement to be at first sight startling, Happiness having been all the way through connected with [Greek: energeia], but the statement illustrates and confirms what was said in note on page 6, 1. 15.

[16] That is to say, he aims at producing not merely a happy aggregate, but an aggregate of happy individuals. Compare what is said of Legislators in the last chapter of Book I and the first of Book II.

[17] See note, page 146, 1. 17.

==========

The Ethics of Aristotle

Aristotle

Project Gutenberg Release: July 01, 2005 · eBook #8438

The Nicomachean Ethics of Aristotle

By Aristotle

Introduction by J. A. Smith

Contents

INTRODUCTION

ARISTOTLE'S ETHICS BOOK I BOOK II BOOK III BOOK IV BOOK V BOOK VI BOOK VII BOOK VIII BOOK IX BOOK X NOTES

INTRODUCTION

The _Ethics_ of Aristotle is one half of a single treatise of which his _Politics_ is the other half. Both deal with one and the same subject. This subject is what Aristotle calls in one place the "philosophy of human affairs;" but more frequently Political or Social Science. In the two works taken together we have their author's whole theory of human conduct or practical activity, that is, of all human activity which is not directed merely to knowledge or truth. The two parts of this treatise are mutually complementary, but in a literary sense each is independent and self-contained. The proem to the _Ethics_ is an introduction to the whole subject, not merely to the first part; the last chapter of the _Ethics_ points forward to the _Politics_, and sketches for that part of the treatise the order of enquiry to be pursued (an order which in the actual treatise is not adhered to).

The principle of distribution of the subject-matter between the two works is far from obvious, and has been much debated. Not much can be gathered from their titles, which in any case were not given to them by their author. Nor do these titles suggest any very compact unity in the works to which they are applied: the plural forms, which survive so oddly in English (Ethic_s_, Politic_s_), were intended to indicate the treatment within a single work of a _group_ of connected questions. The unity of the first group arises from their centring round the topic of character, that of the second from their connection with the existence and life of the city or state. We have thus to regard the _Ethics_ as dealing with one group of problems and the _Politics_ with a second, both falling within the wide compass of Political Science. Each of these groups falls into sub-groups which roughly correspond to the several books in each work. The tendency to take up one by one the various problems which had suggested themselves in the wide field obscures both the unity of the subject-matter and its proper articulation. But it is to be remembered that what is offered us is avowedly rather an enquiry than an exposition of hard and fast doctrine.

Nevertheless each work aims at a relative completeness, and it is important to observe the relation of each to the other. The distinction is not that the one treats of Moral and the other of Political Philosophy, nor again that the one deals with the moral activity of the individual and the other with that of the State, nor once more that the one gives us the theory of human conduct, while the other discusses its application in practice, though not all of these misinterpretations are equally erroneous. The clue to the right interpretation is given by Aristotle himself, where in the last chapter of the _Ethics_ he is paving the way for the _Politics_. In the _Ethics_ he has not confined himself to the abstract or isolated individual, but has always thought of him, or we might say, in his social and political context, with a given nature due to race and heredity and in certain surroundings. So viewing him he has studied the nature and formation of his character—all that he can make himself or be made by others to be. Especially he has investigated the various admirable forms of human character and the mode of their production. But all this, though it brings more clearly before us what goodness or virtue is, and how it is to be reached, remains mere theory or talk. By itself it does not enable us to become, or to help others to become, good. For this it is necessary to bring into play the great force of the Political Community or State, of which the main instrument is Law. Hence arises the demand for the necessary complement to the _Ethics, i.e._, a treatise devoted to the questions which centre round the enquiry; by what organisation of social or political forces, by what laws or institutions can we best secure the greatest amount of good character?

We must, however, remember that the production of good character is not the end of either individual or state action: that is the aim of the one and the other because good character is the indispensable condition and chief determinant of happiness, itself the goal of all human doing. The end of all action, individual or collective, is the greatest happiness of the greatest number. There is, Aristotle insists, no difference of kind between the good of one and the good of many or all. The sole difference is one of amount or scale. This does not mean simply that the State exists to secure in larger measure the objects of degree which the isolated individual attempts, but is too feeble, to secure without it. On the contrary, it rather insists that whatever goods society alone enables a man to secure have always had to the individual—whether he realised it or not—the value which, when so secured, he recognises them to possess. The best and happiest life for the individual is that which the State renders possible, and this it does mainly by revealing to him the value of new objects of desire and educating him to appreciate them. To Aristotle or to Plato the State is, above all, a large and powerful educative agency which gives the individual increased opportunities of self-development and greater capacities for the enjoyment of life.

Looking forward, then, to the life of the State as that which aids support, and combines the efforts of the individual to obtain happiness, Aristotle draws no hard and fast distinction between the spheres of action of Man as individual and Man as citizen. Nor does the division of his discussion into the _Ethics_ and the _Politics_ rest upon any such distinction. The distinction implied is rather between two stages in the life of the civilised man—the stage of preparation for the full life of the adult citizen, and the stage of the actual exercise or enjoyment of citizenship. Hence the _Ethics_, where his attention is directed upon the formation of character, is largely and centrally a treatise on Moral Education. It discusses especially those admirable human qualities which fit a man for life in an organised civic community, which makes him “a good citizen,” and considers how they can be fostered or created and their opposites prevented.

This is the kernel of the _Ethics_, and all the rest is subordinate to this main interest and purpose. Yet “the rest” is not irrelevant; the whole situation in which character grows and operates is concretely conceived. There is a basis of what we should call Psychology, sketched in firm outlines, the deeper presuppositions and the wider issues of human character and conduct are not ignored, and there is no little of what we should call Metaphysics. But neither the Psychology nor the Metaphysics is elaborated, and only so much is brought forward as appears necessary to put the main facts in their proper perspective and setting. It is this combination of width of outlook with close observation of the concrete facts of conduct which gives its abiding value to the work, and justifies the view of it as containing Aristotle’s Moral Philosophy. Nor is it important merely as summing up the moral judgments and speculations of an age now long past. It seizes and dwells upon those elements and features in human practice which are most essential and permanent, and it is small wonder that so much in it survives in our own ways of regarding conduct and speaking of it. Thus it still remains one of the classics of Moral Philosophy, nor is its value likely soon to be exhausted.

As was pointed out above, the proem (Book I., cc. i-iii.) is a prelude to the treatment of the whole subject covered by the _Ethics_ and the _Politics_ together. It sets forth the purpose of the enquiry, describes the spirit in which it is to be undertaken and what ought to be the expectation of the reader, and lastly states the necessary conditions of studying it with profit. The aim of it is the acquisition and propagation of a certain kind of knowledge (science), but this knowledge and the thinking which brings it about are subsidiary to a practical end. The knowledge aimed at is of what is best for man and of the conditions of its realisation. Such knowledge is that which in its consumate form we find in great statesmen, enabling them to organise and administer their states and regulate by law the life of the citizens to their advantage and happiness, but it is the same kind of knowledge which on a smaller scale secures success in the management of the family or of private life.

It is characteristic of such knowledge that it should be deficient in “exactness,” in precision of statement, and closeness of logical concatenation. We must not look for a mathematics of conduct. The subject-matter of Human Conduct is not governed by necessary and uniform laws. But this does not mean that it is subject to no laws. There are general principles at work in it, and these can be formulated in “rules,” which rules can be systematised or unified. It is all-important to remember that practical or moral rules are only general and always admit of exceptions, and that they arise not from the mere complexity of the facts, but from the liability of the facts to a certain unpredictable variation. At their very best, practical rules state probabilities, not certainties; a relative constancy of connection is all that exists, but it is enough to serve as a guide in life. Aristotle here holds the balance between a misleading hope of reducing the subject-matter of conduct to a few simple rigorous abstract principles, with conclusions necessarily issuing from them, and the view that it is the field of operation of inscrutable forces acting without predictable regularity. He does not pretend to find in it absolute uniformities, or to deduce the details from his principles. Hence, too, he insists on the necessity of experience as the source or test of all that he has to say. Moral experience—the actual possession and exercise of good character—is necessary truly to understand moral principles and profitably to apply them. The mere intellectual apprehension of

them is not possible, or if possible, profitless.

The _Ethics_ is addressed to students who are presumed both to have enough general education to appreciate these points, and also to have a solid foundation of good habits. More than that is not required for the profitable study of it.

If the discussion of the nature and formation of character be regarded as the central topic of the _Ethics_, the contents of Book I., cc. iv.-xii. may be considered as still belonging to the introduction and setting, but these chapters contain matter of profound importance and have exercised an enormous influence upon subsequent thought. They lay down a principle which governs all Greek thought about human life, viz. that it is only intelligible when viewed as directed towards some end or good. This is the Greek way of expressing that all human life involves an ideal element—something which it is not yet and which under certain conditions it is to be. In that sense Greek Moral Philosophy is essentially idealistic. Further it is always assumed that all human practical activity is directed or "oriented" to a _single_ end, and that that end is knowable or definable in advance of its realisation. To know it is not merely a matter of speculative interest, it is of the highest practical moment for only in the light of it can life be duly guided, and particularly only so can the state be properly organised and administered. This explains the stress laid throughout by Greek Moral Philosophy upon the necessity of knowledge as a condition of the best life. This knowledge is not, though it includes knowledge of the nature of man and his circumstances, it is knowledge of what is best—of man's supreme end or good.

But this end is not conceived as presented to him by a superior power nor even as something which _ought_ to be. The presentation of the Moral Ideal as Duty is almost absent. From the outset it is identified with the object of desire, of what we not merely judge desirable but actually do desire, or that which would, if realised, satisfy human desire. In fact it is what we all, wise and simple, agree in naming "Happiness" (Welfare or Well-being)

In what then does happiness consist? Aristotle summarily sets aside the more or less popular identifications of it with abundance of physical pleasures, with political power and honour, with the mere possession of such superior gifts or attainments as normally entitle men to these, with wealth. None of these can constitute the end or good of man as such. On the other hand, he rejects his master Plato's conception of a good which is the end of the whole universe, or at least dismisses it as irrelevant to his present enquiry. The good towards which all human desires and practical activities are directed must be one conformable to man's special nature and circumstances and attainable by his efforts. There is in Aristotle's theory of human conduct no trace of Plato's "other worldliness", he brings the moral ideal in Bacon's phrase down to "right earth"—and so closer to the facts and problems of actual human living. Turning from criticism of others he states his own positive view of Happiness, and, though he avowedly states it merely in outline his account is pregnant with significance. Human Happiness lies in activity or energising, and that in a way peculiar to man with his given nature and his given circumstances, it is not theoretical, but practical: it is the activity not of reason but still of a being who possesses reason and applies it, and it presupposes in that being the development, and not merely the natural possession, of certain relevant powers and capacities. The last is the prime condition of successful living and therefore of satisfaction, but Aristotle does not ignore other conditions, such as length of life, wealth and good luck, the absence or diminution of which render happiness not impossible, but difficult of attainment.

It is interesting to compare this account of Happiness with Mill's in _Utilitarianism_. Mill's is much the less consistent: at times he distinguishes and at times he identifies, happiness, pleasure, contentment, and satisfaction. He wavers between belief in its general attainability and an absence of hopefulness. He mixes up in an arbitrary way such ingredients as "not expecting more from life than it is capable of bestowing," "mental cultivation," "improved laws," etc., and in fact leaves the whole conception vague, blurred, and uncertain. Aristotle draws the outline with a firmer hand and presents a more definite ideal. He allows for the influence on happiness of conditions only partly, if at all, within the control of man, but he clearly makes the man positive determinant of man's happiness he in himself, and more particularly in what he makes directly of his own nature, and so indirectly of his circumstances. "'Tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus" But once more this does not involve an artificial or abstract isolation of the individual moral agent from his relation to other persons or things from his context in society and nature, nor ignore the relative dependence of his life upon a favourable environment.

The main factor which determines success or failure in human life is the acquisition of certain powers, for Happiness is just the exercise or putting forth of these in actual living, everything else is secondary and subordinate. These powers arise from the due development of certain natural aptitudes which belong (in various degrees) to human nature as such and therefore to all normal human beings. In their developed form they are known as virtues (the Greek means simply "goodnesses," "perfections," "excellences," or "fitnesses"), some of them are physical, but others are psychical, and among the latter some, and these distinctively or peculiarly human, are "rational," _i e_, presuppose the possession and exercise of mind or intelligence. These last

fall into two groups, which Aristotle distinguishes as Goodnesses of Intellect and Goodnesses of Character. They have in common that they all excite in us admiration and praise of their possessors, and that they are not natural endowments, but acquired characteristics But they differ in important ways. (1) the former are excellences or developed powers of the reason as such—of that in us which sees and formulates laws, rules, regularities systems, and is content in the vision of them, while the latter involve a submission or obedience to such rules of something in us which is in itself capricious and irregular, but capable of regulation, viz our instincts and feelings, (2) the former are acquired by study and instruction, the latter by discipline. The latter constitute "character," each of them as a "moral virtue" (literally "a goodness of character"), and upon them primarily depends the realisation of happiness. This is the case at least for the great majority of men, and for all men their possession is an indispensable basis of the best, _i e_, the most desirable life. They form the chief or central subject-matter of the _Ethics_.

Perhaps the truest way of conceiving Aristotle's meaning here is to regard a moral virtue as a form of obedience to a maxim or rule of conduct accepted by the agent as valid for a class of recurrent situations in human life. Such obedience requires knowledge of the rule and acceptance of it _as the rule_ of the agent's own actions, but not necessarily knowledge of its ground or of its systematic connexion with other similarly known and similarly accepted rules (It may be remarked that the Greek word usually translated "reason," means in almost all cases in the _Ethics_ such a rule, and not the faculty which apprehends, formulates, considers them).

The "moral virtues and vices" make up what we call character, and the important questions arise: (1) What is character? and (2) How is it formed? (for character in this sense is not a natural endowment; it is formed or produced). Aristotle deals with these questions in the reverse order. His answers are peculiar and distinctive—not that they are absolutely novel (for they are anticipated in Plato), but that by him they are for the first time distinctly and clearly formulated.

(1.) Character, good or bad, is produced by what Aristotle calls "habituation," that is, it is the result of the repeated doing of acts which have a similar or common quality. Such repetition acting upon natural aptitudes or propensities gradually fixes them in one or other of two opposite directions, giving them a bias towards good or evil. Hence the several acts which determine goodness or badness of character must be done in a certain way, and thus the formation of good character requires discipline and direction from without. Not that the agent himself contributes nothing to the formation of his character, but that at first he needs guidance. The point is not so much that the process cannot be safely left to Nature, but that it cannot be entrusted to merely intellectual instruction. The process is one of assimilation, largely by imitation and under direction and control. The result is a growing understanding of what is done, a choice of it for its own sake, a fixity and steadiness of purpose. Right acts and feelings become, through habit, easier and more pleasant, and the doing of them a "second nature." The agent acquires the power of doing them freely, willingly, more and more "of himself."

But what are "right" acts? In the first place, they are those that conform to a rule—to the right rule, and ultimately to reason. The Greeks never waver from the conviction that in the end moral conduct is essentially reasonable conduct. But there is a more significant way of describing their "rightness," and here for the first time Aristotle introduces his famous "Doctrine of the Mean." Reasoning from the analogy of "right" physical acts, he pronounces that rightness always means adaptation or adjustment to the special requirements of a situation. To this adjustment he gives a quantitative interpretation. To do (or to feel) what is right in a given situation is to do or to feel just the amount required—neither more nor less: to do wrong is to do or to feel too much or too little—to fall short of or over-shoot, "a mean" determined by the situation. The repetition of acts which lie in the mean is the cause of the formation of each and every "goodness of character," and for this "rules" can be given.

(2) What then is a "moral virtue," the result of such a process duly directed? It is no mere mood of feeling, no mere liability to emotion, no mere natural aptitude or endowment, it is a permanent _state_ of the agent's self, or, as we might in modern phrase put it, of his will, it consists in a steady self-imposed obedience to a rule of action in certain situations which frequently recur in human life. The rule prescribes the control and regulation within limits of the agent's natural impulses to act and feel thus and thus. The situations fall into groups which constitute the "fields" of the several "moral virtues", for each there is a rule, conformity to which secures rightness in the individual acts. Thus the moral ideal appears as a code of rules, accepted by the agent, but as yet _to him_ without rational justification and without system or unity. But the rules prescribe no mechanical uniformity: each within its limits permits variety, and the exactly right amount adopted to the requirements of the individual situation (and every actual situation is individual) must be determined by the intuition of the moment. There is no attempt to reduce the rich possibilities of right action to a single monotonous type. On the contrary, there are acknowledged to be many forms of moral virtue, and there is a long list of them, with their correlative vices enumerated.

The Doctrine of the Mean here takes a form in which it has impressed subsequent thinkers, but which has less importance than is usually ascribed to it. In the “Table of the Virtues and Vices,” each of the virtues is flanked by two opposite vices, which are respectively the excess and defect of that which in due measure constitutes the virtue. Aristotle tries to show that this is the case in regard to every virtue named and recognised as such, but his treatment is often forced and the endeavour is not very successful. Except as a convenient principle of arrangement of the various forms of praiseworthy or blameworthy characters, generally acknowledged as such by Greek opinion, this form of the doctrine is of no great significance.

Books III-V are occupied with a survey of the moral virtues and vices. These seem to have been undertaken in order to verify in detail the general account, but this aim is not kept steadily in view. Nor is there any well-considered principle of classification. What we find is a sort of portrait-gallery of the various types of moral excellence which the Greeks of the author’s age admired and strove to encourage. The discussion is full of acute, interesting and sometimes profound observations. Some of the types are those which are and will be admired at all times, but others are connected with peculiar features of Greek life which have now passed away. The most important is that of Justice or the Just Man, to which we may later return. But the discussion is preceded by an attempt to elucidate some difficult and obscure points in the general account of moral virtue and action (Book III, cc i-v). This section is concerned with the notion of Responsibility. The discussion designedly excludes what we may call the metaphysical issues of the problem, which here present themselves, it moves on the level of thought of the practical man, the statesman, and the legislator. Coercion and ignorance of relevant circumstances render acts involuntary and exempt their doer from responsibility, otherwise the act is voluntary and the agent responsible, choice or preference of what is done, and inner consent to the deed, are to be presumed. Neither passion nor ignorance of the right rule can extenuate responsibility. But there is a difference between acts done voluntarily and acts done of _set_ choice or purpose. The latter imply Deliberation. Deliberation involves thinking, thinking out means to ends: in deliberate acts the whole nature of the agent consents to and enters into the act, and in a peculiar sense they are his, they _are_ him in action, and the most significant evidence of what he is. Aristotle is unable wholly to avoid allusion to the metaphysical difficulties and what he does here say upon them is obscure and unsatisfactory. But he insists upon the importance in moral action of the agent’s inner consent, and on the reality of his individual responsibility. For his present purpose the metaphysical difficulties are irrelevant.

The treatment of Justice in Book V has always been a source of great difficulty to students of the _Ethics_. Almost more than any other part of the work it has exercised influence upon mediaeval and modern thought upon the subject. The distinctions and divisions have become part of the stock-in-trade of would be philosophic jurists. And yet, oddly enough, most of these distinctions have been misunderstood and the whole purport of the discussion misconceived. Aristotle is here dealing with justice in a restricted sense viz as that special goodness of character which is required of every adult citizen and which can be produced by early discipline or habituation. It is the temper or habitual attitude demanded of the citizen for the due exercise of his functions as taking part in the administration of the civic community—as a member of the judicature and executive. The Greek citizen was only exceptionally, and at rare intervals if ever, a law-maker while at any moment he might be called upon to act as a judge (juryman or arbitrator) or as an administrator. For the work of a legislator far more than the moral virtue of justice or fairmindedness was necessary, these were requisite to the rarer and higher “intellectual virtue” of practical wisdom. Then here, too, the discussion moves on a low level, and the raising of fundamental problems is excluded. Hence “distributive justice” is concerned not with the large question of the distribution of political power and privileges among the constituent members or classes of the state but with the smaller questions of the distribution among those of casual gains and even with the division among private claimants of a common fund or inheritance, while “corrective justice” is concerned solely with the management of legal redress. The whole treatment is confused by the unhappy attempt to give a precise mathematical form to the principles of justice in the various fields distinguished. Still it remains an interesting first endeavour to give greater exactness to some of the leading conceptions of jurisprudence.

Book VI appears to have in view two aims: (1) to describe goodness of intellect and discover its highest form or forms; (2) to show how this is related to goodness of character, and so to conduct generally. As all thinking is either theoretical or practical, goodness of intellect has _two_ supreme forms—Theoretical and Practical Wisdom. The first, which apprehends the eternal laws of the universe, has no direct relation to human conduct: the second is identical with that master science of human life of which the whole treatise, consisting of the _Ethics_ and the _Politics_, is an exposition. It is this science which supplies the right rules of conduct Taking them as they emerge in and from practical experience, it formulates them more precisely and organises them into a system where they are all seen to converge upon happiness. The mode in which such knowledge manifests itself is in the power to show that such and such rules of action follow from the very nature of the end or good for man. It presupposes and starts from a clear conception of the end and the wish for it as conceived, and it proceeds by a deduction which is dehberation writ large. In the man of

practical wisdom this process has reached its perfect result, and the code of right rules is apprehended as a system with a single principle and so as something wholly rational or reasonable He has not on each occasion to seek and find the right rule applicable to the situation, he produces it at once from within himself, and can at need justify it by exhibiting its rationale, _i.e._ , its connection with the end. This is the consummate form of reason applied to conduct, but there are minor forms of it, less independent or original, but nevertheless of great value, such as the power to think out the proper cause of policy in novel circumstances or the power to see the proper line of treatment to follow in a court of law.

The form of the thinking which enters into conduct is that which terminates in the production of a rule which declares some means to the end of life. The process presupposes _(a)_ a clear and just apprehension of the nature of that end—such as the _Ethics_ itself endeavours to supply; _(b)_ a correct perception of the conditions of action, _(a)_ at least is impossible except to a man whose character has been duly formed by discipline; it arises only in a man who has acquired moral virtue. For such action and feeling as forms bad character, blinds the eye of the soul and corrupts the moral principle, and the place of practical wisdom is taken by that parody of itself which Aristotle calls “cleverness”—the “wisdom” of the unscrupulous man of the world. Thus true practical wisdom and true goodness of character are interdependent; neither is genuinely possible or “completely” present without the other. This is Aristotle’s contribution to the discussion of the question, so central in Greek Moral Philosophy, of the relation of the intellectual and the passionate factors in conduct.

Aristotle is not an intuitionist, but he recognises the implication in conduct of a direct and immediate apprehension both of the end and of the character of his circumstances under which it is from moment to moment realised. The directness of such apprehension makes it analogous to sensation or sense-perception; but it is on his view in the end due to the existence or activity in man of that power in him which is the highest thing in his nature, and akin to or identical with the divine nature—mind, or intelligence. It is this which reveals to us what is best for us—the ideal of a happiness which is the object of our real wish and the goal of all our efforts. But beyond and above the practical ideal of what is best _for man_ begins to show itself another and still higher ideal—that of a life not distinctively human or in a narrow sense practical, yet capable of being participated in by man even under the actual circumstances of this world. For a time, however, this further and higher ideal is ignored.

The next book (Book VII.), is concerned partly with moral conditions, in which the agent seems to rise above the level of moral virtue or fall below that of moral vice, but partly and more largely with conditions in which the agent occupies a middle position between the two. Aristotle’s attention is here directed chiefly towards the phenomena of “Incontinence,” weakness of will or imperfect self-control. This condition was to the Greeks a matter of only too frequent experience, but it appeared to them peculiarly difficult to understand. How can a man know what is good or best for him, and yet chronically fail to act upon his knowledge? Socrates was driven to the paradox of denying the possibility, but the facts are too strong for him. Knowledge of the right rule may be present, nay the rightfulness of its authority may be acknowledged, and yet time after time it may be disobeyed; the will may be good and yet overmastered by the force of desire, so that the act done is contrary to the agent’s will. Nevertheless the act may be the agent’s, and the will therefore divided against itself. Aristotle is aware of the seriousness and difficulty of the problem, but in spite of the vividness with which he pictures, and the acuteness with which he analyses, the situation in which such action occurs, it cannot be said that he solves the problem. It is time that he rises above the abstract view of it as a conflict between reason and passion, recognising that passion is involved in the knowledge which in conduct prevails or is overborne, and that the force which leads to the wrong act is not blind or ignorant passion, but always has some reason in it. But he tends to lapse back into the abstraction, and his final account is perplexed and obscure. He finds the source of the phenomenon in the nature of the desire for bodily pleasures, which is not irrational but has something rational in it. Such pleasures are not necessarily or inherently bad, as has sometimes been maintained; on the contrary, they are good, but only in certain amounts or under certain conditions, so that the will is often misled, hesitates, and is lost.

Books VIII. and IX. (on Friendship) are almost an interruption of the argument. The subject-matter of them was a favourite topic of ancient writers, and the treatment is smoother and more orderly than elsewhere in the _Ethics_. The argument is clear, and may be left without comment to the readers. These books contain a necessary and attractive complement to the somewhat dry account of Greek morality in the preceding books, and there are in them profound reflections on what may be called the metaphysics of friendship or love.

At the beginning of Book X. we return to the topic of Pleasure, which is now regarded from a different point of view. In Book VII. the antagonists were those who over-emphasised the irrationality or badness of Pleasure: here it is rather those who so exaggerate its value as to confuse or identify it with the good or Happiness. But there is offered us in this section much more than criticism of the errors of others. Answers are given both to the psychological question, “What is Pleasure?” and to the ethical question, “What is its

value?" Pleasure, we are told, is the natural concomitant and index of perfect activity, distinguishable but inseparable from it—"the activity of a subject at its best acting upon an object at its best." It is therefore always and in itself a good, but its value rises and falls with that of the activity with which it is conjoined, and which it intensifies and perfects. Hence it follows that the highest and best pleasures are those which accompany the highest and best activity.

Pleasure is, therefore, a necessary element in the best life, but it is not the whole of it nor the principal ingredient. The value of a life depends upon the nature and worth of the activity which it involves; given the maximum of full free action, the maximum of pleasure necessary follows. But on what sort of life is such activity possible? This leads us back to the question, What is happiness? In what life can man find the fullest satisfaction for his desires? To this question Aristotle gives an answer which cannot but surprise us after what has preceded. True Happiness, great satisfaction, cannot be found by man in any form of "practical" life, no, not in the fullest and freest exercise possible of the "moral virtues," not in the life of the citizen or of the great soldier or statesman. To seek it there is to court failure and disappointment. It is to be found in the life of the onlooker, the disinterested spectator; or, to put it more distinctly, "in the life of the philosopher, the life of scientific and philosophic contemplation." The highest and most satisfying form of life possible to man is "the contemplative life"; it is only in a secondary sense and for those incapable of their life, that the practical or moral ideal is the best. It is time that such a life is not distinctively human, but it is the privilege of man to partake in it, and such participation, at however rare intervals and for however short a period, is the highest Happiness which human life can offer. All other activities have value only because and in so far as they render _this_ life possible.

But it must not be forgotten that Aristotle conceives of this life as one of intense activity or energising: it is just this which gives it its supremacy. In spite of the almost religious fervour with which he speaks of it ("the most orthodox of his disciples" paraphrases his meaning by describing its content as "the service and vision of God"), it is clear that he identified it with the life of the philosopher, as he understood it, a life of ceaseless intellectual activity in which at least at times all the distractions and disturbances inseparable from practical life seemed to disappear and become as nothing. This ideal was partly an inheritance from the more ardent idealism of his master Plato, but partly it was the expression of personal experience.

The nobility of this ideal cannot be questioned; the conception of the end of man or a life lived for truth—of a life blissfully absorbed in the vision of truth—is a lofty and inspiring one. But we cannot resist certain criticisms upon its presentation by Aristotle: (1) the relation of it to the lower ideal of practice is left somewhat obscure; (2) it is described in such a way as renders its realisation possible only to a gifted few, and under exceptional circumstances; (3) it seems in various ways, as regards its content, to be unnecessarily and unjustifiably limited. But it must be borne in mind that this is a first endeavour to determine its principle, and that similar failures have attended the attempts to describe the "religious" or the "spiritual" ideals of life, which have continually been suggested by the apparently inherent limitations of the "practical" or "moral" life, which is the subject of Moral Philosophy.

The Moral Ideal to those who have most deeply reflected on it leads to the thought of an Ideal beyond and above it, which alone gives it meaning, but which seems to escape from definite conception by man. The richness and variety of this Ideal ceaselessly invite, but as ceaselessly defy, our attempts to imprison it in a definite formula or portray it in detailed imagination. Yet the thought of it is and remains inexpungable from our minds.

This conception of the best life is not forgotten in the _Politics_ The end of life in the state is itself well-living and well-doing—a life which helps to produce the best life The great agency in the production of such life is the State operating through Law, which is Reason backed by Force. For its greatest efficiency there is required the development of a science of legislation. The main drift of what he says here is that the most desirable thing would be that the best reason of the community should be embodied in its laws. But so far as that is not possible, it still is true that anyone who would make himself and others better must become a miniature legislator—must study the general principles of law, morality, and education. The conception of πολιτικ■ with which he opened the _Ethics_ would serve as a guide to a father educating his children as well as to the legislator legislating for the state. Finding in his predecessors no developed doctrine on this subject, Aristotle proposes himself to undertake the construction of it, and sketches in advance the programme of the _Politics_ in the concluding sentence of the _Ethics_ His ultimate object is to answer the questions, What is the best form of Polity, how should each be constituted, and what laws and customs should it adopt and employ? Not till this answer is given will "the philosophy of human affairs" be complete.

On looking back it will be seen that the discussion of the central topic of the nature and formation of character has expanded into a Philosophy of Human Conduct, merging at its beginning and end into metaphysics The result is a Moral Philosophy set against a background of Political Theory and general Philosophy. The most characteristic features of this Moral Philosophy are due to the fact of its essentially teleological view of human life and action: (1) Every human activity, but especially every human practical

activity, is directed towards a simple End discoverable by reflection, and this End is conceived of as the object of universal human desire, as something to be enjoyed, not as something which ought to be done or enacted. Anstotle's Moral Philosophy is not hedonistic but it is eudæmomstic, the end is the enjoyment of Happiness, not the fulfilment of Duty. (2) Every human practical activity derives its value from its efficiency as a means to that end, it is good or bad, right or wrong, as it conduces or fails to conduce to Happiness Thus his Moral Philosophy is essentially utilitarian or prudential Right action presupposes Thought or Thinking, partly on the development of a clearer and distincter conception of the end of desire, partly as the deduction from that of rules which state the normally effective conditions of its realisation. The thinking involved in right conduct is calculation—calculation of means to an end fixed by nature and foreknowable Action itself is at its best just the realisation of a scheme preconceived and thought out beforehand, commending itself by its inherent attractiveness or promise of enjoyment.

This view has the great advantage of exhibiting morality as essentially reasonable, but the accompanying disadvantage of lowering it into a somewhat prosaic and unideal Prudentialism, nor is it saved from this by the tacking on to it, by a sort of after-thought, of the second and higher Ideal—an addition which ruins the coherence of the account without really transmuting its substance The source of our dissatisfaction with the whole theory lies deeper than in its tendency to identify the end with the maximum of enjoyment or satisfaction, or to regard the goodness or badness of acts and feelings as lying solely in their efficacy to produce such a result It arises from the application to morality of the distinction of means and end For this distinction, for all its plausibility and usefulness in ordinary thought and speech, cannot finally be maintained In morality—and this is vital to its character—everything is both means and end, and so neither in distinction or separation, and all thinking about it which presupposes the finality of this distinction wanders into misconception and error. The thinking which really matters in conduct is not a thinking which imaginatively forecasts ideals which promise to fulfil desire, or calculates means to their attainment—that is sometimes useful, sometimes harmful, and always subordinate, but thinking which reveals to the agent the situation in which he is to act, both, that is, the universal situation on which as man he always and everywhere stands, and the ever-varying and ever-novel situation in which he as this individual, here and now, finds himself. In such knowledge of given or historic fact lie the natural determinants of his conduct, in such knowledge alone lies the condition of his freedom and his good.

But this does not mean that Moral Philosophy has not still much to learn from Aristotle's _Ethics_. The work still remains one of the best introductions to a study of its important subject-matter, it spreads before us a view of the relevant facts, it reduces them to manageable compass and order, it raises some of the central problems, and makes acute and valuable suggestions towards their solution. Above all, it perpetually incites to renewed and independent reflection upon them.

J. A. SMITH

The following is a list of the works of Aristotle:—

First edition of works (with omission of Rhetorica, Poetica, and second book of Economica), 5 vols by Aldus Manutius, Venice, 1495 8, re impression supervised by Erasmus and with certain corrections by Grynaeus (including Rhetorica and Poetica), 1531, 1539, revised 1550, later editions were followed by that of Immanuel Bekker and Brandis (Greek and Latin), 5 vols. The 5th vol contains the Index by Bomtz, 1831-70, Didot edition (Greek and Latin), 5 vols 1848 74

ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS Edited by T Taylor, with Porphyry's Introduction, 9 vols, 1812, under editorship of J A Smith and W D Ross, II vols, 1908-31, Loeb editions Ethica, Rhetorica, Poetica, Physica, Politica, Metaphysica, 1926-33

Later editions of separate works _De Anima_ Torstrik, 1862, Trendelenburg, 2nd edition, 1877, with English translation, L Wallace, 1882, Biehl, 1884, 1896, with English, R D Hicks, 1907 _Ethica_ J S Brewer (Nicomachean), 1836, W E Jelf, 1856, J F T Rogers, 1865, A Grant, 1857 8, 1866, 1874, 1885, E Moore, 1871, 1878, 4th edition, 1890, Ramsauer (Nicomachean), 1878, Susemihl, 1878, 1880, revised by O Apelt, 1903, A Grant, 1885, I Bywater (Nicomachean), 1890, J Burnet, 1900

Historia Animalium Schneider, 1812, Aubert and Wimmer, 1860; Dittmeyer, 1907

Metaphysica Schwegler, 1848, W Christ, 1899

Organon Waitz, 1844 6

Poetica Vahlen, 1867, 1874, with Notes by E Moore, 1875, with English translation by E R Wharton, 1883, 1885, Uberweg, 1870, 1875, with German translation, Susemihl, 1874, Schmidt, 1875, Christ, 1878, I Bywater, 1898, T G Tucker, 1899

De Republica Athenientium Text and facsimile of Papyrus, F G Kenyon, 1891, 3rd edition, 1892, Kaibel and Wilamowitz-Moellendorf, 1891, 3rd edition, 1898, Van Herwerden and Leeuwen (from Kenyon's text), 1891, Blass, 1892, 1895, 1898, 1903, J E Sandys, 1893

Politica Susemihl, 1872, with German, 1878, 3rd edition, 1882, Susemihl and Hicks, 1894, etc, O Immisch, 1909

Physica C Prantl, 1879

Rhetorica Stahr, 1862, Sprengel (with Latin text), 1867, Cope and Sandys, 1877, Roemer, 1885, 1898

ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS OF ONE OR MORE WORKS De Anima (with Parva Naturalia), by W A Hammond, 1902 Ethica Of Morals to Nicomachus, by E Pargiter, 1745, with Politica by J Gillies, 1797, 1804, 1813, with Rhetorica and Poetica, by T Taylor, 1818, and later editions Nicomachean Ethics, 1819, mainly from text of Bekker by D P Chase, 1847, revised 1861, and later editions, with an introductory essay by G H Lewes (Camelot Classics) 1890, re-edited by J M Mitchell (New Universal Library), 1906, 1910, by R W Browne (Bohn's Classical Library), 1848, etc, by R Williams, 1869, 1876, by W M Hatch and others (with translation of paraphrase attributed to Andronicus of Rhodes), edited by E Hatch, 1879 by F H Peters, 1881, J E C Welldon, 1892, J Gillies (Lubbock's Hundred Books) 1893 Historia Animalium, by R Creswell (Bonn's Classical Library) 1848, with Treatise on Physiognomy, by T Taylor, 1809 Metaphysica, by T Taylor, 1801, by J H M Mahon (Bohn's Classical Library), 1848 Organon, with Porphyry's Introduction, by O F Owen (Bohn's Classical Library), 1848 Posterior Analytics, E Poste, 1850, E S Bourchier, 1901, On Fallacies, E Poste, 1866 Parva Naturaha (Greek and English), by G R T Ross, 1906, with De Anima, by W A Hammond, 1902 Youth and Old Age, Life and Death and Respiration, W Ogle 1897 Poetica, with Notes from the French of D Acier, 1705, by H J Pye, 1788, 1792, T Twining, 1789, 1812, with Preface and Notes by H Hamilton, 1851, Treatise on Rhetorica and Poetica, by T Hobbes (Bohn's Classical Library), 1850, by Wharton, 1883 (see Greek version), S H Butcher, 1895, 1898, 3rd edition, 1902, E S Bourchier, 1907, by Ingram Bywater, 1909 De Partibus Animalium, W Ogle, 1882 De Republica Athenientium, by E Poste, 1891, F G Kenyon, 1891, T J Dymes, 1891 De Virtutibus et Vitus, by W Bridgman, 1804 Politica, from the French of Regius, 1598, by W Ellis, 1776, 1778, 1888 (Morley's Universal Library), 1893 (Lubbock's Hundred Books) by E Walford (with Æconomics, and Life by Dr Gillies), (Bohn's Classical Library), 1848, J E. C. Welldon, 1883, B Jowett, 1885, with Introduction and Index by H W C Davis, 1905, Books i iii iv (vii) from Bekker's text by W E Bolland, with Introduction by A Lang, 1877. Problemata (with writings of other philosophers), 1597, 1607, 1680, 1684, etc. Rhetorica, A summary by T Hobbes, 1655 (?), new edition, 1759, by the translators of the Art of Thinking, 1686, 1816, by D M Crimmin, 1812, J Gillies, 1823, Anon 1847, J E C Welldon, 1886, R C Jebb, with Introduction and Supplementary Notes by J E Sandys, 1909 (see under Poetica and Ethica). Secreta Secretorum (supposititious work), Anon 1702, from the Hebrew version by M Gaster, 1907, 1908. Version by Lydgate and Burgh, edited by R Steele (E E T S), 1894, 1898.

LIFE, ETC J W Blakesley, 1839, A Crichton (Jardine's Naturalist's Library), 1843, JS Blackie, Four Phases of Morals, Socrates, Aristotle, etc, 1871, G Grote, Aristotle, edited by A Bain and G C Robertson, 1872, 1880, E Wallace, Outlines of the Philosophy of Aristotle, 1875, 1880, A Grant (Ancient Classics for English readers), 1877, T Davidson, Aristotle and Ancient Educational Ideals (Great Educators), 1892, F Sewall, Swedenborg and Aristotle, 1895, W A Heidel, The Necessary and the Contingent of the Aristotelian System (University of Chicago Contributions to Philosophy), 1896, F W Bain, On the Realisation of the Possible, and the Spirit of Aristotle, 1899, J H Hyslop, The Ethics of the Greek Philosophers, etc (Evolution of Ethics), 1903, M V Williams, Six Essays on the Platonic Theory of Knowledge as expounded in the later dialogues and reviewed by Aristotle, 1908, J M Watson, Aristotle's Criticism of Plato, 1909 A E Taylor, Aristotle, 1919, W D Ross, Aristotle, 1923.

ARISTOTLE'S ETHICS

BOOK I

Chapter I.

Every art, and every science reduced to a teachable form, and in like manner every action and moral choice, aims, it is thought, at some good: for which reason a common and by no means a bad description of the Chief Good is, "that which all things aim at."

Now there plainly is a difference in the Ends proposed: for in some cases they are acts of working, and in others certain works or tangible results beyond and beside the acts of working: and where there are certain Ends beyond and beside the actions, the works are in their nature better than the acts of working. Again, since actions and arts and sciences are many, the Ends likewise come to

be many: of the healing art, for instance, health; of the ship-building art, a vessel; of the military art, victory; and of domestic management, wealth; are respectively the Ends.

And whatever of such actions, arts, or sciences range under some one faculty (as under that of horsemanship the art of making bridles, and all that are connected with the manufacture of horse-furniture in general; this itself again, and every action connected with war, under the military art; and in the same way others under others), in all such, the Ends of the master-arts are more choice-worthy than those ranging under them, because it is with a view to the former that the latter are pursued.

(And in this comparison it makes no difference whether the acts of working are themselves the Ends of the actions, or something further beside them, as is the case in the arts and sciences we have been just speaking of.)

Since then of all things which may be done there is some one End which we desire for its own sake, and with a view to which we desire everything else; and since we do not choose in all instances with a further End in view (for then men would go on without limit, and so the desire would be unsatisfied and fruitless), this plainly must be the Chief Good, _i.e._ the best thing of all.

Surely then, even with reference to actual life and conduct, the knowledge of it must have great weight; and like archers, with a mark in view, we shall be more likely to hit upon what is right: and if so, we ought to try to describe, in outline at least, what it is and of which of the sciences and faculties it is the End.

Now one would naturally suppose it to be the End of that which is most commanding and most inclusive: and to this description, πολιτικ■[1] plainly answers: for this it is that determines which of the sciences should be in the communities, and which kind individuals are to learn, and what degree of proficiency is to be required. Again; we see also ranging under this the most highly esteemed faculties, such as the art military, and that of domestic management, and Rhetoric. Well then, since this uses all the other practical sciences, and moreover lays down rules as to what men are to do, and from what to abstain, the End of this must include the Ends of the rest, and so must be The Good of Man. And grant that this is the same to the individual and to the community, yet surely that of the latter is plainly greater and more perfect to discover and preserve: for to do this even for a single individual were a matter for contentment; but to do it for a whole nation, and for communities generally, were more noble and godlike.

Such then are the objects proposed by our treatise, which is of the nature of πολιτικ■: and I conceive I shall have spoken on them satisfactorily, if they be made as distinctly clear as the nature of the subject-matter will admit: for exactness must not be looked for in all discussions alike, any more than in all works of handicraft. Now the notions of nobleness and justice, with the examination of which πολιτικ■ is concerned, admit of variation and error to such a degree, that they are supposed by some to exist conventionally only, and not in the nature of things: but then, again, the things which are allowed to be goods admit of a similar error, because harm comes to many from them: for before now some have perished through wealth, and others through valour.

We must be content then, in speaking of such things and from such data, to set forth the truth roughly and in outline; in other words, since we are speaking of general matter and from general data, to draw also conclusions merely general. And in the same spirit should each person receive what we say: for the man of education will seek exactness so far in each subject as the nature of the thing admits, it being plainly much the same absurdity to put up with a mathematician who tries to persuade instead of proving, and to demand strict demonstrative reasoning of a Rhetorician.

Now each man judges well what he knows, and of these things he is a good judge: on each particular matter then he is a good judge who has been instructed in _it_, and in a general way the man of general mental cultivation.[2]

Hence the young man is not a fit student of Moral Philosophy, for he has no experience in the actions of life, while all that is said presupposes and is concerned with these: and in the next place, since he is apt to follow the impulses of his passions, he will hear as though he heard not, and to no profit, the end in view being practice and not mere knowledge.

And I draw no distinction between young in years, and youthful in temper and disposition: the defect to which I allude being no direct result of the time, but of living at the beck and call of passion, and following each object as it rises.[3] For to them that are such the knowledge comes to be unprofitable, as to those of imperfect self-control: but, to those who form their desires and act in accordance with reason, to have knowledge on these points must be very profitable.

Let thus much suffice by way of preface on these three points, the student, the spirit in which our observations should be received, and the object which we propose.

Chapter II.

And now, resuming the statement with which we commenced, since all knowledge and moral choice grasps at good of some kind or another, what good is that which we say πολιτικ■ aims at? or, in other words, what is the highest of all the goods which are the objects of action?

So far as name goes, there is a pretty general agreement: for HAPPINESS both the multitude and the refined few call it, and “living well” and “doing well” they conceive to be the same with “being happy;” but about the Nature of this Happiness, men dispute, and the multitude do not in their account of it agree with the wise. For some say it is some one of those things which are palpable and apparent, as pleasure or wealth or honour; in fact, some one thing, some another; nay, oftentimes the same man gives a different account of it; for when ill, he calls it health; when poor, wealth: and conscious of their own ignorance, men admire those who talk grandly and above their comprehension. Some again held it to be something by itself, other than and beside these many good things, which is in fact to all these the cause of their being good.

Now to sift all the opinions would be perhaps rather a fruitless task; so it shall suffice to sift those which are most generally current, or are thought to have some reason in them.

And here we must not forget the difference between reasoning from principles, and reasoning to principles: for with good cause did Plato too doubt about this, and enquire whether the right road is from principles or to principles, just as in the racecourse from the judges to the further end, or _vice versâ_.

Of course, we must begin with what is known; but then this is of two kinds, what we _do_ know, and what we _may_ know:[5] perhaps then as individuals we must begin with what we _do_ know. Hence the necessity that he should have been well trained in habits, who is to study, with any tolerable chance of profit, the principles of nobleness and justice and moral philosophy generally. For a principle is a matter of fact, and if the fact is sufficiently clear to a man there will be no need in addition of the reason for the fact. And he that has been thus trained either has principles already, or can receive them easily: as for him who neither has nor can receive them, let him hear his sentence from Hesiod:

He is best of all who of himself conceiveth all things; Good again is he too who can adopt a good suggestion; But whoso neither of himself conceiveth nor hearing from another Layeth it to heart;—he is a useless man.

Chapter III.

But to return from this digression.

Now of the Chief Good (_i.e._ of Happiness) men seem to form their notions from the different modes of life, as we might naturally expect: the many and most low conceive it to be pleasure, and hence they are content with the life of sensual enjoyment. For there are three lines of life which stand out prominently to view: that just mentioned, and the life in society, and, thirdly, the life of contemplation.

Now the many are plainly quite slavish, choosing a life like that of brute animals: yet they obtain some consideration, because many of the great share the tastes of Sardanapalus. The refined and active again conceive it to be honour: for this may be said to be the end of the life in society: yet it is plainly too superficial for the object of our search, because it is thought to rest with those who pay rather than with him who receives it, whereas the Chief Good we feel instinctively must be something which is our own, and not easily to be taken from us.

And besides, men seem to pursue honour, that they may believe themselves to be good:[6] for instance, they seek to be honoured by the wise, and by those among whom they are known, and for virtue: clearly then, in the opinion at least of these men, virtue is higher than honour. In truth, one would be much more inclined to think this to be the end of the life in society; yet this itself is plainly not sufficiently final: for it is conceived possible, that a man possessed of virtue might sleep or be inactive all through his life, or, as a third case, suffer the greatest evils and misfortunes: and the man who should live thus no one would call happy, except for mere disputation’s sake.[7]

And for these let thus much suffice, for they have been treated of at sufficient length in my Encyclia.[8]

A third line of life is that of contemplation, concerning which we shall make our examination in the following pages.[9]

As for the life of money-making, it is one of constraint, and wealth manifestly is not the good we are seeking, because it is for use, that is, for the sake of something further: and hence one would rather conceive the forementioned ends to be the right ones, for

men rest content with them for their own sakes. Yet, clearly, they are not the objects of our search either, though many words have been wasted on them.[10] So much then for these.

Again, the notion of one Universal Good (the same, that is, in all things), it is better perhaps we should examine, and discuss the meaning of it, though such an enquiry is unpleasant, because they are friends of ours who have introduced these ε■δη.[11] Still perhaps it may appear better, nay to be our duty where the safety of the truth is concerned, to upset if need be even our own theories, specially as we are lovers of wisdom: for since both are dear to us, we are bound to prefer the truth. Now they who invented this doctrine of ε■δη, did not apply it to those things in which they spoke of priority and posteriority, and so they never made any ■δ■α of numbers; but good is predicated in the categories of Substance, Quality, and Relation; now that which exists of itself, i.e. Substance, is prior in the nature of things to that which is relative, because this latter is an off-shoot, as it were, and result of that which is; on their own principle then there cannot be a common ■δ■α in the case of these.

In the next place, since good is predicated in as many ways as there are modes of existence [for it is predicated in the category of Substance, as God, Intellect—and in that of Quality, as The Virtues—and in that of Quantity, as The Mean—and in that of Relation, as The Useful—and in that of Time, as Opportunity—and in that of Place, as Abode; and other such like things], it manifestly cannot be something common and universal and one in all: else it would not have been predicated in all the categories, but in one only.

Thirdly, since those things which range under one ■δ■α are also under the cognisance of one science, there would have been, on their theory, only one science taking cognisance of all goods collectively: but in fact there are many even for those which range under one category: for instance, of Opportunity or Seasonableness (which I have before mentioned as being in the category of Time), the science is, in war, generalship; in disease, medical science; and of the Mean (which I quoted before as being in the category of Quantity), in food, the medical science; and in labour or exercise, the gymnastic science. A person might fairly doubt also what in the world they mean by very-this that or the other, since, as they would themselves allow, the account of the humanity is one and the same in the very-Man, and in any individual Man: for so far as the individual and the very-Man are both Man, they will not differ at all: and if so, then very-good and any particular good will not differ, in so far as both are good. Nor will it do to say, that the eternity of the very-good makes it to be more good; for what has lasted white ever so long, is no whiter than what lasts but for a day.

No. The Pythagoreans do seem to give a more credible account of the matter, who place “One” among the goods in their double list of goods and bads:[12] which philosophers, in fact, Speusippus[13] seems to have followed.

But of these matters let us speak at some other time. Now there is plainly a loophole to object to what has been advanced, on the plea that the theory I have attacked is not by its advocates applied to all good: but those goods only are spoken of as being under one ■δ■α, which are pursued, and with which men rest content simply for their own sakes: whereas those things which have a tendency to produce or preserve them in any way, or to hinder their contraries, are called good because of these other goods, and after another fashion. It is manifest then that the goods may be so called in two senses, the one class for their own sakes, the other because of these.

Very well then, let us separate the independent goods from the instrumental, and see whether they are spoken of as under one ■δ■α. But the question next arises, what kind of goods are we to call independent? All such as are pursued even when separated from other goods, as, for instance, being wise, seeing, and certain pleasures and honours (for these, though we do pursue them with some further end in view, one would still place among the independent goods)? or does it come in fact to this, that we can call nothing independent good except the ■δ■α, and so the concrete of it will be nought?

If, on the other hand, these are independent goods, then we shall require that the account of the goodness be the same clearly in all, just as that of the whiteness is in snow and white lead. But how stands the fact? Why of honour and wisdom and pleasure the accounts are distinct and different in so far as they are good. The Chief Good then is not something common, and after one ■δ■α.

But then, how does the name come to be common (for it is not seemingly a case of fortuitous equivocation)? Are different individual things called good by virtue of being from one source, or all conducing to one end, or rather by way of analogy, for that intellect is to the soul as sight to the body, and so on? However, perhaps we ought to leave these questions now, for an accurate investigation of them is more properly the business of a different philosophy. And likewise respecting the ■δ■α: for even if there is some one good predicated in common of all things that are good, or separable and capable of existing independently, manifestly it cannot be the object of human action or attainable by Man; but we are in search now of something that is so.[14]

It may readily occur to any one, that it would be better to attain a knowledge of it with a view to such concrete goods as are attainable and practical, because, with this as a kind of model in our hands, we shall the better know what things are good for us individually, and when we know them, we shall attain them.

Some plausibility, it is true, this argument possesses, but it is contradicted by the facts of the Arts and Sciences; for all these, though aiming at some good, and seeking that which is deficient, yet pretermit the knowledge of it: now it is not exactly probable that all artisans without exception should be ignorant of so great a help as this would be, and not even look after it; neither is it easy to see wherein a weaver or a carpenter will be profited in respect of his craft by knowing the very-good, or how a man will be the more apt to effect cures or to command an army for having seen the ■δ■α itself. For manifestly it is not health after this general and abstract fashion which is the subject of the physician's investigation, but the health of Man, or rather perhaps of this or that man; for he has to heal individuals.—Thus much on these points.

Chapter IV.

And now let us revert to the Good of which we are in search: what can it be? for manifestly it is different in different actions and arts: for it is different in the healing art and in the art military, and similarly in the rest. What then is the Chief Good in each? Is it not "that for the sake of which the other things are done?" and this in the healing art is health, and in the art military victory, and in that of house-building a house, and in any other thing something else; in short, in every action and moral choice the End, because in all cases men do everything else with a view to this. So that if there is some one End of all things which are and may be done, this must be the Good proposed by doing, or if more than one, then these.

Thus our discussion after some traversing about has come to the same point which we reached before. And this we must try yet more to clear up.

Now since the ends are plainly many, and of these we choose some with a view to others (wealth, for instance, musical instruments, and, in general, all instruments), it is clear that all are not final: but the Chief Good is manifestly something final; and so, if there is some one only which is final, this must be the object of our search: but if several, then the most final of them will be it.

Now that which is an object of pursuit in itself we call more final than that which is so with a view to something else; that again which is never an object of choice with a view to something else than those which are so both in themselves and with a view to this ulterior object: and so by the term "absolutely final," we denote that which is an object of choice always in itself, and never with a view to any other.

And of this nature Happiness is mostly thought to be, for this we choose always for its own sake, and never with a view to anything further: whereas honour, pleasure, intellect, in fact every excellence we choose for their own sakes, it is true (because we would choose each of these even if no result were to follow), but we choose them also with a view to happiness, conceiving that through their instrumentality we shall be happy: but no man chooses happiness with a view to them, nor in fact with a view to any other thing whatsoever.

The same result[15] is seen to follow also from the notion of self-sufficiency, a quality thought to belong to the final good. Now by sufficient for Self, we mean not for a single individual living a solitary life, but for his parents also and children and wife, and, in general, friends and countrymen; for man is by nature adapted to a social existence. But of these, of course, some limit must be fixed: for if one extends it to parents and descendants and friends' friends, there is no end to it. This point, however, must be left for future investigation: for the present we define that to be self-sufficient "which taken alone makes life choice-worthy, and to be in want of nothing;" now of such kind we think Happiness to be: and further, to be most choice-worthy of all things; not being reckoned with any other thing,[16] for if it were so reckoned, it is plain we must then allow it, with the addition of ever so small a good, to be more choice-worthy than it was before:[17] because what is put to it becomes an addition of so much more good, and of goods the greater is ever the more choice-worthy.

So then Happiness is manifestly something final and self-sufficient, being the end of all things which are and may be done.

Chapter V.

But, it may be, to call Happiness the Chief Good is a mere truism, and what is wanted is some clearer account of its real nature. Now this object may be easily attained, when we have discovered what is the work of man; for as in the case of flute-player, statuary, or artisan of any kind, or, more generally, all who have any work or course of action, their Chief Good and Excellence is

thought to reside in their work, so it would seem to be with man, if there is any work belonging to him.

Are we then to suppose, that while carpenter and cobbler have certain works and courses of action, Man as Man has none, but is left by Nature without a work? or would not one rather hold, that as eye, hand, and foot, and generally each of his members, has manifestly some special work; so too the whole Man, as distinct from all these, has some work of his own?[18]

What then can this be? not mere life, because that plainly is shared with him even by vegetables, and we want what is peculiar to him. We must separate off then the life of mere nourishment and growth, and next will come the life of sensation: but this again manifestly is common to horses, oxen, and every animal. There remains then a kind of life of the Rational Nature apt to act: and of this Nature there are two parts denominated Rational, the one as being obedient to Reason, the other as having and exerting it. Again, as this life is also spoken of in two ways,[19] we must take that which is in the way of actual working, because this is thought to be most properly entitled to the name. If then the work of Man is a working of the soul in accordance with reason, or at least not independently of reason, and we say that the work of any given subject, and of that subject good of its kind, are the same in kind (as, for instance, of a harp-player and a good harp-player, and so on in every case, adding to the work eminence in the way of excellence; I mean, the work of a harp-player is to play the harp, and of a good harp-player to play it well); if, I say, this is so, and we assume the work of Man to be life of a certain kind, that is to say a working of the soul, and actions with reason, and of a good man to do these things well and nobly, and in fact everything is finished off well in the way of the excellence which peculiarly belongs to it: if all this is so, then the Good of Man comes to be “a working of the Soul in the way of Excellence,” or, if Excellence admits of degrees, in the way of the best and most perfect Excellence.

And we must add, ■ν β■■ τελε■■;[20] for as it is not one swallow or one fine day that makes a spring, so it is not one day or a short time that makes a man blessed and happy.

Let this then be taken for a rough sketch of the Chief Good: since it is probably the right way to give first the outline, and fill it in afterwards. And it would seem that any man may improve and connect what is good in the sketch, and that time is a good discoverer and co-operator in such matters: it is thus in fact that all improvements in the various arts have been brought about, for any man may fill up a deficiency.

You must remember also what has been already stated, and not seek for exactness in all matters alike, but in each according to the subject-matter, and so far as properly belongs to the system. The carpenter and geometrician, for instance, enquire into the right line in different fashion: the former so far as he wants it for his work, the latter enquires into its nature and properties, because he is concerned with the truth.

So then should one do in other matters, that the incidental matters may not exceed the direct ones.

And again, you must not demand the reason either in all things alike,[21] because in some it is sufficient that the fact has been well demonstrated, which is the case with first principles; and the fact is the first step, _i.e._ starting-point or principle.

And of these first principles some are obtained by induction, some by perception,[22] some by a course of habituation, others in other different ways. And we must try to trace up each in their own nature, and take pains to secure their being well defined, because they have great influence on what follows: it is thought, I mean, that the starting-point or principle is more than half the whole matter, and that many of the points of enquiry come simultaneously into view thereby.

Chapter VI.

We must now enquire concerning Happiness, not only from our conclusion and the data on which our reasoning proceeds, but likewise from what is commonly said about it: because with what is true all things which really are are in harmony, but with that which is false the true very soon jars.

Now there is a common division of goods into three classes; one being called external, the other two those of the soul and body respectively, and those belonging to the soul we call most properly and specially good. Well, in our definition we assume that the actions and workings of the soul constitute Happiness, and these of course belong to the soul. And so our account is a good one, at least according to this opinion, which is of ancient date, and accepted by those who profess philosophy. Rightly too are certain actions and workings said to be the end, for thus it is brought into the number of the goods of the soul instead of the external. Agreeing also with our definition is the common notion, that the happy man lives well and does well, for it has been stated by us to be pretty much a kind of living well and doing well.

And further, the points required in Happiness are found in combination in our account of it.

For some think it is virtue, others practical wisdom, others a kind of scientific philosophy; others that it is these, or else some one of them, in combination with pleasure, or at least not independently of it; while others again take in external prosperity.

Of these opinions, some rest on the authority of numbers or antiquity, others on that of few, and those men of note: and it is not likely that either of these classes should be wrong in all points, but be right at least in some one, or even in most.

Now with those who assert it to be Virtue (Excellence), or some kind of Virtue, our account agrees: for working in the way of Excellence surely belongs to Excellence.

And there is perhaps no unimportant difference between conceiving of the Chief Good as in possession or as in use, in other words, as a mere state or as a working. For the state or habit[23] may possibly exist in a subject without effecting any good, as, for instance, in him who is asleep, or in any other way inactive; but the working cannot so, for it will of necessity act, and act well. And as at the Olympic games it is not the finest and strongest men who are crowned, but they who enter the lists, for out of these the prize-men are selected; so too in life, of the honourable and the good, it is they who act who rightly win the prizes.[24]

Their life too is in itself pleasant: for the feeling of pleasure is a mental sensation, and that is to each pleasant of which he is said to be fond: a horse, for instance, to him who is fond of horses, and a sight to him who is fond of sights: and so in like manner just acts to him who is fond of justice, and more generally the things in accordance with virtue to him who is fond of virtue. Now in the case of the multitude of men the things which they individually esteem pleasant clash, because they are not such by nature, whereas to the lovers of nobleness those things are pleasant which are such by nature: but the actions in accordance with virtue are of this kind, so that they are pleasant both to the individuals and also in themselves.

So then their life has no need of pleasure as a kind of additional appendage, but involves pleasure in itself. For, besides what I have just mentioned, a man is not a good man at all who feels no pleasure in noble actions,[25] just as no one would call that man just who does not feel pleasure in acting justly, or liberal who does not in liberal actions, and similarly in the case of the other virtues which might be enumerated: and if this be so, then the actions in accordance with virtue must be in themselves pleasurable. Then again they are certainly good and noble, and each of these in the highest degree; if we are to take as right the judgment of the good man, for he judges as we have said.

Thus then Happiness is most excellent, most noble, and most pleasant, and these attributes are not separated as in the well-known Delian inscription—

“Most noble is that which is most just, but best is health; And naturally most pleasant is the obtaining one’s desires.”

For all these co-exist in the best acts of working: and we say that Happiness is these, or one, that is, the best of them.

Still[26] it is quite plain that it does require the addition of external goods, as we have said: because without appliances it is impossible, or at all events not easy, to do noble actions: for friends, money, and political influence are in a manner instruments whereby many things are done: some things there are again a deficiency in which mars blessedness; good birth, for instance, or fine offspring, or even personal beauty: for he is not at all capable of Happiness who is very ugly, or is ill-born, or solitary and childless; and still less perhaps supposing him to have very bad children or friends, or to have lost good ones by death. As we have said already, the addition of prosperity of this kind does seem necessary to complete the idea of Happiness; hence some rank good fortune, and others virtue, with Happiness.

Chapter VII.

And hence too a question is raised, whether it is a thing that can be learned, or acquired by habituation or discipline of some other kind, or whether it comes in the way of divine dispensation, or even in the way of chance.

Now to be sure, if anything else is a gift of the Gods to men, it is probable that Happiness is a gift of theirs too, and specially because of all human goods it is the highest. But this, it may be, is a question belonging more properly to an investigation different from ours:[27] and it is quite clear, that on the supposition of its not being sent from the Gods direct, but coming to us by reason of virtue and learning of a certain kind, or discipline, it is yet one of the most Godlike things; because the prize and End of virtue is manifestly somewhat most excellent, nay divine and blessed.

It will also on this supposition be widely participated, for it may through learning and diligence of a certain kind exist in all who have not been maimed[28] for virtue.

And if it is better we should be happy thus than as a result of chance, this is in itself an argument that the case is so; because those things which are in the way of nature, and in like manner of art, and of every cause, and specially the best cause, are by nature in the best way possible: to leave them to chance what is greatest and most noble would be very much out of harmony with all these facts.[29]

The question may be determined also by a reference to our definition of Happiness, that it is a working of the soul in the way of excellence or virtue of a certain kind: and of the other goods, some we must have to begin with, and those which are co-operative and useful are given by nature as instruments.[30]

These considerations will harmonise also with what we said at the commencement: for we assumed the End of πολιτικ■ to be most excellent: now this bestows most care on making the members of the community of a certain character; good that is and apt to do what is honourable.

With good reason then neither ox nor horse nor any other brute animal do we call happy, for none of them can partake in such working: and for this same reason a child is not happy either, because by reason of his tender age he cannot yet perform such actions: if the term is applied, it is by way of anticipation.

For to constitute Happiness, there must be, as we have said, complete virtue and a complete life: for many changes and chances of all kinds arise during a life, and he who is most prosperous may become involved in great misfortunes in his old age, as in the heroic poems the tale is told of Priam: but the man who has experienced such fortune and died in wretchedness, no man calls happy.

Chapter VIII.

Are we then to call no man happy while he lives, and, as Solon would have us, look to the end? And again, if we are to maintain this position, is a man then happy when he is dead? or is not this a complete absurdity, specially in us who say Happiness is a working of a certain kind?

If on the other hand we do not assert that the dead man is happy, and Solon does not mean this, but only that one would then be safe in pronouncing a man happy, as being thenceforward out of the reach of evils and misfortunes, this too admits of some dispute, since it is thought that the dead has somewhat both of good and evil (if, as we must allow, a man may have when alive but not aware of the circumstances), as honour and dishonour, and good and bad fortune of children and descendants generally.

Nor is this view again without its difficulties: for, after a man has lived in blessedness to old age and died accordingly, many changes may befall him in right of his descendants; some of them may be good and obtain positions in life accordant to their merits, others again quite the contrary: it is plain too that the descendants may at different intervals or grades stand in all manner of relations to the ancestors.[31] Absurd indeed would be the position that even the dead man is to change about with them and become at one time happy and at another miserable. Absurd however it is on the other hand that the affairs of the descendants should in no degree and during no time affect the ancestors.

But we must revert to the point first raised,[32] since the present question will be easily determined from that.

If then we are to look to the end and then pronounce the man blessed, not as being so but as having been so at some previous time, surely it is absurd that when he _is_ happy the truth is not to be asserted of him, because we are unwilling to pronounce the living happy by reason of their liability to changes, and because, whereas we have conceived of happiness as something stable and no way easily changeable, the fact is that good and bad fortune are constantly circling about the same people: for it is quite plain, that if we are to depend upon the fortunes of men, we shall often have to call the same man happy, and a little while after miserable, thus representing our happy man,

“Chameleon-like, and based on rottenness.”

Is not this the solution? that to make our sentence dependent on the changes of fortune, is no way right: for not in them stands the well, or the ill, but though human life needs these as accessories (which we have allowed already), the workings in the way of virtue are what determine Happiness, and the contrary the contrary.

And, by the way, the question which has been here discussed, testifies incidentally to the truth of our account of Happiness.[33] For to nothing does a stability of human results attach so much as it does to the workings in the way of virtue, since these are held to be more abiding even than the sciences: and of these last again[34] the most precious are the most abiding, because the blessed live in them most and most continuously, which seems to be the reason why they are not forgotten. So then this stability which is sought will be in the happy man, and he will be such through life, since always, or most of all, he will be doing and contemplating the things which are in the way of virtue: and the various chances of life he will bear most nobly, and at all times and in all ways harmoniously, since he is the truly good man, or in the terms of our proverb “a faultless cube.”

And whereas the incidents of chance are many, and differ in greatness and smallness, the small pieces of good or ill fortune evidently do not affect the balance of life, but the great and numerous, if happening for good, will make life more blessed (for it is their nature to contribute to ornament, and the using of them comes to be noble and excellent), but if for ill, they bruise as it were and maim the blessedness: for they bring in positive pain, and hinder many acts of working. But still, even in these, nobleness shines through when a man bears contentedly many and great mischances not from insensibility to pain but because he is noble and high-spirited.

And if, as we have said, the acts of working are what determine the character of the life, no one of the blessed can ever become wretched, because he will never do those things which are hateful and mean. For the man who is truly good and sensible bears all fortunes, we presume, becomingly, and always does what is noblest under the circumstances, just as a good general employs to the best advantage the force he has with him; or a good shoemaker makes the handsomest shoe he can out of the leather which has been given him; and all other good artisans likewise. And if this be so, wretched never can the happy man come to be: I do not mean to say he will be blessed should he fall into fortunes like those of Priam.

Nor, in truth, is he shifting and easily changeable, for on the one hand from his happiness he will not be shaken easily nor by ordinary mischances, but, if at all, by those which are great and numerous; and, on the other, after such mischances he cannot regain his happiness in a little time; but, if at all, in a long and complete period, during which he has made himself master of great and noble things.

Why then should we not call happy the man who works in the way of perfect virtue, and is furnished with external goods sufficient for acting his part in the drama of life:[35] and this during no ordinary period but such as constitutes a complete life as we have been describing it.

Or we must add, that not only is he to live so, but his death must be in keeping with such life, since the future is dark to us, and Happiness we assume to be in every way an end and complete. And, if this be so, we shall call them among the living blessed who have and will have the things specified, but blessed _as Men_.[36]

On these points then let it suffice to have denned thus much.

Chapter IX.

Now that the fortunes of their descendants, and friends generally, contribute nothing towards forming the condition of the dead, is plainly a very heartless notion, and contrary to the current opinions.

But since things which befall are many, and differ in all kinds of ways, and some touch more nearly, others less, to go into minute particular distinctions would evidently be a long and endless task: and so it may suffice to speak generally and in outline.

If then, as of the misfortunes which happen to one’s self, some have a certain weight and turn the balance of life, while others are, so to speak, lighter; so it is likewise with those which befall all our friends alike; if further, whether they whom each suffering befalls be alive or dead makes much more difference than in a tragedy the presupposing or actual perpetration of the various crimes and horrors, we must take into our account this difference also, and still more perhaps the doubt concerning the dead whether they really partake of any good or evil; it seems to result from all these considerations, that if anything does pierce the veil and reach them, be the same good or bad, it must be something trivial and small, either in itself or to them; or at least of such a magnitude or such a kind as neither to make happy them that are not so otherwise, nor to deprive of their blessedness them that are.[37]

It is plain then that the good or ill fortunes of their friends do affect the dead somewhat: but in such kind and degree as neither to make the happy unhappy nor produce any other such effect.

Chapter X.

Having determined these points, let us examine with respect to Happiness, whether it belongs to the class of things praiseworthy or things precious; for to that of faculties[38] it evidently does not.

Now it is plain that everything which is a subject of praise is praised for being of a certain kind and bearing a certain relation to something else: for instance, the just, and the valiant, and generally the good man, and virtue itself, we praise because of the actions and the results: and the strong man, and the quick runner, and so forth, we praise for being of a certain nature and bearing a certain relation to something good and excellent (and this is illustrated by attempts to praise the gods; for they are presented in a ludicrous aspect[39] by being referred to our standard, and this results from the fact, that all praise does, as we have said, imply reference to a standard). Now if it is to such objects that praise belongs, it is evident that what is applicable to the best objects is not praise, but something higher and better: which is plain matter of fact, for not only do we call the gods blessed and happy, but of men also we pronounce those blessed who most nearly resemble the gods. And in like manner in respect of goods; no man thinks of praising Happiness as he does the principle of justice, but calls it blessed, as being somewhat more godlike and more excellent.

Eudoxus[40] too is thought to have advanced a sound argument in support of the claim of pleasure to the highest prize: for the fact that, though it is one of the good things, it is not praised, he took for an indication of its superiority to those which are subjects of praise: a superiority he attributed also to a god and the Chief Good, on the ground that they form the standard to which everything besides is referred. For praise applies to virtue, because it makes men apt to do what is noble; but encomia to definite works of body or mind.[41]

However, it is perhaps more suitable to a regular treatise on encomia to pursue this topic with exactness: it is enough for our purpose that from what has been said it is evident that Happiness belongs to the class of things precious and final. And it seems to be so also because of its being a starting-point; which it is, in that with a view to it we all do everything else that is done; now the starting-point and cause of good things we assume to be something precious and divine.

Chapter XI.

Moreover, since Happiness is a kind of working of the soul in the way of perfect Excellence, we must enquire concerning Excellence: for so probably shall we have a clearer view concerning Happiness; and again, he who is really a statesman is generally thought to have spent most pains on this, for he wishes to make the citizens good and obedient to the laws. (For examples of this class we have the lawgivers of the Cretans and Lacedæmonians and whatever other such there have been.) But if this investigation belongs properly to πολιτικ■, then clearly the enquiry will be in accordance with our original design.

Well, we are to enquire concerning Excellence, _i.e._ Human Excellence of course, because it was the Chief Good of Man and the Happiness of Man that we were enquiring of just now.

And by Human Excellence we mean not that of man's body but that of his soul; for we call Happiness a working of the Soul.

And if this is so, it is plain that some knowledge of the nature of the Soul is necessary for the statesman, just as for the oculist a knowledge of the whole body, and the more so in proportion as πολιτικ■ is more precious and higher than the healing art: and in fact physicians of the higher class do busy themselves much with the knowledge of the body.

So then the statesman is to consider the nature of the Soul: but he must do so with these objects in view, and so far only as may suffice for the objects of his special enquiry: for to carry his speculations to a greater exactness is perhaps a task more laborious than falls within his province.

In fact, the few statements made on the subject in my popular treatises are quite enough, and accordingly we will adopt them here: as, that the Soul consists of two parts, the Irrational and the Rational (as to whether these are actually divided, as are the parts of the body, and everything that is capable of division; or are only metaphysically speaking two, being by nature inseparable, as are convex and concave circumferences, matters not in respect of our present purpose). And of the Irrational, the one part seems common to other objects, and in fact vegetative; I mean the cause of nourishment and growth (for such a faculty of the Soul one would assume to exist in all things that receive nourishment, even in embryos, and this the same as in the perfect creatures; for this is more likely than that it should be a different one).

Now the Excellence of this manifestly is not peculiar to the human species but common to others: for this part and this faculty is thought to work most in time of sleep, and the good and bad man are least distinguishable while asleep; whence it is a common saying that during one half of life there is no difference between the happy and the wretched; and this accords with our

anticipations, for sleep is an inactivity of the soul, in so far as it is denominated good or bad, except that in some wise some of its movements find their way through the veil and so the good come to have better dreams than ordinary men. But enough of this: we must forego any further mention of the nutritive part, since it is not naturally capable of the Excellence which is peculiarly human.

And there seems to be another Irrational Nature of the Soul, which yet in a way partakes of Reason. For in the man who controls his appetites, and in him who resolves to do so and fails, we praise the Reason or Rational part of the Soul, because it exhorts aright and to the best course: but clearly there is in them, beside the Reason, some other natural principle which fights with and strains against the Reason. (For in plain terms, just as paralysed limbs of the body when their owners would move them to the right are borne aside in a contrary direction to the left, so is it in the case of the Soul, for the impulses of men who cannot control their appetites are to contrary points: the difference is that in the case of the body we do see what is borne aside but in the case of the soul we do not. But, it may be, not the less[42] on that account are we to suppose that there is in the Soul also somewhat besides the Reason, which is opposed to this and goes against it; as to _how_ it is different, that is irrelevant.)

But of Reason this too does evidently partake, as we have said: for instance, in the man of self-control it obeys Reason: and perhaps in the man of perfected self-mastery,[43] or the brave man, it is yet more obedient; in them it agrees entirely with the Reason.

So then the Irrational is plainly twofold: the one part, the merely vegetative, has no share of Reason, but that of desire, or appetition generally, does partake of it in a sense, in so far as it is obedient to it and capable of submitting to its rule. (So too in common phrase we say we have λ■γος of our father or friends, and this in a different sense from that in which we say we have λ■γος of mathematics.)[44]

Now that the Irrational is in some way persuaded by the Reason, admonition, and every act of rebuke and exhortation indicate. If then we are to say that this also has Reason, then the Rational, as well as the Irrational, will be twofold, the one supremely and in itself, the other paying it a kind of filial regard.

The Excellence of Man then is divided in accordance with this difference: we make two classes, calling the one Intellectual, and the other Moral; pure science, intelligence, and practical wisdom—Intellectual: liberality, and perfected self-mastery—Moral: in speaking of a man's Moral character, we do not say he is a scientific or intelligent but a meek man, or one of perfected self-mastery: and we praise the man of science in right of his mental state;[45] and of these such as are praiseworthy we call Excellences.

BOOK II

Chapter I.

Well: human Excellence is of two kinds, Intellectual and Moral:[1] now the Intellectual springs originally, and is increased subsequently, from teaching (for the most part that is[2]), and needs therefore experience and time; whereas the Moral comes from custom, and so the Greek term denoting it is but a slight deflection from the term denoting custom in that language.

From this fact it is plain that not one of the Moral Virtues comes to be in us merely by nature: because of such things as exist by nature, none can be changed by custom: a stone, for instance, by nature gravitating downwards, could never by custom be brought to ascend, not even if one were to try and accustom it by throwing it up ten thousand times; nor could file again be brought to descend, nor in fact could anything whose nature is in one way be brought by custom to be in another. The Virtues then come to be in us neither by nature, nor in despite of nature,[3] but we are furnished by nature with a capacity for receiving themu and are perfected in them through custom.

Again, in whatever cases we get things by nature, we get the faculties first and perform the acts of working afterwards; an illustration of which is afforded by the case of our bodily senses, for it was not from having often seen or heard that we got these senses, but just the reverse: we had them and so exercised them, but did not have them because we had exercised them. But the Virtues we get by first performing single acts of working, which, again, is the case of other things, as the arts for instance; for what we have to make when we have learned how, these we learn how to make by making: men come to be builders, for instance, by building; harp-players, by playing on the harp: exactly so, by doing just actions we come to be just; by doing the actions of self-mastery we come to be perfected in self-mastery; and by doing brave actions brave.

And to the truth of this testimony is borne by what takes place in communities: because the law-givers make the individual members good men by habituation, and this is the intention certainly of every law-giver, and all who do not effect it well fail of their intent; and herein consists the difference between a good Constitution and a bad.

Again, every Virtue is either produced or destroyed from and by the very same circumstances: art too in like manner; I mean it is by playing the harp that both the good and the bad harp-players are formed: and similarly builders and all the rest; by building well men will become good builders; by doing it badly bad ones: in fact, if this had not been so, there would have been no need of instructors, but all men would have been at once good or bad in their several arts without them.

So too then is it with the Virtues: for by acting in the various relations in which we are thrown with our fellow men, we come to be, some just, some unjust: and by acting in dangerous positions and being habituated to feel fear or confidence, we come to be, some brave, others cowards.

Similarly is it also with respect to the occasions of lust and anger: for some men come to be perfected in self-mastery and mild, others destitute of all self-control and passionate; the one class by behaving in one way under them, the other by behaving in another. Or, in one word, the habits are produced from the acts of working like to them: and so what we have to do is to give a certain character to these particular acts, because the habits formed correspond to the differences of these.

So then, whether we are accustomed this way or that straight from childhood, makes not a small but an important difference, or rather I would say it makes all the difference.

Chapter II.

Since then the object of the present treatise is not mere speculation, as it is of some others (for we are enquiring not merely that we may know what virtue is but that we may become virtuous, else it would have been useless), we must consider as to the particular actions how we are to do them, because, as we have just said, the quality of the habits that shall be formed depends on these.

Now, that we are to act in accordance with Right Reason is a general maxim, and may for the present be taken for granted: we will speak of it hereafter, and say both what Right Reason is, and what are its relations to the other virtues.[4]

But let this point be first thoroughly understood between us, that all which can be said on moral action must be said in outline, as it were, and not exactly: for as we remarked at the commencement, such reasoning only must be required as the nature of the subject-matter admits of, and matters of moral action and expediency have no fixedness any more than matters of health. And if the subject in its general maxims is such, still less in its application to particular cases is exactness attainable:[5] because these fall not under any art or system of rules, but it must be left in each instance to the individual agents to look to the exigencies of the particular case, as it is in the art of healing, or that of navigating a ship. Still, though the present subject is confessedly such, we must try and do what we can for it.

First then this must be noted, that it is the nature of such things to be spoiled by defect and excess; as we see in the case of health and strength (since for the illustration of things which cannot be seen we must use those that can), for excessive training impairs the strength as well as deficient: meat and drink, in like manner, in too great or too small quantities, impair the health: while in due proportion they cause, increase, and preserve it.

Thus it is therefore with the habits of perfected Self-Mastery and Courage and the rest of the Virtues: for the man who flies from and fears all things, and never stands up against anything, comes to be a coward; and he who fears nothing, but goes at everything, comes to be rash. In like manner too, he that tastes of every pleasure and abstains from none comes to lose all self-control; while he who avoids all, as do the dull and clownish, comes as it were to lose his faculties of perception: that is to say, the habits of perfected Self-Mastery and Courage are spoiled by the excess and defect, but by the mean state are preserved.

Furthermore, not only do the origination, growth, and marring of the habits come from and by the same circumstances, but also the acts of working after the habits are formed will be exercised on the same: for so it is also with those other things which are more directly matters of sight, strength for instance: for this comes by taking plenty of food and doing plenty of work, and the man who has attained strength is best able to do these: and so it is with the Virtues, for not only do we by abstaining from pleasures come to be perfected in Self-Mastery, but when we have come to be so we can best abstain from them: similarly too with Courage: for it is by accustoming ourselves to despise objects of fear and stand up against them that we come to be brave; and after we have come to be so we shall be best able to stand up against such objects.

And for a test of the formation of the habits we must take the pleasure or pain which succeeds the acts; for he is perfected in Self-Mastery who not only abstains from the bodily pleasures but is glad to do so; whereas he who abstains but is sorry to do it has not Self-Mastery: he again is brave who stands up against danger, either with positive pleasure or at least without any pain; whereas he who does it with pain is not brave.[6]

For Moral Virtue has for its object-matter pleasures and pains, because by reason of pleasure we do what is bad, and by reason of pain decline doing what is right (for which cause, as Plato observes, men should have been trained straight from their childhood to receive pleasure and pain from proper objects, for this is the right education). Again: since Virtues have to do with actions and feelings, and on every feeling and every action pleasure and pain follow, here again is another proof that Virtue has for its object-matter pleasure and pain. The same is shown also by the fact that punishments are effected through the instrumentality of these; because they are of the nature of remedies, and it is the nature of remedies to be the contraries of the ills they cure. Again, to quote what we said before: every habit of the Soul by its very nature has relation to, and exerts itself upon, things of the same kind as those by which it is naturally deteriorated or improved: now such habits do come to be vicious by reason of pleasures and pains, that is, by men pursuing or avoiding respectively, either such as they ought not, or at wrong times, or in wrong manner, and so forth (for which reason, by the way, some people define the Virtues as certain states of impassibility and utter quietude,[7] but they are wrong because they speak without modification, instead of adding “as they ought,” “as they ought not,” and “when,” and so on). Virtue then is assumed to be that habit which is such, in relation to pleasures and pains, as to effect the best results, and Vice the contrary.

The following considerations may also serve to set this in a clear light. There are principally three things moving us to choice and three to avoidance, the honourable, the expedient, the pleasant; and their three contraries, the dishonourable, the hurtful, and the painful: now the good man is apt to go right, and the bad man wrong, with respect to all these of course, but most specially with respect to pleasure: because not only is this common to him with all animals but also it is a concomitant of all those things which move to choice, since both the honourable and the expedient give an impression of pleasure.

Again, it grows up with us all from infancy, and so it is a hard matter to remove from ourselves this feeling, engrained as it is into our very life.

Again, we adopt pleasure and pain (some of us more, and some less) as the measure even of actions: for this cause then our whole business must be with them, since to receive right or wrong impressions of pleasure and pain is a thing of no little importance in respect of the actions. Once more; it is harder, as Heraclitus says, to fight against pleasure than against anger: now it is about that which is more than commonly difficult that art comes into being, and virtue too, because in that which is difficult the good is of a higher order: and so for this reason too both virtue and moral philosophy generally must wholly busy themselves respecting pleasures and pains, because he that uses these well will be good, he that does so ill will be bad.

Let us then be understood to have stated, that Virtue has for its object-matter pleasures and pains, and that it is either increased or marred by the same circumstances (differently used) by which it is originally generated, and that it exerts itself on the same circumstances out of which it was generated.

Chapter III.

Now I can conceive a person perplexed as to the meaning of our statement, that men must do just actions to become just, and those of self-mastery to acquire the habit of self-mastery; “for,” he would say, “if men are doing the actions they have the respective virtues already, just as men are grammarians or musicians when they do the actions of either art.” May we not reply by saying that it is not so even in the case of the arts referred to: because a man may produce something grammatical either by chance or the suggestion of another; but then only will he be a grammarian when he not only produces something grammatical but does so grammarian-wise, _i.e._ in virtue of the grammatical knowledge he himself possesses.

Again, the cases of the arts and the virtues are not parallel: because those things which are produced by the arts have their excellence in themselves, and it is sufficient therefore that these when produced should be in a certain state: but those which are produced in the way of the virtues, are, strictly speaking, actions of a certain kind (say of Justice or perfected Self-Mastery), not merely if in themselves they are in a certain state but if also he who does them does them being himself in a certain state, first if knowing what he is doing, next if with deliberate preference, and with such preference for the things’ own sake; and thirdly if being himself stable and unapt to change. Now to constitute possession of the arts these requisites are not reckoned in, excepting the one point of knowledge: whereas for possession of the virtues knowledge avails little or nothing, but the other requisites avail not a

little, but, in fact, are all in all, and these requisites as a matter of fact do come from oftentimes doing the actions of Justice and perfected Self-Mastery.

The facts,[8] it is true, are called by the names of these habits when they are such as the just or perfectly self-mastering man would do; but he is not in possession of the virtues who merely does these facts, but he who also so does them as the just and self-mastering do them.

We are right then in saying, that these virtues are formed in a man by his doing the actions; but no one, if he should leave them undone, would be even in the way to become a good man. Yet people in general do not perform these actions, but taking refuge in talk they flatter themselves they are philosophising, and that they will so be good men: acting in truth very like those sick people who listen to the doctor with great attention but do nothing that he tells them: just as these then cannot be well bodily under such a course of treatment, so neither can those be mentally by such philosophising.

Chapter IV.

Next, we must examine what Virtue is.[9] Well, since the things which come to be in the mind are, in all, of three kinds, Feelings, Capacities, States, Virtue of course must belong to one of the three classes.

By Feelings, I mean such as lust, anger, fear, confidence, envy, joy, friendship, hatred, longing, emulation, compassion, in short all such as are followed by pleasure or pain: by Capacities, those in right of which we are said to be capable of these feelings; as by virtue of which we are able to have been made angry, or grieved, or to have compassionated; by States, those in right of which we are in a certain relation good or bad to the aforementioned feelings; to having been made angry, for instance, we are in a wrong relation if in our anger we were too violent or too slack, but if we were in the happy medium we are in a right relation to the feeling. And so on of the rest.

Now Feelings neither the virtues nor vices are, because in right of the Feelings we are not denominated either good or bad, but in right of the virtues and vices we are.

Again, in right of the Feelings we are neither praised nor blamed,[10] (for a man is not commended for being afraid or being angry, nor blamed for being angry merely but for being so in a particular way), but in right of the virtues and vices we are.

Again, both anger and fear we feel without moral choice, whereas the virtues are acts of moral choice, or at least certainly not independent of it.

Moreover, in right of the Feelings we are said to be moved, but in right of the virtues and vices not to be moved, but disposed, in a certain way.

And for these same reasons they are not Capacities, for we are not called good or bad merely because we are able to feel, nor are we praised or blamed.

And again, Capacities we have by nature, but we do not come to be good or bad by nature, as we have said before.

Since then the virtues are neither Feelings nor Capacities, it remains that they must be States.

Chapter V.

Now what the genus of Virtue is has been said; but we must not merely speak of it thus, that it is a state but say also what kind of a state it is.

We must observe then that all excellence makes that whereof it is the excellence both to be itself in a good state and to perform its work well. The excellence of the eye, for instance, makes both the eye good and its work also: for by the excellence of the eye we see well. So too the excellence of the horse makes a horse good, and good in speed, and in carrying his rider, and standing up against the enemy. If then this is universally the case, the excellence of Man, i.e. Virtue, must be a state whereby Man comes to be good and whereby he will perform well his proper work. Now how this shall be it is true we have said already, but still perhaps it may throw light on the subject to see what is its characteristic nature.

In all quantity then, whether continuous or discrete,[11] one may take the greater part, the less, or the exactly equal, and these either with reference to the thing itself, or relatively to us: and the exactly equal is a mean between excess and defect. Now by the mean of the thing, _i.e._ absolute mean, I denote that which is equidistant from either extreme (which of course is one and the

same to all), and by the mean relatively to ourselves, that which is neither too much nor too little for the particular individual. This of course is not one nor the same to all: for instance, suppose ten is too much and two too little, people take six for the absolute mean; because it exceeds the smaller sum by exactly as much as it is itself exceeded by the larger, and this mean is according to arithmetical proportion.[12]

But the mean relatively to ourselves must not be so found ; for it does not follow, supposing ten minæ[13] is too large a quantity to eat and two too small, that the trainer will order his man six; because for the person who is to take it this also may be too much or too little: for Milo it would be too little, but for a man just commencing his athletic exercises too much: similarly too of the exercises themselves, as running or wrestling.

So then it seems every one possessed of skill avoids excess and defect, but seeks for and chooses the mean, not the absolute but the relative.

Now if all skill thus accomplishes well its work by keeping an eye on the mean, and bringing the works to this point (whence it is common enough to say of such works as are in a good state, “one cannot add to or take ought from them,” under the notion of excess or defect destroying goodness but the mean state preserving it), and good artisans, as we say, work with their eye on this, and excellence, like nature, is more exact and better than any art in the world, it must have an aptitude to aim at the mean.

It is moral excellence, _i.e._ Virtue, of course which I mean, because this it is which is concerned with feelings and actions, and in these there can be excess and defect and the mean: it is possible, for instance, to feel the emotions of fear, confidence, lust, anger, compassion, and pleasure and pain generally, too much or too little, and in either case wrongly; but to feel them when we ought, on what occasions, towards whom, why, and as, we should do, is the mean, or in other words the best state, and this is the property of Virtue.

In like manner too with respect to the actions, there may be excess and defect and the mean. Now Virtue is concerned with feelings and actions, in which the excess is wrong and the defect is blamed but the mean is praised and goes right; and both these circumstances belong to Virtue. Virtue then is in a sense a mean state, since it certainly has an aptitude for aiming at the mean.

Again, one may go wrong in many different ways (because, as the Pythagoreans expressed it, evil is of the class of the infinite, good of the finite), but right only in one; and so the former is easy, the latter difficult; easy to miss the mark, but hard to hit it: and for these reasons, therefore, both the excess and defect belong to Vice, and the mean state to Virtue; for, as the poet has it,

“Men may be bad in many ways, But good in one alone.”

Chapter VI.

Virtue then is “a state apt to exercise deliberate choice, being in the relative mean, determined by reason, and[14] as the man of practical wisdom would determine.”

It is a middle state between too faulty ones, in the way of excess on one side and of defect on the other: and it is so moreover, because the faulty states on one side fall short of, and those on the other exceed, what is right, both in the case of the feelings and the actions; but Virtue finds, and when found adopts, the mean.

And so, viewing it in respect of its essence and definition, Virtue is a mean state; but in reference to the chief good and to excellence it is the highest state possible.

But it must not be supposed that every action or every feeling is capable of subsisting in this mean state, because some there are which are so named as immediately to convey the notion of badness, as malevolence, shamelessness, envy; or, to instance in actions, adultery, theft, homicide; for all these and suchlike are blamed because they are in themselves bad, not the having too much or too little of them.

In these then you never can go right, but must always be wrong: nor in such does the right or wrong depend on the selection of a proper person, time, or manner (take adultery for instance), but simply doing any one soever of those things is being wrong.

You might as well require that there should be determined a mean state, an excess and a defect in respect of acting unjustly, being cowardly, or giving up all control of the passions: for at this rate there will be of excess and defect a mean state; of excess, excess; and of defect, defect.

But just as of perfected self-mastery and courage there is no excess and defect, because the mean is in one point of view the highest possible state, so neither of those faulty states can you have a mean state, excess, or defect, but howsoever done they are wrong: you cannot, in short, have of excess and defect a mean state, nor of a mean state excess and defect.

Chapter VII.

It is not enough, however, to state this in general terms, we must also apply it to particular instances, because in treatises on moral conduct general statements have an air of vagueness, but those which go into detail one of greater reality: for the actions after all must be in detail, and the general statements, to be worth anything, must hold good here.

We must take these details then from the well-known scheme.[15]

I. In respect of fears and confidence or boldness:

The Mean state is Courage: men may exceed, of course, either in absence of fear or in positive confidence: the former has no name (which is a common case), the latter is called rash: again, the man who has too much fear and too little confidence is called a coward.

II. In respect of pleasures and pains (but not all, and perhaps fewer pains than pleasures):

The Mean state here is perfected Self-Mastery, the defect total absence of Self-control. As for defect in respect of pleasure, there are really no people who are chargeable with it, so, of course, there is really no name for such characters, but, as they are conceivable, we will give them one and call them insensible.

III. In respect of giving and taking wealth[16] (_a_):

The mean state is Liberality, the excess Prodigality, the defect Stinginess: here each of the extremes involves really an excess and defect contrary to each other: I mean, the prodigal gives out too much and takes in too little, while the stingy man takes in too much and gives out too little. (It must be understood that we are now giving merely an outline and summary, intentionally: and we will, in a later part of the treatise, draw out the distinctions with greater exactness.)

IV. In respect of wealth (b):

There are other dispositions besides these just mentioned; a mean state called Munificence (for the munificent man differs from the liberal, the former having necessarily to do with great wealth, the latter with but small); the excess called by the names either of Want of taste or Vulgar Profusion, and the defect Paltriness (these also differ from the extremes connected with liberality, and the manner of their difference shall also be spoken of later).

V. In respect of honour and dishonour (a):

The mean state Greatness of Soul, the excess which may be called χαυν■τηϛ,[17] and the defect Littleness of Soul.

VI. In respect of honour and dishonour (b):

Now there is a state bearing the same relation to Greatness of Soul as we said just now Liberality does to Munificence, with the difference that is of being about a small amount of the same thing: this state having reference to small honour, as Greatness of Soul to great honour; a man may, of course, grasp at honour either more than he should or less; now he that exceeds in his grasping at it is called ambitious, he that falls short unambitious, he that is just as he should be has no proper name: nor in fact have the states, except that the disposition of the ambitious man is called ambition. For this reason those who are in either extreme lay claim to the mean as a debateable land, and we call the virtuous character sometimes by the name ambitious,[18] sometimes by that of unambitious, and we commend sometimes the one and sometimes the other. Why we do it shall be said in the subsequent part of the treatise; but now we will go on with the rest of the virtues after the plan we have laid down.

VII. In respect of anger:

Here too there is excess, defect, and a mean state; but since they may be said to have really no proper names, as we call the virtuous character Meek, we will call the mean state Meekness, and of the extremes, let the man who is excessive be denominated Passionate, and the faulty state Passionateness, and him who is deficient Angerless, and the defect Angerlessness.

There are also three other mean states, having some mutual resemblance, but still with differences; they are alike in that they all have for their object-matter intercourse of words and deeds, and they differ in that one has respect to truth herein, the other two to what is pleasant; and this in two ways, the one in relaxation and amusement, the other in all things which occur in daily life. We must say a word or two about these also, that we may the better see that in all matters the mean is praiseworthy, while the extremes are neither right nor worthy of praise but of blame.

Now of these, it is true, the majority have really no proper names, but still we must try, as in the other cases, to coin some for them for the sake of clearness and intelligibleness.

I. In respect of truth:

The man who is in the mean state we will call Truthful, and his state Truthfulness, and as to the disguise of truth, if it be on the side of exaggeration, Braggadocia, and him that has it a Braggadocio; if on that of diminution, Reserve and Reserved shall be the terms.

II. In respect of what is pleasant in the way of relaxation or amusement.

The mean state shall be called Easy-pleasantry, and the character accordingly a man of Easy-pleasantry; the excess Buffoonery, and the man a Buffoon; the man deficient herein a Clown, and his state Clownishness.

III. In respect of what is pleasant in daily life.

He that is as he should be may be called Friendly, and his mean state Friendliness: he that exceeds, if it be without any interested motive, somewhat too Complaisant, if with such motive, a Flatterer: he that is deficient and in all instances unpleasant, Quarrelsome and Cross.

There are mean states likewise in feelings and matters concerning them. Shamefacedness, for instance, is no virtue, still a man is praised for being shamefaced: for in these too the one is denominated the man in the mean state, the other in the excess; the Dumbfoundered, for instance, who is overwhelmed with shame on all and any occasions: the man who is in the defect, _i.e._ who has no shame at all in his composition, is called Shameless: but the right character Shamefaced.

Indignation against successful vice,[19] again, is a state in the mean between Envy and Malevolence: they all three have respect to pleasure and pain produced by what happens to one's neighbour: for the man who has this right feeling is annoyed at undeserved success of others, while the envious man goes beyond him and is annoyed at all success of others, and the malevolent falls so far short of feeling annoyance that he even rejoices [at misfortune of others].

But for the discussion of these also there will be another opportunity, as of Justice too, because the term is used in more senses than one. So after this we will go accurately into each and say how they are mean states: and in like manner also with respect to the Intellectual Excellences.

Chapter VIII.

Now as there are three states in each case, two faulty either in the way of excess or defect, and one right, which is the mean state, of course all are in a way opposed to one another; the extremes, for instance, not only to the mean but also to one another, and the mean to the extremes: for just as the half is greater if compared with the less portion, and less if compared with the greater, so the mean states, compared with the defects, exceed, whether in feelings or actions, and _vice versa_. The brave man, for instance, shows as rash when compared with the coward, and cowardly when compared with the rash; similarly too the man of perfected self-mastery, viewed in comparison with the man destitute of all perception, shows like a man of no self-control, but in comparison with the man who really has no self-control, he looks like one destitute of all perception: and the liberal man compared with the stingy seems prodigal, and by the side of the prodigal, stingy.

And so the extreme characters push away, so to speak, towards each other the man in the mean state; the brave man is called a rash man by the coward, and a coward by the rash man, and in the other cases accordingly. And there being this mutual opposition, the contrariety between the extremes is greater than between either and the mean, because they are further from one another than from the mean, just as the greater or less portion differ more from each other than either from the exact half.

Again, in some cases an extreme will bear a resemblance to the mean; rashness, for instance, to courage, and prodigality to liberality; but between the extremes there is the greatest dissimilarity. Now things which are furthest from one another[20] are defined to be contrary, and so the further off the more contrary will they be.

Further: of the extremes in some cases the excess, and in others the defect, is most opposed to the mean: to courage, for instance, not rashness which is the excess, but cowardice which is the defect; whereas to perfected self-mastery not insensibility which is the defect but absence of all self-control which is the excess.

And for this there are two reasons to be given; one from the nature of the thing itself, because from the one extreme being nearer and more like the mean, we do not put this against it, but the other; as, for instance, since rashness is thought to be nearer to courage than cowardice is, and to resemble it more, we put cowardice against courage rather than rashness, because those things which are further from the mean are thought to be more contrary to it. This then is one reason arising from the thing itself; there is another arising from our own constitution and make: for in each man's own case those things give the impression of being more contrary to the mean to which we individually have a natural bias. Thus we have a natural bias towards pleasures, for which reason we are much more inclined to the rejection of all self-control, than to self-discipline.

These things then to which the bias is, we call more contrary, and so total want of self-control (the excess) is more contrary than the defect is to perfected self-mastery.

Chapter IX.

Now that Moral Virtue is a mean state, and how it is so, and that it lies between two faulty states, one in the way of excess and another in the way of defect, and that it is so because it has an aptitude to aim at the mean both in feelings and actions, all this has been set forth fully and sufficiently.

And so it is hard to be good: for surely hard it is in each instance to find the mean, just as to find the mean point or centre of a circle is not what any man can do, but only he who knows how: just so to be angry, to give money, and be expensive, is what any man can do, and easy: but to do these to the right person, in due proportion, at the right time, with a right object, and in the right manner, this is not as before what any man can do, nor is it easy; and for this cause goodness is rare, and praiseworthy, and noble.

Therefore he who aims at the mean should make it his first care to keep away from that extreme which is more contrary than the other to the mean; just as Calypso in Homer advises Ulysses,

"Clear of this smoke and surge thy barque direct;"

because of the two extremes the one is always more, and the other less, erroneous; and, therefore, since to hit exactly on the mean is difficult, one must take the least of the evils as the safest plan;[21] and this a man will be doing, if he follows this method.

We ought also to take into consideration our own natural bias; which varies in each man's case, and will be ascertained from the pleasure and pain arising in us. Furthermore, we should force ourselves off in the contrary direction, because we shall find ourselves in the mean after we have removed ourselves far from the wrong side, exactly as men do in straightening bent timber.[22]

But in all cases we must guard most carefully against what is pleasant, and pleasure itself, because we are not impartial judges of it.

We ought to feel in fact towards pleasure as did the old counsellors towards Helen, and in all cases pronounce a similar sentence; for so by sending it away from us, we shall err the less.[23]

Well, to speak very briefly, these are the precautions by adopting which we shall be best able to attain the mean.

Still, perhaps, after all it is a matter of difficulty, and specially in the particular instances: it is not easy, for instance, to determine exactly in what manner, with what persons, for what causes, and for what length of time, one ought to feel anger: for we ourselves sometimes praise those who are defective in this feeling, and we call them meek; at another, we term the hot-tempered manly and spirited.

Then, again, he who makes a small deflection from what is right, be it on the side of too much or too little, is not blamed, only he who makes a considerable one; for he cannot escape observation. But to what point or degree a man must err in order to incur blame, it is not easy to determine exactly in words: nor in fact any of those points which are matter of perception by the Moral Sense: such questions are matters of detail, and the decision of them rests with the Moral Sense.[24]

At all events thus much is plain, that the mean state is in all things praiseworthy, and that practically we must deflect sometimes towards excess sometimes towards defect, because this will be the easiest method of hitting on the mean, that is, on what is right.

BOOK III

Chapter I.

Now since Virtue is concerned with the regulation of feelings and actions, and praise and blame arise upon such as are voluntary, while for the involuntary allowance is made, and sometimes compassion is excited, it is perhaps a necessary task for those who are investigating the nature of Virtue to draw out the distinction between what is voluntary and what involuntary; and it is certainly useful for legislators, with respect to the assigning of honours and punishments.

Involuntary actions then are thought to be of two kinds, being done either on compulsion, or by reason of ignorance. An action is, properly speaking, compulsory, when the origination is external to the agent, being such that in it the agent (perhaps we may more properly say the patient) contributes nothing; as if a wind were to convey you anywhere, or men having power over your person.

But when actions are done, either from fear of greater evils, or from some honourable motive, as, for instance, if you were ordered to commit some base act by a despot who had your parents or children in his power, and they were to be saved upon your compliance or die upon your refusal, in such cases there is room for a question whether the actions are voluntary or involuntary.

A similar question arises with respect to cases of throwing goods overboard in a storm: abstractedly no man throws away his property willingly, but with a view to his own and his shipmates' safety any one would who had any sense.

The truth is, such actions are of a mixed kind, but are most like voluntary actions; for they are choice-worthy at the time when they are being done, and the end or object of the action must be taken with reference to the actual occasion. Further, we must denominate an action voluntary or involuntary at the time of doing it: now in the given case the man acts voluntarily, because the originating of the motion of his limbs in such actions rests with himself; and where the origination is in himself it rests with himself to do or not to do.

Such actions then are voluntary, though in the abstract perhaps involuntary because no one would choose any of such things in and by itself.

But for such actions men sometimes are even praised, as when they endure any disgrace or pain to secure great and honourable equivalents; if _vice versâ_, then they are blamed, because it shows a base mind to endure things very disgraceful for no honourable object, or for a trifling one.

For some again no praise is given, but allowance is made; as where a man does what he should not by reason of such things as overstrain the powers of human nature, or pass the limits of human endurance.

Some acts perhaps there are for which compulsion cannot be pleaded, but a man should rather suffer the worst and die; how absurd, for instance, are the pleas of compulsion with which Alcmaeon in Euripides' play excuses his matricide!

But it is difficult sometimes to decide what kind of thing should be chosen instead of what, or what endured in preference to what, and much moreso to abide by one's decisions: for in general the alternatives are painful, and the actions required are base, and so praise or blame is awarded according as persons have been compelled or no.

What kind of actions then are to be called compulsory? may we say, simply and abstractedly whenever the cause is external and the agent contributes nothing; and that where the acts are in themselves such as one would not wish but choice-worthy at the present time and in preference to such and such things, and where the origination rests with the agent, the actions are in themselves involuntary but at the given time and in preference to such and such things voluntary; and they are more like voluntary than involuntary, because the actions consist of little details, and these are voluntary.

But what kind of things one ought to choose instead of what, it is not easy to settle, for there are many differences in particular instances.

But suppose a person should say, things pleasant and honourable exert a compulsive force (for that they are external and do compel); at that rate every action is on compulsion, because these are universal motives of action.

Again, they who act on compulsion and against their will do so with pain; but they who act by reason of what is pleasant or honourable act with pleasure.

It is truly absurd for a man to attribute his actions to external things instead of to his own capacity for being easily caught by them;[1] or, again, to ascribe the honourable to himself, and the base ones to pleasure.

So then that seems to be compulsory “whose origination is from without, the party compelled contributing nothing.”

Chapter II.

Now every action of which ignorance is the cause is not-voluntary, but that only is involuntary which is attended with pain and remorse; for clearly the man who has done anything by reason of ignorance, but is not annoyed at his own action, cannot be said to have done it _with_ his will because he did not know he was doing it, nor again _against_ his will because he is not sorry for it.

So then of the class “acting by reason of ignorance,” he who feels regret afterwards is thought to be an involuntary agent, and him that has no such feeling, since he certainly is different from the other, we will call a not-voluntary agent; for as there is a real difference it is better to have a proper name.

Again, there seems to be a difference between acting _because of_ ignorance and acting _with_ ignorance: for instance, we do not usually assign ignorance as the cause of the actions of the drunken or angry man, but either the drunkenness or the anger, yet they act not knowingly but with ignorance.

Again, every bad man is ignorant what he ought to do and what to leave undone, and by reason of such error men become unjust and wholly evil.

Again, we do not usually apply the term involuntary when a man is ignorant of his own true interest;[2] because ignorance which affects moral choice[3] constitutes depravity but not involuntariness: nor does any ignorance of principle (because for this men are blamed) but ignorance in particular details, wherein consists the action and wherewith it is concerned, for in these there is both compassion and allowance, because he who acts in ignorance of any of them acts in a proper sense involuntarily.

It may be as well, therefore, to define these particular details; what they are, and how many; viz. who acts, what he is doing, with respect to what or in what, sometimes with what, as with what instrument, and with what result;[4] as that of preservation, for instance, and how, as whether softly or violently.

All these particulars, in one and the same case, no man in his senses could be ignorant of; plainly not of the agent, being himself. But what he is doing a man may be ignorant, as men in speaking say a thing escaped them unawares; or as Aeschylus did with respect to the Mysteries, that he was not aware that it was unlawful to speak of them; or as in the case of that catapult accident the other day the man said he discharged it merely to display its operation. Or a person might suppose a son to be an enemy, as Merope did; or that the spear really pointed was rounded off; or that the stone was a pumice; or in striking with a view to save might kill; or might strike when merely wishing to show another, as people do in sham-fighting.

Now since ignorance is possible in respect to all these details in which the action consists, he that acted in ignorance of any of them is thought to have acted involuntarily, and he most so who was in ignorance as regards the most important, which are thought to be those in which the action consists, and the result.

Further, not only must the ignorance be of this kind, to constitute an action involuntary, but it must be also understood that the action is followed by pain and regret.

Chapter III.

Now since all involuntary action is either upon compulsion or by reason of ignorance, Voluntary Action would seem to be “that whose origination is in the agent, he being aware of the particular details in which the action consists.”

For, it may be, men are not justified by calling those actions involuntary, which are done by reason of Anger or Lust.

Because, in the first place, if this be so no other animal but man, and not even children, can be said to act voluntarily. Next, is it meant that we never act voluntarily when we act from Lust or Anger, or that we act voluntarily in doing what is right and involuntarily in doing what is discreditable? The latter supposition is absurd, since the cause is one and the same. Then as to the former, it is a strange thing to maintain actions to be involuntary which we are bound to grasp at: now there are occasions on which anger is a

duty,[5] and there are things which we are bound to lust after,[6] health, for instance, and learning.

Again, whereas actions strictly involuntary are thought to be attended with pain, those which are done to gratify lust are thought to be pleasant.

Again: how does the involuntariness make any difference[7] between wrong actions done from deliberate calculation, and those done by reason of anger? for both ought to be avoided, and the irrational feelings are thought to be just as natural to man as reason, and so of course must be such actions of the individual as are done from Anger and Lust. It is absurd then to class these actions among the involuntary.

Chapter IV.

Having thus drawn out the distinction between voluntary and involuntary action our next step is to examine into the nature of Moral Choice, because this seems most intimately connected with Virtue and to be a more decisive test of moral character than a man's acts are.

Now Moral Choice is plainly voluntary, but the two are not co-extensive, voluntary being the more comprehensive term; for first, children and all other animals share in voluntary action but not in Moral Choice; and next, sudden actions we call voluntary but do not ascribe them to Moral Choice.

Nor do they appear to be right who say it is lust or anger, or wish, or opinion of a certain kind; because, in the first place, Moral Choice is not shared by the irrational animals while Lust and Anger are. Next; the man who fails of self-control acts from Lust but not from Moral Choice; the man of self-control, on the contrary, from Moral Choice, not from Lust. Again: whereas Lust is frequently opposed to Moral Choice, Lust is not to Lust.

Lastly: the object-matter of Lust is the pleasant and the painful, but of Moral Choice neither the one nor the other. Still less can it be Anger, because actions done from Anger are thought generally to be least of all consequent on Moral Choice.

Nor is it Wish either, though appearing closely connected with it; because, in the first place, Moral Choice has not for its objects impossibilities, and if a man were to say he chose them he would be thought to be a fool; but Wish may have impossible things for its objects, immortality for instance.

Wish again may be exercised on things in the accomplishment of which one's self could have nothing to do, as the success of any particular actor or athlete; but no man chooses things of this nature, only such as he believes he may himself be instrumental in procuring.

Further: Wish has for its object the End rather, but Moral Choice the means to the End; for instance, we wish to be healthy but we choose the means which will make us so; or happiness again we wish for, and commonly say so, but to say we choose is not an appropriate term, because, in short, the province of Moral Choice seems to be those things which are in our own power.

Neither can it be Opinion; for Opinion is thought to be unlimited in its range of objects, and to be exercised as well upon things eternal and impossible as on those which are in our own power: again, Opinion is logically divided into true and false, not into good and bad as Moral Choice is.

However, nobody perhaps maintains its identity with Opinion simply; but it is not the same with opinion of any kind,[8] because by choosing good and bad things we are constituted of a certain character, but by having opinions on them we are not.

Again, we choose to take or avoid, and so on, but we opine what a thing is, or for what it is serviceable, or how; but we do not opine to take or avoid.

Further, Moral Choice is commended rather for having a right object than for being judicious, but Opinion for being formed in accordance with truth.

Again, we choose such things as we pretty well know to be good, but we form opinions respecting such as we do not know at all.

And it is not thought that choosing and opining best always go together, but that some opine the better course and yet by reason of viciousness choose not the things which they should.

It may be urged, that Opinion always precedes or accompanies Moral Choice; be it so, this makes no difference, for this is not the point in question, but whether Moral Choice is the same as Opinion of a certain kind.

Since then it is none of the aforementioned things, what is it, or how is it characterised? Voluntary it plainly is, but not all voluntary action is an object of Moral Choice. May we not say then, it is “that voluntary which has passed through a stage of previous deliberation?” because Moral Choice is attended with reasoning and intellectual process. The etymology of its Greek name seems to give a hint of it, being when analysed “chosen in preference to somewhat else.”

Chapter V.

Well then; do men deliberate about everything, and is anything soever the object of Deliberation, or are there some matters with respect to which there is none? (It may be as well perhaps to say, that by “object of Deliberation” is meant such matter as a sensible man would deliberate upon, not what any fool or madman might.)

Well: about eternal things no one deliberates; as, for instance, the universe, or the incommensurability of the diameter and side of a square.

Nor again about things which are in motion but which always happen in the same way either necessarily, or naturally, or from some other cause, as the solstices or the sunrise.

Nor about those which are variable, as drought and rains; nor fortuitous matters, as finding of treasure.

Nor in fact even about all human affairs; no Lacedæmonian, for instance, deliberates as to the best course for the Scythian government to adopt; because in such cases we have no power over the result.

But we do deliberate respecting such practical matters as are in our own power (which are what are left after all our exclusions).

I have adopted this division because causes seem to be divisible into nature, necessity, chance, and moreover intellect, and all human powers.

And as man in general deliberates about what man in general can effect, so individuals do about such practical things as can be effected through their own instrumentality.

Again, we do not deliberate respecting such arts or sciences as are exact and independent: as, for instance, about written characters, because we have no doubt how they should be formed; but we do deliberate on all buch things as are usually done through our own instrumentality, but not invariably in the same way; as, for instance, about matters connected with the healing art, or with money-making; and, again, more about piloting ships than gymnastic exercises, because the former has been less exactly determined, and so forth; and more about arts than sciences, because we more frequently doubt respecting the former.

So then Deliberation takes place in such matters as are under general laws, but still uncertain how in any given case they will issue, _i.e._ in which there is some indefiniteness; and for great matters we associate coadjutors in counsel, distrusting our ability to settle them alone.

Further, we deliberate not about Ends, but Means to Ends. No physician, for instance, deliberates whether he will cure, nor orator whether he will persuade, nor statesman whether he will produce a good constitution, nor in fact any man in any other function about his particular End; but having set before them a certain End they look how and through what means it may be accomplished: if there is a choice of means, they examine further which are easiest and most creditable; or, if there is but one means of accomplishing the object, then how it may be through this, this again through what, till they come to the first cause; and this will be the last found; for a man engaged in a process of deliberation seems to seek and analyse, as a man, to solve a problem, analyses the figure given him. And plainly not every search is Deliberation, those in mathematics to wit, but every Deliberation is a search, and the last step in the analysis is the first in the constructive process. And if in the course of their search men come upon an impossibility, they give it up; if money, for instance, be necessary, but cannot be got: but if the thing appears possible they then attempt to do it.

And by possible I mean what may be done through our own instrumentality (of course what may be done through our friends is through our own instrumentality in a certain sense, because the origination in such cases rests with us). And the object of search is sometimes the necessary instruments, sometimes the method of using them; and similarly in the rest sometimes through what, and sometimes how or through what.[9]

So it seems, as has been said, that Man is the originator of his actions; and Deliberation has for its object whatever may be done through one's own instrumentality, and the actions are with a view to other things; and so it is, not the End, but the Means to Ends on which Deliberation is employed.

Nor, again, is it employed on matters of detail, as whether the substance before me is bread, or has been properly cooked; for these come under the province of sense, and if a man is to be always deliberating, he may go on _ad infinitum_.

Further, exactly the same matter is the object both of Deliberation and Moral Choice; but that which is the object of Moral Choice is thenceforward separated off and definite,[10] because by object of Moral Choice is denoted that which after Deliberation has been preferred to something else: for each man leaves off searching how he shall do a thing when he has brought the origination up to himself, _i.e_. to the governing principle in himself,[11] because it is this which makes the choice. A good illustration of this is furnished by the old regal constitutions which Homer drew from, in which the Kings would announce to the commonalty what they had determined before.

Now since that which is the object of Moral Choice is something in our own power, which is the object of deliberation and the grasping of the Will, Moral Choice must be "a grasping after something in our own power consequent upon Deliberation:" because after having deliberated we decide, and then grasp by our Will in accordance with the result of our deliberation.[12]

Let this be accepted as a sketch of the nature and object of Moral Choice, that object being "Means to Ends."

Chapter VI.

That Wish has for its object-matter the End, has been already stated; but there are two opinions respecting it; some thinking that its object is real good, others whatever impresses the mind with a notion of good.

Now those who maintain that the object of Wish is real good are beset by this difficulty, that what is wished for by him who chooses wrongly is not really an object of Wish (because, on their theory, if it is an object of wish, it must be good, but it is, in the case supposed, evil). Those who maintain, on the contrary, that that which impresses the mind with a notion of good is properly the object of Wish, have to meet this difficulty, that there is nothing naturally an object of Wish but to each individual whatever seems good to him; now different people have different notions, and it may chance contrary ones.

But, if these opinions do not satisfy us, may we not say that, abstractedly and as a matter of objective truth, the really good is the object of Wish, but to each individual whatever impresses his mind with the notion of good.[13] And so to the good man that is an object of Wish which is really and truly so, but to the bad man anything may be; just as physically those things are wholesome to the healthy which are really so, but other things to the sick. And so too of bitter and sweet, and hot and heavy, and so on. For the good man judges in every instance correctly, and in every instance the notion conveyed to his mind is the true one.

For there are fair and pleasant things peculiar to, and so varying with, each state; and perhaps the most distinguishing characteristic of the good man is his seeing the truth in every instance, he being, in fact, the rule and measure of these matters.

The multitude of men seem to be deceived by reason of pleasure, because though it is not really a good it impresses their minds with the notion of goodness, so they choose what is pleasant as good and avoid pain as an evil.

Chapter VII.

Now since the End is the object of Wish, and the means to the End of Deliberation and Moral Choice, the actions regarding these matters must be in the way of Moral Choice, _i.e._ voluntary: but the acts of working out the virtues are such actions, and therefore Virtue is in our power.

And so too is Vice: because wherever it is in our power to do it is also in our power to forbear doing, and _vice versâ_: therefore if the doing (being in a given case creditable) is in our power, so too is the forbearing (which is in the same case discreditable), and _vice versâ_.

But if it is in our power to do and to forbear doing what is creditable or the contrary, and these respectively constitute the being good or bad, then the being good or vicious characters is in our power.

As for the well-known saying, "No man voluntarily is wicked or involuntarily happy," it is partly true, partly false; for no man is happy against his will, of course, but wickedness is voluntary. Or must we dispute the statements lately made, and not say that Man is the

originator or generator of his actions as much as of his children?

But if this is matter of plain manifest fact, and we cannot refer our actions to any other originations beside those in our own power, those things must be in our own power, and so voluntary, the originations of which are in ourselves.

Moreover, testimony seems to be borne to these positions both privately by individuals, and by law-givers too, in that they chastise and punish those who do wrong (unless they do so on compulsion, or by reason of ignorance which is not self-caused), while they honour those who act rightly, under the notion of being likely to encourage the latter and restrain the former. But such things as are not in our own power, _i.e._ not voluntary, no one thinks of encouraging us to do, knowing it to be of no avail for one to have been persuaded not to be hot (for instance), or feel pain, or be hungry, and so forth, because we shall have those sensations all the same.

And what makes the case stronger is this: that they chastise for the very fact of ignorance, when it is thought to be self-caused; to the drunken, for instance, penalties are double, because the origination in such case lies in a man's own self: for he might have helped getting drunk, and this is the cause of his ignorance.

Again, those also who are ignorant of legal regulations which they are bound to know, and which are not hard to know, they chastise; and similarly in all other cases where neglect is thought to be the cause of the ignorance, under the notion that it was in their power to prevent their ignorance, because they might have paid attention.

But perhaps a man is of such a character that he cannot attend to such things: still men are themselves the causes of having become such characters by living carelessly, and also of being unjust or destitute of self-control, the former by doing evil actions, the latter by spending their time in drinking and such-like; because the particular acts of working form corresponding characters, as is shown by those who are practising for any contest or particular course of action, for such men persevere in the acts of working.

As for the plea, that a man did not know that habits are produced from separate acts of working, we reply, such ignorance is a mark of excessive stupidity.

Furthermore, it is wholly irrelevant to say that the man who acts unjustly or dissolutely does not _wish_ to attain the habits of these vices: for if a man wittingly does those things whereby he must become unjust he is to all intents and purposes unjust voluntarily; but he cannot with a wish cease to be unjust and become just. For, to take the analogous case, the sick man cannot with a wish be well again, yet in a supposable case he is voluntarily ill because he has produced his sickness by living intemperately and disregarding his physicians. There was a time then when he might have helped being ill, but now he has let himself go he cannot any longer; just as he who has let a stone out of his hand cannot recall it,[14] and yet it rested with him to aim and throw it, because the origination was in his power. Just so the unjust man, and he who has lost all self-control, might originally have helped being what they are, and so they are voluntarily what they are; but now that they are become so they no longer have the power of being otherwise.

And not only are mental diseases voluntary, but the bodily are so in some men, whom we accordingly blame: for such as are naturally deformed no one blames, only such as are so by reason of want of exercise, and neglect: and so too of weakness and maiming: no one would think of upbraiding, but would rather compassionate, a man who is blind by nature, or from disease, or from an accident; but every one would blame him who was so from excess of wine, or any other kind of intemperance. It seems, then, that in respect of bodily diseases, those which depend on ourselves are censured, those which do not are not censured; and if so, then in the case of the mental disorders, those which are censured must depend upon ourselves.

But suppose a man to say, "that (by our own admission) all men aim at that which conveys to their minds an impression of good, and that men have no control over this impression, but that the End impresses each with a notion correspondent to his own individual character; that to be sure if each man is in a way the cause of his own moral state, so he will be also of the kind of impression he receives: whereas, if this is not so, no one is the cause to himself of doing evil actions, but he does them by reason of ignorance of the true End, supposing that through their means he will secure the chief good. Further, that this aiming at the End is no matter of one's own choice, but one must be born with a power of mental vision, so to speak, whereby to judge fairly and choose that which is really good; and he is blessed by nature who has this naturally well: because it is the most important thing and the fairest, and what a man cannot get or learn from another but will have such as nature has given it; and for this to be so given well and fairly would be excellence of nature in the highest and truest sense."

If all this be true, how will Virtue be a whit more voluntary than Vice? Alike to the good man and the bad, the End gives its impression and is fixed by nature or howsoever you like to say, and they act so and so, referring everything else to this End.

Whether then we suppose that the End impresses each man's mind with certain notions not merely by nature, but that there is somewhat also dependent on himself; or that the End is given by nature, and yet Virtue is voluntary because the good man does all the rest voluntarily, Vice must be equally so; because his own agency equally attaches to the bad man in the actions, even if not in the selection of the End.

If then, as is commonly said, the Virtues are voluntary (because we at least cooperate[15] in producing our moral states, and we assume the End to be of a certain kind according as we are ourselves of certain characters), the Vices must be voluntary also, because the cases are exactly similar.

Chapter VIII.

Well now, we have stated generally respecting the Moral Virtues, the genus (in outline), that they are mean states, and that they are habits, and how they are formed, and that they are of themselves calculated to act upon the circumstances out of which they were formed, and that they are in our own power and voluntary, and are to be done so as right Reason may direct.

But the particular actions and the habits are not voluntary in the same sense; for of the actions we are masters from beginning to end (supposing of course a knowledge of the particular details), but only of the origination of the habits, the addition by small particular accessions not being cognisiable (as is the case with sicknesses): still they are voluntary because it rested with us to use our circumstances this way or that.

Chapter IX.

Here we will resume the particular discussion of the Moral Virtues, and say what they are, what is their object-matter, and how they stand respectively related to it: of course their number will be thereby shown.

First, then, of Courage. Now that it is a mean state, in respect of fear and boldness, has been already said: further, the objects of our fears are obviously things fearful or, in a general way of statement, evils; which accounts for the common definition of fear, viz. "expectation of evil."

Of course we fear evils of all kinds: disgrace, for instance, poverty, disease, desolateness, death; but not all these seem to be the object-matter of the Brave man, because there are things which to fear is right and noble, and not to fear is base; disgrace, for example, since he who fears this is a good man and has a sense of honour, and he who does not fear it is shameless (though there are those who call him Brave by analogy, because he somewhat resembles the Brave man who agrees with him in being free from fear); but poverty, perhaps, or disease, and in fact whatever does not proceed from viciousness, nor is attributable to his own fault, a man ought not to fear: still, being fearless in respect of these would not constitute a man Brave in the proper sense of the term.

Yet we do apply the term[16] in right of the similarity of the cases; for there are men who, though timid in the dangers of war, are liberal men and are stout enough to face loss of wealth.

And, again, a man is not a coward for fearing insult to his wife or children, or envy, or any such thing; nor is he a Brave man for being bold when going to be scourged.

What kind of fearful things then do constitute the object-matter of the Brave man? first of all, must they not be the greatest, since no man is more apt to withstand what is dreadful. Now the object of the greatest dread is death, because it is the end of all things, and the dead man is thought to be capable neither of good nor evil. Still it would seem that the Brave man has not for his object-matter even death in every circumstance; on the sea, for example, or in sickness: in what circumstances then? must it not be in the most honourable? now such is death in war, because it is death in the greatest and most honourable danger; and this is confirmed by the honours awarded in communities, and by monarchs.

He then may be most properly denominated Brave who is fearless in respect of honourable death and such sudden emergencies as threaten death; now such specially are those which arise in the course of war.

It is not meant but that the Brave man will be fearless also on the sea (and in sickness), but not in the same way as sea-faring men; for these are light-hearted and hopeful by reason of their experience, while landsmen though Brave are apt to give themselves up for lost and shudder at the notion of such a death: to which it should be added that Courage is exerted in circumstances which

admit of doing something to help one’s self, or in which death would be honourable; now neither of these requisites attach to destruction by drowning or sickness.

Chapter X.

Again, fearful is a term of relation, the same thing not being so to all, and there is according to common parlance somewhat so fearful as to be beyond human endurance: this of course would be fearful to every man of sense, but those objects which are level to the capacity of man differ in magnitude and admit of degrees, so too the objects of confidence or boldness.

Now the Brave man cannot be frighted from his propriety (but of course only so far as he is man); fear such things indeed he will, but he will stand up against them as he ought and as right reason may direct, with a view to what is honourable, because this is the end of the virtue.

Now it is possible to fear these things too much, or too little, or again to fear what is not really fearful as if it were such. So the errors come to be either that a man fears when he ought not to fear at all, or that he fears in an improper way, or at a wrong time, and so forth; and so too in respect of things inspiring confidence. He is Brave then who withstands, and fears, and is bold, in respect of right objects, from a right motive, in right manner, and at right times: since the Brave man suffers or acts as he ought and as right reason may direct.

Now the end of every separate act of working is that which accords with the habit, and so to the Brave man Courage; which is honourable; therefore such is also the End, since the character of each is determined by the End.[17]

So honour is the motive from which the Brave man withstands things fearful and performs the acts which accord with Courage.

Of the characters on the side of Excess, he who exceeds in utter absence of fear has no appropriate name (I observed before that many states have none), but he would be a madman or inaccessible to pain if he feared nothing, neither earthquake, nor the billows, as they tell of the Celts.

He again who exceeds in confidence in respect of things fearful is rash. He is thought moreover to be a braggart, and to advance unfounded claims to the character of Brave: the relation which the Brave man really bears to objects of fear this man wishes to appear to bear, and so imitates him in whatever points he can; for this reason most of them exhibit a curious mixture of rashness and cowardice; because, affecting rashness in these circumstances, they do not withstand what is truly fearful.

The man moreover who exceeds in feeling fear is a coward, since there attach to him the circumstances of fearing wrong objects, in wrong ways, and so forth. He is deficient also in feeling confidence, but he is most clearly seen as exceeding in the case of pains; he is a fainthearted kind of man, for he fears all things: the Brave man is just the contrary, for boldness is the property of the light-hearted and hopeful.

So the coward, the rash, and the Brave man have exactly the same object-matter, but stand differently related to it: the two first-mentioned respectively exceed and are deficient, the last is in a mean state and as he ought to be. The rash again are precipitate, and, being eager before danger, when actually in it fall away, while the Brave are quick and sharp in action, but before are quiet and composed.

Well then, as has been said, Courage is a mean state in respect of objects inspiring boldness or fear, in the circumstances which have been stated, and the Brave man chooses his line and withstands danger either because to do so is honourable, or because not to do so is base. But dying to escape from poverty, or the pangs of love, or anything that is simply painful, is the act not of a Brave man but of a coward; because it is mere softness to fly from what is toilsome, and the suicide braves the terrors of death not because it is honourable but to get out of the reach of evil.

Chapter XI.

Courage proper is somewhat of the kind I have described, but there are dispositions, differing in five ways,[18] which also bear in common parlance the name of Courage.

We will take first that which bears most resemblance to the true, the Courage of Citizenship, so named because the motives which are thought to actuate the members of a community in braving danger are the penalties and disgrace held out by the laws to cowardice, and the dignities conferred on the Brave; which is thought to be the reason why those are the bravest people among whom cowards are visited with disgrace and the Brave held in honour.

Such is the kind of Courage Homer exhibits in his characters; Diomed and Hector for example. The latter says,

“Polydamas will be the first to fix Disgrace upon me.”

Diomed again,

“For Hector surely will hereafter say, Speaking in Troy, Tydides by my hand”—

This I say most nearly resembles the Courage before spoken of, because it arises from virtue, from a feeling of shame, and a desire of what is noble (that is, of honour), and avoidance of disgrace which is base.

In the same rank one would be inclined to place those also who act under compulsion from their commanders; yet are they really lower, because not a sense of honour but fear is the motive from which they act, and what they seek to avoid is not that which is base but that which is simply painful: commanders do in fact compel their men sometimes, as Hector says (to quote Homer again),

“But whomsoever I shall find cowering afar from the fight, The teeth of dogs he shall by no means escape.”

Those commanders who station staunch troops by doubtful ones,[19] or who beat their men if they flinch, or who draw their troops up in line with the trenches, or other similar obstacles, in their rear, do in effect the same as Hector, for they all use compulsion.

But a man is to be Brave, not on compulsion, but from a sense of honour.

In the next place, Experience and Skill in the various particulars is thought to be a species of Courage: whence Socrates also thought that Courage was knowledge.[20]

This quality is exhibited of course by different men under different circumstances, but in warlike matters, with which we are now concerned, it is exhibited by the soldiers (“the regulars”): for there are, it would seem, many things in war of no real importance[21] which these have been constantly used to see; so they have a show of Courage because other people are not aware of the real nature of these things. Then again by reason of their skill they are better able than any others to inflict without suffering themselves, because they are able to use their arms and have such as are most serviceable both with a view to offence and defence: so that their case is parallel to that of armed men fighting with unarmed or trained athletes with amateurs, since in contests of this kind those are the best fighters, not who are the bravest men, but who are the strongest and are in the best condition.

In fact, the regular troops come to be cowards whenever the danger is greater than their means of meeting it; supposing, for example, that they are inferior in numbers and resources: then they are the first to fly, but the mere militia stand and fall on the ground (which as you know really happened at the Hermæum),[22] for in the eyes of these flight was disgraceful and death preferable to safety bought at such a price: while “the regulars” originally went into the danger under a notion of their own superiority, but on discovering their error they took to flight,[23] having greater fear of death than of disgrace; but this is not the feeling of the Brave man.

Thirdly, mere Animal Spirit is sometimes brought under the term Courage: they are thought to be Brave who are carried on by mere Animal Spirit, as are wild beasts against those who have wounded them, because in fact the really Brave have much Spirit, there being nothing like it for going at danger of any kind; whence those frequent expressions in Homer, “infused strength into his spirit,” “roused his strength and spirit,” or again, “and keen strength in his nostrils,” “his blood boiled:” for all these seem to denote the arousing and impetuosity of the Animal Spirit.

Now they that are truly Brave act from a sense of honour, and this Animal Spirit co-operates with them; but wild beasts from pain, that is because they have been wounded, or are frightened; since if they are quietly in their own haunts, forest or marsh, they do not attack men. Surely they are not Brave because they rush into danger when goaded on by pain and mere Spirit, without any view of the danger: else would asses be Brave when they are hungry, for though beaten they will not then leave their pasture: profligate men besides do many bold actions by reason of their lust. We may conclude then that they are not Brave who are goaded on to meet danger by pain and mere Spirit; but still this temper which arises from Animal Spirit appears to be most natural, and would be Courage of the true kind if it could have added to it moral choice and the proper motive.

So men also are pained by a feeling of anger, and take pleasure in revenge; but they who fight from these causes may be good fighters, but they are not truly Brave (in that they do not act from a sense of honour, nor as reason directs, but merely from the present feeling), still they bear some resemblance to that character.

Nor, again, are the Sanguine and Hopeful therefore Brave: since their boldness in dangers arises from their frequent victories over numerous foes. The two characters are alike, however, in that both are confident; but then the Brave are so from the afore-mentioned causes, whereas these are so from a settled conviction of their being superior and not likely to suffer anything in return (they who are intoxicated do much the same, for they become hopeful when in that state); but when the event disappoints their expectations they run away: now it was said to be the character of a Brave man to withstand things which are fearful to man or produce that impression, because it is honourable so to do and the contrary is dishonourable.

For this reason it is thought to be a greater proof of Courage to be fearless and undisturbed under the pressure of sudden fear than under that which may be anticipated, because Courage then comes rather from a fixed habit, or less from preparation: since as to foreseen dangers a man might take his line even from calculation and reasoning, but in those which are sudden he will do so according to his fixed habit of mind.

Fifthly and lastly, those who are acting under Ignorance have a show of Courage and are not very far from the Hopeful; but still they are inferior inasmuch as they have no opinion of themselves; which the others have, and therefore stay and contest a field for some little time; but they who have been deceived fly the moment they know things to be otherwise than they supposed, which the Argives experienced when they fell on the Lacedæmonians, taking them for the men of Sicyon.

Chapter XII.

We have described then what kind of men the Brave are, and what they who are thought to be, but are not really, Brave.

It must be remarked, however, that though Courage has for its object-matter boldness and fear it has not both equally so, but objects of fear much more than the former; for he that under pressure of these is undisturbed and stands related to them as he ought is better entitled to the name of Brave than he who is properly affected towards objects of confidence. So then men are termed Brave for withstanding painful things.

It follows that Courage involves pain and is justly praised, since it is a harder matter to withstand things that are painful than to abstain from such as are pleasant.

It must not be thought but that the End and object of Courage is pleasant, but it is obscured by the surrounding circumstances: which happens also in the gymnastic games; to the boxers the End is pleasant with a view to which they act, I mean the crown and the honours; but the receiving the blows they do is painful and annoying to flesh and blood, and so is all the labour they have to undergo; and, as these drawbacks are many, the object in view being small appears to have no pleasantness in it.

If then we may say the same of Courage, of course death and wounds must be painful to the Brave man and against his will: still he endures these because it is honourable so to do or because it is dishonourable not to do so. And the more complete his virtue and his happiness so much the more will he be pained at the notion of death: since to such a man as he is it is best worth while to live, and he with full consciousness is deprived of the greatest goods by death, and this is a painful idea. But he is not the less Brave for feeling it to be so, nay rather it may be he is shown to be more so because he chooses the honour that may be reaped in war in preference to retaining safe possession of these other goods. The fact is that to act with pleasure does not belong to all the virtues, except so far as a man realises the End of his actions.

But there is perhaps no reason why not such men should make the best soldiers, but those who are less truly Brave but have no other good to care for: these being ready to meet danger and bartering their lives against small gain.

Let thus much be accepted as sufficient on the subject of Courage; the true nature of which it is not difficult to gather, in outline at least, from what has been said.

Chapter XIII.

Next let us speak of Perfected Self-Mastery, which seems to claim the next place to Courage, since these two are the Excellences of the Irrational part of the Soul.

That it is a mean state, having for its object-matter Pleasures, we have already said (Pains being in fact its object-matter in a less degree and dissimilar manner), the state of utter absence of self-control has plainly the same object-matter; the next thing then is to determine what kind of Pleasures.

Let Pleasures then be understood to be divided into mental and bodily: instances of the former being love of honour or of learning: it being plain that each man takes pleasure in that of these two objects which he has a tendency to like, his body being no way affected but rather his intellect. Now men are not called perfectly self-mastering or wholly destitute of self-control in respect of pleasures of this class: nor in fact in respect of any which are not bodily; those for example who love to tell long stories, and are prosy, and spend their days about mere chance matters, we call gossips but not wholly destitute of self-control, nor again those who are pained at the loss of money or friends.

It is bodily Pleasures then which are the object-matter of Perfected Self-Mastery, but not even all these indifferently: I mean, that they who take pleasure in objects perceived by the Sight, as colours, and forms, and painting, are not denominated men of Perfected Self-Mastery, or wholly destitute of self-control; and yet it would seem that one may take pleasure even in such objects, as one ought to do, or excessively, or too little.

So too of objects perceived by the sense of Hearing; no one applies the terms before quoted respectively to those who are excessively pleased with musical tunes or acting, or to those who take such pleasure as they ought.

Nor again to those persons whose pleasure arises from the sense of Smell, except incidentally:[24] I mean, we do not say men have no self-control because they take pleasure in the scent of fruit, or flowers, or incense, but rather when they do so in the smells of unguents and sauces: since men destitute of self-control take pleasure herein, because hereby the objects of their lusts are recalled to their imagination (you may also see other men take pleasure in the smell of food when they are hungry): but to take pleasure in such is a mark of the character before named since these are objects of desire to him.

Now not even brutes receive pleasure in right of these senses, except incidentally. I mean, it is not the scent of hares' flesh but the eating it which dogs take pleasure in, perception of which pleasure is caused by the sense of Smell. Or again, it is not the lowing of the ox but eating him which the lion likes; but of the fact of his nearness the lion is made sensible by the lowing, and so he appears to take pleasure in this. In like manner, he has no pleasure in merely seeing or finding a stag or wild goat, but in the prospect of a meal.

The habits of Perfect Self-Mastery and entire absence of self-control have then for their object-matter such pleasures as brutes also share in, for which reason they are plainly servile and brutish: they are Touch and Taste.

But even Taste men seem to make little or no use of; for to the sense of Taste belongs the distinguishing of flavours; what men do, in fact, who are testing the quality of wines or seasoning "made dishes."

But men scarcely take pleasure at all in these things, at least those whom we call destitute of self-control do not, but only in the actual enjoyment which arises entirely from the sense of Touch, whether in eating or in drinking, or in grosser lusts. This accounts for the wish said to have been expressed once by a great glutton, "that his throat had been formed longer than a crane's neck," implying that his pleasure was derived from the Touch.

The sense then with which is connected the habit of absence of self-control is the most common of all the senses, and this habit would seem to be justly a matter of reproach, since it attaches to us not in so far as we are men but in so far as we are animals. Indeed it is brutish to take pleasure in such things and to like them best of all; for the most respectable of the pleasures arising from the touch have been set aside; those, for instance, which occur in the course of gymnastic training from the rubbing and the warm bath: because the touch of the man destitute of self-control is not indifferently of _any_ part of the body but only of particular parts.

Now of lusts or desires some are thought to be universal, others peculiar and acquired; thus desire for food is natural since every one who really needs desires also food, whether solid or liquid, or both (and, as Homer says, the man in the prime of youth needs and desires intercourse with the other sex); but when we come to this or that particular kind, then neither is the desire universal nor in all men is it directed to the same objects. And therefore the conceiving of such desires plainly attaches to us as individuals. It must be admitted, however, that there is something natural in it: because different things are pleasant to different men and a preference of some particular objects to chance ones is universal. Well then, in the case of the desires which are strictly and properly natural few men go wrong and all in one direction, that is, on the side of too much: I mean, to eat and drink of such food as happens to be on the table till one is overfilled is exceeding in quantity the natural limit, since the natural desire is simply a supply of a real deficiency.

For this reason these men are called belly-mad, as filling it beyond what they ought, and it is the slavish who become of this character.

But in respect of the peculiar pleasures many men go wrong and in many different ways; for whereas the term “fond of so and so” implies either taking pleasure in wrong objects, or taking pleasure excessively, or as the mass of men do, or in a wrong way, they who are destitute of all self-control exceed in all these ways; that is to say, they take pleasure in some things in which they ought not to do so (because they are properly objects of detestation), and in such as it is right to take pleasure in they do so more than they ought and as the mass of men do.

Well then, that excess with respect to pleasures is absence of self-control, and blameworthy, is plain. But viewing these habits on the side of pains, we find that a man is not said to have the virtue for withstanding them (as in the case of Courage), nor the vice for not withstanding them; but the man destitute of self-control is such, because he is pained more than he ought to be at not obtaining things which are pleasant (and thus his pleasure produces pain to him), and the man of Perfected Self-Mastery is such in virtue of not being pained by their absence, that is, by having to abstain from what is pleasant.

Now the man destitute of self-control desires either all pleasant things indiscriminately or those which are specially pleasant, and he is impelled by his desire to choose these things in preference to all others; and this involves pain, not only when he misses the attainment of his objects but, in the very desiring them, since all desire is accompanied by pain. Surely it is a strange case this, being pained by reason of pleasure.

As for men who are defective on the side of pleasure, who take less pleasure in things than they ought, they are almost imaginary characters, because such absence of sensual perception is not natural to man: for even the other animals distinguish between different kinds of food, and like some kinds and dislike others. In fact, could a man be found who takes no pleasure in anything and to whom all things are alike, he would be far from being human at all: there is no name for such a character because it is simply imaginary.

But the man of Perfected Self-Mastery is in the mean with respect to these objects: that is to say, he neither takes pleasure in the things which delight the vicious man, and in fact rather dislikes them, nor at all in improper objects; nor to any great degree in any object of the class; nor is he pained at their absence; nor does he desire them; or, if he does, only in moderation, and neither more than he ought, nor at improper times, and so forth; but such things as are conducive to health and good condition of body, being also pleasant, these he will grasp at in moderation and as he ought to do, and also such other pleasant things as do not hinder these objects, and are not unseemly or disproportionate to his means; because he that should grasp at such would be liking such pleasures more than is proper; but the man of Perfected Self-Mastery is not of this character, but regulates his desires by the dictates of right reason.

Chapter XIV.

Now the vice of being destitute of all Self-Control seems to be more truly voluntary than Cowardice, because pleasure is the cause of the former and pain of the latter, and pleasure is an object of choice, pain of avoidance. And again, pain deranges and spoils the natural disposition of its victim, whereas pleasure has no such effect and is more voluntary and therefore more justly open to reproach.

It is so also for the following reason; that it is easier to be inured by habit to resist the objects of pleasure, there being many things of this kind in life and the process of habituation being unaccompanied by danger; whereas the case is the reverse as regards the objects of fear.

Again, Cowardice as a confirmed habit would seem to be voluntary in a different way from the particular instances which form the habit; because it is painless, but these derange the man by reason of pain so that he throws away his arms and otherwise behaves himself unseemly, for which reason they are even thought by some to exercise a power of compulsion.

But to the man destitute of Self-Control the particular instances are on the contrary quite voluntary, being done with desire and direct exertion of the will, but the general result is less voluntary: since no man desires to form the habit.

The name of this vice (which signifies etymologically unchastened-ness) we apply also to the faults of children, there being a certain resemblance between the cases: to which the name is primarily applied, and to which secondarily or derivatively, is not relevant to the present subject, but it is evident that the later in point of time must get the name from the earlier. And the metaphor seems to be a very good one; for whatever grasps after base things, and is liable to great increase, ought to be chastened; and to this description desire and the child answer most truly, in that children also live under the direction of desire and the grasping after what is pleasant is most prominently seen in these.

Unless then the appetite be obedient and subjected to the governing principle it will become very great: for in the fool the grasping after what is pleasant is insatiable and undiscriminating; and every acting out of the desire increases the kindred habit, and if the desires are great and violent in degree they even expel Reason entirely; therefore they ought to be moderate and few, and in no respect to be opposed to Reason. Now when the appetite is in such a state we denominate it obedient and chastened.

In short, as the child ought to live with constant regard to the orders of its educator, so should the appetitive principle with regard to those of Reason.

So then in the man of Perfected Self-Mastery, the appetitive principle must be accordant with Reason: for what is right is the mark at which both principles aim: that is to say, the man of perfected self-mastery desires what he ought in right manner and at right times, which is exactly what Reason directs. Let this be taken for our account of Perfected Self-Mastery.

BOOK IV

Chapter I.

We will next speak of Liberality. Now this is thought to be the mean state, having for its object-matter Wealth: I mean, the Liberal man is praised not in the circumstances of war, nor in those which constitute the character of perfected self-mastery, nor again in judicial decisions, but in respect of giving and receiving Wealth, chiefly the former. By the term Wealth I mean “all those things whose worth is measured by money.”

Now the states of excess and defect in regard of Wealth are respectively Prodigality and Stinginess: the latter of these terms we attach invariably to those who are over careful about Wealth, but the former we apply sometimes with a complex notion; that is to say, we give the name to those who fail of self-control and spend money on the unrestrained gratification of their passions; and this is why they are thought to be most base, because they have many vices at once.

It must be noted, however, that this is not a strict and proper use of the term, since its natural etymological meaning is to denote him who has one particular evil, viz. the wasting his substance: he is unsaved (as the term literally denotes) who is wasting away by his own fault; and this he really may be said to be; the destruction of his substance is thought to be a kind of wasting of himself, since these things are the means of living. Well, this is our acceptation of the term Prodigality.

Again. Whatever things are for use may be used well or ill, and Wealth belongs to this class. He uses each particular thing best who has the virtue to whose province it belongs: so that he will use Wealth best who has the virtue respecting Wealth, that is to say, the Liberal man.

Expenditure and giving are thought to be the using of money, but receiving and keeping one would rather call the possessing of it. And so the giving to proper persons is more characteristic of the Liberal man, than the receiving from proper quarters and forbearing to receive from the contrary. In fact generally, doing well by others is more characteristic of virtue than being done well by, and doing things positively honourable than forbearing to do things dishonourable; and any one may see that the doing well by others and doing things positively honourable attaches to the act of giving, but to that of receiving only the being done well by or forbearing to do what is dishonourable.

Besides, thanks are given to him who gives, not to him who merely forbears to receive, and praise even more. Again, forbearing to receive is easier than giving, the case of being too little freehanded with one’s own being commoner than taking that which is not one’s own.

And again, it is they who give that are denominated Liberal, while they who forbear to receive are commended, not on the score of Liberality but of just dealing, while for receiving men are not, in fact, praised at all.

And the Liberal are liked almost best of all virtuous characters, because they are profitable to others, and this their profitableness consists in their giving.

Furthermore: all the actions done in accordance with virtue are honourable, and done from the motive of honour: and the Liberal man, therefore, will give from a motive of honour, and will give rightly; I mean, to proper persons, in right proportion, at right times, and whatever is included in the term “right giving:” and this too with positive pleasure, or at least without pain, since whatever is done in accordance with virtue is pleasant or at least not unpleasant, most certainly not attended with positive pain.

But the man who gives to improper people, or not from a motive of honour but from some other cause, shall be called not Liberal but something else. Neither shall he be so denominated who does it with pain: this being a sign that he would prefer his wealth to the honourable action, and this is no part of the Liberal man's character; neither will such an one receive from improper sources, because the so receiving is not characteristic of one who values not wealth: nor again will he be apt to ask, because one who does kindnesses to others does not usually receive them willingly; but from proper sources (his own property, for instance) he will receive, doing this not as honourable but as necessary, that he may have somewhat to give: neither will he be careless of his own, since it is his wish through these to help others in need: nor will he give to chance people, that he may have wherewith to give to those to whom he ought, at right times, and on occasions when it is honourable so to do.

Again, it is a trait in the Liberal man's character even to exceed very much in giving so as to leave too little for himself, it being characteristic of such an one not to have a thought of self.

Now Liberality is a term of relation to a man's means, for the Liberal-ness depends not on the amount of what is given but on the moral state of the giver which gives in proportion to his means. There is then no reason why he should not be the more Liberal man who gives the less amount, if he has less to give out of.

Again, they are thought to be more Liberal who have inherited, not acquired for themselves, their means; because, in the first place, they have never experienced want, and next, all people love most their own works, just as parents do and poets.

It is not easy for the Liberal man to be rich, since he is neither apt to receive nor to keep but to lavish, and values not wealth for its own sake but with a view to giving it away. Hence it is commonly charged upon fortune that they who most deserve to be rich are least so. Yet this happens reasonably enough; it is impossible he should have wealth who does not take any care to have it, just as in any similar case.

Yet he will not give to improper people, nor at wrong times, and so on: because he would not then be acting in accordance with Liberality, and if he spent upon such objects, would have nothing to spend on those on which he ought: for, as I have said before, he is Liberal who spends in proportion to his means, and on proper objects, while he who does so in excess is prodigal (this is the reason why we never call despots prodigal, because it does not seem to be easy for them by their gifts and expenditure to go beyond their immense possessions).

To sum up then. Since Liberality is a mean state in respect of the giving and receiving of wealth, the Liberal man will give and spend on proper objects, and in proper proportion, in great things and in small alike, and all this with pleasure to himself; also he will receive from right sources, and in right proportion: because, as the virtue is a mean state in respect of both, he will do both as he ought, and, in fact, upon proper giving follows the correspondent receiving, while that which is not such is contrary to it. (Now those which follow one another come to co-exist in the same person, those which are contraries plainly do not.)

Again, should it happen to him to spend money beyond what is needful, or otherwise than is well, he will be vexed, but only moderately and as he ought; for feeling pleasure and pain at right objects, and in right manner, is a property of Virtue.

The Liberal man is also a good man to have for a partner in respect of wealth: for he can easily be wronged, since he values not wealth, and is more vexed at not spending where he ought to have done so than at spending where he ought not, and he relishes not the maxim of Simonides.

Chapter II.

But the Prodigal man goes wrong also in these points, for he is neither pleased nor pained at proper objects or in proper manner, which will become more plain as we proceed.

We have said already that Prodigality and Stinginess are respectively states of excess and defect, and this in two things, giving and receiving (expenditure of course we class under giving). Well now, Prodigality exceeds in giving and forbearing to receive and is deficient in receiving, while Stinginess is deficient in giving and exceeds in receiving, but it is in small things.

The two parts of Prodigality, to be sure, do not commonly go together; it is not easy, I mean, to give to all if you receive from none, because private individuals thus giving will soon find their means run short, and such are in fact thought to be prodigal. He that should combine both would seem to be no little superior to the Stingy man: for he may be easily cured, both by advancing in years, and also by the want of means, and he may come thus to the mean: he has, you see, already the _facts_ of the Liberal man, he gives and forbears to receive, only he does neither in right manner or well. So if he could be wrought upon by habituation in this

respect, or change in any other way, he would be a real Liberal man, for he will give to those to whom he should, and will forbear to receive whence he ought not. This is the reason too why he is thought not to be low in moral character, because to exceed in giving and in forbearing to receive is no sign of badness or meanness, but only of folly.

Well then, he who is Prodigal in this fashion is thought far superior to the Stingy man for the aforementioned reasons, and also because he does good to many, but the Stingy man to no one, not even to himself. But most Prodigals, as has been said, combine with their other faults that of receiving from improper sources, and on this point are Stingy: and they become grasping, because they wish to spend and cannot do this easily, since their means soon run short and they are necessitated to get from some other quarter; and then again, because they care not for what is honourable, they receive recklessly, and from all sources indifferently, because they desire to give but care not how or whence.

And for this reason their givings are not Liberal, inasmuch as they are not honourable, nor purely disinterested, nor done in right fashion; but they oftentimes make those rich who should be poor, and to those who are quiet respectable kind of people they will give nothing, but to flatterers, or those who subserve their pleasures in any way, they will give much. And therefore most of them are utterly devoid of self-restraint; for as they are open-handed they are liberal in expenditure upon the unrestrained gratification of their passions, and turn off to their pleasures because they do not live with reference to what is honourable.

Thus then the Prodigal, if unguided, slides into these faults; but if he could get care bestowed on him he might come to the mean and to what is right.

Stinginess, on the contrary, is incurable: old age, for instance, and incapacity of any kind, is thought to make people Stingy; and it is more congenial to human nature than Prodigality, the mass of men being fond of money rather than apt to give: moreover it extends far and has many phases, the modes of stinginess being thought to be many. For as it consists of two things, defect of giving and excess of receiving, everybody does not have it entire, but it is sometimes divided, and one class of persons exceed in receiving, the other are deficient in giving. I mean those who are designated by such appellations as sparing, close-fisted, niggards, are all deficient in giving; but other men's property they neither desire nor are willing to receive, in some instances from a real moderation and shrinking from what is base.

There are some people whose motive, either supposed or alleged, for keeping their property is this, that they may never be driven to do anything dishonourable: to this class belongs the skinflint, and every one of similar character, so named from the excess of not-giving. Others again decline to receive their neighbour's goods from a motive of fear; their notion being that it is not easy to take other people's things yourself without their taking yours: so they are content neither to receive nor give.

The other class again who are Stingy in respect of receiving exceed in that they receive anything from any source; such as they who work at illiberal employments, brothel keepers, and such-like, and usurers who lend small sums at large interest: for all these receive from improper sources, and improper amounts. Their common characteristic is base-gaining, since they all submit to disgrace for the sake of gain and that small; because those who receive great things neither whence they ought, nor what they ought (as for instance despots who sack cities and plunder temples), we denominate wicked, impious, and unjust, but not Stingy.

Now the dicer and bath-plunderer and the robber belong to the class of the Stingy, for they are given to base gain: both busy themselves and submit to disgrace for the sake of gain, and the one class incur the greatest dangers for the sake of their booty, while the others make gain of their friends to whom they ought to be giving.

So both classes, as wishing to make gain from improper sources, are given to base gain, and all such receivings are Stingy. And with good reason is Stinginess called the contrary of Liberality: both because it is a greater evil than Prodigality, and because men err rather in this direction than in that of the Prodigality which we have spoken of as properly and completely such.

Let this be considered as what we have to say respecting Liberality and the contrary vices.

Chapter III.

Next in order would seem to come a dissertation on Magnificence, this being thought to be, like liberality, a virtue having for its object-matter Wealth; but it does not, like that, extend to all transactions in respect of Wealth, but only applies to such as are expensive, and in these circumstances it exceeds liberality in respect of magnitude, because it is (what the very name in Greek hints at) fitting expense on a large scale: this term is of course relative: I mean, the expenditure of equipping and commanding a trireme is not the same as that of giving a public spectacle: "fitting" of course also is relative to the individual, and the matter

wherein and upon which he has to spend. And a man is not denominated Magnificent for spending as he should do in small or ordinary things, as, for instance,

“Oft to the wandering beggar did I give,”

but for doing so in great matters: that is to say, the Magnificent man is liberal, but the liberal is not thereby Magnificent. The falling short of such a state is called Meanness, the exceeding it Vulgar Profusion, Want of Taste, and so on; which are faulty, not because they are on an excessive scale in respect of right objects but, because they show off in improper objects, and in improper manner: of these we will speak presently. The Magnificent man is like a man of skill, because he can see what is fitting, and can spend largely in good taste; for, as we said at the commencement, the confirmed habit is determined by the separate acts of working, and by its object-matter.

Well, the expenses of the Magnificent man are great and fitting: such also are his works (because this secures the expenditure being not great merely, but befitting the work). So then the work is to be proportionate to the expense, and this again to the work, or even above it: and the Magnificent man will incur such expenses from the motive of honour, this being common to all the virtues, and besides he will do it with pleasure and lavishly; excessive accuracy in calculation being Mean. He will consider also how a thing may be done most beautifully and fittingly, rather, than for how much it may be done, and how at the least expense.

So the Magnificent man must be also a liberal man, because the liberal man will also spend what he ought, and in right manner: but it is the Great, that is to say tke large scale, which is distinctive of the Magnificent man, the object-matter of liberality being the same, and without spending more money than another man he will make the work more magnificent. I mean, the excellence of a possession and of a work is not the same: as a piece of property that thing is most valuable which is worth most, gold for instance; but as a work that which is great and beautiful, because the contemplation of such an object is admirable, and so is that which is Magnificent. So the excellence of a work is Magnificence on a large scale. There are cases of expenditure which we call honourable, such as are dedicatory offerings to the gods, and the furnishing their temples, and sacrifices, and in like manner everything that has reference to the Deity, and all such public matters as are objects of honourable ambition, as when men think in any case that it is their duty to furnish a chorus for the stage splendidly, or fit out and maintain a trireme, or give a general public feast.

Now in all these, as has been already stated, respect is had also to the rank and the means of the man who is doing them: because they should be proportionate to these, and befit not the work only but also the doer of the work. For this reason a poor man cannot be a Magnificent man, since he has not means wherewith to spend largely and yet becomingly; and if he attempts it he is a fool, inasmuch as it is out of proportion and contrary to propriety, whereas to be in accordance with virtue a thing must be done rightly.

Such expenditure is fitting moreover for those to whom such things previously belong, either through themselves or through their ancestors or people with whom they are connected, and to the high-born or people of high repute, and so on: because all these things imply greatness and reputation.

So then the Magnificent man is pretty much as I have described him, and Magnificence consists in such expenditures: because they are the greatest and most honourable: and of private ones such as come but once for all, marriage to wit, and things of that kind; and any occasion which engages the interest of the community in general, or of those who are in power; and what concerns receiving and despatching strangers; and gifts, and repaying gifts: because the Magnificent man is not apt to spend upon himself but on the public good, and gifts are pretty much in the same case as dedicatory offerings.

It is characteristic also of the Magnificent man to furnish his house suitably to his wealth, for this also in a way reflects credit; and again, to spend rather upon such works as are of long duration, these being most honourable. And again, propriety in each case, because the same things are not suitable to gods and men, nor in a temple and a tomb. And again, in the case of expenditures, each must be great of its kind, and great expense on a great object is most magnificent, that is in any case what is great in these particular things.

There is a difference too between greatness of a work and greatness of expenditure: for instance, a very beautiful ball or cup is magnificent as a present to a child, while the price of it is small and almost mean. Therefore it is characteristic of the Magnificent man to do magnificently whatever he is about: for whatever is of this kind cannot be easily surpassed, and bears a proper proportion to the expenditure.

Such then is the Magnificent man.

The man who is in the state of excess, called one of Vulgar Profusion, is in excess because he spends improperly, as has been said. I mean in cases requiring small expenditure he lavishes much and shows off out of taste; giving his club a feast fit for a wedding-party, or if he has to furnish a chorus for a comedy, giving the actors purple to wear in the first scene, as did the Megarians. And all such things he will do, not with a view to that which is really honourable, but to display his wealth, and because he thinks he shall be admired for these things; and he will spend little where he ought to spend much, and much where he should spend little.

The Mean man will be deficient in every case, and even where he has spent the most he will spoil the whole effect for want of some trifle; he is procrastinating in all he does, and contrives how he may spend the least, and does even that with lamentations about the expense, and thinking that he does all things on a greater scale than he ought.

Of course, both these states are faulty, but they do not involve disgrace because they are neither hurtful to others nor very unseemly.

Chapter IV.

The very name of Great-mindedness implies, that great things are its object-matter; and we will first settle what kind of things. It makes no difference, of course, whether we regard the moral state in the abstract or as exemplified in an individual.

Well then, he is thought to be Great-minded who values himself highly and at the same time justly, because he that does so without grounds is foolish, and no virtuous character is foolish or senseless. Well, the character I have described is Great-minded. The man who estimates himself lowly, and at the same time justly, is modest; but not Great-minded, since this latter quality implies greatness, just as beauty implies a large bodily conformation while small people are neat and well made but not beautiful.

Again, he who values himself highly without just grounds is a Vain man: though the name must not be applied to every case of unduly high self-estimation. He that values himself below his real worth is Small-minded, and whether that worth is great, moderate, or small, his own estimate falls below it. And he is the strongest case of this error who is really a man of great worth, for what would he have done had his worth been less?

The Great-minded man is then, as far as greatness is concerned, at the summit, but in respect of propriety he is in the mean, because he estimates himself at his real value (the other characters respectively are in excess and defect). Since then he justly estimates himself at a high, or rather at the highest possible rate, his character will have respect specially to one thing: this term “rate” has reference of course to external goods: and of these we should assume that to be the greatest which we attribute to the gods, and which is the special object of desire to those who are in power, and which is the prize proposed to the most honourable actions: now honour answers to these descriptions, being the greatest of external goods. So the Great-minded man bears himself as he ought in respect of honour and dishonour. In fact, without need of words, the Great-minded plainly have honour for their object-matter: since honour is what the great consider themselves specially worthy of, and according to a certain rate.

The Small-minded man is deficient, both as regards himself, and also as regards the estimation of the Great-minded: while the Vain man is in excess as regards himself, but does not get beyond the Great-minded man. Now the Great-minded man, being by the hypothesis worthy of the greatest things, must be of the highest excellence, since the better a man is the more is he worth, and he who is best is worth the most: it follows then, that to be truly Great-minded a man must be good, and whatever is great in each virtue would seem to belong to the Great-minded. It would no way correspond with the character of the Great-minded to flee spreading his hands all abroad; nor to injure any one; for with what object in view will he do what is base, in whose eyes nothing is great? in short, if one were to go into particulars, the Great-minded man would show quite ludicrously unless he were a good man: he would not be in fact deserving of honour if he were a bad man, honour being the prize of virtue and given to the good.

This virtue, then, of Great-mindedness seems to be a kind of ornament of all the other virtues, in that it makes them better and cannot be without them; and for this reason it is a hard matter to be really and truly Great-minded; for it cannot be without thorough goodness and nobleness of character.

Honour then and dishonour are specially the object-matter of the Great-minded man: and at such as is great, and given by good men, he will be pleased moderately as getting his own, or perhaps somewhat less for no honour can be quite adequate to perfect virtue: but still he will accept this because they have nothing higher to give him. But such as is given by ordinary people and on trifling grounds he will entirely despise, because these do not come up to his deserts: and dishonour likewise, because in his case there cannot be just ground for it.

Now though, as I have said, honour is specially the object-matter of the Great-minded man, I do not mean but that likewise in respect of wealth and power, and good or bad fortune of every kind, he will bear himself with moderation, fall out how they may, and neither in prosperity will he be overjoyed nor in adversity will he be unduly pained. For not even in respect of honour does he so bear himself; and yet it is the greatest of all such objects, since it is the cause of power and wealth being choice-worthy, for certainly they who have them desire to receive honour through them. So to whom honour even is a small thing to him will all other things also be so; and this is why such men are thought to be supercilious.

It seems too that pieces of good fortune contribute to form this character of Great-mindedness: I mean, the nobly born, or men of influence, or the wealthy, are considered to be entitled to honour, for they are in a position of eminence and whatever is eminent by good is more entitled to honour: and this is why such circumstances dispose men rather to Great-mindedness, because they receive honour at the hands of some men.

Now really and truly the good man alone is entitled to honour; only if a man unites in himself goodness with these external advantages he is thought to be more entitled to honour: but they who have them without also having virtue are not justified in their high estimate of themselves, nor are they rightly denominated Great-minded; since perfect virtue is one of the indispensable conditions to such & character.

Further, such men become supercilious and insolent, it not being easy to bear prosperity well without goodness; and not being able to bear it, and possessed with an idea of their own superiority to others, they despise them, and do just whatever their fancy prompts; for they mimic the Great-minded man, though they are not like him, and they do this in such points as they can, so without doing the actions which can only flow from real goodness they despise others. Whereas the Great-minded man despises on good grounds (for he forms his opinions truly), but the mass of men do it at random.

Moreover, he is not a man to incur little risks, nor does he court danger, because there are but few things he has a value for; but he will incur great dangers, and when he does venture he is prodigal of his life as knowing that there are terms on which it is not worth his while to live. He is the sort of man to do kindnesses, but he is ashamed to receive them; the former putting a man in the position of superiority, the latter in that of inferiority; accordingly he will greatly overpay any kindness done to him, because the original actor will thus be laid under obligation and be in the position of the party benefited. Such men seem likewise to remember those they have done kindnesses to, but not those from whom they have received them: because he who has received is inferior to him who has done the kindness and our friend wishes to be superior; accordingly he is pleased to hear of his own kind acts but not of those done to himself (and this is why, in Homer, Thetis does not mention to Jupiter the kindnesses she had done him, nor did the Lacedæmonians to the Athenians but only the benefits they had received).

Further, it is characteristic of the Great-minded man to ask favours not at all, or very reluctantly, but to do a service very readily; and to bear himself loftily towards the great or fortunate, but towards people of middle station affably; because to be above the former is difficult and so a grand thing, but to be above the latter is easy; and to be high and mighty towards the former is not ignoble, but to do it towards those of humble station would be low and vulgar; it would be like parading strength against the weak.

And again, not to put himself in the way of honour, nor to go where others are the chief men; and to be remiss and dilatory, except in the case of some great honour or work; and to be concerned in few things, and those great and famous. It is a property of him also to be open, both in his dislikes and his likings, because concealment is a consequent of fear. Likewise to be careful for reality rather than appearance, and talk and act openly (for his contempt for others makes him a bold man, for which same reason he is apt to speak the truth, except where the principle of reserve comes in), but to be reserved towards the generality of men.

And to be unable to live with reference to any other but a friend; because doing so is servile, as may be seen in that all flatterers are low and men in low estate are flatterers. Neither is his admiration easily excited, because nothing is great in his eyes; nor does he bear malice, since remembering anything, and specially wrongs, is no part of Great-mindedness, but rather overlooking them; nor does he talk of other men; in fact, he will not speak either of himself or of any other; he neither cares to be praised himself nor to have others blamed; nor again does he praise freely, and for this reason he is not apt to speak ill even of his enemies except to show contempt and insolence.

And he is by no means apt to make laments about things which cannot be helped, or requests about those which are trivial; because to be thus disposed with respect to these things is consequent only upon real anxiety about them. Again, he is the kind of man to acquire what is beautiful and unproductive rather than what is productive and profitable: this being rather the part of an independent man.

Also slow motion, deep-toned voice, and deliberate style of speech, are thought to be characteristic of the Great-minded man: for he who is earnest about few things is not likely to be in a hurry, nor he who esteems nothing great to be very intent: and sharp tones and quickness are the result of these.

Chapter V.

This then is my idea of the Great-minded man; and he who is in the defect is a Small-minded man, he who is in the excess a Vain man. However, as we observed in respect of the last character we discussed, these extremes are not thought to be vicious exactly, but only mistaken, for they do no harm.

The Small-minded man, for instance, being really worthy of good deprives himself of his deserts, and seems to have somewhat faulty from not having a sufficiently high estimate of his own desert, in fact from self-ignorance: because, but for this, he would have grasped after what he really is entitled to, and that is good. Still such characters are not thought to be foolish, but rather laggards. But the having such an opinion of themselves seems to have a deteriorating effect on the character: because in all cases men's aims are regulated by their supposed desert, and thus these men, under a notion of their own want of desert, stand aloof from honourable actions and courses, and similarly from external goods.

But the Vain are foolish and self-ignorant, and that palpably: because they attempt honourable things, as though they were worthy, and then they are detected. They also set themselves off, by dress, and carriage, and such-like things, and desire that their good circumstances may be seen, and they talk of them under the notion of receiving honour thereby. Small-mindedness rather than Vanity is opposed to Great-mindedness, because it is more commonly met with and is worse.

Chapter VI.

Well, the virtue of Great-mindedness has for its object great Honour, as we have said: and there seems to be a virtue having Honour also for its object (as we stated in the former book), which may seem to bear to Great-mindedness the same relation that Liberality does to Magnificence: that is, both these virtues stand aloof from what is great but dispose us as we ought to be disposed towards moderate and small matters. Further: as in giving and receiving of wealth there is a mean state, an excess, and a defect, so likewise in grasping after Honour there is the more or less than is right, and also the doing so from right sources and in right manner.

For we blame the lover of Honour as aiming at Honour more than he ought, and from wrong sources; and him who is destitute of a love of Honour as not choosing to be honoured even for what is noble. Sometimes again we praise the lover of Honour as manly and having a love for what is noble, and him who has no love for it as being moderate and modest (as we noticed also in the former discussion of these virtues).

It is clear then that since "Lover of so and so" is a term capable of several meanings, we do not always denote the same quality by the term "Lover of Honour;" but when we use it as a term of commendation we denote more than the mass of men are; when for blame more than a man should be.

And the mean state having no proper name the extremes seem to dispute for it as unoccupied ground: but of course where there is excess and defect there must be also the mean. And in point of fact, men do grasp at Honour more than they should, and less, and sometimes just as they ought; for instance, this state is praised, being a mean state in regard of Honour, but without any appropriate name. Compared with what is called Ambition it shows like a want of love for Honour, and compared with this it shows like Ambition, or compared with both, like both faults: nor is this a singular case among the virtues. Here the extreme characters appear to be opposed, because the mean has no name appropriated to it.

Chapter VII.

Meekness is a mean state, having for its object-matter Anger: and as the character in the mean has no name, and we may almost say the same of the extremes, we give the name of Meekness (leaning rather to the defect, which has no name either) to the character in the mean.

The excess may be called an over-aptness to Anger: for the passion is Anger, and the producing causes many and various. Now he who is angry at what and with whom he ought, and further, in right manner and time, and for proper length of time, is praised, so this Man will be Meek since Meekness is praised. For the notion represented by the term Meek man is the being imperturbable, and not being led away by passion, but being angry in that manner, and at those things, and for that length of time, which Reason may

direct. This character however is thought to err rather on the side of defect, inasmuch as he is not apt to take revenge but rather to make allowances and forgive. And the defect, call it Angerlessness or what you will, is blamed: I mean, they who are not angry at things at which they ought to be angry are thought to be foolish, and they who are angry not in right manner, nor in right time, nor with those with whom they ought; for a man who labours under this defect is thought to have no perception, nor to be pained, and to have no tendency to avenge himself, inasmuch as he feels no anger: now to bear with scurrility in one's own person, and patiently see one's own friends suffer it, is a slavish thing.

As for the excess, it occurs in all forms; men are angry with those with whom, and at things with which, they ought not to be, and more than they ought, and too hastily, and for too great a length of time. I do not mean, however, that these are combined in any one person: that would in fact be impossible, because the evil destroys itself, and if it is developed in its full force it becomes unbearable.

Now those whom we term the Passionate are soon angry, and with people with whom and at things at which they ought not, and in an excessive degree, but they soon cool again, which is the best point about them. And this results from their not repressing their anger, but repaying their enemies (in that they show their feeings by reason of their vehemence), and then they have done with it.

The Choleric again are excessively vehement, and are angry at everything, and on every occasion; whence comes their Greek name signifying that their choler lies high.

The Bitter-tempered are hard to reconcile and keep their anger for a long while, because they repress the feeling: but when they have revenged themselves then comes a lull; for the vengeance destroys their anger by producing pleasure in lieu of pain. But if this does not happen they keep the weight on their minds: because, as it does not show itself, no one attempts to reason it away, and digesting anger within one's self takes time. Such men are very great nuisances to themselves and to their best friends.

Again, we call those Cross-grained who are angry at wrong objects, and in excessive degree, and for too long a time, and who are not appeased without vengeance or at least punishing the offender.

To Meekness we oppose the excess rather than the defect, because it is of more common occurrence: for human nature is more disposed to take than to forgo revenge. And the Cross-grained are worse to live with [than they who are too phlegmatic].

Now, from what has been here said, that is also plain which was said before. I mean, it is no easy matter to define how, and with what persons, and at what kind of things, and how long one ought to be angry, and up to what point a person is right or is wrong. For he that transgresses the strict rule only a little, whether on the side of too much or too little, is not blamed: sometimes we praise those who are deficient in the feeling and call them Meek, sometimes we call the irritable Spirited as being well qualified for government. So it is not easy to lay down, in so many words, for what degree or kind of transgression a man is blameable: because the decision is in particulars, and rests therefore with the Moral Sense. Thus much, however, is plain, that the mean state is praiseworthy, in virtue of which we are angry with those with whom, and at those things with which, we ought to be angry, and in right manner, and so on; while the excesses and defects are blameable, slightly so if only slight, more so if greater, and when considerable very blameable.

It is clear, therefore, that the mean state is what we are to hold to.

This then is to be taken as our account of the various moral states which have Anger for their object-matter.

Chapter VIII.

Next, as regards social intercourse and interchange of words and acts, some men are thought to be Over-Complaisant who, with a view solely to giving pleasure, agree to everything and never oppose, but think their line is to give no pain to those they are thrown amongst: they, on the other hand, are called Cross and Contentious who take exactly the contrary line to these, and oppose in everything, and have no care at all whether they give pain or not.

Now it is quite clear of course, that the states I have named are blameable, and that the mean between them is praiseworthy, in virtue of which a man will let pass what he ought as he ought, and also will object in like manner. However, this state has no name appropriated, but it is most like Friendship; since the man who exhibits it is just the kind of man whom we would call the amiable friend, with the addition of strong earnest affection; but then this is the very point in which it differs from Friendship, that it is quite independent of any feeling or strong affection for those among whom the man mixes: I mean, that he takes everything as he ought, not from any feeling of love or hatred, but simply because his natural disposition leads him to do so; he will do it alike to those

whom he does know and those whom he does not, and those with whom he is intimate and those with whom he is not; only in each case as propriety requires, because it is not fitting to care alike for intimates and strangers, nor again to pain them alike.

It has been stated in a general way that his social intercourse will be regulated by propriety, and his aim will be to avoid giving pain and to contribute to pleasure, but with a constant reference to what is noble and expedient.

His proper object-matter seems to be the pleasures and pains which arise out of social intercourse, but whenever it is not honourable or even hurtful to him to contribute to pleasure, in these instances he will run counter and prefer to give pain.

Or if the things in question involve unseemliness to the doer, and this not inconsiderable, or any harm, whereas his opposition will cause some little pain, here he will not agree but will run counter.

Again, he will regulate differently his intercourse with great men and with ordinary men, and with all people according to the knowledge he has of them; and in like manner, taking in any other differences which may exist, giving to each his due, and in itself preferring to give pleasure and cautious not to give pain, but still guided by the results, I mean by what is noble and expedient according as they preponderate.

Again, he will inflict trifling pain with a view to consequent pleasure.

Well, the man bearing the mean character is pretty well such as I have described him, but he has no name appropriated to him: of those who try to give pleasure, the man who simply and disinterestedly tries to be agreeable is called Over-Complaisant, he who does it with a view to secure some profit in the way of wealth, or those things which wealth may procure, is a Flatterer: I have said before, that the man who is “always non-content” is Cross and Contentious. Here the extremes have the appearance of being opposed to one another, because the mean has no appropriate name.

Chapter IX.

The mean state which steers clear of Exaggeration has pretty much the same object-matter as the last we described, and likewise has no name appropriated to it. Still it may be as well to go over these states: because, in the first place, by a particular discussion of each we shall be better acquainted with the general subject of moral character, and next we shall be the more convinced that the virtues are mean states by seeing that this is universally the case.

In respect then of living in society, those who carry on this intercourse with a view to pleasure and pain have been already spoken of; we will now go on to speak of those who are True or False, alike in their words and deeds and in the claims which they advance.

Now the Exaggerator is thought to have a tendency to lay claim to things reflecting credit on him, both when they do not belong to him at all and also in greater degree than that in which they really do: whereas the Reserved man, on the contrary, denies those which really belong to him or else depreciates them, while the mean character being a Plain-matter-of-fact person is Truthful in life and word, admitting the existence of what does really belong to him and making it neither greater nor less than the truth.

It is possible of course to take any of these lines either with or without some further view: but in general men speak, and act, and live, each according to his particular character and disposition, unless indeed a man is acting from any special motive.

Now since falsehood is in itself low and blameable, while truth is noble and praiseworthy, it follows that the Truthful man (who is also in the mean) is praiseworthy, and the two who depart from strict truth are both blameable, but especially the Exaggerator.

We will now speak of each, and first of the Truthful man: I call him Truthful, because we are not now meaning the man who is true in his agreements nor in such matters as amount to justice or injustice (this would come within the province of a different virtue), but, in such as do not involve any such serious difference as this, the man we are describing is true in life and word simply because he is in a certain moral state.

And he that is such must be judged to be a good man: for he that has a love for Truth as such, and is guided by it in matters indifferent, will be so likewise even more in such as are not indifferent; for surely he will have a dread of falsehood as base, since he shunned it even in itself: and he that is of such a character is praiseworthy, yet he leans rather to that which is below the truth, this having an appearance of being in better taste because exaggerations are so hateful.

As for the man who lays claim to things above what really belongs to him _without_ any special motive, he is like a base man because he would not otherwise have taken pleasure in falsehood, but he shows as a fool rather than as a knave. But if a man

does this _with_ a special motive, suppose for honour or glory, as the Braggart does, then he is not so very blameworthy, but if, directly or indirectly, for pecuniary considerations, he is more unseemly.

Now the Braggart is such not by his power but by his purpose, that is to say, in virtue of his moral state, and because he is a man of a certain kind; just as there are liars who take pleasure in falsehood for its own sake while others lie from a desire of glory or gain. They who exaggerate with a view to glory pretend to such qualities as are followed by praise or highest congratulation; they who do it with a view to gain assume those which their neighbours can avail themselves of, and the absence of which can be concealed, as a man's being a skilful soothsayer or physician; and accordingly most men pretend to such things and exaggerate in this direction, because the faults I have mentioned are in them.

The Reserved, who depreciate their own qualities, have the appearance of being more refined in their characters, because they are not thought to speak with a view to gain but to avoid grandeur: one very common trait in such characters is their denying common current opinions, as Socrates used to do. There are people who lay claim falsely to small things and things the falsity of their pretensions to which is obvious; these are called Factotums and are very despicable.

This very Reserve sometimes shows like Exaggeration; take, for instance, the excessive plainness of dress affected by the Lacedæmonians: in fact, both excess and the extreme of deficiency partake of the nature of Exaggeration. But they who practise Reserve in moderation, and in cases in which the truth is not very obvious and plain, give an impression of refinement. Here it is the Exaggerator (as being the worst character) who appears to be opposed to the Truthful Man.

Chapter X.

Next, as life has its pauses and in them admits of pastime combined with Jocularity, it is thought that in this respect also there is a kind of fitting intercourse, and that rules may be prescribed as to the kind of things one should say and the manner of saying them; and in respect of hearing likewise (and there will be a difference between the saying and hearing such and such things). It is plain that in regard to these things also there will be an excess and defect and a mean.

Now they who exceed in the ridiculous are judged to be Buffoons and Vulgar, catching at it in any and every way and at any cost, and aiming rather at raising laughter than at saying what is seemly and at avoiding to pain the object of their wit. They, on the other hand, who would not for the world make a joke themselves and are displeased with such as do are thought to be Clownish and Stern. But they who are Jocular in good taste are denominated by a Greek term expressing properly ease of movement, because such are thought to be, as one may say, motions of the moral character; and as bodies are judged of by their motions so too are moral characters.

Now as the ridiculous lies on the surface, and the majority of men take more pleasure than they ought in Jocularity and Jesting, the Buffoons too get this name of Easy Pleasantry, as if refined and gentlemanlike; but that they differ from these, and considerably too, is plain from what has been said.

One quality which belongs to the mean state is Tact: it is characteristic of a man of Tact to say and listen to such things as are fit for a good man and a gentleman to say and listen to: for there are things which are becoming for such a one to say and listen to in the way of Jocularity, and there is a difference between the Jocularity of the Gentleman and that of the Vulgarian; and again, between that of the educated and uneducated man. This you may see from a comparison of the Old and New Comedy: in the former obscene talk made the fun; in the latter it is rather innuendo: and this is no slight difference _as regards decency_.

Well then, are we to characterise him who jests well by his saying what is becoming a gentleman, or by his avoiding to pain the object of his wit, or even by his giving him pleasure? or will not such a definition be vague, since different things are hateful and pleasant to different men?

Be this as it may, whatever he says such things will he also listen to, since it is commonly held that a man will do what he will bear to hear: this must, however, be limited; a man will not do quite all that he will hear: because jesting is a species of scurrility and there are some points of scurrility forbidden by law; it may be certain points of jesting should have been also so forbidden. So then the refined and gentlemanlike man will bear himself thus as being a law to himself. Such is the mean character, whether denominated the man of Tact or of Easy Pleasantry.

But the Buffoon cannot resist the ridiculous, sparing neither himself nor any one else so that he can but raise his laugh, saying things of such kind as no man of refinement would say and some which he would not even tolerate if said by others in his hearing.

The Clownish man is for such intercourse wholly useless: inasmuch as contributing nothing jocose of his own he is savage with all who do.

Yet some pause and amusement in life are generally judged to be indispensable.

The three mean states which have been described do occur in life, and the object-matter of all is interchange of words and deeds. They differ, in that one of them is concerned with truth, and the other two with the pleasurable: and of these two again, the one is conversant with the jocosities of life, the other with all other points of social intercourse.

Chapter XI.

To speak of Shame as a Virtue is incorrect, because it is much more like a feeling than a moral state. It is defined, we know, to be "a kind of fear of disgrace," and its effects are similar to those of the fear of danger, for they who feel Shame grow red and they who fear death turn pale. So both are evidently in a way physical, which is thought to be a mark of a feeling rather than a moral state.

Moreover, it is a feeling not suitable to every age, but only to youth: we do think that the young should be Shamefaced, because since they live at the beck and call of passion they do much that is wrong and Shame acts on them as a check. In fact, we praise such young men as are Shamefaced, but no one would ever praise an old man for being given to it, inasmuch as we hold that he ought not to do things which cause Shame; for Shame, since it arises at low bad actions, does not at all belong to the good man, because such ought not to be done at all: nor does it make any difference to allege that some things are disgraceful really, others only because they are thought so; for neither should be done, so that a man ought not to be in the position of feeling Shame. In truth, to be such a man as to do anything disgraceful is the part of a faulty character. And for a man to be such that he would feel Shame if he should do anything disgraceful, and to think that this constitutes him a good man, is absurd: because Shame is felt at voluntary actions only, and a good man will never voluntarily do what is base.

True it is, that Shame may be good on a certain supposition, as "if a man should do such things, he would feel Shame:" but then the Virtues are good in themselves, and not merely in supposed cases. And, granted that impudence and the not being ashamed to do what is disgraceful is base, it does not the more follow that it is good for a man to do such things and feel Shame.

Nor is Self-Control properly a Virtue, but a kind of mixed state: however, all about this shall be set forth in a future Book.

BOOK V

Chapter I.

Now the points for our enquiry in respect of Justice and Injustice are, what kind of actions are their object-matter, and what kind of a mean state Justice is, and between what points the abstract principle of it, i.e. the Just, is a mean. And our enquiry shall be, if you please, conducted in the same method as we have observed in the foregoing parts of this Treatise.

We see then that all men mean by the term Justice a moral state such that in consequence of it men have the capacity of doing what is just, and actually do it, and wish it:[1] similarly also with respect to Injustice, a moral state such that in consequence of it men do unjustly and wish what is unjust: let us also be content then with these as a ground-work sketched out.

I mention the two, because the same does not hold with regard to States whether of mind or body as with regard to Sciences or Faculties: I mean that whereas it is thought that the same Faculty or Science embraces contraries, a State will not: from health, for instance, not the contrary acts are done but the healthy ones only; we say a man walks healthily when he walks as the healthy man would.

However, of the two contrary states the one may be frequently known from the other, and oftentimes the states from their subject-matter: if it be seen clearly what a good state of body is, then is it also seen what a bad state is, and from the things which belong to a good state of body the good state itself is seen, and _vice versâ_. If, for instance, the good state is firmness of flesh it follows that the bad state is flabbiness of flesh; and whatever causes firmness of flesh is connected with the good state.

It follows moreover in general,[2] that if of two contrary terms the one is used in many senses so also will the other be; as, for instance, if "the Just," then also "the Unjust." Now Justice and Injustice do seem to be used respectively in many senses, but, because the line of demarcation between these is very fine and minute,[3] it commonly escapes notice that they are thus used, and it is not plain and manifest as where the various significations of terms are widely different for in these last the visible difference is

great, for instance, the word κλε■ς is used equivocally to denote the bone which is under the neck of animals and the instrument with which people close doors.

Let it be ascertained then in how many senses the term “Unjust man” is used. Well, he who violates the law, and he who is a grasping man, and the unequal man, are all thought to be Unjust and so manifestly the Just man will be, the man who acts according to law, and the equal man “The Just” then will be the lawful and the equal, and “the Unjust” the unlawful and the unequal.

Well, since the Unjust man is also a grasping man, he will be so, of course, with respect to good things, but not of every kind, only those which are the subject-matter of good and bad fortune and which are in themselves always good but not always to the individual.[4] Yet men pray for and pursue these things: this they should not do but pray that things which are in the abstract good may be so also to them, and choose what is good for themselves.

But the Unjust man does not always choose actually the greater part, but even sometimes the less; as in the case of things which are simply evil: still, since the less evil is thought to be in a manner a good and the grasping is after good, therefore even in this case he is thought to be a grasping man, _i.e._ one who strives for more good than fairly falls to his share: of course he is also an unequal man, this being an inclusive and common term.

Chapter II.

We said that the violator of Law is Unjust, and the keeper of the Law Just: further, it is plain that all Lawful things are in a manner Just, because by Lawful we understand what have been defined by the legislative power and each of these we say is Just. The Laws too give directions on all points, aiming either at the common good of all, or that of the best, or that of those in power (taking for the standard real goodness or adopting some other estimate); in one way we mean by Just, those things which are apt to produce and preserve happiness and its ingredients for the social community.

Further, the Law commands the doing the deeds not only of the brave man (as not leaving the ranks, nor flying, nor throwing away one’s arms), but those also of the perfectly self-mastering man, as abstinence from adultery and wantonness; and those of the meek man, as refraining from striking others or using abusive language: and in like manner in respect of the other virtues and vices commanding some things and forbidding others, rightly if it is a good law, in a way somewhat inferior if it is one extemporised.

Now this Justice is in fact perfect Virtue, yet not simply so but as exercised towards one’s neighbour: and for this reason Justice is thought oftentimes to be the best of the Virtues, and

“neither Hesper nor the Morning-star So worthy of our admiration:”

and in a proverbial saying we express the same;

“All virtue is in Justice comprehended.”

And it is in a special sense perfect Virtue because it is the practice of perfect Virtue. And perfect it is because he that has it is able to practise his virtue towards his neighbour and not merely on himself; I mean, there are many who can practise virtue in the regulation of their own personal conduct who are wholly unable to do it in transactions with their neighbour. And for this reason that saying of Bias is thought to be a good one,

“Rule will show what a man is;”

for he who bears Rule is necessarily in contact with others, i.e. in a community. And for this same reason Justice alone of all the Virtues is thought to be a good to others, because it has immediate relation to some other person, inasmuch as the Just man does what is advantageous to another, either to his ruler or fellow-subject. Now he is the basest of men who practises vice not only in his own person,[5] but towards his friends also; but he the best who practises virtue not merely in his own person but towards his neighbour, for this is a matter of some difficulty.

However, Justice in this sense is not a part of Virtue but is co-extensive with Virtue; nor is the Injustice which answers to it a part of Vice but co-extensive with Vice. Now wherein Justice in this sense differs from Virtue appears from what has been said: it is the same really, but the point of view is not the same: in so far as it has respect to one’s neighbour it is Justice, in so far as it is such and such a moral state it is simply Virtue.

Chapter III.

But the object of our enquiry is Justice, in the sense in which it is a part of Virtue (for there is such a thing, as we commonly say), and likewise with respect to particular Injustice. And of the existence of this last the following consideration is a proof: there are many vices by practising which a man acts unjustly, of course, but does not grasp at more than his share of good; if, for instance, by reason of cowardice he throws away his shield, or by reason of ill-temper he uses abusive language, or by reason of stinginess does not give a friend pecuniary assistance; but whenever he does a grasping action, it is often in the way of none of these vices, certainly not in all of them, still in the way of some vice or other (for we blame him), and in the way of Injustice. There is then some kind of Injustice distinct from that co-extensive with Vice and related to it as a part to a whole, and some “Unjust” related to that which is co-extensive with violation of the law as a part to a whole.

Again, suppose one man seduces a man’s wife with a view to gain and actually gets some advantage by it,[6] and another does the same from impulse of lust, at an expense of money and damage; this latter will be thought to be rather destitute of self-mastery than a grasping man, and the former Unjust but not destitute of self-mastery: now why? plainly because of his gaining.

Again, all other acts of Injustice we refer to some particular depravity, as, if a man commits adultery, to abandonment to his passions; if he deserts his comrade, to cowardice; if he strikes another, to anger: but if he gains by the act to no other vice than to Injustice.

Thus it is clear that there is a kind of Injustice different from and besides that which includes all Vice, having the same name because the definition is in the same genus; for both have their force in dealings with others, but the one acts upon honour, or wealth, or safety, or by whatever one name we can include all these things, and is actuated by pleasure attendant on gain, while the other acts upon all things which constitute the sphere of the good man’s action.

Chapter IV.

Now that there is more than one kind of Justice, and that there is one which is distinct from and besides that which is co-extensive with, Virtue, is plain: we must next ascertain what it is, and what are its characteristics.

Well, the Unjust has been divided into the unlawful and the unequal, and the Just accordingly into the lawful and the equal: the aforementioned Injustice is in the way of the unlawful. And as the unequal and the more[7] are not the same, but differing as part to whole (because all more is unequal, but not all unequal more), so the Unjust and the Injustice we are now in search of are not the same with, but other than, those before mentioned, the one being the parts, the other the wholes; for this particular Injustice is a part of the Injustice co-extensive with Vice, and likewise this Justice of the Justice co-extensive with Virtue. So that what we have now to speak of is the particular Justice and Injustice, and likewise the particular Just and Unjust.

Here then let us dismiss any further consideration of the Justice ranking as co-extensive with Virtue (being the practice of Virtue in all its bearings towards others), and of the co-relative Injustice (being similarly the practice of Vice). It is clear too, that we must separate off the Just and the Unjust involved in these: because one may pretty well say that most lawful things are those which naturally result in action from Virtue in its fullest sense, because the law enjoins the living in accordance with each Virtue and forbids living in accordance with each Vice. And the producing causes of Virtue in all its bearings are those enactments which have been made respecting education for society.

By the way, as to individual education, in respect of which a man is simply good without reference to others, whether it is the province of πολιτικ■ or some other science we must determine at a future time: for it may be it is not the same thing to be a good man and a good citizen in every case.[8]

Chapter V.

Now of the Particular Justice, and the Just involved in it, one species is that which is concerned in the distributions of honour, or wealth, or such other things as are to be shared among the members of the social community (because in these one man as compared with another may have either an equal or an unequal share), and the other is that which is Corrective in the various transactions between man and man.

And of this latter there are two parts: because of transactions some are voluntary and some involuntary; voluntary, such as follow; selling, buying, use, bail, borrowing, deposit, hiring: and this class is called voluntary because the origination of these transactions is voluntary.

The involuntary again are either such as effect secrecy; as theft, adultery, poisoning, pimping, kidnapping of slaves, assassination, false witness; or accompanied with open violence; as insult, bonds, death, plundering, maiming, foul language, slanderous abuse.

Chapter VI.

Well, the unjust man we have said is unequal, and the abstract “Unjust” unequal: further, it is plain that there is some mean of the unequal, that is to say, the equal or exact half (because in whatever action there is the greater and the less there is also the equal, i.e. the exact half). If then the Unjust is unequal the Just is equal, which all must allow without further proof: and as the equal is a mean the Just must be also a mean. Now the equal implies two terms at least: it follows then that the Just is both a mean and equal, and these to certain persons; and, in so far as it is a mean, between certain things (that is, the greater and the less), and, so far as it is equal, between two, and in so far as it is just it is so to certain persons. The Just then must imply four terms at least, for those[9] to which it is just are two, and the terms representing the things are two.

And there will be the same equality between the terms representing the persons, as between those representing the things: because as the latter are to one another so are the former: for if the persons are not equal they must not have equal shares; in fact this is the very source of all the quarrelling and wrangling in the world, when either they who are equal have and get awarded to them things not equal, or being not equal those things which are equal. Again, the necessity of this equality of ratios is shown by the common phrase “according to rate,” for all agree that the Just in distributions ought to be according to some rate: but what that rate is to be, all do not agree; the democrats are for freedom, oligarchs for wealth, others for nobleness of birth, and the aristocratic party for virtue.

The Just, then, is a certain proportionable thing. For proportion does not apply merely to number in the abstract,[10] but to number generally, since it is equality of ratios, and implies four terms at least (that this is the case in what may be called discrete proportion is plain and obvious, but it is true also in continual proportion, for this uses the one term as two, and mentions it twice; thus A:B:C may be expressed A:B::B:C. In the first, B is named twice; and so, if, as in the second, B is actually written twice, the proportionals will be four): and the Just likewise implies four terms at the least, and the ratio between the two pair of terms is the same, because the persons and the things are divided similarly. It will stand then thus, A:B::C:D, and then permutando A:C::B:D, and then (supposing C and D to represent the things) A+C:B+D::A:B. The distribution in fact consisting in putting together these terms thus: and if they are put together so as to preserve this same ratio, the distribution puts them together justly.[11] So then the joining together of the first and third and second and fourth proportionals is the Just in the distribution, and this Just is the mean relatively to that which violates the proportionate, for the proportionate is a mean and the Just is proportionate. Now mathematicians call this kind of proportion geometrical: for in geometrical proportion the whole is to the whole as each part to each part. Furthermore this proportion is not continual, because the person and thing do not make up one term.

The Just then is this proportionate, and the Unjust that which violates the proportionate; and so there comes to be the greater and the less: which in fact is the case in actual transactions, because he who acts unjustly has the greater share and he who is treated unjustly has the less of what is good: but in the case of what is bad this is reversed: for the less evil compared with the greater comes to be reckoned for good, because the less evil is more choice-worthy than the greater, and what is choice-worthy is good, and the more so the greater good.

This then is the one species of the Just.

Chapter VII.

And the remaining one is the Corrective, which arises in voluntary as well as involuntary transactions. Now this just has a different form from the aforementioned; for that which is concerned in distribution of common property is always according to the aforementioned proportion: I mean that, if the division is made out of common property, the shares will bear the same proportion to one another as the original contributions did: and the Unjust which is opposite to this Just is that which violates the proportionate.

But the Just which arises in transactions between men is an equal in a certain sense, and the Unjust an unequal, only not in the way of that proportion but of arithmetical.[12] Because it makes no difference whether a robbery, for instance, is committed by a good man on a bad or by a bad man on a good, nor whether a good or a bad man has committed adultery: the law looks only to the difference created by the injury and treats the men as previously equal, where the one does and the other suffers injury, or the one has done and the other suffered harm. And so this Unjust, being unequal, the judge endeavours to reduce to equality again, because really when the one party has been wounded and the other has struck him, or the one kills and the other dies, the suffering

and the doing are divided into unequal shares; well, the judge tries to restore equality by penalty, thereby taking from the gain.

For these terms gain and loss are applied to these cases, though perhaps the term in some particular instance may not be strictly proper, as gain, for instance, to the man who has given a blow, and loss to him who has received it: still, when the suffering has been estimated, the one is called loss and the other gain.

And so the equal is a mean between the more and the less, which represent gain and loss in contrary ways (I mean, that the more of good and the less of evil is gain, the less of good and the more of evil is loss): between which the equal was stated to be a mean, which equal we say is Just: and so the Corrective Just must be the mean between loss and gain. And this is the reason why, upon a dispute arising, men have recourse to the judge: going to the judge is in fact going to the Just, for the judge is meant to be the personification of the Just.[13] And men seek a judge as one in the mean, which is expressed in a name given by some to judges (μεσ■διοι, or middle-men) under the notion that if they can hit on the mean they shall hit on the Just. The Just is then surely a mean since the judge is also.

So it is the office of a judge to make things equal, and the line, as it were, having been unequally divided, he takes from the greater part that by which it exceeds the half, and adds this on to the less. And when the whole is divided into two exactly equal portions then men say they have their own, when they have gotten the equal; and the equal is a mean between the greater and the less according to arithmetical equality.

This, by the way, accounts for the etymology of the term by which we in Greek express the ideas of Just and Judge; (δ■καιον quasi δ■χαιον, that is in two parts, and δικ■στης quasi διχ■στης, he who divides into two parts). For when from one of two equal magnitudes somewhat has been taken and added to the other, this latter exceeds the former by twice that portion: if it had been merely taken from the former and not added to the latter, then the latter would have exceeded the former only by that one portion; but in the other case, the greater exceeds the mean by one, and the mean exceeds also by one that magnitude from which the portion was taken. By this illustration, then, we obtain a rule to determine what one ought to take from him who has the greater, and what to add to him who has the less. The excess of the mean over the less must be added to the less, and the excess of the greater over the mean be taken from the greater.

Thus let there be three straight lines equal to one another. From one of them cut off a portion, and add as much to another of them. The whole line thus made will exceed the remainder of the first-named line, by twice the portion added, and will exceed the untouched line by that portion.[14] And these terms loss and gain are derived from voluntary exchange: that is to say, the having more than what was one's own is called gaining, and the having less than one's original stock is called losing; for instance, in buying or selling, or any other transactions which are guaranteed by law: but when the result is neither more nor less, but exactly the same as there was originally,[15] people say they have their own, and neither lose nor gain.

So then the Just we have been speaking of is a mean between loss and gain arising in involuntary transactions; that is, it is the having the same after the transaction as one had before it took place.

Chapter VIII.

There are people who have a notion that Reciprocation is simply just, as the Pythagoreans said: for they defined the Just simply and without qualification as "That which reciprocates with another." But this simple Reciprocation will not fit on either to the Distributive Just, or the Corrective (and yet this is the interpretation they put on the Rhadamanthian rule of Just,

If a man should suffer what he hath done, then there would be straightforward justice;")

for in many cases differences arise: as, for instance, suppose one in authority has struck a man, he is not to be struck in turn; or if a man has struck one in authority, he must not only be struck but punished also.[16] And again, the voluntariness or involuntariness of actions makes a great difference.

But in dealings of exchange such a principle of Justice as this Reciprocation forms the bond of union, but then it must be Reciprocation according to proportion and not exact equality, because by proportionate reciprocity of action the social community is held together, For either Reciprocation of evil is meant, and if this be not allowed it is thought to be a servile condition of things: or else Reciprocation of good, and if this be not effected then there is no admission to participation which is the very bond of their union.

And this is the moral of placing the Temple of the Graces (χ■ριτες) in the public streets; to impress the notion that there may be requital, this being peculiar to χ■ρις[17] because a man ought to requite with a good turn the man who has done him a favour and then to become himself the originator of another χ■ρις, by doing him a favour.

Now the acts of mutual giving in due proportion may be represented by the diameters of a parallelogram, at the four angles of which the parties and their wares are so placed that the side connecting the parties be opposite to that connecting the wares, and each party be connected by one side with his own ware, as in the accompanying diagram.

[Illustration]

The builder is to receive from the shoemaker of his ware, and to give him of his own: if then there be first proportionate equality, and _then_ the Reciprocation takes place, there will be the just result which we are speaking of: if not, there is not the equal, nor will the connection stand: for there is no reason why the ware of the one may not be better than that of the other, and therefore before the exchange is made they must have been equalised. And this is so also in the other arts: for they would have been destroyed entirely if there were not a correspondence in point of quantity and quality between the producer and the consumer. For, we must remember, no dealing arises between two of the same kind, two physicians, for instance; but say between a physician and agriculturist, or, to state it generally, between those who are different and not equal, but these of course must have been equalised before the exchange can take place.

It is therefore indispensable that all things which can be exchanged should be capable of comparison, and for this purpose money has come in, and comes to be a kind of medium, for it measures all things and so likewise the excess and defect; for instance, how many shoes are equal to a house or a given quantity of food. As then the builder to the shoemaker, so many shoes must be to the house (or food, if instead of a builder an agriculturist be the exchanging party); for unless there is this proportion there cannot be exchange or dealing, and this proportion cannot be unless the terms are in some way equal; hence the need, as was stated above, of some one measure of all things. Now this is really and truly the Demand for them, which is the common bond of all such dealings. For if the parties were not in want at all or not similarly of one another's wares, there would either not be any exchange, or at least not the same.

And money has come to be, by general agreement, a representative of Demand: and the account of its Greek name νομισμα is this, that it is what it is not naturally but by custom or law (ν■μος), and it rests with us to change its value, or make it wholly useless.

Very well then, there will be Reciprocation when the terms have been equalised so as to stand in this proportion; Agriculturist : Shoemaker : : wares of Shoemaker : wares of Agriculturist; but you must bring them to this form of proportion when they exchange, otherwise the one extreme will combine both exceedings of the mean:[18] but when they have exactly their own then they are equal and have dealings, because the same equality can come to be in their case. Let A represent an agriculturist, C food, B a shoemaker, D his wares equalised with A's. Then the proportion will be correct, A:B::C:D; _now_ Reciprocation will be practicable, if it were not, there would have been no dealing.

Now that what connects men in such transactions is Demand, as being some one thing, is shown by the fact that, when either one does not want the other or neither want one another, they do not exchange at all: whereas they do[19] when one wants what the other man has, wine for instance, giving in return corn for exportation.

And further, money is a kind of security to us in respect of exchange at some future time (supposing that one wants nothing now that we shall have it when we do): the theory of money being that whenever one brings it one can receive commodities in exchange: of course this too is liable to depreciation, for its purchasing power is not always the same, but still it is of a more permanent nature than the commodities it represents. And this is the reason why all things should have a price set upon them, because thus there may be exchange at any time, and if exchange then dealing. So money, like a measure, making all things commensurable equalises them: for if there was not exchange there would not have been dealing, nor exchange if there were not equality, nor equality if there were not the capacity of being commensurate: it is impossible that things so greatly different should be really commensurate, but we can approximate sufficiently for all practical purposes in reference to Demand. The common measure must be some one thing, and also from agreement (for which reason it is called ν■μισμα), for this makes all things commensurable: in fact, all things are measured by money. Let B represent ten minæ, A a house worth five minæ, or in other words half B, C a bed worth 1/10th of B: it is clear then how many beds are equal to one house, namely, five.

It is obvious also that exchange was thus conducted before the existence of money: for it makes no difference whether you give for a house five beds or the price of five beds.

Chapter IX.

We have now said then what the abstract Just and Unjust are, and these having been defined it is plain that just acting is a mean between acting unjustly and being acted unjustly towards: the former being equivalent to having more, and the latter to having less.

But Justice, it must be observed, is a mean state not after the same manner as the forementioned virtues, but because it aims at producing the mean, while Injustice occupies _both_ the extremes.

And Justice is the moral state in virtue of which the just man is said to have the aptitude for practising the Just in the way of moral choice, and for making division between, himself and another, or between two other men, not so as to give to himself the greater and to his neighbour the less share of what is choice-worthy and contrariwise of what is hurtful, but what is proportionably equal, and in like manner when adjudging the rights of two other men.

Injustice is all this with respect to the Unjust: and since the Unjust is excess or defect of what is good or hurtful respectively, in violation of the proportionate, therefore Injustice is both excess and defect because it aims at producing excess and defect; excess, that is, in a man's own case of what is simply advantageous, and defect of what is hurtful: and in the case of other men in like manner generally speaking, only that the proportionate is violated not always in one direction as before but whichever way it happens in the given case. And of the Unjust act the less is being acted unjustly towards, and the greater the acting unjustly towards others.[20]

Let this way of describing the nature of Justice and Injustice, and likewise the Just and the Unjust generally, be accepted as sufficient.

Chapter X.

[Again, since a man may do unjust acts and not yet have formed a character of injustice, the question arises whether a man is unjust in each particular form of injustice, say a thief, or adulterer, or robber, by doing acts of a given character.

We may say, I think, that this will not of itself make any difference; a man may, for instance, have had connection with another's wife, knowing well with whom he was sinning, but he may have done it not of deliberate choice but from the impulse of passion: of course he acts unjustly, but he has not necessarily formed an unjust character: that is, he may have stolen yet not be a thief; or committed an act of adultery but still not be an adulterer, and so on in other cases which might be enumerated.][21]

Of the relation which Reciprocation bears to the Just we have already spoken: and here it should be noticed that the Just which we are investigating is both the Just in the abstract and also as exhibited in Social Relations, which latter arises in the case of those who live in communion with a view to independence and who are free and equal either proportionately or numerically.[22]

It follows then that those who are not in this position have not among themselves the Social Just, but still Just of some kind and resembling that other. For Just implies mutually acknowledged law, and law the possibility of injustice, for adjudication is the act of distinguishing between the Just and the Unjust.

And among whomsoever there is the possibility of injustice among these there is that of acting unjustly; but it does not hold conversely that injustice attaches to all among whom there is the possibility of acting unjustly, since by the former we mean giving one's self the larger share of what is abstractedly good and the less of what is abstractedly evil.

This, by the way, is the reason why we do not allow a man to govern, but Principle, because a man governs for himself and comes to be a despot: but the office of a ruler is to be guardian of the Just and therefore of the Equal. Well then, since he seems to have no peculiar personal advantage, supposing him a Just man, for in this case he does not allot to himself the larger share of what is abstractedly good unless it falls to his share proportionately (for which reason he really governs for others, and so Justice, men say, is a good not to one's self so much as to others, as was mentioned before), therefore some compensation must be given him, as there actually is in the shape of honour and privilege; and wherever these are not adequate there rulers turn into despots.

But the Just which arises in the relations of Master and Father, is not identical with, but similar to, these; because there is no possibility of injustice towards those things which are absolutely one's own; and a slave or child (so long as this last is of a certain age and not separated into an independent being), is, as it were, part of a man's self, and no man chooses to hurt himself, for which

reason there cannot be injustice towards one's own self: therefore neither is there the social Unjust or Just, which was stated to be in accordance with law and to exist between those among whom law naturally exists, and these were said to be they to whom belongs equality of ruling and being ruled.

Hence also there is Just rather between a man and his wife than between a man and his children or slaves; this is in fact the Just arising in domestic relations: and this too is different from the Social Just.

Further, this last-mentioned Just is of two kinds, natural and conventional; the former being that which has everywhere the same force and does not depend upon being received or not; the latter being that which originally may be this way or that indifferently but not after enactment: for instance, the price of ransom being fixed at a mina, or the sacrificing a goat instead of two sheep; and again, all cases of special enactment, as the sacrificing to Brasidas as a hero; in short, all matters of special decree.

But there are some men who think that all the Justs are of this latter kind, and on this ground: whatever exists by nature, they say, is unchangeable and has everywhere the same force; fire, for instance, burns not here only but in Persia as well, but the Justs they see changed in various places.

Now this is not really so, and yet it is in a way (though among the gods perhaps by no means): still even amongst ourselves there is somewhat existing by nature: allowing that everything is subject to change, still there is that which does exist by nature, and that which does not.[23]

Nay, we may go further, and say that it is practically plain what among things which can be otherwise does exist by nature, and what does not but is dependent upon enactment and conventional, even granting that both are alike subject to be changed: and the same distinctive illustration will apply to this and other cases; the right hand is naturally the stronger, still some men may become equally strong in both.

A parallel may be drawn between the Justs which depend upon convention and expedience, and measures; for wine and corn measures are not equal in all places, but where men buy they are large, and where these same sell again they are smaller: well, in like manner the Justs which are not natural, but of human invention, are not everywhere the same, for not even the forms of government are, and yet there is one only which by nature would be best in all places.

Chapter XI.

Now of Justs and Lawfuls each bears to the acts which embody and exemplify it the relation of an universal to a particular; the acts being many, but each of the principles only singular because each is an universal. And so there is a difference between an unjust act and the abstract Unjust, and the just act and the abstract Just: I mean, a thing is unjust in itself, by nature or by ordinance; well, when this has been embodied in act, there is an unjust act, but not till then, only some unjust thing.[24] And similarly of a just act. (Perhaps δικαιοπρ■γημα is more correctly the common or generic term for just act, the word δικα■ωμα, which I have here used, meaning generally and properly the act corrective of the unjust act.) Now as to each of them, what kinds there are, and how many, and what is their object-matter, we must examine afterwards.

For the present we proceed to say that, the Justs and the Unjusts being what have been mentioned, a man is said to act unjustly or justly when he embodies these abstracts in voluntary actions, but when in involuntary, then he neither acts unjustly or justly except accidentally; I mean that the being just or unjust is really only accidental to the agents in such cases.

So both unjust and just actions are limited by the being voluntary or the contrary: for when an embodying of the Unjust is voluntary, then it is blamed and is at the same time also an unjust action: but, if voluntariness does not attach, there will be a thing which is in itself unjust but not yet an unjust action.

By voluntary, I mean, as we stated before, whatsoever of things in his own power a man does with knowledge, and the absence of ignorance as to the person to whom, or the instrument with which, or the result with which he does; as, for instance, whom he strikes, what he strikes him with, and with what probable result; and each of these points again, not accidentally nor by compulsion; as supposing another man were to seize his hand and strike a third person with it, here, of course, the owner of the hand acts not voluntarily, because it did not rest with him to do or leave undone: or again, it is conceivable that the person struck may be his father, and he may know that it is a man, or even one of the present company, whom he is striking, but not know that it is his father. And let these same distinctions be supposed to be carried into the case of the result and in fact the whole of any given action. In fine then, that is involuntary which is done through ignorance, or which, not resulting from ignorance, is not in the agent's control or

is done on compulsion.

I mention these cases, because there are many natural things which we do and suffer knowingly but still no one of which is either voluntary or involuntary, growing old, or dying, for instance.

Again, accidentality may attach to the unjust in like manner as to the just acts. For instance, a man may have restored what was deposited with him, but against his will and from fear of the consequences of a refusal: we must not say that he either does what is just, or does justly, except accidentally: and in like manner the man who through compulsion and against his will fails to restore a deposit, must be said to do unjustly, or to do what is unjust, accidentally only.

Again, voluntary actions we do either from deliberate choice or without it; from it, when we act from previous deliberation; without it, when without any previous deliberation. Since then hurts which may be done in transactions between man and man are threefold, those mistakes which are attended with ignorance are, when a man either does a thing not to the man to whom he meant to do it, or not the thing he meant to do, or not with the instrument, or not with the result which he intended: either he did not think he should hit him at all, or not with this, or this is not the man he thought he should hit, or he did not think this would be the result of the blow but a result has followed which he did not anticipate; as, for instance, he did it not to wound but merely to prick him; or it is not the man whom, or the way in which, he meant.

Now when the hurt has come about contrary to all reasonable expectation, it is a Misadventure; when though not contrary to expectation yet without any viciousness, it is a Mistake; for a man makes a mistake when the origination of the cause rests with himself, he has a misadventure when it is external to himself. When again he acts with knowledge, but not from previous deliberation, it is an unjust action; for instance, whatever happens to men from anger or other passions which are necessary or natural: for when doing these hurts or making these mistakes they act unjustly of course and their actions are unjust, still they are not yet confirmed unjust or wicked persons by reason of these, because the hurt did not arise from depravity in the doer of it: but when it does arise from deliberate choice, then the doer is a confirmed unjust and depraved man.

And on this principle acts done from anger are fairly judged not to be from malice prepense, because it is not the man who acts in wrath who is the originator really but he who caused his wrath. And again, the question at issue in such cases is not respecting the fact but respecting the justice of the case, the occasion of anger being a notion of injury.[25] I mean, that the parties do not dispute about the fact, as in questions of contract (where one of the two must be a rogue, unless real forgetfulness can be pleaded), but, admitting the fact, they dispute on which side the justice of the case lies (the one who plotted against the other, _i.e._ the real aggressor, of course, cannot be ignorant),[26] so that the one thinks there is injustice committed while the other does not.

Well then, a man acts unjustly if he has hurt another of deliberate purpose, and he who commits such acts of injustice is _ipso facto_ an unjust character when they are in violation of the proportionate or the equal; and in like manner also a man is a just character when he acts justly of deliberate purpose, and he does act justly if he acts voluntarily.

Then as for involuntary acts of harm, they are either such as are excusable or such as are not: under the former head come all errors done not merely in ignorance but from ignorance; under the latter all that are done not from ignorance but in ignorance caused by some passion which is neither natural nor fairly attributable to human infirmity.

Chapter XII.

Now a question may be raised whether we have spoken with sufficient distinctness as to being unjustly dealt with, and dealing unjustly towards others.

First, whether the case is possible which Euripides has put, saying somewhat strangely,

“My mother he hath slain; the tale is short, Either he willingly did slay her willing, Or else with her will but against his own.”

I mean then, is it really possible for a person to be unjustly dealt with with his own consent, or must every case of being unjustly dealt with be against the will of the sufferer as every act of unjust dealing is voluntary?

And next, are cases of being unjustly dealt with to be ruled all one way as every act of unjust dealing is voluntary? or may we say that some cases are voluntary and some involuntary?

Similarly also as regards being justly dealt with: all just acting is voluntary, so that it is fair to suppose that the being dealt with unjustly or justly must be similarly opposed, as to being either voluntary or involuntary.

Now as for being justly dealt with, the position that every case of this is voluntary is a strange one, for some are certainly justly dealt with without their will.[27] The fact is a man may also fairly raise this question, whether in every case he who has suffered what is unjust is therefore unjustly dealt with, or rather that the case is the same with suffering as it is with acting; namely that in both it is possible to participate in what is just, but only accidentally. Clearly the case of what is unjust is similar: for doing things in themselves unjust is not identical with acting unjustly, nor is suffering them the same as being unjustly dealt with. So too of acting justly and being justly dealt with, since it is impossible to be unjustly dealt with unless some one else acts unjustly or to be justly dealt with unless some one else acts justly.

Now if acting unjustly is simply “hurting another voluntarily” (by which I mean, knowing whom you are hurting, and wherewith, and how you are hurting him), and the man who fails of self-control voluntarily hurts himself, then this will be a case of being voluntarily dealt unjustly with, and it will be possible for a man to deal unjustly with himself. (This by the way is one of the questions raised, whether it is possible for a man to deal unjustly with himself.) Or again, a man may, by reason of failing of self-control, receive hurt from another man acting voluntarily, and so here will be another case of being unjustly dealt with voluntarily.

The solution, I take it, is this: the definition of being unjustly dealt with is not correct, but we must add, to the hurting with the knowledge of the person hurt and the instrument and the manner of hurting him, the fact of its being against the wish of the man who is hurt.

So then a man may be hurt and suffer what is in itself unjust voluntarily, but unjustly dealt with voluntarily no man can be: since no man wishes to be hurt, not even he who fails of self-control, who really acts contrary to his wish: for no man wishes for that which he does not _think_ to be good, and the man who fails of self-control does not what he thinks he ought to do.

And again, he that gives away his own property (as Homer says Glaucus gave to Diomed, “armour of gold for brass, armour worth a hundred oxen for that which was worth but nine”) is not unjustly dealt with, because the giving rests entirely with himself; but being unjustly dealt with does not, there must be some other person who is dealing unjustly towards him.

With respect to being unjustly dealt with then, it is clear that it is not voluntary.

Chapter XIII.

There remain yet two points on which we purposed to speak: first, is he chargeable with an unjust act who in distribution has _given_ the larger share to one party contrary to the proper rate, or he that _has_ the larger share? next, can a man deal unjustly by himself?

In the first question, if the first-named alternative is possible and it is the distributor who acts unjustly and not he who has the larger share, then supposing that a person knowingly and willingly gives more to another than to himself here is a case of a man dealing unjustly by himself; which, in fact, moderate men are thought to do, for it is a characteristic of the equitable man to take less than his due.

Is not this the answer? that the case is not quite fairly stated, because of some other good, such as credit or the abstract honourable, in the supposed case the man did get the larger share. And again, the difficulty is solved by reference to the definition of unjust dealing: for the man suffers nothing contrary to his own wish, so that, on this score at least, he is not unjustly dealt with, but, if anything, he is hurt only.

It is evident also that it is the distributor who acts unjustly and not the man who has the greater share: because the mere fact of the abstract Unjust attaching to what a man does, does not constitute unjust action, but the doing this voluntarily: and voluntariness attaches to that quarter whence is the origination of the action, which clearly is in the distributor not in the receiver. And again the term doing is used in several senses; in one sense inanimate objects kill, or the hand, or the slave by his master’s bidding; so the man in question does not act unjustly but does things which are in themselves unjust.

Again, suppose that a man has made a wrongful award in ignorance; in the eye of the law he does not act unjustly nor is his awarding unjust, but yet he is in a certain sense: for the Just according to law and primary or natural Just are not coincident: but, if he knowingly decided unjustly, then he himself as well as the receiver got the larger share, that is, either of favour from the receiver or private revenge against the other party: and so the man who decided unjustly from these motives gets a larger share, in exactly

the same sense as a man would who received part of the actual matter of the unjust action: because in this case the man who wrongly adjudged, say a field, did not actually get land but money by his unjust decision.

Chapter XIV.

Now men suppose that acting Unjustly rests entirely with themselves, and conclude that acting Justly is therefore also easy. But this is not really so; to have connection with a neighbour's wife, or strike one's neighbour, or give the money with one's hand, is of course easy and rests with one's self: but the doing these acts with certain inward dispositions neither is easy nor rests entirely with one's self. And in like way, the knowing what is Just and what Unjust men think no great instance of wisdom because it is not hard to comprehend those things of which the laws speak. They forget that these are not Just actions, except accidentally: to be Just they must be done and distributed in a certain manner: and this is a more difficult task than knowing what things are wholesome; for in this branch of knowledge it is an easy matter to know honey, wine, hellebore, cautery, or the use of the knife, but the knowing how one should administer these with a view to health, and to whom and at what time, amounts in fact to being a physician.

From this very same mistake they suppose also, that acting Unjustly is equally in the power of the Just man, for the Just man no less, nay even more, than the Unjust, may be able to do the particular acts; he may be able to have intercourse with a woman or strike a man; or the brave man to throw away his shield and turn his back and run this way or that. True: but then it is not the mere doing these things which constitutes acts of cowardice or injustice (except accidentally), but the doing them with certain inward dispositions: just as it is not the mere using or not using the knife, administering or not administering certain drugs, which constitutes medical treatment or curing, but doing these things in a certain particular way.

Again the abstract principles of Justice have their province among those who partake of what is abstractedly good, and can have too much or too little of these.[28] Now there are beings who cannot have too much of them, as perhaps the gods; there are others, again, to whom no particle of them is of use, those who are incurably wicked to whom all things are hurtful; others to whom they are useful to a certain degree: for this reason then the province of Justice is among _Men_.

Chapter XV.

We have next to speak of Equity and the Equitable, that is to say, of the relations of Equity to Justice and the Equitable to the Just; for when we look into the matter the two do not appear identical nor yet different in kind; and we sometimes commend the Equitable and the man who embodies it in his actions, so that by way of praise we commonly transfer the term also to other acts instead of the term good, thus showing that the more Equitable a thing is the better it is: at other times following a certain train of reasoning we arrive at a difficulty, in that the Equitable though distinct from the Just is yet praiseworthy; it seems to follow either that the Just is not good or the Equitable not Just, since they are by hypothesis different; or if both are good then they are identical.

This is a tolerably fair statement of the difficulty which on these grounds arises in respect of the Equitable; but, in fact, all these may be reconciled and really involve no contradiction: for the Equitable is Just, being also better than one form of Just, but is not better than the Just as though it were different from it in kind: Just and Equitable then are identical, and, both being good, the Equitable is the better of the two.

What causes the difficulty is this; the Equitable is Just, but not the Just which is in accordance with written law, being in fact a correction of that kind of Just. And the account of this is, that every law is necessarily universal while there are some things which it is not possible to speak of rightly in any universal or general statement. Where then there is a necessity for general statement, while a general statement cannot apply rightly to all cases, the law takes the generality of cases, being fully aware of the error thus involved; and rightly too notwithstanding, because the fault is not in the law, or in the framer of the law, but is inherent in the nature of the thing, because the matter of all action is necessarily such.

When then the law has spoken in general terms, and there arises a case of exception to the general rule, it is proper, in so far as the lawgiver omits the case and by reason of his universality of statement is wrong, to set right the omission by ruling it as the lawgiver himself would rule were he there present, and would have provided by law had he foreseen the case would arise. And so the Equitable is Just but better than one form of Just; I do not mean the abstract Just but the error which arises out of the universality of statement: and this is the nature of the Equitable, "a correction of Law, where Law is defective by reason of its universality."

This is the reason why not all things are according to law, because there are things about which it is simply impossible to lay down a law, and so we want special enactments for particular cases. For to speak generally, the rule of the undefined must be itself

undefined also, just as the rule to measure Lesbian building is made of lead: for this rule shifts according to the form of each stone and the special enactment according to the facts of the case in question.

It is clear then what the Equitable is; namely that it is Just but better than one form of Just: and hence it appears too who the Equitable man is: he is one who has a tendency to choose and carry out these principles, and who is not apt to press the letter of the law on the worse side but content to waive his strict claims though backed by the law: and this moral state is Equity, being a species of Justice, not a different moral state from Justice.

Chapter XVI.

The answer to the second of the two questions indicated above, “whether it is possible for a man to deal unjustly by himself,” is obvious from what has been already stated.

In the first place, one class of Justs is those which are enforced by law in accordance with Virtue in the most extensive sense of the term: for instance, the law does not bid a man kill himself; and whatever it does not bid it forbids: well, whenever a man does hurt contrary to the law (unless by way of requital of hurt), voluntarily, i.e. knowing to whom he does it and wherewith, he acts Unjustly. Now he that from rage kills himself, voluntarily, does this in contravention of Right Reason, which the law does not permit. He therefore acts Unjustly: but towards whom? towards the Community, not towards himself (because he suffers with his own consent, and no man can be Unjustly dealt with with his own consent), and on this principle the Community punishes him; that is a certain infamy is attached to the suicide as to one who acts Unjustly towards the Community.

Next, a man cannot deal Unjustly by himself in the sense in which a man is Unjust who only does Unjust acts without being entirely bad (for the two things are different, because the Unjust man is in a way bad, as the coward is, not as though he were chargeable with badness in the full extent of the term, and so he does not act Unjustly in this sense), because if it were so then it would be possible for the same thing to have been taken away from and added to the same person:[29] but this is really not possible, the Just and the Unjust always implying a plurality of persons.

Again, an Unjust action must be voluntary, done of deliberate purpose, and aggressive (for the man who hurts because he has first suffered and is merely requiting the same is not thought to act Unjustly), but here the man does to himself and suffers the same things at the same time.

Again, it would imply the possibility of being Unjustly dealt with with one’s own consent.

And, besides all this, a man cannot act Unjustly without his act falling under some particular crime; now a man cannot seduce his own wife, commit a burglary on his own premises, or steal his own property.

After all, the general answer to the question is to allege what was settled respecting being Unjustly dealt with with one’s own consent.

Chapter XVII.

It is obvious, moreover, that being Unjustly dealt by and dealing Unjustly by others are both wrong; because the one is having less, the other having more, than the mean, and the case is parallel to that of the healthy in the healing art, and that of good condition in the art of training: but still the dealing Unjustly by others is the worst of the two, because this involves wickedness and is blameworthy; wickedness, I mean, either wholly, or nearly so (for not all voluntary wrong implies injustice), but the being Unjustly dealt by does not involve wickedness or injustice.

In itself then, the being Unjustly dealt by is the least bad, but accidentally it may be the greater evil of the two. However, scientific statement cannot take in such considerations; a pleurisy, for instance, is called a greater physical evil than a bruise: and yet this last may be the greater accidentally; it may chance that a bruise received in a fall may cause one to be captured by the enemy and slain.

Further: Just, in the way of metaphor and similitude, there may be I do not say between a man and himself exactly but between certain parts of his nature; but not Just of every kind, only such as belongs to the relation of master and slave, or to that of the head of a family. For all through this treatise the rational part of the Soul has been viewed as distinct from the irrational.

Now, taking these into consideration, there is thought to be a possibility of injustice towards one’s self, because herein it is possible for men to suffer somewhat in contradiction of impulses really their own; and so it is thought that there is Just of a certain kind

between these parts mutually, as between ruler and ruled.

Let this then be accepted as an account of the distinctions which we recognise respecting Justice and the rest of the moral virtues.[30]

BOOK VI

Chapter I.

Having stated in a former part of this treatise that men should choose the mean instead of either the excess or defect, and that the mean is according to the dictates of Right Reason; we will now proceed to explain this term.

For in all the habits which we have expressly mentioned, as likewise in all the others, there is, so to speak, a mark with his eye fixed on which the man who has Reason tightens or slacks his rope;[1] and there is a certain limit of those mean states which we say are in accordance with Right Reason, and lie between excess on the one hand and defect on the other.

Now to speak thus is true enough but conveys no very definite meaning: as, in fact, in all other pursuits requiring attention and diligence on which skill and science are brought to bear; it is quite true of course to say that men are neither to labour nor relax too much or too little, but in moderation, and as Right Reason directs; yet if this were all a man had he would not be greatly the wiser; as, for instance, if in answer to the question, what are proper applications to the body, he were to be told, “Oh! of course, whatever the science of medicine, and in such manner as the physician, directs.”

And so in respect of the mental states it is requisite not merely that this should be true which has been already stated, but further that it should be expressly laid down what Right Reason is, and what is the definition of it.

Chapter II.

Now in our division of the Excellences of the Soul, we said there were two classes, the Moral and the Intellectual: the former we have already gone through; and we will now proceed to speak of the others, premising a few words respecting the Soul itself. It was stated before, you will remember, that the Soul consists of two parts, the Rational, and Irrational: we must now make a similar division of the Rational.

Let it be understood then that there are two parts of the Soul possessed of Reason; one whereby we realise those existences whose causes cannot be otherwise than they are, and one whereby we realise those which can be otherwise than they are,[2] (for there must be, answering to things generically different, generically different parts of the soul naturally adapted to each, since these parts of the soul possess their knowledge in virtue of a certain resemblance and appropriateness in themselves to the objects of which they are percipients);[3] and let us name the former, “that which is apt to know,” the latter, “that which is apt to calculate” (because deliberating and calculating are the same, and no one ever deliberates about things which cannot be otherwise than they are: and so the Calculative will be one part of the Rational faculty of the soul).

We must discover, then, which is the best state of each of these, because that will be the Excellence of each; and this again is relative to the work each has to do.[4]

There are in the Soul three functions on which depend moral action and truth; Sense, Intellect, Appetition, whether vague Desire or definite Will. Now of these Sense is the originating cause of no moral action, as is seen from the fact that brutes have Sense but are in no way partakers of moral action.[5]

[Intellect and Will are thus connected,] what in the Intellectual operation is Affirmation and Negation that in the Will is Pursuit and Avoidance, And so, since Moral Virtue is a State apt to exercise Moral Choice and Moral Choice is Will consequent on deliberation, the Reason must be true and the Will right, to constitute good Moral Choice, and what the Reason affirms the Will must pursue.[6]

Now this Intellectual operation and this Truth is what bears upon Moral Action; of course truth and falsehood must be the good and the bad of that Intellectual Operation which is purely Speculative, and concerned neither with action nor production, because this is manifestly the work of every Intellectual faculty, while of the faculty which is of a mixed Practical and Intellectual nature, the work is that Truth which, as I have described above, corresponds to the right movement of the Will.

Now the starting-point of moral action is Moral Choice, (I mean, what actually sets it in motion, not the final cause,)[7] and of Moral Choice, Appetition, and Reason directed to a certain result: and thus Moral Choice is neither independent of intellect, i. e. intellectual operation, nor of a certain moral state: for right or wrong action cannot be, independently of operation of the Intellect, and moral character.

But operation of the Intellect by itself moves nothing, only when directed to a certain result, i. e. exercised in Moral Action: (I say nothing of its being exercised in production, because this function is originated by the former: for every one who makes makes with a view to somewhat further; and that which is or may be made, is not an End in itself, but only relatively to somewhat else, and belonging to some one:[8] whereas that which is or may be done is an End in itself, because acting well is an End in itself, and this is the object of the Will,) and so Moral Choice is either[9] Intellect put in a position of Will-ing, or Appetition subjected to an Intellectual Process. And such a Cause is Man.

But nothing which is done and past can be the object of Moral Choice; for instance, no man chooses to have sacked Troy; because, in fact, no one ever deliberates about what is past, but only about that which is future, and which may therefore be influenced, whereas what has been cannot not have been: and so Agathon is right in saying

“Of this alone is Deity bereft, To make undone whatever hath been done.”

Thus then Truth is the work of both the Intellectual Parts of the Soul; those states therefore are the Excellences of each in which each will best attain truth.

Chapter III.

Commencing then from the point stated above we will now speak of these Excellences again. Let those faculties whereby the Soul attains truth in Affirmation or Negation, be assumed to be in number five:[10] viz. Art, Knowledge, Practical Wisdom, Science, Intuition: (Supposition and Opinion I do not include, because by these one may go wrong.)

What Knowledge is, is plain from the following of considerations, if one is to speak accurately, instead of being led away by resemblances. For we all conceive that what we strictly speaking know, cannot be otherwise than it is, because as to those things which can be otherwise than they are, we are uncertain whether they are or are not, the moment they cease to be within the sphere of our actual observation.

So then, whatever comes within the range of Knowledge is by necessity, and therefore eternal, (because all things are so which exist necessarily,) and all eternal things are without beginning, and indestructible.

Again, all Knowledge is thought to be capable of being taught, and what comes within its range capable of being learned. And all teaching is based upon previous knowledge; (a statement you will find in the Analytics also,)[11] for there are two ways of teaching, by Syllogism and by Induction. In fact. Induction is the source of universal propositions, and Syllogism reasons from these universals.[12] Syllogism then may reason from principles which cannot be themselves proved Syllogistically: and therefore must by Induction.

So Knowledge is “a state or mental faculty apt to demonstrate syllogistically,” &c. as in the Analytics:[13] because a man, strictly and properly speaking, _knows_, when he establishes his conclusion in a certain way, and the principles are known to him: for if they are not better known to him than the conclusion, such knowledge as he has will be merely accidental.

Let thus much be accepted as a definition of Knowledge.

Chapter IV.

Matter which may exist otherwise than it actually does in any given case (commonly called Contingent) is of two kinds, that which is the object of Making, and that which is the object of Doing; now Making and Doing are two different things (as we show in the exoteric treatise), and so that state of mind, conjoined with Reason, which is apt to Do, is distinct from that also conjoined with Reason, which is apt to Make: and for this reason they are not included one by the other, that is, Doing is not Making, nor Making Doing.[14] Now[15] as Architecture is an Art, and is the same as “a certain state of mind, conjoined with Reason, which is apt to Make,” and as there is no Art which is not such a state, nor any such state which is not an Art, Art, in its strict and proper sense, must be “a state of mind, conjoined with true Reason, apt to Make.”

Now all Art has to do with production, and contrivance, and seeing how any of those things may be produced which may either be or not be, and the origination of which rests with the maker and not with the thing made.

And, so neither things which exist or come into being necessarily, nor things in the way of nature, come under the province of Art, because these are self-originating. And since Making and Doing are distinct, Art must be concerned with the former and not the latter. And in a certain sense Art and Fortune are concerned with the same things, as, Agathon says by the way,

“Art Fortune loves, and is of her beloved.”

So Art, as has been stated, is “a certain state of mind, apt to Make, conjoined with true Reason;” its absence, on the contrary, is the same state conjoined with false Reason, and both are employed upon Contingent matter.

Chapter V.

As for Practical Wisdom, we shall ascertain its nature by examining to what kind of persons we in common language ascribe it.[16]

It is thought then to be the property of the Practically Wise man to be able to deliberate well respecting what is good and expedient for himself, not in any definite line,[17] as what is conducive to health or strength, but what to living well. A proof of this is that we call men Wise in this or that, when they calculate well with a view to some good end in a case where there is no definite rule. And so, in a general way of speaking, the man who is good at deliberation will be Practically Wise. Now no man deliberates respecting things which cannot be otherwise than they are, nor such as lie not within the range of his own action: and so, since Knowledge requires strict demonstrative reasoning, of which Contingent matter does not admit (I say Contingent matter, because all matters of deliberation must be Contingent and deliberation cannot take place with respect to things which are Necessarily), Practical Wisdom cannot be Knowledge nor Art; nor the former, because what falls under the province of Doing must be Contingent; not the latter, because Doing and Making are different in kind.

It remains then that it must be “a state of mind true, conjoined with Reason, and apt to Do, having for its object those things which are good or bad for Man:” because of Making something beyond itself is always the object, but cannot be of Doing because the very well-doing is in itself an End.

For this reason we think Pericles and men of that stamp to be Practically Wise, because they can see what is good for themselves and for men in general, and we also think those to be such who are skilled in domestic management or civil government. In fact, this is the reason why we call the habit of perfected self-mastery by the name which in Greek it bears, etymologically signifying “that which preserves the Practical Wisdom:” for what it does preserve is the Notion I have mentioned, _i.e._ of one’s own true interest.[18]

For it is not every kind of Notion which the pleasant and the painful corrupt and pervert, as, for instance, that “the three angles of every rectilineal triangle are equal to two right angles,” but only those bearing on moral action.

For the Principles of the matters of moral action are the final cause of them:[19] now to the man who has been corrupted by reason of pleasure or pain the Principle immediately becomes obscured, nor does he see that it is his duty to choose and act in each instance with a view to this final cause and by reason of it: for viciousness has a tendency to destroy the moral Principle: and so Practical Wisdom must be “a state conjoined with reason, true, having human good for its object, and apt to do.”

Then again Art admits of degrees of excellence, but Practical Wisdom does not:[20] and in Art he who goes wrong purposely is preferable to him who does so unwittingly,[21] but not so in respect of Practical Wisdom or the other Virtues. It plainly is then an Excellence of a certain kind, and not an Art.

Now as there are two parts of the Soul which have Reason, it must be the Excellence of the Opinionative [which we called before calculative or deliberative], because both Opinion and Practical Wisdom are exercised upon Contingent matter. And further, it is not simply a state conjoined with Reason, as is proved by the fact that such a state may be forgotten and so lost while Practical Wisdom cannot.

Chapter VI.

Now Knowledge is a conception concerning universals and Necessary matter, and there are of course certain First Principles in all trains of demonstrative reasoning (that is of all Knowledge because this is connected with reasoning): that faculty, then, which

takes in the first principles of that which comes under the range of Knowledge, cannot be either Knowledge, or Art, or Practical Wisdom: not Knowledge, because what is the object of Knowledge must be derived from demonstrative reasoning; not either of the other two, because they are exercised upon Contingent matter only. Nor can it be Science which takes in these, because the Scientific Man must in some cases depend on demonstrative Reasoning.

It comes then to this: since the faculties whereby we always attain truth and are never deceived when dealing with matter Necessary or even Contingent are Knowledge, Practical Wisdom, Science, and Intuition, and the faculty which takes in First Principles cannot be any of the three first; the last, namely Intuition, must be it which performs this function.

Chapter VII.

Science is a term we use principally in two meanings: in the first place, in the Arts we ascribe it to those who carry their arts to the highest accuracy;[22] Phidias, for instance, we call a Scientific or cunning sculptor; Polycleitus a Scientific or cunning statuary; meaning, in this instance, nothing else by Science than an excellence of art: in the other sense, we think some to be Scientific in a general way, not in any particular line or in any particular thing, just as Homer says of a man in his Margites; “Him the Gods made neither a digger of the ground, nor ploughman, nor in any other way Scientific.”

So it is plain that Science must mean the most accurate of all Knowledge; but if so, then the Scientific man must not merely know the deductions from the First Principles but be in possession of truth respecting the First Principles. So that Science must be equivalent to Intuition and Knowledge; it is, so to speak, Knowledge of the most precious objects, _with a head on_.[23]

I say of the most precious things, because it is absurd to suppose πολιτικ■,[24] or Practical Wisdom, to be the highest, unless it can be shown that Man is the most excellent of all that exists in the Universe. Now if “healthy” and “good” are relative terms, differing when applied to men or to fish, but “white” and “straight” are the same always, men must allow that the Scientific is the same always, but the Practically Wise varies: for whatever provides all things well for itself, to this they would apply the term Practically Wise, and commit these matters to it; which is the reason, by the way, that they call some brutes Practically Wise, such that is as plainly have a faculty of forethought respecting their own subsistence.

And it is quite plain that Science and πολιτικ■ cannot be identical: because if men give the name of Science to that faculty which is employed upon what is expedient for themselves, there will be many instead of one, because there is not one and the same faculty employed on the good of all animals collectively, unless in the same sense as you may say there is one art of healing with respect to all living beings.

If it is urged that man is superior to all other animals, that makes no difference: for there are many other things more Godlike in their nature than Man, as, most obviously, the elements of which the Universe is composed.[25]

It is plain then that Science is the union of Knowledge and Intuition, and has for its objects those things which are most precious in their nature. Accordingly, Anexagoras, Thales, and men of that stamp, people call Scientific, but not Practically Wise because they see them ignorant of what concerns themselves; and they say that what they know is quite out of the common run certainly, and wonderful, and hard, and very fine no doubt, but still useless because they do not seek after what is good for them as men.

Chapter VIII.

But Practical Wisdom is employed upon human matters, and such as are objects of deliberation (for we say, that to deliberate well is most peculiarly the work of the man who possesses this Wisdom), and no man deliberates about things which cannot be otherwise than they are, nor about any save those that have some definite End and this End good resulting from Moral Action; and the man to whom we should give the name of Good in Counsel, simply and without modification, is he who in the way of calculation has a capacity for attaining that of practical goods which is the best for Man.

Nor again does Practical Wisdom consist in a knowledge of general principles only, but it is necessary that one should know also the particular details, because it is apt to act, and action is concerned with details: for which reason sometimes men who have not much knowledge are more practical than others who have; among others, they who derive all they know from actual experience: suppose a man to know, for instance, that light meats are easy of digestion and wholesome, but not what kinds of meat are light, he will not produce a healthy state; that man will have a much better chance of doing so, who knows that the flesh of birds is light and wholesome. Since then Practical Wisdom is apt to act, one ought to have both kinds of knowledge, or, if only one, the knowledge of details rather than of Principles. So there will be in respect of Practical Wisdom the distinction of supreme and subordinate.[26]

Further: πολιτικ■ and Practical Wisdom are the same mental state, but the point of view is not the same.

Of Practical Wisdom exerted upon a community that which I would call the Supreme is the faculty of Legislation; the subordinate, which is concerned with the details, generally has the common name πολιτικ■, and its functions are Action and Deliberation (for the particular enactment is a matter of action, being the ultimate issue of this branch of Practical Wisdom, and therefore people commonly say, that these men alone are really engaged in government, because they alone act, filling the same place relatively to legislators, that workmen do to a master).[27]

Again, that is thought to be Practical Wisdom in the most proper sense which has for its object the interest of the Individual: and this usually appropriates the common name: the others are called respectively Domestic Management, Legislation, Executive Government divided into two branches, Deliberative and Judicial.[28] Now of course, knowledge for one's self is one kind of knowledge, but it admits of many shades of difference: and it is a common notion that the man who knows and busies himself about his own concerns merely is the man of Practical Wisdom, while they who extend their solicitude to society at large are considered meddlesome.

Euripides has thus embodied this sentiment; "How," says one of his Characters, "How foolish am I, who whereas I might have shared equally, idly numbered among the multitude of the army *** for them that are busy and meddlesome [Jove hates]," because the generality of mankind seek their own good and hold that this is their proper business. It is then from this opinion that the notion has arisen that such men are the Practically-Wise. And yet it is just possible that the good of the individual cannot be secured independently of connection with a family or a community. And again, how a man should manage his own affairs is sometimes not quite plain, and must be made a matter of enquiry.[29]

A corroboration of what I have said is[30] the fact, that the young come to be geometricians, and mathematicians, and Scientific in such matters, but it is not thought that a young man can come to be possessed of Practical Wisdom: now the reason is, that this Wisdom has for its object particular facts, which come to be known from experience, which a young man has not because it is produced only by length of time.

By the way, a person might also enquire,[31] why a boy may be made a mathematician but not Scientific or a natural philosopher. Is not this the reason? that mathematics are taken in by the process of abstraction, but the principles of Science[32] and natural philosophy must be gained by experiment; and the latter young men talk of but do not realise, while the nature of the former is plain and clear.

Again, in matter of practice, error attaches either to the general rule, in the process of deliberation, or to the particular fact: for instance, this would be a general rule, "All water of a certain gravity is bad;" the particular fact, "this water is of that gravity."

And that Practical Wisdom is not Knowledge is plain, for it has to do with the ultimate issue,[33] as has been said, because every object of action is of this nature.

To Intuition it is opposed, for this takes in those principles which cannot be proved by reasoning, while Practical Wisdom is concerned with the ultimate particular fact which cannot be realised by Knowledge but by Sense; I do not mean one of the five senses, but the same by which we take in the mathematical fact, that no rectilineal figure can be contained by less than three lines, i.e. that a triangle is the ultimate figure, because here also is a stopping point.

This however is Sense rather than Practical Wisdom, which is of another kind.[34]

Chapter IX.

Now the acts of enquiring and deliberating differ, though deliberating is a kind of enquiring. We ought to ascertain about Good Counsel likewise what it is, whether a kind of Knowledge, or Opinion, or Happy Conjecture, or some other kind of faculty. Knowledge it obviously is not, because men do not enquire about what they know, and Good Counsel is a kind of deliberation, and the man who is deliberating is enquiring and calculating.

Neither is it Happy Conjecture; because this is independent of reasoning, and a rapid operation; but men deliberate a long time, and it is a common saying that one should execute speedily what has been resolved upon in deliberation, but deliberate slowly.

Quick perception of causes[35] again is a different faculty from good counsel, for it is a species of Happy Conjecture. Nor is Good Counsel Opinion of any kind.

Well then, since he who deliberates ill goes wrong, and he who deliberates well does so rightly, it is clear that Good Counsel is rightness of some kind, but not of Knowledge nor of Opinion: for Knowledge cannot be called right because it cannot be wrong, and Rightness of Opinion is Truth: and again, all which is the object of opinion is definitely marked out.[36]

Still, however, Good Counsel is not independent of Reason, Does it remain then that it is a rightness of Intellectual Operation simply, because this does not amount to an assertion; and the objection to Opinion was that it is not a process of enquiry but already a definite assertion; whereas whosoever deliberates, whether well or ill, is engaged in enquiry and calculation.

Well, Good Counsel is a Rightness of deliberation, and so the first question must regard the nature and objects of deliberation. Now remember Rightness is an equivocal term; we plainly do not mean Rightness of any kind whatever; the ■κρατ■ς, for instance, or the bad man, will obtain by his calculation what he sets before him as an object, and so he may be said to have deliberated _rightly_ in one sense, but will have attained a great evil. Whereas to have deliberated well is thought to be a good, because Good Counsel is Rightness of deliberation of such a nature as is apt to attain good.

But even this again you may get by false reasoning, and hit upon the right effect though not through right means,[37] your middle term being fallacious: and so neither will this be yet Good Counsel in consequence of which you get what you ought but not through proper means.

Again, one man may hit on a thing after long deliberation, another quickly. And so that before described will not be yet Good Counsel, but the Rightness must be with reference to what is expedient; and you must have a proper end in view, pursue it in a right manner and right time.

Once more. One may deliberate well either generally or towards some particular End.[38] Good counsel in the general then is that which goes right towards that which is the End in a general way of consideration; in particular, that which does so towards some particular End.

Since then deliberating well is a quality of men possessed of Practical Wisdom, Good Counsel must be “Rightness in respect of what conduces to a given End, of which[39] Practical Wisdom is the true conception.”

Chapter X.

There is too the faculty of Judiciousness, and also its absence, in virtue of which we call men Judicious or the contrary.

Now Judiciousness is neither entirely identical with Knowledge or Opinion (for then all would have been Judicious), nor is it any one specific science, as medical science whose object matter is things wholesome; or geometry whose object matter is magnitude: for it has not for its object things which always exist and are immutable, nor of those things which come into being just any which may chance; but those in respect of which a man might doubt and deliberate.

And so it has the same object matter as Practical Wisdom; yet the two faculties are not identical, because Practical Wisdom has the capacity for commanding and taking the initiative, for its End is “what one should do or not do:” but Judiciousness is only apt to decide upon suggestions (though we do in Greek put “well” on to the faculty and its concrete noun, these really mean exactly the same as the plain words), and Judiciousness is neither the having Practical Wisdom, nor attaining it: but just as learning is termed συνι■ναι when a man uses his knowledge, so judiciousness consists in employing the Opinionative faculty in judging concerning those things which come within the province of Practical Wisdom, when another enunciates them; and not judging merely, but judging well (for ε■ and καλ■ς mean exactly the same thing). And the Greek name of this faculty is derived from the use of the term συνι■ναι in learning: μανθ■νειν and συνι■ναι being often used as synonymous.

The faculty called γν■μη,[40] in right of which we call men ε■γν■μονες, or say they have γν■μη, is “the right judgment of the equitable man.” A proof of which is that we most commonly say that the equitable man has a tendency to make allowance, and the making allowance in certain cases is equitable. And συγγν■μη (the word denoting allowance) is right γν■μη having a capacity of making equitable decisions, By “right” I mean that of the Truthful man.

Chapter XI.

Now all these mental states[41] tend to the same object, as indeed common language leads us to expect: I mean, we speak of γν■μη, Judiciousness, Practical Wisdom, and Practical Intuition, attributing the possession of γν■μη and Practical Intuition to the same Individuals whom we denominate Practically-Wise and Judicious: because all these faculties are employed upon the

extremes,[42] i.e. on particular details; and in right of his aptitude for deciding on the matters which come within the province of the Practically-Wise, a man is Judicious and possessed of good γν■μη; i.e. he is disposed to make allowance, for considerations of equity are entertained by all good men alike in transactions with their fellows.

And all matters of Moral Action belong to the class of particulars, otherwise called extremes: for the man of Practical Wisdom must know them, and Judiciousness and γν■μη are concerned with matters of Moral Actions, which are extremes.

Intuition, moreover, takes in the extremes at both ends:[43] I mean, the first and last terms must be taken in not by reasoning but by Intuition [so that Intuition comes to be of two kinds], and that which belongs to strict demonstrative reasonings takes in immutable, i.e. Necessary, first terms; while that which is employed in practical matters takes in the extreme, the Contingent, and the minor Premiss:[44] for the minor Premisses are the source of the Final Cause, Universals being made up out of Particulars.[45] To take in these, of course, we must have Sense, i.e. in other words Practical Intuition.

And for this reason these are thought to be simply gifts of nature; and whereas no man is thought to be Scientific by nature, men are thought to have γν■μη, and Judiciousness, and Practical Intuition: a proof of which is that we think these faculties are a consequence even of particular ages, and this given age has Practical Intuition and γν■μη, we say, as if under the notion that nature is the cause. And thus Intuition is both the beginning and end, because the proofs are based upon the one kind of extremes and concern the other.

And so[46] one should attend to the undemonstrable dicta and opinions of the skilful, the old and the Practically-Wise, no less than to those which are based on strict reasoning, because they see aright, having gained their power of moral vision from experience.

Chapter XII.

Well, we have now stated the nature and objects of Practical Wisdom and Science respectively, and that they belong each to a different part of the Soul. But I can conceive a person questioning their utility. “Science,” he would say, “concerns itself with none of the causes of human happiness (for it has nothing to do with producing anything): Practical Wisdom has this recommendation, I grant, but where is the need of it, since its province is those things which are just and honourable, and good for man, and these are the things which the good man as such does; but we are not a bit the more apt to do them because we know them, since the Moral Virtues are Habits; just as we are not more apt to be healthy or in good condition from mere knowledge of what relates to these (I mean,[47] of course, things so called not from their producing health, etc., but from their evidencing it in a particular subject), for we are not more apt to be healthy and in good condition merely from knowing the art of medicine or training.

“If it be urged that _knowing what is_ good does not by itself make a Practically-Wise man but _becoming_ good; still this Wisdom will be no use either to those that are good, and so have it already, or to those who have it not; because it will make no difference to them whether they have it themselves or put themselves under the guidance of others who have; and we might be contented to be in respect of this as in respect of health: for though we wish to be healthy still we do not set about learning the art of healing.

“Furthermore, it would seem to be strange that, though lower in the scale than Science, it is to be its master; which it is, because whatever produces results takes the rule and directs in each matter.”

This then is what we are to talk about, for these are the only points now raised.

Now first we say that being respectively Excellences of different parts of the Soul they must be choice-worthy, even on the supposition that they neither of them produce results.

In the next place we say that they _do_ produce results; that Science makes Happiness, not as the medical art but as healthiness makes health:[48] because, being a part of Virtue in its most extensive sense, it makes a man happy by being possessed and by working.

Next, Man’s work _as Man_ is accomplished by virtue of Practical Wisdom and Moral Virtue, the latter giving the right aim and direction, the former the right means to its attainment;[49] but of the fourth part of the Soul, the mere nutritive principle, there is no such Excellence, because nothing is in its power to do or leave undone.[50]

As to our not being more apt to do what is noble and just by reason of possessing Practical Wisdom, we must begin a little higher up,[51] taking this for our starting-point. As we say that men may do things in themselves just and yet not be just men; for instance, when men do what the laws require of them, either against their will, or by reason of ignorance or something else, at all events not

for the sake of the things themselves; and yet they do what they ought and all that the good man should do; so it seems that to be a good man one must do each act in a particular frame of mind, I mean from Moral Choice and for the sake of the things themselves which are done. Now it is Virtue which makes the Moral Choice right, but whatever is naturally required to carry out that Choice comes under the province not of Virtue but of a different faculty. We must halt, as it were, awhile, and speak more clearly on these points.

There is then a certain faculty, commonly named Cleverness, of such a nature as to be able to do and attain whatever conduces to _any_ given purpose: now if that purpose be a good one the faculty is praiseworthy; if otherwise, it goes by a name which, denoting strictly the ability, implies the willingness to do _anything_; we accordingly call the Practically-Wise Clever, and also those who can and will do anything.[52]

Now Practical Wisdom is not identical with Cleverness, nor is it without this power of adapting means to ends: but this Eye of the Soul (as we may call it) does not attain its proper state without goodness, as we have said before and as is quite plain, because the syllogisms into which Moral Action may be analysed have for their Major Premiss,[53] “since —— is the End and the Chief Good”[54] (fill up the blank with just anything you please, for we merely want to exhibit the Form, so that anything will do), but _how_ this blank should be filled is seen only by the good man: because Vice distorts the moral vision and causes men to be deceived in respect of practical principles.[55]

It is clear, therefore, that a man cannot be a Practically-Wise, without being a good, man.

We must enquire again also about Virtue: for it may be divided into Natural Virtue and Matured, which two bear to each other a relation similar to that which Practical Wisdom bears to Cleverness, one not of identity but resemblance. I speak of Natural Virtue, because men hold that each of the moral dispositions attach to us all somehow by nature: we have dispositions[56] towards justice, self-mastery and courage, for instance, immediately from our birth: but still we seek Goodness in its highest sense as something distinct from these, and that these dispositions should attach to us in a somewhat different fashion.[57] Children and brutes have these natural states, but then they are plainly hurtful unless combined with an intellectual element: at least thus much is matter of actual experience and observation, that as a strong body destitute of sight must, if set in motion, fall violently because it has not sight, so it is also in the case we are considering: but if it can get the intellectual element it then excels in acting. Just so the Natural State of Virtue, being like this strong body, will then be Virtue in the highest sense when it too is combined with the intellectual element.

So that, as in the case of the Opinionative faculty, there are two forms, Cleverness and Practical Wisdom; so also in the case of the Moral there are two, Natural Virtue and Matured; and of these the latter cannot be formed without Practical Wisdom.[58]

This leads some to say that all the Virtues are merely intellectual Practical Wisdom, and Socrates was partly right in his enquiry and partly wrong: wrong in that he thought all the Virtues were merely intellectual Practical Wisdom, right in saying they were not independent of that faculty.

A proof of which is that now all, in defining Virtue, add on the “state” [mentioning also to what standard it has reference, namely that] “which is accordant with Right Reason:” now “right” means in accordance with Practical Wisdom. So then all seem to have an instinctive notion that that state which is in accordance with Practical Wisdom is Virtue; however, we must make a slight change in their statement, because that state is Virtue, not merely which is in accordance with but which implies the possession of Right Reason; which, upon such matters, is Practical Wisdom. The difference between us and Socrates is this: he thought the Virtues were reasoning processes (_i.e._ that they were all instances of Knowledge in its strict sense), but we say they imply the possession of Reason.

From what has been said then it is clear that one cannot be, strictly speaking, good without Practical Wisdom nor Practically-Wise without moral goodness.

And by the distinction between Natural and Matured Virtue one can meet the reasoning by which it might be argued “that the Virtues are separable because the same man is not by nature most inclined to all at once so that he will have acquired this one before he has that other:” we would reply that this is possible with respect to the Natural Virtues but not with respect to those in right of which a man is denominated simply good: because they will all belong to him together with the one faculty of Practical Wisdom.

It is plain too that even had it not been apt to act we should have needed it, because it is the Excellence of a part of the Soul; and that the moral choice cannot be right independently of Practical Wisdom and Moral Goodness; because this gives the right End,

that causes the doing these things which conduce to the End.

Then again, it is not Master of Science (i.e. of the superior part of the Soul), just as neither is the healing art Master of health; for it does not make use of it, but looks how it may come to be: so it commands for the sake of it but does not command it.

The objection is, in fact, about as valid as if a man should say πολιτικ■ governs the gods because it gives orders about all things in the communty.

APPENDIX

On ■πισπ■μη, from I. Post. Analyt. chap. i. and ii.

(Such parts only are translated as throw light on the Ethics.)

All teaching, and all intellectual learning, proceeds on the basis of previous knowledge, as will appear on an examination of all. The Mathematical Sciences, and every other system, draw their conclusions in this method. So too of reasonings, whether by syllogism, or induction: for both teach through what is previously known, the former assuming the premisses as from wise men, the latter proving universals from the evidentness of the particulars. In like manner too rhetoricians persuade, either through examples (which amounts to induction), or through enthymemes (which amounts to syllogism).

CHAP. II

Well, we suppose that we _know_ things (in the strict and proper sense of the word) when we suppose ourselves to know the cause by reason of which the thing is to be the cause of it; and that this cannot be otherwise. It is plain that the idea intended to be conveyed by the term _knowing_ is something of this kind; because they who do not really know suppose themselves thus related to the matter in hand and they who do know really are so that of whatsoever there is properly speaking Knowledge this cannot be otherwise than it is Whether or no there is another way of knowing we will say afterwards, but we do say that we know through demonstration, by which I mean a syllogism apt to produce Knowledge, i.e. in right of which through having it, we know.

If Knowledge then is such as we have described it, the Knowledge produced by demonstrative reasoning must be drawn from premisses _true_ and _first_, and _incapable of syllogistic proof_, and _better known_, and _prior in order of time_, and _causes of the conclusion_, for so the principles will be akin to the conclusion demonstrated.

(Syllogism, of course there may be without such premisses, but it will not be demonstration because it will not produce knowledge).

True, they must be, because it is impossible to know that which is not.

First, that is indemonstrable, because, if demonstrable, he cannot be said to _know_ them who has no demonstration of them for knowing such things as are demonstrable is the same as having demonstration of them.

Causes they must be, and _better known_, and _prior_ in time, _causes_, because we then know when we are acquainted with the cause, and _prior_, if causes, and _known beforehand_, not merely comprehended in idea but known to exist (The terms prior, and better known, bear two senses for _prior by nature_ and _prior relatively to ourselves_ are not the same, nor _better known by nature_, and _better known to us_ I mean, by _prior_ and _better known relatively to ourselves_, such things as are nearer to sensation, but abstractedly so such as are further Those are furthest which are most universal those nearest which are particulars, and these are mutually opposed.)

And by _first_, I mean _principles akin to the conclusion_, for principle means the same as first And the principle or first step in demonstration is a proposition incapable of syllogistic proof, _i.e._ one to which there is none prior. Now of such syllogistic principles I call that a θ■σις which you cannot demonstrate, and which is unnecessary with a view to learning something else. That which is necessary in order to learn something else is an Axiom.

Further, since one is to believe and know the thing by having a syllogism of the kind called demonstration, and what constitutes it to be such is the nature of the premisses, it is necessary not merely to _know before_, but to _know better than the conclusion_, either all or at least some of, the principles, because that which is the cause of a quality inhering in something else always inheres itself more as the cause of our loving is itself more lovable. So, since the principles are the cause of our knowing and behoving we know and believe them more, because by reason of them we know also the conclusion following.

Further: the man who is to have the Knowledge which comes through demonstration must not merely know and believe his principles better than he does his conclusion, but he must believe nothing more firmly than the contradictories of those principles out of which the contrary fallacy may be constructed: since he who _knows_, is to be simply and absolutely infallible.

BOOK VII

Chapter I.

Next we must take a different point to start from,[1] and observe that of what is to be avoided in respect of moral character there are three forms; Vice, Imperfect Self-Control, and Brutishness. Of the two former it is plain what the contraries are, for we call the one Virtue, the other Self-Control; and as answering to Brutishness it will be most suitable to assign Superhuman, i.e. heroical and godlike Virtue, as, in Homer, Priam says of Hector “that he was very excellent, nor was he like the offspring of mortal man, but of a god.” and so, if, as is commonly said, men are raised to the position of gods by reason of very high excellence in Virtue, the state opposed to the Brutish will plainly be of this nature: because as brutes are not virtuous or vicious so neither are gods; but the state of these is something more precious than Virtue, of the former something different in kind from Vice.

And as, on the one hand, it is a rare thing for a man to be godlike (a term the Lacedæmonians are accustomed to use when they admire a man exceedingly; σε■ος ■ν■ρ they call him), so the brutish man is rare; the character is found most among barbarians, and some cases of it are caused by disease or maiming; also such men as exceed in vice all ordinary measures we therefore designate by this opprobrious term. Well, we must in a subsequent place make some mention of this disposition, and Vice has been spoken of before: for the present we must speak of Imperfect Self-Control and its kindred faults of Softness and Luxury, on the one hand, and of Self-Control and Endurance on the other; since we are to conceive of them, not as being the same states exactly as Virtue and Vice respectively, nor again as differing in kind.

And we should adopt the same course as before, i.e. state the phenomena, and, after raising and discussing difficulties which suggest themselves, then exhibit, if possible, all the opinions afloat respecting these affections of the moral character; or, if not all, the greater part and the most important: for we may consider we have illustrated the matter sufficiently when the difficulties have been solved, and such theories as are most approved are left as a residuum.

The chief points may be thus enumerated. It is thought,

I. That Self-Control and Endurance belong to the class of things good and praiseworthy, while Imperfect Self-Control and Softness belong to that of things low and blameworthy.

II. That the man of Self-Control is identical with the man who is apt to abide by his resolution, and the man of Imperfect Self-Control with him who is apt to depart from his resolution.

III. That the man of Imperfect Self-Control does things at the instigation of his passions, knowing them to be wrong, while the man of Self-Control, knowing his lusts to be wrong, refuses, by the influence of reason, to follow their suggestions.

IV. That the man of Perfected Self-Mastery unites the qualities of Self-Control and Endurance, and some say that every one who unites these is a man of Perfect Self-Mastery, others do not.

V. Some confound the two characters of the man who has _no_ Self-Control, and the man of _Imperfect Self-Control_, while others distinguish between them.

VI. It is sometimes said that the man of Practical Wisdom cannot be a man of Imperfect Self-Control, sometimes that men who are Practically Wise and Clever are of Imperfect Self-Control.

VII. Again, men are said to be of Imperfect Self-Control, not simply but with the addition of the thing wherein, as in respect of anger, of honour, and gain.

These then are pretty well the common statements.

Chapter II.

Now a man may raise a question as to the nature of the right conception in violation of which a man fails of Self-Control.

That he can so fail when _knowing_ in the strict sense what is right some say is impossible: for it is a strange thing, as Socrates thought, that while Knowledge is present in his mind something else should master him and drag him about like a slave. Socrates in fact contended generally against the theory, maintaining there is no such state as that of Imperfect Self-Control, for that no one acts contrary to what is best conceiving it to be best but by reason of ignorance what is best.

With all due respect to Socrates, his account of the matter is at variance with plain facts, and we must enquire with respect to the affection, if it be caused by ignorance what is the nature of the ignorance: for that the man so failing does not suppose his acts to be right before he is under the influence of passion is quite plain.[2]

There are people who partly agree with Socrates and partly not: that nothing can be stronger than Knowledge they agree, but that no man acts in contravention of his conviction of what is better they do not agree; and so they say that it is not Knowledge, but only Opinion, which the man in question has and yet yields to the instigation of his pleasures.

But then, if it is Opinion and not Knowledge, that is it the opposing conception be not strong but only mild (as in the case of real doubt), the not abiding by it in the face of strong lusts would be excusable: but wickedness is not excusable, nor is anything which deserves blame.

Well then, is it Practical Wisdom which in this case offers opposition: for that is the strongest principle? The supposition is absurd, for we shall have the same man uniting Practical Wisdom and Imperfect Self-Control, and surely no single person would maintain that it is consistent with the character of Practical Wisdom to do voluntarily what is very wrong; and besides we have shown before that the very mark of a man of this character is aptitude to act, as distinguished from mere knowledge of what is right; because he is a man conversant with particular details, and possessed of all the other virtues.

Again, if the having strong and bad lusts is necessary to the idea of the man of Self-Control, this character cannot be identical with the man of Perfected Self-Mastery, because the having strong desires or bad ones does not enter into the idea of this latter character: and yet the man of Self-Control must have such: for suppose them good; then the moral state which should hinder a man from following their suggestions must be bad, and so Self-Control would not be in all cases good: suppose them on the other hand to be weak and not wrong, it would be nothing grand; nor anything great, supposing them to be wrong and weak.

Again, if Self-Control makes a man apt to abide by all opinions without exception, it may be bad, as suppose the case of a false opinion: and if Imperfect Self-Control makes a man apt to depart from all without exception, we shall have cases where it will be good; take that of Neoptolemus in the Philoctetes of Sophocles, for instance: he is to be praised for not abiding by what he was persuaded to by Ulysses, because he was pained at being guilty of falsehood.

Or again, false sophistical reasoning presents a difficulty: for because men wish to prove paradoxes that they may be counted clever when they succeed, the reasoning that has been used becomes a difficulty: for the intellect is fettered; a man being unwilling to abide by the conclusion because it does not please his judgment, but unable to advance because he cannot disentangle the web of sophistical reasoning.

Or again, it is conceivable on this supposition that folly joined with Imperfect Self-Control may turn out, in a given case, goodness: for by reason of his imperfection of self-control a man acts in a way which contradicts his notions; now his notion is that what is really good is bad and ought not to be done; and so he will eventually do what is good and not what is bad.

Again, on the same supposition, the man who acting on conviction pursues and chooses things because they are pleasant must be thought a better man than he who does so not by reason of a quasi-rational conviction but of Imperfect Self-Control: because he is more open to cure by reason of the possibility of his receiving a contrary conviction. But to the man of Imperfect Self-Control would apply the proverb, “when water chokes, what should a man drink then?” for had he never been convinced at all in respect of what he does,[3] then by a conviction in a contrary direction he might have stopped in his course; but now though he has had convictions he notwithstanding acts against them.

Again, if any and every thing is the object-matter of Imperfect and Perfect Self-Control, who is the man of Imperfect Self-Control simply? because no one unites all cases of it, and we commonly say that some men are so simply, not adding any particular thing in which they are so.

Well, the difficulties raised are pretty near such as I have described them, and of these theories we must remove some and leave others as established; because the solving of a difficulty is a positive act of establishing something as true.

Chapter III.

Now we must examine first whether men of Imperfect Self-Control act with a knowledge of what is right or not: next, if with such knowledge, in what sense; and next what are we to assume is the object-matter of the man of Imperfect Self-Control, and of the man of Self-Control; I mean, whether pleasure and pain of all kinds or certain definite ones; and as to Self-Control and Endurance, whether these are designations of the same character or different. And in like manner we must go into all questions which are connected with the present.

But the real starting point of the enquiry is, whether the two characters of Self-Control and Imperfect Self-Control are distinguished by their object-matter, or their respective relations to it. I mean, whether the man of Imperfect Self-Control is such simply by virtue of having such and such object-matter; or not, but by virtue of his being related to it in such and such a way, or by virtue of both: next, whether Self-Control and Imperfect Self-Control are unlimited in their object-matter: because he who is designated without any addition a man of Imperfect Self-Control is not unlimited in his object-matter, but has exactly the same as the man who has lost all Self-Control: nor is he so designated because of his relation to this object-matter merely (for then his character would be identical with that just mentioned, loss of all Self-Control), but because of his relation to it being such and such. For the man who has lost all Self-Control is led on with deliberate moral choice, holding that it is his line to pursue pleasure as it rises: while the man of Imperfect Self-Control does not think that he ought to pursue it, but does pursue it all the same.

Now as to the notion that it is True Opinion and not Knowledge in contravention of which men fail in Self-Control, it makes no difference to the point in question, because some of those who hold Opinions have no doubt about them but suppose themselves to have accurate Knowledge; if then it is urged that men holding Opinions will be more likely than men who have Knowledge to act in contravention of their conceptions, as having but a moderate belief in them; we reply, Knowledge will not differ in this respect from Opinion: because some men believe their own Opinions no less firmly than others do their positive Knowledge: Heraclitus is a case in point.

Rather the following is the account of it: the term _knowing_ has two senses; both the man who does not use his Knowledge, and he who does, are said to _know_: there will be a difference between a man's acting wrongly, who though possessed of Knowledge does not call it into operation, and his doing so who has it and actually exercises it: the latter is a strange case, but the mere having, if not exercising, presents no anomaly.

Again, as there are two kinds of propositions affecting action,[4] universal and particular, there is no reason why a man may not act against his Knowledge, having both propositions in his mind, using the universal but not the particular, for the particulars are the objects of moral action.

There is a difference also in universal propositions;[5] a universal proposition may relate partly to a man's self and partly to the thing in question: take the following for instance; "dry food is good for every man," this may have the two minor premisses, "this is a man," and "so and so is dry food;" but whether a given substance is so and so a man either has not the Knowledge or does not exert it. According to these different senses there will be an immense difference, so that for a man to _know_ in the one sense, and yet act wrongly, would be nothing strange, but in any of the other senses it would be a matter for wonder.

Again, men may have Knowledge in a way different from any of those which have been now stated: for we constantly see a man's state so differing by having and not using Knowledge, that he has it in a sense and also has not; when a man is asleep, for instance, or mad, or drunk: well, men under the actual operation of passion are in exactly similar conditions; for anger, lust, and some other such-like things, manifestly make changes even in the body, and in some they even cause madness; it is plain then that we must say the men of Imperfect Self-Control are in a state similar to these.

And their saying what embodies Knowledge is no proof of their actually then exercising it, because they who are under the operation of these passions repeat demonstrations; or verses of Empedocles,[6] just as children, when first learning, string words together, but as yet know nothing of their meaning, because they must grow into it, and this is a process requiring time: so that we must suppose these men who fail in Self-Control to say these moral sayings just as actors do.

Furthermore, a man may look at the account of the phænomenon in the following way, from an examination of the actual working of the mind: All action may be analysed into a syllogism, in which the one premiss is an universal maxim and the other concerns particulars of which Sense [moral or physical, as the case may be] is cognisant: now when one results from these two, it follows necessarily that, as far as theory goes the mind must assert the conclusion, and in practical propositions the man must act

accordingly.

For instance, let the universal be, “All that is sweet should be tasted,” the particular, “This is sweet;” it follows necessarily that he who is able and is not hindered should not only draw, but put in practice, the conclusion “This is to be tasted.” When then there is in the mind one universal proposition forbidding to taste, and the other “All that is sweet is pleasant” with its minor “This is sweet” (which is the one that really works), and desire happens to be in the man, the first universal bids him avoid this but the desire leads him on to taste; for it has the power of moving the various organs: and so it results that he fails in Self-Control, in a certain sense under the influence of Reason and Opinion not contrary in itself to Reason but only accidentally so; because it is the desire that is contrary to Right Reason, but not the Opinion:[7] and so for this reason brutes are not accounted of Imperfect Self-Control, because they have no power of conceiving universals but only of receiving and retaining particular impressions.

As to the manner in which the ignorance is removed and the man of Imperfect Self-Control recovers his Knowledge, the account is the same as with respect to him who is drunk or asleep, and is not peculiar to this affection, so physiologists[8] are the right people to apply to. But whereas the minor premiss of every practical syllogism is an opinion on matter cognisable by Sense and determines the actions; he who is under the influence of passion either has not this, or so has it that his having does not amount to _knowing_ but merely saying, as a man when drunk might repeat Empedocles’ verses; and because the minor term[9] is neither universal, nor is thought to have the power of producing Knowledge in like manner as the universal term: and so the result which Socrates was seeking comes out, that is to say, the affection does not take place in the presence of that which is thought to be specially and properly Knowledge, nor is this dragged about by reason of the affection, but in the presence of that Knowledge which is conveyed by Sense.

Let this account then be accepted of the question respecting the failure in Self-Control, whether it is with Knowledge, and the manner in which such failure is possible or not, though a man possesses Knowledge.

Chapter IV.

The next question to be discussed is whether there is a character to be designated by the term “of Imperfect Self-Control” simply, or whether all who are so are to be accounted such, in respect of some particular thing; and, if there is such a character, what is his object-matter.

Now that pleasures and pains are the object-matter of men of Self-Control and of Endurance, and also of men of Imperfect Self-Control and Softness, is plain.

Further, things which produce pleasure are either necessary, or objects of choice in themselves but yet admitting of excess. All bodily things which produce pleasure are necessary; and I call such those which relate to food and other grosser appetities, in short such bodily things as we assumed were the Object-matter of absence of Self-Control and of Perfected Self-Mastery.

The other class of objects are not necessary, but objects of choice in themselves: I mean, for instance, victory, honour, wealth, and such-like good or pleasant things. And those who are excessive in their liking for such things contrary to the principle of Right Reason which is in their own breasts we do not designate men of Imperfect Self-Control simply, but with the addition of the thing wherein, as in respect of money, or gain, or honour, or anger, and not simply; because we consider them as different characters and only having that title in right of a kind of resemblance (as when we add to a man’s name “conqueror in the Olympic games” the account of him as Man differs but little from the account of him as the Man who conquered in the Olympic games, but still it is different). And a proof of the real difference between these so designated with an addition and those simply so called is this, that Imperfect Self-Control is blamed, not as an error merely but also as being a vice, either wholly or partially; but none of these other cases is so blamed.

But of those who have for their object-matter the bodily enjoyments, which we say are also the object-matter of the man of Perfected Self-Mastery and the man who has lost all Self-Control, he that pursues excessive pleasures and too much avoids[10] things which are painful (as hunger and thirst, heat and cold, and everything connected with touch and taste), not from moral choice but in spite of his moral choice and intellectual conviction, is termed “a man of Imperfect Self-Control,” not with the addition of any particular object-matter as we do in respect of want of control of anger but simply.

And a proof that the term is thus applied is that the kindred term “Soft” is used in respect of these enjoyments but not in respect of any of those others. And for this reason we put into the same rank the man of Imperfect Self-Control, the man who has lost it entirely, the man who has it, and the man of Perfected Self-Mastery; but not any of those other characters, because the former

have for their object-matter the same pleasures and pains: but though they have the same object-matter, they are not related to it in the same way, but two of them act upon moral choice, two without it. And so we should say that man is more entirely given up to his passions who pursues excessive pleasures, and avoids moderate pains, being either not at all, or at least but little, urged by desire, than the man who does so because his desire is very strong: because we think what would the former be likely to do if he had the additional stimulus of youthful lust and violent pain consequent on the want of those pleasures which we have denominated necessary?

Well then, since of desires and pleasures there are some which are in kind honourable and good (because things pleasant are divisible, as we said before, into such as are naturally objects of choice, such as are naturally objects of avoidance, and such as are in themselves indifferent, money, gain, honour, victory, for instance); in respect of all such and those that are indifferent, men are blamed not merely[11] for being affected by or desiring or liking them, but for exceeding in any way in these feelings.

And so they are blamed, whosoever in spite of Reason are mastered by, that is pursue, any object, though in its nature noble and good; they, for instance, who are more earnest than they should be respecting honour, or their children or parents; not but what these are good objects and men are praised for being earnest about them: but still they admit of excess; for instance, if any one, as Niobe did, should fight even against the gods, or feel towards his father as Satyrus, who got therefrom the nickname of φιλοπ■τωρ, because he was thought to be very foolish.

Now depravity there is none in regard of these things, for the reason assigned above, that each of them in itself is a thing naturally choice-worthy, yet the excesses in respect of them are wrong and matter for blame: and similarly there is no Imperfect Self-Control in respect of these things; that being not merely a thing that should be avoided but blameworthy.

But because of the resemblance of the affection to the Imperfection of Self-Control the term is used with the addition in each case of the particular object-matter, just as men call a man a bad physician, or bad actor, whom they would not think of calling simply bad. As then in these cases we do not apply the term simply because each of the states is not a vice, but only like a vice in the way of analogy,[12] so it is plain that in respect of Imperfect Self-Control and Self-Control we must limit the names to those states which have the same object-matter as Perfected Self-Mastery and utter loss of Self-Control, and that we do apply it to the case of anger only in the way of resemblance: for which reason, with an addition, we designate a man of Imperfect Self-Control in respect of anger, as of honour or of gain.

Chapter V.

As there are some things naturally pleasant, and of these two kinds; those, namely, which are pleasant generally, and those which are so relatively to particular kinds of animals and men; so there are others which are not naturally pleasant but which come to be so in consequence either of maimings, or custom, or depraved natural tastes: and one may observe moral states similar to those we have been speaking of, having respectively these classes of things for their object-matter.

I mean the Brutish, as in the case of the female who, they say, would rip up women with child and eat the foetus; or the tastes which are found among the savage tribes bordering on the Pontus, some liking raw flesh, and some being cannibals, and some lending one another their children to make feasts of; or what is said of Phalaris. These are instances of Brutish states, caused in some by disease or madness; take, for instance, the man who sacrificed and ate his mother, or him who devoured the liver of his fellow-servant. Instances again of those caused by disease or by custom, would be, plucking out of hair, or eating one's nails, or eating coals and earth.[13] Now wherever nature is really the cause no one would think of calling men of Imperfect Self-Control, ... nor, in like manner, such as are in a diseased state through custom.

The having any of these inclinations is something foreign to what is denominated Vice, just as Brutishness is: and when a man has them his mastering them is not properly Self-Control, nor his being mastered by them Imperfection of Self-Control in the proper sense, but only in the way of resemblance; just as we may say a man of ungovernable wrath fails of Self-Control in respect of anger but not simply fails of Self-Control. For all excessive folly, cowardice, absence of Self-Control, or irritability, are either Brutish or morbid. The man, for instance, who is naturally afraid of all things, even if a mouse should stir, is cowardly after a Brutish sort; there was a man again who, by reason of disease, was afraid of a cat: and of the fools, they who are naturally destitute of Reason and live only by Sense are Brutish, as are some tribes of the far-off barbarians, while others who are so by reason of diseases, epileptic or frantic, are in morbid states.

So then, of these inclinations, a man may sometimes merely have one without yielding to it: I mean, suppose that Phalaris had restrained his unnatural desire to eat a child: or he may both have and yield to it. As then Vice when such as belongs to human nature is called Vice simply, while the other is so called with the addition of “brutish” or “morbid,” but not simply Vice, so manifestly there is Brutish and Morbid Imperfection of Self-Control, but that alone is entitled to the name without any qualification which is of the nature of utter absence of Self-Control, as it is found in Man.

Chapter VI.

It is plain then that the object-matter of Imperfect Self-Control and Self-Control is restricted to the same as that of utter absence of Self-Control and that of Perfected Self-Mastery, and that the rest is the object-matter of a different species so named metaphorically and not simply: we will now examine the position, “that Imperfect Self-Control in respect of Anger is less disgraceful than that in respect of Lusts.”

In the first place, it seems that Anger does in a way listen to Reason but mishears it; as quick servants who run out before they have heard the whole of what is said and then mistake the order; dogs, again, bark at the slightest stir, before they have seen whether it be friend or foe; just so Anger, by reason of its natural heat and quickness, listening to Reason, but without having heard the command of Reason, rushes to its revenge. That is to say, Reason or some impression on the mind shows there is insolence or contempt[14] in the offender, and then Anger, reasoning as it were that one ought to fight against what is such, fires up immediately: whereas Lust, if Reason or Sense, as the case may be, merely says a thing is sweet, rushes to the enjoyment of it: and so Anger follows Reason in a manner, but Lust does not and is therefore more disgraceful: because he that cannot control his anger yields in a manner to Reason, but the other to his Lust and not to Reason at all.

Again, a man is more excusable for following such desires as are natural, just as he is for following such Lusts as are common to all and to that degree in which they are common. Now Anger and irritability are more natural than Lusts when in excess and for objects not necessary. (This was the ground of the defence the man made who beat his father, “My father,” he said, “used to beat his, and his father his again, and this little fellow here,” pointing to his child, “will beat me when he is grown a man: it runs in the family.” And the father, as he was being dragged along, bid his son leave off beating him at the door, because he had himself been used to drag his father so far and no farther.)

Again, characters are less unjust in proportion as they involve less insidiousness. Now the Angry man is not insidious, nor is Anger, but quite open: but Lust is: as they say of Venus,

“Cyprus-born Goddess, _weaver of deceits_”

Or Homer of the girdle called the Cestus,

“Persuasiveness _cheating_ e’en the subtlest mind.”

And so since this kind of Imperfect Self-Control is more unjust, it is also more disgraceful than that in respect of Anger, and is simply Imperfect Self-Control, and Vice in a certain sense.

Again, no man feels pain in being insolent, but every one who acts through Anger does act with pain; and he who acts insolently does it with pleasure. If then those things are most unjust with which we have most right to be angry, then Imperfect Self-Control, arising from Lust, is more so than that arising from Anger: because in Anger there is no insolence.[15]

Well then, it is clear that Imperfect Self-Control in respect of Lusts is more disgraceful than that in respect of Anger, and that the object-matter of Self-Control, and the Imperfection of it, are bodily Lusts and pleasures; but of these last we must take into account the differences; for, as was said at the commencement, some are proper to the human race and natural both in kind and degree, others Brutish, and others caused by maimings and diseases.

Now the first of these only are the object-matter of Perfected Self-Mastery and utter absence of Self-Control; and therefore we never attribute either of these states to Brutes (except metaphorically, and whenever any one kind of animal differs entirely from another in insolence, mischievousness, or voracity), because they have not moral choice or process of deliberation, but are quite different from that kind of creature just as are madmen from other men.

Brutishness is not so low in the scale as Vice, yet it is to be regarded with more fear: because it is not that the highest principle has been corrupted, as in the human creature, but the subject has it not at all.

It is much the same, therefore, as if one should compare an inanimate with an animate being, which were the worse: for the badness of that which has no principle of origination is always less harmful; now Intellect is a principle of origination. A similar case would be the comparing injustice and an unjust man together: for in different ways each is the worst: a bad man would produce ten thousand times as much harm as a bad brute.

Chapter VII.

Now with respect to the pleasures and pains which come to a man through Touch and Taste, and the desiring or avoiding such (which we determined before to constitute the object-matter of the states of utter absence of Self-Control and Perfected Self-Mastery), one may be so disposed as to yield to temptations to which most men would be superior, or to be superior to those to which most men would yield: in respect of pleasures, these characters will be respectively the man of Imperfect Self-Control, and the man of Self-Control; and, in respect of pains, the man of Softness and the man of Endurance: but the moral state of most men is something between the two, even though they lean somewhat to the worse characters.

Again, since of the pleasures indicated some are necessary and some are not, others are so to a certain degree but not the excess or defect of them, and similarly also of Lusts and pains, the man who pursues the excess of pleasant things, or such as are in themselves excess, or from moral choice, for their own sake, and not for anything else which is to result from them, is a man utterly void of Self-Control: for he must be incapable of remorse, and so incurable, because he that has not remorse is incurable. (He that has too little love of pleasure is the opposite character, and the man of Perfected Self-Mastery the mean character.) He is of a similar character who avoids the bodily pains, not because he _cannot_, but because he _chooses not to_, withstand them.

But of the characters who go wrong without _choosing_ so to do, the one is led on by reason of pleasure, the other because he avoids the pain it would cost him to deny his lust; and so they are different the one from the other. Now every one would pronounce a man worse for doing something base without any impulse of desire, or with a very slight one, than for doing the same from the impulse of a very strong desire; for striking a man when not angry than if he did so in wrath: because one naturally says, “What would he have done had he been under the influence of passion?” (and on this ground, by the bye, the man utterly void of Self-Control is worse than he who has it imperfectly). However, of the two characters which have been mentioned,[16] [as included in that of utter absence of Self-Control], the one is rather Softness, the other properly the man of no Self-Control.

Furthermore, to the character of Imperfect Self-Control is opposed that of Self-Control, and to that of Softness that of Endurance: because Endurance consists in continued resistance but Self-Control in actual mastery, and continued resistance and actual mastery are as different as not being conquered is from conquering; and so Self-Control is more choice-worthy than Endurance.

Again, he who fails when exposed to those temptations against which the common run of men hold out, and are well able to do so, is Soft and Luxurious (Luxury being a kind of Softness): the kind of man, I mean, to let his robe drag in the dirt to avoid the trouble of lifting it, and who, aping the sick man, does not however suppose himself wretched though he is like a wretched man. So it is too with respect to Self-Control and the Imperfection of it: if a man yields to pleasures or pains which are violent and excessive it is no matter for wonder, but rather for allowance if he made what resistance he could (instances are, Philoctetes in Theodectes’ drama when wounded by the viper; or Cercyon in the Alope of Carcinus, or men who in trying to suppress laughter burst into a loud continuous fit of it, as happened, you remember, to Xenophantus), but it is a matter for wonder when a man yields to and cannot contend against those pleasures or pains which the common herd are able to resist; always supposing his failure not to be owing to natural constitution or disease, I mean, as the Scythian kings are constitutionally Soft, or the natural difference between the sexes.

Again, the man who is a slave to amusement is commonly thought to be destitute of Self-Control, but he really is Soft; because amusement is an act of relaxing, being an act of resting, and the character in question is one of those who exceed due bounds in respect of this.

Moreover of Imperfect Self-Control there are two forms, Precipitancy and Weakness: those who have it in the latter form though they have made resolutions do not abide by them by reason of passion; the others are led by passion because they have never formed any resolutions at all: while there are some who, like those who by tickling themselves beforehand get rid of ticklishness, having felt and seen beforehand the approach of temptation, and roused up themselves and their resolution, yield not to passion; whether the temptation be somewhat pleasant or somewhat painful. The Precipitate form of Imperfect Self-Control they are most liable to who are constitutionally of a sharp or melancholy temperament: because the one by reason of the swiftness, the other by reason of the violence, of their passions, do not wait for Reason, because they are disposed to follow whatever notion is impressed upon their minds.

Again, the man utterly destitute of Self-Control, as was observed before, is not given to remorse: for it is part of his character that he abides by his moral choice: but the man of Imperfect Self-Control is almost made up of remorse: and so the case is not as we determined it before, but the former is incurable and the latter may be cured: for depravity is like chronic diseases, dropsy and consumption for instance, but Imperfect Self-Control is like acute disorders: the former being a continuous evil, the latter not so. And, in fact, Imperfect Self-Control and Confirmed Vice are different in kind: the latter being imperceptible to its victim, the former not so.[17]

But, of the different forms of Imperfect Self-Control, those are better who are carried off their feet by a sudden access of temptation than they who have Reason but do not abide by it; these last being overcome by passion less in degree, and not wholly without premeditation as are the others: for the man of Imperfect Self-Control is like those who are soon intoxicated and by little wine and less than the common run of men.

Well then, that Imperfection of Self-Control is not Confirmed Viciousness is plain: and yet perhaps it is such in a way, because in one sense it is contrary to moral choice and in another the result of it:[18] at all events, in respect of the actions, the case is much like what Demodocus said of the Miletians. “The people of Miletus are not fools, but they do just the kind of things that fools do;” and so they of Imperfect Self-Control are not unjust, but they do unjust acts.

But to resume. Since the man of Imperfect Self-Control is of such a character as to follow bodily pleasures in excess and in defiance of Right Reason, without acting on any deliberate conviction, whereas the man utterly destitute of Self-Control does act upon a conviction which rests on his natural inclination to follow after these pleasures; the former may be easily persuaded to a different course, but the latter not: for Virtue and Vice respectively preserve and corrupt the moral principle; now the motive is the principle or starting point in moral actions, just as axioms and postulates are in mathematics: and neither in morals nor mathematics is it Reason which is apt to teach the principle; but Excellence, either natural or acquired by custom, in holding right notions with respect to the principle. He who does this in morals is the man of Perfected Self-Mastery, and the contrary character is the man utterly destitute of Self-Control.

Again, there is a character liable to be taken off his feet in defiance of Right Reason because of passion; whom passion so far masters as to prevent his acting in accordance with Right Reason, but not so far as to make him be convinced that it is his proper line to follow after such pleasures without limit: this character is the man of Imperfect Self- Control, better than he who is utterly destitute of it, and not a bad man simply and without qualification: because in him the highest and best part, i.e. principle, is preserved: and there is another character opposed to him who is apt to abide by his resolutions, and not to depart from them; at all events, not at the instigation of passion.

It is evident then from all this, that Self-Control is a good state and the Imperfection of it a bad one.

Chapter VIII.

Next comes the question, whether a man is a man of Self-Control for abiding by his conclusions and moral choice be they of what kind they may, or only by the right one; or again, a man of Imperfect Self-Control for not abiding by his conclusions and moral choice be they of whatever kind; or, to put the case we did before, is he such for not abiding by false conclusions and wrong moral choice?

Is not this the truth, that _incidentally_ it is by conclusions and moral choice of any kind that the one character abides and the other does not, but _per se_ true conclusions and right moral choice:[19] to explain what is meant by incidentally, and _per se_; suppose a man chooses or pursues this thing for the sake of that, he is said to pursue and choose that _per se_, but this only incidentally. For the term _per se_ we use commonly the word “simply,” and so, in a way, it is opinion of any kind soever by which the two characters respectively abide or not, but he is “simply” entitled to the designations who abides or not by the true opinion.

There are also people, who have a trick of abiding by their, own opinions, who are commonly called Positive, as they who are hard to be persuaded, and whose convictions are not easily changed: now these people bear some resemblance to the character of Self-Control, just as the prodigal to the liberal or the rash man to the brave, but they are different in many points. The man of Self-Control does not change by reason of passion and lust, yet when occasion so requires he will be easy of persuasion: but the Positive man changes not at the call of Reason, though many of this class take up certain desires and are led by their pleasures. Among the class of Positive are the Opinionated, the Ignorant, and the Bearish: the first, from the motives of pleasure and pain: I mean, they have the pleasurable feeling of a kind of victory in not having their convictions changed, and they are pained when their

decrees, so to speak, are reversed: so that, in fact, they rather resemble the man of Imperfect Self-Control than the man of Self-Control.

Again, there are some who depart from their resolutions not by reason of any Imperfection of Self-Control; take, for instance, Neoptolemus in the Philoctetes of Sophocles. Here certainly pleasure was the motive of his departure from his resolution, but then it was one of a noble sort: for to be truthful was noble in his eyes and he had been persuaded by Ulysses to lie.

So it is not every one who acts from the motive of pleasure who is utterly destitute of Self-Control or base or of Imperfect Self-Control, only he who acts from the impulse of a base pleasure.

Chapter IX.

Moreover as there is a character who takes less pleasure than he ought in bodily enjoyments, and he also fails to abide by the conclusion of his Reason,[20] the man of Self-Control is the mean between him and the man of Imperfect Self-Control: that is to say, the latter fails to abide by them because of somewhat too much, the former because of somewhat too little; while the man of Self-Control abides by them, and never changes by reason of anything else than such conclusions.

Now of course since Self-Control is good both the contrary States must be bad, as indeed they plainly are: but because the one of them is seen in few persons, and but rarely in them, Self-Control comes to be viewed as if opposed only to the Imperfection of it, just as Perfected Self-Mastery is thought to be opposed only to utter want of Self-Control.

Again, as many terms are used in the way of similitude, so people have come to talk of the Self-Control of the man of Perfected Self-Mastery in the way of similitude: for the man of Self-Control and the man of Perfected Self-Mastery have this in common, that they do nothing against Right Reason on the impulse of bodily pleasures, but then the former has bad desires, the latter not; and the latter is so constituted as not even to feel pleasure contrary to his Reason, the former feels but does not yield to it.

Like again are the man of Imperfect Self-Control and he who is utterly destitute of it, though in reality distinct: both follow bodily pleasures, but the latter under a notion that it is the proper line for him to take, his former without any such notion.

And it is not possible for the same man to be at once a man of Practical Wisdom and of Imperfect Self-Control: because the character of Practical Wisdom includes, as we showed before, goodness of moral character. And again, it is not knowledge merely, but aptitude for action, which constitutes Practical Wisdom: and of this aptitude the man of Imperfect Self-Control is destitute. But there is no reason why the Clever man should not be of Imperfect Self-Control: and the reason why some men are occasionally thought to be men of Practical Wisdom, and yet of Imperfect Self-Control, is this, that Cleverness differs from Practical Wisdom in the way I stated in a former book, and is very near it so far as the intellectual element is concerned but differs in respect of the moral choice.

Nor is the man of Imperfect Self-Control like the man who both has and calls into exercise his knowledge, but like the man who, having it, is overpowered by sleep or wine. Again, he acts voluntarily (because he knows, in a certain sense, what he does and the result of it), but he is not a confirmed bad man, for his moral choice is good, so he is at all events only half bad. Nor is he unjust, because he does not act with deliberate intent: for of the two chief forms of the character, the one is not apt to abide by his deliberate resolutions, and the other, the man of constitutional strength of passion, is not apt to deliberate at all.

So in fact the man of Imperfect Self-Control is like a community which makes all proper enactments, and has admirable laws, only does not act on them, verifying the scoff of Anaxandrides,

“That State did will it, which cares nought for laws;”

whereas the bad man is like one which acts upon its laws, but then unfortunately they are bad ones.

Imperfection of Self-Control and Self-Control, after all, are above the average state of men; because he of the latter character is more true to his Reason, and the former less so, than is in the power of most men.

Again, of the two forms of Imperfect Self-Control that is more easily cured which they have who are constitutionally of strong passions, than that of those who form resolutions and break them; and they that are so through habituation than they that are so naturally; since of course custom is easier to change than nature, because the very resemblance of custom to nature is what constitutes the difficulty of changing it; as Evenus says,

“Practice, I say, my friend, doth long endure, And at the last is even very nature.”

We have now said then what Self-Control is, what Imperfection of Self-Control, what Endurance, and what Softness, and how these states are mutually related.

APPENDIX. Book VII. Chapters 12 to 15. (Bekker.)

To consider the subject of Pleasure and Pain falls within the province of the Social-Science Philosopher, since he it is who has to fix the Master-End which is to guide us in dominating any object absolutely evil or good.

But we may say more: an enquiry into their nature is absolutely necessary. First, because we maintained that Moral Virtue and Moral Vice are both concerned with Pains and Pleasures: next, because the greater part of mankind assert that Happiness must include Pleasure (which by the way accounts for the word they use, μακ■ριος; χα■ρειν being the root of that word).

Now some hold that no one Pleasure is good, either in itself or as a matter of result, because Good and Pleasure are not identical. Others that some Pleasures are good but the greater number bad. There is yet a third view; granting that every Pleasure is good, still the Chief Good cannot possibly be Pleasure.

In support of the first opinion (that Pleasure is utterly not-good) it is urged that:

1. Every Pleasure is a sensible process towards a complete state; but no such process is akin to the end to be attained: _e.g._ no process of building to the completed house.

2. The man of Perfected Self-Mastery avoids Pleasures.

3. The man of Practical Wisdom aims at avoiding Pain, not at attaining Pleasure.

4. Pleasures are an impediment to thought, and the more so the more keenly they are felt. An obvious instance will readily occur.

5. Pleasure cannot be referred to any Art: and yet every good is the result of some Art.

6. Children and brutes pursue Pleasures.

In support of the second (that not all Pleasures are good), That there are some base and matter of reproach, and some even hurtful: because some things that are pleasant produce disease.

In support of the third (that Pleasure is not the Chief Good), That it is not an End but a process towards creating an End.

This is, I think, a fair account of current views on the matter.

But that the reasons alleged do not prove it either to be not-good or the Chief Good is plain from the following considerations.

First. Good being either absolute or relative, of course the natures and states embodying it will be so too; therefore also the movements and the processes of creation. So, of those which are thought to be bad some will be bad absolutely, but relatively not bad, perhaps even choice-worthy; some not even choice-worthy relatively to any particular person, only at certain times or for a short time but not in themselves choice-worthy.

Others again are not even Pleasures at all though they produce that impression on the mind: all such I mean as imply pain and whose purpose is cure; those of sick people, for instance.

Next, since Good may be either an active working or a state, those [κιν■σεις or γεν■σεις] which tend to place us in our natural state are pleasant incidentally because of that tendency: but the active working is really in the desires excited in the remaining (sound) part of our state or nature: for there are Pleasures which have no connection with pain or desire: the acts of contemplative intellect, for instance, in which case there is no deficiency in the nature or state of him who performs the acts.

A proof of this is that the same pleasant thing does not produce the sensation of Pleasure when the natural state is being filled up or completed as when it is already in its normal condition: in this latter case what give the sensation are things pleasant _per se_, in the former even those things which are contrary. I mean, you find people taking pleasure in sharp or bitter things of which no one is naturally or in itself pleasant; of course not therefore the Pleasures arising from them, because it is obvious that as is the classification of pleasant things such must be that of the Pleasures arising from them.

Next, it does not follow that there must be something else better than any given pleasure because (as some say) the End must be better than the process which creates it. For it is not true that all Pleasures are processes or even attended by any process, but (some are) active workings or even Ends: in fact they result not from our coming to be something but from our using our powers. Again, it is not true that the End is, in every case, distinct from the process: it is true only in the case of such processes as conduce to the perfecting of the natural state.

For which reason it is wrong to say that Pleasure is “a sensible process of production.” For “process etc.” should be substituted “active working of the natural state,” for “sensible” “unimpeded.” The reason of its being thought to be a “process etc.” is that it is good in the highest sense: people confusing “active working” and “process,” whereas they really are distinct.

Next, as to the argument that there are bad Pleasures because some things which are pleasant are also hurtful to health, it is the same as saying that some healthful things are bad for “business.” In this sense, of course, both may be said to be bad, but then this does not make them out to be bad _simpliciter_: the exercise of the pure Intellect sometimes hurts a man’s health: but what hinders Practical Wisdom or any state whatever is, not the Pleasure peculiar to, but some Pleasure foreign to it: the Pleasures arising from the exercise of the pure Intellect or from learning only promote each.

Next. “No Pleasure is the work of any Art.” What else would you expect? No active working is the work of any Art, only the faculty of so working. Still the perfumer’s Art or the cook’s are thought to belong to Pleasure.

Next. “The man of Perfected Self-Mastery avoids Pleasures.” “The man of Practical Wisdom aims at escaping Pain rather than at attaining Pleasure.”

“Children and brutes pursue Pleasures.”

One answer will do for all.

We have already said in what sense all Pleasures are good _per se_ and in what sense not all are good: it is the latter class that brutes and children pursue, such as are accompanied by desire and pain, that is the bodily Pleasures (which answer to this description) and the excesses of them: in short, those in respect of which the man utterly destitute of Self-Control is thus utterly destitute. And it is the absence of the pain arising from these Pleasures that the man of Practical Wisdom aims at. It follows that these Pleasures are what the man of Perfected Self-Mastery avoids: for obviously he has Pleasures peculiarly his own.

Then again, it is allowed that Pain is an evil and a thing to be avoided partly as bad _per se_, partly as being a hindrance in some particular way. Now the contrary of that which is to be avoided, _quâ_ it is to be avoided, _i.e._ evil, is good. Pleasure then must be _a_ good.

The attempted answer of Speusippus, “that Pleasure may be opposed and yet not contrary to Pain, just as the greater portion of any magnitude is contrary to the less but only opposed to the exact half,” will not hold: for he cannot say that Pleasure is identical with evil of any kind.

Again. Granting that some Pleasures are low, there is no reason why some particular Pleasure may not be very good, just as some particular Science may be although there are some which are low.

Perhaps it even follows, since each state may have active working unimpeded, whether the active workings of all be Happiness or that of some one of them, that this active working, if it be unimpeded, must be choice-worthy: now Pleasure is exactly this. So that the Chief Good may be Pleasure of some kind, though most Pleasures be (let us assume) low _per se_.

And for this reason all men think the happy life is pleasant, and interweave Pleasure with Happiness. Reasonably enough: because Happiness is perfect, but no impeded active working is perfect; and therefore the happy man needs as an addition the goods of the body and the goods external and fortune that in these points he may not be fettered. As for those who say that he who is being tortured on the wheel, or falls into great misfortunes is happy provided only he be good, they talk nonsense, whether they mean to do so or not. On the other hand, because fortune is needed as an addition, some hold good fortune to be identical with Happiness: which it is not, for even this in excess is a hindrance, and perhaps then has no right to be called good fortune since it is good only in so far as it contributes to Happiness.

The fact that all animals, brute and human alike, pursue Pleasure, is some presumption of its being in a sense the Chief Good;

("There must be something in what most folks say,") only as one and the same nature or state neither is nor is thought to be the best, so neither do all pursue the same Pleasure, Pleasure nevertheless all do. Nay further, what they pursue is, perhaps, not what they think nor what they would say they pursue, but really one and the same: for in all there is some instinct above themselves. But the bodily Pleasures have received the name exclusively, because theirs is the most frequent form and that which is universally partaken of; and so, because to many these alone are known they believe them to be the only ones which exist.

It is plain too that, unless Pleasure and its active working be good, it will not be true that the happy man's life embodies Pleasure: for why will he want it on the supposition that it is not good and that he can live even with Pain? because, assuming that Pleasure is not good, then Pain is neither evil nor good, and so why should he avoid it?

Besides, the life of the good man is not more pleasurable than any other unless it be granted that his active workings are so too.

Some enquiry into the bodily Pleasures is also necessary for those who say that some Pleasures, to be sure, are highly choice-worthy (the good ones to wit), but not the bodily Pleasures; that is, those which are the object-matter of the man utterly destitute of Self-Control.

If so, we ask, why are the contrary Pains bad? they cannot be (on their assumption) because the contrary of bad is good.

May we not say that the necessary bodily Pleasures are good in the sense in which that which is not-bad is good? or that they are good only up to a certain point? because such states or movements as cannot have too much of the better cannot have too much of Pleasure, but those which can of the former can also of the latter. Now the bodily Pleasures do admit of excess: in fact the low bad man is such because he pursues the excess of them instead of those which are necessary (meat, drink, and the objects of other animal appetites do give pleasure to all, but not in right manner or degree to all). But his relation to Pain is exactly the contrary: it is not excessive Pain, but Pain at all, that he avoids [which makes him to be in this way too a bad low man], because only in the case of him who pursues excessive Pleasure is Pain contrary to excessive Pleasure.

It is not enough however merely to state the truth, we should also show how the false view arises; because this strengthens conviction. I mean, when we have given a probable reason why that impresses people as true which really is not true, it gives them a stronger conviction of the truth. And so we must now explain why the bodily Pleasures appear to people to be more choice-worthy than any others.

The first obvious reason is, that bodily Pleasure drives out Pain; and because Pain is felt in excess men pursue Pleasure in excess, _i.e._ generally bodily Pleasure, under the notion of its being a remedy for that Pain. These remedies, moreover, come to be violent ones; which is the very reason they are pursued, since the impression they produce on the mind is owing to their being looked at side by side with their contrary.

And, as has been said before, there are the two following reasons why bodily Pleasure is thought to be not-good.

1. Some Pleasures of this class are actings of a low nature, whether congenital as in brutes, or acquired by custom as in low bad men.

2. Others are in the nature of cures, cures that is of some deficiency; now of course it is better to have [the healthy state] originally than that it should accrue afterwards.

(But some Pleasures result when natural states are being perfected: these therefore are good as a matter of result.)

Again, the very fact of their being violent causes them to be pursued by such as can relish no others: such men in fact create violent thirsts for themselves (if harmless ones then we find no fault, if harmful then it is bad and low) because they have no other things to take pleasure in, and the neutral state is distasteful to some people constitutionally; for toil of some kind is inseparable from life, as physiologists testify, telling us that the acts of seeing or hearing are painful, only that we are used to the pain and do not find it out.

Similarly in youth the constant growth produces a state much like that of vinous intoxication, and youth is pleasant. Again, men of the melancholic temperament constantly need some remedial process (because the body, from its temperament, is constantly being worried), and they are in a chronic state of violent desire. But Pleasure drives out Pain; not only such Pleasure as is directly contrary to Pain but even any Pleasure provided it be strong: and this is how men come to be utterly destitute of Self-Mastery, _i.e._ low and bad.

But those Pleasures which are unconnected with Pains do not admit of excess: _i.e._ such as belong to objects which are naturally pleasant and not merely as a matter of result: by the latter class I mean such as are remedial, and the reason why these are thought to be pleasant is that the cure results from the action in some way of that part of the constitution which remains sound. By “pleasant naturally” I mean such as put into action a nature which is pleasant.

The reason why no one and the same thing is invariably pleasant is that our nature is, not simple, but complex, involving something different from itself (so far as we are corruptible beings). Suppose then that one part of this nature be doing something, this something is, to the other part, unnatural: but, if there be an equilibrium of the two natures, then whatever is being done is indifferent. It is obvious that if there be any whose nature is simple and not complex, to such a being the same course of acting will always be the most pleasurable.

For this reason it is that the Divinity feels Pleasure which is always one, _i.e._ simple: not motion merely but also motionlessness acts, and Pleasure resides rather in the absence than in the presence of motion.

The reason why the Poet’s dictum “change is of all things most pleasant” is true, is “a baseness in our blood;” for as the bad man is easily changeable, bad must be also the nature that craves change, _i.e._ it is neither simple nor good.

We have now said our say about Self-Control and its opposite; and about Pleasure and Pain. What each is, and how the one set is good the other bad. We have yet to speak of Friendship.

BOOK VIII

Chapter I.

Next would seem properly to follow a dissertation on Friendship: because, in the first place, it is either itself a virtue or connected with virtue; and next it is a thing most necessary for life, since no one would choose to live without friends though he should have all the other good things in the world: and, in fact, men who are rich or possessed of authority and influence are thought to have special need of friends: for where is the use of such prosperity if there be taken away the doing of kindnesses of which friends are the most usual and most commendable objects? Or how can it be kept or preserved without friends? because the greater it is so much the more slippery and hazardous: in poverty moreover and all other adversities men think friends to be their only refuge.

Furthermore, Friendship helps the young to keep from error: the old, in respect of attention and such deficiencies in action as their weakness makes them liable to; and those who are in their prime, in respect of noble deeds (“They _two_ together going,” Homer says, you may remember), because they are thus more able to devise plans and carry them out.

Again, it seems to be implanted in us by Nature: as, for instance, in the parent towards the offspring and the offspring towards the parent (not merely in the human species, but likewise in birds and most animals), and in those of the same tribe towards one another, and specially in men of the same nation; for which reason we commend those men who love their fellows: and one may see in the course of travel how close of kin and how friendly man is to man.

Furthermore, Friendship seems to be the bond of Social Communities, and legislators seem to be more anxious to secure it than Justice even. I mean, Unanimity is somewhat like to Friendship, and this they certainly aim at and specially drive out faction as being inimical.

Again, where people are in Friendship Justice is not required;[1] but, on the other hand, though they are just they need Friendship in addition, and that principle which is most truly just is thought to partake of the nature of Friendship.

Lastly, not only is it a thing necessary but honourable likewise: since we praise those who are fond of friends, and the having numerous friends is thought a matter of credit to a man; some go so far as to hold, that “good man” and “friend” are terms synonymous.

Chapter II.

Yet the disputed points respecting it are not few: some men lay down that it is a kind of resemblance, and that men who are like one another are friends: whence come the common sayings, “Like will to like,” “Birds of a feather,” and so on. Others, on the contrary, say, that all such come under the maxim, “Two of a trade never agree.”[2]

Again, some men push their enquiries on these points higher and reason physically: as Euripides, who says,

“The earth by drought consumed doth love the rain, And the great heaven, overcharged with rain, Doth love to fall in showers upon the earth.”

Heraclitus, again, maintains, that “contrariety is expedient, and that the best agreement arises from things differing, and that all things come into being in the way of the principle of antagonism.”

Empedocles, among others, in direct opposition to these, affirms, that “like aims at like.”

These physical questions we will take leave to omit, inasmuch as they are foreign to the present enquiry; and we will examine such as are proper to man and concern moral characters and feelings: as, for instance, “Does Friendship arise among all without distinction, or is it impossible for bad men to be friends?” and, “Is there but one species of Friendship, or several?” for they who ground the opinion that there is but one on the fact that Friendship admits of degrees hold that upon insufficient proof; because things which are different in species admit likewise of degrees (on this point we have spoken before).

Chapter III.

Our view will soon be cleared on these points when we have ascertained what is properly the object-matter of Friendship: for it is thought that not everything indiscriminately, but some peculiar matter alone, is the object of this affection; that is to say, what is good, or pleasurable, or useful. Now it would seem that that is useful through which accrues any good or pleasure, and so the objects of Friendship, as absolute Ends, are the good and the pleasurable.

A question here arises; whether it is good absolutely or that which is good to the individuals, for which men feel Friendship (these two being sometimes distinct): and similarly in respect of the pleasurable. It seems then that each individual feels it towards that which is good to himself, and that abstractedly it is the real good which is the object of Friendship, and to each individual that which is good to each. It comes then to this; that each individual feels Friendship not for what _is_ but for that which _conveys to his mind the impression of being_ good to himself. But this will make no real difference, because that which is truly the object of Friendship will also convey this impression to the mind.

There are then three causes from which men feel Friendship: but the term is not applied to the case of fondness for things inanimate because there is no requital of the affection nor desire for the good of those objects: it certainly savours of the ridiculous to say that a man fond of wine wishes well to it: the only sense in which it is true being that he wishes it to be kept safe and sound for his own use and benefit.[3] But to the friend they say one should wish all good for his sake. And when men do thus wish good to another (he not reciprocating the feeling), people call them Kindly; because Friendship they describe as being “Kindliness between persons who reciprocate it.” But must they not add that the feeling must be mutually known? for many men are kindly disposed towards those whom they have never seen but whom they conceive to be amiable or useful: and this notion amounts to the same thing as a real feeling between them.

Well, these are plainly Kindly-disposed towards one another: but how can one call them friends while their mutual feelings are unknown to one another? to complete the idea of Friendship, then, it is requisite that they have kindly feelings towards one another, and wish one another good from one of the aforementioned causes, and that these kindly feelings should be mutually known.

Chapter IV.

As the motives to Friendship differ in kind so do the respective feelings and Friendships. The species then of Friendship are three, in number equal to the objects of it, since in the line of each there may be “mutual affection mutually known.”

Now they who have Friendship for one another desire one another’s good according to the motive of their Friendship; accordingly they whose motive is utility have no Friendship for one another really, but only in so far as some good arises to them from one another.

And they whose motive is pleasure are in like case: I mean, they have Friendship for men of easy pleasantry, not because they are of a given character but because they are pleasant to themselves. So then they whose motive to Friendship is utility love their friends for what is good to themselves; they whose motive is pleasure do so for what is pleasurable to themselves; that is to say, not in so far as the friend beloved _is_ but in so far as he is useful or pleasurable. These Friendships then are a matter of result: since the object is not beloved in that he is the man he is but in that he furnishes advantage or pleasure as the case may be.

Such Friendships are of course very liable to dissolution if the parties do not continue alike: I mean, that the others cease to have any Friendship for them when they are no longer pleasurable or useful. Now it is the nature of utility not to be permanent but constantly varying: so, of course, when the motive which made them friends is vanished, the Friendship likewise dissolves; since it existed only relatively to those circumstances.

Friendship of this kind is thought to exist principally among the old (because men at that time of life pursue not what is pleasurable but what is profitable); and in such, of men in their prime and of the young, as are given to the pursuit of profit. They that are such have no intimate intercourse with one another; for sometimes they are not even pleasurable to one another; nor, in fact, do they desire such intercourse unless their friends are profitable to them, because they are pleasurable only in so far as they have hopes of advantage. With these Friendships is commonly ranked that of hospitality.

But the Friendship of the young is thought to be based on the motive of pleasure: because they live at the beck and call of passion and generally pursue what is pleasurable to themselves and the object of the present moment: and as their age changes so likewise do their pleasures.

This is the reason why they form and dissolve Friendships rapidly: since the Friendship changes with the pleasurable object and such pleasure changes quickly.

The young are also much given up to Love; this passion being, in great measure, a matter of impulse and based on pleasure: for which cause they conceive Friendships and quickly drop them, changing often in the same day: but these wish for society and intimate intercourse with their friends, since they thus attain the object of their Friendship.

Chapter V.

That then is perfect Friendship which subsists between those who are good and whose similarity consists in their goodness: for these men wish one another's good in similar ways; in so far as they are good (and good they are in themselves); and those are specially friends who wish good to their friends for their sakes, because they feel thus towards them on their own account and not as a mere matter of result; so the Friendship between these men continues to subsist so long as they are good; and goodness, we know, has in it a principle of permanence.

Moreover, each party is good abstractedly and also relatively to his friend, for all good men are not only abstractedly good but also useful to one another. Such friends are also mutually pleasurable because all good men are so abstractedly, and also relatively to one another, inasmuch as to each individual those actions are pleasurable which correspond to his nature, and all such as are like them. Now when men are good these will be always the same, or at least similar.

Friendship then under these circumstances is permanent, as we should reasonably expect, since it combines in itself all the requisite qualifications of friends. I mean, that Friendship of whatever kind is based upon good or pleasure (either abstractedly or relatively to the person entertaining the sentiment of Friendship), and results from a similarity of some sort; and to this kind belong all the aforementioned requisites in the parties themselves, because in this the parties are similar, and so on:[4] moreover, in it there is the abstractedly good and the abstractedly pleasant, and as these are specially the object-matter of Friendship so the feeling and the state of Friendship is found most intense and most excellent in men thus qualified.

Rare it is probable Friendships of this kind will be, because men of this kind are rare. Besides, all requisite qualifications being presupposed, there is further required time and intimacy: for, as the proverb says, men cannot know one another "till they have eaten the requisite quantity of salt together;" nor can they in fact admit one another to intimacy, much less be friends, till each has appeared to the other and been proved to be a fit object of Friendship. They who speedily commence an interchange of friendly actions may be said to wish to be friends, but they are not so unless they are also proper objects of Friendship and mutually known to be such: that is to say, a desire for Friendship may arise quickly but not Friendship itself.

Well, this Friendship is perfect both in respect of the time and in all other points; and exactly the same and similar results accrue to each party from the other; which ought to be the case between friends.

The friendship based upon the pleasurable is, so to say, a copy of this, since the good are sources of pleasure to one another: and that based on utility likewise, the good being also useful to one another. Between men thus connected Friendships are most permanent when the same result accrues to both from one another, pleasure, for instance; and not merely so but from the same source, as in the case of two men of easy pleasantry; and not as it is in that of a lover and the object of his affection, these not

deriving their pleasure from the same causes, but the former from seeing the latter and the latter from receiving the attentions of the former: and when the bloom of youth fades the Friendship sometimes ceases also, because then the lover derives no pleasure from seeing and the object of his affection ceases to receive the attentions which were paid before: in many cases, however, people so connected continue friends, if being of similar tempers they have come from custom to like one another's disposition.

Where people do not interchange pleasure but profit in matters of Love, the Friendship is both less intense in degree and also less permanent: in fact, they who are friends because of advantage commonly part when the advantage ceases; for, in reality, they never were friends of one another but of the advantage.

So then it appears that from motives of pleasure or profit bad men may be friends to one another, or good men to bad men or men of neutral character to one of any character whatever: but disinterestedly, for the sake of one another, plainly the good alone can be friends; because bad men have no pleasure even in themselves unless in so far as some advantage arises.

And further, the Friendship of the good is alone superior to calumny; it not being easy for men to believe a third person respecting one whom they have long tried and proved: there is between good men mutual confidence, and the feeling that one's friend would never have done one wrong, and all other such things as are expected in Friendship really worthy the name; but in the other kinds there is nothing to prevent all such suspicions.

I call them Friendships, because since men commonly give the name of friends to those who are connected from motives of profit (which is justified by political language, for alliances between states are thought to be contracted with a view to advantage), and to those who are attached to one another by the motive of pleasure (as children are), we may perhaps also be allowed to call such persons friends, and say there are several species of Friendship; primarily and specially that of the good, in that they are good, and the rest only in the way of resemblance: I mean, people connected otherwise are friends in that way in which there arises to them somewhat good and some mutual resemblance (because, we must remember the pleasurable is good to those who are fond of it).

These secondary Friendships, however, do not combine very well; that is to say, the same persons do not become friends by reason of advantage and by reason of the pleasurable, for these matters of result are not often combined. And Friendship having been divided into these kinds, bad men will be friends by reason of pleasure or profit, this being their point of resemblance; while the good are friends for one another's sake, that is, in so far as they are good.

These last may be termed abstractedly and simply friends, the former as a matter of result and termed friends from their resemblance to these last.

Chapter VI.

Further; just as in respect of the different virtues some men are termed good in respect of a certain inward state, others in respect of acts of working, so is it in respect of Friendship: I mean, they who live together take pleasure in, and impart good to, one another: but they who are asleep or are locally separated do not perform acts, but only are in such a state as to act in a friendly way if they acted at all: distance has in itself no direct effect upon Friendship, but only prevents the acting it out: yet, if the absence be protracted, it is thought to cause a forgetfulness even of the Friendship: and hence it has been said, "many and many a Friendship doth want of intercourse destroy."

Accordingly, neither the old nor the morose appear to be calculated for Friendship, because the pleasurableness in them is small, and no one can spend his days in company with that which is positively painful or even not pleasurable; since to avoid the painful and aim at the pleasurable is one of the most obvious tendencies of human nature. They who get on with one another very fairly, but are not in habits of intimacy, are rather like people having kindly feelings towards one another than friends; nothing being so characteristic of friends as the living with one another, because the necessitous desire assistance, and the happy companionship, they being the last persons in the world for solitary existence: but people cannot spend their time together unless they are mutually pleasurable and take pleasure in the same objects, a quality which is thought to appertain to the Friendship of companionship.

Chapter VII.

The connection then subsisting between the good is Friendship _par excellence_, as has already been frequently said: since that which is abstractedly good or pleasant is thought to be an object of Friendship and choice-worthy, and to each individual whatever is such to him; and the good man to the good man for both these reasons.

(Now the entertaining the sentiment is like a feeling, but Friendship itself like a state: because the former may have for its object even things inanimate, but requital of Friendship is attended with moral choice which proceeds from a moral state: and again, men wish good to the objects of their Friendship for their sakes, not in the way of a mere feeling but of moral state.)

And the good, in loving their friend, love their own good (inasmuch as the good man, when brought into that relation, becomes a good to him with whom he is so connected), so that either party loves his own good, and repays his friend equally both in wishing well and in the pleasurable: for equality is said to be a tie of Friendship. Well, these points belong most to the Friendship between good men.

But between morose or elderly men Friendship is less apt to arise, because they are somewhat awkward-tempered, and take less pleasure in intercourse and society; these being thought to be specially friendly and productive of Friendship: and so young men become friends quickly, old men not so (because people do not become friends with any, unless they take pleasure in them); and in like manner neither do the morose. Yet men of these classes entertain kindly feelings towards one another: they wish good to one another and render mutual assistance in respect of their needs, but they are not quite friends, because they neither spend their time together nor take pleasure in one another, which circumstances are thought specially to belong to Friendship.

To be a friend to many people, in the way of the perfect Friendship, is not possible; just as you cannot be in love with many at once: it is, so to speak, a state of excess which naturally has but one object; and besides, it is not an easy thing for one man to be very much pleased with many people at the same time, nor perhaps to find many really good. Again, a man needs experience, and to be in habits of close intimacy, which is very difficult.

But it _is_ possible to please many on the score of advantage and pleasure: because there are many men of the kind, and the services may be rendered in a very short time.

Of the two imperfect kinds that which most resembles the perfect is the Friendship based upon pleasure, in which the same results accrue from both and they take pleasure in one another or in the same objects; such as are the Friendships of the young, because a generous spirit is most found in these. The Friendship because of advantage is the connecting link of shopkeepers.

Then again, the very happy have no need of persons who are profitable, but of pleasant ones they have because they wish to have people to live intimately with; and what is painful they bear for a short time indeed, but continuously no one could support it, nay, not even the Chief Good itself, if it were painful to him individually: and so they look out for pleasant friends: perhaps they ought to require such to be good also; and good moreover to themselves individually, because then they will have all the proper requisites of Friendship.

Men in power are often seen to make use of several distinct friends: for some are useful to them and others pleasurable, but the two are not often united: because they do not, in fact, seek such as shall combine pleasantness and goodness, nor such as shall be useful for honourable purposes: but with a view to attain what is pleasant they look out for men of easy-pleasantry; and again, for men who are clever at executing any business put into their hands: and these qualifications are not commonly found united in the same man.

It has been already stated that the good man unites the qualities of pleasantness and usefulness: but then such a one will not be a friend to a superior unless he be also his superior in goodness: for if this be not the case, he cannot, being surpassed in one point, make things equal by a proportionate degree of Friendship.[5] And characters who unite superiority of station and goodness are not common.

Chapter VIII.

Now all the kinds of Friendship which have been already mentioned exist in a state of equality, inasmuch as either the same results accrue to both and they wish the same things to one another, or else they barter one thing against another; pleasure, for instance, against profit: it has been said already that Friendships of this latter kind are less intense in degree and less permanent.

And it is their resemblance or dissimilarity to the same thing which makes them to be thought to be and not to be Friendships: they show like Friendships in right of their likeness to that which is based on virtue (the one kind having the pleasurable, the other the profitable, both of which belong also to the other); and again, they do not show like Friendships by reason of their unlikeness to that true kind; which unlikeness consists herein, that while that is above calumny and so permanent these quickly change and differ in many other points.

But there is another form of Friendship, that, namely, in which the one party is superior to the other; as between father and son, elder and younger, husband and wife, ruler and ruled. These also differ one from another: I mean, the Friendship between parents and children is not the same as between ruler and the ruled, nor has the father the same towards the son as the son towards the father, nor the husband towards the wife as she towards him; because the work, and therefore the excellence, of each of these is different, and different therefore are the causes of their feeling Friendship; distinct and different therefore are their feelings and states of Friendship.

And the same results do not accrue to each from the other, nor in fact ought they to be looked for: but, when children render to their parents what they ought to the authors of their being, and parents to their sons what they ought to their offspring, the Friendship between such parties will be permanent and equitable.

Further; the feeling of Friendship should be in a due proportion in all Friendships which are between superior and inferior; I mean, the better man, or the more profitable, and so forth, should be the object of a stronger feeling than he himself entertains, because when the feeling of Friendship comes to be after a certain rate then equality in a certain sense is produced, which is thought to be a requisite in Friendship.

(It must be remembered, however, that the equal is not in the same case as regards Justice and Friendship: for in strict Justice the exactly proportioned equal ranks first, and the actual numerically equal ranks second, while in Friendship this is exactly reversed.)

And that equality is thus requisite is plainly shown by the occurrence of a great difference of goodness or badness, or prosperity, or something else: for in this case, people are not any longer friends, nay they do not even feel that they ought to be. The clearest illustration is perhaps the case of the gods, because they are most superior in all good things. It is obvious too, in the case of kings, for they who are greatly their inferiors do not feel entitled to be friends to them; nor do people very insignificant to be friends to those of very high excellence or wisdom. Of course, in such cases it is out of the question to attempt to define up to what point they may continue friends: for you may remove many points of agreement and the Friendship last nevertheless; but when one of the parties is very far separated (as a god from men), it cannot continue any longer.

This has given room for a doubt, whether friends do really wish to their friends the very highest goods, as that they may be gods: because, in case the wish were accomplished, they would no longer have them for friends, nor in fact would they have the good things they had, because friends are good things. If then it has been rightly said that a friend wishes to his friend good things for that friend’s sake, it must be understood that he is to remain such as he now is: that is to say, he will wish the greatest good to him of which as man he is capable: yet perhaps not all, because each man desires good for himself most of all.

It is thought that desire for honour makes the mass of men wish rather to be the objects of the feeling of Friendship than to entertain it themselves (and for this reason they are fond of flatterers, a flatterer being a friend inferior or at least pretending to be such and rather to entertain towards another the feeling of Friendship than to be himself the object of it), since the former is thought to be nearly the same as being honoured, which the mass of men desire. And yet men seem to choose honour, not for its own sake, but incidentally:[6] I mean, the common run of men delight to be honoured by those in power because of the hope it raises; that is they think they shall get from them anything they may happen to be in want of, so they delight in honour as an earnest of future benefit. They again who grasp at honour at the hands of the good and those who are really acquainted with their merits desire to confirm their own opinion about themselves: so they take pleasure in the conviction that they are good, which is based on the sentence of those who assert it. But in being the objects of Friendship men delight for its own sake, and so this may be judged to be higher than being honoured and Friendship to be in itself choice-worthy. Friendship, moreover, is thought to consist in feeling, rather than being the object of, the sentiment of Friendship, which is proved by the delight mothers have in the feeling: some there are who give their children to be adopted and brought up by others, and knowing them bear this feeling towards them never seeking to have it returned, if both are not possible; but seeming to be content with seeing them well off and bearing this feeling themselves towards them, even though they, by reason of ignorance, never render to them any filial regard or love.

Since then Friendship stands rather in the entertaining, than in being the object of, the sentiment, and they are praised who are fond of their friends, it seems that entertaining the sentiment is the Excellence of friends; and so, in whomsoever this exists in due proportion these are stable friends and their Friendship is permanent. And in this way may they who are unequal best be friends, because they may thus be made equal.

Equality, then, and similarity are a tie to Friendship, and specially the similarity of goodness, because good men, being stable in themselves, are also stable as regards others, and neither ask degrading services nor render them, but, so to say, rather prevent

them: for it is the part of the good neither to do wrong themselves nor to allow their friends in so doing.

The bad, on the contrary, have no principle of stability: in fact, they do not even continue like themselves: only they come to be friends for a short time from taking delight in one another's wickedness. Those connected by motives of profit, or pleasure, hold together somewhat longer: so long, that is to say, as they can give pleasure or profit mutually.

The Friendship based on motives of profit is thought to be most of all formed out of contrary elements: the poor man, for instance, is thus a friend of the rich, and the ignorant of the man of information; that is to say, a man desiring that of which he is, as it happens, in want, gives something else in exchange for it. To this same class we may refer the lover and beloved, the beautiful and the ill-favoured. For this reason lovers sometimes show in a ridiculous light by claiming to be the objects of as intense a feeling as they themselves entertain: of course if they are equally fit objects of Friendship they are perhaps entitled to claim this, but if they have nothing of the kind it is ridiculous.

Perhaps, moreover, the contrary does not aim at its contrary for its own sake but incidentally: the mean is really what is grasped at; it being good for the dry, for instance, not to become wet but to attain the mean, and so of the hot, etc.

However, let us drop these questions, because they are in fact somewhat foreign to our purpose.

Chapter IX.

It seems too, as was stated at the commencement, that Friendship and Justice have the same object-matter, and subsist between the same persons: I mean that in every Communion there is thought to be some principle of Justice and also some Friendship: men address as friends, for instance, those who are their comrades by sea, or in war, and in like manner also those who are brought into Communion with them in other ways: and the Friendship, because also the Justice, is co-extensive with the Communion, This justifies the common proverb, "the goods of friends are common," since Friendship rests upon Communion.

Now brothers and intimate companions have all in common, but other people have their property separate, and some have more in common and others less, because the Friendships likewise differ in degree. So too do the various principles of Justice involved, not being the same between parents and children as between brothers, nor between companions as between fellow-citizens merely, and so on of all the other conceivable Friendships. Different also are the principles of Injustice as regards these different grades, and the acts become intensified by being done to friends; for instance, it is worse to rob your companion than one who is merely a fellow-citizen; to refuse help to a brother than to a stranger; and to strike your father than any one else. So then the Justice naturally increases with the degree of Friendship, as being between the same parties and of equal extent.

All cases of Communion are parts, so to say, of the great Social one, since in them men associate with a view to some advantage and to procure some of those things which are needful for life; and the great Social Communion is thought originally to have been associated and to continue for the sake of some advantage: this being the point at which legislators aim, affirming that to be just which is generally expedient.

All the other cases of Communion aim at advantage in particular points; the crew of a vessel at that which is to result from the voyage which is undertaken with a view to making money, or some such object; comrades in war at that which is to result from the war, grasping either at wealth or victory, or it may be a political position; and those of the same tribe, or Demus, in like manner.

Some of them are thought to be formed for pleasure's sake, those, for instance, of bacchanals or club-fellows, which are with a view to Sacrifice or merely company. But all these seem to be ranged under the great Social one, inasmuch as the aim of this is, not merely the expediency of the moment but, for life and at all times; with a view to which the members of it institute sacrifices and their attendant assemblies, to render honour to the gods and procure for themselves respite from toil combined with pleasure. For it appears that sacrifices and religious assemblies in old times were made as a kind of first-fruits after the ingathering of the crops, because at such seasons they had most leisure.

So then it appears that all the instances of Communion are parts of the great Social one: and corresponding Friendships will follow upon such Communions.

Chapter X.

Of Political Constitutions there are three kinds; and equal in number are the deflections from them, being, so to say, corruptions of them.

The former are Kingship, Aristocracy, and that which recognises the principle of wealth, which it seems appropriate to call Timocracy (I give to it the name of a political constitution because people commonly do so). Of these the best is Monarchy, and Timocracy the worst.

From Monarchy the deflection is Despotism; both being Monarchies but widely differing from each other; for the Despot looks to his own advantage, but the King to that of his subjects: for he is in fact no King who is not thoroughly independent and superior to the rest in all good things, and he that is this has no further wants: he will not then have to look to his own advantage but to that of his subjects, for he that is not in such a position is a mere King elected by lot for the nonce.

But Despotism is on a contrary footing to this Kingship, because the Despot pursues his own good: and in the case of this its inferiority is most evident, and what is worse is contrary to what is best. The Transition to Despotism is made from Kingship, Despotism being a corrupt form of Monarchy, that is to say, the bad King comes to be a Despot.

From Aristocracy to Oligarchy the transition is made by the fault of the Rulers in distributing the public property contrary to right proportion; and giving either all that is good, or the greatest share, to themselves; and the offices to the same persons always, making wealth their idol; thus a few bear rule and they bad men in the place of the best.

From Timocracy the transition is to Democracy, they being contiguous: for it is the nature of Timocracy to be in the hands of a multitude, and all in the same grade of property are equal. Democracy is the least vicious of all, since herein the form of the constitution undergoes least change.

Well, these are generally the changes to which the various Constitutions are liable, being the least in degree and the easiest to make.

Likenesses, and, as it were, models of them, one may find even in Domestic life: for instance, the Communion between a Father and his Sons presents the figure of Kingship, because the children are the Father's care: and hence Homer names Jupiter Father because Kingship is intended to be a paternal rule. Among the Persians, however, the Father's rule is Despotic, for they treat their Sons as slaves. (The relation of Master to Slaves is of the nature of Despotism because the point regarded herein is the Master's interest): this now strikes me to be as it ought, but the Persian custom to be mistaken; because for different persons there should be different rules.

Between Husband and Wife the relation takes the form of Aristocracy, because he rules by right and in such points only as the Husband should, and gives to the Wife all that befits her to have. Where the Husband lords it in everything he changes the relation into an Oligarchy; because he does it contrary to right and not as being the better of the two. In some instances the Wives take the reins of government, being heiresses: here the rule is carried on not in right of goodness but by reason of wealth and power, as it is in Oligarchies.

Timocracy finds its type in the relation of Brothers: they being equal except as to such differences as age introduces: for which reason, if they are very different in age, the Friendship comes to be no longer a fraternal one: while Democracy is represented specially by families which have no head (all being there equal), or in which the proper head is weak and so every member does that which is right in his own eyes.

Chapter XI.

Attendant then on each form of Political Constitution there plainly is Friendship exactly co-extensive with the principle of Justice; that between a King and his Subjects being in the relation of a superiority of benefit, inasmuch as he benefits his subjects; it being assumed that he is a good king and takes care of their welfare as a shepherd tends his flock; whence Homer (to quote him again) calls Agamemnon, "shepherd of the people." And of this same kind is the Paternal Friendship, only that it exceeds the former in the greatness of the benefits done; because the father is the author of being (which is esteemed the greatest benefit) and of maintenance and education (these things are also, by the way, ascribed to ancestors generally): and by the law of nature the father has the right of rule over his sons, ancestors over their descendants, and the king over his subjects.

These friendships are also between superiors and inferiors, for which reason parents are not merely loved but also honoured. The principle of Justice also between these parties is not exactly the same but according to proportiton, because so also is the Friendship.

Now between Husband and Wife there is the same Friendship as in Aristocracy: for the relation is determined by relative excellence, and the better person has the greater good and each has what befits: so too also is the principle of Justice between them.

The Fraternal Friendship is like that of Companions, because brothers are equal and much of an age, and such persons have generally like feelings and like dispositions. Like to this also is the Friendship of a Timocracy, because the citizens are intended to be equal and equitable: rule, therefore, passes from hand to hand, and is distributed on equal terms: so too is the Friendship accordingly.

In the deflections from the constitutional forms, just as the principle of Justice is but small so is the Friendship also: and least of all in the most perverted form: in Despotism there is little or no Friendship. For generally wherever the ruler and the ruled have nothing in common there is no Friendship because there is no Justice; but the case is as between an artisan and his tool, or between soul and body, and master and slave; all these are benefited by those who use them, but towards things inanimate there is neither Friendship nor Justice: nor even towards a horse or an ox, or a slave _quâ_ slave, because there is nothing in common: a slave as such is an animate tool, a tool an inanimate slave. _Quâ_ slave, then, there is no Friendship towards him, only _quâ_ man: for it is thought that there is some principle of Justice between every man, and every other who can share in law and be a party to an agreement; and so somewhat of Friendship, in so far as he is man. So in Despotisms the Friendships and the principle of Justice are inconsiderable in extent, but in Democracies they are most considerable because they who are equal have much in common.

Chapter XII.

Now of course all Friendship is based upon Communion, as has been already stated: but one would be inclined to separate off from the rest the Friendship of Kindred, and that of Companions: whereas those of men of the same city, or tribe, or crew, and all such, are more peculiarly, it would seem, based upon Communion, inasmuch as they plainly exist in right of some agreement expressed or implied: among these one may rank also the Friendship of Hospitality,

The Friendship of Kindred is likewise of many kinds, and appears in all its varieties to depend on the Parental: parents, I mean, love their children as being a part of themselves, children love their parents as being themselves somewhat derived from them. But parents know their offspring more than these know that they are from the parents, and the source is more closely bound to that which is produced than that which is produced is to that which formed it: of course, whatever is derived from one's self is proper to that from which it is so derived (as, for instance, a tooth or a hair, or any other thing whatever to him that has it): but the source to it is in no degree proper, or in an inferior degree at least.

Then again the greater length of time comes in: the parents love their offspring from the first moment of their being, but their offspring them only after a lapse of time when they have attained intelligence or instinct. These considerations serve also to show why mothers have greater strength of affection than fathers.

Now parents love their children as themselves (since what is derived from themselves becomes a kind of other Self by the fact of separation), but children their parents as being sprung from them. And brothers love one another from being sprung from the same; that is, their sameness with the common stock creates a sameness with one another;[7] whence come the phrases, "same blood," "root," and so on. In fact they are the same, in a sense, even in the separate distinct individuals.

Then again the being brought up together, and the nearness of age, are a great help towards Friendship, for a man likes one of his own age and persons who are used to one another are companions, which accounts for the resemblance between the Friendship of Brothers and that of Companions.

And cousins and all other relatives derive their bond of union from these, that is to say, from their community of origin: and the strength of this bond varies according to their respective distances from the common ancestor.

Further: the Friendship felt by children towards parents, and by men towards the gods, is as towards something good and above them; because these have conferred the greatest possible benefits, in that they are the causes of their being and being nourished, and of their having been educated after they were brought into being.

And Friendship of this kind has also the pleasurable and the profitable more than that between persons unconnected by blood, in proportion as their life is also more shared in common. Then again in the Fraternal Friendship there is all that there is in that of Companions, and more in the good, and generally in those who are alike; in proportion as they are more closely tied and from their

very birth have a feeling of affection for one another to begin with, and as they are more like in disposition who spring from the same stock and have grown up together and been educated alike: and besides this they have the greatest opportunities in respect of time for proving one another, and can therefore depend most securely upon the trial.

Between Husband and Wife there is thought to be Friendship by a law of nature: man being by nature disposed to pair, more than to associate in Communities: in proportion as the family is prior in order of time and more absolutely necessary than the Community. And procreation is more common to him with other animals; all the other animals have Communion thus far, but human creatures cohabit not merely for the sake of procreation but also with a view to life in general::[8] because in this connection the works are immediately divided, and some belong to the man, others to the woman: thus they help one the other, putting what is peculiar to each into the common stock.

And for these reasons this Friendship is thought to combine the profitable and the pleasurable: it will be also based upon virtue if they are good people; because each has goodness and they may take delight in this quality in each other. Children too are thought to be a tie: accordingly the childless sooner separate, for the children are a good common to both and anything in common is a bond of union.

The question how a man is to live with his wife, or (more generally) one friend with another, appears to be no other than this, how it is just that they should: because plainly there is not the same principle of Justice between a friend and friend, as between strangers, or companions, or mere chance fellow-travellers.

Chapter XIII.

There are then, as was stated at the commencement of this book, three kinds of Friendship, and in each there may be friends on a footing of equality and friends in the relation of superior and inferior; we find, I mean, that people who are alike in goodness, become friends, and better with worse, and so also pleasant people; again, because of advantage people are friends, either balancing exactly their mutual profitableness or differing from one another herein. Well then, those who are equal should in right of this equality be equalised also by the degree of their Friendship and the other points, and those who are on a footing of inequality by rendering Friendship in proportion to the superiority of the other party.

Fault-finding and blame arises, either solely or most naturally, in Friendship of which utility is the motive: for they who are friends by reason of goodness, are eager to do kindnesses to one another because this is a natural result of goodness and Friendship; and when men are vying with each other for this End there can be no fault-finding nor contention: since no one is annoyed at one who entertains for him the sentiment of Friendship and does kindnesses to him, but if of a refined mind he requites him with kind actions. And suppose that one of the two exceeds the other, yet as he is attaining his object he will not find fault with his friend, for good is the object of each party.

Neither can there well be quarrels between men who are friends for pleasure’s sake: because supposing them to delight in living together then both attain their desire; or if not a man would be put in a ridiculous light who should find fault with another for not pleasing him, since it is in his power to forbear intercourse with him. But the Friendship because of advantage is very liable to fault-finding; because, as the parties use one another with a view to advantage, the requirements are continually enlarging, and they think they have less than of right belongs to them, and find fault because though justly entitled they do not get as much as they want: while they who do the kindnesses, can never come up to the requirements of those to whom they are being done.

It seems also, that as the Just is of two kinds, the unwritten and the legal, so Friendship because of advantage is of two kinds, what may be called the Moral, and the Legal: and the most fruitful source of complaints is that parties contract obligations and discharge them not in the same line of Friendship. The Legal is upon specified conditions, either purely tradesmanlike from hand to hand or somewhat more gentlemanly as regards time but still by agreement a _quid pro quo_.

In this Legal kind the obligation is clear and admits of no dispute, the friendly element is the delay in requiring its discharge: and for this reason in some countries no actions can be maintained at Law for the recovery of such debts, it being held that they who have dealt on the footing of credit must be content to abide the issue.

That which may be termed the Moral kind is not upon specified conditions, but a man gives as to his friend and so on: but still he expects to receive an equivalent, or even more, as though he had not given but lent: he also will find fault, because he does not get the obligation discharged in the same way as it was contracted.

Now this results from the fact, that all men, or the generality at least, _wish_ what is honourable, but, when tested, _choose_ what is profitable; and the doing kindnesses disinterestedly is honourable while receiving benefits is profitable. In such cases one should, if able, make a return proportionate to the good received, and do so willingly, because one ought not to make a disinterested friend[9] of a man against his inclination: one should act, I say, as having made a mistake originally in receiving kindness from one from whom one ought not to have received it, he being not a friend nor doing the act disinterestedly; one should therefore discharge one's self of the obligation as having received a kindness on specified terms: and if able a man would engage to repay the kindness, while if he were unable even the doer of it would not expect it of him: so that if he is able he ought to repay it. But one ought at the first to ascertain from whom one is receiving kindness, and on what understanding, that on that same understanding one may accept it or not.

A question admitting of dispute is whether one is to measure a kindness by the good done to the receiver of it, and make this the standard by which to requite, or by the kind intention of the doer?

For they who have received kindnesses frequently plead in depreciation that they have received from their benefactors such things as were small for them to give, or such as they themselves could have got from others: while the doers of the kindnesses affirm that they gave the best they had, and what could not have been got from others, and under danger, or in such-like straits.

May we not say, that as utility is the motive of the Friendship the advantage conferred on the receiver must be the standard? because he it is who requests the kindness and the other serves him in his need on the understanding that he is to get an equivalent: the assistance rendered is then exactly proportionate to the advantage which the receiver has obtained, and he should therefore repay as much as he gained by it, or even more, this being more creditable.

In Friendships based on goodness, the question, of course, is never raised, but herein the motive of the doer seems to be the proper standard, since virtue and moral character depend principally on motive.

Chapter XIV.

Quarrels arise also in those Friendships in which the parties are unequal because each party thinks himself entitled to the greater share, and of course, when this happens, the Friendship is broken up.

The man who is better than the other thinks that having the greater share pertains to him of right, for that more is always awarded to the good man: and similarly the man who is more profitable to another than that other to him: "one who is useless," they say, "ought not to share equally, for it comes to a tax, and not a Friendship, unless the fruits of the Friendship are reaped in proportion to the works done:" their notion being, that as in a money partnership they who contribute more receive more so should it be in Friendship likewise.

On the other hand, the needy man and the less virtuous advance the opposite claim: they urge that "it is the very business of a good friend to help those who are in need, else what is the use of having a good or powerful friend if one is not to reap the advantage at all?"

Now each seems to advance a right claim and to be entitled to get more out of the connection than the other, only _not more of the same thing_: but the superior man should receive more respect, the needy man more profit: respect being the reward of goodness and beneficence, profit being the aid of need.

This is plainly the principle acted upon in Political Communities: he receives no honour who gives no good to the common stock: for the property of the Public is given to him who does good to the Public, and honour is the property of the Public; it is not possible both to make money out of the Public and receive honour likewise; because no one will put up with the less in every respect: so to him who suffers loss as regards money they award honour, but money to him who can be paid by gifts: since, as has been stated before, the observing due proportion equalises and preserves Friendship.

Like rules then should be observed in the intercourse of friends who are unequal; and to him who advantages another in respect of money, or goodness, that other should repay honour, making requital according to his power; because Friendship requires what is possible, not what is strictly due, this being not possible in all cases, as in the honours paid to the gods and to parents: no man could ever make the due return in these cases, and so he is thought to be a good man who pays respect according to his ability.

For this reason it may be judged never to be allowable for a son to disown his father, whereas a father may his son: because he that owes is bound to pay; now a son can never, by anything he has done, fully requite the benefits first conferred on him by his

father, and so is always a debtor. But they to whom anything is owed may cast off their debtors: therefore the father may his son. But at the same time it must perhaps be admitted, that it seems no father ever _would_ sever himself utterly from a son, except in a case of exceeding depravity: because, independently of the natural Friendship, it is like human nature not to put away from one's self the assistance which a son might render. But to the son, if depraved, assisting his father is a thing to be avoided, or at least one which he will not be very anxious to do; most men being willing enough to receive kindness, but averse to doing it as unprofitable.

Let thus much suffice on these points.

BOOK IX

Chapter I.

Well, in all the Friendships the parties to which are dissimilar it is the proportionate which equalises and preserves the Friendship, as has been already stated: I mean, in the Social Friendship the cobbler, for instance, gets an equivalent for his shoes after a certain rate; and the weaver, and all others in like manner. Now in this case a common measure has been provided in money, and to this accordingly all things are referred and by this are measured: but in the Friendship of Love the complaint is sometimes from the lover that, though he loves exceedingly, his love is not requited; he having perhaps all the time nothing that can be the object of Friendship: again, oftentimes from the object of love that he who as a suitor promised any and every thing now performs nothing. These cases occur because the Friendship of the lover for the beloved object is based upon pleasure, that of the other for him upon utility, and in one of the parties the requisite quality is not found: for, as these are respectively the grounds of the Friendship, the Friendship comes to be broken up because the motives to it cease to exist: the parties loved not one another but qualities in one another which are not permanent, and so neither are the Friendships: whereas the Friendship based upon the moral character of the parties, being independent and disinterested, is permanent, as we have already stated.

Quarrels arise also when the parties realise different results and not those which they desire; for the not attaining one's special object is all one, in this case, with getting nothing at all: as in the well-known case where a man made promises to a musician, rising in proportion to the excellence of his music; but when, the next morning, the musician claimed the performance of his promises, he said that he had given him pleasure for pleasure: of course, if each party had intended this, it would have been all right: but if the one desires amusement and the other gain, and the one gets his object but the other not, the dealing cannot be fair: because a man fixes his mind upon what he happens to want, and will give so and so for that specific thing.

The question then arises, who is to fix the rate? the man who first gives, or the man who first takes? because, _primâ facie_, the man who first gives seems to leave the rate to be fixed by the other party. This, they say, was in fact the practice of Protagoras: when he taught a man anything he would bid the learner estimate the worth of the knowledge gained by his own private opinion; and then he used to take so much from him. In such cases some people adopt the rule,

"With specified reward a friend should be content."

They are certainly fairly found fault with who take the money in advance and then do nothing of what they said they would do, their promises having been so far beyond their ability; for such men do not perform what they agreed, The Sophists, however, are perhaps obliged to take this course, because no one would give a sixpence for their knowledge. These then, I say, are fairly found fault with, because they do not what they have already taken money for doing.

In cases where no stipulation as to the respective services is made they who disinterestedly do the first service will not raise the question (as we have said before), because it is the nature of Friendship, based on mutual goodness to be reference to the intention of the other, the intention being characteristic of the true friend and of goodness.

And it would seem the same rule should be laid down for those who are connected with one another as teachers and learners of philosophy; for here the value of the commodity cannot be measured by money, and, in fact, an exactly equivalent price cannot be set upon it, but perhaps it is sufficient to do what one can, as in the case of the gods or one's parents.

But where the original giving is not upon these terms but avowedly for some return, the most proper course is perhaps for the requital to be such as _both_ shall allow to be proportionate, and, where this cannot be, then for the receiver to fix the value would seem to be not only necessary but also fair: because when the first giver gets that which is equivalent to the advantage received by the other, or to what he would have given to secure the pleasure he has had, then he has the value from him: for not only is this

seen to be the course adopted in matters of buying and selling but also in some places the law does not allow of actions upon voluntary dealings; on the principle that when one man has trusted another he must be content to have the obligation discharged in the same spirit as he originally contracted it: that is to say, it is thought fairer for the trusted, than for the trusting, party, to fix the value. For, in general, those who have and those who wish to get things do not set the same value on them: what is their own, and what they give in each case, appears to them worth a great deal: but yet the return is made according to the estimate of those who have received first, it should perhaps be added that the receiver should estimate what he has received, not by the value he sets upon it now that he has it, but by that which he set upon it before he obtained it.

Chapter II.

Questions also arise upon such points as the following: Whether one's father has an unlimited claim on one's services and obedience, or whether the sick man is to obey his physician? or, in an election of a general, the warlike qualities of the candidates should be alone regarded?

In like manner whether one should do a service rather to one's friend or to a good man? whether one should rather requite a benefactor or give to one's companion, supposing that both are not within one's power?

Is not the true answer that it is no easy task to determine all such questions accurately, inasmuch as they involve numerous differences of all kinds, in respect of amount and what is honourable and what is necessary? It is obvious, of course, that no one person can unite in himself all claims. Again, the requital of benefits is, in general, a higher duty than doing unsolicited kindnesses to one's companion; in other words, the discharging of a debt is more obligatory upon one than the duty of giving to a companion. And yet this rule may admit of exceptions; for instance, which is the higher duty? for one who has been ransomed out of the hands of robbers to ransom in return his ransomer, be he who he may, or to repay him on his demand though he has not been taken by robbers, or to ransom his own father? for it would seem that a man ought to ransom his father even in preference to himself.

Well then, as has been said already, as a general rule the debt should be discharged, but if in a particular case the giving greatly preponderates as being either honourable or necessary, we must be swayed by these considerations: I mean, in some cases the requital of the obligation previously existing may not be equal; suppose, for instance, that the original benefactor has conferred a kindness on a good man, knowing him to be such, whereas this said good man has to repay it believing him to be a scoundrel.

And again, in certain cases no obligation lies on a man to lend to one who has lent to him; suppose, for instance, that a bad man lent to him, as being a good man, under the notion that he should get repaid, whereas the said good man has no hope of repayment from him being a bad man. Either then the case is really as we have supposed it and then the claim is not equal, or it is not so but supposed to be; and still in so acting people are not to be thought to act wrongly. In short, as has been oftentimes stated before, all statements regarding feelings and actions can be definite only in proportion as their object-matter is so; it is of course quite obvious that all people have not the same claim upon one, nor are the claims of one's father unlimited; just as Jupiter does not claim all kinds of sacrifice without distinction: and since the claims of parents, brothers, companions, and benefactors, are all different, we must give to each what belongs to and befits each.

And this is seen to be the course commonly pursued: to marriages men commonly invite their relatives, because these are from a common stock and therefore all the actions in any way pertaining thereto are common also: and to funerals men think that relatives ought to assemble in preference to other people, for the same reason.

And it would seem that in respect of maintenance it is our duty to assist our parents in preference to all others, as being their debtors, and because it is more honourable to succour in these respects the authors of our existence than ourselves. Honour likewise we ought to pay to our parents just as to the gods, but then, not all kinds of honour: not the same, for instance, to a father as to a mother: nor again to a father the honour due to a scientific man or to a general but that which is a father's due, and in like manner to a mother that which is a mother's.

To all our elders also the honour befitting their age, by rising up in their presence, turning out of the way for them, and all similar marks of respect: to our companions again, or brothers, frankness and free participation in all we have. And to those of the same family, or tribe, or city, with ourselves, and all similarly connected with us, we should constantly try to render their due, and to discriminate what belongs to each in respect of nearness of connection, or goodness, or intimacy: of course in the case of those of the same class the discrimination is easier; in that of those who are in different classes it is a matter of more trouble. This, however, should not be a reason for giving up the attempt, but we must observe the distinctions so far as it is practicable to do so.

Chapter III.

A question is also raised as to the propriety of dissolving or not dissolving those Friendships the parties to which do not remain what they were when the connection was formed.

Now surely in respect of those whose motive to Friendship is utility or pleasure there can be nothing wrong in breaking up the connection when they no longer have those qualities; because they were friends [not of one another, but] of those qualities: and, these having failed, it is only reasonable to expect that they should cease to entertain the sentiment.

But a man has reason to find fault if the other party, being really attached to him because of advantage or pleasure, pretended to be so because of his moral character: in fact, as we said at the commencement, the most common source of quarrels between friends is their not being friends on the same grounds as they suppose themselves to be.

Now when a man has been deceived in having supposed himself to excite the sentiment of Friendship by reason of his moral character, the other party doing nothing to indicate he has but himself to blame: but when he has been deceived by the pretence of the other he has a right to find fault with the man who has so deceived him, aye even more than with utterers of false coin, in proportion to the greater preciousness of that which is the object-matter of the villany.

But suppose a man takes up another as being a good man, who turns out, and is found by him, to be a scoundrel, is he bound still to entertain Friendship for him? or may we not say at once it is impossible? since it is not everything which is the object-matter of Friendship, but only that which is good; and so there is no obligation to be a bad man's friend, nor, in fact, ought one to be such: for one ought not to be a lover of evil, nor to be assimilated to what is base; which would be implied, because we have said before, like is friendly to like.

Are we then to break with him instantly? not in all cases; only where our friends are incurably depraved; when there is a chance of amendment we are bound to aid in repairing the moral character of our friends even more than their substance, in proportion as it is better and more closely related to Friendship. Still he who should break off the connection is not to be judged to act wrongly, for he never was a friend to such a character as the other now is, and therefore, since the man is changed and he cannot reduce him to his original state, he backs out of the connection.

To put another case: suppose that one party remains what he was when the Friendship was formed, while the other becomes morally improved and widely different from his friend in goodness; is the improved character to treat the other as a friend?

May we not say it is impossible? The case of course is clearest where there is a great difference, as in the Friendships of boys: for suppose that of two boyish friends the one still continues a boy in mind and the other becomes a man of the highest character, how can they be friends? since they neither are pleased with the same objects nor like and dislike the same things: for these points will not belong to them as regards one another, and without them it was assumed they cannot be friends because they cannot live in intimacy: and of the case of those who cannot do so we have spoken before.

Well then, is the improved party to bear himself towards his former friend in no way differently to what he would have done had the connection never existed?

Surely he ought to bear in mind the intimacy of past times, and just as we think ourselves bound to do favours for our friends in preference to strangers, so to those who have been friends and are so no longer we should allow somewhat on the score of previous Friendship, whenever the cause of severance is not excessive depravity on their part.

Chapter IV.

Now the friendly feelings which are exhibited towards our friends, and by which Friendships are characterised, seem to have sprung out of those which we entertain toward ourselves.

I mean, people define a friend to be "one who intends and does what is good (or what he believes to be good) to another for that other's sake," or "one who wishes his friend to be and to live for that friend's own sake" (which is the feeling of mothers towards their children, and of friends who have come into collision). Others again, "one who lives with another and chooses the same objects," or "one who sympathises with his friend in his sorrows and in his joys" (this too is especially the case with mothers).

Well, by some one of these marks people generally characterise Friendship: and each of these the good man has towards himself, and all others have them in so far as they suppose themselves to be good. (For, as has been said before, goodness, that is the

good man, seems to be a measure to every one else.)

For he is at unity in himself, and with every part of his soul he desires the same objects; and he wishes for himself both what is, and what he believes to be, good; and he does it (it being characteristic of the good man to work at what is good), and for the sake of himself, inasmuch as he does it for the sake of his Intellectual Principle which is generally thought to be a man's Self. Again, he wishes himself And specially this Principle whereby he is an intelligent being, to live and be preserved in life, because existence is a good to him that is a good man.

But it is to himself that each individual wishes what is good, and no man, conceiving the possibility of his becoming other than he now is, chooses that that New Self should have all things indiscriminately: a god, for instance, has at the present moment the Chief Good, but he has it in right of being whatever he actually now is: and the Intelligent Principle must be judged to be each man's Self, or at least eminently so [though other Principles help, of course, to constitute him the man he is].

Furthermore, the good man wishes to continue to live with himself; for he can do it with pleasure, in that his memories of past actions are full of delight and his anticipations of the future are good and such are pleasurable. Then, again, he has good store of matter for his Intellect to contemplate, and he most especially sympathises with his Self in its griefs and joys, because the objects which give him pain and pleasure are at all times the same, not one thing to-day and a different one to-morrow: because he is not given to repentance,[1] if one may so speak. It is then because each of these feelings are entertained by the good man towards his own Self and a friend feels towards a friend as towards himself (a friend being in fact another Self), that Friendship is thought to be some one of these things and they are accounted friends in whom they are found. Whether or no there can really be Friendship between a man and his Self is a question we will not at present entertain: there may be thought to be Friendship, in so far as there are two or more of the aforesaid requisites, and because the highest degree of Friendship, in the usual acceptation of that term, resembles the feeling entertained by a man towards himself.

But it may be urged that the aforesaid requisites are to all appearance found in the common run of men, though they are men of a low stamp.

May it not be answered, that they share in them only in so far as they please themselves, and conceive themselves to be good? for certainly, they are not either really, or even apparently, found in any one of those who are very depraved and villainous; we may almost say not even in those who are bad men at all: for they are at variance with themselves and lust after different things from those which in cool reason they wish for, just as men who fail of Self-Control: I mean, they choose things which, though hurtful, are pleasurable, in preference to those which in their own minds they believe to be good: others again, from cowardice and indolence, decline to do what still they are convinced is best for them: while they who from their depravity have actually done many dreadful actions hate and avoid life, and accordingly kill themselves: and the wicked seek others in whose company to spend their time, but fly from themselves because they have many unpleasant subjects of memory, and can only look forward to others like them when in solitude but drown their remorse in the company of others: and as they have nothing to raise the sentiment of Friendship so they never feel it towards themselves.

Neither, in fact, can they who are of this character sympathise with their Selves in their joys and sorrows, because their soul is, as it were, rent by faction, and the one principle, by reason of the depravity in them, is grieved at abstaining from certain things, while the other and better principle is pleased thereat; and the one drags them this way and the other that way, as though actually tearing them asunder.[2] And though it is impossible actually to have at the same time the sensations of pain and pleasure; yet after a little time the man is sorry for having been pleased, and he could wish that those objects had not given him pleasure; for the wicked are full of remorse.

It is plain then that the wicked man cannot be in the position of a friend even towards himself, because he has in himself nothing which can excite the sentiment of Friendship. If then to be thus is exceedingly wretched it is a man's duty to flee from wickedness with all his might and to strive to be good, because thus may he be friends with himself and may come to be a friend to another.

Chapter V.

Kindly Feeling, though resembling Friendship, is not identical with it, because it may exist in reference to those whom we do not know and without the object of it being aware of its existence, which Friendship cannot. (This, by the way, has also been said before.) And further, it is not even Affection because it does not imply intensity nor yearning, which are both consequences of Affection. Again Affection requires intimacy but Kindly Feeling may arise quite suddenly, as happens sometimes in respect of men

against whom people are matched in any way, I mean they come to be kindly disposed to them and sympathise in their wishes, but still they would not join them in any action, because, as we said, they conceive this feeling of kindness suddenly and so have but a superficial liking.

What it does seem to be is the starting point of a Friendship; just as pleasure, received through the sight, is the commencement of Love: for no one falls in love without being first pleased with the personal appearance of the beloved object, and yet he who takes pleasure in it does not therefore necessarily love, but when he wearies for the object in its absence and desires its presence. Exactly in the same way men cannot be friends without having passed through the stage of Kindly Feeling, and yet they who are in that stage do not necessarily advance to Friendship: they merely have an inert wish for the good of those toward whom they entertain the feeling, but would not join them in any action, nor put themselves out of the way for them. So that, in a metaphorical way of speaking, one might say that it is dormant Friendship, and when it has endured for a space and ripened into intimacy comes to be real Friendship; but not that whose object is advantage or pleasure, because such motives cannot produce even Kindly Feeling.

I mean, he who has received a kindness requites it by Kindly Feeling towards his benefactor, and is right in so doing: but he who wishes another to be prosperous, because he has hope of advantage through his instrumentality, does not seem to be kindly disposed to that person but rather to himself; just as neither is he his friend if he pays court to him for any interested purpose.

Kindly Feeling always arises by reason of goodness and a certain amiability, when one man gives another the notion of being a fine fellow, or brave man, etc., as we said was the case sometimes with those matched against one another.

Chapter VI.

Unity of Sentiment is also plainly connected with Friendship, and therefore is not the same as Unity of Opinion, because this might exist even between people unacquainted with one another.

Nor do men usually say people are united in sentiment merely because they agree in opinion on _any_ point, as, for instance, on points of astronomical science (Unity of Sentiment herein not having any connection with Friendship), but they say that Communities have Unity of Sentiment when they agree respecting points of expediency and take the same line and carry out what has been determined in common consultation.

Thus we see that Unity of Sentiment has for its object matters of action, and such of these as are of importance, and of mutual, or, in the case of single States, common, interest: when, for instance, all agree in the choice of magistrates, or forming alliance with the Lacedæmonians, or appointing Pittacus ruler (that is to say, supposing he himself was willing). But when each wishes himself to be in power (as the brothers in the Phœnissæ), they quarrel and form parties: for, plainly, Unity of Sentiment does not merely imply that each entertains the same idea be it what it may, but that they do so in respect of the same object, as when both the populace and the sensible men of a State desire that the best men should be in office, because then all attain their object.

Thus Unity of Sentiment is plainly a social Friendship, as it is also said to be: since it has for its object-matter things expedient and relating to life.

And this Unity exists among the good: for they have it towards themselves and towards one another, being, if I may be allowed the expression, in the same position: I mean, the wishes of such men are steady and do not ebb and flow like the Euripus, and they wish what is just and expedient and aim at these things in common.

The bad, on the contrary, can as little have Unity of Sentiment as they can be real friends, except to a very slight extent, desiring as they do unfair advantage in things profitable while they shirk labour and service for the common good: and while each man wishes for these things for himself he is jealous of and hinders his neighbour: and as they do not watch over the common good it is lost. The result is that they quarrel while they are for keeping one another to work but are not willing to perform their just share.

Chapter VII.

Benefactors are commonly held to have more Friendship for the objects of their kindness than these for them: and the fact is made a subject of discussion and enquiry, as being contrary to reasonable expectation.

The account of the matter which satisfies most persons is that the one are debtors and the others creditors: and therefore that, as in the case of actual loans the debtors wish their creditors out of the way while the creditors are anxious for the preservation of their

debtors, so those who have done kindnesses desire the continued existence of the people they have done them to, under the notion of getting a return of their good offices, while these are not particularly anxious about requital.

Epicharmus, I suspect, would very probably say that they who give this solution judge from their own baseness; yet it certainly is like human nature, for the generality of men have short memories on these points, and aim rather at receiving than conferring benefits.

But the real cause, it would seem, rests upon nature, and the case is not parallel to that of creditors; because in this there is no affection to the persons, but merely a wish for their preservation with a view to the return: whereas, in point of fact, they who have done kindnesses feel friendship and love for those to whom they have done them, even though they neither are, nor can by possibility hereafter be, in a position to serve their benefactors.

And this is the case also with artisans; every one, I mean, feels more affection for his own work than that work possibly could for him if it were animate. It is perhaps specially the case with poets: for these entertain very great affection for their poems, loving them as their own children. It is to this kind of thing I should be inclined to compare the case of benefactors: for the object of their kindness is their own work, and so they love this more than this loves its creator.

And the account of this is that existence is to all a thing choice-worthy and an object of affection; now we exist by acts of working, that is, by living and acting; he then that has created a given work exists, it may be said, by his act of working: therefore he loves his work because he loves existence. And this is natural, for the work produced displays in act what existed before potentially.

Then again, the benefactor has a sense of honour in right of his action, so that he may well take pleasure in him in whom this resides; but to him who has received the benefit there is nothing honourable in respect of his benefactor, only something advantageous which is both less pleasant and less the object of Friendship.

Again, pleasure is derived from the actual working out of a present action, from the anticipation of a future one, and from the recollection of a past one: but the highest pleasure and special object of affection is that which attends on the actual working. Now the benefactor's work abides (for the honourable is enduring), but the advantage of him who has received the kindness passes away.

Again, there is pleasure in recollecting honourable actions, but in recollecting advantageous ones there is none at all or much less (by the way though, the contrary is true of the expectation of advantage).

Further, the entertaining the feeling of Friendship is like acting on another; but being the object of the feeling is like being acted upon.

So then, entertaining the sentiment of Friendship, and all feelings connected with it, attend on those who, in the given case of a benefaction, are the superior party.

Once more: all people value most what has cost them much labour in the production; for instance, people who have themselves made their money are fonder of it than those who have inherited it: and receiving kindness is, it seems, unlaborious, but doing it is laborious. And this is the reason why the female parents are most fond of their offspring; for their part in producing them is attended with most labour, and they know more certainly that they are theirs. This feeling would seem also to belong to benefactors.

Chapter VIII.

A question is also raised as to whether it is right to love one's Self best, or some one else: because men find fault with those who love themselves best, and call them in a disparaging way lovers of Self; and the bad man is thought to do everything he does for his own sake merely, and the more so the more depraved he is; accordingly men reproach him with never doing anything unselfish: whereas the good man acts from a sense of honour (and the more so the better man he is), and for his friend's sake, and is careless of his own interest.

But with these theories facts are at variance, and not unnaturally: for it is commonly said also that a man is to love most him who is most his friend, and he is most a friend who wishes good to him to whom he wishes it for that man's sake even though no one knows. Now these conditions, and in fact all the rest by which a friend is characterised, belong specially to each individual in respect of his Self: for we have said before that all the friendly feelings are derived to others from those which have Self primarily for their object. And all the current proverbs support this view; for instance, "one soul," "the goods of friends are common," "equality

is a tie of Friendship," "the knee is nearer than the shin." For all these things exist specially with reference to a man's own Self: he is specially a friend to himself and so he is bound to love himself the most.

It is with good reason questioned which of the two parties one should follow, both having plausibility on their side. Perhaps then, in respect of theories of this kind, the proper course is to distinguish and define how far each is true, and in what way. If we could ascertain the sense in which each uses the term "Self-loving," this point might be cleared up.

Well now, they who use it disparagingly give the name to those who, in respect of wealth, and honours, and pleasures of the body, give to themselves the larger share: because the mass of mankind grasp after these and are earnest about them as being the best things; which is the reason why they are matters of contention. They who are covetous in regard to these gratify their lusts and passions in general, that is to say the irrational part of their soul: now the mass of mankind are so disposed, for which reason the appellation has taken its rise from that mass which is low and bad. Of course they are justly reproached who are Self-loving in this sense.

And that the generality of men are accustomed to apply the term to denominate those who do give such things to themselves is quite plain: suppose, for instance, that a man were anxious to do, more than other men, acts of justice, or self-mastery, or any other virtuous acts, and, in general, were to secure to himself that which is abstractedly noble and honourable, no one would call him Self-loving, nor blame him.

Yet might such an one be judged to be more truly Self-loving: certainly he gives to himself the things which are most noble and most good, and gratifies that Principle of his nature which is most rightfully authoritative, and obeys it in everything: and just as that which possesses the highest authority is thought to constitute a Community or any other system, so also in the case of Man: and so he is most truly Self-loving who loves and gratifies this Principle.

Again, men are said to have, or to fail of having, self-control, according as the Intellect controls or not, it being plainly implied thereby that this Principle constitutes each individual; and people are thought to have done of themselves, and voluntarily, those things specially which are done with Reason.

It is plain, therefore, that this Principle does, either entirely or specially constitute the individual man, and that the good man specially loves this. For this reason then he must be specially Self-loving, in a kind other than that which is reproached, and as far superior to it as living in accordance with Reason is to living at the beck and call of passion, and aiming at the truly noble to aiming at apparent advantage.

Now all approve and commend those who are eminently earnest about honourable actions, and if all would vie with one another in respect of the καλ■ν, and be intent upon doing what is most truly noble and honourable, society at large would have all that is proper while each individual in particular would have the greatest of goods, Virtue being assumed to be such.

And so the good man ought to be Self-loving: because by doing what is noble he will have advantage himself and will do good to others: but the bad man ought not to be, because he will harm himself and his neighbours by following low and evil passions. In the case of the bad man, what he ought to do and what he does are at variance, but the good man does what he ought to do, because all Intellect chooses what is best for itself and the good man puts himself under the direction of Intellect.

Of the good man it is true likewise that he does many things for the sake of his friends and his country, even to the extent of dying for them, if need be: for money and honours, and, in short, all the good things which others fight for, he will throw away while eager to secure to himself the καλ■ν: he will prefer a brief and great joy to a tame and enduring one, and to live nobly for one year rather than ordinarily for many, and one great and noble action to many trifling ones. And this is perhaps that which befals men who die for their country and friends; they choose great glory for themselves: and they will lavish their own money that their friends may receive more, for hereby the friend gets the money but the man himself the καλ■ν; so, in fact he gives to himself the greater good. It is the same with honours and offices; all these things he will give up to his friend, because this reflects honour and praise on himself: and so with good reason is he esteemed a fine character since he chooses the honourable before all things else. It is possible also to give up the opportunities of action to a friend; and to have caused a friend's doing a thing may be more noble than having done it one's self.

In short, in all praiseworthy things the good man does plainly give to himself a larger share of the honourable. In this sense it is right to be Self-loving, in the vulgar acceptation of the term it is not.

Chapter IX.

A question is raised also respecting the Happy man, whether he will want Friends, or no?

Some say that they who are blessed and independent have no need of Friends, for they already have all that is good, and so, as being independent, want nothing further: whereas the notion of a friend's office is to be as it were a second Self and procure for a man what he cannot get by himself: hence the saying,

"When Fortune gives us good, what need we Friends?"

On the other hand, it looks absurd, while we are assigning to the Happy man all other good things, not to give him Friends, which are, after all, thought to be the greatest of external goods.

Again, if it is more characteristic of a friend to confer than to receive kindnesses, and if to be beneficent belongs to the good man and to the character of virtue, and if it is more noble to confer kindnesses on friends than strangers, the good man will need objects for his benefactions. And out of this last consideration springs a question whether the need of Friends be greater in prosperity or adversity, since the unfortunate man wants people to do him kindnesses and they who are fortunate want objects for their kind acts.

Again, it is perhaps absurd to make our Happy man a solitary, because no man would choose the possession of all goods in the world on the condition of solitariness, man being a social animal and formed by nature for living with others: of course the Happy man has this qualification since he has all those things which are good by nature: and it is obvious that the society of friends and good men must be preferable to that of strangers and ordinary people, and we conclude, therefore, that the Happy man does need Friends.

But then, what do they mean whom we quoted first, and how are they right? Is it not that the mass of mankind mean by Friends those who are useful? and of course the Happy man will not need such because he has all good things already; neither will he need such as are Friends with a view to the pleasurable, or at least only to a slight extent; because his life, being already pleasurable, does not want pleasure imported from without; and so, since the Happy man does not need Friends of these kinds, he is thought not to need any at all.

But it may be, this is not true: for it was stated originally, that Happiness is a kind of Working; now Working plainly is something that must come into being, not be already there like a mere piece of property.

If then the being happy consists in living and working, and the good man's working is in itself excellent and pleasurable (as we said at the commencement of the treatise), and if what is our own reckons among things pleasurable, and if we can view our neighbours better than ourselves and their actions better than we can our own, then the actions of their Friends who are good men are pleasurable to the good; inasmuch as they have both the requisites which are naturally pleasant. So the man in the highest state of happiness will need Friends of this kind, since he desires to contemplate good actions, and actions of his own, which those of his friend, being a good man, are.

Again, common opinion requires that the Happy man live with pleasure to himself: now life is burthensome to a man in solitude, for it is not easy to work continuously by one's self, but in company with, and in regard to others, it is easier, and therefore the working, being pleasurable in itself will be more continuous (a thing which should be in respect of the Happy man); for the good man, in that he is good takes pleasure in the actions which accord with Virtue and is annoyed at those which spring from Vice, just as a musical man is pleased with beautiful music and annoyed by bad. And besides, as Theognis says, Virtue itself may be improved by practice, from living with the good.

And, upon the following considerations more purely metaphysical, it will probably appear that the good friend is naturally choice-worthy to the good man. We have said before, that whatever is naturally good is also in itself good and pleasant to the good man; now the fact of living, so far as animals are concerned, is characterised generally by the power of sentience, in man it is characterised by that of sentience, or of rationality (the faculty of course being referred to the actual operation of the faculty, certainly the main point is the actual operation of it); so that living seems mainly to consist in the act of sentience or exerting rationality: now the fact of living is in itself one of the things that are good and pleasant (for it is a definite totality, and whatever is such belongs to the nature of good), but what is naturally good is good to the good man: for which reason it seems to be pleasant to all. (Of course one must not suppose a life which is depraved and corrupted, nor one spent in pain, for that which is such is indefinite as are its inherent qualities: however, what is to be said of pain will be clearer in what is to follow.)

If then the fact of living is in itself good and pleasant (and this appears from the fact that all desire it, and specially those who are good and in high happiness; their course of life being most choice-worthy and their existence most choice-worthy likewise), then also he that sees perceives that he sees; and he that hears perceives that he hears; and he that walks perceives that he walks; and in all the other instances in like manner there is a faculty which reflects upon and perceives the fact that we are working, so that we can perceive that we perceive and intellectually know that we intellectually know: but to perceive that we perceive or that we intellectually know is to perceive that we exist, since existence was defined to be perceiving or intellectually knowing. Now to perceive that one lives is a thing pleasant in itself, life being a thing naturally good, and the perceiving of the presence in ourselves of things naturally good being pleasant.

Therefore the fact of living is choice-worthy, and to the good specially so since existence is good and pleasant to them: for they receive pleasure from the internal consciousness of that which in itself is good.

But the good man is to his friend as to himself, friend being but a name for a second Self; therefore as his own existence is choice-worthy to each so too, or similarly at least, is his friend's existence. But the ground of one's own existence being choice-worthy is the perceiving of one's self being good, any such perception being in itself pleasant. Therefore one ought to be thoroughly conscious of one's friend's existence, which will result from living with him, that is sharing in his words and thoughts: for this is the meaning of the term as applied to the human species, not mere feeding together as in the case of brutes.

If then to the man in a high state of happiness existence is in itself choice-worthy, being naturally good and pleasant, and so too a friend's existence, then the friend also must be among things choice-worthy. But whatever is choice-worthy to a man he should have or else he will be in this point deficient. The man therefore who is to come up to our notion "Happy" will need good Friends.

Chapter X.

Are we then to make our friends as numerous as possible? or, as in respect of acquaintance it is thought to have been well said "have not thou many acquaintances yet be not without;" so too in respect of Friendship may we adopt the precept, and say that a man should not be without friends, nor again have exceeding many friends?

Now as for friends who are intended for use, the maxim I have quoted will, it seems, fit in exceedingly well, because to requite the services of many is a matter of labour, and a whole life would not be long enough to do this for them. So that, if more numerous than what will suffice for one's own life, they become officious, and are hindrances in respect of living well: and so we do not want them. And again of those who are to be for pleasure a few are quite enough, just like sweetening in our food.

But of the good are we to make as many as ever we can, or is there any measure of the number of friends, as there is of the number to constitute a Political Community? I mean, you cannot make one out of ten men, and if you increase the number to one hundred thousand it is not any longer a Community. However, the number is not perhaps some one definite number but any between certain extreme limits.

Well, of friends likewise there is a limited number, which perhaps may be laid down to be the greatest number with whom it would be possible to keep up intimacy; this being thought to be one of the greatest marks of Friendship, and it being quite obvious that it is not possible to be intimate with many, in other words, to part one's self among many. And besides it must be remembered that they also are to be friends to one another if they are all to live together: but it is a matter of difficulty to find this in many men at once.

It comes likewise to be difficult to bring home to one's self the joys and sorrows of many: because in all probability one would have to sympathise at the same time with the joys of this one and the sorrows of that other.

Perhaps then it is well not to endeavour to have very many friends but so many as are enough for intimacy: because, in fact, it would seem not to be possible to be very much a friend to many at the same time: and, for the same reason, not to be in love with many objects at the same time: love being a kind of excessive Friendship which implies but one object: and all strong emotions must be limited in the number towards whom they are felt.

And if we look to facts this seems to be so: for not many at a time become friends in the way of companionship, all the famous Friendships of the kind are between _two_ persons: whereas they who have many friends, and meet everybody on the footing of intimacy, seem to be friends really to no one except in the way of general society; I mean the characters denominated as over-complaisant.

To be sure, in the way merely of society, a man may be a friend to many without being necessarily over-complaisant, but being truly good: but one cannot be a friend to many because of their virtue, and for the persons' own sake; in fact, it is a matter for contentment to find even a few such.

Chapter XI.

Again: are friends most needed in prosperity or in adversity? they are required, we know, in both states, because the unfortunate need help and the prosperous want people to live with and to do kindnesses to: for they have a desire to act kindly to some one.

To have friends is more necessary in adversity, and therefore in this case useful ones are wanted; and to have them in prosperity is more honourable, and this is why the prosperous want good men for friends, it being preferable to confer benefits on, and to live with, these. For the very presence of friends is pleasant even in adversity: since men when grieved are comforted by the sympathy of their friends.

And from this, by the way, the question might be raised, whether it is that they do in a manner take part of the weight of calamities, or only that their presence, being pleasurable, and the consciousness of their sympathy, make the pain of the sufferer less.

However, we will not further discuss whether these which have been suggested or some other causes produce the relief, at least the effect we speak of is a matter of plain fact.

But their presence has probably a mixed effect: I mean, not only is the very seeing friends pleasant, especially to one in misfortune, and actual help towards lessening the grief is afforded (the natural tendency of a friend, if he is gifted with tact, being to comfort by look and word, because he is well acquainted with the sufferer's temper and disposition and therefore knows what things give him pleasure and pain), but also the perceiving a friend to be grieved at his misfortunes causes the sufferer pain, because every one avoids being cause of pain to his friends. And for this reason they who are of a manly nature are cautious not to implicate their friends in their pain; and unless a man is exceedingly callous to the pain of others he cannot bear the pain which is thus caused to his friends: in short, he does not admit men to wail with him, not being given to wail at all: women, it is true, and men who resemble women, like to have others to groan with them, and love such as friends and sympathisers. But it is plain that it is our duty in all things to imitate the highest character.

On the other hand, the advantages of friends in our prosperity are the pleasurable intercourse and the consciousness that they are pleased at our good fortune.

It would seem, therefore, that we ought to call in friends readily on occasion of good fortune, because it is noble to be ready to do good to others: but on occasion of bad fortune, we should do so with reluctance; for we should as little as possible make others share in our ills; on which principle goes the saying, "I am unfortunate, let that suffice." The most proper occasion for calling them in is when with small trouble or annoyance to themselves they can be of very great use to the person who needs them.

But, on the contrary, it is fitting perhaps to go to one's friends in their misfortunes unasked and with alacrity (because kindness is the friend's office and specially towards those who are in need and who do not demand it as a right, this being more creditable and more pleasant to both); and on occasion of their good fortune to go readily, if we can forward it in any way (because men need their friends for this likewise), but to be backward in sharing it, any great eagerness to receive advantage not being creditable.

One should perhaps be cautious not to present the appearance of sullenness in declining the sympathy or help of friends, for this happens occasionally.

It appears then that the presence of friends is, under all circumstances, choice-worthy.

Chapter XII.

May we not say then that, as seeing the beloved object is most prized by lovers and they choose this sense rather than any of the others because Love

"Is engendered in the eyes, With gazing fed,"

in like manner intimacy is to friends most choice-worthy, Friendship being communion? Again, as a man is to himself so is he to his friend; now with respect to himself the perception of his own existence is choice-worthy, therefore is it also in respect of his friend.

And besides, their Friendship is acted out in intimacy, and so with good reason they desire this. And whatever in each man's opinion constitutes existence, or whatsoever it is for the sake of which they choose life, herein they wish their friends to join with them; and so some men drink together, others gamble, others join in gymnastic exercises or hunting, others study philosophy together: in each case spending their days together in that which they like best of all things in life, for since they wish to be intimate with their friends they do and partake in those things whereby they think to attain this object.

Therefore the Friendship of the wicked comes to be depraved; for, being unstable, they share in what is bad and become depraved in being made like to one another: but the Friendship of the good is good, growing with their intercourse; they improve also, as it seems, by repeated acts, and by mutual correction, for they receive impress from one another in the points which give them pleasure; whence says the Poet,

"Thou from the good, good things shalt surely learn."

Here then we will terminate our discourse of Friendship. The next thing is to go into the subject of Pleasure.

BOOK X

Chapter I.

Next, it would seem, follows a discussion respecting Pleasure, for it is thought to be most closely bound up with our kind: and so men train the young, guiding them on their course by the rudders of Pleasure and Pain. And to like and dislike what one ought is judged to be most important for the formation of good moral character: because these feelings extend all one's life through, giving a bias towards and exerting an influence on the side of Virtue and Happiness, since men choose what is pleasant and avoid what is painful.

Subjects such as these then, it would seem, we ought by no means to pass by, and specially since they involve much difference of opinion. There are those who call Pleasure the Chief Good; there are others who on the contrary maintain that it is exceedingly bad;[1] some perhaps from a real conviction that such is the case, others from a notion that it is better, in reference to our life and conduct, to show up Pleasure as bad, even if it is not so really; arguing that, as the mass of men have a bias towards it and are the slaves of their pleasures, it is right to draw them to the contrary, for that so they may possibly arrive at the mean.[2]

I confess I suspect the soundness of this policy; in matters respecting men's feelings and actions theories are less convincing than facts: whenever, therefore, they are found conflicting with actual experience, they not only are despised but involve the truth in their fall: he, for instance, who deprecates Pleasure, if once seen to aim at it, gets the credit of backsliding to it as being universally such as he said it was, the mass of men being incapable of nice distinctions.

Real accounts, therefore, of such matters seem to be most expedient, not with a view to knowledge merely but to life and conduct: for they are believed as being in harm with facts, and so they prevail with the wise to live in accordance with them.

But of such considerations enough: let us now proceed to the current maxims respecting Pleasure.

Chapter II.

Now Eudoxus thought Pleasure to be the Chief Good because he saw all, rational and irrational alike, aiming at it: and he argued that, since in all what was the object of choice must be good and what most so the best, the fact of all being drawn to the same thing proved this thing to be the best for all: "For each," he said, "finds what is good for itself just as it does its proper nourishment, and so that which is good for all, and the object of the aim of all, is their Chief Good."

(And his theories were received, not so much for their own sake, as because of his excellent moral character; for he was thought to be eminently possessed of perfect self-mastery, and therefore it was not thought that he said these things because he was a lover of Pleasure but that he really was so convinced.)

And he thought his position was not less proved by the argument from the contrary: that is, since Pain was in itself an object of avoidance to all the contrary must be in like manner an object of choice.

Again he urged that that is most choice-worthy which we choose, not by reason of, or with a view to, anything further; and that Pleasure is confessedly of this kind because no one ever goes on to ask to what purpose he is pleased, feeling that Pleasure is in

itself choice-worthy.

Again, that when added to any other good it makes it more choice-worthy; as, for instance, to actions of justice, or perfected self-mastery; and good can only be increased by itself.

However, this argument at least seems to prove only that it belongs to the class of goods, and not that it does so more than anything else: for every good is more choicewortby in combination with some other than when taken quite alone. In fact, it is by just such an argument that Plato proves that Pleasure is not the Chief Good:[3] “For,” says he, “the life of Pleasure is more choice-worthy in combination with Practical Wisdom than apart from it; but, if the compound better then simple Pleasure cannot be the Chief Good; because the very Chief Good cannot by any addition become choice-worthy than it is already:” and it is obvious that nothing else can be the Chief Good, which by combination with any of the things in themselves good comes to be more choice-worthy.

What is there then of such a nature? (meaning, of course, whereof we can partake; because that which we are in search of must be such).

As for those who object that “what all aim at is not necessarily good,” I confess I cannot see much in what they say, because what all _think_ we say _is_. And he who would cut away this ground from under us will not bring forward things more dependable: because if the argument had rested on the desires of irrational creatures there might have been something in what he says, but, since the rational also desire Pleasure, how can his objection be allowed any weight? and it may be that, even in the lower animals, there is some natural good principle above themselves which aims at the good peculiar to them.

Nor does that seem to be sound which is urged respecting the argument from the contrary: I mean, some people say “it does not follow that Pleasure must be good because Pain is evil, since evil may be opposed to evil, and both evil and good to what is indifferent:” now what they say is right enough in itself but does not hold in the present instance. If both Pleasure and Pain were bad both would have been objects of avoidance; or if neither then neither would have been, at all events they must have fared alike: but now men do plainly avoid the one as bad and choose the other as good, and so there is a complete opposition.

Nor again is Pleasure therefore excluded from being good because it does not belong to the class of qualities:[4] the acts of Virtue are not qualities, neither is Happiness [yet surely both are goods].

Again, they say the Chief Good is limited but Pleasure unlimited, in that it admits of degrees.

Now if they judge this from the act of feeling Pleasure then the same thing will apply to justice and all the other virtues,[5] in respect of which clearly it is said that men are more or less of such and such characters (according to the different virtues), they are more just or more brave, or one may practise justice and self-mastery more or less.

If, on the other hand, they judge in respect of the Pleasures themselves then it may be they miss the true cause, namely that some are unmixed and others mixed: for just as health being in itself limited, admits of degrees, why should not Pleasure do so and yet be limited? in the former case we account for it by the fact that there is not the same adjustment of parts in all men, nor one and the same always in the same individual: but health, though relaxed, remains up to a certain point, and differs in degrees; and of course the same may be the case with Pleasure.

Again, assuming the Chief Good to be perfect and all Movements[6] and Generations imperfect, they try to shew that Pleasure is a Movement and a Generation.

Yet they do not seem warranted in saying even that it is a Movement: for to every Movement are thought to belong swiftness and slowness, and if not in itself, as to that of the universe, yet relatively: but to Pleasure neither of these belongs: for though one may have got quickly into the state Pleasure, as into that of anger, one cannot be in the state quickly,[7] nor relatively to the state of any other person; but we can walk or grow, and so on, quickly or slowly.

Of course it is possible to change into the state of Pleasure quickly or slowly, but to act in the state (by which, I mean, have the perception of Pleasure) quickly, is not possible.

And how can it be a Generation? because, according to notions generally held, not _any_thing is generated from _any_thing, but a thing resolves itself into that out of which it was generated: whereas of that of which Pleasure is a Generation Pain is a Destruction.

Again, they say that Pain is a lack of something suitable to nature and Pleasure a supply of it.

But these are affections of the body: now if Pleasure really is a supplying of somewhat suitable to nature, that must feel the Pleasure in which the supply takes place, therefore the body of course: yet this is not thought to be so: neither then is Pleasure a supplying, only a person of course will be pleased when a supply takes place just as he will be pained when he is cut short.

This notion would seem to have arisen out of the Pains and Pleasures connected with natural nourishment; because, when people have felt a lack and so have had Pain first, they, of course, are pleased with the supply of their lack.

But this is not the case with all Pleasures: those attendant on mathematical studies, for instance, are unconnected with any Pain; and of such as attend on the senses those which arise through the sense of Smell; and again, many sounds, and sights, and memories, and hopes: now of what can these be Generations? because there has been here no lack of anything to be afterwards supplied.

And to those who bring forward disgraceful Pleasures we may reply that these are not really pleasant things; for it does not follow because they are pleasant to the ill-disposed that we are to admit that they are pleasant except to them; just as we should not say that those things are really wholesome, or sweet, or bitter, which are so to the sick, or those objects really white which give that impression to people labouring under ophthalmia.[8]

Or we might say thus, that the Pleasures are choice-worthy but not as derived from these sources: just as wealth is, but not as the price of treason; or health, but not on the terms of eating anything however loathsome.

Or again, may we not say that Pleasures differ in kind? those derived from honourable objects, for instance are different from those arising from disgraceful ones; and it is not possible to experience the Pleasure of the just man without being just, or of the musical man without being musical; and so on of others.

The distinction commonly drawn between the friend and the flatterer would seem to show clearly either that Pleasure is not a good, or that there are different kinds of Pleasure: for the former is thought to have good as the object of his intercourse, the latter Pleasure only; and this last is reproached, but the former men praise as having different objects in his intercourse.

Again, no one would choose to live with a child's intellect all his life through, though receiving the highest possible Pleasure from such objects as children receive it from; or to take Pleasure in doing any of the most disgraceful things, though sure never to be pained.

There are many things also about which we should be diligent even though they brought no Pleasure; as seeing, remembering, knowing, possessing the various Excellences; and the fact that Pleasures do follow on these naturally makes no difference, because we should certainly choose them even though no Pleasure resulted from them.

It seems then to be plain that Pleasure is not the Chief Good, nor is every kind of it choice-worthy: and that there are some choice-worthy in themselves, differing in kind, _i.e._ in the sources from which they are derived. Let this then suffice by way of an account of the current maxims respecting Pleasure and Pain.

Chapter III.

Now what it is, and how characterised, will be more plain if we take up the subject afresh.

An act of Sight is thought to be complete at any moment; that is to say, it lacks nothing the accession of which subsequently will complete its whole nature.

Well, Pleasure resembles this: because it is a whole, as one may say; and one could not at any moment of time take a Pleasure whose whole nature would be completed by its lasting for a longer time. And for this reason it is not a Movement: for all Movement takes place in time of certain duration and has a certain End to accomplish; for instance, the Movement of house-building[9] is then only complete when the builder has produced what he intended, that is, either in the whole time [necessary to complete the whole design], or in a given portion.[10] But all the subordinate Movements are incomplete in the parts of the time, and are different in kind from the whole movement and from one another (I mean, for instance, that the fitting the stones together is a Movement different from that of fluting the column, and both again from the construction of the Temple as a whole: but this last is complete as lacking nothing to the result proposed; whereas that of the basement, or of the triglyph, is incomplete, because each is a Movement of a part merely).

As I said then, they differ in kind, and you cannot at any time you choose find a Movement complete in its whole nature, but, if at all, in the whole time requisite.

And so it is with the Movement of walking and all others: for, if motion be a Movement from one place to another place, then of it too there are different kinds, flying, walking, leaping, and such-like. And not only so, but there are different kinds even in walking: the where-from and where-to are not the same in the whole Course as in a portion of it; nor in one portion as in another; nor is crossing this line the same as crossing that: because a man is not merely crossing a line but a line in a given place, and this is in a different place from that.

Of Movement I have discoursed exactly in another treatise. I will now therefore only say that it seems not to be complete at any given moment; and that most movements are incomplete and specifically different, since the whence and whither constitute different species.

But of Pleasure the whole nature is complete at any given moment: it is plain then that Pleasure and Movement must be different from one another, and that Pleasure belongs to the class of things whole and complete. And this might appear also from the impossibility of moving except in a definite time, whereas there is none with respect to the sensation of Pleasure, for what exists at the very present moment is a kind of “whole.”

From these considerations then it is plain that people are not warranted in saying that Pleasure is a Movement or a Generation: because these terms are not applicable to all things, only to such as are divisible and not “wholes:” I mean that of an act of Sight there is no Generation, nor is there of a point, nor of a monad, nor is any one of these a Movement or a Generation: neither then of Pleasure is there Movement or Generation, because it is, as one may say, “a whole.”[11]

Chapter IV.

Now since every Percipient Faculty works upon the Object answering to it, and perfectly the Faculty in a good state upon the most excellent of the Objects within its range (for Perfect Working is thought to be much what I have described; and we will not raise any question about saying “the Faculty” works, instead of, “that subject wherein the Faculty resides”), in each case the best Working is that of the Faculty in its best state upon the best of the Objects answering to it. And this will be, further, most perfect and most pleasant: for Pleasure is attendant upon every Percipient Faculty, and in like manner on every intellectual operation and speculation; and that is most pleasant which is most perfect, and that most perfect which is the Working of the best Faculty upon the most excellent of the Objects within its range.

And Pleasure perfects the Working. But Pleasure does not perfect it in the same way as the Faculty and Object of Perception do, being good; just as health and the physician are not in similar senses causes of a healthy state.

And that Pleasure does arise upon the exercise of every Percipient Faculty is evident, for we commonly say that sights and sounds are pleasant; it is plain also that this is especially the case when the Faculty is most excellent and works upon a similar Object: and when both the Object and Faculty of Perception are such, Pleasure will always exist, supposing of course an agent and a patient.

Furthermore, Pleasure perfects the act of Working not in the way of an inherent state but as a supervening finish, such as is bloom in people at their prime. Therefore so long as the Object of intellectual or sensitive Perception is such as it should be and also the Faculty which discerns or realises the Object, there will be Pleasure in the Working: because when that which has the capacity of being acted on and that which is apt to act are alike and similarly related, the same result follows naturally.

How is it then that no one feels Pleasure continuously? is it not that he wearies, because all human faculties are incapable of unintermitting exertion; and so, of course, Pleasure does not arise either, because that follows upon the act of Working. But there are some things which please when new, but afterwards not in the like way, for exactly the same reason: that at first the mind is roused and works on these Objects with its powers at full tension; just as they who are gazing stedfastly at anything; but afterwards the act of Working is not of the kind it was at first, but careless, and so the Pleasure too is dulled.

Again, a person may conclude that all men grasp at Pleasure, because all aim likewise at Life and Life is an act of Working, and every man works at and with those things which also he best likes; the musical man, for instance, works with his hearing at music; the studious man with his intellect at speculative questions, and so forth. And Pleasure perfects the acts of Working, and so Life after which men grasp. No wonder then that they aim also at Pleasure, because to each it perfects Life, which is itself choice-worthy. (We will take leave to omit the question whether we choose Life for Pleasure’s sake of Pleasure for Life’s sake;

because these two plainly are closely connected and admit not of separation; since Pleasure comes not into being without Working, and again, every Working Pleasure perfects.)

And this is one reason why Pleasures are thought to differ in kind, because we suppose that things which differ in kind must be perfected by things so differing: it plainly being the case with the productions of Nature and Art; as animals, and trees, and pictures, and statues, and houses, and furniture; and so we suppose that in like manner acts of Working which are different in kind are perfected by things differing in kind. Now Intellectual Workings differ specifically from those of the Senses, and these last from one another; therefore so do the Pleasures which perfect them.

This may be shown also from the intimate connection subsisting between each Pleasure and the Working which it perfects: I mean, that the Pleasure proper to any Working increases that Working; for they who work with Pleasure sift all things more closely and carry them out to a greater degree of nicety; for instance, those men become geometricians who take Pleasure in geometry, and they apprehend particular points more completely: in like manner men who are fond of music, or architecture, or anything else, improve each on his own pursuit, because they feel Pleasure in them. Thus the Pleasures aid in increasing the Workings, and things which do so aid are proper and peculiar: but the things which are proper and peculiar to others specifically different are themselves also specifically different.

Yet even more clearly may this be shown from the fact that the Pleasures arising from one kind of Workings hinder other Workings; for instance, people who are fond of flute-music cannot keep their attention to conversation or discourse when they catch the sound of a flute; because they take more Pleasure in flute-playing than in the Working they are at the time engaged on; in other words, the Pleasure attendant on flute-playing destroys the Working of conversation or discourse.

Much the same kind of thing takes place in other cases, when a person is engaged in two different Workings at the same time: that is, the pleasanter of the two keeps pushing out the other, and, if the disparity in pleasantness be great, then more and more till a man even ceases altogether to work at the other.

This is the reason why, when we are very much pleased with anything whatever, we do nothing else, and it is only when we are but moderately pleased with one occupation that we vary it with another: people, for instance, who eat sweetmeats in the theatre do so most when the performance is indifferent.

Since then the proper and peculiar Pleasure gives accuracy to the Workings and makes them more enduring and better of their kind, while those Pleasures which are foreign to them mar them, it is plain there is a wide difference between them: in fact, Pleasures foreign to any Working have pretty much the same effect as the Pains proper to it,[12] which, in fact, destroy the Workings; I mean, if one man dislikes writing, or another calculation, the one does not write, the other does not calculate; because, in each case, the Working is attended with some Pain: so then contrary effects are produced upon the Workings by the Pleasures and Pains proper to them, by which I mean those which arise upon the Working, in itself, independently of any other circumstances. As for the Pleasures foreign to a Working, we have said already that they produce a similar effect to the Pain proper to it; that is they destroy the Working, only not in like way.

Well then, as Workings differ from one another in goodness and badness, some being fit objects of choice, others of avoidance, and others in their nature indifferent, Pleasures are similarly related; since its own proper Pleasure attends or each Working: of course that proper to a good Working is good, that proper to a bad, bad: for even the desires for what is noble are praiseworthy, and for what is base blameworthy.

Furthermore, the Pleasures attendant on Workings are more closely connected with them even than the desires after them: for these last are separate both in time and nature, but the former are close to the Workings, and so indivisible from them as to raise a question whether the Working and the Pleasure are identical; but Pleasure does not seem to be an Intellectual Operation nor a Faculty of Perception, because that is absurd; but yet it gives some the impression of being the same from not being separated from these.

As then the Workings are different so are their Pleasures; now Sight differs from Touch in purity, and Hearing and Smelling from Taste; therefore, in like manner, do their Pleasures; and again, Intellectual Pleasures from these Sensual, and the different kinds both of Intellectual and Sensual from one another.

It is thought, moreover, that each animal has a Pleasure proper to itself, as it has a proper Work; that Pleasure of course which is attendant on the Working. And the soundness of this will appear upon particular inspection: for horse, dog, and man have different

Pleasures; as Heraclitus says, an ass would sooner have hay than gold; in other words, provender is pleasanter to asses than gold. So then the Pleasures of animals specifically different are also specifically different, but those of the same, we may reasonably suppose, are without difference.

Yet in the case of human creatures they differ not a little: for the very same things please some and pain others: and what are painful and hateful to some are pleasant to and liked by others. The same is the case with sweet things: the same will not seem so to the man in a fever as to him who is in health: nor will the invalid and the person in robust health have the same notion of warmth. The same is the case with other things also.

Now in all such cases that is held to _be_ which impresses the good man with the notion of being such and such; and if this is a second maxim (as it is usually held to be), and Virtue, that is, the Good man, in that he is such, is the measure of everything, then those must be real Pleasures which gave him the impression of being so and those things pleasant in which he takes Pleasure. Nor is it at all astonishing that what are to him unpleasant should give another person the impression of being pleasant, for men are liable to many corruptions and marrings; and the things in question are not pleasant really, only to these particular persons, and to them only as being thus disposed.

Well of course, you may say, it is obvious that we must assert those which are confessedly disgraceful to be real Pleasures, except to depraved tastes: but of those which are thought to be good what kind, or which, must we say is _The Pleasure of Man?_ is not the answer plain from considering the Workings, because the Pleasures follow upon these?

If then there be one or several Workings which belong to the perfect and blessed man, the Pleasures which perfect these Workings must be said to be specially and properly _The Pleasures of Man;_ and all the rest in a secondary sense, and in various degrees according as the Workings are related to those highest and best ones.

Chapter V.

Now that we have spoken about the Excellences of both kinds, and Friendship in its varieties, and Pleasures, it remains to sketch out Happiness, since we assume that to be the one End of all human things: and we shall save time and trouble by recapitulating what was stated before.

Well then, we said that it is not a State merely; because, if it were, it might belong to one who slept all his life through and merely vegetated, or to one who fell into very great calamities: and so, if these possibilities displease us and we would rather put it into the rank of some kind of Working (as was also said before), and Workings are of different kinds (some being necessary and choice-worthy with a view to other things, while others are so in themselves), it is plain we must rank Happiness among those choice-worthy for their own sakes and not among those which are so with a view to something further: because Happiness has no lack of anything but is self-sufficient.

By choice-worthy in themselves are meant those from which nothing is sought beyond the act of Working: and of this kind are thought to be the actions according to Virtue, because doing what is noble and excellent is one of those things which are choice-worthy for their own sake alone.

And again, such amusements as are pleasant; because people do not choose them with any further purpose: in fact they receive more harm than profit from them, neglecting their persons and their property. Still the common run of those who are judged happy take refuge in such pastimes, which is the reason why they who have varied talent in such are highly esteemed among despots; because they make themselves pleasant in those things which these aim at, and these accordingly want such men.

Now these things are thought to be appurtenances of Happiness because men in power spend their leisure herein: yet, it may be, we cannot argue from the example of such men: because there is neither Virtue nor Intellect necessarily involved in having power, and yet these are the only sources of good Workings: nor does it follow that because these men, never having tasted pure and generous Pleasure, take refuge in bodily ones, we are therefore to believe them to be more choice-worthy: for children too believe that those things are most excellent which are precious in their eyes.

We may well believe that as children and men have different ideas as to what is precious so too have the bad and the good: therefore, as we have many times said, those things are really precious and pleasant which seem so to the good man: and as to each individual that Working is most choice-worthy which is in accordance with his own state to the good man that is so which is in accordance with Virtue.

Happiness then stands not in amusement; in fact the very notion is absurd of the End being amusement, and of one's toiling and enduring hardness all one's life long with a view to amusement: for everything in the world, so to speak, we choose with some further End in view, except Happiness, for that is the End comprehending all others. Now to take pains and to labour with a view to amusement is plainly foolish and very childish: but to amuse one's self with a view to steady employment afterwards, as Anacharsis says, is thought to be right: for amusement is like rest, and men want rest because unable to labour continuously.

Rest, therefore, is not an End, because it is adopted with a view to Working afterwards.

Again, it is held that the Happy Life must be one in the way of Excellence, and this is accompanied by earnestness,[13] and stands not in amusement. Moreover those things which are done in earnest, we say, are better than things merely ludicrous and joined with amusement: and we say that the Working of the better part, or the better man, is more earnest; and the Working of the better is at once better and more capable of Happiness.

Then, again, as for bodily Pleasures, any ordinary person, or even a slave, might enjoy them, just as well as the best man living but Happiness no one supposes a slave to share except so far as it is implied in life: because Happiness stands not in such pastimes but in the Workings in the way of Excellence, as has also been stated before.

Chapter VI.

Now if Happiness is a Working in the way of Excellence of course that Excellence must be the highest, that is to say, the Excellence of the best Principle. Whether then this best Principle is Intellect or some other which is thought naturally to rule and to lead and to conceive of noble and divine things, whether being in its own nature divine or the most divine of all our internal Principles, the Working of this in accordance with its own proper Excellence must be the perfect Happiness.

That it is Contemplative has been already stated: and this would seem to be consistent with what we said before and with truth: for, in the first place, this Working is of the highest kind, since the Intellect is the highest of our internal Principles and the subjects with which it is conversant the highest of all which fall within the range of our knowledge.

Next, it is also most Continuous: for we are better able to contemplate than to do anything else whatever, continuously.

Again, we think Pleasure must be in some way an ingredient in Happiness, and of all Workings in accordance with Excellence that in the way of Science is confessedly most pleasant: at least the pursuit of Science is thought to contain Pleasures admirable for purity and permanence; and it is reasonable to suppose that the employment is more pleasant to those who have mastered, than to those who are yet seeking for, it.[14]

And the Self-Sufficiency which people speak of will attach chiefly to the Contemplative Working: of course the actual necessaries of life are needed alike by the man of science, and the just man, and all the other characters; but, supposing all sufficiently supplied with these, the just man needs people towards whom, and in concert with whom, to practise his justice; and in like manner the man of perfected self-mastery, and the brave man, and so on of the rest; whereas the man of science can contemplate and speculate even when quite alone, and the more entirely he deserves the appellation the more able is he to do so: it may be he can do better for having fellow-workers but still he is certainly most Self-Sufficient.

Again, this alone would seem to be rested in for its own sake, since nothing results from it beyond the fact of having contemplated; whereas from all things which are objects of moral action we do mean to get something beside the doing them, be the same more or less.

Also, Happiness is thought to stand in perfect rest;[15] for we toil that we may rest, and war that we may be at peace. Now all the Practical Virtues require either society or war for their Working, and the actions regarding these are thought to exclude rest; those of war entirely, because no one chooses war, nor prepares for war, for war's sake: he would indeed be thought a bloodthirsty villain who should make enemies of his friends to secure the existence of fighting and bloodshed. The Working also of the statesman excludes the idea of rest, and, beside the actual work of government, seeks for power and dignities or at least Happiness for the man himself and his fellow-citizens: a Happiness distinct[16] from the national Happiness, which we evidently seek as being different and distinct.

If then of all the actions in accordance with the various virtues those of policy and war are pre-eminent in honour and greatness, and these are restless, and aim at some further End and are not choice-worthy for their own sakes, but the Working of the Intellect, being apt for contemplation, is thought to excel in earnestness, and to aim at no End beyond itself and to have Pleasure of its own

which helps to increase the Working, and if the attributes of Self-Sufficiency, and capacity of rest, and unweariedness (as far as is compatible with the infirmity of human nature), and all other attributes of the highest Happiness, plainly belong to this Working, this must be perfect Happiness, if attaining a complete duration of life, which condition is added because none of the points of Happiness is incomplete.

But such a life will be higher than mere human nature, because a man will live thus, not in so far as he is man but in so far as there is in him a divine Principle: and in proportion as this Principle excels his composite nature so far does the Working thereof excel that in accordance with any other kind of Excellence: and therefore, if pure Intellect, as compared with human nature, is divine, so too will the life in accordance with it be divine compared with man's ordinary life.

Yet must we not give ear to those who bid one as man to mind only man's affairs, or as mortal only mortal things; but, so far as we can, make ourselves like immortals and do all with a view to living in accordance with the highest Principle in us, for small as it may be in bulk yet in power and preciousness it far more excels all the others.

In fact this Principle would seem to constitute each man's "Self," since it is supreme and above all others in goodness it _would_ be absurd then for a man not to choose his own life but that of some other.

And here will apply an observation made before, that whatever is proper to each is naturally best and pleasantest to him: such then is to Man the life in accordance with pure Intellect (since this Principle is most truly Man), and if so, then it is also the happiest.

And second in degree of Happiness will be that Life which is in accordance with the other kind of Excellence, for the Workings in accordance with this are proper to Man: I mean, we do actions of justice, courage, and the other virtues, towards one another, in contracts, services of different kinds, and in all kinds of actions and feelings too, by observing what is befitting for each: and all these plainly are proper to man. Further, the Excellence of the Moral character is thought to result in some points from physical circumstances, and to be, in many, very closely connected with the passions.

Again, Practical Wisdom[17] and Excellence of the Moral character are very closely united; since the Principles of Practical Wisdom are in accordance with the Moral Virtues and these are right when they accord with Practical Wisdom.

These moreover, as bound up with the passions, must belong to the composite nature, and the Excellences or Virtues of the composite nature are proper to man: therefore so too will be the life and Happiness which is in accordance with them. But that of the Pure Intellect is separate and distinct: and let this suffice upon the subject, since great exactness is beyond our purpose,

It would seem, moreover, to require supply of external goods to a small degree, or certainly less than the Moral Happiness: for, as far as necessaries of life are concerned, we will suppose both characters to need them equally (though, in point of fact, the man who lives in society does take more pains about his person and all that kind of thing; there will really be some little difference), but when we come to consider their Workings there will be found a great difference.

I mean, the liberal man must have money to do his liberal actions with, and the just man to meet his engagements (for mere intentions are uncertain, and even those who are unjust make a pretence of _wishing_ to do justly), and the brave man must have power, if he is to perform any of the actions which appertain to his particular Virtue, and the man of perfected self-mastery must have opportunity of temptation, else how shall he or any of the others display his real character?

(By the way, a question is sometimes raised, whether the moral choice or the actions have most to do with Virtue, since it consists in both: it is plain that the perfection of virtuous action requires both: but for the actions many things are required, and the greater and more numerous they are the more.) But as for the man engaged in Contemplative Speculation, not only are such things unnecessary for his Working, but, so to speak, they are even hindrances: as regards the Contemplation at least; because of course in so far as he is Man and lives in society he chooses to do what Virtue requires, and so he will need such things for maintaining his character as Man though not as a speculative philosopher.

And that the perfect Happiness must be a kind of Contemplative Working may appear also from the following consideration: our conception of the gods is that they are above all blessed and happy: now what kind of Moral actions are we to attribute to them? those of justice? nay, will they not be set in a ridiculous light if represented as forming contracts, and restoring deposits, and so on? well then, shall we picture them performing brave actions, withstanding objects of fear and meeting dangers, because it is noble to do so? or liberal ones? but to whom shall they be giving? and further, it is absurd to think they have money or anything of the kind. And as for actions of perfected self-mastery, what can theirs be? would it not be a degrading praise that they have no bad desires?

In short, if one followed the subject into all details all the circumstances connected with Moral actions would appear trivial and unworthy of Gods.

Still, every one believes that they live, and therefore that they Work because it is not supposed that they sleep their time away like Endymion: now if from a living being you take away Action, still more if Creation, what remains but Contemplation? So then the Working of the Gods, eminent in blessedness, will be one apt for Contemplative Speculation; and of all human Workings that will have the greatest capacity for Happiness which is nearest akin to this.

A corroboration of which position is the fact that the other animals do not partake of Happiness, being completely shut out from any such Working.

To the Gods then all their life is blessed; and to men in so far as there is in it some copy of such Working, but of the other animals none is happy because it in no way shares in Contemplative Speculation.

Happiness then is co-extensive with this Contemplative Speculation, and in proportion as people have the act of Contemplation so far have they also the being happy, not incidentally, but in the way of Contemplative Speculation because it is in itself precious.

Chapter VII.

So Happiness must be a kind of Contemplative Speculation; but since it is Man we are speaking of he will need likewise External Prosperity, because his Nature is not by itself sufficient for Speculation, but there must be health of body, and nourishment, and tendance of all kinds.

However, it must not be thought, because without external goods a man cannot enjoy high Happiness, that therefore he will require many and great goods in order to be happy: for neither Self-sufficiency, nor Action, stand in Excess, and it is quite possible to act nobly without being ruler of sea and land, since even with moderate means a man may act in accordance with Virtue.

And this may be clearly seen in that men in private stations are thought to act justly, not merely no less than men in power but even more: it will be quite enough that just so much should belong to a man as is necessary, for his life will be happy who works in accordance with Virtue.

Solon perhaps drew a fair picture of the Happy, when he said that they are men moderately supplied with external goods, and who have achieved the most noble deeds, as he thought, and who have lived with perfect self-mastery: for it is quite possible for men of moderate means to act as they ought.

Anaxagoras also seems to have conceived of the Happy man not as either rich or powerful, saying that he should not wonder if he were accounted a strange man in the judgment of the multitude: for they judge by outward circumstances of which alone they have any perception.

And thus the opinions of the Wise seem to be accordant with our account of the matter: of course such things carry some weight, but truth, in matters of moral action, is judged from facts and from actual life, for herein rests the decision. So what we should do is to examine the preceding statements by referring them to facts and to actual life, and when they harmonise with facts we may accept them, when they are at variance with them conceive of them as mere theories.

Now he that works in accordance with, and pays observance to, Pure Intellect, and tends this, seems likely to be both in the best frame of mind and dearest to the Gods: because if, as is thought, any care is bestowed on human things by the Gods then it must be reasonable to think that they take pleasure in what is best and most akin to themselves (and this must be the Pure Intellect); and that they requite with kindness those who love and honour this most, as paying observance to what is dear to them, and as acting rightly and nobly. And it is quite obvious that the man of Science chiefly combines all these: he is therefore dearest to the Gods, and it is probable that he is at the same time most Happy.

Thus then on this view also the man of Science will be most Happy.

Chapter VIII.

Now then that we have said enough in our sketchy kind of way on these subjects; I mean, on the Virtues, and also on Friendship and Pleasure; are we to suppose that our original purpose is completed? Must we not rather acknowledge, what is commonly said, that in matters of moral action mere Speculation and Knowledge is not the real End but rather Practice: and if so, then neither in

respect of Virtue is Knowledge enough; we must further strive to have and exert it, and take whatever other means there are of becoming good.

Now if talking and writing were of themselves sufficient to make men good, they would justly, as Theognis observes have reaped numerous and great rewards, and the thing to do would be to provide them: but in point of fact, while they plainly have the power to guide and stimulate the generous among the young and to base upon true virtuous principle any noble and truly high-minded disposition, they as plainly are powerless to guide the mass of men to Virtue and goodness; because it is not their nature to be amenable to a sense of shame but only to fear; nor to abstain from what is low and mean because it is disgraceful to do it but because of the punishment attached to it: in fact, as they live at the beck and call of passion, they pursue their own proper pleasures and the means of securing them, and they avoid the contrary pains; but as for what is noble and truly pleasurable they have not an idea of it, inasmuch as they have never tasted of it.

Men such as these then what mere words can transform? No, indeed! it is either actually impossible, or a task of no mean difficulty, to alter by words what has been of old taken into men's very dispositions: and, it may be, it is a ground for contentment if with all the means and appliances for goodness in our hands we can attain to Virtue.

The formation of a virtuous character some ascribe to Nature, some to Custom, and some to Teaching. Now Nature's part, be it what it may, obviously does not rest with us, but belongs to those who in the truest sense are fortunate, by reason of certain divine agency,

Then, as for Words and Precept, they, it is to be feared, will not avail with all; but it may be necessary for the mind of the disciple to have been previously prepared for liking and disliking as he ought; just as the soil must, to nourish the seed sown. For he that lives in obedience to passion cannot hear any advice that would dissuade him, nor, if he heard, understand: now him that is thus how can one reform? in fact, generally, passion is not thought to yield to Reason but to brute force. So then there must be, to begin with, a kind of affinity to Virtue in the disposition; which must cleave to what is honourable and loath what is disgraceful. But to get right guidance towards Virtue from the earliest youth is not easy unless one is brought up under laws of such kind; because living with self-mastery and endurance is not pleasant to the mass of men, and specially not to the young. For this reason the food, and manner of living generally, ought to be the subject of legal regulation, because things when become habitual will not be disagreeable.

Yet perhaps it is not sufficient that men while young should get right food and tendance, but, inasmuch as they will have to practise and become accustomed to certain things even after they have attained to man's estate, we shall want laws on these points as well, and, in fine, respecting one's whole life, since the mass of men are amenable to compulsion rather than Reason, and to punishment rather than to a sense of honour.

And therefore some men hold that while lawgivers should employ the sense of honour to exhort and guide men to Virtue, under the notion that they will then obey who have been well trained in habits; they should impose chastisement and penalties on those who disobey and are of less promising nature; and the incurable expel entirely: because the good man and he who lives under a sense of honour will be obedient to reason; and the baser sort, who grasp at pleasure, will be kept in check, like beasts of burthen by pain. Therefore also they say that the pains should be such as are most contrary to the pleasures which are liked.

As has been said already, he who is to be good must have been brought up and habituated well, and then live accordingly under good institutions, and never do what is low and mean, either against or with his will. Now these objects can be attained only by men living in accordance with some guiding Intellect and right order, with power to back them.

As for the Paternal Rule, it possesses neither strength nor compulsory power, nor in fact does the Rule of any one man, unless he is a king or some one in like case: but the Law has power to compel, since it is a declaration emanating from Practical Wisdom and Intellect. And people feel enmity towards their fellow-men who oppose their impulses, however rightly they may do so: the Law, on the contrary, is not the object of hatred, though enforcing right rules.

The Lacedæmonian is nearly the only State in which the framer of the Constitution has made any provision, it would seem, respecting the food and manner of living of the people: in most States these points are entirely neglected, and each man lives just as he likes, ruling his wife and children Cyclops-Fashion.

Of course, the best thing would be that there should be a right Public System and that we should be able to carry it out: but, since as a public matter those points are neglected, the duty would seem to devolve upon each individual to contribute to the cause of

Virtue with his own children and friends, or at least to make this his aim and purpose: and this, it would seem, from what has been said, he will be best able to do by making a Legislator of himself: since all public systems, it is plain, are formed by the instrumentality of laws and those are good which are formed by that of good laws: whether they are written or unwritten, whether they are applied to the training of one or many, will not, it seems, make any difference, just as it does not in music, gymnastics, or any other such accomplishments, which are gained by practice.

For just as in Communities laws and customs prevail, so too in families the express commands of the Head, and customs also: and even more in the latter, because of blood-relationship and the benefits conferred: for there you have, to begin with, people who have affection and are naturally obedient to the authority which controls them.

Then, furthermore, Private training has advantages over Public, as in the case of the healing art: for instance, as a general rule, a man who is in a fever should keep quiet, and starve; but in a particular case, perhaps, this may not hold good; or, to take a different illustration, the boxer will not use the same way of fighting with all antagonists.

It would seem then that the individual will be most exactly attended to under Private care, because so each will be more likely to obtain what is expedient for him. Of course, whether in the art of healing, or gymnastics, or any other, a man will treat individual cases the better for being acquainted with general rules; as, “that so and so is good for all, or for men in such and such cases:” because general maxims are not only said to be but are the object-matter of sciences: still this is no reason against the possibility of a man’s taking excellent care of some _one_ case, though he possesses no scientific knowledge but from experience is exactly acquainted with what happens in each point; just as some people are thought to doctor themselves best though they would be wholly unable to administer relief to others. Yet it may seem to be necessary nevertheless, for one who wishes to become a real artist and well acquainted with the theory of his profession, to have recourse to general principles and ascertain all their capacities: for we have already stated that these are the object-matter of sciences.

If then it appears that we may become good through the instrumentality of laws, of course whoso wishes to make men better by a system of care and training must try to make a Legislator of himself; for to treat skilfully just any one who may be put before you is not what any ordinary person can do, but, if any one, he who has knowledge; as in the healing art, and all others which involve careful practice and skill.

Will not then our next business be to enquire from what sources, or how one may acquire this faculty of Legislation; or shall we say, that, as in similar cases, Statesmen are the people to learn from, since this faculty was thought to be a part of the Social Science? Must we not admit that the Political Science plainly does not stand on a similar footing to that of other sciences and faculties? I mean, that while in all other cases those who impart the faculties and themselves exert them are identical (physicians and painters for instance) matters of Statesmanship the Sophists profess to teach, but not one of them practises it, that being left to those actually engaged in it: and these might really very well be thought to do it by some singular knack and by mere practice rather than by any intellectual process: for they neither write nor speak on these matters (though it might be more to their credit than composing speeches for the courts or the assembly), nor again have they made Statesmen of their own sons or their friends.

One can hardly suppose but that they would have done so if they could, seeing that they could have bequeathed no more precious legacy to their communities, nor would they have preferred, for themselves or their dearest friends, the possession of any faculty rather than this.

Practice, however, seems to contribute no little to its acquisition; merely breathing the atmosphere of politics would never have made Statesmen of them, and therefore we may conclude that they who would acquire a knowledge of Statesmanship must have in addition practice.

But of the Sophists they who profess to teach it are plainly a long way off from doing so: in fact, they have no knowledge at all of its nature and objects; if they had, they would never have put it on the same footing with Rhetoric or even on a lower: neither would they have conceived it to be “an easy matter to legislate by simply collecting such laws as are famous because of course one could select the best,” as though the selection were not a matter of skill, and the judging aright a very great matter, as in Music: for they alone, who have practical knowledge of a thing, can judge the performances rightly or understand with what means and in what way they are accomplished, and what harmonises with what: the unlearned must be content with being able to discover whether the result is good or bad, as in painting.

Now laws may be called the performances or tangible results of Political Science; how then can a man acquire from these the faculty of Legislation, or choose the best? we do not see men made physicians by compilations: and yet in these treatises men endeavour to give not only the cases but also how they may be cured, and the proper treatment in each case, dividing the various bodily habits. Well, these are thought to be useful to professional men, but to the unprofessional useless. In like manner it may be that collections of laws and Constitutions would be exceedingly useful to such as are able to speculate on them, and judge what is well, and what ill, and what kind of things fit in with what others: but they who without this qualification should go through such matters cannot have right judgment, unless they have it by instinct, though they may become more intelligent in such matters.

Since then those who have preceded us have left uninvestigated the subject of Legislation, it will be better perhaps for us to investigate it ourselves, and, in fact, the whole subject of Polity, that thus what we may call Human Philosophy may be completed as far as in us lies.

First then, let us endeavour to get whatever fragments of good there may be in the statements of our predecessors, next, from the Polities we have collected, ascertain what kind of things preserve or destroy Communities, and what, particular Constitutions; and the cause why some are well and others ill managed, for after such enquiry, we shall be the better able to take a concentrated view as to what kind of Constitution is best, what kind of regulations are best for each, and what laws and customs.

NOTES

BOOK I

[1] For this term, as here employed, our language contains no equivalent expression except an inconvenient paraphrase.

There are three senses which it bears in this treatise: the first (in which it is here employed) is its strict etymological signfication “The science of Society,” and this includes everything which can bear at all upon the well-being of Man in his social capacity, “Quicquid agunt homines nostri est farrago libelli.” It is in this view that it is fairly denominated most commanding and inclusive.

The second sense (in which it occurs next, just below) is “Moral Philosophy.” Aristotle explains the term in this sense in the Rhetoric (1 2) [Greek: hae peri ta aethae pragmateia aen dikaion esti prosagoreuen politikaen]. He has principally in view in this treatise the moral training of the Individual, the branch of the Science of Society which we call Ethics Proper, bearing the same relation to the larger Science as the hewing and squaring of the stones to the building of the Temple, or the drill of the Recruit to the manoeuvres of the field. Greek Philosophy viewed men principally as constituent parts of a [Greek: polis], considering this function to be the real End of each, and this state as that in which the Individual attained his highest and most complete development.

The third sense is “The detail of Civil Government,” which Aristotle expressly states (vi. 8) was the most common acceptation of the term.

[2] Matters of which a man is to judge either belong to some definite art or science, or they do not. In the former case he is the best judge who has thorough acquaintance with that art or science, in the latter, the man whose powers have been developed and matured by education. A lame horse one would show to a farmer, not to the best and wisest man of one’s acquaintance; to the latter, one would apply in a difficult case of conduct.

Experience answers to the first, a state of self-control to the latter.

[3] In the last chapter of the third book of this treatise it is said of the fool, that his desire of pleasure is not only insatiable, but indiscriminate in its objects, παντα■θεν.

[4] ■ρ■ is a word used in this treatise in various significations. The primary one is “beginning or first cause,” and this runs through all its various uses.

“Rule,” and sometimes “Rulers,” are denoted by this term the initiative being a property of Rule.

“Principle” is a very usual signification of it, and in fact the most characteristic of the Ethics. The word Principle means “starting-point.” Every action has two beginnings, that of Resolve ο■ ■νεκα, and that of Action (■θεν ■ κιν■σις). I desire praise of men this then is the beginning of Resolve. Having considered how it is to be attained, I resolve upon some course and this Resolve is the beginning of Action.

The beginnings of Resolve, ■ρχ■ or Motives, when formally stated, are the major premisses of what Aristotle calls the συλλογ■σμοι τ■ν πρακτ■ν, i.e. the reasoning into which actions may be analysed.

Thus we say that the desire of human praise was the motive of the Pharisees, or the principle on which they acted.

Their practical syllogism then would stand thus:

Whatever gains human praise is to be done; Public praying and almsgiving gave human praise: [ergo] Public praying and almsgiving are to be done.

The major premisses may be stored up in the mind as rules of action, and this is what is commonly meant by having principles good or bad.

[5] The difficulty of this passage consists in determining the signification of the terms [Greek: gnorima aemin] and [Greek: gnorima aplos]

I have translated them without reference to their use elsewhere, as denoting respectively what _is_ and what _may_ be known. All truth is [Greek: gnorimon aplos], but that alone [Greek: aemin] which we individually realise, therefore those principles alone are [Greek: gnorima aemin] which _we have received as true_. From this appears immediately the necessity of good training as preparatory to the study of Moral Philosophy for good training in habits will either work principles into our nature, or make us capable of accepting them as soon as they are put before us; which no mere intellectual training can do. The child who has been used to obey his parents may never have heard the fifth Commandment but it is in the very texture of his nature, and the first time he hears it he will recognise it as morally true and right the principle is in his case a fact, the reason for which he is as little inclined to ask as any one would be able to prove its truth if he should ask.

But these terms are employed elsewhere (Analytica Post I cap. 11. sect. 10) to denote respectively particulars and universals The latter are so denominated, because principles or laws must be supposed to have existed before the instances of their operation. Justice must have existed before just actions, Redness before red things, but since what we meet with are the concrete instances (from which we gather the principles and laws), the particulars are said to be [Greek: gnorimotera aemin]

Adopting this signification gives greater unity to the whole passage, which will then stand thus. The question being whether we are to assume principles, or obtain them by an analysis of facts, Aristotle says, “We must begin of course with what is known but then this term denotes either particulars or universals perhaps we then must begin with particulars and hence the necessity of a previous good training in habits, etc. (which of course is beginning with particular facts), for a fact is a starting point, and if this be sufficiently clear, there will be no want of the reason for the fact in addition”

The objection to this method of translation is, that [Greek: archai] occurs immediately afterwards in the sense of “principles.”

Utere tuo judicio nihil enim impedio.

[6] Or “prove themselves good,” as in the Prior Analytics, ii 25, [Greek: apanta pisteuomen k.t l] but the other rendering is supported by a passage in Book VIII. chap. ix. [Greek: oi d’ upo ton epieikon kai eidoton oregomenoi timaes bebaiosai ten oikeian doxan ephientai peri auton chairousi de oti eisin agathoi, pisteuontes te ton legonton krisei]

[7] [Greek: thesis] meant originally some paradoxical statement by any philosopher of name enough to venture on one, but had come to mean any dialectical question. Topics, I. chap. ix.

[8] A lost work, supposed to have been so called, because containing miscellaneous questions.

[9] It is only quite at the close of the treatise that Aristotle refers to this, and allows that [Greek: theoria] constitutes the highest happiness because it is the exercise of the highest faculty in man the reason of thus deferring the statement being that till the lower, that is the moral, nature has been reduced to perfect order, [Greek: theoria] cannot have place, though, had it been held out from the first, men would have been for making the experiment at once, without the trouble of self-discipline.

[10] Or, as some think, “many theories have been founded on them.”

[11] The ■δ■α is the archetype, the ε■δος the concrete embodying the resemblance of it; hence Aristotle alludes to the theory under both names, and this is the reason for retaining the Greek terms.

[12] The list ran thus—

[Greek: to peras to apeiron | to euthu to perisson to artion | to phos to en to plethos | to tetragonon to dexion to aristeron | to aeremoun to arren to thelu | to agathon]

[13] Plato's sister's son.

[14] This is the capital defect in Aristotle's eyes, who being eminently practical, could not like a theory which not only did not necessarily lead to action, but had a tendency to discourage it by enabling unreal men to talk finely. If true, the theory is merely a way of stating facts, and leads to no action.

[15] _i.e._ the identification of Happiness with the Chief Good.

[16] _i.e._ without the capability of addition.

[17] And then Happiness would at once be shown not to be the Chief Good. It is a contradiction in terms to speak of adding to the Chief Good. See Book X. chap. 11. [Greek: delon os oud allo ouden tagathon an eiae o meta tenos ton kath' auto agathon airetoteron ginetai.]

[18] Compare Bishop Butler's account of "Human Nature as a System" in the Preface to his Sermons.

[19] _i.e._ as working or as quiescent.

[20] The mere translation of this term would convey no idea of its meaning, I have therefore retained the Greek term. It is afterwards explained to include space of time and external appliances requisite for the full development of Man's energies; here the time only is alluded to.

[21] This principle is more fully stated, with illustrations, in the Topics, I. chap. ix.

[22] Either that of the bodily senses, or that of the moral senses. "Fire burns," is an instance of the former, "Treason is odious," of the latter.

[23] I have thought it worthwhile to vary the interpretation of this word, because though "habitus" may be equivalent to all the senses of [Greek: exis], "habit" is not, at least according to our colloquial usage we commonly denote by "habit" a state formed by habituation.

[24] Another and perhaps more obvious method of rendering this passage is to apply [Greek: kalon kagathon] to things, and let them depend grammatically on [Greek: epaeboli]. It is to be remembered, however, that [Greek: kalos kagathos] bore a special and well-known meaning also the comparison is in the text more complete, and the point of the passage seems more completely brought out.

[25] "Goodness always implies the love of itself, an affection to goodness." (Bishop Butler, Sermon xiii) Aristotle describes pleasure in the Tenth Book of this Treatise as the result of any faculty of perception meeting with the corresponding object, vicious pleasure being as truly pleasure as the most refined and exalted. If Goodness then implies the love of itself, the percipient will always have its object present, and pleasure continually result.

[26] In spite of theory, we know as a matter of fact that external circumstances are necessary to complete the idea of Happiness not that Happiness is capable of addition, but that when we assert it to be identical with virtuous action we must understand that it is to have a fair field; in fact, the other side of [Greek: bios teleios].

[27] It is remarkable how Aristotle here again shelves what he considers an unpractical question. If Happiness were really a direct gift from Heaven, independently of human conduct, all motive to self-discipline and moral improvement would vanish He shows therefore that it is no depreciation of the value of Happiness to suppose it to come partly at least from ourselves, and he then goes on with other reasons why we should think with him.

[28] This term is important, what has been maimed was once perfect; he does not contemplate as possible the case of a man being born incapable of virtue, and so of happiness.

[29] [Greek] Plato. Phædon. xlvi.

[30] But why give materials and instruments, if there is no work to do?

[31] The supposed pair of ancestors.

[32] Solon says, “Call no man happy till he is dead.” He must mean either, The man when dead _is_ happy (a), or, The man when dead _may be said to have been happy_ (b). If the former, does he mean positive happiness (a)? or only freedom from unhappiness (β)? _We_ cannot allow (a), Men’s opinions disallow (β), We revert now to the consideration of (b).

[33] The difficulty was raised by the clashing of a notion commonly held, and a fact universally experienced. Most people conceive that Happiness should be abiding, every one knows that fortune is changeable. It is the notion which supports the definition, because we have therein based Happiness on the most abiding cause.

[34] I have taken το■τον α■τ■ν to refer to ■πιστημ■ν, against Magirus and the Paraphrase of Andronicus Rhodius. I would refer to Aristotle’s account of θεωρ■α in the Tenth Book, chap. vii. where he expressly says of the working of νο■ς or pure intelect, that it is “most continuous.”

[35] The term seems to be employed advisedly. The Choragus, of course, dressed his actors _for their parts;_ not according to their fancies or his own.

Hooker has (E. P. v. ixxvi. 5) a passage which seems to be an admirable paraphrase on this.

“Again, that the measure of our outward prosperity be taken by proportion with that which every man’s estate in this present life requireth. External abilities are instruments of action. It contenteth wise artificers to have their instruments proportionable to their work, rather fit for use than huge and goodly to please the eye. Seeing then the actions of a servant do not need that which may be necessary for men of calling and place in the world, neither men of inferior condition many things which greater personages can hardly want; surely they are blessed in worldly respects who have wherewith to perform what their station and place asketh, though they have no more.”

[36] Always bearing in mind that man “never continueth in one stay.”

[37] The meaning is this: personal fortunes, we have said, must be in certain weight and number to affect our own happiness, this will be true, of course, of those which are reflected on us from our friends: and these are the only ones to which the dead are supposed to be liable? add then the difference of sensibility which it is fair to presume, and there is a very small residuum of joy or sorrow.

[38] This is meant for an exhaustive division of goods, which are either so _in esse_ or _in posse_.

If _in esse_, they are either above praise, or subjects of praise. Those _in posse_, here called faculties, are good only when rightly used. Thus Rhetoric is a faculty which may be used to promote justice or abused to support villainy. Money in like way.

[39] The doubt is, whether [Greek] or [Greek] is the subject of the sentence. It is translated as above, not merely with reference to the sense of this passage, but on a comparison with a similar one in Book X. chap 8. [Greek].

[40] Eudoxus, a philosopher holding the doctrine afterwards adopted by Epicurus respecting pleasure, but (as Aristotle testifies in the Tenth Book) of irreproachable character.

[41] See the Rhetoric, Book I. chap ix.

[42] The unseen is at least as real as the seen.

[43] The terms are borrowed from the Seventh Book and are here used in their strict philosophical meaning. The [Greek: enkrates] is he who has bad or unruly appetites, but whose reason is strong enough to keep them under. The [Greek: akrates] is he whose appetites constantly prevail over his reason and previous good resolutions.

By the law of habits the former is constantly approximating to a state in which the appetites are wholly quelled. This state is called [Greek: sophrosyne], and the man in it [Greek: sophron]. By the same law the remonstrances of reason in the latter grow fainter and fainter till they are silenced for ever. This state is called [Greek: akolasia], and the man in it [Greek: akolastos].

[44] This is untranslateable. As the Greek phrase, [Greek: echein logon tinos], really denotes substituting that person’s [Greek: logos] for one’s own, so the Irrational nature in a man of self-control or perfected self-mastery substitutes the orders of Reason for

its own impulses. The other phrase means the actual possession of mathematical truths as part of the mental furniture, _i.e._ knowing them.

[45] [Greek: xin] may be taken as opposed to [Greek: energeian], and the meaning will be, to show a difference between Moral and Intellectual Excellences, that men are commended for merely having the latter, but only for exerting and using the former.

BOOK II

[1] Which we call simply virtue.

[2] For nature must of course supply the capacity.

[3] Or “as a simple result of nature.”

[4] This is done in the Sixth Book.

[5] It is, in truth, in the application of rules to particular details of practice that our moral Responsibility chiefly lies no rule can be so framed, that evasion shall be impossible. See Bishop Butler’s Sermon on the character of Balaam, and that on Self-Deceit.

[6] The words ■κ■λαστος and δειλ■ς are not used here in their strict significations to denote confirmed states of vice: the ■γκρατ■ς necessarily feels pain, because he must always be thwarting passions which are a real part of his nature; though this pain will grow less and less as he nears the point of σωφροσ■νη or perfected Self-Mastery, which being attained the pain will then and then only cease entirely. So a certain degree of fear is necessary to the _formation_ of true courage. All that is meant here is, that no habit of courage or self-mastery can be said to be matured, until pain altogether vanishes.

[7] Virtue consists in the due regulation of _all_ the parts of our nature our passions are a real part of that nature, and as such have their proper office, it is an error then to aim at their extirpation. It is true that in a perfect moral state emotion will be rare, but then this will have been gained by regular process, being the legitimate result of the law that “passive impressions weaken as active habits are strengthened, by repetition.” If musical instruments are making discord, I may silence or I may bring them into harmony in either case I get rid of discord, but in the latter I have the positive enjoyment of music. The Stoics would have the passions rooted out, Aristotle would have them cultivated to use an apt figure (whose I know not), They would pluck the blossom off at once, he would leave it to fall in due course when the fruit was formed. Of them we might truly say, _Solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant_. See on this point Bishop Butler’s fifth Sermon, and sect. 11. of the chapter on Moral Discipline in the first part of his Analogy.

[8] I have adopted this word from our old writers, because our word _act_ is so commonly interchanged with _action_. [Greek: Praxis] (action) properly denotes the whole process from the conception to the performance. [Greek: Pragma] (fact) only the result. The latter may be right when the former is wrong if, for example, a murderer was killed by his accomplices. Again, the [Greek: praxis] may be _good_ though the [Greek: pragma] be wrong, as if a man under erroneous impressions does what would have been right if his impressions had been true (subject of course to the question how far he is guiltless of his original error), but in this case we could not call the [Greek: praxis] _right_. No repetition of [Greek: pragmata] goes to form a habit. See Bishop Butler on the Theory of Habits m the chapter on Moral Discipline, quoted above, sect. 11. “And in like manner as habits belonging to the body,” etc.

[9] Being about to give a strict logical definition of Virtue, Aristotle ascertains first what is its genus [Greek: ti estin].

[10] That is, not for _merely having_ them, because we did not make ourselves.

See Bishop Butler’s account of our nature as containing “particular propensions,” in sect. iv. of the chapter on Moral discipline, and in the Preface to the Sermons.

[11] This refers to the division of quantity ([Greek: poson]) in the Categories. Those Quantities are called by Aristotle Continuous whose parts have position relatively to one another, as a line, surface, or solid, those discrete, whose parts have no such relation, as numbers themselves, or any string of words grammatically unconnected.

[12] Numbers are in arithmetical proportion (more usually called progression), when they increase or decrease by a common difference thus, 2, 6, 10 are so, because 2 + 4 = 6, 6 + 4= 10, or _vice versa_, 10 - 4 = 6, 6 - 4 = 2.

[13] If the mina be taken at 15 oz. avoirdupois, (Dict. of G. and R. Antiquities, article _Talentum_,) we must be sadly degenerate in our gastric capacity.

[14] The two are necessary, because since the reason itself may be perverted, a man must have recourse to an external standard; we may suppose his [Greek: logos] originally to have been a sufficient guide, but when he has injured his moral perceptions in any degree, he must go out of himself for direction.

[15] This is one of the many expressions which seem to imply that this treatise is rather a collection of notes of a _vivâ voce_ lecture than a set formal treatise. “The table” of virtues and vices probably was sketched out and exhibited to the audience.

[16] Afterwards defined as “All things whose value is measured by money.”

[17] We have no term exactly equivalent; it may be illustrated by Horace’s use of the term _hiatus_:

“Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu?” Opening the mouth wide gives a promise of something great to come, if nothing great does come, this is a case of [Greek: chaunotes] or fruitless and unmeaning _hiatus_; the transference to the present subject is easy.

[18] In like manner _we_ talk of laudable ambition, implying of course there may be that which is not laudable.

[19] An expression of Bishop Butler’s, which corresponds exactly to the definition of [Greek: nemesis] in the Rhetoric.

[20] That is, in the same genus; to be contraries, things must be generically connected: [Greek: ta pleiston allelon diestekota ton en to auto genei enantia orizontai]. Categories, iv. 15.

[21] “[Greek: Deuteros plous] is a proverb,” says the Scholiast on the Phaedo, “used of those who do anything safely and cautiously inasmuch as they who have miscarried in their first voyage, set about then: preparations for the second cautiously,” and he then alludes to this passage.

[22] That is, you must allow for the _recoil_. “Naturam expellas furca tamen usque recurret.”

P. 43, l. 2. This illustration sets in so clear a light the doctrines entertained respectively by Aristotle, Eudoxus, and the Stoics regarding pleasure, that it is worth while to go into it fully.

The reference is to Iliad iii. 154-160. The old counsellors, as Helen comes upon the city wall, acknowledge her surpassing beauty, and have no difficulty in understanding how both nations should have incurred such suffering for her sake still, fair as she is, home she must go, that she bring not ruin on themselves and their posterity.

This exactly represents Aristotle’s relation to Pleasure he does not, with Eudoxus and his followers, exalt it into the Summum Bonum (as Paris would risk all for Helen), nor does he the the Stoics call it wholly evil, as Hector might have said that the woes Helen had caused had “banished all the beauty from her cheek,” but, with the aged counsellors, admits its charms, but aware of their dangerousness resolves to deny himself, he “feels her sweetness, yet defies her thrall.”

[24] A■σθησις is here used as an analogous noun, to denote the faculty which, in respect of moral matters, discharges the same function that bodily sense does in respect of physical objects. It is worth while to notice how in our colloquial language we carry out the same analogy. We say of a transaction, that it “looks ugly,” “sounds oddly,” is a “nasty job,” “stinks in our nostrils,” is a “hard dealing.”

BOOK III

[1] A man is not responsible for being [Greek: theratos], because “particular propensions, from their very nature, must be felt, the objects of them being present, though they cannot be gratified at all, or not with the allowance of the moral principle.” But he is responsible for being [Greek: eutheratos], because, though thus formed, he “might have improved and raised himself to an higher and more secure state of virtue by the contrary behaviour, by steadily following the moral principle, supposed to be one part of his nature, and thus withstanding that unavoidable danger of defection which necessarily arose from propension, the other part of it. For by thus preserving his integrity for some time, his danger would lessen, since propensions, by being inured to submit, would do it more easily and of course and his security against this lessening danger would increase, since the moral principle would gain additional strength by exercise, both which things are implied in the notion of virtuous habits.” (From the chapter on Moral Discipline

m the Analogy, sect. iv.) The purpose of this disquisition is to refute the Necessitarians; it is resumed in the third chapter of this Book.

[2] Virtue is not only the duty, but (by the laws of the Moral Government of the World) also the interest of Man, or to express it in Bishop Butler's manner, Conscience and Reasonable self-love are the two principles in our nature which of right have supremacy over the rest, and these two lead in point of fact the same course of action. (Sermon II.)

[3] Any ignorance of particular facts affects the rightness not of the [Greek: praxis], but of the [Greek: pragma], but ignorance of _i.e._ incapacity to discern, Principles, shows the Moral Constitution to have been depraved, _i.e._ shows Conscience to be perverted, or the sight of Self-love to be impaired.

[4] [Greek: eneka] primarily denotes the relation of cause and effect all circumstances which in any way contribute to a cert result are [Greek: eneka] that result.

From the power which we have or acquire of deducing future results from present causes we are enabled to act towards, with a view to produce, these results thus [Greek: eneka] comes to mean not causation merely, but _designed_ causation and so [Greek: on eneka] is used for Motive, or final cause.

It is the primary meaning which is here intended, it would be a contradiction in terms to speak of a man's being ignorant of his own Motive of action.

When the man "drew a bow at a venture and smote the King of Israel between the joints of the harnesss" (i Kings xxii 34) he did it [Greek: eneka ton apdkteinai] the King of Israel, in the primary sense of [Greek: eneka] that is to say, the King's death was _in fact the result_, but could not have been the motive, of the shot, because the King was disguised and the shot was at a venture.

[5] Bishop Butler would agree to this: he says of settled deliberate anger, "It seems in us plainly connected with a sense of virtue and vice, of moral good and evil." See the whole Sermon on Resentment.

[6] Aristotle has, I venture to think, rather quibbled here, by using [Greek: epithumia] and its verb, equivocally as there is no following his argument without condescending to the same device, I have used our word lust in its ancient signification Ps. xxiv. 12, "What man is he that lusteth to live?"

[7] The meaning is, that the _onus probandi_ is thrown upon the person who maintains the distinction, Aristotle has a _prima facie_ case. The whole passage is one of difficulty. Card wells text gives the passage from [Greek: dokei de] as a separate argument Bekker's seems to intend al 81 ir/jd£eis as a separate argument but if so, the argument would be a mere _petitio principii_. I have adopted Cardwell's reading in part, but retain the comma at [Greek: dmpho] and have translated the last four words as applying to the whole discussion, whereas Cardwell's reading seems to restrict them to the last argument.

[8] _i.e._ on objects of Moral Choice, opinion of this kind is not the same as Moral Choice, because actions alone form habits and constitute character, opinions are in general _signs_ of character, but when they begin to be acted on they cease to be opinions, and merge in Moral Choice.

"Treason doth never prosper, what's the reason? When it doth prosper, none dare call it Treason."

[9] The introduction of the words [Greek: dia tinos] seems a mere useless repetition, as in the second chapter [Greek: en tini] added to [Greek: peri ti]. These I take for some among the many indications that the treatise is a collection of notes for lectures, and not a finished or systematic one.

[10] Suppose that three alternatives lay before a man, each of the three is of course an object of Deliberation; when he has made his choice, the alternative chosen does not cease to be in nature an object of Deliberation, but superadds the character of being chosen and so distinguished. Three men are admitted candidates for an office, the one chosen is the successful candidate, so of the three [Greek: bouleuta], the one chosen is the [Greek: bouleuton proaireton].

[11] Compare Bishop Butler's "System of Human Nature," in the Preface to the Sermons.

[12] These words, [Greek: ek tou bouleusasthai—bouleusin], contain the account of the whole mental machinery of any action. The first step is a Wish, implied in the first here mentioned, viz. Deliberation, for it has been already laid down that Deliberation has for its object-matter means to Ends supposed to be set before the mind, the next step is Deliberation, the next Decision, the last the

definite extending of the mental hand towards the object thus selected, the two last constitute [Greek: proairesis] in its full meaning. The word [Greek: orexis] means literally “a grasping at or after” now as this physically may be either vague or definite, so too may the mental act, consequently the term as transferred to the mind has two uses, and denotes either the first wish, [Greek: boulaesis], or the last definite movement, Will in its strict and proper sense. These two uses are recognised in the Rhetoric (I 10), where [Greek: orexis] is divided into [Greek: alogos] and [Greek: logistikae].

The illustration then afforded by the polities alluded to is this, as the Kings first decided and then announced their decision for acceptance and execution by their subjects, so Reason, having decided on the course to be taken, communicates its decision to the Will, which then proceeds to move [Greek: ta organika merae]. To instance in an action of the mixed kind mentioned in the first chapter, safe arrival at land is naturally desired, two means are suggested, either a certain loss of goods, or trying to save both lives and goods, the question being debated, the former is chosen, this decision is communicated to the Will, which causes the owner’s hands to throw overboard his goods: the act is denominated voluntary, because the Will is consenting, but in so denominating it, we leave out of sight how that consent was obtained. In a purely compulsory case the never gets beyond the stage of Wish, for no means are power and deliberation therefore is useless, consequently there is neither Decision nor Will, in other words, no Choice.

[13] Compare the statement in the Rhetoric, 1 10, [Greek: esti d hae men boulaeis agathou orexis (oudeis gar bouletai all ae otan oiaetho einai agathon)]

[14] A stone once set in motion cannot be recalled, because it is then placed under the operation of natural laws which cannot be controlled or altered, so too in Moral declension, there is a point at which gravitation operates irretrievably, “there is a certain bound to imprudence and misbehaviour which being transgressed, there remains no place for repentance in the natural course of things.” Bishop Butler’s Analogy, First Part, chap 11.

[15] Habits being formed by acting in a certain way under certain circumstances we can only choose how we will act not what circumstances we will have to act under.

[16] “_Moral_ Courage” is our phrase.

[17] The meaning of this passage can scarcely be conveyed except by a paraphrase.

“The object of each separate act of working is that which accords with the habit they go to form. Courage is the habit which separate acts of bravery go to form, therefore the object of these is that which accords with Courage, _i.e._ Courage itself. But Courage is honourable (which implies that the end and object of it is honour, since things are denominated according to their end and object), therefore the object of each separate act of bravery is honour.”

[18] For true Courage is required, i. Exact appreciation of danger. 2. A Proper motive for resisting fear. Each of the Spurious kinds will be found to fail in one or other, or both.

[19] This may merely mean, “who give strict orders” not to flinch, which would imply the necessity of compulsion The word is capable of the sense given above, which seems more forcible.

[20] See Book VI. chap. xiii. near the end [Greek: sokrataes aehen oun logous tas aretas oeto einai (epiotaemas gar einai pasas)]

[21] Such as the noise, the rapid movements, and apparent confusion which to an inexperienced eye and ear would be alarming. So Livy says of the Gauls, v. 37, Nata in _vanos_ tumultus gens.

[22]In Coronea in Bœotia, on the occasion of the citadel being betrayed to some Phocians. “The regulars” were Boeotian troops, the [Greek: politika] Coroneans.

[23] By the difference of tense it seems Aristotle has mixed up two things, beginning to speak of the particular instance, and then carried into the general statement again. This it is scarce worth while to imitate.

[24] The meaning of the phrase [Greek: kata sumbebaekos], as here used, in given in the Seventh Book, chap. X. [Greek: ei gar tis todi dia todi aireitai ae diokei, kath ahuto men touto diokei kai aireitai, kata sumbebaekos de to proteron].

BOOK V

[1] Each term is important to make up the character of Justice, men must have the capacity, do the acts, and do them from moral choice.

[2] But not always. [Greek: Philein], for instance, has two senses, “to love” and “to kiss,” [Greek: misein] but one. Topics, I. chap. XIII. 5.

[3] _Things_ are [Greek: homonuma] which have only their name in common, being in themselves different. The [Greek: homonumia] is _close_ therefore when the difference though real is but slight. There is no English expression for [Greek: homonumia], “equivocal” being applied to a term and not to its various significates.

[4] See Book I. chap. 1. [Greek: toiautaen de tina planaen echei kai tagatha k.t.l.]

[5] A man habitually drunk in private is viewed by our law as confining his vice to himself, and the law therefore does not attempt to touch him; a religious hermit may be viewed as one who confines his virtue to his own person.

[6] See the account of Sejanus and Livia. Tac. Annal. IV. 3.

[7] Cardwell’s text, which here gives [Greek: paranomon], yields a much easier and more natural sense. All Injustice violates law, but only the particular kinds violate equality; and therefore the unlawful : the unequal :: universal Injustice the particular _i.e._ as whole to part.

There is a reading which also alters the words within the parenthesis, but this hardly affects the gist of the passage.

[8] There are two reasons why the characters are not necessarily coincident. He is a good citizen, who does his best to carry out the [Greek: politeia] under which he lives, but this may be faulty, so therefore _pro tanto_ is he.

Again, it is sufficient, so far as the Community is concerned, that he does the _facts_ of a good man but for the perfection of his own individual character, he must do them virtuously. A man may move rightly in his social orbit, without revolving rightly on his own axis.

The question is debated in the Politics, III. 2. Compare also the distinction between the brave man, and good soldier (supra, Book III. chap. xii.), and also Bishop Butler’s first Sermon.

[9] Terms used for persons.

[10] By [Greek:——] is meant numbers themselves, 4, 20, 50, etc, by [Greek:——] these numbers exemplified, 4 horses, 20 sheep, etc.

[11] The profits of a mercantile transaction (say £1000) are to be divided between A and B, in the ratio of 2 to 3 (which is the real point to be settled); then,

A : B :: 400 : 600.

A : 400 :: B : 600 (permutando, and assuming a value for A and B, so as to make them commensurable with the respectiy sums).

A+400 : B+600 :: A : B. This represents the actual distribution; its fairness depending entirely on that of the first proportion.

[12] _i.e._ where the ratio is that of equality, thus 2 : 2 :: 40 : 40

[13] Her Majesty’s “Justices.”

[14] I have omitted the next three lines, as they seem to be out of place here, and to occur much more naturally afterwards; it not being likely that they were originally twice written, one is perhaps at liberty to give Aristotle the benefit of the doubt, and conclude that he put them where they made the best sense.

[15] This I believe to be the meaning of the passage but do not pretend to be able to get it out of the words.

[16] This is apparently contrary to what was said before, but not really so. Aristotle does not mean that the man in authority struck wrongfully, but he takes the extreme case of simple Reciprocation, and in the second case, the man who strikes one in authority commits two offences, one against the person (and so far they are equal), and another against the office.

[17] χ■ρις denotes, 1st, a kindly feeling issuing in a gratuitous act of kindness, 2ndly, the effect of this act of kindness on a generous mind; 3rdly, this effect issuing in a requital of the kindness.

[18] The Shoemaker would get a house while the Builder only had (say) one pair of shoes, or at all events not so many as he ought to have. Thus the man producing the least valuable ware would get the most valuable, and _vice versa_.

Adopting, as I have done, the reading which omits [Greek:——] at [Greek:——], we have simply a repetition of the caution, that before Reciprocation is attempted, there must be the same ratio between the wares as between the persons, _i.e._ the ratio of equality.

If we admit [Greek: ou], the meaning may be, that you must not bring into the proportion the difference mentioned above [Greek: eteron kai ouk ison], since for the purposes of commerce all men are equal.

Say that the Builder is to the Shoemaker as 10:1. Then there must be the same ratio between the wares, consequently the highest artist will carry off the most valuable wares, thus combining in himself both [Greek: uperochai]. The following are the three cases, given 100 pr. shoes = 1 house.

Builder : Shoemaker : : 1 pr. shoes : 1 house—_wrong_. —— —— 100 pr. shoes : 1 house—_right_ —— —— 10 (100 pr. shoes) : 1 house—_wrong_.

[19] [Greek] Compare a similar use of [Greek]. De Interpretatione, II. 2. [Greek].

[20] Every unjust act embodies [Greek: to adikon], which is a violation of [Greek: to ison], and so implies a greater and a less share, the former being said to fall to the doer, the latter to the sufferer, of injury.

[21] This passage certainly occurs awkwardly here. If attached to the close of the preceding Chapter it would leave that Chapter incomplete, for the question is not gone into, but only stated. As the commencement of this Chapter it is yet more out of place; I should propose to insert it at the commencement of the following Chapter, to which it forms an appropriate introduction.

[22] In a pure democracy men are absolutely, _i.e._ numerically, equal, in other forms only proportionately equal. Thus the meanest British subject is proportionately equal to the Sovereign, that is to say, is as fully secured in his rights as the Sovereign in hers.

[23] Or, according to Cardwell's reading ([Greek: kineton ou mentoi pan]) "but amongst ourselves there is Just, which is naturally variable, but certainly all Just is not such." The sense of the passage is not affected by the reading. In Bekker's text we must take [Greek: kineton] to mean the same as [Greek: kinoumenon], _i.e._ "we admit there is no Just which has not been sometimes disallowed, still," etc. With Cardwell's, [Greek: kineton] will mean "which not only _does_ but naturally _may_ vary."

[24] Murder is unjust by the law of nature, Smuggling by enactment. Therefore any act which can be referred to either of these heads is an unjust act, or, as Bishop Butler phrases it, an act _materially_ unjust. Thus much may be decided without reference to the agent. See the note on page 32, l. 16.

[25] "As distinct from pain or loss." Bishop Butler's Sermon on Resentment. See also, Rhet. 11. 2 Def. of [Greek: orgae].

[26] This method of reading the passage is taken from Zell as quoted in Cardwell's Notes, and seems to yield the best sense. The Paraphrast gives it as follows:

"But the aggressor is not ignorant that he began, and so he feels himself to be wrong [and will not acknowledge that he is the aggressor], but the other does not."

[27] As when a man is "_justified_ at the Grass Market," _i.e._ hung.

[28] Where the stock of good is limited, if any individual takes more than his share some one else must have less than his share; where it is infinite, or where there is no good at all this cannot happen.

[29] The reference is to chap. vii. where it was said that the law views the parties in a case of particular injustice as originally equal, but now unequal, the wrong doer the gainer and the sufferer the loser by the wrong, but in the case above supposed there is but _one_ party.

[30] So in the Politics, 1. 2.

Hae men gar psuchae tou somatos archei despotikaen archaen, o de nous taes orexeos politikaen kai despotikaev.

Compare also Bishop Butler's account of human nature as a system—of the different authority of certain principles, and specially the supremacy of Conscience.

BOOK VI

[1] I understand the illustration to be taken from the process of lowering a weight into its place; a block of marble or stone, for instance, in a building.

[2] Called for convenience sake Necessary and Contingent matter.

[3] One man learns Mathematics more easily than another, in common language, _he has a turn for_ Mathematics, _i e_ something in his mental conformation answers to that science The Phrenologist shows the bump denoting this aptitude.

[4] And therefore the question resolves itself into this, "What is the work of the Speculative, and what of the Practical, faculty of Reason." See the description of _apetae_ II. 5.

[5] _praxis_ is here used in its strict and proper meaning.

[6] That is to say, the Will waits upon deliberation in which Reason is the judge; when the decision is pronounced, the Will must act accordingly.

The question at issue always is, _Is this Good?_ because the Will is only moved by an impression of Good; the Decision then will be always _Aye or No_, and the mental hand is put forth to grasp in the former case, and retracted in the later.

So far as what must take place in _every_ Moral Action, right or wrong, the Machinery of the mind being supposed uninjured but to constitute a good Moral Choice, _i e._. a good Action, the Reason must have said Aye when it ought.

The cases of faulty action will be, either when the Machinery is perfect but wrongly directed, as in the case of a deliberate crime, or when the direction given by the Reason is right but the Will does not move in accordance with that direction, in other words, when the Machinery is out of order; as in the case of the [Greek: akrates]—video meliora proboque, Deteriora sequor.

[7] See the note on [Greek: Arche] on page 4, l. 30.

[8] The cobbler is at his last, why? to make shoes, which are to clothe the feet of someone and the price to be paid, _i.e._ the produce of his industry, is to enable him to support his wife and children; thus his production is subordinate to Moral Action.

[9] It may be fairly presumed that Aristotle would not thus have varied his phrase without some real difference of meaning. That difference is founded, I think, on the two senses of [Greek: orexis] before alluded to (note, p. 53, l. 33). The first impulse of the mind towards Action may be given either by a vague desire or by the suggestion of Reason. The vague desire passing through the deliberate stage would issue in Moral Choice. Reason must enlist the Will before any Action can take place.

Reason ought to be the originator in all cases, as Bishop Butler observes that Conscience should be. If this were so, every act of Moral Choice would be [Greek: orektikos nous].

But one obvious function of the feelings and passions in our composite nature is to instigate Action, when Reason and Conscience by themselves do not: so that as a matter of fact our Moral Choice is, in general, fairly described as [Greek: orexis dianoetike]. See Bishop Butler's Sermon II. and the First upon Compassion.

[10] The mind attains truth, either for the sake of truth itself ([Greek: aplos]), or for the sake of something further ([Greek: eneka tinos]). If the first then either syllogistically ([Greek: episteme]), non-syllogistically ([Greek: nous]), or by union of the two methods ([Greek: sophla]). If the second, either with a view to _act_ ([Greek: phronesis]), or with a view to _make_ ([Greek: techne]).

Otherwise. The mind contemplates Matter Necessary or Contingent. If necessary, Principles ([Greek: nous]), Deductions ([Greek: episteme]), or Mixed ([Greek: sophla]). If Contingent, Action ([Greek: phronesis]), Production ([Greek: techen]). (Giphanius quoted in Cardwell's notes.)

[11] It is the opening statement of the Post Analytics.

[12] Aristotle in his logical analysis of Induction, Prior. Analytics II. 25, defines it to be “the proving the inherence of the major term in the middle (_i.e._ proving the truth of the major premiss in fig. 1) through the minor term.” He presupposes a Syllogism in the first Figure with an universal affirmative conclusion, which reasons, of course, from an universal, which universal is to be taken as proved by Induction. His doctrine turns upon a canon which he there quotes. “If of one and the same term two others be predicated, one of which is coextensive with that one and the same, the other may be predicated of that which is thus coextensive.” The fact of this coextensiveness must be ascertained by [Greek: nous], in other words, by the Inductive Faculty. We will take Aldrich’s instance. All Magnets attract iron A B C are Magnets A B C attract iron. Presupposed Syllogism reasoning from an universal.

A B C attract iron (Matter of observation and experiment)

All Magnets are A B C (Assumed by [Greek: nous], i.e. the Inductive faculty)

All Magnets attract iron (Major premiss of the last Syllogism proved by taking the minor term of that for the middle term of this.)

Or, according to the canon quoted above: A B C are Magnets. A B C attract iron.

But [Greek: nous] tells me that the term Magnets is coextensive with the term A B C, therefore of all Magnets I may predicate that they attract iron.

Induction is said by Aristotle to be [Greek: hoia phanton], but he says in the same place that for this reason we must _conceive_ ([Greek: noehin]) the term containing the particular Instances (as A B C above) as composed of all the Individuals.

If Induction implied actual examination of all particular instances it would cease to be Reasoning at all and sink into repeated acts of Simple Apprehension it is really the bridging over of a chasm, not the steps cut in the rock on either side to enable us to walk down into and again out of it. It is a branch of probable Reasoning, and its validity depends _entirely_ upon the quality of the particular mind which performs it. Rapid Induction has always been a distinguishing mark of Genius the certainty produced by it is Subjective and not Objective. It may be useful to exhibit it Syllogistically, but the Syllogism which exhibits it is either nugatory, or contains a premiss _literally_ false. It will be found useful to compare on the subject of Induction _as the term is used by Aristotle_, Analytica Prior. II 25 26 Analytica Post. I. 1, 3, and I. Topics VI I and X.

[13] The reference is made to the Post Analyt I II and it is impossible to understand the account of [Greek: epistaemae] without a perusal of the chapter, the additions to the definition referred to relate to the nature of the premisses from which [Greek: epistaemae] draws its conclusions they are to be “true, first principles incapable of any syllogistic proof, better known than the conclusion, prior to it, and causes of it.” (See the appendix to this Book.)

[14] This is the test of correct logical division, that the _membra dividentia_ shall be opposed, _i.e._ not included the one by the other.

[15] The meaning of the [Greek: hepehi] appears to be this: the appeal is made in the first instance to popular language, just as it the case of [Greek: epistaemae], and will be in those of [Greek: phronaesis] and [Greek: sophia]. We commonly call Architecture an Art, and it is so and so, therefore the name Art and this so and so are somehow connected to prove that connection to be “coextensiveness,” we predicate one of the other and then simply convert the proposition, which is the proper test of any logical definition, or of any specific property. See the Topics, 1. vi.

[16] See the parable of the unjust Steward, in which the popular sense of [Greek: phronaesis] is strongly brought out; [Greek: ephaenesen ho kurios ton oikonomon taes adikias oti phronimos epoiaesen hoti ohi viohi tou aionos toutou phronimoteroi, k.t.l.]—Luke xvi. 8.

[17] Compare the [Greek: aplos] and [Greek: kath’ ekasta pepaideumenos] of Book I. chap. 1.

[18] The two aspects under which Virtue may be considered as claiming the allegiance of moral agents are, that of being right, and that of being truly expedient, because Conscience and Reasonable Self-Love are the two Principles of our moral constitution naturally supreme and “Conscience and Self-Love, _if we understand our true happiness_, always lead us the same way.” Bishop Butler, end of Sermon III.

And again:

“If by _a sense of interest_ is meant a practical regard to what is upon the whole our Happiness this is not only coincident with the principle of Virtue or Moral Rectitude, but is a part of the idea itself. And it is evident this Reasonable Self-Love wants to be improved as really as any principle in our nature. So little cause is there for Moralists to disclaim this principle.” From the note on sect. iv. of the chapter on Moral Discipline, Analogy, part I chap. v.

[19] See the note on [Greek: Arche] on page 4, l. 30.

The student will find it worth while to compare this passage with the following—Chap. xiii. of this book beginning [Greek: e d’ exis to ommati touto k. t. l]—vii. 4. [Greek: eti kai ode physikos. k.t.l.] vii. 9.—[Greek: ae gar arethae kai ae mochthaeria. k.t.l.]—iii. 7 _ad finem_. [Greek: ei de tis legoi. k.t.l.]

[20] This is not quite fair. Used in its strict sense, Art does not admit of degrees of excellence any more than Practical Wisdom. In popular language we use the term “wiser man,” as readily as “better artist” really denoting in each case different degrees of approximation to Practical Wisdom and Art respectively, [Greek: dia to ginesthai tous epainous di anaphoras]. I. 12.

[21] He would be a _better Chymist_ who should poison intentionally, than he on whose mind the prevailing impression was that “Epsom Salts mean Oxalic Acid, and Syrup of Senna Laudanum.”

[22]The term Wisdom is used in our English Translation of the Old Testament in the sense first given to [Greek:——] here. “Then wrought Bezaleel and Ahohab, and every _wise-hearted man, in whom the Lord put wisdom and understanding_ to know how to work all manner of work for the service of the Sanctuary” Exodus xxxvi. i.

[23] [Greek:——] and [Greek:——], (in the strict sense, for it is used in many different senses in this book) are different parts of the whole function [Greek:——], [Greek:——] takes in conclusions, drawn by strict reasoning from Principles of a certain kind which [Greek: ——] supplies. It is conceivable that a man might go on gaining these principles by Intuition and never reasoning from them, and so [Greek: ——] might exist independent of [Greek:——], but not this without that. Put the two together, the head to the trunk, and you form the living being [Greek:——]. There are three branches of [Greek:——] according to Greek Philosophy, [Greek:——], [Greek:——], [Greek:——]. Science is perhaps the nearest English term, but we have none really equivalent.

[24][Greek:——] is here used in its most extensive sense, [Greek:——] would be its chief Instrument.

[25] The faculty concerned with which is [Greek:——].

[26] In every branch of Moral Action in which Practical Wisdom is employed there will be general principles, and the application of them, but in some branches there are distinct names appropriated to the operations of Practical Wisdom, in others there are not.

Thus Practical Wisdom, when employed on the general principles of Civil Government, is called Legislation, as administering its particular functions it is called simply Government. In Domestic Management, there are of course general Rules, and also the particular application of them; but here the faculty is called only by one name. So too when Self-Interest is the object of Practical Wisdom.

[27] [Greek:——], “our mere Operatives in Public business.” (Chalmers.)

[28] Practical Wisdom may be employed either respecting Self, (which is [Greek:——] proper) or not-Self, _i.e._ either one’s family=[Greek:——], or one’s community=[Greek:——], but here the supreme and subordinate are distinguished, the former is [Greek:——], the latter [Greek:——] proper, whose functions are deliberation and the administration of justice.

[29] But where can this be done, if there be no community? see Horace’s account of the way in which his father made him reap instruction from the examples in the society around him. 1. Sat. iv. 105, etc. See also Bishop Butler, Analogy, part I. chap. v. sect. iii.

The whole question of the Selfish Morality is treated in Bishop Butler’s first three and the eleventh Sermons, in which he shows the coincidence in _fact_ of enlightened Self-Love and Benevolence _i.e._ love of others. Compare also what is said in the first Book of this treatise, chap. v., about [Greek: autarkeia].

[30] More truly “implied,” namely, that Practical Wisdom results from experience.

[31] This observation seems to be introduced, simply because suggested by the last, and not because at all relevant to the matter in hand.

[32] An instance of Principles gained [Greek: aisthesei]. (Book 1. chap. viii.)

[33] Particulars are called [Greek: eschata] because they are last arrived at in the deliberative process, but a little further on we have the term applied to first principles, because they stand at one extremity, and facts at the other, of the line of action.

[34] I prefer the reading [Greek: e phronesis], which gives this sense, “Well, as I have said, Practical Wisdom is this kind of sense, and the other we mentioned is different in kind.” In a passage so utterly unimportant, and thrown in almost colloquially, it is not worth while to take much trouble about such a point.

[35] The definition of it in the Organon (Post Analyt. 1. xxiv.), “a happy conjecture of the middle term without time to consider of it.”

The quaestio states the phenomena, and the middle term the causation the rapid ascertaining of which constitutes [Greek: anchinoia]. All that receives light from the sun is bright on the side next to the sun. The moon receives light from the sun, The moon is bright on the side next the sun. The [Greek: anchinoia] consists in rapidly and correctly accounting for the observed fact, that the moon is bright on the side next to the sun.

[36] Opinion is a complete, deliberation an incomplete, mental act.

[37] The End does not sanctify the Means.

[38] The meaning is, there is one End including all others; and in this sense [Greek: phronesis] is concerned with means, not Ends but there are also many subordinate Ends which are in fact Means to the Great End of all. Good counsel has reference not merely to the grand End, but to the subordinate Ends which [Greek: phronesis] selects as being right means to the Grand End of all.

[39] The relative [Greek: on] might be referred to [Greek: sumpheron], but that [Greek: eubonlia] has been already divided into two kinds, and this construction would restrict the name to one of them, namely that [Greek: pros ti telos] as opposed to that [Greek: pros to telos aplos].

[40] We have no term which at all approximates to the meaning of this word, much less will our language admit of the play upon it which connects it with [Greek: suggnomae].

[41] Meaning, of course, all those which relate to Moral Action. [Greek: psronaesis] is equivalent to [Greek: euboulia, ounesis, gnomae, and nous] (in the new sense here given to it).

The faculty which guides us truly in all matters of Moral Action is [Greek: phronaesis], i.e. Reason directed by Goodness or Goodness informed by Reason. But just as every faculty of body and soul is not actually in operation at the same time, though the Man is acting, so proper names are given to the various Functions of Practical Wisdom.

Is the [Greek: phronimos] forming plans to attain some particular End? he is then [Greek: euboulos]—is he passing under review the suggestions of others? he is [Greek: sunetos]—is he judging of the acts of others? he admits [Greek: gnomae] to temper the strictness of justness—is he applying general Rules to particular cases? he is exercising [Greek: nous praktikos] or [Greek: agsthaesis]—while in each and all he is [Greek: phronimos]?

[42] See note, on p. 140.

[43] There are cases where we must simply accept or reject without proof: either when Principles are propounded which are prior to all reasoning, or when particular facts are brought before us which are simply matters of [Greek: agsthaesis]. Aristotle here brings both these cases within the province of [Greek: nous], _i.e._ he calls by this name the Faculty which attains Truth in each.

[44] _i.e._ of the [Greek: syllogisimai ton prakton].

[45] See the note on [Greek: Archae] on p. 4,1 30. As a matter of fact and mental experience the Major Premiss of the Practica Syllogism is wrought into the mind by repeatedly acting upon the Minor Premiss (_i.e._ by [Greek: ethismos]).

All that is pleasant is to be done, This is pleasant, This is to be done

By habitually acting on the Minor Premiss, _i.e._ on the suggestions of [Greek: epithymia], a man comes really to hold the Major Premiss. Aristotle says of the man destitute of all self-control that he is firmly persuaded that it is his proper line to pursue the gratification of his bodily appetites, [Greek: dia to toioytos einai oios diokein aytas]. And his analysis of [Greek: akrasia] (the state of

progress towards this utter abandonment to passion) shows that each case of previous good resolution succumbing to temptation is attributable to [Greek: epithymia] suggesting its own Minor Premiss in place of the right one. Book VII. 8 and 5.

[46] The _consequentia_ is this:

There are cases both of principles and facts which cannot admit of reasoning, and must be authoritatively determined by [Greek: nous]. What makes [Greek: nous] to be a true guide? only practice, i.e. Experience, and _therefore_, etc.

[47] This is a note to explain [Greek: hygieina] and [Greek: euektika], he gives these three uses of the term [Greek: hygieinon] in the Topics, I. xiii. 10,

{ [Greek: to men hygieias poiætikon], [Greek: hygieinon legetai] { [Greek: to de phylaktikon], { [Greek: to de sæmantikon].

Of course the same will apply to [Greek: euektikon].

[48] Healthiness is the formal cause of health. Medicine is the efficient cause of health.

See Book X. chap. iv. [Greek: hosper oud hæ hygieia kai ho iatros homoios aitia esti tou ugiainein].

[49] [Greek: phronæsis] is here used in a partial sense to signify the Intellectual, as distinct from the Moral, element of Practical Wisdom.

[50] This is another case of an observation being thrown in _obiter_, not relevant to, but suggested by, the matter in hand.

[51] See Book II. chap. iii. and V. xiii.

[52]The article is supplied at [Greek: panourgous], because the abstract word has just been used expressly in a bad sense. “Up to anything” is the nearest equivalent to [Greek: panourgos], but too nearly approaches to a colloquial vulgarism.

[53] See the note on [Greek: Archæ] on page 4, l. 30.

P. 147, l. 14. And for the Minor, of course,

“This particular action is———.”

We may paraphrase [Greek: to telos] by [Greek: ti dei prattein—ti gar dei prattein hæ mæ, to telos autæs estin] i.e. [Greek: tæs phronæseos].—(Chap. xi. of this Book.)

[55] “Look asquint on the face of truth.” Sir T. Browne, Religio Medici.

[56] The term [Greek: sophronikoi] must be understood as governing the signification of the other two terms, there being no single Greek term to denote in either case mere dispositions towards these Virtues.

[57] Compare the passage at the commencement of Book X. [Greek: nun de phainontai] [Greek: katokochimon ek tæs aretæs].

[58] It must be remembered, that [Greek: phronæsis] is used throughout this chapter in two senses, its proper and complete sense of Practical Wisdom, and its incomplete one of merely the Intellectual Element of it.

BOOK VII

[1] The account of Virtue and Vice hitherto given represents rather what men _may be_ than what they _are_. In this book we take a practical view of Virtue and Vice, in their ordinary, every day development.

[2] This illustrates the expression, “_Deceits_ of the Flesh.”

[3] Another reading omits the [Greek:——]; the meaning of the whole passage would be exactly the same—it would then run, “if he had been convinced of the rightness of what he does, _i.e._ if he were now acting on conviction, he might stop in his course on a change of conviction.”

[4] Major and minor Premises of the [Greek:——] [Greek——]

[5]Some necessarily implying knowledge of the particular, others not.

[6] As a modern parallel, take old Trumbull in Scott's "Red Gauntlet."

[7] That is, as I understand it, either the major or the minor premise, it is true, that "all that is sweet is pleasant," it is true also, that "this is sweet," what is contrary to Right Reason is the bringing in this minor to the major _i.e._ the universal maxim, forbidding to taste. Thus, a man goes to a convivial meeting with the maxim in his mind "All excess is to be avoided," at a certain time his [Greek:——] tells him "This glass is excess." As a matter of mere reasoning, he cannot help receiving the conclusion "This glass is to be avoided," and supposing him to be morally sound he would accordingly abstain. But [Greek:——], being a simple tendency towards indulgence suggests, in place of the minor premise "This is excess," its own premise "This is sweet," this again suggests the self-indulgent maxim or principle ('[Greek:——]), "All that is sweet is to be tasted," and so, by strict logical sequence, proves "This glass is to be tasted."

The solution then of the phænomenon of [Greek:——] is this that [Greek:——], by its direct action on the animal nature, swamps the suggestions of Right Reason.

On the high ground of Universals, [Greek:——] i.e. [Greek:——] easily defeats [Greek:——]. The [Greek:——], an hour before he is in temptation, would never deliberately prefer the maxim "All that is sweet is to be tasted" to "All excess is to be avoided." The [Greek:——] would.

Horace has a good comment upon this (II Sat 2):

Quæ virtus et quanta, bom, sit vivere parvo Discite, _non inter lances mensasque nitentes_ Verum hic _impransi_ mecum disquirite

Compare also Proverbs XXIII. 31. "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red," etc.

[8] As we commonly speak, Metaphysicians. Physiology of course includes Metaphysics.

[9] [Greek: oron]. Aristotle's own account of this word (Prior Analyt ii. 1) is [Greek: eis on dialuetai hae protasis], but both in the account of [Greek: nous] and here it seems that the proposition itself is really indicated by it.

[10] The Greek would give "avoids excessive pain," but this is not true, for the excess of pain would be ground for excuse the warrant for translating as in the text, is the passage occurring just below [Greek: diokei tas uperbolas kai pheugei metrias lupas].

[11] Compare Bishop Butler on Particular Propensions, Analogy, Part I chap v sect. iv.

[12] That is, they are to the right states as Vice to Virtue.

[14] Consult in connection with this Chapter the Chapter on [Greek: orgae] in the Rhetoric, II. 2, and Bishop Butler's Sermon on Resentment.

[15] The reasoning here being somewhat obscure from the concisement of expression, the following exposition of it is subjoined.

Actions of Lust are wrong actions done with pleasure, Wrong actions done with pleasure are more justly objects of wrath,[*] Such as are more justly objects of wrath are more unjust, Actions of Lust are more unjust

[*] [Greek: hubpis] is introduced as the single instance from which this premiss is proved inductively. See the account of it in the Chapter of the Rhetoric referred to in the preceding note.

[16][Greek: ton dae lechthenton]. Considerable difference of opinion exists as to the proper meaning of these words. The emendation which substitutes [Greek: akrataes] for [Greek: akolastos] removes all difficulty, as the clause would then naturally refer to [Greek: ton mae proairoumenon] but Zell adheres to the reading in the text of Bekker, because the authority of MSS and old editions is all on this side.

I understand [Greek: mallon] as meant to modify the word [Greek: malakias], which properly denotes that phase of [Greek: akrasia] (not [Greek: akolasia]) which is caused by pain.

The [Greek: akolastos] _deliberately_ pursues pleasure and declines pain if there is to be a distinct name for the latter phase, it comes under [Greek: malakia] more nearly than any other term, though perhaps not quite properly.

Or the words may be understood as referring to the class of wrong acts caused by avoidance of pain, whether deliberate or otherwise, and then of course the names of [Greek: malakia] and [Greek: akolasia] may be fitly given respectively.

[17] “If we went into a hospital where all were sick or dying, we should think those least ill who were insensible to pain; a physician who knew the whole, would behold them with despair. And there is a mortification of the soul as well as of the body, in which the first symptoms of returning hope are pain and anguish” Sewell, Sermons to Young Men (Sermon xii.)

[18] Before the time of trial comes the man deliberately makes his Moral Choice to act rightly, but, at the moment of acting, the powerful strain of desire makes him contravene this choice his Will does not act in accordance with the affirmation or negation of his Reason. His actions are therefore of the mixed kind. See Book III. chap. i, and note on page 128.

[19] Let a man be punctual _on principle_ to any one engagement in the day, and he must, as a matter of course, keep all his others in their due places relatively to this one; and so will often wear an appearance of being needlessly punctilious in trifles.

[20] Because he is destitute of these minor springs of action, which are intended to supply the defects of the higher principle.

See Bishop Butler’s first Sermon on Compassion, and the conclusion of note on p. 129.

BOOK VIII

[1] “Owe no man anything, but to _love_ one another for he that loveth another _hath fulfilled the Law_.” Romans XIII. 8.

[2] [Greek: kerameis]. The Proverb in full is a line from Hesiod, [Greek: kahi keramehus keramei koteei kai tektoni tekton].

[3] In this sense, therefore, is it sung of Mrs. Gilpin that she

“two stone bottles found, To hold the liquor that she _loved_, And keep it safe and sound.”

[4] Cardwell’s reading, [Greek: tautae gar omoioi, kai ta loipa] is here adopted, as yielding a better sense than Bekker’s.

[5]The Great man will have a right to look for more Friendship than he bestows, but the Good man _can_ feel Friendship only for, and in proportion to, the goodness of the other.

[6] See note on page 68, 1. 8.

[7] See I. Topics, Chap. v. on the various senses of [Greek: tauton].

[8] “For the mutual society, help, and comfort that the one ought to have of the other, both in prosperity and adversity.”

[9] Which one would be assuming he was, if one declined to recognise the obligation to requite the favour or kindness.

BOOK IX

[1] “Neither the Son of man, that He should _repent_.” Numbers xxiii. 19.

“In a few instances the Second Intention, or Philosophical employment of a Term, is more extensive than the First Intention, or popular use.” Whately, Logic, iii. 10.

[2] “I have sometimes considered in what troublesome case is that Chamberlain in an Inn who being but one is to give attendance to many guests. For suppose them all in one chamber, yet, if one shall command him to come to the window, and the other to the table, and another to the bed, and another to the chimney, and another to come upstairs, and another to go downstairs, and all in the same instant, how would he be distracted to please them all? And yet such is the sad condition of nay soul by nature, not only a servant but a slave unto sin. Pride calls me to the window, gluttony to the table, wantonness to the bed, laziness to the chimney, ambition commands me to go upstairs, and covetousness to come down. Vices, I see, are as well contrary to themselves as to Virtue.” (Fuller’s Good Thoughts in Bad Times. Mix’t Contemplations, viii.)

BOOK X

[1] See note, p. 43.

[2] See Book II. chap. ix.

[3] See Book I. chap. v. ad finem.

[4] The notion alluded to is that of the [greek: idea]: that there is no real substantial good except the [greek: auto agathon], and therefore whatever is so called is so named in right of its participation in that.

[5] See note on page 136, 1. 15.

P. 238, 1. 24. Movement is, according to Aristotle, of six kinds: From not being to being . . . . Generation From being to not being . . . . Destruction From being to being more . . . . Increase From being to being less . . . . Diminution From being here to being there . . Change of Place From being in this way to being in that Alteration

[7] _A_ may go to sleep quicker than _B_, but cannot _do more sleep_ in a given time.

[8] Compare Book III. chap. vi. [Greek: osper kai epi ton somaton, k. t. l.]

[9] Which is of course a [Greek: genesis].

[10] That is, subordinate Movements are complete before the whole Movement is.

[11] Pleasure is so instantaneous a sensation, that it cannot be conceived divisible or incomplete; the longest continued Pleasure is only a succession of single sparks, so rapid as to give the appearance of a stream, of light.

[12] A man is as effectually hindered from taking a walk by the [Greek: allotria haedouae] of reading a novel, as by the [Greek: oikeia lupae] of gout in the feet.

[13] I have thus rendered [Greek: spoudae (ouk agnoon to hamartanomenon)]; but, though the English term does not represent the depth of the Greek one, it is some approximation to the truth to connect an earnest serious purpose with Happiness.

[14] Bishop Butler, _contra_ (Sermon XV.).

“Knowledge is not our proper Happiness. Whoever will in the least attend to the thing will see that it is the gaining, not the having, of it, which is the entertainment of the mind.” The two statements may however be reconciled. Aristotle may be well understood only to mean, that the pursuit of knowledge will be the pleasanter, the freer it is from the minor hindrances which attend on _learning_.

[15] The clause immediately following indicates that Aristotle felt this statement to be at first sight startling, Happiness having been all the way through connected with [Greek: energeia], but the statement illustrates and confirms what was said in note on page 6, 1. 15.

[16] That is to say, he aims at producing not merely a happy aggregate, but an aggregate of happy individuals. Compare what is said of Legislators in the last chapter of Book I and the first of Book II.

[17] See note, page 146, 1. 17.

==========

Essays by Ralph Waldo Emerson

Ralph Waldo Emerson

Project Gutenberg Release: September 04, 2005 · eBook #16643

ESSAYS

BY

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Merrill's English Texts

SELECTED AND EDITED, WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES, BY EDNA H.L. TURPIN, AUTHOR OF "STORIES FROM AMERICAN HISTORY," "CLASSIC FABLES," "FAMOUS PAINTERS," ETC.

NEW YORK

CHARLES E. MERRILL CO.

1907

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION LIFE OF EMERSON CRITICAL OPINIONS CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF PRINCIPAL WORKS

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

COMPENSATION

SELF RELIANCE

FRIENDSHIP

HEROISM

MANNERS

GIFTS

NATURE

SHAKESPEARE; OR, THE POET

PRUDENCE

CIRCLES

NOTES

PUBLISHERS' NOTE

Merrill's English Texts

This series of books will include in complete editions those masterpieces of English Literature that are best adapted for the use of schools and colleges. The editors of the several volumes will be chosen for their special qualifications in connection with the texts to be issued under their individual supervision, but familiarity with the practical needs of the classroom, no less than sound scholarship, will characterize the editing of every book in the series.

In connection with each text, a critical and historical introduction, including a sketch of the life of the author and his relation to the thought of his time, critical opinions of the work in question chosen from the great body of English criticism, and, where possible, a portrait of the author, will be given. Ample explanatory notes of such passages in the text as call for special attention will be supplied, but irrelevant annotation and explanations of the obvious will be rigidly excluded.

CHARLES E. MERRILL CO.

LIFE OF EMERSON

Ralph Waldo Emerson was born in Boston, May 25, 1803. He was descended from a long line of New England ministers, men of refinement and education. As a school-boy he was quiet and retiring, reading a great deal, but not paying much attention to his lessons. He entered Harvard at the early age of fourteen, but never attained a high rank there, although he took a prize for an essay on Socrates, and was made class poet after several others had declined. Next to his reserve and the faultless propriety of his conduct, his contemporaries at college seemed most impressed by the great maturity of his mind. Emerson appears never to have been really a boy. He was always serene and thoughtful, impressing all who knew him with that spirituality which was his most distinguishing characteristic.

After graduating from college he taught school for a time, and then entered the Harvard Divinity School under Dr. Channing, the great Unitarian preacher. Although he was not strong enough to attend all the lectures of the divinity course, the college authorities deemed the name Emerson sufficient passport to the ministry. He was accordingly "approbated to preach" by the Middlesex Association of Ministers on October 10, 1826. As a preacher, Emerson was interesting, though not particularly original. His talent seems to have been in giving new meaning to the old truths of religion. One of his hearers has said: "In looking back on his preaching I find he has impressed truths to which I always assented in such a manner as to make them appear new, like a clearer revelation." Although his sermons were always couched in scriptural language, they were touched with the light of that genius which avoids the conventional and commonplace. In his other pastoral duties Emerson was not quite so successful. It is characteristic of his deep humanity and his dislike for all fuss and commonplace that he appeared to least advantage at a funeral. A connoisseur in such matters, an old sexton, once remarked that on such occasions "he did not appear at ease at all. To tell the truth, in my opinion, that young man was not born to be a minister."

Emerson did not long remain a minister. In 1832 he preached a sermon in which he announced certain views in regard to the communion service which were disapproved by a large part of his congregation. He found it impossible to continue preaching, and, with the most friendly feelings on both sides, he parted from his congregation.

A few months later (1833) he went to Europe for a short year of travel. While abroad, he visited Walter Savage Landor, Coleridge and Wordsworth, and Thomas Carlyle. This visit to Carlyle was to both men a most interesting experience. They parted feeling that they had much intellectually in common. This belief fostered a sympathy which, by the time they had discovered how different they really were, had grown so strong a habit that they always kept up their intimacy. This year of travel opened Emerson's eyes to many things of which he had previously been ignorant; he had profited by detachment from the concerns of a limited community and an isolated church.

After his return he began to find his true field of activity in the lecture-hall, and delivered a number of addresses in Boston and its vicinity. While thus coming before the open public on the lecture platform, he was all the time preparing the treatise which was to embody all the quintessential elements of his philosophical doctrine. This was the essay _Nature_, which was published in 1836. By its conception of external Nature as an incarnation of the Divine Mind it struck the fundamental principle of Emerson's religious belief. The essay had a very small circulation at first, though later it became widely known.

In the winter of 1836 Emerson followed up his discourse on Nature by a course of twelve lectures on the "Philosophy of History," a considerable portion of which eventually became embodied in his essays. The next year (1837) was the year of the delivery of the _Man Thinking, or the American Scholar_ address before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge.

This society, composed of the first twenty-five men in each class graduating from college, has annual meetings which have called forth the best efforts of many distinguished scholars and thinkers. Emerson's address was listened to with the most profound interest. It declared a sort of intellectual independence for America. Henceforth we were to be emancipated from clogging foreign influences, and a national literature was to expand under the fostering care of the Republic.

These two discourses, _Nature_ and _The American Scholar_, strike the keynote of Emerson's philosophical, poetical, and moral teachings. In fact he had, as every great teacher has, only a limited number of principles and theories to teach. These principles of life can all be enumerated in twenty words--self-reliance, culture, intellectual and moral independence, the divinity of nature and man, the necessity of labor, and high ideals.

Emerson spent the latter part of his life in lecturing and in literary work. His son, Dr. Edward Emerson, gave an interesting account of how these lectures were constructed. "All through his life he kept a journal. This book, he said, was his 'Savings Bank.' The thoughts thus received and garnered in his journals were indexed, and a great many of them appeared in his published works. They were religiously set down just as they came, in no order except chronological, but later they were grouped, enlarged or pruned, illustrated, worked into a lecture or discourse, and, after having in this capacity undergone repeated testing and rearranging, were finally carefully sifted and more rigidly pruned, and were printed as essays."

Besides his essays and lectures Emerson left some poetry in which is embodied those thoughts which were to him too deep for prose expression. Oliver Wendell Holmes in speaking of this says: "Emerson wrote occasionally in verse from his school-days until he had reached the age which used to be known as the grand climacteric, sixty-three.... His poems are not and hardly can become popular; they are not meant to be liked by the many, but to be dearly loved and cherished by the few.... His occasional lawlessness in technical construction, his somewhat fantastic expressions, his enigmatic obscurities hardly detract from the pleasant surprise his verses so often bring with them.... The poetic license which we allow in the verse of Emerson is more than excused by the noble spirit which makes us forget its occasional blemishes, sometimes to be pleased with them as characteristic of the writer."

Emerson was always a striking figure in the intellectual life of America. His discourses were above all things inspiring. Through them many were induced to strive for a higher self-culture. His influence can be discerned in all the literary movements of the time. He was the central figure of the so-called transcendental school which was so prominent fifty years ago, although he always rather held aloof from any enthusiastic participation in the movement.

Emerson lived a quiet life in Concord, Massachusetts. "He was a first-rate neighbor and one who always kept his fences up." He traveled extensively on his lecturing tours, even going as far as England. In _English Traits_ he has recorded his impressions of what he saw of English life and manners.

Oliver Wendell Holmes has described him in this wise: "His personal appearance was that of the typical New Englander of college-bred ancestry. Tall, spare, slender, with sloping shoulders, slightly stooping in his later years, with light hair and eyes, the scholar's complexion, the prominent, somewhat arched nose which belongs to many of the New England sub-species, thin lips, suggestive of delicacy, but having nothing like primness, still less of the rigidity which is often noticeable in the generation succeeding next to that of the men in their shirt-sleeves, he would have been noticed anywhere as one evidently a scholarly thinker astray from the alcove or the study, which were his natural habitats. His voice was very sweet, and penetrating without any loudness or mark of effort. His enunciation was beautifully clear, but he often hesitated as if waiting for the right word to present itself. His manner was very quiet, his smile was pleasant, but he did not like explosive laughter any better than Hawthorne did. None who met him can fail to recall that serene and kindly presence, in which there was mingled a certain spiritual remoteness with the most benignant human welcome to all who were privileged to enjoy his companionship."

Emerson died April 27, 1882, after a few days' illness from pneumonia. Dr. Garnett in his excellent biography says: "Seldom had 'the reaper whose name is Death' gathered such illustrious harvest as between December 1880 and April 1882. In the first month of this period George Eliot passed away, in the ensuing February Carlyle followed; in April Lord Beaconsfield died, deplored by his party, nor unregretted by his country; in February of the following year Longfellow was carried to the tomb; in April Rossetti was laid to rest by the sea, and the pavement of Westminster Abbey was disturbed to receive the dust of Darwin. And now Emerson lay down in death beside the painter of man and the searcher of nature, the English-Oriental statesman, the poet of the plain man and the poet of the artist, and the prophet whose name is indissolubly linked with his own. All these men passed into eternity laden with the spoils of Time, but of none of them could it be said, as of Emerson, that the most shining intellectual glory and the most potent intellectual force of a continent had departed along with him."

CRITICAL OPINIONS OF EMERSON AND HIS WRITINGS.

Matthew Arnold, in an address on Emerson delivered in Boston, gave an excellent estimate of the rank we should accord to him in the great hierarchy of letters. Some, perhaps, will think that Arnold was unappreciative and cold, but dispassionate readers will be

inclined to agree with his judgment of our great American.

After a review of the poetical works of Emerson the English critic draws his conclusions as follows:

"I do not then place Emerson among the great poets. But I go farther, and say that I do not place him among the great writers, the great men of letters. Who are the great men of letters? They are men like Cicero, Plato, Bacon, Pascal, Swift, Voltaire--writers with, in the first place, a genius and instinct for style.... Brilliant and powerful passages in a man's writings do not prove his possession of it. Emerson has passages of noble and pathetic eloquence; he has passages of shrewd and felicitous wit; he has crisp epigram; he has passages of exquisitely touched observation of nature. Yet he is not a great writer.... Carlyle formulates perfectly the defects of his friend's poetic and literary productions when he says: 'For me it is too ethereal, speculative, theoretic; I will have all things condense themselves, take shape and body, if they are to have my sympathy.' ...

".... Not with the Miltons and Grays, not with the Platos and Spinozas, not with the Swifts and Voltaires, not with the Montaignes and Addisons, can we rank Emerson. No man could see this clearer than Emerson himself. 'Alas, my friend,' he writes in reply to Carlyle, who had exhorted him to creative work,--'Alas, my friend, I can do no such gay thing as you say. I do not belong to the poets, but only to a low department of literature,--the reporters; suburban men.' He deprecated his friend's praise; praise 'generous to a fault' he calls it; praise 'generous to the shaming of me,--cold, fastidious, ebbing person that I am.'"

After all this unfavorable criticism Arnold begins to praise. Quoting passages from the Essays, he adds:

"This is tonic indeed! And let no one object that it is too general; that more practical, positive direction is what we want.... Yes, truly, his insight is admirable; his truth is precious. Yet the secret of his effect is not even in these; it is in his temper. It is in the hopeful, serene, beautiful temper wherewith these, in Emerson, are indissolubly united; in which they work and have their being.... One can scarcely overrate the importance of holding fast to happiness and hope. It gives to Emerson's work an invaluable virtue. As Wordsworth's poetry is, in my judgment, the most important done in verse, in our language, during the present century, so Emerson's Essays are, I think, the most important work done in prose.... But by his conviction that in the life of the spirit is happiness, and by his hope that this life of the spirit will come more and more to be sanely understood, and to prevail, and to work for happiness,--by this conviction and hope Emerson was great, and he will surely prove in the end to have been right in them.... You cannot prize him too much, nor heed him too diligently."

Herman Grimm, a German critic of great influence in his own country, did much to obtain a hearing for Emerson's works in Germany. At first the Germans could not understand the unusual English, the unaccustomed turns of phrase which are so characteristic of Emerson's style.

"Macaulay gives them no difficulty; even Carlyle is comprehended. But in Emerson's writings the broad turnpike is suddenly changed into a hazardous sandy foot-path. His thoughts and his style are American. He is not writing for Berlin, but for the people of Massachusetts.... It is an art to rise above what we have been taught.... All great men are seen to possess this freedom. They derive their standard from their own natures, and their observations on life are so natural and spontaneous that it would seem as if the most illiterate person with a scrap of common-sense would have made the same.... We become wiser with them, and know not how the difficult appears easy and the involved plain.

"Emerson possesses this noble manner of communicating himself. He inspires me with courage and confidence. He has read and seen but conceals the labor. I meet in his works plenty of familiar facts, but he does not employ them to figure up anew the old worn-out problems: each stands on a new spot and serves for new combinations. From everything he sees the direct line issuing which connects it with the focus of life....

".... Emerson's theory is that of the 'sovereignty of the individual.' To discover what a young man is good for, and to equip him for the path he is to strike out in life, regardless of any other consideration, is the great duty to which he calls attention. He makes men self-reliant. He reveals to the eyes of the idealist the magnificent results of practical activity, and unfolds before the realist the grandeur of the ideal world of thought. No man is to allow himself, through prejudice, to make a mistake in choosing the task to which he will devote his life. Emerson's essays are, as it were, printed sermons--all having this same text.... The wealth and harmony of his language overpowered and entranced me anew. But even now I cannot say wherein the secret of his influence lies. What he has written is like life itself--the unbroken thread ever lengthened through the addition of the small events which make up each day's experience."

Froude in his famous "Life of Carlyle" gives an interesting description of Emerson's visit to the Carlyles in Scotland:

"The Carlyles were sitting alone at dinner on a Sunday afternoon at the end of August when a Dumfries carriage drove to the door, and there stepped out of it a young American then unknown to fame, but whose influence in his own country equals that of Carlyle in ours, and whose name stands connected with his wherever the English language is spoken. Emerson, the younger of the two, had just broken his Unitarian fetters, and was looking out around him like a young eagle longing for light. He had read Carlyle's articles and had discerned with the instinct of genius that here was a voice speaking real and fiery convictions, and no longer echoes and conventionalisms. He had come to Europe to study its social and spiritual phenomena; and to the young Emerson as to the old Goethe, the most important of them appeared to be Carlyle.... The acquaintance then begun to their mutual pleasure ripened into a deep friendship, which has remained unclouded in spite of wide divergences of opinion throughout their working lives."

Carlyle wrote to his mother after Emerson had left:

"Our third happiness was the arrival of a certain young unknown friend named Emerson, from Boston, in the United States, who turned aside so far from his British, French, and Italian travels to see me here! He had an introduction from Mill and a Frenchman (Baron d'Eichthal's nephew) whom John knew at Rome. Of course, we could do no other than welcome him; the rather as he seemed to be one of the most lovable creatures in himself we had ever looked on. He stayed till next day with us, and talked and heard to his heart's content, and left us all really sad to part with him."

In 1841 Carlyle wrote to John Sterling a few words apropos of the recent publication of Emerson's essays in England:

"I love Emerson's book, not for its detached opinions, not even for the scheme of the general world he has framed for himself, or any eminence of talent he has expressed that with, but simply because it is his own book; because there is a tone of veracity, an unmistakable air of its being _his_, and a real utterance of a human soul, not a mere echo of such. I consider it, in that sense, highly remarkable, rare, very rare, in these days of ours. Ach Gott! It is frightful to live among echoes. The few that read the book, I imagine, will get benefit of it. To America, I sometimes say that Emerson, such as he is, seems to me like a kind of New Era."

John Morley, the acute English critic, has made an analytic study of Emerson's style, which may reconcile the reader to some of its exasperating peculiarities.

"One of the traits that every critic notes in Emerson's writing is that it is so abrupt, so sudden in its transitions, so discontinuous, so inconsecutive. Dislike of a sentence that drags made him unconscious of the quality that French critics name _coulant_. Everything is thrown in just as it comes, and sometimes the pell-mell is enough to persuade us that Pope did not exaggerate when he said that no one qualification is so likely to make a good writer as the power of rejecting his own thoughts.... Apart from his difficult staccato, Emerson is not free from secondary faults. He uses words that are not only odd, but vicious in construction; he is sometimes oblique and he is often clumsy; and there is a visible feeling after epigrams that do not always come. When people say that Emerson's style must be good and admirable because it fits his thought, they forget that though it is well that a robe should fit, there is still something to be said about its cut and fashion.... Yet, as happens to all fine minds, there came to Emerson ways of expression deeply marked with character. On every page there is set the strong stamp of sincerity, and the attraction of a certain artlessness; the most awkward sentence rings true; and there is often a pure and simple note that touches us more than if it were the perfection of elaborated melody. The uncouth procession of the periods discloses the travail of the thought, and that, too, is a kind of eloquence. An honest reader easily forgives the rude jolt or unexpected start when it shows a thinker faithfully working his way along arduous and unworn tracks. Even at the roughest, Emerson often interjects a delightful cadence. As he says of Landor, his sentences are cubes which will stand firm, place them how or where you will. He criticised Swedenborg for being superfluously explanatory, and having an exaggerated feeling of the ignorance of men. 'Men take truths of this nature,' said Emerson, 'very fast;' and his own style does no doubt very boldly take this capacity for granted in us. In 'choice and pith of diction,' again, of which Mr. Lowell speaks, he hits the mark with a felicity that is almost his own in this generation. He is terse, concentrated, and free from the important blunder of mistaking intellectual dawdling for meditation. Nor in fine does his abruptness ever impede a true urbanity. The accent is homely and the apparel plain, but his bearing has a friendliness, a courtesy, a hospitable humanity, which goes nearer to our hearts than either literary decoration or rhetorical unction. That modest and lenient fellow-feeling which gave such charm to his companionship breathes in his gravest writing, and prevents us from finding any page of it cold or hard or dry."

E.P. Whipple, the well-known American critic, wrote soon after Emerson's death:

"But 'sweetness and light' are precious and inspiring only so far as they express the essential sweetness of the disposition of the thinker, and the essential illuminating power of his intelligence. Emerson's greatness came from his character. Sweetness and light

streamed from him because they were _in_ him. In everything he thought, wrote, and did, we feel the presence of a personality as vigorous and brave as it was sweet, and the particular radical thought he at any time expressed derived its power to animate and illuminate other minds from the might of the manhood, which was felt to be within and behind it. To 'sweetness and light' he therefore added the prime quality of fearless manliness.

"If the force of Emerson's character was thus inextricably blended with the force of all his faculties of intellect and imagination, and the refinement of all his sentiments, we have still to account for the peculiarities of his genius, and to answer the question, why do we instinctively apply the epithet 'Emersonian' to every characteristic passage in his writings? We are told that he was the last in a long line of clergymen, his ancestors, and that the modern doctrine of heredity accounts for the impressive emphasis he laid on the moral sentiment; but that does not solve the puzzle why he unmistakably differed in his nature and genius from all other Emersons. An imaginary genealogical chart of descent connecting him with Confucius or Gautama would be more satisfactory.

"What distinguishes _the_ Emerson was his exceptional genius and character, that something in him which separated him from all other Emersons, as it separated him from all other eminent men of letters, and impressed every intelligent reader with the feeling that he was not only 'original but aboriginal.' Some traits of his mind and character may be traced back to his ancestors, but what doctrine of heredity can give us the genesis of his genius? Indeed, the safest course to pursue is to quote his own words, and despairingly confess that it is the nature of genius 'to spring, like the rainbow daughter of Wonder, from the invisible, to abolish the past, and refuse all history.'"

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF EMERSON'S PRINCIPAL WORKS.

Nature 1836 Essays (First Series) 1841 Essays (Second Series) 1844 Poems 1847 Miscellanies 1849 Representative Men 1850 English Traits 1856 Conduct of Life 1860 Society and Solitude 1870 Correspondence of Thomas Carlyle and R.W. Emerson 1883

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR.

This address was delivered at Cambridge in 1837, before the Harvard Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, a college fraternity composed of the first twenty-five men in each graduating class. The society has annual meetings, which have been the occasion for addresses from the most distinguished scholars and thinkers of the day.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,

I greet you on the recommencement of our literary year. Our anniversary is one of hope, and, perhaps, not enough of labor. We do not meet for games of strength[1] or skill, for the recitation of histories, tragedies, and odes, like the ancient Greeks; for parliaments of love and poesy, like the Troubadours;[2] nor for the advancement of science, like our co-temporaries in the British and European capitals. Thus far, our holiday has been simply a friendly sign of the survival of the love of letters amongst a people too busy to give to letters any more. As such it is precious as the sign of an indestructible instinct. Perhaps the time is already come when it ought to be, and will be, something else; when the sluggard intellect of this continent will look from under its iron lids and fill the postponed expectation of the world with something better than the exertions of mechanical skill. Our day of dependence, our long apprenticeship to the learning of other lands, draws to a close. The millions that around us are rushing into life cannot always be fed on the sere remains of foreign harvests.[3] Events, actions arise that must be sung, that will sing themselves. Who can doubt that poetry will revive and lead in a new age, as the star in the constellation Harp, which now flames in our zenith, astronomers announce, shall one day be the pole-star[4] for a thousand years?

In the light of this hope I accept the topic which not only usage but the nature of our association seem to prescribe to this day,--the AMERICAN SCHOLAR. Year by year we come up hither to read one more chapter of his biography. Let us inquire what new lights, new events, and more days have thrown on his character, his duties, and his hopes.

It is one of those fables which out of an unknown antiquity convey an unlooked-for wisdom, that the gods, in the beginning, divided Man into men, that he might be more helpful to himself; just as the hand was divided into fingers, the better to answer its end.[5]

The old fable covers a doctrine ever new and sublime; that there is One Man,--present to all particular men only partially, or through one faculty; and that you must take the whole society to find the whole man. Man is not a farmer, or a professor, or an engineer, but he is all. Man is priest, and scholar, and statesman, and producer, and soldier. In the _divided_ or social state these functions are parceled out to individuals, each of whom aims to do his stint[6] of the joint work, whilst each other performs his. The fable implies

that the individual, to possess himself, must sometimes return from his own labor to embrace all the other laborers. But, unfortunately, this original unit, this fountain of power, has been so distributed to multitudes, has been so minutely subdivided and peddled out, that it is spilled into drops, and cannot be gathered. The state of society is one in which the members have suffered amputation from the trunk and strut about so many walking monsters,--a good finger, a neck, a stomach, an elbow, but never a man.

Man is thus metamorphosed into a thing, into many things. The planter, who is Man sent out into the field to gather food, is seldom cheered by any idea of the true dignity of his ministry. He sees his bushel and his cart, and nothing beyond, and sinks into the farmer, instead of Man on the farm. The tradesman scarcely ever gives an ideal worth to his work, but is ridden[7] by the routine of his craft, and the soul is subject to dollars. The priest becomes a form; the attorney a statute-book; the mechanic a machine; the sailor a rope of the ship.

In this distribution of functions the scholar is the delegated intellect. In the right state he is _Man Thinking_. In the degenerate state, when the victim of society, he tends to become a mere thinker, or, still worse, the parrot of other men's thinking.

In this view of him, as Man Thinking, the whole theory of his office is contained. Him Nature solicits with all her placid, all her monitory pictures.[8] Him the past instructs. Him the future invites. Is not indeed every man a student, and do not all things exist for the student's behoof? And, finally, is not the true scholar the only true master? But as the old oracle said, "All things have two handles: Beware of the wrong one."[9] In life, too often, the scholar errs with mankind and forfeits his privilege. Let us see him in his school, and consider him in reference to the main influences he receives.

* * * * *

I. The first in time and the first in importance of the influences upon the mind is that of nature. Every day, the sun;[10] and, after sunset, Night and her stars. Ever the winds blow; ever the grass grows. Every day, men and women, conversing, beholding and beholden.[11] The scholar must needs stand wistful and admiring before this great spectacle. He must settle its value in his mind. What is nature to him? There is never a beginning, there is never an end, to the inexplicable continuity of this web of God, but always circular power returning into itself.[12] Therein it resembles his own spirit, whose beginning, whose ending, he never can find,--so entire, so boundless. Far too as her splendors shine, system on system shooting like rays, upward, downward, without center, without circumference,--in the mass and in the particle, Nature hastens to render account of herself to the mind. Classification begins. To the young mind everything is individual, stands by itself. By and by it finds how to join two things and see in them one nature; then three, then three thousand; and so, tyrannized over by its own unifying instinct, it goes on tying things together, diminishing anomalies, discovering roots running under ground whereby contrary and remote things cohere and flower out from one stem. It presently learns that since the dawn of history there has been a constant accumulation and classifying of facts. But what is classification but the perceiving that these objects are not chaotic, and are not foreign, but have a law which is also a law of the human mind? The astronomer discovers that geometry, a pure abstraction of the human mind, is the measure of planetary motion. The chemist finds proportions and intelligible method throughout matter; and science is nothing but the finding of analogy, identity, in the most remote parts. The ambitious soul sits down before each refractory fact; one after another reduces all strange constitutions, all new powers, to their class and their law, and goes on forever to animate the last fiber of organization, the outskirts of nature, by insight.

Thus to him, to this school-boy under the bending dome of day, is suggested that he and it proceed from one Root; one is leaf and one is flower; relation, sympathy, stirring in every vein. And what is that root? Is not that the soul of his soul?--A thought too bold?--A dream too wild? Yet when this spiritual light shall have revealed the law of more earthly natures,--when he has learned to worship the soul, and to see that the natural philosophy that now is, is only the first gropings of its gigantic hand,--he shall look forward to an ever-expanding knowledge as to a becoming creator.[13] He shall see that nature is the opposite of the soul, answering to it part for part. One is seal and one is print. Its beauty is the beauty of his own mind. Its laws are the laws of his own mind. Nature then becomes to him the measure of his attainments. So much of nature as he is ignorant of, so much of his own mind does he not yet possess. And, in fine, the ancient precept, "Know thyself,"[14] and the modern precept, "Study nature," become at last one maxim.

* * * * *

II. The next great influence into the spirit of the scholar is the mind of the Past,--in whatever form, whether of literature, of art, of institutions, that mind is inscribed. Books are the best type of the influence of the past, and perhaps we shall get at the truth,--learn

the amount of this influence more conveniently,--by considering their value alone.

The theory of books is noble. The scholar of the first age received into him the world around; brooded thereon; gave it the new arrangement of his own mind, and uttered it again. It came into him life; it went out from him truth. It came to him short-lived actions; it went out from him immortal thoughts. It came to him business; it went from him poetry. It was dead fact; now, it is quick thought. It can stand, and it can go. It now endures, it now flies, it now inspires.[15] Precisely in proportion to the depth of mind from which it issued, so high does it soar, so long does it sing.

Or, I might say, it depends on how far the process had gone, of transmuting life into truth. In proportion to the completeness of the distillation, so will the purity and imperishableness of the product be. But none is quite perfect. As no air-pump can by any means make a perfect vacuum,[16] so neither can any artist entirely exclude the conventional, the local, the perishable from his book, or write a book of pure thought, that shall be as efficient, in all respects, to a remote posterity, as to contemporaries, or rather to the second age. Each age, it is found, must write its own books; or rather, each generation for the next succeeding. The books of an older period will not fit this.

Yet hence arises a grave mischief. The sacredness which attaches to the act of creation, the act of thought, is instantly transferred to the record. The poet chanting was felt to be a divine man. Henceforth the chant is divine also. The writer was a just and wise spirit. Henceforward it is settled the book is perfect; as love of the hero corrupts into worship of his statue. Instantly the book becomes noxious.[17] The guide is a tyrant. We sought a brother, and lo, a governor. The sluggish and perverted mind of the multitude, always slow to open to the incursions of Reason, having once so opened, having once received this book, stands upon it, and makes an outcry if it is disparaged. Colleges are built on it. Books are written on it by thinkers, not by Man Thinking, by men of talent, that is, who start wrong, who set out from accepted dogmas, not from their own sight of principles. Meek young men grow up in libraries, believing it their duty to accept the views which Cicero, which Locke,[18] which Bacon,[19] have given; forgetful that Cicero, Locke and Bacon were only young men in libraries when they wrote these books.

Hence, instead of Man Thinking, we have the bookworm. Hence the book-learned class, who value books, as such; not as related to nature and the human constitution, but as making a sort of Third Estate[20] with the world and soul. Hence the restorers of readings,[21] the emendators,[22] the bibliomaniacs[23] of all degrees. This is bad; this is worse than it seems.

Books are the best of things, well used; abused, among the worst. What is the right use? What is the one end which all means go to effect? They are for nothing but to inspire.[24] I had better never see a book than to be warped by its attraction clean out of my own orbit, and made a satellite instead of a system. The one thing in the world of value is the active soul,--the soul, free, sovereign, active. This every man is entitled to; this every man contains within him, although in almost all men obstructed, and as yet unborn. The soul active sees absolute truth and utters truth, or creates. In this action it is genius; not the privilege of here and there a favorite, but the sound estate of every man.[25] In its essence it is progressive. The book, the college, the school of art, the institution of any kind, stop with some past utterance of genius. This is good, say they,--let us hold by this. They pin me down.[26] They look backward and not forward. But genius always looks forward. The eyes of man are set in his forehead, not in his hindhead. Man hopes. Genius creates. To create,--to create,--is the proof of a divine presence. Whatever talents may be, if the man create not, the pure efflux of the Deity is not his;[27]--cinders and smoke there may be, but not yet flame. There are creative manners, there are creative actions, and creative words; manners, actions, words, that is, indicative of no custom or authority, but springing spontaneous from the mind's own sense of good and fair.

On the other part, instead of being its own seer, let it receive always from another mind its truth, though it were in torrents of light, without periods of solitude, inquest, and self-recovery; and a fatal disservice[28] is done. Genius is always sufficiently the enemy of genius by over-influence.[29] The literature of every nation bear me witness. The English dramatic poets have Shakespearized now for two hundred years.[30]

Undoubtedly there is a right way of reading, so it be sternly subordinated. Man Thinking must not be subdued by his instruments. Books are for the scholar's idle times. When he can read God directly, the hour is too precious to be wasted in other men's transcripts of their readings.[31] But when the intervals of darkness come, as come they must,--when the soul seeth not, when the sun is hid and the stars withdraw their shining,--we repair to the lamps which were kindled by their ray, to guide our steps to the East again, where the dawn is.[32] We hear, that we may speak. The Arabian proverb says, "A fig-tree, looking on a fig-tree, becometh fruitful."

It is remarkable, the character of the pleasure we derive from the best books. They impress us ever with the conviction that one nature wrote and the same reads. We read the verses of one of the great English poets, of Chaucer,[33] of Marvell,[34] of Dryden,[35] with the most modern joy,--with a pleasure, I mean, which is in great part caused by the abstraction of all _time_ from their verses. There is some awe mixed with the joy of our surprise, when this poet, who lived in some past world, two or three hundred years ago, says that which lies close to my own soul, that which I also had well-nigh thought and said. But for the evidence thence afforded to the philosophical doctrine of the identity of all minds, we should suppose some pre-established harmony, some foresight of souls that were to be, and some preparation of stores for their future wants, like the fact observed in insects, who lay up food before death for the young grub they shall never see.

I would not be hurried by any love of system, by any exaggeration of instincts, to underrate the Book. We all know that as the human body can be nourished on any food, though it were boiled grass and the broth of shoes, so the human mind can be fed by any knowledge. And great and heroic men have existed who had almost no other information than by the printed page. I only would say that it needs a strong head to bear that diet. One must be an inventor to read well. As the proverb says, "He that would bring home the wealth of the Indies must carry out the wealth of the Indies." There is then creative reading as well as creative writing. When the mind is braced by labor and invention, the page of whatever book we read becomes luminous with manifold allusion. Every sentence is doubly significant, and the sense of our author is as broad as the world. We then see, what is always true, that as the seer's hour of vision is short and rare among heavy days and months, so is its record, perchance, the least part of his volume. The discerning will read, in his Plato[36] or Shakespeare, only that least part,--only the authentic utterances of the oracle;--all the rest he rejects, were it never so many times Plato's and Shakespeare's.

Of course there is a portion of reading quite indispensable to a wise man. History and exact science he must learn by laborious reading. Colleges, in like manner, have their indispensable office,--to teach elements. But they can only highly serve us when they aim not to drill, but to create; when they gather from far every ray of various genius to their hospitable halls, and by the concentrated fires set the hearts of their youth on flame. Thought and knowledge are natures in which apparatus and pretension avail nothing. Gowns[37] and pecuniary foundations,[38] though of towns of gold, can never countervail the least sentence or syllable of wit.[39] Forget this, and our American colleges will recede in their public importance, whilst they grow richer every year.

* * * * *

III. There goes in the world a notion that the scholar should be a recluse, a valetudinarian,[40]--as unfit for any handiwork or public labor as a penknife for an axe. The so-called "practical men" sneer at speculative men, as if, because they speculate or _see_, they could do nothing. I have heard it said that the clergy--who are always, more universally than any other class, the scholars of their day--are addressed as women; that the rough, spontaneous conversation of men they do not hear, but only a mincing[41] and diluted speech. They are often virtually disfranchised; and indeed there are advocates for their celibacy. As far as this is true of the studious classes, it is not just and wise. Action is with the scholar subordinate, but it is essential. Without it he is not yet man. Without it thought can never ripen into truth. Whilst the world hangs before the eye as a cloud of beauty, we cannot even see its beauty. Inaction is cowardice, but there can be no scholar without the heroic mind. The preamble[42] of thought, the transition through which it passes from the unconscious to the conscious, is action. Only so much do I know, as I have lived. Instantly we know whose words are loaded with life, and whose not.

The world--this shadow of the soul, or _other me_, lies wide around. Its attractions are the keys which unlock my thoughts and make me acquainted with myself. I launch eagerly into this resounding tumult. I grasp the hands of those next me, and take my place in the ring to suffer and to work, taught by an instinct that so shall the dumb abyss[43] be vocal with speech. I pierce its order; I dissipate its fear;[44] I dispose of it within the circuit of my expanding life. So much only of life as I know by experience, so much of the wilderness have I vanquished and planted, or so far have I extended my being, my dominion. I do not see how any man can afford, for the sake of his nerves and his nap, to spare any action in which he can partake. It is pearls and rubies to his discourse. Drudgery, calamity, exasperation, want, are instructors in eloquence and wisdom. The true scholar grudges every opportunity of action passed by, as a loss of power.

It is the raw material out of which the intellect molds her splendid products. A strange process too, this by which experience is converted into thought, as a mulberry-leaf is converted into satin.[45] The manufacture goes forward at all hours.

The actions and events of our childhood and youth are now matters of calmest observation. They lie like fair pictures in the air. Not so with our recent actions,--with the business which we now have in hand. On this we are quite unable to speculate. Our affections

as yet circulate through it. We no more feel or know it than we feel the feet, or the hand, or the brain of our body. The new deed is yet a part of life,--remains for a time immersed in our unconscious life. In some contemplative hour it detaches itself from the life like a ripe fruit,[46] to become a thought of the mind. Instantly it is raised, transfigured; the corruptible has put on incorruption.[47] Henceforth it is an object of beauty, however base its origin and neighborhood. Observe, too, the impossibility of antedating this act. In its grub state it cannot fly, it cannot shine, it is a dull grub. But suddenly, without observation, the selfsame thing unfurls beautiful wings, and is an angel of wisdom. So is there no fact, no event, in our private history, which shall not, sooner or later, lose its adhesive, inert form, and astonish us by soaring from our body into the empyrean.[48] Cradle and infancy, school and playground, the fear of boys, and dogs, and ferules,[49] the love of little maids and berries, and many another fact that once filled the whole sky, are gone already; friend and relative, profession and party, town and country, nation and world, must also soar and sing.[50]

Of course, he who has put forth his total strength in fit actions has the richest return of wisdom. I will not shut myself out of this globe of action, and transplant an oak into a flower-pot, there to hunger and pine; nor trust the revenue of some single faculty, and exhaust one vein of thought, much like those Savoyards,[51] who, getting their livelihood by carving shepherds, shepherdesses, and smoking Dutchmen, for all Europe, went out one day to the mountain to find stock, and discovered that they had whittled up the last of their pine-trees. Authors we have, in numbers, who have written out their vein, and who, moved by a commendable prudence, sail for Greece or Palestine, follow the trapper into the prairie, or ramble round Algiers, to replenish their merchantable stock.

If it were only for a vocabulary, the scholar would be covetous of action. Life is our dictionary.[52] Years are well spent in country labors; in town; in the insight into trades and manufactures; in frank intercourse with many men and women; in science; in art; to the one end of mastering in all their facts a language by which to illustrate and embody our perceptions. I learn immediately from any speaker how much he has already lived, through the poverty or the splendor of his speech. Life lies behind us as the quarry from whence we get tiles and copestones for the masonry of to-day. This is the way to learn grammar. Colleges and books only copy the language which the field and the work-yard made.

But the final value of action, like that of books, and better than books, is that it is a resource. That great principle of Undulation in nature, that shows itself in the inspiring and expiring of the breath; in desire and satiety; in the ebb and flow of the sea; in day and night; in heat and cold; and, as yet more deeply ingrained in every atom and every fluid, is known to us under the name of Polarity,--these "fits of easy transmission and reflection," as Newton[53] called them, are the law of nature because they are the law of spirit.

The mind now thinks, now acts, and each fit reproduces the other. When the artist has exhausted his materials, when the fancy no longer paints, when thoughts are no longer apprehended and books are a weariness,--he has always the resource _to live_. Character is higher than intellect. Thinking is the function. Living is the functionary. The stream retreats to its source. A great soul will be strong to live, as well as strong to think. Does he lack organ or medium to impart his truth? He can still fall back on this elemental force of living them. This is a total act. Thinking is a partial act. Let the grandeur of justice shine in his affairs. Let the beauty of affection cheer his lowly roof. Those "far from fame," who dwell and act with him, will feel the force of his constitution in the doings and passages of the day better than it can be measured by any public and designed display. Time shall teach him that the scholar loses no hour which the man lives. Herein he unfolds the sacred germ of his instinct, screened from influence. What is lost in seemliness is gained in strength. Not out of those on whom systems of education have exhausted their culture comes the helpful giant to destroy the old or to build the new, but out of unhandselled[54] savage nature; out of terrible Druids[55] and Berserkers[56] come at last Alfred[57] and Shakespeare. I hear therefore with joy whatever is beginning to be said of the dignity and necessity of labor to every citizen. There is virtue yet in the hoe and the spade,[58] for learned as well as for unlearned hands. And labor is everywhere welcome; always we are invited to work; only be this limitation observed, that a man shall not for the sake of wider activity sacrifice any opinion to the popular judgments and modes of action.

* * * * *

I have now spoken of the education of the scholar by nature, by books, and by action. It remains to say somewhat of his duties.

They are such as become Man Thinking. They may all be comprised in self-trust. The office of the scholar is to cheer, to raise, and to guide men by showing them facts amidst appearances. He plies the slow, unhonored, and unpaid task of observation. Flamsteed[59] and Herschel,[60] in their glazed observatories, may catalogue the stars with the praise of all men, and, the results

being splendid and useful, honor is sure. But he, in his private observatory, cataloguing obscure and nebulous[61] stars of the human mind, which as yet no man has thought of as such,--watching days and months sometimes for a few facts; correcting still his old records,--must relinquish display and immediate fame. In the long period of his preparation he must betray often an ignorance and shiftlessness in popular arts, incurring the disdain of the able who shoulder him aside. Long he must stammer in his speech; often forego the living for the dead. Worse yet, he must accept--how often!--poverty and solitude. For the ease and pleasure of treading the old road, accepting the fashions, the education, the religion of society, he takes the cross of making his own, and, of course, the self-accusation, the faint heart, the frequent uncertainty and loss of time, which are the nettles and tangling vines in the way of the self-relying and self-directed; and the state of virtual hostility in which he seems to stand to society, and especially to educated society. For all this loss and scorn, what offset? He is to find consolation in exercising the highest functions of human nature. He is one who raises himself from private considerations and breathes and lives on public and illustrious thoughts. He is the world's eye. He is the world's heart. He is to resist the vulgar prosperity that retrogrades ever to barbarism, by preserving and communicating heroic sentiments, noble biographies, melodious verse, and the conclusions of history. Whatsoever oracles the human heart, in all emergencies, in all solemn hours, has uttered as its commentary on the world of actions,--these he shall receive and impart. And whatsoever new verdict Reason from her inviolable seat pronounces on the passing men and events of to-day,--this he shall hear and promulgate.

These being his functions, it becomes him to feel all confidence in himself, and to defer never to the popular cry. He and he only knows the world. The world of any moment is the merest appearance. Some great decorum, some fetich[62] of a government, some ephemeral trade, or war, or man, is cried up[63] by half mankind and cried down by the other half, as if all depended on this particular up or down. The odds are that the whole question is not worth the poorest thought which the scholar has lost in listening to the controversy. Let him not quit his belief that a popgun is a popgun, though the ancient and honorable[64] of the earth affirm it to be the crack of doom. In silence, in steadiness, in severe abstraction, let him hold by himself; add observation to observation, patient of neglect, patient of reproach, and bide his own time,--happy enough if he can satisfy himself alone that this day he has seen something truly. Success treads on every right step. For the instinct is sure that prompts him to tell his brother what he thinks. He then learns that in going down into the secrets of his own mind he has descended into the secrets of all minds. He learns that he who has mastered any law in his private thoughts is master to that extent of all men whose language he speaks, and of all into whose language his own can be translated. The poet, in utter solitude remembering his spontaneous thoughts and recording them, is found to have recorded that which men in cities vast find true for them also. The orator distrusts at first the fitness of his frank confessions, his want of knowledge of the persons he addresses, until he finds that he is the complement[65] of his hearers;--that they drink his words because he fulfills for them their own nature; the deeper he dives into his privatest, secretest presentiment, to his wonder he finds this is the most acceptable, most public and universally true. The people delight in it; the better part of every man feels--This is my music; this is myself.

In self-trust all the virtues are comprehended. Free should the scholar be,--free and brave. Free even to the definition of freedom, "without any hindrance that does not arise out of his own constitution." Brave; for fear is a thing which a scholar by his very function puts behind him. Fear always springs from ignorance. It is a shame to him if his tranquility, amid dangerous times, arise from the presumption that like children and women his is a protected class; or if he seek a temporary peace by the diversion of his thoughts from politics or vexed questions, hiding his head like an ostrich in the flowering bushes, peeping into microscopes, and turning rhymes, as a boy whistles to keep his courage up. So is the danger a danger still; so is the fear worse. Manlike let him turn and face it. Let him look into its eye and search its nature, inspect its origin,--see the whelping of this lion,--which lies no great way back; he will then find in himself a perfect comprehension of its nature and extent; he will have made his hands meet on the other side, and can henceforth defy it and pass on superior. The world is his who can see through its pretension. What deafness, what stone-blind custom, what overgrown error you behold is there only by sufferance,--by your sufferance. See it to be a lie, and you have already dealt it its mortal blow.

Yes, we are the cowed,--we the trustless. It is a mischievous notion that we are come late into nature; that the world was finished a long time ago. As the world was plastic and fluid in the hands of God, so it is ever to so much of his attributes as we bring to it. To ignorance and sin it is flint. They adapt themselves to it as they may; but in proportion as a man has any thing in him divine, the firmament flows before him and takes his signet[66] and form. Not he is great who can alter matter, but he who can alter my state of mind. They are the kings of the world who give the color of their present thought to all nature and all art, and persuade men, by the cheerful serenity of their carrying the matter, that this thing which they do is the apple which the ages have desired to pluck, now at last ripe, and inviting nations to the harvest. The great man makes the great thing. Wherever Macdonald[67] sits, there is the head of the table. Linnæus[68] makes botany the most alluring of studies, and wins it from the farmer and the herb-woman: Davy,[69]

chemistry; and Cuvier,[70] fossils. The day is always his who works in it with serenity and great aims. The unstable estimates of men crowd to him whose mind is filled with a truth, as the heaped waves of the Atlantic follow the moon.[71]

For this self-trust, the reason is deeper than can be fathomed,--darker than can be enlightened. I might not carry with me the feeling of my audience in stating my own belief. But I have already shown the ground of my hope, in adverting to the doctrine that man is one. I believe man has been wronged; he has wronged himself. He has almost lost the light that can lead him back to his prerogatives. Men are become of no account. Men in history, men in the world of to-day, are bugs, are spawn, and are called "the mass" and "the herd." In a century, in a millennium, one or two men;[72] that is to say, one or two approximations to the right state of every man. All the rest behold in the hero or the poet their own green and crude being,--ripened; yes, and are content to be less, so _that_ may attain to its full stature. What a testimony, full of grandeur, full of pity, is borne to the demands of his own nature, by the poor clansman, the poor partisan, who rejoices in the glory of his chief! The poor and the low find some amends to their immense moral capacity, for their acquiescence in a political and social inferiority.[73] They are content to be brushed like flies from the path of a great person, so that justice shall be done by him to that common nature which it is the dearest desire of all to see enlarged and glorified. They sun themselves in the great man's light, and feel it to be their own element. They cast the dignity of man from their downtrod selves upon the shoulders of a hero, and will perish to add one drop of blood to make that great heart beat, those giant sinews combat and conquer. He lives for us, and we live in him.

Men such as they[74] are very naturally seek money or power; and power because it is as good as money,--the "spoils," so called, "of office." And why not? For they aspire to the highest, and this, in their sleep-walking, they dream is highest. Wake them and they shall quit the false good and leap to the true, and leave governments to clerks and desks. This revolution is to be wrought by the gradual domestication of the idea of Culture. The main enterprise of the world for splendor, for extent, is the upbuilding of a man. Here are the materials strewn along the ground. The private life of one man shall be a more illustrious monarchy, more formidable to its enemy, more sweet and serene in its influence to its friend, than any kingdom in history. For a man, rightly viewed, comprehendeth[75] the particular natures of all men. Each philosopher, each bard, each actor has only done for me, as by a delegate, what one day I can do for myself. The books which once we valued more than the apple of the eye, we have quite exhausted. What is that but saying that we have come up with the point of view which the universal mind took through the eyes of one scribe; we have been that man, and have passed on. First, one, then another, we drain all cisterns, and waxing greater by all these supplies, we crave a better and a more abundant food. The man has never lived that can feed us ever. The human mind cannot be enshrined in a person who shall set a barrier on any one side to this unbounded, unboundable empire. It is one central fire, which, flaming now out of the lips of Etna, lightens the capes of Sicily, and now out of the throat of Vesuvius, illuminates the towers and vineyards of Naples. It is one light which beams out of a thousand stars. It is one soul which animates all men.

* * * * *

But I have dwelt perhaps tediously upon this abstraction of the Scholar. I ought not to delay longer to add what I have to say of nearer reference to the time and to this country.

Historically, there is thought to be a difference in the ideas which predominate over successive epochs, and there are data for marking the genius of the Classic, of the Romantic, and now of the Reflective or Philosophical age.[76] With the views I have intimated of the oneness or the identity of the mind through all individuals, I do not much dwell on these differences. In fact, I believe each individual passes through all three. The boy is a Greek; the youth, romantic; the adult, reflective. I deny not, however, that a revolution in the leading idea may be distinctly enough traced.

Our age is bewailed as the age of Introversion.[77] Must that needs be evil? We, it seems, are critical. We are embarrassed with second thoughts.[78] We cannot enjoy anything for hankering to know whereof the pleasure consists. We are lined with eyes. We see with our feet. The time is infected with Hamlet's unhappiness,--

"Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."[79]

Is it so bad then? Sight is the last thing to be pitied. Would we be blind? Do we fear lest we should outsee nature and God, and drink truth dry? I look upon the discontent of the literary class as a mere announcement of the fact that they find themselves not in the state of mind of their fathers, and regret the coming state as untried; as a boy dreads the water before he has learned that he can swim. If there is any period one would desire to be born in, is it not the age of Revolution; when the old and the new stand side by side and admit of being compared; when the energies of all men are searched by fear and by hope; when the historic glories of the old can be compensated by the rich possibilities of the new era? This time, like all times, is a very good one, if we but know

what to do with it.

I read with some joy of the auspicious signs of the coming days, as they glimmer already through poetry and art, through philosophy and science, through church and state.

One of these signs is the fact that the same movement[80] which effected the elevation of what was called the lowest class in the state assumed in literature a very marked and as benign an aspect. Instead of the sublime and beautiful, the near, the low, the common, was explored and poetized. That which had been negligently trodden under foot by those who were harnessing and provisioning themselves for long journeys into far countries, is suddenly found to be richer than all foreign parts. The literature of the poor, the feelings of the child, the philosophy of the street, the meaning of household life, are the topics of the time. It is a great stride. It is a sign--is it not?--of new vigor when the extremities are made active, when currents of warm life run into the hands and the feet. I ask not for the great, the remote, the romantic; what is doing in Italy or Arabia; what is Greek art, or Provençal minstrelsy; I embrace the common, I explore and sit at the feet of the familiar, the low. Give me insight into to-day, and you may have the antique and future worlds. What would we really know the meaning of? The meal in the firkin; the milk in the pan; the ballad in the street; the news of the boat; the glance of the eye; the form and the gait of the body;--show me the ultimate reason of these matters; show me the sublime presence of the highest spiritual cause lurking, as always it does lurk, in these suburbs and extremities of nature; let me see every trifle bristling with the polarity that ranges it instantly on an eternal law;[81] and the shop, the plow, and the ledger referred to the like cause by which light undulates and poets sing;--and the world lies no longer a dull miscellany and lumber-room, but has form and order: there is no trifle, there is no puzzle, but one design unites and animates the farthest pinnacle and the lowest trench.

This idea has inspired the genius of Goldsmith,[82] Burns,[83] Cowper,[84] and, in a newer time, of Goethe,[85] Wordsworth,[86] and Carlyle.[87] This idea they have differently followed and with various success. In contrast with their writing, the style of Pope,[88] of Johnson,[89] of Gibbon,[90] looks cold and pedantic. This writing is blood-warm. Man is surprised to find that things near are not less beautiful and wondrous than things remote. The near explains the far. The drop is a small ocean. A man is related to all nature. This perception of the worth of the vulgar is fruitful in discoveries. Goethe, in this very thing the most modern of the moderns, has shown us, as none ever did, the genius of the ancients.

There is one man of genius who has done much for this philosophy of life, whose literary value has never yet been rightly estimated:--I mean Emanuel Swedenborg.[91] The most imaginative of men, yet writing with the precision of a mathematician, he endeavored to engraft a purely philosophical Ethics on the popular Christianity of his time. Such an attempt of course must have difficulty which no genius could surmount. But he saw and showed the connexion between nature and the affections of the soul. He pierced the emblematic or spiritual character of the visible, audible, tangible world. Especially did his shade-loving muse hover over and interpret the lower parts of nature; he showed the mysterious bond that allies moral evil to the foul material forms, and has given in epical parables a theory of insanity, of beasts, of unclean and fearful things.

Another sign of our times, also marked by an analogous political movement, is the new importance given to the single person. Everything that tends to insulate the individual--to surround him with barriers of natural respect, so that each man shall feel the world is his, and man shall treat with man as a sovereign state with a sovereign state--tends to true union as well as greatness. "I learned," said the melancholy Pestalozzi,[92] "that no man in God's wide earth is either willing or able to help any other man." Help must come from the bosom alone. The scholar is that man who must take up into himself all the ability of the time, all the contributions of the past, all the hopes of the future. He must be an university of knowledges. If there be one lesson more than another that should pierce his ear, it is--The world is nothing, the man is all; in yourself is the law of all nature, and you know not yet how a globule of sap ascends; in yourself slumbers the whole of Reason; it is for you to know all; it is for you to dare all. Mr. President and Gentlemen, this confidence in the unsearched might of man belongs, by all motives, by all prophecy, by all preparation, to the American Scholar. We have listened too long to the courtly muses of Europe. The spirit of the American freeman is already suspected to be timid, imitative, tame. Public and private avarice make the air we breathe thick and fat. The scholar is decent, indolent, complaisant. See already the tragic consequence. The mind of this country, taught to aim at low objects, eats upon itself. There is no work for any one but the decorous and the complaisant. Young men of the fairest promise, who begin life upon our shores, inflated by the mountain winds, shined upon by all the stars of God, find the earth below not in unison with these, but are hindered from action by the disgust which the principles on which business is managed inspire, and turn drudges, or die of disgust, some of them suicides. What is the remedy? They did not yet see, and thousands of young men as hopeful now crowding to the barriers for the career do not yet see, that if the single man plant himself indomitably on his instincts, and there abide, the huge world will come round to him. Patience,--patience; with the shades of all the good and great for company; and for solace the

perspective of your own infinite life; and for work the study and the communication of principles, the making those instincts prevalent, the conversion of the world. Is it not the chief disgrace in the world, not to be an unit; not to be reckoned one character; not to yield that peculiar fruit which each man was created to bear, but to be reckoned in the gross, in the hundred, or the thousand, of the party, the section, to which we belong; and our opinion predicted geographically, as the north, or the south? Not so, brothers and friends,--please God, ours shall not be so. We will walk on our own feet; we will work with our own hands; we will speak our own minds. Then shall man be no longer a name for pity, for doubt, and for sensual indulgence. The dread of man and the love of man shall be a wall of defense and a wreath of joy around all. A nation of men will for the first time exist, because each believes himself inspired by the Divine Soul which also inspires all men.

COMPENSATION.[93]

The wings of Time are black and white, Pied with morning and with night. Mountain tall and ocean deep Trembling balance duly keep. In changing moon, in tidal wave, Glows the feud of Want and Have. Gauge of more and less through space Electric star and pencil plays. The lonely Earth amid the balls That hurry through the eternal halls, A makeweight flying to the void, Supplemental asteroid, Or compensatory spark, Shoots across the neutral Dark.

Man's the elm, and Wealth the vine, Stanch and strong the tendrils twine; Through the frail ringlets thee deceive, None from its stock that vine can reave. Fear not, then, thou child infirm, There's no god dare wrong a worm. Laurel crowns cleave to deserts, And power to him who power exerts; Hast not thy share? On winged feet, Lo! it rushes thee to meet; And all that Nature made thy own, Floating in air or pent in stone, Will rive the hills and swim the sea, And, like thy shadow, follow thee.

Ever since I was a boy, I have wished to write a discourse on Compensation: for it seemed to me when very young, that on this subject life was ahead of theology, and the people knew more than the preachers taught. The documents,[94] too, from which the doctrine is to be drawn, charmed my fancy by their endless variety, and lay always before me, even in sleep; for they are the tools in our hands, the bread in our basket, the transactions of the street, the farm, and the dwelling-house, greetings, relations, debts and credits, the influence of character, the nature and endowment of all men. It seemed to me, also, that in it might be shown men a ray of divinity, the present action of the soul of this world, clean from all vestige of tradition, and so the heart of man might be bathed by an inundation of eternal love, conversing with that which he knows was always and always must be, because it really is now. It appeared, moreover, that if this doctrine could be stated in terms with any resemblance to those bright intuitions in which this truth is sometimes revealed to us, it would be a star in many dark hours and crooked passages in our journey that would not suffer us to lose our way.

I was lately confirmed in these desires by hearing a sermon at church. The preacher, a man esteemed for his orthodoxy, unfolded in the ordinary manner the doctrine of the Last Judgment. He assumed that judgment is not executed in this world; that the wicked are successful; that the good are miserable;[95] and then urged from reason and from Scripture a compensation to be made to both parties in the next life. No offense appeared to be taken by the congregation at this doctrine. As far as I could observe, when the meeting broke up, they separated without remark on the sermon.

Yet what was the import of this teaching? What did the preacher mean by saying that the good are miserable in the present life? Was it that houses and lands, offices, wine, horses, dress, luxury, are had by unprincipled men, whilst the saints are poor and despised; and that a compensation is to be made to these last hereafter, by giving them the like gratifications another day,--bank stock and doubloons,[96] venison and champagne? This must be the compensation intended; for what else? Is it that they are to have leave to pray and praise? to love and serve men? Why, that they can do now. The legitimate inference the disciple would draw was: "We are to have _such_ a good time as the sinners have now"; or, to push it to its extreme import: "You sin now; we shall sin by and by; we would sin now, if we could; not being successful, we expect our revenue to-morrow."

The fallacy lay in the immense concession that the bad are successful; that justice is not done now. The blindness of the preacher consisted in deferring to the base estimate of the market of what constitutes a manly success, instead of confronting and convicting the world from the truth; announcing the presence of the soul; the omnipotence of the will: and so establishing the standard of good and ill, of success and falsehood.

I find a similar base tone in the popular religious works of the day, and the same doctrines assumed by the literary men when occasionally they treat the related topics. I think that our popular theology has gained in decorum, and not in principle, over the superstitions it has displaced. But men are better than this theology. Their daily life gives it the lie. Every ingenuous and aspiring

soul leaves the doctrine behind him in his own experience; and all men feel sometimes the falsehood which they cannot demonstrate. For men are wiser than they know. That which they hear in schools and pulpits without afterthought, if said in conversation, would probably be questioned in silence. If a man dogmatize in a mixed company on Providence and the divine laws, he is answered by a silence which conveys well enough to an observer the dissatisfaction of the hearer, but his incapacity to make his own statement.

I shall attempt in this and the following chapter to record some facts that indicate the path of the law of Compensation; happy beyond my expectation, if I shall truly draw the smallest arc of this circle.

POLARITY,[97] or action and reaction, we meet in every part of nature; in darkness and light; in heat and cold; in the ebb and flow of waters; in male and female; in the inspiration and expiration of plants and animals; in the equation of quantity and quality in the fluids of the animal body; in the systole and diastole[98] of the heart; in the undulations of fluids, and of sound; in the centrifugal and centripetal gravity; in electricity, galvanism, and chemical affinity. Superinduce magnetism at one end of a needle; the opposite magnetism takes place at the other end. If the south attracts, the north repels. To empty here, you must condense there. An inevitable dualism bisects nature, so that each thing is a half, and suggests another thing to make it whole; as, spirit, matter; man, woman; odd, even; subjective, objective; in, out; upper, under; motion, rest; yea, nay.

Whilst the world is thus dual, so is every one of its parts. The entire system of things gets represented in every particle. There is somewhat that resembles the ebb and flow of the sea, day and night, man and woman, in a single needle of the pine, in a kernel of corn, in each individual of every animal tribe. The reaction, so grand in the elements, is repeated within these small boundaries. For example, in the animal kingdom the physiologist has observed that no creatures are favorites, but a certain compensation balances every gift and every defect. A surplusage given to one part is paid out of a reduction from another part of the same creature. If the head and neck are enlarged, the trunk and extremities are cut short.

The theory of the mechanic forces is another example. What we gain in power is lost in time; and the converse. The periodic or compensating errors of the planets is another instance. The influences of climate and soil in political history is another. The cold climate invigorates. The barren soil does not breed fevers, crocodiles, tigers, or scorpions.

The same dualism underlies the nature and condition of man. Every excess causes a defect; every defect an excess. Every sweet hath its sour; every evil its good. Every faculty which is a receiver of pleasure has an equal penalty put on its abuse. It is to answer for its moderation with its life. For every grain of wit there is a grain of folly. For everything you have missed, you have gained something else; and for everything you gain, you lose something. If riches increase, they are increased[99] that use them. If the gatherer gathers too much, nature takes out of the man what she puts into his chest, swells the estate, but kills the owner. Nature hates monopolies and exceptions. The waves of the sea do not more speedily seek a level from their loftiest tossing, than the varieties of condition tend to equalize themselves. There is always some leveling circumstance that puts down the overbearing, the strong, the rich, the fortunate, substantially on the same ground with all others. Is a man too strong and fierce for society, and by temper and position a bad citizen,--a morose ruffian, with a dash of the pirate in him;--nature sends him a troop of pretty sons and daughters, who are getting along in the dame's classes at the village school, and love and fear for them smooths his grim scowl to courtesy. Thus she contrives to intenerate[100] the granite and felspar, takes the boar out and puts the lamb in, and keeps her balance true.

The farmer imagines power and place are fine things. But the President has paid dear for his White House.[101] It has commonly cost him all his peace, and the best of his many attributes. To preserve for a short time so conspicuous an appearance before the world, he is content to eat dust[102] before the real masters who stand erect behind the throne. Or, do men desire the more substantial and permanent grandeur of genius? Neither has this an immunity. He who by force of will or of thought, is great, and overlooks[103] thousands, has the charges of that eminence. With every influx of light comes new danger. Has he light? he must bear witness to the light, and always outrun that sympathy which gives him such keen satisfaction, by his fidelity to new revelations of the incessant soul. He must hate father and mother, wife and child. Has he all that the world loves and admires and covets?--he must cast behind him their admiration, and afflict them by faithfulness to his truth, and become a by-word and a hissing.

This law writes the laws of cities and nations. It is in vain to build or plot or combine against it. Things refuse to be mismanaged long. _Res nolunt diu male administrari._[104] Though no checks to a new evil appear, the checks exist, and will appear. If the government is cruel, the governor's life is not safe. If you tax too high, the revenue will yield nothing. If you make the criminal code sanguinary, juries will not convict. If the law is too mild, private vengeance comes in. If the government is a terrific democracy, the

pressure is resisted by an overcharge of energy in the citizen, and life glows with a fiercer flame. The true life and satisfactions of man seem to elude the utmost rigors or felicities of condition, and to establish themselves with great indifferency under all varieties of circumstances. Under all governments the influence of character remains the same,--in Turkey and in New England about alike. Under the primeval despots of Egypt, history honestly confesses that man must have been as free as culture could make him.

These appearances indicate the fact that the universe is represented in every one of its particles. Everything in nature contains all the powers of nature. Everything is made of one hidden stuff; as the naturalist sees one type under every metamorphosis, and regards a horse as a running man, a fish as a swimming man, a bird as a flying man, a tree as a rooted man. Each new form repeats not only the main character of the type, but part for part all the details, all the aims, furtherances, hindrances, energies, and whole system of every other. Every occupation, trade, art, transaction, is a compend of the world and a correlative of every other. Each one is an entire emblem of human life; of its good and ill, its trials, its enemies, its course and its end. And each one must somehow accommodate the whole man, and recite all his destiny.

The world globes itself in a drop of dew.[105] The microscope cannot find the animalcule which is less perfect for being little.[106] Eyes, ears, taste, smell, motion, resistance, appetite, and organs of reproduction that take hold on eternity,--all find room to consist in the small creature. So do we put our life into every act. The true doctrine of omnipresence is, that God reappears with all his parts in every moss and cobweb.[107] The value of the universe contrives to throw itself into every point. If the good is there, so is the evil; if the affinity, so the repulsion; if the force, so the limitation.

Thus is the universe alive. All things are moral. That soul, which within us is a sentiment, outside of us is a law. We feel its inspiration; out there in history we can see its fatal strength. "It is in the world, and the world was made by it." Justice is not postponed. A perfect equity adjusts its balance in all parts of life. [Greek: Hoi kyboi Dios aei eupiptousi],[108]--the dice of God are always loaded. The world looks like a multiplication table, or a mathematical equation, which, turn it how you will, balances itself. Take what figure you will, its exact value, nor more nor less, still returns to you. Every secret is told, every crime is punished, every virtue rewarded, every wrong redressed, in silence and certainty. What we call retribution is the universal necessity by which the whole appears wherever a part appears. If you see smoke, there must be fire. If you see a hand or limb, you know that the trunk to which it belongs is there behind.

Every act rewards itself, or, in other words, integrates itself, in a twofold manner; first, in the thing, or in real nature; and secondly, in the circumstance, or in apparent nature. Men call the circumstance the retribution. The causal retribution is in the thing, and is seen by the soul. The retribution in the circumstance is seen by the understanding; it is inseparable from the thing, but is often spread over a long time, and so does not become distinct until after many years. The specific stripes may follow late after the offense, but they follow because they accompany it. Crime and punishment grow out of one stem. Punishment is a fruit that unsuspected ripens within the flower of the pleasure which concealed it. Cause and effect, means and ends, seed and fruit, cannot be severed; for the effect already blooms in the cause, the end preëxists in the means, the fruit in the seed.

Whilst thus the world will be whole, and refuses to be disparted, we seek to act partially, to sunder, to appropriate; for example,--to gratify the senses, we sever the pleasure of the senses from the needs of the character. The ingenuity of man has always been dedicated to the solution of one problem,--how to detach the sensual sweet, the sensual strong, the sensual bright, etc., from the moral sweet, the moral deep, the moral fair; that is, again, to contrive to cut clean off this upper surface so thin as to leave it bottomless; to get a _one end_, without an _other end_. The soul says, Eat; the body would feast. The soul says, The man and woman shall be one flesh and one soul; the body would join the flesh only. The soul says, Have dominion over all things to the ends of virtue; the body would have the power over things to its own ends.

The soul strives amain[109] to live and work through all things. It would be the only fact. All things shall be added unto it,--power, pleasure, knowledge, beauty. The particular man aims to be somebody; to set up for himself; to truck and higgle for a private good; and, in particulars, to ride, that he may ride; to dress, that he may be dressed; to eat, that he may eat; and to govern, that he may be seen. Men seek to be great; they would have offices, wealth, power, and fame. They think that to be great is to possess one side of nature,--the sweet, without the other side,--the bitter.

This dividing and detaching is steadily counteracted. Up to this day, it must be owned, no projector has had the smallest success. The parted water reunites behind our hand. Pleasure is taken out of pleasant things, profit out of profitable things, power out of strong things, as soon as we seek to separate them from the whole. We can no more have things and get the sensual good, by itself, than we can get an inside that shall have no outside, or a light without a shadow. "Drive out nature with a fork, she comes

running back."[110]

Life invests itself with inevitable conditions, which the unwise seek to dodge, which one and another brags that he does not know; that they do not touch him;--but the brag is on his lips, the conditions are in his soul. If he escapes them in one part, they attack him in another more vital part. If he has escaped them in form, and in the appearance, it is because he has resisted his life, and fled from himself, and the retribution is so much death. So signal is the failure of all attempts to make this separation of the good from the tax, that the experiment would not be tried,--since to try it is to be mad,--but for the circumstance, that when the disease began in the will, of rebellion and separation, the intellect is at once infected, so that the man ceases to see God whole in each object, but is able to see the sensual allurement of an object, and not see the sensual hurt; he sees the mermaid's head, but not the dragon's tail; and thinks he can cut off that which he would have, from that which he would not have. "How secret art thou who dwellest in the highest heavens in silence, O thou only great God, sprinkling with an unwearied Providence certain penal blindnesses upon such as have unbridled desires!"[111]

The human soul is true to these facts in the painting of fable, of history, of law, of proverbs, of conversation. It finds a tongue in literature unawares. Thus the Greeks called Jupiter,[112] Supreme Mind; but having traditionally ascribed to him many base actions, they involuntarily made amends to reason, by tying up the hands[113] of so bad a god. He is made as helpless as a king of England.[114] Prometheus[115] knows one secret which Jove must bargain for; Minerva,[116] another. He cannot get his own thunders; Minerva keeps the key of them.

"Of all the gods, I only know the keys That ope the solid doors within whose vaults His thunders sleep."

A plain confession of the in-working of the All, and of its moral aim. The Indian mythology ends in the same ethics; and it would seem impossible for any fable to be invented to get any currency which was not moral. Aurora[117] forgot to ask youth for her lover, and though Tithonus is immortal, he is old, Achilles[118] is not quite invulnerable; the sacred waters did not wash the heel by which Thetis held him. Siegfried,[119] in the Niebelungen, is not quite immortal, for a leaf fell on his back whilst he was bathing in the dragon's blood, and that spot which it covered is mortal. And so it must be. There is a crack in everything God has made. It would seem, there is always this vindictive circumstance stealing in at unawares, even into the wild poesy in which the human fancy attempted to make bold holiday, and to shake itself free of the old laws,--this back-stroke, this kick of the gun, certifying that the law is fatal; that in nature nothing can be given, all things are sold.

This is that ancient doctrine of Nemesis,[120] who keeps watch in the universe, and lets no offense go unchastised. The Furies,[121] they said, are attendants on justice, and if the sun in heaven should transgress his path, they would punish him. The poets related that stone walls, and iron swords, and leathern thongs had an occult sympathy with the wrongs of their owners; that the belt which Ajax gave Hector[122] dragged the Trojan hero over the field at the wheels of the car of Achilles, and the sword which Hector gave Ajax was that on whose point Ajax fell. They recorded, that when the Thasians[123] erected a statue to Theagenes, a victor in the games, one of his rivals went to it by night, and endeavored to throw it down by repeated blows, until at last he moved it from its pedestal, and was crushed to death beneath its fall.

This voice of fable has in it somewhat divine. It came from thought above the will of the writer. That is the best part of each writer, which has nothing private in it;[124] that which he does not know, that which flowed out of his constitution, and not from his too active invention; that which in the study of a single artist you might not easily find, but in the study of many, you would abstract as the spirit of them all. Phidias it is not, but the work of man in that early Hellenic[125] world, that I would know. The name and circumstance of Phidias, however convenient for history, embarrass when we come to the highest criticism. We are to see that which man was tending to do in a given period, and was hindered, or, if you will, modified in doing, by the interfering volitions of Phidias, of Dante, of Shakespeare, the organ whereby man at the moment wrought.

Still more striking is the expression of this fact in the proverbs of all nations, which are always the literature of reason, or the statements of an absolute truth, without qualification. Proverbs, like the sacred books of each nation, are the sanctuary of the intuitions. That which the droning world, chained to appearances, will not allow the realist to say in his own words, it will suffer him to say in proverbs without contradiction. And this law of laws which the pulpit, the senate, and the college deny, is hourly preached in all markets and workshops by flights of proverbs, whose teaching is as true and as omnipresent as that of birds and flies.

All things are double, one against another.--Tit for tat;[126] an eye for an eye; a tooth for a tooth; blood for blood; measure for measure; love for love.--Give and it shall be given you.--- He that watereth shall be watered himself.--What will you have? quoth God; pay for it and take it.--Nothing venture, nothing have.--Thou shalt be paid exactly for what thou hast done, no more, no

less.--Who doth not work shall not eat.--Harm watch, harm catch.--Curses always recoil on the head of him who imprecates them.--If you put a chain around the neck of a slave, the other end fastens itself around your own.--Bad counsel confounds the adviser.--The Devil is an ass.

It is thus written, because it is thus in life. Our action is overmastered and characterized above our will by the law of nature. We aim at a petty end quite aside from the public good, but our act arranges itself by irresistible magnetism in a line with the poles of the world.

A man cannot speak but he judges himself. With his will, or against his will, he draws his portrait to the eye of his companions by every word. Every opinion reacts on him who utters it. It is a thread-ball thrown at a mark, but the other end remains in the thrower's bag. Or, rather, it is a harpoon hurled at the whale, unwinding, as it flies, a coil of cord in the boat, and if the harpoon is not good, or not well thrown, it will go nigh to cut the steersman in twain, or to sink the boat.

You cannot do wrong without suffering wrong. "No man had ever a point of pride that was not injurious to him," said Burke.[127] The exclusive in fashionable life does not see that he excludes himself from enjoyment in the attempt to appropriate it. The exclusionist in religion does not see that he shuts the door of heaven on himself, in striving to shut out others. Treat men as pawns[128] and ninepins, and you shall suffer as well as they. If you leave out their heart, you shall lose your own. The senses would make things of all persons; of women, of children, of the poor. The vulgar proverb, "I will get it from his purse or get it from his skin," is sound philosophy.

All infractions of love and equity in our social relations are speedily punished. They are punished by fear. Whilst I stand in simple relations to my fellow-man, I have no displeasure in meeting him. We meet as water meets water, or as two currents of air mix, with perfect diffusion and interpenetration of nature. But as soon as there is any departure from simplicity, and attempt at halfness, or good for me that is not good for him, my neighbor feels the wrong; he shrinks from me as far as I have shrunk from him; his eyes no longer seek mine; there is war between us; there is hate in him and fear in me.

All the old abuses in society, universal and particular, all unjust accumulations of property and power, are avenged in the same manner. Fear is an instructor of great sagacity, and the herald of all revolutions. One thing he teaches, that there is rottenness where he appears. He is a carrion crow, and though you see not well what he hovers for, there is death somewhere. Our property is timid, our laws are timid, our cultivated classes are timid. Fear for ages has boded and mowed and gibbered over government and property. That obscene[129] bird is not there for nothing. He indicates great wrongs which must be revised.

Of the like nature is that expectation of change which instantly follows the suspension of our voluntary activity. The terror of cloudless noon, the emerald of Polycrates,[130] the awe of prosperity, the instinct which leads every generous soul to impose on itself tasks of a noble asceticism and vicarious virtue, are the tremblings of the balance of justice through the heart and mind of man.

Experienced men of the world know very well that it is best to pay scot and lot[131] as they go along, and that a man often pays dear for a small frugality. The borrower runs in his own debt. Has a man gained anything who has received a hundred favors and rendered none? Has he gained by borrowing, through indolence or cunning, his neighbor's wares, or horses, or money? There arises on the deed the instant acknowledgment of benefit on the one part, and of debt on the other; that is, of superiority and inferiority. The transaction remains in the memory of himself and his neighbor; and every new transaction alters, according to its nature, their relation to each other. He may soon come to see that he had better have broken his own bones than to have ridden in his neighbor's coach, and that "the highest price he can pay for a thing is to ask for it."

A wise man will extend this lesson to all parts of life, and know that it is the part of prudence to face every claimant, and pay every just demand on your time, your talents, or your heart. Always pay; for, first or last, you must pay your entire debt. Persons and events may stand for a time between you and justice, but it is only a postponement. You must pay at last your own debt. If you are wise, you will dread a prosperity which only loads you with more. Benefit is the end of nature. But for every benefit which you receive, a tax is levied. He is great who confers the most benefits. He is base--and that is the one base thing in the universe--to receive favors and render none. In the order of nature we cannot render benefits to those from whom we receive them, or only seldom.[132] But the benefit we receive must be rendered again, line for line, deed for deed, cent for cent, to somebody. Beware of too much good staying in your hand. It will fast corrupt and worm worms.[133] Pay it away quickly in some sort.

Labor is watched over by the same pitiless laws. Cheapest, say the prudent, is the dearest labor. What we buy in a broom, a mat, a wagon, a knife, is some application of good sense to a common want. It is best to pay in your land a skillful gardener, or to buy good sense applied to gardening; in your sailor, good sense applied to navigation; in the house, good sense applied to cooking, sewing, serving; in your agent, good sense applied to accounts and affairs. So do you multiply your presence, or spread yourself throughout your estate. But because of the dual constitution of things, in labor as in life there can be no cheating. The thief steals from himself. The swindler swindles himself. For the real price of labor is knowledge and virtue, whereof wealth and credit are signs. These signs, like paper money, may be counterfeited or stolen, but that which they represent, namely, knowledge and virtue, cannot be counterfeited or stolen. These ends of labor cannot be answered but by real exertions of the mind, and in obedience to pure motives. The cheat, the defaulter, the gambler, cannot extort the knowledge of material and moral nature which his honest care and pains yield to the operative. The law of nature is, Do the thing, and you shall have the power: but they who do not the thing have not the power.

Human labor, through all its forms, from the sharpening of a stake to the construction of a city or an epic, is one immense illustration of the perfect compensation of the universe. The absolute balance of Give and Take, the doctrine that everything has its price,--and if that price is not paid, not that thing but something else is obtained, and that it is impossible to get anything without its price,--is not less sublime in the columns of a ledger than in the budgets of states, in the laws of light and darkness, in all the action and reaction of nature. I cannot doubt that the high laws which each man sees implicated in those processes with which he is conversant, the stern ethics which sparkle on his chisel edge, which are measured out by his plumb and foot rule, which stand as manifest in the footing of the shop bill as in the history of a state,--do recommend to him his trade, and though seldom named, exalt his business to his imagination.

The league between virtue and nature engages all things to assume a hostile front to vice. The beautiful laws and substances of the world persecute and whip the traitor. He finds that things are arranged for truth and benefit, but there is no den in the wide world to hide a rogue. Commit a crime,[134] and the earth is made of glass. Commit a crime, and it seems as if a coat of snow fell on the ground, such as reveals in the woods the track of every partridge and fox and squirrel and mole. You cannot recall the spoken word,[135] you cannot wipe out the foot-track, you cannot draw up the ladder, so as to leave no inlet or clew. Some damning circumstance always transpires. The laws and substances of nature--water, snow, wind, gravitation--become penalties to the thief.

On the other hand, the law holds with equal sureness for all right action. Love, and you shall be loved. All love is mathematically just, as much as the two sides of an algebraic equation. The good man has absolute good, which like fire turns everything to its own nature, so that you cannot do him any harm; but as the royal armies sent against Napoleon, when he approached, cast down their colors and from enemies became friends, so disasters of all kinds, as sickness, offense, poverty, prove benefactors:--

"Winds blow and waters roll Strength to the brave, and power and deity, Yet in themselves are nothing."

The good are befriended even by weakness and defect. As no man had ever a point of pride that was not injurious to him, so no man had ever a defect that was not somewhere made useful to him. The stag in the fable[136] admired his horns and blamed his feet, but when the hunter came, his feet saved him, and afterwards, caught in the thicket, his horns destroyed him. Every man in his lifetime needs to thank his faults. As no man thoroughly understands a truth until he has contended against it, so no man has a thorough acquaintance with the hindrances or talents of men, until he has suffered from the one, and seen the triumph of the other over his own want of the same. Has he a defect of temper that unfits him to live in society? Thereby he is driven to entertain himself alone, and acquire habits of self-help; and thus, like the wounded oyster, he mends his shell with pearl.

Our strength grows out of our weakness. The indignation which arms itself with secret forces does not awaken until we are pricked and stung and sorely assailed. A great man is always willing to be little. Whilst he sits on the cushion of advantages, he goes to sleep. When he is punished, tormented, defeated, he has a chance to learn something; he has been put on his wits, on his manhood; he has gained facts; learns his ignorance; is cured of the insanity of conceit; has got moderation and real skill. The wise man throws himself on the side of his assailants. It is more his interest than it is theirs to find his weak point. The wound cicatrizes and falls off from him like a dead skin, and when they would triumph, lo! he has passed on invulnerable. Blame is safer than praise. I hate to be defended in a newspaper. As long as all that is said is said against me, I feel a certain assurance of success. But as soon as honeyed words of praise are spoken for me, I feel as one that lies unprotected before his enemies. In general, every evil to which we do not succumb is a benefactor. As the Sandwich Islander believes that the strength and valor of the enemy he kills passes into himself, so we gain the strength of the temptation we resist.

The same guards which protect us from disaster, defect, and enmity, defend us, if we will, from selfishness and fraud. Bolts and bars are not the best of our institutions, nor is shrewdness in trade a mark of wisdom. Men suffer all their life long, under the foolish superstition that they can be cheated. But it is as impossible for a man to be cheated by anyone but himself,[137] as for a thing to be and not to be at the same time. There is a third silent party to all our bargains. The nature and soul of things takes on itself the guaranty of the fulfillment of every contract, so that honest service cannot come to loss. If you serve an ungrateful master, serve him the more. Put God in your debt. Every stroke shall be repaid. The longer the payment is withholden,[138] the better for you; for compound interest on compound interest is the rate and usage of this exchequer.

The history of persecution is a history of endeavors to cheat nature, to make water run up hill, to twist a rope of sand. It makes no difference whether the actors be many or one, a tyrant or a mob. A mob[139] is a society of bodies voluntarily bereaving themselves of reason, and traversing its work. The mob is man voluntarily descending to the nature of the beast. Its fit hour of activity is night. Its actions are insane like its whole constitution; it persecutes a principle; it would whip a right; it would tar and feather justice, by inflicting fire and outrage upon the houses and persons of those who have these. It resembles the prank of boys, who run with fire engines to put out the ruddy aurora streaming to the stars. The inviolate spirit turns their spite against the wrongdoers. The martyr cannot be dishonored. Every lash inflicted is a tongue of fame; every prison, a more illustrious abode; every burned book or house enlightens the world; every suppressed or expunged word reverberates through the earth from side to side. Hours of sanity and consideration are always arriving to communities, as to individuals, when the truth is seen, and the martyrs are justified.

Thus do all things preach the indifferency of circumstances. The man is all. Everything has two sides, a good and an evil. Every advantage has its tax. I learn to be content. But the doctrine of compensation is not the doctrine of indifferency. The thoughtless say, on hearing these representations, What boots it to do well? there is one event to good and evil; if I gain any good, I must pay for it; if I lose any good, I gain some other; all actions are indifferent.

There is a deeper fact in the soul than compensation, to wit, its own nature. The soul is not a compensation, but a life. The soul _is_. Under all this running sea of circumstance, whose waters ebb and flow with perfect balance, lies the aboriginal abyss of real Being. Essence, or God, is not a relation, or a part, but the whole. Being is the vast affirmative, excluding negation, self-balanced, and swallowing up all relations, parts, and times within itself. Nature, truth, virtue, are the influx from thence. Vice is the absence or departure of the same. Nothing, Falsehood, may indeed stand as the great Night or shade, on which, as a background, the living universe paints itself forth, but no fact is begotten by it; it cannot work, for it is not. It cannot work any good; it cannot work any harm. It is harm inasmuch as it is worse not to be than to be.

We feel defrauded of the retribution due to evil acts, because the criminal adheres to his vice and contumacy, and does not come to a crisis or judgment anywhere in visible nature. There is no stunning confutation of his nonsense before men and angels. Has he therefore outwitted the law? Inasmuch as he carries the malignity and the lie with him, he so far deceases from nature. In some manner there will be a demonstration of the wrong to the understanding also; but should we not see it, this deadly deduction makes square the eternal account.

Neither can it be said, on the other hand, that the gain of rectitude must be bought by any loss. There is no penalty to virtue; no penalty to wisdom; they are proper additions of being. In a virtuous action, I properly _am_; in a virtuous act, I add to the world; I plant into deserts conquered from Chaos and Nothing, and see the darkness receding on the limits of the horizon. There can be no excess to love; none to knowledge; none to beauty, when these attributes are considered in the purest sense. The soul refuses limits, and always affirms an Optimism,[140] never a Pessimism.

Man's life is a progress, and not a station. His instinct is trust. Our instinct uses "more" and "less" in application to man, of the _presence of the soul_, and not of its absence; the brave man is greater than the coward; the true, the benevolent, the wise, is more a man, and not less, than the fool and knave. There is no tax on the good of virtue; for that is the incoming of God himself, or absolute existence without any comparative. Material good has its tax, and if it came without desert or sweat, has no root in me, and the next wind will blow it away. But all the good of nature is the soul's, and may be had, if paid for in nature's lawful coin, that is, by labor which the heart and the head allow. I no longer wish to meet a good I do not earn; for example, to find a pot of buried gold, knowing that it brings with it new burdens. I do not wish more external goods,--neither possessions, nor honors, nor powers, nor persons. The gain is apparent; the tax is certain. But there is no tax on the knowledge that the compensation exists, and that it is not desirable to dig up treasure. Herein I rejoice with a serene eternal peace. I contract the boundaries of possible mischief. I learn the wisdom of St. Bernard,[141]--"Nothing can, work me damage except myself; the harm, that I sustain I carry about with me, and

never am a real sufferer but by my own fault."

In the nature of the soul is the compensation for the inequalities of condition. The radical tragedy of nature seems to be the distinction of More and Less. How can Less not feel the pain; how not feel indignation or malevolence towards More? Look at those who have less faculty, and one feels sad, and knows not well what to make of it. He almost shuns their eye; he fears they will upbraid God. What should they do? It seems a great injustice. But see the facts nearly, and these mountainous inequalities vanish. Love reduces them, as the sun melts the iceberg in the sea. The heart and soul of all men being one, this bitterness of _His_ and _Mine_ ceases. His is mine. I am my brother, and my brother is me. If I feel overshadowed and outdone by great neighbors, I can yet love; I can still receive; and he that loveth maketh his own the grandeur he loves. Thereby I make the discovery that my brother is my guardian, acting for me with the friendliest designs, and the estate I so admired and envied is my own. It is the nature of the soul to appropriate all things. Jesus[142] and Shakespeare are fragments of the soul, and by love I conquer and incorporate them in my own conscious domain. His[143] virtue,--is not that mine? His wit,--if it cannot be made mine, it is not wit.

Such, also, is the natural history of calamity. The changes which break up at short intervals the prosperity of men are advertisements of a nature whose law is growth. Every soul is by this intrinsic necessity quitting its whole system of things, its friends, and home, and laws, and faith, as the shellfish crawls out of its beautiful but stony case, because it no longer admits of its growth, and slowly forms a new house. In proportion to the vigor of the individual, these revolutions are frequent, until in some happier mind they are incessant, and all worldly relations hang very loosely about him, becoming, as it were, a transparent fluid membrane through which the living form is seen, and not, as in most men, an indurated heterogeneous fabric of many dates, and of no settled character, in which the man is imprisoned. Then there can be enlargement, and the man of to-day scarcely recognizes the man of yesterday. And such should be the outward biography of man in time, a putting off of dead circumstances day by day, as he renews his raiment day by day. But to us, in our lapsed estate, resting, not advancing, resisting, not coöperating with the divine expansion, this growth comes by shocks.

We cannot part with our friend. We cannot let our angels go. We do not see that they only go out, that archangels may come in. We are idolaters of the old. We do not believe in the riches of the soul, in its proper eternity and omnipresence. We do not believe there is any force in to-day to rival or recreate that beautiful yesterday. We linger in the ruins of the old tent, where once we had bread and shelter and organs, nor believe that the spirit can feed, cover, and nerve us again. We cannot again find aught so dear, so sweet, so graceful. But we sit and weep in vain. The voice of the Almighty saith, "Up and onward forevermore!" We cannot stay amid the ruins. Neither will we rely on the new; and so we walk ever with reverted eyes, like those monsters who look backwards.

And yet the compensations of calamity are made apparent to the understanding also, after long intervals of time. A fever, a mutilation, a cruel disappointment, a loss of wealth, a loss of friends, seems at the moment unpaid loss, and unpayable. But the sure years reveal the deep remedial force that underlies all facts. The death of a dear friend, wife, brother, lover, which seemed nothing but privation, somewhat later assumes the aspect of a guide or genius; for it commonly operates revolutions in our way of life, terminates an epoch of infancy or of youth which was waiting to be closed, breaks up a wonted occupation, or a household, or style of living, and allows the formation of new ones more friendly to the growth of character. It permits or constrains the formation of new acquaintances, and the reception of new influences that prove of the first importance to the next years; and the man or woman who would have remained a sunny garden flower, with no room for its roots and too much sunshine for its head, by the falling of the walls and the neglect of the gardener, is made the banyan[144] of the forest, yielding shade and fruit to wide neighborhoods of men.

SELF-RELIANCE

"Ne te quæsiveris extra."[145]

"Man is his own star; and the soul that can Render an honest and a perfect man, Commands all light, all influence, all fate; Nothing to him falls early or too late. Our acts our angels are, or good or ill, Our fatal shadows that walk by us still."[146]

* * * * *

Cast the bantling on the rocks, Suckle him with the she-wolf's teat; Wintered with the hawk and fox, Power and speed be hands and feet.[147]

I read the other day some verses written by an eminent painter which were original and not conventional. The soul always hears an admonition in such lines, let the subject be what it may. The sentiment they instill is of more value than any thought they may contain. To believe your own thought, to believe that what is true for you in your private heart is true for all men,--that is genius.[148] Speak your latent conviction, and it shall be the universal sense;[149] for the inmost in due time becomes the outmost,--and our first thought is rendered back to us by the trumpets of the Last Judgment. Familiar as the voice of the mind is to each, the highest merit we ascribe to Moses, Plato,[150] and Milton[151] is, that they set at naught books and traditions, and spoke not what men, but what they thought. A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within, more than the luster of the firmament of bards and sages. Yet he dismisses without notice his thought, because it is his. In every work of genius we recognize our own rejected thoughts:[152] they come back to us with a certain alienated majesty. Great works of art have no more affecting lesson for us than this. They teach us to abide by our spontaneous impression with good-humored inflexibility then most when[153] the whole cry of voices is on the other side. Else, to-morrow a stranger will say with masterly good sense precisely what we have thought and felt all the time, and we shall be forced to take with shame our own opinion from another.

There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide;[154] that he must take himself for better, for worse, as his portion; that though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given to him to till. The power which resides in him is new in nature, and none but he knows what that is which he can do, nor does he know until he has tried. Not for nothing one face, one character, one fact, makes much impression on him, and another none. This sculpture in the memory is not without preëstablished harmony. The eye was placed where one ray should fall, that it might testify of that particular ray. We but half express ourselves,[155] and are ashamed of that divine idea which each of us represents. It may be safely trusted as proportionate and of good issues, so it be faithfully imparted, but God will not have his work made manifest by cowards. A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best; but what he has said or done otherwise shall give him no peace. It is a deliverance which does not deliver. In the attempt his genius deserts him; no muse befriends; no invention, no hope.

Trust thyself:[156] every heart vibrates to that iron string. Accept the place the divine providence has found for you, the society of your contemporaries, the connection of events. Great men have always done so, and confided themselves childlike to the genius of their age, betraying their perception that the absolutely trustworthy was seated at their heart, working through their hands, predominating in all their being. And we are now men, and must accept in the highest mind the same transcendent destiny; and not minors and invalids in a protected corner, not cowards fleeing before a revolution, but guides, redeemers, and benefactors, obeying the Almighty effort, and advancing on Chaos[157] and the Dark.

What pretty oracles nature yields us on this text, in the face and behavior of children, babes, and even brutes! That divided and rebel mind, that distrust of a sentiment because our arithmetic has computed the strength and means opposed to our purpose, these[158] have not. Their mind being whole, their eye is as yet unconquered, and when we look in their faces we are disconcerted. Infancy conforms to nobody: all conform to it, so that one babe commonly makes four or five[159] out of the adults who prattle and play to it. So God has armed youth and puberty and manhood no less with its own piquancy and charm, and made it enviable and gracious and its claims not to be put by, if it will stand by itself. Do not think the youth has no force, because he cannot speak to you and me. Hark! in the next room his voice is sufficiently clear and emphatic. It seems he knows how to speak to his contemporaries. Bashful or bold, then, he will know how to make us seniors very unnecessary.

The nonchalance[160] of boys who are sure of a dinner, and would disdain as much as a lord to do or say aught to conciliate one, is the healthy attitude of human nature. A boy is in the parlor what the pit is in the playhouse;[161] independent, irresponsible, looking out from his corner on such people and facts as pass by, he tries and sentences them on their merits, in the swift, summary way of boys, as good, bad, interesting, silly, eloquent, troublesome. He cumbers himself never about consequences about interests; he gives an independent, genuine verdict. You must court him: he does not court you. But the man is, as it were, clapped into jail by his consciousness. As soon as he has once acted or spoken with _éclat_[162] he is a committed person, watched by the sympathy or the hatred of hundreds, whose affections must now enter into his account. There is no Lethe[163] for this. Ah, that he could pass again into his neutrality! Who[164] can thus avoid all pledges, and having observed, observe again from the same unaffected, unbiased, unbribable, unaffrighted innocence, must always be formidable. He would utter opinions on all passing affairs, which being seen to be not private, but necessary, would sink like darts into the ear of men, and put them in fear.

These are the voices which we hear in solitude, but they grow faint and inaudible as we enter into the world. Society everywhere is in conspiracy against the manhood of every one of its members. Society is a joint-stock company, in which the members agree, for

the better securing of his bread to each shareholder, to surrender the liberty and culture of the eater. The virtue in most request is conformity. Self-reliance is its aversion. It loves not realities and creators, but names and customs.

Whoso would be a man must be a nonconformist.[165] He who would gather immortal palms must not be hindered by the name of goodness, but must explore if it be goodness.[166] Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind. Absolve you to yourself, and you shall have the suffrage[167] of the world. I remember an answer which when quite young I was prompted to make to a valued adviser, who was wont to importune me with the dear old doctrines of the church. On my saying, What have I to do with the sacredness of traditions, if I live wholly from within? my friend suggested: "But these impulses may be from below, not from above." I replied: "They do not seem to me to be such; but if I am the Devil's child, I will live then from the Devil." No law can be sacred to me but that of my nature. Good and bad are but names very readily transferable to that or this;[168] the only right is what is after my constitution, the only wrong what is against it. A man is to carry himself in the presence of all opposition, as if everything were titular and ephemeral but he. I am ashamed to think how easily we capitulate to badges and names, to large societies and dead institutions. Every decent and well-spoken individual affects and sways me more than is right. I ought to go upright and vital, and speak the rude truth in all ways. If malice and vanity wear the coat of philanthropy, shall that pass? If an angry bigot assumes this bountiful cause of Abolition, and comes to me with his last news from Barbadoes,[169] why should I not say to him: "Go love thy infant; love thy wood-chopper: be good-natured and modest: have that grace; and never varnish your hard, uncharitable ambition with this incredible tenderness for black folk a thousand miles off. Thy love afar is spite at home." Rough and graceless would be such greeting, but truth is handsomer than the affectation of love. Your goodness must have some edge to it,--else it is none. The doctrine of hatred must be preached as the counteraction of the doctrine of love when that pules and whines. I shun father and mother and wife and brother, when my genius calls me. I would write on the lintels of the door-post, _Whim_.[170] I hope it is somewhat better than whim at last, but we cannot spend the day in explanation. Expect me not to show cause why I seek or why I exclude company. Then, again, do not tell me, as a good man did to-day, of my obligation to put all poor men in good situations. Are they _my_ poor? I tell thee, thou foolish philanthropist, that I grudge the dollar, the dime, the cent, I give to such men as do not belong to me and to whom I do not belong. There is a class of persons to whom by all spiritual affinity I am bought and sold; for them I will go to prison, if need be; but your miscellaneous popular charities; the education at college of fools; the building of meeting-houses to the vain end to which many now stand; alms to sots; and the thousand-fold Relief Societies;--though I confess with shame I sometimes succumb and give the dollar, it is a wicked dollar which by and by I shall have the manhood to withhold.

Virtues are, in the popular estimate, rather the exception than the rule. There is the man _and_ his virtues. Men do what is called a good action, as some piece of courage or charity, much as they would pay a fine in expiation of daily non-appearance on parade. Their works are done as an apology or extenuation of their living in the world,--as invalids and the insane pay a high board. Their virtues are penances. I do not wish to expiate, but to live. My life is for itself and not for a spectacle. I much prefer that it should be of a lower strain, so it be genuine and equal, than that it should be glittering and unsteady. I wish it to be sound and sweet, and not to need diet and bleeding.[171] I ask primary evidence that you are a man, and refuse this appeal from the man to his actions. I know that for myself it makes no difference whether I do or forbear those actions which are reckoned excellent. I cannot consent to pay for a privilege where I have intrinsic right. Few and mean as my gifts may be, I actually am, and do not need for my own assurance or the assurance of my fellows any secondary testimony.

What I must do is all that concerns me, not what the people think. This rule, equally arduous in actual and in intellectual life, may serve for the whole distinction between greatness and meanness. It is the harder, because you will always find those who think they know what is your duty better than you know it. It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.[172]

The objection to conforming to usages that have become dead to you is, that it scatters your force. It loses your time and blurs the impression of your character. If you maintain a dead church, contribute to a dead Bible-society, vote with a great party either for the government or against it, spread your table like base housekeepers,--under all these screens I have difficulty to detect the precise[173] man you are. And, of course, so much force is withdrawn from your proper life. But do your work, and I shall know you.[174] Do your work, and you shall reinforce yourself. A man must consider what a blindman's-buff is this game of conformity. If I know your sect, I anticipate your argument. I hear a preacher announce for his text and topic the expediency of one of the institutions of his church. Do I not know beforehand that not possibly can he say a new and spontaneous word? Do I not know that, with[175] all this ostentation of examining the grounds of the institution, he will do no such thing? Do I not know that he is pledged to himself not to look but at one side,--the permitted side, not as a man, but as a parish minister? He is a retained attorney, and

these airs of the bench[176] are the emptiest affectation. Well, most men have bound their eyes with one or another handkerchief,[177] and attached themselves to some one of these communities of opinion.[178] This conformity makes them not false in a few particulars, authors of a few lies, but false in all particulars. Their every truth is not quite true. Their two is not the real two, their four not the real four; so that every word they say chagrins us, and we know not where to begin to set them right. Meantime nature is not slow to equip us in the prison-uniform of the party to which we adhere. We come to wear one cut of face and figure, and acquire by degrees the gentlest asinine expression. There is a mortifying experience in particular which does not fail to wreak itself also in the general history; I mean "the foolish face of praise," the forced smile which we put on in company where we do not feel at ease in answer to conversation which does not interest us. The muscles, not spontaneously moved, but moved by a low usurping willfulness, grow tight about the outline of the face with the most disagreeable sensation.

For nonconformity the world whips you with its displeasure.[179] And therefore a man must know how to estimate a sour face. The bystanders look askance on him in the public street or in the friend's parlor. If this aversation had its origin in contempt and resistance like his own, he might well go home with a sad countenance; but the sour faces of the multitude, like their sweet faces, have no deep cause, but are put on and off as the wind blows and a newspaper directs.[180] Yet is the discontent of the multitude more formidable than that of the senate and the college. It is easy enough for a firm man who knows the world to brook the rage of the cultivated classes. Their rage is decorous and prudent, for they are timid as being very vulnerable themselves. But when to their feminine rage the indignation of the people is added, when the ignorant and the poor are aroused, when the unintelligent brute force that lies at the bottom of society is made to growl and mow, it needs the habit of magnanimity and religion to treat it godlike as a trifle of no concernment.

The other terror[181] that scares us from self-trust is our consistency;[182] a reverence for our past act or word, because the eyes of others have no other data for computing our orbit[183] than our past acts, and we are loth to disappoint them.

But why should you keep your head over your shoulder? Why drag about this corpse of your memory, lest you contradict somewhat[184] you have stated in this or that public place? Suppose you should contradict yourself; what then? It seems to be a rule of wisdom never to rely on your memory alone, scarcely even in acts of pure memory, but to bring the past for judgment into the thousand-eyed present, and live ever in a new day. In your metaphysics you have denied personality to the Deity; yet when the devout motions of the soul come, yield to them heart and life, though they should clothe God with shape and color. Leave your theory, as Joseph his coat in the hand of the harlot, and flee.[185]

A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines. With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with the shadow on the wall. Speak what you think now in hard words, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said to-day.--"Ah, so you shall be sure to be misunderstood."--Is it so bad, then, to be misunderstood? Pythagoras[186] was misunderstood, and Socrates,[187] and Jesus, and Luther,[188] and Copernicus,[189] and Galileo,[190] and Newton,[191] and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood.

I suppose no man can violate his nature. All the sallies of his will are rounded in by the law of his being, as the inequalities of Andes[192] and Himmaleh[193] are insignificant in the curve of the sphere. Nor does it matter how you gauge and try him. A character is like an acrostic or Alexandrian stanza;[194]--read it forward, backward, or across, it still spells the same thing. In this pleasing, contrite wood-life which God allows me, let me record day by day my honest thought without prospect or retrospect, and, I cannot doubt, it will be found symmetrical, though I mean it not, and see it not. My book should smell of pines and resound with the hum of insects. The swallow over my window should interweave that thread or straw he carries in his bill into my web also. We pass for what we are. Character teaches above our wills. Men imagine that they communicate their virtue or vice only by overt actions, and do not see that virtue or vice emit a breath every moment.

There will be an agreement in whatever variety of actions, so they be each honest and natural in their hour. For of one will, the actions will be harmonious, however unlike they seem. These varieties are lost sight of at a little distance, at a little height of thought. One tendency unites them all. The voyage of the best ship is a zigzag line of a hundred tacks.[195] See the line from a sufficient distance, and it straightens itself to the average tendency. Your genuine action will explain itself, and will explain your other genuine actions. Your conformity explains nothing. Act singly, and what you have already done singly will justify you now. Greatness appeals to the future. If I can be firm enough to-day to do right, and scorn eyes,[196] I must have done so much right before as to defend me now. Be it how it will, do right now. Always scorn appearances, and you always may. The force of character is cumulative. All the foregone days of virtue work their health into this. What makes the majesty of the heroes of the senate and the

field, which so fills the imagination? The consciousness of a train of great days and victories behind. They shed an united light on the advancing actor. He is attended as by a visible escort of angels. That is it which throws thunder into Chatham's[197] voice, and dignity into Washington's port, and America into Adams's[198] eye. Honor is venerable to us because it is no ephemeris. It is always ancient virtue. We worship it to-day because it is not of to-day. We love it and pay it homage, because it is not a trap for our love and homage, but is self-dependent, self-derived, and therefore of an old immaculate pedigree, even if shown in a young person.

I hope in these days we have heard the last of conformity and consistency. Let the words be gazetted and ridiculous henceforward. Instead of the gong for dinner, let us hear a whistle from the Spartan[199] fife. Let us never bow and apologize more. A great man is coming to eat at my house. I do not wish to please him; I wish that he should wish to please me. I will stand here for humanity, and though I would make it kind, I would make it true. Let us affront and reprimand the smooth mediocrity and squalid contentment of the times, and hurl in the face of custom, and trade, and office, the fact which is the upshot of all history, that there is a great responsible Thinker and Actor working wherever a man works; that a true man belongs to no other time or place, but is the center of things. Where he is, there is nature. He measures you, and all men, and all events. Ordinarily, everybody in society reminds us of somewhat else, or of some other person. Character, reality, reminds you of nothing else; it takes place of the whole creation. The man must be so much, that he must make all circumstances indifferent. Every true man is a cause, a country, and an age; requires infinite spaces and numbers and time fully to accomplish his design;--and posterity seem to follow his steps as a train of clients. A man Cæsar[200] is born, and for ages after we have a Roman Empire. Christ is born, and millions of minds so grow and cleave to his genius, that he is confounded with virtue and the possible of man. An institution is the lengthened shadow of one man; as Monachism, of the hermit Antony;[201] the Reformation, of Luther; Quakerism, of Fox;[202] Methodism, of Wesley;[203] Abolition, of Clarkson.[204] Scipio,[205] Milton called "the height of Rome"; and all history resolves itself very easily into the biography of a few stout and earnest persons.

Let a man then know his worth, and keep things under his feet. Let him not peep or steal, or skulk up and down with the air of a charity-boy, a bastard, or an interloper, in the world which exists for him. But the man in the street, finding no worth in himself which corresponds to the force which built a tower or sculptured a marble god, feels poor when he looks on these. To him a palace, a statue, a costly book, have an alien and forbidding air, much like a gay equipage, and seem to say like that, "Who are you, Sir?" Yet they all are his, suitors for his notice, petitioners to his faculties that they will come out and take possession. The picture waits for my verdict: it is not to command me, but I am to settle its claims to praise. That popular fable of the sot who was picked up dead drunk in the street, carried to the duke's house, washed and dressed and laid in the duke's bed, and, on his waking, treated with all obsequious ceremony like the duke, and assured that he had been insane,[206] owes its popularity to the fact that it symbolizes so well the state of man, who is in the world a sort of sot, but now and then wakes up, exercises his reason, and finds himself a true prince.

Our reading is mendicant and sycophantic. In history, our imagination plays us false. Kingdom and lordship, power and estate, are a gaudier vocabulary than private John and Edward in a small house and common day's work; but the things of life are the same to both; the sum total of both is the same. Why all this deference to Alfred,[207] and Scanderbeg,[208] and Gustavus?[209] Suppose they were virtuous; did they wear out virtue? As great a stake depends on your private act to-day, as followed their public and renowned steps. When private men shall act with original views, the luster will be transferred from the actions of kings to those of gentlemen.

The world has been instructed by its kings, who have so magnetized the eyes of nations. It has been taught by this colossal symbol the mutual reverence that is due from man to man. The joyful loyalty with which men have everywhere suffered the king, the noble, or the great proprietor to walk among them by a law of his own, make his own scale of men and things, and reverse theirs, pay for benefits not with money but with honor, and represent the law in his person, was the hieroglyphic[210] by which they obscurely signified their consciousness of their own right and comeliness, the right of every man.

The magnetism which all original action exerts is explained when we inquire the reason of self-trust. Who is the Trustee? What is the aboriginal Self, on which a universal reliance may be grounded? What is the nature and power of that science-baffling star, without parallax,[211] without calculable elements, which shoots a ray of beauty even into trivial and impure actions, if the least mark of independence appear? The inquiry leads us to that source, at once the essence of genius, of virtue, and of life, which we call Spontaneity or Instinct. We denote this primary wisdom as Intuition, whilst all later teachings are tuitions. In that deep force, the last fact behind which analysis cannot go, all things find their common origin. For the sense of being which in calm hours rises, we know not how, in the soul, is not diverse from things, from space, from light, from time, from man, but one with them, and proceeds

obviously from the same source whence their life and being also proceed. We first share the life by which things exist, and afterwards see them as appearances in nature, and forget that we have shared their cause. Here is the fountain of action and of thought. Here are the lungs of that inspiration which giveth man wisdom, and which cannot be denied without impiety and atheism. We lie in the lap of immense intelligence, which makes us receivers of its truth and organs of its activity. When we discern justice, when we discern truth, we do nothing of ourselves, but allow a passage to its beams. If we ask whence this comes, if we seek to pry into the soul that causes, all philosophy is at fault. Its presence or its absence is all we can affirm. Every man discriminates between the voluntary acts of his mind, and his involuntary perceptions, and knows that to his involuntary perceptions a perfect faith is due. He may err in the expression of them, but he knows that these things are so, like day and night, not to be disputed. My willful actions and acquisitions are but roving;--the idlest reverie, the faintest native emotion, command my curiosity and respect. Thoughtless people contradict as readily the statement of perceptions as of opinions, or rather much more readily; for, they do not distinguish between perception and notion. They fancy that I choose to see this or that thing. But perception is not whimsical, it is fatal. If I see a trait, my children will see it after me, and in course of time, all mankind,--although it may chance that no one has seen it before me. For my perception of it is as much a fact as the sun.

The relations of the soul to the divine spirit are so pure, that it is profane to seek to interpose helps. It must be that when God speaketh he should communicate, not one thing, but all things; should fill the world with his voice; should scatter forth light, nature, time, souls, from the center of the present thought; and new date and new create the whole. Whenever a mind is simple, and receives a divine wisdom, old things pass away,--means, teachers, texts, temples, fall; it lives now, and absorbs past and future into the present hour. All things are made sacred by relation to it,--one as much as another. All things are dissolved to their center by their cause, and, in the universal miracle, petty and particular miracles disappear. If, therefore, a man claims to know and speak of God, and carries you backward to the phraseology of some old moldered nation in another country, in another world, believe him not. Is the acorn better than the oak which is its fullness and completion? Is the parent better than the child into whom he has cast his ripened being?[212] Whence, then, this worship of the past?[213] The centuries are conspirators against the sanity and authority of the soul. Time and space are but physiological colors which the eye makes, but the soul is light; where it is, is day; where it was, is night; and history is an impertinence and an injury, if it be anything more than a cheerful apologue or parable of my being and becoming.

Man is timid and apologetic; he is no longer upright; he dares not say "I think," "I am," but quotes some saint or sage. He is ashamed before the blade of grass or the blowing rose. These roses under my window make no reference to former roses or to better ones; they are for what they are; they exist with God to-day. There is no time to them. There is simply the rose; it is perfect in every moment of its existence. Before a leaf-bud has burst, its whole life acts; in the full-blown flower there is no more; in the leafless root there is no less. Its nature is satisfied, and it satisfies nature, in all moments alike. But man postpones, or remembers; he does not live in the present, but with a reverted eye laments the past, or, heedless of the riches that surround him, stands on tiptoe to foresee the future. He cannot be happy and strong until he too lives with nature in the present, above time.

This should be plain enough. Yet see what strong intellects dare not yet hear God himself, unless he speak the phraseology of I know not what David, or Jeremiah, or Paul. We shall not always set so great a price on a few texts, on a few lives.[214] We are like children who repeat by rote the sentences of grandames and tutors, and, as they grow older, of the men and talents and characters they chance to see,--painfully recollecting the exact words they spoke; afterwards, when they come into the point of view which those had who uttered those saying, they understand them, and are willing to let the words go; for, at any time, they can use words as good when occasion comes. If we live truly, we shall see truly. It is as easy for the strong man to be strong, as it is for the weak to be weak. When we have new perception, we shall gladly disburden the memory of its hoarded treasures as old rubbish. When a man lives with God, his voice shall be as sweet as the murmur of the brook and the rustle of the corn.

And now at last the highest truth on this subject remains unsaid; probably cannot be said; for all that we say is the far-off remembering of the intuition. That thought, by what I can now nearest approach to say it, is this. When good is near you, when you have life in yourself, it is not by any known or accustomed way; you shall not discern the footprints of any other; you shall not see the face of man; you shall not hear any name;--the way, the thought, the good, shall be wholly strange and new. It shall exclude example and experience. You take the way from man, not to man. All persons that ever existed are its forgotten ministers. Fear and hope are alike beneath it. There is somewhat low even in hope. In the hour of vision, there is nothing that can be called gratitude, nor properly joy. The soul raised over passion beholds identity and eternal causation, perceives the self-existence of Truth and Right, and calms itself with knowing that all things go well. Vast spaces of nature, the Atlantic Ocean, the South Sea,--long intervals of time, years, centuries,--are of no account. This which I think and feel underlay every former state of life and circumstances, as it

does underlie my present, and what is called life, and what is called death.

Life only avails, not the having lived. Power ceases in the instant of repose; it resides in the moment of transition from a past to a new state, in the shooting of the gulf, in the darting to an aim. This one fact the world hates, that the soul _becomes_; for that forever degrades the past, turns all riches to poverty, all reputation to shame, confounds the saint with the rogue, shoves Jesus and Judas[215] equally aside. Why, then, do we prate of self-reliance? Inasmuch as the soul is present, there will be power not confident but agent.[216] To talk of reliance is a poor external way of speaking. Speak rather of that which relies, because it works and is. Who has more obedience than I masters me, though he should not raise his finger. Round him I must revolve by the gravitation of spirits. We fancy it rhetoric, when we speak of eminent virtue. We do not yet see that virtue is Height, and that a man or a company of men, plastic and permeable to principles, by the law of nature must overpower and ride all cities, nations, kings, rich men, poets, who are not.

This is the ultimate fact which we so quickly reach on this, as on every topic, the resolution of all into the ever-blessed ONE. Self-existence is the attribute of the Supreme Cause, and it constitutes the measure of good by the degree in which it enters into all lower forms. All things real are so by so much virtue as they contain. Commerce, husbandry, hunting, whaling, war eloquence, personal weight, are somewhat, and engage my respect as examples of its presence and impure action. I see the same law working in nature for conservation and growth. Power is in nature the essential measure of right. Nature suffers nothing to remain in her kingdoms which cannot help itself. The genesis and maturation of a planet, its poise and orbit, the bended tree recovering itself from the strong wind, the vital resources of every animal and vegetable, are demonstrations of the self-sufficing, and therefore self-relying soul.

Thus all concentrates: let us not rove; let us sit at home with the cause. Let us stun and astonish the intruding rabble of men and books and institutions, by a simple declaration of the divine fact. Bid the invaders take the shoes from off their feet, for God is here within.[217] Let our simplicity judge them, and our docility to our own law demonstrate the poverty of nature and fortune beside our native riches.

But now we are a mob. Man does not stand in awe of man, nor is his genius admonished to stay at home to put itself in communication with the internal ocean, but it goes abroad to beg a cup of water of the urns of other men. We must go alone. I like the silent church before the service begins, better than any preaching. How far off, how cool, how chaste the persons look, begirt each one with a precinct or sanctuary! So let us always sit. Why should we assume the faults of our friend, or wife, or father, or child, because they sit around our hearth, or are said to have the same blood? All men have my blood, and I have all men's.[218] Not for that will I adopt their petulance or folly, even to the extent of being ashamed of it. But your isolation must not be mechanical, but spiritual, that is, must be elevation. At times the whole world seems to be in conspiracy to importune you with emphatic trifles. Friend, client, child, sickness, fear, want, charity, all knock at once at thy closet door, and say, "Come out unto us." But keep thy state; come not into their confusion. The power men possess to annoy men, I give them by a weak curiosity. No man can come near me but through my act. "What we love that we have, but by desire we bereave ourselves of the love."

If we cannot at once rise to the sanctities of obedience and faith, let us at least resist our temptations; let us enter into the state of war, and wake Thor and Woden,[219] courage and constancy, in our Saxon breasts. This is to be done in our smooth times by speaking the truth. Check this lying hospitality and lying affection. Live no longer to the expectation of these deceived and deceiving people with whom we converse. Say to them, O father, O mother, O wife, O brother, O friend, I have lived with you after appearances hitherto. Henceforward I am the truth's. Be it known unto you that henceforward I obey no law less than the eternal law. I will have no covenants but proximities.[220] I shall endeavor to nourish my parents, to support my family, to be the chaste husband of one wife,--but these relations I must fill after a new and unprecedented way. I appeal from your customs. I must be myself. I cannot break myself any longer for you, or you.[221] If you can love me for what I am, we shall be the happier. If you cannot, I will still seek to deserve that you should. I will not hide my tastes or aversions. I will so trust that what is deep is holy, that I will do strongly before the sun and moon whatever inly rejoices me, and the heart appoints. If you are noble, I will love you; if you are not, I will not hurt you and myself by hypocritical attentions. If you are true, but not in the same truth with me, cleave to your companions; I will seek my own. I do this not selfishly, but humbly and truly. It is alike your interest, and mine, and all men's however long we have dwelt in lies, to live in truth. Does this sound harsh to-day? You will soon love what is dictated by your nature as well as mine, and, if we follow the truth, it will bring us out safe at last.[222] But so may you give these friends pain. Yes, but I cannot sell my liberty and my power, to save their sensibility. Besides, all persons have their moments of reason, when they look out into the region of absolute truth; then will they justify me, and do the same thing.

The populace think that your rejection of popular standards is a rejection of all standard, and mere antinomianism;[223] and the bold sensualist will use the name of philosophy to gild his crimes. But the law of consciousness abides. There are two confessionals, in one or the other of which we must be shriven. You may fulfill your round of duties by clearing yourself in the _direct_, or in the _reflex_ way. Consider whether you have satisfied your relations to father, mother, cousin, neighbor, town, cat, and dog; whether any of these can upbraid you. But I may also neglect this reflex standard, and absolve me to myself. I have my own stern claims and perfect circle. It denies the name of duty to many offices that are called duties. But if I can discharge its debts, it enables me to dispense with the popular code. If any one imagines that this law is lax, let him keep its commandment one day.

And truly it demands something godlike in him who has cast off the common motives of humanity, and has ventured to trust himself for a taskmaster. High be his heart, faithful his will, clear his sight, that he may in good earnest be doctrine, society, law, to himself, that a simple purpose may be to him as strong as iron necessity is to others!

If any man consider the present aspects of what is called by distinction _society_, he will see the need of these ethics. The sinew and heart of man seem to be drawn out, and we are become timorous, desponding whimperers. We are afraid of truth, afraid of fortune, afraid of death, and afraid of each other. Our age yields no great and perfect persons. We want men and women who shall renovate life and our social state, but we see that most natures are insolvent, cannot satisfy their own wants, have an ambition out of all proportion to their practical force,[224] and do lean and beg day and night continually. Our housekeeping is mendicant, our arts, our occupations, our marriages, our religion, we have not chosen, but society has chosen for us. We are parlor soldiers. We shun the rugged battle of fate, where strength is born.

If our young men miscarry in their first enterprises, they lose all heart. If the young merchant fails, men say he is _ruined_. If the finest genius studies at one of our colleges, and is not installed in an office within one year afterwards in the cities or suburbs of Boston or New York, it seems to his friends and to himself that he is right in being disheartened, and in complaining the rest of his life. A sturdy lad from New Hampshire or Vermont, who in turn tries all the professions, who _teams it, farms it_,[225] _peddles_, keeps a school, preaches, edits a newspaper, goes to Congress, buys a township, and so forth, in successive years, and always, like a cat, falls on his feet, is worth a hundred of these city dolls. He walks abreast with his days, and feels no shame in not "studying a profession," for he does not postpone his life, but lives already. He has not one chance, but a hundred chances. Let a Stoic[226] open the resources of man, and tell men they are not leaning willows, but can and must detach themselves; that with the exercise of self-trust, new powers shall appear; that a man is the word made flesh,[227] born to shed healing to the nations,[228] that he should be ashamed of our compassion, and that the moment he acts from himself, tossing the laws, the books, idolatries and customs out of the window, we pity him no more, but thank and revere him,--and that teacher shall restore the life of man to splendor, and make his name dear to all history.

It is easy to see that a greater self-reliance must work a revolution in all the offices and relations of men; in their religion; in their education; in their pursuits; their modes of living; their association; in their property; in their speculative views.

1. In what prayers do men allow themselves![229] That which they call a holy office is not so much as brave and manly. Prayer looks abroad and asks for some foreign addition to come through some foreign virtue, and loses itself in endless mazes of natural and supernatural, and mediatorial and miraculous. Prayer that craves a particular commodity,--anything less than all good,--is vicious. Prayer is the contemplation of the facts of life from the highest point of view. It is the soliloquy of a beholding and jubilant soul.[230] It is the spirit of God pronouncing his works good. But prayer as a means to effect a private end is meanness and theft. It supposes dualism and not unity in nature and consciousness. As soon as the man is at one with God, he will not beg. He will then see prayer in all action. The prayer of the farmer kneeling in his field to weed it, the prayer of the rower kneeling with the stroke of his oar, are true prayers heard throughout nature, though for cheap ends. Caratach,[231] in Fletcher's Bonduca, when admonished to inquire the mind of the god Audate, replies,--

"His hidden meaning lies in our endeavors; Our valors are our best gods."

Another sort of false prayers are our regrets. Discontent is the want of self-reliance; it is infirmity of will. Regret calamities, if you can thereby help the sufferer; if not, attend your own work, and already the evil begins to be repaired. Our sympathy is just as base. We come to them who weep foolishly, and sit down and cry for company, instead of imparting to them truth and health in rough electric shocks, putting them once more in communication with their own reason. The secret of fortune is joy in our hands. Welcome evermore to gods and men is the self-helping man. For him all doors are flung wide: him all tongues greet, all honors crown, all eyes follow with desire. Our love goes out to him and embraces him, because he did not need it. We solicitously and apologetically

caress and celebrate him, because he held on his way and scorned our disapprobation. The gods love him because men hated him. "To the persevering mortal," said Zoroaster,[232] "the blessed Immortals are swift."

As men's prayers are a disease of the will, so are their creeds a disease of the intellect. They say with those foolish Israelites, "Let not God speak to us, lest we die. Speak thou, speak any man with us, and we will obey."[233] Everywhere I am hindered of meeting God in my brother, because he has shut his own temple doors, and recites fables merely of his brother's, or his brother's brother's God. Every new mind is a new classification. If it prove a mind of uncommon activity and power, a Locke,[234] a Lavoisier,[235] a Hutton,[236] a Betham,[237] a Fourier,[238] it imposes its classification on other men, and lo! a new system. In proportion to the depth of the thought, and so to the number of the objects it touches and brings within reach of the pupil, is his complacency. But chiefly is this apparent in creeds and churches, which are also classifications of some powerful mind acting on the elemental thought of duty, and man's relation to the Highest. Such is Calvinism,[239] Quakerism,[240] Swedenborgism.[241] The pupil takes the same delight in subordinating everything to the new terminology, as a girl who has just learned botany in seeing a new earth and new seasons thereby. It will happen for a time, that the pupil will find his intellectual power has grown by the study of his master's mind. But in all unbalanced minds, the classification is idolized, passes for the end, and not for a speedily exhaustible means, so that the walls of the system blend to their eye in the remote horizon with the walls of the universe; the luminaries of heaven seem to them hung on the arch their master built. They cannot imagine how you aliens have any right to see,--how you can see; "It must be somehow that you stole the light from us." They do not yet perceive that light, unsystematic, indomitable, will break into any cabin, even into theirs. Let them chirp awhile and call it their own. If they are honest and do well, presently their neat new pinfold will be too strait and low, will crack, will lean, will rot and vanish, and the immortal light, all young and joyful, million-orbed, million-colored, will beam over the universe as on the first morning.

2. It is for want of self-culture that the superstition of Traveling, whose idols are Italy, England, Egypt, retains its fascination for all educated Americans. They who made England, Italy, or Greece venerable in the imagination did so by sticking fast where they were, like an axis of the earth. In manly hours, we feel that duty is our place. The soul is no traveler; the wise man stays at home, and when his necessities, his duties, on any occasion call him from his house, or into foreign lands, he is at home still; and shall make men sensible by the expression of his countenance, that he goes the missionary of wisdom and virtue, and visits cities and men like a sovereign, and not like an interloper or a valet.

I have no churlish objection to the circumnavigation of the globe, for the purposes of art, of study, and benevolence, so that the man is first domesticated, or does not go abroad with the hope of finding somewhat greater than he knows. He who travels to be amused, or to get somewhat which he does not carry,[242] travels away from himself, and grows old even in youth among old things. In Thebes,[243] in Palmyra,[244] his will and mind have become old and dilapidated as they. He carries ruins to ruins.

Traveling is a fool's paradise. Our first journeys discover to us the indifference of places. At home I dream that at Naples, at Rome, I can be intoxicated with beauty, and lose my sadness. I pack my trunk, embrace my friends, embark on the sea, and at last wake up in Naples, and there beside me is the stern fact, the sad self, unrelenting, identical, that I fled from.[245] I seek the Vatican,[246] and the palaces. I affect to be intoxicated with sights and suggestions, but I am not intoxicated. My giant goes with me wherever I go.

3. But the rage of traveling is a symptom of a deeper unsoundness affecting the whole intellectual action. The intellect is vagabond, and our system of education fosters restlessness. Our minds travel when our bodies are forced to stay at home. We imitate; and what is imitation but the traveling of the mind? Our houses are built with foreign taste; our shelves are garnished with foreign ornaments; our opinions, our tastes, our faculties, lean, and follow the Past and the Distant. The soul created the arts wherever they have flourished. It was in his own mind that the artist sought his model. It was an application of his own thought to the thing to be done and the conditions to be observed. And why need we copy the Doric[247] or the Gothic[248] model? Beauty, convenience, grandeur of thought, and quaint expression are as near to us as to any, and if the American artist will study with hope and love the precise thing to be done by him considering the climate, the soil, the length of the day, the wants of the people, the habit and form of the government, he will create a house in which all these will find themselves fitted, and taste and sentiment will be satisfied also.

Insist on yourself; never imitate.[249] Your own gift you can present every moment with the cumulative force of a whole life's cultivation; but of the adopted talent of another, you have only an extemporaneous, half possession. That which each can do best, none but his Maker can teach him. No man yet knows what it is, nor can, till that person has exhibited it. Where is the master who could have taught Shakespeare?[250] Where is the master who could have instructed Franklin,[251] or Washington, or Bacon,[252] or Newton?[253] Every great man is a unique. The Scipionism of Scipio[254] is precisely that part he could not borrow.

Shakespeare will never be made by the study of Shakespeare. Do that which is assigned to you, and you cannot hope too much or dare too much. There is at this moment for you an utterance brave and grand as that of the colossal chisel of Phidias,[255] or trowel of the Egyptians,[256] or the pen of Moses,[257] or Dante,[258] but different from all these. Not possibly will the soul all rich, all eloquent, with thousand-cloven tongue, deign to repeat itself; but if you can hear what these patriarchs say, surely you can reply to them in the same pitch of voice; for the ear and the tongue are two organs of one nature. Abide in the simple and noble regions of thy life, obey thy heart, and thou shalt reproduce the Foreworld[259] again.

4. As our Religion, our Education, our Art look abroad, so does our spirit of society. All men plume themselves on the improvement of society, and no man improves.

Society never advances. It recedes as fast on one side as it gains on the other. It undergoes continual changes; it is barbarous, it is civilized, it is Christianized, it is rich, it is scientific; but this change is not amelioration. For everything that is given, something is taken. Society acquires new arts, and loses old instincts. What a contrast between the well-clad, reading, writing, thinking American, with a watch, a pencil, and a bill of exchange in his pocket, and the naked New Zealander,[260] whose property is a club, a spear, a mat, and an undivided twentieth of a shed to sleep under! But compare the health of the two men, and you shall see that the white man has lost his aboriginal strength. If the traveler tell us truly, strike the savage with a broad ax, and in a day or two the flesh shall unite and heal as if you struck the blow into soft pitch, and the same blow shall send the white to his grave.

The civilized man has built a coach, but has lost the use of his feet. He is supported on crutches, but lacks so much support of muscle. He has a fine Geneva[261] watch, but he fails of the skill to tell the hour by the sun. A Greenwich nautical almanac[262] he has, and so being sure of the information when he wants it, the man in the street does not know a star in the sky. The solstice[263] he does not observe; the equinox he knows as little; and the whole bright calendar of the year is without a dial in his mind. His notebooks impair his memory; his libraries overload his wit; the insurance office increases the number of accidents; and it may be a question whether machinery does not encumber; whether we have not lost by refinement some energy, by a Christianity entrenched in establishments and forms, some vigor of wild virtue. For every Stoic was a Stoic; but in Christendom where is the Christian?

There is no more deviation in the moral standard than in the standard of height or bulk. No greater men are now than ever were. A singular equality may be observed between great men of the first and of the last ages; nor can all the science, art, religion, and philosophy of the nineteenth century avail to educate greater men than Plutarch's[264] heroes, three or four and twenty centuries ago. Not in time is the race progressive. Phocion,[265] Socrates, Anaxagoras,[266] Diogenes,[267] are great men, but they leave no class. He who is really of their class will not be called by their name, but will be his own man, and, in his turn, the founder of a sect. The arts and inventions of each period are only its costume, and do not invigorate men. The harm of the improved machinery may compensate its good. Hudson[268] and Bering[269] accomplished so much in their fishing boats, as to astonish Parry[270] and Franklin,[271] whose equipment exhausted the resources of science and art. Galileo, with an opera-glass, discovered a more splendid series of celestial phenomena than any one since. Columbus[272] found the New World in an undecked boat. It is curious to see the periodical disuse and perishing of means and machinery, which were introduced with loud laudation a few years or centuries before. The great genius returns to essential man. We reckoned the improvements of the art of war among the triumphs of science, and yet Napoleon[273] conquered Europe by the bivouac, which consisted of falling back on naked valor, and disencumbering it of all aids. The Emperor held it impossible to make a perfect army, says Las Casas,[274] "without abolishing our arms, magazines, commissaries, and carriages, until, in imitation of the Roman custom, the soldier should receive his supply of corn, grind it in his handmill, and bake his bread himself."

Society is a wave. The wave moves onward, but the water of which it is composed does not. The same particle does not rise from the valley to the ridge. Its unity is only phenomenal. The persons who make up a nation to-day, next year die, and their experience with them.

And so the reliance on Property, including the reliance on governments which protect it, is the want of self-reliance. Men have looked away from themselves and at things so long, that they have come to esteem the religious, learned, and civil institutions as guards of property, and they deprecate assaults on these, because they feel them to be assaults on property. They measure their esteem of each other by what each has, and not by what each is. But a cultivated man becomes ashamed of his property, out of new respect for his nature. Especially he hates what he has, if he see that it is accidental,--came to him by inheritance, or gift, or crime; then he feels that it is not having; it does not belong to him, has no root in him, and merely lies there, because no revolution or no robber takes it away. But that which a man is, does always by necessity acquire, and what the man acquires is living property,

which does not wait the beck of rulers, or mobs, or revolutions, or fire, or storm, or bankruptcies, but perpetually renews itself wherever the man breathes. "Thy lot or portion of life," said the Caliph Ali,[275] "is seeking after thee; therefore be at rest from seeking after it." Our dependence on these foreign goods leads us to our slavish respect for numbers. The political parties meet in numerous conventions; the greater the concourse, and with each new uproar of announcement, The delegation from Essex![276] The Democrats from New Hampshire! The Whigs of Maine! the young patriot feels himself stronger than before by a new thousand of eyes and arms. In like manner the reformers summon conventions, and vote and resolve in multitude. Not so, O friends! will the god deign to enter and inhabit you, but by a method precisely the reverse. It is only as a man puts off all foreign support, and stands alone, that I see him to be strong and to prevail. He is weaker by every recruit to his banner. Is not a man better than a town? Ask nothing of men, and in the endless mutation, thou only firm column must presently appear the upholder of all that surrounds thee. He who knows that power is inborn, that he is weak because he has looked for good out of him and elsewhere, and so perceiving, throws himself unhesitatingly on his thought, instantly rights himself, stands in the erect position, commands his limbs, works miracles; just as a man who stands on his feet is stronger than a man who stands on his head.

So use all that is called Fortune.[277] Most men gamble with her, and gain all, and lose all, as her wheel rolls. But do thou leave as unlawful these winnings, and deal with Cause and Effect, the chancelors of God. In the Will work and acquire, and thou hast chained the wheel of Chance, and shalt sit hereafter out of fear from her rotations. A political victory, a rise of rents, the recovery of your sick, or the return of your absent friend, or some other favorable event, raises your spirits, and you think good days are preparing for you. Do not believe it. Nothing can bring you peace but yourself. Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principles.

FRIENDSHIP.[278]

1. We have a great deal more kindness than is ever spoken. Barring all the selfishness that chills like east winds the world, the whole human family is bathed with an element of love like a fine ether. How many persons we meet in houses, whom we scarcely speak to, whom yet we honor, and who honor us! How many we see in the street, or sit with in church, whom, though silently, we warmly rejoice to be with! Read the language of these wandering eyebeams. The heart knoweth.

2. The effect of the indulgence of this human affection is a certain cordial exhilaration. In poetry, and in common speech, the emotions of benevolence and complacency which are felt toward others, are likened to the material effects of fire; so swift, or much more swift, more active, more cheering are these fine inward irradiations. From the highest degree of passionate love, to the lowest degree of good will, they make the sweetness of life.

3. Our intellectual and active powers increase with our affection. The scholar sits down to write, and all his years of meditation do not furnish him with one good thought or happy expression; but it is necessary to write a letter to a friend, and, forthwith, troops of gentle thoughts invest themselves, on every hand, with chosen words. See in any house where virtue and self-respect abide, the palpitation which the approach of a stranger causes. A commended stranger is expected and announced, and an uneasiness between pleasure and pain invades all the hearts of a household. His arrival almost brings fear to the good hearts that would welcome him. The house is dusted, all things fly into their places, the old coat is exchanged for the new, and they must get up a dinner if they can. Of a commended stranger, only the good report is told by others, only the good and new is heard by us. He stands to us for humanity. He is, what we wish. Having imagined and invested him, we ask how we should stand related in conversation and action with such a man, and are uneasy with fear. The same idea exalts conversation with him. We talk better than we are wont. We have the nimblest fancy, a richer memory, and our dumb devil has taken leave for the time. For long hours we can continue a series of sincere, graceful, rich communications, drawn from the oldest, secretest experience, so that they who sit by, of our own kinsfolk and acquaintance, shall feel a lively surprise at our unusual powers. But as soon as the stranger begins to intrude his partialities, his definitions, his defects, into the conversation, it is all over. He has heard the first, the last and best, he will ever hear from us. He is no stranger now. Vulgarity, ignorance, misapprehension, are old acquaintances. Now, when he comes, he may get the order, the dress, and the dinner, but the throbbing of the heart, and the communications of the soul, no more.

4. What is so pleasant as these jets of affection which relume[279] a young world for me again? What is so delicious as a just and firm encounter of two, in a thought, in a feeling? How beautiful, on their approach to this beating heart, the steps and forms of the gifted and the true! The moment we indulge our affections, the earth is metamorphosed; there is no winter, and no night; all tragedies, all ennuis vanish; all duties even; nothing fills the proceeding eternity but the forms all radiant of beloved persons. Let the soul be assured that somewhere in the universe it should rejoin its friend, and it would be content and cheerful alone for a thousand

years.

5. I awoke this morning with devout thanksgiving for my friends, the old and the new. Shall I not call God, the Beautiful, who daily showeth himself so to me in his gifts? I chide society, I embrace solitude, and yet I am not so ungrateful as not to see the wise, the lovely, and the noble-minded, as from time to time they pass my gate.[280] Who hears me, who understands me, becomes mine,--a possession for all time. Nor is nature so poor, but she gives me this joy several times, and thus we weave social threads of our own, a new web of relations; and, as many thoughts in succession substantiate themselves, we shall by-and-by stand in a new world of our own creation, and no longer strangers and pilgrims is a traditionary globe. My friends have come[281] to me unsought. The great God gave them to me. By oldest right, by the divine affinity of virtue with itself, I find them, or rather, not I, but the Deity in me and in them, both deride and cancel the thick walls of individual character, relation, age, sex and circumstance, at which he usually connives, and now makes many one. High thanks I owe you, excellent lovers, who carry out the world for me to new and noble depths, and enlarge the meaning of all my thoughts. These are new poetry of the first Bard[282]--poetry without stop--hymn, ode and epic,[283] poetry still flowing, Apollo[284] and the Muses[285] chanting still. Will these two separate themselves from me again, or some of them? I know not, but I fear it not; for my relation to them is so pure, that we hold by simple affinity, and the Genius[286] of my life being thus social, the same affinity will exert its energy on whomsoever is as noble as these men and women, wherever I may be.

6. I confess to an extreme tenderness of nature on this point. It is almost dangerous to me to "crush the sweet poison,[287] of misused wine" of the affections. A new person is to me a great event, and hinders me from sleep. I have had such fine fancies lately about two or three persons, as have given me delicious hours, but the joy ends in the day: it yields no fruit. Thought is not born of it; my action is very little modified. I must feel pride in my friend's accomplishments as if they were mine, and a property in his virtues. I feel as warmly when he is praised, as the lover when he hears applause of his engaged maiden. We over-estimate the conscience of our friend. His goodness seems better than our goodness, his nature finer, his temptations less. Everything that is his,--his name, his form, his dress, books and instruments,--fancy enhances. Our own thought sounds new and larger from his mouth.

7. Yet the systole and diastole[288] of the heart are not without their analogy in the ebb and flow of love. Friendship, like the immortality[289] of the soul, is too good to be believed. The lover, beholding his maiden, half knows that she is not verily that which he worships; and in the golden hour of friendship, we are surprised with shades of suspicion and unbelief. We doubt that we bestow on our hero the virtues in which he shines, and afterward worship the form to which we have ascribed this divine inhabitation. In strictness, the soul does not respect men as it respects itself. In strict science, all persons underlie the same condition of an infinite remoteness. Shall we fear to cool our love by mining for the metaphysical foundation of this Elysian temple?[290] Shall I not be as real as the things I see? If I am, I shall not fear to know them for what they are. Their essence is not less beautiful than their appearance, though it needs finer organs for its apprehension. The root of the plant is not unsightly to science, though for chaplets and festoons we cut the stem short. And I must hazard the production of the bald fact amid these pleasing reveries, though it should prove an Egyptian skull at our banquet.[291] A man who stands united with his thought, conceives magnificently to himself. He is conscious of a universal success,[292] even though bought by uniform particular failures. No advantages, no powers, no gold or force can be any match for him. I cannot choose but rely on my own poverty, more than on your wealth. I cannot make your consciousness tantamount to mine. Only the star dazzles; the planet has a faint, moon-like ray. I hear what you say of the admirable parts and tried temper of the party you praise, but I see well that for all his purple cloaks I shall not like him, unless he is at least a poor Greek like me. I cannot deny it, O friend, that the vast shadow of the Phenomenal includes thee, also, in its pied and painted immensity,--thee, also, compared with whom all else is shadow. Thou art not Being, as Truth is, as Justice is,--thou art not my soul, but a picture and effigy of that. Thou hast come to me lately, and already thou art seizing thy hat and cloak. It is not that the soul puts forth friends, as the tree puts forth leaves, and presently, by the germination of new buds, extrudes the old leaf?[293] The law of nature is alternation forevermore. Each electrical state superinduces the opposite. The soul environs itself with friends, that it may enter into a grander self-acquaintance or solitude; and it goes alone, for a season, that it may exalt its conversation or society. This method betrays itself along the whole history of our personal relations. The instinct of affection revives the hope of union with our mates, and the returning sense of insulation recalls us from the chase. Thus every man passes his life in the search after friendship, and if he should record his true sentiment, he might write a letter like this, to each new candidate for his love:--

DEAR FRIEND:--

If I was sure of thee, sure of thy capacity, sure to match my mood with thine, I should never think again of trifles, in relation to thy comings and goings. I am not very wise; my moods are quite attainable; and I respect thy genius; it is to me as yet unfathomed; yet

dare I not presume in thee a perfect intelligence of me, and so thou art to me a delicious torment. Thine ever, or never.

8. Yet these uneasy pleasures and fine pains are for curiosity, and not for life. They are not to be indulged. This is to weave cobweb, and not cloth. Our friendships hurry to short and poor conclusions, because we have made them a texture of wine and dreams,[294] instead of the tough fiber of the human heart. The laws of friendship are great, austere, and eternal, of one web with the laws of nature and of morals. But we have aimed at a swift and petty benefit, to suck a sudden sweetness. We snatch at the slowest fruit in the whole garden of God, which many summers and many winters must ripen. We seek our friend not sacredly but with an adulterate passion which would appropriate him to ourselves. In vain. We are armed all over with subtle antagonisms, which, as soon as we meet, begin to play, and translate all poetry into stale prose. Almost all people descend to meet. All association must be a compromise, and, what is worst, the very flower and aroma of the flower of each of the beautiful natures disappears as they approach each other. What a perpetual disappointment is actual society, even of the virtuous and gifted! After interviews have been compassed with long foresight, we must be tormented presently by baffled blows, by sudden, unseasonable apathies, by epilepsies of wit and of animal spirits, in the heyday of friendship and thought. Our faculties do not play us true, and both parties are relieved by solitude.

9. I ought to be equal to every relation. It makes no difference how many friends I have, and what content I can find in conversing with each, if there be one to whom I am not equal. If I have shrunk unequal from one contest instantly, the joy I find in all the rest becomes mean and cowardly. I should hate myself, if then I made my other friends my asylum.

"The valiant warrior[295] famoused for fight, After a hundred victories, once foiled, Is from the book of honor razed quite, And all the rest forgot for which he toiled."

10. Our impatience is thus sharply rebuked. Bashfulness and apathy are a tough husk in which a delicate organization is protected from premature ripening. It would be lost if it knew itself before any of the best souls were yet ripe enough to know and own it. Respect the _naturlangsamkeit_[296] which hardens the ruby in a million years, and works in duration, in which Alps and Andes come and go as rainbows. The good spirit of our life has no heaven which is the price of rashness. Love, which is the essence of God, is not for levity, but for the total worth of man. Let us not have this childish luxury in our regards, but the austerest worth; let us approach our friend with an audacious trust in the truth of his heart, in the breadth, impossible to be overturned, of his foundations.

11. The attractions of this subject are not to be resisted, and I leave, for the time, all account of subordinate social benefit, to speak of that select and sacred relation which is a kind of absolute, and which even leaves the language of love suspicious and common, so much is this purer, and nothing is so much divine.

12. I do not wish to treat friendships daintily, but with roughest courage. When they are real, they are not glass threads or frost-work, but the solidest thing we know. For now, after so many ages of experience, what do we know of nature, or of ourselves? Not one step has man taken toward the solution of the problem of his destiny. In one condemnation of folly stand the whole universe of men. But the sweet sincerity of joy and peace, which I draw from this alliance with my brother's soul, is the nut itself whereof all nature and all thought is but the husk and shell. Happy is the house that shelters a friend! It might well be built, like a festal bower or arch, to entertain him a single day. Happier, if he know the solemnity of that relation, and honor its law! He who offers himself a candidate for that covenant comes up, like an Olympian,[297] to the great games, where the first-born of the world are the competitors. He proposes himself for contest where Time, Want, Danger are in the lists, and he alone is victor who has truth enough in his constitution to preserve the delicacy of his beauty from the wear and tear of all these. The gifts of fortune may be present or absent, but all the hap in that contest depends on intrinsic nobleness, and the contempt of trifles. There are two elements that go to the composition of friendship, each so sovereign, that I can detect no superiority in either, no reason why either should be first named. One is Truth. A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere. Before him, I may think aloud. I am arrived at last in the presence of a man so real and equal that I may drop even those undermost garments of dissimulation, courtesy, and second thought, which men never put off, and may deal with him with the simplicity and wholeness, with which one chemical atom meets another. Sincerity is the luxury allowed, but diadems and authority, only to the highest rank, _that_ being permitted to speak truth as having none above it to court or conform unto. Every man alone is sincere. At the entrance of a second person, hypocrisy begins. We parry and fend the approach of our fellow-man by compliments, by gossip, by amusements, by affairs. We cover up our thought from him under a hundred folds. I knew a man who,[298] under a certain religious frenzy, cast off this drapery, and omitting all compliments and commonplace, spoke to the conscience of every person he encountered, and that with great insight and beauty. At first he was resisted, and all men agreed he was mad. But persisting, as indeed he could not help doing, for some time in this course, he attained to the advantage of bringing every man of his acquaintance into true relations with him. No man would think

of speaking falsely with him, or of putting him off with any chat of markets or reading-rooms. But every man was constrained by so much sincerity to the like plain dealing and what love of nature, what poetry, what symbol of truth he had, he did certainly show him. But to most of us society shows not its face and eye, but its side and its back. To stand in true relations with men in a false age, is worth a fit of insanity, is it not? We can seldom go erect. Almost every man we meet requires some civility,--requires to be humored; he has some fame, some talent, some whim of religion or philanthropy in his head that is not to be questioned, and which spoils all conversation with him. But a friend is a sane man who exercises not my ingenuity, but me. My friend gives me entertainment without requiring any stipulation on my part. A friend, therefore, is a sort of paradox[299] in nature. I who alone am, I who see nothing in nature whose existence I can affirm with equal evidence to my own, behold now the semblance of my being in all its height, variety and curiosity, reiterated in a foreign form; so that a friend may well be reckoned the masterpiece of nature.

13. The other element of friendship is tenderness. We are holden to men by every sort of tie, by blood, by pride, by fear, by hope, by lucre, by lust, by hate, by admiration, by every circumstance and badge and trifle, but we can scarce believe that so much character can subsist in another as to draw us by love. Can another be so blessed, and we so pure, that we can offer him tenderness? When a man becomes dear to me, I have touched the goal of fortune. I find very little written directly to the heart of this matter in books. And yet I have one text which I cannot choose but remember. My author says,[300]--"I offer myself faintly and bluntly to those whose I effectually am, and tender myself least to him to whom I am the most devoted." I wish that friendship should have feet, as well as eyes and eloquence. It must plant itself on the ground, before it vaults over the moon. I wish it to be a little of a citizen, before it is quite a cherub.[301] We chide the citizen because he makes love a commodity. It is an exchange of gifts, of useful loans; it is good neighborhood; it watches with the sick; it holds the pall at the funeral; and quite loses sight of the delicacies and nobility of the relation. But though we cannot find the god under this disguise of a sutler, yet, on the other hand, we cannot forgive the poet if he spins his thread too fine, and does not substantiate his romance by the municipal virtues of justice, punctuality, fidelity and pity. I hate the prostitution of the name of friendship to signify modish and worldly alliances. I much prefer the company of plow-boys and tin-peddlers, to the silken and perfumed amity which only celebrates its days of encounter by a frivolous display, by rides in a curricle,[302] and dinners at the best taverns. The end of friendship is a commerce the most strict and homely that can be joined; more strict than any of which we have experience. It is for aid and comfort through all the relations and passages of life and death. It is fit for serene days, and graceful gifts, and country rambles, but also for rough roads and hard fare, shipwreck, poverty, and persecution. It keeps company with the sallies of the wit and the trances of religion. We are to dignify to each other the daily needs and offices of man's life, and embellish it by courage, wisdom and unity. It should never fall into something usual and settled, but should be alert and inventive, and add rhyme and reason to what was drudgery.

14. Friendship may be said to require natures so rare and costly, each so well-tempered, and so happily adapted, and withal so circumstanced, (for even in that particular, a poet says, love demands that the parties be altogether paired,) that its satisfaction can very seldom be assured. It cannot subsist in its perfection, say some of those who are learned in this warm lore of the heart, betwixt more than two. I am not quite so strict in my terms, perhaps because I have never known so high a fellowship as others. I please my imagination more with a circle of godlike men and women variously related to each other, and between whom subsists a lofty intelligence. But I find this law of _one to one_,[303] peremptory for conversation, which is the practice and consummation of friendship. Do not mix waters too much. The best mix as ill as good and bad. You shall have very useful and cheering discourse at several times with two several men, but let all three of you come together, and you shall not have one new and hearty word. Two may talk and one may hear, but three cannot take part in a conversation of the most sincere and searching sort. In good company there is never such discourse between two, across the table, as takes place when you leave them alone. In good company, the individuals at once merge their egotism into a social soul exactly co-extensive with the several consciousnesses there present. No partialities of friend to friend, no fondnesses of brother to sister, of wife to husband, are there pertinent, but quite otherwise. Only he may then speak who can sail on the common thought of the party, and not poorly limited to his own. Now this convention, which good sense demands, destroys the high freedom of great conversation, which requires an absolute running of two souls into one.

15. No two men but being left alone with each other, enter into simpler relations. Yet it is affinity that determines _which_ two shall converse. Unrelated men give little joy to each other; will never suspect the latent powers of each. We talk sometimes of a great talent for conversation, as if it were a permanent property in some individuals. Conversation is an evanescent relation,--no more. A man is reputed to have thought and eloquence; he cannot, for all that, say a word to his cousin or his uncle. They accuse his silence with as much reason as they would blame the insignificance of a dial in the shade. In the sun it will mark the hour. Among those who enjoy his thought, he will regain his tongue.

16. Friendship requires that rare mean betwixt likeness and unlikeness, that piques each with the presence of power and of consent in the other party. Let me be alone to the end of the world, rather than that my friend should overstep by a word or a look his real sympathy. I am equally balked by antagonism and by compliance. Let him not cease an instant to be himself. The only joy I have in his being mine, is that the _not mine_ is _mine_. I hate, where I looked for a manly furtherance, or at least a manly resistance, to find a mush of concession. Better be a nettle in the side of your friend, than his echo. The condition which high friendship demands is ability to do without it. That high office requires great and sublime parts. There must be very two before there can be very one. Let it be an alliance of two large formidable natures, mutually beheld, mutually feared, before yet they recognize the deep identity which beneath these disparities unites them.

17. He only is fit for this society who is magnanimous; who is sure that greatness and goodness are always economy; who is not swift to intermeddle with his fortunes. Let him not intermeddle with this. Leave to the diamond its ages to grow, nor expect to accelerate the births of the eternal. Friendship demands a religious treatment. We talk of choosing our friends, but friends are self-elected. Reverence is a great part of it. Treat your friend as a spectacle. Of course he has merits that are not yours, and that you cannot honor, if you must needs hold him close to your person. Stand aside; give those merits room; let them mount and expand. Are you the friend of your friend's buttons, or of his thought? To a great heart he will still be a stranger in a thousand particulars, that he may come near in the holiest ground. Leave it to girls and boys to regard a friend as property, and to suck a short and all-confounding pleasure instead of the noblest benefits.

18. Let us buy our entrance to this guild by a long probation. Why should we desecrate noble and beautiful souls by intruding on them? Why insist on rash personal relations with your friend? Why go to his house, or know his mother and brother and sisters? Why be visited by him at your own? Are these things material to our covenant? Leave this touching and clawing. Let him be to me a spirit. A message, a thought, a sincerity, a glance from him I want, but not news, nor pottage. I can get politics, and chat, and neighborly conveniences, from cheaper companions. Should not the society of my friend be to me poetic, pure, universal, and great as nature itself? Ought I to feel that our tie is profane in comparison with yonder bar of cloud that sleeps on the horizon, or that clump of waving grass that divides the brook? Let us not vilify but raise it to that standard. That great defying eye, that scornful beauty of his mien and action, do not pique yourself on reducing, but rather fortify and enhance. Worship his superiorities; wish him not less by a thought, but hoard and tell them all. Guard him as thy counterpart. Let him be to thee forever a sort of beautiful enemy, untamable, devoutly revered, and not a trivial conveniency to be soon outgrown and cast aside. The hues of the opal, the light of the diamond, are not to be seen, if the eye is too near. To my friend I write a letter, and from him I receive a letter. That seems to you a little. It suffices me. It is a spiritual gift worthy of him to give and of me to receive. It profanes nobody. In these warm lines the heart will trust itself, as it will not to the tongue, and pour out the prophecy of a godlier existence than all the annals of heroism have yet made good.

19. Respect so far the holy laws of this fellowship as not to prejudice its perfect flower by your impatience for its opening. We must be our own before we can be another's. There is at least this satisfaction in crime, according to the Latin proverb;--you can speak to your accomplice on even terms. _Crimen quos[304] inquinat, æquat_. To those whom we admire and love, at first we cannot. Yet the least defect of self-possession vitiates, in my judgment, the entire relation. There can never be deep peace between two spirits, never mutual respect until, in their dialogue, each stands for the whole world.

20. What is so great as friendship, let us carry with what grandeur of spirit we can. Let us be silent,--so we may hear the whisper of the gods. Let us not interfere. Who set you to cast about what you should say to the select souls, or how to say anything to such? No matter how ingenious, no matter how graceful and bland. There are innumerable degrees of folly and wisdom, and for you to say aught is to be frivolous. Wait, and thy heart shall speak. Wait until the necessary and everlasting overpowers you, until day and night avail themselves of your lips. The only reward of virtue, is virtue; the only way to have a friend is to be one. You shall not come nearer a man by getting into his house. If unlike, his soul only flees the faster from you, and you shall catch never a true glance of his eye. We see the noble afar off, and they repel us; why should we intrude? Late,--very late,--we perceive that no arrangements, no introductions, no consuetudes or habits of society, would be of any avail to establish us in such relations with them as we desire,--but solely the uprise of nature in us to the same degree it is in them; then shall we meet as water with water; and if we should not meet them then, we shall not want them, for we are already they. In the last analysis, love is only the reflection of a man's own worthiness from other men. Men have sometimes exchanged names with their friends, as if they would signify that in their friend each loved his own soul.

21. The higher the style we demand of friendship, of course the less easy to establish it with flesh and blood. We walk alone in the world. Friends, such as we desire, are dreams and fables. But a sublime hope cheers ever the faithful heart, that elsewhere, in

other regions of the universal power, souls are now acting, enduring and daring, which can love us, and which we can love. We may congratulate ourselves that the period of nonage,[305] of follies, of blunders, and of shame, is passed in solitude, and when we are finished men, we shall grasp heroic hands in heroic hands. Only be admonished by what you already see, not to strike leagues of friendship with cheap persons, where no friendship can be. Our impatience betrays us into rash and foolish alliances which no God attends. By persisting in your path, though you forfeit the little you gain the great. You demonstrate yourself, so as to put yourself out of the reach of false relations, and you draw to you the first-born of the world, those rare pilgrims whereof only one or two wander in nature at once, and before whom the vulgar great show as specters and shadows merely.

22. It is foolish to be afraid of making our ties too spiritual, as if so we could lose any genuine love. Whatever correction of our popular views we make from insight, nature will be sure to bear us out in, and though it seem to rob us of some joy, will repay us with a greater. Let us feel, if we will, the absolute insulation of man. We are sure that we have all in us. We go to Europe, or we pursue persons, or we read books, in the instinctive faith that these will call it out and reveal us to ourselves. Beggars all. The persons are such as we; the Europe, an old faded garment of dead persons; the books, their ghosts. Let us drop this idolatry. Let us give over this mendicancy. Let us even bid our dearest friends farewell, and defy them, saying, "Who are you? Unhand me. I will be dependent no more." Ah! seest thou not, O brother, that thus we part only to meet again on a higher platform, and only be more each other's, because we are more our own? A friend is Janus-faced:[306] he looks to the past and the future. He is the child of all my foregoing hours, the prophet of those to come, and the harbinger[307] of a greater friend.

23. I do then with my friends as I do with my books. I would have them where I can find them, but I seldom use them. We must have society on our own terms, and admit or exclude it on the slightest cause. I cannot afford to speak much with my friend. If he is great, he makes me so great that I cannot descend to converse. In the great days, presentiments hover before me, far before me in the firmament. I ought then to dedicate myself to them. I go in that I may seize them, I go out that I may seize them. I fear only that I may lose them receding into the sky in which now they are only a patch of brighter light. Then, though I prize my friends, I cannot afford to talk with them and study their visions, lest I lose my own. It would indeed give me a certain household joy to quit this lofty seeking, this spiritual astronomy, or search of stars, and come down to warm sympathies with you; but then I know well I shall mourn always the vanishing of my mighty gods. It is true, next week I shall have languid moods, when I can well afford to occupy myself with foreign objects; then I shall regret the lost literature of your mind, and wish you were by my side again. But if you come, perhaps you will fill my mind only with new visions, not with yourself but with your lusters, and I shall not be able any more than now to converse with you. So I will owe to my friends this evanescent intercourse. I will receive from them, not what they have, but what they are. They shall give me that which properly they cannot give, but which emanates from them. But they shall not hold me by any relations less subtile and pure. We will meet as though we met not, and part as though we parted not.

24. It has seemed to me lately more possible than I knew, to carry a friendship greatly, on one side, without due correspondence on the other. Why should I cumber myself with regrets that the receiver is not capacious? It never troubles the sun that some of his rays fall wide and vain into ungrateful space, and only a small part on the reflecting planet. Let your greatness educate the crude and cold companion. If he is unequal, he will presently pass away; but thou art enlarged by thy own shining, and no longer a mate for frogs and worms, dost soar and burn with the gods of the empyrean.[308] It is thought a disgrace to love unrequited. But the great will see that true love cannot be unrequited. True love transcends the unworthy object, and dwells and broods on the eternal, and when the poor interposed mask crumbles, it is not sad, but feels rid of so much earth, and feels its independency the surer. Yet these things may hardly be said without a sort of treachery to the relation. The essence of friendship is entireness, a total magnanimity and trust. It must not surmise or provide for infirmity. It treats its object as a god, that it may deify both.

HEROISM[309]

"Paradise is under the shadow of swords,"[310] _Mahomet._

1. In the elder English dramatists,[311] and mainly in the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher,[312] there is a constant recognition of gentility, as if a noble behavior were as easily marked in the society of their age, as color is in our American population. When any Rodrigo, Pedro, or Valerio[313] enters, though he be a stranger, the duke or governor exclaims, This is a gentleman,--and proffers civilities without end; but all the rest are slag and refuse. In harmony with this delight in personal advantages, there is in their plays a certain heroic cast of character and dialogue,--as in Bonduca, Sophocles, the Mad Lover, the Double Marriage,[314]--wherein the speaker is so earnest and cordial, and on such deep grounds of character, that the dialogue, on the slightest additional incident in the plot, rises naturally into poetry. Among many texts, take the following. The Roman Martius has conquered Athens--all but the

invincible spirits of Sophocles, the duke of Athens, and Dorigen, his wife. The beauty of the latter inflames Martius, and he seeks to save her husband; but Sophocles will not ask his life, although assured, that a word will save him, and the execution of both proceeds.

"_Valerius._ Bid thy wife farewell.

Soph. No, I will take no leave. My Dorigen, Yonder, above, 'bout Ariadne's crown.[315] My spirit shall hover for thee. Prithee, haste.

Dor. Stay, Sophocles--with this, tie up my sight; Let not soft nature so transformed be, And lose her gentler sexed humanity, To make me see my lord bleed. So, 'tis well; Never one object underneath the sun Will I behold before my Sophocles: Farewell; now teach the Romans how to die.

Mar. Dost know what 'tis to die?

Soph. Thou dost not, Martius, And therefore, not what 'tis to live; to die Is to begin to live. It is to end An old, stale, weary work, and to commence A newer and a better. 'Tis to leave Deceitful knaves for the society Of gods and goodness. Thou, thyself, must part At last, from all thy garlands, pleasures, triumphs, And prove thy fortitude what then 'twill do.

Val. But art not grieved nor vexed to leave thy life thus?

Soph. Why should I grieve or vex for being sent To them I ever loved best? Now, I'll kneel, But with my back toward thee; 'tis the last duty This trunk can do the gods.

Mar. Strike, strike, Valerius, Or Martius' heart will leap out at his mouth: This is a man, a woman! Kiss thy lord, And live with all the freedom you were wont. O love! thou doubly hast afflicted me With virtue and with beauty. Treacherous heart, My hand shall cast thee quick into my urn, Ere thou transgress this knot of piety.

Val. What ails my brother?

Soph. Martius, oh Martius, Thou now hast found a way to conquer me.

Dor. O star of Rome! what gratitude can speak Fit words to follow such a deed as this?

Mar. This admirable duke, Valerius, With his disdain of fortune and of death, Captived himself, has captived me, And though my arm hath ta'en his body here, His soul hath subjugated Martius' soul. By Romulus,[316] he is all soul, I think; He hath no flesh, and spirit cannot be gyved; Then we have vanquished nothing; he is free, And Martius walks now in captivity."

2. I do not readily remember any poem, play, sermon, novel, or oration, that our press vents in the last few years, which goes to the same tune. We have a great many flutes and flageolets, but not often the sound of any fife. Yet, Wordsworth's Laodamia, and the ode of "Dion,"[317] and some sonnets, have a certain noble music; and Scott[318] will sometimes draw a stroke like the portrait of Lord Evandale, given by Balfour of Burley.[319] Thomas Carlyle,[320] with his natural taste for what is manly and daring in character, has suffered no heroic trait in his favorites to drop from his biographical and historical pictures. Earlier, Robert Burns[321] has given us a song or two. In the Harleian Miscellanies,[322] there is an account of the battle of Lutzen,[323] which deserves to be read. And Simon Ockley's[324] History of the Saracens recounts the prodigies of individual valor with admiration, all the more evident on the part of the narrator, that he seems to think that his place in Christian Oxford[325] requires of him some proper protestations of abhorrence. But if we explore the literature of Heroism, we shall quickly come to Plutarch,[326] who is its Doctor and historian. To him we owe the Brasidas,[327] the Dion,[328] the Epaminondas,[329] the Scipio[330] of old, and I must think we are more deeply indebted to him than to all the ancient writers. Each of his "Lives" is a refutation to the despondency and cowardice of our religious and political theorists. A wild courage, a Stoicism[331] not of the schools, but of the blood, shines in every anecdote, and has given that book its immense fame.

3. We need books of this tart cathartic virtue, more than books of political science, or of private economy. Life is a festival only to the wise. Seen from the nook and chimney-side of prudence, it wears a ragged and dangerous front. The violations of the laws of nature by our predecessors and our contemporaries are punished in us also. The disease and deformity around us certify the infraction of natural, intellectual, and moral laws, and often violation on violation to breed such compound misery. A lockjaw that bends a man's head back to his heels, hydrophobia that makes him bark at his wife and babes, insanity that makes him eat grass; war, plague, cholera, famine indicate a certain ferocity in nature, which, as it had its inlet by human crime, must have its outlet by

human suffering. Unhappily, almost no man exists who has not in his own person become, to some amount, a stockholder in the sin, and so made himself liable to a share in the expiation.

4. Our culture, therefore, must not omit the arming of the man. Let him hear in season that he is born into the state of war, and that the commonwealth and his own well-being require that he should not go dancing in the weeds of peace, but warned, self-collected, and neither defying nor dreading the thunder, let him take both reputation and life in his hand, and, with perfect urbanity, dare the gibbet and the mob by the absolute truth of his speech, and the rectitude of his behavior.

5. Toward all this external evil, the man within the breast assumes a warlike attitude, and affirms his ability to cope single-handed with the infinite army of enemies. To this military attitude of the soul we give the name of Heroism. Its rudest form is the contempt for safety and ease, which makes the attractiveness of war. It is a self-trust which slights the restraints of prudence, in the plenitude of its energy and power to repair the harms it may suffer. The hero is a mind of such balance that no disturbances can shake his will, but pleasantly, and, as it were, merrily, he advances to his own music, alike in frightful alarms, and in the tipsy mirth of universal dissoluteness. There is somewhat not philosophical in heroism; there is somewhat not holy in it; it seems not to know that other souls are of one texture with it; it has pride; it is the extreme of individual nature. Nevertheless, we must profoundly revere it. There is somewhat in great actions, which does not allow us to go behind them. Heroism feels and never reasons, and therefore is always right; and although a different breeding, different religion, and greater intellectual activity, would have modified or even reversed the particular action, yet for the hero, that thing he does is the highest deed, and is not open to the censure of philosophers or divines. It is the avowal of the unschooled man, that he finds a quality in him that is negligent of expense, of health, of life, of danger, of hatred, of reproach, and knows that his will is higher and more excellent than all actual and all possible antagonists.

6. Heroism works in contradiction to the voice of mankind, and in contradiction, for a time, to the voice of the great and good. Heroism is an obedience[332] to a secret impulse of an individual's character. Now to no other man can its wisdom appear as it does to him, for every man must be supposed to see a little further on his own proper path than any one else. Therefore, just and wise men take umbrage at his act, until after some little time be past: then they see it to be in unison with their acts. All prudent men see that the action is clean contrary to a sensual prosperity; for every heroic act measures itself by its contempt of some external good. But it finds its own success at last, and then the prudent also extol.

7. Self-trust is the essence of heroism. It is the state of the soul at war, and its ultimate objects are the last defiance of falsehood and wrong, and the power to bear all that can be inflicted by evil agents. It speaks the truth, and it is just, generous, hospitable, temperate, scornful of petty calculations, and scornful of being scorned. It persists; it is of an undaunted boldness, and of a fortitude not to be wearied out. Its jest is the littleness of common life. That false prudence which dotes on health and wealth is the butt and merriment of heroism. Heroism, like Plotinus,[333] is almost ashamed of its body. What shall it say, then, to the sugar-plums, and cats'-cradles, to the toilet, compliments, quarrels, cards, and custard, which rack the wit of all human society. What joys has kind nature provided for us dear creatures! There seems to be no interval between greatness and meanness. When the spirit is not master of the world then it is its dupe. Yet the little man takes the great hoax so innocently, works in it so headlong and believing, is born red, and dies gray, arranging his toilet, attending on his own health, laying traps for sweet food and strong wine, setting his heart on a horse or a rifle, made happy with a little gossip or a little praise, that the great soul cannot choose but laugh at such earnest nonsense. "Indeed, these humble considerations[334] make me out of love with greatness. What a disgrace is it to me to take note how many pairs of silk stockings thou hast, namely, these and those that were the peach-colored ones; or to bear the inventory of thy shirts, as one for superfluity, and one other for use!"

8. Citizens, thinking after the laws of arithmetic, consider the inconvenience of receiving strangers at their fireside, reckon narrowly the loss of time and the unusual display: the soul of a better quality thrusts back the unreasonable economy into the vaults of life, and says, I will obey the God, and the sacrifice and the fire he will provide. Ibn Hankal,[335] the Arabian geographer, describes a heroic extreme in the hospitality of Sogd, in Bokhar,[336] "When I was in Sogd I saw a great building, like a palace, the gates of which were open and fixed back to the wall with large nails. I asked the reason, and was told that the house had not been shut, night or day, for a hundred years. Strangers may present themselves at any hour, and in whatever number; the master has amply provided for the reception of the men and their animals, and is never happier than when they tarry for some time. Nothing of the kind have I seen in any other country." The magnanimous know very well that they who give time, or money, or shelter, to the stranger--so it be done for love, and not for ostentation--do, as it were, put God under obligation to them, so perfect are the compensations of the universe. In some way the time they seem to lose is redeemed, and the pains they seem to take remunerate themselves. These men fan the flame of human love, and raise the standard of civil virtue among mankind. But hospitality must be

for service, and not for show, or it pulls down the host. The brave soul rates itself too high to value itself by the splendor of its table and draperies. It gives what it hath, and all it hath, but its own majesty can lend a better grace to bannocks[337] and fair water than belong to city feasts.

9. The temperance of the hero proceeds from the same wish to do no dishonor to the worthiness he has. But he loves it for its elegancy, not for its austerity. It seems not worth his while to be solemn, and denounce with bitterness flesh-eating or wine-drinking, the use of tobacco, or opium, or tea, or silk, or gold. A great man scarcely knows how he dines, how he dresses; but without railing or precision, his living is natural and poetic. John Eliot,[338] the Indian Apostle, drank water, and said of wine,--"It is a noble, generous liquor, and we should be humbly thankful for it, but, as I remember, water was made before it." Better still is the temperance of king David[339] who poured out on the ground unto the Lord the water which three of his warriors had brought him to drink, at the peril of their lives.

10. It is told of Brutus,[340] that when he fell on his sword, after the battle of Philippi,[341] he quoted a line of Euripides,[342]--"O virtue! I have followed thee through life, and I find thee at last but a shade." I doubt not the hero is slandered by this report. The heroic soul does not sell its justice and its nobleness. It does not ask to dine nicely, and to sleep warm. The essence of greatness is the perception that virtue is enough. Poverty is its ornament. It does not need plenty, and can very well abide its loss.

11. But that which takes my fancy most, in the heroic class, is the good humor and hilarity they exhibit. It is a height to which common duty can very well attain, to suffer and to dare with solemnity. But these rare souls set opinion, success, and life, at so cheap a rate, that they will not soothe their enemies by petitions, or the show of sorrow, but wear their own habitual greatness. Scipio,[343] charged with peculation, refuses to do himself so great a disgrace as to wait for justification, though he had the scroll of his accounts in his hands, but tears it to pieces before the tribunes. Socrates'[344] condemnation of himself to be maintained in all honor in the Prytaneum,[345] during his life, and Sir Thomas More's[346] playfulness at the scaffold, are of the same strain. In Beaumont and Fletcher's "Sea Voyage," Juletta tells the stout captain and his company,

Jul. Why, slaves, 'tis in our power to hang ye.

Master. Very likely, 'Tis in our powers, then, to be hanged, and scorn ye.

These replies are sound and whole. Sport is the bloom and glow of a perfect health. The great will not condescend to take anything seriously; all must be as gay as the song of a canary, though it were the building of cities, or the eradication of old and foolish churches and nations, which have cumbered the earth long thousands of years. Simple hearts put all the history and customs of this world behind them, and play their own play in innocent defiance of the Blue-Laws[347] of the world; and such would appear, could we see the human race assembled in vision, like little children frolicking together; though, to the eyes of mankind at large, they wear a stately and solemn garb of works and influences.

12. The interest these fine stories have for us, the power of a romance over the boy who grasps the forbidden book under his bench at school, our delight in the hero, is the main fact to our purpose. All these great and transcendent properties are ours. If we dilate in beholding the Greek energy, the Roman pride, it is that we are already domesticating the same sentiment. Let us find room for this great guest in our small houses. The first step of worthiness will be to disabuse us of our superstitious associations with places and times, with number and size. Why should these words, Athenian, Roman, Asia, and England, so tingle in the ear? Where the heart is, there the muses, there the gods sojourn, and not in any geography of fame. Massachusetts, Connecticut River, and Boston Bay, you think paltry places, and the ear loves names of foreign and classic topography. But here we are; and, if we will tarry a little, we may come to learn that here is best. See to it only that thyself is here;--and art and nature, hope and fate, friends, angels, and the Supreme Being, shall not be absent from the chamber where thou sittest. Epaminondas,[348] brave and affectionate, does not seem to us to need Olympus[349] to die upon, nor the Syrian sunshine. He lies very well where he is. The Jerseys[350] were handsome ground enough for Washington to tread, and London streets for the feet of Milton.[351] A great man makes his climate genial in the imagination of men, and its air the beloved element of all delicate spirits. That country is the fairest, which is inhabited by the noblest minds. The pictures which fill the imagination in reading the actions of Pericles,[352] Xenophon,[353] Columbus,[354] Bayard,[355] Sidney,[356] Hampden,[357] teach us how needlessly mean our life is, that we, by the depth of our living, should deck it with more than regal or national splendor, and act on principles that should interest man and nature in the length of our days.

13. We have seen or heard of many extraordinary young men, who never ripened, or whose performance in actual life was not extraordinary. When we see their air and mien, when we hear them speak of society, or books, or religion, we admire their

superiority; they seem to throw contempt on our entire polity and social state; theirs is the tone of a youthful giant, who is sent to work revolutions. But they enter an active profession, and the forming Colossus[358] shrinks to the common size of man. The magic they used was the ideal tendencies, which always make the Actual ridiculous; but the tough world had its revenge the moment they put their horses of the sun to plow in its furrow. They found no example and no companion, and their heart fainted. What then? The lesson they gave in their first aspirations, is yet true; and a better valor and a purer truth shall one day organize their belief. Or why should a woman liken herself to any historical woman, and think, because Sappho,[359] or Sévigné,[360] or De Staël,[361] or the cloistered souls who have had genius and cultivation, do not satisfy the imagination and the serene Themis,[362] none can,--certainly not she. Why not? She has a new and unattempted problem to solve, perchance that of the happiest nature that ever bloomed. Let the maiden, with erect soul, walk serenely on her way, accept the hint of each new experience, search, in turn, all the objects that solicit her eye, that she may learn the power and the charm of her new-born being which is the kindling of a new dawn in the recesses of space. The fair girl, who repels interference by a decided and proud choice of influences, so careless of pleasing, so wilful and lofty, inspires every beholder with somewhat of her own nobleness. The silent heart encourages her; O friend, never strike sail to a fear! Come into port greatly, or sail with God the seas. Not in vain you live, for every passing eye is cheered and refined by the vision.

14. The characteristic of a genuine heroism is its persistency. All men have wandering impulses, fits and starts of generosity. But when you have chosen your part, abide by it, and do not weakly try to reconcile yourself with the world. The heroic cannot be the common, nor the common the heroic. Yet we have the weakness to expect the sympathy of people in those actions whose excellence is that they outrun sympathy, and appeal to a tardy justice. If you would serve your brother, because it is fit for you to serve him, do not take back your words when you find that prudent people do not commend you. Adhere to your own act, and congratulate yourself if you have done something strange and extravagant, and broken the monotony of a decorous age. It was a high counsel[363] that I once heard given to a young person,--"Always do what you are afraid to do." A simple manly character need never make an apology, but should regard its past action with the calmness of Phocion,[364] when he admitted that the event of the battle was happy, yet did not regret his dissuasion from the battle.

15. There is no weakness or exposure for which we cannot find consolation in the thought,--this is a part of my constitution, part of my relation and office to my fellow-creature. Has nature covenanted with me that I should never appear to disadvantage, never make a ridiculous figure? Let us be generous of our dignity as well as of our money. Greatness once and forever has done with opinion. We tell our charities, not because we wish to be praised for them, not because we think they have great merit, but for our justification. It is a capital blunder; as you discover, when another man recites his charities.

16. To speak the truth, even with some austerity, to live with some rigor of temperance, or some extremes of generosity, seems to be an asceticism which common good-nature would appoint to those who are at ease and in plenty, in sign that they feel a brotherhood with the great multitude of suffering men. And not only need we breathe and exercise the soul by assuming the penalties of abstinence, of debt, of solitude, of unpopularity, but it behooves the wise man to look with a bold eye into those rarer dangers which sometimes invade men, and to familiarize himself with disgusting forms of disease, with sounds of execration, and the vision of violent death.

17. Times of heroism are generally times of terror, but the day never shines in which this element may not work. The circumstances of man, we say, are historically somewhat better in this country, and at this hour, than perhaps ever before. More freedom exists for culture. It will not now run against an ax at the first step out of the beaten track of opinion. But whoso is heroic will always find crises to try his edge. Human virtue demands her champions and martyrs, and the trial of persecution always proceeds. It is but the other day that the brave Lovejoy[365] gave his breast to the bullets of a mob, for the rights of free speech and opinion, and died when it was better not to live.

18. I see not any road to perfect peace which a man can walk, but to take counsel of his own bosom. Let him quit too much association, let him go home much, and establish himself in those courses he approves. The unremitting retention of simple and high sentiments in obscure duties is hardening the character to that temper which will work with honor, if need be, in the tumult, or on the scaffold. Whatever outrages have happened to men may befall a man again; and very easily in a republic, if there appear any signs of a decay of religion. Coarse slander, fire, tar and feathers, and the gibbet, the youth may freely bring home to his mind, and with what sweetness of temper he can, and inquire how fast he can fix his sense of duty, braving such penalties, whenever it may please the next newspaper and a sufficient number of his neighbors to pronounce his opinions incendiary.

19. It may calm the apprehension of calamity in the most susceptible heart to see how quick a bound nature has set to the utmost infliction of malice. We rapidly approach a brink over which no enemy can follow us.

"Let them rave:[366] Thou art quiet in thy grave."

In the gloom of our ignorance of what shall be, in the hour when we are deaf to the higher voices, who does not envy them who have seen safely to an end their manful endeavor? Who that sees the meanness of our politics, but inly congratulates Washington that he is long already wrapped in his shroud, and forever safe; that he was laid sweet in his grave, the hope of humanity not yet subjugated in him? Who does not sometimes envy the good and brave, who are no more to suffer from the tumults of the natural world, and await with curious complacency the speedy term of his own conversation with finite nature? And yet the love that will be annihilated sooner than treacherous has already made death impossible, and affirms itself no mortal, but a native of the deeps of absolute and inextinguishable being.

MANNERS[367]

1. Half the world, it is said, knows not how the other half live. Our Exploring Expedition saw the Feejee Islanders[368] getting their dinner off human bones; and they are said to eat their own wives and children. The husbandry of the modern inhabitants of Gournou[369] (west of old Thebes) is philosophical to a fault. To set up their housekeeping, nothing is requisite but two or three earthen pots, a stone to grind meal, and a mat which is the bed. The house, namely, a tomb, is ready without rent or taxes. No rain can pass through the roof, and there is no door, for there is no want of one, as there is nothing to lose. If the house do not please them, they walk out and enter another, as there are several hundreds at their command. "It is somewhat singular," adds Berzoni, to whom we owe this account, "to talk of Happiness among people who live in sepulchers, among corpses and rags of an ancient nation which they knew nothing of." In the deserts of Borgoo[370] the rock-Tibboos still dwell in caves, like cliff-swallows, and the language of these negroes is compared by their neighbors to the shrieking of bats, and to the whistling of birds. Again, the Bornoos[371] have no proper names; individuals are called after their height, thickness, or other accidental quality, and have nick-names merely. But the salt, the dates, the ivory, and the gold, for which these horrible regions are visited, find their way into countries, where the purchaser and consumer can hardly be ranked in one race with these cannibals and man-stealers; countries where man serves himself with metals, wood, stone, glass, gum, cotton, silk and wool; honors himself with architecture;[372] writes laws, and contrives to execute his will through the hands of many nations; and, especially, establishes a select society, running through all the countries of intelligent men, a self-constituted aristocracy, or fraternity of the best, which, without written law, or exact usage of any kind, perpetuates itself, colonizes every new-planted island, and adopts and makes its own whatever personal beauty or extraordinary native endowment anywhere appears.

2. What fact more conspicuous in modern history, than the creation of the gentleman? Chivalry[373] is that, and loyalty is that, and, in English literature, half the drama, and all the novels, from Sir Philip Sidney[374] to Sir Walter Scott,[375] paint this figure. The word _gentleman_, which, like the word Christian, must hereafter characterize the present and the few preceding centuries, by the importance attached to it, is a homage to personal and incommunicable properties. Frivolous and fantastic additions have got associated with the name, but the steady interest of mankind in it must be attributed to the valuable properties which it designates. An element which unites all the most forcible persons of every country; makes them intelligible and agreeable to each other, and is somewhat so precise, that it is at once felt if an individual lack the masonic sign,[376] cannot be any casual product, but must be an average result of the character and faculties universally found in men. It seems a certain permanent average; as the atmosphere is a permanent composition, whilst so many gases are combined only to be decompounded. _Comme il faut_, is the Frenchman's description of good society, _as we must be_. It is a spontaneous fruit of talents and feelings of precisely that class who have most vigor, who take the lead in the world of this hour, and, though far from pure, far from constituting the gladdest and highest tone of human feeling, is as good as the whole society permits it to be. It is made of the spirit, more than of the talent of men, and is a compound result, into which every great force enters as an ingredient, namely, virtue, wit, beauty, wealth, and power.

3. There is something equivocal in all the words in use to express the excellence of manners and social cultivation, because the qualities are fluxional, and the last effect is assumed by the senses as the cause. The word _gentleman_ has not any correlative abstract[377] to express the quality. _Gentility_ is mean, and _gentilesse_[378] is obsolete. But we must keep alive in the vernacular the distinction between _fashion_, a word of narrow and often sinister meaning, and the heroic character which the gentleman imports. The usual words, however, must be respected: they will be found to contain the root of the matter. The point of distinction in all this class of names, as courtesy, chivalry, fashion, and the like, is, that the flower and fruit, not the grain of the tree,

are contemplated. It is beauty which is the aim this time, and not worth. The result is now in question, although our words intimate well enough the popular feeling, that the appearance supposes a substance. The gentleman is a man of truth, lord of his own actions, and expressing that lordship in his behavior, not in any manner dependent and servile either on persons, or opinions, or possessions. Beyond this fact of truth and real force, the word denotes good-nature and benevolence: manhood first, and then gentleness. The popular notion certainly adds a condition of ease and fortune; but that is a natural result of personal force and love, that they should possess and dispense the goods of the world. In times of violence, every eminent person must fall in with many opportunities to approve his stoutness and worth; therefore every man's name that emerged at all from the mass in the feudal ages,[379] rattles in our ear like a flourish of trumpets. But personal force never goes out of fashion. That is still paramount to-day, and, in the moving crowd of good society, the men of valor and reality are known, and rise to their natural place. The competition is transferred from war to politics and trade, but the personal force appears readily enough in these new arenas.

4. Power first, or no leading class. In politics and in trade, bruisers and pirates are of better promise than talkers and clerks. God knows[380] that all sorts of gentlemen knock at the door; but whenever used in strictness, and with any emphasis, the name will be found to point at original energy. It describes a man standing in his own right, and working after untaught methods. In a good lord, there must first be a good animal, at least to the extent of yielding the incomparable advantage of animal spirits.[381] The ruling class must have more, but they must have these, giving in every company the sense of power,[382] which makes things easy to be done which daunt the wise. The society of the energetic class, in their friendly and festive meetings, is full of courage, and of attempts, which intimidate the pale scholar. The courage which girls exhibit is like a battle of Lundy's Lane,[383] or a sea-fight. The intellect relies on memory to make some supplies to face these extemporaneous squadrons. But memory is a base mendicant with basket and badge, in the presence of these sudden masters. The rulers of society must be up to the work of the world, and equal to their versatile office: men of the right Cæsarian pattern,[384] who have great range of affinity. I am far from believing the timid maxim[385] of Lord Falkland,[386] ("That for ceremony there must go two to it; since a bold fellow will go through the cunningest forms,") and am of opinion that the gentleman is the bold fellow whose forms are not to be broken through; and only that plenteous nature is rightful master, which is the complement of whatever person it converses with. My gentleman gives the law where he is; he will outpray saints in chapel, outgeneral veterans in the field, and outshine all courtesy in the hall. He is good company for pirates, and good with academicians; so that it is useless to fortify yourself against him; he has the private entrance to all minds, and I could as easily exclude myself as him. The famous gentlemen of Asia and Europe have been of this strong type: Saladin,[387] Sapor,[388] the Cid,[389] Julius Cæsar,[390] Scipio,[391] Alexander,[392] Pericles,[393] and the lordliest personages. They sat very carelessly in their chairs, and were too excellent themselves to value any condition at a high rate.

5. A plentiful fortune is reckoned necessary, in the popular judgment, to the completion of this man of the world: and it is a material deputy which walks through the dance which the first has led. Money is not essential, but this wide affinity is, which transcends the habits of clique and caste, and makes itself felt by men of all classes. If the aristocrat is only valid in fashionable circles, and not with truckmen, he will never be a leader in fashion; and if the man of the people cannot speak on equal terms with the gentleman, so that the gentleman shall perceive that he is already really of his own order, he is not to be feared. Diogenes,[394] Socrates,[395] and Epaminondas[396] are gentlemen of the best blood, who have chosen the condition of poverty, when that of wealth was equally open to them. I use these old names, but the men I speak of are my contemporaries.[397] Fortune will not supply to every generation one of these well-appointed knights, but every collection of men furnishes some example of the class: and the politics of this country, and the trade of every town, are controlled by these hardy and irresponsible doers, who have invention to take the lead, and a broad sympathy which puts them in fellowship with crowds, and makes their action popular.

6. The manners of this class are observed and caught with devotion by men of taste. The association of these masters with each other, and with men intelligent of their merits, is mutually agreeable and stimulating. The good forms, the happiest expressions of each, are repeated and adopted. By swift consent, everything superfluous is dropped, everything graceful is renewed. Fine manners[398] show themselves formidable to the uncultivated man. They are a subtler science of defence to parry and intimidate; but once matched by the skill of the other party, they drop the point of the sword,--points and fences disappear, and the youth finds himself in a more transparent atmosphere, wherein life is a less troublesome game, and not a misunderstanding rises between the players. Manners aim to facilitate life, to get rid of impediments, and bring the man pure to energize. They aid our dealing and conversation, as a railway aids traveling, by getting rid of all avoidable obstructions of the road, and leaving nothing to be conquered but pure space. These forms very soon become fixed, and a fine sense of propriety is cultivated with more heed, that it becomes a badge of social and civil distinctions. Thus grows up Fashion, an equivocal semblance, the most puissant, the most fantastic and frivolous, the most feared and followed, and which morals and violence assault in vain.

7. There exists a strict relation between the class of power, and the exclusive and polished circles. The last are always filled or filling from the first. The strong men usually give some allowance even to the petulances of fashion, for that affinity they find in it. Napoleon,[399] child of the revolution, destroyer of the old noblesse,[400] never ceased to court the Faubourg St. Germain:[401] doubtless with the feeling, that fashion is a homage to men of his stamp. Fashion, though in a strange way, represents all manly virtue. It is a virtue gone to seed: it is a kind of posthumous honor. It does not often caress the great, but the children of the great: it is a hall of the Past. It usually sets its face against the great of this hour. Great men are not commonly in its halls: they are absent in the field: they are working, not triumphing. Fashion is made up of their children; of those, who, through the value and virtue of somebody, have acquired lustre to their name, marks of distinction, means of cultivation and generosity, and, in their physical organization, a certain health and excellence, which secures to them, if not the highest power to work, yet high power to enjoy. The class of power, the working heroes, the Cortez,[402] the Nelson,[403] the Napoleon, see that this is the festivity and permanent celebration of such as they; that fashion is funded talent; is Mexico,[404] Marengo,[405] and Trafalgar[406][407] beaten out thin; that the brilliant names of fashion run back to just such busy names as their own, fifty or sixty years ago. They are the sowers, their sons shall be the reapers, and _their_ sons, in the ordinary course of things, must yield the possession of the harvest, to new competitors with keener eyes and stronger frames. The city is recruited from the country. In the year 1805, it is said, every legitimate monarch in Europe was imbecile. The city would have died out, rotted, and exploded, long ago, but that it was reinforced from the fields. It is only country which came to town day before yesterday, that is city and court to-day.

8. Aristocracy and fashion are certain inevitable results. These mutual selections are indestructible. If they provoke anger in the least favored class, and the excluded majority revenge themselves on the excluding minority, by the strong hand, and kill them, at once a new class finds itself at the top, as certainly as cream rises in a bowl of milk: and if the people should destroy class after class, until two men only were left, one of these would be the leader, and would be involuntarily served and copied by the other. You may keep this minority out of sight and out of mind, but it is tenacious of life, and is one of the estates of the realm.[408] I am the more struck with this tenacity, when I see its work. It respects the administration of such unimportant matters, that we should not look for any durability in its rule. We sometimes meet men under some strong moral influence, as a patriotic, a literary, a religious movement, and feel that the moral sentiment rules man and nature. We think all other distinctions and ties will be slight and fugitive, this of caste or fashion, for example; yet come from year to year, and see how permanent that is, in this Boston or New York life of man, where, too, it has not the lease countenance from the law of the land. Not in Egypt or in India a firmer or more impassable line. Here are associations whose ties go over, and under, and through it, a meeting of merchants, a military corps, a college-class, a fire-club, a professional association, a political, a religious convention;--the persons seem to draw inseparably near; yet that assembly once dispersed, its members will not in the year meet again. Each returns to his degree in the scale of good society, porcelain remains porcelain, and earthen earthen. The objects of fashion may be frivolous, or fashion may be objectless, but the nature of this union and selection can be neither frivolous nor accidental. Each man's rank in that perfect graduation depends on some symmetry in his structure, or some agreement in his structure to the symmetry of society. Its doors unbar instantaneously to a natural claim of their own kind. A natural gentleman finds his way in, and will keep the oldest patrician out, who has lost his intrinsic rank. Fashion understands itself; good-breeding and personal superiority of whatever country readily fraternize with those of every other. The chiefs of savage tribes have distinguished themselves in London and Paris, by the purity of their tournure.[409]

9. To say what good of fashion we can,--it rests on reality, and hates nothing so much as pretenders;--to exclude and mystify pretenders, and send them into everlasting "Coventry,"[410] is its delight. We contemn, in turn, every other gift of men of the world; but the habit, even in little and the least matters, of not appealing to any but our own sense of propriety, constitutes the foundation of all chivalry. There is almost no kind of self-reliance, so it be sane and proportioned, which fashion does not occasionally adopt, and give it the freedom of its saloons. A sainted soul is always elegant, and, if it will, passes unchallenged into the most guarded ring. But so will Jock the teamster pass, in some crisis that brings him thither, and find favor, as long as his head is not giddy with the new circumstance, and the iron shoes do not wish to dance in waltzes and cotillions. For there is nothing settled in manners, but the laws of behavior yield to the energy of the individual. The maiden at her first ball, the countryman at a city dinner, believes that there is a ritual according to which every act and compliment must be performed, or the failing party must be cast out of this presence. Later, they learn that good sense and character make their own forms every moment, and speak or abstain, to take wine or refuse it, stay or go, sit in a chair or sprawl with children on the floor, or stand on their head, or what else soever, in a new and aboriginal way: and that strong will is always in fashion, let who will be unfashionable. All that fashion demands is composure, and self-content. A circle of men perfectly well-bred would be a company of sensible persons, in which every man's native manners and character appear. If the fashionist have not this quality, he is nothing. We are such lovers of self-reliance, that we excuse in man

many sins, if he will show us a complete satisfaction in his position, which asks no leave to be of mine, or any man's good opinion. But any deference to some eminent man or woman of the world, forfeits all privilege of nobility. He is an underling: I have nothing to do with him; I will speak with his master. A man should not go where he cannot carry his whole sphere or society with him,--not bodily, the whole circle of his friends, but atmospherically. He should preserve in a new company the same attitude of mind and reality of relation, which his daily associates draw him to, else he is shorn of his best beams, and will be an orphan in the merriest club. "If you could see Vich Ian Vohr with his tail on![411]--" But Vich Ian Vohr must always carry his belongings in some fashion, if not added as honor, then severed as disgrace.

10. There will always be in society certain persons who are mercuries[412] of its approbation, and whose glance will at any time determine for the curious their standing in the world. These are the chamberlains of the lesser gods. Accept their coldness as an omen of grace with the loftier deities, and allow them all their privilege. They are clear in their office, nor could they be thus formidable, without their own merits. But do not measure the importance of this class by their pretension, or imagine that a fop can be the dispenser of honor and shame. They pass also at their just rate; for how can they otherwise, in circles which exist as a sort of herald's office[413] for the sifting of character?

11. As the first thing man requires of man is reality, so that appears in all the forms of society. We pointedly, and by name, introduce the parties to each other. Know you before all heaven and earth, that this is Andrew, and this is Gregory;--they look each other in the eye; they grasp each other's hand, to identify and signalize each other. It is a great satisfaction. A gentleman never dodges; his eyes look straight forward, and he assures the other party, first of all, that he has been met. For what is it that we seek, in so many visits and hospitalities? Is it your draperies, pictures, and decorations? Or, do we not insatiably ask. Was a man in the house? I may easily go into a great household where there is much substance, excellent provision for comfort, luxury, and taste, and yet not encounter there any Amphitryon,[414] who shall subordinate these appendages. I may go into a cottage, and find a farmer who feels that he is the man I have come to see, and fronts me accordingly. It was therefore a very natural point of old feudal etiquette, that a gentleman who received a visit, though it were of his sovereign, should not leave his roof, but should wait his arrival at the door of his house. No house, though it were the Tuileries,[415] or the Escurial,[416] is good for anything without a master. And yet we are not often gratified by this hospitality. Everybody we know surrounds himself with a fine house, fine books, conservatory, gardens, equipage, and all manner of toys, as screens to interpose between himself and his guests. Does it not seem as if man was of a very sly, elusive nature, and dreaded nothing so much as a full renconter front to front with his fellow? It were unmerciful, I know, quite to abolish the use of these screens, which are of eminent convenience, whether the guest is too great, or too little. We call together many friends who keep each other in play, or by luxuries and ornaments we amuse the young people, and guard our retirement. Or if, perchance, a searching realist comes to our gate, before whose eyes we have no care to stand, then again we run to our curtain, and hide ourselves as Adam[417] at the voice of the Lord God in the garden. Cardinal Caprara,[418] the Pope's[419] legate at Paris, defended himself from the glances of Napoleon, by an immense pair of green spectacles. Napoleon remarked them, and speedily managed to rally them off: and yet Napoleon, in his turn, was not great enough, with eight hundred thousand troops at his back, to face a pair of free-born eyes, but fenced himself with etiquette, and within triple barriers of reserve: and, as all the world knows from Madame de Stael,[420] was wont, when he found himself observed, to discharge his face of all expression. But emperors and rich men are by no means the most skillful masters of good manners. No rent roll nor army-list can dignify skulking and dissimulations: and the first point of courtesy must always be truth, as really all forms of good-breeding point that way.

12. I have just been reading, in Mr. Hazlitt's[421] translation, Montaigne's[422] account of his journey into Italy, and am struck with nothing more agreeably than the self-respecting fashions of the time. His arrival in each place, the arrival of a gentleman of France, is an event of some consequence. Wherever he goes, he pays a visit to whatever prince or gentleman of note resides upon his road, as a duty to himself and to civilization. When he leaves any house in which he has lodged for a few weeks, he causes his arms to be painted and hung up as a perpetual sign to the house, as was the custom of gentlemen.

13. The complement of this graceful self-respect, and that of all the points of good breeding I most require and insist upon, is deference. I like that every chair should be a throne, and hold a king. I prefer a tendency to stateliness, to an excess of fellowship. Let the incommunicable objects of nature and the metaphysical isolation of man teach us independence. Let us not be too much acquainted. I would have a man enter his house through a hall filled with heroic and sacred sculptures, that he might not want the hint of tranquillity and self-poise.[423] We should meet each morning, as from foreign countries, and spending the day together, should depart at night, as into foreign countries. In all things I would have the island of a man inviolate. Let us sit apart as the gods, talking from peak to peak all round Olympus. No degree of affection need invade this religion. This is myrrh and rosemary to keep

the other sweet. Lovers should guard their strangeness. If they forgive too much, all slides into confusion and meanness. It is easy to push this deference to a Chinese etiquette;[424] but coolness and absence of heat and haste indicate fine qualities. A gentleman makes no noise: a lady is serene Proportionate is our disgust at those invaders who fill a studious house with blast and running, to secure some paltry convenience. Not less I dislike a low sympathy of each with his neighbors's needs. Must we have a good understanding with one another's palates? as foolish people who have lived long together, know when each wants salt or sugar. I pray my companion, if he wishes for bread, to ask me for bread, and if he wishes for sassafras or arsenic, to ask me for them, and not to hold out his plate, as if I knew already. Every natural function can be dignified by deliberation and privacy. Let us leave hurry to slaves. The compliments and ceremonies of our breeding should recall,[425] however remotely, the grandeur of our destiny.

14. The flower of courtesy does not very well bide handling, but if we dare to open another leaf, and explore what parts go to its conformation, we shall find also an intellectual quality. To the leaders of men, the brain as well as the flesh and the heart must furnish a proportion. Defect in manners is usually the defect of fine perceptions. Men are too coarsely made for the delicacy of beautiful carriage and customs. It is not quite sufficient to good breeding, a union of kindness and independence. We imperatively require a perception of, and a homage to, beauty in our companions. Other virtues are in request in the field and work yard, but a certain degree of taste is not to be spared in those we sit with. I could better eat with one who did not respect the truth or the laws, than with a sloven and unpresentable person. Moral qualities rule the world, but at short distances the senses are despotic. The same discrimination of fit and fair runs out, if with less rigor, into all parts of life. The average spirit of the energetic class is good sense, acting under certain limitations and to certain ends. It entertains every natural gift. Social in its nature, it respects everything which tends to unite men. It delights in measure.[426] The love of beauty is mainly the love of measure or proportion. The person who screams, or uses the superlative degree, or converses with heat, puts whole drawing-rooms to flight. If you wish to be loved, love measure. You must have genius, or a prodigious usefulness, if you will hide the want of measure. This perception comes in to polish and perfect the parts of the social instrument. Society will pardon much to genius and special gifts, but, being in its nature a convention, it loves what is conventional, or what belongs to coming together. That makes the good and bad of manners, namely, what helps or hinders fellowship. For, fashion is not good sense absolute, but relative; not good sense private, but good sense entertaining company. It hates corners and sharp points of character, hates quarrelsome, egotistical, solitary, and gloomy people; hates whatever can interfere with total blending of parties; whilst it values all peculiarities as in the highest degree refreshing, which can consist with good fellowship. And besides the general infusion of wit to heighten civility, the direct splendor of intellectual power is ever welcome in fine society as the costliest addition to its rule and its credit.

15. The dry light must shine in to adorn our festival, but it must be tempered and shaded, or that will also offend. Accuracy is essential to beauty, and quick perceptions to politeness, but not too quick perceptions. One may be too punctual and too precise. He must leave the omniscience of business at the door, when he comes into the palace of beauty. Society loves creole natures,[427] and sleepy, languishing manners, so that they cover sense, grace, and good-will: the air of drowsy strength, which disarms criticism; perhaps, because such a person seems to reserve himself for the best of the game, and not spend himself on surfaces; an ignoring eye, which does not see the annoyances, shifts, and inconveniences, that cloud the brow and smother the voice of the sensitive.

16. Therefore, besides personal force and so much perception as constitutes unerring taste, society demands in its patrician class, another element already intimated, which it significantly terms good-nature, expressing all degrees of generosity, from the lowest willingness and faculty to oblige, up to the heights of magnanimity and love. Insight we must have, or we shall run against one another, and miss the way to our food; but intellect is selfish and barren. The secret of success in society, is a certain heartiness and sympathy. A man who is not happy in the company, cannot find any word in his memory that will fit the occasion. All his information is a little impertinent. A man who is happy there, finds in every turn of the conversation equally lucky occasions for the introduction of that which he has to say. The favorites of society, and what it calls _whole souls_, are able men, and of more spirit than wit, who have no uncomfortable egotism, but who exactly fill the hour and the company, contented and contenting, at a marriage or a funeral, a ball or a jury, a water-party or a shooting-match. England, which is rich in gentlemen, furnished, in the beginning of the present century, a good model of that genius which the world loves, in Mr. Fox,[428] who added to his great abilities the most social disposition, and real love of men. Parliamentary history has few better passages than the debate, in which Burke[429] and Fox separated in the House of Commons; when Fox urged on his old friend the claims of old friendship with such tenderness, that the house was moved to tears. Another anecdote is so close to my matter, that I must hazard the story. A tradesman who had long dunned him for a note of three hundred guineas, found him one day counting gold, and demanded payment. "No," said Fox, "I owe this money to Sheridan[430]: it is a debt of honor: if an accident should happen to me, he has nothing to show." "Then," said the creditor, "I change my debt into a debt of honor," and tore the note in pieces. Fox thanked the

man for his confidence, and paid him, saying, "his debt was of older standing, and Sheridan must wait." Lover of liberty, friend of the Hindoo, friend of the African slave, he possessed a great personal popularity; and Napoleon said of him on the occasion of his visit to Paris, in 1805, "Mr. Fox will always hold the first place in an assembly at the Tuileries."

17. We may easily seem ridiculous in our eulogy of courtesy, whenever we insist on benevolence as its foundation. The painted phantasm Fashion rises to cast a species of derision on what we say. But I will neither be driven from some allowance to Fashion as a symbolic institution, nor from the belief that love is the basis of courtesy. "We must obtain _that_, if we can; but by all means we must affirm _this_. Life owes much of its spirit to these sharp contrasts. Fashion which affects to be honor, is often, in all men's experience, only a ballroom code. Yet, so long as it is the highest circle, in the imagination of the best heads on the planet, there is something necessary and excellent in it; for it is not to be supposed that men have agreed to be the dupes of anything preposterous; and the respect which these mysteries inspire in the most rude and sylvan characters, and the curiosity with which details of high life are read, betray the universality of the love of cultivated manners. I know that a comic disparity would be felt, if we should enter the acknowledged 'first circles,' and apply these terrific standards of justice, beauty, and benefit, to the individuals actually found there. Monarchs and heroes, sages and lovers, these gallants are not. Fashion has many classes and many rules of probation and admission; and not the best alone. There is not only the right of conquest, which genius pretends,--the individual, demonstrating his natural aristocracy best of the best;--but less claims will pass for the time; for Fashion loves lions, and points, like Circe,[431] to her horned company. This gentleman is this afternoon arrived from Denmark; and that is my Lord Ride, who came yesterday from Bagdad; here is Captain Friese, from Cape Turnagain, and Captain Symmes,[432] from the interior of the earth; and Monsieur Jovaire, who came down this morning in a balloon; Mr. Hobnail, the reformer; and Reverend Jul Bat, who has converted the whole torrid zone in his Sunday school; and Signer Torre del Greco, who extinguished Vesuvius by pouring into it the Bay of Naples; Spahr, the Persian ambassador; and Tul Wil Shan, the exiled nabob of Nepaul, whose saddle is the new moon.--But these are monsters of one day, and to-morrow will be dismissed to their holes and dens; for, in these rooms every chair is waited for. The artist, the scholar, and, in general, the clerisy,[433] wins its way up into these places, and gets represented here, somewhat on this footing of conquest. Another mode is to pass through all the degrees, spending a year and a day in St. Michael's Square,[434] being steeped in Cologne water,[435] and perfumed, and dined, and introduced, and properly grounded in all the biography, and politics, and anecdotes of the boudoirs.

18. Yet these fineries may have grace and wit. Let there be grotesque sculpture about the gates and offices of temples. Let the creed and commandments even have the saucy homage of parody. The forms of politeness universally express benevolence in superlative degrees. What if they are in the mouths of selfish men, and used as means of selfishness? What if the false gentleman almost bows the true out of the world? What if the false gentleman contrives so to address his companion, as civilly to exclude all others from his discourse, and also to make them feel excluded? Real service will not lose its nobleness. All generosity is not merely French and sentimental; nor is it to be concealed, that living blood and a passion of kindness does at last distinguish God's gentleman from Fashion's. The epitaph of Sir Jenkin Grout is not wholly unintelligible to the present age. "Here lies Sir Jenkin Grout, who loved his friend, and persuaded his enemy: what his mouth ate, his hand paid for: what his servants robbed, he restored: if a woman gave him pleasure, he supported her in pain: he never forgot his children: and whoso touched his finger, drew after it his whole body." Even the line of heroes is not utterly extinct. There is still ever some admirable person in plain clothes, standing on the wharf, who jumps in to rescue a drowning man; there is still some absurd inventor of charities; some guide and comforter of runaway slaves; some friend of Poland;[436] some Philhellene;[437] some fanatic who plants shade-trees for the second and third generation, and orchards when he is grown old; some well-concealed piety; some just man happy in an ill-fame; some youth ashamed of the favors of fortune, and impatiently casting them on other shoulders. And these are the centers of society, on which it returns for fresh impulses. These are the creators of Fashion, which is an attempt to organize beauty of behavior. The beautiful and the generous are in the theory, the doctors and apostles of this church: Scipio, and the Cid, and Sir Philip Sidney, and Washington, and every pure and valiant heart, who worshiped Beauty by word and by deed. The persons who constitute the natural aristocracy, are not found in the actual aristocracy, or only on its edge; as the chemical energy of the spectrum is found to be greatest just outside of the spectrum. Yet that is the infirmity of the seneschals, who do not know their sovereign, when he appears. The theory of society supposes the existence and sovereignty of these. It divines afar off their coming. It says with the elder gods,--

"As Heaven and Earth are fairer far[438] Than Chaos and blank Darkness, though once chiefs; And as we show beyond that Heaven and Earth, In form and shape compact and beautiful; So, on our heels a fresh perfection treads; A power, more strong in beauty, born of us, And fated to excel us, as we pass In glory that old Darkness: ... for, 'tis the eternal law, That first in beauty shall be first in might."

19. Therefore, within the ethnical circle of good society, there is a narrower and higher circle, concentration of its light, and flower of courtesy, to which there is always a tacit appeal of pride and reference, as to its inner and imperial court, the parliament of love and chivalry. And this is constituted of those persons in whom heroic dispositions are native, with the love of beauty, the delight in society, and the power to embellish the passing day. If the individuals who compose the purest circles of aristocracy in Europe, the guarded blood of centuries, should pass in review, in such manner as that we could, leisurely and critically, inspect their behavior, we might find no gentleman, and no lady; for although excellent specimens of courtesy and high-breeding would gratify us in the assemblage, in the particulars, we should detect offense. Because, elegance comes of no breeding, but of birth. There must be romance of character, or the most fastidious exclusion of impertinencies will not avail. It must be genius which takes that direction: it must be not courteous, but courtesy. High behavior is as rare in fiction as it is in fact. Scott is praised for the fidelity with which he painted the demeanor and conversation of the superior classes. Certainly, kings and queens, nobles and great ladies, had some right to complain of the absurdity that had been put in their mouths, before the days of Waverley;[439] but neither does Scott's dialogue bear criticism. His lords brave each other in smart epigrammatic speeches, but the dialogue is in costume, and does not please on the second reading; it is not warm with life. In Shakespeare alone, the speakers do not strut and bridle, the dialogue is easily great, and he adds to so many titles that of being the best-bred man in England, and in Christendom. Once or twice in a lifetime we are permitted to enjoy the charm of noble manners, in the presence of a man or woman who have no bar in their nature, but whose character emanates freely in their word and gesture. A beautiful form is better than a beautiful face: a beautiful behavior is better than a beautiful form: it gives a higher pleasure than statues or pictures; it is the finest of the fine arts. A man is but a little thing in the midst of the objects of nature, yet, by the moral quality radiating from his countenance, he may abolish all considerations of magnitude, and in his manners equal the majesty of the world. I have seen an individual whose manners though wholly within the conventions of elegant society, were never learned there, but were original and commanding, and held out protection and prosperity; one who did not need the aid of a court-suit, but carried the holiday in his eye; who exhilarated the fancy by flinging wide the doors of new modes of existence; who shook off the captivity of etiquette, with happy, spirited bearing, good-natured and free as Robin Hood;[440] yet with the port of an emperor,--if need be, calm, serious, and fit to stand the gaze of millions.

20. The open air and the fields, the street and public chambers, are the places where Man executes his will; let him yield or divide the scepter at the door of the house. Woman, with her instinct of behavior, instantly detects in man a love of trifles, any coldness or imbecility, or, in short, any want of that large, flowing, and magnanimous deportment, which is indispensable as an exterior in the hall. Our American institutions have been friendly to her, and at this moment I esteem it a chief felicity of this country, that it excels in women. A certain awkward consciousness of inferiority in the men, may give rise to the new chivalry in behalf of Woman's Rights. Certainly, let her be as much better placed in the laws and in social forms, as the most zealous reformer can ask, but I confide so entirely in her inspiring and musical nature, that I believe only herself can show us how she shall be served. The wonderful generosity of her sentiments raises her at times into heroical and godlike regions, and verifies the pictures of Minerva,[441] Juno,[442] or Polymnia;[443] and, by the firmness with which she treads her upward path, she convinces the coarsest calculators that another road exists than that which their feet know. But besides those who make good in our imagination the place of muses and of Delphic Sibyls,[444] are there not women who fill our vase with wine and roses to the brim, so that the wine runs over and fills the house with perfume; who inspire us with courtesy; who unloose our tongues, and we speak; who anoint our eyes, and we see? We say things we never thought to have said; for once, our walls of habitual reserve vanished, and left us at large; we were children playing with children in a wide field of flowers. Steep us, we cried, in these influences, for days, for weeks, and we shall be sunny poets, and will write out in many-colored words the romance that you are. Was it Hafiz[445] or Firdousi[446] that said of his Persian Lilla, "She was an elemental force, and astonished me by her amount of life, when I saw her day after day radiating, every instant, redundant joy and grace on all around her.[447] She was a solvent powerful to reconcile all heterogeneous persons into one society; like air or water, an element of such a great range of affinities, that it combines readily with a thousand substances. Where she is present, all others will be more than they are wont. She was a unit and whole, so that whatsoever she did, became her. She had too much sympathy and desire to please, than that you could say, her manners were marked with dignity, yet no princess could surpass her clear and erect demeanor on each occasion. She did not study the Persian grammar, nor the books of the seven poets, but all the poems of the seven seemed to be written upon her. For, though the bias of her nature was not to thought, but to sympathy, yet was she so perfect in her own nature, as to meet intellectual persons by the fullness of her heart, warming them by her sentiments; believing, as she did, that by dealing nobly with all, all would show themselves noble."

21. I know that this Byzantine[448] pile of chivalry of Fashion, which seems so fair and picturesque to those who look at the contemporary facts for science or for entertainment, is not equally pleasant to all spectators. The constitution of our society makes

it a giant's castle to the ambitious youth who have not found their names enrolled in its Golden Book,[449] and whom it has excluded from its coveted honors and privileges. They have yet to learn that its seeming grandeur is shadowy and relative: it is great by their allowance: its proudest gates will fly open at the approach of their courage and virtue. For the present distress, however, of those who are predisposed to suffer from the tyrannies of this caprice, there are easy remedies. To remove your residence a couple of miles, or at most four, will commonly relieve the most extreme susceptibility. For, the advantages which fashion values are plants which thrive in very confined localities, in a few streets, namely. Out of this precinct, they go for nothing; are of no use in the farm, in the forest, in the market, in war, in the nuptial society, in the literary or scientific circle, at sea, in friendship, in the heaven of thought or virtue.

22. But we have lingered long enough in these painted courts. The worth of the thing signified must vindicate our taste for the emblem. Everything that is called fashion and courtesy humbles itself before the cause and fountain of honor, creator of titles and dignities, namely, the heart of love. This is the royal blood, this the fire, which, in all countries and contingencies, will work after its kind and conquer ind expand all that approaches it. This gives new meanings to every fact. This impoverishes the rich, suffering no grandeur but its own. What _is_ rich? Are you rich enough to help anybody? to succor the unfashionable and the eccentric? rich enough to make the Canadian in his wagon, the itinerant with his consul's paper which commends him "To the charitable," the swarthy Italian with his few broken words of English, the lame pauper hunted by overseers from town to town, even the poor insane or besotted wreck of man or woman, feel the noble exception of your presence and your house, from the general bleakness and stoniness; to make such feel that they were greeted with a voice which made them both remember and hope? What is vulgar, but to refuse the claim on acute and conclusive reasons? What is gentle, but to allow it, and give their heart and yours lone holiday from the national caution? Without the rich heart, wealth is an ugly beggar. The king of Schiraz[450] could not afford to be so bountiful as the poor Osman[451] who dwelt at his gate. Osman had a humanity so broad and deep, that although his speech was so bold and free with the Koran[452] as to disgust all the dervishes, yet was there never a poor outcast, eccentric, or insane man, some fool who had cut off his beard, or who had been mutilated under a vow, or had a pet madness in his brain, but fled at once to him,--that great heart lay there so sunny and hospitable in the center of the country,--that it seemed as if the instinct of all sufferers drew them to his side. And the madness which he harbored, he did not share. Is not this to be rich? this only to be rightly rich?

23. But I shall hear without pain, that I play the courtier very ill, and talk of that which I do not well understand. It is easy to see, that what is called by distinction society and fashion, has good laws as well as bad, has much that is necessary, and much that is absurd. Too good for banning, and too bad for blessing, it reminds us of a tradition of the pagan mythology, in any attempt to settle its character. "I overheard Jove,[453] one day," said Silenus,[454] "talking of destroying the earth; he said, it had failed; they were all rogues and vixens, who went from bad to worse, as fast as the days succeeded each other. Minerva said, she hoped not; they were only ridiculous little creatures, with this odd circumstance, that they had a blur, or indeterminate aspect, seen far or seen near; if you called them bad, they would appear so; if you called them good, they would appear so; and there was no one person or action among them, which would not puzzle her owl,[455] much more all Olympus, to know whether it was fundamentally bad or good."

GIFTS[456]

Gifts of one who loved me-- 'Twas high time they came; When he ceased to love me, Time they stopped for shame.

1. It is said that the world is in a state of bankruptcy, that the world owes the world more than the world can pay, and ought to go into chancery,[457] and be sold. I do not think this general insolvency, which involves in some sort all the population, to be the reason of the difficulty experienced at Christmas and New Year, and other times, in bestowing gifts; since it is always so pleasant to be generous, though very vexatious to pay debts. But the impediment lies in the choosing. If, at any time, it comes into my head that a present is due from me to somebody, I am puzzled what to give, until the opportunity is gone. Flowers and fruits are always fit presents; flowers, because they are a proud assertion that a ray of beauty outvalues all the utilities of the world. These gay natures contrast with the somewhat stern countenance of ordinary nature: they are like music heard out of a work-house. Nature does not cocker us:[458] we are children, not pets: she is not fond: everything is dealt to us without fear or favor, after severe universal laws. Yet these delicate flowers look like the frolic and interference of love and beauty. Men use to tell us that we love flattery, even though we are not deceived by it, because it shows that we are of importance enough to be courted. Something like that pleasure, the flowers give us: what am I to whom these sweet hints are addressed? Fruits are acceptable gifts,[459] because they are the flower of commodities, and admit of fantastic values being attached to them. If a man should send to me to come a hundred miles to visit him, and should set before me a basket of fine summer-fruit, I should think there was some proportion between the labor

and the reward.

2. For common gifts, necessity makes pertinences and beauty every day, and one is glad when an imperative leaves him no option, since if the man at the door have no shoes, you have not to consider whether you could procure him a paint-box. And as it is always pleasing to see a man eat bread or drink water, in the house or out of doors, so it is always a great satisfaction to supply these first wants. Necessity does everything well. In our condition of universal dependence, it seems heroic to let the petitioner[460] be the judge of his necessity, and to give all that is asked, though at great inconvenience. If it be a fantastic desire, it is better to leave to others the office of punishing him. I can think of many parts I should prefer playing to that of the Furies.[461] Next to things of necessity, the rule for a gift, which one of my friends prescribed, is that we might convey to some person that which properly belonged to his character, and was easily associated with him in thought. But our tokens of compliment and love are for the most part barbarous. Rings and other jewels are not gifts, but apologies for gifts. The only gift is a portion of thyself. Thou must bleed for me. Therefore the poet brings his poem; the shepherd, his lamb; the farmer, corn; the miner, a gem; the sailor, coral and shells; the painter, his picture; the girl, a handkerchief of her own sewing. This is right and pleasing, for it restores society in so far to its primary basis, when a man's biography[462] is conveyed in his gift, and every man's wealth is an index of his merit. But it is a cold lifeless business when you go to the shops to buy me something which does not represent your life and talent, but a goldsmith's. That is fit for kings, and rich men who represent kings, and a false state of property, to make presents of gold and silver stuffs, as a kind of symbolical sin-offering,[463] or payment of blackmail.[464]

3. The law of benefits is a difficult channel, which requires careful sailing, or rude boats. It is not the office of a man to receive gifts. How dare you give them? We wish to be self-sustained. We do not quite forgive a forgiver. The hand that feeds us is in some danger of being bitten. We can receive anything from love, for that is a way of receiving it from ourselves; but not from any one who assumes to bestow. We sometimes hate the meat which we eat, because there seems something of degrading dependence in living by it.

"Brother, if Jove[465] to thee a present make, Take heed that from his hands thou nothing take."

We ask the whole. Nothing less will content us. We arraign society, if it do not give us besides earth, and fire, and water, opportunity, love, reverence, and objects of veneration.

4. He is a good man, who can receive a gift well. We are either glad or sorry at a gift, and both emotions are unbecoming. Some violence, I think, is done, some degradation borne, when I rejoice or grieve at a gift. I am sorry when my independence is invaded, or when a gift comes from such as do not know my spirit, and so the act is not supported; and if the gift pleases me overmuch, then I should be ashamed that the donor should read my heart, and see that I love his commodity, and not him. The gift, to be true, must be the flowing of the giver unto me, correspondent to my flowing unto him. When the waters are at level, then my goods pass to him, and his to me. All his are mine, all mine his. I say to him, How can you give me this pot of oil, or this flagon of wine, when all your oil and wine is mine, which belief of mine this gift seems to deny? Hence the fitness of beautiful, not useful things for gifts. This giving is flat usurpation, and therefore when the beneficiary is ungrateful, as all beneficiaries hate all Timons,[466] not at all considering the value of the gift, but looking back to the greater store it was taken from, I rather sympathize with the beneficiary, than with the anger of my lord, Timon. For, the expectation of gratitude is mean, and is continually punished by the total insensibility of the obliged person. It is a great happiness to get off without injury and heart-burning, from one who has had the ill luck to be served by you. It is a very onerous business,[467] this of being served, and the debtor naturally wishes to give you a slap. A golden text for these gentlemen is that which I admire in the Buddhist,[468] who never thanks, and who says, "Do not flatter your benefactors."

5. The reason of these discords I conceive to be, that there is no commensurability between a man and any gift. You cannot give anything to a magnanimous person. After you have served him, he at once puts you in debt by his magnanimity. The service a man renders his friend is trivial and selfish, compared with the service he knows his friend stood in readiness to yield him, alike before he had begun to serve his friend, and now also. Compared with that good-will I bear my friend, the benefit it is in my power to render him seems small. Besides, our action on each other, good as well as evil, is so incidental and at random, that we can seldom hear the acknowledgments of any person who would thank us for a benefit, without some shame and humiliation. We can rarely strike a direct stroke, but must be content with an oblique one; we seldom have the satisfaction of yielding a direct benefit, which is directly received. But rectitude scatters favors on every side without knowing it, and receives with wonder the thanks of all people.

6. I fear to breathe any treason against the majesty of love, which is the genius and god of gifts, and to whom we must not affect to prescribe. Let him give kingdoms or flower-leaves indifferently. There are persons from whom we always expect fairy tokens; let us not cease to expect them. This is prerogative, and not to be limited by our municipal rules. For the rest, I like to see that we cannot be bought and sold. The best of hospitality and of generosity is also not in the will, but in fate. I find that I am not much to you; you do not need me; you do not feel me; then am I thrust out of doors, though you proffer me house and lands. No services are of any value, but only likeness. When I have attempted to join myself to others by services, it proved an intellectual trick--no more. They eat your service like apples, and leave you out. But love them, and they feel for you, and delight in you all the time.

NATURE[469]

The rounded world is fair to see, Nine times folded in mystery: Though baffled seers cannot impart The secret of its laboring heart, Throb thine with Nature's throbbing breast, And all is clear from east to west. Spirit that lurks each form within Beckons to spirit of its kin; Self-kindled every atom glows, And hints the future which it owes.

1. There are days[470] which occur in this climate, at almost any season of the year, wherein the world reaches its perfection, when the air, the heavenly bodies, and the earth, make a harmony, as if nature would indulge her offspring; when, in these bleak upper sides of the planet, nothing is to desire that we have heard of the happiest latitudes, and we bask in the shining hours of Florida and Cuba; when everything that has life gives sign of satisfaction, and the cattle that lie on the ground seem to have great and tranquil thoughts. These halcyons[471] may be looked for with a little more assurance in that pure October weather, which we distinguish by the name of Indian Summer.[472] The day, immeasurably long, sleeps over the broad hills and warm wide fields. To have lived through all its sunny hours, seems longevity enough. The solitary places do not seem quite lonely. At the gates of the forest, the surprised man of the world is forced to leave his city estimates of great and small, wise and foolish. The knapsack of custom falls off his back with the first step he makes into these precincts. Here is sanctity which shames our religions, and reality which discredits our heroes. Here we find nature to be the circumstance which dwarfs every other circumstance, and judges like a god all men that come to her. We have crept out of our close and crowded houses into the night and morning, and we see what majestic beauties daily wrap us in their bosom. How willingly we would escape the barriers which render them comparatively impotent, escape the sophistication and second thought, and suffer nature to entrance us. The tempered light of the woods is like a perpetual morning, and is stimulating and heroic. The anciently reported spells of these places creep on us. The stems of pines, hemlocks, and oaks, almost gleam like iron on the excited eye. The incommunicable trees begin to persuade us to live with them, and quit our life of solemn trifles. Here no history, or church, or state, is interpolated on the divine sky and the immortal year. How easily we might walk onward into opening landscape, absorbed by new pictures, and by thoughts fast succeeding each other, until by degrees the recollection of home was crowded out of the mind, all memory obliterated by the tyranny of the present, and we were led in triumph by nature.

2. These enchantments are medicinal, they sober and heal us. These are plain pleasures, kindly and native to us. We come to our own, and make friends with matter, which the ambitious chatter of the schools would persuade us to despise. We never can part with it; the mind loves its old home: as water to our thirst, so is the rock, the ground, to our eyes, and hands, and feet. It is firm water: it is cold flame: what health, what affinity! Ever an old friend, ever like a dear friend and brother, when we chat affectedly with strangers, comes in this honest face, and takes a grave liberty with us, and shames us out of our nonsense. Cities give not the human senses room enough. We go out daily and nightly to feed the eyes on the horizon, and require so much scope, just as we need water for our bath. There are all degrees of natural influence, from these quarantine powers of nature, up to her dearest and gravest ministrations to the imagination and the soul. There is the bucket of cold water from the spring, the wood-fire to which the chilled traveler rushes for safety,--and there is the sublime moral of autumn and of noon. We nestle in nature, and draw our living as parasites from her roots and grains, and we receive glances from the heavenly bodies, which call us to solitude, and foretell the remotest future. The blue zenith is the point in which romance and reality meet. I think, if we should be rapt away into all that we dream of heaven, and should converse with Gabriel[473] and Uriel,[474] the upper sky would be all that would remain of our furniture.

3. It seems as if the day was not wholly profane, in which we have given heed to some natural object. The fall of snowflakes in a still air, preserving to each crystal its perfect form; the blowing of sleet over a wide sheet of water, and over plains; the waving rye-fields; the mimic waving of acres of houstonia, whose innumerable florets whiten and ripple before the eye; the reflections of trees and flowers in glassy lakes; the musical steaming odorous south wind, which converts all trees to wind-harps;[475] the crackling and spurting of hemlock in the flames; or of pine-logs, which yield glory to the walls and faces in the sitting-room,--these

are the music and pictures of the most ancient religion. My house stands in low land, with limited outlook, and on the skirt of the village.[476] But I go with my friend[477] to the shore of our little river,[478] and with one stroke of the paddle, I leave the village politics and personalities, yes, and the world of villages and personalities behind, and pass into a delicate realm of sunset and moonlight, too bright almost for spotted man to enter without novitiate and probation.[479] We penetrate bodily this incredible beauty: we dip our hands in this painted element: our eyes are bathed in these lights and forms. A holiday, a villeggiatura,[480] a royal revel, the proudest, most heart-rejoicing festival that valor and beauty, power and taste, ever decked and enjoyed, establishes itself on the instant. These sunset clouds, these delicately emerging stars, with their private and ineffable glances, signify it and proffer it. I am taught the poorness of our invention, the ugliness of towns and palaces. Art and luxury have early learned that they must work as enhancement and sequel to this original beauty. I am overinstructed for my return. Henceforth I shall be hard to please. I cannot go back to toys. I am grown expensive and sophisticated. I can no longer live without elegance: but a countryman shall be my master of revels. He who knows the most, he who knows what sweets and virtues are in the ground, the waters, the plants, the heavens, and how to come at these enchantments, is the rich and royal man. Only as far as masters of the world have called in nature to their aid, can they reach the height of magnificence. This is the meaning of their hanging-gardens,[481] villas, garden-houses, islands, parks, and preserves, to back their faulty personality with these strong accessories. I do not wonder that the landed interest should be invincible in the state with these dangerous auxiliaries. These bribe and invite; not kings, not palaces, not men, not women, but these tender and poetic stars, eloquent of secret promises. We heard what the rich man said, we knew of his villa, his grove, his wine, and his company, but the provocation and point of the invitation came out of these beguiling stars. In their soft glances, I see what men strove to realize in some Versailles,[482] or Paphos,[483] or Ctesiphon.[484] Indeed, it is the magical lights of the horizon, and the blue sky for the background, which save all our works of art, which were otherwise baubles. When the rich tax the poor with servility and obsequiousness, they should consider the effect of man reputed to be the possessors of nature, on imaginative minds. Ah! if the rich were rich as the poor fancy riches! A boy hears a military band play on the field at night, and he has kings and queens, and famous chivalry palpably before him. He hears the echoes of a horn in a hill country, in the Notch Mountains,[485] for example, which converts the mountains into an Æolian harp,[486] and this supernatural _tiralira_ restores to him the Dorian[487] mythology, Apollo,[488] Diana,[489] and all divine hunters and huntresses. Can a musical note be so lofty, so haughtily beautiful! To the poor young poet, thus fabulous is his picture of society; he is loyal; he respects the rich; they are rich for the sake of his imagination; how poor his fancy would be, if they were not rich! That they have some high-fenced grove, which they call a park; that they live in larger and better-garnished saloons than he has visited, and go in coaches, keeping only the society of the elegant, to watering-places, and to distant cities, are the groundwork from which he has delineated estates of romance, compared with which their actual possessions are shanties and paddocks. The muse herself betrays her son, and enhances the gift of wealthy and well-born beauty, by a radiation out of the air, and clouds, and forests that skirt the road,--a certain haughty favor, as if from patrician genii to patricians, a kind of aristocracy in nature, a prince of the power of the air.

4. The moral sensibility which makes Edens[490] and Tempes[491] so easily, may not be always found, but the material landscape is never far off. We can find these enchantments without visiting the Como Lake,[492] or the Madeira Islands.[493] We exaggerate the praises of local scenery. In every landscape, the point of astonishment is the meeting of the sky and the earth, and that is seen from the first hillock as well as from the top of the Alleghanies. The stars at night stoop down over the brownest, homeliest common,[494] with all the spiritual magnificence which they shed on the Campagna,[495] or on the marble deserts of Egypt. The uprolled clouds and the colors of morning and evening, will transfigure maples and alders. The difference between landscape and landscape is small, but there is great difference in the beholders. There is nothing so wonderful in any particular landscape, as the necessity of being beautiful under which every landscape lies. Nature cannot be surprised in undress. Beauty breaks in everywhere.

5. But it is very easy to outrun the sympathy of readers on this topic, which school-men called _natura naturata_, or nature passive. One can hardly speak directly of it without excess. It is as easy to broach in mixed companies what is called "the subject of religion." A susceptible person does not like to indulge his tastes in this kind, without the apology of some trivial necessity: he goes to see a wood-lot, or to look at the crops, or to fetch a plant or a mineral from a remote locality, or he carries a fowling-piece, or a fishing-rod. I suppose this shame must have a good reason. A dilettantism[496] in nature is barren and unworthy. The fop of fields is no better than his brother of Broadway. Men are naturally hunters and inquisitive of woodcraft and I suppose that such a gazetteer as wood-cutters and Indians should furnish facts for would take place in the most sumptuous drawing-rooms of all the "Wreaths" and "Flora's chaplets"[497] of the book-shops; yet ordinarily, whether we are too clumsy for so subtle a topic, or from whatever cause, as soon as men begin to write on nature, they fall into euphuism. Frivolity is a most unfit tribute to Pan,[498] who ought to be represented in the mythology as the most continent of gods. I would not be frivolous before the admirable reserve and

prudence of time, yet I cannot renounce the right of returning often to this old topic. The multitude of false churches[499] accredits the true religion. Literature, poetry, science, are the homage of man to this unfathomed secret, concerning which no sane man can affect an indifference or incuriosity. Nature is loved by what is best in us. It is loved as the city of God, although, or rather because there is no citizen. The sunset is unlike anything that is underneath it: it wants men. And the beauty of nature must always seem unreal and mocking, until the landscape has human figures, that are as good as itself. If there were good men, there would never be this rapture in nature. If the king is in the palace nobody looks at the walls. It is when he is gone, and the house is filled with grooms and gazers, that we turn from the people, to find relief in the majestic men that are suggested by the pictures and architecture. The critics who complain of the sickly separation of the beauty of nature from the thing to be done, must consider that our hunting of the picturesque is inseparable from our protest against false society. Man is fallen; nature is erect, and serves as a differential thermometer, detecting the presence or absence of the divine sentiment in man. By fault of our dulness and selfishness, we are looking up to nature, but when we are convalescent, nature will look up to us. We see the foaming brook with compunction; if our own life flowed with the right energy, we should shame the brook. The stream of zeal sparkles with real fire, and not with reflex rays of sun and moon. Nature may be as selfishly studied as trade. Astronomy to the selfish becomes astrology; psychology, mesmerism (with intent to show where our spoons are gone); and anatomy and physiology become phrenology and palmistry.

6. But taking timely warning, and leaving many things unsaid on this topic, but not longer omit our homage to the Efficient Nature, _natura naturans_, the quick cause, before which all forms flee as the driven snows, itself secret, its works driven before it in flocks and multitudes, (as the ancient represented nature by Proteus,[500] a shepherd), and in undescribable variety. It publishes itself in creatures, reaching from particles and spicula, through transformation on transformation to the highest symmetries, arriving at consummate results without a shock or a leap. A little heat, that is, a little motion, is all that differences the bald, dazzling white, and deadly cold poles of the earth from the prolific tropical climates. All changes pass without violence, by reason of the two cardinal conditions of boundless space and boundless time. Geology has initiated us into the secularity of nature, and taught us to disuse our dame-school measures, and exchange our Mosaic[501] and Ptolemaic schemes[502] for her large style. We know nothing rightly, for want of perspective. Now we learn what patient periods must round themselves before the rock is formed, then before the rock is broken, and the first lichen race has disintegrated the thinnest external plate into soil, and opened the door for the remote Flora,[503] Fauna,[504] Ceres,[505] and Pomona,[506] to come in. How far off yet is the trilobite! how far the quadruped! how inconceivably remote is man! All duly arrive,[507] and then race after race of men. It is a long way from granite to the oyster; farther yet to Plato,[508] and the preaching of the immortality of the soul. Yet all must come, as surely as the first atom has two sides.

7. Motion or change, and identity or rest, are the first and second secrets of nature: Motion and Rest. The whole code of her laws may be written on the thumb-nail, or the signet of a ring. The whirling bubble on the surface of a brook, admits us to the secret of the mechanics of the sky. Every shell on the beach is a key to it. A little water made to rotate in a cup explains the formation of the simpler shells; the addition of matter from year to year, arrives at last at the most complex forms; and yet so poor is nature with all her craft, that, from the beginning to the end of the universe, she has but one stuff,--but one stuff with its two ends, to serve up all her dream-like variety. Compound it how she will, star, sand, fire, water, tree, man, it is still one stuff, and betrays the same properties.

8. Nature is always consistent, though she feigns to contravene her own laws. She keeps her laws, and seems to transcend them. She arms and equips an animal to find its place and living in the earth, and, at the same time, she arms and equips another animal to destroy it. Space exists to divide creatures; but by clothing the sides of a bird with a few feathers, she gives him a petty omnipresence. The direction is forever onward, but the artist still goes back for materials, and begins again with the first elements on the most advanced stage: otherwise, all goes to ruin. If we look at her work, we seem to catch a glance of a system in transition. Plants are the young of the world, vessels of health and vigor; but they grope ever upward toward consciousness; the trees are imperfect men, and seem to bemoan their imprisonment, rooted in the ground. The animal is the novice and probationer of a more advanced order. The men, though young, having tasted the first drop from the cup of thought, are already dissipated: the maples and ferns are still uncorrupt; yet no doubt, when they come to consciousness, they too will curse and swear. Flowers so strictly belong to youth, that we adult men soon come to feel, that their beautiful generations concern not us: we have had our day; now let the children have theirs. The flowers jilt us, and we are old bachelors with our ridiculous tenderness.

9. Things are so strictly related, that according to the skill of the eye, from any one object the parts and properties of any other may be predicted. If we had eyes to see it, a bit of stone from the city wall would certify us of the necessity that man must exist, as readily as the city. That identity makes us all one, and reduces to nothing great intervals on our customary scale. We talk of

deviations from natural life, as if artificial life were not also natural. The smoothest curled courtier in the boudoirs of a palace has an animal nature, rude and aboriginal as a white bear, omnipotent to its own ends, and is directly related, there amid essences and billets-doux, to Himalaya mountain-chains[509] and the axis of the globe. If we consider how much we are nature's, we need not be superstitious about towns, as if that terrific or benefic force did not find us there also, and fashion cities. Nature, who made the mason, made the house. We may easily hear too much of rural influences. The cool, disengaged air of natural objects, makes them enviable to us, chafed and irritable creatures with red faces, and we think we shall be as grand as they, if we camp out and eat roots, but let us be men instead of wood-chucks, and the oak and the elm shall gladly serve us, though we sit in chairs of ivory on carpets of silk.

10. This guiding identity runs through all the surprises and contrasts of the piece, and characterizes every law. Man carries the world in his head, the whole astronomy and chemistry suspended in a thought. Because the history of nature is charactered in his brain, therefore is he the prophet and discoverer of her secrets. Every known fact in natural science was divined by the presentiment of somebody, before it was actually verified. A man does not tie his shoe without recognizing laws which bind the farthest regions of nature: moon, plant, gas, crystal, are concrete geometry and numbers. Common sense knows its own, and recognizes the fact at first sight in chemical experiment. The common sense of Franklin,[510] Dalton,[511] Davy[512] and Black,[513] is the same common sense which made the arrangements which now it discovers.

11. If the identity expresses organized rest, the counter action runs also into organization. The astronomers said,[514] "Give us matter, and a little motion, and we will construct the universe. It is not enough that we should have matter, we must also have a single impulse, one shove to launch the mass, and generate the harmony of the centrifugal and centripetal[515] forces. Once heave the ball from the hand, and we can show how all this mighty order grew." "A very unreasonable postulate," said the metaphysicians, "and a plain begging of the question. Could you not prevail to know the genesis of projection, as well as the continuation of it?" Nature, meanwhile, had not waited for the discussion, but, right or wrong, bestowed the impulse, and the balls rolled. It was no great affair, a mere push, but the astronomers were right in making much of it, for there is no end of the consequences of the act. That famous aboriginal push propagates itself through all the balls of the system, and through every atom of every ball, through all the races of creatures, and through the history and performances of every individual. Exaggeration is in the course of things. Nature sends no creature, no man into the world, without adding a small excess of his proper quality. Given the planet, it is still necessary to add the impulse; so, to every creature nature added a little violence of direction in its proper path, a shove to put it on its way; in every instance, a slight generosity, a drop too much. Without electricity the air would rot, and without this violence of direction which men and women have, without a spice of bigot and fanatic, no excitement, no efficiency. We aim above the mark, to hit the mark. Every act hath some falsehood of exaggeration in it. And when now and then comes along some sad, sharp-eyed man, who sees how paltry a game is played, and refuses to play, but blabs the secret;--how then? is the bird flown? O no, the wary Nature sends a new troop of fairer forms, of lordlier youths, with a little more excess of direction to hold them fast to their several aims; makes them a little wrongheaded in that direction in which they are rightest, and on goes the game again with new whirl, for a generation or two more. The child with his sweet pranks, the fool of his senses, commanded by every sight and sound, without any power to compare and rank his sensations, abandoned to a whistle or a painted chip, to a lead dragoon, or a ginger-bread dog, individualizing everything, generalizing nothing, delighted with every new thing, lies down at night overpowered by the fatigue, which this day of continual petty madness has incurred. But Nature has answered her purpose with the curly, dimpled lunatic. She has tasked every faculty, and has secured the symmetrical growth of the bodily frame, by all these attitudes and exertions,--an end of the first importance, which could not be trusted to any care less perfect than her own. This glitter, this opaline luster plays round the top of every toy to his eye, to insure his fidelity, and he is deceived to his good. We are made alive and kept alive by the same arts. Let the Stoics[516] say what they please, we do not eat for the good of living, but because the meat is savory and the appetite is keen. The vegetable life does not content itself with casting from the flower or the tree a single seed, but it fills the air and earth with a prodigality of seeds, that if thousands perish, thousands may plant themselves, that hundreds may come up, that tens may live to maturity, that, at least, one may replace the parent. All things betray the same calculated profusion. The excess of fear with which the animal frame is hedged round, shrinking from cold, starting at sight of a snake, or a sudden noise, protects us, through a multitude of groundless alarms, from some one real danger at last. The lover seeks in marriage his private felicity and perfection, with no prospective end; and nature hides in his happiness her own end, namely, progeny, or the perpetuity of the race.

12. But the craft with which the world is made runs also into the mind and character of men. No man is quite sane; each has a vein of folly in his composition, a slight determination of blood to the head, to make sure of holding him hard to some one point which nature had taken to heart. Great causes are never tried on their merits; but the cause is reduced to particulars to suit the size of the partisans, and the contention is ever hottest on minor matters. Not less remarkable is the overfaith of each man in the importance

of what he has to do or say. The poet, the prophet, has a higher value for what he utters than any hearer, and therefore it gets spoken. The strong, self-complacent Luther[517] declares with an emphasis, not to be mistaken, that "God himself cannot do without wise men." Jacob Behmen[518] and George Fox[519] betray their egotism in the pertinacity of their controversial tracts, and James Naylor[520] once suffered himself to be worshiped as the Christ. Each prophet comes presently to identify himself with his thought, and to esteem his hat and shoes sacred. However this may discredit such persons with the judicious, it helps them with the people, as it gives heat, pungency, and publicity to their words. A similar experience is not infrequent in private life. Each young and ardent person writes a diary, in which, when the hours of prayer and penitence arrive, he inscribes his soul. The pages thus written are, to him, burning and fragrant: he reads them on his knees by midnight and by the morning star; he wets them with his tears: they are sacred; too good for the world, and hardly yet to be shown to the dearest friend. This is the man-child that is born to the soul, and her life still circulates in the babe. The umbilical cord has not yet been cut. After some time has elapsed, he begins to wish to admit his friend to this hallowed experience, and with hesitation, yet with firmness, exposes the pages to his eye. Will they not burn his eyes? The friend coldly turns them over, and passes from the writing to conversation, with easy transition, which strikes the other party with astonishment and vexation. He cannot suspect the writing itself. Days and nights of fervid life, of communion with angels of darkness and of light, have engraved their shadowy characters on that tear-stained book. He suspects the intelligence or the heart of his friend. Is there then no friend? He cannot yet credit that one may have impressive experience, and yet may not know how to put his private fact into literature; and perhaps the discovery that wisdom has other tongues and ministers than we, that though we should hold our peace, the truth would not the less be spoken, might check injuriously the flames of our zeal. A man can only speak, so long as he does not feel his speech to be partial and inadequate. It is partial, but he does not see it to be so, whilst he utters it. As soon as he is released from the instinctive and particular, and sees its partiality, he shuts his mouth in disgust. For, no man can write anything, who does not think that what he writes is for the time the history of the world; or do anything well, who does not esteem his work to be of importance. My work may be of none, but I must not think it is of none, or I shall not do it with impunity.

13. In like manner, there is throughout nature something mocking, something that leads us on and on, but arrives nowhere, keeps no faith with us. All promise outruns the performance. We live in a system of approximations. Every end is prospective of some other end, which is also temporary; a round and final success nowhere. We are encamped in nature, not domesticated. Hunger and thirst lead us on to eat and to drink; but bread and wine, mix and cook them how you will, leave us hungry and thirsty, after the stomach is full. It is the same with all our arts and performances. Our music, our poetry, our language itself are not satisfactions, but suggestions. The hunger for wealth, which reduces the planet to a garden, fools the eager pursuer. What is the end sought? Plainly to secure the ends of good sense and beauty, from the intrusion of deformity or vulgarity of any kind. But what an operose[521] method! What a train of means to secure a little conversation! This palace of brick and stone, these servants, this kitchen, these stables, horses and equipage, this bank-stock, and file of mortgages; trade to all the world, country-house and cottage by the water-side, all for a little conversation, high, clear, and spiritual! Could it not be had as well by beggars on the highway? No, all these things came from successive efforts of these beggars to remove friction from the wheels of life, and give opportunity. Conversation, character, were the avowed ends; wealth was good as it appeased the animal cravings, cured the smoky chimney, silenced the creaking door, brought friends together in a warm and quiet room, and kept the children and the dinner-table in a different apartment. Thought, virtue, beauty, were the ends; but it was known that men of thought and virtue sometimes had the headache, or wet feet, or could lose good time, whilst the room was getting warm in winter days. Unluckily, in the exertions necessary to remove these inconveniences, the main attention has been diverted to this object; the old aims have been lost sight of, and to remove friction has come to be the end. That is the ridicule of rich men, and Boston, London, Vienna, and now the governments generally of the world, are cities and governments of the rich, and the masses are not men, but _poor men_, that is, men who would be rich; this is the ridicule of the class, that they arrive with pains and sweat and fury nowhere; when all is done, it is for nothing. They are like one who has interrupted the conversation of a company to make his speech, and now has forgotten what he went to say. The appearance strikes the eye everywhere of an aimless society, of aimless nations. Were the ends of nature so great and cogent, as to exact this immense sacrifice of men?

14. Quite analogous to the deceits in life, there is, as might be expected, a similar effect on the eye from the face of external nature. There is in woods and waters a certain enticement and flattery, together with a failure to yield a present satisfaction. This disappointment is felt in every landscape. I have seen the softness and beauty of the summer clouds floating feathery overhead, enjoying, as it seemed, their height and privilege of motion, whilst yet they appeared not so much the drapery of this place and hour, as fore-looking to such pavilions and gardens of festivity beyond. It is an odd jealousy; but the poet finds himself not near enough to this object. The pine tree, the river, the bank of flowers before him, does not seem to be nature. Nature is still elsewhere.

This or this is but outskirt and far-off reflection[522] and echo of the triumph that has passed by, and is now at its glancing splendor and heyday, perchance in the neighboring fields, or, if you stand in the field, then in the adjacent woods. The present object shall give you this sense of stillness that follows a pageant which has just gone by. What splendid distance, what recesses of ineffable pomp and loveliness in the sunset! But who can go where they are, or lay his hand or plant his foot thereon? Off they fall from the round world forever and ever. It is the same among men and women as among the silent trees; always a referred existence, an absence, never a presence and satisfaction. Is it, that beauty can never be grasped? in persons and in landscapes is equally inaccessible? The accepted and betrothed lover has lost the wildest charm of his maiden in her acceptance of him. She was heaven whilst he pursued her as a star: she cannot be heaven, if she stoops to such a one as he.

15. What shall we say of this omnipresent appearance of that first projectile impulse, of this flattery and balking of so many well-meaning creatures? Must we not suppose somewhere in the universe a slight treachery and derision? Are we not engaged to a serious resentment of this use that is made of us? Are we tickled trout, and fools of nature? One looks at the face of heaven and earth lays all petulance at rest, and soothes us to wiser convictions. To the intelligent, nature converts itself into a vast promise, and will not be rashly explained. Her secret is untold. Many and many an Oedipus[523] arrives: he has the whole mystery teeming in his brain. Alas! the same sorcery has spoiled his skill; no syllable can he shape on his lips. Her mighty orbit vaults like the fresh rainbow into the deep, but no archangel's wing was yet strong enough to follow it, and report of the return of the curve. But it also appears, that our actions are seconded and disposed to greater conclusions than we designed. We are escorted on every hand through life by spiritual agents, and a beneficent purpose lies in wait for us. We cannot bandy words with nature, or deal with her as we deal with persons. If we measure our individual forces against hers, we may easily feel as if we were the sport of an insuperable destiny. But if, instead of identifying ourselves with the work, we feel that the soul of the workman streams through us, we shall find the peace of the morning dwelling first in our hearts, and the fathomless powers of gravity and chemistry, and, over them, of life preëxisting within us in their highest form.

16. The uneasiness which the thought of our helplessness in the chain of causes occasions us, results from looking too much at one condition of nature, namely, Motion. But the drag is never taken from the wheel. Wherever the impulse exceeds the Rest or Identity insinuates its compensation. All over the wide fields of earth grows the prunella[524] or self-heal. After every foolish day we sleep off the fumes and furies of its hours; and though we are always engaged with particulars, and often enslaved to them, we bring with us to every experiment the innate universal laws. These, while they exist in the mind as ideas, stand around us in nature forever embodied, a present sanity to expose and cure the insanity of men. Our servitude to particulars betrays us into a hundred foolish expectations. We anticipate a new era from the invention of a locomotive, or a balloon; the new engine brings with it the old checks. They say that by electro-magnetism, your salad shall be grown from the seed whilst your fowl is roasting for dinner: it is a symbol of our modern aims and endeavors,--of our condensation and acceleration of objects: but nothing is gained: nature cannot be cheated: man's life is but seventy salads long, grow they swift or grow they slow. In these checks and impossibilities, however, we find our advantage, not less than in impulses. Let the victory fall where it will, we are on that side. And the knowledge that we traverse the whole scale of being, from the center to the poles of nature, and have some stake in every possibility, lends that sublime luster to death, which philosophy and religion have too outwardly and literally striven to express in the popular doctrine of the immortality of the soul. The reality is more excellent than the report. Here is no ruin, no discontinuity, no spent ball. The divine circulations never rest nor linger. Nature is the incarnation of a thought, and turns to a thought again, as ice becomes water and gas. The world is mind precipitated, and the volatile essence is forever escaping again into the state of free thought. Hence the virtue and pungency of the influence on the mind, of natural objects, whether inorganic or organized. Man imprisoned, man crystallized, man vegetative, speaks to man impersonated. That power which does not respect quantity, which makes the whole and the particle its equal channel, delegates its smile to the morning, and distills its essence into every drop of rain. Every moment instructs and every object: for wisdom is infused into every form. It has been poured into us as blood; it convulsed us as pain; it slid into us as pleasure; it enveloped us in dull, melancholy days, or in days of cheerful labor; we did not guess its essence, until after a long time.

SHAKSPEARE;[525] OR, THE POET

[Transcriber's Note: Shakspeare is spelled as "Shakspeare" as well as "Shakespeare" in this book. The original spellings have been retained.]

1. Great men are more distinguished by range and extent, than by originality. If we require the originality which consists in weaving, like a spider, their web from their own bowels; in finding clay, and making bricks, and building the house; no great men are original.

Nor does valuable originality consist in unlikeness to other men. The hero is in the press of knights, and the thick of events; and, seeing what men want, and sharing their desire, he adds the needful length of sight and of arm, to come to the desired point. The greatest genius is the most indebted man. A poet is no rattlebrain, saying what comes uppermost and, because he says everything, saying, at last, something good; but a heart in unison with his time and country. There is nothing whimsical and fantastic in his production, but sweet and sad earnest, freighted with the weightiest convictions, and pointed with the most determined aim which any man or class knows of in his times.

2. The Genius[526] of our life is jealous of individuals and will not have any individual great, except through the general. There is no choice to genius. A great man does not wake up on some fine morning, and say, "I am full of life, I will go to sea, and find an Antarctic continent: to-day I will square the circle: I will ransack botany, and find a new food for man: I have a new architecture in my mind: I foresee a new mechanic power:" no, but he finds himself in the river of the thoughts and events, forced onward by the ideas and necessities of his contemporaries. He stands where all the eyes of men look one way, and their hands all point in the direction in which he should go. The church has reared him amidst rites and pomps, and he carries out the advice which her music gave him, and builds a cathedral needed by her chants and processions. He finds a war raging: it educates him, by trumpet, in barracks, and he betters the instruction. He finds two counties groping to bring coal, or flour, or fish, from the place of production to the place of consumption, and he hits on a railroad. Every master has found his materials collected, and his power lay in his sympathy with his people, and in his love of the materials he wrought in. What an economy of power! and what a compensation for the shortness of life! All is done to his hand. The world has brought him thus far on his way. The human race has gone out before him, sunk the hills, filled the hollows, and bridged the rivers. Men, nations, poets, artisans, women, all have worked for him, and he enters into their labors. Choose any other thing, out of the line of tendency, out of the national feeling and history, and he would have all to do for himself: his powers would be expended in the first preparations. Great genial power, one would almost say, consists in not being original at all; in being altogether receptive; in letting the world do all, and suffering the spirit of the hour to pass unobstructed through the mind.

3. Shakspeare's youth[527] fell in a time when the English people were importunate for dramatic entertainments. The court took offense easily at political allusions, and attempted to suppress them. The Puritans,[528] a growing and energetic party and the religious among the Anglican Church,[529] would suppress them. But the people wanted them. Inn-yards, houses without roofs, and extemporaneous inclosures at country fairs, were the ready theaters of strolling players. The people had tasted this new joy; and, as we could not hope to suppress newspapers now,--no, not by the strongest party,--neither then could king, prelate, or puritan,--alone or united, suppress an organ, which was ballad, epic, newspaper, caucus, lecture, Punch,[530] and library, at the same time. Probably king, prelate, and puritan, all found their own account in it. It had become, by all causes, a national interest,--by no means conspicuous, so that some great scholar would have thought of treating it in an English history,--but not a whit less considerable, because it was cheap, and of no account, like a baker's shop. The best proof of its vitality is the crowd of writers which suddenly broke into this field; Kyd, Marlow, Greene,[531] Jonson, Chapman, Dekker, Webster, Heywood, Middleton, Peele, Ford, Massinger, Beaumont, and Fletcher.

4. The secure possession, by the stage, of the public mind, is of the first importance to the poet who works for it. He loses no time in idle experiments. Here is audience and expectation prepared. In the case of Shakspeare there is much more. At the time when[532] he left Stratford, and went up to London, a great body of stage-plays, of all dates and writers, existed in manuscript, and were in turn produced on the boards. Here is the Tale of Troy,[533] which the audience will bear hearing some part of, every week; the Death of Julius Cæsar,[534] and other stories out of Plutarch,[535] which they never tire of; a shelf full of English history, from the chronicles of Brut[536] and Arthur,[537] down to the royal Henries,[538] which men hear eagerly; and a string of doleful tragedies, merry Italian tales,[539] and Spanish voyages,[540] which all the London prentices know. All the mass has been treated, with more or less skill, by every playwright, and the prompter has the soiled and tattered manuscripts. It is now no longer possible to say who wrote them first. They have been the property of the Theater so long, and so many rising geniuses have enlarged or altered them, inserting a speech, or a whole scene, or adding a song, that no man can any longer claim copyright in this work of numbers. Happily, no man wishes to. They are not yet desired in that way. We have few readers, many spectators and hearers. They had best lie where they are.

5. Shakspeare, in common with his comrades, esteemed the mass of old plays, waste stock, in which any experiment could be freely tried. Had the _prestige_[541] which hedges about a modern tragedy existed, nothing could have been done. The rude warm blood of the living England circulated in the play, as in street-ballads, and gave body which he wanted to his airy and majestic fancy. The poet needs a ground in popular tradition on which he may work, and which, again, may restrain his art within the due

temperance. It holds him to the people, supplies a foundation for his edifice; and, in furnishing so much work done to his hand, leaves him at leisure, and in full strength for the audacities of his imagination. In short, the poet owes to his legend what sculpture owed to the temple. Sculpture in Egypt, and in Greece, grew up in subordination to architecture. It was the ornament of the temple wall: at first, a rude relief carved on pediments, then the relief became bolder, and a head or arm was projected from the wall, the groups being still arranged with reference to the building, which serves also as a frame to hold the figures; and when, at last, the greatest freedom of style and treatment was reached, the prevailing genius of architecture still enforced a certain calmness and continence in the statue. As soon as the statue was begun for itself, and with no reference to the temple or palace, the art began to decline: freak, extravagance, and exhibition, took the place of the old temperance. This balance-wheel, which the sculptor found in architecture, the perilous irritability of poetic talent found in the accumulated dramatic materials to which the people were already wonted, and which had a certain excellence which no single genius,[542] however extraordinary, could hope to create.

6. In point of fact, it appears that Shakspeare did owe debts in all directions, and was able to use whatever he found; and the amount of indebtedness may be inferred from Malone's[543] laborious computations in regard to the First, Second, and Third parts of Henry VI., in which, "out of 6043 lines, 1771 were written by some author preceding Shakspeare; 2373 by him, on the foundation laid by his predecessors; and 1899 were entirely his own." And the proceeding investigation hardly leaves a single drama of his absolute invention. Malone's sentence is an important piece of external history. In Henry VIII, I think I see plainly the cropping out of the original rock on which his own finer stratum was laid. The first play was written by a superior, thoughtful man, with a vicious ear. I can mark his lines, and know well their cadence. See Wolsey's soliloquy,[544] and the following scene from Cromwell,[545] where,--instead of the meter of Shakspeare, whose secret is, that the thought constructs the tune, so that reading for the sense will best bring out the rhythm,--here the lines are constructed on a given tune, and the verse has even a trace of pulpit eloquence. But the play contains, through all its length, unmistakable traits of Shakspeare's hand, and some passages, as the account of the coronation,[546] are like autographs. What is odd, the compliment to Queen Elizabeth[547] is in bad rhythm.[548]

7. Shakspeare knew that tradition supplies a better fable than any invention can. If he lost any credit of design, he augmented his resources; and, at that day, our petulant demand for originality was not so much pressed. There was no literature for the million. The universal reading, the cheap press, were unknown. A great poet, who appears in illiterate times, absorbs into his sphere all the light which is anywhere radiating. Every intellectual jewel, every flower of sentiment, it is his fine office to bring to his people; and he comes to value his memory[549] equally with his invention. He is therefore little solicitous whence his thoughts have been derived; whether through translation, whether through tradition, whether by travel in distant countries, whether by inspiration; from whatever source, they are equally welcome to his uncritical audience. Nay, he borrows very near home. Other men say wise things as well as he; only they say a good many foolish things, and do not know when they have spoken wisely. He knows the sparkle of the true stone, and puts it in high place, wherever he finds it. Such is the happy position of Homer,[550] perhaps; of Chaucer,[551] of Saadi.[552] They felt that all wit was their wit. And they are librarians and historiographers, as well as poets. Each romancer was heir and dispenser of all the hundred tales of the world,--

"Presenting Thebes'[553] and Pelops' line And the tale of Troy divine."

The influence of Chaucer is conspicuous in all our early literature; and, more recently, not only Pope[554] and Dryden[555] have been beholden to him, but, in the whole society of English writers, a large unacknowledged debt is easily traced. One is charmed with the opulence which feeds so many pensioners. But Chaucer is a huge borrower.[556] Chaucer, it seems, drew continually, through Lydgat[557] and Caxton,[558] from Guido di Colonna,[559] whose Latin romance of the Trojan war was in turn a compilation from Dares Phrygius,[560] Ovid,[561] and Statius.[562] Then Petrarch,[563] Boccaccio,[564] and the Provençal poets,[565] and his benefactors: the Romaunt of the Rose[566] is only judicious translation from William of Lorris and John of Meung: Troilus and Creseide,[567] from Lollius of Urbino: The Cock and the Fox,[568] from the _Lais_ of Marie: The House of Fame,[569] from the French or Italian: and poor Gower[570] he uses as if he were only a brick-kiln or stone-quarry, out of which to build his house. He steals by this apology,--that what he takes has no worth where he finds it, and the greatest where he leaves it. It has come to be practically a sort of rule in literature, that a man, having once shown himself capable of original writing, is entitled thenceforth to steal from the writings of others at discretion. Thought is the property of him who can entertain it; and of him who can adequately place it. A certain awkwardness marks the use of borrowed thoughts; but, as soon as we have learned what to do with them, they become our own.

8. Thus, all originality is relative. Every thinker is retrospective. The learned member of the legislature, at Westminister,[571] or at Washington, speaks and votes for thousands. Show us the constituency, and the now invisible channels by which the senator is made aware of their wishes, the crowd of practical and knowing men, who, by correspondence or conversation, are feeding him

with evidence, anecdotes, and estimates, and it will bereave his fine attitude and resistance of something of their impressiveness. As Sir Robert Peel[572] and Mr. Webster[573] vote, so Locke[574] and Rousseau[575] think for thousands; and so there were foundations all around Homer,[576] Menu,[577] Saada,[578] or Milton,[579] from which they drew; friends, lovers, books, traditions, proverbs,--all perished,--which, if seen, would go to reduce the wonder. Did the bard speak with authority? Did he feel himself overmatched by any companion? The appeal is to the consciousness of the writer. Is there at last in his breast a Delphi[580] whereof to ask concerning any thought or thing whether it be verily so, yea or nay? and to have answer, and rely on that? All the debts which such a man could contract to other wit, would never disturb his consciousness of originality: for the ministrations of books, and of other minds, are a whiff of smoke to that most private reality with which he has conversed.

9. It is easy to see that what is best written or done by genius, in the world, was no man's work, but came by wide social labor, when a thousand wrought like one, sharing the same impulse. Our English Bible[581] is a wonderful specimen of the strength and music of the English language. But it was not made by one man, or at one time; but centuries and churches brought it to perfection. There never was a time when there was not some translation existing. The Liturgy,[582] admired for its energy and pathos, is an anthology of the piety of ages and nations, a translation of the prayers and forms of the Catholic church,--these collected, too, in long periods, from the prayers and meditations of every saint and sacred writer all over the world. Grotius[583] makes the like remark in respect to the Lord's Prayer, that the single clauses of which it is composed were already in use, in the time of Christ, in the rabbinical forms.[584] He picked out the grains of gold. The nervous language of the Common Law,[585] the impressive forms of our courts, and the precision and substantial truth of the legal distinctions, are the contribution of all the sharp-sighted, strong-minded men who have lived in the countries where these laws govern. The translation of Plutarch gets its excellence by being translation on translation. There never was a time when there was none. All the truly idiomatic and national phrases are kept, and all others successively picked out, and thrown away. Something like the same process had gone on, long before, with the originals of these books. The world takes liberties with world-books. Vedas,[586] Æsop's Fables,[587] Pilpay,[588] Arabian Nights,[589] Cid,[590] Iliad,[591] Robin Hood,[592] Scottish Minstrelsy,[593] are not the work of single men. In the composition of such works, the time thinks, the market thinks, the mason, the carpenter, the merchant, the farmer, the fop, all think for us. Every book supplies its time with one good word; every municipal law, every trade, every folly of the day, and the generic catholic genius who is not afraid or ashamed to owe his originality to the originality of all, stands with the next age as the recorder and embodiment of his own.

10. We have to thank the researches of antiquaries, and the Shakspeare Society,[594] for ascertaining the steps of the English drama, from the Mysteries[595] celebrated in churches and by churchmen, and the final detachment from the church, and the completion of secular plays, from Ferrex and Porrex,[596] and Gammer Gurton's Needle,[597] down to the possession of the stage by the very pieces which Shakspeare altered, remodelled, and finally made his own. Elated with success, and piqued by the growing interest of the problem, they have left no book-stall unsearched, no chest in a garret unopened, no file of old yellow accounts to decompose in damp and worms, so keen was the hope to discover whether the boy Shakspeare poached[598] or not, whether he held horses at the theater-door, whether he kept school, and why he left in his will only his second-best bed to Ann Hathaway, his wife.

11. There is somewhat touching in the madness with which the passing age mischooses the object on which all candles shine, and all eyes are turned; the care with which it registers every trifle touching Queen Elizabeth,[599] and King James,[600] and the Essexes,[601] Leicesters,[602] Burleighs,[603] and Buckinghams;[604] and lets pass without a single valuable note the founder of another dynasty, which alone will cause the Tudor dynasty[605] to be remembered,--the man who carries the Saxon race in him by the inspiration which feeds him, and on whose thoughts the foremost people of the world are now for some ages to be nourished, and minds to receive this and not another bias. A popular player,--nobody suspected he was the poet of the human race; and the secret was kept as faithfully from poets and intellectual men, as from courtiers and frivolous people. Bacon,[606] who took the inventory of the human understanding for his times, never mentioned his name. Ben Jonson,[607] though we have strained his few words of regard and panegyric, had no suspicion of the elastic fame whose first vibrations he was attempting. He no doubt thought the praise he has conceded to him generous, and esteemed himself, out of all question, the better poet of the two.

12. If it need wit to know wit, according to the proverb, Shakspeare's time should be capable of recognizing it. Sir Henry Wotton[608] was born four years after Shakspeare, and died twenty-three years after him; and I find, among his correspondents and acquaintances, the following persons:[609] Theodore Beza, Isaac Casaubon, Sir Philip Sidney, Earl of Essex, Lord Bacon, Sir Walter Raleigh, John Milton, Sir Henry Vane, Isaac Walton, Dr. Donne, Abraham Cowley, Berlarmine, Charles Cotton, John Pym, John Hales, Kepler, Vieta, Albericus Gentilis, Paul Sarpi, Arminius; with all of whom exists some token of his having communicated,

without enumerating many others, whom doubtless[610] he saw,--Shakspeare, Spenser, Jonson, Beaumont, Massinger, two Herberts, Marlow, Chapman and the rest. Since the constellation of great men who appeared in Greece in the time of Pericles,[611] there was never any such society;--yet their genius failed them to find out the best head in the universe. Our poet's mask was impenetrable. You cannot see the mountain near. It took a century to make it suspected; and not until two centuries had passed, after his death, did any criticism which we think adequate begin to appear. It was not possible to write the history of Shakspeare till now; for he is the father of German literature: it was on the introduction of Shakspeare into German, by Lessing,[612] and the translation of his works by Wieland[613] and Schlegel,[614] that the rapid burst of German literature was most intimately connected. It was not until the nineteenth century, whose speculative genius is a sort of living Hamlet,[615] that the tragedy of Hamlet could find such wondering readers. Now, literature, philosophy, and thought, are Shakspearized. His mind is the horizon beyond which, at present, we do not see. Our ears are educated to music by his rhythm. Coleridge[616] and Goethe[617] are the only critics who have expressed our convictions with any adequate fidelity; but there is in all cultivated minds a silent appreciation of his superlative power and beauty, which, like Christianity, qualifies the period.

[Transcriber's Note: Number runs from 12 to 14. Number 13 omitted]

14. The Shakspeare Society have inquired in all directions, advertised the missing facts, offered money for any information that will lead to proof; and with what result? Beside some important illustration of the history of the English stage, to which I have adverted, they have gleaned a few facts touching the property, and dealings in regard to property, of the poet. It appears that, from year to year, he owned a larger share in the Blackfriars' Theater:[618] its wardrobe and other appurtenances were his: and he bought an estate in his native village, with his earnings, as writer and shareholder; that he lived in the best house in Stratford;[619] was intrusted by his neighbors with their commissions in London, as of borrowing money, and the like; and he was a veritable farmer. About the time when he was writing Macbeth,[620] he sues Philip Rogers, in the borough-court of Stratford, for thirty-five shillings, ten pence, for corn delivered to him at different times; and, in all respects, appears as a good husband with no reputation for eccentricity or excess. He was a good-natured sort of man, an actor and shareholder in the theater, not in any striking manner distinguished from other actors and managers. I admit the importance of this information. It is well worth the pains that have been taken to procure it.

15. But whatever scraps of information concerning his condition these researches may have rescued, they can shed no light upon that infinite invention which is the concealed magnet of his attraction for us. We are very clumsy writers of history. We tell the chronicle of parentage, birth, birth-place, schooling, schoolmates, earning of money, marriage, publication of books, celebrity, death; and when we have come to an end of this gossip no ray of relation appears between it and the goddess-born; and it seems as if, had we dipped at random into the "Modern Plutarch," and read any other life there, it would have fitted the poems as well. It is the essence of poetry to spring, like the rainbow daughter of Wonder, from the invisible, to abolish the past, and refuse all history. Malone, Warburton, Dyce, and Collier,[621] have wasted their oil. The famed theaters, Covent Garden, Drury Lane, the Park, and Tremont,[622] have vainly assisted. Betterton, Garrick, Kemble, Kean, and Macready,[623] dedicate their lives to this genius; him they crown, elucidate, obey, and express. The genius knows them not. The recitation begins; one golden word leaps out immortal from all this painted pedantry, and sweetly torments us with invitations to its own inaccessible homes. I remember, I went once to see the Hamlet of a famed performer,[624] the pride of the English stage; and all I then heard, and all I now remember, of the tragedian, was that in which the tragedian had no part; simply, Hamlet's question to the ghost,--

"What may this mean,[625] That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon?"

That imagination which dilates the closet he writes in to the world's dimension, crowds it with agents in rank and order, as quickly reduces the big reality to be the glimpses of the moon. These tricks of his magic spoil for us the illusions of the green-room. Can any biography shed light on the localities into which the Midsummer Night's Dream[626] admits me? Did Shakspeare confide to any notary or parish recorder, sacristan, or surrogate, in Stratford, the genesis of that delicate creation? The forest of Arden,[627] the nimble air of Scone Castle,[628] the moonlight of Portia's villa,[629] "the antres vast[630] and desarts idle," of Othello's captivity,--where is the third cousin, or grand-nephew, the chancellor's file of accounts, or private letter, that has kept one word of those transcendent secrets? In fine, in this drama, as in all great works of art,--in the Cyclopean architecture[631] of Egypt and India; in the Phidian sculpture;[632] the Gothic ministers;[633] the Italian painting;[634] the Ballads of Spain and Scotland,[635]--the Genius draws up the ladder after him, when the creative age goes up to heaven, and gives way to a new, which sees the works, and ask in vain for a history.

16. Shakspeare is the only biographer of Shakspeare; and even he can tell nothing, except to the Shakspeare in us; that is, to our most apprehensive and sympathetic hour. He cannot step from off his tripod,[636] and give us anecdotes of his inspirations. Read the antique documents extricated, analyzed, and compared, by the assiduous Dyce and Collier; and now read one of those skyey sentences,--aerolites,--which seem to have fallen out of heaven, and which, not your experience, but the man within the breast, has accepted, as words of fate; and tell me if they match; if the former account in any manner for the latter; or, which gives the most historical insight into the man.

17. Hence, though our external history is so meager, yet, with Shakspeare for biographer, instead of Aubrey[637] and Rowe,[638] we have really the information which is material, that which describes character and fortune, that which, if we were about to meet the man and deal with him, would most import us to know. We have his recorded convictions on those questions which knock for answer at every heart,--on life and death, on love, on wealth and poverty, on the prizes of life, and the ways whereby we come at them; on the characters of men, and the influences, occult and open, which affect their fortunes; and on those mysterious and demoniacal powers which defy our science, and which yet interweave their malice and their gift in our brightest hours. Who ever read the volume of the Sonnets, without finding that the poet had there revealed, under masks that are no masks to the intelligent, the lore of friendship and of love; the confusion of sentiments in the most susceptible, and, at the same time, the most intellectual of men? What trait of his private mind has he hidden in his dramas? One can discern, in his ample pictures of the gentleman and the king, what forms and humanities pleased him; his delight in troops of friends, in large hospitality, in cheerful giving. Let Timon,[639] let Warwick,[640] let Antonio[641] the merchant, answer for his great heart. So far from Shakspeare's being the least known, he is the one person, in all modern history, known to us. What point of morals, of manners, of economy, of philosophy, of religion, of taste, of the conduct of life, has he not settled? What mystery has he not signified his knowledge of? What office, or function, or district of man's work, has he not remembered? What king has he not taught state, as Talma[642] taught Napoleon? What maiden has not found him finer than her delicacy? What lover has he not out-loved? What sage has he not outseen? What gentleman has he not instructed in the rudeness of his behavior?

18. Some able and appreciating critics think no criticism on Shakspeare valuable, that does not rest purely on the dramatic merit; that he is falsely judged as poet and philosopher. I think as highly as these critics of his dramatic merit, who still think it secondary. He was a full man, who liked to talk; a brain exhaling thoughts and images, which, seeking vent, found the drama next at hand. Had he been less, we should have had to consider how well he filled his place, how good a dramatist he was,--and he is the best in the world. But it turns out, that what he has to say is of that weight, as to withdraw some attention from the vehicle; and he is like some saint whose history is to be rendered into all languages, into verse and prose, into songs and pictures, and cut up into proverbs; so that the occasion which gave the saint's meaning the form of a conversation, or of a prayer, or of a code of laws, is immaterial, compared with the universality of its application. So it fares with the wise Shakspeare and his book of life. He wrote the airs for all our modern music: he wrote the text of modern life; the text of manners: he drew the man of England and Europe; the father of the man in America: he drew the man, and described the day, and what is done in it: he read the hearts of men and women, their probity, and their second thought, and wiles; the wiles of innocence, and the transitions by which virtues and vices slide into their contraries: he could divide the mother's part from the father's part in the face of the child, or draw the fine demarcations of freedom and of fate: he knew the laws of repression which make the police of nature: and all the sweets and all the terrors of human lot lay in his mind as truly but as softly as the landscape lies on the eye. And the importance of this wisdom of life sinks the form, as of Drama or Epic, out of notice. 'Tis like making a question concerning the paper on which a king's message is written.

19. Shakspeare is as much out of the category of eminent authors, as he is out of the crowd. He is inconceivably wise; the others, conceivably. A good reader can, in a sort, nestle into Plato's brain, and think from thence; but not into Shakspeare's. We are still out of doors. For executive faculty, for creation, Shakspeare is unique. No man can imagine it better. He was the farthest reach of subtlety compatible with an individual self,--the subtilest of authors, and only just within the possibility of authorship. With this wisdom of life, is the equal endowment of imaginative and of lyric power. He clothed the creatures of his legend with form and sentiments, as if they were people who had lived under his roof; and few real men have left such distinct characters as these fictions. And they spoke in language as sweet as it was fit. Yet his talents never seduced him into an ostentation, nor did he harp on one string. An omnipresent humanity[643] coördinates all his faculties. Give a man of talents a story to tell, and his partiality will presently appear. He has certain observations, opinions, topics, which have some accidental prominence, and which he disposes all to exhibit. He crams this part, and starves that other part, consulting not the fitness of the thing, but his fitness and strength. But Shakspeare has no peculiarity, no importunate topic; but all is duly given; no veins, no curiosities: no cow-painter, no bird-fancier, no mannerist is he: he has no discoverable egotism: the great he tells greatly; the small, subordinately. He is wise without emphasis or assertion; he is strong, as nature is strong, who lifts the land into mountain slopes without effort, and by the same rule

as she floats a bubble in the air, and likes as well to do the one as the other. This makes that equality of power in farce, tragedy, narrative, and love-songs; a merit so incessant, that each reader is incredulous of the perception of other readers.

20. This power of expression, or of transferring the inmost truth of things into music and verse, makes him the type of the poet, and has added a new problem to metaphysics. This is that which throws him into natural history, as a main production of the globe, and as announcing new eras and ameliorations. Things were mirrored in his poetry without loss or blur; he could paint the fine with precision, the great with compass: the tragic and the comic indifferently, and without any distortion or favor. He carried his powerful execution into minute details, to a hair point; finishes an eyelash or a dimple as firmly as he draws a mountain; and yet these, like nature's, will bear the scrutiny of the solar microscope.

21. In short, he is the chief example to prove that more or less of production, more or fewer pictures, is a thing indifferent. He had the power to make one picture. Daguerre[644] learned how to let one flower etch its image on his plate of iodine; and then proceeds at leisure to etch a million. There are always objects; but there was never representation. Here is perfect representation, at last; and now let the world of figures sit for their portraits. No recipe can be given for the making of a Shakspeare; but the possibility of the translation of things into song is demonstrated.

22. His lyric power lies in the genius of the piece. The sonnets, though their excellence is lost in the splendor of the dramas, are as inimitable as they: and it is not a merit of lines, but a total merit of the piece; like the tone of voice of some incomparable person, so is this a speech of poetic beings, and any clause as unproducible now as a whole poem.

23. Though the speeches in the plays, and single lines, have a beauty which tempts the ear to pause on them for their euphuism,[645] yet the sentence is so loaded with meaning, and so linked with its foregoers and followers, that the logician is satisfied. His means are as admirable as his ends; every subordinate invention, by which he helps himself to connect some irreconcilable opposites, is a poem too. He is not reduced to dismount and walk, because his horses are running off with him in some distant direction; he always rides.

24. The finest poetry was first experienced: but the thought has suffered a transformation since it was an experience. Cultivated men often attain a good degree of skill in writing verses; but it is easy to read, through their poems, their personal history: any one acquainted with parties can name every figure: this is Andrew, and that is Rachael. The sense thus remains prosaic. It is a caterpillar with wings, and not yet a butterfly. In the poet's mind, the fact has gone quite over into the new element of thought, and has lost all that is exuvial. This generosity bides with Shakspeare. We say, from the truth and closeness of his pictures, that he knows the lesson by heart. Yet there is not a trace of egotism.

25. One more royal trait properly belongs to the poet. I mean his cheerfulness, without which no man can be a poet,--for beauty is his aim. He loves virtue, not for its obligation, but for its grace: he delights in the world, in man, in woman, for the lovely light that sparkles from them. Beauty, the spirit of joy and hilarity, he sheds over the universe. Epicurus[646] relates, that poetry hath such charms that a lover might forsake his mistress to partake of them. And the true bards have been noted for their firm and cheerful temper. Homer lies in sunshine; Chaucer is glad and erect; and Saadi says, "It was rumored abroad that I was penitent; but what had I to do with repentance?" Not less sovereign and cheerful,--much more sovereign and cheerful, is the tone of Shakspeare. His name suggests joy and emancipation to the heart of men. If he should appear in any company of human souls, who would not march in his troop? He touches nothing that does not borrow health and longevity from his festal style.

26. And now, how stands the account of man with this bard and benefactor, when in solitude, shutting our ears to the reverberations of his fame, we seek to strike the balance? Solitude has austere lessons; it can teach us to spare both heroes and poets; and it weighs Shakspeare also, and finds him to share the halfness and imperfection of humanity.

27. Shakspeare, Homer, Dante,[647] Chaucer, saw the splendor of meaning that plays over the visible world; knew that a tree had another use than for apples, and corn another than for meal, and the ball of the earth, than for tillage and roads: that these things bore a second and finer harvest to the mind, being emblems of its thoughts, and conveying in all their natural history a certain mute commentary on human life. Shakspeare employed them as colors to compose his picture. He rested in their beauty; and never took the step which seemed inevitable to such genius, namely, to explore the virtue which resides in these symbols, and imparts this power,--what is that which they themselves say? He converted the elements, which waited on his command, into entertainments. He was master of the revels[648] to mankind. Is it not as if one should have, through majestic powers of science, the comets given into his hand, or the planets and their moons, and should draw them from their orbits to glare with the municipal fireworks on a holiday night, and advertise in all towns, "very superior pyrotechny this evening!" Are the agents of nature, and the power to

understand them, worth no more than a street serenade, or the breath of a cigar? One remembers again the trumpet-text in the Koran,[649]--"The heavens and the earth, and all that is between them, think ye we have created them in jest?" As long as the question is of talent and mental power, the world of men has not his equal to show. But when the question is to life, and its materials, and its auxiliaries, how does he profit me? What does it signify? It is but a Twelfth Night,[650] or Midsummer Night's Dream, or a Winter Evening's Tale: what signifies another picture more or less? The Egyptian verdict[651] of the Shakspeare Societies comes to mind, that he was a jovial actor and manager. I cannot marry this fact to his verse. Other admirable men have led lives in some sort of keeping with their thought; but this man, in wide contrast. Had he been less, had he reached only the common measure of great authors, of Bacon, Milton, Tasso,[652] Cervantes,[653] we might leave the fact in the twilight of human fate: but, that this man of men, he who gave to the science of mind a new and larger subject than had ever existed, and planted the standard of humanity some furlongs forward into Chaos,--that he should not be wise for himself,--it must even go into the world's history, that the best poet led an obscure and profane life, using his genius for the public amusement.

28. Well, other men, priest and prophet, Israelite,[654] German,[655] and Swede,[656] beheld the same objects: they also saw through them that which was contained. And to what purpose? The beauty straightway vanished; they read commandments, all-excluding mountainous duty; an obligation, a sadness, as of piled mountains, fell on them, and life became ghastly, joyless, a pilgrim's progress,[657] a probation, beleaguered round with doleful histories, of Adam's fall[658] and curse, behind us; with doomsdays and purgatorial[659] and penal fires before us; and the heart of the seer and the heart of the listener sank in them.

29. It must be conceded that these are half-views of half-men. The world still wants its poet-priest, a reconciler, who shall not trifle with Shakspeare the player, nor shall grope in graves with Swedenborg the mourner; but who shall see, speak, and act, with equal inspiration. For knowledge will brighten the sunshine; right is more beautiful than private affection; and love is compatible with universal wisdom.

PRUDENCE.[660]

What right have I to write on Prudence, whereof I have little, and that of the negative sort? My prudence consists in avoiding and going without, not in the inventing of means and methods, not in adroit steering, not in gentle repairing. I have no skill to make money spend well, no genius in my economy, and whoever sees my garden discovers that I must have some other garden. Yet I love facts, and hate lubricity[661] and people without perception. Then I have the same title to write on prudence that I have to write on poetry or holiness. We write from aspiration and antagonism, as well as from experience. We paint those qualities which we do not possess. The poet admires the man of energy and tactics; the merchant breeds his son for the church or the bar; and where a man is not vain and egotistic you shall find what he has not by his praise. Moreover it would be hardly honest in me not to balance these fine lyric words of Love and Friendship[662] with words of coarser sound, and whilst my debt to my senses is real and constant, not to own it in passing.

Prudence is the virtue of the senses. It is the science of appearances. It is the outmost action of the inward life. It is God taking thought for oxen. It moves matter after the laws of matter. It is content to seek health of body by complying with physical conditions, and health of mind by the laws of the intellect.

The world of the senses is a world of shows; it does not exist for itself, but has a symbolic character; and a true prudence or law of shows recognizes the co-presence of other laws and knows that its own office is subaltern; knows that it is surface and not centre where it works. Prudence is false when detached. It is legitimate when it is the Natural History of the soul incarnate, when it unfolds the beauty of laws within the narrow scope of the senses.

There are all degrees of proficiency in knowledge of the world. It is sufficient to our present purpose to indicate three. One class lives to the utility of the symbol, esteeming health and wealth a final good. Another class live above this mark of the beauty of the symbol, as the poet and artist and the naturalist and man of science. A third class live above the beauty of the symbol to the beauty of the thing signified; these are wise men. The first class have common sense; the second, taste; and the third, spiritual perception. Once in a long time, a man traverses the whole scale, and sees and enjoys the symbol solidly, then also has a clear eye for its beauty, and lastly, whilst he pitches his tent on this sacred volcanic isle of nature, does not offer to build houses and barns thereon reverencing the splendor of the God which he sees bursting through each chink and cranny.

The world is filled with the proverbs[663] and acts and winkings of a base prudence, which is a devotion to matter, as if we possessed no other faculties than the palate, the nose, the touch, the eye and ear; a prudence which adores the Rule of Three,

which never subscribes, which gives never, which seldom lends, and asks but one question of any project,--Will it bake bread? This is a disease like a thickening of the skin until the vital organs are destroyed. But culture, revealing the high origin of the apparent world and aiming at the perfection of the man as the end, degrades everything else, as health and bodily life, into means. It sees prudence not to be a several faculty, but a name for wisdom and virtue conversing with the body and its wants. Cultivated men always feel and speak so as if a great fortune, the achievement of a civil or social measure, great personal influence, a graceful and commanding address, had their value as proofs of the energy of the spirit. If a man lose his balance and immerse himself in any trades or pleasures for their own sake, he may be a good wheel or pin,[664] but he is not a cultivated man.

The spurious prudence, making the senses final, is the god of sots and cowards, and is the subject of all comedy. It is nature's joke, and therefore literature's. The true prudence limits this sensualism by admitting the knowledge of an internal and real world. This recognition once made,--the order of the world and the distribution of affairs and times being studied with the co-perception of their subordinate place, will reward any degree of attention. For, our existence, thus apparently attached in nature to the sun and the returning moon and the periods which they mark; so susceptible to climate and to country, so alive to social good and evil, so fond of splendor and so tender to hunger and cold and debt,--reads all its primary lessons out of these books.

Prudence does not go behind nature and ask whence it is? It takes the laws of the world whereby man's being is conditioned, as they are, and keeps these laws that it may enjoy their proper good. It respects space and time, climate, want, sleep, the law of polarity,[665] growth and death. There revolve, to give bound and period to his being on all sides, the sun and moon, the great formalists in the sky: here lies stubborn matter, and will not swerve from its chemical routine. Here is a planted globe, pierced and belted with natural laws and fenced and distributed externally with civil partitions and properties which impose new restraints on the young inhabitant.

We eat of the bread which grows in the field. We live by the air which blows around us and we are poisoned by the air that is too cold or too hot, too dry or too wet. Time, which shows so vacant, indivisible and divine in its coming, is slit and peddled into trifles and tatters. A door is to be painted, a lock to be repaired. I want wood or oil, or meal, or salt; the house smokes, or I have a headache; then the tax; and an affair to be transacted with a man without heart or brains, and the stinging recollection of an injurious or very awkward word,--these eat up the hours. Do what we can, summer will have its flies.[666] If we walk in the woods we must feed mosquitoes. If we go a-fishing we must expect a wet coat. Then climate is a great impediment to idle persons. We often resolve to give up the care of the weather, but still we regard the clouds and the rain.

We are instructed by these petty experiences which usurp the hours and years. The hard soil and four months of snow make the inhabitant of the northern temperate zone wiser and abler than his fellow who enjoys the fixed smile of the tropics. The islander may ramble all day at will. At night he may sleep on a mat under the moon, and wherever a wild date-tree grows, nature has, without a prayer even, spread a table for his morning meal. The northerner is perforce a householder. He must brew, bake, salt and preserve his food. He must pile wood and coal. But as it happens that not one stroke can labor lay to without some new acquaintance with nature; and as nature is inexhaustibly significant, the inhabitants of these climates[667] have always excelled the southerner in force. Such is the value of these matters that a man who knows other things can never know too much of these. Let him have accurate perceptions. Let him, if he have hands, handle; if eyes, measure and discriminate; let him accept and hive every fact of chemistry, natural history and economics; the more he has, the less is he willing to spare any one. Time is always bringing the occasions that disclose their value. Some wisdom comes out of every natural and innocent action. The domestic man, who loves no music so well as his kitchen clock and the airs which the logs sing to him as they burn on the hearth, has solaces which others never dream of. The application of means to ends ensures victory and the songs of victory not less in a farm or a shop than in the tactics of party or of war. The good husband finds method as efficient in the packing of fire-wood in a shed or in the harvesting of fruits in the cellar, as in Peninsular campaigns[668] or the files of the Department of State. In the rainy day he builds a work-bench, or gets his tool-box set in the corner of the barn-chamber, and stored with nails, gimlet, pincers, screwdriver and chisel. Herein he tastes an old joy of youth and childhood, the cat-like love of garrets, presses and corn-chambers, and of the conveniences of long housekeeping. His garden or his poultry-yard--very paltry places it may be--tells him many pleasant anecdotes. One might find argument for optimism in the abundant flow of this saccharine element of pleasure in every suburb and extremity of the good world. Let a man keep the law--any law,--and his way will be strown with satisfactions. There is more difference in the quality of our pleasures than in the amount.

On the other hand, nature punishes any neglect of prudence. If you think the senses final, obey their law. If you believe in the soul, do not clutch at sensual sweetness before it is ripe on the slow tree of cause and effect. It is vinegar to the eyes to deal with men of loose and imperfect perception. Dr. Johnson is reported to have said,[669]--"If the child says he looked out of this window, when he

looked out of that,--whip him." Our American character is marked by a more than average delight in accurate perception, which is shown by the currency of the by-word, "No mistake."

But the discomfort of unpunctuality, of confusion of thought about facts, inattention to the wants of to-morrow, is of no nation. The beautiful laws of time and space, once dislocated by our inaptitude, are holes and dens. If the hive be disturbed by rash and stupid hands, instead of honey it will yield us bees. Our words and actions to be fair must be timely. A gay and pleasant sound is the whetting of the scythe in the mornings of June; yet what is more lonesome and sad than the sound of a whetstone or mower's rifle[670] when it is too late in the season to make hay? Scatter brained and "afternoon men" spoil much more than their own affairs in spoiling the temper of those who deal with them. I have seen a criticism on some paintings, of which I am reminded when I see the shiftless and unhappy men who are not true to their senses. The last Grand Duke of Weimar,[671] a man of superior understanding, said: "I have sometimes remarked in the presence of great works of art, and just now especially in Dresden, how much a certain property contributes to the effect which gives life to the figures, and to the life an irresistible truth. This property is the hitting, in all the figures we draw, the right centre of gravity. I mean the placing the figures firm upon their feet, making the hands grasp, and fastening the eyes on the spot where they should look. Even lifeless figures, as vessels and stools--let them be drawn ever so correctly--lose all effect so soon as they lack the resting upon their centre of gravity, and have a certain swimming and oscillating appearance. The Raphael in the Dresden gallery[672] (the only great affecting picture which I have seen) is the quietest and most passionless piece you can imagine; a couple of saints who worship the Virgin and child. Nevertheless it awakens a deeper impression than the contortions of ten crucified martyrs. For, beside all the resistless beauty of form, it possesses in the highest degree the property of the perpendicularity of all the figures." This perpendicularity we demand of all the figures in this picture of life. Let them stand on their feet, and not float and swing. Let us know where to find them. Let them discriminate between what they remember and what they dreamed. Let them call a spade a spade.[673] Let them give us facts, and honor their own senses with trust.

But what man shall dare task another with imprudence? Who is prudent? The men we call greatest are least in this kingdom. There is a certain fatal dislocation in our relation to nature, distorting all our modes of living and making every law our enemy, which seems at last to have aroused all the wit and virtue in the world to ponder the question of Reform. We must call the highest prudence to counsel, and ask why health and beauty and genius should now be the exception rather than the rule of human nature? We do not know the properties of plants and animals and the laws of nature, through our sympathy with the same; but this remains the dream of poets. Poetry and prudence should be coincident. Poets should be lawgivers; that is, the boldest lyric inspiration should not chide and insult, but should announce and lead the civil code and the day's work. But now the two things seem irreconcilably parted. We have violated law upon law until we stand amidst ruins, and when by chance we espy a coincidence between reason and the phenomena, we are surprised. Beauty should be the dowry of every man and woman, as invariably as sensation; but it is rare. Health or sound organization should be universal. Genius should be the child of genius, and every child should be inspired; but now it is not to be predicted of any child, and nowhere is it pure. We call partial half lights, by courtesy, genius; talent which converts itself to money; talent which glitters to-day that it may dine and sleep well to-morrow; and society is officered by _men of parts_,[674] as they are properly called, and not by divine men. These use their gifts to refine luxury, not to abolish it. Genius is always ascetic; and piety, and love. Appetite shows to the finer souls as a disease, and they find beauty in rites and bounds that resist it.

We have found out[675] fine names to cover our sensuality withal, but no gifts can raise intemperance. The man of talent affects to call his transgressions of the laws of the senses trivial and to count them nothing considered with his devotion to his art. His art rebukes him. That never taught him lewdness, nor the love of wine, nor the wish to reap where he had not sowed. His art is less for every deduction from his holiness, and less for every defect of common sense. On him who scorned the world, as he said, the scorned world wreaks its revenge. He that despiseth small things will perish by little and little. Goethe's Tasso[676] is very likely to be a pretty fair historical portrait, and that is true tragedy. It does not seem to me so genuine grief when some tyrannous Richard III.[677] oppresses and slays a score of innocent persons, as when Antonio and Tasso, both apparently right, wrong each other. One living after the maxims of this world and consistent and true to them, the other fired with all divine sentiments, yet grasping also at the pleasures of sense, without submitting to their law. That is a grief we all feel, a knot we cannot untie. Tasso's is no infrequent case in modern biography. A man of genius, of an ardent temperament, reckless of physical laws, self-indulgent, becomes presently unfortunate, querulous, a "discomfortable cousin," a thorn to himself and to others.

The scholar shames us by his bifold[678] life. Whilst something higher than prudence is active, he is admirable; when common sense is wanted, he is an encumbrance. Yesterday, Cæsar[679] was not so great; to-day, Job[680] not so miserable. Yesterday,

radiant with the light of an ideal world in which he lives, the first of men, and now oppressed by wants and by sickness, for which he must thank himself, none is so poor to do him reverence. He resembles the opium eaters whom travellers describe as frequenting the bazaars of Constantinople, who skulk about all day, the most pitiful drivellers, yellow, emaciated, ragged, sneaking; then at evening, when the bazaars are open, they slink to the opium-shop, swallow their morsel and become tranquil, glorious and great. And who has not seen the tragedy of imprudent genius struggling for years with paltry pecuniary difficulties, at last sinking, chilled, exhausted and fruitless, like a giant slaughtered by pins?

Is it not better that a man should accept the first pains and mortifications of this sort, which nature is not slack in sending him, as hints that he must expect no other good than the just fruit of his own labor and self-denial? Health, bread, climate, social position, have their importance, and he will give them their due. Let him esteem Nature a perpetual counsellor, and her perfections the exact measure of our deviations. Let him make the night night, and the day day. Let him control the habit of expense. Let him see that as much wisdom may be expended on a private economy as on an empire, and as much wisdom may be drawn from it. The laws of the world are written out for him on every piece of money in his hand. There is nothing he will not be the better for knowing, were it only the wisdom of Poor Richard,[681] or the State-street[682] prudence of buying by the acre to sell by the foot; or the thrift of the agriculturist, to stick[683] in a tree between whiles, because it will grow whilst he sleeps; or the prudence which consists in husbanding little strokes of the tool, little portions of time, particles of stock and small gains. The eye of prudence may never shut. Iron, if kept at the ironmonger's, will rust; beer, if not brewed in the right state of the atmosphere, will sour; timber of ships will rot at sea, or if laid up high and dry, will strain, warp and dry-rot. Money, if kept by us, yields no rent and is liable to loss; if invested, is liable to depreciation of the particular kind of stock. Strike, says the smith, the iron is white. Keep the rake, says the haymaker, as nigh the scythe as you can, and the cart as nigh the rake. Our Yankee trade is reputed to be very much on the extreme of this prudence. It saves itself by its activity. It takes bank notes,--good, bad, clean, ragged, and saves itself by the speed with which it passes them off. Iron cannot rust, nor beer sour, nor timber rot, nor calicoes go out of fashion, nor money stocks depreciate, in the few swift moments in which the Yankee suffers any one of them to remain in his possession. In skating over thin ice our safety is in our speed.

Let him learn a prudence of a higher strain. Let him learn that everything in nature, even motes and feathers, go by law and not by luck, and that what he sows he reaps. By diligence and self-command let him put the bread he eats at his own disposal, and not at that of others, that he may not stand in bitter and false relations to other men; for the best good of wealth is freedom. Let him practise the minor virtues.[684] How much of human life is lost in waiting! Let him not make his fellow creatures wait. How many words and promises are promises of conversation! Let his be words of fate. When he sees a folded and sealed scrap of paper float around the globe in a pine ship and come safe to the eye for which it was written, amidst a swarming population, let him likewise feel the admonition to integrate his being across all these distracting forces, and keep a slender human word among the storms, distances and accidents that drive us hither and thither, and, by persistency, make the paltry force of one man reappear to redeem its pledge after months and years in the most distant climates.

We must not try to write the laws of any one virtue, looking at that only. Human nature loves no contradictions, but is symmetrical. The prudence which secures an outward well-being is not to be studied by one set of men, whilst heroism and holiness are studied by another, but they are reconcilable. Prudence concerns the present time, persons, property and existing forms. But as every fact hath its roots in the soul, and, if the soul were changed, would cease to be, or would become some other thing, therefore the proper administration of outward things will always rest on a just apprehension of their cause and origin; that is, the good man will be the wise man, and the single-hearted the politic man. Every violation of truth is not only a sort of suicide in the liar, but is a stab at the health of human society. On the most profitable lie the course of events presently lays a destructive tax; whilst frankness proves to be the best tactics, for it invites frankness, puts the parties on a convenient footing and makes their business a friendship. Trust men and they will be true to you; treat them greatly and they will show themselves great, though they make an exception in your favor to all their rules of trade.

So, in regard to disagreeable and formidable things, prudence does not consist in evasion or in flight, but in courage. He who wishes to walk in the most peaceful parts of life with any serenity must screw himself up to resolution. Let him front the object of his worst apprehension, and his stoutness will commonly make his fears groundless. The Latin proverb says,[685] "in battles the eye is first overcome." The eye is daunted and greatly exaggerates the perils of the hour. Entire self-possession may make a battle very little more dangerous to life than a match at foils or at football. Examples are cited by soldiers of men who have seen the cannon pointed and the fire given to it, and who have stepped aside from the path of the ball. The terrors of the storm are chiefly confined to the parlor and the cabin. The drover, the sailor, buffets it all day, and his health renews itself at as vigorous a pulse under the sleet

as under the sun of June.

In the occurrence of unpleasant things among neighbors, fear comes readily to heart and magnifies the consequence of the other party; but it is a bad counsellor. Every man is actually weak and apparently strong. To himself he seems weak; to others formidable. You are afraid of Grim; but Grim also is afraid of you. You are solicitous of the good will of the meanest person, uneasy at his ill will. But the sturdiest offender of your peace and of the neighborhood, if you rip up _his_ claims, is as thin and timid as any; and the peace of society is often kept, because, as children say, one is afraid and the other dares not. Far off, men swell, bully and threaten: bring them hand to hand, and they are a feeble folk.

It is a proverb that "courtesy costs nothing"; but calculation might come to value love for its profit. Love is fabled to be blind, but kindness is necessary to perception; love is not a hood, but an eye-water. If you meet a sectary or a hostile partisan, never recognize the dividing lines, but meet on what common ground remains,--if only that the sun shines and the rain rains for both,--the area will widen very fast, and ere you know it, the boundary mountains on which the eye had fastened have melted into air. If he set out to contend,[686] almost St. Paul will lie, almost St. John will hate. What low, poor, paltry, hypocritical people an argument on religion will make of the pure and chosen souls. Shuffle they will and crow, crook and hide, feign to confess here, only that they may brag and conquer there, and not a thought has enriched either party, and not an emotion of bravery, modesty, or hope. So neither should you put yourself in a false position to your contemporaries by indulging a vein of hostility and bitterness. Though your views are in straight antagonism[687] to theirs, assume an identity of sentiment, assume that you are saying precisely that which all think, and in the flow of wit and love roll out your paradoxes in solid column, with not the infirmity of a doubt. So at least shall you get an adequate deliverance. The natural emotions of the soul are so much better than the voluntary ones that you will never do yourself justice in dispute. The thought is not then taken hold of by the right handle, does not show itself proportioned and in its true bearings, but bears extorted, hoarse, and half witness. But assume a consent and it shall presently be granted, since really and underneath their all external diversities, all men are of one heart and mind.

Wisdom will never let us stand with any man or men on an unfriendly footing. We refuse sympathy and intimacy with people, as if we waited for some better sympathy and intimacy to come. But whence and when? To-morrow will be like to-day. Life wastes itself whilst we are preparing to live. Our friends and fellow-workers die off from us. Scarcely can we say we see new men, new women, approaching us. We are too old to regard fashion, too old to expect patronage of any greater or more powerful. Let us suck the sweetness of those affections and consuetudes[688] that grow near us. These old shoes are easy to the feet. Undoubtedly we can easily pick faults in our company, can easily whisper names prouder and that tickle the fancy more. Every man's imagination hath its friends; and pleasant would life be with such companions. But if you cannot have them on good mutual terms, you cannot have them. If not the Deity but our ambition hews and shapes the new relations, their virtue escapes, as strawberries lose their flavor in garden beds.

Thus truth, frankness, courage, love, humility, and all the virtues range themselves on the side of prudence, or the art of securing a present well-being. I do not know if all matter will be found to be made of one element, as oxygen or hydrogen, at last, but the world of manners and actions is wrought of one stuff, and begin where we will[689] we are pretty sure in a short space to be mumbling our ten commandments.

CIRCLES.[690]

The eye is the first circle; the horizon which it forms is the second; and throughout nature this primary picture is repeated without end. It is the highest emblem in the cipher of the world. St. Augustine[691] described the nature of God as a circle whose centre was everywhere and its circumference nowhere. We are all our lifetime reading the copious sense of this first of forms. One moral we have already deduced in considering the circular or compensatory character of every human action. Another analogy we shall now trace, that every action admits of being outdone. Our life is an apprenticeship to the truth that around every circle another can be drawn; that there is no end in nature, but every end is a beginning; that there is always another dawn risen on mid-noon,[692] and under every deep a lower deep opens.

This fact, as far as it symbolizes the moral fact of the Unattainable, the flying Perfect, around which the hands of man can never meet, at once the inspirer and the condemner of every success, may conveniently serve us to connect many illustrations of human power in every department.

There are no fixtures in nature. The universe is fluid and volatile. Permanence is but a word of degrees. Our globe seen by God is a transparent law, not a mass of facts. The law dissolves the fact and holds its fluid. Our culture is the predominance of an idea which draws after it all this train of cities and institutions. Let us rise into another idea; they will disappear. The Greek sculpture[693] is all melted away, as if it had been statues of ice: here and there a solitary figure or fragment remaining, as we see flecks and scraps of snow left in cold dells and mountain clefts in June and July. For the genius that created it creates now somewhat else. The Greek letters[694] last a little longer, but are already passing under the same sentence and tumbling into the inevitable pit which the creation of new thought opens for all that is old. The new continents are built out of the ruins of an old planet; the new races fed out of the decomposition of the foregoing. New arts destroy the old.[695] See the investment of capital in aqueducts, made useless by hydraulics; fortifications, by gunpowder; roads and canals, by railways; sails, by steam; steam, by electricity.

You admire this tower of granite, weathering the hurts of so many ages. Yet a little waving hand built this huge wall, and that which builds is better than that which is built. The hand that built can topple it down much faster. Better than the hand and nimbler was the invisible thought which wrought through it; and thus ever, behind the coarse effect, is a fine cause, which, being narrowly seen, is itself the effect of a finer cause. Everything looks permanent until its secret is known. A rich estate appears to women and children a firm and lasting fact; to a merchant, one easily created out of any materials, and easily lost. An orchard, good tillage, good grounds, seem a fixture, like a gold mine, or a river, to a citizen; but to a large farmer, not much more fixed than the state of the crop. Nature looks provokingly stable and secular, but it has a cause like all the rest; and when once I comprehend that, will these fields stretch so immovably wide, these leaves hang so individually considerable? Permanence is a word of degrees. Every thing is medial. Moons are no more bounds to spiritual power than bat-balls.

The key to every man is his thought. Sturdy and defying though he look, he has a helm which he obeys, which is the idea after which all his facts are classified. He can only be reformed by showing him a new idea which commands his own. The life of man is a self-evolving circle,[696] which, from a ring imperceptibly small, rushes on all sides outwards to new and larger circles, and that without end. The extent to which this generation of circles, wheel without wheel, will go, depends on the force or truth of the individual soul. For it is the inert effort of each thought, having formed itself into a circular wave of circumstance, as for instance an empire, rules of an art, a local usage, a religious rite, to heap itself on that ridge and to solidify and hem in the life. But if the soul is quick and strong it bursts over that boundary on all sides and expands another orbit on the great deep, which also runs up into a high wave, with attempt again to stop and to bind. But the heart refuses to be imprisoned;[697] in its first and narrowest pulses it already tends outward with a vast force and to immense and innumerable expansions.

Every ultimate fact is only the first of a new series. Every general law only a particular fact of some more general law presently to disclose itself. There is no outside, no inclosing wall, no circumference to us. The man finishes his story,--how good! how final! how it puts a new face on all things! He fills the sky. Lo, on the other side rises also a man and draws a circle around the circle we had just pronounced the outline of the sphere. Then already is our first speaker not man, but only a first speaker. His only redress is forthwith to draw a circle outside of his antagonist. And so men do by themselves. The result of to-day, which haunts the mind and cannot be escaped will presently be abridged into a word, and the principle that seemed to explain nature will itself be included as one example of a bolder generalization. In the thought of to-morrow there is a power to upheave all thy creed, all the creeds, all the literatures of the nations, and marshal thee to a heaven which no epic dream has yet depicted. Every man is not so much a workman in the world as he is a suggestion of that he should be. Men walk as prophecies of the next age.

Step by step we scale this mysterious ladder; the steps are actions, the new prospect is power. Every several result is threatened and judged by that which follows. Every one seems to be contradicted by the new; it is only limited by the new. The new statement is always hated by the old, and, to those dwelling in the old, comes like an abyss of scepticism. But the eye soon gets wonted to it, for the eye and it are effects of one cause; then its innocency and benefit appear, and presently, all its energy spent, it pales and dwindles before the revelation of the new hour.

Fear not the new generalization. Does the fact look crass[698] and material, threatening to degrade thy theory of spirit? Resist it not; it goes to refine and raise thy theory of matter just as much.

There are no fixtures to men, if we appeal to consciousness. Every man supposes himself not to be fully understood; and if there is any truth in him, if he rests at last on the divine soul, I see not how it can be otherwise. The last chamber, the last closet, he must feel was never opened; there is always a residuum unknown, unanalyzable. That is, every man believes that he has a greater possibility.

Our moods do not believe in each other. To-day I am full of thoughts and can write what I please. I see no reason why I should not have the same thought, the same power of expression, to-morrow. What I write, whilst I write it, seems the most natural thing in the world: but yesterday I saw a dreary vacuity in this direction in which now I see so much; and a month hence, I doubt not, I shall wonder who he was that wrote so many continuous pages. Alas for this infirm faith, this will not strenuous, this vast ebb of a vast flow! I am God in nature; I am a weed by the wall.

The continual effort to raise himself above himself,[699] to work a pitch above his last height, betrays itself in a man's relations. We thirst for approbation, yet cannot forgive the approver. The sweet of nature is love; yet if I have a friend I am tormented by my imperfections. The love of me accuses the other party. If he were high enough[700] to slight me, then could I love him, and rise by my affection to new heights. A man's growth is seen in the successive choirs of his friends. For every friend whom he loses for truth, he gains a better. I thought as I walked in the woods and mused on any friends, why should I play with them this game of idolatry? I know and see too well, when not voluntarily blind, the speedy limits of persons called high and worthy. Rich, noble and great they are by the liberality of our speech, but truth is sad. O blessed Spirit, whom I forsake for these, they are not thee! Every personal consideration that we allow costs us heavenly state. We sell the thrones of angels for a short and turbulent pleasure.

How often must we learn this lesson? Men cease to interest us when we find their limitations. The only sin is limitation. As soon as you once come up with a man's limitations, it is all over with him. Has he talents? has he enterprises? has he knowledge? It boots not. Infinitely alluring and attractive was he to you yesterday, a great hope, a sea to swim in; now, you have found his shores, found it a pond, and you care not if you never see it again.

Each new step we take in thought reconciles twenty seemingly discordant facts, as expressions of one law. Aristotle and Plato[701] are reckoned the respective heads of two schools. A wise man will see that Aristotle platonizes. By going one step farther back in thought, discordant opinions are reconciled by being seen to be two extremes of one principle, and we can never go so far back as to preclude a still higher vision.

Beware when the great God lets loose a thinker on this planet. Then all things are at risk. It is as when a conflagration has broken out in a great city, and no man knows what is safe, or where it will end. There is not a piece of science but its flank may be turned to-morrow; there is not any literary reputation, not the so-called eternal names of fame, that may not be revised and condemned. The very hopes of man, the thoughts of his heart, the religion of nations, the manners and morals of mankind are all at the mercy of a new generalization. Generalization is always a new influx of the divinity into the mind. Hence the thrill that attends it.

Valor consists in the power of self-recovery, so that a man cannot have his flank turned, cannot be out-generalled, but put him where you will, he stands. This can only be by his preferring truth to his past apprehension of truth, and his alert acceptance of it from whatever quarter; the intrepid conviction that his laws, his relations to society, his Christianity, his world, may at any time be superseded and decease.

There are degrees in idealism. We learn first to play with it academically, as the magnet was once a toy. Then we see in the heyday of youth and poetry that it may be true, that it is true in gleams and fragments. Then, its countenance waxes stern and grand, and we see that it must be true. It now shows itself ethical and practical. We learn that God is; that he is in me; and that all things are shadows of him. The idealism of Berkeley[702] is only a crude statement of the idealism of Jesus, and that again is a crude statement of the fact that all nature is the rapid efflux of goodness executing and organizing itself. Much more obviously is history and the state of the world at any one time directly dependent on the intellectual classification then existing in the minds of men. The things which are dear to men at this hour are so on account of the ideas which have emerged on their mental horizon, and which cause the present order of things, as a tree bears its apples. A new degree of culture would instantly revolutionize the entire system of human pursuits.

Conversation is a game of circles. In conversation we pluck up the _termini_[703] which bound the common of silence on every side. The parties are not to be judged by the spirit they partake and even express under this Pentecost.[704] To-morrow they will have receded from this high-water mark. To-morrow you shall find them stooping under the old pack-saddles. Yet let us enjoy the cloven flame whilst it glows on our walls. When each new speaker strikes a new light, emancipates us from the oppression of the last speaker to oppress us with the greatness and exclusiveness of his own thought, then yields us to another redeemer, we seem to recover our rights, to become men. O, what truths profound and executable only in ages and orbs, are supposed in the announcement of every truth! In common hours, society sits cold and statuesque. We all stand waiting, empty,--knowing, possibly, that we can be full, surrounded by mighty symbols which are not symbols to us, but prose and trivial toys. Then cometh the god and

converts the statues into fiery men, and by a flash of his eye burns up the veil which shrouded all things, and the meaning of the very furniture, of cup and saucer, of chair and clock and tester, is manifest. The facts which loomed so large in the fogs of yesterday,--property, climate, breeding, personal beauty and the like, have strangely changed their proportions. All that we reckoned settled shakes and rattles; and literatures, cities, climates, religions, leave their foundations and dance before our eyes. And yet here again see the swift circumscription! Good as is discourse, silence is better, and shames it. The length of the discourse indicates the distance of thought betwixt the speaker and the hearer. If they were at a perfect understanding in any part, no words would be necessary thereon. If at one in all parts, no words would be suffered.

Literature is a point outside of our hodiernal[705] circle through which a new one may be described. The use of literature is to afford us a platform whence we may command a view of our present life, a purchase by which we may move it. We fill ourselves with ancient learning, install ourselves the best we can in Greek, in Punic,[706] in Roman houses, only that we may wiselier see French, English and American houses and modes of living. In like manner[707] we see literature best from the midst of wild nature, or from the din of affairs, or from a high religion. The field cannot be well seen from within the field. The astronomer must have his diameter of the earth's orbit as a base to find the parallax of any star.

Therefore we value the poet. All the argument and all the wisdom is not in the encyclopædia, or the treatise on metaphysics, or the Body of Divinity, but in the sonnet or the play. In my daily work I incline to repeat my old steps, and do not believe in remedial force, in the power of change and reform. But some Petrarch[708] or Ariosto,[709] filled with the new wine of his imagination, writes me an ode or a brisk romance, full of daring thought and action. He smites and arouses me with his shrill tones, breaks up my whole chain of habits, and I open my eye on my own possibilities. He claps wings to the sides of all the solid old lumber of the world, and I am capable once more of choosing a straight path in theory and practice.

We have the same need to command a view of the religion of the world. We can never see Christianity from the catechism:--from the pastures, from a boat in the pond, from amidst the songs of wood-birds we possibly may. Cleansed by the elemental light and wind, steeped in the sea of beautiful forms which the field offers us, we may chance to cast a right glance back upon biography. Christianity is rightly dear to the best of mankind; yet was there never a young philosopher whose breeding had fallen into the Christian church by whom that brave text of Paul's was not specially prized, "Then shall also the Son be subject unto Him who put all things under him, that God may be all in all."[710] Let the claims and virtues of persons be never so great and welcome, the instinct of man presses eagerly onward to the impersonal and illimitable, and gladly arms itself against the dogmatism of bigots with this generous word out of the book itself.

The natural world may be conceived of as a system of concentric circles, and we now and then detect in nature slight dislocations which apprize us that this surface on which we now stand is not fixed, but sliding. These manifold tenacious qualities,[711] this chemistry and vegetation, these metals and animals, which seem to stand there for their own sake, are means and methods only, are words of God, and as fugitive as other words. Has the naturalist or chemist learned his craft, who has explored the gravity of atoms and the elective affinities, who has not yet discerned the deeper law whereof this is only a partial or approximate statement, namely that like draws to like, and that the goods which belong to you gravitate to you and need not be pursued with pains and cost? Yet is that statement approximate also, and not final. Omnipresence is a higher fact. Not through subtle subterranean channels need friend and fact be drawn to their counterpart, but, rightly considered, these things proceed from the eternal generation of the soul. Cause and effect are two sides of one fact.

The same law of eternal procession ranges all that we call the virtues, and extinguishes each in the light of a better. The great man will not be prudent in the popular sense; all his prudence will be so much deduction from his grandeur. But it behooves each to see, when he sacrifices prudence, to what god he devotes it; if to ease and pleasure, he had better be prudent still; if to a great trust, he can well spare his mule and panniers who has a winged chariot instead. Geoffrey draws on his boots to go through the woods, that his feet may be safer from the bite of snakes; Aaron never thinks of such a peril. In many years neither is harmed by such an accident. Yet it seems to me that with every precaution you take against such an evil you put yourself into the power of the evil. I suppose that the highest prudence is the lowest prudence. Is this too sudden a rushing from the centre to the verge of our orbit? Think how many times we shall fall back into pitiful calculations before we take up our rest in the great sentiment, or make the verge of to-day the new centre. Besides, your bravest sentiment is familiar to the humblest men. The poor and the low have their way of expressing the last facts of philosophy as well as you. "Blessed be nothing" and "The worse things are, the better they are" are proverbs which express the transcendentalism of common life.

One man's justice is another's injustice; one man's beauty another's ugliness; one man's wisdom another's folly; as one beholds the same objects from a higher point of view. One man thinks justice consists in paying debts, and has no measure in his abhorrence of another who is very remiss in this duty and makes the creditor wait tediously. But that second man has his own way of looking at things; asks himself which debt must I pay first, the debt to the rich, or the debt to the poor? the debt of money, or the debt of thought to mankind, of genius to nature? For you, O broker, there is no other principle but arithmetic. For me, commerce is of trivial import; love, faith, truth of character, the aspiration of man, these are sacred; nor can I detach one duty, like you, from all other duties, and concentrate my forces mechanically on the payment of moneys. Let me live onward; you shall find that, though slower, the progress of my character will liquidate all these debts without injustice to higher claims. If a man should dedicate himself to the payment of notes, would not this be injustice? Owes he no debt but money? And are all claims on him to be postponed to a landlord's or a banker's?

There is no virtue which is final; all are initial. The virtues of society are vices of the saint. The terror of reform is the discovery that we must cast away our virtues, or what we have always esteemed such, into the same pit that has consumed our grosser vices.

Forgive his crimes, forgive his virtues too, Those smaller faults, half converts to the right.[712]

It is the highest power of divine moments that they abolish our contritions also. I accuse myself of sloth and unprofitableness day by day; but when these waves of God flow into me I no longer reckon lost time. I no longer poorly compute my possible achievement by what remains to me of the month or the year; for these moments confer a sort of omnipresence and omnipotence which asks nothing of duration, but sees that the energy of the mind is commensurate with the work to be done, without time.

And thus, O circular philosopher, I hear some reader exclaim, you have arrived at a fine pyrrhonism,[713] at an equivalence and indifferency of all actions, and would fain teach us that _if we are true_, forsooth, our crimes may be lively stones out of which we shall construct the temple of the true God.

I am not careful to justify myself. I own I am gladdened[714] by seeing the predominance of the saccharine principle throughout vegetable nature, and not less by beholding in morals that unrestrained inundation of the principle of good into every chink and hole that selfishness has left open, yea into selfishness and sin itself; so that no evil is pure, nor hell itself without its extreme satisfactions. But lest I should mislead any when I have my own head and obey my whims, let me remind the reader that I am only an experimenter. Do not set the least value on what I do, or the least discredit on what I do not, as if I pretended to settle anything as true or false. I unsettle all things. No facts are to me sacred; none are profane; I simply experiment, an endless seeker with no Past at my back.

Yet this incessant movement and progression which all things partake could never become sensible to us but by contrast to some principle of fixture or stability in the soul. Whilst the eternal generation of circles proceeds, the eternal generator abides. That central life is somewhat superior to creation, superior to knowledge and thought, and contains all its circles. For ever it labors to create a life and thought as large and excellent as itself; but in vain; for that which is made instructs how to make a better.

Thus there is no sleep, no pause, no preservation, but all things renew, germinate and spring. Why should we import rags and relics into the new hour? Nature abhors the old, and old age seems the only disease: all others run into this one. We call it by many names,--fever, intemperance, insanity, stupidity and crime: they are all forms of old age: they are rest, conservatism, appropriation, inertia; not newness, not the way onward. We grizzle every day. I see no need of it. Whilst we converse with what is above us, we do not grow old, but grow young. Infancy, youth, receptive, aspiring, with religious eye looking upward, counts itself nothing and abandons itself to the instruction flowing from all sides. But the man and woman of seventy assume to know all; throw up their hope; renounce aspiration; accept the actual for the necessary and talk down to the young. Let them then become organs of the Holy Ghost; let them be lovers; let them behold truth; and their eyes are uplifted, their wrinkles smoothed, they are perfumed again with hope and power. This old age ought not to creep on a human mind. In nature every moment is new; the past is always swallowed and forgotten; the coming only is sacred. Nothing is secure but life, transition, the energizing spirit. No love can be bound by oath or covenant to secure it against a higher love. No truth so sublime but it may be trivial to-morrow in the light of new thoughts. People wish to be settled: only as far as they are unsettled is there any hope for them.

Life is a series of surprises. We do not guess to-day the mood, the pleasure, the power of to-morrow, when we are building up our being. Of lower states,--of acts of routine and sense, we can tell somewhat, but the masterpieces of God, the total growths and universal movements of the soul, he hideth; they are incalculable. I can know that truth is divine and helpful; but how it shall help me I can have no guess, for _so to be_ is the sole inlet of _so to know_. The new position of the advancing man has all the powers

of the old, yet has them all new. It carries in its bosom all the energies of the past, yet is itself an exhalation of the morning. I cast away in this new moment all my once hoarded knowledge, as vacant and vain. Now for the first time seem I to know any thing rightly. The simplest words,--we do not know what they mean except when we love and aspire.

The difference between talents and character is adroitness to keep the old and trodden round, and power and courage to make a new road to new and better goals. Character makes an overpowering present, a cheerful, determined hour, which fortifies all the company by making them see that much is possible and excellent that was not thought of. Character dulls the impression of particular events. When we see the conqueror we do not think much of any one battle or success. We see that we had exaggerated the difficulty. It was easy to him. The great man is not convulsible or tormentable. He is so much that events pass over him without much impression. People say sometimes, "See what I have overcome; see how cheerful I am; see how completely I have triumphed over these black events." Not if they still remind me of the black event,--they have not yet conquered. Is it conquest to be a gay and decorated sepulchre, or a half-crazed widow, hysterically laughing? True conquest is the causing the black event to fade and disappear as an early cloud of insignificant result in a history so large and advancing.

The one thing which we seek with insatiable desire is to forget ourselves, to be surprised out of our propriety, to lose our sempiternal[715] memory and to do something without knowing how or why; in short to draw a new circle. Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm. The way of life is wonderful. It is by abandonment. The great moments of history are the facilities of performance through the strength of ideas, as the works of genius and religion. "A man," said Oliver Cromwell,[716] "never rises so high as when he knows not whither he is going." Dreams and drunkenness, the use of opium and alcohol are the semblance and counterfeit of this oracular genius, and hence their dangerous attraction for men. For the like reason they ask the aid of wild passions, as in the gaming and war, ape in some manner these flames and generosities of the heart.

NOTES

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

[Footnote 1: Games of strength. The public games of Greece were athletic and intellectual contests of various kinds. There were four of importance: the Olympic, held every four years; the Pythian, held every third Olympic year; and the Nemean and Isthmian, held alternate years between the Olympic periods. These great national festivals exercised a strong influence in Greece. They were a secure bond of union between the numerous independent states and did much to help the nation to repel its foreign invaders. In Greece the accomplished athlete was reverenced almost as a god, and cases have been recorded where altars were erected and sacrifices made in his honor. The extreme care and cultivation of the body induced by this national spirit is one of the most significant features of Greek culture, and one which might wisely be imitated in the modern world.]

[Footnote 2: Troubadours. In southern France during the eleventh century, wandering poets went from castle to castle reciting or singing love-songs, composed in the old Provençal dialect, a sort of vulgarized Latin. The life in the great feudal chateaux was so dull that the lords and ladies seized with avidity any amusement which promised to while away an idle hour. The troubadours were made much of and became a strong element in the development of the Southern spirit. So-called Courts of Love were formed where questions of an amorous nature were discussed in all their bearings; learned opinions were expressed on the most trivial matters, and offenses were tried.

Some of the Provençal poetry is of the highest artistic significance, though the mass of it is worthless high-flown trash.]

[Footnote 3: At the time this oration was delivered (1837), many of the authors who have since given America a place in the world's literature were young men writing their first books. "We were," says James Russell Lowell, "still socially and intellectually moored to English thought, till Emerson cut the cable and gave us a chance at the dangers and glories of blue water."]

[Footnote 4: Pole-star. Polaris is now the nearest conspicuous star to the north pole of the celestial equator. Owing to the motion of the pole of the celestial equator around that of the ecliptic, this star will in course of time recede from its proud position, and the brilliant star Vega in the constellation Harp will become the pole-star.]

[Footnote 5: It is now a well-recognized fact in the development of animal life that as any part of the body falls into disuse it in time disappears. Good examples of this are the disappearance of powerful fangs from the mouth of man, the loss of power in the wings of barnyard fowls; and, _vice versa_, as new uses for a member arise, its structure changes to meet the new needs. An example of this is the transformation from the hoof of a horse through the cloven hoofs of the cow to the eventual development of highly expert

fingers in the monkey and man. Emerson assumed the doctrine of evolution to be sufficiently established by the anatomical evidence of gradual development. In his own words: "Man is no up-start in the creation. His limbs are only a more exquisite organization--say rather the finish--of the rudimental forms that have been already sweeping the sea and creeping in the mud. The brother of his hand is even now cleaving the arctic sea in the fin of the whale, and innumerable ages since was pawing the marsh in the flipper of the saurian." A view afterwards condensed into his memorable couplet:

"Striving to be man, the worm Mounts through all the spires of form."]

[Footnote 6: Stint. A prescribed or allotted task, a share of labor.]

[Footnote 7: Ridden. Here used in the sense of dominated.]

[Footnote 8: Monitory pictures. Instructive warning pictures.]

[Footnote 9: The Greek stoic philosopher Epictetus is the author of this saying, not "the old oracle." It occurs in the Encheiridion, or manual, a work put together by a pupil of Epictetus. The original saying of Epictetus is as follows: "Every thing has two handles, the one by which it may be borne, the other by which it may not. If your brother acts unjustly, do not lay hold of the act by that handle wherein he acts unjustly, for this is the handle which cannot be borne: but lay hold of the other, that he is your brother, that he was nurtured with you, and you will lay hold of the thing by that handle by which it can be borne."]

[Footnote 10: Every day, the sun (shines).]

[Footnote 11: Beholden. Emerson here uses this past participle with its original meaning instead of in its present sense of "indebted."]

[Footnote 12: Here we have a reminder of Emerson's pantheism. He means the inexplicable continuity "of what I call God, and fools nature," as Browning expressed it.]

[Footnote 13: His expanding knowledge will become a creator.]

[Footnote 14: Know thyself. Plutarch ascribes this saying to Plato. It is also ascribed to Pythagoras, Chilo, Thales, Cleobulus, Bias, and Socrates; also to Phemonië, a mythical Greek poetess of the ante-Homeric period. Juvenal (Satire XI. 27) says that this precept descended from heaven. "Know thyself" and "Nothing too much" were inscribed upon the Delphic oracle.

"Know then thyself, presume not God to scan; The proper study of mankind is man."

]

[Footnote 15: Observe the brisk movement of these sentences. How they catch and hold the attention, giving a new impulse to the reader's interest!]

[Footnote 16: Nature abhors a vacuum.]

[Footnote 17: Noxious. Harmful.]

[Footnote 18: John Locke (1632-1704), an English philosopher whose work was of especial significance in the development of modern philosophy. The work he is best known by is the exhaustive "Essay on the Human Understanding," in which he combated the theory of Descartes, that every man has certain "innate ideas." The innate-idea theory was first proved by the philosopher Descartes in this way. Descartes began his speculations from a standpoint of absolute doubt. Then he said, "I think, therefore I am," and from this formula he built up a number of ideas innate to the human mind, ideas which we cannot but hold. Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding" did much to discredit Descartes' innate ideas, which had been very generally accepted in Europe before.]

[Footnote 19: Francis Bacon, Baron Verulam, Viscount Saint Alban's (1561-1626), a famous English statesman and philosopher. He occupied high public offices, but in 1621 was convicted of taking bribes in his office of Lord Chancellor. He pleaded guilty and was sentenced to imprisonment and a fine of forty thousand pounds. Both these sentences were remitted, however. In the seventeenth century, judicial corruption was so common that Bacon's offence was not considered so gross as it would now be. As a philosopher Bacon's rank has been much disputed. While some claim that to his improved method of studying nature are chiefly to be attributed the prodigious strides taken by modern science, others deny him all merit in this respect. His best known works are:

"The Novum Organum," a philosophical treatise; "The Advancement of Learning," a remarkable argument in favor of scholarship; and the short essays on subjects of common interest, usually printed under the simple title "Bacon's Essays."]

[Footnote 20: Third Estate. The thirteenth century was the age when the national assemblies of most European countries were putting on their definite shape. In most of them the system of _estates_ prevailed. These in most countries were three--nobles, clergy, and commons, the commons being the third estate. During the French Revolution the Third Estate, or Tiers Etat, asserted its rights and became a powerful factor in French politics, choosing its own leaders and effecting the downfall of its oppressors.]

[Footnote 21: Restorers of readings. Men who spend their lives trying to improve and correct the texts of classical authors, by comparing the old editions with each other and picking out the version which seem most in accordance with the authors' original work.]

[Footnote 22: Emendators. The same as restorers of readings.]

[Footnote 23: Bibliomaniacs. Men with a mania for collecting rare and beautiful books. Not a bad sort of mania, though Emerson never had any sympathy for it.]

[Footnote 24: To many readers Emerson's own works richly fulfill this obligation. He himself lived continually in such a lofty mental atmosphere that no one can come within the circle of his influence without being stimulated and elevated.]

[Footnote 25: Genius, the possession of a thoroughly active soul, ought not to be the special privilege of favorites of fortune, but the right of every sound man.]

[Footnote 26: They stunt my mental growth. A man should not accept another man's conclusions, but merely use them as steps on his upward path.]

[Footnote 27: If you do not employ such talent as you have in original labor, in bearing the mental fruit of which you are capable, then you do not vindicate your claim to a share in the divine nature.]

[Footnote 28: Disservice. Injury.]

[Footnote 29: In original composition of any sort our efforts naturally flow in the channels worn for us by the first dominating streams of early genius. The conventional is the continual foe of all true art.]

[Footnote 30: Emerson is continually stimulating us to look at things in new ways. Here, for instance, at once the thought comes: "Is it not perhaps possible that the transcendent genius of Shakespeare has been rather noxious than beneficent in its influence on the mind of the world? Has not the all-pervading Shakespearian influence flooded and drowned out a great deal of original genius?"]

[Footnote 31: That is,--when in his clear, seeing moments he can distil some drops of truth from the world about him, let him not waste his time in studying other men's records of what they have seen.]

[Footnote 32: While Emerson's verse is frequently unmusical, in his prose we often find passages like this instinct with the fairest poetry.]

[Footnote 33: Geoffrey Chaucer (1340-1400). The father of English poetry. Chaucer's chief work is the "Canterbury Tales," a series of stories told by pilgrims traveling in company to Canterbury. Coleridge, the poet, wrote of Chaucer: "I take unceasing delight in Chaucer; his manly cheerfulness is especially delicious to me in my old age. How exquisitely tender he is, yet how free from the least touch of sickly melancholy or morbid drooping." Chaucer's poetry is above all things fresh. It breathes of the morning of literature. Like Homer he had at his command all the riches of a new language undefiled by usage from which to choose.

"Dan Chaucer, well of English undefyled, On Fame's eternall beadroll worthie to be fyled."

]

[Footnote 34: Andrew Marvell (1620-1678). An eminent English patriot and satirist. As a writer he is chiefly known by his "Rehearsal Transposed," written in answer to a fanatical defender of absolute power. When a young man he was assistant to the poet Milton, who was then Latin secretary to Oliver Cromwell. Marvell's wit and distinguished abilities rendered him formidable to the corrupt administration of Charles II., who attempted without success to buy his friendship. Emerson's literary perspective is a bit unusual when he speaks of Marvell as "one of the great English poets." Marvell hardly ranks with Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton.]

[Footnote 35: John Dryden (1631-1700). A celebrated English poet. Early in life he wrote almost entirely for the stage and achieved great success. In the latter part of his life, however, according to Macaulay, he "turned his powers in a new direction with success the most splendid and decisive. The first rank in poetry was beyond his reach, but he secured the most honorable place in the second.... With him died the secret of the old poetical diction of England,--the art of producing rich effects by familiar words."]

[Footnote 36: Plato (429-347 B.C.). One of the most illustrious philosophers of all time. Probably no other philosopher has contributed so much as Plato to the moral and intellectual training of the human race. This pre-eminence is due not solely to his transcendent intellect, but also in no small measure to his poetic power and to that unrivaled grace of style which led the ancients to say that if Jove should speak Greek he would speak like Plato. He was a remarkable example of that universal culture of body and mind which characterized the last period of ancient Greece. He was proficient in every branch of art and learning and was such a brilliant athlete that he contended in the Isthmian and Pythian games.]

[Footnote 37: Gowns. The black gown worn occasionally in America and always in England at the universities; the distinctive academic dress is a cap and gown.]

[Footnote 38: Pecuniary foundations. Gifts of money for the support of institutions of learning.]

[Footnote 39: Wit is here used in its early sense of intellect, good understanding.]

[Footnote 40: Valetudinarian. A person of a weak, sickly constitution.]

[Footnote 41: Mincing. Affected.]

[Footnote 42: Preamble. A preface or introduction.]

[Footnote 43: Dumb abyss. That vast immensity of the universe about us which we can never understand.]

[Footnote 44: I comprehend its laws; I lose my fear of it.]

[Footnote 45: Silkworms feed on mulberry-leaves. Emerson describes what science calls "unconscious cerebration."]

[Footnote 46: Ripe fruit. Emerson's ripe fruit found its way into his diary, where it lay until he needed it in the preparation of some lecture or essay.]

[Footnote 47: I. Corinthians xv. 53.]

[Footnote 48: Empyrean. The region of pure light and fire; the ninth heaven of ancient astronomy.

"The deep-domed empyrean Rings to the roar of an angel onset."

]

[Footnote 49: Ferules. According to the methods of education fifty years ago, it was quite customary for the teacher to punish a school-child with his ferule or ruler.]

[Footnote 50: Oliver Wendell Holmes cites this last sentence as the most extreme development of the distinctively Emersonian style. Such things must be read not too literally but rapidly, with alert attention to what the previous train of thought has been.]

[Footnote 51: Savoyards. The people of Savoy, south of Lake Geneva in Switzerland.]

[Footnote 52: Emerson's style is characterized by the frequent use of pithy epigrams like this.]

[Footnote 53: Sir Isaac Newton (1642-1727). A great English philosopher and mathematician. He is famous as having discovered the law of gravitation.]

[Footnote 54: Unhandselled. Uncultivated, without natural advantages. A handsel is a gift.]

[Footnote 55: Druids. The ancient priesthood of the Britons in Cæsar's time. They had immense power among these primitive peoples. They were the judges as well as the priests and decided all questions. It is believed that they made human sacrifices to their gods in the depths of the primeval forest, but not much is known of their rites.]

[Footnote 56: Berserkers. Berserker was a redoubtable hero in Scandinavian mythology, the grandson of the eight-handed Starkodder and the beautiful Alfhilde. He had twelve sons who inherited the wild-battle frenzy, or berserker rage. The sagas, the great Scandinavian epics, are full of stories of heroes who are seized with this fierce longing for battle, murder, and sudden death. The name means bear-shirt and has been connected with the old _were-wolf_ tradition, the myth that certain people were able to change into man-devouring wolves with a wolfish mad desire to rend and kill.]

[Footnote 57: Alfred, surnamed the Great (848-901), king of the West Saxons in England. When he ascended the throne his country was in a deplorable condition from the repeated inroads of northern invaders. He eventually drove them out and established a secure government. England owes much to the efforts of Alfred. He not only fought his country's battles, but also founded schools, translated Latin books into his native tongue, and did much for the intellectual improvement of his people.]

[Footnote 58: The hoe and the spade. "In spite of Emerson's habit of introducing the names of agricultural objects into his writing ('Hay, corn, roots, hemp, flax, apples, wool, and wood' is a line from one of his poems), his familiarity therewith is evidently not so great as he would lead one to imagine. 'Take care, papa,' cried his little son, seeing him at work with a spade, 'you will dig your leg.'"]

[Footnote 59: John Flamsteed (1646-1719). An eminent English astronomer. He appears to have been the first to understand the theory of the equation of time. He passed his life in patient observation and determined the position of 2884 stars.]

[Footnote 60: Sir William Herschel (1738-1822). One of the greatest astronomers that any age or nation has produced. Brought up to the profession of music, it was not until he was thirty years old that he turned his attention to astronomy. By rigid economy he obtained a telescope, and in 1781 discovered the planet Uranus. This great discovery gave him great fame and other substantial advantages. He was made private astronomer to the king and received a pension. His discoveries were so far in advance of his time, they had so little relation with those of his predecessors, that he may almost be said to have created a new science by revealing the immensity of the scale on which the universe is constructed.]

[Footnote 61: Nebulous. In astronomy a nebula is a luminous patch in the heavens far beyond the solar system, composed of a mass of stars or condensed gases.]

[Footnote 62: Fetich. The word seems to have been applied by Portuguese sailors and traders on the west coast of Africa to objects worshiped by the natives, which were regarded as charms or talismans. Of course the word here means an object of blind admiration and devotion.]

[Footnote 63: Cry up, to praise, extol.]

[Footnote 64: Ancient and honorable. Isaiah ix. 15.]

[Footnote 65: Complement. What is needed to complete or fill up some quantity or thing.]

[Footnote 66: Signet. Seal. Emerson is not always felicitous in his choice of metaphors.]

[Footnote 67: Macdonald. In Cervantes' "Don Quixote," Sancho Panza, the squire to the "knight of the metaphysical countenance," tells a story of a gentleman who had asked a countryman to dine with him. The farmer was pressed to take his seat at the head of the table, and when he refused out of politeness to his host, the latter became impatient and cried: "Sit there, clod-pate, for let me sit wherever I will, that will still be the upper end, and the place of worship to thee." This saying is commonly attributed to Rob Roy, but Emerson with his usual inaccuracy in such matters places it in the mouth of Macdonald,--which Macdonald is uncertain.]

[Footnote 68: Carolus Linnæus (1707-1778). A great Swedish botanist. He did much to make botany the orderly science it now is.]

[Footnote 69: Sir Humphry Davy (1778-1829). The most famous of English chemists. The most important to mankind of his many discoveries was the safety-lamp to be used in mines where there is danger of explosion from fire-damp.]

[Footnote 70: Baron George Cuvier (1769-1832). An illustrious French philosopher, statesman, and writer who made many discoveries in the realm of natural history, geology and philosophy.]

[Footnote 71: The moon. The tides are caused by the attraction of the moon and the sun. The attraction of the moon for the water nearest the moon is somewhat greater than the attraction of the earth's center. This causes a slight bulging of the water toward the moon and a consequent high tide.]

[Footnote 72: Emerson frequently omits the principal verb of his sentences as here: "In a century _there may exist_ one or two men."]

[Footnote 73: This obscurely constructed sentence means: "For their acquiescence in a political and social inferiority the poor and low find some compensation in the immense moral capacity thereby gained."]

[Footnote 74: "They" refers to the hero or poet mentioned some twenty lines back.]

[Footnote 75: Comprehendeth. Here used in the original sense _to include_. The perfect man should be so thoroughly developed at every point that he will possess a share in the nature of every man.]

[Footnote 76: By the Classic age is generally meant the age of Greece and Rome; and by the Romantic is meant the middle ages.]

[Footnote 77: Introversion. Introspection is the more usual word to express the analytic self-searching so common in these days.]

[Footnote 78: Second thoughts. Emerson uses the word here in the same sense as the French _arrière-pensée_, a mental reservation.]

[Footnote 79:

"And thus the native hue of resolution Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." _Hamlet_, Act III, Sc. 1.

]

[Footnote 80: Movement. The French Revolution.]

[Footnote 81: Let every common object be credited with the diviner attributes which will class it among others of the same importance.]

[Footnote 82: Oliver Goldsmith (1728-1774). An eminent English poet and writer. He is best known by the comedy "She Stoops to Conquer," the poem "The Deserted Village," and the "Vicar of Wakefield." "Of all romances in miniature," says Schlegel, the great German critic, "the 'Vicar of Wakefield' is the most exquisite." It is probably the most popular English work of fiction in Germany.]

[Footnote 83: Robert Burns (1759-1796). A celebrated Scottish poet. The most striking characteristics of Burns' poetry are simplicity and intensity, in which he is scarcely, if at all, inferior to any of the greatest poets that have ever lived.]

[Footnote 84: William Cowper (1731-1800). One of the most popular of English poets. His poem "The Task" was probably more read in his day than any poem of equal length in the language. Cowper also made an excellent translation of Homer.]

[Footnote 85: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832). The most illustrious name in German literature; a great poet, dramatist, novelist, philosopher, and critic. The Germans regard Goethe with the same veneration we accord to Shakespeare. The colossal drama "Faust" is the most splendid product of his genius, though he wrote a large number of other plays and poems.]

[Footnote 86: William Wordsworth (1770-1850). By many considered the greatest of modern English poets. His descriptions of the ever-varying moods of nature are the most exquisite in the language. Matthew Arnold in his essay on Emerson says: "As Wordsworth's poetry is, in my judgment, the most important work done in verse in our language during the present century, so Emerson's 'Essays' are, I think, the most important work done in prose."]

[Footnote 87: Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881). A famous English essayist, historian, and speculative philosopher. It is scarcely too much to say that no other author of this century has exerted a greater influence not merely upon the literature but upon the mind of the English nation than Carlyle. Emerson was an intimate friend of Carlyle, and during the greater part of his life maintained a correspondence with the great Englishman. An interesting description of their meeting will be found among the "Critical Opinions" at the beginning of the work.]

[Footnote 88: Alexander Pope (1688-1744). The author of the "Essay on Criticism," "Rape of the Lock," the "Essay on Man," and other famous poems. Pope possessed little originality or creative imagination, but he had a vivid sense of the beautiful and an exquisite taste. He owed much of his popularity to the easy harmony of his verse and the keenness of his satire.]

[Footnote 89: Samuel Johnson (1709-1784). One of the eminent writers of the eighteenth century. He wrote "Lives of the Poets," poems, and probably the most remarkable work of the kind ever produced by a single person, an English dictionary.]

[Footnote 90: Edward Gibbon (1737-1794). One of the most distinguished of English historians. His great work is the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Carlyle called Gibbon, "the splendid bridge from the old world to the new."]

[Footnote 91: Emanuel Swedenborg (1688-1772). A great Swedish theologian, naturalist, and mathematician, and the founder of a religious sect which has since his death become prominent among the philosophical schools of Christianity.]

[Footnote 92: Johann Heinrich Pestalozzi (1746-1827). A Swiss teacher and educational reformer of great influence in his time.]

COMPENSATION

[Footnote 93: These lines are printed under the title of _Compensation_ in Emerson's collected poems. He has also another poem of eight lines with the same title.]

[Footnote 94: Documents, data, facts.]

[Footnote 95: This doctrine, which a little observation would confute, is still taught by some.]

[Footnote 96: Doubloons, Spanish and South American gold coins of the value of about $15.60 each.]

[Footnote 97: Polarity, that quality or condition of a body by virtue of which it exhibits opposite or contrasted properties in opposite or contrasted directions.]

[Footnote 98: Systole and diastole, the contraction and dilation of the heart and arteries.]

[Footnote 99: They are increased and consequently want more.]

[Footnote 100: Intenerate, soften.]

[Footnote 101: White House, the popular name of the presidential mansion at Washington.]

[Footnote 102: Explain the phrase _eat dust_.]

[Footnote 103: Overlook, oversee, superintend.]

[Footnote 104: Res nolunt, etc. Translated in the previous sentence.]

[Footnote 105: The world ... dew. Explain the thought. What gives the earth its shape?]

[Footnote 106: The microscope ... little. This statement is not in accordance with the facts, if we are to understand _perfect_ in the sense which the next sentence would suggest.]

[Footnote 107: Emerson has been considered a pantheist.]

[Footnote 108: _[Greek: Hoi kyboi]_, etc. The translation follows in the text. This old proverb is quoted by Sophocles, (Fragm. LXXIV.2) in the form:

[Greek: Aei gar eu piptousin oi Dios kyboi],

Emerson uses it in _Nature_ in the form "Nature's dice are always loaded."]

[Footnote 109: Amain, with full force, vigorously.]

[Footnote 110: The proverb is quoted by Horace, Epistles, I, X.24:

"Naturam expelles furca, tamen usque recurret."

A similar thought is expressed by Juvenal, Seneca, Cicero, and Aristophanes.]

[Footnote 111: Augustine, Confessions, B. I.]

[Footnote 112: Jupiter, the supreme god of the Romans, the Zeus of the Greeks.]

[Footnote 113: Tying up the hands. The expression is used figuratively, of course.]

[Footnote 114: The supreme power in England is vested in Parliament.]

[Footnote 115: Prometheus stole fire from heaven to benefit the race of men. In punishment for this Jupiter chained him to a rock and set an eagle to prey upon his liver. Some unknown and terrible danger threatened Jupiter, the secret of averting which only Prometheus knew. For this secret Jupiter offered him his freedom.]

[Footnote 116: Minerva, goddess of wisdom, who sprang full-armed from the brain of Jupiter. The secret which she held is told in the following lines.]

[Footnote 117: Aurora, goddess of the dawn. Enamored of Tithonus, she persuaded Jupiter to grant him immortality, but forgot to ask for him immortal youth. Read Tennyson's poem on _Tithonus_.]

[Footnote 118: Achilles, the hero of Homer's _Iliad_. His mother Thetis, to render him invulnerable, plunged him into the waters of the Styx. The heel by which she held him was not washed by the waters and remained vulnerable. Here he received a mortal wound.]

[Footnote 119: Siegfried, hero of the Nibelungenlied, the old German epic poem. Having slain a dragon, he bathed in its blood and became covered with an invulnerable horny hide, only one small spot between his shoulders which was covered by a leaf remaining vulnerable. Into this spot the treacherous Hagen plunged his lance.]

[Footnote 120: Nemesis, a Greek female deity, goddess of retribution, who visited the righteous anger of the gods upon mortals.]

[Footnote 121: The Furies or Eumenides, stern and inexorable ministers of the vengeance of the gods.]

[Footnote 122: Ajax and Hector, Greek and Trojan heroes in the Trojan War. See Homer's _Iliad_. Achilles slew Hector and, lashing him to his chariot with the belt which Ajax had given Hector, dragged him round the walls of Troy. Ajax committed suicide with the sword which Hector had presented to him.]

[Footnote 123: Thasians, inhabitants of the island of Thasus. The story here told of the rival of the athlete Theagenes is found in Pausanias' _Description of Greece_, Book VI. chap. XI.]

[Footnote 124: Shakespeare, the greatest of English writers, seems to have succeeded entirely or almost entirely in removing the personal element from his writings.]

[Footnote 125: Hellenic, Greek.]

[Footnote 126: Tit for tat, etc. This paragraph is composed of a series of proverbs.]

[Footnote 127: Edmund Burke (1729?-1797), illustrious Irish statesman, orator, and author.]

[Footnote 128: Pawns, the pieces of lowest rank in chess.]

[Footnote 129: What is the meaning of _obscene_ here? Compare the Latin.]

[Footnote 130: Polycrates, a tyrant of Samos, who was visited with such remarkable prosperity that he was advised by a friend to break the course of it by depriving himself of some valued possession. In accordance with this advice he cast into the sea an emerald ring which he considered his rarest treasure. A few days later a fisherman presented the monarch with a large fish inside of which the ring was found. Soon after this Polycrates fell into the power of an enemy and was nailed to a cross.]

[Footnote 131: Scot and lot, "formerly, a parish assessment laid on subjects according to their ability. Now, a phrase for obligations of every kind regarded collectively." (Webster.)]

[Footnote 132: Read Emerson's essay on _Gifts_.]

[Footnote 133: Worm worms, breed worms.]

[Footnote 134: Compare the old proverb "Murder will out." See Chaucer, _N.P.T._, 232 and 237, and _Pr. T._, 124.]

[Footnote 135:

"Et semel emissum volat irrevocabile verbum." HORACE, _EPIST._, I. XVIII. 65.

]

[Footnote 136: Stag in the fable. See _Æsop_, LXVI. 184, _Cerva et Leo_; Phædrus I. 12. _Cervus ad fontem_; La Fontaine, vi. 9, _Le Cerf se Voyant dans l'eau_.]

[Footnote 137: See the quotation from St. Bernard farther on.]

[Footnote 138: Withholden, old participle of _withhold_, now _withheld_.]

[Footnote 139: What is the etymology of the word _mob_?]

[Footnote 140: Optimism and Pessimism. The meanings of these two opposites are readily made out from the Latin words from which they come.]

[Footnote 141: St. Bernard de Clairvaux (1091-1153), French ecclesiastic.]

[Footnote 142: Jesus. Holmes writes of Emerson: "Jesus was for him a divine manifestation, but only as other great human souls have been in all ages and are to-day. He was willing to be called a Christian just as he was willing to be called a Platonist.... If he did not worship the 'man Christ Jesus' as the churches of Christendom have done, he followed his footsteps so nearly that our good Methodist, Father Taylor, spoke of him as more like Christ than any man he had known."]

[Footnote 143: The first _his_ refers to Jesus, the second to Shakespeare.]

[Footnote 144: Banyan. What is the characteristic of this tree that makes it appropriate for this figure?]

SELF-RELIANCE

[Footnote 145: Ne te, etc. "Do not seek for anything outside of thyself." From Persius, _Sat._ I. 7. Compare Macrobius, _Com. in Somn. Scip._, I. ix. 3, and Boethius, _De Consol. Phil._, IV. 4.]

[Footnote 146: _Epilogue to Beaumont and Fletcher's Honest Man's Fortune_.]

[Footnote 147: These lines appear in Emerson's _Quatrains_ under the title _Power_.]

[Footnote 148: Genius. See the paragraph on genius in Emerson's lecture on _The Method of Nature_, one sentence of which runs: "Genius is its own end, and draws its means and the style of its architecture from within, going abroad only for audience, and spectator."]

[Footnote 149: "The man that stands by himself, the universe stands by him also."--EMERSON, _Behavior_.]

[Footnote 150: Plato (429-347 B.C.), (See note 36.)]

[Footnote 151: Milton (1608-1674), the great English epic poet, author of _Paradise Lost._

"O mighty-mouth'd inventor of harmonies, O skill'd to sing of Time or Eternity, God-gifted organ-voice of England, Milton, a name to resound for ages."--TENNYSON.

]

[Footnote 152: "The great poet makes feel our own wealth."--EMERSON, _The Over-Soul_.]

[Footnote 153: Then most when, most at the time when.]

[Footnote 154: "The imitator dooms himself to hopeless mediocrity."--EMERSON, _Address to the Senior Class in Divinity College, Cambridge_.]

[Footnote 155:

"For words, like Nature, half reveal And half conceal the soul within." TENNYSON, _In Memoriam_, V. I.

]

[Footnote 156: Trust thyself. This is the theme of the present essay, and is a lesson which Emerson is never tired of teaching. In _The American Scholar_ he says:

"In self-trust all the virtues are comprehended." In the essay on _Greatness_:

"Self-respect is the early form in which greatness appears.... Stick to your own.... Follow the path your genius traces like the galaxy of heaven for you to walk in."

Carlyle says:

"The fearful unbelief is unbelief in yourself."

]

[Footnote 157: Chaos ([Greek: Chaos]), the confused, unorganized condition in which the world was supposed to have existed before it was reduced to harmony and order; hence, utter confusion and disorder.]

[Footnote 158: These, _i.e._, children, babes, and brutes.]

[Footnote 159: Four or five. Supply the noun.]

[Footnote 160: Nonchalance, a French word meaning _indifference_, _coolness_.]

[Footnote 161: Pit in the playhouse, formerly, the seats on the floor below the level of the stage. These cheap seats were occupied by a class who did not hesitate to express their opinions of the performances.]

[Footnote 162: Eclat, a French word meaning _brilliancy of success_, _striking effect_.]

[Footnote 163: "Lethe, the river of oblivion."--_Paradise Lost_. Oblivion, forgetfulness.]

[Footnote 164: Who. What is the construction?]

[Footnote 165: Nonconformist, one who does not conform to established usages or opinions. Emerson considers conformity and consistency as the two terrors that scare us from self-trust. (See note 182.)]

[Footnote 166: Explore if it be goodness, investigate for himself and see if it be really goodness.

"Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." PAUL, _I. Thes._ v. 21.

]

[Footnote 167: Suffrage, approval.

"What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted? Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just; And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel, Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted." SHAKESPEARE, _II. Henry VI._, III. 2.

]

[Footnote 168: "There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so." _Hamlet_, II. 2.]

[Footnote 169: Barbadoes, an island in the Atlantic Ocean, one of the Lesser Antilles. The negroes, composing by far the larger part of the population, were formerly slaves.]

[Footnote 170: He had rather have his actions ascribed to whim and caprice than to spend the day in explaining them.]

[Footnote 171: Diet and bleeding, special diet and medical care, used figuratively, of course.]

[Footnote 172: Read Emerson's essay on _Greatness_.]

[Footnote 173: The precise man, precisely what kind of man.]

[Footnote 174: "By their fruits ye shall know them."--_Matthew_, vii. 16 and 20.]

[Footnote 175: With, notwithstanding, in spite of.]

[Footnote 176: Of the bench, of an impartial judge.]

[Footnote 177: Bound their eyes with ... handkerchief, in this game of blindman's-buff.]

[Footnote 178: "Pin thy faith to no man's sleeve; hast thou not two eyes of thy own?"--CARLYLE.]

[Footnote 179: Give examples of men who have been made to feel the displeasure of the world for their nonconformity.]

[Footnote 180: "Nihil tam incertum nec tam inæstimabile est quam animi multitudinis."--LIVY, xxxi. 34.

"Mobile mutatur semper cum principe vulgus." CLAUDIANUS, _De IV. Consul. Honorii_, 302.

]

[Footnote 181: _The other terror._ The first, conformity, has just been treated.]

[Footnote 182: Consistency. Compare, on the other hand, the well-known saying, "Consistency, thou art a jewel."]

[Footnote 183: Orbit, course in life.]

[Footnote 184: Somewhat, something.]

[Footnote 185: See _Genesis_, xxxix. 12.]

[Footnote 186: Pythagoras (fl. about 520 B.C.), a Greek philosopher. His society was scattered and persecuted by the fury of the populace.]

[Footnote 187: Socrates (470?-399 B.C.), the great Athenian philosopher, whose teachings are the subject of most of Plato's writings, was accused of corrupting the youth, and condemned to drink hemlock.]

[Footnote 188: Martin Luther (1483-1546) preached against certain abuses of the Roman Catholic Church and was excommunicated by the Pope. He became the leader of the Protestant Reformation.]

[Footnote 189: Copernicus (1473-1543) discovered the error of the old Ptolemaic system of astronomy and showed that the sun is the centre of our planetary system. Fearing the persecution of the church, he hesitated long to publish his discovery, and it was many years after his death before the world accepted his theory.]

[Footnote 190: Galileo (1564-1642), the famous Italian astronomer and physicist, discoverer of the satellites of Jupiter and the rings of Saturn, was thrown into prison by the Inquisition.]

[Footnote 191: Sir Isaac Newton. (See note 53.)]

[Footnote 192: Andes, the great mountain system of South America.]

[Footnote 193: Himmaleh, Himalaya, the great mountain system of Asia.]

[Footnote 194: Alexandrian stanza. The Alexandrian line consists of twelve syllables (iambic hexameter). Neither the acrostic nor the Alexandrine has the property assigned to it here. A palindrame reads the same forward as backward, as:

"Madam, I'm Adam"; "Signa te signa; temere me tangis et angis";

or the inscription on the church of St. Sophia, Constantinople:

[Greek: "Nipson anomêmata mê monan opsin,"]

]

[Footnote 195: The reference is to sailing vessels, of course.]

[Footnote 196: Scorn eyes, scorn observers.]

[Footnote 197: Chatham, William Pitt, Earl of Chatham (1708-1778), this distinguished statesman and orator. He became very popular as a statesman and was known as "The Great Commoner."]

[Footnote 198: Adams. The reference is presumably to Samuel Adams (1722-1803), a popular leader and orator in the cause of American freedom. He was a member of the Continental Congress and a signer of the Declaration of Independence. Emerson may have in mind, however, John Adams (1735-1826), second president of the United States.]

[Footnote 199: Spartan. The ancient Spartans were noted for their courage and fortitude.]

[Footnote 200: Julius Cæsar (100-44 B.C.), the great Roman general, statesman, orator, and author.]

[Footnote 201: St. Anthony (251-356), Egyptian founder of monachism, the system of monastic seclusion.]

[Footnote 202: George Fox (1624-1691), English founder of the Society of Friends or Quakers.]

[Footnote 203: John Wesley (1703-1791), English founder of the religious sect known as Methodists.]

[Footnote 204: Thomas Clarkson (1760-1846), English philanthropist and abolitionist.]

[Footnote 205: Scipio (235-184 B.C.), the great Roman general who defeated Hannibal and decided the fate of Carthage. The quotation is from _Paradise Lost_, Book IX., line 610.]

[Footnote 206: In the story of _Abou Hassan_ or _The Sleeper Awakened_ in the _Arabian Nights_ Abou Hassan awakes and finds himself treated in every respect as the Caliph Haroun Al-raschid. Shakespeare has made use of a similar trick in _Taming of the Shrew_, where Christopher Sly is put to bed drunk in the lord's room and on awaking is treated as a lord.]

[Footnote 207: Alfred the Great (849-901), King of the West Saxons. He was a wise king, a great scholar, and a patron of learning.]

[Footnote 208: Scanderbeg, George Castriota (1404-1467), an Albanian chief who embraced Christianity and carried on a successful war against the Turks.]

[Footnote 209: Gustavus Adolphus (1594-1632), King of Sweden, the hero of Protestantism in the Thirty Years' War.]

[Footnote 210: Hieroglyphic, a character in the picture-writing of the ancient Egyptian priests; hence, hidden sign.]

[Footnote 211: Parallax, an angle used in astronomy in calculating the distance of a heavenly body. The parallax decreases as the distance of the body increases.]

[Footnote 212: The child has the advantage of the experience of all his ancestors. Compare Tennyson's line in _Locksley Hall_:

"I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time."

]

[Footnote 213: "Why should we grope among the dry bones of the past, or put the living generation into masquerade out of its faded wardrobe? The sun shines to-day also."--EMERSON, _Introd. to Nature, Addresses, etc._]

[Footnote 214: Explain the thought in this sentence.]

[Footnote 215: Judas Iscariot, who betrayed Jesus.]

[Footnote 216: Agent, active, acting.]

[Footnote 217: An allusion to the Mohammedan custom of removing the shoes before entering a mosque.]

[Footnote 218: Of a truth, men are mystically united; a mystic bond of brotherhood makes all men one.]

[Footnote 219: Thor and Woden. Woden or Odin was the chief god of Scandinavian mythology. Thor, his elder son, was the god of thunder. From these names come the names of the days Wednesday and Thursday.]

[Footnote 220: Explain the meaning of this sentence.]

[Footnote 221: You, or you, addressing different persons.]

[Footnote 222: "The truth shall make you free."--_John_, viii. 32.]

[Footnote 223: Antinomianism, the doctrine that the moral law is not binding under the gospel dispensation, faith alone being necessary to salvation.]

[Footnote 224: "There is no sorrow I have thought more about than that--to love what is great, and try to reach it, and yet to fail." GEORGE ELIOT, _Middlemarch_, lxxvi.]

[Footnote 225: Explain the use of _it_ in these expressions.]

[Footnote 226: Stoic, a disciple of the Greek philosopher Zeno, who taught that men should be free from passion, unmoved by joy and grief, and should submit without complaint to the inevitable.]

[Footnote 227: Word made flesh, see _John_, i. 14.]

[Footnote 228: Healing to the nations, see _Revelation_, xxii. 2.]

[Footnote 229: In what prayers do men allow themselves to indulge?]

[Footnote 230:

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, Uttered or unexpressed, The motion of a hidden fire That trembles in the breast." MONTGOMERY, _What is Prayer?_]

[Footnote 231: Caratach (Caractacus) is a historical character in Fletcher's (1576-1625) tragedy of _Bonduca_(Boadicea).]

[Footnote 232: Zoroaster, a Persian philosopher, founder of the ancient Persian religion. He flourished long before the Christian era.]

[Footnote 233: "Speak thou with us, and we will hear: but let not God speak with us, lest we die."--_Exodus_, xx. 19. Compare also the parallel passage in _Deuteronomy_, v. 25-27.]

[Footnote 234: John Locke. (See note 18.)]

[Footnote 235: Lavoisier (1743-1794), celebrated French chemical philosopher, discoverer of the composition of water.]

[Footnote 236: James Hutton (1726-1797), great Scotch geologist, author of the _Theory of the Earth_.]

[Footnote 237: Jeremy Bentham (1748-1832), English philosopher, jurist, and legislative reformer.]

[Footnote 238: Fourier (1772-1837), French socialist, founder of the system of Fourierism.]

[Footnote 239: Calvinism, the doctrines of John Calvin (1509-1564). French theologian and Protestant reformer. A cardinal doctrine of Calvinism is predestination.]

[Footnote 240: Quakerism, the doctrines of the Quakers or Friends, a society founded by George Fox (1624-1691).]

[Footnote 241: Emanuel Swedenborg (1688-1772), Swedish theosophist, founder of the New Jerusalem Church. He is taken by Emerson in his _Representative Men_ as the type of the mystic, and is often mentioned in his other works.]

[Footnote 242: "Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us, or we find it not."--EMERSON, _Art_.]

[Footnote 243: Thebes, a celebrated ruined city of Upper Egypt.]

[Footnote 244: Palmyra, a ruined city of Asia situated in an oasis of the Syrian desert, supposed to be the Tadmor built by Solomon in the wilderness (_II. Chr._, viii. 4).]

[Footnote 245:

"Vain, very vain, my weary search to find That bliss which only centers in the mind.... Still to ourselves in every place consign'd, Our own felicity we make or find." GOLDSMITH (and JOHNSON), _The Traveler_, 423-32.

"He that has light within his own clear breast May sit i' th' center, and enjoy bright day; But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts, Benighted walks under the mid-day sun; Himself in his own dungeon." MILTON, _Comus_, 381-5.

Compare also _Paradise Lost_, I, 255-7.]

[Footnote 246: Vatican, the palace of the pope in Rome, with its celebrated library, museum, and art gallery.]

[Footnote 247: Doric, the oldest, strongest, and simplest of the three styles of Grecian architecture.]

[Footnote 248: Gothic, a pointed style of architecture, prevalent in western Europe in the latter part of the middle ages.]

[Footnote 249: Never imitate. Emerson insists on this doctrine.]

[Footnote 250: Shakespeare (1564-1616), the great English poet and dramatist. He is mentioned in Emerson's writings more than any other character in history, and is taken as the type of the poet in his _Representative Men_.

"O mighty poet! Thy works are not as those of other men, simply and merely great works of art; but are also like the phenomena of nature, like the sun and the sea, the stars and the flowers,--like frost and snow, rain and dew, hailstorm and thunder, which are to be studied with entire submission of our own faculties, and in the perfect faith that in them there can be no too much or too little, nothing useless or inert,--but that, the further we press in our discoveries, the more we shall see proofs of design and self-supporting arrangement where the careless eye had seen nothing but accident!"--DE QUINCY.]

[Footnote 251: Benjamin Franklin (1706-1790), American philosopher, statesman, diplomatist, and author. He discovered the identity of lightning with electricity, invented the lightning-rod, went on several diplomatic missions to Europe, was one of the committee that drew up the Declaration of Independence, signed the treaty of Paris, and compiled _Poor Richard's Almanac_.]

[Footnote 252: Francis Bacon (1561-1626), a famous English philosopher and statesman. He became Lord Chancellor under Elizabeth. He is best known by his _Essays_; he wrote also the _Novum Organum_ and the _Advancement of Learning_.]

[Footnote 253: Sir Isaac Newton. (See note 53.)]

[Footnote 254: Scipio. (See note 205.)]

[Footnote 255: Phidias (500?-432? B.C.), famous Greek sculptor.]

[Footnote 256: Egyptians. He has in mind the pyramids.]

[Footnote 257: The Pentateuch is attributed to Moses.]

[Footnote 258: Dante (1265-1321), the greatest of Italian poets, author of the _Divina Commedia_.]

[Footnote 259: Foreworld, a former ideal state of the world.]

[Footnote 260: New Zealander, inhabitant of New Zealand, a group of two islands lying southeast of Australia.]

[Footnote 261: Geneva, a city of Switzerland, situated at the southwestern extremity of Lake Geneva.]

[Footnote 262: Greenwich nautical almanac. The meridian of the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, near London, is the prime meridian for reckoning the longitude of the world. The nautical almanac is a publication containing astronomical data for the use of navigators and astronomers. What is the name of the corresponding publication of the U.S. Observatory at Washington?]

[Footnote 263: Get the meaning of these astronomical terms.]

[Footnote 264: Plutarch. (50?-120? A.D.), Greek philosopher and biographer, author of _Parallel Lives_, a series of Greek and Roman biographies. Next after Shakespeare and Plato he is the author most frequently mentioned by Emerson. Read the essay of Emerson on Plutarch.]

[Footnote 265: Phocion (402-317 B.C.), Athenian statesman and general. (See note 364.)]

[Footnote 266: Anaxagoras (500-426 B.C.), Greek philosopher of distinction.]

[Footnote 267: Diogenes (400?-323?), Greek cynic philosopher who affected great contempt for riches and honors and the comforts of civilized life, and is said to have taken up his residence in a tub.]

[Footnote 268: Henry Hudson (---- - 1611), English navigator and explorer, discoverer of the bay and river which bear his name.]

[Footnote 269: Bering or Behring (1680-1741), Danish navigator, discoverer of Behring Strait.]

[Footnote 270: Sir William Edward Parry (1790-1855), English navigator and Arctic explorer.]

[Footnote 271: Sir John Franklin (1786-1846?), celebrated English navigator and Arctic explorer, lost in the Arctic seas.]

[Footnote 272: Christopher Columbus (1445?-1506), Genoese navigator and discoverer of America. His ship, the Santa Maria, appears small and insignificant in comparison with the modern ocean ship.]

[Footnote 273: Napoleon Bonaparte (1769-1821), Emperor of France, one of the greatest military geniuses the world has ever seen. He was defeated in the battle of Waterloo by the Duke of Wellington, and died in exile on the isle of St. Helena. Emerson takes him as a type of the man of the world in his _Representative Men_: "I call Napoleon the agent or attorney of the middle class of modern society.... He was the agitator, the destroyer of prescription, the internal improver, the liberal, the radical, the inventor of means, the opener of doors and markets, the subverter of monopoly and abuse.... He had the virtues of the masses of his constituents: he had also their vices. I am sorry that the brilliant picture has its reverse."]

[Footnote 274: Comte de las Cases (not Casas) (1766-1842), author of _Mémorial de Sainte-Hélène_.]

[Footnote 275: Ali, Arabian caliph, surnamed the "Lion of God," cousin and son-in-law of Mohammed. He was assassinated about 661.]

[Footnote 276: The county of Essex in England has several namesakes in America.]

[Footnote 277: Fortune. In Roman mythology Fortune, the goddess of fortune or chance, is represented as standing on a ball or wheel.

"Nec metuis dubio Fortunæ stantis in orbe Numen, et exosæ verba superba deæ?" OVID, _Tristia_, v., 8, 8.

]

FRIENDSHIP

[Footnote 278: Most of Emerson's _Essays_ were first delivered as lectures, in practically the form in which they afterwards appeared in print. The form and style, it is true, were always carefully revised before publication; this Emerson called 'giving his thoughts a Greek dress.' His essay on _Friendship_, published in the First Series of _Essays_ in 1841 was not, so far as we know, delivered as a lecture; parts of it, however, were taken from lectures which Emerson delivered on _Society_, _The Heart_, and _Private Life_.

In connection with his essay on _Friendship_, the student should read the two other notable addresses on the same subject, one the speech by Cicero, the famous Roman orator, and the other the essay by Lord Bacon, the great English author.]

[Footnote 279: Relume. Is this a common word? Define it.]

[Footnote 280: Pass my gate. The walk opposite Emerson's house on the 'Great Road' to Boston was a favorite winter walk for Concord people. Along it passed the philosophic Alcott and the imaginative Hawthorne, as well as famous townsmen, and school children.]

[Footnote 281: My friends have come to me, etc.: Compare with Emerson's views here expressed the noble passage in his essay on _The Over-Soul_: "Every friend whom not thy fantastic will but the great and tender heart in thee craveth, shall lock thee in his embrace. And this because the heart in thee is the heart of all; not a valve, not a wall, not an intersection is there anywhere in nature, but one blood rolls uninterruptedly in endless circulation through all men, as the water of the globe is all one sea, and, truly seen, its tide is one."]

[Footnote 282: Bard. Poet: originally one who composed and sang to the music of a harp verses in honor of heroes and heroic deeds.]

[Footnote 283: Hymn, ode, and epic. Define each of these three kinds of poetry.]

[Footnote 284: Apollo. In classic mythology, the sun god who presided over music, poetry, and art; he was the guardian and leader of the Muses.]

[Footnote 285: Muses. In classic mythology, the nine sisters who presided over music, poetry, art, and science. They were Clio the muse of history, Euterpe of music, especially the flute, Thalia of comedy, Melpomene of tragedy, Terpsichore of dancing, Erato of erotic poetry, mistress of the lyre, Polyhymnia of sacred poetry, Urania of astronomy, Calliope of eloquence and epic poetry.]

[Footnote 286: Genius. According to an old belief, a spirit that watched over a person to control, guide and aid him.]

[Footnote 287: "Crush the sweet poison," etc. This is a quotation from _Comus_, a poem by Milton.]

[Footnote 288: Systole and diastole. (See note 98.)]

[Footnote 289: Friendship, like the immortality, etc. See on what a high plane Emerson places this relation of friendship. In 1840 he wrote in a letter: "I am a worshiper of friendship, and cannot find any other good equal to it. As soon as any man pronounces the words which approve him fit for that great office, I make no haste; he is holy; let me be holy also; our relations are eternal; why should we count days and weeks?"]

[Footnote 290: Elysian temple. Temple of bliss. In Greek mythology, Elysium was the abode of the blessed after death.]

[Footnote 291: An Egyptian skull. Plutarch says that at an Egyptian feast a skull was displayed, either as a hint to make the most of the pleasure which can be enjoyed but for a brief space, or as a warning not to set one's heart upon transitory things.]

[Footnote 292: Conscious of a universal success, etc. Emerson wrote in his journal: "My entire success, such as it is, is composed wholly of particular failures."]

[Footnote 293: Extends the old leaf. Compare Emerson's lines:

"When half-gods go The gods arrive."

]

[Footnote 294: A texture of wine and dreams. What does Emerson mean by this phrase? Explain the whole sentence.]

[Footnote 295: "The valiant warrior," etc. The quotation is from Shakespeare's _Sonnet_, XXV.]

[Footnote 296: Naturlangsamkeit. A German word meaning slowness. The slowness of natural development.]

[Footnote 297: Olympian. One who took part in the great Greek games held every four years on the plain of Olympia. The racing, wrestling and other contests of strength and skill were accompanied by sacrifices to the gods, processions, and banquets. There was a sense of dignity and almost of worship about the games. The Olympic games have been recently revived, and athletes from all countries of the world contest for the prizes--simple garlands of wild olive.]

[Footnote 298: I knew a man who, etc. The allusion is to Jonas Very, a mystic and poet, who lived at Salem, Massachusetts.]

[Footnote 299: Paradox. Define this word. Explain its application to a friend.]

[Footnote 300: My author says, etc. The quotation is from _A Consideration upon Cicero_, by the French author, Montaigne. Montaigne was one of Emerson's favorite authors from his boyhood: of the essays he says, "I felt as if I myself, had written this book in some former life, so sincerely it spoke my thoughts."]

[Footnote 301: Cherub. What is the difference between a cherub and a seraph?]

[Footnote 302: Curricle. A two-wheeled carriage, especially popular in the eighteenth century.]

[Footnote 303: This law of one to one. Emerson felt that this same law applied to nature. He wrote in his journal: "Nature says to man, 'one to one, my dear.'"]

[Footnote 304: Crimen quos, etc. The Latin saying is translated in the preceding sentence.]

[Footnote 305: Nonage. We use more commonly the word, "minority."]

[Footnote 306: Janus-faced. The word here means simply two-faced, without the idea of deceit usually attached to it. In Roman mythology, Janus, the doorkeeper of heaven was the protector of doors and gateways and the patron of the beginning and end of undertakings. He was the god of the rising and setting of the sun, and was represented with two faces, one looking to the east and

the other to the west. His temple at Rome was kept open in time of war and closed in time of peace.]

[Footnote 307: Harbinger. A forerunner; originally an officer who rode in advance of a royal person to secure proper lodgings and accommodations.]

[Footnote 308: Empyrean. Highest and purest heaven; according to the ancients, the region of pure light and fire.]

HEROISM

[Footnote 309: Title. Probably this essay is, essentially at least, the lecture on _Heroism_ delivered in Boston in the winter of 1837, in the course of lectures on _Human Culture_.]

[Footnote 310: Motto. This saying of Mahomet's was the only motto prefixed to the essay in the first edition. In later editions, Emerson prefixed, according to his custom, some original lines;

"Ruby wine is drunk by knaves, Sugar spends to fatten slaves, Rose and vine-leaf deck buffoons, Thunder clouds are Jove's festoons, Drooping oft in wreaths of dread Lightning-knotted round his head: The hero is not fed on sweets, Daily his own heart he eats; Chambers of the great are jails, And head-winds right for royal sails."

]

[Footnote 311: Elder English dramatists. The dramatists who preceded Shakespeare. In his essay on _Shakespeare; or, the Poet_, Emerson enumerates the foremost of these,--"Kyd, Marlowe, Greene, Jonson, Chapman, Dekker, Webster, Heywood, Middleton, Peele, Ford, Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher."]

[Footnote 312: Beaumont and Fletcher. Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher were two dramatists of the Elizabethan age. They wrote together and their styles were so similar that critics are unable to identify the share of each in their numerous plays.]

[Footnote 313: Rodrigo, Pedro, or Valerio. Favorite names for heroes among the dramatists. Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar, known usually by the title of the Cid, was the national hero of Spain, famous for his exploits against the Moors. Don Pedro was the Prince of Arragon in Shakespeare's play, _Much Ado About Nothing_.]

[Footnote 314: Bonduca, Sophocles, the Mad Lover, and Double Marriage. The first, third and fourth are names of plays by Beaumont and Fletcher. In the case of the second, Emerson, by a lapse of memory, gives the name of one of the chief characters instead of the name of the play--_The Triumph of Honor_ in a piece called _Four Plays in One_. It is from this play by Beaumont and Fletcher that the passage in the essay is quoted.]

[Footnote 315: Adriadne's crown. According to Greek mythology, the crown of Adriadne was, for her beauty and her sufferings, put among the stars. She was the daughter of Minos, King of Crete; she gave Theseus the clue by means of which he escaped from the labyrinth and she was afterwards abandoned by him.]

[Footnote 316: Romulus. The reputed founder of the city of Rome.]

[Footnote 317: Laodamia, Dion. Read these two poems by Wordsworth, the great English poet, and tell why you think Emerson mentioned them here.]

[Footnote 318: Scott. Sir Walter Scott, a famous Scotch author.]

[Footnote 319: Lord Evandale, Balfour of Burley. These are characters in Scott's novel, _Old Mortality_. The passage referred to by Emerson is in the forty-second chapter.]

[Footnote 320: Thomas Carlyle. Carlyle was a great admirer of heroes, asserting that history is the biography of great men. One of his most popular books is _Heroes and Hero-Worship_, on a plan similar to that of Emerson's _Representative Men_.]

[Footnote 321: Robert Burns. A Scotch lyric poet. Emerson was probably thinking of the patriotic song, _Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled_.]

[Footnote 322: Harleian Miscellanies. A collection of manuscripts published in the eighteenth century, and named for Robert Harley, the English statesman who collected them.]

[Footnote 323: Lutzen. A small town in Prussia. The battle referred to was fought in 1632 and in it the Swedes under Gustavus Adolphus gained a great victory over vastly superior numbers. Nearly two hundred years later another battle was fought at Lutzen, in which Napoleon gained a victory over the allied Russians and Prussians.]

[Footnote 324: Simon Ockley. An English scholar of the seventeenth century whose chief work was a _History of the Saracens_.]

[Footnote 325: Oxford. One of the two great English universities.]

[Footnote 326: Plutarch. (See note 264.)]

[Footnote 327: Brasidas. This hero, described by Plutarch, was a Spartan general who lived about four hundred years before Christ.]

[Footnote 328: Dion. A Greek philosopher who ruled the city of Syracuse in the fourth century before Christ.]

[Footnote 329: Epaminondas. A Greek general and statesman of the fourth century before Christ.]

[Footnote 330: Scipio. (See note 205.)]

[Footnote 331: Stoicism. The stern and severe philosophy taught by the Greek philosopher Zeno; he taught that men should always seek virtue and be indifferent to pleasure and happiness. This belief, carried to the extreme of severity, exercised a great influence on many noble Greeks and Romans.]

[Footnote 332: Heroism is an obedience, etc. In one of his poems Emerson says:

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust, So near is God to man, When Duty whispers low, 'Thou must,' The youth replies, 'I can.'"

]

[Footnote 333: Plotinus. An Egyptian philosopher who taught in Rome during the third century. It was said that he so exalted the mind that he was ashamed of his body.]

[Footnote 334: Indeed these humble considerations, etc. The passage, like many which Emerson quotes, is rendered inexactly. The Prince says to Poins: "Indeed these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace it is to me to remember thy name! or to know thy face to-morrow! or to take note how many pairs of silk stockings thou hast, that is, these and those that were thy peach-colored ones! or to bear the inventory of thy shirts, as, one for superfluity and another for use!" Shakespeare's _Henry IV._, Part II. 2, 2.]

[Footnote 335: Ibn Hankal. Ibn Hankul, an Arabian geographer and traveler of the tenth century. He wrote an account of his twenty years' travels in Mohammedan countries; in 1800 this was translated into English by Sir William Jones under the title of _The Oriental Geography of Ibn Hankal_. In that volume this anecdote is told in slightly different words.]

[Footnote 336: Bokhara. Where is Bokhara? It corresponds to the ancient Sogdiana.]

[Footnote 337: Bannocks. Thick cakes, made usually of oatmeal. What does Emerson mean by this sentence? Probably no person ever met his visitors, many of whom were "exacting and wearisome," and must have been unwelcome, with more perfect courtesy and graciousness than Emerson.]

[Footnote 338: John Eliot. Give as full an account as you can of the life and works of this noble Apostle to the Indians of the seventeenth century.]

[Footnote 339: King David, etc. See First Chronicles, 11, 15-19.]

[Footnote 340: Brutus. Marcus Junius Brutus, a Roman patriot of the first century before Christ, who took part in the assassination of Julius Cæsar.]

[Footnote 341: Philippi. A city of Macedonia near which in the year 42 B.C. were fought two battles in which the republican army under Brutus and Cassius was defeated by Octavius and Antony, friends of Cæsar.]

[Footnote 342: Euripides. A Greek tragic poet of the fifth century before Christ.]

[Footnote 343: Scipio. (See note 205.) Plutarch in his _Morals_ gives another version of the story: "When Paetilius and Quintus accused him of many crimes before the people; 'on this very day,' he said, 'I conquered Hannibal and Carthage. I for my part am going with my crown on to the Capitol to sacrifice; and let him that pleaseth stay and pass his vote upon me.' Having thus said, he went his way; and the people followed him, leaving his accusers declaiming to themselves."]

[Footnote 344: Socrates. (See note 187.)]

[Footnote 345: Prytaneum. A public hall at Athens.]

[Footnote 346: Sir Thomas More. An English statesman and author who was beheaded in 1535 on a charge of high treason. The incident to which Emerson refers is one which showed his "pleasant wit" undisturbed by the prospect of death. As the executioner was about to strike, More moved his head carefully out of reach of the ax. "Pity that should be cut," he said, "that has never committed treason."]

[Footnote 347: Blue Laws. Any rigid Sunday laws or religious regulations. The term is usually applied to the early laws of New Haven and Connecticut which regulated personal and religious conduct.]

[Footnote 348: Epaminondas. (See note 329.)]

[Footnote 349: Olympus. A mountain of Greece, the summit of which, according to Greek mythology, was the home of the gods.]

[Footnote 350: Jerseys. Consult a history of the United States for a full account of Washington's campaign in New Jersey.]

[Footnote 351: Milton. (See note 151.)]

[Footnote 352: Pericles. A famous Greek statesman of the fifth century before Christ, in whose age Athens was preëminent in naval and military affairs and in letters and art.]

[Footnote 353: Xenophon. A Greek historian of the fourth century before Christ.]

[Footnote 354: Columbus. Give an account of his life.]

[Footnote 355: Bayard. Chevalier de Bayard was a French gentleman of the fifteenth century. He is the French national hero, and is called "The Knight without fear and without reproach."]

[Footnote 356: Sidney. Probably Sir Philip Sidney, an English gentleman and scholar of the sixteenth century who is the English national hero as Bayard is the French; another brave Englishman was Algernon Sidney, a politician and patriot of the seventeenth century.]

[Footnote 357: Hampden. John Hampden was an English statesman and patriot who was killed in the civil war of the seventeenth century.]

[Footnote 358: Colossus. The Colossus of Rhodes was a gigantic statue--over a hundred feet in height--of the Rhodian sun god. It was one of the seven wonders of the world; it was destroyed by an earthquake about two hundred years before Christ.]

[Footnote 359: Sappho. A Greek poet of the seventh century before Christ. Her fame remains, though most of her poems have been lost.]

[Footnote 360: Sevigné. Marquise de Sevigné was a French author of the seventeenth century.]

[Footnote 361: De Staël. Madame de Staël was a French writer whose books and political opinions were condemned by Napoleon.]

[Footnote 362: Themis. A Greek goddess. The personification of law, order, and justice.]

[Footnote 363: A high counsel, etc. Such was the advice given to the Emerson boys by their aunt, Miss. Mary Moody Emerson: "Scorn trifles, lift your aims; do what you are afraid to do; sublimity of character must come from sublimity of motive." Upon her monument are inscribed Emerson's words about her: "She gave high counsels. It was the privilege of certain boys to have this immeasurably high standard indicated to their childhood, a blessing which nothing else in education could supply."]

[Footnote 364: Phocion. A Greek general and statesman of the fourth century before Christ who advised the Athenians to make peace with Philip of Macedon. He was put to death on a charge of treason.]

[Footnote 365: Lovejoy. Rev. Elijah Lovejoy, a Presbyterian clergyman of Maine who published a periodical against slavery. In 1837 an Illinois mob demanded his printing press, which he refused to give up. The building containing it was set on fire and when Lovejoy came out he was shot.]

[Footnote 366: Let them rave, etc. These lines are misquoted, being evidently given from memory, from Tennyson's _Dirge_. In the poem occur these lines:

"Let them rave. Thou wilt never raise thine head From the green that folds thy grave-- Let them rave."

]

MANNERS

[Footnote 367: The essay on _Manners_ is from the Second Series of _Essays_, published in 1844, three years after the First Series. The essays in this volume, like those in the first, were, for the most part, made up of Emerson's lectures, rearranged and corrected. The lecture on _Manners_ had been delivered in the winter of 1841. He had given another lecture on the same subject about four years before, and several years later he treated of the same subject in his essay on _Behavior_ in _The Conduct of Life_. You will find it interesting to read _Behavior_ in connection with this essay.]

[Footnote 368: Feejee islanders. Since this essay was written, the people of the Feejee, or Fiji, Islands have become Christianized, and, to a large extent, civilized.]

[Footnote 369: Gournou. This description is found in _A Narrative of the Operations and Recent Discoveries within the Pyramids_, by Belzoni, an Italian traveler and explorer.]

[Footnote 370: Borgoo. A province of Africa.]

[Footnote 371: Tibboos, Bornoos. Tribes of Central Africa, mentioned in Heeren's _Historical Researches_.]

[Footnote 372: Honors himself with architecture. Architecture was a subject in which Emerson was deeply interested. Read his poem, _The Problem_.]

[Footnote 373: Chivalry. Chivalry may be considered "as embodying the Middle Age conception of the ideal life of ... the Knights"; the word is often used to express "the ideal qualifications of a knight, as courtesy, generosity, valor, and dexterity in arms." Fully to understand the order of Knighthood and the ideals of chivalry, you must read the history of Europe in the Middle Ages.]

[Footnote 374: Sir Philip Sidney. (See note 356.)]

[Footnote 375: Sir Walter Scott. (1771-1832). His historical novels dealing with the Middle Ages have some fine pictures of the chivalrous characters in which he delighted.]

[Footnote 376: Masonic sign. A sign of secret brotherhood, like the sign given by one Mason to another.]

[Footnote 377: Correlative abstract. Corresponding abstract name. Sir Philip Sidney, himself the ideal gentleman, used the word "gentlemanliness." He said: "Gentlemanliness is high-erected thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy."]

[Footnote 378: Gentilesse. Gentle birth and breeding. Emerson was very fond of the passage on "gentilesse" in Chaucer's _Wife of Bath's Tale_.]

[Footnote 379: Feudal Ages. The Middle Ages in Europe during which the feudal system prevailed. According to this, land was held by its owners on condition of certain duties, especially military service, performed for a superior lord.]

[Footnote 380: God knows, etc. Why is this particularly true of a republic such as the United States?]

[Footnote 381: The incomparable advantage of animal spirits. Why does Emerson regard this as of such importance? In his journals he frequently comments on his own lack of animal spirits, and says that it unfits him for general society and for action.]

[Footnote 382: The sense of power. "I like people who can do things," wrote Emerson in his journal.]

[Footnote 383: Lundy's Lane. Give a full account of this battle in the War of 1812.]

[Footnote 384: Men of the right Cæsarian pattern. Men versatile as was Julius Cæsar, the Roman, famous as a general, statesman, orator, and writer.]

[Footnote 385: Timid maxim. Why does Emerson term this saying "timid"?]

[Footnote 386: Lord Falkland. Lucius Cary, Viscount Falkland, was an English politician who espoused the royalist side; he was killed in battle in the Civil War.]

[Footnote 387: Saladin. A famous sultan of Egypt and Syria who lived in the twelfth century. Scott describes him as possessing an ideal knightly character and introduces him, disguised as a physician and also as a wandering soldier in his historical romance, _The Talisman_.]

[Footnote 388: Sapor. A Persian monarch of the fourth century who defeated the Romans in battle.]

[Footnote 389: The Cid. See "Rodrigo," in _Heroism_, 313.]

[Footnote 390: Julius Cæsar. See note on "Cæsarian," 384.]

[Footnote 391: Scipio. (See note 205.)]

[Footnote 392: Alexander. Alexander, King of Macedon, surnamed the Great. In the fourth century before Christ he made himself master of the known world.]

[Footnote 393: Pericles. See note on _Heroism_, 352.]

[Footnote 394: Diogenes. (See note 267.)]

[Footnote 395: Socrates. (See note 187.)]

[Footnote 396: Epaminondas. (See note 329.)]

[Footnote 397: My contemporaries. Emerson probably had in mind, among others, his friend, the gentle philosopher, Thoreau.]

[Footnote 398: Fine manners. "I think there is as much merit in beautiful manners as in hard work," said Emerson in his journal.]

[Footnote 399: Napoleon. (See note 273.)]

[Footnote 400: Noblesse. Nobility. Why does Emerson use here the French word?]

[Footnote 401: Faubourg St. Germain. A once fashionable quarter of Paris, on the south bank of the Seine; it was long the headquarters of the French royalists.]

[Footnote 402: Cortez. Consult a history of the United States for an account of this Spanish soldier, the conqueror of Mexico.]

[Footnote 403: Nelson. Horatio Nelson, an English admiral, who won many great naval victories and was killed in the battle of Trafalgar in 1805.]

[Footnote 404: Mexico. The scene of Cortez's victories.]

[Footnote 405: Marengo. The scene of a battle in Italy in 1800, in which Napoleon defeated the Austrians with a larger army and made himself master of northern Italy.]

[Footnote 406: Trafalgar. A cape on the southern coast of Spain, the scene of Nelson's last great victory, in which the allied French and Spanish fleets were defeated.]

[Footnote 407: Mexico, Marengo, and Trafalgar. Is this the order in which you would expect these words to occur? Why not?]

[Footnote 408: Estates of the realm. Orders or classes of people with regard to political rights and powers. In modern times, the nobility, the clergy, and the people are called "the three estates."]

[Footnote 409: Tournure. Figure; turn of dress,--and so of mind.]

[Footnote 410: Coventry. It is said that the people of Coventry, a city in England, at one time so disliked soldiers that to send a military man there meant to exclude him from social intercourse; hence the expression "to send to Coventry" means to exclude from society.]

[Footnote 411: "If you could see Vich Ian Vohr with his tail on." Vich Ian Vohr is a Scotch chieftain in Scott's novel, _Waverley_. One of his dependents says to Waverley, the young English officer: "If you Saxon duinhé-wassal [English gentleman] saw but the Chief with his tail on." "With his tail on?" echoed Edward in some surprise. "Yes--that is, with all his usual followers when he visits those of the same rank." See _Waverley_, chapter 16.]

[Footnote 412: Mercuries. The word here means simply messengers. According to Greek mythology, Mercury was the messenger of the gods.]

[Footnote 413: Herald's office. In England the Herald's College, or College of Arms, is a royal corporation the chief business of which is to grant armorial bearings, or coats of arms, and to trace and preserve genealogies. What does Emerson mean by comparing certain circles of society to this corporation?]

[Footnote 414: Amphitryon. Host; it came to have this meaning from an incident in the story of Amphitryon, a character in Greek legend. At one time Jupiter assumed the form of Amphitryon and gave a banquet. The real Amphitryon came in and asserted that he was master of the house. In the French play, founded on this story, the question is settled by the assertion of the servants and guests that "he who gives the feast is the host."]

[Footnote 415: Tuileries. An old royal residence in Paris which was burned in 1871.]

[Footnote 416: Escurial, or escorial. A celebrated royal edifice near Madrid in Spain.]

[Footnote 417: Hide ourselves as Adam, etc. See Genesis iii. 8.]

[Footnote 418: Cardinal Caprara. An Italian cardinal, Bishop of Milan, who negotiated the famous concordat of 1801, an agreement between the Church and State regulating the relations between civil and ecclesiastical powers.]

[Footnote 419: The pope. Pope Pius VII.]

[Footnote 420: Madame de Staël. (See note 361.)]

[Footnote 421: Mr. Hazlitt. William Hazlitt, an English writer.]

[Footnote 422: Montaigne. A French essayist of the sixteenth century.]

[Footnote 423: The hint of tranquillity and self-poise. It is suggested that Emerson had here in mind a favorite passage of the German author, Richter, in which Richter says of the Greek statues: "The repose not of weariness but of perfection looks from their eyes and rests upon their lips."]

[Footnote 424: A Chinese etiquette. What does Emerson mean by this expression?]

[Footnote 425: Recall. In the first edition, Emerson had here the word "signify." Which is the better word and why?]

[Footnote 426: Measure. What meaning has this word here? Is this the sense in which we generally use it?]

[Footnote 427: Creole natures. What is a creole? What does Emerson mean by "Creole natures"?]

[Footnote 428: Mr. Fox. Charles James Fox, an English statesman and orator of the eighteenth century.]

[Footnote 429: Burke. Both Fox and Burke opposed the taxation of the American colonies and sympathized with their resistance; it was on the subject of the French Revolution that the two friends clashed.]

[Footnote 430: Sheridan. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, an Irish dramatist, member of the famous Literary Club to which both Fox and Burke belonged.]

[Footnote 431: Circe. According to Greek legend, Circe was a beautiful enchantress. Men who partook of the draught she offered, were turned to swine.]

[Footnote 432: Captain Symmes. The only real personage of this group. He asserted that there was an opening to the interior of the earth which was stocked with plants and animals.]

[Footnote 433: Clerisy. What word would we be more apt to use here?]

[Footnote 434: St. Michael's (Square). St. Michael's was an order instituted by Louis XI. of France.]

[Footnote 435: Cologne water. A perfumed water first made at the city of Cologne in Germany, from which it took its name.]

[Footnote 436: Poland. This kingdom of Europe was, in the eighteenth century, taken possession of and divided among its powerful neighbors, Russia, Prussia, and Austria.]

[Footnote 437: Philhellene. Friend of Greece.]

[Footnote 438: As Heaven and Earth are fairer far, etc. This passage is quoted from Book II. of Keats' _Hyperion_.]

[Footnote 439: Waverley. The Waverley novels, a name applied to all of Scott's novels from _Waverley_, the title of the first one.]

[Footnote 440: Robin Hood. An English outlaw and popular hero, the subject of many ballads.]

[Footnote 441: Minerva. In Roman mythology, the goddess of wisdom corresponding to the Greek Pallas-Athene.]

[Footnote 442: Juno. In Roman mythology, the wife of the supreme god Jupiter.]

[Footnote 443: Polymnia. In Greek mythology, one of the nine muses who presided over sacred poetry; the name is more usually written Polyhymia.]

[Footnote 444: Delphic Sibyl. In ancient mythology, the Sibyls were certain women who possessed the power of prophecy. One of these who made her abode at Delphi in Greece was called the Delphian, or Delphic, sibyl.]

[Footnote 445: Hafiz. A Persian poet of the fourteenth century.]

[Footnote 446: Firdousi. A Persian poet of the tenth century.]

[Footnote 447: She was an elemental force, etc. Of this passage Oliver Wendell Holmes said that Emerson "speaks of woman in language that seems to pant for rhythm and rhyme."]

[Footnote 448: Byzantine. An ornate style of architecture developed in the fourth and fifth centuries, marked especially by its use of gold and color.]

[Footnote 449: Golden Book. In a book, called "the Golden Book," were recorded the names of all the children of Venetian noblemen.]

[Footnote 450: Schiraz. A province of Persia famous especially for its roses, wine, and nightingales, and described by the poets as a place of ideal beauty.]

[Footnote 451: Osman. The name given by Emerson in his journal and essays to his ideal man, one subject to the same conditions as himself.]

[Footnote 452: Koran. The sacred book of the Mohammedans.]

[Footnote 453: Jove. Jupiter, the supreme god of Roman mythology.]

[Footnote 454: Silenus. In Greek mythology, the leader of the satyrs. This fable, which Emerson credits to tradition, was original.]

[Footnote 455: Her owl. The owl was the bird sacred to Minerva, the goddess of wisdom.]

GIFTS

[Footnote 456: This essay was first printed in the periodical called _The Dial_.

It was a part of Emerson's philosophic faith that there is no such thing as giving,--everything that belongs to a man or that he ought to have, will come to him. But in the ordinarily accepted sense of the word, Emerson was a gracious giver and receiver. In his family

the old New England custom of New Year's presents was kept up to his last days. His presents were accompanied with verses to be read before the gift was opened.]

[Footnote 457: Into chancery. The phrase "in chancery," means in litigation, as an estate, in a court of equity.]

[Footnote 458: Cocker. Spoil, indulge,--a word now little used.]

[Footnote 459: Fruits are acceptable gifts. Emerson took especial pleasure in the beauty of fruits and the thought of how they had been evolved from useless, insipid seed cases.]

[Footnote 460: To let the petitioner, etc. We can hardly imagine Emerson's asking a gift or favor. He often quoted the words of Landor, an English writer: "The highest price you can pay for a thing is to ask for it."]

[Footnote 461: Furies. In Roman mythology, three goddesses who sought out and punished evil-doers.]

[Footnote 462: A man's biography, etc. Emerson wrote in his journal: "Long ago I wrote of _gifts_ and neglected a capital example. John Thoreau, Jr. [who, like his brother Henry, was a lover of nature] one day put a bluebird's box on my barn,--fifteen years ago it must be,--and there it still is, with every summer a melodious family in it adorning the place and singing its praises. There's a gift for you which cost the giver no money, but nothing which he bought could have been as good."]

[Footnote 463: Sin offering. Under the Hebrew law, a sacrifice or offering for sin. See Leviticus xxiii. 19. Explain what Emerson means here by the word.]

[Footnote 464: Blackmail. What is "blackmail"? How may Christmas gifts, for instance, become a species of blackmail?]

[Footnote 465: Brother, if Jove, etc. In the Greek legend, Epimetheus gives this advice to his brother Prometheus. The lines are taken from a translation of _Works and Days_, by the Greek poet, Hesiod.]

[Footnote 466: Timons. Here used in the sense of wealthy givers. Timon, the hero of Shakespeare's play, _Timon of Athens_, wasted his fortune in lavish gifts and entertainments, and in his poverty was exposed to the ingratitude of those whom he had served. He became morose and died in miserable retirement.]

[Footnote 467: It is a very onerous business, etc. One of Emerson's favorite passages in the essays of Montaigne, a French writer, was this: "Oh, how am I obliged to Almighty God, who has been pleased that I should immediately receive all I have from his bounty, and particularly reserved all my obligation to himself! How instantly do I beg of his holy compassion that I may never owe a real thanks to anyone. O happy liberty in which I have thus far lived! May it continue with me to the last. I endeavor to have no need of any one."

When Emerson, in his old age, had his house injured by fire, his friends contributed funds to repair it and to send him to England. The gift was proffered graciously and accepted gratefully.]

[Footnote 468: Buddhist. A follower of Buddha, a Hindoo religious teacher of the fifth century before Christ.]

NATURE

[Footnote 469: Nature. Emerson's first published volume was a little book of essays, entitled _Nature_, which appeared in 1836. In the years which followed, he thought more deeply on the subject and, according to his custom, made notes about it and entries in his journals. In the winter of 1843 he delivered a lecture on _Relation to Nature_, and it is probable that this essay is built up from that. The plan of it, however, had been long in his mind: In 1840 he wrote in his journal: "I think I must do these eyes of mine the justice to write a new chapter on Nature. This delight we all take in every show of night or day or field or forest or sea or city, down to the lowest particulars, is not without sequel, though we be as yet only wishers and gazers, not at all knowing what we want. We are predominated here as elsewhere by an upper wisdom, and resemble those great discoverers who are haunted for years, sometimes from infancy, with a passion for the fact, or class of facts in which the secret lies which they are destined to unlock, and they let it not go until the blessing is won. So these sunsets and starlights, these swamps and rocks, these bird notes and animal forms off which we cannot get our eyes and ears, but hover still, as moths round a lamp, are no doubt a Sanscrit cipher covering the whole religious history of the universe, and presently we shall read it off into action and character. The pastures are full of ghosts for me, the morning woods full of angels."]

[Footnote 470: There are days, etc. The passage in Emerson's journal is hardly less beautiful. Under date of October 30, 1841, he wrote: "On this wonderful day when heaven and earth seem to glow with magnificence, and all the wealth of all the elements is put under contribution to make the world fine, as if Nature would indulge her offspring, it seemed ungrateful to hide in the house. Are there not dull days enough in the year for you to write and read in, that you should waste this glittering season when Florida and Cuba seem to have left their glittering seats and come to visit us with all their shining hours, and almost we expect to see the jasmine and cactus burst from the ground instead of these last gentians and asters which have loitered to attend this latter glory of the year? All insects are out, all birds come forth, the very cattle that lie on the ground seem to have great thoughts, and Egypt and India look from their eyes."]

[Footnote 471: Halcyons. Halcyon days, ones of peace and tranquillity; anciently, days of calm weather in mid-winter, when the halcyon, or kingfisher, was supposed to brood. It was fabled that this bird laid its eggs in a nest that floated on the sea, and that it charmed the winds and waves to make them calm while it brooded.]

[Footnote 472: Indian Summer. Calm, dry, hazy weather which comes in the autumn in America. The Century Dictionary says it was called Indian Summer because the season was most marked in the sections of the upper eastern Mississippi valley inhabited by Indians about the time the term became current.]

[Footnote 473: Gabriel. One of the seven archangels. The Hebrew name means "God is my strong one."]

[Footnote 474: Uriel. Another of the seven archangels; the name means "Light of God."]

[Footnote 475: Converts all trees to wind-harps. Compare with this passage the lines in Emerson's poem, _Woodnotes_:

"And the countless leaves of the pines are strings Tuned to the lay the wood-god sings."

]

[Footnote 476: The village. Concord, Massachusetts. Emerson's home the greater part of the time from 1832 till his death.]

[Footnote 477: I go with my friend, etc. With Henry Thoreau, the lover of Nature.]

[Footnote 478: Our little river. The Concord river.]

[Footnote 479: Novitiate and probation. Explain the meaning of these words, in the Roman Catholic Church. What does Emerson mean by them here?]

[Footnote 480: Villegiatura. The Italian name for a season spent in country pleasures.]

[Footnote 481: Hanging gardens. The hanging gardens of Babylon were one of the seven wonders of the world.]

[Footnote 482: Versailles. A royal residence near Paris, with beautiful formal gardens.]

[Footnote 483: Paphos. A beautiful city on the island of Cyprus, where was situated a temple of Astarte, or Venus.]

[Footnote 484: Ctesiphon. One of the chief cities of ancient Persia, the site of a magnificent royal palace.]

[Footnote 485: Notch Mountains. Probably the White Mountains near Crawford Notch, a deep, narrow valley which is often called "The Notch."]

[Footnote 486: Æolian harp. A stringed instrument from which sound is drawn by the passing of the wind over its strings. It was named for Æolus, the god of the winds, in Greek mythology.]

[Footnote 487: Dorian. Dorus was one of the four divisions of Greece: the word is here used in a general sense for Grecian.]

[Footnote 488: Apollo. In Greek and Roman mythology, the sun god, who presided over music, poetry, and healing.]

[Footnote 489: Diana. In Roman mythology, the goddess of the moon devoted to the chase.]

[Footnote 490: Edens. Beautiful, sinless places,--like the garden of Eden.]

[Footnote 491: Tempes. Places like the lovely valley of Tempe in Thessaly, Greece.]

[Footnote 492: Como Lake. A lake of northern Italy, celebrated for its beauty.]

[Footnote 493: Madeira Islands. Where are these islands, famous for picturesque beauty and balmy atmosphere?]

[Footnote 494: Common. What is a common?]

[Footnote 495: Campagna. The plain near Rome.]

[Footnote 496: Dilettantism. Define this word and explain its use here.]

[Footnote 497: "Wreaths" and "Flora's Chaplets." About the time that Emerson was writing his essays, volumes of formal, artificial verses were very fashionable, more as parlor ornaments than as literature. Two such volumes were _A Wreath of Wild Flowers from New England_ and _The Floral Offering_ by Mrs. Frances Osgood, a New England writer.]

[Footnote 498: Pan. In Greek mythology, the god of woods, fields, flocks, and shepherds.]

[Footnote 499: The multitude of false cherubs, etc. Explain the meaning of this sentence. If true money were valueless, would people make false money?]

[Footnote 500: Proteus. In Greek mythology, a sea god who had the power of assuming different shapes. If caught and held fast, however, he was forced to assume his own shape and answer the questions put to him.]

[Footnote 501: Mosaic ... Schemes. The conception of the world as given in Genesis on which the law of Moses, the great Hebrew lawgiver, was founded.]

[Footnote 502: Ptolemaic schemes. The system of geography and astronomy taught in the second century by Ptolemy of Alexandria; it was accepted till the sixteenth century, when the Copernican system was established. Ptolemy believed that the sun, planets, and stars revolve around the earth; Copernicus taught that the planets revolve around the sun.]

[Footnote 503: Flora. In Roman mythology, the goddess of the spring and of flowers.]

[Footnote 504: Fauna. In Roman mythology, the goddess of fields and shepherds; she represents the fruitfulness of the earth.]

[Footnote 505: Ceres. The Roman goddess of grain and harvest, corresponding to the Greek goddess, Demeter.]

[Footnote 506: Pomona. The Roman goddess of fruit trees and gardens.]

[Footnote 507: All duly arrive. Emerson deducts from nature the doctrine of evolution. What is its teaching?]

[Footnote 508: Plato. (See note 36.)]

[Footnote 509: Himalaya Mountain chains. (See note 193.)]

[Footnote 510: Franklin. Give an account of Benjamin Franklin, the famous American scientist and patriot. What did he prove about lightening?]

[Footnote 511: Dalton. John Dalton was an English chemist who, about the beginning of the nineteenth century, perfected the atomic theory, that is, the theory that all chemical combinations take place in certain ways between the atoms, or ultimate particles, of bodies.]

[Footnote 512: Davy. (See note 69.)]

[Footnote 513: Black. Joseph Black, a Scotch chemist who made valuable discoveries about latent heat and carbon dioxide, or carbonic acid gas.]

[Footnote 514: The astronomers said, etc. Beginning with this passage, several pages of this essay was published in 1844, under the title of _Tantalus_, in the next to the last number of _The Dial_, which Emerson edited.]

[Footnote 515: Centrifugal, centripetal. Define these words.]

[Footnote 516: Stoics. See "Stoicism," 331.]

[Footnote 517: Luther. (See note 188.)]

[Footnote 518: Jacob Behmen. A German mystic of the sixteenth century; his name is usually written Boehme.]

[Footnote 519: George Fox. (See note 202.)]

[Footnote 520: James Naylor. An English religious enthusiast of the seventeenth century; he was first a Puritan and later a Quaker.]

[Footnote 521: Operose. Laborious.]

[Footnote 522: Outskirt and far-off reflection, etc. Compare with this passage Emerson's poem, _The Forerunners_.]

[Footnote 523: Oedipus. In Greek mythology, the King of Thebes who solved the riddle of the Sphinx, a fabled monster.]

[Footnote 524: Prunella. A widely scattered plant, called self-heal, because a decoction of its leaves and stems was, and to some extent is, valued as an application to wounds. An editor comments on the fact that during the last years of Emerson's life "the little blue self-heal crept into the grass before his study window."]

SHAKESPEARE; OR, THE POET

[Footnote 525: Shakespeare; or the Poet is one of seven essays on great men in various walks of life, published in 1850 under the title of _Representative Men_. These essays were first delivered as lectures in Boston in the winter of 1845, and were repeated two years later before English audiences. They must have been especially interesting to those Englishmen who had, seven years before, heard Emerson's friend, Carlyle, deliver his six lectures on great men whom he selected as representative ones. These lectures were published under the title of _Heroes and Hero-Worship_. You should read the latter part of Carlyle's lecture on _The Hero as Poet_ and compare what he says about Shakespeare with Emerson's words. Both Emerson and Carlyle reverenced the great English poet as "the master of mankind." Even in serious New England, the plays of Shakespeare were found upon the bookshelf beside religious tracts and doctrinal treatises. There the boy Emerson found them and learned to love them, and the man Emerson loved them but the more. It was as a record of personal experiences that he wrote in his journal: "Shakespeare fills us with wonder the first time we approach him. We go away, and work and think, for years, and come again,--he astonishes us anew. Then, having drank deeply and saturated us with his genius, we lose sight of him for another period of years. By and by we return, and there he stands immeasurable as at first. We have grown wiser, but only that we should see him wiser than ever. He resembles a high mountain which the traveler sees in the morning and thinks he shall quickly near it and pass it and leave it behind. But he journeys all day till noon, till night. There still is the dim mountain close by him, having scarce altered its bearings since the morning light."]

[Footnote 526: Genius. Here instead of speaking as in _Friendship_, see note 286, of the genius or spirit supposed to preside over each man's life, Emerson mentions the guardian spirit of human kind.]

[Footnote 527: Shakespeare's youth, etc. It is impossible to appreciate or enjoy this essay without having some clear general information about the condition of the English people and English literature in the glorious Elizabethan age in which Shakespeare lived. Consult, for this information, some brief history of England and a comprehensive English literature.]

[Footnote 528: Puritans. Strict Protestants who became so powerful in England that in the time of the Commonwealth they controlled the political and religious affairs of the country.]

[Footnote 529: Anglican Church. The Established Church of England; the Episcopal church.]

[Footnote 530: Punch. The chief character in a puppet show, hence the puppet show itself.]

[Footnote 531: Kyd, Marlowe, Greene, etc. For an account of these dramatists consult a text book on English literature. The English drama seems to have begun in the Middle Ages with what were called Miracle plays, which were scenes from Bible history; about the same time were performed the Mystery plays, which dramatized the lives of saints. These were followed by the Moralities, plays in which were personified abstract virtues and vices. The first step in the creation of the regular drama was taken by Heywood, who composed some farcical plays called Interludes. The people of the sixteenth century were fond of pageants, shows in which classical personages were introduced, and Masques, which gradually developed from pageants into dramas accompanied with music. About the middle of the sixteenth century, rose the English drama,--comedy, tragedy, and historical plays. The chief among the group of dramatists who attained fame before Shakespeare began to write were Kyd, Marlowe, Greene, and Peele. Ben Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher rank next to Shakespeare among his contemporaries, and among the other dramatists of the period

were Chapman, Dekker, Webster, Heywood, Middleton, Ford, and Massinger.]

[Footnote 532: At the time when, etc. Probably about 1585.]

[Footnote 533: Tale of Troy. Drama founded on the Trojan war. The subject of famous poems by Latin and Greek poets.]

[Footnote 534: Death of Julius Cæsar. An account of the plots which ended in the assassination of the great Roman general.]

[Footnote 535: Plutarch. See note on _Heroism_(264). Shakespeare, like the earlier dramatists, drew freely on Plutarch's _Lives_ for material.]

[Footnote 536: Brut. A poetical version of the legendary history of Britain, by Layamon. Its hero is Brutus, a mythical King of Britain.]

[Footnote 537: Arthur. A British King of the sixth century, around whose life and deeds so many legends have grown up that some historians say he, too, was a myth. He is the center of the great cycle of romances told in prose in Mallory's _Morte d'Arthur_ and in poetry in Tennyson's _Idylls of the King_.]

[Footnote 538: The royal Henries. Among the dramas popular in Shakespeare's day which he retouched or rewrote are the historical plays. Henry IV., First and Second Parts; Henry V; Henry VI., First, Second, and Third Parts; and Henry VIII.]

[Footnote 539: Italian tales. Italian literature was very popular in Shakespeare's day, and authors drew freely from it for material, especially from the _Decameron_, a famous collection of a hundred tales, by Boccaccio, a poet of the fourteenth century.]

[Footnote 540: Spanish voyages. In the sixteenth century, Spain was still a power upon the high seas, and the tales of her conquests and treasures in the New World were like tales of romance.]

[Footnote 541: Prestige. Can you give an English equivalent for this French word?]

[Footnote 542: Which no single genius, etc. In the same way, some critics assure us, the poems credited to the Greek poet, Homer, were built up by a number of poets.]

[Footnote 543: Malone. An Irish critic and scholar of the eighteenth century, best known by his edition of Shakespeare's plays.]

[Footnote 544: Wolsey's Soliloquy. See Shakespeare's _Henry VIII._ III, 2. Cardinal Wolsey was prime minister of England in the reign of Henry VIII.]

[Footnote 545: Scene with Cromwell. See _Henry VIII._ III, 2. Thomas Cromwell was the son of an English blacksmith; he rose to be lord high chamberlain of England in the reign of Henry VIII., but, incurring the King's displeasure, was executed on a charge of treason.]

[Footnote 546: Account of the coronation. See _Henry VIII._ IV, 1.]

[Footnote 547: Compliment to Queen Elizabeth. See _Henry VIII._ V, 5.]

[Footnote 548: Bad rhythm. Too much importance must not be attached to these matters in deciding authorship, as critics disagree about them.]

[Footnote 549: Value his memory, etc. The Greeks, in appreciation of the value of memory to the poet, represented the Muses as the daughters of Mnemosyne, the goddess of memory.]

[Footnote 550: Homer. A Greek poet to whom is assigned the authorship of the two greatest Greek poems, the _Iliad_ and the _Odyssey_; he is said to have lived about a thousand years before Christ.]

[Footnote 551: Chaucer. (See note 33.)]

[Footnote 552: Saadi. A Persian poet, supposed to have lived in the thirteenth century. His best known poems are his odes.]

[Footnote 553: Presenting Thebes, etc. This quotation is from Milton's poem, _Il Penseroso_. Milton here names the three most popular subjects of Greek tragedy,--the story of Oedipus, the ill-fated King of Thebes who slew his father; the tale of the descendants of Pelops, King of Pisa, who seemed born to woe--Agamemnon was one of his grandsons; the third subject was the tale of Troy and the heroes of the Trojan war,--called "divine" because the Greeks represented even the gods as taking part in the

contest.]

[Footnote 554: Pope. (See note 88.)]

[Footnote 555: Dryden. (See note 35.)]

[Footnote 556: Chaucer is a huge borrower. Taine, the French critic, says on this subject: "Chaucer was capable of seeking out in the old common forest of the Middle Ages, stories and legends, to replant them in his own soil and make them send out new shoots.... He has the right and power of copying and translating because by dint of retouching he impresses ... his original work. He recreates what he imitates."]

[Footnote 557: Lydgate. John Lydgate was an English poet who lived a generation later than Chaucer; in his _Troy Book_ and other poems he probably borrowed from the sources used by Chaucer; he called himself "Chaucer's disciple."]

[Footnote 558: Caxton. William Caxton, the English author, more famous as the first English printer, was not born until after Chaucer's death. The work from which Emerson supposes the poet to have borrowed Caxton's translation of _Recueil des Histoires de Troye_, the first printed English book, appeared about 1474.]

[Footnote 559: Guido di Colonna. A Sicilian poet and historian of the thirteenth century. Chaucer in his _House of Fame_ placed in his vision "on a pillar higher than the rest, Homer and Livy, Dares the Phrygian, Guido Colonna, Geoffrey of Monmouth, and the other historians of the war of Troy."]

[Footnote 560: Dares Phrygius. A Latin account of the fall of Troy, written about the fifth century, which pretends to be a translation of a lost work on the fall of Troy by Dares, a Trojan priest mentioned in Homer's _Iliad_.]

[Footnote 561: Ovid. A Roman poet who lived about the time of Christ, whose best-known work is the _Metamorphoses_, founded on classical legends.]

[Footnote 562: Statius. A Roman poet of the first century after Christ.]

[Footnote 563: Petrarch. An Italian poet of the fourteenth century.]

[Footnote 564: Boccaccio. An Italian novelist and poet of the fourteenth century. See note on "Italian tales," 539. It is supposed that the plan of the _Decameron_ suggested the similar but far superior plan of Chaucer's _Canterbury Tales_.]

[Footnote 565: Provençal poets. The poets of Provençe, a province of the southeastern part of France. In the Middle Ages it was celebrated for its lyric poets, called troubadours.]

[Footnote 566: Romaunt of the Rose, etc. Chaucer's _Romaunt of the Rose_, written during the period of French influence, is an incomplete and abbreviated translation of a French poem of the thirteenth century, _Roman de la Rose_, the first part of which was written by William of Loris and the latter by John of Meung, or Jean de Meung.]

[Footnote 567: Troilus and Creseide, etc. Chaucer ascribes the Italian poem which he followed in his _Troilus and Creseide_ to an unknown "Lollius of Urbino"; the source of the poem, however, is _Il Filostrato_, by Boccaccio, the Italian poet already mentioned. Chaucer's poem is far more than a translation; more than half is entirely original, and it is a powerful poem, showing profound knowledge of the Italian poets, whose influence with him superseded the French poets.]

[Footnote 568: The Cock and the Fox. _The Nun's Priest's Tale_ in the _Canterbury Tales_ was an original treatment of the _Roman de Renart_, of Marie of France, a French poet of the twelfth century.]

[Footnote 569: House of Fame, etc. The plan of the _House of Fame_, written during the period of Chaucer's Italian influence, shows the influence of Dante; the general idea of the poem is from Ovid, the Roman poet.]

[Footnote 570: Gower. John Gower was an English poet, Chaucer's contemporary and friend; the two poets went to the same sources for poetic materials, but Chaucer made no such use of Gower's works as we would infer from this passage. Emerson relied on his memory for facts, and hence made mistakes, as here in the instances of Lydgate, Caxton, and Gower.]

[Footnote 571: Westminster, Washington. What legislative body assembles at Westminster Palace, London? What at Washington?]

[Footnote 572: Sir Robert Peel. An English statesman who died in 1850, not long after _Representative Men_ was published.]

[Footnote 573: Webster. Daniel Webster, an American statesman and orator who was living when this essay was written.]

[Footnote 574: Locke. John Locke. (See note 18.)]

[Footnote 575: Rousseau. Jean Jacques Rousseau, a French philosopher of the eighteenth century.]

[Footnote 576: Homer. (See note 550.)]

[Footnote 577: Menn. Menn, or Mann, was in Sanscrit one of fourteen legendary beings; the one referred to by Emerson, Mann Vaivasvata was supposed to be the author of the laws of Mann, a collection made about the second century.]

[Footnote 578: Saadi or Sadi. (See note 552.)]

[Footnote 579: Milton. Of this great English poet and prose writer of the seventeenth century, Emerson says: "No man can be named whose mind still acts on the cultivated intellect of England and America with an energy comparable to that of Milton. As a poet Shakespeare undoubtedly transcends and far surpasses him in his popularity with foreign nations: but Shakespeare is a voice merely: who and what he was that sang, that sings, we know not."]

[Footnote 580: Delphi. Here, source of prophecy. Delphi was a city in Greece, where was the oracle of Apollo, the most famous of the oracles of antiquity.]

[Footnote 581: Our English Bible. The version made in the reign of King James I. by forty-seven learned divines is a monument of noble English.]

[Footnote 582: Liturgy. An appointed form of worship used in a Christian church,--here, specifically, the service of the Episcopal church. Emerson's mother had been brought up in that church, and though she attended her husband's church, she always loved and read her Episcopal prayer book.]

[Footnote 583: Grotius. Hugo Grotius was a Dutch jurist, statesman, theologian, and poet of the seventeenth century.]

[Footnote 584: Rabbinical forms. The forms used by the rabbis, Jewish doctors or expounders of the law.]

[Footnote 585: Common law. In a general sense, the system of law derived from England, in general use among English-speaking people.]

[Footnote 586: Vedas. The sacred books of the Brahmins.]

[Footnote 587: Æsop's Fables. Fables ascribed to Æsop, a Greek slave who lived in the sixth century before Christ.]

[Footnote 588: Pilpay, or Bidpai. Indian sage to whom were ascribed some fables. From an Arabic translation, these passed into European languages and were used by La Fontaine, the French fabulist.]

[Footnote 589: Arabian Nights. _The Arabian Nights' Entertainment or A Thousand and One Nights_ is a collection of Oriental tales, the plan and name of which are very ancient.]

[Footnote 590: Cid. _The Romances of the Cid_, the story of the Spanish national hero, mentioned in note on _Heroism_139:5, was written about the thirteenth century by an unknown author; it supplied much of the material for two Spanish chronicles and Spanish and French tragedies written later on the same subject.]

[Footnote 591: Iliad. The poem in which the Greek, poet, Homer, describes the siege and fall of Troy. Emerson here expresses the view adopted by many scholars that it was the work, not of one, but of many men.]

[Footnote 592: Robin Hood. The ballads about Robin Hood, an English outlaw and popular hero of the twelfth century.]

[Footnote 593: Scottish Minstrelsy. _The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border_, a collection of original and collected poems, published by Sir Walter Scott in 1802.]

[Footnote 594: Shakespeare Society. The Shakespeare Society, founded in 1841, was dissolved in 1853. In 1874 The New Shakespeare Society was founded.]

[Footnote 595: Mysteries. See "Kyd, Marlowe, etc." 531.]

[Footnote 596: Ferrex and Porrex, or Gorboduc. The first regular English tragedy, by Thomas Norton and Thomas Sackville, printed in 1565.]

[Footnote 597: Gammer Gurtor's Needle. One of the first English comedies, written by Bishop Still and printed in 1575.]

[Footnote 598: Whether the boy Shakespeare poached, etc. For a fuller account of the facts of Shakespeare's life, of which some traditions and facts are mentioned here, consult some good biography of the poet.]

[Footnote 599: Queen Elizabeth. Dining her reign, 1558-1603, the English drama rose and attained its height, and there was produced a prose literature hardly inferior to the poetic.]

[Footnote 600: King James. King James VI. of Scotland and I. of England who was Elizabeth's kinsman and successor; he reigned in England from 1603 to 1625.]

[Footnote 601: Essexes. Walter Devereux was a brave English gentleman whom Elizabeth made Earl of Essex in 1572. His son Robert, the second Earl of Essex, was a favorite of Queen Elizabeth's.]

[Footnote 602: Leicester. The Earl of Leicester, famous in Shakespeare's time, was Robert Dudley, an English courtier, politician, and general, the favorite of Queen Elizabeth.]

[Footnote 603: Burleighs or Burghleys: William Cecil, baron of Burghley, was an English statesman, who, for forty years, was Elizabeth's chief minister.]

[Footnote 604: Buckinghams. George Villiers, the first duke of Buckingham, was an English courtier and politician, a favorite of James I. and Charles I.]

[Footnote 605: Tudor dynasty. The English dynasty of sovereigns descended on the male side from Owen Tudor. It began with Henry VII. and ended with Elizabeth.]

[Footnote 606: Bacon. Consult English literature and history for an account of the great statesman and author, Francis Bacon, "the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind."]

[Footnote 607: Ben Jonson, etc. In his _Timber or Discoveries_, Ben Jonson, a famous classical dramatist contemporary with Shakespeare, says: "I loved the man and do honor his memory on this side idolatry as much as any. He was indeed honest and of an open and free nature: had an excellent fancy; brave notions and gentle expressions: wherein he flowed with that facility that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped.... His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been so, too. Many times he fell into those things could not escape laughter.... But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned."]

[Footnote 608: Sir Henry Wotton. An English diplomatist and author of wide culture.]

[Footnote 609: The following persons, etc. The persons enumerated were all people of note of the seventeenth century. Sir Philip Sidney, Earl of Essex, Lord Bacon, Sir Walter Raleigh, John Milton, Sir Henry Vane, Isaac Walton, Dr. John Donne, Abraham Cowley, Charles Cotton, John Pym, and John Hales were Englishmen, scholars, statesmen, and authors. Theodore Beza was a French theologian; Isaac Casaubon was a French-Swiss scholar; Roberto Berlarmine was an Italian cardinal; Johann Kepler was a German astronomer; Francis Vieta was a French mathematician; Albericus Gentilis was an Italian jurist; Paul Sarpi was an Italian historian; Arminius was a Dutch theologian.]

[Footnote 610: Many others whom doubtless, etc. Emerson here enumerates some famous English authors of the same period, not mentioned in the preceeding list.]

[Footnote 611: Pericles. See note on _Heroism_, 352.]

[Footnote 612: Lessing. Gotthold Ephraim Lessing, a German critic and poet of the eighteenth century.]

[Footnote 613: Wieland. Christopher Martin Wieland was a German contemporary of Lessing's, who made a prose translation into German of Shakespeare's plays.]

[Footnote 614: Schlegel. August Wilhelm von Schlegel, a German critic and poet, who about the first of the nineteenth century translated some of Shakespeare's plays into classical German.]

[Footnote 615: Hamlet. The hero of Shakespeare's play of the same name.]

[Footnote 616: Coleridge. Samuel Taylor Coleridge, an English poet, author of critical lectures and notes on Shakespeare.]

[Footnote 617: Goethe. (See note 85.)]

[Footnote 618: Blackfriar's Theater. A famous London theater in which nearly all the great dramas of the Elizabethan age were performed.]

[Footnote 619: Stratford. Stratford-on-Avon, a little town in Warwickshire, England, where Shakespeare was born and where he spent his last years.]

[Footnote 620: Macbeth. One of Shakespeare's greatest tragedies, written about 1606.]

[Footnote 621: Malone, Warburton, Dyce, and Collier. English scholars of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries who edited the works of Shakespeare.]

[Footnote 622: Covent Garden, Drury Lane, the Park, and Tremont: The leading London theaters in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.]

[Footnote 623: Betterton, Garrick, Kemble, Kean, and Macready, famous British actors of the Shakespearian parts.]

[Footnote 624: The Hamlet of a famed performer, etc. Macready. Emerson said to a friend: "I see you are one of the happy mortals who are capable of being carried away by an actor of Shakespeare. Now, whenever I visit the theater to witness the performance of one of his dramas, I am carried away by the poet."]

[Footnote 625: What may this mean, etc. _Hamlet_, I. 4.]

[Footnote 626: Midsummer Night's Dream. One of Shakespeare's plays.]

[Footnote 627: The forest of Arden. In which is laid, the scene of Shakespeare's play, _As You Like It_.]

[Footnote 628: The nimble air of Scone Castle. It was of the air of Inverness, not of Scone, that "the air nimbly and sweetly recommends itself unto our gentle senses."--_Macbeth_, I. 6.]

[Footnote 629: Portia's villa. See the moonlight scene, _Merchant of Venice_, V. 1.]

[Footnote 630: The antres vost, etc. See _Othello_, I. 3. "Antres" is an old word, meaning caves, caverns.]

[Footnote 631: Cyclopean architecture. In Greek mythology, the Cyclops were a race of giants. The term 'Cyclopean' is applied here to the architecture of Egypt and India, because of the majestic size of the buildings, and the immense size of the stones used, as if it would require giants to perform such works.]

[Footnote 632: Phidian sculpture. Phidias was a famous Greek sculptor who lived in the age of Pericles and beautified Athens with his works.]

[Footnote 633: Gothic minsters. Churches or cathedrals, built in the Gothic, or pointed, style of architecture which prevailed during the Middle Ages; it owed nothing to the Goths, and this term was originally used in reproach, in the sense of "barbarous."]

[Footnote 634: The Italian painting. In Italy during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries pictorial art was carried to a degree of perfection unknown in any other time or country.]

[Footnote 635: Ballads of Spain and Scotland. The old ballads of these countries are noted for beauty and spirit.]

[Footnote 636: Tripod. Define this word, and explain its appropriateness here.]

[Footnote 637: Aubrey. John Aubrey, an English antiquarian of the seventeenth century.]

[Footnote 638: Rowe. Nicholas Rowe, an English author of the seventeenth century, who wrote a biography of Shakespeare.]

[Footnote 639: Timon. See note on _Gifts_, 466.]

[Footnote 640: Warwick. An English politician and commander of the fifteenth century, called "the King Maker." He appears in Shakespeare's plays, _Henry IV._, _V._, and _VI._]

[Footnote 641: Antonio. The Venetian Merchant in Shakespeare's play, _The Merchant of Venice_.]

[Footnote 642: Talma. François Joseph Talma was a French tragic actor, to whom Napoleon showed favor.]

[Footnote 643: An omnipresent humanity, etc. See what Carlyle has to say on this subject in his _Hero as Poet_.]

[Footnote 644: Daguerre. Louis Jacques Daguerre, a French painter, one of the inventors of the daguerreotype process, by means of which an image is fixed on a metal plate by the chemical action of light.]

[Footnote 645: Euphuism. The word here has rather the force of euphemism, an entirely different word. Euphuism was an affected ornate style of expression, so called from _Euphues_, by John Lyly, a sixteenth century master of that style.]

[Footnote 646: Epicurus. A Greek philosopher of the third century before Christ. He was the founder of the Epicurean school of philosophy which taught that pleasure should be man's chief aim and that the highest pleasure is freedom.]

[Footnote 647: Dante. (See note 258.)]

[Footnote 648: Master of the revels, etc. Emerson always expressed thankfulness for "the spirit of joy which Shakespeare had shed over the universe." See what Carlyle says in _The Hero as Poet_, about Shakespeare's "mirthfulness and love of laughter."]

[Footnote 649: Koran. The Sacred book of the Mohammedans.]

[Footnote 650: Twelfth Night, etc. The names of three bright, merry, or serene plays by Shakespeare.]

[Footnote 651: Egyptian verdict. Emerson used Egyptian probably in the sense of "gipsy." He compares such opinions to the fortunes told by the gipsies.]

[Footnote 652: Tasso. An Italian poet of the sixteenth century.]

[Footnote 653: Cervantes. A Spanish poet and romancer of the sixteenth century, the author of _Don Quixote_.]

[Footnote 654: Israelite. Such Hebrew prophets as Isaiah and Jeremiah.]

[Footnote 655: German. Such as Luther.]

[Footnote 656: Swede. Such as Swedenborg, the mystic philosopher of the eighteenth century of whom Emerson had already written in _Representative Men_.]

[Footnote 657: A pilgrim's progress. As described by John Bunyan, the English writer, in his famous _Pilgrim's Progress_.]

[Footnote 658: Doleful histories of Adam's fall, etc. The subject of _Paradise Lost,_ the great poem by John Milton.]

[Footnote 659: With doomsdays and purgatorial, etc. As described by Dante in his _Divine Commedia_, an epic about hell, purgatory, and paradise.]

PRUDENCE

[Footnote 660: The essay on _Prudence_ was given as a lecture in the course on _Human Culture_, in the winter of 1837-8. It was published in the first series of _Essays_, which appeared in 1841.]

[Footnote 661: Lubricity. The word means literally the state or quality of being slippery; Emerson uses it several times, in its derived sense of "instability."]

[Footnote 662: Love and Friendship. The subjects of the two essays preceding _Prudence_, in the volume of 1841.]

[Footnote 663: The world is filled with the proverbs, etc. Compare with this passage Emerson's words in _Compensation_ on "the flights of proverbs, whose teaching is as true and as omnipresent as that of birds and flies."]

[Footnote 664: A good wheel or pin. That is, a part of a machine.]

[Footnote 665: The law of polarity. Having two opposite poles, the properties of the one of which are the opposite of the other.]

[Footnote 666: Summer will have its flies. Emerson discoursed with philosophic calm about the impediments and disagreeableness which beset every path; he also accepted them with serenity when he encountered them in his daily life.]

[Footnote 667: The inhabitants of the climates, etc. As a northerner, Emerson naturally felt that the advantage and superiority were with his own section. He expressed in his poems _Voluntaries_ and _Mayday_ views similar to those declared here.]

[Footnote 668: Peninsular campaign. Emerson here refers to the military operations carried on from 1808 to 1814 in Portugal, Spain, and southern France against the French, by the British, Spanish, and Portuguese forces commanded by Wellington. What was the "Peninsular campaign" in American history?]

[Footnote 669: Dr. Johnson is reported to have said, etc. Dr. Samuel Johnson was an eminent English scholar of the eighteenth century. In this, as in many other instances, Emerson quotes from his memory instead of from the book. The words of Dr. Johnson, as reported by his biographer Boswell, are: "Accustom your children constantly to this; if a thing happened at one window, and they, when relating it, say it happened at another, do not let it pass, but instantly check them; you do not know where deviation from truth will end."]

[Footnote 670: Rifle. A local name in England and New England for an instrument, on the order of a whetstone, used for sharpening scythes; it is made of wood, covered with fine sand or emery.]

[Footnote 671: Last grand duke of Weimar. Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach is a grand duchy of Germany. The grand duke referred to was Charles Augustus, who died in 1828. He was the friend and patron of the great German authors, Goethe, Schiller, Herder, and Wieland.]

[Footnote 672: The Raphael in the Dresden gallery. The Sistine Madonna, the most famous picture of the great Italian artist, Raphael.]

[Footnote 673: Call a spade a spade. Plutarch, the Greek historian, said, "These Macedonians ... call a spade a spade."]

[Footnote 674: Parts. A favorite eighteenth century term for abilities, talents.]

[Footnote 675: We have found out, etc. Emerson always insisted that morals and intellect should be united. He urged that power and insight are lessened by shortcomings in morals.]

[Footnote 676: Goethe's Tasso. A play by the German poet Goethe, founded on the belief that the imprisonment of Tasso was due to his aspiration to the hand of Leonora d'Este, sister of the duke of Ferrara. Tasso was a famous Italian poet of the seventeenth century.]

[Footnote 677: Richard III. An English king, the last of the Plantagenet line, the hero--or villain--of Shakespeare's historical play, Richard III.]

[Footnote 678: Bifold. Give a simpler word that means the same.]

[Footnote 679: Cæsar. Why is Cæsar the great Roman ruler, given as a type of greatness?]

[Footnote 680: Job. Why is Job, the hero of the Old Testament book of the same name, given as a type of misery?]

[Footnote 681: Poor Richard. _Poor Richard's Almanac_, published (1732-1757) by Benjamin Franklin was a collection of maxims inculcating prudence and thrift. These were given as the sayings of "Poor Richard."]

[Footnote 682: State Street. A street in Boston, Massachusetts, noted as a financial center.]

[Footnote 683: Stick in a tree between whiles, etc. "Jock, when ye hae naething else to do, ye may be aye sticking in a tree; it will be growing, Jock, when ye're sleeping."--Scott's _Heart of Midlothian_. It is said that these were the words of a dying Scotchman to his son.]

[Footnote 684: Minor virtues. Emerson suggests that punctuality and regard for a promise are two of these. Can you name others?]

[Footnote 685: The Latin proverb says, etc. This is quoted from Tacitus, the famous Roman historian.]

[Footnote 686: If he set out to contend, etc. In contention, Emerson holds, the best men would lose their characteristic virtues, --the fearless apostle Paul, his devotion to truth; the gentle disciple John, his loving charity.]

[Footnote 687: Though your views are in straight antagonism, &c. This was Emerson's own method, and by it he won a courteous hearing from those to whom his views were most objectionable.]

[Footnote 688: Consuetudes. Give a simpler word that has the same meaning.]

[Footnote 689: Begin where we will, etc. Explain what Emerson means by this expression.]

CIRCLES

[Footnote 690: This essay first appeared in the first series of _Essays_, published in 1841. Unlike most of the other essays in the volume, no earlier form of it exists, and it was probably not delivered first as a lecture.

Dr. Richard Garnett says in his _Life of Emerson_: "The object of this fine essay quaintly entitled _Circles_ is to reconcile this rigidity of unalterable law with the fact of human progress. Compensation illustrates one property of a circle, which always returns to the point where it began, but it is no less true that around every circle another can be drawn.... Emerson followed his own counsel; he always keeps a reserve of power. His theory of _Circles_ reappears without the least verbal indebtedness to himself in the splendid essay on _Love_."]

[Footnote 691: St. Augustine. A celebrated father of the Latin church, who flourished in the fourth century. His most famous work is his _Confessions_, an autobiographical volume of religious meditations.]

[Footnote 692: Another dawn risen on mid-noon. "Another morn has risen on mid-noon." Milton, _Paradise Lost_, Book V.]

[Footnote 693: Greek sculpture. The greatest development of the art of sculpture that the world has ever known was that which took place in Greece, with Athens as the center, in the fifth century before Christ. The masterpieces which remain are the models on which modern art formed itself.]

[Footnote 694: Greek letters. In literature--in drama, philosophy and history--Greece attained an excellence as signal as in art. Emerson as a scholar, felt that the literature of Greece was more permanent than its art. Would an artist be apt to take this view?]

[Footnote 695: New arts destroy the old, etc. Tell the ways in which the improvements and inventions mentioned by Emerson have been superseded by others; give the reasons. Mention other similar cases of more recent date.]

[Footnote 696: The life of man is a self-evolving circle, etc. "Throw a stone into the stream, and the circles that propagate themselves are the beautiful type of all influence."--EMERSON, in _Nature_.]

[Footnote 697: The heart refuses to be imprisoned. It is a superstition current in many countries that an evil spirit cannot escape from a circle drawn round it.]

[Footnote 698: Crass. Gross; coarse.]

[Footnote 699: The continual effort to raise himself above himself, etc.

"Unless above himself he can Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!" SAMUEL DANIEL.

]

[Footnote 700: If he were high enough, etc.

Have I a lover Who is noble and free?-- I would he were nobler Than to love me.--EMERSON, _The Sphinx._

]

[Footnote 701: Aristotle and Plato. Plato was a famous Greek philosopher who flourished in the fourth century before Christ. He was the disciple of Socrates, the teacher of Aristotle, and the founder of the academic school of philosophy. His exposition of idealism was founded on the teachings of Socrates. Aristotle, another famous Greek philosopher, was for twenty years the pupil of Plato. He founded the peripatetic school of philosophy, and his writing dealt with all the then known branches of science.]

[Footnote 702: Berkeley. George Berkeley was a British clergyman of the eighteenth century. He was the author of works on philosophy which are marked by extreme subjective idealism.]

[Footnote 703: Termini. Boundaries or marks to indicate boundaries. In Roman mythology, Terminus was the god who presided over boundaries or landmarks. He is represented with a human head, but without feet or arms,--to indicate that he never moved from his place.]

[Footnote 704: Pentecost. One of three great Jewish festivals. On the day of Pentecost, the Holy Spirit descended upon the infant Christian church, with the gift of tongues. See Acts ii. 1-20.]

[Footnote 705: Hodiernal. Belonging to our present day.]

[Footnote 706: Punic. Of Carthage, a famous ancient city, and state of northern Africa. Carthage was the rival of Rome, but was, after long warfare, overcome in the second century before Christ.]

[Footnote 707: In like manner, etc. Emerson always urged that in order to get the best from all, one must pass from affairs to thought, society to solitude, books to nature.

"See thou bring not to field or stone The fancies found in books; Leave authors' eyes, and fetch your own, To brave the landscape's look."--EMERSON, _Waldeinsamkeit_.

]

[Footnote 708: Petrarch. (See note 563.)]

[Footnote 709: Ariosto. A famous Italian author of the sixteenth century, who wrote comedies, satires, and a metrical romance, _Orlando Furioso_.]

[Footnote 710: "Then shall also the Son", etc. See 1 Corinthians xv. 28: Does Emerson quote the passage verbatim?]

[Footnote 711: These manifold tenacious qualities, etc. It is remarked of Emerson that the idea of the symbolism of nature which he received from Plato, was the source of much of his pleasure in Swedenborg, the Swedish mystic philosopher. Emerson says in his volume on _Nature_: "The noblest ministry of nature is to stand as an apparition of God."]

[Footnote 712: "Forgive his crimes," etc. This is quoted from _Night Thoughts_ by the English didactic poet, Edward Young.]

[Footnote 713: Pyrrhonism. A doctrine held by a follower of Pyrrho, a Greek philosopher of the third century before Christ, who founded the sceptical school. He taught that it is impossible to attain truth, and that men should be indifferent to all external circumstances.]

[Footnote 714: I own I am gladdened, etc. Emerson always held fast to the consoling thought that there was no evil without good, none out of which Good did not or could not come.]

[Footnote 715: Sempiternal. Everlasting; eternal.]

[Footnote 716: Oliver Cromwell. An Englishman of the middle classes who became the military and civil leader of the English Revolution of the seventeenth century. He refused the title of king; but as Lord Protector of the English commonwealth, he exercised royal power.]

==========

Untitled

Elizabeth E. Lea

Project Gutenberg Release: October 01, 2005 · eBook #9101

Produced by Steve Schulze and Distributed Proofreaders

DOMESTIC COOKERY, USEFUL RECEIPTS, AND HINTS TO YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.

BY ELIZABETH E. LEA

"The Source of Liberal Deeds is Wise Economy."

ADVERTISEMENT TO THIRD EDITION.

This Work having passed through two editions, and having met with a very favorable reception, the Authoress has been induced to thoroughly revise and re-arrange the whole work. Numerous additions have also been made, particularly under the heads Miscellaneous Receipts and Hints to Young Housekeepers, which she hopes will be found to have enhanced its value.

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS.

The compiler of "Useful Receipts and Hints to Young Housekeepers" having entered early in life upon a train of duties, was frequently embarrassed by her ignorance of domestic affairs. For, whilst receipt books for elegant preparations were often seen, those connected with the ordinary, but far more useful part of household duties, were not easily procured; thus situated, she applied to persons of experience, and embodied the information collected in a book, to which, since years have matured her judgment, she has added much that is the result of her own experiments.

Familiar, then, with the difficulties a young housekeeper encounters, when she finds herself in reality the mistress of an establishment, the Authoress offers to her young countrywomen this Work, with the belief that, by attention to its contents, many of the cares attendant on a country or city life, may be materially lessened; and hoping that the directions are such as to be understood by the most inexperienced, it is respectfully dedicated to those who feel an interest in domestic affairs.

MEATS AND POULTRY.

To Boil Fresh Meat.

In boiling fresh meat, care is necessary to have the water boiling all the time it is in the pot; if the pot is not well scummed, the appearance of the meat will be spoiled.

Mutton and beef are preferred, by some, a little rare; but pork and veal should always be well done. A round of beef that is stuffed, will take more than three hours to boil, and if not stuffed, two hours or more, according to the size; slow boiling is the best. A leg of mutton requires from two to three hours boiling, according to the size; a fore-quarter from an hour to an hour and a half; a quarter of lamb, unless, very large, will boil in an hour. Veal and pork will take rather longer to boil than mutton.

All boiled fresh meat should have drawn butter poured over it, after it is dished, and be garnished with parsley.

The liquor that fresh meat, or poultry, is boiled in, should be saved, as an addition of vegetables, herbs, and dumplings make a nourishing soup of it.

A large turkey will take three hours to boil--a small one half that time; secure the legs to keep them from bursting out; turkeys should be blanched in warm milk and water; stuff them and rub their breasts with butter, flour a cloth and pin them in. A large chicken that is stuffed should boil an hour, and small ones half that time. The water should always boil before you put in your meat or poultry. When meat is frozen, soak it in cold water for several hours, and allow more time in the cooking.

To Boil a Turkey.

Have the turkey well cleaned and prepared for cooking, let it lay in salt and water a few minutes; fill it with bread and butter, seasoned with pepper, salt, parsley and thyme; secure the legs and wings, pin it up in a towel, have the water boiling, and put it in, put a little salt in the water; when half done, put in a little milk. A small turkey will boil in an hour and a quarter, a middle sized in two hours, and a large one in two and a half or three hours; they should boil moderately all the time; if fowls boil too fast, they break to pieces--half an hour will cook the liver and gizzard, which should be put round the turkey; when it is dished, have drawn butter, with an egg chopped and put in it, and a little parsley; oyster sauce, and celery sauce are good, with boiled turkey or chicken.

To Boil Beef Tongue, Corned Beef &c.

If the tongue is dry, let it soak for several hours, put it to boil in cold water, and keep it boiling slowly for two hours; but if it is just out of the pickle, the water should boil when it goes in.

Corned or pickled beef, or pork, require longer boiling than that which is dry; you can tell when it is done by the bones coming out easily. Pour drawn butter over it when dished.

To Boil a Ham.

A large ham should boil three or four hours very slowly; it should be put in cold water, and be kept covered during the whole process; a small ham will boil in two hours. All bacon requires much the same management,--and if you boil cabbage or greens with it, skim all the grease off the pot before you put them in. Ham or dried beef, if very salt, should be soaked several hours before cooking, and should be boiled in plenty of water.

To Boil Calf's Head.

Cut the upper from the lower jaw, take out the brains and eyes, and clean the head well; let it soak in salt and water an hour or two; then put it in a gallon of boiling water, take off the scum as it rises, and when it is done, take out the bones; dish it, and pour over a sauce, made of butter and flour, stirred into half a pint of the water it was boiled in; put in a chopped egg, a little salt, pepper, and fine parsley, when it is nearly done. You can have soup of the liquor, with dumplings, if you wish.

To Boil Veal.

Have a piece of the fore quarter nicely washed and rubbed with Hour; let it boil fast; a piece of five pounds will boil in an hour and a half; dish it up with drawn butter. Oyster sauce is an improvement to boiled veal.

Roasting Meat.

Roasting either meat or poultry requires more attention than boiling or stewing; it is very important to baste it frequently, and if the meat has been frozen, it should have time to thaw before cooking. Beef, veal, or mutton, that is roasted in a stove or oven requires more flour dredged on it than when cooked before the fire in a tin kitchen. There should be but little water in the dripping pan, as that steams the meat and prevents its browning; it is best to add more as the water evaporates, and where there is plenty of flour on the meat it incorporates with the gravy and it requires no thickening; add a little seasoning before you take up the gravy. Meat that has been hanging up some time should be roasted in preference to boiling, as the fire extracts any taste it may have acquired. To rub fresh meat with salt and pepper will prevent the flies from troubling it, and will make it keep longer.

To Roast a Turkey--to make Gravy, &c.

A very large turkey will take three hours to roast, and is best done before the fire in a tin oven. Wash the turkey very clean, and let it lay in salt and water twenty minutes, but not longer, or it changes the color; rub the inside with salt and pepper; have ready a stuffing of bread and butter, seasoned with salt, pepper, parsley, thyme, an onion, if agreeable, and an egg; if the bread is dry, moisten it with boiling water; mix all well together, and fill the turkey; if you have fresh sausage, put some in the craw; have a pint of water in the bottom of the dripping pan or oven, with some salt and a spoonful of lard, or butter; rub salt, pepper and butter over the breast; baste it often, and turn it so that each part will be next the fire.

Gravy may be made from the drippings in the oven by boiling it in a skillet, with thickening and seasoning. Hash gravy should be made by boiling the giblets and neck in a quart of water, which chop fine, then season and thicken; have both the gravies on the table in separate tureens.

Cranberry and damson sauce are suitable to eat with roast poultry.

To Roast a Goose.

Make a stuffing of bread, butter, salt, pepper, sage, thyme and onions; it requires but little butter, as geese are generally fat; wash it well in salt and water, wipe it, and rub the inside with salt and pepper. A common sized goose will roast in an hour, and a small one in less time; pour off nearly all the fat that drips from the goose, as it will make the gravy too rich. Make hash gravy of the giblets the same as for turkey.

Ducks.

Wild ducks are generally cooked without stuffing, and for those that like them rare, fifteen or twenty minutes will be long enough; for common ducks, a stuffing should be made the same as for a goose; they will roast in half an hour. Currant jelly and apple sauce should be eaten with ducks and geese.

Chickens.

A large fowl will roast in an hour, and a small one in half an hour; boil the livers and gizzards in a skillet with a pint of water; thicken and season for gravy. The breasts of the chickens should be rubbed with butter or lard to keep them from breaking. Tie the legs in, to keep them from bursting out. When butter is scarce, it is a good way to make rich short cake to stuff poultry with; it will require nothing added but pepper, parsley, &c.

To Roast Beef.

Season the beef with pepper and salt, and put it in the tin kitchen, well skewered to the spit, with a pint of water in the bottom: baste and turn it frequently, so that every part may have the fire. A very large piece of beef will take three hours to roast; when it is done, pour the gravy out into a skillet, let it boil, and thicken it with flour mixed with water; if it be too fat, skim off the top, which will be useful for other purposes.

To Roast Veal and Lamb.

Veal should be well seasoned, and rubbed with lard; when it begins to brown, baste it with salt and water; a large loin will take from two to three hours to roast, the thin part of the fore-quarter an hour; it should be well done; boil up and thicken the gravy. A leg of veal or mutton may be stuffed before baking. Lamb and mutton do not require to be rubbed with lard, as they are generally fatter than veal; make the gravy as for veal. A quarter of lamb will roast in an hour; a loin of mutton in two hours.

To Roast a Pig--Hash Gravy, &c.

Have a pig of a suitable size, clean it well, and rub the inside with pepper and salt. Make a stuffing of bread, butter, parsley, sage and thyme; if the bread is stale, pour a little boiling water on it; mix altogether; fill the pig, and sew it up with strong thread; put in the skewers and spit, and tie the feet with twine; have a pint and a half of water in the bottom of the tin kitchen, with a spoonful of lard and a little salt, with this baste it and turn it, so as each part will have the benefit of the fire. It should be basted until the skin begins to get stiff with the heat of the fire; then grease it all over with butter or lard, and continue to turn it before the fire, but baste no more, or the skin will blister. A pig will take from two to three hours to roast, according to the size; when it is done, pour the water out in a skillet; season it and thicken it with flour and water. To make hash gravy, put the liver and heart to boil in three pints of water; after they have boiled an hour, chop them very fine, put them back in the pot and stir in a thickening of flour and water, with salt, pepper, parsley and thyme. Have the gravies in separate tureens on either side of the pig. Apple sauce and cold slaw are almost indispensable with pig.

To Roast Pork.

After washing the pork, cut the skin in squares or stripes; season it with salt and pepper, and baste it with salt and water; thicken, and boil up the gravy.

To Bake a Stuffed Leg of Veal.

Cut off the shank, and make holes round the hone for stuffing, which should be of bread and butter, the yelk of an egg, and seasoning; fill the holes with this, and spread it over the top, with little pieces of the fat of ham; dust salt and pepper over, put it in the dutch-oven, or dripping pan, and bake it brown; put a pint of water in the bottom, and if it should dry up, put in more; when it is done, dust in some flour for the gravy. If done carefully, meat is almost as good roasted in the stove as before the fire. If you let the gravy boil over in the stove, it makes an unpleasant smell through the house, and spoils the flavor of the meat. The ham of fresh pork is good, done in the same way.

To Bake a Pig's Head.

Have the head nicely cleaned, with the eyes taken out, and the ears cut off; season it with salt and pepper; rub crumbs of bread over, with a spoonful of lard; put it in the dutch-oven, or dripping pan, with a pint of water; bake it an hour; thicken and season the gravy.

To Cook Pigeons.

Pigeons should be roasted about fifteen minutes before a quick fire; as the meat is dry, they should have a rich stuffing, and be basted with butter.

You may bake them in a dutch-oven or stew them in a pot, with water enough to cover them, and some crumbs of bread or flour dusted over them; let them cook slowly half an hour; mix together flour and water, with salt, pepper, and parsley to season, and a lump of butter; stir this in and let it boil up; put them in a deep dish and pour the gravy over. Pigeons make a very nice pie in the same way as chickens.

To Bake a Ham.

Make a dressing of bread, seasoned with pepper and herbs, moisten it with about five eggs, instead of water. Take a ham that has been cut at the table, either fresh or salt, fill up the place where it has been cut, and cover the top with the dressing, bake it half an hour, and garnish it with parsley before sending it to the table.

To Bake Beef's Heart.

After washing the heart, make a rich stuffing with bread and suet, highly seasoned; fill it with this, and put it in a dutch-oven, or the dripping pan of a stove, with half a pint of water; let it bake an hour and a half; the gravy will not need any thickening, as some of the stuffing will fall out. Put the gravy in the dish.

Beef A la mode.

Take part of a round of beef, bone it, and make holes for stuffing, which is made of bread, suet, thyme, parsley, chopped onions, mace, cloves, pepper, salt and a raw egg; stuff the meat, bind it with tape, and put it in a dutch-oven, with a plate in the bottom to keep it from burning; just cover it with water, and let it stew from three to four hours according to the size.

Make gravy with some of the water it was stewed in, seasoned with claret and butter, and thickened with flour. If you wish it to taste of any other sort of wine, add a glass to the gravy.

Beef Steak.

Choose the tenderest part of beef, cut it an inch thick, broil it gently over good coals, covered with a plate; have butter, salt, pepper, and a little water in a dish; and when you turn the beef, dip it in this; be careful to have as much of the juice as you can. When done, put it in a warm dish, and pour the basting over, with some more butter.

Mutton Chops.

Cut some pieces of mutton, either with or without bone, about an inch thick; have the gridiron hot, first rubbing it with a little suet; put on the chops, turning them frequently, and butter and season them with pepper and salt as you cook them; then dish them on a hot dish and add more butter.

Rabbits and Squirrels.

Rabbits and squirrels, or birds, may be fried as chickens, or stewed in a pot with a little water. If you make a pie of rabbits or squirrels, they should be stewed first to make them tender, and then made in the same way as chicken pie. Rabbits ace very good cooked with chopped onions, in a pot with a little water, and thickening of milk and flour stirred in when they are nearly done. Squirrels make very good soup.

To Fry Ham.

Slice the ham and if it is very salt, pour boiling water on it, and let it soak a while; then fry it with a small piece of lard; when done, dish it; mix together flour, milk, parsley and pepper, let it boil, and pour it over the ham.

To Fry Beef with Kidney.

Cut the kidney in small pieces; take out all the strings and let it soak several hours in salt and water; wash and drain it; season some pieces of beef and kidney, and put them in a frying pan, with hot lard or drippings of any kind; dust a little flour over; when it is fried on both sides, take it up in a dish; mix a spoonful of flour in some water with salt and pepper, and pour in; when it has boiled, pour it over the beef.

To Fry Liver.

Liver should be cut across the grain in slices about half an inch thick; pour boiling water over it, drain and season it with pepper and salt; flour each piece and drop it in a frying-pan of hot bacon drippings; do not fry it any longer than it is done, or it will he hard; take it up in a dish, make gravy as for beef, and pour over it.

Veal Cutlets.

Cut the veal in slices near an inch thick; wash, drain, and season it; beat up an egg, and have ready some pounded crackers or bread crumbs; dip the slices first in the egg, and then in the bread, and fry them in hot lard; mix a gravy of flour and water, with salt, pepper and parsley; when the veal is taken up, pour it in; let it boil a few minutes and pour it over the dish, and grate a little nutmeg over.

To Fry Veal, Lamb or Pork.

Cut up the meat in thin slices, and season it; dip it in flour and drop it in a pan of hot lard; when brown, take it up, and make gravy with flour, milk, parsley, pepper and salt, which stir in.

To Stew Veal, Lamb or Pork.

Cut the meat small, season it, and put it in a pot with water enough to cover it; let it cook for half an hour; then pour in thickening of flour and milk, with parsley and thyme, and a piece of butter, (if the meat is not fat;) take it up in a deep dish.

Brains and Tongue.

Pour boiling water on the brains, and skin them; tie them tight in a cloth, and boil them and the tongue with the head; when done put them on a plate, chop three leaves of green sage fine, and beat up with the brains, spread them round a small dish, and after skinning the tongue, place it in the middle.

Veal Hash.

Take the lights, heart, and some of the liver, boil them in a pint of water, when done, take them out and chop them fine, season it with salt, pepper and a little sweet marjoram, put it hack in the pot, and thicken it with butter and flour. Let it boil a few minutes, and dish it in a small tureen.

Brain Cakes.

When the head is cloven, take out the brains and clear them of strings, beat them up with the yelks of two eggs, some crumbs of bread, pepper, salt, fine parsley, a spoonful of cream, and a spoonful of flour; when they are well mixed, drop them with a spoon into a frying-pan with a little hot butter, and fry them of a light-brown color.

Force Meat Balls.

Take a pound of veal, half a pound of suet, two slices of ham, and some crumbs of bread, chop them very fine, and put in the yelks of two eggs, season it with parsley, thyme, mace, pepper and salt, roll it into small balls, and fry them brown. They are nice to garnish hashes, roast veal or cutlets, and to put in soup.

To Fry Veal's Liver.

Cut the liver and heart across the grain, wash it well, pour boiling water on, and let it stand a few minutes, then drain and season it with salt and pepper, flour it and drop it in hot lard; when it is brown on both sides, dish it, dust a little flour in the pan, and pour in some water, let it boil a minute, stirring in a seasoning of parsley, thyme, or sweet marjoram; pour the gravy over the liver. This is a good breakfast dish.

To Fry Veal Sweet Breads.

Dip them in the yelk of an egg beaten, then in a mixture of grated bread, or flour and salt and pepper, fry them a nice brown.

To Stew Sweet Breads.

Stew them in a little water, with butter, flour, and a little cream; season with salt, pepper, parsley and thyme.

To Brown A Calf's Head With The Skin On.

After scalding and washing the head clean, take out the eyes, cut off the ears, and let it boil half an hour, when cold, cleave the upper from the lower jaw, take out the tongue, strike off the nose, score the part which has the skin on, rub it over with beaten egg, sprinkle it over with salt, parsley, cayenne and black pepper, lay pieces of butter over it, and put it in a dutch-oven to brown, basting it often, cut down the lower part in slices, skin the tongue and palate, and cut them up, put them in a pot with a little water, when done, thicken it with brown flour and butter, season it with pepper, salt, some pickled oysters, wine or brandy (if you like it,) and let it stew fifteen minutes. Lay the baked head in a dish and put the hash around it, and lay force meat balls or brain cakes round the edge of the dish.

Bacon Fraise.

Cut streaked bacon in small thin slices, make a batter of a pint of milk, two eggs, and two large spoonsful of flour; some salt and pepper; put some lard or dripping in a frying-pan, and when it is hot pour in half of the batter, and strew the bacon over it; then pour on the remainder of the batter; let it fry gently, and be careful in turning, that the bacon does not come to the pan.

Irish Stew.

Take five thick mutton chops, or two pounds of the neck or loin, two pounds of potatoes, peel them and cut them in halves, six onions or half a pound of onions, peel and slice them also. First put a layer of potatoes at the bottom of your stew-pan, then a couple of chops and some onions, then again potatoes, and so on till the pan is quite full; season with pepper and salt, and three gills of broth or gravy, and two tea-spoonsful of mushroom catsup; cover it very close to prevent the escape of steam, and stew on a slow fire for an hour and a half; a slice of ham is an addition. Great care should be taken not to let it brown.

To Brown Flour for Gravy, &c.

Put some flour in a dutch-oven and set it over some hot coals; keep stirring it until it is of a light-brown color; in this way several pounds can be done at once, and kept in a jar covered; and is very convenient to thicken brown soups and gravies with.

Drawn Butter.

Put half a pint of water in a skillet; rub a quarter of a pound of butter in a large spoonful of flour; when the water boils, stir it in and let it boil a few minutes, season it with parsley, chopped fine.

Stuffing or Dressing.

Stuffing for poultry is made of bread and butter, an egg, salt, pepper, chopped parsley or thyme, mixed together; if the bread is dry, it should have a little boiling water poured on it.

Egg Sauce.

This is made as drawn butter, with one or two eggs boiled hard and chopped into it, and a little salt.

Celery Sauce.

Take a large bunch of celery, cut it fine, and boil it till soft, in a pint of water; thicken it with butter and flour, and season it with salt, pepper, and mace.

Bacon Dumplings.

Cut slices of cooked bacon, and pepper them; roll out crust as for apple dumplings; slice some potatoes very thin, and put them in the crust with the meat; close them up, and let them boil fast an hour; when done, take them out carefully with a ladle.

Drop Dumplings.

These are good for almost any kind of soup, and may be made of a quart of flour, two eggs, a spoonful of butter, some salt and pepper, wet with milk and water; drop them in while it is boiling, and let them boil ten or fifteen minutes.

Vermicelli.

Beat three fresh eggs very light, make them into a stiff paste, with flour and water; knead it well, and roll it very thin, cut it in narrow strips, give them a twist, and dry them quickly, on tin sheets or dishes, in the sun or a moderate oven; soak them a few minutes in cold water, and put them in chicken soup. They are very good and convenient.

Hash made of Fowls.

Take the bones and pieces that have been left of roast or boiled fowls, either turkeys or chickens, crack the bones, cut off the meat, and chop it fine, put it in a small iron pot, or stew pan, cover it with water, put in the gravy that may be left from the fowls, season with pepper and salt, put in some chopped celery, crumbs of bread, a lump of butter, and if it requires it, dust in a little flour, if you like it you may slice in an onion.

Beef Steak Pudding.

Take two pounds of beef from the round or sirloin, and after taking out the bone, season it according to fancy; some prefer a seasoning of pepper, salt, onions, thyme, marjoram or sage; others the pepper and salt alone. Then prepare a plain stiff crust, either with or without butter or lard; spread the crust over a deep dish or bowl, put in the beef, and if you like it, add some butter; cover it close with a crust which must be closely turned in to prevent the water from penetrating; tie it up tight in a cloth, put it in a pot of boiling water and let it boil quickly for an hour. The cloth should be dipped in hot water, and floured, as for other boiled puddings.

Beef Steak Pie.

Take some fine beef steaks, beat them well with a rolling pin, and season them with pepper and salt according to taste. Make a good crust; lay some in a deep dish or tin pan; lay in the beef, and fill the dish half full of water; put in a table-spoonful of butter and some chopped thyme and parsley, and cover the top with crust; bake it from one to two hours, according to the size of the pie, and eat it while hot.

Baked Beef Pudding.

Par-boil some tender pieces of beef, in water enough to barely cover it; grease a pan with lard, season the beef and lay it in; make a batter of eggs, milk and flour, with a little salt, and pour it over; bake it an hour in a stove or dutch-oven, and when done keep it hot till it is eaten. Save the water the beef was boiled in, add a little butter, flour, pepper, salt and chopped parsley, thyme or sweet marjoram, and boil it up; when you dish up the pudding pour this over, or put it in a gravy dish to be served hot at the table.

Pork Stew Pie.

Take small bones and pieces of pork that will not do for sausage; roll out some crust with but little shortening; lay in the meat and small pieces of crust alternately; sprinkle in flour and seasoning, cover it with water, and put on a crust.

Spiced Beef in the Irish Style.

To a round weighing from twenty to twenty-five pounds, take a pint of salt, one ounce of saltpetre, two ounces of pepper, two ounces of cloves, one ounce of allspice, four ounces of brown sugar, all well pulverized, and mixed together; rub the round well with it, and lay it in a small tub or vessel by itself. Turn and rub it once a day for ten days. It will not injure if it remain a week longer in the spices, if it should not be convenient to bake it. When you wish to have it cooked, strew over the top of the round a small handful of suet. Be particular to bind it tight round with a cord, or narrow strip of muslin, which must be wrapped several times round to keep it in shape; put it in a dutch-oven, and add three pints of water when it is first put down; keep water boiling in the tea-kettle, and add a little as it seems necessary, observing not to add too much. It will require a slow heat, and take four hours to bake.

This is a very fine standing dish, and will be good for three weeks after cooking. Keep the gravy that is left to pour over it to keep it moist.

To Bake Fowls.

Season and stuff them the same as for roasting; put them in a dutch-oven or stove, with a pint of water; when they are half done, put in the giblets; when these are done, chop them with a knife, and put in thickening and a lump of butter.

If chickens are young, split them down the back, and put them in a dutch-oven, with a plate in the bottom, and a pint of water; when they are done, stir in a spoonful of flour, mixed in half a pint of milk, a piece of butter, salt, pepper and parsley; let it boil up and dish them.

To Fry Chickens.

After cutting up the chickens, wash and drain them; season them with salt and pepper; rub each piece in flour, and drop them separately in a frying-pan or dutch-oven of hot lard; when brown, turn the other side to fry; make a thickening of rich milk, flour, a piece of butter, salt, and chopped parsley; take up the chicken on a dish; pour a little water in the pan to keep the gravy from being too thick; put in the thickening, stir it, and let it boil a few minutes; then pour it over the chicken.

Chickens Fried in Batter.

Make a batter of two eggs, a tea-cup of milk, a little salt, and thickened with flour; have the chickens cut up, washed and seasoned; dip the pieces in the batter separately, and fry them in hot lard; when brown on both sides, take them up on a dish, and make a gravy as for fried chickens.

Lard fries much nicer than butter, which is apt to burn.

Chickens in Paste.

Make a crust as for pies, and roll it out in cakes, large enough to cover a chicken. The chickens should be very nicely picked and washed, and the inside wiped dry; put in each a small lump of butter, a little salt, pepper, and parsley; have the pot boiling, close the chickens in the dough, pin them up in separate cloths, and boil them three-quarters of an hour; dish them, and pour drawn butter over. Pigeons can be cooked in the same manner.

To Fricassee Chickens.

Cut up the chickens, and put them in a pot with just water enough to cover them; let it boil half an hour; have ready some thickening made of milk, flour, and butter, seasoned with parsley, thyme, pepper, and salt; let it boil a few minutes longer, and when it is dished, grate a little nutmeg over, if you like it. This is one of the easiest, cheapest and best ways of cooking chickens.

Chicken Pie.

Cut up the chickens, and if they are old, boil them fifteen minutes in a little water, which save to put in the pie; make a paste like common pie crust, and put it round your pan, or dish; lay in the chicken, dust flour over, and put in hotter, pepper, and salt; cover them with water, roll out the top crust quite thick, and close the pie round the edge; make an opening in the middle with a knife; let it bake rather more than an hour. If you warm a pie over for the next day, pour off the gravy and warm it separately, and add it to the pie.

Pot Pie.

Cut up two large chickens; grease your pot, or dutch-oven, with lard; roll out crust enough in two parts, to go round it, but not to cover the bottom, or it will burn before the pie is done. As you put in the pieces of chicken, strew in flour, salt, and pepper, some, pieces of the crust rolled thin, and a few potatoes; cover this with water, and put on a covering of paste, with a slit cut in the middle; let it cook slowly for about two hours; have hot water in a tea kettle, and if it should dry up too much, pour some in; just before you dish it, add a little parsley and thyme.

Veal, lamb and pork pies, may be made in the same way. If you like more top crust, cook it in a dutch-oven, and when the first crust is done, take it off in a pan and set it near the fire, and cover the pie again with dough.

Giblet Pie and Soup.

If you can get livers and gizzards from market, you can have a very nice pie made, the same as chicken pie, or soup with dumplings made of milk, egg and flour, beaten together, and dropped in when the soup is nearly done, and season it with parsley, pepper, and salt.

Chicken Stewed with New Corn.

Cut up the chickens as for pies; season them well; have green corn cut off the cob; put a layer of chicken in the bottom of a stew pan, and a layer of corn, and so till you fill all in; sprinkle in salt, pepper and parsley, and put a piece of butter in; cover it with water, and put on a crust, with slits cut in it; let it boil an hour; when done, lay the crust in a deep dish; dip out the chicken and corn, and put it on the crust; stir in the gravy a thickening of milk and flour; when this boils up, pour it in with the corn and chicken. Chicken and corn boiled together in a pot, make very nice soup, with dumplings.

To Broil Chickens.

Split the chickens down the back; season them, and put them on the gridiron over clear coals; cover them over with a plate, (which will make them cook faster,) baste with melted butter: be careful not to let them burn. Make gravy of the giblets, boiled in water and chopped fine; put in butter, thicken and season it; pour this in a dish, and put the chickens on the top.

Chicken Pudding.

Make a batter of six eggs, milk, flour and a little salt; par-boil the chickens; have each joint cut, grease a pan with lard, and lay the pieces in; put in some lumps of butter, and season it well with pepper and salt; then pour the batter over, and bake it an hour, in a stove or dutch-oven. Veal or beef makes a very nice pudding, done in the same way; but the batter need not be as rich as for chicken, and it requires no butter. Or it makes a good dish, if you cut slices of ham, after it will not do to appear on the table; make a batter, as for other pudding; put in a little butter and pepper, and bake it in a pan.

Cold Chicken With Vinegar.

Cut up the chicken in small pieces, and crack the bones; season it with salt and pepper, and put it in a deep baking plate, with a lump of butter and a table-spoonful of vinegar; cover it with hot water, put a plate over, and let it stew on a stove or hot embers.

Chicken Salad.

Cut up the white parts of a cold chicken, season it with oil, or drawn butter, mustard, pepper, salt, and celery, chopped very fine, and a little vinegar. Turkey salad is made in the same manner as above.

Stewed Chickens With Rice.

The rice must first be soaked in water, and very nicely washed, or it will not be white; two tea-cupsful of rice are sufficient to serve with one chicken, and must be boiled in a quart of water, which should be boiling when you put the rice in; add a dessert-spoonful of salt; generally half an hour is long enough to boil rice, and it must not be too long in the water after it is done, or it is less wholesome. Drain the water off, if the rice has not absorbed it, and place it in the bottom of the dish; the chicken must be in preparation at the same time with the rice, and should be cut up at the joints, as for fried or fricasseed chicken, and salted and seasoned; boil it in a little more water than sufficient to cover it; and when it is done, take it out, and lay it over the rice on the dish; then rub a small piece of butter with sufficient flour to thicken it, and stir both together in the liquor, which must remain over the fire for about two minutes; and just before it is taken up, add the yelk of an egg well beaten, and some chopped parsley; it must then be immediately poured over the chicken. In preparing this dish, take care that it does not get smoked.

SOUPS.

In making soup, allow yourself plenty of time. Dumplings should be put in about half an hour before the soup is done, and herbs a quarter of an hour--vegetables, about an hour,--rice, twenty minutes. If herbs are put in too soon, the flavor will fly off and be lost.

Chicken Soup.

Cut up the chicken; cut each joint, and let it boil an hour; make dumplings of a pint of milk, an egg, a little salt and flour, stirred in till quite stiff; drop this in, a spoonful at a time, while it is boiling; stir in a little thickening, with enough pepper, salt and parsley, to season the whole; let it boil a few minutes longer, and take it up in a tureen. Chopped celery is a great improvement to chicken soup; and new corn, cut off the cob, and put in when it is half done, gives it a very nice flavor.

Brown Calf's Head Soup.

Scald and clean the head, and put it to boil with two gallons of water, a shank of veal, three onions, two carrots, a little bacon, and a bunch of sweet herbs. When they have boiled half an hour, take out the head and shank of veal, and cut all the meat off the bones into pieces of two inches square; let the soup boil half an hour longer, when strain it, and put in the meat; season it with salt, cayenne and black pepper, and cloves, if you like; thicken it with butter and browned flour, and let it boil nearly an hour; put some fried force meat balls in the tureen, and just before you pour out the soup, stir into it a table-spoonful of sugar, browned in a frying pan, and half a pint of wine. This resembles turtle soup.

Beef Shin Soup, Mutton Soup, &c.

Crack the shin in several pieces, and wash it through three waters; put it in a pot of water four hours before dinner; when it begins to boil, take off the scum as it risen, and keep it covered; an hour before it is done, skim off all the fat, and put in potatoes, onions, turnips, carrots, and cut cabbage, if you like it; either beat up dumplings with eggs and milk, or roll them out of dough made as pie crust; a few minutes before it is done, stir in thickening with parsley, thyme, pepper and salt, and tomatoes, if they are in season; then dish it for dinner.

A shin will make a good dinner for a large family, and will do to warm up, if any is left. To eat pickles with it, or pour a little vinegar in your plate, is an improvement.

Soup made of mutton, veal and lamb, does not require many vegetables; carrots and potatoes are the most suitable. A shank of veal or mutton will make a small pot of very good soup. Celery, cut fine, is very nice seasoning.

Gumbo Soup.

Take two pounds fresh beef; put this in a dinner-pot, with two gallons of water; after boiling two hours, throw in a quarter of a peck of ocra, cut into small slices, and about a quart of ripe tomatoes, peeled and cut up; slice four or five large onions; fry them brown, and dust in while they are frying from your dredge box, several spoonsful of flour; add these, with pepper, salt and parsley, or other herbs, to your taste, about an hour before the soup is finished; it will require six hours moderate boiling.

Another Way.

Cut up a large fat chicken; boil it in two gallons of water, adding at the time you put in the chicken the same quantity of ocra, two large onions cut fine; season with pepper, salt, thyme and parsley; and when nearly done, drop in dumplings made of one egg, half

a pint of rich milk, and flour sufficient to make them so that they will drop from a spoon. This soup requires from four to five hours moderate boiling. Just before serving, take up the chicken, and after taking out all the bones, return the chicken into the soup, and dish it up.

Pea Soup.

Leave a pint of peas in the pot, with the water they were boiled in; make a thickening of flour, milk and butter, seasoned with salt, pepper, parsley and thyme; toast two or three slices of bread; cut it up in the tureen; and when the soup has boiled about ten minutes, pour it over.

Children are mostly fond of pea soup, and it seldom disagrees with them. A few slices of fat ham will supply the place of butter.

Soup of Dried White Beans, &c.

Dried beans or peas should be soaked before boiling; they make very good soup with a small piece of bacon or salt pork boiled with them; put them to boil in plenty of water, and after they have boiled an hour, pour it off, and put in cold water--and the meat or bones, and let them boil an hour longer; stir in a little thickening, with pepper, salt, parsley and thyme; mix up some dumplings, and drop in half an hour before the soup is done. Where you have a large family, you should always be provided with dried beans for winter use.

A Vegetable Soup.

Take an onion, a turnip, two pared potatoes, a carrot, a head of celery; boil them in three pints of water till the vegetables are cooked; add a little salt; have a slice of bread toasted and buttered, put it into a bowl, and pour the soup over it. Tomatoes when in season form an agreeable addition.

FISH, OYSTERS, &c.

To Bake a Rock Fish.

Rub the fish with salt, black pepper, and a dust of cayenne, inside and out; prepare a stuffing of bread and butter, seasoned with pepper, salt, parsley and thyme; mix an egg in it, fill the fish with this, and sew it up or tie a string round it; put it in a deep pan, or oval oven and bake it as you would a fowl. To a large fish add half a pint of water; you can add more for the gravy if necessary; dust flour over and baste it with butter. Any other fresh fish can be baked in the same way. A large one will bake slowly in an hour and a half, small ones in half an hour.

To Stew a Rock Fish.

Rub the fish with salt and pepper, and a little cayenne on the inside; put it in an oval stew-pan. To a fish that weighs six pounds, put a pint of water; when it is about half done; season it well with salt and pepper, and a little mace or cloves; rub a quarter of a pound of butter in a half a tea-cup of flour, with a little parsley and thyme; stir this in with a pint of oysters. Serve it with the gravy in the dish. A large fish should be allowed an hour, small ones half an hour.

To Broil Shad.

Soak a salt shad a day or night previous to cooking, it is best to drain an hour before you put it to the fire; if it hangs long exposed to the air, it loses its flavor: grease the gridiron to keep it from sticking; have good coals, and put the inside down first. Fresh shad is better to be sprinkled with salt, an hour before it is put to broil; put a plate over the top to keep the heat in. In broiling shad or other fresh fish you should dust them with corn meal before you put them down.

To Bake a Fresh Shad.

Make a stuffing of bread, butter, salt, pepper and parsley; fill a large shad with this, and bake it in a stove or oven.

To Fry Fresh Fish.

Have the fish well scalded, washed and drained; cut slits in the sides of each; season them with salt and pepper, and roll them in corn flour; have in your frying-pan hot lard or bacon drippings; if the fish have been kept several days, dip them in egg before rolling them in corn flour, to keep them from breaking; fry them light brown on both sides.

To Fry Clams.

After opening them as oysters, wash them in their own liquor and drain then; make a batter of an egg, flour and pepper; dip them in this, and fry them in butter.

To Stew Clams.

Strain the liquor and stew them in it for about twenty minutes; make a thickening of flour, water and pepper; stir this in and let it boil up; have some bread toasted and buttered in a deep dish, and pour the clams over.

Clam soup may be made by putting an equal quantity of water with the liquor, and putting in toasted bread, crackers or dumplings.

To Pot Fresh Herring.

Scale and wash them well; cut off the heads and fins, and season them with salt, pepper and cloves; pack them neatly in a large jar, and pour on enough cold vinegar to cover them; put a plate over the top of the jar, and set it in a moderately warm oven, or on the top of a stove, in a pan of hot water, for five or six hours; they will keep in a cool place several weeks, and are an excellent relish. The jar or pan should be of stone ware, or fire-proof yellow ware.

To Boil Salt Cod.

Put your fish to soak over night; change the water in the morning, and let it stay till you put it on, which should be two hours before dinner; keep it at scalding heat all the time, but do not let it boil, or it will get hard; eat it with egg sauce or drawn butter. If you have any cod fish left from dinner, mix it with mashed potatoes, and enough flour to stick them together; season with pepper; make it into little cakes, and fry them in ham drippings.

To Boil Salt Shad, Mackerel Or Herring.

Wash the fish from the pickle; put it in a frying-pan; cover it with water, and let it boil fifteen minutes; take it up and drain it between two plates; put a little butter over and send it hot to the table: or, after boiling, you can flour, and fry it in drippings of any kind.

To Boil Salt Salmon.

Let salmon soak over night, and boil it slowly for two hours; eat it with drawn butter. To pickle salmon after it has been boiled, heat vinegar scalding hot, with whole peppers and cloves; cut the fish in small square pieces; put it in a jar, and pour the vinegar over. Shad may be done in the same way.

To Boil Fresh Fish.

After being well cleaned, rub the fish with salt, and pin it in a towel; put it in a pot of boiling water, and keep it boiling fast;--a large fish will take from half to three-quarters of an hour--a small one, from fifteen to twenty minutes. A fat shad is very nice boiled, although rock and bass are preferred generally; when done, take it up on a fish dish, and cover it with egg sauce or drawn butter and parsley. Pickled mushrooms and walnuts, and mushroom catsup, are good with boiled fish.

To Stew Terrapins.

Wash four terrapins in warm water; then throw them in a pot of boiling water, which will kill them instantly; let them boil till the shells crack; then take them out, and take off the bottom shell; cut each quarter separate; take the gall from the liver; take out the eggs; put the pieces in a stew-pan, pour in all the liquor, and cover them with water; put in salt, cayenne, and black pepper, and a little mace; put in a lump of butter the size of an egg, and let them stew for half an hour; make a thickening of flour and water, which stir in a few minutes before you take it up, with two glasses of wine; serve it in a deep covered dish; put in the eggs just as you dish it.

Oyster Soup.

Strain the liquor from the oysters, and put it on to boil, with an equal quantity of water; take off the scum as it rises; put in pepper, salt, parsley, thyme and butter; stir in a thickening of flour and water; throw in the oysters, and let them scald. If you have cream, put in half a pint just before you take them up.

Another Way.

Strain the liquor from a gallon of oysters, and add to it an equal quantity of water; put it on the fire, and boil and skim it before you add the seasoning; then put in six large blades of mace, a little cayenne, and black or white pepper; (the latter, on account of the color, is preferable, as it is desirable to have the soup as white as possible;) afterwards, permit all to boil together about five minutes; then pour in the oysters and a quarter of a pound of butter, into which a dessert-spoonful of wheat flour has been rubbed fine; keep this at boiling heat until the oysters begin to look plump--when it is ready for the table, and must be served up very hot. If you can procure a pint of good cream, half the amount of butter will answer,--if you believe the cream to be rather old, even if it seems to be sweet, add before it goes into the soup, half a small tea-spoonful of soda, well mixed with it; after you put in the cream, permit it to remain on the fire long enough to arrive at boiling heat again, when it must be taken up, or it may curdle; throw into the tureen a little finely cut parsley.

Scolloped Oysters.

Toast several slices of bread quite brown, and butter them on both sides; take a baking dish, and put the toast around the sides, instead of a crust.

Pour your oysters into the dish, and season, to your taste, with butter, pepper and salt, adding mace or cloves.

Crumb bread on the top of the oysters, and bake it with a quick heat about fifteen minutes.

To Fry Oysters.

Pick out the largest oysters and drain them; sprinkle them with pepper and salt; beat up an egg, and dip them first in it, and then in pounded crackers, and fry them in butter. It is a plainer way to dip them in corn meal.

Oyster Fritters.

Make a thick batter with two eggs, some crumbs of bread and flour, and a little milk; season this well with pepper and salt; have in a frying-pan equal parts of lard and butter; drop in a spoonful of the batter and put into it one large oyster, or two small ones, let them brown slowly, so as not to burn; turn them carefully. This is a good way to have oysters at breakfast.

To Stew Oysters.

Open them and throw them in a stew-pan, with a lump of butter; make a thickening of flour and water, salt and pepper, and stir it in just as the oysters boil; when they are done, take them up in a deep covered dish, with buttered toast in the bottom.

A Rich Oyster Pie.

Strain off the liquor from the oysters, and put it on to boil, with some butter, mace, nutmeg, pepper and salt; just as it boils, stir in a thickening of milk and flour; put in the oysters, and stir them till they are sufficiently stewed; then take them off, and put in the yelks of two eggs, well beaten; do not put this in while it is boiling, or it will curdle. Line a dish, not very deep, with puff paste; fill it with white paper, or a clean napkin, to keep the top paste from falling in; put on a lid of paste, and bake it. When done, take off the lid carefully; take out the paper or napkin, and pour in the oysters. Send it hot to table.

A Baltimore Oyster Pie.

Make a crust after the directions given for puff paste; grease the bottom of a deep dish, cover it with paste; then season two quarts of raw oysters, (without the liquor,) with spices to your taste, (some preferring nutmeg, mace, cayenne pepper,--others, black pepper alone,) add butter and a heaped tea-cup of grated bread; put all together in the dish; then cover it with your paste, cut in strips, and crossed, or ornamented as your fancy dictates; a pound of butter to two quarts of oysters makes a rich pie; if the oysters are fine, less butter will answer.

A pie of this size will bake in three-quarters of an hour, if the oven is in good order; if the heat is not quick allow it an hour.

If in baking, the crust is likely to become too brown, put a piece of paper doubled over it, and the light color will be retained; when taken from the oven, if it should look dry, pour some of the liquor that was drained from the oysters in the dish, having previously strained and boiled it.

As paste always looks more beautiful when just from the oven, arrange your dinner so that the pie may be placed on the table immediately it is done.

Plain Oyster Pie.

Take from the shell as many oysters as you want to put in the pie; strain the liquor, put it with them over the fire and give them one boil; take off the scum, put in, if you wish to make a small pie, a quarter of a pound of butter, as much flour mixed in water as will thicken it when boiled, and mace, pepper, and salt to your taste; lay a paste in a deep dish, put in the oysters and cover them with paste; cut a hole in the middle, ornament it any way you please, and bake it. A shallow pie will bake in three-quarters of an hour.

Oyster Sauce.

Plump the oysters for a few minutes over the fire; take them out and stir into the liquor some flour and butter mixed together, with a little mace and whole pepper, and salt to your taste; when it has boiled long enough, throw in the oysters, and add a glass of white wine, just as you take it up. This is a suitable sauce for boiled fowls.

To Pickle 100 Oysters.

Drain off the liquor from the oysters, wash them and put to them a table-spoonful of salt, and a tea-cup of vinegar; let them simmer over the fire about ten minutes, taking off the scum as it rises; then take out the oysters, and put to their own liquor a table-spoonful of whole black pepper, and a tea-spoonful of mace and cloves; let it boil five minutes, skim, and pour it over the oysters in a jar.

Oysters Pickled another way.

Wash and drain the oysters, and put them in salt and water, that will bear an egg; let them scald till plump, and put them in a glass jar, with some cloves and whole peppers, and when cold cover them with vinegar.

To Brown Oysters in their own Juice.

Take a quart of large oysters, wash them in their own juice, drain and dip them in the yelk of eggs; heat butter in a frying-pan, and after seasoning them with pepper and salt, put them in separately; when they are brown on both sides, draw them to one side of the pan; strain the liquor, and put it in with a piece of butter and flour enough to thicken it.

A Dish of Poached Eggs.

Have ready a kettle of boiling water, pour it in a pan or speeder, which is set on coals; have the eggs at hand; put a little salt in the water, and break them in, one at a time, till you get all in; let them remain till the white is set, and take them out with an egg-spoon, and put on a dish that has buttered toast on it.

Fried Eggs.

Slice and fry any kind of bacon, dish it; have the eggs ready in a dish, and pour them into the gravy; when done, take them up and lay them on the meat.

Fried Eggs another way.

Have your lard or butter boiling hot; break in one egg at a time; throw the hot fat over them with an egg slice, until white on the top; slip the slice under and take them out whole, and lay them on the dish or meat without breaking; season with salt.

Omelet.

Beat six or eight eggs, with some chopped parsley and a little salt; have the pan or speeder nicely washed; put in a quarter of a pound of butter, when it is hot, pour in the eggs; stir it with a spoon till it begins to form; when it is of a light-brown on the under side

it is done; turn it out on a plate, and send to table immediately. Grated bread, soaked in cream, put in the omelet, some think an improvement. The dripping of a nice ham, some persons use for omelet instead of butter.

To Boil Eggs.

Have the water boiling, and look at your watch as you put them in; two minutes and a half will cook them to please most persons; if you want them very soft, two minutes will be sufficient, or if less soft three minutes. If you wish them hard, as for lettuce, let them boil ten minutes. Spoons that have been used in eating eggs should be put in water immediately, as the egg tarnishes them.

VEGETABLES.

To Boil Green Corn.

Pick out ears near the same size, and have the water boiling when you put them in; half an hour is long enough for young corn; that which is old and hard will take an hour or more; if young corn is boiled too long, it becomes hard and indigestible.

To Fricassee Corn.

Cut green corn off the cob; put it in a pot, and just cover it with water; let it boil half an hour; mix a spoonful of flour with half a pint of rich milk, pepper, salt, parsley, thyme and a piece of butter; let it boil a few minutes, and take it up in a deep dish. Corn will do to cook in this way when too old to boil on the cob.

To Keep Corn for Winter.

When boiled, cut the corn off the cob, and spread it on dishes; set these in the oven to dry after the bread comes out. If you have no oven, it can be dried in a stove of moderate heat, or round a fire. When perfectly dry, tie it up in muslin bags, and hang them in a dry place; when you use it, boil it till soft in water; mix flour, milk, butter, pepper and salt together, and stir in.

Corn Fritters.

Cut the corn through the grain, and with a knife scrape the pulp from the cob, or grate it with a coarse grater, and to about a quart of the pulp, add two eggs beaten, two table-spoonsful of flour, a little salt and pepper, and a small portion of thin cream, or new milk; beat the whole together; have the butter or lard hot in the pan, and put a large spoonful in at a time, and fry brown, turning each fritter separately; this makes an agreeable relish for breakfast, or a good side dish at dinner.

Hominy.

Large hominy, after it is washed; must be put to soak over night; if you wish to have it for dinner, put it to boil early in the morning, or it will not be done in time; eat it as a vegetable.

Small hominy will boil in an hour; it is very good at breakfast or supper to eat with milk or butter, or to fry for dinner.

Both large and small hominy will keep good in a cool place several days. Be careful that the vessel it is cooked in, is perfectly clean, or it will darken the hominy.

To Fry Hominy.

Put a little lard in your frying-pan, and make it hot; mash and salt the hominy; put it in, and cover it over with a plate; let it cook slowly for half an hour, or longer if you like it very brown; when done, turn it out in a plate. If you do not like it fried, mash it well, with a little water, salt, and butter, and warm it in a frying-pan.

To Boil Potatoes.

When the potatoes are old, pare them, put them in plenty of boiling water, and boil them till you can run a fork through easily; if you wish to have them whole, pour off all the water, throw in some salt, and let them stand a few minutes over coals, to let the steam go off; they will then be white and mealy.

It is a mistaken notion, to boil potatoes in but little water, as they are sure to turn dark and taste strong. In cold weather they may be kept pared several days in a pan of water, by changing the water every day, and will be whiter. If you like mashed potatoes, take them up when barely done, sprinkle them with salt and mash them; put in a spoonful of cream and a small lump of butter; keep them hot till they are taken to table.

In the summer when potatoes are young, put them in a small tub, with a little water, and rub them with a piece of brick, to break the skin; you can then peel enough for dinner with a knife in a few minutes. When they are older, boil them with the skins on, and squeeze them separately in a cloth, to make them mealy. New potatoes are nice with cream and butter over them.

In boiling old potatoes, some persons cut them round without paring, which allows the moisture to escape; this is an improvement: you can then either peel them or send them to table without peeling.

To Stew Potatoes.

Chop or slice cold potatoes; season with pepper and salt; stew them, with a little butter and milk, and a dust of flour; when nearly done, stir in a yelk of egg with some chopped parsley--they will cook in a few minutes, and may be sliced over night if you wish an early breakfast.

Sweet Potatoes.

To boil sweet potatoes, put them in a pot with plenty of water; let them boil fast till you can run a fork through the largest; then pour off the water, and leave them in the pot a quarter of an hour; you can then peel the skin off or leave it on. Some prefer them baked in a dutch-oven; they should have a quick heat; large potatoes will take an hour to bake. It has been found a good way to boil them, till nearly done; then peel and bake them--they are drier and nicer.

To Fry Potatoes.

Cold potatoes are very good fried for breakfast with scraps of bacon; if they have been mashed, make them out in cakes with a little flour, and fry them brown, or slice them.

Tomatoes.

If you wish to bake tomatoes in the oven with bread, pour boiling water on, and skin them; cut them in small pieces; season with salt and pepper, and put them in a pan with crumbs of bread and butter; cover the pan with a plate, and bake three-quarters of an hour; when done, mash them and take them out on a dish.

To Fry Tomatoes.

Slice them, season with pepper and salt, and fry in hot butter; if they are green, dip them in flour after being seasoned.

Tomato Omelet.

Pour boiling water on the tomatoes, skin and cut them fine; to one quart of this, put two chopped onions and a lump of butter the size of an egg; let them boil half an hour, then mash them; put in grated bread, pepper, salt, and the yelks of two eggs.

To Stew Tomatoes.

Wash and pour boiling water over them; peel off the skins, and cut them up; season them with pepper and salt; put in a lump of butter, and boil them in their own juice for half an hour; stir in enough crumbs of bread to thicken them; let them cook slowly ten minutes longer; be careful that the bread does not burn.

To Bake Tomatoes.

Take out the inside of large tomatoes, make a stuffing of bread, butter, pepper, salt and an egg; fill them with this, and set them in a deep pie-plate; let them bake slowly half an hour.

Tomato Jelly, to eat with Roast Meat.

Wash the tomatoes, and put them in a bell-metal kettle, with a little water; let them boil thirty minutes; take them out and strain them through a sieve, till you get all the pulp; let it settle and pour off the top; put the thick part in deep plates, and set them in the oven after the bread is drawn; season it with pepper and salt to your taste, and put it away in a jar. It can either be eaten cold, or warmed up with crumbs of bread and butter. Some persons slice tomatoes, and dry them on dishes in an oven.

To Fricassee Tomatoes.

Wash and cut them in two, if large; if small, leave them whole, but do not peel them or they go too much to pieces; have a broad speeder or stove-pan; put in a half spoonful of butter; season the tomatoes with pepper and salt, and flour them; cover them with a plate; they will cook in ten minutes, stirring them once; pour in half a tea-cup of cream just as they are done; let them boil up and dish them while hot: this dish is much liked either for breakfast, dinner or tea.

To Broil Tomatoes for Breakfast.

Take large round tomatoes, wash and wipe them, and put them on the gridiron over lively coals--the stem side down; when this is brown, turn them and let them cook till quite hot through; place them on a hot dish and send them quickly to table, where each one may season for himself with pepper, salt and butter.

To Bake Tomatoes for Breakfast.

Season them with pepper and salt; flour and bake them in a stove, in a deep plate with a little butter over them.

Tomatoes sliced with Onions.

Pick the best tomatoes; let them stand a little while in cold water, then peel and slice them. To about six tomatoes, you may add two red onions, also sliced; season with pepper, plenty of salt, and a small portion of vinegar.

To put up Tomatoes for Winter.

Gather a quantity of tomatoes, wash, scald, skin and cut them up; season them highly with pepper and salt, and put them in a large stone jar; set this in the oven with your bread, and leave it till it is cold; stir them, and set them in the oven every time you bake for several weeks; when the juice is nearly dried up, put a piece of white paper over the jar, melt some lard and pour on it. When you use them, stew them with bread, butter and water.

Baked Egg Plant.

Boil them ten minutes; then cut them in half and take out the seeds, fill them with a stuffing of crumbs of bread, seasoned with butter, pepper, salt, the yelk of an egg, and if you choose, the juice of a tomato; close them and tie each one with a string; put a little water in the dutch-oven, and lay them in with some of the stuffing on the top; let them cook slowly half an hour, basting them with butter; take them out, thicken the gravy, and pour it over them on the dish.

To Fry Egg Plant.

Cut them in slices half an inch thick; sprinkle them with salt, and let them stand a few minutes to extract the bitter taste; wash them in cold water, and wipe them dry; season with salt and pepper; dip them in flour, and fry them in butter.

Another way of cooking them is to cut them in thin slices, and bake them on a bake-iron that is hot enough to bake cakes.

Salsify, or Oyster Plant.

Scrape the roots, and boil them till soft; mash them, and put in butter, pepper, salt, and egg and flour enough to stick them together; make this in cakes as large as an oyster, and fry them in butter; or after boiling, you can cut them in slices and stew them in water; then butter and season, and thicken with a little flour and cream.

To Stew or Fry Mushrooms.

Be careful in gathering mushrooms that you have the right kind; they are pink underneath, and white on the top, and the skin will peel off easily, but it sticks to the poisonous ones.

After you have peeled them, sprinkle them with salt and pepper, and put them in a stew pan, with a little water, and a lump of butter; let them boil fast ten minutes, and stir in a thickening of flour and cream. They may be fried in butter, or broiled on a gridiron. They are sometimes very abundant in the fall, on ground that has not been ploughed for several years; they appear after a warm rain; they may be peeled, salted, and allowed to stand some hours before cooking.

Cucumbers, to Fry or Slice.

To fry cucumbers, take off the rinds in long pieces, a quarter of an inch thick; season them with pepper and salt; dip them in flour, and fry them in butter.

Many persons think cucumbers unwholesome, and they certainly are if kept for several days before they are eaten; but if sliced thin, with onions, pepper, salt and good vinegar, they may generally be eaten without danger.

Lettuce.

Persons that are fond of lettuce may have it nearly all the year, by sowing the different kinds, and keeping it covered through the winter; the most approved way of dressing it is to cut it fine, and season with oil, mustard, pepper, salt, vinegar, and a hard egg chopped. The essence of ham is also very good to season lettuce.

Where there is a large family, it is a good and economical way to cut the fat of ham in small pieces, fry it, and make a gravy with flour, water and pepper, to eat with lettuce. To cook lettuce you must fry a little ham; put a spoonful of vinegar into the gravy; cut the lettuce, put it in the pan; give it a stir, and then dish it.

Cold Slaw.

Cut hard white cabbage across the leaves, and put it in a deep plate, scald two large spoonsful of vinegar with a piece of butter, some pepper and salt; pour this over the slaw; have an egg boiled hard; chop it fine, and spread it over the top. Some persons like it heated in a pan with vinegar and water, and the yelk of a raw egg mixed through it.

Cauliflowers, &c.

Have a pot with half milk, and the rest water; when this boils, put in the cauliflowers, and let them boil till tender; put in some salt just before you take them up; have ready drawn butter with parsley, to pour over them, or a sauce of cream and butter. Good heads of yellow Savoy cabbage, cooked in this way, resemble cauliflowers. Brocolli is a delightful vegetable, and may be cooked in the same manner.

To Boil Cabbage.

In summer, you should allow a large head of cabbage an hour to boil, but when it has been tendered by the frost, it will boil in half that time. Most persons prefer cabbage boiled with ham; the pot should be well skimmed before it goes in or the grease will penetrate the cabbage, and make it unwholesome; take it up before it boils to pieces. It is very good boiled with corned beef or pork, or with milk and water, with a little salt added. Some like it with a little salaeratus thrown in while boiling, as that tenders it and makes it of a more lively green.

To Boil Greens and Poke.

After skimming the pot that the bacon has been boiled in, put in cabbage sprouts, and let them boil till the stalks are tender; all greens are best boiled in a net. Spinach cooks in a few minutes; some persons prefer it when boiled in salt and water; you should have drawn butter or hard eggs to eat with it when done in this way. There are several kinds of wild greens to be found in the country in the spring, as wild mustard, poke and lambs-quarter, which are very good cooked as cabbage sprouts. Pour boiling water on poke, after tying it in bunches, as asparagus, let it stand a few minutes; pour off the water; boil it with a little salt in the water, and if you choose a little salaeratus; dress it with butter, and dish it as asparagus.

String Beans.

String beans, if boiled in salt and water, will require fully two hours; but if boiled in a net, in a pot with bacon, they will not take so long; if they are cooked in the same pot with cabbage, it will injure the flavor. It is a good way to boil a very small piece of pork or

bacon, or a ham-bone in the pot with beans; when they are done, season them with cream, butter, salt and pepper.

Lima Beans.

Shell them, and wash them in cold water; let them boil about an hour; when done, dip them from the water, and season with salt, pepper, cream or butter; keep them hot till they are sent to table.

Dried Lima beans should be soaked over night, and boiled two hours or longer, if they are not soft.

Peas.

Early peas require about half an hour to boil, and the later kinds rather longer; the water should boil when they are put in; when they are tough and yellow, they may be made tender and green, by putting in a little pearl-ash, or ashes tied up in a rag, just before they are taken up; this will tender all green but do not put too much--when done, dip them out: drain and season them with butter, pepper and salt; put a bunch of parsley in the middle of the dish.

To Keep Green Beans for Winter.

Boil salt and water to make a strong pickle; string the beans, and put them in a tight wooden firkin; sprinkle them with salt as they go in; when the pickle is cold, pour it on, and put on a weight to keep the beans under; they will keep in the cellar till the next spring. They should soak several hours in cold water before they are boiled.

Asparagus.

All persons that have a garden should have an asparagus-bed; it is valuable as being one of the first vegetables in the spring. Put the stalks of the same length, in bunches together, and tie them with strings; boil it three-quarters of an hour in clear water; (if you put salt in, it turns it dark;) have buttered toast in the bottom of a deep dish; untie the strings, and put the asparagus in; sprinkle it over with pepper and salt, and put butter on. Asparagus is also agreeable in chicken soup.

Cymlings, or Squashes.

In cultivating this vegetable, the small bunch cymling is the best, as it takes so little room in the garden, and comes soon to maturity; if they are so hard that a pin will not run in easily, they are unfit for use. Boil the cymlings till soft; cut them open, and take out the seeds; put them in a colander, and mash them; when the water is drained off, put them in a small pot, and stew them with cream and butter for ten minutes; just as you dish them, season with pepper and salt. If boiled with salt meat, they require but little seasoning.

Pumpkins.

Young pumpkins resemble cymlings, when cooked in the same way. When they are ripe, they should be pared and cut up, and boiled till soft in a good deal of water; take them up as soon as they are done, or they will soak up the water; mash them and season them with salt, pepper and butter. They are good to eat with roast or boiled beef.

To Bake Pumpkins.

The long striped pumpkin, with a thick long neck, called by some potato pumpkin, is the best for baking; cut it up in slices, leaving on the rind; put it in a dutch-oven or dripping-pan, and let it bake an hour with a quick heat. Where sweet potatoes cannot be had, pumpkins make a very good substitute. If you put ripe pumpkins that have not been frosted; in a dry place, they will keep to make puddings till spring.

To Dry Pumpkins.

Pare them, and cut them in thin slices; have a strong thread, and string them on it with a needle; hang them out in the sun till dry, taking them in at night; tie them up in a muslin bag, and hang them in a dry place. Soak them before they are stewed, and they are nearly as good for puddings as when in season. Some dry them, as apples, by spreading on boards.

Parsnips.

Scrape and split them, and boil until quite soft, either in salt and water, or with meat; they are very good served up in this way, with plenty of butter. They may, when boiled, either be baked with a few slices of salt meat, and require no seasoning but pepper, or made into small round cakes, seasoned with butter, pepper and salt, and fried.

Carrots. Carrots should be scraped, and boiled till soft, in plenty of water; when they are done, take them up, and slice them thin; season them with salt, pepper and butter. They are suitable to eat with boiled meat or fowls.

Turnips.

Pare and quarter the turnips, and put them in a pot of clear water, or with fresh meat; boil them half an hour; drain, and season them with butter, pepper and salt; mash them.

Onions.

After they are peeled, boil them in milk and water; if small, they will cook in half an hour; when they are done, pour off the water; put in cream, butter and salt, and let them stew a few minutes. Small onions are much better for cooking, as they are not so strong.

Beets.

Wash the beets; cut the tops off, and put them in boiling water; the early turnip beet is best for summer, and will boil in less than an hour; the long winter beet should be boiled two hours,--when they are done, drop them in cold water for a minute; peel and slice them; season with butter, pepper and salt; send them hot to table.

To pickle beets, put them in a jar after they have been boiled; fill it up with weak vinegar; put in salt, cayenne and black pepper.

To Boil Rice.

Pick a pint of rice, wash it clean--put it in three pints of boiling water: it should boil fast, and by the time the water evaporates, the rice will be sufficiently cooked; set it where it will keep hot, until you are ready to dish it.

To Keep Vegetables in Winter.

Beets, parsnips, carrots and salsify should he dug up before the frost is severe; those wanted for use in the winter should be put in barrels, and covered with sand; what you do not want till spring should be buried in the garden, with sods on the top. Celery may be dug in November, and set in a large box covered with sand, in the cellar, with the roots down; it will keep till the frost is out of the ground. Or it may be left in the ground all winter, and dug as you want it for use.

BREAD, &c.

As bread is the most important article of food, great care is necessary in making it, and much judgment, as the weather changes so often.

In warm weather, the rising should be mixed with water nearly cold; if there should be a spell of damp weather in the summer, have it slightly warm and set it to rise on a table in the kitchen.

In winter it should be mixed with warm water, and left on the warm hearth all night. If the yeast is fresh, a small quantity will do; if several weeks old, it will take more. If you use dry yeast, let it soak fifteen minutes, and put in a tea-spoonful of salaeratus to prevent it from getting sour.

Light Bread, Baking in a Stove, &c.

For two loaves of bread, thicken a quart of water with flour, till it will just pour easily; put in a table-spoonful of salt and half a tea-cup of yeast; this should be done in the evening. If the weather is cold, set it where it will be warm all night; but, if warm, it will rise on a table in the kitchen. (If it should not be light in the morning, and the water settles on the top, stir in a little more yeast, and set it in a pan of hot water for a few minutes;) knead in flour till it is nearly as stiff as pie crust, and let it rise again. Have your baking pans greased, and when it is light, mould out the bread, and put it in them; set it by the fire, covered with a cloth, till it begins to crack on the top--when it is light enough to bake. To bake in a stove requires care to turn it frequently; if it browns too fast at first, leave the

door open a little while; a thick loaf will bake in an hour, and a small one in less time. In trying the heat of a stove, drop a few drops of water on the top, if it boils gently it is in good order, and the heat should be kept at this point.

To Bake a Dutch-oven Loaf.

If you wish to make a large loaf, it will take three pints of water, more than half a tea-cup of yeast, and two spoonsful of salt; when the rising is light, knead it up, have the dutch-oven greased; put it in, and set it near the fire, but not so near that it will scald. When it rises so as to crack on the top, set the oven on coals; have the lid hot, cut the loaf slightly across the top, dividing it in four; stick it with a fork and put the lid on, when it is on a few minutes, see that it does not bake too fast, it should have but little heat at the bottom, and the coals on the top should be renewed frequently, turn the oven round occasionally.

If baked slowly, it will take an hour and a half when done, wrap it in a large cloth till it gets cold.

To Bake in a Brick Oven.

If you have a large family, or board the laborers of a farm, it is necessary to have a brick oven, so as to bake but twice a week; and to persons that understand the management of them, it is much the easiest way. If you arrange every thing with judgment, half a dozen loaves of bread, as many pies or puddings, rusk, rolls or biscuit may be baked at the same time. Some persons knead up their bread over night in winter, to do this, the sponge should be made up at four o'clock in the afternoon. If you wish to put corn flour in your bread, scald one quart of it to six loaves, and work it in the flour that you are going to stir in the rising, to make six loaves of bread, you should have three quarts of water and a tea-cup of yeast.

Scalded corn flour, or boiled mashed potatoes, assists bread to rise very much in cold weather. Have a quart of potatoes well boiled and rolled fine with a rolling-pin on your cake board; mix them well in the rising after it is light; if the oven is not ready, move the bread to a cool place. If the bread is sour before you mould it out, mix a heaped tea-spoonful of salaeratus in a little water, spread out the bread on the board, dust a little flour on it, and spread the salaeratus and water over, and work it well through. This quite takes away the sour taste, but if the bread is made of good lively yeast, it seldom requires it; let it rise in the pans about half an hour. Many persons that make their own bread, are in the constant practice of using salaeratus, putting in the rising for six loaves a heaped tea-spoonful, dissolved in a little warm water; in this there is no disadvantage, and it insures sweet bread, and will also answer in making rolls or light cakes.

Common sized loaves will bake in an hour in the brick oven. If they slip easily in the pans, and, upon breaking a little piece from the side, it rises from the pressure of the finger, it is done; but if it should not rise, put it back again; when the bread is taken out of the oven, wrap it in a cloth till quite cold.

You should have a large tin vessel with holes in the top, to keep bread in; in this way, it will be moist at the end of the week in cool weather.

Coarse brown flour or middlings makes very sweet light bread, by putting in scalded corn meal, say, to two loaves, half a pint, and is also good to use for breakfast made as buckwheat cakes.

Directions for Heating a Brick Oven, &c.

It is very important to have good oven wood split fine, and the oven filled with it as soon as the baking is out; by this precaution it is always ready and dry. Early in the morning, take out half of the wood, and spread the remainder over the oven, in such a way as it will take fire easily; light a few sticks in the fire, and put them in; when it burns well, turn the wood about, and occasionally add more till it is all in; when it is burnt to coals, stir them about well with a long-handled shovel made for the purpose.

When it looks bright on the top and sides, it is hot enough; let the coals lay all over the bottom till near the time of putting in the bread, when draw them to the mouth, as it is apt to get cool the quickest. If you have biscuit to bake, put some of the coals on one side near the front, as they require a quick heat, and should be put in immediately after the coals are taken out; they will bake in fifteen or twenty minutes.

When all the coals are taken out, if the bottom of the oven sparkles, it is very hot, and should wait a few minutes; but if not, you may put in the bread first, and then the pies; if you have a plain rice pudding to bake, it should be put in the middle of the front, and have two or three shovels of coals put round it, if the oven is rather cool. Close the oven with a wooden stopper made to fit it; after they have been in a few minutes, see that they do not brown too fast; if so, keep the stopper down a little while. Pies made of green fruit

will bake in three-quarters of an hour; but if the fruit has been stewed, half an hour will be long enough.

Rusk, or rolls, take about half an hour to bake in a brick oven; if you should have to open the oven very often before the bread is done, put in a few shovels of coals and shut it up.

When all is taken out, fill the oven with wood ready for the next baking.

There is nothing in any department of cooking that gives more satisfaction to a young housekeeper than to have accomplished what is called a good baking.

Graham Bread.

Take six quarts of unbolted flour, one tea-cup of good yeast, and six spoonsful of molasses; mix them with a pint of milk, warm water, and a tea-spoonful of salaeratus; make a hole in the flour and stir this mixture in it, till it is like batter; then proceed as with fine flour. Mould it, when light, into four loaves Have your oven hotter than for other bread, and bake it fully one hour and a half. It is an excellent article of diet for dyspeptic and sedentary persons.

Dyspepsy Bread.

This is three-fourths unbolted flour, and the remaining fourth common flour, and is risen and made as other light bread, but should be baked rather more.

Yeast.

It is important to those that make their own bread, to make their own yeast, or they cannot judge of its strength. The best is the old-fashioned hop yeast, which will keep for six weeks in winter.

Put a pint of hops in a pot, with a quart of water; cover it tightly, and let it boil slowly for half an hour; strain it while boiling hot on a pint of flour, and a heaped table-spoonful of salt; stir it well, and let it stand till nearly cool; when put in a tea-cupful of good yeast; if it is not sweet, put in a little salaeratus, just as you stir it in; keep it in a warm place till it rises, when put it in a stone jug, and cork it tightly. Keep it in a cool place in summer, but do not let it freeze in winter; shake it before you use any.

When your yeast jug is empty, fill it with water, and let it soak; wash it well, and if it should smell sour, rinse it with salaeratus water. If you have a garden, raise your own hops by all means; pick them by the first of September, or they will lose their strength; dry them on sheets spread on the garret floor.

If you buy hops, choose light green ones, with the yellow dust about them. Brown hops have generally stayed too long on the vines.

Another Method.

Put two handsful of hops into three pints of water; let it boil to one quart; when cold, strain it on to a pint of best flour, a table-spoonful of salt, half a pint of sugar-house molasses, and a tea-cup of good yeast: as it rises, skim off the top several times, when the yeast looks white bottle it up tight and it will keep for several weeks.

Corn Flour Dry yeast.

Put a large handful of good hops in a quart of water; cover it close, and let it boil nearly half away, when strain it over corn flour; it must all be wet, but not so soft as for bread; put in a large spoonful of salt, and mix it well; when about milk warm, put in two table-spoonsful of yeast, (observe that the yeast is lively,) rub it through with your hands; it must be so stiff as just to stick together; set it in a warm place to rise, which it should do in a few hours. When light, rub in more corn flour, and scatter it in dishes, very thin, (or put it on a cloth on a large waiter, spread thinly.) It should be dried quickly, or it may turn sour, either in the sun, (which is best,) or a warm stove room; stir it over frequently; when perfectly dry, cover it close, either in a jar or wooden box, and keep it in a dry closet. Select a sunny day, and begin early in the morning, as by this method you may have your yeast dry by night. Half a tea-cupful is enough for two loaves of wheat bread, (it should be soaked in water some minutes before using it,) and it is generally best to put in half a tea-spoonful of salaeratus, as dry yeast is more apt to turn sour than the liquid yeast.

Some good housekeepers use this yeast where hops are scarce, and it answers very well. It will keep good six weeks or two months.

Potato Yeast.

Boil four large potatoes with a tea-cupful of hops tied loosely in a bag; mash the potatoes in a pan, with a spoonful of salt, and four of flour; pour the hop-water on it, and mix all together; when nearly cold, put in two table-spoonsful of yeast; put it in a quart jar, and let it rise; it will do to use in five or six hours. This yeast is much weaker than the first receipt; but it has this advantage,--that with a pint of it you may knead up four loaves of bread at night without making rising. It is best to make this yeast once a week, always being careful to have the jar sweet before you put it in.

Potato Yeast with Sugar.

To about a quart of potatoes, boiled and made thin enough with warm water to pass through a sieve, add, when cold, a tea-cupful of sugar, a table-spoonful of salt, and a gill of common yeast. This is a quick yeast, but will not keep so long as those before mentioned.

Dry Yeast.

Put a pint of hops in half a gallon of water; cover it close and boil it down to one half; strain it over flour enough to make a thick batter; when nearly cold, put in a tea-cup of yeast, and three table-spoonsful of salt; when well risen, work in as much corn meal as will make it as stiff as biscuit dough; add a spoonful of sugar and one of ginger; when it rises again, make it out into little cakes, which must be dried in the shade, and turned twice a day. If made in dry weather, this yeast will keep for several months, and is useful when hops are scarce; it should be kept in a tight box, or a bag hung up in a dry place.

Milk Yeast.

If you have no yeast, you may make some with milk, to rise with. Take a pint of new milk and stir in it two tea-spoonsful of salt, and half a tea-cup of flour; keep it moderately warm by the fire, and it will lighten in about an hour; stir in flour enough to make a large loaf of bread, with more milk or water. This yeast should be used immediately, and will do to lighten hop yeast. To thicken half a gallon of water with a quarter of a pound of sugar, a little salt and flour, makes very good yeast when you cannot get hops. It will do to use in a day.

Superior Boiled Milk Rolls.

Boil a quart of new milk; pour it on a quart of flour, while boiling hot, and stir it well; when nearly cold, add two tea-spoonsful of salt, two table-spoonsful of lard, and half a tea-cup of good yeast; set it in a warm place to rise for about two hours; when light, work flour in it on the cake-board, and, when quite smooth, mould it out into rolls, and put them in a baking-pan, which has been rubbed with lard or butter; set them in a warm place to rise again;--if the weather is warm, on a table in the kitchen, but if cold, set them by the fire. When light, put them in a cool place till you are ready to bake; they should have a moderate heat, and will bake in half an hour. In winter they may be moulded out and placed in the bake pan over night for breakfast, or some hours before wanted for tea, and kept in a cool place till half an hour before baking, when set them near the stove to rise up. With the addition of nutmeg and sugar, you may make nice rusk.

Egg Rolls.

Boil a quart of new milk with a quarter of a pound of butter, the same of lard, and a little salt; beat up two eggs, and pour the boiling milk on them, stirring all the time; when nearly cold, add a tea-cup of yeast and as much wheat flour as will make it a thick batter, when quite light knead it up as bread, and let it lighten before moulding out; grease the pans, and bake them with a moderate heat. A little sugar and water rubbed on just before baking rolls makes them glossy.

Soft Rolls.

Rub two ounces of butter into two pounds of flour; stir in as much boiling milk as will make a soft dough, when cold enough, add half a tea-cup of yeast, and a little salt; beat it well with a spoon, and let it rise as long as bread; mould them out in pans, and bake as other rolls.

Water Rolls.

Make a rising of a quart of warm water, a little salt, a tea-cup of yeast, two spoonsful of butter and flour; let this rise, and knead it with as much flour as will make a soft dough, and work it well; when it has risen again, mould it out, and bake half an hour.

A nice griddle cake may be made by rolling this out, and baking it on the griddle or dripping-pan of a stove.

Potato Rolls.

Boil potatoes enough to make a quart when mashed, which should be done with a rolling-pin on a cake-board; mix these with a gallon of flour, a spoonful of butter, one of lard, and some salt; stir in water sufficient to make dough, not quite so stiff as for light bread, and a tea-cup of yeast; knead it for half an hour, and set it to rise; when it is light, set it away in a cold place, and as you require it, cut off a piece; mould it in little cakes, and let them rise an hour before baking. These rolls will keep several days in cold weather. If the dough should get sour, mix in some salaeratus.

Another Way.

Boil a quart of pared potatoes--pour off the water, mash them, add half a pint of sweet milk, warmed, and a small table-spoonful of salt; stir well, and pour it scalding hot into a quart of flour; add cold milk enough to make it the right consistence for rising; stir in half a tea cup of yeast, and set it by to rise, it will soon be light, and is then to be made into dough, with shortened flour, as other rolls, and made out into cakes; and after standing in a warm place to become light again, which should not take long, bake with rather a quick heat. These rolls may be eaten warmed over.

Mush Rolls, without Milk or Eggs.

When milk is scarce, (or for a change,) you can make good rolls with mush. Take a pint of corn meal, pour on it three pints of boiling water--stirring it as you pour; put in three ounces of lard, a table-spoonful of salt, and when milk warm, put in two table-spoonsful of yeast, then mix in wheat flour, and make it a soft dough; cover the pan close, set it in a warm place till it begins to rise; as soon as light, set it in a cold place; mould them out an hour before you bake them, and allow them to rise in the dripping-pan. It will do to bake in a large cake rolled out.

Twist Rolls.

Boil a pint of milk, put in a small lump of butter and a little salt; beat up an egg and put in, when nearly cold, with a spoonful of yeast and some flour; when light, knead in more flour to make it quite stiff; work it well, and let it rise again; grease a dutch-oven or spider, flour your hands, and roll it out in rings, or round several times, a little higher in the middle. They will be nearly all crust, and suit delicate persons that cannot eat other warm bread.

French Rolls.

To one quart of sweet milk, boiled and cooled, half a pound of butter, half a tea cup of yeast, a little salt, and flour enough to make a soft dough, beat up the milk, butter and yeast in the middle of the flour, let it stand till light, in a warm place; then work it up with the whites of two eggs, beaten light; let it rise again, then mould out into long rolls; let them stand on the board or table, to lighten, an hour or two, then grease your pans and bake in a oven or stove.

Bread Rolls.

In the morning, when your bread is light, take as much as would make one loaf; pour boiling water on half a pint of corn meal--stir it well--add a little salt, spread open the dough and work in the mush, with the addition of a table-spoonful of lard or butter, and a little flour, work well and mould out, placing them in your pans, and set them in a moderately warm place to lighten for tea; bake in a stove, if the weather is cold. This dough will keep two days, and may be baked as you need them.

Maryland Biscuit.

Rub half a pound of lard into three pounds of flour; put in a spoonful of salt, a tea cup of cream, and water sufficient to make it into a stiff dough; divide it into two parts, and work each well till it will break off short, and is smooth; (some pound it with an iron hammer, or axe;) cut it up in small pieces, and work them into little round cakes; give them a slight roll with the rolling-pin, and stick them, bake them in a dutch-oven, brick-oven, or dripping-pan of a stove, with a quick heat. These biscuits are very nice for tea, either hot or cold.

Light Biscuit.

Boil a quart of milk, and when nearly cold, stir it in the middle of your pan of flour, with two spoonsful of yeast, and one of butter and salt; let it lighten for two or three hours; knead the flour in it, and let it rise again: a little while before you bake, roll it out, and cut it with the top of your dredging-box. Let them rise a few minutes in the dripping-pan.

Salaeratus Biscuit.

Warm a quart of sweet milk, and put in it half a tea-spoonful of salaeratus, and a heaped spoonful of lard or butter, and half a spoonful of salt; pour this in as much flour as will make a stiff dough; work it a quarter of an hour; mould and bake them as other biscuit.

Quick Biscuit.

Rub a small table-spoonful of lard into a quart of flour, and mix in two tea-spoonsful of finely powdered cream of tartar, with a tea-spoonful of salt; put a tea-spoonful of super carbonate of soda in a pint of warm milk,--work it in and make the paste of ordinary consistence for biscuit or pie crust, adding flour or milk, if either is needed; make it out in biscuit form, or roll it about half an inch thick, and cut in shapes,--bake them about twenty minutes.

Tea Biscuit.

Melt half a pound of butter in a quart of warm milk; add a spoonful of salt, sift two pounds of flour, make a hole in the centre, put in three table-spoonsful of yeast, add the milk and butter; make a stiff paste; when quite light, knead it well, roll it out an inch thick, cut it with a tumbler, prick them with a fork, bake in buttered pans, with a quick heat; split and butter before sending them to table.

Dyspepsy Biscuit.

Make them as Maryland biscuit, except that, instead of either lard or butter, you must use a portion of rich cream, beat or work them well, and roll them moderately thin.

Salaeratus Cake.

Warm a pint of butter-milk, put in it a tea-spoonful of powdered salaeratus, and a piece of lard the size of an egg; stir it into flour till it is a soft dough; roll it out, and bake it on the griddle, or in the dripping-pan of a stove. If you have no sour milk, put a table-spoonful of vinegar in sweet milk.

Wafer Cakes.

Rub half a pound of lard into two pounds and a half of flour, add a little salt and water sufficient to make a stiff dough: work it well for half an hour, make it in small round lumps, and roll these until they are as thin as possible; bake them with a slow heat and they will look almost white. These are nice cakes for tea either hot or cold.

Short Cake.

To three quarts of flour take three-quarters of a pound of lard, and a spoonful of salt; rub the lard in the flour, and put in cold water, sufficient to make a stiff dough; roll it out without working in thin cakes; have the bake-iron hot, flour it, and bake with a quick heat; when one side is brown, turn and bake the other; when baked in the dripping-pan of a stove, they do without turning;--you may cut them in round cakes, if you choose. Some use half milk and half water; in that case, less lard is required.

Cold Water Muffins.

Sift a quart of flour, add to it a little salt, a large spoonful of yeast, beat the white of a fresh egg to a froth; after mixing the flour up with cold water into a soft dough, add the egg; set it in a moderately warm place. Next morning beat it well with a spoon, put it on the bake-iron in round cakes; when one side is nicely brown, turn them; keep them hot till sent to table, split and butter them. If you wish to have muffins for tea, they should be made up early in the Morning.

Smith Muffins.

Boil a quart of new milk, have three pounds of flour, three eggs well beaten, a quarter of a pound of lard, a table-spoonful of salt; rub the lard in the flour and while the milk is still warm, (but not hot,) stir it in the flour, put in the eggs, and a tea-cup of good yeast: beat all well, and set them in a warm place to rise, when light they should be set in a cool place till you are ready to bake them, which should be in rings, or round cakes on the bake-iron, in a dutch-oven, or the dripping-pan of a stove, butter just as you send them to table. If the batter is kept in a cold place it will keep good for two days in winter. Before baking muffins, or any kind of light cakes, taste the batter, and if at all sour, put in a small portion of salaeratus, (previously dissolved in hot water.)--In this way superior muffins may be made.

Mansfield Muffins.

Take a quart of milk, three eggs, quarter of a pound of butter or lard, a tea-cup of yeast, and flour to make a soft dough; heat the whites of the eggs alone, the yelks with the milk; melt the butter and stir it in after all is mixed; bake them in rings, or in round cakes on the griddle: split and butter before sending them to table.

Rice Muffins.

Pour a quart of milk on four heaped spoonsful of rice flour, stir it well, and put in a little salt and wheat flour, to make it a proper thickness, two eggs and two spoonsful of yeast, allow it four hours to rise, and bake in rings, or thin it and bake as batter cakes.

Muffins.

Warm a pint of milk, and stir into it a pound and a quarter of flour, (a quart of flour is about equal to a pound and a quarter,) and two eggs, the yelks beaten with the batter, the whites alone, mix with these two spoonsful of lively yeast and a little salt, let them rise, and when you are nearly ready to bake them, stir in a large spoonful of melted butter, butter the rings and bake on a griddle, or in the dripping-pan of a stove. Split and butter before sending them to table.

Mush Muffins.

Make a quart of mush, put into it a lump of butter or lard, the size of two eggs, and a little salt, previously to making the mush, have ready a pint of light rising, stir into it a pint of new milk, and the mush, with as much wheat flour as will make it a very thick batter, let it rise four or five hours, and when light, set it in a cold place, till you are ready to bake, dip a spoon in water each time, and put the batter on the griddle in small cakes, or bake in rings. You may make it a little stiffer, and roll it out to bake in large cakes. If it should sour, put in a little salaeratus. If you have no milk, water will do instead. They will be nice toasted.

A Loaf of Muffin Batter.

Stir into a pint of mush a small lump of butter, a little salt, a pint of milk, and wheat flour to make a thick batter; stir into it half a tea cup of yeast, and let it rise, when it is light, butter a pan, pour it in and bake, eat it hot, at breakfast or supper. It will bake in a shallow pan in half an hour, if in a deep vessel, allow more time.

Boiled Milk Muffins.

Boil a quart of new milk, and pour it boiling hot, on as much flour as will make a thick batter, put in a table-spoonful of butter, and the same of lard, two tea-spoonsful of salt, half a tea cup of yeast, one egg beaten; allow time to rise from six to eight hours; when perfectly light, set them in a cool place, till you are ready to bake, when you may use rings, or not, as you please--but be sure to butter the rings.

Cream Muffins.

Take a quart of sour cream, and two eggs well beaten, a tea-spoonful of salt; stir the eggs into the cream, gradually; add sifted flour enough to make a thick batter, dissolve a tea-spoonful of salaeratus in as much vinegar as will cover it, and stir it in at the last; bake in small cakes on the griddle, or in muffin rings in the dripping-pan of a stove.

Waffles.

Make a batter of a pound and a half of flour, quarter of a pound of melted butter, and two large spoonsful of yeast; put in three eggs, the whites and yelks beaten separately; mix it with a quart of milk, and put in the butter just before you bake, allow it four hours to

rise; grease the waffle-irons, fill them with the batter--bake them on a bed of coals. When they have been on the fire two or three minutes, turn the waffle-irons over,--when brown on both sides, they are sufficiently baked. The waffle-irons should be well greased with lard, and very hot before each one is put in. The waffles should be buttered as soon as cooked. Serve them up with powdered white sugar and cinnamon.

Quick Waffles.

Take a pint of milk, and beat into it three eggs, and enough wheat flour to make a thick batter; add a table-spoonful of melted butter, and a little salt; bake them immediately. Some persons add two table-spoonsful of sugar, and a little cinnamon; others dust loaf sugar and cinnamon, or nutmeg over each waffle, as it is baked.

Rice Waffles.

To six spoonsful of soft boiled rice, add two tea-cups of water or milk, and some salt, stir in three tea-cups of ground rice, and bake as other waffles.

Flannel Cakes.

Warm a quart of milk, put in a spoonful of butter, a little salt, and two eggs well beaten, stir in flour till it is a thin batter, and two spoonsful of yeast; beat all well together, adding the eggs at the last; allow it five hours to rise, and bake it on the griddle in cakes, the size of a breakfast plate. Do not butter them till you send them to the table.

Mush Flannel Cakes.

Mix a pint of corn mush with two of wheat flour, a spoonful of butter or lard, two eggs and half a tea-cup of yeast; make it in a batter with water or milk, and bake like buckwheat cakes.

Bread Batter Cakes.

Soak slices of stale bread in cold sweet milk for half an hour, then put it over the fire, and let it come to a boil; and mash it well, when nearly cool, add wheat flour enough to make a stiff batter, beat this together with two eggs, a tea-spoonful of salt, and a table-spoonful of good yeast, let it rise and bake as buckwheat cakes, if light before you are ready, set them in a cold place.

Butter-milk Cakes.

You may make a very good batter cake without eggs. To a quart of butter-milk, put a piece of lard, the size of an egg; warm them together, and stir in a tea-spoonful of salaeratus; make it in a thin batter with flour; beat it a few minutes, and bake it as other cakes.

Buckwheat Cakes.

Take quart of buckwheat flour, half a pint of wheat flour, and a spoonful of salt; make them into a thick batter, with milk-warm water, put in a half tea-cup of yeast, and beat it well, set it by the fire to rise, and if it should be light before you are ready to bake, put a tea-cup of cold water on the top, to prevent it from running over, if it should get sour, pour in a tea-spoonful of salaeratus, dissolved in hot water, just before you bake.

It is best to make them up quite thick, and thin them with a little warm water before you bake; butter them just as you send them to table. If you can get brewers' yeast, it is much better for buckwheat cakes. In very cold weather, they may be kept made up for several days, and baked as required.

Sally Lunn.

Warm a quart of milk with a quarter of a pound of butter, and a heaped spoonful of sugar, beat up three eggs, and put in, with a little salt, and flour enough to make it stiffer than pound cake, beat it well, put in a tea cup of yeast, and let it rise, butter a fluted pan and pour it in, bake it in a quick oven, slice and butter it. If you wish tea at six o'clock, set it to rise at ten in the morning. Bake it an hour.

Butter-milk Batter Cakes.

Soak pieces of dry stale bread in a quart of butter-milk, until soft, break in two eggs, add a little butter or lard, and salt and flour enough to make it stick together, beat it well, add a tea-spoonful of salaeratus, dissolved in warm water; thin it with a little sweet milk, and bake as other batter cakes. They may be prepared in a short time.

Toast.

Cut your bread (which is better to be stale) in tolerably thick slices, brown it slowly before the fire on each side; you may either butter it dry, or mix butter in water, with a little salt added, and after making it boiling hot, pour over each slice as you send it to table.

A Dish of Milk Toast for Breakfast.

Boil a quart of rich milk, take it off, and stir in half a pound of fresh butter, mixed with a small spoonful of flour, let it again come to a boil; have ready a dish of toast, pour it from a spoon over each piece, and what remains, pour over the whole, keep it covered and hot, till you send to table.

General Remarks on making Bread of Indian Corn Meal.

A wooden spoon with a long handle, is the best for stirring and mixing the bread or cakes. It requires more salt than other bread, and should be well mixed or beaten. If it is mixed over night, it should generally be done with cold water, and set in the cellar or some cool place in summer, in winter it requires rather a warmer place to stand. It sours more easily than bread made of other flour. In the morning, if you find that it is at all acid, dissolve half a tea-spoonful of salaeratus in warm water, and stir it just before it is put to bake. Where milk is used, it should be baked immediately, and the richer the milk, the more palatable it is. Whatever you bake this bread in, should be well greased first, as it is more apt to adhere to the oven than some other kinds of flour. It should bake with a quick heat.

When you buy salaeratus, pound it fine, put it in a wide-mouthed bottle, and cork it tight. Some persons keep it dissolved in water, but you cannot judge of the strength of it so well.

Corn Meal Porridge.

Put on to boil in a sauce-pan a quart of milk, mix a small tea-cup of corn meal with half a pint of cold water, (let it settle, and pour off what swims on the top,) then stir it in well to keep it from being lumpy; let it boil only a few minutes; add salt to the taste. This makes a good breakfast for children, and is a light diet for an invalid. It can be seasoned with sugar.

Mush, Mush Cakes, and Fried Mush.

Mush will keep for several days in cool weather; the best way of making it is to have a pot of boiling water, and stir in corn meal, mixed with water, and salt enough to season the whole; let it boil, and if it is not thick enough you can add more meal; keep stirring all the time to prevent it from being lumpy. It should boil an hour.

To make the cakes, take a quart of cold mush, mix in it half a pint of wheat flour, and a little butter or lard, make it out in little cakes with your hands, flour them and bake them on a griddle or in a dripping pan. Fried mush is a good plain dessert, eaten with sugar and cream. Cut the cold mush in slices, half an inch thick, or make them into small cakes, dip them in flour, and fry them in hot lard.

Journey Cake.

Pour boiling water on a quart of meal, put in a little lard and salt, and mix it well, have an oak board with a rim of iron at the bottom, and an iron handle fastened to it that will prop it up to the fire; put some of the dough, on it, dip your hand in cold water and smooth it over; score it with a knife, and set it before coals to bake.

Corn Batter Cakes.

Take a quart of good milk, three eggs, a little salt, and as much sifted corn meal as will make a thin batter; beat all well together, with a spoonful of wheat flour to keep them from breaking, bake in small cakes, keep them hot, and butter just as you send to table. Another way to make corn batter cakes, is to take a quart of corn meal, two eggs, a small lump of butter or lard, and mix it up with milk, or half water, if milk is scarce, and bake them either thin or thick.

Rice Cakes.

Take a pint of soft boiled rice, a pint of milk, a little salt, and as much corn meal as will make a thin batter with two eggs; beat all together, and bake as corn batter cakes, or make it thicker and bake it in a pan.

Corn Bannock.

To one quart of sour milk, put a tea-spoonful of salaeratus, dissolved in water; warm the milk slightly, beat up an egg, and put in corn meal enough to make it as thick as pudding batter, and some salt; grease a pan and bake it, or you may put it in six or eight saucers.

Virginia Pone.

Beat three eggs, and stir them in a quart of milk, with a little salt, a spoonful of melted butter, and as much sifted corn meal as will make it as thick as corn batter cakes; grease the pans and bake quick.

Lightened Pone.

Take half a gallon of corn meal, and pour boiling water on one-third of it; mix it together with warm water till it is a thick batter; put in two table-spoonsful of lively yeast, and one of salt; stir it well and set it by the fire to rise; when it begins to open on the top, grease the dutch-oven and put it to bake, or bake it in a pan in a stove.

Cold Water Pone.

Make a stiff batter with a quart of Indian meal, cold water and a little salt; work it well with the hand; grease a pan or oven, and bake it three-quarters of an hour. Eat it hot at dinner, or with milk at supper.

Indian Bread with Butter-milk.

To one quart of butter-milk, slightly warmed, put a tea-spoonful of salaeratus, dissolved in water, two eggs, well beaten, a table-spoonful of melted butter or lard, a little salt; stir in with a spoon as much Indian meal as will make a thick batter; beat it for a few minutes, grease your pans, and bake quickly. If you bake this quantity in two pans, a half hour will be sufficient, or if in one, it will take an hour. Look at it often while baking, as it is liable to burn. An excellent recipe.

Little Indian Cakes.

Put a spoonful of lard in a quart of meal, and two tea-spoonsful of salt, pour boiling water on half the meal, stir it; then add as much cold water as will enable you to make it out in cakes of a convenient size, bake on the bake-iron over the fire.

Maryland Corn Cakes.

Mix a pint of corn meal with rich milk, a little salt, and an egg, it should be well beaten with a spoon, and made thin enough to pour on the iron; take in cakes the size of a breakfast plate; butter and send them hot to table.

A Virginia Hoe Cake.

Pour warm water on a quart of Indian meal, stir in a spoonful of lard or butter, some salt, make it stiff, and work it for ten minutes, have a board about the size of a barrel head, (or the middle piece of the head will answer,) wet the board with water, and spread on the dough with your hand, place it before the fire, prop it aslant with a flat-iron, bake it slowly, when one side is nicely brown, take it up and turn it, by running a thread between the cake and the board, then put it back, and let the other side brown. These cakes used to be baked in Virginia on a large iron hoe, from whence they derive their name.

Batter Bread with Yeast.

Rub a piece of butter the size of an egg, into a quart of com meal, add a little salt, make it in a batter with two eggs and some new milk, add a spoonful of yeast, set it by the fire an hour to rise, butter little pans, and bake with a quick heat.

Carolina Corn Rolls.

Take a pint of corn meal; pour over it sufficient boiling water to make a very stiff dough, then add a table-spoonful of salt, and permit it to stand until about milk-warm; work it well with the hand, then make out the rolls, of an oblong shape, and bake them from half to three-quarters of an hour, according to their size. The addition of a small lump of butter or lard is an improvement. If they are rightly made, they will split on the top in baking, and can be eaten by those who cannot partake of other preparations made of corn flour.

Mixed Bread.

Put a little salt, and a spoonful of yeast, into a quart of flour; make it sufficiently soft with corn meal gruel; let it rise; bake in a mould.

New England Hasty Pudding, or Stir-about.

Boil three quarts of water in an iron pot; mix a pint of Indian meal in cold water, and make it thin enough to pour easily; when the water boils, pour it in; stir well with a wooden stick kept for the purpose; it takes about an hour to boil; salt to your taste; stir in dry meal to make it thick enough, beating it all the time. Eat it with milk or molasses, or butter and sugar. This is said to be a wholesome diet for dyspeptic patients, and makes a good meal for children.

Corn Muffins.

Warm three pints of milk, and stir into it as much corn meal as will make it as thick as pudding batter, add two handsful of wheat flour, two tea-spoonsful of salt, three eggs, and a tea-cup of yeast. Beat the whole well together, and let it rise about six hours, when bake as other muffins.

Soaked Crackers for Tea.

Pour boiling water on crackers, put in some butter and a little salt; cover them close and keep them warm till tea is ready; if you have milk, boil it, and pour over instead of water. This is easily prepared.

PIES, PUDDINGS, CAKES, &c.

To Make Common Pies.

One pound of lard to a gallon of flour will make very good common pies. Work the lard in the flour, put in some salt, and wet it with water, make it so that it can just be rolled out, when you have put in the fruit, wet the crust with water, put on the top and close it up, stick it with a fork on the top.

To Stew Fruit for Pies.

All fruits that are not fully ripe should be stewed and sweetened. To boil a gallon of molasses at a time, and keep it to sweeten pies, is cheaper than sugar, and answers a very good purpose, where there is a large family. When fruit is fully ripe it does very well to bake in pies, without being stewed.

After washing the dried fruit, put it on to stew in a bell-metal kettle over the fire, or in a tin pan in a stove, let it have plenty of water, as it swells very much, and if it seems dry, put in more water. Apples take longer to stew than peaches, and should have more water. Fruit stewed in this way is very good to put on the table to eat with meat. Do not stir the fruit while it is stewing, or it will burn. Dried cherries and damsons may be stewed in the same manner, adding the sugar before they are quite done.

Pie Crust.

Sift a pound and a half of flour, and take out a quarter for rolling; cut in it a quarter of a pound of lard, mix it with water, and roll it out; cut half a pound of butter, and put it in at two rollings with the flour that was left out.

For making the bottom crust of pies, cut half a pound of lard into a pound of flour, with a little salt; mix it stiff, and grease the plates before you make pies; always make your paste in a cold place, and bake it soon.

Some persons prefer mixing crust with milk instead of water.

Paste for Puddings.

Sift a pound of flour, have half a pound of butter and quarter of a pound of lard, save out a quarter of the flour for rolling, cut the lard into the remainder, and mix it with water; roll it out, and flake in half of the butter; dust over it some of the flour, close it up; roll it again, and put in the rest of the butter. This quantity will make crust for five or six puddings.

Another Way.

To three and a half pounds of sifted flour, put two pounds of lard, and a piece of volatile salts (as large as a full sized nutmeg) dissolved in a little water;--make a pretty stiff paste; then roll in three-quarters of a pound of butter. This will make about eight pies and twelve shells.

Puff Paste.

Sift a pound of flour, and take out a quarter for rolling, divide a pound of butter into four parts, cut one part of the butter into the flour with a knife, make it a stiff dough with water, roll it out, and flake it with part of the butler, do this three times till it is all in, handle it as little as possible, and keep it in a cool place. This quantity will make crust sufficient for three puddings and ten puffs. They should bake with a quick beat, but do not let them burn, they will take from ten to fifteen minutes to bake, according to the number of layers of paste. Do not put on the preserves till a short time before they are eaten.

Rich Mince Pies.

Take four pounds of beef, boiled and chopped fine, pick and chop three pounds of suet, wash two pounds of currants, and one of raisins; grate the peel of two lemons, and put in the juice, pound a spoonful of dried orange peel, slice an ounce of citron, and chop twelve large apples, mix these together with three pounds of sugar, half a pint of wine, and the same of brandy--and sweet cider to make it a proper thickness, put in mace and nutmeg to your taste. If the cider is not sweet, you must put in more sugar before the pies are baked, cut several places in the top of each with a pair of scissors.

Mince Pies not so Rich.

Take four pounds of beef after it has been boiled and chopped, one of suet, two of sugar, two of raisins, and four of chopped apples, mix these together with a pint of wine and cider, to make it thin enough, season to your taste with mace, nutmeg and orange peel; if it is not sweet enough, put in more sugar. Warm the pies before they are eaten. Where persons are not fond of suet, put butter instead, and stew the apples instead of so much cider.

Farmers' Mince Pies.

When you kill a beef, save the head for pies; it is some trouble to prepare it, but it is very nice for the purpose. Split the head, take out the brains and eyes, wash it well in cold water, and soak it all night with two hog's heads that have been cleaned; in the morning, boil them till you can take out the bones easily; skim off the froth as it rises, or it will stick to the meat; pick out the bones, and chop it fine, with three pounds of suet. This should be done the day before you want to bake.

Mix to this quantity of meat, two gallons of chopped apples, four pounds of raisins, half a gallon of boiled molasses, a pint of currant wine, a tea-cup of rose brandy, an ounce of cinnamon, orange peel and mace, from two to four nutmegs, and sweet cider enough to make it the right thickness; if the cider is not sweet, put in more molasses; when all is mixed, it is best to bake a small pie, as you can alter the seasoning, if it is not to your taste. If you have not raisins, dried cherries or small grapes, that have been preserved in molasses, are very good, or stewed dried apples, instead of green; and where you have no cider, stew the apples in plenty of water, so as to have them very soft; a little good vinegar, sweetened and mixed with water, also does instead of cider, but is not so good.

This will make about forty pies, and if you have a convenient way of keeping them, you may bake all at once, as they will keep for two months very readily when the weather is cold. If you do not bake all at once, put what is left in a jar, cover the top with melted suet, and over this put a piece of white paper, with a tea-cup of spirits poured on the top; tie it up and keep it where it will not freeze. Where persons have a large family, and workmen on a farm, these pies are very useful.

Rhubarb Pie.

Peel the stalks, cut them in small pieces, and stew them till very soft in a little water; when done, mash and sweeten with sugar; set it away to cool; make a puff paste, and bake as other pies. Some prefer it without stewing, cutting the stems in small pieces, and strewing sugar over them before the crust is put on. These pies will lose their fine flavor after the first day. They take less sugar than gooseberries.

Peach Pie.

Take mellow clingstone peaches, pare, but do not cut them; put them in a deep pie plate lined with crust, sugar them well, put in a table-spoonful of water, and sprinkle a little flour over the peaches; cover with a thick crust, in which make a cut in the centre, and bake from three-quarters to one hour.

Sweet Potato Pie.

Boil the potatoes, skin and slice them; put a layer of potatoes and a layer of good apples sliced thin in a deep dish; put potatoes and apples alternately till the dish is filled, mix together wine, water, sugar, butter and nutmeg, and pour over, cover it with crust, and bake as oyster pie.

Pork Mince Pies.

Take pieces of fresh pork that have been left from sausage meat, or any trimmings of the hams or shoulders; boil them, then chop. Have two heads nicely washed and cleaned, boil, pick out the bones and chop them; mix with the other meat, and season as you do other mince pies, they do not require any suet. The lower crust of mince pies need not be so rich as the top; always cut several places in the top crust with scissors, to keep the juice from wasting. When you warm mince pies, do it gradually, and do not have the crust scorched. Some prefer them cold. When the pies are very plain, a little preserve syrup, and a glass of wine added is an improvement.

Currant Pie.

After stemming green currants, scald them, and allow them to stand awhile; pour off the water; have the crust in your plates; put in the currants, sweeten them well; put in a little water, a dust of flour and a little orange peel. Gooseberries are prepared in the same way, but require more sugar. Cherries should not be scalded.

Pumpkin Pudding.

Choose a yellow pumpkin, with a fine grain, pare and cut it in small pieces, boil it in plenty of water, and take it up as soon as it is done, or it will soak up the water; to a gallon of pumpkin, stewed and mashed, put two quarts of milk, eight eggs, half a pound of butter, half a tea-cup of lemon or rose brandy; nutmeg and sugar to your taste; bake it in deep plates, with a bottom crust.

Apple Pudding.

Take three pints of stewed apples, well mashed, melt a pound of butter, beat ten eggs with two pounds of sugar, and mix all together with a glass of brandy and wine; pat in nutmeg to your taste, and bake in puff paste.

Quince Pudding

Take six quinces, pare them, cut them in quarters, and stew them, in a little water with lemon peel; cover them and let them cook gently till soft, when mash, or rub them through a sieve; mix them with sugar till very sweet, season with mace and nutmeg; beat up four eggs and stir in with a pint of cream; bake it in paste.

Potato Pudding.

Take a pound and a half of well mashed potatoes; while they are warm put in three-quarters of a pound of butter; beat six eggs with three-quarters of a pound of sugar, rolled fine, mix all well together, and put in a glass of brandy; season with nutmeg, mace or essence of lemon, and bake in paste.

Cocoanut Pudding.

Take three-quarters of a pound of grated cocoanut, with the brown skin taken off, half a pound of sugar, the same of butter, the whites of six eggs, beaten light, half a pint of cream, a glass of brandy, or rose-water, and a quarter of a pound of crackers, pounded fine, beat them together and bake in paste. If you wish the pudding rich, take a pound of butter, the same quantity of cocoanut, of sugar and whites of eggs, omitting the crackers and cream. Season as above. This quantity will fill six dessert plates of large size.

Sweet Potato Pudding.

Boil the potatoes, take off the skin, mash and strain them while warm; to a pound of potatoes put half a pound of butter; beat six eggs with half a pound of loaf-sugar, add a little mace or nutmeg; mix all together, and bake with or without paste.

Lemon Pudding.

Grate the rind of six fresh lemons, squeeze the juice from three, and strain it; beat the yelks of sixteen eggs very light, put to them sixteen table-spoonsful of powdered sugar, not heaped, with four crackers finely powdered; beat it till light; put a puff paste in your dish and bake in a moderate oven.

Another Way.

Take one pound of potatoes strained through a sieve, half a pound of butter, the same of rolled sugar, the juice of two lemons and the peel of one; beat five eggs, and mix all together with a glass of wine and a nutmeg.

A Preserve Pudding.

Take a deep dish, butter it well and spread a layer of preserves, without syrup--either quinces, citron, apples or peaches; rub together a pound of fresh butter, and the same of powdered loaf-sugar, and add the yelks of sixteen eggs well beaten; pour this on the preserves, bake it in a quick oven for half an hour; it may be set by till the next day; beat the whites of the eggs as for island, seasoning with currant jelly, and spread it over the pudding cold, just as it goes to table. This makes a rich dish and is eaten without sauce. This quantity will bake in four ordinary pie plates.

Arrow Root Pudding.

Take four table spoonsful of arrow root, mixed in a little cold milk; pour on this a quart of boiling milk, beat six eggs with three table spoonsful of sugar, and stir all together with a spoonful of butter, bake it twenty minutes in paste.

Rice Pudding.

Pour a quart of boiling milk on a pint of rice flour, stir it well, and put in six spoonsful of sugar, one of butter, and four eggs, beat all together, and bake in deep plates, with or without crust.

Another Way.

Boil half a pound of rice till soft, when nearly cold stir in half a pound of white sugar, a quarter of a pound of butter, and three eggs well beaten; grate in half a nutmeg, stir in a pint of rich milk; pour all in a yellow dish and bake half an hour; then, put a thick coating of loaf sugar on the top, and eat hot, with or without cream.

Pudding Of Whole Rice.

Boil a pint of washed rice in milk or water, till soft, put in a lump of butter, five eggs, and sugar to your taste, season with essence of lemon, or lemon peel, and mix in cream to make it thin enough to pour, bake it in paste, in deep plates.

A Pudding Of Corn Meal.

Pour three pints of boiling milk on nearly half a pint of sifted corn meal, stir in half a pound of butter, add four eggs, a little nutmeg, rose brandy, and the grated peel of a lemon, sweeten it, and bake it in paste.

Corn Pudding in Paste.

To two pounds of mush moderately warm, put three-quarters of a pound of butter, the yelks of six eggs, the rind of one lemon, and juice of two; sugar and nutmeg to your taste, and bake in paste as potato puddings. This is much admired.

Richmond Pudding.

Take one pound of raisins, stoned and chopped, half a pound of currants rubbed in flour, a pound and a half of grated bread, a pound of suet shred fine, eight eggs, two glasses of brandy, and two of wine; beat them all together, adding the eggs at the last; dip your bag or cloth in boiling water and flour it well; pour in the pudding and tie it up, leaving room for it to swell; allow it four hours to boil; eat it with white sauce.

Suet Pudding.

Take half a pound of suet chopped fine, four tea-cups of flour, and five eggs; beat these together with a quart of milk, and half a spoonful of salt; put in three tea-cups of raisins just before you tie it up; they should be rubbed in flour to prevent them from sinking; dried cherries, or pared dried peaches, are very good instead of raisins; scald the cloth and flour it; leave room for the pudding to swell. If you put one-fourth corn meal, you can do with fewer eggs.

Cheese Cakes.

Take one quart of curd, after the whey has been strained off, mix with it half a pound of fresh butter, an ounce of pounded blanched almonds, the whites of three eggs, a tea-cup of currants; season with sugar and rose water to your taste, and bake in plates with paste.

Baked Apples.

Wash and core your apples, and in the vacancy left by the core, put brown sugar, and bake them in a stove or oven.

Batter Pudding with Green Fruit.

Make a batter as for suet pudding. If you have small fruit, put it in whole; if apples, chop them fine; boil it three hours.

Custard Bread and Butter Pudding.

Fill a pan with slices of buttered bread, with raisins, grated nutmeg and sugar over each slice; beat six eggs with a tea-cup of sugar; add two quarts of rich milk, and pour it over the bread and butter; bake it in a stove or oven.

Balloon Puddings.

Mix a pint of rich milk with a pound and a quarter of flour; break nine eggs; beat the yelks with the batter, the whites alone; when they are mixed, stir in three-quarters of a pound of melted butter; grease cups or bowls with butter; pour in the batter, and bake them half an hour; if in a dutch-oven, put some water in the bottom; eat them with white sauce.

Plain Rice Pudding.

Put two quarts of good milk in a tin pan, with a tea-cup of whole rice, the same of stemmed raisins, and a little nutmeg or cinnamon, and sugar to your taste. If you bake it in a dutch-oven, it is best to put a little water in the bottom before you set it in; bake it till the rice is soft, and there is a brown crust on the top.

A Rice Dish with Fruit.

Put a tea-cup of rice in a quart of milk, and boil it very slowly to keep it from burning; when done, add a little salt, a tea-cup of cream, and sugar enough to sweeten it; have ready, in a deep dish, any fruit that is in season,--cherries, blackberries or apricots, apples, or peaches, cut up and well sweetened, but uncooked; spread the rice roughly over, and bake it slowly two hours. It may be eaten with cream, and nutmeg, and is quite as good cold as warm.

Bread Pudding.

Bread pudding is made out of bread that is too dry to use; cut it fine, boil it in milk, and mash it well; beat four eggs and put in, with half a pound of raisins; boil it an hour and a half, or bake it.

Bread and Apple Pudding.

To be eaten with Sauce.

Put a layer of buttered bread in the bottom of a well buttered dish, with chopped apples, sugar, grated bread and butter, and a little pounded cinnamon; fill up the dish with alternate layers of these articles, observing that it is better to have the inner layer of bread thinner than that of the top and bottom. This is a nice dish for those who cannot partake of pastry.

Custard Hasty Pudding.

Put a quart of new milk on to boil; then mix a tea-cup of rice flour with a little milk, two eggs, and three spoonsful of sugar; beat it, and when your milk boils, stir it in; let it boil five minutes--when pour it out on some buttered toast, in a bowl or dish, and grate nutmeg over it.

Elkridge Huckleberry Pudding.

One pound of flour, one of light-brown sugar, eight eggs--beat as sponge cake, and add one quart of berries, nicely picked, washed, and allowed to dry, bake as sponge cake. This maybe served with sauce; either Lot or cold.

Huckleberry Pudding.

Make a batter of five eggs to a quart of milk, and a little butter; pick, wash, and rub in flour a pint or more of huckleberries, put them in, and bake as long as other puddings, or boil it in a bag.

Green Corn Pudding.

Cut the green corn through the grain, and scrape it off the cob with the back of a knife; prepare a batter made of a quart of rich milk, two eggs, and wheat flour, and a little salt; then add the corn, and beat it well for a few minutes: it should be of a consistence to pour easily; grease the pan, and pour it in; bake with quick heat in a stove or spider, about half an hour. Six ears of corn will be enough for a quart of milk, or you may double the quantity; eat it with butter, sugar and cream, molasses, or any sauce that is convenient.

Baked Pudding.

Boil a quart of milk, and stir into it half a pint of corn meal and a tea-spoonful of salt--mix this well together; beat two eggs, stir in when nearly cold; add a tea-cup of chopped suet, two table-spoonsful of sugar, a little spice--grease a pan, and pour it in; bake three-quarters of an hour. Eat it with sugar and cream, or molasses sauce.

A Boiled Indian Pudding.

Boil a quart of milk, and stir in meal to make it a thick batter; put in a tea-spoonful of salt, a tea-cup of suet, a spoonful of sugar; mix; these well together, add two eggs, well beaten. If you have dried peaches, soak them; sprinkle them with dry flour, and put them in, or put in raisins, previously rubbed with wheat flour-beat it well; have your pot boiling, scald the bag, flour it, and put in the pudding,--it will boil in two hours. Eat with sugar and cream, molasses, or any kind of pudding sauce.

Boiled Bread Pudding.

Take a loaf of stale light bread, tie it in a cloth, boil it an hour, and eat it with sauce.

A Bird's Nest Pudding.

Pare and core some apples, enough to fill a deep dish, they should be ripe, and such as will cook easily. Make a custard of five eggs, to a quart of milk, and sugar and nutmeg to taste; pour this over, and bake half an hour.

Little Puddings in Pans.

Beat four eggs very light; make a batter of two tea-cups of flour, three of milk, and one of cream; pour in the eggs, and beat all well together; put in a spoonful of melted butter; grease your shallow pins or cups, and bake from twenty to thirty minutes; eat them with sauce, or sugar, cream and nutmeg.

Switzerland Pudding.

Make a hatter of five eggs, a quart of milk and flour; pare and core enough good apples to cover the bottom of your pan, fill the holes where the cores came out with sugar, grease the pan, lay them in, and pour the batter over, bake it an hour and a half, and make wine sauce to eat with it.

Boiling Puddings.

In boiling puddings, you must observe to have plenty of water in the pot; the pudding should be turned frequently, have the water boiling when it goes in, and do not let it stop. Have a tea-kettle of water by the fire to pour in as it evaporates. When the pudding is done, it should be dipped in a pan of cold water, to prevent its adhering to the cloth.

Screw Dumplings.

Roll out some paste thin, in a long strip, lay in preserves of any kind, or stewed fruit, well sweetened, roll it up and close it tight, pin it up in a towel, and boil it an hour, eat it with butter, sugar and cream, or sauce.

Large Dumplings.

Take green fruit of any kind--peaches, apples, cherries, blackberries, or huckleberries, make crust as for pies, roll it out, put in the fruit, and pin it in a cloth, boil it two hours.

Peach and Apple Dumplings.

Make crust as for plain pies, cut it in as many pieces as you want dumplings, pare and core the apples, roll out the crust, and close them up, have the water boiling when they go in, and let them boil three-quarters of an hour. Peaches pared and stoned make very good dumplings, eat them with sauce of any kind, or sugar, cream and butter.

Light Bread Dumplings

Take as much lightened dough as will make a loaf of bread, work into it half a pound of stemmed raisins, tie it up in a cloth, and boil it an hour and a half.

Rice Dumplings

Wash and pick a pint of rice, boil it in water till it is soft; have some apples pared and cored whole, fill the holes with sugar, cover them over with the rice, and tie each one separately in a cloth; boil them till the apples are done.

Indian Suet Dumplings

Chop beef suet fine, and to a pint of Indian meal, take a table-spoonful of the suet and a little salt; pour on boiling water enough to make a stiff dough, work it well, make into round cakes, and boil in clear water. These are good when vegetables are scarce, to eat with meat, or as a dessert with sugar or molasses.

Corn Dumplings.

When you boil corned beef, new bacon, or pork, you can make dumplings, by taking some grease out of the pot, with some of the water, and pouring it hot on a quart of Indian meal, mix and work it well, (it will not require salt,) make it into little round cakes; (they should be stiff, or they will boil to pieces;) take out the meat when it is done, and boil the dumplings in the same water for half an hour. They may be eaten with molasses, and make a good common dessert.

Pan Cakes.

Take five eggs to a quart of milk, make a thin batter with flour, have a little hot lard in the frying-pan, and pour in enough batter to cover the bottom; turn and fry the other side; if eggs are scarce, a tea-spoonful of salaeratus will supply the place of two. Eat them with wine and sugar.

Water Pan Cakes--a cheap Dessert.

Stir a quart of warm water in sufficient flour to make a batter of moderate thickness; dissolve a tea-spoonful of salaeratus, with a little salt, into a tea-cupful of butter-milk, or sour cream; beat it well; put a little lard in a frying-pan, and when it is hot, fry them. They are much better to be eaten hot, with sauce, sugar and cream, or any thing you may fancy. This is a very cheap dessert, and has been thought nearly equal to pan cakes made with milk and eggs.

Apple Fritters.

Allow four eggs to a quart of milk; make a thick batter with flour, and beat it well; stir in a quart of apples, chopped fine: have a frying-pan with hot lard, and drop a spoonful in a place; fry them light brown on both sides, and eat with sugar and wine, or sweet cider.

Rice Fritters.

To a pint of rice flour add a tea-spoonful of salt and a pint of boiling water; beat four eggs and stir them in, have hot lard in a frying-pan, and fry them as other fritters.

Indian Meal Fritters.

Take a quart of butter-milk, (in which dissolve a tea-spoonful of salaeratus,) stir in meal to make a batter of suitable thickness, a tea-spoonful of salt and two eggs; beat all well together, and fry in hot lard, as other fritters. If you like, you can put in chopped apples. Eat with sugar or molasses.

Snow Fritters.

Take of light new fallen snow, three table-spoonsful for every egg you would otherwise use--that is, if you would wish the quantity that three eggs would make in the usual way, take nine table-spoonsful of snow, and stir in a quart of rich milk that has been setting in a very cold place, so that it will not melt the snow, and destroy its lightness; put in a tea-spoonful of salt, and enough wheat flour to make a stiff batter; have ready a frying-pan with boiling lard, and drop a spoonful in a place as with other fritters, and set the remainder in a cold place till the first are done. Eat them with wine sauce, or sugar, butter and cream, or any thing you fancy.

Rice Flummery.

Rice that is ground coarse, in a hand-mill, is much better for making flummery than the flour you buy: put three pints of milk to boil, mix with water two tea-cups of ground rice, and stir it in the milk when it boils; while the milk is cold, put in it two dozen peach kernels, blanched, and rolled with a bottle; wet your moulds with cold cream or water; keep stirring the rice till it is thick, when pour it out in the moulds; just before dinner turn them out on dishes, have cream, sugar and nutmeg mixed, to eat with it.

Rice Milk.

Take a tea-cupful of rice, boil it till about half done, and let all the water be evaporated; then add the milk, and beat an egg with some flour, and stir in; let it boil n few minutes, and season with sugar and nutmeg.

Wine Sauce for Puddings.

Mix a spoonful of flour in a tea-cup of water, with two spoonsful of sugar and one of butter; stir this in half a pint of boiling water; let it boil a few minutes, when add a glass of wine and some nutmeg.

White Sauce.

Take half a pound of powdered white sugar, and quarter of a pound of butter, beat them well together with a glass of wine, and grate in half a nutmeg. A little currant jelly is preferred by some in this sauce instead of wine.

Cream Sauce.

Boil half a pint of cream, thicken it a very little, and put in a lump of butter; sweeten it to your taste, and after it gets cold add a glass of white wine; this is good to eat with boiled rice, plain pudding, or apple dumplings.

Molasses Sauce.

Put half a pint of molasses to boil in a skillet, with a piece of butter the size of an egg; when it has boiled a few minutes, pour in a tea-cup of cream, and grate in half a nutmeg; this is the most economical way of making sauce.

Egg Sauce.

Take the whites of three eggs and the yelks of two, beat them till very light, and add a large table-spoonful of butter ready creamed, with sugar and nutmeg to your taste; boil three glasses of wine, and pour over the other ingredients, put it over the fire, and let it boil two minutes, stirring all the time. This is nice sauce for any kind of pudding.

Cherry Toast.

Stone and stew a quart of ripe cherries, sweeten them, place some slices of buttered toast in a deep dish, and put the stewed cherries over them. A little powdered cinnamon or grated nutmeg may be put on the toast.

Apple Custard.

Lay a crust in your pie plates, slice apples thin and half fill the plates, pour over a custard made of four eggs to a quart of milk, sweeten and season it; bake it slowly.

Custard baked in Cups.

Beat up five eggs with two heaped spoonsful of sugar, mix these with a quart of rich milk and a little nutmeg; fill the cups, pour water in the bottom of a dutch-oven or dripping-pan, and set them in and bake them till thick.

Boiled Custard.

Put on to boil a quart of new milk; have ready a dozen peach kernels, scalded, peeled, and rubbed fine with a bottle, beat five or six eggs, with some sugar, and when the milk boils stir them in with the kernels; keep stirring till it thickens, but do not let it boil, or it will curdle; then take it off the fire, pour it in a pitcher, and continue to stir till it is nearly cold, when pour it into your cups, and grate nutmeg over the top of each. If you wish to have it flavored with lemon, boil some peel with the milk. This custard may be put in a glass bowl, and an island on the top.

Cold Custard.

Sweeten half a gallon of milk, put into it a table-spoonful of rennet wine, and let it stand in a warm place till it begins to come, when it should be set in cold water till dinner time; just as you take it to table, pour some cream on it, and grate nutmeg over the top.

Cream Custard.

To a pint of thin cream, take one egg, and beat and season as other custard; bake it in a plate with paste; this quantity is sufficient for one large plate, and is more delicate than custard made in the usual way.

Ice Custard with Vanilla.

Boil three pints of rich milk with as much vanilla as will give it a good flavor; sweeten it to your taste; have ready four eggs well beaten, pour the boiling milk on them, and keep stirring till cool; when put it to freeze.

Custard with Raisins.

Stone and cut a tea-cup of raisins, put them in a quart of milk; when it boils stir in five eggs well beaten, with two table-spoonsful of sugar, and a little lemon peel; keep stirring till it boils again, then take it off the fire, and stir till nearly cold; when put it in cups, or in a large bowl; beat the whites of three eggs with sugar, and when quite cold put them on the top of the custard.

To Boil Custard in Water.

Beat the eggs, sugar and seasoning together, and put it in a pitcher or nice stone jar; put in the milk and stir it well together; set the pitcher in a pot of boiling water, and stir till it is cooked, when take the pitcher out and stir till nearly cool. Custard should never be boiled or baked two much--a minute too long will sometimes spoil it.

Whips.

Grate the peel of a lemon in a pint of cream, sweeten it with loaf sugar, and whip it well; beat the whites of three eggs and mix with it; put apple jelly, seasoned with lemon, in the bottom of your glasses, and as the froth rises put it on the top of the jelly.

Trifle.

Put slices of sponge cake or Naples biscuit in the bottom of a deep glass dish; on this put slices of preserved citron, or apples preserved with lemon; pour over this a boiled custard, and on the top put a whip made by the foregoing receipt.

Floating Island.

Beat the whites of five eggs till the beater will stand up in them; then add, a little at a time, four spoonsful of powdered loaf-sugar, and currant jelly, or preserved syrup of any kind; put rich milk in the bottom of a glass, or china bowl, and put the island on the top. In making floating island, you should allow the whites of six eggs to six persons. You can have very good custards at the same time with the yelks of the eggs.

Apple Float.

To a quart of apples, slightly stewed and well mashed, put the whites of three eggs, well beaten, and four table-spoons heaping full of loaf sugar, heat them together for fifteen minutes, and eat with rich milk and nutmeg.

Carrageen or Irish Moss Blancmange.

Wash in three waters half an ounce of Carrageen moss; drain and put it in two quarts of new milk, let it boil for a few minutes, strain it in a pitcher, wet the moulds, and pour it in while hot; let it stand till it becomes thick, when it may be eaten with sugar and cream, seasoned with peach or rose water, or with a lemon rolled in the sugar. Some prefer seasoning the blancmange before putting it in the moulds. It will keep in a cool place two days, and is better to be made the day before it is eaten.

To Keep Suet for several Months.

Chop the suet you wish to preserve until summer as fine as for mince pies or puddings, then add a table-spoonful of salt to three table-spoonsful of suet; mix all well together, and put it in jars. Keep it tied up close, as exposure to the air makes it strong. It should be soaked an hour before you wish to use it, to remove the salt taste.

Skim Curds.

Put to boil a gallon of sweet milk; when it fairly boils, pour in a quart of butter-milk; in a few minutes the curd will rise, which skim off and set by, to cool for dessert; season it as you help to it at table, with cream and sugar to the taste.

Whey Skim Curds.

Boil the whey, and put in a pint of sour butter-milk; when the curds rise to the top take them off, and set them in a cold place; they make a nice dessert to eat with sugar, cream and nutmeg.

Cheese Curds.

Put to boil a gallon of skim milk, stir into it two spoonsful of rennet wine; when it turns, dip up the curds and set them away to cool; eat them with sweetened cream and nutmeg.

Rennet Wine for cold Custards or Curds.

Rub the salt from a nicely dried rennet, and cut it up; put it in a bottle, and fill it up with good wine. If care is taken to keep it filled up, it will last for several years, to make cold custard and cheese curds.

To Preserve Milk to use at Sea.

To every quart of new milk put a pound of loaf-sugar; let it boil very slowly in an iron pot, over clear coals, till it is as thick as thin cream--stirring it all the time, pour it out in a pitcher, and stir till it is cold; put in bottles, cork it tight, and put sealing wax over the corks; it must be shaken before it is used.

SYRUPS, ICES, &c.

Lemon Syrup.

Clarify a pound of loaf or Havana sugar, or if you wish to make a large quantity, allow half a pint of water to every pound of sugar, and boil it, skimming it when the scum arises, until it is of the consistency of honey; then to every pound of sugar, add an ounce of tartaric acid. If you do not find it sour enough, after it has stood two or three days, add more of the acid. If you like the taste of oil of lemon, add a few drops. A small quantity of the syrup prepared in this way, poured into cold water, makes a refreshing drink in warm weather.

Lemon Syrup for Seasoning.

Pare the lemons very thin, and put the peel to boil in a quart of water; cover it, to keep in the flavor; put two pounds of loaf sugar to the peel of a dozen lemons, and boil it till it becomes a rich syrup; keep it corked up in a bottle, to season ice cream.

Syrup of Lemon Juice.

Dissolve three pounds of loaf-sugar in three quarts of water, squeeze and strain lemons enough to make a quart of juice; boil it slowly with the water and sugar, and take off the scum as it rises; when it is quite clear, strain and bottle it. It will supply the place of fresh lemons when they cannot be had.

Pine Apple Syrup.

Pare the pine apples, cut them in pieces, and to three pounds of pine apple put a quart of water; cover it and let it boil till very soft, when mash and strain it; to a pint of this juice put a pound of sugar, boil it till it is a rich syrup, and keep it corked up in bottles to season ice cream.

Almond Cream.

Take a pound of blanched almonds, and roll them fine with a bottle; mix them with a few drops of rose-water, and stir them into a quart of cream; sweeten it with loaf-sugar, put it in a pot over the fire, and stir it till it thickens.

Tincture of Vanilla.

Vanilla beans, well bruised, half an ounce; French brandy, one gill; let it stand one week, and it will be fit for use. Keep it corked tight. This article will keep any length of time, and is very convenient for seasoning ices.

Superior Receipt for Ice Cream.

One gallon of cream, two pounds rolled loaf-sugar, one tea-spoonful of oil of lemon. If for vanilla cream; use a table-spoonful of tincture of vanilla, two eggs beaten; mix well and freeze in the usual way. The seasoning should be well mixed with the sugar, before it is added to the cream; by this means, it will be all flavored alike. This has been much admired.

Coloring for ice cream, may be made in this way: take of powdered cochineal, cream of tartar and powdered alum, each two drachms; of salts of tartar, ten grains; pour upon the powders half a pint of boiling water; let it stand for two hours to settle, or filter through paper. Use as much of this infusion as will give the desired shade. This produces a brilliant pink color.

Freezing Ice Cream.

Take a bucket of ice and pound it fine; mix with it two quarts of salt; put your cream in a freezer; cover it close, and immerse it in the bucket; draw the ice round it, so as to touch every part; after it has been in a few minutes, put in a spoon, and stir it from the edge to the centre. When the cream is put in a mould, close it and move it in the ice, as you cannot use a spoon without waste.

Ice Cream with Lemon.

Roll two fresh lemons, in as much powdered loaf-sugar as will sweeten a quart of cream; if you wish the juice, you can put some in with more sugar; freeze it. A good plan is to rub the lemon on a large lump of sugar, and then use the sugar in sweetening the cream.

Ice Cream with Fruit.

Mix the juice of the fruit with as much sugar as will be wanted before you add the cream, which need not be very rich.

Pokeberry Juice to Stain Ices.

Mash and strain ripe pokeberries; to each pint of juice put a pound of sugar; boil them together till it becomes a jelly; when cold put it in a jar and tie it close; use a small quantity of this to stain ice cream or jelly.

Isinglass Jelly.

To one ounce of shaved isinglass, put a quart of water; boil it down, to a pint, and strain it through a flannel bag; add some sugar and wine; stir it and put it in glasses.

Blancmange.

Shave an ounce of isinglass, and dissolve it in boiling water; then boil it in a quart of new milk; strain it and sweeten it to your taste; season as you prefer, with rose water, cinnamon, or vanilla.

Blancmange of Jelly.

To one pint of calf's foot jelly, add a pint of cream, a little mace, and a quarter of a pound of loaf-sugar; boil it fifteen minutes, stirring it constantly; strain it through a flannel bag, and when nearly cold put in n glass of white wine; wet your moulds with cold cream before putting it in.

Calf's Foot Jelly.

Split the feet, and soak them in cold water, four or five hours; wash them clean, and put them to boil in six quarts of water; when it has boiled down to one-half, strain it through a colander, and skim off all the fat that is on the top; set it away to cool, and when the jelly is quite stiff, wipe it with a towel, to take off any grease that should remain; cut it in pieces, and pare of the discolored parts; put it in your preserving kettle, with half a pint of wine, the juice and peel of two lemons, mace and sugar to your taste, and the whites and shells of six eggs; after it has boiled twenty minutes, pour in a little cold water, to make it settle; if any scum arises, take it off; let it boil five minutes longer, and take it off the fire; keep it covered for about an hour, when strain it through a bag that has been dipped in hot water, and put it in your glasses.

When eggs are used in calf's foot and other jellies, care should be taken to have the ingredients cool. If the jelly is hot when the eggs are added, it cannot be clarified so well--they should only cook by heating the jelly after they have been diffused, by stirring them through it.

Raisins in Syrup.

Make a syrup of half a pound of sugar to a pint of water, boil and skim it; put in five bunches of raisins, and let them boil twenty minutes; if you prefer, you can pick off the stems.

To Blanch Almonds and Peach Kernels.

Pour boiling water on them, which will make them peel easily; either roll them with a bottle on the cake board or pound in a mortar, with a little loaf-sugar; they should not be pounded too much or they will be oily; peach kernels make a fine flavoring for custard, but

as they contain prussic acid, do not use too many.

Snow Cream.

Take the richest cream you can procure, season it with a few drops of essence of lemon, or syrup of lemon peel, and powdered white sugar, and if you choose a spoonful of preserve syrup, and just as you send it to table, stir in light newly fallen snow till it is nearly as stiff as ice cream.

Kisses.

Beat the whites of eight eggs till they will stand alone; put with them, a little at a time, a pound of powdered sugar; roll a lemon in some of the sugar till the flavor is extracted. After it is beaten very well, drop it in heaps about the size of half an egg on a sheet of paper; smooth them over with a spoon, and let them be of a regular shape; bake them in an oven that has been moderately heated, till they are of a pale brown color; do not have the oven too cool, or they will run together; take them from the papers carefully, and stick two together.

CAKES.

Remarks on Making and Baking Cake.

The materials for making cake should be of the best quality, as your success very much depends on it. Flour should be dried and sifted, sugar rolled fine, spices pounded and sifted. Where brown sugar is used, it should be spread on a dish and dried before rolling it. I have known very good pound cake made with brown sugar; also jumbles, &c. Persons that make their own butter sometimes use it fresh from the churn, which prevents the necessity of washing the salt out of it for cake, and it mixes more readily than hard butter. Currants should be picked over, washed and dried; raisins should be stemmed and stoned. When these preparations are made the day before, it is a great assistance. Eggs should be fresh, or they will not beat light: in beating the whites, take a broad flat dish, and beat them until you can hold the dish upside down,--this is a test of their lightness. A large bowl is best for mixing and beating cake. You must use your hand for mixing the sugar and butter, and as you add the other ingredients, you may take a large wooden spoon; beat it some time after all is mixed. The oven should be ready to bake immediately, as standing makes cake heavy. A brick oven is the most certain,--and over your pans of cake, you should spread several layers of newspaper, to prevent its browning too suddenly. Cake requires more time than bread: a large cake should stay in the oven from an hour and a half to two hours, turning and looking at it from time to time; when you think it is sufficiently baked, stick a broad bright knife in the centre; if it is dry and free from dough when drawn out, the cake is likely to be done, though sometimes this is not a certain test, and you will have to draw a little from the centre of the cake with the knife. A broom straw will sometimes answer in a small cake instead of a knife. A large stone pan, with a cover, is the best for keeping cake, or a large covered bowl.

Icing for Cake.

Roll and sift a pound of loaf-sugar; whip the whites of three eggs; put in the sugar gradually, and beat it for half an hour; if it is so thick that it will not run, put in some rose water; let the cake be nearly cool; dry it in an oven that is nearly cool.

Another Way.

Put the white of one egg and a little rose water into half a pound of pulverized sugar, and heat them together till they stand; when it is nearly light enough, add a few drops of lemon juice, or a small portion of tartaric acid, dissolved in a _little_ water. It must be beaten in a bowl which has never had any thing greasy in it, (either cream or butter). The cake must have a little flour sifted over it, and wiped off with a towel, then cover it with a thin coat of the icing, set it under the stove or in a place that is a little warm, and let it harden; then add the second coat thicker; this will he perfectly white, but the first is always dark and has crumbs through it.

A Rich Fruit Cake.

Have the following articles prepared before you begin the cake: dry and sift four pounds of flour, four pounds of butter with the salt washed out, two pounds of loaf-sugar pounded, one ounce of nutmegs grated, an ounce of mace pounded; wash four pounds of currants; dry, pick, and rub them in flour; stone and cut two pounds of raisins; slice two pounds of citron, blanch a pound of sweet almonds and cut them in very thin slices; break thirty eggs, separate the whites and yelks, and beat them till very light; work the butter with your hand till it is soft as cream; put in alternately the flour, sugar and eggs. When all are mixed in, and the cake looks

very light, add the spice, fruit, almonds, and half a pint of brandy; set it in a well heated oven to bake; when it has risen, and the top is beginning to brown, cover it with paper; let it bake four hours, and when it is nearly cool, ice it. This will keep a long time in a stone pan, covered close.

A cheaper Fruit Cake.

Take four pounds of flour, three of butter, three of sugar, two of raisins, one of currants, two dozen eggs, an ounce of mace, three nutmegs, and a half pint of brandy; if you want it dark, put in a little molasses; mix the ingredients together, as the above fruit cake, and bake it from two to three hours.

Fruit or Plum Cake.

Dry and sift a pound of flour, roll a pound of sugar, and beat it with a pound of butter, and the yelks of ten eggs well beaten; wash and dry a pound of currants and rub them in flour; stone and cut half a pound of raisins, and mix in with a glass of rose brandy, and a grated nutmeg, or mace; when all the rest are well mixed together, beat up the whites of the eggs, and add them; bake it an hour and a half.

Pound Cake.

Wash the salt from a pound of butter, and beat it with a pound of loaf sugar till it is as soft as cream; have a pound of flour sifted, and beat ten eggs, the whites and yelks separately; put alternately into the butter and sugar the flour and eggs, continue to beat till they are all in, and the cake looks light; add some grated lemon peel, a nutmeg, and half a wine-glass of brandy; butter the pan, and bake it an hour; when it is nearly cold, ice it. If you want a very large cake, double the quantity. You can tell when a cake is done by running in a broom-straw, or the blade of a bright knife; if it comes out without sticking, it is done, but if not, set it back. You can keep a cake a great while in a stone pan that has a lid to fit tight.

White Cake.

Beat the whites of twenty eggs; wash the salt out of a pound of butter; sift a pound of flour, roll a pound of loaf-sugar, blanch a pound of almonds; roll them fine with a bottle, and mix them with rose water.

Work the butter, sugar and almonds together till they look like cream; have the eggs beaten very light, and add them and the flour alternately till you get all in; beat the whole together till it is very light; have a pan buttered, and put it in a heated oven to bake; when it begins to brown, put white paper over the top; bake it about three hours; when it is nearly cold, prepare an icing, flavored with rose water; put it on the top and sides.

Washington Cake.

Take a pound and three-quarters of sugar, the same of flour, three-quarters of a pound of butter, eight eggs, a pint of milk, and mix them as a pound-cake; just as it is ready to bake, dissolve a tea-spoonful of salaeratus in a little sour cream, and stir in; season with nutmeg and rose brandy, or essence of lemon; bake it as pound cake.

Some persons put in a tea-spoonful of lemon juice just before baking.

Madison Cake.

Take a pound and a quarter of flour, and the same of sugar and butter; five eggs, a pound, of raisins, and one of currants; two glasses of wine or brandy; mace, nutmeg, and a tea-spoonful of salaeratus, dissolved in a pint of new milk; bake it as pound cake.

Indian Pound Cake.

Take three-quarters of a pound of Indian meal sifted, and one-quarter of wheat flour; roll a pound of sugar, work into it three-quarters of a pound of butter; season with nutmeg and rose brandy; add four eggs beaten light; mix and bake as other pound cake.

Rice Flour Pound Cake.

Take seven eggs, a pound of rice flour, one of sugar, and half a pound of butter; season it with rose water and nutmeg; mix and bake it as other pound cake, and ice it.

Sponge Cake.

Balance twelve fresh eggs with sugar, and six with flour; beat the eggs very light, the whites and yelks separately; mix alternately the sugar and eggs, and add the grated peel of a lemon; butter a large pan, or several small ones; add the flour just as it is put in the oven, stirring it just sufficiently to mix. Beating it after the flour is added makes it heavy; pour it in, and put it to bake as soon as possible. This makes a good pudding, with white sauce. One-half rice flour is an improvement.

Rice Sponge Cake.

Take three-quarters of a pound of rice flour, one pound of white sugar, finely powdered, and ten eggs; beat the yelks with the sugar, the whites alone; add them and the flour to the yelks and sugar, a little at a time; season it with rose brandy and nutmeg, and bake it in shallow pans.

Sponge Cake in Small Pans.

Take twelve eggs, with the weight of them in sugar, and the weight of six of them in flour; beat the yelks with the sugar, the whites alone; season with nutmeg or grated lemon peel; put all together, adding the flour the last; stir it quickly after the flour is added, as it will make it heavy to beat it much; grease several small pans and pour it in, bake with a quick heat, and they will be done in half an hour, or less, according to the size. They are pretty iced.

Lemon Sponge Cake.

Take ten eggs, separate them, a pound of loaf-sugar, half a pound of flour, the grated peel of two lemons and the juice of one; beat the yelks with the sugar, the whites alone, when add them and sift in the flour by degrees; beat well, have your pan buttered, and bake with a quick heat either in a stove or dutch-oven, or a brick oven, the heat should not be quite so great as for light bread--it will bake in about an hour.

Cup Cake.

Take four cups of flour, three of sugar, one of melted butter, one of sour cream, with a tea-spoonful of salaeratus dissolved in it, and three eggs; season it with brandy and nutmeg; mix, and bake it as pound cake.

Loaf Cake.

Take about a pound of risen bread dough, work into it a tea-cup of butter, three eggs beaten, a pound of sugar, a nutmeg grated and a glass of brandy or wine; a pound of raisins, stoned and chopped, should be added after it is well beaten; half a pint of cream slightly warmed, with a table-spoonful of vinegar, and a tea-spoonful of dissolved salaeratus should be stirred in just as you are ready to bake it; also sifted flour enough to make it the proper consistence; bake in a large pan, in a brick oven or stove, and it will require an hour and a quarter.

Queen Cake.

Mix a pound of dried flour, the same of sifted sugar, and currants; wash a pound of butter, add rose water--beat it well--a tea-cup of cream; then mix with it eight eggs, yelks and whites beaten separately; add the dry ingredients by degrees; beat the whole an hour, bake in little tins, or saucers, filling only half.

Rich Jumbles.

Rub a pound of butter into a pound and a quarter of flour; beat four eggs with a pound and a quarter of sugar; when very light, mix them with the butter and flour; mix in a glass of rose water, and a nutmeg; roll them in rings, and bake them slowly; sift powdered sugar over after they are baked.

Common Jumbles.

Take a pound of flour, half a pound of butter, and three-quarters of sugar, three eggs, a little nutmeg and rose brandy; mix the butter and sugar together, and add the flour and eggs; mould them in rings, and bake them slowly.

Molasses Jumbles.

Beat three-quarters of a pound of sugar, the same of butter, and three eggs together; stir in half a pint of molasses; add rose brandy and nutmeg, and enough flour to make a soft dough; roll it in rings, and bake as other jumbles. By the addition of half a pint of molasses and a tea-spoonful of salaeratus, you will have a common black cake, which may be baked in one large pan.

Jumbles for Delicate Persons.

Roll a heaped pint of light-brown sugar, and rub it in two pints or flour, half a pound of butter, and a dessert spoonful of cinnamon; beat an egg, and mix it with half a tea-cup of rich milk (in which a very small lump of salaeratus has been dissolved;) stir all together with a wine glass of rose brandy; work it well, roll thin and cut them out--bake with moderate heat.

Cup Jumbles.

Five tea-cups of flour, three of sugar, one heaped of butter, one of sweet cream, three eggs and the peel of one lemon grated, or nutmeg, or mace if you like; roll them thin, and bake in a quick oven.

Jackson Jumbles.

Three tea-cups of sugar, one of butter, five of flour, one tea-spoonful of salaeratus in a cup of sour cream and two eggs; bake in a quick oven; season them with the peel of a fresh lemon grated, and half a wine-glass of brandy.

Macaroons.

Blanch a pound of almonds, beat them in a mortar, and put with them a little rose water to keep them from oiling, the white of an egg, and a large spoonful of flour; roll a pound of loaf-sugar, and beat the whites of four eggs; beat them all together; shape them on white paper with a spoon, and bake them on tin plates in a slow oven; let them be quite cold before you remove them from the paper.

Naples Biscuit.

Beat twelve eggs till light; add to them a pound of dried flour and one of powdered sugar; beat all together till perfectly light; put in some rose water and nutmeg, and bike it in small shallow pans in a moderately heated oven.

New Year Cake.

Mix together three pounds of flour, a pound and a half of sugar, and three-quarters of a pound of butter: dissolve a tea-spoonful of salaeratus in enough new milk to wet the flour; mix them together; grate in a nutmeg, or the peel of a lemon; roll them out, cut them in shapes, and bake.

Cider Cake.

Take a pound and a half of flour, three-quarters of sugar, and a quarter of a pound of butter; dissolve a tea-spoonful of salaeratus in as much cider as will make it a soft dough, and bake it in shallow pans; season it with spice to your taste.

Dover Cake.

One pound of flour, one of sugar, half a pound of butter, six eggs, half a nutmeg, a spoonful of rose brandy; beat the butter and sugar together, adding the other ingredients, the whites of the eggs beaten separately; bake as pound cake.

Jelly Cake.

This cake can be made by the sponge, cup, or Dover cake recipe; have shallow tin pans or plates of the same size, butter them, and pour in the batter so as to be about half an inch thick when baked; they take but a few minutes to bake of a light-brown; and as you take them from the oven, put them on a china plate, with a layer of jelly between each cake, till you have four or five layers; cut

the cake in slices before handing it. Currant jelly is to be preferred, but quince will answer, or peach marmalade.

Almond Cake.

Ten eggs, one pound of loaf-sugar, half a pound of almonds, half a pound of flour, one nutmeg; beat the yelks first, then put in the sugar, beating them very light; blanch the almonds and pound them in a mortar, with rose water or the juice of a lemon; add them alternately with the flour, and the whites of the eggs well beaten. If you bake in one large cake, it will require an hour and a half in a slow oven; in small pans, it will take less time, and in either case, will require watching.

Raised Plum Cake.

Take three pounds of flour, and mix to it as much new milk as will make a thick batter, and a tea-cup of yeast; when it is light, beat together a pound of butter, a pound of sugar, and four eggs; mix this in with a pound of raisins, stoned and cut, half a pound of currants, a grated nutmeg, and a glass of rose brandy; bake it two hours.

Black Cake.

Rub a pound and a half of softened butter in three pounds of flour, add a pound of brown sugar, rolled fine, a pint of molasses, a table-spoonful of rose brandy, a nutmeg or some mace, four eggs well beaten, a pound of raisins stoned and chopped; mix the whole well, and before baking add a tea-cup of sour cream with a tea-spoonful of soda dissolved in it--beat it up again, have the pans well buttered, and put in about three parts full; this quantity will make about six cakes, in bread pans; bake as bread and if it brown too much, put paper on it, if it seems too stiff, add a little more molasses or cream. It will keep several weeks in cold weather.

Bunns.

Take a pound and a quarter of flour, half a pound of butter, and three-quarters of a pound of sugar, six eggs, half a pound of currants, half a nutmeg, a glass of brandy, and a pint of new milk; mix all well together, and put in half a tea-cup of yeast; let it rise, and when light, bake it in shallow pans.

Butter-milk Cakes.

One pound of sugar, a quarter of a pound of butter, three eggs, a tea-cup of butter-milk, nutmeg or cinnamon to taste; add as much flour as will make a dough that will roll out; cut in round cakes and bake with a quick heat.

A Composition Cake.

One pound of sugar, one of flour, half a pound of butter, six eggs, two and a half wine-glasses of milk, one tea-spoonful of soda and one of tartaric acid; warm the milk and butter; add the sugar, then the yelks of the eggs beaten light, then the whites and the flour alternately, then the soda, (to be dissolved in half a wine-glass of water;) season with nutmeg, mace, or a little essence of lemon, and add lastly, the tartaric acid, dissolved in half a wine-glass of water. Bake it one hour in an oven, as hot as is usual for bread; when brown at the top, cover it with paper. A pound of dried currants is an agreeable addition.

Ginger Cup-cake.

Three cups of flour, one of sugar, one of molasses, one of butter, a table-spoonful of ginger, one tea-spoonful of salaeratus, and three eggs; bake in pans. A pound of stoned and chopped raisins is an improvement.

Light Ginger bread.

Take three cups of molasses, five of flour, one of sugar, three eggs, and a tea-spoonful of salaeratus, dissolved in a cup of sour cream; work the sugar with a quarter of a pound of butter; beat two dozen cloves, and put in with two table-spoonsful of ginger; mix all together, and bake in shallow pans or cups.

Crisp Ginger-cake.

Take three pounds of flour, one of sugar, and one of butter; mix these together with three table-spoonsful of ginger, some cloves and anise seed, and wet it with molasses; roll it thin; cut it in shapes, and bake with a quick heat.

Ginger-bread Nuts.

Take a pound and a half of flour, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, the same of butter, some cloves and cinnamon pounded fine, and an ounce of ginger; mix these well together, and make it into a stiff dough, with molasses; roll it thin, and cut it in small cakes.

Crullers.

Take two pounds of flour, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, six eggs, and some mace or nutmeg; mix the flour, sugar and butter together, and wet it with the eggs; if too stiff, put in some cream, roll the dough thin; cut it in shapes, and fry them in boiling lard. The more lard there is, the less they will soak it up.

Rusk.

Take a quart of milk, a tea-cup of cream, half a pound of lard, quarter of a pound of butter, a spoonful of salt, and boil them together; beat well two eggs with a pound of sugar, and pour the boiling milk on them gradually, stirring all the time; when nearly cold, add a tea-cup of yeast, and flour sufficient to make a stiff batter; when quite light, knead it up as bread, and let it lighten again before molding out; when they are moulded out, wet them over with sugar and cream, and let them rise a few minutes and bake them; grate a little sugar over when they come out of the oven.

Rusk for Drying.

Boil a quart of milk, and put in it half a pound of butter, and a little salt; when nearly cold, stir in a tea-cup of yeast, a pound of sugar, and flour to make a batter; when it is light, knead it up with flour, and let it rise again; grease your pans, and make it out in cakes, about the size of a tea-cup, and an inch thick; put two layers in each part, and bake them three-quarters of an hour; when take them out, break them apart, and put the top ones in other pans, and let them dry slowly in the oven for an hour or more.

This rusk will keep for months, and is very useful in sickness, to make panada; it is also good for delicate persons that rich cake disagrees with, or to take on a journey. Nutmeg or mace to your taste.

If you like it richer, two eggs may be put in.

Bread Rusk.

Take as much lightened dough, as would make a loaf of bread, spread it open, and put in a tea-cup of sugar, some nutmeg and a piece of butter; work it well, mould it out, and bake it with your bread; wet the top with sugar and cream before it goes in the oven.

Dough-nuts.

Boil a quart of new milk and melt in it half a pound of butter; beat three eggs with two pounds of sugar, and pour on them the boiling milk, stirring all the time; when it is nearly cold, star in a tea-cup of yeast, a spoonful of salt, and flour enough to make a stiff batter; when this is quite light, knead in flour to make a soft dough, two grated nutmegs and a little mace; let it rise again till it is very light; roll it out thin, cut it in shapes, and fry them in hot lard; dust over cinnamon and loaf-sugar, pounded fine, while they are hot.

Common Dough-nuts.

Pour a pint of boiling water into a pint of new milk, put in a quarter of a pound of lard, and a table-spoonful of salt; stir in a tea-cup of yeast and flour to make a stiff batter; let it rise, and when very light put in two pounds of light-brown sugar, two nutmegs, and enough flour to make a soft dough; work it well and let it rise again till it is very light; roll out and fry as other dough-nuts.

PRESERVES, JELLIES, &c.

To Clarify Sugar.

To every four pounds of sugar put a quart of water and the whites of two eggs; if you put in the egg after it gets hot, it will cook before it has the desired effect; when it comes to a boil, and the scum rises, pour in a little cold water; let it boil up; take it off to settle, and skim it well; let it boil up, and skim it three times, when it will be fit to preserve with. You should always clarify white Havana sugar.

Apples.

Apples should be preserved in November, and they will keep till June. Take firm pippins, pare them and take out the cores, leaving them whole; or after you have cored them, cut them across in two pieces, they will then be in rings; put them in cold water as fast as they are pared, to keep them from turning dark; make a syrup of a pound of loaf-sugar, and half a pint of water to each pound of apples; wipe the apples, and put in as many as will go in, without one laying on another; let them boil swiftly till they look clear, then take them up carefully on dishes, and put in some more; when all are done, if the syrup should seem too thin, boil it up after the apples are taken out; cut the peel of several lemons in thin rings, boil them in a little water till they are soft, and throw them in the syrup after the apples are taken out; put the syrup in a bowl, and set all away till the next day, when put the apples in glass jars or large bowls, spread the lemon peel about them and put the syrup on the top; paste several thicknesses of paper over, and set them in a dry cool closet.

If you only want the apples to keep a few weeks, they may be done with half a pound of sugar to a pound of apples, and will look and taste quite as well.

Apples with Brown Sugar.

Pare and halve your apples, either pippins, red-streaks or wine-saps; make a syrup of light-brown sugar, allowing half a pound to a pound of the fruit; after boiling and clarifying the syrup, pour it over the fruit, and set it by for two days, then cook them, and seasoned with green ginger root they are excellent; they will not require much cooking, and should be of a light-brown color.

Crab Apples.

Put the crab apples in a kettle with grape leaves in and around them, with some alum; keep them at scalding heat for an hour, take them out, skin them, and take out the seeds with a small knife, leaving on the stems; put them in cold water, make a syrup of a pound of sugar to a pound of apples; wipe the apples and put them in; let them stew gently till they look clear; take them out, and let the syrup boil longer.

Currants.

Make a syrup of one pint of currant juice to three pounds of sugar; if it is brown sugar, put in the white of an egg to clarify it; let it boil and skim it; have three pounds of currants picked and stemmed; put them in the syrup, and let them boil slowly, about twenty minutes; take them up and let the syrup boil longer.

Pine Apples.

Pare and slice the pine apples, and make a syrup of a pound of sugar and half a pint of water to a pound of fruit; clarify and skim it, then put in the apples and let them cook gently for half an hour; if you do not want to keep them long, much less sugar will do.

Blackberries.

Allow a pint of currant juice and a pint of water to six pounds of blackberries; give them their weight in brown sugar; let them boil till they appear to be done, and the syrup is rich. Blackberry jelly can be made as currant jelly, and is good for sick children, mixed with water.

Blackberry Flummery.

Stew three pints of blackberries with one pint of sugar--soak a tea-cup full of ground rice--and when the berries have been stewing about fifteen minutes, stir in the rice, and stir the whole time until it becomes thick. This should be eaten cold with cream, and will keep two days.

Cherries.

To preserve four pounds of cherries, take one pint of currant juice, into which put five pounds of sugar; when this boils up, take off any scum that rises, and put in half of the cherries, with part of each stem on; when they look so clear that you can see the stone, they are done; take these up on a dish and put in the rest, and let them do slowly the same length of time; take them up and let the syrup boil a few minutes longer; do not put them in the jars till they are quite cold. Glass jars are the best to keep all early fruits in,

as you can then see if they begin to ferment; if they do, you must boil them over; always put them in a window where they will be exposed to the sun.

Common Cherries.

Stone the light-colored common cherries, and to every pound of fruit, allow a pound of sugar, which boil up with the juice; after you have skimmed it, throw in the cherries, and let them boil till the syrup is rich.

Cherries for Common Use.

Stone twelve pounds of morel cherries; allow half a pound of brown sugar to each pound of fruit, after it is stoned, let them cook slowly for two hours; examine them through the summer, and if they show any signs of fermentation, set them in a brick-oven, after the bread is done, or in a dutch-oven of hot water, which keep at boiling heat for an hour.

It is a good plan to know the weight of your preserving kettle, as you can then weigh the fruit in it, with a pair of steelyards.

Apricots.

Pour boiling water on the apricots and wipe them dry; then cut them in half and take out the stone; make a syrup of their weight in sugar, and a little water; when this has boiled, put in the fruit, and let it cook slowly till it is clear, and the syrup is rich.

Ginger.

Scrape the outside from the green ginger, and boil it in a little water, till it is soft; then take it out, and scrape off any spots that are on it; make a syrup of half a pint of water to a pound of sugar and a pound of ginger; let it boil slowly about half an hour; take it up and boil the syrup a little longer.

Green Gage Plums.

Take an equal quantity of fruit and sugar, pour boiling water on the plums, and wipe them dry; stick them over with a pin; make a syrup of the sugar and some water, and when it boils, put in half of the plums; let them do slowly till they are clear, then take them out and put in the rest; if the syrup should be thin, let it boil longer. Do not put them in the jars till the next day. Egg plums may be done in the same way.

Green Lemons.

Take the young lemons, cut them in half, scrape them, and take out the pulp; cut them in such shapes as you please; put them in a preserving kettle and cover them with water; put in a little alum to green them, and let them boil till they are transparent, then take them out and drain them on a cloth; give the kettle another cleansing, and put them in with their weight in sugar; let them stew gently, but be careful that they do not boil; let them cook till the syrup is rich.

Raspberries.

Boil three pounds of raspberries in a pint of currant juice, for ten minutes; put in four pounds of sugar, and let them boil half an hour, or until it is a jelly. Paste paper over the jar.

Citron Melon.

Pare the melon and cut it in slices half an inch thick, without the seeds; let it lay in salt and water for an hour, then wash the salt off, and boil it in strong ginger tea; make a thin syrup and boil it again, then make a syrup of a pound of loaf-sugar to a pound of citron, and boil it in this till it is clear; season it with mace and lemon peel.

Watermelon Rinds.

Cut the rinds in any form you please; put them in strong salt and water, with cabbage leaves over and around them, and set them in a warm place till they become yellow; then wash them, and put them in a kettle with alum and water, and grape or cabbage leaves over and through them; set them on the fire, and keep it at scalding heat for two hours--but do not let them boil. If they are not of a fine green color, change the water and leaves; when they are green enough, put them in cold soft water for three days, changing

the water twice a day; then make a syrup of rather more than a pound of sugar to a pound of melon, some sliced ginger, the peel of a lemon, and a little mace; let them boil slowly fifteen minutes, take them up, and boil them again at the end of a week.

Cantelopes, Cucumbers, or Melons.

Take young watermelons, cucumbers or cantelopes; scrape the melons, and cut the rinds in shapes--leave the cucumbers whole; put them in a preserving kettle with alum and water; cover them, and let them boil till they are transparent; take them out, wash them in cold water, and wipe each piece separately; have your kettle nicely cleaned, and give them rather more than their weight in sugar; put a layer of sugar, and a layer of melon, some slices of green ginger, and the rind and juice of a lemon; let them stew over the fire till the syrup is rich; take them up, and stew them over again in about a week.

Cranberries.

To preserve cranberries, allow them their weight in sugar; make a syrup of the proportions of half a pint of water to two pounds of the sugar; boil and skim it before you put the fruit in; then let them boil until clear. To make sauce to eat with roast fowls, put three-quarters of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit.

Gooseberries.

Take the large gooseberries, pick off the stems and blossoms, give them their weight in sugar; put them in the kettle alternately, with the sugar, and pour over them a pint of water to four pounds of fruit; let them boil gently till the scum arises; when this is taken off, let them cook faster; when clear, take them up on dishes, and boil the syrup longer.

Peaches.

Have sweet, white clingstone peaches--pare and stone them; to each pound, take a pound of sugar made in a syrup, put the peaches in, and when they look clear, take them up on dishes; let the syrup boil longer.

A New Mode of Preserving Peaches.

Pare, halve and weigh the peaches; put them in a preserving kettle of boiling water, and to six pounds of peaches, put a tea-spoonful of soda or pearl-ash; let them boil one minute; then take them out, and throw them in cold water; scrape off the black scum which adheres to the peaches; wipe and lay them on a dish; have the kettle cleaned, and put the peaches in layers, with half their weight in sugar; they will not require any water; let them cook slowly at first, then boil till clear--when take them out, and let the syrup boil till it becomes rich. The flavor of the peach is retained, and they are not so sweet as in the old way.

Damsons.

Weigh out as much sugar as you have fruit; if it is brown you must clarify it; put a pint of water to three pounds of sugar, make a syrup, wash the damsons, put them in and let them cook slowly for half an hour; then take them out on dishes, and let them dry in the sun for two days, taking them in the house at night; boil the syrup half an hour after the fruit is taken out; when done in this way they will be whole and clear. You can make a jam by boiling them slowly for two hours; or a jelly as currants.

To Preserve Strawberries.

Gather the strawberries in the mid-day, pick out the largest and best, stem them, and to each pound of strawberries put a pound of loaf-sugar and a glass of white wine; let them stand four or five hours; take off the syrup so as not to mash the fruit, and clarify it; then put in the strawberries, and to each pound put as much fine alum as will lay on the blade of a penknife; let them boil up several times, and shake them round in the kettle, but do not stir them with a spoon, as that will mash them; a few minutes boiling is sufficient; after you take out the fruit, let the syrup boil up, and when it is nearly cold pour it over them in the jar; put a piece of white paper over the top, and pour a spoonful of brandy on it; paste several thicknesses of paper over the jar.

If you like your preserved strawberries, cherries, or peaches, to have a fine pale color, allow them to bob half the time recommended in the receipt, then spread the fruit thin on dishes, with but little syrup, pour the rest of the syrup also on dishes, and set them daily in the sun; if the weather be clear and the sun hot, four days will be sufficient. Preserves done in this manner do not ferment. You should spread a piece of gauze or netting over them to keep out insects or dust.

Another Way.

To each pound of the fruit take a pound of crushed sugar; put them in the preserving kettle, a layer of sugar and a layer of fruit; let them stand a little while to make syrup before putting them over the fire; they should boil fast for twenty minutes; watch them all the time, taking off the scum as it rises; stir them gently without mashing the berries; put them in jars, put brandy papers over them and paste or tie them close. Preserves should never be put in jars that have had pickles in them.

Tomatoes.

Take solid round tomatoes, scald and peel them, give them their weight in sugar, put a layer of sugar and of tomatoes alternately; let them boil slowly till the syrup forms, then boil faster, till clear, and the syrup is rich; season with lemon peel, ginger or mace; some prefer the yellow tomato for preserving.

Quinces.

Pick out the finest quinces, pare them, and cut them in halves, or in rings; take the best of the parings and the seed, and boil them in water till they are very soft, strain the liquor, and have the kettle cleaned again, wash and weigh the quinces, and give them their weight in sugar, put the sugar in the water the parings were boiled in--skin it, and put in the quinces, let them boil very slowly till clear, take them up on dishes, and boil the syrup longer.

Green Peppers.

Get peppers that have a sweet taste, take out the seeds, leaving on the stems, lay them in salt and water for three days, changing the water each day, then put them in a kettle with leaves around them, and a small piece of alum, let them scald, but not boil, for two hours, take them out, and let them lay in water three days, changing it twice each day, then boil them in sugar and water fifteen minutes, then make a syrup, allowing them their weight in sugar, and boil them gently in it half an hour, take them out and boil the syrup longer.

Pumpkin.

Choose a fine grained, high colored pumpkin, fully ripe, cut it in thin slices, about four inches long and two wide, to two pounds of pumpkin, put two pounds of sugar in a bowl, cut the peel of two lemons in rings, and squeeze the juice over the pumpkin, let it stand all night, the next day put it on to preserve with two tea cups of water, let it cook gently till the pumpkin seems clear and crisp, take it up, scald the lemon peel, and boil it in the syrup, cool it on dishes, and put it in a jar.

Green Fox-Grape Jelly.

Fill a kettle with grapes, and let them boil with a pint of water till the skins burst, mash and strain them, put a pound of sugar to a pint of juice, and let it boil half and hour. Ripe fox-grapes may be made into very nice jelly in the same way, and is very good to drink in sickness, mixed with water.

Pears.

Pare and core the fruit, but leave the stems on; put them in a syrup of a pound of sugar, and a half a pint of water to a pound of pears, with some green ginger or lemon peel; boil the syrup half an hour after they are done.

Ripe Fox-Grape Jam.

To two quarts of grapes, allow three pounds of brown sugar, and a pint of water; have the grapes picked over and washed; put them all together and let them boil more than an hour; take them up on shallow dishes, and pick out as many seeds as you can with a spoon. This makes a good common preserve when other fruits are scarce; they are also very good for pies.

Currant Jelly.

Pick the leaves from the currants and fill your kettle with them; put a tea-cup of water to keep them from sticking; cover them with a plate and let them boil slowly half an hour; take them out, and strain them through a flannel bag; to every pint of juice put a pound of loaf-sugar; let it boil till it is a thick jelly, which will be in about fifteen minutes, and put it in tumblers or jars.

Lemon Butter or French Honey.

Take half a pound of butter, melt it in an earthen dish and squeeze in the juice of six lemons; beat twelve eggs with two pounds of brown sugar, stir it in with the rind of two lemons grated, mix it all together, and let it boil twenty minutes, when it will be about the consistency of honey; the flavor is agreeable, and it may be eaten on bread, or as a sauce for boiled pudding.

Currant Syrup.

Prepare the currants as for jelly; to every pint of juice put a pint of water and a pound of sugar; let it boil half an hour and skim it well; if the flavor of the raspberry is preferred, it may be added in the proportion of one pint of it to four of currant juice. It is a very pleasant drink mixed with water in warm weather.

Quince Jelly.

Wash and wipe the quinces; cut them in small pieces, and take out the seeds carefully; have your kettle cleaned and half full of water; throw the quinces and seeds in till you get it full; cover them over and let them boil till very soft; mash them well and strain them; to every pint of juice put a pound of sugar; clean the kettle again, pour in the juice and sugar, and let it boil till it forms a jelly; it should be put into tea-cups, if you want to turn it out whole, with brandy papers on top, and pasted over. It is a nice jelly to use with whips or trifle.

Apple Jelly.

Pare and quarter a preserving kettle full of pippin apples; cover them with water, and lay a plate close over them; let them boil until perfectly soft, taking the plate off to skim them; spread a coarse thin cloth over a large bowl; pour the apples on the cloth, and let the juice run through, without squeezing; hold the towel by the corners, and move it gently; take three-quarters of a pound of loaf-sugar to a pint of the juice, and boil it fast, skimming it, until it becomes jelly, which will be in from ten to fifteen minutes, pour it in tumblers or glass jars, and when quite cold, paste them over. This will keep a year. Red streak apples make a fine red jelly, boiled with the skins on them. If you have currant or grape jelly that has candied, they can be restored by making some apple syrup, and mixing it hot; it will not require any more sugar--about one-third apple juice; let it boil a few minutes. Very sweet preserves that have candied can be improved by this process.

Apple Marmalade.

Apples make a very good marmalade when other fruits are scarce, and can be done at any time through the fall, or winter, pare the apples, cut them up, and put them to boil, with some water and green ginger scraped, and tied up in a bag, after they have boiled an hour, take out the ginger, and put in half a pound of sugar to one of fruit, let it cook an hour longer.

Peach Marmalade.

Take soft yellow peaches, pare them, and cut them in quarters, give them their weight in sugar, put the peaches in the preserving kettle with a pint of water, without the sugar, and let them boil till they are well cooked, covered over with a plate, when done, mash them in the kettle till very fine, and stir in the sugar, let them cook slowly an hour, or they may be finished in a stone jar in the oven, or set in a stove boiler, and the water kept boiling all the time, they are not then so likely to burn as when finished over the fire, they will do with less sugar, if they are dried in the sun two days previous to preserving.

Another Way.

Pare and quarter the peaches, and to eight pounds of peaches, allow five pounds of sugar, put them on, sugar and peaches at once, mixing them through, let them stew slowly until a syrup forms, when they may cook pretty fast for several hours, without once stirring, then take them up, and mash them well, if the marmalade is not thick enough, spread it on dishes, and dry in your oven after the bread is taken out. Quinces and apples may be done in the same way.

Quince Marmalade.

Pare the quinces and cut them up fine, put the parings and cores to boil, then strain them, put in the quinces, and let them boil till soft-when mash them fine, and put in three-quarters of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit, let them cook gently for two hours, and take them up in pint bowls; when cold, put brandy papers on the top of each, and paste them over, they will turn out whole to put on

table.

Marmalade of Mixed Fruits.

Pare equal quantities of peaches, apples, pears and quinces, cut them fine, and put them to boil with a pint of water to six pounds of fruit, let them cook thoroughly, but do not let them burn, take them out, and mash them well, clean the kettle, and put them back, with half their weight in sugar, let them cook very slowly for two hours.

Lemon Marmalade.

Soak the peel of lemons that have been left after making lemonade, changing the water twice a day for three days, to extract the bitter, boil them till soft, then mash and put in enough sugar to make it pleasant to the taste; stew it a short time after the sugar is put in; put it in a bowl, and when cold, cut it in slices for the table; it will keep several weeks.

To Conserve Pears.

Have the nicest pears you can get, pare them, and leave on the stems; take half a pound of loaf-sugar to a pound of pears; put them in the kettle together, with water enough to moisten the sugar; if the pears are very juicy, they will not need any; cover them over with a plate, and let them boil very gently for two hours; take them out on dishes, and boil the syrup to jelly, and put it away by itself; set the pears in the sun, or in a moderately heated oven; when quite dry, sprinkle them with loaf-sugar, and put them away in glass jars.

Peaches in Cider.

Scald and wipe the peaches; cut them from the stone, and dry them in the sun two days; boil a gallon of sweet cider half away; put in the peaches, and let them stew slowly till done; they will keep without any sugar, but you can put some in, if you wish them sweeter.

Pears can be kept in the same way.

Peaches, &c. in Brandy.

Take fresh yellow peaches, or large clingstones, pour boiling water on them, and wipe off the down; make a syrup of half a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit, and boil and skim it; put in the peaches, and let them cook for fifteen minutes; take them up without any syrup, and cool them on dishes; boil the syrup down to half, and put an equal quantity of peach or French brandy, pour this over the peaches after they are in jars.

Plums or cherries may be done in the same way.

Grapes in Brandy.

Put some close bunches of grapes, not too ripe, in a jar, and prick each one with a needle, strew over them half their weight in pounded rock candy, and fill up the jar with brandy.

To Conserve Peaches.

Take the yellow peaches, pare them, and cut them from the stone in one piece, to six pounds of peaches have two pounds of sugar, make a syrup of three-quarters of a pound of sugar, and a little water, put them in, and let them stay till they are quite clear, then take them up carefully on a dish, and set them in the sun to dry, pound the sugar fine, and strew over them, turning them over to let each part have some, do not put much on at a time, and if any syrup is made, remove them to fresh dishes, when they are sufficiently dry, lay them lightly in a jar, with a little sugar between each layer.

If the peaches are sweet clings, three pounds of sugar to twelve of peaches will be enough, if you dry them a day in the sun before they are stewed.

Sauce of Cherries, or Damsons.

Allow half a pound of brown sugar to every pound of fruit, and to each seven pounds a pint of molasses, and one of strong vinegar, let them cook slowly, so as not to break the skins, take them up in a jar, put in a few cloves, let the syrup boil longer, and pour it over.

Frosted Fruit.

Take large ripe cherries, apricots, plums or grapes; if cherries, cut off half of the stem; have in one dish some white of an egg beaten, and in another some powdered loaf-sugar; take the fruit, one at a time, and roll them first in the egg, and then in the sugar; lay them on a sheet of white paper in a sieve, and set it on the top of a stove or near a fire till the icing is hard.

Grapes for Pies.

After the first frost, pick the wild grapes, and put them in a jar, free from stems; fill it with boiling molasses, and tie it up close; set it on a hot hearth, or on the top of a stove, in a pan of water, for several days. These are very useful to make common pies in the winter.

Green Tomatoes for Pies.

Pick the green tomatoes before they are much frosted; scald them and take off the skins; put them in your kettle and let them boil for half an hour; cut them up, and put in a pound of sugar to three pounds of tomatoes, and let them cook for half an hour longer; season them with the juice and peel of a lemon, and put them away in jars. They make very good pies in the winter, and resemble gooseberries.

Conserve of Roses.

Gather the leaves of the damask rose, while they are fresh; spread a pound of loaf-sugar on your cake-board, and roll in about half a pound of rose leaves, or as many as will work into it, have your kettle cleaned, and stew them in it very gently for about half an hour; put it in tumblers to use when you have a cough. It is very good for children that are threatened with the croup; you should have some by the side of the bed to use at night.

To keep Damsons for Pies.

To every twelve pounds of damsons take seven pounds of brown sugar; put them together in a stone jar, a layer of fruit and a layer of sugar; tie it up close, and set it in a heated oven; let it stay till it is cold, and continue to set it in, after every baking, for several weeks; or you can cook them on the top of a stove, in a pan of hot water.

Dried Cherries, &c.

Dried cherries should be kept in a jar, with sugar sprinkled among them; they are very useful in sickness; a tea-cupful of cherries, with a quart of boiling water poured on them, and left to draw for half an hour, with sweetening, makes a very agreeable drink when you cannot get lemonade.

When stewed for pies you should allow them plenty of water, and not put in the sugar till they are nearly done.

Boiling water poured on dried apples also makes a good drink in sickness.

Apple Butter.

With Remarks on the Use of Earthen Vessels

Have your kettle well cleaned, and fill it early in the morning with cider made of sound apples, and just from the press; let it boil half away, which may be done by three o'clock in the afternoon; have pared and cut enough good apples to fill the kettle; put them in a clean tub, and pour the boiling cider over; then scour the kettle and put in the apples and cider, let them boil briskly till the apples sink to the bottom; slacken the fire and let them stew, like preserves, till ten o'clock at night. Some dried quinces stewed in cider and put in are an improvement. Season with orange peel, cinnamon or cloves, just before it is done; if you like it sweeter, you can put in some sugar an hour before it is done. If any thing occur that you cannot finish it in a day, pour it in a tub, and finish it the next day; when it is done put it in stone jars. Any thing acid should not be put in earthen vessels, as the glazing is poisonous. This way of

making apple butter requires but little stirring; you must keep a constant watch that it does not burn.

Pears and peaches may be done in the same way, and if they are sweet, will not require sugar.

Another Way.

It is important to have a large copper or bell-metal kettle, into which put the cider as soon as it comes from the press; put it over a brisk fire, and boil it half away; then put the cider from the kettle into clean stone jars, (warm the jars to prevent the danger of breaking them;) have your apples pared and cut over night, as many as would fill your kettle twice; have the kettle well cleaned, and in the morning put in half the cider, and fill the kettle nearly full of apples, and put it over a brisk fire; when they begin to boil up, stir them down, which may be done two or three times, before you put in your stick to stir constantly; then put in the rest of the apples and cider, as fast as the kettle will take them, and boil it four hours after the last apples are put in, stirring it all the time; you should have for the purpose a stick made of hickory wood, somewhat like a common hoe, with holes in it.

Candied Preserves, &c.

If your preserves candy, set the jars in hot water for half an hour; if they are in glass jars put them in something else, as glass cracks easily, when exposed to heat. Preserves made with white Havana sugar are not so liable to candy as others. Common preserves are improved, and are more certain to keep well, by being placed on flat dishes and set in a brick-oven after the bread is taken out: they may remain two or more hours without injury. When preserves are about to boil over, you should have a common fan at hand and fan them, which will sometimes answer instead of taking them from the fire.

Cider Marmalade.

Boil two gallons of sweet cider down to one gallon; have ready two gallons of apples, pared and cut; pour the cider out of the kettle, and clean it; then put in the apples, and pour the cider in, and two or three pounds of sugar; if it will not hold all conveniently, add at intervals; let them stew four hours; do not stir till they are nearly done--stirring makes fruit stick to the kettle and burn; if you stir once you must keep on. This is a pleasant sauce for dinner, or eaten with bread and butter at tea, and will keep in a cool place through the winter.

Tomato Figs.

Take six pounds of sugar, to one peck (or sixteen pounds) of ripe tomatoes--the pear-shaped look best; put them over the fire (_without peeling_) in your preserving kettle, their own juice being sufficient without the addition of water; boil them until the sugar penetrates and they are clarified. They are then taken out, spread on dishes, flattened and dried in the sun, or in a brick-oven after the bread is taken out. A small quantity of the syrup should be occasionally sprinkled over them whilst drying; after which, pack them down in jars, sprinkling each layer with powdered sugar. The syrup is afterwards concentrated and bottled for use. They retain surprisingly their flavor, which is agreeable and somewhat similar to the best figs. Ordinary brown sugar may be used, a large portion of which is retained in syrup.

Molasses Candy or Taffy.

Put a quart of good molasses (not sugar house) in a dutch-oven or iron pot, having previously greased it with butter; let it boil very fast, stirring it all the time for fifteen minutes; then put in a tea-cup of sugar and let it boil fifteen minutes longer, stirring all the time; take a little out on a plate, and when it is brittle, pour it while hot into tin plates rubbed with butter; put it in a cold place and break it up when you want it for use; never put taffy in china or earthen plates, as they would probably be broken in taking it out. Some think it an improvement to add the kernels of black walnuts, nicely picked--put them in just as you take up the taffy and give it one stir; a tea-cup of kernels to a pint of molasses is a good proportion.

Walnut Cheese.

Take a pint of nice kernels and pound them in a mortar with two tea-cups of brown sugar, and a table-spoonful of water; put it in cups or small bowls and it will turn out like other cheese. It is a favorite refreshment with some country children.

CORDIALS, WINES, VINEGAR, PICKLES, &c.

Peach Cordial.

Put a gallon of peach brandy into a wide-mouthed vessel, and five pounds of fine flavored peaches, cut from the stone; boil five pints of water with two pounds of loaf-sugar and a pound of peaches, till it is a clear and rich syrup; pour this boiling hot on the brandy and stir it well; put in two dozen peach kernels, blanched and pounded, and a little mace; let it stand three weeks covered tight--at the end of which time, bottle it for use. It is a nice seasoning for cake.

Quince Cordial.

Grate the quinces and strain them; to every quart of juice, put a pound of loaf-sugar and a pint of spirits; boil, strain and bottle it.

Cherry Cordial.

Mash and strain the cherries, boil the juice, and to a gallon, put two pounds of sugar, and half a pint of spirits; the sugar should be boiled in it; skim and strain; when cold, bottle it.

Lemon Brandy.

Have a bottle three-quarters full of brandy; when you use lemons for other purposes, pare off the yellow skin very thin, cut it small and drop it in the bottle, till you get it full. Be careful not to put in any of the tough white part, as that will give it a bitter taste; cork the bottle and keep it to season cakes and puddings.

Rose Brandy.

Fill a large bottle with damask rose leaves, picked while they are fresh; fill the bottle with brandy, or good spirits of any kind; cork it tightly and set it away for use. It will bear filling up several times.

Blackberry Cordial.

Mash and strain the blackberries; put the juice on to boil in a brass or bell-metal kettle; skim it well, and to each gallon of juice put three pounds of sugar and a quart of spirits; bruise some cloves and put in. This is valuable as a medicine for children in summer.

Rose Water.

Gather the damask rose leaves; have a tin pan that will fit under your warming-pan; wring a thin towel out of water, spread it over the pan, and put rose leaves on this about two inches thick; put another wet towel on top of the leaves, and three or four thicknesses of paper on it; put hot embers in the warming-pan, and set it on top of the paper, propped up so as not to fall; when you renew the coals, sprinkle the towel that is at the top of the rose leaves; when all the strength is out of the leaves, they will be in a cake; dry this, and put it in your drawers to scent the clothes; put another set of leaves in, sprinkle the towels, and so till you have used up all your rose leaves. Rose water is a very nice seasoning for cake or pudding; it should be kept corked tightly.

Cologne.

Put into a bottle half an ounce of oil of lavender, one drachm of oil of rosemary, two of essence of lemon, two of essence of bergamot, forty drops of oil of cinnamon, and a little musk, if you like it; pour on it three pints of best alcohol.

Blackberry Wine.

Gather the fruit when fully ripe, but before the sun has had time to dry the juice; put it in a tub and pour in clear cold water enough to cover it; mash it to a pulp with a wooden masher; strain it through a linen bag or towel; a deal of juice will remain in the pulp, which in order to get you must add some sugar to it, and boil it in your preserving kettle, when you may strain again, and will have little left but seeds; to every gallon of the liquor, add three pounds of good brown sugar; pour it in a keg, (which should stand in a cellar, or cool dry place:) let it stand two or three weeks, with the bung laid loosely on; as the froth works out fill it up, (with some of the liquor kept out for the purpose.) French brandy in the proportion of a quart to five gallons, is an improvement. At the end of three or four weeks, it may be closely bunged and put away in a safe dry closet, where it should remain undisturbed for a year, when it may be racked off, bottled and sealed over.

Gooseberry Wine.

Put three pounds of lump sugar in a gallon of water; boil and skim it; when it is nearly cold, pour in it four quarts of ripe gooseberries, that have been well mashed, and let it stand two days, stirring it frequently; steep half an ounce of isinglass in a pint of brandy for two days, and beat it with the whites of four eggs till they froth, and put it in the wine; stir it up, and strain it through a flannel bag into a cask or jug; fasten it so as to exclude the air; let it stand six months, and bottle it for use; put two or three raisins in each bottle, and cork it up.

Currant Wine.

Pick and mash the currants, either with your hands or a clean block, in a tub; strain them, and to one gallon of juice, put two gallons of water; and to each gallon of the mixture, put three pounds of sugar; stir it until the sugar is dissolved, then put it in a clean cask that has never been used for beer or cider; put it in a cellar or cool place, and let it work out at the bung for several weeks; have a gallon of it saved in a jug to fill up with, as it works out. When it is done working, bung it up.

You may rack it off towards spring, or it will not hurt it to stand a year.

If you want a barrel of wine, you must have eight gallons of currant juice, sixteen of water, and seventy-two pounds of sugar; put in a quart of brandy after it has done working; if you can get a clean brandy barrel to put it in, it is better than a new one.

Another Way.

Mash well together equal quantities of currants and water, strain the juice and to every gallon add three pounds of best brown sugar; fill the cask two-thirds full, bung it tight and put clay over; by this means the air is excluded while the process of fermentation is going on; the cask should be iron-bound; rack it off and bottle or put in demijohns the next spring after making.

Elderberry Wine, &c.

To each gallon of berries, put one of water; mash them in a tub, and leave them two days, stirring them frequently; then strain them, and to each gallon of juice put three pounds of brown sugar, and to every five gallons, two ounces of bruised ginger, and one of cloves, which tie up in a bag, and boil in the wine for an hour, and put it in a cask; when it is nearly cold, put in two spoonsful of lively yeast; let it ferment two days, and put in a pint of spirits with the bag of spice, and close it up. This is excellent as a medicine for delicate or elderly persons.

Fill a bottle with elderberries, with a dozen cloves, and fill it up with spirits. It is good to give children that have the summer disease; mix a tea-spoonful of it with sugar and water for a child, or a table-spoonful for a grown person.

Ginger Wine.

Boil nine quarts of water with six pounds of lump sugar, the rinds of three lemons very thinly pared, and two ounces of face ginger pounded; when it has boiled half an hour, skim it, and pour it on the juice of two lemons: when nearly cold, add two spoonsful of yeast; put a pound of raisins in the cask, with a half a pint of brandy, and half an ounce of shaved isinglass; strain it in the cask, and stop it tight; bottle it in six or seven weeks.

Raspberry Wine.

Pick over the raspberries, and to every quart put a quart of water; bruise them, and let them stand two days; strain off the liquor, and to every gallon put three pounds of lump sugar; stir it till the sugar is dissolved, and put it in a clean barrel, or keg; at the end of two months, bottle it, and put a spoonful of brandy, or a glass of wine in each bottle.

Raspberry Vinegar, and its uses.

Put two pounds of raspberries in a large bowl, and pour on them two quarts of white-wine vinegar; the next day, strain the liquor on two pounds of fresh raspberries; let this stand a day, and strain it into a stone jar; to each pint of the liquor put a pound of loaf sugar; stir till it is dissolved, and put the jar in a sauce-pan of water, which keep boiling for an hour; skim it, and bottle it when cold. This is used not only as a refreshing drink, mixed with water, but is said to be of use in complaints of the chest. No glazed or metal vessels should be used in making it.

Spruce Beer.

Boil some spruce boughs with some wheat bran, till it tastes sufficiently of the spruce; bruise some allspice, and put in; strain it, and put two quarts of molasses to half a barrel; when it is nearly cold, put in half a pint of yeast; after it has worked sufficiently, bung up the barrel.

To Make Two Gallons of Beer.

Put two pounds of brown sugar in a jug, with a heaped spoonful of ginger, and a pint of strong hop tea; pour in a gallon and a half of warm water, and a tea-cup of yeast; leave out the cork a day--then fasten it up, and set it in a cool place; or if you bottle it, put two or three raisins in each bottle.

Harvest Beer.

To make fifteen gallons of beer, put into a keg three pints of yeast, three pints of molasses, and two gallons of cold water; mix it well, and let it stand a few minutes; then take three quarts of molasses, and three gallons of boiling water, with one ounce of ginger; mix them well, and pour into the keg, and fill it up with cold water.

A decoction of the root of sassafras is good to put in beer.

Porter Beer.

A pleasant drink in summer is to take one bottle of porter, five bottles of water, and a pint of molasses, or a pound of sugar; make a spoonful of ginger into a tea, and mix all well together; have seven clean bottles, with two or three raisins in each; fill them, cork them tight, and lay them on their sides on the cellar floor.

Molasses Beer.

Take five pints of molasses, half a pint of yeast, two spoonsful of pounded ginger, and one of allspice; put these into a clean half-barrel, and pour on it two gallons of boiling water; shake it till a fermentation is produced; then fill it up with warm water, and let it work with the bung out, a day, when it will be fit for use; remove it to a cold place, or bottle it. This is a very good drink for laboring people in warm weather.

To Make Cider.

To make cider that will keep sweet for a length of time, requires particular attention to all the points. All the works and utensils in use must be perfectly clean, so that nothing acid shall come in contact with the pulp or liquor while pressing. The casks should be cleaned in the following manner:

After washing each barrel clean, put in a lump of unslaked lime, and pour in a gallon of boiling water; bung it up, and roll the barrel several times a day, letting it lay with the bung down; in the evening, empty out the lime-water, and wash the barrel clean in several waters; after the water is drained out, burn a brimstone match in it, made of a piece of coarse muslin one inch broad, and four long, dipped in melted brimstone; light one end of the match, and put it in; put the bung on slightly, so as to hold the other end, and allow air sufficient to make it burn; when the rag has burned out, drive in the bung to keep in the sulphuric gas, which, if allowed time, will condense on the sides.

The apples should be kept under cover, and secured from rain. After they have laid to mellow for two or three weeks, select those that are sound; break off the stems and leaves; have the trough perfectly clean, and after they are ground, keep them from the sun and rain for twenty-four hours; then press them, and fill into the casks; the first running is always the best; each cask that is filled should be numbered, so as to know the quality; and after they are all filled, draw off and mix them, the weak with the strong; keep the casks filled up with cider while they are fermenting; when the fermentation is subsiding, there will be a thin white scum rise slowly: when this is all off, lay on the bung lightly; rack it off in a few days in barrels, in which brimstone has been used, and bung it tight; rack it off again in March, and keep the bungs in tight.

To Make Vinegar.

You may always have good vinegar for pickling, and other purposes, by taking a little pains. Get a tight whiskey barrel, if it is clean you need not rinse it, and put into it ten gallons of the best vinegar you can procure, with one quart of whiskey and one quart of molasses; every day for a week, add a gallon of good cider that has not been watered, and shake the barrel each time; let it stand in this state two weeks, shaking the barrel frequently. After this, you may put in a gallon of cider occasionally, with any that has been left at table, or the settlings of decanters or bottles that have had wine in, but do not put in any water. It will make much sooner in the garret or a warm place, but if the barrel is fixed early in the summer, you will have plenty to pickle with in the fall; taste it so as not to add cider too fast. Have a phial with a string attached to it that you can put in at the bung. You should have a barrel of good hard cider before you begin to make vinegar. If you are in want of vinegar, fill a jug from the barrel, and set it in the hot sun, where it will turn sour much quicker. It is a good plan to keep a jug in a closet, where you can empty all the slops of cider and wine; and when you get it full, empty it in the barrel.

After the pickling is done, you can put as much hard cider in the barrel, a gallon at a time, as you have taken out, with a little molasses, and half a pint of whiskey; if you put too much of the latter it will prevent it from getting sour, but a little gives strength to the cider, and the molasses increases the acidity, and helps to color it. If you should have any juice of cherries, currants, or blackberries, put it in, or if you can get cheap sour raisins, they will be an improvement to the flavor of the vinegar; a tea-cup of burnt sugar will give it a good color.

Vinegar made in this way will keep pickles good for several years. If the cider has not sufficient strength it will take longer to make.

To Pickle Mangoes.

Pick your musk-melons at a proper age, before they get too hard; make a slit in the sides and take out the seeds with a tea-spoon; boil a pickle of ground alum salt, that will bear an egg, and let the melons lay in this a week; then make a new pickle, and let them lay in it another week; then wash them, and scald them in weak vinegar, or sour cider, with cabbage leaves around the kettle; put them in a jar, and put the vinegar and leaves in with them; leave them two days, then wipe them carefully, and to two dozen mangoes, have an ounce of mace, one of cloves, some nasturtions, small onions, scraped horse-radish, and mustard seed sufficient to fill them; fill up the inside of each one, and tie them round with strings. Put them in your kettle with strong vinegar, and let them scald a few minutes; then put them in a wide-mouthed jar, and pour the vinegar over; have them covered close, and they will keep good for several years. Large green tomatoes make good mangoes, previously salted and drained, when fill them as other mangoes.

For Pickling Mangoes with Oil and Vinegar.

Cut a square piece out to remove the inside; lay them in salt and water nine or ten days, and afterwards green them as any other pickle. For stuffing, take two ounces of garlic, dried and pulverized, two ounces of horse-radish, prepared as the garlic, two ounces of nutmegs, two ounces of cloves, two ounces of mace, two ounces of whole mustard seed. When the mangoes are large, put a small cucumber, and two beans in each. Wipe each mango perfectly dry before the stuffing is put in; sew each up, and tie twine around it; then put them in a pot, and pour the pot two-thirds full of sharp vinegar; pour sweet oil on the top till covered. The ingredients must be mixed with sweet oil. The spices, &c. mentioned, are sufficient for a dozen mangoes.

Cucumbers.

Gather the cucumbers while they are small, lay them in a jar with salt enough to make a pickle; pour in a little water, and if there is not salt enough to cover them, in a few days put in more. At the end of two weeks put them in a kettle, with cabbage leaves around and through them; fill it up with weak vinegar, and let them scald three hours; put all in a jar for three days, then take out the cucumbers, pour out the vinegar and leaves; put them back in the jar, with some cloves, peppers, horse-radish and mustard; boil some strong vinegar and pour over them.

Small Cucumbers.

Wash small cucumbers from two to four inches long; put a gallon of very strong vinegar in a large jar, with mustard seed, scraped horse-radish, and celery seed, a small portion of each, and a tea-cupful of salt; put the cucumbers in the jar; tie them close. Martina's may be pickled in the same way, or in the old way of pickling cucumbers.

To Pickle Cherries or Peaches.

If peaches, wipe them well with a coarse towel; if cherries, cut the stems half off, but do not stone them; put them in jars, and to every half gallon of vinegar it takes to cover them, put a pound of sugar, and cloves and cinnamon to taste; boil and skim it well, and when nearly cool pour it over the fruit; for three successive days pour off the vinegar, and boil and pour it on again.

Peaches.

Pick out sound clingstone peaches; lay them in salt and water for a day, then wipe them on a coarse cloth: boil up some strong vinegar, with a little ginger, whole pepper and mustard seed; put the peaches in a jar and pour this over.

White Walnuts.

Take full grown white walnuts, or butter-nuts, before the shells get so hard that a pin will not run through easily; put them in a jar; boil a pickle of ground alum salt that will bear an egg, skim it, and when it gets cold; pour it on the walnuts; let them lay in this ten days; then make another pickle as strong as the first, and leave them in it ten days longer; then scrape each one carefully, until you get all the rough skin off, wipe them with a very coarse cloth, and let them soak in cold water two days; boil them in weak vinegar, and let them lay in this a week; boil enough good vinegar to cover them; mix together scraped horse-radish, mustard seed, cloves, red pepper, onions and garlic; put a layer of the walnuts in a jar, and sprinkle the spice over; pour the boiling vinegar over the top.

English Walnuts.

Gather them when nearly full grown, but not too hard; pour boiling salt and water on them; let them be covered with it nine days, changing it every third day; then take them out on dishes, and put them in the sun to blacken, turning them over; then put them in a jar and strew over them pepper, cloves, garlic, mustard seed and scraped horse-radish; cover them with cold strong vinegar and tie them up.

Black Walnuts.

Gather the walnuts while you can run a pin through them; boil them in an iron pot three hours, to soften the shell; put them in a tub of cold water, hull and wash them, and put them in your jars; pour salt and water over them, and change it every day for a week; at the end of that time scald them in weak vinegar; let them stand in this three days, then pour it off, and for half a bushel of hulled walnuts, have quarter of a pound of cloves, a tea-cup of mustard seed, two spoonsful of black pepper, a pint of scraped horse-radish, two pods of red pepper, some sliced onions and garlic; put these in the jars with the walnuts, and fill them up with strong cold vinegar.

Pickled walnuts will keep for six or seven years, and are as good at the last as the first.

Virginia Yellow Pickles.

To two gallons of vinegar, put one pound of ginger, quarter of a pound of black pepper, two ounces of red pepper, two of cloves, a tea-cup of celery seed, a pint of horse-radish, a pint of mustard seed, a few onions or garlic, and three ounces of turmeric to turn them yellow. The above ingredients should be mixed together in a jar, and set in the sun by the first of July, tied up close, with a block over each jar to keep out the rain. Put whatever you intend to pickle in salt and water for two or three days; then pour boiling salt and water on them; wash them and drop them in the jars of vinegar.

You can pickle any thing in this way but walnuts. The same pickle, by adding more vinegar to it, will do for two years; if the jars are set by a fire, a much less time will do to take the strength out of the spices; the turmeric should be tied up in a bag.

Tomatoes.

Scald and peel a peck of ripe tomatoes; lay them on dishes, and strew salt thickly over them; let them stand for twenty-four hours, occasionally pouring off the liquor that the salt extracts; then drain them on a sifter, and gently squeeze them, as it is this juice that weakens the vinegar and makes the pickles spoil; take a large jar, put in a layer of tomatoes, then a layer of sliced onions, mustard seed, cloves and white pepper, or whole black pepper; (you may if you like, break two pods of red pepper and put in each jar.) When the jar is full, pour very strong vinegar over, and in a few days they will be ready for use, and will keep all winter. They retain much of the tomato flavor, and should be kept in a cool place.

Another Way.

Take small round tomatoes when they are not too ripe; stick them with a needle in several places, to keep the skin from bursting, and let them lay a week in salt and water; then wash them and put them in a jar with some cloves, pepper and small onions; cover them with strong cold vinegar, and tie up the jar.

Pepper Mangoes.

Take fully grown green peppers, cut a slit in the side of each and take out the seeds; make a strong brine and lay them in it for three days; then soak them in clear water a day and night; pack them in a jar, and pour boiling vinegar over them with a piece of alum; let them stay in this three days, when boil the vinegar again, and pour over them; when they are green, stuff them with chopped cabbage, mustard seed, cloves, horse-radish, pepper, and a small onion in each; tie them up, put them in a jar; boil fresh vinegar and pour over.

Observe always to have the kettle you boil vinegar in well cleaned; never put pickles in common earthen-ware, as the glazing is poisonous.

Onions.

Peel small white onions and pour boiling milk and water over them; when cold, put them in a jar, and make a pickle of strong vinegar, a little mace, ginger, white mustard seed, and horse-radish; boil it and pour over them.

If you want them to be white, do not put in black pepper or cloves.

Mushrooms.

Take the small round mushrooms that are pale pink underneath, with white tops, and peel easily; put them in a jar with a little mace, white mustard seed and salt; cover them with cold vinegar, and tie them close. If you put in black pepper or cloves, it will turn them dark.

Nasturtions.

Have some strong vinegar in a jar with a little salt, and as you gather the nasturtions, put them in, and keep the jar tied close.

Cherries.

Take sound morel cherries with the stems on, and put them in a jar; boil spices in strong vinegar, and pour over them hot. Damsons may be done in the same way. A little sugar improves the pickle.

Cabbage.

Take firm heads of purple cabbage, quarter them, sprinkle them with salt, and let them lay three or four days, when shave them fine, drain off the salt and put them in a jar, boil enough vinegar to cover them, with horse radish, pepper and cloves, when nearly cold pour it on the cabbage, and put in a little cochineal tied up in a bag, it will he fit for use in a week.

Another Way.

Cut hard cabbage fine as for slaw, sprinkle salt through it, and let it lay under a moderate pressure for twelve hours, then drain well through a colander, slice a dozen raw onions, have a large jar in readiness, put in a layer of cabbage, strew in some of the onions, a few cloves, a tea-cupful of mustard seed, some whole black pepper, cut six half ripe red pepper pods, and sprinkle in; add a little more salt, boil vinegar and pour on sufficient to cover the mixture.

Cut Cucumbers.

Slice large cucumbers lengthwise--do not pare them--then cut them half an inch thick; if you have small ones, slice them across, put them in a large jar, and sprinkle them well with salt, after standing a day or two, pour off the liquid the salt has extracted, drain them, and wash the jar, and put the cucumbers in alternately, with sliced onions, mustard seed, white pepper, whole black pepper and a few cloves, pour over them strong vinegar, and tie close, keep them in a cool place, but do not allow them to freeze in severe weather, as freezing spoils the flavor of pickles. When pickles do not keep well, pour off the vinegar, and put more on, but if the vinegar is of the best quality, there is little fear of this. Putting alcohol on over paper, will prevent their moulding.

Cucumber Catsup.

Take full grown cucumbers, pare them, and cut out the lines of white pith, which are on three sides; cut them in slices about half an inch thick; to six cucumbers, put one onion, sliced fine; then sprinkle them with salt, placing the fruit in layers, with salt between;--next morning, press the liquor from them; put them in _small jars,_ and fill up with strong vinegar, seasoned with pepper, mustard seed, and salt, if necessary. The small jars are recommended--as the cucumbers do not keep well after they have been exposed to the air.

Tomato Catsup.

Take a peck of ripe tomatoes, wash and cut out the stems, but do not peel them; put them over the fire in your bell-metal kettle, cover them, and let them boil till soft enough to mash, when pour them in a colander placed over a pan; drain them and throw away the liquid; then mash and strain the tomatoes, a few at a time, through a ball sifter: this is rather a tedious process; but, as the waste liquor has been previously drained off, the catsup will require but about twenty minutes boiling; throw in the spices before you take it up, fine pepper and salt, mustard, and a few whole cloves, and sliced onions, if you like their flavor; allow a tea-cup of strong vinegar to each bottle of catsup; part of which may be put in with the spices, and the rest in each bottle on top of the catsup, before you cork and seal them.

Walnut Catsup.

Gather the walnuts, as for pickling and put them in salt and water for ten days, then pound them in a mortar, and to every dozen walnuts put a quart of strong vinegar, and stir it every day for a week, then strain it through a bag, and to every quart of liquor put a tea-spoonful of pounded mace, the same of cloves, and a few pieces of garlic or onion, boil it twenty minutes, and when cold, bottle it. White or black walnuts are as good for catsup as the English walnut, and will keep good for several years.

Green Tomato Catsup.

After the tomatoes have ceased to ripen, slice and put them in a jar, with salt scattered through them, let them stand two days, then drain them in a colander, put them in the jars they are to remain in, strewing sliced onions, cloves, whole pepper, mustard seed, and one or two red pepper pods through them, boil vinegar enough to cover them and pour over, tie them close and put a plate on each jar.

Mushroom Catsup.

Take the largest mushrooms, those that are beginning to turn dark, cut off the roots, put them in a stone jar, with some salt, mash them and cover the jar, let them stand two days, stirring them several times a day, then strain and boil the liquor, to every quart of which, put a tea-spoonful of whole pepper and the same of cloves, and mustard seed, and a little ginger, when cold, bottle it, leaving room in each bottle for a tea-cupful of strong vinegar, and a table-spoonful of brandy; cork them up and seal them over. Tomato Sauce.

Scald and peel a peck of ripe tomatoes; cut them in slices and lay them on a large dish; cover well with salt each layer; the next morning put the tomatoes in a colander or on a sifter, and drain off all the liquid; then mash them with a wooden masher, and to each quart, put a pint of strong vinegar, two table-spoonsful of white mustard seed, a dozen cloves, a dozen grains of black pepper, an onion sliced and chopped, a table-spoonful of salt; if mashed fine you can pour it out of wide-mouthed bottles; put a table-spoonful of spirits in each bottle at the top; cork tight, and seal. If you prefer putting the sauce in small stone jars, put spirits on paper at the top of each. Spiced Peaches.

Take nine pounds of good ripe peaches, rub them with a course towel, and halve them; put four pounds of sugar and a pint of good vinegar in your preserving kettle, with cloves, cinnamon and mace; when the syrup is formed, throw in the peaches, a few at a time, so as to keep them as whole as may be; when clear, take them out and put in more; boil the syrup till quite rich, and then pour it over the peaches. Cherries may be done in the same way. Mushroom Sauce.

Gather large mushrooms, that have not turned dark, peel them and cut off the stems; put them in a pan and strew salt over each layer; when all are in, mash them well; then put them in a jar, put a plate on the top, and set it in a pot of cold water; let it heat gradually, and boil for fifteen or twenty minutes; to each quart of the pulp put three tea-cupsful of strong vinegar, two tea-spoonsful

of powdered mace, or one of cloves, two of white mustard seed, one of black pepper; put it in jars or wide-mouthed bottles, with a spoonful of alcohol at the top of each, and secure it from the air. This is by some preferred to the catsup.

TO CURE BACON, BEEF, PORK, SAUSAGE, &c.

To Cure Bacon.

To one thousand weight of pork, put one bushel of fine salt, one pound and a half of saltpetre rolled fine and mixed with the salt; rub this on the meat and pack it away in a tight hogshead; let it lay for six weeks, then hang it up and smoke it with hickory wood, every day for two weeks, and afterwards two or three times a week for a month; then take it down and rub it all over with hickory ashes, which is an effectual remedy against the fly or skipper. When the weather is unusually warm at the time of salting your pork, more care is requisite to preserve it from taint. When it is cut up, if it seems warm, lay it on boards, or on the bare ground, till it is sufficiently cool for salting; examine the meat tubs or casks frequently, and if there is an appearance of mould, strew salt over; if the weather has been very warm after packing, and on examining, you should find evidence of its spoiling, lose no time in unpacking the meat; for a hogshead of hams and shoulders that are in this state, have six pounds of brown sugar, three pounds of salaeratus, mixed with half a bushel of salt; rub each piece with this, and as you pack it in the hogshead, (which should be well washed and cleaned,) sprinkle a little coarse salt over each layer of pork, and also on the bottom of the hogshead. I have known this plan to save a large quantity of pork, that would have been unfit for use, if it had not been discovered and attended to in time. Some persons use crushed charcoal to purify their meat. Shoulders are more easily affected than hams, and if the weather is warm the ribs should be cut out of the shoulders. Jowls also require particular care; black pepper, about a pound to a hogshead, sprinkled on the meat before it is hung up to smoke, is valuable as a preventive where flies are troublesome; have a large pepper-box kept for the purpose, and dust every part that is exposed; pepper is also good to put on beef before it is hung up to dry; wash it off before cooking, and it does not injure the flavor.

To Pickle Pork.

Take out all the ribs, and cut it in pieces of about three pounds each; pack it in a tight barrel, and salt it well with coarse salt; boil a very strong pickle made of coarse salt, and when it is cold pour it over the meat, and put a weight on the top; if you wish pork to keep, do not put saltpetre in, as it injures the flavor.

To Cure Hams and Shoulders.

To cure five hundred weight of hams and shoulders, take fifteen quarts of common salt, one pound and a half of saltpetre rolled fine, half a pound of red pepper pods chopped fine, and four quarts of molasses; mix them all together and rub the meat well, pack it down, cover it close, and let it remain six weeks, then hang it up and smoke it with green hickory wood for three weeks. If there is a damp spell of weather, it is best to make a fire in your meat-house occasionally through the summer, to keep the meat from moulding.

To Make a Pickle for Chines.

Rub the chines with fine salt, and pack them in a tight barrel, make a pickle of coarse salt, strong enough to bear an egg, boil and skim it, and when nearly cold pour it on, let there be enough to cover them, and put a weight on the top. Chines are good smoked. It is best to make a separate pickle for the heads; wash and scrape them, cut off the ears and noses, and take out the eyes. The jowls may be packed and smoked with the bacon. Sausage Meat, &c. Separate the tender parts of the meat from the rough and bony pieces, and chop each sort separately, to twenty-two pounds of meat have half a pound of salt, three heaped table-spoonsful of sage, three of pepper, and two of thyme. If you have a box large enough to hold this quantity, sprinkle it over the meat before it is chopped, and it will be thoroughly mixed by the time it is done. It is best to have a small piece fried to taste, and if it is not seasoned right, it can be altered; you should have some pieces of fat, chopped in with the meat. The sage and thyme should be carefully dried, but not heated too much, neither should it be hung up too near the fire, as it would spoil the flavor, rub it through a wire sifter, and if that should not make it fine enough, pound it in a mortar or grind it in your pepper mill. The pepper should be ground and ready some days before it is needed, as the pork season in the country is (while it lasts) one of the busiest in the year, every thing should be prepared beforehand that you possibly can. It is a good plan to have plenty of bread and pies baked, and a quantity of apples stewed, vegetables washed and ready to cook, so that every member of the family, that is able, may devote herself to the work of putting away the meat which is of so much importance for the coming year, while some are cutting up the fat to render into

lard, others may be employed in assorting the sausage meat, and cutting it into small pieces for the chopping machine, by trimming off every part that can be spared. You can have one hundred pounds of sausage from twelve hundred weight of pork, and since the introduction of sausage choppers, a great deal more sausage is made, than formerly, by the old method. Clean a few of the maws, and soak them in salt and water, and fill them with sausage meat, sew them close, let them lay in pickle for two weeks then hang them up, and when your meat is smoked, let them have a few days smoke. In this way sausage will keep all summer, and is very nice when boiled slowly for several hours, and eaten cold. The best fat to chop in with sausage is taken from the chines or back bones. To keep sausage for present use, put it in small stone pans, and pour melted lard over the top; for later in the season, make muslin bags that will hold about three pounds, with a loop sewed on to hang them up by; fill them with meat, tie them tight, and hang them in a cool airy place; they will keep in this way till August, when you want to fry them, rip part of the seam, cut out as many slices as you want, tie up the bag and hang it up again. If you have a large quantity, a sausage chopper is a great convenience. Liver Sausage Take four livers, with the lights and hearts, have two heads cleaned, and boil them with any scraps, or skinny pieces you have, skim the pot, take out the livers when they are done, and let the heads boil longer, when they are done, pick out the bones, and chop all together, season with sage, thyme, sweet marjoram, salt and pepper, put it in pans, and fry it as sausage. Bologna Sausage Chop ten pounds of beef, with two pounds and a half of the fat of fresh pork, pound one ounce of mace, and one of cloves, and mix in, let it stand a day, then stuff it in large skins, let them lay in brine ten days, then hang them up to smoke a few days, they can be put in the same brine with beef or tongues. Hogs' Head Cheese Take off the ears and noses of four heads, and pick out the eyes, and lay them in salt and water all night, then wash and put them on to boil, take out the bones carefully, chop and season them well, and pack it in bowls, they will turn out whole, and may be eaten cold with vinegar, or fried as sausage.

Pigs' Feet.

Pigs' feet should be well cleaned by dipping them in scalding water, and scraping off the hairs, leave them in weak salt and water two days, changing it each day; if you wish to boil them for souse, they are now ready, but if the weather is cold they will keep in this a month. They should be kept in a cold place, and if they are frozen there is no danger of their spoiling, but if there comes on a thaw, change the salt and water, soak them in fresh water all night before you boil them. In this way they are good to eat with pepper and vinegar while hot, or may be dipped in batter and fried after they are cold.

To make Souse.

Boil the feet till the bones come out easily, and pick out all the large bones, pack them in a stone pan with pepper and salt, and cover it with vinegar, they may be eaten cold, or dipped in flour and fried. Another way is to pick out all the bones, season them with salt, pepper and sage, and warm them up as you want to use them.

Pigs' feet, after being boiled, are very nice stewed as terrapins, make the gravy with butter and water, they are nourishing food for delicate persons.

Vessels for salting meat should be cleaned well after the meat is hung up, and set on boards in the cellar, if they do not smell sweet, they should be washed and soaked before meat is packed in them again. You should see that the hoops are sound, and have covers made to fit them. If taken care of in this way, they will last a number of years.

Scrapple.

Take eight pounds of scraps of pork, that will not do for sausage, boil it in four gallons of water, when tender, chop it fine, strain the liquor and pour it back into the pot, put in the meat, season it with sage, summer savory, salt and pepper to taste; stir in a quart of corn meal; after simmering a few minutes, thicken it with buckwheat flour very thick, it requires very little cooking after it is thickened, but must be stirred constantly.

Dried Beef.

An experienced housekeeper has furnished the following method for curing and drying beef, which will keep good for two years, without being injured by must or fly, and is much admired. Have the rounds divided, leaving a piece of the sinew to hang up by, lay the pieces in a tub of cold water for an hour, then rub each piece of beef that will weigh fifteen or twenty pounds, with a handful of brown sugar and a table-spoonful of saltpetre, pulverized, and a pint of fine salt, sprinkle fine salt in the bottom of a clean tight barrel, and lay the pieces in, strewing a little coarse salt between each piece; let it lay two days, then make the brine in a clean tub,

with cold water and ground alum salt--stir it well, it must be strong enough to bear an egg half up, put in half a pound of best brown sugar and a table-spoonful of saltpetre to each gallon of the salt and water, pour it over the beef; put a clean large stone on the top of the meat to keep it under the pickle, (which is very important,) put a cover on the barrel; examine it occasionally to see that the pickle does not leak,--and if it should need more, add of the same strength; let it stand six weeks, then hang it up in the smoke house, and after it has drained, smoke it moderately for ten days, it should then hang in a dry place, before cooking, let it soak for twenty four hours; a piece that weighs fifteen or twenty pounds should boil two hours--one half the size, one hour, and a small piece should soak six or twelve hours, according to size. Beef cured in this way will make a nice relish, when thinly sliced and eaten cold, for breakfast or tea, or put between slices of bread and butter for lunch, it will keep for several weeks,--and persons of delicate stomachs can sometimes relish a thin slice, eaten cold, when they cannot retain hot or rich food.

This receipt will answer for all parts of the beef, to be boiled for the dinner table through the summer.

To Cure Beef.

Make a pickle of six quarts of salt, six gallons of water, half a pound of saltpetre, and three of sugar, or half a gallon of molasses, pack the beef in a barrel, with fine and coarse salt mixed, when the pickle is cold, pour it over, and put a weight on the top, let it stay two weeks, when you can hang it up and smoke it, to boil through the summer, or boil the pickle over again, and leave it in till you want to use it; this is for two hundred pounds.

A New Method of Curing Beef.

Take six gallons of water, nine pounds of salt, (fine and coarse mixed,) three pounds of sugar, one quart of molasses, three ounces of saltpetre, and one ounce of pearl ash or salaeratus, boil and skim it well, and let it stand till entirely cold, when pour it on beef that has been sprinkled with salt for several days. You can boil of this beef from the brine all winter, or hang it up, and smoke it with your bacon.

To Cure a Dozen Tongues.

Soak the tongues an hour in a tub of cold water to extract the blood, and cut off most of the root, mix together a quarter of a pound of saltpetre, finely powdered, one pound of brown sugar, and a pint of salt, rub the tongues with this, and put them in a tight barrel; then make a pickle that will bear an egg, which pour over them, turn them every three days, and let them stay in the pickle two weeks, then smoke them two days, and hang them up in a dry place; boil and skim the pickle that the tongues have been in, and it will do for a round of beef.

Pickle for Two Rounds of Beef.

Cut the rounds in a suitable shape for drying, mix together two pints of salt, one of molasses, or a pound of sugar, and half a pound of saltpetre, rub them with this, and pack them in a tight vessel, make a pickle that will bear an egg, and pour it over, put a weight on the top, and let it lay for ten days, when take it out, and smoke it two days, hang it up in a dry place, it will be fit to slice and broil in a week, or cut it very thin, and stew or fry it with butter and cream. Legs of mutton may be salted as rounds of beef, and will resemble venison, when dried and chipped.

In preparing pickle for any kind of meat, observe that one gallon of water will hold, in solution, a quart of salt and two ounces of saltpetre.

To Corn Beef, Pork or Mutton.

Rub the meat well with salt, and pack it in a tub. If the weather is warm, it will require a good deal of salt, but no saltpetre.

To Restore Meat that has been kept too long.

When meat has been kept too long in summer, it may be improved by putting it in sour milk for several hours, or washing it in vinegar is good, some hours before it is cooked, you must wash it well in cold water several times, if it lays all night in sour milk, or salt and vinegar, it should be put in soak early in the morning in cold water. In very hot weather, when you have fresh meat, fowls, or fish left at dinner, sprinkle them with strong vinegar, salt and pepper, warm this up the next day, either as a fry or stew, the vinegar will evaporate, and not injure the taste. Cold rock fish is good, seasoned with salt, pepper and vinegar, to use as a relish for

breakfast or tea.

To Keep Meat Fresh.

Where persons live a distance from market, and have no fresh meat but what they kill, it is important to know how to keep it fresh. In winter, if it is hung up in an out-house, it will keep very well for six weeks, or more, when it has once frozen, it is safe till a thaw comes on, when rub it with salt. In the summer, if you have an ice-house, you can keep it without trouble. If rubbed with salt, and pinned in a cloth, it will keep in the cellar two days, or by lowering it down your well, attached to a rope, and changing the cloth every other day, it will keep good a week in hot weather.

To Put up Herring and Shad.

Those that put up their own fish should be careful to have the barrels tight and well cleaned, if the pickle leaks from them, they are liable to spoil. Scale the fish and wash them, as it will save much time, when you prepare them for cooking, take out the gills, but leave on the heads of herrings.

The heads should be taken off the shad, and split them down the back, put a layer of fish, then a layer of ground alum salt,--and after they are packed, put on a weight to keep them down. If herring are well cured, they will be good at the end of two years.

To Put up Herring, _According to the Harford Mode_.

First put the herring into the brine left from curing bacon, or, if you have none of that description, make a brine that will bear an egg, and let them remain in it thirty or forty hours; then, if for pickled herring, change them into new brine, which must also bear an egg, and head them up to keep. If for red herring, hang them up, and smoke them thoroughly. A little saltpetre, added to the brine, is an improvement. It is better to take out the roe.

BUTTER, CHEESE, COFFEE, TEA, &c.

Butter.

It is of the first importance that every thing connected with milk and butter should be kept clean; if the milk acquires an unpleasant taste, it communicates it to the butter. Tin pans are best to keep milk in, and they should be painted on the outside to keep them from rusting when they are put in water.

In summer, milk should be kept as cool as possible; before it is strained, the pans and strainer should be rinsed with cold water, and the milk not covered until it is cold, as soon as the cream rises sufficiently, it should be skimmed, and put in a large tin bucket with a lid that fits down tight, and stirred every day. Butter will be spoiled by neglecting to stir the cream, a yellow scum will form on it, which gives it an unpleasant taste. And if you leave a pan of milk till the cream is covered with spots of mould, you had better throw it away than put it in, as it will spoil the taste of a whole churning.

If you have no way of keeping your cream cool in hot weather, it ought to be churned twice a week, the earlier in the morning the better. Always put cold water in your churn the night before you use it, and change it in the morning just before you put in the cream. When the butter is gathering, take off the lid of the churn to let the heated air escape, and move it gently, have your butter ladle and pan scalded and cooled, take out the butter and work it till all the milk is out, scrape some lumps of salt, and work in, cover it up, and set away in a cool place till the next morning, when work it again.

If you have neither an ice, or spring house, a box by the side of the pump, with a cover over it, is very convenient to put cream and butter down the well, put them in tin kettles with covers to fit tight, and fasten them to strong tarred ropes twenty feet long. The air of a well will keep butter sweet for several weeks in the hottest weather. It is best to have one kettle or basket to put the butter in that is used at the table, it should be deep enough to hold five or six plates, each covered with a saucer. It can be kept in this way as firm and sweet as in an ice house. You can have a separate kettle to put a large lump of butter in for seasoning vegetables. If you print butter for home use, it is not necessary to weigh it, make it out in little lumps that will weigh about half a pound, scald the print and ladle, and put them in cold water, as you print each lump, lay it on a dish.

In winter it is more difficult to have good butter, as much depends on the food of the cows, the milk should be kept in a cellar, where it will not freeze, if you have a safe to keep it in, it need not be covered. Cream takes much longer to rise in winter, after it has stood

two days, to put it on the top of a moderately heated stove will assist it, when it is hot, set it away to skim the next day, when the cream will be thick and rich, and churns easier.

If the weather is very cold, and the cream has been chilled, have a large pot of water over the fire, set in the bucket when it is near boiling heat, and keep stirring till it is milk warm, have the churn scalded and put it in, by churning steadily, it will come as quick as in summer, one good working answers very well for butter in winter, always scald the churn before you put in the cream in cold weather.

To put up Butter for Winter.

Work it well, and salt it rather more than for table use, and pack it in stone pans or jars, with a thin cloth on the top, and salt on it an inch thick, keep it in a cool place, and if it is sweet when made, it will keep good till spring. It should be tied up with paper to exclude the air.

To Cure Butter that will keep for a Length of Time.

Reduce separately to a fine powder two pounds of the best fine salt, one pound of loaf sugar and half a pound of saltpetre. Sift these ingredients one above another, on a large sized sheet of paper, then mix them well together, keep this mixture covered up close in a nice jar, and placed in a dry closet.

When your butter is worked and salted in the usual way, and ready to put in the jars, use one ounce of this composition to every pound of butter, work it well into the mass.

Butter cured in this way, (it is said) will keep good for several years. I have never kept it longer than from the fall until late in the spring, it was then very sweet and good.

It will not do to use for a month, because earlier, the salts will not be sufficiently blended with it. It should be kept in wooden vessels, or nice stone jars. Earthen-ware jars are not suitable for butter, as during the decomposition of the salts, they corrode the glazing; and the butter becomes rancid and unhealthy.

A friend of mine, and a lady of much experience, remarked on reading the above--"This is an admirable receipt, and by attention to its directions, butter may be packed away with success even in the summer months. Thus in cities during warm weather butter is often cheap, a house-keeper may then purchase her winter supply.

"Select that which is sweetest and most firm, begin by putting a layer of the prints in the bottom of a stone pot, press the butter down close, so that no cavities for the admission of air may remain, then strew more of the mixture over it, proceed in this manner until the vessel is filled, when put on the top a small muslin bag filled with salt, and tie the jar up close. It is very important to keep the butter in a cool place."

A great deal depends on the butter being well worked. Persons that have large dairies should always have a machine to work it. A large churning may be more effectually cleared of the butter-milk in a few minutes, than in the old way in an hour. By doing it quickly, it does not get soft and oily in hot weather.

A Pickle for Butter.

To three gallons of water, add four and a half pounds of good brown sugar, one and a half ounces of saltpetre, one ounce of salaeratus; put them into an iron pot, and let them come to a boil; take off the scum; when cold it is ready for use; the butter should be salted in the usual way, and well worked; then made into rolls of two or three pounds each; have little bags of coarse muslin, tie each roll in a bag and put them in a large stone jar or clean firkin; when the pickle is entirely cold, pour it over, and put a plate on the top, with a weight on it to keep the butter under; tie it up close and keep it in a cold place; when a roll is wanted, take it out of the bag, and slice it off for table use. It should be put on little plates, and each covered with a saucer, to exclude the air. If the butter is good when put up in the fall, it will keep till you can get grass butter, in the spring. The jars for this purpose should not have been previously used for pickles.

Cheese.

Persons living in the country sometimes have more milk than they can use, of which cheese may be made. Put four gallons of new milk in a clean tub that is kept for the purpose; skim your night's milk, and put two gallons of it over the fire; when it is near boiling, put it in the tub with the new milk, and the rest of the night's milk; it should be rather more than milk warm, if it is too warm the cheese will have a strong taste. The day before you make cheese, put a piece of rennet three inches square in a tea-cup of water, and stir it in the milk; cover the tub and let it stand in a warm place; when the curd begins to form, cut it in squares with a long wooden knife, and spread a thin towel over it. When the whey comes through the cloth, you can dip it off with a saucer, then put a thin towel in the cheese vat, put in the curd, spread the cloth over the top, put on the lid, and press it moderately about half an hour; then put it back in the tub and salt it to your taste; mix it well, and if you want it very rich put in a quarter of a pound of butter; it is always better to skim the night's milk and put in butter, as the cream is apt to press out.

Have a clean cloth in the vat, put in the curd, close it over and put on the cover; if you have no cheese press, a heavy stone will answer the purpose; press it very gently at first, to keep the richness from running out. The next morning draw it out by the cloth, wash and wipe the vat, put in a clean cloth, and turn in the cheese upside down; do this morning and evening for two days; when you take out the cheese, and put it on a clean board; set it where the mice and flies will not get at it; rub it every morning with a little butter, and turn it three times a day; dust it over with cayenne pepper if you cannot keep it from the flies, and if it should crack, plaster on a piece of white paper with butter; it is fit for use in two weeks.

Cheese made in this way has a rich, mild taste, and most persons are fond of it. If you get eight gallons of milk a day, you may make cheese twice a week, and still have butter for the family. You should keep four thin cloths on purpose for cheese.

Pennsylvania Cream Cheese.

The cheese called by this name is not in reality made of cream. Take three gallons of milk, warm from the cow, and strain it into a tub, have a piece of rennet two inches square, soaked in half a pint of water for several hours, drain off the water, and stir it in; when it is sufficiently turned, cut the curd, spread a thin linen cloth over the top, and as the whey rises, dip it off with a saucer, put the curd as whole as possible into a cheese-hoop about the size of a dinner plate, first spreading a wet cloth inside, then fold the cloth smoothly over the top, put a weight on the top heavy enough to make the whey drain out gradually. In six or seven hours it will be ready to take out of the press, when rub it over with fine salt, set it in a dry dark place, change it from one plate to another twice a day, and it will be fit for use in less than a week.

To Prepare Rennet for making Whey or Cheese.

When the rennet is taken from the calf, wash it, lay it on a plate well covered with salt, put more on in two days, keep it in a cold place, in three or four days it will do to stretch on sticks, hang it up in a dry cool place, with as much salt as will stick to it, when quite dry, put it in a paper bag and hang it up, a piece two inches square soaked in two table-spoonsful of water will make a cold custard, the same piece salted and dried will do several times.

Cottage Cheese or Smearcase.

The best plan of making this dish, is to set the tin pan of clabber on a hot stove, or in a pot of water that is boiling over the fire. When the whey has risen sufficiently, pour it through a colander, and put the curd or cheese away in a cold place, and just before going to table, season it with salt and pepper to your taste, and pour some sweet cream over it.

Roasting Coffee.

Pick out the stones and black grains from the coffee, and if it is green, let it dry in an oven, or on a stove, then roast it till it is a light-brown, be careful that it does not burn, as a few burnt grains will spoil the flavor of the whole.

White coffee need not be dried before roasting, and will do in less time. Two pounds is a good quantity to roast for a small family. The whites of one or two eggs, well beaten, and stirred in the coffee when half cold, and well mixed through it, are sufficient to clear two pounds, and is the most economical way of using eggs. It will answer either for summer or winter. Some persons save egg shells for clearing coffee. Many persons use coffee roasters,--but some old experienced housekeepers think that the fine flavor flies off more than when done in a dutch-oven, and constantly stirred.

If you are careful, it can be done very well in the dripping-pan of a stove. Let the coffee get quite cold, and put it away either in a canister or tight box, and keep it in a dry place. Coffee may be roasted in a dripping-pan in a brick oven. After the bread is taken

out, there will be heat sufficient, put about two pounds in a pan, stir it a few times--it will roast gradually, and if not sufficiently brown, finish in a stove or before the fire. If you have a large family, by using several pans, six pounds of coffee can thus be roasted, and but little time spent on it.

Boiling Coffee.

A large tea-cupful of unground coffee will be sufficient for six persons, unless they take it very strong, (which is injurious to health,) grind it, and put it in the tin pot, with half a tea-cup of cold water, and the white of half an egg; shake it till it is mixed, then pour boiling water on it, and let it stand close to the fire, and just come to a boil, stir it, and do not let it boil over, let it keep at boiling heat five or ten minutes; then take it from the fire, and put in half a tea-cup of water to settle it, let it stand five minutes, and pour it off,--if you wish it particularly nice, strain it through a thin linen cloth, kept for the purpose, keep it by the fire till it goes to table. If you boil coffee too long, the aromatic flavor flies off.

Tea, &c.

Always be sure that the kettle is boiling when you make tea, or the flavor will not be so good, scald the pot, and allow a tea-spoonful for each person. Let green tea draw by the fire from two to five minutes. Black tea should draw ten minutes, and is much more suitable for delicate persons than green. Persons with weak nerves should never drink strong tea and coffee. I have known instances of persons being afflicted with violent attacks of nervous head-ache, that were cured by giving up the use of tea and coffee altogether, and their general health was also improved by it. Before pouring out tea, it should be stirred with a spoon that the strength of each cup may be alike.

Milk is the best drink for children, but if that cannot be had, sweetened water, with a little milk, will do.

A New Mode of Preparing Chocolate.

Have a pound of chocolate pulverized, and put in a jar, with the same quantity of rice flour, and an ounce of arrow-root, put on coals a quart of milk, when it boils, stir in a heaped table-spoonful of the above preparation, (dissolved in a tea-cup of water,) keep stirring it until it boils again, when pour it out, drink it with sugar and cream to your taste.

This is called by some "Rac-a-haut" chocolate, and is very nice for delicate persons, as well as those in health.

LARD, TALLOW, SOAP AND CANDLES.

Rendering Lard.

The leaf lard should be rendered by itself, as it does not take so long as that with the skin on. Cut it up fine and put it in a clean pot with half a pint of water, stir it frequently and let it boil fast at first, when the cracklings are light-brown and float on the top, it is nearly done, and should cook slowly, when done, strain it into your vessels with a thin cloth put over a colander. If you put lard in stone or earthen jars, it should be cooled first, as there is danger of their cracking, white oak firkins with iron hoops, and covers to fit tight, are good to keep lard, and if taken care of will last for twenty years.

The fat that has the skin on should be cut very fine, taking the skin off first. It takes longer to boil than leaf lard, and there is more danger of burning, put a pint of water in the pot.

The skins should be boiled alone, and will do for soap-fat after the lard is out of them.

Soak the inside fat all night in salt and water; wash it in the morning, and put it to boil without any water in the pot. It is not so nice as other lard, and should be strained by itself. It does very well for frying. Lard keeps well in large tin vessels with tight covers and is not apt to mould.

Rendering Tallow.

Cut the tallow fine, and put it to boil in a large pot with a quart of water; stir it frequently and keep it boiling moderately for six hours; when the cracklings begin to turn brown, it should boil very slowly till done.

Put a little water in the bottom of your dutch-ovens or tin pans, and strain it in with a cloth over the colander, or the settlings will run through and hurt the looks of your candles.

Soap.

It requires some care and experience to have good soap; but when you once get beforehand, it is easy to keep up the supply if the ashes are good. The leystand should be made of cedar or pine boards, in the shape of a mill-hopper, and have holes bored in the bottom for the ley to run through; have four posts planted in the ground to support it; let it be high enough for a small tub to set under.

If you cannot have it under a shed, there should be a tight cover of boards to protect it from the rain. Put some sticks in the bottom of the leystand, and some straw, and pack in a bushel of ashes, then half a peck of lime, and when it is half full of ashes, put in two buckets of water, and another when you get near the top; pack it well, and put on some more water; then cover it over; pour on hot water three times a day for several days. When you are ready to make soap, have a large pot of water, which must be kept boiling, and put it on as fast as it will bear, save the strongest ley by itself, (if the ley will float an egg, it will answer,) have your soap-fat laying in strong ley through the winter, put a gallon of this in a large pot, and put to it a gallon of the strongest ley; let it boil an hour, stirring it often, then put in two gallons more of strong ley, when this has boiled, put in weak ley till the pot is full, let it boil an hour or two slowly, and be careful that it does not go over, cool some on a plate, and if thick, it is done, but if not, boil it longer. Put it away in a tight barrel, and prepare to make more soap, if you have two large pots both of them can be kept going at the same time. Several barrels of soap can be made from one ley stand. A large oil cask is good to keep soap in. If a barrel leaks, set it under a spout in a rain, or fill it with water. It is of the greatest importance to keep the soap-fat in strong ley. Have an oil barrel in the cellar, half full of strong ley, and put in cracklings, bacon skins, pot skimmings, beef bones, or any scraps, when eaten by ley it will take but little boiling. It is much the easiest and safest way, where there are children, to make the soap without boiling. Put four gallons of soap-fat that has been eaten with ley, in a barrel with eight gallons of strong ley, stir it two or three times a day, for a week or two, then fill it up with weaker ley, you may have several barrels making at a time, so as always to have some for use, it takes some time to make it in this way. But if you are careful, and once get ahead, you need not boil the soap unless you prefer it so, if your ley is not strong, dissolve potash in hot water and add to strengthen it.

Hard Soap.

Have fifteen pounds of clean fat to twenty gallons of clear strong ley; let it boil until thick, when put in half a peck of coarse salt; if it does not curdle in two hours, put in more salt till it does, then pour it out in a tub to cool till the next day, when put on your pot with some weak ley, cut the soap out of the tub and boil it in this an hour, then put it in the tub, let it get cold, cut it in squares and put it on a board to dry. Unless you have plenty of ashes and soap-fat, it is much cheaper to buy hard soap than to make it. If you have but a barrel full of ashes you can make a barrel of soap, bore a hole in the bottom of a barrel, put a few sticks across, when half full of ashes put in a quart of lime and some water; keep the hole plugged up till you are ready to make the soap.

You can have a barrel of ashes put in the cellar in winter to use for washing and scrubbing, keep a tub under it to hold the ley as it drops.

Potash Soap.

Persons living in cities frequently have grease that would do to make soap, but are at a loss for ley, in consequence of burning coal instead of wood. Twelve pounds of pure grease of any kind, put with ten pounds of potash in an oil barrel, and filled with water, makes good thick soap, and is much cheaper than buying hard soap. It should be stirred frequently, and if the ingredients are put together in warm weather, and the barrel stands where it can be exposed to the heat of the sun, without danger of getting rain in it, it will be fit for use in a few weeks without the aid of fire, if you wish to make soap immediately put three pounds of potash, four of grease, and about ten gallons of water in a large iron pot, boil it over the fire, and it will make good thick soap in a few hours, it need only boil long enough to dissolve the potash, which is sometimes in very hard lumps. If you use the crumbled potash, you must put rather more of it, as it is not so strong, and a little lump of quick lime will make it turn quicker.

Another Receipt.

Two days before you wish to commence your soap, pour about two gallons of boiling water on ten or twelve pounds of potash, to dissolve it, then put it in an iron pot or kettle, with ten gallons of rain water, hang it over the fire, and when it has dissolved, pour

twelve pounds of grease, which has been purified by boiling in water, (or weak ley,) into a well hooped barrel, (an oil barrel from which one head has been taken, and the bung well fastened, is best,) then pour the water in which the potash was dissolved over the grease in the barrel, and stir it for half an hour; afterwards fill up the barrel with cold soft water, and stir it every day for two weeks. If at the end of that time, the fat swims on the top, beat a pound or two more of potash fine, throw it in the barrel, stir it well, and the soap will be finished.

Labor-saving Soap.

Take two pounds salt soda, two pounds yellow bar soap, ten quarts of water. Cut the soap in thin slices, and boil all together two hours, and strain it through a cloth, let it cool and it is fit for use. Put the clothes in soak the night before you wash, and to every pail of water in which you boil them, add one pound of the soap. They will need no rubbing, merely rinse them out, and they will be perfectly clean and white. This soap can be made for two cents per pound.

Ley and Soda Preparation for Washing Clothes.

To sixteen gallons of water, put one gallon of lime water; twelve ounces of soft soap, or if hard soap it must be first melted, and four ounces of soda, put them together in your wash kettle, and when nearly boiling, put in the clothes, being careful to have them as much of a kind as possible, they should be wet first with common water, boil one hour, then wash, scald and blue as usual. The limestone should remain in the water at least four days before it is used, and be about of the strength of lime-water for drinking, and the same stone will do for several times if good. The ley will do for boiling a second set of clothes by adding a little more, and afterwards for towels and coarse things. Prints and flannels must not be boiled.

Volatile Soap, _And Directions for Washing Clothes._

Cut up three pounds of country bard soap into three pints of strong ley; simmer it over the fire until the soap is dissolved, and add to it three ounces of pearl-ash, pour it into a stone jar, and stir in half a pint of spirits of turpentine, and a gill of spirits of hartshorn, cover the jar tight, and tie a cloth over it.

To use the soap, have a tub half full of water as hot as you can bear your hands in, assort the clothes, and, beginning with the cleanest of them, rub a small quantity of the soap on the soiled parts of each article, and immerse them in the water one by one, until it will cover no more, let them soak for fifteen or twenty minutes, then stir them well for a few minutes, and boil them for half an hour in eight or ten gallons of water, to which a table-spoonful of the soap has been added, rinse them, using blue water where it is required as usual, and they are ready for drying. After the white clothes are finished, the same waters will answer for the colored ones, adding hot water and more soap. By the use of this soap, most of the rubbing can be dispensed with, and it is not injurious to the texture of the clothes. It has been proved that the clothes washed in this way are more durable than with the common soaps, and the rubbing required in connection with them.

It is particularly recommended for washing flannels, and calicoes. The above quantity is sufficient for a family of four or five persons for a month, varying slightly as the clothes are more or less soiled. Its cheapness recommends it to all housekeepers.

Candles.

Weigh the tallow, then you can judge how many candles you can make, six and eight candles to the pound do very well for working and reading by, ten to the pound does to use in the kitchen or to carry about the house. Put the wicks on the rods the day before you expect to make candles, and dip them in a little melted tallow, you can then straighten them out. Have a large pot nearly half full of hot water, melt the tallow in another pot and fill it up, and keep more tallow at the fire to fill in as it is used out, put coals under the pot to keep it at a proper heat. Have poles set on stools about a foot apart, to support the rods, dip the rods in the pot, alternately, until they are as large as you wish them. Wax makes candles burn longer, but turns them yellow. The best way is, to put in two pounds of wax, when you first begin to dip, and it will be used up before they are dipped the last time, when they are done, cut off the ends and put them in boxes. Most good managers in the country make enough candles at a time to last a year. If you have not enough tallow to dip candles, you can mould some mutton tallow is very good for this purpose.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

Clear Starching.

Wash your muslins nicely; rub hard soap on them, and pour boiling water on, let them lay in this half an hour, or if they are very yellow, boil them in water that has a little blue, in a bell metal kettle, let them dry in the sun, boil your starch half an hour, as it will be clearer, and the things will take less clapping, rub the starch over the muslin until it is well covered, then clap it a few times, afterwards stretch out the muslin and hold it to the fire until it smokes, then stretch, clap, and shake it until the piece is dry enough to iron. When you begin to starch, have a pile of plates near, and as fast as the things are ready to iron, fold them up, and put them between the plates to keep moist. It is a good plan to have a board about three feet long and a foot wide, with a piece of blanket tacked on round the edges, to iron your collars and handkerchiefs on.

There is an art in doing up muslins, which will take but little time when once it is acquired. The same directions answer for clear starching crape, (which must first be bleached as flannels are done,) and add some drop lake to the blue coloring. In cold weather, to rub your hands over with a little clean tallow prevents them from chapping, and will not alter the appearance of the muslin.

To make Corn Starch.

Gather the corn when it is a proper age for table use; have a large tin grater, and grate the corn into a clean vessel, into which drop the cobs as you grate them until the vessel is about half full, rub the cobs and squeeze them dry as possible, and put them into another vessel of clean water, rub and squeeze them again the third rinsing will take all the starch out, let it settle, and then pour all the starch together and strain it through a coarse cloth, and then through a flannel, and let it settle until the next morning, when you will find a thick yellow substance under the water, covering the pure white article in the bottom of the vessel, remove the yellow substance and pour clean water on the starch and stir it up, as soon as it settles thoroughly again, pour off the water and put the starch on dishes, and set it in the sun to dry. When you want to use it, moisten it with cold water and pour boiling water on, till it is the right consistency for use. It requires no boiling.

Potato Starch.

Pare the potatoes and scrape or grate them in a pan of water, when this is done stir them well, and let them stand a few minutes to settle, pour off the water and the pulp from the top; pour water on the starch that has settled, and stir it up, let it settle again, when it will be nice and white, and may be put on plates to dry in the sun, after which it may be put away in a box or paper bags. It maybe used immediately. Stir it in boiling water as other starch, but boil it much less. It is said that potato starch will injure muslins when left to lay by for some time, it is used in some preparations of confectionary, and answers the same purpose as Poland starch.

To make Common Starch.

Mix a pint of wheat flour with cold water, till it is the consistence of batter, stir it into a gallon of boiling water, let it boil a few minutes, when strain it and mix in the blue--when it is ready to thin for white clothes. Some put a small piece of tallow in the starch as it boils--it makes it clearer.

Washing Calicoes, &c.

Calicoes may be kept from fading by washing them in the suds after white clothes, if it requires more soap, stir it in the water, as putting it on the garment will fade it, have the water moderately warm, and put in a handful of salt, when all the dirt is out, rinse them in clean water, starch, and hang them to dry on the wrong side, where they will get the air but not the sun. Alum is good to set colors. If you want to wash a calico dress, which you know will fade, make a corn mush, and as it boils, pour off half, which use as soap in washing the dress, and with the other half, (which should be boiled well,) starch it, and hang it out immediately. In washing bed quilts, to prevent fading, spread them on the clean grass wrong side up, this prevents the colors running into each other.

For chintz or lawn dresses have very nice starch, and clap it into them, after they are hung on the line, they iron much better this way, and look almost like new, sometimes to wash the cuffs and lower part carefully, and press it all over, will do without washing the whole dress. For ironing the skirt have a narrow ironing board, covered with a piece of blanket, to slip inside the dress.

Table Cloths, &c.

When two or three spots get on a table cloth, dip a towel in clean water and rub them off, and dry the cloth before it is put away, this saves washing, and if done carefully it will look like a clean cloth. If table cloths are stained with fruit, pour boiling water on the spots before soap is put on, when it is so deep that this will not take it out, apply lemon juice and salt, dry it in the sun, and put it on several times. You should always have cup-plates, as the marks of a coffee-cup spoils the appearance of a cloth, and the stain is

hard to get out. When table cloths and towels get yellow, soak them in sour milk several days. Unbleached table cloths are very good to save washing in winter, and can be laid by in summer, care should be taken to hang them to dry in the shade, as that will keep them from bleaching. New table cloths do not require any starch, but those that are partly worn look better for a little, every thing washes easier that has starch in. Nice table cloths, and all fine things, after being sprinkled and folded, should be tightly rolled up in towels, and ironed till perfectly dry, they will then retain their gloss. Large table cloths should be brushed clean from crumbs, and folded without shaking, as that tumbles them; those in daily use should be put under a press--a heavy book is suitable, or a board may be made for the purpose; they will keep in credit much longer than when laid in a drawer. It is well to put a common muslin cloth under a damask one on the table, as it improves the appearance.

Flannels.

Have the water in which you wash flannel as hot as you can bear your hands in, and rub the soap in the water, or it will shrink the flannel. The water it is rinsed in should also be hot.

When flannels have become yellow and fulled up, I have often smoked them with brimstone, and they will be as white as new, and the fulled places will open. The best plan is to have a box or chest, with strings put across to hang the flannels on, and a drawer to pull out where you can set in a pan with coals and brimstone. Have the flannels nicely washed, and put them in wet, close it up till you think it wants more brimstone, when you can pull out the drawer and renew it.

After they are bleached, they should hang up in the air to let the smell of the brimstone escape. If you have but a few things to do, you can put strings across the top of an old barrel, (with both the heads out,) cover it with a thick cloth, and lift it up to put in a pan of brimstone and coals. Always wash scarlet flannel with hard soap.

Mending Clothes.

All clothes should be looked over before they are put away, and if any require mending it must not be neglected; a broken stitch that can be mended in a few minutes, if left till it has been worn again, will require much more time. If young housekeepers suffer their mending to get behind hand, it will discourage them. After mending a shirt, it should be pressed before it is put away. If stocking heels are run while they are new, and the thin places darned in time, it saves much work.

Washing Windows.

A little soda dissolved in the water is valuable for washing windows; do not let it run on the sash, or it will stain the paint; rinse them in clear water, and wipe dry with a clean soft towel. When they are but little soiled, clear water will answer, but if smoked or coated with any thing, soda should be always used. Some persons rub their windows with soft buckskin or newspaper, when they are dry and clean, to give them a polish.

To Make White or Colored Washes, Dyeing, &c.

Take half a bushel of unslaked lime, slack with boiling water, covering it during the process to keep in the steam. Strain the liquid through a fine sieve or strainer, and add to it a peck of clean salt, previously dissolved in warm water, three pounds of ground rice boiled, to a thin paste; stir in, boiling hot, one pound of Spanish whiting, one of clean glue, dissolved by soaking it well, and simmering over a slow fire in a small kettle within a larger one containing water; add five gallons of boiling water to the whole mixture; stir it well, and if you are not ready to use it, cover it close. It should be put on quite hot; for this purpose, it can be kept in a kettle on a portable furnace. Coloring matter may be added to make any shade desired. Spanish brown stirred in will make a pink color, more or less deep according to the quantity, a delicate tinge of this is very pretty for inside walls. Indigo mixed with the Spanish brown makes a delicate purple, or alone with the mixture, a pale blue. Lamp-black, in moderate quantity, makes a slate color, suitable for the outside of buildings.

Lamp-black and Spanish brown together, produce a reddish stone color, yellow ochre, a yellow wash, but chrome goes further and makes a brighter color. It is well to try on a shingle, or piece of paper, or board, and let it dry to ascertain the color. If you wash over old paper, make a sizing of wheat flour like thin starch, put it on, and when dry, put on the coloring, for a white-washed wall, make a sizing of whiting and glue water. This precaution should always be taken before using chrome yellow or green, as the previous use of lime injures the color of the chrome. When walls have been badly smoked, add to your white-wash sufficient indigo to make it a clear white.

To Mix White-wash.

Pour a kettle of boiling water on a peck of unslaked lime, put in two pounds of whiting, and half a pint of salt, when all are mixed together, put in half an ounce of _Prussian blue,_ finely powdered, add water to make it a proper thickness to put on a wall.

White-wash for Buildings or Fences.

Put in a barrel, one bushel of best unslaked lime, pour on it two buckets of boiling water, and when it is mixed put in six pounds of fine whiting, fill up the barrel with water, stir it well, and keep it covered from the rain, let it stand several days before you use it, when stir it up; thin it with milk as you use it, and put half a pint of salt to each bucket full. This makes a durable wash for a rough-cast or frame house, or for fences; the salt prevents it from peeling off.

Chrome Yellow-wash.

Mix four pounds of whiting with as much water as will go over the room; dissolve a tea-cupful of glue, and put in; then wash the walls with this to prevent the lime from affecting the chrome; if they come in contact, the walls will be striped, and will not look at all well. Mix a wash of whiting, water and glue, and color it with two pounds of chrome yellow. After walls have been yellow, and you want to have them white, they must be washed over with whiting and glue, and then white-washed in the usual way.

Yellow Ochre wash.

Dissolve a pound of glue in hot water, and stir into it three pounds of yellow ochre, and one of whiting; mix it well, and thin it with water or skim milk. It is a suitable wash for a common room or kitchen.

Lamp-black mixed with molasses, and put in white-wash, makes a good color for a kitchen.

To Dye Orange Color.

For five pounds of woolen yarn, have one pound of annotta; dissolve it in boiling water, and put it in a pot of soft water with half a pound of pearl-ash; boil them ten minutes, stirring it well; wet the yarn in soap-suds; put it in, and let it boil twenty minutes; then hang it in the sun, and when dry, if it is not deep enough, dip it in again; and after it is thoroughly dry, wash it in soap and water.

Green-wash.

Take four pounds of blue vitriol, pound it fine, and mix with it three pounds of beat whiting, and half a pound of potash; pour on them six quarts of boiling water, and mix in half a pound of glue dissolved in water. Wash the walls with whiting before it is put on.

Chrome Yellow for Dyeing Carpet Rags.

Dissolve the chrome in warm water in an earthen vessel; dip the rags in vinegar and water, then in the chrome dye, and hang in the sun to dry. This color will stand for years in a rag carpet, and is very little trouble. Six cents worth of chrome will dye several pounds.

To Dye a Dark Drab.

For ten pounds of cotton or wool, have half a bushel of maple bark, the same of sumach berries, and a peck of walnut hulls or bark; put a layer of this in an iron pot, and a layer of the wool, till all is in; cover it with water, and boil it slowly for three hours, keeping the pot filled with water; then hang it out, and when dry, wash one skein, and if it is not dark enough, strain the dye, and put in a tea-cup of copperas; put in the yarn, and let it scald a few minutes; take it out, dry it, and wash it well with soft soap and water.

To Dye Cotton or Woollen Black.

To each pound of yarn, have one ounce of copperas, nine of logwood, a handful of salt, and a quart of good vinegar, which boil with copperas ten minutes in a brass kettle; shave the logwood, and boil it in an iron pot; when the color is extracted, strain it into the vinegar; put in the yarn, and let it simmer twenty minutes stirring it; then hang it in the air, and if it is not black enough, boil it over. You should have a clear day to do all coloring in.

Cedar Dye.

Boil the boughs of cedar in two or three gallons of water, for several hours, in an iron vessel; strain it off, add half a tea-spoonful of copperas, put it on the fire, and put in the articles you wish to dye; let them boil a few minutes, then hang them up to dry. This will dye sage color, and can be used for cotton, woollen or silk, and has the advantage of retaining its color. The cedar boughs should he used in the fall of the year, when the berries are on them. Pear bark is an improvement and makes the color darker.

To Dye Olive.

Make a strong sage tea, and add copperas and alum till it is dark; strain it; dip the cloth or silk in weak soap-suds, and then in the dye, and air it, till it is the color you wish.

Maple bark and copperas make a good dark color for common purposes.

To Dye Yellow.

Boil peach leaves when they are turning yellow in the fall, with a little alum.

Onion skins boiled with alum make a good yellow.

To Dye Brown.

Take young walnuts, with some of the leaves and bark; wash your wool in soap-suds; put a layer of it in a barrel, and a layer of the walnuts; fill it up with water, and put a weight on the top; at the end of a week wring it out, and let it lay in the hot sun two hours; put it back in the dye, and at the end of another week, sun it again; keep it in until sufficiently dark, when wash it in soap-suds. This makes a pretty brown that will not fade, and is stronger than when dyed with copperas.

To Dye Red.

To four pounds of yarn, take one pound of fine alum, and boil it in as much water as will cover the yarn; put in the yarn, and let it boil gently half an hour; then take it out and dry it; make a dye of two pounds of madder, and two ounces of crude tartar pulverized, and boil it; then put in the yarn, and let it boil half an hour; take it out and air it, and if it is not dark enough, put it in again, and boil it longer.

Brazil Wood Dye.

Tie two pounds of red or Brazil wood in a thin bag, and boil it for several hours in a brass or copper kettle in water; take out the Brazil wood and add a pound of alum, then put the rags in, and let them boil some time; hang them in the sun, and dry without washing them. This will dye woolen _red_, and cotton _pink_. Washing in soap suds will change it to purple.

Lead Color.

Take four ounces of red wood, two of logwood, half an ounce of pounded nut-galls, and quarter of a pound of green copperas; boil them in ten gallons of water, and strain it; wash the wool or cloth in soap-suds, put it in, and let it remain till it is as dark as you wish it; dry it in the sun, and wash it in soap-suds. Sugar paper, boiled in vinegar, makes a good lead color for stockings.

To Dye Scarlet.

Take one pound of blood root, and one pound of madder, boil them in six gallons of ley, then stir them three or four times in twenty-four hours, till there are signs of fermentation. This dyes ten pounds of cotton or linen.

To Dye Yarn Green.

Take one ounce of best Spanish indigo, finely powdered, and half a pound of oil of vitriol; put them in a bottle, and let them stand in the sun a week; shake it often, but do not cork it tight, lest it should burst the bottle; take four pounds of black-oak bark, and the same of hickory, shave them fine, and soak them till wet through; then boil them in ten gallons of water till all the color is extracted; when take out the chips, put in a pound of alum; shake the bottle of indigo and vitriol, and pour it in; let them boil together a few minutes, and put in the yarn; turn it over several times, and let it boil half an hour; then spread it out in the sun for about an hour, and wash it well in strong soap-suds through two waters, to keep it from becoming tender. This will color ten pounds of yarn. You

may have a fine blue color by omitting the bark. It will not answer for any thing but wool or silk, as the vitriol will destroy linen or cotton.

To Dye Cotton Blue.

Boil a pound of chipped logwood in water enough to cover the cotton; take out half a gallon, and dissolve in it an ounce of verdigris, and one of alum; boil the yarn in the logwood water an hour, stirring it, and keeping it loose; then take it out, and mix in the verdigris; put back the yarn, and let it boil four hours, stir all the time, and take it out every hour to give it air, dry it in the sun, and the next day boil it in soap-suds. This will dye six pounds of cotton a deep blue. After it is done, you may put in as much more, and it will dye a pale blue.

To Keep Apples in Winter.

Pick them carefully, so as not to bruise them; put them in an out-house, exposed to the north, either in boxes, or barrels, or lying in heaps; after they have been several weeks in this situation, pick them over and put them in barrels which should be headed; if the weather is not severe, let them remain in this cold situation as long as it will be safe, without their being frozen, then remove them to the cellar. Do not shut the windows till the severe weather comes on. Some persons pack them, in dry chaff, or sand, and put them in barrels and boxes in a cool garret.

Directions for Making Matresses.

If you have an old curled hair matress, you can make two, that will be equally useful as those that are composed of curled hair, by using cotton and hackled corn husks, in alternate layers with the hair. Some persons use a quantity of green corn, and save all the husks, and strip them with a fork, or hackle, and spread them on a garret floor to dry; they are nicer in this state than prepared from the dry husk; but if you have not sufficient, take the dry husks from corn that has been stripped off the top and blade in the field, and have it hackled as flax; for one matress, have as much as will fill two flour barrels tightly packed; sixteen pounds of refuse cotton, (such as is sometimes sold very low at the factories,) and half the hair of an old matress, (which should be well picked;) measure the bedstead you wish it for, and allow to each breadth of the ticking, a quarter of a yard in length over; for a small matress less should be allowed, and the same in width, (as it takes up in making;) cut the side strips as deep as you wish the matress, fit the corners, cut out a place for the foot posts, or fit each end square alike; after the bottom and sides are sewed together, run a tuck all round to save binding, sew the tick in a quilting frame, and stay it to the end pieces as a quilt; put a table under to support the weight, (which can be shifted as it is sewed;) first put a layer of hair, then cotton, then husks alternately, till it is done; be careful to let the hair be next the ticking; put some all round the sides and edges. When all is in, put on the top, and baste it down with strong thread; then with a chalk line strike across, to form squares to sew it by. Have a long needle prepared and polished smoothly, threaded with twine, or several strands of strong shoe thread; this should be well waxed, and long enough to go through and back again; have tufts, or two pieces of strong cloth prepared, to secure the stitches on both sides; one person should be under the frame, to pull the needle through and put it back; it should be tied tightly as possible; when you have done stitching, the matress should be sewed all round, taken out of the frame and the raw edges bound. They can be made of cotton and husks, without hair, or cotton alone. Those that have sheep can use the coarse wool, (and such as is not profitable for manufacturing,) with the husks, it is more elastic than cotton. Many persons are deprived of one of the greatest comforts in summer, and sleep on feathers, when a little care in preparing the materials, and putting them together would furnish your chambers with the most healthy and pleasant beds; a large cotton sheet should be kept on a matress, or a case made of unbleached muslin, this covering should be occasionally washed and starched. If you cannot get husks, straw will answer, or hay.

To Make a Rag Carpet.

Ten pounds of purple warp, ten of green, four of yellow, seven of red, will make a pretty stripe, mingled and arranged according to your fancy; the above quantity of warp, with fifty-eight pounds of rags will make forty-two yards, yard wide. In most cities warp can be purchased ready colored. A very good proportion is a pound and a quarter of rags, and three-quarters of a pound of warp to the yard. Save all the scraps in cutting out work; have a bag for the purpose hanging in a convenient place, and when you have leisure cut them. Old muslin garments that are not worth giving away, may be torn in strips and colored. In cutting out clothes for boys, from men's garments, there will always be scraps and strips. By purchasing a little red flannel to mix in, the appearance is improved. A carpet wears cleaner to be about one-third cotton, and two-thirds woollen rags to mix the colors. Do not sew a strip that is longer than three yards, and the cotton should be much shorter, as the warp is usually of that material, there is more danger from

fire.

To Keep Furs and Woollens.

Crack the grains of black pepper, and sprinkle in among your furs and woollen clothes; after they have been shaken and aired, fold them smooth and put them in linen bags or sheets; keep them in a large trunk or dark closet, and look at them once through the summer to see that they are safe. Tobacco and camphor are also good to pack them in, but the smell continues with them a long time, and is disagreeable to some persons. They should be well shaken and aired before they are worn.

To Keep Curtains.

Take the curtains down in the spring, shake them carefully and brush the dust from them; let them air a day, but not so that the sun will fade them; then fold them neatly, and pin them up in sheets.

Moreen or worsted curtains require the same care as woollen cloths.

To Keep Blankets in Summer.

If you have any blankets that are soiled and require washing in the spring, have it nicely done; when they are perfectly dry, put them on a bedstead in a spare chamber, keeping out one to use on each bed through the summer; spread a large sheet over; tuck under all round, and secure the corners with pins; tins will keep them from dust and moths, and makes a good bed to use in hot weather.

Carpets, &c.

When you take up carpets in the spring to put down matting, have them well shaken, and if there are any spots on them, they should be washed off with a stiff brush and dried; if there is oil or grease spilt on them, mix up whiting or nice clay with water; spread it on both sides of the spot, and baste thick paper over it. When dry, fold it up the size of a bedstead, and pin a coarse sheet round it. In this way they will be secure from moths, and the addition of a few quilted comforts on the top, makes a very pleasant bed in summer. The small moth-fly appears early in the summer, and should always be destroyed when seen, as the moth is produced from the eggs which they deposit in woollens; by being careful to kill them when they first come, a house may be kept nearly clear of them. Select the softest brooms for sweeping carpets, as stiff ones wear them out.

House Linen.

Have a book in which to set down all the bed and table linen, towels and napkins; every article of which should be marked and numbered, and counted at least once a month.

To Clean Paint.

Rub some whiting very fine on a plate; have ready some clean warm water, and a piece of flannel, which dip in the water and squeeze very dry; then take as much whiting as will stick to the flannel, and rub the paint to remove dust or grease, then wash it well with clean water and wipe it dry with a soft cloth.

Bran boiled in water, and left to settle, is very good to clean paint; use a soft cloth or flannel; it will take off fly specks and impart a gloss to the paint; wipe it quite dry. Unless soap is used with great care, it will injure paint.

Varnished paint requires nothing but clean warm water and to be wiped dry.

To Clean Bedsteads.

In the summer, bedsteads should be brushed and searched every week; if they are infested with bugs, boil the sacking in ley and water, or put it in an oven, on some boards, after the bread is taken out, to kill the eggs; fill a large bottle with red pepper pods of the strongest kind, and fill it up with vinegar; put this in each crack of the bedsteads every morning, until they entirely disappear; never omit to search the bedsteads longer than a week. It is a good way to fill up all the cracks of the bedsteads with resin soap. After they are cleaned, move the bed from the wall and fill up every crack in the plastering with calcined plaster and water, or putty.

Sometimes bed-bugs are brought in the cleanest houses before the family are aware of it. When persons return from travelling, the trunks should always be examined before they are taken into the chambers, or put away; a little care at the proper time will prevent

much trouble. Some persons scald their bedsteads with boiling vinegar; the acid is said to dissolve the shell of the egg. If poison is used, great care is necessary.

It is said that lard is good to use on bedsteads that are infested with bugs; the grease prevents their increase. All the cracks should be filled after the bedstead has been well searched.

To Clean Floors.

Scour all the spots with soap and sand, then go all over with the long scrubbing brush, a few boards at a time; rinse it well and wipe it dry. A floor that has been well cleaned, and dried without being walked on, will keep clean much longer than one that has been half done; too much soap or ley makes a floor look yellow.

Bare floors are very pleasant in summer, and when they get a few spots, they can be taken out with dry white sand, and a shoe-sole, and will not need scrubbing more than two or three times in a summer.

Cleaning Cellars--Rats, Roaches.

In the spring, cellars should be swept, and all refuse vegetables taken out; if left till warm weather, they will become putrid, and endanger the health of your family. The sprouts should be rubbed from the potatoes; all the barrels should be moved and swept under. Have boards laid on the floor for meat and fish barrels, and after they are emptied, have them washed and drained ready for use. Empty flour barrels should be swept out and the heads and hoops saved. Have lime sprinkled over the cellar floor twice during the summer, or oftener if it should be necessary. If the windows are kept shut in warm weather, the air will be unwholesome. Do not trust to servants, examine and see that it is done thoroughly.

The apartments where cold meat and milk are kept should be cobwebbed and swept once a week, and the safe washed out at least that often. If the cellar is paved with brick, keep a part of it washed clean, to set cold meat and milk on; cover them with tin pans and put a weight on the top if rats are troublesome. If there are rat holes have them stopped with pieces of brick, and broken glass bottles; never use ratsbane without the greatest caution, as it is a dangerous remedy. No food or milk should be in the cellar at the time, and keep it locked up all the while it is there. I have heard of lives being lost by it. Have water set about in pans for the rats to drink, and after three days, clear it all away and have the cellar cleaned and aired before putting any thing in it. Several persons have been in great danger from burning the arsenic; when it is used it should be put deep in the ground and covered up.

Mice are kept under by a good cat, and traps. If roaches are troublesome, set bowls or deep dishes, with molasses and a plate on the top, with room for them to get in, and set it close to a wall. I have seen hundreds caught in this way in one night, and it is much safer than setting any thing poisonous about the kitchen or pantry. They should be burnt in the morning, and the dishes set again at night. If you find a closet infested with ants, remove every thing that will attract them, scald and clean it well, and they will soon leave it. It is said that strips of cotton or linen dipped in spirits of turpentine, and placed about the closets, will drive them away.

Mats should be placed at all the outside doors, and at the top and bottom of the cellar stairs.

Putting Straw under Carpets.

It is thought that carpets wear better when straw is spread over the floor before they are put down, and it will prevent the dust from rising so much. Care should be taken to have them well tacked down, as it is dangerous on account of fire. Where straw is used, they may be kept down a much longer time without being shaken.

Picking Geese, &c.

When you pick geese and ducks, have a tub of boiling water; dip each one in, turning it over to let every part be well scalded, and as each one is scalded, wrap it up in a cloth, and when they are nearly cold, pick them. In this way the pen feathers are loosened, and they can be picked much cleaner. Wetting the feathers does not hurt them if they are well dried. They should be put in bags, and frequently sunned. Baking them in the oven after the bread comes out, cures them more thoroughly than any other way. Turkey and chicken feathers are not so good for beds as goose and duck; they may be picked in the same way.

Marble, &c.

Marble mantles should be washed but seldom; wipe off spots with a damp cloth, and rub them dry. Hearths should be washed with soap and water. When there is a spot of grease, mix clay or whiting with soft soap, and put on. Soap-stone hearths may be scoured with soap and fine sand, and washed off.

To Restore Colors taken out by Acid, &c.

Hartshorn rubbed on a silk or woollen garment will restore the color without injuring it. Spirits of turpentine is good to take grease or drops of paint out of cloth; apply it till the paint can be scraped off. Rub French chalk or magnesia on silk or ribbon that has been greased and hold near the fire; this will absorb the grease so that it may be brushed off.

To make New Feather Beds.

In making new feather beds, put half a pound of cayenne, and half a pound of black pepper in each bed; this will prevent the moths from getting into new feathers that have not been well cured. It is best to air your beds frequently, and shake them up, even if they are not slept in. It is the oil in the feathers that makes them smell bad, and when in constant use the heat of the body dries it up gradually; when beds or pillows have acquired this unpleasant smell, open them and put a few pounded cloves in each.

When new beds are covered with cases, the moth will sometimes eat through without its being discovered. Covers also prevent the air from sweetening the feathers, and when new they should never be covered unless in use. When beds are slept on, it is best to have a thick cotton sheet, or if it is cold weather, a blanket between the under sheet and the bed, and have them washed and aired occasionally.

To Clean Silver.

Wash the silver in soda water, rub it with whiting, and polish it with a piece of dry buckskin. Embossed silver requires a stiff brush. Another way is to let the silver lay in chalk and water for an hour, then take it out, and wipe it dry on flannel; polish it with a piece of buckskin.

Britannia Ware.

First wash it clean in soap-suds, then rub it with a woollen cloth and whiting, and polish off with dry buckskin.

Brass.

First rub the brasses with turpentine, vinegar or whiskey, then with rotten-stone and a woollen cloth, and polish off with a piece of soft leather.

For brasses that have been long out of use, chalk and vinegar may be used.

To Clean Stoves or Grates.

Have the stove slightly warm, and if there is rust on it rub it off with a dry brush; mix some black lead or British lustre with boiling water, rub it on a small part of the stove at a time, and polish it with a stiff brush. If the stove needs but little cleaning, wet the spots with water, dust a little lead on the brush and rub it quickly. The black lead should be washed off several times a year, and then renewed. Sheet iron stoves should be rubbed with a woollen cloth, as a brush is apt to streak. The lead may be mixed with the white of an egg in cold water. Alum water is good to mix lustre; it prevents the stove from rusting.

To polish the hearth of a Franklin stove, rub it over with a piece of grindstone, or use coarse sand with the sole of a shoe; when it begins to look bright, polish it with pumice stone.

Cement to Mend Cracks in Stoves.

Take two parts of ashes, three of clay, and one of sand; mix them well together with water, and put it on when the stove is cold. It is also good to stop a leak in a roof.

Fire-proof Cement.

Slack a peck of lime in boiling water; put into it three pounds of salt, three of brown sugar, and one of alum; mix them well together, and color it with lamp-black or ochre. This has been recommended to put on the roof of a building that is exposed to fire.

To Take Spots out of Mahogany.

Put a piece of paper on the spot, and hold a warm iron over it, then rub it with a waxed cloth. If furniture is hurt with flies, it should be well washed with a cloth, and rubbed with a cork and a waxed cloth.

Varnished furniture should be first rubbed with sweet oil, and then with a waxed cloth.

To Take Grease out of Floors.

Mix clay or fullers' earth with ley, and put a thick coat on the grease spot; scrape it off every few days, and put on more. To put soft soap on the place, and rub it over with a hot iron, will take out the grease.

Wash for Hearths.

Mix red ochre in milk, and put it on the hearths with a brush.

Blacking for Boots and Shoes.

Take one ounce of vitriolic acid, one wine-glass of olive oil, two ounces of ivory black, an ounce of gum arabic, a quart of vinegar, and a tea-cup of molasses; put the vitriol and oil together, then add the ivory black and other ingredients; when all are well mixed, bottle it.

To Make Boots and Shoes Water-proof.

Take one pint of linseed oil, one ounce of Burgundy pitch, two of beeswax, and two of spirits of turpentine; melt them carefully over a slow fire. With this you may rub new or old shoes in the sun, or at a short distance from the fire, and they will last longer, never shrink, and keep out water.

To Make Blacking for Morocco Shoes.

Pound some black sealing wax, and put in a bottle with half a pint of alcohol; shake it frequently, and when it is dissolved, you may rub it on morocco shoes when they are scaled or defaced, and they will look almost like new; dry it on in the sun.

To Grease Eggs for Winter.

In the spring when eggs are plenty and cheap, it is very well to put up several hundred, to use in the winter, when it is very difficult to get them, even in the country.

Grease each egg with sweet lard, and as you do so, lay them in a keg or jar, or old tin vessels that are out of use; put them in a dry closet and keep them covered over; if they are put in the cellar, they are liable to mould, which spoils them entirely. Do not put in any cracked ones, or they will injure the rest. In this way they have been known to keep a year, and were nearly as good for puddings, or batter cakes, as fresh eggs. They do not do to boil, or make pound or sponge cake, as they lose part of their lightening property.

To Keep Eggs in Lime Water.

Pour two gallons of hot water on a pint of lime and half a pint of salt; put the eggs in a jar or keg, and when it is cold, pour it over them, and put them in a cellar to keep; be sure that there are no cracked ones. Eggs may be kept a month or longer, spread out separately on dishes, so as one will not lay on another. They will keep best in a dark closet.

To Clean Soiled Eggs.

When eggs are discolored from laying on the ground, wash them first in strong vinegar, and then in cold water, and wipe them dry on a soft towel.

Chloride of Lime.

A few spoonsful of chloride of lime dissolved in some water in a bowl or saucer, is very useful to purify the apartment of an invalid, or in any case where there is an unpleasant smell, of any kind. It is a cheap article, and should always he kept convenient where there is sickness in the house.

To Take Lime out of Cloth.

Lime spots on woollen clothes may be effectually removed, by putting a little strong vinegar on the part, which completely neutralizes the lime, and does not usually effect the color; but it will be safest to wash it over with a cloth dipped in water, and rub it till nearly dry.

Hartshorn and alcohol mixed together are very useful in taking spots out of cloth or merino, applied with something that will not leave lint.

To Take Wax or Spermaceti out of Cloth.

Hold a red hot flat-iron within an inch or two of the cloth, and this will make the wax or spermaceti evaporate entirely; then rub the place with a towel (that is free from lint) or clean brown paper.

To Remove a Stopper from a Decanter.

Wet a cloth with hot water and wrap it round the neck of the bottle; this will cause the glass to expand, and the neck will be enlarged so as to allow of the stopper to be withdrawn, without any trouble.

Precautions against Fire.

Perhaps it may not be improper to remark that houses have been saved from being destroyed by fire at night, by there having been buckets of water left in the kitchen.

Never go to bed without seeing that there is a supply in readiness. Housekeepers should also arrange their family affairs so as to have as little going about with lights by servants as possible. Chimneys should be swept at proper intervals, and if you burn them, let it be on a rainy morning and never at night.

To Take Ink and Stains out of Linen.

Dip the spotted part in pure melted tallow, then wash out the tallow and the ink will come out with it. If you get a stain of fruit of any kind on linen, boil a little new milk, and dip the parts in and out for a few minutes; this must be done before any water is used, or it will not be likely to succeed. Oxalic acid, or salt and lemon juice are good, and care should be taken to rinse the articles well after the application.

Herbs, Gardens and Yards.

If you have a garden, be careful to raise herbs, both for cooking and to use in sickness. Parsley, thyme, sage and sweet marjoram occupy very little room in a garden, and cannot very well be dispensed with for kitchen use; and every family should have a bunch of wormwood; it is a fine tonic, either made while fresh, cut fine, with cold water, or after it has been dried, made with boiling water. Tansey is also a useful herb. Hoarhound is excellent for coughs, and is particularly useful in consumptive complaints, either as a syrup or made into candy. Balm is a cooling drink in a fever. Catnip tea is useful when you have a cold, and wish to produce a perspiration, and is good for infants that have the colic. Garlic is good for colds, and for children that have the croup; you should have some taken up in the fall to use through the winter. The root of elecampane gathered in the fall, scraped, sliced, and strung with a needle and thread to dry, will keep its strength for several years, and is useful for a cough with hoarhound. Rue is a valuable herb, a tea made of it and sweetened is good for worms.

It is not expected that persons living in a town should have room in their garden for herbs, but they are generally to be purchased at market, and should always be kept in the house, as sometimes in the winter they are much needed when it is difficult to find them.

Herbs should be spread out on a cloth to dry; turn them every day; when dry, put them in thick paper bags, and close up the top, so as to exclude the air. They can be kept hanging up, or laid on the shelf of a closet, where they will not be affected by damp.

Such herbs as sage, thyme and sweet marjoram, when thoroughly dry, should be pounded, sifted, and corked in bottles. Parsley should be cut fine with a pair of scissors, dried, and put in bottles; it is nearly as good this way as when fresh; keep it in a dark closet.

Where you have a garden, do not throw away the soap-suds that are left from washing, as they are very good to water herbs and flowers.

It is very important to have early vegetables. A garden that is spaded, or ploughed in the winter, is ready to plant much earlier. There are many things that will bear the spring frosts without injury, and if planted early will be ready to grow when the fine weather comes. Tomatoes should be sowed in boxes or a hot-bed to be ready to transplant.

The scrapings of a cellar are good to put in the garden to enrich it. Ashes sprinkled on a yard, or grass plat, will keep down the coarse grass, and produce white clover.

The grass should be cut out of a brick pavement with a knife, and boiling ley poured on to kill the roots.

Seeds should be saved as they ripen, from the finest plants; they should be kept in a box with a tight lid to keep them from mice.

Greasers for Bake-irons.

Take pieces of fat from the back bone, or chine of pork; cut them in pieces of half a pound each; leave the skin on; salt them. They will do to grease the bake-iron where you have buckwheat cakes every morning in winter, and should be kept in a cool place; after remaining in salt several weeks, they may be hung up in an airy place. This is nicer than suet.

Cement for the Tops of Bottles or Jars.

Take equal parts of rosin and brick-dust pounded fine; a lump of beeswax; stew them together, and keep in an old tin, melting it when you want to seal your bottles or jars.

Cement for Mending Cast-iron.

To mend a crack or sand hole in an iron pot, beat up the white of an egg, and mix equal weight of salt and sifted ashes; work it very smooth and fill up the crack, let it harden before it is used. If it is a large sand hole you wish to mend, put in a rivet and secure it with the cement, if it gets loose it is easily fastened by the same process.

Weather Proof Cement.

Take of fine sand one part, two of clay, three of ashes; mix with linseed oil to the consistency required. Put it on with a towel or brush. It is said to become as hard as marble.

To Cleanse Vials, &c.

Put ashes and water in each one, and boil them in water, letting them heat gradually. Pie plates may be cleansed in the same way. Iron pots that have been used for boiling milk, may be cleaned by boiling ashes and water in them.

Mending China with Milk.

China can be mended if not too badly broken, by boiling it in skim milk, it should be entirely clear of cream, or the oily particles will prevent its adhesion. Tie the pieces with tape or fine cord, put them into a kettle of cold milk, and let them boil two hours, then take it off the fire, and when cold take the china out, and set it away; let it stand for several months. China pitchers, tea-pot lids, cup-plates and dishes, have been used for years after being mended in this way.

Mending China with White Lead.

Take the bottom of an old paint keg, and carefully with a small knife, put it on the edge of glass or china, close the parts together, and place away; if badly broken, mend the small parts first, and set away; then when dry, putty the edges you wish to join carefully, and set on the top shelf of a closet, where it will be undisturbed for a year.

Linseed Oil for Furniture.

For polishing mahogany or walnut furniture, (that has never been varnished) linseed oil has been recommended. It possesses a tendency to harden and become solid, on long exposure to the air. It is this peculiar quality that renders it useful in its application to furniture. Rub the furniture you wish to polish (having previously washed all the wax from it with soap and water) all over with the oil; a small piece of sponge is suitable for the purpose, let it remain a few minutes so as to sink in the wood; then rub it in with a soft cloth, and again with a clean cloth. Do this every other day and your table will soon be fit to use for breakfast or tea without fear of spoiling the polish; when you wash it off it should be done with plain warm water, as soap will injure it. It is best not to use a table till it has had several rubbings with the oil, and then apply it once a week. The pores being filled with the application it becomes hard. Always give a table that is in use a rub with a dry cloth every morning.

For Filtering Water.

Put a thick layer of pounded charcoal, (say six inches,) at the bottom of a large earthen flower-pot; over this, lay a bed of fine sand, which has been washed, (to prevent its giving a taste to the water;) pour the water in the filterer and put a large stone pitcher under to receive it.

On A Larger Scale.

Prepare a tight barrel by charring it on the inside, (by having some hickory or oak shavings burnt in it,) then put in half a peck of quick lime, and fill it with water. After the lime water has stood in the barrel for two weeks, it will be ready for use.

This preparation of the barrel is necessary to remove the acid from the wood, which would communicate an unpleasant taste to the water.

Fit a partition in the barrel, (perforated with many holes,) about three inches from the bottom of the barrel, and having put in a tube, to go down from the top through the partition nearly to the bottom, put on the perforated partition some broken charcoal, then finer charcoal a foot thick, then about a foot of clean washed sand.

To use this filter pour the water through the tube, (which should be open at the top like a funnel;) the water runs to the bottom, and filters upward, leaving all the impurities at the bottom.

The pure water is drawn off from the top of the barrel by means of a spile or faucet.

To Keep Water Cool in Summer, when you have not Ice.

Where you live at a distance from water, and wish to keep it cool, put a large stone vessel in the coldest place you can find; fill it with water, cover it with a towel and wrap a wet cloth around it; this will keep it cool for some hours, which is a comfort in warm weather.

To Purify Water.

To put a small lump of lime into your water-cask is useful. Agitating and exposing it to the air, will help to keep it fresh.

Strain muddy water through a sieve, in which a cloth or sponge, (or a layer of fine sand or charcoal,) has been placed.

Hard water may be softened and rendered suitable for washing, by adding to every twelve gallons of water, about a quarter of a pound of sal soda.

Gum Arabic Paste.

Pulverize in a mortar an ounce of gum arabic, pour on boiling water and stir it till dissolved; do not put too much water. If you wish to keep this paste any length of time, put it in a wide-mouthed phial, and pour alcohol over it; keep it corked, and as you use it, you may thin it with water if required; put it on with a feather or brush.

Preserving Kettles.

Bell-metal, copper and brass kettles require very nice cleaning immediately before they are used, or it will endanger your health. Vinegar with salt or ashes should be used; save the vinegar that is left in the pickle jars for this purpose.

To Clean Knives and Forks.

In some families the knives are a great care to the housekeeper, but by proper management it is rendered easy. After using them, they should be wiped with a cloth, dipped in warm water, then wiped dry, (the handles should never be put in hot water,) then polish them with Bristol or Bath brick, which, with the rubbing cloths, should be kept in a small box, with a strip of leather nailed on one edge, on which to polish them after they are rubbed with the brick.

Knives that are not in daily use should be wrapped in raw cotton and then in paper, and if kept in a dry place will not be liable to rust.

To Clean Teeth. _With Remarks on Fixing the Habit, &c._

Pulverized charcoal mixed with honey, is very good to cleanse teeth, and make them white. A little Peruvian bark put in a phial with lime water is excellent to use occasionally by those that have offensive teeth; and tincture of myrrh mixed with a little water, may be used with advantage, to harden the gums. A little Peruvian bark put in the teeth just before going to bed, and washed out in the morning, is an excellent preservative of teeth. It is very important for parents to insist on children cleaning their teeth, at least, it is well for them to begin before they lose their first set, as it makes them last longer, and fixes the habit, which is of great importance.

To Clean Kid Gloves.

Take a piece of flannel; moisten it with a little milk; rub it on a cake of mild soap, and apply it to the soiled spots on the gloves; as soon as the dirt is removed, rub the spot with a dry piece of flannel, and dry them on the hands. Care must be taken that the gloves are not made too wet, or they will have a wrinkled appearance. Dark gloves that are worn in winter, should be exposed to the sun for about a quarter of an hour in the spring, before putting them away, or they will be liable to spot.

To Clean Papered Walls.

Cut the crust off of stale bread very thick, and rub the walls carefully from top to bottom, in a straight line, using a fresh piece of bread as soon as it looks much soiled.

To Take Old Putty from Window Glass.

Warm an iron, and rub it on the glass opposite the putty; this melts the oil, and you may easily remove the putty.

Cutting Glass for Mending Windows.

If you want to cut glass for mending windows, and have no diamond, dip a piece of cotton twine into turpentine, and stretch it tightly across the glass where you wish to break it; then set the string on fire, and after it is burned, break the glass while it is warm.

SIMPLE REMEDIES.

The following remedies are for diseases which occur in almost every family, and have been proved to be useful in a number of instances. As most old housekeepers have their favorite recipes, it is for the young and inexperienced these are particularly intended, and may be used with safety, when a physician is not at hand.

Remarks upon a Deeply Seated Cough.

It is very important to begin in time with a cold. Consumption is sometimes prevented by very simple remedies. To put Burgundy pitch plasters on the breast and back of the neck, often has a good effect; they should be re-spread frequently, and when one part is irritated, change them to another place. Put one on your side if you have a pain there.

Flannel should be put on next the skin by all means, which, with the above simple remedies, will cure a cold, if begun with in time.

I have frequently known new flannel put on those that usually wore it, greatly to benefit a delicate person. The increased irritation of the new flannel acts on the pores of the skin and promotes circulation. Hair soles worn in the shoe, or socks made of flannel, or soft buckskin worn under the stockings, are very good to keep the feet warm and dry. Persons predisposed to consumption should have nourishing food, and not eat too much at a time; they should avoid strong tea or coffee, and drink milk. Eggs, oysters, fresh fish and fowls, are very good for them. Fruit of all kinds is useful.

They should take exercise in the air, particularly riding on horse-back, or take a short walk, but not so as to be fatigued; to work moderately in a garden, when the ground is not too damp, is good exercise for a delicate person; the smell of fresh earth, and of flowers, is beneficial to both body and mind. After taking exercise, a glass of lemonade is very refreshing, and promotes appetite.

If there should be perspiration at night, change the sheets and pillow-cases frequently, and the under garments; air the chamber and bed-clothes every day; if the weather is too damp to raise the windows, shake up the bed, and leave it unmade half of the day, and put it out in the sun occasionally.

By all means avoid strong medicine, or any thing that has a tendency to weaken the body.

Sometimes blisters are used with very good effect; also, rubbing the breast and back with camphor or spirits, or with a piece of dry flannel.

Taking anodyne drops, particularly laudanum, should be avoided, if possible; they may still the cough during the night, but it will come on with increased violence in the morning; they weaken the stomach, increase the fever, and sometimes cause delirium.

Everything that tends to excite or irritate the mind, should be kept from them. It is very important to talk cheerfully to sick persons, particularly if confined to their chamber, which can be done without lightness or trifling.

If they see gloomy faces around them, it has a very disheartening effect; and, if the mind sinks, such is its intimate connection with the body, that it is hard to raise it.

I have known persons by judicious management to live for many years, after it was thought they were in a deep decline, by avoiding weakening medicines, taking exercise on horse-back and on foot, and never indulging in a full meal.

Sometimes such persons have very good appetites, and it is a satisfaction to their friends to see them eat heartily; but they should eat something frequently, rather than over-load the stomach too much. When they come in hungry from a ride, to beat up an egg with a tea-spoonful of wine, and a little sugar and nutmeg put in a tumbler with some milk, and taken with a cracker or biscuit, or a piece of thin toast broken up in it, has a very strengthening effect.

Persons are seldom benefitted by a strict diet, but it is sometimes enforced till they lose their appetite and cannot eat.

If the weather is so that exercise cannot be taken out of doors, some method should be devised for taking it in the house. Rubbing furniture and playing battle-door, are good exercise for a female, but should not be taken too much at a time.

Men that are confined to the house are sometimes very much at a loss what to do; if such would purchase a few tools, and appropriate a spare room as a workshop, it would promote their health. I have known men that were but little acquainted with the use of tools, do many useful and ornamental pieces of work, that were greatly valued by their friends; and the exertion kept their spirits from sinking, when the weather was too inclement to take exercise in the open air.

For a Cough.

Take a wine glass of the juice of the green hoarhound, or if that cannot be obtained, a strong decoction from the dry herb will answer; mix it in half a pint of new milk, sweetened either with sugar or honey; take this half an hour before breakfast. It has been known to cure obstinate coughs, and persons that have taken it for four weeks or more, have gained strength and flesh, and the pain in the breast was relieved. Flannel should be worn.

Elecampane and Hoarhound Syrup.

Put a pint of hoarhound in a quart of water, and let it draw by the fire; put a tea-cupful of dried elecampane root in a pint of water, cover it close, and let it boil till all the strength is out; strain it and the hoarhound together, and put them to boil with a pound of sugar; when it is a rich syrup, pour it in a pitcher to cool, and bottle it. Take a table-spoonful at a time when the cough is troublesome. Sometimes flaxseed is a useful addition to this syrup.

Brown Mixture for a Cough.

Take of paregoric, liquorice and gum arabic, each an ounce, from fifty to one hundred drops of antimonial wine and two gills of hot water; mix them well together, and when cold, bottle, and cork it tight; take two tea-spoonsful at a time; if it should nauseate, give a

smaller quantity. If this produce profuse perspiration avoid going in the air unless well wrapped up. This has been useful in the latter stages of the whooping cough.

Ginger Tea. _With Remarks on its Use, &c._

Strong ginger tea, sweetened and taken hot on going to bed, is very good. Where persons have been exposed to the air, and think they have taken fresh cold, keep the feet warm by taking a hot brick to bed, and do not increase the cold the next day. If it is not deeply seated, taking this a few nights will give relief. A piece of ginger root, kept about the person to chew, is good for a tickling in the throat, which many persons are subject to, when sitting in close heated apartments, in lecture rooms, or places of worship.

Lemon Mixture for a Cough.

Put two fresh eggs in a jar; cover them with the juice of six large lemons; let it stand until the hard shell of the eggs is eaten off; then beat it together; strain it, and add half a pound of rock candy, one gill of brandy and two table-spoonsful of sweet oil.

Mixture of Lemon Juice and Honey.

Take half a pint of honey and squeeze the juice of four lemons on it; mix well together, and add a small portion of sugar; take a tea-spoonful every time the cough is troublesome.

Hoarhound Candy.

Put two pounds of sugar in a pint of hoarhound tea, as strong as can be made, which may be done by drawing two sets of hoarhound in the same water, till the strength is out of each; when it is cold, mix in the sugar and the white of an egg; when it begins to boil, take off the scum as it rises, boil it slowly till it becomes thick, so that when you drop it on a plate, it will be hard and crisp, and pour it out in plates that have been greased with a little sweet butter; when cold, you can break it up for use, and tie it up in a jar. This is quite as useful as the candy you buy, and is much cheaper; it is very convenient for persons that have a cough, to have a little box of this about them to take when there is a tickling in the throat.

Mustard Bath for the Feet--Soap Stones, &c.

It gives relief to a bad cold in the early stages, to soak the feet in warm water, in which you have put half a tea cup of salt and two table spoonsful of pulverized mustard, and to drink ginger tea. You may keep your feet in the bath for half an hour, and then retire with a warm soap stone wrapped in a cloth and placed near them. A soap stone, the size of a brick will, when thoroughly heated, keep warm till morning, and is invaluable for an elderly person or one that suffers with cold feet.

Liverwort Syrup.

Make a quart of strong liverwort tea by extracting two sets of herbs in the same water, tie a tea cup of flaxseed in a bag and put with it; keep it covered while drawing; when the strength is all out, strain it on a pound of sugar, and let it boil slowly till it is thick--keeping it covered to prevent the strength from going off, when cold, bottle it, and set the bottle in a cool place while using it. Take a table-spoonful at a time about six times a day. This has been used for a cough with great benefit.

For Sore Throat.

Make a gargle of cayenne pepper, honey and spirits, or sage tea, with alum and honey, or figs boiled, mashed and strained, and use it once in two hours. If it is very bad, steam the mouth with a funnel held over hot vinegar, and put on a hot poultice of hops, boiled in weak ley and thickened with corn-meal; there should be a little lard spread over; renew it every time it gets cold. Another very good poultice, is hot mush strewed with powdered camphor; put it on as hot as can be borne, and change it when cold. A purgative should be given, either of senna and salts, castor oil; or rhubarb and soap pills. An emetic is of great importance, and has caused the throat to break when persons have been very ill.

Sore throats have been cured when quinsy was apprehended, by using powdered camphor and lard on flannel. It is a good way, when persons are subject to it, to keep an ounce of camphor mixed with lard, in a wide-mouthed bottle, or jar; and corked tight. The cayenne pepper and honey gargle should also be kept ready mixed, and used when the first symptoms appear; or in a violent attack, a plaster of snuff and lard may be applied with benefit, keeping it on only a few minutes at a time. Sometimes a bag of hot ashes sprinkled with vinegar, and applied hot as can be borne, has cured a sore throat in one night. Persons that have been

afflicted for years with repeated attacks of sore throat and quinsy, have been cured by bathing the throat, neck and ears with cold water every morning. The constant use of the shower bath is very important. Keep the feet warm.

Molasses Posset for a Cold.

Take a pint of the best molasses, a tea-spoonful of powdered ginger, a quarter of a pound of fresh butter, and let them simmer together for half an hour: then stir in the juice of two lemons, or if you have not these, two table-spoonsful of strong vinegar; cover over the sauce-pan, and let it stand by the fire five minutes longer. Some of this may be taken warm or cold.

For Whooping Cough.

Dissolve a scruple of salts of tartar in a gill of water, put in half a scruple of pulverized cochineal, sweeten it with loaf sugar, give an infant a tea-spoonful of this mixture four times a day, and a child four years old or upwards, a table-spoonful. In some cases the relief is instantaneous.

Another Remedy.

Half a pint of honey, half a pint of vinegar, two table-spoonsful of sweet oil stewed together a few minutes; when cold put it in a bottle, and put in a tea-spoonful of laudanum; shake it well, and give a table-spoonful when the cough is troublesome, and a dose just before going to bed. For an infant of six months, a small tea-spoonful is a dose, and for a child of four years, two tea-spoonsful. Where there is not much fever, a little port or claret wine, mixed with sugar and water, and taken with toast broken in it, is beneficial. Children should be taken out riding if possible, and should be well wrapped up.

For the Croup.

Put the child in warm water, and keep up the temperature by putting in more hot water; keep it in fifteen or twenty minutes, then wipe it dry and put it in a warm bed, or wrap a blanket round it and hold it on the lap; give it an emetic, and put powdered garlic and lard to the throat and soles of the feet; keep up the perspiration, by giving a few drops of antimonial wine every half hour. The next morning give it a dose of rhubarb tea or castor oil, and keep it from the air for several days. This treatment has been very beneficial when a physician was not at hand; and nothing had been done till his arrival, perhaps the child would have been too far gone to recover. In cases of croup, to wet a piece of flannel with, alcohol, and apply it to the throat as hot as it can be borne, has often a salutary effect, applied frequently. It is also good to use for a bad cold, &c.

Molasses stewed with a lump of butter, and a table-spoonful of vinegar, taken just before you go to bed, and to grease the nose, forehead and breast with mutton tallow, will sometimes cure a child without any thing else. To pound garlic in a rag and squeeze out the juice, mix it with molasses, and give a tea-spoonful at a time, has given relief when a child was very ill. Sliced onions, or garlic stewed with sugar and water, or molasses, is very good to take for a cold. Where children are subject to the croup, you should always have a pot of water over the fire, and light-wood near, to heat it as quick as possible. Children that are subject to these attacks should have their feet kept warm and dry, and always wear flannel next to the skin.

It is the duty of parents to make use of the most simple remedies, which may always be in readiness, and, if applied in time, may prevent the necessity of giving strong medicines, which injure the constitutions of young children. The least symptom of the disease should be attended to. Lobelia is a certain remedy for croup. If the case is light, a few drops of the tincture, increasing the dose according to the age of the child, given at short intervals, will cause it to vomit and prevent danger; but if the attack is a severe one, you should give the "third preparation of lobelia;" for a child of ten years, ten drops, and so on in proportion; mix it with sugar and water. Every mother should keep lobelia at hand, as it has been known to give certain relief in many cases.

A child of twelve months, may take of the tincture ten drops every fifteen or twenty minutes, till it acts as an emetic, or relieves by perspiration; one of two or three years may take twenty or thirty drops. The third preparation is of much greater strength than the tincture.

Infants' Colic, &c.

Tea made of catnip, and sweetened, given to an infant when it appears to be in pain, is often useful. Sweet marjoram tea also relieves pain, and has a soothing effect on the nerves.

To put the feet in warm water, and put a warm piece of flannel to the stomach, is important; but if neither of these relieve the child, put it in warm water for about ten minutes, and cover it from the air carefully; wipe it dry, and keep it warm afterwards. A little weak ginger tea is good for the colic; as also tea made of dried damask rose leaves; a tea-spoonful of leaves will make a tea-cupful of tea.

Uneasiness is frequently caused by their stomachs being overloaded with food, and care should be taken in this respect.

Having lately met with some remarks in the "Baltimore American," with which I am much pleased, I take the liberty of inserting them. "Narcotics and anodynes cannot be given with too much caution, the sensitive and nervous system of an infant should never be acted upon by these powerful drugs unless in extreme cases, and of these, few mothers should presume to judge. Two drops of laudanum, says the London Medical Gazette, have been known to kill an infant; and a single drop, it is said, stole the life of a new born babe.

"The most experienced medical men never administer medicines of this class to the very young, without exercising the utmost caution, and making the most accurate calculations.

"In the present day, the more general diffusion of correct facts in physiology and pathology has caused a large class of young mothers to reject the old system of giving narcotic drugs to infants. In carrying out this salutary reformation like all other reformers, they have a strong opposition to contend with; old fashioned nurses do much harm in opposing all nursery reformations, consequently young mothers will have a hard task to execute.

"Too many have not the steady courage to hold on to the end in mild, but firm opposition to all erroneous, but well meant interference. But there are others whose pure and unswerving love for their tender off-spring keeps them firm to their duty; to these the next generation will owe much. They are the little band of true-hearted reformers, whose good example will be like leaven, spreading until its influence is felt throughout the wide circle of maternal responsibility."

Summer Diseases.

The food of children in summer, should be light and nourishing; if of milk, be careful that it is sweet. If you cannot get it fresh as often as you want it, boiling will keep it sweet. Sour milk and improper food sometimes bring on the summer disease, which is easier prevented than cured.

A little rhubarb tea or tincture, with a small quantity of prepared chalk, will sometimes check it in its early stages, but the most effectual medicine that I have tried is called by some apothecaries, "red mixture," of which I will give a recipe.

Chicken water, slightly salted, is very good; make but a little at a time, and have it fresh.

Rice gruel, sweetened with loaf-sugar, and a little nutmeg, is nourishing. To make a drink of slippery-elm, shave the bark fine and put it in water; strain it, mix it with milk, and sweeten it. Elderberry and blackberry cordials are also good in cases where there is no fever.

The stomach and back should be bathed with spirits, and a little bag of pounded spices, wet with spirits, applied to the stomach, may be used with safety, when not within reach of a physician.

A bark jacket has been used with success in many instances, cut it out of fine muslin, to be double, spread it open, and cover one side with about two ounces of the best Lima bark, and twelve pounded cloves; put on the other side, sew it up, and quilt it across; put on shoulder straps and strings of soft ribbon; sprinkle it with spirits twice a day.

The child should have the benefit of the morning and evening air. If it is not convenient to ride it out, walking will answer, in the arms of a careful nurse, carried on a pillow, with an umbrella to protect its eyes from the light.

When a child is taken sick in a city, removing it to the country often has a beneficial effect. Milk thickened with arrow root is good diet for children. Flour dried in an oven for several hours, and used to thicken milk or water, is also good, sweetened with loaf-sugar, and is nutritious. They should eat but a small portion of any thing at a time.

To cut slices of lean fresh beef or mutton, put it in a bowl, and pour a pint of boiling water on it, and let it set close to the fire for an hour, is very good to give children occasionally, with but little salt; the stomach will sometimes retain this when other things are rejected. As thirst is an attendant on this disease, much salt should be avoided in all their food. Every thing about a sick child

should be kept clean, and its clothes well aired before changing them. If it is too ill to carry out of doors, have it changed from one room to another, and the apartment it left well aired.

Children who are afflicted with this disease, sometimes crave fruit. Ripe peaches, fresh from the tree, or ripe apples, baked or roasted before the fire, may he occasionally administered in small quantities with perfect safety.

To make toast-water, the bread should be toasted on both sides very dry, and boiling water poured on it.

I hope these hints will be useful to persons that cannot procure a physician, which is often the case in the country.

Mustard Whey.

Boil a pint of milk, and the same of water, with an ounce and a half of bruised mustard seed, until the curd separates--when strain the whey. This is a most desirable way of administering mustard; it warms and invigorates the system, promotes the different secretions, and in the low state of nervous fevers, will often supply the place of wine. It is also of use in chronic rheumatism, palsy and dropsy.

Red Mixture.

Take sixteen grains of powdered rhubarb, thirty of soda, fifty of prepared chalk, and two drops of the oil of spearmint, mixed in a vial with two ounces of water; keep it corked up and shake it before giving a dose. A child of ten months old should take a tea-spoonful every three or four hours. If there is much pain, two drops of laudanum may be added to every other dose. A table-spoonful is a dose for a grown person.

Erysipelas.

The decoction of sarsaparilla has proved useful in cases of erysipelas. Take two ounces of sarsaparilla, one of sassafras, one of burdock root, and one of liquorice; boil them slowly in three pints of water, keeping it covered close, until reduced to one-half. Take two table-spoonsful four times a day.

While taking medicine for the erysipelas, meat and all strong food should be avoided, and every thing that has a tendency to inflame the blood. Dusting the parts affected, with rye or buckwheat flour, sometimes has a cooling effect, and bathing with camphor or spirits will allay the irritation.

Nettle rash is very much like erysipelas, and the same treatment is good for both. Slippery-elm bark, chipped, and let to stand in cold water till it becomes thick, is a very cooling drink. It may be filled up the second time. Barley water is also a suitable drink.

Erysipelas is frequently brought on by violent exercise, and the perspiration being checked too suddenly. Persons that have once had it, should avoid extremes of heat and cold, and pay strict attention to diet--not eating any thing that disagrees with them. All acids, particularly pickles, are improper.

The stomach should be cleansed by emetics. Small and frequent doses of senna and salts, if taken just at going to bed, will not occasion much sickness, and tend greatly to relieve the system of this unpleasant disease. Where the case is slight, the rhubarb pills sometimes give relief. The pores of those that are subject to it are generally open, and flannel should be worn all the year, to prevent too sudden a check of perspiration.

Magnesia, Charcoal and Salts.

Form a valuable compound for family use: one ounce of each mixed together, and put in a wide-mouthed bottle; it is useful for head-ache, or diseases of the skin. Cases of erysipelas have been cured by its continued use. Take a tea-spoonful of the mixture, in a little water two or three times a day, or on going to bed at night. Persons of sedentary occupations, that are in the habit of taking pills, will find it to their relief to use this simple remedy. It has been found beneficial in cases of tetter and ringworm in the head, using at the same time, as a wash on the part affected, borax dissolved in strong vinegar.

In cases of erysipelas, the "charcoal mixture" has been used with great benefit; it is excellent for purifying the blood. Take it in small doses for two or three weeks, then discontinue it, and take it again at intervals. If this medicine should be found unpleasant, take a tea-spoonful of jelly, or something of that kind after it. It will answer quite as well to keep the magnesia, charcoal and salts in separate bottles, and mix them just as you take the dose, taking about an even tea-spoonful of each.

For Dropsy.

Put a quarter of a pound of cream of tartar, and a pound of new nails, in a stone jug, with half a gallon of water, let it stand three or four days, occasionally shaking it; take a table spoonful three times a day, on an empty stomach, and half an hour after each dose, take two spoonsful of mustard seed or scraped horse-radish. If the swelling abates, you may take the medicine less frequently, or omit every other day, but do not leave it off until you are entirely cured. After it has stood some time, it becomes stronger, when you may put in more water. This has been highly recommended for the dropsy.

Another Remedy.

Take a quart of gin, put into it one handful of the white buds of the common pine; shake it frequently, and take half a wine glassful at a time, twice a day, about an hour before a meal, and occasionally eat a little brown mustard seed; this should be persevered in, and has been known to afford great relief, in two obstinate cases.

For Rheumatism

Persons are liable to have the rheumatism from taking cold in the winter. Where the pain is most violent, put on plasters of Burgundy pitch, spread on leather. Persons that are subject to it, should always keep pitch in the house to use, as it will give relief; a silk handkerchief tied round the joint, keeps it warm and relieves stiffness. If the pain is in the back part of the head, put a blister on the neck, by all means. When persons have a bad spell of rheumatism, they should always take medicine, and avoid eating meat for a few days. Equal parts of rhubarb and castile soap, made into pills, with a little water, is a valuable medicine for rheumatism, and suits aged persons; the pills should be taken at night on going to bed. They are easily made, and should always be at hand: it is valuable as a cathartic in almost every case where mild medicine is necessary. The use of the shower bath is also beneficial. Flannel should always be worn next the skin, and the feet kept dry. Bathing with camphor sometimes relieves the pain, but there is a danger of driving it to a more vital part. Salt and water is useful to bathe for the rheumatism, when it is of long-standing.

Deafness, Remarks, &c.

A remarkable case of deafness was cured by the following remedy: (An aged person, whose hearing had been very good, gradually became so deaf as not to be able to hear common conversation; after suffering some months, the patient thought of trying the following remedy:) of honey, brandy and sweet oil, each a tea-spoonful, warm and mix well together; sew a soft linen rag to the eye of a strong darning needle; dip this mop in the mixture while warm, and put it in the ear; hold it in till cold, when renew and move it gently about; by so doing, wax that had accumulated, hardened, and stopped the cavity, was discharged, and the hearing of the patient restored. Wool should be worn in the ears, and an occasional use of the mixture; also flannel round the head at night. A young person was relieved by the persevering use of the following remedies: Put a small blister of Spanish flies behind the ears, very high up on the hard part, so as to be clear of the leaders (or it will occasion pain); when drawn, dress them in the usual way, and as soon as healed renew them; repeat this several times, keeping wool in the ears dipped in sweet oil, and at night put in small pieces of fat bacon that has been boiled, and tie a handkerchief around to keep them warm. When the blisters are healed, the hair should be cut short, to enable the patient to bathe the head in cold water, which should be poured from a pitcher; begin with it a little warm and gradually get it colder; this should be persevered in, even in cold weather; wipe the head and tie it up till dry. I have been induced to make these remedies public, by seeing several interesting young persons suffering from deafness, with a hope that they may be of use.

Remedy for Sick Head-ache.

A table-spoonful of table salt; dissolved in a pint of water, as warm as you can drink it; take at two doses, and drink freely of luke-warm water, until it causes vomiting; put a hot brick to the feet, and avoid the air, which will check the perspiration.

The Oil of Butter. _A Remedy for Dysentery, &c._

Put half a pound of fresh butter in a quart of boiling water, to extract the salt; let it melt and boil up. If there should be any curds on the top, take them off, then skim off the clear butter, and keep it covered by the fire; give from one to two table-spoonsful at a time, three or four times a day.

This is useful in cases of dysentery, and is also soothing to the stomach, after violent vomiting for a long time. Sometimes a plaster of mustard put on the stomach stops vomiting.

For Dysentery and Diarrhoea.

The following prescription from an eminent physician has proved valuable: Take of calcined magnesia two drachms, of aromatic spirits of ammonia two and a half drachms, of water half a pint, mix well together, and as a dose for a grown person, give a table-spoonful every half hour until relieved.

Some country nurses recommend dittany tea, or spice-wood berries boiled in new milk. A large poultice on the stomach and bowels, made of new milk, thickened with light bread, has given relief--keeping it warm.

Be careful to keep the patient's feet warm, and to bathe the back and stomach with spirits. Where the dittany and spice-wood cannot be obtained, other aromatics, as cinnamon and cloves, are good substitutes.

Remedies for the Dysentery and Cholera Morbus.

Take the roots of the low running blackberry or dewberry; make a strong tea; sweeten it, and drink it occasionally. Take a large apple; cut out the core, and wrap in wet paper; cover it up in hot ashes, and when cooked, take off the paper and eat it cold.

Take one pint of good hard cider, that is entirely sound, put a table-spoonful of hot ashes into it, and stir it as soon as it settles; take a table-spoonful once every hour for a grown person, until relief is obtained.

Remedy for the Ear-ache.

Mix a few drops of French brandy with sweet oil and a drop of laudanum, and pour it in the ear a little warm.

Another valuable remedy is to take a few wood lice, and stew them in a little lard, (which should be very pure,) for three or four minutes; then strain it and pour some in the ear before it gets cool.

This gives almost immediate relief. The heart of a roasted onion put warm in the ear, and tie around the head a silk handkerchief, has given relief.

A Wash for Sore Ears.

Make a tea of the black or candle-alder, wet a soft rag with it, and lay it on; it should be applied three times a day, and occasionally wash it with castile soap and water. The patient should take a mild purgative. If the ears are very much inflamed, there should be a bread and milk poultice put on occasionally. Elder ointment is also beneficial.

Weak Eyes.

Make a strong decoction of chamomile flowers, by boiling them in new milk; with this bathe the eyes several times a day--continue it for several weeks; to bathe the eyes in cold water before going to rest, is also good. Pure rye whiskey is very good to bathe weak eyes. Persons that are afflicted with sore eyes, have often been benefitted by putting a small blister behind the ears, very high up on the hard part, so as to avoid the leaders. Infants should not be exposed to the light too soon; it sometimes weakens the sight and seriously injures the eyes. The pith of sassafras put in water, is good to bathe inflamed eyes; a decoction of young hyson tea is also used with benefit. Persons afflicted with weak eyes should avoid a strong light, and should not strain their eyes with reading or sewing at night. I have known small doses of "charcoal mixture," relieve the eyes when there was slight inflammation. Attention to diet is necessary. Fold a linen handkerchief, dip it in cold water, and bind it over the eyes at night on retiring, and you will experience relief. Pain in the eyeballs is also relieved, by gently rubbing the finger and thumb over the lids towards the nose. This was published some years since, and I have known it give relief and strengthen the eyes.

For Worms.

Equal parts of salt and sugar, taken while fasting, are good for worms; a tea-spoonful is sufficient for a child two years old; to take half a cup of chamomile, rue or wormwood tea, with a little sugar, two hours before breakfast, is also good. Give a dose of senna after they have been taking this three days. It is very important to bruise garlic and rue, to apply to the stomach; put it in a bag, and wet it with spirits every day. The garlic and rue is said to keep the worms out of the stomach. Wormseed oil, a few drops at a time,

has given relief, but should be used cautiously. Old cheese grated and given to a child, has been known to afford relief: it is also beneficial when a child is seized with sudden illness from having eaten too many cherries.

For Tooth-ache.

Reduce two drachms of alum to a very fine powder, and mix with it seven drachms of nitrous spirits of ether; apply it to the tooth. Alum burnt on a hot shovel, and powdered, is sometimes good; also half a drop of the oil of cinnamon, on a piece of cotton or lint, where the tooth is hollow. Cayenne pepper on cotton, and moistened with spirits of camphor, has been known to afford relief. A poultice of hops applied to the cheek, or a piece of raw cotton with red pepper dusted on it, or a mustard plaster, will relieve a swelling which proceeds from tooth-ache.

Cure for Cholera Morbus.

Put a table-spoonful of hot ashes in half a pint of good hard cider, and give the patient three table-spoonsful of it at a time. This has given relief in half an hour.

Another cure is to take a soft cork and hum it thoroughly; when it ceases to blaze, powder the coal very fine on a plate. Mix a table-spoonful of this powder with a little milk or water, or any thing agreeable to the palate; repeat the dose till the disorder ceases, which it generally does after two or three doses. This has given relief to a person in the greatest agony with the bilious colic.

For Colic.

Drink strong ginger tea, while hot, and put hot bricks to the stomach and feet; if this does not give relief, take a dose of rhubarb or castor oil. Persons subject to the colic should keep a piece of ginger about them to chew after eating; wear flannel next the skin, and be careful to keep the feet dry: they should avoid strong coffee and tea, and eat nothing that disagrees with them. Dry toast without butter, and crackers, are good for persons that have the colic. For violent cases, take two table-spoonsful of brandy, and half a tea-spoonful of black pepper.

For Bilious Colic and Indigestion.

Pour three quarts of boiling water on a quart of hickory ashes and a tea-cup of soot; let it stand a day, then filter it, and if the complaint is bad, take a wine-glassful before and after each meal. This has been very beneficial to persons with the above complaint.

Warner's Cordial for Gout in the Stomach.

Take one ounce of rhubarb, two drachms of senna, two of fennel seed, two of coriander seed, one of saffron, and one of liquorice; stone and cut half a pound of good raisins, and put all in a quart of good spirits; let it stand in a warm place for ten days, shaking it every day; then strain it off and add a pint more spirits to the same ingredients; when all the strength is extracted, strain it and mix the first and last together. Take from two to four spoonsful of this cordial in as much boiling water as will make it as hot as you can take it; if the pain is not removed in half an hour, repeat the dose, and if your stomach will not retain it, add ten drops of laudanum.

Dr. Warner remarks, "after twenty years' experience of this medicine in myself and others, it is impossible for me to speak of it in terms higher than it deserves. When the vital parts are affected, persons subject to the gout should never sleep without it in their chamber."

Cure for Tetter.

Take one tea-spoonful of powdered Spanish flies, put them in half a pint of French brandy; wash the part affected occasionally. This has been highly recommended to me, as a remedy for tetter on the hands, but I have never seen it tried.

For Cramp in the Stomach.

Dissolve a tea-spoonful of table salt, in a tea-cup of warm water; if this does not stop the vomiting and cramp, repeat the dose; this is very useful in stopping the operation of an emetic, when it has continued too long. Flannel cloths dipped in hot spirits, and sprinkled with cayenne pepper, and applied to the stomach, sometimes relieves the pain; a mustard plaster is also of use.

For Cramp.

A foot-board to the bedstead is of great service, when you are taken with the cramp in the night, and by placing the foot against it, will sometimes give relief. Another remedy is to tie a string round the limb, between the body and the pain, about as tight as a physician does to draw blood; wear a bandage filled with pounded brimstone round the limb, to prevent a return of it. Sometimes to hold a roll of brimstone in each hand will relieve the cramp, and persons subject to it should keep some by the bed-side to use in the night.

For Scalds and Burns.

When persons are badly scalded or burned, to put raw cotton on immediately, and wet it with spirits, is very good; other remedies are, linseed oil and lime water; starch and cream; scraped potatoes, molasses, and eggs beaten up and put on immediately. Almost any thing will relieve the pain, that excludes the air. Be careful not to break the skin, as it will be longer in healing.

If a foot is scalded, pour cold water over it and cut the stocking. You should be careful to use linen rags about a burn, as cotton rags cause irritation.

After the place begins to heal up, a salve may be applied, made of equal parts of Burgundy pitch, beeswax, sheep's tallow, and sweet oil, melted together over the fire; renew it twice a day, washing the place each time with milk and water, and a little castile soap. A wash of weak sugar of lead water, is also good for burns. A poultice of powdered elm bark mixed with water, and put on frequently, wetting the sore with thick cream, is also soothing; be careful that the limb does not contract, as there is great danger if the sinews are affected. If there should be fever, a mild cathartic should be given. "Comstock's Pain Extractor" sometimes gives great relief; you may also apply immediately, with benefit, a tea-spoonful of air-slaked lime and a table-spoonful of lard; sift the lime and rub them well together. For a burn by vitriol or any caustic substance, apply whites of eggs mixed with powdered chalk, putting it on with a feather. Linen rags dipped in cold water and changed every few minutes, I have known applied day and night to give relief to a bad burn on the foot; but avoid putting the foot in water, although it gives present relief, it is dangerous.

For Ague.

Take half an ounce of coarsely powdered race ginger, infused in three gills of boiling water; when cool, strain and sweeten it; and for a dose give a heaped tea-spoonful of Peruvian bark, in a wine-glassful of the ginger tea, every two hours during the absence of the fever. To one ounce of best Peruvian bark, add two ounces of cloves powdered, and a half an ounce of cream of tartar; mix them well, and give two tea-spoonsful at a time every two hours: when clear of fever, begin at four in the morning, and give it until twelve at noon. Wormwood seed, a heaped tea-spoonful in a cup of water, as a dose, is also good. A third recipe is to take two ounces of best Lima bark, twelve heaped tea-spoonsful of magnesia, to be well mixed together, and divided into twelve doses. Take four doses on each well day, at intervals of four hours each, this has cured a number who had suffered with ague a long time.

Chilblains.

Put as much alum in hot water as will make it very strong, put the feet in when it is as hot as can be borne, and keep them in till it is cold, warm it over, and soak them every evening till they are entirely cured, by beginning in time, it need only be applied two or three times.

When blisters are formed, take one ounce of camphor, one of sheep's tallow, and one of sweet oil, stew them together gently till it becomes an ointment, and rub the feet with it.

Take an ounce of glue, and melt it in a pint of hot water over the fire, stir it until the glue is dissolved, pour it out and dip the part that is affected in this dilution until the uneasiness or burning is allayed, which is mostly in a few minutes.

Lockjaw.

If lock-jaw is apprehended from a scratch or wound, bathe the injured part frequently with weak ley, or warm pearl ash water, make a poultice by boiling bitter herbs in weak ley, and thicken it with corn-meal; put a little grease in just as you put it on. Bacon skin and the rind of fresh pork bound tightly on, are said to be good.

Falls.

If a child receives a fall, examine every part, and rub your hand on its back to tell if any part is injured. There are instances of persons being cripples for life, from receiving a hurt, that was not known of at the time. To rub with camphor and sweet oil, and bathe the child in warm water, is soothing.

For the Bite of a Spider.

Moisten a slice of wheat bread with sugar of lead, or pearl-ash water; bind it on, and keep wetting it as it becomes dry. If the place swells very much, take a table-spoonful of sweet oil every hour, till it is relieved. To drink water with salaeratus dissolved in it has been useful.

For the Sting of a Bee.

Rub the place with hartshorn or salaeratus water, immediately after it is stung, to prevent it from swelling; bruised peach leaves bound on, are also good, and laudanum, where it is very painful. If it swells very much, apply a poultice of onions and cream, or ley and bitter herbs.

For Bruises.

The oil of St. Johnswort applied on lint, is an excellent remedy for bruises, and if used immediately will prevent the blood from settling on the place; when children get their fingers or toes mashed, this is very good, and soon gives relief; salt butter is also very good. The leaves of the Jamestown weed, mashed with cream, are good for a stone-bruise.

For Felons.

Make a poultice of quick lime slaked in soft soap, and bind it on the finger; renew it every half hour. The leaves of Jamestown weed, bruised with cream or lard, are also good. Also, roast coarse salt in a piece of wet brown paper, or a cabbage leaf, about twenty minutes; when cool, pound it and mix it with resin soap; bind it on the felon; it is said to be a certain cure. The white of egg, with unslaked lime, has been known to give immediate relief.

For a Sprained Limb.

Strong vinegar and salt, put on brown paper, will soon cure a slight sprain, if applied frequently. If very painful, a bath should be made of bitter herbs, bran and vinegar, put on as hot as you can bear it. Great care should be taken not to use the limb too soon after it has been sprained. Some sprains of several months' standing have been greatly relieved by taking several electric shocks a day. St. Johnswort oil is good to rub on a sprained limb.

For a Sprained Ancle.

Of chalk, soft soap, salt, and brandy, take a spoonful each, and add the white of an egg; beat the mixture, and spread it on raw cotton, and apply it at once, when it will generally afford relief; and after repeatedly changing, it may be left off in twenty-four hours. The ancle is often weak when recovering, and benefit is derived from pouring cold water on it from a pitcher held high above you. Tallow and salt, mixed and spread on a piece of muslin, are good for a sprain.

Cuts or Wounds, &c.

When cuts bleed very much, tie a handkerchief tight above the wound, or place a finger on it until you can get a physician: in the country, persons should be supplied with a surgical needle and adhesive plaster, and have lint scraped and linen rags in a convenient place. Balsam apple put in a bottle when fresh, and whiskey poured on it, is an excellent application for fresh cute or bruises. For the stick of a needle or pin, try to make it bleed, and hold the finger in strong vinegar and salt, as hot as you can bear it, this will prevent a gathering. A mashed finger should be held in hot water a few minutes. No. 6 is a most valuable remedy for cuts or wounds; bind a linen rag over the cut, and pour on the No. 6.

For Tetter, Warts, &c.

Dig up the pocoon root that grows in the woods, wash and slice it, and put it in a bottle with strong vinegar; bathe the parts with it several times a day. Celandine root is also good, used in the same way, and either of them will remove warts and ringworms.

Poisons, Accidents, &c.

These are valuable remedies, and should hold a place in the memory of every one, if possible.

Mix a spoonful of powdered mustard in a tumbler of warm water, and drink it immediately; it acts as an emetic, and has proved effectual where an ounce of poison had been taken into the stomach. Where the skin is poisoned, use a wash of smartweed steeped in water, or mix soot and cream, and apply it frequently; bruised Jamestown weed and cream is also good. If you have been exposed to poisonous plants, wash your face and hands immediately in salt and vinegar, or salt and water. When "corrosive sublimate," has been swallowed, the whites of two eggs taken immediately will neutralize the poison, and change the effect to that of a dose of calomel.

Persons struck by lightning should be laid on the ground, and pour water over them till life is restored. When "oil of vitriol" or "aqua fortis" have been swallowed in large quantities, sweet oil should he taken, (as much as can be retained on the stomach.) For "oxalic acid," give magnesia or chalk and water.

For "tartar emetic," give Peruvian bark and water, (or a strong decoction of green tea, if you have not the bark.) For "saltpetre," give an emetic of mustard seed with water, and afterwards elm bark mucilage, and small doses of laudanum. This is also good in cases where arsenic has been swallowed.

When a child has swallowed a cent, pin or needle, give it the white of egg immediately; this forms a coating round the metal, and prevents injury in most cases; then give moderate doses of medicine, such as castor oil or salts.

When a fish bone has been swallowed, take the white of an egg, which will help to carry it down the throat; also cut a hard crust of bread.

Insects taken into the stomach, may generally be destroyed by taking a small quantity of vinegar and salt. When insects get into the ears, use a little salad oil, or melted lard.

Tar Ointment for the "Milk Crust."

Take a quarter of a pound of lard, and the same of sheep's tallow, three table-spoonsful of tar, an even spoonful of sulphur, an ounce of white turpentine, a lump of beeswax the size of a hickory-nut, the same quantity of powdered resin and scraped chalk, a tea-cupful of the inside bark of elder, a little celandine, southern wood, and English mallows; bruise the herbs, and put them on to boil, with the lard and tallow, and a little water to keep it from burning; when all the strength is out, strain them, and put the grease back in the pot, with the tar, and add the other ingredients a little at a time, and stir till all is melted; then strain it in a jar, and keep it covered for use.

Tar ointment is good for ringworms in the head, which some children have, and has cured children where the head and face was covered with what is called the "milk crust."

Before it is applied, the place should be washed with milk and water, and a gentle purgative should be administered occasionally. Rhubarb tea is good for this purpose.

If it is wanted in the winter, when you cannot get all the herbs green, dried ones will do; and when made, it will keep good several years.

If there is much hair on the head of a child, it should be cut off before this is put on.

It is very dangerous to give infants that are affected with the milk crust, calomel, or any strong medicine. They should he carried out in the air occasionally, and not kept all the time in a warm nursery; sometimes a change of food is attended with a good result.

There have been instances of infants dying very suddenly, where powerful medicines had been administered.

Hop Ointment.

Take a table-spoonful of the yellow dust of hops, and put it in three spoonsful of melted lard, and mix it well; put it away in a cup for use. This has proved beneficial in cases of swelling of the breast; when cold has been taken, it will sometimes backen gatherings; bathe the place with a warm hand several times a day, and keep flannel over it. Young mothers should keep this ready, as it is much better than preparations of camphor, which are injurious.

Precipitate Ointment, &c.

Take one ounce of Venice turpentine, half an ounce of powdered precipitate, half a pound of lard, and two table-spoonsful of cold water; mix the turpentine and precipitate together with a knife; then add the lard and water, a little at a time, till it is well mixed; then put it in little boxes. This is useful to dry up a breaking out on the face or hands; care should be taken while using it, not to take cold.

Camphor dissolved in alcohol, or any white spirits, is very good to use on pimples on the face.

Blister Ointment.

Sometimes after a blister has been drawn with cabbage leaves, it becomes very sore and inflamed; a salve may be made of the leaves of evergreen, (a plant which grows in gardens with a thick leaf;) pound the leaves, and stew them in cream or sweet lard; spread it on a fine linen rag, and apply it to the blister after it has been washed with milk and water.

Another salve for blisters is to bruise the leaves of the English mallows with a little southern wood; stew them in sweet lard until they are crisp, and strain it; apply it three times a day. This is good to heal a burn.

Lily Ointment.

Gather the flowers of the sweet white lily, while they are fresh, and stew them in sweet lard. This is good for a swelling, or sore.

Elder Ointment for Burns, &c.

After peeling off the outside bark of the elder, scraps off the green bark that is under, and stew it in lard till it is crisp; then strain it in a jar, and put it away to heal a blister or burn, or an old sore.

St. Johnswort Ointment, and its Uses.

Gather the yellow flowers of St. Johnswort while in full bloom; put them in a wide-mouthed bottle, and fill it with equal quantities of lard and sweet oil; tie a skin over it, and hang it in the sun for a month; then strain it, put it back in the bottle, and cork it up. This is one of the most effectual remedies for bruises, or for a mashed foot or hand. It should always be kept where there is a family of children.

Ointment for Mortification.

Take the berries, leaves and bark of the black alder, and bruise them well in a mortar; stew them in lard for an hour, stirring all the time; then strain it, and add a small piece of beeswax.

A poultice can be made for mortification, of the berries, leaves and bark of black alder, boiled in sweet cream, and thickened with wheat bread.

Another good poultice may be made of the inmost bark of sassafras root, pounded and boiled in weak ley, and thickened with corn meal. The patient should drink tea made of the roots of sassafras and burdock.

Bread and Milk, and Flaxseed Poultices.

Boil half a pint of sweet milk, and thicken it with crumbs of bread; let it boil till soft. This is the mildest poultice that can be made.

A tea-cup of flaxseed boiled till soft, requires no addition to make a good poultice.

Hop Poultice, and its Uses.

Boil a handful of hops in a pint of water till very soft; when thicken it with corn meal. This is very good for a sore throat, tooth-ache, or swelled face.

Onion Poultice.

Slice the onions and boil them in water till very soft; then mash and boil them with milk and some crumbs of bread. This will draw a bile or gathering to a head very soon.

Lily Root Poultice.

Pound the roots of the sweet white lily, and put them on to boil in rich milk; when soft, thicken it with crumbs of bread. This is a most valuable poultice for a gathering, and has given relief in many instances where the suffering was great.

Cream Poultice.

Put to boil a tea-cup of cream; mix two spoonsful of flour in milk, and stir in when it boils.

Ley Poultice.

Tie a spoonful of ashes in a rag, and boil it in a pint of water for fifteen minutes, with some catnip or life-everlasting; when the herbs are soft, take out the ashes, and thicken it with corn meal; spread some grease over as you apply it.

Adhesive Plaster.

Take three pounds of resin, one-quarter of a pound of beeswax, one-quarter of a pound of mutton tallow, melt together in an iron pan; then pour out about one-third into a bucket of water, turn up the edges until you can take hold with the hands and pull it as you would shoemakers' wax: grease papers and put the plaster on them for use; you may then pour out the rest and treat it in the same way.

A Valuable Salve for Burns and other Sores.

Take of high mallows, heal-all, night shade, and elder bark, a large handful, and about half the quantity of Jamestown weed; boil them for several hours; strain off the liquid, and add to it one pound of beeswax, one pound of mutton tallow, one pound of resin, half a pound of lard; boil them slowly for about two hours, and let it cool on the liquid. This salve will do to apply immediately to a burn or scald, or after other remedies have been used; it is also good to heal old sores or gatherings.

Deshler's Salve for Gatherings or Sores.

Take half a pound of sheep's suet, the same of resin and beeswax, a quarter of a pound of thick turpentine, and half a pint of linseed oil; pound the resin, and cut the beeswax and suet; put them over the fire with the other ingredients, and keep stirring till they are mixed, but do not let them boil; put it in a jar, and tie it up. It is good for burns, biles, gathered breasts, &c.

Salve for Corns, or Bunions.

Take a pint of sweet oil, half a pound of red lead, two ounces of Venice turpentine, two of beeswax, and one of white turpentine; boil the oil and red lead in brass or bell-metal till they turn brown, stirring it constantly; have the wax and white turpentine sliced, and put them in by degrees; take it off the fire, and stir till all is melted; then add the Venice turpentine, and continue to stir till it is cold; when dip your hands in cold water, and make it out in rolls about two inches long; wrap each roll up in paper, and keep them in a box. After soaking and scraping the corn, bind it on, spread on a soft rag. To warm a small piece of common adhesive plaster and apply it, gives almost immediate relief.

Sassafras Poultice.

Take the bark of the root and mash, or pound it; boil it in a little water, and take out the bark, and thicken it with crumbs of bread, and milk.

Balsam Apple in Spirits.

Cut a ripe balsam apple in small pieces, and fill a bottle with it; pour Holland gin on it.

This retains its strength for years, and is useful to take a few drops at a time for the colic; it is also valuable to apply with sugar to a cut or wound.

Cure for Bites.

Use equal quantities of resin soap, brown sugar, and powdered resin, worked well together, with a few drops of molasses. A poultice of onions, sassafras, or bread and milk may be used with advantage. For mosquito bites, apply spirits of hartshorn and camphor.

For Scurvy of the Gums.

Take a quarter of an ounce of bark, and a piece of new lime the size of a hazle-nut; put them in a bottle with half a pint of water; wash the mouth with this three times a day.

For an Infant's Sore Mouth.

Make a strong sage tea; put in a little bark and borax or alum, with honey to sweeten it; cork it up in a vial, and wash the child's gums with it three times a day, using a fresh rag every time.

For Affection of the Kidneys.

Boil some onions soft, mash, and apply them where the pain is seated. This has given great relief.

For a Gathering on a Finger.

Mix together equal parts of castile soap and chalk; wet it with camphor, and bind it on, or dip the finger in honey and camphorated spirits, as hot as you can bear. A little burnt alum put on lint is good; also a bread and milk poultice, with pounded sassafras root stewed in it, and renewed frequently. Honey and camphor mixed is useful for gatherings that have been of long standing.

Take of the following ingredients a tea-spoonful each: black pepper powdered finely, ginger, spirits of camphor, laudanum, and honey; beat them well with the yelk of an egg, and thicken with rye flour, or if you cannot obtain rye, corn and wheat flour mixed will answer; this will form a soft poultice, and should be applied in sufficient quantity to keep moist, and changed once a day. I have known this to cure several gatherings that threatened to be severe.

Huxham's Bark Tincture.

Take two ounces of bark, three drachms of Virginia snake root, one ounce of orange peel, and one quart of good spirits; set it in a warm place, and shake it daily for two weeks; then pour it off, and add a pint more spirits to the ingredients.

This is very useful to take, when recovering from the ague or bilious fever, or in the fall of the year; when these are apprehended, take two tea-spoonsful a day, before breakfast and dinner.

Wine Bitters for Debility, &c.

Take two ounces of chamomile flowers, two of centaury flowers, one of iron filings, and an ounce and a half of Jesuit's bark; put these in two quarts of good wine, and set it in the sun three days, shaking; it frequently. Half a wine-glass of this taken, twice a day, with water, is useful in cases of debility, where there is no fever.

Chamomile, and wormwood teas, are both excellent tonics, as is also wild cherry tree bark, made in strong tea, and taken cold.

Spice Wood Berries.

Boil in a pint of new milk, a table-spoonful of bruised spice wood berries. This has a very healing effect in cases of dysentery, and summer disease in children.

Spiced Rhubarb.

Take two ounces of rhubarb, half an ounce of cloves, the same of cinnamon, and quarter of an ounce of mace; stew them in a pint and a half of water till one half is evaporated; then strain it and add half a pint of good spirits. Two tea-spoonsful is a dose for a child a year old, with the summer disease, and two table-spoonsful for a grown person.

For Chapped Lips.

Put a tea-cupful of rich cream over some coals to stew with three table-spoonsful of powdered loaf-sugar. This has a healing effect.

Another remedy, equally good, is to a tea-cupful of honey, add half the quantity of mutton tallow, and stew together till well mixed; pour it out in a cup, and keep stirring till cold.

For chapped hands, mix together equal quantities of rich cream and strong vinegar, and rub it over every time you wash your hands.

Bathing.

Almost every family, even if their circumstances be moderate, can have a shower bath; they may save the expense, by improved health and strength; one bucket full of cold water is sufficient. You should wear on the head an oil-cloth cap. For a person in strong health, the bath may be taken on first rising in the morning; but for one disposed to be delicate, two or three hours after breakfast is the most proper time. To produce warmth, rub the person with a crash towel, or horse hair glove. You should be careful to take some exercise after the bath, or you will be more liable to take cold. Never take a bath soon after a meal, as that is injurious. Persons subject to colds, sore throat, rheumatism, sick head-ache, nervous disease, or general debility, have been greatly benefited by the daily use of the shower bath. Children that are oppressed with heat are much refreshed, and will rest well after a bath; the water should be moderated for them. Infants should be bathed every morning in a tub of water about milk warm, and may be very early accustomed to its use; they will become fond of it, and are less liable to take cold from exposure to the air. They generally take a refreshing nap after coming out of the bath. They should not be allowed to remain in more than five or ten minutes; should be well wiped with a soft towel, and then rubbed with flannel and dressed; their clothes being warmed to prevent a chill.

Elderberry Jam for Colds, &c.

A quart of nicely picked elderberries, to a pound of loaf-sugar and a tea-cup of water; let them boil slowly for an hour. If you prefer it without the seeds, strain the berries after boiling them for a few minutes, before you add the sugar. This is useful and agreeable for colds, taken through the day, or at night, when the cough is troublesome. It is said also to purify the blood, and is taken to prevent erysipelas.

Black Currant Jelly, a Remedy for Sore Throat.

Take ripe black currants, mash and strain them, and to every pint of the juice, add a pound of loaf-sugar; boil it until it becomes a jelly. It is valuable for sore throats.

Quince seeds dried, and boiling water poured on them, make a useful gargle for sore throat.

Lavender Compound.

Pick the lavender blossoms, and put them in a bottle, with a few blades of mace, and some cloves; fill up the bottle with good spirits, and let it stand corked up, till all the strength is extracted; when strain it off, and color it with a little cochineal.

FOOD FOR THE SICK.

Remarks on Preparing Food for the Sick.

Few young persons understand cooking for the sick. It is very important to know how to prepare their food in an inviting manner; every thing should be perfectly clean and nice. Avoid giving an invalid any thing out of a cup that has been used before; even if it is medicine, it will not be so hard to take out of a clean cup. It is well to have a stand or small table by the bed-side, that you can set any thing on. A small silver strainer that will just fit over a tumbler or tea-cup, is very useful to strain lemonade, panada or herb tea.

If you want any thing to use through the night, you should prepare it, if possible, beforehand; as a person that is sick, can sometimes fall asleep without knowing it, if the room is _kept perfectly still._

Boiled Custard.

Beat an egg with a heaped tea-spoonful of sugar; stir it into a tea-cupful of boiling milk, and stir till it is thick; pour it in a bowl on a slice of toast cut up, and grate a little nutmeg over.

Panada.

Put some crackers, crusts of dry bread or dried rusk, in a sauce-pan with cold water, and a few raisins; after it has boiled half an hour, put in sugar, nutmeg, and half a glass of wine, if the patient has no fever.

If you have dried rusk, it is a quicker way to put the rusk in a bowl with some sugar, and pour boiling water on it out of the tea-kettle. If the patient can take nothing but liquids, this makes a good drink when strained.

Egg Panada.

Boil a handful of good raisins in a quart of water; toast a slice of bread and cut it up; beat two eggs with a spoonful of sugar, and mix it with the bread; when the raisins are done, pour them on the toast and eggs, stirring all the time; season to your taste with wine, nutmeg and butter.

Oat-meal Gruel.

Mix two spoonsful of oat-meal, with as much water as will mix it easily, and stir it in a pint of boiling water in a sauce-pan until perfectly smooth; let it boil a few minutes; season it with sugar and nutmeg, and pour it out on a slice of bread toasted and cut up, or some dried rusk. If the patient should like them, you can put in a few raisins, stoned and cut up. This will keep good a day, and if nicely warmed over, is as good as when fresh.

Corn Gruel.

Mix two spoonsful of sifted corn-meal in some water; have a clean skillet with a pint of boiling water in it; stir it in, and when done, season it with salt to your taste, or sugar, if you prefer it;

Arrow-root.

Moisten two tea-spoonsful of powdered arrow-root with water, and rub it smooth with a spoon; then pour on half a pint of boiling water; season it with lemon juice, or wine and nutmeg. In cooking arrow-root for children, it is a very good way to make it very thick, and thin it afterwards with milk.

Sago.

Wash, the sago, (allowing two table-spoonsful to a quart of water,) and soak it an hour; boil it slowly till it thickens; sweeten it with loaf-sugar, and season it with wine or lemon juice.

Tapioca Jelly.

Wash the tapioca well, and let it soak for several hours in cold water; put it in a sauce-pan with the same water, and let it boil slowly till it is clear and thick; then season it with wine and loaf-sugar. The pearl tapioca will require less time to soak, and no washing. Allow three table-spoonsful of tapioca to a quart of water.

Milk Porridge.

Put half a pint of milk, and the same of water, in a sauce-pan to boil; mix two spoonsful of wheat flour in milk till very smooth, and stir in when it boils; keep stirring it five minutes, when pour it in a bowl and season with salt.

Barley Water.

Boil two table-spoonsful of barley in a quart of water; it is a cooling drink in fevers. If the weather is cold, you can make a larger quantity. Some boil whole raisins with barley; take it with or without seasoning.

To Poach Eggs.

Put a pint of water in a clean skillet, with a little butter and salt; when it boils, break two eggs in a plate, and put them in; in about a minute, take them up on a plate, in which there is a slice of bread toasted and buttered. This is a very delicate way of cooking eggs.

Barley Panada.

Boil a small tea-cup of barley in water till it is soft, with a tea-cup of raisins; put in nutmeg and sugar, and break in it toast or dried rusk.

Calf's Foot Blancmange.

Put a set of nicely cleaned feet in four quarts of water, and let it boil more than half away; strain through a colander, and when it is cold, scrape off all the fat, and take out that which settles at the bottom; put it in a sauce-pan, with a quart of new milk, sugar to your taste, lemon peel and juice, and cinnamon or mace; let it boil ten minutes and strain it; wet your moulds, and when it is nearly cold put it in them; when it is cold and stiff it can be turned out on a plate, and eaten with or without cream. This is very nice for a sick person, and is easily made.

Cream Toast.

Cut a slice of stale bread, and wet it with cream; toast it slowly and butter it; this is very nice for an invalid, and an agreeable change.

Milk Toast &c.

Boil a tea-cup of milk, and put in a spoonful of butter; toast a slice of bread and moisten it with water, then pour on the boiling milk. This is very good for sick persons, and can be eaten without much exertion. In making water-toast, the butter should be melted in boiling water, and put on while hot.

To Stew Dried Beef.

Chip some beef very thin, pour hot water on it, and let it stand a minute or two, then drain it off, and stew it in a skillet with a little cream and butter. If it is preferred dry, it may be fried in butter alone.

To Stew Ham, &c.

Cut a slice of ham into small pieces, and pour boiling water on it; let it soak a few minutes to extract the salt, and stew it in a little water; just before it is done, put in some cream and parsley.

If you broil ham that is uncooked, it should always be soaked in water a few minutes.

To Stew Chickens or Birds.

When sick persons are tired of broiled chickens, or birds, it is well to stew them for a change; the wing, with part of the breast of a chicken, will make a meal; stew it in a little water, and put in parsley, cream, pepper and salt, just as it is done.

Chicken Water.

If you have a small chicken, it will take half of it to make a pint of chicken water. Cut it up and put it to boil in a covered skillet with a quart of water; when it has boiled down to a pint, take it up, and put in a little salt and slice of toasted bread. This is valuable in cases of dysentery and cholera morbus, particularly when made of old fowls.

Beef Feet.

Soak the feet and have them nicely cleaned; boil them slowly, and take off the scum as it rises; when they are soft and tender, take them up, and separate the bones from the glutinous part, which is very nice for a sick person, and conveys nutriment in a form that will hardly disagree with the most delicate stomach, and has been, taken when nearly all other food was rejected; a few drops of vinegar, and a little salt, renders it more palatable.

Beef Tea, &c.

Take a piece of juicy beef, without any fat, cut it in small pieces, bruise it till tender, put it in a wide-mouthed bottle, and cork it tight; put this in a pot of cold water, set it over the fire, and let it boil an hour or more.

When a person can take but a small quantity of nourishment, this is very good. Mutton may be done in the same way.

Mutton and Veal Broth.

Boil a piece of mutton till it comes to pieces; then strain the broth, and let it get cold, so that the fat will rise, which must be taken off; then warm it, and put in a little salt. Veal broth may be made in the same way, and is more delicate for sick persons.

Wine Whey.

Boil a pint of milk, and put to it a glass of white wine; set it over the fire till it just boils again, then set it off till the curd has settled, when strain it, and sweeten to your taste.

Rennet Whey.

Warm a pint of milk, but do not let it get too hot, or it will spoil the taste of the whey. Wash the salt from a piece of rennet the size of a dollar, and put it in the milk; when it turns, take out the rennet; wash and put it in a cup of water, and it will do to use again to make whey. If you have rennet in a bottle of wine, two tea-spoonsful of it will make a quart of whey; but if the person has fever, it is best to make it without wine.

Mulled Jelly.

Take a table-spoonful of currant or grape jelly, and beat with it the white of an egg, and a little loaf-sugar; pour on it half a pint of boiling water, and break in a slice of dry toast, or two crackers.

Mulled Wine.

Beat together an egg, a glass of wine, and a spoonful of sugar; pour on it half a pint of hot water; stir all the time to keep it from curdling, and when you pour it in a tumbler, grate a little nutmeg over it.

Toast Water.

Cut slices of bread very thin, and toast dry, but do not let it burn; put it in a pitcher, and pour boiling water on it. Toast water will allay thirst better than almost any thing else. If it is wanted to drink through the night, it should always be made early in the evening.

Apple Water, &c.

Roast two apples, mash them and pour a pint of water on them; or slice raw apples, and pour boiling water on them.

Tamarinds, currant or grape jelly, cranberries, or dried fruit of any kind, make a good drink.

Coffee.

Sick persons should have their coffee made separate from the family, as standing in the tin pot spoils the flavor. Put two tea-spoonsful of ground coffee in a small mug, and pour boiling water on it; let it set by the fire to settle, and pour it off in a cup, with sugar and cream. Care should be taken that there are no burnt grains.

Chocolate.

To make a cup of chocolate, grate a large tea-spoonful in a mug, and pour a tea-cup of boiling water on it; let it stand covered by the fire a few minutes, when you can put in sugar and cream.

Black Tea.

Black tea is much more suitable than green for sick persons, as it does not affect the nerves. Pat a tea-spoonful in a pot that will hold about two cups, and pour boiling water on it. Let it set by the fire to draw five or ten minutes.

Rye Mush.

This is a nourishing and light diet for the sick, and is by some preferred to mush made of Indian meal. Four large spoonsful of rye flour mixed smooth in a little water, and stirred in a pint of boiling water; let it boil twenty minutes, stirring frequently. Nervous persons who sleep badly, rest much better after a supper of corn, or rye mush, than if they take tea or coffee.

DOMESTICS.

Hints on the Management of Domestics, &c.

Some families are always changing their domestics, and weary their friends with complaints of those they have, and inquiries for others.

Deliberate before you make a change; if servants are honest, speak the truth, and have an obliging disposition, it is better to bear with a few defects, than to discharge them; these are qualifications for the foundation of a good servant; and some of the most valuable I have had, were such as could hardly be put up with at first. By being patient, and speaking to them in a kind manner, they become attached and fearful of doing any thing to offend.

When they break any thing, or an accident occurs, accustom them to inform you of it immediately. Few mistresses, of well regulated minds, will be offended when openly told of accidents; but if they are left to be found out, you always feel more disposed to blame and reprove them. By speaking to them in a mild and forgiving manner, careless servants will become more careful.

A considerate mistress may, without loss of dignity, make them feel that she regards it as her duty to be their friend, and that she feels herself under an obligation to advise them in difficulties and promote their comfort.

We should reflect that theirs is a life of servitude, and if they over-exert themselves, or are too much exposed in early life, it will bring on disease that will shorten their days, or render old age a burden.

Some young persons are too indolent to wait on themselves, and ring for the servants on the most trifling occasions; when if they were accustomed to perform these little offices, their health would be much better, and we should not hear of so many complaints, the result of want of exercise. All female servants should have time to attend to their clothing; many have to work so hard through the day that their only leisure is at night, and then they hurry over their things in a careless manner.

Where your circumstances permit, a good man-servant is a valuable acquisition; and they are sometimes more easily governed than females.

If mistresses were better informed, they would not complain so much of the ignorance and awkwardness of their domestics. Always give them their orders in time. If a new dish is to be cooked, superintend its preparation yourself.

If you are capable of directing, a cook will soon learn to do without your constant attention.

If they are slow in their movements, insist on their beginning early to prepare a meal, so that there will be time sufficient for every thing to be done properly.

If you expect company, have every thing prepared, that can be done with safety, the day previous. In summer there are but few things that can be done without risk of spoiling: a ham or tongue may he washed ready to boil; castors and salt-stands put in order, and pastry or dessert prepared, that will not spoil by being kept a day.

In winter, many things can be kept for days in a state of preparation for cooking; and it greatly assists the work of the family, to have every thing done beforehand.

Do with as few domestics as possible; assist with the work yourself, rather than keep one too many. Those that take orphan children to bring up, are often rewarded for their trouble; as sometimes a girl of fifteen will be more useful than one much older: and where a family is small it does very well, but in large families, a little girl is so often called from her work, that it has a tendency to unsettle and make her careless.

Never allow your children to call on or interrupt servants when at their work or meals, to do any thing which a child could do for itself; children that treat domestics with respect, will generally find them willing to render any assistance in their power. I have known a few housekeepers, who have kept the same servants for years, who have assisted in rearing the children, until they almost viewed them as their own, and these were not faultless. If they had been discharged for trifles, they might have wandered, from one family to another, without being attached to any, until they became so indifferent, as not to be worthy of employ, but by the kindness and patience of their employer, they became so grateful and attached, as to be a treasure to her family. When they become weary of such constant servitude, would it not be better, instead of discharging, to give them time for rest and recreation in

visiting their friends? I have known them to return, renewed in health and spirits.

Encourage them to lay by as much of their wages as they can possibly spare, in such institutions as are thought the most safe, that they may have something to look to in case of sickness, or any event which would require its use.

Promote their reading in such books as are suited to their capacities; they sometimes have a little leisure, that could be well filled up in this way. I have found it to increase the happiness of those under my care, to encourage a fondness for reading, and improving their minds; it tends to keep them from unprofitable company, and too much visiting, to which so many are addicted.

Young girls should make and mend their own clothes, and keep them in good order, and they should be taught to knit. The material of which stockings are composed costs but little, and they wear much better than those that are bought. Knitting fills up leisure moments, and promotes industrious habits; and when age comes on, they will have a resource, although it appears so simple, yet if it is not learned while young it is hard to acquire when old.

When servants are guilty of faults that cannot be looked over, instead of publicly reproving them, take an opportunity when alone, and talk coolly; tell them of your sorrow at being obliged to notice their conduct, encourage them to pursue a different course, and that you will forgive them if they will strive to do better. I have known them much improved by this mode of treatment.

By inspecting every department, not only will waste be prevented, but dishonesty. In cities many persons find it necessary to lock up nearly every thing; and it is a lamentable state of things that so few are to be trusted.

Sometimes treating servants with confidence will have a good effect; but let them be aware that you have a knowledge of every thing that is going on.

Some young persons are completely at the mercy of their domestics. I have known great uneasiness to be experienced, and much loss; but by showing a little moral courage, and discharging those that are irreclaimable, an ascendancy was gained. Never suffer them to treat you with disrespect or impertinence. If it is known that they will be discharged for these faults, they will be on their guard.

If you have taken a boy or girl, to bring up as a domestic, endeavour to teach them, at least to spell and read; they are sometimes very fond of their books, and if you once get them to reading, it will become to them a favorite evening amusement; I have known them take up their books on every occasion of leisure, I have seen boys that worked hard through the day, spend all the evening with their books, slate, and occasionally a little writing. Sometimes, I have in the evening felt fatigued and listless, and would much rather read, and amuse myself, than go out to teach two or three in the kitchen; but in attending to this, (which I consider a duty,) have felt a sweet reward--indeed, their grateful thanks expressed by words, have encouraged me to keep on. I have thought a little instruction in this way, arouses their faculties, and tends to make them more industrious. When I have been prevented from teaching them for some time, by indisposition, or other causes, I have observed they were not so cheerful in the performance of their work. If they are reading any thing they do not fully understand, take a little time to explain it to them. It will be, my young friends, like sowing the good seed, and you, as well as they, will receive the reward.

I wish to encourage you in the most affectionate manner to attend to _this_ duty; you will find it will strengthen you in the performance of others. "The more we exert our faculties, the more we can accomplish. He that does nothing, renders himself incapable of doing any thing. While we are executing one work, we are preparing ourselves to undertake another."

REMARKS.

Remarks on Carving, &c.

I do not think it necessary to say much on the subject of carving, as those who are accustomed to sit at a well ordered table, and who observe the manner of the host and hostess, can soon acquire the art, both of carving and helping with ease. And when placed at the head of their own table, the knowledge thus gained will be found a great assistance.

The proper time for children to acquire good habits at meals, is not when there is company; it should be an every day lesson. As when parents are engaged with their friends or guests, they have no time to devote to the manners of their children, and to reprove them at table is very unpleasant, as well as mortifying.

Young children will soon acquire the manner of sitting quietly till they are helped, if they are made to understand that they will not be permitted to eat with their parents and friends, unless they behave with propriety.

I have thought it a great assistance to the good order of a large family, for every member to be punctual in their attendance at meals, and all to sit down together, with a short pause before the carving and helping commences. In those moments of quiet, the heart is sometimes awakened to a feeling of gratitude to the Almighty dispenser of our blessings.

At the table, different members of the family meet; and where affection and kindness, those aids to true politeness, preside, it is truly a delightful treat to be the guest of such a family.

Every symptom of selfishness should be discouraged, for if suffered to take root in a child, it lays the foundation of much that is disagreeable to themselves and others.

Inculcate this excellent rule, "of doing unto others, what you wish others to do unto you," and always preferring others to yourself.

It is the custom in some well regulated families, to permit the younger members, (as they arrive at a suitable age,) to take turns in presiding, not only at breakfast and tea, but at the dinner table. I have known quite young girls that had been taught in this way, carve a fowl or joint of meat with ease and grace. In helping, they should be taught not to over-load the plate, as it takes away the appetite of some persons to be helped too largely.

The gravy should be stirred so that all may be helped alike, and a small quantity put on the meat or fowl, to which it belongs, and not on vegetables unless it is particularly desired.

If there should be a rare dish on the table, it is best to hand it round and let every one help himself, after it has been nicely cut up. Ham is much nicer to be cut in very thin slices. So is salt beef and tongue.

Young housekeepers in selecting their dishes for dinner, (if they have not an experienced cook,) should avoid those that are difficult to prepare. Never try a new dish when you expect company. Your guests will be more gratified with a neat and moderate table, with a few plain and well cooked dishes, accompanied with the smiling countenance of the hostess, than with a great variety of ill cooked and badly arranged viands.

Economy the Source of Charity.

If your circumstances will not admit of giving away much, you can, by economy, give a little, and a blessing will attend it. There are few of the very poor, that know how to repair old clothing to advantage; a garment will be of much more service, that is well mended before it is given to them.

It has been remarked, that the poor are ungrateful, and forget the favors conferred upon them.

I have seldom found them deficient in this respect; and when they are, if we would reflect, that if some of us received no more than we deserve, we should be but poorly off.

We know in our own families, how acceptable is a nice present of something that a sick member can eat; and it is sometimes the means of restoring the appetite, when any thing cooked in the house is rejected. The feeling of love with which it is presented, is as a cordial to a sick person.

How much more acceptable will something nourishing be to one oppressed with poverty, as well as sickness.

When the rich are diseased, the physician often finds it necessary to enjoin strict abstinence; but very different is it with the poor, who frequently suffer for want of nourishment.

When the mother of a poor family is ill, how greatly are her sufferings augmented by the knowledge that her children are deprived of her services; and how acceptable to such a family would be a loaf of bread, or a large bowl of soup, which could be made of materials that would hardly be missed.

Dried beans or peas, and onions, are a cheap and valuable addition to soup; also cold vegetables. The liquor that fresh meat is boiled in, should be carefully saved for that purpose, if there are those near you that need it.

It may seem at first troublesome to a young housekeeper, to take the necessary care to save for the poor. It is certainly much easier to let the cook have her own way, and waste or not, as she pleases; but for your encouragement my young friends, permit me to say, you will be sweetly rewarded for your attention to them.

One eminent for his charities, near the close of life, made this remark: "What I spent I lost, but what I gave away remains with me."

To Encourage Children in Acts of Kindness to the Aged and Afflicted.

Young children may early be taught to administer to the wants of the aged and infirm.

Some mothers are in the practice of giving a small sum of money to their children, as a reward for some little service or piece of work that they have done. The money thus obtained, to be laid out for a sick or old poor person. This method has an excellent effect on the minds of children; it incites them to industry, teaches self-denial, and the feelings of love and charity which are thus early instilled into their tender minds, make a lasting impression.

If they spent their little fund in trifles for their own use, they would acquire a habit of selfishness; which, when once formed, it is most difficult to eradicate. I have remarked the pleasure with which children will relate the incidents of a visit, which they have been permitted to make to a poor family; and it is a refreshment to persons advanced in life, to see a young family thus trained.

As soon as little girls can sew, they should be encouraged to make garments for the poor, or repair their own old ones as a present to a child of their own size, or make patchwork out of old dresses for a bed covering for poor people. Their being permitted to do these things, should be as a reward for good behavior and attention to their lessons or other duties.

When they are old enough to make a loaf of bread, a pie, or a little plain cake, allow them to do it, and take as a present to, or make broth or panada for a sick person. This teaches them to prepare these things while young, and may be useful to them in after life.

How cheering it must be to the aged or afflicted, to see smiling young faces enter their dwellings, bearing their little offerings of food or clothing, the work of their own hands.

Be encouraged my dear young mothers; if you thus train your children to works of charity, you will be doubly blessed.

Early Rising Promotes Punctuality.

It is an old and true saying, "that if you waste an hour in the morning, it is seldom recovered all that day." This dispirits you, and the next day there is still something left undone.

A late riser is rarely punctual in her engagements, and more of the happiness of married life depends on forming a habit of strict punctuality, than young persons are generally aware of.

If you are distressed at having acquired habits of late rising, and want of punctuality, remember by perseverance, they can be overcome. Fix an hour for rising, and let nothing but illness prevent your being up at that time. While forming this useful habit, you should retire to rest early.

Many things can be better attended to at an early, than a late hour in the morning.

Where families rise before the sun, the day seems much longer; all the active employments of the early riser are accomplished before her later neighbors have finished their breakfast.

The duties of the bath and toilet being performed, her chamber well aired and arranged--and her parlor in order, she is ready for the more quiet employments of reading and sewing.

In a well regulated household, servants perform their duties with life and energy. Determine on an hour for your meals, and if all the members of the family adhere to it, scrupulous exactness will soon be established.

Hints to Young Wives.

The authoress is well aware of the difficulties which surround a young wife on her first setting out, particularly if situated at a distance from the kind mother who has hitherto directed her, with servants who watch every movement, and who will soon discover whether the new mistress is qualified for the task she has undertaken.

Accustom yourself to rise early; fix a certain hour, and let nothing but indisposition prevent your being up at the appointed time. By this means your affairs will all be arranged in good season, and you will have time for recreation, in walking, riding, or in reading such authors as will tend to strengthen and improve your mind.

Young persons removed from large families often suffer greatly from loneliness, whereas, if they were occupied with household affairs, they would not feel so severely the absence of their husbands while attending to business.

Be punctual to the hour that has been fixed on for your meals, and let good order prevail in every department of which you have the command. A mistress of a family is much happier, who knows how every thing is going on from the garret to the cellar. By inspecting every thing you soon become interested, and we all know when that is the case, the most difficult pursuits become easy and pleasant.

And with what pleasure will a young wife welcome her husband to his meals, when her conscience assures her that she has done her best, and that nothing is neglected; and how will it lighten his labors to reflect, when absent, that the partner he has chosen, is performing her duty at home.

I am fully persuaded that the formation of domestic happiness, is generally laid the first year of marriage: therefore, my young friends, act well your part; if you desire to be treated with confidence you must merit it. If you keep an exact account of all your expenses, there will be less danger of living beyond your income, of which there have been so many lamentable instances.

Never buy any thing because it is recommended as being cheap; many cheap things amount in time to a large sum. In selecting furniture, let utility, not fashion, govern your choice; some young persons furnish their parlors so extravagantly, that necessary and useful articles are neglected, for want of means to purchase them. Be persuaded that happiness does not consist so much in having splendid furniture, as in attending to the every day comforts of those around you. If you marry without the useful knowledge necessary for governing your family, lose no time in acquiring it.

There is a time when most young girls show a fondness for domestic affairs before they are old enough to go into company, when it would be an agreeable change to be absent from school and assisting their mothers; the knowledge thus acquired would never be lost.

Many a young man who commenced with fair prospects, has been ruined through his wife's ignorance of domestic duties, and she has suffered from the consequent diminution of his esteem and love.

I once knew a lovely and accomplished young lady, accustomed to every indulgence, who, on her marriage, removed several hundred miles from her parents, to reside in the country, where servants were difficult to procure. This delicate and sensitive young creature was much distressed by her ignorance of almost every thing connected with housekeeping; and after suffering repeated mortifications, concluded to learn to do the work herself; and when this dearly bought knowledge was acquired, she was able to teach her ignorant servants; and resolved, if ever she had daughters, to use every means in her power to teach them.

When a prudent wife is made acquainted with the circumstances of her husband, she will endeavor strictly to keep within their bounds; always remembering that losses and events, over which he has no control, may occur and greatly reduce his income. And how will it assist her to bear a reverse of fortune, if she has acted with discretion; it will strengthen the wife to encourage and cheer her partner, and enable him to struggle through difficulties which were thought insurmountable. Happiness will not forsake such a family though they lose almost every thing, the peace which is the result of a good conscience will remain; this will strengthen them to begin anew, and the Divine blessing will attend such efforts.

A few Remarks to Encourage Young Housekeepers in their First Attempts.

As bread is the most important article of food, one of your first attempts should be to make a few loaves of good bread and rolls, of the most simple kind. Bread rolls are very easily made. If you succeed tolerably, it will encourage you to try again. When you make cakes, begin with the simple kinds; plain jumbles or cakes that you can roll out, or crisp ginger-bread. Sponge cake is easier than those that have butter in them; I have known young persons succeed very well with it. Bread rusk is also easily made, or a few plain pies. Do not trust the baking to an ignorant person, but superintend it yourself. Sometimes baking in a stove, is protracted by the dampness of the wood. Before you bake, have dry wood prepared. Watch the time; it is a good plan to have a clock near the kitchen. Do not have too many things on hand at once; but perfect yourself in the knowledge of a few important dishes. If you make good yeast you will be more certain of good bread, light cakes and rolls. To cook a steak nicely, is also important; and with a dish of

potatoes well cooked, a dish of cold slaw and an apple pie, or a little stewed fruit, will make a good plain dinner.

When your family is small, you can have something nice every day, without cooking much. Veal cutlets, and mutton chops, are easy to cook, and may be prepared in a short time. If you have a fowl, and boil it, you can save the soup, and warm it over for the next day. A cold roast fowl may be hashed. On days that you have cold meat, a batter pudding, or plain rice pudding, is easily prepared.

If you wish to have an early breakfast, make every preparation that you can, over night; set the table, have the relish cut, ready to cook, or to warm over--and cold bread may be sliced, and wrapped in a cloth to keep it moist. Coffee should be ground, and dry fuel, and water at hand. With these preparations, breakfast may be ready in half an hour from the time the fire is made. If you have warm corn bread, or rolls, it will require more time; but if you have them made up over night, and put in a cool place, they will not sour, and can soon be baked. Maryland biscuit are very convenient, as they are always ready, and will keep good a week. I have found it a great advantage to set the table over night, particularly if you have a separate room to eat in; although it takes but a short time, every minute is important in the morning.

Where the mistress washes the breakfast things, and puts them in their proper places, and counts the spoons, and other articles, she can see when any thing is missing. A mop is useful for glass and china; keep a pan, or a small tub, for the purpose of holding the water, which should not be too hot. If tea things are put in very hot water, it will be apt to crack them or they will look smeared. Put a little soap in the water, wash the glass first, then the silver, then the cups and saucers, and lastly, the plates and knives and forks. If spoons have been used with eggs, put them to soak immediately, to prevent their turning dark. Have a common waiter for the pan to stand in and on it drain your tea things. Spoons when used with care, require polishing but seldom, as it wears the silver away. Dinner dishes should be washed first in moderately warm water and soap, rinsed in hot water, and drained before wiping. Put every thing in its proper place, and inspect your pantry and cellar frequently. Sometimes things are forgotten, for want of attention, until they are spoiled. Air the cellar frequently; do not let refuse vegetables accumulate, or any thing that would be likely to cause sickness.

You should provide coarse towels of different kinds, for china and glass, and for the dinner dishes, also knife cloths, have them marked and kept in their proper places. Some persons have their towels washed out every day, but it is better to save them for the weekly wash. If towels are thrown aside damp, they are liable to mildew. You should keep dusters of several kinds. Old silk handkerchiefs, are best for highly polished furniture, or an old barege veil answers a good purpose. For common purposes, a square of coarse muslin, or check is suitable. You should keep one floor cloth for chambers, and one for the kitchen. Keep brooms for different purposes; always use a soft one for carpets, as soon as they wear stiff, they will do for the kitchen, or pavements. Pouring a little hot water on a broom, softens it for carpets. You may save tea leaves, to sprinkle over your carpet, when you give a thorough sweeping, this will brighten it, and occasionally to wipe it over, with a cloth, that has been wrung out of hot water cleanses it, of course, this is only required for carpets in constant use.

It is of great importance to health, that sleeping apartments should be well aired and swept. If you sleep in an apartment, where there has been fire during the day, it should be well aired before going to bed, or if the room is close, have a little air admitted, so as not to blow on persons that are asleep. A window that will lower from the top is an advantage. Beds should be well aired before they are made, take the clothes off, and leave them at least an hour. In pleasant weather, you may keep chamber windows hoisted, for several hours, and even in cold weather, the windows may be kept up a short time, and if on any occasion, you may be obliged to have the beds made without airing, turn the clothes half way down, and leave them for several hours. Some persons have cheap calico covers, to spread over beds, while the room is swept, this is a good plan, on account of the dust. Bolster and pillow tucks wear better, if you have a check case basted on, this should be changed, washed and starched occasionally. It is a good plan also to have check covers for matresses and feather beds, but the covers should not be kept on beds that are not in use, lest they should be liable to moth. In winter a blanket should be put next a bed that is not often slept in, or for a delicate person, and be particularly careful, that sheets are dry before they are put away.

In summer it is most healthy to have your chamber floor bare, and have it washed occasionally. It is important to examine your clothes, after they come from the wash, and see that they are perfectly dry before they are put away.

CULTIVATION OF FLOWERS.

A few flowers and plants, when properly taken care of, are ornamental to the windows of a parlor, or sitting room; and will repay the care that is bestowed on them. Begin with a few that are easy to cultivate, and you will probably succeed. Persons that are fond of flowers, and have collected a number, are generally willing to give their young friends a few plants; and where we succeed in raising a fine plant from a slip, or cutting, we value it more than one that has been purchased at a green-house. Geraniums, cactus', wax plants, cape and catalonian jessamines, and some others, are easily cultivated in a parlor. Roses, camelias, and azaleas bloom best in a moderate temperature, as the heat of a parlor (unless very large) dries the buds, and prevents their coming to perfection. I have known these to bloom beautifully in a room that was very slightly heated--either over one in which there was fire, or in an apartment next a stove room. If the weather is very cold, they should be removed to a warmer room, until it moderates. The windows that are open to the south are best. When the blossoms have matured, you can bring them to the parlor; but if there is much heat, they will not remain perfect so long as in a moderate room.

Roses are sometimes troubled with insects, which should be brushed off with a feather, and the plants washed with a decoction of tobacco, (not too strong,) they will not bloom when thus infested. There is another insect that fastens itself to the bark of lemon trees, and other plants; frequent washing with soap suds and brushing the sterns, removes it, and some times wash the leaves with a sponge, when the weather is too cold to put them out of doors. Setting them out in a warm rain, or watering them well all over the foliage, is very reviving to plants. Be careful to have pieces of old broken earthen-ware at the bottom of each pot, to drain them, or the plants will not thrive. The earth should be sometimes removed, and an occasional re-potting, is an advantage; being careful not to disturb the roots. A mixture of charcoal and sand, and rich earth of more than one kind is thought best. Earth fresh from the woods is good for pot-plants, as well as borders, but should always be mixed with a stronger soil. Roses that are planted round a house, should have a deep and rich soil made for them, and they will then bloom beautifully all the season.

Pot plants should in summer be placed in a situation where they wilt not be exposed to intense heat. Some persons place their pots in the earth on the north side of the house; others keep them in a porch where they can get some sun. They require much more water in summer. The wax plant blooms beautifully in summer, and should be kept in a sheltered situation, not exposed to the wind; it should have a strong frame of wood and wire to run on, well secured in a tub or box. Hyacinths and crocuses should be planted in pots, boxes, or small tubs, in rich earth, in October or November; a small painted tub is very suitable, and will hold a dozen hyacinths, and as many crocus roots. The most beautiful I ever saw in a window, were planted in this way, by keeping some in the sun, and others in the shade you can have a succession of blooms, they are also pretty in root glasses, but this plan will exhaust the roots. After blooming in the house, they should be planted in the garden. The same roots will not answer the next year for parlor culture, they increase very fast in the garden by proper care.

There is something refining to the mind in the cultivation of flowers, either in a garden or in pots. Many hours that would be weary or lonely, are thus pleasantly occupied, and the mind refreshed.

I now take leave of the reader, with a sincere desire, that these remarks may be of use, and that the receipts which I have been at some pains in compiling and arranging, may be acceptable.

INDEX

A.

Accidents--poisons taken by mistake, remedies for, Acid, to restore Colors, &c., Acts of Kindness, to Encourage Children in, Adhesive Plaster, Ague, Cure for, Alamode, Beef, Almond Cake, Almond Cream, Almonds, to Blanch. Apple Butter, Apples, Baked, Apple and Bread Pudding, Apples, Crab, to Preserve, Apple Custard, Apple Dumplings, Apple Float, Apple Fritters, Apple Jelly, Apple Marmalade, Apples, Pine, Apples, to Preserve, Apples, Pine, Syrup, Apple Pudding, Apples, to Stew for Pies, Apple Water, Apricots, preserved, Arrow-root, Arrow root Pudding, Asparagus,

B.

Bacon--to Cure, Bacon, Dumplings, Bacon Fraise, Baking in a Brick-oven, Baking in a Dutch-oven, Baking in a Stove, Balloon Pudding, Balls, Force Meat, Balsam-apple, &c., Bannock, Corn, Bark Tincture, Bath, Mustard, Bathing, Batter Pudding, Barley Panada, Barley Water, Batter Bread with Yeast, Batter, a Loaf of Muffin, Beans, Green, for Winter use, Beans, Lima, Beans, String, Bean Soup, Beds, Feather, Bedsteads, Cleaning, Bee, Sting of a, Beef Alamode, Beef, Curing, Beef, Dried, Beef Kidney, to Fry, Beef Pudding, Baked, Beef Shin Soup, Beef Spiced in Irish style, Beef Steak Pie, Beef Steak Pudding, Beef Steak, Beef Tea, Beef,

Fried, Beef, Roasted, Beef, Pickle for two Rounds, Beef, Pork, or Mutton Cured, Beef, Stewed, for the Sick, Beef, Stuffed, Round of, Beef's Feet, Beef's Heart, Baked, Beef's Tongue, to Boil, Beer, Harvest, Beer, Molasses, Beer, Porter, Beer, Spruce, Beer, to make two Gallons, Beets, Berries, Spice Wood, Biles, Cure for, Bilious Colic, Birds' West Pudding, Biscuit, Dyspepsy, Biscuit, Light, Biscuit, Maryland, Biscuit, Naples, Biscuit, Quick, Biscuit, Salaeratus, Biscuit, Tea, Bitters, Wine, Brittania Ware, Black Cake, Black Currant Jelly, Black Walnuts, to Pickle, Blackberries, to Preserve, Blackberry Cordial, Blackberry Flummery, Blackberry Wine, Blacking for Boots and Shoes, Blacking for Morocco Shoes, Blancmange of Jelly, Blancmange of Moss, Blancmange, Blancmange, Calf's Foot, for the Sick, Blankets, Blister Ointment, Blue, to Color Cotton, Boiling Fresh Meat, Boiling Puddings, Bologna Sausage, Boots and Shoes, to make Water-proof, Brain Cakes, Brains and Tongue, Brandy, Lemon, Brandy, Peaches in, Brandy, Rose, Brass, to Clean, Brazil Wood Dye, Bread and Apple Pudding, Bread Batter Cakes, Bread of Indian Meal, remarks on making, Bread Pudding, Bread Rolls, Bread Rusk, Bread, Bread, Batter, with Yeast, Bread, Corn Meal, Bread, Dyspepsy, Bread, Graham, Bread, Indian, Bread, Light, Bread, Mixed, Brick Oven Directions, Brick Oven, to Bake in, Broth, Mutton and Veal, Brown Mixture for a Cough, Brown, to Color, Bruises, Buckwheat Cakes, Bunions, Bunns, Burns and Scalds, Butler, Butter for Winter Use, Butter, a Pickle for, Butter to Keep a Length of Time, Butter-milk, Batter Cakes, Butter, Drawn,

C.

Cabbage, to Boil, Cabbage, to pickle, Cake, Almond, Cake, Remarks on Making and Baking, Cake, Black, Cakes, Brain, Cakes, Bread Batter, Cakes, Butter milk, Cakes, Butter milk Batter, Cakes, Buckwheat, Cake, Composition, Cakes, Corn Batter, Cakes, Cheese, Cake, Cider, Cake, Crisp Ginger, Cake, Cup, Cake, Dover, Cake, Flannel, Cake, Fruit, Cheap, Cake, Fruit, Rich, Cake, Ginger Cup, Cake, Icing for, Cake, Indian Pound, Cake, Jelly, Cake, Journey, Cake, Lemon Sponge, Cake, Loaf, Cakes, Little Indian, Cakes, Maryland Corn, Cake, Madison, Cakes, Mush Flannel, Cake, New Year, Cakes, Pan, Cake, Pound, Cake, Plum or Fruit, Cake, Plum, raised, Cake, Queen, Cake, Rice, Sponge, Cake, Rice Pound Cakes, Rice Cake, Sponge, Cake, Sponge, in Small Pans, Cake, Salaeratus, Cake, Short, Cake, Virginia Hoe, Cake, Washington, Cakes, Wafer, Cake, White, Calf's Foot, Blancmange, Calf's Foot Jelly, Calf's Head to Boil, Calf's Head, to Brown, Calf's Head Soup, Candles, Candied Preserves, Candy, Hoarhound, Cantelopes, to Preserve, Calicoes, Washing, Carolina Corn Rolls, Carrageen or Irish Moss Blancmange, Carpets, Rag, Carpets, to put Straw under, Carrots, Catsup, Cucumber, Catsup, Mushroom, Catsup, Tomato, Catsup, Green Tomato, Catsup, Walnut, Cauliflowers, Carving, Remarks on, Cedar Dye, Celery Sauce, Cellars, Cleaning, Cement, Fire-proof, Cement for Bottles, Cement for mending iron, Cement, Weather proof, Chapped Lips, Charity, Economy the Source of, Charcoal, Magnesia and Salts, Cheese, Cheese Cakes, Cheese, Cottage, Cheese Curds, Cheese, Pennsylvania Cream, Cheese, Hogshead, Cheese, Walnut, Cherries, Dried, Cherries, to Pickle, Cherries and Peaches, to Pickle, Cherries to Preserve, Cherry Cordial, Cherry Sauce, Cherry Toast, Chickens, to Broil, Chickens, to Fry, Chickens, to Fry, in Batter, Chickens, Fricasseed, Chickens in Paste, Chicken, Cold, with Vinegar, Chicken Pie, Chicken Pudding, Chickens, to Roast, Chicken Salad, Chickens Stewed with Rice, Chickens Stewed with Corn, Chickens, to Stew, for the Sick, Chicken Soup, Chicken Water Chilblains, Remedy for, China, Mending, Chines, Chocolate, for the Sick, Chocolate, Racahaut, Chops, Mutton, Chloride of Lime, Cholera Morbus, Chrome Yellow Wash, Cider, to make, Cider Marmalade, Citron Melon, Clams, to Fry and Stew, Clear Starching Cleaning Bedsteads, Cleaning Cellars, Cleaning Floors, Cleaning Kid Gloves, Cleaning Paint, Cleaning Silver, Cleaning Stoves, Cloth, to take Lime out of, Cloth, to take Wax out of Cocoanut Pudding, Cod Fish, Salt, Coffee, to Boil and Roast, Coffee for the Sick, Cold Custard, Cold Slaw, Colds, Remedy for, Colic, Colic, Bilious, Colic, Infants, Cologne, Colors taken out by Acids, to Restore Coloring, Conserve, Peaches to, Conserve, Pears to Conserve of Roses, Cooking for the Sick, Cordial, Blackberry, Cordial, Cherry, Cordial, Peach, Cordial, Quince, Cordial, Warner's, Cordials, Wines. &c., Corn Bannock, Cora Beef, to Boil. Cora Gruel, Corn Batter Cakes, Corn Bread, Corn Dumplings, Corn Flour, Dry Yeast of, Corn Fritters, Corn Meal Porridge, Corn Meal Pudding, Corn Muffins, Corn Pudding in paste, Corn Starch, Corn, Green, for Winter use, Corn, Green, to Boil, Corn, to Fricassee, Corns, Salve for, Cottage Cheese, or, Smearcase, Cough, Brown Mixture for a, Cough, for a, Cough, Remarks on a, Cough, Whooping, Cough, Lemon Mixture for a, Crab Apples, to Preserve, Crackers, Soaked, Cracks in Stoves, to Mend, Cramp in the Stomach, Cramp, Cranberries, Cream Cheese, Cream Sauce, Cream, Almond, Cream, Custard, Cream, Ice, Freezing, Cream, Poultice, Cream, Snow, Cream, Toast, Crisp Ginger Bread, Croup, for the, Crullers, Cucumber Catsup, Cucumbers, Cut, to Pickle, Cucumbers, to Fry or Slice, Cucumbers, to Pickle, Cucumbers, to Pickle, Small, Cucumbers, to Preserve, Cultivation of Flowers, Cup Cake, Curds, Cheese, Curds, Skim, Curds, Whey Slam, Currant Jelly, Currant Jelly, Black, Currant Pie, Currant Syrup, Currant Wine, Currants, to Preserve, Curtains, Custard Baked in Cups, Custard Bread Pudding, Custard for the Sick, Custard Hasty Pudding, Custard, Apple, Custard, Boiled, Custard, Cold, Custard, Cream, Custard, Ice, Custard, to Boil in Water, Custard, with Raisins, Cutlets, Veal, Cuts and Wounds, Remedy for, Cutting Glass, Cymblings, or Squashes,

D.

Damson Sauce, Damsons for Pies, Damsons, to Preserve, Deafness, Debility, Bitters for, Decanter, to Remove a Stopper from, Diseases, Summer, Domestics, on the Management of, Dough-nuts, Drab, to Color, Drawn Butter, Dressing, or Stuffing, Dried Beef, Dried Beef, to Stew, Dropsy, Ducks, to Roast, Dumplings, Apple, and Peach, Dumplings, Bacon, Dumplings, Corn, Dumplings, Drop, Dumplings, Large, Dumplings, Light Bread, Dumplings, Rice, Dumplings, Stew, Dumplings, Suet, Dutch-ovens, to Bake in, Dyeing Black, Dyeing Brown, Dyeing Carpet Rags, Dyeing Cotton, blue, Dyeing Drab, Dyeing Lead Color, Dyeing Olive, Dyeing Orange, Dyeing Red, Dyeing Scarlet, Dyeing with Brazil Wood, Dyeing with Cedar boughs, Dyeing Yarn Green, Dyeing Yellow, Dysentery, Dyspepsy Biscuit, Dyspepsy Bread,

E.

Ear-Ache, Remedy For, Early Rising Promotes Punctuality, Ears, Wash for Sore, Earthen Vessels, Economy, the Source of Charity, Egg Panada, Egg Plant, to Bake, Egg Plant, to Fry, Egg Rolls, Egg Sauce, Eggs in Lime-water, Eggs to Grease, for Winter use, Eggs, to Boil, Eggs, to Clean Soiled, Eggs, to Fry, Eggs, to Poach, Elder Ointment, Elderberry Jam for Colds, Elderberry Wine, Elecampane and Hoarhound Syrup English Walnuts, Erysipelas, Eyes, Wash for Weak,

F.

Falls, Feather Beds, Felons, Figs, Tomato, Filtering Water, Fire, Precautions against, Fish, Fresh, to Boil, Fish, Fresh, to Fry, Fish, Oysters, &c., Fish, Rock, to Stew or Bake, Fish, Salt Cod, to Boil, Flannel Cakes, Flannels, to Wash, Flaxseed Poultice, Floating Island, Float, Apple, Floors, to Clean, Floors, to take Grease out of, Flour, to Brown for Gravy, Flowers, the Cultivation of, Flummery, Blackberry, Flummery, Rice, Food for the Sick, Force Meat Balls, Fowls to Bake, Fox Grape Jam, Fraise Bacon, Freezing Ice Cream French Honey, French Rolls, Fresh Meat, to Boil, Fresh Meat, to Keep, Fresh Meat, to Restore when kept too long, Fresh Shad, to Bake, Fricassee, Chickens to Fricassee, Cora, to Fricassee, Tomatoes to Fritters, Apple, Fritters, Corn, Fritters, Indian Meal, Fritters, Oysters, Fritters, Rice, Fritters, Snow, Fruit Cake, Fruit to Stew for Pies, Fruit, Frosted, Furniture, Linseed Oil for, Furs and Woollens, to Keep,

G.

Gardens and Yards, Gathering on a Finger, Geese, to Pick, General Remarks, &c. Giblet Pie and Soup, Ginger Cup-cake, Ginger Tea, Ginger Wine, Ginger, to Preserve Green, Ginger-bread Nuts, Ginger-bread, Crisp, Ginger-bread, Light, Glass, to Cut, Gloves, to Clean Kid, Goose, to Roast, Gooseberries, to Preserve, Gooseberry Wine, Gout, Graham Bread, Grapes for Pies, Grapes in Brandy, Grates and Stoves, to Clean, Gravy with Roast Turkey, Gravy, Hash, Gravy, to Brown Flour for, Grease, to take out of Floors, Greasers for Bake Irons, Green Beans for Winter use, Green Corn Pudding, Green Peppers, to Preserve, Green Tomato Catsup, Green Wash, Green, to Color, Greens, to Boil, Gruel, Corn, Gruel, Oat Meal, Gum Arabic Paste, Gumbo Soup, Gums, Scurvy of,

H.

Ham, to Bake, Ham, to Boil, Ham, to Fry, Ham, to Stew, for the Sick, Hams, to Cure, Hash made of Fowls, Hash, Veal, Hash Gravy, Hasty Custard Pudding, Hasty Pudding of Indian Meal, Head-ache, Remedy for, Hearths, a Wash for, Heating a Brick-oven, Herbs, Gardens and Yards, Herring and Shad, Herring, Harford, Herring, Trash, to Pot, Herring, to Boil, Hints to Young Wives, Hoarhound and Elecampane Syrup, Hoarhound Candy, Hoe Cake, Hogshead Cheese, Hominy to Boil or Fry, Honey and Lemon Juice for a Cough, Hop Ointment, Hop Poultice, Housekeepers, to Encourage in their First Attempts, House Linen, Care of, Huckleberry Pudding, Huckleberry Pudding, Elkridge, Huxham's Buck Tincture,

I.

Ice Cream Freezing, Ice Cream superior Receipt for Making, Ice Cream with Fruit, Ice Cream with Lemon, Ices, to Stain, Icing, for Cake, Ice Custard with Vanilla, Indian Bread with Butter milk, Indian Corn Remarks on the Use of, Indian Pound Cake, Infant's Colic, Infant's Sore Mouth, Irish Stew, Irish Moss Blancmange, Island, Floating, Isinglass Jelly,

J.

Jam, Elderberry, Jam, Green Fox Grape, Jam, Ripe Fox Grape, Jelly, Apple, Jelly, Blancmange of, Jelly, Black Currant, Jelly, Currant, Jelly, Calf's Foot, Jelly, Cake, Jelly, Green Grape, Jelly, Isinglass, Jelly, Mulled, Jellies Preserves &c., Jelly, Quince, Jelly, Tapioca, Jelly, Tomato, Journey Cake, Jumbles Common, Jumbles, Cup, Jumbles for Delicate Persons, Jumbles, Molasses, Jumbles, Jackson, Jumbles, Rich,

K.

Kettles, Preserving, to clean, Keeping Apples for Winter use, Kid Gloves, to clean, Kidney, to fry Beef with, Kidneys, Affections of the, Kisses, Knives and Forks, to clean,

L.

Labor Saving Soap, Lamb, to Roast, Lamb, to Stew or Fry, Lard, Rendering, Lavender, Compound, Lead Color, Lemon Brandy, Lemon Butter, Lemon Ice Cream, Lemon Juice, Syrup of, Lemon Marmalade, Lemon Mixture for a Cough, Lemon Pudding, Lemon Syrup, Lemon and Honey for a Cough, Lemon, Green, to Preserve, Lettuce, Ley Poultice, Ley and Soda, Preparation for Washing, Light Biscuit, Light Bread Dumplings, Lily Ointment, Lily Root Poultice, Lima Beans, Lime, Chloride of, Lime, to take, out of Cloth, Linen, House, Linen, to take Ink and Fruit Stains out of, Linseed Oil for Furniture, Liver Sausage, Liver, to Fry Veal's, Liver, to Fry, Liverwort Syrup, Loaf Cake, Locked Jaw,

M.

Macaroons, Mackerel, to Boil, Madison Cake, Magnesia, Charcoal and Salts, Mahogany Furniture, Mangoes with Oil and Vinegar, Pickling, Mangoes, Mangoes, Pepper, Mansfield Muffins, Marble, Marmalade of mixed Fruits.. Marmalade, Apple, Marmalade, Cider, Marmalade, Lemon, Marmalade, Peach, Marmalade, Quince, Maryland Biscuit, Maryland Com Cakes, Matresses, Directions for Making, Meat, Fresh, to Restore, Meat, Roasting, Meat, to Boil Fresh, Meat, to keep Fresh, Melon Citron, to Preserve, Mending China, Mending Clothes, Milk Porridge, Milk Rolls, Milk Toast, Milk Yeast, Mince Pies, Mince Pies, Farmers, Mince Pies, Pork, Mixture, Brown, for Cough, Molasses Beer, Molasses Candy, Molasses Jumbles, Molasses Posset, for a Cold, Molasses Sauce, Mortification, Ointment for, Muffin Batter, a Loaf of, Muffins, Muffins, Boiled Milk, Muffins, Cold Water, Muffins, Corn, Muffins, Cream, Muffins, Mansfield, Muffins, Rice, Mulled Jelly, Mulled Wine, Mush Cakes, Fried Mush, Mush Flannel cakes, Mush Muffins, Mush Rolls, Mush, Mush, Rye, Mushroom Catsup, Mushroom Sauce, Mushrooms, to Pickle, Mushrooms, to Stew and Fry, Mustard Bath, for the Feet, Mustard Whey, Mutton Chops, Mutton Soup, Mutton and Veal Broth,

N.

Naples Biscuit, Nasturtions, New Year Cake,

O.

Oat-meal Gruel, Ointment, Blister, Ointment, Elder, Ointment, Hop, Ointment, Lily, Ointment, Precipitate, Ointment, St. Johnswort, Ointment, Tar, Ointment, for Mortification, Olive, to Color, Omelet, Onion Poultice, Onions Pickled, Onions, to Boil, Orange, to Color, Oven, Baking in a Dutch, Oven, Brick, Directions for Heating, Oyster Fritters, Oyster Pie, Oyster Pie, Baltimore, Oyster Plant, or Salsify, Oyster Sauce, Oyster Soup, Oysters and Fish, Oysters, Pickled, Oysters, Scolloped, Oysters, to Brown, Oysters, to Fry,

P.

Paint, to Clean, Pan Cakes, Pan Cakes, Water, Panada, Panada, Barley, Panada, Egg, Papered Walls, Parsnips, Paste, Gum Arabic, Paste, for Puddings or Pies, Pea Soup, Peach Dumplings, Peach Marmalade, Peach Pie, Peaches in Brandy, Peaches in Cider, Peaches, Pickled, Peaches, Spiced, Peaches, to Conserve, Peaches, to Preserve, Pears, to Conserve, Pears, to Preserve, Peas, Pepper Mangoes, Peppers, Green, to Preserve, Picking Geese, Pickle for Butter, Pickle for Chines, Pickled Oysters, Pickled Pork, Pickles, Vinegar, &c., Pickles, Yellow, Pie Crust, to Make, Pie, Beef Steak, Pie, Chicken, Pie, Currant, Pie, Mince, Pie, Oyster, Pie, Peach, Pie, Pork Mince, Pie, Puddings, &c., Pie, Rhubarb, Pie, Sweet Potato, Pies, to Stew fruit for, Pies, to make Common, Pig, to Roast a, Pigeons, Pigs' Feet, Pigs' Head, Pine Apple Syrup, Pine Apples, Plaster, Adhesive, Plum Cake, Plum Cake, raised, Plums, Green Gage, Poached Eggs, Poison, Remedy for, Poke and Greens, Pokeberry Juice, to Stain Ices, Pone, Cold Water, Pone, Lightened, Pone, Virginia, Pork Stew Pie, Pork, or Mutton, to Corn, Pork, to Fry and Stew, Pork, to Pickle, Pork, to Roast, Porridge, Corn Meal, Porridge, Milk, Porter Beer, Pot Pie, Potash Soap, Potato Starch, Potato Yeast, Potato Yeast, with Sugar, Potatoes, Sweet, Potatoes, to Boil, Potatoes, to Fry, Potatoes, to Stew, Poultice, Bread and Milk, Poultice, Cream, Poultice, Flaxseed, Pound Cake, Poultice, Hop, Poultice, Onion, Poultice, Ley, Poultice, Lily, Poultice, Sassafras, Precautions against Fire, Precipitate Ointment, Preserves, Candied, Preserves, Jellies, &c., Pudding of Corn Meal. Pudding of whole Rice, Pudding, Apple, Pudding, Arrow Root, Pudding, Baked Beef, Pudding, Baked, Pudding, Balloon, Pudding, Beef Steak, Pudding, Bird's Nest, Pudding, Boiled Indian, Pudding, Boiling, Pudding, Bread, Pudding, Butter, Pudding, Chicken, Pudding, Coaco nut, Pudding, Custard Bread, Pudding, Custard Hasty, Pudding, Elkridge, Huckleberry, Pudding, Huckleberry, Pudding, Lemon, Pudding, New

England Hasty, Pudding, Plain Rice, Pudding, Potato, Pudding, Preserve, Pudding, Pumpkin, Pudding, Quince, Pudding, Rice, Pudding, Richmond, Pudding, Suet, Pudding, Sweet Potato, Pudding, Switzerland, Pudding. Green Corn, Puddings, in little Pans, Puff Paste, Pumpkins, to Bake, Pumpkins, to Boil, Pumpkins, to Dry, Pumpkins, to Preserve, Putty, to Remove,

Q.

Queen Cake, Quick Biscuit, Quick Waffles, Quince Jelly,

R.

Rabbits and Squirrels, Racahaut Chocolate, Rag Carpet, to make a, Raisins in Syrup, Raspberries, to Preserve, Raspberry Vinegar, Raspberry Wine, Rats and Roaches, to destroy, Red Mixture, Red, to Color, Remarks on Carving, and the behavior of children at table, Remarks to Encourage Young Housekeepers in their first attempts, Remarks upon a Cough, Remedies, Simple, Rendering Lard and Tallow, Rennet Whey, Rennet Wine, Rennet, for Cheese, Rheumatism, Rhubarb Pies, Rhubarb, Spiced, Rica Pudding, Rice Cakes, Rice Dish with Fruit, Rice Dumplings. Rice Flour Pound Cake, Rice Flour Sponge Cake, Rice Flummery, Rice Fritters, Rice Milk, Rice Muffins, Rice Pudding, Plain, Rice Waffles, Rice, Stewed with Chicken, Rice, to Boil, Rich Fruit Cake, Richmond Pudding, Roasting Coffee, Roasting Meat, Rock Fish, to Stew or Bake, Rolls, Boiled Milk, Rolls, Bread. Rolls, Carolina Corn, Rolls, Egg. Rolls, French, Rolls, Mush, Rolls, Potato, Rolls, Soft, Rolls, Twist, Rolls, Water, Rose Brandy, Rose Conserve, Rose Water, Rusk for Drying, Rusk, Rusk, Bread, Rye, Mush,

S.

Sago, Salad, Chicken. Sally Lunn, Salsify or Oyster Plant, Salt Cod, Salt Salmon, to Boil, Salt Shad, to Boil, Salt Shad, to Broil, Salve for Burns, Salve for Corns, Salve, Dealer's, Salaeratus Biscuit, Salaeratus Cake, Sassafras Poultice, Sauce, Celery, Sauce, Cream, Sauce, Egg, Sauce, Molasses, Sauce, Mushroom, Sauce, Oyster, Sauce, Tomato, Sauce, White, Sauce, Wine, Sausage Meat, Sausage, Bologna, Sausage, Liver, Scalds and Burns, Scarlet, to Dye, Scolloped Oysters, Scrapple, Screw Dumplings, Scurvy of the Gums, Shad, to Broil, or Bake, Shad, to put up, and Herring, Short Cake, Silver, to Clean, Simple Remedies, Skim Curds of Whey, Skim Curds, Slaw, Cold, Smearcase, or Cottage Cheese, Snow Cream, Snow Fritters, Soap Stones, Soap, Soap, Hard, Soap, Later Saving, Soap, Potash, Soap, Volatile, Sore Mouth, Infants, Sore Throat, for a, Soup of Dried Beans, Soup, Beef Shin. Soup, Calf's Head, Soup, Chicken, Soup, Giblet, Soup, Gumbo, Soup, Mutton, Soup, Oyster, Soup, Pea, Soup, Shin, Soup, Vegetable, Soups, Souse, Spermaceti, to take out of cloth, Spice-wood Berries, Spiced Beef, Spiced Peaches, Spider, for the Bite of a, Sponge Cake, Sprained Ankle, Sprained Limb, Spruce Beer, Squashes, or Cymblings, Squirrels and Rabbits, St. Johnswort Ointment, Stains, to take out of Linen, Starch, Common, Starch, Corn, Starch, Potato, Starching Clear, Steak, Beef, Stew, Irish, Sting of a Bee, Stir-about, Stopper, to Remove from a Decanter, Stoves or Grates, to Clean, Stoves, to Mend, Straw under Carpets, Strawberries, String Beans, Stuffing, or Dressing, Suet Pudding, Suet, to keep Several Months, Sugar, to Clarify, Summer Diseases. Sweet Bread, Veal, Sweet Potato Pie, Sweet Potato Pudding, Sweet Potatoes, Switzerland Pudding, Syrup of Lemon Juice, Syrup, Currant, Syrup, Hoarhound, and Elecampane, Syrup, Lemon, Syrup, Liverwort, Syrup, Pine Apple, Syrup, Raisins in, Syrups and Ices,

T.

Table Cloths, Taffy, or Molasses Candy, Tallow, to Render, Tapioca, Tar Ointment, Tea, Tea, Beef, Tea, Black, Tea, Ginger, Teeth, Cleaning the, Terrapins, Tetter, Cure for the, Tetter, Warts, &c., Throat, Sore, Tin Kitchens, Roasting in, Tincture, Huxham's Bark, Toast Water, Toast for the Sick, Toast, Cream, Toast, Milk, Tomato Catsup, Tomato Figs, Tomato Jelly, Tomato Omelet, Tomato Sauce, Tomatoes for Winter Use, Tomatoes, Green, for Pies, Tomatoes, to Bake, Tomatoes, to Broil, Tomatoes, to Fry, Tomatoes, to Pickle, Tomatoes, to Preserve, Tomatoes, to Stew, Tongue and Brains, Tongue, to Boil, Tongues, to Cure a Dozen, Tooth-ache, Trifle, Turkey, to Boil, Turkey, to Roast, Turnips, Twist Rolls,

V.

Vanilla, Veal Cutlets, Veal Hash, Veal and Lamb, to Roast, Veal and Mutton Broth, Veal's Liver, to Fry, Veal, Stuffed Leg of, Veal, to Boil, Veal, to Fry and Stew, Vegetable Soup, Vegetables, Vegetables, to keep, in Winter, Vermicelli, Vials, to Clean, Vinegar, Raspberry, Vinegar, to Make, Virginia Hoe Cake, Virginia Pone, Virginia Yellow Pickles, Volatile Soap,

W.

Waffles, Wafer Cakes, Waffles, Quick, Waffles, Rice, Walls, Papered, to clean, Walnut Catsup, Walnut Cheese, Walnuts, Black, to Pickle, Walnuts, English, Walnuts, White, to Pickle, Warner's Cordial, Warts, Wash for Hearths, Wash for Sore Ears, Washes, White or Colored, Washing Calicoes, Washing Windows, Washington Cake, Water, Apple, Water, Filtering, Water, to Purify, Water, to keep Cool in Summer, Watermelon Rind, Wax and Spermaceti, to take out of cloth, Weather proof, Cement, Whey, Rennet, Whey, Skim Curds, Whey, Wine, Whips, White Beans, Dried, White Sauce, White wash, to Mix, Whooping Cough, for, Wine Sauce, Wine Whey, Wine, Blackberry, Wine, Currant, Wine, Elderberry, Wine, Ginger, Wine, Gooseberry, Wine, Mulled, Wine, Raspberry, Wine, Rennet, Wines, Cordials, &c., Woollens and Furs, to keep, Woollens, to Dye, Worms, Wounds and Cuts,

Y.

Yeast, Yeast Dry, Yeast, Corn, Yeast, Milk, Yeast, Potato, Yellow Ochre wash, Yellow Pickles, Yellow wash, Chrome, Yellow, to Dye,

==========

Untitled

Unknown

Project Gutenberg Release: January 01, 2006 · eBook #9662

Produced by Jonathan Ingram and Project Gutenberg Distributed Proofreaders

AN ENQUIRY CONCERNING HUMAN UNDERSTANDING.

BY DAVID HUME

Extracted from: Enquiries Concerning the Human Understanding, and Concerning the Principles of Morals, By David Hume.

Reprinted from The Posthumous Edition of 1777, and Edited with Introduction, Comparative Tables of Contents, and Analytical Index by L.A. Selby-Bigge, M.A., Late Fellow of University College, Oxford.

Second Edition, 1902

CONTENTS

I. Of the different Species of Philosophy II. Of the Origin of Ideas III. Of the Association of Ideas IV. Sceptical Doubts concerning the Operations of the Understanding V. Sceptical Solution of these Doubts VI. Of Probability VII. Of the Idea of necessary Connexion VIII. Of Liberty and Necessity IX. Of the Reason of Animals X. Of Miracles XI. Of a particular Providence and of a future State XII. Of the academical or sceptical Philosophy

INDEX

SECTION I.

OF THE DIFFERENT SPECIES OF PHILOSOPHY.

1. Moral philosophy, or the science of human nature, may be treated after two different manners; each of which has its peculiar merit, and may contribute to the entertainment, instruction, and reformation of mankind. The one considers man chiefly as born for action; and as influenced in his measures by taste and sentiment; pursuing one object, and avoiding another, according to the value which these objects seem to possess, and according to the light in which they present themselves. As virtue, of all objects, is allowed to be the most valuable, this species of philosophers paint her in the most amiable colours; borrowing all helps from poetry and eloquence, and treating their subject in an easy and obvious manner, and such as is best fitted to please the imagination, and engage the affections. They select the most striking observations and instances from common life; place opposite characters in a proper contrast; and alluring us into the paths of virtue by the views of glory and happiness, direct our steps in these paths by the soundest precepts and most illustrious examples. They make us _feel_ the difference between vice and virtue; they excite and regulate our sentiments; and so they can but bend our hearts to the love of probity and true honour, they think, that they have fully attained the end of all their labours.

2. The other species of philosophers consider man in the light of a reasonable rather than an active being, and endeavour to form his understanding more than cultivate his manners. They regard human nature as a subject of speculation; and with a narrow scrutiny examine it, in order to find those principles, which regulate our understanding, excite our sentiments, and make us approve or blame any particular object, action, or behaviour. They think it a reproach to all literature, that philosophy should not yet have fixed, beyond controversy, the foundation of morals, reasoning, and criticism; and should for ever talk of truth and falsehood, vice and virtue, beauty and deformity, without being able to determine the source of these distinctions. While they attempt this arduous task, they are deterred by no difficulties; but proceeding from particular instances to general principles, they still push on their enquiries to principles more general, and rest not satisfied till they arrive at those original principles, by which, in every science, all human curiosity must be bounded. Though their speculations seem abstract, and even unintelligible to common readers, they aim at the approbation of the learned and the wise; and think themselves sufficiently compensated for the labour of their whole lives, if

they can discover some hidden truths, which may contribute to the instruction of posterity.

3. It is certain that the easy and obvious philosophy will always, with the generality of mankind, have the preference above the accurate and abstruse; and by many will be recommended, not only as more agreeable, but more useful than the other. It enters more into common life; moulds the heart and affections; and, by touching those principles which actuate men, reforms their conduct, and brings them nearer to that model of perfection which it describes. On the contrary, the abstruse philosophy, being founded on a turn of mind, which cannot enter into business and action, vanishes when the philosopher leaves the shade, and comes into open day; nor can its principles easily retain any influence over our conduct and behaviour. The feelings of our heart, the agitation of our passions, the vehemence of our affections, dissipate all its conclusions, and reduce the profound philosopher to a mere plebeian.

4. This also must be confessed, that the most durable, as well as justest fame, has been acquired by the easy philosophy, and that abstract reasoners seem hitherto to have enjoyed only a momentary reputation, from the caprice or ignorance of their own age, but have not been able to support their renown with more equitable posterity. It is easy for a profound philosopher to commit a mistake in his subtile reasonings; and one mistake is the necessary parent of another, while he pushes on his consequences, and is not deterred from embracing any conclusion, by its unusual appearance, or its contradiction to popular opinion. But a philosopher, who purposes only to represent the common sense of mankind in more beautiful and more engaging colours, if by accident he falls into error, goes no farther; but renewing his appeal to common sense, and the natural sentiments of the mind, returns into the right path, and secures himself from any dangerous illusions. The fame of Cicero flourishes at present; but that of Aristotle is utterly decayed. La Bruyere passes the seas, and still maintains his reputation: But the glory of Malebranche is confined to his own nation, and to his own age. And Addison, perhaps, will be read with pleasure, when Locke shall be entirely forgotten.

The mere philosopher is a character, which is commonly but little acceptable in the world, as being supposed to contribute nothing either to the advantage or pleasure of society; while he lives remote from communication with mankind, and is wrapped up in principles and notions equally remote from their comprehension. On the other hand, the mere ignorant is still more despised; nor is any thing deemed a surer sign of an illiberal genius in an age and nation where the sciences flourish, than to be entirely destitute of all relish for those noble entertainments. The most perfect character is supposed to lie between those extremes; retaining an equal ability and taste for books, company, and business; preserving in conversation that discernment and delicacy which arise from polite letters; and in business, that probity and accuracy which are the natural result of a just philosophy. In order to diffuse and cultivate so accomplished a character, nothing can be more useful than compositions of the easy style and manner, which draw not too much from life, require no deep application or retreat to be comprehended, and send back the student among mankind full of noble sentiments and wise precepts, applicable to every exigence of human life. By means of such compositions, virtue becomes amiable, science agreeable, company instructive, and retirement entertaining.

Man is a reasonable being; and as such, receives from science his proper food and nourishment: But so narrow are the bounds of human understanding, that little satisfaction can be hoped for in this particular, either from the extent of security or his acquisitions. Man is a sociable, no less than a reasonable being: But neither can he always enjoy company agreeable and amusing, or preserve the proper relish for them. Man is also an active being; and from that disposition, as well as from the various necessities of human life, must submit to business and occupation: But the mind requires some relaxation, and cannot always support its bent to care and industry. It seems, then, that nature has pointed out a mixed kind of life as most suitable to the human race, and secretly admonished them to allow none of these biasses to _draw_ too much, so as to incapacitate them for other occupations and entertainments. Indulge your passion for science, says she, but let your science be human, and such as may have a direct reference to action and society. Abstruse thought and profound researches I prohibit, and will severely punish, by the pensive melancholy which they introduce, by the endless uncertainty in which they involve you, and by the cold reception which your pretended discoveries shall meet with, when communicated. Be a philosopher; but, amidst all your philosophy, be still a man.

5. Were the generality of mankind contented to prefer the easy philosophy to the abstract and profound, without throwing any blame or contempt on the latter, it might not be improper, perhaps, to comply with this general opinion, and allow every man to enjoy, without opposition, his own taste and sentiment. But as the matter is often carried farther, even to the absolute rejecting of all profound reasonings, or what is commonly called _metaphysics_, we shall now proceed to consider what can reasonably be pleaded in their behalf.

We may begin with observing, that one considerable advantage, which results from the accurate and abstract philosophy, is, its subserviency to the easy and humane; which, without the former, can never attain a sufficient degree of exactness in its

sentiments, precepts, or reasonings. All polite letters are nothing but pictures of human life in various attitudes and situations; and inspire us with different sentiments, of praise or blame, admiration or ridicule, according to the qualities of the object, which they set before us. An artist must be better qualified to succeed in this undertaking, who, besides a delicate taste and a quick apprehension, possesses an accurate knowledge of the internal fabric, the operations of the understanding, the workings of the passions, and the various species of sentiment which discriminate vice and virtue. How painful soever this inward search or enquiry may appear, it becomes, in some measure, requisite to those, who would describe with success the obvious and outward appearances of life and manners. The anatomist presents to the eye the most hideous and disagreeable objects; but his science is useful to the painter in delineating even a Venus or an Helen. While the latter employs all the richest colours of his art, and gives his figures the most graceful and engaging airs; he must still carry his attention to the inward structure of the human body, the position of the muscles, the fabric of the bones, and the use and figure of every part or organ. Accuracy is, in every case, advantageous to beauty, and just reasoning to delicate sentiment. In vain would we exalt the one by depreciating the other.

Besides, we may observe, in every art or profession, even those which most concern life or action, that a spirit of accuracy, however acquired, carries all of them nearer their perfection, and renders them more subservient to the interests of society. And though a philosopher may live remote from business, the genius of philosophy, if carefully cultivated by several, must gradually diffuse itself throughout the whole society, and bestow a similar correctness on every art and calling. The politician will acquire greater foresight and subtility, in the subdividing and balancing of power; the lawyer more method and finer principles in his reasonings; and the general more regularity in his discipline, and more caution in his plans and operations. The stability of modern governments above the ancient, and the accuracy of modern philosophy, have improved, and probably will still improve, by similar gradations.

6. Were there no advantage to be reaped from these studies, beyond the gratification of an innocent curiosity, yet ought not even this to be despised; as being one accession to those few safe and harmless pleasures, which are bestowed on human race. The sweetest and most inoffensive path of life leads through the avenues of science and learning; and whoever can either remove any obstructions in this way, or open up any new prospect, ought so far to be esteemed a benefactor to mankind. And though these researches may appear painful and fatiguing, it is with some minds as with some bodies, which being endowed with vigorous and florid health, require severe exercise, and reap a pleasure from what, to the generality of mankind, may seem burdensome and laborious. Obscurity, indeed, is painful to the mind as well as to the eye; but to bring light from obscurity, by whatever labour, must needs be delightful and rejoicing.

But this obscurity in the profound and abstract philosophy, is objected to, not only as painful and fatiguing, but as the inevitable source of uncertainty and error. Here indeed lies the justest and most plausible objection against a considerable part of metaphysics, that they are not properly a science; but arise either from the fruitless efforts of human vanity, which would penetrate into subjects utterly inaccessible to the understanding, or from the craft of popular superstitions, which, being unable to defend themselves on fair ground, raise these intangling brambles to cover and protect their weakness. Chaced from the open country, these robbers fly into the forest, and lie in wait to break in upon every unguarded avenue of the mind, and overwhelm it with religious fears and prejudices. The stoutest antagonist, if he remit his watch a moment, is oppressed. And many, through cowardice and folly, open the gates to the enemies, and willingly receive them with reverence and submission, as their legal sovereigns.

7. But is this a sufficient reason, why philosophers should desist from such researches, and leave superstition still in possession of her retreat? Is it not proper to draw an opposite conclusion, and perceive the necessity of carrying the war into the most secret recesses of the enemy? In vain do we hope, that men, from frequent disappointment, will at last abandon such airy sciences, and discover the proper province of human reason. For, besides, that many persons find too sensible an interest in perpetually recalling such topics; besides this, I say, the motive of blind despair can never reasonably have place in the sciences; since, however unsuccessful former attempts may have proved, there is still room to hope, that the industry, good fortune, or improved sagacity of succeeding generations may reach discoveries unknown to former ages. Each adventurous genius will still leap at the arduous prize, and find himself stimulated, rather that discouraged, by the failures of his predecessors; while he hopes that the glory of achieving so hard an adventure is reserved for him alone. The only method of freeing learning, at once, from these abstruse questions, is to enquire seriously into the nature of human understanding, and show, from an exact analysis of its powers and capacity, that it is by no means fitted for such remote and abstruse subjects. We must submit to this fatigue, in order to live at ease ever after: And must cultivate true metaphysics with some care, in order to destroy the false and adulterate. Indolence, which, to some persons, affords a safeguard against this deceitful philosophy, is, with others, overbalanced by curiosity; and despair, which, at some moments, prevails, may give place afterwards to sanguine hopes and expectations. Accurate and just reasoning is the only

catholic remedy, fitted for all persons and all dispositions; and is alone able to subvert that abstruse philosophy and metaphysical jargon, which, being mixed up with popular superstition, renders it in a manner impenetrable to careless reasoners, and gives it the air of science and wisdom.

8. Besides this advantage of rejecting, after deliberate enquiry, the most uncertain and disagreeable part of learning, there are many positive advantages, which result from an accurate scrutiny into the powers and faculties of human nature. It is remarkable concerning the operations of the mind, that, though most intimately present to us, yet, whenever they become the object of reflexion, they seem involved in obscurity; nor can the eye readily find those lines and boundaries, which discriminate and distinguish them. The objects are too fine to remain long in the same aspect or situation; and must be apprehended in an instant, by a superior penetration, derived from nature, and improved by habit and reflexion. It becomes, therefore, no inconsiderable part of science barely to know the different operations of the mind, to separate them from each other, to class them under their proper heads, and to correct all that seeming disorder, in which they lie involved, when made the object of reflexion and enquiry. This talk of ordering and distinguishing, which has no merit, when performed with regard to external bodies, the objects of our senses, rises in its value, when directed towards the operations of the mind, in proportion to the difficulty and labour, which we meet with in performing it. And if we can go no farther than this mental geography, or delineation of the distinct parts and powers of the mind, it is at least a satisfaction to go so far; and the more obvious this science may appear (and it is by no means obvious) the more contemptible still must the ignorance of it be esteemed, in all pretenders to learning and philosophy.

Nor can there remain any suspicion, that this science is uncertain and chimerical; unless we should entertain such a scepticism as is entirely subversive of all speculation, and even action. It cannot be doubted, that the mind is endowed with several powers and faculties, that these powers are distinct from each other, that what is really distinct to the immediate perception may be distinguished by reflexion; and consequently, that there is a truth and falsehood in all propositions on this subject, and a truth and falsehood, which lie not beyond the compass of human understanding. There are many obvious distinctions of this kind, such as those between the will and understanding, the imagination and passions, which fall within the comprehension of every human creature; and the finer and more philosophical distinctions are no less real and certain, though more difficult to be comprehended. Some instances, especially late ones, of success in these enquiries, may give us a juster notion of the certainty and solidity of this branch of learning. And shall we esteem it worthy the labour of a philosopher to give us a true system of the planets, and adjust the position and order of those remote bodies; while we affect to overlook those, who, with so much success, delineate the parts of the mind, in which we are so intimately concerned?

9. But may we not hope, that philosophy, if cultivated with care, and encouraged by the attention of the public, may carry its researches still farther, and discover, at least in some degree, the secret springs and principles, by which the human mind is actuated in its operations? Astronomers had long contented themselves with proving, from the phaenomena, the true motions, order, and magnitude of the heavenly bodies: Till a philosopher, at last, arose, who seems, from the happiest reasoning, to have also determined the laws and forces, by which the revolutions of the planets are governed and directed. The like has been performed with regard to other parts of nature. And there is no reason to despair of equal success in our enquiries concerning the mental powers and economy, if prosecuted with equal capacity and caution. It is probable, that one operation and principle of the mind depends on another; which, again, may be resolved into one more general and universal: And how far these researches may possibly be carried, it will be difficult for us, before, or even after, a careful trial, exactly to determine. This is certain, that attempts of this kind are every day made even by those who philosophize the most negligently: And nothing can be more requisite than to enter upon the enterprize with thorough care and attention; that, if it lie within the compass of human understanding, it may at last be happily achieved; if not, it may, however, be rejected with some confidence and security. This last conclusion, surely, is not desirable; nor ought it to be embraced too rashly. For how much must we diminish from the beauty and value of this species of philosophy, upon such a supposition? Moralists have hitherto been accustomed, when they considered the vast multitude and diversity of those actions that excite our approbation or dislike, to search for some common principle, on which this variety of sentiments might depend. And though they have sometimes carried the matter too far, by their passion for some one general principle; it must, however, be confessed, that they are excusable in expecting to find some general principles, into which all the vices and virtues were justly to be resolved. The like has been the endeavour of critics, logicians, and even politicians: Nor have their attempts been wholly unsuccessful; though perhaps longer time, greater accuracy, and more ardent application may bring these sciences still nearer their perfection. To throw up at once all pretensions of this kind may justly be deemed more rash, precipitate, and dogmatical, than even the boldest and most affirmative philosophy, that has ever attempted to impose its crude dictates and principles on mankind.

10. What though these reasonings concerning human nature seem abstract, and of difficult comprehension? This affords no presumption of their falsehood. On the contrary, it seems impossible, that what has hitherto escaped so many wise and profound philosophers can be very obvious and easy. And whatever pains these researches may cost us, we may think ourselves sufficiently rewarded, not only in point of profit but of pleasure, if, by that means, we can make any addition to our stock of knowledge, in subjects of such unspeakable importance.

But as, after all, the abstractedness of these speculations is no recommendation, but rather a disadvantage to them, and as this difficulty may perhaps be surmounted by care and art, and the avoiding of all unnecessary detail, we have, in the following enquiry, attempted to throw some light upon subjects, from which uncertainty has hitherto deterred the wise, and obscurity the ignorant. Happy, if we can unite the boundaries of the different species of philosophy, by reconciling profound enquiry with clearness, and truth with novelty! And still more happy, if, reasoning in this easy manner, we can undermine the foundations of an abstruse philosophy, which seems to have hitherto served only as a shelter to superstition, and a cover to absurdity and error!

SECTION II.

OF THE ORIGIN OF IDEAS.

11. Every one will readily allow, that there is a considerable difference between the perceptions of the mind, when a man feels the pain of excessive heat, or the pleasure of moderate warmth, and when he afterwards recalls to his memory this sensation, or anticipates it by his imagination. These faculties may mimic or copy the perceptions of the senses; but they never can entirely reach the force and vivacity of the original sentiment. The utmost we say of them, even when they operate with greatest vigour, is, that they represent their object in so lively a manner, that we could _almost_ say we feel or see it: But, except the mind be disordered by disease or madness, they never can arrive at such a pitch of vivacity, as to render these perceptions altogether undistinguishable. All the colours of poetry, however splendid, can never paint natural objects in such a manner as to make the description be taken for a real landskip. The most lively thought is still inferior to the dullest sensation.

We may observe a like distinction to run through all the other perceptions of the mind. A man in a fit of anger, is actuated in a very different manner from one who only thinks of that emotion. If you tell me, that any person is in love, I easily understand your meaning, and form a just conception of his situation; but never can mistake that conception for the real disorders and agitations of the passion. When we reflect on our past sentiments and affections, our thought is a faithful mirror, and copies its objects truly; but the colours which it employs are faint and dull, in comparison of those in which our original perceptions were clothed. It requires no nice discernment or metaphysical head to mark the distinction between them.

12. Here therefore we may divide all the perceptions of the mind into two classes or species, which are distinguished by their different degrees of force and vivacity. The less forcible and lively are commonly denominated _Thoughts_ or _Ideas_. The other species want a name in our language, and in most others; I suppose, because it was not requisite for any, but philosophical purposes, to rank them under a general term or appellation. Let us, therefore, use a little freedom, and call them _Impressions_; employing that word in a sense somewhat different from the usual. By the term _impression_, then, I mean all our more lively perceptions, when we hear, or see, or feel, or love, or hate, or desire, or will. And impressions are distinguished from ideas, which are the less lively perceptions, of which we are conscious, when we reflect on any of those sensations or movements above mentioned.

13. Nothing, at first view, may seem more unbounded than the thought of man, which not only escapes all human power and authority, but is not even restrained within the limits of nature and reality. To form monsters, and join incongruous shapes and appearances, costs the imagination no more trouble than to conceive the most natural and familiar objects. And while the body is confined to one planet, along which it creeps with pain and difficulty; the thought can in an instant transport us into the most distant regions of the universe; or even beyond the universe, into the unbounded chaos, where nature is supposed to lie in total confusion. What never was seen, or heard of, may yet be conceived; nor is any thing beyond the power of thought, except what implies an absolute contradiction.

But though our thought seems to possess this unbounded liberty, we shall find, upon a nearer examination, that it is really confined within very narrow limits, and that all this creative power of the mind amounts to no more than the faculty of compounding, transposing, augmenting, or diminishing the materials afforded us by the senses and experience. When we think of a golden mountain, we only join two consistent ideas, _gold_, and _mountain_, with which we were formerly acquainted. A virtuous horse we

can conceive; because, from our own feeling, we can conceive virtue; and this we may unite to the figure and shape of a horse, which is an animal familiar to us. In short, all the materials of thinking are derived either from our outward or inward sentiment: the mixture and composition of these belongs alone to the mind and will. Or, to express myself in philosophical language, all our ideas or more feeble perceptions are copies of our impressions or more lively ones.

14. To prove this, the two following arguments will, I hope, be sufficient. First, when we analyze our thoughts or ideas, however compounded or sublime, we always find that they resolve themselves into such simple ideas as were copied from a precedent feeling or sentiment. Even those ideas, which, at first view, seem the most wide of this origin, are found, upon a nearer scrutiny, to be derived from it. The idea of God, as meaning an infinitely intelligent, wise, and good Being, arises from reflecting on the operations of our own mind, and augmenting, without limit, those qualities of goodness and wisdom. We may prosecute this enquiry to what length we please; where we shall always find, that every idea which we examine is copied from a similar impression. Those who would assert that this position is not universally true nor without exception, have only one, and that an easy method of refuting it; by producing that idea, which, in their opinion, is not derived from this source. It will then be incumbent on us, if we would maintain our doctrine, to produce the impression, or lively perception, which corresponds to it.

15. Secondly. If it happen, from a defect of the organ, that a man is not susceptible of any species of sensation, we always find that he is as little susceptible of the correspondent ideas. A blind man can form no notion of colours; a deaf man of sounds. Restore either of them that sense in which he is deficient; by opening this new inlet for his sensations, you also open an inlet for the ideas; and he finds no difficulty in conceiving these objects. The case is the same, if the object, proper for exciting any sensation, has never been applied to the organ. A Laplander or Negro has no notion of the relish of wine. And though there are few or no instances of a like deficiency in the mind, where a person has never felt or is wholly incapable of a sentiment or passion that belongs to his species; yet we find the same observation to take place in a less degree. A man of mild manners can form no idea of inveterate revenge or cruelty; nor can a selfish heart easily conceive the heights of friendship and generosity. It is readily allowed, that other beings may possess many senses of which we can have no conception; because the ideas of them have never been introduced to us in the only manner by which an idea can have access to the mind, to wit, by the actual feeling and sensation.

16. There is, however, one contradictory phenomenon, which may prove that it is not absolutely impossible for ideas to arise, independent of their correspondent impressions. I believe it will readily be allowed, that the several distinct ideas of colour, which enter by the eye, or those of sound, which are conveyed by the ear, are really different from each other; though, at the same time, resembling. Now if this be true of different colours, it must be no less so of the different shades of the same colour; and each shade produces a distinct idea, independent of the rest. For if this should be denied, it is possible, by the continual gradation of shades, to run a colour insensibly into what is most remote from it; and if you will not allow any of the means to be different, you cannot, without absurdity, deny the extremes to be the same. Suppose, therefore, a person to have enjoyed his sight for thirty years, and to have become perfectly acquainted with colours of all kinds except one particular shade of blue, for instance, which it never has been his fortune to meet with. Let all the different shades of that colour, except that single one, be placed before him, descending gradually from the deepest to the lightest; it is plain that he will perceive a blank, where that shade is wanting, and will be sensible that there is a greater distance in that place between the contiguous colours than in any other. Now I ask, whether it be possible for him, from his own imagination, to supply this deficiency, and raise up to himself the idea of that particular shade, though it had never been conveyed to him by his senses? I believe there are few but will be of opinion that he can: and this may serve as a proof that the simple ideas are not always, in every instance, derived from the correspondent impressions; though this instance is so singular, that it is scarcely worth our observing, and does not merit that for it alone we should alter our general maxim.

17. Here, therefore, is a proposition, which not only seems, in itself, simple and intelligible; but, if a proper use were made of it, might render every dispute equally intelligible, and banish all that jargon, which has so long taken possession of metaphysical reasonings, and drawn disgrace upon them. All ideas, especially abstract ones, are naturally faint and obscure: the mind has but a slender hold of them: they are apt to be confounded with other resembling ideas; and when we have often employed any term, though without a distinct meaning, we are apt to imagine it has a determinate idea annexed to it. On the contrary, all impressions, that is, all sensations, either outward or inward, are strong and vivid: the limits between them are more exactly determined: nor is it easy to fall into any error or mistake with regard to them. When we entertain, therefore, any suspicion that a philosophical term is employed without any meaning or idea (as is but too frequent), we need but enquire, _from what impression is that supposed idea derived_? And if it be impossible to assign any, this will serve to confirm our suspicion. By bringing ideas into so clear a light we may reasonably hope to remove all dispute, which may arise, concerning their nature and reality.[1]

[1] It is probable that no more was meant by those, who denied innate ideas, than that all ideas were copies of our impressions; though it must be confessed, that the terms, which they employed, were not chosen with such caution, nor so exactly defined, as to prevent all mistakes about their doctrine. For what is meant by _innate_? If innate be equivalent to natural, then all the perceptions and ideas of the mind must be allowed to be innate or natural, in whatever sense we take the latter word, whether in opposition to what is uncommon, artificial, or miraculous. If by innate be meant, contemporary to our birth, the dispute seems to be frivolous; nor is it worth while to enquire at what time thinking begins, whether before, at, or after our birth. Again, the word _idea_, seems to be commonly taken in a very loose sense, by LOCKE and others; as standing for any of our perceptions, our sensations and passions, as well as thoughts. Now in this sense, I should desire to know, what can be meant by asserting, that self-love, or resentment of injuries, or the passion between the sexes is not innate?

But admitting these terms, _impressions_ and _ideas_, in the sense above explained, and understanding by _innate_, what is original or copied from no precedent perception, then may we assert that all our impressions are innate, and our ideas not innate.

To be ingenuous, I must own it to be my opinion, that LOCKE was betrayed into this question by the schoolmen, who, making use of undefined terms, draw out their disputes to a tedious length, without ever touching the point in question. A like ambiguity and circumlocution seem to run through that philosopher's reasonings on this as well as most other subjects.

SECTION III.

OF THE ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS.

18. It is evident that there is a principle of connexion between the different thoughts or ideas of the mind, and that, in their appearance to the memory or imagination, they introduce each other with a certain degree of method and regularity. In our more serious thinking or discourse this is so observable that any particular thought, which breaks in upon the regular tract or chain of ideas, is immediately remarked and rejected. And even in our wildest and most wandering reveries, nay in our very dreams, we shall find, if we reflect, that the imagination ran not altogether at adventures, but that there was still a connexion upheld among the different ideas, which succeeded each other. Were the loosest and freest conversation to be transcribed, there would immediately be observed something which connected it in all its transitions. Or where this is wanting, the person who broke the thread of discourse might still inform you, that there had secretly revolved in his mind a succession of thought, which had gradually led him from the subject of conversation. Among different languages, even where we cannot suspect the least connexion or communication, it is found, that the words, expressive of ideas, the most compounded, do yet nearly correspond to each other: a certain proof that the simple ideas, comprehended in the compound ones, were bound together by some universal principle, which had an equal influence on all mankind.

19. Though it be too obvious to escape observation, that different ideas are connected together; I do not find that any philosopher has attempted to enumerate or class all the principles of association; a subject, however, that seems worthy of curiosity. To me, there appear to be only three principles of connexion among ideas, namely, _Resemblance_, _Contiguity_ in time or place, and _Cause or Effect_.

That these principles serve to connect ideas will not, I believe, be much doubted. A picture naturally leads our thoughts to the original[2]: the mention of one apartment in a building naturally introduces an enquiry or discourse concerning the others[3]: and if we think of a wound, we can scarcely forbear reflecting on the pain which follows it[4]. But that this enumeration is complete, and that there are no other principles of association except these, may be difficult to prove to the satisfaction of the reader, or even to a man's own satisfaction. All we can do, in such cases, is to run over several instances, and examine carefully the principle which binds the different thoughts to each other, never stopping till we render the principle as general as possible[5]. The more instances we examine, and the more care we employ, the more assurance shall we acquire, that the enumeration, which we form from the whole, is complete and entire.

[2] Resemblance.

[3] Contiguity.

[4] Cause and effect.

[5] For instance, Contrast or Contrariety is also a connexion among Ideas: but it may, perhaps, be considered as a mixture of _Causation_ and _Resemblance_. Where two objects are contrary, the one destroys the other; that is, the cause of its annihilation,

and the idea of the annihilation of an object, implies the idea of its former existence.

SECTION IV.

SCEPTICAL DOUBTS CONCERNING THE OPERATIONS OF THE UNDERSTANDING.

PART I.

20. All the objects of human reason or enquiry may naturally be divided into two kinds, to wit, _Relations of Ideas_, and _Matters of Fact_. Of the first kind are the sciences of Geometry, Algebra, and Arithmetic; and in short, every affirmation which is either intuitively or demonstratively certain. _That the square of the hypothenuse is equal to the square of the two sides_, is a proposition which expresses a relation between these figures. _That three times five is equal to the half of thirty_, expresses a relation between these numbers. Propositions of this kind are discoverable by the mere operation of thought, without dependence on what is anywhere existent in the universe. Though there never were a circle or triangle in nature, the truths demonstrated by Euclid would for ever retain their certainty and evidence.

21. Matters of fact, which are the second objects of human reason, are not ascertained in the same manner; nor is our evidence of their truth, however great, of a like nature with the foregoing. The contrary of every matter of fact is still possible; because it can never imply a contradiction, and is conceived by the mind with the same facility and distinctness, as if ever so conformable to reality. _That the sun will not rise to-morrow_ is no less intelligible a proposition, and implies no more contradiction than the affirmation, _that it will rise_. We should in vain, therefore, attempt to demonstrate its falsehood. Were it demonstratively false, it would imply a contradiction, and could never be distinctly conceived by the mind.

It may, therefore, be a subject worthy of curiosity, to enquire what is the nature of that evidence which assures us of any real existence and matter of fact, beyond the present testimony of our senses, or the records of our memory. This part of philosophy, it is observable, has been little cultivated, either by the ancients or moderns; and therefore our doubts and errors, in the prosecution of so important an enquiry, may be the more excusable; while we march through such difficult paths without any guide or direction. They may even prove useful, by exciting curiosity, and destroying that implicit faith and security, which is the bane of all reasoning and free enquiry. The discovery of defects in the common philosophy, if any such there be, will not, I presume, be a discouragement, but rather an incitement, as is usual, to attempt something more full and satisfactory than has yet been proposed to the public.

22. All reasonings concerning matter of fact seem to be founded on the relation of _Cause and Effect_. By means of that relation alone we can go beyond the evidence of our memory and senses. If you were to ask a man, why he believes any matter of fact, which is absent; for instance, that his friend is in the country, or in France; he would give you a reason; and this reason would be some other fact; as a letter received from him, or the knowledge of his former resolutions and promises. A man finding a watch or any other machine in a desert island, would conclude that there had once been men in that island. All our reasonings concerning fact are of the same nature. And here it is constantly supposed that there is a connexion between the present fact and that which is inferred from it. Were there nothing to bind them together, the inference would be entirely precarious. The hearing of an articulate voice and rational discourse in the dark assures us of the presence of some person: Why? because these are the effects of the human make and fabric, and closely connected with it. If we anatomize all the other reasonings of this nature, we shall find that they are founded on the relation of cause and effect, and that this relation is either near or remote, direct or collateral. Heat and light are collateral effects of fire, and the one effect may justly be inferred from the other.

23. If we would satisfy ourselves, therefore, concerning the nature of that evidence, which assures us of matters of fact, we must enquire how we arrive at the knowledge of cause and effect.

I shall venture to affirm, as a general proposition, which admits of no exception, that the knowledge of this relation is not, in any instance, attained by reasonings _a priori_; but arises entirely from experience, when we find that any particular objects are constantly conjoined with each other. Let an object be presented to a man of ever so strong natural reason and abilities; if that object be entirely new to him, he will not be able, by the most accurate examination of its sensible qualities, to discover any of its causes or effects. Adam, though his rational faculties be supposed, at the very first, entirely perfect, could not have inferred from the fluidity and transparency of water that it would suffocate him, or from the light and warmth of fire that it would consume him. No object ever discovers, by the qualities which appear to the senses, either the causes which produced it, or the effects which will

arise from it; nor can our reason, unassisted by experience, ever draw any inference concerning real existence and matter of fact.

24. This proposition, _that causes and effects are discoverable, not by reason but by experience_, will readily be admitted with regard to such objects, as we remember to have once been altogether unknown to us; since we must be conscious of the utter inability, which we then lay under, of foretelling what would arise from them. Present two smooth pieces of marble to a man who has no tincture of natural philosophy; he will never discover that they will adhere together in such a manner as to require great force to separate them in a direct line, while they make so small a resistance to a lateral pressure. Such events, as bear little analogy to the common course of nature, are also readily confessed to be known only by experience; nor does any man imagine that the explosion of gunpowder, or the attraction of a loadstone, could ever be discovered by arguments _a priori_. In like manner, when an effect is supposed to depend upon an intricate machinery or secret structure of parts, we make no difficulty in attributing all our knowledge of it to experience. Who will assert that he can give the ultimate reason, why milk or bread is proper nourishment for a man, not for a lion or a tiger?

But the same truth may not appear, at first sight, to have the same evidence with regard to events, which have become familiar to us from our first appearance in the world, which bear a close analogy to the whole course of nature, and which are supposed to depend on the simple qualities of objects, without any secret structure of parts. We are apt to imagine that we could discover these effects by the mere operation of our reason, without experience. We fancy, that were we brought on a sudden into this world, we could at first have inferred that one Billiard-ball would communicate motion to another upon impulse; and that we needed not to have waited for the event, in order to pronounce with certainty concerning it. Such is the influence of custom, that, where it is strongest, it not only covers our natural ignorance, but even conceals itself, and seems not to take place, merely because it is found in the highest degree.

25. But to convince us that all the laws of nature, and all the operations of bodies without exception, are known only by experience, the following reflections may, perhaps, suffice. Were any object presented to us, and were we required to pronounce concerning the effect, which will result from it, without consulting past observation; after what manner, I beseech you, must the mind proceed in this operation? It must invent or imagine some event, which it ascribes to the object as its effect; and it is plain that this invention must be entirely arbitrary. The mind can never possibly find the effect in the supposed cause, by the most accurate scrutiny and examination. For the effect is totally different from the cause, and consequently can never be discovered in it. Motion in the second Billiard-ball is a quite distinct event from motion in the first; nor is there anything in the one to suggest the smallest hint of the other. A stone or piece of metal raised into the air, and left without any support, immediately falls: but to consider the matter _a priori_, is there anything we discover in this situation which can beget the idea of a downward, rather than an upward, or any other motion, in the stone or metal? And as the first imagination or invention of a particular effect, in all natural operations, is arbitrary, where we consult not experience; so must we also esteem the supposed tie or connexion between the cause and effect, which binds them together, and renders it impossible that any other effect could result from the operation of that cause. When I see, for instance, a Billiard-ball moving in a straight line towards another; even suppose motion in the second ball should by accident be suggested to me, as the result of their contact or impulse; may I not conceive, that a hundred different events might as well follow from that cause? May not both these balls remain at absolute rest? May not the first ball return in a straight line, or leap off from the second in any line or direction? All these suppositions are consistent and conceivable. Why then should we give the preference to one, which is no more consistent or conceivable than the rest? All our reasonings _a priori_ will never be able to show us any foundation for this preference.

In a word, then, every effect is a distinct event from its cause. It could not, therefore, be discovered in the cause, and the first invention or conception of it, _a priori_, must be entirely arbitrary. And even after it is suggested, the conjunction of it with the cause must appear equally arbitrary; since there are always many other effects, which, to reason, must seem fully as consistent and natural. In vain, therefore, should we pretend to determine any single event, or infer any cause or effect, without the assistance of observation and experience.

26. Hence we may discover the reason why no philosopher, who is rational and modest, has ever pretended to assign the ultimate cause of any natural operation, or to show distinctly the action of that power, which produces any single effect in the universe. It is confessed, that the utmost effort of human reason is to reduce the principles, productive of natural phenomena, to a greater simplicity, and to resolve the many particular effects into a few general causes, by means of reasonings from analogy, experience, and observation. But as to the causes of these general causes, we should in vain attempt their discovery; nor shall we ever be able to satisfy ourselves, by any particular explication of them. These ultimate springs and principles are totally shut up from human curiosity and enquiry. Elasticity, gravity, cohesion of parts, communication of motion by impulse; these are probably the ultimate

causes and principles which we shall ever discover in nature; and we may esteem ourselves sufficiently happy, if, by accurate enquiry and reasoning, we can trace up the particular phenomena to, or near to, these general principles. The most perfect philosophy of the natural kind only staves off our ignorance a little longer: as perhaps the most perfect philosophy of the moral or metaphysical kind serves only to discover larger portions of it. Thus the observation of human blindness and weakness is the result of all philosophy, and meets us at every turn, in spite of our endeavours to elude or avoid it.

27. Nor is geometry, when taken into the assistance of natural philosophy, ever able to remedy this defect, or lead us into the knowledge of ultimate causes, by all that accuracy of reasoning for which it is so justly celebrated. Every part of mixed mathematics proceeds upon the supposition that certain laws are established by nature in her operations; and abstract reasonings are employed, either to assist experience in the discovery of these laws, or to determine their influence in particular instances, where it depends upon any precise degree of distance and quantity. Thus, it is a law of motion, discovered by experience, that the moment or force of any body in motion is in the compound ratio or proportion of its solid contents and its velocity; and consequently, that a small force may remove the greatest obstacle or raise the greatest weight, if, by any contrivance or machinery, we can increase the velocity of that force, so as to make it an overmatch for its antagonist. Geometry assists us in the application of this law, by giving us the just dimensions of all the parts and figures which can enter into any species of machine; but still the discovery of the law itself is owing merely to experience, and all the abstract reasonings in the world could never lead us one step towards the knowledge of it. When we reason _a priori_, and consider merely any object or cause, as it appears to the mind, independent of all observation, it never could suggest to us the notion of any distinct object, such as its effect; much less, show us the inseparable and inviolable connexion between them. A man must be very sagacious who could discover by reasoning that crystal is the effect of heat, and ice of cold, without being previously acquainted with the operation of these qualities.

PART II.

28. But we have not yet attained any tolerable satisfaction with regard to the question first proposed. Each solution still gives rise to a new question as difficult as the foregoing, and leads us on to farther enquiries. When it is asked, _What is the nature of all our reasonings concerning matter of fact?_ the proper answer seems to be, that they are founded on the relation of cause and effect. When again it is asked, _What is the foundation of all our reasonings and conclusions concerning that relation?_ it may be replied in one word, Experience. But if we still carry on our sifting humour, and ask, _What is the foundation of all conclusions from experience?_ this implies a new question, which may be of more difficult solution and explication. Philosophers, that give themselves airs of superior wisdom and sufficiency, have a hard task when they encounter persons of inquisitive dispositions, who push them from every corner to which they retreat, and who are sure at last to bring them to some dangerous dilemma. The best expedient to prevent this confusion, is to be modest in our pretensions; and even to discover the difficulty ourselves before it is objected to us. By this means, we may make a kind of merit of our very ignorance.

I shall content myself, in this section, with an easy task, and shall pretend only to give a negative answer to the question here proposed. I say then, that, even after we have experience of the operations of cause and effect, our conclusions from that experience are _not_ founded on reasoning, or any process of the understanding. This answer we must endeavour both to explain and to defend.

29. It must certainly be allowed, that nature has kept us at a great distance from all her secrets, and has afforded us only the knowledge of a few superficial qualities of objects; while she conceals from us those powers and principles on which the influence of those objects entirely depends. Our senses inform us of the colour, weight, and consistence of bread; but neither sense nor reason can ever inform us of those qualities which fit it for the nourishment and support of a human body. Sight or feeling conveys an idea of the actual motion of bodies; but as to that wonderful force or power, which would carry on a moving body for ever in a continued change of place, and which bodies never lose but by communicating it to others; of this we cannot form the most distant conception. But notwithstanding this ignorance of natural powers[6] and principles, we always presume, when we see like sensible qualities, that they have like secret powers, and expect that effects, similar to those which we have experienced, will follow from them. If a body of like colour and consistence with that bread, which we have formerly eat, be presented to us, we make no scruple of repeating the experiment, and foresee, with certainty, like nourishment and support. Now this is a process of the mind or thought, of which I would willingly know the foundation. It is allowed on all hands that there is no known connexion between the sensible qualities and the secret powers; and consequently, that the mind is not led to form such a conclusion concerning their constant and regular conjunction, by anything which it knows of their nature. As to past _Experience_, it can be allowed to give _direct_ and _certain_ information of those precise objects only, and that precise period of time, which fell under its cognizance: but why this

experience should be extended to future times, and to other objects, which for aught we know, may be only in appearance similar; this is the main question on which I would insist. The bread, which I formerly eat, nourished me; that is, a body of such sensible qualities was, at that time, endued with such secret powers: but does it follow, that other bread must also nourish me at another time, and that like sensible qualities must always be attended with like secret powers? The consequence seems nowise necessary. At least, it must be acknowledged that there is here a consequence drawn by the mind; that there is a certain step taken; a process of thought, and an inference, which wants to be explained. These two propositions are far from being the same, _I have found that such an object has always been attended with such an effect_, and _I foresee, that other objects, which are, in appearance, similar, will be attended with similar effects_. I shall allow, if you please, that the one proposition may justly be inferred from the other: I know, in fact, that it always is inferred. But if you insist that the inference is made by a chain of reasoning, I desire you to produce that reasoning. The connexion between these propositions is not intuitive. There is required a medium, which may enable the mind to draw such an inference, if indeed it be drawn by reasoning and argument. What that medium is, I must confess, passes my comprehension; and it is incumbent on those to produce it, who assert that it really exists, and is the origin of all our conclusions concerning matter of fact.

[6] The word, Power, is here used in a loose and popular sense. The more accurate explication of it would give additional evidence to this argument. See Sect. 7.

30. This negative argument must certainly, in process of time, become altogether convincing, if many penetrating and able philosophers shall turn their enquiries this way and no one be ever able to discover any connecting proposition or intermediate step, which supports the understanding in this conclusion. But as the question is yet new, every reader may not trust so far to his own penetration, as to conclude, because an argument escapes his enquiry, that therefore it does not really exist. For this reason it may be requisite to venture upon a more difficult task; and enumerating all the branches of human knowledge, endeavour to show that none of them can afford such an argument.

All reasonings may be divided into two kinds, namely, demonstrative reasoning, or that concerning relations of ideas, and moral reasoning, or that concerning matter of fact and existence. That there are no demonstrative arguments in the case seems evident; since it implies no contradiction that the course of nature may change, and that an object, seemingly like those which we have experienced, may be attended with different or contrary effects. May I not clearly and distinctly conceive that a body, falling from the clouds, and which, in all other respects, resembles snow, has yet the taste of salt or feeling of fire? Is there any more intelligible proposition than to affirm, that all the trees will flourish in December and January, and decay in May and June? Now whatever is intelligible, and can be distinctly conceived, implies no contradiction, and can never be proved false by any demonstrative argument or abstract reasoning _a priori_.

If we be, therefore, engaged by arguments to put trust in past experience, and make it the standard of our future judgement, these arguments must be probable only, or such as regard matter of fact and real existence, according to the division above mentioned. But that there is no argument of this kind, must appear, if our explication of that species of reasoning be admitted as solid and satisfactory. We have said that all arguments concerning existence are founded on the relation of cause and effect; that our knowledge of that relation is derived entirely from experience; and that all our experimental conclusions proceed upon the supposition that the future will be conformable to the past. To endeavour, therefore, the proof of this last supposition by probable arguments, or arguments regarding existence, must be evidently going in a circle, and taking that for granted, which is the very point in question.

31. In reality, all arguments from experience are founded on the similarity which we discover among natural objects, and by which we are induced to expect effects similar to those which we have found to follow from such objects. And though none but a fool or madman will ever pretend to dispute the authority of experience, or to reject that great guide of human life, it may surely be allowed a philosopher to have so much curiosity at least as to examine the principle of human nature, which gives this mighty authority to experience, and makes us draw advantage from that similarity which nature has placed among different objects. From causes which appear _similar_ we expect similar effects. This is the sum of all our experimental conclusions. Now it seems evident that, if this conclusion were formed by reason, it would be as perfect at first, and upon one instance, as after ever so long a course of experience. But the case is far otherwise. Nothing so like as eggs; yet no one, on account of this appearing similarity, expects the same taste and relish in all of them. It is only after a long course of uniform experiments in any kind, that we attain a firm reliance and security with regard to a particular event. Now where is that process of reasoning which, from one instance, draws a conclusion, so different from that which it infers from a hundred instances that are nowise different from that single one? This question I propose as much for the sake of information, as with an intention of raising difficulties. I cannot find, I cannot imagine any

such reasoning. But I keep my mind still open to instruction, if any one will vouchsafe to bestow it on me.

32. Should it be said that, from a number of uniform experiments, we _infer_ a connexion between the sensible qualities and the secret powers; this, I must confess, seems the same difficulty, couched in different terms. The question still recurs, on what process of argument this _inference_ is founded? Where is the medium, the interposing ideas, which join propositions so very wide of each other? It is confessed that the colour, consistence, and other sensible qualities of bread appear not, of themselves, to have any connexion with the secret powers of nourishment and support. For otherwise we could infer these secret powers from the first appearance of these sensible qualities, without the aid of experience; contrary to the sentiment of all philosophers, and contrary to plain matter of fact. Here, then, is our natural state of ignorance with regard to the powers and influence of all objects. How is this remedied by experience? It only shows us a number of uniform effects, resulting from certain objects, and teaches us that those particular objects, at that particular time, were endowed with such powers and forces. When a new object, endowed with similar sensible qualities, is produced, we expect similar powers and forces, and look for a like effect. From a body of like colour and consistence with bread we expect like nourishment and support. But this surely is a step or progress of the mind, which wants to be explained. When a man says, _I have found, in all past instances, such sensible qualities conjoined with such secret powers_: And when he says, _Similar sensible qualities will always be conjoined with similar secret powers_, he is not guilty of a tautology, nor are these propositions in any respect the same. You say that the one proposition is an inference from the other. But you must confess that the inference is not intuitive; neither is it demonstrative: Of what nature is it, then? To say it is experimental, is begging the question. For all inferences from experience suppose, as their foundation, that the future will resemble the past, and that similar powers will be conjoined with similar sensible qualities. If there be any suspicion that the course of nature may change, and that the past may be no rule for the future, all experience becomes useless, and can give rise to no inference or conclusion. It is impossible, therefore, that any arguments from experience can prove this resemblance of the past to the future; since all these arguments are founded on the supposition of that resemblance. Let the course of things be allowed hitherto ever so regular; that alone, without some new argument or inference, proves not that, for the future, it will continue so. In vain do you pretend to have learned the nature of bodies from your past experience. Their secret nature, and consequently all their effects and influence, may change, without any change in their sensible qualities. This happens sometimes, and with regard to some objects: Why may it not happen always, and with regard to all objects? What logic, what process of argument secures you against this supposition? My practice, you say, refutes my doubts. But you mistake the purport of my question. As an agent, I am quite satisfied in the point; but as a philosopher, who has some share of curiosity, I will not say scepticism, I want to learn the foundation of this inference. No reading, no enquiry has yet been able to remove my difficulty, or give me satisfaction in a matter of such importance. Can I do better than propose the difficulty to the public, even though, perhaps, I have small hopes of obtaining a solution? We shall at least, by this means, be sensible of our ignorance, if we do not augment our knowledge.

33. I must confess that a man is guilty of unpardonable arrogance who concludes, because an argument has escaped his own investigation, that therefore it does not really exist. I must also confess that, though all the learned, for several ages, should have employed themselves in fruitless search upon any subject, it may still, perhaps, be rash to conclude positively that the subject must, therefore, pass all human comprehension. Even though we examine all the sources of our knowledge, and conclude them unfit for such a subject, there may still remain a suspicion, that the enumeration is not complete, or the examination not accurate. But with regard to the present subject, there are some considerations which seem to remove all this accusation of arrogance or suspicion of mistake.

It is certain that the most ignorant and stupid peasants--nay infants, nay even brute beasts--improve by experience, and learn the qualities of natural objects, by observing the effects which result from them. When a child has felt the sensation of pain from touching the flame of a candle, he will be careful not to put his hand near any candle; but will expect a similar effect from a cause which is similar in its sensible qualities and appearance. If you assert, therefore, that the understanding of the child is led into this conclusion by any process of argument or ratiocination, I may justly require you to produce that argument; nor have you any pretence to refuse so equitable a demand. You cannot say that the argument is abstruse, and may possibly escape your enquiry; since you confess that it is obvious to the capacity of a mere infant. If you hesitate, therefore, a moment, or if, after reflection, you produce any intricate or profound argument, you, in a manner, give up the question, and confess that it is not reasoning which engages us to suppose the past resembling the future, and to expect similar effects from causes which are, to appearance, similar. This is the proposition which I intended to enforce in the present section. If I be right, I pretend not to have made any mighty discovery. And if I be wrong, I must acknowledge myself to be indeed a very backward scholar; since I cannot now discover an argument which, it seems, was perfectly familiar to me long before I was out of my cradle.

SECTION V.

SCEPTICAL SOLUTION OF THESE DOUBTS.

PART I.

34. The passion for philosophy, like that for religion, seems liable to this inconvenience, that, though it aims at the correction of our manners, and extirpation of our vices, it may only serve, by imprudent management, to foster a predominant inclination, and push the mind, with more determined resolution, towards that side which already _draws_ too much, by the bias and propensity of the natural temper. It is certain that, while we aspire to the magnanimous firmness of the philosophic sage, and endeavour to confine our pleasures altogether within our own minds, we may, at last, render our philosophy like that of Epictetus, and other _Stoics_, only a more refined system of selfishness, and reason ourselves out of all virtue as well as social enjoyment. While we study with attention the vanity of human life, and turn all our thoughts towards the empty and transitory nature of riches and honours, we are, perhaps, all the while flattering our natural indolence, which, hating the bustle of the world, and drudgery of business, seeks a pretence of reason to give itself a full and uncontrolled indulgence. There is, however, one species of philosophy which seems little liable to this inconvenience, and that because it strikes in with no disorderly passion of the human mind, nor can mingle itself with any natural affection or propensity; and that is the Academic or Sceptical philosophy. The academics always talk of doubt and suspense of judgement, of danger in hasty determinations, of confining to very narrow bounds the enquiries of the understanding, and of renouncing all speculations which lie not within the limits of common life and practice. Nothing, therefore, can be more contrary than such a philosophy to the supine indolence of the mind, its rash arrogance, its lofty pretensions, and its superstitious credulity. Every passion is mortified by it, except the love of truth; and that passion never is, nor can be, carried to too high a degree. It is surprising, therefore, that this philosophy, which, in almost every instance, must be harmless and innocent, should be the subject of so much groundless reproach and obloquy. But, perhaps, the very circumstance which renders it so innocent is what chiefly exposes it to the public hatred and resentment. By flattering no irregular passion, it gains few partizans: By opposing so many vices and follies, it raises to itself abundance of enemies, who stigmatize it as libertine profane, and irreligious.

Nor need we fear that this philosophy, while it endeavours to limit our enquiries to common life, should ever undermine the reasonings of common life, and carry its doubts so far as to destroy all action, as well as speculation. Nature will always maintain her rights, and prevail in the end over any abstract reasoning whatsoever. Though we should conclude, for instance, as in the foregoing section, that, in all reasonings from experience, there is a step taken by the mind which is not supported by any argument or process of the understanding; there is no danger that these reasonings, on which almost all knowledge depends, will ever be affected by such a discovery. If the mind be not engaged by argument to make this step, it must be induced by some other principle of equal weight and authority; and that principle will preserve its influence as long as human nature remains the same. What that principle is may well be worth the pains of enquiry.

35. Suppose a person, though endowed with the strongest faculties of reason and reflection, to be brought on a sudden into this world; he would, indeed, immediately observe a continual succession of objects, and one event following another; but he would not be able to discover anything farther. He would not, at first, by any reasoning, be able to reach the idea of cause and effect; since the particular powers, by which all natural operations are performed, never appear to the senses; nor is it reasonable to conclude, merely because one event, in one instance, precedes another, that therefore the one is the cause, the other the effect. Their conjunction may be arbitrary and casual. There may be no reason to infer the existence of one from the appearance of the other. And in a word, such a person, without more experience, could never employ his conjecture or reasoning concerning any matter of fact, or be assured of anything beyond what was immediately present to his memory and senses.

Suppose, again, that he has acquired more experience, and has lived so long in the world as to have observed familiar objects or events to be constantly conjoined together; what is the consequence of this experience? He immediately infers the existence of one object from the appearance of the other. Yet he has not, by all his experience, acquired any idea or knowledge of the secret power by which the one object produces the other; nor is it, by any process of reasoning, he is engaged to draw this inference. But still he finds himself determined to draw it: And though he should be convinced that his understanding has no part in the operation, he would nevertheless continue in the same course of thinking. There is some other principle which determines him to form such a conclusion.

36. This principle is Custom or Habit. For wherever the repetition of any particular act or operation produces a propensity to renew the same act or operation, without being impelled by any reasoning or process of the understanding, we always say, that this

propensity is the effect of _Custom_. By employing that word, we pretend not to have given the ultimate reason of such a propensity. We only point out a principle of human nature, which is universally acknowledged, and which is well known by its effects. Perhaps we can push our enquiries no farther, or pretend to give the cause of this cause; but must rest contented with it as the ultimate principle, which we can assign, of all our conclusions from experience. It is sufficient satisfaction, that we can go so far, without repining at the narrowness of our faculties because they will carry us no farther. And it is certain we here advance a very intelligible proposition at least, if not a true one, when we assert that, after the constant conjunction of two objects--heat and flame, for instance, weight and solidity--we are determined by custom alone to expect the one from the appearance of the other. This hypothesis seems even the only one which explains the difficulty, why we draw, from a thousand instances, an inference which we are not able to draw from one instance, that is, in no respect, different from them. Reason is incapable of any such variation. The conclusions which it draws from considering one circle are the same which it would form upon surveying all the circles in the universe. But no man, having seen only one body move after being impelled by another, could infer that every other body will move after a like impulse. All inferences from experience, therefore, are effects of custom, not of reasoning[7].

[7] Nothing is more useful than for writers, even, on _moral_, _political_, or _physical_ subjects, to distinguish between _reason_ and _experience_, and to suppose, that these species of argumentation are entirely different from each other. The former are taken for the mere result of our intellectual faculties, which, by considering _a priori_ the nature of things, and examining the effects, that must follow from their operation, establish particular principles of science and philosophy. The latter are supposed to be derived entirely from sense and observation, by which we learn what has actually resulted from the operation of particular objects, and are thence able to infer, what will, for the future, result from them. Thus, for instance, the limitations and restraints of civil government, and a legal constitution, may be defended, either from _reason_, which reflecting on the great frailty and corruption of human nature, teaches, that no man can safely be trusted with unlimited authority; or from _experience_ and history, which inform us of the enormous abuses, that ambition, in every age and country, has been found to make of so imprudent a confidence.

The same distinction between reason and experience is maintained in all our deliberations concerning the conduct of life; while the experienced statesman, general, physician, or merchant is trusted and followed; and the unpractised novice, with whatever natural talents endowed, neglected and despised. Though it be allowed, that reason may form very plausible conjectures with regard to the consequences of such a particular conduct in such particular circumstances; it is still supposed imperfect, without the assistance of experience, which is alone able to give stability and certainty to the maxims, derived from study and reflection.

But notwithstanding that this distinction be thus universally received, both in the active speculative scenes of life, I shall not scruple to pronounce, that it is, at bottom, erroneous, at least, superficial.

If we examine those arguments, which, in any of the sciences above mentioned, are supposed to be the mere effects of reasoning and reflection, they will be found to terminate, at last, in some general principle or conclusion, for which we can assign no reason but observation and experience. The only difference between them and those maxims, which are vulgarly esteemed the result of pure experience, is, that the former cannot be established without some process of thought, and some reflection on what we have observed, in order to distinguish its circumstances, and trace its consequences: Whereas in the latter, the experienced event is exactly and fully familiar to that which we infer as the result of any particular situation. The history of a TIBERIUS or a NERO makes us dread a like tyranny, were our monarchs freed from the restraints of laws and senates: But the observation of any fraud or cruelty in private life is sufficient, with the aid of a little thought, to give us the same apprehension; while it serves as an instance of the general corruption of human nature, and shows us the danger which we must incur by reposing an entire confidence in mankind. In both cases, it is experience which is ultimately the foundation of our inference and conclusion.

There is no man so young and unexperienced, as not to have formed, from observation, many general and just maxims concerning human affairs and the conduct of life; but it must be confessed, that, when a man comes to put these in practice, he will be extremely liable to error, till time and farther experience both enlarge these maxims, and teach him their proper use and application. In every situation or incident, there are many particular and seemingly minute circumstances, which the man of greatest talent is, at first, apt to overlook, though on them the justness of his conclusions, and consequently the prudence of his conduct, entirely depend. Not to mention, that, to a young beginner, the general observations and maxims occur not always on the proper occasions, nor can be immediately applied with due calmness and distinction. The truth is, an unexperienced reasoner could be no reasoner at all, were he absolutely unexperienced; and when we assign that character to any one, we mean it only in a comparative sense, and suppose him possessed of experience, in a smaller and more imperfect degree.

Custom, then, is the great guide of human life. It is that principle alone which renders our experience useful to us, and makes us expect, for the future, a similar train of events with those which have appeared in the past.

Without the influence of custom, we should be entirely ignorant of every matter of fact beyond what is immediately present to the memory and senses. We should never know how to adjust means to ends, or to employ our natural powers in the production of any effect. There would be an end at once of all action, as well as of the chief part of speculation.

37. But here it may be proper to remark, that though our conclusions from experience carry us beyond our memory and senses, and assure us of matters of fact which happened in the most distant places and most remote ages, yet some fact must always be present to the senses or memory, from which we may first proceed in drawing these conclusions. A man, who should find in a desert country the remains of pompous buildings, would conclude that the country had, in ancient times, been cultivated by civilized inhabitants; but did nothing of this nature occur to him, he could never form such an inference. We learn the events of former ages from history; but then we must peruse the volumes in which this instruction is contained, and thence carry up our inferences from one testimony to another, till we arrive at the eyewitnesses and spectators of these distant events. In a word, if we proceed not upon some fact, present to the memory or senses, our reasonings would be merely hypothetical; and however the particular links might be connected with each other, the whole chain of inferences would have nothing to support it, nor could we ever, by its means, arrive at the knowledge of any real existence. If I ask why you believe any particular matter of fact, which you relate, you must tell me some reason; and this reason will be some other fact, connected with it. But as you cannot proceed after this manner, _in infinitum_, you must at last terminate in some fact, which is present to your memory or senses; or must allow that your belief is entirely without foundation.

38. What, then, is the conclusion of the whole matter? A simple one; though, it must be confessed, pretty remote from the common theories of philosophy. All belief of matter of fact or real existence is derived merely from some object, present to the memory or senses, and a customary conjunction between that and some other object. Or in other words; having found, in many instances, that any two kinds of objects--flame and heat, snow and cold--have always been conjoined together; if flame or snow be presented anew to the senses, the mind is carried by custom to expect heat or cold, and to _believe_ that such a quality does exist, and will discover itself upon a nearer approach. This belief is the necessary result of placing the mind in such circumstances. It is an operation of the soul, when we are so situated, as unavoidable as to feel the passion of love, when we receive benefits; or hatred, when we meet with injuries. All these operations are a species of natural instincts, which no reasoning or process of the thought and understanding is able either to produce or to prevent.

At this point, it would be very allowable for us to stop our philosophical researches. In most questions we can never make a single step farther; and in all questions we must terminate here at last, after our most restless and curious enquiries. But still our curiosity will be pardonable, perhaps commendable, if it carry us on to still farther researches, and make us examine more accurately the nature of this _belief_, and of the _customary conjunction_, whence it is derived. By this means we may meet with some explications and analogies that will give satisfaction; at least to such as love the abstract sciences, and can be entertained with speculations, which, however accurate, may still retain a degree of doubt and uncertainty. As to readers of a different taste; the remaining part of this section is not calculated for them, and the following enquiries may well be understood, though it be neglected.

PART II.

39. Nothing is more free than the imagination of man; and though it cannot exceed that original stock of ideas furnished by the internal and external senses, it has unlimited power of mixing, compounding, separating, and dividing these ideas, in all the varieties of fiction and vision. It can feign a train of events, with all the appearance of reality, ascribe to them a particular time and place, conceive them as existent, and paint them out to itself with every circumstance, that belongs to any historical fact, which it believes with the greatest certainty. Wherein, therefore, consists the difference between such a fiction and belief? It lies not merely in any peculiar idea, which is annexed to such a conception as commands our assent, and which is wanting to every known fiction. For as the mind has authority over all its ideas, it could voluntarily annex this particular idea to any fiction, and consequently be able to believe whatever it pleases; contrary to what we find by daily experience. We can, in our conception, join the head of a man to the body of a horse; but it is not in our power to believe that such an animal has ever really existed.

It follows, therefore, that the difference between _fiction_ and _belief_ lies in some sentiment or feeling, which is annexed to the latter, not to the former, and which depends not on the will, nor can be commanded at pleasure. It must be excited by nature, like all other sentiments; and must arise from the particular situation, in which the mind is placed at any particular juncture. Whenever any

object is presented to the memory or senses, it immediately, by the force of custom, carries the imagination to conceive that object, which is usually conjoined to it; and this conception is attended with a feeling or sentiment, different from the loose reveries of the fancy. In this consists the whole nature of belief. For as there is no matter of fact which we believe so firmly that we cannot conceive the contrary, there would be no difference between the conception assented to and that which is rejected, were it not for some sentiment which distinguishes the one from the other. If I see a billiard-ball moving towards another, on a smooth table, I can easily conceive it to stop upon contact. This conception implies no contradiction; but still it feels very differently from that conception by which I represent to myself the impulse and the communication of motion from one ball to another.

40. Were we to attempt a _definition_ of this sentiment, we should, perhaps, find it a very difficult, if not an impossible task; in the same manner as if we should endeavour to define the feeling of cold or passion of anger, to a creature who never had any experience of these sentiments. Belief is the true and proper name of this feeling; and no one is ever at a loss to know the meaning of that term; because every man is every moment conscious of the sentiment represented by it. It may not, however, be improper to attempt a _description_ of this sentiment; in hopes we may, by that means, arrive at some analogies, which may afford a more perfect explication of it. I say, then, that belief is nothing but a more vivid, lively, forcible, firm, steady conception of an object, than what the imagination alone is ever able to attain. This variety of terms, which may seem so unphilosophical, is intended only to express that act of the mind, which renders realities, or what is taken for such, more present to us than fictions, causes them to weigh more in the thought, and gives them a superior influence on the passions and imagination. Provided we agree about the thing, it is needless to dispute about the terms. The imagination has the command over all its ideas, and can join and mix and vary them, in all the ways possible. It may conceive fictitious objects with all the circumstances of place and time. It may set them, in a manner, before our eyes, in their true colours, just as they might have existed. But as it is impossible that this faculty of imagination can ever, of itself, reach belief, it is evident that belief consists not in the peculiar nature or order of ideas, but in the _manner_ of their conception, and in their _feeling_ to the mind. I confess, that it is impossible perfectly to explain this feeling or manner of conception. We may make use of words which express something near it. But its true and proper name, as we observed before, is _belief_; which is a term that every one sufficiently understands in common life. And in philosophy, we can go no farther than assert, that _belief_ is something felt by the mind, which distinguishes the ideas of the judgement from the fictions of the imagination. It gives them more weight and influence; makes them appear of greater importance; enforces them in the mind; and renders them the governing principle of our actions. I hear at present, for instance, a person's voice, with whom I am acquainted; and the sound comes as from the next room. This impression of my senses immediately conveys my thought to the person, together with all the surrounding objects. I paint them out to myself as existing at present, with the same qualities and relations, of which I formerly knew them possessed. These ideas take faster hold of my mind than ideas of an enchanted castle. They are very different to the feeling, and have a much greater influence of every kind, either to give pleasure or pain, joy or sorrow.

Let us, then, take in the whole compass of this doctrine, and allow, that the sentiment of belief is nothing but a conception more intense and steady than what attends the mere fictions of the imagination, and that this _manner_ of conception arises from a customary conjunction of the object with something present to the memory or senses: I believe that it will not be difficult, upon these suppositions, to find other operations of the mind analogous to it, and to trace up these phenomena to principles still more general.

41. We have already observed that nature has established connexions among particular ideas, and that no sooner one idea occurs to our thoughts than it introduces its correlative, and carries our attention towards it, by a gentle and insensible movement. These principles of connexion or association we have reduced to three, namely, _Resemblance_, _Contiguity_ and _Causation_; which are the only bonds that unite our thoughts together, and beget that regular train of reflection or discourse, which, in a greater or less degree, takes place among all mankind. Now here arises a question, on which the solution of the present difficulty will depend. Does it happen, in all these relations, that, when one of the objects is presented to the senses or memory, the mind is not only carried to the conception of the correlative, but reaches a steadier and stronger conception of it than what otherwise it would have been able to attain? This seems to be the case with that belief which arises from the relation of cause and effect. And if the case be the same with the other relations or principles of associations, this may be established as a general law, which takes place in all the operations of the mind.

We may, therefore, observe, as the first experiment to our present purpose, that, upon the appearance of the picture of an absent friend, our idea of him is evidently enlivened by the _resemblance_, and that every passion, which that idea occasions, whether of joy or sorrow, acquires new force and vigour. In producing this effect, there concur both a relation and a present impression. Where the picture bears him no resemblance, at least was not intended for him, it never so much as conveys our thought to him: And where it is absent, as well as the person, though the mind may pass from the thought of the one to that of the other, it feels its idea

to be rather weakened than enlivened by that transition. We take a pleasure in viewing the picture of a friend, when it is set before us; but when it is removed, rather choose to consider him directly than by reflection in an image, which is equally distant and obscure.

The ceremonies of the Roman Catholic religion may be considered as instances of the same nature. The devotees of that superstition usually plead in excuse for the mummeries, with which they are upbraided, that they feel the good effect of those external motions, and postures, and actions, in enlivening their devotion and quickening their fervour, which otherwise would decay, if directed entirely to distant and immaterial objects. We shadow out the objects of our faith, say they, in sensible types and images, and render them more present to us by the immediate presence of these types, than it is possible for us to do merely by an intellectual view and contemplation. Sensible objects have always a greater influence on the fancy than any other; and this influence they readily convey to those ideas to which they are related, and which they resemble. I shall only infer from these practices, and this reasoning, that the effect of resemblance in enlivening the ideas is very common; and as in every case a resemblance and a present impression must concur, we are abundantly supplied with experiments to prove the reality of the foregoing principle.

42. We may add force to these experiments by others of a different kind, in considering the effects of _contiguity_ as well as of _resemblance_. It is certain that distance diminishes the force of every idea, and that, upon our approach to any object; though it does not discover itself to our senses; it operates upon the mind with an influence, which imitates an immediate impression. The thinking on any object readily transports the mind to what is contiguous; but it is only the actual presence of an object, that transports it with a superior vivacity. When I am a few miles from home, whatever relates to it touches me more nearly than when I am two hundred leagues distant; though even at that distance the reflecting on any thing in the neighbourhood of my friends or family naturally produces an idea of them. But as in this latter case, both the objects of the mind are ideas; notwithstanding there is an easy transition between them; that transition alone is not able to give a superior vivacity to any of the ideas, for want of some immediate impression[8].

[8] 'Naturane nobis, inquit, datum dicam, an errore quodam, ut, cum ea loca videamus, in quibus memoria dignos viros acceperimus multum esse versatos, magis moveamur, quam siquando eorum ipsorum aut facta audiamus aut scriptum aliquod legamus? Velut ego nunc moveor. Venit enim mihi Plato in mentem, quera accepimus primum hic disputare solitum: cuius etiam illi hortuli propinqui non memoriam solum mihi afferunt, sed ipsum videntur in conspectu meo hic ponere. Hic Speusippus, hic Xenocrates, hic eius auditor Polemo; cuius ipsa illa sessio fuit, quam videmus. Equidem etiam curiam nostram, Hostiliam dico, non hanc novam, quae mihi minor esse videtur postquam est maior, solebam intuens, Scipionem, Catonem, Laelium, nostrum vero in primis avum cogitare. Tanta vis admonitionis est in locis; ut non sine causa ex his memoriae deducta sit disciplina.'

Cicero de Finibus. Lib. v.

43. No one can doubt but causation has the same influence as the other two relations of resemblance and contiguity. Superstitious people are fond of the reliques of saints and holy men, for the same reason, that they seek after types or images, in order to enliven their devotion, and give them a more intimate and strong conception of those exemplary lives, which they desire to imitate. Now it is evident, that one of the best reliques, which a devotee could procure, would be the handywork of a saint; and if his cloaths and furniture are ever to be considered in this light, it is because they were once at his disposal, and were moved and affected by him; in which respect they are to be considered as imperfect effects, and as connected with him by a shorter chain of consequences than any of those, by which we learn the reality of his existence.

Suppose, that the son of a friend, who had been long dead or absent, were presented to us; it is evident, that this object would instantly revive its correlative idea, and recal to our thoughts all past intimacies and familiarities, in more lively colours than they would otherwise have appeared to us. This is another phaenomenon, which seems to prove the principle above mentioned.

44. We may observe, that, in these phaenomena, the belief of the correlative object is always presupposed; without which the relation could have no effect. The influence of the picture supposes, that we _believe_ our friend to have once existed. Contiguity to home can never excite our ideas of home, unless we _believe_ that it really exists. Now I assert, that this belief, where it reaches beyond the memory or senses, is of a similar nature, and arises from similar causes, with the transition of thought and vivacity of conception here explained. When I throw a piece of dry wood into a fire, my mind is immediately carried to conceive, that it augments, not extinguishes the flame. This transition of thought from the cause to the effect proceeds not from reason. It derives its origin altogether from custom and experience. And as it first begins from an object, present to the senses, it renders the idea or

conception of flame more strong and lively than any loose, floating reverie of the imagination. That idea arises immediately. The thought moves instantly towards it, and conveys to it all that force of conception, which is derived from the impression present to the senses. When a sword is levelled at my breast, does not the idea of wound and pain strike me more strongly, than when a glass of wine is presented to me, even though by accident this idea should occur after the appearance of the latter object? But what is there in this whole matter to cause such a strong conception, except only a present object and a customary transition to the idea of another object, which we have been accustomed to conjoin with the former? This is the whole operation of the mind, in all our conclusions concerning matter of fact and existence; and it is a satisfaction to find some analogies, by which it may be explained. The transition from a present object does in all cases give strength and solidity to the related idea.

Here, then, is a kind of pre-established harmony between the course of nature and the succession of our ideas; and though the powers and forces, by which the former is governed, be wholly unknown to us; yet our thoughts and conceptions have still, we find, gone on in the same train with the other works of nature. Custom is that principle, by which this correspondence has been effected; so necessary to the subsistence of our species, and the regulation of our conduct, in every circumstance and occurrence of human life. Had not the presence of an object, instantly excited the idea of those objects, commonly conjoined with it, all our knowledge must have been limited to the narrow sphere of our memory and senses; and we should never have been able to adjust means to ends, or employ our natural powers, either to the producing of good, or avoiding of evil. Those, who delight in the discovery and contemplation of _final causes_, have here ample subject to employ their wonder and admiration.

45. I shall add, for a further confirmation of the foregoing theory, that, as this operation of the mind, by which we infer like effects from like causes, and _vice versa_, is so essential to the subsistence of all human creatures, it is not probable, that it could be trusted to the fallacious deductions of our reason, which is slow in its operations; appears not, in any degree, during the first years of infancy; and at best is, in every age and period of human life, extremely liable to error and mistake. It is more conformable to the ordinary wisdom of nature to secure so necessary an act of the mind, by some instinct or mechanical tendency, which may be infallible in its operations, may discover itself at the first appearance of life and thought, and may be independent of all the laboured deductions of the understanding. As nature has taught us the use of our limbs, without giving us the knowledge of the muscles and nerves, by which they are actuated; so has she implanted in us an instinct, which carries forward the thought in a correspondent course to that which she has established among external objects; though we are ignorant of those powers and forces, on which this regular course and succession of objects totally depends.

SECTION VI.

OF PROBABILITY[9].

[9] Mr. Locke divides all arguments into demonstrative and probable. In this view, we must say, that it is only probable all men must die, or that the sun will rise to-morrow. But to conform our language more to common use, we ought to divide arguments into _demonstrations_, _proofs_, and _probabilities_. By proofs meaning such arguments from experience as leave no room for doubt or opposition.

46. Though there be no such thing as _Chance_ in the world; our ignorance of the real cause of any event has the same influence on the understanding, and begets a like species of belief or opinion.

There is certainly a probability, which arises from a superiority of chances on any side; and according as this superiority encreases, and surpasses the opposite chances, the probability receives a proportionable encrease, and begets still a higher degree of belief or assent to that side, in which we discover the superiority. If a dye were marked with one figure or number of spots on four sides, and with another figure or number of spots on the two remaining sides, it would be more probable, that the former would turn up than the latter; though, if it had a thousand sides marked in the same manner, and only one side different, the probability would be much higher, and our belief or expectation of the event more steady and secure. This process of the thought or reasoning may seem trivial and obvious; but to those who consider it more narrowly, it may, perhaps, afford matter for curious speculation.

It seems evident, that, when the mind looks forward to discover the event, which may result from the throw of such a dye, it considers the turning up of each particular side as alike probable; and this is the very nature of chance, to render all the particular events, comprehended in it, entirely equal. But finding a greater number of sides concur in the one event than in the other, the mind is carried more frequently to that event, and meets it oftener, in revolving the various possibilities or chances, on which the ultimate result depends. This concurrence of several views in one particular event begets immediately, by an inexplicable contrivance of

nature, the sentiment of belief, and gives that event the advantage over its antagonist, which is supported by a smaller number of views, and recurs less frequently to the mind. If we allow, that belief is nothing but a firmer and stronger conception of an object than what attends the mere fictions of the imagination, this operation may, perhaps, in some measure, be accounted for. The concurrence of these several views or glimpses imprints the idea more strongly on the imagination; gives it superior force and vigour; renders its influence on the passions and affections more sensible; and in a word, begets that reliance or security, which constitutes the nature of belief and opinion.

47. The case is the same with the probability of causes, as with that of chance. There are some causes, which are entirely uniform and constant in producing a particular effect; and no instance has ever yet been found of any failure or irregularity in their operation. Fire has always burned, and water suffocated every human creature: The production of motion by impulse and gravity is an universal law, which has hitherto admitted of no exception. But there are other causes, which have been found more irregular and uncertain; nor has rhubarb always proved a purge, or opium a soporific to every one, who has taken these medicines. It is true, when any cause fails of producing its usual effect, philosophers ascribe not this to any irregularity in nature; but suppose, that some secret causes, in the particular structure of parts, have prevented the operation. Our reasonings, however, and conclusions concerning the event are the same as if this principle had no place. Being determined by custom to transfer the past to the future, in all our inferences; where the past has been entirely regular and uniform, we expect the event with the greatest assurance, and leave no room for any contrary supposition. But where different effects have been found to follow from causes, which are to _appearance_ exactly similar, all these various effects must occur to the mind in transferring the past to the future, and enter into our consideration, when we determine the probability of the event. Though we give the preference to that which has been found most usual, and believe that this effect will exist, we must not overlook the other effects, but must assign to each of them a particular weight and authority, in proportion as we have found it to be more or less frequent. It is more probable, in almost every country of Europe, that there will be frost sometime in January, than that the weather will continue open throughout that whole month; though this probability varies according to the different climates, and approaches to a certainty in the more northern kingdoms. Here then it seems evident, that, when we transfer the past to the future, in order to determine the effect, which will result from any cause, we transfer all the different events, in the same proportion as they have appeared in the past, and conceive one to have existed a hundred times, for instance, another ten times, and another once. As a great number of views do here concur in one event, they fortify and confirm it to the imagination, beget that sentiment which we call _belief,_ and give its object the preference above the contrary event, which is not supported by an equal number of experiments, and recurs not so frequently to the thought in transferring the past to the future. Let any one try to account for this operation of the mind upon any of the received systems of philosophy, and he will be sensible of the difficulty. For my part, I shall think it sufficient, if the present hints excite the curiosity of philosophers, and make them sensible how defective all common theories are in treating of such curious and such sublime subjects.

SECTION VII.

OF THE IDEA OF NECESSARY CONNEXION.

PART I.

48. The great advantage of the mathematical sciences above the moral consists in this, that the ideas of the former, being sensible, are always clear and determinate, the smallest distinction between them is immediately perceptible, and the same terms are still expressive of the same ideas, without ambiguity or variation. An oval is never mistaken for a circle, nor an hyperbola for an ellipsis. The isosceles and scalenum are distinguished by boundaries more exact than vice and virtue, right and wrong. If any term be defined in geometry, the mind readily, of itself, substitutes, on all occasions, the definition for the term defined: Or even when no definition is employed, the object itself may be presented to the senses, and by that means be steadily and clearly apprehended. But the finer sentiments of the mind, the operations of the understanding, the various agitations of the passions, though really in themselves distinct, easily escape us, when surveyed by reflection; nor is it in our power to recal the original object, as often as we have occasion to contemplate it. Ambiguity, by this means, is gradually introduced into our reasonings: Similar objects are readily taken to be the same: And the conclusion becomes at last very wide of the premises.

One may safely, however, affirm, that, if we consider these sciences in a proper light, their advantages and disadvantages nearly compensate each other, and reduce both of them to a state of equality. If the mind, with greater facility, retains the ideas of geometry clear and determinate, it must carry on a much longer and more intricate chain of reasoning, and compare ideas much

wider of each other, in order to reach the abstruser truths of that science. And if moral ideas are apt, without extreme care, to fall into obscurity and confusion, the inferences are always much shorter in these disquisitions, and the intermediate steps, which lead to the conclusion, much fewer than in the sciences which treat of quantity and number. In reality, there is scarcely a proposition in Euclid so simple, as not to consist of more parts, than are to be found in any moral reasoning which runs not into chimera and conceit. Where we trace the principles of the human mind through a few steps, we may be very well satisfied with our progress; considering how soon nature throws a bar to all our enquiries concerning causes, and reduces us to an acknowledgment of our ignorance. The chief obstacle, therefore, to our improvement in the moral or metaphysical sciences is the obscurity of the ideas, and ambiguity of the terms. The principal difficulty in the mathematics is the length of inferences and compass of thought, requisite to the forming of any conclusion. And, perhaps, our progress in natural philosophy is chiefly retarded by the want of proper experiments and phaenomena, which are often discovered by chance, and cannot always be found, when requisite, even by the most diligent and prudent enquiry. As moral philosophy seems hitherto to have received less improvement than either geometry or physics, we may conclude, that, if there be any difference in this respect among these sciences, the difficulties, which obstruct the progress of the former, require superior care and capacity to be surmounted.

49. There are no ideas, which occur in metaphysics, more obscure and uncertain, than those of _power, force, energy_ or _necessary connexion_, of which it is every moment necessary for us to treat in all our disquisitions. We shall, therefore, endeavour, in this section, to fix, if possible, the precise meaning of these terms, and thereby remove some part of that obscurity, which is so much complained of in this species of philosophy.

It seems a proposition, which will not admit of much dispute, that all our ideas are nothing but copies of our impressions, or, in other words, that it is impossible for us to _think_ of any thing, which we have not antecedently _felt_, either by our external or internal senses. I have endeavoured[10] to explain and prove this proposition, and have expressed my hopes, that, by a proper application of it, men may reach a greater clearness and precision in philosophical reasonings, than what they have hitherto been able to attain. Complex ideas may, perhaps, be well known by definition, which is nothing but an enumeration of those parts or simple ideas, that compose them. But when we have pushed up definitions to the most simple ideas, and find still some ambiguity and obscurity; what resource are we then possessed of? By what invention can we throw light upon these ideas, and render them altogether precise and determinate to our intellectual view? Produce the impressions or original sentiments, from which the ideas are copied. These impressions are all strong and sensible. They admit not of ambiguity. They are not only placed in a full light themselves, but may throw light on their correspondent ideas, which lie in obscurity. And by this means, we may, perhaps, attain a new microscope or species of optics, by which, in the moral sciences, the most minute, and most simple ideas may be so enlarged as to fall readily under our apprehension, and be equally known with the grossest and most sensible ideas, that can be the object of our enquiry.

[10] Section II.

50. To be fully acquainted, therefore, with the idea of power or necessary connexion, let us examine its impression; and in order to find the impression with greater certainty, let us search for it in all the sources, from which it may possibly be derived.

When we look about us towards external objects, and consider the operation of causes, we are never able, in a single instance, to discover any power or necessary connexion; any quality, which binds the effect to the cause, and renders the one an infallible consequence of the other. We only find, that the one does actually, in fact, follow the other. The impulse of one billiard-ball is attended with motion in the second. This is the whole that appears to the _outward_ senses. The mind feels no sentiment or _inward_ impression from this succession of objects: Consequently, there is not, in any single, particular instance of cause and effect, any thing which can suggest the idea of power or necessary connexion.

From the first appearance of an object, we never can conjecture what effect will result from it. But were the power or energy of any cause discoverable by the mind, we could foresee the effect, even without experience; and might, at first, pronounce with certainty concerning it, by mere dint of thought and reasoning.

In reality, there is no part of matter, that does ever, by its sensible qualities, discover any power or energy, or give us ground to imagine, that it could produce any thing, or be followed by any other object, which we could denominate its effect. Solidity, extension, motion; these qualities are all complete in themselves, and never point out any other event which may result from them. The scenes of the universe are continually shifting, and one object follows another in an uninterrupted succession; but the power of force, which actuates the whole machine, is entirely concealed from us, and never discovers itself in any of the sensible qualities of

body. We know, that, in fact, heat is a constant attendant of flame; but what is the connexion between them, we have no room so much as to conjecture or imagine. It is impossible, therefore, that the idea of power can be derived from the contemplation of bodies, in single instances of their operation; because no bodies ever discover any power, which can be the original of this idea.[11]

[11] Mr. Locke, in his chapter of power, says that, finding from experience, that there are several new productions in nature, and concluding that there must somewhere be a power capable of producing them, we arrive at last by this reasoning at the idea of power. But no reasoning can ever give us a new, original, simple idea; as this philosopher himself confesses. This, therefore, can never be the origin of that idea.

51. Since, therefore, external objects as they appear to the senses, give us no idea of power or necessary connexion, by their operation in particular instances, let us see, whether this idea be derived from reflection on the operations of our own minds, and be copied from any internal impression. It may be said, that we are every moment conscious of internal power; while we feel, that, by the simple command of our will, we can move the organs of our body, or direct the faculties of our mind. An act of volition produces motion in our limbs, or raises a new idea in our imagination. This influence of the will we know by consciousness. Hence we acquire the idea of power or energy; and are certain, that we ourselves and all other intelligent beings are possessed of power. This idea, then, is an idea of reflection, since it arises from reflecting on the operations of our own mind, and on the command which is exercised by will, both over the organs of the body and faculties of the soul.

52. We shall proceed to examine this pretension; and first with regard to the influence of volition over the organs of the body. This influence, we may observe, is a fact, which, like all other natural events, can be known only by experience, and can never be foreseen from any apparent energy or power in the cause, which connects it with the effect, and renders the one an infallible consequence of the other. The motion of our body follows upon the command of our will. Of this we are every moment conscious. But the means, by which this is effected; the energy, by which the will performs so extraordinary an operation; of this we are so far from being immediately conscious, that it must for ever escape our most diligent enquiry.

For _first_; is there any principle in all nature more mysterious than the union of soul with body; by which a supposed spiritual substance acquires such an influence over a material one, that the most refined thought is able to actuate the grossest matter? Were we empowered, by a secret wish, to remove mountains, or control the planets in their orbit; this extensive authority would not be more extraordinary, nor more beyond our comprehension. But if by consciousness we perceived any power or energy in the will, we must know this power; we must know its connexion with the effect; we must know the secret union of soul and body, and the nature of both these substances; by which the one is able to operate, in so many instances, upon the other.

Secondly, We are not able to move all the organs of the body with a like authority; though we cannot assign any reason besides experience, for so remarkable a difference between one and the other. Why has the will an influence over the tongue and fingers, not over the heart or liver? This question would never embarrass us, were we conscious of a power in the former case, not in the latter. We should then perceive, independent of experience, why the authority of will over the organs of the body is circumscribed within such particular limits. Being in that case fully acquainted with the power or force, by which it operates, we should also know, why its influence reaches precisely to such boundaries, and no farther.

A man, suddenly struck with palsy in the leg or arm, or who had newly lost those members, frequently endeavours, at first to move them, and employ them in their usual offices. Here he is as much conscious of power to command such limbs, as a man in perfect health is conscious of power to actuate any member which remains in its natural state and condition. But consciousness never deceives. Consequently, neither in the one case nor in the other, are we ever conscious of any power. We learn the influence of our will from experience alone. And experience only teaches us, how one event constantly follows another; without instructing us in the secret connexion, which binds them together, and renders them inseparable.

Thirdly, We learn from anatomy, that the immediate object of power in voluntary motion, is not the member itself which is moved, but certain muscles, and nerves, and animal spirits, and, perhaps, something still more minute and more unknown, through which the motion is successively propagated, ere it reach the member itself whose motion is the immediate object of volition. Can there be a more certain proof, that the power, by which this whole operation is performed, so far from being directly and fully known by an inward sentiment or consciousness, is, to the last degree mysterious and unintelligible? Here the mind wills a certain event: Immediately another event, unknown to ourselves, and totally different from the one intended, is produced: This event produces another, equally unknown: Till at last, through a long succession, the desired event is produced. But if the original power were felt, it must be known: Were it known, its effect also must be known; since all power is relative to its effect. And _vice versa,_ if the effect

be not known, the power cannot be known nor felt. How indeed can we be conscious of a power to move our limbs, when we have no such power; but only that to move certain animal spirits, which, though they produce at last the motion of our limbs, yet operate in such a manner as is wholly beyond our comprehension?

We may, therefore, conclude from the whole, I hope, without any temerity, though with assurance; that our idea of power is not copied from any sentiment or consciousness of power within ourselves, when we give rise to animal motion, or apply our limbs to their proper use and office. That their motion follows the command of the will is a matter of common experience, like other natural events: But the power or energy by which this is effected, like that in other natural events, is unknown and inconceivable.[12]

[12] It may be pretended, that the resistance which we meet with in bodies, obliging us frequently to exert our force, and call up all our power, this gives us the idea of force and power. It is this _nisus_, or strong endeavour, of which we are conscious, that is the original impression from which this idea is copied. But, first, we attribute power to a vast number of objects, where we never can suppose this resistance or exertion of force to take place; to the Supreme Being, who never meets with any resistance; to the mind in its command over its ideas and limbs, in common thinking and motion, where the effect follows immediately upon the will, without any exertion or summoning up of force; to inanimate matter, which is not capable of this sentiment. _Secondly,_ This sentiment of an endeavour to overcome resistance has no known connexion with any event: What follows it, we know by experience; but could not know it _a priori._ It must, however, be confessed, that the animal _nisus,_ which we experience, though it can afford no accurate precise idea of power, enters very much into that vulgar, inaccurate idea, which is formed of it.

53. Shall we then assert, that we are conscious of a power or energy in our own minds, when, by an act or command of our will, we raise up a new idea, fix the mind to the contemplation of it, turn it on all sides, and at last dismiss it for some other idea, when we think that we have surveyed it with sufficient accuracy? I believe the same arguments will prove, that even this command of the will gives us no real idea of force or energy.

First, It must be allowed, that, when we know a power, we know that very circumstance in the cause, by which it is enabled to produce the effect: For these are supposed to be synonimous. We must, therefore, know both the cause and effect, and the relation between them. But do we pretend to be acquainted with the nature of the human soul and the nature of an idea, or the aptitude of the one to produce the other? This is a real creation; a production of something out of nothing: Which implies a power so great, that it may seem, at first sight, beyond the reach of any being, less than infinite. At least it must be owned, that such a power is not felt, nor known, nor even conceivable by the mind. We only feel the event, namely, the existence of an idea, consequent to a command of the will: But the manner, in which this operation is performed, the power by which it is produced, is entirely beyond our comprehension.

Secondly, The command of the mind over itself is limited, as well as its command over the body; and these limits are not known by reason, or any acquaintance with the nature of cause and effect, but only by experience and observation, as in all other natural events and in the operation of external objects. Our authority over our sentiments and passions is much weaker than that over our ideas; and even the latter authority is circumscribed within very narrow boundaries. Will any one pretend to assign the ultimate reason of these boundaries, or show why the power is deficient in one case, not in another.

Thirdly, This self-command is very different at different times. A man in health possesses more of it than one languishing with sickness. We are more master of our thoughts in the morning than in the evening: Fasting, than after a full meal. Can we give any reason for these variations, except experience? Where then is the power, of which we pretend to be conscious? Is there not here, either in a spiritual or material substance, or both, some secret mechanism or structure of parts, upon which the effect depends, and which, being entirely unknown to us, renders the power or energy of the will equally unknown and incomprehensible?

Volition is surely an act of the mind, with which we are sufficiently acquainted. Reflect upon it. Consider it on all sides. Do you find anything in it like this creative power, by which it raises from nothing a new idea, and with a kind of _Fiat_, imitates the omnipotence of its Maker, if I may be allowed so to speak, who called forth into existence all the various scenes of nature? So far from being conscious of this energy in the will, it requires as certain experience as that of which we are possessed, to convince us that such extraordinary effects do ever result from a simple act of volition.

54. The generality of mankind never find any difficulty in accounting for the more common and familiar operations of nature--such as the descent of heavy bodies, the growth of plants, the generation of animals, or the nourishment of bodies by food: But suppose that, in all these cases, they perceive the very force or energy of the cause, by which it is connected with its effect, and is for ever infallible in its operation. They acquire, by long habit, such a turn of mind, that, upon the appearance of the cause, they immediately

expect with assurance its usual attendant, and hardly conceive it possible that any other event could result from it. It is only on the discovery of extraordinary phaenomena, such as earthquakes, pestilence, and prodigies of any kind, that they find themselves at a loss to assign a proper cause, and to explain the manner in which the effect is produced by it. It is usual for men, in such difficulties, to have recourse to some invisible intelligent principle[13] as the immediate cause of that event which surprises them, and which, they think, cannot be accounted for from the common powers of nature. But philosophers, who carry their scrutiny a little farther, immediately perceive that, even in the most familiar events, the energy of the cause is as unintelligible as in the most unusual, and that we only learn by experience the frequent _Conjunction_ of objects, without being ever able to comprehend anything like _Connexion_ between them.

[13] [Greek: theos apo maechanaes.]

55. Here, then, many philosophers think themselves obliged by reason to have recourse, on all occasions, to the same principle, which the vulgar never appeal to but in cases that appear miraculous and supernatural. They acknowledge mind and intelligence to be, not only the ultimate and original cause of all things, but the immediate and sole cause of every event which appears in nature. They pretend that those objects which are commonly denominated _causes,_ are in reality nothing but _occasions;_ and that the true and direct principle of every effect is not any power or force in nature, but a volition of the Supreme Being, who wills that such particular objects should for ever be conjoined with each other. Instead of saying that one billiard-ball moves another by a force which it has derived from the author of nature, it is the Deity himself, they say, who, by a particular volition, moves the second ball, being determined to this operation by the impulse of the first ball, in consequence of those general laws which he has laid down to himself in the government of the universe. But philosophers advancing still in their inquiries, discover that, as we are totally ignorant of the power on which depends the mutual operation of bodies, we are no less ignorant of that power on which depends the operation of mind on body, or of body on mind; nor are we able, either from our senses or consciousness, to assign the ultimate principle in one case more than in the other. The same ignorance, therefore, reduces them to the same conclusion. They assert that the Deity is the immediate cause of the union between soul and body; and that they are not the organs of sense, which, being agitated by external objects, produce sensations in the mind; but that it is a particular volition of our omnipotent Maker, which excites such a sensation, in consequence of such a motion in the organ. In like manner, it is not any energy in the will that produces local motion in our members: It is God himself, who is pleased to second our will, in itself impotent, and to command that motion which we erroneously attribute to our own power and efficacy. Nor do philosophers stop at this conclusion. They sometimes extend the same inference to the mind itself, in its internal operations. Our mental vision or conception of ideas is nothing but a revelation made to us by our Maker. When we voluntarily turn our thoughts to any object, and raise up its image in the fancy, it is not the will which creates that idea: It is the universal Creator, who discovers it to the mind, and renders it present to us.

56. Thus, according to these philosophers, every thing is full of God. Not content with the principle, that nothing exists but by his will, that nothing possesses any power but by his concession: They rob nature, and all created beings, of every power, in order to render their dependence on the Deity still more sensible and immediate. They consider not that, by this theory, they diminish, instead of magnifying, the grandeur of those attributes, which they affect so much to celebrate. It argues surely more power in the Deity to delegate a certain degree of power to inferior creatures than to produce every thing by his own immediate volition. It argues more wisdom to contrive at first the fabric of the world with such perfect foresight that, of itself, and by its proper operation, it may serve all the purposes of providence, than if the great Creator were obliged every moment to adjust its parts, and animate by his breath all the wheels of that stupendous machine.

But if we would have a more philosophical confutation of this theory, perhaps the two following reflections may suffice.

57. _First_, it seems to me that this theory of the universal energy and operation of the Supreme Being is too bold ever to carry conviction with it to a man, sufficiently apprized of the weakness of human reason, and the narrow limits to which it is confined in all its operations. Though the chain of arguments which conduct to it were ever so logical, there must arise a strong suspicion, if not an absolute assurance, that it has carried us quite beyond the reach of our faculties, when it leads to conclusions so extraordinary, and so remote from common life and experience. We are got into fairy land, long ere we have reached the last steps of our theory; and _there_ we have no reason to trust our common methods of argument, or to think that our usual analogies and probabilities have any authority. Our line is too short to fathom such immense abysses. And however we may flatter ourselves that we are guided, in every step which we take, by a kind of verisimilitude and experience, we may be assured that this fancied experience has no authority when we thus apply it to subjects that lie entirely out of the sphere of experience. But on this we shall have occasion to touch afterwards.[14]

[14] Section XII.

Secondly, I cannot perceive any force in the arguments on which this theory is founded. We are ignorant, it is true, of the manner in which bodies operate on each other: Their force or energy is entirely incomprehensible: But are we not equally ignorant of the manner or force by which a mind, even the supreme mind, operates either on itself or on body? Whence, I beseech you, do we acquire any idea of it? We have no sentiment or consciousness of this power in ourselves. We have no idea of the Supreme Being but what we learn from reflection on our own faculties. Were our ignorance, therefore, a good reason for rejecting any thing, we should be led into that principle of denying all energy in the Supreme Being as much as in the grossest matter. We surely comprehend as little the operations of one as of the other. Is it more difficult to conceive that motion may arise from impulse than that it may arise from volition? All we know is our profound ignorance in both cases[15].

[15] I need not examine at length the _vis inertiae_ which is so much talked of in the new philosophy, and which is ascribed to matter. We find by experience, that a body at rest or in motion continues for ever in its present state, till put from it by some new cause; and that a body impelled takes as much motion from the impelling body as it acquires itself. These are facts. When we call this a _vis inertiae_, we only mark these facts, without pretending to have any idea of the inert power; in the same manner as, when we talk of gravity, we mean certain effects, without comprehending that active power. It was never the meaning of Sir ISAAC NEWTON to rob second causes of all force or energy; though some of his followers have endeavoured to establish that theory upon his authority. On the contrary, that great philosopher had recourse to an etherial active fluid to explain his universal attraction; though he was so cautious and modest as to allow, that it was a mere hypothesis, not to be insisted on, without more experiments. I must confess, that there is something in the fate of opinions a little extraordinary. DES CARTES insinuated that doctrine of the universal and sole efficacy of the Deity, without insisting on it. MALEBRANCHE and other CARTESIANS made it the foundation of all their philosophy. It had, however, no authority in England. LOCKE, CLARKE, and CUDWORTH, never so much as take notice of it, but suppose all along, that matter has a real, though subordinate and derived power. By what means has it become so prevalent among our modern metaphysicians?

PART II.

58. But to hasten to a conclusion of this argument, which is already drawn out to too great a length: We have sought in vain for an idea of power or necessary connexion in all the sources from which we could suppose it to be derived. It appears that, in single instances of the operation of bodies, we never can, by our utmost scrutiny, discover any thing but one event following another, without being able to comprehend any force or power by which the cause operates, or any connexion between it and its supposed effect. The same difficulty occurs in contemplating the operations of mind on body--where we observe the motion of the latter to follow upon the volition of the former, but are not able to observe or conceive the tie which binds together the motion and volition, or the energy by which the mind produces this effect. The authority of the will over its own faculties and ideas is not a whit more comprehensible: So that, upon the whole, there appears not, throughout all nature, any one instance of connexion which is conceivable by us. All events seem entirely loose and separate. One event follows another; but we never can observe any tie between them. They seem _conjoined_, but never _connected_. And as we can have no idea of any thing which never appeared to our outward sense or inward sentiment, the necessary conclusion _seems_ to be that we have no idea of connexion or power at all, and that these words are absolutely without any meaning, when employed either in philosophical reasonings or common life.

59. But there still remains one method of avoiding this conclusion, and one source which we have not yet examined. When any natural object or event is presented, it is impossible for us, by any sagacity or penetration, to discover, or even conjecture, without experience, what event will result from it, or to carry our foresight beyond that object which is immediately present to the memory and senses. Even after one instance or experiment where we have observed a particular event to follow upon another, we are not entitled to form a general rule, or foretell what will happen in like cases; it being justly esteemed an unpardonable temerity to judge of the whole course of nature from one single experiment, however accurate or certain. But when one particular species of event has always, in all instances, been conjoined with another, we make no longer any scruple of foretelling one upon the appearance of the other, and of employing that reasoning, which can alone assure us of any matter of fact or existence. We then call the one object, _Cause;_ the other, _Effect._ We suppose that there is some connexion between them; some power in the one, by which it infallibly produces the other, and operates with the greatest certainty and strongest necessity.

It appears, then, that this idea of a necessary connexion among events arises from a number of similar instances which occur of the constant conjunction of these events; nor can that idea ever be suggested by any one of these instances, surveyed in all possible lights and positions. But there is nothing in a number of instances, different from every single instance, which is supposed

to be exactly similar; except only, that after a repetition of similar instances, the mind is carried by habit, upon the appearance of one event, to expect its usual attendant, and to believe that it will exist. This connexion, therefore, which we _feel_ in the mind, this customary transition of the imagination from one object to its usual attendant, is the sentiment or impression from which we form the idea of power or necessary connexion. Nothing farther is in the case. Contemplate the subject on all sides; you will never find any other origin of that idea. This is the sole difference between one instance, from which we can never receive the idea of connexion, and a number of similar instances, by which it is suggested. The first time a man saw the communication of motion by impulse, as by the shock of two billiard balls, he could not pronounce that the one event was _connected:_ but only that it was _conjoined_ with the other. After he has observed several instances of this nature, he then pronounces them to be _connected._ What alteration has happened to give rise to this new idea of _connexion?_ Nothing but that he now _feels_ these events to be connected in his imagination, and can readily foretell the existence of one from the appearance of the other. When we say, therefore, that one object is connected with another, we mean only that they have acquired a connexion in our thought, and give rise to this inference, by which they become proofs of each other's existence: A conclusion which is somewhat extraordinary, but which seems founded on sufficient evidence. Nor will its evidence be weakened by any general diffidence of the understanding, or sceptical suspicion concerning every conclusion which is new and extraordinary. No conclusions can be more agreeable to scepticism than such as make discoveries concerning the weakness and narrow limits of human reason and capacity.

60. And what stronger instance can be produced of the surprising ignorance and weakness of the understanding than the present? For surely, if there be any relation among objects which it imports to us to know perfectly, it is that of cause and effect. On this are founded all our reasonings concerning matter of fact or existence. By means of it alone we attain any assurance concerning objects which are removed from the present testimony of our memory and senses. The only immediate utility of all sciences, is to teach us, how to control and regulate future events by their causes. Our thoughts and enquiries are, therefore, every moment, employed about this relation: Yet so imperfect are the ideas which we form concerning it, that it is impossible to give any just definition of cause, except what is drawn from something extraneous and foreign to it. Similar objects are always conjoined with similar. Of this we have experience. Suitably to this experience, therefore, we may define a cause to be _an object, followed by another, and where all the objects similar to the first are followed by objects similar to the second_. Or in other words _where, if the first object had not been, the second never had existed_. The appearance of a cause always conveys the mind, by a customary transition, to the idea of the effect. Of this also we have experience. We may, therefore, suitably to this experience, form another definition of cause, and call it, _an object followed by another, and whose appearance always conveys the thought to that other._ But though both these definitions be drawn from circumstances foreign to the cause, we cannot remedy this inconvenience, or attain any more perfect definition, which may point out that circumstance in the cause, which gives it a connexion with its effect. We have no idea of this connexion, nor even any distinct notion what it is we desire to know, when we endeavour at a conception of it. We say, for instance, that the vibration of this string is the cause of this particular sound. But what do we mean by that affirmation? We either mean _that this vibration is followed by this sound, and that all similar vibrations have been followed by similar sounds:_ Or, _that this vibration is followed by this sound, and that upon the appearance of one the mind anticipates the senses, and forms immediately an idea of the other._ We may consider the relation of cause and effect in either of these two lights; but beyond these, we have no idea of it.[16]

[16] According to these explications and definitions, the idea of _power_ is relative as much as that of _cause;_ and both have a reference to an effect, or some other event constantly conjoined with the former. When we consider the _unknown_ circumstance of an object, by which the degree or quantity of its effect is fixed and determined, we call that its power: And accordingly, it is allowed by all philosophers, that the effect is the measure of the power. But if they had any idea of power, as it is in itself, why could not they Measure it in itself? The dispute whether the force of a body in motion be as its velocity, or the square of its velocity; this dispute, I say, need not be decided by comparing its effects in equal or unequal times; but by a direct mensuration and comparison.

As to the frequent use of the words, Force, Power, Energy, &c., which every where occur in common conversation, as well as in philosophy; that is no proof, that we are acquainted, in any instance, with the connecting principle between cause and effect, or can account ultimately for the production of one thing to another. These words, as commonly used, have very loose meanings annexed to them; and their ideas are very uncertain and confused. No animal can put external bodies in motion without the sentiment of a _nisus_ or endeavour; and every animal has a sentiment or feeling from the stroke or blow of an external object, that is in motion. These sensations, which are merely animal, and from which we can _a priori_ draw no inference, we are apt to transfer to inanimate objects, and to suppose, that they have some such feelings, whenever they transfer or receive motion. With regard to energies, which are exerted, without our annexing to them any idea of communicated motion, we consider only the constant experienced conjunction of the events; and as we _feel_ a customary connexion between the ideas, we transfer that feeling to the

objects; as nothing is more usual than to apply to external bodies every internal sensation, which they occasion.

61. To recapitulate, therefore, the reasonings of this section: Every idea is copied from some preceding impression or sentiment; and where we cannot find any impression, we may be certain that there is no idea. In all single instances of the operation of bodies or minds, there is nothing that produces any impression, nor consequently can suggest any idea of power or necessary connexion. But when many uniform instances appear, and the same object is always followed by the same event; we then begin to entertain the notion of cause and connexion. We then _feel_ a new sentiment or impression, to wit, a customary connexion in the thought or imagination between one object and its usual attendant; and this sentiment is the original of that idea which we seek for. For as this idea arises from a number of similar instances, and not from any single instance, it must arise from that circumstance, in which the number of instances differ from every individual instance. But this customary connexion or transition of the imagination is the only circumstance in which they differ. In every other particular they are alike. The first instance which we saw of motion communicated by the shock of two billiard balls (to return to this obvious illustration) is exactly similar to any instance that may, at present, occur to us; except only, that we could not, at first, _infer_ one event from the other; which we are enabled to do at present, after so long a course of uniform experience. I know not whether the reader will readily apprehend this reasoning. I am afraid that, should I multiply words about it, or throw it into a greater variety of lights, it would only become more obscure and intricate. In all abstract reasonings there is one point of view which, if we can happily hit, we shall go farther towards illustrating the subject than by all the eloquence and copious expression in the world. This point of view we should endeavour to reach, and reserve the flowers of rhetoric for subjects which are more adapted to them.

SECTION VIII.

OF LIBERTY AND NECESSITY.

PART I.

62. It might reasonably be expected in questions which have been canvassed and disputed with great eagerness, since the first origin of science and philosophy, that the meaning of all the terms, at least, should have been agreed upon among the disputants; and our enquiries, in the course of two thousand years, been able to pass from words to the true and real subject of the controversy. For how easy may it seem to give exact definitions of the terms employed in reasoning, and make these definitions, not the mere sound of words, the object of future scrutiny and examination? But if we consider the matter more narrowly, we shall be apt to draw a quite opposite conclusion. From this circumstance alone, that a controversy has been long kept on foot, and remains still undecided, we may presume that there is some ambiguity in the expression, and that the disputants affix different ideas to the terms employed in the controversy. For as the faculties of the mind are supposed to be naturally alike in every individual; otherwise nothing could be more fruitless than to reason or dispute together; it were impossible, if men affix the same ideas to their terms, that they could so long form different opinions of the same subject; especially when they communicate their views, and each party turn themselves on all sides, in search of arguments which may give them the victory over their antagonists. It is true, if men attempt the discussion of questions which lie entirely beyond the reach of human capacity, such as those concerning the origin of worlds, or the economy of the intellectual system or region of spirits, they may long beat the air in their fruitless contests, and never arrive at any determinate conclusion. But if the question regard any subject of common life and experience, nothing, one would think, could preserve the dispute so long undecided but some ambiguous expressions, which keep the antagonists still at a distance, and hinder them from grappling with each other.

63. This has been the case in the long disputed question concerning liberty and necessity; and to so remarkable a degree that, if I be not much mistaken, we shall find, that all mankind, both learned and ignorant, have always been of the same opinion with regard to this subject, and that a few intelligible definitions would immediately have put an end to the whole controversy. I own that this dispute has been so much canvassed on all hands, and has led philosophers into such a labyrinth of obscure sophistry, that it is no wonder, if a sensible reader indulge his ease so far as to turn a deaf ear to the proposal of such a question, from which he can expect neither instruction or entertainment. But the state of the argument here proposed may, perhaps, serve to renew his attention; as it has more novelty, promises at least some decision of the controversy, and will not much disturb his ease by any intricate or obscure reasoning.

I hope, therefore, to make it appear that all men have ever agreed in the doctrine both of necessity and of liberty, according to any reasonable sense, which can be put on these terms; and that the whole controversy has hitherto turned merely upon words. We shall begin with examining the doctrine of necessity.

64. It is universally allowed that matter, in all its operations, is actuated by a necessary force, and that every natural effect is so precisely determined by the energy of its cause that no other effect, in such particular circumstances, could possibly have resulted from it. The degree and direction of every motion is, by the laws of nature, prescribed with such exactness that a living creature may as soon arise from the shock of two bodies as motion in any other degree or direction than what is actually produced by it. Would we, therefore, form a just and precise idea of _necessity_, we must consider whence that idea arises when we apply it to the operation of bodies.

It seems evident that, if all the scenes of nature were continually shifted in such a manner that no two events bore any resemblance to each other, but every object was entirely new, without any similitude to whatever had been seen before, we should never, in that case, have attained the least idea of necessity, or of a connexion among these objects. We might say, upon such a supposition, that one object or event has followed another; not that one was produced by the other. The relation of cause and effect must be utterly unknown to mankind. Inference and reasoning concerning the operations of nature would, from that moment, be at an end; and the memory and senses remain the only canals, by which the knowledge of any real existence could possibly have access to the mind. Our idea, therefore, of necessity and causation arises entirely from the uniformity observable in the operations of nature, where similar objects are constantly conjoined together, and the mind is determined by custom to infer the one from the appearance of the other. These two circumstances form the whole of that necessity, which we ascribe to matter. Beyond the constant _conjunction_ of similar objects, and the consequent _inference_ from one to the other, we have no notion of any necessity or connexion.

If it appear, therefore, that all mankind have ever allowed, without any doubt or hesitation, that these two circumstances take place in the voluntary actions of men, and in the operations of mind; it must follow, that all mankind have ever agreed in the doctrine of necessity, and that they have hitherto disputed, merely for not understanding each other.

65. As to the first circumstance, the constant and regular conjunction of similar events, we may possibly satisfy ourselves by the following considerations. It is universally acknowledged that there is a great uniformity among the actions of men, in all nations and ages, and that human nature remains still the same, in its principles and operations. The same motives always produce the same actions. The same events follow from the same causes. Ambition, avarice, self-love, vanity, friendship, generosity, public spirit: these passions, mixed in various degrees, and distributed through society, have been, from the beginning of the world, and still are, the source of all the actions and enterprises, which have ever been observed among mankind. Would you know the sentiments, inclinations, and course of life of the Greeks and Romans? Study well the temper and actions of the French and English: You cannot be much mistaken in transferring to the former _most_ of the observations which you have made with regard to the latter. Mankind are so much the same, in all times and places, that history informs us of nothing new or strange in this particular. Its chief use is only to discover the constant and universal principles of human nature, by showing men in all varieties of circumstances and situations, and furnishing us with materials from which we may form our observations and become acquainted with the regular springs of human action and behaviour. These records of wars, intrigues, factions, and revolutions, are so many collections of experiments, by which the politician or moral philosopher fixes the principles of his science, in the same manner as the physician or natural philosopher becomes acquainted with the nature of plants, minerals, and other external objects, by the experiments which he forms concerning them. Nor are the earth, water, and other elements, examined by Aristotle, and Hippocrates, more like to those which at present lie under our observation than the men described by Polybius and Tacitus are to those who now govern the world.

Should a traveller, returning from a far country, bring us an account of men, wholly different from any with whom we were ever acquainted; men, who were entirely divested of avarice, ambition, or revenge; who knew no pleasure but friendship, generosity, and public spirit; we should immediately, from these circumstances, detect the falsehood, and prove him a liar, with the same certainty as if he had stuffed his narration with stories of centaurs and dragons, miracles and prodigies. And if we would explode any forgery in history, we cannot make use of a more convincing argument, than to prove, that the actions ascribed to any person are directly contrary to the course of nature, and that no human motives, in such circumstances, could ever induce him to such a conduct. The veracity of Quintus Curtius is as much to be suspected, when he describes the supernatural courage of Alexander, by which he was hurried on singly to attack multitudes, as when he describes his supernatural force and activity, by which he was able to resist them. So readily and universally do we acknowledge a uniformity in human motives and actions as well as in the operations of body.

Hence likewise the benefit of that experience, acquired by long life and a variety of business and company, in order to instruct us in the principles of human nature, and regulate our future conduct, as well as speculation. By means of this guide, we mount up to the knowledge of men's inclinations and motives, from their actions, expressions, and even gestures; and again descend to the interpretation of their actions from our knowledge of their motives and inclinations. The general observations treasured up by a course of experience, give us the clue of human nature, and teach us to unravel all its intricacies. Pretexts and appearances no longer deceive us. Public declarations pass for the specious colouring of a cause. And though virtue and honour be allowed their proper weight and authority, that perfect disinterestedness, so often pretended to, is never expected in multitudes and parties; seldom in their leaders; and scarcely even in individuals of any rank or station. But were there no uniformity in human actions, and were every experiment which we could form of this kind irregular and anomalous, it were impossible to collect any general observations concerning mankind; and no experience, however accurately digested by reflection, would ever serve to any purpose. Why is the aged husbandman more skilful in his calling than the young beginner but because there is a certain uniformity in the operation of the sun, rain, and earth towards the production of vegetables; and experience teaches the old practitioner the rules by which this operation is governed and directed.

66. We must not, however, expect that this uniformity of human actions should be carried to such a length as that all men, in the same circumstances, will always act precisely in the same manner, without making any allowance for the diversity of characters, prejudices, and opinions. Such a uniformity in every particular, is found in no part of nature. On the contrary, from observing the variety of conduct in different men, we are enabled to form a greater variety of maxims, which still suppose a degree of uniformity and regularity.

Are the manners of men different in different ages and countries? We learn thence the great force of custom and education, which mould the human mind from its infancy and form it into a fixed and established character. Is the behaviour and conduct of the one sex very unlike that of the other? Is it thence we become acquainted with the different characters which nature has impressed upon the sexes, and which she preserves with constancy and regularity? Are the actions of the same person much diversified in the different periods of his life, from infancy to old age? This affords room for many general observations concerning the gradual change of our sentiments and inclinations, and the different maxims which prevail in the different ages of human creatures. Even the characters, which are peculiar to each individual, have a uniformity in their influence; otherwise our acquaintance with the persons and our observation of their conduct could never teach us their dispositions, or serve to direct our behaviour with regard to them.

67. I grant it possible to find some actions, which seem to have no regular connexion with any known motives, and are exceptions to all the measures of conduct which have ever been established for the government of men. But if we would willingly know what judgement should be formed of such irregular and extraordinary actions, we may consider the sentiments commonly entertained with regard to those irregular events which appear in the course of nature, and the operations of external objects. All causes are not conjoined to their usual effects with like uniformity. An artificer, who handles only dead matter, may be disappointed of his aim, as well as the politician, who directs the conduct of sensible and intelligent agents.

The vulgar, who take things according to their first appearance, attribute the uncertainty of events to such an uncertainty in the causes as makes the latter often fail of their usual influence; though they meet with no impediment in their operation. But philosophers, observing that, almost in every part of nature, there is contained a vast variety of springs and principles, which are hid, by reason of their minuteness or remoteness, find, that it is at least possible the contrariety of events may not proceed from any contingency in the cause, but from the secret operation of contrary causes. This possibility is converted into certainty by farther observation, when they remark that, upon an exact scrutiny, a contrariety of effects always betrays a contrariety of causes, and proceeds from their mutual opposition. A peasant can give no better reason for the stopping of any clock or watch than to say that it does not commonly go right: But an artist easily perceives that the same force in the spring or pendulum has always the same influence on the wheels; but fails of its usual effect, perhaps by reason of a grain of dust, which puts a stop to the whole movement. From the observation of several parallel instances, philosophers form a maxim that the connexion between all causes and effects is equally necessary, and that its seeming uncertainty in some instances proceeds from the secret opposition of contrary causes.

Thus, for instance, in the human body, when the usual symptoms of health or sickness disappoint our expectation; when medicines operate not with their wonted powers; when irregular events follow from any particular cause; the philosopher and physician are not surprised at the matter, nor are ever tempted to deny, in general, the necessity and uniformity of those principles by which the animal economy is conducted. They know that a human body is a mighty complicated machine: That many secret powers lurk in it, which are altogether beyond our comprehension: That to us it must often appear very uncertain in its operations: And that therefore

the irregular events, which outwardly discover themselves, can be no proof that the laws of nature are not observed with the greatest regularity in its internal operations and government.

68. The philosopher, if he be consistent, must apply the same reasoning to the actions and volitions of intelligent agents. The most irregular and unexpected resolutions of men may frequently be accounted for by those who know every particular circumstance of their character and situation. A person of an obliging disposition gives a peevish answer: But he has the toothache, or has not dined. A stupid fellow discovers an uncommon alacrity in his carriage: But he has met with a sudden piece of good fortune. Or even when an action, as sometimes happens, cannot be particularly accounted for, either by the person himself or by others; we know, in general, that the characters of men are, to a certain degree, inconstant and irregular. This is, in a manner, the constant character of human nature; though it be applicable, in a more particular manner, to some persons who have no fixed rule for their conduct, but proceed in a continued course of caprice and inconstancy. The internal principles and motives may operate in a uniform manner, notwithstanding these seeming irregularities; in the same manner as the winds, rain, clouds, and other variations of the weather are supposed to be governed by steady principles; though not easily discoverable by human sagacity and enquiry.

69. Thus it appears, not only that the conjunction between motives and voluntary actions is as regular and uniform as that between the cause and effect in any part of nature; but also that this regular conjunction has been universally acknowledged among mankind, and has never been the subject of dispute, either in philosophy or common life. Now, as it is from past experience that we draw all inferences concerning the future, and as we conclude that objects will always be conjoined together which we find to have always been conjoined; it may seem superfluous to prove that this experienced uniformity in human actions is a source whence we draw _inferences_ concerning them. But in order to throw the argument into a greater variety of lights we shall also insist, though briefly, on this latter topic.

The mutual dependence of men is so great in all societies that scarce any human action is entirely complete in itself, or is performed without some reference to the actions of others, which are requisite to make it answer fully the intention of the agent. The poorest artificer, who labours alone, expects at least the protection of the magistrate, to ensure him the enjoyment of the fruits of his labour. He also expects that, when he carries his goods to market, and offers them at a reasonable price, he shall find purchasers, and shall be able, by the money he acquires, to engage others to supply him with those commodities which are requisite for his subsistence. In proportion as men extend their dealings, and render their intercourse with others more complicated, they always comprehend, in their schemes of life, a greater variety of voluntary actions, which they expect, from the proper motives, to co-operate with their own. In all these conclusions they take their measures from past experience, in the same manner as in their reasonings concerning external objects; and firmly believe that men, as well as all the elements, are to continue, in their operations, the same that they have ever found them. A manufacturer reckons upon the labour of his servants for the execution of any work as much as upon the tools which he employs, and would be equally surprised were his expectations disappointed. In short, this experimental inference and reasoning concerning the actions of others enters so much into human life that no man, while awake, is ever a moment without employing it. Have we not reason, therefore, to affirm that all mankind have always agreed in the doctrine of necessity according to the foregoing definition and explication of it?

70. Nor have philosophers ever entertained a different opinion from the people in this particular. For, not to mention that almost every action of their life supposes that opinion, there are even few of the speculative parts of learning to which it is not essential. What would become of _history,_ had we not a dependence on the veracity of the historian according to the experience which we have had of mankind? How could _politics_ be a science, if laws and forms of goverment had not a uniform influence upon society? Where would be the foundation of _morals,_ if particular characters had no certain or determinate power to produce particular sentiments, and if these sentiments had no constant operation on actions? And with what pretence could we employ our _criticism_ upon any poet or polite author, if we could not pronounce the conduct and sentiments of his actors either natural or unnatural to such characters, and in such circumstances? It seems almost impossible, therefore, to engage either in science or action of any kind without acknowledging the doctrine of necessity, and this _inference_ from motive to voluntary actions, from characters to conduct.

And indeed, when we consider how aptly _natural_ and _moral_ evidence link together, and form only one chain of argument, we shall make no scruple to allow that they are of the same nature, and derived from the same principles. A prisoner who has neither money nor interest, discovers the impossibility of his escape, as well when he considers the obstinacy of the gaoler, as the walls and bars with which he is surrounded; and, in all attempts for his freedom, chooses rather to work upon the stone and iron of the one, than upon the inflexible nature of the other. The same prisoner, when conducted to the scaffold, foresees his death as certainly from the constancy and fidelity of his guards, as from the operation of the axe or wheel. His mind runs along a certain train

of ideas: The refusal of the soldiers to consent to his escape; the action of the executioner; the separation of the head and body; bleeding, convulsive motions, and death. Here is a connected chain of natural causes and voluntary actions; but the mind feels no difference between them in passing from one link to another: Nor is less certain of the future event than if it were connected with the objects present to the memory or senses, by a train of causes, cemented together by what we are pleased to call a _physical_ necessity. The same experienced union has the same effect on the mind, whether the united objects be motives, volition, and actions; or figure and motion. We may change the name of things; but their nature and their operation on the understanding never change.

Were a man, whom I know to be honest and opulent, and with whom I live in intimate friendship, to come into my house, where I am surrounded with my servants, I rest assured that he is not to stab me before he leaves it in order to rob me of my silver standish; and I no more suspect this event than the falling of the house itself, which is new, and solidly built and founded._--But he may have been seized with a sudden and unknown frenzy.--_So may a sudden earthquake arise, and shake and tumble my house about my ears. I shall therefore change the suppositions. I shall say that I know with certainty that he is not to put his hand into the fire and hold it there till it be consumed: And this event, I think I can foretell with the same assurance, as that, if he throw himself out at the window, and meet with no obstruction, he will not remain a moment suspended in the air. No suspicion of an unknown frenzy can give the least possibility to the former event, which is so contrary to all the known principles of human nature. A man who at noon leaves his purse full of gold on the pavement at Charing-Cross, may as well expect that it will fly away like a feather, as that he will find it untouched an hour after. Above one half of human reasonings contain inferences of a similar nature, attended with more or less degrees of certainty proportioned to our experience of the usual conduct of mankind in such particular situations.

71. I have frequently considered, what could possibly be the reason why all mankind, though they have ever, without hesitation, acknowledged the doctrine of necessity in their whole practice and reasoning, have yet discovered such a reluctance to acknowledge it in words, and have rather shown a propensity, in all ages, to profess the contrary opinion. The matter, I think, may be accounted for after the following manner. If we examine the operations of body, and the production of effects from their causes, we shall find that all our faculties can never carry us farther in our knowledge of this relation than barely to observe that particular objects are _constantly conjoined_ together, and that the mind is carried, by a _customary transition,_ from the appearance of one to the belief of the other. But though this conclusion concerning human ignorance be the result of the strictest scrutiny of this subject, men still entertain a strong propensity to believe that they penetrate farther into the powers of nature, and perceive something like a necessary connexion between the cause and the effect. When again they turn their reflections towards the operations of their own minds, and _feel_ no such connexion of the motive and the action; they are thence apt to suppose, that there is a difference between the effects which result from material force, and those which arise from thought and intelligence. But being once convinced that we know nothing farther of causation of any kind than merely the _constant conjunction_ of objects, and the consequent _inference_ of the mind from one to another, and finding that these two circumstances are universally allowed to have place in voluntary actions; we may be more easily led to own the same necessity common to all causes. And though this reasoning may contradict the systems of many philosophers, in ascribing necessity to the determinations of the will, we shall find, upon reflection, that they dissent from it in words only, not in their real sentiment. Necessity, according to the sense in which it is here taken, has never yet been rejected, nor can ever, I think, be rejected by any philosopher. It may only, perhaps, be pretended that the mind can perceive, in the operations of matter, some farther connexion between the cause and effect; and connexion that has not place in voluntary actions of intelligent beings. Now whether it be so or not, can only appear upon examination; and it is incumbent on these philosophers to make good their assertion, by defining or describing that necessity, and pointing it out to us in the operations of material causes.

72. It would seem, indeed, that men begin at the wrong end of this question concerning liberty and necessity, when they enter upon it by examining the faculties of the soul, the influence of the understanding, and the operations of the will. Let them first discuss a more simple question, namely, the operations of body and of brute unintelligent matter; and try whether they can there form any idea of causation and necessity, except that of a constant conjunction of objects, and subsequent inference of the mind from one to another. If these circumstances form, in reality, the whole of that necessity, which we conceive in matter, and if these circumstances be also universally acknowledged to take place in the operations of the mind, the dispute is at an end; at least, must be owned to be thenceforth merely verbal. But as long as we will rashly suppose, that we have some farther idea of necessity and causation in the operations of external objects; at the same time, that we can find nothing farther in the voluntary actions of the mind; there is no possibility of bringing the question to any determinate issue, while we proceed upon so erroneous a supposition. The only method of undeceiving us is to mount up higher; to examine the narrow extent of science when applied to material causes; and to convince ourselves that all we know of them is the constant conjunction and inference above mentioned. We may,

perhaps, find that it is with difficulty we are induced to fix such narrow limits to human understanding: But we can afterwards find no difficulty when we come to apply this doctrine to the actions of the will. For as it is evident that these have a regular conjunction with motives and circumstances and characters, and as we always draw inferences from one to the other, we must be obliged to acknowledge in words that necessity, which we have already avowed, in every deliberation of our lives, and in every step of our conduct and behaviour.[17]

[17] The prevalence of the doctrine of liberty may be accounted for, from another cause, viz. a false sensation or seeming experience which we have, or may have, of liberty or indifference, in many of our actions. The necessity of any action, whether of matter or of mind, is not, properly speaking, a quality in the agent, but in any thinking or intelligent being, who may consider the action; and it consists chiefly in the determination of his thoughts to infer the existence of that action from some preceding objects; as liberty, when opposed to necessity, is nothing but the want of that determination, and a certain looseness or indifference, which we feel, in passing, or not passing, from the idea of one object to that of any succeeding one. Now we may observe, that, though, in _reflecting_ on human actions, we seldom feel such a looseness, or indifference, but are commonly able to infer them with considerable certainty from their motives, and from the dispositions of the agent; yet it frequently happens, that, in _performing_ the actions themselves, we are sensible of something like it: And as all resembling objects are readily taken for each other, this has been employed as a demonstrative and even intuitive proof of human liberty. We feel, that our actions are subject to our will, on most occasions; and imagine we feel, that the will itself is subject to nothing, because, when by a denial of it we are provoked to try, we feel, that it moves easily every way, and produces an image of itself (or a _Velleity,_ as it is called in the schools) even on that side, on which it did not settle. This image, or faint motion, we persuade ourselves, could, at that time, have been compleated into the thing itself; because, should that be denied, we find, upon a second trial, that, at present, it can. We consider not, that the fantastical desire of shewing liberty, is here the motive of our actions. And it seems certain, that, however we may imagine we feel a liberty within ourselves, a spectator can commonly infer our actions from our motives and character; and even where he cannot, he concludes in general, that he might, were he perfectly acquainted with every circumstance of our situation and temper, and the most secret springs of our complexion and disposition. Now this is the very essence of necessity, according to the foregoing doctrine.

73. But to proceed in this reconciling project with regard to the question of liberty and necessity; the most contentious question of metaphysics, the most contentious science; it will not require many words to prove, that all mankind have ever agreed in the doctrine of liberty as well as in that of necessity, and that the whole dispute, in this respect also, has been hitherto merely verbal. For what is meant by liberty, when applied to voluntary actions? We cannot surely mean that actions have so little connexion with motives, inclinations, and circumstances, that one does not follow with a certain degree of uniformity from the other, and that one affords no inference by which we can conclude the existence of the other. For these are plain and acknowledged matters of fact. By liberty, then, we can only mean _a power of acting or not acting, according to the determinations of the will;_ that is, if we choose to remain at rest, we may; if we choose to move, we also may. Now this hypothetical liberty is universally allowed to belong to every one who is not a prisoner and in chains. Here, then, is no subject of dispute.

74. Whatever definition we may give of liberty, we should be careful to observe two requisite circumstances; _first,_ that it be consistent with plain matter of fact; _secondly,_ that it be consistent with itself. If we observe these circumstances, and render our definition intelligible, I am persuaded that all mankind will be found of one opinion with regard to it.

It is universally allowed that nothing exists without a cause of its existence, and that chance, when strictly examined, is a mere negative word, and means not any real power which has anywhere a being in nature. But it is pretended that some causes are necessary, some not necessary. Here then is the advantage of definitions. Let any one _define_ a cause, without comprehending, as a part of the definition, a _necessary connexion_ with its effect; and let him show distinctly the origin of the idea, expressed by the definition; and I shall readily give up the whole controversy. But if the foregoing explication of the matter be received, this must be absolutely impracticable. Had not objects a regular conjunction with each other, we should never have entertained any notion of cause and effect; and this regular conjunction produces that inference of the understanding, which is the only connexion, that we can have any comprehension of. Whoever attempts a definition of cause, exclusive of these circumstances, will be obliged either to employ unintelligible terms or such as are synonymous to the term which he endeavours to define.[18] And if the definition above mentioned be admitted; liberty, when opposed to necessity, not to constraint, is the same thing with chance; which is universally allowed to have no existence.

[18] Thus, if a cause be defined, _that which produces any thing;_ it is easy to observe, that _producing_ is synonymous to _causing._ In like manner, if a cause be defined, _that by which any thing exists;_ this is liable to the same objection. For what is

meant by these words, _by which?_ Had it been said, that a cause is _that_ after which _any thing constantly exists;_ we should have understood the terms. For this is, indeed, all we know of the matter. And this constancy forms the very essence of necessity, nor have we any other idea of it.

PART II.

75. There is no method of reasoning more common, and yet none more blameable, than, in philosophical disputes, to endeavour the refutation of any hypothesis, by a pretence of its dangerous consequences to religion and morality. When any opinion leads to absurdities, it is certainly false; but it is not certain that an opinion is false, because it is of dangerous consequence. Such topics, therefore, ought entirely to be forborne; as serving nothing to the discovery of truth, but only to make the person of an antagonist odious. This I observe in general, without pretending to draw any advantage from it. I frankly submit to an examination of this kind, and shall venture to affirm that the doctrines, both of necessity and of liberty, as above explained, are not only consistent with morality, but are absolutely essential to its support.

Necessity may be defined two ways, conformably to the two definitions of _cause_, of which it makes an essential part. It consists either in the constant conjunction of like objects, or in the inference of the understanding from one object to another. Now necessity, in both these senses, (which, indeed, are at bottom the same) has universally, though tacitly, in the schools, in the pulpit, and in common life, been allowed to belong to the will of man; and no one has ever pretended to deny that we can draw inferences concerning human actions, and that those inferences are founded on the experienced union of like actions, with like motives, inclinations, and circumstances. The only particular in which any one can differ, is, that either, perhaps, he will refuse to give the name of necessity to this property of human actions: But as long as the meaning is understood, I hope the word can do no harm: Or that he will maintain it possible to discover something farther in the operations of matter. But this, it must be acknowledged, can be of no consequence to morality or religion, whatever it may be to natural philosophy or metaphysics. We may here be mistaken in asserting that there is no idea of any other necessity or connexion in the actions of body: But surely we ascribe nothing to the actions of the mind, but what everyone does, and must readily allow of. We change no circumstance in the received orthodox system with regard to the will, but only in that with regard to material objects and causes. Nothing, therefore, can be more innocent, at least, than this doctrine.

76. All laws being founded on rewards and punishments, it is supposed as a fundamental principle, that these motives have a regular and uniform influence on the mind, and both produce the good and prevent the evil actions. We may give to this influence what name we please; but, as it is usually conjoined with the action, it must be esteemed a _cause_, and be looked upon as an instance of that necessity, which we would here establish.

The only proper object of hatred or vengeance is a person or creature, endowed with thought and consciousness; and when any criminal or injurious actions excite that passion, it is only by their relation to the person, or connexion with him. Actions are, by their very nature, temporary and perishing; and where they proceed not from some _cause_ in the character and disposition of the person who performed them, they can neither redound to his honour, if good; nor infamy, if evil. The actions themselves may be blameable; they may be contrary to all the rules of morality and religion: But the person is not answerable for them; and as they proceeded from nothing in him that is durable and constant, and leave nothing of that nature behind them, it is impossible he can, upon their account, become the object of punishment or vengeance. According to the principle, therefore, which denies necessity, and consequently causes, a man is as pure and untainted, after having committed the most horrid crime, as at the first moment of his birth, nor is his character anywise concerned in his actions, since they are not derived from it, and the wickedness of the one can never be used as a proof of the depravity of the other.

Men are not blamed for such actions as they perform ignorantly and casually, whatever may be the consequences. Why? but because the principles of these actions are only momentary, and terminate in them alone. Men are less blamed for such actions as they perform hastily and unpremeditately than for such as proceed from deliberation. For what reason? but because a hasty temper, though a constant cause or principle in the mind, operates only by intervals, and infects not the whole character. Again, repentance wipes off every crime, if attended with a reformation of life and manners. How is this to be accounted for? but by asserting that actions render a person criminal merely as they are proofs of criminal principles in the mind; and when, by an alteration of these principles, they cease to be just proofs, they likewise cease to be criminal. But, except upon the doctrine of necessity, they never were just proofs, and consequently never were criminal.

77. It will be equally easy to prove, and from the same arguments, that _liberty_, according to that definition above mentioned, in which all men agree, is also essential to morality, and that no human actions, where it is wanting, are susceptible of any moral qualities, or can be the objects either of approbation or dislike. For as actions are objects of our moral sentiment, so far only as they are indications of the internal character, passions, and affections; it is impossible that they can give rise either to praise or blame, where they proceed not from these principles, but are derived altogether from external violence.

78. I pretend not to have obviated or removed all objections to this theory, with regard to necessity and liberty. I can foresee other objections, derived from topics which have not here been treated of. It may be said, for instance, that, if voluntary actions be subjected to the same laws of necessity with the operations of matter, there is a continued chain of necessary causes, pre-ordained and pre-determined, reaching from the original cause of all to every single volition of every human creature. No contingency anywhere in the universe; no indifference; no liberty. While we act, we are, at the same time, acted upon. The ultimate Author of all our volitions is the Creator of the world, who first bestowed motion on this immense machine, and placed all beings in that particular position, whence every subsequent event, by an inevitable necessity, must result. Human actions, therefore, either can have no moral turpitude at all, as proceeding from so good a cause; or if they have any turpitude, they must involve our Creator in the same guilt, while he is acknowledged to be their ultimate cause and author. For as a man, who fired a mine, is answerable for all the consequences whether the train he employed be long or short; so wherever a continued chain of necessary causes is fixed, that Being, either finite or infinite, who produces the first, is likewise the author of all the rest, and must both bear the blame and acquire the praise which belong to them. Our clear and unalterable ideas of morality establish this rule, upon unquestionable reasons, when we examine the consequences of any human action; and these reasons must still have greater force when applied to the volitions and intentions of a Being infinitely wise and powerful. Ignorance or impotence may be pleaded for so limited a creature as man; but those imperfections have no place in our Creator. He foresaw, he ordained, he intended all those actions of men, which we so rashly pronounce criminal. And we must therefore conclude, either that they are not criminal, or that the Deity, not man, is accountable for them. But as either of these positions is absurd and impious, it follows, that the doctrine from which they are deduced cannot possibly be true, as being liable to all the same objections. An absurd consequence, if necessary, proves the original doctrine to be absurd; in the same manner as criminal actions render criminal the original cause, if the connexion between them be necessary and evitable.

This objection consists of two parts, which we shall examine separately; _First_, that, if human actions can be traced up, by a necessary chain, to the Deity, they can never be criminal; on account of the infinite perfection of that Being from whom they are derived, and who can intend nothing but what is altogether good and laudable. Or, _Secondly_, if they be criminal, we must retract the attribute of perfection, which we ascribe to the Deity, and must acknowledge him to be the ultimate author of guilt and moral turpitude in all his creatures.

79. The answer to the first objection seems obvious and convincing. There are many philosophers who, after an exact scrutiny of all the phenomena of nature, conclude, that the WHOLE, considered as one system, is, in every period of its existence, ordered with perfect benevolence; and that the utmost possible happiness will, in the end, result to all created beings, without any mixture of positive or absolute ill or misery. Every physical ill, say they, makes an essential part of this benevolent system, and could not possibly be removed, even by the Deity himself, considered as a wise agent, without giving entrance to greater ill, or excluding greater good, which will result from it. From this theory, some philosophers, and the ancient _Stoics_ among the rest, derived a topic of consolation under all afflictions, while they taught their pupils that those ills under which they laboured were, in reality, goods to the universe; and that to an enlarged view, which could comprehend the whole system of nature, every event became an object of joy and exultation. But though this topic be specious and sublime, it was soon found in practice weak and ineffectual. You would surely more irritate than appease a man lying under the racking pains of the gout by preaching up to him the rectitude of those general laws, which produced the malignant humours in his body, and led them through the proper canals, to the sinews and nerves, where they now excite such acute torments. These enlarged views may, for a moment, please the imagination of a speculative man, who is placed in ease and security; but neither can they dwell with constancy on his mind, even though undisturbed by the emotions of pain or passion; much less can they maintain their ground when attacked by such powerful antagonists. The affections take a narrower and more natural survey of their object; and by an economy, more suitable to the infirmity of human minds, regard alone the beings around us, and are actuated by such events as appear good or ill to the private system.

80. The case is the same with _moral_ as with _physical_ ill. It cannot reasonably be supposed, that those remote considerations, which are found of so little efficacy with regard to one, will have a more powerful influence with regard to the other. The mind of

man is so formed by nature that, upon the appearance of certain characters, dispositions, and actions, it immediately feels the sentiment of approbation or blame; nor are there any emotions more essential to its frame and constitution. The characters which engage our approbation are chiefly such as contribute to the peace and security of human society; as the characters which excite blame are chiefly such as tend to public detriment and disturbance: Whence it may reasonably be presumed, that the moral sentiments arise, either mediately or immediately, from a reflection of these opposite interests. What though philosophical meditations establish a different opinion or conjecture; that everything is right with regard to the WHOLE, and that the qualities, which disturb society, are, in the main, as beneficial, and are as suitable to the primary intention of nature as those which more directly promote its happiness and welfare? Are such remote and uncertain speculations able to counterbalance the sentiments which arise from the natural and immediate view of the objects? A man who is robbed of a considerable sum; does he find his vexation for the loss anywise diminished by these sublime reflections? Why then should his moral resentment against the crime be supposed incompatible with them? Or why should not the acknowledgment of a real distinction between vice and virtue be reconcileable to all speculative systems of philosophy, as well as that of a real distinction between personal beauty and deformity? Both these distinctions are founded in the natural sentiments of the human mind: And these sentiments are not to be controuled or altered by any philosophical theory or speculation whatsoever.

81. The _second_ objection admits not of so easy and satisfactory an answer; nor is it possible to explain distinctly, how the Deity can be the mediate cause of all the actions of men, without being the author of sin and moral turpitude. These are mysteries, which mere natural and unassisted reason is very unfit to handle; and whatever system she embraces, she must find herself involved in inextricable difficulties, and even contradictions, at every step which she takes with regard to such subjects. To reconcile the indifference and contingency of human actions with prescience; or to defend absolute decrees, and yet free the Deity from being the author of sin, has been found hitherto to exceed all the power of philosophy. Happy, if she be thence sensible of her temerity, when she pries into these sublime mysteries; and leaving a scene so full of obscurities and perplexities, return, with suitable modesty, to her true and proper province, the examination of common life; where she will find difficulties enough to employ her enquiries, without launching into so boundless an ocean of doubt, uncertainty, and contradiction!

SECTION IX.

OF THE REASON OF ANIMALS.

82. All our reasonings concerning matter of fact are founded on a species of Analogy, which leads us to expect from any cause the same events, which we have observed to result from similar causes. Where the causes are entirely similar, the analogy is perfect, and the inference, drawn from it, is regarded as certain and conclusive: nor does any man ever entertain a doubt, where he sees a piece of iron, that it will have weight and cohesion of parts; as in all other instances, which have ever fallen under his observation. But where the objects have not so exact a similarity, the analogy is less perfect, and the inference is less conclusive; though still it has some force, in proportion to the degree of similarity and resemblance. The anatomical observations, formed upon one animal, are, by this species of reasoning, extended to all animals; and it is certain, that when the circulation of the blood, for instance, is clearly proved to have place in one creature, as a frog, or fish, it forms a strong presumption, that the same principle has place in all. These analogical observations may be carried farther, even to this science, of which we are now treating; and any theory, by which we explain the operations of the understanding, or the origin and connexion of the passions in man, will acquire additional authority, if we find, that the same theory is requisite to explain the same phenomena in all other animals. We shall make trial of this, with regard to the hypothesis, by which we have, in the foregoing discourse, endeavoured to account for all experimental reasonings; and it is hoped, that this new point of view will serve to confirm all our former observations.

83. _First_, It seems evident, that animals as well as men learn many things from experience, and infer, that the same events will always follow from the same causes. By this principle they become acquainted with the more obvious properties of external objects, and gradually, from their birth, treasure up a knowledge of the nature of fire, water, earth, stones, heights, depths, &c., and of the effects which result from their operation. The ignorance and inexperience of the young are here plainly distinguishable from the cunning and sagacity of the old, who have learned, by long observation, to avoid what hurt them, and to pursue what gave ease or pleasure. A horse, that has been accustomed to the field, becomes acquainted with the proper height which he can leap, and will never attempt what exceeds his force and ability. An old greyhound will trust the more fatiguing part of the chace to the younger, and will place himself so as to meet the hare in her doubles; nor are the conjectures, which he forms on this occasion, founded in any thing but his observation and experience.

This is still more evident from the effects of discipline and education on animals, who, by the proper application of rewards and punishments, may be taught any course of action, and most contrary to their natural instincts and propensities. Is it not experience, which renders a dog apprehensive of pain, when you menace him, or lift up the whip to beat him? Is it not even experience, which makes him answer to his name, and infer, from such an arbitrary sound, that you mean him rather than any of his fellows, and intend to call him, when you pronounce it in a certain manner, and with a certain tone and accent?

In all these cases, we may observe, that the animal infers some fact beyond what immediately strikes his senses; and that this inference is altogether founded on past experience, while the creature expects from the present object the same consequences, which it has always found in its observation to result from similar objects.

84. _Secondly_, It is impossible, that this inference of the animal can be founded on any process of argument or reasoning, by which he concludes, that like events must follow like objects, and that the course of nature will always be regular in its operations. For if there be in reality any arguments of this nature, they surely lie too abstruse for the observation of such imperfect understandings; since it may well employ the utmost care and attention of a philosophic genius to discover and observe them. Animals, therefore, are not guided in these inferences by reasoning: Neither are children: Neither are the generality of mankind, in their ordinary actions and conclusions: Neither are philosophers themselves, who, in all the active parts of life, are, in the main, the same with the vulgar, and are governed by the same maxims. Nature must have provided some other principle, of more ready, and more general use and application; nor can an operation of such immense consequence in life, as that of inferring effects from causes, be trusted to the uncertain process of reasoning and argumentation. Were this doubtful with regard to men, it seems to admit of no question with regard to the brute creation; and the conclusion being once firmly established in the one, we have a strong presumption, from all the rules of analogy, that it ought to be universally admitted, without any exception or reserve. It is custom alone, which engages animals, from every object, that strikes their senses, to infer its usual attendant, and carries their imagination, from the appearance of the one, to conceive the other, in that particular manner, which we denominate _belief_. No other explication can be given of this operation, in all the higher, as well as lower classes of sensitive beings, which fall under our notice and observation [19].

[19] Since all reasonings concerning facts or causes is derived merely from custom, it may be asked how it happens, that men so much surpass animals in reasoning, and one man so much surpasses another? Has not the same custom the same influence on all?

We shall here endeavour briefly to explain the great difference in human understandings: After which the reason of the difference between men and animals will easily be comprehended.

1. When we have lived any time, and have been accustomed to the uniformity of nature, we acquire a general habit, by which we always transfer the known to the unknown, and conceive the latter to resemble the former. By means of this general habitual principle, we regard even one experiment as the foundation of reasoning, and expect a similar event with some degree of certainty, where the experiment has been made accurately, and free from all foreign circumstances. It is therefore considered as a matter of great importance to observe the consequences of things; and as one man may very much surpass another in attention and memory and observation, this will make a very great difference in their reasoning.

2. Where there is a complication of causes to produce any effect, one mind may be much larger than another, and better able to comprehend the whole system of objects, and to infer justly their consequences.

3. One man is able to carry on a chain of consequences to a greater length than another.

4. Few men can think long without running into a confusion of ideas, and mistaking one for another; and there are various degrees of this infirmity.

5. The circumstance, on which the effect depends, is frequently involved in other circumstances, which are foreign and extrinsic. The separation of it often requires great attention, accuracy, and subtilty.

6. The forming of general maxims from particular observation is a very nice operation; and nothing is more usual, from haste or a narrowness of mind, which sees not on all sides, than to commit mistakes in this particular.

7. When we reason from analogies, the man, who has the greater experience or the greater promptitude of suggesting analogies, will be the better reasoner.

8. Byasses from prejudice, education, passion, party, &c. hang more upon one mind than another.

9. After we have acquired a confidence in human testimony, books and conversation enlarge much more the sphere of one man's experience and thought than those of another.

It would be easy to discover many other circumstances that make a difference in the understandings of men.

85. But though animals learn many parts of their knowledge from observation, there are also many parts of it, which they derive from the original hand of nature; which much exceed the share of capacity they possess on ordinary occasions; and in which they improve, little or nothing, by the longest practice and experience. These we denominate Instincts, and are so apt to admire as something very extraordinary, and inexplicable by all the disquisitions of human understanding. But our wonder will, perhaps, cease or diminish, when we consider, that the experimental reasoning itself, which we possess in common with beasts, and on which the whole conduct of life depends, is nothing but a species of instinct or mechanical power, that acts in us unknown to ourselves; and in its chief operations, is not directed by any such relations or comparisons of ideas, as are the proper objects of our intellectual faculties. Though the instinct be different, yet still it is an instinct, which teaches a man to avoid the fire; as much as that, which teaches a bird, with such exactness, the art of incubation, and the whole economy and order of its nursery.

SECTION X.

OF MIRACLES.

PART I.

86. There is, in Dr. Tillotson's writings, an argument against the _real presence_, which is as concise, and elegant, and strong as any argument can possibly be supposed against a doctrine, so little worthy of a serious refutation. It is acknowledged on all hands, says that learned prelate, that the authority, either of the scripture or of tradition, is founded merely in the testimony of the apostles, who were eye-witnesses to those miracles of our Saviour, by which he proved his divine mission. Our evidence, then, for the truth of the _Christian_ religion is less than the evidence for the truth of our senses; because, even in the first authors of our religion, it was no greater; and it is evident it must diminish in passing from them to their disciples; nor can any one rest such confidence in their testimony, as in the immediate object of his senses. But a weaker evidence can never destroy a stronger; and therefore, were the doctrine of the real presence ever so clearly revealed in scripture, it were directly contrary to the rules of just reasoning to give our assent to it. It contradicts sense, though both the scripture and tradition, on which it is supposed to be built, carry not such evidence with them as sense; when they are considered merely as external evidences, and are not brought home to every one's breast, by the immediate operation of the Holy Spirit.

Nothing is so convenient as a decisive argument of this kind, which must at least _silence_ the most arrogant bigotry and superstition, and free us from their impertinent solicitations. I flatter myself, that I have discovered an argument of a like nature, which, if just, will, with the wise and learned, be an everlasting check to all kinds of superstitious delusion, and consequently, will be useful as long as the world endures. For so long, I presume, will the accounts of miracles and prodigies be found in all history, sacred and profane.

87. Though experience be our only guide in reasoning concerning matters of fact; it must be acknowledged, that this guide is not altogether infallible, but in some cases is apt to lead us into errors. One, who in our climate, should expect better weather in any week of June than in one of December, would reason justly, and conformably to experience; but it is certain, that he may happen, in the event, to find himself mistaken. However, we may observe, that, in such a case, he would have no cause to complain of experience; because it commonly informs us beforehand of the uncertainty, by that contrariety of events, which we may learn from a diligent observation. All effects follow not with like certainty from their supposed causes. Some events are found, in all countries and all ages, to have been constantly conjoined together: Others are found to have been more variable, and sometimes to disappoint our expectations; so that, in our reasonings concerning matter of fact, there are all imaginable degrees of assurance, from the highest certainty to the lowest species of moral evidence.

A wise man, therefore, proportions his belief to the evidence. In such conclusions as are founded on an infallible experience, he expects the event with the last degree of assurance, and regards his past experience as a full _proof_ of the future existence of that event. In other cases, he proceeds with more caution: He weighs the opposite experiments: He considers which side is supported by the greater number of experiments: to that side he inclines, with doubt and hesitation; and when at last he fixes his judgement,

the evidence exceeds not what we properly call _probability_. All probability, then, supposes an opposition of experiments and observations, where the one side is found to overbalance the other, and to produce a degree of evidence, proportioned to the superiority. A hundred instances or experiments on one side, and fifty on another, afford a doubtful expectation of any event; though a hundred uniform experiments, with only one that is contradictory, reasonably beget a pretty strong degree of assurance. In all cases, we must balance the opposite experiments, where they are opposite, and deduct the smaller number from the greater, in order to know the exact force of the superior evidence.

88. To apply these principles to a particular instance; we may observe, that there is no species of reasoning more common, more useful, and even necessary to human life, than that which is derived from the testimony of men, and the reports of eye-witnesses and spectators. This species of reasoning, perhaps, one may deny to be founded on the relation of cause and effect. I shall not dispute about a word. It will be sufficient to observe that our assurance in any argument of this kind is derived from no other principle than our observation of the veracity of human testimony, and of the usual conformity of facts to the reports of witnesses. It being a general maxim, that no objects have any discoverable connexion together, and that all the inferences, which we can draw from one to another, are founded merely on our experience of their constant and regular conjunction; it is evident, that we ought not to make an exception to this maxim in favour of human testimony, whose connexion with any event seems, in itself, as little necessary as any other. Were not the memory tenacious to a certain degree, had not men commonly an inclination to truth and a principle of probity; were they not sensible to shame, when detected in a falsehood: Were not these, I say, discovered by experience to be qualities, inherent in human nature, we should never repose the least confidence in human testimony. A man delirious, or noted for falsehood and villany, has no manner of authority with us.

And as the evidence, derived from witnesses and human testimony, is founded on past experience, so it varies with the experience, and is regarded either as a _proof_ or a _probability_, according as the conjunction between any particular kind of report and any kind of object has been found to be constant or variable. There are a number of circumstances to be taken into consideration in all judgements of this kind; and the ultimate standard, by which we determine all disputes, that may arise concerning them, is always derived from experience and observation. Where this experience is not entirely uniform on any side, it is attended with an unavoidable contrariety in our judgements, and with the same opposition and mutual destruction of argument as in every other kind of evidence. We frequently hesitate concerning the reports of others. We balance the opposite circumstances, which cause any doubt or uncertainty; and when we discover a superiority on any side, we incline to it; but still with a diminution of assurance, in proportion to the force of its antagonist.

89. This contrariety of evidence, in the present case, may be derived from several different causes; from the opposition of contrary testimony; from the character or number of the witnesses; from the manner of their delivering their testimony; or from the union of all these circumstances. We entertain a suspicion concerning any matter of fact, when the witnesses contradict each other; when they are but few, or of a doubtful character; when they have an interest in what they affirm; when they deliver their testimony with hesitation, or on the contrary, with too violent asseverations. There are many other particulars of the same kind, which may diminish or destroy the force of any argument, derived from human testimony.

Suppose, for instance, that the fact, which the testimony endeavours to establish, partakes of the extraordinary and the marvellous; in that case, the evidence, resulting from the testimony, admits of a diminution, greater or less, in proportion as the fact is more or less unusual. The reason why we place any credit in witnesses and historians, is not derived from any _connexion_, which we perceive _a priori_, between testimony and reality, but because we are accustomed to find a conformity between them. But when the fact attested is such a one as has seldom fallen under our observation, here is a contest of two opposite experiences; of which the one destroys the other, as far as its force goes, and the superior can only operate on the mind by the force, which remains. The very same principle of experience, which gives us a certain degree of assurance in the testimony of witnesses, gives us also, in this case, another degree of assurance against the fact, which they endeavour to establish; from which contradition there necessarily arises a counterpoize, and mutual destruction of belief and authority.

I should not believe such a story were it told me by Cato, was a proverbial saying in Rome, even during the lifetime of that philosophical patriot.[20] The incredibility of a fact, it was allowed, might invalidate so great an authority.

[20] Plutarch, in vita Catonis.

The Indian prince, who refused to believe the first relations concerning the effects of frost, reasoned justly; and it naturally required very strong testimony to engage his assent to facts, that arose from a state of nature, with which he was unacquainted, and which

bore so little analogy to those events, of which he had had constant and uniform experience. Though they were not contrary to his experience, they were not conformable to it.[21]

[21] No Indian, it is evident, could have experience that water did not freeze in cold climates. This is placing nature in a situation quite unknown to him; and it is impossible for him to tell _a priori _what will result from it. It is making a new experiment, the consequence of which is always uncertain. One may sometimes conjecture from analogy what will follow; but still this is but conjecture. And it must be confessed, that, in the present case of freezing, the event follows contrary to the rules of analogy, and is such as a rational Indian would not look for. The operations of cold upon water are not gradual, according to the degrees of cold; but whenever it comes to the freezing point, the water passes in a moment, from the utmost liquidity to perfect hardness. Such an event, therefore, may be denominated _extraordinary_, and requires a pretty strong testimony, to render it credible to people in a warm climate: But still it is not _miraculous_, nor contrary to uniform experience of the course of nature in cases where all the circumstances are the same. The inhabitants of Sumatra have always seen water fluid in their own climate, and the freezing of their rivers ought to be deemed a prodigy: But they never saw water in Muscovy during the winter; and therefore they cannot reasonably be positive what would there be the consequence.

90. But in order to encrease the probability against the testimony of witnesses, let us suppose, that the fact, which they affirm, instead of being only marvellous, is really miraculous; and suppose also, that the testimony considered apart and in itself, amounts to an entire proof; in that case, there is proof against proof, of which the strongest must prevail, but still with a diminution of its force, in proportion to that of its antagonist.

A miracle is a violation of the laws of nature; and as a firm and unalterable experience has established these laws, the proof against a miracle, from the very nature of the fact, is as entire as any argument from experience can possibly be imagined. Why is it more than probable, that all men must die; that lead cannot, of itself, remain suspended in the air; that fire consumes wood, and is extinguished by water; unless it be, that these events are found agreeable to the laws of nature, and there is required a violation of these laws, or in other words, a miracle to prevent them? Nothing is esteemed a miracle, if it ever happen in the common course of nature. It is no miracle that a man, seemingly in good health, should die on a sudden: because such a kind of death, though more unusual than any other, has yet been frequently observed to happen. But it is a miracle, that a dead man should come to life; because that has never been observed in any age or country. There must, therefore, be a uniform experience against every miraculous event, otherwise the event would not merit that appellation. And as a uniform experience amounts to a proof, there is here a direct and full _proof_, from the nature of the fact, against the existence of any miracle; nor can such a proof be destroyed, or the miracle rendered credible, but by an opposite proof, which is superior.[22]

[22] Sometimes an event may not, _in itself_, seem to be contrary to the laws of nature, and yet, if it were real, it might, by reason of some circumstances, be denominated a miracle; because, in _fact_, it is contrary to these laws. Thus if a person, claiming a divine authority, should command a sick person to be well, a healthful man to fall down dead, the clouds to pour rain, the winds to blow, in short, should order many natural events, which immediately follow upon his command; these might justly be esteemed miracles, because they are really, in this case, contrary to the laws of nature. For if any suspicion remain, that the event and command concurred by accident, there is no miracle and no transgression of the laws of nature. If this suspicion be removed, there is evidently a miracle, and a transgression of these laws; because nothing can be more contrary to nature than that the voice or command of a man should have such an influence. A miracle may be accurately defined, _a transgression of a law of nature by a particular volition of the Deity, or by the interposition of some invisible agent_. A miracle may either be discoverable by men or not. This alters not its nature and essence. The raising of a house or ship into the air is a visible miracle. The raising of a feather, when the wind wants ever so little of a force requisite for that purpose, is as real a miracle, though not so sensible with regard to us.

91. The plain consequence is (and it is a general maxim worthy of our attention), 'That no testimony is sufficient to establish a miracle, unless the testimony be of such a kind, that its falsehood would be more miraculous, than the fact, which it endeavours to establish; and even in that case there is a mutual destruction of arguments, and the superior only gives us an assurance suitable to that degree of force, which remains, after deducting the inferior.' When anyone tells me, that he saw a dead man restored to life, I immediately consider with myself, whether it be more probable, that this person should either deceive or be deceived, or that the fact, which he relates, should really have happened. I weigh the one miracle against the other; and according to the superiority, which I discover, I pronounce my decision, and always reject the greater miracle. If the falsehood of his testimony would be more miraculous, than the event which he relates; then, and not till then, can he pretend to command my belief or opinion.

PART II.

92. In the foregoing reasoning we have supposed, that the testimony, upon which a miracle is founded, may possibly amount to an entire proof, and that the falsehood of that testimony would be a real prodigy: But it is easy to shew, that we have been a great deal too liberal in our concession, and that there never was a miraculous event established on so full an evidence.

For _first_, there is not to be found, in all history, any miracle attested by a sufficient number of men, of such unquestioned good-sense, education, and learning, as to secure us against all delusion in themselves; of such undoubted integrity, as to place them beyond all suspicion of any design to deceive others; of such credit and reputation in the eyes of mankind, as to have a great deal to lose in case of their being detected in any falsehood; and at the same time, attesting facts performed in such a public manner and in so celebrated a part of the world, as to render the detection unavoidable: All which circumstances are requisite to give us a full assurance in the testimony of men.

93. _Secondly_. We may observe in human nature a principle which, if strictly examined, will be found to diminish extremely the assurance, which we might, from human testimony, have, in any kind of prodigy. The maxim, by which we commonly conduct ourselves in our reasonings, is, that the objects, of which we have no experience, resembles those, of which we have; that what we have found to be most usual is always most probable; and that where there is an opposition of arguments, we ought to give the preference to such as are founded on the greatest number of past observations. But though, in proceeding by this rule, we readily reject any fact which is unusual and incredible in an ordinary degree; yet in advancing farther, the mind observes not always the same rule; but when anything is affirmed utterly absurd and miraculous, it rather the more readily admits of such a fact, upon account of that very circumstance, which ought to destroy all its authority. The passion of _surprise_ and _wonder_, arising from miracles, being an agreeable emotion, gives a sensible tendency towards the belief of those events, from which it is derived. And this goes so far, that even those who cannot enjoy this pleasure immediately, nor can believe those miraculous events, of which they are informed, yet love to partake of the satisfaction at second-hand or by rebound, and place a pride and delight in exciting the admiration of others.

With what greediness are the miraculous accounts of travellers received, their descriptions of sea and land monsters, their relations of wonderful adventures, strange men, and uncouth manners? But if the spirit of religion join itself to the love of wonder, there is an end of common sense; and human testimony, in these circumstances, loses all pretensions to authority. A religionist may be an enthusiast, and imagine he sees what has no reality: he may know his narrative to be false, and yet persevere in it, with the best intentions in the world, for the sake of promoting so holy a cause: or even where this delusion has not place, vanity, excited by so strong a temptation, operates on him more powerfully than on the rest of mankind in any other circumstances; and self-interest with equal force. His auditors may not have, and commonly have not, sufficient judgement to canvass his evidence: what judgement they have, they renounce by principle, in these sublime and mysterious subjects: or if they were ever so willing to employ it, passion and a heated imagination disturb the regularity of its operations. Their credulity increases his impudence: and his impudence overpowers their credulity.

Eloquence, when at its highest pitch, leaves little room for reason or reflection; but addressing itself entirely to the fancy or the affections, captivates the willing hearers, and subdues their understanding. Happily, this pitch it seldom attains. But what a Tully or a Demosthenes could scarcely effect over a Roman or Athenian audience, every _Capuchin_, every itinerant or stationary teacher can perform over the generality of mankind, and in a higher degree, by touching such gross and vulgar passions.

The many instances of forged miracles, and prophecies, and supernatural events, which, in all ages, have either been detected by contrary evidence, or which detect themselves by their absurdity, prove sufficiently the strong propensity of mankind to the extraordinary and the marvellous, and ought reasonably to beget a suspicion against all relations of this kind. This is our natural way of thinking, even with regard to the most common and most credible events. For instance: There is no kind of report which rises so easily, and spreads so quickly, especially in country places and provincial towns, as those concerning marriages; insomuch that two young persons of equal condition never see each other twice, but the whole neighbourhood immediately join them together. The pleasure of telling a piece of news so interesting, of propagating it, and of being the first reporters of it, spreads the intelligence. And this is so well known, that no man of sense gives attention to these reports, till he find them confirmed by some greater evidence. Do not the same passions, and others still stronger, incline the generality of mankind to believe and report, with the greatest vehemence and assurance, all religious miracles?

94. _Thirdly_. It forms a strong presumption against all supernatural and miraculous relations, that they are observed chiefly to abound among ignorant and barbarous nations; or if a civilized people has ever given admission to any of them, that people will be found to have received them from ignorant and barbarous ancestors, who transmitted them with that inviolable sanction and

authority, which always attend received opinions. When we peruse the first histories of all nations, we are apt to imagine ourselves transported into some new world; where the whole frame of nature is disjointed, and every element performs its operations in a different manner, from what it does at present. Battles, revolutions, pestilence, famine and death, are never the effect of those natural causes, which we experience. Prodigies, omens, oracles, judgements, quite obscure the few natural events, that are intermingled with them. But as the former grow thinner every page, in proportion as we advance nearer the enlightened ages, we soon learn, that there is nothing mysterious or supernatural in the case, but that all proceeds from the usual propensity of mankind towards the marvellous, and that, though this inclination may at intervals receive a check from sense and learning, it can never be thoroughly extirpated from human nature.

It is strange, a judicious reader is apt to say, upon the perusal of these wonderful historians, _that such prodigious_ _events never happen in our days_. But it is nothing strange, I hope, that men should lie in all ages. You must surely have seen instances enough of that frailty. You have yourself heard many such marvellous relations started, which, being treated with scorn by all the wise and judicious, have at last been abandoned even by the vulgar. Be assured, that those renowned lies, which have spread and flourished to such a monstrous height, arose from like beginnings; but being sown in a more proper soil, shot up at last into prodigies almost equal to those which they relate.

It was a wise policy in that false prophet, Alexander, who though now forgotten, was once so famous, to lay the first scene of his impostures in Paphlagonia, where, as Lucian tells us, the people were extremely ignorant and stupid, and ready to swallow even the grossest delusion. People at a distance, who are weak enough to think the matter at all worth enquiry, have no opportunity of receiving better information. The stories come magnified to them by a hundred circumstances. Fools are industrious in propagating the imposture; while the wise and learned are contented, in general, to deride its absurdity, without informing themselves of the particular facts, by which it may be distinctly refuted. And thus the impostor above mentioned was enabled to proceed, from his ignorant Paphlagonians, to the enlisting of votaries, even among the Grecian philosophers, and men of the most eminent rank and distinction in Rome: nay, could engage the attention of that sage emperor Marcus Aurelius; so far as to make him trust the success of a military expedition to his delusive prophecies.

The advantages are so great, of starting an imposture among an ignorant people, that, even though the delusion should be too gross to impose on the generality of them (_which, though seldom, is sometimes the case_) it has a much better chance for succeeding in remote countries, than if the first scene had been laid in a city renowned for arts and knowledge. The most ignorant and barbarous of these barbarians carry the report abroad. None of their countrymen have a large correspondence, or sufficient credit and authority to contradict and beat down the delusion. Men's inclination to the marvellous has full opportunity to display itself. And thus a story, which is universally exploded in the place where it was first started, shall pass for certain at a thousand miles distance. But had Alexander fixed his residence at Athens, the philosophers of that renowned mart of learning had immediately spread, throughout the whole Roman empire, their sense of the matter; which, being supported by so great authority, and displayed by all the force of reason and eloquence, had entirely opened the eyes of mankind. It is true; Lucian, passing by chance through Paphlagonia, had an opportunity of performing this good office. But, though much to be wished, it does not always happen, that every Alexander meets with a Lucian, ready to expose and detect his impostures.

95. I may add as a _fourth_ reason, which diminishes the authority of prodigies, that there is no testimony for any, even those which have not been expressly detected, that is not opposed by an infinite number of witnesses; so that not only the miracle destroys the credit of testimony, but the testimony destroys itself. To make this the better understood, let us consider, that, in matters of religion, whatever is different is contrary; and that it is impossible the religions of ancient Rome, of Turkey, of Siam, and of China should, all of them, be established on any solid foundation. Every miracle, therefore, pretended to have been wrought in any of these religions (and all of them abound in miracles), as its direct scope is to establish the particular system to which it is attributed; so has it the same force, though more indirectly, to overthrow every other system. In destroying a rival system, it likewise destroys the credit of those miracles, on which that system was established; so that all the prodigies of different religions are to be regarded as contrary facts, and the evidences of these prodigies, whether weak or strong, as opposite to each other. According to this method of reasoning, when we believe any miracle of Mahomet or his successors, we have for our warrant the testimony of a few barbarous Arabians: And on the other hand, we are to regard the authority of Titus Livius, Plutarch, Tacitus, and, in short, of all the authors and witnesses, Grecian, Chinese, and Roman Catholic, who have related any miracle in their particular religion; I say, we are to regard their testimony in the same light as if they had mentioned that Mahometan miracle, and had in express terms contradicted it, with the same certainty as they have for the miracle they relate. This argument may appear over subtile and refined; but is not in reality different from the reasoning of a judge, who supposes, that the credit of two witnesses, maintaining a crime against any one,

is destroyed by the testimony of two others, who affirm him to have been two hundred leagues distant, at the same instant when the crime is said to have been committed.

96. One of the best attested miracles in all profane history, is that which Tacitus reports of Vespasian, who cured a blind man in Alexandria, by means of his spittle, and a lame man by the mere touch of his foot; in obedience to a vision of the god Serapis, who had enjoined them to have recourse to the Emperor, for these miraculous cures. The story may be seen in that fine historian[23]; where every circumstance seems to add weight to the testimony, and might be displayed at large with all the force of argument and eloquence, if any one were now concerned to enforce the evidence of that exploded and idolatrous superstition. The gravity, solidity, age, and probity of so great an emperor, who, through the whole course of his life, conversed in a familiar manner with his friends and courtiers, and never affected those extraordinary airs of divinity assumed by Alexander and Demetrius. The historian, a cotemporary writer, noted for candour and veracity, and withal, the greatest and most penetrating genius, perhaps, of all antiquity; and so free from any tendency to credulity, that he even lies under the contrary imputation, of atheism and profaneness: The persons, from whose authority he related the miracle, of established character for judgement and veracity, as we may well presume; eye-witnesses of the fact, and confirming their testimony, after the Flavian family was despoiled of the empire, and could no longer give any reward, as the price of a lie. _Utrumque, qui interfuere, nunc quoque memorant, postquam nullum mendacio pretium_. To which if we add the public nature of the facts, as related, it will appear, that no evidence can well be supposed stronger for so gross and so palpable a falsehood.

[23] Hist. lib. iv. cap. 81. Suetonius gives nearly the same account _in vita_ Vesp.

There is also a memorable story related by Cardinal de Retz, which may well deserve our consideration. When that intriguing politician fled into Spain, to avoid the persecution of his enemies, he passed through Saragossa, the capital of Arragon, where he was shewn, in the cathedral, a man, who had served seven years as a door-keeper, and was well known to every body in town, that had ever paid his devotions at that church. He had been seen, for so long a time, wanting a leg; but recovered that limb by the rubbing of holy oil upon the stump; and the cardinal assures us that he saw him with two legs. This miracle was vouched by all the canons of the church; and the whole company in town were appealed to for a confirmation of the fact; whom the cardinal found, by their zealous devotion, to be thorough believers of the miracle. Here the relater was also cotemporary to the supposed prodigy, of an incredulous and libertine character, as well as of great genius; the miracle of so _singular_ a nature as could scarcely admit of a counterfeit, and the witnesses very numerous, and all of them, in a manner, spectators of the fact, to which they gave their testimony. And what adds mightily to the force of the evidence, and may double our surprise on this occasion, is, that the cardinal himself, who relates the story, seems not to give any credit to it, and consequently cannot be suspected of any concurrence in the holy fraud. He considered justly, that it was not requisite, in order to reject a fact of this nature, to be able accurately to disprove the testimony, and to trace its falsehood, through all the circumstances of knavery and credulity which produced it. He knew, that, as this was commonly altogether impossible at any small distance of time and place; so was it extremely difficult, even where one was immediately present, by reason of the bigotry, ignorance, cunning, and roguery of a great part of mankind. He therefore concluded, like a just reasoner, that such an evidence carried falsehood upon the very face of it, and that a miracle, supported by any human testimony, was more properly a subject of derision than of argument.

There surely never was a greater number of miracles ascribed to one person, than those, which were lately said to have been wrought in France upon the tomb of Abbe Paris, the famous Jansenist, with whose sanctity the people were so long deluded. The curing of the sick, giving hearing to the deaf, and sight to the blind, were every where talked of as the usual effects of that holy sepulchre. But what is more extraordinary; many of the miracles were immediately proved upon the spot, before judges of unquestioned integrity, attested by witnesses of credit and distinction, in a learned age, and on the most eminent theatre that is now in the world. Nor is this all: a relation of them was published and dispersed every where; nor were the _Jesuits_, though a learned body, supported by the civil magistrate, and determined enemies to those opinions, in whose favour the miracles were said to have been wrought, ever able distinctly to refute or detect them[24]. Where shall we find such a number of circumstances, agreeing to the corroboration of one fact? And what have we to oppose to such a cloud of witnesses, but the absolute impossibility or miraculous nature of the events, which they relate? And this surely, in the eyes of all reasonable people, will alone be regarded as a sufficient refutation.

[24] This book was writ by Mons. Montgeron, counsellor or judge of the parliament of Paris, a man of figure and character, who was also a martyr to the cause, and is now said to be somewhere in a dungeon on account of his book.

There is another book in three volumes (called _Recueil des Miracles de l'Abbe_ Paris) giving an account of many of these miracles, and accompanied with prefatory discourses, which are very well written. There runs, however, through the whole of these a ridiculous comparison between the miracles of our Saviour and those of the Abbe; wherein it is asserted, that the evidence for the latter is equal to that for the former: As if the testimony of men could ever be put in the balance with that of God himself, who conducted the pen of the inspired writers. If these writers, indeed, were to be considered merely as human testimony, the French author is very moderate in his comparison; since he might, with some appearance of reason, pretend, that the Jansenist miracles much surpass the other in evidence and authority. The following circumstances are drawn from authentic papers, inserted in the above-mentioned book.

Many of the miracles of Abbe Paris were proved immediately by witnesses before the officiality or bishop's court at Paris, under the eye of cardinal Noailles, whose character for integrity and capacity was never contested even by his enemies.

His successor in the archbishopric was an enemy to the Jansenists, and for that reason promoted to the see by the court. Yet 22 rectors or cures of Paris, with infinite earnestness, press him to examine those miracles, which they assert to be known to the whole world, and undisputably certain: But he wisely forbore.

The Molinist party had tried to discredit these miracles in one instance, that of Mademoiselle le Franc. But, besides that their proceedings were in many respects the most irregular in the world, particularly in citing only a few of the Jansenist witnesses, whom they tampered with: Besides this, I say, they soon found themselves overwhelmed by a cloud of new witnesses, one hundred and twenty in number, most of them persons of credit and substance in Paris, who gave oath for the miracle. This was accompanied with a solemn and earnest appeal to the parliament. But the parliament were forbidden by authority to meddle in the affair. It was at last observed, that where men are heated by zeal and enthusiasm, there is no degree of human testimony so strong as may not be procured for the greatest absurdity: And those who will be so silly as to examine the affair by that medium, and seek particular flaws in the testimony, are almost sure to be confounded. It must be a miserable imposture, indeed, that does not prevail in that contest.

All who have been in France about that time have heard of the reputation of Mons. Heraut, the _lieutenant de Police_, whose vigilance, penetration, activity, and extensive intelligence have been much talked of. This magistrate, who by the nature of his office is almost absolute, was vested with full powers, on purpose to suppress or discredit these miracles; and he frequently seized immediately, and examined the witnesses and subjects of them: But never could reach any thing satisfactory against them.

In the case of Mademoiselle Thibaut he sent the famous De Sylva to examine her; whose evidence is very curious. The physician declares, that it was impossible she could have been so ill as was proved by witnesses; because it was impossible she could, in so short a time, have recovered so perfectly as he found her. He reasoned, like a man of sense, from natural causes; but the opposite party told him, that the whole was a miracle, and that his evidence was the very best proof of it.

The Molinists were in a sad dilemma. They durst not assert the absolute insufficiency of human evidence, to prove a miracle. They were obliged to say, that these miracles were wrought by witchcraft and the devil. But they were told, that this was the resource of the Jews of old.

No Jansenist was ever embarrassed to account for the cessation of the miracles, when the church-yard was shut up by the king's edict. It was the touch of the tomb, which produced these extraordinary effects; and when no one could approach the tomb, no effects could be expected. God, indeed, could have thrown down the walls in a moment; but he is master of his own graces and works, and it belongs not to us to account for them. He did not throw down the walls of every city like those of Jericho, on the sounding of the rams horns, nor break up the prison of every apostle, like that of St. Paul.

No less a man, than the Due de Chatillon, a duke and peer of France, of the highest rank and family, gives evidence of a miraculous cure, performed upon a servant of his, who had lived several years in his house with a visible and palpable infirmity. I shall conclude with observing, that no clergy are more celebrated for strictness of life and manners than the secular clergy of France, particularly the rectors or cures of Paris, who bear testimony to these impostures. The learning, genius, and probity of the gentlemen, and the austerity of the nuns of Port-Royal, have been much celebrated all over Europe. Yet they all give evidence for a miracle, wrought on the niece of the famous Pascal, whose sanctity of life, as well as extraordinary capacity, is well known. The famous Racine gives an account of this miracle in his famous history of Port-Royal, and fortifies it with all the proofs, which a multitude of nuns, priests, physicians, and men of the world, all of them of undoubted credit, could bestow upon it. Several men of letters, particularly the bishop of Tournay, thought this miracle so certain, as to employ it in the refutation of atheists and

free-thinkers. The queen-regent of France, who was extremely prejudiced against the Port-Royal, sent her own physician to examine the miracle, who returned an absolute convert. In short, the supernatural cure was so uncontestable, that it saved, for a time, that famous monastery from the ruin with which it was threatened by the Jesuits. Had it been a cheat, it had certainly been detected by such sagacious and powerful antagonists, and must have hastened the ruin of the contrivers. Our divines, who can build up a formidable castle from such despicable materials; what a prodigious fabric could they have reared from these and many other circumstances, which I have not mentioned! How often would the great names of Pascal, Racine, Amaud, Nicole, have resounded in our ears? But if they be wise, they had better adopt the miracle, as being more worth, a thousand times, than all the rest of the collection. Besides, it may serve very much to their purpose. For that miracle was really performed by the touch of an authentic holy prickle of the holy thorn, which composed the holy crown, which, &c.

97. Is the consequence just, because some human testimony has the utmost force and authority in some cases, when it relates the battle of Philippi or Pharsalia for instance; that therefore all kinds of testimony must, in all cases, have equal force and authority? Suppose that the Caesarean and Pompeian factions had, each of them, claimed the victory in these battles, and that the historians of each party had uniformly ascribed the advantage to their own side; how could mankind, at this distance, have been able to determine between them? The contrariety is equally strong between the miracles related by Herodotus or Plutarch, and those delivered by Mariana, Bede, or any monkish historian.

The wise lend a very academic faith to every report which favours the passion of the reporter; whether it magnifies his country, his family, or himself, or in any other way strikes in with his natural inclinations and propensities. But what greater temptation than to appear a missionary, a prophet, an ambassador from heaven? Who would not encounter many dangers and difficulties, in order to attain so sublime a character? Or if, by the help of vanity and a heated imagination, a man has first made a convert of himself, and entered seriously into the delusion; who ever scruples to make use of pious frauds, in support of so holy and meritorious a cause?

The smallest spark may here kindle into the greatest flame; because the materials are always prepared for it. The _avidum genus auricularum_[25], the gazing populace, receive greedily, without examination, whatever sooths superstition, and promotes wonder.

[25] Lucret.

How many stories of this nature have, in all ages, been detected and exploded in their infancy? How many more have been celebrated for a time, and have afterwards sunk into neglect and oblivion? Where such reports, therefore, fly about, the solution of the phenomenon is obvious; and we judge in conformity to regular experience and observation, when we account for it by the known and natural principles of credulity and delusion. And shall we, rather than have a recourse to so natural a solution, allow of a miraculous violation of the most established laws of nature?

I need not mention the difficulty of detecting a falsehood in any private or even public history, at the place, where it is said to happen; much more when the scene is removed to ever so small a distance. Even a court of judicature, with all the authority, accuracy, and judgement, which they can employ, find themselves often at a loss to distinguish between truth and falsehood in the most recent actions. But the matter never comes to any issue, if trusted to the common method of altercations and debate and flying rumours; especially when men's passions have taken part on either side.

In the infancy of new religions, the wise and learned commonly esteem the matter too inconsiderable to deserve their attention or regard. And when afterwards they would willingly detect the cheat, in order to undeceive the deluded multitude, the season is now past, and the records and witnesses, which might clear up the matter, have perished beyond recovery.

No means of detection remain, but those which must be drawn from the very testimony itself of the reporters: and these, though always sufficient with the judicious and knowing, are commonly too fine to fall under the comprehension of the vulgar.

98. Upon the whole, then, it appears, that no testimony for any kind of miracle has ever amounted to a probability, much less to a proof; and that, even supposing it amounted to a proof, it would be opposed by another proof; derived from the very nature of the fact, which it would endeavour to establish. It is experience only, which gives authority to human testimony; and it is the same experience, which assures us of the laws of nature. When, therefore, these two kinds of experience are contrary, we have nothing to do but substract the one from the other, and embrace an opinion, either on one side or the other, with that assurance which arises from the remainder. But according to the principle here explained, this substraction, with regard to all popular religions, amounts to an entire annihilation; and therefore we may establish it as a maxim, that no human testimony can have such force as to prove a miracle, and make it a just foundation for any such system of religion.

99. I beg the limitations here made may be remarked, when I say, that a miracle can never be proved, so as to be the foundation of a system of religion. For I own, that otherwise, there may possibly be miracles, or violations of the usual course of nature, of such a kind as to admit of proof from human testimony; though, perhaps, it will be impossible to find any such in all the records of history. Thus, suppose, all authors, in all languages, agree, that, from the first of January 1600, there was a total darkness over the whole earth for eight days: suppose that the tradition of this extraordinary event is still strong and lively among the people: that all travellers, who return from foreign countries, bring us accounts of the same tradition, without the least variation or contradiction: it is evident, that our present philosophers, instead of doubting the fact, ought to receive it as certain, and ought to search for the causes whence it might be derived. The decay, corruption, and dissolution of nature, is an event rendered probable by so many analogies, that any phenomenon, which seems to have a tendency towards that catastrophe, comes within the reach of human testimony, if that testimony be very extensive and uniform.

But suppose, that all the historians who treat of England, should agree, that, on the first of January 1600, Queen Elizabeth died; that both before and after her death she was seen by her physicians and the whole court, as is usual with persons of her rank; that her successor was acknowledged and proclaimed by the parliament; and that, after being interred a month, she again appeared, resumed the throne, and governed England for three years: I must confess that I should be surprised at the concurrence of so many odd circumstances, but should not have the least inclination to believe so miraculous an event. I should not doubt of her pretended death, and of those other public circumstances that followed it: I should only assert it to have been pretended, and that it neither was, nor possibly could be real. You would in vain object to me the difficulty, and almost impossibility of deceiving the world in an affair of such consequence; the wisdom and solid judgement of that renowned queen; with the little or no advantage which she could reap from so poor an artifice: All this might astonish me; but I would still reply, that the knavery and folly of men are such common phenomena, that I should rather believe the most extraordinary events to arise from their concurrence, than admit of so signal a violation of the laws of nature.

But should this miracle be ascribed to any new system of religion; men, in all ages, have been so much imposed on by ridiculous stories of that kind, that this very circumstance would be a full proof of a cheat, and sufficient, with all men of sense, not only to make them reject the fact, but even reject it without farther examination. Though the Being to whom the miracle is ascribed, be, in this case, Almighty, it does not, upon that account, become a whit more probable; since it is impossible for us to know the attributes or actions of such a Being, otherwise than from the experience which we have of his productions, in the usual course of nature. This still reduces us to past observation, and obliges us to compare the instances of the violation of truth in the testimony of men, with those of the violation of the laws of nature by miracles, in order to judge which of them is most likely and probable. As the violations of truth are more common in the testimony concerning religious miracles, than in that concerning any other matter of fact; this must diminish very much the authority of the former testimony, and make us form a general resolution, never to lend any attention to it, with whatever specious pretence it may be covered.

Lord Bacon seems to have embraced the same principles of reasoning. 'We ought,' says he, 'to make a collection or particular history of all monsters and prodigious births or productions, and in a word of every thing new, rare, and extraordinary in nature. But this must be done with the most severe scrutiny, lest we depart from truth. Above all, every relation must be considered as suspicious, which depends in any degree upon religion, as the prodigies of Livy: And no less so, every thing that is to be found in the writers of natural magic or alchimy, or such authors, who seem, all of them, to have an unconquerable appetite for falsehood and fable[26].'

[26] Nov. Org. lib. ii. aph. 29.

100. I am the better pleased with the method of reasoning here delivered, as I think it may serve to confound those dangerous friends or disguised enemies to the _Christian Religion_, who have undertaken to defend it by the principles of human reason. Our most holy religion is founded on _Faith_, not on reason; and it is a sure method of exposing it to put it to such a trial as it is, by no means, fitted to endure. To make this more evident, let us examine those miracles, related in scripture; and not to lose ourselves in too wide a field, let us confine ourselves to such as we find in the _Pentateuch_, which we shall examine, according to the principles of these pretended Christians, not as the word or testimony of God himself, but as the production of a mere human writer and historian. Here then we are first to consider a book, presented to us by a barbarous and ignorant people, written in an age when they were still more barbarous, and in all probability long after the facts which it relates, corroborated by no concurring testimony, and resembling those fabulous accounts, which every nation gives of its origin. Upon reading this book, we find it full of prodigies and miracles. It gives an account of a state of the world and of human nature entirely different from the present: Of our fall from that state: Of the age of man, extended to near a thousand years: Of the destruction of the world by a deluge: Of the arbitrary

choice of one people, as the favourites of heaven; and that people the countrymen of the author: Of their deliverance from bondage by prodigies the most astonishing imaginable: I desire any one to lay his hand upon his heart, and after a serious consideration declare, whether he thinks that the falsehood of such a book, supported by such a testimony, would be more extraordinary and miraculous than all the miracles it relates; which is, however, necessary to make it be received, according to the measures of probability above established.

101. What we have said of miracles may be applied, without any variation, to prophecies; and indeed, all prophecies are real miracles, and as such only, can be admitted as proofs of any revelation. If it did not exceed the capacity of human nature to foretell future events, it would be absurd to employ any prophecy as an argument for a divine mission or authority from heaven. So that, upon the whole, we may conclude, that the _Christian Religion_ not only was at first attended with miracles, but even at this day cannot be believed by any reasonable person without one. Mere reason is insufficient to convince us of its veracity: And whoever is moved by _Faith_ to assent to it, is conscious of a continued miracle in his own person, which subverts all the principles of his understanding, and gives him a determination to believe what is most contrary to custom and experience.

SECTION XI.

OF A PARTICULAR PROVIDENCE AND OF A FUTURE STATE.

102. I was lately engaged in conversation with a friend who loves sceptical paradoxes; where, though he advanced many principles, of which I can by no means approve, yet as they seem to be curious, and to bear some relation to the chain of reasoning carried on throughout this enquiry, I shall here copy them from my memory as accurately as I can, in order to submit them to the judgement of the reader.

Our conversation began with my admiring the singular good fortune of philosophy, which, as it requires entire liberty above all other privileges, and chiefly flourishes from the free opposition of sentiments and argumentation, received its first birth in an age and country of freedom and toleration, and was never cramped, even in its most extravagant principles, by any creeds, concessions, or penal statutes. For, except the banishment of Protagoras, and the death of Socrates, which last event proceeded partly from other motives, there are scarcely any instances to be met with, in ancient history, of this bigotted jealousy, with which the present age is so much infested. Epicurus lived at Athens to an advanced age, in peace and tranquillity: Epicureans[27] were even admitted to receive the sacerdotal character, and to officiate at the altar, in the most sacred rites of the established religion: And the public encouragement[28] of pensions and salaries was afforded equally, by the wisest of all the Roman emperors[29], to the professors of every sect of philosophy. How requisite such kind of treatment was to philosophy, in her early youth, will easily be conceived, if we reflect, that, even at present, when she may be supposed more hardy and robust, she bears with much difficulty the inclemency of the seasons, and those harsh winds of calumny and persecution, which blow upon her.

[27] Luciani [Greek: symp. ae Lapithai].

[28] Luciani [Greek: eunouchos].

[29] Luciani and Dio.

You admire, says my friend, as the singular good fortune of philosophy, what seems to result from the natural course of things, and to be unavoidable in every age and nation. This pertinacious bigotry, of which you complain, as so fatal to philosophy, is really her offspring, who, after allying with superstition, separates himself entirely from the interest of his parent, and becomes her most inveterate enemy and persecutor. Speculative dogmas of religion, the present occasions of such furious dispute, could not possibly be conceived or admitted in the early ages of the world; when mankind, being wholly illiterate, formed an idea of religion more suitable to their weak apprehension, and composed their sacred tenets of such tales chiefly as were the objects of traditional belief, more than of argument or disputation. After the first alarm, therefore, was over, which arose from the new paradoxes and principles of the philosophers; these teachers seem ever after, during the ages of antiquity, to have lived in great harmony with the established superstition, and to have made a fair partition of mankind between them; the former claiming all the learned and wise, the latter possessing all the vulgar and illiterate.

103. It seems then, say I, that you leave politics entirely out of the question, and never suppose, that a wise magistrate can justly be jealous of certain tenets of philosophy, such as those of Epicurus, which, denying a divine existence, and consequently a providence and a future state, seem to loosen, in a great measure, the ties of morality, and may be supposed, for that reason,

pernicious to the peace of civil society.

I know, replied he, that in fact these persecutions never, in any age, proceeded from calm reason, or from experience of the pernicious consequences of philosophy; but arose entirely from passion and prejudice. But what if I should advance farther, and assert, that if Epicurus had been accused before the people, by any of the _sycophants_ or informers of those days, he could easily have defended his cause, and proved his principles of philosophy to be as salutary as those of his adversaries, who endeavoured, with such zeal, to expose him to the public hatred and jealousy?

I wish, said I, you would try your eloquence upon so extraordinary a topic, and make a speech for Epicurus, which might satisfy, not the mob of Athens, if you will allow that ancient and polite city to have contained any mob, but the more philosophical part of his audience, such as might be supposed capable of comprehending his arguments.

The matter would not be difficult, upon such conditions, replied he: And if you please, I shall suppose myself Epicurus for a moment, and make you stand for the Athenian people, and shall deliver you such an harangue as will fill all the urn with white beans, and leave not a black one to gratify the malice of my adversaries.

Very well: Pray proceed upon these suppositions.

104. I come hither, O ye Athenians, to justify in your assembly what I maintained in my school, and I find myself impeached by furious antagonists, instead of reasoning with calm and dispassionate enquirers. Your deliberations, which of right should be directed to questions of public good, and the interest of the commonwealth, are diverted to the disquisitions of speculative philosophy; and these magnificent, but perhaps fruitless enquiries, take place of your more familiar but more useful occupations. But so far as in me lies, I will prevent this abuse. We shall not here dispute concerning the origin and government of worlds. We shall only enquire how far such questions concern the public interest. And if I can persuade you, that they are entirely indifferent to the peace of society and security of government, I hope that you will presently send us back to our schools, there to examine, at leisure, the question the most sublime, but at the same time, the most speculative of all philosophy.

The religious philosophers, not satisfied with the tradition of your forefathers, and doctrine of your priests (in which I willingly acquiesce), indulge a rash curiosity, in trying how far they can establish religion upon the principles of reason; and they thereby excite, instead of satisfying, the doubts, which naturally arise from a diligent and scrutinous enquiry. They paint, in the most magnificent colours, the order, beauty, and wise arrangement of the universe; and then ask, if such a glorious display of intelligence could proceed from the fortuitous concourse of atoms, or if chance could produce what the greatest genius can never sufficiently admire. I shall not examine the justness of this argument. I shall allow it to be as solid as my antagonists and accusers can desire. It is sufficient, if I can prove, from this very reasoning, that the question is entirely speculative, and that, when, in my philosophical disquisitions, I deny a providence and a future state, I undermine not the foundations of society, but advance principles, which they themselves, upon their own topics, if they argue consistently, must allow to be solid and satisfactory.

105. You then, who are my accusers, have acknowledged, that the chief or sole argument for a divine existence (which I never questioned) is derived from the order of nature; where there appear such marks of intelligence and design, that you think it extravagant to assign for its cause, either chance, or the blind and unguided force of matter. You allow, that this is an argument drawn from effects to causes. From the order of the work, you infer, that there must have been project and forethought in the workman. If you cannot make out this point, you allow, that your conclusion fails; and you pretend not to establish the conclusion in a greater latitude than the phenomena of nature will justify. These are your concessions. I desire you to mark the consequences.

When we infer any particular cause from an effect, we must proportion the one to the other, and can never be allowed to ascribe to the cause any qualities, but what are exactly sufficient to produce the effect. A body of ten ounces raised in any scale may serve as a proof, that the counterbalancing weight exceeds ten ounces; but can never afford a reason that it exceeds a hundred. If the cause, assigned for any effect, be not sufficient to produce it, we must either reject that cause, or add to it such qualities as will give it a just proportion to the effect. But if we ascribe to it farther qualities, or affirm it capable of producing other effects, we can only indulge the licence of conjecture, and arbitrarily suppose the existence of qualities and energies, without reason or authority.

The same rule holds, whether the cause assigned be brute unconscious matter, or a rational intelligent being. If the cause be known only by the effect, we never ought to ascribe to it any qualities, beyond what are precisely requisite to produce the effect: Nor can we, by any rules of just reasoning, return back from the cause, and infer other effects from it, beyond those by which alone it is known to us. No one, merely from the sight of one of Zeuxis's pictures, could know, that he was also a statuary or architect, and

was an artist no less skilful in stone and marble than in colours. The talents and taste, displayed in the particular work before us; these we may safely conclude the workman to be possessed of. The cause must be proportioned to the effect; and if we exactly and precisely proportion it, we shall never find in it any qualities, that point farther, or afford an inference concerning any other design or performance. Such qualities must be somewhat beyond what is merely requisite for producing the effect, which we examine.

106. Allowing, therefore, the gods to be the authors of the existence or order of the universe; it follows, that they possess that precise degree of power, intelligence, and benevolence, which appears in their workmanship; but nothing farther can ever be proved, except we call in the assistance of exaggeration and flattery to supply the defects of argument and reasoning. So far as the traces of any attributes, at present, appear, so far may we conclude these attributes to exist. The supposition of farther attributes is mere hypothesis; much more the supposition, that, in distant regions of space or periods of time, there has been, or will be, a more magnificent display of these attributes, and a scheme of administration more suitable to such imaginary virtues. We can never be allowed to mount up from the universe, the effect, to Jupiter, the cause; and then descend downwards, to infer any new effect from that cause; as if the present effects alone were not entirely worthy of the glorious attributes, which we ascribe to that deity. The knowledge of the cause being derived solely from the effect, they must be exactly adjusted to each other; and the one can never refer to anything farther, or be the foundation of any new inference and conclusion.

You find certain phenomena in nature. You seek a cause or author. You imagine that you have found him. You afterwards become so enamoured of this offspring of your brain, that you imagine it impossible, but he must produce something greater and more perfect than the present scene of things, which is so full of ill and disorder. You forget, that this superlative intelligence and benevolence are entirely imaginary, or, at least, without any foundation in reason; and that you have no ground to ascribe to him any qualities, but what you see he has actually exerted and displayed in his productions. Let your gods, therefore, O philosophers, be suited to the present appearances of nature: and presume not to alter these appearances by arbitrary suppositions, in order to suit them to the attributes, which you so fondly ascribe to your deities.

107. When priests and poets, supported by your authority, O Athenians, talk of a golden or silver age, which preceded the present state of vice and misery, I hear them with attention and with reverence. But when philosophers, who pretend to neglect authority, and to cultivate reason, hold the same discourse, I pay them not, I own, the same obsequious submission and pious deference. I ask; who carried them into the celestial regions, who admitted them into the councils of the gods, who opened to them the book of fate, that they thus rashly affirm, that their deities have executed, or will execute, any purpose beyond what has actually appeared? If they tell me, that they have mounted on the steps or by the gradual ascent of reason, and by drawing inferences from effects to causes, I still insist, that they have aided the ascent of reason by the wings of imagination; otherwise they could not thus change their manner of inference, and argue from causes to effects; presuming, that a more perfect production than the present world would be more suitable to such perfect beings as the gods, and forgetting that they have no reason to ascribe to these celestial beings any perfection or any attribute, but what can be found in the present world.

Hence all the fruitless industry to account for the ill appearances of nature, and save the honour of the gods; while we must acknowledge the reality of that evil and disorder, with which the world so much abounds. The obstinate and intractable qualities of matter, we are told, or the observance of general laws, or some such reason, is the sole cause, which controlled the power and benevolence of Jupiter, and obliged him to create mankind and every sensible creature so imperfect and so unhappy. These attributes then, are, it seems, beforehand, taken for granted, in their greatest latitude. And upon that supposition, I own that such conjectures may, perhaps, be admitted as plausible solutions of the ill phenomena. But still I ask; Why take these attributes for granted, or why ascribe to the cause any qualities but what actually appear in the effect? Why torture your brain to justify the course of nature upon suppositions, which, for aught you know, may be entirely imaginary, and of which there are to be found no traces in the course of nature?

The religious hypothesis, therefore, must be considered only as a particular method of accounting for the visible phenomena of the universe: but no just reasoner will ever presume to infer from it any single fact, and alter or add to the phenomena, in any single particular. If you think, that the appearances of things prove such causes, it is allowable for you to draw an inference concerning the existence of these causes. In such complicated and sublime subjects, every one should be indulged in the liberty of conjecture and argument. But here you ought to rest. If you come backward, and arguing from your inferred causes, conclude, that any other fact has existed, or will exist, in the course of nature, which may serve as a fuller display of particular attributes; I must admonish you, that you have departed from the method of reasoning, attached to the present subject, and have certainly added something to the attributes of the cause, beyond what appears in the effect; otherwise you could never, with tolerable sense or propriety, add

anything to the effect, in order to render it more worthy of the cause.

108. Where, then, is the odiousness of that doctrine, which I teach in my school, or rather, which I examine in my gardens? Or what do you find in this whole question, wherein the security of good morals, or the peace and order of society, is in the least concerned?

I deny a providence, you say, and supreme governor of the world, who guides the course of events, and punishes the vicious with infamy and disappointment, and rewards the virtuous with honour and success, in all their undertakings. But surely, I deny not the course itself of events, which lies open to every one's inquiry and examination. I acknowledge, that, in the present order of things, virtue is attended with more peace of mind than vice, and meets with a more favourable reception from the world. I am sensible, that, according to the past experience of mankind, friendship is the chief joy of human life, and moderation the only source of tranquillity and happiness. I never balance between the virtuous and the vicious course of life; but am sensible, that, to a well-disposed mind, every advantage is on the side of the former. And what can you say more, allowing all your suppositions and reasonings? You tell me, indeed, that this disposition of things proceeds from intelligence and design. But whatever it proceeds from, the disposition itself, on which depends our happiness or misery, and consequently our conduct and deportment in life is still the same. It is still open for me, as well as you, to regulate my behaviour, by my experience of past events. And if you affirm, that, while a divine providence is allowed, and a supreme distributive justice in the universe, I ought to expect some more particular reward of the good, and punishment of the bad, beyond the ordinary course of events; I here find the same fallacy, which I have before endeavoured to detect. You persist in imagining, that, if we grant that divine existence, for which you so earnestly contend, you may safely infer consequences from it, and add something to the experienced order of nature, by arguing from the attributes which you ascribe to your gods. You seem not to remember, that all your reasonings on this subject can only be drawn from effects to causes; and that every argument, deducted from causes to effects, must of necessity be a gross sophism; since it is impossible for you to know anything of the cause, but what you have antecedently, not inferred, but discovered to the full, in the effect.

109. But what must a philosopher think of those vain reasoners, who, instead of regarding the present scene of things as the sole object of their contemplation, so far reverse the whole course of nature, as to render this life merely a passage to something farther; a porch, which leads to a greater, and vastly different building; a prologue, which serves only to introduce the piece, and give it more grace and propriety? Whence, do you think, can such philosophers derive their idea of the gods? From their own conceit and imagination surely. For if they derived it from the present phenomena, it would never point to anything farther, but must be exactly adjusted to them. That the divinity may _possibly_ be endowed with attributes, which we have never seen exerted; may be governed by principles of action, which we cannot discover to be satisfied: all this will freely be allowed. But still this is mere _possibility_ and hypothesis. We never can have reason to _infer_ any attributes, or any principles of action in him, but so far as we know them to have been exerted and satisfied.

Are there any marks of a distributive justice in the world? If you answer in the affirmative, I conclude, that, since justice here exerts itself, it is satisfied. If you reply in the negative, I conclude, that you have then no reason to ascribe justice, in our sense of it, to the gods. If you hold a medium between affirmation and negation, by saying, that the justice of the gods, at present, exerts itself in part, but not in its full extent; I answer, that you have no reason to give it any particular extent, but only so far as you see it, _at present_, exert itself.

110. Thus I bring the dispute, O Athenians, to a short issue with my antagonists. The course of nature lies open to my contemplation as well as to theirs. The experienced train of events is the great standard, by which we all regulate our conduct. Nothing else can be appealed to in the field, or in the senate. Nothing else ought ever to be heard of in the school, or in the closet. In vain would our limited understanding break through those boundaries, which are too narrow for our fond imagination. While we argue from the course of nature, and infer a particular intelligent cause, which first bestowed, and still preserves order in the universe, we embrace a principle, which is both uncertain and useless. It is uncertain; because the subject lies entirely beyond the reach of human experience. It is useless; because our knowledge of this cause being derived entirely from the course of nature, we can never, according to the rules of just reasoning, return back from the cause with any new inference, or making additions to the common and experienced course of nature, establish any new principles of conduct and behaviour.

111. I observe (said I, finding he had finished his harangue) that you neglect not the artifice of the demagogues of old; and as you were pleased to make me stand for the people, you insinuate yourself into my favour by embracing those principles, to which, you know, I have always expressed a particular attachment. But allowing you to make experience (as indeed I think you ought) the only standard of our judgement concerning this, and all other questions of fact; I doubt not but, from the very same experience, to which you appeal, it may be possible to refute this reasoning, which you have put into the mouth of Epicurus. If you saw, for instance, a

half-finished building, surrounded with heaps of brick and stone and mortar, and all the instruments of masonry; could you not _infer_ from the effect, that it was a work of design and contrivance? And could you not return again, from this inferred cause, to infer new additions to the effect, and conclude, that the building would soon be finished, and receive all the further improvements, which art could bestow upon it? If you saw upon the sea-shore the print of one human foot, you would conclude, that a man had passed that way, and that he had also left the traces of the other foot, though effaced by the rolling of the sands or inundation of the waters. Why then do you refuse to admit the same method of reasoning with regard to the order of nature? Consider the world and the present life only as an imperfect building, from which you can infer a superior intelligence; and arguing from that superior intelligence, which can leave nothing imperfect; why may you not infer a more finished scheme or plan, which will receive its completion in some distant point of space or time? Are not these methods of reasoning exactly similar? And under what pretence can you embrace the one, while you reject the other?

112. The infinite difference of the subjects, replied he, is a sufficient foundation for this difference in my conclusions. In works of _human_ art and contrivance, it is allowable to advance from the effect to the cause, and returning back from the cause, to form new inferences concerning the effect, and examine the alterations, which it has probably undergone, or may still undergo. But what is the foundation of this method of reasoning? Plainly this; that man is a being, whom we know by experience, whose motives and designs we are acquainted with, and whose projects and inclinations have a certain connexion and coherence, according to the laws which nature has established for the government of such a creature. When, therefore, we find, that any work has proceeded from the skill and industry of man; as we are otherwise acquainted with the nature of the animal, we can draw a hundred inferences concerning what may be expected from him; and these inferences will all be founded in experience and observation. But did we know man only from the single work or production which we examine, it were impossible for us to argue in this manner; because our knowledge of all the qualities, which we ascribe to him, being in that case derived from the production, it is impossible they could point to anything farther, or be the foundation of any new inference. The print of a foot in the sand can only prove, when considered alone, that there was some figure adapted to it, by which it was produced: but the print of a human foot proves likewise, from our other experience, that there was probably another foot, which also left its impression, though effaced by time or other accidents. Here we mount from the effect to the cause; and descending again from the cause, infer alterations in the effect; but this is not a continuation of the same simple chain of reasoning. We comprehend in this case a hundred other experiences and observations, concerning the _usual_ figure and members of that species of animal, without which this method of argument must be considered as fallacious and sophistical.

113. The case is not the same with our reasonings from the works of nature. The Deity is known to us only by his productions, and is a single being in the universe, not comprehended under any species or genus, from whose experienced attributes or qualities, we can, by analogy, infer any attribute or quality in him. As the universe shews wisdom and goodness, we infer wisdom and goodness. As it shews a particular degree of these perfections, we infer a particular degree of them, precisely adapted to the effect which we examine. But farther attributes or farther degrees of the same attributes, we can never be authorised to infer or suppose, by any rules of just reasoning. Now, without some such licence of supposition, it is impossible for us to argue from the cause, or infer any alteration in the effect, beyond what has immediately fallen under our observation. Greater good produced by this Being must still prove a greater degree of goodness: a more impartial distribution of rewards and punishments must proceed from a greater regard to justice and equity. Every supposed addition to the works of nature makes an addition to the attributes of the Author of nature; and consequently, being entirely unsupported by any reason or argument, can never be admitted but as mere conjecture and hypothesis[30].

[30] In general, it may, I think, be established as a maxim, that where any cause is known only by its particular effects, it must be impossible to infer any new effects from that cause; since the qualities, which are requisite to produce these new effects along with the former, must either be different, or superior, or of more extensive operation, than those which simply produced the effect, whence alone the cause is supposed to be known to us. We can never, therefore, have any reason to suppose the existence of these qualities. To say, that the new effects proceed only from a continuation of the same energy, which is already known from the first effects, will not remove the difficulty. For even granting this to be the case (which can seldom be supposed), the very continuation and exertion of a like energy (for it is impossible it can be absolutely the same), I say, this exertion of a like energy, in a different period of space and time, is a very arbitrary supposition, and what there cannot possibly be any traces of in the effects, from which all our knowledge of the cause is originally derived. Let the _inferred_ cause be exactly proportioned (as it should be) to the known effect; and it is impossible that it can possess any qualities, from which new or different effects can be _inferred_.

The great source of our mistake in this subject, and of the unbounded licence of conjecture, which we indulge, is, that we tacitly consider ourselves, as in the place of the Supreme Being, and conclude, that he will, on every occasion, observe the same conduct, which we ourselves, in his situation, would have embraced as reasonable and eligible. But, besides that the ordinary course of nature may convince us, that almost everything is regulated by principles and maxims very different from ours; besides this, I say, it must evidently appear contrary to all rules of analogy to reason, from the intentions and projects of men, to those of a Being so different, and so much superior. In human nature, there is a certain experienced coherence of designs and inclinations; so that when, from any fact, we have discovered one intention of any man, it may often be reasonable, from experience, to infer another, and draw a long chain of conclusions concerning his past or future conduct. But this method of reasoning can never have place with regard to a Being, so remote and incomprehensible, who bears much less analogy to any other being in the universe than the sun to a waxen taper, and who discovers himself only by some faint traces or outlines, beyond which we have no authority to ascribe to him any attribute or perfection. What we imagine to be a superior perfection, may really be a defect. Or were it ever so much a perfection, the ascribing of it to the Supreme Being, where it appears not to have been really exerted, to the full, in his works, savours more of flattery and panegyric, than of just reasoning and sound philosophy. All the philosophy, therefore, in the world, and all the religion, which is nothing but a species of philosophy, will never be able to carry us beyond the usual course of experience, or give us measures of conduct and behaviour different from those which are furnished by reflections on common life. No new fact can ever be inferred from the religious hypothesis; no event foreseen or foretold; no reward or punishment expected or dreaded, beyond what is already known by practice and observation. So that my apology for Epicurus will still appear solid and satisfactory; nor have the political interests of society any connexion with the philosophical disputes concerning metaphysics and religion.

114. There is still one circumstance, replied I, which you seem to have overlooked. Though I should allow your premises, I must deny your conclusion. You conclude, that religious doctrines and reasonings _can_ have no influence on life, because they _ought_ to have no influence; never considering, that men reason not in the same manner you do, but draw many consequences from the belief of a divine Existence, and suppose that the Deity will inflict punishments on vice, and bestow rewards on virtue, beyond what appear in the ordinary course of nature. Whether this reasoning of theirs be just or not, is no matter. Its influence on their life and conduct must still be the same. And, those, who attempt to disabuse them of such prejudices, may, for aught I know, be good reasoners, but I cannot allow them to be good citizens and politicians; since they free men from one restraint upon their passions, and make the infringement of the laws of society, in one respect, more easy and secure.

After all, I may, perhaps, agree to your general conclusion in favour of liberty, though upon different premises from those, on which you endeavour to found it. I think, that the state ought to tolerate every principle of philosophy; nor is there an instance, that any government has suffered in its political interests by such indulgence. There is no enthusiasm among philosophers; their doctrines are not very alluring to the people; and no restraint can be put upon their reasonings, but what must be of dangerous consequence to the sciences, and even to the state, by paving the way for persecution and oppression in points, where the generality of mankind are more deeply interested and concerned.

115. But there occurs to me (continued I) with regard to your main topic, a difficulty, which I shall just propose to you without insisting on it; lest it lead into reasonings of too nice and delicate a nature. In a word, I much doubt whether it be possible for a cause to be known only by its effect (as you have all along supposed) or to be of so singular and particular a nature as to have no parallel and no similarity with any other cause or object, that has ever fallen under our observation. It is only when two _species_ of objects are found to be constantly conjoined, that we can infer the one from the other; and were an effect presented, which was entirely singular, and could not be comprehended under any known _species_, I do not see, that we could form any conjecture or inference at all concerning its cause. If experience and observation and analogy be, indeed, the only guides which we can reasonably follow in inferences of this nature; both the effect and cause must bear a similarity and resemblance to other effects and causes, which we know, and which we have found, in many instances, to be conjoined with each other. I leave it to your own reflection to pursue the consequences of this principle. I shall just observe, that, as the antagonists of Epicurus always suppose the universe, an effect quite singular and unparalleled, to be the proof of a Deity, a cause no less singular and unparalleled; your reasonings, upon that supposition, seem, at least, to merit our attention. There is, I own, some difficulty, how we can ever return from the cause to the effect, and, reasoning from our ideas of the former, infer any alteration on the latter, or any addition to it.

SECTION XII.

OF THE ACADEMICAL OR SCEPTICAL PHILOSOPHY.

PART I.

116. There is not a greater number of philosophical reasonings, displayed upon any subject, than those, which prove the existence of a Deity, and refute the fallacies of _Atheists_; and yet the most religious philosophers still dispute whether any man can be so blinded as to be a speculative atheist. How shall we reconcile these contradictions? The knights-errant, who wandered about to clear the world of dragons and giants, never entertained the least doubt with regard to the existence of these monsters.

The _Sceptic_ is another enemy of religion, who naturally provokes the indignation of all divines and graver philosophers; though it is certain, that no man ever met with any such absurd creature, or conversed with a man, who had no opinion or principle concerning any subject, either of action or speculation. This begets a very natural question; What is meant by a sceptic? And how far it is possible to push these philosophical principles of doubt and uncertainty?

There is a species of scepticism, _antecedent_ to all study and philosophy, which is much inculcated by Des Cartes and others, as a sovereign preservative against error and precipitate judgement. It recommends an universal doubt, not only of all our former opinions and principles, but also of our very faculties; of whose veracity, say they, we must assure ourselves, by a chain of reasoning, deduced from some original principle, which cannot possibly be fallacious or deceitful. But neither is there any such original principle, which has a prerogative above others, that are self-evident and convincing: or if there were, could we advance a step beyond it, but by the use of those very faculties, of which we are supposed to be already diffident. The Cartesian doubt, therefore, were it ever possible to be attained by any human creature (as it plainly is not) would be entirely incurable; and no reasoning could ever bring us to a state of assurance and conviction upon any subject.

It must, however, be confessed, that this species of scepticism, when more moderate, may be understood in a very reasonable sense, and is a necessary preparative to the study of philosophy, by preserving a proper impartiality in our judgements, and weaning our mind from all those prejudices, which we may have imbibed from education or rash opinion. To begin with clear and self-evident principles, to advance by timorous and sure steps, to review frequently our conclusions, and examine accurately all their consequences; though by these means we shall make both a slow and a short progress in our systems; are the only methods, by which we can ever hope to reach truth, and attain a proper stability and certainty in our determinations.

117. There is another species of scepticism, _consequent_ to science and enquiry, when men are supposed to have discovered, either the absolute fallaciousness of their mental faculties, or their unfitness to reach any fixed determination in all those curious subjects of speculation, about which they are commonly employed. Even our very senses are brought into dispute, by a certain species of philosophers; and the maxims of common life are subjected to the same doubt as the most profound principles or conclusions of metaphysics and theology. As these paradoxical tenets (if they may be called tenets) are to be met with in some philosophers, and the refutation of them in several, they naturally excite our curiosity, and make us enquire into the arguments, on which they may be founded.

I need not insist upon the more trite topics, employed by the sceptics in all ages, against the evidence of _sense_; such as those which are derived from the imperfection and fallaciousness of our organs, on numberless occasions; the crooked appearance of an oar in water; the various aspects of objects, according to their different distances; the double images which arise from the pressing one eye; with many other appearances of a like nature. These sceptical topics, indeed, are only sufficient to prove, that the senses alone are not implicitly to be depended on; but that we must correct their evidence by reason, and by considerations, derived from the nature of the medium, the distance of the object, and the disposition of the organ, in order to render them, within their sphere, the proper _criteria_ of truth and falsehood. There are other more profound arguments against the senses, which admit not of so easy a solution.

118. It seems evident, that men are carried, by a natural instinct or prepossession, to repose faith in their senses; and that, without any reasoning, or even almost before the use of reason, we always suppose an external universe, which depends not on our perception, but would exist, though we and every sensible creature were absent or annihilated. Even the animal creation are governed by a like opinion, and preserve this belief of external objects, in all their thoughts, designs, and actions.

It seems also evident, that, when men follow this blind and powerful instinct of nature, they always suppose the very images, presented by the senses, to be the external objects, and never entertain any suspicion, that the one are nothing but representations of the other. This very table, which we see white, and which we feel hard, is believed to exist, independent of our perception, and to be something external to our mind, which perceives it. Our presence bestows not being on it: our absence does not annihilate it. It

preserves its existence uniform and entire, independent of the situation of intelligent beings, who perceive or contemplate it.

But this universal and primary opinion of all men is soon destroyed by the slightest philosophy, which teaches us, that nothing can ever be present to the mind but an image or perception, and that the senses are only the inlets, through which these images are conveyed, without being able to produce any immediate intercourse between the mind and the object. The table, which we see, seems to diminish, as we remove farther from it: but the real table, which exists independent of us, suffers no alteration: it was, therefore, nothing but its image, which was present to the mind. These are the obvious dictates of reason; and no man, who reflects, ever doubted, that the existences, which we consider, when we say, _this house_ and _that tree_, are nothing but perceptions in the mind, and fleeting copies or representations of other existences, which remain uniform and independent.

119. So far, then, are we necessitated by reasoning to contradict or depart from the primary instincts of nature, and to embrace a new system with regard to the evidence of our senses. But here philosophy finds herself extremely embarrassed, when she would justify this new system, and obviate the cavils and objections of the sceptics. She can no longer plead the infallible and irresistible instinct of nature: for that led us to a quite different system, which is acknowledged fallible and even erroneous. And to justify this pretended philosophical system, by a chain of clear and convincing argument, or even any appearance of argument, exceeds the power of all human capacity.

By what argument can it be proved, that the perceptions of the mind must be caused by external objects, entirely different from them, though resembling them (if that be possible) and could not arise either from the energy of the mind itself, or from the suggestion of some invisible and unknown spirit, or from some other cause still more unknown to us? It is acknowledged, that, in fact, many of these perceptions arise not from anything external, as in dreams, madness, and other diseases. And nothing can be more inexplicable than the manner, in which body should so operate upon mind as ever to convey an image of itself to a substance, supposed of so different, and even contrary a nature.

It is a question of fact, whether the perceptions of the senses be produced by external objects, resembling them: how shall this question be determined? By experience surely; as all other questions of a like nature. But here experience is, and must be entirely silent. The mind has never anything present to it but the perceptions, and cannot possibly reach any experience of their connexion with objects. The supposition of such a connexion is, therefore, without any foundation in reasoning.

120. To have recourse to the veracity of the supreme Being, in order to prove the veracity of our senses, is surely making a very unexpected circuit. If his veracity were at all concerned in this matter, our senses would be entirely infallible; because it is not possible that he can ever deceive. Not to mention, that, if the external world be once called in question, we shall be at a loss to find arguments, by which we may prove the existence of that Being or any of his attributes.

121. This is a topic, therefore, in which the profounder and more philosophical sceptics will always triumph, when they endeavour to introduce an universal doubt into all subjects of human knowledge and enquiry. Do you follow the instincts and propensities of nature, may they say, in assenting to the veracity of sense? But these lead you to believe that the very perception or sensible image is the external object. Do you disclaim this principle, in order to embrace a more rational opinion, that the perceptions are only representations of something external? You here depart from your natural propensities and more obvious sentiments; and yet are not able to satisfy your reason, which can never find any convincing argument from experience to prove, that the perceptions are connected with any external objects.

122. There is another sceptical topic of a like nature, derived from the most profound philosophy; which might merit our attention, were it requisite to dive so deep, in order to discover arguments and reasonings, which can so little serve to any serious purpose. It is universally allowed by modern enquirers, that all the sensible qualities of objects, such as hard, soft, hot, cold, white, black, &c. are merely secondary, and exist not in the objects themselves, but are perceptions of the mind, without any external archetype or model, which they represent. If this be allowed, with regard to secondary qualities, it must also follow, with regard to the supposed primary qualities of extension and solidity; nor can the latter be any more entitled to that denomination than the former. The idea of extension is entirely acquired from the senses of sight and feeling; and if all the qualities, perceived by the senses, be in the mind, not in the object, the same conclusion must reach the idea of extension, which is wholly dependent on the sensible ideas or the ideas of secondary qualities. Nothing can save us from this conclusion, but the asserting, that the ideas of those primary qualities are attained by _Abstraction_, an opinion, which, if we examine it accurately, we shall find to be unintelligible, and even absurd. An extension, that is neither tangible nor visible, cannot possibly be conceived: and a tangible or visible extension, which is neither hard nor soft, black nor white, is equally beyond the reach of human conception. Let any man try to conceive a triangle in general,

which is neither _Isosceles_ nor _Scalenum_, nor has any particular length or proportion of sides; and he will soon perceive the absurdity of all the scholastic notions with regard to abstraction and general ideas.[31]

[31] This argument is drawn from Dr. Berkeley; and indeed most of the writings of that very ingenious author form the best lessons of scepticism, which are to be found either among the ancient or modern philosopher, Bayle not excepted. He professes, however, in his title-page (and undoubtedly with great truth) to have composed his book against the sceptics as well as against the atheists and free-thinkers. But that all his arguments, though otherwise intended, are, in reality, merely sceptical, appears from this, _that they admit of no answer and produce no conviction_. Their only effect is to cause that momentary amazement and irresolution and confusion, which is the result of scepticism.

123. Thus the first philosophical objection to the evidence of sense or to the opinion of external existence consists in this, that such an opinion, if rested on natural instinct, is contrary to reason, and if referred to reason, is contrary to natural instinct, and at the same time carries no rational evidence with it, to convince an impartial enquirer. The second objection goes farther, and represents this opinion as contrary to reason: at least, if it be a principle of reason, that all sensible qualities are in the mind, not in the object. Bereave matter of all its intelligible qualities, both primary and secondary, you in a manner annihilate it, and leave only a certain unknown, inexplicable _something_, as the cause of our perceptions; a notion so imperfect, that no sceptic will think it worth while to contend against it.

PART II.

124. It may seem a very extravagant attempt of the sceptics to destroy _reason_ by argument and ratiocination; yet is this the grand scope of all their enquiries and disputes. They endeavour to find objections, both to our abstract reasonings, and to those which regard matter of fact and existence.

The chief objection against all _abstract_ reasonings is derived from the ideas of space and time; ideas, which, in common life and to a careless view, are very clear and intelligible, but when they pass through the scrutiny of the profound sciences (and they are the chief object of these sciences) afford principles, which seem full of absurdity and contradiction. No priestly _dogmas_, invented on purpose to tame and subdue the rebellious reason of mankind, ever shocked common sense more than the doctrine of the infinitive divisibility of extension, with its consequences; as they are pompously displayed by all geometricians and metaphysicians, with a kind of triumph and exultation. A real quantity, infinitely less than any finite quantity, containing quantities infinitely less than itself, and so on _in infinitum_; this is an edifice so bold and prodigious, that it is too weighty for any pretended demonstration to support, because it shocks the clearest and most natural principles of human reason.[32] But what renders the matter more extraordinary, is, that these seemingly absurd opinions are supported by a chain of reasoning, the clearest and most natural; nor is it possible for us to allow the premises without admitting the consequences. Nothing can be more convincing and satisfactory than all the conclusions concerning the properties of circles and triangles; and yet, when these are once received, how can we deny, that the angle of contact between a circle and its tangent is infinitely less than any rectilineal angle, that as you may increase the diameter of the circle _in infinitum_, this angle of contact becomes still less, even _in infinitum_, and that the angle of contact between other curves and their tangents may be infinitely less than those between any circle and its tangent, and so on, _in infinitum_? The demonstration of these principles seems as unexceptionable as that which proves the three angles of a triangle to be equal to two right ones, though the latter opinion be natural and easy, and the former big with contradiction and absurdity. Reason here seems to be thrown into a kind of amazement and suspence, which, without the suggestions of any sceptic, gives her a diffidence of herself, and of the ground on which she treads. She sees a full light, which illuminates certain places; but that light borders upon the most profound darkness. And between these she is so dazzled and confounded, that she scarcely can pronounce with certainty and assurance concerning any one object.

[32] Whatever disputes there may be about mathematical points, we must allow that there are physical points; that is, parts of extension, which cannot be divided or lessened, either by the eye or imagination. These images, then, which are present to the fancy or senses, are absolutely indivisible, and consequently must be allowed by mathematicians to be infinitely less than any real part of extension; and yet nothing appears more certain to reason, than that an infinite number of them composes an infinite extension. How much more an infinite number of those infinitely small parts of extension, which are still supposed infinitely divisible.

125. The absurdity of these bold determinations of the abstract sciences seems to become, if possible, still more palpable with regard to time than extension. An infinite number of real parts of time, passing in succession, and exhausted one after another, appears so evident a contradiction, that no man, one should think, whose judgement is not corrupted, instead of being improved, by

the sciences, would ever be able to admit of it.

Yet still reason must remain restless, and unquiet, even with regard to that scepticism, to which she is driven by these seeming absurdities and contradictions. How any clear, distinct idea can contain circumstances, contradictory to itself, or to any other clear, distinct idea, is absolutely incomprehensible; and is, perhaps, as absurd as any proposition, which can be formed. So that nothing can be more sceptical, or more full of doubt and hesitation, than this scepticism itself, which arises from some of the paradoxical conclusions of geometry or the science of quantity.[33]

[33] It seems to me not impossible to avoid these absurdities and contradictions, if it be admitted, that there is no such thing as abstract or general ideas, properly speaking; but that all general ideas are, in reality, particular ones, attached to a general term, which recalls, upon occasion, other particular ones, that resemble, in certain circumstances, the idea, present to the mind. Thus when the term Horse is pronounced, we immediately figure to ourselves the idea of a black or a white animal, of a particular size or figure: But as that term is also usually applied to animals of other colours, figures and sizes, these ideas, though not actually present to the imagination, are easily recalled; and our reasoning and conclusion proceed in the same way, as if they were actually present. If this be admitted (as seems reasonable) it follows that all the ideas of quantity, upon which mathematicians reason, are nothing but particular, and such as are suggested by the senses and imagination, and consequently, cannot be infinitely divisible. It is sufficient to have dropped this hint at present, without prosecuting it any farther. It certainly concerns all lovers of science not to expose themselves to the ridicule and contempt of the ignorant by their conclusions; and this seems the readiest solution of these difficulties.

126. The sceptical objections to _moral_ evidence, or to the reasonings concerning matter of fact, are either _popular_ or _philosophical_. The popular objections are derived from the natural weakness of human understanding; the contradictory opinions, which have been entertained in different ages and nations; the variations of our judgement in sickness and health, youth and old age, prosperity and adversity; the perpetual contradiction of each particular man's opinions and sentiments; with many other topics of that kind. It is needless to insist farther on this head. These objections are but weak. For as, in common life, we reason every moment concerning fact and existence, and cannot possibly subsist, without continually employing this species of argument, any popular objections, derived from thence, must be insufficient to destroy that evidence. The great subverter of _Pyrrhonism_ or the excessive principles of scepticism is action, and employment, and the occupations of common life. These principles may flourish and triumph in the schools; where it is, indeed, difficult, if not impossible, to refute them. But as soon as they leave the shade, and by the presence of the real objects, which actuate our passions and sentiments, are put in opposition to the more powerful principles of our nature, they vanish like smoke, and leave the most determined sceptic in the same condition as other mortals.

127. The sceptic, therefore, had better keep within his proper sphere, and display those _philosophical_ objections, which arise from more profound researches. Here he seems to have ample matter of triumph; while he justly insists, that all our evidence for any matter of fact, which lies beyond the testimony of sense or memory, is derived entirely from the relation of cause and effect; that we have no other idea of this relation than that of two objects, which have been frequently _conjoined_ together; that we have no argument to convince us, that objects, which have, in our experience, been frequently conjoined, will likewise, in other instances, be conjoined in the same manner; and that nothing leads us to this inference but custom or a certain instinct of our nature; which it is indeed difficult to resist, but which, like other instincts, may be fallacious and deceitful. While the sceptic insists upon these topics, he shows his force, or rather, indeed, his own and our weakness; and seems, for the time at least, to destroy all assurance and conviction. These arguments might be displayed at greater length, if any durable good or benefit to society could ever be expected to result from them.

128. For here is the chief and most confounding objection to _excessive_ scepticism, that no durable good can ever result from it; while it remains in its full force and vigour. We need only ask such a sceptic, _What his meaning is? And what he proposes by all these curious researches?_ He is immediately at a loss, and knows not what to answer. A Copernican or Ptolemaic, who supports each his different system of astronomy, may hope to produce a conviction, which will remain constant and durable, with his audience. A Stoic or Epicurean displays principles, which may not be durable, but which have an effect on conduct and behaviour. But a Pyrrhonian cannot expect, that his philosophy will have any constant influence on the mind: or if it had, that its influence would be beneficial to society. On the contrary, he must acknowledge, if he will acknowledge anything, that all human life must perish, were his principles universally and steadily to prevail. All discourse, all action would immediately cease; and men remain in a total lethargy, till the necessities of nature, unsatisfied, put an end to their miserable existence. It is true; so fatal an event is very little to be dreaded. Nature is always too strong for principle. And though a Pyrrhonian may throw himself or others into a

momentary amazement and confusion by his profound reasonings; the first and most trivial event in life will put to flight all his doubts and scruples, and leave him the same, in every point of action and speculation, with the philosophers of every other sect, or with those who never concerned themselves in any philosophical researches. When he awakes from his dream, he will be the first to join in the laugh against himself, and to confess, that all his objections are mere amusement, and can have no other tendency than to show the whimsical condition of mankind, who must act and reason and believe; though they are not able, by their most diligent enquiry, to satisfy themselves concerning the foundation of these operations, or to remove the objections, which may be raised against them.

PART III.

129. There is, indeed, a more _mitigated_ scepticism or _academical_ philosophy, which may be both durable and useful, and which may, in part, be the result of this Pyrrhonism, or _excessive_ scepticism, when its undistinguished doubts are, in some measure, corrected by common sense and reflection. The greater part of mankind are naturally apt to be affirmative and dogmatical in their opinions; and while they see objects only on one side, and have no idea of any counterpoising argument, they throw themselves precipitately into the principles, to which they are inclined; nor have they any indulgence for those who entertain opposite sentiments. To hesitate or balance perplexes their understanding, checks their passion, and suspends their action. They are, therefore, impatient till they escape from a state, which to them is so uneasy: and they think, that they could never remove themselves far enough from it, by the violence of their affirmations and obstinacy of their belief. But could such dogmatical reasoners become sensible of the strange infirmities of human understanding, even in its most perfect state, and when most accurate and cautious in its determinations; such a reflection would naturally inspire them with more modesty and reserve, and diminish their fond opinion of themselves, and their prejudice against antagonists. The illiterate may reflect on the disposition of the learned, who, amidst all the advantages of study and reflection, are commonly still diffident in their determinations: and if any of the learned be inclined, from their natural temper, to haughtiness and obstinacy, a small tincture of Pyrrhonism might abate their pride, by showing them, that the few advantages, which they may have attained over their fellows, are but inconsiderable, if compared with the universal perplexity and confusion, which is inherent in human nature. In general, there is a degree of doubt, and caution, and modesty, which, in all kinds of scrutiny and decision, ought for ever to accompany a just reasoner.

130. Another species of _mitigated_ scepticism which may be of advantage to mankind, and which may be the natural result of the Pyrrhonian doubts and scruples, is the limitation of our enquiries to such subjects as are best adapted to the narrow capacity of human understanding. The _imagination_ of man is naturally sublime, delighted with whatever is remote and extraordinary, and running, without control, into the most distant parts of space and time in order to avoid the objects, which custom has rendered too familiar to it. A correct _Judgement_ observes a contrary method, and avoiding all distant and high enquiries, confines itself to common life, and to such subjects as fall under daily practice and experience; leaving the more sublime topics to the embellishment of poets and orators, or to the arts of priests and politicians. To bring us to so salutary a determination, nothing can be more serviceable, than to be once thoroughly convinced of the force of the Pyrrhonian doubt, and of the impossibility, that anything, but the strong power of natural instinct, could free us from it. Those who have a propensity to philosophy, will still continue their researches; because they reflect, that, besides the immediate pleasure, attending such an occupation, philosophical decisions are nothing but the reflections of common life, methodized and corrected. But they will never be tempted to go beyond common life, so long as they consider the imperfection of those faculties which they employ, their narrow reach, and their inaccurate operations. While we cannot give a satisfactory reason, why we believe, after a thousand experiments, that a stone will fall, or fire burn; can we ever satisfy ourselves concerning any determination, which we may form, with regard to the origin of worlds, and the situation of nature, from, and to eternity?

This narrow limitation, indeed, of our enquiries, is, in every respect, so reasonable, that it suffices to make the slightest examination into the natural powers of the human mind and to compare them with their objects, in order to recommend it to us. We shall then find what are the proper subjects of science and enquiry.

131. It seems to me, that the only objects of the abstract science or of demonstration are quantity and number, and that all attempts to extend this more perfect species of knowledge beyond these bounds are mere sophistry and illusion. As the component parts of quantity and number are entirely similar, their relations become intricate and involved; and nothing can be more curious, as well as useful, than to trace, by a variety of mediums, their equality or inequality, through their different appearances. But as all other ideas are clearly distinct and different from each other, we can never advance farther, by our utmost scrutiny, than to observe this diversity, and, by an obvious reflection, pronounce one thing not to be another. Or if there be any difficulty in these decisions, it

proceeds entirely from the undeterminate meaning of words, which is corrected by juster definitions. That _the square of the hypothenuse is equal to the squares of the other two sides_, cannot be known, let the terms be ever so exactly defined, without a train of reasoning and enquiry. But to convince us of this proposition, _that where there is no property, there can be no injustice_, it is only necessary to define the terms, and explain injustice to be a violation of property. This proposition is, indeed, nothing but a more imperfect definition. It is the same case with all those pretended syllogistical reasonings, which may be found in every other branch of learning, except the sciences of quantity and number; and these may safely, I think, be pronounced the only proper objects of knowledge and demonstration.

132. All other enquiries of men regard only matter of fact and existence; and these are evidently incapable of demonstration. Whatever _is_ may _not be_. No negation of a fact can involve a contradiction. The non-existence of any being, without exception, is as clear and distinct an idea as its existence. The proposition, which affirms it not to be, however false, is no less conceivable and intelligible, than that which affirms it to be. The case is different with the sciences, properly so called. Every proposition, which is not true, is there confused and unintelligible. That the cube root of 64 is equal to the half of 10, is a false proposition, and can never be distinctly conceived. But that Caesar, or the angel Gabriel, or any being never existed, may be a false proposition, but still is perfectly conceivable, and implies no contradiction.

The existence, therefore, of any being can only be proved by arguments from its cause or its effect; and these arguments are founded entirely on experience. If we reason _a priori_, anything may appear able to produce anything. The falling of a pebble may, for aught we know, extinguish the sun; or the wish of a man control the planets in their orbits. It is only experience, which teaches us the nature and bounds of cause and effect, and enables us to infer the existence of one object from that of another[34]. Such is the foundation of moral reasoning, which forms the greater part of human knowledge, and is the source of all human action and behaviour.

[34] That impious maxim of the ancient philosophy, _Ex nihilo, nihil fit_, by which the creation of matter was excluded, ceases to be a maxim, according to this philosophy. Not only the will of the supreme Being may create matter; but, for aught we know _a priori_, the will of any other being might create it, or any other cause, that the most whimsical imagination can assign.

Moral reasonings are either concerning particular or general facts. All deliberations in life regard the former; as also all disquisitions in history, chronology, geography, and astronomy.

The sciences, which treat of general facts, are politics, natural philosophy, physic, chemistry, &c. where the qualities, causes and effects of a whole species of objects are enquired into.

Divinity or Theology, as it proves the existence of a Deity, and the immortality of souls, is composed partly of reasonings concerning particular, partly concerning general facts. It has a foundation in _reason_, so far as it is supported by experience. But its best and most solid foundation is _faith_ and divine revelation.

Morals and criticism are not so properly objects of the understanding as of taste and sentiment. Beauty, whether moral or natural, is felt, more properly than perceived. Or if we reason concerning it, and endeavour to fix its standard, we regard a new fact, to wit, the general tastes of mankind, or some such fact, which may be the object of reasoning and enquiry.

When we run over libraries, persuaded of these principles, what havoc must we make? If we take in our hand any volume; of divinity or school metaphysics, for instance; let us ask, _Does it contain any abstract reasoning concerning quantity or number?_ No. _Does it contain any experimental reasoning concerning matter of fact and existence?_ No. Commit it then to the flames: for it can contain nothing but sophistry and illusion.

INDEX

Abstraction not source of ideas of primary qualities, 122.

Academic philosophy, 34.

Action and philosophy, 1, 4, 34, 128;

Addition 4.

Analogy a species of, the foundation of all reasoning about matter of fact, 82;

Animals the reason of, 83-85; learn from experience and draw inferences, 83; which can only be founded on custom, 84; cause of difference between men and animals, 84 n.

Antiquity 62.

Appearances to senses must be corrected by reason, 117.

A priori 25, 36 n, 89 n, 132, 132 n.

Aristotle 4.

Association of ideas, three principles of, 18-19, 41-44 (v. _Cause_ C).

Atheism 116.

Bacon 99.

Belief (v. _Cause_ C, 39-45); and chance, 46.

Berkeley really a sceptic, 122 n.

Bigotry 102.

Body and soul, mystery of union of, 52; volition and movements of, 52.

Real existence of (v. _Scepticism_, B, 118-123).

Cause first (v. _God_, _Necessity_, 78-81; _Providence_, 102-115, 132 n). a principle of association of ideas, 19, 43; sole foundation of reasonings about matter of fact or real existence, 22.

A. _Knowledge of Causes arises from experience not from Reason_, 23-33.

Reasonings _a priori_ give no knowledge of cause and effect, 23 f.; impossible to see the effect in the cause since they are totally different, 25; natural philosophy never pretends to assign ultimate causes, but only to reduce causes to a few general causes, e.g. gravity, 26; geometry applies laws obtained by experience, 27.

Conclusions from experience not based on any process of the understanding, 28; yet we infer in the future a similar connexion between known qualities of things and their secret powers, to that which we assumed in the past. On what is this inference based? 29; demonstrative reasoning has no place here, and all experimental reasoning assumes the resemblance of the future to the past, and so cannot prove it without being circular, 30, 32; if reasoning were the basis of this belief, there would be no need for the multiplication of instances or of long experience, 31; yet conclusions about matter of fact are affected by experience even in beasts and children, so that they cannot be founded on abstruse reasoning, 33; to explain our inferences from experience a principle is required of equal weight and authority with reason, 34.

B. _Custom enables us to infer existence of one object from the appearance of another_, 35-38.

Experience enables us to ascribe a more than arbitrary connexion to objects, 35; we are determined to this by custom or habit which is the great guide of human life, 36; but our inference must be based on some fact present to the senses or memory, 37; the customary conjunction between such an object and some other object produces an operation of the soul which is as unavoidable as love, 38; animals also infer one event from another by custom, 82-84; and in man as in animals experimental reasoning depends on a species of instinct or mechanical power that acts in us unknown to ourselves, 85.

C. _Belief_, 39-45. Belief differs from fiction or the loose reveries of the fancy by some feeling annexed to it, 39; belief cannot be defined, but may be described as a more lively, forcible, firm, steady conception of an object than can be attained by the imagination alone, 40; it is produced by the principles of association, viz. resemblance, 41; contiguity, 42; causation, 43; by a kind of pre-established harmony between the course of nature and our ideas, 44; this operation of our minds necessary to our subsistence and so entrusted by nature to instinct rather than to reasoning, 45.

Probability, 46-7.

Belief produced by a majority of chances by an inexplicable contrivance of Nature, 46 (cf. 87-8); probability of causes: the failure of a cause ascribed to a secret counteracting cause, 47 (cf. 67); it is universally allowed that chance when strictly examined is a mere negative word, 74.

D. _Power_, 49-57.

Power, force, energy, necessary connexion must either be defined by analysis or explained by production of the impression from which they are copied, 49; from the first appearance of an object we cannot foretell its effect: we cannot see the power of a single body: we only see sequence, 50.

Is the idea of power derived from an internal impression and is it an idea of reflection? 51; it is not derived, as Locke said, from reasoning about power of production in nature, 50 n; nor from consciousness of influence of will over bodily organs, 52; nor from effort to overcome resistance, 52 n (cf. 60 n); nor from influence of will over mind, 53; many philosophers appeal to an invisible intelligent principle, to a volition of the supreme being, and regard causes as only occasions and our mental conceptions as revelations, 54-5; thus diminishing the grandeur of God, 56; this theory too bold and beyond verification by our faculties, and is no explanation, 57; vis inertiae, 57 n.

In single instances we only see sequence of loose events which are conjoined and never connected, 58; the idea of necessary connexion only arises from a number of similar instances, and the only difference between such a number and a single instance is that the former produces a habit of expecting the usual attendant, 59, 61. This customary transition is the impression from which we form the idea of necessary connexion.

E. _Reasoning from effect to cause and conversely_, 105-115 (v. _Providence_).

In arguing from effect to cause we must not infer more qualities in the cause than are required to produce the effect, nor reason backwards from an inferred cause to new effects, 105-8; we can reason back from cause to new effects in the case of human acts by analogy which rests on previous knowledge, 111-2; when the effect is entirely singular and does not belong to any species we cannot infer its cause at all, 115.

F. _Definitions of Cause_, 60 (cf. 74 n).

Ceremonies 41.

Chance ignorance of causes, 46; has no existence, 74 (v. _Cause_ B).

Cicero 4.

Circle in reasoning, 30.

Clarke 37 n.

Colour peculiarity of ideas of, 16.

Contiguity 19, 42.

Contradiction the test of demonstration, 132.

Contrariety 19 n.

Contrary of matter of fact always possible, 21, 132.

Creation 132 n.

Criticism 132.

Cudworth 57 n, 158 n.

Custom when strongest conceals itself, 24; an ultimate principle of all conclusions from experience, 36, 127; and belief, 39-45; gives rise to inferences of animals, 84.

Definition only applicable to complex ideas, 49; need of, 131; of cause, 60.

Demonstrative opp. intuitive, 20; reasoning, 30; confined to quantity and number, 131; impossible to demonstrate a fact since no negation of a fact can involve a contradiction, 132.

Descartes 57 n.; his universal doubt antecedent to study if strictly taken is incurable, since even from an indubitable first principle no advance can be made except by the faculties which we doubt, 116; his appeal to the veracity of God is useless, 120 (v. _Scepticism_, 116-132).

Design argument from, 105 f. (v. _Providence_).

Divisibility of mathematical and physical points, 124.

Doubt Cartesian, 116, 120 (v. _Scepticism_ A).

Epictetus 34.

Epicurean philosophy, defence of, 102-15; denial of providence and future state is harmless, 104 (v. _Providence_).

Euclid truths in, do not depend on existence of circles or triangles, 20.

Evidence moral and natural, 70; value of human, 82-9 (v. _Miracles_).

Evil doctrine of necessity either makes God the cause of evil or denies existence of evil as regards the whole, 78-81.

Existence external and perception, 118-9 (v. _Scepticism_, B, 116-32).

Ex nihilo nihil 132 n.

Experience (v. _Cause_ A, 23-33); opposition of reason and experience usual, but really erroneous and superficial, 36 n.

Infallible, may be regarded as proof, 87 (v. _Miracles_); all the philosophy and religion in the world cannot carry us beyond the usual course of experience, 113.

Extension 50; a supposed primary quality, 122.

Faith 101, 132.

Fiction and fact (v. _Cause_ C), 39 f.

Future inference to, from past, 29 (v. _Cause_ A).

General ideas, do not really exist, but only particular ideas attached to a general term, 125 n.

Geography mental, 8.

Geometry propositions of certain, as depending only on relations of ideas not on existence of objects, 20; gives no knowledge of ultimate causes: only applies laws discovered by experience, 27.

God idea of, 14; no idea of except what we learn from reflection on our own faculties, 57; theory that God is cause of all motion and thought, causes being only occasions of his volition, 54-57; by doctrine of necessity either there are no bad actions or God is the cause of evil, 78-81.

Veracity of, appealed to, 120.

And creation of matter, 132 n.

v. _Providence_, 102-115; _Scepticism_, 116-132.

Golden age, 107.

Gravity 26.

Habit (v. _Custom_, _Cause_ B).

History use of, 65.

Human nature, inconstancy a constant character of, 68.

Ideas A. _Origin of_, 11-17.

Perceptions divided into impressions and ideas, 11-12; the mind can only compound the materials derived from outward or inward sentiment, 13 (cf. 53); all ideas resolvable into simple ideas copied from precedent feelings, 14; deficiency in an organ of sensation produces deficiency in corresponding idea, 15-16; suspected ideas to be tested by asking for the impression from which it is derived, 17 (cf. 49); idea of reflection, 51; general ideas, 135 n; innate ideas, 19 n; power of will over ideas, 53.

B. _Association of_, 18-19.

Ideas introduce each other with a certain degree of method and regularity, 18; only three principles of association, viz. Resemblance, Contiguity, and Cause or Effect, 19; contrariety, 19 n; production of belief by these principles, 41-43.

C. Correspondence of ideas and course of nature, 44; relations of ideas one of two possible objects of enquiry, 20; such relations discoverable by the mere operation of thought, 20, 131; no demonstration possible except in case of ideas of quantity or number, 131.

Imagination 11, 39; and belief, 40.

Impressions all our more lively perceptions, 12; the test of ideas, 17, 49.

Incest peculiar turpitude of explained, 12.

Inconceivability of the negative, 132 (cf. 20).

Inertia 57 n.

Inference and similarity, 30, 115 (v. _Cause_).

Infinite divisibility, 124 f.

Instances multiplication of not required by reason, 31.

Instinct more trustworthy than reasoning, 45; the basis of all experimental reasoning, 85; the basis of realism, 118, 121.

Intuitive opp. mediate reasoning, 2.

La Bruyere 4.

Liberty (v. _Necessity_, 62-97). Definition of hypothetical liberty, 73. Necessary to morality, 77.

Locke 4, 40 n, 50 n, 57 n. His loose use of 'ideas,' 19 n; betrayed into frivolous disputes about innate ideas by the School-men, 19 n; distinction of primary and secondary qualities, 122.

Malebranche 4, 57 n..

Man a reasonable and active being, 4.

Marriage rules of, based on and vary with utility, 118.

Mathematics ideas of, clear and determinate, hence their superiority to moral and metaphysical sciences, 48; their difficulty, 48.

Mathematical and physical points, 124 n.

Matter necessity of, 64; creation of, 132 n (v. _Scepticism_ A).

Matter-of-fact contrary of, always possible, 21; arguments to new, based only on cause and effect, 22.

Metaphysics not a science, 5-6; how inferior and superior to mathematics, 48.

Mind mental geography, 8; secret springs and principles of, 9; can only mix and compound materials given by inward and outward sentiment, 13; power of will over, 53.

Miracles. 86-101.

Belief in human evidence diminishes according as the event witnessed is unusual or extraordinary, 89; difference between extraordinary and miraculous, 89 n; if the evidence for a miracle amounted to proof we should have one proof opposed by another proof, for the proof against a miracle is as complete as possible; an event is not miraculous unless there is a uniform experience, that is a proof, against it, 90; definition of miracle, 90 n; hence no testimony is sufficient to establish a miracle unless its falsehood would be more miraculous than the event it establishes, 91; as a fact the evidence for a miracle has never amounted to proof, 92; the passion for the wonderful in human nature, 93; prevalence of miracles in savage and early periods and their diminution with civilization, 94; the evidence for miracles in matters of religion opposed by the almost infinite number of witnesses for rival religions, 95; value of human testimony diminished by temptation to pose as a prophet or apostle, 97; no testimony for a miracle has ever amounted to a probability, much less to a proof, and if it did amount to a proof it would be opposed by another perfect proof, 98; so a miracle can never be proved so as to be the foundation of a system of religion, 99; a conclusion which confounds those who base the Christian religion on reason, not on faith, 100; the Christian religion cannot be believed without a miracle which will subvert the principle of a man's understanding and give him a determination to believe what is most contrary to custom and experience, 101.

Moral evil (q.v.) 80.

Moral science 30; inferior to mathematics, 48; sceptical objections to, 126-7.

Moral evidence easily combined with natural, 70.

Motion 50.

Nature design in, 105 f. (v. _Providence_), and the course of our ideas, 44.

State of, a philosophical fiction, 151, 151 n.

Necessary connexion (v. _Cause_).

Necessity two definitions of, 75.

A. _and Liberty_, 62-81; the controversy is based on ambiguity, and all mankind have always been of the same opinion on this subject, 63; our idea of the necessity of matter arises solely from observed uniformity and consequent inference, circumstances which are allowed by all men to exist in respect of human action, 64; history and knowledge of human nature assume such uniformity, 65, which does not exclude variety due to education and progress, 66; irregular actions to be explained by secret operation of contrary causes, 67; the inconstancy of human action, its constant character, as of winds and weather, 68; we all acknowledge and draw inferences from the regular conjunction of motives and actions, 69; history, politics, and morals show this, and the possibility of combining moral and natural evidence shows that they have a common origin, 70; the reluctance to acknowledge the necessity of actions due to a lingering belief that we can see real connexion behind mere conjunction, 71; we should begin with the examination not of the soul and will but of brute matter, 72; the prevalence of the liberty doctrine due to a false sensation of liberty and a false experiment, 72 n; though this question is the most contentious of all, mankind has always agreed in the doctrine of liberty, if we mean by it that hypothetical liberty which consists in a power of acting or not acting according to the determinations of our will, and which can be ascribed to every one who is not a prisoner, 73; liberty when opposed to necessity, and not merely to constraint, is the same as chance, 74.

B. _Both necessity and liberty are necessary to morality_, this doctrine of necessity only alters our view of matter and so is at least innocent, 75; rewards and punishments imply the uniform influence of motives, and connexion of character and action: if necessity be denied, a man may commit any crime and be no worse for it, 76; liberty also essential to morality, 77.

Objection that doctrine of necessity and of a regular chain of causes either makes God the cause of evil, or abolishes evil in actions, 78; Stoic answer, that the whole system is good, is specious but ineffectual in practice, 79; no speculative argument can counteract the impulse of our natural sentiments to blame certain actions, 80; how God can be the cause of all actions without being the author of moral evil is a mystery with which philosophy cannot deal, 81.

Negative inconceivability of, 132.

Newton 57 n.

Nisus 52 n, 60 n.

Number the object of demonstration, 131.

Occasional causes theory of, 55.

Parallelism between thought and course of nature, 44-5.

Perception and external objects, 119 f. (v. _Scepticism_, _Impression_, _Idea_).

Philosophy moral, two branches of, abstruse and practical, 1-5; gratifies innocent curiosity, 6; metaphysics tries to deal with matters inaccessible to human understanding, 6.

True, must lay down limits of understanding, 7 (cf. 113); a large part of, consists in mental geography, 8; may hope to resolve principles of mind into still more general principles, 9.

Natural, only staves off our ignorance a little longer, as moral or metaphysical philosophy serves only to discover larger portions of it, 26; academical, or sceptical, flatters no bias or passion except love of truth, and so has few partisans, 34; though it destroy speculation, cannot destroy action, for nature steps in and asserts her rights, 34; moral, inferior to mathematics in clearness of ideas, superior in shortness of arguments, 48.

Controversies in, due to ambiguity of terms, 62.

Disputes in, not be settled by appeal to dangerous consequences of a doctrine, 75.

Speculative, entirely indifferent to the peace of society and security of government, 104 (cf. 114).

All the philosophy in the world, and all the religion in the world, which is nothing but a species of philosophy, can never carry us beyond the usual course of experience, 113.

Happiness of, to have originated in an age and country of freedom and toleration, 102.

Points physical, indivisible, 124 n.

Power 50 f, 60 n. (v. _Cause_ D).

Probability 46 f. (v. _Cause_, B).

Probable arguments, 38, 46 n.

Production 50 n.

Promises not the foundation of justice, 257.

Proof 46 n, 86-101 (v. _Miracles_, _Demonstrative_).

Providence 102-115 (v. _God_).

The sole argument for a divine existence is from the marks of design in nature; must not infer greater power in the cause than is necessary to produce the observed effects, nor argue from such an inferred cause to any new effects which have not been observed, 105; so must not infer in God more power, wisdom, and benevolence than appears in nature, 106; so it is unnecessary to try and save the honour of the Gods by assuming the intractability of matter or the observance of general laws, 107; to argue from effects to unknown causes, and then from these causes to unknown effects, is a gross sophism, 108.

From imperfect exercise of justice in this world we cannot infer its perfect exercise in a future world, 109; we must regulate our conduct solely by the experienced train of events, 110; in case of human works of art we can infer the perfect from the imperfect, but that is because we know man by experience and also know other instances of his art, 111-112; but in the case of God we only know him by his productions, and do not know any class of beings to which he belongs, 113; and the universe, his production, is

entirely singular and does not belong to a known species of things, 115.

Punishment requires doctrines of necessity and liberty, 76 (v. _Necessity_).

Pyrrhonism 126.

Qualities primary and secondary, 122.

Quantity and number, the only objects of demonstration, the parts of them being entirely similar, 131.

Real presence, 86.

Reality and thought, 44.

Realism of the vulgar, 118.

Reason (a) opp. intuition, 29; opp. experience, 28, 36 n.

(b) Corrects sympathy and senses, 117. No match for nature, 34.

Fallacious, compared with instinct, 45.

Of men and animals, 84 n.

(c) attempts to destroy, by reasoning, 124; objections to abstract reasoning, 124 f. (v. _Scepticism_).

(d) _Reasoning_.

Two kinds of, demonstrative and moral, 30, 46 n, 132; moral, divided into general and particular, 132; produces demonstrations, proofs, and probabilities, 46 n.

Probable (v. _Cause_, 28-32).

Relations of ideas, discoverable by the mere operation of thought, independently of the existence of any object, 20.

Religion a kind of philosophy, 113 (v. _Miracles, Providence_).

Resemblance 19, 41 (v. _Similarity_).

Resistance and idea of power, 53 n.

Scepticism A. antecedent to study and philosophy, such as Descartes' universal doubt of our faculties, would be incurable: in a more moderate sense it is useful, 116 (cf. 129-30); extravagant attempts of, to destroy reason by reasoning, 124.

No such absurd creature as a man who has no opinion about anything at all, 116; admits of no answer and produces no conviction, 122 n. (cf. 34, 126, 128).

B. _As to the Senses_, 117-123.

The ordinary criticisms of our senses only show that they have to be corrected by Reason, 117; more profound arguments show that the vulgar belief in external objects is baseless, and that the objects we see are nothing but perceptions which are fleeting copies of other existences, 118; even this philosophy is hard to justify; it appeals neither to natural instinct, nor to experience, for experience tells nothing of objects which perceptions resemble, 119; the appeal to the _veracity of God_ is useless, 120; and scepticism is here triumphant, 121.

The distinction between primary and secondary qualities is useless, for the supposed primary qualities are only perceptions, 122; and Berkeley's theory that ideas of primary qualities are obtained by abstraction is impossible, 122, 122 n; if matter is deprived of both primary and secondary qualities there is nothing left except a mere something which is not worth arguing about, 123.

C. _As to Reason_, 124-130.

Attempt to destroy Reason by reasoning extravagant, 124; objection to _abstract reasoning_ because it asserts infinite divisibility of extension which is shocking to common sense, 124, and infinite divisibility of time, 125; yet the ideas attacked are so clear and

distinct that scepticism becomes sceptical about itself, 125.

Popular objections to _moral reasoning_ about matter of fact, based on weakness of understanding, variation of judgement, and disagreement among men, confuted by action, 126; philosophical objections, that we only experience conjunction and that inference is based on custom, 127; excessive scepticism refuted by its uselessness and put to flight by the most trivial event in life, 128.

Mitigated scepticism or academical philosophy useful as a corrective and as producing caution and modesty, 129; and as limiting understanding to proper objects, 130; all reasoning which is not either abstract, about quantity and number, or experimental, about matters of fact, is sophistry and illusion, 132.

D. In _Religion_ (v. _Miracles_, _Providence_).

Sciences 132 (v. _Reason_, (d); _Scepticism_, C).

Secret powers, 39; counteracting causes, 47, 67.

Senses outward and inward sensation supplies all the materials of thinking--must be corrected by reason, 117.

Scepticism concerning, 117 (v. _Scepticism_, B).

Similarity basis of all arguments from experience, 31 (cf. 115).

Solidity 50; a supposed primary quality, 122.

Soul and body, 52.

Space and time, 124 f.

Species an effect which belongs to no species does not admit of inference to its cause, 115 (cf. 113).

Stoics 34, 79.

Superstition 6 (v. _Providence_).

Theology science of, 132 (v. _God_, _Providence_).

Tillotson argument against real presence, 86.

Time and space, 124 f.

Truth 8, 17 (v. _Scepticism_).

Understanding limits of human, 7; operations of, to be classified, 8; opp. experience, 28; weakness of, 126 (v. _Reason_, _Scepticism_).

Voluntariness as ground of distinction between virtues and talents, 130.

Whole theory that everything is good as regards 'the whole,' 79, 80.

Will compounds materials given by senses, 13; influence of over organs of body can never give us the idea of power; for we are not conscious of any power in our will, only of sequence of motions on will, 52; so with power of will over our minds in raising up new ideas, 53.

Of God, cannot be used to explain motion, 57.

Freedom of (v. _Necessity_).

==========

Untitled

Unknown

Project Gutenberg Release: January 12, 2006 · eBook #23

Narrative of the Life of FREDERICK DOUGLASS

AN AMERICAN SLAVE. WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

BOSTON

PUBLISHED AT THE ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICE, NO. 25 CORNHILL 1845

ENTERED, ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1845 BY FREDERICK DOUGLASS, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Note from the original file: This electronic book is being released at this time to honor the birthday of Martin Luther King Jr. [Born January 15, 1929] [Officially celebrated January 20, 1992]

Contents

PREFACE LETTER FROM WENDELL PHILLIPS, ESQ. FREDERICK DOUGLASS. CHAPTER I CHAPTER II CHAPTER III CHAPTER IV CHAPTER V CHAPTER VI CHAPTER VII CHAPTER VIII CHAPTER IX CHAPTER X CHAPTER XI APPENDIX A PARODY

PREFACE

In the month of August, 1841, I attended an anti-slavery convention in Nantucket, at which it was my happiness to become acquainted with _Frederick Douglass_, the writer of the following Narrative. He was a stranger to nearly every member of that body; but, having recently made his escape from the southern prison-house of bondage, and feeling his curiosity excited to ascertain the principles and measures of the abolitionists,—of whom he had heard a somewhat vague description while he was a slave,—he was induced to give his attendance, on the occasion alluded to, though at that time a resident in New Bedford.

Fortunate, most fortunate occurrence!—fortunate for the millions of his manacled brethren, yet panting for deliverance from their awful thraldom!—fortunate for the cause of negro emancipation, and of universal liberty!—fortunate for the land of his birth, which he has already done so much to save and bless!—fortunate for a large circle of friends and acquaintances, whose sympathy and affection he has strongly secured by the many sufferings he has endured, by his virtuous traits of character, by his ever-abiding remembrance of those who are in bonds, as being bound with them!—fortunate for the multitudes, in various parts of our republic, whose minds he has enlightened on the subject of slavery, and who have been melted to tears by his pathos, or roused to virtuous indignation by his stirring eloquence against the enslavers of men!—fortunate for himself, as it at once brought him into the field of public usefulness, "gave the world assurance of a MAN," quickened the slumbering energies of his soul, and consecrated him to the great work of breaking the rod of the oppressor, and letting the oppressed go free!

I shall never forget his first speech at the convention—the extraordinary emotion it excited in my own mind—the powerful impression it created upon a crowded auditory, completely taken by surprise—the applause which followed from the beginning to the end of his felicitous remarks. I think I never hated slavery so intensely as at that moment; certainly, my perception of the enormous outrage which is inflicted by it, on the godlike nature of its victims, was rendered far more clear than ever. There stood one, in physical proportion and stature commanding and exact—in intellect richly endowed—in natural eloquence a prodigy—in soul manifestly "created but a little lower than the angels"—yet a slave, ay, a fugitive slave,—trembling for his safety, hardly daring to believe that on the American soil, a single white person could be found who would befriend him at all hazards, for the love of God and humanity! Capable of high attainments as an intellectual and moral being—needing nothing but a comparatively small amount of cultivation to make him an ornament to society and a blessing to his race—by the law of the land, by the voice of the people, by the terms of the slave code, he was only a piece of property, a beast of burden, a chattel personal, nevertheless!

A beloved friend from New Bedford prevailed on Mr. DOUGLASS to address the convention. He came forward to the platform with a hesitancy and embarrassment, necessarily the attendants of a sensitive mind in such a novel position. After apologizing for his ignorance, and reminding the audience that slavery was a poor school for the human intellect and heart, he proceeded to narrate some of the facts in his own history as a slave, and in the course of his speech gave utterance to many noble thoughts and thrilling reflections. As soon as he had taken his seat, filled with hope and admiration, I rose, and declared that PATRICK HENRY, of revolutionary fame, never made a speech more eloquent in the cause of liberty, than the one we had just listened to from the lips of that hunted fugitive. So I believed at that time—such is my belief now. I reminded the audience of the peril which surrounded this self-emancipated young man at the North,—even in Massachusetts, on the soil of the Pilgrim Fathers, among the descendants of revolutionary sires; and I appealed to them, whether they would ever allow him to be carried back into slavery,—law or no law, constitution or no constitution. The response was unanimous and in thunder-tones—"NO!" "Will you succor and protect him as a brother-man—a resident of the old Bay State?" "YES!" shouted the whole mass, with an energy so startling, that the ruthless tyrants south of Mason and Dixon's line might almost have heard the mighty burst of feeling, and recognized it as the pledge of an invincible determination, on the part of those who gave it, never to betray him that wanders, but to hide the outcast, and firmly to abide the consequences.

It was at once deeply impressed upon my mind, that, if Mr. DOUGLASS could be persuaded to consecrate his time and talents to the promotion of the anti-slavery enterprise, a powerful impetus would be given to it, and a stunning blow at the same time inflicted on northern prejudice against a colored complexion. I therefore endeavored to instil hope and courage into his mind, in order that he might dare to engage in a vocation so anomalous and responsible for a person in his situation; and I was seconded in this effort by warm-hearted friends, especially by the late General Agent of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, Mr. JOHN A. COLLINS, whose judgment in this instance entirely coincided with my own. At first, he could give no encouragement; with unfeigned diffidence, he expressed his conviction that he was not adequate to the performance of so great a task; the path marked out was wholly an untrodden one; he was sincerely apprehensive that he should do more harm than good. After much deliberation, however, he consented to make a trial; and ever since that period, he has acted as a lecturing agent, under the auspices either of the American or the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society. In labors he has been most abundant; and his success in combating prejudice, in gaining proselytes, in agitating the public mind, has far surpassed the most sanguine expectations that were raised at the commencement of his brilliant career. He has borne himself with gentleness and meekness, yet with true manliness of character. As a public speaker, he excels in pathos, wit, comparison, imitation, strength of reasoning, and fluency of language. There is in him that union of head and heart, which is indispensable to an enlightenment of the heads and a winning of the hearts of others. May his strength continue to be equal to his day! May he continue to "grow in grace, and in the knowledge of God," that he may be increasingly serviceable in the cause of bleeding humanity, whether at home or abroad!

It is certainly a very remarkable fact, that one of the most efficient advocates of the slave population, now before the public, is a fugitive slave, in the person of _Frederick Douglass_; and that the free colored population of the United States are as ably represented by one of their own number, in the person of _Charles Lenox Remond_, whose eloquent appeals have extorted the highest applause of multitudes on both sides of the Atlantic. Let the calumniators of the colored race despise themselves for their baseness and illiberality of spirit, and henceforth cease to talk of the natural inferiority of those who require nothing but time and opportunity to attain to the highest point of human excellence.

It may, perhaps, be fairly questioned, whether any other portion of the population of the earth could have endured the privations, sufferings and horrors of slavery, without having become more degraded in the scale of humanity than the slaves of African descent. Nothing has been left undone to cripple their intellects, darken their minds, debase their moral nature, obliterate all traces of their relationship to mankind; and yet how wonderfully they have sustained the mighty load of a most frightful bondage, under which they have been groaning for centuries! To illustrate the effect of slavery on the white man,—to show that he has no powers of endurance, in such a condition, superior to those of his black brother,—_Daniel O'Connell_, the distinguished advocate of universal emancipation, and the mightiest champion of prostrate but not conquered Ireland, relates the following anecdote in a speech delivered by him in the Conciliation Hall, Dublin, before the Loyal National Repeal Association, March 31, 1845. "No matter," said _Mr. O'Connell_, "under what specious term it may disguise itself, slavery is still hideous. _It has a natural, an inevitable tendency to brutalize every noble faculty of man._ An American sailor, who was cast away on the shore of Africa, where he was kept in slavery for three years, was, at the expiration of that period, found to be imbruted and stultified—he had lost all reasoning power; and having forgotten his native language, could only utter some savage gibberish between Arabic and English, which nobody could understand, and which even he himself found difficulty in pronouncing. So much for the humanizing influence of _The Domestic Institution_!" Admitting this to have been an extraordinary case of mental deterioration, it proves at least that the white slave can

sink as low in the scale of humanity as the black one.

Mr. Douglass has very properly chosen to write his own Narrative, in his own style, and according to the best of his ability, rather than to employ some one else. It is, therefore, entirely his own production; and, considering how long and dark was the career he had to run as a slave,—how few have been his opportunities to improve his mind since he broke his iron fetters,—it is, in my judgment, highly creditable to his head and heart. He who can peruse it without a tearful eye, a heaving breast, an afflicted spirit,—without being filled with an unutterable abhorrence of slavery and all its abettors, and animated with a determination to seek the immediate overthrow of that execrable system,—without trembling for the fate of this country in the hands of a righteous God, who is ever on the side of the oppressed, and whose arm is not shortened that it cannot save,—must have a flinty heart, and be qualified to act the part of a trafficker "in slaves and the souls of men." I am confident that it is essentially true in all its statements; that nothing has been set down in malice, nothing exaggerated, nothing drawn from the imagination; that it comes short of the reality, rather than overstates a single fact in regard to _slavery as it is_. The experience of _Frederick Douglass_, as a slave, was not a peculiar one; his lot was not especially a hard one; his case may be regarded as a very fair specimen of the treatment of slaves in Maryland, in which State it is conceded that they are better fed and less cruelly treated than in Georgia, Alabama, or Louisiana. Many have suffered incomparably more, while very few on the plantations have suffered less, than himself. Yet how deplorable was his situation! what terrible chastisements were inflicted upon his person! what still more shocking outrages were perpetrated upon his mind! with all his noble powers and sublime aspirations, how like a brute was he treated, even by those professing to have the same mind in them that was in Christ Jesus! to what dreadful liabilities was he continually subjected! how destitute of friendly counsel and aid, even in his greatest extremities! how heavy was the midnight of woe which shrouded in blackness the last ray of hope, and filled the future with terror and gloom! what longings after freedom took possession of his breast, and how his misery augmented, in proportion as he grew reflective and intelligent,—thus demonstrating that a happy slave is an extinct man! how he thought, reasoned, felt, under the lash of the driver, with the chains upon his limbs! what perils he encountered in his endeavors to escape from his horrible doom! and how signal have been his deliverance and preservation in the midst of a nation of pitiless enemies!

This Narrative contains many affecting incidents, many passages of great eloquence and power; but I think the most thrilling one of them all is the description _Douglass_ gives of his feelings, as he stood soliloquizing respecting his fate, and the chances of his one day being a freeman, on the banks of the Chesapeake Bay—viewing the receding vessels as they flew with their white wings before the breeze, and apostrophizing them as animated by the living spirit of freedom. Who can read that passage, and be insensible to its pathos and sublimity? Compressed into it is a whole Alexandrian library of thought, feeling, and sentiment—all that can, all that need be urged, in the form of expostulation, entreaty, rebuke, against that crime of crimes,—making man the property of his fellow-man! O, how accursed is that system, which entombs the godlike mind of man, defaces the divine image, reduces those who by creation were crowned with glory and honor to a level with four-footed beasts, and exalts the dealer in human flesh above all that is called God! Why should its existence be prolonged one hour? Is it not evil, only evil, and that continually? What does its presence imply but the absence of all fear of God, all regard for man, on the part of the people of the United States? Heaven speed its eternal overthrow!

So profoundly ignorant of the nature of slavery are many persons, that they are stubbornly incredulous whenever they read or listen to any recital of the cruelties which are daily inflicted on its victims. They do not deny that the slaves are held as property; but that terrible fact seems to convey to their minds no idea of injustice, exposure to outrage, or savage barbarity. Tell them of cruel scourgings, of mutilations and brandings, of scenes of pollution and blood, of the banishment of all light and knowledge, and they affect to be greatly indignant at such enormous exaggerations, such wholesale misstatements, such abominable libels on the character of the southern planters! As if all these direful outrages were not the natural results of slavery! As if it were less cruel to reduce a human being to the condition of a thing, than to give him a severe flagellation, or to deprive him of necessary food and clothing! As if whips, chains, thumb-screws, paddles, blood-hounds, overseers, drivers, patrols, were not all indispensable to keep the slaves down, and to give protection to their ruthless oppressors! As if, when the marriage institution is abolished, concubinage, adultery, and incest, must not necessarily abound; when all the rights of humanity are annihilated, any barrier remains to protect the victim from the fury of the spoiler; when absolute power is assumed over life and liberty, it will not be wielded with destructive sway! Skeptics of this character abound in society. In some few instances, their incredulity arises from a want of reflection; but, generally, it indicates a hatred of the light, a desire to shield slavery from the assaults of its foes, a contempt of the colored race, whether bond or free. Such will try to discredit the shocking tales of slaveholding cruelty which are recorded in this truthful Narrative; but they will labor in vain. _Mr. Douglass_ has frankly disclosed the place of his birth, the names of those who claimed ownership in his body and soul, and the names also of those who committed the crimes which he has alleged against them. His statements,

therefore, may easily be disproved, if they are untrue.

In the course of his Narrative, he relates two instances of murderous cruelty,—in one of which a planter deliberately shot a slave belonging to a neighboring plantation, who had unintentionally gotten within his lordly domain in quest of fish; and in the other, an overseer blew out the brains of a slave who had fled to a stream of water to escape a bloody scourging. _Mr. Douglass_ states that in neither of these instances was any thing done by way of legal arrest or judicial investigation. The Baltimore American, of March 17, 1845, relates a similar case of atrocity, perpetrated with similar impunity—as follows:—"_Shooting a slave._—We learn, upon the authority of a letter from Charles county, Maryland, received by a gentleman of this city, that a young man, named Matthews, a nephew of General Matthews, and whose father, it is believed, holds an office at Washington, killed one of the slaves upon his father's farm by shooting him. The letter states that young Matthews had been left in charge of the farm; that he gave an order to the servant, which was disobeyed, when he proceeded to the house, _obtained a gun, and, returning, shot the servant._ He immediately, the letter continues, fled to his father's residence, where he still remains unmolested."—Let it never be forgotten, that no slaveholder or overseer can be convicted of any outrage perpetrated on the person of a slave, however diabolical it may be, on the testimony of colored witnesses, whether bond or free. By the slave code, they are adjudged to be as incompetent to testify against a white man, as though they were indeed a part of the brute creation. Hence, there is no legal protection in fact, whatever there may be in form, for the slave population; and any amount of cruelty may be inflicted on them with impunity. Is it possible for the human mind to conceive of a more horrible state of society?

The effect of a religious profession on the conduct of southern masters is vividly described in the following Narrative, and shown to be any thing but salutary. In the nature of the case, it must be in the highest degree pernicious. The testimony of _Mr. Douglass_, on this point, is sustained by a cloud of witnesses, whose veracity is unimpeachable. "A slaveholder's profession of Christianity is a palpable imposture. He is a felon of the highest grade. He is a man-stealer. It is of no importance what you put in the other scale."

Reader! are you with the man-stealers in sympathy and purpose, or on the side of their down-trodden victims? If with the former, then are you the foe of God and man. If with the latter, what are you prepared to do and dare in their behalf? Be faithful, be vigilant, be untiring in your efforts to break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free. Come what may—cost what it may—inscribe on the banner which you unfurl to the breeze, as your religious and political motto—"NO COMPROMISE WITH SLAVERY! NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS!"

WM. LLOYD GARRISON BOSTON,

May 1, 1845.

LETTER FROM WENDELL PHILLIPS, ESQ.

BOSTON, _April_ 22, 1845.

My Dear Friend:

You remember the old fable of "The Man and the Lion," where the lion complained that he should not be so misrepresented "when the lions wrote history."

I am glad the time has come when the "lions write history." We have been left long enough to gather the character of slavery from the involuntary evidence of the masters. One might, indeed, rest sufficiently satisfied with what, it is evident, must be, in general, the results of such a relation, without seeking farther to find whether they have followed in every instance. Indeed, those who stare at the half-peck of corn a week, and love to count the lashes on the slave's back, are seldom the "stuff" out of which reformers and abolitionists are to be made. I remember that, in 1838, many were waiting for the results of the West India experiment, before they could come into our ranks. Those "results" have come long ago; but, alas! few of that number have come with them, as converts. A man must be disposed to judge of emancipation by other tests than whether it has increased the produce of sugar,—and to hate slavery for other reasons than because it starves men and whips women,—before he is ready to lay the first stone of his anti-slavery life.

I was glad to learn, in your story, how early the most neglected of God's children waken to a sense of their rights, and of the injustice done them. Experience is a keen teacher; and long before you had mastered your A B C, or knew where the "white sails" of the Chesapeake were bound, you began, I see, to gauge the wretchedness of the slave, not by his hunger and want, not by his lashes and toil, but by the cruel and blighting death which gathers over his soul.

In connection with this, there is one circumstance which makes your recollections peculiarly valuable, and renders your early insight the more remarkable. You come from that part of the country where we are told slavery appears with its fairest features. Let us hear, then, what it is at its best estate—gaze on its bright side, if it has one; and then imagination may task her powers to add dark lines to the picture, as she travels southward to that (for the colored man) Valley of the Shadow of Death, where the Mississippi sweeps along.

Again, we have known you long, and can put the most entire confidence in your truth, candor, and sincerity. Every one who has heard you speak has felt, and, I am confident, every one who reads your book will feel, persuaded that you give them a fair specimen of the whole truth. No one-sided portrait,—no wholesale complaints,—but strict justice done, whenever individual kindliness has neutralized, for a moment, the deadly system with which it was strangely allied. You have been with us, too, some years, and can fairly compare the twilight of rights, which your race enjoy at the North, with that “noon of night” under which they labor south of Mason and Dixon’s line. Tell us whether, after all, the half-free colored man of Massachusetts is worse off than the pampered slave of the rice swamps!

In reading your life, no one can say that we have unfairly picked out some rare specimens of cruelty. We know that the bitter drops, which even you have drained from the cup, are no incidental aggravations, no individual ills, but such as must mingle always and necessarily in the lot of every slave. They are the essential ingredients, not the occasional results, of the system.

After all, I shall read your book with trembling for you. Some years ago, when you were beginning to tell me your real name and birthplace, you may remember I stopped you, and preferred to remain ignorant of all. With the exception of a vague description, so I continued, till the other day, when you read me your memoirs. I hardly knew, at the time, whether to thank you or not for the sight of them, when I reflected that it was still dangerous, in Massachusetts, for honest men to tell their names! They say the fathers, in 1776, signed the Declaration of Independence with the halter about their necks. You, too, publish your declaration of freedom with danger compassing you around. In all the broad lands which the Constitution of the United States overshadows, there is no single spot,—however narrow or desolate,—where a fugitive slave can plant himself and say, “I am safe.” The whole armory of Northern Law has no shield for you. I am free to say that, in your place, I should throw the MS. into the fire.

You, perhaps, may tell your story in safety, endeared as you are to so many warm hearts by rare gifts, and a still rarer devotion of them to the service of others. But it will be owing only to your labors, and the fearless efforts of those who, trampling the laws and Constitution of the country under their feet, are determined that they will “hide the outcast,” and that their hearths shall be, spite of the law, an asylum for the oppressed, if, some time or other, the humblest may stand in our streets, and bear witness in safety against the cruelties of which he has been the victim.

Yet it is sad to think, that these very throbbing hearts which welcome your story, and form your best safeguard in telling it, are all beating contrary to the “statute in such case made and provided.” Go on, my dear friend, till you, and those who, like you, have been saved, so as by fire, from the dark prison-house, shall stereotype these free, illegal pulses into statutes; and New England, cutting loose from a blood-stained Union, shall glory in being the house of refuge for the oppressed,—till we no longer merely “_hide_ the outcast,” or make a merit of standing idly by while he is hunted in our midst; but, consecrating anew the soil of the Pilgrims as an asylum for the oppressed, proclaim our _welcome_ to the slave so loudly, that the tones shall reach every hut in the Carolinas, and make the broken-hearted bondman leap up at the thought of old Massachusetts.

God speed the day! _Till then, and ever,_ Yours truly, WENDELL PHILLIPS

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

Frederick Douglass was born in slavery as Frederick Augustus Washington Bailey near Easton in Talbot County, Maryland. He was not sure of the exact year of his birth, but he knew that it was 1817 or 1818. As a young boy he was sent to Baltimore, to be a house servant, where he learned to read and write, with the assistance of his master’s wife. In 1838 he escaped from slavery and went to New York City, where he married Anna Murray, a free colored woman whom he had met in Baltimore. Soon thereafter he changed his name to Frederick Douglass. In 1841 he addressed a convention of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society in Nantucket and so greatly impressed the group that they immediately employed him as an agent. He was such an impressive orator that numerous persons doubted if he had ever been a slave, so he wrote _Narrative Of The Life Of Frederick Douglass_. During the Civil War he assisted in the recruiting of colored men for the 54th and 55th Massachusetts Regiments and consistently argued for the emancipation of slaves. After the war he was active in securing and protecting the rights of the freemen. In his later years, at

different times, he was secretary of the Santo Domingo Commission, marshall and recorder of deeds of the District of Columbia, and United States Minister to Haiti. His other autobiographical works are _My Bondage And My Freedom_ and _Life And Times Of Frederick Douglass_, published in 1855 and 1881 respectively. He died in 1895.

CHAPTER I

I was born in Tuckahoe, near Hillsborough, and about twelve miles from Easton, in Talbot county, Maryland. I have no accurate knowledge of my age, never having seen any authentic record containing it. By far the larger part of the slaves know as little of their ages as horses know of theirs, and it is the wish of most masters within my knowledge to keep their slaves thus ignorant. I do not remember to have ever met a slave who could tell of his birthday. They seldom come nearer to it than planting-time, harvest-time, cherry-time, spring-time, or fall-time. A want of information concerning my own was a source of unhappiness to me even during childhood. The white children could tell their ages. I could not tell why I ought to be deprived of the same privilege. I was not allowed to make any inquiries of my master concerning it. He deemed all such inquiries on the part of a slave improper and impertinent, and evidence of a restless spirit. The nearest estimate I can give makes me now between twenty-seven and twenty-eight years of age. I come to this, from hearing my master say, some time during 1835, I was about seventeen years old.

My mother was named Harriet Bailey. She was the daughter of Isaac and Betsey Bailey, both colored, and quite dark. My mother was of a darker complexion than either my grandmother or grandfather.

My father was a white man. He was admitted to be such by all I ever heard speak of my parentage. The opinion was also whispered that my master was my father; but of the correctness of this opinion, I know nothing; the means of knowing was withheld from me. My mother and I were separated when I was but an infant—before I knew her as my mother. It is a common custom, in the part of Maryland from which I ran away, to part children from their mothers at a very early age. Frequently, before the child has reached its twelfth month, its mother is taken from it, and hired out on some farm a considerable distance off, and the child is placed under the care of an old woman, too old for field labor. For what this separation is done, I do not know, unless it be to hinder the development of the child's affection toward its mother, and to blunt and destroy the natural affection of the mother for the child. This is the inevitable result.

I never saw my mother, to know her as such, more than four or five times in my life; and each of these times was very short in duration, and at night. She was hired by a Mr. Stewart, who lived about twelve miles from my home. She made her journeys to see me in the night, travelling the whole distance on foot, after the performance of her day's work. She was a field hand, and a whipping is the penalty of not being in the field at sunrise, unless a slave has special permission from his or her master to the contrary—a permission which they seldom get, and one that gives to him that gives it the proud name of being a kind master. I do not recollect of ever seeing my mother by the light of day. She was with me in the night. She would lie down with me, and get me to sleep, but long before I waked she was gone. Very little communication ever took place between us. Death soon ended what little we could have while she lived, and with it her hardships and suffering. She died when I was about seven years old, on one of my master's farms, near Lee's Mill. I was not allowed to be present during her illness, at her death, or burial. She was gone long before I knew any thing about it. Never having enjoyed, to any considerable extent, her soothing presence, her tender and watchful care, I received the tidings of her death with much the same emotions I should have probably felt at the death of a stranger.

Called thus suddenly away, she left me without the slightest intimation of who my father was. The whisper that my master was my father, may or may not be true; and, true or false, it is of but little consequence to my purpose whilst the fact remains, in all its glaring odiousness, that slaveholders have ordained, and by law established, that the children of slave women shall in all cases follow the condition of their mothers; and this is done too obviously to administer to their own lusts, and make a gratification of their wicked desires profitable as well as pleasurable; for by this cunning arrangement, the slaveholder, in cases not a few, sustains to his slaves the double relation of master and father.

I know of such cases; and it is worthy of remark that such slaves invariably suffer greater hardships, and have more to contend with, than others. They are, in the first place, a constant offence to their mistress. She is ever disposed to find fault with them; they can seldom do any thing to please her; she is never better pleased than when she sees them under the lash, especially when she suspects her husband of showing to his mulatto children favors which he withholds from his black slaves. The master is frequently compelled to sell this class of his slaves, out of deference to the feelings of his white wife; and, cruel as the deed may strike any one to be, for a man to sell his own children to human flesh-mongers, it is often the dictate of humanity for him to do so; for, unless he does this, he must not only whip them himself, but must stand by and see one white son tie up his brother, of but few shades

darker complexion than himself, and ply the gory lash to his naked back; and if he lisp one word of disapproval, it is set down to his parental partiality, and only makes a bad matter worse, both for himself and the slave whom he would protect and defend.

Every year brings with it multitudes of this class of slaves. It was doubtless in consequence of a knowledge of this fact, that one great statesman of the south predicted the downfall of slavery by the inevitable laws of population. Whether this prophecy is ever fulfilled or not, it is nevertheless plain that a very different-looking class of people are springing up at the south, and are now held in slavery, from those originally brought to this country from Africa; and if their increase do no other good, it will do away the force of the argument, that God cursed Ham, and therefore American slavery is right. If the lineal descendants of Ham are alone to be scripturally enslaved, it is certain that slavery at the south must soon become unscriptural; for thousands are ushered into the world, annually, who, like myself, owe their existence to white fathers, and those fathers most frequently their own masters.

I have had two masters. My first master's name was Anthony. I do not remember his first name. He was generally called Captain Anthony—a title which, I presume, he acquired by sailing a craft on the Chesapeake Bay. He was not considered a rich slaveholder. He owned two or three farms, and about thirty slaves. His farms and slaves were under the care of an overseer. The overseer's name was Plummer. Mr. Plummer was a miserable drunkard, a profane swearer, and a savage monster. He always went armed with a cowskin and a heavy cudgel. I have known him to cut and slash the women's heads so horribly, that even master would be enraged at his cruelty, and would threaten to whip him if he did not mind himself. Master, however, was not a humane slaveholder. It required extraordinary barbarity on the part of an overseer to affect him. He was a cruel man, hardened by a long life of slaveholding. He would at times seem to take great pleasure in whipping a slave. I have often been awakened at the dawn of day by the most heart-rending shrieks of an own aunt of mine, whom he used to tie up to a joist, and whip upon her naked back till she was literally covered with blood. No words, no tears, no prayers, from his gory victim, seemed to move his iron heart from its bloody purpose. The louder she screamed, the harder he whipped; and where the blood ran fastest, there he whipped longest. He would whip her to make her scream, and whip her to make her hush; and not until overcome by fatigue, would he cease to swing the blood-clotted cowskin. I remember the first time I ever witnessed this horrible exhibition. I was quite a child, but I well remember it. I never shall forget it whilst I remember any thing. It was the first of a long series of such outrages, of which I was doomed to be a witness and a participant. It struck me with awful force. It was the blood-stained gate, the entrance to the hell of slavery, through which I was about to pass. It was a most terrible spectacle. I wish I could commit to paper the feelings with which I beheld it.

This occurrence took place very soon after I went to live with my old master, and under the following circumstances. Aunt Hester went out one night,—where or for what I do not know,—and happened to be absent when my master desired her presence. He had ordered her not to go out evenings, and warned her that she must never let him catch her in company with a young man, who was paying attention to her belonging to Colonel Lloyd. The young man's name was Ned Roberts, generally called Lloyd's Ned. Why master was so careful of her, may be safely left to conjecture. She was a woman of noble form, and of graceful proportions, having very few equals, and fewer superiors, in personal appearance, among the colored or white women of our neighborhood.

Aunt Hester had not only disobeyed his orders in going out, but had been found in company with Lloyd's Ned; which circumstance, I found, from what he said while whipping her, was the chief offence. Had he been a man of pure morals himself, he might have been thought interested in protecting the innocence of my aunt; but those who knew him will not suspect him of any such virtue. Before he commenced whipping Aunt Hester, he took her into the kitchen, and stripped her from neck to waist, leaving her neck, shoulders, and back, entirely naked. He then told her to cross her hands, calling her at the same time a d——d b—-h. After crossing her hands, he tied them with a strong rope, and led her to a stool under a large hook in the joist, put in for the purpose. He made her get upon the stool, and tied her hands to the hook. She now stood fair for his infernal purpose. Her arms were stretched up at their full length, so that she stood upon the ends of her toes. He then said to her, "Now, you d——d b—-h, I'll learn you how to disobey my orders!" and after rolling up his sleeves, he commenced to lay on the heavy cowskin, and soon the warm, red blood (amid heart-rending shrieks from her, and horrid oaths from him) came dripping to the floor. I was so terrified and horror-stricken at the sight, that I hid myself in a closet, and dared not venture out till long after the bloody transaction was over. I expected it would be my turn next. It was all new to me. I had never seen any thing like it before. I had always lived with my grandmother on the outskirts of the plantation, where she was put to raise the children of the younger women. I had therefore been, until now, out of the way of the bloody scenes that often occurred on the plantation.

CHAPTER II

My master's family consisted of two sons, Andrew and Richard; one daughter, Lucretia, and her husband, Captain Thomas Auld. They lived in one house, upon the home plantation of Colonel Edward Lloyd. My master was Colonel Lloyd's clerk and superintendent. He was what might be called the overseer of the overseers. I spent two years of childhood on this plantation in my old master's family. It was here that I witnessed the bloody transaction recorded in the first chapter; and as I received my first impressions of slavery on this plantation, I will give some description of it, and of slavery as it there existed. The plantation is about twelve miles north of Easton, in Talbot county, and is situated on the border of Miles River. The principal products raised upon it were tobacco, corn, and wheat. These were raised in great abundance; so that, with the products of this and the other farms belonging to him, he was able to keep in almost constant employment a large sloop, in carrying them to market at Baltimore. This sloop was named Sally Lloyd, in honor of one of the colonel's daughters. My master's son-in-law, Captain Auld, was master of the vessel; she was otherwise manned by the colonel's own slaves. Their names were Peter, Isaac, Rich, and Jake. These were esteemed very highly by the other slaves, and looked upon as the privileged ones of the plantation; for it was no small affair, in the eyes of the slaves, to be allowed to see Baltimore.

Colonel Lloyd kept from three to four hundred slaves on his home plantation, and owned a large number more on the neighboring farms belonging to him. The names of the farms nearest to the home plantation were Wye Town and New Design. "Wye Town" was under the overseership of a man named Noah Willis. New Design was under the overseership of a Mr. Townsend. The overseers of these, and all the rest of the farms, numbering over twenty, received advice and direction from the managers of the home plantation. This was the great business place. It was the seat of government for the whole twenty farms. All disputes among the overseers were settled here. If a slave was convicted of any high misdemeanor, became unmanageable, or evinced a determination to run away, he was brought immediately here, severely whipped, put on board the sloop, carried to Baltimore, and sold to Austin Woolfolk, or some other slave-trader, as a warning to the slaves remaining.

Here, too, the slaves of all the other farms received their monthly allowance of food, and their yearly clothing. The men and women slaves received, as their monthly allowance of food, eight pounds of pork, or its equivalent in fish, and one bushel of corn meal. Their yearly clothing consisted of two coarse linen shirts, one pair of linen trousers, like the shirts, one jacket, one pair of trousers for winter, made of coarse negro cloth, one pair of stockings, and one pair of shoes; the whole of which could not have cost more than seven dollars. The allowance of the slave children was given to their mothers, or the old women having the care of them. The children unable to work in the field had neither shoes, stockings, jackets, nor trousers, given to them; their clothing consisted of two coarse linen shirts per year. When these failed them, they went naked until the next allowance-day. Children from seven to ten years old, of both sexes, almost naked, might be seen at all seasons of the year.

There were no beds given the slaves, unless one coarse blanket be considered such, and none but the men and women had these. This, however, is not considered a very great privation. They find less difficulty from the want of beds, than from the want of time to sleep; for when their day's work in the field is done, the most of them having their washing, mending, and cooking to do, and having few or none of the ordinary facilities for doing either of these, very many of their sleeping hours are consumed in preparing for the field the coming day; and when this is done, old and young, male and female, married and single, drop down side by side, on one common bed,—the cold, damp floor,—each covering himself or herself with their miserable blankets; and here they sleep till they are summoned to the field by the driver's horn. At the sound of this, all must rise, and be off to the field. There must be no halting; every one must be at his or her post; and woe betides them who hear not this morning summons to the field; for if they are not awakened by the sense of hearing, they are by the sense of feeling: no age nor sex finds any favor. Mr. Severe, the overseer, used to stand by the door of the quarter, armed with a large hickory stick and heavy cowskin, ready to whip any one who was so unfortunate as not to hear, or, from any other cause, was prevented from being ready to start for the field at the sound of the horn.

Mr. Severe was rightly named: he was a cruel man. I have seen him whip a woman, causing the blood to run half an hour at the time; and this, too, in the midst of her crying children, pleading for their mother's release. He seemed to take pleasure in manifesting his fiendish barbarity. Added to his cruelty, he was a profane swearer. It was enough to chill the blood and stiffen the hair of an ordinary man to hear him talk. Scarce a sentence escaped him but that was commenced or concluded by some horrid oath. The field was the place to witness his cruelty and profanity. His presence made it both the field of blood and of blasphemy. From the rising till the going down of the sun, he was cursing, raving, cutting, and slashing among the slaves of the field, in the most frightful manner. His career was short. He died very soon after I went to Colonel Lloyd's; and he died as he lived, uttering, with his dying groans, bitter curses and horrid oaths. His death was regarded by the slaves as the result of a merciful providence.

Mr. Severe's place was filled by a Mr. Hopkins. He was a very different man. He was less cruel, less profane, and made less noise, than Mr. Severe. His course was characterized by no extraordinary demonstrations of cruelty. He whipped, but seemed to take no

pleasure in it. He was called by the slaves a good overseer.

The home plantation of Colonel Lloyd wore the appearance of a country village. All the mechanical operations for all the farms were performed here. The shoemaking and mending, the blacksmithing, cartwrighting, coopering, weaving, and grain-grinding, were all performed by the slaves on the home plantation. The whole place wore a business-like aspect very unlike the neighboring farms. The number of houses, too, conspired to give it advantage over the neighboring farms. It was called by the slaves the _Great House Farm._ Few privileges were esteemed higher, by the slaves of the out-farms, than that of being selected to do errands at the Great House Farm. It was associated in their minds with greatness. A representative could not be prouder of his election to a seat in the American Congress, than a slave on one of the out-farms would be of his election to do errands at the Great House Farm. They regarded it as evidence of great confidence reposed in them by their overseers; and it was on this account, as well as a constant desire to be out of the field from under the driver's lash, that they esteemed it a high privilege, one worth careful living for. He was called the smartest and most trusty fellow, who had this honor conferred upon him the most frequently. The competitors for this office sought as diligently to please their overseers, as the office-seekers in the political parties seek to please and deceive the people. The same traits of character might be seen in Colonel Lloyd's slaves, as are seen in the slaves of the political parties.

The slaves selected to go to the Great House Farm, for the monthly allowance for themselves and their fellow-slaves, were peculiarly enthusiastic. While on their way, they would make the dense old woods, for miles around, reverberate with their wild songs, revealing at once the highest joy and the deepest sadness. They would compose and sing as they went along, consulting neither time nor tune. The thought that came up, came out—if not in the word, in the sound;—and as frequently in the one as in the other. They would sometimes sing the most pathetic sentiment in the most rapturous tone, and the most rapturous sentiment in the most pathetic tone. Into all of their songs they would manage to weave something of the Great House Farm. Especially would they do this, when leaving home. They would then sing most exultingly the following words:—

"I am going away to the Great House Farm! O, yea! O, yea! O!"

This they would sing, as a chorus, to words which to many would seem unmeaning jargon, but which, nevertheless, were full of meaning to themselves. I have sometimes thought that the mere hearing of those songs would do more to impress some minds with the horrible character of slavery, than the reading of whole volumes of philosophy on the subject could do.

I did not, when a slave, understand the deep meaning of those rude and apparently incoherent songs. I was myself within the circle; so that I neither saw nor heard as those without might see and hear. They told a tale of woe which was then altogether beyond my feeble comprehension; they were tones loud, long, and deep; they breathed the prayer and complaint of souls boiling over with the bitterest anguish. Every tone was a testimony against slavery, and a prayer to God for deliverance from chains. The hearing of those wild notes always depressed my spirit, and filled me with ineffable sadness. I have frequently found myself in tears while hearing them. The mere recurrence to those songs, even now, afflicts me; and while I am writing these lines, an expression of feeling has already found its way down my cheek. To those songs I trace my first glimmering conception of the dehumanizing character of slavery. I can never get rid of that conception. Those songs still follow me, to deepen my hatred of slavery, and quicken my sympathies for my brethren in bonds. If any one wishes to be impressed with the soul-killing effects of slavery, let him go to Colonel Lloyd's plantation, and, on allowance-day, place himself in the deep pine woods, and there let him, in silence, analyze the sounds that shall pass through the chambers of his soul,—and if he is not thus impressed, it will only be because "there is no flesh in his obdurate heart."

I have often been utterly astonished, since I came to the north, to find persons who could speak of the singing, among slaves, as evidence of their contentment and happiness. It is impossible to conceive of a greater mistake. Slaves sing most when they are most unhappy. The songs of the slave represent the sorrows of his heart; and he is relieved by them, only as an aching heart is relieved by its tears. At least, such is my experience. I have often sung to drown my sorrow, but seldom to express my happiness. Crying for joy, and singing for joy, were alike uncommon to me while in the jaws of slavery. The singing of a man cast away upon a desolate island might be as appropriately considered as evidence of contentment and happiness, as the singing of a slave; the songs of the one and of the other are prompted by the same emotion.

CHAPTER III

Colonel Lloyd kept a large and finely cultivated garden, which afforded almost constant employment for four men, besides the chief gardener, (Mr. M'Durmond.) This garden was probably the greatest attraction of the place. During the summer months, people

came from far and near—from Baltimore, Easton, and Annapolis—to see it. It abounded in fruits of almost every description, from the hardy apple of the north to the delicate orange of the south. This garden was not the least source of trouble on the plantation. Its excellent fruit was quite a temptation to the hungry swarms of boys, as well as the older slaves, belonging to the colonel, few of whom had the virtue or the vice to resist it. Scarcely a day passed, during the summer, but that some slave had to take the lash for stealing fruit. The colonel had to resort to all kinds of stratagems to keep his slaves out of the garden. The last and most successful one was that of tarring his fence all around; after which, if a slave was caught with any tar upon his person, it was deemed sufficient proof that he had either been into the garden, or had tried to get in. In either case, he was severely whipped by the chief gardener. This plan worked well; the slaves became as fearful of tar as of the lash. They seemed to realize the impossibility of touching _tar_ without being defiled.

The colonel also kept a splendid riding equipage. His stable and carriage-house presented the appearance of some of our large city livery establishments. His horses were of the finest form and noblest blood. His carriage-house contained three splendid coaches, three or four gigs, besides dearborns and barouches of the most fashionable style.

This establishment was under the care of two slaves—old Barney and young Barney—father and son. To attend to this establishment was their sole work. But it was by no means an easy employment; for in nothing was Colonel Lloyd more particular than in the management of his horses. The slightest inattention to these was unpardonable, and was visited upon those, under whose care they were placed, with the severest punishment; no excuse could shield them, if the colonel only suspected any want of attention to his horses—a supposition which he frequently indulged, and one which, of course, made the office of old and young Barney a very trying one. They never knew when they were safe from punishment. They were frequently whipped when least deserving, and escaped whipping when most deserving it. Every thing depended upon the looks of the horses, and the state of Colonel Lloyd's own mind when his horses were brought to him for use. If a horse did not move fast enough, or hold his head high enough, it was owing to some fault of his keepers. It was painful to stand near the stable-door, and hear the various complaints against the keepers when a horse was taken out for use. "This horse has not had proper attention. He has not been sufficiently rubbed and curried, or he has not been properly fed; his food was too wet or too dry; he got it too soon or too late; he was too hot or too cold; he had too much hay, and not enough of grain; or he had too much grain, and not enough of hay; instead of old Barney's attending to the horse, he had very improperly left it to his son." To all these complaints, no matter how unjust, the slave must answer never a word. Colonel Lloyd could not brook any contradiction from a slave. When he spoke, a slave must stand, listen, and tremble; and such was literally the case. I have seen Colonel Lloyd make old Barney, a man between fifty and sixty years of age, uncover his bald head, kneel down upon the cold, damp ground, and receive upon his naked and toil-worn shoulders more than thirty lashes at the time. Colonel Lloyd had three sons—Edward, Murray, and Daniel,—and three sons-in-law, Mr. Winder, Mr. Nicholson, and Mr. Lowndes. All of these lived at the Great House Farm, and enjoyed the luxury of whipping the servants when they pleased, from old Barney down to William Wilkes, the coach-driver. I have seen Winder make one of the house-servants stand off from him a suitable distance to be touched with the end of his whip, and at every stroke raise great ridges upon his back.

To describe the wealth of Colonel Lloyd would be almost equal to describing the riches of Job. He kept from ten to fifteen house-servants. He was said to own a thousand slaves, and I think this estimate quite within the truth. Colonel Lloyd owned so many that he did not know them when he saw them; nor did all the slaves of the out-farms know him. It is reported of him, that, while riding along the road one day, he met a colored man, and addressed him in the usual manner of speaking to colored people on the public highways of the south: "Well, boy, whom do you belong to?" "To Colonel Lloyd," replied the slave. "Well, does the colonel treat you well?" "No, sir," was the ready reply. "What, does he work you too hard?" "Yes, sir." "Well, don't he give you enough to eat?" "Yes, sir, he gives me enough, such as it is."

The colonel, after ascertaining where the slave belonged, rode on; the man also went on about his business, not dreaming that he had been conversing with his master. He thought, said, and heard nothing more of the matter, until two or three weeks afterwards. The poor man was then informed by his overseer that, for having found fault with his master, he was now to be sold to a Georgia trader. He was immediately chained and handcuffed; and thus, without a moment's warning, he was snatched away, and forever sundered, from his family and friends, by a hand more unrelenting than death. This is the penalty of telling the truth, of telling the simple truth, in answer to a series of plain questions.

It is partly in consequence of such facts, that slaves, when inquired of as to their condition and the character of their masters, almost universally say they are contented, and that their masters are kind. The slaveholders have been known to send in spies among their slaves, to ascertain their views and feelings in regard to their condition. The frequency of this has had the effect to establish among the slaves the maxim, that a still tongue makes a wise head. They suppress the truth rather than take the

consequences of telling it, and in so doing prove themselves a part of the human family. If they have any thing to say of their masters, it is generally in their masters' favor, especially when speaking to an untried man. I have been frequently asked, when a slave, if I had a kind master, and do not remember ever to have given a negative answer; nor did I, in pursuing this course, consider myself as uttering what was absolutely false; for I always measured the kindness of my master by the standard of kindness set up among slaveholders around us. Moreover, slaves are like other people, and imbibe prejudices quite common to others. They think their own better than that of others. Many, under the influence of this prejudice, think their own masters are better than the masters of other slaves; and this, too, in some cases, when the very reverse is true. Indeed, it is not uncommon for slaves even to fall out and quarrel among themselves about the relative goodness of their masters, each contending for the superior goodness of his own over that of the others. At the very same time, they mutually execrate their masters when viewed separately. It was so on our plantation. When Colonel Lloyd's slaves met the slaves of Jacob Jepson, they seldom parted without a quarrel about their masters; Colonel Lloyd's slaves contending that he was the richest, and Mr. Jepson's slaves that he was the smartest, and most of a man. Colonel Lloyd's slaves would boast his ability to buy and sell Jacob Jepson. Mr. Jepson's slaves would boast his ability to whip Colonel Lloyd. These quarrels would almost always end in a fight between the parties, and those that whipped were supposed to have gained the point at issue. They seemed to think that the greatness of their masters was transferable to themselves. It was considered as being bad enough to be a slave; but to be a poor man's slave was deemed a disgrace indeed!

CHAPTER IV

Mr. Hopkins remained but a short time in the office of overseer. Why his career was so short, I do not know, but suppose he lacked the necessary severity to suit Colonel Lloyd. Mr. Hopkins was succeeded by Mr. Austin Gore, a man possessing, in an eminent degree, all those traits of character indispensable to what is called a first-rate overseer. Mr. Gore had served Colonel Lloyd, in the capacity of overseer, upon one of the out-farms, and had shown himself worthy of the high station of overseer upon the home or Great House Farm.

Mr. Gore was proud, ambitious, and persevering. He was artful, cruel, and obdurate. He was just the man for such a place, and it was just the place for such a man. It afforded scope for the full exercise of all his powers, and he seemed to be perfectly at home in it. He was one of those who could torture the slightest look, word, or gesture, on the part of the slave, into impudence, and would treat it accordingly. There must be no answering back to him; no explanation was allowed a slave, showing himself to have been wrongfully accused. Mr. Gore acted fully up to the maxim laid down by slaveholders,—"It is better that a dozen slaves should suffer under the lash, than that the overseer should be convicted, in the presence of the slaves, of having been at fault." No matter how innocent a slave might be—it availed him nothing, when accused by Mr. Gore of any misdemeanor. To be accused was to be convicted, and to be convicted was to be punished; the one always following the other with immutable certainty. To escape punishment was to escape accusation; and few slaves had the fortune to do either, under the overseership of Mr. Gore. He was just proud enough to demand the most debasing homage of the slave, and quite servile enough to crouch, himself, at the feet of the master. He was ambitious enough to be contented with nothing short of the highest rank of overseers, and persevering enough to reach the height of his ambition. He was cruel enough to inflict the severest punishment, artful enough to descend to the lowest trickery, and obdurate enough to be insensible to the voice of a reproving conscience. He was, of all the overseers, the most dreaded by the slaves. His presence was painful; his eye flashed confusion; and seldom was his sharp, shrill voice heard, without producing horror and trembling in their ranks.

Mr. Gore was a grave man, and, though a young man, he indulged in no jokes, said no funny words, seldom smiled. His words were in perfect keeping with his looks, and his looks were in perfect keeping with his words. Overseers will sometimes indulge in a witty word, even with the slaves; not so with Mr. Gore. He spoke but to command, and commanded but to be obeyed; he dealt sparingly with his words, and bountifully with his whip, never using the former where the latter would answer as well. When he whipped, he seemed to do so from a sense of duty, and feared no consequences. He did nothing reluctantly, no matter how disagreeable; always at his post, never inconsistent. He never promised but to fulfil. He was, in a word, a man of the most inflexible firmness and stone-like coolness.

His savage barbarity was equalled only by the consummate coolness with which he committed the grossest and most savage deeds upon the slaves under his charge. Mr. Gore once undertook to whip one of Colonel Lloyd's slaves, by the name of Demby. He had given Demby but few stripes, when, to get rid of the scourging, he ran and plunged himself into a creek, and stood there at the depth of his shoulders, refusing to come out. Mr. Gore told him that he would give him three calls, and that, if he did not come out at the third call, he would shoot him. The first call was given. Demby made no response, but stood his ground. The second and

third calls were given with the same result. Mr. Gore then, without consultation or deliberation with any one, not even giving Demby an additional call, raised his musket to his face, taking deadly aim at his standing victim, and in an instant poor Demby was no more. His mangled body sank out of sight, and blood and brains marked the water where he had stood.

A thrill of horror flashed through every soul upon the plantation, excepting Mr. Gore. He alone seemed cool and collected. He was asked by Colonel Lloyd and my old master, why he resorted to this extraordinary expedient. His reply was, (as well as I can remember,) that Demby had become unmanageable. He was setting a dangerous example to the other slaves,—one which, if suffered to pass without some such demonstration on his part, would finally lead to the total subversion of all rule and order upon the plantation. He argued that if one slave refused to be corrected, and escaped with his life, the other slaves would soon copy the example; the result of which would be, the freedom of the slaves, and the enslavement of the whites. Mr. Gore's defence was satisfactory. He was continued in his station as overseer upon the home plantation. His fame as an overseer went abroad. His horrid crime was not even submitted to judicial investigation. It was committed in the presence of slaves, and they of course could neither institute a suit, nor testify against him; and thus the guilty perpetrator of one of the bloodiest and most foul murders goes unwhipped of justice, and uncensured by the community in which he lives. Mr. Gore lived in St. Michael's, Talbot county, Maryland, when I left there; and if he is still alive, he very probably lives there now; and if so, he is now, as he was then, as highly esteemed and as much respected as though his guilty soul had not been stained with his brother's blood.

I speak advisedly when I say this,—that killing a slave, or any colored person, in Talbot county, Maryland, is not treated as a crime, either by the courts or the community. Mr. Thomas Lanman, of St. Michael's, killed two slaves, one of whom he killed with a hatchet, by knocking his brains out. He used to boast of the commission of the awful and bloody deed. I have heard him do so laughingly, saying, among other things, that he was the only benefactor of his country in the company, and that when others would do as much as he had done, we should be relieved of "the d——d niggers."

The wife of Mr. Giles Hicks, living but a short distance from where I used to live, murdered my wife's cousin, a young girl between fifteen and sixteen years of age, mangling her person in the most horrible manner, breaking her nose and breastbone with a stick, so that the poor girl expired in a few hours afterward. She was immediately buried, but had not been in her untimely grave but a few hours before she was taken up and examined by the coroner, who decided that she had come to her death by severe beating. The offence for which this girl was thus murdered was this:—She had been set that night to mind Mrs. Hicks's baby, and during the night she fell asleep, and the baby cried. She, having lost her rest for several nights previous, did not hear the crying. They were both in the room with Mrs. Hicks. Mrs. Hicks, finding the girl slow to move, jumped from her bed, seized an oak stick of wood by the fireplace, and with it broke the girl's nose and breastbone, and thus ended her life. I will not say that this most horrid murder produced no sensation in the community. It did produce sensation, but not enough to bring the murderess to punishment. There was a warrant issued for her arrest, but it was never served. Thus she escaped not only punishment, but even the pain of being arraigned before a court for her horrid crime.

Whilst I am detailing bloody deeds which took place during my stay on Colonel Lloyd's plantation, I will briefly narrate another, which occurred about the same time as the murder of Demby by Mr. Gore.

Colonel Lloyd's slaves were in the habit of spending a part of their nights and Sundays in fishing for oysters, and in this way made up the deficiency of their scanty allowance. An old man belonging to Colonel Lloyd, while thus engaged, happened to get beyond the limits of Colonel Lloyd's, and on the premises of Mr. Beal Bondly. At this trespass, Mr. Bondly took offence, and with his musket came down to the shore, and blew its deadly contents into the poor old man.

Mr. Bondly came over to see Colonel Lloyd the next day, whether to pay him for his property, or to justify himself in what he had done, I know not. At any rate, this whole fiendish transaction was soon hushed up. There was very little said about it at all, and nothing done. It was a common saying, even among little white boys, that it was worth a half-cent to kill a "nigger," and a half-cent to bury one.

CHAPTER V

As to my own treatment while I lived on Colonel Lloyd's plantation, it was very similar to that of the other slave children. I was not old enough to work in the field, and there being little else than field work to do, I had a great deal of leisure time. The most I had to do was to drive up the cows at evening, keep the fowls out of the garden, keep the front yard clean, and run of errands for my old master's daughter, Mrs. Lucretia Auld. The most of my leisure time I spent in helping Master Daniel Lloyd in finding his birds, after

he had shot them. My connection with Master Daniel was of some advantage to me. He became quite attached to me, and was a sort of protector of me. He would not allow the older boys to impose upon me, and would divide his cakes with me.

I was seldom whipped by my old master, and suffered little from any thing else than hunger and cold. I suffered much from hunger, but much more from cold. In hottest summer and coldest winter, I was kept almost naked—no shoes, no stockings, no jacket, no trousers, nothing on but a coarse tow linen shirt, reaching only to my knees. I had no bed. I must have perished with cold, but that, the coldest nights, I used to steal a bag which was used for carrying corn to the mill. I would crawl into this bag, and there sleep on the cold, damp, clay floor, with my head in and feet out. My feet have been so cracked with the frost, that the pen with which I am writing might be laid in the gashes.

We were not regularly allowanced. Our food was coarse corn meal boiled. This was called _mush_. It was put into a large wooden tray or trough, and set down upon the ground. The children were then called, like so many pigs, and like so many pigs they would come and devour the mush; some with oyster-shells, others with pieces of shingle, some with naked hands, and none with spoons. He that ate fastest got most; he that was strongest secured the best place; and few left the trough satisfied.

I was probably between seven and eight years old when I left Colonel Lloyd's plantation. I left it with joy. I shall never forget the ecstasy with which I received the intelligence that my old master (Anthony) had determined to let me go to Baltimore, to live with Mr. Hugh Auld, brother to my old master's son-in-law, Captain Thomas Auld. I received this information about three days before my departure. They were three of the happiest days I ever enjoyed. I spent the most part of all these three days in the creek, washing off the plantation scurf, and preparing myself for my departure.

The pride of appearance which this would indicate was not my own. I spent the time in washing, not so much because I wished to, but because Mrs. Lucretia had told me I must get all the dead skin off my feet and knees before I could go to Baltimore; for the people in Baltimore were very cleanly, and would laugh at me if I looked dirty. Besides, she was going to give me a pair of trousers, which I should not put on unless I got all the dirt off me. The thought of owning a pair of trousers was great indeed! It was almost a sufficient motive, not only to make me take off what would be called by pig-drovers the mange, but the skin itself. I went at it in good earnest, working for the first time with the hope of reward.

The ties that ordinarily bind children to their homes were all suspended in my case. I found no severe trial in my departure. My home was charmless; it was not home to me; on parting from it, I could not feel that I was leaving any thing which I could have enjoyed by staying. My mother was dead, my grandmother lived far off, so that I seldom saw her. I had two sisters and one brother, that lived in the same house with me; but the early separation of us from our mother had well nigh blotted the fact of our relationship from our memories. I looked for home elsewhere, and was confident of finding none which I should relish less than the one which I was leaving. If, however, I found in my new home hardship, hunger, whipping, and nakedness, I had the consolation that I should not have escaped any one of them by staying. Having already had more than a taste of them in the house of my old master, and having endured them there, I very naturally inferred my ability to endure them elsewhere, and especially at Baltimore; for I had something of the feeling about Baltimore that is expressed in the proverb, that "being hanged in England is preferable to dying a natural death in Ireland." I had the strongest desire to see Baltimore. Cousin Tom, though not fluent in speech, had inspired me with that desire by his eloquent description of the place. I could never point out any thing at the Great House, no matter how beautiful or powerful, but that he had seen something at Baltimore far exceeding, both in beauty and strength, the object which I pointed out to him. Even the Great House itself, with all its pictures, was far inferior to many buildings in Baltimore. So strong was my desire, that I thought a gratification of it would fully compensate for whatever loss of comforts I should sustain by the exchange. I left without a regret, and with the highest hopes of future happiness.

We sailed out of Miles River for Baltimore on a Saturday morning. I remember only the day of the week, for at that time I had no knowledge of the days of the month, nor the months of the year. On setting sail, I walked aft, and gave to Colonel Lloyd's plantation what I hoped would be the last look. I then placed myself in the bows of the sloop, and there spent the remainder of the day in looking ahead, interesting myself in what was in the distance rather than in things near by or behind.

In the afternoon of that day, we reached Annapolis, the capital of the State. We stopped but a few moments, so that I had no time to go on shore. It was the first large town that I had ever seen, and though it would look small compared with some of our New England factory villages, I thought it a wonderful place for its size—more imposing even than the Great House Farm!

We arrived at Baltimore early on Sunday morning, landing at Smith's Wharf, not far from Bowley's Wharf. We had on board the sloop a large flock of sheep; and after aiding in driving them to the slaughterhouse of Mr. Curtis on Louden Slater's Hill, I was

conducted by Rich, one of the hands belonging on board of the sloop, to my new home in Alliciana Street, near Mr. Gardner's ship-yard, on Fells Point.

Mr. and Mrs. Auld were both at home, and met me at the door with their little son Thomas, to take care of whom I had been given. And here I saw what I had never seen before; it was a white face beaming with the most kindly emotions; it was the face of my new mistress, Sophia Auld. I wish I could describe the rapture that flashed through my soul as I beheld it. It was a new and strange sight to me, brightening up my pathway with the light of happiness. Little Thomas was told, there was his Freddy,—and I was told to take care of little Thomas; and thus I entered upon the duties of my new home with the most cheering prospect ahead.

I look upon my departure from Colonel Lloyd's plantation as one of the most interesting events of my life. It is possible, and even quite probable, that but for the mere circumstance of being removed from that plantation to Baltimore, I should have to-day, instead of being here seated by my own table, in the enjoyment of freedom and the happiness of home, writing this Narrative, been confined in the galling chains of slavery. Going to live at Baltimore laid the foundation, and opened the gateway, to all my subsequent prosperity. I have ever regarded it as the first plain manifestation of that kind providence which has ever since attended me, and marked my life with so many favors. I regarded the selection of myself as being somewhat remarkable. There were a number of slave children that might have been sent from the plantation to Baltimore. There were those younger, those older, and those of the same age. I was chosen from among them all, and was the first, last, and only choice.

I may be deemed superstitious, and even egotistical, in regarding this event as a special interposition of divine Providence in my favor. But I should be false to the earliest sentiments of my soul, if I suppressed the opinion. I prefer to be true to myself, even at the hazard of incurring the ridicule of others, rather than to be false, and incur my own abhorrence. From my earliest recollection, I date the entertainment of a deep conviction that slavery would not always be able to hold me within its foul embrace; and in the darkest hours of my career in slavery, this living word of faith and spirit of hope departed not from me, but remained like ministering angels to cheer me through the gloom. This good spirit was from God, and to him I offer thanksgiving and praise.

CHAPTER VI

My new mistress proved to be all she appeared when I first met her at the door,—a woman of the kindest heart and finest feelings. She had never had a slave under her control previously to myself, and prior to her marriage she had been dependent upon her own industry for a living. She was by trade a weaver; and by constant application to her business, she had been in a good degree preserved from the blighting and dehumanizing effects of slavery. I was utterly astonished at her goodness. I scarcely knew how to behave towards her. She was entirely unlike any other white woman I had ever seen. I could not approach her as I was accustomed to approach other white ladies. My early instruction was all out of place. The crouching servility, usually so acceptable a quality in a slave, did not answer when manifested toward her. Her favor was not gained by it; she seemed to be disturbed by it. She did not deem it impudent or unmannerly for a slave to look her in the face. The meanest slave was put fully at ease in her presence, and none left without feeling better for having seen her. Her face was made of heavenly smiles, and her voice of tranquil music.

But, alas! this kind heart had but a short time to remain such. The fatal poison of irresponsible power was already in her hands, and soon commenced its infernal work. That cheerful eye, under the influence of slavery, soon became red with rage; that voice, made all of sweet accord, changed to one of harsh and horrid discord; and that angelic face gave place to that of a demon.

Very soon after I went to live with Mr. and Mrs. Auld, she very kindly commenced to teach me the A, B, C. After I had learned this, she assisted me in learning to spell words of three or four letters. Just at this point of my progress, Mr. Auld found out what was going on, and at once forbade Mrs. Auld to instruct me further, telling her, among other things, that it was unlawful, as well as unsafe, to teach a slave to read. To use his own words, further, he said, "If you give a nigger an inch, he will take an ell. A nigger should know nothing but to obey his master—to do as he is told to do. Learning would _spoil_ the best nigger in the world. Now," said he, "if you teach that nigger (speaking of myself) how to read, there would be no keeping him. It would forever unfit him to be a slave. He would at once become unmanageable, and of no value to his master. As to himself, it could do him no good, but a great deal of harm. It would make him discontented and unhappy." These words sank deep into my heart, stirred up sentiments within that lay slumbering, and called into existence an entirely new train of thought. It was a new and special revelation, explaining dark and mysterious things, with which my youthful understanding had struggled, but struggled in vain. I now understood what had been to me a most perplexing difficulty—to wit, the white man's power to enslave the black man. It was a grand achievement, and I prized it highly. From that moment, I understood the pathway from slavery to freedom. It was just what I wanted, and I got it at a

time when I the least expected it. Whilst I was saddened by the thought of losing the aid of my kind mistress, I was gladdened by the invaluable instruction which, by the merest accident, I had gained from my master. Though conscious of the difficulty of learning without a teacher, I set out with high hope, and a fixed purpose, at whatever cost of trouble, to learn how to read. The very decided manner with which he spoke, and strove to impress his wife with the evil consequences of giving me instruction, served to convince me that he was deeply sensible of the truths he was uttering. It gave me the best assurance that I might rely with the utmost confidence on the results which, he said, would flow from teaching me to read. What he most dreaded, that I most desired. What he most loved, that I most hated. That which to him was a great evil, to be carefully shunned, was to me a great good, to be diligently sought; and the argument which he so warmly urged, against my learning to read, only served to inspire me with a desire and determination to learn. In learning to read, I owe almost as much to the bitter opposition of my master, as to the kindly aid of my mistress. I acknowledge the benefit of both.

I had resided but a short time in Baltimore before I observed a marked difference, in the treatment of slaves, from that which I had witnessed in the country. A city slave is almost a freeman, compared with a slave on the plantation. He is much better fed and clothed, and enjoys privileges altogether unknown to the slave on the plantation. There is a vestige of decency, a sense of shame, that does much to curb and check those outbreaks of atrocious cruelty so commonly enacted upon the plantation. He is a desperate slaveholder, who will shock the humanity of his non-slaveholding neighbors with the cries of his lacerated slave. Few are willing to incur the odium attaching to the reputation of being a cruel master; and above all things, they would not be known as not giving a slave enough to eat. Every city slaveholder is anxious to have it known of him, that he feeds his slaves well; and it is due to them to say, that most of them do give their slaves enough to eat. There are, however, some painful exceptions to this rule. Directly opposite to us, on Philpot Street, lived Mr. Thomas Hamilton. He owned two slaves. Their names were Henrietta and Mary. Henrietta was about twenty-two years of age, Mary was about fourteen; and of all the mangled and emaciated creatures I ever looked upon, these two were the most so. His heart must be harder than stone, that could look upon these unmoved. The head, neck, and shoulders of Mary were literally cut to pieces. I have frequently felt her head, and found it nearly covered with festering sores, caused by the lash of her cruel mistress. I do not know that her master ever whipped her, but I have been an eye-witness to the cruelty of Mrs. Hamilton. I used to be in Mr. Hamilton's house nearly every day. Mrs. Hamilton used to sit in a large chair in the middle of the room, with a heavy cowskin always by her side, and scarce an hour passed during the day but was marked by the blood of one of these slaves. The girls seldom passed her without her saying, "Move faster, you _black gip!_" at the same time giving them a blow with the cowskin over the head or shoulders, often drawing the blood. She would then say, "Take that, you _black gip!_" continuing, "If you don't move faster, I'll move you!" Added to the cruel lashings to which these slaves were subjected, they were kept nearly half-starved. They seldom knew what it was to eat a full meal. I have seen Mary contending with the pigs for the offal thrown into the street. So much was Mary kicked and cut to pieces, that she was oftener called "_pecked_" than by her name.

CHAPTER VII

I lived in Master Hugh's family about seven years. During this time, I succeeded in learning to read and write. In accomplishing this, I was compelled to resort to various stratagems. I had no regular teacher. My mistress, who had kindly commenced to instruct me, had, in compliance with the advice and direction of her husband, not only ceased to instruct, but had set her face against my being instructed by any one else. It is due, however, to my mistress to say of her, that she did not adopt this course of treatment immediately. She at first lacked the depravity indispensable to shutting me up in mental darkness. It was at least necessary for her to have some training in the exercise of irresponsible power, to make her equal to the task of treating me as though I were a brute.

My mistress was, as I have said, a kind and tender-hearted woman; and in the simplicity of her soul she commenced, when I first went to live with her, to treat me as she supposed one human being ought to treat another. In entering upon the duties of a slaveholder, she did not seem to perceive that I sustained to her the relation of a mere chattel, and that for her to treat me as a human being was not only wrong, but dangerously so. Slavery proved as injurious to her as it did to me. When I went there, she was a pious, warm, and tender-hearted woman. There was no sorrow or suffering for which she had not a tear. She had bread for the hungry, clothes for the naked, and comfort for every mourner that came within her reach. Slavery soon proved its ability to divest her of these heavenly qualities. Under its influence, the tender heart became stone, and the lamblike disposition gave way to one of tiger-like fierceness. The first step in her downward course was in her ceasing to instruct me. She now commenced to practise her husband's precepts. She finally became even more violent in her opposition than her husband himself. She was not satisfied with simply doing as well as he had commanded; she seemed anxious to do better. Nothing seemed to make her more

angry than to see me with a newspaper. She seemed to think that here lay the danger. I have had her rush at me with a face made all up of fury, and snatch from me a newspaper, in a manner that fully revealed her apprehension. She was an apt woman; and a little experience soon demonstrated, to her satisfaction, that education and slavery were incompatible with each other.

From this time I was most narrowly watched. If I was in a separate room any considerable length of time, I was sure to be suspected of having a book, and was at once called to give an account of myself. All this, however, was too late. The first step had been taken. Mistress, in teaching me the alphabet, had given me the _inch,_ and no precaution could prevent me from taking the _ell._

The plan which I adopted, and the one by which I was most successful, was that of making friends of all the little white boys whom I met in the street. As many of these as I could, I converted into teachers. With their kindly aid, obtained at different times and in different places, I finally succeeded in learning to read. When I was sent of errands, I always took my book with me, and by going one part of my errand quickly, I found time to get a lesson before my return. I used also to carry bread with me, enough of which was always in the house, and to which I was always welcome; for I was much better off in this regard than many of the poor white children in our neighborhood. This bread I used to bestow upon the hungry little urchins, who, in return, would give me that more valuable bread of knowledge. I am strongly tempted to give the names of two or three of those little boys, as a testimonial of the gratitude and affection I bear them; but prudence forbids;—not that it would injure me, but it might embarrass them; for it is almost an unpardonable offence to teach slaves to read in this Christian country. It is enough to say of the dear little fellows, that they lived on Philpot Street, very near Durgin and Bailey's ship-yard. I used to talk this matter of slavery over with them. I would sometimes say to them, I wished I could be as free as they would be when they got to be men. "You will be free as soon as you are twenty-one, _but I am a slave for life!_ Have not I as good a right to be free as you have?" These words used to trouble them; they would express for me the liveliest sympathy, and console me with the hope that something would occur by which I might be free.

I was now about twelve years old, and the thought of being _a slave for life_ began to bear heavily upon my heart. Just about this time, I got hold of a book entitled "The Columbian Orator." Every opportunity I got, I used to read this book. Among much of other interesting matter, I found in it a dialogue between a master and his slave. The slave was represented as having run away from his master three times. The dialogue represented the conversation which took place between them, when the slave was retaken the third time. In this dialogue, the whole argument in behalf of slavery was brought forward by the master, all of which was disposed of by the slave. The slave was made to say some very smart as well as impressive things in reply to his master—things which had the desired though unexpected effect; for the conversation resulted in the voluntary emancipation of the slave on the part of the master.

In the same book, I met with one of Sheridan's mighty speeches on and in behalf of Catholic emancipation. These were choice documents to me. I read them over and over again with unabated interest. They gave tongue to interesting thoughts of my own soul, which had frequently flashed through my mind, and died away for want of utterance. The moral which I gained from the dialogue was the power of truth over the conscience of even a slaveholder. What I got from Sheridan was a bold denunciation of slavery, and a powerful vindication of human rights. The reading of these documents enabled me to utter my thoughts, and to meet the arguments brought forward to sustain slavery; but while they relieved me of one difficulty, they brought on another even more painful than the one of which I was relieved. The more I read, the more I was led to abhor and detest my enslavers. I could regard them in no other light than a band of successful robbers, who had left their homes, and gone to Africa, and stolen us from our homes, and in a strange land reduced us to slavery. I loathed them as being the meanest as well as the most wicked of men. As I read and contemplated the subject, behold! that very discontentment which Master Hugh had predicted would follow my learning to read had already come, to torment and sting my soul to unutterable anguish. As I writhed under it, I would at times feel that learning to read had been a curse rather than a blessing. It had given me a view of my wretched condition, without the remedy. It opened my eyes to the horrible pit, but to no ladder upon which to get out. In moments of agony, I envied my fellow-slaves for their stupidity. I have often wished myself a beast. I preferred the condition of the meanest reptile to my own. Any thing, no matter what, to get rid of thinking! It was this everlasting thinking of my condition that tormented me. There was no getting rid of it. It was pressed upon me by every object within sight or hearing, animate or inanimate. The silver trump of freedom had roused my soul to eternal wakefulness. Freedom now appeared, to disappear no more forever. It was heard in every sound, and seen in every thing. It was ever present to torment me with a sense of my wretched condition. I saw nothing without seeing it, I heard nothing without hearing it, and felt nothing without feeling it. It looked from every star, it smiled in every calm, breathed in every wind, and moved in every storm.

I often found myself regretting my own existence, and wishing myself dead; and but for the hope of being free, I have no doubt but that I should have killed myself, or done something for which I should have been killed. While in this state of mind, I was eager to

hear any one speak of slavery. I was a ready listener. Every little while, I could hear something about the abolitionists. It was some time before I found what the word meant. It was always used in such connections as to make it an interesting word to me. If a slave ran away and succeeded in getting clear, or if a slave killed his master, set fire to a barn, or did any thing very wrong in the mind of a slaveholder, it was spoken of as the fruit of _abolition._ Hearing the word in this connection very often, I set about learning what it meant. The dictionary afforded me little or no help. I found it was “the act of abolishing;” but then I did not know what was to be abolished. Here I was perplexed. I did not dare to ask any one about its meaning, for I was satisfied that it was something they wanted me to know very little about. After a patient waiting, I got one of our city papers, containing an account of the number of petitions from the north, praying for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, and of the slave trade between the States. From this time I understood the words _abolition_ and _abolitionist,_ and always drew near when that word was spoken, expecting to hear something of importance to myself and fellow-slaves. The light broke in upon me by degrees. I went one day down on the wharf of Mr. Waters; and seeing two Irishmen unloading a scow of stone, I went, unasked, and helped them. When we had finished, one of them came to me and asked me if I were a slave. I told him I was. He asked, “Are ye a slave for life?” I told him that I was. The good Irishman seemed to be deeply affected by the statement. He said to the other that it was a pity so fine a little fellow as myself should be a slave for life. He said it was a shame to hold me. They both advised me to run away to the north; that I should find friends there, and that I should be free. I pretended not to be interested in what they said, and treated them as if I did not understand them; for I feared they might be treacherous. White men have been known to encourage slaves to escape, and then, to get the reward, catch them and return them to their masters. I was afraid that these seemingly good men might use me so; but I nevertheless remembered their advice, and from that time I resolved to run away. I looked forward to a time at which it would be safe for me to escape. I was too young to think of doing so immediately; besides, I wished to learn how to write, as I might have occasion to write my own pass. I consoled myself with the hope that I should one day find a good chance. Meanwhile, I would learn to write.

The idea as to how I might learn to write was suggested to me by being in Durgin and Bailey’s ship-yard, and frequently seeing the ship carpenters, after hewing, and getting a piece of timber ready for use, write on the timber the name of that part of the ship for which it was intended. When a piece of timber was intended for the larboard side, it would be marked thus—“L.” When a piece was for the starboard side, it would be marked thus—“S.” A piece for the larboard side forward, would be marked thus—“L. F.” When a piece was for starboard side forward, it would be marked thus—“S. F.” For larboard aft, it would be marked thus—“L. A.” For starboard aft, it would be marked thus—“S. A.” I soon learned the names of these letters, and for what they were intended when placed upon a piece of timber in the ship-yard. I immediately commenced copying them, and in a short time was able to make the four letters named. After that, when I met with any boy who I knew could write, I would tell him I could write as well as he. The next word would be, “I don’t believe you. Let me see you try it.” I would then make the letters which I had been so fortunate as to learn, and ask him to beat that. In this way I got a good many lessons in writing, which it is quite possible I should never have gotten in any other way. During this time, my copy-book was the board fence, brick wall, and pavement; my pen and ink was a lump of chalk. With these, I learned mainly how to write. I then commenced and continued copying the Italics in Webster’s Spelling Book, until I could make them all without looking on the book. By this time, my little Master Thomas had gone to school, and learned how to write, and had written over a number of copy-books. These had been brought home, and shown to some of our near neighbors, and then laid aside. My mistress used to go to class meeting at the Wilk Street meetinghouse every Monday afternoon, and leave me to take care of the house. When left thus, I used to spend the time in writing in the spaces left in Master Thomas’s copy-book, copying what he had written. I continued to do this until I could write a hand very similar to that of Master Thomas. Thus, after a long, tedious effort for years, I finally succeeded in learning how to write.

CHAPTER VIII

In a very short time after I went to live at Baltimore, my old master’s youngest son Richard died; and in about three years and six months after his death, my old master, Captain Anthony, died, leaving only his son, Andrew, and daughter, Lucretia, to share his estate. He died while on a visit to see his daughter at Hillsborough. Cut off thus unexpectedly, he left no will as to the disposal of his property. It was therefore necessary to have a valuation of the property, that it might be equally divided between Mrs. Lucretia and Master Andrew. I was immediately sent for, to be valued with the other property. Here again my feelings rose up in detestation of slavery. I had now a new conception of my degraded condition. Prior to this, I had become, if not insensible to my lot, at least partly so. I left Baltimore with a young heart overborne with sadness, and a soul full of apprehension. I took passage with Captain Rowe, in the schooner Wild Cat, and, after a sail of about twenty-four hours, I found myself near the place of my birth. I had now been absent from it almost, if not quite, five years. I, however, remembered the place very well. I was only about five years old when I left

it, to go and live with my old master on Colonel Lloyd's plantation; so that I was now between ten and eleven years old.

We were all ranked together at the valuation. Men and women, old and young, married and single, were ranked with horses, sheep, and swine. There were horses and men, cattle and women, pigs and children, all holding the same rank in the scale of being, and were all subjected to the same narrow examination. Silvery-headed age and sprightly youth, maids and matrons, had to undergo the same indelicate inspection. At this moment, I saw more clearly than ever the brutalizing effects of slavery upon both slave and slaveholder.

After the valuation, then came the division. I have no language to express the high excitement and deep anxiety which were felt among us poor slaves during this time. Our fate for life was now to be decided. We had no more voice in that decision than the brutes among whom we were ranked. A single word from the white men was enough—against all our wishes, prayers, and entreaties—to sunder forever the dearest friends, dearest kindred, and strongest ties known to human beings. In addition to the pain of separation, there was the horrid dread of falling into the hands of Master Andrew. He was known to us all as being a most cruel wretch,—a common drunkard, who had, by his reckless mismanagement and profligate dissipation, already wasted a large portion of his father's property. We all felt that we might as well be sold at once to the Georgia traders, as to pass into his hands; for we knew that that would be our inevitable condition,—a condition held by us all in the utmost horror and dread.

I suffered more anxiety than most of my fellow-slaves. I had known what it was to be kindly treated; they had known nothing of the kind. They had seen little or nothing of the world. They were in very deed men and women of sorrow, and acquainted with grief. Their backs had been made familiar with the bloody lash, so that they had become callous; mine was yet tender; for while at Baltimore I got few whippings, and few slaves could boast of a kinder master and mistress than myself; and the thought of passing out of their hands into those of Master Andrew—a man who, but a few days before, to give me a sample of his bloody disposition, took my little brother by the throat, threw him on the ground, and with the heel of his boot stamped upon his head till the blood gushed from his nose and ears—was well calculated to make me anxious as to my fate. After he had committed this savage outrage upon my brother, he turned to me, and said that was the way he meant to serve me one of these days,—meaning, I suppose, when I came into his possession.

Thanks to a kind Providence, I fell to the portion of Mrs. Lucretia, and was sent immediately back to Baltimore, to live again in the family of Master Hugh. Their joy at my return equalled their sorrow at my departure. It was a glad day to me. I had escaped a worse than lion's jaws. I was absent from Baltimore, for the purpose of valuation and division, just about one month, and it seemed to have been six.

Very soon after my return to Baltimore, my mistress, Lucretia, died, leaving her husband and one child, Amanda; and in a very short time after her death, Master Andrew died. Now all the property of my old master, slaves included, was in the hands of strangers,—strangers who had had nothing to do with accumulating it. Not a slave was left free. All remained slaves, from the youngest to the oldest. If any one thing in my experience, more than another, served to deepen my conviction of the infernal character of slavery, and to fill me with unutterable loathing of slaveholders, it was their base ingratitude to my poor old grandmother. She had served my old master faithfully from youth to old age. She had been the source of all his wealth; she had peopled his plantation with slaves; she had become a great grandmother in his service. She had rocked him in infancy, attended him in childhood, served him through life, and at his death wiped from his icy brow the cold death-sweat, and closed his eyes forever. She was nevertheless left a slave—a slave for life—a slave in the hands of strangers; and in their hands she saw her children, her grandchildren, and her great-grandchildren, divided, like so many sheep, without being gratified with the small privilege of a single word, as to their or her own destiny. And, to cap the climax of their base ingratitude and fiendish barbarity, my grandmother, who was now very old, having outlived my old master and all his children, having seen the beginning and end of all of them, and her present owners finding she was of but little value, her frame already racked with the pains of old age, and complete helplessness fast stealing over her once active limbs, they took her to the woods, built her a little hut, put up a little mud-chimney, and then made her welcome to the privilege of supporting herself there in perfect loneliness; thus virtually turning her out to die! If my poor old grandmother now lives, she lives to suffer in utter loneliness; she lives to remember and mourn over the loss of children, the loss of grandchildren, and the loss of great-grandchildren. They are, in the language of the slave's poet, Whittier,—

"Gone, gone, sold and gone To the rice swamp dank and lone, Where the slave-whip ceaseless swings, Where the noisome insect stings, Where the fever-demon strews Poison with the falling dews, Where the sickly sunbeams glare Through the hot and misty air:— Gone, gone, sold and gone To the rice swamp dank and lone, From Virginia hills and waters— Woe is me, my stolen daughters!"

The hearth is desolate. The children, the unconscious children, who once sang and danced in her presence, are gone. She gropes her way, in the darkness of age, for a drink of water. Instead of the voices of her children, she hears by day the moans of the dove, and by night the screams of the hideous owl. All is gloom. The grave is at the door. And now, when weighed down by the pains and aches of old age, when the head inclines to the feet, when the beginning and ending of human existence meet, and helpless infancy and painful old age combine together—at this time, this most needful time, the time for the exercise of that tenderness and affection which children only can exercise towards a declining parent—my poor old grandmother, the devoted mother of twelve children, is left all alone, in yonder little hut, before a few dim embers. She stands—she sits—she staggers—she falls—she groans—she dies—and there are none of her children or grandchildren present, to wipe from her wrinkled brow the cold sweat of death, or to place beneath the sod her fallen remains. Will not a righteous God visit for these things?

In about two years after the death of Mrs. Lucretia, Master Thomas married his second wife. Her name was Rowena Hamilton. She was the eldest daughter of Mr. William Hamilton. Master now lived in St. Michael's. Not long after his marriage, a misunderstanding took place between himself and Master Hugh; and as a means of punishing his brother, he took me from him to live with himself at St. Michael's. Here I underwent another most painful separation. It, however, was not so severe as the one I dreaded at the division of property; for, during this interval, a great change had taken place in Master Hugh and his once kind and affectionate wife. The influence of brandy upon him, and of slavery upon her, had effected a disastrous change in the characters of both; so that, as far as they were concerned, I thought I had little to lose by the change. But it was not to them that I was attached. It was to those little Baltimore boys that I felt the strongest attachment. I had received many good lessons from them, and was still receiving them, and the thought of leaving them was painful indeed. I was leaving, too, without the hope of ever being allowed to return. Master Thomas had said he would never let me return again. The barrier betwixt himself and brother he considered impassable.

I then had to regret that I did not at least make the attempt to carry out my resolution to run away; for the chances of success are tenfold greater from the city than from the country.

I sailed from Baltimore for St. Michael's in the sloop Amanda, Captain Edward Dodson. On my passage, I paid particular attention to the direction which the steamboats took to go to Philadelphia. I found, instead of going down, on reaching North Point they went up the bay, in a north-easterly direction. I deemed this knowledge of the utmost importance. My determination to run away was again revived. I resolved to wait only so long as the offering of a favorable opportunity. When that came, I was determined to be off.

CHAPTER IX

I have now reached a period of my life when I can give dates. I left Baltimore, and went to live with Master Thomas Auld, at St. Michael's, in March, 1832. It was now more than seven years since I lived with him in the family of my old master, on Colonel Lloyd's plantation. We of course were now almost entire strangers to each other. He was to me a new master, and I to him a new slave. I was ignorant of his temper and disposition; he was equally so of mine. A very short time, however, brought us into full acquaintance with each other. I was made acquainted with his wife not less than with himself. They were well matched, being equally mean and cruel. I was now, for the first time during a space of more than seven years, made to feel the painful gnawings of hunger—a something which I had not experienced before since I left Colonel Lloyd's plantation. It went hard enough with me then, when I could look back to no period at which I had enjoyed a sufficiency. It was tenfold harder after living in Master Hugh's family, where I had always had enough to eat, and of that which was good. I have said Master Thomas was a mean man. He was so. Not to give a slave enough to eat, is regarded as the most aggravated development of meanness even among slaveholders. The rule is, no matter how coarse the food, only let there be enough of it. This is the theory; and in the part of Maryland from which I came, it is the general practice,—though there are many exceptions. Master Thomas gave us enough of neither coarse nor fine food. There were four slaves of us in the kitchen—my sister Eliza, my aunt Priscilla, Henny, and myself; and we were allowed less than a half of a bushel of corn-meal per week, and very little else, either in the shape of meat or vegetables. It was not enough for us to subsist upon. We were therefore reduced to the wretched necessity of living at the expense of our neighbors. This we did by begging and stealing, whichever came handy in the time of need, the one being considered as legitimate as the other. A great many times have we poor creatures been nearly perishing with hunger, when food in abundance lay mouldering in the safe and smoke-house, and our pious mistress was aware of the fact; and yet that mistress and her husband would kneel every morning, and pray that God would bless them in basket and store!

Bad as all slaveholders are, we seldom meet one destitute of every element of character commanding respect. My master was one of this rare sort. I do not know of one single noble act ever performed by him. The leading trait in his character was meanness; and

if there were any other element in his nature, it was made subject to this. He was mean; and, like most other mean men, he lacked the ability to conceal his meanness. Captain Auld was not born a slaveholder. He had been a poor man, master only of a Bay craft. He came into possession of all his slaves by marriage; and of all men, adopted slaveholders are the worst. He was cruel, but cowardly. He commanded without firmness. In the enforcement of his rules, he was at times rigid, and at times lax. At times, he spoke to his slaves with the firmness of Napoleon and the fury of a demon; at other times, he might well be mistaken for an inquirer who had lost his way. He did nothing of himself. He might have passed for a lion, but for his ears. In all things noble which he attempted, his own meanness shone most conspicuous. His airs, words, and actions, were the airs, words, and actions of born slaveholders, and, being assumed, were awkward enough. He was not even a good imitator. He possessed all the disposition to deceive, but wanted the power. Having no resources within himself, he was compelled to be the copyist of many, and being such, he was forever the victim of inconsistency; and of consequence he was an object of contempt, and was held as such even by his slaves. The luxury of having slaves of his own to wait upon him was something new and unprepared for. He was a slaveholder without the ability to hold slaves. He found himself incapable of managing his slaves either by force, fear, or fraud. We seldom called him “master;” we generally called him “Captain Auld,” and were hardly disposed to title him at all. I doubt not that our conduct had much to do with making him appear awkward, and of consequence fretful. Our want of reverence for him must have perplexed him greatly. He wished to have us call him master, but lacked the firmness necessary to command us to do so. His wife used to insist upon our calling him so, but to no purpose. In August, 1832, my master attended a Methodist camp-meeting held in the Bay-side, Talbot county, and there experienced religion. I indulged a faint hope that his conversion would lead him to emancipate his slaves, and that, if he did not do this, it would, at any rate, make him more kind and humane. I was disappointed in both these respects. It neither made him to be humane to his slaves, nor to emancipate them. If it had any effect on his character, it made him more cruel and hateful in all his ways; for I believe him to have been a much worse man after his conversion than before. Prior to his conversion, he relied upon his own depravity to shield and sustain him in his savage barbarity; but after his conversion, he found religious sanction and support for his slaveholding cruelty. He made the greatest pretensions to piety. His house was the house of prayer. He prayed morning, noon, and night. He very soon distinguished himself among his brethren, and was soon made a class-leader and exhorter. His activity in revivals was great, and he proved himself an instrument in the hands of the church in converting many souls. His house was the preachers’ home. They used to take great pleasure in coming there to put up; for while he starved us, he stuffed them. We have had three or four preachers there at a time. The names of those who used to come most frequently while I lived there, were Mr. Storks, Mr. Ewery, Mr. Humphry, and Mr. Hickey. I have also seen Mr. George Cookman at our house. We slaves loved Mr. Cookman. We believed him to be a good man. We thought him instrumental in getting Mr. Samuel Harrison, a very rich slaveholder, to emancipate his slaves; and by some means got the impression that he was laboring to effect the emancipation of all the slaves. When he was at our house, we were sure to be called in to prayers. When the others were there, we were sometimes called in and sometimes not. Mr. Cookman took more notice of us than either of the other ministers. He could not come among us without betraying his sympathy for us, and, stupid as we were, we had the sagacity to see it.

While I lived with my master in St. Michael’s, there was a white young man, a Mr. Wilson, who proposed to keep a Sabbath school for the instruction of such slaves as might be disposed to learn to read the New Testament. We met but three times, when Mr. West and Mr. Fairbanks, both class-leaders, with many others, came upon us with sticks and other missiles, drove us off, and forbade us to meet again. Thus ended our little Sabbath school in the pious town of St. Michael’s.

I have said my master found religious sanction for his cruelty. As an example, I will state one of many facts going to prove the charge. I have seen him tie up a lame young woman, and whip her with a heavy cowskin upon her naked shoulders, causing the warm red blood to drip; and, in justification of the bloody deed, he would quote this passage of Scripture—“He that knoweth his master’s will, and doeth it not, shall be beaten with many stripes.”

Master would keep this lacerated young woman tied up in this horrid situation four or five hours at a time. I have known him to tie her up early in the morning, and whip her before breakfast; leave her, go to his store, return at dinner, and whip her again, cutting her in the places already made raw with his cruel lash. The secret of master’s cruelty toward “Henny” is found in the fact of her being almost helpless. When quite a child, she fell into the fire, and burned herself horribly. Her hands were so burnt that she never got the use of them. She could do very little but bear heavy burdens. She was to master a bill of expense; and as he was a mean man, she was a constant offence to him. He seemed desirous of getting the poor girl out of existence. He gave her away once to his sister; but, being a poor gift, she was not disposed to keep her. Finally, my benevolent master, to use his own words, “set her adrift to take care of herself.” Here was a recently-converted man, holding on upon the mother, and at the same time turning out her helpless child, to starve and die! Master Thomas was one of the many pious slaveholders who hold slaves for the very charitable purpose of taking care of them.

My master and myself had quite a number of differences. He found me unsuitable to his purpose. My city life, he said, had had a very pernicious effect upon me. It had almost ruined me for every good purpose, and fitted me for every thing which was bad. One of my greatest faults was that of letting his horse run away, and go down to his father-in-law's farm, which was about five miles from St. Michael's. I would then have to go after it. My reason for this kind of carelessness, or carefulness, was, that I could always get something to eat when I went there. Master William Hamilton, my master's father-in-law, always gave his slaves enough to eat. I never left there hungry, no matter how great the need of my speedy return. Master Thomas at length said he would stand it no longer. I had lived with him nine months, during which time he had given me a number of severe whippings, all to no good purpose. He resolved to put me out, as he said, to be broken; and, for this purpose, he let me for one year to a man named Edward Covey. Mr. Covey was a poor man, a farm-renter. He rented the place upon which he lived, as also the hands with which he tilled it. Mr. Covey had acquired a very high reputation for breaking young slaves, and this reputation was of immense value to him. It enabled him to get his farm tilled with much less expense to himself than he could have had it done without such a reputation. Some slaveholders thought it not much loss to allow Mr. Covey to have their slaves one year, for the sake of the training to which they were subjected, without any other compensation. He could hire young help with great ease, in consequence of this reputation. Added to the natural good qualities of Mr. Covey, he was a professor of religion—a pious soul—a member and a class-leader in the Methodist church. All of this added weight to his reputation as a "nigger-breaker." I was aware of all the facts, having been made acquainted with them by a young man who had lived there. I nevertheless made the change gladly; for I was sure of getting enough to eat, which is not the smallest consideration to a hungry man.

CHAPTER X

I had left Master Thomas's house, and went to live with Mr. Covey, on the 1st of January, 1833. I was now, for the first time in my life, a field hand. In my new employment, I found myself even more awkward than a country boy appeared to be in a large city. I had been at my new home but one week before Mr. Covey gave me a very severe whipping, cutting my back, causing the blood to run, and raising ridges on my flesh as large as my little finger. The details of this affair are as follows: Mr. Covey sent me, very early in the morning of one of our coldest days in the month of January, to the woods, to get a load of wood. He gave me a team of unbroken oxen. He told me which was the in-hand ox, and which the off-hand one. He then tied the end of a large rope around the horns of the in-hand ox, and gave me the other end of it, and told me, if the oxen started to run, that I must hold on upon the rope. I had never driven oxen before, and of course I was very awkward. I, however, succeeded in getting to the edge of the woods with little difficulty; but I had got a very few rods into the woods, when the oxen took fright, and started full tilt, carrying the cart against trees, and over stumps, in the most frightful manner. I expected every moment that my brains would be dashed out against the trees. After running thus for a considerable distance, they finally upset the cart, dashing it with great force against a tree, and threw themselves into a dense thicket. How I escaped death, I do not know. There I was, entirely alone, in a thick wood, in a place new to me. My cart was upset and shattered, my oxen were entangled among the young trees, and there was none to help me. After a long spell of effort, I succeeded in getting my cart righted, my oxen disentangled, and again yoked to the cart. I now proceeded with my team to the place where I had, the day before, been chopping wood, and loaded my cart pretty heavily, thinking in this way to tame my oxen. I then proceeded on my way home. I had now consumed one half of the day. I got out of the woods safely, and now felt out of danger. I stopped my oxen to open the woods gate; and just as I did so, before I could get hold of my ox-rope, the oxen again started, rushed through the gate, catching it between the wheel and the body of the cart, tearing it to pieces, and coming within a few inches of crushing me against the gate-post. Thus twice, in one short day, I escaped death by the merest chance. On my return, I told Mr. Covey what had happened, and how it happened. He ordered me to return to the woods again immediately. I did so, and he followed on after me. Just as I got into the woods, he came up and told me to stop my cart, and that he would teach me how to trifle away my time, and break gates. He then went to a large gum-tree, and with his axe cut three large switches, and, after trimming them up neatly with his pocketknife, he ordered me to take off my clothes. I made him no answer, but stood with my clothes on. He repeated his order. I still made him no answer, nor did I move to strip myself. Upon this he rushed at me with the fierceness of a tiger, tore off my clothes, and lashed me till he had worn out his switches, cutting me so savagely as to leave the marks visible for a long time after. This whipping was the first of a number just like it, and for similar offences.

I lived with Mr. Covey one year. During the first six months, of that year, scarce a week passed without his whipping me. I was seldom free from a sore back. My awkwardness was almost always his excuse for whipping me. We were worked fully up to the point of endurance. Long before day we were up, our horses fed, and by the first approach of day we were off to the field with our hoes and ploughing teams. Mr. Covey gave us enough to eat, but scarce time to eat it. We were often less than five minutes taking our meals. We were often in the field from the first approach of day till its last lingering ray had left us; and at saving-fodder time,

midnight often caught us in the field binding blades.

Covey would be out with us. The way he used to stand it, was this. He would spend the most of his afternoons in bed. He would then come out fresh in the evening, ready to urge us on with his words, example, and frequently with the whip. Mr. Covey was one of the few slaveholders who could and did work with his hands. He was a hard-working man. He knew by himself just what a man or a boy could do. There was no deceiving him. His work went on in his absence almost as well as in his presence; and he had the faculty of making us feel that he was ever present with us. This he did by surprising us. He seldom approached the spot where we were at work openly, if he could do it secretly. He always aimed at taking us by surprise. Such was his cunning, that we used to call him, among ourselves, “the snake.” When we were at work in the cornfield, he would sometimes crawl on his hands and knees to avoid detection, and all at once he would rise nearly in our midst, and scream out, “Ha, ha! Come, come! Dash on, dash on!” This being his mode of attack, it was never safe to stop a single minute. His comings were like a thief in the night. He appeared to us as being ever at hand. He was under every tree, behind every stump, in every bush, and at every window, on the plantation. He would sometimes mount his horse, as if bound to St. Michael’s, a distance of seven miles, and in half an hour afterwards you would see him coiled up in the corner of the wood-fence, watching every motion of the slaves. He would, for this purpose, leave his horse tied up in the woods. Again, he would sometimes walk up to us, and give us orders as though he was upon the point of starting on a long journey, turn his back upon us, and make as though he was going to the house to get ready; and, before he would get half way thither, he would turn short and crawl into a fence-corner, or behind some tree, and there watch us till the going down of the sun.

Mr. Covey’s _forte_ consisted in his power to deceive. His life was devoted to planning and perpetrating the grossest deceptions. Every thing he possessed in the shape of learning or religion, he made conform to his disposition to deceive. He seemed to think himself equal to deceiving the Almighty. He would make a short prayer in the morning, and a long prayer at night; and, strange as it may seem, few men would at times appear more devotional than he. The exercises of his family devotions were always commenced with singing; and, as he was a very poor singer himself, the duty of raising the hymn generally came upon me. He would read his hymn, and nod at me to commence. I would at times do so; at others, I would not. My non-compliance would almost always produce much confusion. To show himself independent of me, he would start and stagger through with his hymn in the most discordant manner. In this state of mind, he prayed with more than ordinary spirit. Poor man! such was his disposition, and success at deceiving, I do verily believe that he sometimes deceived himself into the solemn belief, that he was a sincere worshipper of the most high God; and this, too, at a time when he may be said to have been guilty of compelling his woman slave to commit the sin of adultery. The facts in the case are these: Mr. Covey was a poor man; he was just commencing in life; he was only able to buy one slave; and, shocking as is the fact, he bought her, as he said, for _a breeder_. This woman was named Caroline. Mr. Covey bought her from Mr. Thomas Lowe, about six miles from St. Michael’s. She was a large, able-bodied woman, about twenty years old. She had already given birth to one child, which proved her to be just what he wanted. After buying her, he hired a married man of Mr. Samuel Harrison, to live with him one year; and him he used to fasten up with her every night! The result was, that, at the end of the year, the miserable woman gave birth to twins. At this result Mr. Covey seemed to be highly pleased, both with the man and the wretched woman. Such was his joy, and that of his wife, that nothing they could do for Caroline during her confinement was too good, or too hard, to be done. The children were regarded as being quite an addition to his wealth.

If at any one time of my life more than another, I was made to drink the bitterest dregs of slavery, that time was during the first six months of my stay with Mr. Covey. We were worked in all weathers. It was never too hot or too cold; it could never rain, blow, hail, or snow, too hard for us to work in the field. Work, work, work, was scarcely more the order of the day than of the night. The longest days were too short for him, and the shortest nights too long for him. I was somewhat unmanageable when I first went there, but a few months of this discipline tamed me. Mr. Covey succeeded in breaking me. I was broken in body, soul, and spirit. My natural elasticity was crushed, my intellect languished, the disposition to read departed, the cheerful spark that lingered about my eye died; the dark night of slavery closed in upon me; and behold a man transformed into a brute!

Sunday was my only leisure time. I spent this in a sort of beast-like stupor, between sleep and wake, under some large tree. At times I would rise up, a flash of energetic freedom would dart through my soul, accompanied with a faint beam of hope, that flickered for a moment, and then vanished. I sank down again, mourning over my wretched condition. I was sometimes prompted to take my life, and that of Covey, but was prevented by a combination of hope and fear. My sufferings on this plantation seem now like a dream rather than a stern reality.

Our house stood within a few rods of the Chesapeake Bay, whose broad bosom was ever white with sails from every quarter of the habitable globe. Those beautiful vessels, robed in purest white, so delightful to the eye of freemen, were to me so many shrouded ghosts, to terrify and torment me with thoughts of my wretched condition. I have often, in the deep stillness of a summer’s Sabbath,

stood all alone upon the lofty banks of that noble bay, and traced, with saddened heart and tearful eye, the countless number of sails moving off to the mighty ocean. The sight of these always affected me powerfully. My thoughts would compel utterance; and there, with no audience but the Almighty, I would pour out my soul's complaint, in my rude way, with an apostrophe to the moving multitude of ships:—

"You are loosed from your moorings, and are free; I am fast in my chains, and am a slave! You move merrily before the gentle gale, and I sadly before the bloody whip! You are freedom's swift-winged angels, that fly round the world; I am confined in bands of iron! O that I were free! O, that I were on one of your gallant decks, and under your protecting wing! Alas! betwixt me and you, the turbid waters roll. Go on, go on. O that I could also go! Could I but swim! If I could fly! O, why was I born a man, of whom to make a brute! The glad ship is gone; she hides in the dim distance. I am left in the hottest hell of unending slavery. O God, save me! God, deliver me! Let me be free! Is there any God? Why am I a slave? I will run away. I will not stand it. Get caught, or get clear, I'll try it. I had as well die with ague as the fever. I have only one life to lose. I had as well be killed running as die standing. Only think of it; one hundred miles straight north, and I am free! Try it? Yes! God helping me, I will. It cannot be that I shall live and die a slave. I will take to the water. This very bay shall yet bear me into freedom. The steamboats steered in a north-east course from North Point. I will do the same; and when I get to the head of the bay, I will turn my canoe adrift, and walk straight through Delaware into Pennsylvania. When I get there, I shall not be required to have a pass; I can travel without being disturbed. Let but the first opportunity offer, and, come what will, I am off. Meanwhile, I will try to bear up under the yoke. I am not the only slave in the world. Why should I fret? I can bear as much as any of them. Besides, I am but a boy, and all boys are bound to some one. It may be that my misery in slavery will only increase my happiness when I get free. There is a better day coming."

Thus I used to think, and thus I used to speak to myself; goaded almost to madness at one moment, and at the next reconciling myself to my wretched lot.

I have already intimated that my condition was much worse, during the first six months of my stay at Mr. Covey's, than in the last six. The circumstances leading to the change in Mr. Covey's course toward me form an epoch in my humble history. You have seen how a man was made a slave; you shall see how a slave was made a man. On one of the hottest days of the month of August, 1833, Bill Smith, William Hughes, a slave named Eli, and myself, were engaged in fanning wheat. Hughes was clearing the fanned wheat from before the fan. Eli was turning, Smith was feeding, and I was carrying wheat to the fan. The work was simple, requiring strength rather than intellect; yet, to one entirely unused to such work, it came very hard. About three o'clock of that day, I broke down; my strength failed me; I was seized with a violent aching of the head, attended with extreme dizziness; I trembled in every limb. Finding what was coming, I nerved myself up, feeling it would never do to stop work. I stood as long as I could stagger to the hopper with grain. When I could stand no longer, I fell, and felt as if held down by an immense weight. The fan of course stopped; every one had his own work to do; and no one could do the work of the other, and have his own go on at the same time.

Mr. Covey was at the house, about one hundred yards from the treading-yard where we were fanning. On hearing the fan stop, he left immediately, and came to the spot where we were. He hastily inquired what the matter was. Bill answered that I was sick, and there was no one to bring wheat to the fan. I had by this time crawled away under the side of the post and rail-fence by which the yard was enclosed, hoping to find relief by getting out of the sun. He then asked where I was. He was told by one of the hands. He came to the spot, and, after looking at me awhile, asked me what was the matter. I told him as well as I could, for I scarce had strength to speak. He then gave me a savage kick in the side, and told me to get up. I tried to do so, but fell back in the attempt. He gave me another kick, and again told me to rise. I again tried, and succeeded in gaining my feet; but, stooping to get the tub with which I was feeding the fan, I again staggered and fell. While down in this situation, Mr. Covey took up the hickory slat with which Hughes had been striking off the half-bushel measure, and with it gave me a heavy blow upon the head, making a large wound, and the blood ran freely; and with this again told me to get up. I made no effort to comply, having now made up my mind to let him do his worst. In a short time after receiving this blow, my head grew better. Mr. Covey had now left me to my fate. At this moment I resolved, for the first time, to go to my master, enter a complaint, and ask his protection. In order to do this, I must that afternoon walk seven miles; and this, under the circumstances, was truly a severe undertaking. I was exceedingly feeble; made so as much by the kicks and blows which I received, as by the severe fit of sickness to which I had been subjected. I, however, watched my chance, while Covey was looking in an opposite direction, and started for St. Michael's. I succeeded in getting a considerable distance on my way to the woods, when Covey discovered me, and called after me to come back, threatening what he would do if I did not come. I disregarded both his calls and his threats, and made my way to the woods as fast as my feeble state would allow; and thinking I might be overhauled by him if I kept the road, I walked through the woods, keeping far enough from the road to avoid detection, and near enough to prevent losing my way. I had not gone far before my little strength again failed me. I could go no

farther. I fell down, and lay for a considerable time. The blood was yet oozing from the wound on my head. For a time I thought I should bleed to death; and think now that I should have done so, but that the blood so matted my hair as to stop the wound. After lying there about three quarters of an hour, I nerved myself up again, and started on my way, through bogs and briers, barefooted and bareheaded, tearing my feet sometimes at nearly every step; and after a journey of about seven miles, occupying some five hours to perform it, I arrived at master's store. I then presented an appearance enough to affect any but a heart of iron. From the crown of my head to my feet, I was covered with blood. My hair was all clotted with dust and blood; my shirt was stiff with blood. I suppose I looked like a man who had escaped a den of wild beasts, and barely escaped them. In this state I appeared before my master, humbly entreating him to interpose his authority for my protection. I told him all the circumstances as well as I could, and it seemed, as I spoke, at times to affect him. He would then walk the floor, and seek to justify Covey by saying he expected I deserved it. He asked me what I wanted. I told him, to let me get a new home; that as sure as I lived with Mr. Covey again, I should live with but to die with him; that Covey would surely kill me; he was in a fair way for it. Master Thomas ridiculed the idea that there was any danger of Mr. Covey's killing me, and said that he knew Mr. Covey; that he was a good man, and that he could not think of taking me from him; that, should he do so, he would lose the whole year's wages; that I belonged to Mr. Covey for one year, and that I must go back to him, come what might; and that I must not trouble him with any more stories, or that he would himself _get hold of me_. After threatening me thus, he gave me a very large dose of salts, telling me that I might remain in St. Michael's that night, (it being quite late,) but that I must be off back to Mr. Covey's early in the morning; and that if I did not, he would _get hold of me,_ which meant that he would whip me. I remained all night, and, according to his orders, I started off to Covey's in the morning, (Saturday morning,) wearied in body and broken in spirit. I got no supper that night, or breakfast that morning. I reached Covey's about nine o'clock; and just as I was getting over the fence that divided Mrs. Kemp's fields from ours, out ran Covey with his cowskin, to give me another whipping. Before he could reach me, I succeeded in getting to the cornfield; and as the corn was very high, it afforded me the means of hiding. He seemed very angry, and searched for me a long time. My behavior was altogether unaccountable. He finally gave up the chase, thinking, I suppose, that I must come home for something to eat; he would give himself no further trouble in looking for me. I spent that day mostly in the woods, having the alternative before me,—to go home and be whipped to death, or stay in the woods and be starved to death. That night, I fell in with Sandy Jenkins, a slave with whom I was somewhat acquainted. Sandy had a free wife who lived about four miles from Mr. Covey's; and it being Saturday, he was on his way to see her. I told him my circumstances, and he very kindly invited me to go home with him. I went home with him, and talked this whole matter over, and got his advice as to what course it was best for me to pursue. I found Sandy an old adviser. He told me, with great solemnity, I must go back to Covey; but that before I went, I must go with him into another part of the woods, where there was a certain _root,_ which, if I would take some of it with me, carrying it _always on my right side,_ would render it impossible for Mr. Covey, or any other white man, to whip me. He said he had carried it for years; and since he had done so, he had never received a blow, and never expected to while he carried it. I at first rejected the idea, that the simple carrying of a root in my pocket would have any such effect as he had said, and was not disposed to take it; but Sandy impressed the necessity with much earnestness, telling me it could do no harm, if it did no good. To please him, I at length took the root, and, according to his direction, carried it upon my right side. This was Sunday morning. I immediately started for home; and upon entering the yard gate, out came Mr. Covey on his way to meeting. He spoke to me very kindly, bade me drive the pigs from a lot near by, and passed on towards the church. Now, this singular conduct of Mr. Covey really made me begin to think that there was something in the _root_ which Sandy had given me; and had it been on any other day than Sunday, I could have attributed the conduct to no other cause than the influence of that root; and as it was, I was half inclined to think the _root_ to be something more than I at first had taken it to be. All went well till Monday morning. On this morning, the virtue of the _root_ was fully tested. Long before daylight, I was called to go and rub, curry, and feed, the horses. I obeyed, and was glad to obey. But whilst thus engaged, whilst in the act of throwing down some blades from the loft, Mr. Covey entered the stable with a long rope; and just as I was half out of the loft, he caught hold of my legs, and was about tying me. As soon as I found what he was up to, I gave a sudden spring, and as I did so, he holding to my legs, I was brought sprawling on the stable floor. Mr. Covey seemed now to think he had me, and could do what he pleased; but at this moment—from whence came the spirit I don't know—I resolved to fight; and, suiting my action to the resolution, I seized Covey hard by the throat; and as I did so, I rose. He held on to me, and I to him. My resistance was so entirely unexpected that Covey seemed taken all aback. He trembled like a leaf. This gave me assurance, and I held him uneasy, causing the blood to run where I touched him with the ends of my fingers. Mr. Covey soon called out to Hughes for help. Hughes came, and, while Covey held me, attempted to tie my right hand. While he was in the act of doing so, I watched my chance, and gave him a heavy kick close under the ribs. This kick fairly sickened Hughes, so that he left me in the hands of Mr. Covey. This kick had the effect of not only weakening Hughes, but Covey also. When he saw Hughes bending over with pain, his courage quailed. He asked me if I meant to persist in my resistance. I told him I did, come what might; that he had used me like a brute for six months, and that I was

determined to be used so no longer. With that, he strove to drag me to a stick that was lying just out of the stable door. He meant to knock me down. But just as he was leaning over to get the stick, I seized him with both hands by his collar, and brought him by a sudden snatch to the ground. By this time, Bill came. Covey called upon him for assistance. Bill wanted to know what he could do. Covey said, “Take hold of him, take hold of him!” Bill said his master hired him out to work, and not to help to whip me; so he left Covey and myself to fight our own battle out. We were at it for nearly two hours. Covey at length let me go, puffing and blowing at a great rate, saying that if I had not resisted, he would not have whipped me half so much. The truth was, that he had not whipped me at all. I considered him as getting entirely the worst end of the bargain; for he had drawn no blood from me, but I had from him. The whole six months afterwards, that I spent with Mr. Covey, he never laid the weight of his finger upon me in anger. He would occasionally say, he didn’t want to get hold of me again. “No,” thought I, “you need not; for you will come off worse than you did before.”

This battle with Mr. Covey was the turning-point in my career as a slave. It rekindled the few expiring embers of freedom, and revived within me a sense of my own manhood. It recalled the departed self-confidence, and inspired me again with a determination to be free. The gratification afforded by the triumph was a full compensation for whatever else might follow, even death itself. He only can understand the deep satisfaction which I experienced, who has himself repelled by force the bloody arm of slavery. I felt as I never felt before. It was a glorious resurrection, from the tomb of slavery, to the heaven of freedom. My long-crushed spirit rose, cowardice departed, bold defiance took its place; and I now resolved that, however long I might remain a slave in form, the day had passed forever when I could be a slave in fact. I did not hesitate to let it be known of me, that the white man who expected to succeed in whipping, must also succeed in killing me.

From this time I was never again what might be called fairly whipped, though I remained a slave four years afterwards. I had several fights, but was never whipped.

It was for a long time a matter of surprise to me why Mr. Covey did not immediately have me taken by the constable to the whipping-post, and there regularly whipped for the crime of raising my hand against a white man in defence of myself. And the only explanation I can now think of does not entirely satisfy me; but such as it is, I will give it. Mr. Covey enjoyed the most unbounded reputation for being a first-rate overseer and negro-breaker. It was of considerable importance to him. That reputation was at stake; and had he sent me—a boy about sixteen years old—to the public whipping-post, his reputation would have been lost; so, to save his reputation, he suffered me to go unpunished.

My term of actual service to Mr. Edward Covey ended on Christmas day, 1833. The days between Christmas and New Year’s day are allowed as holidays; and, accordingly, we were not required to perform any labor, more than to feed and take care of the stock. This time we regarded as our own, by the grace of our masters; and we therefore used or abused it nearly as we pleased. Those of us who had families at a distance, were generally allowed to spend the whole six days in their society. This time, however, was spent in various ways. The staid, sober, thinking and industrious ones of our number would employ themselves in making corn-brooms, mats, horse-collars, and baskets; and another class of us would spend the time in hunting opossums, hares, and coons. But by far the larger part engaged in such sports and merriments as playing ball, wrestling, running foot-races, fiddling, dancing, and drinking whisky; and this latter mode of spending the time was by far the most agreeable to the feelings of our masters. A slave who would work during the holidays was considered by our masters as scarcely deserving them. He was regarded as one who rejected the favor of his master. It was deemed a disgrace not to get drunk at Christmas; and he was regarded as lazy indeed, who had not provided himself with the necessary means, during the year, to get whisky enough to last him through Christmas.

From what I know of the effect of these holidays upon the slave, I believe them to be among the most effective means in the hands of the slaveholder in keeping down the spirit of insurrection. Were the slaveholders at once to abandon this practice, I have not the slightest doubt it would lead to an immediate insurrection among the slaves. These holidays serve as conductors, or safety-valves, to carry off the rebellious spirit of enslaved humanity. But for these, the slave would be forced up to the wildest desperation; and woe betide the slaveholder, the day he ventures to remove or hinder the operation of those conductors! I warn him that, in such an event, a spirit will go forth in their midst, more to be dreaded than the most appalling earthquake.

The holidays are part and parcel of the gross fraud, wrong, and inhumanity of slavery. They are professedly a custom established by the benevolence of the slaveholders; but I undertake to say, it is the result of selfishness, and one of the grossest frauds committed upon the down-trodden slave. They do not give the slaves this time because they would not like to have their work during its continuance, but because they know it would be unsafe to deprive them of it. This will be seen by the fact, that the

slaveholders like to have their slaves spend those days just in such a manner as to make them as glad of their ending as of their beginning. Their object seems to be, to disgust their slaves with freedom, by plunging them into the lowest depths of dissipation. For instance, the slaveholders not only like to see the slave drink of his own accord, but will adopt various plans to make him drunk. One plan is, to make bets on their slaves, as to who can drink the most whisky without getting drunk; and in this way they succeed in getting whole multitudes to drink to excess. Thus, when the slave asks for virtuous freedom, the cunning slaveholder, knowing his ignorance, cheats him with a dose of vicious dissipation, artfully labelled with the name of liberty. The most of us used to drink it down, and the result was just what might be supposed; many of us were led to think that there was little to choose between liberty and slavery. We felt, and very properly too, that we had almost as well be slaves to man as to rum. So, when the holidays ended, we staggered up from the filth of our wallowing, took a long breath, and marched to the field,—feeling, upon the whole, rather glad to go, from what our master had deceived us into a belief was freedom, back to the arms of slavery.

I have said that this mode of treatment is a part of the whole system of fraud and inhumanity of slavery. It is so. The mode here adopted to disgust the slave with freedom, by allowing him to see only the abuse of it, is carried out in other things. For instance, a slave loves molasses; he steals some. His master, in many cases, goes off to town, and buys a large quantity; he returns, takes his whip, and commands the slave to eat the molasses, until the poor fellow is made sick at the very mention of it. The same mode is sometimes adopted to make the slaves refrain from asking for more food than their regular allowance. A slave runs through his allowance, and applies for more. His master is enraged at him; but, not willing to send him off without food, gives him more than is necessary, and compels him to eat it within a given time. Then, if he complains that he cannot eat it, he is said to be satisfied neither full nor fasting, and is whipped for being hard to please! I have an abundance of such illustrations of the same principle, drawn from my own observation, but think the cases I have cited sufficient. The practice is a very common one.

On the first of January, 1834, I left Mr. Covey, and went to live with Mr. William Freeland, who lived about three miles from St. Michael's. I soon found Mr. Freeland a very different man from Mr. Covey. Though not rich, he was what would be called an educated southern gentleman. Mr. Covey, as I have shown, was a well-trained negro-breaker and slave-driver. The former (slaveholder though he was) seemed to possess some regard for honor, some reverence for justice, and some respect for humanity. The latter seemed totally insensible to all such sentiments. Mr. Freeland had many of the faults peculiar to slaveholders, such as being very passionate and fretful; but I must do him the justice to say, that he was exceedingly free from those degrading vices to which Mr. Covey was constantly addicted. The one was open and frank, and we always knew where to find him. The other was a most artful deceiver, and could be understood only by such as were skilful enough to detect his cunningly-devised frauds. Another advantage I gained in my new master was, he made no pretensions to, or profession of, religion; and this, in my opinion, was truly a great advantage. I assert most unhesitatingly, that the religion of the south is a mere covering for the most horrid crimes,—a justifier of the most appalling barbarity,—a sanctifier of the most hateful frauds,—and a dark shelter under, which the darkest, foulest, grossest, and most infernal deeds of slaveholders find the strongest protection. Were I to be again reduced to the chains of slavery, next to that enslavement, I should regard being the slave of a religious master the greatest calamity that could befall me. For of all slaveholders with whom I have ever met, religious slaveholders are the worst. I have ever found them the meanest and basest, the most cruel and cowardly, of all others. It was my unhappy lot not only to belong to a religious slaveholder, but to live in a community of such religionists. Very near Mr. Freeland lived the Rev. Daniel Weeden, and in the same neighborhood lived the Rev. Rigby Hopkins. These were members and ministers in the Reformed Methodist Church. Mr. Weeden owned, among others, a woman slave, whose name I have forgotten. This woman's back, for weeks, was kept literally raw, made so by the lash of this merciless, _religious_ wretch. He used to hire hands. His maxim was, Behave well or behave ill, it is the duty of a master occasionally to whip a slave, to remind him of his master's authority. Such was his theory, and such his practice.

Mr. Hopkins was even worse than Mr. Weeden. His chief boast was his ability to manage slaves. The peculiar feature of his government was that of whipping slaves in advance of deserving it. He always managed to have one or more of his slaves to whip every Monday morning. He did this to alarm their fears, and strike terror into those who escaped. His plan was to whip for the smallest offences, to prevent the commission of large ones. Mr. Hopkins could always find some excuse for whipping a slave. It would astonish one, unaccustomed to a slaveholding life, to see with what wonderful ease a slaveholder can find things, of which to make occasion to whip a slave. A mere look, word, or motion,—a mistake, accident, or want of power,—are all matters for which a slave may be whipped at any time. Does a slave look dissatisfied? It is said, he has the devil in him, and it must be whipped out. Does he speak loudly when spoken to by his master? Then he is getting high-minded, and should be taken down a button-hole lower. Does he forget to pull off his hat at the approach of a white person? Then he is wanting in reverence, and should be whipped for it. Does he ever venture to vindicate his conduct, when censured for it? Then he is guilty of impudence,—one of the greatest crimes of which a slave can be guilty. Does he ever venture to suggest a different mode of doing things from that pointed out by his

master? He is indeed presumptuous, and getting above himself; and nothing less than a flogging will do for him. Does he, while ploughing, break a plough,—or, while hoeing, break a hoe? It is owing to his carelessness, and for it a slave must always be whipped. Mr. Hopkins could always find something of this sort to justify the use of the lash, and he seldom failed to embrace such opportunities. There was not a man in the whole county, with whom the slaves who had the getting their own home, would not prefer to live, rather than with this Rev. Mr. Hopkins. And yet there was not a man any where round, who made higher professions of religion, or was more active in revivals,—more attentive to the class, love-feast, prayer and preaching meetings, or more devotional in his family,—that prayed earlier, later, louder, and longer,—than this same reverend slave-driver, Rigby Hopkins.

But to return to Mr. Freeland, and to my experience while in his employment. He, like Mr. Covey, gave us enough to eat; but, unlike Mr. Covey, he also gave us sufficient time to take our meals. He worked us hard, but always between sunrise and sunset. He required a good deal of work to be done, but gave us good tools with which to work. His farm was large, but he employed hands enough to work it, and with ease, compared with many of his neighbors. My treatment, while in his employment, was heavenly, compared with what I experienced at the hands of Mr. Edward Covey.

Mr. Freeland was himself the owner of but two slaves. Their names were Henry Harris and John Harris. The rest of his hands he hired. These consisted of myself, Sandy Jenkins,[1] and Handy Caldwell.

[1] This is the same man who gave me the roots to prevent my being whipped by Mr. Covey. He was “a clever soul.” We used frequently to talk about the fight with Covey, and as often as we did so, he would claim my success as the result of the roots which he gave me. This superstition is very common among the more ignorant slaves. A slave seldom dies but that his death is attributed to trickery.

Henry and John were quite intelligent, and in a very little while after I went there, I succeeded in creating in them a strong desire to learn how to read. This desire soon sprang up in the others also. They very soon mustered up some old spelling-books, and nothing would do but that I must keep a Sabbath school. I agreed to do so, and accordingly devoted my Sundays to teaching these my loved fellow-slaves how to read. Neither of them knew his letters when I went there. Some of the slaves of the neighboring farms found what was going on, and also availed themselves of this little opportunity to learn to read. It was understood, among all who came, that there must be as little display about it as possible. It was necessary to keep our religious masters at St. Michael’s unacquainted with the fact, that, instead of spending the Sabbath in wrestling, boxing, and drinking whisky, we were trying to learn how to read the will of God; for they had much rather see us engaged in those degrading sports, than to see us behaving like intellectual, moral, and accountable beings. My blood boils as I think of the bloody manner in which Messrs. Wright Fairbanks and Garrison West, both class-leaders, in connection with many others, rushed in upon us with sticks and stones, and broke up our virtuous little Sabbath school, at St. Michael’s—all calling themselves Christians! humble followers of the Lord Jesus Christ! But I am again digressing.

I held my Sabbath school at the house of a free colored man, whose name I deem it imprudent to mention; for should it be known, it might embarrass him greatly, though the crime of holding the school was committed ten years ago. I had at one time over forty scholars, and those of the right sort, ardently desiring to learn. They were of all ages, though mostly men and women. I look back to those Sundays with an amount of pleasure not to be expressed. They were great days to my soul. The work of instructing my dear fellow-slaves was the sweetest engagement with which I was ever blessed. We loved each other, and to leave them at the close of the Sabbath was a severe cross indeed. When I think that these precious souls are to-day shut up in the prison-house of slavery, my feelings overcome me, and I am almost ready to ask, “Does a righteous God govern the universe? and for what does he hold the thunders in his right hand, if not to smite the oppressor, and deliver the spoiled out of the hand of the spoiler?” These dear souls came not to Sabbath school because it was popular to do so, nor did I teach them because it was reputable to be thus engaged. Every moment they spent in that school, they were liable to be taken up, and given thirty-nine lashes. They came because they wished to learn. Their minds had been starved by their cruel masters. They had been shut up in mental darkness. I taught them, because it was the delight of my soul to be doing something that looked like bettering the condition of my race. I kept up my school nearly the whole year I lived with Mr. Freeland; and, beside my Sabbath school, I devoted three evenings in the week, during the winter, to teaching the slaves at home. And I have the happiness to know, that several of those who came to Sabbath school learned how to read; and that one, at least, is now free through my agency.

The year passed off smoothly. It seemed only about half as long as the year which preceded it. I went through it without receiving a single blow. I will give Mr. Freeland the credit of being the best master I ever had, _till I became my own master._ For the ease with which I passed the year, I was, however, somewhat indebted to the society of my fellow-slaves. They were noble souls; they not

only possessed loving hearts, but brave ones. We were linked and interlinked with each other. I loved them with a love stronger than any thing I have experienced since. It is sometimes said that we slaves do not love and confide in each other. In answer to this assertion, I can say, I never loved any or confided in any people more than my fellow-slaves, and especially those with whom I lived at Mr. Freeland's. I believe we would have died for each other. We never undertook to do any thing, of any importance, without a mutual consultation. We never moved separately. We were one; and as much so by our tempers and dispositions, as by the mutual hardships to which we were necessarily subjected by our condition as slaves.

At the close of the year 1834, Mr. Freeland again hired me of my master, for the year 1835. But, by this time, I began to want to live _upon free land_ as well as _with Freeland;_ and I was no longer content, therefore, to live with him or any other slaveholder. I began, with the commencement of the year, to prepare myself for a final struggle, which should decide my fate one way or the other. My tendency was upward. I was fast approaching manhood, and year after year had passed, and I was still a slave. These thoughts roused me—I must do something. I therefore resolved that 1835 should not pass without witnessing an attempt, on my part, to secure my liberty. But I was not willing to cherish this determination alone. My fellow-slaves were dear to me. I was anxious to have them participate with me in this, my life-giving determination. I therefore, though with great prudence, commenced early to ascertain their views and feelings in regard to their condition, and to imbue their minds with thoughts of freedom. I bent myself to devising ways and means for our escape, and meanwhile strove, on all fitting occasions, to impress them with the gross fraud and inhumanity of slavery. I went first to Henry, next to John, then to the others. I found, in them all, warm hearts and noble spirits. They were ready to hear, and ready to act when a feasible plan should be proposed. This was what I wanted. I talked to them of our want of manhood, if we submitted to our enslavement without at least one noble effort to be free. We met often, and consulted frequently, and told our hopes and fears, recounted the difficulties, real and imagined, which we should be called on to meet. At times we were almost disposed to give up, and try to content ourselves with our wretched lot; at others, we were firm and unbending in our determination to go. Whenever we suggested any plan, there was shrinking—the odds were fearful. Our path was beset with the greatest obstacles; and if we succeeded in gaining the end of it, our right to be free was yet questionable—we were yet liable to be returned to bondage. We could see no spot, this side of the ocean, where we could be free. We knew nothing about Canada. Our knowledge of the north did not extend farther than New York; and to go there, and be forever harassed with the frightful liability of being returned to slavery—with the certainty of being treated tenfold worse than before—the thought was truly a horrible one, and one which it was not easy to overcome. The case sometimes stood thus: At every gate through which we were to pass, we saw a watchman—at every ferry a guard—on every bridge a sentinel—and in every wood a patrol. We were hemmed in upon every side. Here were the difficulties, real or imagined—the good to be sought, and the evil to be shunned. On the one hand, there stood slavery, a stern reality, glaring frightfully upon us,—its robes already crimsoned with the blood of millions, and even now feasting itself greedily upon our own flesh. On the other hand, away back in the dim distance, under the flickering light of the north star, behind some craggy hill or snow-covered mountain, stood a doubtful freedom—half frozen—beckoning us to come and share its hospitality. This in itself was sometimes enough to stagger us; but when we permitted ourselves to survey the road, we were frequently appalled. Upon either side we saw grim death, assuming the most horrid shapes. Now it was starvation, causing us to eat our own flesh;—now we were contending with the waves, and were drowned;—now we were overtaken, and torn to pieces by the fangs of the terrible bloodhound. We were stung by scorpions, chased by wild beasts, bitten by snakes, and finally, after having nearly reached the desired spot,—after swimming rivers, encountering wild beasts, sleeping in the woods, suffering hunger and nakedness,—we were overtaken by our pursuers, and, in our resistance, we were shot dead upon the spot! I say, this picture sometimes appalled us, and made us

"rather bear those ills we had, Than fly to others, that we knew not of."

In coming to a fixed determination to run away, we did more than Patrick Henry, when he resolved upon liberty or death. With us it was a doubtful liberty at most, and almost certain death if we failed. For my part, I should prefer death to hopeless bondage.

Sandy, one of our number, gave up the notion, but still encouraged us. Our company then consisted of Henry Harris, John Harris, Henry Bailey, Charles Roberts, and myself. Henry Bailey was my uncle, and belonged to my master. Charles married my aunt: he belonged to my master's father-in-law, Mr. William Hamilton.

The plan we finally concluded upon was, to get a large canoe belonging to Mr. Hamilton, and upon the Saturday night previous to Easter holidays, paddle directly up the Chesapeake Bay. On our arrival at the head of the bay, a distance of seventy or eighty miles from where we lived, it was our purpose to turn our canoe adrift, and follow the guidance of the north star till we got beyond the limits of Maryland. Our reason for taking the water route was, that we were less liable to be suspected as runaways; we hoped to

be regarded as fishermen; whereas, if we should take the land route, we should be subjected to interruptions of almost every kind. Any one having a white face, and being so disposed, could stop us, and subject us to examination.

The week before our intended start, I wrote several protections, one for each of us. As well as I can remember, they were in the following words, to wit:—

“This is to certify that I, the undersigned, have given the bearer, my servant, full liberty to go to Baltimore, and spend the Easter holidays. Written with mine own hand, &c., 1835.

“WILLIAM HAMILTON, “Near St. Michael’s, in Talbot county, Maryland.”

We were not going to Baltimore; but, in going up the bay, we went toward Baltimore, and these protections were only intended to protect us while on the bay.

As the time drew near for our departure, our anxiety became more and more intense. It was truly a matter of life and death with us. The strength of our determination was about to be fully tested. At this time, I was very active in explaining every difficulty, removing every doubt, dispelling every fear, and inspiring all with the firmness indispensable to success in our undertaking; assuring them that half was gained the instant we made the move; we had talked long enough; we were now ready to move; if not now, we never should be; and if we did not intend to move now, we had as well fold our arms, sit down, and acknowledge ourselves fit only to be slaves. This, none of us were prepared to acknowledge. Every man stood firm; and at our last meeting, we pledged ourselves afresh, in the most solemn manner, that, at the time appointed, we would certainly start in pursuit of freedom. This was in the middle of the week, at the end of which we were to be off. We went, as usual, to our several fields of labor, but with bosoms highly agitated with thoughts of our truly hazardous undertaking. We tried to conceal our feelings as much as possible; and I think we succeeded very well.

After a painful waiting, the Saturday morning, whose night was to witness our departure, came. I hailed it with joy, bring what of sadness it might. Friday night was a sleepless one for me. I probably felt more anxious than the rest, because I was, by common consent, at the head of the whole affair. The responsibility of success or failure lay heavily upon me. The glory of the one, and the confusion of the other, were alike mine. The first two hours of that morning were such as I never experienced before, and hope never to again. Early in the morning, we went, as usual, to the field. We were spreading manure; and all at once, while thus engaged, I was overwhelmed with an indescribable feeling, in the fulness of which I turned to Sandy, who was near by, and said, “We are betrayed!” “Well,” said he, “that thought has this moment struck me.” We said no more. I was never more certain of any thing.

The horn was blown as usual, and we went up from the field to the house for breakfast. I went for the form, more than for want of any thing to eat that morning. Just as I got to the house, in looking out at the lane gate, I saw four white men, with two colored men. The white men were on horseback, and the colored ones were walking behind, as if tied. I watched them a few moments till they got up to our lane gate. Here they halted, and tied the colored men to the gate-post. I was not yet certain as to what the matter was. In a few moments, in rode Mr. Hamilton, with a speed betokening great excitement. He came to the door, and inquired if Master William was in. He was told he was at the barn. Mr. Hamilton, without dismounting, rode up to the barn with extraordinary speed. In a few moments, he and Mr. Freeland returned to the house. By this time, the three constables rode up, and in great haste dismounted, tied their horses, and met Master William and Mr. Hamilton returning from the barn; and after talking awhile, they all walked up to the kitchen door. There was no one in the kitchen but myself and John. Henry and Sandy were up at the barn. Mr. Freeland put his head in at the door, and called me by name, saying, there were some gentlemen at the door who wished to see me. I stepped to the door, and inquired what they wanted. They at once seized me, and, without giving me any satisfaction, tied me—lashing my hands closely together. I insisted upon knowing what the matter was. They at length said, that they had learned I had been in a “scrape,” and that I was to be examined before my master; and if their information proved false, I should not be hurt.

In a few moments, they succeeded in tying John. They then turned to Henry, who had by this time returned, and commanded him to cross his hands. “I won’t!” said Henry, in a firm tone, indicating his readiness to meet the consequences of his refusal. “Won’t you?” said Tom Graham, the constable. “No, I won’t!” said Henry, in a still stronger tone. With this, two of the constables pulled out their shining pistols, and swore, by their Creator, that they would make him cross his hands or kill him. Each cocked his pistol, and, with fingers on the trigger, walked up to Henry, saying, at the same time, if he did not cross his hands, they would blow his damned heart out. “Shoot me, shoot me!” said Henry; “you can’t kill me but once. Shoot, shoot,—and be damned! _I won’t be tied!_” This he

said in a tone of loud defiance; and at the same time, with a motion as quick as lightning, he with one single stroke dashed the pistols from the hand of each constable. As he did this, all hands fell upon him, and, after beating him some time, they finally overpowered him, and got him tied.

During the scuffle, I managed, I know not how, to get my pass out, and, without being discovered, put it into the fire. We were all now tied; and just as we were to leave for Easton jail, Betsy Freeland, mother of William Freeland, came to the door with her hands full of biscuits, and divided them between Henry and John. She then delivered herself of a speech, to the following effect:—addressing herself to me, she said, "_You devil! You yellow devil!_ it was you that put it into the heads of Henry and John to run away. But for you, you long-legged mulatto devil! Henry nor John would never have thought of such a thing." I made no reply, and was immediately hurried off towards St. Michael's. Just a moment previous to the scuffle with Henry, Mr. Hamilton suggested the propriety of making a search for the protections which he had understood Frederick had written for himself and the rest. But, just at the moment he was about carrying his proposal into effect, his aid was needed in helping to tie Henry; and the excitement attending the scuffle caused them either to forget, or to deem it unsafe, under the circumstances, to search. So we were not yet convicted of the intention to run away.

When we got about half way to St. Michael's, while the constables having us in charge were looking ahead, Henry inquired of me what he should do with his pass. I told him to eat it with his biscuit, and own nothing; and we passed the word around, "_Own nothing;_" and "_Own nothing!_" said we all. Our confidence in each other was unshaken. We were resolved to succeed or fail together, after the calamity had befallen us as much as before. We were now prepared for any thing. We were to be dragged that morning fifteen miles behind horses, and then to be placed in the Easton jail. When we reached St. Michael's, we underwent a sort of examination. We all denied that we ever intended to run away. We did this more to bring out the evidence against us, than from any hope of getting clear of being sold; for, as I have said, we were ready for that. The fact was, we cared but little where we went, so we went together. Our greatest concern was about separation. We dreaded that more than any thing this side of death. We found the evidence against us to be the testimony of one person; our master would not tell who it was; but we came to a unanimous decision among ourselves as to who their informant was. We were sent off to the jail at Easton. When we got there, we were delivered up to the sheriff, Mr. Joseph Graham, and by him placed in jail. Henry, John, and myself, were placed in one room together—Charles, and Henry Bailey, in another. Their object in separating us was to hinder concert.

We had been in jail scarcely twenty minutes, when a swarm of slave traders, and agents for slave traders, flocked into jail to look at us, and to ascertain if we were for sale. Such a set of beings I never saw before! I felt myself surrounded by so many fiends from perdition. A band of pirates never looked more like their father, the devil. They laughed and grinned over us, saying, "Ah, my boys! we have got you, haven't we?" And after taunting us in various ways, they one by one went into an examination of us, with intent to ascertain our value. They would impudently ask us if we would not like to have them for our masters. We would make them no answer, and leave them to find out as best they could. Then they would curse and swear at us, telling us that they could take the devil out of us in a very little while, if we were only in their hands.

While in jail, we found ourselves in much more comfortable quarters than we expected when we went there. We did not get much to eat, nor that which was very good; but we had a good clean room, from the windows of which we could see what was going on in the street, which was very much better than though we had been placed in one of the dark, damp cells. Upon the whole, we got along very well, so far as the jail and its keeper were concerned. Immediately after the holidays were over, contrary to all our expectations, Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Freeland came up to Easton, and took Charles, the two Henrys, and John, out of jail, and carried them home, leaving me alone. I regarded this separation as a final one. It caused me more pain than any thing else in the whole transaction. I was ready for any thing rather than separation. I supposed that they had consulted together, and had decided that, as I was the whole cause of the intention of the others to run away, it was hard to make the innocent suffer with the guilty; and that they had, therefore, concluded to take the others home, and sell me, as a warning to the others that remained. It is due to the noble Henry to say, he seemed almost as reluctant at leaving the prison as at leaving home to come to the prison. But we knew we should, in all probability, be separated, if we were sold; and since he was in their hands, he concluded to go peaceably home.

I was now left to my fate. I was all alone, and within the walls of a stone prison. But a few days before, and I was full of hope. I expected to have been safe in a land of freedom; but now I was covered with gloom, sunk down to the utmost despair. I thought the possibility of freedom was gone. I was kept in this way about one week, at the end of which, Captain Auld, my master, to my surprise and utter astonishment, came up, and took me out, with the intention of sending me, with a gentleman of his acquaintance, into Alabama. But, from some cause or other, he did not send me to Alabama, but concluded to send me back to Baltimore, to live again with his brother Hugh, and to learn a trade.

Thus, after an absence of three years and one month, I was once more permitted to return to my old home at Baltimore. My master sent me away, because there existed against me a very great prejudice in the community, and he feared I might be killed.

In a few weeks after I went to Baltimore, Master Hugh hired me to Mr. William Gardner, an extensive ship-builder, on Fell's Point. I was put there to learn how to calk. It, however, proved a very unfavorable place for the accomplishment of this object. Mr. Gardner was engaged that spring in building two large man-of-war brigs, professedly for the Mexican government. The vessels were to be launched in the July of that year, and in failure thereof, Mr. Gardner was to lose a considerable sum; so that when I entered, all was hurry. There was no time to learn any thing. Every man had to do that which he knew how to do. In entering the shipyard, my orders from Mr. Gardner were, to do whatever the carpenters commanded me to do. This was placing me at the beck and call of about seventy-five men. I was to regard all these as masters. Their word was to be my law. My situation was a most trying one. At times I needed a dozen pair of hands. I was called a dozen ways in the space of a single minute. Three or four voices would strike my ear at the same moment. It was—"Fred., come help me to cant this timber here."—"Fred., come carry this timber yonder."—"Fred., bring that roller here."—"Fred., go get a fresh can of water."—"Fred., come help saw off the end of this timber."—"Fred., go quick, and get the crowbar."—"Fred., hold on the end of this fall."—"Fred., go to the blacksmith's shop, and get a new punch."—"Hurra, Fred! run and bring me a cold chisel."—"I say, Fred., bear a hand, and get up a fire as quick as lightning under that steam-box."—"Halloo, nigger! come, turn this grindstone."—"Come, come! move, move! and _bowse_ this timber forward."—"I say, darky, blast your eyes, why don't you heat up some pitch?"—"Halloo! halloo! halloo!" (Three voices at the same time.) "Come here!—Go there!—Hold on where you are! Damn you, if you move, I'll knock your brains out!"

This was my school for eight months; and I might have remained there longer, but for a most horrid fight I had with four of the white apprentices, in which my left eye was nearly knocked out, and I was horribly mangled in other respects. The facts in the case were these: Until a very little while after I went there, white and black ship-carpenters worked side by side, and no one seemed to see any impropriety in it. All hands seemed to be very well satisfied. Many of the black carpenters were freemen. Things seemed to be going on very well. All at once, the white carpenters knocked off, and said they would not work with free colored workmen. Their reason for this, as alleged, was, that if free colored carpenters were encouraged, they would soon take the trade into their own hands, and poor white men would be thrown out of employment. They therefore felt called upon at once to put a stop to it. And, taking advantage of Mr. Gardner's necessities, they broke off, swearing they would work no longer, unless he would discharge his black carpenters. Now, though this did not extend to me in form, it did reach me in fact. My fellow-apprentices very soon began to feel it degrading to them to work with me. They began to put on airs, and talk about the "niggers" taking the country, saying we all ought to be killed; and, being encouraged by the journeymen, they commenced making my condition as hard as they could, by hectoring me around, and sometimes striking me. I, of course, kept the vow I made after the fight with Mr. Covey, and struck back again, regardless of consequences; and while I kept them from combining, I succeeded very well; for I could whip the whole of them, taking them separately. They, however, at length combined, and came upon me, armed with sticks, stones, and heavy handspikes. One came in front with a half brick. There was one at each side of me, and one behind me. While I was attending to those in front, and on either side, the one behind ran up with the handspike, and struck me a heavy blow upon the head. It stunned me. I fell, and with this they all ran upon me, and fell to beating me with their fists. I let them lay on for a while, gathering strength. In an instant, I gave a sudden surge, and rose to my hands and knees. Just as I did that, one of their number gave me, with his heavy boot, a powerful kick in the left eye. My eyeball seemed to have burst. When they saw my eye closed, and badly swollen, they left me. With this I seized the handspike, and for a time pursued them. But here the carpenters interfered, and I thought I might as well give it up. It was impossible to stand my hand against so many. All this took place in sight of not less than fifty white ship-carpenters, and not one interposed a friendly word; but some cried, "Kill the damned nigger! Kill him! kill him! He struck a white person." I found my only chance for life was in flight. I succeeded in getting away without an additional blow, and barely so; for to strike a white man is death by Lynch law,—and that was the law in Mr. Gardner's ship-yard; nor is there much of any other out of Mr. Gardner's ship-yard.

I went directly home, and told the story of my wrongs to Master Hugh; and I am happy to say of him, irreligious as he was, his conduct was heavenly, compared with that of his brother Thomas under similar circumstances. He listened attentively to my narration of the circumstances leading to the savage outrage, and gave many proofs of his strong indignation at it. The heart of my once overkind mistress was again melted into pity. My puffed-out eye and blood-covered face moved her to tears. She took a chair by me, washed the blood from my face, and, with a mother's tenderness, bound up my head, covering the wounded eye with a lean piece of fresh beef. It was almost compensation for my suffering to witness, once more, a manifestation of kindness from this, my once affectionate old mistress. Master Hugh was very much enraged. He gave expression to his feelings by pouring out curses

upon the heads of those who did the deed. As soon as I got a little the better of my bruises, he took me with him to Esquire Watson's, on Bond Street, to see what could be done about the matter. Mr. Watson inquired who saw the assault committed. Master Hugh told him it was done in Mr. Gardner's ship-yard at midday, where there were a large company of men at work. "As to that," he said, "the deed was done, and there was no question as to who did it." His answer was, he could do nothing in the case, unless some white man would come forward and testify. He could issue no warrant on my word. If I had been killed in the presence of a thousand colored people, their testimony combined would have been insufficient to have arrested one of the murderers. Master Hugh, for once, was compelled to say this state of things was too bad. Of course, it was impossible to get any white man to volunteer his testimony in my behalf, and against the white young men. Even those who may have sympathized with me were not prepared to do this. It required a degree of courage unknown to them to do so; for just at that time, the slightest manifestation of humanity toward a colored person was denounced as abolitionism, and that name subjected its bearer to frightful liabilities. The watchwords of the bloody-minded in that region, and in those days, were, "Damn the abolitionists!" and "Damn the niggers!" There was nothing done, and probably nothing would have been done if I had been killed. Such was, and such remains, the state of things in the Christian city of Baltimore.

Master Hugh, finding he could get no redress, refused to let me go back again to Mr. Gardner. He kept me himself, and his wife dressed my wound till I was again restored to health. He then took me into the ship-yard of which he was foreman, in the employment of Mr. Walter Price. There I was immediately set to calking, and very soon learned the art of using my mallet and irons. In the course of one year from the time I left Mr. Gardner's, I was able to command the highest wages given to the most experienced calkers. I was now of some importance to my master. I was bringing him from six to seven dollars per week. I sometimes brought him nine dollars per week: my wages were a dollar and a half a day. After learning how to calk, I sought my own employment, made my own contracts, and collected the money which I earned. My pathway became much more smooth than before; my condition was now much more comfortable. When I could get no calking to do, I did nothing. During these leisure times, those old notions about freedom would steal over me again. When in Mr. Gardner's employment, I was kept in such a perpetual whirl of excitement, I could think of nothing, scarcely, but my life; and in thinking of my life, I almost forgot my liberty. I have observed this in my experience of slavery,—that whenever my condition was improved, instead of its increasing my contentment, it only increased my desire to be free, and set me to thinking of plans to gain my freedom. I have found that, to make a contented slave, it is necessary to make a thoughtless one. It is necessary to darken his moral and mental vision, and, as far as possible, to annihilate the power of reason. He must be able to detect no inconsistencies in slavery; he must be made to feel that slavery is right; and he can be brought to that only when he ceases to be a man.

I was now getting, as I have said, one dollar and fifty cents per day. I contracted for it; I earned it; it was paid to me; it was rightfully my own; yet, upon each returning Saturday night, I was compelled to deliver every cent of that money to Master Hugh. And why? Not because he earned it,—not because he had any hand in earning it,—not because I owed it to him,—nor because he possessed the slightest shadow of a right to it; but solely because he had the power to compel me to give it up. The right of the grim-visaged pirate upon the high seas is exactly the same.

CHAPTER XI

I now come to that part of my life during which I planned, and finally succeeded in making, my escape from slavery. But before narrating any of the peculiar circumstances, I deem it proper to make known my intention not to state all the facts connected with the transaction. My reasons for pursuing this course may be understood from the following: First, were I to give a minute statement of all the facts, it is not only possible, but quite probable, that others would thereby be involved in the most embarrassing difficulties. Secondly, such a statement would most undoubtedly induce greater vigilance on the part of slaveholders than has existed heretofore among them; which would, of course, be the means of guarding a door whereby some dear brother bondman might escape his galling chains. I deeply regret the necessity that impels me to suppress any thing of importance connected with my experience in slavery. It would afford me great pleasure indeed, as well as materially add to the interest of my narrative, were I at liberty to gratify a curiosity, which I know exists in the minds of many, by an accurate statement of all the facts pertaining to my most fortunate escape. But I must deprive myself of this pleasure, and the curious of the gratification which such a statement would afford. I would allow myself to suffer under the greatest imputations which evil-minded men might suggest, rather than exculpate myself, and thereby run the hazard of closing the slightest avenue by which a brother slave might clear himself of the chains and fetters of slavery.

I have never approved of the very public manner in which some of our western friends have conducted what they call the _underground railroad,_ but which I think, by their open declarations, has been made most emphatically the _upperground railroad._ I honor those good men and women for their noble daring, and applaud them for willingly subjecting themselves to bloody persecution, by openly avowing their participation in the escape of slaves. I, however, can see very little good resulting from such a course, either to themselves or the slaves escaping; while, upon the other hand, I see and feel assured that those open declarations are a positive evil to the slaves remaining, who are seeking to escape. They do nothing towards enlightening the slave, whilst they do much towards enlightening the master. They stimulate him to greater watchfulness, and enhance his power to capture his slave. We owe something to the slave south of the line as well as to those north of it; and in aiding the latter on their way to freedom, we should be careful to do nothing which would be likely to hinder the former from escaping from slavery. I would keep the merciless slaveholder profoundly ignorant of the means of flight adopted by the slave. I would leave him to imagine himself surrounded by myriads of invisible tormentors, ever ready to snatch from his infernal grasp his trembling prey. Let him be left to feel his way in the dark; let darkness commensurate with his crime hover over him; and let him feel that at every step he takes, in pursuit of the flying bondman, he is running the frightful risk of having his hot brains dashed out by an invisible agency. Let us render the tyrant no aid; let us not hold the light by which he can trace the footprints of our flying brother. But enough of this. I will now proceed to the statement of those facts, connected with my escape, for which I am alone responsible, and for which no one can be made to suffer but myself.

In the early part of the year 1838, I became quite restless. I could see no reason why I should, at the end of each week, pour the reward of my toil into the purse of my master. When I carried to him my weekly wages, he would, after counting the money, look me in the face with a robber-like fierceness, and ask, “Is this all?” He was satisfied with nothing less than the last cent. He would, however, when I made him six dollars, sometimes give me six cents, to encourage me. It had the opposite effect. I regarded it as a sort of admission of my right to the whole. The fact that he gave me any part of my wages was proof, to my mind, that he believed me entitled to the whole of them. I always felt worse for having received any thing; for I feared that the giving me a few cents would ease his conscience, and make him feel himself to be a pretty honorable sort of robber. My discontent grew upon me. I was ever on the look-out for means of escape; and, finding no direct means, I determined to try to hire my time, with a view of getting money with which to make my escape. In the spring of 1838, when Master Thomas came to Baltimore to purchase his spring goods, I got an opportunity, and applied to him to allow me to hire my time. He unhesitatingly refused my request, and told me this was another stratagem by which to escape. He told me I could go nowhere but that he could get me; and that, in the event of my running away, he should spare no pains in his efforts to catch me. He exhorted me to content myself, and be obedient. He told me, if I would be happy, I must lay out no plans for the future. He said, if I behaved myself properly, he would take care of me. Indeed, he advised me to complete thoughtlessness of the future, and taught me to depend solely upon him for happiness. He seemed to see fully the pressing necessity of setting aside my intellectual nature, in order to contentment in slavery. But in spite of him, and even in spite of myself, I continued to think, and to think about the injustice of my enslavement, and the means of escape.

About two months after this, I applied to Master Hugh for the privilege of hiring my time. He was not acquainted with the fact that I had applied to Master Thomas, and had been refused. He too, at first, seemed disposed to refuse; but, after some reflection, he granted me the privilege, and proposed the following terms: I was to be allowed all my time, make all contracts with those for whom I worked, and find my own employment; and, in return for this liberty, I was to pay him three dollars at the end of each week; find myself in calking tools, and in board and clothing. My board was two dollars and a half per week. This, with the wear and tear of clothing and calking tools, made my regular expenses about six dollars per week. This amount I was compelled to make up, or relinquish the privilege of hiring my time. Rain or shine, work or no work, at the end of each week the money must be forthcoming, or I must give up my privilege. This arrangement, it will be perceived, was decidedly in my master’s favor. It relieved him of all need of looking after me. His money was sure. He received all the benefits of slaveholding without its evils; while I endured all the evils of a slave, and suffered all the care and anxiety of a freeman. I found it a hard bargain. But, hard as it was, I thought it better than the old mode of getting along. It was a step towards freedom to be allowed to bear the responsibilities of a freeman, and I was determined to hold on upon it. I bent myself to the work of making money. I was ready to work at night as well as day, and by the most untiring perseverance and industry, I made enough to meet my expenses, and lay up a little money every week. I went on thus from May till August. Master Hugh then refused to allow me to hire my time longer. The ground for his refusal was a failure on my part, one Saturday night, to pay him for my week’s time. This failure was occasioned by my attending a camp meeting about ten miles from Baltimore. During the week, I had entered into an engagement with a number of young friends to start from Baltimore to the camp ground early Saturday evening; and being detained by my employer, I was unable to get down to Master Hugh’s without disappointing the company. I knew that Master Hugh was in no special need of the money that night. I therefore decided to go to

camp meeting, and upon my return pay him the three dollars. I staid at the camp meeting one day longer than I intended when I left. But as soon as I returned, I called upon him to pay him what he considered his due. I found him very angry; he could scarce restrain his wrath. He said he had a great mind to give me a severe whipping. He wished to know how I dared go out of the city without asking his permission. I told him I hired my time and while I paid him the price which he asked for it, I did not know that I was bound to ask him when and where I should go. This reply troubled him; and, after reflecting a few moments, he turned to me, and said I should hire my time no longer; that the next thing he should know of, I would be running away. Upon the same plea, he told me to bring my tools and clothing home forthwith. I did so; but instead of seeking work, as I had been accustomed to do previously to hiring my time, I spent the whole week without the performance of a single stroke of work. I did this in retaliation. Saturday night, he called upon me as usual for my week's wages. I told him I had no wages; I had done no work that week. Here we were upon the point of coming to blows. He raved, and swore his determination to get hold of me. I did not allow myself a single word; but was resolved, if he laid the weight of his hand upon me, it should be blow for blow. He did not strike me, but told me that he would find me in constant employment in future. I thought the matter over during the next day, Sunday, and finally resolved upon the third day of September, as the day upon which I would make a second attempt to secure my freedom. I now had three weeks during which to prepare for my journey. Early on Monday morning, before Master Hugh had time to make any engagement for me, I went out and got employment of Mr. Butler, at his ship-yard near the drawbridge, upon what is called the City Block, thus making it unnecessary for him to seek employment for me. At the end of the week, I brought him between eight and nine dollars. He seemed very well pleased, and asked why I did not do the same the week before. He little knew what my plans were. My object in working steadily was to remove any suspicion he might entertain of my intent to run away; and in this I succeeded admirably. I suppose he thought I was never better satisfied with my condition than at the very time during which I was planning my escape. The second week passed, and again I carried him my full wages; and so well pleased was he, that he gave me twenty-five cents, (quite a large sum for a slaveholder to give a slave,) and bade me to make a good use of it. I told him I would.

Things went on without very smoothly indeed, but within there was trouble. It is impossible for me to describe my feelings as the time of my contemplated start drew near. I had a number of warmhearted friends in Baltimore,—friends that I loved almost as I did my life,—and the thought of being separated from them forever was painful beyond expression. It is my opinion that thousands would escape from slavery, who now remain, but for the strong cords of affection that bind them to their friends. The thought of leaving my friends was decidedly the most painful thought with which I had to contend. The love of them was my tender point, and shook my decision more than all things else. Besides the pain of separation, the dread and apprehension of a failure exceeded what I had experienced at my first attempt. The appalling defeat I then sustained returned to torment me. I felt assured that, if I failed in this attempt, my case would be a hopeless one—it would seal my fate as a slave forever. I could not hope to get off with any thing less than the severest punishment, and being placed beyond the means of escape. It required no very vivid imagination to depict the most frightful scenes through which I should have to pass, in case I failed. The wretchedness of slavery, and the blessedness of freedom, were perpetually before me. It was life and death with me. But I remained firm, and, according to my resolution, on the third day of September, 1838, I left my chains, and succeeded in reaching New York without the slightest interruption of any kind. How I did so,—what means I adopted,—what direction I travelled, and by what mode of conveyance,—I must leave unexplained, for the reasons before mentioned.

I have been frequently asked how I felt when I found myself in a free State. I have never been able to answer the question with any satisfaction to myself. It was a moment of the highest excitement I ever experienced. I suppose I felt as one may imagine the unarmed mariner to feel when he is rescued by a friendly man-of-war from the pursuit of a pirate. In writing to a dear friend, immediately after my arrival at New York, I said I felt like one who had escaped a den of hungry lions. This state of mind, however, very soon subsided; and I was again seized with a feeling of great insecurity and loneliness. I was yet liable to be taken back, and subjected to all the tortures of slavery. This in itself was enough to damp the ardor of my enthusiasm. But the loneliness overcame me. There I was in the midst of thousands, and yet a perfect stranger; without home and without friends, in the midst of thousands of my own brethren—children of a common Father, and yet I dared not to unfold to any one of them my sad condition. I was afraid to speak to any one for fear of speaking to the wrong one, and thereby falling into the hands of money-loving kidnappers, whose business it was to lie in wait for the panting fugitive, as the ferocious beasts of the forest lie in wait for their prey. The motto which I adopted when I started from slavery was this—"Trust no man!" I saw in every white man an enemy, and in almost every colored man cause for distrust. It was a most painful situation; and, to understand it, one must needs experience it, or imagine himself in similar circumstances. Let him be a fugitive slave in a strange land—a land given up to be the hunting-ground for slaveholders—whose inhabitants are legalized kidnappers—where he is every moment subjected to the terrible liability of being seized upon by his fellowmen, as the hideous crocodile seizes upon his prey!—I say, let him place himself in my situation—without

home or friends—without money or credit—wanting shelter, and no one to give it—wanting bread, and no money to buy it,—and at the same time let him feel that he is pursued by merciless men-hunters, and in total darkness as to what to do, where to go, or where to stay,—perfectly helpless both as to the means of defence and means of escape,—in the midst of plenty, yet suffering the terrible gnawings of hunger,—in the midst of houses, yet having no home,—among fellow-men, yet feeling as if in the midst of wild beasts, whose greediness to swallow up the trembling and half-famished fugitive is only equalled by that with which the monsters of the deep swallow up the helpless fish upon which they subsist,—I say, let him be placed in this most trying situation,—the situation in which I was placed,—then, and not till then, will he fully appreciate the hardships of, and know how to sympathize with, the toil-worn and whip-scarred fugitive slave.

Thank Heaven, I remained but a short time in this distressed situation. I was relieved from it by the humane hand of _Mr. David Ruggles_, whose vigilance, kindness, and perseverance, I shall never forget. I am glad of an opportunity to express, as far as words can, the love and gratitude I bear him. Mr. Ruggles is now afflicted with blindness, and is himself in need of the same kind offices which he was once so forward in the performance of toward others. I had been in New York but a few days, when Mr. Ruggles sought me out, and very kindly took me to his boarding-house at the corner of Church and Lespenard Streets. Mr. Ruggles was then very deeply engaged in the memorable _Darg_ case, as well as attending to a number of other fugitive slaves, devising ways and means for their successful escape; and, though watched and hemmed in on almost every side, he seemed to be more than a match for his enemies.

Very soon after I went to Mr. Ruggles, he wished to know of me where I wanted to go; as he deemed it unsafe for me to remain in New York. I told him I was a calker, and should like to go where I could get work. I thought of going to Canada; but he decided against it, and in favor of my going to New Bedford, thinking I should be able to get work there at my trade. At this time, Anna,[2] my intended wife, came on; for I wrote to her immediately after my arrival at New York, (notwithstanding my homeless, houseless, and helpless condition,) informing her of my successful flight, and wishing her to come on forthwith. In a few days after her arrival, Mr. Ruggles called in the Rev. J. W. C. Pennington, who, in the presence of Mr. Ruggles, Mrs. Michaels, and two or three others, performed the marriage ceremony, and gave us a certificate, of which the following is an exact copy:—

“This may certify, that I joined together in holy matrimony Frederick Johnson[3] and Anna Murray, as man and wife, in the presence of Mr. David Ruggles and Mrs. Michaels.

“JAMES W. C. PENNINGTON “_New York, Sept_. 15, 1838”

[2] She was free.

[3] I had changed my name from Frederick _Bailey_ to that of _Johnson_.

Upon receiving this certificate, and a five-dollar bill from Mr. Ruggles, I shouldered one part of our baggage, and Anna took up the other, and we set out forthwith to take passage on board of the steamboat John W. Richmond for Newport, on our way to New Bedford. Mr. Ruggles gave me a letter to a Mr. Shaw in Newport, and told me, in case my money did not serve me to New Bedford, to stop in Newport and obtain further assistance; but upon our arrival at Newport, we were so anxious to get to a place of safety, that, notwithstanding we lacked the necessary money to pay our fare, we decided to take seats in the stage, and promise to pay when we got to New Bedford. We were encouraged to do this by two excellent gentlemen, residents of New Bedford, whose names I afterward ascertained to be Joseph Ricketson and William C. Taber. They seemed at once to understand our circumstances, and gave us such assurance of their friendliness as put us fully at ease in their presence.

It was good indeed to meet with such friends, at such a time. Upon reaching New Bedford, we were directed to the house of Mr. Nathan Johnson, by whom we were kindly received, and hospitably provided for. Both Mr. and Mrs. Johnson took a deep and lively interest in our welfare. They proved themselves quite worthy of the name of abolitionists. When the stage-driver found us unable to pay our fare, he held on upon our baggage as security for the debt. I had but to mention the fact to Mr. Johnson, and he forthwith advanced the money.

We now began to feel a degree of safety, and to prepare ourselves for the duties and responsibilities of a life of freedom. On the morning after our arrival at New Bedford, while at the breakfast-table, the question arose as to what name I should be called by. The name given me by my mother was, “Frederick Augustus Washington Bailey.” I, however, had dispensed with the two middle names long before I left Maryland so that I was generally known by the name of “Frederick Bailey.” I started from Baltimore bearing

the name of “Stanley.” When I got to New York, I again changed my name to “Frederick Johnson,” and thought that would be the last change. But when I got to New Bedford, I found it necessary again to change my name. The reason of this necessity was, that there were so many Johnsons in New Bedford, it was already quite difficult to distinguish between them. I gave Mr. Johnson the privilege of choosing me a name, but told him he must not take from me the name of “Frederick.” I must hold on to that, to preserve a sense of my identity. Mr. Johnson had just been reading the “Lady of the Lake,” and at once suggested that my name be “Douglass.” From that time until now I have been called “Frederick Douglass;” and as I am more widely known by that name than by either of the others, I shall continue to use it as my own.

I was quite disappointed at the general appearance of things in New Bedford. The impression which I had received respecting the character and condition of the people of the north, I found to be singularly erroneous. I had very strangely supposed, while in slavery, that few of the comforts, and scarcely any of the luxuries, of life were enjoyed at the north, compared with what were enjoyed by the slaveholders of the south. I probably came to this conclusion from the fact that northern people owned no slaves. I supposed that they were about upon a level with the non-slaveholding population of the south. I knew _they_ were exceedingly poor, and I had been accustomed to regard their poverty as the necessary consequence of their being non-slaveholders. I had somehow imbibed the opinion that, in the absence of slaves, there could be no wealth, and very little refinement. And upon coming to the north, I expected to meet with a rough, hard-handed, and uncultivated population, living in the most Spartan-like simplicity, knowing nothing of the ease, luxury, pomp, and grandeur of southern slaveholders. Such being my conjectures, any one acquainted with the appearance of New Bedford may very readily infer how palpably I must have seen my mistake.

In the afternoon of the day when I reached New Bedford, I visited the wharves, to take a view of the shipping. Here I found myself surrounded with the strongest proofs of wealth. Lying at the wharves, and riding in the stream, I saw many ships of the finest model, in the best order, and of the largest size. Upon the right and left, I was walled in by granite warehouses of the widest dimensions, stowed to their utmost capacity with the necessaries and comforts of life. Added to this, almost every body seemed to be at work, but noiselessly so, compared with what I had been accustomed to in Baltimore. There were no loud songs heard from those engaged in loading and unloading ships. I heard no deep oaths or horrid curses on the laborer. I saw no whipping of men; but all seemed to go smoothly on. Every man appeared to understand his work, and went at it with a sober, yet cheerful earnestness, which betokened the deep interest which he felt in what he was doing, as well as a sense of his own dignity as a man. To me this looked exceedingly strange. From the wharves I strolled around and over the town, gazing with wonder and admiration at the splendid churches, beautiful dwellings, and finely-cultivated gardens; evincing an amount of wealth, comfort, taste, and refinement, such as I had never seen in any part of slaveholding Maryland.

Every thing looked clean, new, and beautiful. I saw few or no dilapidated houses, with poverty-stricken inmates; no half-naked children and barefooted women, such as I had been accustomed to see in Hillsborough, Easton, St. Michael’s, and Baltimore. The people looked more able, stronger, healthier, and happier, than those of Maryland. I was for once made glad by a view of extreme wealth, without being saddened by seeing extreme poverty. But the most astonishing as well as the most interesting thing to me was the condition of the colored people, a great many of whom, like myself, had escaped thither as a refuge from the hunters of men. I found many, who had not been seven years out of their chains, living in finer houses, and evidently enjoying more of the comforts of life, than the average of slaveholders in Maryland. I will venture to assert, that my friend Mr. Nathan Johnson (of whom I can say with a grateful heart, “I was hungry, and he gave me meat; I was thirsty, and he gave me drink; I was a stranger, and he took me in”) lived in a neater house; dined at a better table; took, paid for, and read, more newspapers; better understood the moral, religious, and political character of the nation,—than nine tenths of the slaveholders in Talbot county Maryland. Yet Mr. Johnson was a working man. His hands were hardened by toil, and not his alone, but those also of Mrs. Johnson. I found the colored people much more spirited than I had supposed they would be. I found among them a determination to protect each other from the blood-thirsty kidnapper, at all hazards. Soon after my arrival, I was told of a circumstance which illustrated their spirit. A colored man and a fugitive slave were on unfriendly terms. The former was heard to threaten the latter with informing his master of his whereabouts. Straightway a meeting was called among the colored people, under the stereotyped notice, “Business of importance!” The betrayer was invited to attend. The people came at the appointed hour, and organized the meeting by appointing a very religious old gentleman as president, who, I believe, made a prayer, after which he addressed the meeting as follows: “_Friends, we have got him here, and I would recommend that you young men just take him outside the door, and kill him!_” With this, a number of them bolted at him; but they were intercepted by some more timid than themselves, and the betrayer escaped their vengeance, and has not been seen in New Bedford since. I believe there have been no more such threats, and should there be hereafter, I doubt not that death would be the consequence.

I found employment, the third day after my arrival, in stowing a sloop with a load of oil. It was new, dirty, and hard work for me; but I went at it with a glad heart and a willing hand. I was now my own master. It was a happy moment, the rapture of which can be understood only by those who have been slaves. It was the first work, the reward of which was to be entirely my own. There was no Master Hugh standing ready, the moment I earned the money, to rob me of it. I worked that day with a pleasure I had never before experienced. I was at work for myself and newly-married wife. It was to me the starting-point of a new existence. When I got through with that job, I went in pursuit of a job of calking; but such was the strength of prejudice against color, among the white calkers, that they refused to work with me, and of course I could get no employment.[4] Finding my trade of no immediate benefit, I threw off my calking habiliments, and prepared myself to do any kind of work I could get to do. Mr. Johnson kindly let me have his wood-horse and saw, and I very soon found myself a plenty of work. There was no work too hard—none too dirty. I was ready to saw wood, shovel coal, carry wood, sweep the chimney, or roll oil casks,—all of which I did for nearly three years in New Bedford, before I became known to the anti-slavery world.

[4] I am told that colored persons can now get employment at calking in New Bedford—a result of anti-slavery effort.

In about four months after I went to New Bedford, there came a young man to me, and inquired if I did not wish to take the “Liberator.” I told him I did; but, just having made my escape from slavery, I remarked that I was unable to pay for it then. I, however, finally became a subscriber to it. The paper came, and I read it from week to week with such feelings as it would be quite idle for me to attempt to describe. The paper became my meat and my drink. My soul was set all on fire. Its sympathy for my brethren in bonds—its scathing denunciations of slaveholders—its faithful exposures of slavery—and its powerful attacks upon the upholders of the institution—sent a thrill of joy through my soul, such as I had never felt before!

I had not long been a reader of the “Liberator,” before I got a pretty correct idea of the principles, measures and spirit of the anti-slavery reform. I took right hold of the cause. I could do but little; but what I could, I did with a joyful heart, and never felt happier than when in an anti-slavery meeting. I seldom had much to say at the meetings, because what I wanted to say was said so much better by others. But, while attending an anti-slavery convention at Nantucket, on the 11th of August, 1841, I felt strongly moved to speak, and was at the same time much urged to do so by Mr. William C. Coffin, a gentleman who had heard me speak in the colored people’s meeting at New Bedford. It was a severe cross, and I took it up reluctantly. The truth was, I felt myself a slave, and the idea of speaking to white people weighed me down. I spoke but a few moments, when I felt a degree of freedom, and said what I desired with considerable ease. From that time until now, I have been engaged in pleading the cause of my brethren—with what success, and with what devotion, I leave those acquainted with my labors to decide.

APPENDIX

I find, since reading over the foregoing Narrative, that I have, in several instances, spoken in such a tone and manner, respecting religion, as may possibly lead those unacquainted with my religious views to suppose me an opponent of all religion. To remove the liability of such misapprehension, I deem it proper to append the following brief explanation. What I have said respecting and against religion, I mean strictly to apply to the _slaveholding religion_ of this land, and with no possible reference to Christianity proper; for, between the Christianity of this land, and the Christianity of Christ, I recognize the widest possible difference—so wide, that to receive the one as good, pure, and holy, is of necessity to reject the other as bad, corrupt, and wicked. To be the friend of the one, is of necessity to be the enemy of the other. I love the pure, peaceable, and impartial Christianity of Christ: I therefore hate the corrupt, slaveholding, women-whipping, cradle-plundering, partial and hypocritical Christianity of this land. Indeed, I can see no reason, but the most deceitful one, for calling the religion of this land Christianity. I look upon it as the climax of all misnomers, the boldest of all frauds, and the grossest of all libels. Never was there a clearer case of “stealing the livery of the court of heaven to serve the devil in.” I am filled with unutterable loathing when I contemplate the religious pomp and show, together with the horrible inconsistencies, which every where surround me. We have men-stealers for ministers, women-whippers for missionaries, and cradle-plunderers for church members. The man who wields the blood-clotted cowskin during the week fills the pulpit on Sunday, and claims to be a minister of the meek and lowly Jesus. The man who robs me of my earnings at the end of each week meets me as a class-leader on Sunday morning, to show me the way of life, and the path of salvation. He who sells my sister, for purposes of prostitution, stands forth as the pious advocate of purity. He who proclaims it a religious duty to read the Bible denies me the right of learning to read the name of the God who made me. He who is the religious advocate of marriage robs whole millions of its sacred influence, and leaves them to the ravages of wholesale pollution. The warm defender of the sacredness of the family relation is the same that scatters whole families,—sundering husbands and wives, parents and children, sisters and brothers,—leaving the hut vacant, and the hearth desolate. We see the thief preaching against theft, and the adulterer against

adultery. We have men sold to build churches, women sold to support the gospel, and babes sold to purchase Bibles for the _Poor Heathen! All For The Glory Of God And The Good Of Souls!_ The slave auctioneer's bell and the church-going bell chime in with each other, and the bitter cries of the heart-broken slave are drowned in the religious shouts of his pious master. Revivals of religion and revivals in the slave-trade go hand in hand together. The slave prison and the church stand near each other. The clanking of fetters and the rattling of chains in the prison, and the pious psalm and solemn prayer in the church, may be heard at the same time. The dealers in the bodies and souls of men erect their stand in the presence of the pulpit, and they mutually help each other. The dealer gives his blood-stained gold to support the pulpit, and the pulpit, in return, covers his infernal business with the garb of Christianity. Here we have religion and robbery the allies of each other—devils dressed in angels' robes, and hell presenting the semblance of paradise.

"Just God! and these are they,v Who minister at thine altar, God of right! Men who their hands, with prayer and blessing, lay On Israel's ark of light.

"What! preach, and kidnap men? Give thanks, and rob thy own afflicted poor? Talk of thy glorious liberty, and then Bolt hard the captive's door?

"What! servants of thy own Merciful Son, who came to seek and save The homeless and the outcast, fettering down The tasked and plundered slave!

"Pilate and Herod friends! Chief priests and rulers, as of old, combine! Just God and holy! is that church which lends Strength to the spoiler thine?"

The Christianity of America is a Christianity, of whose votaries it may be as truly said, as it was of the ancient scribes and Pharisees, "They bind heavy burdens, and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders, but they themselves will not move them with one of their fingers. All their works they do for to be seen of men.—They love the uppermost rooms at feasts, and the chief seats in the synagogues, ... and to be called of men, Rabbi, Rabbi.—But woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men; for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in. Ye devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayers; therefore ye shall receive the greater damnation. Ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made, ye make him twofold more the child of hell than yourselves.—Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye pay tithe of mint, and anise, and cumin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and faith; these ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone. Ye blind guides! which strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel. Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye make clean the outside of the cup and of the platter; but within, they are full of extortion and excess.—Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness. Even so ye also outwardly appear righteous unto men, but within ye are full of hypocrisy and iniquity."

Dark and terrible as is this picture, I hold it to be strictly true of the overwhelming mass of professed Christians in America. They strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel. Could any thing be more true of our churches? They would be shocked at the proposition of fellowshipping a _sheep_-stealer; and at the same time they hug to their communion a _man_-stealer, and brand me with being an infidel, if I find fault with them for it. They attend with Pharisaical strictness to the outward forms of religion, and at the same time neglect the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and faith. They are always ready to sacrifice, but seldom to show mercy. They are they who are represented as professing to love God whom they have not seen, whilst they hate their brother whom they have seen. They love the heathen on the other side of the globe. They can pray for him, pay money to have the Bible put into his hand, and missionaries to instruct him; while they despise and totally neglect the heathen at their own doors.

Such is, very briefly, my view of the religion of this land; and to avoid any misunderstanding, growing out of the use of general terms, I mean by the religion of this land, that which is revealed in the words, deeds, and actions, of those bodies, north and south, calling themselves Christian churches, and yet in union with slaveholders. It is against religion, as presented by these bodies, that I have felt it my duty to testify.

I conclude these remarks by copying the following portrait of the religion of the south, (which is, by communion and fellowship, the religion of the north,) which I soberly affirm is "true to the life," and without caricature or the slightest exaggeration. It is said to have been drawn, several years before the present anti-slavery agitation began, by a northern Methodist preacher, who, while residing at the south, had an opportunity to see slaveholding morals, manners, and piety, with his own eyes. "Shall I not visit for these things?

saith the Lord. Shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this?”

A PARODY

“Come, saints and sinners, hear me tell How pious priests whip Jack and Nell, And women buy and children sell, And preach all sinners down to hell, And sing of heavenly union.

“They’ll bleat and baa, dona like goats, Gorge down black sheep, and strain at motes, Array their backs in fine black coats, Then seize their negroes by their throats, And choke, for heavenly union.

“They’ll church you if you sip a dram, And damn you if you steal a lamb; Yet rob old Tony, Doll, and Sam, Of human rights, and bread and ham; Kidnapper’s heavenly union.

“They’ll loudly talk of Christ’s reward, And bind his image with a cord, And scold, and swing the lash abhorred, And sell their brother in the Lord To handcuffed heavenly union.

“They’ll read and sing a sacred song, And make a prayer both loud and long, And teach the right and do the wrong, Hailing the brother, sister throng, With words of heavenly union.

“We wonder how such saints can sing, Or praise the Lord upon the wing, Who roar, and scold, and whip, and sting, And to their slaves and mammon cling, In guilty conscience union.

“They’ll raise tobacco, corn, and rye, And drive, and thieve, and cheat, and lie, And lay up treasures in the sky, By making switch and cowskin fly, In hope of heavenly union.

“They’ll crack old Tony on the skull, And preach and roar like Bashan bull, Or braying ass, of mischief full, Then seize old Jacob by the wool, And pull for heavenly union.

“A roaring, ranting, sleek man-thief, Who lived on mutton, veal, and beef, Yet never would afford relief To needy, sable sons of grief, Was big with heavenly union.

“‘Love not the world,’ the preacher said, And winked his eye, and shook his head; He seized on Tom, and Dick, and Ned, Cut short their meat, and clothes, and bread, Yet still loved heavenly union.

“Another preacher whining spoke Of One whose heart for sinners broke: He tied old Nanny to an oak, And drew the blood at every stroke, And prayed for heavenly union.

“Two others oped their iron jaws, And waved their children-stealing paws; There sat their children in gewgaws; By stinting negroes’ backs and maws, They kept up heavenly union.

“All good from Jack another takes, And entertains their flirts and rakes, Who dress as sleek as glossy snakes, And cram their mouths with sweetened cakes; And this goes down for union.”

Sincerely and earnestly hoping that this little book may do something toward throwing light on the American slave system, and hastening the glad day of deliverance to the millions of my brethren in bonds—faithfully relying upon the power of truth, love, and justice, for success in my humble efforts—and solemnly pledging my self anew to the sacred cause,—I subscribe myself,

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

LYNN, _Mass., April_ 28, 1845.

THE END

==========

Untitled

Harriet Beecher Stowe

Project Gutenberg Release: January 13, 2006 · eBook #203

Uncle Tom’s Cabin or Life among the Lowly

by Harriet Beecher Stowe

Contents

VOLUME I CHAPTER I—In Which the Reader Is Introduced to a Man of Humanity CHAPTER II—The Mother CHAPTER III —The Husband and Father CHAPTER IV—An Evening in Uncle Tom’s Cabin CHAPTER V—Showing the Feelings of Living Property on Changing Owners CHAPTER VI—Discovery CHAPTER VII—The Mother’s Struggle CHAPTER VIII—Eliza’s Escape CHAPTER IX—In Which It Appears That a Senator Is But a Man CHAPTER X—The Property Is Carried Off CHAPTER XI—In Which Property Gets into an Improper State of Mind CHAPTER XII—Select Incident of Lawful Trade CHAPTER XIII—The Quaker Settlement CHAPTER XIV—Evangeline CHAPTER XV—Of Tom’s New Master, and Various Other Matters CHAPTER XVI—Tom’s Mistress and Her Opinions CHAPTER XVII—The Freeman’s Defence CHAPTER XVIII—Miss Ophelia’s Experiences and Opinions

VOLUME II CHAPTER—Miss Ophelia’s Experiences and Opinions Continued XIX CHAPTER XX—Topsy CHAPTER XXI—Kentuck CHAPTER XXII—“The Grass Withereth—the Flower Fadeth” CHAPTER XXIII—Henrique CHAPTER XXIV—Foreshadowings CHAPTER XXV—The Little Evangelist CHAPTER XXVI—Death CHAPTER XXVII—“This Is the Last of Earth” CHAPTER XXVIII—Reunion CHAPTER XXIX—The Unprotected CHAPTER XXX—The Slave Warehouse CHAPTER XXXI—The Middle Passage CHAPTER XXXII—Dark Places CHAPTER XXXIII—Cassy CHAPTER XXXIV—The Quadroon’s Story CHAPTER XXXV—The Tokens CHAPTER XXXVI—Emmeline and Cassy CHAPTER XXXVII—Liberty CHAPTER XXXVIII—The Victory CHAPTER XXXIX—The Stratagem CHAPTER XL—The Martyr CHAPTER XLI—The Young Master CHAPTER XLII—An Authentic Ghost Story CHAPTER XLIII—Results CHAPTER XLIV—The Liberator CHAPTER XLV—Concluding Remarks

List of Illustrations

Eliza comes to tell Uncle Tom that he is sold, and that she is running away to save her child. THE AUCTION SALE. THE FREEMAN’S DEFENCE. LITTLE EVA READING THE BIBLE TO UNCLE TOM IN THE ARBOR. CASSY MINISTERING TO UNCLE TOM AFTER HIS WHIPPING. THE FUGITIVES ARE SAVE IN A FREE LAND.

VOLUME I

CHAPTER I In Which the Reader Is Introduced to a Man of Humanity

Late in the afternoon of a chilly day in February, two gentlemen were sitting alone over their wine, in a well-furnished dining parlor, in the town of P——, in Kentucky. There were no servants present, and the gentlemen, with chairs closely approaching, seemed to be discussing some subject with great earnestness.

For convenience sake, we have said, hitherto, two _gentlemen_. One of the parties, however, when critically examined, did not seem, strictly speaking, to come under the species. He was a short, thick-set man, with coarse, commonplace features, and that swaggering air of pretension which marks a low man who is trying to elbow his way upward in the world. He was much over-dressed, in a gaudy vest of many colors, a blue neckerchief, bedropped gayly with yellow spots, and arranged with a flaunting tie, quite in keeping with the general air of the man. His hands, large and coarse, were plentifully bedecked with rings; and he wore a heavy gold watch-chain, with a bundle of seals of portentous size, and a great variety of colors, attached to it,—which, in the ardor of conversation, he was in the habit of flourishing and jingling with evident satisfaction. His conversation was in free and easy defiance of Murray’s Grammar,[1] and was garnished at convenient intervals with various profane expressions, which not even the desire to be graphic in our account shall induce us to transcribe.

[1] English Grammar (1795), by Lindley Murray (1745-1826), the most authoritative American grammarian of his day.

His companion, Mr. Shelby, had the appearance of a gentleman; and the arrangements of the house, and the general air of the housekeeping, indicated easy, and even opulent circumstances. As we before stated, the two were in the midst of an earnest conversation.

“That is the way I should arrange the matter,” said Mr. Shelby.

“I can’t make trade that way—I positively can’t, Mr. Shelby,” said the other, holding up a glass of wine between his eye and the light.

“Why, the fact is, Haley, Tom is an uncommon fellow; he is certainly worth that sum anywhere,—steady, honest, capable, manages my whole farm like a clock.”

“You mean honest, as niggers go,” said Haley, helping himself to a glass of brandy.

“No; I mean, really, Tom is a good, steady, sensible, pious fellow. He got religion at a camp-meeting, four years ago; and I believe he really _did_ get it. I’ve trusted him, since then, with everything I have,—money, house, horses,—and let him come and go round the country; and I always found him true and square in everything.”

“Some folks don’t believe there is pious niggers Shelby,” said Haley, with a candid flourish of his hand, “but _I do_. I had a fellow, now, in this yer last lot I took to Orleans—’t was as good as a meetin’, now, really, to hear that critter pray; and he was quite gentle and quiet like. He fetched me a good sum, too, for I bought him cheap of a man that was ’bliged to sell out; so I realized six hundred on him. Yes, I consider religion a valeyable thing in a nigger, when it’s the genuine article, and no mistake.”

“Well, Tom’s got the real article, if ever a fellow had,” rejoined the other. “Why, last fall, I let him go to Cincinnati alone, to do business for me, and bring home five hundred dollars. ‘Tom,’ says I to him, ‘I trust you, because I think you’re a Christian—I know you wouldn’t cheat.’ Tom comes back, sure enough; I knew he would. Some low fellows, they say, said to him—‘Tom, why don’t you make tracks for Canada?’ ‘Ah, master trusted me, and I couldn’t,’—they told me about it. I am sorry to part with Tom, I must say. You ought to let him cover the whole balance of the debt; and you would, Haley, if you had any conscience.”

“Well, I’ve got just as much conscience as any man in business can afford to keep,—just a little, you know, to swear by, as ’t were,” said the trader, jocularly; “and then, I’m ready to do anything in reason to ’blige friends; but this yer, you see, is a leetle too hard on a fellow—a leetle too hard.” The trader sighed contemplatively, and poured out some more brandy.

“Well, then, Haley, how will you trade?” said Mr. Shelby, after an uneasy interval of silence.

“Well, haven’t you a boy or gal that you could throw in with Tom?”

“Hum!—none that I could well spare; to tell the truth, it’s only hard necessity makes me willing to sell at all. I don’t like parting with any of my hands, that’s a fact.”

Here the door opened, and a small quadroon boy, between four and five years of age, entered the room. There was something in his appearance remarkably beautiful and engaging. His black hair, fine as floss silk, hung in glossy curls about his round, dimpled face, while a pair of large dark eyes, full of fire and softness, looked out from beneath the rich, long lashes, as he peered curiously into the apartment. A gay robe of scarlet and yellow plaid, carefully made and neatly fitted, set off to advantage the dark and rich style of his beauty; and a certain comic air of assurance, blended with bashfulness, showed that he had been not unused to being petted and noticed by his master.

“Hulloa, Jim Crow!” said Mr. Shelby, whistling, and snapping a bunch of raisins towards him, “pick that up, now!”

The child scampered, with all his little strength, after the prize, while his master laughed.

“Come here, Jim Crow,” said he. The child came up, and the master patted the curly head, and chucked him under the chin.

“Now, Jim, show this gentleman how you can dance and sing.” The boy commenced one of those wild, grotesque songs common among the negroes, in a rich, clear voice, accompanying his singing with many comic evolutions of the hands, feet, and whole body, all in perfect time to the music.

“Bravo!” said Haley, throwing him a quarter of an orange.

“Now, Jim, walk like old Uncle Cudjoe, when he has the rheumatism,” said his master.

Instantly the flexible limbs of the child assumed the appearance of deformity and distortion, as, with his back humped up, and his master's stick in his hand, he hobbled about the room, his childish face drawn into a doleful pucker, and spitting from right to left, in imitation of an old man.

Both gentlemen laughed uproariously.

"Now, Jim," said his master, "show us how old Elder Robbins leads the psalm." The boy drew his chubby face down to a formidable length, and commenced toning a psalm tune through his nose, with imperturbable gravity.

"Hurrah! bravo! what a young 'un!" said Haley; "that chap's a case, I'll promise. Tell you what," said he, suddenly clapping his hand on Mr. Shelby's shoulder, "fling in that chap, and I'll settle the business—I will. Come, now, if that ain't doing the thing up about the rightest!"

At this moment, the door was pushed gently open, and a young quadroon woman, apparently about twenty-five, entered the room.

There needed only a glance from the child to her, to identify her as its mother. There was the same rich, full, dark eye, with its long lashes; the same ripples of silky black hair. The brown of her complexion gave way on the cheek to a perceptible flush, which deepened as she saw the gaze of the strange man fixed upon her in bold and undisguised admiration. Her dress was of the neatest possible fit, and set off to advantage her finely moulded shape;—a delicately formed hand and a trim foot and ankle were items of appearance that did not escape the quick eye of the trader, well used to run up at a glance the points of a fine female article.

"Well, Eliza?" said her master, as she stopped and looked hesitatingly at him.

"I was looking for Harry, please, sir;" and the boy bounded toward her, showing his spoils, which he had gathered in the skirt of his robe.

"Well, take him away, then," said Mr. Shelby; and hastily she withdrew, carrying the child on her arm.

"By Jupiter," said the trader, turning to him in admiration, "there's an article, now! You might make your fortune on that ar gal in Orleans, any day. I've seen over a thousand, in my day, paid down for gals not a bit handsomer."

"I don't want to make my fortune on her," said Mr. Shelby, dryly; and, seeking to turn the conversation, he uncorked a bottle of fresh wine, and asked his companion's opinion of it.

"Capital, sir,—first chop!" said the trader; then turning, and slapping his hand familiarly on Shelby's shoulder, he added—

"Come, how will you trade about the gal?—what shall I say for her—what'll you take?"

"Mr. Haley, she is not to be sold," said Shelby. "My wife would not part with her for her weight in gold."

"Ay, ay! women always say such things, cause they ha'nt no sort of calculation. Just show 'em how many watches, feathers, and trinkets, one's weight in gold would buy, and that alters the case, _I_ reckon."

"I tell you, Haley, this must not be spoken of; I say no, and I mean no," said Shelby, decidedly.

"Well, you'll let me have the boy, though," said the trader; "you must own I've come down pretty handsomely for him."

"What on earth can you want with the child?" said Shelby.

"Why, I've got a friend that's going into this yer branch of the business—wants to buy up handsome boys to raise for the market. Fancy articles entirely—sell for waiters, and so on, to rich 'uns, that can pay for handsome 'uns. It sets off one of yer great places—a real handsome boy to open door, wait, and tend. They fetch a good sum; and this little devil is such a comical, musical concern, he's just the article."

"I would rather not sell him," said Mr. Shelby, thoughtfully; "the fact is, sir, I'm a humane man, and I hate to take the boy from his mother, sir."

"O, you do?—La! yes—something of that ar natur. I understand, perfectly. It is mighty onpleasant getting on with women, sometimes. I al'ays hates these yer screechin', screamin' times. They are _mighty_ onpleasant; but, as I manages business, I generally avoids 'em, sir. Now, what if you get the girl off for a day, or a week, or so; then the thing's done quietly,—all over before

she comes home. Your wife might get her some ear-rings, or a new gown, or some such truck, to make up with her."

"I'm afraid not."

"Lor bless ye, yes! These critters an't like white folks, you know; they gets over things, only manage right. Now, they say," said Haley, assuming a candid and confidential air, "that this kind o' trade is hardening to the feelings; but I never found it so. Fact is, I never could do things up the way some fellers manage the business. I've seen 'em as would pull a woman's child out of her arms, and set him up to sell, and she screechin' like mad all the time;—very bad policy—damages the article—makes 'em quite unfit for service sometimes. I knew a real handsome gal once, in Orleans, as was entirely ruined by this sort o' handling. The fellow that was trading for her didn't want her baby; and she was one of your real high sort, when her blood was up. I tell you, she squeezed up her child in her arms, and talked, and went on real awful. It kinder makes my blood run cold to think on't; and when they carried off the child, and locked her up, she jest went ravin' mad, and died in a week. Clear waste, sir, of a thousand dollars, just for want of management,—there's where 't is. It's always best to do the humane thing, sir; that's been _my_ experience." And the trader leaned back in his chair, and folded his arms, with an air of virtuous decision, apparently considering himself a second Wilberforce.

The subject appeared to interest the gentleman deeply; for while Mr. Shelby was thoughtfully peeling an orange, Haley broke out afresh, with becoming diffidence, but as if actually driven by the force of truth to say a few words more.

"It don't look well, now, for a feller to be praisin' himself; but I say it jest because it's the truth. I believe I'm reckoned to bring in about the finest droves of niggers that is brought in,—at least, I've been told so; if I have once, I reckon I have a hundred times,—all in good case,—fat and likely, and I lose as few as any man in the business. And I lays it all to my management, sir; and humanity, sir, I may say, is the great pillar of _my_ management."

Mr. Shelby did not know what to say, and so he said, "Indeed!"

"Now, I've been laughed at for my notions, sir, and I've been talked to. They an't pop'lar, and they an't common; but I stuck to 'em, sir; I've stuck to 'em, and realized well on 'em; yes, sir, they have paid their passage, I may say," and the trader laughed at his joke.

There was something so piquant and original in these elucidations of humanity, that Mr. Shelby could not help laughing in company. Perhaps you laugh too, dear reader; but you know humanity comes out in a variety of strange forms now-a-days, and there is no end to the odd things that humane people will say and do.

Mr. Shelby's laugh encouraged the trader to proceed.

"It's strange, now, but I never could beat this into people's heads. Now, there was Tom Loker, my old partner, down in Natchez; he was a clever fellow, Tom was, only the very devil with niggers,—on principle 't was, you see, for a better hearted feller never broke bread; 't was his _system_, sir. I used to talk to Tom. 'Why, Tom,' I used to say, 'when your gals takes on and cry, what's the use o' crackin on 'em over the head, and knockin' on 'em round? It's ridiculous,' says I, 'and don't do no sort o' good. Why, I don't see no harm in their cryin',' says I; 'it's natur,' says I, 'and if natur can't blow off one way, it will another. Besides, Tom,' says I, 'it jest spiles your gals; they get sickly, and down in the mouth; and sometimes they gets ugly,—particular yallow gals do,—and it's the devil and all gettin' on 'em broke in. Now,' says I, 'why can't you kinder coax 'em up, and speak 'em fair? Depend on it, Tom, a little humanity, thrown in along, goes a heap further than all your jawin' and crackin'; and it pays better,' says I, 'depend on 't.' But Tom couldn't get the hang on 't; and he spiled so many for me, that I had to break off with him, though he was a good-hearted fellow, and as fair a business hand as is goin'."

"And do you find your ways of managing do the business better than Tom's?" said Mr. Shelby.

"Why, yes, sir, I may say so. You see, when I any ways can, I takes a leetle care about the onpleasant parts, like selling young uns and that,—get the gals out of the way—out of sight, out of mind, you know,—and when it's clean done, and can't be helped, they naturally gets used to it. 'Tan't, you know, as if it was white folks, that's brought up in the way of 'spectin' to keep their children and wives, and all that. Niggers, you know, that's fetched up properly, ha'n't no kind of 'spectations of no kind; so all these things comes easier."

"I'm afraid mine are not properly brought up, then," said Mr. Shelby.

"S'pose not; you Kentucky folks spile your niggers. You mean well by 'em, but 'tan't no real kindness, arter all. Now, a nigger, you see, what's got to be hacked and tumbled round the world, and sold to Tom, and Dick, and the Lord knows who, 'tan't no kindness

to be givin' on him notions and expectations, and bringin' on him up too well, for the rough and tumble comes all the harder on him arter. Now, I venture to say, your niggers would be quite chop-fallen in a place where some of your plantation niggers would be singing and whooping like all possessed. Every man, you know, Mr. Shelby, naturally thinks well of his own ways; and I think I treat niggers just about as well as it's ever worth while to treat 'em."

"It's a happy thing to be satisfied," said Mr. Shelby, with a slight shrug, and some perceptible feelings of a disagreeable nature.

"Well," said Haley, after they had both silently picked their nuts for a season, "what do you say?"

"I'll think the matter over, and talk with my wife," said Mr. Shelby. "Meantime, Haley, if you want the matter carried on in the quiet way you speak of, you'd best not let your business in this neighborhood be known. It will get out among my boys, and it will not be a particularly quiet business getting away any of my fellows, if they know it, I'll promise you."

"O! certainly, by all means, mum! of course. But I'll tell you, I'm in a devil of a hurry, and shall want to know, as soon as possible, what I may depend on," said he, rising and putting on his overcoat.

"Well, call up this evening, between six and seven, and you shall have my answer," said Mr. Shelby, and the trader bowed himself out of the apartment.

"I'd like to have been able to kick the fellow down the steps," said he to himself, as he saw the door fairly closed, "with his impudent assurance; but he knows how much he has me at advantage. If anybody had ever said to me that I should sell Tom down south to one of those rascally traders, I should have said, 'Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?' And now it must come, for aught I see. And Eliza's child, too! I know that I shall have some fuss with wife about that; and, for that matter, about Tom, too. So much for being in debt,—heigho! The fellow sees his advantage, and means to push it."

Perhaps the mildest form of the system of slavery is to be seen in the State of Kentucky. The general prevalence of agricultural pursuits of a quiet and gradual nature, not requiring those periodic seasons of hurry and pressure that are called for in the business of more southern districts, makes the task of the negro a more healthful and reasonable one; while the master, content with a more gradual style of acquisition, has not those temptations to hardheartedness which always overcome frail human nature when the prospect of sudden and rapid gain is weighed in the balance, with no heavier counterpoise than the interests of the helpless and unprotected.

Whoever visits some estates there, and witnesses the good-humored indulgence of some masters and mistresses, and the affectionate loyalty of some slaves, might be tempted to dream the oft-fabled poetic legend of a patriarchal institution, and all that; but over and above the scene there broods a portentous shadow—the shadow of _law_. So long as the law considers all these human beings, with beating hearts and living affections, only as so many _things_ belonging to a master,—so long as the failure, or misfortune, or imprudence, or death of the kindest owner, may cause them any day to exchange a life of kind protection and indulgence for one of hopeless misery and toil,—so long it is impossible to make anything beautiful or desirable in the best regulated administration of slavery.

Mr. Shelby was a fair average kind of man, good-natured and kindly, and disposed to easy indulgence of those around him, and there had never been a lack of anything which might contribute to the physical comfort of the negroes on his estate. He had, however, speculated largely and quite loosely; had involved himself deeply, and his notes to a large amount had come into the hands of Haley; and this small piece of information is the key to the preceding conversation.

Now, it had so happened that, in approaching the door, Eliza had caught enough of the conversation to know that a trader was making offers to her master for somebody.

She would gladly have stopped at the door to listen, as she came out; but her mistress just then calling, she was obliged to hasten away.

Still she thought she heard the trader make an offer for her boy;—could she be mistaken? Her heart swelled and throbbed, and she involuntarily strained him so tight that the little fellow looked up into her face in astonishment.

"Eliza, girl, what ails you today?" said her mistress, when Eliza had upset the wash-pitcher, knocked down the workstand, and finally was abstractedly offering her mistress a long nightgown in place of the silk dress she had ordered her to bring from the wardrobe.

Eliza started. “O, missis!” she said, raising her eyes; then, bursting into tears, she sat down in a chair, and began sobbing.

“Why, Eliza, child, what ails you?” said her mistress.

“O! missis, missis,” said Eliza, “there’s been a trader talking with master in the parlor! I heard him.”

“Well, silly child, suppose there has.”

“O, missis, _do_ you suppose mas’r would sell my Harry?” And the poor creature threw herself into a chair, and sobbed convulsively.

“Sell him! No, you foolish girl! You know your master never deals with those southern traders, and never means to sell any of his servants, as long as they behave well. Why, you silly child, who do you think would want to buy your Harry? Do you think all the world are set on him as you are, you goosie? Come, cheer up, and hook my dress. There now, put my back hair up in that pretty braid you learnt the other day, and don’t go listening at doors any more.”

“Well, but, missis, _you_ never would give your consent—to—to—”

“Nonsense, child! to be sure, I shouldn’t. What do you talk so for? I would as soon have one of my own children sold. But really, Eliza, you are getting altogether too proud of that little fellow. A man can’t put his nose into the door, but you think he must be coming to buy him.”

Reassured by her mistress’ confident tone, Eliza proceeded nimbly and adroitly with her toilet, laughing at her own fears, as she proceeded.

Mrs. Shelby was a woman of a high class, both intellectually and morally. To that natural magnanimity and generosity of mind which one often marks as characteristic of the women of Kentucky, she added high moral and religious sensibility and principle, carried out with great energy and ability into practical results. Her husband, who made no professions to any particular religious character, nevertheless reverenced and respected the consistency of hers, and stood, perhaps, a little in awe of her opinion. Certain it was that he gave her unlimited scope in all her benevolent efforts for the comfort, instruction, and improvement of her servants, though he never took any decided part in them himself. In fact, if not exactly a believer in the doctrine of the efficiency of the extra good works of saints, he really seemed somehow or other to fancy that his wife had piety and benevolence enough for two—to indulge a shadowy expectation of getting into heaven through her superabundance of qualities to which he made no particular pretension.

The heaviest load on his mind, after his conversation with the trader, lay in the foreseen necessity of breaking to his wife the arrangement contemplated,—meeting the importunities and opposition which he knew he should have reason to encounter.

Mrs. Shelby, being entirely ignorant of her husband’s embarrassments, and knowing only the general kindliness of his temper, had been quite sincere in the entire incredulity with which she had met Eliza’s suspicions. In fact, she dismissed the matter from her mind, without a second thought; and being occupied in preparations for an evening visit, it passed out of her thoughts entirely.

CHAPTER II The Mother

Eliza had been brought up by her mistress, from girlhood, as a petted and indulged favorite.

The traveller in the south must often have remarked that peculiar air of refinement, that softness of voice and manner, which seems in many cases to be a particular gift to the quadroon and mulatto women. These natural graces in the quadroon are often united with beauty of the most dazzling kind, and in almost every case with a personal appearance prepossessing and agreeable. Eliza, such as we have described her, is not a fancy sketch, but taken from remembrance, as we saw her, years ago, in Kentucky. Safe under the protecting care of her mistress, Eliza had reached maturity without those temptations which make beauty so fatal an inheritance to a slave. She had been married to a bright and talented young mulatto man, who was a slave on a neighboring estate, and bore the name of George Harris.

This young man had been hired out by his master to work in a bagging factory, where his adroitness and ingenuity caused him to be considered the first hand in the place. He had invented a machine for the cleaning of the hemp, which, considering the education and circumstances of the inventor, displayed quite as much mechanical genius as Whitney’s cotton-gin.[1]

[2] A machine of this description was really the invention of a young colored man in Kentucky. [Mrs. Stowe's note.]

He was possessed of a handsome person and pleasing manners, and was a general favorite in the factory. Nevertheless, as this young man was in the eye of the law not a man, but a thing, all these superior qualifications were subject to the control of a vulgar, narrow-minded, tyrannical master. This same gentleman, having heard of the fame of George's invention, took a ride over to the factory, to see what this intelligent chattel had been about. He was received with great enthusiasm by the employer, who congratulated him on possessing so valuable a slave.

He was waited upon over the factory, shown the machinery by George, who, in high spirits, talked so fluently, held himself so erect, looked so handsome and manly, that his master began to feel an uneasy consciousness of inferiority. What business had his slave to be marching round the country, inventing machines, and holding up his head among gentlemen? He'd soon put a stop to it. He'd take him back, and put him to hoeing and digging, and "see if he'd step about so smart." Accordingly, the manufacturer and all hands concerned were astounded when he suddenly demanded George's wages, and announced his intention of taking him home.

"But, Mr. Harris," remonstrated the manufacturer, "isn't this rather sudden?"

"What if it is?—isn't the man _mine_?"

"We would be willing, sir, to increase the rate of compensation."

"No object at all, sir. I don't need to hire any of my hands out, unless I've a mind to."

"But, sir, he seems peculiarly adapted to this business."

"Dare say he may be; never was much adapted to anything that I set him about, I'll be bound."

"But only think of his inventing this machine," interposed one of the workmen, rather unluckily.

"O yes!—a machine for saving work, is it? He'd invent that, I'll be bound; let a nigger alone for that, any time. They are all labor-saving machines themselves, every one of 'em. No, he shall tramp!"

George had stood like one transfixed, at hearing his doom thus suddenly pronounced by a power that he knew was irresistible. He folded his arms, tightly pressed in his lips, but a whole volcano of bitter feelings burned in his bosom, and sent streams of fire through his veins. He breathed short, and his large dark eyes flashed like live coals; and he might have broken out into some dangerous ebullition, had not the kindly manufacturer touched him on the arm, and said, in a low tone,

"Give way, George; go with him for the present. We'll try to help you, yet."

The tyrant observed the whisper, and conjectured its import, though he could not hear what was said; and he inwardly strengthened himself in his determination to keep the power he possessed over his victim.

George was taken home, and put to the meanest drudgery of the farm. He had been able to repress every disrespectful word; but the flashing eye, the gloomy and troubled brow, were part of a natural language that could not be repressed,—indubitable signs, which showed too plainly that the man could not become a thing.

It was during the happy period of his employment in the factory that George had seen and married his wife. During that period,—being much trusted and favored by his employer,—he had free liberty to come and go at discretion. The marriage was highly approved of by Mrs. Shelby, who, with a little womanly complacency in match-making, felt pleased to unite her handsome favorite with one of her own class who seemed in every way suited to her; and so they were married in her mistress' great parlor, and her mistress herself adorned the bride's beautiful hair with orange-blossoms, and threw over it the bridal veil, which certainly could scarce have rested on a fairer head; and there was no lack of white gloves, and cake and wine,—of admiring guests to praise the bride's beauty, and her mistress' indulgence and liberality. For a year or two Eliza saw her husband frequently, and there was nothing to interrupt their happiness, except the loss of two infant children, to whom she was passionately attached, and whom she mourned with a grief so intense as to call for gentle remonstrance from her mistress, who sought, with maternal anxiety, to direct her naturally passionate feelings within the bounds of reason and religion.

After the birth of little Harry, however, she had gradually become tranquillized and settled; and every bleeding tie and throbbing nerve, once more entwined with that little life, seemed to become sound and healthful, and Eliza was a happy woman up to the time

that her husband was rudely torn from his kind employer, and brought under the iron sway of his legal owner.

The manufacturer, true to his word, visited Mr. Harris a week or two after George had been taken away, when, as he hoped, the heat of the occasion had passed away, and tried every possible inducement to lead him to restore him to his former employment.

“You needn’t trouble yourself to talk any longer,” said he, doggedly; “I know my own business, sir.”

“I did not presume to interfere with it, sir. I only thought that you might think it for your interest to let your man to us on the terms proposed.”

“O, I understand the matter well enough. I saw your winking and whispering, the day I took him out of the factory; but you don’t come it over me that way. It’s a free country, sir; the man’s _mine_, and I do what I please with him,—that’s it!”

And so fell George’s last hope;—nothing before him but a life of toil and drudgery, rendered more bitter by every little smarting vexation and indignity which tyrannical ingenuity could devise.

A very humane jurist once said, The worst use you can put a man to is to hang him. No; there is another use that a man can be put to that is WORSE!

CHAPTER III The Husband and Father

Mrs. Shelby had gone on her visit, and Eliza stood in the verandah, rather dejectedly looking after the retreating carriage, when a hand was laid on her shoulder. She turned, and a bright smile lighted up her fine eyes.

“George, is it you? How you frightened me! Well; I am so glad you ’s come! Missis is gone to spend the afternoon; so come into my little room, and we’ll have the time all to ourselves.”

Saying this, she drew him into a neat little apartment opening on the verandah, where she generally sat at her sewing, within call of her mistress.

“How glad I am!—why don’t you smile?—and look at Harry—how he grows.” The boy stood shyly regarding his father through his curls, holding close to the skirts of his mother’s dress. “Isn’t he beautiful?” said Eliza, lifting his long curls and kissing him.

“I wish he’d never been born!” said George, bitterly. “I wish I’d never been born myself!”

Surprised and frightened, Eliza sat down, leaned her head on her husband’s shoulder, and burst into tears.

“There now, Eliza, it’s too bad for me to make you feel so, poor girl!” said he, fondly; “it’s too bad. O, how I wish you never had seen me—you might have been happy!”

“George! George! how can you talk so? What dreadful thing has happened, or is going to happen? I’m sure we’ve been very happy, till lately.”

“So we have, dear,” said George. Then drawing his child on his knee, he gazed intently on his glorious dark eyes, and passed his hands through his long curls.

“Just like you, Eliza; and you are the handsomest woman I ever saw, and the best one I ever wish to see; but, oh, I wish I’d never seen you, nor you me!”

“O, George, how can you!”

“Yes, Eliza, it’s all misery, misery, misery! My life is bitter as wormwood; the very life is burning out of me. I’m a poor, miserable, forlorn drudge; I shall only drag you down with me, that’s all. What’s the use of our trying to do anything, trying to know anything, trying to be anything? What’s the use of living? I wish I was dead!”

“O, now, dear George, that is really wicked! I know how you feel about losing your place in the factory, and you have a hard master; but pray be patient, and perhaps something—”

“Patient!” said he, interrupting her; “haven’t I been patient? Did I say a word when he came and took me away, for no earthly reason, from the place where everybody was kind to me? I’d paid him truly every cent of my earnings,—and they all say I worked

well."

"Well, it _is_ dreadful," said Eliza; "but, after all, he is your master, you know."

"My master! and who made him my master? That's what I think of—what right has he to me? I'm a man as much as he is. I'm a better man than he is. I know more about business than he does; I am a better manager than he is; I can read better than he can; I can write a better hand,—and I've learned it all myself, and no thanks to him,—I've learned it in spite of him; and now what right has he to make a dray-horse of me?—to take me from things I can do, and do better than he can, and put me to work that any horse can do? He tries to do it; he says he'll bring me down and humble me, and he puts me to just the hardest, meanest and dirtiest work, on purpose!"

"O, George! George! you frighten me! Why, I never heard you talk so; I'm afraid you'll do something dreadful. I don't wonder at your feelings, at all; but oh, do be careful—do, do—for my sake—for Harry's!"

"I have been careful, and I have been patient, but it's growing worse and worse; flesh and blood can't bear it any longer;—every chance he can get to insult and torment me, he takes. I thought I could do my work well, and keep on quiet, and have some time to read and learn out of work hours; but the more he sees I can do, the more he loads on. He says that though I don't say anything, he sees I've got the devil in me, and he means to bring it out; and one of these days it will come out in a way that he won't like, or I'm mistaken!"

"O dear! what shall we do?" said Eliza, mournfully.

"It was only yesterday," said George, "as I was busy loading stones into a cart, that young Mas'r Tom stood there, slashing his whip so near the horse that the creature was frightened. I asked him to stop, as pleasant as I could,—he just kept right on. I begged him again, and then he turned on me, and began striking me. I held his hand, and then he screamed and kicked and ran to his father, and told him that I was fighting him. He came in a rage, and said he'd teach me who was my master; and he tied me to a tree, and cut switches for young master, and told him that he might whip me till he was tired;—and he did do it! If I don't make him remember it, some time!" and the brow of the young man grew dark, and his eyes burned with an expression that made his young wife tremble. "Who made this man my master? That's what I want to know!" he said.

"Well," said Eliza, mournfully, "I always thought that I must obey my master and mistress, or I couldn't be a Christian."

"There is some sense in it, in your case; they have brought you up like a child, fed you, clothed you, indulged you, and taught you, so that you have a good education; that is some reason why they should claim you. But I have been kicked and cuffed and sworn at, and at the best only let alone; and what do I owe? I've paid for all my keeping a hundred times over. I _won't_ bear it. No, I _won't_!" he said, clenching his hand with a fierce frown.

Eliza trembled, and was silent. She had never seen her husband in this mood before; and her gentle system of ethics seemed to bend like a reed in the surges of such passions.

"You know poor little Carlo, that you gave me," added George; "the creature has been about all the comfort that I've had. He has slept with me nights, and followed me around days, and kind o' looked at me as if he understood how I felt. Well, the other day I was just feeding him with a few old scraps I picked up by the kitchen door, and Mas'r came along, and said I was feeding him up at his expense, and that he couldn't afford to have every nigger keeping his dog, and ordered me to tie a stone to his neck and throw him in the pond."

"O, George, you didn't do it!"

"Do it? not I!—but he did. Mas'r and Tom pelted the poor drowning creature with stones. Poor thing! he looked at me so mournful, as if he wondered why I didn't save him. I had to take a flogging because I wouldn't do it myself. I don't care. Mas'r will find out that I'm one that whipping won't tame. My day will come yet, if he don't look out."

"What are you going to do? O, George, don't do anything wicked; if you only trust in God, and try to do right, he'll deliver you."

"I an't a Christian like you, Eliza; my heart's full of bitterness; I can't trust in God. Why does he let things be so?"

"O, George, we must have faith. Mistress says that when all things go wrong to us, we must believe that God is doing the very best."

“That’s easy to say for people that are sitting on their sofas and riding in their carriages; but let ’em be where I am, I guess it would come some harder. I wish I could be good; but my heart burns, and can’t be reconciled, anyhow. You couldn’t in my place,—you can’t now, if I tell you all I’ve got to say. You don’t know the whole yet.”

“What can be coming now?”

“Well, lately Mas’r has been saying that he was a fool to let me marry off the place; that he hates Mr. Shelby and all his tribe, because they are proud, and hold their heads up above him, and that I’ve got proud notions from you; and he says he won’t let me come here any more, and that I shall take a wife and settle down on his place. At first he only scolded and grumbled these things; but yesterday he told me that I should take Mina for a wife, and settle down in a cabin with her, or he would sell me down river.”

“Why—but you were married to _me_, by the minister, as much as if you’d been a white man!” said Eliza, simply.

“Don’t you know a slave can’t be married? There is no law in this country for that; I can’t hold you for my wife, if he chooses to part us. That’s why I wish I’d never seen you,—why I wish I’d never been born; it would have been better for us both,—it would have been better for this poor child if he had never been born. All this may happen to him yet!”

“O, but master is so kind!”

“Yes, but who knows?—he may die—and then he may be sold to nobody knows who. What pleasure is it that he is handsome, and smart, and bright? I tell you, Eliza, that a sword will pierce through your soul for every good and pleasant thing your child is or has; it will make him worth too much for you to keep.”

The words smote heavily on Eliza’s heart; the vision of the trader came before her eyes, and, as if some one had struck her a deadly blow, she turned pale and gasped for breath. She looked nervously out on the verandah, where the boy, tired of the grave conversation, had retired, and where he was riding triumphantly up and down on Mr. Shelby’s walking-stick. She would have spoken to tell her husband her fears, but checked herself.

“No, no,—he has enough to bear, poor fellow!” she thought. “No, I won’t tell him; besides, it an’t true; Missis never deceives us.”

“So, Eliza, my girl,” said the husband, mournfully, “bear up, now; and good-by, for I’m going.”

“Going, George! Going where?”

“To Canada,” said he, straightening himself up; “and when I’m there, I’ll buy you; that’s all the hope that’s left us. You have a kind master, that won’t refuse to sell you. I’ll buy you and the boy;—God helping me, I will!”

“O, dreadful! if you should be taken?”

“I won’t be taken, Eliza; I’ll _die_ first! I’ll be free, or I’ll die!”

“You won’t kill yourself!”

“No need of that. They will kill me, fast enough; they never will get me down the river alive!”

“O, George, for my sake, do be careful! Don’t do anything wicked; don’t lay hands on yourself, or anybody else! You are tempted too much—too much; but don’t—go you must—but go carefully, prudently; pray God to help you.”

“Well, then, Eliza, hear my plan. Mas’r took it into his head to send me right by here, with a note to Mr. Symmes, that lives a mile past. I believe he expected I should come here to tell you what I have. It would please him, if he thought it would aggravate ‘Shelby’s folks,’ as he calls ’em. I’m going home quite resigned, you understand, as if all was over. I’ve got some preparations made,—and there are those that will help me; and, in the course of a week or so, I shall be among the missing, some day. Pray for me, Eliza; perhaps the good Lord will hear _you_.”

“O, pray yourself, George, and go trusting in him; then you won’t do anything wicked.”

“Well, now, _good-by_,” said George, holding Eliza’s hands, and gazing into her eyes, without moving. They stood silent; then there were last words, and sobs, and bitter weeping,—such parting as those may make whose hope to meet again is as the spider’s web,—and the husband and wife were parted.

CHAPTER IV An Evening in Uncle Tom’s Cabin

The cabin of Uncle Tom was a small log building, close adjoining to “the house,” as the negro _par excellence_ designates his master’s dwelling. In front it had a neat garden-patch, where, every summer, strawberries, raspberries, and a variety of fruits and vegetables, flourished under careful tending. The whole front of it was covered by a large scarlet bignonia and a native multiflora rose, which, entwisting and interlacing, left scarce a vestige of the rough logs to be seen. Here, also, in summer, various brilliant annuals, such as marigolds, petunias, four-o’clocks, found an indulgent corner in which to unfold their splendors, and were the delight and pride of Aunt Chloe’s heart.

Let us enter the dwelling. The evening meal at the house is over, and Aunt Chloe, who presided over its preparation as head cook, has left to inferior officers in the kitchen the business of clearing away and washing dishes, and come out into her own snug territories, to “get her ole man’s supper”; therefore, doubt not that it is her you see by the fire, presiding with anxious interest over certain frizzling items in a stew-pan, and anon with grave consideration lifting the cover of a bake-kettle, from whence steam forth indubitable intimations of “something good.” A round, black, shining face is hers, so glossy as to suggest the idea that she might have been washed over with white of eggs, like one of her own tea rusks. Her whole plump countenance beams with satisfaction and contentment from under her well-starched checked turban, bearing on it, however, if we must confess it, a little of that tinge of self-consciousness which becomes the first cook of the neighborhood, as Aunt Chloe was universally held and acknowledged to be.

A cook she certainly was, in the very bone and centre of her soul. Not a chicken or turkey or duck in the barn-yard but looked grave when they saw her approaching, and seemed evidently to be reflecting on their latter end; and certain it was that she was always meditating on trussing, stuffing and roasting, to a degree that was calculated to inspire terror in any reflecting fowl living. Her corn-cake, in all its varieties of hoe-cake, dodgers, muffins, and other species too numerous to mention, was a sublime mystery to all less practised compounders; and she would shake her fat sides with honest pride and merriment, as she would narrate the fruitless efforts that one and another of her compeers had made to attain to her elevation.

The arrival of company at the house, the arranging of dinners and suppers “in style,” awoke all the energies of her soul; and no sight was more welcome to her than a pile of travelling trunks launched on the verandah, for then she foresaw fresh efforts and fresh triumphs.

Just at present, however, Aunt Chloe is looking into the bake-pan; in which congenial operation we shall leave her till we finish our picture of the cottage.

In one corner of it stood a bed, covered neatly with a snowy spread; and by the side of it was a piece of carpeting, of some considerable size. On this piece of carpeting Aunt Chloe took her stand, as being decidedly in the upper walks of life; and it and the bed by which it lay, and the whole corner, in fact, were treated with distinguished consideration, and made, so far as possible, sacred from the marauding inroads and desecrations of little folks. In fact, that corner was the _drawing-room_ of the establishment. In the other corner was a bed of much humbler pretensions, and evidently designed for _use_. The wall over the fireplace was adorned with some very brilliant scriptural prints, and a portrait of General Washington, drawn and colored in a manner which would certainly have astonished that hero, if ever he had happened to meet with its like.

On a rough bench in the corner, a couple of woolly-headed boys, with glistening black eyes and fat shining cheeks, were busy in superintending the first walking operations of the baby, which, as is usually the case, consisted in getting up on its feet, balancing a moment, and then tumbling down,—each successive failure being violently cheered, as something decidedly clever.

A table, somewhat rheumatic in its limbs, was drawn out in front of the fire, and covered with a cloth, displaying cups and saucers of a decidedly brilliant pattern, with other symptoms of an approaching meal. At this table was seated Uncle Tom, Mr. Shelby’s best hand, who, as he is to be the hero of our story, we must daguerreotype for our readers. He was a large, broad-chested, powerfully-made man, of a full glossy black, and a face whose truly African features were characterized by an expression of grave and steady good sense, united with much kindliness and benevolence. There was something about his whole air self-respecting and dignified, yet united with a confiding and humble simplicity.

He was very busily intent at this moment on a slate lying before him, on which he was carefully and slowly endeavoring to accomplish a copy of some letters, in which operation he was overlooked by young Mas’r George, a smart, bright boy of thirteen, who appeared fully to realize the dignity of his position as instructor.

“Not that way, Uncle Tom,—not that way,” said he, briskly, as Uncle Tom laboriously brought up the tail of his _g_ the wrong side out; “that makes a _q_, you see.”

“La sakes, now, does it?” said Uncle Tom, looking with a respectful, admiring air, as his young teacher flourishingly scrawled _q_’s and _g_’s innumerable for his edification; and then, taking the pencil in his big, heavy fingers, he patiently recommenced.

“How easy white folks al’us does things!” said Aunt Chloe, pausing while she was greasing a griddle with a scrap of bacon on her fork, and regarding young Master George with pride. “The way he can write, now! and read, too! and then to come out here evenings and read his lessons to us,—it’s mighty interestin’!”

“But, Aunt Chloe, I’m getting mighty hungry,” said George. “Isn’t that cake in the skillet almost done?”

“Mose done, Mas’r George,” said Aunt Chloe, lifting the lid and peeping in,—“browning beautiful—a real lovely brown. Ah! let me alone for dat. Missis let Sally try to make some cake, t’other day, jes to _larn_ her, she said. ‘O, go way, Missis,’ said I; ‘it really hurts my feelin’s, now, to see good vittles spiled dat ar way! Cake ris all to one side—no shape at all; no more than my shoe; go way!’”

And with this final expression of contempt for Sally’s greenness, Aunt Chloe whipped the cover off the bake-kettle, and disclosed to view a neatly-baked pound-cake, of which no city confectioner need to have been ashamed. This being evidently the central point of the entertainment, Aunt Chloe began now to bustle about earnestly in the supper department.

“Here you, Mose and Pete! get out de way, you niggers! Get away, Polly, honey,—mammy’ll give her baby somefin, by and by. Now, Mas’r George, you jest take off dem books, and set down now with my old man, and I’ll take up de sausages, and have de first griddle full of cakes on your plates in less dan no time.”

“They wanted me to come to supper in the house,” said George; “but I knew what was what too well for that, Aunt Chloe.”

“So you did—so you did, honey,” said Aunt Chloe, heaping the smoking batter-cakes on his plate; “you know’d your old aunty’d keep the best for you. O, let you alone for dat! Go way!” And, with that, aunty gave George a nudge with her finger, designed to be immensely facetious, and turned again to her griddle with great briskness.

“Now for the cake,” said Mas’r George, when the activity of the griddle department had somewhat subsided; and, with that, the youngster flourished a large knife over the article in question.

“La bless you, Mas’r George!” said Aunt Chloe, with earnestness, catching his arm, “you wouldn’t be for cuttin’ it wid dat ar great heavy knife! Smash all down—spile all de pretty rise of it. Here, I’ve got a thin old knife, I keeps sharp a purpose. Dar now, see! comes apart light as a feather! Now eat away—you won’t get anything to beat dat ar.”

“Tom Lincon says,” said George, speaking with his mouth full, “that their Jinny is a better cook than you.”

“Dem Lincons an’t much count, no way!” said Aunt Chloe, contemptuously; “I mean, set along side _our_ folks. They ’s ’spectable folks enough in a kinder plain way; but, as to gettin’ up anything in style, they don’t begin to have a notion on ’t. Set Mas’r Lincon, now, alongside Mas’r Shelby! Good Lor! and Missis Lincon,—can she kinder sweep it into a room like my missis,—so kinder splendid, yer know! O, go way! don’t tell me nothin’ of dem Lincons!”—and Aunt Chloe tossed her head as one who hoped she did know something of the world.

“Well, though, I’ve heard you say,” said George, “that Jinny was a pretty fair cook.”

“So I did,” said Aunt Chloe,—“I may say dat. Good, plain, common cookin’, Jinny’ll do;—make a good pone o’ bread,—bile her taters _far_,—her corn cakes isn’t extra, not extra now, Jinny’s corn cakes isn’t, but then they’s far,—but, Lor, come to de higher branches, and what _can_ she do? Why, she makes pies—sartin she does; but what kinder crust? Can she make your real flecky paste, as melts in your mouth, and lies all up like a puff? Now, I went over thar when Miss Mary was gwine to be married, and Jinny she jest showed me de weddin’ pies. Jinny and I is good friends, ye know. I never said nothin’; but go ’long, Mas’r George! Why, I shouldn’t sleep a wink for a week, if I had a batch of pies like dem ar. Why, dey wan’t no ’count ’t all.”

“I suppose Jinny thought they were ever so nice,” said George.

“Thought so!—didn’t she? Thar she was, showing ’em, as innocent—ye see, it’s jest here, Jinny _don’t know_. Lor, the family an’t nothing! She can’t be spected to know! ’Ta’nt no fault o’ hern. Ah, Mas’r George, you doesn’t know half your privileges in yer family

and bringin' up!" Here Aunt Chloe sighed, and rolled up her eyes with emotion.

"I'm sure, Aunt Chloe, I understand all my pie and pudding privileges," said George. "Ask Tom Lincon if I don't crow over him, every time I meet him."

Aunt Chloe sat back in her chair, and indulged in a hearty guffaw of laughter, at this witticism of young Mas'r's, laughing till the tears rolled down her black, shining cheeks, and varying the exercise with playfully slapping and poking Mas'r Georgey, and telling him to go way, and that he was a case—that he was fit to kill her, and that he sartin would kill her, one of these days; and, between each of these sanguinary predictions, going off into a laugh, each longer and stronger than the other, till George really began to think that he was a very dangerously witty fellow, and that it became him to be careful how he talked "as funny as he could."

"And so ye telled Tom, did ye? O, Lor! what young uns will be up ter! Ye crowed over Tom? O, Lor! Mas'r George, if ye wouldn't make a hornbug laugh!"

"Yes," said George, "I says to him, 'Tom, you ought to see some of Aunt Chloe's pies; they're the right sort,' says I."

"Pity, now, Tom couldn't," said Aunt Chloe, on whose benevolent heart the idea of Tom's benighted condition seemed to make a strong impression. "Ye oughter just ask him here to dinner, some o' these times, Mas'r George," she added; "it would look quite pretty of ye. Ye know, Mas'r George, ye oughtenter feel 'bove nobody, on 'count yer privileges, 'cause all our privileges is gi'n to us; we ought al'ays to 'member that," said Aunt Chloe, looking quite serious.

"Well, I mean to ask Tom here, some day next week," said George; "and you do your prettiest, Aunt Chloe, and we'll make him stare. Won't we make him eat so he won't get over it for a fortnight?"

"Yes, yes—sartin," said Aunt Chloe, delighted; "you'll see. Lor! to think of some of our dinners! Yer mind dat ar great chicken pie I made when we guv de dinner to General Knox? I and Missis, we come pretty near quarrelling about dat ar crust. What does get into ladies sometimes, I don't know; but, sometimes, when a body has de heaviest kind o' 'sponsibility on 'em, as ye may say, and is all kinder _'seris'_ and taken up, dey takes dat ar time to be hangin' round and kinder interferin'! Now, Missis, she wanted me to do dis way, and she wanted me to do dat way; and, finally, I got kinder sarcy, and, says I, 'Now, Missis, do jist look at dem beautiful white hands o' yourn with long fingers, and all a sparkling with rings, like my white lilies when de dew 's on 'em; and look at my great black stumpin hands. Now, don't ye think dat de Lord must have meant _me_ to make de pie-crust, and you to stay in de parlor?' Dar! I was jist so sarcy, Mas'r George."

"And what did mother say?" said George.

"Say?—why, she kinder larfed in her eyes—dem great handsome eyes o' hern; and, says she, 'Well, Aunt Chloe, I think you are about in the right on 't,' says she; and she went off in de parlor. She oughter cracked me over de head for bein' so sarcy; but dar's whar 't is—I can't do nothin' with ladies in de kitchen!"

"Well, you made out well with that dinner,—I remember everybody said so," said George.

"Didn't I? And wan't I behind de dinin'-room door dat bery day? and didn't I see de General pass his plate three times for some more dat bery pie?—and, says he, 'You must have an uncommon cook, Mrs. Shelby.' Lor! I was fit to split myself.

"And de Gineral, he knows what cookin' is," said Aunt Chloe, drawing herself up with an air. "Bery nice man, de Gineral! He comes of one of de bery _fustest_ families in Old Virginny! He knows what's what, now, as well as I do—de Gineral. Ye see, there's _pints_ in all pies, Mas'r George; but tan't everybody knows what they is, or orter be. But the Gineral, he knows; I knew by his 'marks he made. Yes, he knows what de pints is!"

By this time, Master George had arrived at that pass to which even a boy can come (under uncommon circumstances), when he really could not eat another morsel, and, therefore, he was at leisure to notice the pile of woolly heads and glistening eyes which were regarding their operations hungrily from the opposite corner.

"Here, you Mose, Pete," he said, breaking off liberal bits, and throwing it at them; "you want some, don't you? Come, Aunt Chloe, bake them some cakes."

And George and Tom moved to a comfortable seat in the chimney-corner, while Aunt Chloe, after baking a goodly pile of cakes, took her baby on her lap, and began alternately filling its mouth and her own, and distributing to Mose and Pete, who seemed rather

to prefer eating theirs as they rolled about on the floor under the table, tickling each other, and occasionally pulling the baby's toes.

"O! go long, will ye?" said the mother, giving now and then a kick, in a kind of general way, under the table, when the movement became too obstreperous. "Can't ye be decent when white folks comes to see ye? Stop dat ar, now, will ye? Better mind yerselves, or I'll take ye down a button-hole lower, when Mas'r George is gone!"

What meaning was couched under this terrible threat, it is difficult to say; but certain it is that its awful indistinctness seemed to produce very little impression on the young sinners addressed.

"La, now!" said Uncle Tom, "they are so full of tickle all the while, they can't behave theirselves."

Here the boys emerged from under the table, and, with hands and faces well plastered with molasses, began a vigorous kissing of the baby.

"Get along wid ye!" said the mother, pushing away their woolly heads. "Ye'll all stick together, and never get clar, if ye do dat fashion. Go long to de spring and wash yerselves!" she said, seconding her exhortations by a slap, which resounded very formidably, but which seemed only to knock out so much more laugh from the young ones, as they tumbled precipitately over each other out of doors, where they fairly screamed with merriment.

"Did ye ever see such aggravating young uns?" said Aunt Chloe, rather complacently, as, producing an old towel, kept for such emergencies, she poured a little water out of the cracked tea-pot on it, and began rubbing off the molasses from the baby's face and hands; and, having polished her till she shone, she set her down in Tom's lap, while she busied herself in clearing away supper. The baby employed the intervals in pulling Tom's nose, scratching his face, and burying her fat hands in his woolly hair, which last operation seemed to afford her special content.

"Aint she a peart young un?" said Tom, holding her from him to take a full-length view; then, getting up, he set her on his broad shoulder, and began capering and dancing with her, while Mas'r George snapped at her with his pocket-handkerchief, and Mose and Pete, now returned again, roared after her like bears, till Aunt Chloe declared that they "fairly took her head off" with their noise. As, according to her own statement, this surgical operation was a matter of daily occurrence in the cabin, the declaration no whit abated the merriment, till every one had roared and tumbled and danced themselves down to a state of composure.

"Well, now, I hopes you're done," said Aunt Chloe, who had been busy in pulling out a rude box of a trundle-bed; "and now, you Mose and you Pete, get into thar; for we's goin' to have the meetin'."

"O mother, we don't wanter. We wants to sit up to meetin',—meetin's is so curis. We likes 'em."

"La, Aunt Chloe, shove it under, and let 'em sit up," said Mas'r George, decisively, giving a push to the rude machine.

Aunt Chloe, having thus saved appearances, seemed highly delighted to push the thing under, saying, as she did so, "Well, mebbe 't will do 'em some good."

The house now resolved itself into a committee of the whole, to consider the accommodations and arrangements for the meeting.

"What we's to do for cheers, now, _I_ declar I don't know," said Aunt Chloe. As the meeting had been held at Uncle Tom's weekly, for an indefinite length of time, without any more "cheers," there seemed some encouragement to hope that a way would be discovered at present.

"Old Uncle Peter sung both de legs out of dat oldest cheer, last week," suggested Mose.

"You go long! I'll boun' you pulled 'em out; some o' your shines," said Aunt Chloe.

"Well, it'll stand, if it only keeps jam up agin de wall!" said Mose.

"Den Uncle Peter mus'n't sit in it, cause he al'ays hitches when he gets a singing. He hitched pretty nigh across de room, t' other night," said Pete.

"Good Lor! get him in it, then," said Mose, "and den he'd begin, 'Come saints and sinners, hear me tell,' and den down he'd go,"—and Mose imitated precisely the nasal tones of the old man, tumbling on the floor, to illustrate the supposed catastrophe.

"Come now, be decent, can't ye?" said Aunt Chloe; "an't yer shamed?"

Mas'r George, however, joined the offender in the laugh, and declared decidedly that Mose was a "buster." So the maternal admonition seemed rather to fail of effect.

"Well, ole man," said Aunt Chloe, "you'll have to tote in them ar bar'ls."

"Mother's bar'ls is like dat ar widder's, Mas'r George was reading 'bout, in de good book,—dey never fails," said Mose, aside to Pete.

"I'm sure one on 'em caved in last week," said Pete, "and let 'em all down in de middle of de singin'; dat ar was failin', warnt it?"

During this aside between Mose and Pete, two empty casks had been rolled into the cabin, and being secured from rolling, by stones on each side, boards were laid across them, which arrangement, together with the turning down of certain tubs and pails, and the disposing of the rickety chairs, at last completed the preparation.

"Mas'r George is such a beautiful reader, now, I know he'll stay to read for us," said Aunt Chloe; "'pears like 't will be so much more interestin'."

George very readily consented, for your boy is always ready for anything that makes him of importance.

The room was soon filled with a motley assemblage, from the old gray-headed patriarch of eighty, to the young girl and lad of fifteen. A little harmless gossip ensued on various themes, such as where old Aunt Sally got her new red headkerchief, and how "Missis was a going to give Lizzy that spotted muslin gown, when she'd got her new berage made up;" and how Mas'r Shelby was thinking of buying a new sorrel colt, that was going to prove an addition to the glories of the place. A few of the worshippers belonged to families hard by, who had got permission to attend, and who brought in various choice scraps of information, about the sayings and doings at the house and on the place, which circulated as freely as the same sort of small change does in higher circles.

After a while the singing commenced, to the evident delight of all present. Not even all the disadvantage of nasal intonation could prevent the effect of the naturally fine voices, in airs at once wild and spirited. The words were sometimes the well-known and common hymns sung in the churches about, and sometimes of a wilder, more indefinite character, picked up at camp-meetings.

The chorus of one of them, which ran as follows, was sung with great energy and unction:

"Die on the field of battle, Die on the field of battle, Glory in my soul."

Another special favorite had oft repeated the words—

"O, I'm going to glory,—won't you come along with me? Don't you see the angels beck'ning, and a calling me away? Don't you see the golden city and the everlasting day?"

There were others, which made incessant mention of "Jordan's banks," and "Canaan's fields," and the "New Jerusalem;" for the negro mind, impassioned and imaginative, always attaches itself to hymns and expressions of a vivid and pictorial nature; and, as they sung, some laughed, and some cried, and some clapped hands, or shook hands rejoicingly with each other, as if they had fairly gained the other side of the river.

Various exhortations, or relations of experience, followed, and intermingled with the singing. One old gray-headed woman, long past work, but much revered as a sort of chronicle of the past, rose, and leaning on her staff, said—

"Well, chil'en! Well, I'm mighty glad to hear ye all and see ye all once more, 'cause I don't know when I'll be gone to glory; but I've done got ready, chil'en; 'pears like I'd got my little bundle all tied up, and my bonnet on, jest a waitin' for the stage to come along and take me home; sometimes, in the night, I think I hear the wheels a rattlin', and I'm lookin' out all the time; now, you jest be ready too, for I tell ye all, chil'en," she said, striking her staff hard on the floor, "dat ar _glory_ is a mighty thing! It's a mighty thing, chil'en,—you don'no nothing about it,—it's _wonderful_." And the old creature sat down, with streaming tears, as wholly overcome, while the whole circle struck up—

"O Canaan, bright Canaan, I'm bound for the land of Canaan."

Mas'r George, by request, read the last chapters of Revelation, often interrupted by such exclamations as "The _sakes_ now!" "Only hear that!" "Jest think on 't!" "Is all that a comin' sure enough?"

George, who was a bright boy, and well trained in religious things by his mother, finding himself an object of general admiration, threw in expositions of his own, from time to time, with a commendable seriousness and gravity, for which he was admired by the young and blessed by the old; and it was agreed, on all hands, that "a minister couldn't lay it off better than he did;" that "'t was reely 'mazin'!"

Uncle Tom was a sort of patriarch in religious matters, in the neighborhood. Having, naturally, an organization in which the _morale_ was strongly predominant, together with a greater breadth and cultivation of mind than obtained among his companions, he was looked up to with great respect, as a sort of minister among them; and the simple, hearty, sincere style of his exhortations might have edified even better educated persons. But it was in prayer that he especially excelled. Nothing could exceed the touching simplicity, the childlike earnestness, of his prayer, enriched with the language of Scripture, which seemed so entirely to have wrought itself into his being, as to have become a part of himself, and to drop from his lips unconsciously; in the language of a pious old negro, he "prayed right up." And so much did his prayer always work on the devotional feelings of his audiences, that there seemed often a danger that it would be lost altogether in the abundance of the responses which broke out everywhere around him.

While this scene was passing in the cabin of the man, one quite otherwise passed in the halls of the master.

The trader and Mr. Shelby were seated together in the dining room afore-named, at a table covered with papers and writing utensils.

Mr. Shelby was busy in counting some bundles of bills, which, as they were counted, he pushed over to the trader, who counted them likewise.

"All fair," said the trader; "and now for signing these yer."

Mr. Shelby hastily drew the bills of sale towards him, and signed them, like a man that hurries over some disagreeable business, and then pushed them over with the money. Haley produced, from a well-worn valise, a parchment, which, after looking over it a moment, he handed to Mr. Shelby, who took it with a gesture of suppressed eagerness.

"Wal, now, the thing's _done_!" said the trader, getting up.

"It's _done!_" said Mr. Shelby, in a musing tone; and, fetching a long breath, he repeated, _"It's done!"_

"Yer don't seem to feel much pleased with it, 'pears to me," said the trader.

"Haley," said Mr. Shelby, "I hope you'll remember that you promised, on your honor, you wouldn't sell Tom, without knowing what sort of hands he's going into."

"Why, you've just done it, sir," said the trader.

"Circumstances, you well know, _obliged_ me," said Shelby, haughtily.

"Wal, you know, they may 'blige _me_, too," said the trader. "Howsomever, I'll do the very best I can in gettin' Tom a good berth; as to my treatin' on him bad, you needn't be a grain afeard. If there's anything that I thank the Lord for, it is that I'm never noways cruel."

After the expositions which the trader had previously given of his humane principles, Mr. Shelby did not feel particularly reassured by these declarations; but, as they were the best comfort the case admitted of, he allowed the trader to depart in silence, and betook himself to a solitary cigar.

CHAPTER V Showing the Feelings of Living Property on Changing Owners

Mr. and Mrs. Shelby had retired to their apartment for the night. He was lounging in a large easy-chair, looking over some letters that had come in the afternoon mail, and she was standing before her mirror, brushing out the complicated braids and curls in which Eliza had arranged her hair; for, noticing her pale cheeks and haggard eyes, she had excused her attendance that night, and

ordered her to bed. The employment, naturally enough, suggested her conversation with the girl in the morning; and turning to her husband, she said, carelessly,

“By the by, Arthur, who was that low-bred fellow that you lugged in to our dinner-table today?”

“Haley is his name,” said Shelby, turning himself rather uneasily in his chair, and continuing with his eyes fixed on a letter.

“Haley! Who is he, and what may be his business here, pray?”

“Well, he’s a man that I transacted some business with, last time I was at Natchez,” said Mr. Shelby.

“And he presumed on it to make himself quite at home, and call and dine here, ay?”

“Why, I invited him; I had some accounts with him,” said Shelby.

“Is he a negro-trader?” said Mrs. Shelby, noticing a certain embarrassment in her husband’s manner.

“Why, my dear, what put that into your head?” said Shelby, looking up.

“Nothing,—only Eliza came in here, after dinner, in a great worry, crying and taking on, and said you were talking with a trader, and that she heard him make an offer for her boy—the ridiculous little goose!”

“She did, hey?” said Mr. Shelby, returning to his paper, which he seemed for a few moments quite intent upon, not perceiving that he was holding it bottom upwards.

“It will have to come out,” said he, mentally; “as well now as ever.”

“I told Eliza,” said Mrs. Shelby, as she continued brushing her hair, “that she was a little fool for her pains, and that you never had anything to do with that sort of persons. Of course, I knew you never meant to sell any of our people,—least of all, to such a fellow.”

“Well, Emily,” said her husband, “so I have always felt and said; but the fact is that my business lies so that I cannot get on without. I shall have to sell some of my hands.”

“To that creature? Impossible! Mr. Shelby, you cannot be serious.”

“I’m sorry to say that I am,” said Mr. Shelby. “I’ve agreed to sell Tom.”

“What! our Tom?—that good, faithful creature!—been your faithful servant from a boy! O, Mr. Shelby!—and you have promised him his freedom, too,—you and I have spoken to him a hundred times of it. Well, I can believe anything now,—I can believe _now_ that you could sell little Harry, poor Eliza’s only child!” said Mrs. Shelby, in a tone between grief and indignation.

“Well, since you must know all, it is so. I have agreed to sell Tom and Harry both; and I don’t know why I am to be rated, as if I were a monster, for doing what every one does every day.”

“But why, of all others, choose these?” said Mrs. Shelby. “Why sell them, of all on the place, if you must sell at all?”

“Because they will bring the highest sum of any,—that’s why. I could choose another, if you say so. The fellow made me a high bid on Eliza, if that would suit you any better,” said Mr. Shelby.

“The wretch!” said Mrs. Shelby, vehemently.

“Well, I didn’t listen to it, a moment,—out of regard to your feelings, I wouldn’t;—so give me some credit.”

“My dear,” said Mrs. Shelby, recollecting herself, “forgive me. I have been hasty. I was surprised, and entirely unprepared for this;—but surely you will allow me to intercede for these poor creatures. Tom is a noble-hearted, faithful fellow, if he is black. I do believe, Mr. Shelby, that if he were put to it, he would lay down his life for you.”

“I know it,—I dare say;—but what’s the use of all this?—I can’t help myself.”

“Why not make a pecuniary sacrifice? I’m willing to bear my part of the inconvenience. O, Mr. Shelby, I have tried—tried most faithfully, as a Christian woman should—to do my duty to these poor, simple, dependent creatures. I have cared for them, instructed them, watched over them, and known all their little cares and joys, for years; and how can I ever hold up my head again

among them, if, for the sake of a little paltry gain, we sell such a faithful, excellent, confiding creature as poor Tom, and tear from him in a moment all we have taught him to love and value? I have taught them the duties of the family, of parent and child, and husband and wife; and how can I bear to have this open acknowledgment that we care for no tie, no duty, no relation, however sacred, compared with money? I have talked with Eliza about her boy—her duty to him as a Christian mother, to watch over him, pray for him, and bring him up in a Christian way; and now what can I say, if you tear him away, and sell him, soul and body, to a profane, unprincipled man, just to save a little money? I have told her that one soul is worth more than all the money in the world; and how will she believe me when she sees us turn round and sell her child?—sell him, perhaps, to certain ruin of body and soul!"

"I'm sorry you feel so about it, Emily,—indeed I am," said Mr. Shelby; "and I respect your feelings, too, though I don't pretend to share them to their full extent; but I tell you now, solemnly, it's of no use—I can't help myself. I didn't mean to tell you this Emily; but, in plain words, there is no choice between selling these two and selling everything. Either they must go, or _all_ must. Haley has come into possession of a mortgage, which, if I don't clear off with him directly, will take everything before it. I've raked, and scraped, and borrowed, and all but begged,—and the price of these two was needed to make up the balance, and I had to give them up. Haley fancied the child; he agreed to settle the matter that way, and no other. I was in his power, and _had_ to do it. If you feel so to have them sold, would it be any better to have _all_ sold?"

Mrs. Shelby stood like one stricken. Finally, turning to her toilet, she rested her face in her hands, and gave a sort of groan.

"This is God's curse on slavery!—a bitter, bitter, most accursed thing!—a curse to the master and a curse to the slave! I was a fool to think I could make anything good out of such a deadly evil. It is a sin to hold a slave under laws like ours,—I always felt it was,—I always thought so when I was a girl,—I thought so still more after I joined the church; but I thought I could gild it over,—I thought, by kindness, and care, and instruction, I could make the condition of mine better than freedom—fool that I was!"

"Why, wife, you are getting to be an abolitionist, quite."

"Abolitionist! if they knew all I know about slavery, they _might_ talk! We don't need them to tell us; you know I never thought that slavery was right—never felt willing to own slaves."

"Well, therein you differ from many wise and pious men," said Mr. Shelby. "You remember Mr. B.'s sermon, the other Sunday?"

"I don't want to hear such sermons; I never wish to hear Mr. B. in our church again. Ministers can't help the evil, perhaps,—can't cure it, any more than we can,—but defend it!—it always went against my common sense. And I think you didn't think much of that sermon, either."

"Well," said Shelby, "I must say these ministers sometimes carry matters further than we poor sinners would exactly dare to do. We men of the world must wink pretty hard at various things, and get used to a deal that isn't the exact thing. But we don't quite fancy, when women and ministers come out broad and square, and go beyond us in matters of either modesty or morals, that's a fact. But now, my dear, I trust you see the necessity of the thing, and you see that I have done the very best that circumstances would allow."

"O yes, yes!" said Mrs. Shelby, hurriedly and abstractedly fingering her gold watch,—"I haven't any jewelry of any amount," she added, thoughtfully; "but would not this watch do something?—it was an expensive one, when it was bought. If I could only at least save Eliza's child, I would sacrifice anything I have."

"I'm sorry, very sorry, Emily," said Mr. Shelby, "I'm sorry this takes hold of you so; but it will do no good. The fact is, Emily, the thing's done; the bills of sale are already signed, and in Haley's hands; and you must be thankful it is no worse. That man has had it in his power to ruin us all,—and now he is fairly off. If you knew the man as I do, you'd think that we had had a narrow escape."

"Is he so hard, then?"

"Why, not a cruel man, exactly, but a man of leather,—a man alive to nothing but trade and profit,—cool, and unhesitating, and unrelenting, as death and the grave. He'd sell his own mother at a good percentage—not wishing the old woman any harm, either."

"And this wretch owns that good, faithful Tom, and Eliza's child!"

"Well, my dear, the fact is that this goes rather hard with me; it's a thing I hate to think of. Haley wants to drive matters, and take possession tomorrow. I'm going to get out my horse bright and early, and be off. I can't see Tom, that's a fact; and you had better arrange a drive somewhere, and carry Eliza off. Let the thing be done when she is out of sight."

“No, no,” said Mrs. Shelby; “I’ll be in no sense accomplice or help in this cruel business. I’ll go and see poor old Tom, God help him, in his distress! They shall see, at any rate, that their mistress can feel for and with them. As to Eliza, I dare not think about it. The Lord forgive us! What have we done, that this cruel necessity should come on us?”

There was one listener to this conversation whom Mr. and Mrs. Shelby little suspected.

Communicating with their apartment was a large closet, opening by a door into the outer passage. When Mrs. Shelby had dismissed Eliza for the night, her feverish and excited mind had suggested the idea of this closet; and she had hidden herself there, and, with her ear pressed close against the crack of the door, had lost not a word of the conversation.

When the voices died into silence, she rose and crept stealthily away. Pale, shivering, with rigid features and compressed lips, she looked an entirely altered being from the soft and timid creature she had been hitherto. She moved cautiously along the entry, paused one moment at her mistress’ door, and raised her hands in mute appeal to Heaven, and then turned and glided into her own room. It was a quiet, neat apartment, on the same floor with her mistress. There was the pleasant sunny window, where she had often sat singing at her sewing; there a little case of books, and various little fancy articles, ranged by them, the gifts of Christmas holidays; there was her simple wardrobe in the closet and in the drawers:—here was, in short, her home; and, on the whole, a happy one it had been to her. But there, on the bed, lay her slumbering boy, his long curls falling negligently around his unconscious face, his rosy mouth half open, his little fat hands thrown out over the bedclothes, and a smile spread like a sunbeam over his whole face.

“Poor boy! poor fellow!” said Eliza; “they have sold you! but your mother will save you yet!”

No tear dropped over that pillow; in such straits as these, the heart has no tears to give,—it drops only blood, bleeding itself away in silence. She took a piece of paper and a pencil, and wrote, hastily,

“O, Missis! dear Missis! don’t think me ungrateful,—don’t think hard of me, any way,—I heard all you and master said tonight. I am going to try to save my boy—you will not blame me! God bless and reward you for all your kindness!”

Hastily folding and directing this, she went to a drawer and made up a little package of clothing for her boy, which she tied with a handkerchief firmly round her waist; and, so fond is a mother’s remembrance, that, even in the terrors of that hour, she did not forget to put in the little package one or two of his favorite toys, reserving a gayly painted parrot to amuse him, when she should be called on to awaken him. It was some trouble to arouse the little sleeper; but, after some effort, he sat up, and was playing with his bird, while his mother was putting on her bonnet and shawl.

“Where are you going, mother?” said he, as she drew near the bed, with his little coat and cap.

His mother drew near, and looked so earnestly into his eyes, that he at once divined that something unusual was the matter.

“Hush, Harry,” she said; “mustn’t speak loud, or they will hear us. A wicked man was coming to take little Harry away from his mother, and carry him ’way off in the dark; but mother won’t let him—she’s going to put on her little boy’s cap and coat, and run off with him, so the ugly man can’t catch him.”

Saying these words, she had tied and buttoned on the child’s simple outfit, and, taking him in her arms, she whispered to him to be very still; and, opening a door in her room which led into the outer verandah, she glided noiselessly out.

It was a sparkling, frosty, starlight night, and the mother wrapped the shawl close round her child, as, perfectly quiet with vague terror, he clung round her neck.

Old Bruno, a great Newfoundland, who slept at the end of the porch, rose, with a low growl, as she came near. She gently spoke his name, and the animal, an old pet and playmate of hers, instantly, wagging his tail, prepared to follow her, though apparently revolving much, in his simple dog’s head, what such an indiscreet midnight promenade might mean. Some dim ideas of imprudence or impropriety in the measure seemed to embarrass him considerably; for he often stopped, as Eliza glided forward, and looked wistfully, first at her and then at the house, and then, as if reassured by reflection, he pattered along after her again. A few minutes brought them to the window of Uncle Tom’s cottage, and Eliza, stopping, tapped lightly on the window-pane.

The prayer-meeting at Uncle Tom’s had, in the order of hymn-singing, been protracted to a very late hour; and, as Uncle Tom had indulged himself in a few lengthy solos afterwards, the consequence was, that, although it was now between twelve and one

o’clock, he and his worthy helpmeet were not yet asleep.

“Good Lord! what’s that?” said Aunt Chloe, starting up and hastily drawing the curtain. “My sakes alive, if it an’t Lizy! Get on your clothes, old man, quick!—there’s old Bruno, too, a pawin’ round; what on airth! I’m gwine to open the door.”

And suiting the action to the word, the door flew open, and the light of the tallow candle, which Tom had hastily lighted, fell on the haggard face and dark, wild eyes of the fugitive.

“Lord bless you!—I’m skeered to look at ye, Lizy! Are ye tuck sick, or what’s come over ye?”

“I’m running away—Uncle Tom and Aunt Chloe—carrying off my child—Master sold him!”

[Illustration: Eliza comes to tell Uncle Tom that he is sold, and that she is running away to save her child.]

“Sold him?” echoed both, lifting up their hands in dismay.

“Yes, sold him!” said Eliza, firmly; “I crept into the closet by Mistress’ door tonight, and I heard Master tell Missis that he had sold my Harry, and you, Uncle Tom, both, to a trader; and that he was going off this morning on his horse, and that the man was to take possession today.”

Tom had stood, during this speech, with his hands raised, and his eyes dilated, like a man in a dream. Slowly and gradually, as its meaning came over him, he collapsed, rather than seated himself, on his old chair, and sunk his head down upon his knees.

“The good Lord have pity on us!” said Aunt Chloe. “O! it don’t seem as if it was true! What has he done, that Mas’r should sell _him_?”

“He hasn’t done anything,—it isn’t for that. Master don’t want to sell, and Missis—she’s always good. I heard her plead and beg for us; but he told her ’t was no use; that he was in this man’s debt, and that this man had got the power over him; and that if he didn’t pay him off clear, it would end in his having to sell the place and all the people, and move off. Yes, I heard him say there was no choice between selling these two and selling all, the man was driving him so hard. Master said he was sorry; but oh, Missis—you ought to have heard her talk! If she an’t a Christian and an angel, there never was one. I’m a wicked girl to leave her so; but, then, I can’t help it. She said, herself, one soul was worth more than the world; and this boy has a soul, and if I let him be carried off, who knows what’ll become of it? It must be right: but, if it an’t right, the Lord forgive me, for I can’t help doing it!”

“Well, old man!” said Aunt Chloe, “why don’t you go, too? Will you wait to be toted down river, where they kill niggers with hard work and starving? I’d a heap rather die than go there, any day! There’s time for ye,—be off with Lizy,—you’ve got a pass to come and go any time. Come, bustle up, and I’ll get your things together.”

Tom slowly raised his head, and looked sorrowfully but quietly around, and said,

“No, no—I an’t going. Let Eliza go—it’s her right! I wouldn’t be the one to say no—’t an’t in _natur_ for her to stay; but you heard what she said! If I must be sold, or all the people on the place, and everything go to rack, why, let me be sold. I s’pose I can b’ar it as well as any on ’em,” he added, while something like a sob and a sigh shook his broad, rough chest convulsively. “Mas’r always found me on the spot—he always will. I never have broke trust, nor used my pass no ways contrary to my word, and I never will. It’s better for me alone to go, than to break up the place and sell all. Mas’r an’t to blame, Chloe, and he’ll take care of you and the poor—”

Here he turned to the rough trundle bed full of little woolly heads, and broke fairly down. He leaned over the back of the chair, and covered his face with his large hands. Sobs, heavy, hoarse and loud, shook the chair, and great tears fell through his fingers on the floor; just such tears, sir, as you dropped into the coffin where lay your first-born son; such tears, woman, as you shed when you heard the cries of your dying babe. For, sir, he was a man,—and you are but another man. And, woman, though dressed in silk and jewels, you are but a woman, and, in life’s great straits and mighty griefs, ye feel but one sorrow!

“And now,” said Eliza, as she stood in the door, “I saw my husband only this afternoon, and I little knew then what was to come. They have pushed him to the very last standing place, and he told me, today, that he was going to run away. Do try, if you can, to get word to him. Tell him how I went, and why I went; and tell him I’m going to try and find Canada. You must give my love to him, and tell him, if I never see him again,” she turned away, and stood with her back to them for a moment, and then added, in a husky voice, “tell him to be as good as he can, and try and meet me in the kingdom of heaven.”

“Call Bruno in there,” she added. “Shut the door on him, poor beast! He mustn’t go with me!”

A few last words and tears, a few simple adieus and blessings, and clasping her wondering and affrighted child in her arms, she glided noiselessly away.

CHAPTER VI Discovery

Mr. and Mrs. Shelby, after their protracted discussion of the night before, did not readily sink to repose, and, in consequence, slept somewhat later than usual, the ensuing morning.

“I wonder what keeps Eliza,” said Mrs. Shelby, after giving her bell repeated pulls, to no purpose.

Mr. Shelby was standing before his dressing-glass, sharpening his razor; and just then the door opened, and a colored boy entered, with his shaving-water.

“Andy,” said his mistress, “step to Eliza’s door, and tell her I have rung for her three times. Poor thing!” she added, to herself, with a sigh.

Andy soon returned, with eyes very wide in astonishment.

“Lor, Missis! Lizy’s drawers is all open, and her things all lying every which way; and I believe she’s just done clared out!”

The truth flashed upon Mr. Shelby and his wife at the same moment. He exclaimed,

“Then she suspected it, and she’s off!”

“The Lord be thanked!” said Mrs. Shelby. “I trust she is.”

“Wife, you talk like a fool! Really, it will be something pretty awkward for me, if she is. Haley saw that I hesitated about selling this child, and he’ll think I connived at it, to get him out of the way. It touches my honor!” And Mr. Shelby left the room hastily.

There was great running and ejaculating, and opening and shutting of doors, and appearance of faces in all shades of color in different places, for about a quarter of an hour. One person only, who might have shed some light on the matter, was entirely silent, and that was the head cook, Aunt Chloe. Silently, and with a heavy cloud settled down over her once joyous face, she proceeded making out her breakfast biscuits, as if she heard and saw nothing of the excitement around her.

Very soon, about a dozen young imps were roosting, like so many crows, on the verandah railings, each one determined to be the first one to apprize the strange Mas’r of his ill luck.

“He’ll be rael mad, I’ll be bound,” said Andy.

“_Won’t_ he swar!” said little black Jake.

“Yes, for he _does_ swar,” said woolly-headed Mandy. “I hearn him yesterday, at dinner. I hearn all about it then, ’cause I got into the closet where Missis keeps the great jugs, and I hearn every word.” And Mandy, who had never in her life thought of the meaning of a word she had heard, more than a black cat, now took airs of superior wisdom, and strutted about, forgetting to state that, though actually coiled up among the jugs at the time specified, she had been fast asleep all the time.

When, at last, Haley appeared, booted and spurred, he was saluted with the bad tidings on every hand. The young imps on the verandah were not disappointed in their hope of hearing him “swar,” which he did with a fluency and fervency which delighted them all amazingly, as they ducked and dodged hither and thither, to be out of the reach of his riding-whip; and, all whooping off together, they tumbled, in a pile of immeasurable giggle, on the withered turf under the verandah, where they kicked up their heels and shouted to their full satisfaction.

“If I had the little devils!” muttered Haley, between his teeth.

“But you ha’nt got ’em, though!” said Andy, with a triumphant flourish, and making a string of indescribable mouths at the unfortunate trader’s back, when he was fairly beyond hearing.

“I say now, Shelby, this yer ’s a most extro’rnary business!” said Haley, as he abruptly entered the parlor. “It seems that gal ’s off, with her young un.”

“Mr. Haley, Mrs. Shelby is present,” said Mr. Shelby.

“I beg pardon, ma’am,” said Haley, bowing slightly, with a still lowering brow; “but still I say, as I said before, this yer’s a sing’lar report. Is it true, sir?”

“Sir,” said Mr. Shelby, “if you wish to communicate with me, you must observe something of the decorum of a gentleman. Andy, take Mr. Haley’s hat and riding-whip. Take a seat, sir. Yes, sir; I regret to say that the young woman, excited by overhearing, or having reported to her, something of this business, has taken her child in the night, and made off.”

“I did expect fair dealing in this matter, I confess,” said Haley.

“Well, sir,” said Mr. Shelby, turning sharply round upon him, “what am I to understand by that remark? If any man calls my honor in question, I have but one answer for him.”

The trader cowered at this, and in a somewhat lower tone said that “it was plaguy hard on a fellow, that had made a fair bargain, to be gulled that way.”

“Mr. Haley,” said Mr. Shelby, “if I did not think you had some cause for disappointment, I should not have borne from you the rude and unceremonious style of your entrance into my parlor this morning. I say thus much, however, since appearances call for it, that I shall allow of no insinuations cast upon me, as if I were at all partner to any unfairness in this matter. Moreover, I shall feel bound to give you every assistance, in the use of horses, servants, &c., in the recovery of your property. So, in short, Haley,” said he, suddenly dropping from the tone of dignified coolness to his ordinary one of easy frankness, “the best way for you is to keep good-natured and eat some breakfast, and we will then see what is to be done.”

Mrs. Shelby now rose, and said her engagements would prevent her being at the breakfast-table that morning; and, deputing a very respectable mulatto woman to attend to the gentlemen’s coffee at the side-board, she left the room.

“Old lady don’t like your humble servant, over and above,” said Haley, with an uneasy effort to be very familiar.

“I am not accustomed to hear my wife spoken of with such freedom,” said Mr. Shelby, dryly.

“Beg pardon; of course, only a joke, you know,” said Haley, forcing a laugh.

“Some jokes are less agreeable than others,” rejoined Shelby.

“Devilish free, now I’ve signed those papers, cuss him!” muttered Haley to himself; “quite grand, since yesterday!”

Never did fall of any prime minister at court occasion wider surges of sensation than the report of Tom’s fate among his compeers on the place. It was the topic in every mouth, everywhere; and nothing was done in the house or in the field, but to discuss its probable results. Eliza’s flight—an unprecedented event on the place—was also a great accessory in stimulating the general excitement.

Black Sam, as he was commonly called, from his being about three shades blacker than any other son of ebony on the place, was revolving the matter profoundly in all its phases and bearings, with a comprehensiveness of vision and a strict lookout to his own personal well-being, that would have done credit to any white patriot in Washington.

“It’s an ill wind dat blow nowhar,—dat ar a fact,” said Sam, sententiously, giving an additional hoist to his pantaloons, and adroitly substituting a long nail in place of a missing suspender-button, with which effort of mechanical genius he seemed highly delighted.

“Yes, it’s an ill wind blows nowhar,” he repeated. “Now, dar, Tom’s down—wal, course der’s room for some nigger to be up—and why not dis nigger?—dat’s de idee. Tom, a ridin’ round de country—boots blacked—pass in his pocket—all grand as Cuffee—but who he? Now, why shouldn’t Sam?—dat’s what I want to know.”

“Halloo, Sam—O Sam! Mas’r wants you to cotch Bill and Jerry,” said Andy, cutting short Sam’s soliloquy.

“High! what’s afoot now, young un?”

“Why, you don’t know, I s’pose, that Lizy’s cut stick, and clared out, with her young un?”

“You teach your granny!” said Sam, with infinite contempt; “knowed it a heap sight sooner than you did; this nigger an’t so green, now!”

“Well, anyhow, Mas’r wants Bill and Jerry geared right up; and you and I ’s to go with Mas’r Haley, to look arter her.”

“Good, now! dat’s de time o’ day!” said Sam. “It’s Sam dat’s called for in dese yer times. He’s de nigger. See if I don’t cotch her, now; Mas’r’ll see what Sam can do!”

“Ah! but, Sam,” said Andy, “you’d better think twice; for Missis don’t want her cotched, and she’ll be in yer wool.”

“High!” said Sam, opening his eyes. “How you know dat?”

“Heard her say so, my own self, dis blessed mornin’, when I bring in Mas’r’s shaving-water. She sent me to see why Lizy didn’t come to dress her; and when I telled her she was off, she jest ris up, and ses she, ‘The Lord be praised;’ and Mas’r, he seemed rael mad, and ses he, ‘Wife, you talk like a fool.’ But Lor! she’ll bring him to! I knows well enough how that’ll be,—it’s allers best to stand Missis’ side the fence, now I tell yer.”

Black Sam, upon this, scratched his woolly pate, which, if it did not contain very profound wisdom, still contained a great deal of a particular species much in demand among politicians of all complexions and countries, and vulgarly denominated “knowing which side the bread is buttered;” so, stopping with grave consideration, he again gave a hitch to his pantaloons, which was his regularly organized method of assisting his mental perplexities.

“Der an’t no saying’—never—‘bout no kind o’ thing in _dis_ yer world,” he said, at last. Sam spoke like a philosopher, emphasizing _this_—as if he had had a large experience in different sorts of worlds, and therefore had come to his conclusions advisedly.

“Now, sartin I’d a said that Missis would a scoured the varsal world after Lizy,” added Sam, thoughtfully.

“So she would,” said Andy; “but can’t ye see through a ladder, ye black nigger? Missis don’t want dis yer Mas’r Haley to get Lizy’s boy; dat’s de go!”

“High!” said Sam, with an indescribable intonation, known only to those who have heard it among the negroes.

“And I’ll tell yer more ’n all,” said Andy; “I specs you’d better be making tracks for dem hosses,—mighty sudden, too,—-for I hearn Missis ’quirin’ arter yer,—so you’ve stood foolin’ long enough.”

Sam, upon this, began to bestir himself in real earnest, and after a while appeared, bearing down gloriously towards the house, with Bill and Jerry in a full canter, and adroitly throwing himself off before they had any idea of stopping, he brought them up alongside of the horse-post like a tornado. Haley’s horse, which was a skittish young colt, winced, and bounced, and pulled hard at his halter.

“Ho, ho!” said Sam, “skeery, ar ye?” and his black visage lighted up with a curious, mischievous gleam. “I’ll fix ye now!” said he.

There was a large beech-tree overshadowing the place, and the small, sharp, triangular beech-nuts lay scattered thickly on the ground. With one of these in his fingers, Sam approached the colt, stroked and patted, and seemed apparently busy in soothing his agitation. On pretence of adjusting the saddle, he adroitly slipped under it the sharp little nut, in such a manner that the least weight brought upon the saddle would annoy the nervous sensibilities of the animal, without leaving any perceptible graze or wound.

“Dar!” he said, rolling his eyes with an approving grin; “me fix ’em!”

At this moment Mrs. Shelby appeared on the balcony, beckoning to him. Sam approached with as good a determination to pay court as did ever suitor after a vacant place at St. James’ or Washington.

“Why have you been loitering so, Sam? I sent Andy to tell you to hurry.”

“Lord bless you, Missis!” said Sam, “horses won’t be cotched all in a minnit; they’d done clared out way down to the south pasture, and the Lord knows whar!”

“Sam, how often must I tell you not to say ‘Lord bless you, and the Lord knows,’ and such things? It’s wicked.”

“O, Lord bless my soul! I done forgot, Missis! I won’t say nothing of de sort no more.”

“Why, Sam, you just _have_ said it again.”

“Did I? O, Lord! I mean—I didn’t go fur to say it.”

“You must be _careful_, Sam.”

“Just let me get my breath, Missis, and I’ll start fair. I’ll be bery careful.”

“Well, Sam, you are to go with Mr. Haley, to show him the road, and help him. Be careful of the horses, Sam; you know Jerry was a little lame last week; _don’t ride them too fast_.”

Mrs. Shelby spoke the last words with a low voice, and strong emphasis.

“Let dis child alone for dat!” said Sam, rolling up his eyes with a volume of meaning. “Lord knows! High! Didn’t say dat!” said he, suddenly catching his breath, with a ludicrous flourish of apprehension, which made his mistress laugh, spite of herself. “Yes, Missis, I’ll look out for de hosses!”

“Now, Andy,” said Sam, returning to his stand under the beech-trees, “you see I wouldn’t be ’t all surprised if dat ar gen’lman’s crittur should gib a fling, by and by, when he comes to be a gettin’ up. You know, Andy, critturs _will_ do such things;” and therewith Sam poked Andy in the side, in a highly suggestive manner.

“High!” said Andy, with an air of instant appreciation.

“Yes, you see, Andy, Missis wants to make time,—dat ar’s clar to der most or’nary ’bserver. I jis make a little for her. Now, you see, get all dese yer hosses loose, caperin’ permiscus round dis yer lot and down to de wood dar, and I spec Mas’r won’t be off in a hurry.”

Andy grinned.

“Yer see,” said Sam, “yer see, Andy, if any such thing should happen as that Mas’r Haley’s horse _should_ begin to act contrary, and cut up, you and I jist lets go of our’n to help him, and _we’ll help him_—oh yes!” And Sam and Andy laid their heads back on their shoulders, and broke into a low, immoderate laugh, snapping their fingers and flourishing their heels with exquisite delight.

At this instant, Haley appeared on the verandah. Somewhat mollified by certain cups of very good coffee, he came out smiling and talking, in tolerably restored humor. Sam and Andy, clawing for certain fragmentary palm-leaves, which they were in the habit of considering as hats, flew to the horseposts, to be ready to “help Mas’r.”

Sam’s palm-leaf had been ingeniously disentangled from all pretensions to braid, as respects its brim; and the slivers starting apart, and standing upright, gave it a blazing air of freedom and defiance, quite equal to that of any Fejee chief; while the whole brim of Andy’s being departed bodily, he rapped the crown on his head with a dexterous thump, and looked about well pleased, as if to say, “Who says I haven’t got a hat?”

“Well, boys,” said Haley, “look alive now; we must lose no time.”

“Not a bit of him, Mas’r!” said Sam, putting Haley’s rein in his hand, and holding his stirrup, while Andy was untying the other two horses.

The instant Haley touched the saddle, the mettlesome creature bounded from the earth with a sudden spring, that threw his master sprawling, some feet off, on the soft, dry turf. Sam, with frantic ejaculations, made a dive at the reins, but only succeeded in brushing the blazing palm-leaf afore-named into the horse’s eyes, which by no means tended to allay the confusion of his nerves. So, with great vehemence, he overturned Sam, and, giving two or three contemptuous snorts, flourished his heels vigorously in the air, and was soon prancing away towards the lower end of the lawn, followed by Bill and Jerry, whom Andy had not failed to let loose, according to contract, speeding them off with various direful ejaculations. And now ensued a miscellaneous scene of confusion. Sam and Andy ran and shouted,—dogs barked here and there,—and Mike, Mose, Mandy, Fanny, and all the smaller specimens on the place, both male and female, raced, clapped hands, whooped, and shouted, with outrageous officiousness and untiring zeal.

Haley’s horse, which was a white one, and very fleet and spirited, appeared to enter into the spirit of the scene with great gusto; and having for his coursing ground a lawn of nearly half a mile in extent, gently sloping down on every side into indefinite woodland,

he appeared to take infinite delight in seeing how near he could allow his pursuers to approach him, and then, when within a hand's breadth, whisk off with a start and a snort, like a mischievous beast as he was and career far down into some alley of the wood-lot. Nothing was further from Sam's mind than to have any one of the troop taken until such season as should seem to him most befitting,—and the exertions that he made were certainly most heroic. Like the sword of Coeur De Lion, which always blazed in the front and thickest of the battle, Sam's palm-leaf was to be seen everywhere when there was the least danger that a horse could be caught; there he would bear down full tilt, shouting, "Now for it! cotch him! cotch him!" in a way that would set everything to indiscriminate rout in a moment.

Haley ran up and down, and cursed and swore and stamped miscellaneously. Mr. Shelby in vain tried to shout directions from the balcony, and Mrs. Shelby from her chamber window alternately laughed and wondered,—not without some inkling of what lay at the bottom of all this confusion.

At last, about twelve o'clock, Sam appeared triumphant, mounted on Jerry, with Haley's horse by his side, reeking with sweat, but with flashing eyes and dilated nostrils, showing that the spirit of freedom had not yet entirely subsided.

"He's cotched!" he exclaimed, triumphantly. "If 't hadn't been for me, they might a bust themselves, all on 'em; but I cotched him!"

"You!" growled Haley, in no amiable mood. "If it hadn't been for you, this never would have happened."

"Lord bless us, Mas'r," said Sam, in a tone of the deepest concern, "and me that has been racin' and chasin' till the sweat jest pours off me!"

"Well, well!" said Haley, "you've lost me near three hours, with your cursed nonsense. Now let's be off, and have no more fooling."

"Why, Mas'r," said Sam, in a deprecating tone, "I believe you mean to kill us all clar, horses and all. Here we are all just ready to drop down, and the critters all in a reek of sweat. Why, Mas'r won't think of startin' on now till arter dinner. Mas'r's hoss wants rubben down; see how he splashed hisself; and Jerry limps too; don't think Missis would be willin' to have us start dis yer way, no how. Lord bless you, Mas'r, we can ketch up, if we do stop. Lizy never was no great of a walker."

Mrs. Shelby, who, greatly to her amusement, had overheard this conversation from the verandah, now resolved to do her part. She came forward, and, courteously expressing her concern for Haley's accident, pressed him to stay to dinner, saying that the cook should bring it on the table immediately.

Thus, all things considered, Haley, with rather an equivocal grace, proceeded to the parlor, while Sam, rolling his eyes after him with unutterable meaning, proceeded gravely with the horses to the stable-yard.

"Did yer see him, Andy? _did_ yer see him?" said Sam, when he had got fairly beyond the shelter of the barn, and fastened the horse to a post. "O, Lor, if it warn't as good as a meetin', now, to see him a dancin' and kickin' and swarin' at us. Didn't I hear him? Swar away, ole fellow (says I to myself); will yer have yer hoss now, or wait till you cotch him? (says I). Lor, Andy, I think I can see him now." And Sam and Andy leaned up against the barn and laughed to their hearts' content.

"Yer oughter seen how mad he looked, when I brought the hoss up. Lord, he'd a killed me, if he durs' to; and there I was a standin' as innercent and as humble."

"Lor, I seed you," said Andy; "an't you an old hoss, Sam?"

"Rather specks I am," said Sam; "did yer see Missis up stars at the winder? I seed her laughin'."

"I'm sure, I was racin' so, I didn't see nothing," said Andy.

"Well, yer see," said Sam, proceeding gravely to wash down Haley's pony, "I 'se 'quired what yer may call a habit _o' bobservation_, Andy. It's a very 'portant habit, Andy; and I 'commend yer to be cultivatin' it, now yer young. Hist up that hind foot, Andy. Yer see, Andy, it's _bobservation_ makes all de difference in niggers. Didn't I see which way the wind blew dis yer mornin'? Didn't I see what Missis wanted, though she never let on? Dat ar's bobservation, Andy. I 'spects it's what you may call a faculty. Faculties is different in different peoples, but cultivation of 'em goes a great way."

"I guess if I hadn't helped your bobservation dis mornin', yer wouldn't have seen your way so smart," said Andy.

“Andy,” said Sam, “you’s a promisin’ child, der an’t no manner o’ doubt. I thinks lots of yer, Andy; and I don’t feel no ways ashamed to take idees from you. We oughtenter overlook nobody, Andy, cause the smartest on us gets tripped up sometimes. And so, Andy, let’s go up to the house now. I’ll be boun’ Missis’ll give us an uncommon good bite, dis yer time.”

CHAPTER VII The Mother’s Struggle

It is impossible to conceive of a human creature more wholly desolate and forlorn than Eliza, when she turned her footsteps from Uncle Tom’s cabin.

Her husband’s suffering and dangers, and the danger of her child, all blended in her mind, with a confused and stunning sense of the risk she was running, in leaving the only home she had ever known, and cutting loose from the protection of a friend whom she loved and revered. Then there was the parting from every familiar object,—the place where she had grown up, the trees under which she had played, the groves where she had walked many an evening in happier days, by the side of her young husband,—everything, as it lay in the clear, frosty starlight, seemed to speak reproachfully to her, and ask her whither could she go from a home like that?

But stronger than all was maternal love, wrought into a paroxysm of frenzy by the near approach of a fearful danger. Her boy was old enough to have walked by her side, and, in an indifferent case, she would only have led him by the hand; but now the bare thought of putting him out of her arms made her shudder, and she strained him to her bosom with a convulsive grasp, as she went rapidly forward.

The frosty ground creaked beneath her feet, and she trembled at the sound; every quaking leaf and fluttering shadow sent the blood backward to her heart, and quickened her footsteps. She wondered within herself at the strength that seemed to be come upon her; for she felt the weight of her boy as if it had been a feather, and every flutter of fear seemed to increase the supernatural power that bore her on, while from her pale lips burst forth, in frequent ejaculations, the prayer to a Friend above—“Lord, help! Lord, save me!”

If it were _your_ Harry, mother, or your Willie, that were going to be torn from you by a brutal trader, tomorrow morning,—if you had seen the man, and heard that the papers were signed and delivered, and you had only from twelve o’clock till morning to make good your escape,—how fast could _you_ walk? How many miles could you make in those few brief hours, with the darling at your bosom,—the little sleepy head on your shoulder,—the small, soft arms trustingly holding on to your neck?

For the child slept. At first, the novelty and alarm kept him waking; but his mother so hurriedly repressed every breath or sound, and so assured him that if he were only still she would certainly save him, that he clung quietly round her neck, only asking, as he found himself sinking to sleep,

“Mother, I don’t need to keep awake, do I?”

“No, my darling; sleep, if you want to.”

“But, mother, if I do get asleep, you won’t let him get me?”

“No! so may God help me!” said his mother, with a paler cheek, and a brighter light in her large dark eyes.

“You’re _sure_, an’t you, mother?”

“Yes, _sure_!” said the mother, in a voice that startled herself; for it seemed to her to come from a spirit within, that was no part of her; and the boy dropped his little weary head on her shoulder, and was soon asleep. How the touch of those warm arms, the gentle breathings that came in her neck, seemed to add fire and spirit to her movements! It seemed to her as if strength poured into her in electric streams, from every gentle touch and movement of the sleeping, confiding child. Sublime is the dominion of the mind over the body, that, for a time, can make flesh and nerve impregnable, and string the sinews like steel, so that the weak become so mighty.

The boundaries of the farm, the grove, the wood-lot, passed by her dizzily, as she walked on; and still she went, leaving one familiar object after another, slacking not, pausing not, till reddening daylight found her many a long mile from all traces of any familiar objects upon the open highway.

She had often been, with her mistress, to visit some connections, in the little village of T——, not far from the Ohio river, and knew the road well. To go thither, to escape across the Ohio river, were the first hurried outlines of her plan of escape; beyond that, she could only hope in God.

When horses and vehicles began to move along the highway, with that alert perception peculiar to a state of excitement, and which seems to be a sort of inspiration, she became aware that her headlong pace and distracted air might bring on her remark and suspicion. She therefore put the boy on the ground, and, adjusting her dress and bonnet, she walked on at as rapid a pace as she thought consistent with the preservation of appearances. In her little bundle she had provided a store of cakes and apples, which she used as expedients for quickening the speed of the child, rolling the apple some yards before them, when the boy would run with all his might after it; and this ruse, often repeated, carried them over many a half-mile.

After a while, they came to a thick patch of woodland, through which murmured a clear brook. As the child complained of hunger and thirst, she climbed over the fence with him; and, sitting down behind a large rock which concealed them from the road, she gave him a breakfast out of her little package. The boy wondered and grieved that she could not eat; and when, putting his arms round her neck, he tried to wedge some of his cake into her mouth, it seemed to her that the rising in her throat would choke her.

“No, no, Harry darling! mother can’t eat till you are safe! We must go on—on—till we come to the river!” And she hurried again into the road, and again constrained herself to walk regularly and composedly forward.

She was many miles past any neighborhood where she was personally known. If she should chance to meet any who knew her, she reflected that the well-known kindness of the family would be of itself a blind to suspicion, as making it an unlikely supposition that she could be a fugitive. As she was also so white as not to be known as of colored lineage, without a critical survey, and her child was white also, it was much easier for her to pass on unsuspected.

On this presumption, she stopped at noon at a neat farmhouse, to rest herself, and buy some dinner for her child and self; for, as the danger decreased with the distance, the supernatural tension of the nervous system lessened, and she found herself both weary and hungry.

The good woman, kindly and gossipping, seemed rather pleased than otherwise with having somebody come in to talk with; and accepted, without examination, Eliza’s statement, that she “was going on a little piece, to spend a week with her friends,”—all which she hoped in her heart might prove strictly true.

An hour before sunset, she entered the village of T——, by the Ohio river, weary and foot-sore, but still strong in heart. Her first glance was at the river, which lay, like Jordan, between her and the Canaan of liberty on the other side.

It was now early spring, and the river was swollen and turbulent; great cakes of floating ice were swinging heavily to and fro in the turbid waters. Owing to the peculiar form of the shore on the Kentucky side, the land bending far out into the water, the ice had been lodged and detained in great quantities, and the narrow channel which swept round the bend was full of ice, piled one cake over another, thus forming a temporary barrier to the descending ice, which lodged, and formed a great, undulating raft, filling up the whole river, and extending almost to the Kentucky shore.

Eliza stood, for a moment, contemplating this unfavorable aspect of things, which she saw at once must prevent the usual ferry-boat from running, and then turned into a small public house on the bank, to make a few inquiries.

The hostess, who was busy in various fizzing and stewing operations over the fire, preparatory to the evening meal, stopped, with a fork in her hand, as Eliza’s sweet and plaintive voice arrested her.

“What is it?” she said.

“Isn’t there any ferry or boat, that takes people over to B——, now?” she said.

“No, indeed!” said the woman; “the boats has stopped running.”

Eliza’s look of dismay and disappointment struck the woman, and she said, inquiringly,

“May be you’re wanting to get over?—anybody sick? Ye seem mighty anxious?”

“I’ve got a child that’s very dangerous,” said Eliza. “I never heard of it till last night, and I’ve walked quite a piece today, in hopes to get to the ferry.”

“Well, now, that’s onlucky,” said the woman, whose motherly sympathies were much aroused; “I’m re’lly consarned for ye. Solomon!” she called, from the window, towards a small back building. A man, in leather apron and very dirty hands, appeared at the door.

“I say, Sol,” said the woman, “is that ar man going to tote them bar’ls over tonight?”

“He said he should try, if ’t was any way prudent,” said the man.

“There’s a man a piece down here, that’s going over with some truck this evening, if he durs’ to; he’ll be in here to supper tonight, so you’d better set down and wait. That’s a sweet little fellow,” added the woman, offering him a cake.

But the child, wholly exhausted, cried with weariness.

“Poor fellow! he isn’t used to walking, and I’ve hurried him on so,” said Eliza.

“Well, take him into this room,” said the woman, opening into a small bed-room, where stood a comfortable bed. Eliza laid the weary boy upon it, and held his hands in hers till he was fast asleep. For her there was no rest. As a fire in her bones, the thought of the pursuer urged her on; and she gazed with longing eyes on the sullen, surging waters that lay between her and liberty.

Here we must take our leave of her for the present, to follow the course of her pursuers.

Though Mrs. Shelby had promised that the dinner should be hurried on table, yet it was soon seen, as the thing has often been seen before, that it required more than one to make a bargain. So, although the order was fairly given out in Haley’s hearing, and carried to Aunt Chloe by at least half a dozen juvenile messengers, that dignitary only gave certain very gruff snorts, and tosses of her head, and went on with every operation in an unusually leisurely and circumstantial manner.

For some singular reason, an impression seemed to reign among the servants generally that Missis would not be particularly disobliged by delay; and it was wonderful what a number of counter accidents occurred constantly, to retard the course of things. One luckless wight contrived to upset the gravy; and then gravy had to be got up _de novo_, with due care and formality, Aunt Chloe watching and stirring with dogged precision, answering shortly, to all suggestions of haste, that she “warn’t a going to have raw gravy on the table, to help nobody’s catchings.” One tumbled down with the water, and had to go to the spring for more; and another precipitated the butter into the path of events; and there was from time to time giggling news brought into the kitchen that “Mas’r Haley was mighty oneasy, and that he couldn’t sit in his cheer no ways, but was a walkin’ and stalkin’ to the winders and through the porch.”

“Sarves him right!” said Aunt Chloe, indignantly. “He’ll get wus nor oneasy, one of these days, if he don’t mend his ways. _His_ master’ll be sending for him, and then see how he’ll look!”

“He’ll go to torment, and no mistake,” said little Jake.

“He desarves it!” said Aunt Chloe, grimly; “he’s broke a many, many, many hearts,—I tell ye all!” she said, stopping, with a fork uplifted in her hands; “it’s like what Mas’r George reads in Ravelations,—souls a callin’ under the altar! and a callin’ on the Lord for vengeance on sich!—and by and by the Lord he’ll hear ’em—so he will!”

Aunt Chloe, who was much revered in the kitchen, was listened to with open mouth; and, the dinner being now fairly sent in, the whole kitchen was at leisure to gossip with her, and to listen to her remarks.

“Sich’ll be burnt up forever, and no mistake; won’t ther?” said Andy.

“I’d be glad to see it, I’ll be boun’,” said little Jake.

“Chil’en!” said a voice, that made them all start. It was Uncle Tom, who had come in, and stood listening to the conversation at the door.

“Chil’en!” he said, “I’m afeard you don’t know what ye’re sayin’. Forever is a _dre’ful_ word, chil’en; it’s awful to think on ’t. You oughtenter wish that ar to any human crittur.”

“We wouldn’t to anybody but the soul-drivers,” said Andy; “nobody can help wishing it to them, they ’s so awful wicked.”

“Don’t natur herself kinder cry out on ’em?” said Aunt Chloe. “Don’t dey tear der suckin’ baby right off his mother’s breast, and sell him, and der little children as is crying and holding on by her clothes,—don’t dey pull ’em off and sells ’em? Don’t dey tear wife and husband apart?” said Aunt Chloe, beginning to cry, “when it’s jest takin’ the very life on ’em?—and all the while does they feel one bit, don’t dey drink and smoke, and take it oncommon easy? Lor, if the devil don’t get them, what’s he good for?” And Aunt Chloe covered her face with her checked apron, and began to sob in good earnest.

“Pray for them that ’spitefully use you, the good book says,” says Tom.

“Pray for ’em!” said Aunt Chloe; “Lor, it’s too tough! I can’t pray for ’em.”

“It’s natur, Chloe, and natur ’s strong,” said Tom, “but the Lord’s grace is stronger; besides, you oughter think what an awful state a poor crittur’s soul ’s in that’ll do them ar things,—you oughter thank God that you an’t _like_ him, Chloe. I’m sure I’d rather be sold, ten thousand times over, than to have all that ar poor crittur’s got to answer for.”

“So ’d I, a heap,” said Jake. “Lor, _shouldn’t_ we cotch it, Andy?”

Andy shrugged his shoulders, and gave an acquiescent whistle.

“I’m glad Mas’r didn’t go off this morning, as he looked to,” said Tom; “that ar hurt me more than sellin’, it did. Mebbe it might have been natural for him, but ’t would have come desp’t hard on me, as has known him from a baby; but I’ve seen Mas’r, and I begin ter feel sort o’ reconciled to the Lord’s will now. Mas’r couldn’t help hisself; he did right, but I’m feared things will be kinder goin’ to rack, when I’m gone Mas’r can’t be spected to be a pryin’ round everywhar, as I’ve done, a keepin’ up all the ends. The boys all means well, but they ’s powerful car’less. That ar troubles me.”

The bell here rang, and Tom was summoned to the parlor.

“Tom,” said his master, kindly, “I want you to notice that I give this gentleman bonds to forfeit a thousand dollars if you are not on the spot when he wants you; he’s going today to look after his other business, and you can have the day to yourself. Go anywhere you like, boy.”

“Thank you, Mas’r,” said Tom.

“And mind yourself,” said the trader, “and don’t come it over your master with any o’ yer nigger tricks; for I’ll take every cent out of him, if you an’t thar. If he’d hear to me, he wouldn’t trust any on ye—slippery as eels!”

“Mas’r,” said Tom,—and he stood very straight,—“I was jist eight years old when ole Missis put you into my arms, and you wasn’t a year old. ‘Thar,’ says she, ‘Tom, that’s to be _your_ young Mas’r; take good care on him,’ says she. And now I jist ask you, Mas’r, have I ever broke word to you, or gone contrary to you, ’specially since I was a Christian?”

Mr. Shelby was fairly overcome, and the tears rose to his eyes.

“My good boy,” said he, “the Lord knows you say but the truth; and if I was able to help it, all the world shouldn’t buy you.”

“And sure as I am a Christian woman,” said Mrs. Shelby, “you shall be redeemed as soon as I can any way bring together means. Sir,” she said to Haley, “take good account of who you sell him to, and let me know.”

“Lor, yes, for that matter,” said the trader, “I may bring him up in a year, not much the wuss for wear, and trade him back.”

“I’ll trade with you then, and make it for your advantage,” said Mrs. Shelby.

“Of course,” said the trader, “all ’s equal with me; li’ves trade ’em up as down, so I does a good business. All I want is a livin’, you know, ma’am; that’s all any on us wants, I, s’pose.”

Mr. and Mrs. Shelby both felt annoyed and degraded by the familiar impudence of the trader, and yet both saw the absolute necessity of putting a constraint on their feelings. The more hopelessly sordid and insensible he appeared, the greater became Mrs. Shelby’s dread of his succeeding in recapturing Eliza and her child, and of course the greater her motive for detaining him by every female artifice. She therefore graciously smiled, assented, chatted familiarly, and did all she could to make time pass imperceptibly.

At two o’clock Sam and Andy brought the horses up to the posts, apparently greatly refreshed and invigorated by the scamper of the morning.

Sam was there new oiled from dinner, with an abundance of zealous and ready officiousness. As Haley approached, he was boasting, in flourishing style, to Andy, of the evident and eminent success of the operation, now that he had “farly come to it.”

“Your master, I s’pose, don’t keep no dogs,” said Haley, thoughtfully, as he prepared to mount.

“Heaps on ’em,” said Sam, triumphantly; “thar’s Bruno—he’s a roarer! and, besides that, ’bout every nigger of us keeps a pup of some natur or uther.”

“Poh!” said Haley,—and he said something else, too, with regard to the said dogs, at which Sam muttered,

“I don’t see no use cussin’ on ’em, no way.”

“But your master don’t keep no dogs (I pretty much know he don’t) for trackin’ out niggers.”

Sam knew exactly what he meant, but he kept on a look of earnest and desperate simplicity.

“Our dogs all smells round considable sharp. I spect they’s the kind, though they han’t never had no practice. They ’s _far_ dogs, though, at most anything, if you’d get ’em started. Here, Bruno,” he called, whistling to the lumbering Newfoundland, who came pitching tumultuously toward them.

“You go hang!” said Haley, getting up. “Come, tumble up now.”

Sam tumbled up accordingly, dexterously contriving to tickle Andy as he did so, which occasioned Andy to split out into a laugh, greatly to Haley’s indignation, who made a cut at him with his riding-whip.

“I ’s ’stonished at yer, Andy,” said Sam, with awful gravity. “This yer’s a seris bisness, Andy. Yer mustn’t be a makin’ game. This yer an’t no way to help Mas’r.”

“I shall take the straight road to the river,” said Haley, decidedly, after they had come to the boundaries of the estate. “I know the way of all of ’em,—they makes tracks for the underground.”

“Sartin,” said Sam, “dat’s de idee. Mas’r Haley hits de thing right in de middle. Now, der’s two roads to de river,—de dirt road and der pike,—which Mas’r mean to take?”

Andy looked up innocently at Sam, surprised at hearing this new geographical fact, but instantly confirmed what he said, by a vehement reiteration.

“’Cause,” said Sam, “I’d rather be ’clined to ’magine that Lizy ’d take de dirt road, bein’ it’s the least travelled.”

Haley, notwithstanding that he was a very old bird, and naturally inclined to be suspicious of chaff, was rather brought up by this view of the case.

“If yer warn’t both on yer such cussed liars, now!” he said, contemplatively as he pondered a moment.

The pensive, reflective tone in which this was spoken appeared to amuse Andy prodigiously, and he drew a little behind, and shook so as apparently to run a great risk of failing off his horse, while Sam’s face was immovably composed into the most doleful gravity.

“Course,” said Sam, “Mas’r can do as he’d ruther, go de straight road, if Mas’r thinks best,—it’s all one to us. Now, when I study ’pon it, I think de straight road de best, _deridedly_.”

“She would naturally go a lonesome way,” said Haley, thinking aloud, and not minding Sam’s remark.

“Dar an’t no sayin’,” said Sam; “gals is pecular; they never does nothin’ ye thinks they will; mose gen’lly the contrary. Gals is nat’lly made contrary; and so, if you thinks they’ve gone one road, it is sartin you’d better go t’ other, and then you’ll be sure to find ’em. Now, my private ’pinion is, Lizy took der road; so I think we’d better take de straight one.”

This profound generic view of the female sex did not seem to dispose Haley particularly to the straight road, and he announced decidedly that he should go the other, and asked Sam when they should come to it.

“A little piece ahead,” said Sam, giving a wink to Andy with the eye which was on Andy’s side of the head; and he added, gravely, “but I’ve studded on de matter, and I’m quite clar we ought not to go dat ar way. I nebber been over it no way. It’s despit lonesome, and we might lose our way,—whar we’d come to, de Lord only knows.”

“Nevertheless,” said Haley, “I shall go that way.”

“Now I think on ’t, I think I hearn ’em tell that dat ar road was all fenced up and down by der creek, and thar, an’t it, Andy?”

Andy wasn’t certain; he’d only “hearn tell” about that road, but never been over it. In short, he was strictly noncommittal.

Haley, accustomed to strike the balance of probabilities between lies of greater or lesser magnitude, thought that it lay in favor of the dirt road aforesaid. The mention of the thing he thought he perceived was involuntary on Sam’s part at first, and his confused attempts to dissuade him he set down to a desperate lying on second thoughts, as being unwilling to implicate Liza.

When, therefore, Sam indicated the road, Haley plunged briskly into it, followed by Sam and Andy.

Now, the road, in fact, was an old one, that had formerly been a thoroughfare to the river, but abandoned for many years after the laying of the new pike. It was open for about an hour’s ride, and after that it was cut across by various farms and fences. Sam knew this fact perfectly well,—indeed, the road had been so long closed up, that Andy had never heard of it. He therefore rode along with an air of dutiful submission, only groaning and vociferating occasionally that ’t was “desp’t rough, and bad for Jerry’s foot.”

“Now, I jest give yer warning,” said Haley, “I know yer; yer won’t get me to turn off this road, with all yer fussin’—so you shet up!”

“Mas’r will go his own way!” said Sam, with rueful submission, at the same time winking most portentously to Andy, whose delight was now very near the explosive point.

Sam was in wonderful spirits,—professed to keep a very brisk lookout,—at one time exclaiming that he saw “a gal’s bonnet” on the top of some distant eminence, or calling to Andy “if that thar wasn’t ‘Lizy’ down in the hollow;” always making these exclamations in some rough or craggy part of the road, where the sudden quickening of speed was a special inconvenience to all parties concerned, and thus keeping Haley in a state of constant commotion.

After riding about an hour in this way, the whole party made a precipitate and tumultuous descent into a barn-yard belonging to a large farming establishment. Not a soul was in sight, all the hands being employed in the fields; but, as the barn stood conspicuously and plainly square across the road, it was evident that their journey in that direction had reached a decided finale.

“Wan’t dat ar what I telled Mas’r?” said Sam, with an air of injured innocence. “How does strange gentleman spect to know more about a country dan de natives born and raised?”

“You rascal!” said Haley, “you knew all about this.”

“Didn’t I tell yer I _knowd_, and yer wouldn’t believe me? I telled Mas’r ’t was all shet up, and fenced up, and I didn’t spect we could get through,—Andy heard me.”

It was all too true to be disputed, and the unlucky man had to pocket his wrath with the best grace he was able, and all three faced to the right about, and took up their line of march for the highway.

In consequence of all the various delays, it was about three-quarters of an hour after Eliza had laid her child to sleep in the village tavern that the party came riding into the same place. Eliza was standing by the window, looking out in another direction, when Sam’s quick eye caught a glimpse of her. Haley and Andy were two yards behind. At this crisis, Sam contrived to have his hat blown off, and uttered a loud and characteristic ejaculation, which startled her at once; she drew suddenly back; the whole train swept by the window, round to the front door.

A thousand lives seemed to be concentrated in that one moment to Eliza. Her room opened by a side door to the river. She caught her child, and sprang down the steps towards it. The trader caught a full glimpse of her just as she was disappearing down the bank; and throwing himself from his horse, and calling loudly on Sam and Andy, he was after her like a hound after a deer. In that dizzy moment her feet to her scarce seemed to touch the ground, and a moment brought her to the water’s edge. Right on behind they came; and, nerved with strength such as God gives only to the desperate, with one wild cry and flying leap, she vaulted sheer over the turbid current by the shore, on to the raft of ice beyond. It was a desperate leap—impossible to anything but madness and despair; and Haley, Sam, and Andy, instinctively cried out, and lifted up their hands, as she did it.

The huge green fragment of ice on which she alighted pitched and creaked as her weight came on it, but she staid there not a moment. With wild cries and desperate energy she leaped to another and still another cake; stumbling—leaping—slipping—springing upwards again! Her shoes are gone—her stockings cut from her feet—while blood marked every step; but she saw nothing, felt nothing, till dimly, as in a dream, she saw the Ohio side, and a man helping her up the bank.

“Yer a brave gal, now, whoever ye ar!” said the man, with an oath.

Eliza recognized the voice and face for a man who owned a farm not far from her old home.

“O, Mr. Symmes!—save me—do save me—do hide me!” said Eliza.

“Why, what’s this?” said the man. “Why, if ’tan’t Shelby’s gal!”

“My child!—this boy!—he’d sold him! There is his Mas’r,” said she, pointing to the Kentucky shore. “O, Mr. Symmes, you’ve got a little boy!”

“So I have,” said the man, as he roughly, but kindly, drew her up the steep bank. “Besides, you’re a right brave gal. I like grit, wherever I see it.”

When they had gained the top of the bank, the man paused.

“I’d be glad to do something for ye,” said he; “but then there’s nowhar I could take ye. The best I can do is to tell ye to go _thar_,” said he, pointing to a large white house which stood by itself, off the main street of the village. “Go thar; they’re kind folks. Thar’s no kind o’ danger but they’ll help you,—they’re up to all that sort o’ thing.”

“The Lord bless you!” said Eliza, earnestly.

“No ’casion, no ’casion in the world,” said the man. “What I’ve done’s of no ’count.”

“And, oh, surely, sir, you won’t tell any one!”

“Go to thunder, gal! What do you take a feller for? In course not,” said the man. “Come, now, go along like a likely, sensible gal, as you are. You’ve arnt your liberty, and you shall have it, for all me.”

The woman folded her child to her bosom, and walked firmly and swiftly away. The man stood and looked after her.

“Shelby, now, mebbe won’t think this yer the most neighborly thing in the world; but what’s a feller to do? If he catches one of my gals in the same fix, he’s welcome to pay back. Somehow I never could see no kind o’ critter a strivin’ and pantin’, and trying to clar theirselves, with the dogs arter ’em and go agin ’em. Besides, I don’t see no kind of ’casion for me to be hunter and catcher for other folks, neither.”

So spoke this poor, heathenish Kentuckian, who had not been instructed in his constitutional relations, and consequently was betrayed into acting in a sort of Christianized manner, which, if he had been better situated and more enlightened, he would not have been left to do.

Haley had stood a perfectly amazed spectator of the scene, till Eliza had disappeared up the bank, when he turned a blank, inquiring look on Sam and Andy.

“That ar was a tolable fair stroke of business,” said Sam.

“The gal ’s got seven devils in her, I believe!” said Haley. “How like a wildcat she jumped!”

“Wal, now,” said Sam, scratching his head, “I hope Mas’r’ll ’scuse us trying dat ar road. Don’t think I feel spry enough for dat ar, no way!” and Sam gave a hoarse chuckle.

“_You_ laugh!” said the trader, with a growl.

“Lord bless you, Mas’r, I couldn’t help it now,” said Sam, giving way to the long pent-up delight of his soul. “She looked so curi’s, a leapin’ and springin’—ice a crackin’—and only to hear her,—plump! ker chunk! ker splash! Spring! Lord! how she goes it!” and Sam and Andy laughed till the tears rolled down their cheeks.

“I’ll make ye laugh t’ other side yer mouths!” said the trader, laying about their heads with his riding-whip.

Both ducked, and ran shouting up the bank, and were on their horses before he was up.

“Good-evening, Mas’r!” said Sam, with much gravity. “I berry much spect Missis be anxious ’bout Jerry. Mas’r Haley won’t want us no longer. Missis wouldn’t hear of our ridin’ the critters over Lizy’s bridge tonight;” and, with a facetious poke into Andy’s ribs, he started off, followed by the latter, at full speed,—their shouts of laughter coming faintly on the wind.

CHAPTER VIII Eliza’s Escape

Eliza made her desperate retreat across the river just in the dusk of twilight. The gray mist of evening, rising slowly from the river, enveloped her as she disappeared up the bank, and the swollen current and floundering masses of ice presented a hopeless barrier between her and her pursuer. Haley therefore slowly and discontentedly returned to the little tavern, to ponder further what was to be done. The woman opened to him the door of a little parlor, covered with a rag carpet, where stood a table with a very shining black oil-cloth, sundry lank, high-backed wood chairs, with some plaster images in resplendent colors on the mantel-shelf, above a very dimly-smoking grate; a long hard-wood settle extended its uneasy length by the chimney, and here Haley sat him down to meditate on the instability of human hopes and happiness in general.

“What did I want with the little cuss, now,” he said to himself, “that I should have got myself treed like a coon, as I am, this yer way?” and Haley relieved himself by repeating over a not very select litany of imprecations on himself, which, though there was the best possible reason to consider them as true, we shall, as a matter of taste, omit.

He was startled by the loud and dissonant voice of a man who was apparently dismounting at the door. He hurried to the window.

“By the land! if this yer an’t the nearest, now, to what I’ve heard folks call Providence,” said Haley. “I do b’lieve that ar’s Tom Loker.”

Haley hastened out. Standing by the bar, in the corner of the room, was a brawny, muscular man, full six feet in height, and broad in proportion. He was dressed in a coat of buffalo-skin, made with the hair outward, which gave him a shaggy and fierce appearance, perfectly in keeping with the whole air of his physiognomy. In the head and face every organ and lineament expressive of brutal and unhesitating violence was in a state of the highest possible development. Indeed, could our readers fancy a bull-dog come unto man’s estate, and walking about in a hat and coat, they would have no unapt idea of the general style and effect of his physique. He was accompanied by a travelling companion, in many respects an exact contrast to himself. He was short and slender, lithe and catlike in his motions, and had a peering, mousing expression about his keen black eyes, with which every feature of his face seemed sharpened into sympathy; his thin, long nose, ran out as if it was eager to bore into the nature of things in general; his sleek, thin, black hair was stuck eagerly forward, and all his motions and evolutions expressed a dry, cautious acuteness. The great man poured out a big tumbler half full of raw spirits, and gulped it down without a word. The little man stood tiptoe, and putting his head first to one side and then the other, and snuffing considerately in the directions of the various bottles, ordered at last a mint julep, in a thin and quivering voice, and with an air of great circumspection. When poured out, he took it and looked at it with a sharp, complacent air, like a man who thinks he has done about the right thing, and hit the nail on the head, and proceeded to dispose of it in short and well-advised sips.

“Wal, now, who’d a thought this yer luck ’ad come to me? Why, Loker, how are ye?” said Haley, coming forward, and extending his hand to the big man.

“The devil!” was the civil reply. “What brought you here, Haley?”

The mousing man, who bore the name of Marks, instantly stopped his sipping, and, poking his head forward, looked shrewdly on the new acquaintance, as a cat sometimes looks at a moving dry leaf, or some other possible object of pursuit.

“I say, Tom, this yer’s the luckiest thing in the world. I’m in a devil of a hobble, and you must help me out.”

“Ugh? aw! like enough!” grunted his complacent acquaintance. “A body may be pretty sure of that, when _you’re_ glad to see ’em; something to be made off of ’em. What’s the blow now?”

“You’ve got a friend here?” said Haley, looking doubtfully at Marks; “partner, perhaps?”

“Yes, I have. Here, Marks! here’s that ar feller that I was in with in Natchez.”

“Shall be pleased with his acquaintance,” said Marks, thrusting out a long, thin hand, like a raven’s claw. “Mr. Haley, I believe?”

“The same, sir,” said Haley. “And now, gentlemen, seein’ as we’ve met so happily, I think I’ll stand up to a small matter of a treat in this here parlor. So, now, old coon,” said he to the man at the bar, “get us hot water, and sugar, and cigars, and plenty of the _real stuff_ and we’ll have a blow-out.”

Behold, then, the candles lighted, the fire stimulated to the burning point in the grate, and our three worthies seated round a table, well spread with all the accessories to good fellowship enumerated before.

Haley began a pathetic recital of his peculiar troubles. Loker shut up his mouth, and listened to him with gruff and surly attention. Marks, who was anxiously and with much fidgeting compounding a tumbler of punch to his own peculiar taste, occasionally looked up from his employment, and, poking his sharp nose and chin almost into Haley’s face, gave the most earnest heed to the whole narrative. The conclusion of it appeared to amuse him extremely, for he shook his shoulders and sides in silence, and perked up his thin lips with an air of great internal enjoyment.

“So, then, ye’r fairly sewed up, an’t ye?” he said; “he! he! he! It’s neatly done, too.”

“This yer young-un business makes lots of trouble in the trade,” said Haley, dolefully.

“If we could get a breed of gals that didn’t care, now, for their young uns,” said Marks; “tell ye, I think ’t would be ’bout the greatest mod’rn improvement I knows on,”—and Marks patronized his joke by a quiet introductory sniggle.

“Jes so,” said Haley; “I never couldn’t see into it; young uns is heaps of trouble to ’em; one would think, now, they’d be glad to get clar on ’em; but they arn’t. And the more trouble a young un is, and the more good for nothing, as a gen’l thing, the tighter they sticks to ’em.”

“Wal, Mr. Haley,” said Marks, “jest pass the hot water. Yes, sir; you say jest what I feel and all’us have. Now, I bought a gal once, when I was in the trade,—a tight, likely wench she was, too, and quite considerable smart,—and she had a young un that was mis’able sickly; it had a crooked back, or something or other; and I jest gin ’t away to a man that thought he’d take his chance raising on ’t, being it didn’t cost nothin’;—never thought, yer know, of the gal’s takin’ on about it,—but, Lord, yer oughter seen how she went on. Why, re’lly, she did seem to me to valley the child more ’cause _”t was_ sickly and cross, and plagued her; and she warn’t making b’lieve, neither,—cried about it, she did, and lopped round, as if she’d lost every friend she had. It re’lly was droll to think on ’t. Lord, there ain’t no end to women’s notions.”

“Wal, jest so with me,” said Haley. “Last summer, down on Red River, I got a gal traded off on me, with a likely lookin’ child enough, and his eyes looked as bright as yourn; but, come to look, I found him stone blind. Fact—he was stone blind. Wal, ye see, I thought there warn’t no harm in my jest passing him along, and not sayin’ nothin’; and I’d got him nicely swapped off for a keg o’ whiskey; but come to get him away from the gal, she was jest like a tiger. So ’t was before we started, and I hadn’t got my gang chained up; so what should she do but ups on a cotton-bale, like a cat, ketches a knife from one of the deck hands, and, I tell ye, she made all fly for a minnit, till she saw ’t warn’t no use; and she jest turns round, and pitches head first, young un and all, into the river,—went down plump, and never ris.”

“Bah!” said Tom Loker, who had listened to these stories with ill-repressed disgust,—“shif’less, both on ye! _my_ gals don’t cut up no such shines, I tell ye!”

“Indeed! how do you help it?” said Marks, briskly.

“Help it? why, I buys a gal, and if she’s got a young un to be sold, I jest walks up and puts my fist to her face, and says, ‘Look here, now, if you give me one word out of your head, I’ll smash yer face in. I won’t hear one word—not the beginning of a word.’ I says to ’em, ‘This yer young un’s mine, and not yourn, and you’ve no kind o’ business with it. I’m going to sell it, first chance; mind, you don’t cut up none o’ yer shines about it, or I’ll make ye wish ye’d never been born.’ I tell ye, they sees it an’t no play, when I gets hold. I makes ’em as whist as fishes; and if one on ’em begins and gives a yelp, why,—” and Mr. Loker brought down his fist with a thump that fully explained the hiatus.

“That ar’s what ye may call _emphasis_,” said Marks, poking Haley in the side, and going into another small giggle. “An’t Tom peculiar? he! he! I say, Tom, I s’pect you make ’em _understand_, for all niggers’ heads is woolly. They don’t never have no doubt o’ your meaning, Tom. If you an’t the devil, Tom, you ’s his twin brother, I’ll say that for ye!”

Tom received the compliment with becoming modesty, and began to look as affable as was consistent, as John Bunyan says, “with his doggish nature.”

Haley, who had been imbibing very freely of the staple of the evening, began to feel a sensible elevation and enlargement of his moral faculties,—a phenomenon not unusual with gentlemen of a serious and reflective turn, under similar circumstances.

“Wal, now, Tom,” he said, “ye re’lly is too bad, as I al’ays have told ye; ye know, Tom, you and I used to talk over these yer matters down in Natchez, and I used to prove to ye that we made full as much, and was as well off for this yer world, by treatin’ on ’em well, besides keepin’ a better chance for comin’ in the kingdom at last, when wust comes to wust, and thar an’t nothing else left to get, ye know.”

“Boh!” said Tom, “_don’t_ I know?—don’t make me too sick with any yer stuff,—my stomach is a leetle riled now;” and Tom drank half a glass of raw brandy.

“I say,” said Haley, and leaning back in his chair and gesturing impressively, “I’ll say this now, I al’ays meant to drive my trade so as to make money on ’t _fust and foremost_, as much as any man; but, then, trade an’t everything, and money an’t everything, ’cause we ’s all got souls. I don’t care, now, who hears me say it,—and I think a cussed sight on it,—so I may as well come out with it. I b’lieve in religion, and one of these days, when I’ve got matters tight and snug, I calculates to tend to my soul and them ar matters; and so what’s the use of doin’ any more wickedness than ’s re’lly necessary?—it don’t seem to me it’s ’t all prudent.”

“Tend to yer soul!” repeated Tom, contemptuously; “take a bright lookout to find a soul in you,—save yourself any care on that score. If the devil sifts you through a hair sieve, he won’t find one.”

“Why, Tom, you’re cross,” said Haley; “why can’t ye take it pleasant, now, when a feller’s talking for your good?”

“Stop that ar jaw o’ yourn, there,” said Tom, gruffly. “I can stand most any talk o’ yourn but your pious talk,—that kills me right up. After all, what’s the odds between me and you? ’Tan’t that you care one bit more, or have a bit more feelin’—it’s clean, sheer, dog meanness, wanting to cheat the devil and save your own skin; don’t I see through it? And your ‘gettin’ religion,’ as you call it, arter all, is too p’isin mean for any crittur;—run up a bill with the devil all your life, and then sneak out when pay time comes! Bob!”

“Come, come, gentlemen, I say; this isn’t business,” said Marks. “There’s different ways, you know, of looking at all subjects. Mr. Haley is a very nice man, no doubt, and has his own conscience; and, Tom, you have your ways, and very good ones, too, Tom; but quarrelling, you know, won’t answer no kind of purpose. Let’s go to business. Now, Mr. Haley, what is it?—you want us to undertake to catch this yer gal?”

“The gal’s no matter of mine,—she’s Shelby’s; it’s only the boy. I was a fool for buying the monkey!”

“You’re generally a fool!” said Tom, gruffly.

“Come, now, Loker, none of your huffs,” said Marks, licking his lips; “you see, Mr. Haley ’s a puttin’ us in a way of a good job, I reckon; just hold still—these yer arrangements is my forte. This yer gal, Mr. Haley, how is she? what is she?”

“Wal! white and handsome—well brought up. I’d a gin Shelby eight hundred or a thousand, and then made well on her.”

“White and handsome—well brought up!” said Marks, his sharp eyes, nose and mouth, all alive with enterprise. “Look here, now, Loker, a beautiful opening. We’ll do a business here on our own account;—we does the catchin’; the boy, of course, goes to Mr. Haley,—we takes the gal to Orleans to speculate on. An’t it beautiful?”

Tom, whose great heavy mouth had stood ajar during this communication, now suddenly snapped it together, as a big dog closes on a piece of meat, and seemed to be digesting the idea at his leisure.

“Ye see,” said Marks to Haley, stirring his punch as he did so, “ye see, we has justices convenient at all p’ints along shore, that does up any little jobs in our line quite reasonable. Tom, he does the knockin’ down and that ar; and I come in all dressed up—shining boots—everything first chop, when the swearin’ ’s to be done. You oughter see, now,” said Marks, in a glow of professional pride, “how I can tone it off. One day, I’m Mr. Twickem, from New Orleans; ’nother day, I’m just come from my plantation on Pearl River, where I works seven hundred niggers; then, again, I come out a distant relation of Henry Clay, or some old cock in Kentuck. Talents is different, you know. Now, Tom’s roarer when there’s any thumping or fighting to be done; but at lying he an’t good, Tom an’t,—ye see it don’t come natural to him; but, Lord, if thar’s a feller in the country that can swear to anything and

everything, and put in all the circumstances and flourishes with a long face, and carry 't through better 'n I can, why, I'd like to see him, that's all! I b'lieve my heart, I could get along and snake through, even if justices were more particular than they is. Sometimes I rather wish they was more particular; 't would be a heap more relishin' if they was,—more fun, yer know."

Tom Loker, who, as we have made it appear, was a man of slow thoughts and movements, here interrupted Marks by bringing his heavy fist down on the table, so as to make all ring again, _"It'll do!"_ he said.

"Lord bless ye, Tom, ye needn't break all the glasses!" said Marks; "save your fist for time o' need."

"But, gentlemen, an't I to come in for a share of the profits?" said Haley.

"An't it enough we catch the boy for ye?" said Loker. "What do ye want?"

"Wal," said Haley, "if I gives you the job, it's worth something,—say ten per cent. on the profits, expenses paid."

"Now," said Loker, with a tremendous oath, and striking the table with his heavy fist, "don't I know _you_, Dan Haley? Don't you think to come it over me! Suppose Marks and I have taken up the catchin' trade, jest to 'commodate gentlemen like you, and get nothin' for ourselves?—Not by a long chalk! we'll have the gal out and out, and you keep quiet, or, ye see, we'll have both,—what's to hinder? Han't you show'd us the game? It's as free to us as you, I hope. If you or Shelby wants to chase us, look where the partridges was last year; if you find them or us, you're quite welcome."

"O, wal, certainly, jest let it go at that," said Haley, alarmed; "you catch the boy for the job;—you allers did trade _far_ with me, Tom, and was up to yer word."

"Ye know that," said Tom; "I don't pretend none of your snivelling ways, but I won't lie in my 'counts with the devil himself. What I ses I'll do, I will do,—you know _that_, Dan Haley."

"Jes so, jes so,—I said so, Tom," said Haley; "and if you'd only promise to have the boy for me in a week, at any point you'll name, that's all I want."

"But it an't all I want, by a long jump," said Tom. "Ye don't think I did business with you, down in Natchez, for nothing, Haley; I've learned to hold an eel, when I catch him. You've got to fork over fifty dollars, flat down, or this child don't start a peg. I know yer."

"Why, when you have a job in hand that may bring a clean profit of somewhere about a thousand or sixteen hundred, why, Tom, you're onreasonable," said Haley.

"Yes, and hasn't we business booked for five weeks to come,—all we can do? And suppose we leaves all, and goes to bush-whacking round arter yer young uns, and finally doesn't catch the gal,—and gals allers is the devil _to_ catch,—what's then? would you pay us a cent—would you? I think I see you a doin' it—ugh! No, no; flap down your fifty. If we get the job, and it pays, I'll hand it back; if we don't, it's for our trouble,—that's _far_, an't it, Marks?"

"Certainly, certainly," said Marks, with a conciliatory tone; "it's only a retaining fee, you see,—he! he! he!—we lawyers, you know. Wal, we must all keep good-natured,—keep easy, yer know. Tom'll have the boy for yer, anywhere ye'll name; won't ye, Tom?"

"If I find the young un, I'll bring him on to Cincinnati, and leave him at Granny Belcher's, on the landing," said Loker.

Marks had got from his pocket a greasy pocket-book, and taking a long paper from thence, he sat down, and fixing his keen black eyes on it, began mumbling over its contents: "Barnes—Shelby County—boy Jim, three hundred dollars for him, dead or alive.

"Edwards—Dick and Lucy—man and wife, six hundred dollars; wench Polly and two children—six hundred for her or her head.

"I'm jest a runnin' over our business, to see if we can take up this yer handily. Loker," he said, after a pause, "we must set Adams and Springer on the track of these yer; they've been booked some time."

"They'll charge too much," said Tom.

"I'll manage that ar; they 's young in the business, and must spect to work cheap," said Marks, as he continued to read. "Ther's three on 'em easy cases, 'cause all you've got to do is to shoot 'em, or swear they is shot; they couldn't, of course, charge much for that. Them other cases," he said, folding the paper, "will bear puttin' off a spell. So now let's come to the particulars. Now, Mr. Haley, you saw this yer gal when she landed?"

“To be sure,—plain as I see you.”

“And a man helpin’ on her up the bank?” said Loker.

“To be sure, I did.”

“Most likely,” said Marks, “she’s took in somewhere; but where, ’s a question. Tom, what do you say?”

“We must cross the river tonight, no mistake,” said Tom.

“But there’s no boat about,” said Marks. “The ice is running awfully, Tom; an’t it dangerous?”

“Don’no nothing ’bout that,—only it’s got to be done,” said Tom, decidedly.

“Dear me,” said Marks, fidgeting, “it’ll be—I say,” he said, walking to the window, “it’s dark as a wolf’s mouth, and, Tom—”

“The long and short is, you’re scared, Marks; but I can’t help that,—you’ve got to go. Suppose you want to lie by a day or two, till the gal ’s been carried on the underground line up to Sandusky or so, before you start.”

“O, no; I an’t a grain afraid,” said Marks, “only—”

“Only what?” said Tom.

“Well, about the boat. Yer see there an’t any boat.”

“I heard the woman say there was one coming along this evening, and that a man was going to cross over in it. Neck or nothing, we must go with him,” said Tom.

“I s’pose you’ve got good dogs,” said Haley.

“First rate,” said Marks. “But what’s the use? you han’t got nothin’ o’ hers to smell on.”

“Yes, I have,” said Haley, triumphantly. “Here’s her shawl she left on the bed in her hurry; she left her bonnet, too.”

“That ar’s lucky,” said Loker; “fork over.”

“Though the dogs might damage the gal, if they come on her unawars,” said Haley.

“That ar’s a consideration,” said Marks. “Our dogs tore a feller half to pieces, once, down in Mobile, ’fore we could get ’em off.”

“Well, ye see, for this sort that’s to be sold for their looks, that ar won’t answer, ye see,” said Haley.

“I do see,” said Marks. “Besides, if she’s got took in, ’tan’t no go, neither. Dogs is no ’count in these yer up states where these critters gets carried; of course, ye can’t get on their track. They only does down in plantations, where niggers, when they runs, has to do their own running, and don’t get no help.”

“Well,” said Loker, who had just stepped out to the bar to make some inquiries, “they say the man’s come with the boat; so, Marks—”

That worthy cast a rueful look at the comfortable quarters he was leaving, but slowly rose to obey. After exchanging a few words of further arrangement, Haley, with visible reluctance, handed over the fifty dollars to Tom, and the worthy trio separated for the night.

If any of our refined and Christian readers object to the society into which this scene introduces them, let us beg them to begin and conquer their prejudices in time. The catching business, we beg to remind them, is rising to the dignity of a lawful and patriotic profession. If all the broad land between the Mississippi and the Pacific becomes one great market for bodies and souls, and human property retains the locomotive tendencies of this nineteenth century, the trader and catcher may yet be among our aristocracy.

While this scene was going on at the tavern, Sam and Andy, in a state of high felicitation, pursued their way home.

Sam was in the highest possible feather, and expressed his exultation by all sorts of supernatural howls and ejaculations, by divers odd motions and contortions of his whole system. Sometimes he would sit backward, with his face to the horse’s tail and sides, and

then, with a whoop and a somerset, come right side up in his place again, and, drawing on a grave face, begin to lecture Andy in high-sounding tones for laughing and playing the fool. Anon, slapping his sides with his arms, he would burst forth in peals of laughter, that made the old woods ring as they passed. With all these evolutions, he contrived to keep the horses up to the top of their speed, until, between ten and eleven, their heels resounded on the gravel at the end of the balcony. Mrs. Shelby flew to the railings.

“Is that you, Sam? Where are they?”

“Mas’r Haley ’s a-restin’ at the tavern; he’s dreffful fatigued, Missis.”

“And Eliza, Sam?”

“Wal, she’s clar ’cross Jordan. As a body may say, in the land o’ Canaan.”

“Why, Sam, what _do_ you mean?” said Mrs. Shelby, breathless, and almost faint, as the possible meaning of these words came over her.

“Wal, Missis, de Lord he persarves his own. Lizy’s done gone over the river into ’Hio, as ’markably as if de Lord took her over in a charrit of fire and two hosses.”

Sam’s vein of piety was always uncommonly fervent in his mistress’ presence; and he made great capital of scriptural figures and images.

“Come up here, Sam,” said Mr. Shelby, who had followed on to the verandah, “and tell your mistress what she wants. Come, come, Emily,” said he, passing his arm round her, “you are cold and all in a shiver; you allow yourself to feel too much.”

“Feel too much! Am not I a woman,—a mother? Are we not both responsible to God for this poor girl? My God! lay not this sin to our charge.”

“What sin, Emily? You see yourself that we have only done what we were obliged to.”

“There’s an awful feeling of guilt about it, though,” said Mrs. Shelby. “I can’t reason it away.”

“Here, Andy, you nigger, be alive!” called Sam, under the verandah; “take these yer hosses to der barn; don’t ye hear Mas’r a callin’?” and Sam soon appeared, palm-leaf in hand, at the parlor door.

“Now, Sam, tell us distinctly how the matter was,” said Mr. Shelby. “Where is Eliza, if you know?”

“Wal, Mas’r, I saw her, with my own eyes, a crossin’ on the floatin’ ice. She crossed most ’markably; it wasn’t no less nor a miracle; and I saw a man help her up the ’Hio side, and then she was lost in the dusk.”

“Sam, I think this rather apocryphal,—this miracle. Crossing on floating ice isn’t so easily done,” said Mr. Shelby.

“Easy! couldn’t nobody a done it, without de Lord. Why, now,” said Sam, “’t was jist dis yer way. Mas’r Haley, and me, and Andy, we comes up to de little tavern by the river, and I rides a leetle ahead,—(I’s so zealous to be a cotchin’ Lizy, that I couldn’t hold in, no way),—and when I comes by the tavern winder, sure enough there she was, right in plain sight, and dey diggin’ on behind. Wal, I loses off my hat, and sings out nuff to raise the dead. Course Lizy she hars, and she dodges back, when Mas’r Haley he goes past the door; and then, I tell ye, she clared out de side door; she went down de river bank;—Mas’r Haley he seed her, and yelled out, and him, and me, and Andy, we took arter. Down she come to the river, and thar was the current running ten feet wide by the shore, and over t’ other side ice a sawin’ and a jiggling up and down, kinder as ’t were a great island. We come right behind her, and I thought my soul he’d got her sure enough,—when she gin sich a screech as I never hearn, and thar she was, clar over t’ other side of the current, on the ice, and then on she went, a screeching and a jumpin’,—the ice went crack! c’wallop! cracking! chunk! and she a boundin’ like a buck! Lord, the spring that ar gal’s got in her an’t common, I’m o’ ’pinion.”

Mrs. Shelby sat perfectly silent, pale with excitement, while Sam told his story.

“God be praised, she isn’t dead!” she said; “but where is the poor child now?”

“De Lord will pervide,” said Sam, rolling up his eyes piously. “As I’ve been a sayin’, dis yer ’s a providence and no mistake, as Missis has allers been a instructin’ on us. Thar’s allers instruments ris up to do de Lord’s will. Now, if ’t hadn’t been for me today,

she'd a been took a dozen times. Warn't it I started off de hosses, dis yer mornin' and kept 'em chasin' till nigh dinner time? And didn't I car Mas'r Haley night five miles out of de road, dis evening, or else he'd a come up with Lizy as easy as a dog arter a coon. These yer 's all providences."

"They are a kind of providences that you'll have to be pretty sparing of, Master Sam. I allow no such practices with gentlemen on my place," said Mr. Shelby, with as much sternness as he could command, under the circumstances.

Now, there is no more use in making believe be angry with a negro than with a child; both instinctively see the true state of the case, through all attempts to affect the contrary; and Sam was in no wise disheartened by this rebuke, though he assumed an air of doleful gravity, and stood with the corners of his mouth lowered in most penitential style.

"Mas'r quite right,—quite; it was ugly on me,—there's no disputin' that ar; and of course Mas'r and Missis wouldn't encourage no such works. I'm sensible of dat ar; but a poor nigger like me 's 'mazin' tempted to act ugly sometimes, when fellers will cut up such shines as dat ar Mas'r Haley; he an't no gen'l'man no way; anybody's been raised as I've been can't help a seein' dat ar."

"Well, Sam," said Mrs. Shelby, "as you appear to have a proper sense of your errors, you may go now and tell Aunt Chloe she may get you some of that cold ham that was left of dinner today. You and Andy must be hungry."

"Missis is a heap too good for us," said Sam, making his bow with alacrity, and departing.

It will be perceived, as has been before intimated, that Master Sam had a native talent that might, undoubtedly, have raised him to eminence in political life,—a talent of making capital out of everything that turned up, to be invested for his own especial praise and glory; and having done up his piety and humility, as he trusted, to the satisfaction of the parlor, he clapped his palm-leaf on his head, with a sort of rakish, free-and-easy air, and proceeded to the dominions of Aunt Chloe, with the intention of flourishing largely in the kitchen.

"I'll speechify these yer niggers," said Sam to himself, "now I've got a chance. Lord, I'll reel it off to make 'em stare!"

It must be observed that one of Sam's especial delights had been to ride in attendance on his master to all kinds of political gatherings, where, roosted on some rail fence, or perched aloft in some tree, he would sit watching the orators, with the greatest apparent gusto, and then, descending among the various brethren of his own color, assembled on the same errand, he would edify and delight them with the most ludicrous burlesques and imitations, all delivered with the most imperturbable earnestness and solemnity; and though the auditors immediately about him were generally of his own color, it not infrequently happened that they were fringed pretty deeply with those of a fairer complexion, who listened, laughing and winking, to Sam's great self-congratulation. In fact, Sam considered oratory as his vocation, and never let slip an opportunity of magnifying his office.

Now, between Sam and Aunt Chloe there had existed, from ancient times, a sort of chronic feud, or rather a decided coolness; but, as Sam was meditating something in the provision department, as the necessary and obvious foundation of his operations, he determined, on the present occasion, to be eminently conciliatory; for he well knew that although "Missis' orders" would undoubtedly be followed to the letter, yet he should gain a considerable deal by enlisting the spirit also. He therefore appeared before Aunt Chloe with a touchingly subdued, resigned expression, like one who has suffered immeasurable hardships in behalf of a persecuted fellow-creature,—enlarged upon the fact that Missis had directed him to come to Aunt Chloe for whatever might be wanting to make up the balance in his solids and fluids,—and thus unequivocally acknowledged her right and supremacy in the cooking department, and all thereto pertaining.

The thing took accordingly. No poor, simple, virtuous body was ever cajoled by the attentions of an electioneering politician with more ease than Aunt Chloe was won over by Master Sam's suavities; and if he had been the prodigal son himself, he could not have been overwhelmed with more maternal bountifulness; and he soon found himself seated, happy and glorious, over a large tin pan, containing a sort of _olla podrida_ of all that had appeared on the table for two or three days past. Savory morsels of ham, golden blocks of corn-cake, fragments of pie of every conceivable mathematical figure, chicken wings, gizzards, and drumsticks, all appeared in picturesque confusion; and Sam, as monarch of all he surveyed, sat with his palm-leaf cocked rejoicingly to one side, and patronizing Andy at his right hand.

The kitchen was full of all his compeers, who had hurried and crowded in, from the various cabins, to hear the termination of the day's exploits. Now was Sam's hour of glory. The story of the day was rehearsed, with all kinds of ornament and varnishing which might be necessary to heighten its effect; for Sam, like some of our fashionable dilettanti, never allowed a story to lose any of its

gilding by passing through his hands. Roars of laughter attended the narration, and were taken up and prolonged by all the smaller fry, who were lying, in any quantity, about on the floor, or perched in every corner. In the height of the uproar and laughter, Sam, however, preserved an immovable gravity, only from time to time rolling his eyes up, and giving his auditors divers inexpressibly droll glances, without departing from the sententious elevation of his oratory.

“Yer see, fellow-countrymen,” said Sam, elevating a turkey’s leg, with energy, “yer see, now what dis yer chile ’s up ter, for fendin’ yer all,—yes, all on yer. For him as tries to get one o’ our people is as good as tryin’ to get all; yer see the principle ’s de same,—dat ar’s clar. And any one o’ these yer drivers that comes smelling round arter any our people, why, he’s got _me_ in his way; _I’m_ the feller he’s got to set in with,—I’m the feller for yer all to come to, bredren,—I’ll stand up for yer rights,—I’ll fend ’em to the last breath!”

“Why, but Sam, yer telled me, only this mornin’, that you’d help this yer Mas’r to cotch Lizy; seems to me yer talk don’t hang together,” said Andy.

“I tell you now, Andy,” said Sam, with awful superiority, “don’t yer be a talkin’ ’bout what yer don’t know nothin’ on; boys like you, Andy, means well, but they can’t be spected to collusitate the great principles of action.”

Andy looked rebuked, particularly by the hard word collusitate, which most of the youngerly members of the company seemed to consider as a settler in the case, while Sam proceeded.

“Dat ar was _conscience_, Andy; when I thought of gwine arter Lizy, I railly spected Mas’r was sot dat way. When I found Missis was sot the contrar, dat ar was conscience _more yet_,—cause fellers allers gets more by stickin’ to Missis’ side,—so yer see I ’s persistent either way, and sticks up to conscience, and holds on to principles. Yes, _principles_,” said Sam, giving an enthusiastic toss to a chicken’s neck,—“what’s principles good for, if we isn’t persistent, I wanter know? Thar, Andy, you may have dat ar bone,—tan’t picked quite clean.”

Sam’s audience hanging on his words with open mouth, he could not but proceed.

“Dis yer matter ’bout persistence, feller-niggers,” said Sam, with the air of one entering into an abstruse subject, “dis yer ’sistency ’s a thing what an’t seed into very clar, by most anybody. Now, yer see, when a feller stands up for a thing one day and night, de contrar de next, folks ses (and nat’rally enough dey ses), why he an’t persistent,—hand me dat ar bit o’ corn-cake, Andy. But let’s look inter it. I hope the gen’lmen and der fair sex will scuse my usin’ an or’nary sort o’ ’parison. Here! I’m a trying to get top o’ der hay. Wal, I puts up my larder dis yer side; ’tan’t no go;—den, cause I don’t try dere no more, but puts my larder right de contrar side, an’t I persistent? I’m persistent in wantin’ to get up which ary side my larder is; don’t you see, all on yer?”

“It’s the only thing ye ever was persistent in, Lord knows!” muttered Aunt Chloe, who was getting rather restive; the merriment of the evening being to her somewhat after the Scripture comparison,—like “vinegar upon nitre.”

“Yes, indeed!” said Sam, rising, full of supper and glory, for a closing effort. “Yes, my feller-citizens and ladies of de other sex in general, I has principles,—I’m proud to ’oon ’em,—they ’s perquisite to dese yer times, and ter _all_ times. I has principles, and I sticks to ’em like forty,—jest anything that I thinks is principle, I goes in to ’t;—I wouldn’t mind if dey burnt me ’live,—I’d walk right up to de stake, I would, and say, here I comes to shed my last blood fur my principles, fur my country, fur de gen’l interests of society.”

“Well,” said Aunt Chloe, “one o’ yer principles will have to be to get to bed some time tonight, and not be a keepin’ everybody up till mornin’; now, every one of you young uns that don’t want to be cracked, had better be scase, mighty sudden.”

“Niggers! all on yer,” said Sam, waving his palm-leaf with benignity, “I give yer my blessin’; go to bed now, and be good boys.”

And, with this pathetic benediction, the assembly dispersed.

CHAPTER IX In Which It Appears That a Senator Is But a Man

The light of the cheerful fire shone on the rug and carpet of a cosey parlor, and glittered on the sides of the tea-cups and well-brightened tea-pot, as Senator Bird was drawing off his boots, preparatory to inserting his feet in a pair of new handsome slippers, which his wife had been working for him while away on his senatorial tour. Mrs. Bird, looking the very picture of delight, was superintending the arrangements of the table, ever and anon mingling admonitory remarks to a number of frolicsome juveniles, who were effervescing in all those modes of untold gambol and mischief that have astonished mothers ever since the flood.

“Tom, let the door-knob alone,—there’s a man! Mary! Mary! don’t pull the cat’s tail,—poor pussy! Jim, you mustn’t climb on that table,—no, no!—You don’t know, my dear, what a surprise it is to us all, to see you here tonight!” said she, at last, when she found a space to say something to her husband.

“Yes, yes, I thought I’d just make a run down, spend the night, and have a little comfort at home. I’m tired to death, and my head aches!”

Mrs. Bird cast a glance at a camphor-bottle, which stood in the half-open closet, and appeared to meditate an approach to it, but her husband interposed.

“No, no, Mary, no doctoring! a cup of your good hot tea, and some of our good home living, is what I want. It’s a tiresome business, this legislating!”

And the senator smiled, as if he rather liked the idea of considering himself a sacrifice to his country.

“Well,” said his wife, after the business of the tea-table was getting rather slack, “and what have they been doing in the Senate?”

Now, it was a very unusual thing for gentle little Mrs. Bird ever to trouble her head with what was going on in the house of the state, very wisely considering that she had enough to do to mind her own. Mr. Bird, therefore, opened his eyes in surprise, and said,

“Not very much of importance.”

“Well; but is it true that they have been passing a law forbidding people to give meat and drink to those poor colored folks that come along? I heard they were talking of some such law, but I didn’t think any Christian legislature would pass it!”

“Why, Mary, you are getting to be a politician, all at once.”

“No, nonsense! I wouldn’t give a fig for all your politics, generally, but I think this is something downright cruel and unchristian. I hope, my dear, no such law has been passed.”

“There has been a law passed forbidding people to help off the slaves that come over from Kentucky, my dear; so much of that thing has been done by these reckless Abolitionists, that our brethren in Kentucky are very strongly excited, and it seems necessary, and no more than Christian and kind, that something should be done by our state to quiet the excitement.”

“And what is the law? It don’t forbid us to shelter those poor creatures a night, does it, and to give ’em something comfortable to eat, and a few old clothes, and send them quietly about their business?”

“Why, yes, my dear; that would be aiding and abetting, you know.”

Mrs. Bird was a timid, blushing little woman, of about four feet in height, and with mild blue eyes, and a peach-blow complexion, and the gentlest, sweetest voice in the world;—as for courage, a moderate-sized cock-turkey had been known to put her to rout at the very first gobble, and a stout house-dog, of moderate capacity, would bring her into subjection merely by a show of his teeth. Her husband and children were her entire world, and in these she ruled more by entreaty and persuasion than by command or argument. There was only one thing that was capable of arousing her, and that provocation came in on the side of her unusually gentle and sympathetic nature;—anything in the shape of cruelty would throw her into a passion, which was the more alarming and inexplicable in proportion to the general softness of her nature. Generally the most indulgent and easy to be entreated of all mothers, still her boys had a very reverent remembrance of a most vehement chastisement she once bestowed on them, because she found them leagued with several graceless boys of the neighborhood, stoning a defenceless kitten.

“I’ll tell you what,” Master Bill used to say, “I was scared that time. Mother came at me so that I thought she was crazy, and I was whipped and tumbled off to bed, without any supper, before I could get over wondering what had come about; and, after that, I heard mother crying outside the door, which made me feel worse than all the rest. I’ll tell you what,” he’d say, “we boys never stoned another kitten!”

On the present occasion, Mrs. Bird rose quickly, with very red cheeks, which quite improved her general appearance, and walked up to her husband, with quite a resolute air, and said, in a determined tone,

“Now, John, I want to know if you think such a law as that is right and Christian?”

“You won’t shoot me, now, Mary, if I say I do!”

“I never could have thought it of you, John; you didn’t vote for it?”

“Even so, my fair politician.”

“You ought to be ashamed, John! Poor, homeless, houseless creatures! It’s a shameful, wicked, abominable law, and I’ll break it, for one, the first time I get a chance; and I hope I _shall_ have a chance, I do! Things have got to a pretty pass, if a woman can’t give a warm supper and a bed to poor, starving creatures, just because they are slaves, and have been abused and oppressed all their lives, poor things!”

“But, Mary, just listen to me. Your feelings are all quite right, dear, and interesting, and I love you for them; but, then, dear, we mustn’t suffer our feelings to run away with our judgment; you must consider it’s a matter of private feeling,—there are great public interests involved,—there is such a state of public agitation rising, that we must put aside our private feelings.”

“Now, John, I don’t know anything about politics, but I can read my Bible; and there I see that I must feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and comfort the desolate; and that Bible I mean to follow.”

“But in cases where your doing so would involve a great public evil—”

“Obeying God never brings on public evils. I know it can’t. It’s always safest, all round, to _do as He_ bids us.

“Now, listen to me, Mary, and I can state to you a very clear argument, to show—”

“O, nonsense, John! you can talk all night, but you wouldn’t do it. I put it to you, John,—would _you_ now turn away a poor, shivering, hungry creature from your door, because he was a runaway? _Would_ you, now?”

Now, if the truth must be told, our senator had the misfortune to be a man who had a particularly humane and accessible nature, and turning away anybody that was in trouble never had been his forte; and what was worse for him in this particular pinch of the argument was, that his wife knew it, and, of course was making an assault on rather an indefensible point. So he had recourse to the usual means of gaining time for such cases made and provided; he said “ahem,” and coughed several times, took out his pocket-handkerchief, and began to wipe his glasses. Mrs. Bird, seeing the defenceless condition of the enemy’s territory, had no more conscience than to push her advantage.

“I should like to see you doing that, John—I really should! Turning a woman out of doors in a snowstorm, for instance; or may be you’d take her up and put her in jail, wouldn’t you? You would make a great hand at that!”

“Of course, it would be a very painful duty,” began Mr. Bird, in a moderate tone.

“Duty, John! don’t use that word! You know it isn’t a duty—it can’t be a duty! If folks want to keep their slaves from running away, let ’em treat ’em well,—that’s my doctrine. If I had slaves (as I hope I never shall have), I’d risk their wanting to run away from me, or you either, John. I tell you folks don’t run away when they are happy; and when they do run, poor creatures! they suffer enough with cold and hunger and fear, without everybody’s turning against them; and, law or no law, I never will, so help me God!”

“Mary! Mary! My dear, let me reason with you.”

“I hate reasoning, John,—especially reasoning on such subjects. There’s a way you political folks have of coming round and round a plain right thing; and you don’t believe in it yourselves, when it comes to practice. I know _you_ well enough, John. You don’t believe it’s right any more than I do; and you wouldn’t do it any sooner than I.”

At this critical juncture, old Cudjoe, the black man-of-all-work, put his head in at the door, and wished “Missis would come into the kitchen;” and our senator, tolerably relieved, looked after his little wife with a whimsical mixture of amusement and vexation, and, seating himself in the arm-chair, began to read the papers.

After a moment, his wife’s voice was heard at the door, in a quick, earnest tone,—“John! John! I do wish you’d come here, a moment.”

He laid down his paper, and went into the kitchen, and started, quite amazed at the sight that presented itself:—A young and slender woman, with garments torn and frozen, with one shoe gone, and the stocking torn away from the cut and bleeding foot, was laid back in a deadly swoon upon two chairs. There was the impress of the despised race on her face, yet none could help feeling

its mournful and pathetic beauty, while its stony sharpness, its cold, fixed, deathly aspect, struck a solemn chill over him. He drew his breath short, and stood in silence. His wife, and their only colored domestic, old Aunt Dinah, were busily engaged in restorative measures; while old Cudjoe had got the boy on his knee, and was busy pulling off his shoes and stockings, and chafing his little cold feet.

“Sure, now, if she an’t a sight to behold!” said old Dinah, compassionately; “‘pears like ’t was the heat that made her faint. She was tol’able peart when she cum in, and asked if she couldn’t warm herself here a spell; and I was just a-askin’ her where she cum from, and she fainted right down. Never done much hard work, guess, by the looks of her hands.”

“Poor creature!” said Mrs. Bird, compassionately, as the woman slowly unclosed her large, dark eyes, and looked vacantly at her. Suddenly an expression of agony crossed her face, and she sprang up, saying, “O, my Harry! Have they got him?”

The boy, at this, jumped from Cudjoe’s knee, and running to her side put up his arms. “O, he’s here! he’s here!” she exclaimed.

“O, ma’am!” said she, wildly, to Mrs. Bird, “do protect us! don’t let them get him!”

“Nobody shall hurt you here, poor woman,” said Mrs. Bird, encouragingly. “You are safe; don’t be afraid.”

“God bless you!” said the woman, covering her face and sobbing; while the little boy, seeing her crying, tried to get into her lap.

With many gentle and womanly offices, which none knew better how to render than Mrs. Bird, the poor woman was, in time, rendered more calm. A temporary bed was provided for her on the settle, near the fire; and, after a short time, she fell into a heavy slumber, with the child, who seemed no less weary, soundly sleeping on her arm; for the mother resisted, with nervous anxiety, the kindest attempts to take him from her; and, even in sleep, her arm encircled him with an unrelaxing clasp, as if she could not even then be beguiled of her vigilant hold.

Mr. and Mrs. Bird had gone back to the parlor, where, strange as it may appear, no reference was made, on either side, to the preceding conversation; but Mrs. Bird busied herself with her knitting-work, and Mr. Bird pretended to be reading the paper.

“I wonder who and what she is!” said Mr. Bird, at last, as he laid it down.

“When she wakes up and feels a little rested, we will see,” said Mrs. Bird.

“I say, wife!” said Mr. Bird after musing in silence over his newspaper.

“Well, dear!”

“She couldn’t wear one of your gowns, could she, by any letting down, or such matter? She seems to be rather larger than you are.”

A quite perceptible smile glimmered on Mrs. Bird’s face, as she answered, “We’ll see.”

Another pause, and Mr. Bird again broke out,

“I say, wife!”

“Well! What now?”

“Why, there’s that old bombazin cloak, that you keep on purpose to put over me when I take my afternoon’s nap; you might as well give her that,—she needs clothes.”

At this instant, Dinah looked in to say that the woman was awake, and wanted to see Missis.

Mr. and Mrs. Bird went into the kitchen, followed by the two eldest boys, the smaller fry having, by this time, been safely disposed of in bed.

The woman was now sitting up on the settle, by the fire. She was looking steadily into the blaze, with a calm, heart-broken expression, very different from her former agitated wildness.

“Did you want me?” said Mrs. Bird, in gentle tones. “I hope you feel better now, poor woman!”

A long-drawn, shivering sigh was the only answer; but she lifted her dark eyes, and fixed them on her with such a forlorn and imploring expression, that the tears came into the little woman’s eyes.

“You needn’t be afraid of anything; we are friends here, poor woman! Tell me where you came from, and what you want,” said she.

“I came from Kentucky,” said the woman.

“When?” said Mr. Bird, taking up the interogatory.

“Tonight.”

“How did you come?”

“I crossed on the ice.”

“Crossed on the ice!” said every one present.

“Yes,” said the woman, slowly, “I did. God helping me, I crossed on the ice; for they were behind me—right behind—and there was no other way!”

“Law, Missis,” said Cudjoe, “the ice is all in broken-up blocks, a swinging and a tetering up and down in the water!”

“I know it was—I know it!” said she, wildly; “but I did it! I wouldn’t have thought I could,—I didn’t think I should get over, but I didn’t care! I could but die, if I didn’t. The Lord helped me; nobody knows how much the Lord can help ’em, till they try,” said the woman, with a flashing eye.

“Were you a slave?” said Mr. Bird.

“Yes, sir; I belonged to a man in Kentucky.”

“Was he unkind to you?”

“No, sir; he was a good master.”

“And was your mistress unkind to you?”

“No, sir—no! my mistress was always good to me.”

“What could induce you to leave a good home, then, and run away, and go through such dangers?”

The woman looked up at Mrs. Bird, with a keen, scrutinizing glance, and it did not escape her that she was dressed in deep mourning.

“Ma’am,” she said, suddenly, “have you ever lost a child?”

The question was unexpected, and it was thrust on a new wound; for it was only a month since a darling child of the family had been laid in the grave.

Mr. Bird turned around and walked to the window, and Mrs. Bird burst into tears; but, recovering her voice, she said,

“Why do you ask that? I have lost a little one.”

“Then you will feel for me. I have lost two, one after another,—left ’em buried there when I came away; and I had only this one left. I never slept a night without him; he was all I had. He was my comfort and pride, day and night; and, ma’am, they were going to take him away from me,—to _sell_ him,—sell him down south, ma’am, to go all alone,—a baby that had never been away from his mother in his life! I couldn’t stand it, ma’am. I knew I never should be good for anything, if they did; and when I knew the papers were signed, and he was sold, I took him and came off in the night; and they chased me,—the man that bought him, and some of Mas’r’s folks,—and they were coming down right behind me, and I heard ’em. I jumped right on to the ice; and how I got across, I don’t know,—but, first I knew, a man was helping me up the bank.”

The woman did not sob nor weep. She had gone to a place where tears are dry; but every one around her was, in some way characteristic of themselves, showing signs of hearty sympathy.

The two little boys, after a desperate rummaging in their pockets, in search of those pocket-handkerchiefs which mothers know are never to be found there, had thrown themselves disconsolately into the skirts of their mother’s gown, where they were sobbing, and

wiping their eyes and noses, to their hearts' content;—Mrs. Bird had her face fairly hidden in her pocket-handkerchief; and old Dinah, with tears streaming down her black, honest face, was ejaculating, "Lord have mercy on us!" with all the fervor of a camp-meeting;—while old Cudjoe, rubbing his eyes very hard with his cuffs, and making a most uncommon variety of wry faces, occasionally responded in the same key, with great fervor. Our senator was a statesman, and of course could not be expected to cry, like other mortals; and so he turned his back to the company, and looked out of the window, and seemed particularly busy in clearing his throat and wiping his spectacle-glasses, occasionally blowing his nose in a manner that was calculated to excite suspicion, had any one been in a state to observe critically.

"How came you to tell me you had a kind master?" he suddenly exclaimed, gulping down very resolutely some kind of rising in his throat, and turning suddenly round upon the woman.

"Because he _was_ a kind master; I'll say that of him, any way;—and my mistress was kind; but they couldn't help themselves. They were owing money; and there was some way, I can't tell how, that a man had a hold on them, and they were obliged to give him his will. I listened, and heard him telling mistress that, and she begging and pleading for me,—and he told her he couldn't help himself, and that the papers were all drawn;—and then it was I took him and left my home, and came away. I knew 't was no use of my trying to live, if they did it; for 't 'pears like this child is all I have."

"Have you no husband?"

"Yes, but he belongs to another man. His master is real hard to him, and won't let him come to see me, hardly ever; and he's grown harder and harder upon us, and he threatens to sell him down south;—it's like I'll never see _him_ again!"

The quiet tone in which the woman pronounced these words might have led a superficial observer to think that she was entirely apathetic; but there was a calm, settled depth of anguish in her large, dark eye, that spoke of something far otherwise.

"And where do you mean to go, my poor woman?" said Mrs. Bird.

"To Canada, if I only knew where that was. Is it very far off, is Canada?" said she, looking up, with a simple, confiding air, to Mrs. Bird's face.

"Poor thing!" said Mrs. Bird, involuntarily.

"Is 't a very great way off, think?" said the woman, earnestly.

"Much further than you think, poor child!" said Mrs. Bird; "but we will try to think what can be done for you. Here, Dinah, make her up a bed in your own room, close by the kitchen, and I'll think what to do for her in the morning. Meanwhile, never fear, poor woman; put your trust in God; he will protect you."

Mrs. Bird and her husband reentered the parlor. She sat down in her little rocking-chair before the fire, swaying thoughtfully to and fro. Mr. Bird strode up and down the room, grumbling to himself, "Pish! pshaw! confounded awkward business!" At length, striding up to his wife, he said,

"I say, wife, she'll have to get away from here, this very night. That fellow will be down on the scent bright and early tomorrow morning: if 't was only the woman, she could lie quiet till it was over; but that little chap can't be kept still by a troop of horse and foot, I'll warrant me; he'll bring it all out, popping his head out of some window or door. A pretty kettle of fish it would be for me, too, to be caught with them both here, just now! No; they'll have to be got off tonight."

"Tonight! How is it possible?—where to?"

"Well, I know pretty well where to," said the senator, beginning to put on his boots, with a reflective air; and, stopping when his leg was half in, he embraced his knee with both hands, and seemed to go off in deep meditation.

"It's a confounded awkward, ugly business," said he, at last, beginning to tug at his boot-straps again, "and that's a fact!" After one boot was fairly on, the senator sat with the other in his hand, profoundly studying the figure of the carpet. "It will have to be done, though, for aught I see,—hang it all!" and he drew the other boot anxiously on, and looked out of the window.

Now, little Mrs. Bird was a discreet woman,—a woman who never in her life said, "I told you so!" and, on the present occasion, though pretty well aware of the shape her husband's meditations were taking, she very prudently forbore to meddle with them, only sat very quietly in her chair, and looked quite ready to hear her liege lord's intentions, when he should think proper to utter them.

“You see,” he said, “there’s my old client, Van Trompe, has come over from Kentucky, and set all his slaves free; and he has bought a place seven miles up the creek, here, back in the woods, where nobody goes, unless they go on purpose; and it’s a place that isn’t found in a hurry. There she’d be safe enough; but the plague of the thing is, nobody could drive a carriage there tonight, but _me_.”

“Why not? Cudjoe is an excellent driver.”

“Ay, ay, but here it is. The creek has to be crossed twice; and the second crossing is quite dangerous, unless one knows it as I do. I have crossed it a hundred times on horseback, and know exactly the turns to take. And so, you see, there’s no help for it. Cudjoe must put in the horses, as quietly as may be, about twelve o’clock, and I’ll take her over; and then, to give color to the matter, he must carry me on to the next tavern to take the stage for Columbus, that comes by about three or four, and so it will look as if I had had the carriage only for that. I shall get into business bright and early in the morning. But I’m thinking I shall feel rather cheap there, after all that’s been said and done; but, hang it, I can’t help it!”

“Your heart is better than your head, in this case, John,” said the wife, laying her little white hand on his. “Could I ever have loved you, had I not known you better than you know yourself?” And the little woman looked so handsome, with the tears sparkling in her eyes, that the senator thought he must be a decidedly clever fellow, to get such a pretty creature into such a passionate admiration of him; and so, what could he do but walk off soberly, to see about the carriage. At the door, however, he stopped a moment, and then coming back, he said, with some hesitation.

“Mary, I don’t know how you’d feel about it, but there’s that drawer full of things—of—of—poor little Henry’s.” So saying, he turned quickly on his heel, and shut the door after him.

His wife opened the little bed-room door adjoining her room and, taking the candle, set it down on the top of a bureau there; then from a small recess she took a key, and put it thoughtfully in the lock of a drawer, and made a sudden pause, while two boys, who, boy like, had followed close on her heels, stood looking, with silent, significant glances, at their mother. And oh! mother that reads this, has there never been in your house a drawer, or a closet, the opening of which has been to you like the opening again of a little grave? Ah! happy mother that you are, if it has not been so.

Mrs. Bird slowly opened the drawer. There were little coats of many a form and pattern, piles of aprons, and rows of small stockings; and even a pair of little shoes, worn and rubbed at the toes, were peeping from the folds of a paper. There was a toy horse and wagon, a top, a ball,—memorials gathered with many a tear and many a heart-break! She sat down by the drawer, and, leaning her head on her hands over it, wept till the tears fell through her fingers into the drawer; then suddenly raising her head, she began, with nervous haste, selecting the plainest and most substantial articles, and gathering them into a bundle.

“Mamma,” said one of the boys, gently touching her arm, “you going to give away _those_ things?”

“My dear boys,” she said, softly and earnestly, “if our dear, loving little Henry looks down from heaven, he would be glad to have us do this. I could not find it in my heart to give them away to any common person—to anybody that was happy; but I give them to a mother more heart-broken and sorrowful than I am; and I hope God will send his blessings with them!”

There are in this world blessed souls, whose sorrows all spring up into joys for others; whose earthly hopes, laid in the grave with many tears, are the seed from which spring healing flowers and balm for the desolate and the distressed. Among such was the delicate woman who sits there by the lamp, dropping slow tears, while she prepares the memorials of her own lost one for the outcast wanderer.

After a while, Mrs. Bird opened a wardrobe, and, taking from thence a plain, serviceable dress or two, she sat down busily to her work-table, and, with needle, scissors, and thimble, at hand, quietly commenced the “letting down” process which her husband had recommended, and continued busily at it till the old clock in the corner struck twelve, and she heard the low rattling of wheels at the door.

“Mary,” said her husband, coming in, with his overcoat in his hand, “you must wake her up now; we must be off.”

Mrs. Bird hastily deposited the various articles she had collected in a small plain trunk, and locking it, desired her husband to see it in the carriage, and then proceeded to call the woman. Soon, arrayed in a cloak, bonnet, and shawl, that had belonged to her benefactress, she appeared at the door with her child in her arms. Mr. Bird hurried her into the carriage, and Mrs. Bird pressed on after her to the carriage steps. Eliza leaned out of the carriage, and put out her hand,—a hand as soft and beautiful as was given in

return. She fixed her large, dark eyes, full of earnest meaning, on Mrs. Bird's face, and seemed going to speak. Her lips moved,—she tried once or twice, but there was no sound,—and pointing upward, with a look never to be forgotten, she fell back in the seat, and covered her face. The door was shut, and the carriage drove on.

What a situation, now, for a patriotic senator, that had been all the week before spurring up the legislature of his native state to pass more stringent resolutions against escaping fugitives, their harborers and abettors!

Our good senator in his native state had not been exceeded by any of his brethren at Washington, in the sort of eloquence which has won for them immortal renown! How sublimely he had sat with his hands in his pockets, and scouted all sentimental weakness of those who would put the welfare of a few miserable fugitives before great state interests!

He was as bold as a lion about it, and "mightily convinced" not only himself, but everybody that heard him;—but then his idea of a fugitive was only an idea of the letters that spell the word,—or at the most, the image of a little newspaper picture of a man with a stick and bundle with "Ran away from the subscriber" under it. The magic of the real presence of distress,—the imploring human eye, the frail, trembling human hand, the despairing appeal of helpless agony,—these he had never tried. He had never thought that a fugitive might be a hapless mother, a defenceless child,—like that one which was now wearing his lost boy's little well-known cap; and so, as our poor senator was not stone or steel,—as he was a man, and a downright noble-hearted one, too,—he was, as everybody must see, in a sad case for his patriotism. And you need not exult over him, good brother of the Southern States; for we have some inklings that many of you, under similar circumstances, would not do much better. We have reason to know, in Kentucky, as in Mississippi, are noble and generous hearts, to whom never was tale of suffering told in vain. Ah, good brother! is it fair for you to expect of us services which your own brave, honorable heart would not allow you to render, were you in our place?

Be that as it may, if our good senator was a political sinner, he was in a fair way to expiate it by his night's penance. There had been a long continuous period of rainy weather, and the soft, rich earth of Ohio, as every one knows, is admirably suited to the manufacture of mud—and the road was an Ohio railroad of the good old times.

"And pray, what sort of a road may that be?" says some eastern traveller, who has been accustomed to connect no ideas with a railroad, but those of smoothness or speed.

Know, then, innocent eastern friend, that in benighted regions of the west, where the mud is of unfathomable and sublime depth, roads are made of round rough logs, arranged transversely side by side, and coated over in their pristine freshness with earth, turf, and whatsoever may come to hand, and then the rejoicing native calleth it a road, and straightway essayeth to ride thereupon. In process of time, the rains wash off all the turf and grass aforesaid, move the logs hither and thither, in picturesque positions, up, down and crosswise, with divers chasms and ruts of black mud intervening.

Over such a road as this our senator went stumbling along, making moral reflections as continuously as under the circumstances could be expected,—the carriage proceeding along much as follows,—bump! bump! bump! slush! down in the mud!—the senator, woman and child, reversing their positions so suddenly as to come, without any very accurate adjustment, against the windows of the down-hill side. Carriage sticks fast, while Cudjoe on the outside is heard making a great muster among the horses. After various ineffectual pullings and twitchings, just as the senator is losing all patience, the carriage suddenly rights itself with a bounce,—two front wheels go down into another abyss, and senator, woman, and child, all tumble promiscuously on to the front seat,—senator's hat is jammed over his eyes and nose quite unceremoniously, and he considers himself fairly extinguished;—child cries, and Cudjoe on the outside delivers animated addresses to the horses, who are kicking, and floundering, and straining under repeated cracks of the whip. Carriage springs up, with another bounce,—down go the hind wheels,—senator, woman, and child, fly over on to the back seat, his elbows encountering her bonnet, and both her feet being jammed into his hat, which flies off in the concussion. After a few moments the "slough" is passed, and the horses stop, panting;—the senator finds his hat, the woman straightens her bonnet and hushes her child, and they brace themselves for what is yet to come.

For a while only the continuous bump! bump! intermingled, just by way of variety, with divers side plunges and compound shakes; and they begin to flatter themselves that they are not so badly off, after all. At last, with a square plunge, which puts all on to their feet and then down into their seats with incredible quickness, the carriage stops,—and, after much outside commotion, Cudjoe appears at the door.

"Please, sir, it's powerful bad spot, this' yer. I don't know how we's to get clar out. I'm a thinkin' we'll have to be a gettin' rails."

The senator despairingly steps out, picking gingerly for some firm foothold; down goes one foot an immeasurable depth,—he tries to pull it up, loses his balance, and tumbles over into the mud, and is fished out, in a very despairing condition, by Cudjoe.

But we forbear, out of sympathy to our readers' bones. Western travellers, who have beguiled the midnight hour in the interesting process of pulling down rail fences, to pry their carriages out of mud holes, will have a respectful and mournful sympathy with our unfortunate hero. We beg them to drop a silent tear, and pass on.

It was full late in the night when the carriage emerged, dripping and bespattered, out of the creek, and stood at the door of a large farmhouse.

It took no inconsiderable perseverance to arouse the inmates; but at last the respectable proprietor appeared, and undid the door. He was a great, tall, bristling Orson of a fellow, full six feet and some inches in his stockings, and arrayed in a red flannel hunting-shirt. A very heavy mat of sandy hair, in a decidedly tousled condition, and a beard of some days' growth, gave the worthy man an appearance, to say the least, not particularly prepossessing. He stood for a few minutes holding the candle aloft, and blinking on our travellers with a dismal and mystified expression that was truly ludicrous. It cost some effort of our senator to induce him to comprehend the case fully; and while he is doing his best at that, we shall give him a little introduction to our readers.

Honest old John Van Trompe was once quite a considerable land-owner and slave-owner in the State of Kentucky. Having "nothing of the bear about him but the skin," and being gifted by nature with a great, honest, just heart, quite equal to his gigantic frame, he had been for some years witnessing with repressed uneasiness the workings of a system equally bad for oppressor and oppressed. At last, one day, John's great heart had swelled altogether too big to wear his bonds any longer; so he just took his pocket-book out of his desk, and went over into Ohio, and bought a quarter of a township of good, rich land, made out free papers for all his people,—men, women, and children,—packed them up in wagons, and sent them off to settle down; and then honest John turned his face up the creek, and sat quietly down on a snug, retired farm, to enjoy his conscience and his reflections.

"Are you the man that will shelter a poor woman and child from slave-catchers?" said the senator, explicitly.

"I rather think I am," said honest John, with some considerable emphasis.

"I thought so," said the senator.

"If there's anybody comes," said the good man, stretching his tall, muscular form upward, "why here I'm ready for him: and I've got seven sons, each six foot high, and they'll be ready for 'em. Give our respects to 'em," said John; "tell 'em it's no matter how soon they call,—make no kinder difference to us," said John, running his fingers through the shock of hair that thatched his head, and bursting out into a great laugh.

Weary, jaded, and spiritless, Eliza dragged herself up to the door, with her child lying in a heavy sleep on her arm. The rough man held the candle to her face, and uttering a kind of compassionate grunt, opened the door of a small bed-room adjoining to the large kitchen where they were standing, and motioned her to go in. He took down a candle, and lighting it, set it upon the table, and then addressed himself to Eliza.

"Now, I say, gal, you needn't be a bit afeard, let who will come here. I'm up to all that sort o' thing," said he, pointing to two or three goodly rifles over the mantel-piece; "and most people that know me know that 't wouldn't be healthy to try to get anybody out o' my house when I'm agin it. So _now_ you jist go to sleep now, as quiet as if yer mother was a rockin' ye," said he, as he shut the door.

"Why, this is an uncommon handsome un," he said to the senator. "Ah, well; handsome uns has the greatest cause to run, sometimes, if they has any kind o' feelin, such as decent women should. I know all about that."

The senator, in a few words, briefly explained Eliza's history.

"O! ou! aw! now, I want to know?" said the good man, pitifully; "sho! now sho! That's natur now, poor crittur! hunted down now like a deer,—hunted down, jest for havin' natural feelin's, and doin' what no kind o' mother could help a doin'! I tell ye what, these yer things make me come the nighest to swearin', now, o' most anything," said honest John, as he wiped his eyes with the back of a great, freckled, yellow hand. "I tell yer what, stranger, it was years and years before I'd jine the church, 'cause the ministers round in our parts used to preach that the Bible went in for these ere cuttings up,—and I couldn't be up to 'em with their Greek and Hebrew, and so I took up agin 'em, Bible and all. I never jined the church till I found a minister that was up to 'em all in Greek and all that, and he said right the contrary; and then I took right hold, and jined the church,—I did now, fact," said John, who had been all this

time uncorking some very frisky bottled cider, which at this juncture he presented.

“Ye’d better jest put up here, now, till daylight,” said he, heartily, “and I’ll call up the old woman, and have a bed got ready for you in no time.”

“Thank you, my good friend,” said the senator, “I must be along, to take the night stage for Columbus.”

“Ah! well, then, if you must, I’ll go a piece with you, and show you a cross road that will take you there better than the road you came on. That road’s mighty bad.”

John equipped himself, and, with a lantern in hand, was soon seen guiding the senator’s carriage towards a road that ran down in a hollow, back of his dwelling. When they parted, the senator put into his hand a ten-dollar bill.

“It’s for her,” he said, briefly.

“Ay, ay,” said John, with equal conciseness.

They shook hands, and parted.

CHAPTER X The Property Is Carried Off

The February morning looked gray and drizzling through the window of Uncle Tom’s cabin. It looked on downcast faces, the images of mournful hearts. The little table stood out before the fire, covered with an ironing-cloth; a coarse but clean shirt or two, fresh from the iron, hung on the back of a chair by the fire, and Aunt Chloe had another spread out before her on the table. Carefully she rubbed and ironed every fold and every hem, with the most scrupulous exactness, every now and then raising her hand to her face to wipe off the tears that were coursing down her cheeks.

Tom sat by, with his Testament open on his knee, and his head leaning upon his hand;—but neither spoke. It was yet early, and the children lay all asleep together in their little rude trundle-bed.

Tom, who had, to the full, the gentle, domestic heart, which woe for them! has been a peculiar characteristic of his unhappy race, got up and walked silently to look at his children.

“It’s the last time,” he said.

Aunt Chloe did not answer, only rubbed away over and over on the coarse shirt, already as smooth as hands could make it; and finally setting her iron suddenly down with a despairing plunge, she sat down to the table, and “lifted up her voice and wept.”

“S’pose we must be resigned; but oh Lord! how ken I? If I know’d anything whar you ’s goin’, or how they’d sarve you! Missis says she’ll try and ’deem ye, in a year or two; but Lor! nobody never comes up that goes down thar! They kills ’em! I’ve hearn ’em tell how dey works ’em up on dem ar plantations.”

“There’ll be the same God there, Chloe, that there is here.”

“Well,” said Aunt Chloe, “s’pose dere will; but de Lord lets drefful things happen, sometimes. I don’t seem to get no comfort dat way.”

“I’m in the Lord’s hands,” said Tom; “nothin’ can go no furder than he lets it;—and thar’s _one_ thing I can thank him for. It’s _me_ that’s sold and going down, and not you nur the chil’en. Here you’re safe;—what comes will come only on me; and the Lord, he’ll help me,—I know he will.”

Ah, brave, manly heart,—smothering thine own sorrow, to comfort thy beloved ones! Tom spoke with a thick utterance, and with a bitter choking in his throat,—but he spoke brave and strong.

“Let’s think on our marcies!” he added, tremulously, as if he was quite sure he needed to think on them very hard indeed.

“Marcies!” said Aunt Chloe; “don’t see no marcy in’t! ’tan’t right! tan’t right it should be so! Mas’r never ought ter left it so that ye _could_ be took for his debts. Ye’ve arnt him all he gets for ye, twice over. He owed ye yer freedom, and ought ter gin ’t to yer years ago. Mebbe he can’t help himself now, but I feel it’s wrong. Nothing can’t beat that ar out o’ me. Sich a faithful crittur as ye’ve been,—and allers sot his business ’fore yer own every way,—and reckoned on him more than yer own wife and chil’en! Them as

sells heart's love and heart's blood, to get out thar scrapes, de Lord'll be up to 'em!"

"Chloe! now, if ye love me, ye won't talk so, when perhaps jest the last time we'll ever have together! And I'll tell ye, Chloe, it goes agin me to hear one word agin Mas'r. Wan't he put in my arms a baby?—it's natur I should think a heap of him. And he couldn't be spected to think so much of poor Tom. Mas'rs is used to havin' all these yer things done for 'em, and nat'lly they don't think so much on 't. They can't be spected to, no way. Set him 'longside of other Mas'rs—who's had the treatment and livin' I've had? And he never would have let this yer come on me, if he could have seed it aforehand. I know he wouldn't."

"Wal, any way, thar's wrong about it _somewhar_," said Aunt Chloe, in whom a stubborn sense of justice was a predominant trait; "I can't jest make out whar 't is, but thar's wrong somewhar, I'm _clar_ o' that."

"Yer ought ter look up to the Lord above—he's above all—thar don't a sparrow fall without him."

"It don't seem to comfort me, but I spect it orter," said Aunt Chloe. "But dar's no use talkin'; I'll jes wet up de corn-cake, and get ye one good breakfast, 'cause nobody knows when you'll get another."

In order to appreciate the sufferings of the negroes sold south, it must be remembered that all the instinctive affections of that race are peculiarly strong. Their local attachments are very abiding. They are not naturally daring and enterprising, but home-loving and affectionate. Add to this all the terrors with which ignorance invests the unknown, and add to this, again, that selling to the south is set before the negro from childhood as the last severity of punishment. The threat that terrifies more than whipping or torture of any kind is the threat of being sent down river. We have ourselves heard this feeling expressed by them, and seen the unaffected horror with which they will sit in their gossipping hours, and tell frightful stories of that "down river," which to them is

"That undiscovered country, from whose bourn No traveller returns."[1]

[1] A slightly inaccurate quotation from _Hamlet_, Act III, scene I, lines 369-370.

A missionary figure among the fugitives in Canada told us that many of the fugitives confessed themselves to have escaped from comparatively kind masters, and that they were induced to brave the perils of escape, in almost every case, by the desperate horror with which they regarded being sold south,—a doom which was hanging either over themselves or their husbands, their wives or children. This nerves the African, naturally patient, timid and unenterprising, with heroic courage, and leads him to suffer hunger, cold, pain, the perils of the wilderness, and the more dread penalties of recapture.

The simple morning meal now smoked on the table, for Mrs. Shelby had excused Aunt Chloe's attendance at the great house that morning. The poor soul had expended all her little energies on this farewell feast,—had killed and dressed her choicest chicken, and prepared her corn-cake with scrupulous exactness, just to her husband's taste, and brought out certain mysterious jars on the mantel-piece, some preserves that were never produced except on extreme occasions.

"Lor, Pete," said Mose, triumphantly, "han't we got a buster of a breakfast!" at the same time catching at a fragment of the chicken.

Aunt Chloe gave him a sudden box on the ear. "Thar now! crowing over the last breakfast yer poor daddy's gwine to have to home!"

"O, Chloe!" said Tom, gently.

"Wal, I can't help it," said Aunt Chloe, hiding her face in her apron; "I 's so tossed about, it makes me act ugly."

The boys stood quite still, looking first at their father and then at their mother, while the baby, climbing up her clothes, began an imperious, commanding cry.

"Thar!" said Aunt Chloe, wiping her eyes and taking up the baby; "now I's done, I hope,—now do eat something. This yer's my nicest chicken. Thar, boys, ye shall have some, poor critturs! Yer mammy's been cross to yer."

The boys needed no second invitation, and went in with great zeal for the eatables; and it was well they did so, as otherwise there would have been very little performed to any purpose by the party.

"Now," said Aunt Chloe, bustling about after breakfast, "I must put up yer clothes. Jest like as not, he'll take 'em all away. I know thar ways—mean as dirt, they is! Wal, now, yer flannels for rhumatis is in this corner; so be careful, 'cause there won't nobody make ye no more. Then here's yer old shirts, and these yer is new ones. I toed off these yer stockings last night, and put de ball in 'em to mend with. But Lor! who'll ever mend for ye?" and Aunt Chloe, again overcome, laid her head on the box side, and sobbed.

“To think on ’t! no crittur to do for ye, sick or well! I don’t railly think I ought ter be good now!”

The boys, having eaten everything there was on the breakfast-table, began now to take some thought of the case; and, seeing their mother crying, and their father looking very sad, began to whimper and put their hands to their eyes. Uncle Tom had the baby on his knee, and was letting her enjoy herself to the utmost extent, scratching his face and pulling his hair, and occasionally breaking out into clamorous explosions of delight, evidently arising out of her own internal reflections.

“Ay, crow away, poor crittur!” said Aunt Chloe; “ye’ll have to come to it, too! ye’ll live to see yer husband sold, or mebbe be sold yerself; and these yer boys, they’s to be sold, I s’pose, too, jest like as not, when dey gets good for somethin’; an’t no use in niggers havin’ nothin’!”

Here one of the boys called out, “Thar’s Missis a-comin’ in!”

“She can’t do no good; what’s she coming for?” said Aunt Chloe.

Mrs. Shelby entered. Aunt Chloe set a chair for her in a manner decidedly gruff and crusty. She did not seem to notice either the action or the manner. She looked pale and anxious.

“Tom,” she said, “I come to—” and stopping suddenly, and regarding the silent group, she sat down in the chair, and, covering her face with her handkerchief, began to sob.

“Lor, now, Missis, don’t—don’t!” said Aunt Chloe, bursting out in her turn; and for a few moments they all wept in company. And in those tears they all shed together, the high and the lowly, melted away all the heart-burnings and anger of the oppressed. O, ye who visit the distressed, do ye know that everything your money can buy, given with a cold, averted face, is not worth one honest tear shed in real sympathy?

“My good fellow,” said Mrs. Shelby, “I can’t give you anything to do you any good. If I give you money, it will only be taken from you. But I tell you solemnly, and before God, that I will keep trace of you, and bring you back as soon as I can command the money;—and, till then, trust in God!”

Here the boys called out that Mas’r Haley was coming, and then an unceremonious kick pushed open the door. Haley stood there in very ill humor, having ridden hard the night before, and being not at all pacified by his ill success in recapturing his prey.

“Come,” said he, “ye nigger, ye’r ready? Servant, ma’am!” said he, taking off his hat, as he saw Mrs. Shelby.

Aunt Chloe shut and corded the box, and, getting up, looked gruffly on the trader, her tears seeming suddenly turned to sparks of fire.

Tom rose up meekly, to follow his new master, and raised up his heavy box on his shoulder. His wife took the baby in her arms to go with him to the wagon, and the children, still crying, trailed on behind.

Mrs. Shelby, walking up to the trader, detained him for a few moments, talking with him in an earnest manner; and while she was thus talking, the whole family party proceeded to a wagon, that stood ready harnessed at the door. A crowd of all the old and young hands on the place stood gathered around it, to bid farewell to their old associate. Tom had been looked up to, both as a head servant and a Christian teacher, by all the place, and there was much honest sympathy and grief about him, particularly among the women.

“Why, Chloe, you bar it better ’n we do!” said one of the women, who had been weeping freely, noticing the gloomy calmness with which Aunt Chloe stood by the wagon.

“I’s done _my_ tears!” she said, looking grimly at the trader, who was coming up. “I does not feel to cry ’fore dat ar old limb, no how!”

“Get in!” said Haley to Tom, as he strode through the crowd of servants, who looked at him with lowering brows.

Tom got in, and Haley, drawing out from under the wagon seat a heavy pair of shackles, made them fast around each ankle.

A smothered groan of indignation ran through the whole circle, and Mrs. Shelby spoke from the verandah,—“Mr. Haley, I assure you that precaution is entirely unnecessary.”

“Don’ know, ma’am; I’ve lost one five hundred dollars from this yer place, and I can’t afford to run no more risks.”

“What else could she spect on him?” said Aunt Chloe, indignantly, while the two boys, who now seemed to comprehend at once their father’s destiny, clung to her gown, sobbing and groaning vehemently.

“I’m sorry,” said Tom, “that Mas’r George happened to be away.”

George had gone to spend two or three days with a companion on a neighboring estate, and having departed early in the morning, before Tom’s misfortune had been made public, had left without hearing of it.

“Give my love to Mas’r George,” he said, earnestly.

Haley whipped up the horse, and, with a steady, mournful look, fixed to the last on the old place, Tom was whirled away.

Mr. Shelby at this time was not at home. He had sold Tom under the spur of a driving necessity, to get out of the power of a man whom he dreaded,—and his first feeling, after the consummation of the bargain, had been that of relief. But his wife’s expostulations awoke his half-slumbering regrets; and Tom’s manly disinterestedness increased the unpleasantness of his feelings. It was in vain that he said to himself that he had a _right_ to do it,—that everybody did it,—and that some did it without even the excuse of necessity;—he could not satisfy his own feelings; and that he might not witness the unpleasant scenes of the consummation, he had gone on a short business tour up the country, hoping that all would be over before he returned.

Tom and Haley rattled on along the dusty road, whirling past every old familiar spot, until the bounds of the estate were fairly passed, and they found themselves out on the open pike. After they had ridden about a mile, Haley suddenly drew up at the door of a blacksmith’s shop, when, taking out with him a pair of handcuffs, he stepped into the shop, to have a little alteration in them.

“These yer ’s a little too small for his build,” said Haley, showing the fetters, and pointing out to Tom.

“Lor! now, if thar an’t Shelby’s Tom. He han’t sold him, now?” said the smith.

“Yes, he has,” said Haley.

“Now, ye don’t! well, reely,” said the smith, “who’d a thought it! Why, ye needn’t go to fetterin’ him up this yer way. He’s the faithfullest, best crittur—”

“Yes, yes,” said Haley; “but your good fellers are just the critturs to want ter run off. Them stupid ones, as doesn’t care whar they go, and shifless, drunken ones, as don’t care for nothin’, they’ll stick by, and like as not be rather pleased to be toted round; but these yer prime fellers, they hates it like sin. No way but to fetter ’em; got legs,—they’ll use ’em,—no mistake.”

“Well,” said the smith, feeling among his tools, “them plantations down thar, stranger, an’t jest the place a Kentuck nigger wants to go to; they dies thar tol’able fast, don’t they?”

“Wal, yes, tol’able fast, ther dying is; what with the ’climating and one thing and another, they dies so as to keep the market up pretty brisk,” said Haley.

“Wal, now, a feller can’t help thinkin’ it’s a mighty pity to have a nice, quiet, likely feller, as good un as Tom is, go down to be fairly ground up on one of them ar sugar plantations.”

“Wal, he’s got a fa’r chance. I promised to do well by him. I’ll get him in house-servant in some good old family, and then, if he stands the fever and ’climating, he’ll have a berth good as any nigger ought ter ask for.”

“He leaves his wife and chil’en up here, s’pose?”

“Yes; but he’ll get another thar. Lord, thar’s women enough everywhar,” said Haley.

Tom was sitting very mournfully on the outside of the shop while this conversation was going on. Suddenly he heard the quick, short click of a horse’s hoof behind him; and, before he could fairly awake from his surprise, young Master George sprang into the wagon, threw his arms tumultuously round his neck, and was sobbing and scolding with energy.

“I declare, it’s real mean! I don’t care what they say, any of ’em! It’s a nasty, mean shame! If I was a man, they shouldn’t do it,—they should not, _so_!” said George, with a kind of subdued howl.

“O! Mas’r George! this does me good!” said Tom. “I couldn’t bar to go off without seein’ ye! It does me real good, ye can’t tell!” Here Tom made some movement of his feet, and George’s eye fell on the fetters.

“What a shame!” he exclaimed, lifting his hands. “I’ll knock that old fellow down—I will!”

“No you won’t, Mas’r George; and you must not talk so loud. It won’t help me any, to anger him.”

“Well, I won’t, then, for your sake; but only to think of it—isn’t it a shame? They never sent for me, nor sent me any word, and, if it hadn’t been for Tom Lincon, I shouldn’t have heard it. I tell you, I blew ’em up well, all of ’em, at home!”

“That ar wasn’t right, I’m ’feard, Mas’r George.”

“Can’t help it! I say it’s a shame! Look here, Uncle Tom,” said he, turning his back to the shop, and speaking in a mysterious tone, _“I’ve brought you my dollar!”_

“O! I couldn’t think o’ takin’ on ’t, Mas’r George, no ways in the world!” said Tom, quite moved.

“But you _shall_ take it!” said George; “look here—I told Aunt Chloe I’d do it, and she advised me just to make a hole in it, and put a string through, so you could hang it round your neck, and keep it out of sight; else this mean scamp would take it away. I tell ye, Tom, I want to blow him up! it would do me good!”

“No, don’t Mas’r George, for it won’t do _me_ any good.”

“Well, I won’t, for your sake,” said George, busily tying his dollar round Tom’s neck; “but there, now, button your coat tight over it, and keep it, and remember, every time you see it, that I’ll come down after you, and bring you back. Aunt Chloe and I have been talking about it. I told her not to fear; I’ll see to it, and I’ll tease father’s life out, if he don’t do it.”

“O! Mas’r George, ye mustn’t talk so ’bout yer father!”

“Lor, Uncle Tom, I don’t mean anything bad.”

“And now, Mas’r George,” said Tom, “ye must be a good boy; ’member how many hearts is sot on ye. Al’ays keep close to yer mother. Don’t be gettin’ into any of them foolish ways boys has of gettin’ too big to mind their mothers. Tell ye what, Mas’r George, the Lord gives good many things twice over; but he don’t give ye a mother but once. Ye’ll never see sich another woman, Mas’r George, if ye live to be a hundred years old. So, now, you hold on to her, and grow up, and be a comfort to her, thar’s my own good boy,—you will now, won’t ye?”

“Yes, I will, Uncle Tom,” said George seriously.

“And be careful of yer speaking, Mas’r George. Young boys, when they comes to your age, is wilful, sometimes—it is natur they should be. But real gentlemen, such as I hopes you’ll be, never lets fall on words that isn’t ’spectful to thar parents. Ye an’t ’fended, Mas’r George?”

“No, indeed, Uncle Tom; you always did give me good advice.”

“I’s older, ye know,” said Tom, stroking the boy’s fine, curly head with his large, strong hand, but speaking in a voice as tender as a woman’s, “and I sees all that’s bound up in you. O, Mas’r George, you has everything,—l’arnin’, privileges, readin’, writin’,—and you’ll grow up to be a great, learned, good man and all the people on the place and your mother and father’ll be so proud on ye! Be a good Mas’r, like yer father; and be a Christian, like yer mother. ’Member yer Creator in the days o’ yer youth, Mas’r George.”

“I’ll be _real_ good, Uncle Tom, I tell you,” said George. “I’m going to be a _first-rater_; and don’t you be discouraged. I’ll have you back to the place, yet. As I told Aunt Chloe this morning, I’ll build our house all over, and you shall have a room for a parlor with a carpet on it, when I’m a man. O, you’ll have good times yet!”

Haley now came to the door, with the handcuffs in his hands.

“Look here, now, Mister,” said George, with an air of great superiority, as he got out, “I shall let father and mother know how you treat Uncle Tom!”

“You’re welcome,” said the trader.

“I should think you’d be ashamed to spend all your life buying men and women, and chaining them, like cattle! I should think you’d feel mean!” said George.

“So long as your grand folks wants to buy men and women, I’m as good as they is,” said Haley; “‘tan’t any meaner sellin’ on ’em, that ’t is buyin’!”

“I’ll never do either, when I’m a man,” said George; “I’m ashamed, this day, that I’m a Kentuckian. I always was proud of it before;” and George sat very straight on his horse, and looked round with an air, as if he expected the state would be impressed with his opinion.

“Well, good-by, Uncle Tom; keep a stiff upper lip,” said George.

“Good-by, Mas’r George,” said Tom, looking fondly and admiringly at him. “God Almighty bless you! Ah! Kentucky han’t got many like you!” he said, in the fulness of his heart, as the frank, boyish face was lost to his view. Away he went, and Tom looked, till the clatter of his horse’s heels died away, the last sound or sight of his home. But over his heart there seemed to be a warm spot, where those young hands had placed that precious dollar. Tom put up his hand, and held it close to his heart.

“Now, I tell ye what, Tom,” said Haley, as he came up to the wagon, and threw in the handcuffs, “I mean to start fa’r with ye, as I gen’ally do with my niggers; and I’ll tell ye now, to begin with, you treat me fa’r, and I’ll treat you fa’r; I an’t never hard on my niggers. Calculates to do the best for ’em I can. Now, ye see, you’d better jest settle down comfortable, and not be tryin’ no tricks; because nigger’s tricks of all sorts I’m up to, and it’s no use. If niggers is quiet, and don’t try to get off, they has good times with me; and if they don’t, why, it’s thar fault, and not mine.”

Tom assured Haley that he had no present intentions of running off. In fact, the exhortation seemed rather a superfluous one to a man with a great pair of iron fetters on his feet. But Mr. Haley had got in the habit of commencing his relations with his stock with little exhortations of this nature, calculated, as he deemed, to inspire cheerfulness and confidence, and prevent the necessity of any unpleasant scenes.

And here, for the present, we take our leave of Tom, to pursue the fortunes of other characters in our story.

CHAPTER XI In Which Property Gets into an Improper State of Mind

It was late in a drizzly afternoon that a traveler alighted at the door of a small country hotel, in the village of N——, in Kentucky. In the barroom he found assembled quite a miscellaneous company, whom stress of weather had driven to harbor, and the place presented the usual scenery of such reunions. Great, tall, raw-boned Kentuckians, attired in hunting-shirts, and trailing their loose joints over a vast extent of territory, with the easy lounge peculiar to the race,—rifles stacked away in the corner, shot-pouches, game-bags, hunting-dogs, and little negroes, all rolled together in the corners,—were the characteristic features in the picture. At each end of the fireplace sat a long-legged gentleman, with his chair tipped back, his hat on his head, and the heels of his muddy boots reposing sublimely on the mantel-piece,—a position, we will inform our readers, decidedly favorable to the turn of reflection incident to western taverns, where travellers exhibit a decided preference for this particular mode of elevating their understandings.

Mine host, who stood behind the bar, like most of his country men, was great of stature, good-natured and loose-jointed, with an enormous shock of hair on his head, and a great tall hat on the top of that.

In fact, everybody in the room bore on his head this characteristic emblem of man’s sovereignty; whether it were felt hat, palm-leaf, greasy beaver, or fine new chapeau, there it reposed with true republican independence. In truth, it appeared to be the characteristic mark of every individual. Some wore them tipped rakishly to one side—these were your men of humor, jolly, free-and-easy dogs; some had them jammed independently down over their noses—these were your hard characters, thorough men, who, when they wore their hats, _wanted_ to wear them, and to wear them just as they had a mind to; there were those who had them set far over back—wide-awake men, who wanted a clear prospect; while careless men, who did not know, or care, how their hats sat, had them shaking about in all directions. The various hats, in fact, were quite a Shakespearean study.

Divers negroes, in very free-and-easy pantaloons, and with no redundancy in the shirt line, were scuttling about, hither and thither, without bringing to pass any very particular results, except expressing a generic willingness to turn over everything in creation generally for the benefit of Mas’r and his guests. Add to this picture a jolly, crackling, rollicking fire, going rejoicingly up a great wide chimney,—the outer door and every window being set wide open, and the calico window-curtain flopping and snapping in a good

stiff breeze of damp raw air,—and you have an idea of the jollities of a Kentucky tavern.

Your Kentuckian of the present day is a good illustration of the doctrine of transmitted instincts and peculiarities. His fathers were mighty hunters,—men who lived in the woods, and slept under the free, open heavens, with the stars to hold their candles; and their descendant to this day always acts as if the house were his camp,—wears his hat at all hours, tumbles himself about, and puts his heels on the tops of chairs or mantelpieces, just as his father rolled on the green sward, and put his upon trees and logs,—keeps all the windows and doors open, winter and summer, that he may get air enough for his great lungs,—calls everybody "stranger," with nonchalant _bonhommie_, and is altogether the frankest, easiest, most jovial creature living.

Into such an assembly of the free and easy our traveller entered. He was a short, thick-set man, carefully dressed, with a round, good-natured countenance, and something rather fussy and particular in his appearance. He was very careful of his valise and umbrella, bringing them in with his own hands, and resisting, pertinaciously, all offers from the various servants to relieve him of them. He looked round the barroom with rather an anxious air, and, retreating with his valuables to the warmest corner, disposed them under his chair, sat down, and looked rather apprehensively up at the worthy whose heels illustrated the end of the mantel-piece, who was spitting from right to left, with a courage and energy rather alarming to gentlemen of weak nerves and particular habits.

"I say, stranger, how are ye?" said the aforesaid gentleman, firing an honorary salute of tobacco-juice in the direction of the new arrival.

"Well, I reckon," was the reply of the other, as he dodged, with some alarm, the threatening honor.

"Any news?" said the respondent, taking out a strip of tobacco and a large hunting-knife from his pocket.

"Not that I know of," said the man.

"Chaw?" said the first speaker, handing the old gentleman a bit of his tobacco, with a decidedly brotherly air.

"No, thank ye—it don't agree with me," said the little man, edging off.

"Don't, eh?" said the other, easily, and stowing away the morsel in his own mouth, in order to keep up the supply of tobacco-juice, for the general benefit of society.

The old gentleman uniformly gave a little start whenever his long-sided brother fired in his direction; and this being observed by his companion, he very good-naturedly turned his artillery to another quarter, and proceeded to storm one of the fire-irons with a degree of military talent fully sufficient to take a city.

"What's that?" said the old gentleman, observing some of the company formed in a group around a large handbill.

"Nigger advertised!" said one of the company, briefly.

Mr. Wilson, for that was the old gentleman's name, rose up, and, after carefully adjusting his valise and umbrella, proceeded deliberately to take out his spectacles and fix them on his nose; and, this operation being performed, read as follows:

"Ran away from the subscriber, my mulatto boy, George. Said George six feet in height, a very light mulatto, brown curly hair; is very intelligent, speaks handsomely, can read and write, will probably try to pass for a white man, is deeply scarred on his back and shoulders, has been branded in his right hand with the letter H. "I will give four hundred dollars for him alive, and the same sum for satisfactory proof that he has been _killed."_

The old gentleman read this advertisement from end to end in a low voice, as if he were studying it.

The long-legged veteran, who had been besieging the fire-iron, as before related, now took down his cumbrous length, and rearing aloft his tall form, walked up to the advertisement and very deliberately spit a full discharge of tobacco-juice on it.

"There's my mind upon that!" said he, briefly, and sat down again.

"Why, now, stranger, what's that for?" said mine host.

"I'd do it all the same to the writer of that ar paper, if he was here," said the long man, coolly resuming his old employment of cutting tobacco. "Any man that owns a boy like that, and can't find any better way o' treating on him, _deserves_ to lose him. Such papers

as these is a shame to Kentucky; that's my mind right out, if anybody wants to know!"

"Well, now, that's a fact," said mine host, as he made an entry in his book.

"I've got a gang of boys, sir," said the long man, resuming his attack on the fire-irons, "and I jest tells 'em—'Boys,' says I,—'_run_ now! dig! put! jest when ye want to! I never shall come to look after you!' That's the way I keep mine. Let 'em know they are free to run any time, and it jest breaks up their wanting to. More 'n all, I've got free papers for 'em all recorded, in case I gets keeled up any o' these times, and they know it; and I tell ye, stranger, there an't a fellow in our parts gets more out of his niggers than I do. Why, my boys have been to Cincinnati, with five hundred dollars' worth of colts, and brought me back the money, all straight, time and agin. It stands to reason they should. Treat 'em like dogs, and you'll have dogs' works and dogs' actions. Treat 'em like men, and you'll have men's works." And the honest drover, in his warmth, endorsed this moral sentiment by firing a perfect _feu de joi_ at the fireplace.

"I think you're altogether right, friend," said Mr. Wilson; "and this boy described here _is_ a fine fellow—no mistake about that. He worked for me some half-dozen years in my bagging factory, and he was my best hand, sir. He is an ingenious fellow, too: he invented a machine for the cleaning of hemp—a really valuable affair; it's gone into use in several factories. His master holds the patent of it."

"I'll warrant ye," said the drover, "holds it and makes money out of it, and then turns round and brands the boy in his right hand. If I had a fair chance, I'd mark him, I reckon so that he'd carry it _one_ while."

"These yer knowin' boys is allers aggravatin' and sarcy," said a coarse-looking fellow, from the other side of the room; "that's why they gets cut up and marked so. If they behaved themselves, they wouldn't."

"That is to say, the Lord made 'em men, and it's a hard squeeze gettin 'em down into beasts," said the drover, dryly.

"Bright niggers isn't no kind of 'vantage to their masters," continued the other, well entrenched, in a coarse, unconscious obtuseness, from the contempt of his opponent; "what's the use o' talents and them things, if you can't get the use on 'em yourself? Why, all the use they make on 't is to get round you. I've had one or two of these fellers, and I jest sold 'em down river. I knew I'd got to lose 'em, first or last, if I didn't."

"Better send orders up to the Lord, to make you a set, and leave out their souls entirely," said the drover.

Here the conversation was interrupted by the approach of a small one-horse buggy to the inn. It had a genteel appearance, and a well-dressed, gentlemanly man sat on the seat, with a colored servant driving.

The whole party examined the new comer with the interest with which a set of loafers in a rainy day usually examine every newcomer. He was very tall, with a dark, Spanish complexion, fine, expressive black eyes, and close-curling hair, also of a glossy blackness. His well-formed aquiline nose, straight thin lips, and the admirable contour of his finely-formed limbs, impressed the whole company instantly with the idea of something uncommon. He walked easily in among the company, and with a nod indicated to his waiter where to place his trunk, bowed to the company, and, with his hat in his hand, walked up leisurely to the bar, and gave in his name as Henry Butter, Oaklands, Shelby County. Turning, with an indifferent air, he sauntered up to the advertisement, and read it over.

"Jim," he said to his man, "seems to me we met a boy something like this, up at Beman's, didn't we?"

"Yes, Mas'r," said Jim, "only I an't sure about the hand."

"Well, I didn't look, of course," said the stranger with a careless yawn. Then walking up to the landlord, he desired him to furnish him with a private apartment, as he had some writing to do immediately.

The landlord was all obsequious, and a relay of about seven negroes, old and young, male and female, little and big, were soon whizzing about, like a covey of partridges, bustling, hurrying, treading on each other's toes, and tumbling over each other, in their zeal to get Mas'r's room ready, while he seated himself easily on a chair in the middle of the room, and entered into conversation with the man who sat next to him.

The manufacturer, Mr. Wilson, from the time of the entrance of the stranger, had regarded him with an air of disturbed and uneasy curiosity. He seemed to himself to have met and been acquainted with him somewhere, but he could not recollect. Every few

moments, when the man spoke, or moved, or smiled, he would start and fix his eyes on him, and then suddenly withdraw them, as the bright, dark eyes met his with such unconcerned coolness. At last, a sudden recollection seemed to flash upon him, for he stared at the stranger with such an air of blank amazement and alarm, that he walked up to him.

“Mr. Wilson, I think,” said he, in a tone of recognition, and extending his hand. “I beg your pardon, I didn’t recollect you before. I see you remember me,—Mr. Butler, of Oaklands, Shelby County.”

“Ye—yes—yes, sir,” said Mr. Wilson, like one speaking in a dream.

Just then a negro boy entered, and announced that Mas’r’s room was ready.

“Jim, see to the trunks,” said the gentleman, negligently; then addressing himself to Mr. Wilson, he added—“I should like to have a few moments’ conversation with you on business, in my room, if you please.”

Mr. Wilson followed him, as one who walks in his sleep; and they proceeded to a large upper chamber, where a new-made fire was crackling, and various servants flying about, putting finishing touches to the arrangements.

When all was done, and the servants departed, the young man deliberately locked the door, and putting the key in his pocket, faced about, and folding his arms on his bosom, looked Mr. Wilson full in the face.

“George!” said Mr. Wilson.

“Yes, George,” said the young man.

“I couldn’t have thought it!”

“I am pretty well disguised, I fancy,” said the young man, with a smile. “A little walnut bark has made my yellow skin a genteel brown, and I’ve dyed my hair black; so you see I don’t answer to the advertisement at all.”

“O, George! but this is a dangerous game you are playing. I could not have advised you to it.”

“I can do it on my own responsibility,” said George, with the same proud smile.

We remark, _en passant_, that George was, by his father’s side, of white descent. His mother was one of those unfortunates of her race, marked out by personal beauty to be the slave of the passions of her possessor, and the mother of children who may never know a father. From one of the proudest families in Kentucky he had inherited a set of fine European features, and a high, indomitable spirit. From his mother he had received only a slight mulatto tinge, amply compensated by its accompanying rich, dark eye. A slight change in the tint of the skin and the color of his hair had metamorphosed him into the Spanish-looking fellow he then appeared; and as gracefulness of movement and gentlemanly manners had always been perfectly natural to him, he found no difficulty in playing the bold part he had adopted—that of a gentleman travelling with his domestic.

Mr. Wilson, a good-natured but extremely fidgety and cautious old gentleman, ambled up and down the room, appearing, as John Bunyan hath it, “much tumbled up and down in his mind,” and divided between his wish to help George, and a certain confused notion of maintaining law and order: so, as he shambled about, he delivered himself as follows:

“Well, George, I s’pose you’re running away—leaving your lawful master, George—(I don’t wonder at it)—at the same time, I’m sorry, George,—yes, decidedly—I think I must say that, George—it’s my duty to tell you so.”

“Why are you sorry, sir?” said George, calmly.

“Why, to see you, as it were, setting yourself in opposition to the laws of your country.”

“_My_ country!” said George, with a strong and bitter emphasis; “what country have I, but the grave,—and I wish to God that I was laid there!”

“Why, George, no—no—it won’t do; this way of talking is wicked—unscriptural. George, you’ve got a hard master—in fact, he is—well he conducts himself reprehensibly—I can’t pretend to defend him. But you know how the angel commanded Hagar to return to her mistress, and submit herself under the hand;[1] and the apostle sent back Onesimus to his master.”[2]

[1] Gen. 16. The angel bade the pregnant Hagar return to her mistress Sarai, even though Sarai had dealt harshly with her.

[2] Phil. 1:10. Onesimus went back to his master to become no longer a servant but a “brother beloved.”

“Don’t quote Bible at me that way, Mr. Wilson,” said George, with a flashing eye, “don’t! for my wife is a Christian, and I mean to be, if ever I get to where I can; but to quote Bible to a fellow in my circumstances, is enough to make him give it up altogether. I appeal to God Almighty;—I’m willing to go with the case to Him, and ask Him if I do wrong to seek my freedom.”

“These feelings are quite natural, George,” said the good-natured man, blowing his nose. “Yes, they’re natural, but it is my duty not to encourage ’em in you. Yes, my boy, I’m sorry for you, now; it’s a bad case—very bad; but the apostle says, ‘Let everyone abide in the condition in which he is called.’ We must all submit to the indications of Providence, George,—don’t you see?”

George stood with his head drawn back, his arms folded tightly over his broad breast, and a bitter smile curling his lips.

“I wonder, Mr. Wilson, if the Indians should come and take you a prisoner away from your wife and children, and want to keep you all your life hoeing corn for them, if you’d think it your duty to abide in the condition in which you were called. I rather think that you’d think the first stray horse you could find an indication of Providence—shouldn’t you?”

The little old gentleman stared with both eyes at this illustration of the case; but, though not much of a reasoner, he had the sense in which some logicians on this particular subject do not excel,—that of saying nothing, where nothing could be said. So, as he stood carefully stroking his umbrella, and folding and patting down all the creases in it, he proceeded on with his exhortations in a general way.

“You see, George, you know, now, I always have stood your friend; and whatever I’ve said, I’ve said for your good. Now, here, it seems to me, you’re running an awful risk. You can’t hope to carry it out. If you’re taken, it will be worse with you than ever; they’ll only abuse you, and half kill you, and sell you down the river.”

“Mr. Wilson, I know all this,” said George. “I _do_ run a risk, but—” he threw open his overcoat, and showed two pistols and a bowie-knife. “There!” he said, “I’m ready for ’em! Down south I never _will_ go. No! if it comes to that, I can earn myself at least six feet of free soil,—the first and last I shall ever own in Kentucky!”

“Why, George, this state of mind is awful; it’s getting really desperate George. I’m concerned. Going to break the laws of your country!”

“My country again! Mr. Wilson, _you_ have a country; but what country have _I_, or any one like me, born of slave mothers? What laws are there for us? We don’t make them,—we don’t consent to them,—we have nothing to do with them; all they do for us is to crush us, and keep us down. Haven’t I heard your Fourth-of-July speeches? Don’t you tell us all, once a year, that governments derive their just power from the consent of the governed? Can’t a fellow _think_, that hears such things? Can’t he put this and that together, and see what it comes to?”

Mr. Wilson’s mind was one of those that may not unaptly be represented by a bale of cotton,—downy, soft, benevolently fuzzy and confused. He really pitied George with all his heart, and had a sort of dim and cloudy perception of the style of feeling that agitated him; but he deemed it his duty to go on talking _good_ to him, with infinite pertinacity.

“George, this is bad. I must tell you, you know, as a friend, you’d better not be meddling with such notions; they are bad, George, very bad, for boys in your condition,—very;” and Mr. Wilson sat down to a table, and began nervously chewing the handle of his umbrella.

“See here, now, Mr. Wilson,” said George, coming up and sitting himself determinately down in front of him; “look at me, now. Don’t I sit before you, every way, just as much a man as you are? Look at my face,—look at my hands,—look at my body,” and the young man drew himself up proudly; “why am I _not_ a man, as much as anybody? Well, Mr. Wilson, hear what I can tell you. I had a father—one of your Kentucky gentlemen—who didn’t think enough of me to keep me from being sold with his dogs and horses, to satisfy the estate, when he died. I saw my mother put up at sheriff’s sale, with her seven children. They were sold before her eyes, one by one, all to different masters; and I was the youngest. She came and kneeled down before old Mas’r, and begged him to buy her with me, that she might have at least one child with her; and he kicked her away with his heavy boot. I saw him do it; and the last that I heard was her moans and screams, when I was tied to his horse’s neck, to be carried off to his place.”

“Well, then?”

“My master traded with one of the men, and bought my oldest sister. She was a pious, good girl,—a member of the Baptist church,—and as handsome as my poor mother had been. She was well brought up, and had good manners. At first, I was glad she was bought, for I had one friend near me. I was soon sorry for it. Sir, I have stood at the door and heard her whipped, when it seemed as if every blow cut into my naked heart, and I couldn’t do anything to help her; and she was whipped, sir, for wanting to live a decent Christian life, such as your laws give no slave girl a right to live; and at last I saw her chained with a trader’s gang, to be sent to market in Orleans,—sent there for nothing else but that,—and that’s the last I know of her. Well, I grew up,—long years and years,—no father, no mother, no sister, not a living soul that cared for me more than a dog; nothing but whipping, scolding, starving. Why, sir, I’ve been so hungry that I have been glad to take the bones they threw to their dogs; and yet, when I was a little fellow, and laid awake whole nights and cried, it wasn’t the hunger, it wasn’t the whipping, I cried for. No, sir, it was for _my mother_ and _my sisters_,—it was because I hadn’t a friend to love me on earth. I never knew what peace or comfort was. I never had a kind word spoken to me till I came to work in your factory. Mr. Wilson, you treated me well; you encouraged me to do well, and to learn to read and write, and to try to make something of myself; and God knows how grateful I am for it. Then, sir, I found my wife; you’ve seen her,—you know how beautiful she is. When I found she loved me, when I married her, I scarcely could believe I was alive, I was so happy; and, sir, she is as good as she is beautiful. But now what? Why, now comes my master, takes me right away from my work, and my friends, and all I like, and grinds me down into the very dirt! And why? Because, he says, I forgot who I was; he says, to teach me that I am only a nigger! After all, and last of all, he comes between me and my wife, and says I shall give her up, and live with another woman. And all this your laws give him power to do, in spite of God or man. Mr. Wilson, look at it! There isn’t _one_ of all these things, that have broken the hearts of my mother and my sister, and my wife and myself, but your laws allow, and give every man power to do, in Kentucky, and none can say to him nay! Do you call these the laws of _my_ country? Sir, I haven’t any country, anymore than I have any father. But I’m going to have one. I don’t want anything of _your_ country, except to be let alone,—to go peaceably out of it; and when I get to Canada, where the laws will own me and protect me, _that_ shall be my country, and its laws I will obey. But if any man tries to stop me, let him take care, for I am desperate. I’ll fight for my liberty to the last breath I breathe. You say your fathers did it; if it was right for them, it is right for me!”

This speech, delivered partly while sitting at the table, and partly walking up and down the room,—delivered with tears, and flashing eyes, and despairing gestures,—was altogether too much for the good-natured old body to whom it was addressed, who had pulled out a great yellow silk pocket-handkerchief, and was mopping up his face with great energy.

“Blast ’em all!” he suddenly broke out. “Haven’t I always said so—the infernal old cusses! I hope I an’t swearing, now. Well! go ahead, George, go ahead; but be careful, my boy; don’t shoot anybody, George, unless—well—you’d _better_ not shoot, I reckon; at least, I wouldn’t _hit_ anybody, you know. Where is your wife, George?” he added, as he nervously rose, and began walking the room.

“Gone, sir gone, with her child in her arms, the Lord only knows where;—gone after the north star; and when we ever meet, or whether we meet at all in this world, no creature can tell.”

“Is it possible! astonishing! from such a kind family?”

“Kind families get in debt, and the laws of _our_ country allow them to sell the child out of its mother’s bosom to pay its master’s debts,” said George, bitterly.

“Well, well,” said the honest old man, fumbling in his pocket: “I s’pose, perhaps, I an’t following my judgment,—hang it, I _won’t_ follow my judgment!” he added, suddenly; “so here, George,” and, taking out a roll of bills from his pocket-book, he offered them to George.

“No, my kind, good sir!” said George, “you’ve done a great deal for me, and this might get you into trouble. I have money enough, I hope, to take me as far as I need it.”

“No; but you must, George. Money is a great help everywhere;—can’t have too much, if you get it honestly. Take it,—_do_ take it, _now_,—do, my boy!”

“On condition, sir, that I may repay it at some future time, I will,” said George, taking up the money.

“And now, George, how long are you going to travel in this way?—not long or far, I hope. It’s well carried on, but too bold. And this black fellow,—who is he?”

“A true fellow, who went to Canada more than a year ago. He heard, after he got there, that his master was so angry at him for going off that he had whipped his poor old mother; and he has come all the way back to comfort her, and get a chance to get her away.”

“Has he got her?”

“Not yet; he has been hanging about the place, and found no chance yet. Meanwhile, he is going with me as far as Ohio, to put me among friends that helped him, and then he will come back after her.

“Dangerous, very dangerous!” said the old man.

George drew himself up, and smiled disdainfully.

The old gentleman eyed him from head to foot, with a sort of innocent wonder.

“George, something has brought you out wonderfully. You hold up your head, and speak and move like another man,” said Mr. Wilson.

“Because I’m a _freeman_!” said George, proudly. “Yes, sir; I’ve said Mas’r for the last time to any man. _I’m free!”_

“Take care! You are not sure,—you may be taken.”

“All men are free and equal _in the grave_, if it comes to that, Mr. Wilson,” said George.

“I’m perfectly dumb-founded with your boldness!” said Mr. Wilson,—“to come right here to the nearest tavern!”

“Mr. Wilson, it is _so_ bold, and this tavern is so near, that they will never think of it; they will look for me on ahead, and you yourself wouldn’t know me. Jim’s master don’t live in this county; he isn’t known in these parts. Besides, he is given up; nobody is looking after him, and nobody will take me up from the advertisement, I think.”

“But the mark in your hand?”

George drew off his glove, and showed a newly-healed scar in his hand.

“That is a parting proof of Mr. Harris’ regard,” he said, scornfully. “A fortnight ago, he took it into his head to give it to me, because he said he believed I should try to get away one of these days. Looks interesting, doesn’t it?” he said, drawing his glove on again.

“I declare, my very blood runs cold when I think of it,—your condition and your risks!” said Mr. Wilson.

“Mine has run cold a good many years, Mr. Wilson; at present, it’s about up to the boiling point,” said George.

“Well, my good sir,” continued George, after a few moments’ silence, “I saw you knew me; I thought I’d just have this talk with you, lest your surprised looks should bring me out. I leave early tomorrow morning, before daylight; by tomorrow night I hope to sleep safe in Ohio. I shall travel by daylight, stop at the best hotels, go to the dinner-tables with the lords of the land. So, good-by, sir; if you hear that I’m taken, you may know that I’m dead!”

George stood up like a rock, and put out his hand with the air of a prince. The friendly little old man shook it heartily, and after a little shower of caution, he took his umbrella, and fumbled his way out of the room.

George stood thoughtfully looking at the door, as the old man closed it. A thought seemed to flash across his mind. He hastily stepped to it, and opening it, said,

“Mr. Wilson, one word more.”

The old gentleman entered again, and George, as before, locked the door, and then stood for a few moments looking on the floor, irresolutely. At last, raising his head with a sudden effort—“Mr. Wilson, you have shown yourself a Christian in your treatment of me,—I want to ask one last deed of Christian kindness of you.”

“Well, George.”

“Well, sir,—what you said was true. I _am_ running a dreadful risk. There isn’t, on earth, a living soul to care if I die,” he added, drawing his breath hard, and speaking with a great effort,—“I shall be kicked out and buried like a dog, and nobody’ll think of it a

day after,—_only my poor wife!_ Poor soul! she'll mourn and grieve; and if you'd only contrive, Mr. Wilson, to send this little pin to her. She gave it to me for a Christmas present, poor child! Give it to her, and tell her I loved her to the last. Will you? _Will_ you?" he added, earnestly.

"Yes, certainly—poor fellow!" said the old gentleman, taking the pin, with watery eyes, and a melancholy quiver in his voice.

"Tell her one thing," said George; "it's my last wish, if she _can_ get to Canada, to go there. No matter how kind her mistress is,—no matter how much she loves her home; beg her not to go back,—for slavery always ends in misery. Tell her to bring up our boy a free man, and then he won't suffer as I have. Tell her this, Mr. Wilson, will you?"

"Yes, George. I'll tell her; but I trust you won't die; take heart,—you're a brave fellow. Trust in the Lord, George. I wish in my heart you were safe through, though,—that's what I do."

"_Is_ there a God to trust in?" said George, in such a tone of bitter despair as arrested the old gentleman's words. "O, I've seen things all my life that have made me feel that there can't be a God. You Christians don't know how these things look to us. There's a God for you, but is there any for us?"

"O, now, don't—don't, my boy!" said the old man, almost sobbing as he spoke; "don't feel so! There is—there is; clouds and darkness are around about him, but righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne. There's a _God_, George,—believe it; trust in Him, and I'm sure He'll help you. Everything will be set right,—if not in this life, in another."

The real piety and benevolence of the simple old man invested him with a temporary dignity and authority, as he spoke. George stopped his distracted walk up and down the room, stood thoughtfully a moment, and then said, quietly,

"Thank you for saying that, my good friend; I'll _think of that_."

CHAPTER XII Select Incident of Lawful Trade

"In Ramah there was a voice heard,—weeping, and lamentation, and great mourning; Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted."

Jer. 31:15.

Mr. Haley and Tom jogged onward in their wagon, each, for a time, absorbed in his own reflections. Now, the reflections of two men sitting side by side are a curious thing,—seated on the same seat, having the same eyes, ears, hands and organs of all sorts, and having pass before their eyes the same objects,—it is wonderful what a variety we shall find in these same reflections!

As, for example, Mr. Haley: he thought first of Tom's length, and breadth, and height, and what he would sell for, if he was kept fat and in good case till he got him into market. He thought of how he should make out his gang; he thought of the respective market value of certain supposititious men and women and children who were to compose it, and other kindred topics of the business; then he thought of himself, and how humane he was, that whereas other men chained their "niggers" hand and foot both, he only put fetters on the feet, and left Tom the use of his hands, as long as he behaved well; and he sighed to think how ungrateful human nature was, so that there was even room to doubt whether Tom appreciated his mercies. He had been taken in so by "niggers" whom he had favored; but still he was astonished to consider how good-natured he yet remained!

As to Tom, he was thinking over some words of an unfashionable old book, which kept running through his head, again and again, as follows: "We have here no continuing city, but we seek one to come; wherefore God himself is not ashamed to be called our God; for he hath prepared for us a city." These words of an ancient volume, got up principally by "ignorant and unlearned men," have, through all time, kept up, somehow, a strange sort of power over the minds of poor, simple fellows, like Tom. They stir up the soul from its depths, and rouse, as with trumpet call, courage, energy, and enthusiasm, where before was only the blackness of despair.

Mr. Haley pulled out of his pocket sundry newspapers, and began looking over their advertisements, with absorbed interest. He was not a remarkably fluent reader, and was in the habit of reading in a sort of recitative half-aloud, by way of calling in his ears to verify the deductions of his eyes. In this tone he slowly recited the following paragraph:

“EXECUTOR’S SALE,—NEGROES!—Agreeably to order of court, will be sold, on Tuesday, February 20, before the Court-house door, in the town of Washington, Kentucky, the following negroes: Hagar, aged 60; John, aged 30; Ben, aged 21; Saul, aged 25; Albert, aged 14. Sold for the benefit of the creditors and heirs of the estate of Jesse Blutchford, Esq.

“SAMUEL MORRIS, THOMAS FLINT, _Executors_.”

“This yer I must look at,” said he to Tom, for want of somebody else to talk to.

“Ye see, I’m going to get up a prime gang to take down with ye, Tom; it’ll make it sociable and pleasant like,—good company will, ye know. We must drive right to Washington first and foremost, and then I’ll clap you into jail, while I does the business.”

Tom received this agreeable intelligence quite meekly; simply wondering, in his own heart, how many of these doomed men had wives and children, and whether they would feel as he did about leaving them. It is to be confessed, too, that the naive, off-hand information that he was to be thrown into jail by no means produced an agreeable impression on a poor fellow who had always prided himself on a strictly honest and upright course of life. Yes, Tom, we must confess it, was rather proud of his honesty, poor fellow,—not having very much else to be proud of;—if he had belonged to some of the higher walks of society, he, perhaps, would never have been reduced to such straits. However, the day wore on, and the evening saw Haley and Tom comfortably accommodated in Washington,—the one in a tavern, and the other in a jail.

About eleven o’clock the next day, a mixed throng was gathered around the court-house steps,—smoking, chewing, spitting, swearing, and conversing, according to their respective tastes and turns,—waiting for the auction to commence. The men and women to be sold sat in a group apart, talking in a low tone to each other. The woman who had been advertised by the name of Hagar was a regular African in feature and figure. She might have been sixty, but was older than that by hard work and disease, was partially blind, and somewhat crippled with rheumatism. By her side stood her only remaining son, Albert, a bright-looking little fellow of fourteen years. The boy was the only survivor of a large family, who had been successively sold away from her to a southern market. The mother held on to him with both her shaking hands, and eyed with intense trepidation every one who walked up to examine him.

[Illustration: THE AUCTION SALE.]

“Don’t be feard, Aunt Hagar,” said the oldest of the men, “I spoke to Mas’r Thomas ’bout it, and he thought he might manage to sell you in a lot both together.”

“Dey needn’t call me worn out yet,” said she, lifting her shaking hands. “I can cook yet, and scrub, and scour,—I’m wuth a buying, if I do come cheap;—tell ’em dat ar,—you _tell_ ’em,” she added, earnestly.

Haley here forced his way into the group, walked up to the old man, pulled his mouth open and looked in, felt of his teeth, made him stand and straighten himself, bend his back, and perform various evolutions to show his muscles; and then passed on to the next, and put him through the same trial. Walking up last to the boy, he felt of his arms, straightened his hands, and looked at his fingers, and made him jump, to show his agility.

“He an’t gwine to be sold widout me!” said the old woman, with passionate eagerness; “he and I goes in a lot together; I ’s rail strong yet, Mas’r and can do heaps o’ work,—heaps on it, Mas’r.”

“On plantation?” said Haley, with a contemptuous glance. “Likely story!” and, as if satisfied with his examination, he walked out and looked, and stood with his hands in his pocket, his cigar in his mouth, and his hat cocked on one side, ready for action.

“What think of ’em?” said a man who had been following Haley’s examination, as if to make up his own mind from it.

“Wal,” said Haley, spitting, “I shall put in, I think, for the youngerly ones and the boy.”

“They want to sell the boy and the old woman together,” said the man.

“Find it a tight pull;—why, she’s an old rack o’ bones,—not worth her salt.”

“You wouldn’t then?” said the man.

“Anybody ’d be a fool ’t would. She’s half blind, crooked with rheumatis, and foolish to boot.”

“Some buys up these yer old critturs, and ses there’s a sight more wear in ’em than a body ’d think,” said the man, reflectively.

“No go, ’t all,” said Haley; “wouldn’t take her for a present,—fact,—I’ve _seen_, now.”

“Wal, ’t is kinder pity, now, not to buy her with her son,—her heart seems so sot on him,—s’pose they fling her in cheap.”

“Them that’s got money to spend that ar way, it’s all well enough. I shall bid off on that ar boy for a plantation-hand;—wouldn’t be bothered with her, no way, not if they’d give her to me,” said Haley.

“She’ll take on desp’t,” said the man.

“Nat’lly, she will,” said the trader, coolly.

The conversation was here interrupted by a busy hum in the audience; and the auctioneer, a short, bustling, important fellow, elbowed his way into the crowd. The old woman drew in her breath, and caught instinctively at her son.

“Keep close to yer mammy, Albert,—close,—dey’ll put us up togedder,” she said.

“O, mammy, I’m feard they won’t,” said the boy.

“Dey must, child; I can’t live, no ways, if they don’t” said the old creature, vehemently.

The stentorian tones of the auctioneer, calling out to clear the way, now announced that the sale was about to commence. A place was cleared, and the bidding began. The different men on the list were soon knocked off at prices which showed a pretty brisk demand in the market; two of them fell to Haley.

“Come, now, young un,” said the auctioneer, giving the boy a touch with his hammer, “be up and show your springs, now.”

“Put us two up togedder, togedder,—do please, Mas’r,” said the old woman, holding fast to her boy.

“Be off,” said the man, gruffly, pushing her hands away; “you come last. Now, darkey, spring;” and, with the word, he pushed the boy toward the block, while a deep, heavy groan rose behind him. The boy paused, and looked back; but there was no time to stay, and, dashing the tears from his large, bright eyes, he was up in a moment.

His fine figure, alert limbs, and bright face, raised an instant competition, and half a dozen bids simultaneously met the ear of the auctioneer. Anxious, half-frightened, he looked from side to side, as he heard the clatter of contending bids,—now here, now there,—till the hammer fell. Haley had got him. He was pushed from the block toward his new master, but stopped one moment, and looked back, when his poor old mother, trembling in every limb, held out her shaking hands toward him.

“Buy me too, Mas’r, for de dear Lord’s sake!—buy me,—I shall die if you don’t!”

“You’ll die if I do, that’s the kink of it,” said Haley,—“no!” And he turned on his heel.

The bidding for the poor old creature was summary. The man who had addressed Haley, and who seemed not destitute of compassion, bought her for a trifle, and the spectators began to disperse.

The poor victims of the sale, who had been brought up in one place together for years, gathered round the despairing old mother, whose agony was pitiful to see.

“Couldn’t dey leave me one? Mas’r allers said I should have one,—he did,” she repeated over and over, in heart-broken tones.

“Trust in the Lord, Aunt Hagar,” said the oldest of the men, sorrowfully.

“What good will it do?” said she, sobbing passionately.

“Mother, mother,—don’t! don’t!” said the boy. “They say you ’s got a good master.”

“I don’t care,—I don’t care. O, Albert! oh, my boy! you ’s my last baby. Lord, how ken I?”

“Come, take her off, can’t some of ye?” said Haley, dryly; “don’t do no good for her to go on that ar way.”

The old men of the company, partly by persuasion and partly by force, loosed the poor creature’s last despairing hold, and, as they led her off to her new master’s wagon, strove to comfort her.

“Now!” said Haley, pushing his three purchases together, and producing a bundle of handcuffs, which he proceeded to put on their wrists; and fastening each handcuff to a long chain, he drove them before him to the jail.

A few days saw Haley, with his possessions, safely deposited on one of the Ohio boats. It was the commencement of his gang, to be augmented, as the boat moved on, by various other merchandise of the same kind, which he, or his agent, had stored for him in various points along shore.

The La Belle Riviere, as brave and beautiful a boat as ever walked the waters of her namesake river, was floating gayly down the stream, under a brilliant sky, the stripes and stars of free America waving and fluttering over head; the guards crowded with well-dressed ladies and gentlemen walking and enjoying the delightful day. All was full of life, buoyant and rejoicing;—all but Haley’s gang, who were stored, with other freight, on the lower deck, and who, somehow, did not seem to appreciate their various privileges, as they sat in a knot, talking to each other in low tones.

“Boys,” said Haley, coming up, briskly, “I hope you keep up good heart, and are cheerful. Now, no sulks, ye see; keep stiff upper lip, boys; do well by me, and I’ll do well by you.”

The boys addressed responded the invariable “Yes, Mas’r,” for ages the watchword of poor Africa; but it’s to be owned they did not look particularly cheerful; they had their various little prejudices in favor of wives, mothers, sisters, and children, seen for the last time,—and though “they that wasted them required of them mirth,” it was not instantly forthcoming.

“I’ve got a wife,” spoke out the article enumerated as “John, aged thirty,” and he laid his chained hand on Tom’s knee,—“and she don’t know a word about this, poor girl!”

“Where does she live?” said Tom.

“In a tavern a piece down here,” said John; “I wish, now, I _could_ see her once more in this world,” he added.

Poor John! It _was_ rather natural; and the tears that fell, as he spoke, came as naturally as if he had been a white man. Tom drew a long breath from a sore heart, and tried, in his poor way, to comfort him.

And over head, in the cabin, sat fathers and mothers, husbands and wives; and merry, dancing children moved round among them, like so many little butterflies, and everything was going on quite easy and comfortable.

“O, mamma,” said a boy, who had just come up from below, “there’s a negro trader on board, and he’s brought four or five slaves down there.”

“Poor creatures!” said the mother, in a tone between grief and indignation.

“What’s that?” said another lady.

“Some poor slaves below,” said the mother.

“And they’ve got chains on,” said the boy.

“What a shame to our country that such sights are to be seen!” said another lady.

“O, there’s a great deal to be said on both sides of the subject,” said a genteel woman, who sat at her state-room door sewing, while her little girl and boy were playing round her. “I’ve been south, and I must say I think the negroes are better off than they would be to be free.”

“In some respects, some of them are well off, I grant,” said the lady to whose remark she had answered. “The most dreadful part of slavery, to my mind, is its outrages on the feelings and affections,—the separating of families, for example.”

“That _is_ a bad thing, certainly,” said the other lady, holding up a baby’s dress she had just completed, and looking intently on its trimmings; “but then, I fancy, it don’t occur often.”

“O, it does,” said the first lady, eagerly; “I’ve lived many years in Kentucky and Virginia both, and I’ve seen enough to make any one’s heart sick. Suppose, ma’am, your two children, there, should be taken from you, and sold?”

“We can’t reason from our feelings to those of this class of persons,” said the other lady, sorting out some worsteds on her lap.

“Indeed, ma’am, you can know nothing of them, if you say so,” answered the first lady, warmly. “I was born and brought up among them. I know they _do_ feel, just as keenly,—even more so, perhaps,—as we do.”

The lady said “Indeed!” yawned, and looked out the cabin window, and finally repeated, for a finale, the remark with which she had begun,—“After all, I think they are better off than they would be to be free.”

“It’s undoubtedly the intention of Providence that the African race should be servants,—kept in a low condition,” said a grave-looking gentleman in black, a clergyman, seated by the cabin door. “‘Cursed be Canaan; a servant of servants shall he be,’ the scripture says.”[1]

[1] Gen. 9:25. his is what Noah says when he wakes out of drunkenness and realizes that his youngest son, Ham, father of Canaan, has seen him naked.

“I say, stranger, is that ar what that text means?” said a tall man, standing by.

“Undoubtedly. It pleased Providence, for some inscrutable reason, to doom the race to bondage, ages ago; and we must not set up our opinion against that.”

“Well, then, we’ll all go ahead and buy up niggers,” said the man, “if that’s the way of Providence,—won’t we, Squire?” said he, turning to Haley, who had been standing, with his hands in his pockets, by the stove and intently listening to the conversation.

“Yes,” continued the tall man, “we must all be resigned to the decrees of Providence. Niggers must be sold, and trucked round, and kept under; it’s what they’s made for. ’Pears like this yer view ’s quite refreshing, an’t it, stranger?” said he to Haley.

“I never thought on ’t,” said Haley, “I couldn’t have said as much, myself; I ha’nt no larning. I took up the trade just to make a living; if ’tan’t right, I calculated to ’pent on ’t in time, ye know.”

“And now you’ll save yerself the trouble, won’t ye?” said the tall man. “See what ’t is, now, to know scripture. If ye’d only studied yer Bible, like this yer good man, ye might have know’d it before, and saved ye a heap o’ trouble. Ye could jist have said, ‘Cussed be’—what’s his name?—‘and ’t would all have come right.’” And the stranger, who was no other than the honest drover whom we introduced to our readers in the Kentucky tavern, sat down, and began smoking, with a curious smile on his long, dry face.

A tall, slender young man, with a face expressive of great feeling and intelligence, here broke in, and repeated the words, “‘All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them.’ I suppose,” he added, “_that_ is scripture, as much as ‘Cursed be Canaan.’”

“Wal, it seems quite _as_ plain a text, stranger,” said John the drover, “to poor fellows like us, now;” and John smoked on like a volcano.

The young man paused, looked as if he was going to say more, when suddenly the boat stopped, and the company made the usual steamboat rush, to see where they were landing.

“Both them ar chaps parsons?” said John to one of the men, as they were going out.

The man nodded.

As the boat stopped, a black woman came running wildly up the plank, darted into the crowd, flew up to where the slave gang sat, and threw her arms round that unfortunate piece of merchandise before enumerate—“John, aged thirty,” and with sobs and tears bemoaned him as her husband.

But what needs tell the story, told too oft,—every day told,—of heart-strings rent and broken,—the weak broken and torn for the profit and convenience of the strong! It needs not to be told;—every day is telling it,—telling it, too, in the ear of One who is not deaf, though he be long silent.

The young man who had spoken for the cause of humanity and God before stood with folded arms, looking on this scene. He turned, and Haley was standing at his side. “My friend,” he said, speaking with thick utterance, “how can you, how dare you, carry on a trade like this? Look at those poor creatures! Here I am, rejoicing in my heart that I am going home to my wife and child; and the same bell which is a signal to carry me onward towards them will part this poor man and his wife forever. Depend upon it, God will bring you into judgment for this.”

The trader turned away in silence.

“I say, now,” said the drover, touching his elbow, “there’s differences in parsons, an’t there? ‘Cussed be Canaan’ don’t seem to go down with this ’un, does it?”

Haley gave an uneasy growl.

“And that ar an’t the worst on ’t,” said John; “mabbee it won’t go down with the Lord, neither, when ye come to settle with Him, one o’ these days, as all on us must, I reckon.”

Haley walked reflectively to the other end of the boat.

“If I make pretty handsomely on one or two next gangs,” he thought, “I reckon I’ll stop off this yer; it’s really getting dangerous.” And he took out his pocket-book, and began adding over his accounts,—a process which many gentlemen besides Mr. Haley have found a specific for an uneasy conscience.

The boat swept proudly away from the shore, and all went on merrily, as before. Men talked, and loafed, and read, and smoked. Women sewed, and children played, and the boat passed on her way.

One day, when she lay to for a while at a small town in Kentucky, Haley went up into the place on a little matter of business.

Tom, whose fetters did not prevent his taking a moderate circuit, had drawn near the side of the boat, and stood listlessly gazing over the railing. After a time, he saw the trader returning, with an alert step, in company with a colored woman, bearing in her arms a young child. She was dressed quite respectably, and a colored man followed her, bringing along a small trunk. The woman came cheerfully onward, talking, as she came, with the man who bore her trunk, and so passed up the plank into the boat. The bell rung, the steamer whizzed, the engine groaned and coughed, and away swept the boat down the river.

The woman walked forward among the boxes and bales of the lower deck, and, sitting down, busied herself with chirruping to her baby.

Haley made a turn or two about the boat, and then, coming up, seated himself near her, and began saying something to her in an indifferent undertone.

Tom soon noticed a heavy cloud passing over the woman’s brow; and that she answered rapidly, and with great vehemence.

“I don’t believe it,—I won’t believe it!” he heard her say. “You’re jist a foolin’ with me.”

“If you won’t believe it, look here!” said the man, drawing out a paper; “this yer’s the bill of sale, and there’s your master’s name to it; and I paid down good solid cash for it, too, I can tell you,—so, now!”

“I don’t believe Mas’r would cheat me so; it can’t be true!” said the woman, with increasing agitation.

“You can ask any of these men here, that can read writing. Here!” he said, to a man that was passing by, “jist read this yer, won’t you! This yer gal won’t believe me, when I tell her what ’t is.”

“Why, it’s a bill of sale, signed by John Fosdick,” said the man, “making over to you the girl Lucy and her child. It’s all straight enough, for aught I see.”

The woman’s passionate exclamations collected a crowd around her, and the trader briefly explained to them the cause of the agitation.

“He told me that I was going down to Louisville, to hire out as cook to the same tavern where my husband works,—that’s what Mas’r told me, his own self; and I can’t believe he’d lie to me,” said the woman.

“But he has sold you, my poor woman, there’s no doubt about it,” said a good-natured looking man, who had been examining the papers; “he has done it, and no mistake.”

“Then it’s no account talking,” said the woman, suddenly growing quite calm; and, clasping her child tighter in her arms, she sat down on her box, turned her back round, and gazed listlessly into the river.

“Going to take it easy, after all!” said the trader. “Gal’s got grit, I see.”

The woman looked calm, as the boat went on; and a beautiful soft summer breeze passed like a compassionate spirit over her head,—the gentle breeze, that never inquires whether the brow is dusky or fair that it fans. And she saw sunshine sparkling on the water, in golden ripples, and heard gay voices, full of ease and pleasure, talking around her everywhere; but her heart lay as if a great stone had fallen on it. Her baby raised himself up against her, and stroked her cheeks with his little hands; and, springing up and down, crowing and chatting, seemed determined to arouse her. She strained him suddenly and tightly in her arms, and slowly one tear after another fell on his wondering, unconscious face; and gradually she seemed, and little by little, to grow calmer, and busied herself with tending and nursing him.

The child, a boy of ten months, was uncommonly large and strong of his age, and very vigorous in his limbs. Never, for a moment, still, he kept his mother constantly busy in holding him, and guarding his springing activity.

“That’s a fine chap!” said a man, suddenly stopping opposite to him, with his hands in his pockets. “How old is he?”

“Ten months and a half,” said the mother.

The man whistled to the boy, and offered him part of a stick of candy, which he eagerly grabbed at, and very soon had it in a baby’s general depository, to wit, his mouth.

“Rum fellow!” said the man “Knows what’s what!” and he whistled, and walked on. When he had got to the other side of the boat, he came across Haley, who was smoking on top of a pile of boxes.

The stranger produced a match, and lighted a cigar, saying, as he did so,

“Decentish kind o’ wench you’ve got round there, stranger.”

“Why, I reckon she _is_ tol’able fair,” said Haley, blowing the smoke out of his mouth.

“Taking her down south?” said the man.

Haley nodded, and smoked on.

“Plantation hand?” said the man.

“Wal,” said Haley, “I’m fillin’ out an order for a plantation, and I think I shall put her in. They telled me she was a good cook; and they can use her for that, or set her at the cotton-picking. She’s got the right fingers for that; I looked at ’em. Sell well, either way;” and Haley resumed his cigar.

“They won’t want the young ’un on the plantation,” said the man.

“I shall sell him, first chance I find,” said Haley, lighting another cigar.

“S’pose you’d be selling him tol’able cheap,” said the stranger, mounting the pile of boxes, and sitting down comfortably.

“Don’t know ’bout that,” said Haley; “he’s a pretty smart young ’un, straight, fat, strong; flesh as hard as a brick!”

“Very true, but then there’s the bother and expense of raisin’.”

“Nonsense!” said Haley; “they is raised as easy as any kind of critter there is going; they an’t a bit more trouble than pups. This yer chap will be running all around, in a month.”

“I’ve got a good place for raisin’, and I thought of takin’ in a little more stock,” said the man. “One cook lost a young ’un last week,—got drownded in a washtub, while she was a hangin’ out the clothes,—and I reckon it would be well enough to set her to raisin’ this yer.”

Haley and the stranger smoked a while in silence, neither seeming willing to broach the test question of the interview. At last the man resumed:

“You wouldn’t think of wantin’ more than ten dollars for that ar chap, seeing you _must_ get him off yer hand, any how?”

Haley shook his head, and spit impressively.

“That won’t do, no ways,” he said, and began his smoking again.

“Well, stranger, what will you take?”

“Well, now,” said Haley, “I _could_ raise that ar chap myself, or get him raised; he’s oncommon likely and healthy, and he’d fetch a hundred dollars, six months hence; and, in a year or two, he’d bring two hundred, if I had him in the right spot; I shan’t take a cent less nor fifty for him now.”

“O, stranger! that’s ridiculous, altogether,” said the man.

“Fact!” said Haley, with a decisive nod of his head.

“I’ll give thirty for him,” said the stranger, “but not a cent more.”

“Now, I’ll tell ye what I will do,” said Haley, spitting again, with renewed decision. “I’ll split the difference, and say forty-five; and that’s the most I will do.”

“Well, agreed!” said the man, after an interval.

“Done!” said Haley. “Where do you land?”

“At Louisville,” said the man.

“Louisville,” said Haley. “Very fair, we get there about dusk. Chap will be asleep,—all fair,—get him off quietly, and no screaming,—happens beautiful,—I like to do everything quietly,—I hates all kind of agitation and fluster.” And so, after a transfer of certain bills had passed from the man’s pocket-book to the trader’s, he resumed his cigar.

It was a bright, tranquil evening when the boat stopped at the wharf at Louisville. The woman had been sitting with her baby in her arms, now wrapped in a heavy sleep. When she heard the name of the place called out, she hastily laid the child down in a little cradle formed by the hollow among the boxes, first carefully spreading under it her cloak; and then she sprung to the side of the boat, in hopes that, among the various hotel-waiters who thronged the wharf, she might see her husband. In this hope, she pressed forward to the front rails, and, stretching far over them, strained her eyes intently on the moving heads on the shore, and the crowd pressed in between her and the child.

“Now’s your time,” said Haley, taking the sleeping child up, and handing him to the stranger. “Don’t wake him up, and set him to crying, now; it would make a devil of a fuss with the gal.” The man took the bundle carefully, and was soon lost in the crowd that went up the wharf.

When the boat, creaking, and groaning, and puffing, had loosed from the wharf, and was beginning slowly to strain herself along, the woman returned to her old seat. The trader was sitting there,—the child was gone!

“Why, why,—where?” she began, in bewildered surprise.

“Lucy,” said the trader, “your child’s gone; you may as well know it first as last. You see, I know’d you couldn’t take him down south; and I got a chance to sell him to a first-rate family, that’ll raise him better than you can.”

The trader had arrived at that stage of Christian and political perfection which has been recommended by some preachers and politicians of the north, lately, in which he had completely overcome every humane weakness and prejudice. His heart was exactly where yours, sir, and mine could be brought, with proper effort and cultivation. The wild look of anguish and utter despair that the woman cast on him might have disturbed one less practised; but he was used to it. He had seen that same look hundreds of times. You can get used to such things, too, my friend; and it is the great object of recent efforts to make our whole northern community used to them, for the glory of the Union. So the trader only regarded the mortal anguish which he saw working in those dark features, those clenched hands, and suffocating breathings, as necessary incidents of the trade, and merely calculated whether she was going to scream, and get up a commotion on the boat; for, like other supporters of our peculiar institution, he decidedly disliked agitation.

But the woman did not scream. The shot had passed too straight and direct through the heart, for cry or tear.

Dizzily she sat down. Her slack hands fell lifeless by her side. Her eyes looked straight forward, but she saw nothing. All the noise and hum of the boat, the groaning of the machinery, mingled dreamily to her bewildered ear; and the poor, dumb-stricken heart had neither cry not tear to show for its utter misery. She was quite calm.

The trader, who, considering his advantages, was almost as humane as some of our politicians, seemed to feel called on to administer such consolation as the case admitted of.

“I know this yer comes kinder hard, at first, Lucy,” said he; “but such a smart, sensible gal as you are, won’t give way to it. You see it’s _necessary_, and can’t be helped!”

“O! don’t, Mas’r, don’t!” said the woman, with a voice like one that is smothering.

“You’re a smart wench, Lucy,” he persisted; “I mean to do well by ye, and get ye a nice place down river; and you’ll soon get another husband,—such a likely gal as you—”

“O! Mas’r, if you _only_ won’t talk to me now,” said the woman, in a voice of such quick and living anguish that the trader felt that there was something at present in the case beyond his style of operation. He got up, and the woman turned away, and buried her head in her cloak.

The trader walked up and down for a time, and occasionally stopped and looked at her.

“Takes it hard, rather,” he soliloquized, “but quiet, tho’;—let her sweat a while; she’ll come right, by and by!”

Tom had watched the whole transaction from first to last, and had a perfect understanding of its results. To him, it looked like something unutterably horrible and cruel, because, poor, ignorant black soul! he had not learned to generalize, and to take enlarged views. If he had only been instructed by certain ministers of Christianity, he might have thought better of it, and seen in it an every-day incident of a lawful trade; a trade which is the vital support of an institution which an American divine[2] tells us has _“no evils but such as are inseparable from any other relations in social and domestic life_.” But Tom, as we see, being a poor, ignorant fellow, whose reading had been confined entirely to the New Testament, could not comfort and solace himself with views like these. His very soul bled within him for what seemed to him the _wrongs_ of the poor suffering thing that lay like a crushed reed on the boxes; the feeling, living, bleeding, yet immortal _thing_, which American state law coolly classes with the bundles, and bales, and boxes, among which she is lying.

[2] Dr. Joel Parker of Philadelphia. [Mrs. Stowe’s note.] Presbyterian clergyman (1798-1873), a friend of the Beecher family. Mrs. Stowe attempted unsuccessfully to have this identifying note removed from the stereotype-plate of the first edition.

Tom drew near, and tried to say something; but she only groaned. Honestly, and with tears running down his own cheeks, he spoke of a heart of love in the skies, of a pitying Jesus, and an eternal home; but the ear was deaf with anguish, and the palsied heart could not feel.

Night came on,—night calm, unmoved, and glorious, shining down with her innumerable and solemn angel eyes, twinkling, beautiful, but silent. There was no speech nor language, no pitying voice or helping hand, from that distant sky. One after another, the voices of business or pleasure died away; all on the boat were sleeping, and the ripples at the prow were plainly heard. Tom stretched himself out on a box, and there, as he lay, he heard, ever and anon, a smothered sob or cry from the prostrate creature,—“O! what shall I do? O Lord! O good Lord, do help me!” and so, ever and anon, until the murmur died away in silence.

At midnight, Tom waked, with a sudden start. Something black passed quickly by him to the side of the boat, and he heard a splash in the water. No one else saw or heard anything. He raised his head,—the woman’s place was vacant! He got up, and sought about him in vain. The poor bleeding heart was still, at last, and the river rippled and dimpled just as brightly as if it had not closed above it.

Patience! patience! ye whose hearts swell indignant at wrongs like these. Not one throb of anguish, not one tear of the oppressed, is forgotten by the Man of Sorrows, the Lord of Glory. In his patient, generous bosom he bears the anguish of a world. Bear thou, like him, in patience, and labor in love; for sure as he is God, “the year of his redeemed _shall_ come.”

The trader waked up bright and early, and came out to see to his live stock. It was now his turn to look about in perplexity.

“Where alive is that gal?” he said to Tom.

Tom, who had learned the wisdom of keeping counsel, did not feel called upon to state his observations and suspicions, but said he did not know.

“She surely couldn’t have got off in the night at any of the landings, for I was awake, and on the lookout, whenever the boat stopped. I never trust these yer things to other folks.”

This speech was addressed to Tom quite confidentially, as if it was something that would be specially interesting to him. Tom made no answer.

The trader searched the boat from stem to stern, among boxes, bales and barrels, around the machinery, by the chimneys, in vain.

“Now, I say, Tom, be fair about this yer,” he said, when, after a fruitless search, he came where Tom was standing. “You know something about it, now. Don’t tell me,—I know you do. I saw the gal stretched out here about ten o’clock, and ag’in at twelve, and ag’in between one and two; and then at four she was gone, and you was a sleeping right there all the time. Now, you know something,—you can’t help it.”

“Well, Mas’r,” said Tom, “towards morning something brushed by me, and I kinder half woke; and then I hearn a great splash, and then I clare woke up, and the gal was gone. That’s all I know on ’t.”

The trader was not shocked nor amazed; because, as we said before, he was used to a great many things that you are not used to. Even the awful presence of Death struck no solemn chill upon him. He had seen Death many times,—met him in the way of trade, and got acquainted with him,—and he only thought of him as a hard customer, that embarrassed his property operations very unfairly; and so he only swore that the gal was a baggage, and that he was devilish unlucky, and that, if things went on in this way, he should not make a cent on the trip. In short, he seemed to consider himself an ill-used man, decidedly; but there was no help for it, as the woman had escaped into a state which _never will_ give up a fugitive,—not even at the demand of the whole glorious Union. The trader, therefore, sat discontentedly down, with his little account-book, and put down the missing body and soul under the head of _losses!_

“He’s a shocking creature, isn’t he,—this trader? so unfeeling! It’s dreadful, really!”

“O, but nobody thinks anything of these traders! They are universally despised,—never received into any decent society.”

But who, sir, makes the trader? Who is most to blame? The enlightened, cultivated, intelligent man, who supports the system of which the trader is the inevitable result, or the poor trader himself? You make the public statement that calls for his trade, that debauches and depraves him, till he feels no shame in it; and in what are you better than he?

Are you educated and he ignorant, you high and he low, you refined and he coarse, you talented and he simple?

In the day of a future judgment, these very considerations may make it more tolerable for him than for you.

In concluding these little incidents of lawful trade, we must beg the world not to think that American legislators are entirely destitute of humanity, as might, perhaps, be unfairly inferred from the great efforts made in our national body to protect and perpetuate this species of traffic.

Who does not know how our great men are outdoing themselves, in declaiming against the _foreign_ slave-trade. There are a perfect host of Clarksons and Wilberforces[3] risen up among us on that subject, most edifying to hear and behold. Trading negroes from Africa, dear reader, is so horrid! It is not to be thought of! But trading them from Kentucky,—that’s quite another thing!

[3] Thomas Clarkson (1760-1846) and William Wilberforce (1759- 1833), English philanthropists and anti-slavery agitators who helped to secure passage of the Emancipation Bill by Parliament in 1833.

CHAPTER XIII The Quaker Settlement

A quiet scene now rises before us. A large, roomy, neatly-painted kitchen, its yellow floor glossy and smooth, and without a particle of dust; a neat, well-blacked cooking-stove; rows of shining tin, suggestive of unmentionable good things to the appetite; glossy green wood chairs, old and firm; a small flag-bottomed rocking-chair, with a patch-work cushion in it, neatly contrived out of small pieces of different colored woollen goods, and a larger sized one, motherly and old, whose wide arms breathed hospitable invitation, seconded by the solicitation of its feather cushions,—a real comfortable, persuasive old chair, and worth, in the way of honest, homely enjoyment, a dozen of your plush or _brochetelle_ drawing-room gentry; and in the chair, gently swaying back and forward, her eyes bent on some fine sewing, sat our fine old friend Eliza. Yes, there she is, paler and thinner than in her Kentucky

home, with a world of quiet sorrow lying under the shadow of her long eyelashes, and marking the outline of her gentle mouth! It was plain to see how old and firm the girlish heart was grown under the discipline of heavy sorrow; and when, anon, her large dark eye was raised to follow the gambols of her little Harry, who was sporting, like some tropical butterfly, hither and thither over the floor, she showed a depth of firmness and steady resolve that was never there in her earlier and happier days.

By her side sat a woman with a bright tin pan in her lap, into which she was carefully sorting some dried peaches. She might be fifty-five or sixty; but hers was one of those faces that time seems to touch only to brighten and adorn. The snowy lisse crape cap, made after the strait Quaker pattern,—the plain white muslin handkerchief, lying in placid folds across her bosom,—the drab shawl and dress,—showed at once the community to which she belonged. Her face was round and rosy, with a healthful downy softness, suggestive of a ripe peach. Her hair, partially silvered by age, was parted smoothly back from a high placid forehead, on which time had written no inscription, except peace on earth, good will to men, and beneath shone a large pair of clear, honest, loving brown eyes; you only needed to look straight into them, to feel that you saw to the bottom of a heart as good and true as ever throbbed in woman's bosom. So much has been said and sung of beautiful young girls, why don't somebody wake up to the beauty of old women? If any want to get up an inspiration under this head, we refer them to our good friend Rachel Halliday, just as she sits there in her little rocking-chair. It had a turn for quacking and squeaking,—that chair had,—either from having taken cold in early life, or from some asthmatic affection, or perhaps from nervous derangement; but, as she gently swung backward and forward, the chair kept up a kind of subdued "creechy crawchy," that would have been intolerable in any other chair. But old Simeon Halliday often declared it was as good as any music to him, and the children all avowed that they wouldn't miss of hearing mother's chair for anything in the world. For why? for twenty years or more, nothing but loving words, and gentle moralities, and motherly loving kindness, had come from that chair;—head-aches and heart-aches innumerable had been cured there,—difficulties spiritual and temporal solved there,—all by one good, loving woman, God bless her!

"And so thee still thinks of going to Canada, Eliza?" she said, as she was quietly looking over her peaches.

"Yes, ma'am," said Eliza, firmly. "I must go onward. I dare not stop."

"And what'll thee do, when thee gets there? Thee must think about that, my daughter."

"My daughter" came naturally from the lips of Rachel Halliday; for hers was just the face and form that made "mother" seem the most natural word in the world.

Eliza's hands trembled, and some tears fell on her fine work; but she answered, firmly,

"I shall do—anything I can find. I hope I can find something."

"Thee knows thee can stay here, as long as thee pleases," said Rachel.

"O, thank you," said Eliza, "but"—she pointed to Harry—"I can't sleep nights; I can't rest. Last night I dreamed I saw that man coming into the yard," she said, shuddering.

"Poor child!" said Rachel, wiping her eyes; "but thee mustn't feel so. The Lord hath ordered it so that never hath a fugitive been stolen from our village. I trust thine will not be the first."

The door here opened, and a little short, round, pin-cushiony woman stood at the door, with a cheery, blooming face, like a ripe apple. She was dressed, like Rachel, in sober gray, with the muslin folded neatly across her round, plump little chest.

"Ruth Stedman," said Rachel, coming joyfully forward; "how is thee, Ruth? she said, heartily taking both her hands.

"Nicely," said Ruth, taking off her little drab bonnet, and dusting it with her handkerchief, displaying, as she did so, a round little head, on which the Quaker cap sat with a sort of jaunty air, despite all the stroking and patting of the small fat hands, which were busily applied to arranging it. Certain stray locks of decidedly curly hair, too, had escaped here and there, and had to be coaxed and cajoled into their place again; and then the new comer, who might have been five-and-twenty, turned from the small looking-glass, before which she had been making these arrangements, and looked well pleased,—as most people who looked at her might have been,—for she was decidedly a wholesome, whole-hearted, chirruping little woman, as ever gladdened man's heart withal.

"Ruth, this friend is Eliza Harris; and this is the little boy I told thee of."

“I am glad to see thee, Eliza,—very,” said Ruth, shaking hands, as if Eliza were an old friend she had long been expecting; “and this is thy dear boy,—I brought a cake for him,” she said, holding out a little heart to the boy, who came up, gazing through his curls, and accepted it shyly.

“Where’s thy baby, Ruth?” said Rachel.

“O, he’s coming; but thy Mary caught him as I came in, and ran off with him to the barn, to show him to the children.”

At this moment, the door opened, and Mary, an honest, rosy-looking girl, with large brown eyes, like her mother’s, came in with the baby.

“Ah! ha!” said Rachel, coming up, and taking the great, white, fat fellow in her arms, “how good he looks, and how he does grow!”

“To be sure, he does,” said little bustling Ruth, as she took the child, and began taking off a little blue silk hood, and various layers and wrappers of outer garments; and having given a twitch here, and a pull there, and variously adjusted and arranged him, and kissed him heartily, she set him on the floor to collect his thoughts. Baby seemed quite used to this mode of proceeding, for he put his thumb in his mouth (as if it were quite a thing of course), and seemed soon absorbed in his own reflections, while the mother seated herself, and taking out a long stocking of mixed blue and white yarn, began to knit with briskness.

“Mary, thee’d better fill the kettle, hadn’t thee?” gently suggested the mother.

Mary took the kettle to the well, and soon reappearing, placed it over the stove, where it was soon purring and steaming, a sort of censer of hospitality and good cheer. The peaches, moreover, in obedience to a few gentle whispers from Rachel, were soon deposited, by the same hand, in a stew-pan over the fire.

Rachel now took down a snowy moulding-board, and, tying on an apron, proceeded quietly to making up some biscuits, first saying to Mary,—“Mary, hadn’t thee better tell John to get a chicken ready?” and Mary disappeared accordingly.

“And how is Abigail Peters?” said Rachel, as she went on with her biscuits.

“O, she’s better,” said Ruth; “I was in, this morning; made the bed, tidied up the house. Leah Hills went in, this afternoon, and baked bread and pies enough to last some days; and I engaged to go back to get her up, this evening.”

“I will go in tomorrow, and do any cleaning there may be, and look over the mending,” said Rachel.

“Ah! that is well,” said Ruth. “I’ve heard,” she added, “that Hannah Stanwood is sick. John was up there, last night,—I must go there tomorrow.”

“John can come in here to his meals, if thee needs to stay all day,” suggested Rachel.

“Thank thee, Rachel; will see, tomorrow; but, here comes Simeon.”

Simeon Halliday, a tall, straight, muscular man, in drab coat and pantaloons, and broad-brimmed hat, now entered.

“How is thee, Ruth?” he said, warmly, as he spread his broad open hand for her little fat palm; “and how is John?”

“O! John is well, and all the rest of our folks,” said Ruth, cheerily.

“Any news, father?” said Rachel, as she was putting her biscuits into the oven.

“Peter Stebbins told me that they should be along tonight, with _friends_,” said Simeon, significantly, as he was washing his hands at a neat sink, in a little back porch.

“Indeed!” said Rachel, looking thoughtfully, and glancing at Eliza.

“Did thee say thy name was Harris?” said Simeon to Eliza, as he reentered.

Rachel glanced quickly at her husband, as Eliza tremulously answered “yes;” her fears, ever uppermost, suggesting that possibly there might be advertisements out for her.

“Mother!” said Simeon, standing in the porch, and calling Rachel out.

“What does thee want, father?” said Rachel, rubbing her floury hands, as she went into the porch.

“This child’s husband is in the settlement, and will be here tonight,” said Simeon.

“Now, thee doesn’t say that, father?” said Rachel, all her face radiant with joy.

“It’s really true. Peter was down yesterday, with the wagon, to the other stand, and there he found an old woman and two men; and one said his name was George Harris; and from what he told of his history, I am certain who he is. He is a bright, likely fellow, too.”

“Shall we tell her now?” said Simeon.

“Let’s tell Ruth,” said Rachel. “Here, Ruth,—come here.”

Ruth laid down her knitting-work, and was in the back porch in a moment.

“Ruth, what does thee think?” said Rachel. “Father says Eliza’s husband is in the last company, and will be here tonight.”

A burst of joy from the little Quakeress interrupted the speech. She gave such a bound from the floor, as she clapped her little hands, that two stray curls fell from under her Quaker cap, and lay brightly on her white neckerchief.

“Hush thee, dear!” said Rachel, gently; “hush, Ruth! Tell us, shall we tell her now?”

“Now! to be sure,—this very minute. Why, now, suppose ’t was my John, how should I feel? Do tell her, right off.”

“Thee uses thyself only to learn how to love thy neighbor, Ruth,” said Simeon, looking, with a beaming face, on Ruth.

“To be sure. Isn’t it what we are made for? If I didn’t love John and the baby, I should not know how to feel for her. Come, now do tell her,—do!” and she laid her hands persuasively on Rachel’s arm. “Take her into thy bed-room, there, and let me fry the chicken while thee does it.”

Rachel came out into the kitchen, where Eliza was sewing, and opening the door of a small bed-room, said, gently, “Come in here with me, my daughter; I have news to tell thee.”

The blood flushed in Eliza’s pale face; she rose, trembling with nervous anxiety, and looked towards her boy.

“No, no,” said little Ruth, darting up, and seizing her hands. “Never thee fear; it’s good news, Eliza,—go in, go in!” And she gently pushed her to the door which closed after her; and then, turning round, she caught little Harry in her arms, and began kissing him.

“Thee’ll see thy father, little one. Does thee know it? Thy father is coming,” she said, over and over again, as the boy looked wonderingly at her.

Meanwhile, within the door, another scene was going on. Rachel Halliday drew Eliza toward her, and said, “The Lord hath had mercy on thee, daughter; thy husband hath escaped from the house of bondage.”

The blood flushed to Eliza’s cheek in a sudden glow, and went back to her heart with as sudden a rush. She sat down, pale and faint.

“Have courage, child,” said Rachel, laying her hand on her head. “He is among friends, who will bring him here tonight.”

“Tonight!” Eliza repeated, “tonight!” The words lost all meaning to her; her head was dreamy and confused; all was mist for a moment.

When she awoke, she found herself snugly tucked up on the bed, with a blanket over her, and little Ruth rubbing her hands with camphor. She opened her eyes in a state of dreamy, delicious languor, such as one who has long been bearing a heavy load, and now feels it gone, and would rest. The tension of the nerves, which had never ceased a moment since the first hour of her flight, had given way, and a strange feeling of security and rest came over her; and as she lay, with her large, dark eyes open, she followed, as in a quiet dream, the motions of those about her. She saw the door open into the other room; saw the supper-table, with its snowy cloth; heard the dreamy murmur of the singing tea-kettle; saw Ruth tripping backward and forward, with plates of cake and saucers of preserves, and ever and anon stopping to put a cake into Harry’s hand, or pat his head, or twine his long curls round her snowy fingers. She saw the ample, motherly form of Rachel, as she ever and anon came to the bedside, and smoothed and arranged something about the bedclothes, and gave a tuck here and there, by way of expressing her good-will; and was

conscious of a kind of sunshine beaming down upon her from her large, clear, brown eyes. She saw Ruth's husband come in,—saw her fly up to him, and commence whispering very earnestly, ever and anon, with impressive gesture, pointing her little finger toward the room. She saw her, with the baby in her arms, sitting down to tea; she saw them all at table, and little Harry in a high chair, under the shadow of Rachel's ample wing; there were low murmurs of talk, gentle tinkling of tea-spoons, and musical clatter of cups and saucers, and all mingled in a delightful dream of rest; and Eliza slept, as she had not slept before, since the fearful midnight hour when she had taken her child and fled through the frosty starlight.

She dreamed of a beautiful country,—a land, it seemed to her, of rest,—green shores, pleasant islands, and beautifully glittering water; and there, in a house which kind voices told her was a home, she saw her boy playing, free and happy child. She heard her husband's footsteps; she felt him coming nearer; his arms were around her, his tears falling on her face, and she awoke! It was no dream. The daylight had long faded; her child lay calmly sleeping by her side; a candle was burning dimly on the stand, and her husband was sobbing by her pillow.

The next morning was a cheerful one at the Quaker house. "Mother" was up betimes, and surrounded by busy girls and boys, whom we had scarce time to introduce to our readers yesterday, and who all moved obediently to Rachel's gentle "Thee had better," or more gentle "Hadn't thee better?" in the work of getting breakfast; for a breakfast in the luxurious valleys of Indiana is a thing complicated and multiform, and, like picking up the rose-leaves and trimming the bushes in Paradise, asking other hands than those of the original mother. While, therefore, John ran to the spring for fresh water, and Simeon the second sifted meal for corn-cakes, and Mary ground coffee, Rachel moved gently, and quietly about, making biscuits, cutting up chicken, and diffusing a sort of sunny radiance over the whole proceeding generally. If there was any danger of friction or collision from the ill-regulated zeal of so many young operators, her gentle "Come! come!" or "I wouldn't, now," was quite sufficient to allay the difficulty. Bards have written of the cestus of Venus, that turned the heads of all the world in successive generations. We had rather, for our part, have the cestus of Rachel Halliday, that kept heads from being turned, and made everything go on harmoniously. We think it is more suited to our modern days, decidedly.

While all other preparations were going on, Simeon the elder stood in his shirt-sleeves before a little looking-glass in the corner, engaged in the anti-patriarchal operation of shaving. Everything went on so sociably, so quietly, so harmoniously, in the great kitchen,—it seemed so pleasant to every one to do just what they were doing, there was such an atmosphere of mutual confidence and good fellowship everywhere,—even the knives and forks had a social clatter as they went on to the table; and the chicken and ham had a cheerful and joyous fizzle in the pan, as if they rather enjoyed being cooked than otherwise;—and when George and Eliza and little Harry came out, they met such a hearty, rejoicing welcome, no wonder it seemed to them like a dream.

At last, they were all seated at breakfast, while Mary stood at the stove, baking griddle-cakes, which, as they gained the true exact golden-brown tint of perfection, were transferred quite handily to the table.

Rachel never looked so truly and benignly happy as at the head of her table. There was so much motherliness and full-heartedness even in the way she passed a plate of cakes or poured a cup of coffee, that it seemed to put a spirit into the food and drink she offered.

It was the first time that ever George had sat down on equal terms at any white man's table; and he sat down, at first, with some constraint and awkwardness; but they all exhaled and went off like fog, in the genial morning rays of this simple, overflowing kindness.

This, indeed, was a home,—_home_,—a word that George had never yet known a meaning for; and a belief in God, and trust in his providence, began to encircle his heart, as, with a golden cloud of protection and confidence, dark, misanthropic, pining atheistic doubts, and fierce despair, melted away before the light of a living Gospel, breathed in living faces, preached by a thousand unconscious acts of love and good will, which, like the cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple, shall never lose their reward.

"Father, what if thee should get found out again?" said Simeon second, as he buttered his cake.

"I should pay my fine," said Simeon, quietly.

"But what if they put thee in prison?"

"Couldn't thee and mother manage the farm?" said Simeon, smiling.

“Mother can do almost everything,” said the boy. “But isn’t it a shame to make such laws?”

“Thee mustn’t speak evil of thy rulers, Simeon,” said his father, gravely. “The Lord only gives us our worldly goods that we may do justice and mercy; if our rulers require a price of us for it, we must deliver it up.

“Well, I hate those old slaveholders!” said the boy, who felt as unchristian as became any modern reformer.

“I am surprised at thee, son,” said Simeon; “thy mother never taught thee so. I would do even the same for the slaveholder as for the slave, if the Lord brought him to my door in affliction.”

Simeon second blushed scarlet; but his mother only smiled, and said, “Simeon is my good boy; he will grow older, by and by, and then he will be like his father.”

“I hope, my good sir, that you are not exposed to any difficulty on our account,” said George, anxiously.

“Fear nothing, George, for therefore are we sent into the world. If we would not meet trouble for a good cause, we were not worthy of our name.”

“But, for _me_,” said George, “I could not bear it.”

“Fear not, then, friend George; it is not for thee, but for God and man, we do it,” said Simeon. “And now thou must lie by quietly this day, and tonight, at ten o’clock, Phineas Fletcher will carry thee onward to the next stand,—thee and the rest of thy company. The pursuers are hard after thee; we must not delay.”

“If that is the case, why wait till evening?” said George.

“Thou art safe here by daylight, for every one in the settlement is a Friend, and all are watching. It has been found safer to travel by night.”

CHAPTER XIV Evangeline

“A young star! which shone O’er life—too sweet an image, for such glass! A lovely being, scarcely formed or moulded; A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded.”

The Mississippi! How, as by an enchanted wand, have its scenes been changed, since Chateaubriand wrote his prose-poetic description of it,[1] as a river of mighty, unbroken solitudes, rolling amid undreamed wonders of vegetable and animal existence.

[1] _In Atala; or the Love and Constantcy of Two Savages in the Desert_ (1801) by Francois Auguste Rene, Vicomte de Chateaubriand (1768-1848).

But as in an hour, this river of dreams and wild romance has emerged to a reality scarcely less visionary and splendid. What other river of the world bears on its bosom to the ocean the wealth and enterprise of such another country?—a country whose products embrace all between the tropics and the poles! Those turbid waters, hurrying, foaming, tearing along, an apt resemblance of that headlong tide of business which is poured along its wave by a race more vehement and energetic than any the old world ever saw. Ah! would that they did not also bear along a more fearful freight,—the tears of the oppressed, the sighs of the helpless, the bitter prayers of poor, ignorant hearts to an unknown God—unknown, unseen and silent, but who will yet “come out of his place to save all the poor of the earth!”

The slanting light of the setting sun quivers on the sea-like expanse of the river; the shivery canes, and the tall, dark cypress, hung with wreaths of dark, funereal moss, glow in the golden ray, as the heavily-laden steamboat marches onward.

Piled with cotton-bales, from many a plantation, up over deck and sides, till she seems in the distance a square, massive block of gray, she moves heavily onward to the nearing mart. We must look some time among its crowded decks before we shall find again our humble friend Tom. High on the upper deck, in a little nook among the everywhere predominant cotton-bales, at last we may find him.

Partly from confidence inspired by Mr. Shelby’s representations, and partly from the remarkably inoffensive and quiet character of the man, Tom had insensibly won his way far into the confidence even of such a man as Haley.

At first he had watched him narrowly through the day, and never allowed him to sleep at night unfettered; but the uncomplaining patience and apparent contentment of Tom's manner led him gradually to discontinue these restraints, and for some time Tom had enjoyed a sort of parole of honor, being permitted to come and go freely where he pleased on the boat.

Ever quiet and obliging, and more than ready to lend a hand in every emergency which occurred among the workmen below, he had won the good opinion of all the hands, and spent many hours in helping them with as hearty a good will as ever he worked on a Kentucky farm.

When there seemed to be nothing for him to do, he would climb to a nook among the cotton-bales of the upper deck, and busy himself in studying over his Bible,—and it is there we see him now.

For a hundred or more miles above New Orleans, the river is higher than the surrounding country, and rolls its tremendous volume between massive levees twenty feet in height. The traveller from the deck of the steamer, as from some floating castle top, overlooks the whole country for miles and miles around. Tom, therefore, had spread out full before him, in plantation after plantation, a map of the life to which he was approaching.

He saw the distant slaves at their toil; he saw afar their villages of huts gleaming out in long rows on many a plantation, distant from the stately mansions and pleasure-grounds of the master;—and as the moving picture passed on, his poor, foolish heart would be turning backward to the Kentucky farm, with its old shadowy beeches,—to the master's house, with its wide, cool halls, and, near by, the little cabin overgrown with the multiflora and bignonia. There he seemed to see familiar faces of comrades who had grown up with him from infancy; he saw his busy wife, bustling in her preparations for his evening meals; he heard the merry laugh of his boys at their play, and the chirrup of the baby at his knee; and then, with a start, all faded, and he saw again the canebrakes and cypresses and gliding plantations, and heard again the creaking and groaning of the machinery, all telling him too plainly that all that phase of life had gone by forever.

In such a case, you write to your wife, and send messages to your children; but Tom could not write,—the mail for him had no existence, and the gulf of separation was unbridged by even a friendly word or signal.

Is it strange, then, that some tears fall on the pages of his Bible, as he lays it on the cotton-bale, and, with patient finger, threading his slow way from word to word, traces out its promises? Having learned late in life, Tom was but a slow reader, and passed on laboriously from verse to verse. Fortunate for him was it that the book he was intent on was one which slow reading cannot injure,—nay, one whose words, like ingots of gold, seem often to need to be weighed separately, that the mind may take in their priceless value. Let us follow him a moment, as, pointing to each word, and pronouncing each half aloud, he reads,

"Let—not—your—heart—be—troubled. In—my—Father's—house—are—many—mansions.
I—go—to—prepare—a—place—for—you."

Cicero, when he buried his darling and only daughter, had a heart as full of honest grief as poor Tom's,—perhaps no fuller, for both were only men;—but Cicero could pause over no such sublime words of hope, and look to no such future reunion; and if he _had_ seen them, ten to one he would not have believed,—he must fill his head first with a thousand questions of authenticity of manuscript, and correctness of translation. But, to poor Tom, there it lay, just what he needed, so evidently true and divine that the possibility of a question never entered his simple head. It must be true; for, if not true, how could he live?

As for Tom's Bible, though it had no annotations and helps in margin from learned commentators, still it had been embellished with certain way-marks and guide-boards of Tom's own invention, and which helped him more than the most learned expositions could have done. It had been his custom to get the Bible read to him by his master's children, in particular by young Master George; and, as they read, he would designate, by bold, strong marks and dashes, with pen and ink, the passages which more particularly gratified his ear or affected his heart. His Bible was thus marked through, from one end to the other, with a variety of styles and designations; so he could in a moment seize upon his favorite passages, without the labor of spelling out what lay between them;—and while it lay there before him, every passage breathing of some old home scene, and recalling some past enjoyment, his Bible seemed to him all of this life that remained, as well as the promise of a future one.

Among the passengers on the boat was a young gentleman of fortune and family, resident in New Orleans, who bore the name of St. Clare. He had with him a daughter between five and six years of age, together with a lady who seemed to claim relationship to both, and to have the little one especially under her charge.

Tom had often caught glimpses of this little girl,—for she was one of those busy, tripping creatures, that can be no more contained in one place than a sunbeam or a summer breeze,—nor was she one that, once seen, could be easily forgotten.

Her form was the perfection of childish beauty, without its usual chubbiness and squareness of outline. There was about it an undulating and aerial grace, such as one might dream of for some mythic and allegorical being. Her face was remarkable less for its perfect beauty of feature than for a singular and dreamy earnestness of expression, which made the ideal start when they looked at her, and by which the dullest and most literal were impressed, without exactly knowing why. The shape of her head and the turn of her neck and bust was peculiarly noble, and the long golden-brown hair that floated like a cloud around it, the deep spiritual gravity of her violet blue eyes, shaded by heavy fringes of golden brown,—all marked her out from other children, and made every one turn and look after her, as she glided hither and thither on the boat. Nevertheless, the little one was not what you would have called either a grave child or a sad one. On the contrary, an airy and innocent playfulness seemed to flicker like the shadow of summer leaves over her childish face, and around her buoyant figure. She was always in motion, always with a half smile on her rosy mouth, flying hither and thither, with an undulating and cloud-like tread, singing to herself as she moved as in a happy dream. Her father and female guardian were incessantly busy in pursuit of her,—but, when caught, she melted from them again like a summer cloud; and as no word of chiding or reproof ever fell on her ear for whatever she chose to do, she pursued her own way all over the boat. Always dressed in white, she seemed to move like a shadow through all sorts of places, without contracting spot or stain; and there was not a corner or nook, above or below, where those fairy footsteps had not glided, and that visionary golden head, with its deep blue eyes, fleeted along.

The fireman, as he looked up from his sweaty toil, sometimes found those eyes looking wonderingly into the raging depths of the furnace, and fearfully and pityingly at him, as if she thought him in some dreadful danger. Anon the steersman at the wheel paused and smiled, as the picture-like head gleamed through the window of the round house, and in a moment was gone again. A thousand times a day rough voices blessed her, and smiles of unwonted softness stole over hard faces, as she passed; and when she tripped fearlessly over dangerous places, rough, sooty hands were stretched involuntarily out to save her, and smooth her path.

Tom, who had the soft, impressible nature of his kindly race, ever yearning toward the simple and childlike, watched the little creature with daily increasing interest. To him she seemed something almost divine; and whenever her golden head and deep blue eyes peered out upon him from behind some dusky cotton-bale, or looked down upon him over some ridge of packages, he half believed that he saw one of the angels stepped out of his New Testament.

Often and often she walked mournfully round the place where Haley's gang of men and women sat in their chains. She would glide in among them, and look at them with an air of perplexed and sorrowful earnestness; and sometimes she would lift their chains with her slender hands, and then sigh wofully, as she glided away. Several times she appeared suddenly among them, with her hands full of candy, nuts, and oranges, which she would distribute joyfully to them, and then be gone again.

Tom watched the little lady a great deal, before he ventured on any overtures towards acquaintanceship. He knew an abundance of simple acts to propitiate and invite the approaches of the little people, and he resolved to play his part right skilfully. He could cut cunning little baskets out of cherry-stones, could make grotesque faces on hickory-nuts, or odd-jumping figures out of elder-pith, and he was a very Pan in the manufacture of whistles of all sizes and sorts. His pockets were full of miscellaneous articles of attraction, which he had hoarded in days of old for his master's children, and which he now produced, with commendable prudence and economy, one by one, as overtures for acquaintance and friendship.

The little one was shy, for all her busy interest in everything going on, and it was not easy to tame her. For a while, she would perch like a canary-bird on some box or package near Tom, while busy in the little arts afore-named, and take from him, with a kind of grave bashfulness, the little articles he offered. But at last they got on quite confidential terms.

"What's little missy's name?" said Tom, at last, when he thought matters were ripe to push such an inquiry.

"Evangeline St. Clare," said the little one, "though papa and everybody else call me Eva. Now, what's your name?"

"My name's Tom; the little chil'en used to call me Uncle Tom, way back thar in Kentuck."

"Then I mean to call you Uncle Tom, because, you see, I like you," said Eva. "So, Uncle Tom, where are you going?"

"I don't know, Miss Eva."

“Don’t know?” said Eva.

“No, I am going to be sold to somebody. I don’t know who.”

“My papa can buy you,” said Eva, quickly; “and if he buys you, you will have good times. I mean to ask him, this very day.”

“Thank you, my little lady,” said Tom.

The boat here stopped at a small landing to take in wood, and Eva, hearing her father’s voice, bounded nimbly away. Tom rose up, and went forward to offer his service in wooding, and soon was busy among the hands.

Eva and her father were standing together by the railings to see the boat start from the landing-place, the wheel had made two or three revolutions in the water, when, by some sudden movement, the little one suddenly lost her balance and fell sheer over the side of the boat into the water. Her father, scarce knowing what he did, was plunging in after her, but was held back by some behind him, who saw that more efficient aid had followed his child.

Tom was standing just under her on the lower deck, as she fell. He saw her strike the water, and sink, and was after her in a moment. A broad-chested, strong-armed fellow, it was nothing for him to keep afloat in the water, till, in a moment or two the child rose to the surface, and he caught her in his arms, and, swimming with her to the boat-side, handed her up, all dripping, to the grasp of hundreds of hands, which, as if they had all belonged to one man, were stretched eagerly out to receive her. A few moments more, and her father bore her, dripping and senseless, to the ladies’ cabin, where, as is usual in cases of the kind, there ensued a very well-meaning and kind-hearted strife among the female occupants generally, as to who should do the most things to make a disturbance, and to hinder her recovery in every way possible.

It was a sultry, close day, the next day, as the steamer drew near to New Orleans. A general bustle of expectation and preparation was spread through the boat; in the cabin, one and another were gathering their things together, and arranging them, preparatory to going ashore. The steward and chambermaid, and all, were busily engaged in cleaning, furbishing, and arranging the splendid boat, preparatory to a grand entree.

On the lower deck sat our friend Tom, with his arms folded, and anxiously, from time to time, turning his eyes towards a group on the other side of the boat.

There stood the fair Evangeline, a little paler than the day before, but otherwise exhibiting no traces of the accident which had befallen her. A graceful, elegantly-formed young man stood by her, carelessly leaning one elbow on a bale of cotton while a large pocket-book lay open before him. It was quite evident, at a glance, that the gentleman was Eva’s father. There was the same noble cast of head, the same large blue eyes, the same golden-brown hair; yet the expression was wholly different. In the large, clear blue eyes, though in form and color exactly similar, there was wanting that misty, dreamy depth of expression; all was clear, bold, and bright, but with a light wholly of this world: the beautifully cut mouth had a proud and somewhat sarcastic expression, while an air of free-and-easy superiority sat not ungracefully in every turn and movement of his fine form. He was listening, with a good-humored, negligent air, half comic, half contemptuous, to Haley, who was very volubly expatiating on the quality of the article for which they were bargaining.

“All the moral and Christian virtues bound in black Morocco, complete!” he said, when Haley had finished. “Well, now, my good fellow, what’s the damage, as they say in Kentucky; in short, what’s to be paid out for this business? How much are you going to cheat me, now? Out with it!”

“Wal,” said Haley, “if I should say thirteen hundred dollars for that ar fellow, I shouldn’t but just save myself; I shouldn’t, now, re’ly.”

“Poor fellow!” said the young man, fixing his keen, mocking blue eye on him; “but I suppose you’d let me have him for that, out of a particular regard for me.”

“Well, the young lady here seems to be sot on him, and nat’lly enough.”

“O! certainly, there’s a call on your benevolence, my friend. Now, as a matter of Christian charity, how cheap could you afford to let him go, to oblige a young lady that’s particular sot on him?”

“Wal, now, just think on ’t,” said the trader; “just look at them limbs,—broad-chested, strong as a horse. Look at his head; them high forrads allays shows calculatin niggers, that’ll do any kind o’ thing. I’ve, marked that ar. Now, a nigger of that ar heft and build is

worth considerable, just as you may say, for his body, supposin he's stupid; but come to put in his calculatin faculties, and them which I can show he has oncommon, why, of course, it makes him come higher. Why, that ar fellow managed his master's whole farm. He has a strornary talent for business."

"Bad, bad, very bad; knows altogether too much!" said the young man, with the same mocking smile playing about his mouth. "Never will do, in the world. Your smart fellows are always running off, stealing horses, and raising the devil generally. I think you'll have to take off a couple of hundred for his smartness."

"Wal, there might be something in that ar, if it warnt for his character; but I can show recommends from his master and others, to prove he is one of your real pious,—the most humble, prayin, pious crittur ye ever did see. Why, he's been called a preacher in them parts he came from."

"And I might use him for a family chaplain, possibly," added the young man, dryly. "That's quite an idea. Religion is a remarkably scarce article at our house."

"You're joking, now."

"How do you know I am? Didn't you just warrant him for a preacher? Has he been examined by any synod or council? Come, hand over your papers."

If the trader had not been sure, by a certain good-humored twinkle in the large eye, that all this banter was sure, in the long run, to turn out a cash concern, he might have been somewhat out of patience; as it was, he laid down a greasy pocket-book on the cotton-bales, and began anxiously studying over certain papers in it, the young man standing by, the while, looking down on him with an air of careless, easy drollery.

"Papa, do buy him! it's no matter what you pay," whispered Eva, softly, getting up on a package, and putting her arm around her father's neck. "You have money enough, I know. I want him."

"What for, pussy? Are you going to use him for a rattle-box, or a rocking-horse, or what?

"I want to make him happy."

"An original reason, certainly."

Here the trader handed up a certificate, signed by Mr. Shelby, which the young man took with the tips of his long fingers, and glanced over carelessly.

"A gentlemanly hand," he said, "and well spelt, too. Well, now, but I'm not sure, after all, about this religion," said he, the old wicked expression returning to his eye; "the country is almost ruined with pious white people; such pious politicians as we have just before elections,—such pious goings on in all departments of church and state, that a fellow does not know who'll cheat him next. I don't know, either, about religion's being up in the market, just now. I have not looked in the papers lately, to see how it sells. How many hundred dollars, now, do you put on for this religion?"

"You like to be jokin, now," said the trader; "but, then, there's _sense_ under all that ar. I know there's differences in religion. Some kinds is mis'rable: there's your meetin pious; there's your singin, roarin pious; them ar an't no account, in black or white;—but these rayly is; and I've seen it in niggers as often as any, your rail softly, quiet, stiddy, honest, pious, that the hull world couldn't tempt 'em to do nothing that they thinks is wrong; and ye see in this letter what Tom's old master says about him."

"Now," said the young man, stooping gravely over his book of bills, "if you can assure me that I really can buy _this_ kind of pious, and that it will be set down to my account in the book up above, as something belonging to me, I wouldn't care if I did go a little extra for it. How d'ye say?"

"Wal, raily, I can't do that," said the trader. "I'm a thinkin that every man'll have to hang on his own hook, in them ar quarters."

"Rather hard on a fellow that pays extra on religion, and can't trade with it in the state where he wants it most, an't it, now?" said the young man, who had been making out a roll of bills while he was speaking. "There, count your money, old boy!" he added, as he handed the roll to the trader.

“All right,” said Haley, his face beaming with delight; and pulling out an old inkhorn, he proceeded to fill out a bill of sale, which, in a few moments, he handed to the young man.

“I wonder, now, if I was divided up and inventoried,” said the latter as he ran over the paper, “how much I might bring. Say so much for the shape of my head, so much for a high forehead, so much for arms, and hands, and legs, and then so much for education, learning, talent, honesty, religion! Bless me! there would be small charge on that last, I’m thinking. But come, Eva,” he said; and taking the hand of his daughter, he stepped across the boat, and carelessly putting the tip of his finger under Tom’s chin, said, good-humoredly, “Look-up, Tom, and see how you like your new master.”

Tom looked up. It was not in nature to look into that gay, young, handsome face, without a feeling of pleasure; and Tom felt the tears start in his eyes as he said, heartily, “God bless you, Mas’r!”

“Well, I hope he will. What’s your name? Tom? Quite as likely to do it for your asking as mine, from all accounts. Can you drive horses, Tom?”

“I’ve been allays used to horses,” said Tom. “Mas’r Shelby raised heaps of ’em.”

“Well, I think I shall put you in coachy, on condition that you won’t be drunk more than once a week, unless in cases of emergency, Tom.”

Tom looked surprised, and rather hurt, and said, “I never drink, Mas’r.”

“I’ve heard that story before, Tom; but then we’ll see. It will be a special accommodation to all concerned, if you don’t. Never mind, my boy,” he added, good-humoredly, seeing Tom still looked grave; “I don’t doubt you mean to do well.”

“I sartin do, Mas’r,” said Tom.

“And you shall have good times,” said Eva. “Papa is very good to everybody, only he always will laugh at them.”

“Papa is much obliged to you for his recommendation,” said St. Clare, laughing, as he turned on his heel and walked away.

CHAPTER XV Of Tom’s New Master, and Various Other Matters

Since the thread of our humble hero’s life has now become interwoven with that of higher ones, it is necessary to give some brief introduction to them.

Augustine St. Clare was the son of a wealthy planter of Louisiana. The family had its origin in Canada. Of two brothers, very similar in temperament and character, one had settled on a flourishing farm in Vermont, and the other became an opulent planter in Louisiana. The mother of Augustine was a Huguenot French lady, whose family had emigrated to Louisiana during the days of its early settlement. Augustine and another brother were the only children of their parents. Having inherited from his mother an exceeding delicacy of constitution, he was, at the instance of physicians, during many years of his boyhood, sent to the care of his uncle in Vermont, in order that his constitution might be strengthened by the cold of a more bracing climate.

In childhood, he was remarkable for an extreme and marked sensitiveness of character, more akin to the softness of woman than the ordinary hardness of his own sex. Time, however, overgrew this softness with the rough bark of manhood, and but few knew how living and fresh it still lay at the core. His talents were of the very first order, although his mind showed a preference always for the ideal and the æsthetic, and there was about him that repugnance to the actual business of life which is the common result of this balance of the faculties. Soon after the completion of his college course, his whole nature was kindled into one intense and passionate effervescence of romantic passion. His hour came,—the hour that comes only once; his star rose in the horizon,—that star that rises so often in vain, to be remembered only as a thing of dreams; and it rose for him in vain. To drop the figure,—he saw and won the love of a high-minded and beautiful woman, in one of the northern states, and they were affianced. He returned south to make arrangements for their marriage, when, most unexpectedly, his letters were returned to him by mail, with a short note from her guardian, stating to him that ere this reached him the lady would be the wife of another. Stung to madness, he vainly hoped, as many another has done, to fling the whole thing from his heart by one desperate effort. Too proud to supplicate or seek explanation, he threw himself at once into a whirl of fashionable society, and in a fortnight from the time of the fatal letter was the accepted lover of the reigning belle of the season; and as soon as arrangements could be made, he became the husband of a fine figure, a pair of bright dark eyes, and a hundred thousand dollars; and, of course, everybody thought him a happy fellow.

The married couple were enjoying their honeymoon, and entertaining a brilliant circle of friends in their splendid villa, near Lake Pontchartrain, when, one day, a letter was brought to him in _that_ well-remembered writing. It was handed to him while he was in full tide of gay and successful conversation, in a whole room-full of company. He turned deadly pale when he saw the writing, but still preserved his composure, and finished the playful warfare of badinage which he was at the moment carrying on with a lady opposite; and, a short time after, was missed from the circle. In his room, alone, he opened and read the letter, now worse than idle and useless to be read. It was from her, giving a long account of a persecution to which she had been exposed by her guardian's family, to lead her to unite herself with their son: and she related how, for a long time, his letters had ceased to arrive; how she had written time and again, till she became weary and doubtful; how her health had failed under her anxieties, and how, at last, she had discovered the whole fraud which had been practised on them both. The letter ended with expressions of hope and thankfulness, and professions of undying affection, which were more bitter than death to the unhappy young man. He wrote to her immediately:

"I have received yours,—but too late. I believed all I heard. I was desperate. _I am married_, and all is over. Only forget,—it is all that remains for either of us."

And thus ended the whole romance and ideal of life for Augustine St. Clare. But the _real_ remained,—the _real_, like the flat, bare, oozy tide-mud, when the blue sparkling wave, with all its company of gliding boats and white-winged ships, its music of oars and chiming waters, has gone down, and there it lies, flat, slimy, bare,—exceedingly real.

Of course, in a novel, people's hearts break, and they die, and that is the end of it; and in a story this is very convenient. But in real life we do not die when all that makes life bright dies to us. There is a most busy and important round of eating, drinking, dressing, walking, visiting, buying, selling, talking, reading, and all that makes up what is commonly called _living_, yet to be gone through; and this yet remained to Augustine. Had his wife been a whole woman, she might yet have done something—as woman can—to mend the broken threads of life, and weave again into a tissue of brightness. But Marie St. Clare could not even see that they had been broken. As before stated, she consisted of a fine figure, a pair of splendid eyes, and a hundred thousand dollars; and none of these items were precisely the ones to minister to a mind diseased.

When Augustine, pale as death, was found lying on the sofa, and pleaded sudden sick-headache as the cause of his distress, she recommended to him to smell of hartshorn; and when the paleness and headache came on week after week, she only said that she never thought Mr. St. Clare was sickly; but it seems he was very liable to sick-headaches, and that it was a very unfortunate thing for her, because he didn't enjoy going into company with her, and it seemed odd to go so much alone, when they were just married. Augustine was glad in his heart that he had married so undiscerning a woman; but as the glosses and civilities of the honeymoon wore away, he discovered that a beautiful young woman, who has lived all her life to be caressed and waited on, might prove quite a hard mistress in domestic life. Marie never had possessed much capability of affection, or much sensibility, and the little that she had, had been merged into a most intense and unconscious selfishness; a selfishness the more hopeless, from its quiet obtuseness, its utter ignorance of any claims but her own. From her infancy, she had been surrounded with servants, who lived only to study her caprices; the idea that they had either feelings or rights had never dawned upon her, even in distant perspective. Her father, whose only child she had been, had never denied her anything that lay within the compass of human possibility; and when she entered life, beautiful, accomplished, and an heiress, she had, of course, all the eligibles and non-eligibles of the other sex sighing at her feet, and she had no doubt that Augustine was a most fortunate man in having obtained her. It is a great mistake to suppose that a woman with no heart will be an easy creditor in the exchange of affection. There is not on earth a more merciless exactor of love from others than a thoroughly selfish woman; and the more unlovely she grows, the more jealously and scrupulously she exacts love, to the uttermost farthing. When, therefore, St. Clare began to drop off those gallantries and small attentions which flowed at first through the habitude of courtship, he found his sultana no way ready to resign her slave; there were abundance of tears, poutings, and small tempests, there were discontents, pinings, upbraidings. St. Clare was good-natured and self-indulgent, and sought to buy off with presents and flatteries; and when Marie became mother to a beautiful daughter, he really felt awakened, for a time, to something like tenderness.

St. Clare's mother had been a woman of uncommon elevation and purity of character, and he gave to his child his mother's name, fondly fancying that she would prove a reproduction of her image. The thing had been remarked with petulant jealousy by his wife, and she regarded her husband's absorbing devotion to the child with suspicion and dislike; all that was given to her seemed so much taken from herself. From the time of the birth of this child, her health gradually sunk. A life of constant inaction, bodily and mental,—the friction of ceaseless ennui and discontent, united to the ordinary weakness which attended the period of maternity,—in course of a few years changed the blooming young belle into a yellow faded, sickly woman, whose time was divided

among a variety of fanciful diseases, and who considered herself, in every sense, the most ill-used and suffering person in existence.

There was no end of her various complaints; but her principal forte appeared to lie in sick-headache, which sometimes would confine her to her room three days out of six. As, of course, all family arrangements fell into the hands of servants, St. Clare found his menage anything but comfortable. His only daughter was exceedingly delicate, and he feared that, with no one to look after her and attend to her, her health and life might yet fall a sacrifice to her mother's inefficiency. He had taken her with him on a tour to Vermont, and had persuaded his cousin, Miss Ophelia St. Clare, to return with him to his southern residence; and they are now returning on this boat, where we have introduced them to our readers.

And now, while the distant domes and spires of New Orleans rise to our view, there is yet time for an introduction to Miss Ophelia.

Whoever has travelled in the New England States will remember, in some cool village, the large farmhouse, with its clean-swept grassy yard, shaded by the dense and massive foliage of the sugar maple; and remember the air of order and stillness, of perpetuity and unchanging repose, that seemed to breathe over the whole place. Nothing lost, or out of order; not a picket loose in the fence, not a particle of litter in the turfy yard, with its clumps of lilac bushes growing up under the windows. Within, he will remember wide, clean rooms, where nothing ever seems to be doing or going to be done, where everything is once and forever rigidly in place, and where all household arrangements move with the punctual exactness of the old clock in the corner. In the family "keeping-room," as it is termed, he will remember the staid, respectable old book-case, with its glass doors, where Rollin's History,[1] Milton's Paradise Lost, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, and Scott's Family Bible,[2] stand side by side in decorous order, with multitudes of other books, equally solemn and respectable. There are no servants in the house, but the lady in the snowy cap, with the spectacles, who sits sewing every afternoon among her daughters, as if nothing ever had been done, or were to be done,—she and her girls, in some long-forgotten fore part of the day, "_did up the work_," and for the rest of the time, probably, at all hours when you would see them, it is "_done up_." The old kitchen floor never seems stained or spotted; the tables, the chairs, and the various cooking utensils, never seem deranged or disordered; though three and sometimes four meals a day are got there, though the family washing and ironing is there performed, and though pounds of butter and cheese are in some silent and mysterious manner there brought into existence.

[1] _The Ancient History_, ten volumes (1730-1738), by the French historian Charles Rollin (1661-1741).

[2] _Scott's Family Bible_ (1788-1792), edited with notes by the English Biblical commentator, Thomas Scott (1747-1821).

On such a farm, in such a house and family, Miss Ophelia had spent a quiet existence of some forty-five years, when her cousin invited her to visit his southern mansion. The eldest of a large family, she was still considered by her father and mother as one of "the children," and the proposal that she should go to _Orleans_ was a most momentous one to the family circle. The old gray-headed father took down Morse's Atlas[3] out of the book-case, and looked out the exact latitude and longitude; and read Flint's Travels in the South and West,[4] to make up his own mind as to the nature of the country.

[3] _The Cerographic Atlas of the United States_ (1842-1845), by Sidney Edwards Morse (1794-1871), son of the geographer, Jedidiah Morse, and brother of the painter-inventor, Samuel F. B. Morse.

[4] _Recollections of the Last Ten Years_ (1826) by Timothy Flint (1780-1840), missionary of Presbyterianism to the trans-Allegheny West.

The good mother inquired, anxiously, "if Orleans wasn't an awful wicked place," saying, "that it seemed to her most equal to going to the Sandwich Islands, or anywhere among the heathen."

It was known at the minister's and at the doctor's, and at Miss Peabody's milliner shop, that Ophelia St. Clare was "talking about" going away down to Orleans with her cousin; and of course the whole village could do no less than help this very important process of _talking about_ the matter. The minister, who inclined strongly to abolitionist views, was quite doubtful whether such a step might not tend somewhat to encourage the southerners in holding on to their slaves; while the doctor, who was a stanch colonizationist, inclined to the opinion that Miss Ophelia ought to go, to show the Orleans people that we don't think hardly of them, after all. He was of opinion, in fact, that southern people needed encouraging. When however, the fact that she had resolved to go was fully before the public mind, she was solemnly invited out to tea by all her friends and neighbors for the space of a fortnight, and her prospects and plans duly canvassed and inquired into. Miss Moseley, who came into the house to help to do the dress-making,

acquired daily accessions of importance from the developments with regard to Miss Ophelia's wardrobe which she had been enabled to make. It was credibly ascertained that Squire Sinclare, as his name was commonly contracted in the neighborhood, had counted out fifty dollars, and given them to Miss Ophelia, and told her to buy any clothes she thought best; and that two new silk dresses, and a bonnet, had been sent for from Boston. As to the propriety of this extraordinary outlay, the public mind was divided,—some affirming that it was well enough, all things considered, for once in one's life, and others stoutly affirming that the money had better have been sent to the missionaries; but all parties agreed that there had been no such parasol seen in those parts as had been sent on from New York, and that she had one silk dress that might fairly be trusted to stand alone, whatever might be said of its mistress. There were credible rumors, also, of a hemstitched pocket-handkerchief; and report even went so far as to state that Miss Ophelia had one pocket-handkerchief with lace all around it,—it was even added that it was worked in the corners; but this latter point was never satisfactorily ascertained, and remains, in fact, unsettled to this day.

Miss Ophelia, as you now behold her, stands before you, in a very shining brown linen travelling-dress, tall, square-formed, and angular. Her face was thin, and rather sharp in its outlines; the lips compressed, like those of a person who is in the habit of making up her mind definitely on all subjects; while the keen, dark eyes had a peculiarly searching, advised movement, and travelled over everything, as if they were looking for something to take care of.

All her movements were sharp, decided, and energetic; and, though she was never much of a talker, her words were remarkably direct, and to the purpose, when she did speak.

In her habits, she was a living impersonation of order, method, and exactness. In punctuality, she was as inevitable as a clock, and as inexorable as a railroad engine; and she held in most decided contempt and abomination anything of a contrary character.

The great sin of sins, in her eyes,—the sum of all evils,—was expressed by one very common and important word in her vocabulary—"shiftlessness." Her finale and ultimatum of contempt consisted in a very emphatic pronunciation of the word "shiftless;" and by this she characterized all modes of procedure which had not a direct and inevitable relation to accomplishment of some purpose then definitely had in mind. People who did nothing, or who did not know exactly what they were going to do, or who did not take the most direct way to accomplish what they set their hands to, were objects of her entire contempt,—a contempt shown less frequently by anything she said, than by a kind of stony grimness, as if she scorned to say anything about the matter.

As to mental cultivation,—she had a clear, strong, active mind, was well and thoroughly read in history and the older English classics, and thought with great strength within certain narrow limits. Her theological tenets were all made up, labelled in most positive and distinct forms, and put by, like the bundles in her patch trunk; there were just so many of them, and there were never to be any more. So, also, were her ideas with regard to most matters of practical life,—such as housekeeping in all its branches, and the various political relations of her native village. And, underlying all, deeper than anything else, higher and broader, lay the strongest principle of her being—conscientiousness. Nowhere is conscience so dominant and all-absorbing as with New England women. It is the granite formation, which lies deepest, and rises out, even to the tops of the highest mountains.

Miss Ophelia was the absolute bond-slave of the "_ought_." Once make her certain that the "path of duty," as she commonly phrased it, lay in any given direction, and fire and water could not keep her from it. She would walk straight down into a well, or up to a loaded cannon's mouth, if she were only quite sure that there the path lay. Her standard of right was so high, so all-embracing, so minute, and making so few concessions to human frailty, that, though she strove with heroic ardor to reach it, she never actually did so, and of course was burdened with a constant and often harassing sense of deficiency;—this gave a severe and somewhat gloomy cast to her religious character.

But, how in the world can Miss Ophelia get along with Augustine St. Clare,—gay, easy, unpunctual, unpractical, sceptical,—in short,—walking with impudent and nonchalant freedom over every one of her most cherished habits and opinions?

To tell the truth, then, Miss Ophelia loved him. When a boy, it had been hers to teach him his catechism, mend his clothes, comb his hair, and bring him up generally in the way he should go; and her heart having a warm side to it, Augustine had, as he usually did with most people, monopolized a large share of it for himself, and therefore it was that he succeeded very easily in persuading her that the "path of duty" lay in the direction of New Orleans, and that she must go with him to take care of Eva, and keep everything from going to wreck and ruin during the frequent illnesses of his wife. The idea of a house without anybody to take care of it went to her heart; then she loved the lovely little girl, as few could help doing; and though she regarded Augustine as very much of a heathen, yet she loved him, laughed at his jokes, and forbore with his failings, to an extent which those who knew him thought perfectly incredible. But what more or other is to be known of Miss Ophelia our reader must discover by a personal

acquaintance.

There she is, sitting now in her state-room, surrounded by a mixed multitude of little and big carpet-bags, boxes, baskets, each containing some separate responsibility which she is tying, binding up, packing, or fastening, with a face of great earnestness.

“Now, Eva, have you kept count of your things? Of course you haven’t,—children never do: there’s the spotted carpet-bag and the little blue band-box with your best bonnet,—that’s two; then the India rubber satchel is three; and my tape and needle box is four; and my band-box, five; and my collar-box; and that little hair trunk, seven. What have you done with your sunshade? Give it to me, and let me put a paper round it, and tie it to my umbrella with my shade;—there, now.”

“Why, aunty, we are only going up home;—what is the use?”

“To keep it nice, child; people must take care of their things, if they ever mean to have anything; and now, Eva, is your thimble put up?”

“Really, aunty, I don’t know.”

“Well, never mind; I’ll look your box over,—thimble, wax, two spools, scissors, knife, tape-needle; all right,—put it in here. What did you ever do, child, when you were coming on with only your papa. I should have thought you’d a lost everything you had.”

“Well, aunty, I did lose a great many; and then, when we stopped anywhere, papa would buy some more of whatever it was.”

“Mercy on us, child,—what a way!”

“It was a very easy way, aunty,” said Eva.

“It’s a dreadful shiftless one,” said aunty.

“Why, aunty, what’ll you do now?” said Eva; “that trunk is too full to be shut down.”

“It _must_ shut down,” said aunty, with the air of a general, as she squeezed the things in, and sprung upon the lid;—still a little gap remained about the mouth of the trunk.

“Get up here, Eva!” said Miss Ophelia, courageously; “what has been done can be done again. This trunk has _got to be_ shut and locked—there are no two ways about it.”

And the trunk, intimidated, doubtless, by this resolute statement, gave in. The hasp snapped sharply in its hole, and Miss Ophelia turned the key, and pocketed it in triumph.

“Now we’re ready. Where’s your papa? I think it time this baggage was set out. Do look out, Eva, and see if you see your papa.”

“O, yes, he’s down the other end of the gentlemen’s cabin, eating an orange.”

“He can’t know how near we are coming,” said aunty; “hadn’t you better run and speak to him?”

“Papa never is in a hurry about anything,” said Eva, “and we haven’t come to the landing. Do step on the guards, aunty. Look! there’s our house, up that street!”

The boat now began, with heavy groans, like some vast, tired monster, to prepare to push up among the multiplied steamers at the levee. Eva joyously pointed out the various spires, domes, and way-marks, by which she recognized her native city.

“Yes, yes, dear; very fine,” said Miss Ophelia. “But mercy on us! the boat has stopped! where is your father?”

And now ensued the usual turmoil of landing—waiters running twenty ways at once—men tugging trunks, carpet-bags, boxes—women anxiously calling to their children, and everybody crowding in a dense mass to the plank towards the landing.

Miss Ophelia seated herself resolutely on the lately vanquished trunk, and marshalling all her goods and chattels in fine military order, seemed resolved to defend them to the last.

“Shall I take your trunk, ma’am?” “Shall I take your baggage?” “Let me ’tend to your baggage, Missis?” “Shan’t I carry out these yer, Missis?” rained down upon her unheeded. She sat with grim determination, upright as a darning-needle stuck in a board, holding on her bundle of umbrella and parasols, and replying with a determination that was enough to strike dismay even into a hackman,

wondering to Eva, in each interval, “what upon earth her papa could be thinking of; he couldn’t have fallen over, now,—but something must have happened;”—and just as she had begun to work herself into a real distress, he came up, with his usually careless motion, and giving Eva a quarter of the orange he was eating, said,

“Well, Cousin Vermont, I suppose you are all ready.”

“I’ve been ready, waiting, nearly an hour,” said Miss Ophelia; “I began to be really concerned about you.

“That’s a clever fellow, now,” said he. “Well, the carriage is waiting, and the crowd are now off, so that one can walk out in a decent and Christian manner, and not be pushed and shoved. Here,” he added to a driver who stood behind him, “take these things.”

“I’ll go and see to his putting them in,” said Miss Ophelia.

“O, pshaw, cousin, what’s the use?” said St. Clare.

“Well, at any rate, I’ll carry this, and this, and this,” said Miss Ophelia, singling out three boxes and a small carpet-bag.

“My dear Miss Vermont, positively you mustn’t come the Green Mountains over us that way. You must adopt at least a piece of a southern principle, and not walk out under all that load. They’ll take you for a waiting-maid; give them to this fellow; he’ll put them down as if they were eggs, now.”

Miss Ophelia looked despairingly as her cousin took all her treasures from her, and rejoiced to find herself once more in the carriage with them, in a state of preservation.

“Where’s Tom?” said Eva.

“O, he’s on the outside, Pussy. I’m going to take Tom up to mother for a peace-offering, to make up for that drunken fellow that upset the carriage.”

“O, Tom will make a splendid driver, I know,” said Eva; “he’ll never get drunk.”

The carriage stopped in front of an ancient mansion, built in that odd mixture of Spanish and French style, of which there are specimens in some parts of New Orleans. It was built in the Moorish fashion,—a square building enclosing a court-yard, into which the carriage drove through an arched gateway. The court, in the inside, had evidently been arranged to gratify a picturesque and voluptuous ideality. Wide galleries ran all around the four sides, whose Moorish arches, slender pillars, and arabesque ornaments, carried the mind back, as in a dream, to the reign of oriental romance in Spain. In the middle of the court, a fountain threw high its silvery water, falling in a never-ceasing spray into a marble basin, fringed with a deep border of fragrant violets. The water in the fountain, pellucid as crystal, was alive with myriads of gold and silver fishes, twinkling and darting through it like so many living jewels. Around the fountain ran a walk, paved with a mosaic of pebbles, laid in various fanciful patterns; and this, again, was surrounded by turf, smooth as green velvet, while a carriage-drive enclosed the whole. Two large orange-trees, now fragrant with blossoms, threw a delicious shade; and, ranged in a circle round upon the turf, were marble vases of arabesque sculpture, containing the choicest flowering plants of the tropics. Huge pomegranate trees, with their glossy leaves and flame-colored flowers, dark-leaved Arabian jessamines, with their silvery stars, geraniums, luxuriant roses bending beneath their heavy abundance of flowers, golden jessamines, lemon-scented verbenum, all united their bloom and fragrance, while here and there a mystic old aloe, with its strange, massive leaves, sat looking like some old enchanter, sitting in weird grandeur among the more perishable bloom and fragrance around it.

The galleries that surrounded the court were festooned with a curtain of some kind of Moorish stuff, and could be drawn down at pleasure, to exclude the beams of the sun. On the whole, the appearance of the place was luxurious and romantic.

As the carriage drove in, Eva seemed like a bird ready to burst from a cage, with the wild eagerness of her delight.

“O, isn’t it beautiful, lovely! my own dear, darling home!” she said to Miss Ophelia. “Isn’t it beautiful?”

“’T is a pretty place,” said Miss Ophelia, as she alighted; “though it looks rather old and heathenish to me.”

Tom got down from the carriage, and looked about with an air of calm, still enjoyment. The negro, it must be remembered, is an exotic of the most gorgeous and superb countries of the world, and he has, deep in his heart, a passion for all that is splendid, rich, and fanciful; a passion which, rudely indulged by an untrained taste, draws on them the ridicule of the colder and more correct

white race.

St. Clare, who was in heart a poetical voluptuary, smiled as Miss Ophelia made her remark on his premises, and, turning to Tom, who was standing looking round, his beaming black face perfectly radiant with admiration, he said,

“Tom, my boy, this seems to suit you.”

“Yes, Mas’r, it looks about the right thing,” said Tom.

All this passed in a moment, while trunks were being hustled off, hackman paid, and while a crowd, of all ages and sizes,—men, women, and children,—came running through the galleries, both above and below to see Mas’r come in. Foremost among them was a highly-dressed young mulatto man, evidently a very _distingue_ personage, attired in the ultra extreme of the mode, and gracefully waving a scented cambric handkerchief in his hand.

This personage had been exerting himself, with great alacrity, in driving all the flock of domestics to the other end of the verandah.

“Back! all of you. I am ashamed of you,” he said, in a tone of authority. “Would you intrude on Master’s domestic relations, in the first hour of his return?”

All looked abashed at this elegant speech, delivered with quite an air, and stood huddled together at a respectful distance, except two stout porters, who came up and began conveying away the baggage.

Owing to Mr. Adolph’s systematic arrangements, when St. Clare turned round from paying the hackman, there was nobody in view but Mr. Adolph himself, conspicuous in satin vest, gold guard-chain, and white pants, and bowing with inexpressible grace and suavity.

“Ah, Adolph, is it you?” said his master, offering his hand to him; “how are you, boy?” while Adolph poured forth, with great fluency, an extemporary speech, which he had been preparing, with great care, for a fortnight before.

“Well, well,” said St. Clare, passing on, with his usual air of negligent drollery, “that’s very well got up, Adolph. See that the baggage is well bestowed. I’ll come to the peop Author: active 1696-1707 Judith Drake Mary Astell

Contributor: James Drake

Release date: July 28, 2018 [eBook #57596]

Language: English

Other information and formats: www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/57596

Credits: Produced by Richard Tonsing and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team at http://www.pgdp.net (This file was produced from images generously made available by The Internet Archive)

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK AN ESSAY IN DEFENCE OF THE FEMALE SEX ***

Produced by Richard Tonsing and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team at http://www.pgdp.net (This file was produced from images generously made available by The Internet Archive)

[Illustration:

THE COMPLEAT BEAU

This vain gay thing sets unfor man, But seem^t fate attends him The powd’ring Barber first began, The Barber Surgeon endst.]

AN ESSAY In Defence of the _FEMALE SEX_.

In which are inserted the

CHARACTERS

OF

A Pedant, _A Squire_, _A Beau_, _A Vertuoso_, _A Poetaster_, _A City-Critick_, &c.

In a Letter to a Lady.

Written by a Lady.

Since each is fond of his own ugly Face; Why shou'd you when we hold it break the Glass?

Prol. to Sir _F. Flutter_.

LONDON,

Printed for _A. Roper_ and _E. Wilkinson_ at the _Black Boy_, and _R. Clavel_ at the _Peacock_, in _Fleetstreet_, 1696.

To Her Royal Highness the Princess Anne _of_ Denmark.

MADAM,

If in adventuring to lay this little Piece at your Highnesses Feet, and humbly beg your Royal Protection of it, I have presum'd too far, be pleas'd to impute it to your own, most gracious Goodness, the knowledge of which encourag'd me. Our Sex are by Nature tender of their own Off-spring, and may be allow'd to have more fondness for those of the Brain, then any other; because they are so few, and meet with so many Enemies at their first appearance in the World. I hope therefore to find pardon, if like an indulgent Parent, I have endeavour'd to advance my first Born, by entering it very early into your Highnesses Service.

I have not presum'd to approach your Highness out of any Confidence in the merits of this Essay, but of the Cause which it pleads, wherein the Honour of the whole Sex seem'd to exact of me no less a Patronage than that of the Best, as well as Greatest among 'em, whom they are all ambitious to see at their head. I have only endeavour'd to reduce the Sexes to a Level, and by Arguments to raise Ours to an Equallity at most with the Men: But your Highness by Illustrious Example daily convinces the World of our Superiority, and we see with wonder, Vertues in you, Madam, greater than your Birth. In this I am peculiarly happy, that I am exempted from the common Task of other Dedicators, who lie under an Obligation of publishing to the World those Excellencies of their Patrons, which perhaps appear no where but in their Epistles. In me it were as great folly, to pretend to make known the Illustrious Quallities of your Highness, as it wou'd be to go about to demonstrate by Argument, that the Sun shin'd, to a Crowd that are warm'd by the Influence of it.

I had attempted the Character of a consummate Woman, could I, tho' but faintly have shaddow'd the inimitable Graces of you Highness; but the impossibillity of that Task forc'd me to desist. It were easy here to lanch into those glorious particulars, which affirmed of any other than your Royal Highness, would have been extravagance of Flattery; but to you Injustice, and in me the highest presumption, to attempt with my feeble Hand those Perfections, which the ablest must fall infinitely short of. The lustre of your Royal Vertues, Madam, like the Sun, gives us warmth and light, and while at a modest distance we admire it, improves our sight, which too bold a view confounds, yet the meanest and most ignorant see those Glories, which the most exquisite Artist can never express. The World therefore will rather justify than comdemn my conduct, if I do not wrong so bright an Original with a dark obscure Copy.

Madam, Tho' the world may condemn my performance, it must applaud my choice in this Address, and own that had I known as well how to Argue, as to Instance, I must infallibly have Triumph'd over all Opposition. It may be easie to evade, or baffle the force of my Arguments, but it is impossible without the utmost Stupidity, and Injustice to deny the manifest Advantages of those Illustrious Graces, which raise your Highness so far above theirs as well as your own Sex. In this I have imitated the conduct of prudent Generals, who, when they doubt the sufficiency of their strength, retire to some strong Fort, and rest secure There is yet another Reason, _Madam_, which tho' the least justifiable, was nevertheless most prevalent with me to devote this Essay to your Highness. My Ambition to shew the profound Respects I have always had for your Highness, would not suffer me to let slip any occasion of expressing it, even tho I blush for the meanes of it. Thus I find my self reduc'd by my Zeal, to the condition of poor Tenants, who must expose their Poverty, to shew their Affection to their Lord in a worthless Present. I am sensible of the rashness of my Ambition in aspiring to the Patronage of Your Highness, and the need I have of an Apology; but were I able to make one as I ought, I should have taken care to have had less occasion for it. Yet I doubt not from Your Goodness that Indulgence, which I cannot expect from

Your Justice, nor but that you will (like Heaven, whose more immediate Images Princes are) accept my unprofitable Service, for the sincerity with which it is tender'd. If my unfeign'd Submission may procure pardon for my Presumption, that Your Happiness may equal Your illustrious Vertues, and Your Royal Person be as far out of the reach of Fortune, as your Fame and Honour of Detraction, shall ever be the prayers of

Madam,

Your Royal Highness's most Humble, most Obedient, and most Devoted Servant

PREFACE.

Prefaces to most Books, are like Prolocutors to Puppet-Shows, they come first to tell you what Figures are to be presented, and what Tricks they are to play. According therefore to ancient and laudable Custom, I have thought fit to let you know by way of Preface, or Advertisement, (call it which you please) that here are many fine Figures within to be seen, as well worth your curiosity, as any in Smithfield _at_ Bartholomew _Tide. I will not deny, Reader, but that you may have seen some of 'em there already; to those that have, I have little more to say, than that if they have a mind to see them again in Effigie, they may do it here. What is it you wou'd have? Here are St._ George's, Batemans, John Dories, Punchinello's, _and the_ Creation of the World, _or what's as good; here's the_ German Artist _too, or one that can show more Tricks than he: If all this will not invite you, y'are grown more squeamish of late, Gentlemen, than you us'd to be, and the poor Bookseller will make but an indifferent Market of you. Well, let the worst come to the worst, 'tis but shifting the scene to_ Smithfield, _and making an Interest in half a dozen Vizor-Masks to be sure of your Company: But he, good Man, is desirous to please you at first hand, and therefore has put a fine Picture in the front to invite you in, so like some of you (as he protests) that you ought never look in a Glass again, if it offends you. For my part, I declare, he has acted clear against my Opinion in this case, and so he has been told; for many a poor Man has lost the showing of his Monster, by gratifying the curiosity of the gaping Crowd with too exact a picture without doors. Besides, there's an unlucky Rogue of a left-handed Barber, that looks like an ill Omen in the beginning. He was told too, that if he wou'd please most of you, he ought to take example by your Glasses and flatter you. Yet he continued obstinate and unmoveable to all these weighty Reasons, and is so fondly bent for his Picture, that he resolv'd against all advice to have it. Nay, and he wou'd have Rhimes underneath it too, which, he says, weigh more with you, than all the Reason in the world. I thought fit to let you know this, that the Bookseller might not lose the credit of his Fancy, if it takes with you, as he is perswaded it will. For you must know, I am a great lover of strict Justice, and therefore would by no means Rob, or Defraud him of the Glory of his Invention, or by any sinister way sullie, or diminish the Honour, or Reputation of his Parts and Ingenuity. For the same Reason likewise I must acquaint you, that the Rhimes are none of mine neither; and now my Hand is in, I don't much care if I tell you, that I am not very good at that ingenious Recreation, called_ Crambo, _from which some rise to be very considerable Rhimers. This now is more then I was oblig'd to tell you, and therefore I hope no body will deny, but that I deal ingenuously at least with you._

This one would think were Preface sufficient; but there are some Men so impertinently curious, that they must needs have a Reason for every thing, that is done in the World, tho' it were in their favour (for which perhaps it were hard to give a good one) when it were their Interest to be satisfied, and thankful without further enquiry. To comply therefore in some measure with the humour of these People, if any such think fit to peruse this Book, I must tell 'em very freely, that I was so far from aiming to oblige, or disoblige 'em by it, that it was never intended for their View. It was occasion'd by a private Conversation, between some Gentlemen and Ladies, and written at the request, and for the Diversion of one Lady more particularly, by whom with my consent it was communicated to two or three more of both Sexes, my Friends likewise.

By them I was with abundance of Complements importun'd to make it publick; now tho' I do with good Reason attribute much more, of what was said to me upon this Occasion, to their good Breeding and Friendship, than to their real Opinions of my Performance; yet I have so much satisfaction in their Sincerity, and Friendship as to be confident they would not suffer, much less perswade me to expose to the world any thing, of which they doubted so far, as to think it would not be tollerably acceptable. Nor have I less assurance of their Judgment and Skill in things of this nature, beside that I have been inform'd by some of 'em, that it has been seen, and favourably receiv'd by some Gentlemen, whom the world thinks no incompetent Judges. After all this Encouragement, I suppose, I shall not be thought vain, if, as I pretend not to the applause, so I fear not the contempt of the world: Yet I presume not so far upon the Merits of what I have written, as to make my Name publick with it. I have elsewhere held, that Vanity was almost the universal mover of all our Actions, and consequently of mine, as well as of others; yet it is not strongenough in me, to induce me to bring my Name upon the publick stage of the World.

There are many Reasons, that oblige me to this cautious, reserv'd way of procedure; tho' I might otherwise be very ambitious of appearing in the defence of my Sex, cou'd I perswade my self, that I was able to write any thing sutable to the dignity of the Subject, which I am not vain enough to think. This indeed is one Reason, because I am sensible it might have been much better defended by abler Pens; such as many among our own Sex are; though I believe scarce thus much wou'd have been expected from me, by those that know me. There is likewise another Reason, which was yet more prevalent with me, and with those few Friends whom I consulted about it, which is this; There are a sort of Men, that upon all occasions think themselves more concern'd, and more thought of than they are, and that, like Men that are deaf, or have any other notorious Defect, can see no body whisper, or laugh, but they think 'tis at themselves. These Men are apt to think, that every ridiculous description they meet with, was intended more particularly for some one or other of them; as indeed it is hard to paint any thing compleat in their several Kinds, without hitting many of their particular Features, even without drawing from them. The knowledge of this, with the consideration of the tenderness of Reputation in our Sex, (which as our delicatest Fruits and finest Flowers are most obnoxious to the injuries of Weather, is submitted to every infectious Blast of malicious Breath) made me very cautious, how I expos'd mine to such poisonous Vapours. I was not ignorant, how liberal some Men are of their Scandal, whenever provok'd, especially by a Woman; and how ready the same Men are to be so, tho upon never so mistaken Grounds. This made me resolve to keep 'em in Ignorance of my Name, and if they have a mind to find me out, let 'em catch me (if they can) as Children at Blindmans Buff do one another, Hoodwinkt; and I am of Opinion I have room enough to put 'em out of Breath before they come near me.

The Event has in Effect prov'd my suspicions Prophetick; for there are (as I am inform'd) already some, so forward to interest themselves against me, that they take Characters upon themselves, before they see 'em; and, for fear they should want some Body to throw their Dirt at, with equal Ignorance, and Injustice Father this Piece upon the Gentleman, who was so kind as to take care of the Publication of it, only to excuse me from appearing. This made me once resolve to oppose my Innocence to their Clamour, and perfix my Name, which I thought I was bound to do in Justice to him. In this Resolution I had persisted, had not the very same Gentleman generously perswaded, and over-rul'd me to the contrary, representing how weak a defence Innocence is against Calumny, how open the Ears of all the World are, and how greedily they suck in any thing to the prejudice of a Woman; and that (to use his own Expression) the scandal of such Men, was like Dirt thrown by Children, and Fools at random, and without Provocation, it would dawb filthily at first, though it were easily washt off again: Adding, that he desir'd me not to be under any concern for him; for he valued the Malice of such men, as little, as their Friendship, the one was as feeble, as tother false.

I suppose I need make no Apology to my own Sex for the meaness of this defence; the bare intention of serving 'em will I hope be accepted, and of Men, the Candid and Ingenuous I am sure will not quarrel with me for any thing in this little Book; since there is nothing in it, which was not drawn from the strictest Reason I was Mistress of, and the best Observations I was able to make, except a start or two only concerning the Salique Law, and the Amazons, _which, if they divert not the Reader, can't offend him_.

I shall not trouble the Reader with any account of the Method I have observ'd, he will easily discover that in reading the Piece it self. I shall only take notice to him of one thing, which with a little attention to what he reads he will readily find to be true, that is, that the Characters were not written out of any Wanton Humour, or Malicious Design to characterize any Particular Persons, but to illustrate what I have said upon the several Heads, under which they are rang'd, and represent not single Men, but so many Clans, or Divisions of Men, that play the Fool seriously in the World. If any Individual seem to be more peculiarly markt, it is because he is perhaps more notorious to the World, by some one or more Articles of the General Character here given I am sure that there is no Man, who is but moderately Acquainted with the World, especially this Town, but may find half a Dozen, or more Originals for every Picture. After all, if any Man have so little Wit, as to appropriate any of these Characters to himself, He takes a liberty I have hitherto never given him, but shall do it now in the Words of a Great Man, If any Fool finds the Cap fit him, let him put it on.

_There are some Men, (I hear) who will not allow this Piece to be written by a Woman; did I know what Estimate to make of their Judgments, I might perhaps have a higher Opinion of this Triffle, than I ever yet had. For I little thought while I was writing this, that any Man (especially an Ingenious Man) should have the scandal of being the reputed Author. For he must think it scandalous to be made to Father a Womans Productions unlawfully. But these Gentlemen, I suppose, believe there is more Wit, than they'l find in this Piece, upon the Credit of the Bookseller, whose Interest it is to flatter it. But were it as well written as I could wish it, or as the Subject wou'd bear, and deserves; I see no reason why our Sex shou'd be robb'd of the Honour of it; Since there have been Women in all Ages, whose Writings might vie with those of the greatest Men, as the Present Age as well as past can testifie. I shall not trouble the Reader with their names, because I wou'd not be thought so vain, as to rank my self among 'em; and their names are already too well known, and celebrated to receive any additional Lustre from so weak Encomiums as mine. I pretend not to imitate, much less to Rival those Illustrious Ladies, who have done so much Honour to their Sex, and are unanswerable Proofs of,

what I contend for. I only wish, that some Ladies now living among us (whose names I forbear to mention in regard to their Modesty) wou'd exert themselves, and give us more recent Instances, who are both by Nature and Education sufficiently qualified to do it, which I pretend not to. I freely own to the Reader, that I know no other Tongue besides my Native, except_ French, _in which I am but very moderately skill'd. I plead not this to excuse the meaness of my Performance; because I know, I may reasonably be ask'd, why I was so forward to write; For that I have already given my reasons above, if they will not satisfie the Reader, he must endeavour to please himself with better, for I am very little solicitous about the matter. I shall only add, that for my Good Will I hope the Favour of my own Sex, which will satisfie my Ambition._

To the Most Ingenious Mrs. —— or her Admirable Defence of Her Sex.

Long have we sung the Fam'd _Orinda_'s praise, And own'd _Astrea_'s Title to the Bays, We to their Wit have paid the Tribute due, But shou'd be Bankrupt, before just to you. Sweet flowing Numbers, and fine Thoughts they writ; But you Eternal Truths, as well as Wit. In them the Force of Harmony we find, In you the Strength, and Vigour of the Mind. Dark Clouds of Prejudice obscur'd their Verse, You with Victorious Prose those Clouds disperse: Those Foggs, which wou'd not to their Flame submit, Vanish before your Rising Sun of Wit. Like Stars, they only in Themselves were bright, The whole Sex shines by your reflected Light. Our Sex have long thro' Usurpation reign'd, And by their Tyranny their Rule maintain'd. Till wanton grown with Arbitrary Sway Depos'd by you They practice to obey, Proudly submitting, when such Graces meet, Beauty by Nature, and by conquest Wit. For Wit they had on their own Sex entail'd, Till for your self, and Sex you thus prevail'd. Thrice happy Sex! Whose Foes such Pow'r disarms, And gives fresh Lustre to your native Charms, Whose Nervous Sense couch'd in close Method lies, Clear as her Soul, and piercing as her Eyes. If any yet so stupid shou'd appear, As still to doubt, what she has made so clear, Her Beautie's Arguments they would allow, And to Her Eyes their full Conversion owe. And by Experiment the World convince. The Force of Reason's less, than that of Sense. Your Sex you with such Charming Grace defend, While that you vindicate, you Ours amend: We in your Glass may see each foul defect. And may not only see, but may correct. In vain old _Greece_ her Sages would compare, They taught what Men should be, you what they are With doubtfull Notiones they Mankind perplext, And with unpracticable Precept vext. In vain they strove wild Passions to reclaim, Uncertain what they were, or whence they came. But you, who have found out their certain Source, May with a happier Hand divert their Course. Themselves so little did those Sages know, That to their Failings We their Learning owe. Their Vanity first caus'd 'em to aspire, And with feirce Wranglings set all _Greece_ on Fire: Thus into sects they split the _Grecian_ youth, Contending more for Victory than Truth. Your Speculations nobler Ends persue, They aim not to be Popular, but true. You with strict Justice in an equal Light, Expose both Wit and Folly to our Sight, Yet as the Bee secure on Poyson feeds, Extracting Honey from the rankest Weeds: So safely you in Fools Instructours find, And Wisdom in the Follies of mankind. With purer Waves henceforth shall Satyr flow, And we this change to your chast Labours owe; Satyr before from a Polluted Source Brought Native Filth, augmented in its course. No longer muddy shall those Streams appear, Which you have purg'd, and made so sweet, and clear. Well may your Wit to us a wonder seem, So strong's the Current, yet so clear the stream, Deep, but not Dull, thro' each transparent Line We see the Gems, which at the Bottom shine. To your Correction freely we submit, Who teach us Modesty, as well as Wit. Our Sex with Blushes must your Conquest own, While yours prepare the Garlands you have won. Your Fame secure long as your Sex shall last, Nor Time, nor Envy shall your Lawrels blast.

James Drake.

The Reader is desir'd to excuse, and correct all Literal Escapes, and to amend the following thus.

Errata:

Page 4. l. 10. for _Engenia_, read _Eugenia_, p. 10. l. 22. for _that_, read _the_, p. 28. l. 16. for _Mammy_, read _Mummy_. p. 29. l. 13. for _change_, read _chance_. p. 32. l. 4. for _Repetion_, read _Repetition_, p. 53. l. 4. for _Essay_, read _Esop_. p. 53. l. 13 for _Messieurs_, read _Sieurs_. p. 60. l. 2. read _upon us_. p. 84. l. 1. for _and these_, read _these_. p. 103. l. 23. for _little_ read _little_. p. 111. l. 12, for _ocsicaons_, read _occasions_. p. 113. l. 1 for _Master_, read _Mastery_. p. 126. l. 20. for _as well_, read _as well as_. p. 143. l. 9. for _inspire_, read _inspires_.

AN ESSAY In Defence of the Female Sex, _&c._

The Conversation we had 'tother day, makes me, Dear _Madam_, but more sensible of the unreasonableness of your desire; which obliges me to inform you further upon a Subject, wherein I have more need of your instruction. The strength of Judgment, sprightly

Fancy, and admirable Address; you shew'd upon that Occasion, speak you so perfect a Mistress of that Argument (as I doubt not but you are of any other that you please to engage in) that whoever, would speak or write well on it, ought first to be your Schollar. Yet to let you see how absolutely you may command me, I had rather be your _Eccho_, than be silent when You bid me speak, and beg your excuse rather for my Failures, than want of Complacence. I know You will not accuse me for a Plagiary if I return You nothing, but what I have glean'd from You, when You consider, that I pretend not to make a Present, but to pay the Interest only of a Debt. Nor can You tax me with Vanity, since no Importunity of a Person less lov'd, or valu'd by me than your self could have extorted thus much from me. This Consideration leaves me no room to doubt but that you will with your usual Candour pardon those Defects, and correct those Errors, which proceed only from an over forward Zeal to oblige You, though to my own Disadvantage.

The defence of our Sex against so many and so great Wits as have so strongly attack'd it, may justly seem a Task too difficult for a Woman to attempt. Not that I can, or ought to yield, that we are by Nature less enabled for such an Enterpize, than Men are; which I hope at least to shew plausible Reasons for, before I have done: But because through the Usurpation of Men, and the Tyranny of Custom (here in _England_ especially) there are at most but few, who are by Education, and acquir'd Wit, or Letters sufficiently quallified for such an Undertaking. For my own part I shall readily own, that as few as there are, there may be and are abundance, who in their daily Conversations approve themselves much more able, and sufficient Assertors of our Cause, than my self; and I am sorry that either their Business, their other Diversions, or too great Indulgence of their Ease, hinder them from doing publick Justice to their Sex. The Men by Interest or Inclination are so generally engag'd against us, that it is not to be expected, that any one Man of Wit should arise so generous as to engage in our Quarrel, and be the Champion of our Sex against the Injuries and Oppressions of his own. Those Romantick days are over, and there is not so much as a _Don Quixot_ of the Quill left to succour the distressed Damsels. 'Tis true, a Feint of something of this Nature was made three or four Years since by one; but how much soever his Eugenia may be oblig'd to him, I am of Opinion the rest of her Sex are but little beholding to him. For as you rightly observ'd, _Madam_, he has taken more care to give an Edge to his Satyr, than force to his Apology; he has play'd a sham Prize, and receives more thrusts than he makes; and like a false Renegade fights under our Colours only for a fairer Opportunity of betraying us. But what could be expected else from a Beau? An Annimal that can no more commend in earnest a Womans Wit, than a Man's Person, and that compliments ours, only to shew his own good Breeding and Parts. He levels his Scandal at the whole Sex, and thinks us sufficiently fortified, if out of the Story of Two Thousand Years he has been able to pick up a few Examples of Women illustrious for their Wit, Learning or Vertue, and Men infamous for the contrary; though I think the most inveterate of our Enemies would have spar'd him that labour, by granting that all Ages have produc'd Persons famous or infamous of both Sexes; or they must throw up all pretence to Modesty, or Reason.

I have neither Learning, nor Inclination to make a Precedent, or indeed any use of Mr. W's. labour'd Common Place Book; and shall leave Pedants and School-Boys to rake and tumble the Rubbish of Antiquity, and muster all the _Heroes_ and _Heroins_ they can find to furnish matter for some wretched Harangue, or stuff a miserable Declamation with instead of Sense or Argument.

[Sidenote: _Some advantages to be allow'd to the disparity of Education._]

I shall not enter into any dispute, whether Men, or Women be generally more ingenious, or learned; that Point must be given up to the advantages Men have over us by their Education, Freedom of Converse, and variety of Business and Company. But when any Comparison is made between 'em, great allowances must be made for the disparity of those Circumstances. Neither shall I contest about the preheminence of our Virtues; I know there are too many Vicious, and I hope there are a great many Virtuous of both Sexes. Yet this I may say, that whatever Vices are found amongst us, have in general both their source, and encouragement from them.

The Question I shall at present handle is, whether the time an ingenious Gentleman spends in the Company of Women, may justly be said to be misemploy'd, or not? I put the question in general terms; because whoever holds the affirmative must maintain it so, or the Sex is no way concern'd to oppose him. On the other side I shall not maintain the Negative, but with some Restrictions and Limitations; because I will not be bound to justifie those Women, whose Vices and ill Conduct expose them deservedly to the Censure of the other Sex, as well as of their own. The Question being thus stated, let us consider the end and purposes, for which Conversation was at first instituted, and is yet desirable; and then we shall see, whether they may not all be found in the Company of Women. These Ends, I take it, are the same with those we aim at in all our other Actions, in general only two, Profit or Pleasure. These are divided into those of the Mind, and those of the Body. Of the latter I shall take no further Notice, as having no Relation to the present Subject; but shall confine my self wholly to the Mind, the Profit of which is the Improvement of the Understanding, and the Pleasure is the Diversion, and Relaxation of its Cares and Passions. Now if either of these Ends be attainable by the Society of

Women, I have gain'd my Point. However, I hope to make it appear, that they are not only both to be met with in the Conversation of Women, but one of them more generally, and in greater measure than in Mens.

Our Company is generally by our Adversaries represented as unprofitable and irksome to Men of Sense, and by some of the more vehement Sticklers against us, as Criminal. These Imputations as they are unjust, especially the latter, so they savour strongly of the Malice, Arrogance and Sottishness of those, that most frequently urge 'em; who are commonly either conceited Fops, whose success in their Pretences to the favour of our Sex has been no greater than their Merit, and fallen very far short of their Vanity and Presumption, or a sort of morose, ill-bred, unthinking Fellows, who appear to be Men only by their Habit and Beards, and are scarce distinguishable from Brutes but by their Figure and Risibility. But I shall wave these Reflections at present, however just, and come closer to our Argument. If Women are not quallified for the Conversation of ingenious Men, or, to go yet further, their friendship, it must be because they want some one condition, or more, necessarily requisite to either. The necessary Conditions of these are Sense, and good nature, to which must be added, for Friendship, Fidelity and Integrity. Now if any of these be wanting to our Sex, it must be either because Nature has not been so liberal as to bestow 'em upon us; or because due care has not been taken to cultivate those Gifts to a competent measure in us.

The first of these Causes is that, which is most generally urg'd against us, whether it be in Raillery, or Spight. I might easily cut this part of the Controversy short by an irrefragable Argument, which is, that the express intent, and reason for which Woman was created, was to be a Companion, and help meet to Man; and that consequently those, that deny 'em to be so, must argue a Mistake in Providence, and think themselves wiser than their Creator. But these Gentlemen are generally such passionate Admirers of themselves, and have such a profound value and reverence for their own Parts, that they are ready at any time to sacrifice their Religion to the Reputation of their Wit, and rather than lose their point, deny the truth of the History. There are others, that though they allow the Story yet affirm, that the propagation, and continuance of Mankind, was the only Reason for which we were made; as if the Wisdom that first made Man, cou'd not without trouble have continu'd the Species by the same or any other Method, had not this been most conducive to his happiness, which was the gracious and only end of his Creation. But these superficial Gentlemen wear their Understandings like their Clothes, always set and formal, and wou'd no more Talk than Dress out of Fashion; Beau's that, rather than any part of their outward Figure shou'd be damag'd, wou'd wipe the dirt of their shoes with their Handkercher, and that value themselves infinitely more upon modish Nonsense, than upon the best Sense against the Fashion. But since I do not intend to make this a religious Argument, I shall leave all further Considerations of this Nature to the Divines, whose more immediate Business and Study it is to assert the Wisdom of Providence in the Order, and distribution of this World, against all that shall oppose it.

[Sidenote: _No distinction of Sexes in Souls._]

To proceed therefore if we be naturally defective, the Defect must be either in Soul or Body. In the Soul it can't be, if what I have hear'd some learned Men maintain, be true, that all Souls are equal, and alike, and that consequently there is no such distinction, as Male and Female Souls; that there are no innate _Idea's_, but that all the Notions we have, are deriv'd from our External Senses, either immediately, or by Reflection. These Metaphysical Speculations, I must own Madam, require much more Learning and a stronger Head, than I can pretend to be Mistress of, to be consider'd as they ought: Yet so bold I may be, as to undertake the defence of these Opinions, when any of our jingling Opponents think fit to refute 'em.

[Sidenote: _No advantage in the Organization of their Bodies._]

Neither can it be in the Body, (if I may credit the Report of learned Physicians) for there is no difference in the Organization of those Parts, which have any relation to, or influence over the Minds; but the Brain, and all other Parts (which I am not Anatomist enough to name) are contriv'd as well for the plentiful conveyance of Spirits, which are held to be the immediate Instruments of Sensation, in Women, as Men. I see therefore no natural Impediment in the structure of our Bodies; nor does Experience, or Observation argue any: We use all our Natural Faculties, as well as Men, nay and our Rational too, deducting only for the advantages before mention'd.

[Sidenote: _Confirm'd from Experience of Brutes._]

Let us appeal yet further to Experience, and observe those Creatures that deviate least from simple Nature, and see if we can find any difference in Sense, or understanding between Males and Females. In these we may see Nature plainest, who lie under no constraint of Custom or Laws, but those of Passion or Appetite, which are Natures, and know no difference of Education, nor receive any Byass by prejudice. We see great distance in Degrees of Understanding, Wit, Cunning and Docility (call them what you

please) between the several Species of Brutes. An Ape, a Dog, a Fox, are by daily Observation found to be more Docile, and more Subtle than an Ox, a Swine, or a Sheep. But a She Ape is as full of, and as ready at Imitation as a He; a Bitch will learn as many Tricks in as short a time as a Dog, a Female Fox has as many Wiles as a Male. A thousand instances of this kind might be produc'd; but I think these are so plain, that to instance more were a superfluous labour; I shall only once more take notice, that in Brutes and other Animals there is no difference betwixt Male and Female in point of Sagacity, notwithstanding there is the same distinction of Sexes, that is between Men and Women. I have read, that some Philosophers have held Brutes to be no more than meer Machines, a sort of Divine Clock-work, that Act only by the force of nice unseen Springs without Sensation, and cry out without feeling Pain, Eat without Hunger, Drink without Thirst, fawn upon their Keepers without seeing 'em, hunt Hares without Smelling, _&c._ Here Madam is cover for our Antagonists against the last Argument so thick, that there is no beating 'em out. For my part, I shall not envy 'em their refuge, let 'em lie like the wild _Irish_ secure within their Boggs; the field is at least ours, so long as they keep to their Fastnesses. But to quit this Topick, I shall only add, that if the learnedest He of 'em all can convince me of the truth of this Opinion, He will very much stagger my Faith; for hitherto I have been able to observe no difference between our Knowledge and theirs, but a gradual one; and depend upon Revelation alone, that our Souls are Immortal, and theirs not.

[Sidenote: _Experience of Mankind._]

But if an Argument from Brutes and other Animals shall not be allow'd as conclusive, (though I can't see, why such an Inference should not be valid, since the parity of Reason is the same on both sides in this Case.) I shall desire those, that hold against us to observe the Country People, I mean the inferiour sort of them, such as not having Stocks to follow Husbandry upon their own Score, subsist upon their daily Labour. For amongst these, though not so equal as that of Brutes, yet the Condition of the two Sexes is more level, than amongst Gentlemen, City Traders, or rich Yeomen. Examine them in their several Businesses, and their Capacities will appear equal; but talk to them of things indifferent, and out of the Road of their constant Employment, and the Ballance will fall on our side, the Women will be found the more ready and polite. Let us look a little further, and view our Sex in a state of more improvement, amongst our Neighbours the _Dutch_. There we shall find them managing not only the Domestick Affairs of the Family, but making, and receiving all Payments as well great as small, keeping the Books, ballancing the Accounts, and doing all the Business, even the nicest of Merchants, with as much Dexterity and Exactness as their, or our Men can do. And I have often hear'd some of our considerable Merchants blame the conduct of our Country-Men in this point; that they breed our Women to ignorant of Business; whereas were they taught Arithmetick, and other Arts which require not much bodily strength, they might supply the places of abundance of lusty Men now employ'd in sedentary Business; which would be a mighty profit to the Nation by sending those Men to Employments, where hands and Strength are more requir'd, especially at this time when we are in such want of People. Beside that it might prevent the ruine of many Families, which is often occasion'd by the Death of Merchants in full Business, and leaving their Accounts perplex'd, and embroil'd to a Widdow and Orphans, who understanding nothing of the Husband or Father's Business occasions the Rending, and oftentimes the utter Confounding a fair Estate; which might be prevented, did the Wife but understand Merchants Accounts, and were made acquainted with the Books.

I have yet another Argument from Nature, which is, that the very Make and Temper of our Bodies shew that we were never design'd for Fatigue; and the Vivacity of our Wits, and Readiness of our Invention (which are confess'd even by our Adversaries) demonstrate that we were chiefly intended for Thought and the Exercise of the Mind. Whereas on the contrary it is apparent from the strength and size of their Limbs, the Vigour and Hardiness of their Constitutions, that Men were purposely fram'd and contriv'd for Action, and Labour. And herein the Wisdom and Contrivance of Providence is abundantly manifested; for as the one Sex is fortified with Courage and Ability to undergo the necessary Drudgery of providing Materials for the sustenance of Life in both; so the other is furnish'd with Ingenuity and Prudence for the orderly management and distribution of it, for the Relief and Comfort of a Family; and is over and above enrich'd with a peculiar Tenderness and Care requisite to the Cherishing their poor helpless Off-spring. I know our Opposers usually miscall our quickness of Thought, Fancy and Flash, and christen their own heaviness by the specious Names of Judgment and Solidity; but it is easie to retort upon 'em the reproachful Ones of Dullness and Stupidity with more Justice. I shall pursue this Point no further, but continue firm in my Persuasion, that Nature has not been so Niggardly to us, as our Adversaries would insinuate, till I see better cause to the contrary, then I have hitherto at any time done. Yet I am ready to yield to Conviction, whoever offers it; which I don't suddenly expect.

It remains then for us to enquire, whether the Bounty of Nature be wholly neglected, or stifled by us, or so far as to make us unworthy the Company of Men? Or whether our Education (as bad as it is) be not sufficient to make us a useful, nay a necessary part of Society for the greatest part of Mankind. This cause is seldom indeed urg'd against us by the Men, though it be the only one, that gives 'em any advantage over us in understanding. But it does not serve their Pride, there is no Honour to be gain'd by it: For a

Man ought no more to value himself upon being Wiser than a Woman, if he owe his Advantage to a better Education, and greater means of Information, then he ought to boast of his Courage, for beating a Man, when his Hands were bound. Nay it would be so far from Honourable to contend for preference upon this Score, that they would thereby at once argue themselves guilty both of Tyranny, and of Fear: [Sidenote: _Women industriously kept in Ignorance._] I think I need not have mention'd the latter; for none can be Tyrants but Cowards. For nothing makes one Party slavishly depress another, but their fear that they may at one time or other become Strong or Couragious enough to make themselves equal to, if not superiour to their Masters. This is our Case; for Men being sensible as well of the Abilities of Mind in our Sex, as of the strength of Body in their own, began to grow Jealous, that we, who in the Infancy of the World were their Equals and Partners in Dominion, might in process of Time, by Subtlety and Stratagem, become their Superiours; and therefore began in good time to make use of Force (the Origine of Power) to compell us to a Subjection, Nature never meant; and made use of Natures liberality to them to take the benefit of her kindness from us. From that time they have endeavour'd to train us up altogether to Ease and Ignorance; as Conquerors use to do to those, they reduce by Force, that so they may disarm 'em, both of Courage and Wit; and consequently make them tamely give up their Liberty, and abjectly submit their Necks to a slavish Yoke. As the World grew more Populous, and Mens Necessities whetted their Inventions, so it increas'd their Jealousy, and sharpen'd their Tyranny over us, till by degrees, it came to that height of Severity, I may say Cruelty, it is now at in all the Eastern parts of the World, where the Women, like our Negroes in our Western Plantations, are born slaves, and live Prisoners all their Lives. Nay, so far has this barbarous Humour prevail'd, and spread it self, that in some parts of _Europe_, which pretend to be most refin'd and civiliz'd, in spite of Christianity, and the Zeal for Religion which they so much affect, our Condition is not very much better. And even in _France_, a Country that treats our Sex with more Respect than most do, [Sidenote: _Original of the Salique Law._] We are by the _Salique Law_ excluded from Soveraign Power. The _French_ are an ingenious People, and the Contrivers of that Law knew well enough, that We were no less capable of Reigning, and Governing well, than themselves; but they were suspicious, that if the Regal Power shou'd fall often into the hands of Women, they would favour their own Sex, and might in time restore 'em to their Primitive Liberty and Equality with the Men, and so break the neck of that unreasonable Authority they so much affect over us; and therefore made this Law to prevent it. The Historians indeed tell us other Reasons, but they can't agree among themselves, and as Men are Parties against us, and therefore their Evidence may justly be rejected. To say the truth Madam, I can't tell how to prove all this from Ancient Records; for if any Histories were, anciently written by Women, Time, and the Malice of Men have effectually conspir'd to suppress 'em; and it is not reasonable to think that Men shou'd transmit, or suffer to be transmitted to Posterity, any thing that might shew the weakness and illegallity of their Title to a Power they still exercise so arbitrarily, and are so fond of. But since daily Experience shews, and their own Histories tell us, how earnestly they endeavour, and what they act, and suffer to put the same Trick upon one another, 'tis natural to suppose they took the same measures with us at first, which now they have effected, like the Rebels in our last Civil Wars, when they had brought the Royal Party under, they fall together by the Ears about the Dividend. [Sidenote: _Amazons; why they rejected the Society of Men._] The Sacred History takes no notice of any such Authority they had before the Flood, and their Own confess that whole Nations have rejected it since, and not suffer'd a Man to live amongst them, which cou'd be for no other Reason, than their Tyranny. For upon less provocation the Women wou'd never have been so foolish, as to deprive themselves of the benefit of that Ease and Security, which a good agreement with their Men might have afforded 'em. 'Tis true the same Histories tell us, that there were whole Countries where were none but Men, which border'd upon 'em. But this makes still for us; for it shews that the Conditions of their Society were not so easie, as to engage their Women to stay amongst 'em; but as liberty presented it self, they withdrew and retired to the _Amazons_: But since our Sex can hardly boast of so great Privileges, and so easie a Servitude any where as in _England_, I cut this ungrateful Digression short in acknowledgment; tho' Fetters of Gold are still Fetters, and the softest Lining can never make 'em so easy, as Liberty.

You will excuse, I know Madam, this short, but necessary Digression. I call it necessary, because it shews a probable Reason, why We are at this time in such subjection to them, without lessening the Opinion of our Sense, or Natural Capacities either at present, or for the time past; beside that it briefly lays open without any Scandal to our Sex, why our Improvements are at present so disproportion'd to those of Men. I wou'd not have any of our little, unthinking Adversaries triumph at my allowing a disproportion between the Improvements of our Sex and theirs; and I am sure those of 'em that are ingenious Men, will see no reason for it from what I have said.

After having granted so great a disparity as I have already done in the customary Education, and advantagious Liberties of the Sexes, 'twere Nonsense to maintain, that our Society is generally and upon all accounts as Beneficial, Improving and Entertaining, as that of Men. He must be a very shallow Fellow, that resorts to, and frequents us in hopes by our means to make himself considerable as a Schollar, a Mathematician, a Philosopher, or a States-man. These Arts and Sciences are the result only of much

Study and great Experience; and without one at least of 'em are no more to be acquir'd by the Company of Men, however celebrated for any or all of them, than by ours. But there are other Quallifications, which are as indispensably necessary to a Gentleman, or any Man that wou'd appear to Advantage in the World, which are attainable only by Company, and Conversation, and chiefly by ours. Nor can the greatest part of Mankind, of what Quallity soever, boast much of the use they make, or the benefit they reap from these acknowledg'd Advantages. So that Schollars only, and some few of the more thinking Gentlemen, and Men of Business have any just claim to 'em. And of these the first generally fall short enough some other way to make the Ballance even. [Sidenote: _Character of a Pedant._] For Schollars, though by their acquaintance with Books, and conversing much with Old Authors, they may know perfectly the Sense of the Learned Dead, and be perfect Masters of the Wisdom, be throughly inform'd of the State, and nicely skill'd in the Policies of Ages long since past, yet by their retir'd and unactive Life, their neglect of Business, and constant Conversation with Antiquity, they are such Strangers to, and to ignorant of the Domestick Affairs and manners of their own Country and Times, that they appear like the Ghosts of Old Romans rais'd by Magick. Talk to them of the _Assyrian_, or _Perssian_ Monarchies, the _Grecians_ or _Roman_ Common-wealths. They answer like Oracles, they are such finish'd Statemen, that we shou'd scarce take 'em to have been less than Confifidents of _Semiramis_, Tutours to _Cyrus_ the great, old Cronies of _Solon_ and _Lycurgus_, or Privy Councellours at least to the Twelve _Cæsars_ successively; but engage them in a Discourse that concerns the present Times, and their Native Country, and they heardly speak the Language of it, and know so little of the affairs of it, that as much might reasonably be expected from an animated _Egyptian_ Mummy. They are very much disturbed to see a Fold or a Plait amiss the Picture of an Old _Roman_ Gown, yet take no notice that their own are thredbare out at the Elbows, or Ragged, and suffer more if _Priscians_ Head be broken then if it were their own. They are excellent Guides, and can direct you to every Ally, and turning in old _Rome_; yet lose their way at home in their own Parish. They are mighty admirers of the Wit and Eloquence of the Ancients; yet had they liv'd in the time of _Cicero_, and _Cæsar_ wou'd have treated them with as much supercilious Pride, and disrespect as they do now with Reverence. They are great hunters of ancient Manuscripts, and have in great Veneration any thing, that has scap'd the Teeth of Time and Rats, and if Age have obliterated the Characters, 'tis the more valuable for not being legible. But if by chance they can pick out one Word, they rate it higher then the whole Author in Print, and wou'd give more for one Proverb of _Solomons_ under his own Hand, then for all his Wisdom. These Superstitious, bigotted Idolaters of time past, are Children in their understanding all their lives; for they hang so incessantly upon the leading Strings of Authority, that their Judgments like the Limbs of some _Indian_ Penitents, become altogether crampt and motionless for want of use.

But as these Men, will hardly be reckon'd much superiour to us upon the account of their Learning or Improvements, so neither will I suppose another sort diametrically opposite to these in their Humors and Opinions: [Sidenote: _Character of a Country Squire._] I mean those whose Ancestors have been wise and provident, and rais'd Estates by their Ingenuity and Industry, and given all their Posterity after 'em Means, and Leisure to be Fools. These are generally sent to School in their Minority, and were they kept there till they came to Years of Discretion, might most of 'em stay, till they cou'd tuck their Beards into their Girdles before they left carrying a Satchel. In conformity to Custom, and the Fashion, they are sent early to serve an Apprenticeship to Letters, and for eight or nine years are whipt up and down through two or three Counties from School to School; when being arriv'd a Sixteen, or Seventeen Years of Age, and having made the usual _Tour_ of Latin, and Greek Authors, they are call'd Home to be made Gentlemen. As soon as the young Squire has got out of the House of Bondage, shaken off the awe of Birch, and begins to feel himself at Liberty, he considers that he is now Learned enough, (and 'tis ten to one but his Friends are wise enough to be of his Opinion) and thinks it high time to shake off the barbarous Acquaintance he contracted, with those crabbed, vexatious, obscure Fellows, that gave him so much trouble and smart at School, Companions by no means fit for a Gentleman, that writ only to torment and perplex poor Boys, and exercise the tyranny of Pedants and School-masters. These prudent resolutions taken, his Conversation for some years succeeding is wholly taken up by his Horses, Dogs and Hawks (especially if his Residence be in the Country) and the more sensless Animals that tend 'em. His Groom, his Huntsman, and his Falconer are his Tutors, and his walk is from the Stable to the Dog-kennel, and the reverse of it. His diversion is drudgery, and he is in highest satisfaction when he is most tir'd. He wearies you in the Morning with his Sport, in the Afternoon with the noisie Repetition and Drink, and the whole Day with Fatigue and Confusion. His Entertainment is stale Beer, and the History of his Dogs and Horses, in which he gives you the Pedigree of every one with all the exactness of a Herald; and if you be very much in his good Graces, 'tis odds, but he makes you the Compliment of a Puppy of one of his favourite Bitches, which you must take with abundance of Acknowledgments of his Civillity, or else he takes you for a stupid, as well as an ill bred Fellow. He is very constant at all Clubs and Meetings of the Country Gentlemen, where he will suffer nothing to be talk'd or hear'd of but his Jades, his Curs, and his Kites. Upon these he rings perpetual Changes, and trespasses as much upon the patience of the Company in the Tavern, as upon their Enclosures in the Field, and is least impertinent, when most drunk.

His grand Business is to make an Assignation for a Horse Race, or a Hunting Match, and nothing discomposes him so much as a Disappointment. Thus accomplish'd, and finish'd for a Gentleman, he enters the Civil Lists, and holds the Scale of Justice with as much Blindness as she is said to do. From hence forward his Worship becomes as formidable to the Ale-Houses, as he was before Familiar; he sizes an Ale Pot, and takes the dimensions of Bread with great Dexterity and Sagacity. He is the terrour of all the Deer, and Poultry Stealers in the Neighbourhood, and is so implacable a Persecutor of Poachers, that he keeps a Register of all the Dogs and Guns in the Hundred, and is the Scare-Beggar of the Parish. Short Pots, and unjustifiable Dogs and Nets, furnish him with sufficient matter for Presentments, to carry him once a Quarter to the Sessions; where he says little, Eats and Drinks much, and after Dinner, Hunts over the last Chace, and so rides Worshipfully Drunk home again. At home he Exercises his Authority in granting his Letters, Pattents to Petitioners for erecting Shovel Board, Tables and Ginger Bread Stalls. If he happen to live near any little Borough or Corporation that sends Burgesses to Parliament, he may become ambitious and sue for the Honour of being made their Representative. Henceforward he grows Popular, bows to, and treats the Mob all round him; and whether there be any in his Discourse or not, there is good Sense in his Kitchin and his Cellar, which is more agreeable and edifying. If he be so happy as to out-tap his Competitour, and Drink his Neighbours into an Opinion of his Sobriety, he is chosen, and up he comes to that Honourable Assembly, where he shews his Wisdom best by his Silence, and serves his Country most in his absence.

I give you these two Characters, _Madam_, as irreconcileable as Water and Oyl, to shew that Men may and do often Baffle and Frustrate the Effects of a liberal Education, as well by Industry as Negligence. 'Tis hard to say, which of these two is the more Sottish; the first is such an Admirer of Letters, that he thinks it a disparagement to his Learning to talk what other Men understand, and will scarce believe that two, and two, make four, under a Demonstration from _Euclid_, or a Quotation of _Aristotle_: The latter has such a fear of Pedantry always before his Eyes, that he thinks it a Scandal to his good Breeding, and Gentility to talk Sense, or write true _English_; and has such a contemptible Notion of his past Education, that he thinks the _Roman_ Poets good for nothing but to teach Boys to cap Verses. For my Part I think the Learned, and Unlearned Blockhead pretty equal; for 'tis all one to me, whether a Man talk Nonsense, or Unintelligible Sense, I am diverted and edified alike by either; the one enjoys himself less, but suffers his Friends to do it more; the other enjoys himself and his own Humour enough, but will let no body else do it in his Company. Thus, _Madam_, I have set them before You, and shall leave you to determine a Point, which I cannot.

[Sidenote: _The Education of the Female Sex not so deficient as commonly thought._]

There are others that deserve to be brought into the Company of these upon like Honourable Reasons; but I keep them in reserve for a proper place, where I may perhaps take the Pains to draw their Pictures to the Life at full length. Let us now return to our Argument, from which we have had a long breathing while. Let us look into the manner of our Education, and see wherein it falls short of the Mens, and how the defects of it may be, and are generally supply'd. In our tender years they are the same, for after Children can Talk, they are promiscuously taught to Read and Write by the same Persons, and at the same time both Boys and Girls. When these are acquir'd, which is generally about the Age of Six or Seven Years, they begin to be separated, and the Boys are sent to the _Grammer School_, and the Girls to _Boarding Schools_, or other places, to learn Needle Work, Dancing, Singing, Musick, Drawing, Painting, and other Accomplishments, according to the Humour and Ability of the Parents, or Inclination of the Children. Of all these, Reading and Writing are the main Instruments of Conversation; though Musick and Painting may be allow'd to contribute something towards it, as they give us an insight into two Arts, that makes up a great Part of the Pleasures and Diversions of Mankind. Here then lies the main Defect, that we are taught only our Mother Tongue, or perhaps _French_, which is now very fashionable, and almost as Familiar amongst Women of Quality as Men; whereas the other Sex by means of a more extensive Education to the knowledge of the _Roman_ and _Greek_ Languages, have a vaster Feild for their Imaginations to rove in, and their Capacities thereby enlarg'd. To see whether this be strictly true or not, I mean in what relates to our debate, I will for once suppose, that we are instructed only in our own Tongue, and then enquire whether the disadvantage be so great as it is commonly imagin'd. You know very well, _Madam_, that for Conversation, it is not requisite we should be Philologers, Rhetoricians, Philosophers, Historians or Poets; but only that we should think pertinently and express our thoughts properly, on such matters as are the proper Subjects for a mixt Conversation. The _Italians_, a People as delicate in their Conversation as any in the World, have a Maxim that our selves, our Neighbours, Religion, or Business ought never to be the Subject. [Sidenote: _Religion, &c. no proper subjects for mixt Conversation._] There are very substantial Reasons, to be given for these Restrictions for Men are very apt to be vain, and impertinent, when they talk of themselves, besides that others are very jealous, and apt to suspect, that all the good things said, are intended as so many arguments of preference to them. When they speak of their Neighbours, they are apt out of a Principle of Emulation and Envy, natural to all the race of _Adam_ to lessen, and tarnish their Fame, whether by open Scandal, and Defamatory Stories, and Tales, or by malicious Insinuations, invidious Circumstances, sinister and covert Reflections. This humour

springs from an over fondness of our selves, and a mistaken conceit that anothers loss is an addition to our own Reputation, as if like two Buckets, one must necessarily rise as the other goes down. This is the basest and most ungenerous of all our natural Failures, and ought to be corrected as much as possible e'ry where; but more especially in _Italy_, where Resentments are carried so high, and Revenges prosecuted with so much Heat, and Animosity. Religion is likewise very tender there, as in all other places, where the Priests have so much Power and Authority. But even here, where our differences and Disputes have made it more tame, and us'd it to rough handling, it ought carefully to be avoided; for nothing raises unfriendly warmths among Company more than a religious Argument, which therefore ought to be banisht all Society intended only for Conversation and Diversion. Business is too dry and barren to give any Spirit to Conversation, or Pleasure to a Company, and is therefore rather to be reckon'd among the Encumbrances than Comforts of Life, however necessary. Besides these, Points of Learning, abstruse Speculations, and nice Politicks, ought, in my opinion, to be excluded; because being things that require much Reading and Consideration, they are not fit to be canvas'd _ex tempore_ in mixt Company, of which 'tis probable the greatest part will have little to say to 'em, and will scarce be content to be silent Hearers only; besides that they are not in their nature gay enough to awaken the good Humour, or raise the Mirth of the Company. Nor need any one to fear, that by these limitations Conversation shou'd be restrain'd to too narrow a compass, there are subjects enough that are in themselves neither insipid, nor offensive; such as Love, Honour, Gallantry, Morality, News, Raillery, and a numberless train of other Things copious and diverting. Now I can't see the necessity of any other Tongue beside our own to enable us to talk plausibly, or judiciously upon any of these Topicks: Nay, I am very confident that 'tis possible for an ingenious Person to make a very considerable progress in most parts of Learning, by the help of English only. [Sidenote: _Great Improvements to be made by the help of English Books only._] For the only reason I can conceive of learning Languages, is to arrive at the Sense, Wit or Arts, that have been communicated to the World in 'em. Now of those that have taken the pains to make themselves Masters of those Treasures, many have been so generous as to impart a share of 'em to the Publick, by Translations for the use of the Unlearned; and I flatter my self sometimes, that several of these were more particularly undertaken by Ingenious, good Natur'd Men in Kindness and Compassion to our Sex. But whatever the Motives were, the obliging Humour has so far prevail'd, that scarce any thing either Ancient or Modern that might be of general use either for Pleasure, or Instruction is left untouch'd, and most of them are made entirely free of our Tongue. I am no Judge either of the Accuracy, or Elegance of such Performances; but if I may credit the report of Learned and Ingenious Gentlemen, (whose Judgment or Sincerity I have no reason to question) many of those excellent Authors have lost nothing by the change of Soil. I can see and admire the Wit and Fancy of _Ovid_ in the Translation of his Epistles, and Elegies, the softness and Passion of _Tibullus_, the Impetuosity and Fire of _Juvenal_, the Gayety, Spirit and Judgment of _Horace_; who, though he may appear very different from himself through the diversity, and inequality of the Hands concern'd in making him speak _English_, yet may easily be guess'd at from the several excellent Pieces render'd by the Earl of _Roscommon_, Mr. _Cowley_, Mr. _Dryden_, Mr. _Congreve_, Mr. _Brown_ and other ingenious Gentlemen, who have oblig'd the Nation with their excellent Versions of some parts of him. Nor is it possible to be insensible of the sweetness and Majesty of _Virgil_, after having read those little but Divine Samples already made Publick in _English_ by Mr. _Dryden_, which gives us so much Impatience to see the whole Work entire by that admirable Hand. I have heard some ingenious Gentlemen say, That it was impossible to do Justice in our Tongue to these two last Celebrated Roman Poets, and I have known others, of whose Judgments I have as high an Opinion, affirm the contrary; my ignorance of Latin disables me from determining whether we are in the right, but the Beauty of what I have already seen by the means of those Gentlemen, has so far prejudic'd me in favour of the latter; that might I have 'em entire from the same hands, I think I shou'd scarce envy those who can tast the pleasure of the Originals. Nor is it to the Poets only, that we stand indebted for the Treasure of Antiquity, we have no less Engagements to those, who have successfully labour'd in Prose, and have mads us familiar with _Plutarch_, _Seneca_, _Cicero_, and in general with all the famous Philosophers, Orators and Historians, from whom we may at once learn both the Opinions and Practices of their Times. Assisted by these helps, 'tis impossible for any Woman to be ignorant that is but desirous to be otherwise, though she know no part of Speech out of her Mother Tongue. But these are neither the only, nor the greatest Advantages we have; all that is excellent in _France_, _Italy_, or any of our neighbouring Nations is now become our own; to one of whom, I may be bold to say, we are beholding for more, and greater Improvements of Conversation, than to all Antiquity, and the learned Languages together. [Sidenote: _The name of Learning unjustly restrained to the knowledge of Latin and Greek only._] Nor can I imagine for what good Reason a Man skill'd in Latin and Greek, and vers'd in the Authors of Ancient Times shall be call'd Learned; yet another who perfectly understands _Italian_, _French_, _Spanish_, _High Dutch_, and the rest of the _European_ Languages, is acquainted with the Modern History of all those Countries, knows their Policies, has div'd into all the Intrigues of the several Courts, and can tell their mutual Dispositions, Obligations and Ties of Interest one to another, shall after all this be thought Unlearned for want of those two Languages. Nay, though he be never so well vers'd in the Modern Philosophy, Astronomy, Geometry and Algebra, he shall notwithstanding never be allow'd that honourable Title. I can see but one apparent Reason for this

unfair Procedure; which is, that when about an Age and an half ago, all the poor Remains of Learning then in Being, were in the hands of the Schoolmen; they wou'd suffer none to pass Muster, that were not deeply engag'd in those intricate, vexatious and unintelligible Trifles, for which themselves contended with so much Noise and Heat; or at least were not acquainted with _Plato_ and _Aristotle_, and their Commentators; from whence the Sophistry and Subtleties of the Schools at that time were drawn. This Usurpation was maintain'd by their Successors, the Divines, who to this day pretend almost to the Monopoly of Learning; and though some generous Spirits have in good measure broke the neck of this Arbitrary, Tyrannical Authority; yet can't they prevail to extend the name of Learning beyond the Studies, in which the Divines are more particularly conversant. Thus you shall have 'em allow a Man to be a wise Man, a good Naturalist, a good Mathematician, Politician, or Poet, but not a Scholar, a learned Man, that is no Philologer. For my part I think these Gentlemen have just inverted the use of the Term, and given that to the knowledge of words, which belongs more properly to Things. I take Nature to be the great Book of Universal Learning, which he that reads best in all or any of its Parts, is the greatest Scholar, the most learned Man; and 'tis as ridiculous for a Man to count himself more learned than another, if he have no greater extent of knowledge of things, because he is more vers'd in Languages; as it would be for an Old Fellow to tell a Young One, his Eyes were better than his, because he Reads with Spectacles, the other without.

[Sidenote: _English Books the best helps to Conversation._]

Thus, _Madam_, you see we may come in Time to put in for Learning, if we have a mind, without falling under the Correction of Pedants. But I will let Learning alone at present, because I have already banish'd it (though not out of disrespect) from mix'd Conversation; to which we will return, and of which the greatest Magazines and Supports are still in Reserve. I mean the many excellent Authors of our own Country, whose Works it were endless to recount. Where is Love, Honour and Bravery more lively represented than in our Tragedies, who has given us Nobler, or juster Pictures of Nature than Mr. _Shakespear_? Where is there a tenderer Passion, than in the Maids Tragedy? Whose Grief is more awful and commanding than Mr. _Otways_? Whose Descriptions more Beautifull, or Thoughts more Gallant than Mr. _Drydens_? When I see any of their Plays acted, my Passions move by their Direction, my Indignation, my Compassion, my Grief are all at their Beck. Nor is our Comedy at all inferiour to our Tragedy; for, not to mention those already nam'd for the other part of the Stage, who are all excellent in this too, Sir _George Etherege_ and Sir _Charles Sedley_ for neat Raillery and Gallantry are without Rivals, Mr. _Wicherley_ for strong Wit, pointed Satyr, sound and useful Observations is beyond Imitation; Mr. _Congreve_ for sprightly, gentile, easie Wit falls short of no Man. These are the Masters of the Stage; but there are others who though of an inferiour Class, yet deserve Commendation, were that at present my Business. Nay, even the worst of 'em afford us some diversion; for I find a sort of foolish Pleasure, and can laugh at Mr. _D——y_'s Farce, as I do at the Tricks, and Impertinencies of a Monkey; and was pleased to see the humour and delight of the Author in Mr. _H——n_'s Eating, and Drinking Play which I fancy'd was written in a Victualling House. In short, were it not for the too great frequency of loose Expressions, and wanton Images, I should take our Theaters for the best Schools in the World of Wit, Humanity, and Manners; which they might easily become by retrenching that too great Liberty. Neither have the Poets only, but the Criticks too Endeavour'd to compleat us; Mr. _Dennis_ and Mr. _Rimer_ have by their Ingenious, and judicious labours taught us to admire the Beauties as we ought, and to know the faults of the former. Nor are we less beholding to these for forming our Judgments, than to those for raising our Fancies.

These are the Sources from whence we draw our gayer part of Conversation; I don't mean in exclusion to the other parts of Poetry, in most of which (as I have heard good Judges say) we equal at least the Ancients, and far surpass all the Moderns. I honour the Names, and admire the Writings of _Denham_, _Suckling_ and _D'avenant_, I am ravish'd with the Fancy of _Cowley_, and the Gallantry of _Waller_. I reverence the _Fairy Queen_, am rais'd, and elevated with _Paradise Lost_, _Prince Arthur_ composes and reduces me to a State of Yawning indifference, and Mr. _W—stl—y_'s _Heroicks_ lull me to Sleep. Thus all Ranks and Degrees of Poets have their use, and may be serviceable to some body or other from the Prince to the Pastry Cook, or Past-board Box-maker. I should mention our Satyrists, but it would be endless to descend to every particular, of these Mr. _Oldham_ is admirable, and to go no further, the inimitable Mr. _Butler_ will be an everlasting Testimony, of the Wit of his Age, and Nation, and bid eternal defiance to the Wits of all Countries, and future Ages to follow him in a Path before untrack'd. Our Prose Writers, that are eminent for a gay Style and Iovial Argument, are so many, that it would swell this Letter too much to name 'em, so that I shall only take notice, that whoever can read without Pleasure, or Laughter, _The contempt of the Clergy_, and the following Letters and Dialogues by the same Author, or the facetious Dialogues of Mr. _Brown_ must be more Splenetick than _Heraclitus_, or more stupid, than the Ass he laugh'd at.

Nor are we less provided for the serious Part; Morality has generally been the Province of our Clergy who have treated of all parts of it very largely with so much Piety, Solidity, and Eloquence, that as I think I may venture to say, they have written more upon it

than the Clergy of all the rest of the World; so I believe no Body will deny that they have written better. Yet I cou'd wish, that our Ingenious Gentlemen wou'd employ their Pens oftner on these Subjects; because the severity of the other's Profession obliges 'em to write with an Air, and in a Style less agreable, and inviting to Young People, Not that we are without many excellent Pieces of Morality, Humanity and Civil Prudence written by, and like Gentlemen. But it is the Excellence of 'em, and the ability of our Gentlemen, which appears in the Spirit, Wit, and curious Observations in those Pieces, which make me desire more of the same Nature, Who can read the Essays of that Wonderful Man my Lord _Bacon_, or the no less to be admir'd Sir _Walter Raleigh_'s, or Mr. _Osborns_ advice to a Son, the _Advice to a Daughter_, Sir _William Temple_'s, or Sir _George Machenzie_'s Essays, Sir _Roger L'Estrange_'s Esop (to which last we are likewise oblig'd for an incomparable Version of _Seneca_) and abundance of others, without wishing for more from the same or the like hands? Our Neighbours the _French_, have written a great deal of this kind, of the best of which we have the benefit in _English_; but more particularly the _Sieurs_, _Montagne_, _Rochefaucaut_, and St. _Evremont_ deserve to be immortal in all Languages. I need not mention any more, it is apparent from these that Women want not the means of being Wise and Prudent without more Tongues than one; nay, and Learned too, if they have any Ambition to be so.

The numberless Treatises of Antiquities, Philosophy, Mathematicks, Natural, and other History (in which I can't pass silently by, that learned One of Sir _Walter Raleigh_, which the World he writ of can't match) written originally in, or translated to our Tongue are sufficient to lead us a great way into any Science our Curiousity shall prompt us to. The greatest difficulty we struggled with, was the want of a good Art of Reasoning, which we had not, that I know of, till that defect was supply'd by the greatest Master of that Art Mr. _Locke_, whose Essay on Human Understanding makes large amends for the want of all others in that kind.

Thus Madam I have endeavour'd to obviate all our Adversarie's Objections, by touching upon as great a Variety of things relating to the Subject as I conveniently cou'd. Yet I hope I have troubled you with nothing but what was necessary to make my way clear, and plain before me; and I am apt to think I have made it appear, that nothing but disencouragement or an Idle Uncurious Humour can hinder us from Rivalling most Men in the knowledge of great Variety of things, without the help of more Tongues than our Own; which the Men so often reproachfully tell us is enough. This Idleness is but too frequently to be found among us, but 'tis a Fault equally common to both Sexes. Those that have means to play the Fool all their lives, seldom care for the trouble of being made wise. We are naturally Lovers of our Ease, and have great apprehensions of the difficulty of things untry'd; Especially in matters of Learning, the common Methods of acquiring which are so unpleasant, and uneasie. I doubt not but abundance of noble Wits are stiffled in both Sexes, for want but of suspecting what they were able to do, and with how much facility. Experience shews us every day Blockheads, that arrive at a moderate, nay sometimes a great Reputation by their Confidence, and brisk attempts which they maintain by their Diligence; while great Numbers of Men naturally more Ingenious lye neglected by, for want of Industry to improve, or Courage to exert themselves. No Man certainly but wishes he had the Reputation in, and were Respected and Esteem'd by the World as he sees some Men are for the Fruits of their Pens; but they are loth to be at the pains of an Attempt, or doubt their sufficience to perform; or what I believe is most general, never to enquire so far into themselves, and their own Abilities, as to bring such a thought into their Heads. This last I fancy is the true Reason, why our Sex, who are commonly charged with talking too much, are Guilty of Writing so little. I wish they would shake of this lazy Despondence, and let the noble examples of the deservedly celebrated Mrs. _Philips_, and the incomparable Mrs. _Behn_ rouse their Courages, and shew Mankind the great injustice of their Contempt. I am confident they would find no such need of the assistance of Languages as is generally imagin'd. [Sidenote: _Ignorance of Latine_ &c. _no disadvantage._] Those that have of their own need not graft upon Foreign Stocks. I have often thought that the not teaching Women Latin and Greek, was an advantage to them, if it were rightly consider'd, and might be improv'd to a great heigth. For Girles after they can Read and Write (if they be of any Fashion) are taught such things as take not up their whole time, and not being suffer'd to run about at liberty as Boys, are furnish'd among other toys with Books, such as _Romances_, _Novels_, _Plays_ and _Poems_; which though they read carelessly only for Diversion, yet unawares to them, give 'em very early a considerable Command both of Words and Sense; which are further improv'd by their making and receiving Visits with their Mothers, which gives them betimes the opportunity of imitating, conversing with, and knowing the manner, and address of elder Persons. These I take to be the true Reasons why a Girl of Fifteen is reckon'd as ripe as a Boy of One and Twenty, and not any natural forwardness of Maturity as some People would have it. These advantages the Education of Boys deprives them of, who drudge away the Vigour of their Memories at Words, useless ever after to most of them, and at Seventeen or Eighteen are to begin their Alphabet of Sense, and are but where the Girles were at Nine or Ten. Yet because they have learnt Latin and Greek, reject with Scorn all _English_ Books their best helps, and lay aside their Latin ones, as if they were already Masters of all that Learning, and so hoist Sail for the wide World without a Compass to Steer by. Thus I have fairly stated the difference between us, and can find no such disparity in Nature or Education as they contend for; but we have a sort of ungenerous Adversaries, that deal more in

Scandal than Argument, and when they can't hurt us with their Weapons, endeavour to annoy us with stink Pots. Let us see therefore, _Madam_, whether we can't beat them from their Ammunition, and turn their own Artillery upon them; for I firmly believe there is nothing, which they charge upon us, but may with more Justice be retorted upon themselves.

They tax us with a long List of Faults, and Imperfections, and seem to have taken a Catalogue of their own Follies and Vices, not with design to correct them, but to shift of the Imputation to us. There is no doubt, but particular Women may be found upon whom every charge may be justified; but our Sex is not answerable for them, till they prove there are no such Men, which will not be before Dooms-day. However, like ill Neighbours they bring the Dirt out of their own Homes not out of Neatness, but out of Envy to their Neighbours, at whose Doors they lay it. But let them remove their Follies as oft as they please, they are still as constant to them, as the _Needle_ to the _North Pole_, they point them out which way soever they move. Let us see what these Qualities are, they so liberally bestow upon us, and after see how they fit the Donours, and survey 'em in their proper Figures and Colours. The most familiar of these are Vanity, Impertinence, Enviousness, Dissimulation, Inconstancy, _&c._

[Sidenote: _Vanity._]

To begin with Vanity, it is a Failing the greatest Part of Mankind are tinctured with, more or less. For all Men are apt to flatter themselves with a Fancy, that they have some one or more good Quallities, or extraordinary Gifts, that raise 'em above the ordinary Level of Men; and therefore hug and cherish, what they think valuable and singular in 'em. It is never commendable, sometimes pardonable, when the excellencies are real, and it is moderate so much must be allow'd to humane frailty. It is ridiculous and intollerable when it is extravagant, misplac'd, or groundless. It is very injudicious, and makes men commonly dote on their Defects, and expose their blemishes by their Fondness, which makes 'em more remarkable by the care and ornament bestow'd on 'em. It persuades hard Favour'd and distorted Fellows to dress, and value their Persons, Cowards to pretend to Courage, and provoke Beatings, Blockheads to set up for Wit, and make themselves ridiculous in Print, Upstarts to brag of their Families, and be reminded of the Garrets they were born, and the Stalls they were brought up in. In Women the object of it is their Beauty, and is excusable in those that have it. Those that have it not may be pardon'd, if they endeavour at it; because it is the only undisputed advantage our Sex has over the other, and what makes 'em respected beyond all other Perfections, and is alone ador'd. In Men it has not only this Object, but all those before mention'd, and a hundred other. It is admirably seen in a Writing, reciting Fop Author, is in full Lustre in a Beau, but its most unlucky Prospect is in a Swaggering Coward, who is a Fool beyond the Conviction of Smart. [Sidenote: _Character of a Bully._] His Courage is like an Ague Fit, that leaves him upon a Fright, and returns when he is out of the reach of a Cudgel. He spends much time in the Fencing School, and Fights briskly where there is no danger of Wounds nor Smart. His Hands are instructed, but his Heels do him all the Service. He is a nice observer of Punctilio's, and takes more Affronts than are given him. He draws first, and runs first, and if ever he makes another Man run, it is after him. He is a Pebble that sparkles like a Diamond, but wants hardness. He talks perpetually of what he will do, but thinks continually of what he shall suffer. He is often in Quarels, yet seldom in Rencounters, and is glad of a Challenge, that he may know whom, and when to avoid. He brings up the Rear at an Engagement, and leads the Van in the Retreat. He is a Man of much Passion, but the most predominant is his Fear. He offers affronts readily, but has too much honour to justifie them, and will submit to any terms of satisfaction rather than occasion Blood-shed. He is so full of Courage, that it boils over when there is no occasion, and his _Sword_ and _Person_ are always at Leisure, and at your Service, till you want them, and then to his great Trouble, he is always indispensably engag'd otherwise. He wears _Red_, and a long _Sword_ openly to shew his Valour, and _Mail_, privately to shew his Discretion. He threatens terribly, but he is like a Witch, if you draw Blood of him, he has no power to hurt you. No Man shews or boasts more of his Scars with less Reason. He scorns to take a blow in the Face, and a Back-piece is as good to him as a whole sute of Armour. He is at first the Terrour of all the _Young Bullies_, at last their Maygame, and they blood their _Cub Hectors_ upon him, as they do young _Beagles_ on a _Hare_. Good usage makes him insolent, but he fawns like a _Spaniel_ most upon those that beat him. When he is discover'd by all the rest of the World, the Cheat passes still upon himself, and he is pleas'd with the terrible Figure he makes in his Glass, tho' he is ready to shake at his own Shaddow.

[Sidenote: _Character of a Scowrer._]

There are men of an humour directly opposite to this, yet e'ry whit as Mad, Foolish, and Vain; these are your Men of nice Honour, that love Fighting for the sake of Blows, and are never well but when they are wounded They are severe Interpreters of Looks, are affronted at every Face that don't please 'em, and like true Cocks of the Game have a quarrel to all Mankind at first sight. They are passionate Admirers of scarr'd Faces, and dote on a Wooden Leg. They receive a Challenge like a _Billet Douce_, and a home thrust as a Favour. Their common Adversary is the Constable, and their usual Lodging the Counter. Broken heads are a diversion, and an Arm in a Scarfe is a high satisfaction. They are frugal in their expences with the Taylor, for they have their Doublets pinkt on

their Backs, but they are as good as an Annuity to the Surgeon, tho' they need him not to let 'em blood. _Flanders_ is their Mistress, and a Clap from her carries 'em off the Stage. If they return, an _Hospital_ is their Retreat, or the _Sheriff_ their Executour. These two, _Madam_, are very different extravagances, and very strange one's, yet they are real, and such as appear every day. But, what is most to be wonder'd at, arise both from the same Principle, and the same mistaken Notion, and are only differenc'd by the diversity of Tempers in Men. The common Motive to both is Vanity, and they jointly concurr in this Opinion, that Valour is the most estimable, and most honourable Quality, that Man is capable of; they agree in a desire to be honour'd and fear'd, but they differ in their methods in persuing this common End. The one is naturally active, bold and daring; and therefore takes the true course to arrive at it by shewing what he can do, by what he dare suffer, and his immoderate desire and indiscretion suffer him to know no bounds. The other is mean Spirited and fearful, and seeks by false Fire to Counterfeit a heat that may pass for genuine to conceal the Frost in his Blood, and like an ill Actor, over-does his Part for want of understanding it, which 'tis impossible he shou'd. Among peaceable Men, and those of his own Temper he comes of with Colours flying, and those are the Men he wou'd be valiant amongst only, cou'd he read Men's hearts. But the first Rencounter betrays the Ass thro' the Lions Skin, and he is Cudgel'd like an Ass in Spite of his Covering. It is our happiness _Madam_, that we lie under no manner of Temptation from these two Vanities, [Sidenote: _Imitation ridiculous._] whereof one is so dangerous, the other so ridiculous. For all humours that are forc'd against the natural bent of our tempers must be so. Nature is our best guide, and has fitted ev'ry Man for somethings more particularly than others; which if they had the sense to prosecute, they wou'd at least not be ridiculous, if they were not extaordinary. But so prevalent are our Vanity, and this Apish Humour of Imitation, that we persuade our selves, that we may practise with applause, whatever we see another succeed in, tho' as contrary to the intent of our Nature, as Dancing to an Elephant; so some Men that talk well of serious matters, are so mov'd at the applause some merry Drolls gain, that they forget their gravity, and aiming to be Wits, turn Buffoons; There are others, that are so taken with the actions and grimace of a good Mimick, that they fall presently to making awkard Faces and wry Mouths, and are all their lives after in a Vizor, Maskt tho' bare fac'd.

These, and innumerable others of the like Nature, are the lesser Follies of Mankind, by which their Vanity makes 'em fit only to be laugh'd at. There are others, who by more studied and refin'd Follies arrive to be more considerable, and make a great Figure and Party among their Sex.

[Sidenote: _Character of a Beau._]

Of the first rank of these is the _Beau_, who is one that has more Learning in his Heels than his Head, which is better cover'd than fill'd. His Taylor and his Barber are his Cabinet Councel, to whom he is more beholding for what he is, than to his Maker. He is One that has travell'd to see Fashions, and brought over with him the newest cut suit, and the prettiest Fancy'd Ribbands for Sword Knots. His best Acquaintance at _Paris_ was his Dancing Master, whom he calls the Marquiss, and his chief Visits to the Opera's. He has seen the _French_ King once, and knows the name of his cheif Minister, and is by this suffciently convinc'd that there are no Politicians in any other Part of the World. His improvements are a nice Skill in the Mode, and a high Contempt of his own Country, and of Sense. All the knowledge he has of the Country, or Manners of it, is in the keeping of the Valet that follow'd him hither, and all that he retains of the Language is a few modish words to lard his discourse with, and shew his Breeding, and the names of his Garniture. He shou'd be a Philosopher, for he studies nothing but himself, yet ev'ry one knows him better, that thinks him not worth knowing. His looks and gestures are his constant Lesson, and his Glass is the Oracle that resolves all his mighty doubts and scruples. He examines and refreshes his Complexion by it, and is more dejected at a Pimple, than if it were a Cancer. When his Eyes are set to a languishing Air, his Motions all prepar'd according to Art, his Wig and his Coat abundantly Powder'd, his Gloves Essenc'd, and his Handkercher perfum'd and all the rest of his Bravery rightly adjusted, the greatest part of the day, as well the business of it at home, is over; 'tis time to launch, and down he comes, scented like a Perfumers Shop, and looks like a Vessel with all her rigging under sail without Ballast. A Chair is brought within the door, for he apprehends every Breath of Air as much, as if it were a Hurricane. His first Vesit is to the _Chocolate_ House, and after a quarter of an Hours Compliment to himself in the great Glass, he faces about and salutes the Company, and puts in practice his Mornings Meditations; When he has made his Cringes round, and play'd over all his Tricks, out comes the fine _Snush Box_, and his _Nose_ is Regal'd a while: After this he begins to open, and starts some learned Arguments about the newest Fashion, and hence takes occasion to commend the next Man's Fancy in his Cloths, this ushers in a discourse of the Appearance last _Birth Night_, or _Ball_ at Court, and so a Critick upon this _Lord_, or that _Ladies_ Masquing Habit. From hence he adjourns to the _Play-house_, where he is to be met again in the side Box, from whence he makes his Court to all the Ladies in general with his Eyes, and is particular only with the _Orange-Wench_. After a while he engages some neighbouring Vizor, and together they run over all the Boxes, take to Pieces every Face, examine every Feature, pass their Censure upon every one, and so on to their Dress; here he very Judiciously gives his opinion upon every particular, and determines whose Colours are well chosen, whose Fancy is neatest, and whose Cloths fit with most Air; but in conclusion sees no

Body compleat but himself in the whole House. After this he looks down with contempt upon the Pit, and rallies all the slovenly Fellows, and awkard Beau's (as he calls them) of t'other End of the Town, is mightily offended at their ill scented _Snush_, and in spight of all his _Pulvilio_ and _Essences_, is overcome with the stink of their _Cordovant Gloves_. To close all, _Madam_, in the Mask must give him an account of the Scandal of the Town, which she does in the History of abundance of Intrigues real or feign'd; at all which he laughs aloud and often, not to shew his satisfaction, but his Teeth. She shews him who is kept by such a Lord, Who was lately discarded by such a Knight, for granting favours too indiscreetly to such a Gentleman: who has lately been in the Country for two or three Months upon extraordinary Occasions. To all which he gives great attention, that he may pass for a Man of Intelligence in another Place. His next Stage is _Locket's_, where his Vanity, not his Stomach, is to be gratified with something that is _little_ and _dear_, _Quails_ and _Ortalans_ are the meanest of his Diet, and a Spoonful of _Green Pease_ at _Christmass_, are worth to him more than the inheritance of the _Feild_ where they grow in _Summer_. Every thing falls in his Esteem, as it falls in price, and he wou'd not so much as tast the _Wine_, if the hard name, and the high rate did not give it a relish. After a glass or two, (for a Pint is his stint) he begins to talk of his Intrigues, boasts much of the Favours he has receiv'd, and shews counterfeit Tokens, and in Conclusion, slanders some Lady or other of unquestion'd Vertue with a particular fondness for him. His Amours are all profound Secrets, yet he makes a Confidence of 'em to every Man he meets with. He pretends a great reverence for the Ladies, and a mighty tenderness of their Reputations; yet he is like a _Flesh Flye_, whatever he blows on is tainted. He talks of nothing under Quality, tho' he never obtain'd a Favour, which his Man might not have for half a Crown. He and his Footman in this Case are like _English_ and _Dutch_ at an Ordinary in _Holland_, the Fare is the same, but the Price is vastly different. Thus the Show goes forward, till he is beaten for Trespasses he was never guilty of, and shall be damn'd for Sins he never Committed. At last, with his Credit as low as his Fortune he retires sullenly to his Cloister, the _King's-Bench_, or _Fleet_, and passes the rest of his days in Privacy, and Contemplation. Here, _Madam_, if you please wee'l give him one _Visit_ more, and see the last _Act_ of the _Farce_; and you shall find him (whose Sobriety was before a _Vice_, as being only the _Pimp_ to his other _Pleasures_, and who fear'd a lighted _Pipe_ as much as if it had been a great _Gun_ levell'd at him) with his _Nose Flaming_, and his _Breath_ stinking of Spirits worse than a _Dutch Tarpawlin's_, and smoking out of a short _Pipe_, that for some Months has been kept hot as constantly as a _Glass-House_, and so I leave him to his Meditation.

You wou'd think it yet more strange, that any one should be _Slovenly_ and _Nasty_ out of _Vanity_; yet such there are I can assure you, _Madam_, and cou'd easily give a description of 'em, but that so foul a Relation must needs be Nauseous to a Person so Neat as your _Self_; and wou'd be treating You as the _Country Squire_ did his _Court Friend_, who when he had shew'd him all the Curiosities of his House and Gardens, carried him into his Hogsties. But there are more than enow to justifie what I have said of the Humour of _Diogenes_, who was as vain and as proud in his _Tub_, as _Plato_ cou'd be in the midst of his fine _Persian Carpets_, and rich _Furniture_. Vanity is only an Ambition of being taken notice of, which shews it self variously according to the humour of the Persons; which was more extravagant in the _Anti-Beau_, than in the _Beau Philosopher_. Vanity is the veriest _Proteus_ in the World, it can Ape _Humility_, and can make Men decry themselves on purpose to be Flattered; like some cunning _Preachers_ that cry up _Mortification_ and _Self-denial_ perpetually, and are pamper'd all the while by the Zeal and at the Charges of their Followers, who are affraid the good Man shou'd starve himself. It is the Blessing of Fools, and the Folly of Ingenious Men. For it makes those contentedly hugg themselves under all the scorn of the World, and the Indignities that are offer'd 'em, and these restless and dissatisfied with its applause. Both think the World envious, and that their merit is injur'd, and it is impossible to right either of 'em to their Minds; for those have no title to the pretence of merit, and these not so much as they think they have. Yet it is the Happiness of the first that they can think themselves capable of moving _Envy_; [Sidenote: _Vanity a Blessing to Fools._] for though they commonly mistake the Derision of Men, for their applause, yet Men are sometimes so ill Natur'd as to undeceive 'em, and then it is their Comfort, that these are envious Men, and misrepresent the Worlds opinion of 'em. Cou'd these Men be convinc'd of their mistake, I see nothing that shou'd hinder them from being desperate, and hanging or disposing of themselves some other such way. For though a Man may comfort himself under Afflictions, it is either that they are undeserved, or if deserved, that he suffers only for Oversights, or rash Acts, by which the wisest Men may be sometimes overtaken; that he is in the main Discreet and Prudent, and that others believe him so. But when a Man falls under his own _Contempt_, and does not only think himself not wise, but by _Nature_ made absolutely incapable of ever becoming _Wise_, he is in a deplorable _State_, and wants the common _Comfort_, as well of _Fools_, as _Wise Men_, Vanity; which in such a Case is the only proper _Mediatour_ of a _Reconcilement_. No Quality seems to be more Providentially distributed to every Man according to his Necessity; for those that have least Wit, ought to have the greatest Opinion of it; as all other Commodities are rated highest, where they are scarcest. By this means the level is better maintain'd amongst Men, who, were this imaginary Equality destroy'd, might be apt to reverence, and idolize one another too much, and forgetting the common Fate, they are all Born to, pay Honours too near divine to their Fellow Mortals. But as the humour of the World now runs, this sort of _Idolatry_ is scarce likely to come into

Fashion. We have too great an Opinion of our selves, to believe too well of any one else, and we are in nothing more difficult than in points of Wit and Understanding, in either of which we very unwillingly yield the Preference to any Man. There is nothing of which we affect to speak with more humility and indifference than our own Sense, yet nothing of which we think with more Partiality, and Presumption. There have been some so bold as to assume the Title of the _Oracles_ of _Reason_ to themselves, and their own Writings; and we meet with others daily, that think themselves _Oracles_ of _Wit_. These are the most Vexatious Animals in the World, that think they have a Priviledge to torment and plague every Body; but those most who have the best Reputation for their Wit of Judgment; as _Fleas_ are said to molest those most, who have the tenderest _Skins_, and the sweetest _Blood_.

Of these the most voluminous Fool is the Fop Poet, who is one that has always more Wit in his Pockets than any where else, [Sidenote: _Character of a Poetaster._] yet seldom or never any of his own there. _Esop_'s _Daw_ was a _Type_ of him; For he makes himself fine with the Plunder of all Parties. He is a Smuggler of Wit, and steals _French_ Fancies without paying the customary Duties. Verse is his _Manufacture_; For it is more the labour of his Finger than his brain. He spends much time in Writing, but ten times more in Reading what he has Written. He is loaden constantly with more Papers, and duller than a _Clerk_ in _Chancery_, and spends more time in _Hearings_, and _Rehearings_. He asks your Opinion, yet for fear you shou'd not jump with him, tells you his own first. He desires no Favour, yet is disappointed, if he be not Flatter'd, and is offended always at the Truth. His first Education is generally a _Shop_, or a _Counting-House_, where his acquaintance commences with the _Bell-man_ upon a new Years day. He puts him upon Intriguing with the _Muses_, and promises to _Pimp_ for him. From this time forward he hates the name of _Mechanick_, and resolves to sell all his stock, and purchase a Plantation in _Parnassas_. He is now a Poetical _Haberdasher_ of _Small Wares_, and deals very much in _Novels_, _Madrigals_, _Riddles_, _Funeral_, and _Love Odes_, and _Elegies_, and other Toyes from _Helicon_, which he has a Shop so well furnish'd with, that he can fit you with all sorts and Sizes upon all Occasions in the twinkling of an Eye. He frequents _Apollo_'s _Exchange_ in _Covent-Garden_, and picks up the freshest Intelligence what _Plays_ are upon the Stocks, or ready to be launch'd; who have lately made a good Voyage, who a saving one only, and who have suffer'd a Wreck in _Lincoln_'s-_Inn-Feilds_, or _Drury-Lane_, and which are brought into the Dock to be Careen'd and fitted for another Voyage. He talks much of _Jack Dryden_, and _Will. Wyckerley_, and the rest of that Set, and protests he can't help having some respect for 'em, because they have so much for him, and his Writings; otherwise he cou'd shew 'em to be meer Sots and Blockheads that understand little of Poetry, in comparison of himself; but he forbears 'em meerly out of Gratitude, and Compassion. Once a Month he fits out a small _Poetical Smeck_ at the charge of his Bookseller, which he lades with _French Plunder_ new Vampt in _English_, small Ventures of _Translated Odes_, _Elegies_ and _Epigrams_ of Young Traders, and ballasts with heavy _Prose_ of his own; for which returns are to be made to the several Owners in Testers, or applause from the Prentices and Tyre Women that deal for 'em. He is the Oracle of those that want Wit, and the Plague of those that have it; for he haunts their Lodgings, and is more terrible to 'em, than their Duns. His Pocket is an unexhaustible Magazine of _Rhime_, and _Nonsense_, and his Tongue like a repeating Clock with Chimes, is ready upon every touch to sound to 'em. Men avoid him for the same Reason, they avoid the _Pillory_, the security of their _Ears_; of which he is as merciless a Persecutor. He is the Bane of Society, a Friend to the Stationers, the Plague of the Press, and the Ruine of his Bookseller. He is more profitable to the _Grocers_ and _Tabacconists_ than the _Paper Manufacture_; for his Works, which talk so much of Fire and Flame, commonly expire in their Shops in _Vapour_ and _Smoak_. If he aspire to _Comedy_, he intrigues with some experienc'd _Damsel_ of the _Town_, in order to instruct himself in the humour of it, and is cullied by her into _Matrimony_, and so is furnish'd at once with a Plot, and two good Characters, himself and his Wife, and is paid with a Portion for a Jointure in _Parnassus_, which I leave him to make his best of.

[Sidenote: _Vanity Universal._]

I shall not trouble you with any more Instances of the foolish vanities of Mankind; because I am affraid I have been too large upon that Head already. Not that I think there is any Order or Degree of Men, which wou'd not afford many and notorious instances for our Purpose. For as I think _Vanity_ almost the Universal mover of all our Actions, whether good or bad; so I think there are scarce any Men so Ingenious, or so Vertuous, but something of it will shine through the greatest Part of what they do, let them cast never so thick a Vail over it. What makes Men so solicitous of leaving a Reputation behind 'em in the World, though they know they can't be affected with it after Death, but this even to a degree of Folly? What else makes great Men involve themselves in the Fatigues and Hazards of War, and intricate Intrigues of State, when they have already more than they can enjoy, but an Itch of being talk'd of and remembred, to which they sacrifice their present happiness and repose?

But I shall carry these Considerations no farther; because I have already singled out some of those many whose _Vanity_ is more extravagant and ridiculous, than any our Sex is chargeable with, these slight Touches may serve to let 'em see, that even the

greatest, and Wisest are not wholely exempt, if they have it not in a higher Degree, tho' they exercise it in things more Popular, and Plausible. I hope therefore the burthen of this good Quality will not hereafter be laid upon us alone, but the Men will be contented to divide the Load with us, and be thankful that they bear less than their Proportion.

[Sidenote: _Impertinence._]

Impertinence comes next under Consideration, in which I shall be as brief, as I conveniently can, in regard I have been so long upon the precedeing Head. _Impertinence_ is a humour of busying our selves about things trivial, and of no Moment in themselves, or unseasonably in things of no concern to us, or wherein we are able to do nothing to any Purpose. Here our Adversaries insult over us, as if they had gain'd an intire _Victory_, and the _Field_ were indisputable; but they shall have no cause for _Triumph_, this is no Post of such mighty advantage as they fondly persuade themselves. This _Presumption_ arises from an Erroneous Conceit, that all those things in which they are little concern'd, or consulted, [Sidenote: _Commonly mistaken._] are triffles below their care or notice, which indeed they are not by Nature so well able to manage. Thus, when they hear us talking to, and advising one another about the Order, Distribution and Contrivance of _Houshold Affairs_, about the _Regulation_ of the _Family_, and _Government_ of _Children_ and _Servants_, the provident management of a _Kitchin_, and the decent ordering of a _Table_, the suitable _Matching_, and convenient disposition of _Furniture_ and the like, they presently condemn us for impertinence. Yet they may be pleased to consider, that as the affairs of the World are now divided betwixt us, the _Domestick_ are our share, and out of which we are rarely suffer'd to interpose our Sense. They may be pleased to consider likewise, that as light and inconsiderable as these things seem, they are capable of no Pleasures of Sense higher or more refin'd than those of _Brutes_ without our care of 'em. For were it not for that, their Houses wou'd be meer _Bedlams_, their most luxurious Treats, but a rude confusion of ill Digested, ill mixt Scents and Relishes, and the fine Furniture, they bestow so much cost on, but an expensive heap of glittering _Rubbish_. Thus they are beholding to us for the comfortable Enjoyment of what their labour or good Fortune hath acquir'd or bestow'd, and think meanly of our care only, because they understand not the value of it. But if we shall be thought impertinent for Discourses of this Nature, as I deny not but we sometimes justly may, when they are unseasonable; what censure must those Men bear, who are prepetually talking of _Politicks_, _State Affairs_ and _Grievances_ to us, in which perhaps neither they, nor We are much concern'd, or if we be, are not able to propose, much less to apply any Remedy to 'em? Surely these are impertinent; not to call the _Beau_, or _Poetaster_ on the _Stage_ again, whose whole Lives are one continued scene of Folly and Impertinence; let us make the best of our _News Monger_.

[Sidenote: _Character of a Coffee-House Politician._]

He is one whose Brains having been once over-heated, retain something of the Fire in 'em ever after. He mistakes his Passion for Zeal, and his Noise and Bustling, for Services. He is always full of Doubts, Fears, and Jealousies, and is never without some notable Discovery of a deep laid Design, or a dangerous Plot found out in a _Meal Tub_, or _Petticoat_. He is a mighty Listner after _Prodigies_, and never hears of a _Whale_, or a _Comet_, but he apprehends some sudden _Revolution_ in the State, and looks upon a _Groaning-board_, or a _speaking-head_, as fore-runners of the _Day_ of _Judgment_. He is a great Lover of the King, but a bitter Enemy to all about him, and thinks it impossible for him to have any but _Evil Counsellors_, and though he be very zealous for the Government, yet he never finds any thing in it but _Grievances_ and _Miscarriages_ to declaim upon. He is a Well-wisher to the _Church_, but he is never to be reconcil'd to the _Bishops_ and _Clergy_, and rails most inveterately at the _Act_ of _Uniformity_. He hates _Persecution_ implacably, and contends furiously for _Moderation_, and can scarce think well of the _Toleration_, because it is an Act of the State. He professes himself of the _Church_ of _England_, pretends to like the Worship of it, but he goes to Meetings in spight to the _Parson_ of his _Parish_. His _Conscience_ is very tender and scrupulous in Matters of Ceremony, but it is as steely and tough as Brawn behind his Counter, and can digest any Sin of Gain. He lodges at home, but he lives at the _Coffee-house_. He converses more with _News Papers_, _Gazettes_ and _Votes_, than with his _Shop Books_, and his constant Application to the _Publick_ takes him off all Care for his _Private Concern_. He is always settling the _Nation_, yet cou'd never manage his own _Family_. He is a mighty Stickler at all _Elections_, and tho' he has no _Vote_, thinks it impossible any thing shou'd go right unless he be there to Bawl for it. His business is at _Home_, but his thoughts are in _Flanders_, and he is earnestly investing of Towns till the _Sheriff's Officers_ beleaguer his Doors. He is busie in forcing of _Counterscarps_, and storming of _Breaches_, while his _Creditors_ take his _Shop_ by surprize, and make Plunder of his _Goods_. Thus by mending the _State_, He marrs his own _Fortune_; and never leaves talking of the _Laws_ of the _Land_, till the Execution of 'em silence him.

This sort of Impertinents the _Coffee-houses_ are every day full of; nay, so far has this contagious Impertinence spread it self, that _Private Houses_, and _Shops_, nay, the very _Streets_ and _Bulks_ are infected and pester'd with Politicks and News. Not a Pot

cou'd go glibly down, or a flitch go merrily forward without _Namur_, a while ago; 'twas _Spice_ to the _Porter's Ale_, and _Wax_ to the _Cobler's Thread_; the one suspended his Draught, and the other his Awl to enquire what was become of the _Rogue_, and were very glad to hear he was taken, and expected no doubt he shou'd come over and make 'em a _Holy-day_ at his Execution. They were mightily rejoyc'd at the Arresting of the Mareschal _Boufflers_, and made no question but they shou'd see him amongst the rest of the _Beasts_ at _Bartholomew Fair_ for Two Pence. This Folly of the _Mob_ was in some measure excusable, because their Ignorance led 'em into an expectation of seeing what had given the World so much Trouble. But those that have better knowledge of things have no such _Plea_, they ought to have been wiser, than to have busied themselves so much and so earnestly about affairs, which all their care and Sollicitude could have no more influence upon, than over the Weather. 'Twas pleasant to see what Shoals the report of the arrival of a _Holland_, or _Flanders Mail_, brought to the _Secretary's Office_, the _Post Office_, and the _Coffee-Houses_; every one Crowding to catch the News first, which as soon as they had, they posted away like so many Expresses to disperse it among their Neighbours at more distance, that waited with Ears prickt up to receive 'em, or walk'd uneasily with a Foolish Impatience to and from the Door, or Window, as if their looking out so often wou'd fetch 'em the sooner. Most Men in their News are like _Beau_'s in their Diet, the worst is welcome while 'tis fresh and scarce, and the best is not worth a Farthing when it has been blown upon; and commonly they fare like _Beau_'s, are fond of it while 'tis young and insipid, and neglect it when 'tis grown up to its full, and true relish. No sooner is it rumour'd that a Breach is made in the _Castle Wall_, or the _White Flag_ hung out, but a _Council of War_ is call'd in every _Coffee-house_ in Town; the _French_, and _Dutch Prints_, their Intelligencers are call'd for immediately, and examin'd, and not a Shot is mention'd but they start as if the Ball whizz'd just then by their Ears. After this follows a serious debate about a general Assault, and whether they shall storm immediately, or not; who shall begin the Attack; what Conditions shall be granted on Capitulation. The Castle of _Namur_ thus taken, or Surrender'd, they proceed to take their Measures, and settle the next Campaign, and whatever harm we suffer by those mischeivous _French_ in the Field, they are sure to take sufficient Revenge, and pay 'em off Swingingly in the _Coffee-houses_: But as if this were not enough, Our greatest Actions must be Buffoon'd in Show, as well as Talk. Shall _Namur_ be taken and our Hero's of the City not show their Prowess upon so great an Occasion? [Sidenote: _City Militia._] It must never be said, that the _Coffee-houses_ dar'd more than _Moor-Fields_; No, for the honour of _London_, out comes the Foreman of the _Shop_ very Formidable in _Buff_ and _Bandileers_, and away he marches with Feather in Cap, to the general Rendezvous in the _Artillery Ground_. There these terrible Mimicks of _Mars_ are to spend their Fury in _Noise_ and _Smoke_, upon a _Namur_ erected for that purpose on a _Molehill_, and by the help of _Guns_ and _Drums_ out-stink and out-rattle _Smith-field_ in all its Bravery, and wou'd be too hard for the greatest Man in all _France_, if they had him but amongst 'em. Yet this is but Skirmishing, the hot Service is in another Place, when they engage the _Capons_ and _Quart Pots_; never was Onset more Vigorous, For they come to Handy-Blows immediately, and now is the real cutting and slashing, and Tilting without Quarter, Were the Towns in _Flanders_ all wall'd with _Beef_, and the _French_ as good meat as _Capons_, and drest the same way, the King need never beat his Drums for Soldiers; all these Gallant Fellows wou'd come in Voluntarily, the meanest of which wou'd be able to eat a Mareschal, and whom nothing cou'd oppose in conjunction.

Nothing is more common, and familiar than this sort of Impertinence; Most Men wou'd have little to do, did they busie themselves about nothing, but what they understood, or were concern'd in. A Monkey is not liker a Man in his Figure, than in his humour. How ready are all Mankind to censure without Authority, and to give advice unaskt, and without reason. They are very much mistaken, that think this forwardness to thrust themselves into other's affairs, springs from any Principle of Charity or Tenderness for 'em, or the least Regard to the Welfare of their Neighbours. 'Tis only a Vain Conceit that they are wiser, and more able to advise, which puts 'em upon engaging in things they have nothing to do with, [Sidenote: _Officious Impertinences._] and passing their Judgments Magisterially on matters they have no Cognizance of, and generally little Information, or Skill in. They are desirous the World shou'd have as great an Opinion of 'em as they have of themselves, and therefore impertinently interpose their own Authority and Sense, tho' never so little to the purpose, only to shew how well they cou'd manage, were it their Business; thus they advise without good intention, or kindness, and censure without design, or malice to the Persons counsell'd, or reflected on, These buzzing Insects swarm as thick every where, and are as troublesome as _Muskettoes_ in the _West-Indies_. They are perpetually in a hurry of Business, yet are forc'd to rack their Inventions to employ their Leisure. They are very busie for every Body, and serve no Body. They are always in hast, and think themselves expected every where with Impatience, yet come sooner alwayes than they are welcome. They will walk a Mile, and spend an hour to tell any one how urgent their Business is, and what hast they are in to be gone. Their Expedition is their greatest Loss, For Time is the only thing that lies heavy upon their hands. They are walking _Gazetts_, that carry News from one Neighbour to another, and have their Stages about the Town as regular and certain, as a _Penny Postman_. Every Man is their acquaintance, but no Man their Friend. They drudge for every Body, and are paid by no Body, and tho' their Lives be worn out in endeavours to oblige all Mankind, when they die no one regrets their Loss, or misses their

Service.

There are another sort of Impertinents, [Sidenote: _Character of a Vertuoso._] who, as they mind not the Business of other Men where it concerns 'em not, neglect it likewise where it does; and amuse themselves continually with the Contemplation of those things, which the rest of the World slight as useless, and below their regard. Of these the most Egregious is the _Virtuoso_, who is one that has sold an Estate in Land to purchase one in _Scallop_, _Conch_, _Muscle_, _Cockle Shells_, _Periwinkles_, _Sea Shrubs_, _Weeds_, _Mosses_, _Sponges_, _Coralls_, _Corallines_, _Sea Fans_, _Pebbles_, _Marchasites_ and _Flint stones_; and has abandon'd the Acquaintance and Society of Men for that of _Insects_, _Worms_, _Grubbs_, _Maggots_, _Flies_, _Moths_, _Locusts_, _Beetles_, _Spiders_, _Grashoppers_, _Snails_, _Lizards_ and _Tortoises_. His study is like _Noah_'s Ark, the general Rendezvous of all Creatures in the _Universe_, and the greatest part of his Moveables are the remainders of his Deluge. His Travels are not design'd as Visits to the Inhabitants of any Place, but to the Pits, Shores and Hills; from whence he fetches not the Treasure, but the Trumpery. He is ravish'd at finding an uncommon shell, or an odd shap'd Stone, and is desperately enamour'd at first sight of an unusual markt Butter-flie, which he will hunt a whole day to be Master of. He trafficks to all places, and has his Correspondents in e'ry part of the World; yet his Merchandizes serve not to promote our Luxury, nor encrease our Trade, and neither enrich the Nation, nor himself. A Box or two of _Pebbles_ or _Shells_, and a dozen of _Wasps_, _Spiders_ and _Caterpillars_ are his Cargoe, He values a _Camelion_ or _Salamanders_ Egg, above all the Sugars and Spices of the _West_ and _East-indies_, and wou'd give more for the Shell of a _Star-fish_, or _Sea Urchin_ entire, than for a whole _Dutch_ Herring Fleet. He visites Mines, Colepits, and Quarries frequently, but not for that sordid end that other Men usually do, _viz._ gain; but for the sake of the fossile Shells and Teeth that are sometimes found there. He is a smatterer at _Botany_, but for fear of being suspected of any useful design by it, he employs his curiosity only about _Mosses_, _Grasses_, _Brakes_, _Thistles_, &c. that are not accus'd of any vertue in Medicine, which he distinguishes and divides very nicely. He preserves carefully those _Creatures_, which other Men industriously destroy, and cultivates sedulously those Plants, which others root up as Weeds. He is the Embalmer of deceas'd Vermin, and dresses his Mummyes with as much care, as the Ancient _Egyptians_ did their Kings. His Cash consists much in old Coins, and he thinks the Face of _Alexander_ in one of 'em worth more than all his Conquests. His Inventory is a list of the Insects of all Countries, and the Shells and Pebbles of all Shores, which can no more be compleat without two or three of remarkable _Signatures_, than an _Apothecaries_ Shop without a _Tortoise_ and a _Crocodile_, or a Country _Barber_'s without a batter'd _Cittern_. A piece of Ore with a Shell in it is a greater Present than if it were fine Gold, and a string of _Wampompeag_ is receiv'd with more joy, than a _Rope_ of _Orient Pearl_, or _Diamonds_ wou'd be. His Collection of _Garden Snails_, _Cockle Shells_ and _Vermine_ compleated, (as he thinks) he sets up for a _Philosopher_, and nothing less than Universal Nature will serve for a Subject, of which he thinks he has an entire History in his _Lumber Office_. Hence forward he _struts_ and _swells_, and despises all those little insignificant Fellows, that can make no better use of those noble incontestable Evidences of the Universal Deluge, _Scallop_ and _Oyster Shells_, than to stew _Oysters_, or melt _Brimstone_ for _Matches_. By this time he thinks it necessary to give the World an _Essay_ of his Parts, that it may think as highly of 'em (if possible) as he does himself; and finding _Moses_ hard beset of late, he resolves to give him a lift, and defend his Flood, to which he is so much oblig'd for sparing his darling Toys only. But as great Masters use, he corrects him sometimes for not speaking to his Mind, and gives him the lie now and then in order to support his Authority. He shakes the World to Atoms with ease, which melts before him as readily as if it were nothing but a Ball of Salt. He pumps even the Center, and drains it of imaginary stores by imaginary Loopholes, as if punching the Globe full of holes cou'd make his _Hypothesis_ hold Water. He is a Man of _Expedition_, and does that in a few days, which cost _Moses_ some Months to compleat. He is a Passionate Admirer of his own Works without a Rival, and superciliously contemns all _Answers_, yet the least _Objection_ throws him into the Vapours. He sets up for a grand _Philosopher_, and palms _Hypotheses_ upon the World, which future Ages may (if they please) expect to hear his Arguments for; at present he is in no humour to give 'em any other satisfaction than his own word, that he is infallible. Yet those that have a Faith complacent enough to take a Gentleman's word for his own great Abilities, may perhaps be admitted to a sight of his grand Demonstration, his _Raree Show_; the particulars of which he repeats to 'em in a whining _Tone_, e'ry whit as formal and merry, though not so Musical, as the Fellows that used formerly to carry _theirs at their Backs_. His ordinary discourse is of his _Travels under Ground_, in which he has gone farther (if he may be believ'd) than a whole Warren of _Conies_. Here he began his Collection of Furniture for his Philosophical _Toy Shop_, which he will conclude with his Fortune, and then like all Flesh revert to the place from whence he came, and be translated only from one Shop to another.

This, _Madam_, is another sort of Impertience our Sex are not liable to; one wou'd think that none but _Mad Men_, or highly _Hypochondriacal_, cou'd employ themselves at this rate. I appeal to you, or indeed to any Man of Sense, whether acts like the wiser Animal; the man that with great care, and pains distinguishes and divides the many Varieties of Grass, and finds no other

Fruit of his labour, than the charging of his Memory with abundance of superfluous Names; or the Ass that eats all promiscuously, and without distinction, to satisfy his _Appetite_ and support _Nature_. To what purpose is it, that these Gentlemen ransack all Parts both of _Earth_ and _Sea_ to procure these _Triffles_? It is only that they may give their Names to some yet unchristen'd Shell or Insect. I know that the desire of knowledge, and the discovery of things yet unknown is the Pretence; But what Knowledge is it? What Discoveries do we owe to their Labours? It is only the Discovery of some few unheeded Varieties of Plants, Shells, or Insects, unheeded only because useless; and the Knowledge, they boast so much of, is no more than a Register of their Names, and Marks of Distinction only. It is enough for them to know that a _Silk Worm_ is a sort of _Caterpiller_, that when it is come to maturity Weaves a _Web_, is metamorphos'd to a _Moth-Flye_, lays Eggs, and so Dies. They leave all further enquiry to the Unlearned and Mechanicks, whose business only they think it to prosecute matters of Gain and Profit. Let him contrive, if he can, to make this _Silk_ serviceable to _Mankind_; their _Speculations_ have another _Scope_, which is the founding some wild, uncertain, conjectural _Hypothesis_, which may be true or false; yet Mankind neither Gainers nor Losers either way a little in point of _Wisdom_ or Convenience. These Men are just the reverse of a _Rattle Snake_, and carry in their _Heads_, what he does in his _Tail_, and move Laughter rather than Regard. What improvements of _Physick_, or any useful Arts, what noble Remedies, what serviceable Instruments have these _Mushrome_, and _Cockle shell_ Hunters oblig'd the World with? For I am ready to recant if they can shew so good a Med'cine as Stew'd _Prunes_, or so necessary an Instrument as a _Flye Flap_ of their own Invention and Discovery. Yet these are the Men of exalted Understandings, the Men of elevated Capacities, and sublime Speculations, that Dignifie and Distinguish themselves from the rest of the World by Specious Names, and Pompous Titles, and continue notwithstanding as very _Reptiles_ in Sense, as those they converse so much with.

I wou'd not have any Body mistake me so far, as to think I wou'd in the least reflect upon any sincere, and intelligent Enquirer into Nature, of which I as heartily with a better knowledge, as any _Vertuoso_ of 'em all. You can be my Witness, _Madam_, that I us'd to say, I thought Mr. _Boyle_ more honourable for his learned Labours, than for his Noble Birth; and that the _Royal Society_, by their great and celebrated Performances, were an Illustrious Argument of the Wisdom of the _August_ Prince, their Founder of happy _Memory_; and that they highly merited the _Esteem_, _Respect_ and _Honour_ paid 'em by the Lovers of Learning all _Europe_ over. But tho' I have a very great Veneration for the _Society_ in general, I can't but put a vast difference between the particular Members that compose it. Were _Supererogation_ a Doctrine in Fashion, 'tis probable some of 'em might borrow of their Fellows merit enough to justifie their Arrogance, but alas they are come an Age too late for that trick; They are fallen into a Faithless, Incredulous Generation of Men that will give credit no farther than the visible Stock will extend: And tho' a Vertuoso should swell a Title-Page even till it burst with large Promises, and sonorous Titles, the World is so ill natur'd as not to think a whit the better of a Book for it. 'Tis an ill time to trade with implicite Faith, when so many have so lately been broken by an overstock of that _Commodity_; no sooner now a days can a Man write, or steal an Hypothesis, and promise Demonstration for it hereafter in this or the next World; but out comes some malicious Answer or other, with Reasons in hand against it, overthrows the credit of it, and puts the poor Author into Fits. For though a great Philosopher that has written a Book of three Shillings may reasonably insult, and despise a six penny Answer, yet the Indignity of so low pric'd a Refutation wou'd make a _Stoick_ fret, and _Frisk_ like a Cow with a Breeze in her Tail, or a Man bitten by a _Tarantula_. Men measure themselves by their _Vanity_, and are greater or less in their own Opinions, according to the proportion they have of it; if they be well stock'd with it, it may be easie to confute, but impossible to convince 'em. He therefore that wou'd set up for a great Man, ought first to be plentifully provided of it, and then a Score of _Cockle Shells_, a dozen of _Hodmandods_, or any Trifle else is a sufficient Foundation to build a Reputation upon. But if a Man shall abdicate his lawful Calling in pure affection to these things, and has for some years spent all the Time and Money he was Master of in prosecution of this Passion, and shall after all hear his _Caterpillars_ affronted, and his _Butter-flies_ irreverently spoken of, it must be more provoking to him, than 'tis to a _Lion_ to be pull'd by the _Beard_. And if, when to crown all his Labours, he has discover'd a Water so near a kin to the famous one, that cou'd be kept in nothing but the hoof of an Ass, that it was never found but in the _Scull_ of the same _Animal_; a Water that makes no more of melting a _World_, than a _Dutchman_ does of a _Ferkin_ of _Butter_; and when he has written a Book of Discoveries, and Wonders thereupon, if (I say) the Impertinent Scriblers of the Age, will still be demanding _Proofs_ and writing _Answers_, he has reason to throw down his _Pen_ in a rage, and pronounce the world, that cou'd give him such an interruption, unworthy to be blest with his future labours, and breath eternal Defiance to it, as irreconcilable, as the quarrel of the Sons of _Oedipus_. To which prudent Resolution, let us leave him till he can recover his Temper.

These Instances, _Madam_, will (I hope) suffice to shew that Men are themselves altogether as impertinent, as they maliciously misrepresent us. It is not for want of plenty of others that I content my self with these; but I am not willing to trouble you with any of an inferiour Character. These are all impertinents of _Mark_ and _Note_, and have severally the good fortune to find crowds of

Fools of their own Sex to applaud and admire them. _Impertinence_ is a failing, that has its _Root_ in _Nature_; but is not worth Laughing at, till it has receiv'd the finishing strokes of Art. A Man through natural defects may do abundance of incoherent, foolish Actions, yet deserve _Compassion_ and _Advice_ rather than _Derision_. But to see Men spending their Fortunes, as well as Lives, in a course of _Regular Folly_, and with an industrious, as well as expensive Idleness running through tedious _Systems_ of impertinence, wou'd have split the sides of _Heraclitus_, had it been his fortune to have been a Spectator. 'Tis very easie to decide which of these _Impertinents_ is the most signal; the _Vertuoso_ is manifestly without a Competitour. For our Follies are not to be measur'd by the degree of _Ignorance_, that appears in 'em, but by the Study, Labour and Expence they cost us to finish and compleat 'em. So that the more Regularity and Artifice there appears in any of our Extravagancies, the greater is the folly of 'em. Upon this Score it is, that the last mention'd deservedly claim the preference to all others; they have improv'd so well their Amusements into an Art, that the _Credulous_ and _Ignorant_ are induc'd to believe there is some secret Vertue, some hidden Mystery in those darling toys of theirs; when all their Bustling amounts to no more than a learned _Impertinence_, (for so they abuse the Term) and all they teach Men is, but a specious expensive method of throwing away both Time and Money.

I intend not in what remains to trouble you with any more such instances; because I am sensible these have already swell'd this _Letter_ to a _Volumn_, which was not at first my intent. I shall therefore dispatch the remaining part of the charge in; as few Words as possible. [Sidenote: _Dissimulation became necessary._] Amongst the rest _Dissimulation_ is none of the least _Blemishes_, which they endeavour to fix upon us. This Quality, though it can't upon any occasion deserve the name of a _Vertue_, yet according to the present Constitution of the World, is many times absolutely necessary, and is a main ingredient in the Composition of Human Prudence. It is indeed oftentimes criminal, but it is only accidentally so, as Industry, Wit, and most other good Qualities may be, according, to the Ends and Purposes to which they are misemploy'd. Dissimulation is nothing but the hiding or disguising our secret thoughts, or Inclinations under another appearance. I shall not endeavour to absolve our Sex wholly from all use of this Quality, or Art (call it which you please) because I think it may upon many occasions be used with Innocence enough, and upon some can't without great Imprudence be omitted. The World is too full of _Craft_, _Malice_, and _Violence_, for absolute _Simplicity_ to live in it. It behoves therefore our Sex as well as the other to live with so much Caution, and Circumspection in regard to their own Security, that their Thoughts and Inclinations may not be seen so naked, as to expose 'em to the _Snares_, designs, and practices of _Crafty Knaves_, who wou'd make a property of 'em; or lay 'em open to the wicked _Efforts_, and mischievous Impressions of _Envy_, or _Malice_, whose pleasure springs from the hurt of others. Nothing gives our Adversaries so great an advantage over us, as the knowledge of our Opinions, and Affections, with something agreable to which they will be sure to bate all their Traps and Devices. For this reason it is that it has been Proverbially said of Old, that, _He that knows not how to dissemble, knows not how to live_. The Experience of all Ages since has confirm'd this Observation, and ours no less than any of the Preceding. This premis'd, I suppose no Wise Man will blame our Sex for the use of an Art so necessary, to preserve 'em from becoming a _Prey_ to every designing Man, an Art of which himself must make great use to deserve that Title. Yet I am afraid, that upon enquiry our Sex will not be found to have so much of it as is requisite, at least not generally; Our sedentary Life, and the narrow Limits to which our Acquaintance, and Business are Circumscrib'd, afford us so little Variety, so regular a Face of things, that we want the means of obtaining the Mastery of so useful an Art, which no question but we shou'd as soon acquire as Men, had we but equal Opportunities. Hence it is that _Women_ are more apt to show their _Resentments_ upon all _Provocations_ than _Men_; and are thought naturally more _Peevish_ and _Captious_, by those that apprehend not the true reason; Whereas _Men_ are altogether as _Stomachful_, and take _Offence_ as soon, but they cover and suppress their Indignation better, not with a design to forget any Injury receiv'd, but to wreak their _Revenge_ more covertly and effectually. This is another advantage Men derive from liberty of Conversation and promiscuous Business, wherein the Variety of Contingencies they have to provide against, and the Diversity of Tempers they deal with, force 'em to turn and wind themselves into all _Shapes_, and accommodate themselves to all Humours. There is indeed yet a higher sort of _Dissimulation_, [Sidenote: _Dissimulation when criminal._] which is always Criminal, that is when Men not only cloud their real _Sentiments_ and Intentions, but make Profession of and seem zealously to affect the contrary; this by a more proper and restrain'd Name is call'd _Deceipt_, and is always us'd in an ill Sense. This Art is most practic'd in Courts where _Policie_, and _Ambition_ reign; there You may see _Enemies_ hugging and caressing one another with all outward _Expressions_ of _Tenderness_ and _Friendship_ imaginabe, while they are secretly contriving each others ruine. There you may see Men cringing to those, they wou'd _Spurn_ if they durst, and _Flattering_ those they despise and rail at behind; their _Backs_, The Court is a place where we come very rarely otherwise than as _Spectators_, not as _Actours_; as _Ornaments_, not as _Instruments_; and therefore are seldom involv'd in the guilty Practices of it. Nor is it the Court only, but all Places are infected with this Vice, where there is any Encouragement of Profit or Pleasure to be hop'd from successful Treachery, of which no Place is so barren as not to afford some. This Deceipt is so far from being the Vice of our Sex, that they are the common Object on which it is daily practic'd: Nothing is more frequently met with than false Love in Men, [Sidenote: _False Love

commonly practic'd._] which is now grown so familiar, that a Company of Six of both Sexes can scarce meet, but a _Sham Passion_ commences immediately, is urg'd, protested, and sworn to be real with all imaginable Violence. If these false Arts, mock sighing, and Dying prevail upon any foolish, easie, credulous _Woman_, the _Sham Lover_ is blown up with the Success, he is big and in Labour till he be deliver'd of the Secret, which with great satisfaction he proclaims in all Places where he comes: 'tis his highest Exploit of _Gallantry_, which he will by no means lose the credit of. Thus he thinks her ruine a step to Reputation, and founds his own Honour upon her Infamy. This _Madam_ is the basest of Treachery; for they are not satisfied with the Success of their false Promises, and Oaths, but they insult over the weakness of a too fond _Woman_, and _Triumph_ in her Dishonour. I am sorry there are any _Women_ so foolish and forward, as to give hopes and encouragement to such ungenerous Fellows; yet we may be assur'd that they are not a quarter so many as those vain _Boasters_ wou'd make 'em. Much more be said on this head, but that I think it high time to pass on to the next, which is _Enviousness_, so foul a Blot to a fair Character, that no Merit can wash it out, or atone sufficiently for it.

Envy is the Parent of _Calumny_, and the Daughter of _Jealousie_. Men seldom envy others, [Sidenote: _Enviousness_] till they fear being out strip'd by 'em in Fortune or Reputation. It is the most criminal, because the most injurious to Vertue, and worth of all our natural Failings, against which it's Malice is generally bent. This vice and _Jealousie_ seem to be more particularly hated of _Providence_ than any other; For they carry their Punishment inseparably along with 'em, The Envious and the Jealous need no other Tormentours than their own Thoughts. The Envious Man ruines his own to disturb anothers Tranquillity, and sacrifices his own Happiness and Repose to a perverse Desire of troubling his Neighbours. He feeds like _Toads_ upon the Venome of the Earth, and sucks in Scandal greedily, that he may at Pleasure disgorge it to the greater annoyance of other Men. His mind has the _Vapours_, a Sweet Report of any one throws it into Convulsions, and Agonies, and a foul one is the Releif and Refreshment of it. A wholesome Air free from the Blasts of _Detraction_ and _Slander_ is as certainly pernicious to him, as _Ireland_ to _Frogs_ and _Toads_. This Vice is generally disclaim'd by both Sexes, yet generally practic'd by both. Men love as little to have their Reputation as their Chimneys over-topt by their Neighbours; For they think by that means their names become dark, as their Houses do smoaky by the other: Yet thro' a lazy Malignity had rather pull the other's down to their Level, than build their own up higher. This Humour prevails indeed, yet not in equal Measure in both Sexes. For as we have confessedly less _Ambition_, so have we apparently less of this Poison which usually attends it, and arises from a self Interested Principle, which makes 'em endeavour by base sinister means to level that Merit which they think stands in their way to Preferment, and which they despair of being able to surmount by honourable attempts. For what need any one use base Sleights to stop the Man, whom by fair Speed he thought he cou'd overtake. No sooner is any Man rais'd to any Eminence in the World, but half the Sex at least join in Confederacy to raise a Battery of Scandal against him, to bring him down again. _Honour_ is the _Pillory_ of great Desert, whither a Man is no sooner rais'd, but the vile Rascally inferiour Croud gather immediately together, to throw Dirt at him, and make that which was intended as a Grace, and Reward, but a more honourable Punishment. Our Sex seldom arrive to this Pitch of Envy, our Ambition is more bounded, and our Desires sooner satisfied. Hence it is that we are less troubl'd at the Prosperity of others; for not giving our selves the Liberty of aiming at things far out of our Power, they are the sooner compass'd, and we the sooner at Ease. He, that thinks himself Happy, is incapable of Envying another's Felicity, since he sees him possess'd of nothing which either he has not or despises not. Yet it must be confess'd that the lesser Piques, and Grudgings are daily to be met with among us, but no less among Men. What is it that spawns daily such Fryes of _Satyrists_ without Wit, and _Criticks_ without Judgment, but this humour of carping, and nibbling at the Reputation of others? But they are generally abundantly furnisht with Impudence, a good Quality that commonly supplies largely the want of all other.

[Sidenote: _Character of a City Critick_]

A _Critick_ of this sort is one that for want of _Wit_ sets up for _Judgment_; yet he has so much Ambition to be thought a _Wit_, that he lets his _Spleen_ prevail against _Nature_, and turns _Poet_. In this Capacity he is as just to the World as in the other Injurious. For as the _Critick_ wrong'd ev'ry Body in his Censure, and snarl'd, and grin'd at their Writings, the _Poet_ gives 'em Opportunity to do themselves Justice, to return the Compliment and laugh at or despise his. He wants nothing but Wit to fit him for a _Satyrist_, yet he has _Gall_ and _Vanity_ enough to dispence with that Want, and write without it. His works are _Libells_ upon others, but _Satyrs_ upon himself, and while they _Bark_ at Men of _Wit_, call him Fool that writ 'em. He takes his Malice for a Muse, and thinks himself inspir'd when he is only _Possess'd_, and blown up with a Flatus of _Envy_ and _Vanity_. His great helps to Poetry are _Crambo_, and _Arithmetick_, by which he aspires to Chime, and Numbers, yet mistakes frequently in the tale of his Fingers. He has a very great _Antipathy_ to his own Species, and hates to see a Fool any where but in his Glass. For (as he says) they _Provoke_ him _And offend his Eyes_: [Sidenote: _7th. Satyre of Boileau Eng._] He _Follows 'em as a Dog persues his Prey, and barks whenere_ He _smells 'em in his way_: He _knows, to say no more_ that _Wit is scarce, to gingle out a Rhime, or tag a

Verse: Or Cobble wretched Prose to numerous Lines: There if he has a Genius there it shines_. His Fund of _Criticism_ is a Set of Terms of Art pickt out of the _French Criticks_, or their Translators; and his _Poetical_ stock is a Common Place of certain _Forms_ and _Manners_ of Expression. He writes better in _Verse_ than _Prose_; For in that there is _Rhime_, in this neither _Rhime_ not _Reason_. He talks much of the _Naivete_ of his Thoughts, which appears sufficiently in the Dullness of 'em; yet nothing but the _Phlegmatick_, Spiritless _Air_ is his own. He rails at Mr. _Oldham_ for want of Breeding and good Manners without a grain of either, and steals his own Wit to bespatter him with, but like an ill _Chymist_, he lets the _Spirit_ flie of in the drawing over, and retains only the _Phlegm_. He censures Mr. _Cowley_ for too much _Wit_, and corrects him with none. The difference between Mr. _Cowley_ and him is this; the one has too much Wit, and too fine for the Standard; the other not enough to blanch his base Metal, or cover the Brass of his Counterfeits. To compleat himself in the Formalities of _Parnassus_, he falls in love and tells the World, it is oblig'd to his _Passion_ for his _Poetry_; but if his _Mistress_ prove no more indulgent than his _Muse_, his Amour is like to conclude but unluckily. For if his Love be no warmer than his Lines, his _Corinna_ may play with his Flame without danger of Burning. He pretends to have written only his sincerest Thoughts; I don't know how well his Mistress may take that from the _Lover_, but I dare swear the World did not expect it from the Poet. He is happiest at the Picture of a Rhiming Fool, for he need only to look in his Glass, and he may Copy a Country _Wit_ from the City Original. If this Rhiming Humour lasts, there's a good _Sugar-Jobber_ spoil'd for an ill _Poet_; yet for his comfort, Time, Improvement, and two or three Books more may raise him to Rival _E— S—_ and sing _London_'s Triumphs, to the Envy of _Tom Jordan_ of happy Memory.

You may wonder, _Madam_, why I shou'd give you the trouble of this Character, after I had given you my word to trouble you with no more of this Nature. I must confess, I am sorry that so foolish an Occasion cou'd make me forget my self; but a Book newly publish'd happening just at this Juncture unluckily to fall into my Hands, I cou'd not without Indignation see the Scurrility and Insolence, with which Mr. _Oldham_, and Mr. _Cowley_ are treated; and cou'd not but resent a little the Wrongs done to the Memory of Men whom the rest of the World with Justice admire; and cou'd not help taking Notice upon so fair an Opportunity, that they are not, tho' dead, to be so rudely plaid with, and made the May-Game of e'ry _Splenetick Boy_. There are some yet living, whose Wit and Performances deserve a more respectful treatment, than they have met with from him. But they are able to revenge their own Quarrel, if they think he deserves the honour to be Scourg'd by 'em. Nothing but Envy and a Vain Conceit of himself cou'd move him to attack the Reputation of Men, whose Verse will alwayes command Admiration, while his own raise nothing but Scorn and Indignation. If his Bookseller were but blest with half a dozen such Authors, he wou'd in a short time infallibly be _Stationer_ general to all the _Grocers_ and _Tobacconists_ in the Town.

After this Digression, _Madam_, let us return to our Subject. We stand yet charg'd with _Levity_, and _Inconstancy_, two Failings so nearly related and so generally United, that it his hard to treat of 'em apart; [Sidenote: _Levity._] we will therefore consider 'em briefly together. _Levity_ is an unsteddy Humor that makes men like and dislike, seek, and reject frequently the same things upon slender or no Reasons. This is the Humour of the Infancy of both Sexes, and proceeds from the strength of their Appetites, and the weakness of their Judgments. At these tender Years every thing we see moves our Curiosities, and because we think little beyond our Appetites, desire impatiently whatever pleases. This wears of in Proportion to the growth of our Judgments, when we begin to consider the Fatigue, Hazard, Disreputation, and other Inconveniences that attend unreasonable, or inordinate Desires. Herein our Sex have a manifest Advantage over the other; For it is confess'd on all hands that our Judgments ripen sooner than theirs, [Sidenote: _Less Levity among Women then Men._] whence of course it Follows, that this Folly prevails not so long upon us, as them. 'Tis yet true, that even the most experienc'd and wisest of Us have no small mixture of it, which appears in the greatest Part of our Actions. But it is certain likewise, that Men have a greater proportion of it than we. From this it is that _Novelty_ derives all its Charms, and that Men persue with so much Eagerness and Impatience what they so soon slight if obtain'd. I appeal to the Experience of all mankind, if they do not generally frame to themselves much greater Idea's of any thing they desire, and are unacquainted with, than they find real, when they become Familiar to 'em; and if they did not imagine greater Pleasures, while they were in persuit, than they met with after they were in Possession of their Wishes. The Imagery of _Fancy_ is, like some Paintings, ravishing, and surprizing at a due distance, but approach 'em near, and all the Charms and Beauty vanish, and they appear rough and unpleasant. Hence it is that Men grow uneasie, and their desires pall so soon upon the full enjoyment of their Wishes; they see then the imperfections as well as Beauties of what they covered, which glitter'd so far of, and like the Moon appear'd all Lustre and Smoothness, but when arriv'd at, all dark and uneven. These Fallacies Men are more submitted to than we, by those very Priviledges which give 'em in some things the advantage over us. The variety of Business, and Society they run through, the large acquaintance they contract, give 'em encouragement to aspire to, and hopes to obtain many difficult things, which our Sex seldom lift their Thoughts up to. I know this aspiring Humour of theirs is generally call'd _Ambition_, and I allow the Term to be proper; but their Ambition works upon their Levity, which only can make them Barter certain Ease, Peace and Security, for uncertain Pomp and

Splendour; and forsake a Condition they know to be good, for one they know no more of, than that it Shines, and that it Glitters, and so part with the true Jewel for the false one. These are the seririous and applauded Follies of Mankind, and shew the Weakness and Levity of those we call the greatest, and wisest Men, that sacrifice the Ease and Pleasure of their lives to _Popular Breath_, and sounding Titles, which is like bartring a small Diamond for a large Glass Bubble.

[Sidenote: _Inconstancy_]

Inconstancy is so like _Levity_ that little more needs to be said of it, only that it is commonly restrain'd to the change of Affections in regard to Persons, and so is cheifly concern'd in Love and Freindship. It is founded upon Levity, thro' which we first make an injudicious Choice, and are afterwards as unreasonably disgusted with it. This happens oftner in _Love_, than _Friendship_; because the Impressions of _Love_ are more suddenly receiv'd, and the Effects of it more violent, than those of _Friendship_; and the Desires, which are commonly kindled by one single Perfection, such as _Beauty_ or _Wit_, not being suddenly answered, are in Process of time extinguish'd, or abated by observation of some disgustful Imperfection or other in the Person belov'd. This is indeed the true Reason, [Sidenote: _Love, why so soon cold._] why _Love_, which is generally so hot at first, cools commonly so suddenly; because being generally the Issue of Fancy, not judgment, it is grounded upon an over great Opinion of those Perfections, which first strike us, and which fall in our Esteem upon more mature Examination. From whence it is likewise that Men are less constant in their Affections, than we; for Beauty only being generally the Object of their Passion, the Effect must necessarily be as fadeing as the Cause; their Love therefore being only the result of wonder and Surprize, is abated by Familiarity, and decays, as they wear of, by Degrees. Beside, that, a Love so Founded is liable to be ravish'd by any Superiour Beauty; or if not so, yet the Novelty of the Former once worn of, the New Comer has the assistance of Fancy the Slave of Novelty to gain the Superiority. This is the Cause why so few real and lasting Passions are found amongst Men. For Charms depending upon, and owing their Power to Fancy, can maintain no Conquests any longer, than that is on their side, which is as inconstant as the Wind. [Sidenote: _Women constanter Lovers._] In this also we are less faulty, than they; For, not usually fixing our Affection on so mutable a Thing as the _Beauty_ of a _Face_, which a thousand accidents may destroy, but on _Wit_, _Good Humour_, and other _Graces_ of the _Mind_, as well as of the _Body_, our Love is more durable, and constant in proportion to the longer continuance of those Qualities in the Object. Neither indeed have we the means, or temptation to be Fickle and inconstant so ready as Men have; For Modesty, and the Rules of Decency observ'd among Us, not permitting to us the Liberty of declaring our sentiments to those we love, as Men may, we dare not indulge a wanton Fancy, or rambling Inclination, which must be stiffled in our own Breasts, and cou'd only give us a hopeless Anxiety, unless we were able to inspire the same Passion for us in them; which it were vain to expect, without breaking thro' all restraint of _Modesty_ and _Decorum_ at the price of our Fame and Reputation, which I hope few are so daring as to venture. Besides this our Tempers are by Nature calm, sedate, and tender, not apt to be ruffl'd, and disturb'd by Passions, and too fearful to enterprize any thing in satisfaction of 'em; theirs on the contrary, bold, active, and uneven, easily susceptible of all manner of Desires, and readily executing any Designs to gratifie 'em. Thus are we debarred the liberty of chusing for our selves, and confin'd to please our selves out of the number that like and address to us, of which if we fix our Affections upon any one, we are generally fixt and unmoveable, as having neither the Inclination to, nor opportunity of Inconstancy, that the Men have. I don't deny but that there may be some among us guilty of this Fault, but they are vastly short of the Number of Men involv'd in the like Guilt, amongst whom it is now grown so fashionable, that is become no Scandal; but is daily justified, and the Treachery boas the women candidates wholesale. This, regardless of the fact that the steady increase of the Labour poll has been due in great part to the votes and more to the organization and propaganda of large numbers of intelligent working women who know not only what they want, but how to get it. They are backed now by many of the middle-class women who were young enough to be revolted by war politics in 1914, and are old enough to claim their citizenship in 1924. Hundreds of thousands of others, now between twenty and thirty, mothers, professional and working women, will make themselves heard before long. To them, the principle of feminine equality is as natural as drawing breath■■they are neither oppressed by tradition nor worn by rebellion. I venture to think that, had the Labour Party machine been less dominated by the masculine perspective, to which the equal franchise bill was a matter of secondary importance, they would not have lost so heavily in the 1924 election. Votes for women at 21 would have greatly increased the poll of many Labour candidates. I have seen young mothers almost sobbing outside the polling-station on polling-day because they had no vote to cast for the future of themselves and their children. As for the defeat of women candidates, everybody, including the leader-writers who spread the adverse propaganda, knew perfectly well that the majority of them stood in constituencies where even a man of their party would not have had the ghost of a chance. Here again Jason at headquarters displayed his well-known chivalry.

[1] Lovat Fraser in a cunning article in _The Sunday Pictorial_, January 4, 1925.

It is no part of my thesis to maintain that women display their feminism in proportion as they vote for any particular political party■■Labour, for example. But I do suggest that it is the progressive working woman rather than the woman of the middle class who will in the future make the most important contribution to the thought of feminism and to a solution of our practical difficulties. One of the most inveterate anti-feminists, the author of _Lysistrata_, as an avowed anti-democrat, has based his thesis and his strictures on observations that do not go beyond the bounds of upper- and middle-class people, barely even beyond the bounds of the night club or the suburban dance-hall. In his eyes we are to blame for everything. Our worst crime is to “blaspheme life and man”; our next, not to have prevented food being put into tins; our next, to have adhered faithfully to that ascetic view of life and sex so firmly instilled into us by medieval monks and bullying Puritan fathers and brothers. We are to blame for the industrial revolution in that we let weaving, spinning, milling, and baking go out of our hands. We are to blame for the iniquities of doctors in that we did not maintain our position as the dispensers of healing potions and simples. We are to blame in that we have not learned to bring forth our children without pain, those children whose brows bear the marks of obstetric instruments that were used to spare their mothers, and whose lips have not been laid to those inhuman mothers’ breasts. (There are no scars of war, O Jason!) Where is salvation for us, and how shall we rid us of the burden of our iniquity? We who have waxed so arrogant that we have even aspired to let science build our children outside their mothers’ bodies must humble ourselves once more and take upon us the whole duty of woman. We must use our votes to restore aristocracy[2] and take the food out of tins; spin and weave, no doubt, the while we nurse and bear our yearly child, delivering it over to infanticide when necessary, since birth-control is artificial and displeasing to the male. In our leisure moments■■of which, doubtless, we shall find many under this humane _régime_■■we are to discover by what means of diet, or exercise it may be, we can fulfil our maternal functions with pleasure instead of suffering.

[2] An ingenious method of accomplishing this suggests itself. Since women do not sit in the House of Lords, suppose that all Peers’ wives, following the example of the Duchess of Atholl, stand for Parliament where their husbands have estates. This would obviate the necessity, now felt by Conservatives, of restoring the veto of the House of Lords.

A joke, you say? No, no, my poor Medea, it is a man called Rousseau, risen from the dead. Not long ago he preached this sort of thing to women who pinched their waists and wore a dozen petticoats. They were not educated enough to follow Voltaire, so they listened to what Rousseau called the Voice of Nature. Soon thereafter, they found they were being abused for being less civilized, more ape-like than the male, irrational and unsuited to take a part in public life. So they tried again, poor things, and then there was an awful thing called the Industrial Revolution, and the food got into tins. They may be pardoned, as may all of us, if at this point they became a little bewildered. Some people blamed science, some civilization, some the meat-trusts and the millers, but the true culprit, as ever, was Woman. A thousand voices cried her down■■she hadn’t enough children; she had too many; she was an ape; she was a dressed-up doll; she was a Puritan; she was an immoral minx; she was uneducated; they had taught her too much. Her pinched waist was formerly abused■■now it was her slim and boyish body. Eminent surgeons[3] committed themselves to the view that the boyish figure with its pliable rubber bust-bodices and corselets would be the ruin of the race, that race which had been superbly undegenerate through four centuries of armour-plate corset and eighteen-inch waists, that race which, then or now, can hardly compete in toughness with the Chinese, among whom the boyish figure has been for centuries the ideal, and whose women cannot conceivably be accused of shirking any of the responsibilities of maternity. Others told us that the woman-doctor has no nerve to tend confinements, and conveniently forgot that, since the world began, and until quite modern times, it is women who have ministered to one another in that agony which now as in the past is the lot of every mother. Is there truth in the words of Jason? Is there truth or justice in the passion of Medea? Let us not ask the protagonists, but let us summon the inquiring intelligence of Hypatia to find us a way out of the intolerable tangle in which their quarrelling has landed us.

[3] Sir Arbuthnot Lane, for whom I have hitherto entertained an entirely unqualified admiration, in a recent article. _Vide The Weekly Dispatch_, December 28, 1924.

II

ARTEMIS _The Early Struggles of Feminism_

When the feminist struggle began during the last century, ignorance and beauty were the two qualities most admired in women. It is necessary to remind our masculine critics what was the soil from which the feminist movement sprang and what the current morality which influenced its direction. It was customary in those days to make fun of old or ugly women and to scorn those who showed any signs of intelligence. A man chose a young, beautiful, and blushing creature for his bride, and transformed her by one year of marriage and one childbirth into a gentle and submissive matron. Ugly or intelligent women, for the most part, paid a heavy

price. Not only were they rejected in youth, and starved of all their natural joys, but as “old maids” they were the object of general scorn and derision. Small wonder that women adopted artificial aids to beauty and artificial hindrances to their native intelligence. Strongest of all the taboos laid by masculine custom and religion on feminine minds was that regarding sex-knowledge. Their purity was to be preserved only by ignorance, and even as matrons and mothers it was scarcely decent for them to refer to any of the physical changes of their bodies. It is impossible to over-estimate the strength of this tradition, or the harm which has been worked by it to the cause of women.

The feminists were, and are still, howled down by men on the pretence that they invented chastity and scorn of bodily values. History disproves such a ridiculous assertion. The early feminists were what history and tradition made them, and could not at the time of their rebellion have been otherwise. The origin of the stupid ideal of womanhood against which men as well as women to-day are still fighting was the asceticism of the Christian religion; and, unless St. Paul was a woman in disguise, I fail to see how woman is to be blamed for a conception of her place and duty from which she has suffered more than anybody else. Before the conversion of the West to Christianity, barbarian women of the North enjoyed a certain rough equality with their husbands. They stride through the sagas, these fierce women, brides of heroes, glad to reward the warrior with their favours, quick to avenge an insult or a wrong. They had no need to stoop to cajolery. Savage and untamed, they were the fit and equal mates of savage men.

Then came the monks, and the white wimples and courtly dresses and chivalry, chants and cathedrals, and meek and reverent casting up and casting down of eyes. The savage breast that had swelled and throbbed untrammelled in love or anger learnt to flutter and to sigh. Quenched were the fires of Brunhilde, her sunlit rock deserted. Agnes and Mary, tamed and pious, sat cooing in the shade. But for meekness and maternity, the early days of asceticism might have seen a crusade to destroy that temptress■■woman. Barely allowed a soul, she slipped through a life of oblivion, praying that it might be a pretty crown with which Heaven would reward her patience and submission at the last. Then came the Puritans and denied her even that, substituting ugliness in this life as well as the negation of body, and a heaven of people in starched nightshirts, rendered oblivious to the horrid spectacle of their figures by the still more horrid chanting of their nasal psalms.

A breath of rationalism■■brief, soon choked, a breath of “nature”■■and so to crinolines, pantalettes, and a life still lived in terror of hell-fire, terror of parents, dread of husband, horror of the least breath of adverse public opinion. Anyone who reads the _Fairchild Family_ must marvel that from such nerve-destroying parental tyranny and the intolerable weight of prejudice and religious superstition the nineteenth-century woman ever found the courage to rebel.

Was it astonishing that the revolt had in it something frenzied and ascetic■■that it seemed to express the anger of the spinster thwarted and despised in the current schemes of values? I do not think the pioneers were so much Puritan as votaries, hanging the tablet of each achievement in the temple of Athene or of Artemis, pressing on, breathless, swift of foot, sure of aim, in dread of the fate of Atalanta whom the Golden Apples lured to destruction and the marital embrace. “Chaste as the icicle, that hangs on Dian’s temple.” They had need to be, perhaps, who, in an atmosphere of swoons and ringlets, won for us schools and colleges, free limbs, health and the open air; unlocked for us the classics, science, medicine, the history of our world; drew us from our paltry, ladylike accomplishments; wrote upon our school-books: “Knowledge is now no more a fountain sealed,” and flung wide the gate into the world.

They, these pioneers, childless, unwed, created and bore thousands of women, made them anew, body and soul, for lives of mental and physical activity unknown in the past to any but the very exceptional few. Just like the new learning of the Renaissance to men’s minds in Europe was the opening of high school and university to the feminine mind of to-day. Thousands of women of the last generation and this, who would otherwise have passed their existence in genteel poverty and vacancy of mind, have found their happiness in teaching, in medicine, or in some other profession. Thousands of mothers have watched with delight the unfolding of their children’s minds, and enjoyed co-operating over “lessons” and arguing politics with the adolescent.

We, who in a sense are the children of the feminist pioneers, whose thoughts embrace the universe, whose lives are one long round of mental and physical delight, at times intense to ecstasy■■we at least will pay our tribute to those who lit the sacred fires, before we take up pen and paper to criticize.

When one reads the lamentations of would-be intelligent men about the iniquities of modern young people, chiefly those of the female sex, one cannot but laugh at their method of approach. It would seem according to them that our modern women just happened like that: no one had a part in forming their bodies or in training their minds. In so far as these people consider education or early training at all, it is to blaspheme at the sex-hating feminists who have trained modern women to dispense with their

birth-right■■the love of man. How this squares with the wail of the Bishops against the sexual immorality of the younger generation we will leave Jason or the eloquent author of _Lysistrata_ to decide. Our business is not to condemn woman, past or present, but to chronicle faithfully the forces that have made her, and the aspirations which will mould her future. For she, and she alone, shall be the arbiter of her fate, and neither man nor creed stand between her and the realization of her ideals. Men have blasphemed woman and life too long, and it will not be until the issues are clearer, the battle more advanced, that the basis for co-operation between man and woman can be finally established. There is too much evidence at present that man, professing friendship and concern, is still ready to snatch from us what little we have won.

To those elderly gentlemen, then, who watch with horror the upper- and middle-class woman perpetrating similar follies to those of upper- and middle-class men, the first question we would put is: “What education did they give their daughters, and what was taught to their mothers before them? What were the current ideas about feminine destiny which encircled them in their impressionable years?” Many would answer, still far too many, that their daughters were given the education of a gentlewoman and fitted to become the wives of gentlemen. This we know of old. The lady eats, drinks, digests, wears clothes, tinkles the piano, dances, sings, handles a golf-club, submits to sex, bears a child without the smallest notion of anatomy, turns from the whole thing disgusted, and probably bears no more. Whose fault? Not hers. They do not teach mothercraft or physiology in finishing schools for gentlemen’s daughters, and it is no part of the duty of gentlemen’s wives to reproduce their kind. Perhaps there is comfort in that.

A great many parents, however, would tell us that they gave their daughters a good and liberal education in such schools as were available, good ordinary boarding- and day-schools which have sprung up during the last fifty years in response to the feminist propaganda. Then we have the working woman, who has shared with her brothers in what education is permitted to trickle through the elementary schools. It must not be forgotten that this ends at fourteen.

Is there something wrong with this education of women, and if so, what? I think we must judge that there is. The reason lies in the sense of inferiority bred in women by so much oppression, and the natural result that their chief aim as they struggled upwards was to prove that in all respects they were just as good as men. The second aim was to prove that they could jolly well do without them. In exactly the same way the worker, rising in the social scale, seeks to prove himself a _bourgeois_. Both efforts are mistaken. Each class and sex has that to give to the common stock of achievement, knowledge, thought, which it alone can give, and robs itself and the community by inferior imitation. The feminist movement, like one dissentient voice in an excited public meeting, was querulous, hysterical, uncertain of itself. It dared not cry out that women had bodies. Its one hope of success was to prove that women had minds. And it was right in this, that the primary fact about men and women is not that they are two sexes apart, but that they are human beings and as such should share all knowledge in the world and make it the basis of their partnership and the rearing of their children.

Many an ardent feminist spinster in a girls’ secondary school has sighed over the state of public opinion which forced her to drive her girls’ minds along channels for which they were not always suited, that they might do well at college and show that women could surpass the men. Many another, well drilled by a mother or tradition in ideals of feminine virtue, gloried in the sexless learned women she was creating and in the thought that one day they would force those savage, lustful men to conform to the ideals which they set up for women. Why blame her? Lay the blame where it is due. It will be but a just retribution for that lustful male and his ideal of feminine virtue if one day, in a world full of prohibitions, he finds himself forced to kneel before the Mumbo-Jumbo[4] he himself built up to terrify his wives and daughters to submission.

[4] Mumbo-Jumbo was an idol set up by the men in Nigeria to terrify erring women. The men, but not the women, knew him to be a fake. See _Mungo Park’s Travels_.

Feminist ideals of education, then, had the defect that they did in a certain measure deny sex, or ignore it. The feminists had a pathetic hope that by so doing they would convince the dominant male that a woman might be learned and yet remain a lady. But I wish to emphasize the fact that this feature has belonged to all education of women, especially of ladies, from time immemorial, and it is, therefore, unbecoming in a male, whether young or old, to use this as a cause for reproach to our sex. We went as far as we dared with an eye to male hostility. Young feminists to-day would be the first to admit that it would probably have paid us to go further. There never has been a period when education has trained women for the possibility of motherhood, and it is time that such training was begun. There never was a period when the education of women was completely honest, and it is time that that training was begun. What knowledge is of more vital importance to women than anatomy and physiology? They were allowed it if they were to be doctors, and then only with caution. Turning casually the pages of a book on anatomy in a girls’ secondary school library, I found the diagrams connected with sex and maternity carefully stuck fast. What is more calculated to inspire prying and prurience?

We have no right to blame young women for shirking marriage, sex, or motherhood, or for moulding their figures on boyish lines, when we carefully treat them as boys and withhold from them as long as we can all knowledge of the difference of their physique and possibly of their destiny. I have no wish to go back on the great achievements of feminism, or to drive women from the professions in which they have a just right to be employed. I want to break down the last barriers. Artemis is slim and bold; Athene is stately. We have done well to worship at their shrines.

But the call of Demeter the Fruitful is insistent. If we would add to the achievements of those who came before us, let us freely admit that we have but been playing mock modesty, and that to us the body is no mere box to hold the mind, but a temple of delight and ecstasy: a temple to hold the future if we will. To me the important task of modern feminism is to accept and proclaim sex; to bury for ever the lie that has too long corrupted our society■■the lie that the body is a hindrance to the mind, and sex a necessary evil to be endured for the perpetuation of our race. To understand sex■■to bring to it dignity and beauty and knowledge born of science, in place of brute instinct and squalor■■that is the bridge that will span the breach between Jason and Medea.

III

ASPASIA _The Younger Feminists_

While we have admitted that the first aim of the feminist movement was to open to women the stores of learning, to develop their minds and to teach them to think, and that no attempt was made to handle the problem of sex, it is not quite fair to say that even early feminism has consistently denied or despised the body. The schools and colleges made it their business to give to women opportunities for physical development, for open-air exercise, swimming, tennis, hockey, lacrosse. The Victorian young woman learnt gradually to be ashamed of her tiny waist and fat hips. She learnt that a healthy appetite[5] as well became a young woman as a young man, gave up her snacks in private and did justice to good meals taken at proper intervals. Quietly, and without mention of the fatal word “sex,” the spinster feminists, by emphasis on health and vigour, built up a generation of young women who were to be frank about other desires besides eating and drinking.

[5] There may be a biological cause of the alleged smallness of feminine appetite. Watching a raven and his consort with fresh meat, I observed that she obtained only a minute portion beneath the contempt of the male. Can it be that, in the savage state, only those females survived who could exist on the little the male allowed them? Is this a case of sex-linked heredity?

I cannot see what is the matter with our figures. Steel rods and rubber are more modern materials than oak beams and pink plaster. Neither we nor our modern lovers admire the opulent Venuses, indolent and rose-embowered, who adorned the ceilings of old-fashioned ballrooms. They were stupid, self-indulgent creatures, not even good mothers, whatever the sentimental elderly gentlemen in their top-hats and whiskers may have to say. What is a good mother we will discuss in a later chapter, but for the present it is enough to say that more dangerous childbirths are due to narrow pelves caused by rickets than to hips contracted by the corsets of vanity. Let the doctors turn socialist and feed the poor, instead of spending their time lamenting the inadequacy for childbirth of a few fashionable women who don’t very much matter. Middle- and upper-class girls nowadays■■and most working-class girls, too■■go corsetless up to maturity. They do gymnastic exercises, and dances that give suppleness to the body. They swim and they play out of doors. Those who are rich enough to be adequately fed are graceful and active as kittens, and as healthy. By the time adolescence brings, as it always does, a few years of intensive sex-vanity, the corset can do very little harm. The muscular little body does not tolerate it stiff, or very tight, and the bones are well grown. The mystery of feminine dress helps the appearance of slimness. There are few clothes, and no lumpy gathers. Beneath that boyish outline are firm little breasts, clean arching hips, abdominal curves and thighs, lovely as anything the Venus of Milo has to show.

Artemis fashioned this modern woman. That is admitted. Has Artemis her vows?

I’m afraid for once we have to admit that the Bishops are right. In spite of everything the Church can do, in spite of an education committed, so far as the authorities can control it, to sour or religious spinsters, the modern young woman is not very moral. It is a pathetic picture which the author of _Lysistrata_ has drawn for us, of sexless beings going to and fro in tube and bus-like shuttles in a machine to dull work robbed of all joy, earning their livelihood and turning their backs on man in response to feminist propaganda. Man, the enemy■■to be defeated in his own professions, to be repelled in every onslaught upon feminine virtue: I wonder? I would hazard a guess that, relatively to the population, fewer women retain their virginity till death than in the Victorian period or the Middle Ages. In all probability it is sex, not sexlessness, which makes women cling so tenaciously to the right to earn their living. Marriage brings a jealous intolerant husband, children, prying and impertinent neighbours■■degraded and humiliating slavery for

the vast majority of women. Thirty shillings a week and typing or working in a shop, a still tongue, or a toss of the head and the assertion that independence is the best; and, in the background a lover with whom somehow evenings are spent■■a lover who has no claim and cannot tyrannize. A lover, perhaps, who pleads to become a husband, but has no chance unless his income is good or secure. Marriage would change him: Aspasia knows it. Marriage would also rob her of that thirty shillings a week, which alone stands between her and the abyss of primeval submission. Or else Aspasia teaches in a school or college. She is a skilled teacher, devoted to her work and pupils. She may be a Research Fellow in some difficult branch of learning which is to her the very breath of life. She may be a doctor in the public service, tending and advising mothers and children. She is lovely, vital, creative. Man approaches. There are holidays of delight and secret dread of the scandal which will end the work Aspasia loves■■or marriage and the certainty of that end at once. “Choose,” say the Bishops and the school-managers (often the same thing): “Choose,” say the public authorities who support the Church and rather wish women would get out of this indelicate profession of surgery and medicine; “choose between love and duty to the male and service to the community.” This is not feminism■■feminists have fought it persistently■■it is medieval Christianity. It presents a choice between physical pleasure and service to the mind or soul; it upholds the time-honoured theory that renunciation of the world, the flesh, and the devil is the path to duty and salvation. I am fully aware of all the arguments about economic pressure, the primary right of married men to work, the awful situation of their dependent children and their wives. None of this is fundamental, and the jealous male knows it. “Divide to conquer” is the principle in dealing with trade unions; it works equally well in the feminist struggle. Persuade the single women that the married woman is an unfair competitor,[6] terrify them so far as you can into believing that to succumb to sex is something unbecoming and disgraceful and punishable with misery everlasting, whether in marriage or outside of it, and you can prevent the women combining against you.

[6] This scheme no longer works, as is evidenced by the attitude of the National Union of Women Teachers this year (1925). Intelligent women are more appreciated than they were, and teachers know they may all want to marry some day.

But not if Aspasia will speak. If she but would, and put an end to this lie for ever. She could tell us how, especially during the years of war, young women took the last step towards feminine emancipation by admitting to themselves and their lovers the mutual nature of sex-love between man and woman. It sounds a platitude, but is, in fact, a revolution. Strange to say, the nearness of death from enemy bombs or enemy fire did not intensify the thought of holiness and heaven. It made the little footrules to measure morality look absurd; it mocked the emptiness of female virtue. While poverty and parents forbade the certainty of marriage, with nothing but instability and death around them, our modern Aspasias took the love of man and gave the love of woman, and found this union, free and full on either side, the most priceless gift the immortal gods can bestow. There is nothing new in this, the moralist will say■■it is just wickedness. Yes, there is this that is new: that, though these younger women may be driven from fear of starvation to the outward acceptance of old codes and conventions, inwardly they know they have done no wrong and will not admit a conviction of sin. Sex, even without children and without marriage, is to them a thing of dignity, beauty, and delight. All Puritans■■and most males so long as they can remember■■have tried to persuade women that their part in sex is pregnancy and childbirth, and not momentary delight. As well tell a man his part is the hunting and skinning of animals for food and clothing. To enjoy and admit we enjoy, without terror or regret, is an achievement in honesty. We will go further and say that polygamy, proffered by the male as a solution to our sexless lives, is no solution at all when we are polyandrous. It is useless to go on pretending, as both sexes do, about this question. The plain truth is that there are as many types of lover among women of all classes as among men, and that nothing but honesty and freedom will make instinctive satisfaction possible for all. Grant each man and woman the right to seek his or her own solution without fear of public censure. Moral questions of this kind cannot be decided by some abstract rule. It would not be wrong for a man to have six wives, provided he and they all found mutual happiness in that arrangement; nor for a woman to have six husbands and a child by each, if she and they found such a life satisfactory. The wrong lies in rules that are barriers between human beings who would otherwise reach a fuller and more intense understanding of one another. And any man or woman of intelligence and vitality can testify that to have known each other as lovers is to have completed mental and spiritual, as well as physical, understanding, and to have permanently enriched each other’s lives, capacities, energies, imaginations. There is no need to make these divisions into mind and body. There is no difference. A way of walking, laughter, thoughts spoken or written, gestures of love or anger, colour and light of eyes or hair■■these are the human being, man or woman. It is thus that modern individuals think of one another. When we think so, it seems absurd to argue whether or no love between man and woman should stop short of a certain kind of physical expression. It is useless to say that a mental exchange is sufficient. On the contrary, lovers know that it is through sexual understanding they best apprehend the quality of each other’s minds. It is equally futile to argue that woman is cheated of her full rights if children do not result. That is not true.

It is said that modern human beings, by dint of not valuing the body, are physically degenerate and lose the finest ecstasies of love. Their digestions are poor, we are told, their breath foul, their teeth bad. Was love more delightful, then, in the old days when baths were unknown, when “sweet breath” in a woman was so rare as to be sung by poets, and the reek of stale sweat was barely stifled by a strong perfume? John Donne wrote verses to the flea he saw nestling in his lady’s bosom. There is scarcely a fine gentleman to-day who could face the prospect of making love to one of the fine ladies of the past six or seven hundred years in Europe, if she could be presented to him just as she was to her contemporary lovers. It is true that neither vermin, filth, nor squalor■■being equal for both■■can stay the passion of sex whether now or in the past, but I do not believe in the theory that the rougher our physique the more intense our bodily delights. Health, to be sure, is essential; but health is to be secured in the modern world, not by a return to savagery, but by the use of intelligence. I believe the bodies of young people of to-day to whom fair opportunities have been given are more healthy within and without than they were in past times. And I believe that the disappearance of religious and moral dualism between mind and matter■■not by an oppressive victory of either, neither by rational and moral control, nor by abandonment to sensual materialism, but by a better understanding of psychology and physiology based on the discoveries of physical science■■is bringing to the whole of life, but especially to sex-love, maternity, the rearing and education of children, joy and rapture and promise surpassing anything known to the purely instinctive life of the past. Of course we are bewildered. Civilization without decay is at last a possibility. Let us have knowledge and patience: blaspheming and violence will ruin all.

It is for modern women and for men who can understand the problem to make an end to secrecy, shame, and starvation where sex is concerned. There has been a good deal of freedom in action, but less boldness in speech, because of the heavy penalties involved. For some women speech is impossible; those who are secure must fight their battle. How old and proper people love a vigorous and god-like young male! How they look askance upon, brow-beat, and bully his equivalent in the opposite sex! Here is a community for ever starving and choking its finest women, stifling their voices in education and public life; then turning and rending the submissive residue for being what years of intimidation have made them. Let them marry, you say, and make a success of that and their children. That would be well enough but for the taboos and disabilities with which marriage is surrounded. Feminism led women away from the home that they might return armed and unsubdued to make marriage tolerable. Women who have been free remember the horror of the approach to marriage: a barrier for most of us to free public activity; a life-long contract only to be broken in disgrace and public disgust; aunts, uncles, social duties that exasperate and are totally unnecessary; the common view that henceforward husband and wife are one and indivisible, and the wife for ever to be burdened with her husband’s duties and affairs; looks of surprise and reproach if we enjoy other male society; constraint in the manner of men formerly our friends; income, if we have any or can still earn, taxed as a part of our husband’s; children, which, had we had them illegitimate, would have been our own but now are our husband’s; worst of all, the looks and smiles from silly women broken in to slavery, congratulating us on having done well and made ourselves secure for life.

Let no one think this is petulant abuse. It is the accumulation of these details, and the pressure of public opinion which gradually destroy the nerve and independent judgment of married women who, in their free state, have been brilliant and remarkable. It is the fact that, by marriage, we conform and place ourselves in a line with millions of others whose view of what we have done is entirely foreign to our own. As a Labour Minister is corrupted by Court dress, so is a free woman by the marriage-contract. Nothing but our desire for children would make us endure it. We, to whom the mutual nature of sex-love is sacred, to whom a partnership involving children is of equal dignity on both sides, to whom the surrender of our whole being in love is a free gift■■the highest we can bestow; who would neither bind ourselves nor others where love is non-existent; we must submit to a contract based on rights of property and possession, buying and selling of our bodies; a law whose conception of conjugal wrongs is sin, punishment, and just revenge; and a Church whose utmost concession is to bid us “serve” instead of “obey” our husbands. Build, O Aspasia, a trade union of lovers to conquer the world, and cry aloud that feminism is nowhere so much needed as in the home.

IV

HECUBA _Feminist Mothers_

So far I have refrained from any detailed discussion of modern women and maternity because it is still necessary to make it clear that a full life of activity for women is perfectly possible and permissible without it. I am quite aware that certain religious people assert as a moral principle that the purpose of sex-love is not mutual enjoyment but the perpetuation of the race. I am also aware that militarists enjoin on women the necessity of marriage and large families as a patriotic duty. Further, certain doctors have gone out of their way to try to prove that the use of contraceptives is contrary to health and nature. These same people, we may note, have no aversion from the wearing by women of internal remedial rubber supports for months on end nor to patching up with silver,

papier mâché, and other foreign materials, the insides and outsides of human beings mutilated in the natural and healthy pursuit called war. I am not concerned with the morals of convention or superstition, but with the morals of experience. It is the experience of modern women that sex is an instinctive need to them as it is to men, and further that the prevention of conception brings to them no loss of poise, health, or happiness. On the contrary, when once they embark on the task of maternity, contraception is a blessed safeguard to health and recovery in the periods of rest between pregnancies. I am not going to deny that the most perfect delight known to human beings is the completely reckless, mutually adoring union of two people of vitality and intelligence who hope to create another human being as a constant reminder of the beauty of that moment. But many considerations, which we shall discuss, forbid a yearly child. I read recently in an article by G. K. Chesterton, that sex without gestation and parturition is like blowing the trumpets and waving the flags without doing any of the fighting. From a woman such words, though displaying inexperience, might come with dignity; from a man they are an unforgivable, intolerable insult. What is man's part in sex but a perpetual waving of flags and blowing of trumpets and avoidance of the fighting? The vast majority of men are not even tender or kindly to their pregnant or nursing wives, nor will they give help or consideration to the care of their young children.

A revolt against motherhood under present conditions is not surprising, nor is it entirely regrettable. There are quite a number of women whose minds and bodies are not fitted or have not been fitted by their upbringing and education to produce and care for children. This is a source of distress to many people, who, as was suggested earlier, did not think of it at the right moment, when the education of women in public and private schools was being developed. Even now these same people stand in the way of the surest remedy: which is to teach science, physiology, and the beauty of sex and maternity to boys and girls at an early age. The London County Council, many of whom are certainly distressed beyond measure at the falling birth-rate and the discontent and irresponsibility of modern young people, have just, in consultation with suitably selected moral headmasters and mistresses, turned down the suggestion of sex-teaching in elementary and secondary schools. We are always told that boys and girls of all classes nowadays acquire this knowledge easily for themselves, but the mere knowledge is not the only thing to the adolescent mind. Things not spoken of by parents or teachers, things dealt with in hushed voices by moral and spiritual leaders, surrounded by cant and humbug and false sentiment, are bound to be thought nasty by mild young people and to provide ribald laughter for the obstreperous.

This is not to say that sex-information should be given in a spirit of evangelical solemnity and exhortation, nor even of soft sentimentality. All that is needed is lessons in physiology, taught as a matter of course, as botany or nature-study are often taught; and then explanations to boys of the working of their bodies, how to keep them in health, how not to dissipate and destroy their energies too soon. Further, they should be told that woman is neither a chattel nor a servant, nor even an inferior, but a partner in joy as in the business of life; that there is no question or difficulty, public or private, which cannot be brought to her for discussion and judgment; and that she has a right to share in all decisions affecting a joint life, children, money, and the conduct of affairs of State. To girls in the same way could be explained the physical changes of puberty, marriage, and maternity, how the child grows, what food and care the mother, and afterwards the baby, will need. There is nothing in this too difficult or shocking to young or adolescent minds. So many of us can remember the secret conclaves with our friends when we puzzled out and pieced together what scraps of information we could glean, awakening instinct darkly supplementing this knowledge. Some of us can remember, perhaps, having noticed obscene writing on school-walls, instantly reported by shocked prefects, instantly effaced by school-mistresses with an awful and portentous gravity which made us feel we had stumbled on the brink of a secret of incredible wickedness and horror. One straightforward lecture of concise information could have dispelled the lurking mystery once and for all and imparted a sense of magic and wonder and ambition. Some of the more fortunate of us, through study in libraries and dreaming over poems, created for ourselves a finer attitude. With no teaching other than that we might find someone who would marry us some day, and that marriage was an excellent destiny even for educated women, and with no belief in any of the moral taboos current around us, some of us can none the less remember the pride of caring for the body, safeguarding health and looks, avoiding excess, severe strain, and overwork, because we cherished our dreams of the children that our bodies were to make■■not ordinary children, of course not: Promethean creatures, endowed with every gift that mortal man could steal from the jealous gods, strong, beautiful, intelligent and bold■■kings and conquerors, not of their fellow-creatures but of nature and the mystery of the world. There is not a woman, unless completely warped by early training, in whom such dreams and visions will not stir if we try to wake them. If not, then let her pass: we do not need her to perpetuate the race. And do not trick her into motherhood by false sentiment and information, or by withholding from her the means to protect herself if she is not fully resolved upon bearing a child.

We want better reasons for having children than not knowing how to prevent them. Nor should we represent motherhood as something so common and easy that everyone can go through it without harm or suffering and rear her children competently and

well. Without arousing dread or horror, we should tell young women frankly the pain and agony of childbirth, and the anxiety and griefs which are the fate of every woman who is a mother by choice and therefore loves her children. Nothing whatever is to be gained by driving the timorous and weak by lies or compulsion into pain which they will resent and responsibility which they will evade. Everything is to be gained by training a woman in knowledge, courage, and physical strength, and leaving it then to her own instinct and her mind to tell her that to create new human beings is worth the discomfort and the suffering which she must necessarily undergo. Those in whom the courage to create survives when choice is free and all the facts are known are those best fitted to bring children into the world, and breed in them eagerness and intrepidity. The others will only pass on fear and distaste for life from which individuals and the community suffer far too much already.[7]

[7] The anti-feminists who see in emancipated women nothing but persecuting spinsters should take comfort from the fact that voluntary motherhood will ultimately destroy feminism, if they are right. The children of women passionately desirous of maternity will inherit strong parental and survival instincts, the occasional feminist “sport” not reproducing herself!

I do not mean by this that we should, scorning the aid of science, return to natural childbirth, and let its pangs scare off the weaklings and the cowards. In this matter the charges of our critics are conflicting. They condemn us for having sought the aid of science to mitigate our suffering, and in the same breath tell us that a return to natural child-bed will bring back a primitive exhilaration and freedom from pain lost for thousands of years. I do not believe that for any comparatively civilized race, any race really worthy the name of man, childbirth has ever been painless. The upright position, held by eighteenth-century divines to be a source of pride in man, was the first injustice to women. Nor do I believe that the sufferings of modern women are any worse or their confinements any more difficult than those of women in the past. They are more closely observed and the difficulties known, and, where skill is available, the dangerous ones are less likely to be fatal. In the past the fragile woman died, or continued ailing, unobserved by a doctor and afraid to complain. People who live and breed in a state of nature are by no means so healthy and vigorous as our modern Rousseaus would have us believe: more children die than survive, and those who are left have physical defects and deformities which could have been remedied by knowledge and care. These and the ravages of smallpox and other diseases, and the deformities due to the natural accidents of life unmitigated by medical care, produce far more ugliness than the mark of an obstetric instrument on temple or forehead. Then, again, youth passes more quickly. The men and women we see in modern life, still reasonably young and fresh with rounded faces and teeth stopped or supplemented by art, would in a more primitive community be dead, or else crouching useless and despised, toothless and with sunken cheeks by the fireside of their sons and daughters.

Decay and pain belong to nature. To arrest the one and mitigate the other has been the task which the sciences that deal in physiology have set themselves. Remedial at first, they pass on to the stage of prevention. Already the principle of intelligent medicine is to strengthen what is weak in the body by nourishment and exercise rather than provide artificial substitutes. Paralysed limbs return to life; women retain their teeth white and strong through several pregnancies. This is not done by a return to nature, but by an increase in civilization and knowledge. In that way our very landscapes have been formed. We prune, we nourish the soil, we cross-breed our plants. The vegetables upon which the enthusiast for nature urges us to live are the product of science and artifice: thousands of years of cultivation, nitrates from Chile, skill of the experimenter, skill of the gardener’s hand. The same is true of the animals we breed for meat, eggs, or milk supply. Agriculture and stock-breeding seem natural to us■■they were not natural in the distant past. As regards the human body, to me at least it seems that we are now beginning to approach the right attitude. There was more dosing and doctoring of petty ailments among intelligent people in the last century. To-day we try to learn how best to live in order that such ailments may not occur, and substitute a well-balanced diet for aids to digestion and the normal functioning of our bodies. We do the same in rearing our children. And this attitude would become more general if those who rule us, Press, Church, rich men and politicians, would consider it really important that every man, woman, and child in the State should have health and happiness, and therefore supply broadcast the necessary rules of life and sufficient of healthy and staple foods for all, in place of advertisement of quack remedies and patent substitutes prepared by profiteers.

To return to the application of science and nature to maternity. A special sentimentality and superstition inherited from the completely savage periods of history cling about this, as about sex. The avoidance of suffering in childbirth is taboo in the Japanese moral code, as it was until recently in Christian morals. Religion has persisted in regarding the female body as unclean when engaged in its most important functions, and purifying it afterwards by special prayers to the Deity.[8] We find this savagery current in Judaism[9] as in Christianity, together with an exhortation to be fruitful and multiply, and therefore to pass through shame and uncleanness as often as we can. It was thought a horror and an outrage when chloroform was used to help us. It is a still greater horror when means are discovered of not having children at all. To this day most doctors and dentists refuse to give an anæsthetic

and draw a rotten tooth which is wearing down a pregnant mother's strength by sleepless nights and days of agony. Yet this can be done with reasonable care and skill. Behind all this there is the mystic belief that somehow or other nature does the work best unaided and unhindered; and this mysticism is rooted in a savage taboo. Life is, indeed, so pertinacious that somehow some of us will survive whatever we do, but this does not seem to me an adequate attitude for the rational mother.

[8] See the service for the _Churching of Women_ in the Prayer Book.

[9] _Leviticus_, xii, 1–8.

The truth is that it is not desired or expected that mothers should be rational. Maternal instinct is so wonderful, maternal devotion so sublime, cry our sentimental brutes. Whatever we may have known of life and the outside world, it is still expected in modern times that, once married, we shall descend into a morass of instinct and ignorance from which we shall never, if the male and the vindictively-minded spinster can prevent it, emerge again. We are privileged, so we are told, in that we may bear each year a child for the State, rock the cradle, wash, mend, and make, pass on the lore of housekeeping and infant-care to our daughters just as we received it from our mothers. It is such a beautiful picture: a pity it is entirely false. The old-fashioned mother had no lore, and her instinct was inadequate. She succeeded by luck rather than by knowledge. She adored, or disciplined; she killed by kindness or by severity and neglect. She would coddle when she should have hardened, harden when she should have coddled; she would over-feed and under-feed, or give the wrong kind of food. Since it has been the fashion for women to have minds, the books for mothers have become more scientific and our intelligent inquiries have been met by research and more adequate replies. Every mother with any intelligence who has reared one or more children through the first year of life and up to five years of age would admit nowadays that scientific knowledge was of more service to her than all the instinct and adoration at her command. Indeed, I believe the so-called maternal instinct in handling and understanding babies consists of habit almost imperceptibly learnt in tending the first, blossoming into a smooth instinctive unity with the coming of the second. The fashionable mother, said to be devoid of maternal instinct because she neglects her child, has simply not learnt it, because necessity does not compel her to practical duties. This is even true, though less so, of well-to-do mothers who feed their babies at the breast.

People will persist in imagining that uncivilized women were always able to feed their children in natural fashion. Very often they were obliged to seek the help of another mother, and, when that was not forthcoming, the baby died. It is quite true that our adaptation to modern conditions of life, nerve-stress, combined with overwork for women in towns and industrial districts, has caused breast-feeding to be less common than it was in the past. But here again the way of life is not back to nature, which is impossible because we cannot at a blow destroy industrialism and the towns■■but onwards, to greater knowledge. Instead of bullying the mothers and telling them it is wicked not to feed their babies at the breast, let them know how, by pre-natal care of health and strength, by diet, by deliberate nerve-control, they can feed their babies with comfort and delight and without detriment to their health and the work which they must necessarily do■■or even to their beauty. Here again, if choice is free and the child therefore ardently desired, there is more chance of success with breast-feeding. And knowledge of the chemical constituents of cow's milk and patent foods as compared with human milk is more likely to induce the modern mother to suckle her child than volumes of abuse or sentimental twaddle.

Then as to the hygiene of pregnancy. Could our mothers have taught us about the different food-values, about protein, nitrogenous foods, calcium from the green foods for teeth and bones, avoidance of too many albuminous foods? Knowledge of what diet can do to help us in pregnancy and our children in early youth is in its infancy, but it is there, none the less. Shall we fling it aside and return to pure instinct? What massage and remedial exercises have taught can be applied to our bodies during pregnancy and after childbirth. It is probable that closer study of the functions of the muscles of the back and the abdomen would enable us to teach women to exercise and control them in a way that would make childbirth almost painless, and the recovery of poise and activity afterwards more rapid and more thorough. Under present conditions, muscles that are often too rigid or too feeble expand and never recover their tone; others■■the back muscles, it may be■■go out of use temporarily and similarly do not recover. In the middle-class woman laziness is often the cause of difficult confinements and poor recovery of the figure; in the working mother a too speedy return to work which is too hard and does not exercise the body harmoniously; in both the ignorance which leads to wrong kinds of nourishment during pregnancy, and fear of doing harm to the child which leads to rigid and over-careful movement, are responsible for a good many troubles. Psychological effects may be serious. Most women develop during pregnancy sensitiveness and a timidity protective to the child. From this the very fertile mother has no opportunity to recover. Hence many of the silly old ladies who cannot cross roads unaided by a policeman. With birth-control, in two years a determined mother can completely restore her nerve, her joy in life, and her full muscular powers.

The author of _Lysistrata_ suggests that by diet we may produce thin babies and therefore have easier confinements. This may be true, but it is a curious fact that the experience of some mothers and doctors goes to show that much protein (which Mr. Ludovici suggests we should avoid) produces a thin baby and a corpulent mother; that, on the other hand, light and nitrogenous foods, while keeping the mother slim and supple, yield a plump 8 to 9 lbs. baby. I think the size of our babies is perhaps not so much under our control as many might wish to suggest. Heredity enters in. Children sometimes have large fathers. The sheep-breeder knows that he dare not mate certain larger types of rams with small-made ewes.

In all these problems, however, it is the frankness and intelligence which feminism has made possible for women which will bring solution and progress, rather than a return to the unguided instincts of our forefathers. The lore of motherhood is a science which is now beginning, but it is not following the lines which convention and the moralists expect. It defies sentiment, ridicules unnecessary and unintelligent sacrifice, is not content to suffer, but makes demands. It begins with birth control, which to many seems the negation of motherhood, but which to the creative mother is the key-stone of her work.

Suppose we have educated our young women sanely about physical matters, as suggested earlier in this chapter. As they reach the age of maturity and activity, what will they find? If they are middle- or upper-class, an existence that is not too intolerable. Feminism has won for them the right of entry to most professions and, provided they are fairly able, they can get work. None the less, it must be admitted that the years since the War have borne hardly upon wage-earning women of all classes. The lack of sexual freedom is a terrible burden, but the remedy ultimately lies in their own hands. Life in marriage still offers reasonable comfort and good food for man and wife and two or three children. But late marriages, from the lack of opportunity for men and the expense of living, cause girls' young bodies to be worn with longing unless they are bold enough to follow our modern Aspasias. This waiting to marry is a real danger to young women's health which conventional, unimaginative people refuse to face. It produces nervous disorders bordering at times on insanity.

As regards the care of her body in pregnancy and childbirth, and the feeding of her children, the middle-class mother is in a position to carry out what modern science has to teach. She cannot have a large family, it is true, and the cry goes up on all sides that it is very hard for the middle-classes to pay for the proper education of their children.[10] The best stocks are being penalized and extinguished, so we are told. This is part of a much bigger problem, and a problem that involves the class-war. All ambitious mothers, from miners' wives to the aristocracy, would like to breed the fine types who receive a thorough education and then enter one of the intellectual professions. Obviously this cannot be. And, given equal ability in two children of different classes of life, there is no just reason for driving the worker's child, who has less good food and conditions and is therefore less fitted to stand the strain, through the worry of the scholarship system, whilst the other child's path is made smooth to a ruling position. Man for man, woman for woman, the workers would be the equals of the middle-class in strength and ability, given the same nourishment, comfort and training. In actual fact, the middle-class is perpetually being replenished in one generation, or two at most, from below. Middle-class fathers and mothers have no right to claim the privilege of a large family unless their children, if they are strong but not clever, are prepared to work the railways or dig coal in the mines. Professional people, scientists, artists, research workers, pure mathematicians, as well as skilled engineers, are, indeed, the salt of the earth, and the community that fails to produce them and give them scope is doomed in this modern world. But they are supported by manual labor, and it cannot be denied that their number cannot be indefinitely extended except by an increase of productivity and wealth. A more equal system of society will diminish drudgery and make it possible for all to have a fine development of intelligence and understanding, whatever the work on which they are employed.

[10] An instance of the incredible snobbery surrounding this question is given by the decision of the conference of Headmasters of Secondary Schools, January, 1925, against free secondary education. While the middle-class parent groans against the cost of his children's education, he also refuses to take the obvious remedy of making education free, for fear the working class should get some of it. Class difficulties would not exist if health and education were adequately dealt with.

Feminism in the mother has led us far from maternity. That is what it is bound to do. The working mother to-day looks straight from her kitchen, if she is lucky enough to have one, on to one of the most complex situations in history. And the intelligent ones are not blind to the situation. That is why I suggested that, though middle-class feminism has conquered the professions, the feminism of working mothers might bring a new and powerful contribution to our work.

The life of the working woman who intends maternity is becoming well-nigh impossible, and she knows it. When she has found a husband the community denies them a decent house. Possibly they find one room or two at an exorbitant rent, with no water and a grate unsuited for cooking. There are no restaurants at which the pair can afford to feed. Therefore they exist on partially or

casually-cooked food, innutritious bread, and food from tins. Things may not be so bad if the wife can go on with work at a mill and get food that is fairly good at the canteen, her wages helping the meals taken at home.

The coming of a baby too often means a search for another lodging. The Bishops and the Generals like babies, but landladies don't. Another room is found, perhaps. The mother works till the last moment, has a difficult confinement and inadequate attention, and gets up too soon. It is not easier for her than for a delicately-nurtured woman, and it is not less painful. Probably it is worse, because the working mother has from birth been underfed and has weaknesses and deformities■■a contracted pelvis, perhaps■■that a woman well-fed and cared for escapes. Then it goes on, baby after baby up to ten and eleven,[11] always in one room and no more money coming in. The mother works whenever she can to help keep the family. Frequently she is cursed or beaten by her husband for her fertility. Should the husband die, she must work continually and harder or send her children to the workhouse. In the opinion of the Bishops, she deserves the "stigma of the Poor Law," and, in the opinion of all right-thinking people, anything done for her by individuals or the State is in the nature of a charity.

[11] A woman of 45 years of age gave birth recently at Queen Charlotte's Hospital, Paddington, to her 23rd child. Ten children is not uncommon.

If I but had the eloquence of Hecuba mourning her slaughtered sons! The crime of war is bad enough: this butchery of hope and promise and human lives is one so black that the heart and mind of every woman who has borne a child should revolt against it until it is tolerated no more. It is easy to escape into an aristocratic theory of society. It has been done before, and ends in the guillotine. These working mothers are the people who must be lied to and terrified by bogies for fear that they use their votes to help themselves. And it is they who, when they sit in conference, demand of the State the right to stem the tide of children, to endow mothers, to pension widows, to teach and tend maternity and ensure rest for pregnant and nursing women; to see that houses and schools are built, and to control and purify the food-supply. Here is the most serious problem for the mothers, and one which the middle-class politician does not touch, because for the middle-class pure and fresh food is almost always obtainable. It is for the working mother to tackle those tins. She cannot now destroy industrialism, which dragged her work and her after it to the mill; but she can claim her right to control it in the name of life and the destiny of her children. Control of the population is essential to solving the food-problem and improving national health. Women in small houses know it. They know, moreover, that contraceptives are better than infanticide and war. The survival of the fittest is a false doctrine in child-bearing as in fighting. Every child which starts with a reasonably good constitution can, by the right care up to one year and food up to five, grow up to be strong and well. And, if the weak and unhealthy are discouraged from breeding and healthy mothers given proper care, great improvements are possible. Poor food and over-crowding are the ladder down which we go to mental deficiency and ultimate complete feebleness of mind.[12] If we cared for life, the best food would by law go to the pregnant and nursing mothers instead of, as at present, to clubs for fat old gentlemen and the frequenters of palatial hotels. It is probable that at present we do not produce enough milk, or produce and import enough butter and eggs to distribute adequately to all.[13] But, by stabilizing or decreasing our population, and by co-operation, intensive culture and control of marketing abroad and of marketing and purity at home, we could see to it that everybody had enough and that what they had was really good.

[12] Professor MacBride, dealing recently with the "Inheritance of Defect" (_Daily Telegraph_, January 8, 1925) said: "The question of questions was whether the failure of the lowest strata of society was due to their surroundings or to their inborn characters. Such questions must be ultimately decided by experiment; and proper experimental work could only be done with animals; we were not entitled to make _corpora vilia_ of our fellow human beings. For this reason he would direct attention to the common goldfish, whose weird monstrosities were all originally due to the starvation of the eggs with respect to light and air in the earliest stages of development. The result of this starvation was to weaken the developmental power and to produce a disharmonious arrest of growth of various organs. Similar arrests of growth occurred in human beings, and were the causes of mental and bodily defects. Their original cause, however, must be sought in the starvation and poisoning of the blood of the mother, but, once started, they were hereditary."

[13] Working people live on tinned milk, margarine, and substitute eggs■■all deficient in necessary vitamins.

To feed an industrial population in a small island is a peculiar and special problem and one demanding expert care and advice. Food must come long distances and must "keep." Hence the preservatives and tins and the need to be watchful beyond measure against poisoning and the loss of what is vital to our well-being. With research, the problem would be easy; but we must make it clear that it is important. Science would easily enable us to produce more from the soil, and, as regards the food of mothers, since the assimilation of extra minerals, salts, etc., in their natural state is not always satisfactory or easy during pregnancy, we might find

ways of growing food, through treatment of the soil, to provide for the special needs of their condition.

What then must feminist mothers demand? The right first of all to the recognition of their work■■the most dangerous of all trades and the most neglected and despised. They should ask for endowment from the community. This is opposed by many on the ground that fathers delight to support their children, and it is they who should claim from the community an adequate family-wage. But, after all, it is the mother who bears and tends the child, and, although many women receive the whole of their husbands' wages, others must fight a humiliating battle against drink and tobacco for the wherewithal to build their children's bodies. This struggle is exemplified on a large scale in the spending of State revenue, most of which goes on armaments and the forces of destruction, and an infinitesimal portion to aid and support life. If Jason cannot give up his murderous playthings, let him have neither sons to destroy nor daughters to drag through misery. His children shall never be conceived. I have indicated that this is happening already, not as a deliberate revolt, but as a counsel of despair in a world which offers no hope, no joy, and no opportunity to the young.

The mother has a right to demand two years' rest between pregnancies; and the right to decide the number of her children. For some the call of motherhood is insistent and its charm grows with experience; they would be good mothers and might well have large families. They could help others by superintending nursery-schools in which children from one to five years might have their important meal of the day. But it is imperative that the woman who has children should not be shut out from public life. The ideal would be for a woman to continue her education at least till eighteen, have the first child at twenty-four, then perhaps three others at two-year intervals. This assumes that large numbers of women do not choose to breed. At thirty-five every mother of four children would, in a community of good schools, convenient houses, and well-run restaurants, be free again to take part in public life. It does not follow that she would be separated from her children; they would go to day-schools. But the mother would do the work for which she was best fitted in school,[14] kitchen, hospital, shop, mill, or Parliament. In this way her opinion would count, and her attitude to life help to permeate the community, which is otherwise left to be guided by the outlook of the single woman and the male. Problems of unemployment and competition due to married women's work are really questions of population pressure, muddled thinking, and bad organization. To discuss all this in close detail is hardly within the scope of this book.

[14] I am strongly of opinion that experience of maternity, even more than of marriage alone, would help the teacher. Some women, even teachers, are bored by children until they have one of their own, whereupon all children of all ages become interesting.

In conclusion, it may be said that the community should never, except on the strongest grounds, deny parenthood to man or woman. Therefore marriages which after two years did not result in a child should be dissoluble at the wish of either party to the contract. This, apart from all other reasons for which the cancelling of marriage should be allowed. Partnership in marriage should in effect be regarded as a partnership for parenthood, and as such should not be entered upon lightly.

V

JASON AND ADMETUS _Men_

Before we pass on to an attempt at a summary and conclusion of the argument, it may be as well to re-state briefly what is the matter with men. Certainly they are not such fierce tyrants as when first we fought them; certainly they have some grounds to complain of the feminine arrogance which, not content with proving equality, wants to go on and prove women the superior sex. We might, on grounds of science perhaps, advance this claim, urging that, since a female being needs one more chromosome for its creation than a male, it must, therefore, be of higher importance. Should we do so, and seek to live alone on the planet, producing our children by parthenogenesis, our pride would be doomed to a fall. Such children, there is reason to believe, would all be males. At least, that is what happens when the experiment is tried by sea-urchins. Men, on the other hand, like to pretend that our assumption of intelligence and independence is but a momentary spurt in a race which must end in masculine victory and feminine submission. They admit that the great development of our freedom in body and mind has given us a serious advantage, and the more discerning among them urge their fellows to press on and catch us up. Others trundle the golden apples beseechingly, but still Atalanta runs.

I believe it to be true that the education and outlook of men is more old-fashioned than that of women reared in the freedom of feminist traditions. Men have not yet realized how women's outlook is changing, nor attempted very seriously to adapt themselves to the change. They will do so, of a certainty; for, true as it may be that above all desires in woman is that to be pleasing to men, it is still truer that the desire of desires in man is to be pleasing to women. I believe that Puritanism or asceticism, of which they

accuse us, is very strong in them. One of the compliments or insults that has been hurled during the sex-war is that the feminine mind is pervaded by the physical harmony of the feminine body. One may perhaps retort that the dualism of mind and matter is a very masculine philosophy; and one which, moreover, men have translated into their everyday lives by the sharp division they like to make between fighters and thinkers, games-playing idiots and thin intellectuals. Too often a woman of vitality and intelligence must choose between a soldier-gentleman and Chaucer's clerk.[15] Should she choose the former, she takes a plunge into the past. This man exults in murder, whether of animals or of his fellow-creatures; deep down within him he is still convinced that women are divided into good and bad■■and both require the handling of a master. His wife must beware how she responds to his advances; she may be thought forward or impure. Decency must above all things be preserved. Though games and the classics may have taught the English gentleman the beauty of paganism and the joy of the naked body where man is concerned, he is still stuffy in his approach to sex. He rarely brings the freshness of the morning and the joy of the open skies to the love of mistress or of wife. Plush, gilt and silk stockings express the one; pipe, the armchair at the fireside, dinner, and a coldly furnished bedroom, the other. Conversation is a masculine monologue, punctuated by assent. He will be good to his children, provided they are not odd, and will protect his wife. He will never lift her to rapture. She fears, and will probably deceive him.

[15] A clerk ther was of Oxenford also

That unto logyk hadde longe y-go. As leene was his hors as is a rake, And he nas nat right fat, I undertake,

* * * * *

And him was lever have at his beddes heed Twenty bokes clad in black or reed.

The intellectual■■perhaps by reason of the monastic tradition of learning, perhaps because he finds Jason so revolting■■does all that he can to forget the needs of the body. Woman counts as one of them. She is a burden, a responsibility, a distraction, an incursion of the material into a world of contemplation. As for children and domestic life, they would make an end to all thought, to all art. An instinctive life■■so he thinks■■is possible only in spasm, if at all, for a man with serious mental work to accomplish. If woman persists in keeping him company, then she must shoulder the burdens, tend him and care for him, and leave him alone when he doesn't want her. It is this contempt for the natural play of instinct which eats the heart out of life for many intellectuals, men and women, of to-day. They dread the gift of themselves, the loss of independence which passion would bring, and therefore they never give freely. In part, they are cherishing the medieval tradition that to be worthy of spiritual or mental labour man and woman must go aside and renounce; in part, they are inspired by a tight conception of materialism, in which individuals are hurled like lumps of matter by dynamic forces through space, unable to do more than come near, but never mingle one with another. This view of life and the medieval are combining to destroy our world in lovelessness and despair.

The old-fashioned mind clings to spiritual duties and consolations and the framework of Church discipline, as a bulwark against personal licence; the more modern mind is dominated by mechanism■■which is, after all, no more than the rational control of matter■■and seeks in an intelligent organization of the State, a framework within which each individual is to perform the duties for which he is best fitted. To neither conception is love between individuals, or sex-love between man and woman, important. In effect, personal relationships do not matter. The Christian doctrine of all-embracing love was once potent, but fails to-day because of the foundation of God, dogma, and Church on which it is built and which modern people cannot accept. "To love thy neighbour as thyself" is also inadequate without knowledge and understanding. But the rational materialists' attitude■■such, for instance, is that of the Bolsheviks■■to human relationships, in particular to women and sex, is as lacking in the sense of human dignity as the Christian. Monogamy and undiscriminating licence rest upon a common basis of contempt for love

Editor: Josephine Conger Kaneko

Release date: February 13, 2025 [eBook #75366]

Language: English

Original publication: Boston: The Stratford Company, 1918

Other information and formats: www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/75366

Credits: Tim Miller and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team at https://www.pgdp.net (This book was produced from scanned images of public domain material from the Google Books project.)

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK WOMAN'S VOICE ***

Woman’s Voice

WOMAN’S VOICE AN ANTHOLOGY

_By_ JOSEPHINE CONGER-KANEKO

[Illustration]

BOSTON THE STRATFORD COMPANY 1918

Copyright 1918 The STRATFORD CO., Publishers Boston, Mass.

The Alpine Press, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

Dedicated to

THE SPLENDID WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS AND ALL AGES WHO HAVE VALIANTLY STRIVEN TOWARD THE BROADER FIELDS OF THOUGHT AND ACTIVITY FOR THEIR SISTERS AND FOR MANKIND AS A WHOLE

EDITOR’S PREFACE

Just now, when the world is going through the most significant period of human history, it is well that woman’s voice be heard above the tumult. For upon woman’s activity may rest the salvation of the race.

This Anthology is not an attempt at literary effects so much as it is an attempt to present seriously woman’s viewpoint of life to a nation standing on the verge of—it knows not what!

So new is the voice of woman in the affairs of life, that in time of stress or panic it must become insistent to be heard or heeded. One book, by one woman, regardless of its strength or purpose, could not have the effect that one book by “crowds” of women could have. That is why this volume has come into existence. It literally is the voice of “crowds of women.”

Those whose words are quoted here are representative women, leaders in their various organizations, representing hundreds of thousands of individuals. Many of them are among our foremost writers, artists, teachers, actors, orators and organizers—some of them combining several of these qualities.

“Woman’s Voice” might easily have been two or three times its present size, but that would have meant a publication too expensive to reach the thousands of readers of moderate means to whom this work is an immediate, special appeal. Future editions of this Anthology will be revised and enlarged until we finally shall have a perfect volume which will take its place in every home as a standard household classic, along with those other books of strong human appeal which every home possesses.

Much of the material in “Woman’s Voice” is covered by copyright, and special permission has been granted the editor to reproduce it here. Many very good things were taken from exchanges (more or less obscure publications), and in such cases the original source of their appearance was difficult to trace. However, in each instance attempt has been made to give credit where it is due, and the editor hopes she has made no serious failures in this respect.

The many publishers and publications, as well as authors and artists represented here, have been very kind in their co-operation to make “Woman’s Voice” a success, by granting permission to use these selections from their output. Special mention is given them elsewhere.

It is the editor’s hope that this volume will circulate very largely in the small towns and country districts of our nation. I want the millions of women who are feeling, and thinking, but who are as yet inarticulate upon the larger affairs of life, to find their need and their voice in this volume. I want that great isolated sisterhood, many of whom have never read a book by a woman on social questions, to have this volume in their homes—and always near at hand; on the sewing table, or in the kitchen cabinet, where it may be referred to between cake-baking and bread-making times. I hope the children in these homes will memorize the verses in this book, and recite them at the Friday afternoon “Literaries,” in their schools.

I hope the club women will make constant use of this volume in their club work—in the preparation of programs, and in roll calls. For the things quoted here deal with the most vital issues of the times, as well as with the most intimate personal emotions and needs of the individual, and are presented by responsible and capable women. Also, they show the growth of race progress through woman's efforts—how she has struggled and won educational rights; how she has struggled and won political rights; how she has struggled and won matrimonial rights, and rights for her children, and for the world's workers. How she is struggling still to bring about an ever higher and fuller life for today and for the future.

And in all this she needs your help, you in your isolated corners; for not until every nook and cranny is active and comes to the front, can our nation attain to those heights for which our womankind is so valiantly working.

When woman's voice is heard the world around, mankind will hearken to her cries and heed them.

INDEX OF AUTHORS

PAGE

Adams, Abigail, 32

Addams, Jane, 28, 61

Alexander, Mrs. R. P., 90

Allen, Carrie W., 168

Allen, Elizabeth Akers, 111

Anthony, Katherine, 1

Anthony, Susan B., 33

Archer, Ruby, 102, 254

Atherton, Gertrude, 44, 273

Austin, Mary, 160

Bachi, Mme, 163

Barker, Elsa, 268

Barnard, Anne Morton, 104, 161

Barnes, Florence Elberta, 189

Barnhart, Nora Elizabeth, 158

Barnum, Gertrude, 5

Barr, Amelia E., 163, 164

Bartlett, Lucy Re, 51

Barton, C. Josephine, 81, 121

Bass, Mrs. George, 38, 252

Beacon, Virginia Cleaver, 278

Beals, May, 272

Beard, Mary Ritter, 1, 204

Belmont, Mrs. O. H. P., 15

Birney, Elizabeth Cherrill, 192

Blackwell, Elizabeth, 199

Bloomer, Amelia, 286

Bocage, Mme. du, 163

Booth, Eva Gore, 184

Brandreth, Paulina, 278

Breshkovskaya, Catherine, 270

Brewer, Grace D., 132

Brower, Pauline Florence, 83

Brown, Rev. Antoinette, 35

Brown, Marion, 225

Browning, Elizabeth Barrett, 104, 241

Burr, Amelia Josephine, 155

Butler, Josephine, 157, 171

Cairo, Mona, 119

Campbell, Helen, 85

Cannon, Ida M., 264

Carbutt, Mary E., 103

Carr, Edna Elliott, 223

Cipriani, Charlotte, 207

Cleyre, Voltairine de, 237

Clifford, Mrs. W. K., 161

Cobb, Frances Power, 292

Cockran, Mrs. Burke, 15

Colet, Louise, 164

Colquhoun, Ethel Maude, 145, 172, 182

Comer, Cornelia A. P., 141

Conger, M. Josephine, 46, 177

Cook, Coralie Franklin, 2

Cook, Elizabeth, 56

Cooper, Elizabeth, 206

Cotton, Mrs. R. R., 36

Daggett, Mable Potter, 6, 88, 226

Dargan, Olive Tilford, 215

Davies, Mary Carolyn, 139, 283

Deardorf, Neva R., 4

De Ford, Miriam Allen, 37

Deland, Margaret, 294

Dick, Mrs. Fred, 62

Dix, Beulah Marie, 233

Dix, Dorothy, 159

Dorr, Rheta Childe, 123

Doty, Madeline Z., 218

Douglas, Winona, 115

Downing, Agnes, 294

Downy, June E., 287

Edgar, Mary S., 243

Eliot, George, 161, 162

Eulalia, Infanta, 274

Fawcett, Millicent Garrett, 263

Fee, Mme, 293

Field, Mary, 217

Flahaut, Mme. de, 163

Flexner, Hortense, 107

Fuller, Gertrude Breslau, 36, 108, 171

Gaffny, Fannie Humphrey, 2

Gage, Matilda Jocelyn, 15, 289

Gale, Zona, 24

Garrison, Theodosia, 155, 182, 291

Gilman, Charlotte Perkins, 120, 142, 280

Girardin, Mme. de, 161

Grove, Lady, 85

Gruenberg, Sidonie Matzner, 89

Guerin, Eugenie de, 293

Haile, Margaret, 244

Haines, Marion Gertrude, 192

Hale, Beatrice Forbes-Robertson, 16

Hallam, Julia Clark, 116

Hamilton, Cicily, 45

Harland, Marion, 112

Harper, Ida Husted, 34

Harrison, Elizabeth, 91

Hartley, C. Gasquoine, 124, 154, 211

Henry, Alice, 72, 160, 203

Higgs, Mary, 65, 182

Hillis, Mrs. Newell Dwight, 142

Hoblitt, Margaret, 237

Hollins, Dorothea, 266

Holly, Marietta, 25

H. R. H., 274

Houdetot, Comtesse d', 161

Houston, Margaret Belle, 100

Hoyt, Helen, 137

Hultin, Ida C., 170

Hutchins, Emily J., 5, 204

Irwin, Inez Haynes, 272

Israels, Belle Lindner, 36, 186

Jameson, Anna, 164

Kassimer, Ada M., 114

Keller, Helen, 53, 209, 265

Kelly, Florence, 86

Kenton, Edna, 71, 268

Key, Ellen, 83, 125, 143, 189, 234, 248

Kiper, Florence, 84, 171

Knowles, Josephine Pitcairn, 148, 208

La Follette, Mrs. Belle Case, 22, 69

Lagerlof, Selma, 52

Laidlaw, Mrs. James Lees, 47

Lambert, Mme. de, 162

LaMotte, Ellen N., 228

Lathrop, Julia, 91

Laughlin, Clara E., 68, 169, 264

Lawrence, Mrs. Pethick, 126, 180

Lazarovick-Hrebelianovich, 240

Lebedeff-Kropotkin, Sarah, 224

L'Enclos, Le, 161

Lespinasse, Mlle. de, 293

Lewis, Lena Morrow, 23

Lloyd, Caro, 63

Lowe, Caroline A., 19

Lowell, Josephine Shaw, 267

Lyttleton, Hon. Mrs. Arthur, 51, 205, 253

MacLean, Annie Marion, 175

Macy, Mrs, 210

May, Florence, 260

Maintenon, de, 161

Maley, Anna A., 227

Malkiel, Theresa, 44

Marsden, Dora, 186

Martin, Mrs. John, 274

Marwedel, Emma, 210

McCracken, Elizabeth, 69, 90

McCulloch, Catherine Waugh, 43

McDowell, Mary, 249

McKeehan, Irene P., 285

Meynell, Alice, 31

Millay, Edna St. Vincent, 138

Miller, Emily Huntington, 116

Monroe, Harriet, 94, 180

Montefiore, Dora B., 20

Montessori, Maria, 195, 249

Morgan, Angela, 167

Morgan, Lady, 17, 201

Morton, Honnor, 185

Mott, Lucretia, 146

Motteville, Mme. de, 164

Natahlie, Countess, 162

Necker, Mme, 164, 293

Newman, Pauline M., 251

Nichols, Clarina Howard, 150

Nordica, Mme, 183

Norton, Grace Fallow, 176

O’Hare, Kate Richards, 119, 183

O’Reilly, Mary, 258

“Ouida”, 3, 113, 162, 202

Pankhurst, Sylvia, 12

Parce, Lida, 74, 174

Parker, Adella M., 152

Parsons, Elsie Clews, 170, 248

Pease, Leonora, 79

Peck, Mary Gray, 39

Pethick-Lawrence, 126, 180

Peyser, Ethel R., 30

Philip, Elizabeth, 142

Pompadour, Mme. de, 164

Porter, Mrs. C. E., 68, 133

Potter, Frances Squire, 255

Powers, Rose Mills, 231

Putnam, Alice H., 116

Putnam, Emily James, 184

Putnam, Helen G., 69, 86

Repplier, Agnes, 79

Reyband, Mme, 164

Richards, Ellen H., 184

Richardson, Bertha June, 202

Ridge, Lola, 193

Rieux, Mme. de, 163

Robins, Elizabeth, 42

Robins, Margaret Dreier, 180

Robinson, Ethel Blackwell, 81

Royle, Emily Taplin, 185

“Ruth”, 277

Sage, Mrs. Russell, 3, 170

Sand, George, 163

Schoff, Mrs. Frederick, 87

Schreiner, Olive, 41, 172, 289

Sellers, Sarah, 289

Shaw, Anna Howard, 1, 51

Simmons, Laura, 117, 277

Snow, Mary, 191

Sonza, Mme. de, 293

Sorringe, Katherine Parrott, 11

Stael, Mme. de, 164

Stanton, Elizabeth Cady, 206, 248

Stern, Meta L., 11, 250, 286

Stewart, Anna Bigoney, 194

Stewart, Ella S., 34

Stobart, Mrs. St. Clair, 55, 144

Stone, Lucy, 147

Stoner, Winifred Sackville, 71

Swanwick, Mrs. H. W., 205, 264

Tarbell, Ida, 63, 124, 195, 266

Teichner, Miriam, 39

Thomas, M. Carey, 10, 102, 149, 176, 208, 262

Thomas, Mrs. Leonard, 80

Turczynowicz, Laura de, 227

Tweedie, Mrs. Alec, 126, 162, 206, 286

Twining, Luella, 23

Valois, Margaret de, 162, 163, 293

Van de Water, Virginia Terhune, 91

Van Vorst, Mrs. John, 57, 96

Varnhagen, Rachel, 138

Wald, Lillian D., 70

Warwick, Countess of, 253

Wedgewood, Julia, 47

Wentworth, Eleanor, 245

Wentworth, Marion Craig, 215

Wharton, Edith, 73, 294

Widdemer, Margaret, 144, 156, 242

Wilcox, Louise Collier, 7

Wilde, Lady, 262

Wilkinson, Margaret O. B., 151, 173

Willard, Emma, 196

Willard, Frances E., 250

Wilson, Marjorie, 221

Wollstonecraft, Mary, 37, 87, 121, 146, 274

Young, Laura P., 62, 67

Zetkin, Clara, 222

INDEX OF SUBJECTS

PAGE

BOOK I

THE WOMAN MOVEMENT

A Generation Ago, Deardorf, 4

A Great Life, Harper, 34

A Lady Rebel, Adams, 32

A Pageant of Great Women, Hamilton, 45

A Prisoner in Bow, Pankhurst, 12

A Spade’s a Spade, Peyser, 30

A Woman’s Question, Thomas, 10

Allegory on Wimmin’s Rights, Holly, 25

All Methods Employed, Belmont, 15

Because They Cannot Vote, Stern, 11

Call to Social Service, Bass, 38

Clearing Up the Muss, Fuller, 36

Coming Into Her Own, Gaffny, 2

Feminism a Tree, Forbes-Robertson Hale, 16

For Woman Suffrage, Addams, 28

Freedom of the Women, Wilcox, 7

From “The Convert”, Robins, 42

Gibraltar of Our Cause, Anthony, 33

Glory in Power, Cockran, 15

He Shall See the New Woman, Daggett, 6

Legislative Responsibility, Hutchins, 5

Man Cannot Represent Woman, Brown, 35

Mankind Our Neighbor, Cotton, 36

Most Brilliant Period, Shaw, 1

New Woman, Montefiore, 20

Our Common Interests, Lewis, 23

Out of the Dark, Gage, 15

Plea of the Women, Sorringe, 11

Prayer of the Modern Woman, Conger, 46

Price of Liberty, Peck, 39

Revolt of Women, “Ouida”, 3

Rights, Privileges and Capacities, McCulloch, 43

Sisterhood of Women, Cook, 2

Submission, Teichner, 39

Story of Katie Malloy, Lowe, 19

Suffrage a Means to an End, Stewart, 34

To Raise the Standards of Life, Barnum, 5

Unanimity of Needs, Anthony, 1

Universality, Israels, 36

What Is This Government? La Follette, 22

Wisdom Comes with Freedom, Wollstonecraft, 37

Woman’s Awakening, Beard, 1

Woman Has Helped, Twining, 23

Woman Has Justified Herself, Morgan, 17

Woman on the Scaffold, Meynell, 31

Woman’s Right, Schreiner, 41

Woman’s Weak Dependency, Atherton, 44

Women, Gale, 24

Women to Men, De Ford, 37

Women’s Qualifications for Suffrage, Sage, 3

Working Woman’s Awakening, Malkiel, 44

BOOK II

THE HOME

Cannot Replace the Home, Wald, 70

Child at Home, The, McCracken, 69

Domestic Home Destroyed, Parce, 74

Domestic Strife, La Follette, 69

Home, The, Young, 62

Home Influence, Tarbell, 63

Home of the Workingman, Henry, 72

Honest Partnership in the Home, Dick, 62

Hotel “Home”, The, Wharton, 73

Immorality and the Home, Laughlin, 68

Inefficient Home, The, Young, 67

Lovers of Home, Shaw, 51

Man, Woman and the Home, Kenton, 71

Market Value of Home Labor, Putnam, 69

Mother and Child-Character, Stoner, 71

Perpetuate the Ideal, Porter, 68

Poor and Good Housing, Cook, 56

Spirit of the Home, Bartlett, 51

Then—Back to the Home, Lloyd, 63

War and the Home, Addams, 61

Where She Lived, Van Vorst, 57

Woman and the Primitive Home, Stobart, 55

Woman’s High Achievement, Lagerlof, 52

Woman’s Place, Lyttleton, 51

Woman’s Sphere the Home, Keller, 53

Women’s Lodging Houses, Higgs, 65

BOOK III

THE CHILD

Announce Her Maturity, Barnard, 104

Blot on Civilization, Lathrop, 91

Call of the Unborn, The, Robinson, 81

Child, The, Repplier, 79

Child and Parental Youth, McCracken, 90

Child Labor, Archer, 102

Children Innumerable, Kiper, 84

Child Slavery, Fuller, 108

Children’s Ward, Flexner, 107

Consideration for Others, Alexander, 90

Cotton Mill Child, The, Van Vorst, 96

Crusade of the Children, Houston, 100

Cry of the Children, Browning, 104

Equality in Fitness, Putnam, 86

Factory Child, Monroe, 94

Fettered Little Children, Carbutt, 103

Fewer and Better Children, Campbell, 85

For Father’s Amusement, Harrison, 91

Government and Child Life, Schoff, 87

Ideals of the Child, Gruenberg, 89

Little Beloved, Pease, 79

More Woman’s Work, Thomas, 80

My Little Son, Brower, 83

Need the Vote for Children, Thomas, 102

Nursery A University, Barton, 81

Parental Duty, Key, 83

Quantity Versus Quality, Grove, 85

Reason and the Child, Wollstonecraft, 87

Rising Value of a Baby, The, Daggett, 88

Teaching the Child Citizenship, Van de Water, 91

Where Women Have Voted, Kelly, 86

BOOK IV

THE MOTHER

Adolescent Child, Hallam, 116

A Good Mother, Wollstonecraft, 121

Ancient and Modern Mother, Tweedie, 126

Collective Motherhood, Dorr, 123

Companion Mother, Tarbell, 124

Factory Worker and Motherhood, O'Hare, 119

Fatherhood Cannot Be Motherhood, Kassimer, 114

Functions Identical, Putnam, 116

I am the Mother-Heart, Brewer, 132

Mother, Simmons, 117

Mother, a Creator, Barton, 121

Mother's Influence, "Ouida", 113

Mother, The, Pethick-Lawrence, 126

Mother, The, Harland, 112

Mothers, Gilman, 120

Parental Respect for Rights of Child, Key, 125

Passionate Instinct, Miller, 116

Rock Me to Sleep, Allen, 111

Price, The, Douglas, 115

Wise Mothers, Cairo, 119

Woman and Mother, Hartley, 124

BOOK V

LOVE AND MARRIAGE

A Man Never Gets Over It, Comer, 141

A New Stimulus to Marriage, Stobart, 144

A Possible Utopia, Knowles, 148

Art of Loving, Key, 143

Ashes of Life, Millay, 138

Confidante, The, Barnhart, 158

Cry of Man to Woman, Hartley, 154

Flirt, The, Burr, 155

Greatest Love, Varnhagen, 138

I Can Go to Love Again, Widdemer, 156

Love that Pales, Wollstonecraft, 146

Love Songs, Davies, 139

Marriage a Partnership, Hillis, 142

Marriage and the Labor Market, Thomas, 149

Marriage Laws of 1850, Nichols, 150

Marriage Not an Assurance of Support, Henry, 160

Marriage of the Friends, Mott, 146

Marriage the Sole Means of Maintenance, Butler, 157

Mirandy on the Monotony of Domesticity, Dix, 159

Old Suffragist, Widdemer, 144

One of the Best Things, Gilman, 142

Overheard in the Marriage Congress, Parker, 152

Postponing Marriage, Colquhoun, 145

Preventive of Divorce, A, Wilkinson, 151

Price of Love, Austin, 160

To Love on Feeling Its Approach, Hoyt, 137

What Is Love? Philip, 142

When Love Went By, Garrison, 155

When Marriage Meant Bondage, Stone, 147

BOOK VI

WOMAN AND LABOR

Bondwomen, Marsden, 186

Changed Condition of Tomorrow, Wilkinson, 173

Development Through the Choice of Work, Kiper, 171

Economics and the Home, Colquhoun, 182

Exploitation of Workingwomen, O’Hare, 183

Housewife, Morgan, 167

How Is She Housed? Higgs, 182

Lady, Putnam, 184

Left-Over Women, Colquhoun, 172

Morality and Woman in Industry, Laughlin, 169

One-Fifth of the Woman Population at Work, Thomas, 176

Orchards, Garrison, 182

Sex-Parasitism, Schreiner, 172

Simple Right to Live, Robins, 180

Sisterhood in Labor, Hultin, 170

Song of the Working Girls, Monroe, 180

Success Through Work, Nordica, 183

Unequal Distribution of Labor, Morton, 185

Wasted Energy and Talent, Sage, 170

Woman and Social Betterment, Richards, 184

Woman and the Dinner Pail, Gore-Booth, 184

Woman in the Home, Allen, 168

Woman’s Awakening, Conger, 177

Woman’s Demand for Work, Butler, 171

Woman’s Place, Fuller, 171

Woman’s Wages, Pethick-Lawrence, 180

Woman’s Work in Woman’s Way, Parce, 174

Women Are Going to Work, Parsons, 170

Women Who Sit at Ease, Norton, 176

Women Workers in New England, MacLean, 175

Working Woman Speaks, Royle, 185

BOOK VII

EDUCATION

Aim and End of Education, Ridge, 193

A Moral Crusade, Blackwell, 199

A Plan for Improving Female Education, Willard, 196

Democratization of Learning, Cipriani, 207

Educating Children, Montessori, 195

Educating the Daughter, Knowles, 208

Education and Votes For Women, Cooper, 206

Essentials in Education, Snow, 191

Equal Advantages of Education, Stanton, 206

Greatness of Froebel, Haines, 192

History of Woman’s Education, Beard, 204

Intellect Wins, Tweedie, 206

Intellectual Women of Rome, Morgan, 201

Mothers’ Library, Birney, 192

Mother’s Task, The, Tarbell, 195

Old and New Schools, Barns, 189

Plan for Improving Female Education, Willard, 196

Power of Education, “Ouida”, 202

Professions Educational, Lyttleton, 205

Social Education Important, Keller, 209

Soul Murder in the Schools, Key, 189

Standards Raised by Women Teachers, Stewart, 194

To Reach the Divine, Marwedel, 210

Traditions Upset, Hutchins, 204

Vision Realized, The, Richardson, 202

Vocational Training for Girls, Henry, 203

Woman’s Struggle for Educational Rights, Swanwick, 205

World of Scholarship a Man’s World, Thomas, 208

BOOK VIII

WAR AND PEACE

Babies Bred for War, Field, 217

Breeding Machines, Wentworth, 215

Deserter, The, LaMotte, 228

Devonshire Mother, Wilson, 221

Early Morning Funeral, Carr, 223

Last Racial War, Zetkin, 222

Prayer of the Toilers, Powers, 231

Prussians in Poland, Turczynowicz, 227

Red Easter, Brown, 225

Righteous Wars, Dix, 233

Rising Value of a Baby, Daggett, 226

Russian Women in Time of War, Kropotkin-Lebedeff, 224

These Latter Days, Dargan, 215

War Cripples, Doty, 218

Wars Will Cease, Maley, 227

BOOK IX

CLASSES

Abolish “Dependent Classes”, Lowell, 267

After the Fight, O’Reilly, 258

Breadth of Woman Suffrage, Fawcett, 263

Break Down the Wall, Key, 248

Breaking Up in Violence, Laughlin, 264

Breshkovskaya, Barker, 268

Class Intolerance Passing, Parsons, 248

Class Legislation, Thomas, 262

Despair, Lady Wilde, 262

Enslaved, The, Warwick, 253

Factories Instead of Homes, McDowell, 249

Fool’s Christmas, The, May, 260

Glad Day of Universal Brotherhood, The, Willard, 250

God and the Strong Ones, Widdemer, 242

Happy Warrior, Hollins, 266

Inequality for Women, Lyttleton, 253

Lore of the Woods, Archer, 254

Moses, the Strike Leader, Potter, 255

My Sister’s Heritage, Edgar, 243

New Sense of Justice, Stanton, 248

Of What Use Is It? Cannon, 264

Old Comrade, Beals, 272

Organized Woman Labor, Bass, 252

Our New Aristocracy, Atherton, 273

Outcasts, Wentworth, 245

Out of the Darkness, de Cleyre, 237

Poet’s Task, Hoblitt, 237

Poor Sex, Swanwick, 264

Revolutionist, Breshkovskaya, 270

Servant Class, Kenton, 268

Servitude, Montessori, 249

Socialist Prayer, Haile, 244

Two Sides of the Shield, Lazarovick-Hrebelianovich, 240

Voice of Labor, The, Irwin, 272

Voteless Sex, Stern, 250

Woman’s Labor Organizations, Tarbell, 266

Women and the Oppressed, Browning, 241

Worker’s Right, Keller, 265

Working Girls Must Cooperate, Newman, 251

BOOK X

MISCELLANEOUS

Contrast, A, Simmons, 277

Custom, Sellers, 289

Dare We Judge? Brandreth, 278

Difference, The, Schreiner, 289

Doomed Men’s Message, Davies, 283

Dress Reform, Bloomer, 286

Giving Up Her Name, Tweedie, 286

I Heard the Spirit Singing, Downy, 287

In Passing, “Ruth”, 277

Mary and Magdalene, Beacon, 278

Purse and the Soul, Stern, 286

Road Song, McKeehan, 285

Sheaf of Quotations, 293

Thanksgiving, Garrison, 291

The Unfair Status, Gage, 289

Two Storks, Gilman, 280

Women Run in Molds, Cobb, 292

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

The American people today may be likened to the onlookers of a great drama. A drama so tremendous, so spectacular, so tragic, that it surpasses anything the mind of man has hitherto conceived. The onlookers of this drama naturally are absorbed with its immediate movements. With its broad meanings they are intensely concerned, but beyond these they have no interest. Their vision for detail is clouded by the flare and vastness of the apparent. What lies beneath, above, about, are only incidentals and of no immediate consequence to them.

But the “incidentals” of the present war are, for the careful observer, to say nothing of the professional drama critic, the chips which show what is taking place as the result of the flare and the noise, and the tragedy. One of these incidents is the coming of woman into realms of activity which not for a million years—that is to say, never before—have been opened to her.

Under the stress involved in winning a world peace, this fact is scarcely noted, and is not understood in its full meaning. But the moment peace is declared it will become a question of vital importance, involving as it does all lines of human endeavor—labor, commerce, philosophy, literature, agriculture, law, education, and the crafts as well as the arts.

The conservative mind, freed from the absorption of war, will turn with startled gasp to discover that one half of the race has been shaken out of the rut of ages, and is spilling itself helter-skelter, into every department of social achievement. And the conservative mind will ask with child-like frankness if the women are equal to the responsibility and the opportunity which has been thrust upon them.

“Woman’s Voice” has been compiled in anticipation of this awakening on the part of the multitude, as an answer to its wondering inquiry.

That women have themselves long yearned toward the broader paths of effort and usefulness is manifest in the utterances of those who have learned the art of self-expression. That they fully comprehend the meaning, hardships and blessings of the broader life, is plainly shown in their wide-spread printed word. “Woman’s Voice” is an effort to collect, in what may be called at once a brief and an exposition of woman’s entrance into the world of general endeavor, the wisdom of the women who have studied conditions with an earnestness and efficiency which renders them peculiarly fitted to speak for themselves upon the questions most closely touching themselves and their children.

For ages untold only the voice of man has dictated the conditions under which the rest of the world should live, including women and children. All the poetry, all the philosophy, all the wisdom of the ages was presented in man’s words, and from man’s standpoint. Woman, dumb, untutored, and handicapped by an adverse public opinion, another creation of the solely masculine mind, held to her chimney corner as helpless in the face of petty and colossal injustices as the children she bore.

“Woman’s Voice” portrays the effort of women to get away from this now apparent social mistake. Women have spoken and will continue to speak, for, if we are to proceed speedily and with the least possible resistance into the new order of things, education is still essential. There are millions to whom the apparent is not apparent, and whose eyes must be opened before the democracy for which the world is paying in blood and agony can become a reality.

I believe “Woman’s Voice” should be in every home in the nation, and in all nations where society is affected by the conditions which have brought women away from the hearth-stone into the market-place. As a digest of the best thought of representative women the world over, it will be read when the multiplicity of volumes from which it is quoted are passed by. It will be read not only for its seriousness, but for its poetic sentiment, and its sprightly comment on the every-day things of life. Its usefulness to club members and to workers in the equal suffrage campaigns will be invaluable, but it is to the average housewife and mother that I trust it will make its strongest appeal. To the women who have more or less dimly felt, but who have not as yet found a voice or an avenue through which to develop or express this feeling about things which so much concern them and their children. I am hoping, also, that it will fall into the hands of thousands of theorists who are opposing, for no reason except their own ignorance about it, the advance of women in the coming world-democracy.

Briefly, but earnestly, I wish to thank the publishers, editors and writers who have made this Anthology possible through their permission to reprint from books, magazines and articles the matter contained herein. I have endeavored in all instances to give full credit to all of these, and if errors happen to occur in this regard they are unintentional, and only the result of the initial publishing of a work as new and comprehensive as this one. Also, if any name has been omitted whose observations should have appeared in this book, it is only because it was impossible for a very busy editor to fail to miss some very worthy writers. In future editions these

can be gathered up, until we have a volume or many volumes which may be perfectly representative of the woman's voice of the world.

JOSEPHINE CONGER Compiler "Woman's Voice"

BOOK I

The Woman Movement

THE WOMAN MOVEMENT

The Most Brilliant Period

By Anna Howard Shaw

(American contemporary. Former president of the National American Suffrage Association. From a series of articles in "The Metropolitan.")

The winning of the suffrage states, the work in the states not yet won, the conventions, gatherings and international councils in which women of every nation have come together, have all combined to make this quarter of a century the most brilliant period for women in the history of the world.

Woman's Awakening

By Mary Ritter Beard

The awakening of women to the low social status of their sex is the most encouraging fact of the century.

Unanimity of Needs

By Katherine Anthony

(Author of "Mothers Who Must Earn," and "Feminism in Germany and Scandinavia," from which the following is taken.)

The woman movement of the civilized world wants much the same thing in whatever language its demands are expressed. In more or less unconscious cooperation, the women of the civilized nations have from the first worked for similar ends and common interests. Beyond all superficial differences and incidental forms, the vision of the emancipated woman wears the same features whether she be hailed as _frau_, _fru_, or _woman_. The disfranchisement of a whole sex, a condition which has existed throughout the civilized world until a comparatively recent date, has bred in half the population an unconscious internationalism. The man without a country was a tragic exception; the woman without a country was the accepted rule. The enfranchisement of the women now under way has come too late to inculcate in them the narrow views of citizenship which were once supposed to accompany the gift of the vote. Its effect will rather be to make the unconscious internationalism of the past the conscious internationalism of the future.

Coming Into Her Own

By Fanny Humphrey Gaffny

(American contemporary. President National Council of Women. From a speech delivered at the celebration of Miss Anthony's 80th birthday.)

The Christian world reckoned by centuries is just coming of age. Therefore women are beginning to put away childish things and to realize the greatness of womanhood.

The Sisterhood of Women

By Coralie Franklin Cook

(From a speech delivered at the 80th birthday celebration of Susan B. Anthony.)

Not until the suffrage movement had awakened woman to her responsibility and power, did she come to appreciate the true significance of Christ's pity for Magdalene as well as of his love for Mary; not till then was the work of Pundita Ramabai in far away India as sacred as that of Frances Willard at home in America; not till she had suffered under the burden of her own wrongs and abuses did she realize the all-important truth that no woman and no class of women can be degraded and all womankind not suffer thereby.

The Revolt of Women

"Ouida" in Lippincott's

(See page 113)

The whole human race is involved in the results of the present revolt and reaction amongst women; if turned back upon itself by mockery it will burn and bite on unseen, and find its issue in mad sins, wild frivolity, and all the anarchy of voluptuous abandonment; if rightly met, if rightly guided, it may become the noblest and highest revolution that has ever broken the chains of effete prejudices, and let out human souls from the darkness of ignorance into the light and glory of a day of liberty.

Women's Qualifications for Suffrage

By Mrs. Russell Sage

(See page 170)

Twenty years ago I did not think that women were qualified for suffrage, but the strides they have made since then in the acquirement of business methods, in the management of their affairs, in the effective interest they have evinced in civic matters, and the way in which they have mastered parliamentary methods, have convinced me that they are eminently fitted to do men's work in all purely intellectual fields.

A Generation Ago

By Neva R. Deardorf, Ph. D.

(Department Public Health and Charities, Philadelphia. From "Annals of the American Academy.")

Woman's place in the crowd of a generation ago was immediately back of her masculine kinsfolk. Here she enjoyed protection from the rough elbowing of the crowd, though in return for this shelter she forfeited her liberty and was expected to devote all of her physical strength and mental energy to pushing some particular masculine protector to the front. Some times her efforts were appreciated, frequently they were taken for granted, since etiquette favored a covert manner of pushing. But the rules of the game have changed. Partners and co-laborers are taking the place of lords and masters. Farmers, professors, clergymen, politicians, in fact, husbands of every calling are coming to see the advantage of having a wife beside, instead of behind, them. They now take pride in a wife who enjoys an outlook on the world which enables her to help far more intelligently and effectively than did the wife of a generation ago.

To Raise the Standards of Life

By Gertrude Barnum

(American newspaper woman. Speaker and writer in the cause of organized labor.)

The attitude of men toward women, economic, social, political, reacts upon man and society. In recognizing this, the man with the scythe is a length ahead of the man with the cap and gown, the cassock or the check book. The awakening to a sense of the economic interdependence and fellowship of men and women, has made the trade unionist the first to recognize the justice and wisdom of "universal suffrage," and annually in convention the American Federation of Labor declares:

"That the best interests of labor require the admission of women to full citizenship—not only as a matter of justice to them, but also as a necessary step toward insuring and raising the American standards of life for all."

Legislative Responsibility

By Emily J. Hutchins

(See page 204)

The most obvious effect of the vote is that it puts women upon a plane of political equality with other normal adults.... Universal suffrage stands for a certain recognition of the stake that all human beings, irrespective of sex, have in the general welfare, and destroys a false sense of sex limitations. By virtue of their new standing in the community women assume an equal responsibility with men, for both good and bad legislation.

He Shall See the New Woman

By Mabel Potter Daggett

(From “What the War Means to Woman,” in “Pictorial Review.”)

You see, when her country called her, it was destiny that spoke. Though no nation knew. Governments have only thought they were making women munition workers and women conductors and women bank-tellers and women doctors and women lawyers and women citizens and all the rest. I doubt if there is a statesman anywhere who has learned to unlock a door of opportunity to let the woman movement by, who has realized that he was but the instrument in the hands of a higher power that is re-shaping the world for mighty ends, rough-hewn though they be today from the awful chaos of war.

But there is one who will know. When the man at the front gets back and stands again before the cottage rose-bowered on the English downs, red-roofed in France and Italy, blue-trimmed in Germany, or ikon-blessed in Russia, or white-porched off Main Street in America, he will clasp her to his heart once more. Then he will hold her off, so, at arm’s length and look long into her eyes and deep into her soul. And lo, he shall see there the New Woman. This is not the woman whom he left behind when he marched away to the Great World War. Something profound has happened to her since. It is woman’s coming of age.

The Freedom of the Women

By Louise Collier Wilcox

(In “The Woman’s Journal.”)

When woman knew that on her strength devolved the care of race, She crept into her cave to sleep and told her man to face The prowling outer dangers, and the dark and fearful odds, The thunder, beasts, and lightning, and the wrath of all the gods; For at her heart she carried the future and its cares, And the freedom that she needed was more precious far then theirs.

So she watched her babe’s eyes open, and the little limbs grow straight, And she taught him all the lore she’d learned, and what to love and hate; And she trained the little body, and she led the little soul, Till another woman took him to lead further toward the goal; Then the mother smiled in anguish, though she laughed at age and cares, For the freedom that she wanted was a longer one than theirs.

When the work of life grew harder and men bowed beneath the yoke, Of needs too great to master, and lusts too deep to choke, She worked and slaved and tended, she wrestled with the dearth; She harnessed up herself to beasts, to till the barren earth; And she planted in her garden and she weeded out the tares, For the freedom that she wanted was more beautiful than theirs.

But when she saw man bestial and content with earthly things, She scourged herself in cloisters, and she wept and prayed for wings. Then she nurtured heavenly visions and she held aloft the cross, To show eternal values amid life’s gain and loss. And she pointed to the radiance round the crown the god-man wears, For the freedom that she wanted was a holier one than theirs.

Then she smiled from out her shelter while her men coped with the world; Her strength she made of weakness, and about her heart she curled The tendrils of dependence and his little children’s love; And she showed him what a home was in her gathered treasure trove. All the time her eyes were smiling with the smile the seer wears, For the freedom that she wanted was the freedom of his heirs.

Still her heart grew great and greater, and her eyes she would not blind To the suffering of the victims, to the needs of all mankind. And she knew her safety futile and her children’s stronghold weak, Till the least, last one is sheltered, and there’s none astray to seek. So she looked far down the ages to the good that all man shares, For the freedom that she wanted was a broader one than

theirs.

And she knew her man short-sighted, since he had not borne the pain, The slavery, drudgery, darkness, the glory and the stain Of womanhood and motherhood. How could he love the race? As she who bore and nurtured, God's instrument of grace? So she ceased to coax and wheedle, and commanded as one dares Whose only love of freedom is a higher one than theirs.

...

She stands, now, hand upon the helm, to help him govern life, And she steers her world, his equal, in love, in peace, in strife; She owns her strength and wisdom; and he may read who runs, That she must demand her freedom from his daughters and his sons. Neither beneath nor over, but equal in her place, The freedom that she'll die for, is the freedom of the race.

A Woman's Question

By M. Carey Thomas

(A contemporary. President of Bryn Mawr College. From an address at the College Evening of the National American Suffrage Association.)

Woman suffrage is first of all a woman's question. We cannot remain indifferent. The issues involved are so overwhelmingly important, first of all, to us as women caring as we must for all other women's welfare, and second, to us as citizens of the modern industrial state. I am sure as the result of repeated experiment that it is only necessary for generous and unprejudiced women to realize the present economic independence of millions of women workers, and the swiftly coming economic independence of millions upon millions more women workers for woman suffrage to seem to them inevitable from that moment.

No one can maintain by serious arguments—that is, by arguments that are not pure and simple distortion of fact—that the ballot will not aid women workers, as it has aided men workers, to obtain fairer conditions and fairer wages. All working men and all men of every class regard the ballot as their greatest protection against the oppression and injustice of other men. It is only necessary to ask ourselves what would be the fate of any political party whose platform contained a plank depriving laboring men of the right to vote.

Because They Cannot Vote

By Meta L. Stern

(See page 250)

Industrial organization and political activity constitute the two powerful arms of the labor movement. Men are free to use both their arms. Women are struggling with one arm tied.

The Plea of the Women

By Katherine Parrott Sorringe

(In "The Woman's Journal.")

Standing before you with suppliant hands, Mothers and wives and daughters, we Sue for the justice long denied;— Give us the vote that makes us free!

She who went down to the gates of death, Joyful, to fling the life-doors wide, Mother of statesman, soldier, saint— Set this crown on her patient pride!

She, your comrade, who steadfast stood Shoulder to shoulder, through storm and night, Held up your hands till victory pealed— Grant her this prize of well-fought fight.

Who trips laughing across your life, Light of your love, your soul made fair? Give her this pledge of a father's faith, Flower o' freedom to deck her hair!

Mothers and wives and daughters, we, Shall we ask in vain, with suppliant hand? We, who are children of the free! We, who are builders in the land!

A Prisoner in Bow

By Sylvia Pankhurst

(A leader of the Suffragette movement of England. The following, quoted from “The Woman’s Journal,” is an account of one of her imprisonments in the London jails.)

My eight days’ license had expired. The police were massed outside the Bromley Public Hall where I was speaking, waiting to arrest me. Numbers of detectives in plain clothes within were amongst the audience; the people hissed and howled at them and they threatened them with sticks. At the close of the meeting, the people, declaring that I should not be arrested, crowded down the stairs and out in a thick mass with men in the center of them all. The police rushed at us, striving to break our ranks and to force a way through to me.... Policemen were on every side of me. Two of them gripped and bruised my arms, dragging me along. The crowd followed, calling to me.... The policemen dug their fingers into my flesh. One of them took out his truncheon and grasped it tight against my hand and arm. The back of my left hand was bruised from it all next day. Several women rushed up to me and were arrested, and one girl who did not know any of us, or what the trouble was about, called out: “Oh, you should not hurt her,” and was taken into custody. They dragged me into a Cannon Row police station....

So, hatless, and without so much as a brush or comb, I was taken back to gaol to begin my hunger, thirst and sleep strike. When I reached my cell, the same cell in the hospital in which during February and March I had been forcibly fed for five weeks, I began to pace up and down.

A woman officer came to me and said I must not make a noise.... I took a blanket from the bed and spread it on the floor to deaden the sound of my footsteps, lest any of the other women prisoners should hear them and be kept awake.

Then I walked on and on, five short steps across the cell and five short steps back, on and on, and on.... As the hours dragged their slow way I stumbled often over the blanket that wrinkled up and caught in my feet. Often I stooped with dizzy brain to straighten it. The walking, the ceaseless walking, when I was so tired, made me grow sick and faint. I was stumbling, falling to my knees, clutching, as one drowning, at the bed or chair. Sometimes I think I slept an instant or two as I lay, for sleep seemed to be dogging as I walked.

It was cold, cold and colder, as the morning came, as the sombre yellow faded and the gray sky turned to violet—such a strange brilliant violet, almost startling it seemed through those heavy bars. Then the violet died into the bleak white chill of early day.

In the day time I still walked, but sometimes I had to rest in the hard, wooden chair, and then I would be startled to feel my head nod heavily to one side. My legs ached, the soles of my feet were swollen. They burned, and I thought of the women of the past who were made to walk on red hot plough shares for their faith. After the first few days I remembered that tramps rubbed soap on their feet to prevent their getting sore. I rubbed soap on mine and found that it eased them a good deal. Each time I took my stocking off to do this I noticed that my feet had grown more purple. My hands, too, were purple as they hung at my sides. My throat was parched and dry. My lips were cracked. On Wednesday I fainted twice, and afterwards there came and stayed till I was released, a strange pressure in the head, especially in the ears. There was a sharp pain across my chest. That evening I asked to see a doctor from the home office. On Thursday afternoon he came. On Friday there was no more likelihood of my sleeping. I lay on the bed most of the day burning hot, with cold shivers that seemed to pass over me as though a cold wind was blowing on my face. In the afternoon I was released and came back to the little red-roofed house under St. Stephen’s church and the kind hearts of Bow.

Out of the Dark

By Matilda Jocelyn Gage

(From “Woman, Church and State.”)

Although England was Christianized in the fourth century, it was not until the tenth that the Christian wife of a Christian husband acquired the right of eating at table with him.

All Methods Employed

By Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont

(In “Harper’s Bazar.” President of the Political Equality Association of New York, a leading spirit in the Congressional Union, an organization whose tactics have caused it to be called the militant wing of the suffrage movement.)

Woman suffrage is a war on ignorance, prejudice and vice. To attack certain gigantic forces, a people must take any and every line open to them. If the Germans had attacked Warsaw from but one side, that great city would still be under Russian rule. I believe, therefore, that women in fighting for their suffrage should use all lines approaching the enemy. I personally am working along all roads of attack, for I feel that where one method may fail, another may succeed.

Glory in Power

By Mrs. Burke Cockran

(In “Harper’s Bazar.”)

Suffragists are born, not made. There are many women whose brains will never respond to suffrage argument.... And yet I am convinced that these women, when they do receive the vote, will not only use their power judiciously and conscientiously, but will eventually glory in it.

Feminism a Tree

By Beatrice Forbes-Robertson Hale

(Well-known English actress. Author of “What Women Want,”[1] from which the following is taken.)

... Feminism is a tree, and woman suffrage merely one of its many branches. Some of these branches are essential to the life of the tree, others are not. Some grow strong and put forth shoots in their turn, others blossom prematurely, wither young, and drop from the trunk. Meanwhile the tree towers up into the sun with its crown of sturdy growths, and its abortive shoots lie forgotten in the shadow below, leaving hardly a scar upon the great stem to mark their death. Only few people see this tree as a unit. All who do know that woman suffrage is one of its essential growths. But the majority still concentrate their gaze upon one branch or another, whichever seems to them most fair, and the parent tree is lost to sight amid the multiplicity of its offspring’s leaves. Suffrage has rallied to its march thousands of conservative women who are indifferent, or even opposed, to some newer branches of the tree, while those who are absorbed in certain later and eccentric growths are sometimes amusingly contemptuous of the older limbs. They forget that the topmost crown could not flourish if the wide boughs below did not help the tree to breathe. They are sometimes, too, in danger of forgetting that if the great roots of the trees were not anchored deep in the soil of woman’s nature itself, in her motherhood, her strong tenderness, and her service, the whole growth would perish.

[1] Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Woman Has Justified Herself

By Lady Morgan

(English. From “Woman and Her Master,” published in Paris, in a “Collection of Ancient and Modern British Authors,” 1840.)

Notwithstanding her false position, woman has struggled through all disabilities and degradations, has justified the intentions of Nature in her behalf, and demonstrated her claim to share in the moral agency of the world. In all outbursts of mind, in every forward rush of the great march of improvement she has borne a part; permitting herself to be used as an instrument, without hope of reward, and faithfully fulfilling her mission, without expectation of acknowledgment. She has, in various ages, given her secret service to the task-master, without partaking in his triumph, or sharing in his success. Her subtlety has insinuated views which man has shrunk from exposing, and her adroitness found favor for doctrines which he had the genius to conceive, but not the art to divulge. Priestess, prophetess, the oracle of the tripod, the sibyl of the cave, the veiled idol of the temple, the shrouded teacher of the academy, the martyr or missionary of a spiritual truth, the armed champion of a political cause, she has been covertly used for every purpose, by which man, when he has failed to reason his species into truth, has endeavored to fanaticize it into good; whenever mind has triumphed by indirect means over the hearts of the masses.

In all moral impulsions, woman has aided and been adopted; but, her efficient utility accomplished, the temporary part assigned her for temporary purposes performed, she has ever been hurled back into her natural obscurity, and conventional insignificance....

Alluded to, rather as an incident, rather than a principle in the chronicles of nations, her influence, which cannot be denied, has been turned into a reproach; her genius, which could not be concealed, has been treated as a phenomenon, when not considered as a monstrosity!

But where exist the evidences of these merits unacknowledged, of these penalties unrepealed? They are to be found carelessly scattered through all that is known in the written history of mankind, from the first to the last of its indited pages. They may be detected in the habits of the untamed savage, in the traditions of the semi-civilized barbarian! And in those fragments of the antiquity of our antiquity, scattered through undated epochs,—monuments of some great moral debris, which, like the fossil remains of long-imbedded, and unknown species, serve to found a theory or to establish a fact.

Wherever woman has been, there has she left the track of her humanity, to mark her passage—incidentally impressing the seal of her sensibility and wrongs upon every phase of society, and in every region, “from Indus to the Pole.”

The Story of Katie Malloy

By Caroline A. Lowe

(Well-known as a speaker on the Socialist and labor platforms. From a speech before the Committee on the Judiciary, House of Representatives, Sixty-Second Congress.)

The need of the ballot for the wage-earning woman is a vital one. No plea can be made that we have the protection of the home or are represented by our fathers or brothers....

What of the working girls, who through unemployment are no longer permitted to sell the labor of their hands and are forced to sell their virtue?

I met Katie Malloy under peculiar circumstances. It was because of this that she told me of her terrible struggles during the great garment workers strike in Chicago. She had worked at H——’s for five years and had saved $30. It was soon gone. She hunted for work, applied at the Young Women’s Christian Association and was told that so many hundreds of girls were out of work that they could not possibly do anything for her. She walked the streets day after day without success. For three days she had almost nothing to eat. “Oh,” she said, with the tears streaming down her cheeks, “there is always some place where a man can crowd in and keep decent, but for us girls there is no place, no place but one, and it is thrown open to us day and night. Hundreds of girls—girls that worked by me in the shop—have gone into houses of impurity.”

Has Katie Malloy and the five thousand working girls who are forced into lives of shame each month no need of a voice in a Government that should protect them from this worse than death!

The New Woman

By Dora B. Montefiore

(In “The Progressive Woman.” English Contemporary. Writer and speaker on woman and labor problems.)

Pausing on the century’s threshold, With her face toward the dawn, Stands a tall and radiant presence; In her eyes the light of morn, On her brow the flush of knowledge Won in spite of curse and ban, In her heart the mystic watchword Of the Brotherhood of Man.

She is listening to the heartbeats Of the People in its pain; She is pondering social problems Which appeal to heart and brain. She is daring for the first time Both to think—and then to act; She is flouting social fictions, Changing social lie—for Fact.

Centuries she followed blindfold Where her lord and master led; Lived his faith, embraced his morals; Trod but where he bade her tread. Till one day the light broke round her, And she saw with horror’s gaze, All the filth and mire of passion Choking up the world’s highways.

Saw the infants doomed to suffering, Saw the maidens slaves to lust, Saw the starving mothers barter Souls and bodies for a crust. Saw the workers crushed by sweaters, Heard the cry go up, “How long?” Saw the weak and feeble sink ’neath Competition’s cursed wrong.

For a moment paused she shuddering; Hers in part the guilt, the blame— Untrue to herself and others, Careless to her sister's shame. Then, she rose—with inward vision Nerving all her powers for good; Feeling one with suffering sisters In a perfect womanhood.

Rising ever 'bove the struggle For this mortal fleeting life; Listening to the God within her Urging Love—forbidding Strife. Love and care for life of others Who with her must fall or rise. This the lesson through the ages Taught to her by Nature Wise.

She had pondered o'er the teaching, She had made its truths her own; Grasped them in their fullest meaning, As "New Woman" she is known. 'Tis her enemies have baptized her But she gladly claims the name; Hers it is to make a glory What was meant to be a shame.

Thinking high thoughts, living simply, Dignified by labor done; Changing the old years of thraldom For new freedom—hardly won. Clear-eyed, selfless, saved through knowledge, With her ideals fixed above, We may greet in the "New Woman" The old perfect Law of Love.

What Is This Government?

By Mrs. Belle Case La Follette

(American contemporary. Wife of the United States Senator, Robert La Follette. The following is from a speech on suffrage, given in Boston.)

What is this government that we women have been taught to think of as something so remote from our interests, so unrelated to the immediate personal preoccupations of our daily lives? There are three great matters in which we are all concerned: religion, education and government. In religion men and women share equally (indeed, men sometimes are content that women should do more than their share). In education it has come to pass that both men and women participate equally, though that was not always so. It is less than two generations that our universities and even our high schools have been open to women upon the same terms as to men.

But government is considered as man's exclusive province—a limitation that has narrowed the lives of the women, that has robbed the children, and that has reacted most injuriously upon the State. For with what matters does government concern itself? Why, with matters that touch intimately home happiness and home prosperity, with laws and regulations that guard and further human lives.

Woman Has Helped

By Luella Twining

Woman always has figured prominently in every movement and transformation that has changed the conditions of human life.

Our Common Interests

By Lena Morrow Lewis

(American contemporary. Writer. Speaker. Former member of the National Executive Committee of the Socialist Party. Editor "The Seattle Call.")

Every argument in behalf of man suffrage applies with equal force to woman suffrage. Men and women have more in common as members of the same species, belonging to the same human family, than they have differences, because of the incident of sex. To deny woman the ballot because of her sex is virtually to repudiate her right and claim as a human being. That a difference does exist between men and women is on the other hand a strong argument in behalf of woman suffrage. The giving of the ballot to woman will not rob man of his just rights. The admission of woman into the political arena will do away with male supremacy, which is injurious to man, breeds tyranny and results in injustice to woman. Justice to woman does not mean injustice to man. Our common interests as human beings, and our differences as men and women both demand political power and social rights for women the same as for men.

Women

By Zona Gale

(Contemporary American writer and suffragist. In “The American Magazine.”)

They looked from farm house window; Their joyless faces showed Between the curtain and the sill— You saw them from the road. They looked up while they churned and cooked And washed and swept and sewed. Some could die and some just lived, and many a one went mad, But it’s “Mother be up at four o’clock,” the menfolk bade.

They looked from town-house windows, A shadow on the shade Rose-touched by colorful depths of room Where harmonies were made. Within, the women went and came, And delicately played. Some could grow, and some could work, but many of them were dead. “We must be gowned and gay tonight when the men come home,” they said.

They looked from factory windows Where many an iron gin Drew in their days and ground their days On the black wheels within, Drew in their days and wove their days To a web exceeding thin. And they suffered what women have suffered over and over again. And it’s “Double your speed for a living wage, ye mothers and wives of men!”

They looked from brothel windows, And caught the curtain down. A piteous, beckoning hand thrust out, To summon or clod, or clown. They named them true, they named them true, The Women of the Town. Some could live and some just died, and most of them none could know, And it’s “What if the fallen women vote?” from the men who keep them so.

Allegory on Wimmin’s Rights

By Josiah Allen’s Wife (Marietta Holly)

(American contemporary. A philosopher who uses the humorous story to carry her message to the reading public.)

“Wimmin haint no business with the laws of the country,” said Josiah.

“If they haint no business with the law, the law haint no business with them,” said I warmly. “Of the three classes that haint no business with the law—lunatics, idiots and wimmin—the lunatics and idiots have the best time of it,” says I with a great rush of ideas into my brain that almost lifted up the border of my head-dress. “Let a idiot kill a man; ‘What of it?’ says the law. Let a luny steal a sheep; again the law murmurs in a calm and gentle tone, ‘What of it? They haint no business with the law, and the law haint no business with them!’

“But let one of a third class, let a woman steal a sheep, does the law soothe her in those comfortin’ tones? No; it thunders to her in awful accents: ‘You haint no business with the law, but the law has a good deal of business with you, vile female; start for state’s prison! You haint nothin’ at all to do with the law, only to pay all the taxes it tells you to, embrace a license bill that is ruinin’ to your husband, give up your innocent little children to a wicked father if it tells you to, and a few other little things, such as bein’ dragged off to prison by it, chained up for life, and hung, and et cetery.”

“‘Methought I once heard the words,’ sithes the female, ‘True government consists in the consent of the governed. Did I dream them, or did the voice of a luny pour them into my ear?’

“‘Haint I told you,’ frowns the law on her, ‘that that don’t mean wimmin? Have I got to explain again to your weakened female comprehension, the great fundymental truth that wimmin haint included and mingled in the law books and statutes of the country, only in a condemnin’ and punishin’ sense as it were?’

“‘Alas!’ sithes the woman to herself, ‘would that I had the sweet rights of my wild and foolish companions, the idiots and lunys!’

“‘But,’ says she, ‘are the laws always just, that I should obey them thus implicitely?’

“‘Idiots, lunatics! and wimmin! Are they goin’ to speak?’ thunders the law. ‘Can I believe my noble right ear? Can I, bein’ blindfolded, trust my seventeen senses? I’ll have you understand that it haint no woman’s business whether the laws are just or unjust; all you have to do is just to obey ’em. So start off for prison, my young woman.’

“‘But my housework,’ pleads the woman. ‘Woman’s place is the home. It is her duty to remain, at all hazards, within its holy and protectin’ precincts. How can I leave its sacred retirement to moulder in state’s prison?’

“‘Housework!’ and the law fairly yells the words, he is so filled with contempt at the idea. ‘Housework! Jest as if housework is goin’ to stand in the way of the noble administration of the law! I admit the recklessness and immorality of her leavin’ that holy haven long enough to vote; but I guess she can leave her housework long enough to be condemned, and hung, and so forth.’

“‘But I have got a infant,’ says the woman, ‘of tender days. How can I go?’

“‘That is nothin’ to the case,’ says the law in stern tones. ‘The peculiar conditions of motherhood only unfits a female woman from ridin’ to town in a covered carriage once a year, and layin’ her vote on a pole. I’ll have you understand it’s no hinderence to her at all in a cold and naked cell, or in a public court room crowded with men.’

“As the young woman totters along to prison is it any wonder that she sithes to herself—

“‘Would that I were an idiot! Alas is it not possible that I may become even now, a luny? Then I should be respected!’”

For Woman Suffrage

By Jane Addams

(From speech favoring a suffrage amendment to the Constitution, before the Committee on the Judiciary, House of Representatives, Sixty-Second Congress. Prior to the enfranchisement of the Illinois women.)

As I have been engaged for a number of years in various philanthropic undertakings, perhaps you will permit me, for only a few moments, to speak from experience. A good many women with whom I have been associated have initiated and carried forward philanthropic enterprises, which were later taken over by the city, and thereupon the women have been shut out from the opportunity to do the self-same work which they have done up to that time. In Chicago the women for many years supported school nurses who took care of the children, both made them comfortable and kept them from truancy. When the nurses were taken over by the health department of the city the same women who had given them their support and management were shut out from doing anything more in that direction. And I think Chicago will bear me out when I say that the nurses are not now doing as good work as they did before.

I could also use the illustration of the probation officers in Chicago who are attached to the juvenile court. For a number of years women selected and supported these probation officers. Later, when the same officers, paid the same salary, were taken over by the county and paid from the county funds, the women who had had to do with the initiation and beginning of the probation system, and with the primary and early management of the officers, had no more to do with them. At the present moment the juvenile court in Chicago has fallen behind its former position in the juvenile courts of the world. I think the fair-minded men of Chicago will admit that it was a disaster for the juvenile court when the women were disqualified, by their lack of the franchise, to care for it.

The juvenile court has to do largely with delinquent and dependent children, and I think there is no doubt that on the whole women can deal with such cases better than men, because their natural interests lie in that direction....

The establishment of a sanitarium for the care of tubercular patients in Chicago was begun by some philanthropic women, and later on, when these also were put under the care of the city, these women were shut out, save as they were permitted to do some work through the courtesy of the officials. Sometimes the officials are very courteous to them and glad to have their assistance; sometimes they quite resent the suggestions from them, claiming it is “up to” them to take care of the city affairs, and that women are only interfering when they try to help.

So, it seems fair to say, if women are to keep on with the work which they have done since the beginning of the world—to continue with their humanitarian efforts which are so rapidly being taken over by the Government, and often not properly administered, that the women themselves will have to have the franchise.

The franchise is only a little bit of mechanism which enables the voter to say how much money shall be appropriated from the taxes, of which women pay so large a part. When a woman votes, she votes in an Australian ballot box, very carefully guarded from roughness, and it seems to us only fair to the State activities which are so largely humanitarian that women should have this opportunity.

A Spade’s A Spade

By Ethel R. Peyser

(In “Judge.”)

She’s treated by him like a queen, She’s helped across the streets, She’s given every courtesy That every woman greets; And yet he thinks the vote for her Would signal grave defeats.

She trained and reared his able sons, She helped him make his cash, She advised him in his business, She made him act less rash; And yet he thinks the vote for her Would be “just so much trash.”

She answers all his business notes In a manner quite “parfait,” She does all his stenography And seems to have great sway; And yet he thinks the vote for her Would bring “naught but dismay.”

She knows the whys of stocks and bonds, She knows statistics dull, She keeps him up on markets And knows the price to cull; And yet he thinks the vote for her “Would be an awful mull.”

She’s placed on rate commissions, She takes part in great debates, She is asked for her opinion, She knows causes, bills, and dates; And yet he thinks the vote for her Would cause the fall of States.

She’s the brains of large conventions, She knows well the social trend, She has written books of civics, She has made great forces blend; And yet the vote for such as she He cannot comprehend!

Woman on the Scaffold

By Alice Meynell

(English contemporary. Poet and essayist. From “The Bookman.”)

See the curious history of the political rights of woman under the Revolution. On the scaffold she enjoyed an ungrudged share in the fortunes of a party. Political life might be denied her, but that seems a trifle when you consider how generously she was permitted political death. She was to spin and cook for her citizen in the obscurity of her living hours; but to the hour of her death was granted no part in the largest interests, social, national, international. The blood with which she should, according to Robespierre, have blushed to be seen or heard in the tribune was exposed in the public sight unsheltered by her veins.... Women might be, and were, duly silenced when, by the mouth of Olympe de Gougas, they claimed a “right to concur in the choice of representatives for the formation of the laws,” but in her person, too, they were liberally allowed to bear responsibility to the Republic. Olympe de Gougas was guillotined. Robespierre then made her public and complete amends.

A Lady Rebel

By Abigail Adams

(Wife of one president of the United States, and mother of another. A brilliant correspondent, her letters showing her to be a woman unusual in breadth of interest, and general culture. The following extract is from a letter written to her husband in 1774, during the session of the First Continental Congress.)

I long to hear that you have declared an independency. And in the new code of laws which I suppose it will be necessary for you to make, I desire you would remember the ladies, and be more generous and favorable to them than your ancestors.... If particular care and attention is not paid to the ladies, we are determined to foment a rebellion, and will not hold ourselves bound by any laws in which we have no voice or representation.

“The Gibraltar of Our Cause”

By Susan B. Anthony

(From a speech delivered at the Suffrage Convention held at Syracuse, N.Y. September 8, 1852. Quoted from “Life and Work of Susan B. Anthony.”[2])

The claims we make at these conventions are self-evident truths. The second resolution affirms the right of human beings to their persons and earnings. Is that not self evident? Yet the common law, which regulates the relations of husband and wife, and is modified only in a few instances, gives the “custody” of the wife’s person to the husband, so that he has a right to her, even against herself. It gives him her earnings, no matter with what weariness they have been acquired, or how greatly she may need them for

herself or her children. It gives him a right to her personal property, which he may will entirely away from her, also the use of her real estate, and in some of the states married women, insane persons and idiots are ranked together as not fit to make a will, so that she is left with only one right, which she enjoys in common with the pauper, the right of maintenance. Indeed, when she has taken the sacred marriage vows, her legal existence ceases. And what is our position politically? The foreigner, the negro, the drunkard, all are entrusted with the ballot, all are placed by men higher than their own mothers, wives, sisters and daughters!

The woman, who, seeing this, dares not maintain her rights is the one to hang her head and blush. We ask only for justice and equal rights—the right to vote, the right to our own earnings, equality before the law: these are “the Gibraltar of our Cause.”

[2] The Bowen Merrill Co.

A Great Life

By Ida Husted Harper

(Biographer of Susan B. Anthony. From Introduction to the “Life and Works of Susan B. Anthony.”)

Those who follow the story of this life will confirm the assertion that every girl who enjoys a college education; every woman who has the chance of earning an honest living in whatever sphere she chooses; every wife who is protected by law in the possession of her person and property; every mother who is blessed with the custody and control of her own children—owes these sacred privileges to Susan B. Anthony beyond all others.

Suffrage a Means to an End

By Ella S. Stewart

(Contemporary. Ex-President the Illinois Equal Suffrage Association—Former Secretary “National American Suffrage Association.”)

Suffrage is not an end in itself, but a means to an end....

The opposition of the liquor forces is not gauged by the number of women actively engaged in temperance work. That number is still comparatively small. It takes no comfort from the fact that suffrage associations are non-partisan on all questions except suffrage. It would fear and fight off the enfranchisement of women if every temperance organization were to disband today. Therein it unconsciously pays its high tribute to woman and confesses its own lack of moral defense.... The forces of evil fear for woman’s vote.

Man Cannot Represent Woman

By Rev. Antoinette Brown

(The first woman ordained to preach in the United States. The following extract is from a speech delivered at the Suffrage Convention at Syracuse, N. Y., Sept. 8, 1852.)

Man cannot represent woman. They differ in their nature and relations. The law is wholly masculine; it is created and executed by man. The framers of all legal compacts are restricted to the masculine standpoint of observation, to the thoughts, feelings and biases of man. The law then can give us no representation as women, and therefore no impartial justice, even if the law makers were intent upon this, for we can be represented only by our peers.... When woman is tried for crime, her jury, her judges, her advocates, are all men; and yet there may have been temptations and various palliating circumstances connected with her peculiar nature as woman, such as man cannot appreciate. Common justice demands that a part of the law-makers and law-executors should be of her own sex. In questions of marriage and divorce, affecting interests dearer than life, both parties in the contract are entitled to an equal voice.

Universality

By Belle Lindner Israels

(From the Introduction to “The Upholstered Cage.”)

There can be no problem of women anywhere without aspects of universality.

Mankind Our Neighbor

By Mrs. R. R. Cotton

(In “Social Service Review.”)

The day is past when we deluded ourselves with the thought that our responsibilities ceased with the performance of our individual duties. We are jointly responsible for the existing conditions, and only by a joint effort can they be improved. Our neighbor’s welfare is our business, and our neighbor is mankind.

Clearing Up the Muss

By Gertrude Breslau Fuller

(American contemporary. Prominent as a Lyceum speaker on social questions.)

You say politics are too corrupt for women to mix up in? Well, they are pretty bad, there is no doubt about that. You have laid almost everything under heaven onto the women, but this one thing that has been under your own exclusive, masculine domain.

Don’t you know that the principal business of women, all down the ages, has been to go along after the men and clear up the everlasting muss they made? Well, we are still at the same task. Our politics are no more corrupt than our housekeeping would be if we let you run it alone.

Wisdom Comes with Freedom

By Mary Wollstonecraft

(See page 121)

In France or Italy have the women confined themselves to domestic life? Though they have not hitherto had a political existence, yet have they not illicitly had great sway, corrupting themselves and the men with whose passions they played? In short, in whatever light I view the subject, reason and experience convince me that the only method of leading women to fulfill their peculiar duties is to free them from all restraint by allowing them to participate in the inherent rights of mankind.

Make them free, and they will quickly become wise and virtuous, as men become more so, for the improvement must be mutual, or the injustice which one-half of the race are obliged to submit to retorting on their oppressors, the virtue of men will become worm-eaten by the insect whom he keeps under his feet.

Women to Men

By Miriam Allen De Ford

(In “The Woman Voter.”)

We are they that wept at Babylon, And still are they that weep; We have watched the cradles of the world, And hushed its sick to sleep; We have served your folly and desire, And drunk your cruel will; You have smiled on us with far content:— Are you smiling still?

We were slaves most fit for Solomon, That now can call you kin; It was strength of soul and many years That changed us so within; The strength of those you killed with scorn, The years you could not kill; Steep were the stairs to climb and hard:— Are you smiling still?

We have shared your salt of loyalty, And eaten of its bread; We have died with you for Freedom’s sake, And gained it, being dead: You have drawn from out our breasts your life, The life you use so ill: We are they that bore you in the night:— Are you smiling still?

The Call to Social Service

By Elizabeth (Mrs. George) Bass

(American contemporary. Former president of the Woman's City Club, Chicago. Chairman Chicago-Biennial Board, General Federation of Women's Clubs. From editorial in "Life and Labor.")

The call to social service and action has brought the modern club woman along an ever broadening path to the high, wind-swept levels, where she sights limitless opportunity for expression and action; and two things she has come to see clearly, first, that she needs the ballot to do this, her natural work, more effectively; and second, that the Commonwealth needs her.

Submission

By Miriam Teichner

(In "The Woman's Journal.")

Submission? They have preached at that so long, As though the head bowed down would right the wrong; As though the folded hands, the coward heart, Were saintly signs of souls sublimely strong; As though the man who acts the waiting part And but submits, had little wings a-start. But may I never reach that anguished plight, Where I at last grow weary of the fight!

Submission? "Wrong of course, must ever be Because it ever was. 'Tis not for me To seek a change; to strike the maiden blow. 'Tis best to bow the head and not to see; 'Tis best to dream, that we need never know The truth—to turn our eyes away from woe." Perhaps. But, ah! I pray for keener sight. And—may I not grow weary of the fight!

The Price of Liberty

By Mary Gray Peck

(In "Life and Labor." Chairman Committee on Drama, General Federation of Women's Clubs.)

"I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death."

Patrick Henry, when he said that, was not asking that liberty come as a free gift. No race or class ever has attained it so cheaply. Fifty years after the battle of Gettysburg, the negro is still fighting for the liberty which the bloodiest war in history could not confer on him. He must get it for himself.

Women have been fighting longer than that for freedom.

It is the glory of the women's labor movement that working women struck the first blow for women's liberty in this country.

For a hundred years, working women have made straight the way for all women to follow. It was the women in the mills and the shops and factories who made it possible sixty years ago for women to enter the schools and the professions.

Today, in the ultimate analysis, it is the women in the mills of commerce who gave women the ballot in the suffrage states. It is they who are paying the price. _Their strikes are all hunger strikes; not a hunger for bread alone, but a hunger for life and the liberty of soul._

Not till these strikes end in victory, not till the last burning-factory martyr has rendered up her life as a sacrifice necessary to the destruction of the system which thrives on factory fires, can we count the price which working women have paid to make all women free.

"No people can long endure half slave and half free."

If the working women had consented to be slaves, there would have been no woman movement. More than that—without the woman's trade unions there could be no organized labor movement. Theirs is the strategic point in the conflict in which the whole world is lining up. Around them will rage the fiercest fight; but the stars in their courses fight for them.

Woman's Right

By Olive Schreiner

(South African novelist. Contemporary. Author of "An African Farm," "Three Dreams in a Desert," "Woman and Labor," etc. The following is from "Woman and Labor."[3])

Thrown into strict logical form, our demand is this: We do not ask that the wheels of time should reverse themselves, or the stream of life flow backward. We do not ask that our ancient spinning wheels be again resuscitated and placed in our hands; we do not demand that our old grindstones and hoes be returned to us, or that man should again betake himself entirely to his province of war and the chase, leaving to us all domestic and civil labor. We do not even demand that society shall immediately so reconstruct itself that every woman may again be a child bearer (deep and overmastering as lies the hunger for motherhood in every virile woman's heart!); neither do we demand that the children we bear shall again be put exclusively into our hands to train. This, we know, cannot be. The past material conditions of life have gone forever; no will of man can recall them. But _this_ is our demand: We demand that, in that strange new world that is arising alike upon the man and the woman, where nothing is as it was, and all things are assuming new shapes and relations, that in this new world we also shall have our share of honored and socially useful human toil, our full half of the labor of the Children of Woman. We demand nothing more than this, and will take nothing less. _This is our WOMAN'S RIGHT!_

[3] Frederick A. Stokes Co.

From "The Convert"

By Elizabeth Robins

(English contemporary. Actress, playwright, novelist. Author of "Way Stations," "The Convert," etc. The following is from a suffrage speech by one of her characters, Miss Claxton, in "The Convert.")

What, women don't want it? Are you worrying about a handful who think because they have been trained to like subservience everybody else ought to like subservience, too?... The women who are made to work over hours—they want the vote. To compel them to work over hours is illegal. But who troubles to see that laws are fairly interpreted for the unrepresented.... I know a factory where a notice went up yesterday to say that the women employed there will be required to work 12 hours a day for the next few weeks.... Much of woman's employment is absolutely unrestricted except that they may not be worked on Sunday. And while all this is going on, comfortable gentility sit in arm chairs and write alarmist articles on the falling birth-rate and the horrible amount of infant mortality. Here and there we find a man who realizes that the main concern of the State should be its children, and that you can't get worthy citizens when the mothers are sickly and enslaved. The question of statecraft rightly considered always reaches back to the mother. That State is most prosperous that most considers her. No State that forgets her can survive. The future is rooted in the real being of women. If you rob the women, your children and your child's children pay. Men haven't realized it—your boasted logic has never yet reached so far. Of all the community the women who give the next generation birth, and who form its character, during the most impressionable years of its life—of all the community, these mothers now, or mothers to be, ought to be set free from the monstrous burden that lies upon the shoulders of millions of women.

Rights, Privileges and Capacities

By Catherine Waugh McCulloch

(American contemporary. Former President Illinois Woman Suffrage Association, and practicing attorney. The following is from a pamphlet, "Illinois Laws Concerning Women," issued by the I. W. S. A.)

We read that no person shall be denied any political rights, privileges, or powers on account of religion. The word sex should have been added. People may change their religion, but never their sex. Rights, privileges and capacities ought never to depend on color of eyes or hair, cast of features, sex or any other accident for which a person is not to be blamed and which a person can never overcome. Any other qualification demanded of a voter may be acquired by one's own exertion, or the lapse of time. Property may be earned, minority out-grown, education secured, sanity regained, alienage removed, imprisonment outlived. But no industry, no age, no brilliancy, no morality, can change sex. Sex should be made less a disgrace instead of more of a disgrace than poverty, minority, alienage, insanity and criminality.

The Working Woman's Awakening

By Theresa Malkiel

(In "The Progressive Woman." American contemporary. Socialist. Speaker and writer on woman, child and labor problems.)

Unconsciously, with closed eyes, driven, perhaps, by the herd instinct that makes her follow the others, the working woman is rising at last from her long slumber....

The solution of the problem of existence is pressing upon her more and more. Even the mantle of marriage does no longer save her from it. The patient sufferer cannot and will not see her children destitute and hungry. She wants some of the celestial promises to be realized here on earth. Hence this general unrest of womanhood the world over.

Woman's Weak Dependency

By Gertrude Atherton

(American contemporary. Said by the London critics to be the most brilliant of American women novelists. The following is from "Julia France and Her Times.")

No wonder so few women had left an impression on history. How could any brain, even if endowed with true genius, reach the highest order of development while the character remained placid in its willing dependence upon the reigning sex? And man had despised woman through the ages, even when most enslaved by her, knowing that on him depended her very existence. He had the physical strength to wring her neck, and the legal backing to treat her as partner or servant, whichever he found convenient.

A Pageant of Great Women

By Cicily Hamilton

A dramatic poem of power and beauty. Woman contends with prejudice in an argument before the throne of Justice, calling a pageant of the world's great women to justify her claims. She wins her freedom and speaks to man as follows:

I have no quarrel with you, but I stand For the clear right to hold my life my own: The clear, clean right. To mould it as I will,— Not as you will, with or apart from you To make of it a thing of brain and blood, Of tangible substance and of turbulent thought— No thin, gray shadow of the life of man! Your love, perchance, may set a crown on it; But I may crown myself in other ways— (As you have done, who are in one flesh with me). I have no quarrel with you; but, henceforth This you must know: The world is mine as yours— The pulsing strength and passion and hurt of it: The work I set my hand to, woman's work, Because I set my hand to it.

The Prayer of the Modern Woman

By Josephine Conger

(Published in various Suffrage Journals.)

(See page 177)

Unbind our hands. We do not ask for favor in this fight Of human souls for human needs. We ask for naught but right, That we may throw the burden from our backs, and from our brains The thrall of servitude. We are so weary of the pains That crush our hearts and cramp our wills, reducing all desires To childish whims, while great hopes lie like smould'ring fires Within our brains, or burst distorted from some weak, unguarded point, Leaving ruin and anguish in their track. With woman bound, the whole world's out of joint, For women are the mothers of the race. We cannot boast Of natural rights, of liberty, while mothers of the host Must know they're classed in common law with idiots and slaves, Must stand aside with criminals, with imbeciles and knaves. The sturdy sons nursed at their breast cannot be wholly free, For what the mother is, the child will in a measure be. You are not granting Favor when you give us equal power; The shame is, you've withheld from us so long our dower Of earth's inheritance. We do not beg for alms, for charity. We do not want our rights doled out; we want full liberty To grow, to be, to do our part, as Nature meant we should. We want a perfect sister-, as well as brother-hood.

By Mrs. James Lees Laidlaw

(Chairman of the New York City Suffrage Party. In "Harper's Bazar.")

The getting of votes has been to us like the saving of souls.

By Julia Wedgewood

(English writer. From an essay, “Female Suffrage, Considered Chiefly with Regard to Its Indirect Results.”)

Of course, if women are either exactly like men, or simply men minus something or other, they could add no light to that already possessed by a male constituency, but I know of no one who seriously believes either of these things.

BOOK II

The Home

THE HOME

“The Woman’s Place”

By The Hon. Mrs. Arthur Lyttleton

(English contemporary. The following is taken from “Women and Their Work.”)

“The woman’s place is the home.”

Such is a very common reply to those who propound any new schemes for educating or helping women. No one would deny the statement. It is true that those who make it sometimes forget that now-a-days a considerable number of women have no homes, and that therefore the remark by no means meets the whole case.

The Spirit of the Home

By Lucy Re Bartlett

(English contemporary. Author of “Toward Liberty,” from which the following is taken.)

By all means let most women choose the home for their sphere, if they will, and even severely avoid politics for the moment, if they be so minded. But whether in the home, or outside it, let all women consider well what be the spirit they are bringing into life—whether it be one which liberates and uplifts, or one which makes, instead, for bondage.

Lovers of Home

By Dr. Anna Howard Shaw

(In “The Metropolitan Magazine.”)

Every suffragist I have ever met has been a lover of home; and only the conviction that she is fighting for her home, her children, for other women, for all of these, has sustained her in her public work.

Woman’s High Achievement

By Selma Lagerlof

(Swedish contemporary. Prominent in literary and progressive circles. From an address delivered before the Sixth Congress of the International Suffrage Alliance in Stockholm, entitled “Woman the Savior of the State.”)

Have women done nothing which entitles us to equal rights with man? Our time on earth has been long—as long as his. Have we created nothing of incontestable worth to life and civilization? Besides this, that we have brought human beings into the world, have we contributed nothing of use to mankind?... I look at paintings and engravings, pictures of old women, of olden times. Their faces are haggard and stern; their hands rough and bony. They had their struggles and their interests. What have they done?

I place myself before Rembrandt’s old peasant woman, she of the thousand wrinkles in her intelligent face, and I ask myself why she lived? Certainly not to be worshipped by many men, not to rule a state, not to win a scholar’s degree! And yet the work to which she devoted herself could not have been of a trivial nature. She did not go through life stupid and shallow! The glances of men and women rest rather upon her aged countenance than upon that of the fairest young beauty. Her life must have had a meaning.

We all know what the old woman will reply to my question. We read the answer in her calm and kindly smile: “All that I did was to make a good home.”

And look you! That is what the women would answer if they could rise from their graves generation after generation, thousands upon thousands, millions upon millions: “All that we strove for was to make a good home.”

We know that if we were to ask the men, could we line them up, generation after generation, thousands and millions in succession, it would not occur to one of them to say that he had lived for the purpose of making a good home....

We know that it is needless to seek further. We should find nothing. Our gift to humanity is the home—that, and nothing else....

For the home we have been great; for the home we have been petty. Not many of us have stood with Christina Gyllenstierna on the walls of Stockholm and defended a city; still fewer of us have gone forth with Jeanne D’Arc to battle for the Fatherland. But if the enemy approached our own gate, we stood there with broom and dish rag, with the sharp tongue and clawing hand, ready to fight to the last in defense of our creation, the home. And this little structure which has cost us so much effort, is it a success or a failure? Is this woman’s contribution to civilization inconsiderable or valuable? Is it appreciated or despised?

Woman’s Sphere the Home

By Helen Keller

(From “Out of the Dark.”[4])

(See page 209)

Woman’s sphere _is_ the home, and the home, too, is the sphere of man. The home embraces everything we strive for in this world. To get and maintain a decent home is the object of all our best endeavors. But what is the home? What are its boundaries? What does it contain? What must we do to secure and protect it?

In olden times the home was a private factory.... Home and industrial life were one.... Once the housewife made her own butter and baked her own bread; she even sowed, reaped, threshed, and ground the wheat. Now her churn has been removed to great cheese and butter factories. The village mill, where she used to take her corn, is today in Minneapolis; her sickle is in Dakota. Every morning the express company delivers her loaves to the local grocer from a bakery that employs a thousand hands. The men who inspect her winter preserves are chemists in Washington. Her ice box is in Chicago. The men in control of her pantry are bankers in New York. The leavening of bread is somehow dependent upon the culinary science of congressmen, and the washing of milk cans is a complicated art which legislative bodies, composed of lawyers, are trying to teach the voting population on the farms.

It would take a modern woman a lifetime to walk across her kitchen floor; and to keep it clean is an Augean labor. No wonder that she sometimes shrinks from the task and joins the company of timid, lazy women who do not want to vote. But she _must_ manage her home; for, no matter how grievously incompetent she may be, there is no one else authorized or able to manage it for her. She _must_ secure for her children clean food at honest prices. Through all the changes of industry and government she remains the baker of bread, the minister of the universal sacrament of life.

[4] Doubleday Page & Co.

Woman and the Primitive Home

By Mrs. St. Clair Stobart

(See page 144)

(From “War and Woman.”)

In the days when such proverbs as “The woman, the cat and the chimney should never leave the house”, “_Bonne femme est oiseau de cage_”, “A wife and a broken leg are best left at home”, were current in every household, there was some reason why women should remain at home. For _within the home_ were conducted—by women—all the industries of life. In those days women not only made jams and pickles, cured the hams and bacon, concocted wines and medicines, they also designed and embroidered all the curtains, tapestries and carpets; the making of beautiful laces, the spinning, the weaving, the sewing and the knitting of all the garments was committed to the charge of women. In those days when the control of all that made life worth living was with

woman, she did not need, nor did she seek, outside occupations, which indeed consisted chiefly of the less intellectual pursuits of hunting and fishing. There was plenty of scope _within_ doors for the intellectual, industrial, and artistic faculties of every active-minded woman. If it is true that woman was more honored at that time when she remained indoors than she is now, this was _not because_ she remained at home, but because all the arts and crafts of life were in her hands—_within the home_. But now all this is changed, through no fault of the woman herself, and, except for the young wife and mother who has plenty of occupation in the rearing of her family, there is not enough work _within the home_ for additional active-minded and able-bodied women, the numerous daughters, sisters, cousins, aunts, who need occupation, but who have no family of their own because there are not enough men to go round.

The Poor and Good Housing

By Elizabeth Cook

(From Speech on “Housing and Morals in Richmond.” Quoted from “Woman’s Work in Municipalities.”)

Can children raised in Jail Bottom, whose only outlook is a mountain-like dump of rotting and rusty tin cans on the one side, and on the other a stream which is an open sewer, smelling to heaven from the filth which it carries along, or leaves here and there in slime upon its banks, have any but debasing ideas? Can parents inculcate high moral standards when across the street or down the block are houses of the “red light” district? Is the world so small that there is no room left for the amenities of life? Are ground space and floor space of more value than cleanliness and health and morality?... It is certainly a fallacy that the poor do not want good housing.

Where She Lived

By Mrs. John Van Vorst

(American contemporary writer on Child Labor Problems. The following is taken from her book, “The Cry of the Children.”)

The cotton-mill “folks” wear unwittingly a badge which distinguishes them far and wide. As I came along down over the hillside I met a child holding in her arms another smaller child; both were covered, their hair, their clothes, their very eyelids, with fine flakes of lint, wisps of cotton, fibres of the great web in which the factories imprison their victims.

“Hello,” I said, “do you work in the mill?”

“Yes, meaum.” The voice was gentle and the manner friendly. And giving a sidewise hitch to the baby, who had a tendency to slip from her tiny mother’s arms, this little worker showed me one of her fingers done up in a loose, dirty bandage.

“I cut my finger right smart,” she drawled, “so I’m takin’ a day off.”

“How old are you?”

“Tweaulve.”

“Got any brothers or sisters?”

“I’ve got him.... And I’ve got one brother in the mill.”

“How old is he?”

“Tweaulve.”

“Twins?” I asked.

She smiled and shook her head. “He’s tweaulve in the mill, and he’s teayun outside.”

This little bit of humanity, taking a day off as mother of a still tinier being, seemed a promising sponsor, and I suggested that we walk along together. She could not go to the mill with me, she explained, without first consulting her mother, so we proceeded to the settlement in which she lodged, along with eighty or a hundred families, who man the mill in which she was a hand.

“That’s where we live.”

Her fleet little bare feet picked a way deftly over the stony path, and she kept a hand free—when it was not laid on the baby's back—to point out the turns in the road that led to "where she lived." Her home was one of a group of frame one-story houses, perched on a slant of ground. Each house was encircled by a wooden veranda, and the order of the housekeeping described itself before the eyes, as a whisk of the broom which carried all the dirt from the kitchen onto the porch, and another whisk which landed it on the slant of ground, bedecked, in consequence, with old tin cans, decayed vegetables, pieces of dirty paper, rags and chicken feathers.

It was to the more intimate quarters, however, that I penetrated with my guide. The inside court, or square upon which these "homes" opened their back doors, was a large mud puddle overhung with the collective wash of the neighborhood. In and out of the mud puddle wallowed the younger members of the mill families, receiving from time to time admonition and reprimand from a gently irate parent, who swished her long cotton wrapper over the court, drawling to her offspring: "I sure will whip you if you-all don't quit."

"That-a-ways where we live," said my little companion, stepping onto the porch and depositing her load, as she opened the door to announce a visitor to her mother. The woman turned listlessly from her sewing machine over which she was bent.

"Won't you come in?" she called to me, dragging out a chair by the fire, without getting up. "Lookin' for work?" she asked.

I took a seat, glancing at the interior which my little friend called "home." The outer room was a kitchen—though it might, except for the stove, have been mistaken for a hen coop. The chickens pecked their way about the dirty floor, venturing as far, even, as the table upon which stood the meagre remains of a noonday meal. The second and the inner room had each a bed;—an unmade bed, I was going to say, but how, indeed, could a bed be made without either sheets or pillows? Two grimy counterpanes were flung in disorder across the mattresses; a few chairs, a bureau and the sewing machine completed the house furnishings.

As the listless woman talked with me in a kindly manner about work, the baby, who had crawled in from the porch, and arrived as far as his mother's skirts, now tugged at these, to be taken up. His tiny hands had served as propellers across the filthy floor. The piece of lemon candy had added to the general stickiness of the dirt, with which both hands and face were smeared. As a soldier shoulders a gun—the burden to which he is most accustomed—this mother swung her baby into her arms, and, while she talked on, giving items about the cost of living, and factory wages, she loosened her cotton jacket—evidently the only garment she had on—and folding the baby to her breast, she lulled its whimperings.

"Yes," she said, "we pay $1.50 a week for three rooms. That's a little over six a month. I call it high. We don't get no runnin' water. Every drop we use's got to be drawed in the yard; an' we don't get no light, either, nuthin' but lamps."

The baby, comfortable and contented, let his hand stray over the mother's throat, with little spasmodic caresses which left in their trail smears of dirt, flecked with tiny scarlet streaks where the sharp nails had caught in the pale, withered flesh.

"I reckon you-all might be cold," she said, directing the older child to put more wood on the open grate fire, thinking apparently nothing of herself. "We don't like it here first-rate. Maybe we'll move on. I sure do crave traveling. Well, honey," this was addressed to the baby, who had sat up with a jerk and began to whine. The candy picked up from the floor where it had fallen and restored to its owner's mouth, did not seem the desired thing. The mother looked at me with a knowing smile.

"I reckon I can guess what ails him. He wants his babies." And at this, always without getting out of her chair before the machine, she reached behind her and drew from a shelf over her head two white rats. These were apparently what the baby wanted. In the game that ensued between him and his pets, his chief delight seemed to be in seeing the rats disappear through the open throated gown of his mother, and making the tour of her bodice, wriggling, burrowing, crawling, to emerge finally from her collar at the nape of her neck. Sometimes they diversified their gyrations, proceeding upward into her hair and down again by way of her ears onto easier climbing ground. Impassable, unmoved, she talked on in her gentle voice, giving no sign whatever that she noticed the animals. It was only when the baby plunged his short nails into the white rat's side that she ejaculated mercifully:

"Quit that! You-all 'll hurt them babies."

I was somewhat dazed as I proceeded presently with my little girl guide from this interior to the mill. The squalor and disorder of what I had seen, the ignorance and the insensibility, contrasted strangely with the courtesy that had been shown me, the friendly concern about any intention I might have to get work, the desire to help me on my way, the strange lethargic tenderness which took the form of pity for even rats.

"Like animals," my friend had told me. That we must wait to see.

The War and the Home

By Jane Addams

(See page 28)

This war is destroying the home unit in the most highly civilized countries in the world to an extent which is not less than appalling.... At the present moment women in Europe are being told: bring children into the world for the benefit of the nation; for the strengthening of future battle lines; forgetting everything that you are taught to hold dear; forgetting your struggles to establish the responsibilities of fatherhood; forgetting all but the appetite of war for human flesh. It must be satisfied and you must be the ones to feed it, cost what it may; this is war's message to the world of women.

The Home

By Mrs. Laura P. Young

It is the home, and specifically the mother, who, with taste and tact, experience and wisdom, and above all, with love and faith, must guide and steady and inspire these lives. If we want our boys and girls to be free from discontent, free from hard commercialism, free from vulgarity and false ideals, we must enter their lives and quietly guide them into a youthful brotherhood and sisterhood of service.

Honest Partnership in the Home

By Mrs. Fred Dick

(From speech before Congress on Welfare of the Child.)

The homemaking of the future ... must be founded in this day and generation on financial independence. The girl of the past used to go from financial dependence in the girlhood home, to financial dependence as wife. She now goes from the independence of a wage earner to financial dependence as a wife, which relationship creates friction, and leads to incompatibility and divorce. There should be an adjustment of the responsibilities of home life before marriage on the basis of honest partnership. The children coming into the home should be taken into partnership financially and occupationally. They should be paid for their work on the basis that "If you don't work you can't eat," and held responsible for their share in the home-making.

The Home Influence

By Ida Tarbell

(From "The Business of Being a Woman."[5])

(See page 266)

Every home is perforce a good or bad educational center. It does its work in spite of every effort to shirk or supplement it. No teacher can entirely undo what it does, be that good or bad. The natural, joyous opening of a child's mind depends on its first intimate relations. These are, as a rule, with the mother. It is the mother who "takes an interest," who oftenest decides whether the new mind shall open frankly and fearlessly. How she does her work depends less upon her ability to answer questions, than her effort not to discourage them; less upon her ability to lead authoritatively into great fields than her efforts to push the child into those which attract him. To be responsive to his interests is the woman's greatest contribution to the child's development.

[5] McMillan Publishers.

Then—Back to the Home!

By Caro Lloyd

(American contemporary writer. Sister of Henry Demarest Lloyd, and author of his Biography. The following was taken from an article in "The Progressive Woman.")

Search any woman's heart, no matter how "emancipated", how "modern", she may be, and you will find there the love of home, of a lover, of a child, either realized or hoped for. How far this love is being denied to women today needs no showing. Women are being forced from the home into industry at a faster rate than the birth rate. Those still in the home are beginning to realize the interdependence of the modern social order and to see that only by extending their home-making out into the larger life of the community are their own circles safe.

As they go out into this wider service and struggle, women will take the spirit of the home with them. There are already signs that the faith, honesty, cleanliness, kindness of the home are to become the qualities of future society. We are to forsake our present régime with its cruel hostilities, and to build an order which shall meet the needs of all its children with the tenderness of father and mother, which shall institutionalize sisterhood and brotherhood. In this reconstruction women, the home-makers, will do a valiant share.

Then, having battled for their emancipation and won, and having used their new powers to join in the crusade for a higher civilization and won, women will go back into the home. Back to the home! But it will be as free women to a free home, under whose roof justice, equality and security will be sheltered. At last there will be an era of peace, and the morning rays of the golden age will tint the hilltops.

Women's Lodging Houses

By Mary Higgs

(English contemporary. Author of "The Master," "How to Deal With the Unemployed," "Glimpses Into the Abyss," etc. The following extract is taken from the last named book.)

We sat watching until we were weary, between 11 and 12, and then went to our bedroom. The same beds were reserved, and one woman who was said to work for her living, and had a very bad cough, was already in bed. We were speedily in bed also, and for awhile were quiet. The room was very stuffy, in spite of two ventilators; the sheets were not very clean, but still fairly so. The beds were filled by degrees all but one, that previously occupied by the Scotch woman. One girl who came in late said she was not on the streets; that she had begged money for her lodging, as she was out too late to return to her place. It was holiday time, being Whit week. One girl came in late and had had drink, which made her talkative, said she was a servant, and had just left a place where she had been ten months.... She meant to "enjoy herself" over the holiday and go to service again.

One girl who had been in before grumbled that her bed had been slept in and was dirty; but her own underlinen was far from clean. No one seemed to possess a nightgown; all slept in their underlinen.

We had the door a little ajar, and far into the night the doorbell kept ringing, and girls were admitted, and laughter and conversation drifted up the stairs. Our room settled down sometime past midnight, but the girl who was drunk several times tried to begin a conversation. At last we all slept. Two, however, had bad coughs. I woke at intervals through the night, and finally at 6.30. I was longing for fresh air, so put on a skirt and went down to enquire the time, and decided to go out for a quiet stroll. The bath room was empty, the bath had old papers in it, and did not look as if it was often used. There was a table with a looking glass, and a good deal of rouge about. The wash basin was very small, and no soap was provided. There was a roller towel for everybody. We had learned by experience to take our own soap and towel, and we lent the soap several times....

I slipped out to the brightness of a May morning, and walked in the direction of the park. The park was not open, as it was not yet seven, but just outside I found a resting place. What a contrast to the fresh budding life of the trees was that perversion and decay of budding womanhood I had left behind me! A tree cut down in its prime to make way for building furnished me with a parallel. What _artificial_ conditions of man's making, are pressing on those young lives, sapping them off from true use to rottenness and decay?...

Is there even at the back an _organized_ system, seeking victims and preying on them? This much is certain: that there is room for an allowance of greed and wickedness against defenseless womanhood. For if a woman cannot get work, where is she to go? What is she to do? Can all our homes and shelters together prevent many from drifting "on the streets"? Do we not need a national provision for migration, and temporary destitution among women?

The Inefficient Home

By Mrs. Laura P. Young

(From a paper read at the Third International Congress on “Welfare of the Child.”)

At present the chief reason I see for the fostering of a recreative social relationship among high school students is the inefficiency of the average home....

For instance, there is the home where the father may assume the attitude that after working all day at his own necessary pursuits, he cannot be annoyed by a riotous lot of youngsters all over the place in the evening. This is the short-sighted home....

There is the home in which the mother values her housekeeping above her home-making, the mother who cannot have her cherished lares and penates marred or displaced by visiting young people or indeed even by her own. This is the home of things, not of children....

And an especially pitiful type of inefficient home is that materially prosperous one in which the parents are too absorbed in their own affairs, social and business, to encourage home social life in their children. This type flourishes in many so-called exclusive suburban districts.

From whatever type of home a child goes to school, it is in that home that his standards of conduct and ideals of life are formed, and it is these that he carries to his association with his fellow-pupils.

Immorality and the Home

By Clara E. Laughlin

(Contemporary—Author of “The Evolution of a Girl’s Ideal,” “Everybody’s Lonesome,” “The Work-a-Day Girl.” The following extract is from “The Work-a-Day Girl.”)

What is the relation between domestic service and criminality and immorality? Between erring girls and their own homes as nurseries of weakness and wilfulness? It is this: housework as a sad majority of women perform it, is the most unsystematized, unstandardized, undisciplinary, unsocial and uninteresting work in the world. And family relations, as a sad majority of our citizens comprehend them, are the most unregulated relations in the world; there are a few standards below which the social conscience of the community will not allow a parent to fall in the treatment of a child, or a mistress to fall in the treatment of a maid; but they are standards so low that almost any other human relationship is better regulated by law and by public sentiment. The home is the most haphazard institution of our day.... Of the twelve or fifteen million homes in the country, probably not one million would pass an efficiency test based on the way they are run and the quality of their output.

Perpetuate the Ideal

By Mrs. C. E. Porter

If every man and woman held in their hearts a definite home ideal,—a lofty conception of their united lives, the highest function of parenthood would then, too, be perfect. There is little credit in simply perpetuating either a condition or a race.

Market Value of Home Labor

By Helen G. Putnam, M. D., LL. D.

If the labors which the great majority of women are putting in homes were estimated at market rates like those of men—and domestic arts are coming to have high values—husband’s incomes in a great majority of cases could not secure either the quality or the quantity. This, the largest single field of industries, is not enumerated by the census. Accurate valuation would put an end to the shibboleth, “The husband supports the wife”; would give self-respect to millions of women, and so inspire them; would remove the unsound impression of women’s comparative irresponsibility and men’s comparative dependability, whose psychologic effect is disastrous.

Domestic Strife

By Mrs. Belle Case La Follette

(See page 22)

(In “The Woman’s Journal.”)

Where do we find strife amid civilization? In the homes where husband and wife have not had mutual interests, where they have grown apart, and one has outstripped the other in development.

The Child at Home

By Elizabeth McCracken

(See page 90)

In one of the letters of Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse, to her mother, Queen Victoria, she writes: “I try to give my children in their home what I had in my childhood’s home. As well as I am able, I copy what you did.”

There is something essentially British in this point of view. The English mother, whatever her rank, tried to give her children in their home what she had in her childhood’s home; as well as she is able, she copies what her mother did. The conditions in her life may be entirely different from those of her mother, her children may be unlike herself in disposition; yet she holds to tradition in regard to their upbringing; she tries to make their home a reproduction of her mother’s home.

The American mother, whatever her station, does the exact opposite—she attempts to bestow upon her children what she did not possess; and she makes an effort to imitate as little as possible what her mother did.... Her ambition is to train her children, not after the mother’s way, but in accordance with “the most approved method”. This is apt, on analysis, to turn out to be merely the reverse of her mother’s procedure.

Cannot Replace the Home

By Lillian D. Wald

(Of Henry Street Settlement, New York.)

We acknowledge the inability and the inefficiency of the parents and the home to control the fortunes of the child when we substitute for them the parental function of government; nevertheless, the strongest of education remains in the home, and the school and the settlement and other agencies that hover over it cannot replace that home.

Man, Woman, and the Home

By Edna Kenton

(American contemporary writer. The following quotation is from “The Militant Women—and Women,” in “The Century Magazine.”)

There is a rising revolt among women against the unspeakable dullness of unvaried home life. It has been a long, deadly routine, a life of servitude imposed on her for ages in a man-made world. No honest woman will deny—man’s opinion is valueless here—that there is nothing in the home alone to satisfy woman’s human longing for variety, adventure, romance. But any man will tell you strongly that home is not enough to fill a human being’s life—_if that human being is to be himself_.

Mother and Child-Character

By Mrs. Winifred Sackville Stoner

(Of the University of Pittsburgh, and noted specialist in Child Culture.)

As you know, the ancients believed that a mother had a great deal to do with the character of her children, and this is true, for no mother has the right to bring children into this world and not give them the best of care and attention. I believe that every child born into this world has the trinity of mental, physical and moral elements, and it is up to the mother to develop this trinity....

I believe more good can be accomplished by proper training right from the cradle than all the corporal punishment in the world. I have ten rules, and they are:

1. Never say “don’t.” The very atmosphere of some homes is fairly reeking with “don’t”.

2. Never scold. A scolding mother is worse than a spanking mother.

3. Never give corporal punishment.

4. Never say “must”.

5. Never allow a child to lose its self-respect or respect for its parents.

6. Never frighten a child.

7. Never refuse to answer questions.

8. Never ridicule a child or tease him.

9. Don’t banish the fairies.

10. Don’t let a child ever think there is any more attractive place than its own home.

The Home of the Workingman

By Alice Henry

(See page 203)

I look forward to a time I believe to be rapidly approaching, when the home of the workingman, like everyone else’s home, will be truly a home, the happy resting-place, the sheltering nest of father, mother and children, and when, through the rearrangement of labor, the workingman’s wife will be relieved from her monotonous existence of unrelieved domestic drudgery and overwork, disguised under the name of wifely and maternal duties, when the cooking and the washing, for instance, will be no more part of the home life in the humblest home than in the wealthiest. The workingman’s wife will then share in the general freedom to occupy part of her time in whatever occupation she is best fitted for, and, along with every other member of the community, she will share in the benefits arising from the better organization of domestic work.

The Hotel “Home”

By Edith Wharton

(Contemporary American Novelist. From “The House of Mirth.”)

The environment in which Lily found herself was as strange to her as its inhabitants. She was unacquainted with the world of the fashionable New York hotel—a world over-heated, over-upholstered, and over-fitted with mechanical appliances for the gratification of fantastic requirements, while the comforts of a civilized life were as unattainable as in a desert. Through this atmosphere of torrid splendor moved wan beings as richly upholstered as the furniture, beings without definite pursuits or permanent relations, who drifted on a languid tide of curiosity from restaurant to concert hall, from palm-garden to music-room, from “art-exhibit” to dressmaker’s opening. High-stepping horses or elaborately equipped motors waited to carry these ladies into vague metropolitan distances, whence they returned, still more wan from the weight of their sables, to be sucked back into the stifling inertia of the hotel routine. Somewhere behind them in the background of their lives, there was doubtless a real past, peopled by real human activities; they themselves were probably the product of strong ambitions, persistent energies, diversified contacts with the wholesome roughness of life; yet they had no more real existence than the poet’s shades in limbo.

Lily had not been long in this pallid world without discovering that Mrs. Hatch was its most substantial figure.... The details of her existence were as strange to Lily as its general tenor. The lady’s habits were marked by an Oriental indolence and disorder peculiarly trying to her companion. Mrs. Hatch and her friends seemed to float together outside the bonds of time and space. No definite hours were kept; no fixed obligations existed: night and day floated into one another in a blur of confused and retarded engagement so that one had the impression of lunching at the tea-hour, while dinner was often merged in the noisy after-theater supper which prolonged Mrs. Hatch’s vigil until daylight. Through this jumble of futile activities came and went a strange throng of hangers-on—manicures, beauty-doctors, hairdressers, teachers of bridge, of French, of “physical development”.... Mrs. Hatch swam in a haze of interminate enthusiasms, of aspirations culled from the stage, the newspapers, the fashion-journals, and a

gaudy world of sport still more completely beyond her companion's ken.

The Domestic Home Destroyed

By Lida Parce

(From "Economic Determinism."[6])

(See page 174)

We have seen how the ties of mutual interest and common experience are disrupted by the transference of industry from the home to the factory. We have seen members of the family forsake the roof-tree in pursuit of work. We have seen the wife and child receiving their pay from the corporation, in definite, fixed wages.... The home shifts from time to time. Light, food, air, space, all are inadequate or polluted. The parents are irritable from the constant friction and anxiety of the predicament in which they live. Naturally, none of them can love "the home" very deeply. The children feel little reverence for the parents whose helplessness exposes the family to such a life. There are few common activities and interests between the members of the family, hence, there are few strong ties. The companions of the alleyways and streets form the social circle of the young, and the cheap theatres which offer their attractions at short intervals along the city streets fill up that vacuum in their experience which the nature of man abhors. Children living in these conditions do not have a reasonable chance to grow up with strong minds in sound bodies. Nor can this kind of youthful life develop those ideas of fair and right conduct, that honorable and dignified attitude of mind which are essential to good citizenship. Born into such a world, growing up in such an environment, why should they respect anything or any body? They do not. And the family disintegrates as soon as the children are old enough to declare their independence. Society has deprived the family of the means of securing normal living conditions for its future citizens. It is now confronted by the immediate and urgent problem of providing those conditions outside the family. The domestic home having been destroyed, a social one must be provided.

[6] Kerr Publishing Company.

BOOK III

The Child

THE CHILD

Child

By Agnes Repplier

This is so emphatically the children's age that a good many of us are thankful that we were not born in it. The little girl who said she wished she had lived in the time of Charles II because then "education was much neglected" wins our sympathy. It is a doubtful privilege to have the attention of the civilized world focussed upon us both before and after birth.

Little Beloved

By Leonora Pease

(In "The Progressive Woman.")

I hold by man's hand for thy sake, Little Beloved. Of the large human life, in thy being I partake, Little Beloved. My heart's to the lowly, the weary and frail, Who shall fail, For they step up and enter thy place; Lift thy face, Little Beloved.

My soul fellowships in thy name, Little Beloved. Man's overcoming is mine, his wrong is my shame, Little Beloved. Thy image for me stamps the low and the high, As a die, And thou, of thy kind, one with all, Mount or fall, Little Beloved.

When sounds the alarm of disaster, Little Beloved, For the swift prayer of my heart runneth faster, Little Beloved. Thou, too, imperiled, fashioned as they, Of the clay; Thou, too, who shalt walk in the way, Or astray, Little Beloved.

I would disentangle in vain, Little Beloved, Thy one shining, delicate thread from the skein, Little Beloved. For Fate's fast-running loom all the strands doth enmesh, Of the flesh, And her intricate pattern unroll, As a whole, Little Beloved.

More Woman's Work

By Mrs. Leonard Thomas

The child from its birth is more woman's work than man's.

The Call of the Unborn

By Ethel Blackwell Robinson

(Author of "The Religion of Joy," and "A Child's Glimpse of God, for Grown-Up Children"—from which the following is taken.)

Oh, smile up your heart for me, mother, Be happy, be buoyant, be mild; Oh, smile up your heart, for I'm coming! You'll make me a lovelier child. I'll bud as a gay little lassie, Or bloom as a cheery young lad; So, smile up your heart, mother darling, You'll always be grateful and glad.

The Nursery a University

By C. Josephine Barton

(See page 121)

If your child is rightly born, with no prenatal drapery to untangle from, you need concern yourself about his proper guidance, only past the infant age. He will educate, without your insistence. He will be showing you new points wherein your old rhetoric is at fault, or your mental philosophy behind the times. If you are wise, you will get vast lessons from him.

Froebel said: "The nursery was my university." The child receives there indelible lessons, nor does he judge as to whether a thing is literal or figurative. It is all fact to him. Plato says it is most important that tales which the young first hear should be models of virtuous thought. The highest and grandest that could be said of that strange phase of human experience, the Flesh-birth phase, was said by Friedrich Froebel, substantially as follows: "With the beginning of every new family there is issued to mankind and to each individual human being, the call to represent humanity in _pure development_; to represent man in his _ideal perfection_." Froebel was broad in saying also, "The destiny of nations lies far more in the hands of women, the mothers, than in the possessors of power, or of those innovators who, for the most part, do not understand themselves! We _must cultivate women_, who are the educators of the race, else the new generation cannot accomplish its task."

Now Froebel was not contending for woman's rights, but for the _race_. He speaks of woman, because he saw that _her element_ in the cause of civilization was in need of accentuation. He was seeking in the race that _balance_ which is imperative in the promotion of perfect conditions.... Froebel spoke of women because men have held the reins of education in the past. Even in the matter of bringing children into the world....

Above all things do not encourage the child to occupy his time with trivialities, to the neglect of the grand phenomena of nature—the beauty and poetry everywhere, along the dewy borders of the country road, the hedges and fields, the rocks and imbedded fossils, insects and plants. To study botany, geology, physiology and even psychology in youth, is excellent occupation.

Parental Duty

By Ellen Key

(Swedish contemporary. From "Love and Marriage.")

Children begotten under a sense of duty would ... be deprived of a number of essential conditions of life; among others that of finding in their parents beings full of life and radiating happiness which constitutes the chief spiritual nourishment of children—and it may be added that parents who live entirely for their children are seldom good company for them.

My Little Son

By Pauline Florence Brower

(American contemporary poet. From “Century Magazine.”)

We were so very intimate, we two, Even before I knew The outline of the little face I love, Or bent above The small, sweet body made so strong and fair; For we had learned to share The silences that are more than speech, Before your cry could reach My listening heart, or I could see The miracle made manifest to me.

My little son, Most glad, most radiant one, Too soon, too soon, the hour must be cried That draws you from my side! In life’s exultant hands is lifted up This newly molded cup. The tangled vineyard of the world demands Your toiling hands. Look deep, and in all women that you meet Your searching gaze will greet This mother of the child that used to be; Beholding women, oh, remember me!

Children Innumerable

By Florence Kiper

(In “The Forum.”)

Our age, it is true, is not a very reverential age, a sceptical age, one questioning the traditions. It is doubting the dignity in the lot of a soldier driven to martial courage by conscription. It is finding attenuated beauty in unwilling motherhood, though submission be in the name of God or Social Duty. It has asked itself this question and the answers are perturbing—For what and for whom are we breeding humanity if it be not for humanity itself?... Indeed, it is unbelievable that there should be a cry for breeding, when children innumerable crowd the city slums, deprived of air and spiritual breathing place, or in small towns and little farm houses grow dull and vicious through lack of appeal to the imagination and the intellect. Society as a whole cannot be too thankful for those women, who, celibate in body, have given themselves to the rearing of this “child material below par”, in the belief that the world is not for its superman but for the many.

Quantity vs. Quality in Children

By Lady Grove

(English contemporary. From “Fortnightly Review.”)

Is not the quality, rather than the quantity, of children the thing to be aimed at? If, then, by improving woman’s status the breed improves, as improve it must, is not this preferable to the “plenty” in their present very mixed condition? Has no one sufficient imagination to see in the mind’s eye a race that would be incapable of breeding this mass of “undesirable aliens”, who are tossed about from shore to shore, welcome nowhere, and a curse to themselves?

Fewer and Better Children

By Helen Campbell

(In “The Arena.”)

Slowly, how slowly, has dawned the thought that something more than mere numbers is the need of the family. Man found out long ago what laws must be studied and carried out in breeding for the high results in animal life; the brood mare or other animal rested and skillfully fed. For the woman, such thought never entered the mind of either husband or wife. The formula “God wills it”, lifted the burden of responsibility for defectives, or diseased, deformed or crippled children.... “Fewer and better”, has its own mission, till the day comes when a trained motherhood and fatherhood will ensure to the state an order of citizens for whom that war cry is no longer needed. The old phrase “God’s will”, is to fill with new meaning. God’s will and man’s, more and more with every step forward in the knowledge of what life was meant to bring to every child of man.

Equality in Fitness

By Helen G. Putnam, M. D. LL. D.

It makes no difference to the child’s inheritance which parent is unfit. Neither should be. It makes no difference to the child whether, after birth, the ignorance, evil instruction, contagious blighting of him come from a man or from a woman; from domestic conditions

(said to be women's work), or from municipal conditions (said to be man's work). The responsibility cannot be divided. Before this ideal—the child's well being—these sexes are on an equal footing, nor is one sex justified in wronging the child because the other says or does so. Nature forgives no spurious reasoning. The child and the race suffer the consequences.

Where Women Have Long Voted

By Florence Kelly

Never before in human history has the right of the young to pure living, the claim of the adolescent to guidance and restraint, the need of the child for nurture at the hands of father, mother, school and the community been recognized as in Colorado today.

Reason and the Child

By Mary Wollstonecraft

(See page 121)

Few parents think of addressing their children in the following manner, though it is in this reasonable way that Heaven seems to command the whole human race:—It is your interest to obey me till you can judge for yourself; and the Almighty Father of all has implanted an affection in me to serve as a guard to you whilst your reason is unfolding; but when your mind arrives at maturity, you must only obey me, or respect my opinions, so far as they coincide with the light that is breaking in on your mind.

A slavish bondage to parents cramps every faculty of the mind; and Mr. Locke very judiciously observes, that "if the mind be curbed and humbled too much in children; if their spirits be abased and broken much by too strict a hand over them, they lose all their vigor and industry." ...

On the contrary, the parent who sets a good example, patiently lets that example work, and it seldom fails to produce its natural effect—filial reverence.

The Government and Child Life

By Mrs. Frederick Schoff

(National President Congress of Mothers and Parent-Teachers Association. From speech delivered at Third International Congress of the Association.)

The Government's interest in children shown to all the world has stimulated every nation to deeper study of its own conditions as they relate to child life and the effect has been more far-reaching than can be estimated.

America, which is the Mecca for every nation, which has within its borders over 100,000 children of foreign birth and one-quarter of whose children are of foreign parentage, can claim a wider interest in the children of every nation than can any other nation on the globe, for within the boundaries of the United States may be found children of every race and every clime.

The Rising Value of a Baby

By Mabel Potter Daggett

(In "Pictorial Review.")

Only a mother counted her jewels yesterday, you see. Today, States count them, too. Even Jimmie Smith in, we will say, England, who before the war might have been regarded as among the least of these little ones, has become the object of his country's concern. Jimmie came screaming into this troublous world in a borough of London's East End, where there were already so many people that you didn't seem to miss Jimmie's father and some of the others who had gone to the war. Jimmie belongs to one of those three hundred thousand London families who are obliged to live in one- and two-room tenements. Five or six, perhaps it was five, little previous brothers and sisters, waited on the stair landing outside the door until the midwife in attendance ushered them in to welcome the new arrival. Now Jimmie is the stuff from which soldiers are made, either soldiers of war or soldiers of industry. And however you look at the future, his country's going to need Jimmie. He is entered in the great new ledger which has been opened by his government. The Notification of Births Act, completed by Parliament in 1915, definitely put the British baby on a business basis. Every child must now, within thirty-six hours of its advent, be listed by the local health authorities. Jimmie was.

And he was thereby automatically linked up with the great national child-saving campaign. Since then, so much as a fly in his milk is a matter of solicitude to the borough council. If he sneezes, it's heard in Westminster. And it's at least worried about there.

Ideals of the Child

By Sidonie Matzner Gruenberg

(American Contemporary. From "Your Child To-day and To-morrow.")

We should make a special effort to discover our children's ideals, for several reasons. First of all, by knowing what the girl or boy has nearest the heart we shall be able to enter into closer sympathy with the child, we shall be able to understand much of the conduct that would otherwise baffle as well as annoy us....

It is very easy to ridicule the ideals and ambitions of children when they seem to us too high flown or futile. But a person's ideals stand too close to the center of his character to be treated so rudely. It is better to ignore the many trifling flights of fancy that are not likely to have any permanent effect, and to throw the child into circumstances that will force the emergence of more deep-seated or far-reaching ambitions.

The Child and Parental Youth

By Elizabeth McCracken

(American contemporary. From "The American Child.")

A Frenchwoman to whom I once said that American parents treat their children in many ways as though they were their contemporaries remarked, "But does that not make the children old before their time?"

So far from this, it seems, on the contrary, to keep the parents young after their time. It has been truly said that we have in America fewer and fewer grandmothers who are "sweet old ladies," and more and more who are "charming elderly women." We hear less and less about the "older" and the "younger" generations; increasingly we merge two, and even three, generations into one.

Consideration for Others

By Mrs. R. P. Alexander

(Official Delegate to National Mothers' Council from Tokio, Japan.)

A Japanese child is rarely punished and never whipped, but the strong influence of the home training makes the average child obedient and self-controlled at a comparatively early age. He is taught to conceal his grief with the thought that if he does not, he will give pain to others.

A Blot on Civilization

By Julia Lathrop

(Head of The National Children's Bureau)

Infant mortality is a blot on civilization. If it is worth while to spend millions to safeguard farm products which are, after all, only raised to serve the needs of each generation of children in turn, is it not worth while to spend the necessary sums to popularize the methods by which the lives of children themselves may be safe-guarded?

Teaching the Child Citizenship

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

(From "Little Talks with Mothers of Little People."[7])

One cannot begin too early to teach boys the duties of citizenship. There are many men who are educated, intelligent gentlemen who do not "take the trouble to vote," and are not ashamed of the fact. When such things are true, is it any wonder that we have cause to complain of corruption or misgovernment? How can it be otherwise when some of our citizens neglect their duty to their

country?

[7] D. Estes & Company, Publishers.

For Father’s Amusement

By Elizabeth Harrison

(Author of “A Study in Child-Nature,” “Two Children of the Foot-Hills,” “Some Silent Teachers,” “In Storyland,” etc. From “Misunderstood Children.”[8])

I was strolling through a neighboring park one breezy September day when it occurred. It took less than ten minutes from beginning to end—but did it _end_ then?

There had been a shower the night before, and the city’s dust had been washed from the leaves on trees and shrubbery. All nature seemed in fine mood and had filled me, along with the rest of the town-imprisoned mortals, with some of her exuberance and life.

This keen enjoyment of mere existence, which nature alone can give, was particularly noticeable in the buoyant movements of a little three-year-old child, who was dancing in and out of the shadows of the tall trees, now running, now skipping, now jumping in the joyous exhilaration of mere animal life. Ever and anon he looked back at his father and his father’s friend, who were strolling along in a more sedate enjoyment of the fresh air and glittering sunshine. The fact that each of them carried a tennis racket showed that they, too, were out for a holiday.

The child’s delight in all the freshness and freedom about him quickened his senses, as it always will quicken a healthy child. In a few moments his attention was attracted by the bending, swaying branches of a nearby clump of willow trees. The fascination of the lithe, graceful movement of the boughs was so strong that he stooped and stood with upturned face, gazing at them until the two men approached him. Then catching hold of his father’s hand he exclaimed, “See! See!” pointing to the nodding tree branches. His face was full of happiness, and his eyes were looking into his father’s eyes expecting sympathy in this new-found wonder of nature. But the father gave no heed to what was interesting the boy. Instead, he began playfully slapping him on his skirts with the tennis racket, at the same time saying, “Will you be good?” “No,” answered the child in high glee. It was evidently a familiar pastime between them. “Will you be good?” repeated the father, in mock threat lifting the tennis racket as if to strike the child over the head. “No, I won’t! No, I won’t!” shouted the boy as he scampered off over the grass. This created a chase in which the father playfully spanked the captured boy as with make-believe wrath he dragged him back to the side-walk. Having returned to the starting point of the chase he released the boy with the words, “There now, I’ll spank you hard if you are not a good boy!” He had scarcely let go his hold on the youngster’s arm before the latter again ran off, shouting in high glee, “No, I won’t! No, I won’t be good!” Again came the chase and again the playful spanking and dragging back and the release with an admonition that he would get a beating this time if he was not a good boy. The tone in which the words were said were an invitation to the child to renew the game.

The third time he started off, however, the other man decided that he, too, would take part in the sport. So he quickly put his tennis racket in front of the boy, thus obstructing his path. The child manfully struggled to push it aside, but could not. Soon his “No, I won’t,” in answer to his father’s “Will you be good?” had in it a note of fretfulness or, rather, resentment. He was contending now with two grown men and his strength was not equal to the strain. He pushed angrily against the racket in front while trying at the same time to avoid the light blows from the one in the rear. With cat-like agility the man in front would withdraw his obstructing tennis racket until the boy started forward and then check—would come the racket just in front of him. The very movement of his arm was like that of a cat regaining his hold on an escaping mouse. A peal of laughter from him each time he caught the exasperated child showed how much he was enjoying the sport. The father seemed equally amused and joined heartily in thwarting the efforts of the boy to escape. The little fellow’s face grew red, and he was soon short of breath from his struggles, and there was the angry sob of defeat in his voice. The scene ended by the child’s getting into a towering rage.

When they passed out of sight the father had seized him by the arm and was forcing him along, the boy kicking and struggling, but powerless to help himself. The two men were laughing heartily.

The child’s blood had been poisoned by the heat of anger, he had exhausted his physical vitality and his nervous system had been disarranged, not to speak of his moral standards—but then, the father and his friend had been amused.

[8] Central Publishing Company.

The Factory Child

By Harriet Monroe

(In “The Century.”)

Why do the wheels go whirling round, Mother, mother? Oh, mother, are they giants bound, And will they growl forever? Yes, fiery giants underground, Daughter, little daughter. Forever turn the wheels around, And rumble, grumble ever. Why do I pick the threads all day? Mother, mother? While sunshine children are at play, And must I work forever? Yes, factory-child; the live-long day, Daughter, little daughter, Your hands must pick the threads away, And feel the sunshine never. Why do the birds sing in the sun, Mother, mother, If all day long I run and run— Run with the wheels forever? The birds may sing till day is done, Daughter, little daughter, But with the wheels your feet must run— Run with the wheels forever. Why do I feel so tired each night, Mother, Mother? The wheels are always buzzing bright; Do they grow sleepy never? Oh, baby thing, so soft and white, Daughter, little daughter, The big wheels grind us in their might, And they will grind forever. And is the white thread never spun, Mother, mother? And is the white cloth never done— For you and me done never? Oh, yes, our thread will all be spun, Daughter, little daughter, When we lie down out in the sun, And work no more forever. And when will come that happy day, Mother, mother? Oh, shall we laugh and sing and play Out in the sun forever? Nay, factory child, we’ll rest all day, Daughter, little daughter, Where green peas grow and roses gay, There in the sun forever.

The Cotton-Mill Child

By Mrs. John Van Vorst

(From “The Cry of the Children.”[9])

(See page 57)

The first child to whom I spoke stood waiting, without work, for the machinery to start up. He had on a cloth cap, overalls, and a blue cotton shirt open at the throat. His face was wan, his eyes blue, with an intense blue streak beneath them. His mouth was full of tobacco, which had collected in a dingy crust about his lips. As he leaned back, one foot crossed over the other, expectant for the spindles to begin their whirling, he presented in his attitude and gestures, the appearance, not of a child, but of a gaunt man shrunk to diminutive size. Going over to where he sat, I started conversation with him about his work.

“How many sides do you run a day?” I asked.

“Three to four,” he answered.

“How much do you make?”

“About $2.40 a week.”

Then hastily I put the question: “How old are you!”

“Goin’ on tweayulve,” he responded. “I’ve been workin’ about four years. I come in here when I was seayvun.”

“Ever been to school?”

He shook his head. “No, meayum. I don’t know if I would like it. I reckon I’d as soon work here as be in school.”

“How many hours do you work here a day!”

“From six until six.”

The noise of the machine was distracting, and as I bent over him to catch his answer piped in a shrill, nasal voice, I could not but notice how fine and delicate his features were; the deep eyes, the high arched nose, the slender lips were placed in the oval face as features only can be placed by the unerring mold that breeding casts. Observing, also, the miniature shoulders that seemed to have been oppressed by some iron hand, I said:

“Don’t you get very tired?”

There was a pause which made more marked the honesty of his response.

“Why, I don’t never pay much attention whether I get tired or not.”

“You have an hour at noon?”

Here he brushed the cloth cap onto the back of his head, and sent a long, wet, black line from his mouth to the floor.

“Well,” he said (it was the man who spoke, his arms akimbo, his body warped in the long tussle for existence), “they aim to give us an hour, but we don’t never get more’n twenty-five minutes. We all live right up there.” He nodded toward the square of houses clustered around the mud-puddle on the brink of the slovenly hillside. Then the bobbins began to revolve slowly, and the boy started back to his work.

“You can’t loaf much,” he explained, “when the machine’s a runnin’.”

Up and down he plied on his monotonous beat—lone little figure....

Evidently waiting to join in the conversation, a small boy, I noticed, was standing beside me. His dark eyes sparkled merrily in his colorless face; he was dirty and covered with lint.

“What’s your job?”

“Sweepin’,” he grinned.

“How much do you make a day!”

“Twenty cents.”

“How old are you!”

“Seayvun.”

The boy at the machine, making bands for the spindles, was “goin’ on tayun.” He earned twenty cents a day. Others, I learned, were eight, nine and ten, and occasionally there was one as old as twelve.

As I walked on now through the mills talking with a twelve-year-old red-headed girl who had been four years at work, my eyes suddenly fell upon a strange couple. I could not take my attention from the tinier of the tiny pair; the boy’s hands appeared to be made without bones, his thumb flew back almost double as he pressed the cotton to loosen it from the revolving roller in the spinning frame; they no longer moved, these yellow, anemic hands, as though directed in their different acts by a thinking intelligence; they performed mechanically the gestures which had given them their definite form.

The red-headed girl laughed and nodded in the direction of the dwarfs.

“He’s most six,” she said. “He’s been here two years. He come in when he was most four. His little brother most four’s workin’ here now.”

“Yes? Where?”

“Oh, he works on the night shift. He comes in ’beaout half-a-past five and stays till six in the mornin’.”

I went over to the other dwarf of the couple, older, evidently, than the boy “most six.” Below her red cotton frock hung a long apron which reached to the ground. Her hair was short and shaggy, her face bloated, her eyes like a depression in the flesh, and about her mouth trailed streaks of tobacco. It seemed absurd to question her. Oblivion was the only thing that could have been mercifully tendered—even the peace of death could hardly have relaxed those tense features, cast in the dogged mould of suffering.

“How old are you?” I asked.

She shook her head. “I don’t know.”

“What do you earn?”

She shook her head again.

Her fingers did not for a moment stop in their swift manipulation of the broken thread. Then, as if she had suddenly remembered something, she said:

“I’ve only been workin’ here a day.”

“Only one day?”

“I’ve been on the night shift till neow.”

Dwarfs? Ah, yes; dwarfs indeed. But would that those who affirm it might catch sight of the expression that lowered under the brows of those two miniature victims. Like a menace, threatening, terrible, it seemed to presage the storm that shall one day be unchained by the spirits too long pent up in service to the greed of man.

[9] Moffett, Yard & Company.

The Crusade of the Children

By Margaret Belle Houston

(In “The Woman’s Journal.”)

O’er the grind of the wheels of traffic, Through the strident scream of the mart, Soundeth a muffled tramping, Like the faltering beat of a heart. But only the ear hath heard it That low on the earth is laid— The stumbling tread of the children, As they go on their long crusade!

Oh, some that are rosy as blossoms Sing with the singing rills, Wade through the sun-lit shadows And clamber the violet hills. But these are the paler children That move with the sad footfalls, And dark is the road they follow, Tunneled through iron walls.

They hear the song of the others Ring sweet in the outer air, But they may not run in the sunlight With the load their shoulders bear. They may not weave bright blossoms Though nimble their fingers be; But the Master hath not forgotten— “Let the little ones come to me!”

Well have ye planned and shaped it, The road that the children plod, Yet it leads, for all your delving, Straight to the throne of God. And there shall they lay their burdens, And there will they loose their bands; They will lift up their twisted fingers, To Him of the nail-marked hands.

They will cry, “Like Thee, O Father, We come with the marks of men!” Nor all the gold of their toiling Will spare you His answer then! Better the nether millstone And the depths of the darkest seas! Ye have wounded Christ the Avenger, Who wounded the least of these!

Child Labor

By Ruby Archer

(See page 254)

Poor little children that work all day— Far from the meadows, far from the birds, Far from the beautiful, silent words The hills know how to say!

Laughter is gone from your old-young eyes— Gone from the lips with the dimples sweet, Gone with the song of the little feet— As light in winter dies.

Evening—with only the years at ten? Where was the morning, where was the noon? Did the day turn back to the night so soon, Children—women—and—men?

Parts of the monster things that turn; Less than a lever, less than a wheel! Pity you were not wrought of steel, To save the pence you earn!

Add the columns, aye, foot the gain— Ye that barter in children’s lives! How will the reckoning end, that strives To balance gold and pain?

Need the Vote for the Children

By M. Carey Thomas

(See page 149)

Women need a vote for the sake of children. No state, modern or ancient, has ever cared properly for its children. Children are at the present time horribly neglected in every country, even when they are not, as in many states of the United States, horribly abused. All women whatever their nationality care more than all men for the welfare of all children. This is true even of female animals in the animal world. It is supremely true in our human world. Children are, and always will be, the special interest of women. Wherever women already vote, their influence is felt immediately and persistently in ameliorative measures for the protection, reformation, and education of little children. No one with any knowledge of the facts can deny that the political power of women is exercised on behalf of children. We are now learning that children should be the chief concern of our present civilization because in them lies the hope of the future. For the sake of children, women must vote.

Fettered Little Children

By Mary E. Carbutt

(In “The Progressive Woman.” Contemporary. Prominent California Club Woman.)

Oh blind and cruel nation, In your selfish race for wealth, You have fettered your young children With chains that drag to death.

To the wheel of toil you’ve bound them, In their young and tender years; And when they cry in anguish, You do not heed their tears.

They drag out their days in sorrow; They grow old before their time; All the joy of their young childhood You have stifled by your crime.

The children, wan and pallid, With wasted frames and weary hands, Turn in their defenseless sorrow To the mothers of the land.

You, fond and tender mothers, Happy children at your knee, Will you hear their silent pleading— Will you rise and set them free?

Announce Her Maturity

By Anne Morton Barnard

As woman has always mothered the race she should now refuse to be its child.

The Cry of the Children

By Elizabeth Barrett Browning

1806-1861

(English. Foremost among the world’s poets. Lived with her husband, Robert Browning, for many years in Italy, championing the cause of the Italian people toward liberty.)

Do you hear the children weeping, O my brothers, Ere the sorrow comes with years? They are leaning their young heads against their mothers— And _that_ cannot stop their tears. The young lambs are bleating in the meadows; The young birds are chirping in the nest: The young fawns are playing in the shadows; The young flowers are blowing toward the west— But the young, young children, O my brothers, They are weeping bitterly! They are weeping in the playtime of the others, In the country of the free.

Do you question the young children in the sorrow Why their tears are falling so? The old man may weep for his to-morrow Which is lost in Long Ago; The old tree is leafless in the forest, The old year is ending in the frost, The old wound, if stricken, is the sorest, The old hope is hardest to be lost: But the young, young children, O my brothers, Do you ask them why they stand Weeping sore before the bosoms of their mothers, In our happy Fatherland?

They look up with their pale and sunken faces, And their looks are sad to see, For the man’s hoary anguish draws and presses Down the cheeks of infancy; “Your old earth,” they say, “is very dreary, Our young feet,” they say, “are very weak; Few paces we have to ken, yet are weary— Our grave-rest is very far to seek. Ask the old why they weep, and not the children, For the outside

earth is cold, And we young ones stand without, in our bewildering, And the graves are for the old”....

“For oh,” say the children, “we are weary, And we cannot run or leap; If we cared for any meadows, it were merely To drop down in them and sleep. Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping, We fall upon our faces, trying to go; And, underneath our eyelids heavy drooping, The reddest flower would look as pale as snow. For all day long we drag our burden tiring Through the coal-dark, underground, Or, all day we drive the wheels of iron In the factories, round and round.

“For, all day the wheels are droning, turning; Their wind comes in our faces, Till our hearts turn, our head, with pulses burning, And the walls turn in their places: Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling, Turns the light that drops adown the wall, Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling, All are turning, all the day, and we with all. And all day, the iron wheels are droning, And sometimes we could pray, ‘O ye wheels,’ (breaking out in a mad moaning) ‘Stop! be silent for today!’”....

They look up, with their pale and sunken faces, And their look is dread to see, For they mind you of the angels in their places, With eyes turned on Deity. “How long,” they say, “how long, O cruel nation, Will you stand, to move the world, on a child’s heart,— Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation, And tread onward to your throne amid the mart? Our blood splashes upward, O gold-heaper, And your purple shows your path! But the child’s sob in the silence curses deeper Than the strong man in his wrath.”

Children’s Ward

By Hortense Flexner

(In “The Survey.”)

She had been sent for—visiting hours were past— The Lithuanian woman with the blue, Still eyes. The child’s bed was the last In the row. She stood beside it, white—she knew, And watched! Her broad, young shoulders drooped Beneath the hooded gown that visitors wear; The nurse had left her—suddenly she stooped,

The hood slipped back and showed her braided hair. There was no cry. The Russians weep and pray, Italians beat their breasts. This mother turned, Asked for his clothes—tearless and calm and gray— The doctor told her they had all been burned. So she was gone—only her great eyes said What thing is lost, when a small child is dead!

Child Slavery

By Gertrude Breslau Fuller

(See page 36)

(There are 1,700,000 children working in the mills, mines and factories of the United States.)

Generations of the past have been responsible for certain iniquitous practises, but it remained for the present century to shut the little ones up in factories, stunting physical and mental growth. Because of child labor today the future generation of men and women will suffer. Their career will bear the stamp of human brutality.

BOOK IV

Mother

MOTHER

Rock Me to Sleep

By Elizabeth Akers Allen

(An old familiar poem. My mother often sang it to me when she rocked me to sleep as a child. Taken from her scrap book.—“Editor”)

Backward, turn backward, O time in your flight, Make me a child again just for tonight! Mother, come back from the echoless shore, Take me again to your heart as of yore; Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care, Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair; Over my slumbers your loving watch keep; Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years! I am so weary of toil and of tears— Toil without recompense—tears all in vain— Take them and give me my childhood again! I have grown weary of dust and decay— Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away; Weary of sowing for others to reap; Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue, Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you! Many a summer the grass has grown green, Blossomed and faded, our faces between; Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain, Long I tonight for your presence again. Come from the silence so long and so deep; Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Over my heart in the days that are flown, No love like mother-love ever has shown; No other worship abides and endures,— Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours; None like a mother can charm away pain From the sick soul or the world-weary brain. Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep— Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold, Fall on your shoulders again as of old; Let it drop over my forehead tonight, Shading my faint eyes away from the light; For with its sunny-edged shadows once more Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore; Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep;— Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long Since I last listened your lullaby song; Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem Womanhood's years have been only a dream. Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace, With your light lashes just sweeping my face, Never hereafter to wake or to weep;— Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

The Mother

By Marion Harland

(Well-known magazine writer. The following is from "The Independent.")

She has never ceased out of the land. That she seems to be more in evidence now than she was sixty years ago may be but one more expression of Feminism....

In every well-appointed household the mother is the controlling influence. In a large percentage of homes her acknowledged sovereignty is a dictatorship. If she be a woman of intelligence and refinement, she virtually supervises her girl's education and molds her views of life, morals and manners. The father is, at most, Prince Consort, playing an insignificant part in the selection of associates and instructors, and no part at all in the regulation of deportment, speech and dress. "My mother thinks," and "My mother says," are cast-iron formulas that make an end of all controversy while the girl is in short skirts and wears her unshorn locks between her shoulders. With the lengthened skirts, and trussed hair, comes entrance upon the school or college world, and the beginning of individual life.

The Mother's Influence

By "Ouida"

(Mlle. Louise de la Ramee, Author of "Under Two Flags," "A Dog of Flanders," etc. Died Jan. 28, 1908. The following is from one of a series of articles written and sold to Lippincott's 28 years ago with the request that they be not published until after her death. The articles appeared in the May, June, and July, 1909, issues.)

When we reflect on the enormous weight which the woman's influence has on the growing child; when we consider the incurable superstitions, the unreasonable fables, the illogical deductions, the warped and stifled judgments, which millions of young boys learn in education and religion at their mothers' knees in infancy,—it is impossible to over-rate the invaluable consequences of any introduction of _geist_ into the minds of women. But for the backward pressure of woman—woman ever conservative, ever _reculante_, ever wedded to form and precedent, and to tradition—the world of men would have forsaken many a _cultus_ built on fable, many a dominion of priestcraft, many a limbo of worn-out and oppressive credulity. The evil mental influence of women is fully as great as can be the good moral influence of the best of their sex. Wars hounded on; fetters freshly riveted; the withes of dead beliefs binding down the free action of living limbs; the pressure of narrow ties, and of egotisms deified to virtue, forcing men aside from paths of greatness or justice—all those, and much more, are due to the baleful intellectual influence of women.

Fatherhood Cannot Be Motherhood

By Ada M. Kassimer

(From Introduction to “Representative Women.”)

Womanhood now as always recognizes motherhood as its highest duty, its greatest obligation; and the present awakened womanhood sees its mission of motherhood—not only in the narrowed home immediately about it, but in the large human family, in the world of activity, it sees how the affairs of men, women and children need the true mother instinct, which in every phase of nature is one of unselfish devotion, of unlimited service, of freedom from combat for financial, social and personal supremacy. The inherent attributes of motherhood must combine with those of fatherhood to square the balance of justice for childhood.

The world needs woman, her ideas, her way of reasoning, her insight, her sense of justice, her tender hands and her loving heart. The children of the world need her; for a long time they have been governed by the masculine mind which has made laws for them, established educational plans for them, opened juvenile courts for them, founded factories, mills, mines, in which little hands have hardened, little bodies have dwarfed, young minds and hearts grown prematurely old—and this, not because the masculine mind and the masculine heart would intentionally be drastic, but because men are not women, and fatherhood cannot be motherhood.

The Price

By Winona Douglas

(In “The Woman’s Journal.”)

Sleep, little dream child, in mother’s arms; Cuddle yet closer and take your rest, Eyelids now hiding the blue eyes since laughing, Laughing in glee here on mother’s breast.

Dear are the moments with you I am spending; Toil is forgotten in comfort and calm. Together we are, wee one, in the gloaming, Evening blessed,—my babe’s coo is a psalm.—

You were my dream child, and I must awaken, My arms are empty, sweet babe unborn, For me the lone quiet, while night is fast darkening; Darkening now, and there’s toil on the morn.

The days come and go, toil is ever supreme; Motherhood smother, the thought is vain. Forget it, indeed, for wheels must be turning, Turning incessantly—more wealth to gain!

Passionate Instinct

By Emily Huntington Miller

(From “Parents and Their Problems.”)

What could atone to a multitude of children for the misfortune of having been born, but the passionate instinct that takes no account of lack of beauty, grace or intellectual gift, but clings to its own with deathless devotion?

Functions Identical

By Mrs. Alice H. Putnam

(From “Parents and Their Problems.”)

In one respect, at least, the functions of mother and teacher should be identical.... The teacher and parent must take their charge “for better, for worse.”

The Adolescent Child

By Julia Clark Hallam

(From “Studies in Child Development.” American contemporary. Instructor in the University of Chicago.)

It goes without saying that every mother has an imperative duty toward her son as he approaches this important period in his development. Nature has done her part in preparing the boy’s body, the mother must be doing her part in preparing his mind for all

of these new experiences. There are many things which a mother can do because she is the mother, and because her mind is mature while the mind of the boy is yet immature. The mother, through her study, comes to see that the adolescent boy is about to acquire new powers. Before, he was simply an individual. Now he is becoming a part of the race, because he is acquiring the power of conserving it. To the mother who has duly prepared herself for her child's adolescence, its appearance will bring the same mysterious thrill which she felt when she first saw the child as a new-born babe. It has been said in this connection, "When a baby is to be born, preparations for its advent are carefully made. But when, in future years, the most critical time comes when the child is to be re-born, a man or a woman, it is rare that intelligent suggestions or wise words of counsel tell him or her of the importance of the period."

Mother

By Laura Simmons

(In the "Boston Herald.")

Oh, Mother—hands of balm and gracious healing, And cool, soft fingers that could heal and bless! So sure to charm the aching and the fever With magic spell and soothing tenderness.

Oh, Mother—feet that grew so very tired Treading Life's pavements and its burning sands! Have they found rest at last, and cooling waters Where they may stop to loose their earthly bands?

Oh, Mother—eyes so keen to probe the sorrows! So quick to see the hurt and understand! Do they not shine tonight from highest Heaven Bright with the old-time courage, high and grand?

Oh, Mother—heart so wise and tender— That has not died, nor failed, but lived and wrought In deeds and words—in daily work and action— In lovely memory and blessed thought!

Oh, Mother—love that lives past death and parting! That reaches still to bless and guard and guide, To hold me from the snare undreamed and waiting— To point the refuge where I yet may hide!

And, oh—the things my heart hath yearned to utter! The joys that thrilled—the pain that seared and scarred! But I must wait—I, too—till sunset's splendor Shall hold for me its shining gates unbarred.

Past joy, past sorrow, past the driving torrent Of tears, I see her stand and watch for me; And clear the sweet old Mother-question cometh: "Oh, child—dear child! And is all well with thee?"

Wise Mothers

By Mona Cairo

(From "The Morality of Marriage.")

We shall never have really good mothers until women cease to make motherhood the central idea of their existence. The woman who has no interest larger than the affairs of her children is not a fit person to train them.

The Factory Worker and Motherhood

By Kate Richards O'Hare

(American contemporary. Well-known Socialist speaker and writer. From "The Sorrows of Cupid.")

I spent six months one winter in the various factories of New York in order to get information by actual experience. I can truthfully and conservatively say that not more than one out of two girls employed in the factory trades for a year or more are physically fitted to be wives and mothers, not considering their fitness mentally, morally or spiritually. There are six million women workers in the United States. If fifty per cent., not ninety, are made physically, mentally and morally unfit for wife and motherhood by doing work unsuited to their strength, then the wage-system must be weighed and "found wanting" indeed. Economic conditions which force women to work in unsuitable industrial occupations are not only a fruitful cause for divorce, but an outrage against humanity as well.

Mothers

By Charlotte Perkin

[... TRUNCATED at 800,000 chars for file-size management — full text in original source ...]

==========

The Suppression of the African Slave Trade to the United States of America

W. E. B. Du Bois

Project Gutenberg Release: February 07, 2006 · eBook #17700

Produced by Suzanne Shell, Victoria Woosley and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team at http://www.pgdp.net

THE SUPPRESSION OF THE AFRICAN SLAVE-TRADE TO THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA 1638-1870

Volume I Harvard Historical Studies

1896

Longmans, Green, and Co. New York

* * * * *

Preface

This monograph was begun during my residence as Rogers Memorial Fellow at Harvard University, and is based mainly upon a study of the sources, i.e., national, State, and colonial statutes, Congressional documents, reports of societies, personal narratives, etc. The collection of laws available for this research was, I think, nearly complete; on the other hand, facts and statistics bearing on the economic side of the study have been difficult to find, and my conclusions are consequently liable to modification from this source.

The question of the suppression of the slave-trade is so intimately connected with the questions as to its rise, the system of American slavery, and the whole colonial policy of the eighteenth century, that it is difficult to isolate it, and at the same time to avoid superficiality on the one hand, and unscientific narrowness of view on the other. While I could not hope entirely to overcome such a difficulty, I nevertheless trust that I have succeeded in rendering this monograph a small contribution to the scientific study of slavery and the American Negro.

I desire to express my obligation to Dr. Albert Bushnell Hart, of Harvard University, at whose suggestion I began this work and by whose kind aid and encouragement I have brought it to a close; also I have to thank the trustees of the John F. Slater Fund, whose appointment made it possible to test the conclusions of this study by the general principles laid down in German universities.

W.E. BURGHARDT DU BOIS.

WILBERFORCE UNIVERSITY, March, 1896.

* * * * *

Contents

CHAPTER I INTRODUCTORY

1. _Plan of the Monograph_ 9 2. _The Rise of the English Slave-Trade_ 9

CHAPTER II THE PLANTING COLONIES

3. _Character of these Colonies_ 15 4. _Restrictions in Georgia_ 15 5. _Restrictions in South Carolina_ 16 6. _Restrictions in North Carolina_ 19 7. _Restrictions in Virginia_ 19 8. _Restrictions in Maryland_ 22 9. _General Character of these Restrictions_ 23

CHAPTER III THE FARMING COLONIES

10. _Character of these Colonies_ 24 11. _The Dutch Slave-Trade_ 24 12. _Restrictions in New York_ 25 13. _Restrictions in Pennsylvania and Delaware_ 28 14. _Restrictions in New Jersey_ 32 15. _General Character of these Restrictions_ 33

CHAPTER IV THE TRADING COLONIES

16. _Character of these Colonies_ 34 17. _New England and the Slave-Trade_ 34 18. _Restrictions in New Hampshire_ 36 19. _Restrictions in Massachusetts_ 37 20. _Restrictions in Rhode Island_ 40 21. _Restrictions in Connecticut_ 43 22. _General Character of these Restrictions_ 44

CHAPTER V THE PERIOD OF THE REVOLUTION, 1774-1787

23. _The Situation in 1774_ 45 24. _The Condition of the Slave-Trade_ 46 25. _The Slave-Trade and the "Association"_ 47 26. _The Action of the Colonies_ 48 27. _The Action of the Continental Congress_ 49 28. _Reception of the Slave-Trade Resolution_ 51 29. _Results of the Resolution_ 52 30. _The Slave-Trade and Public Opinion after the War_ 53 31. _The Action of the Confederation_ 56

CHAPTER VI THE FEDERAL CONVENTION, 1787

32. _The First Proposition_ 58 33. _The General Debate_ 59 34. _The Special Committee and the "Bargain"_ 62 35. _The Appeal to the Convention_ 64 36. _Settlement by the Convention_ 66 37. _Reception of the Clause by the Nation_ 67 38. _Attitude of the State Conventions_ 70 39. _Acceptance of the Policy_ 72

CHAPTER VII TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE AND ANTI-SLAVERY EFFORT, 1787-1807

40. _Influence of the Haytian Revolution_ 74 41. _Legislation of the Southern States_ 75 42. _Legislation of the Border States_ 76 43. _Legislation of the Eastern States_ 76 44. _First Debate in Congress, 1789_ 77 45. _Second Debate in Congress, 1790_ 79 46. _The Declaration of Powers, 1790_ 82 47. _The Act of 1794_ 83 48. _The Act of 1800_ 85 49. _The Act of 1803_ 87 50. _State of the Slave-Trade from 1789 to 1803_ 88 51. _The South Carolina Repeal of 1803_ 89 52. _The Louisiana Slave-Trade, 1803-1805_ 91 53. _Last Attempts at Taxation, 1805-1806_ 94 54. _Key-Note of the Period_ 96

CHAPTER VIII THE PERIOD OF ATTEMPTED SUPPRESSION, 1807-1825

55. _The Act of 1807_ 97 56. _The First Question: How shall illegally imported Africans be disposed of?_ 99 57. _The Second Question: How shall Violations be punished?_ 104 58. _The Third Question: How shall the Interstate Coastwise Slave-Trade be protected?_ 106 59. _Legislative History of the Bill_ 107 60. _Enforcement of the Act_ 111 61. _Evidence of the Continuance of the Trade_ 112 62. _Apathy of the Federal Government_ 115 63. _Typical Cases_ 120 64. _The Supplementary Acts, 1818-1820_ 121 65. _Enforcement of the Supplementary Acts, 1818-1825_ 126

CHAPTER IX THE INTERNATIONAL STATUS OF THE SLAVE-TRADE, 1783-1862

66. _The Rise of the Movement against the Slave-Trade, 1788-1807_ 133 67. _Concerted Action of the Powers, 1783-1814_ 134 68. _Action of the Powers from 1814 to 1820_ 136 69. _The Struggle for an International Right of Search, 1820-1840_ 137 70. _Negotiations of 1823-1825_ 140 71. _The Attitude of the United States and the State of the Slave-Trade_ 142 72. _The Quintuple Treaty, 1839-1842_ 145 73. _Final Concerted Measures, 1842-1862_ 148

CHAPTER X THE RISE OF THE COTTON KINGDOM, 1820-1850

74. _The Economic Revolution_ 152 75. _The Attitude of the South_ 154 76. _The Attitude of the North and Congress_ 156 77. _Imperfect Application of the Laws_ 159 78. _Responsibility of the Government_ 161 79. _Activity of the Slave-Trade, 1820-1850_ 163

CHAPTER XI THE FINAL CRISIS, 1850-1870

80. _The Movement against the Slave-Trade Laws_ 168 81. _Commercial Conventions of 1855-1856_ 169 82. _Commercial Conventions of 1857-1858_ 170 83. _Commercial Convention of 1859_ 172 84. _Public Opinion in the South_ 173 85. _The Question in Congress_ 174 86. _Southern Policy in 1860_ 176 87. _Increase of the Slave-Trade from 1850 to 1860_ 178 88. _Notorious Infractions of the Laws_ 179 89. _Apathy of the Federal Government_ 182 90. _Attitude of the Southern Confederacy_

187 91. _Attitude of the United States_ 190

CHAPTER XII THE ESSENTIALS IN THE STRUGGLE

92. _How the Question Arose_ 193 93. _The Moral Movement_ 194 94. _The Political Movement_ 195 95. _The Economic Movement_ 195 96. _The Lesson for Americans_ 196

APPENDICES

A. _A Chronological Conspectus of Colonial and State Legislation restricting the African Slave-Trade, 1641-1787_ 199

B. _A Chronological Conspectus of State, National, and International Legislation, 1788-1871_ 234

C. _Typical Cases of Vessels engaged in the American Slave-Trade, 1619-1864_ 306

D. _Bibliography_ 316

INDEX 347

* * * * *

Chapter I

INTRODUCTORY.

1. Plan of the Monograph. 2. The Rise of the English Slave-Trade.

1. ~Plan of the Monograph.~ This monograph proposes to set forth the efforts made in the United States of America, from early colonial times until the present, to limit and suppress the trade in slaves between Africa and these shores.

The study begins with the colonial period, setting forth in brief the attitude of England and, more in detail, the attitude of the planting, farming, and trading groups of colonies toward the slave-trade. It deals next with the first concerted effort against the trade and with the further action of the individual States. The important work of the Constitutional Convention follows, together with the history of the trade in that critical period which preceded the Act of 1807. The attempt to suppress the trade from 1807 to 1830 is next recounted. A chapter then deals with the slave-trade as an international problem. Finally the development of the crises up to the Civil War is studied, together with the steps leading to the final suppression; and a concluding chapter seeks to sum up the results of the investigation. Throughout the monograph the institution of slavery and the interstate slave-trade are considered only incidentally.

2. ~The Rise of the English Slave-Trade.~ Any attempt to consider the attitude of the English colonies toward the African slave-trade must be prefaced by a word as to the attitude of England herself and the development of the trade in her hands.[1]

Sir John Hawkins's celebrated voyage took place in 1562, but probably not until 1631[2] did a regular chartered company undertake to carry on the trade.[3] This company was unsuccessful,[4] and was eventually succeeded by the "Company of Royal Adventurers trading to Africa," chartered by Charles II. in 1662, and including the Queen Dowager and the Duke of York.[5] The company contracted to supply the West Indies with three thousand slaves annually; but contraband trade, misconduct, and war so reduced it that in 1672 it surrendered its charter to another company for £34,000.[6] This new corporation, chartered by Charles II. as the "Royal African Company," proved more successful than its predecessors, and carried on a growing trade for a quarter of a century.

In 1698 Parliamentary interference with the trade began. By the Statute 9 and 10 William and Mary, chapter 26, private traders, on payment of a duty of 10% on English goods exported to Africa, were allowed to participate in the trade. This was brought about by the clamor of the merchants, especially the "American Merchants," who "in their Petition suggest, that it would be a great Benefit to the Kingdom to secure the Trade by maintaining Forts and Castles there, with an equal Duty upon all Goods exported."[7] This plan, being a compromise between maintaining the monopoly intact and entirely abolishing it, was adopted, and the statute declared the trade "highly Beneficial and Advantageous to this Kingdom, and to the Plantations and Colonies thereunto belonging."

Having thus gained practically free admittance to the field, English merchants sought to exclude other nations by securing a monopoly of the lucrative Spanish colonial slave-trade. Their object was finally accomplished by the signing of the Assiento in

1713.[8]

The Assiento was a treaty between England and Spain by which the latter granted the former a monopoly of the Spanish colonial slave-trade for thirty years, and England engaged to supply the colonies within that time with at least 144,000 slaves, at the rate of 4,800 per year. England was also to advance Spain 200,000 crowns, and to pay a duty of 33½ crowns for each slave imported. The kings of Spain and England were each to receive one-fourth of the profits of the trade, and the Royal African Company were authorized to import as many slaves as they wished above the specified number in the first twenty-five years, and to sell them, except in three ports, at any price they could get.

It is stated that, in the twenty years from 1713 to 1733, fifteen thousand slaves were annually imported into America by the English, of whom from one-third to one-half went to the Spanish colonies.[9] To the company itself the venture proved a financial failure; for during the years 1729-1750 Parliament assisted the Royal Company by annual grants which amounted to £90,000,[10] and by 1739 Spain was a creditor to the extent of £68,000, and threatened to suspend the treaty. The war interrupted the carrying out of the contract, but the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle extended the limit by four years. Finally, October 5, 1750, this privilege was waived for a money consideration paid to England; the Assiento was ended, and the Royal Company was bankrupt.

By the Statute 23 George II., chapter 31, the old company was dissolved and a new "Company of Merchants trading to Africa" erected in its stead.[11] Any merchant so desiring was allowed to engage in the trade on payment of certain small duties, and such merchants formed a company headed by nine directors. This marked the total abolition of monopoly in the slave-trade, and was the form under which the trade was carried on until after the American Revolution.

That the slave-trade was the very life of the colonies had, by 1700, become an almost unquestioned axiom in British practical economics. The colonists themselves declared slaves "the strength and sinews of this western world,"[12] and the lack of them "the grand obstruction"[13] here, as the settlements "cannot subsist without supplies of them."[14] Thus, with merchants clamoring at home and planters abroad, it easily became the settled policy of England to encourage the slave-trade. Then, too, she readily argued that what was an economic necessity in Jamaica and the Barbadoes could scarcely be disadvantageous to Carolina, Virginia, or even New York. Consequently, the colonial governors were generally instructed to "give all due encouragement and invitation to merchants and others, ... and in particular to the royal African company of England."[15] Duties laid on the importer, and all acts in any way restricting the trade, were frowned upon and very often disallowed. "Whereas," ran Governor Dobbs's instructions, "Acts have been passed in some of our Plantations in America for laying duties on the importation and exportation of Negroes to the great discouragement of the Merchants trading thither from the coast of Africa.... It is our Will and Pleasure that you do not give your assent to or pass any Law imposing duties upon Negroes imported into our Province of North Carolina."[16]

The exact proportions of the slave-trade to America can be but approximately determined. From 1680 to 1688 the African Company sent 249 ships to Africa, shipped there 60,783 Negro slaves, and after losing 14,387 on the middle passage, delivered 46,396 in America. The trade increased early in the eighteenth century, 104 ships clearing for Africa in 1701; it then dwindled until the signing of the Assiento, standing at 74 clearances in 1724. The final dissolution of the monopoly in 1750 led--excepting in the years 1754-57, when the closing of Spanish marts sensibly affected the trade--to an extraordinary development, 192 clearances being made in 1771. The Revolutionary War nearly stopped the traffic; but by 1786 the clearances had risen again to 146.

To these figures must be added the unregistered trade of Americans and foreigners. It is probable that about 25,000 slaves were brought to America each year between 1698 and 1707. The importation then dwindled, but rose after the Assiento to perhaps 30,000. The proportion, too, of these slaves carried to the continent now began to increase. Of about 20,000 whom the English annually imported from 1733 to 1766, South Carolina alone received some 3,000. Before the Revolution, the total exportation to America is variously estimated as between 40,000 and 100,000 each year. Bancroft places the total slave population of the continental colonies at 59,000 in 1714, 78,000 in 1727, and 293,000 in 1754. The census of 1790 showed 697,897 slaves in the United States.[17]

In colonies like those in the West Indies and in South Carolina and Georgia, the rapid importation into America of a multitude of savages gave rise to a system of slavery far different from that which the late Civil War abolished. The strikingly harsh and even inhuman slave codes in these colonies show this. Crucifixion, burning, and starvation were legal modes of punishment.[18] The rough and brutal character of the time and place was partly responsible for this, but a more decisive reason lay in the fierce and turbulent character of the imported Negroes. The docility to which long years of bondage and strict discipline gave rise was absent, and insurrections and acts of violence were of frequent occurrence.[19] Again and again the danger of planters being "cut off by

their own negroes"[20] is mentioned, both in the islands and on the continent. This condition of vague dread and unrest not only increased the severity of laws and strengthened the police system, but was the prime motive back of all the earlier efforts to check the further importation of slaves.

On the other hand, in New England and New York the Negroes were merely house servants or farm hands, and were treated neither better nor worse than servants in general in those days. Between these two extremes, the system of slavery varied from a mild serfdom in Pennsylvania and New Jersey to an aristocratic caste system in Maryland and Virginia.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] This account is based largely on the _Report of the Lords of the Committee of Council_, etc. (London, 1789).

[2] African trading-companies had previously been erected (e.g. by Elizabeth in 1585 and 1588, and by James I. in 1618); but slaves are not specifically mentioned in their charters, and they probably did not trade in slaves. Cf. Bandinel, _Account of the Slave Trade_ (1842), pp. 38-44.

[3] Chartered by Charles I. Cf. Sainsbury, _Cal. State Papers, Col. Ser., America and W. Indies, 1574-1660_, p. 135.

[4] In 1651, during the Protectorate, the privileges of the African trade were granted anew to this same company for fourteen years. Cf. Sainsbury, _Cal. State Papers, Col. Ser., America and W. Indies, 1574-1660_, pp. 342, 355.

[5] Sainsbury, _Cal. State Papers, Col. Ser., America and W. Indies, 1661-1668_, § 408.

[6] Sainsbury, _Cal. State Papers, Col. Ser., America and W. Indies, 1669-1674_, §§ 934, 1095.

[7] Quoted in the above _Report_, under "Most Material Proceedings in the House of Commons," Vol. I. Part I. An import duty of 10% on all goods, except Negroes, imported from Africa to England and the colonies was also laid. The proceeds of these duties went to the Royal African Company.

[8] Cf. Appendix A.

[9] Bandinel, _Account of the Slave Trade_, p. 59. Cf. Bryan Edwards, _History of the British Colonies in the W. Indies_ (London, 1798), Book VI.

[10] From 1729 to 1788, including compensation to the old company, Parliament expended £705,255 on African companies. Cf. _Report_, etc., as above.

[11] Various amendatory statutes were passed: e.g., 24 George II. ch. 49, 25 George II. ch. 40, 4 George III. ch. 20, 5 George III. ch. 44, 23 George III. ch. 65.

[12] Renatus Enys from Surinam, in 1663: Sainsbury, _Cal. State Papers, Col. Ser., America and W. Indies, 1661-68_, § 577.

[13] Thomas Lynch from Jamaica, in 1665: Sainsbury, _Cal. State Papers, Col. Ser., America and W. Indies, 1661-68_, § 934.

[14] Lieutenant-Governor Willoughby of Barbadoes, in 1666: Sainsbury, _Cal. State Papers, Col. Ser., America and W. Indies, 1661-68_, § 1281.

[15] Smith, _History of New Jersey_ (1765), p. 254; Sainsbury, _Cal. State Papers, Col. Ser., America and W. Indies, 1669-74_., §§ 367, 398, 812.

[16] _N.C. Col. Rec._, V. 1118. For similar instructions, cf. _Penn. Archives_, I. 306; _Doc. rel. Col. Hist. New York_, VI. 34; Gordon, _History of the American Revolution_, I. letter 2; _Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll._, 4th Ser. X. 642.

[17] These figures are from the above-mentioned _Report_, Vol. II. Part IV. Nos. 1, 5. See also Bancroft, _History of the United States_ (1883), II. 274 ff; Bandinel, _Account of the Slave Trade_, p. 63; Benezet, _Caution to Great Britain_, etc., pp. 39-40, and _Historical Account of Guinea_, ch. xiii.

[18] Compare earlier slave codes in South Carolina, Georgia, Jamaica, etc.; also cf. Benezet, _Historical Account of Guinea_, p. 75; _Report_, etc., as above.

[19] Sainsbury, _Cal. State Papers, Col. Ser., America and W. Indies, 1574-1660_, pp. 229, 271, 295; _1661-68_, §§ 61, 412, 826, 1270, 1274, 1788; _1669-74_., §§ 508, 1244; Bolzius and Von Reck, _Journals_ (in Force, _Tracts_, Vol. IV. No. 5, pp. 9, 18); _Proceedings of Governor and Assembly of Jamaica in regard to the Maroon Negroes_ (London, 1796).

[20] Sainsbury, _Cal. State Papers, Col. Ser., America and W. Indies, 1661-68_, § 1679.

* * * * *

Chapter II

THE PLANTING COLONIES.

3. Character of these Colonies. 4. Restrictions in Georgia. 5. Restrictions in South Carolina. 6. Restrictions in North Carolina. 7. Restrictions in Virginia. 8. Restrictions in Maryland. 9. General Character of these Restrictions.

3. ~Character of these Colonies.~ The planting colonies are those Southern settlements whose climate and character destined them to be the chief theatre of North American slavery. The early attitude of these communities toward the slave-trade is therefore of peculiar interest; for their action was of necessity largely decisive for the future of the trade and for the institution in North America. Theirs was the only soil, climate, and society suited to slavery; in the other colonies, with few exceptions, the institution was by these same factors doomed from the beginning. Hence, only strong moral and political motives could in the planting colonies overthrow or check a traffic so favored by the mother country.

4. ~Restrictions in Georgia.~ In Georgia we have an example of a community whose philanthropic founders sought to impose upon it a code of morals higher than the colonists wished. The settlers of Georgia were of even worse moral fibre than their slave-trading and whiskey-using neighbors in Carolina and Virginia; yet Oglethorpe and the London proprietors prohibited from the beginning both the rum and the slave traffic, refusing to "suffer slavery (which is against the Gospel as well as the fundamental law of England) to be authorised under our authority."[1] The trustees sought to win the colonists over to their belief by telling them that money could be better expended in transporting white men than Negroes; that slaves would be a source of weakness to the colony; and that the "Produces designed to be raised in the Colony would not require such Labour as to make Negroes necessary for carrying them on."[2]

This policy greatly displeased the colonists, who from 1735, the date of the first law, to 1749, did not cease to clamor for the repeal of the restrictions.[3] As their English agent said, they insisted that "In Spight of all Endeavours to disguise this Point, it is as clear as Light itself, that Negroes are as essentially necessary to the Cultivation of _Georgia_, as Axes, Hoes, or any other Utensil of Agriculture."[4] Meantime, evasions and infractions of the laws became frequent and notorious. Negroes were brought across from Carolina and "hired" for life.[5] "Finally, purchases were openly made in Savannah from African traders: some seizures were made by those who opposed the principle, but as a majority of the magistrates were favorable to the introduction of slaves into the province, legal decisions were suspended from time to time, and a strong disposition evidenced by the courts to evade the operation of the law."[6] At last, in 1749, the colonists prevailed on the trustees and the government, and the trade was thrown open under careful restrictions, which limited importation, required a registry and quarantine on all slaves brought in, and laid a duty.[7] It is probable, however, that these restrictions were never enforced, and that the trade thus established continued unchecked until the Revolution.

5. ~Restrictions in South Carolina.~[8] South Carolina had the largest and most widely developed slave-trade of any of the continental colonies. This was owing to the character of her settlers, her nearness to the West Indian slave marts, and the early development of certain staple crops, such as rice, which were adapted to slave labor.[9] Moreover, this colony suffered much less interference from the home government than many other colonies; thus it is possible here to trace the untrammeled development of slave-trade restrictions in a typical planting community.

As early as 1698 the slave-trade to South Carolina had reached such proportions that it was thought that "the great number of negroes which of late have been imported into this Collony may endanger the safety thereof." The immigration of white servants was therefore encouraged by a special law.[10] Increase of immigration reduced this disproportion, but Negroes continued to be imported in such numbers as to afford considerable revenue from a moderate duty on them. About the time when the Assiento was signed, the slave-trade so increased that, scarcely a year after the consummation of that momentous agreement, two heavy duty acts were passed, because "the number of Negroes do extremely increase in this Province, and through the afflicting providence of

God, the white persons do not proportionately multiply, by reason whereof, the safety of the said Province is greatly endangered."[11] The trade, however, by reason of the encouragement abroad and of increased business activity in exporting naval stores at home, suffered scarcely any check, although repeated acts, reciting the danger incident to a "great importation of Negroes," were passed, laying high duties.[12] Finally, in 1717, an additional duty of £40,[13] although due in depreciated currency, succeeded so nearly in stopping the trade that, two years later, all existing duties were repealed and one of £10 substituted.[14] This continued during the time of resistance to the proprietary government, but by 1734 the importation had again reached large proportions. "We must therefore beg leave," the colonists write in that year, "to inform your Majesty, that, amidst our other perilous circumstances, we are subject to many intestine dangers from the great number of negroes that are now among us, who amount at least to twenty-two thousand persons, and are three to one of all your Majesty's white subjects in this province. Insurrections against us have been often attempted."[15] In 1740 an insurrection under a slave, Cato, at Stono, caused such widespread alarm that a prohibitory duty of £100 was immediately laid.[16] Importation was again checked; but in 1751 the colony sought to devise a plan whereby the slightly restricted immigration of Negroes should provide a fund to encourage the importation of white servants, "to prevent the mischiefs that may be attended by the great importation of negroes into this Province."[17] Many white servants were thus encouraged to settle in the colony; but so much larger was the influx of black slaves that the colony, in 1760, totally prohibited the slave-trade. This act was promptly disallowed by the Privy Council and the governor reprimanded;[18] but the colony declared that "an importation of negroes, equal in number to what have been imported of late years, may prove of the most dangerous consequence in many respects to this Province, and the best way to obviate such danger will be by imposing such an additional duty upon them as may totally prevent the evils."[19] A prohibitive duty of £100 was accordingly imposed in 1764.[20] This duty probably continued until the Revolution.

The war made a great change in the situation. It has been computed by good judges that, between the years 1775 and 1783, the State of South Carolina lost twenty-five thousand Negroes, by actual hostilities, plunder of the British, runaways, etc. After the war the trade quickly revived, and considerable revenue was raised from duty acts until 1787, when by act and ordinance the slave-trade was totally prohibited.[21] This prohibition, by renewals from time to time, lasted until 1803.

6. ~Restrictions in North Carolina.~ In early times there were few slaves in North Carolina;[22] this fact, together with the troubled and turbulent state of affairs during the early colonial period, did not necessitate the adoption of any settled policy toward slavery or the slave-trade. Later the slave-trade to the colony increased; but there is no evidence of any effort to restrict or in any way regulate it before 1786, when it was declared that "the importation of slaves into this State is productive of evil consequences and highly impolitic,"[23] and a prohibitive duty was laid on them.

7. ~Restrictions in Virginia.~[24] Next to South Carolina, Virginia had probably the largest slave-trade. Her situation, however, differed considerably from that of her Southern neighbor. The climate, the staple tobacco crop, and the society of Virginia were favorable to a system of domestic slavery, but one which tended to develop into a patriarchal serfdom rather than into a slave-consuming industrial hierarchy. The labor required by the tobacco crop was less unhealthy than that connected with the rice crop, and the Virginians were, perhaps, on a somewhat higher moral plane than the Carolinians. There was consequently no such insatiable demand for slaves in the larger colony. On the other hand, the power of the Virginia executive was peculiarly strong, and it was not possible here to thwart the slave-trade policy of the home government as easily as elsewhere.

Considering all these circumstances, it is somewhat difficult to determine just what was the attitude of the early Virginians toward the slave-trade. There is evidence, however, to show that although they desired the slave-trade, the rate at which the Negroes were brought in soon alarmed them. In 1710 a duty of £5 was laid on Negroes, but Governor Spotswood "soon perceived that the laying so high a Duty on Negros was intended to discourage the importation," and vetoed the measure.[25] No further restrictive legislation was attempted for some years, but whether on account of the attitude of the governor or the desire of the inhabitants, is not clear. With 1723 begins a series of acts extending down to the Revolution, which, so far as their contents can be ascertained, seem to have been designed effectually to check the slave-trade. Some of these acts, like those of 1723 and 1727, were almost immediately disallowed.[26] The Act of 1732 laid a duty of 5%, which was continued until 1769,[27] and all other duties were in addition to this; so that by such cumulative duties the rate on slaves reached 25% in 1755,[28] and 35% at the time of Braddock's expedition.[29] These acts were found "very burthensome," "introductive of many frauds," and "very inconvenient,"[30] and were so far repealed that by 1761 the duty was only 15%. As now the Burgesses became more powerful, two or more bills proposing restrictive duties were passed, but disallowed.[31] By 1772 the anti-slave-trade feeling had become considerably developed, and the Burgesses petitioned the king, declaring that "The importation of slaves into the colonies from the coast of Africa hath long been considered as a trade of great inhumanity, and under its present encouragement, we have too much reason to fear _will endanger

the very existence_ of your Majesty's American dominions.... Deeply impressed with these sentiments, we most humbly beseech your Majesty to remove _all those restraints_ on your Majesty's governors of this colony, _which inhibit their assenting to such laws as might check so very pernicious a commerce_."[32]

Nothing further appears to have been done before the war. When, in 1776, the delegates adopted a Frame of Government, it was charged in this document that the king had perverted his high office into a "detestable and insupportable tyranny, by ... prompting our negroes to rise in arms among us, those very negroes whom, by an inhuman use of his negative, he hath refused us permission to exclude by law."[33] Two years later, in 1778, an "Act to prevent the further importation of Slaves" stopped definitively the legal slave-trade to Virginia.[34]

8. ~Restrictions in Maryland.~[35] Not until the impulse of the Assiento had been felt in America, did Maryland make any attempt to restrain a trade from which she had long enjoyed a comfortable revenue. The Act of 1717, laying a duty of 40_s._,[36] may have been a mild restrictive measure. The duties were slowly increased to 50_s._ in 1754,[37] and £4. in 1763.[38] In 1771 a prohibitive duty of £9 was laid;[39] and in 1783, after the war, all importation by sea was stopped and illegally imported Negroes were freed.[40]

Compared with the trade to Virginia and the Carolinas, the slave-trade to Maryland was small, and seems at no time to have reached proportions which alarmed the inhabitants. It was regulated to the economic demand by a slowly increasing tariff, and finally, after 1769, had nearly ceased of its own accord before the restrictive legislation of Revolutionary times.[41] Probably the proximity of Maryland to Virginia made an independent slave-trade less necessary to her.

9. ~General Character of these Restrictions.~ We find in the planting colonies all degrees of advocacy of the trade, from the passiveness of Maryland to the clamor of Georgia. Opposition to the trade did not appear in Georgia, was based almost solely on political fear of insurrection in Carolina, and sprang largely from the same motive in Virginia, mingled with some moral repugnance. As a whole, it may be said that whatever opposition to the slave-trade there was in the planting colonies was based principally on the political fear of insurrection.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Hoare, _Memoirs of Granville Sharp_ (1820), p. 157. For the act of prohibition, see W.B. Stevens, _History of Georgia_ (1847), I. 311.

[2] [B. Martyn, _Account of the Progress of Georgia_ (1741), pp. 9-10.]

[3] Cf. Stevens, _History of Georgia_, I. 290 ff.

[4] Stephens, _Account of the Causes_, etc., p. 8. Cf. also _Journal of Trustees_, II. 210; cited by Stevens, _History of Georgia_, I. 306.

[5] McCall, _History of Georgia_ (1811), I. 206-7.

[6] _Ibid._

[7] _Pub. Rec. Office, Board of Trade_, Vol. X.; cited by C.C. Jones, _History of Georgia_ (1883), I. 422-5.

[8] The following is a summary of the legislation of the colony of South Carolina; details will be found in Appendix A:--

1698, Act to encourage the immigration of white servants. 1703, Duty Act: 10_s._ on Africans, 20_s._ on other Negroes. 1714, " " additional duty. 1714, " " £2. 1714-15, Duty Act: additional duty. 1716, " " £3 on Africans, £30 on colonial Negroes. 1717, " " £40 in addition to existing duties. 1719, " " £10 on Africans, £30 on colonial Negroes. The Act of 1717, etc., was repealed. 1721, " " £10 on Africans, £50 on colonial Negroes. 1722, " " " " " " 1740, " " £100 on Africans, £150 on colonial Negroes. 1751, " " £10 " " £50 " " 1760, Act prohibiting importation (Disallowed). 1764, Duty Act: additional duty of £100. 1783, " " £3 on Africans, £20 on colonial Negroes. 1784, " " " " £5 " " 1787, Art and Ordinance prohibiting importation.

[9] Cf. Hewatt, _Historical Account of S. Carolina and Georgia_ (1779), I. 120 ff.; reprinted in _S.C. Hist. Coll._ (1836), I. 108 ff.

[10] Cooper, _Statutes at Large of S. Carolina_, II. 153.

[11] The text of the first act is not extant: cf. Cooper, _Statutes_, III. 56. For the second, see Cooper, VII. 365, 367.

[12] Cf. Grimké, _Public Laws of S. Carolina_, p. xvi, No. 362; Cooper, _Statutes_, II. 649. Cf. also _Governor Johnson to the Board of Trade_, Jan. 12, 1719-20; reprinted in Rivers, _Early History of S. Carolina_ (1874), App., xii.

[13] Cooper, _Statutes_, VII. 368.

[14] _Ibid._, III. 56.

[15] From a memorial signed by the governor, President of the Council, and Speaker of the House, dated April 9, 1734, printed in Hewatt, _Historical Account of S. Carolina and Georgia_ (1779), II. 39; reprinted in S.C. Hist. Coll. (1836), I. 305-6. Cf. _N.C. Col. Rec._, II. 421.

[16] Cooper, _Statutes_, III. 556; Grimké, _Public Laws_, p. xxxi, No. 694. Cf. Ramsay, _History of S. Carolina_, I. 110.

[17] Cooper, _Statutes_, III. 739.

[18] The text of this law has not been found. Cf. Burge, _Commentaries on Colonial and Foreign Laws_, I. 737, note; Stevens, _History of Georgia_, I. 286. See instructions of the governor of New Hampshire, June 30, 1761, in Gordon, _History of the American Revolution_, I. letter 2.

[19] Cooper, _Statutes_, IV. 187.

[20] This duty avoided the letter of the English instructions by making the duty payable by the first purchasers, and not by the importers. Cf. Cooper, _Statutes_, IV. 187.

[21] Grimké, Public Laws, p. lxviii, Nos. 1485, 1486; Cooper, _Statutes_, VII. 430.

[22] Cf. _N.C. Col. Rec._, IV. 172.

[23] Martin, _Iredell's Acts of Assembly_, I. 413, 492.

[24] The following is a summary of the legislation of the colony of Virginia; details will be found in Appendix A:--

1710, Duty Act: proposed duty of £5. 1723, " " prohibitive (?). 1727, " " " 1732, " " 5%. 1736, " " " 1740, " " additional duty of 5%. 1754, " " " " 5%. 1755, " " " " 10% (Repealed, 1760). 1757, " " " " 10% (Repealed, 1761). 1759, " " 20% on colonial slaves. 1766, " " additional duty of 10% (Disallowed?). 1769, " " " " " " 1772, " " £5 on colonial slaves. Petition of Burgesses _vs._ Slave-trade. 1776, Arraignment of the king in the adopted Frame of Government. 1778, Importation prohibited.

[25] _Letters of Governor Spotswood_, in _Va. Hist. Soc. Coll._, New Ser., I. 52.

[26] Hening, _Statutes at Large of Virginia_, IV. 118, 182.

[27] _Ibid._, IV. 317, 394; V. 28, 160, 318; VI. 217, 353; VII. 281; VIII. 190, 336, 532.

[28] _Ibid._, V. 92; VI. 417, 419, 461, 466.

[29] _Ibid._, VII. 69, 81.

[30] _Ibid._, VII. 363, 383.

[31] _Ibid._, VIII. 237, 337.

[32] _Miscellaneous Papers, 1672-1865_, in _Va. Hist. Soc. Coll._, New Ser., VI. 14; Tucker, _Blackstone's Commentaries_, I. Part II. App., 51.

[33] Hening, _Statutes_, IX. 112.

[34] Importation by sea or by land was prohibited, with a penalty of £1000 for illegal importation and £500 for buying or selling. The Negro was freed, if illegally brought in. This law was revised somewhat in 1785. Cf. Hening, _Statutes_, IX. 471; XII. 182.

[35] The following is a summary of the legislation of the colony of Maryland; details will be found in Appendix A:--

1695, Duty Act: 10_s._ 1704, " " 20_s._ 1715, " " " 1717, " " additional duty of 40_s._ (?). 1754, " " " " 10_s._, total 50_s._ 1756, " " " " 20_s._ " 40_s._ (?). 1763, " " " " £2 " £4. 1771, " " " " £5 " £9. 1783, Importation prohibited.

[36] _Compleat Coll. Laws of Maryland_ (ed. 1727), p. 191; Bacon, _Laws of Maryland at Large_, 1728, ch. 8.

[37] Bacon, _Laws_, 1754, ch. 9, 14.

[38] _Ibid._, 1763, ch. 28.

[39] _Laws of Maryland since 1763_: 1771, ch. 7. Cf. _Ibid._: 1777, sess. Feb.-Apr., ch. 18.

[40] _Ibid._: 1783, sess. Apr.-June, ch. 23.

[41] "The last importation of slaves into Maryland was, as I am credibly informed, in the year 1769": William Eddis, _Letters from America_ (London, 1792), p. 65, note.

The number of slaves in Maryland has been estimated as follows:--

In 1704, 4,475. _Doc. rel. Col. Hist. New York_, V. 605. " 1710, 7,935. _Ibid._ " 1712, 8,330. Scharf, _History of Maryland_, I. 377. " 1719, 25,000. _Doc. rel. Col. Hist. New York_, V. 605. " 1748, 36,000. McMahon, _History of Maryland_, I. 313. " 1755, 46,356. _Gentleman's Magazine_, XXXIV. 261. " 1756, 46,225. McMahon, _History of Maryland_, I. 313. " 1761, 49,675. Dexter, _Colonial Population_, p. 21, note. " 1782, 83,362. _Encyclopædia Britannica_ (9th ed.), XV. 603. " 1787, 80,000. Dexter, _Colonial Population_, p. 21, note.

* * * * *

Chapter III

THE FARMING COLONIES.

10. Character of these Colonies. 11. The Dutch Slave-Trade. 12. Restrictions in New York. 13. Restrictions in Pennsylvania and Delaware. 14. Restrictions in New Jersey. 15. General Character of these Restrictions.

10. ~Character of these Colonies.~ The colonies of this group, occupying the central portion of the English possessions, comprise those communities where, on account of climate, physical characteristics, and circumstances of settlement, slavery as an institution found but a narrow field for development. The climate was generally rather cool for the newly imported slaves, the soil was best suited to crops to which slave labor was poorly adapted, and the training and habits of the great body of settlers offered little chance for the growth of a slave system. These conditions varied, of course, in different colonies; but the general statement applies to all. These communities of small farmers and traders derived whatever opposition they had to the slave-trade from three sorts of motives,--economic, political, and moral. First, the importation of slaves did not pay, except to supply a moderate demand for household servants. Secondly, these colonies, as well as those in the South, had a wholesome political fear of a large servile population. Thirdly, the settlers of many of these colonies were of sterner moral fibre than the Southern cavaliers and adventurers, and, in the absence of great counteracting motives, were more easily led to oppose the institution and the trade. Finally, it must be noted that these colonies did not so generally regard themselves as temporary commercial investments as did Virginia and Carolina. Intending to found permanent States, these settlers from the first more carefully studied the ultimate interests of those States.

11. ~The Dutch Slave-Trade.~ The Dutch seem to have commenced the slave-trade to the American continent, the Middle colonies and some of the Southern receiving supplies from them. John Rolfe relates that the last of August, 1619, there came to Virginia "a dutch man of warre that sold us twenty Negars."[1] This was probably one of the ships of the numerous private Dutch trading-companies which early entered into and developed the lucrative African slave-trade. Ships sailed from Holland to Africa, got slaves in exchange for their goods, carried the slaves to the West Indies or Brazil, and returned home laden with sugar.[2] Through the enterprise of one of these trading-companies the settlement of New Amsterdam was begun, in 1614. In 1621 the private companies trading in the West were all merged into the Dutch West India Company, and given a monopoly of American trade. This company was very active, sending in four years 15,430 Negroes to Brazil,[3] carrying on war with Spain, supplying even the English plantations,[4] and gradually becoming the great slave carrier of the day.

The commercial supremacy of the Dutch early excited the envy and emulation of the English. The Navigation Ordinance of 1651 was aimed at them, and two wars were necessary to wrest the slave-trade from them and place it in the hands of the English. The final terms of peace among other things surrendered New Netherland to England, and opened the way for England to become henceforth the world's greatest slave-trader. Although the Dutch had thus commenced the continental slave-trade, they had not actually furnished a very large number of slaves to the English colonies outside the West Indies. A small trade had, by 1698, brought a few thousand to New York, and still fewer to New Jersey.[5] It was left to the English, with their strong policy in its favor, to develop this trade.

12. ~Restrictions in New York.~[6] The early ordinances of the Dutch, laying duties, generally of ten per cent, on slaves, probably proved burdensome to the trade, although this was not intentional.[7] The Biblical prohibition of slavery and the slave-trade, copied from New England codes into the Duke of York's Laws, had no practical application,[8] and the trade continued to be encouraged in the governors' instructions. In 1709 a duty of £3 was laid on Negroes from elsewhere than Africa.[9] This was aimed at West India slaves, and was prohibitive. By 1716 the duty on all slaves was £1 12½_s._, which was probably a mere revenue figure.[10] In 1728 a duty of 40_s._ was laid, to be continued until 1737.[11] It proved restrictive, however, and on the "humble petition of the Merchants and Traders of the City of Bristol" was disallowed in 1735, as "greatly prejudicial to the Trade and Navigation of this Kingdom."[12] Governor Cosby was also reminded that no duties on slaves payable by the importer were to be laid. Later, in 1753, the 40_s._ duty was restored, but under the increased trade of those days was not felt.[13] No further restrictions seem to have been attempted until 1785, when the sale of slaves in the State was forbidden.[14]

The chief element of restriction in this colony appears to have been the shrewd business sense of the traders, who never flooded the slave market, but kept a supply sufficient for the slowly growing demand. Between 1701 and 1726 only about 2,375 slaves were imported, and in 1774 the total slave population amounted to 21,149.[15] No restriction was ever put by New York on participation in the trade outside the colony, and in spite of national laws New York merchants continued to be engaged in this traffic even down to the Civil War.[16]

Vermont, who withdrew from New York in 1777, in her first Constitution[17] declared slavery illegal, and in 1786 stopped by law the sale and transportation of slaves within her boundaries.[18]

13. ~Restrictions in Pennsylvania and Delaware.~[19] One of the first American protests against the slave-trade came from certain German Friends, in 1688, at a Weekly Meeting held in Germantown, Pennsylvania. "These are the reasons," wrote "Garret henderich, derick up de graeff, Francis daniell Pastorius, and Abraham up Den graef," "why we are against the traffick of men-body, as followeth: Is there any that would be done or handled at this manner?... Now, tho they are black, we cannot conceive there is more liberty to have them slaves, as it is to have other white ones. There is a saying, that we shall doe to all men like as we will be done ourselves; making no difference of what generation, descent or colour they are. And those who steal or robb men, and those who buy or purchase them, are they not all alike?"[20] This little leaven helped slowly to work a revolution in the attitude of this great sect toward slavery and the slave-trade. The Yearly Meeting at first postponed the matter, "It having so General a Relation to many other Parts."[21] Eventually, however, in 1696, the Yearly Meeting advised "That Friends be careful not to encourage the bringing in of any more Negroes."[22] This advice was repeated in stronger terms for a quarter-century,[23] and by that time Sandiford, Benezet, Lay, and Woolman had begun their crusade. In 1754 the Friends took a step farther and made the purchase of slaves a matter of discipline.[24] Four years later the Yearly Meeting expressed itself clearly as "against every branch of this practice," and declared that if "any professing with us should persist to vindicate it, and be concerned in importing, selling or purchasing slaves, the respective Monthly Meetings to which they belong should manifest their disunion with such persons."[25] Further, manumission was recommended, and in 1776 made compulsory.[26] The effect of this attitude of the Friends was early manifested in the legislation of all the colonies where the sect was influential, and particularly in Pennsylvania.

One of the first duty acts (1710) laid a restrictive duty of 40_s._ on slaves, and was eventually disallowed.[27] In 1712 William Southeby petitioned the Assembly totally to abolish slavery. This the Assembly naturally refused to attempt; but the same year, in response to another petition "signed by many hands," they passed an "Act to prevent the Importation of Negroes and Indians,"[28]--the first enactment of its kind in America. This act was inspired largely by the general fear of insurrection which succeeded the "Negro-plot" of 1712 in New York. It declared: "Whereas, divers Plots and Insurrections have frequently happened, not only in the Islands but on the Main Land of _America_, by Negroes, which have been carried on so far that several of the inhabitants have been barbarously Murthered, an Instance whereof we have lately had in our Neighboring Colony of _New York_,"[29] etc. It then proceeded to lay a prohibitive duty of £20 on all slaves imported. These acts were quickly disposed of in

England. Three duty acts affecting Negroes, including the prohibitory act, were in 1713 disallowed, and it was directed that "the Dep^{ty} Govr Council and Assembly of Pensilvania, be & they are hereby Strictly Enjoyned & required not to permit the said Laws ... to be from henceforward put in Execution."[30] The Assembly repealed these laws, but in 1715 passed another laying a duty of £5, which was also eventually disallowed.[31] Other acts, the provisions of which are not clear, were passed in 1720 and 1722,[32] and in 1725-1726 the duty on Negroes was raised to the restrictive figure of £10.[33] This duty, for some reason not apparent, was lowered to £2 in 1729,[34] but restored again in 1761.[35] A struggle occurred over this last measure, the Friends petitioning for it, and the Philadelphia merchants against it, declaring that "We, the subscribers, ever desirous to extend the Trade of this Province, have seen, for some time past, the many inconveniencys the Inhabitants have suffer'd for want of Labourers and artificers, ... have for some time encouraged the importation of Negroes;" they prayed therefore at least for a delay in passing the measure.[36] The law, nevertheless, after much debate and altercation with the governor, finally passed.

These repeated acts nearly stopped the trade, and the manumission or sale of Negroes by the Friends decreased the number of slaves in the province. The rising spirit of independence enabled the colony, in 1773, to restore the prohibitive duty of £20 and make it perpetual.[37] After the Revolution unpaid duties on slaves were collected and the slaves registered,[38] and in 1780 an "Act for the gradual Abolition of Slavery" was passed.[39] As there were probably at no time before the war more than 11,000 slaves in Pennsylvania,[40] the task thus accomplished was not so formidable as in many other States. As it was, participation in the slave-trade outside the colony was not prohibited until 1788.[41]

It seems probable that in the original Swedish settlements along the Delaware slavery was prohibited.[42] This measure had, however, little practical effect; for as soon as the Dutch got control the slave-trade was opened, although, as it appears, to no large extent. After the fall of the Dutch Delaware came into English hands. Not until 1775 do we find any legislation on the slave-trade. In that year the colony attempted to prohibit the importation of slaves, but the governor vetoed the bill.[43] Finally, in 1776 by the Constitution, and in 1787 by law, importation and exportation were both prohibited.[44]

14. ~Restrictions in New Jersey.~[45] Although the freeholders of West New Jersey declared, in 1676, that "all and every Person and Persons Inhabiting the said Province, shall, as far as in us lies, be free from Oppression and Slavery,"[46] yet Negro slaves are early found in the colony.[47] The first restrictive measure was passed, after considerable friction between the Council and the House, in 1713; it laid a duty of £10, currency.[48] Governor Hunter explained to the Board of Trade that the bill was "calculated to Encourage the Importation of white Servants for the better Peopeling that Country."[49] How long this act continued does not appear; probably, not long. No further legislation was enacted until 1762 or 1763, when a prohibitive duty was laid on account of "the inconvenience the Province is exposed to in lying open to the free importation of Negros, when the Provinces on each side have laid duties on them."[50] The Board of Trade declared that while they did not object to "the Policy of imposing a reasonable duty," they could not assent to this, and the act was disallowed.[51] The Act of 1769 evaded the technical objection of the Board of Trade, and laid a duty of £15 on the first purchasers of Negroes, because, as the act declared, "Duties on the Importation of Negroes in several of the neighbouring Colonies hath, on Experience, been found beneficial in the Introduction of sober, industrious Foreigners."[52] In 1774 a bill which, according to the report of the Council to Governor Morris, "plainly intended an entire Prohibition of all Slaves being imported from foreign Parts," was thrown out by the Council.[53] Importation was finally prohibited in 1786.[54]

15. ~General Character of these Restrictions.~ The main difference in motive between the restrictions which the planting and the farming colonies put on the African slave-trade, lay in the fact that the former limited it mainly from fear of insurrection, the latter mainly because it did not pay. Naturally, the latter motive worked itself out with much less legislation than the former; for this reason, and because they held a smaller number of slaves, most of these colonies have fewer actual statutes than the Southern colonies. In Pennsylvania alone did this general economic revolt against the trade acquire a distinct moral tinge. Although even here the institution was naturally doomed, yet the clear moral insight of the Quakers checked the trade much earlier than would otherwise have happened. We may say, then, that the farming colonies checked the slave-trade primarily from economic motives.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Smith, _Generall Historie of Virginia_ (1626 and 1632), p. 126.

[2] Cf. Southey, _History of Brazil_.

[3] De Laet, in O'Callaghan, _Voyages of the Slavers_, etc., p. viii.

[4] See, e.g., Sainsbury, _Cal. State Papers; Col. Ser., America and W. Indies, 1574-1660_, p. 279.

[5] Cf. below, pp. 27, 32, notes; also _Freedoms_, XXX., in O'Callaghan, _Laws of New Netherland, 1638-74_ (ed. 1868), p. 10; Brodhead, _History of New York_, I. 312.

[6] The following is a summary of the legislation of the colony of New York; details will be found in Appendix A:--

1709, Duty Act: £3 on Negroes not direct from Africa (Continued by the Acts of 1710, 1711). 1711, Bill to lay further duty, lost in Council. 1716, Duty Act: 5 oz. plate on Africans in colony ships. 10 oz. plate on Africans in other ships. 1728, " " 40_s._ on Africans, £4 on colonial Negroes. 1732, " " 40_s._ on Africans, £4 on colonial Negroes. 1734, " " (?) 1753, " " 40_s._ on Africans, £4 on colonial Negroes. (This act was annually continued.) [1777, Vermont Constitution does not recognize slavery.] 1785, Sale of slaves in State prohibited. [1786, " " in Vermont prohibited.] 1788, " " in State prohibited.

[7] O'Callaghan, _Laws of New Netherland, 1638-74_, pp. 31, 348, etc. The colonists themselves were encouraged to trade, but the terms were not favorable enough: _Doc. rel. Col. Hist. New York_, I. 246; _Laws of New Netherland_, pp. 81-2, note, 127. The colonists declared "that they are inclined to a foreign Trade, and especially to the Coast of _Africa_, ... in order to fetch thence Slaves": O'Callaghan, _Voyages of the Slavers_, etc., p. 172.

[8] _Charter to William Penn_, etc. (1879), p. 12. First published on Long Island in 1664. Possibly Negro slaves were explicitly excepted. Cf. _Magazine of American History_, XI. 411, and _N.Y. Hist. Soc. Coll._, I. 322.

[9] _Acts of Assembly, 1691-1718_, pp. 97, 125, 134; _Doc. rel. Col. Hist. New York_, V. 178, 185, 293.

[10] The Assembly attempted to raise the slave duty in 1711, but the Council objected (_Doc. rel. Col. Hist. New York_, V. 292 ff.), although, as it seems, not on account of the slave duty in particular. Another act was passed between 1711 and 1716, but its contents are not known (cf. title of the Act of 1716). For the Act of 1716, see _Acts of Assembly, 1691-1718_, p. 224.

[11] _Doc. rel. Col. Hist. New York_, VI. 37, 38.

[12] _Doc. rel. Col. Hist. New York_, VI. 32-4.

[13] _Ibid._, VII. 907. This act was annually renewed. The slave duty remained a chief source of revenue down to 1774. Cf. _Report of Governor Tryon_, in _Doc. rel. Col. Hist. New York_, VIII. 452.

[14] _Laws of New York, 1785-88_ (ed. 1886), ch. 68, p. 121. Substantially the same act reappears in the revision of the laws of 1788: _Ibid._, ch. 40, p. 676.

[15] The slave population of New York has been estimated as follows:--

In 1698, 2,170. _Doc. rel. Col. Hist. New York_, IV. 420. " 1703, 2,258. _N.Y. Col. MSS._, XLVIII.; cited in Hough, _N.Y. Census, 1855_, Introd. " 1712, 2,425. _Ibid._, LVII., LIX. (a partial census). " 1723, 6,171. _Doc. rel. Col. Hist. New York_, V. 702. " 1731, 7,743. _Ibid._, V. 929. " 1737, 8,941. _Ibid._, VI. 133. " 1746, 9,107. _Ibid._, VI. 392. " 1749, 10,692. _Ibid._, VI. 550. " 1756, 13,548. _London Doc._, XLIV. 123; cited in Hough, as above. " 1771, 19,863. _Ibid._, XLIV. 144; cited in Hough, as above. " 1774, 21,149. _Ibid._, " " " " " " 1786, 18,889. _Deeds in office Sec. of State_, XXII. 35.

Total number of Africans imported from 1701 to 1726, 2,375, of whom 802 were from Africa: O'Callaghan, _Documentary History of New York_, I. 482.

[16] Cf. below, Chapter XI.

[17] _Vermont State Papers, 1779-86_, p. 244. The return of sixteen slaves in Vermont, by the first census, was an error: _New England Record_, XXIX. 249.

[18] _Vermont State Papers_, p. 505.

[19] The following is a summary of the legislation of the colony of Pennsylvania and Delaware; details will be found in Appendix A:--

1705, Duty Act: (?). 1710, " " 40_s._ (Disallowed). 1712, " " £20 " 1712, " " supplementary to the Act of 1710. 1715, " " £5 (Disallowed). 1718, " " 1720, " " (?). 1722, " " (?). 1725-6, " " £10. 1726, " " 1729, " " £2. 1761, " " £10. 1761, " " (?). 1768, " " re-enactment of the Act of 1761. 1773, " " perpetual additional duty of £10; total, £20. 1775, Bill to prohibit importation vetoed by the

governor (Delaware). 1775, Bill to prohibit importation vetoed by the governor. 1778, Back duties on slaves ordered collected. 1780, Act for the gradual abolition of slavery. 1787, Act to prevent the exportation of slaves (Delaware). 1788, Act to prevent the slave-trade.

[20] From fac-simile copy, published at Germantown in 1880. Cf. Whittier's poem, "Pennsylvania Hall" (_Poetical Works_, Riverside ed., III. 62); and Proud, _History of Pennsylvania_ (1797), I. 219.

[21] From fac-simile copy, published at Germantown in 1880.

[22] Bettle, _Notices of Negro Slavery_, in _Penn. Hist. Soc. Mem._ (1864), I. 383.

[23] Cf. Bettle, _Notices of Negro Slavery, passim_.

[24] Janney, _History of the Friends_, III. 315-7.

[25] _Ibid._, III. 317.

[26] Bettle, in _Penn. Hist. Soc. Mem._, I. 395.

[27] _Penn. Col. Rec._ (1852), II. 530; Bettle, in _Penn. Hist. Soc. Mem._, I. 415.

[28] _Laws of Pennsylvania, collected_, etc., 1714, p. 165; Bettle, in _Penn. Hist. Soc. Mem._, I. 387.

[29] See preamble of the act.

[30] The Pennsylvanians did not allow their laws to reach England until long after they were passed: _Penn. Archives_, I. 161-2; _Col. Rec._, II. 572-3. These acts were disallowed Feb. 20, 1713. Another duty act was passed in 1712, supplementary to the Act of 1710 (_Col. Rec._, II. 553). The contents are unknown.

[31] _Acts and Laws of Pennsylvania_, 1715, p. 270; Chalmers, _Opinions_, II. 118. Before the disallowance was known, the act had been continued by the Act of 1718: Carey and Bioren, _Laws of Pennsylvania, 1700-1802_, I. 118; _Penn. Col. Rec._, III. 38.

[32] Carey and Bioren, _Laws_, I. 165; _Penn. Col. Rec._, III. 171; Bettle, in _Penn. Hist. Soc. Mem._, I. 389, note.

[33] Carey and Bioren, _Laws_, I. 214; Bettle, in _Penn. Hist. Soc. Mem._, I. 388. Possibly there were two acts this year.

[34] _Laws of Pennsylvania_ (ed. 1742), p. 354, ch. 287. Possibly some change in the currency made this change appear greater than it was.

[35] Carey and Bioren, _Laws_, I. 371; _Acts of Assembly_ (ed. 1782), p. 149; Dallas, _Laws_, I. 406, ch. 379. This act was renewed in 1768: Carey and Bioren, _Laws_, I. 451; _Penn. Col. Rec._, IX. 472, 637, 641.

[36] _Penn. Col. Rec._, VIII. 576.

[37] A large petition called for this bill. Much altercation ensued with the governor: Dallas, _Laws_, I. 671, ch. 692; _Penn. Col. Rec._, X. 77; Bettle, in _Penn. Hist. Soc. Mem._, I. 388-9.

[38] Dallas, _Laws_, I. 782, ch. 810.

[39] _Ibid._, I. 838, ch. 881.

[40] There exist but few estimates of the number of slaves in this colony:--

In 1721, 2,500-5,000. _Doc. rel. Col. Hist. New York_, V. 604. " 1754, 11,000. Bancroft, _Hist. of United States_ (1883), II. 391. " 1760, very few." Burnaby, _Travels through N. Amer._ (2d ed.), p. 81. " 1775, 2,000. _Penn. Archives_, IV 597.

[41] Dallas, _Laws_, II. 586.

[42] Cf. _Argonautica Gustaviana_, pp. 21-3; _Del. Hist. Soc. Papers_, III. 10; _Hazard's Register_, IV. 221, §§ 23, 24; _Hazard's Annals_, p. 372; Armstrong, _Record of Upland Court_, pp. 29-30, and notes.

[43] Force, _American Archives_, 4th Ser., II. 128-9.

[44] _Ibid._, 5th Ser., I. 1178; _Laws of Delaware, 1797_ (Newcastle ed.), p. 884, ch. 145 b.

[45] The following is a summary of the legislation of the colony of New Jersey; details will be found in Appendix A:--

1713, Duty Act: £10. 1763 (?), Duty Act. 1769, " " £15. 1774, " " £5 on Africans, £10 on colonial Negroes. 1786, Importation prohibited.

[46] Leaming and Spicer, _Grants, Concessions_, etc., p. 398. Probably this did not refer to Negroes at all.

[47] Cf. Vincent, _History of Delaware_, I. 159, 381.

[48] _Laws and Acts of New Jersey, 1703-17_ (ed. 1717), p. 43.

[49] _N.J. Archives_, IV. 196. There was much difficulty in passing the bill: _Ibid._, XIII. 516-41.

[50] _Ibid._, IX. 345-6. The exact provisions of the act I have not found.

[51] _Ibid._, IX. 383, 447, 458. Chiefly because the duty was laid on the importer.

[52] Allinson, _Acts of Assembly_, pp. 315-6.

[53] _N.J. Archives_, VI. 222.

[54] _Acts of the 10th General Assembly_, May 2, 1786. There are two estimates of the number of slaves in this colony:--

In 1738, 3,981. _American Annals_, II. 127. " 1754, 4,606. " " II. 143.

* * * * *

Chapter IV

THE TRADING COLONIES.

16. Character of these Colonies. 17. New England and the Slave-Trade. 18. Restrictions in New Hampshire. 19. Restrictions in Massachusetts. 20. Restrictions in Rhode Island. 21. Restrictions in Connecticut. 22. General Character of these Restrictions.

16. ~Character of these Colonies.~ The rigorous climate of New England, the character of her settlers, and their pronounced political views gave slavery an even slighter basis here than in the Middle colonies. The significance of New England in the African slave-trade does not therefore lie in the fact that she early discountenanced the system of slavery and stopped importation; but rather in the fact that her citizens, being the traders of the New World, early took part in the carrying slave-trade and furnished slaves to the other colonies. An inquiry, therefore, into the efforts of the New England colonies to suppress the slave-trade would fall naturally into two parts: first, and chiefly, an investigation of the efforts to stop the participation of citizens in the carrying slave-trade; secondly, an examination of the efforts made to banish the slave-trade from New England soil.

17. ~New England and the Slave-Trade.~ Vessels from Massachusetts,[1] Rhode Island,[2] Connecticut,[3] and, to a less extent, from New Hampshire,[4] were early and largely engaged in the carrying slave-trade. "We know," said Thomas Pemberton in 1795, "that a large trade to Guinea was carried on for many years by the citizens of Massachusetts Colony, who were the proprietors of the vessels and their cargoes, out and home. Some of the slaves purchased in Guinea, and I suppose the greatest part of them, were sold in the West Indies."[5] Dr. John Eliot asserted that "it made a considerable branch of our commerce.... It declined very little till the Revolution."[6] Yet the trade of this colony was said not to equal that of Rhode Island. Newport was the mart for slaves offered for sale in the North, and a point of reshipment for all slaves. It was principally this trade that raised Newport to her commercial importance in the eighteenth century.[7] Connecticut, too, was an important slave-trader, sending large numbers of horses and other commodities to the West Indies in exchange for slaves, and selling the slaves in other colonies.

This trade formed a perfect circle. Owners of slavers carried slaves to South Carolina, and brought home naval stores for their ship-building; or to the West Indies, and brought home molasses; or to other colonies, and brought home hogsheads. The molasses was made into the highly prized New England rum, and shipped in these hogsheads to Africa for more slaves.[8] Thus, the rum-distilling industry indicates to some extent the activity of New England in the slave-trade. In May, 1752, one Captain Freeman found so many slavers fitting out that, in spite of the large importations of molasses, he could get no rum for his vessel.[9]

In Newport alone twenty-two stills were at one time running continuously;[10] and Massachusetts annually distilled 15,000 hogsheads of molasses into this "chief manufacture."[11]

Turning now to restrictive measures, we must first note the measures of the slave-consuming colonies which tended to limit the trade. These measures, however, came comparatively late, were enforced with varying degrees of efficiency, and did not seriously affect the slave-trade before the Revolution. The moral sentiment of New England put some check upon the trade. Although in earlier times the most respectable people took ventures in slave-trading voyages, yet there gradually arose a moral sentiment which tended to make the business somewhat disreputable.[12] In the line, however, of definite legal enactments to stop New England citizens from carrying slaves from Africa to any place in the world, there were, before the Revolution, none. Indeed, not until the years 1787-1788 was slave-trading in itself an indictable offence in any New England State.

The particular situation in each colony, and the efforts to restrict the small importing slave-trade of New England, can best be studied in a separate view of each community.

18. ~Restrictions in New Hampshire.~ The statistics of slavery in New Hampshire show how weak an institution it always was in that colony.[13] Consequently, when the usual instructions were sent to Governor Wentworth as to the encouragement he must give to the slave-trade, the House replied: "We have considered his Maj^{ties} Instruction relating to an Impost on Negroes & Felons, to which this House answers, that there never was any duties laid on either, by this Goverm^{t}, and so few bro't in that it would not be worth the Publick notice, so as to make an act concerning them."[14] This remained true for the whole history of the colony. Importation was never stopped by actual enactment, but was eventually declared contrary to the Constitution of 1784.[15] The participation of citizens in the trade appears never to have been forbidden.

19. ~Restrictions in Massachusetts.~ The early Biblical codes of Massachusetts confined slavery to "lawfull Captives taken in iust warres, & such strangers as willingly selle themselves or are sold to us."[16] The stern Puritanism of early days endeavored to carry this out literally, and consequently when a certain Captain Smith, about 1640, attacked an African village and brought some of the unoffending natives home, he was promptly arrested. Eventually, the General Court ordered the Negroes sent home at the colony's expense, "conceiving themselues bound by ye first oportunity to bear witnes against ye haynos & crying sinn of manstealing, as also to P'scribe such timely redresse for what is past, & such a law for ye future as may sufficiently deterr all oth^{r}s belonging to us to have to do in such vile & most odious courses, iustly abhored of all good & iust men."[17]

The temptation of trade slowly forced the colony from this high moral ground. New England ships were early found in the West Indian slave-trade, and the more the carrying trade developed, the more did the profits of this branch of it attract Puritan captains. By the beginning of the eighteenth century the slave-trade was openly recognized as legitimate commerce; cargoes came regularly to Boston, and "The merchants of Boston quoted negroes, like any other merchandise demanded by their correspondents."[18] At the same time, the Puritan conscience began to rebel against the growth of actual slavery on New England soil. It was a much less violent wrenching of moral ideas of right and wrong to allow Massachusetts men to carry slaves to South Carolina than to allow cargoes to come into Boston, and become slaves in Massachusetts. Early in the eighteenth century, therefore, opposition arose to the further importation of Negroes, and in 1705 an act "for the Better Preventing of a Spurious and Mixt Issue," laid a restrictive duty of £4 on all slaves imported.[19] One provision of this act plainly illustrates the attitude of Massachusetts: like the acts of many of the New England colonies, it allowed a rebate of the whole duty on re-exportation. The harbors of New England were thus offered as a free exchange-mart for slavers. All the duty acts of the Southern and Middle colonies allowed a rebate of one-half or three-fourths of the duty on the re-exportation of the slave, thus laying a small tax on even temporary importation.

The Act of 1705 was evaded, but it was not amended until 1728, when the penalty for evasion was raised to £100.[20] The act remained in force, except possibly for one period of four years, until 1749. Meantime the movement against importation grew. A bill "for preventing the Importation of Slaves into this Province" was introduced in the Legislature in 1767, but after strong opposition and disagreement between House and Council it was dropped.[21] In 1771 the struggle was renewed. A similar bill passed, but was vetoed by Governor Hutchinson.[22] The imminent war and the discussions incident to it had now more and more aroused public opinion, and there were repeated attempts to gain executive consent to a prohibitory law. In 1774 such a bill was twice passed, but never received assent.[23]

The new Revolutionary government first met the subject in the case of two Negroes captured on the high seas, who were advertised for sale at Salem. A resolution was introduced into the Legislature, directing the release of the Negroes, and declaring "That the selling and enslaving the human species is a direct violation of the natural rights alike vested in all men by their Creator,

and utterly inconsistent with the avowed principles on which this, and the other United States, have carried their struggle for liberty even to the last appeal." To this the Council would not consent; and the resolution, as finally passed, merely forbade the sale or ill-treatment of the Negroes.[24] Committees on the slavery question were appointed in 1776 and 1777,[25] and although a letter to Congress on the matter, and a bill for the abolition of slavery were reported, no decisive action was taken.

All such efforts were finally discontinued, as the system was already practically extinct in Massachusetts and the custom of importation had nearly ceased. Slavery was eventually declared by judicial decision to have been abolished.[26] The first step toward stopping the participation of Massachusetts citizens in the slave-trade outside the State was taken in 1785, when a committee of inquiry was appointed by the Legislature.[27] No act was, however, passed until 1788, when participation in the trade was prohibited, on pain of £50 forfeit for every slave and £200 for every ship engaged.[28]

20. ~Restrictions in Rhode Island.~ In 1652 Rhode Island passed a law designed to prohibit life slavery in the colony. It declared that "Whereas, there is a common course practised amongst English men to buy negers, to that end they may have them for service or slaves forever; for the preventinge of such practices among us, let it be ordered, that no blacke mankind or white being forced by covenant bond, or otherwise, to serve any man or his assighnes longer than ten yeares, or untill they come to bee twentie four yeares of age, if they bee taken in under fourteen, from the time of their cominge within the liberties of this Collonie. And at the end or terme of ten yeares to sett them free, as the manner is with the English servants. And that man that will not let them goe free, or shall sell them away elsewhere, to that end that they may bee enslaved to others for a long time, hee or they shall forfeit to the Collonie forty pounds."[29]

This law was for a time enforced,[30] but by the beginning of the eighteenth century it had either been repealed or become a dead letter; for the Act of 1708 recognized perpetual slavery, and laid an impost of £3 on Negroes imported.[31] This duty was really a tax on the transport trade, and produced a steady income for twenty years.[32] From the year 1700 on, the citizens of this State engaged more and more in the carrying trade, until Rhode Island became the greatest slave-trader in America. Although she did not import many slaves for her own use, she became the clearing-house for the trade of other colonies. Governor Cranston, as early as 1708, reported that between 1698 and 1708 one hundred and three vessels were built in the State, all of which were trading to the West Indies and the Southern colonies.[33] They took out lumber and brought back molasses, in most cases making a slave voyage in between. From this, the trade grew. Samuel Hopkins, about 1770, was shocked at the state of the trade: more than thirty distilleries were running in the colony, and one hundred and fifty vessels were in the slave-trade.[34] "Rhode Island," said he, "has been more deeply interested in the slave-trade, and has enslaved more Africans than any other colony in New England." Later, in 1787, he wrote: "The inhabitants of Rhode Island, especially those of Newport, have had by far the greater share in this traffic, of all these United States. This trade in human species has been the first wheel of commerce in Newport, on which every other movement in business has chiefly depended. That town has been built up, and flourished in times past, at the expense of the blood, the liberty, and happiness of the poor Africans; and the inhabitants have lived on this, and by it have gotten most of their wealth and riches."[35]

The Act of 1708 was poorly enforced. The "good intentions" of its framers "were wholly frustrated" by the clandestine "hiding and conveying said negroes out of the town [Newport] into the country, where they lie concealed."[36] The act was accordingly strengthened by the Acts of 1712 and 1715, and made to apply to importations by land as well as by sea.[37] The Act of 1715, however, favored the trade by admitting African Negroes free of duty. The chaotic state of Rhode Island did not allow England often to review her legislation; but as soon as the Act of 1712 came to notice it was disallowed, and accordingly repealed in 1732.[38] Whether the Act of 1715 remained, or whether any other duty act was passed, is not clear.

While the foreign trade was flourishing, the influence of the Friends and of other causes eventually led to a movement against slavery as a local institution. Abolition societies multiplied, and in 1770 an abolition bill was ordered by the Assembly, but it was never passed.[39] Four years later the city of Providence resolved that "as personal liberty is an essential part of the natural rights of mankind," the importation of slaves and the system of slavery should cease in the colony.[40] This movement finally resulted, in 1774, in an act "prohibiting the importation of Negroes into this Colony,"--a law which curiously illustrated the attitude of Rhode Island toward the slave-trade. The preamble of the act declared: "Whereas, the inhabitants of America are generally engaged in the preservation of their own rights and liberties, among which, that of personal freedom must be considered as the greatest; as those who are desirous of enjoying all the advantages of liberty themselves, should be willing to extend personal liberty to others;--Therefore," etc. The statute then proceeded to enact "that for the future, no negro or mulatto slave shall be brought into this colony; and in case any slave shall hereafter be brought in, he or she shall be, and are hereby, rendered immediately free...." The

logical ending of such an act would have been a clause prohibiting the participation of Rhode Island citizens in the slave-trade. Not only was such a clause omitted, but the following was inserted instead: "Provided, also, that nothing in this act shall extend, or be deemed to extend, to any negro or mulatto slave brought from the coast of Africa, into the West Indies, on board any vessel belonging to this colony, and which negro or mulatto slave could not be disposed of in the West Indies, but shall be brought into this colony. Provided, that the owner of such negro or mulatto slave give bond ... that such negro or mulatto slave shall be exported out of the colony, within one year from the date of such bond; if such negro or mulatto be alive, and in a condition to be removed."[41]

In 1779 an act to prevent the sale of slaves out of the State was passed,[42] and in 1784, an act gradually to abolish slavery.[43] Not until 1787 did an act pass to forbid participation in the slave-trade. This law laid a penalty of £100 for every slave transported and £1000 for every vessel so engaged.[44]

21. ~Restrictions in Connecticut.~ Connecticut, in common with the other colonies of this section, had a trade for many years with the West Indian slave markets; and though this trade was much smaller than that of the neighboring colonies, yet many of her citizens were engaged in it. A map of Middletown at the time of the Revolution gives, among one hundred families, three slave captains and "three notables" designated as "slave-dealers."[45]

The actual importation was small,[46] and almost entirely unrestricted before the Revolution, save by a few light, general duty acts. In 1774 the further importation of slaves was prohibited, because "the increase of slaves in this Colony is injurious to the poor and inconvenient." The law prohibited importation under any pretext by a penalty of £100 per slave.[47] This was re-enacted in 1784, and provisions were made for the abolition of slavery.[48] In 1788 participation in the trade was forbidden, and the penalty placed at £50 for each slave and £500 for each ship engaged.[49]

22. ~General Character of these Restrictions.~ Enough has already been said to show, in the main, the character of the opposition to the slave-trade in New England. The system of slavery had, on this soil and amid these surroundings, no economic justification, and the small number of Negroes here furnished no political arguments against them. The opposition to the importation was therefore from the first based solely on moral grounds, with some social arguments. As to the carrying trade, however, the case was different. Here, too, a feeble moral opposition was early aroused, but it was swept away by the immense economic advantages of the slave traffic to a thrifty seafaring community of traders. This trade no moral suasion, not even the strong "Liberty" cry of the Revolution, was able wholly to suppress, until the closing of the West Indian and Southern markets cut off the demand for slaves.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Cf. Weeden, _Economic and Social History of New England_, II. 449-72; G.H. Moore, _Slavery in Massachusetts_; Charles Deane, _Connection of Massachusetts with Slavery_.

[2] Cf. _American Historical Record_, I. 311, 338.

[3] Cf. W.C. Fowler, _Local Law in Massachusetts and Connecticut_, etc., pp. 122-6.

[4] _Ibid._, p. 124.

[5] Deane, _Letters and Documents relating to Slavery in Massachusetts_, in _Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll._, 5th Ser., III. 392.

[6] _Ibid._, III. 382.

[7] Weeden, _Economic and Social History of New England_, II. 454.

[8] A typical voyage is that of the brigantine "Sanderson" of Newport. She was fitted out in March, 1752, and carried, beside the captain, two mates and six men, and a cargo of 8,220 gallons of rum, together with "African" iron, flour, pots, tar, sugar, and provisions, shackles, shirts, and water. Proceeding to Africa, the captain after some difficulty sold his cargo for slaves, and in April, 1753, he is expected in Barbadoes, as the consignees write. They also state that slaves are selling at £33 to £56 per head in lots. After a stormy and dangerous voyage, Captain Lindsay arrived, June 17, 1753, with fifty-six slaves, "all in helth & fatt." He also had 40 oz. of gold dust, and 8 or 9 cwt. of pepper. The net proceeds of the sale of all this was £1,324 3_d._ The captain then took on board 55 hhd. of molasses and 3 hhd. 27 bbl. of sugar, amounting to £911 77_s._ 2½_d._, received bills on Liverpool for the balance, and returned in safety to Rhode Island. He had done so well that he was immediately given a new ship and sent to Africa again. _American Historical Record_, I. 315-9, 338-42.

[9] _Ibid._, I. 316.

[10] _American Historical Record_, I. 317.

[11] _Ibid._, I. 344; cf. Weeden, _Economic and Social History of New England_, II. 459.

[12] Cf. _New England Register_, XXXI. 75-6, letter of John Saffin _et al._ to Welstead. Cf. also Sewall, _Protest_, etc.

[13] The number of slaves in New Hampshire has been estimated as follows:

In 1730, 200. _N.H. Hist. Soc. Coll._, I. 229. " 1767, 633. _Granite Monthly_, IV. 108. " 1773, 681. _Ibid._ " 1773, 674. _N.H. Province Papers_, X. 636. " 1775, 479. _Granite Monthly_, IV. 108. " 1790, 158. _Ibid._

[14] _N.H. Province Papers_, IV. 617.

[15] _Granite Monthly_, VI. 377; Poore, _Federal and State Constitutions_, pp. 1280-1.

[16] Cf. _The Body of Liberties_, § 91, in Whitmore, _Bibliographical Sketch of the Laws of the Massachusetts Colony_, published at Boston in 1890.

[17] _Mass. Col. Rec._, II. 168, 176; III. 46, 49, 84.

[18] Weeden, _Economic and Social History of New England_, II. 456.

[19] _Mass. Province Laws, 1705-6_, ch. 10.

[20] _Ibid._, _1728-9_, ch. 16; _1738-9_, ch. 27.

[21] For petitions of towns, cf. Felt, _Annals of Salem_ (1849), II. 416; _Boston Town Records, 1758-69_, p. 183. Cf. also Otis's anti-slavery speech in 1761; John Adams, _Works_, X. 315. For proceedings, see _House Journal_, 1767, pp. 353, 358, 387, 390, 393, 408, 409-10, 411, 420. Cf. Samuel Dexter's answer to Dr. Belknap's inquiry, Feb. 23, 1795, in Deane (_Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll._, 5th Ser., III. 385). A committee on slave importation was appointed in 1764. Cf. _House Journal_, 1763-64, p. 170.

[22] _House Journal_, 1771, pp. 211, 215, 219, 228, 234, 236, 240, 242-3; Moore, _Slavery in Massachusetts_, pp. 131-2.

[23] Felt, _Annals of Salem_ (1849), II. 416-7; Swan, _Dissuasion to Great Britain_, etc. (1773), p. x; Washburn, _Historical Sketches of Leicester, Mass._, pp. 442-3; Freeman, _History of Cape Cod_, II. 114; Deane, in _Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll._, 5th Ser., III. 432; Moore, _Slavery in Massachusetts_, pp. 135-40; Williams, _History of the Negro Race in America_, I. 234-6; _House Journal_, March, 1774, pp. 224, 226, 237, etc.; June, 1774, pp. 27, 41, etc. For a copy of the bill, see Moore.

[24] _Mass. Hist. Soc. Proceedings, 1855-58_, p. 196; Force, _American Archives_, 5th Ser., II. 769; _House Journal_, 1776, pp. 105-9; _General Court Records_, March 13, 1776, etc., pp. 581-9; Moore, _Slavery in Massachusetts_, pp. 149-54. Cf. Moore, pp. 163-76.

[25] Moore, _Slavery in Massachusetts_, pp. 148-9, 181-5.

[26] Washburn, _Extinction of Slavery in Massachusetts_; Haynes, _Struggle for the Constitution in Massachusetts_; La Rochefoucauld, _Travels through the United States_, II. 166.

[27] Moore, _Slavery in Massachusetts_, p. 225.

[28] _Perpetual Laws of Massachusetts, 1780-89_, p. 235. The number of slaves in Massachusetts has been estimated as follows:--

In 1676, 200. Randolph's _Report_, in _Hutchinson's Coll. of Papers_, p. 485. " 1680, 120. Deane, _Connection of Mass. with Slavery_, p. 28 ff. " 1708, 550. _Ibid._; Moore, _Slavery in Mass._, p. 50. " 1720, 2,000. _Ibid._ " 1735, 2,600. Deane, _Connection of Mass. with Slavery_, p. 28 ff. " 1749, 3,000. _Ibid._ " 1754, 4,489. _Ibid._ " 1763, 5,000. _Ibid._ " 1764-5, 5,779. _Ibid._ " 1776, 5,249. _Ibid._ " 1784, 4,377. Moore, _Slavery in Mass._, p. 51. " 1786, 4,371. _Ibid._ " 1790, 6,001. _Ibid._

[29] _R.I. Col. Rec._, I. 240.

[30] Cf. letter written in 1681: _New England Register_, XXXI. 75-6. Cf. also Arnold, _History of Rhode Island_, I. 240.

[31] The text of this act is lost (_Col. Rec._, IV. 34; Arnold, _History of Rhode Island_, II. 31). The Acts of Rhode Island were not well preserved, the first being published in Boston in 1719. Perhaps other whole acts are lost.

[32] E.g., it was expended to pave the streets of Newport, to build bridges, etc.: _R.I. Col. Rec._, IV. 191-3, 225.

[33] _Ibid._, IV. 55-60.

[34] Patten, _Reminiscences of Samuel Hopkins_ (1843), p. 80.

[35] Hopkins, _Works_ (1854), II. 615.

[36] Preamble of the Act of 1712.

[37] _R.I. Col. Rec._, IV. 131-5, 138, 143, 191-3.

[38] _R.I. Col. Rec._, IV. 471.

[39] Arnold, _History of Rhode Island_, II. 304, 321, 337. For a probable copy of the bill, see _Narragansett Historical Register_, II. 299.

[40] A man dying intestate left slaves, who became thus the property of the city; they were freed, and the town made the above resolve, May 17, 1774, in town meeting: Staples, _Annals of Providence_ (1843), p. 236.

[41] _R.I. Col. Rec._, VII. 251-2.

[42] _Bartlett's Index_, p. 329; Arnold, _History of Rhode Island_, II. 444; _R.I. Col. Rec._, VIII. 618.

[43] _R.I. Col. Rec._, X. 7-8; Arnold, _History of Rhode Island_, II. 506.

[44] _Bartlett's Index_, p. 333; _Narragansett Historical Register_, II. 298-9. The number of slaves in Rhode Island has been estimated as follows:--

In 1708, 426. _R.I. Col. Rec._, IV. 59. " 1730, 1,648. _R.I. Hist. Tracts_, No. 19, pt. 2, p. 99. " 1749, 3,077. Williams, _History of the Negro Race in America_, I. 281. " 1756, 4,697. _Ibid._ " 1774, 3,761. _R.I. Col. Rec._, VII. 253.

[45] Fowler, _Local Law_, etc., p. 124.

[46] The number of slaves in Connecticut has been estimated as follows:--

In 1680, 30. _Conn. Col. Rec._, III. 298. " 1730, 700. Williams, _History of the Negro Race in America_, I. 259. " 1756, 3,636. Fowler, _Local Law_, etc., p. 140. " 1762, 4,590. Williams, _History of the Negro Race in America_, I. 260. " 1774, 6,562. Fowler, _Local Law_, etc., p. 140. " 1782, 6,281. Fowler, _Local Law_, etc., p. 140. " 1800, 5,281. _Ibid._, p. 141.

[47] _Conn. Col. Rec._, XIV 329. Fowler (pp. 125-6) says that the law was passed in 1769, as does Sanford (p. 252). I find no proof of this. There was in Connecticut the same Biblical legislation on the trade as in Massachusetts. Cf. _Laws of Connecticut_ (repr. 1865), p. 9; also _Col. Rec._, I. 77. For general duty acts, see _Col. Rec._, V 405; VIII. 22; IX. 283; XIII. 72, 125.

[48] _Acts and Laws of Connecticut_ (ed. 1784), pp. 233-4.

[49] _Ibid._, pp. 368, 369, 388.

* * * * *

Chapter V

THE PERIOD OF THE REVOLUTION. 1774-1787.

23. The Situation in 1774. 24. The Condition of the Slave-Trade. 25. The Slave-Trade and the "Association." 26. The Action of the Colonies. 27. The Action of the Continental Congress. 28. Reception of the Slave-Trade Resolution. 29. Results of the Resolution. 30. The Slave-Trade and Public Opinion after the War. 31. The Action of the Confederation.

23. ~The Situation in 1774.~ In the individual efforts of the various colonies to suppress the African slave-trade there may be traced certain general movements. First, from 1638 to 1664, there was a tendency to take a high moral stand against the traffic. This is illustrated in the laws of New England, in the plans for the settlement of Delaware and, later, that of Georgia, and in the protest of the German Friends. The second period, from about 1664 to 1760, has no general unity, but is marked by statutes laying duties varying in design from encouragement to absolute prohibition, by some cases of moral opposition, and by the slow but steady growth of a spirit unfavorable to the long continuance of the trade. The last colonial period, from about 1760 to 1787, is one of pronounced effort to regulate, limit, or totally prohibit the traffic. Beside these general movements, there are many waves of legislation, easily distinguishable, which rolled over several or all of the colonies at various times, such as the series of high duties following the Assiento, and the acts inspired by various Negro "plots."

Notwithstanding this, the laws of the colonies before 1774 had no national unity, the peculiar circumstances of each colony determining its legislation. With the outbreak of the Revolution came unison in action with regard to the slave-trade, as with regard to other matters, which may justly be called national. It was, of course, a critical period,--a period when, in the rapid upheaval of a few years, the complicated and diverse forces of decades meet, combine, act, and react, until the resultant seems almost the work of chance. In the settlement of the fate of slavery and the slave-trade, however, the real crisis came in the calm that succeeded the storm, in that day when, in the opinion of most men, the question seemed already settled. And indeed it needed an exceptionally clear and discerning mind, in 1787, to deny that slavery and the slave-trade in the United States of America were doomed to early annihilation. It seemed certainly a legitimate deduction from the history of the preceding century to conclude that, as the system had risen, flourished, and fallen in Massachusetts, New York, and Pennsylvania, and as South Carolina, Virginia, and Maryland were apparently following in the same legislative path, the next generation would in all probability witness the last throes of the system on our soil.

To be sure, the problem had its uncertain quantities. The motives of the law-makers in South Carolina and Pennsylvania were dangerously different; the century of industrial expansion was slowly dawning and awakening that vast economic revolution in which American slavery was to play so prominent and fatal a rôle; and, finally, there were already in the South faint signs of a changing moral attitude toward slavery, which would no longer regard the system as a temporary makeshift, but rather as a permanent though perhaps unfortunate necessity. With regard to the slave-trade, however, there appeared to be substantial unity of opinion; and there were, in 1787, few things to indicate that a cargo of five hundred African slaves would openly be landed in Georgia in 1860.

24. ~The Condition of the Slave-Trade.~ In 1760 England, the chief slave-trading nation, was sending on an average to Africa 163 ships annually, with a tonnage of 18,000 tons, carrying exports to the value of £163,818. Only about twenty of these ships regularly returned to England. Most of them carried slaves to the West Indies, and returned laden with sugar and other products. Thus may be formed some idea of the size and importance of the slave-trade at that time, although for a complete view we must add to this the trade under the French, Portuguese, Dutch, and Americans. The trade fell off somewhat toward 1770, but was flourishing again when the Revolution brought a sharp and serious check upon it, bringing down the number of English slavers, clearing, from 167 in 1774 to 28 in 1779, and the tonnage from 17,218 to 3,475 tons. After the war the trade gradually recovered, and by 1786 had reached nearly its former extent. In 1783 the British West Indies received 16,208 Negroes from Africa, and by 1787 the importation had increased to 21,023. In this latter year it was estimated that the British were taking annually from Africa 38,000 slaves; the French, 20,000; the Portuguese, 10,000; the Dutch and Danes, 6,000; a total of 74,000. Manchester alone sent £180,000 annually in goods to Africa in exchange for Negroes.[1]

25. ~The Slave-Trade and the "Association."~ At the outbreak of the Revolution six main reasons, some of which were old and of slow growth, others peculiar to the abnormal situation of that time, led to concerted action against the slave-trade. The first reason was the economic failure of slavery in the Middle and Eastern colonies; this gave rise to the presumption that like failure awaited the institution in the South. Secondly, the new philosophy of "Freedom" and the "Rights of man," which formed the corner-stone of the Revolution, made the dullest realize that, at the very least, the slave-trade and a struggle for "liberty" were not consistent. Thirdly, the old fear of slave insurrections, which had long played so prominent a part in legislation, now gained new power from the imminence of war and from the well-founded fear that the British might incite servile uprisings. Fourthly, nearly all the American slave markets were, in 1774-1775, overstocked with slaves, and consequently many of the strongest partisans of the system were "bulls" on the market, and desired to raise the value of their slaves by at least a temporary stoppage of the trade. Fifthly, since the vested interests of the slave-trading merchants were liable to be swept away by the opening of hostilities, and since the price of slaves was low,[2] there was from this quarter little active opposition to a cessation of the trade for a season. Finally, it was long a

favorite belief of the supporters of the Revolution that, as English exploitation of colonial resources had caused the quarrel, the best weapon to bring England to terms was the economic expedient of stopping all commercial intercourse with her. Since, then, the slave-trade had ever formed an important part of her colonial traffic, it was one of the first branches of commerce which occurred to the colonists as especially suited to their ends.[3]

Such were the complicated moral, political, and economic motives which underlay the first national action against the slave-trade. This action was taken by the "Association," a union of the colonies entered into to enforce the policy of stopping commercial intercourse with England. The movement was not a great moral protest against an iniquitous traffic; although it had undoubtedly a strong moral backing, it was primarily a temporary war measure.

26. ~The Action of the Colonies.~ The earlier and largely abortive attempts to form non-intercourse associations generally did not mention slaves specifically, although the Virginia House of Burgesses, May 11, 1769, recommended to merchants and traders, among other things, to agree, "That they will not import any slaves, or purchase any imported after the first day of November next, until the said acts are repealed."[4] Later, in 1774, when a Faneuil Hall meeting started the first successful national attempt at non-intercourse, the slave-trade, being at the time especially flourishing, received more attention. Even then slaves were specifically mentioned in the resolutions of but three States. Rhode Island recommended a stoppage of "all trade with Great Britain, Ireland, Africa and the West Indies."[5] North Carolina, in August, 1774, resolved in convention "That we will not import any slave or slaves, or purchase any slave or slaves, imported or brought into this Province by others, from any part of the world, after the first day of _November_ next."[6] Virginia gave the slave-trade especial prominence, and was in reality the leading spirit to force her views on the Continental Congress. The county conventions of that colony first took up the subject. Fairfax County thought "that during our present difficulties and distress, no slaves ought to be imported," and said: "We take this opportunity of declaring our most earnest wishes to see an entire stop forever put to such a wicked, cruel, and unnatural trade."[7] Prince George and Nansemond Counties resolved "That the _African_ trade is injurious to this Colony, obstructs the population of it by freemen, prevents manufacturers and other useful emigrants from _Europe_ from settling amongst us, and occasions an annual increase of the balance of trade against this Colony."[8] The Virginia colonial convention, August, 1774, also declared: "We will neither ourselves import, nor purchase any slave or slaves imported by any other person, after the first day of _November_ next, either from _Africa_, the _West Indies_, or any other place."[9]

In South Carolina, at the convention July 6, 1774, decided opposition to the non-importation scheme was manifested, though how much this was due to the slave-trade interest is not certain. Many of the delegates wished at least to limit the powers of their representatives, and the Charleston Chamber of Commerce flatly opposed the plan of an "Association." Finally, however, delegates with full powers were sent to Congress. The arguments leading to this step were not in all cases on the score of patriotism; a Charleston manifesto argued: "The planters are greatly in arrears to the merchants; a stoppage of importation would give them all an opportunity to extricate themselves from debt. The merchants would have time to settle their accounts, and be ready with the return of liberty to renew trade."[10]

27. ~The Action of the Continental Congress.~ The first Continental Congress met September 5, 1774, and on September 22 recommended merchants to send no more orders for foreign goods.[11] On September 27 "Mr. Lee made a motion for a non-importation," and it was unanimously resolved to import no goods from Great Britain after December 1, 1774.[12] Afterward, Ireland and the West Indies were also included, and a committee consisting of Low of New York, Mifflin of Pennsylvania, Lee of Virginia, and Johnson of Connecticut were appointed "to bring in a Plan for carrying into Effect the Non-importation, Non-consumption, and Non-exportation resolved on."[13] The next move was to instruct this committee to include in the proscribed articles, among other things, "Molasses, Coffee or Piemento from the _British_ Plantations or from _Dominica_,"--a motion which cut deep into the slave-trade circle of commerce, and aroused some opposition. "Will, can, the people bear a total interruption of the West India trade?" asked Low of New York; "Can they live without rum, sugar, and molasses? Will not this impatience and vexation defeat the measure?"[14]

The committee finally reported, October 12, 1774, and after three days' discussion and amendment the proposal passed. This document, after a recital of grievances, declared that, in the opinion of the colonists, a non-importation agreement would best secure redress; goods from Great Britain, Ireland, the East and West Indies, and Dominica were excluded; and it was resolved that "We will neither import, nor purchase any Slave imported after the First Day of _December_ next; after which Time, we will wholly discontinue the Slave Trade, and will neither be concerned in it ourselves, nor will we hire our Vessels, nor sell our Commodities or Manufactures to those who are concerned in it."[15]

Strong and straightforward as this resolution was, time unfortunately proved that it meant very little. Two years later, in this same Congress, a decided opposition was manifested to branding the slave-trade as inhuman, and it was thirteen years before South Carolina stopped the slave-trade or Massachusetts prohibited her citizens from engaging in it. The passing of so strong a resolution must be explained by the motives before given, by the character of the drafting committee, by the desire of America in this crisis to appear well before the world, and by the natural moral enthusiasm aroused by the imminence of a great national struggle.

28. ~Reception of the Slave-Trade Resolution.~ The unanimity with which the colonists received this "Association" is not perhaps as remarkable as the almost entire absence of comment on the radical slave-trade clause. A Connecticut town-meeting in December, 1774, noticed "with singular pleasure ... the second Article of the Association, in which it is agreed to import no more Negro Slaves."[16] This comment appears to have been almost the only one. There were in various places some evidences of disapproval; but only in the State of Georgia was this widespread and determined, and based mainly on the slave-trade clause.[17] This opposition delayed the ratification meeting until January 18, 1775, and then delegates from but five of the twelve parishes appeared, and many of these had strong instructions against the approval of the plan. Before this meeting could act, the governor adjourned it, on the ground that it did not represent the province. Some of the delegates signed an agreement, one article of which promised to stop the importation of slaves March 15, 1775, i.e., four months later than the national "Association" had directed. This was not, of course, binding on the province; and although a town like Darien might declare "our disapprobation and abhorrence of the unnatural practice of Slavery in _America_"[18] yet the powerful influence of Savannah was "not likely soon to give matters a favourable turn. The importers were mostly against any interruption, and the consumers very much divided."[19] Thus the efforts of this Assembly failed, their resolutions being almost unknown, and, as a gentleman writes, "I hope for the honour of the Province ever will remain so."[20] The delegates to the Continental Congress selected by this rump assembly refused to take their seats. Meantime South Carolina stopped trade with Georgia, because it "hath not acceded to the Continental Association,"[21] and the single Georgia parish of St. Johns appealed to the second Continental Congress to except it from the general boycott of the colony. This county had already resolved not to "purchase any Slave imported at _Savannah_ (large Numbers of which we understand are there expected) till the Sense of Congress shall be made known to us."[22]

May 17, 1775, Congress resolved unanimously "That all exportations to _Quebec_, _Nova-Scotia_, the Island of _St. John's_, _Newfoundland_, _Georgia_, except the Parish of _St. John's_, and to _East_ and _West Florida_, immediately cease."[23] These measures brought the refractory colony to terms, and the Provincial Congress, July 4, 1775, finally adopted the "Association," and resolved, among other things, "That we will neither import or purchase any Slave imported from Africa, or elsewhere, after this day."[24]

The non-importation agreement was in the beginning, at least, well enforced by the voluntary action of the loosely federated nation. The slave-trade clause seems in most States to have been observed with the others. In South Carolina "a cargo of near three hundred slaves was sent out of the Colony by the consignee, as being interdicted by the second article of the Association."[25] In Virginia the vigilance committee of Norfolk "hold up for your just indignation Mr. _John Brown_, Merchant, of this place," who has several times imported slaves from Jamaica; and he is thus publicly censured "to the end that all such foes to the rights of _British America_ may be publickly known ... as the enemies of _American_ Liberty, and that every person may henceforth break off all dealings with him."[26]

29. ~Results of the Resolution.~ The strain of war at last proved too much for this voluntary blockade, and after some hesitancy Congress, April 3, 1776, resolved to allow the importation of articles not the growth or manufacture of Great Britain, except tea. They also voted "That no slaves be imported into any of the thirteen United Colonies."[27] This marks a noticeable change of attitude from the strong words of two years previous: the former was a definitive promise; this is a temporary resolve, which probably represented public opinion much better than the former. On the whole, the conclusion is inevitably forced on the student of this first national movement against the slave-trade, that its influence on the trade was but temporary and insignificant, and that at the end of the experiment the outlook for the final suppression of the trade was little brighter than before. The whole movement served as a sort of social test of the power and importance of the slave-trade, which proved to be far more powerful than the platitudes of many of the Revolutionists had assumed.

The effect of the movement on the slave-trade in general was to begin, possibly a little earlier than otherwise would have been the case, that temporary breaking up of the trade which the war naturally caused. "There was a time, during the late war," says Clarkson, "when the slave trade may be considered as having been nearly abolished."[28] The prices of slaves rose correspondingly high, so that smugglers made fortunes.[29] It is stated that in the years 1772-1778 slave merchants of Liverpool

failed for the sum of £710,000.[30] All this, of course, might have resulted from the war, without the "Association;" but in the long run the "Association" aided in frustrating the very designs which the framers of the first resolve had in mind; for the temporary stoppage in the end created an extraordinary demand for slaves, and led to a slave-trade after the war nearly as large as that before.

30. ~The Slave-Trade and Public Opinion after the War.~ The Declaration of Independence showed a significant drift of public opinion from the firm stand taken in the "Association" resolutions. The clique of political philosophers to which Jefferson belonged never imagined the continued existence of the country with slavery. It is well known that the first draft of the Declaration contained a severe arraignment of Great Britain as the real promoter of slavery and the slave-trade in America. In it the king was charged with waging "cruel war against human nature itself, violating its most sacred rights of life and liberty in the persons of a distant people who never offended him, captivating and carrying them into slavery in another hemisphere, or to incur miserable death in their transportation thither. This piratical warfare, the opprobrium of _infidel_ powers, is the warfare of the _Christian_ king of Great Britain. Determined to keep open a market where _men_ should be bought and sold, he has prostituted his negative for suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit or to restrain this execrable commerce. And that this assemblage of horrors might want no fact of distinguished die, he is now exciting those very people to rise in arms among us, and to purchase that liberty of which he has deprived them, by murdering the people on whom he also obtruded them: thus paying off former crimes committed against the _liberties_ of one people with crimes which he urges them to commit against the _lives_ of another."[31]

To this radical and not strictly truthful statement, even the large influence of the Virginia leaders could not gain the assent of the delegates in Congress. The afflatus of 1774 was rapidly subsiding, and changing economic conditions had already led many to look forward to a day when the slave-trade could successfully be reopened. More important than this, the nation as a whole was even less inclined now than in 1774 to denounce the slave-trade uncompromisingly. Jefferson himself says that this clause "was struck out in complaisance to South Carolina and Georgia, who had never attempted to restrain the importation of slaves, and who, on the contrary, still wished to continue it. Our northern brethren also, I believe," said he, "felt a little tender under those censures; for though their people had very few slaves themselves, yet they had been pretty considerable carriers of them to others."[32]

As the war slowly dragged itself to a close, it became increasingly evident that a firm moral stand against slavery and the slave-trade was not a probability. The reaction which naturally follows a period of prolonged and exhausting strife for high political principles now set in. The economic forces of the country, which had suffered most, sought to recover and rearrange themselves; and all the selfish motives that impelled a bankrupt nation to seek to gain its daily bread did not long hesitate to demand a reopening of the profitable African slave-trade. This demand was especially urgent from the fact that the slaves, by pillage, flight, and actual fighting, had become so reduced in numbers during the war that an urgent demand for more laborers was felt in the South.

Nevertheless, the revival of the trade was naturally a matter of some difficulty, as the West India circuit had been cut off, leaving no resort except to contraband traffic and the direct African trade. The English slave-trade after the peace "returned to its former state," and was by 1784 sending 20,000 slaves annually to the West Indies.[33] Just how large the trade to the continent was at this time there are few means of ascertaining; it is certain that there was a general reopening of the trade in the Carolinas and Georgia, and that the New England traders participated in it. This traffic undoubtedly reached considerable proportions; and through the direct African trade and the illicit West India trade many thousands of Negroes came into the United States during the years 1783-1787.[34]

Meantime there was slowly arising a significant divergence of opinion on the subject. Probably the whole country still regarded both slavery and the slave-trade as temporary; but the Middle States expected to see the abolition of both within a generation, while the South scarcely thought it probable to prohibit even the slave-trade in that short time. Such a difference might, in all probability, have been satisfactorily adjusted, if both parties had recognized the real gravity of the matter. As it was, both regarded it as a problem of secondary importance, to be solved after many other more pressing ones had been disposed of. The anti-slavery men had seen slavery die in their own communities, and expected it to die the same way in others, with as little active effort on their own part. The Southern planters, born and reared in a slave system, thought that some day the system might change, and possibly disappear; but active effort to this end on their part was ever farthest from their thoughts. Here, then, began that fatal policy toward slavery and the slave-trade that characterized the nation for three-quarters of a century, the policy of _laissez-faire, laissez-passer_.

31. ~The Action of the Confederation.~ The slave-trade was hardly touched upon in the Congress of the Confederation, except in the ordinance respecting the capture of slaves, and on the occasion of the Quaker petition against the trade, although, during the

debate on the Articles of Confederation, the counting of slaves as well as of freemen in the apportionment of taxes was urged as a measure that would check further importation of Negroes. "It is our duty," said Wilson of Pennsylvania, "to lay every discouragement on the importation of slaves; but this amendment [i.e., to count two slaves as one freeman] would give the _jus trium liberorum_ to him who would import slaves."[35] The matter was finally compromised by apportioning requisitions according to the value of land and buildings.

After the Articles went into operation, an ordinance in regard to the recapture of fugitive slaves provided that, if the capture was made on the sea below high-water mark, and the Negro was not claimed, he should be freed. Matthews of South Carolina demanded the yeas and nays on this proposition, with the result that only the vote of his State was recorded against it.[36]

On Tuesday, October 3, 1783, a deputation from the Yearly Meeting of the Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware Friends asked leave to present a petition. Leave was granted the following day,[37] but no further minute appears. According to the report of the Friends, the petition was against the slave-trade; and "though the Christian rectitude of the concern was by the Delegates generally acknowledged, yet not being vested with the powers of legislation, they declined promoting any public remedy against the gross national iniquity of trafficking in the persons of fellow-men."[38]

The only legislative activity in regard to the trade during the Confederation was taken by the individual States.[39] Before 1778 Connecticut, Vermont, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Virginia had by law stopped the further importation of slaves, and importation had practically ceased in all the New England and Middle States, including Maryland. In consequence of the revival of the slave-trade after the War, there was then a lull in State activity until 1786, when North Carolina laid a prohibitive duty, and South Carolina, a year later, began her series of temporary prohibitions. In 1787-1788 the New England States forbade the participation of their citizens in the traffic. It was this wave of legislation against the traffic which did so much to blind the nation as to the strong hold which slavery still had on the country.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] These figures are from the _Report of the Lords of the Committee of Council_, etc. (London, 1789).

[2] Sheffield, _Observations on American Commerce_, p. 28; P.L. Ford, _The Association of the First Congress_, in _Political Science Quarterly_, VI. 615-7.

[3] Cf., e.g., Arthur Lee's letter to R.H. Lee, March 18, 1774, in which non-intercourse is declared "the only advisable and sure mode of defence": Force, _American Archives_, 4th Ser., I. 229. Cf. also _Ibid._, p. 240; Ford, in _Political Science Quarterly_, VI. 614-5.

[4] Goodloe, _Birth of the Republic_, p. 260.

[5] Staples, _Annals of Providence_ (1843), p. 235.

[6] Force, _American Archives_, 4th Ser., I. 735. This was probably copied from the Virginia resolve.

[7] Force, _American Archives_, 4th Ser., I. 600.

[8] _Ibid._, I. 494, 530. Cf. pp. 523, 616, 641, etc.

[9] _Ibid._, I. 687.

[10] _Ibid._, I. 511, 526. Cf. also p. 316.

[11] _Journals of Cong._, I. 20. Cf. Ford, in _Political Science Quarterly_, VI. 615-7.

[12] John Adams, _Works_, II. 382.

[13] _Journals of Cong._, I. 21.

[14] _Ibid._, I. 24; Drayton; _Memoirs of the American Revolution_, I. 147; John Adams, _Works_, II. 394.

[15] _Journals of Cong._, I. 27, 32-8.

[16] Danbury, Dec. 12, 1774: Force, _American Archives_, 4th Ser., I. 1038. This case and that of Georgia are the only ones I have found in which the slave-trade clause was specifically mentioned.

[17] Force, _American Archives_, 4th Ser., I. 1033, 1136, 1160, 1163; II. 279-281, 1544; _Journals of Cong._, May 13, 15, 17, 1775.

[18] Force, _American Archives_, 4th Ser., I. 1136.

[19] _Ibid._, II. 279-81.

[20] _Ibid._, I. 1160.

[21] Force, _American Archives_, 4th Ser., I. 1163.

[22] _Journals of Cong._, May 13, 15, 1775.

[23] _Ibid._, May 17, 1775.

[24] Force, _American Archives_, 4th Ser., II. 1545.

[25] Drayton, _Memoirs of the American Revolution_, I. 182. Cf. pp. 181-7; Ramsay, _History of S. Carolina_, I. 231.

[26] Force, _American Archives_, 4th Ser., II. 33-4.

[27] _Journals of Cong._, II. 122.

[28] Clarkson, _Impolicy of the Slave-Trade_, pp. 125-8.

[29] _Ibid._, pp. 25-6.

[30] _Ibid._

[31] Jefferson, _Works_ (Washington, 1853-4), I. 23-4. On the Declaration as an anti-slavery document, cf. Elliot, _Debates_ (1861), I. 89.

[32] Jefferson, _Works_ (Washington, 1853-4), I. 19.

[33] Clarkson, _Impolicy of the Slave-Trade_, pp. 25-6; _Report_, etc., as above.

[34] Witness the many high duty acts on slaves, and the revenue derived therefrom. Massachusetts had sixty distilleries running in 1783. Cf. Sheffield, _Observations on American Commerce_, p. 267.

[35] Elliot, _Debates_, I. 72-3. Cf. Art. 8 of the Articles of Confederation.

[36] _Journals of Cong._, 1781, June 25; July 18; Sept. 21, 27; Nov. 8, 13, 30; Dec. 4.

[37] _Ibid._, 1782-3, pp. 418-9, 425.

[38] _Annals of Cong._, 1 Cong. 2 sess. p. 1183.

[39] Cf. above, chapters ii., iii., iv.

* * * * *

Chapter VI

THE FEDERAL CONVENTION. 1787.

32. The First Proposition. 33. The General Debate. 34. The Special Committee and the "Bargain." 35. The Appeal to the Convention. 36. Settlement by the Convention. 37. Reception of the Clause by the Nation. 38. Attitude of the State Conventions. 39. Acceptance of the Policy.

32. ~The First Proposition.~ Slavery occupied no prominent place in the Convention called to remedy the glaring defects of the Confederation, for the obvious reason that few of the delegates thought it expedient to touch a delicate subject which, if let alone, bade fair to settle itself in a manner satisfactory to all. Consequently, neither slavery nor the slave-trade is specifically mentioned in the delegates' credentials of any of the States, nor in Randolph's, Pinckney's, or Hamilton's plans, nor in Paterson's propositions. Indeed, the debate from May 14 to June 19, when the Committee of the Whole reported, touched the subject only in the matter of the ratio of representation of slaves. With this same exception, the report of the Committee of the Whole contained no reference to slavery or the slave-trade, and the twenty-three resolutions of the Convention referred to the Committee of Detail, July 23 and 26, maintain the same silence.

The latter committee, consisting of Rutledge, Randolph, Gorham, Ellsworth, and Wilson, reported a draft of the Constitution August 6, 1787. The committee had, in its deliberations, probably made use of a draft of a national Constitution made by Edmund Randolph.[1] One clause of this provided that "no State shall lay a duty on imports;" and, also, "1. No duty on exports. 2. No prohibition on such inhabitants as the United States think proper to admit. 3. No duties by way of such prohibition." It does not appear that any reference to Negroes was here intended. In the extant copy, however, notes in Edward Rutledge's handwriting change the second clause to "No prohibition on such inhabitants or people as the several States think proper to admit."[2] In the report, August 6, these clauses take the following form:--

"Article VII. Section 4. No tax or duty shall be laid by the legislature on articles exported from any state; nor on the migration or importation of such persons as the several states shall think proper to admit; nor shall such migration or importation be prohibited."[3]

33. ~The General Debate.~ This, of course, referred both to immigrants ("migration") and to slaves ("importation").[4] Debate on this section began Tuesday, August 22, and lasted two days. Luther Martin of Maryland precipitated the discussion by a proposition to alter the section so as to allow a prohibition or tax on the importation of slaves. The debate immediately became general, being carried on principally by Rutledge, the Pinckneys, and Williamson from the Carolinas; Baldwin of Georgia; Mason, Madison, and Randolph of Virginia; Wilson and Gouverneur Morris of Pennsylvania; Dickinson of Delaware; and Ellsworth, Sherman, Gerry, King, and Langdon of New England.[5]

In this debate the moral arguments were prominent. Colonel George Mason of Virginia denounced the traffic in slaves as "infernal;" Luther Martin of Maryland regarded it as "inconsistent with the principles of the revolution, and dishonorable to the American character." "Every principle of honor and safety," declared John Dickinson of Delaware, "demands the exclusion of slaves." Indeed, Mason solemnly averred that the crime of slavery might yet bring the judgment of God on the nation. On the other side, Rutledge of South Carolina bluntly declared that religion and humanity had nothing to do with the question, that it was a matter of "interest" alone. Gerry of Massachusetts wished merely to refrain from giving direct sanction to the trade, while others contented themselves with pointing out the inconsistency of condemning the slave-trade and defending slavery.

The difficulty of the whole argument, from the moral standpoint, lay in the fact that it was completely checkmated by the obstinate attitude of South Carolina and Georgia. Their delegates--Baldwin, the Pinckneys, Rutledge, and others--asserted flatly, not less than a half-dozen times during the debate, that these States "can never receive the plan if it prohibits the slave-trade;" that "if the Convention thought" that these States would consent to a stoppage of the slave-trade, "the expectation is vain."[6] By this stand all argument from the moral standpoint was virtually silenced, for the Convention evidently agreed with Roger Sherman of Connecticut that "it was better to let the Southern States import slaves than to part with those States."

In such a dilemma the Convention listened not unwillingly to the _non possumus_ arguments of the States' Rights advocates. The "morality and wisdom" of slavery, declared Ellsworth of Connecticut, "are considerations belonging to the States themselves;" let every State "import what it pleases;" the Confederation has not "meddled" with the question, why should the Union? It is a dangerous symptom of centralization, cried Baldwin of Georgia; the "central States" wish to be the "vortex for everything," even matters of "a local nature." The national government, said Gerry of Massachusetts, had nothing to do with slavery in the States; it had only to refrain from giving direct sanction to the system. Others opposed this whole argument, declaring, with Langdon of New Hampshire, that Congress ought to have this power, since, as Dickinson tartly remarked, "The true question was, whether the national happiness would be promoted or impeded by the importation; and this question ought to be left to the national government, not to the states particularly interested."

Beside these arguments as to the right of the trade and the proper seat of authority over it, many arguments of general expediency were introduced. From an economic standpoint, for instance, General C.C. Pinckney of South Carolina "contended, that the importation of slaves would be for the interest of the whole Union. The more slaves, the more produce." Rutledge of the same State declared: "If the Northern States consult their interest, they will not oppose the increase of slaves, which will increase the commodities of which they will become the carriers." This sentiment found a more or less conscious echo in the words of Ellsworth of Connecticut, "What enriches a part enriches the whole." It was, moreover, broadly hinted that the zeal of Maryland and Virginia against the trade had an economic rather than a humanitarian motive, since they had slaves enough and to spare, and wished to sell them at a high price to South Carolina and Georgia, who needed more. In such case restrictions would unjustly discriminate against the latter States. The argument from history was barely touched upon. Only once was there an allusion to "the example of all the world" "in all ages" to justify slavery,[7] and once came the counter declaration that "Greece and Rome were made unhappy by their slaves."[8] On the other hand, the military weakness of slavery in the late war led to many arguments on that score. Luther Martin and George Mason dwelt on the danger of a servile class in war and insurrection; while Rutledge hotly replied that he "would readily exempt the other states from the obligation to protect the Southern against them;" and Ellsworth thought that the very danger would "become a motive to kind treatment." The desirability of keeping slavery out of the West was once mentioned as an argument against the trade: to this all seemed tacitly to agree.[9]

Throughout the debate it is manifest that the Convention had no desire really to enter upon a general slavery argument. The broader and more theoretic aspects of the question were but lightly touched upon here and there. Undoubtedly, most of the members would have much preferred not to raise the question at all; but, as it was raised, the differences of opinion were too manifest to be ignored, and the Convention, after its first perplexity, gradually and perhaps too willingly set itself to work to find some "middle ground" on which all parties could stand. The way to this compromise was pointed out by the South. The most radical pro-slavery arguments always ended with the opinion that "if the Southern States were let alone, they will probably of themselves stop importations."[10] To be sure, General Pinckney admitted that, "candidly, he did not think South Carolina would stop her importations of slaves in any short time;" nevertheless, the Convention "observed," with Roger Sherman, "that the abolition of slavery seemed to be going on in the United States, and that the good sense of the several states would probably by degrees complete it." Economic forces were evoked to eke out moral motives: when the South had its full quota of slaves, like Virginia it too would abolish the trade; free labor was bound finally to drive out slave labor. Thus the chorus of "_laissez-faire_" increased; and compromise seemed at least in sight, when Connecticut cried, "Let the trade alone!" and Georgia denounced it as an "evil." Some few discordant notes were heard, as, for instance, when Wilson of Pennsylvania made the uncomforting remark, "If South Carolina and Georgia were themselves disposed to get rid of the importation of slaves in a short time, as had been suggested, they would never refuse to unite because the importation might be prohibited."

With the spirit of compromise in the air, it was not long before the general terms were clear. The slavery side was strongly intrenched, and had a clear and definite demand. The forces of freedom were, on the contrary, divided by important conflicts of interest, and animated by no very strong and decided anti-slavery spirit with settled aims. Under such circumstances, it was easy for the Convention to miss the opportunity for a really great compromise, and to descend to a scheme that savored unpleasantly of "log-rolling." The student of the situation will always have good cause to believe that a more sturdy and definite anti-slavery stand at this point might have changed history for the better.

34. ~The Special Committee and the "Bargain."~ Since the debate had, in the first place, arisen from a proposition to tax the importation of slaves, the yielding of this point by the South was the first move toward compromise. To all but the doctrinaires, who shrank from taxing men as property, the argument that the failure to tax slaves was equivalent to a bounty, was conclusive. With this point settled, Randolph voiced the general sentiment, when he declared that he "was for committing, in order that some middle ground might, if possible, be found." Finally, Gouverneur Morris discovered the "middle ground," in his suggestion that the whole subject be committed, "including the clauses relating to taxes on exports and to a navigation act. These things," said he, "may form a bargain among the Northern and Southern States." This was quickly assented to; and sections four and five, on slave-trade and capitation tax, were committed by a vote of 7 to 3,[11] and section six, on navigation acts, by a vote of 9 to 2.[12] All three clauses were referred to the following committee: Langdon of New Hampshire, King of Massachusetts, Johnson of Connecticut, Livingston of New Jersey, Clymer of Pennsylvania, Dickinson of Delaware, Martin of Maryland, Madison of Virginia, Williamson of North Carolina, General Pinckney of South Carolina, and Baldwin of Georgia.

The fullest account of the proceedings of this committee is given in Luther Martin's letter to his constituents, and is confirmed in its main particulars by similar reports of other delegates. Martin writes: "A committee of _one_ member from each state was chosen by

ballot, to take this part of the system under their consideration, and to endeavor to agree upon some report which should reconcile those states [i.e., South Carolina and Georgia]. To this committee also was referred the following proposition, which had been reported by the committee of detail, viz.: 'No navigation act shall be passed without the assent of two thirds of the members present in each house'--a proposition which the staple and commercial states were solicitous to retain, lest their commerce should be placed too much under the power of the Eastern States, but which these last States were as anxious to reject. This committee--of which also I had the honor to be a member--met, and took under their consideration the subjects committed to them. I found the _Eastern_ States, notwithstanding their _aversion to slavery_, were very willing to indulge the Southern States at least with a temporary liberty to prosecute the slave trade, provided the Southern States would, in their turn, gratify _them_, by laying no restriction on navigation acts; and after a very little time, the committee, by a great majority, agreed on a report, by which the general government was to be prohibited from preventing the importation of slaves for a limited time, and the restrictive clause relative to navigation acts was to be omitted."[13]

That the "bargain" was soon made is proven by the fact that the committee reported the very next day, Friday, August 24, and that on Saturday the report was taken up. It was as follows: "Strike out so much of the fourth section as was referred to the committee, and insert 'The migration or importation of such persons as the several states, now existing, shall think proper to admit, shall not be prohibited by the legislature prior to the year 1800; but a tax or duty may be imposed on such migration or importation, at a rate not exceeding the average of the duties laid on imports.' The fifth section to remain as in the report. The sixth section to be stricken out."[14]

35. ~The Appeal to the Convention.~ The ensuing debate,[15] which lasted only a part of the day, was evidently a sort of appeal to the House on the decisions of the committee. It throws light on the points of disagreement. General Pinckney first proposed to extend the slave-trading limit to 1808, and Gorham of Massachusetts seconded the motion. This brought a spirited protest from Madison: "Twenty years will produce all the mischief that can be apprehended from the liberty to import slaves. So long a term will be more dishonorable to the American character than to say nothing about it in the Constitution."[16] There was, however, evidently another "bargain" here; for, without farther debate, the South and the East voted the extension, 7 to 4, only New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Virginia objecting. The ambiguous phraseology of the whole slave-trade section as reported did not pass without comment; Gouverneur Morris would have it read: "The importation of slaves into North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia, shall not be prohibited," etc.[17] This emendation was, however, too painfully truthful for the doctrinaires, and was, amid a score of objections, withdrawn. The taxation clause also was manifestly too vague for practical use, and Baldwin of Georgia wished to amend it by inserting "common impost on articles not enumerated," in lieu of the "average" duty.[18] This minor point gave rise to considerable argument: Sherman and Madison deprecated any such recognition of property in man as taxing would imply; Mason and Gorham argued that the tax restrained the trade; while King, Langdon, and General Pinckney contented themselves with the remark that this clause was "the price of the first part." Finally, it was unanimously agreed to make the duty "not exceeding ten dollars for each person."[19]

Southern interests now being safe, some Southern members attempted, a few days later, to annul the "bargain" by restoring the requirement of a two-thirds vote in navigation acts. Charles Pinckney made the motion, in an elaborate speech designed to show the conflicting commercial interests of the States; he declared that "The power of regulating commerce was a pure concession on the part of the Southern States."[20] Martin and Williamson of North Carolina, Butler of South Carolina, and Mason of Virginia defended the proposition, insisting that it would be a dangerous concession on the part of the South to leave navigation acts to a mere majority vote. Sherman of Connecticut, Morris of Pennsylvania, and Spaight of North Carolina declared that the very diversity of interest was a security. Finally, by a vote of 7 to 4, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, and Georgia being in the minority, the Convention refused to consider the motion, and the recommendation of the committee passed.[21]

When, on September 10, the Convention was discussing the amendment clause of the Constitution, the ever-alert Rutledge, perceiving that the results of the laboriously settled "bargain" might be endangered, declared that he "never could agree to give a power by which the articles relating to slaves might be altered by the states not interested in that property."[22] As a result, the clause finally adopted, September 15, had the proviso: "Provided, that no amendment which may be made prior to the year 1808 shall in any manner affect the 1st and 4th clauses in the 9th section of the 1st article."[23]

36. ~Settlement by the Convention.~ Thus, the slave-trade article of the Constitution stood finally as follows:--

"Article I. Section 9. The Migration or Importation of such Persons as any of the States now existing shall think proper to admit, shall not be prohibited by the Congress prior to the Year one thousand eight hundred and eight, but a Tax or duty may be imposed

on such Importation, not exceeding ten dollars for each Person."

This settlement of the slavery question brought out distinct differences of moral attitude toward the institution, and yet differences far from hopeless. To be sure, the South apologized for slavery, the Middle States denounced it, and the East could only tolerate it from afar; and yet all three sections united in considering it a temporary institution, the corner-stone of which was the slave-trade. No one of them had ever seen a system of slavery without an active slave-trade; and there were probably few members of the Convention who did not believe that the foundations of slavery had been sapped merely by putting the abolition of the slave-trade in the hands of Congress twenty years hence. Here lay the danger; for when the North called slavery "temporary," she thought of twenty or thirty years, while the "temporary" period of the South was scarcely less than a century. Meantime, for at least a score of years, a policy of strict _laissez-faire_, so far as the general government was concerned, was to intervene. Instead of calling the whole moral energy of the people into action, so as gradually to crush this portentous evil, the Federal Convention lulled the nation to sleep by a "bargain," and left to the vacillating and unripe judgment of the States one of the most threatening of the social and political ills which they were so courageously seeking to remedy.

37. ~Reception of the Clause by the Nation.~ When the proposed Constitution was before the country, the slave-trade article came in for no small amount of condemnation and apology. In the pamphlets of the day it was much discussed. One of the points in Mason's "Letter of Objections" was that "the general legislature is restrained from prohibiting the further importation of slaves for twenty odd years, though such importations render the United States weaker, more vulnerable, and less capable of defence."[24] To this Iredell replied, through the columns of the _State Gazette_ of North Carolina: "If all the States had been willing to adopt this regulation [i.e., to prohibit the slave-trade], I should as an individual most heartily have approved of it, because even if the importation of slaves in fact rendered us stronger, less vulnerable and more capable of defence, I should rejoice in the prohibition of it, as putting an end to a trade which has already continued too long for the honor and humanity of those concerned in it. But as it was well known that South Carolina and Georgia thought a further continuance of such importations useful to them, and would not perhaps otherwise have agreed to the new constitution, those States which had been importing till they were satisfied, could not with decency have insisted upon their relinquishing advantages themselves had already enjoyed. Our situation makes it necessary to bear the evil as it is. It will be left to the future legislatures to allow such importations or not. If any, in violation of their clear conviction of the injustice of this trade, persist in pursuing it, this is a matter between God and their own consciences. The interests of humanity will, however, have gained something by the prohibition of this inhuman trade, though at a distance of twenty odd years."[25]

"Centinel," representing the Quaker sentiment of Pennsylvania, attacked the clause in his third letter, published in the _Independent Gazetteer, or The Chronicle of Freedom_, November 8, 1787: "We are told that the objects of this article are slaves, and that it is inserted to secure to the southern states the right of introducing negroes for twenty-one years to come, against the declared sense of the other states to put an end to an odious traffic in the human species, which is especially scandalous and inconsistent in a people, who have asserted their own liberty by the sword, and which dangerously enfeebles the districts wherein the laborers are bondsmen. The words, dark and ambiguous, such as no plain man of common sense would have used, are evidently chosen to conceal from Europe, that in this enlightened country, the practice of slavery has its advocates among men in the highest stations. When it is recollected that no poll tax can be imposed on _five_ negroes, above what _three_ whites shall be charged; when it is considered, that the imposts on the consumption of Carolina field negroes must be trifling, and the excise nothing, it is plain that the proportion of contributions, which can be expected from the southern states under the new constitution, will be unequal, and yet they are to be allowed to enfeeble themselves by the further importation of negroes till the year 1808. Has not the concurrence of the five southern states (in the convention) to the new system, been purchased too dearly by the rest?"[26]

Noah Webster's "Examination" (1787) addressed itself to such Quaker scruples: "But, say the enemies of slavery, negroes may be imported for twenty-one years. This exception is addressed to the quakers, and a very pitiful exception it is. The truth is, Congress cannot prohibit the importation of slaves during that period; but the laws against the importation into particular states, stand unrepealed. An immediate abolition of slavery would bring ruin upon the whites, and misery upon the blacks, in the southern states. The constitution has therefore wisely left each state to pursue its own measures, with respect to this article of legislation, during the period of twenty-one years."[27]

The following year the "Examination" of Tench Coxe said: "The temporary reservation of any particular matter must ever be deemed an admission that it should be done away. This appears to have been well understood. In addition to the arguments drawn from liberty, justice and religion, opinions against this practice [i.e., of slave-trading], founded in sound policy, have no doubt been

urged. Regard was necessarily paid to the peculiar situation of our southern fellow-citizens; but they, on the other hand, have not been insensible of the delicate situation of our national character on this subject."[28]

From quite different motives Southern men defended this section. For instance, Dr. David Ramsay, a South Carolina member of the Convention, wrote in his "Address": "It is farther objected, that they have stipulated for a right to prohibit the importation of negroes after 21 years. On this subject observe, as they are bound to protect us from domestic violence, they think we ought not to increase our exposure to that evil, by an unlimited importation of slaves. Though Congress may forbid the importation of negroes after 21 years, it does not follow that they will. On the other hand, it is probable that they will not. The more rice we make, the more business will be for their shipping; their interest will therefore coincide with ours. Besides, we have other sources of supply--the importation of the ensuing 20 years, added to the natural increase of those we already have, and the influx from our northern neighbours who are desirous of getting rid of their slaves, will afford a sufficient number for cultivating all the lands in this state."[29]

Finally, _The Federalist_, No. 41, written by James Madison, commented as follows: "It were doubtless to be wished, that the power of prohibiting the importation of slaves had not been postponed until the year 1808, or rather, that it had been suffered to have immediate operation. But it is not difficult to account, either for this restriction on the General Government, or for the manner in which the whole clause is expressed. It ought to be considered as a great point gained in favor of humanity, that a period of twenty years may terminate forever, within these States, a traffic which has so long and so loudly upbraided the barbarism of modern policy; that within that period, it will receive a considerable discouragement from the Federal Government, and may be totally abolished, by a concurrence of the few States which continue the unnatural traffic, in the prohibitory example which has been given by so great a majority of the Union. Happy would it be for the unfortunate Africans, if an equal prospect lay before them of being redeemed from the oppressions of their European brethren!

"Attempts have been made to pervert this clause into an objection against the Constitution, by representing it on one side as a criminal toleration of an illicit practice, and on another, as calculated to prevent voluntary and beneficial emigrations from Europe to America. I mention these misconstructions, not with a view to give them an answer, for they deserve none; but as specimens of the manner and spirit, in which some have thought fit to conduct their opposition to the proposed Government."[30]

38. ~Attitude of the State Conventions.~ The records of the proceedings in the various State conventions are exceedingly meagre. In nearly all of the few States where records exist there is found some opposition to the slave-trade clause. The opposition was seldom very pronounced or bitter; it rather took the form of regret, on the one hand that the Convention went so far, and on the other hand that it did not go farther. Probably, however, the Constitution was never in danger of rejection on account of this clause.

Extracts from a few of the speeches, _pro_ and _con_, in various States will best illustrate the character of the arguments. In reply to some objections expressed in the Pennsylvania convention, Wilson said, December 3, 1787: "I consider this as laying the foundation for banishing slavery out of this country; and though the period is more distant than I could wish, yet it will produce the same kind, gradual change, which was pursued in Pennsylvania."[31] Robert Barnwell declared in the South Carolina convention, January 17, 1788, that this clause "particularly pleased" him. "Congress," he said, "has guarantied this right for that space of time, and at its expiration may continue it as long as they please. This question then arises--What will their interest lead them to do? The Eastern States, as the honorable gentleman says, will become the carriers of America. It will, therefore, certainly be their interest to encourage exportation to as great an extent as possible; and if the quantum of our products will be diminished by the prohibition of negroes, I appeal to the belief of every man, whether he thinks those very carriers will themselves dam up the sources from whence their profit is derived. To think so is so contradictory to the general conduct of mankind, that I am of opinion, that, without we ourselves put a stop to them, the traffic for negroes will continue forever."[32]

In Massachusetts, January 30, 1788, General Heath said: "The gentlemen who have spoken have carried the matter rather too far on both sides. I apprehend that it is not in our power to do anything for or against those who are in slavery in the southern States.... Two questions naturally arise, if we ratify the Constitution: Shall we do anything by our act to hold the blacks in slavery? or shall we become partakers of other men's sins? I think neither of them. Each State is sovereign and independent to a certain degree, and they have a right, and will regulate their own internal affairs, as to themselves appears proper."[33] Iredell said, in the North Carolina convention, July 26, 1788: "When the entire abolition of slavery takes place, it will be an event which must be pleasing to every generous mind, and every friend of human nature.... But as it is, this government is nobly distinguished above others by that very provision."[34]

Of the arguments against the clause, two made in the Massachusetts convention are typical. The Rev. Mr. Neal said, January 25, 1788, that "unless his objection [to this clause] was removed, he could not put his hand to the Constitution."[35] General Thompson exclaimed, "Shall it be said, that after we have established our own independence and freedom, we make slaves of others?"[36] Mason, in the Virginia convention, June 15, 1788, said: "As much as I value a union of all the states, I would not admit the Southern States into the Union unless they agree to the discontinuance of this disgraceful trade.... Yet they have not secured us the property of the slaves we have already. So that 'they have done what they ought not to have done, and have left undone what they ought to have done.'"[37] Joshua Atherton, who led the opposition in the New Hampshire convention, said: "The idea that strikes those who are opposed to this clause so disagreeably and so forcibly is,--hereby it is conceived (if we ratify the Constitution) that we become _consenters to_ and _partakers in_ the sin and guilt of this abominable traffic, at least for a certain period, without any positive stipulation that it shall even then be brought to an end."[38]

In the South Carolina convention Lowndes, January 16, 1788, attacked the slave-trade clause. "Negroes," said he, "were our wealth, our only natural resource; yet behold how our kind friends in the north were determined soon to tie up our hands, and drain us of what we had! The Eastern States drew their means of subsistence, in a great measure, from their shipping; and, on that head, they had been particularly careful not to allow of any burdens.... Why, then, call this a reciprocal bargain, which took all from one party, to bestow it on the other!"[39]

In spite of this discussion in the different States, only one State, Rhode Island, went so far as to propose an amendment directing Congress to "promote and establish such laws and regulations as may effectually prevent the importation of slaves of every description, into the United States."[40]

39. ~Acceptance of the Policy.~ As in the Federal Convention, so in the State conventions, it is noticeable that the compromise was accepted by the various States from widely different motives.[41] Nevertheless, these motives were not fixed and unchangeable, and there was still discernible a certain underlying agreement in the dislike of slavery. One cannot help thinking that if the devastation of the late war had not left an extraordinary demand for slaves in the South,--if, for instance, there had been in 1787 the same plethora in the slave-market as in 1774,--the future history of the country would have been far different. As it was, the twenty-one years of _laissez-faire_ were confirmed by the States, and the nation entered upon the constitutional period with the slave-trade legal in three States,[42] and with a feeling of quiescence toward it in the rest of the Union.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Conway, _Life and Papers of Edmund Randolph_, ch. ix.

[2] Conway, _Life and Papers of Edmund Randolph_, p. 78.

[3] Elliot, _Debates_, I. 227.

[4] Cf. Conway, _Life and Papers of Edmund Randolph_, pp. 78-9.

[5] For the following debate, Madison's notes (Elliot, _Debates_, V. 457 ff.) are mainly followed.

[6] Cf. Elliot, _Debates_, V, _passim_.

[7] By Charles Pinckney.

[8] By John Dickinson.

[9] Mentioned in the speech of George Mason.

[10] Charles Pinckney. Baldwin of Georgia said that if the State were left to herself, "she may probably put a stop to the evil": Elliot, _Debates_, V. 459.

[11] _Affirmative:_ Connecticut, New Jersey, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia,--7. _Negative:_ New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, Delaware,--3. _Absent:_ Massachusetts,--1.

[12] _Negative:_ Connecticut and New Jersey.

[13] Luther Martin's letter, in Elliot, _Debates_, I. 373. Cf. explanations of delegates in the South Carolina, North Carolina, and other conventions.

[14] Elliot, _Debates_, V. 471.

[15] Saturday, Aug. 25, 1787.

[16] Elliot, _Debates_, V. 477.

[17] Elliot, _Debates_, V. 477. Dickinson made a similar motion, which was disagreed to: _Ibid._

[18] _Ibid._, V. 478.

[19] _Ibid._

[20] Aug. 29: _Ibid._, V. 489.

[21] _Ibid._, V. 492.

[22] Elliot, _Debates_, V. 532.

[23] _Ibid._, I. 317.

[24] P.L. Ford, _Pamphlets on the Constitution_, p. 331.

[25] _Ibid._, p. 367.

[26] McMaster and Stone, _Pennsylvania and the Federal Convention_, pp. 599-600. Cf. also p. 773.

[27] See Ford, _Pamphlets_, etc., p. 54.

[28] Ford, _Pamphlets_, etc., p. 146.

[29] "Address to the Freemen of South Carolina on the Subject of the Federal Constitution": _Ibid._, p. 378.

[30] Published in the _New York Packet_, Jan. 22, 1788; reprinted in Dawson's _Foederalist_, I. 290-1.

[31] Elliot, _Debates_, II. 452.

[32] Elliot, _Debates_, IV. 296-7.

[33] Published in _Debates of the Massachusetts Convention_, 1788, p. 217 ff.

[34] Elliot, _Debates_, IV. 100-1.

[35] Published in _Debates of the Massachusetts Convention_, 1788, p. 208.

[36] _Ibid._

[37] Elliot, _Debates_, III. 452-3.

[38] Walker, _Federal Convention of New Hampshire_, App. 113; Elliot, Debates, II. 203.

[39] Elliot, _Debates_, IV. 273.

[40] Updike's _Minutes_, in Staples, _Rhode Island in the Continental Congress_, pp. 657-8, 674-9. Adopted by a majority of one in a convention of seventy.

[41] In five States I have found no mention of the subject (Delaware, New Jersey, Georgia, Connecticut, and Maryland). In the Pennsylvania convention there was considerable debate, partially preserved in Elliot's and Lloyd's _Debates_. In the Massachusetts convention the debate on this clause occupied a part of two or three days, reported in published debates. In South Carolina there were several long speeches, reported in Elliot's _Debates_. Only three speeches made in the New Hampshire convention seem to be extant, and two of these are on the slave-trade: cf. Walker and Elliot. The Virginia convention discussed the clause to considerable extent: see Elliot. The clause does not seem to have been a cause of North Carolina's delay in ratification, although it occasioned some discussion: see Elliot. In Rhode Island "much debate ensued," and in this State alone was an amendment proposed: see Staples, _Rhode Island in the Continental Congress_. In New York the Committee of the Whole

"proceeded through sections 8, 9 ... with little or no debate": Elliot, _Debates_, II. 406.

[42] South Carolina, Georgia, and North Carolina. North Carolina had, however, a prohibitive duty.

* * * * *

Chapter VII

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE AND ANTI-SLAVERY EFFORT, 1787-1806.

40. Influence of the Haytian Revolution. 41. Legislation of the Southern States. 42. Legislation of the Border States. 43. Legislation of the Eastern States. 44. First Debate in Congress, 1789. 45. Second Debate in Congress, 1790. 46. The Declaration of Powers, 1790. 47. The Act of 1794. 48. The Act of 1800. 49. The Act of 1803. 50. State of the Slave-Trade from 1789 to 1803. 51. The South Carolina Repeal of 1803. 52. The Louisiana Slave-Trade, 1803-1805. 53. Last Attempts at Taxation, 1805-1806. 54. Key-Note of the Period.

40. ~Influence of the Haytian Revolution.~ The rôle which the great Negro Toussaint, called L'Ouverture, played in the history of the United States has seldom been fully appreciated. Representing the age of revolution in America, he rose to leadership through a bloody terror, which contrived a Negro "problem" for the Western Hemisphere, intensified and defined the anti-slavery movement, became one of the causes, and probably the prime one, which led Napoleon to sell Louisiana for a song, and finally, through the interworking of all these effects, rendered more certain the final prohibition of the slave-trade by the United States in 1807.

From the time of the reorganization of the Pennsylvania Abolition Society, in 1787, anti-slavery sentiment became active. New York, New Jersey, Rhode Island, Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia had strong organizations, and a national convention was held in 1794. The terrible upheaval in the West Indies, beginning in 1791, furnished this rising movement with an irresistible argument. A wave of horror and fear swept over the South, which even the powerful slave-traders of Georgia did not dare withstand; the Middle States saw their worst dreams realized, and the mercenary trade interests of the East lost control of the New England conscience.

41. ~Legislation of the Southern States.~ In a few years the growing sentiment had crystallized into legislation. The Southern States took immediate measures to close their ports, first against West India Negroes, finally against all slaves. Georgia, who had had legal slavery only from 1755, and had since passed no restrictive legislation, felt compelled in 1793[1] to stop the entry of free Negroes, and in 1798[2] to prohibit, under heavy penalties, the importation of all slaves. This provision was placed in the Constitution of the State, and, although miserably enforced, was never repealed.

South Carolina was the first Southern State in which the exigencies of a great staple crop rendered the rapid consumption of slaves more profitable than their proper maintenance. Alternating, therefore, between a plethora and a dearth of Negroes, she prohibited the slave-trade only for short periods. In 1788[3] she had forbidden the trade for five years, and in 1792,[4] being peculiarly exposed to the West Indian insurrection, she quickly found it "inexpedient" to allow Negroes "from Africa, the West India Islands, or other place beyond sea" to enter for two years. This act continued to be extended, although with lessening penalties, until 1803.[5] The home demand in view of the probable stoppage of the trade in 1808, the speculative chances of the new Louisiana Territory trade, and the large already existing illicit traffic combined in that year to cause the passage of an act, December 17, reopening the African slave-trade, although still carefully excluding "West India" Negroes.[6] This action profoundly stirred the Union, aroused anti-slavery sentiment, led to a concerted movement for a constitutional amendment, and, failing in this, to an irresistible demand for a national prohibitory act at the earliest constitutional moment.

North Carolina had repealed her prohibitory duty act in 1790,[7] but in 1794 she passed an "Act to prevent further importation and bringing of slaves," etc.[8] Even the body-servants of West India immigrants and, naturally, all free Negroes, were eventually prohibited.[9]

42. ~Legislation of the Border States.~ The Border States, Virginia and Maryland, strengthened their non-importation laws, Virginia freeing illegally imported Negroes,[10] and Maryland prohibiting even the interstate trade.[11] The Middle States took action chiefly in the final abolition of slavery within their borders, and the prevention of the fitting out of slaving vessels in their ports. Delaware declared, in her Act of 1789, that "it is inconsistent with that spirit of general liberty which pervades the constitution of this state, that vessels should be fitted out, or equipped, in any of the ports thereof, for the purpose of receiving and transporting the natives of Africa to places where they are held in slavery,"[12] and forbade such a practice under penalty of £500 for each person so

engaged. The Pennsylvania Act of 1788[13] had similar provisions, with a penalty of £1000; and New Jersey followed with an act in 1798.[14]

43. ~Legislation of the Eastern States.~ In the Eastern States, where slavery as an institution was already nearly defunct, action was aimed toward stopping the notorious participation of citizens in the slave-trade outside the State. The prime movers were the Rhode Island Quakers. Having early secured a law against the traffic in their own State, they turned their attention to others. Through their remonstrances Connecticut, in 1788,[15] prohibited participation in the trade by a fine of £500 on the vessel, £50 on each slave, and loss of insurance; this act was strengthened in 1792,[16] the year after the Haytian revolt. Massachusetts, after many fruitless attempts, finally took advantage of an unusually bold case of kidnapping, and passed a similar act in 1788.[17] "This," says Belknap, "was the utmost which could be done by our legislatures; we still have to regret the impossibility of making a law _here_, which shall restrain our citizens from carrying on this trade _in foreign bottoms_, and from committing the crimes which this act prohibits, _in foreign countries_, as it is said some of them have done since the enacting of these laws."[18]

Thus it is seen how, spurred by the tragedy in the West Indies, the United States succeeded by State action in prohibiting the slave-trade from 1798 to 1803, in furthering the cause of abolition, and in preventing the fitting out of slave-trade expeditions in United States ports. The country had good cause to congratulate itself. The national government hastened to supplement State action as far as possible, and the prophecies of the more sanguine Revolutionary fathers seemed about to be realized, when the ill-considered act of South Carolina showed the weakness of the constitutional compromise.

44. ~First Debate in Congress, 1789.~ The attention of the national government was early directed to slavery and the trade by the rise, in the first Congress, of the question of taxing slaves imported. During the debate on the duty bill introduced by Clymer's committee, Parker of Virginia moved, May 13, 1789, to lay a tax of ten dollars _per capita_ on slaves imported. He plainly stated that the tax was designed to check the trade, and that he was "sorry that the Constitution prevented Congress from prohibiting the importation altogether." The proposal was evidently unwelcome, and caused an extended debate.[19] Smith of South Carolina wanted to postpone a matter so "big with the most serious consequences to the State he represented." Roger Sherman of Connecticut "could not reconcile himself to the insertion of human beings as an article of duty, among goods, wares, and merchandise." Jackson of Georgia argued against any restriction, and thought such States as Virginia "ought to let their neighbors get supplied, before they imposed such a burden upon the importation." Tucker of South Carolina declared it "unfair to bring in such an important subject at a time when debate was almost precluded," and denied the right of Congress to "consider whether the importation of slaves is proper or not."

Mr. Parker was evidently somewhat abashed by this onslaught of friend and foe, but he "had ventured to introduce the subject after full deliberation, and did not like to withdraw it." He desired Congress, "if possible," to "wipe off the stigma under which America labored." This brought Jackson of Georgia again to his feet. He believed, in spite of the "fashion of the day," that the Negroes were better off as slaves than as freedmen, and that, as the tax was partial, "it would be the most odious tax Congress could impose." Such sentiments were a distinct advance in pro-slavery doctrine, and called for a protest from Madison of Virginia. He thought the discussion proper, denied the partiality of the tax, and declared that, according to the spirit of the Constitution and his own desire, it was to be hoped "that, by expressing a national disapprobation of this trade, we may destroy it, and save ourselves from reproaches, and our posterity the imbecility ever attendant on a country filled with slaves." Finally, to Burke of South Carolina, who thought "the gentlemen were contending for nothing," Madison sharply rejoined, "If we contend for nothing, the gentlemen who are opposed to us do not contend for a great deal."

It now became clear that Congress had been whirled into a discussion of too delicate and lengthy a nature to allow its further prolongation. Compromising councils prevailed; and it was agreed that the present proposition should be withdrawn and a separate bill brought in. This bill was, however, at the next session dexterously postponed "until the next session of Congress."[20]

45. ~Second Debate in Congress, 1790.~ It is doubtful if Congress of its own initiative would soon have resurrected the matter, had not a new anti-slavery weapon appeared in the shape of urgent petitions from abolition societies. The first petition, presented February 11, 1790,[21] was from the same interstate Yearly Meeting of Friends which had formerly petitioned the Confederation Congress.[22] They urged Congress to inquire "whether, notwithstanding such seeming impediments, it be not in reality within your power to exercise justice and mercy, which, if adhered to, we cannot doubt, must produce the abolition of the slave trade," etc. Another Quaker petition from New York was also presented,[23] and both were about to be referred, when Smith of South Carolina objected, and precipitated a sharp debate.[24] This debate had a distinctly different tone from that of the preceding one, and

represents another step in pro-slavery doctrine. The key-note of these utterances was struck by Stone of Maryland, who "feared that if Congress took any measures indicative of an intention to interfere with the kind of property alluded to, it would sink it in value very considerably, and might be injurious to a great number of the citizens, particularly in the Southern States. He thought the subject was of general concern, and that the petitioners had no more right to interfere with it than any other members of the community. It was an unfortunate circumstance, that it was the disposition of religious sects to imagine they understood the rights of human nature better than all the world besides."

In vain did men like Madison disclaim all thought of unconstitutional "interference," and express only a desire to see "If anything is within the Federal authority to restrain such violation of the rights of nations and of mankind, as is supposed to be practised in some parts of the United States." A storm of disapproval from Southern members met such sentiments. "The rights of the Southern States ought not to be threatened," said Burke of South Carolina. "Any extraordinary attention of Congress to this petition," averred Jackson of Georgia, would put slave property "in jeopardy," and "evince to the people a disposition towards a total emancipation." Smith and Tucker of South Carolina declared that the request asked for "unconstitutional" measures. Gerry of Massachusetts, Hartley of Pennsylvania, and Lawrence of New York rather mildly defended the petitioners; but after considerable further debate the matter was laid on the table.

The very next day, however, the laid ghost walked again in the shape of another petition from the "Pennsylvania Society for promoting the Abolition of Slavery," signed by its venerable president, Benjamin Franklin. This petition asked Congress to "step to the very verge of the power vested in you for discouraging every species of traffic in the persons of our fellow-men."[25] Hartley of Pennsylvania called up the memorial of the preceding day, and it was read a second time and a motion for commitment made. Plain words now came from Tucker of South Carolina. "The petition," he said, "contained an unconstitutional request." The commitment would alarm the South. These petitions were "mischievous" attempts to imbue the slaves with false hopes. The South would not submit to a general emancipation without "civil war." The commitment would "blow the trumpet of sedition in the Southern States," echoed his colleague, Burke. The Pennsylvania men spoke just as boldly. Scott declared the petition constitutional, and was sorry that the Constitution did not interdict this "most abominable" traffic. "Perhaps, in our Legislative capacity," he said, "we can go no further than to impose a duty of ten dollars, but I do not know how far I might go if I was one of the Judges of the United States, and those people were to come before me and claim their emancipation; but I am sure I would go as far as I could." Jackson of Georgia rejoined in true Southern spirit, boldly defending slavery in the light of religion and history, and asking if it was "good policy to bring forward a business at this moment likely to light up the flame of civil discord; for the people of the Southern States will resist one tyranny as soon as another. The other parts of the Continent may bear them down by force of arms, but they will never suffer themselves to be divested of their property without a struggle. The gentleman says, if he was a Federal Judge, he does not know to what length he would go in emancipating these people; but I believe his judgment would be of short duration in Georgia, perhaps even the existence of such a Judge might be in danger." Baldwin, his New-England-born colleague, urged moderation by reciting the difficulty with which the constitutional compromise was reached, and declaring, "the moment we go to jostle on that ground, I fear we shall feel it tremble under our feet." Lawrence of New York wanted to commit the memorials, in order to see how far Congress might constitutionally interfere. Smith of South Carolina, in a long speech, said that his constituents entered the Union "from political, not from moral motives," and that "we look upon this measure as an attack upon the palladium of the property of our country." Page of Virginia, although a slave owner, urged commitment, and Madison again maintained the appropriateness of the request, and suggested that "regulations might be made in relation to the introduction of them [i.e., slaves] into the new States to be formed out of the Western Territory." Even conservative Gerry of Massachusetts declared, with regard to the whole trade, that the fact that "we have a right to regulate this business, is as clear as that we have any rights whatever."

Finally, by a vote of 43 to 11, the memorials were committed, the South Carolina and Georgia delegations, Bland and Coles of Virginia, Stone of Maryland, and Sylvester of New York voting in the negative.[26] A committee, consisting of Foster of New Hampshire, Huntington of Connecticut, Gerry of Massachusetts, Lawrence of New York, Sinnickson of New Jersey, Hartley of Pennsylvania, and Parker of Virginia, was charged with the matter, and reported Friday, March 5. The absence of Southern members on this committee compelled it to make this report a sort of official manifesto on the aims of Northern anti-slavery politics. As such, it was sure to meet with vehement opposition in the House, even though conservatively worded. Such proved to be the fact when the committee reported. The onslaught to "negative the whole report" was prolonged and bitter, the debate _pro_ and _con_ lasting several days.[27]

46. ~The Declaration of Powers, 1790.~ The result is best seen by comparing the original report with the report of the Committee of the Whole, adopted by a vote of 29 to 25 Monday, March 23, 1790:[28]--

REPORT OF THE SELECT COMMITTEE.

That, from the nature of the matters contained in these memorials, they were induced to examine the powers vested in Congress, under the present Constitution, relating to the Abolition of Slavery, and are clearly of opinion,

First. That the General Government is expressly restrained from prohibiting the importation of such persons 'as any of the States now existing shall think proper to admit, until the year one thousand eight hundred and eight.'

Secondly. That Congress, by a fair construction of the Constitution, are equally restrained from interfering in the emancipation of slaves, who already are, or who may, within the period mentioned, be imported into, or born within, any of the said States.

Thirdly. That Congress have no authority to interfere in the internal regulations of particular States, relative to the instructions of slaves in the principles of morality and religion; to their comfortable clothing, accommodations, and subsistence; to the regulation of their marriages, and the prevention of the violation of the rights thereof, or to the separation of children from their parents; to a comfortable provision in cases of sickness, age, or infirmity; or to the seizure, transportation, or sale of free negroes; but have the fullest confidence in the wisdom and humanity of the Legislatures of the several States, that they will revise their laws from time to time, when necessary, and promote the objects mentioned in the memorials, and every other measure that may tend to the happiness of slaves.

Fourthly. That, nevertheless, Congress have authority, if they shall think it necessary, to lay at any time a tax or duty, not exceeding ten dollars for each person of any description, the importation of whom shall be by any of the States admitted as aforesaid.

Fifthly. That Congress have authority to interdict,[29] or (so far as it is or may be carried on by citizens of the United States, for supplying foreigners), to regulate the African trade, and to make provision for the humane treatment of slaves, in all cases while on their passage to the United States, or to foreign ports, so far as respects the citizens of the United States.

Sixthly. That Congress have also authority to prohibit foreigners from fitting out vessels in any port of the United States, for transporting persons from Africa to any foreign port.

Seventhly. That the memorialists be informed, that in all cases to which the authority of Congress extends, they will exercise it for the humane objects of the memorialists, so far as they can be promoted on the principles of justice, humanity, and good policy.

* * * * *

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE WHOLE.

First. That the migration or importation of such persons as any of the States now existing shall think proper to admit, cannot be prohibited by Congress, prior to the year one thousand eight hundred and eight.

Secondly. That Congress have no authority to interfere in the emancipation of slaves, or in the treatment of them within any of the States; it remaining with the several States alone to provide any regulation therein, which humanity and true policy may require.

Thirdly. That Congress have authority to restrain the citizens of the United States from carrying on the African trade, for the purpose of supplying foreigners with slaves, and of providing, by proper regulations, for the humane treatment, during their passage, of slaves imported by the said citizens into the States admitting such importation.

Fourthly. That Congress have authority to prohibit foreigners from fitting out vessels in any port of the United States for transporting persons from Africa to any foreign port.

47. ~The Act of 1794.~ This declaration of the powers of the central government over the slave-trade bore early fruit in the second Congress, in the shape of a shower of petitions from abolition societies in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia.[30] In some of these slavery was denounced as "an outrageous violation of one of the most essential rights of human nature,"[31] and the slave-trade as a traffic "degrading to the rights of man" and "repugnant to reason."[32] Others declared the trade "injurious to the true commercial interest of a nation,"[33] and asked Congress that, having taken up the matter, they do all in their power to limit the trade. Congress was, however, determined to avoid as long as possible so unpleasant a matter, and, save an angry attempt to censure a Quaker petitioner,[34] nothing was heard of the slave-trade until the third Congress.

Meantime, news came from the seas southeast of Carolina and Georgia which influenced Congress more powerfully than humanitarian arguments had done. The wild revolt of despised slaves, the rise of a noble black leader, and the birth of a new nation of Negro freemen frightened the pro-slavery advocates and armed the anti-slavery agitation. As a result, a Quaker petition for a law against the transport traffic in slaves was received without a murmur in 1794,[35] and on March 22 the first national act against the slave-trade became a law.[36] It was designed "to prohibit the carrying on the Slave Trade from the United States to any foreign place or country," or the fitting out of slavers in the United States for that country. The penalties for violation were forfeiture of the ship, a fine of $1000 for each person engaged, and of $200 for each slave transported. If the Quakers thought this a triumph of anti-slavery sentiment, they were quickly undeceived. Congress might willingly restrain the country from feeding West Indian turbulence, and yet be furious at a petition like that of 1797,[37] calling attention to "the oppressed state of our brethren of the African race" in this country, and to the interstate slave-trade. "Considering the present extraordinary state of the West India Islands and of Europe," young John Rutledge insisted "that 'sufficient for the day is the evil thereof,' and that they ought to shut their door against any thing which had a tendency to produce the like confusion in this country." After excited debate and some investigation by a special committee, the petition was ordered, in both Senate and House, to be withdrawn.

48. ~The Act of 1800.~ In the next Congress, the sixth, another petition threw the House into paroxysms of slavery debate. Waln of Pennsylvania presented the petition of certain free colored men of Pennsylvania praying for a revision of the slave-trade laws and of the fugitive-slave law, and for prospective emancipation.[38] Waln moved the reference of this memorial to a committee already appointed on the revision of the loosely drawn and poorly enforced Act of 1794.[39] Rutledge of South Carolina immediately arose. He opposed the motion, saying, that these petitions were continually coming in and stirring up discord; that it was a good thing the Negroes were in slavery; and that already "too much of this new-fangled French philosophy of liberty and equality" had found its way among them. Others defended the right of petition, and declared that none wished Congress to exceed its powers. Brown of Rhode Island, a new figure in Congress, a man of distinguished services and from a well-known family, boldly set forth the commercial philosophy of his State. "We want money," said he, "we want a navy; we ought therefore to use the means to obtain it. We ought to go farther than has yet been proposed, and repeal the bills in question altogether, for why should we see Great Britain getting all the slave trade to themselves; why may not our country be enriched by that lucrative traffic? There would not be a slave the more sold, but we should derive the benefits by importing from Africa as well as that nation." Waln, in reply, contended that they should look into "the slave trade, much of which was still carrying on from Rhode Island, Boston and Pennsylvania." Hill of North Carolina called the House back from this general discussion to the petition in question, and, while willing to remedy any existing defect in the Act of 1794, hoped the petition would not be received. Dana of Connecticut declared that the paper "contained nothing but a farrago of the French metaphysics of liberty and equality;" and that "it was likely to produce some of the dreadful scenes of St. Domingo." The next day Rutledge again warned the House against even discussing the matter, as "very serious, nay, dreadful effects, must be the inevitable consequence." He held up the most lurid pictures of the fatuity of the French Convention in listening to the overtures of the "three emissaries from St. Domingo," and thus yielding "one of the finest islands in the world" to "scenes which had never been practised since the destruction of Carthage." "But, sir," he continued, "we have lived to see these dreadful scenes. These horrid effects have succeeded what was conceived once to be trifling. Most important consequences may be the result, although gentlemen little apprehend it. But we know the situation of things there, although they do not, and knowing we deprecate it. There have been emissaries amongst us in the Southern States; they have begun their war upon us; an actual organization has commenced; we have had them meeting in their club rooms, and debating on that subject.... Sir, I do believe that persons have been sent from France to feel the pulse of this country, to know whether these [i.e., the Negroes] are the proper engines to make use of: these people have been talked to; they have been tampered with, and this is going on."

Finally, after censuring certain parts of this Negro petition, Congress committed the part on the slave-trade to the committee already appointed. Meantime, the Senate sent down a bill to amend the Act of 1794, and the House took this bill under consideration.[40] Prolonged debate ensued. Brown of Rhode Island again made a most elaborate plea for throwing open the foreign slave-trade. Negroes, he said, bettered their condition by being enslaved, and thus it was morally wrong and commercially indefensible to impose "a heavy fine and imprisonment ... for carrying on a trade so advantageous;" or, if the trade must be stopped, then equalize the matter and abolish slavery too. Nichols of Virginia thought that surely the gentlemen would not advise the importation of more Negroes; for while it "was a fact, to be sure," that they would thus improve their condition, "would it be policy so to do?" Bayard of Delaware said that "a more dishonorable item of revenue" than that derived from the slave-trade "could not be established." Rutledge opposed the new bill as defective and impracticable: the former act, he said, was enough; the States had stopped the trade, and in addition the United States had sought to placate philanthropists by stopping the use of our ships in the trade. "This was going very far indeed." New England first began the trade, and why not let them enjoy its profits now as well as the

English? The trade could not be stopped.

The bill was eventually recommitted and reported again.[41] "On the question for its passing, a long and warm debate ensued," and several attempts to postpone it were made; it finally passed, however, only Brown of Rhode Island, Dent of Maryland, Rutledge and Huger of South Carolina, and Dickson of North Carolina voting against it, and 67 voting for it.[42] This Act of May 10, 1800,[43] greatly strengthened the Act of 1794. The earlier act had prohibited citizens from equipping slavers for the foreign trade; but this went so far as to forbid them having any interest, direct or indirect, in such voyages, or serving on board slave-ships in any capacity. Imprisonment for two years was added to the former fine of $2000, and United States commissioned ships were directed to capture such slavers as prizes. The slaves though forfeited by the owner, were not to go to the captor; and the act omitted to say what disposition should be made of them.

49. ~The Act of 1803.~ The Haytian revolt, having been among the main causes of two laws, soon was the direct instigation to a third. The frightened feeling in the South, when freedmen from the West Indies began to arrive in various ports, may well be imagined. On January 17, 1803, the town of Wilmington, North Carolina, hastily memorialized Congress, stating the arrival of certain freed Negroes from Guadeloupe, and apprehending "much danger to the peace and safety of the people of the Southern States of the Union" from the "admission of persons of that description into the United States."[44] The House committee which considered this petition hastened to agree "That the system of policy stated in the said memorial to exist, and to be now pursued in the French colonial government, of the West Indies, is fraught with danger to the peace and safety of the United States. That the fact stated to have occurred in the prosecution of that system of policy, demands the prompt interference of the Government of the United States, as well Legislative as Executive."[45] The result was a bill providing for the forfeiture of any ship which should bring into States prohibiting the same "any negro, mulatto, or other person of color;" the captain of the ship was also to be punished. After some opposition[46] the bill became a law, February 28, 1803.[47]

50. ~State of the Slave-Trade from 1789 to 1803.~ Meantime, in spite of the prohibitory State laws, the African slave-trade to the United States continued to flourish. It was notorious that New England traders carried on a large traffic.[48] Members stated on the floor of the House that "it was much to be regretted that the severe and pointed statute against the slave trade had been so little regarded. In defiance of its forbiddance and its penalties, it was well known that citizens and vessels of the United States were still engaged in that traffic.... In various parts of the nation, outfits were made for slave-voyages, without secrecy, shame, or apprehension.... Countenanced by their fellow-citizens at home, who were as ready to buy as they themselves were to collect and to bring to market, they approached our Southern harbors and inlets, and clandestinely disembarked the sooty offspring of the Eastern, upon the ill fated soil of the Western hemisphere. In this way, it had been computed that, during the last twelve months, twenty thousand enslaved negroes had been transported from Guinea, and, by smuggling, added to the plantation stock of Georgia and South Carolina. So little respect seems to have been paid to the existing prohibitory statute, that it may almost be considered as disregarded by common consent."[49]

These voyages were generally made under the flag of a foreign nation, and often the vessel was sold in a foreign port to escape confiscation. South Carolina's own Congressman confessed that although the State had prohibited the trade since 1788, she "was unable to enforce" her laws. "With navigable rivers running into the heart of it," said he, "it was impossible, with our means, to prevent our Eastern brethren, who, in some parts of the Union, in defiance of the authority of the General Government, have been engaged in this trade, from introducing them into the country. The law was completely evaded, and, for the last year or two [1802-3], Africans were introduced into the country in numbers little short, I believe, of what they would have been had the trade been a legal one."[50] The same tale undoubtedly might have been told of Georgia.

51. ~The South Carolina Repeal of 1803.~ This vast and apparently irrepressible illicit traffic was one of three causes which led South Carolina, December 17, 1803, to throw aside all pretence and legalize her growing slave-trade; the other two causes were the growing certainty of total prohibition of the traffic in 1808, and the recent purchase of Louisiana by the United States, with its vast prospective demand for slave labor. Such a combination of advantages, which meant fortunes to planters and Charleston slave-merchants, could not longer be withheld from them; the prohibition was repealed, and the United States became again, for the first time in at least five years, a legal slave mart. This action shocked the nation, frightening Southern States with visions of an influx of untrained barbarians and servile insurrections, and arousing and intensifying the anti-slavery feeling of the North, which had long since come to think of the trade, so far as legal enactment went, as a thing of the past.

Scarcely a month after this repeal, Bard of Pennsylvania solemnly addressed Congress on the matter. "For many reasons," said he, "this House must have been justly surprised by a recent measure of one of the Southern States. The impressions, however, which that measure gave my mind, were deep and painful. Had I been informed that some formidable foreign Power had invaded our country, I would not, I ought not, be more alarmed than on hearing that South Carolina had repealed her law prohibiting the importation of slaves.... Our hands are tied, and we are obliged to stand confounded, while we see the flood-gate opened, and pouring incalculable miseries into our country."[51] He then moved, as the utmost legal measure, a tax of ten dollars per head on slaves imported.

Debate on this proposition did not occur until February 14, when Lowndes explained the circumstances of the repeal, and a long controversy took place.[52] Those in favor of the tax argued that the trade was wrong, and that the tax would serve as some slight check; the tax was not inequitable, for if a State did not wish to bear it she had only to prohibit the trade; the tax would add to the revenue, and be at the same time a moral protest against an unjust and dangerous traffic. Against this it was argued that if the tax furnished a revenue it would defeat its own object, and make prohibition more difficult in 1808; it was inequitable, because it was aimed against one State, and would fall exclusively on agriculture; it would give national sanction to the trade; it would look "like an attempt in the General Government to correct a State for the undisputed exercise of its constitutional powers;" the revenue would be inconsiderable, and the United States had nothing to do with the moral principle; while a prohibitory tax would be defensible, a small tax like this would be useless as a protection and criminal as a revenue measure.

The whole debate hinged on the expediency of the measure, few defending South Carolina's action.[53] Finally, a bill was ordered to be brought in, which was done on the 17th.[54] Another long debate took place, covering substantially the same ground. It was several times hinted that if the matter were dropped South Carolina might again prohibit the trade. This, and the vehement opposition, at last resulted in the postponement of the bill, and it was not heard from again during the session.

52. ~The Louisiana Slave-Trade, 1803-1805.~ About this time the cession of Louisiana brought before Congress the question of the status of slavery and the slave-trade in the Territories. Twice or thrice before had the subject called for attention. The first time was in the Congress of the Confederation, when, by the Ordinance of 1787,[55] both slavery and the slave-trade were excluded from the Northwest Territory. In 1790 Congress had accepted the cession of North Carolina back lands on the express condition that slavery there be undisturbed.[56] Nothing had been said as to slavery in the South Carolina cession (1787),[57] but it was tacitly understood that the provision of the Northwest Ordinance would not be applied. In 1798 the bill introduced for the cession of Mississippi contained a specific declaration that the anti-slavery clause of 1787 should not be included.[58] The bill passed the Senate, but caused long and excited debate in the House.[59] It was argued, on the one hand, that the case in Mississippi was different from that in the Northwest Territory, because slavery was a legal institution in all the surrounding country, and to prohibit the institution was virtually to prohibit the settling of the country. On the other hand, Gallatin declared that if this amendment should not obtain, "he knew not how slaves could be prevented from being introduced by way of New Orleans, by persons who are not citizens of the United States." It was moved to strike out the excepting clause; but the motion received only twelve votes,--an apparent indication that Congress either did not appreciate the great precedent it was establishing, or was reprehensibly careless. Harper of South Carolina then succeeded in building up the Charleston slave-trade interest by a section forbidding the slave traffic from "without the limits of the United States." Thatcher moved to strike out the last clause of this amendment, and thus to prohibit the interstate trade, but he failed to get a second.[60] Thus the act passed, punishing the introduction of slaves from without the country by a fine of $300 for each slave, and freeing the slave.[61]

In 1804 President Jefferson communicated papers to Congress on the status of slavery and the slave-trade in Louisiana.[62] The Spanish had allowed the traffic by edict in 1793, France had not stopped it, and Governor Claiborne had refrained from interference. A bill erecting a territorial government was already pending.[63] The Northern "District of Louisiana" was placed under the jurisdiction of Indiana Territory, and was made subject to the provisions of the Ordinance of 1787. Various attempts were made to amend the part of the bill referring to the Southern Territory: first, so as completely to prohibit the slave-trade;[64] then to compel the emancipation at a certain age of all those imported;[65] next, to confine all importation to that from the States;[66] and, finally, to limit it further to slaves imported before South Carolina opened her ports.[67] The last two amendments prevailed, and the final act also extended to the Territory the Acts of 1794 and 1803. Only slaves imported before May 1, 1798, could be introduced, and those must be slaves of actual settlers.[68] All slaves illegally imported were freed.

This stringent act was limited to one year. The next year, in accordance with the urgent petition of the inhabitants, a bill was introduced against these restrictions.[69] By dexterous wording, this bill, which became a law March 2, 1805,[70] swept away all

restrictions upon the slave-trade except that relating to foreign ports, and left even this provision so ambiguous that, later, by judicial interpretation of the law,[71] the foreign slave-trade was allowed, at least for a time.

Such a stream of slaves now poured into the new Territory that the following year a committee on the matter was appointed by the House.[72] The committee reported that they "are in possession of the fact, that African slaves, lately imported into Charleston, have been thence conveyed into the territory of Orleans, and, in their opinion, this practice will be continued to a very great extent, while there is no law to prevent it."[73] The House ordered a bill checking this to be prepared; and such a bill was reported, but was soon dropped.[74] Importations into South Carolina during this time reached enormous proportions. Senator Smith of that State declared from official returns that, between 1803 and 1807, 39,075 Negroes were imported into Charleston, most of whom went to the Territories.[75]

53. ~Last Attempts at Taxation, 1805-1806.~ So alarming did the trade become that North Carolina passed a resolution in December, 1804,[76] proposing that the States give Congress power to prohibit the trade. Massachusetts,[77] Vermont,[78] New Hampshire,[79] and Maryland[80] responded; and a joint resolution was introduced in the House, proposing as an amendment to the Constitution "That the Congress of the United States shall have power to prevent the further importation of slaves into the United States and the Territories thereof."[81] Nothing came of this effort; but meantime the project of taxation was revived. A motion to this effect, made in February, 1805, was referred to a Committee of the Whole, but was not discussed. Early in the first session of the ninth Congress the motion of 1805 was renewed; and although again postponed on the assurance that South Carolina was about to stop the trade,[82] it finally came up for debate January 20, 1806.[83] Then occurred a most stubborn legislative battle, which lasted during the whole session.[84] Several amendments to the motion were first introduced, so as to make it apply to all immigrants, and again to all "persons of color." As in the former debate, it was proposed to substitute a resolution of censure on South Carolina. All these amendments were lost. A long debate on the expediency of the measure followed, on the old grounds. Early of Georgia dwelt especially on the double taxation it would impose on Georgia; others estimated that a revenue of one hundred thousand dollars might be derived from the tax, a sum sufficient to replace the tax on pepper and medicines. Angry charges and counter-charges were made,--e.g., that Georgia, though ashamed openly to avow the trade, participated in it as well as South Carolina. "Some recriminations ensued between several members, on the participation of the traders of some of the New England States in carrying on the slave trade." Finally, January 22, by a vote of 90 to 25, a tax bill was ordered to be brought in.[85] One was reported on the 27th.[86] Every sort of opposition was resorted to. On the one hand, attempts were made to amend it so as to prohibit importation after 1807, and to prevent importation into the Territories; on the other hand, attempts were made to recommit and postpone the measure. It finally got a third reading, but was recommitted to a select committee, and disappeared until February 14.[87] Being then amended so as to provide for the forfeiture of smuggled cargoes, but saying nothing as to the disposition of the slaves, it was again relegated to a committee, after a vote of 69 to 42 against postponement.[88] On March 4 it appeared again, and a motion to reject it was lost. Finally, in the midst of the war scare and the question of non-importation of British goods, the bill was apparently forgotten, and the last attempt to tax imported slaves ended, like the others, in failure.

54. ~Key-Note of the Period.~ One of the last acts of this period strikes again the key-note which sounded throughout the whole of it. On February 20, 1806, after considerable opposition, a bill to prohibit trade with San Domingo passed the Senate.[89] In the House it was charged by one side that the measure was dictated by France, and by the other, that it originated in the fear of countenancing Negro insurrection. The bill, however, became a law, and by continuations remained on the statute-books until 1809. Even at that distance the nightmare of the Haytian insurrection continued to haunt the South, and a proposal to reopen trade with the island caused wild John Randolph to point out the "dreadful evil" of a "direct trade betwixt the town of Charleston and the ports of the island of St. Domingo."[90]

Of the twenty years from 1787 to 1807 it can only be said that they were, on the whole, a period of disappointment so far as the suppression of the slave-trade was concerned. Fear, interest, and philanthropy united for a time in an effort which bade fair to suppress the trade; then the real weakness of the constitutional compromise appeared, and the interests of the few overcame the fears and the humanity of the many.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Prince, _Digest of the Laws of Georgia_, p. 786; Marbury and Crawford, _Digest of the Laws of Georgia_, pp. 440, 442. The exact text of this act appears not to be extant. Section I. is stated to have been "re-enacted by the constitution." Possibly this act

prohibited slaves also, although this is not certain. Georgia passed several regulative acts between 1755 and 1793. Cf. Renne, _Colonial Acts of Georgia_, pp. 73-4, 164, note.

[2] Marbury and Crawford, _Digest_, p. 30, § 11. The clause was penned by Peter J. Carnes of Jefferson. Cf. W.B. Stevens, _History of Georgia_ (1847), II. 501.

[3] Grimké, _Public Laws_, p. 466.

[4] Cooper and McCord, _Statutes_, VII. 431.

[5] _Ibid._, VII. 433-6, 444, 447.

[6] _Ibid._, VII. 449.

[7] Martin, _Iredell's Acts of Assembly_, I. 492.

[8] _Ibid._, II. 53.

[9] Cf. _Ibid._, II. 94; _Laws of North Carolina_ (revision of 1819), I. 786.

[10] Virginia codified her whole slave legislation in 1792 (_Va. Statutes at Large_, New Ser., I. 122), and amended her laws in 1798 and 1806 (_Ibid._, III. 251).

[11] Dorsey, _Laws of Maryland, 1796_, I. 334.

[12] _Laws of Delaware, 1797_ (Newcastle ed.), p. 942, ch. 194 b.

[13] Dallas, _Laws_, II. 586.

[14] Paterson, _Digest of the Laws of New Jersey_ (1800), pp. 307-13. In 1804 New Jersey passed an act gradually to abolish slavery. The legislation of New York at this period was confined to regulating the exportation of slave criminals (1790), and to passing an act gradually abolishing slavery (1799). In 1801 she codified all her acts.

[15] _Acts and Laws of Connecticut_ (ed. 1784), pp. 368, 369, 388.

[16] _Ibid._, p. 412.

[17] _Perpetual Laws of Massachusetts, 1780-89_, pp. 235-6.

[18] _Queries Respecting Slavery_, etc., in _Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll._, 1st Ser., IV. 205.

[19] _Annals of Cong._, 1 Cong, 1 sess. pp. 336-41.

[20] _Annals of Cong._, 1 Cong. 1 sess. p. 903.

[21] _Ibid._, 1 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 1182-3.

[22] _Journals of Cong., 1782-3_, pp. 418-9. Cf. above, pp. 56-57.

[23] _Annals of Cong._, 1 Cong. 2 sess. p. 1184.

[24] _Ibid._, pp. 1182-91.

[25] _Annals of Cong._, 1 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 1197-1205.

[26] _House Journal_ (repr. 1826), 1 Cong. 2 sess. I. 157-8.

[27] _Annals of Cong._, I Cong. 2 sess. pp. 1413-7.

[28] For the reports and debates, cf. _Annals of Cong._, 1 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 1413-7, 1450-74; _House Journal_ (repr. 1826), 1 Cong. 2 sess. I. 168-81.

[29] A clerical error in the original: "interdict" and "regulate" should be interchanged.

[30] See _Memorials presented to Congress_, etc. (1792), published by the Pennsylvania Abolition Society.

[31] From the Virginia petition.

[32] From the petition of Baltimore and other Maryland societies.

[33] From the Providence Abolition Society's petition.

[34] _House Journal_ (repr. 1826), 2 Cong. 2 sess. I. 627-9; _Annals of Cong._, 2 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 728-31.

[35] _Annals of Cong._, 3 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 64, 70, 72; _House Journal_ (repr. 1826), 3 Cong. 1 sess. II. 76, 84-5, 96-100; _Senate Journal_ (repr. 1820), 3 Cong. 1 sess. II. 51.

[36] _Statutes at Large_, I. 347-9.

[37] _Annals of Cong._, 5 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 656-70, 945-1033.

[38] _Annals of Cong._, 6 Cong. 1 sess. p. 229.

[39] Dec. 12, 1799: _House Journal_ (repr. 1826), 6 Cong. 1 sess. III. 535. For the debate, see _Annals of Cong._, 6 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 230-45.

[40] _Senate Journal_ (repr. 1821), 6 Cong. 1 sess. III. 72, 77, 88, 92; see _Ibid._, Index, Bill No. 62; _House Journal_ (repr. 1826), 6 Cong. 1 sess. III., Index, House Bill No. 247. For the debate, see _Annals of Cong._, 6 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 686-700.

[41] _Annals of Cong._, 6 Cong. 1 sess. p. 697.

[42] _Ibid._, p. 699-700.

[43] _Statutes at Large_, II. 70.

[44] _Annals of Cong._, 7 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 385-6.

[45] _Ibid._, p. 424.

[46] See House Bills Nos. 89 and 101; _Annals of Cong._, 7 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 424, 459-67. For the debate, see _Ibid._, pp. 459-72.

[47] _Statutes at Large_, II. 205.

[48] Cf. Fowler, _Local Law in Massachusetts and Connecticut_, etc., p. 126.

[49] Speech of S.L. Mitchell of New York, Feb. 14, 1804: _Annals of Cong._, 8 Cong. 1 sess. p. 1000. Cf. also speech of Bedinger: _Ibid._, pp. 997-8.

[50] Speech of Lowndes in the House, Feb. 14, 1804: _Annals of Cong._, 8 Cong., 1 sess. p. 992. Cf. Stanton's speech later: _Ibid._, 9 Cong. 2 sess. p. 240.

[51] _Annals of Cong._, 8 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 820, 876.

[52] _Ibid._, pp. 992-1036.

[53] Huger of South Carolina declared that the whole South Carolina Congressional delegation opposed the repeal of the law, although they maintained the State's right to do so if she chose: _Annals of Cong._, 8 Cong. 1 sess. p. 1005.

[54] _Ibid._, pp. 1020-36; _House Journal_ (repr. 1826), 8 Cong. 1 sess. IV 523, 578, 580, 581-5.

[55] On slavery in the Territories, cf. Welling, in _Report Amer. Hist. Assoc._, 1891, pp. 133-60.

[56] _Statutes at Large_, I. 108.

[57] _Journals of Cong._, XII. 137-8.

[58] _Annals of Cong._, 5 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 511, 515, 532-3.

[59] _Ibid._, 5 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 1235, 1249, 1277-84, 1296-1313.

[60] _Annals of Cong._, 5 Cong. 2 sess. p. 1313.

[61] _Statutes at Large_, I. 549.

[62] _Amer. State Papers, Miscellaneous_, I. No. 177.

[63] _Annals of Cong._, 8 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 106, 211, 223, 231, 233-4, 238.

[64] _Ibid._, pp. 240, 1186.

[65] _Ibid._, p. 241.

[66] _Ibid._, p. 240.

[67] _Ibid._, p. 242.

[68] For further proceedings, see _Annals of Cong._, 8 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 240-55, 1038-79, 1128-9, 1185-9. For the law, see _Statutes at Large_, II. 283-9.

[69] First, a bill was introduced applying the Northwest Ordinance to the Territory (_Annals of Cong._, 8 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 45-6); but this was replaced by a Senate bill (_Ibid._, p. 68; _Senate Journal_, repr. 1821, 8 Cong. 2 sess. III. 464). For the petition of the inhabitants, see _Annals of Cong._, 8 Cong. 2 sess. p. 727-8.

[70] The bill was hurried through, and there are no records of debate. Cf. _Annals of Cong._, 8 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 28-69, 727, 871, 957, 1016-20, 1213-5. In _Senate Journal_ (repr. 1821), III., see Index, Bill No. 8. Importation of slaves was allowed by a clause erecting a Frame of Government "similar" to that of the Mississippi Territory.

[71] _Annals of Cong._, 9 Cong. 1 sess. p. 443. The whole trade was practically foreign, for the slavers merely entered the Negroes at Charleston and immediately reshipped them to New Orleans. Cf. _Annals of Cong._, 16 Cong. 1 sess. p. 264.

[72] _House Journal_ (repr. 1826), 9 Cong. 1 sess. V. 264; _Annals of Cong._, 9 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 445, 878.

[73] _House Reports_, 9 Cong. 1 sess. Feb. 17, 1806.

[74] House Bill No. 123.

[75] _Annals of Cong._, 16 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 73-7. This report covers the time from Jan. 1, 1804, to Dec. 31, 1807. During that time the following was the number of ships engaged in the traffic:--

From Charleston, 61 From Connecticut, 1 " Rhode Island, 59 " Sweden, 1 " Baltimore, 4 " Great Britain, 70 " Boston, 1 " France, 3 " Norfolk, 2 202

The consignees of these slave ships were natives of Charleston 13 Rhode Island 88 Great Britain 91 France 10 ---- 202

The following slaves were imported:-- By British vessels 19,949 " French " 1,078 ------ 21,027

By American vessels:-- " Charleston merchants 2,006 " Rhode Island " 7,958 " Foreign " 5,717 " other Northern " 930 " " Southern " 1,437 18,048 ------ ------

Total number of slaves imported, 1804-7 39,075

It is, of course, highly probable that the Custom House returns were much below the actual figures.

[76] McMaster, _History of the People of the United States_, III. p. 517.

[77] _House Journal_ (repr. 1826), 8 Cong. 2 sess. V. 171; _Mass. Resolves_, May, 1802, to March, 1806, Vol. II. A. (State House ed., p. 239).

[78] _House Journal_ (repr. 1826), 9 Cong. 1 sess. V. 238.

[79] _Ibid._, V. 266.

[80] _Senate Journal_ (repr. 1821), 9 Cong. 1 sess. IV. 76, 77, 79.

[81] _House Journal_ (repr. 1826), 8 Cong. 2 sess. V. 171.

[82] _Annals of Cong._, 9 Cong. 1 sess. p. 274.

[83] _Ibid._, pp. 272-4, 323.

[84] _Ibid._, pp. 346-52, 358-75, etc., to 520.

[85] _Ibid._, pp. 374-5.

[86] See House Bill No. 94.

[87] _Annals of Cong._, 9 Cong. 1 sess. p. 466.

[88] _Annals of Cong._, 9 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 519-20.

[89] _Ibid._, pp. 21, 52, 75, etc., to 138, 485-515, 1228. See House Bill No. 168. Cf. _Statutes at Large_, II. 421-2.

[90] A few months later, at the expiration of the period, trade was quietly reopened. _Annals of Cong._, 11 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 443-6.

* * * * *

Chapter VIII

THE PERIOD OF ATTEMPTED SUPPRESSION. 1807-1825.

55. The Act of 1807. 56. The First Question: How shall illegally imported Africans be disposed of? 57. The Second Question: How shall Violations be punished? 58. The Third Question: How shall the Interstate Coastwise Slave-Trade be protected? 59. Legislative History of the Bill. 60. Enforcement of the Act. 61. Evidence of the Continuance of the Trade. 62. Apathy of the Federal Government. 63. Typical Cases. 64. The Supplementary Acts, 1818-1820. 65. Enforcement of the Supplementary Acts, 1818-1825.

55. ~The Act of 1807.~ The first great goal of anti-slavery effort in the United States had been, since the Revolution, the suppression of the slave-trade by national law. It would hardly be too much to say that the Haytian revolution, in addition to its influence in the years from 1791 to 1806, was one of the main causes that rendered the accomplishment of this aim possible at the earliest constitutional moment. To the great influence of the fears of the South was added the failure of the French designs on Louisiana, of which Toussaint L'Ouverture was the most probable cause. The cession of Louisiana in 1803 challenged and aroused the North on the slavery question again; put the Carolina and Georgia slave-traders in the saddle, to the dismay of the Border States; and brought the whole slave-trade question vividly before the public conscience. Another scarcely less potent influence was, naturally, the great anti-slavery movement in England, which after a mighty struggle of eighteen years was about to gain its first victory in the British Act of 1807.

President Jefferson, in his pacificatory message of December 2, 1806, said: "I congratulate you, fellow-citizens, on the approach of the period at which you may interpose your authority constitutionally, to withdraw the citizens of the United States from all further participation in those violations of human rights which have been so long continued on the unoffending inhabitants of Africa, and which the morality, the reputation, and the best interests of our country, have long been eager to proscribe. Although no law you may pass can take prohibitory effect till the first day of the year one thousand eight hundred and eight, yet the intervening period is not too long to prevent, by timely notice, expeditions which cannot be completed before that day."[1]

In pursuance of this recommendation, the very next day Senator Bradley of Vermont introduced into the Senate a bill which, after a complicated legislative history, became the Act of March 2, 1807, prohibiting the African slave-trade.[2]

Three main questions were to be settled by this bill: first, and most prominent, that of the disposal of illegally imported Africans; second, that of the punishment of those concerned in the importation; third, that of the proper limitation of the interstate traffic by water.

The character of the debate on these three questions, as well as the state of public opinion, is illustrated by the fact that forty of the sixty pages of officially reported debates are devoted to the first question, less than twenty to the second, and only two to the third. A sad commentary on the previous enforcement of State and national laws is the readiness with which it was admitted that wholesale violations of the law would take place; indeed, Southern men declared that no strict law against the slave-trade could be

executed in the South, and that it was only by playing on the motives of personal interest that the trade could be checked. The question of punishment indicated the slowly changing moral attitude of the South toward the slave system. Early boldly said, "A large majority of people in the Southern States do not consider slavery as even an evil."[3] The South, in fact, insisted on regarding man-stealing as a minor offence, a "misdemeanor" rather than a "crime." Finally, in the short and sharp debate on the interstate coastwise trade, the growing economic side of the slavery question came to the front, the vested interests' argument was squarely put, and the future interstate trade almost consciously provided for.

From these considerations, it is doubtful as to how far it was expected that the Act of 1807 would check the slave traffic; at any rate, so far as the South was concerned, there seemed to be an evident desire to limit the trade, but little thought that this statute would definitively suppress it.

56. ~The First Question: How shall illegally imported Africans be disposed of?~ The dozen or more propositions on the question of the disposal of illegally imported Africans may be divided into two chief heads, representing two radically opposed parties: 1. That illegally imported Africans be free, although they might be indentured for a term of years or removed from the country. 2. That such Africans be sold as slaves.[4] The arguments on these two propositions, which were many and far-reaching, may be roughly divided into three classes, political, constitutional, and moral.

The political argument, reduced to its lowest terms, ran thus: those wishing to free the Negroes illegally imported declared that to enslave them would be to perpetrate the very evil which the law was designed to stop. "By the same law," they said, "we condemn the man-stealer and become the receivers of his stolen goods. We punish the criminal, and then step into his place, and complete the crime."[5] They said that the objection to free Negroes was no valid excuse; for if the Southern people really feared this class, they would consent to the imposing of such penalties on illicit traffic as would stop the importation of a single slave.[6] Moreover, "forfeiture" and sale of the Negroes implied a property right in them which did not exist.[7] Waiving this technical point, and allowing them to be "forfeited" to the government, then the government should either immediately set them free, or, at the most, indenture them for a term of years; otherwise, the law would be an encouragement to violators. "It certainly will be," said they, "if the importer can find means to evade the penalty of the act; for there he has all the advantage of a market enhanced by our ineffectual attempt to prohibit."[8] They claimed that even the indenturing of the ignorant barbarian for life was better than slavery; and Sloan declared that the Northern States would receive the freed Negroes willingly rather than have them enslaved.[9]

The argument of those who insisted that the Negroes should be sold was tersely put by Macon: "In adopting our measures on this subject, we must pass such a law as can be executed."[10] Early expanded this: "It is a principle in legislation, as correct as any which has ever prevailed, that to give effect to laws you must not make them repugnant to the passions and wishes of the people among whom they are to operate. How then, in this instance, stands the fact? Do not gentlemen from every quarter of the Union prove, on the discussion of every question that has ever arisen in the House, having the most remote bearing on the giving freedom to the Africans in the bosom of our country, that it has excited the deepest sensibility in the breasts of those where slavery exists? And why is this so? It is, because those who, from experience, know the extent of the evil, believe that the most formidable aspect in which it can present itself, is by making these people free among them. Yes, sir, though slavery is an evil, regretted by every man in the country, to have among us in any considerable quantity persons of this description, is an evil far greater than slavery itself. Does any gentleman want proof of this? I answer that all proof is useless; no fact can be more notorious. With this belief on the minds of the people where slavery exists, and where the importation will take place, if at all, we are about to turn loose in a state of freedom all persons brought in after the passage of this law. I ask gentlemen to reflect and say whether such a law, opposed to the ideas, the passions, the views, and the affections of the people of the Southern States, can be executed? I tell them, no; it is impossible--why? Because no man will inform--why? Because to inform will be to lead to an evil which will be deemed greater than the offence of which information is given, because it will be opposed to the principle of self-preservation, and to the love of family. No, no man will be disposed to jeopard his life, and the lives of his countrymen. And if no one dare inform, the whole authority of the Government cannot carry the law into effect. The whole people will rise up against it. Why? Because to enforce it would be to turn loose, in the bosom of the country, firebrands that would consume them."[11]

This was the more tragic form of the argument; it also had a mercenary side, which was presented with equal emphasis. It was repeatedly said that the only way to enforce the law was to play off individual interests against each other. The profit from the sale of illegally imported Negroes was declared to be the only sufficient "inducement to give information of their importation."[12] "Give up the idea of forfeiture, and I challenge the gentleman to invent fines, penalties, or punishments of any sort, sufficient to restrain the slave trade."[13] If such Negroes be freed, "I tell you that slaves will continue to be imported as heretofore.... You cannot get hold of the ships employed in this traffic. Besides, slaves will be brought into Georgia from East Florida. They will be brought into

the Mississippi Territory from the bay of Mobile. You cannot inflict any other penalty, or devise any other adequate means of prevention, than a forfeiture of the Africans in whose possession they may be found after importation."[14] Then, too, when foreigners smuggled in Negroes, "who then ... could be operated on, but the purchasers? There was the rub--it was their interest alone which, by being operated on, would produce a check. Snap their purse-strings, break open their strong box, deprive them of their slaves, and by destroying the temptation to buy, you put an end to the trade, ... nothing short of a forfeiture of the slave would afford an effectual remedy."[15] Again, it was argued that it was impossible to prevent imported Negroes from becoming slaves, or, what was just as bad, from being sold as vagabonds or indentured for life.[16] Even our own laws, it was said, recognize the title of the African slave factor in the transported Negroes; and if the importer have no title, why do we legislate? Why not let the African immigrant alone to get on as he may, just as we do the Irish immigrant?[17] If he should be returned to Africa, his home could not be found, and he would in all probability be sold into slavery again.[18]

The constitutional argument was not urged as seriously as the foregoing; but it had a considerable place. On the one hand, it was urged that if the Negroes were forfeited, they were forfeited to the United States government, which could dispose of them as it saw fit;[19] on the other hand, it was said that the United States, as owner, was subject to State laws, and could not free the Negroes contrary to such laws.[20] Some alleged that the freeing of such Negroes struck at the title to all slave property;[21] others thought that, as property in slaves was not recognized in the Constitution, it could not be in a statute.[22] The question also arose as to the source of the power of Congress over the slave-trade. Southern men derived it from the clause on commerce, and declared that it exceeded the power of Congress to declare Negroes imported into a slave State, free, against the laws of that State; that Congress could not determine what should or should not be property in a State.[23] Northern men replied that, according to this principle, forfeiture and sale in Massachusetts would be illegal; that the power of Congress over the trade was derived from the restraining clause, as a non-existent power could not be restrained; and that the United States could act under her general powers as executor of the Law of Nations.[24]

The moral argument as to the disposal of illegally imported Negroes was interlarded with all the others. On the one side, it began with the "Rights of Man," and descended to a stickling for the decent appearance of the statute-book; on the other side, it began with the uplifting of the heathen, and descended to a denial of the applicability of moral principles to the question. Said Holland of North Carolina: "It is admitted that the condition of the slaves in the Southern States is much superior to that of those in Africa. Who, then, will say that the trade is immoral?"[25] But, in fact, "morality has nothing to do with this traffic,"[26] for, as Joseph Clay declared, "it must appear to every man of common sense, that the question could be considered in a commercial point of view only."[27] The other side declared that, "by the laws of God and man," these captured Negroes are "entitled to their freedom as clearly and absolutely as we are;"[28] nevertheless, some were willing to leave them to the tender mercies of the slave States, so long as the statute-book was disgraced by no explicit recognition of slavery.[29] Such arguments brought some sharp sarcasm on those who seemed anxious "to legislate for the honor and glory of the statute book;"[30] some desired "to know what honor you will derive from a law that will be broken every day of your lives."[31] They would rather boldly sell the Negroes and turn the proceeds over to charity.

The final settlement of the question was as follows:--

"SECTION 4.... And neither the importer, nor any person or persons claiming from or under him, shall hold any right or title whatsoever to any negro, mulatto, or person of color, nor to the service or labor thereof, who may be imported or brought within the United States, or territories thereof, in violation of this law, but the same shall remain subject to any regulations not contravening the provisions of this act, which the Legislatures of the several States or Territories at any time hereafter may make, for disposing of any such negro, mulatto, or person of color."[32]

57. ~The Second Question: How shall Violations be punished?~ The next point in importance was that of the punishment of offenders. The half-dozen specific propositions reduce themselves to two: 1. A violation should be considered a crime or felony, and be punished by death; 2. A violation should be considered a misdemeanor, and be punished by fine and imprisonment.[33]

Advocates of the severer punishment dwelt on the enormity of the offence. It was "one of the highest crimes man could commit," and "a captain of a ship engaged in this traffic was guilty of murder."[34] The law of God punished the crime with death, and any one would rather be hanged than be enslaved.[35] It was a peculiarly deliberate crime, in which the offender did not act in sudden passion, but had ample time for reflection.[36] Then, too, crimes of much less magnitude are punished with death. Shall we punish the stealer of $50 with death, and the man-stealer with imprisonment only?[37] Piracy, forgery, and fraudulent sinking of vessels are punishable with death, "yet these are crimes only against property; whereas the importation of slaves, a crime committed

against the liberty of man, and inferior only to murder or treason, is accounted nothing but a misdemeanor."[38] Here, indeed, lies the remedy for the evil of freeing illegally imported Negroes,--in making the penalty so severe that none will be brought in; if the South is sincere, "they will unite to a man to execute the law."[39] To free such Negroes is dangerous; to enslave them, wrong; to return them, impracticable; to indenture them, difficult,--therefore, by a death penalty, keep them from being imported.[40] Here the East had a chance to throw back the taunts of the South, by urging the South to unite with them in hanging the New England slave-traders, assuring the South that "so far from charging their Southern brethren with cruelty or severity in hanging them, they would acknowledge the favor with gratitude."[41] Finally, if the Southerners would refuse to execute so severe a law because they did not consider the offence great, they would probably refuse to execute any law at all for the same reason.[42]

The opposition answered that the death penalty was more than proportionate to the crime, and therefore "immoral."[43] "I cannot believe," said Stanton of Rhode Island, "that a man ought to be hung for only stealing a negro."[44] It was argued that the trade was after all but a "transfer from one master to another;"[45] that slavery was worse than the slave-trade, and the South did not consider slavery a crime: how could it then punish the trade so severely and not reflect on the institution?[46] Severity, it was said, was also inexpedient: severity often increases crime; if the punishment is too great, people will sympathize with offenders and will not inform against them. Said Mr. Mosely: "When the penalty is excessive or disproportioned to the offence, it will naturally create a repugnance to the law, and render its execution odious."[47] John Randolph argued against even fine and imprisonment, "on the ground that such an excessive penalty could not, in such case, be constitutionally imposed by a Government possessed of the limited powers of the Government of the United States."[48]

The bill as passed punished infractions as follows:--

For equipping a slaver, a fine of $20,000 and forfeiture of the ship.

For transporting Negroes, a fine of $5000 and forfeiture of the ship and Negroes.

For transporting and selling Negroes, a fine of $1000 to $10,000, imprisonment from 5 to 10 years, and forfeiture of the ship and Negroes.

For knowingly buying illegally imported Negroes, a fine of $800 for each Negro, and forfeiture.

58. ~The Third Question: How shall the Interstate Coastwise Slave-Trade be protected?~ The first proposition was to prohibit the coastwise slave-trade altogether,[49] but an amendment reported to the House allowed it "in any vessel or species of craft whatever." It is probable that the first proposition would have prevailed, had it not been for the vehement opposition of Randolph and Early.[50] They probably foresaw the value which Virginia would derive from this trade in the future, and consequently Randolph violently declared that if the amendment did not prevail, "the Southern people would set the law at defiance. He would begin the example." He maintained that by the first proposition "the proprietor of sacred and chartered rights is prevented the Constitutional use of his property."[51] The Conference Committee finally arranged a compromise, forbidding the coastwise trade for purposes of sale in vessels under forty tons.[52] This did not suit Early, who declared that the law with this provision "would not prevent the introduction of a single slave."[53] Randolph, too, would "rather lose the bill, he had rather lose all the bills of the session, he had rather lose every bill passed since the establishment of the Government, than agree to the provision contained in this slave bill."[54] He predicted the severance of the slave and the free States, if disunion should ever come. Congress was, however, weary with the dragging of the bill, and it passed both Houses with the compromise provision. Randolph was so dissatisfied that he had a committee appointed the next day, and introduced an amendatory bill. Both this bill and another similar one, introduced at the next session, failed of consideration.[55]

59. ~Legislative History of the Bill.~[56] On December 12, 1805, Senator Stephen R. Bradley of Vermont gave notice of a bill to prohibit the introduction of slaves after 1808. By a vote of 18 to 9 leave was given, and the bill read a first time on the 17th. On the 18th, however, it was postponed until "the first Monday in December, 1806." The presidential message mentioning the matter, Senator Bradley, December 3, 1806, gave notice of a similar bill, which was brought in on the 8th, and on the 9th referred to a committee consisting of Bradley, Stone, Giles, Gaillard, and Baldwin. This bill passed, after some consideration, January 27. It provided, among other things, that violations of the act should be felony, punishable with death, and forbade the interstate coast-trade.[57]

Meantime, in the House, Mr. Bidwell of Massachusetts had proposed, February 4, 1806, as an amendment to a bill taxing slaves imported, that importation after December 31, 1807, be prohibited, on pain of fine and imprisonment and forfeiture of ship.[58] This

was rejected by a vote of 86 to 17. On December 3, 1806, the House, in appointing committees on the message, "_Ordered_, That Mr. Early, Mr. Thomas M. Randolph, Mr. John Campbell, Mr. Kenan, Mr. Cook, Mr. Kelly, and Mr. Van Rensselaer be appointed a committee" on the slave-trade. This committee reported a bill on the 15th, which was considered, but finally, December 18, recommitted. It was reported in an amended form on the 19th, and amended in Committee of the Whole so as to make violation a misdemeanor punishable by fine and imprisonment, instead of a felony punishable by death.[59] A struggle over the disposal of the cargo then ensued. A motion by Bidwell to except the cargo from forfeiture was lost, 77 to 39. Another motion by Bidwell may be considered the crucial vote on the whole bill: it was an amendment to the forfeiture clause, and read, _"Provided, that no person shall be sold as a slave by virtue of this act."_[60] This resulted in a tie vote, 60 to 60; but the casting vote of the Speaker, Macon of North Carolina, defeated it. New England voted solidly in favor of it, the Middle States stood 4 for and 2 against it, and the six Southern States stood solid against it. On January 8 the bill went again to a select committee of seventeen, by a vote of 76 to 46. The bill was reported back amended January 20, and on the 28th the Senate bill was also presented to the House. On the 9th, 10th, and 11th of February both bills were considered in Committee of the Whole, and the Senate bill finally replaced the House bill, after several amendments had been made.[61] The bill was then passed, by a vote of 113 to 5.[62] The Senate agreed to the amendments, including that substituting fine and imprisonment for the death penalty, but asked for a conference on the provision which left the interstate coast-trade free. The six conferees succeeded in bringing the Houses to agree, by limiting the trade to vessels over forty tons and requiring registry of the slaves.[63]

The following diagram shows in graphic form the legislative history of the act:--[64]

Senate. _1805._ _House._ Bradley gives notice. + Dec. 12. Leave given; bill read. + 17. Postponed one year. + 18. | _1806._ Feb. 4. + Bidwell's amendment. Notice. + Dec. 3. + Committee on Bill introduced. + 8. | slave trade. Committed. + 9. | | 15. + Bill reported. | 17. | | 18. | | 19. | | 23. | | 29. | | 31. | | _1807._ | | Jan. 5. | | 7. | | 8. + Read third time; Reported. + 15. | recommitted. | 16. | | 20. + Reported Third reading. + 26. | amended. PASSED. + 27. | \ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ | 28. | | Senate bill Feb. 9. | | reported. 10. | | 11. + | Senate bill 12. | amended. Reported from House. 13. + PASSED. _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ | Reported to House. | 17. Reported back. - - - - - - - - - - - 18. | House insists; - - - - - - - - - - - asks conference. \ / - - _ __ - - - - - - X House asks conference. _ _ _/ _ __ \ _ 2|5 - - - -_ Conference report _ _ _ _ _ _-|- - - - - adopted. Conference report / 2|6 adopted. _ _ _ | Bill enrolled. - - - -2|8 March |2. V Signed by the President.

This bill received the approval of President Jefferson, March 2, 1807, and became thus the "Act to prohibit the importation of Slaves into any port or place within the jurisdiction of the United States, from and after the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eight."[65] The debates in the Senate were not reported. Those in the House were prolonged and bitter, and hinged especially on the disposal of the slaves, the punishment of offenders, and the coast-trade. Men were continually changing their votes, and the bill see-sawed backward and forward, in committee and out, until the House was thoroughly worn out. On the whole, the strong anti-slavery men, like Bidwell and Sloan, were outgeneraled by Southerners, like Early and Williams; and, considering the immense moral backing of the anti-slavery party from the Revolutionary fathers down, the bill of 1807 can hardly be regarded as a great anti-slavery victory.

60. ~Enforcement of the Act.~ The period so confidently looked forward to by the constitutional fathers had at last arrived; the slave-trade was prohibited, and much oratory and poetry were expended in celebration of the event. In the face of this, let us see how the Act of 1807 was enforced and what it really accomplished. It is noticeable, in the first place, that there was no especial set of machinery provided for the enforcement of this act. The work fell first to the Secretary of the Treasury, as head of the customs collection. Then, through the activity of cruisers, the Secretary of the Navy gradually came to have oversight, and eventually the whole matter was lodged with him, although the Departments of State and War were more or less active on different occasions. Later, at the advent of the Lincoln government, the Department of the Interior was charged with the enforcement of the slave-trade laws. It would indeed be surprising if, amid so much uncertainty and shifting of responsibility, the law were not poorly enforced. Poor enforcement, moreover, in the years 1808 to 1820 meant far more than at almost any other period; for these years were, all over the European world, a time of stirring economic change, and the set which forces might then take would in a later period be unchangeable without a cataclysm. Perhaps from 1808 to 1814, in the midst of agitation and war, there was some excuse for carelessness. From 1814 on, however, no such palliation existed, and the law was probably enforced as the people who made it wished it enforced.

Most of the Southern States rather tardily passed the necessary supplementary acts disposing of illegally imported Africans. A few appear not to have passed any. Some of these laws, like the Alabama-Mississippi Territory Act of 1815,[66] directed such Negroes

to be "sold by the proper officer of the court, to the highest bidder, at public auction, for ready money." One-half the proceeds went to the informer or to the collector of customs, the other half to the public treasury. Other acts, like that of North Carolina in 1816,[67] directed the Negroes to "be sold and disposed of for the use of the state." One-fifth of the proceeds went to the informer. The Georgia Act of 1817[68] directed that the slaves be either sold or given to the Colonization Society for transportation, providing the society reimburse the State for all expense incurred, and pay for the transportation. In this manner, machinery of somewhat clumsy build and varying pattern was provided for the carrying out of the national act.

61. ~Evidence of the Continuance of the Trade.~ Undoubtedly, the Act of 1807 came very near being a dead letter. The testimony supporting this view is voluminous. It consists of presidential messages, reports of cabinet officers, letters of collectors of revenue, letters of district attorneys, reports of committees of Congress, reports of naval commanders, statements made on the floor of Congress, the testimony of eye-witnesses, and the complaints of home and foreign anti-slavery societies.

"When I was young," writes Mr. Fowler of Connecticut, "the slave-trade was still carried on, by Connecticut shipmasters and Merchant adventurers, for the supply of southern ports. This trade was carried on by the consent of the Southern States, under the provisions of the Federal Constitution, until 1808, and, after that time, clandestinely. There was a good deal of conversation on the subject, in private circles." Other States were said to be even more involved than Connecticut.[69] The African Society of London estimated that, down to 1816, fifteen of the sixty thousand slaves annually taken from Africa were shipped by Americans. "Notwithstanding the prohibitory act of America, which was passed in 1807, ships bearing the American flag continued to trade for slaves until 1809, when, in consequence of a decision in the English prize appeal courts, which rendered American slave ships liable to capture and condemnation, that flag suddenly disappeared from the coast. Its place was almost instantaneously supplied by the Spanish flag, which, with one or two exceptions, was now seen for the first time on the African coast, engaged in covering the slave trade. This sudden substitution of the Spanish for the American flag seemed to confirm what was established in a variety of instances by more direct testimony, that the slave trade, which now, for the first time, assumed a Spanish dress, was in reality only the trade of other nations in disguise."[70]

So notorious did the participation of Americans in the traffic become, that President Madison informed Congress in his message, December 5, 1810, that "it appears that American citizens are instrumental in carrying on a traffic in enslaved Africans, equally in violation of the laws of humanity, and in defiance of those of their own country. The same just and benevolent motives which produced the interdiction in force against this criminal conduct, will doubtless be felt by Congress, in devising further means of suppressing the evil."[71] The Secretary of the Navy wrote the same year to Charleston, South Carolina: "I hear, not without great concern, that the law prohibiting the importation of slaves has been violated in frequent instances, near St. Mary's."[72] Testimony as to violations of the law and suggestions for improving it also came in from district attorneys.[73]

The method of introducing Negroes was simple. A slave smuggler says: "After resting a few days at St. Augustine, ... I agreed to accompany Diego on a land trip through the United States, where a _kaffle_ of negroes was to precede us, for whose disposal the shrewd Portuguese had already made arrangements with my uncle's consignees. I soon learned how readily, and at what profits, the Florida negroes were sold into the neighboring American States. The _kaffle_, under charge of negro drivers, was to strike up the Escambia River, and thence cross the boundary into Georgia, where some of our wild Africans were mixed with various squads of native blacks, and driven inland, till sold off, singly or by couples, on the road. At this period [1812], the United States had declared the African slave trade illegal, and passed stringent laws to prevent the importation of negroes; yet the Spanish possessions were thriving on this inland exchange of negroes and mulattoes; Florida was a sort of nursery for slave-breeders, and many American citizens grew rich by trafficking in Guinea negroes, and smuggling them continually, in small parties, through the southern United States. At the time I mention, the business was a lively one, owing to the war then going on between the States and England, and the unsettled condition of affairs on the border."[74]

The Spanish flag continued to cover American slave-traders. The rapid rise of privateering during the war was not caused solely by patriotic motives; for many armed ships fitted out in the United States obtained a thin Spanish disguise at Havana, and transported thousands of slaves to Brazil and the West Indies. Sometimes all disguise was thrown aside, and the American flag appeared on the slave coast, as in the cases of the "Paz,"[75] the "Rebecca," the "Rosa"[76] (formerly the privateer "Commodore Perry"), the "Dorset" of Baltimore,[77] and the "Saucy Jack."[78] Governor McCarthy of Sierra Leone wrote, in 1817: "The slave trade is carried on most vigorously by the Spaniards, Portuguese, Americans and French. I have had it affirmed from several quarters, and do believe it to be a fact, that there is a greater number of vessels employed in that traffic than at any former period."[79]

62. ~Apathy of the Federal Government.~ The United States cruisers succeeded now and then in capturing a slaver, like the "Eugene," which was taken when within four miles of the New Orleans bar.[80] President Madison again, in 1816, urged Congress to act on account of the "violations and evasions which, it is suggested, are chargeable on unworthy citizens, who mingle in the slave trade under foreign flags, and with foreign ports; and by collusive importations of slaves into the United States, through adjoining ports and territories."[81] The executive was continually in receipt of ample evidence of this illicit trade and of the helplessness of officers of the law. In 1817 it was reported to the Secretary of the Navy that most of the goods carried to Galveston were brought into the United States; "the more valuable, and the slaves are smuggled in through the numerous inlets to the westward, where the people are but too much disposed to render them every possible assistance. Several hundred slaves are now at Galveston, and persons have gone from New-Orleans to purchase them. Every exertion will be made to intercept them, but I have little hopes of success."[82] Similar letters from naval officers and collectors showed that a system of slave piracy had arisen since the war, and that at Galveston there was an establishment of organized brigands, who did not go to the trouble of sailing to Africa for their slaves, but simply captured slavers and sold their cargoes into the United States. This Galveston nest had, in 1817, eleven armed vessels to prosecute the work, and "the most shameful violations of the slave act, as well as our revenue laws, continue to be practised."[83] Cargoes of as many as three hundred slaves were arriving in Texas. All this took place under Aury, the buccaneer governor; and when he removed to Amelia Island in 1817 with the McGregor raid, the illicit traffic in slaves, which had been going on there for years,[84] took an impulse that brought it even to the somewhat deaf ears of Collector Bullock. He reported, May 22, 1817: "I have just received information from a source on which I can implicitly rely, that it has already become the practice to introduce into the state of Georgia, across the St. Mary's River, from Amelia Island, East Florida, Africans, who have been carried into the Port of Fernandina, subsequent to the capture of it by the Patriot army now in possession of it ...; were the legislature to pass an act giving compensation in some manner to informers, it would have a tendency in a great degree to prevent the practice; as the thing now is, no citizen will take the trouble of searching for and detecting the slaves. I further understand, that the evil will not be confined altogether to Africans, but will be extended to the worst class of West India slaves."[85]

Undoubtedly, the injury done by these pirates to the regular slave-trading interests was largely instrumental in exterminating them. Late in 1817 United States troops seized Amelia Island, and President Monroe felicitated Congress and the country upon escaping the "annoyance and injury" of this illicit trade.[86] The trade, however, seems to have continued, as is shown by such letters as the following, written three and a half months later:--

PORT OF DARIEN, March 14, 1818.

... It is a painful duty, sir, to express to you, that I am in possession of undoubted information, that African and West India negroes are almost daily illicitly introduced into Georgia, for sale or settlement, or passing through it to the territories of the United States for similar purposes; these facts are notorious; and it is not unusual to see such negroes in the streets of St. Mary's, and such too, recently captured by our vessels of war, and ordered to Savannah, were illegally bartered by hundreds in that city, _for_ this bartering or bonding (as _it is called_, but in reality _selling_,) actually took place before any decision had [been] passed by the court respecting them. I cannot but again express to you, sir, that these irregularities and mocking of the laws, by men who understand them, and who, it was presumed, would have respected them, are such, that it requires the immediate interposition of Congress to effect a suppression of this traffic; for, as things are, should a faithful officer of the government apprehend such negroes, to avoid the penalties imposed by the laws, the proprietors disclaim them, and some agent of the executive demands a delivery of the same to him, who may employ them as he pleases, or effect a sale by way of a bond, for the restoration of the negroes when legally called on so to do; which bond, it is _understood_, is to be _forfeited_, as the amount of the bond is so much less than the value of the property.... There are many negroes ... recently introduced into this state and the Alabama territory, and which can be apprehended. The undertaking would be great; but to be sensible that we shall possess your approbation, and that we are carrying the views and wishes of the government into execution, is all we wish, and it shall be done, independent of every personal consideration.

I have, etc.[87]

This "approbation" failed to come to the zealous collector, and on the 5th of July he wrote that, "not being favored with a reply," he has been obliged to deliver over to the governor's agents ninety-one illegally imported Negroes.[88] Reports from other districts corroborate this testimony. The collector at Mobile writes of strange proceedings on the part of the courts.[89] General D.B. Mitchell, ex-governor of Georgia and United States Indian agent, after an investigation in 1821 by Attorney-General Wirt, was found "guilty of having prostituted his power, as agent for Indian affairs at the Creek agency, to the purpose of aiding and assisting in a conscious breach of the act of Congress of 1807, in prohibition of the slave trade--and this from mercenary motives."[90] The

indefatigable Collector Chew of New Orleans wrote to Washington that, "to put a stop to that traffic, a naval force suitable to those waters is indispensable," and that "vast numbers of slaves will be introduced to an alarming extent, unless prompt and effectual measures are adopted by the general government."[91] Other collectors continually reported infractions, complaining that they could get no assistance from the citizens,[92] or plaintively asking the services of "one small cutter."[93]

Meantime, what was the response of the government to such representations, and what efforts were made to enforce the act? A few unsystematic and spasmodic attempts are recorded. In 1811 some special instructions were sent out,[94] and the President was authorized to seize Amelia Island.[95] Then came the war; and as late as November 15, 1818, in spite of the complaints of collectors, we find no revenue cutter on the Gulf coast.[96] During the years 1817 and 1818[97] some cruisers went there irregularly, but they were too large to be effective; and the partial suppression of the Amelia Island pirates was all that was accomplished. On the whole, the efforts of the government lacked plan, energy, and often sincerity. Some captures of slavers were made;[98] but, as the collector at Mobile wrote, anent certain cases, "this was owing rather to accident, than any well-timed arrangement." He adds: "from the Chandalier Islands to the Perdido river, including the coast, and numerous other islands, we have only a small boat, with four men and an inspector, to oppose to the whole confederacy of smugglers and pirates."[99]

To cap the climax, the government officials were so negligent that Secretary Crawford, in 1820, confessed to Congress that "it appears, from an examination of the records of this office, that no particular instructions have ever been given, by the Secretary of the Treasury, under the original or supplementary acts prohibiting the introduction of slaves into the United States."[100] Beside this inactivity, the government was criminally negligent in not prosecuting and punishing offenders when captured. Urgent appeals for instruction from prosecuting attorneys were too often received in official silence; complaints as to the violation of law by State officers went unheeded;[101] informers were unprotected and sometimes driven from home.[102] Indeed, the most severe comment on the whole period is the report, January 7, 1819, of the Register of the Treasury, who, after the wholesale and open violation of the Act of 1807, reported, in response to a request from the House, "that it doth not appear, from an examination of the records of this office, and particularly of the accounts (to the date of their last settlement) of the collectors of the customs, and of the several marshals of the United States, that any forfeitures had been incurred under the said act."[103]

63. ~Typical Cases.~ At this date (January 7, 1819), however, certain cases were stated to be pending, a history of which will fitly conclude this discussion. In 1818 three American schooners sailed from the United States to Havana; on June 2 they started back with cargoes aggregating one hundred and seven slaves. The schooner "Constitution" was captured by one of Andrew Jackson's officers under the guns of Fort Barancas. The "Louisa" and "Marino" were captured by Lieutenant McKeever of the United States Navy. The three vessels were duly proceeded against at Mobile, and the case began slowly to drag along. The slaves, instead of being put under the care of the zealous marshal of the district, were placed in the hands of three bondsmen, friends of the judge. The marshal notified the government of this irregularity, but apparently received no answer. In 1822 the three vessels were condemned as forfeited, but the court "reserved" for future order the distribution of the slaves. Nothing whatever either then or later was done to the slave-traders themselves. The owners of the ships promptly appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States, and that tribunal, in 1824, condemned the three vessels and the slaves on two of them.[104] These slaves, considerably reduced in number "from various causes," were sold at auction for the benefit of the State, in spite of the Act of 1819. Meantime, before the decision of the Supreme Court, the judge of the Supreme Court of West Florida had awarded to certain alleged Spanish claimants of the slaves indemnity for nearly the whole number seized, at the price of $650 per head, and the Secretary of the Treasury had actually paid the claim.[105] In 1826 Lieutenant McKeever urgently petitions Congress for his prize-money of $4,415.15, which he has not yet received.[106] The "Constitution" was for some inexplicable reason released from bond, and the whole case fades in a very thick cloud of official mist. In 1831 Congress sought to inquire into the final disposition of the slaves. The information given was never printed; but as late as 1836 a certain Calvin Mickle petitions Congress for reimbursement for the slaves sold, for their hire, for their natural increase, for expenses incurred, and for damages.[107]

64. ~The Supplementary Acts, 1818-1820.~ To remedy the obvious defects of the Act of 1807 two courses were possible: one, to minimize the crime of transportation, and, by encouraging informers, to concentrate efforts against the buying of smuggled slaves; the other, to make the crime of transportation so great that no slaves would be imported. The Act of 1818 tried the first method; that of 1819, the second.[108] The latter was obviously the more upright and logical, and the only method deserving thought even in 1807; but the Act of 1818 was the natural descendant of that series of compromises which began in the Constitutional Convention, and which, instead of postponing the settlement of critical questions to more favorable times, rather aggravated and complicated them.

The immediate cause of the Act of 1818 was the Amelia Island scandal.[109] Committees in both Houses reported bills, but that of the Senate finally passed. There does not appear to have been very much debate.[110] The sale of Africans for the benefit of the informer and of the United States was strongly urged "as the only means of executing the laws against the slave trade as experience had fully demonstrated since the origin of the prohibition."[111] This proposition was naturally opposed as "inconsistent with the principles of our Government, and calculated to throw as wide open the door to the importation of slaves as it was before the existing prohibition."[112] The act, which became a law April 20, 1818,[113] was a poorly constructed compromise, which virtually acknowledged the failure of efforts to control the trade, and sought to remedy defects by pitting cupidity against cupidity, informer against thief. One-half of all forfeitures and fines were to go to the informer, and penalties for violation were changed as follows:--

For equipping a slaver, instead of a fine of $20,000, a fine of $1000 to $5000 and imprisonment from 3 to 7 years.

For transporting Negroes, instead of a fine of $5000 and forfeiture of ship and Negroes, a fine of $1000 to $5000 and imprisonment from 3 to 7 years.

For actual importation, instead of a fine of $1000 to $10,000 and imprisonment from 5 to 10 years, a fine of $1000 to $10,000, and imprisonment from 3 to 7 years.

For knowingly buying illegally imported Negroes, instead of a fine of $800 for each Negro and forfeiture, a fine of $1000 for each Negro.

The burden of proof was laid on the defendant, to the extent that he must prove that the slave in question had been imported at least five years before the prosecution. The slaves were still left to the disposal of the States.

This statute was, of course, a failure from the start,[114] and at the very next session Congress took steps to revise it. A bill was reported in the House, January 13, 1819, but it was not discussed till March.[115] It finally passed, after "much debate."[116] The Senate dropped its own bill, and, after striking out the provision for the death penalty, passed the bill as it came from the House.[117] The House acquiesced, and the bill became a law, March 3, 1819,[118] in the midst of the Missouri trouble. This act directed the President to use armed cruisers on the coasts of the United States and Africa to suppress the slave-trade; one-half the proceeds of the condemned ship were to go to the captors as bounty, provided the Africans were safely lodged with a United States marshal and the crew with the civil authorities. These provisions were seriously marred by a proviso which Butler of Louisiana, had inserted, with a "due regard for the interests of the State which he represented," viz., that a captured slaver must always be returned to the port whence she sailed.[119] This, of course, secured decided advantages to Southern slave-traders. The most radical provision of the act was that which directed the President to "make such regulations and arrangements as he may deem expedient for the safe keeping, support, and removal beyond the limits of the United States, of all such negroes, mulattoes, or persons of colour, as may be so delivered and brought within their jurisdiction;" and to appoint an agent in Africa to receive such Negroes.[120] Finally, an appropriation of $100,000 was made to enforce the act.[121] This act was in some measure due to the new colonization movement; and the return of Africans recaptured was a distinct recognition of its efforts, and the real foundation of Liberia.

To render this straightforward act effective, it was necessary to add but one measure, and that was a penalty commensurate with the crime of slave stealing. This was accomplished by the Act of May 15, 1820,[122] a law which may be regarded as the last of the Missouri Compromise measures. The act originated from the various bills on piracy which were introduced early in the sixteenth Congress. The House bill, in spite of opposition, was amended so as to include slave-trading under piracy, and passed. The Senate agreed without a division. This law provided that direct participation in the slave-trade should be piracy, punishable with death.[123]

---------- STATUTES AT LARGE. | DATE. | AMOUNT APPROPRIATED. ---------- VOL. PAGE | | III. 533-4 | March 3, 1819 | $100,000 " 764 | " 3, 1823 | 50,000 IV. 141 | " 14, 1826 | 32,000 " 208 | March 2, 1827 | / 36,710 | | \ 20,000 " 302 | May 24, 1828 | 30,000 " 354 | March 2, 1829 | 16,000 " 462 | " 2, 1831 | 16,000 " 615 | Feb. 20, 1833 | 5,000 " 671 | Jan. 24, 1834 | 5,000 V. 157-8 | March 3, 1837 | 11,413.57 " 501 | Aug. 4, 1842 | 10,543.42 " 615 | March 3, 1843 | 5,000 IX. 96 | Aug. 10, 1846 | 25,000 XI. 90 | " 18, 1856 | 8,000 " 227 | March 3, 1857 | 8,000 " 404 | " 3, 1859 | 75,000 XII. 21 | May 26, 1860 | 40,000 " 132 | Feb. 19, 1861 | 900,000 " 219 | March 2, 1861 | 900,000 " 639 | Feb. 4, 1863 | 17,000 XIII. 424 | Jan. 24, 1865 | 17,000 XIV. 226 | July 25, 1866 | 17,000 " 415 | Feb. 28, 1867 | 17,000 XV. 58 | March 30, 1868 | 12,500 " 321 | March 3, 1869 | 12,500 ---------- Total, 50 years $2,386,666.99 Minus surpluses re-appropriated (approximate) 48,666.99? ---------- $2,338,000 Cost of squadron,

1843-58, @ $384,500 per year (_House Exec. Doc._, 31 Cong. 1 sess. IX. No. 73) 5,767,500 Returning slaves on "Wildfire" (_Statutes at Large_, XII. 41) 250,000 Approximate cost of squadron, 1858-66, probably not less than $500,000 per year 4,000,000? ---------- Approximate money cost of suppressing the slave-trade $12,355,500?

Cf. Kendall's Report: _Senate Doc._, 21 Cong. 2 sess. I. No. 1, pp. 211-8; _Amer. State Papers, Naval_, III. No. 429 E.; also Reports of the Secretaries of the Navy from 1819 to 1860.

65. ~Enforcement of the Supplementary Acts, 1818-1825.~ A somewhat more sincere and determined effort to enforce the slave-trade laws now followed; and yet it is a significant fact that not until Lincoln's administration did a slave-trader suffer death for violating the laws of the United States. The participation of Americans in the trade continued, declining somewhat between 1825 and 1830, and then reviving, until it reached its highest activity between 1840 and 1860. The development of a vast internal slave-trade, and the consequent rise in the South of vested interests strongly opposed to slave smuggling, led to a falling off in the illicit introduction of Negroes after 1825, until the fifties; nevertheless, smuggling never entirely ceased, and large numbers were thus added to the plantations of the Gulf States.

Monroe had various constitutional scruples as to the execution of the Act of 1819;[124] but, as Congress took no action, he at last put a fair interpretation on his powers, and appointed Samuel Bacon as an agent in Africa to form a settlement for recaptured Africans. Gradually the agency thus formed became merged with that of the Colonization Society on Cape Mesurado; and from this union Liberia was finally evolved.[125]

Meantime, during the years 1818 to 1820, the activity of the slave-traders was prodigious. General James Tallmadge declared in the House, February 15, 1819: "Our laws are already highly penal against their introduction, and yet, it is a well known fact, that about fourteen thousand slaves have been brought into our country this last year."[126] In the same year Middleton of South Carolina and Wright of Virginia estimated illicit introduction at 13,000 and 15,000 respectively.[127] Judge Story, in charging a jury, took occasion to say: "We have but too many proofs from unquestionable sources, that it [the slave-trade] is still carried on with all the implacable rapacity of former times. Avarice has grown more subtle in its evasions, and watches and seizes its prey with an appetite quickened rather than suppressed by its guilty vigils. American citizens are steeped to their very mouths (I can hardly use too bold a figure) in this stream of iniquity."[128] The following year, 1820, brought some significant statements from various members of Congress. Said Smith of South Carolina: "Pharaoh was, for his temerity, drowned in the Red Sea, in pursuing them [the Israelites] contrary to God's express will; but our Northern friends have not been afraid even of that, in their zeal to furnish the Southern States with Africans. They are better seamen than Pharaoh, and calculate by that means to elude the vigilance of Heaven; which they seem to disregard, if they can but elude the violated laws of their country."[129] As late as May he saw little hope of suppressing the traffic.[130] Sergeant of Pennsylvania declared: "It is notorious that, in spite of the utmost vigilance that can be employed, African negroes are clandestinely brought in and sold as slaves."[131] Plumer of New Hampshire stated that "of the unhappy beings, thus in violation of all laws transported to our shores, and thrown by force into the mass of our black population, scarcely one in a hundred is ever detected by the officers of the General Government, in a part of the country, where, if we are to believe the statement of Governor Rabun, 'an officer who would perform his duty, by attempting to enforce the law [against the slave trade] is, by many, considered as an officious meddler, and treated with derision and contempt;' ... I have been told by a gentleman, who has attended particularly to this subject, that ten thousand slaves were in one year smuggled into the United States; and that, even for the last year, we must count the number not by hundreds, but by thousands."[132] In 1821 a committee of Congress characterized prevailing methods as those "of the grossest fraud that could be practised to deceive the officers of government."[133] Another committee, in 1822, after a careful examination of the subject, declare that they "find it impossible to measure with precision the effect produced upon the American branch of the slave trade by the laws above mentioned, and the seizures under them. They are unable to state, whether those American merchants, the American capital and seamen which heretofore aided in this traffic, have abandoned it altogether, or have sought shelter under the flags of other nations." They then state the suspicious circumstance that, with the disappearance of the American flag from the traffic, "the trade, notwithstanding, increases annually, under the flags of other nations." They complain of the spasmodic efforts of the executive. They say that the first United States cruiser arrived on the African coast in March, 1820, and remained a "few weeks;" that since then four others had in two years made five visits in all; but "since the middle of last November, the commencement of the healthy season on that coast, no vessel has been, nor, as your committee is informed, is, under orders for that service."[134] The United States African agent, Ayres, reported in 1823: "I was informed by an American officer who had been on the coast in 1820, that he had boarded 20 American vessels in one morning, lying in the port of Gallinas, and fitted for the reception of slaves. It is a lamentable fact, that most of the harbours, between the Senegal and the line, were visited by an equal number of American

vessels, and for the sole purpose of carrying away slaves. Although for some years the coast had been occasionally visited by our cruizers, their short stay and seldom appearance had made but slight impression on those traders, rendered hardy by repetition of crime, and avaricious by excessive gain. They were enabled by a regular system to gain intelligence of any cruizer being on the coast."[135]

Even such spasmodic efforts bore abundant fruit, and indicated what vigorous measures might have accomplished. Between May, 1818, and November, 1821, nearly six hundred Africans were recaptured and eleven American slavers taken.[136] Such measures gradually changed the character of the trade, and opened the international phase of the question. American slavers cleared for foreign ports, there took a foreign flag and papers, and then sailed boldly past American cruisers, although their real character was often well known. More stringent clearance laws and consular instructions might have greatly reduced this practice; but nothing was ever done, and gradually the laws became in large measure powerless to deal with the bulk of the illicit trade. In 1820, September 16, a British officer, in his official report, declares that, in spite of United States laws, "American vessels, American subjects, and American capital, are unquestionably engaged in the trade, though under other colours and in disguise."[137] The United States ship "Cyane" at one time reported ten captures within a few days, adding: "Although they are evidently owned by Americans, they are so completely covered by Spanish papers that it is impossible to condemn them."[138] The governor of Sierra Leone reported the rivers Nunez and Pongas full of renegade European and American slave-traders;[139] the trade was said to be carried on "to an extent that almost staggers belief."[140] Down to 1824 or 1825, reports from all quarters prove this activity in slave-trading.

The execution of the laws within the country exhibits grave defects and even criminal negligence. Attorney-General Wirt finds it necessary to assure collectors, in 1819, that "it is against public policy to dispense with prosecutions for violation of the law to prohibit the Slave trade."[141] One district attorney writes: "It appears to be almost impossible to enforce the laws of the United States against offenders after the negroes have been landed in the state."[142] Again, it is asserted that "when vessels engaged in the slave trade have been detained by the American cruizers, and sent into the slave-holding states, there appears at once a difficulty in securing the freedom to these captives which the laws of the United States have decreed for them."[143] In some cases, one man would smuggle in the Africans and hide them in the woods; then his partner would "rob" him, and so all trace be lost.[144] Perhaps 350 Africans were officially reported as brought in contrary to law from 1818 to 1820: the absurdity of this figure is apparent.[145] A circular letter to the marshals, in 1821, brought reports of only a few well-known cases, like that of the "General Ramirez;" the marshal of Louisiana had "no information."[146]

There appears to be little positive evidence of a large illicit importation into the country for a decade after 1825. It is hardly possible, however, considering the activity in the trade, that slaves were not largely imported. Indeed, when we note how the laws were continually broken in other respects, absence of evidence of petty smuggling becomes presumptive evidence that collusive or tacit understanding of officers and citizens allowed the trade to some extent.[147] Finally, it must be noted that during all this time scarcely a man suffered for participating in the trade, beyond the loss of the Africans and, more rarely, of his ship. Red-handed slavers, caught in the act and convicted, were too often, like La Coste of South Carolina, the subjects of executive clemency.[148] In certain cases there were those who even had the effrontery to ask Congress to cancel their own laws. For instance, in 1819 a Venezuelan privateer, secretly fitted out and manned by Americans in Baltimore, succeeded in capturing several American, Portuguese, and Spanish slavers, and appropriating the slaves; being finally wrecked herself, she transferred her crew and slaves to one of her prizes, the "Antelope," which was eventually captured by a United States cruiser and the 280 Africans sent to Georgia. After much litigation, the United States Supreme Court ordered those captured from Spaniards to be surrendered, and the others to be returned to Africa. By some mysterious process, only 139 Africans now remained, 100 of whom were sent to Africa. The Spanish claimants of the remaining thirty-nine sold them to a certain Mr. Wilde, who gave bond to transport them out of the country. Finally, in December, 1827, there came an innocent petition to Congress to _cancel this bond_.[149] A bill to that effect passed and was approved, May 2, 1828,[150] and in consequence these Africans remained as slaves in Georgia.

On the whole, it is plain that, although in the period from 1807 to 1820 Congress laid down broad lines of legislation sufficient, save in some details, to suppress the African slave trade to America, yet the execution of these laws was criminally lax. Moreover, by the facility with which slavers could disguise their identity, it was possible for them to escape even a vigorous enforcement of our laws. This situation could properly be met only by energetic and sincere international co-operation. The next chapter will review efforts directed toward this end.[151]

FOOTNOTES:

[1] _House Journal_ (repr. 1826), 9 Cong. 2 sess. V. 468.

[2] Cf. below, § 59.

[3] _Annals of Cong._, 9 Cong. 2 sess. p. 238.

[4] There were at least twelve distinct propositions as to the disposal of the Africans imported:--

1. That they be forfeited and sold by the United States at auction (Early's bill, reported Dec. 15: _Annals of Cong._, 9 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 167-8).

2. That they be forfeited and left to the disposal of the States (proposed by Bidwell and Early: _Ibid._, pp. 181, 221, 477. This was the final settlement.)

3. That they be forfeited and sold, and that the proceeds go to charities, education, or internal improvements (Early, Holland, and Masters: _Ibid._, p. 273).

4. That they be forfeited and indentured for life (Alston and Bidwell: _Ibid._, pp. 170-1).

5. That they be forfeited and indentured for 7, 8, or 10 years (Pitkin: _Ibid._, p. 186).

6. That they be forfeited and given into the custody of the President, and by him indentured in free States for a term of years (bill reported from the Senate Jan. 28: _House Journal_ (repr. 1826), 9 Cong. 2 sess. V. 575; _Annals of Cong._, 9 Cong. 2 sess. p. 477. Cf. also _Ibid._, p. 272).

7. That the Secretary of the Treasury dispose of them, at his discretion, in service (Quincy: _Ibid._, p. 183).

8. That those imported into slave States be returned to Africa or bound out in free States (Sloan: _Ibid._, p. 254).

9. That all be sent back to Africa (Smilie: _Ibid._, p. 176).

10. That those imported into free States be free, those imported into slave States be returned to Africa or indentured (Sloan: _Ibid._, p. 226).

11. That they be forfeited but not sold (Sloan and others: _Ibid._, p. 270).

12. That they be free (Sloan: _Ibid._, p. 168; Bidwell: _House Journal_ (repr. 1826), 9 Cong. 2 sess. V. 515).

[5] Bidwell, Cook, and others: _Annals of Cong._, 9 Cong. 2 sess. p. 201.

[6] Bidwell: _Ibid._, p. 172.

[7] Fisk: _Ibid._, pp. 224-5; Bidwell: _Ibid._, p. 221.

[8] Quincy: _Ibid._, p. 184.

[9] _Annals of Cong._, 9 Cong. 2 sess. p. 478; Bidwell: _Ibid._, p. 171.

[10] _Ibid._, p. 172.

[11] _Annals of Cong._, 9 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 173-4.

[12] Alston: _Ibid._, p. 170.

[13] D.R. Williams: _Annals of Cong._, 9 Cong. 2 sess. p. 183.

[14] Early: _Ibid._, pp. 184-5.

[15] Lloyd, Early, and others: _Ibid._, p. 203.

[16] Alston: _Ibid._, p. 170.

[17] Quincy: _Ibid._, p. 222; Macon: _Ibid._, p. 225.

[18] Macon: _Ibid._, p. 177.

[19] Barker: _Ibid._, p. 171; Bidwell: _Ibid._, p. 172.

[20] Clay, Alston, and Early: _Ibid._, p. 266.

[21] Clay, Alston, and Early: _Annals of Cong._, 9 Cong. 2 sess. p. 266.

[22] Bidwell: _Ibid._, p. 221.

[23] Sloan and others: _Ibid._, p. 271; Early and Alston: _Ibid._, pp. 168, 171.

[24] Ely, Bidwell, and others: _Ibid._, pp. 179, 181, 271; Smilie and Findley: _Ibid._, pp. 225, 226.

[25] _Ibid._, p. 240. Cf. Lloyd: _Ibid._, p. 236.

[26] Holland: _Ibid._, p. 241.

[27] _Ibid._, p. 227; Macon: _Ibid._, p. 225.

[28] Bidwell, Cook, and others: _Ibid._, p. 201.

[29] Bidwell: _Annals of Cong._, 9 Cong. 2 sess. p. 221. Cf. _Ibid._, p. 202.

[30] Early: _Ibid._, p. 239.

[31] _Ibid._

[32] _Ibid._, p. 1267.

[33] There were about six distinct punishments suggested:--

1. Forfeiture, and fine of $5000 to $10,000 (Early's bill: _Ibid._, p. 167).

2. Forfeiture and imprisonment (amendment to Senate bill: _Ibid._, pp. 231, 477, 483).

3. Forfeiture, imprisonment from 5 to 10 years, and fine of $1000 to $10,000 (amendment to amendment of Senate bill: _Ibid._, pp. 228, 483).

4. Forfeiture, imprisonment from 5 to 40 years, and fine of $1000 to $10,000 (Chandler's amendment: _Ibid._, p. 228).

5. Forfeiture of all property, and imprisonment (Pitkin: _Ibid._, p. 188).

6. Death (Smilie: _Ibid._, pp. 189-90; bill reported to House, Dec. 19: _Ibid._, p. 190; Senate bill as reported to House, Jan. 28).

[34] Smilie: _Annals of Cong._, 9 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 189-90.

[35] Tallmadge: _Ibid._, p. 233; Olin: _Ibid._, p. 237.

[36] Ely: _Ibid._, p. 237.

[37] Smilie: _Ibid._, p. 236. Cf. Sloan: _Ibid._, p. 232.

[38] Hastings: _Ibid._, p. 228.

[39] Dwight: _Ibid._, p. 241; Ely: _Ibid._, p. 232.

[40] Mosely: _Ibid._, pp. 234-5.

[41] Tallmadge: _Ibid._, pp. 232, 234. Cf. Dwight: _Ibid._, p. 241.

[42] Varnum: _Ibid._, p. 243.

[43] Elmer: _Annals of Cong._, 9 Cong. 2 sess. p. 235.

[44] _Ibid._, p. 240.

[45] Holland: _Ibid._, p. 240.

[46] Early: _Ibid._, pp. 238-9; Holland: _Ibid._, p. 239.

[47] _Ibid._, p. 233. Cf. Lloyd: _Ibid._, p. 237; Ely: _Ibid._, p. 232; Early: _Ibid._, pp. 238-9.

[48] _Ibid._, p. 484.

[49] This was the provision of the Senate bill as reported to the House. It was over the House amendment to this that the Houses disagreed. Cf. _Ibid._, p. 484.

[50] Cf. _Annals of Cong._, 9 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 527-8.

[51] _Ibid._, p. 528.

[52] _Ibid._, p. 626.

[53] _Ibid._

[54] _Ibid._

[55] _Ibid._, pp. 636-8; _House Journal_ (repr. 1826), 9 Cong. 2 sess. V. 616, and House Bill No. 219; _Ibid._, 10 Cong. 1 sess. VI. 27, 50; _Annals of Cong._, 10 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 854-5, 961.

[56] On account of the meagre records it is difficult to follow the course of this bill. I have pieced together information from various sources, and trust that this account is approximately correct.

[57] Cf. _Senate Journal_ (repr. 1821), 9 Cong. 2 sess. IV., Senate Bill No. 41.

[58] _Annals of Cong._, 9 Cong. 1 sess. p. 438. Cf. above, § 53.

[59] This amendment of the Committee of the Whole was adopted by a vote of 63 to 53. The New England States stood 3 to 2 for the death penalty; the Middle States were evenly divided, 3 and 3; and the South stood 5 to 0 against it, with Kentucky evenly divided. Cf. _House Journal_ (repr. 1826), 9 Cong. 2 sess. V. 504.

[60] _Ibid._, V. 514-5.

[61] The substitution of the Senate bill was a victory for the anti-slavery party, as all battles had to be fought again. The Southern party, however, succeeded in carrying all its amendments.

[62] Messrs. Betton of New Hampshire, Chittenden of Vermont, Garnett and Trigg of Virginia, and D.R. Williams of South Carolina voted against the bill: _House Journal_ (repr. 1826), 9 Cong. 2 sess. V. 585-6.

[63] _Annals of Cong._, 9 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 626-7.

[64] The unassigned dates refer to debates, etc. The history of the amendments and debates on the measure may be traced in the following references:--

Senate (Bill No. 41).

Annals of Cong., 9 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 20-1; 9 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 16, 19, 23, 33, 36, 45, 47, 68, 69, 70, 71, 79, 87, 93, etc.

Senate Journal (repr. 1826), 9 Cong. 1-2 sess. IV. 11, 112, 123, 124, 132, 133, 150, 158, 164, 165, 167, 168, etc.

* * * * *

House (Bill No. 148).

Annals of Cong., 9 Cong. 1 sess. p. 438; 9 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 114, 151, 167-8, 173-4, 180, 183, 189, 200, 202-4, 220, 228, 231, 240, 254, 264, 266-7, 270, 273, 373, 427, 477, 481, 484-6, 527, 528, etc.

House Journal (repr. 1826), 9 Cong. 1-2 sess. V. 470, 482, 488, 490, 491, 496, 500, 504, 510, 513-6, 517, 540, 557, 575, 579, 581, 583-4, 585, 592, 594, 610, 613-5, 623, 638, 640, etc.

[65] _Statutes at Large_, II. 426. There were some few attempts to obtain laws of relief from this bill: see, e.g., _Annals of Cong._, 10 Cong. 1 sess. p. 1243; 11 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 34, 36-9, 41, 43, 48, 49, 380, 465, 688, 706, 2209; _House Journal_ (repr. 1826), II Cong. 1-2 sess. VII. 100, 102, 124, etc., and Index, Senate Bill No. 8. Cf. _Amer. State Papers, Miscellaneous_, II. No. 269. There was also one proposed amendment to make the prohibition perpetual: _Amer. State Papers, Miscellaneous_, I. No. 244.

[66] Toulmin, _Digest of the Laws of Alabama_, p. 637.

[67] _Laws of North Carolina_ (revision of 1819), II. 1350.

[68] Prince, _Digest_, p. 793.

[69] Fowler, _Historical Status of the Negro in Connecticut_, in _Local Law_, etc., pp. 122, 126.

[70] _House Reports_, 17 Cong. 1 sess. II. No. 92, p. 32.

[71] _House Journal_ (repr. 1826), 11 Cong. 3 sess. VII. p. 435.

[72] _House Doc._, 15 Cong. 2 sess. IV. No. 84, p. 5.

[73] See, e.g., _House Journal_ (repr. 1826), 11 Cong. 3 sess. VII. p. 575.

[74] Drake, _Revelations of a Slave Smuggler_, p. 51. Parts of this narrative are highly colored and untrustworthy; this passage, however, has every earmark of truth, and is confirmed by many incidental allusions.

[75] For accounts of these slavers, see _House Reports_, 17 Cong. 1 sess. II. No. 92, pp. 30-50. The "Paz" was an armed slaver flying the American flag.

[76] Said to be owned by an Englishman, but fitted in America and manned by Americans. It was eventually captured by H.M.S. "Bann," after a hard fight.

[77] Also called Spanish schooner "Triumvirate," with American supercargo, Spanish captain, and American, French, Spanish, and English crew. It was finally captured by a British vessel.

[78] An American slaver of 1814, which was boarded by a British vessel. All the above cases, and many others, were proven before British courts.

[79] _House Reports_, 17 Cong. 1 sess. II. No. 92, p. 51.

[80] _House Doc._, 15 Cong. 1 sess. II. No. 12, pp. 22, 38. This slaver was after capture sent to New Orleans,--an illustration of the irony of the Act of 1807.

[81] _House Journal_, 14 Cong. 2 sess. p. 15.

[82] _House Doc._, 16 Cong. 1 sess. III. No. 36, p. 5.

[83] _Ibid._, 15 Cong. 1 sess. II. No. 12, pp. 8-14. See Chew's letter of Oct. 17, 1817: _Ibid._, pp. 14-16.

[84] By the secret Joint Resolution and Act of 1811 (_Statutes at Large_, III. 471), Congress gave the President power to suppress the Amelia Island establishment, which was then notorious. The capture was not accomplished until 1817.

[85] _House Doc._, 16 Cong. 1 sess. III. No. 42, pp. 10-11. Cf. Report of the House Committee, Jan. 10, 1818: "It is but too notorious that numerous infractions of the law prohibiting the importation of slaves into the United States have been perpetrated with impunity upon our southern frontier." _Amer. State Papers, Miscellaneous_, II. No. 441.

[86] Special message of Jan. 13, 1818: _House Journal_, 15 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 137-9.

[87] Collector McIntosh, of the District of Brunswick, Ga., to the Secretary of the Treasury. _House Doc._, 16 Cong. 1 sess. III. No. 42, pp. 8-9.

[88] _House Doc._, 16 Cong. 1 sess. III. No. 42, pp. 6-7.

[89] _Ibid._, pp. 11-12.

[90] _Amer. State Papers, Miscellaneous_, II. No. 529.

[91] _House Doc._, 16 Cong. 1 sess. III. No. 42, p. 7.

[92] _Ibid._, p. 6.

[93] _House Reports_, 21 Cong. 1 sess. III. No. 348, p. 82.

[94] They were not general instructions, but were directed to Commander Campbell. Cf. _House Doc._, 15 Cong. 2 sess. IV. No. 84, pp. 5-6.

[95] _Statutes at Large_, III. 471 ff.

[96] _House Doc._, 15 Cong. 2 sess. VI. No. 107, pp. 8-9.

[97] _Ibid._, IV. No. 84. Cf. Chew's letters in _House Reports_, 21 Cong. 1 sess. III. No. 348.

[98] _House Doc._, 15 Cong. 1 sess. II. No. 12, pp. 22, 38; 15 Cong. 2 sess. VI. No. 100, p. 13; 16 Cong. 1 sess. III. No. 42, p. 9, etc.; _House Reports_, 21 Cong. 1 sess. III. No. 348, p. 85.

[99] _House Doc._, 15 Cong. 2 sess. VI. No. 107, pp. 8-9.

[100] _House Reports_, 21 Cong. 1 sess. III. No. 348, p. 77.

[101] Cf. _House Doc._, 16 Cong. 1 sess. III. No. 42, p. 11: "The Grand Jury found true bills against the owners of the vessels, masters, and a supercargo--all of whom are discharged; why or wherefore I cannot say, except that it could not be for want of proof against them."

[102] E.g., in July, 1818, one informer "will have to leave that part of the country to save his life": _Ibid._, 15 Cong. 2 sess. VI. No. 100, p. 9.

[103] Joseph Nourse, Register of the Treasury, to Hon. W.H. Crawford, Secretary of the Treasury: _Ibid._, 15 Cong. 2 sess. VI. No. 107, p. 5.

[104] The slaves on the "Constitution" were not condemned, for the technical reason that she was not captured by a commissioned officer of the United States navy.

[105] These proceedings are very obscure, and little was said about them. The Spanish claimants were, it was alleged with much probability, but representatives of Americans. The claim was paid under the provisions of the Treaty of Florida, and included slaves whom the court afterward declared forfeited.

[106] An act to relieve him was finally passed, Feb. 8, 1827, nine years after the capture. See _Statutes at Large_, VI. 357.

[107] It is difficult to get at the exact facts in this complicated case. The above statement is, I think, much milder than the real facts would warrant, if thoroughly known. Cf. _House Reports_, 19 Cong. 1 sess. II. No. 231; 21 Cong. 1 sess. III. No. 348, pp. 62-3, etc.; 24 Cong. 1 sess. I. No. 209; _Amer. State Papers, Naval_, II. No. 308.

[108] The first method, represented by the Act of 1818, was favored by the South, the Senate, and the Democrats; the second method, represented by the Act of 1819, by the North, the House, and by the as yet undeveloped but growing Whig party.

[109] Committees on the slave-trade were appointed by the House in 1810 and 1813; the committee of 1813 recommended a revision of the laws, but nothing was done: _Annals of Cong._, 11 Cong. 3 sess. p. 387; 12 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 1074, 1090. The presidential message of 1816 led to committees on the trade in both Houses. The committee of the House of Representatives reported a joint resolution on abolishing the traffic and colonizing the Negroes, also looking toward international action. This never came to a vote: _Senate Journal_, 14 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 46, 179, 180; _House Journal_, 14 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 25, 27, 380; _House Doc_, 14 Cong. 2 sess. II. No. 77. Finally, the presidential message of 1817 (_House Journal_, 15 Cong. 1 sess. p. 11), announcing the issuance of orders to suppress the Amelia Island establishment, led to two other committees in both Houses. The House committee under Middleton made a report with a bill (_Amer. State Papers, Miscellaneous_, II. No. 441), and the Senate committee also reported a bill.

[110] The Senate debates were entirely unreported, and the report of the House debates is very meagre. For the proceedings, see _Senate Journal_, 15 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 243, 304, 315, 333, 338, 340, 348, 377, 386, 388, 391, 403, 406; _House Journal_, 15 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 19, 20, 29, 51, 92, 131, 362, 410, 450, 452, 456, 468, 479, 484, 492, 505.

[111] Simkins of South Carolina, Edwards of North Carolina, and Pindall: _Annals of Cong._, 15 Cong. 1 sess. p. 1740.

[112] Hugh Nelson of Virginia: _Annals of Cong._, 15 Cong. 1 sess. p. 1740.

[113] _Statutes at Large_, III. 450. By this act the first six sections of the Act of 1807 were repealed.

[114] Or, more accurately speaking, every one realized, in view of the increased activity of the trade, that it would be a failure.

[115] Nov. 18, 1818, the part of the presidential message referring to the slave-trade was given to a committee of the House, and this committee also took in hand the House bill of the previous session which the Senate bill had replaced: _House Journal_, 15 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 9-19, 42, 150, 179, 330, 334, 341, 343, 352.

[116] Of which little was reported: _Annals of Cong._, 15 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 1430-31. Strother opposed, "for various reasons of expediency," the bounties for captors. Nelson of Virginia advocated the death penalty, and, aided by Pindall, had it inserted. The vote on the bill was 57 to 45.

[117] The Senate had also had a committee at work on a bill which was reported Feb. 8, and finally postponed: _Senate Journal_, 15 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 234, 244, 311-2, 347. The House bill was taken up March 2: _Annals of Cong._, 15 Cong. 2 sess. p. 280.

[118] _Statutes at Large_, III. 532.

[119] _Annals of Cong._, 15 Cong. 2 sess. p. 1430. This insured the trial of slave-traders in a sympathetic slave State, and resulted in the "disappearance" of many captured Negroes.

[120] _Statutes at Large_, III. 533.

[121] The first of a long series of appropriations extending to 1869, of which a list is given on the next page. The totals are only approximately correct. Some statutes may have escaped me, and in the reports of moneys the surpluses of previous years are not always clearly distinguishable.

[122] In the first session of the sixteenth Congress, two bills on piracy were introduced into the Senate, one of which passed, April 26. In the House there was a bill on piracy, and a slave-trade committee reported recommending that the slave-trade be piracy. The Senate bill and this bill were considered in Committee of the Whole, May 11, and a bill was finally passed declaring, among other things, the traffic piracy. In the Senate there was "some discussion, rather on the form than the substance of these amendments," and "they were agreed to without a division": _Senate Journal_, 16 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 238, 241, 268, 287, 314, 331, 346, 350, 409, 412, 417, 420, 422, 424, 425; _House Journal_, 16 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 113, 280, 453, 454, 494, 518, 520, 522, 537; _Annals of Cong._, 16 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 693-4, 2231, 2236-7, etc. The debates were not reported.

[123] _Statutes at Large_, III. 600-1. This act was in reality a continuation of the piracy Act of 1819, and was only temporary. The provision was, however, continued by several acts, and finally made perpetual by the Act of Jan. 30, 1823: _Statutes at Large_, III. 510-4, 721. On March 3, 1823, it was slightly amended so as to give district courts jurisdiction.

[124] Attorney-General Wirt advised him, October, 1819, that no part of the appropriation could be used to purchase land in Africa or tools for the Negroes, or as salary for the agent: _Opinions of Attorneys-General_, I. 314-7. Monroe laid the case before Congress in a special message Dec. 20, 1819 (_House Journal_, 16 Cong. 1 sess. p. 57); but no action was taken there.

[125] Cf. Kendall's Report, August, 1830: _Senate Doc._, 21 Cong. 2 sess. I. No. 1, pp. 211-8; also see below, Chapter X.

[126] Speech in the House of Representatives, Feb. 15, 1819, p. 18; published in Boston, 1849.

[127] Jay, _Inquiry into American Colonization_ (1838), p. 59, note.

[128] Quoted in Friends' _Facts and Observations on the Slave Trade_ (ed. 1841), pp. 7-8.

[129] _Annals of Cong._, 16 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 270-1.

[130] _Ibid._, p. 698.

[131] _Ibid._, p. 1207.

[132] _Annals of Cong._, 16 Cong. 1 sess. p. 1433.

[133] Referring particularly to the case of the slaver "Plattsburg." Cf. _House Reports_, 17 Cong. 1 sess. II. No. 92, p. 10.

[134] _House Reports_, 17 Cong. 1 sess. II. No. 92, p. 2. The President had in his message spoken in exhilarating tones of the success of the government in suppressing the trade. The House Committee appointed in pursuance of this passage made the above report. Their conclusions are confirmed by British reports: _Parliamentary Papers_, 1822, Vol. XXII., _Slave Trade_, Further Papers, III. p. 44. So, too, in 1823, Ashmun, the African agent, reports that thousands of slaves are being abducted.

[135] Ayres to the Secretary of the Navy, Feb. 24, 1823; reprinted in _Friends' View of the African Slave-Trade_ (1824), p. 31.

[136] _House Reports_, 17 Cong. 1 sess. II. No. 92, pp. 5-6. The slavers were the "Ramirez," "Endymion," "Esperanza," "Plattsburg," "Science," "Alexander," "Eugene," "Mathilde," "Daphne," "Eliza," and "La Pensée." In these 573 Africans were taken. The naval officers were greatly handicapped by the size of the ships, etc. (cf. _Friends' View_, etc., pp. 33-41). They nevertheless acted with great zeal.

[137] _Parliamentary Papers_, 1821, Vol. XXIII., _Slave Trade_, Further Papers, A, p. 76. The names and description of a dozen or more American slavers are given: _Ibid._, pp. 18-21.

[138] _House Reports_, 17 Cong. 1 sess. II. No. 92, pp. 15-20.

[139] _House Doc._, 18 Cong. 1 sess. VI. No. 119, p. 13.

[140] _Parliamentary Papers_, 1823, Vol. XVIII., _Slave Trade_, Further Papers, A, pp. 10-11.

[141] _Opinions of Attorneys-General_, V. 717.

[142] R.W. Habersham to the Secretary of the Navy, August, 1821; reprinted in _Friends' View_, etc., p. 47.

[143] _Ibid._, p. 42.

[144] _Ibid._, p. 43.

[145] Cf. above, pp. 126-7.

[146] _Friends' View_, etc., p. 42.

[147] A few accounts of captures here and there would make the matter less suspicious; these, however, do not occur. How large this suspected illicit traffic was, it is of course impossible to say; there is no reason why it may not have reached many hundreds per year.

[148] Cf. editorial in _Niles's Register_, XXII. 114. Cf. also the following instances of pardons:--

PRESIDENT JEFFERSON: March 1, 1808, Phillip M. Topham, convicted for "carrying on an illegal slave-trade" (pardoned twice). _Pardons and Remissions_, I. 146, 148-9.

PRESIDENT MADISON: July 29, 1809, fifteen vessels arrived at New Orleans from Cuba, with 666 white persons and 683 negroes. Every penalty incurred under the Act of 1807 was remitted. (Note: "Several other pardons of this nature were granted.") _Ibid._, I. 179.

Nov. 8, 1809, John Hopkins and Lewis Le Roy, convicted for importing a slave. _Ibid._, I. 184-5.

Feb. 12, 1810, William Sewall, convicted for importing slaves. _Ibid._, I. 194, 235, 240.

May 5, 1812, William Babbit, convicted for importing slaves. _Ibid._, I. 248.

PRESIDENT MONROE: June 11, 1822, Thomas Shields, convicted for bringing slaves into New Orleans. _Ibid._, IV. 15.

Aug. 24, 1822, J.F. Smith, sentenced to five years' imprisonment and $3000 fine; served twenty-five months and was then pardoned. _Ibid._, IV. 22.

July 23, 1823, certain parties liable to penalties for introducing slaves into Alabama. _Ibid._, IV. 63.

Aug. 15, 1823, owners of schooner "Mary," convicted of importing slaves. _Ibid._, IV. 66.

PRESIDENT J.Q. ADAMS: March 4, 1826, Robert Perry; his ship was forfeited for slave-trading. _Ibid._, IV. 140.

Jan. 17, 1827, Jesse Perry; forfeited ship, and was convicted for introducing slaves. _Ibid._, IV. 158.

Feb. 13, 1827, Zenas Winston; incurred penalties for slave-trading. _Ibid._, IV. 161. The four following cases are similar to that of Winston:--

Feb. 24, 1827, John Tucker and William Morbon. _Ibid._, IV. 162.

March 25, 1828, Joseph Badger. _Ibid._, IV. 192.

Feb. 19, 1829, L.R. Wallace. _Ibid._, IV. 215.

PRESIDENT JACKSON: Five cases. _Ibid._, IV. 225, 270, 301, 393, 440.

The above cases were taken from manuscript copies of the Washington records, made by Mr. W.C. Endicott, Jr., and kindly loaned me.

[149] See _Senate Journal_, 20 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 60, 66, 340, 341, 343, 348, 352, 355; _House Journal_, 20 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 59, 76, 123, 134, 156, 169, 173, 279, 634, 641, 646, 647, 688, 692.

[150] _Statutes at Large_, VI. 376.

[151] Among interesting minor proceedings in this period were two Senate bills to register slaves so as to prevent illegal importation. They were both dropped in the House; a House proposition to the same effect also came to nothing: _Senate Journal_, 15 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 147, 152, 157, 165, 170, 188, 201, 203, 232, 237; 15 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 63, 74, 77, 202, 207, 285, 291, 297; _House Journal_, 15 Cong. 1 sess. p. 332; 15 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 303, 305, 316; 16 Cong. 1 sess. p. 150. Another proposition was contained in the Meigs resolution presented to the House, Feb. 5, 1820, which proposed to devote the public lands to the suppression of the slave-trade. This was ruled out of order. It was presented again and laid on the table in 1821: _House Journal_, 16 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 196, 200, 227; 16 Cong. 2 sess. p. 238.

* * * * *

Chapter IX

THE INTERNATIONAL STATUS OF THE SLAVE-TRADE.

1783-1862.

66. The Rise of the Movement against the Slave-Trade, 1788-1807. 67. Concerted Action of the Powers, 1783-1814. 68. Action of the Powers from 1814 to 1820. 69. The Struggle for an International Right of Search, 1820-1840. 70. Negotiations of 1823-1825. 71. The Attitude of the United States and the State of the Slave-Trade. 72. The Quintuple Treaty, 1839-1842. 73. Final Concerted Measures, 1842-1862.

66. ~The Rise of the Movement against the Slave-Trade, 1788-1807.~ At the beginning of the nineteenth century England held 800,000 slaves in her colonies; France, 250,000; Denmark, 27,000; Spain and Portugal, 600,000; Holland, 50,000; Sweden, 600; there were also about 2,000,000 slaves in Brazil, and about 900,000 in the United States.[1] This was the powerful basis of the demand for the slave-trade; and against the economic forces which these four and a half millions of enforced laborers represented, the battle for freedom had to be fought.

Denmark first responded to the denunciatory cries of the eighteenth century against slavery and the slave-trade. In 1792, by royal order, this traffic was prohibited in the Danish possessions after 1802. The principles of the French Revolution logically called for the extinction of the slave system by France. This was, however, accomplished more precipitately than the Convention anticipated;

and in a whirl of enthusiasm engendered by the appearance of the Dominican deputies, slavery and the slave-trade were abolished in all French colonies February 4, 1794.[2] This abolition was short-lived; for at the command of the First Consul slavery and the slave-trade was restored in An X (1799).[3] The trade was finally abolished by Napoleon during the Hundred Days by a decree, March 29, 1815, which briefly declared: "À dater de la publication du présent Décret, la Traite des Noirs est abolie."[4] The Treaty of Paris eventually confirmed this law.[5]

In England, the united efforts of Sharpe, Clarkson, and Wilberforce early began to arouse public opinion by means of agitation and pamphlet literature. May 21, 1788, Sir William Dolben moved a bill regulating the trade, which passed in July and was the last English measure countenancing the traffic.[6] The report of the Privy Council on the subject in 1789[7] precipitated the long struggle. On motion of Pitt, in 1788, the House had resolved to take up at the next session the question of the abolition of the trade.[8] It was, accordingly, called up by Wilberforce, and a remarkable parliamentary battle ensued, which lasted continuously until 1805. The Grenville-Fox ministry now espoused the cause. This ministry first prohibited the trade with such colonies as England had acquired by conquest during the Napoleonic wars; then, in 1806, they prohibited the foreign slave-trade; and finally, March 25, 1807, enacted the total abolition of the traffic.[9]

67. ~Concerted Action of the Powers, 1783-1814.~ During the peace negotiations between the United States and Great Britain in 1783, it was proposed by Jay, in June, that there be a proviso inserted as follows: "Provided that the subjects of his Britannic Majesty shall not have any right or claim under the convention, to carry or import, into the said States any slaves from any part of the world; it being the intention of the said States entirely to prohibit the importation thereof."[10] Fox promptly replied: "If that be their policy, it never can be competent to us to dispute with them their own regulations."[11] No mention of this was, however, made in the final treaty, probably because it was thought unnecessary.

In the proposed treaty of 1806, signed at London December 31, Article 24 provided that "The high contracting parties engage to communicate to each other, without delay, all such laws as have been or shall be hereafter enacted by their respective Legislatures, as also all measures which shall have been taken for the abolition or limitation of the African slave trade; and they further agree to use their best endeavors to procure the co-operation of other Powers for the final and complete abolition of a trade so repugnant to the principles of justice and humanity."[12]

This marks the beginning of a long series of treaties between England and other powers looking toward the prohibition of the traffic by international agreement. During the years 1810-1814 she signed treaties relating to the subject with Portugal, Denmark, and Sweden.[13] May 30, 1814, an additional article to the Treaty of Paris, between France and Great Britain, engaged these powers to endeavor to induce the approaching Congress at Vienna "to decree the abolition of the Slave Trade, so that the said Trade shall cease universally, as it shall cease definitively, under any circumstances, on the part of the French Government, in the course of 5 years; and that during the said period no Slave Merchant shall import or sell Slaves, except in the Colonies of the State of which he is a Subject."[14] In addition to this, the next day a circular letter was despatched by Castlereagh to Austria, Russia, and Prussia, expressing the hope "that the Powers of Europe, when restoring Peace to Europe, with one common interest, will crown this great work by interposing their benign offices in favour of those Regions of the Globe, which yet continue to be desolated by this unnatural and inhuman traffic."[15] Meantime additional treaties were secured: in 1814 by royal decree Netherlands agreed to abolish the trade;[16] Spain was induced by her necessities to restrain her trade to her own colonies, and to endeavor to prevent the fraudulent use of her flag by foreigners;[17] and in 1815 Portugal agreed to abolish the slave-trade north of the equator.[18]

68. ~Action of the Powers from 1814 to 1820.~ At the Congress of Vienna, which assembled late in 1814, Castlereagh was indefatigable in his endeavors to secure the abolition of the trade. France and Spain, however, refused to yield farther than they had already done, and the other powers hesitated to go to the lengths he recommended. Nevertheless, he secured the institution of annual conferences on the matter, and a declaration by the Congress strongly condemning the trade and declaring that "the public voice in all civilized countries was raised to demand its suppression as soon as possible," and that, while the definitive period of termination would be left to subsequent negotiation, the sovereigns would not consider their work done until the trade was entirely suppressed.[19]

In the Treaty of Ghent, between Great Britain and the United States, ratified February 17, 1815, Article 10, proposed by Great Britain, declared that, "Whereas the traffic in slaves is irreconcilable with the principles of humanity and justice," the two countries agreed to use their best endeavors in abolishing the trade.[20] The final overthrow of Napoleon was marked by a second declaration of the powers, who, "desiring to give effect to the measures on which they deliberated at the Congress of Vienna, relative to the complete and universal abolition of the Slave Trade, and having, each in their respective Dominions, prohibited

without restriction their Colonies and Subjects from taking any part whatever in this Traffic, engage to renew conjointly their efforts, with the view of securing final success to those principles which they proclaimed in the Declaration of the 4th February, 1815, and of concerting, without loss of time, through their Ministers at the Courts of London and of Paris, the most effectual measures for the entire and definitive abolition of a Commerce so odious, and so strongly condemned by the laws of religion and of nature."[21]

Treaties further restricting the trade continued to be made by Great Britain: Spain abolished the trade north of the equator in 1817,[22] and promised entire abolition in 1820; Spain, Portugal, and Holland also granted a mutual limited Right of Search to England, and joined in establishing mixed courts.[23] The effort, however, to secure a general declaration of the powers urging, if not compelling, the abolition of the trade in 1820, as well as the attempt to secure a qualified international Right of Visit, failed, although both propositions were strongly urged by England at the Conference of 1818.[24]

69. ~The Struggle for an International Right of Search, 1820-1840.~ Whatever England's motives were, it is certain that only a limited international Right of Visit on the high seas could suppress or greatly limit the slave-trade. Her diplomacy was therefore henceforth directed to this end. On the other hand, the maritime supremacy of England, so successfully asserted during the Napoleonic wars, would, in case a Right of Search were granted, virtually make England the policeman of the seas; and if nations like the United States had already, under present conditions, had just cause to complain of violations by England of their rights on the seas, might not any extension of rights by international agreement be dangerous? It was such considerations that for many years brought the powers to a dead-lock in their efforts to suppress the slave-trade.

At first it looked as if England might attempt, by judicial decisions in her own courts, to seize even foreign slavers.[25] After the war, however, her courts disavowed such action,[26] and the right was sought for by treaty stipulation. Castlereagh took early opportunity to approach the United States on the matter, suggesting to Minister Rush, June 20, 1818, a mutual but strictly limited Right of Search.[27] Rush was ordered to give him assurances of the solicitude of the United States to suppress the traffic, but to state that the concessions asked for appeared of a character not adaptable to our institutions. Negotiations were then transferred to Washington; and the new British minister, Mr. Stratford Canning, approached Adams with full instructions in December, 1820.[28]

Meantime, it had become clear to many in the United States that the individual efforts of States could never suppress or even limit the trade without systematic co-operation. In 1817 a committee of the House had urged the opening of negotiations looking toward such international co-operation,[29] and a Senate motion to the same effect had caused long debate.[30] In 1820 and 1821 two House committee reports, one of which recommended the granting of a Right of Search, were adopted by the House, but failed in the Senate.[31] Adams, notwithstanding this, saw constitutional objections to the plan proposed by Canning, and wrote to him, December 30: "A Compact, giving the power to the Naval Officers of one Nation to search the Merchant Vessels of another for Offenders and offences against the Laws of the latter, backed by a further power to seize and carry into a Foreign Port, and there subject to the decision of a Tribunal composed of at least one half Foreigners, irresponsible to the Supreme Corrective tribunal of this Union, and not amendable to the controul of impeachment for official misdemeanors, was an investment of power, over the persons, property and reputation of the Citizens of this Country, not only unwarranted by any delegation of Sovereign Power to the National Government, but so adverse to the elementary principles and indispensable securities of individual rights, ... that not even the most unqualified approbation of the ends ... could justify the transgression." He then suggested co-operation of the fleets on the coast of Africa, a proposal which was promptly accepted.[32]

The slave-trade was again a subject of international consideration at the Congress of Verona in 1822. Austria, France, Great Britain, Russia, and Prussia were represented. The English delegates declared that, although only Portugal and Brazil allowed the trade, yet the traffic was at that moment carried on to a greater extent than ever before. They said that in seven months of the year 1821 no less than 21,000 slaves were abducted, and three hundred and fifty-two vessels entered African ports north of the equator. "It is obvious," said they, "that this crime is committed in contravention of the Laws of every Country of Europe, and of America, excepting only of one, and that it requires something more than the ordinary operation of Law to prevent it." England therefore recommended:--

1. That each country denounce the trade as piracy, with a view of founding upon the aggregate of such separate declarations a general law to be incorporated in the Law of Nations.

2. A withdrawing of the flags of the Powers from persons not natives of these States, who engage in the traffic under the flags of these States.

3. A refusal to admit to their domains the produce of the colonies of States allowing the trade, a measure which would apply to Portugal and Brazil alone.

These proposals were not accepted. Austria would agree to the first two only; France refused to denounce the trade as piracy; and Prussia was non-committal. The utmost that could be gained was another denunciation of the trade couched in general terms.[33]

70. ~Negotiations of 1823-1825.~ England did not, however, lose hope of gaining some concession from the United States. Another House committee had, in 1822, reported that the only method of suppressing the trade was by granting a Right of Search.[34] The House agreed, February 28, 1823, to request the President to enter into negotiations with the maritime powers of Europe to denounce the slave-trade as piracy; an amendment "that we agree to a qualified right of search" was, however, lost.[35] Meantime, the English minister was continually pressing the matter upon Adams, who proposed in turn to denounce the trade as piracy. Canning agreed to this, but only on condition that it be piracy under the Law of Nations and not merely by statute law. Such an agreement, he said, would involve a Right of Search for its enforcement; he proposed strictly to limit and define this right, to allow captured ships to be tried in their own courts, and not to commit the United States in any way to the question of the belligerent Right of Search. Adams finally sent a draft of a proposed treaty to England, and agreed to recognize the slave-traffic "as piracy under the law of nations, namely: that, although seizable by the officers and authorities of every nation, they should be triable only by the tribunals of the country of the slave trading vessel."[36]

Rush presented this _project_ to the government in January, 1824. England agreed to all the points insisted on by the United States; viz., that she herself should denounce the trade as piracy; that slavers should be tried in their own country; that the captor should be laid under the most effective responsibility for his conduct; and that vessels under convoy of a ship of war of their own country should be exempt from search. In addition, England demanded that citizens of either country captured under the flag of a third power should be sent home for trial, and that citizens of either country chartering vessels of a third country should come under these stipulations.[37]

This convention was laid before the Senate April 30, 1824, but was not acted upon until May 21, when it was so amended as to make it terminable at six months' notice. The same day, President Monroe, "apprehending, from the delay in the decision, that some difficulty exists," sent a special message to the Senate, giving at length the reasons for signing the treaty, and saying that "should this Convention be adopted, there is every reason to believe, that it will be the commencement of a system destined to accomplish the entire Abolition of the Slave Trade." It was, however, a time of great political pot-boiling, and consequently an unfortunate occasion to ask senators to settle any great question. A systematic attack, led by Johnson of Louisiana, was made on all the vital provisions of the treaty: the waters of America were excepted from its application, and those of the West Indies barely escaped exception; the provision which, perhaps, aimed the deadliest blow at American slave-trade interests was likewise struck out; namely, the application of the Right of Search to citizens chartering the vessels of a third nation.[38]

The convention thus mutilated was not signed by England, who demanded as the least concession the application of the Right of Search to American waters. Meantime the United States had invited nearly all nations to denounce the trade as piracy; and the President, the Secretary of the Navy, and a House committee had urgently favored the granting of the Right of Search. The bad faith of Congress, however, in the matter of the Colombian treaty broke off for a time further negotiations with England.[39]

71. ~The Attitude of the United States and the State of the Slave-Trade.~ In 1824 the Right of Search was established between England and Sweden, and in 1826 Brazil promised to abolish the trade in three years.[40] In 1831 the cause was greatly advanced by the signing of a treaty between Great Britain and France, granting mutually a geographically limited Right of Search.[41] This led, in the next few years, to similar treaties with Denmark, Sardinia,[42] the Hanse towns,[43] and Naples.[44] Such measures put the trade more and more in the hands of Americans, and it began greatly to increase. Mercer sought repeatedly in the House to have negotiations reopened with England, but without success.[45] Indeed, the chances of success were now for many years imperilled by the recurrence of deliberate search of American vessels by the British.[46] In the majority of cases the vessels proved to be slavers, and some of them fraudulently flew the American flag; nevertheless, their molestation by British cruisers created much feeling, and hindered all steps toward an understanding: the United States was loath to have her criminal negligence in enforcing her own laws thus exposed by foreigners. Other international questions connected with the trade also strained the relations of the two countries: three different vessels engaged in the domestic slave-trade, driven by stress of weather, or, in the "Creole" case, captured by Negroes on board, landed slaves in British possessions; England freed them, and refused to pay for such as were landed after emancipation had been proclaimed in the West Indies.[47] The case of the slaver "L'Amistad" also raised difficulties with Spain. This Spanish vessel, after the Negroes on board had mutinied and killed their owners, was seized by a

United States vessel and brought into port for adjudication. The court, however, freed the Negroes, on the ground that under Spanish law they were not legally slaves; and although the Senate repeatedly tried to indemnify the owners, the project did not succeed.[48]

Such proceedings well illustrate the new tendency of the pro-slavery party to neglect the enforcement of the slave-trade laws, in a frantic defence of the remotest ramparts of slave property. Consequently, when, after the treaty of 1831, France and England joined in urging the accession of the United States to it, the British minister was at last compelled to inform Palmerston, December, 1833, that "the Executive at Washington appears to shrink from bringing forward, in any shape, a question, upon which depends the completion of their former object--the utter and universal Abolition of the Slave Trade--from an apprehension of alarming the Southern States."[49] Great Britain now offered to sign the proposed treaty of 1824 as amended; but even this Forsyth refused, and stated that the United States had determined not to become "a party of any Convention on the subject of the Slave Trade."[50]

Estimates as to the extent of the slave-trade agree that the traffic to North and South America in 1820 was considerable, certainly not much less than 40,000 slaves annually. From that time to about 1825 it declined somewhat, but afterward increased enormously, so that by 1837 the American importation was estimated as high as 200,000 Negroes annually. The total abolition of the African trade by American countries then brought the traffic down to perhaps 30,000 in 1842. A large and rapid increase of illicit traffic followed; so that by 1847 the importation amounted to nearly 100,000 annually. One province of Brazil is said to have received 173,000 in the years 1846-1849. In the decade 1850-1860 this activity in slave-trading continued, and reached very large proportions.

The traffic thus carried on floated under the flags of France, Spain, and Portugal, until about 1830; from 1830 to 1840 it began gradually to assume the United States flag; by 1845, a large part of the trade was under the stars and stripes; by 1850 fully one-half the trade, and in the decade, 1850-1860 nearly all the traffic, found this flag its best protection.[51]

72. ~The Quintuple Treaty, 1839-1842.~ In 1839 Pope Gregory XVI. stigmatized the slave-trade "as utterly unworthy of the Christian name;" and at the same time, although proscribed by the laws of every civilized State, the trade was flourishing with pristine vigor. Great advantage was given the traffic by the fact that the United States, for two decades after the abortive attempt of 1824, refused to co-operate with the rest of the civilized world, and allowed her flag to shelter and protect the slave-trade. If a fully equipped slaver sailed from New York, Havana, Rio Janeiro, or Liverpool, she had only to hoist the stars and stripes in order to proceed unmolested on her piratical voyage; for there was seldom a United States cruiser to be met with, and there were, on the other hand, diplomats at Washington so jealous of the honor of the flag that they would prostitute it to crime rather than allow an English or a French cruiser in any way to interfere. Without doubt, the contention of the United States as to England's pretensions to a Right of Visit was technically correct. Nevertheless, it was clear that if the slave-trade was to be suppressed, each nation must either zealously keep her flag from fraudulent use, or, as a labor-saving device, depute to others this duty for limited places and under special circumstances. A failure of any one nation to do one of these two things meant that the efforts of all other nations were to be fruitless. The United States had invited the world to join her in denouncing the slave-trade as piracy; yet, when such a pirate was waylaid by an English vessel, the United States complained or demanded reparation. The only answer which this country for years returned to the long-continued exposures of American slave-traders and of the fraudulent use of the American flag, was a recital of cases where Great Britain had gone beyond her legal powers in her attempt to suppress the slave-trade.[52] In the face of overwhelming evidence to the contrary, Secretary of State Forsyth declared, in 1840, that the duty of the United States in the matter of the slave-trade "has been faithfully performed, and if the traffic still exists as a disgrace to humanity, it is to be imputed to nations with whom Her Majesty's Government has formed and maintained the most intimate connexions, and to whose Governments Great Britain has paid for the right of active intervention in order to its complete extirpation."[53] So zealous was Stevenson, our minister to England, in denying the Right of Search, that he boldly informed Palmerston, in 1841, "that there is no shadow of pretence for excusing, much less justifying, the exercise of any such right. That it is wholly immaterial, whether the vessels be equipped for, or actually engaged in slave traffic or not, and consequently the right to search or detain even slave vessels, must be confined to the ships or vessels of those nations with whom it may have treaties on the subject."[54] Palmerston courteously replied that he could not think that the United States seriously intended to make its flag a refuge for slave-traders;[55] and Aberdeen pertinently declared: "Now, it can scarcely be maintained by Mr. Stevenson that Great Britain should be bound to permit her own subjects, with British vessels and British capital, to carry on, before the eyes of British officers, this detestable traffic in human beings, which the law has declared to be piracy, merely because they had the audacity to commit an additional offence by fraudulently usurping the American flag."[56] Thus the dispute, even after the advent of Webster, went on for a time, involving itself in metaphysical subtleties, and apparently leading no nearer to an understanding.[57]

In 1838 a fourth conference of the powers for the consideration of the slave-trade took place at London. It was attended by representatives of England, France, Russia, Prussia, and Austria. England laid the _projet_ of a treaty before them, to which all but France assented. This so-called Quintuple Treaty, signed December 20, 1841, denounced the slave-trade as piracy, and declared that "the High Contracting Parties agree by common consent, that those of their ships of war which shall be provided with special warrants and orders ... may search every merchant-vessel belonging to any one of the High Contracting Parties which shall, on reasonable grounds, be suspected of being engaged in the traffic in slaves." All captured slavers were to be sent to their own countries for trial.[58]

While the ratification of this treaty was pending, the United States minister to France, Lewis Cass, addressed an official note to Guizot at the French foreign office, protesting against the institution of an international Right of Search, and rather grandiloquently warning the powers against the use of force to accomplish their ends.[59] This extraordinary epistle, issued on the minister's own responsibility, brought a reply denying that the creation of any "new principle of international law, whereby the vessels even of those powers which have not participated in the arrangement should be subjected to the right of search," was ever intended, and affirming that no such extraordinary interpretation could be deduced from the Convention. Moreover, M. Guizot hoped that the United States, by agreeing to this treaty, would "aid, by its most sincere endeavors, in the definitive abolition of the trade."[60] Cass's theatrical protest was, consciously or unconsciously, the manifesto of that growing class in the United States who wanted no further measures taken for the suppression of the slave-trade; toward that, as toward the institution of slavery, this party favored a policy of strict _laissez-faire_.

73. ~Final Concerted Measures, 1842-1862.~ The Treaty of Washington, in 1842, made the first effective compromise in the matter and broke the unpleasant dead-lock, by substituting joint cruising by English and American squadrons for the proposed grant of a Right of Search. In submitting this treaty, Tyler said: "The treaty which I now submit to you proposes no alteration, mitigation, or modification of the rules of the law of nations. It provides simply that each of the two Governments shall maintain on the coast of Africa a sufficient squadron to enforce separately and respectively the laws, rights, and obligations of the two countries for the suppression of the slave trade."[61] This provision was a part of the treaty to settle the boundary disputes with England. In the Senate, Benton moved to strike out this article; but the attempt was defeated by a vote of 37 to 12, and the treaty was ratified.[62]

This stipulation of the treaty of 1842 was never properly carried out by the United States for any length of time.[63] Consequently the same difficulties as to search and visit by English vessels continued to recur. Cases like the following were frequent. The "Illinois," of Gloucester, Massachusetts, while lying at Whydah, Africa, was boarded by a British officer, but having American papers was unmolested. Three days later she hoisted Spanish colors and sailed away with a cargo of slaves. Next morning she fell in with another British vessel and hoisted American colors; the British ship had then no right to molest her; but the captain of the slaver feared that she would, and therefore ran his vessel aground, slaves and all. The senior English officer reported that "had Lieutenant Cumberland brought to and boarded the 'Illinois,' notwithstanding the American colors which she hoisted,... the American master of the 'Illinois' ... would have complained to his Government of the detention of his vessel."[64] Again, a vessel which had been boarded by British officers and found with American flag and papers was, a little later, captured under the Spanish flag with four hundred and thirty slaves. She had in the interim complained to the United States government of the boarding.[65]

Meanwhile, England continued to urge the granting of a Right of Search, claiming that the stand of the United States really amounted to the wholesale protection of pirates under her flag.[66] The United States answered by alleging that even the Treaty of 1842 had been misconstrued by England,[67] whereupon there was much warm debate in Congress, and several attempts were made to abrogate the slave-trade article of the treaty.[68] The pro-slavery party had become more and more suspicious of England's motives, since they had seen her abolition of the slave-trade blossom into abolition of the system itself, and they seized every opportunity to prevent co-operation with her. At the same time, European interest in the question showed some signs of weakening, and no decided action was taken. In 1845 France changed her Right of Search stipulations of 1833 to one for joint cruising,[69] while the Germanic Federation,[70] Portugal,[71] and Chili[72]enounced the trade as piracy. In 1844 Texas granted the Right of Search to England,[73] and in 1845 Belgium signed the Quintuple Treaty.[74]

Discussion between England and the United States was revived when Cass held the State portfolio, and, strange to say, the author of "Cass's Protest" went farther than any of his predecessors in acknowledging the justice of England's demands. Said he, in 1859: "If The United States maintained that, by carrying their flag at her masthead, any vessel became thereby entitled to the immunity which belongs to American vessels, they might well be reproached with assuming a position which would go far towards shielding crimes upon the ocean from punishment; but they advance no such pretension, while they concede that, if in the honest

examination of a vessel sailing under American colours, but accompanied by strongly-marked suspicious circumstances, a mistake is made, and she is found to be entitled to the flag she bears, but no injury is committed, and the conduct of the boarding party is irreproachable, no Government would be likely to make a case thus exceptional in its character a subject of serious reclamation."[75] While admitting this and expressing a desire to co-operate in the suppression of the slave-trade, Cass nevertheless steadily refused all further overtures toward a mutual Right of Search.

The increase of the slave-traffic was so great in the decade 1850-1860 that Lord John Russell proposed to the governments of the United States, France, Spain, Portugal, and Brazil, that they instruct their ministers to meet at London in May or June, 1860, to consider measures for the final abolition of the trade. He stated: "It is ascertained, by repeated instances, that the practice is for vessels to sail under the American flag. If the flag is rightly assumed, and the papers correct, no British cruizer can touch them. If no slaves are on board, even though the equipment, the fittings, the water-casks, and other circumstances prove that the ship is on a Slave Trade venture, no American cruizer can touch them."[76] Continued representations of this kind were made to the paralyzed United States government; indeed, the slave-trade of the world seemed now to float securely under her flag. Nevertheless, Cass refused even to participate in the proposed conference, and later refused to accede to a proposal for joint cruising off the coast of Cuba.[77] Great Britain offered to relieve the United States of any embarrassment by receiving all captured Africans into the West Indies; but President Buchanan "could not contemplate any such arrangement," and obstinately refused to increase the suppressing squadron.[78]

On the outbreak of the Civil War, the Lincoln administration, through Secretary Seward, immediately expressed a willingness to do all in its power to suppress the slave-trade.[79] Accordingly, June 7, 1862, a treaty was signed with Great Britain granting a mutual limited Right of Search, and establishing mixed courts for the trial of offenders at the Cape of Good Hope, Sierra Leone, and New York.[80] The efforts of a half-century of diplomacy were finally crowned; Seward wrote to Adams, "Had such a treaty been made in 1808, there would now have been no sedition here."[81]

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Cf. Augustine Cochin, in Lalor, _Cyclopedia_, III. 723.

[2] By a law of Aug. 11, 1792, the encouragement formerly given to the trade was stopped. Cf. _Choix de rapports, opinions et discours prononcés à la tribune nationale depuis 1789_ (Paris, 1821), XIV. 425; quoted in Cochin, _The Results of Emancipation_ (Booth's translation, 1863), pp. 33, 35-8.

[3] Cochin, _The Results of Emancipation_ (Booth's translation, 1863), pp. 42-7.

[4] _British and Foreign State Papers_, 1815-6, p. 196.

[5] _Ibid._, pp. 195-9, 292-3; 1816-7, p. 755. It was eventually confirmed by royal ordinance, and the law of April 15, 1818.

[6] _Statute 28 George III._, ch. 54. Cf. _Statute 29 George III._, ch. 66.

[7] Various petitions had come in praying for an abolition of the slave-trade; and by an order in Council, Feb. 11, 1788, a committee of the Privy Council was ordered to take evidence on the subject. This committee presented an elaborate report in 1739. See published _Report_, London, 1789.

[8] For the history of the Parliamentary struggle, cf. Clarkson's and Copley's histories. The movement was checked in the House of Commons in 1789, 1790, and 1791. In 1792 the House of Commons resolved to abolish the trade in 1796. The Lords postponed the matter to take evidence. A bill to prohibit the foreign slave-trade was lost in 1793, passed the next session, and was lost in the House of Lords. In 1795, 1796, 1798, and 1799 repeated attempts to abolish the trade were defeated. The matter then rested until 1804, when the battle was renewed with more success.

[9] _Statute 46 George III._, ch. 52, 119; _47 George III._, sess. I. ch. 36.

[10] Sparks, _Diplomatic Correspondence_, X. 154.

[11] Fox to Hartley, June 10, 1783; quoted in Bancroft, _History of the Constitution of the United States_, I. 61.

[12] _Amer. State Papers, Foreign_, III. No. 214, p. 151.

[13] _British and Foreign State Papers_, 1815-6, pp. 886, 937 (quotation).

[14] _Ibid._, pp. 890-1.

[15] _British and Foreign State Papers_, 1815-6, p. 887. Russia, Austria, and Prussia returned favorable replies: _Ibid._, pp. 887-8.

[16] _Ibid._, p. 889.

[17] She desired a loan, which England made on this condition: _Ibid._, pp. 921-2.

[18] _Ibid._, pp. 937-9. Certain financial arrangements secured this concession.

[19] _Ibid._, pp. 939-75

[20] _Amer. State Papers, Foreign_, III. No. 271, pp. 735-48; _U.S. Treaties and Conventions_ (ed. 1889), p. 405.

[21] This was inserted in the Treaty of Paris, Nov. 20, 1815: _British and Foreign State Papers_, 1815-6, p. 292.

[22] _Ibid._, 1816-7, pp. 33-74 (English version, 1823-4, p. 702 ff.).

[23] Cf. _Ibid._, 1817-8, p. 125 ff.

[24] This was the first meeting of the London ministers of the powers according to agreement; they assembled Dec. 4, 1817, and finally called a meeting of plenipotentiaries on the question of suppression at Aix-la-Chapelle, beginning Oct. 24, 1818. Among those present were Metternich, Richelieu, Wellington, Castlereagh, Hardenberg, Bernstorff, Nesselrode, and Capodistrias. Castlereagh made two propositions: 1. That the five powers join in urging Portugal and Brazil to abolish the trade May 20, 1820; 2. That the powers adopt the principle of a mutual qualified Right of Search. Cf. _British and Foreign State Papers_, 1818-9, pp. 21-88; _Amer. State Papers, Foreign_, V. No. 346, pp. 113-122.

[25] For cases, see _1 Acton_, 240, the "Amedie," and _1 Dodson_, 81, the "Fortuna;" quoted in U.S. Reports, _10 Wheaton_, 66.

[26] Cf. the case of the French ship "Le Louis": _2 Dodson_, 238; and also the case of the "San Juan Nepomuceno": _1 Haggard_, 267.

[27] _British and Foreign State Papers_, 1819-20, pp. 375-9; also pp. 220-2.

[28] _Ibid._, 1820-21, pp. 395-6.

[29] _House Doc._, 14 Cong. 2 sess. II. No. 77.

[30] _Annals of Cong._, 15 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 71, 73-78, 94-109. The motion was opposed largely by Southern members, and passed by a vote of 17 to 16.

[31] One was reported, May 9, 1820, by Mercer's committee, and passed May 12: _House Journal_, 16 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 497, 518, 520, 526; _Annals of Cong._, 16 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 697-9. A similar resolution passed the House next session, and a committee reported in favor of the Right of Search: _Ibid._, 16 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 1064-71. Cf. _Ibid._, pp. 476, 743, 865, 1469.

[32] _British and Foreign State Papers_, 1820-21, pp. 397-400.

[33] _British and Foreign State Papers_, 1822-3, pp. 94-110.

[34] _House Reports_, 17 Cong. 1 sess. II. No. 92.

[35] _House Journal_, 17 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 212, 280; _Annals of Cong._, 17 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 922, 1147-1155.

[36] _British and Foreign State Papers_, 1823-4, pp. 409-21; 1824-5, pp. 828-47; _Amer. State Papers, Foreign_, V. No. 371, pp. 333-7.

[37] _Ibid._

[38] _Ibid._, No. 374, p. 344 ff., No. 379, pp. 360-2.

[39] _House Reports_, 18 Cong. 2 sess. I. No. 70; _Amer. State Papers, Foreign_, V. No. 379, pp. 364-5, No. 414, p. 783, etc. Among the nations invited by the United States to co-operate in suppressing the trade was the United States of Colombia. Mr. Anderson, our minister, expressed "the certain belief that the Republic of Colombia will not permit herself to be behind any Government in the civilized world in the adoption of energetic measures for the suppression of this disgraceful traffic": _Ibid._, No. 407, p. 729. The little republic replied courteously; and, as a _projet_ for a treaty, Mr. Anderson offered the proposed English treaty of 1824, including the Senate amendments. Nevertheless, the treaty thus agreed to was summarily rejected by the Senate, March 9, 1825: _Ibid._, p. 735. Another result of this general invitation of the United States was a proposal by Colombia that the slave-trade and the status of Hayti be among the subjects for discussion at the Panama Congress. As a result of this, a Senate committee recommended that the United States take no part in the Congress. This report was finally disagreed to by a vote of 19 to 24: _Ibid._, No. 423, pp. 837, 860, 876, 882.

[40] _British and Foreign State Papers_, 1823-4, and 1826-7. Brazil abolished the trade in 1830.

[41] This treaty was further defined in 1833: _Ibid._, 1830-1, p. 641 ff.; 1832-3, p. 286 ff.

[42] _Ibid._, 1833-4, pp. 218 ff., 1059 ff.

[43] _Ibid._, 1837-8, p. 268 ff.

[44] _Ibid._, 1838-9, p. 792 ff.

[45] Viz., Feb. 28, 1825; April 7, 1830; Feb. 16, 1831; March 3, 1831. The last resolution passed the House: _House Journal_, 21 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 426-8.

[46] Cf. _House Doc._, 26 Cong. 2 sess. V. No. 115, pp. 35-6, etc.; _House Reports_, 27 Cong. 3 sess. III. No. 283, pp. 730-55, etc.

[47] These were the celebrated cases of the "Encomium," "Enterprize," and "Comet." Cf. _Senate Doc._, 24 Cong. 2 sess. II. No. 174; 25 Cong. 3 sess. III. No. 216. Cf. also case of the "Creole": _Ibid._, 27 Cong. 2 sess. II.-III. Nos. 51, 137.

[48] _Ibid._, 26 Cong. 2 sess. IV. No. 179; _Senate Exec. Doc._, 31 Cong. 2 sess. III. No. 29; 32 Cong. 2 sess. III. No. 19; _Senate Reports_, 31 Cong. 2 sess. No. 301; 32 Cong. 1 sess. I. No. 158; 35 Cong. 1 sess. I. No. 36; _House Doc._, 26 Cong. 1 sess. IV. No. 185; 27 Cong. 3 sess. V. No. 191; 28 Cong. 1 sess. IV. No. 83; _House Exec. Doc._, 32 Cong. 2 sess. III. No. 20; _House Reports_, 26 Cong. 2 sess. No. 51; 28 Cong. 1 sess. II. No. 426; 29 Cong. 1 sess. IV. No. 753; also Decisions of the U.S. Supreme Court, _15 Peters_, 518. Cf. Drake, _Revelations of a Slave Smuggler_, p. 98.

[49] _British and Foreign State Papers_, 1834-5, p. 136.

[50] _Ibid._, pp. 135-47. Great Britain made treaties meanwhile with Hayti, Uruguay, Venezuela, Bolivia, Argentine Confederation, Mexico, Texas, etc. Portugal prohibited the slave-trade in 1836, except between her African colonies. Cf. _Ibid._, from 1838 to 1841.

[51] These estimates are from the following sources: _Ibid._, 1822-3, pp. 94-110; _Parliamentary Papers_, 1823, XVIII., _Slave Trade_, Further Papers, A., pp. 10-11; 1838-9, XLIX., _Slave Trade_, Class A, Further Series, pp. 115, 119, 121; _House Doc._, 19 Cong. 1 sess. I. No. 1, p. 93; 20 Cong. 1 sess. III. No. 99; 26 Cong. 1 sess. VI. No. 211; _House Exec. Doc._, 31 Cong. 2 sess. I. No. 1, p. 193; _House Reports_, 21 Cong. 1 sess. III. No. 348; _Senate Doc._, 28 Cong. 1 sess. IV. No. 217; 31 Cong. 1 sess. XIV. No. 66; 31 Cong. 2 sess. II. No. 6; _Amer. State Papers, Naval_, I. No. 249; Buxton, _The African Slave Trade and its Remedy_, pp. 44-59; Friends' _Facts and Observations on the Slave Trade_ (ed. 1841); Friends' _Exposition of the Slave Trade, 1840-50_; _Annual Reports of the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society_.

The annexed table gives the dates of the abolition of the slave-trade by the various nations:--

-------+------------------+--------------------------+-------------- | | |Arrangements | | Right of Search Treaty | for Joint Date. |Slave-trade | with Great Britain, | Cruising | Abolished by | made by | with Great | | | Britain, | | | made by
-------+------------------+--------------------------+-------------- 1802 | Denmark. | | 1807 | Great Britain; | | | United States. | | 1813 | Sweden. | | 1814 | Netherlands. | | 1815 | Portugal (north | | | of the equator).| | 1817 | Spain (north of | Portugal; Spain. | | the equator). | | 1818 | France. | Netherlands. | 1820 | Spain. | | 1824 | | Sweden. | 1829 | Brazil (?). | | 1830 | Portugal. | | 1831-33| | France. | 1833-39| | Denmark, Hanse Towns, etc.| 1841 | | Quintuple Treaty (Austria,| 1842 | | Russia, Prussia). | United States.

1844 | | Texas. | 1845 | | Belgium. | France. 1862 | | United States. | -------+------------------+--------------------------+--------------

[52] Cf. _British and Foreign State Papers_, from 1836 to 1842.

[53] _Ibid._, 1839-40, p. 940.

[54] _House Doc._, 27 Cong. 1 sess. No. 34, pp. 5-6.

[55] _Senate Doc._, 29 Cong. 1 sess. VIII. No. 377, p. 56.

[56] _Ibid._, p. 72.

[57] _Ibid._, pp. 133-40, etc.

[58] _British and Foreign State Papers_, 1841-2, p. 269 ff.

[59] See below, Appendix B.

[60] _Senate Doc._, 29 Cong. 1 sess. VIII. No. 377, p. 201.

[61] _Senate Exec. Journal_, VI. 123.

[62] _U.S. Treaties and Conventions_ (ed. 1889), pp. 436-7. For the debates in the Senate, see _Congressional Globe_, 27 Cong. 3 sess. Appendix. Cass resigned on account of the acceptance of this treaty without a distinct denial of the Right of Search, claiming that this compromised his position in France. Cf. _Senate Doc._, 27 Cong. 3 sess. II., IV. Nos. 52, 223; 29 Cong. 1 sess. VIII. No. 377.

[63] Cf. below, Chapter X.

[64] _Senate Exec. Doc._, 28 Cong. 2 sess. IX. No. 150, p. 72.

[65] _Ibid._, p. 77.

[66] _House Doc._, 27 Cong. 3 sess. V. No. 192, p. 4. Cf. _British and Foreign State Papers_, 1842-3, p. 708 ff.

[67] _House Journal_, 27 Cong. 3 sess. pp. 431, 485-8. Cf. _House Doc._, 27 Cong. 3 sess. V. No. 192.

[68] Cf. below, Chapter X.

[69] With a fleet of 26 vessels, reduced to 12 in 1849: _British and Foreign State Papers_, 1844-5, p. 4 ff.; 1849-50, p. 480.

[70] _Ibid._, 1850-1, p. 953.

[71] Portugal renewed her Right of Search treaty in 1842: _Ibid._, 1841-2, p. 527 ff.; 1842-3, p. 450.

[72] _Ibid._, 1843-4, p. 316.

[73] _Ibid._, 1844-5, p. 592. There already existed some such privileges between England and Texas.

[74] _Ibid._, 1847-8, p. 397 ff.

[75] _Ibid._, 1858-9, pp. 1121, 1129.

[76] _British and Foreign State Papers_, 1859-60, pp. 902-3.

[77] _House Exec. Doc._, 36 Cong. 2 sess. IV. No. 7.

[78] _Ibid._

[79] _Senate Exec. Doc._, 37 Cong. 2 sess. V. No. 57.

[80] _Senate Exec. Journal_, XII. 230-1, 240, 254, 256, 391, 400, 403; _Diplomatic Correspondence_, 1862, pp. 141, 158; _U.S. Treaties and Conventions_ (ed. 1889), pp. 454-9.

[81] _Diplomatic Correspondence_, 1862, pp. 64-5. This treaty was revised in 1863. The mixed court in the West Indies had, by February, 1864, liberated 95,206 Africans: _Senate Exec. Doc._, 38 Cong. 1 sess. No. 56, p. 24.

* * * * *

Chapter X

THE RISE OF THE COTTON KINGDOM. 1820-1850.

74. The Economic Revolution. 75. The Attitude of the South. 76. The Attitude of the North and Congress. 77. Imperfect Application of the Laws. 78. Responsibility of the Government. 79. Activity of the Slave-Trade.

74. ~The Economic Revolution.~ The history of slavery and the slave-trade after 1820 must be read in the light of the industrial revolution through which the civilized world passed in the first half of the nineteenth century. Between the years 1775 and 1825 occurred economic events and changes of the highest importance and widest influence. Though all branches of industry felt the impulse of this new industrial life, yet, "if we consider single industries, cotton manufacture has, during the nineteenth century, made the most magnificent and gigantic advances."[1] This fact is easily explained by the remarkable series of inventions that revolutionized this industry between 1738 and 1830, including Arkwright's, Watt's, Compton's, and Cartwright's epoch-making contrivances.[2] The effect which these inventions had on the manufacture of cotton goods is best illustrated by the fact that in England, the chief cotton market of the world, the consumption of raw cotton rose steadily from 13,000 bales in 1781, to 572,000 in 1820, to 871,000 in 1830, and to 3,366,000 in 1860.[3] Very early, therefore, came the query whence the supply of raw cotton was to come. Tentative experiments on the rich, broad fields of the Southern United States, together with the indispensable invention of Whitney's cotton-gin, soon answered this question: a new economic future was opened up to this land, and immediately the whole South began to extend its cotton culture, and more and more to throw its whole energy into this one staple.

Here it was that the fatal mistake of compromising with slavery in the beginning, and of the policy of _laissez-faire_ pursued thereafter, became painfully manifest; for, instead now of a healthy, normal, economic development along proper industrial lines, we have the abnormal and fatal rise of a slave-labor large farming system, which, before it was realized, had so intertwined itself with and braced itself upon the economic forces of an industrial age, that a vast and terrible civil war was necessary to displace it. The tendencies to a patriarchal serfdom, recognizable in the age of Washington and Jefferson, began slowly but surely to disappear; and in the second quarter of the century Southern slavery was irresistibly changing from a family institution to an industrial system.

The development of Southern slavery has heretofore been viewed so exclusively from the ethical and social standpoint that we are apt to forget its close and indissoluble connection with the world's cotton market. Beginning with 1820, a little after the close of the Napoleonic wars, when the industry of cotton manufacture had begun its modern development and the South had definitely assumed her position as chief producer of raw cotton, we find the average price of cotton per pound, 8½_d._ From this time until 1845 the price steadily fell, until in the latter year it reached 4_d._; the only exception to this fall was in the years 1832-1839, when, among other things, a strong increase in the English demand, together with an attempt of the young slave power to "corner" the market, sent the price up as high as 11_d._ The demand for cotton goods soon outran a crop which McCullough had pronounced "prodigious," and after 1845 the price started on a steady rise, which, except for the checks suffered during the continental revolutions and the Crimean War, continued until 1860.[4] The steady increase in the production of cotton explains the fall in price down to 1845. In 1822 the crop was a half-million bales; in 1831, a million; in 1838, a million and a half; and in 1840-1843, two million. By this time the world's consumption of cotton goods began to increase so rapidly that, in spite of the increase in Southern crops, the price kept rising. Three million bales were gathered in 1852, three and a half million in 1856, and the remarkable crop of five million bales in 1860.[5]

Here we have data to explain largely the economic development of the South. By 1822 the large-plantation slave system had gained footing; in 1838-1839 it was able to show its power in the cotton "corner;" by the end of the next decade it had not only gained a solid economic foundation, but it had built a closed oligarchy with a political policy. The changes in price during the next few years drove out of competition many survivors of the small-farming free-labor system, and put the slave _régime_ in position to dictate the policy of the nation. The zenith of the system and the first inevitable signs of decay came in the years 1850-1860, when the rising price of cotton threw the whole economic energy of the South into its cultivation, leading to a terrible consumption of soil and slaves, to a great increase in the size of plantations, and to increasing power and effrontery on the part of the slave barons.

Finally, when a rising moral crusade conjoined with threatened economic disaster, the oligarchy, encouraged by the state of the cotton market, risked all on a political _coup-d'état_, which failed in the war of 1861-1865.[6]

75. ~The Attitude of the South.~ The attitude of the South toward the slave-trade changed _pari passu_ with this development of the cotton trade. From 1808 to 1820 the South half wished to get rid of a troublesome and abnormal institution, and yet saw no way to do so. The fear of insurrection and of the further spread of the disagreeable system led her to consent to the partial prohibition of the trade by severe national enactments. Nevertheless, she had in the matter no settled policy: she refused to support vigorously the execution of the laws she had helped to make, and at the same time she acknowledged the theoretical necessity of these laws. After 1820, however, there came a gradual change. The South found herself supplied with a body of slave laborers, whose number had been augmented by large illicit importations, with an abundance of rich land, and with all other natural facilities for raising a crop which was in large demand and peculiarly adapted to slave labor. The increasing crop caused a new demand for slaves, and an interstate slave-traffic arose between the Border and the Gulf States, which turned the former into slave-breeding districts, and bound them to the slave States by ties of strong economic interest.

As the cotton crop continued to increase, this source of supply became inadequate, especially as the theory of land and slave consumption broke down former ethical and prudential bounds. It was, for example, found cheaper to work a slave to death in a few years, and buy a new one, than to care for him in sickness and old age; so, too, it was easier to despoil rich, new land in a few years of intensive culture, and move on to the Southwest, than to fertilize and conserve the soil.[7] Consequently, there early came a demand for land and slaves greater than the country could supply. The demand for land showed itself in the annexation of Texas, the conquest of Mexico, and the movement toward the acquisition of Cuba. The demand for slaves was manifested in the illicit traffic that noticeably increased about 1835, and reached large proportions by 1860. It was also seen in a disposition to attack the government for stigmatizing the trade as criminal,[8] then in a disinclination to take any measures which would have rendered our repressive laws effective; and finally in such articulate declarations by prominent men as this: "Experience having settled the point, that this Trade _cannot be abolished by the use of force_, and that blockading squadrons serve only to make it more profitable and more cruel, I am surprised that the attempt is persisted in, unless as it serves as a cloak to some other purposes. It would be far better than it now is, for the African, if the trade was free from all restrictions, and left to the mitigation and decay which time and competition would surely bring about."[9]

76. ~The Attitude of the North and Congress.~ With the North as yet unawakened to the great changes taking place in the South, and with the attitude of the South thus in process of development, little or no constructive legislation could be expected on the subject of the slave-trade. As the divergence in sentiment became more and more pronounced, there were various attempts at legislation, all of which proved abortive. The pro-slavery party attempted, as early as 1826, and again in 1828, to abolish the African agency and leave the Africans practically at the mercy of the States;[10] one or two attempts were made to relax the few provisions which restrained the coastwise trade;[11] and, after the treaty of 1842, Benton proposed to stop appropriations for the African squadron until England defined her position on the Right of Search question.[12] The anti-slavery men presented several bills to amend and strengthen previous laws;[13] they sought, for instance, in vain to regulate the Texan trade, through which numbers of slaves indirectly reached the United States.[14] Presidents and consuls earnestly recommended legislation to restrict the clearances of vessels bound on slave-trading voyages, and to hinder the facility with which slavers obtained fraudulent papers.[15] Only one such bill succeeded in passing the Senate, and that was dropped in the House.[16]

The only legislation of this period was confined to a few appropriation bills. Only one of these acts, that of 1823, appropriating $50,000,[17] was designed materially to aid in the suppression of the trade, all the others relating to expenses incurred after violations. After 1823 the appropriations dwindled, being made at intervals of one, two, and three years, down to 1834, when the amount was $5,000. No further appropriations were made until 1842, when a few thousands above an unexpended surplus were appropriated. In 1843 $5,000 were given, and finally, in 1846, $25,000 were secured; but this was the last sum obtainable until 1856.[18] Nearly all of these meagre appropriations went toward reimbursing Southern plantation owners for the care and support of illegally imported Africans, and the rest to the maintenance of the African agency. Suspiciously large sums were paid for the first purpose, considering the fact that such Africans were always worked hard by those to whom they were farmed out, and often "disappeared" while in their hands. In the accounts we nevertheless find many items like that of $20,286.98 for the maintenance of Negroes imported on the "Ramirez;"[19] in 1827, $5,442.22 for the "bounty, subsistence, clothing, medicine," etc., of fifteen Africans;[20] in 1835, $3,613 for the support of thirty-eight slaves for two months (including a bill of $1,038 for medical attendance).[21]

The African agency suffered many vicissitudes. The first agent, Bacon, who set out early in 1820, was authorized by President Monroe "to form an establishment on the island of Sherbro, or elsewhere on the coast of Africa," and to build barracks for three hundred persons. He was, however, warned "not to connect your agency with the views or plans of the Colonization Society, with which, under the law, the Government of the United States has no concern." Bacon soon died, and was followed during the next four years by Winn and Ayres; they succeeded in establishing a government agency on Cape Mesurado, in conjunction with that of the Colonization Society. The agent of that Society, Jehudi Ashmun, became after 1822, the virtual head of the colony; he fortified and enlarged it, and laid the foundations of an independent community. The succeeding government agents came to be merely official representatives of the United States, and the distribution of free rations for liberated Africans ceased in 1827.

Between 1819 and 1830 two hundred and fifty-two recaptured Africans were sent to the agency, and $264,710 were expended. The property of the government at the agency was valued at $18,895. From 1830 to 1840, nearly $20,000 more were expended, chiefly for the agents' salaries. About 1840 the appointment of an agent ceased, and the colony became gradually self-supporting and independent. It was proclaimed as the Republic of Liberia in 1847.[22]

77. ~Imperfect Application of the Laws.~ In reviewing efforts toward the suppression of the slave-trade from 1820 to 1850, it must be remembered that nearly every cabinet had a strong, if not a predominating, Southern element, and that consequently the efforts of the executive were powerfully influenced by the changing attitude of the South. Naturally, under such circumstances, the government displayed little activity and no enthusiasm in the work. In 1824 a single vessel of the Gulf squadron was occasionally sent to the African coast to return by the route usually followed by the slavers; no wonder that "none of these or any other of our public ships have found vessels engaged in the slave trade under the flag of the United States, ... although it is known that the trade still exists to a most lamentable extent."[23] Indeed, all that an American slaver need do was to run up a Spanish or a Portuguese flag, to be absolutely secure from all attack or inquiry on the part of United States vessels. Even this desultory method of suppression was not regular: in 1826 "no vessel has been despatched to the coast of Africa for several months,"[24] and from that time until 1839 this country probably had no slave-trade police upon the seas, except in the Gulf of Mexico. In 1839 increasing violations led to the sending of two fast-sailing vessels to the African coast, and these were kept there more or less regularly;[25] but even after the signing of the treaty of 1842 the Secretary of the Navy reports: "On the coast of Africa we have _no_ squadron. The small appropriation of the present year was believed to be scarcely sufficient."[26] Between 1843 and 1850 the coast squadron varied from two to six vessels, with from thirty to ninety-eight guns;[27] "but the force habitually and actively engaged in cruizing on the ground frequented by slavers has probably been less by one-fourth, if we consider the size of the ships employed and their withdrawal for purposes of recreation and health, and the movement of the reliefs, whose arrival does not correspond exactly with the departure of the vessels whose term of service has expired."[28] The reports of the navy show that in only four of the eight years mentioned was the fleet, at the time of report, at the stipulated size of eighty guns; and at times it was much below this, even as late as 1848, when only two vessels are reported on duty along the African coast.[29] As the commanders themselves acknowledged, the squadron was too small and the cruising-ground too large to make joint cruising effective.[30]

The same story comes from the Brazil station: "Nothing effectual can be done towards stopping the slave trade, as our squadron is at present organized," wrote the consul at Rio Janeiro in 1847; "when it is considered that the Brazil station extends from north of the equator to Cape Horn on this continent, and includes a great part of Africa south of the equator, on both sides of the Cape of Good Hope, it must be admitted that one frigate and one brig is a very insufficient force to protect American commerce, and repress the participation in the slave trade by our own vessels."[31] In the Gulf of Mexico cruisers were stationed most of the time, although even here there were at times urgent representations that the scarcity or the absence of such vessels gave the illicit trade great license.[32]

Owing to this general negligence of the government, and also to its anxiety on the subject of the theoretic Right of Search, many officials were kept in a state of chronic deception in regard to the trade. The enthusiasm of commanders was dampened by the lack of latitude allowed and by the repeated insistence in their orders on the non-existence of a Right of Search.[33] When one commander, realizing that he could not cover the trading-track with his fleet, requested English commanders to detain suspicious American vessels until one of his vessels came up, the government annulled the agreement as soon as it reached their ears, rebuked him, and the matter was alluded to in Congress long after with horror.[34] According to the orders of cruisers, only slavers with slaves actually on board could be seized. Consequently, fully equipped slavers would sail past the American fleet, deliberately make all preparations for shipping a cargo, then, when the English were not near, "sell" the ship to a Spaniard, hoist the Spanish flag, and again sail gayly past the American fleet with a cargo of slaves. An English commander reported: "The officers of the United States' navy are extremely active and zealous in the cause, and no fault can be attributed to them, but it is greatly to be

lamented that this blemish should in so great a degree nullify our endeavours."[35]

78. ~Responsibility of the Government.~ Not only did the government thus negatively favor the slave-trade, but also many conscious, positive acts must be attributed to a spirit hostile to the proper enforcement of the slave-trade laws. In cases of doubt, when the law needed executive interpretation, the decision was usually in favor of the looser construction of the law; the trade from New Orleans to Mobile was, for instance, declared not to be coastwise trade, and consequently, to the joy of the Cuban smugglers, was left utterly free and unrestricted.[36] After the conquest of Mexico, even vessels bound to California, by the way of Cape Horn, were allowed to clear coastwise, thus giving our flag to "the slave-pirates of the whole world."[37] Attorney-General Nelson declared that the selling to a slave-trader of an American vessel, to be delivered on the coast of Africa, was not aiding or abetting the slave-trade.[38] So easy was it for slavers to sail that corruption among officials was hinted at. "There is certainly a want of proper vigilance at Havana," wrote Commander Perry in 1844, "and perhaps at the ports of the United States;" and again, in the same year, "I cannot but think that the custom-house authorities in the United States are not sufficiently rigid in looking after vessels of suspicious character."[39]

In the courts it was still next to impossible to secure the punishment of the most notorious slave-trader. In 1847 a consul writes: "The slave power in this city [i.e., Rio Janeiro] is extremely great, and a consul doing his duty needs to be supported kindly and effectually at home. In the case of the 'Fame,' where the vessel was diverted from the business intended by her owners and employed in the slave trade--both of which offences are punishable with death, if I rightly read the laws--I sent home the two mates charged with these offences, for trial, the first mate to Norfolk, the second mate to Philadelphia. What was done with the first mate I know not. In the case of the man sent to Philadelphia, Mr. Commissioner Kane states that a clear prima facie case is made out, and then holds him to bail in the sum of _one thousand dollars_, which would be paid by any slave trader in Rio, on the _presentation of a draft_. In all this there is little encouragement for exertion."[40] Again, the "Perry" in 1850 captured a slaver which was about to ship 1,800 slaves. The captain admitted his guilt, and was condemned in the United States District Court at New York. Nevertheless, he was admitted to bail of $5,000; this being afterward reduced to $3,000, he forfeited it and escaped. The mate was sentenced to two years in the penitentiary.[41] Also several slavers sent home to the United States by the British, with clear evidence of guilt, escaped condemnation through technicalities.[42]

79. ~Activity of the Slave-Trade, 1820-1850.~ The enhanced price of slaves throughout the American slave market, brought about by the new industrial development and the laws against the slave-trade, was the irresistible temptation that drew American capital and enterprise into that traffic. In the United States, in spite of the large interstate traffic, the average price of slaves rose from about $325 in 1840, to $360 in 1850, and to $500 in 1860.[43] Brazil and Cuba offered similar inducements to smugglers, and the American flag was ready to protect such pirates. As a result, the American slave-trade finally came to be carried on principally by United States capital, in United States ships, officered by United States citizens, and under the United States flag.

Executive reports repeatedly acknowledged this fact. In 1839 "a careful revision of these laws" is recommended by the President, in order that "the integrity and honor of our flag may be carefully preserved."[44] In June, 1841, the President declares: "There is reason to believe that the traffic is on the increase," and advocates "vigorous efforts."[45] His message in December of the same year acknowledges: "That the American flag is grossly abused by the abandoned and profligate of other nations is but too probable."[46] The special message of 1845 explains at length that "it would seem" that a regular policy of evading the laws is carried on: American vessels with the knowledge of the owners are chartered by notorious slave dealers in Brazil, aided by English capitalists, with this intent.[47] The message of 1849 "earnestly" invites the attention of Congress "to an amendment of our existing laws relating to the African slave-trade, with a view to the effectual suppression of that barbarous traffic. It is not to be denied," continues the message, "that this trade is still, in part, carried on by means of vessels built in the United States, and owned or navigated by some of our citizens."[48] Governor Buchanan of Liberia reported in 1839: "The chief obstacle to the success of the very active measures pursued by the British government for the suppression of the slave-trade on the coast, is the _American flag_. Never was the proud banner of freedom so extensively used by those pirates upon liberty and humanity, as at this season."[49] One well-known American slaver was boarded fifteen times and twice taken into port, but always escaped by means of her papers.[50] Even American officers report that the English are doing all they can, but that the American flag protects the trade.[51] The evidence which literally poured in from our consuls and ministers at Brazil adds to the story of the guilt of the United States.[52] It was proven that the participation of United States citizens in the trade was large and systematic. One of the most notorious slave merchants of Brazil said: "I am worried by the Americans, who insist upon my hiring their vessels for slave-trade."[53] Minister Proffit stated, in 1844, that the "slave-trade is almost entirely carried on under our flag, in American-built vessels."[54] So, too, in Cuba: the British commissioners affirm that American citizens were openly engaged in the traffic; vessels

arrived undisguised at Havana from the United States, and cleared for Africa as slavers after an alleged sale.[55] The American consul, Trist, was proven to have consciously or unconsciously aided this trade by the issuance of blank clearance papers.[56]

The presence of American capital in these enterprises, and the connivance of the authorities, were proven in many cases and known in scores. In 1837 the English government informed the United States that from the papers of a captured slaver it appeared that the notorious slave-trading firm, Blanco and Carballo of Havana, who owned the vessel, had correspondents in the United States: "at Baltimore, Messrs. Peter Harmony and Co., in New York, Robert Barry, Esq."[57] The slaver "Martha" of New York, captured by the "Perry," contained among her papers curious revelations of the guilt of persons in America who were little suspected.[58] The slaver "Prova," which was allowed to lie in the harbor of Charleston, South Carolina, and refit, was afterwards captured with two hundred and twenty-five slaves on board.[59] The real reason that prevented many belligerent Congressmen from pressing certain search claims against England lay in the fact that the unjustifiable detentions had unfortunately revealed so much American guilt that it was deemed wiser to let the matter end in talk. For instance, in 1850 Congress demanded information as to illegal searches, and President Fillmore's report showed the uncomfortable fact that, of the ten American ships wrongly detained by English men-of-war, nine were proven red-handed slavers.[60]

The consul at Havana reported, in 1836, that whole cargoes of slaves fresh from Africa were being daily shipped to Texas in American vessels, that 1,000 had been sent within a few months, that the rate was increasing, and that many of these slaves "can scarcely fail to find their way into the United States." Moreover, the consul acknowledged that ships frequently cleared for the United States in ballast, taking on a cargo at some secret point.[61] When with these facts we consider the law facilitating "recovery" of slaves from Texas,[62] the repeated refusals to regulate the Texan trade, and the shelving of a proposed congressional investigation into these matters,[63] conjecture becomes a practical certainty. It was estimated in 1838 that 15,000 Africans were annually taken to Texas, and "there are even grounds for suspicion that there are other places ... where slaves are introduced."[64] Between 1847 and 1853 the slave smuggler Drake had a slave depot in the Gulf, where sometimes as many as 1,600 Negroes were on hand, and the owners were continually importing and shipping. "The joint-stock company," writes this smuggler, "was a very extensive one, and connected with leading American and Spanish mercantile houses. Our island[65] was visited almost weekly, by agents from Cuba, New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston, and New Orleans.... The seasoned and instructed slaves were taken to Texas, or Florida, overland, and to Cuba, in sailing-boats. As no squad contained more than half a dozen, no difficulty was found in posting them to the United States, without discovery, and generally without suspicion.... The Bay Island plantation sent ventures weekly to the Florida Keys. Slaves were taken into the great American swamps, and there kept till wanted for the market. Hundreds were sold as captured runaways from the Florida wilderness. We had agents in every slave State; and our coasters were built in Maine, and came out with lumber. I could tell curious stories ... of this business of smuggling Bozal negroes into the United States. It is growing more profitable every year, and if you should hang all the Yankee merchants engaged in it, hundreds would fill their places."[66] Inherent probability and concurrent testimony confirm the substantial truth of such confessions. For instance, one traveller discovers on a Southern plantation Negroes who can speak no English.[67] The careful reports of the Quakers "apprehend that many [slaves] are also introduced into the United States."[68] Governor Mathew of the Bahama Islands reports that "in more than one instance, Bahama vessels with coloured crews have been purposely wrecked on the coast of Florida, and the crews forcibly sold." This was brought to the notice of the United States authorities, but the district attorney of Florida could furnish no information.[69]

Such was the state of the slave-trade in 1850, on the threshold of the critical decade which by a herculean effort was destined finally to suppress it.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Beer, _Geschichte des Welthandels im 19ten Jahrhundert_, II. 67.

[2] A list of these inventions most graphically illustrates this advance:--

1738, John Jay, fly-shuttle. John Wyatt, spinning by rollers. 1748, Lewis Paul, carding-machine. 1760, Robert Kay, drop-box. 1769, Richard Arkwright, water-frame and throstle. James Watt, steam-engine. 1772, James Lees, improvements on carding-machine. 1775, Richard Arkwright, series of combinations. 1779, Samuel Compton, mule. 1785, Edmund Cartwright, power-loom. 1803-4, Radcliffe and Johnson, dressing-machine. 1817, Roberts, fly-frame. 1818, William Eaton, self-acting frame. 1825-30, Roberts, improvements on mule.

Cf. Baines, _History of the Cotton Manufacture_, pp. 116-231; _Encyclopædia Britannica_, 9th ed., article "Cotton."

[3] Baines, _History of the Cotton Manufacture_, p. 215. A bale weighed from 375 lbs. to 400 lbs.

[4] The prices cited are from Newmarch and Tooke, and refer to the London market. The average price in 1855-60 was about 7_d._

[5] From United States census reports.

[6] Cf. United States census reports; and Olmsted, _The Cotton Kingdom_.

[7] Cf. United States census reports; and Olmsted, _The Cotton Kingdom_.

[8] As early as 1836 Calhoun declared that he should ever regret that the term "piracy" had been applied to the slave-trade in our laws: Benton, _Abridgment of Debates_, XII. 718.

[9] Governor J.H. Hammond of South Carolina, in _Letters to Clarkson_, No. 1, p. 2.

[10] In 1826 Forsyth of Georgia attempted to have a bill passed abolishing the African agency, and providing that the Africans imported be disposed of in some way that would entail no expense on the public treasury: _Home Journal_, 19 Cong. 1 sess. p. 258. In 1828 a bill was reported to the House to abolish the agency and make the Colonization Society the agents, if they would agree to the terms. The bill was so amended as merely to appropriate money for suppressing the slave-trade: _Ibid._, 20 Cong. 1 sess., House Bill No. 190.

[11] _Ibid._, pp. 121, 135; 20 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 58-9, 84, 215.

[12] _Congressional Globe_, 27 Cong. 3 sess. pp. 328, 331-6.

[13] Cf. Mercer's bill, _House Journal_, 21 Cong. 1 sess. p. 512; also Strange's two bills, _Senate Journal_, 25 Cong. 3 sess. pp. 200, 313; 26 Cong. 1 sess., Senate Bill No. 123.

[14] _Senate Journal_, 25 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 297-8, 300.

[15] _Senate Doc_, 28 Cong. 1 sess. IV. No. 217, p. 19; _Senate Exec. Doc._, 31 Cong. 2 sess. II. No. 6, pp. 3, 10, etc.; 33 Cong. 1 sess. VIII. No. 47, pp. 5-6; 34 Cong. 1 sess. XV. No. 99, p. 80; _House Journal_, 26 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 117-8; cf. _Ibid._, 20 Cong. 1 sess. p. 650, etc.; 21 Cong. 2 sess. p. 194; 27 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 31, 184; _House Doc._, 29 Cong. 1 sess. III. No. 43, p. 11; _House Exec. Doc._, 31 Cong. 1 sess. III. pt. 1, No. 5, pp. 7-8.

[16] _Senate Journal_, 26 Cong. 1 sess., Senate Bill No. 335; _House Journal_, 26 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 1138, 1228, 1257.

[17] _Statutes at Large_, III. 764.

[18] Cf. above, Chapter VIII. p. 125.

[19] Cf. _Report of the Secretary of the Navy_, 1827.

[20] _Ibid._

[21] _House Reports_, 24 Cong. 1 sess. I. No. 223.

[22] This account is taken exclusively from government documents: _Amer. State Papers, Naval_, III. Nos. 339, 340, 357, 429 E; IV. Nos. 457 R (1 and 2), 486 H, I, p. 161 and 519 R, 564 P, 585 P; _House Reports_, 19 Cong. 1 sess. I. No. 65; _House Doc._, 19 Cong. 2 sess. IV. No. 69; 21 Cong. 2 sess. I. No. 2, pp. 42-3, 211-8; 22 Cong. 1 sess. I. No. 2, pp. 45, 272-4; 22 Cong. 2 sess. I. No. 2, pp. 48, 229; 23 Cong. 1 sess. I. No. 1, pp. 238, 269; 23 Cong. 2 sess. I. No. 2, pp. 315, 363; 24 Cong, 1 sess. I. No. 2, pp. 336, 378; 24 Cong. 2 sess. I. No. 2, pp. 450, 506; 25 Cong. 2 sess. I. No. 3, pp. 771, 850; 26 Cong. 1 sess. I. No. 2, pp. 534, 612; 26 Cong. 2 sess. I. No. 2, pp. 405, 450. It is probable that the agent became eventually the United States consul and minister; I cannot however cite evidence for this supposition.

[23] _Report of the Secretary of the Navy_, 1824.

[24] _Ibid._, 1826.

[25] _Ibid._, 1839.

[26] _Ibid._, 1842.

[27] _British and Foreign State Papers_, 1857-8, p. 1250.

[28] Lord Napier to Secretary of State Cass, Dec. 24, 1857: _British and Foreign State Papers_, 1857-8, p. 1249.

[29] _Parliamentary Papers_, 1847-8, Vol. LXIV. No. 133, _Papers Relative to the Suppression of the Slave Trade on the Coast of Africa_, p. 2.

[30] Report of Perry: _Senate Doc._, 28 Cong. 2 sess. IX. No. 150, p. 118.

[31] Consul Park at Rio Janeiro to Secretary Buchanan, Aug. 20, 1847: _House Exec. Doc._, 30 Cong. 2 sess. VII. No. 61, p. 7.

[32] Suppose "an American vessel employed to take in negroes at some point on this coast. There is no American man-of-war here to obtain intelligence. What risk does she run of being searched? But suppose that there is a man-of-war in port. What is to secure the master of the merchantman against her [the man-of-war's commander's knowing all about his [the merchant-man's] intention, or suspecting it in time to be upon him [the merchant-man] before he shall have run a league on his way to Texas?" Consul Trist to Commander Spence: _House Doc._, 27 Cong. 1 sess. No. 34, p. 41.]

[33] A typical set of instructions was on the following plan: 1. You are charged with the protection of legitimate commerce. 2. While the United States wishes to suppress the slave-trade, she will not admit a Right of Search by foreign vessels. 3. You are to arrest slavers. 4. You are to allow in no case an exercise of the Right of Search or any great interruption of legitimate commerce.--To Commodore Perry, March 30, 1843: _House Exec. Doc._, 35 Cong. 2 sess. IX. No. 104.

[34] _House Reports_, 27 Cong. 3 sess. III. No. 283, pp. 765-8. Cf. Benton's speeches on the treaty of 1842.

[35] Report of Hotham to Admiralty, April 7, 1847: _Parliamentary Papers_, 1847-8, Vol. LXIV. No. 133, _Papers Relative to the Suppression of the Slave Trade on the Coast of Africa_, p. 13.

[36] _Opinions of Attorneys-General_, III. 512.

[37] _Tenth Annual Report of the Amer. and Foreign Anti-Slav. Soc._, May 7, 1850, p. 149.

[38] _Opinions of Attorneys-General_, IV. 245.

[39] _Senate Doc._, 28 Cong. 2 sess. IX. No. 150, pp. 108, 132.

[40] _House Exec. Doc._, 30 Cong. 2 sess. VII. No. 61, p. 18.

[41] Foote, _Africa and the American Flag_, pp. 286-90.

[42] _British and Foreign State Papers_, 1839-40, pp. 913-4.

[43] Cf. United States census reports; and Olmsted, _Cotton Kingdom_.

[44] _House Journal_, 26 Cong. 1 sess. p. 118.

[45] _Ibid._, 27 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 31, 184.

[46] _Ibid._, 27 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 14, 15, 86, 113.

[47] _Senate Journal_, 28 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 191, 227.

[48] _House Exec. Doc._, 31 Cong. 1 sess. III. pt. I. No. 5, p. 7.

[49] Foote, _Africa and the American Flag_, p. 152.

[50] _Ibid._, pp. 152-3.

[51] _Ibid._, p. 241.

[52] Cf. e.g. _House Doc._, 28 Cong. 2 sess. IV. pt. I. No. 148; 29 Cong. 1 sess. III. No. 43; _House Exec. Doc._, 30 Cong. 2 sess. VII. No. 61; _Senate Exec. Doc._, 30 Cong. 1 sess. IV. No. 28; 31 Cong. 2 sess. II. No. 6; 33 Cong. 1 sess. VIII. No. 47.

[53] Foote, _Africa and the American Flag_, p. 218.

[54] _Ibid._, p. 221.

[55] Palmerston to Stevenson: _House Doc._, 26 Cong. 2 sess. V. No. 115, p. 5. In 1836 five such slavers were known to have cleared; in 1837, eleven; in 1838, nineteen; and in 1839, twenty-three: _Ibid._, pp. 220-1.

[56] _Parliamentary Papers_, 1839, Vol. XLIX., _Slave Trade_, class A, Further Series, pp. 58-9; class B, Further Series, p. 110; class D, Further Series, p. 25. Trist pleaded ignorance of the law: Trist to Forsyth, _House Doc._, 26 Cong. 2 sess. V. No. 115.

[57] _House Doc._, 26 Cong. 2 sess. V. No. 115.

[58] Foote, _Africa and the American Flag_, p. 290.

[59] _House Doc._, 26 Cong. 2 sess. V. No. 115, pp. 121, 163-6.

[60] _Senate Exec. Doc._, 31 Cong. 1 sess. XIV No. 66.

[61] Trist to Forsyth: _House Doc._, 26 Cong. 2 sess. V. No. 115. "The business of supplying the United States with Africans from this island is one that must necessarily exist," because "slaves are a hundred _per cent_, or more, higher in the United States than in Cuba," and this profit "is a temptation which it is not in human nature as modified by American institutions to withstand": _Ibid._

[62] _Statutes at Large_, V. 674.

[63] Cf. above, p. 157, note 1.

[64] Buxton, _The African Slave Trade and its Remedy_, pp. 44-5. Cf. _2d Report of the London African Soc._, p. 22.

[65] I.e., Bay Island in the Gulf of Mexico, near the coast of Honduras.

[66] _Revelations of a Slave Smuggler_, p. 98.

[67] Mr. H. Moulton in _Slavery as it is_, p. 140; cited in _Facts and Observations on the Slave Trade_ (Friends' ed. 1841), p. 8.

[68] In a memorial to Congress, 1840: _House Doc._, 26 Cong. 1 sess. VI. No. 211.

[69] _British and Foreign State Papers_, 1845-6, pp. 883, 968, 989-90. The governor wrote in reply: "The United States, if properly served by their law officers in the Floridas, will not experience any difficulty in obtaining the requisite knowledge of these illegal transactions, which, I have reason to believe, were the subject of common notoriety in the neighbourhood where they occurred, and of boast on the part of those concerned in them": _British and Foreign State Papers_, 1845-6, p. 990.

* * * * *

Chapter XI

THE FINAL CRISIS. 1850-1870.

80. The Movement against the Slave-Trade Laws. 81. Commercial Conventions of 1855-56. 82. Commercial Conventions of 1857-58. 83. Commercial Convention of 1859. 84. Public Opinion in the South. 85. The Question in Congress. 86. Southern Policy in 1860. 87. Increase of the Slave-Trade from 1850 to 1860. 88. Notorious Infractions of the Laws. 89. Apathy of the Federal Government. 90. Attitude of the Southern Confederacy. 91. Attitude of the United States.

80. ~The Movement against the Slave-Trade Laws.~ It was not altogether a mistaken judgment that led the constitutional fathers to consider the slave-trade as the backbone of slavery. An economic system based on slave labor will find, sooner or later, that the demand for the cheapest slave labor cannot long be withstood. Once degrade the laborer so that he cannot assert his own rights, and there is but one limit below which his price cannot be reduced. That limit is not his physical well-being, for it may be, and in the Gulf States it was, cheaper to work him rapidly to death; the limit is simply the cost of procuring him and keeping him alive a profitable length of time. Only the moral sense of a community can keep helpless labor from sinking to this level; and when a community has once been debauched by slavery, its moral sense offers little resistance to economic demand. This was the case in the West Indies and Brazil; and although better moral stamina held the crisis back longer in the United States, yet even here the ethical standard of the South was not able to maintain itself against the demands of the cotton industry. When, after 1850, the price of slaves had risen to a monopoly height, the leaders of the plantation system, brought to the edge of bankruptcy by the crude and

reckless farming necessary under a slave _régime_, and baffled, at least temporarily, in their quest of new rich land to exploit, began instinctively to feel that the only salvation of American slavery lay in the reopening of the African slave-trade.

It took but a spark to put this instinctive feeling into words, and words led to deeds. The movement first took definite form in the ever radical State of South Carolina. In 1854 a grand jury in the Williamsburg district declared, "as our unanimous opinion, that the Federal law abolishing the African Slave Trade is a public grievance. We hold this trade has been and would be, if re-established, a blessing to the American people, and a benefit to the African himself."[1] This attracted only local attention; but when, in 1856, the governor of the State, in his annual message, calmly argued at length for a reopening of the trade, and boldly declared that "if we cannot supply the demand for slave labor, then we must expect to be supplied with a species of labor we do not want,"[2] such words struck even Southern ears like "a thunder clap in a calm day."[3] And yet it needed but a few years to show that South Carolina had merely been the first to put into words the inarticulate thought of a large minority, if not a majority, of the inhabitants of the Gulf States.

81. ~Commercial Conventions of 1855-56.~ The growth of the movement is best followed in the action of the Southern Commercial Convention, an annual gathering which seems to have been fairly representative of a considerable part of Southern opinion. In the convention that met at New Orleans in 1855, McGimsey of Louisiana introduced a resolution instructing the Southern Congressmen to secure the repeal of the slave-trade laws. This resolution went to the Committee on Resolutions, and was not reported.[4] In 1856, in the convention at Savannah, W.B. Goulden of Georgia moved that the members of Congress be requested to bestir themselves energetically to have repealed all laws which forbade the slave-trade. By a vote of 67 to 18 the convention refused to debate the motion, but appointed a committee to present at the next convention the facts relating to a reopening of the trade.[5] In regard to this action a pamphlet of the day said: "There were introduced into the convention two leading measures, viz.: the laying of a State tariff on northern goods, and the reopening of the slave-trade; the one to advance our commercial interest, the other our agricultural interest, and which, when taken together, as they were doubtless intended to be, and although they have each been attacked by presses of doubtful service to the South, are characterized in the private judgment of politicians as one of the completest southern remedies ever submitted to popular action.... The proposition to revive, or more properly to reopen, the slave trade is as yet but imperfectly understood, in its intentions and probable results, by the people of the South, and but little appreciated by them. It has been received in all parts of the country with an undefined sort of repugnance, a sort of squeamishness, which is incident to all such violations of moral prejudices, and invariably wears off on familiarity with the subject. The South will commence by enduring, and end by embracing the project."[6] The matter being now fully before the public through these motions, Governor Adams's message, and newspaper and pamphlet discussion, the radical party pushed the project with all energy.

82. ~Commercial Conventions of 1857-58.~ The first piece of regular business that came before the Commercial Convention at Knoxville, Tennessee, August 10, 1857, was a proposal to recommend the abrogation of the 8th Article of the Treaty of Washington, on the slave-trade. An amendment offered by Sneed of Tennessee, declaring it inexpedient and against settled policy to reopen the trade, was voted down, Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi, South Carolina, and Virginia refusing to agree to it. The original motion then passed; and the radicals, satisfied with their success in the first skirmish, again secured the appointment of a committee to report at the next meeting on the subject of reopening the slave-trade.[7] This next meeting assembled May 10, 1858, in a Gulf State, Alabama, in the city of Montgomery. Spratt of South Carolina, the slave-trade champion, presented an elaborate majority report from the committee, and recommended the following resolutions:--

1. _Resolved_, That slavery is right, and that being right, there can be no wrong in the natural means to its formation.

2. _Resolved_, That it is expedient and proper that the foreign slave trade should be re-opened, and that this Convention will lend its influence to any legitimate measure to that end.

3. _Resolved_, That a committee, consisting of one from each slave State, be appointed to consider of the means, consistent with the duty and obligations of these States, for re-opening the foreign slave-trade, and that they report their plan to the next meeting of this Convention.

Yancey, from the same committee, presented a minority report, which, though it demanded the repeal of the national prohibitory laws, did not advocate the reopening of the trade by the States.

Much debate ensued. Pryor of Virginia declared the majority report "a proposition to dissolve the Union." Yancey declared that "he was for disunion now. [Applause.]" He defended the principle of the slave-trade, and said: "If it is right to buy slaves in Virginia and carry them to New Orleans, why is it not right to buy them in Cuba, Brazil, or Africa, and carry them there?" The opposing speeches made little attempt to meet this uncomfortable logic; but, nevertheless, opposition enough was developed to lay the report on the table until the next convention, with orders that it be printed, in the mean time, as a radical campaign document. Finally the convention passed a resolution:--

That it is inexpedient for any State, or its citizens, to attempt to re-open the African slave-trade while that State is one of the United States of America.[8]

83. ~Commercial Convention of 1859.~ The Convention of 1859 met at Vicksburg, Mississippi, May 9-19, and the slave-trade party came ready for a fray. On the second day Spratt called up his resolutions, and the next day the Committee on Resolutions recommended that, _"in the opinion of this Convention, all laws, State or Federal, prohibiting the African slave trade, ought to be repealed."_ Two minority reports accompanied this resolution: one proposed to postpone action, on account of the futility of the attempt at that time; the other report recommended that, since repeal of the national laws was improbable, nullification by the States impracticable, and action by the Supreme Court unlikely, therefore the States should bring in the Africans as apprentices, a system the legality of which "is incontrovertible." "The only difficult question," it was said, "is the future status of the apprentices after the expiration of their term of servitude."[9] Debate on these propositions began in the afternoon. A brilliant speech on the resumption of the importation of slaves, says Foote of Mississippi, "was listened to with breathless attention and applauded vociferously. Those of us who rose in opposition were looked upon by the excited assemblage present as _traitors_ to the best interests of the South, and only worthy of expulsion from the body. The excitement at last grew so high that personal violence was menaced, and some dozen of the more conservative members of the convention withdrew from the hall in which it was holding its sittings."[10] "It was clear," adds De Bow, "that the people of Vicksburg looked upon it [i.e., the convention] with some distrust."[11] When at last a ballot was taken, the first resolution passed by a vote of 40 to 19.[12] Finally, the 8th Article of the Treaty of Washington was again condemned; and it was also suggested, in the newspaper which was the official organ of the meeting, that "the Convention raise a fund to be dispensed in premiums for the best sermons in favor of reopening the African Slave Trade."[13]

84. ~Public Opinion in the South.~ This record of the Commercial Conventions probably gives a true reflection of the development of extreme opinion on the question of reopening the slave-trade. First, it is noticeable that on this point there was a distinct divergence of opinion and interest between the Gulf and the Border States, and it was this more than any moral repugnance that checked the radicals. The whole movement represented the economic revolt of the slave-consuming cotton-belt against their base of labor supply. This revolt was only prevented from gaining its ultimate end by the fact that the Gulf States could not get on without the active political co-operation of the Border States. Thus, although such hot-heads as Spratt were not able, even as late as 1859, to carry a substantial majority of the South with them in an attempt to reopen the trade at all hazards, yet the agitation did succeed in sweeping away nearly all theoretical opposition to the trade, and left the majority of Southern people in an attitude which regarded the reopening of the African slave-trade as merely a question of expediency.

This growth of Southern opinion is clearly to be followed in the newspapers and pamphlets of the day, in Congress, and in many significant movements. The Charleston _Standard_ in a series of articles strongly advocated the reopening of the trade; the Richmond _Examiner_, though opposing the scheme as a Virginia paper should, was brought to "acknowledge that the laws which condemn the Slave-trade imply an aspersion upon the character of the South.[14] In March, 1859, the _National Era_ said: "There can be no doubt that the idea of reviving the African Slave Trade is gaining ground in the South. Some two months ago we could quote strong articles from ultra Southern journals against the traffic; but of late we have been sorry to observe in the same journals an ominous silence upon the subject, while the advocates of 'free trade in negroes' are earnest and active."[15] The Savannah _Republican_, which at first declared the movement to be of no serious intent, conceded, in 1859, that it was gaining favor, and that nine-tenths of the Democratic Congressional Convention favored it, and that even those who did not advocate a revival demanded the abolition of the laws.[16] A correspondent from South Carolina writes, December 18, 1859: "The nefarious project of opening it [i.e., the slave trade] has been started here in that prurient temper of the times which manifests itself in disunion schemes.... My State is strangely and terribly infected with all this sort of thing.... One feeling that gives a countenance to the opening of the slave trade is, that it will be a sort of spite to the North and defiance of their opinions."[17] The New Orleans _Delta_ declared that those who voted for the slave-trade in Congress were men "whose names will be honored hereafter for the unflinching manner in which they stood up for principle, for truth, and consistency, as well as the vital interests of the South."[18]

85. ~The Question in Congress.~ Early in December, 1856, the subject reached Congress; and although the agitation was then new, fifty-seven Southern Congressmen refused to declare a re-opening of the slave-trade "shocking to the moral sentiment of the enlightened portion of mankind," and eight refused to call the reopening even "unwise" and "inexpedient."[19] Three years later, January 31, 1859, it was impossible, in a House of one hundred and ninety-nine members, to get a two-thirds vote in order even to consider Kilgore's resolutions, which declared "that no legislation can be too thorough in its measures, nor can any penalty known to the catalogue of modern punishment for crime be too severe against a traffic so inhuman and unchristian."[20]

Congressmen and other prominent men hastened with the rising tide.[21] Dowdell of Alabama declared the repressive acts "highly offensive;" J.B. Clay of Kentucky was "opposed to all these laws;"[22] Seward of Georgia declared them "wrong, and a violation of the Constitution;"[23] Barksdale of Mississippi agreed with this sentiment; Crawford of Georgia threatened a reopening of the trade; Miles of South Carolina was for "sweeping away" all restrictions;[24] Keitt of South Carolina wished to withdraw the African squadron, and to cease to brand slave-trading as piracy;[25] Brown of Mississippi "would repeal the law instantly;"[26] Alexander Stephens, in his farewell address to his constituents, said: "Slave states cannot be made without Africans.... [My object is] to bring clearly to your mind the great truth that without an increase of African slaves from abroad, you may not expect or look for many more slave States."[27] Jefferson Davis strongly denied "any coincidence of opinion with those who prate of the inhumanity and sinfulness of the trade. The interest of Mississippi," said he, "not of the African, dictates my conclusion." He opposed the immediate reopening of the trade in Mississippi for fear of a paralyzing influx of Negroes, but carefully added: "This conclusion, in relation to Mississippi, is based upon my view of her _present_ condition, _not_ upon any _general theory_. It is not supposed to be applicable to Texas, to New Mexico, or to any _future acquisitions_ to be made south of the Rio Grande."[28] John Forsyth, who for seven years conducted the slave-trade diplomacy of the nation, declared, about 1860: "But one stronghold of its [i.e., slavery's] enemies remains to be carried, to _complete its triumph_ and assure its welfare,--that is the existing prohibition of the African Slave-trade."[29] Pollard, in his _Black Diamonds_, urged the importation of Africans as "laborers." "This I grant you," said he, "would be practically the re-opening of the African slave trade; but ... you will find that it very often becomes necessary to evade the letter of the law, in some of the greatest measures of social happiness and patriotism."[30]

86. ~Southern Policy in 1860.~ The matter did not rest with mere words. During the session of the Vicksburg Convention, an "African Labor Supply Association" was formed, under the presidency of J.D.B. De Bow, editor of _De Bow's Review_, and ex-superintendent of the seventh census. The object of the association was "to promote the supply of African labor."[31] In 1857 the committee of the South Carolina legislature to whom the Governor's slave-trade message was referred made an elaborate report, which declared in italics: _"The South at large does need a re-opening of the African slave trade."_ Pettigrew, the only member who disagreed to this report, failed of re-election. The report contained an extensive argument to prove the kingship of cotton, the perfidy of English philanthropy, and the lack of slaves in the South, which, it was said, would show a deficit of six hundred thousand slaves by 1878.[32] In Georgia, about this time, an attempt to expunge the slave-trade prohibition in the State Constitution lacked but one vote of passing.[33] From these slower and more legal movements came others less justifiable. The long argument on the "apprentice" system finally brought a request to the collector of the port at Charleston, South Carolina, from E. Lafitte & Co., for a clearance to Africa for the purpose of importing African "emigrants." The collector appealed to the Secretary of the Treasury, Howell Cobb of Georgia, who flatly refused to take the bait, and replied that if the "emigrants" were brought in as slaves, it would be contrary to United States law; if as freemen, it would be contrary to their own State law.[34] In Louisiana a still more radical movement was attempted, and a bill passed the House of Representatives authorizing a company to import two thousand five hundred Africans, "indentured" for fifteen years "at least." The bill lacked but two votes of passing the Senate.[35] It was said that the _Georgian_, of Savannah, contained a notice of an agricultural society which "unanimously resolved to offer a premium of $25 for the best specimen of a live African imported into the United States within the last twelve months."[36]

It would not be true to say that there was in the South in 1860 substantial unanimity on the subject of reopening the slave-trade; nevertheless, there certainly was a large and influential minority, including perhaps a majority of citizens of the Gulf States, who favored the project, and, in defiance of law and morals, aided and abetted its actual realization. Various movements, it must be remembered, gained much of their strength from the fact that their success meant a partial nullification of the slave-trade laws. The admission of Texas added probably seventy-five thousand recently imported slaves to the Southern stock; the movement against Cuba, which culminated in the "Ostend Manifesto" of Buchanan, Mason, and Soulé, had its chief impetus in the thousands of slaves whom Americans had poured into the island. Finally, the series of filibustering expeditions against Cuba, Mexico, and Central America were but the wilder and more irresponsible attempts to secure both slave territory and slaves.

87. ~Increase of the Slave-Trade from 1850 to 1860.~ The long and open agitation for the reopening of the slave-trade, together with the fact that the South had been more or less familiar with violations of the laws since 1808, led to such a remarkable increase of illicit traffic and actual importations in the decade 1850-1860, that the movement may almost be termed a reopening of the slave-trade.

In the foreign slave-trade our own officers continue to report "how shamefully our flag has been used;"[37] and British officers write "that at least one half of the successful part of the slave trade is carried on under the American flag," and this because "the number of American cruisers on the station is so small, in proportion to the immense extent of the slave-dealing coast."[38] The fitting out of slavers became a flourishing business in the United States, and centred at New York City. "Few of our readers," writes a periodical of the day, "are aware of the extent to which this infernal traffic is carried on, by vessels clearing from New York, and in close alliance with our legitimate trade; and that down-town merchants of wealth and respectability are extensively engaged in buying and selling African Negroes, and have been, with comparatively little interruption, for an indefinite number of years."[39] Another periodical says: "The number of persons engaged in the slave-trade, and the amount of capital embarked in it, exceed our powers of calculation. The city of New York has been until of late [1862] the principal port of the world for this infamous commerce; although the cities of Portland and Boston are only second to her in that distinction. Slave dealers added largely to the wealth of our commercial metropolis; they contributed liberally to the treasuries of political organizations, and their bank accounts were largely depleted to carry elections in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Connecticut."[40] During eighteen months of the years 1859-1860 eighty-five slavers are reported to have been fitted out in New York harbor,[41] and these alone transported from 30,000 to 60,000 slaves annually.[42] The United States deputy marshal of that district declared in 1856 that the business of fitting out slavers "was never prosecuted with greater energy than at present. The occasional interposition of the legal authorities exercises no apparent influence for its suppression. It is seldom that one or more vessels cannot be designated at the wharves, respecting which there is evidence that she is either in or has been concerned in the Traffic."[43] On the coast of Africa "it is a well-known fact that most of the Slave ships which visit the river are sent from New York and New Orleans."[44]

The absence of United States war-ships at the Brazilian station enabled American smugglers to run in cargoes, in spite of the prohibitory law. One cargo of five hundred slaves was landed in 1852, and the _Correio Mercantil_ regrets "that it was the flag of the United States which covered this act of piracy, sustained by citizens of that great nation."[45] When the Brazil trade declined, the illicit Cuban trade greatly increased, and the British consul reported: "Almost all the slave expeditions for some time past have been fitted out in the United States, chiefly at New York."[46]

88. ~Notorious Infractions of the Laws.~ This decade is especially noteworthy for the great increase of illegal importations into the South. These became bold, frequent, and notorious. Systematic introduction on a considerable scale probably commenced in the forties, although with great secrecy. "To have boldly ventured into New Orleans, with negroes freshly imported from Africa, would not only have brought down upon the head of the importer the vengeance of our very philanthropic Uncle Sam, but also the anathemas of the whole sect of philanthropists and negrophilists everywhere. To import them for years, however, into quiet places, evading with impunity the penalty of the law, and the ranting of the thin-skinned sympathizers with Africa, was gradually to popularize the traffic by creating a demand for laborers, and thus to pave the way for the _gradual revival of the slave trade_. To this end, a few men, bold and energetic, determined, ten or twelve years ago [1848 or 1850], to commence the business of importing negroes, slowly at first, but surely; and for this purpose they selected a few secluded places on the coast of Florida, Georgia and Texas, for the purpose of concealing their stock until it could be sold out. Without specifying other places, let me draw your attention to a deep and abrupt pocket or indentation in the coast of Texas, about thirty miles from Brazos Santiago. Into this pocket a slaver could run at any hour of the night, because there was no hindrance at the entrance, and here she could discharge her cargo of movables upon the projecting bluff, and again proceed to sea inside of three hours. The live stock thus landed could be marched a short distance across the main island, over a porous soil which refuses to retain the recent foot-prints, until they were again placed in boats, and were concealed upon some of the innumerable little islands which thicken on the waters of the Laguna in the rear. These islands, being covered with a thick growth of bushes and grass, offer an inscrutable hiding place for the 'black diamonds.'"[47] These methods became, however, toward 1860, too slow for the radicals, and the trade grew more defiant and open. The yacht "Wanderer," arrested on suspicion in New York and released, landed in Georgia six months later four hundred and twenty slaves, who were never recovered.[48] The Augusta _Despatch_ says: "Citizens of our city are probably interested in the enterprise. It is hinted that this is the third cargo landed by the same company, during the last six months."[49] Two parties of Africans were brought into Mobile with impunity. One bark, strongly suspected of having landed a cargo of slaves, was seized on the Florida coast; another vessel was reported to be landing slaves near Mobile; a letter from Jacksonville, Florida, stated that a bark had left there for Africa to ship a cargo for Florida and Georgia.[50] Stephen A. Douglas said "that there was not the shadow of

doubt that the Slave-trade had been carried on quite extensively for a long time back, and that there had been more Slaves imported into the southern States, during the last year, than had ever been imported before in any one year, even when the Slave-trade was legal. It was his confident belief, that over fifteen thousand Slaves had been brought into this country during the past year [1859.] He had seen, with his own eyes, three hundred of those recently-imported, miserable beings, in a Slave-pen in Vicksburg, Miss., and also large numbers at Memphis, Tenn."[51] It was currently reported that depots for these slaves existed in over twenty large cities and towns in the South, and an interested person boasted to a senator, about 1860, that "twelve vessels would discharge their living freight upon our shores within ninety days from the 1st of June last," and that between sixty and seventy cargoes had been successfully introduced in the last eighteen months.[52] The New York _Tribune_ doubted the statement; but John C. Underwood, formerly of Virginia, wrote to the paper saying that he was satisfied that the correspondent was correct. "I have," he said, "had ample evidences of the fact, that reopening the African Slave-trade is a thing already accomplished, and the traffic is brisk, and rapidly increasing. In fact, the most vital question of the day is not the opening of this trade, but its suppression. The arrival of cargoes of negroes, fresh from Africa, in our southern ports, is an event of frequent occurrence."[53]

Negroes, newly landed, were openly advertised for sale in the public press, and bids for additional importations made. In reply to one of these, the Mobile _Mercury_ facetiously remarks: "Some negroes who never learned to talk English, went up the railroad the other day."[54] Congressmen declared on the floor of the House: "The slave trade may therefore be regarded as practically re-established;"[55] and petitions like that from the American Missionary Society recited the fact that "this piratical and illegal trade--this inhuman invasion of the rights of men,--this outrage on civilization and Christianity--this violation of the laws of God and man--is openly countenanced and encouraged by a portion of the citizens of some of the States of this Union."[56]

From such evidence it seems clear that the slave-trade laws, in spite of the efforts of the government, in spite even of much opposition to these extra-legal methods in the South itself, were grossly violated, if not nearly nullified, in the latter part of the decade 1850-1860.

89. ~Apathy of the Federal Government.~ During the decade there was some attempt at reactionary legislation, chiefly directed at the Treaty of Washington. June 13, 1854, Slidell, from the Committee on Foreign Relations, made an elaborate report to the Senate, advocating the abrogation of the 8th Article of that treaty, on the ground that it was costly, fatal to the health of the sailors, and useless, as the trade had actually increased under its operation.[57] Both this and a similar attempt in the House failed,[58] as did also an attempt to substitute life imprisonment for the death penalty.[59] Most of the actual legislation naturally took the form of appropriations. In 1853 there was an attempt to appropriate $20,000.[60] This failed, and the appropriation of $8,000 in 1856 was the first for ten years.[61] The following year brought a similar appropriation,[62] and in 1859[63] and 1860[64] $75,000 and $40,000 respectively were appropriated. Of attempted legislation to strengthen the laws there was plenty: e.g., propositions to regulate the issue of sea-letters and the use of our flag;[65] to prevent the "coolie" trade, or the bringing in of "apprentices" or "African laborers;"[66] to stop the coastwise trade;[67] to assent to a Right of Search;[68] and to amend the Constitution by forever prohibiting the slave-trade.[69]

The efforts of the executive during this period were criminally lax and negligent. "The General Government did not exert itself in good faith to carry out either its treaty stipulations or the legislation of Congress in regard to the matter. If a vessel was captured, her owners were permitted to bond her, and thus continue her in the trade; and if any man was convicted of this form of piracy, the executive always interposed between him and the penalty of his crime. The laws providing for the seizure of vessels engaged in the traffic were so constructed as to render the duty unremunerative; and marshals now find their fees for such services to be actually less than their necessary expenses. No one who bears this fact in mind will be surprised at the great indifference of these officers to the continuing of the slave-trade; in fact, he will be ready to learn that the laws of Congress upon the subject had become a dead letter, and that the suspicion was well grounded that certain officers of the Federal Government had actually connived at their violation."[70] From 1845 to 1854, in spite of the well-known activity of the trade, but five cases obtained cognizance in the New York district. Of these, Captains Mansfield and Driscoll forfeited their bonds of $5,000 each, and escaped; in the case of the notorious Canot, nothing had been done as late as 1856, although he was arrested in 1847; Captain Jefferson turned State's evidence, and, in the case of Captain Mathew, a _nolle prosequi_ was entered.[71] Between 1854 and 1856 thirty-two persons were indicted in New York, of whom only thirteen had at the latter date been tried, and only one of these convicted.[72] These dismissals were seldom on account of insufficient evidence. In the notorious case of the "Wanderer," she was arrested on suspicion, released, and soon after she landed a cargo of slaves in Georgia; some who attempted to seize the Negroes were arrested for larceny, and in spite of the efforts of Congress the captain was never punished. The yacht was afterwards started on another voyage, and being brought back to Boston was sold to her former owner for about one third her value.[73] The bark "Emily"

was seized on suspicion and released, and finally caught red-handed on the coast of Africa; she was sent to New York for trial, but "disappeared" under a certain slave captain, Townsend, who had, previous to this, in the face of the most convincing evidence, been acquitted at Key West.[74]

The squadron commanders of this time were by no means as efficient as their predecessors, and spent much of their time, apparently, in discussing the Right of Search. Instead of a number of small light vessels, which by the reports of experts were repeatedly shown to be the only efficient craft, the government, until 1859, persisted in sending out three or four great frigates. Even these did not attend faithfully to their duties. A letter from on board one of them shows that, out of a fifteen months' alleged service, only twenty-two days were spent on the usual cruising-ground for slavers, and thirteen of these at anchor; eleven months were spent at Madeira and Cape Verde Islands, 300 miles from the coast and 3,000 miles from the slave market.[75] British commanders report the apathy of American officers and the extreme caution of their instructions, which allowed many slavers to escape.[76]

The officials at Washington often remained in blissful, and perhaps willing, ignorance of the state of the trade. While Americans were smuggling slaves by the thousands into Brazil, and by the hundreds into the United States, Secretary Graham was recommending the abrogation of the 8th Article of the Treaty of Washington;[77] so, too, when the Cuban slave-trade was reaching unprecedented activity, and while slavers were being fitted out in every port on the Atlantic seaboard, Secretary Kennedy naïvely reports, "The time has come, perhaps, when it may be properly commended to the notice of Congress to inquire into the necessity of further continuing the regular employment of a squadron on this [i.e., the African] coast."[78] Again, in 1855, the government has "advices that the slave trade south of the equator is entirely broken up;"[79] in 1856, the reports are "favorable;"[80] in 1857 a British commander writes: "No vessel has been seen here for one year, certainly; I think for nearly three years there have been no American cruizers on these waters, where a valuable and extensive American commerce is carried on. I cannot, therefore, but think that this continued absence of foreign cruizers looks as if they were intentionally withdrawn, and as if the Government did not care to take measures to prevent the American flag being used to cover Slave Trade transactions;"[81] nevertheless, in this same year, according to Secretary Toucey, "the force on the coast of Africa has fully accomplished its main object."[82] Finally, in the same month in which the "Wanderer" and her mates were openly landing cargoes in the South, President Buchanan, who seems to have been utterly devoid of a sense of humor, was urging the annexation of Cuba to the United States as the only method of suppressing the slave-trade![83]

About 1859 the frequent and notorious violations of our laws aroused even the Buchanan government; a larger appropriation was obtained, swift light steamers were employed, and, though we may well doubt whether after such a carnival illegal importations "entirely" ceased, as the President informed Congress,[84] yet some sincere efforts at suppression were certainly begun. From 1850 to 1859 we have few notices of captured slavers, but in 1860 the increased appropriation of the thirty-fifth Congress resulted in the capture of twelve vessels with 3,119 Africans.[85] The Act of June 16, 1860, enabled the President to contract with the Colonization Society for the return of recaptured Africans; and by a long-needed arrangement cruisers were to proceed direct to Africa with such cargoes, instead of first landing them in this country.[86]

90. ~Attitude of the Southern Confederacy.~ The attempt, initiated by the constitutional fathers, to separate the problem of slavery from that of the slave-trade had, after a trial of half a century, signally failed, and for well-defined economic reasons. The nation had at last come to the parting of the ways, one of which led to a free-labor system, the other to a slave system fed by the slave-trade. Both sections of the country naturally hesitated at the cross-roads: the North clung to the delusion that a territorially limited system of slavery, without a slave-trade, was still possible in the South; the South hesitated to fight for her logical object--slavery and free trade in Negroes--and, in her moral and economic dilemma, sought to make autonomy and the Constitution her object. The real line of contention was, however, fixed by years of development, and was unalterable by the present whims or wishes of the contestants, no matter how important or interesting these might be: the triumph of the North meant free labor; the triumph of the South meant slavery and the slave-trade.

It is doubtful if many of the Southern leaders ever deceived themselves by thinking that Southern slavery, as it then was, could long be maintained without a general or a partial reopening of the slave-trade. Many had openly declared this a few years before, and there was no reason for a change of opinion. Nevertheless, at the outbreak of actual war and secession, there were powerful and decisive reasons for relegating the question temporarily to the rear. In the first place, only by this means could the adherence of important Border States be secured, without the aid of which secession was folly. Secondly, while it did no harm to laud the independence of the South and the kingship of cotton in "stump" speeches and conventions, yet, when it came to actual hostilities,

the South sorely needed the aid of Europe; and this a nation fighting for slavery and the slave-trade stood poor chance of getting. Consequently, after attacking the slave-trade laws for a decade, and their execution for a quarter-century, we find the Southern leaders inserting, in both the provisional and the permanent Constitutions of the Confederate States, the following article:--

The importation of negroes of the African race, from any foreign country other than the slaveholding States or Territories of the United States of America, is hereby forbidden; and Congress is required to pass such laws as shall effectually prevent the same.

Congress shall also have power to prohibit the introduction of slaves from any State not a member of, or Territory not belonging to, this Confederacy.[87]

The attitude of the Confederate government toward this article is best illustrated by its circular of instructions to its foreign ministers:--

It has been suggested to this Government, from a source of unquestioned authenticity, that, after the recognition of our independence by the European Powers, an expectation is generally entertained by them that in our treaties of amity and commerce a clause will be introduced making stipulations against the African slave trade. It is even thought that neutral Powers may be inclined to insist upon the insertion of such a clause as a _sine qua non_.

You are well aware how firmly fixed in our Constitution is the policy of this Confederacy against the opening of that trade, but we are informed that false and insidious suggestions have been made by the agents of the United States at European Courts of our intention to change our constitution as soon as peace is restored, and of authorizing the importation of slaves from Africa. If, therefore, you should find, in your intercourse with the Cabinet to which you are accredited, that any such impressions are entertained, you will use every proper effort to remove them, and if an attempt is made to introduce into any treaty which you may be charged with negotiating stipulations on the subject just mentioned, you will assume, in behalf of your Government, the position which, under the direction of the President, I now proceed to develop.

The Constitution of the Confederate States is an agreement made between independent States. By its terms all the powers of Government are separated into classes as follows, viz.:--

1st. Such powers as the States delegate to the General Government.

2d. Such powers as the States agree to refrain from exercising, although they do not delegate them to the General Government.

3d. Such powers as the States, without delegating them to the General Government, thought proper to exercise by direct agreement between themselves contained in the Constitution.

4th. All remaining powers of sovereignty, which not being delegated to the Confederate States by the Constitution nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people thereof.... Especially in relation to the importation of African negroes was it deemed important by the States that no power to permit it should exist in the Confederate Government.... It will thus be seen that no power is delegated to the Confederate Government over this subject, but that it is included in the third class above referred to, of powers exercised directly by the States.... This Government unequivocally and absolutely denies its possession of any power whatever over the subject, and cannot entertain any proposition in relation to it.... The policy of the Confederacy is as fixed and immutable on this subject as the imperfection of human nature permits human resolve to be. No additional agreements, treaties, or stipulations can commit these States to the prohibition of the African slave trade with more binding efficacy than those they have themselves devised. A just and generous confidence in their good faith on this subject exhibited by friendly Powers will be far more efficacious than persistent efforts to induce this Government to assume the exercise of powers which it does not possess.... We trust, therefore, that no unnecessary discussions on this matter will be introduced into your negotiations. If, unfortunately, this reliance should prove ill-founded, you will decline continuing negotiations on your side, and transfer them to us at home....[88]

This attitude of the conservative leaders of the South, if it meant anything, meant that individual State action could, when it pleased, reopen the slave-trade. The radicals were, of course, not satisfied with any veiling of the ulterior purpose of the new slave republic, and attacked the constitutional provision violently. "If," said one, "the clause be carried into the permanent government, our whole movement is defeated. It will abolitionize the Border Slave States--it will brand our institution. Slavery cannot share a government with Democracy,--it cannot bear a brand upon it; thence another revolution ... having achieved one revolution to escape democracy at the North, it must still achieve another to escape it at the South. That it will ultimately triumph none can doubt."[89]

91. ~Attitude of the United States.~ In the North, with all the hesitation in many matters, there existed unanimity in regard to the slave-trade; and the new Lincoln government ushered in the new policy of uncompromising suppression by hanging the first American slave-trader who ever suffered the extreme penalty of the law.[90] One of the earliest acts of President Lincoln was a step which had been necessary since 1808, but had never been taken, viz., the unification of the whole work of suppression into the hands of one responsible department. By an order, dated May 2, 1861, Caleb B. Smith, Secretary of the Interior, was charged with the execution of the slave-trade laws,[91] and he immediately began energetic work. Early in 1861, as soon as the withdrawal of the Southern members untied the hands of Congress, two appropriations of $900,000 each were made to suppress the slave trade, the first appropriations commensurate with the vastness of the task. These were followed by four appropriations of $17,000 each in the years 1863 to 1867, and two of $12,500 each in 1868 and 1869.[92] The first work of the new secretary was to obtain a corps of efficient assistants. To this end, he assembled all the marshals of the loyal seaboard States at New York, and gave them instruction and opportunity to inspect actual slavers. Congress also, for the first time, offered them proper compensation.[93] The next six months showed the effect of this policy in the fact that five vessels were seized and condemned, and four slave-traders were convicted and suffered the penalty of their crimes. "This is probably the largest number [of convictions] ever obtained, and certainly the only ones for many years."[94]

Meantime the government opened negotiations with Great Britain, and the treaty of 1862 was signed June 7, and carried out by Act of Congress, July 11.[95] Specially commissioned war vessels of either government were by this agreement authorized to search merchant vessels on the high seas and specified coasts, and if they were found to be slavers, or, on account of their construction or equipment, were suspected to be such, they were to be sent for condemnation to one of the mixed courts established at New York, Sierra Leone, and the Cape of Good Hope. These courts, consisting of one judge and one arbitrator on the part of each government, were to judge the facts without appeal, and upon condemnation by them, the culprits were to be punished according to the laws of their respective countries. The area in which this Right of Search could be exercised was somewhat enlarged by an additional article to the treaty, signed in 1863. In 1870 the mixed courts were abolished, but the main part of the treaty was left in force. The Act of July 17, 1862, enabled the President to contract with foreign governments for the apprenticing of recaptured Africans in the West Indies,[96] and in 1864 the coastwise slave-trade was forever prohibited.[97] By these measures the trade was soon checked, and before the end of the war entirely suppressed.[98] The vigilance of the government, however, was not checked, and as late as 1866 a squadron of ten ships, with one hundred and thirteen guns, patrolled the slave coast.[99] Finally, the Thirteenth Amendment legally confirmed what the war had already accomplished, and slavery and the slave-trade fell at one blow.[100]

FOOTNOTES:

[1] _British and Foreign State Papers_, 1854-5, p. 1156.

[2] Cluskey, _Political Text-Book_ (14th ed.), p. 585.

[3] _De Bow's Review_, XXII. 223; quoted from Andrew Hunter of Virginia.

[4] _Ibid._, XVIII. 628.

[5] _Ibid._, XXII. 91, 102, 217, 221-2.

[6] From a pamphlet entitled "A New Southern Policy, or the Slave Trade as meaning Union and Conservatism;" quoted in Etheridge's speech, Feb. 21, 1857: _Congressional Globe_, 34 Cong. 3 sess., Appendix, p. 366.

[7] _De Bow's Review_, XXIII. 298-320. A motion to table the motion on the 8th article was supported only by Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, and Maryland. Those voting for Sneed's motion were Georgia, Maryland, North Carolina, and Tennessee. The appointment of a slave-trade committee was at first defeated by a vote of 48 to 44. Finally a similar motion was passed, 52 to 40.

[8] _De Bow's Review_, XXIV. 473-491, 579-605. The Louisiana delegation alone did not vote for the last resolution, the vote of her delegation being evenly divided.

[9] _De Bow's Review_, XXVII. 94-235.

[10] H.S. Foote, in _Bench and Bar of the South and Southwest_, p. 69.

[11] _De Bow's Review_, XXVII. 115.

[12] _Ibid._, p. 99. The vote was:--

Yea. _Nay._ Alabama, 5 votes. Tennessee, 12 votes. Arkansas, 4 " Florida, 3 " South Carolina, 4 " South Carolina, 4 " Louisiana, 6 " Total 19 Texas, 4 " Georgia, 10 " Virginia, Maryland, Kentucky, and Mississippi, 7 " North Carolina did not vote; they either Total 40 withdrew or were not represented.

[13] Quoted in _26th Report of the Amer. Anti-slav. Soc._, p. 38. The official organ was the _True Southron_.

[14] Quoted in _24th Report of the Amer. Anti-slav. Soc._, p. 54.

[15] Quoted in _26th Report_, _Ibid._, p. 43.

[16] _27th Report_, _Ibid._, pp. 19-20.

[17] Letter of W.C. Preston, in the _National Intelligencer_, April 3, 1863. Also published in the pamphlet, _The African Slave Trade: The Secret Purpose_, etc., p. 26.

[18] Quoted in Etheridge's speech: _Congressional Globe_, 34 Cong. 3 sess. Appen., p. 366.

[19] _House Journal_, 34 Cong. 3 sess. pp. 105-10; _Congressional Globe_, 34 Cong. 3 sess. pp. 123-6; Cluskey, _Political Text-Book_ (14th ed.), p. 589.

[20] _House Journal_, 35 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 298-9. Cf. _26th Report of the Amer. Anti-slav. Soc._, p. 45.

[21] Cf. _Reports of the Amer. Anti-slav. Soc._, especially the 26th, pp. 43-4.

[22] _Ibid._, p. 43. He referred especially to the Treaty of 1842.

[23] _Ibid._; _Congressional Globe_, 35 Cong. 2 sess., Appen., pp. 248-50.

[24] _26th Report of the Amer. Anti-slav. Soc._, p. 44.

[25] _Ibid._; _27th Report_, pp. 13-4.

[26] _26th Report_, _Ibid._, p. 44.

[27] Quoted in Lalor, _Cyclopædia_, III. 733; Cairnes, _The Slave Power_ (New York, 1862), p. 123, note; _27th Report of the Amer. Anti-slav. Soc._, p. 15.

[28] Quoted in Cairnes, _The Slave Power_, p. 123, note; _27th Report of the Amer. Anti-slav. Soc._, p. 19.

[29] _27th Report_, _Ibid._, p. 16; quoted from the Mobile _Register_.

[30] Edition of 1859, pp. 63-4.

[31] _De Bow's Review_, XXVII. 121, 231-5.

[32] _Report of the Special Committee_, etc. (1857), pp. 24-5.

[33] _26th Report of the Amer. Anti-slav. Soc._, p. 40. The vote was 47 to 46.

[34] _House Exec. Doc._, 36 Cong. 2 sess. IV. No. 7, pp. 632-6. For the State law, cf. above, Chapter II. This refusal of Cobb's was sharply criticised by many Southern papers. Cf. _26th Report of the Amer. Anti-slav. Soc._, p. 39.

[35] New York _Independent_, March 11 and April 1, 1858.

[36] _26th Report of the Amer. Anti-slav. Soc._, p. 41.

[37] Gregory to the Secretary of the Navy, June 8, 1850: _Senate Exec. Doc._, 31 Cong. 1 sess. XIV. No. 66, p. 2. Cf. _Ibid._, 31 Cong. 2 sess. II. No. 6.

[38] Cumming to Commodore Fanshawe, Feb. 22, 1850: _Senate Exec. Doc._, 31 Cong. 1 sess. XIV. No. 66, p. 8.

[39] New York _Journal of Commerce_, 1857; quoted in _24th Report of the Amer. Anti-slav. Soc._, p. 56.

[40] "The Slave-Trade in New York," in the _Continental Monthly_, January, 1862, p. 87.

[41] New York _Evening Post_; quoted in Lalor, _Cyclopædia_, III. 733.

[42] Lalor, _Cyclopædia_, III. 733; quoted from a New York paper.

[43] _Friends' Appeal on behalf of the Coloured Races_ (1858), Appendix, p. 41; quoted from the _Journal of Commerce_.

[44] _26th Report of the Amer. Anti-slav. Soc._, pp. 53-4; quoted from the African correspondent of the Boston _Journal_. From April, 1857, to May, 1858, twenty-one of twenty-two slavers which were seized by British cruisers proved to be American, from New York, Boston, and New Orleans. Cf. _25th Report_, _Ibid._, p. 122. De Bow estimated in 1856 that forty slavers cleared annually from Eastern harbors, clearing yearly $17,000,000: _De Bow's Review_, XXII. 430-1.

[45] _Senate Exec. Doc._, 33 Cong. 1 sess. VIII. No. 47, p. 13.

[46] _House Exec. Doc._, 34 Cong. 1 sess. XII. No. 105, p. 38.

[47] New York _Herald_, Aug. 5, 1860; quoted in Drake, _Revelations of a Slave Smuggler_, Introd., pp. vii.-viii.

[48] _House Exec. Doc._, 35 Cong. 2 sess. IX. No. 89. Cf. _26th Report of the Amer. Anti-slav. Soc._, pp. 45-9.

[49] Quoted in _26th Report of the Amer. Anti-slav. Soc._, p. 46.

[50] For all the above cases, cf. _Ibid._, p. 49.

[51] Quoted in _27th Report_, _Ibid._, p. 20. Cf. _Report of the Secretary of the Navy_, 1859; _Senate Exec. Doc._, 36 Cong. 1 sess. III. No. 2.

[52] _27th Report of the Amer. Anti-slav. Soc._, p. 21.

[53] Quoted in _Ibid._

[54] Issue of July 22, 1860; quoted in Drake, _Revelations of a Slave Smuggler_, Introd., p. vi. The advertisement referred to was addressed to the "Ship-owners and Masters of our Mercantile Marine," and appeared in the Enterprise (Miss.) _Weekly News_, April 14, 1859. William S. Price and seventeen others state that they will "pay three hundred dollars per head for one thousand native Africans, between the ages of fourteen and twenty years, (of sexes equal,) likely, sound, and healthy, to be delivered within twelve months from this date, at some point accessible by land, between Pensacola, Fla., and Galveston, Texas; the contractors giving thirty days' notice as to time and place of delivery": Quoted in _26th Report of the Amer. Anti-slav. Soc._, pp. 41-2.

[55] _Congressional Globe_, 35 Cong. 1 sess. p. 1362. Cf. the speech of a delegate from Georgia to the Democratic Convention at Charleston, 1860: "If any of you northern democrats will go home with me to my plantation, I will show you some darkies that I bought in Virginia, some in Delaware, some in Florida, and I will also show you the pure African, the noblest Roman of them all. I represent the African slave trade interest of my section:" Lalor, _Cyclopædia_, III. 733.

[56] _Senate Misc. Doc._, 36 Cong. 1 sess. No. 8.

[57] _Senate Journal_, 34 Cong. 1-2 sess. pp. 396, 695-8; _Senate Reports_, 34 Cong. 1 sess. I. No. 195.

[58] _House Journal_, 31 Cong. 2 sess. p. 64. There was still another attempt by Sandidge. Cf. _26th Report of the Amer. Anti-Slav. Soc._, p. 44.

[59] _Senate Journal_, 36 Cong. 1 sess. p. 274; _Congressional Globe_, 36 Cong. 1 sess. p. 1245.

[60] Congressional Globe, 32 Cong. 2 sess. p. 1072.

[61] I.e., since 1846: _Statutes at Large_, XI. 90.

[62] _Ibid._, XI. 227.

[63] _Ibid._, XI. 404.

[64] _Ibid._, XII. 21.

[65] E.g., Clay's resolutions: _Congressional Globe_, 31 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 304-9. Clayton's resolutions: _Senate Journal_, 33 Cong. 1 sess. p. 404; _House Journal_, 33 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 1093, 1332-3; _Congressional Globe_, 33 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 1591-3, 2139. Seward's bill: _Senate Journal_, 33 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 448, 451.

[66] Mr. Blair of Missouri asked unanimous consent in Congress, Dec. 23, 1858, to a resolution instructing the Judiciary Committee to bring in such a bill; Houston of Alabama objected: _Congressional Globe_, 35 Cong. 2 sess. p. 198; _26th Report of the Amer. Anti-slav. Soc._, p. 44.

[67] This was the object of attack in 1851 and 1853 by Giddings: _House Journal_, 32 Cong. 1 sess. p. 42; 33 Cong. 1 sess. p. 147. Cf. _House Journal_, 38 Cong. 1 sess. p. 46.

[68] By Mr. Wilson, March 20, 1860: _Senate Journal_, 36 Cong. 1 sess. p. 274.

[69] Four or five such attempts were made: Dec. 12, 1860, _House Journal_, 36 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 61-2; Jan. 7, 1861, _Congressional Globe_, 36 Cong. 2 sess. p. 279; Jan. 23, 1861, _Ibid._, p. 527; Feb. 1, 1861, _Ibid._, p. 690; Feb. 27, 1861, _Ibid._, pp. 1243, 1259.

[70] "The Slave-Trade in New York," in the _Continental Monthly_, January, 1862, p. 87.

[71] New York _Herald_, July 14, 1856.

[72] _Ibid._ Cf. _Senate Exec. Doc._, 37 Cong. 2 sess. V. No. 53.

[73] _27th Report of the Amer. Anti-slav. Soc._, pp. 25-6. Cf. _26th Report_, _Ibid._, pp. 45-9.

[74] _27th Report_, _Ibid._, pp. 26-7.

[75] _26th Report_, _Ibid._, p. 54.

[76] _British and Foreign State Papers_, 1859-60, pp. 899, 973.

[77] Nov. 29, 1851: _House Exec. Doc._, 32 Cong. 1 sess. II. pt. 2, No. 2, p. 4.

[78] Dec. 4, 1852: _House Exec. Doc._, 32 Cong. 2 sess. I. pt. 2, No. 1, p. 293.

[79] _Ibid._, 34 Cong. 1 sess. I. pt. 3, No. 1, p. 5.

[80] _Ibid._, 34 Cong. 3 sess. I. pt. 2, No. 1, p. 407.

[81] Commander Burgess to Commodore Wise, Whydah, Aug. 12, 1857: _Parliamentary Papers_, 1857-8, vol. LXI. _Slave Trade_, Class A, p. 136.

[82] _House Exec. Doc._, 35 Cong. 1 sess. II. pt. 3, No. 2, p. 576.

[83] _Ibid._, 35 Cong. 2 sess. II. pt. 1, No. 2, pp. 14-15, 31-33.

[84] _Senate Exec. Doc._, 36 Cong. 2 sess. I. No. 1, p. 24. The Report of the Secretary of the Navy, 1859, contains this ambiguous passage: "What the effect of breaking up the trade will be upon the United States or Cuba it is not necessary to inquire; certainly, under the laws of Congress and our treaty obligations, it is the duty of the executive government to see that our citizens shall not be engaged in it": _Ibid._, 36 Cong. 1 sess. III. No. 2, pp. 1138-9.

[85] _Senate Exec. Doc._, 36 Cong. 2 sess. III. pt. 1, No. 1, pp. 8-9.

[86] _Statutes at Large_, XII. 40.

[87] _Confederate States of America Statutes at Large_, 1861, p. 15, Constitution, Art. 1, sect. 9, §§ 1, 2.

[88] From an intercepted circular despatch from J.P. Benjamin, "Secretary of State," addressed in this particular instance to Hon. L.Q.C. Lamar, "Commissioner, etc., St. Petersburg, Russia," and dated Richmond, Jan. 15, 1863; published in the _National Intelligencer_, March 31, 1863; cf. also the issues of Feb. 19, 1861, April 2, 3, 25, 1863; also published in the pamphlet, _The

African Slave-Trade: The Secret Purpose_, etc. The editors vouch for its authenticity, and state it to be in Benjamin's own handwriting.

[89] L.W. Spratt of South Carolina, in the _Southern Literary Messenger_, June, 1861, XXXII. 414, 420. Cf. also the Charleston _Mercury_, Feb. 13, 1861, and the _National Intelligencer_, Feb. 19, 1861.

[90] Captain Gordon of the slaver "Erie;" condemned in the U.S. District Court for Southern New York in 1862. Cf. _Senate Exec. Doc._, 37 Cong. 2 sess. I. No. 1, p. 13.

[91] _Ibid._, pp. 453-4.

[92] _Statutes at Large_, XII. 132, 219, 639; XIII. 424; XIV. 226, 415; XV. 58, 321. The sum of $250,000 was also appropriated to return the slaves on the "Wildfire": _Ibid._, XII. 40-41.

[93] _Statutes at Large_, XII. 368-9.

[94] _Senate Exec. Doc._, 37 Cong. 2 sess. I. No. 1, pp. 453-4.

[95] _Statutes at Large_, XII. 531.

[96] For a time not exceeding five years: _Ibid._, pp. 592-3.

[97] By section 9 of an appropriation act for civil expenses, July 2, 1864: _Ibid._, XIII. 353.

[98] British officers attested this: _Diplomatic Correspondence_, 1862, p. 285.

[99] _Report of the Secretary of the Navy_, 1866; _House Exec. Doc._, 39 Cong. 2 sess. IV. p. 12.

[100] There were some later attempts to legislate. Sumner tried to repeal the Act of 1803: _Congressional Globe_, 41 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 2894, 2932, 4953, 5594. Banks introduced a bill to prohibit Americans owning or dealing in slaves abroad: _House Journal_, 42 Cong. 2 sess. p. 48. For the legislation of the Confederate States, cf. Mason, _Veto Power_, 2d ed., Appendix C, No. 1.

* * * * *

Chapter XII

THE ESSENTIALS IN THE STRUGGLE.

92. How the Question Arose. 93. The Moral Movement. 94. The Political Movement. 95. The Economic Movement. 96. The Lesson for Americans.

92. ~How the Question Arose.~ We have followed a chapter of history which is of peculiar interest to the sociologist. Here was a rich new land, the wealth of which was to be had in return for ordinary manual labor. Had the country been conceived of as existing primarily for the benefit of its actual inhabitants, it might have waited for natural increase or immigration to supply the needed hands; but both Europe and the earlier colonists themselves regarded this land as existing chiefly for the benefit of Europe, and as designed to be exploited, as rapidly and ruthlessly as possible, of the boundless wealth of its resources. This was the primary excuse for the rise of the African slave-trade to America.

Every experiment of such a kind, however, where the moral standard of a people is lowered for the sake of a material advantage, is dangerous in just such proportion as that advantage is great. In this case it was great. For at least a century, in the West Indies and the southern United States, agriculture flourished, trade increased, and English manufactures were nourished, in just such proportion as Americans stole Negroes and worked them to death. This advantage, to be sure, became much smaller in later times, and at one critical period was, at least in the Southern States, almost _nil_; but energetic efforts were wanting, and, before the nation was aware, slavery had seized a new and well-nigh immovable footing in the Cotton Kingdom.

The colonists averred with perfect truth that they did not commence this fatal traffic, but that it was imposed upon them from without. Nevertheless, all too soon did they lay aside scruples against it and hasten to share its material benefits. Even those who braved the rough Atlantic for the highest moral motives fell early victims to the allurements of this system. Thus, throughout colonial

history, in spite of many honest attempts to stop the further pursuit of the slave-trade, we notice back of nearly all such attempts a certain moral apathy, an indisposition to attack the evil with the sharp weapons which its nature demanded. Consequently, there developed steadily, irresistibly, a vast social problem, which required two centuries and a half for a nation of trained European stock and boasted moral fibre to solve.

93. ~The Moral Movement.~ For the solution of this problem there were, roughly speaking, three classes of efforts made during this time,--moral, political, and economic: that is to say, efforts which sought directly to raise the moral standard of the nation; efforts which sought to stop the trade by legal enactment; efforts which sought to neutralize the economic advantages of the slave-trade. There is always a certain glamour about the idea of a nation rising up to crush an evil simply because it is wrong. Unfortunately, this can seldom be realized in real life; for the very existence of the evil usually argues a moral weakness in the very place where extraordinary moral strength is called for. This was the case in the early history of the colonies; and experience proved that an appeal to moral rectitude was unheard in Carolina when rice had become a great crop, and in Massachusetts when the rum-slave-traffic was paying a profit of 100%. That the various abolition societies and anti-slavery movements did heroic work in rousing the national conscience is certainly true; unfortunately, however, these movements were weakest at the most critical times. When, in 1774 and 1804, the material advantages of the slave-trade and the institution of slavery were least, it seemed possible that moral suasion might accomplish the abolition of both. A fatal spirit of temporizing, however, seized the nation at these points; and although the slave-trade was, largely for political reasons, forbidden, slavery was left untouched. Beyond this point, as years rolled by, it was found well-nigh impossible to rouse the moral sense of the nation. Even in the matter of enforcing its own laws and co-operating with the civilized world, a lethargy seized the country, and it did not awake until slavery was about to destroy it. Even then, after a long and earnest crusade, the national sense of right did not rise to the entire abolition of slavery. It was only a peculiar and almost fortuitous commingling of moral, political, and economic motives that eventually crushed African slavery and its handmaid, the slave-trade in America.

94. ~The Political Movement.~ The political efforts to limit the slave-trade were the outcome partly of moral reprobation of the trade, partly of motives of expediency. This legislation was never such as wise and powerful rulers may make for a nation, with the ulterior purpose of calling in the respect which the nation has for law to aid in raising its standard of right. The colonial and national laws on the slave-trade merely registered, from time to time, the average public opinion concerning this traffic, and are therefore to be regarded as negative signs rather than as positive efforts. These signs were, from one point of view, evidences of moral awakening; they indicated slow, steady development of the idea that to steal even Negroes was wrong. From another point of view, these laws showed the fear of servile insurrection and the desire to ward off danger from the State; again, they often indicated a desire to appear well before the civilized world, and to rid the "land of the free" of the paradox of slavery. Representing such motives, the laws varied all the way from mere regulating acts to absolute prohibitions. On the whole, these acts were poorly conceived, loosely drawn, and wretchedly enforced. The systematic violation of the provisions of many of them led to a widespread belief that enforcement was, in the nature of the case, impossible; and thus, instead of marking ground already won, they were too often sources of distinct moral deterioration. Certainly the carnival of lawlessness that succeeded the Act of 1807, and that which preceded final suppression in 1861, were glaring examples of the failure of the efforts to suppress the slave-trade by mere law.

95. ~The Economic Movement.~ Economic measures against the trade were those which from the beginning had the best chance of success, but which were least tried. They included tariff measures; efforts to encourage the immigration of free laborers and the emigration of the slaves; measures for changing the character of Southern industry; and, finally, plans to restore the economic balance which slavery destroyed, by raising the condition of the slave to that of complete freedom and responsibility. Like the political efforts, these rested in part on a moral basis; and, as legal enactments, they were also themselves often political measures. They differed, however, from purely moral and political efforts, in having as a main motive the economic gain which a substitution of free for slave labor promised.

The simplest form of such efforts was the revenue duty on slaves that existed in all the colonies. This developed into the prohibitive tariff, and into measures encouraging immigration or industrial improvements. The colonization movement was another form of these efforts; it was inadequately conceived, and not altogether sincere, but it had a sound, although in this case impracticable, economic basis. The one great measure which finally stopped the slave-trade forever was, naturally, the abolition of slavery, i.e., the giving to the Negro the right to sell his labor at a price consistent with his own welfare. The abolition of slavery itself, while due in part to direct moral appeal and political sagacity, was largely the result of the economic collapse of the large-farming slave system.

96. ~The Lesson for Americans.~ It may be doubted if ever before such political mistakes as the slavery compromises of the Constitutional Convention had such serious results, and yet, by a succession of unexpected accidents, still left a nation in position to work out its destiny. No American can study the connection of slavery with United States history, and not devoutly pray that his country may never have a similar social problem to solve, until it shows more capacity for such work than it has shown in the past. It is neither profitable nor in accordance with scientific truth to consider that whatever the constitutional fathers did was right, or that slavery was a plague sent from God and fated to be eliminated in due time. We must face the fact that this problem arose principally from the cupidity and carelessness of our ancestors. It was the plain duty of the colonies to crush the trade and the system in its infancy: they preferred to enrich themselves on its profits. It was the plain duty of a Revolution based upon "Liberty" to take steps toward the abolition of slavery: it preferred promises to straightforward action. It was the plain duty of the Constitutional Convention, in founding a new nation, to compromise with a threatening social evil only in case its settlement would thereby be postponed to a more favorable time: this was not the case in the slavery and the slave-trade compromises; there never was a time in the history of America when the system had a slighter economic, political, and moral justification than in 1787; and yet with this real, existent, growing evil before their eyes, a bargain largely of dollars and cents was allowed to open the highway that led straight to the Civil War. Moreover, it was due to no wisdom and foresight on the part of the fathers that fortuitous circumstances made the result of that war what it was, nor was it due to exceptional philanthropy on the part of their descendants that that result included the abolition of slavery.

With the faith of the nation broken at the very outset, the system of slavery untouched, and twenty years' respite given to the slave-trade to feed and foster it, there began, with 1787, that system of bargaining, truckling, and compromising with a moral, political, and economic monstrosity, which makes the history of our dealing with slavery in the first half of the nineteenth century so discreditable to a great people. Each generation sought to shift its load upon the next, and the burden rolled on, until a generation came which was both too weak and too strong to bear it longer. One cannot, to be sure, demand of whole nations exceptional moral foresight and heroism; but a certain hard common-sense in facing the complicated phenomena of political life must be expected in every progressive people. In some respects we as a nation seem to lack this; we have the somewhat inchoate idea that we are not destined to be harassed with great social questions, and that even if we are, and fail to answer them, the fault is with the question and not with us. Consequently we often congratulate ourselves more on getting rid of a problem than on solving it. Such an attitude is dangerous; we have and shall have, as other peoples have had, critical, momentous, and pressing questions to answer. The riddle of the Sphinx may be postponed, it may be evasively answered now; sometime it must be fully answered.

It behooves the United States, therefore, in the interest both of scientific truth and of future social reform, carefully to study such chapters of her history as that of the suppression of the slave-trade. The most obvious question which this study suggests is: How far in a State can a recognized moral wrong safely be compromised? And although this chapter of history can give us no definite answer suited to the ever-varying aspects of political life, yet it would seem to warn any nation from allowing, through carelessness and moral cowardice, any social evil to grow. No persons would have seen the Civil War with more surprise and horror than the Revolutionists of 1776; yet from the small and apparently dying institution of their day arose the walled and castled Slave-Power. From this we may conclude that it behooves nations as well as men to do things at the very moment when they ought to be done.

* * * * *

APPENDIX A.

A CHRONOLOGICAL CONSPECTUS OF COLONIAL AND STATE LEGISLATION RESTRICTING THE AFRICAN SLAVE-TRADE. 1641-1787.

~1641. Massachusetts: Limitations on Slavery.~

"Liberties of Forreiners & Strangers": 91. "There shall never be any bond slaverie villinage or Captivitie amongst vs, unles it be lawfull Captives taken in iust warres, & such strangers as willingly selle themselves or are sold to us. And those shall have all the liberties & Christian usages wch ye law of god established in Jsraell concerning such p/^{sons} doeth morally require. This exempts none from servitude who shall be Judged there to by Authoritie."

"Capitall Laws": 10. "If any man stealeth aman or mankinde, he shall surely be put to death" (marginal reference, Exodus xxi. 16). Re-enacted in the codes of 1649, 1660, and 1672. Whitmore, _Reprint of Colonial Laws of 1660_, etc. (1889), pp. 52, 54, 71-117.

~1642, April 3. New Netherland: Ten per cent Duty.~

"Ordinance of the Director and Council of New Netherland, imposing certain Import and Export Duties." O'Callaghan, _Laws of New Netherland_ (1868), p. 31.

~1642, Dec. 1. Connecticut: Man-Stealing made a Capital Offence.~

"Capitall Lawes," No. 10. Re-enacted in Ludlow's code, 1650. _Colonial Records_, I. 77.

~1646, Nov. 4. Massachusetts: Declaration against Man-Stealing.~

Testimony of the General Court. For text, see above, page 37. _Colonial Records_, II. 168; III. 84.

~1652, April 4. New Netherland: Duty of 15 Guilders.~

"Conditions and Regulations" of Trade to Africa. O'Callaghan, _Laws of New Netherland_, pp. 81, 127.

~1652, May 18-20. Rhode Island: Perpetual Slavery Prohibited.~

For text, see above, page 40. _Colonial Records_, I. 243.

~1655, Aug. 6. New Netherland: Ten per cent Export Duty.~

"Ordinance of the Director General and Council of New Netherland, imposing a Duty on exported Negroes." O'Callaghan, _Laws of New Netherland_, p. 191.

~1664, March 12. Duke of York's Patent: Slavery Regulated.~

"Lawes establisht by the Authority of his Majesties Letters patents, granted to his Royall Highnes James Duke of Yorke and Albany; Bearing Date the 12th Day of March in the Sixteenth year of the Raigne of our Soveraigne Lord Kinge Charles the Second." First published at Long Island in 1664.

"Bond slavery": "No Christian shall be kept in Bond-slavery villenage or Captivity, Except Such who shall be Judged thereunto by Authority, or such as willingly have sould, or shall sell themselves," etc. Apprenticeship allowed. _Charter to William Penn, and Laws of the Province of Pennsylvania_ (1879), pp. 3, 12.

~1672, October. Connecticut: Law against Man-Stealing.~

"The General Laws and Liberties of Conecticut

"Capital Laws": 10. "If any Man stealeth a Man or Man kinde, and selleth him, or if he be found in his hand, he shall be put to death. Exod. 21. 16." _Laws of Connecticut_, 1672 (repr. 1865), p. 9.

~1676, March 3. West New Jersey: Slavery Prohibited (?).~

"The Concessions and Agreements of the Proprietors, Freeholders and Inhabitants of the Province of West New-Jersey, in America."

Chap. XXIII. "That in all publick Courts of Justice for Tryals of Causes, Civil or Criminal, any Person or Persons, Inhabitants of the said Province, may freely come into, and attend the said Courts, ... that all and every Person and Persons Inhabiting the said Province, shall, as far as in us lies, be free from Oppression and Slavery." Leaming and Spicer, _Grants, Concessions_, etc., pp. 382, 398.

~1688, Feb. 18. Pennsylvania: First Protest of Friends against Slave-Trade.~

"At Monthly Meeting of Germantown Friends." For text, see above, pages 28-29. _Fac-simile Copy_ (1880).

~1695, May. Maryland: 10s. Duty Act.~

"An Act for the laying an Imposition upon Negroes, Slaves, and White Persons imported into this Province." Re-enacted in 1696, and included in Acts of 1699 and 1704. Bacon, _Laws_, 1695, ch. ix.; 1696, ch. vii.; 1699, ch. xxiii.; 1704, ch. ix.

~1696. Pennsylvania: Protest of Friends.~

"That Friends be careful not to encourage the bringing in of any more negroes." Bettle, _Notices of Negro Slavery_, in _Penn. Hist. Soc. Mem._ (1864), I. 383.

~1698, Oct. 8. South Carolina: White Servants Encouraged.~

"An Act for the Encouragement of the Importation of White Servants."

"Whereas, the great number of negroes which of late have been imported into this Collony may endanger the safety thereof if speedy care be not taken and encouragement given for the importation of white servants."

§ 1. £13 are to be given to any ship master for every male white servant (Irish excepted), between sixteen and forty years, whom he shall bring into Ashley river; and £12 for boys between twelve and sixteen years. Every servant must have at least four years to serve, and every boy seven years.

§ 3. Planters are to take servants in proportion of one to every six male Negroes above sixteen years.

§ 5. Servants are to be distributed by lot.

§ 8. This act to continue three years. Cooper, _Statutes_, II. 153.

~1699, April. Virginia: 20s. Duty Act.~

"An act for laying an imposition upon servants and slaves imported into this country, towards building the Capitoll." For three years; continued in August, 1701, and April, 1704. Hening, _Statutes_, III. 193, 212, 225.

~1703, May 6. South Carolina: Duty Act.~

"An Act for the laying an Imposition on Furrs, Skinns, Liquors and other Goods and Merchandize, Imported into and Exported out of this part of this Province, for the raising of a Fund of Money towards defraying the publick charges and expenses of this Province, and paying the debts due for the Expedition against St. Augustine." 10_s._ on Africans and 20_s._ on others. Cooper, _Statutes_, II. 201.

~1704, October. Maryland: 20s. Duty Act.~

"An Act imposing Three Pence per Gallon on Rum and Wine, Brandy and Spirits; and Twenty Shillings per Poll for Negroes; for raising a Supply to defray the Public Charge of this Province; and Twenty Shillings per Poll on Irish Servants, to prevent the importing too great a Number of Irish Papists into this Province." Revived in 1708 and 1712. Bacon, _Laws_, 1704, ch. xxxiii.; 1708, ch. xvi.; 1712, ch. xxii.

~1705, Jan. 12. Pennsylvania: 10s. Duty Act. ~

"An Act for Raising a Supply of Two pence half penny per Pound & ten shillings per Head. Also for Granting an Impost & laying on Sundry Liquors & negroes Imported into this Province for the Support of Governmt., & defraying the necessary Publick Charges in the Administration thereof." _Colonial Records_ (1852), II. 232, No. 50.

~1705, October. Virginia: 6d. Tax on Imported Slaves.~

"An act for raising a publick revenue for the better support of the Government," etc. Similar tax by Act of October, 1710. Hening, _Statutes_, III. 344, 490.

~1705, October. Virginia: 20s. Duty Act.~

"An act for laying an Imposition upon Liquors and Slaves." For two years; re-enacted in October, 1710, for three years, and in October, 1712. _Ibid._, III. 229, 482; IV. 30.

~1705, Dec. 5. Massachusetts: £4 Duty Act.~

"An act for the Better Preventing of a Spurious and Mixt Issue," etc.

§ 6. On and after May 1, 1706, every master importing Negroes shall enter his number, name, and sex in the impost office, and insert them in the bill of lading; he shall pay to the commissioner and receiver of the impost £4 per head for every such Negro. Both master and ship are to be security for the payment of the same.

§ 7. If the master neglect to enter the slaves, he shall forfeit £8 for each Negro, one-half to go to the informer and one-half to the government.

§ 8. If any Negro imported shall, within twelve months, be exported and sold in any other plantation, and a receipt from the collector there be shown, a drawback of the whole duty will be allowed. Like drawback will be allowed a purchaser, if any Negro sold die within six weeks after importation. _Mass. Province Laws, 1705-6_, ch. 10.

~1708, February. Rhode Island: £3 Duty Act.~

No title or text found. Slightly amended by Act of April, 1708; strengthened by Acts of February, 1712, and July 5, 1715; proceeds disposed of by Acts of July, 1715, October, 1717, and June, 1729. _Colonial Records_, IV. 34, 131-5, 138, 143, 191-3, 225, 423-4.

~1709, Sept. 24. New York: £3 Duty Act.~

"An Act for Laying a Duty on the Tonnage of Vessels and Slaves." A duty of £3 was laid on slaves not imported directly from their native country. Continued by Act of Oct. 30, 1710. _Acts of Assembly, 1691-1718_, pp. 97, 125, 134; Laws of New York, 1691-1773, p. 83.

~1710, Dec. 28. Pennsylvania: 40s. Duty Act.~

"An impost Act, laying a duty on Negroes, wine, rum and other spirits, cyder and vessels." Repealed by order in Council Feb. 20, 1713. Carey and Bioren, _Laws_, I. 82; Bettle, _Notices of Negro Slavery_, in _Penn. Hist. Soc. Mem._ (1864), I. 415.

~1710. Virginia: £5 Duty Act.~

"Intended to discourage the importation" of slaves. Title and text not found. Disallowed (?). _Governor Spotswood to the Lords of Trade_, in _Va. Hist. Soc. Coll._, New Series, I. 52.

~1711, July-Aug. New York: Act of 1709 Strengthened.~

"An Act for the more effectual putting in Execution an Act of General Assembly, Intituled, An Act for Laying a Duty on the Tonnage of Vessels and Slaves." _Acts of Assembly, 1691-1718_, p. 134.

~1711, December. New York: Bill to Increase Duty.~

Bill for laying a further duty on slaves. Passed Assembly; lost in Council. _Doc. rel. Col. Hist. New York_, V. 293.

~1711. Pennsylvania: Testimony of Quakers.~

" ... the Yearly Meeting of Philadelphia, on a representation from the Quarterly Meeting of Chester, that the buying and encouraging the importation of negroes was still practised by some of the members of the society, again repeated and enforced the observance of the advice issued in 1696, and further directed all merchants and factors to write to their correspondents and discourage their sending any more negroes." Bettle, _Notices of Negro Slavery_, in _Penn. Hist. Soc. Mem._ (1864), I. 386.

~1712, June 7. Pennsylvania: Prohibitive (?) Duty Act.~

"A supplementary Act to an act, entituled, An impost act, laying a duty on Negroes, rum," etc. Disallowed by Great Britain, 1713. Carey and Bioren, _Laws_, I. 87, 88. Cf. _Colonial Records_ (1852), II. 553.

~1712, June 7. Pennsylvania: Prohibitive Duty Act.~

"An act to prevent the Importation of Negroes and Indians into this Province."

"Whereas Divers Plots and Insurrections have frequently happened, not only in the Islands, but on the Main Land of _America_, by Negroes, which have been carried on so far that several of the Inhabitants have been thereby barbarously Murthered, an instance whereof we have lately had in our neighboring Colony of _New York_. And whereas the Importation of Indian Slaves hath given our Neighboring _Indians_ in this Province some umbrage of Suspicion and Dis-satisfaction. For Prevention of all which for the future,

"_Be it Enacted_ ..., That from and after the Publication of this Act, upon the Importation of any Negro or Indian, by Land or Water, into this Province, there shall be paid by the Importer, Owner or Possessor thereof, the sum of _Twenty Pounds per head_, for every Negro or Indian so imported or brought in (except Negroes directly brought in from the _West India Islands_ before the first Day of the Month called _August_ next) unto the proper Officer herein after named, or that shall be appointed according to the Directions of this Act to receive the same," etc. Disallowed by Great Britain, 1713. _Laws of Pennsylvania, collected_, etc. (ed. 1714), p. 165; _Colonial Records_ (1852), II. 553; Burge, _Commentaries_, I. 737, note; _Penn. Archives_, I. 162.

~1713, March 11. New Jersey: £10 Duty Act.~

"An Act for laying a Duty on Negro, Indian and Mulatto Slaves, imported and brought into this Province."

"_Be it Enacted_ ..., That every Person or Persons that shall hereafter Import or bring in, or cause to be imported or brought into this Province, any Negro Indian or Mulatto Slave or Slaves, every such Person or Persons so importing or bringing in, or causing to be imported or brought in, such Slave or Slaves, shall enter with one of the Collectors of her Majestie's Customs of this Province, every such Slave or Slaves, within Twenty Four Hours after such Slave or Slaves is so Imported, and pay the Sum of _Ten Pounds_ Money as appointed by her Majesty's Proclamation, for each Slave so imported, or give sufficient Security that the said Sum of _Ten Pounds_, Money aforesaid, shall be well and truly paid within three Months after such Slave or Slaves are so imported, to the Collector or his Deputy of the District into which such Slave or Slaves shall be imported, for the use of her Majesty, her Heirs and Successors, toward the Support of the Government of this Province." For seven years; violations incur forfeiture and sale of slaves at auction; slaves brought from elsewhere than Africa to pay £10, etc. _Laws and Acts of New Jersey, 1703-1717_ (ed. 1717), p. 43; _N.J. Archives_, 1st Series, XIII. 516, 517, 520, 522, 523, 527, 532, 541.

~1713, March 26. Great Britain and Spain: The Assiento.~

"The Assiento, or Contract for allowing to the Subjects of Great Britain the Liberty of importing Negroes into the Spanish America. Signed by the Catholick King at Madrid, the 26th Day of March, 1713."

Art. I. "First then to procure, by this means, a mutual and reciprocal advantage to the sovereigns and subjects of both crowns, her British majesty does offer and undertake for the persons, whom she shall name and appoint, That they shall oblige and charge themselves with the bringing into the West-Indies of America, belonging to his catholick majesty, in the space of the said 30 years, to commence on the 1st day of May, 1713, and determine on the like day, which will be in the year 1743, _viz._ 144000 negroes, _Piezas de India_, of both sexes, and of all ages, at the rate of 4800 negroes, _Piezas de India_, in each of the said 30 years, with this condition, That the persons who shall go to the West-Indies to take care of the concerns of the assiento, shall avoid giving any offence, for in such case they shall be prosecuted and punished in the same manner, as they would have been in Spain, if the like misdemeanors had been committed there."

Art. II. Assientists to pay a duty of 33 pieces of eight (_Escudos_) for each Negro, which should include all duties.

Art. III. Assientists to advance to his Catholic Majesty 200,000 pieces of eight, which should be returned at the end of the first twenty years, etc. John Almon, _Treaties of Peace, Alliance, and Commerce, between Great-Britain and other Powers_ (London, 1772), I. 83-107.

~1713, July 13. Great Britain and Spain: Treaty of Utrecht.~

"Treaty of Peace and Friendship between the most serene and most potent princess Anne, by the grace of God, Queen of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c. and the most serene and most potent Prince Philip V the Catholick King of Spain, concluded at Utrecht, the 2/13 Day of July, 1713."

Art. XII. "The Catholick King doth furthermore hereby give and grant to her Britannick majesty, and to the company of her subjects appointed for that purpose, as well the subjects of Spain, as all others, being excluded, the contract for introducing negroes into

several parts of the dominions of his Catholick Majesty in America, commonly called _el Pacto de el Assiento de Negros_, for the space of thirty years successively, beginning from the first day of the month of May, in the year 1713, with the same conditions on which the French enjoyed it, or at any time might or ought to enjoy the same, together with a tract or tracts of Land to be allotted by the said Catholick King, and to be granted to the company aforesaid, commonly called _la Compania de el Assiento_, in some convenient place on the river of Plata, (no duties or revenues being payable by the said company on that account, during the time of the abovementioned contract, and no longer) and this settlement of the said society, or those tracts of land, shall be proper and sufficient for planting, and sowing, and for feeding cattle for the subsistence of those who are in the service of the said company, and of their negroes; and that the said negroes may be there kept in safety till they are sold; and moreover, that the ships belonging to the said company may come close to land, and be secure from any danger. But it shall always be lawful for the Catholick King, to appoint an officer in the said place or settlement, who may take care that nothing be done or practised contrary to his royal interests. And all who manage the affairs of the said company there, or belong to it, shall be subject to the inspection of the aforesaid officer, as to all matters relating to the tracts of land abovementioned. But if any doubts, difficulties, or controversies, should arise between the said officer and the managers for the said company, they shall be referred to the determination of the governor of Buenos Ayres. The Catholick King has been likewise pleased to grant to the said company, several other extraordinary advantages, which are more fully and amply explained in the contract of the Assiento, which was made and concluded at Madrid, the 26th day of the month of March, of this present year 1713. Which contract, or _Assiento de Negros_, and all the clauses, conditions, privileges and immunities contained therein, and which are not contrary to this article, are and shall be deemed, and taken to be, part of this treaty, in the same manner as if they had been here inserted word for word." John Almon, _Treaties of Peace, Alliance, and Commerce, between Great-Britain and other Powers_, I. 168-80.

~1714, Feb. 18. South Carolina: Duty on American Slaves.~

"An Act for laying an additional duty on all Negro Slaves imported into this Province from any part of America." Title quoted in Act of 1719, §30, _q.v._

~1714, Dec. 18. South Carolina: Prohibitive Duty.~

"An additional Act to an Act entitled 'An Act for the better Ordering and Governing Negroes and all other Slaves.'"

§9 "And _whereas_, the number of negroes do extremely increase in this Province, and through the afflicting providence of God, the white persons do not proportionally multiply, by reason whereof, the safety of the said Province is greatly endangered; for the prevention of which for the future,

"_Be it further enacted_ by the authority aforesaid, That all negro slaves from twelve years old and upwards, imported into this part of this Province from any part of Africa, shall pay such additional duties as is hereafter named, that is to say:--that every merchant or other person whatsoever, who shall, six months after the ratification of this Act, import any negro slaves as aforesaid, shall, for every such slave, pay unto the public receiver for the time being, (within thirty days after such importation,) the sum of two pounds current money of this Province." Cooper, _Statutes_, VII. 365.

~1715, Feb. 18. South Carolina: Duty on American Negroes.~

"_An additional Act_ to an act entitled _an act for raising the sum of £2000, of and from the estates real and personal of the inhabitants of this Province, ratified in open Assembly the 18th day of December, 1714_; and for laying an additional duty on all Negroe slaves imported into this Province from any part of America." Title only given. Grimké, _Public Laws_, p. xvi, No. 362.

~1715, May 28. Pennsylvania: £5 Duty Act.~

"An Act for laying a Duty on _Negroes_ imported into this province." Disallowed by Great Britain, 1719. _Acts and Laws of Pennsylvania, 1715_, p. 270; _Colonial Records_ (1852), III. 75-6; Chalmers, _Opinions_, II. 118.

~1715, June 3. Maryland: 20s. Duty Act.~

"An Act laying an Imposition on Negroes ...; and also on Irish Servants, to prevent the importing too great a Number of Irish Papists into this Province." Supplemented April 23, 1735, and July 25, 1754. _Compleat Collection of the Laws of Maryland_ (ed. 1727), p. 157; Bacon, _Laws_, 1715, ch. xxxvi. §8; 1735, ch. vi. §§1-3; _Acts of Assembly, 1754_, p. 10.

~1716, June 30. South Carolina: £3 Duty Act.~

"An Act for laying an Imposition on Liquors, Goods and Merchandizes, Imported into and Exported out of this Province, for the raising of a Fund of Money towards the defraying the publick charges and expences of the Government." A duty of £3 was laid on African slaves, and £30 on American slaves. Cooper, _Statutes_, II. 649.

~1716. New York: 5 oz. and 10 oz. plate Duty Act.~

"An Act to Oblige all Vessels Trading into this Colony (except such as are therein excepted) to pay a certain Duty; and for the further Explanation and rendring more Effectual certain Clauses in an Act of General Assembly of this Colony, Intituled, An Act by which a Duty is laid on Negroes, and other Slaves, imported into this Colony." The act referred to is not to be found. _Acts of Assembly, 1691-1718_, p. 224.

~1717, June 8. Maryland: Additional 20s. Duty Act.~

"An Act for laying an Additional Duty of Twenty Shillings Current Money per Poll on all Irish Servants, ... also, the Additional Duty of Twenty Shillings Current Money per Poll on all Negroes, for raising a Fund for the Use of Publick Schools," etc. Continued by Act of 1728. _Compleat Collection of the Laws of Maryland_ (ed. 1727), p. 191; Bacon, _Laws_, 1728, ch. viii.

~1717, Dec. 11. South Carolina: Prohibitive Duty.~

"A further additional Act to an Act entitled An Act for the better ordering and governing of Negroes and all other Slaves; and to an additional Act to an Act entitled An Act for the better ordering and governing of Negroes and all other Slaves."

§ 3. "And _whereas_, the great importation of negroes to this Province, in proportion to the white inhabitants of the same, whereby the future safety of this Province will be greatly endangered; for the prevention whereof,

"_Be it enacted_ by the authority aforesaid, That all negro slaves of any age or condition whatsoever, imported or otherwise brought into this Province, from any part of the world, shall pay such additional duties as is hereafter named, that is to say:--that every merchant or other person whatsoever, who shall, eighteen months after the ratification of this Act, import any negro slave as aforesaid, shall, for every such slave, pay unto the public receiver for the time being, at the time of each importation, over and above all the duties already charged on negroes, by any law in force in this Province, the additional sum of forty pounds current money of this Province," etc.

§ 4. This section on duties to be in force for four years after ratification, and thence to the end of the next session of the General Assembly. Cooper, _Statutes_, VII. 368.

~1718, Feb. 22. Pennsylvania: Duty Act.~

"An Act for continuing a duty on Negroes brought into this province." Carey and Bioren, _Laws_, I. 118.

~1719, March 20. South Carolina: £10 Duty Act.~

"An Act for laying an Imposition on Negroes, Liquors, and other Goods and Merchandizes, imported, and exported out of this Province, for the raising of a Fund of Money towards the defraying the Publick Charges and Expences of this Government; as also to Repeal several Duty Acts, and Clauses and Paragraphs of Acts, as is herein mentioned." This repeals former duty acts (e.g. that of 1714), and lays a duty of £10 on African slaves, and £30 on American slaves. Cooper, _Statutes_, III. 56.

~1721, Sept. 21. South Carolina: £10 Duty Act.~

"An Act for granting to His Majesty a Duty and Imposition on Negroes, Liquors, and other Goods and Merchandize, imported into and exported out of this Province." This was a continuation of the Act of 1719. _Ibid._, III. 159.

~1722, Feb. 23. South Carolina: £10 Duty Act.~

"An Act for Granting to His Majesty a Duty and Imposition on Negroes, Liquors, and other Goods and Merchandizes, for the use of the Publick of this Province."

§ 1. " ... on all negro slaves imported from Africa directly, or any other place whatsoever, Spanish negroes excepted, if above ten years of age, ten pounds; on all negroes under ten years of age, (sucking children excepted) five pounds," etc.

§ 3. "And whereas, it has proved to the detriment of some of the inhabitants of this Province, who have purchased negroes imported here from the Colonies of America, that they were either transported thence by the Courts of justice, or sent off by private persons for their ill behaviour and misdemeanours, to prevent which for the future,

"_Be it enacted_ by the authority aforesaid, That all negroes imported in this Province from any part of America, after the ratification of this Act, above ten years of age, shall pay unto the Publick Receiver as a duty, the sum of fifty pounds, and all such negroes under the age of ten years, (sucking children excepted) the sum of five pounds of like current money, unless the owner or agent shall produce a testimonial under the hand and seal of any Notary Publick of the Colonies or plantations from whence such negroes came last, before whom it was proved upon oath, that the same are new negroes, and have not been six months on shoar in any part of America," etc.

§ 4. "And whereas, the importation of Spanish Indians, mustees, negroes, and mulattoes, may be of dangerous consequence by inticing the slaves belonging to the inhabitants of this Province to desert with them to the Spanish settlements near us,

"_Be it therefore enacted_ That all such Spanish negroes, Indians, mustees, or mulattoes, so imported into this Province, shall pay unto the Publick Receiver, for the use of this Province, a duty of one hundred and fifty pounds, current money of this Province."

§ 19. Rebate of three-fourths of the duty allowed in case of re-exportation in six months.

§ 31. Act of 1721 repealed.

§ 36. This act to continue in force for three years, and thence to the end of the next session of the General Assembly, and no longer. Cooper, _Statutes_, III. 193.

~1722, May 12. Pennsylvania: Duty Act.~

"An Act for laying a duty on Negroes imported into this province." Carey and Bioren, _Laws_, I. 165.

~1723, May. Virginia: Duty Act.~

"An Act for laying a Duty on Liquors and Slaves." Title only; repealed by proclamation Oct. 27, 1724. Hening, _Statutes_, IV. 118.

~1723, June 18. Rhode Island: Back Duties Collected.~

Resolve appointing the attorney-general to collect back duties on Negroes. _Colonial Records_, IV. 330.

~1726, March 5. Pennsylvania: £10 Duty Act.~

"An Act for the better regulating of Negroes in this province." Carey and Bioren, _Laws_, I. 214; Bettle, _Notices of Negro Slavery_, in _Penn. Hist. Soc. Mem._ (1864), I. 388.

~1726, March 5. Pennsylvania: Duty Act.~

"An Act for laying a duty on Negroes imported into this province." Carey and Bioren, _Laws_, I. 213.

~1727, February. Virginia: Prohibitive Duty Act (?).~

"An Act for laying a Duty on Slaves imported; and for appointing a Treasurer." Title only found; the duty was probably prohibitive; it was enacted with a suspending clause, and was not assented to by the king. Hening, _Statutes_, IV. 182.

~1728, Aug. 31. New York: £2 and £4 Duty Act.~

"An Act to repeal some Parts and to continue and enforce other Parts of the Act therein mentioned, and for granting several Duties to His Majesty, for supporting His Government in the Colony of New York" from Sept. 1, 1728, to Sept. 1, 1733. Same duty continued by Act of 1732. _Laws of New York, 1691-1773_, pp. 148, 171; _Doc. rel. Col. Hist. New York_, VI. 32, 33, 34, 37, 38.

~1728, Sept. 14. Massachusetts: Act of 1705 Strengthened.~

"An Act more effectually to secure the Duty on the Importation of Negroes." For seven years; substantially the same law re-enacted Jan. 26, 1738, for ten years. _Mass. Province Laws, 1728-9_, ch. 16; _1738-9_, ch. 27.

~1729, May 10. Pennsylvania: 40s. Duty Act.~

"An Act for laying a Duty on Negroes imported into this Province." _Laws of Pennsylvania_ (ed. 1742), p. 354, ch. 287.

~1732, May. Rhode Island: Repeal of Act of 1712.~

"Whereas, there was an act made and passed by the General Assembly, at their session, held at Newport, the 27th day of February, 1711 [O.S., N.S. = 1712], entitled 'An Act for laying a duty on negro slaves that shall be imported into this colony,' and this Assembly being directed by His Majesty's instructions to repeal the same;--

"Therefore, be it enacted by the General Assembly ... that the said act ... be, and it is hereby repealed, made null and void, and of none effect for the future." If this is the act mentioned under Act of 1708, the title is wrongly cited; if not, the act is lost. _Colonial Records_, IV. 471.

~1732, May. Virginia: Five per cent Duty Act.~

"An Act for laying a Duty upon Slaves, to be paid by the Buyers." For four years; continued and slightly amended by Acts of 1734, 1736, 1738, 1742, and 1745; revived February, 1752, and continued by Acts of November, 1753, February, 1759, November, 1766, and 1769; revived (or continued?) by Act of February, 1772, until 1778. Hening, _Statutes_, IV. 317, 394, 469; V. 28, 160, 318; VI. 217, 353; VII. 281; VIII. 190, 336, 530.

~1734, November. New York: Duty Act.~

"An act to lay a duty on Negroes & a tax on the Slaves therein mentioned during the time and for the uses within mentioned." The tax was 1_s._ yearly per slave. _Doc. rel. Col. Hist. New York_, VI. 38.

~1734, Nov. 28. New York: £2 and £4 (?) Duty Act.~

"An Act to lay a Duty on the Goods, and a Tax on the Slaves therein mentioned, during the Time, and for the Uses mentioned in the same." Possibly there were two acts this year. _Laws of New York, 1691-1773_, p. 186; _Doc. rel. Col. Hist. New York_, VI. 27.

~1735. Georgia: Prohibitive Act.~

An "act for rendering the colony of Georgia more defensible by prohibiting the importation and use of black slaves or negroes into the same." W.B. Stevens, _History of Georgia_, I. 311; [B. Martyn], _Account of the Progress of Georgia_ (1741), pp. 9-10; Prince Hoare, _Memoirs of Granville Sharp_ (London, 1820), p. 157.

~1740, April 5. South Carolina: £100 Prohibitive Duty Act.~

"An Act for the better strengthening of this Province, by granting to His Majesty certain taxes and impositions on the purchasers of Negroes imported," etc. The duty on slaves from America was £150. Continued to 1744. Cooper, _Statutes_, III. 556. Cf. _Abstract Evidence on Slave-Trade before Committee of House of Commons, 1790-91_ (London, 1791), p. 150.

~1740, May. Virginia: Additional Five per cent Duty Act.~

"An Act, for laying an additional Duty upon Slaves, to be paid by the Buyer, for encouraging persons to enlist in his Majesty's service: And for preventing desertion." To continue until July 1, 1744. Hening, _Statutes_, V. 92.

~1751, June 14. South Carolina: White Servants Encouraged.~

"An Act for the better strengthening of this Province, by granting to His Majesty certain Taxes and Impositions on the purchasers of Negroes and other slaves imported, and for appropriating the same to the uses therein mentioned, and for granting to His Majesty a duty on Liquors and other Goods and Merchandize, for the uses therein mentioned, and for exempting the purchasers of Negroes and other slaves imported from payment of the Tax, and the Liquors and other Goods and Merchandize from the duties imposed by any former Act or Acts of the General Assembly of this Province."

"Whereas, the best way to prevent the mischiefs that may be attended by the great importation of negroes into this Province, will be to establish a method by which such importation should be made a necessary means of introducing a proportionable number of white inhabitants into the same; therefore for the effectual raising and appropriating a fund sufficient for the better settling of this Province with white inhabitants, we, his Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the House of Assembly now met in General Assembly, do cheerfully give and grant unto the King's most excellent Majesty, his heirs and successors, the several taxes and impositions hereinafter mentioned, for the uses and to be raised, appropriated, paid and applied as is hereinafter directed and appointed, and not otherwise, and do humbly pray his most sacred Majesty that it may be enacted,

§ 1. "_And be it enacted_, by his Excellency James Glen, Esquire, Governor in chief and Captain General in and over the Province of South Carolina, by and with the advice and consent of his Majesty's honorable Council, and the House of Assembly of the said Province, and by the authority of the same, That from and immediately after the passing of this Act, there shall be imposed on and paid by all and every the inhabitants of this Province, and other person and persons whosoever, first purchasing any negro or other slave, hereafter to be imported, a certain tax or sum of ten pounds current money for every such negro and other slave of the height of four feet two inches and upwards; and for every one under that height, and above three feet two inches, the sum of five pounds like money; and for all under three feet two inches, (sucking children excepted) two pounds and ten shillings like money, which every such inhabitant of this Province, and other person and persons whosoever shall so purchase or buy as aforesaid, which said sums of ten pounds and five pounds and two pounds and ten shillings respectively, shall be paid by such purchaser for every such slave, at the time of his, her or their purchasing of the same, to the public treasurer of this Province for the time being, for the uses hereinafter mentioned, set down and appointed, under pain of forfeiting all and every such negroes and slaves, for which the said taxes or impositions shall not be paid, pursuant to the directions of this Act, to be sued for, recovered and applied in the manner hereinafter directed."

§ 6. "_And be it further enacted_ by the authority aforesaid, That the said tax hereby imposed on negroes and other slaves, paid or to be paid by or on the behalf of the purchasers as aforesaid, by virtue of this Act, shall be applied and appropriated as followeth, and to no other use, or in any other manner whatever, (that is to say) that three-fifth parts (the whole into five equal parts to be divided) of the net sum arising by the said tax, for and during the term of five years from the time of passing this Act, be applied and the same is hereby applied for payment of the sum of six pounds proclamation money to every poor foreign protestant whatever from Europe, or other poor protestant (his Majesty's subject) who shall produce a certificate under the seal of any corporation, or a certificate under the hands of the minister and church-wardens of any parish, or the minister and elders of any church, meeting or congregation in Great Britain or Ireland, of the good character of such poor protestant, above the age of twelve and under the age of fifty years, and for payment of the sum of three pounds like money, to every such poor protestant under the age of twelve and above the age of two years; who shall come into this Province within the first three years of the said term of five years, and settle on any part of the southern frontier lying between Pon Pon and Savannah rivers, or in the central parts of this Province," etc. For the last two years the bounty is £4 and £2.

§ 7. After the expiration of this term of five years, the sum is appropriated to the protestants settling anywhere in the State, and the bounty is £2 13_s._ 4_d._, and £1 6_s._ 8_d._

§ 8. One other fifth of the tax is appropriated to survey lands, and the remaining fifth as a bounty for ship-building, and for encouraging the settlement of ship-builders.

§ 14. Rebate of three-fourths of the tax allowed in case of re-exportation of the slaves in six months.

§ 16. "_And be it further enacted_ by the authority aforesaid, That every person or persons who after the passing this Act shall purchase any slave or slaves which shall be brought or imported into this Province, either by land or water, from any of his Majesty's plantations or colonies in America, that have been in any such colony or plantation for the space of six months; and if such slave or slaves have not been so long in such colony or plantation, the importer shall be obliged to make oath or produce a proper certificate thereof, or otherwise every such importer shall pay a further tax or imposition of fifty pounds, over and besides the tax hereby imposed for every such slave which he or they shall purchase as aforesaid." Actual settlers bringing slaves are excepted.

§ 41. This act to continue in force ten years from its passage, and thence to the end of the next session of the General Assembly, and no longer. Cooper, _Statutes_, III. 739.

~1753, Dec. 12. New York: 5 oz. and 10 oz. plate Duty Act.~

"An Act for granting to His Majesty the several Duties and Impositions, on Goods, Wares and Merchandizes imported into this Colony, therein mentioned." Annually continued until 1767, or perhaps until 1774. _Laws of New York, 1752-62_, p. 21, ch. xxvii.; _Doc. rel. Col. Hist. New York_, VII. 907; VIII. 452.

~1754, February. Virginia: Additional Five per cent Duty Act.~

"An Act for the encouragement and protection of the settlers upon the waters of the Mississippi." For three years; continued in 1755 and 1763; revived in 1772, and continued until 1778. Hening, _Statutes_, VI. 417, 468; VII. 639; VIII. 530.

~1754, July 25. Maryland: Additional 10s. Duty Act.~

"An Act for his Majesty's Service." Bacon, _Laws_, 1754, ch. ix.

~1755, May. Virginia: Additional Ten per cent Duty Act.~

"An act to explain an act, intituled, An act for raising the sum of twenty thousand pounds, for the protection of his majesty's subjects, against the insults and encroachments of the French; and for other purposes therein mentioned."

§ 10. " ... from and after the passing of this act, there shall be levied and paid to our sovereign lord the king, his heirs and successors, for all slaves imported, or brought into this colony and dominion for sale, either by land or water, from any part [port] or place whatsoever, by the buyer, or purchaser, after the rate of ten per centum, on the amount of each respective purchase, over and above the several duties already laid on slaves, imported as aforesaid, by an act or acts of Assembly, now subsisting, and also over and above the duty laid by" the Act of 1754. Repealed by Act of May, 1760, § 11, " ... inasmuch as the same prevents the importation of slaves, and thereby lessens the fund arising from the duties upon slaves." Hening, _Statutes_, VI. 461; VII. 363. Cf. _Dinwiddie Papers_, II. 86.

~1756, March 22. Maryland: Additional 20s. Duty Act.~

"An Act for granting a Supply of Forty Thousand Pounds, for his Majesty's Service," etc. For five years. Bacon, _Laws_, 1756, ch. v.

~1757, April. Virginia: Additional Ten per cent Duty Act.~

"An Act for granting an aid to his majesty for the better protection of this colony, and for other purposes therein mentioned."

§ 22. " ... from and after the ninth day of July, one thousand seven hundred and fifty-eight, during the term of seven years, there shall be paid for all slaves imported into this colony, for sale, either by land or water, from any port or place whatsoever, by the buyer or purchaser thereof, after the rate of ten per centum on the amount of each respective purchase, over and above the several duties already laid upon slaves imported, as aforesaid, by any act or acts of Assembly now subsisting in this colony," etc. Repealed by Act of March, 1761, § 6, as being "found very inconvenient." Hening, _Statutes_, VII. 69, 383.

~1759, November. Virginia: Twenty per cent Duty Act.~

"An Act to oblige the persons bringing slaves into this colony from Maryland, Carolina, and the West-Indies, for their own use, to pay a duty."

§ 1. " ... from and after the passing of this act, there shall be paid ... for all slaves imported or brought into this colony and dominion from Maryland, North-Carolina, or any other place in America, by the owner or importer thereof, after the rate of twenty per centum on the amount of each respective purchase," etc. This act to continue until April 20, 1767; continued in 1766 and 1769, until 1773; altered by Act of 1772, _q.v. Ibid._, VII. 338; VIII. 191, 336.

~1760. South Carolina: Total Prohibition.~

Text not found; act disallowed by Great Britain. Cf. Burge, _Commentaries_, I. 737, note; W.B. Stevens, _History of Georgia_, I. 286.

~1761, March 14. Pennsylvania: £10 Duty Act.~

"An Act for laying a duty on Negroes and Mulattoe slaves, imported into this province." Continued in 1768; repealed (or disallowed) in 1780. Carey and Bioren, _Laws_, I. 371, 451; _Acts of Assembly_ (ed. 1782), p. 149; _Colonial Records_ (1852), VIII. 576.

~1761, April 22. Pennsylvania: Prohibitive Duty Act.~

"A Supplement to an act, entituled An Act for laying a duty on Negroes and Mulattoe slaves, imported into this province." Continued in 1768. Carey and Bioren, _Laws_, I. 371, 451; Bettle, _Notices of Negro Slavery_, in _Penn. Hist. Soc. Mem._ (1864), I. 388-9.

~1763, Nov. 26. Maryland: Additional £2 Duty Act.~

"An Act for imposing an additional Duty of Two Pounds per Poll on all Negroes Imported into this Province."

§ 1. All persons importing Negroes by land or water into this province, shall at the time of entry pay to the naval officer the sum of two pounds, current money, over and above the duties now payable by law, for every Negro so imported or brought in, on forfeiture of £10 current money for every Negro so brought in and not paid for. One half of the penalty is to go to the informer, the other half to the use of the county schools. The duty shall be collected, accounted for, and paid by the naval officers, in the same manner as former duties on Negroes.

§ 2. But persons removing from any other of his Majesty's dominions in order to settle and reside within this province, may import their slaves for carrying on their proper occupations at the time of removal, duty free.

§ 3. Importers of Negroes, exporting the same within two months of the time of their importation, on application to the naval officer shall be paid the aforesaid duty. Bacon, _Laws_, 1763, ch. xxviii.

~1763 (circa). New Jersey: Prohibitive Duty Act.~

"An Act for laying a duty on Negroes and Mulatto Slaves Imported into this Province." Disallowed (?) by Great Britain. _N.J. Archives_, IX. 345-6, 383, 447, 458.

~1764, Aug. 25. South Carolina: Additional £100 Duty Act.~

"An Act for laying an additional duty upon all Negroes hereafter to be imported into this Province, for the time therein mentioned, to be paid by the first purchasers of such Negroes." Cooper, _Statutes_, IV 187.

~1766, November. Virginia: Proposed Duty Act.~

"An act for laying an additional duty upon slaves imported into this colony."

§ 1. " ... from and after the passing of this act there shall be levied and paid ... for all slaves imported or brought into this colony for sale, either by land or water from any port or place whatsoever, by the buyer or purchaser, after the rate of ten per centum on the amount of each respective purchase over and above the several duties already laid upon slaves imported or brought into this colony as aforesaid," etc. To be suspended until the king's consent is given, and then to continue seven years. The same act was passed again in 1769. Hening, _Statutes_, VIII. 237, 337.

~1766. Rhode Island: Restrictive Measure (?).~

Title and text not found. Cf. _Digest_ of 1798, under "Slave Trade;" _Public Laws of Rhode Island_ (revision of 1822), p. 441.

~1768, Feb. 20. Pennsylvania: Re-enactment of Acts of 1761.~

Titles only found. Dallas, _Laws_, I. 490; _Colonial Records_ (1852), IX. 472, 637, 641.

~1769, Nov. 16. New Jersey: £15 Duty Act.~

"An Act for laying a Duty on the Purchasers of Slaves imported into this Colony."

"Whereas Duties on the Importation of Negroes in several of the neighbouring Colonies hath, on Experience, been found beneficial in the Introduction of sober, industrious Foreigners, to settle under His Majesty's Allegiance, and the promoting a Spirit of Industry among the Inhabitants in general: _In order therefore_ to promote the same good Designs in this Government, and that such as

choose to purchase Slaves may contribute some equitable Proportion of the publick Burdens," etc. A duty of "_Fifteen Pounds_, Proclamation Money, is laid." _Acts of Assembly_ (Allinson, 1776), p. 315.

~1769 (circa). Connecticut: Importation Prohibited (?).~

Title and text not found. "Whereas, the increase of slaves is injurious to the poor, and inconvenient, therefore," etc. Fowler, _Historical Status of the Negro in Connecticut_, in _Local Law_, etc., p. 125.

~1770. Rhode Island: Bill to Prohibit Importation.~

Bill to prohibit importation of slaves fails. Arnold, _History of Rhode Island_ (1859), II. 304, 321, 337.

~1771, April 12. Massachusetts: Bill to Prevent Importation.~

Bill passes both houses and fails of Governor Hutchinson's assent. _House Journal_, pp. 211, 215, 219, 228, 234, 236, 240, 242-3.

~1771. Maryland: Additional £5 Duty Act.~

"An Act for imposing a further additional duty of five pounds current money per poll on all negroes imported into this province." For seven years. _Laws of Maryland since 1763_: 1771, ch. vii.; cf. 1773, sess. Nov.-Dec., ch. xiv.

~1772, April 1. Virginia: Address to the King.~

" ... The importation of slaves into the colonies from the coast of Africa hath long been considered as a trade of great inhumanity, and under its _present encouragement_, we have too much reason to fear _will endanger the very existence_ of your majesty's American dominions....

"Deeply impressed with these sentiments, we most humbly beseech your majesty to _remove all those restraints_ on your majesty's governors of this colony, _which inhibit their assenting to such laws as might check so very pernicious a commerce_." _Journals of the House of Burgesses_, p. 131; quoted in Tucker, _Dissertation on Slavery_ (repr. 1861), p. 43.

~1773, Feb. 26. Pennsylvania: Additional £10 Duty Act.~

"An Act for making perpetual the act ... [of 1761] ... and laying an additional duty on the said slaves." Dallas, _Laws_, I. 671; _Acts of Assembly_ (ed. 1782), p. 149.

~1774, March, June. Massachusetts: Bills to Prohibit Importation.~

Two bills designed to prohibit the importation of slaves fail of the governor's assent. First bill: _General Court Records_, XXX. 248, 264; _Mass. Archives, Domestic Relations, 1643-1774_, IX. 457. Second bill: _General Court Records_, XXX. 308, 322.

~1774, June. Rhode Island: Importation Restricted.~

"An Act prohibiting the importation of Negroes into this Colony."

"Whereas, the inhabitants of America are generally engaged in the preservation of their own rights and liberties, among which, that of personal freedom must be considered as the greatest; as those who are desirous of enjoying all the advantages of liberty themselves, should be willing to extend personal liberty to others;--

"Therefore, be it enacted ... that for the future, no negro or mulatto slave shall be brought into this colony; and in case any slave shall hereafter be brought in, he or she shall be, and are hereby, rendered immediately free, so far as respects personal freedom, and the enjoyment of private property, in the same manner as the native Indians."

"Provided that the slaves of settlers and travellers be excepted.

"Provided, also, that nothing in this act shall extend, or be deemed to extend, to any negro or mulatto slave brought from the coast of Africa, into the West Indies, on board any vessel belonging to this colony, and which negro or mulatto slave could not be disposed of in the West Indies, but shall be brought into this colony.

"Provided, that the owner of such negro or mulatto slave give bond to the general treasurer of the said colony, within ten days after such arrival in the sum of £100, lawful money, for each and every such negro or mulatto slave so brought in, that such negro or mulatto slave shall be exported out of the colony, within one year from the date of such bond; if such negro or mulatto be alive, and in a condition to be removed."

"Provided, also, that nothing in this act shall extend, or be deemed to extend, to any negro or mulatto slave that may be on board any vessel belonging to this colony, now at sea, in her present voyage." Heavy penalties are laid for bringing in Negroes in order to free them. _Colonial Records_, VII. 251-3.

[1784, February: "It is voted and resolved, that the whole of the clause contained in an act of this Assembly, passed at June session, A.D. 1774, permitting slaves brought from the coast of Africa into the West Indies, on board any vessel belonging to this (then colony, now) state, and who could not be disposed of in the West Indies, &c., be, and the same is, hereby repealed." _Colonial Records_, X. 8.]

~1774, October. Connecticut: Importation Prohibited.~

"An Act for prohibiting the Importation of Indian, Negro or Molatto Slaves."

" ... no indian, negro or molatto Slave shall at any time hereafter be brought or imported into this Colony, by sea or land, from any place or places whatsoever, to be disposed of, left or sold within this Colony." This was re-enacted in the revision of 1784, and slaves born after 1784 were ordered to be emancipated at the age of twenty-five. _Colonial Records_, XIV. 329; _Acts and Laws of Connecticut_ (ed. 1784), pp. 233-4.

~1774. New Jersey: Proposed Prohibitive Duty.~

"A Bill for laying a Duty on Indian, Negroe and Molatto Slaves, imported into this Colony." Passed the Assembly, and was rejected by the Council as "plainly" intending "an intire Prohibition," etc. _N.J. Archives_, 1st Series, VI. 222.

~1775, March 27. Delaware: Bill to Prohibit Importation.~

Passed the Assembly and was vetoed by the governor. Force, _American Archives_, 4th Series, II. 128-9.

~1775, Nov. 23. Virginia: On Lord Dunmore's Proclamation.~

Williamsburg Convention to the public: "Our Assemblies have repeatedly passed acts, laying heavy duties upon imported Negroes, by which they meant altogether to prevent the horrid traffick; but their humane intentions have been as often frustrated by the cruelty and covetousness of a set of _English_ merchants." ... The Americans would, if possible, "not only prevent any more Negroes from losing their freedom, but restore it to such as have already unhappily lost it." This is evidently addressed in part to Negroes, to keep them from joining the British. _Ibid._, III. 1387.

~1776, June 29. Virginia: Preamble to Frame of Government.~

Blame for the slave-trade thrown on the king. See above, page 21. Hening, _Statutes_, IX. 112-3.

~1776, Aug.-Sept. Delaware: Constitution.~

"The Constitution or system of Government agreed to and resolved upon by the Representatives in full Convention of the Delaware State," etc.

§ 26. "No person hereafter imported into this State from _Africa_ ought to be held in slavery on any pretence whatever; and no Negro, Indian, or Mulatto slave ought to be brought into this State, for sale, from any part of the world." Force, _American Archives_, 5th Series, I. 1174-9.

~1777, July 2. Vermont: Slavery Condemned.~

The first Constitution declares slavery a violation of "natural, inherent and unalienable rights." _Vermont State Papers, 1779-86_, p. 244.

~1777. Maryland: Negro Duty Maintained.~

"An Act concerning duties."

" ... no duties imposed by act of assembly on any article or thing imported into or exported out of this state (except duties imposed on the importation of negroes), shall be taken or received within two years from the end of the present session of the general assembly." _Laws of Maryland since 1763_: 1777, sess. Feb.-Apr., ch. xviii.

~1778, Sept. 7. Pennsylvania: Act to Collect Back Duties.~

"An Act for the recovery of the duties on Negroes and Mulattoe slaves, which on the fourth day of July, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-six, were due to this state," etc. Dallas, _Laws_, I. 782.

~1778, October. Virginia: Importation Prohibited.~

"An act for preventing the farther importation of Slaves.

§ 1. "For preventing the farther importation of slaves into this commonwealth, _Be it enacted by the General Assembly_, That from and after the passing of this act no slave or slaves shall hereafter be imported into this commonwealth by sea or land, nor shall any slaves so imported be sold or bought by any person whatsoever.

§ 2. "Every person hereafter importing slaves into this commonwealth contrary to this act shall forfeit and pay the sum of one thousand pounds for every slave so imported, and every person selling or buying any such slaves shall in like manner forfeit and pay the sum of five hundred pounds for every slave so sold or bought," etc.

§ 3. "_And be it farther enacted_, That every slave imported into this commonwealth, contrary to the true intent and meaning of this act, shall, upon such importation become free."

§ 4. Exceptions are _bona fide_ settlers with slaves not imported later than Nov. 1, 1778, nor intended to be sold; and transient travellers. Re-enacted in substance in the revision of October, 1785. For a temporary exception to this act, as concerns citizens of Georgia and South Carolina during the war, see Act of May, 1780. Hening, _Statutes_, IX. 471; X. 307; XII. 182.

~1779, October. Rhode Island: Slave-Trade Restricted.~

"An Act prohibiting slaves being sold out of the state, against their consent." Title only found. _Colonial Records_, VIII. 618; Arnold, _History of Rhode Island_, II. 449.

~1779. Vermont: Importation Prohibited.~

"An Act for securing the general privileges of the people," etc. The act abolished slavery. _Vermont State Papers, 1779-86_, p. 287.

~1780. Massachusetts: Slavery Abolished.~

Passage in the Constitution which was held by the courts to abolish slavery: "Art. I. All men are born free and equal, and have certain, natural, essential, and unalienable rights; among which may be reckoned the right of enjoying and defending their lives and liberties," etc. _Constitution of Massachusetts_, Part I., Art. 1; prefixed to _Perpetual Laws_ (1789).

~1780, March 1. Pennsylvania: Slavery Abolished.~

"An Act for the gradual abolition of slavery."

§ 5. All slaves to be registered before Nov. 1.

§ 10. None but slaves "registered as aforesaid, shall, at any time hereafter, be deemed, adjudged, or holden, within the territories of this commonwealth, as slaves or servants for life, but as free men and free women; except the domestic slaves attending upon Delegates in Congress from the other American States," and those of travellers not remaining over six months, foreign ministers, etc., "provided such domestic slaves be not aliened or sold to any inhabitant," etc.

§ 11. Fugitive slaves from other states may be taken back.

§ 14. Former duty acts, etc., repealed. Dallas, _Laws_, I. 838. Cf. _Penn. Archives_, VII. 79; VIII. 720.

~1783, April. Confederation: Slave-Trade in Treaty of 1783.~

"To the earnest wish of Jay that British ships should have no right under the convention to carry into the states any slaves from any part of the world, it being the intention of the United States entirely to prohibit their importation, Fox answered promptly: 'If that be their policy, it never can be competent to us to dispute with them their own regulations.'" Fox to Hartley, June 10, 1783, in Bancroft, _History of the Constitution_, I. 61. Cf. Sparks, _Diplomatic Correspondence_, X. 154, June, 1783.

~1783. Maryland: Importation Prohibited.~

"An Act to prohibit the bringing slaves into this state."

" ... it shall not be lawful, after the passing this act, to import or bring into this state, by land or water, any negro, mulatto, or other slave, for sale, or to reside within this state; and any person brought into this state as a slave contrary to this act, if a slave before, shall thereupon immediately cease to be a slave, and shall be free; provided that this act shall not prohibit any person, being a citizen of some one of the United States, coming into this state, with a _bona fide_ intention of settling therein, and who shall actually reside within this state for one year at least, ... to import or bring in any slave or slaves which before belonged to such person, and which slave or slaves had been an inhabitant of some one of the United States, for the space of three whole years next preceding such importation," etc. _Laws of Maryland since 1763_: 1783, sess. April--June, ch. xxiii.

~1783, Aug. 13. South Carolina: £3 and £20 Duty Act.~

"An Act for levying and collecting certain duties and imposts therein mentioned, in aid of the public revenue." Cooper, _Statutes_, IV. 576.

~1784, February. Rhode Island: Manumission.~

"An Act authorizing the manumission of negroes, mulattoes, and others, and for the gradual abolition of slavery." Persons born after March, 1784, to be free. Bill framed pursuant to a petition of Quakers. _Colonial Records_, X. 7-8; Arnold, _History of Rhode Island_, II. 503.

~1784, March 26. South Carolina: £3 and £5 Duty Act.~

"An Act for levying and collecting certain Duties," etc. Cooper, _Statutes_, IV. 607.

~1785, April 12. New York: Partial Prohibition.~

"An Act granting a bounty on hemp to be raised within this State, and imposing an additional duty on sundry articles of merchandise, and for other purposes therein mentioned."

" ... _And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid_, That if any negro or other person to be imported or brought into this State from any of the United States or from any other place or country after the first day of June next, shall be sold as a slave or slaves within this State, the seller or his or her factor or agent, shall be deemed guilty of a public offence, and shall for every such offence forfeit the sum of one hundred pounds lawful money of New York, to be recovered by any person," etc.

"_And be it further enacted_ ... That every such person imported or brought into this State and sold contrary to the true intent and meaning of this act shall be freed." _Laws of New York, 1785-88_ (ed. 1886), pp. 120-21.

~1785. Rhode Island: Restrictive Measure (?).~

Title and text not found. Cf. _Public Laws of Rhode Island_ (revision of 1822), p. 441.

~1786, March 2. New Jersey: Importation Prohibited.~

"An Act to prevent the importation of Slaves into the State of New Jersey, and to authorize the Manumission of them under certain restrictions, and to prevent the Abuse of Slaves."

"Whereas the Principles of Justice and Humanity require that the barbarous Custom of bringing the unoffending African from his native Country and Connections into a State of Slavery ought to be discountenanced, and as soon as possible prevented; and sound Policy also requires, in order to afford ample Support to such of the Community as depend upon their Labour for their daily Subsistence, that the Importation of Slaves into this State from any other State or Country whatsoever, ought to be prohibited under certain Restrictions; and that such as are under Servitude in the State ought to be protected by Law from those Exercises of Wanton Cruelty too often practiced upon them; and that every unnecessary Obstruction in the Way of freeing Slaves should be removed; therefore,

§ 1. "_Be it Enacted by the Council and General Assembly of this State, and it is hereby Enacted by the Authority of the same_, That from and after the Publication of this Act, it shall not be lawful for any Person or Persons whatsoever to bring into this State, either for Sale or for Servitude, any Negro Slave brought from Africa since the Year Seventeen Hundred and Seventy-six; and every Person offending by bringing into this State any such Negro Slave shall, for each Slave, forfeit and Pay the Sum of Fifty Pounds, to be sued for and recovered with Costs by the Collector of the Township into which such Slave shall be brought, to be applied when recovered to the Use of the State.

§ 2. "_And be it further Enacted by the Authority aforesaid_, That if any Person shall either bring or procure to be brought into this State, any Negro or Mulatto Slave, who shall not have been born in or brought from Africa since the Year above mentioned, and either sell or buy, or cause such Negro or Mulatto Slave to be sold or remain in this State, for the Space of six Months, every such Person so bringing or procuring to be brought or selling or purchasing such Slave, not born in or brought from Africa since the Year aforesaid, shall for every such Slave, forfeit and pay the Sum of Twenty Pounds, to be sued for and recovered with Costs by the Collector of the Township into which such Slave shall be brought or remain after the Time limited for that Purpose, the Forfeiture to be applied to the Use of the State as aforesaid.

§ 3. "_Provided always, and be it further Enacted by the Authority aforesaid_, That Nothing in this Act contained shall be construed to prevent any Person who shall remove into the State, to take a settled Residence here, from bringing all his or her Slaves without incurring the Penalties aforesaid, excepting such Slaves as shall have been brought from Africa since the Year first above mentioned, or to prevent any Foreigners or others having only a temporary Residence in this State, for the Purpose of transacting any particular Business, or on their Travels, from bringing and employing such Slaves as Servants, during the Time of his or her Stay here, provided such Slaves shall not be sold or disposed of in this State." _Acts of the Tenth General Assembly_ (Tower Collection of Laws).

~1786, Oct. 30. Vermont: External Trade Prohibited.~

"An act to prevent the sale and transportation of Negroes and Molattoes out of this State." £100 penalty. _Statutes of Vermont_ (ed. 1787), p. 105.

~1786. North Carolina: Prohibitive Duty.~

"An act to impose a duty on all slaves brought into this state by land or water."

"Whereas the importation of slaves into this state is productive of evil consequences, and highly impolitic," etc. A prohibitive duty is imposed. The exact text was not found.

§ 6. Slaves introduced from States which have passed emancipation acts are to be returned in three months; if not, a bond of £50 is to be forfeited, and a fine of £100 imposed.

§ 8. Act to take effect next Feb. 1; repealed by Act of 1790, ch. 18. Martin, _Iredell's Acts of Assembly_, I. 413, 492.

~1787, Feb. 3. Delaware: Exportation Prohibited.~

"An Act to prevent the exportation of slaves, and for other purposes." _Laws of Delaware_ (ed. 1797), p. 884, ch. 145 b.

~1787, March 28. South Carolina: Total Prohibition.~

"An Act to regulate the recovery and payment of debts and for prohibiting the importation of negroes for the time therein mentioned." Title only given. Grimké, _Public Laws_, p. lxviii, No. 1485.

~1787, March 28. South Carolina: Importation Prohibited.~

"An Ordinance to impose a Penalty on any person who shall import into this State any Negroes, contrary to the Instalment Act."

1. "_Be it ordained_, by the honorable the Senate and House of Representatives, met in General Assembly, and by the authority of the same, That any person importing or bringing into this State a negro slave, contrary to the Act to regulate the recovery of debts and prohibiting the importation of negroes, shall, besides the forfeiture of such negro or slave, be liable to a penalty of one hundred pounds, to the use of the State, for every such negro or slave so imported and brought in, in addition to the forfeiture in and by the said Act prescribed." Cooper, _Statutes_, VII. 430.

~1787, October. Rhode Island: Importation Prohibited.~

"An act to prevent the slave trade and to encourage the abolition of slavery." This act prohibited and censured trade under penalty of £100 for each person and £1,000 for each vessel. Bartlett, _Index to the Printed Acts and Resolves_, p. 333; _Narragansett Historical Register_, II. 298-9.

* * * * *

APPENDIX B.

A CHRONOLOGICAL CONSPECTUS OF STATE, NATIONAL, AND INTERNATIONAL LEGISLATION.

1788-1871.

As the State statutes and Congressional reports and bills are difficult to find, the significant parts of such documents are printed in full. In the case of national statutes and treaties, the texts may easily be found through the references.

~1788, Feb. 22. New York: Slave-Trade Prohibited.~

"An Act concerning slaves."

"Whereas in consequence of the act directing a revision of the laws of this State, it is expedient that the several existing laws relative to slaves, should be revised, and comprized in one. Therefore, _Be it enacted_," etc.

"And to prevent the further importation of slaves into this State, _Be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid_, That if any person shall sell as a slave within this State any negro, or other person, who has been imported or brought into this State, after" June 1, 1785, "such seller, or his or her factor or agent, making such sale, shall be deemed guilty of a public offence, and shall for every such offence, forfeit the sum of one hundred pounds.... _And further_, That every person so imported ... shall be free." The purchase of slaves for removal to another State is prohibited under penalty of £100. _Laws of New York, 1785-88_ (ed. 1886), pp. 675-6.

~1788, March 25. Massachusetts: Slave-Trade Prohibited.~

"An Act to prevent the Slave-Trade, and for granting Relief to the Families of such unhappy Persons as may be kidnapped or decoyed away from this Commonwealth."

"Whereas by the African trade for slaves, the lives and liberties of many innocent persons have been from time to time sacrificed to the lust of gain: And whereas some persons residing in this Commonwealth may be so regardless of the rights of human kind, as to be concerned in that unrighteous commerce:

§ 1. "Be it therefore enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives, in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, That no citizen of this Commonwealth, or other person residing within the same, shall for himself, or any other person whatsoever, either as master, factor, supercargo, owner or hirer, in whole or in part, of any vessel, directly or indirectly, import or transport, or buy or sell, or receive on board, his or their vessel, with intent to cause to be imported or transported, any of the inhabitants of any State or Kingdom, in that part of the world called _Africa_, as slaves, or as servants for term of years." Any person convicted of doing this shall forfeit and pay the sum of £50 for every person received on board, and the sum of £200 for every vessel fitted out for the trade, "to be recovered by action of debt, in any Court within this Commonwealth, proper to try the same; the one moiety thereof to the use of this Commonwealth, and the other moiety to the person who shall prosecute for and

recover the same."

§ 2. All insurance on said vessels and cargo shall be null and void; "and this act may be given in evidence under the general issue, in any suit or action commenced for the recovery of insurance so made," etc.

§ 4. "_Provided_ ... That this act do not extend to vessels which have already sailed, their owners, factors, or commanders, for and during their present voyage, or to any insurance that shall have been made, previous to the passing of the same." _Perpetual Laws of Massachusetts, 1780-89_ (ed. 1789), p. 235.

~1788, March 29. Pennsylvania: Slave-Trade Prohibited.~

"An Act to explain and amend an act, entituled, 'An Act for the gradual abolition of slavery.'"

§ 2. Slaves brought in by persons intending to settle shall be free.

§ 3. " ... no negro or mulatto slave, or servant for term of years," except servants of congressmen, consuls, etc., "shall be removed out of this state, with the design and intention that the place of abode or residence of such slave or servant shall be thereby altered or changed, or with the design and intention that such slave or servant, if a female, and pregnant, shall be detained and kept out of this state till her delivery of the child of which she is or shall be pregnant, or with the design and intention that such slave or servant shall be brought again into this state, after the expiration of six months from the time of such slave or servant having been first brought into this state, without his or her consent, if of full age, testified upon a private examination, before two Justices of the peace of the city or county in which he or she shall reside, or, being under the age of twenty-one years, without his or her consent, testified in manner aforesaid, and also without the consent of his or her parents," etc. Penalty for every such offence, £75.

§ 5. " ... if any person or persons shall build, fit, equip, man, or otherwise prepare any ship or vessel, within any port of this state, or shall cause any ship or other vessel to sail from any port of this state, for the purpose of carrying on a trade or traffic in slaves, to, from, or between Europe, Asia, Africa or America, or any places or countries whatever, or of transporting slaves to or from one port or place to another, in any part or parts of the world, such ship or vessel, her tackle, furniture, apparel, and other appurtenances, shall be forfeited to the commonwealth.... And, moreover, all and every person and persons so building, fitting out," etc., shall forfeit £1000. Dallas, _Laws_, II. 586.

~1788, October. Connecticut: Slave-Trade Prohibited.~

"An Act to prevent the Slave-Trade."

"Be it enacted by the Governor, Council and Representatives in General Court assembled, and by the Authority of the same, That no Citizen or Inhabitant of this State, shall for himself, or any other Person, either as Master, Factor, Supercargo, Owner or Hirer, in Whole, or in Part, of any Vessel, directly or indirectly, import or transport, or buy or sell, or receive on board his or her Vessel, with Intent to cause to be imported or transported, any of the Inhabitants of any Country in Africa, as Slaves or Servants, for Term of Years; upon Penalty of _Fifty Pounds_, for every Person so received on board, as aforesaid; and of _Five Hundred Pounds_ for every such Vessel employed in the Importation or Transportation aforesaid; to be recovered by Action, Bill, Plaint or Information; the one Half to the Plaintiff, and the other Half to the Use of this State." And all insurance on vessels and slaves shall be void. This act to be given as evidence under general issue, in any suit commenced for recovery of such insurance.

" ... if any Person shall kidnap ... any free Negro," etc., inhabitant of this State, he shall forfeit £100. Every vessel clearing for the coast of Africa or any other part of the world, and suspected to be in the slave-trade, must give bond in £1000. Slightly amended in 1789. _Acts and Laws of Connecticut_ (ed. 1784), pp. 368-9, 388.

~1788, Nov. 4. South Carolina: Temporary Prohibition.~

"An Act to regulate the Payment and Recovery of Debts, and to prohibit the Importation of Negroes, for the Time therein limited."

§ 16. "No negro or other slave shall be imported or brought into this State either by land or water on or before the first of January, 1793, under the penalty of forfeiting every such slave or slaves to any person who will sue or inform for the same; and under further penalty of paying £100 to the use of the State for every such negro or slave so imported or brought in: _Provided_, That nothing in this prohibition contained shall extend to such slaves as are now the property of citizens of the United States, and at the time of passing this act shall be within the limits of the said United States.

§ 17. "All former instalment laws, and an ordinance imposing a penalty on persons importing negroes into this State, passed the 28th day of March 1787, are hereby repealed." Grimké, _Public Laws_, p. 466.

~1789, Feb. 3. Delaware: Slave-Trade Prohibited.~

"_An additional Supplementary_ ACT _to an act, intituled_, An act to prevent the exportation of slaves, and for other purposes."

"Whereas it is inconsistent with that spirit of general liberty which pervades the constitution of this state, that vessels should be fitted out, or equipped, in any of the ports thereof, for the purpose of receiving and transporting the natives of Africa to places where they are held in slavery; or that any acts should be deemed lawful, which tend to encourage or promote such iniquitous traffic among us:

§ 1. "_Be it therefore enacted by the General Assembly of Delaware_, That if any owner or owners, master, agent, or factor, shall fit out, equip, man, or otherwise prepare, any ship or vessel within any port or place in this state, or shall cause any ship, or other vessel, to sail from any port or place in this state, for the purpose of carrying on a trade or traffic in slaves, to, from, or between, Europe, Asia, Africa, or America, or any places or countries whatever, or of transporting slaves to, or from, one port or place to another, in any part or parts of the world; such ship or vessel, her tackle, furniture, apparel, and other appurtenances, shall be forfeited to this state.... And moreover, all and every person and persons so fitting out ... any ship or vessel ... shall severally forfeit and pay the sum of Five Hundred Pounds;" one-half to the state, and one-half to the informer.

§ 2. "_And whereas_ it has been found by experience, that the act, intituled, _An act to prevent the exportation of slaves, and for other purposes_, has not produced all the good effects expected therefrom," any one exporting a slave to Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, or the West Indies, without license, shall forfeit £100 for each slave exported and £20 for each attempt.

§ 3. Slaves to be tried by jury for capital offences. _Laws of Delaware_ (ed. 1797), p. 942, ch. 194 b.

~1789, May 13. Congress (House): Proposed Duty on Slaves Imported.~

A tax of $10 per head on slaves imported, moved by Parker of Virginia. After debate, withdrawn. _Annals of Cong._, 1 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 336-42.

~1789, Sept. 19. Congress (House): Bill to Tax Slaves Imported.~

A committee under Parker of Virginia reports, "a bill concerning the importation of certain persons prior to the year 1808." Read once and postponed until next session. _House Journal_ (repr. 1826), 1 Cong. 1 sess. I. 37, 114; _Annals of Cong._, 1 Cong. 1 sess., pp. 366, 903.

~1790, March 22. Congress (House): Declaration of Powers.~

See above, pages 82-83.

~1790, March 22. New York: Amendment of Act of 1788.~

"An Act to amend the act entitled 'An act concerning slaves.'"

"Whereas many inconveniences have arisen from the prohibiting the exporting of slaves from this State. Therefore

"_Be it enacted_ ..., That where any slave shall hereafter be convicted of a crime under the degree of a capital offence, in the supreme court, or the court of oyer and terminer, and general gaol delivery, or a court of general sessions of the peace within this State, it shall and may be lawful to and for the master or mistress to cause such slave to be transported out of this State," etc. _Laws of New York, 1789-96_ (ed. 1886), p. 151.

~1792, May. Connecticut: Act of 1788 Strengthened.~

"An Act in addition to an Act, entitled 'An Act to prevent the Slave Trade.'"

This provided that persons directly or indirectly aiding or assisting in slave-trading should be fined £100. All notes, bonds, mortgages, etc., of any kind, made or executed in payment for any slave imported contrary to this act, are declared null and void. Persons removing from the State might carry away their slaves. _Acts and Laws of Connecticut_ (ed. 1784), pp. 412-3.

~1792, Dec. 17. Virginia: Revision of Acts.~

"An Act to reduce into one, the several acts concerning slaves, free negroes, and mulattoes."

§ 1. "_Be it enacted_ ..., That no persons shall henceforth be slaves within this commonwealth, except such as were so on the seventeenth day of October," 1785, "and the descendants of the females of them."

§ 2. "Slaves which shall hereafter be brought into this commonwealth, and kept therein one whole year together, or so long at different times as shall amount to one year, shall be free."

§ 4. "_Provided_, That nothing in this act contained, shall be construed to extend to those who may incline to remove from any of the United States and become citizens of this, if within sixty days after such removal, he or she shall take the following oath before some justice of the peace of this commonwealth: '_I, A.B., do swear, that my removal into the state of Virginia, was with no intent of evading the laws for preventing the further importation of slaves, nor have I brought with me any slaves, with an intention of selling them, nor have any of the slaves which I have brought with me, been imported from Africa, or any of the West India islands, since the first day of November_,'" 1778, etc.

§ 53. This act to be in force immediately. _Statutes at Large of Virginia, New Series_, I. 122.

~1792, Dec. 21. South Carolina: Importation Prohibited until 1795.~

"An Act to prohibit the importation of Slaves from Africa, or other places beyond sea, into this State, for two years; and also to prohibit the importation or bringing in Slaves, or Negroes, Mulattoes, Indians, Moors or Mestizoes, bound for a term of years, from any of the United States, by land or by water."

"Whereas, it is deemed inexpedient to increase the number of slaves within this State, in our present circumstances and situation;

§ 1. "_Be it therefore enacted_ ..., That no slave shall be imported into this State from Africa, the West India Islands, or other place beyond sea, for and during the term of two years, commencing from the first day of January next, which will be in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three."

§ 2. No slaves, Negroes, Indians, etc., bound for a term of years, to be brought in from any of the United States or bordering countries. Settlers may bring their slaves. Cooper, _Statutes_, VII. 431.

~1793, Dec. 19. Georgia: Importation Prohibited.~

"An act to prevent the importation of negroes into this state from the places herein mentioned." Title only. Re-enacted (?) by the Constitution of 1798. Marbury and Crawford, _Digest_, p. 442; Prince, _Digest_, p. 786.

~1794, North Carolina: Importation Prohibited.~

"An act to prevent the further importation and bringing of slaves and indented servants of colour into this state."

§ 1. "_Be it enacted_ ..., That from and after the first day of May next, no slave or indented servant of colour shall be imported or brought into this state by land or water; nor shall any slave or indented servant of colour, who may be imported or brought contrary to the intent and meaning of this act, be bought, sold or hired by any person whatever."

§ 2. Penalty for importing, £100 per slave; for buying or selling, the same.

§ 4. Persons removing, travelling, etc., are excepted. The act was amended slightly in 1796. Martin, _Iredell's Acts of Assembly_, II. 53, 94.

~1794, March 22. United States Statute: Export Slave-Trade Forbidden.~

"An Act to prohibit the carrying on the Slave Trade from the United States to any foreign place or country." _Statutes at Large_, I. 347. For proceedings in Congress, see _Senate Journal_ (repr. 1820), 3 Cong. 1 sess. II. 51; _House Journal_ (repr. 1826), 3 Cong. 1 sess. II. 76, 84, 85, 96, 98, 99, 100; _Annals of Cong._, 3 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 64, 70, 72.

~1794, Dec. 20. South Carolina: Act of 1792 Extended.~

"An Act to revive and extend an Act entitled 'An Act to prohibit the importation of Slaves from Africa, or other places beyond Sea, into this State, for two years; and also, to prohibit the importation or bringing in of Negro Slaves, Mulattoes, Indians, Moors or Mestizoes, bound for a term of years, from any of the United States, by Land or Water.'"

§ 1. Act of 1792 extended until Jan. 1, 1797.

§ 2. It shall not be lawful hereafter to import slaves, free Negroes, etc., from the West Indies, any part of America outside the United States, "or from other parts beyond sea." Such slaves are to be forfeited and sold; the importer to be fined £50; free Negroes to be re-transported. Cooper, _Statutes_, VII. 433.

~1795. North Carolina: Act against West Indian Slaves.~

"An act to prevent any person who may emigrate from any of the West India or Bahama islands, or the French, Dutch or Spanish settlements on the southern coast of America, from bringing slaves into this state, and also for imposing certain restrictions on free persons of colour who may hereafter come into this state." Penalty, £100 for each slave over 15 years of age. _Laws of North Carolina_ (revision of 1819), I. 786.

~1796. Maryland: Importation Prohibited.~

"An Act relating to Negroes, and to repeal the acts of assembly therein mentioned."

"_Be it enacted_ ..., That it shall not be lawful, from and after the passing of this act, to import or bring into this state, by land or water, any negro, mulatto or other slave, for sale, or to reside within this state; and any person brought into this state as a slave contrary to this act, if a slave before, shall thereupon immediately cease to be the property of the person or persons so importing or bringing such slave within this state, and shall be free."

§ 2. Any citizen of the United States, coming into the State to take up _bona fide_ residence, may bring with him, or within one year import, any slave which was his property at the time of removal, "which slaves, or the mother of which slaves, shall have been a resident of the United States, or some one of them, three whole years next preceding such removal."

§ 3. Such slaves cannot be sold within three years, except by will, etc. In 1797, "A Supplementary Act," etc., slightly amended the preceding, allowing guardians, executors, etc., to import the slaves of the estate. Dorsey, _Laws_, I. 334, 344.

~1796, Dec. 19. South Carolina: Importation Prohibited until 1799.~

"An Act to prohibit the importation of Negroes, until the first day of January, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine."

"Whereas, it appears to be highly impolitic to import negroes from Africa, or other places beyond seas," etc. Extended by acts of Dec. 21, 1798, and Dec. 20, 1800, until Jan. 1, 1803. Cooper, _Statutes_, VII. 434, 436.

~1797, Jan. 18. Delaware: Codification of Acts.~

"An Act concerning Negro and Mulatto slaves."

§ 5. " ... any Negro or Mulatto slave, who hath been or shall be brought into this state contrary to the intent and meaning of [the act of 1787]; and any Negro or Mulatto slave who hath been or shall be exported, or sold with an intention for exportation, or carried out for sale from this state, contrary to the intent and meaning of [the act of 1793], shall be, and are hereby declared free; any thing in this act to the contrary notwithstanding." _Laws of Delaware_ (ed. 1797), p. 1321, ch. 124 c.

~1798, Jan. 31. Georgia: Importation Prohibited.~

"An act to prohibit the further importation of slaves into this state."

§ 1. " ... six months after the passing of this act, it shall be unlawful for any person or persons to import into this state, from Africa or elsewhere, any negro or negroes of any age or sex." Every person so offending shall forfeit for the first offence the sum of $1,000 for every negro so imported, and for every subsequent offence the sum of $1,000, one half for the use of the informer, and one half for the use of the State.

§ 2. Slaves not to be brought from other States for sale after three months.

§ 3. Persons convicted of bringing slaves into this State with a view to sell them, are subject to the same penalties as if they had sold them. Marbury and Crawford, _Digest_, p. 440.

~1798, March 14. New Jersey: Slave-Trade Prohibited.~

"An Act respecting slaves."

§ 12. "_And be it enacted_, That from and after the passing of this act, it shall not be lawful for any person or persons whatsoever, to bring into this state, either for sale or for servitude, any negro or other slave whatsoever." Penalty, $140 for each slave; travellers and temporary residents excepted.

§ 17. Any persons fitting out vessels for the slave-trade shall forfeit them. Paterson, _Digest_, p. 307.

~1798, April 7. United States Statute: Importation into Mississippi Territory Prohibited.~

"An Act for an amicable settlement of limits with the state of Georgia, and authorizing the establishment of a government in the Mississippi territory." _Statutes at Large_, I. 549. For proceedings in Congress, see _Annals of Cong._, 5 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 532, 533, 1235, 1249, 1277-84, 1296, 1298-1312, 1313, 1318.

~1798, May 30. Georgia: Constitutional Prohibition.~

Constitution of Georgia:--

Art. IV § 11. "There shall be no future importation of slaves into this state from Africa, or any foreign place, after the first day of October next. The legislature shall have no power to pass laws for the emancipation of slaves, without the consent of each of their respective owners previous to such emancipation. They shall have no power to prevent emigrants, from either of the United States to this state, from bringing with them such persons as may be deemed slaves, by the laws of any one of the United States." Marbury and Crawford, _Digest_, p. 30.

~1800, May 10. United States Statute: Americans Forbidden to Trade from one Foreign Country to Another.~

"An Act in addition to the act intituled 'An act to prohibit the carrying on the Slave Trade from the United States to any foreign place or country.'" _Statutes at Large_, II. 70. For proceedings in Congress, see _Senate Journal_ (repr. 1821), 6 Cong. 1 sess. III. 72, 77, 88, 92.

~1800, Dec. 20. South Carolina: Slaves and Free Negroes Prohibited.~

"An Act to prevent Negro Slaves and other persons of Colour, from being brought into or entering this State." Supplemented Dec. 19, 1801, and amended Dec. 18, 1802. Cooper, _Statutes_, VII. 436, 444, 447.

~1801, April 8. New York: Slave-Trade Prohibited.~

"An Act concerning slaves and servants."

" ... _And be it further enacted_, That no slave shall hereafter be imported or brought into this State, unless the person importing or bringing such slave shall be coming into this State with intent to reside permanently therein and shall have resided without this State, and also have owned such slave at least during one year next preceding the importing or bringing in of such slave," etc. A certificate, sworn to, must be obtained; any violation of this act or neglect to take out such certificate will result in freedom to the slave. Any sale or limited transfer of any person hereafter imported to be a public offence, under penalty of $250, and freedom to the slave transferred. The export of slaves or of any person freed by this act is forbidden, under penalty of $250 and freedom to the slave. Transportation for crime is permitted. Re-enacted with amendments March 31, 1817. _Laws of New York, 1801_ (ed. 1887),

pp. 547-52; _Laws of New York, 1817_ (ed. 1817), p. 136.

~1803, Feb. 28. United States Statute: Importation into States Prohibiting Forbidden.~

"An Act to prevent the importation of certain persons into certain states, where, by the laws thereof, their admission is prohibited." _Statutes at Large_, II. 205. For copy of the proposed bill which this replaced, see _Annals of Cong._, 7 Cong. 2 sess. p. 467. For proceedings in Congress, see _House Journal_ (repr. 1826), 7 Cong. 2 sess. IV 304, 324, 347; _Senate Journal_ (repr. 1821), 7 Cong. 2 sess. III. 267, 268, 269-70, 273, 275, 276, 279.

~1803, Dec. 17. South Carolina: African Slaves Admitted.~

"An Act to alter and amend the several Acts respecting the importation or bringing into this State, from beyond seas, or elsewhere, Negroes and other persons of colour; and for other purposes therein mentioned."

§ 1. Acts of 1792, 1794, 1796, 1798, 1800, 1802, hereby repealed.

§ 2. Importation of Negroes from the West Indies prohibited.

§ 3. No Negro over fifteen years of age to be imported from the United States except under certificate of good character.

§ 5. Negroes illegally imported to be forfeited and sold, etc. Cooper, _Statutes_, VII. 449.

~1804.~ [~Denmark.~

Act of 1792 abolishing the slave-trade goes into effect.]

~1804, Feb. 14. Congress (House): Proposed Censure of South Carolina.~

Representative Moore of South Carolina offered the following resolution, as a substitute to Mr. Bard's taxing proposition of Jan. 6:--

"_Resolved_, That this House receive with painful sensibility information that one of the Southern States, by a repeal of certain prohibitory laws, have permitted a traffic unjust in its nature, and highly impolitic in free Governments." Ruled out of order by the chairman of the Committee of the Whole. _Annals of Cong._, 8 Cong. 1 sess. p. 1004.

~1804, Feb. 15. Congress (House): Proposed Duty.~

"_Resolved_, That a tax of ten dollars be imposed on every slave imported into any part of the United States."

"_Ordered_, That a bill, or bills, be brought in, pursuant to the said resolution," etc. Feb. 16 "a bill laying a duty on slaves imported into the United States" was read, but was never considered. _House Journal_ (repr. 1826), 8 Cong. 1 sess. IV 523, 578, 580, 581-2, 585; _Annals of Cong._, 8 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 820, 876, 991, 1012, 1020, 1024-36.

~1804, March 26. United States Statute: Slave-Trade Limited.~

"An Act erecting Louisiana into two territories," etc. Acts of 1794 and 1803 extended to Louisiana. _Statutes at Large_, II. 283. For proceedings in Congress, see _Annals of Cong._, 8 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 106, 211, 223, 231, 233-4, 238, 255, 1038, 1054-68, 1069-79, 1128-30, 1185-9.

~1805, Feb. 15. Massachusetts: Proposed Amendment.~

"_Resolve requesting the Governor to transmit to the Senators and Representatives in Congress, and the Executives of the several States this Resolution, as an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, respecting Slaves._" June 8, Governor's message; Connecticut answers that it is inexpedient; Maryland opposes the proposition. _Massachusetts Resolves_, February, 1805, p. 55; June, 1805, p. 18. See below, March 3, 1805.

~1805, March 2. United States Statute: Slave-Trade to Orleans Territory Permitted.~

"An Act further providing for the government of the territory of Orleans."

§ 1. A territorial government erected similar to Mississippi, with same rights and privileges.

§ 5. 6th Article of Ordinance of 1787, on slaves, not to extend to this territory.

Statutes at Large, II. 322. For proceedings in Congress, see _Annals of Cong._, 8 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 28, 30, 45-6, 47, 48, 54, 59-61, 69, 727-8, 871-2, 957, 1016-9, 1020-1, 1201, 1209-10, 1211. Cf. _Statutes at Large_, II. 331; _Annals of Cong._, 8 Cong. 2 sess., pp. 50, 51, 52, 57, 68, 69, 1213, 1215. In _Journals_, see Index, Senate Bills Nos. 8, 11.

~1805, March 3. Congress (House): Massachusetts Proposition to Amend Constitution.~

Mr. Varnum of Massachusetts presented the resolution of the Legislature of Massachusetts, "instructing the Senators, and requesting the Representatives in Congress, from the said State, to take all legal and necessary steps, to use their utmost exertions, as soon as the same is practicable, to obtain an amendment to the Federal Constitution, so as to authorize and empower the Congress of the United States to pass a law, whenever they may deem it expedient, to prevent the further importation of slaves from any of the West India Islands, from the coast of Africa, or elsewhere, into the United States, or any part thereof." A motion was made that Congress have power to prevent further importation; it was read and ordered to lie on the table. _House Journal_ (repr. 1826), 8 Cong. 2 sess. V 171; _Annals of Cong._, 8 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 1221-2. For the original resolution, see _Massachusetts Resolves_, May, 1802, to March, 1806, Vol. II. A. (State House ed., p. 239.)

~1805, Dec. 17. Congress (Senate): Proposition to Prohibit Importation.~

A "bill to prohibit the importation of certain persons therein described into any port or place within the jurisdiction of the United States, from and after" Jan. 1, 1808, was read twice and postponed. _Senate Journal_ (repr. 1821), 9 Cong. 1 sess. IV. 10-11; _Annals of Cong._, 9 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 20-1.

~1806, Jan. 20. Congress (House): Vermont Proposed Amendment.~

"Mr. Olin, one of the Representatives from the State of Vermont, presented to the House certain resolutions of the General Assembly of the said State, proposing an article of amendment to the Constitution of the United States, to prevent the further importation of slaves, or people of color, from any of the West India Islands, from the coast of Africa, or elsewhere, into the United States, or any part thereof; which were read, and ordered to lie on the table." No further mention found. _House Journal_ (repr. 1826), 9 Cong. 1 sess. V 238; _Annals of Cong._, 9 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 343-4.

~1806, Jan. 25. Virginia: Imported Slaves to be Sold.~

"An Act to amend the several laws concerning slaves."

§ 5. If the jury before whom the importer is brought "shall find that the said slave or slaves were brought into this commonwealth, and have remained therein, contrary to the provisions of this act, the court shall make an order, directing him, her or them to be delivered to the overseers of the poor, to be by them sold for cash and applied as herein directed."

§ 8. Penalty for bringing slaves, $400 per slave; the same for buying or hiring, knowingly, such a slave.

§ 16. This act to take effect May 1, 1806. _Statutes at Large of Virginia_, New Series, III. 251.

~1806, Jan. 27. Congress (House): Bill to Tax Slaves Imported.~

"A Bill laying a duty on slaves imported into any of the United States." Finally dropped. _House Journal_ (repr. 1826), 8 Cong. 2 sess. V. 129; _Ibid._, 9 Cong. 1 sess. V. 195, 223, 240, 242, 243-4, 248, 260, 262, 264, 276-7, 287, 294, 305, 309, 338; _Annals of Cong._, 9 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 273, 274, 346, 358, 372, 434, 442-4, 533.

~1806, Feb. 4. Congress (House): Proposition to Prohibit Slave-Trade after 1807.~

Mr. Bidwell moved that the following section be added to the bill for taxing slaves imported,--that any ship so engaged be forfeited. The proposition was rejected, yeas, 17, nays, 86 (?). _Annals of Cong._, 9 Cong. 1 sess. p. 438.

~1806, Feb. 10. Congress (House): New Hampshire Proposed Amendment.~

"Mr. Tenney ... presented to the House certain resolutions of the Legislature of the State of New Hampshire, 'proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, so as to authorize and empower Congress to pass a law, whenever they may

deem it expedient, to prevent the further importation of slaves,' or people of color, into the United States, or any part thereof." Read and laid on the table. _House Journal_ (repr. 1826), 9 Cong. 1 sess. V. 266; _Annals of Cong._, 9 Cong. 1 sess. p. 448.

~1806, Feb. 17. Congress (House): Proposition on Slave-Trade.~

The committee on the slave-trade reported a resolution:--

"_Resolved_, That it shall not be lawful for any person or persons, to import or bring into any of the Territories of the United States, any slave or slaves that may hereafter be imported into the United States." _House Journal_, 9 Cong. 1 sess. V 264, 278, 308, 345-6; _House Reports_, 9 Cong. 1 sess. II. Feb. 17, 1806; _Annals of Cong._, 9 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 472-3.

~1806, April 7. Congress (Senate): Maryland Proposed Amendment.~

"Mr. Wright communicated a resolution of the legislature of the state of Maryland instructing their Senators and Representatives in Congress to use their utmost exertions to obtain an amendment to the constitution of the United States to prevent the further importation of slaves; whereupon, Mr. Wright submitted the following resolutions for the consideration of the Senate....

"_Resolved_, That the migration or importation of slaves into the United States, or any territory thereof, be prohibited after the first day of January, 1808." Considered April 10, and further consideration postponed until the first Monday in December next. _Senate Journal_ (repr. 1821), 9 Cong. 1 sess. IV. 76-7, 79; _Annals of Cong._, 9 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 229, 232.

~1806, Dec. 2. President Jefferson's Message.~

See above, pages 97-98. _House Journal_ (repr. 1826), 9 Cong. 2 sess. V. 468.

~1806, Dec. 15. Congress (House): Proposition on Slave-Trade.~

"A bill to prohibit the importation or bringing of slaves into the United States, etc.," after Dec. 31, 1807. Finally merged into Senate bill. _Ibid._, House Bill No. 148.

~1806, Dec. 17. Congress (House): Sloan's Proposition.~

Proposition to amend the House bill by inserting after the article declaring the forfeiture of an illegally imported slave, "And such person or slave shall be entitled to his freedom." Lost. _Annals of Cong._, 9 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 167-77, 180-89.

~1806, Dec. 29. Congress (House): Sloan's Second Proposition.~

Illegally imported Africans to be either freed, apprenticed, or returned to Africa. Lost; Jan. 5, 1807, a somewhat similar proposition was also lost. _Ibid._, pp. 226-8, 254.

~1806, Dec. 31. Great Britain: Rejected Treaty.~

"Treaty of amity, commerce, and navigation, between His Britannic Majesty and the United States of America."

"Art. XXIV. The high contracting parties engage to communicate to each other, without delay, all such laws as have been or shall be hereafter enacted by their respective Legislatures, as also all measures which shall have been taken for the abolition or limitation of the African slave trade; and they further agree to use their best endeavors to procure the co-operation of other Powers for the final and complete abolition of a trade so repugnant to the principles of justice and humanity." _Amer. State Papers, Foreign_, III. 147, 151.

~1807, March 25. [England: Slave-Trade Abolished.~

"An Act for the Abolition of the Slave Trade." _Statute 47 George III._, 1 sess. ch. 36.]

~1807, Jan. 7. Congress (House): Bidwell's Proposition.~

"Provided, that no person shall be sold as a slave by virtue of this act." Offered as an amendment to § 3 of House bill; defeated 60 to 61, Speaker voting. A similar proposition was made Dec. 23, 1806. _House Journal_ (repr. 1826), 9 Cong. 2 sess. V. 513-6. Cf. _Annals of Cong._, 9 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 199-203, 265-7.

~1807, Feb. 9. Congress (House): Section Seven of House Bill.~

§ 7 of the bill reported to the House by the committee provided that all Negroes imported should be conveyed whither the President might direct and there be indentured as apprentices, or employed in whatever way the President might deem best for them and the country; provided that no such Negroes should be indentured or employed except in some State in which provision is now made for the gradual abolition of slavery. Blank spaces were left for limiting the term of indenture. The report was never acted on. _Annals of Cong._, 9 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 477-8.

~1807, March 2. United States Statute: Importation Prohibited.~

"An Act to prohibit the importation of Slaves into any port or place within the jurisdiction of the United States, from and after the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eight." Bills to amend § 8, so as to make less ambiguous the permit given to the internal traffic, were introduced Feb. 27 and Nov. 27. _Statutes at Large_, II. 426. For proceedings in Senate, see _Senate Journal_ (repr. 1821), 9 Cong. 1-2 sess. IV. 11, 112, 123, 124, 132, 133, 150, 158, 164, 165, 167, 168; _Annals of Cong._, 9 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 16, 19, 23, 33, 36, 45, 47, 68, 69, 70, 71, 79, 87, 93. For proceedings in House, see _House Journal_ (repr. 1826), 9 Cong. 2 sess. V. 470, 482, 488, 490, 491, 496, 500, 504, 510, 513-6, 517, 540, 557, 575, 579, 581, 583-4, 585, 592, 594, 610, 613-4, 616, 623, 638, 640; 10 Cong. 1 sess. VI. 27, 50; _Annals of Cong._, 9 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 167, 180, 200, 220, 231, 254, 264, 270.

~1808, Feb. 23. Congress (Senate): Proposition to Amend Constitution.~

"Agreeably to instructions from the legislature of the state of Pennsylvania to their Senators in Congress, Mr. Maclay submitted the following resolution, which was read for consideration:--

"_Resolved_ ..., That the Constitution of the United States be so altered and amended, as to prevent the Congress of the United States, and the legislatures of any state in the Union, from authorizing the importation of slaves." No further mention. _Senate Journal_ (repr. 1821), 10 Cong. 1 sess. IV. 235; _Annals of Cong._, 10 Cong. 1 sess. p. 134. For the full text of the instructions, see _Amer. State Papers, Miscellaneous_, I. 716.

~1810, Dec. 5. President Madison's Message.~

"Among the commercial abuses still committed under the American flag, ... it appears that American citizens are instrumental in carrying on a traffic in enslaved Africans, equally in violation of the laws of humanity, and in defiance of those of their own country. The same just and benevolent motives which produced the interdiction in force against this criminal conduct, will doubtless be felt by Congress, in devising further means of suppressing the evil." _House Journal_ (repr. 1826), 11 Cong. 3 sess. VII. 435.

~1811, Jan. 15. United States Statute: Secret Act and Joint Resolution against Amelia Island Smugglers.~

Statutes at Large, III. 471 ff.

~1815, March 29. [France: Abolition of Slave-Trade.~

Napoleon on his return from Elba decrees the abolition of the slave-trade. Decree re-enacted in 1818 by the Bourbon dynasty. _British and Foreign State Papers_, 1815-16, p. 196, note; 1817-18, p. 1025.]

~1815, Feb. 18. Great Britain: Treaty of Ghent.~

"Treaty of peace and amity. Concluded December 24, 1814; Ratifications exchanged at Washington February 17, 1815; Proclaimed February 18, 1815."

Art. X. "Whereas the traffic in slaves is irreconcilable with the principles of humanity and justice, and whereas both His Majesty and the United States are desirous of continuing their efforts to promote its entire abolition, it is hereby agreed that both the contracting parties shall use their best endeavors to accomplish so desirable an object." _U.S. Treaties and Conventions_ (ed. 1889), p. 405.

~1815, Dec. 8. Alabama and Mississippi Territory: Act to Dispose of Illegally Imported Slaves.~

"An Act concerning Slaves brought into this Territory, contrary to the Laws of the United States." Slaves to be sold at auction, and the proceeds to be divided between the territorial treasury and the collector or informer. Toulmin, _Digest of the Laws of Alabama_, p. 637; _Statutes of Mississippi digested_, etc. (ed. 1816), p. 389.

~1816, Nov. 18. North Carolina: Act to Dispose of Illegally Imported Slaves.~

"An act to direct the disposal of negroes, mulattoes and persons of colour, imported into this state, contrary to the provisions of an act of the Congress of the United States, entitled 'an act to prohibit the importation of slaves into any port or place, within the jurisdiction of the United States, from and after the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eight.'"

§ 1. Every slave illegally imported after 1808 shall be sold for the use of the State.

§ 2. The sheriff shall seize and sell such slave, and pay the proceeds to the treasurer of the State.

§ 3. If the slave abscond, the sheriff may offer a reward not exceeding one-fifth of the value of the slave. _Laws of North Carolina, 1816_, ch. xii. p. 9; _Laws of North Carolina_ (revision of 1819), II. 1350.

~1816, Dec. 3. President Madison's Message.~

"The United States having been the first to abolish, within the extent of their authority, the transportation of the natives of Africa into slavery, by prohibiting the introduction of slaves, and by punishing their citizens participating in the traffick, cannot but be gratified at the progress, made by concurrent efforts of other nations, towards a general suppression of so great an evil. They must feel, at the same time, the greater solicitude to give the fullest efficacy to their own regulations. With that view, the interposition of Congress appears to be required by the violations and evasions which, it is suggested, are chargeable on unworthy citizens, who mingle in the slave trade under foreign flags, and with foreign ports; and by collusive importations of slaves into the United States, through adjoining ports and territories. I present the subject to Congress, with a full assurance of their disposition to apply all the remedy which can be afforded by an amendment of the law. The regulations which were intended to guard against abuses of a kindred character, in the trade between the several States, ought also to be rendered more effectual for their humane object." _House Journal_, 14 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 15-6.

~1817, Feb. 11. Congress (House): Proposed Joint Resolution.~

"Joint Resolution for abolishing the traffick in Slaves, and the Colinization [_sic_] of the Free People of Colour of the United States."

"_Resolved_, ... That the President be, and he is hereby authorized to consult and negotiate with all the governments where ministers of the United States are, or shall be accredited, on the means of effecting an entire and immediate abolition of the traffick in slaves. And, also, to enter into a convention with the government of Great Britain, for receiving into the colony of Sierra Leone, such of the free people of colour of the United States as, with their own consent, shall be carried thither....

"_Resolved_, That adequate provision shall hereafter be made to defray any necessary expenses which may be incurred in carrying the preceding resolution into effect." Reported on petition of the Colonization Society by the committee on the President's Message. No further record. _House Journal_, 14 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 25-7, 380; _House Doc._, 14 Cong. 2 sess. No. 77.

~1817, July 28. [Great Britain and Portugal: First Concession of Right of Search.~

"By this treaty, ships of war of each of the nations might visit merchant vessels of both, if suspected of having slaves on board, acquired by illicit traffic." This "related only to the trade north of the equator; for the slave-trade of Portugal within the regions of western Africa, to the south of the equator, continued long after this to be carried on with great vigor." Woolsey, _International Law_ (1874), § 197, pp. 331-2; _British and Foreign State Papers_, 1816-17, pp. 85-118.]

~1817, Sept. 23. [Great Britain and Spain: Abolition of Trade North of Equator.~

"By the treaty of Madrid, ... Great Britain obtained from Spain, for the sum of four hundred thousand pounds, the immediate abolition of the trade north of the equator, its entire abolition after 1820, and the concession of the same mutual right of search, which the treaty with Portugal had just established." Woolsey, _International Law_ (1874), § 197, p. 332; _British and Foreign State Papers_, 1816-17, pp. 33-74.]

~1817, Dec. 2. President Monroe's Message on Amelia Island, etc.~

"A just regard for the rights and interests of the United States required that they [i.e., the Amelia Island and Galveston pirates] should be suppressed, and orders have been accordingly issued to that effect. The imperious considerations which produced this measure will be explained to the parties whom it may, in any degree, concern." _House Journal_, 15 Cong. 1 sess. p. 11.

~1817, Dec. 19. Georgia: Act to Dispose of Illegally Imported Slaves.~

"An Act for disposing of any such negro, mulatto, or person of color, who has been or may hereafter be imported or brought into this State in violation of an act of the United States, entitled an act to prohibit the importation of slaves," etc.

§ 1. The governor by agent shall receive such Negroes, and,

§ 2. sell them, or,

§ 3. give them to the Colonization Society to be transported, on condition that the Society reimburse the State for all expense, and transport them at their own cost. Prince, _Digest_, p. 793.

~1818, Jan. 10. Congress (House): Bill to Supplement Act of 1807.~

Mr. Middleton, from the committee on so much of the President's Message as related to the illicit introduction of slaves into the United States from Amelia Island, reported a bill in addition to former acts prohibiting the introduction of slaves into the United States. This was read twice and committed; April 1 it was considered in Committee of the Whole; Mr. Middleton offered a substitute, which was ordered to be laid on table and to be printed; it became the Act of 1819. See below, March 3, 1819. _House Journal_, 15 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 131, 410.

~1818, Jan. 13. President Monroe's Special Message.~

"I have the satisfaction to inform Congress, that the establishment at Amelia Island has been suppressed, and without the effusion of blood. The papers which explain this transaction, I now lay before Congress," etc. _Ibid._, pp. 137-9.

~1818, Feb. 9. Congress (Senate): Bill to Register (?) Slaves.~

"A bill respecting the transportation of persons of color, for sale, or to be held to labor." Passed Senate, dropped in House; similar bill Dec. 9, 1818, also dropped in House. _Senate Journal_, 15 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 147, 152, 157, 165, 170, 188, 201, 203, 232, 237; 15 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 63, 74, 77, 202, 207, 285, 291, 297; _House Journal_, 15 Cong. 1 sess. p. 332; 15 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 303, 305, 316.

~1818, April 4. Congress (House): Proposition to Amend Constitution.~

Mr. Livermore's resolution:--

"No person shall be held to service or labour as a slave, nor shall slavery be tolerated in any state hereafter admitted into the Union, or made one of the United States of America." Read, and on the question, "Will the House consider the same?" it was determined in the negative. _House Journal_, 15 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 420-1; _Annals of Cong._, 15 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 1675-6.

~1818, April 20. United States Statute: Act in Addition to Act of 1807.~

"An Act in addition to 'An act to prohibit the introduction [importation] of slaves into any port or place within the jurisdiction of the United States, from and after the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eight,' and to repeal certain parts of the same." _Statutes at Large_, III. 450. For proceedings in Congress, see _Senate Journal_, 15 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 243, 304, 315, 333, 338, 340, 348, 377, 386, 388, 391, 403, 406; _House Journal_, 15 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 450, 452, 456, 468, 479, 484, 492,505.

~1818, May 4. [Great Britain and Netherlands: Treaty.~

Right of Search granted for the suppression of the slave-trade. _British and Foreign State Papers_, 1817-18, pp. 125-43.]

~1818, Dec. 19. Georgia: Act of 1817 Reinforced.~

No title found. "_Whereas_ numbers of African slaves have been illegally introduced into the State, in direct violation of the laws of the United States and of this State, _Be it therefore enacted_," etc. Informers are to receive one-tenth of the net proceeds from the sale of illegally imported Africans, "_Provided_, nothing herein contained shall be so construed as to extend farther back than the year 1817." Prince, _Digest_, p. 798.

~1819, Feb. 8. Congress (Senate): Bill in Addition to Former Acts.~

"A bill supplementary to an act, passed the 2d day of March, 1807, entitled," etc. Postponed. _Senate Journal_, 15 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 234, 244, 311-2, 347.

~1819, March 3. United States Statute: Cruisers Authorized, etc.~

"An Act in addition to the Acts prohibiting the slave trade." _Statutes at Large_, III. 532. For proceedings in Congress, see _Senate Journal_, 15 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 338, 339, 343, 345, 350, 362; _House Journal_, 15 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 9-19, 42-3, 150, 179, 330, 334, 341, 343, 352.

~1819, Dec. 7. President Monroe's Message.~

"Due attention has likewise been paid to the suppression of the slave trade, in compliance with a law of the last session. Orders have been given to the commanders of all our public ships to seize all vessels navigated under our flag, engaged in that trade, and to bring them in, to be proceeded against, in the manner prescribed by that law. It is hoped that these vigorous measures, supported by like acts by other nations, will soon terminate a commerce so disgraceful to the civilized world." _House Journal_, 16 Cong, 1 sess. p. 18.

~1820, Jan. 19. Congress (House): Proposed Registry of Slaves.~

"On motion of Mr. Cuthbert,

"Resolved, That the Committee on the Slave Trade be instructed to enquire into the expediency of establishing a registry of slaves, more effectually to prevent the importation of slaves into the United States, or the territories thereof." No further mention. _Ibid._, p. 150.

~1820, Feb. 5. Congress (House): Proposition on Slave-Trade.~

"Mr. Meigs submitted the following preamble and resolution:

"Whereas, slavery in the United States is an evil of great and increasing magnitude; one which merits the greatest efforts of this nation to remedy: Therefore,

"Resolved, That a committee be appointed to enquire into the expediency of devoting the public lands as a fund for the purpose of,

"1st, Employing a naval force competent to the annihilation of the slave trade;

"2dly, The emancipation of slaves in the United States; and,

"3dly, Colonizing them in such way as shall be conducive to their comfort and happiness, in Africa, their mother country." Read, and, on motion of Walker of North Carolina, ordered to lie on the table. Feb. 7, Mr. Meigs moved that the House now consider the above-mentioned resolution, but it was decided in the negative. Feb. 18, he made a similar motion and proceeded to discussion, but was ruled out of order by the Speaker. He appealed, but the Speaker was sustained, and the House refused to take up the resolution. No further record appears. _Ibid._, pp. 196, 200, 227.

~1820, Feb. 23. Massachusetts: Slavery in Western Territory.~

"Resolve respecting Slavery":--

"The Committee of both Houses, who were appointed to consider 'what measures it may be proper for the Legislature of this Commonwealth to adopt, in the expression of their sentiments and views, relative to the interesting subject, now before Congress,

of interdicting slavery in the New States, which may be admitted into the Union, beyond the River Mississippi,' respectfully submit the following report: ...

"Nor has this question less importance as to its influence on the slave trade. Should slavery be further permitted, an immense new market for slaves would be opened. It is well known that notwithstanding the strictness of our laws, and the vigilance of the government, thousands are now annually imported from Africa," etc. _Massachusetts Resolves_, May, 1819, to February, 1824, pp. 147-51.

~1820, May 12. Congress (House): Resolution for Negotiation.~

"Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the President of the United States be requested to negociate with all the governments where ministers of the United States are or shall be accredited, on the means of effecting an entire and immediate abolition of the slave trade." Passed House, May 12, 1820; lost in Senate, May 15, 1820. _House Journal_, 16 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 497, 518, 520-21, 526; _Annals of Cong._, 16 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 697-700.

~1820, May 15. United States Statute: Slave-Trade made Piracy.~

"An act to continue in force 'An act to protect the commerce of the United States, and punish the crime of piracy,' and also to make further provisions for punishing the crime of piracy." Continued by several statutes until passage of the Act of 1823, _q.v. Statutes at Large_, III. 600. For proceedings in Congress, see _Senate Journal_, 16 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 238, 241, 268, 286-7, 314, 331, 346, 350, 409, 412, 417, 422, 424, 425; _House Journal_, 16 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 453, 454, 494, 518, 520, 522, 537, 539, 540, 542. There was also a House bill, which was dropped: cf. _House Journal_, 16 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 21, 113, 280, 453, 494.

~1820, Nov. 14. President Monroe's Message.~

"In execution of the law of the last session, for the suppression of the slave trade, some of our public ships have also been employed on the coast of Africa, where several captures have already been made of vessels engaged in that disgraceful traffic." _Senate Journal_, 16 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 16-7.

~1821, Feb. 15. Congress (House): Meigs's Resolution.~

Mr. Meigs offered in modified form the resolutions submitted at the last session:--

"Whereas slavery, in the United States, is an evil, acknowledged to be of great and increasing magnitude, ... therefore,

"Resolved, That a committee be appointed to inquire into the expediency of devoting five hundred million acres of the public lands, next west of the Mississippi, as a fund for the purpose of, in the

"_First place_; Employing a naval force, competent to the annihilation of the slave trade," etc. Question to consider decided in the affirmative, 63 to 50; laid on the table, 66 to 55. _House Journal_, 16 Cong. 2 sess. p. 238; _Annals of Cong._, 16 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 1168-70.

~1821, Dec. 3. President Monroe's Message.~

"Like success has attended our efforts to suppress the slave trade. Under the flag of the United States, and the sanction of their papers, the trade may be considered as entirely suppressed; and, if any of our citizens are engaged in it, under the flag and papers of other powers, it is only from a respect to the rights of those powers, that these offenders are not seized and brought home, to receive the punishment which the laws inflict. If every other power should adopt the same policy, and pursue the same vigorous means for carrying it into effect, the trade could no longer exist." _House Journal_, 17 Cong. 1 sess. p. 22.

~1822, April 12. Congress (House): Proposed Resolution.~

"_Resolved_, That the President of the United States be requested to enter into such arrangements as he may deem suitable and proper, with one or more of the maritime powers of Europe, for the effectual abolition of the slave trade." _House Reports_, 17 Cong. 1 sess. II. No. 92, p. 4; _Annals of Cong._, 17 Cong. 1 sess. p. 1538.

~1822, June 18. Mississippi: Act on Importation, etc.~

"An act, to reduce into one, the several acts, concerning slaves, free negroes, and mulattoes."

§ 2. Slaves born and resident in the United States, and not criminals, may be imported.

§ 3. No slave born or resident outside the United States shall be brought in, under penalty of $1,000 per slave. Travellers are excepted. _Revised Code of the Laws of Mississippi_ (Natchez, 1824), p. 369.

~1822, Dec. 3. President Monroe's Message.~

"A cruise has also been maintained on the coast of Africa, when the season would permit, for the suppression of the slave-trade; and orders have been given to the commanders of all our public ships to seize our own vessels, should they find any engaged in that trade, and to bring them in for adjudication." _House Journal_, 17 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 12, 21.

~1823, Jan. 1. Alabama: Act to Dispose of Illegally Imported Slaves.~

"An Act to carry into effect the laws of the United States prohibiting the slave trade."

§ 1. "_Be it enacted_, ... That the Governor of this state be ... authorized and required to appoint some suitable person, as the agent of the state, to receive all and every slave or slaves or persons of colour, who may have been brought into this state in violation of the laws of the United States, prohibiting the slave trade: _Provided_, that the authority of the said agent is not to extend to slaves who have been condemned and sold."

§ 2. The agent must give bonds.

§ 3. "_And be it further enacted_, That the said slaves, when so placed in the possession of the state, as aforesaid, shall be employed on such public work or works, as shall be deemed by the Governor of most value and utility to the public interest."

§ 4. A part may be hired out to support those employed in public work.

§ 5. "_And be it further enacted_, That in all cases in which a decree of any court having competent authority, shall be in favor of any or claimant or claimants, the said slaves shall be truly and faithfully, by said agent, delivered to such claimant or claimants: but in case of their condemnation, they shall be sold by such agent for cash to the highest bidder, by giving sixty days notice," etc. _Acts of the Assembly of Alabama, 1822_ (Cahawba, 1823), p. 62.

~1823, Jan. 30. United States Statute: Piracy Act made Perpetual.~

"An Act in addition to 'An act to continue in force "An act to protect the commerce of the United States, and punish the crime of piracy,"'" etc. _Statutes at Large_, III. 510-14, 721, 789. For proceedings in Congress, see _Senate Journal_, 17 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 61, 64, 70, 83, 98, 101, 106, 110, 111, 122, 137; _House Journal_, 17 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 73, 76, 156, 183, 189.

~1823, Feb. 10. Congress (House): Resolution on Slave-Trade.~

Mr. Mercer offered the following resolution:--

"Resolved, That the President of the United States be requested to enter upon, and to prosecute, from time to time, such negotiations with the several maritime powers of Europe and America, as he may deem expedient, for the effectual abolition of the African slave trade, and its ultimate denunciation as piracy, under the law of nations, by the consent of the civilized world." Agreed to Feb. 28; passed Senate. _House Journal_, 17 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 212, 280-82; _Annals of Cong._, 17 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 928, 1147-55.

~1823, March 3. United States Statute: Appropriation.~

"An Act making appropriations for the support of the navy," etc.

"To enable the President of the United States to carry into effect the act" of 1819, $50,000. _Statutes at Large_, III. 763, 764

~1823. President: Proposed Treaties.~

Letters to various governments in accordance with the resolution of 1823: April 28, to Spain; May 17, to Buenos Ayres; May 27, to United States of Colombia; Aug. 14, to Portugal. See above, Feb. 10, 1823. _House Doc._, 18 Cong. 1 sess. VI. No. 119.

~1823, June 24. Great Britain: Proposed Treaty.~

Adams, March 31, proposes that the trade be made piracy. Canning, April 8, reminds Adams of the treaty of Ghent and asks for the granting of a mutual Right of Search to suppress the slave-trade. The matter is further discussed until June 24. Minister Rush is empowered to propose a treaty involving the Right of Search, etc. This treaty was substantially the one signed (see below, March 13, 1824), differing principally in the first article.

"Article I. The two high contracting Powers, having each separately, by its own laws, subjected their subjects and citizens, who may be convicted of carrying on the illicit traffic in slaves on the coast of Africa, to the penalties of piracy, do hereby agree to use their influence, respectively, with the other maritime and civilized nations of the world, to the end that the said African slave trade may be recognized, and declared to be, piracy, under the law of nations." _House Doc._, 18 Cong, 1 sess. VI. No. 119.

~1824, Feb. 6. Congress (House): Proposition to Amend Constitution.~

Mr. Abbot's resolution on persons of color:--

"That no part of the constitution of the United States ought to be construed, or shall be construed to authorize the importation or ingress of any person of color into any one of the United States, contrary to the laws of such state." Read first and second time and committed to the Committee of the Whole. _House Journal_, 18 Cong. 1 sess. p. 208; _Annals of Cong._, 18 Cong. 1 sess. p. 1399.

~1824, March 13. Great Britain: Proposed Treaty of 1824.~

"The Convention:"--

Art. I. "The commanders and commissioned officers of each of the two high contracting parties, duly authorized, under the regulations and instructions of their respective Governments, to cruize on the coasts of Africa, of America, and of the West Indies, for the suppression of the slave trade," shall have the power to seize and bring into port any vessel owned by subjects of the two contracting parties, found engaging in the slave-trade. The vessel shall be taken for trial to the country where she belongs.

Art. II. Provides that even if the vessel seized does not belong to a citizen or citizens of either of the two contracting parties, but is chartered by them, she may be seized in the same way as if she belonged to them.

Art. III. Requires that in all cases where any vessel of either party shall be boarded by any naval officer of the other party, on suspicion of being concerned in the slave-trade, the officer shall deliver to the captain of the vessel so boarded a certificate in writing, signed by the naval officer, specifying his rank, etc., and the object of his visit. Provision is made for the delivery of ships and papers to the tribunal before which they are brought.

Art. IV. Limits the Right of Search, recognized by the Convention, to such investigation as shall be necessary to ascertain the fact whether the said vessel is or is not engaged in the slave-trade. No person shall be taken out of the vessel so visited unless for reasons of health.

Art. V. Makes it the duty of the commander of either nation, having captured a vessel of the other under the treaty, to receive unto his custody the vessel captured, and send or carry it into some port of the vessel's own country for adjudication, in which case triplicate declarations are to be signed, etc.

Art. VI. Provides that in cases of capture by the officer of either party, on a station where no national vessel is cruising, the captor shall either send or carry his prize to some convenient port of its own country for adjudication, etc.

Art. VII. Provides that the commander and crew of the captured vessel shall be proceeded against as pirates, in the ports to which they are brought, etc.

Art. VIII. Confines the Right of Search, under this treaty, to such officers of both parties as are especially authorized to execute the laws of their countries in regard to the slave-trade. For every abusive exercise of this right, officers are to be personally liable in costs and damages, etc.

Art. IX. Provides that the government of either nation shall inquire into abuses of this Convention and of the laws of the two countries, and inflict on guilty officers the proper punishment.

Art. X. Declares that the right, reciprocally conceded by this treaty, is wholly and exclusively founded on the consideration that the two nations have by their laws made the slave-trade piracy, and is not to be taken to affect in any other way the rights of the parties, etc.; it further engages that each power shall use its influence with all other civilized powers, to procure from them the acknowledgment that the slave-trade is piracy under the law of nations.

Art. XI. Provides that the ratifications of the treaty shall be exchanged at London within twelve months, or as much sooner as possible. Signed by Mr. Rush, Minister to the Court of St. James, March 13, 1824.

The above is a synopsis of the treaty as it was laid before the Senate. It was ratified by the Senate with certain conditions, one of which was that the duration of this treaty should be limited to the pleasure of the two parties on six months' notice; another was that the Right of Search should be limited to the African and West Indian seas: i.e., the word "America" was struck out. This treaty as amended and passed by the Senate (cf. above, p. 141) was rejected by Great Britain. A counter project was suggested by her, but not accepted (cf. above, p. 144). The striking out of the word "America" was declared to be the insuperable objection. _Senate Doc._, 18 Cong. 2 sess. I. No. 1, pp. 15-20; _Niles's Register_, 3rd Series, XXVI. 230-2. For proceedings in Senate, see _Amer. State Papers, Foreign_, V. 360-2.

~1824, March 31. [Great Britain: Slave-Trade made Piracy.~

"An Act for the more effectual Suppression of the _African_ Slave Trade."

Any person engaging in the slave-trade "shall be deemed and adjudged guilty of Piracy, Felony and Robbery, and being convicted thereof shall suffer Death without Benefit of Clergy, and Loss of Lands, Goods and Chattels, as Pirates, Felons and Robbers upon the Seas ought to suffer," etc. _Statute 5 George IV._, ch. 17; _Amer. State Papers, Foreign_, V. 342.]

~1824, April 16. Congress (House): Bill to Suppress Slave-Trade.~

"Mr. Govan, from the committee to which was referred so much of the President's Message as relates to the suppression of the Slave Trade, reported a bill respecting the slave trade; which was read twice, and committed to a Committee of the Whole."

§ 1. Provided a fine not exceeding $5,000, imprisonment not exceeding 7 years, and forfeiture of ship, for equipping a slaver even for the foreign trade; and a fine not exceeding $3,000, and imprisonment not exceeding 5 years, for serving on board any slaver. _Annals of Cong._, 18 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 2397-8; _House Journal_, 18 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 26, 180, 181, 323, 329, 356, 423.

~1824, May 21. President Monroe's Message on Treaty of 1824.~

Amer. State Papers, Foreign, V. 344-6.

~1824, Nov. 6. [Great Britain and Sweden: Treaty.~

Right of Search granted for the suppression of the slave-trade. _British and Foreign State Papers_, 1824-5, pp. 3-28.]

~1824, Nov. 6. Great Britain: Counter Project of 1825.~

Great Britain proposes to conclude the treaty as amended by the Senate, if the word "America" is reinstated in Art. I. (Cf. above, March 13, 1824.) February 16, 1825, the House Committee favors this project; March 2, Addington reminds Adams of this counter proposal; April 6, Clay refuses to reopen negotiations on account of the failure of the Colombian treaty. _Amer. State Papers, Foreign_, V. 367; _House Reports_, 18 Cong. 2 sess. I. No. 70; _House Doc._, 19 Cong. 1 sess. I. No. 16.

~1824, Dec. 7. President Monroe's Message.~

"It is a cause of serious regret, that no arrangement has yet been finally concluded between the two Governments, to secure, by joint co-operation, the suppression of the slave trade. It was the object of the British Government, in the early stages of the negotiation, to adopt a plan for the suppression, which should include the concession of the mutual right of search by the ships of war of each party, of the vessels of the other, for suspected offenders. This was objected to by this Government, on the principle

that, as the right of search was a right of war of a belligerant towards a neutral power, it might have an ill effect to extend it, by treaty, to an offence which had been made comparatively mild, to a time of peace. Anxious, however, for the suppression of this trade, it was thought adviseable, in compliance with a resolution of the House of Representatives, founded on an act of Congress, to propose to the British Government an expedient, which should be free from that objection, and more effectual for the object, by making it piratical.... A convention to this effect was concluded and signed, in London," on the 13th of March, 1824, "by plenipotentiaries duly authorized by both Governments, to the ratification of which certain obstacles have arisen, which are not yet entirely removed." [For the removal of which, the documents relating to the negotiation are submitted for the action of Congress]....

"In execution of the laws for the suppression of the slave trade, a vessel has been occasionally sent from that squadron to the coast of Africa, with orders to return thence by the usual track of the slave ships, and to seize any of our vessels which might be engaged in that trade. None have been found, and, it is believed, that none are thus employed. It is well known, however, that the trade still exists under other flags." _House Journal_, 18 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 11, 12, 19, 27, 241; _House Reports_, 18 Cong. 2 sess. I. No. 70; Gales and Seaton, _Register of Debates_, I. 625-8, and Appendix, p. 2 ff.

~1825, Feb. 21. United States of Colombia: Proposed Treaty.~

The President sends to the Senate a treaty with the United States of Colombia drawn, as United States Minister Anderson said, similar to that signed at London, with the alterations made by the Senate. March 9, 1825, the Senate rejects this treaty. _Amer. State Papers, Foreign_, V. 729-35.

~1825, Feb. 28. Congress (House): Proposed Resolution on Slave-Trade.~

Mr. Mercer laid on the table the following resolution:--

"_Resolved_, That the President of the United States be requested to enter upon, and prosecute from time to time, such negotiations with the several maritime powers of Europe and America, as he may deem expedient for the effectual abolition of the slave trade, and its ultimate denunciation, as piracy, under the law of nations, by the consent of the civilized world." The House refused to consider the resolution. _House Journal_, 18 Cong. 2 sess. p. 280; Gales and Seaton, _Register of Debates_, I. 697, 736.

~1825, March 3. Congress (House): Proposed Resolution against Right of Search.~

"Mr. Forsyth submitted the following resolution:

"_Resolved_, That while this House anxiously desires that the Slave Trade should be, universally, denounced as Piracy, and, as such, should be detected and punished under the law of nations, it considers that it would be highly inexpedient to enter into engagements with any foreign power, by which _all_ the merchant vessels of the United States would be exposed to the inconveniences of any regulation of search, from which any merchant vessels of that foreign power would be exempted." Resolution laid on the table. _House Journal_, 18 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 308-9; Gales and Seaton, _Register of Debates_, I. 739.

~1825, Dec. 6. President Adams's Message.~

"The objects of the West India Squadron have been, to carry into execution the laws for the suppression of the African Slave Trade: for the protection of our commerce against vessels of piratical character.... These objects, during the present year, have been accomplished more effectually than at any former period. The African Slave Trade has long been excluded from the use of our flag; and if some few citizens of our country have continued to set the laws of the Union, as well as those of nature and humanity, at defiance, by persevering in that abominable traffic, it has been only by sheltering themselves under the banners of other nations, less earnest for the total extinction of the trade than ours." _House Journal_, 19 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 20, 96, 296-7, 305, 323, 329, 394-5, 399, 410, 414, 421, 451, 640.

~1826, Feb. 14. Congress (House): Proposition to Repeal Parts of Act of 1819.~

"Mr. Forsyth submitted the following resolutions, viz.:

1. "_Resolved_, That it is expedient to repeal so much of the act of the 3d March, 1819, entitled, 'An act in addition to the acts prohibiting the slave trade,' as provides for the appointment of agents on the coast of Africa.

2. "_Resolved_, That it is expedient so to modify the said act of the 3d of March, 1819, as to release the United States from all obligation to support the negroes already removed to the coast of Africa, and to provide for such a disposition of those taken in slave ships who now are in, or who may be, hereafter, brought into the United States, as shall secure to them a fair opportunity of obtaining a comfortable subsistence, without any aid from the public treasury." Read and laid on the table. _Ibid._, p. 258.

~1826, March 14. United States Statute: Appropriation.~

"An Act making appropriations for the support of the navy," etc.

"For the agency on the coast of Africa, for receiving the negroes," etc., $32,000. _Statutes at Large_, IV. 140, 141.

~1827, March 2. United States Statute: Appropriation.~

"An Act making appropriations for the support of the Navy," etc.

"For the agency on the coast of Africa," etc., $56,710. _Ibid._, W. 206, 208.

~1827, March 11. Texas: Introduction of Slaves Prohibited.~

Constitution of the State of Coahuila and Texas. Preliminary Provisions:--

Art. 13. "From and after the promulgation of the constitution in the capital of each district, no one shall be born a slave in the state, and after six months the introduction of slaves under any pretext shall not be permitted." _Laws and Decrees of Coahuila and Texas_ (Houston, 1839), p. 314.

~1827, Sept. 15. Texas: Decree against Slave-Trade.~

"The Congress of the State of Coahuila and Texas decrees as follows:"

Art. 1. All slaves to be registered.

Art. 2, 3. Births and deaths to be recorded.

Art. 4. "Those who introduce slaves, after the expiration of the term specified in article 13 of the Constitution, shall be subject to the penalties established by the general law of the 13th of July, 1824." _Ibid._, pp. 78-9.

~1828, Feb. 25. Congress (House): Proposed Bill to Abolish African Agency, etc.~

"Mr. McDuffie, from the Committee of Ways and Means, ... reported the following bill:

"A bill to abolish the Agency of the United States on the Coast of Africa, to provide other means of carrying into effect the laws prohibiting the slave trade, and for other purposes." This bill was amended so as to become the act of May 24, 1828 (see below). _House Reports_, 21 Cong. 1 sess. III. No. 348, p. 278.

~1828, May 24. United States Statute: Appropriation.~

"An Act making an appropriation for the suppression of the slave trade." _Statutes at Large_, IV. 302; _House Journal_, 20 Cong. 1 sess., House Bill No. 190.

~1829, Jan. 28. Congress (House): Bill to Amend Act of 1807.~

The Committee on Commerce reported "a bill (No. 399) to amend an act, entitled 'An act to prohibit the importation of slaves,'" etc. Referred to Committee of the Whole. _House Journal_, 20 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 58, 84, 215. Cf. _Ibid._, 20 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 121, 135.

~1829, March 2. United States Statute: Appropriation.~

"An Act making additional appropriations for the support of the navy," etc.

"For the reimbursement of the marshal of Florida for expenses incurred in the case of certain Africans who were wrecked on the coast of the United States, and for the expense of exporting them to Africa," $16,000. _Statutes at Large_, IV. 353, 354.

~1830, April 7. Congress (House): Resolution against Slave-Trade.~

Mr. Mercer reported the following resolution:--

"_Resolved_, That the President of the United States be requested to consult and negotiate with all the Governments where Ministers of the United States are, or shall be accredited, on the means of effecting an entire and immediate abolition of the African slave trade; and especially, on the expediency, with that view, of causing it to be universally denounced as piratical." Referred to Committee of the Whole; no further action recorded. _House Journal_, 21 Cong. 1 sess. p. 512.

~1830, April 7. Congress (House): Proposition to Amend Act of March 3, 1819.~

Mr. Mercer, from the committee to which was referred the memorial of the American Colonization Society, and also memorials, from the inhabitants of Kentucky and Ohio, reported with a bill (No. 412) to amend "An act in addition to the acts prohibiting the slave trade," passed March 3, 1819. Read twice and referred to Committee of the Whole. _Ibid._

~1830, May 31. Congress (Statute): Appropriation.~

"An Act making a re-appropriation of a sum heretofore appropriated for the suppression of the slave trade." _Statutes at Large_, IV. 425; _Senate Journal_, 21 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 359, 360, 383; _House Journal_, 21 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 624, 808-11.

~1830. [Brazil: Prohibition of Slave-Trade.~

Slave-trade prohibited under severe penalties.]

~1831, 1833. [Great Britain and France: Treaty Granting Right of Search.~

Convention between Great Britain and France granting a mutual limited Right of Search on the East and West coasts of Africa, and on the coasts of the West Indies and Brazil. _British and Foreign State Papers_, 1830-1, p. 641 ff; 1832-3, p. 286 ff.]

~1831, Feb. 16. Congress (House): Proposed Resolution on Slave-Trade.~

"Mr. Mercer moved to suspend the rule of the House in regard to motions, for the purpose of enabling himself to submit a resolution requesting the Executive to enter into negotiations with the maritime Powers of Europe, to induce them to enact laws declaring the African slave trade piracy, and punishing it as such." The motion was lost. Gales and Seaton, _Register of Debates_, VII. 726.

~1831, March 2. United States Statute: Appropriation.~

"An Act making appropriations for the naval service," etc.

"For carrying into effect the acts for the suppression of the slave trade," etc., $16,000. _Statutes at Large_, IV. 460, 462.

~1831, March 3. Congress (House): Resolution as to Treaties.~

"Mr. Mercer moved to suspend the rule to enable him to submit the following resolution:

"_Resolved_, That the President of the United States be requested to renew, and to prosecute from time to time, such negotiations with the several maritime powers of Europe and America as he may deem expedient for the effectual abolition of the African slave trade, and its ultimate denunciation as piracy, under the laws of nations, by the consent of the civilized world." The rule was suspended by a vote of 108 to 36, and the resolution passed, 118 to 32. _House Journal_, 21 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 426-8.

~1833, Feb. 20. United States Statute: Appropriation.~

"An Act making appropriations for the naval service," etc.

" ... for carrying into effect the acts for the suppression of the slave trade," etc., $5,000. _Statutes at Large_, IV. 614, 615.

~1833, August. Great Britain and France: Proposed Treaty with the United States.~

British and French ministers simultaneously invited the United States to accede to the Convention just concluded between them for the suppression of the slave-trade. The Secretary of State, Mr. M'Lane, deferred answer until the meeting of Congress, and then postponed negotiations on account of the irritable state of the country on the slave question. Great Britain had proposed that "A reciprocal right of search ... be conceded by the United States, limited as to place, and subject to specified restrictions. It is to be employed only in repressing the Slave Trade, and to be exercised under a written and specific authority, conferred on the Commander of the visiting ship." In the act of accession, "it will be necessary that the right of search should be extended to the coasts of the United States," and Great Britain will in turn extend it to the British West Indies. This proposal was finally refused, March 24, 1834, chiefly, as stated, because of the extension of the Right of Search to the coasts of the United States. This part was waived by Great Britain, July 7, 1834. On Sept. 12 the French Minister joined in urging accession. On Oct. 4, 1834, Forsyth states that the determination has "been definitely formed, not to make the United States a party to any Convention on the subject of the Slave Trade." _Parliamentary Papers_, 1835, Vol. LI., _Slave Trade_, Class B., pp. 84-92.

~1833, Dec. 23. Georgia: Slave-Trade Acts Amended.~

"An Act to reform, amend, and consolidate the penal laws of the State of Georgia."

13th Division. "Offences relative to Slaves":--

§ 1. "If any person or persons shall bring, import, or introduce into this State, or aid or assist, or knowingly become concerned or interested, in bringing, importing, or introducing into this State, either by land or by water, or in any manner whatever, any slave or slaves, each and every such person or persons so offending, shall be deemed principals in law, and guilty of a high misdemeanor, and ... on conviction, shall be punished by a fine not exceeding five hundred dollars each, for each and every slave, ... and imprisonment and labor in the penitentiary for any time not less than one year, nor longer than four years." Residents, however, may bring slaves for their own use, but must register and swear they are not for sale, hire, mortgage, etc.

§ 6. Penalty for knowingly receiving such slaves, $500. Slightly amended Dec. 23, 1836, e.g., emigrants were allowed to hire slaves out, etc.; amended Dec. 19, 1849, so as to allow importation of slaves from "any other slave holding State of this Union." Prince, _Digest_, pp. 619, 653, 812; Cobb, _Digest_, II. 1018.

~1834, Jan. 24. United States Statute: Appropriation.~

"An Act making appropriations for the naval service," etc.

"For carrying into effect the acts for the suppression of the slave trade," etc., $5,000. _Statutes at Large_, IV. 670, 671.

~1836, March 17. Texas: African Slave-Trade Prohibited.~

Constitution of the Republic of Texas: General Provisions:--

§ 9. All persons of color who were slaves for life before coming to Texas shall remain so. "Congress shall pass no laws to prohibit emigrants from bringing their slaves into the republic with them, and holding them by the same tenure by which such slaves were held in the United States; ... the importation or admission of Africans or negroes into this republic, excepting from the United States of America, is forever prohibited, and declared to be piracy." _Laws of the Republic of Texas_ (Houston, 1838), I. 19.

~1836, Dec. 21. Texas: Slave-Trade made Piracy.~

"An Act supplementary to an act, for the punishment of Crimes and Misdemeanors."

§ 1. "_Be it enacted_ ..., That if any person or persons shall introduce any African negro or negroes, contrary to the true intent and meaning of the ninth section of the general provisions of the constitution, ... except such as are from the United States of America, and had been held as slaves therein, be considered guilty of piracy; and upon conviction thereof, before any court having cognizance of the same, shall suffer death, without the benefit of clergy."

§ 2. The introduction of Negroes from the United States of America, except of those legally held as slaves there, shall be piracy. _Ibid._, I. 197. Cf. _House Doc._, 27 Cong. 1 sess. No. 34, p. 42.

~1837, March 3. United States Statute: Appropriation.~

"An Act making appropriations for the naval service," etc.

"For carrying into effect the acts for the suppression of the slave trade," etc., $11,413.57. _Statutes at Large_, V. 155, 157.

~1838, March 19. Congress (Senate): Slave-Trade with Texas, etc.~

"Mr. Morris submitted the following motion for consideration:

"_Resolved_, That the Committee on the Judiciary be instructed to inquire whether the present laws of the United States, on the subject of the slave trade, will prohibit that trade being carried on between citizens of the United States and citizens of the Republic of Texas, either by land or by sea; and whether it would be lawful in vessels owned by citizens of that Republic, and not lawful in vessels owned by citizens of this, or lawful in both, and by citizens of both countries; and also whether a slave carried from the United States into a foreign country, and brought back, on returning into the United States, is considered a free person, or is liable to be sent back, if demanded, as a slave, into that country from which he or she last came; and also whether any additional legislation by Congress is necessary on any of these subjects." March 20, the motion of Mr. Walker that this resolution "lie on the table," was determined in the affirmative, 32 to 9. _Senate Journal_, 25 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 297-8, 300.

~1839, Feb. 5. Congress (Senate): Bill to Amend Slave-Trade Acts.~

"Mr. Strange, on leave, and in pursuance of notice given, introduced a bill to amend an act entitled an act to prohibit the importation of slaves into any port in the jurisdiction of the United States; which was read twice, and referred to the Committee on Commerce." March 1, the Committee was discharged from further consideration of the bill. _Congressional Globe_, 25 Cong. 3 sess. p. 172; _Senate Journal_, 25 Cong. 3 sess. pp. 200, 313.

~1839, Dec. 24. President Van Buren's Message.~

"It will be seen by the report of the Secretary of the navy respecting the disposition of our ships of war, that it has been deemed necessary to station a competent force on the coast of Africa, to prevent a fraudulent use of our flag by foreigners.

"Recent experience has shown that the provisions in our existing laws which relate to the sale and transfer of American vessels while abroad, are extremely defective. Advantage has been taken of these defects to give to vessels wholly belonging to foreigners, and navigating the ocean, an apparent American ownership. This character has been so well simulated as to afford them comparative security in prosecuting the slave trade, a traffic emphatically denounced in our statutes, regarded with abhorrence by our citizens, and of which the effectual suppression is nowhere more sincerely desired than in the United States. These circumstances make it proper to recommend to your early attention a careful revision of these laws, so that ... the integrity and honor of our flag may be carefully preserved." _House Journal_, 26 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 117-8.

~1840, Jan. 3. Congress (Senate): Bill to Amend Act of 1807.~

"Agreeably to notice, Mr. Strange asked and obtained leave to bring in a bill (Senate, No. 123) to amend an act entitled 'An act to prohibit the importation of slaves into any port or place within the jurisdiction of the United States from and after the 1st day of January, in the year 1808,' approved the 2d day of March, 1807; which was read the first and second times, by unanimous consent, and referred to the Committee on the Judiciary." Jan. 8, it was reported without amendment; May 11, it was considered, and, on motion by Mr. King, "_Ordered_, That it lie on the table." _Senate Journal_, 26 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 73, 87, 363.

~1840, May 4. Congress (Senate): Bill on Slave-Trade.~

"Mr. Davis, from the Committee on Commerce, reported a bill (Senate, No. 335) making further provision to prevent the abuse of the flag of the United States, and the use of unauthorized papers in the foreign slavetrade, and for other purposes." This passed the Senate, but was dropped in the House. _Ibid._, pp. 356, 359, 440, 442; _House Journal_, 26 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 1138, 1228, 1257.

~1841, June 1. Congress (House): President Tyler's Message.~

"I shall also, at the proper season, invite your attention to the statutory enactments for the suppression of the slave trade, which may require to be rendered more efficient in their provisions. There is reason to believe that the traffic is on the increase. Whether such increase is to be ascribed to the abolition of slave labor in the British possessions in our vicinity, and an attendant diminution in the supply of those articles which enter into the general consumption of the world, thereby augmenting the demand from other

quarters, ... it were needless to inquire. The highest considerations of public honor, as well as the strongest promptings of humanity, require a resort to the most vigorous efforts to suppress the trade." _House Journal_, 27 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 31, 184.

~1841, Dec. 7. President Tyler's Message.~

Though the United States is desirous to suppress the slave-trade, she will not submit to interpolations into the maritime code at will by other nations. This government has expressed its repugnance to the trade by several laws. It is a matter for deliberation whether we will enter upon treaties containing mutual stipulations upon the subject with other governments. The United States will demand indemnity for all depredations by Great Britain.

"I invite your attention to existing laws for the suppression of the African slave trade, and recommend all such alterations as may give to them greater force and efficacy. That the American flag is grossly abused by the abandoned and profligate of other nations is but too probable. Congress has, not long since, had this subject under its consideration, and its importance well justifies renewed and anxious attention." _House Journal_, 27 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 14-5, 86, 113.

~1841, Dec. 20. [Great Britain, Austria, Russia, Prussia, and France: Quintuple Treaty.]~ _British and Foreign State Papers_, 1841-2, p. 269 ff.

~1842, Feb. 15. Right of Search: Cass's Protest.~

Cass writes to Webster, that, considering the fact that the signing of the Quintuple Treaty would oblige the participants to exercise the Right of Search denied by the United States, or to make a change in the hitherto recognized law of nations, he, on his own responsibility, addressed the following protest to the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Guizot:--

"LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES, "PARIS, FEBRUARY 13, 1842.

"SIR: The recent signature of a treaty, having for its object the suppression of the African slave trade, by five of the powers of Europe, and to which France is a party, is a fact of such general notoriety that it may be assumed as the basis of any diplomatic representations which the subject may fairly require."

The United States is no party to this treaty. She denies the Right of Visitation which England asserts. [Quotes from the presidential message of Dec. 7, 1841.] This principle is asserted by the treaty.

" ... The moral effect which such a union of five great powers, two of which are eminently maritime, but three of which have perhaps never had a vessel engaged in that traffic, is calculated to produce upon the United States, and upon other nations who, like them, may be indisposed to these combined movements, though it may be regretted, yet furnishes no just cause of complaint. But the subject assumes another aspect when they are told by one of the parties that their vessels are to be forcibly entered and examined, in order to carry into effect these stipulations. Certainly the American Government does not believe that the high powers, contracting parties to this treaty, have any wish to compel the United States, by force, to adopt their measures to its provisions, or to adopt its stipulations ...; and they will see with pleasure the prompt disavowal made by yourself, sir, in the name of your country, ... of any intentions of this nature. But were it otherwise, ... They would prepare themselves with apprehension, indeed, but without dismay--with regret, but with firmness--for one of those desperate struggles which have sometimes occurred in the history of the world."

If, as England says, these treaties cannot be executed without visiting United States ships, then France must pursue the same course. It is hoped, therefore, that his Majesty will, before signing this treaty, carefully examine the pretensions of England and their compatibility with the law of nations and the honor of the United States. _Senate Doc._, 27 Cong. 3 sess. II. No. 52, and IV. No. 223; 29 Cong. 1 sess. VIII. No. 377, pp. 192-5.

~1842, Feb. 26. Mississippi: Resolutions on Creole Case.~

The following resolutions were referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs in the United States Congress, House of Representatives, May 10, 1842:

"Whereas, the right of search has never been yielded to Great Britain," and the brig Creole has not been surrendered by the British authorities, etc., therefore,

§ 1. "_Be it resolved by the Legislature of the State of Mississippi_, That ... the right of search cannot be conceded to Great Britain without a manifest servile submission, unworthy a free nation....

§ 2. "_Resolved_, That any attempt to detain and search our vessels, by British cruisers, should be held and esteemed an unjustifiable outrage on the part of the Queen's Government; and that any such outrage, which may have occurred since Lord Aberdeen's note to our envoy at the Court of St. James, of date October thirteen, eighteen hundred and forty-one, (if any,) may well be deemed, by our Government, just cause of war."

§ 3. "_Resolved_, That the Legislature of the State, in view of the late murderous insurrection of the slaves on board the Creole, their reception in a British port, the absolute connivance at their crimes, manifest in the protection extended to them by the British authorities, most solemnly declare their firm conviction that, if the conduct of those authorities be submitted to, compounded for by the payment of money, or in any other manner, or atoned for in any mode except by the surrender of the actual criminals to the Federal Government, and the delivery of the other identical slaves to their rightful owner or owners, or his or their agents, the slaveholding States would have most just cause to apprehend that the American flag is powerless to protect American property; that the Federal Government is not sufficiently energetic in the maintenance and preservation of their peculiar rights; and that these rights, therefore, are in imminent danger."

§ 4. _Resolved_, That restitution should be demanded "at all hazards." _House Doc._, 27 Cong. 2 sess. IV. No. 215.

~1842, March 21. Congress (House): Giddings's Resolutions.~

Mr. Giddings moved the following resolutions:--

§ 5. "_Resolved_, That when a ship belonging to the citizens of any State of this Union leaves the waters and territory of such State, and enters upon the high seas, the persons on board cease to be subject to the slave laws of such State, and therefore are governed in their relations to each other by, and are amenable to, the laws of the United States."

§ 6. _Resolved_, That the slaves in the brig Creole are amenable only to the laws of the United States.

§ 7. _Resolved_, That those slaves by resuming their natural liberty violated no laws of the United States.

§ 8. _Resolved_, That all attempts to re-enslave them are unconstitutional, etc.

Moved that these resolutions lie on the table; defeated, 53 to 125. Mr. Giddings withdrew the resolutions. Moved to censure Mr. Giddings, and he was finally censured. _House Journal_, 27 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 567-80.

~1842, May 10. Congress (House): Remonstrance of Mississippi against Right of Search.~

"Mr. Gwin presented resolutions of the Legislature of the State of Mississippi, against granting the right of search to Great Britain for the purpose of suppressing the African slave trade; urging the Government to demand of the British Government redress and restitution in relation to the case of the brig Creole and the slaves on board." Referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. _House Journal_, 27 Cong. 2 sess. p. 800.

~1842, Aug. 4. United States Statute: Appropriation.~

"An Act making appropriations for the naval service," etc.

"For carrying into effect the acts for the suppression of the slave trade," etc. $10,543.42. _Statutes at Large_, V. 500, 501.

~1842, Nov. 10. Joint-Cruising Treaty with Great Britain.~

"Treaty to settle and define boundaries; for the final suppression of the African slave-trade; and for the giving up of criminals fugitive from justice. Concluded August 9, 1842; ratifications exchanged at London October 13, 1842; proclaimed November 10, 1842." Articles VIII., and IX. Ratified by the Senate by a vote of 39 to 9, after several unsuccessful attempts to amend it. _U.S. Treaties and Conventions_ (1889), pp. 436-7; _Senate Exec. Journal_, VI. 118-32.

~1842, Dec. 7. President Tyler's Message.~

The treaty of Ghent binds the United States and Great Britain to the suppression of the slave-trade. The Right of Search was refused by the United States, and our Minister in France for that reason protested against the Quintuple Treaty; his conduct had the approval of the administration. On this account the eighth article was inserted, causing each government to keep a flotilla in African waters to enforce the laws. If this should be done by all the powers, the trade would be swept from the ocean. _House Journal_, 27 Cong. 3 sess. pp. 16-7.

~1843, Feb. 22. Congress (Senate): Appropriation Opposed.~

Motion by Mr. Benton, during debate on naval appropriations, to strike out appropriation "for the support of Africans recaptured on the coast of Africa or elsewhere, and returned to Africa by the armed vessels of the United States, $5,000." Lost; similar proposition by Bagby, lost. Proposition to strike out appropriation for squadron, lost. March 3, bill becomes a law, with appropriation for Africans, but without that for squadron. _Congressional Globe_, 27 Cong. 3 sess. pp. 328, 331-6; _Statutes at Large_, V. 615.

~1845, Feb. 20. President Tyler's Special Message to Congress.~

Message on violations of Brazilian slave-trade laws by Americans. _House Journal_, 28 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 425, 463; _House Doc._, 28 Cong. 2 sess. IV. No. 148. Cf. _Ibid._, 29 Cong. 1 sess. III. No. 43.

~1846, Aug. 10. United States Statute: Appropriation.~

"For carrying into effect the acts for the suppression of the slave trade, including the support of recaptured Africans, and their removal to their country, twenty-five thousand dollars." _Statutes at Large_, IX. 96.

~1849, Dec. 4. President Taylor's Message.~

"Your attention is earnestly invited to an amendment of our existing laws relating to the African slave-trade, with a view to the effectual suppression of that barbarous traffic. It is not to be denied that this trade is still, in part, carried on by means of vessels built in the United States, and owned or navigated by some of our citizens." _House Exec. Doc._, 31 Cong. 1 sess. III. No. 5, pp. 7-8.

~1850, Aug. 1. Congress (House): Bill for War Steamers.~

"A bill (House, No. 367) to establish a line of war steamers to the coast of Africa for the suppression of the slave trade and the promotion of commerce and colonization." Read twice, and referred to Committee of the Whole. _House Journal_, 31 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 1022, 1158, 1217.

~1850, Dec. 16. Congress (House): Treaty of Washington.~

"Mr. Burt, by unanimous consent, introduced a joint resolution (No. 28) 'to terminate the eighth article of the treaty between the United States and Great Britain concluded at Washington the ninth day of August, 1842.'" Read twice, and referred to the Committee on Naval Affairs. _Ibid._, 31 Cong. 2 sess. p. 64.

~1851, Jan. 22. Congress (Senate): Resolution on Sea Letters.~

"The following resolution, submitted by Mr. Clay the 20th instant, came up for consideration:--

"_Resolved_, That the Committee on Commerce be instructed to inquire into the expediency of making more effectual provision by law to prevent the employment of American vessels and American seamen in the African slave trade, and especially as to the expediency of granting sea letters or other evidence of national character to American vessels clearing out of the ports of the empire of Brazil for the western coast of Africa." Agreed to. _Congressional Globe_, 31 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 304-9; _Senate Journal_, 31 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 95, 102-3.

~1851, Feb. 19. Congress (Senate): Bill on Slave-Trade.~

"A bill (Senate, No. 472) concerning the intercourse and trade of vessels of the United States with certain places on the eastern and western coasts of Africa, and for other purposes." Read once. _Senate Journal_, 31 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 42, 45, 84, 94, 159, 193-4; _Congressional Globe_, 31 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 246-7.

~1851, Dec. 3. Congress (House): Bill to Amend Act of 1807.~

Mr. Giddings gave notice of a bill to repeal §§ 9 and 10 of the act to prohibit the importation of slaves, etc. from and after Jan. 1, 1808. _House Journal_, 32 Cong. 1 sess. p. 42. Cf. _Ibid._, 33 Cong. 1 sess. p. 147.

~1852, Feb. 5. Alabama: Illegal Importations.~

By code approved on this date:--

§§ 2058-2062. If slaves have been imported contrary to law, they are to be sold, and one fourth paid to the agent or informer and the residue to the treasury. An agent is to be appointed to take charge of such slaves, who is to give bond. Pending controversy, he may hire the slaves out. Ormond, _Code of Alabama_, pp. 392-3.

~1853, March 3. Congress (Senate): Appropriation Proposed.~

A bill making appropriations for the naval service for the year ending June 30, 1854. Mr. Underwood offered the following amendment:--

"For executing the provisions of the act approved 3d of March, 1819, entitled 'An act in addition to the acts prohibiting the slave trade,' $20,000." Amendment agreed to, and bill passed. It appears, however, to have been subsequently amended in the House, and the appropriation does not stand in the final act. _Congressional Globe_, 32 Cong. 2 sess. p. 1072; _Statutes at Large_, X. 214.

~1854, May 22. Congress (Senate): West India Slave-Trade.~

Mr. Clayton presented the following resolution, which was unanimously agreed to:--

"_Resolved_, That the Committee on Foreign Relations be instructed to inquire into the expediency of providing by law for such restrictions on the power of American consuls residing in the Spanish West India islands to issue sea letters on the transfer of American vessels in those islands, as will prevent the abuse of the American flag in protecting persons engaged in the African slave trade." June 26, 1854, this committee reported "a bill (Senate, No. 416) for the more effectual suppression of the slave-trade in American built vessels." Passed Senate, postponed in House. _Senate Journal_, 33 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 404, 457-8, 472-3, 476; _House Journal_, 33 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 1093, 1332-3; _Congressional Globe_, 33 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 1257-61, 1511-3, 1591-3, 2139.

~1854, May 29. Congress (Senate): Treaty of Washington.~

Resolved, "that, in the opinion of the Senate, it is expedient, and in conformity with the interests and sound policy of the United States, that the eighth article of the treaty between this government and Great Britain, of the 9th of August, 1842, should be abrogated." Introduced by Slidell, and favorably reported from Committee on Foreign Relations in Executive Session, June 13, 1854. _Senate Journal_, 34 Cong. 1-2 sess. pp. 396, 695-8; _Senate Reports_, 34 Cong. 1 sess. I. No. 195.

~1854, June 21. Congress (Senate): Bill Regulating Navigation.~

"Mr. Seward asked and obtained leave to bring in a bill (Senate, No. 407) to regulate navigation to the coast of Africa in vessels owned by citizens of the United States, in certain cases; which was read and passed to a second reading." June 22, ordered to be printed. _Senate Journal_, 33 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 448, 451; _Congressional Globe_, 33 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 1456, 1461, 1472.

~1854, June 26. Congress (Senate): Bill to Suppress Slave-Trade.~

"A bill for the more effectual suppression of the slave trade in American built vessels." See references to May 22, 1854, above.

~1856, June 23. Congress (House): Proposition to Amend Act of 1818.~

Notice given of a bill to amend the Act of April 20, 1818. _House Journal_, 34 Cong. 1 sess. II. 1101.

~1856, Aug. 18. United States Statute: Appropriation.~

To carry out the Act of March 3, 1819, and subsequent acts, $8,000. _Statutes at Large_, XI. 90.

~1856, Nov. 24. South Carolina: Governor's Message.~

Governor Adams, in his annual message to the legislature, said:--

"It is apprehended that the opening of this trade [_i.e._, the slave-trade] will lessen the value of slaves, and ultimately destroy the institution. It is a sufficient answer to point to the fact, that unrestricted immigration has not diminished the value of labor in the Northwestern section of the confederacy. The cry there is, want of labor, notwithstanding capital has the pauperism of the old world to press into its grinding service. If we cannot supply the demand for slave labor, then we must expect to be supplied with a species of labor we do not want, and which is, from the very nature of things, antagonistic to our institutions. It is much better that our drays should be driven by slaves--that our factories should be worked by slaves--that our hotels should be served by slaves--that our locomotives should be manned by slaves, than that we should be exposed to the introduction, from any quarter, of a population alien to us by birth, training, and education, and which, in the process of time, must lead to that conflict between capital and labor, 'which makes it so difficult to maintain free institutions in all wealthy and highly civilized nations where such institutions as ours do not exist.' In all slaveholding States, true policy dictates that the superior race should direct, and the inferior perform all menial service. Competition between the white and black man for this service, may not disturb Northern sensibility, but it does not exactly suit our latitude." _South Carolina House Journal_, 1856, p. 36; Cluskey, _Political Text-Book_, 14 edition, p. 585.

~1856, Dec. 15. Congress (House): Reopening of Slave-Trade.~

"_Resolved_, That this House of Representatives regards all suggestions and propositions of every kind, by whomsoever made, for a revival of the African slave trade, as shocking to the moral sentiment of the enlightened portion of mankind; and that any action on the part of Congress conniving at or legalizing that horrid and inhuman traffic would justly subject the government and citizens of the United States to the reproach and execration of all civilized and Christian people throughout the world." Offered by Mr. Etheridge; agreed to, 152 to 57. _House Journal_, 34 Cong. 3 sess. pp. 105-11; _Congressional Globe_, 34 Cong. 3 sess. pp. 123-5, and Appendix, pp. 364-70.

~1856, Dec. 15. Congress (House): Reopening of Slave-Trade.~

"_Resolved_, That it is inexpedient to repeal the laws prohibiting the African slave trade." Offered by Mr. Orr; not voted upon. _Congressional Globe_, 34 Cong. 3 sess. p. 123.

~1856, Dec. 15. Congress (House): Reopening of Slave-Trade.~

"_Resolved_, That it is inexpedient, unwise, and contrary to the settled policy of the United States, to repeal the laws prohibiting the African slave trade." Offered by Mr. Orr; agreed to, 183 to 8. _House Journal_, 34 Cong. 3 sess. pp. 111-3; _Congressional Globe_, 34 Cong. 3 sess. pp. 125-6.

~1856, Dec. 15. Congress (House): Reopening of Slave-Trade.~

"_Resolved_, That the House of Representatives, expressing, as they believe, public opinion both North and South, are utterly opposed to the reopening of the slave trade." Offered by Mr. Boyce; not voted upon. _Congressional Globe_, 34 Cong. 3 sess. p. 125.

~1857. South Carolina: Report of Legislative Committee.~

Special committee of seven on the slave-trade clause in the Governor's message report: majority report of six members, favoring the reopening of the African slave-trade; minority report of Pettigrew, opposing it. _Report of the Special Committee_, etc., published in 1857.

~1857, March 3. United States Statute: Appropriation.~

To carry out the Act of March 3, 1819, and subsequent acts, $8,000. _Statutes at Large_, XI. 227; _House Journal_, 34 Cong. 3 sess. p. 397. Cf. _House Exec. Doc._, 34 Cong. 3 sess. IX. No. 70.

~1858, March (?). Louisiana: Bill to Import Africans.~

Passed House; lost in Senate by two votes. Cf. _Congressional Globe_, 35 Cong. 1 sess. p. 1362.

~1858, Dec. 6. President Buchanan's Message.~

"The truth is, that Cuba in its existing colonial condition, is a constant source of injury and annoyance to the American people. It is the only spot in the civilized world where the African slave trade is tolerated; and we are bound by treaty with Great Britain to maintain a naval force on the coast of Africa, at much expense both of life and treasure, solely for the purpose of arresting slavers bound to that island. The late serious difficulties between the United States and Great Britain respecting the right of search, now so happily terminated, could never have arisen if Cuba had not afforded a market for slaves. As long as this market shall remain open, there can be no hope for the civilization of benighted Africa....

"It has been made known to the world by my predecessors that the United States have, on several occasions, endeavored to acquire Cuba from Spain by honorable negotiation. If this were accomplished, the last relic of the African slave trade would instantly disappear. We would not, if we could, acquire Cuba in any other manner. This is due to our national character.... This course we shall ever pursue, unless circumstances should occur, which we do not now anticipate, rendering a departure from it clearly justifiable, under the imperative and overruling law of self-preservation." _House Exec. Doc._, 35 Cong. 2 sess. II. No. 2, pp. 14-5. See also _Ibid._, pp. 31-3.

~1858, Dec. 23. Congress (House): Resolution on Slave-Trade.~

On motion of Mr. Farnsworth,

"_Resolved_, That the Committee on Naval Affairs be requested to inquire and report to this House if any, and what, further legislation is necessary on the part of the United States to fully carry out and perform the stipulations contained in the eighth article of the treaty with Great Britain (known as the 'Ashburton treaty') for the suppression of the slave trade." _House Journal_, 35 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 115-6.

~1859, Jan. 5. Congress (Senate): Resolution on Slave-Trade.~

On motion of Mr. Seward, Dec. 21, 1858,

"_Resolved_, That the Committee on the Judiciary inquire whether any amendments to existing laws ought to be made for the suppression of the African slave trade." _Senate Journal_, 35 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 80, 108, 115.

~1859, Jan. 13. Congress (Senate): Bill on Slave-Trade.~

Mr. Seward introduced "a bill (Senate, No. 510) in addition to the acts which prohibit the slave trade." Referred to committee, reported, and dropped. _Ibid._, pp. 134, 321.

~1859, Jan. 31. Congress (House): Reopening of Slave-Trade.~

"Mr. Kilgore moved that the rules be suspended, so as to enable him to submit the following preamble and resolutions, viz:

"Whereas the laws prohibiting the African slave trade have become a topic of discussion with newspaper writers and political agitators, many of them boldly denouncing these laws as unwise in policy and disgraceful in their provisions, and insisting on the justice and propriety of their repeal, and the revival of the odious traffic in African slaves; and whereas recent demonstrations afford strong reasons to apprehend that said laws are to be set at defiance, and their violation openly countenanced and encouraged by a portion of the citizens of some of the States of this Union; and whereas it is proper in view of said facts that the sentiments of the people's representatives in Congress should be made public in relation thereto: Therefore--

"_Resolved_, That while we recognize no right on the part of the federal government, or any other law-making power, save that of the States wherein it exists, to interfere with or disturb the institution of domestic slavery where it is established or protected by State legislation, we do hold that Congress has power to prohibit the foreign traffic, and that no legislation can be too thorough in its measures, nor can any penalty known to the catalogue of modern punishment for crime be too severe against a traffic so inhuman and unchristian.

"_Resolved_, That the laws in force against said traffic are founded upon the broadest principles of philanthropy, religion, and humanity; that they should remain unchanged, except so far as legislation may be needed to render them more efficient; that they should be faithfully and promptly executed by our government, and respected by all good citizens.

"_Resolved_, That the Executive should be sustained and commended for any proper efforts whenever and wherever made to enforce said laws, and to bring to speedy punishment the wicked violators thereof, and all their aiders and abettors."

Failed of the two-thirds vote necessary to suspend the rules--the vote being 115 to 84--and was dropped. _House Journal_, 35 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 298-9.

~1859, March 3. United States Statute: Appropriation.~

To carry out the Act of March 3, 1819, and subsequent acts, and to pay expenses already incurred, $75,000. _Statutes at Large_, XI. 404.

~1859, Dec. 19. President Buchanan's Message.~

"All lawful means at my command have been employed, and shall continue to be employed, to execute the laws against the African slave trade. After a most careful and rigorous examination of our coasts, and a thorough investigation of the subject, we have not been able to discover that any slaves have been imported into the United States except the cargo by the Wanderer, numbering between three and four hundred. Those engaged in this unlawful enterprise have been rigorously prosecuted, but not with as much success as their crimes have deserved. A number of them are still under prosecution. [Here follows a history of our slave-trade legislation.]

"These acts of Congress, it is believed, have, with very rare and insignificant exceptions, accomplished their purpose. For a period of more than half a century there has been no perceptible addition to the number of our domestic slaves.... Reopen the trade, and it would be difficult to determine whether the effect would be more deleterious on the interests of the master, or on those of the native born slave, ..." _Senate Exec. Doc._, 36 Cong. 1 sess. I. No. 2, pp. 5-8.

~1860, March 20. Congress (Senate): Proposed Resolution.~

"Mr. Wilson submitted the following resolution; which was considered, by unanimous consent, and agreed to:--

"_Resolved_, That the Committee on the Judiciary be instructed to inquire into the expediency of so amending the laws of the United States in relation to the suppression of the African slave trade as to provide a penalty of imprisonment for life for a participation in such trade, instead of the penalty of forfeiture of life, as now provided; and also an amendment of such laws as will include in the punishment for said offense all persons who fit out or are in any way connected with or interested in fitting out expeditions or vessels for the purpose of engaging in such slave trade." _Senate Journal_, 36 Cong. 1 sess. p. 274.

~1860, March 20. Congress (Senate): Right of Search.~

"Mr. Wilson asked, and by unanimous consent obtained, leave to bring in a joint resolution (Senate, No. 20) to secure the right of search on the coast of Africa, for the more effectual suppression of the African slave trade." Read twice, and referred to Committee on Foreign Relations. _Ibid._

~1860, March 20. Congress (Senate): Steam Vessels for Slave-Trade.~

"Mr. Wilson asked, and by unanimous consent obtained, leave to bring in a bill (Senate, No. 296) for the construction of five steam screw sloops-of-war, for service on the African coast." Read twice, and referred to Committee on Naval Affairs; May 23, reported with an amendment. _Ibid._, pp. 274, 494-5.

~1860 March 26. Congress (House): Proposed Resolutions.~

"Mr. Morse submitted ... the following resolutions; which were read and committed to the Committee of the Whole House on the state of the Union, viz:

"_Resolved_, That for the more effectual suppression of the African slave trade the treaty of 1842 ..., requiring each country to keep _eighty_ guns on the coast of Africa for that purpose, should be so changed as to require a specified and sufficient number of small

steamers and fast sailing brigs or schooners to be kept on said coast....

"_Resolved_, That as the African slave trade appears to be rapidly increasing, some effective mode of identifying the nationality of a vessel on the coast of Africa suspected of being in the slave trade or of wearing false colors should be immediately adopted and carried into effect by the leading maritime nations of the earth; and that the government of the United States has thus far, by refusing to aid in establishing such a system, shown a strange neglect of one of the best means of suppressing said trade.

"_Resolved_, That the African slave trade is against the moral sentiment of mankind and a crime against human nature; and that as the most highly civilized nations have made it a criminal offence or piracy under their own municipal laws, it ought at once and without hesitation to be declared a crime by the code of international law; and that ... the President be requested to open negotiations on this subject with the leading powers of Europe." ... _House Journal_, 36 Cong. 1 sess. I. 588-9.

~1860, April 16. Congress (Senate): Bill on Slave-Trade.~

"Mr. Wilson asked, and by unanimous consent obtained, leave to bring in a bill (Senate, No. 408) for the more effectual suppression of the slave trade." Bill read twice, and ordered to lie on the table; May 21, referred to Committee on the Judiciary, and printed. _Senate Journal_, 36 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 394, 485; _Congressional Globe_, 36 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 1721, 2207-11.

~1860, May 21. Congress (House): Buyers of Imported Negroes.~

"Mr. Wells submitted the following resolution, and debate arising thereon, it lies over under the rule, viz:

"_Resolved_, That the Committee on the Judiciary be instructed to report forthwith a bill providing that any person purchasing any negro or other person imported into this country in violation of the laws for suppressing the slave trade, shall not by reason of said purchase acquire any title to said negro or person; and where such purchase is made with a knowledge that such negro or other person has been so imported, shall forfeit not less than one thousand dollars, and be punished by imprisonment for a term not less than six months." _House Journal_, 36 Cong. 1 sess. II. 880.

~1860, May 26. United States Statute: Appropriation.~

To carry out the Act of March 3, 1819, and subsequent acts, $40,000. _Statutes at Large_, XII. 21.

~1860, June 16. United States Statute: Additional Act to Act of 1819.~

"An Act to amend an Act entitled 'An Act in addition to the Acts Prohibiting the Slave Trade.'" _Ibid._, XII. 40-1; _Senate Journal_, 36 Cong. 1 sess., Senate Bill No. 464.

~1860, July 11. Great Britain: Proposed Co-operation.~

Lord John Russell suggested for the suppression of the trade:--

"1st. A systematic plan of cruising on the coast of Cuba by the vessels of Great Britain, Spain, and the United States.

"2d. Laws of registration and inspection in the Island of Cuba, by which the employment of slaves, imported contrary to law, might be detected by the Spanish authorities.

"3d. A plan of emigration from China, regulated by the agents of European nations, in conjunction with the Chinese authorities." President Buchanan refused to co-operate on this plan. _House Exec. Doc._, 36 Cong. 2 sess. IV. No. 7, pp. 441-3, 446-8.

~1860, Dec. 3. President Buchanan's Message.~

"It is with great satisfaction I communicate the fact that since the date of my last annual message not a single slave has been imported into the United States in violation of the laws prohibiting the African slave trade. This statement is founded upon a thorough examination and investigation of the subject. Indeed, the spirit which prevailed some time since among a portion of our fellow-citizens in favor of this trade seems to have entirely subsided." _Senate Exec. Doc._, 36 Cong. 2 sess. I. No. 1, p. 24.

~1860, Dec. 12. Congress (House): Proposition to Amend Constitution.~

Mr. John Cochrane's resolution:--

"The migration or importation of slaves into the United States or any of the Territories thereof, from any foreign country, is hereby prohibited." _House Journal_, 36 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 61-2; _Congressional Globe_, 36 Cong. 2 sess. p. 77.

~1860, Dec. 24. Congress (Senate): Bill on Slave-Trade.~

"Mr. Wilson asked, and by unanimous consent obtained, leave to bring in a bill (Senate, No. 529) for the more effectual suppression of the slave trade." Read twice, and referred to Committee on the Judiciary; not mentioned again. _Senate Journal_, 36 Cong. 2 sess. p. 62; _Congressional Globe_, 36 Cong. 2 sess. p. 182.

~1861, Jan. 7. Congress (House): Proposition to Amend Constitution.~

Mr. Etheridge's resolution:--

§ 5. "The migration or importation of persons held to service or labor for life, or a term of years, into any of the States, or the Territories belonging to the United States, is perpetually prohibited; and Congress shall pass all laws necessary to make said prohibition effective." _Congressional Globe_, 36 Cong. 2 sess. p. 279.

~1861, Jan. 23. Congress (House): Proposition to Amend Constitution.~

Resolution of Mr. Morris of Pennsylvania:--"Neither Congress nor a Territorial Legislature shall make any law respecting slavery or involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime; but Congress may pass laws for the suppression of the African slave trade, and the rendition of fugitives from service or labor in the States." Mr. Morris asked to have it printed, that he might at the proper time move it as an amendment to the report of the select committee of thirty-three. It was ordered to be printed. _Ibid._, p. 527.

~1861, Feb. 1. Congress (House): Proposition to Amend Constitution.~

Resolution of Mr. Kellogg of Illinois:--

§ 16. "The migration or importation of persons held to service or involuntary servitude into any State, Territory, or place within the United States, from any place or country beyond the limits of the United States or Territories thereof, is forever prohibited." Considered Feb. 27, 1861, and lost. _Ibid._, pp. 690, 1243, 1259-60.

~1861, Feb. 8. Confederate States of America: Importation Prohibited.~

Constitution for the Provisional Government of the Confederate States of America, Article I. Section 7:--

"1. The importation of African negroes from any foreign country other than the slave-holding States of the United States, is hereby forbidden; and Congress are required to pass such laws as shall effectually prevent the same.

"2. The Congress shall also have power to prohibit the introduction of slaves from any State not a member of this Confederacy." March 11, 1861, this article was placed in the permanent Constitution. The first line was changed so as to read "negroes of the African race." _C.S.A. Statutes at Large, 1861-2_, pp. 3, 15.

~1861, Feb. 9. Confederate States of America: Statutory Prohibition.~

"_Be it enacted by the Confederate States of America in Congress assembled_, That all the laws of the United States of America in force and in use in the Confederate States of America on the first day of November last, and not inconsistent with the Constitution of the Confederate States, be and the same are hereby continued in force until altered or repealed by the Congress." _Ibid._, p. 27.

~1861, Feb. 19. United States Statute: Appropriation.~

To supply deficiencies in the fund hitherto appropriated to carry out the Act of March 3, 1819, and subsequent acts, $900,000. _Statutes at Large_, XII. 132.

~1861, March 2. United States Statute: Appropriation.~

To carry out the Act of March 3, 1819, and subsequent acts, and to provide compensation for district attorneys and marshals, $900,000. _Ibid._, XII. 218-9.

~1861, Dec. 3. President Lincoln's Message.~

"The execution of the laws for the suppression of the African slave trade has been confided to the Department of the Interior. It is a subject of gratulation that the efforts which have been made for the suppression of this inhuman traffic have been recently attended with unusual success. Five vessels being fitted out for the slave trade have been seized and condemned. Two mates of vessels engaged in the trade, and one person in equipping a vessel as a slaver, have been convicted and subjected to the penalty of fine and imprisonment, and one captain, taken with a cargo of Africans on board his vessel, has been convicted of the highest grade of offence under our laws, the punishment of which is death." _Senate Exec. Doc._, 37 Cong. 2 sess. I. No. 1, p. 13.

~1862, Jan. 27. Congress (Senate): Bill on Slave-Trade.~

"Agreeably to notice Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, asked and obtained leave to bring in a bill (Senate, No. 173), for the more effectual suppression of the slave trade." Read twice, and referred to Committee on the Judiciary; Feb. 11, 1863, reported adversely, and postponed indefinitely. _Senate Journal_, 37 Cong. 2 sess. p. 143; 37 Cong. 3 sess. pp. 231-2.

~1862, March 14. United States Statute: Appropriation.~

For compensation to United States marshals, district attorneys, etc., for services in the suppression of the slave-trade, so much of the appropriation of March 2, 1861, as may be expedient and proper, not exceeding in all $10,000. _Statutes at Large_, XII. 368-9.

~1862, March 25. United States Statute: Prize Law.~

"An Act to facilitate Judicial Proceedings in Adjudications upon Captured Property, and for the better Administration of the Law of Prize." Applied to captures under the slave-trade law. _Ibid._, XII. 374-5; _Congressional Globe_, 37 Cong. 2 sess., Appendix, pp. 346-7.

~1862, June 7. Great Britain: Treaty of 1862.~

"Treaty for the suppression of the African slave trade. Concluded at Washington April 7, 1862; ratifications exchanged at London May 20, 1862; proclaimed June 7, 1862." Ratified unanimously by the Senate. _U.S. Treaties and Conventions_ (1889), pp. 454-66. See also _Senate Exec. Journal_, XII. pp. 230, 231, 240, 254, 391, 400, 403.

~1862, July 11. United States Statute: Treaty of 1862 Carried into Effect.~

"An Act to carry into Effect the Treaty between the United States and her Britannic Majesty for the Suppression of the African Slave-Trade." _Statutes at Large_, XII. 531; _Senate Journal_ and _House Journal_, 37 Cong. 2 sess., Senate Bill No. 352.

~1862, July 17. United States Statute: Former Acts Amended.~

"An Act to amend an Act entitled 'An Act to amend an Act entitled "An Act in Addition to the Acts prohibiting the Slave Trade."'" _Statutes at Large_, XII. 592-3; _Senate Journal_ and _House Journal_, 37 Cong. 2 sess., Senate Bill No. 385.

~1863, Feb. 4. United States Statute: Appropriation.~

To carry out the treaty with Great Britain, proclaimed July 11, 1862, $17,000. _Statutes at Large_, XII. 639.

~1863, March 3. Congress: Joint Resolution.~

"Joint Resolution respecting the Compensation of the Judges and so forth, under the Treaty with Great Britain and other Persons employed in the Suppression of the Slave Trade." _Statutes at Large_, XII. 829.

~1863, April 22. Great Britain: Treaty of 1862 Amended.~

"Additional article to the treaty for the suppression of the African slave trade of April 7, 1862." Concluded February 17, 1863; ratifications exchanged at London April 1, 1863; proclaimed April 22, 1863.

Right of Search extended. _U.S. Treaties and Conventions_ (1889), pp. 466-7.

~1863, Dec. 17. Congress (House): Resolution on Coastwise Slave-Trade.~

Mr. Julian introduced a bill to repeal portions of the Act of March 2, 1807, relative to the coastwise slave-trade. Read twice, and referred to Committee on the Judiciary. _Congressional Globe_, 38 Cong. 1 sess. p. 46.

~1864, July 2. United States Statute: Coastwise Slave-Trade Prohibited Forever.~

§ 9 of Appropriation Act repeals §§ 8 and 9 of Act of 1807. _Statutes at Large_, XIII. 353.

~1864, Dec. 7. Great Britain: International Proposition.~

"The crime of trading in human beings has been for many years branded by the reprobation of all civilized nations. Still the atrocious traffic subsists, and many persons flourish on the gains they have derived from that polluted source.

"Her Majesty's government, contemplating, on the one hand, with satisfaction the unanimous abhorrence which the crime inspires, and, on the other hand, with pain and disgust the slave-trading speculations which still subist [_sic_], have come to the conclusion that no measure would be so effectual to put a stop to these wicked acts as the punishment of all persons who can be proved to be guilty of carrying slaves across the sea. Her Majesty's government, therefore, invite the government of the United States to consider whether it would not be practicable, honorable, and humane--

"1st. To make a general declaration, that the governments who are parties to it denounce the slave trade as piracy.

"2d. That the aforesaid governments should propose to their legislatures to affix the penalties of piracy already existing in their laws--provided, only, that the penalty in this case be that of death--to all persons, being subjects or citizens of one of the contracting powers, who shall be convicted in a court which takes cognizance of piracy, of being concerned in carrying human beings across the sea for the purpose of sale, or for the purpose of serving as slaves, in any country or colony in the world." Signed, "RUSSELL."

Similar letters were addressed to France, Spain, Portugal, Austria, Prussia, Italy, Netherlands, and Russia. _Diplomatic Correspondence_, 1865, pt. ii. pp. 4, 58-9, etc.

~1865, Jan. 24. United States Statute: Appropriation.~

To carry out the treaty with Great Britain, proclaimed July 11, 1862, $17,000. _Statutes at Large_, XIII. 424.

~1866, April 7. United States Statute: Compensation to Marshals, etc.~

For additional compensation to United States marshals, district attorneys, etc., for services in the suppression of the slave-trade, so much of the appropriation of March 2, 1861, as may be expedient and proper, not exceeding in all $10,000; and also so much as may be necessary to pay the salaries of judges and the expenses of mixed courts. _Ibid._, XIV. 23.

~1866, July 25. United States Statute: Appropriation.~

To carry out the treaty with Great Britain, proclaimed July 11, 1862, $17,000. _Ibid._, XIV. 226.

~1867, Feb. 28. United States Statute: Appropriation.~

To carry out the treaty with Great Britain, proclaimed July 11, 1862, $17,000. _Ibid._, XIV. 414-5.

~1868, March 30. United States Statute: Appropriation.~

To carry out the treaty with Great Britain, proclaimed July 11, 1862, $12,500. _Ibid._, XV. 58.

~1869, Jan. 6. Congress (House): Abrogation of Treaty of 1862.~

Mr. Kelsey asked unanimous consent to introduce the following resolution:--

"Whereas the slave trade has been practically suppressed; and whereas by our treaty with Great Britain for the suppression of the slave trade large appropriations are annually required to carry out the provisions thereof: Therefore,

"_Resolved_, That the Committee on Foreign Affairs are hereby instructed to inquire into the expediency of taking proper steps to secure the abrogation or modification of the treaty with Great Britain for the suppression of the slave trade." Mr. Arnell objected. _Congressional Globe_, 40 Cong. 3 sess. p. 224.

~1869, March 3. United States Statute: Appropriation.~

To carry out the treaty with Great Britain, proclaimed July 11, 1862, $12,500; provided that the salaries of judges be paid only on condition that they reside where the courts are held, and that Great Britain be asked to consent to abolish mixed courts. _Statutes at Large_, XV. 321.

~1870, April 22. Congress (Senate): Bill to Repeal Act of 1803.~

Senate Bill No. 251, to repeal an act entitled "An act to prevent the importation of certain persons into certain States where by the laws thereof their admission is prohibited." Mr. Sumner said that the bill had passed the Senate once, and that he hoped it would now pass. Passed; title amended by adding "approved February 28, 1803;" June 29, bill passed over in House; July 14, consideration again postponed on Mr. Woodward's objection. _Congressional Globe_, 41 Cong. 2 sess. pp. 2894, 2932, 4953, 5594.

~1870, Sept. 16. Great Britain: Additional Treaty.~

"Additional convention to the treaty of April 7, 1862, respecting the African slave trade." Concluded June 3, 1870; ratifications exchanged at London August 10, 1870; proclaimed September 16, 1870. _U.S. Treaties and Conventions_ (1889), pp. 472-6.

~1871, Dec. 11. Congress (House): Bill on Slave-Trade.~

On the call of States, Mr. Banks introduced "a bill (House, No. 490) to carry into effect article thirteen of the Constitution of the United States, and to prohibit the owning or dealing in slaves by American citizens in foreign countries." _House Journal_, 42 Cong. 2 sess. p. 48.

* * * * *

APPENDIX C.

TYPICAL CASES OF VESSELS ENGAGED IN THE AMERICAN SLAVE-TRADE. 1619-1864.

This chronological list of certain typical American slavers is not intended to catalogue all known cases, but is designed merely to illustrate, by a few selected examples, the character of the licit and the illicit traffic to the United States.

~1619.~ ----. Dutch man-of-war, imports twenty Negroes into Virginia, the first slaves brought to the continent. Smith, _Generall Historie of Virginia_ (1626 and 1632), p. 126.

~1645.~ ~Rainbowe,~ under Captain Smith, captures and imports African slaves into Massachusetts. The slaves were forfeited and returned. _Massachusetts Colonial Records_, II. 115, 129, 136, 168, 176; III. 13, 46, 49, 58, 84.

~1655.~ ~Witte paert,~ first vessel to import slaves into New York. O'Callaghan, _Laws of New Netherland_ (ed. 1868), p. 191, note.

~1736, Oct.~ ----. Rhode Island slaver, under Capt. John Griffen. _American Historical Record_, I. 312.

~1746.~ ----. Spanish vessel, with certain free Negroes, captured by Captains John Dennis and Robert Morris, and Negroes sold by them in Rhode Island, Massachusetts, and New York; these Negroes afterward returned to Spanish colonies by the authorities of Rhode Island. _Rhode Island Colonial Records_, V. 170, 176-7; Dawson's _Historical Magazine_, XVIII. 98.

~1752.~ ~Sanderson,~ of Newport, trading to Africa and West Indies. _American Historical Record_, I. 315-9, 338-42. Cf. above, p. 35, note 4.

~1788~ (_circa_). ----. "One or two" vessels fitted out in Connecticut. W.C. Fowler, _Historical Status of the Negro in Connecticut_, in _Local Law_, etc., p. 125.

~1801.~ ~Sally,~ of Norfolk, Virginia, equipped slaver; libelled and acquitted; owners claimed damages. _American State Papers, Commerce and Navigation_, I. No. 128.

~1803~ (?). ----. Two slavers seized with slaves, and brought to Philadelphia; both condemned, and slaves apprenticed. Robert Sutcliff, _Travels in North America_, p. 219.

~1804.~ ----. Slaver, allowed by Governor Claiborne to land fifty Negroes in Louisiana. _American State Papers, Miscellaneous_, I. No. 177.

~1814.~ ~Saucy Jack~ carries off slaves from Africa and attacks British cruiser. _House Reports_, 17 Cong. 1 sess. II. No. 92, p. 46; 21 Cong. 1 sess. III. No. 348, p. 147.

~1816~ (_circa_). ~Paz,~ ~Rosa,~ ~Dolores,~ ~Nueva Paz,~ and ~Dorset,~ American slavers in Spanish-African trade. Many of these were formerly privateers. _Ibid._, 17 Cong. 1 sess. II. No. 92, pp. 45-6; 21 Cong. 1 sess. III. No. 348, pp. 144-7.

~1817, Jan. 17.~ ~Eugene,~ armed Mexican schooner, captured while attempting to smuggle slaves into the United States. _House Doc._, 15 Cong. 1 sess. II. No. 12, p. 22.

~1817, Nov. 19.~ ~Tentativa,~ captured with 128 slaves and brought into Savannah. _Ibid._, p. 38; _House Reports_, 21 Cong. 1 sess. III. No. 348, p. 81. See _Friends' View of the African Slave Trade_ (1824), pp. 44-7.

~1818.~ ----. Three schooners unload slaves in Louisiana. Collector Chew to the Secretary of the Treasury, _House Reports_, 21 Cong. 1 sess. III. No. 348, p. 70.

~1818, Jan. 23.~ English brig ~Neptune,~ detained by U.S.S. John Adams, for smuggling slaves into the United States. _House Doc._, 16 Cong. 1 sess. III. No. 36 (3).

~1818, June.~ ~Constitution,~ captured with 84 slaves on the Florida coast, by a United States army officer. See references under 1818, June, below.

~1818, June.~ ~Louisa~ and ~Merino,~ captured slavers, smuggling from Cuba to the United States; condemned after five years' litigation. _House Doc._, 15 Cong. 2 sess. VI. No. 107; 19 Cong. 1 sess. VI.-IX. Nos. 121, 126, 152, 163; _House Reports_, 19 Cong. 1 sess. II. No. 231; _American State Papers, Naval Affairs_, II. No. 308; Decisions of the United States Supreme Court in _9 Wheaton_, 391.

~1819.~ ~Antelope,~ or ~General Ramirez.~ The Colombia (or Arraganta), a Venezuelan privateer, fitted in the United States and manned by Americans, captures slaves from a Spanish slaver, the Antelope, and from other slavers; is wrecked, and transfers crew and slaves to Antelope; the latter, under the name of the General Ramirez, is captured with 280 slaves by a United States ship. The slaves were distributed, some to Spanish claimants, some sent to Africa, and some allowed to remain; many died. _House Reports_, 17 Cong. 1 sess. II. No. 92, pp. 5, 15; 21 Cong. 1 sess. III. No. 348, p. 186; _House Journal_, 20 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 59, 76, 123 to 692, _passim_. Gales and Seaton, _Register of Debates_, IV. pt. 1, pp. 915-6, 955-68, 998, 1005; _Ibid._, pt. 2, pp. 2501-3; _American State Papers, Naval Affairs_, II. No. 319, pp. 750-60; Decisions of the United States Supreme Court in _10 Wheaton_, 66, and _12 Ibid._, 546.

~1820.~ ~Endymion,~ ~Plattsburg,~ ~Science,~ ~Esperanza,~ and ~Alexander,~ captured on the African coast by United States ships, and sent to New York and Boston. _House Reports_, 17 Cong. 1 sess. II. No. 92, pp. 6, 15; 21 Cong. 1 sess. III. No. 348, pp. 122, 144, 187.

~1820.~ ~General Artigas~ imports twelve slaves into the United States. _Friends' View of the African Slave Trade_ (1824), p. 42.

~1821~ (?). ~Dolphin,~ captured by United States officers and sent to Charleston, South Carolina. _Ibid._, pp. 31-2.

~1821.~ ~La Jeune Eugène,~ ~La Daphnée,~ ~La Mathilde,~ and ~L'Elize,~ captured by U.S.S. Alligator; ~La Jeune Eugène~ sent to Boston; the rest escape, and are recaptured under the French flag; the French protest. _House Reports_, 21 Cong. 1 sess. III. No. 348, p. 187; _Friends' View of the African Slave Trade_ (1824), pp. 35-41.

~1821.~ ~La Pensée,~ captured with 220 slaves by the U.S.S. Hornet; taken to Louisiana. _House Reports_, 17 Cong. 1 sess. II. No. 92, p. 5; 21 Cong. 1 sess. III. No. 348, p. 186.

~1821.~ ~Esencia~ lands 113 Negroes at Matanzas. _Parliamentary Papers_, 1822, Vol. XXII., _Slave Trade, Further Papers_, III. p. 78.

~1826.~ ~Fell's Point~ attempts to land Negroes in the United States. The Negroes were seized. _American State Papers, Naval Affairs_, II. No. 319, p. 751.

~1827, Dec. 20.~ ~Guerrero,~ Spanish slaver, chased by British, cruiser and grounded on Key West, with 561 slaves; a part (121) were landed at Key West, where they were seized by the collector; 250 were seized by the Spanish and taken to Cuba, etc. _House Journal_, 20 Cong. 1 sess. p. 650; _House_ _Reports_, 24 Cong. 1 sess. I. No. 268; 25 Cong. 2 sess. I. No. 4; _American State Papers, Naval Affairs_, III. No. 370, p. 210; _Niles's Register_, XXXIII. 373.

~1828, March 11.~ ~General Geddes~ brought into St. Augustine for safe keeping 117 slaves, said to have been those taken from the wrecked ~Guerrero~ and landed at Key West (see above, 1827). _House Doc._, 20 Cong. 1 sess. VI. No. 262.

~1828.~ ~Blue-eyed Mary,~ of Baltimore, sold to Spaniards and captured with 405 slaves by a British cruiser. _Niles's Register_, XXXIV. 346.

~1830, June 4.~ ~Fenix,~ with 82 Africans, captured by U.S.S. Grampus, and brought to Pensacola; American built, with Spanish colors. _House Doc._, 21 Cong. 2 sess. III. No. 54; _House Reports_, 24 Cong. 1 sess. I. No. 223; _Niles's Register_, XXXVIII. 357.

~1831, Jan. 3.~ ~Comet,~ carrying slaves from the District of Columbia to New Orleans, was wrecked on Bahama banks and 164 slaves taken to Nassau, in New Providence, where they were freed. Great Britain finally paid indemnity for these slaves. _Senate Doc._, 24 Cong. 2 sess. II. No. 174; 25 Cong. 3 sess. III. No. 216.

~1834, Feb. 4.~ ~Encomium,~ bound from Charleston, South Carolina, to New Orleans, with 45 slaves, was wrecked near Fish Key, Abaco, and slaves were carried to Nassau and freed. Great Britain eventually paid indemnity for these slaves. _Ibid._

~1835, March.~ ~Enterprise,~ carrying 78 slaves from the District of Columbia to Charleston, was compelled by rough weather to put into the port of Hamilton, West Indies, where the slaves were freed. Great Britain refused to pay for these, because, before they landed, slavery in the West Indies had been abolished. _Ibid._

~1836, Aug.-Sept.~ ~Emanuel,~ ~Dolores,~ ~Anaconda,~ and ~Viper,~ built in the United States, clear from Havana for Africa. _House Doc._, 26 Cong. 2 sess. V. No. 115, pp. 4-6, 221.

~1837.~ ----. Eleven American slavers clear from Havana for Africa. _Ibid._, p. 221.

~1837.~ ~Washington,~ allowed to proceed to Africa by the American consul at Havana. _Ibid._, pp. 488-90, 715 ff; 27 Cong, 1 sess. No. 34, pp. 18-21.

~1838.~ ~Prova~ spends three months refitting in the harbor of Charleston, South Carolina; afterwards captured by the British, with 225 slaves. _Ibid._, pp. 121, 163-6.

~1838.~ ----. Nineteen American slavers clear from Havana for Africa. _House Doc._, 26 Cong. 2 sess. V. No. 115, p. 221.

~1838-9.~ ~Venus,~ American built, manned partly by Americans, owned by Spaniards. _Ibid._, pp. 20-2, 106, 124-5, 132, 144-5, 330-2, 475-9.

~1839.~ ~Morris Cooper,~ of Philadelphia, lands 485 Negroes in Cuba. _Niles's Register_, LVII. 192.

~1839.~ ~Edwin~ and ~George Crooks,~ slavers, boarded by British cruisers. _House Doc._, 26 Cong. 2 sess. V. No. 115, pp. 12-4, 61-4.

~1839.~ ~Eagle,~ ~Clara,~ and ~Wyoming,~ with American and Spanish flags and papers and an American crew, captured by British cruisers, and brought to New York. The United States government declined to interfere in case of the ~Eagle~ and the ~Clara,~ and they were taken to Jamaica. The ~Wyoming~ was forfeited to the United States. _Ibid._, pp. 92-104, 109, 112, 118-9, 180-4; _Niles's Register_, LVI. 256; LVII. 128, 208.

~1839.~ ~Florida,~ protected from British cruisers by American papers. _House Doc._, 26 Cong. 2 sess. V. No. 115, pp. 113-5.

~1839.~ ----. Five American slavers arrive at Havana from Africa, under American flags. _Ibid._, p. 192.

~1839.~ ----. Twenty-three American slavers clear from Havana. _Ibid._, pp. 190-1, 221.

~1839.~ ~Rebecca,~ part Spanish, condemned at Sierra Leone. _House Reports_, 27 Cong. 3 sess. III. No. 283, pp. 649-54, 675-84.

~1839.~ ~Douglas~ and ~Iago,~ American slavers, visited by British cruisers, for which the United States demanded indemnity. _Ibid._, pp. 542-65, 731-55; _Senate Doc._, 29 Cong. 1 sess. VIII. No. 377, pp. 39-45, 107-12, 116-24, 160-1, 181-2.

~1839, April 9.~ ~Susan,~ suspected slaver, boarded by the British. _House Doc._, 26 Cong. 2 sess. V. No. 115, pp. 34-41.

~1839, July-Sept.~ ~Dolphin~ (or ~Constitução),~ ~Hound,~ ~Mary Cushing~ (or ~Sete de Avril~), with American and Spanish flags and papers. _Ibid._, pp. 28, 51-5, 109-10, 136, 234-8; _House Reports_, 27 Cong. 3 sess. III. No. 283, pp. 709-15.

~1839, Aug.~ ~L'Amistad,~ slaver, with fifty-three Negroes on board, who mutinied; the vessel was then captured by a United States vessel and brought into Connecticut; the Negroes were declared free. _House Doc._, 26 Cong. 1 sess. IV. No. 185; 27 Cong. 3 sess. V. No. 191; 28 Cong. 1 sess. IV. No. 83; _House Exec. Doc._, 32 Cong. 2 sess. III. No. 20; _House Reports_, 26 Cong. 2 sess. No. 51; 28 Cong. 1 sess. II. No. 426; 29 Cong. 1 sess. IV. No. 753; _Senate Doc._, 26 Cong. 2 sess. IV. No. 179; _Senate Exec. Doc._, 31 Cong. 2 sess. III. No. 29; 32 Cong. 2 sess. III. No. 19; _Senate Reports_, 31 Cong. 2 sess. No. 301; 32 Cong. 1 sess. I. No. 158; 35 Cong. 1 sess. I. No. 36; Decisions of the United States Supreme Court in _15 Peters_, 518; _Opinions of the Attorneys-General_, III. 484-92.

~1839, Sept.~ ~My Boy,~ of New Orleans, seized by a British cruiser, and condemned at Sierra Leone. _Niles's Register_, LVII. 353.

~1839, Sept. 23.~ ~Butterfly,~ of New Orleans, fitted as a slaver, and captured by a British cruiser on the coast of Africa. _House Doc._, 26 Cong. 2 sess. No. 115, pp. 191, 244-7; _Niles's Register_, LVII. 223.

~1839, Oct.~ ~Catharine,~ of Baltimore, captured on the African coast by a British cruiser, and brought by her to New York. _House Doc._, 26 Cong. 2 sess. V No. 115, pp. 191, 215, 239-44; _Niles's Register_, LVII. 119, 159.

~1839.~ ~Asp,~ ~Laura,~ and ~Mary Ann Cassard,~ foreign slavers sailing under the American flag. _House Doc._, 26 Cong. 2 sess. V. No. 115, pp. 126-7, 209-18; _House Reports_, 27 Cong. 3 sess. III. No. 283, p. 688 ff.

~1839.~ ~Two Friends,~ of New Orleans, equipped slaver, with Spanish, Portuguese, and American flags. _House Doc._, 26 Cong. 2 sess. V. No. 115, pp. 120, 160-2, 305.

~1839.~ ~Euphrates,~ of Baltimore, with American papers, seized by British cruisers as Spanish property. Before this she had been boarded fifteen times. _Ibid._, pp. 41-4; A.H. Foote, _Africa and the American Flag_, pp. 152-6.

~1839.~ ~Ontario,~ American slaver, "sold" to the Spanish on shipping a cargo of slaves. _House Doc._, 26 Cong. 2 sess. V. No. 115, pp. 45-50.

~1839.~ ~Mary,~ of Philadelphia; case of a slaver whose nationality was disputed. _House Reports_, 27 Cong. 3 sess. III. No. 283, pp. 736-8; _Senate Doc._, 29 Cong. 1 sess. VIII. No. 377, pp. 19, 24-5.

~1840, March.~ ~Sarah Ann,~ of New Orleans, captured with fraudulent papers. _House Doc._, 26 Cong. 2 sess. V. No. 115, pp. 184-7.

~1840, June.~ ~Caballero,~ ~Hudson,~ and ~Crawford;~ the arrival of these American slavers was publicly billed in Cuba. _Ibid._, pp. 65-6.

~1840.~ ~Tigris,~ captured by British cruisers and sent to Boston for kidnapping. _House Reports_, 27 Cong. 3 sess. III. No. 283, pp. 724-9; _Senate Doc._, 29 Cong. 1 sess. VIII. No. 377, P. 94.

~1840.~ ~Jones,~ seized by the British. _Senate Doc._, 29 Cong. 1 sess. VIII. No. 377, pp. 131-2, 143-7, 148-60.

~1841, Nov. 7.~ ~Creole,~ of Richmond, Virginia, transporting slaves to New Orleans; the crew mutiny and take her to Nassau, British West Indies. The slaves were freed and Great Britain refused indemnity. _Senate Doc._, 27 Cong. 2 sess. II. No. 51 and III. No. 137.

~1841.~ ~Sophia,~ of New York, ships 750 slaves for Brazil. _House Doc._, 29 Cong. 1 sess. III. No. 43, pp. 3-8.

~1841.~ ~Pilgrim,~ of Portsmouth, N.H., ~Solon,~ of Baltimore, ~William Jones~ and ~Himmaleh,~ of New York, clear from Rio Janeiro for Africa. _Ibid._, pp. 8-12.

~1842, May.~ ~Illinois,~ of Gloucester, saved from search by the American flag; escaped under the Spanish flag, loaded with slaves. _Senate Doc._, 28 Cong. 2 sess. IX. No. 150, p. 72 ff.

~1842, June.~ ~Shakespeare,~ of Baltimore, with 430 slaves, captured by British cruisers. _Ibid._

~1843.~ ~Kentucky,~ of New York, trading to Brazil. _Ibid._, 30 Cong. 1 sess. IV. No. 28, pp. 71-8; _House Exec. Doc._, 30 Cong. 2 sess. VII. No. 61, p. 72 ff.

~1844.~ ~Enterprise,~ of Boston, transferred in Brazil for slave-trade. _Senate Exec. Doc._, 30 Cong. 1 sess. IV. No. 28, pp. 79-90.

~1844.~ ~Uncas,~ of New Orleans, protected by United States papers; allowed to clear, in spite of her evident character. _Ibid._, 28 Cong. 2 sess. IX. No. 150, pp. 106-14.

~1844.~ ~Sooy,~ of Newport, without papers, captured by the British sloop Racer, after landing 600 slaves on the coast of Brazil. _House Doc._, 28 Cong. 2 sess. IV. No. 148, pp. 4, 36-62.

~1844.~ ~Cyrus,~ of New Orleans, suspected slaver, captured by the British cruiser Alert. _Ibid._, pp. 3-41.

~1844-5.~ ----. Nineteen slavers from Beverly, Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Providence, and Portland, make twenty-two trips. _Ibid._, 30 Cong. 2 sess. VII. No. 61, pp. 219-20.

~1844-9.~ ----. Ninety-three slavers in Brazilian trade. _Senate Exec. Doc._, 31 Cong. 2 sess. II. No. 6, pp. 37-8.

~1845.~ ~Porpoise,~ trading to Brazil. _House Exec. Doc._, 30 Cong. 2 sess. VII. No. 61, pp. 111-56, 212-4.

~1845, May 14.~ ~Spitfire,~ of New Orleans, captured on the coast of Africa, and the captain indicted in Boston. A.H. Foote, _Africa and the American Flag_, pp. 240-1; _Niles's Register_, LXVIII. 192, 224, 248-9.

~1845-6.~ ~Patuxent,~ ~Pons,~ ~Robert Wilson,~ ~Merchant,~ and ~Panther,~ captured by Commodore Skinner. _House Exec. Doc._, 31 Cong. 1 sess. IX. No. 73.

~1847.~ ~Fame,~ of New London, Connecticut, lands 700 slaves in Brazil. _House Exec. Doc._, 30 Cong. 2 sess. VII. No. 61, pp. 5-6, 15-21.

~1847.~ ~Senator,~ of Boston, brings 944 slaves to Brazil. _Ibid._, pp. 5-14.

~1849.~ ~Casco,~ slaver, with no papers; searched, and captured with 420 slaves, by a British cruiser. _Senate Exec. Doc._, 31 Cong. 1 sess. XIV No. 66, p. 13.

~1850.~ ~Martha,~ of New York, captured when about to embark 1800 slaves. The captain was admitted to bail, and escaped. A.H. Foote, _Africa and the American Flag_, pp. 285-92.

~1850.~ ~Lucy Ann,~ of Boston, captured with 547 slaves by the British. _Senate Exec. Doc._, 31 Cong. 1 sess. XIV No. 66, pp. 1-10 ff.

~1850.~ ~Navarre,~ American slaver, trading to Brazil, searched and finally seized by a British cruiser. _Ibid._

~1850~ (_circa_). ~Louisa Beaton,~ ~Pilot,~ ~Chatsworth,~ ~Meteor,~ ~R. de Zaldo,~ ~Chester,~ etc., American slavers, searched by British vessels. _Ibid., passim._

~1851, Sept. 18.~ ~Illinois~ brings seven kidnapped West India Negro boys into Norfolk, Virginia. _House Exec. Doc._, 34 Cong. 1 sess. XII. No. 105, pp. 12-14.

~1852-62.~ ----. Twenty-six ships arrested and bonded for slave-trading in the Southern District of New York. _Senate Exec. Doc._, 37 Cong. 2 sess. V. No. 53.

~1852.~ ~Advance~ and ~Rachel P. Brown,~ of New York; the capture of these was hindered by the United States consul in the Cape Verd Islands. _Ibid._, 34 Cong. 1 sess. XV. No. 99, pp. 41-5; _House Exec. Doc._, 34 Cong. 1 sess. XII. No. 105, pp. 15-19.

~1853.~ ~Silenus,~ of New York, and ~General de Kalb,~ of Baltimore, carry 900 slaves from Africa. _Senate Exec. Doc._, 34 Cong. 1 sess. XV. No. 99, pp. 46-52; _House Exec. Doc._, 34 Cong. 1 sess. XII. No. 105, pp. 20-26.

~1853.~ ~Jasper~ carries slaves to Cuba. _Senate Exec. Doc._, 34 Cong. 1 sess. XV. No. 99, pp. 52-7.

~1853.~ ~Camargo,~ of Portland, Maine, lands 500 slaves in Brazil. _Ibid._, 33 Cong. 1 sess. VIII. No. 47.

~1854.~ ~Glamorgan,~ of New York, captured when about to embark nearly 700 slaves. _Ibid._, 34 Cong. 1 sess. XV. No. 99, pp. 59-60.

~1854.~ ~Grey Eagle,~ of Philadelphia, captured off Cuba by British cruiser. _Ibid._, pp. 61-3.

~1854.~ ~Peerless,~ of New York, lands 350 Negroes in Cuba. _Ibid._, p. 66.

~1854.~ ~Oregon,~ of New Orleans, trading to Cuba. _Senate Exec. Doc._, 34 Cong. 1 sess. XV. No. 99, pp. 69-70.

~1856.~ ~Mary E. Smith,~ sailed from Boston in spite of efforts to detain her, and was captured with 387 slaves, by the Brazilian brig Olinda, at port of St. Matthews. _Ibid._, pp. 71-3.

~1857.~ ----. Twenty or more slavers from New York, New Orleans, etc. _Ibid._, 35 Cong. 1 sess. XII. No. 49, pp. 14-21, 70-1, etc.

~1857.~ ~William Clark~ and ~Jupiter,~ of New Orleans, ~Eliza Jane,~ of New York, ~Jos. H. Record,~ of Newport, and ~Onward,~ of Boston, captured by British cruisers. _Ibid._, pp. 13, 25-6, 69, etc.

~1857.~ ~James Buchanan,~ slaver, escapes under American colors, with 300 slaves. _Ibid._, p. 38.

~1857.~ ~James Titers,~ of New Orleans, with 1200 slaves, captured by British cruiser. _Ibid._, pp. 31-4, 40-1.

~1857.~ ----. Four New Orleans slavers on the African coast. _Senate Exec. Doc._, 35 Cong. 1 sess., XII. No. 49, p. 30.

~1857.~ ~Cortes,~ of New York, captured. _Ibid._, pp. 27-8.

~1857.~ ~Charles,~ of Boston, captured by British cruisers, with about 400 slaves. _Ibid._, pp. 9, 13, 36, 69, etc.

~1857.~ ~Adams Gray~ and ~W.D. Miller,~ of New Orleans, fully equipped slavers. _Ibid._, pp. 3-5, 13.

~1857-8.~ ~Charlotte,~ of New York, ~Charles,~ of Maryland, etc., reported American slavers. _Ibid., passim_.

~1858, Aug. 21.~ ~Echo,~ captured with 306 slaves, and brought to Charleston, South Carolina. _House Exec. Doc._, 35 Cong. 2 sess. II. pt. 4, No. 2. pt. 4, pp. 5, 14.

~1858, Sept. 8.~ ~Brothers,~ captured and sent to Charleston, South Carolina. _Ibid._, p. 14.

~1858.~ ~Mobile,~ ~Cortez,~ ~Tropic Bird;~ cases of American slavers searched by British vessels. _Ibid._, 36 Cong. 2 sess. IV. No. 7, p. 97 ff.

~1858.~ ~Wanderer,~ lands 500 slaves in Georgia. _Senate Exec. Doc._, 35 Cong. 2 sess. VII. No. 8; _House Exec. Doc._, 35 Cong. 2 sess. IX. No. 89.

~1859, Dec. 20.~ ~Delicia,~ supposed to be Spanish, but without papers; captured by a United States ship. The United States courts declared her beyond their jurisdiction. _House Exec. Doc._, 36 Cong. 2 sess. IV. No. 7, p. 434.

~1860.~ ~Erie,~ with 897 Africans, captured by a United States ship. _Senate Exec. Doc._, 36 Cong. 2 sess. I. No. 1, pp. 41-4.

~1860.~ ~William,~ with 550 slaves, ~Wildfire,~ with 507, captured on the coast of Cuba. _Senate Journal_, 36 Cong. 1 sess. pp. 478-80, 492, 543, etc.; _Senate Exec. Doc._, 36 Cong. 1 sess. XI. No. 44; _House Exec. Doc._, 36 Cong. 1 sess. XII. No. 83; 36 Cong. 2 sess. V. No. 11; _House Reports_, 36 Cong. 1 sess. IV. No. 602.

~1861.~ ~Augusta,~ slaver, which, in spite of the efforts of the officials, started on her voyage. _Senate Exec Doc._, 37 Cong. 2 sess. V. No. 40; _New York Tribune_, Nov. 26, 1861.

~1861.~ ~Storm King,~ of Baltimore, lands 650 slaves in Cuba. _Senate Exec. Doc._, 38 Cong. 1 sess. No. 56, p. 3.

~1862.~ ~Ocilla,~ of Mystic, Connecticut, lands slaves in Cuba. _Ibid._, pp. 8-13.

~1864.~ ~Huntress,~ of New York, under the American flag, lands slaves in Cuba. _Ibid._, pp. 19-21.

* * * * *

APPENDIX D.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

~COLONIAL LAWS.~

[The Library of Harvard College, the Boston Public Library, and the Charlemagne Tower Collection at Philadelphia are especially rich in Colonial Laws.]

~Alabama and Mississippi Territory.~ Acts of the Assembly of Alabama, 1822, etc.; J.J. Ormond, Code of Alabama, Montgomery, 1852; H. Toulmin, Digest of the Laws of Alabama, Cahawba, 1823; A. Hutchinson, Code of Mississippi, Jackson, 1848; Statutes of Mississippi etc., digested, Natchez, 1816 and 1823.

~Connecticut.~ Acts and Laws of Connecticut, New London, 1784 [-1794], and Hartford, 1796; Connecticut Colonial Records; The General Laws and Liberties of Connecticut Colonie, Cambridge, 1673, reprinted at Hartford in 1865; Statute Laws of Connecticut, Hartford, 1821.

~Delaware.~ Laws of Delaware, 1700-1797, 2 vols., New Castle, 1797.

~Georgia.~ George W.J. De Renne, editor, Colonial Acts of Georgia, Wormsloe, 1881; Constitution of Georgia; T.R.R. Cobb, Digest of the Laws, Athens, Ga., 1851; Horatio Marbury and W.H. Crawford, Digest of the Laws, Savannah, 1802; Oliver H. Prince, Digest of the Laws, 2d edition, Athens, Ga., 1837.

~Maryland.~ James Bisset, Abridgment of the Acts of Assembly, Philadelphia, 1759; Acts of Maryland, 1753-1768, Annapolis, 1754 [-1768]; Compleat Collection of the Laws of Maryland, Annapolis, 1727; Thomas Bacon, Laws of Maryland at Large, Annapolis, 1765; Laws of Maryland since 1763, Annapolis, 1787, year 1771; Clement Dorsey, General Public Statutory Law, etc., 1692-1837, 3 vols., Baltimore, 1840.

~Massachusetts.~ Acts and Laws of His Majesty's Province of the Massachusetts-Bay in New-England, Boston, 1726; Acts and Resolves ... of the Province of the Massachusetts Bay, 1692-1780 [Massachusetts Province Laws]; Colonial Laws of Massachusetts, reprinted from the editions of 1660 and 1672, Boston, 1887, 1890; General Court Records; Massachusetts Archives; Massachusetts Historical Society Collections; Perpetual Laws of Massachusetts, 1780-1789, Boston, 1789; Plymouth Colony Records; Records of the Governor and Company of the Massachusetts Bay.

~New Jersey.~ Samuel Allinson, Acts of Assembly, Burlington, 1776; William Paterson, Digest of the Laws, Newark, 1800; William A. Whitehead, editor, Documents relating to the Colonial History of New Jersey, Newark, 1880-93; Joseph Bloomfield, Laws of New Jersey, Trenton, 1811; New Jersey Archives.

~New York.~ Acts of Assembly, 1691-1718, London, 1719; E.B. O'Callaghan, Documentary History of New York, 4 vols., Albany, 1849-51; E.B. O'Callaghan, editor, Documents relating to the Colonial History of New York, 12 vols., Albany, 1856-77; Laws of New York, 1752-1762, New York, 1762; Laws of New York, 1777-1801, 5 vols., republished at Albany, 1886-7.

~North Carolina.~ F.X. Martin, Iredell's Public Acts of Assembly, Newbern, 1804; Laws, revision of 1819, 2 vols., Raleigh, 1821; North Carolina Colonial Records, edited by William L. Saunders, Raleigh, 1886-90.

~Pennsylvania.~ Acts of Assembly, Philadelphia, 1782; Charter and Laws of the Province of Pennsylvania, Harrisburg, 1879; M. Carey and J. Bioren, Laws of Pennsylvania, 1700-1802, 6 vols., Philadelphia, 1803; A.J. Dallas, Laws of Pennsylvania, 1700-1781, Philadelphia, 1797; _Ibid._, 1781-1790, Philadelphia, 1793; Collection of all the Laws now in force, 1742; Pennsylvania Archives; Pennsylvania Colonial Records.

~Rhode Island.~ John Russell Bartlett, Index to the Printed Acts and Resolves, of ... the General Assembly, 1756-1850, Providence, 1856; Elisha R. Potter, Reports and Documents upon Public Schools, etc., Providence, 1855; Rhode Island Colonial Records.

~South Carolina.~ J.F. Grimké, Public Laws, Philadelphia, 1790; Thomas Cooper and D.J. McCord, Statutes at Large, 10 vols., Columbia, 1836-41.

~Vermont.~ Statutes of Vermont, Windsor, 1787; Vermont State Papers, Middlebury, 1823.

~Virginia.~ John Mercer, Abridgement of the Acts of Assembly, Glasgow, 1759; Acts of Assembly, Williamsburg, 1769: Collection of Public Acts ... passed since 1768, Richmond, 1785; Collections of the Virginia Historical Society; W.W. Hening, Statutes at Large, 13 vols., Richmond, etc., 1819-23; Samuel Shepherd, Statutes at Large, New Series (continuation of Hening), 3 vols, Richmond, 1835-6.

~UNITED STATES DOCUMENTS.~

~1789-1836.~ American State Papers--Class I., _Foreign Relations_, Vols. III. and IV. (Reprint of Foreign Relations, 1789-1828.) Class VI., _Naval Affairs_. (Well indexed.)

~1794, Feb. 11.~ Report of Committee on the Slave Trade. _Amer. State Papers, Miscellaneous_, I. No. 44.

~1806, Feb. 17.~ Report of the Committee appointed on the seventh instant, to inquire whether any, and if any, what Additional Provisions are necessary to Prevent the Importation of Slaves into the Territories of the United States. _House Reports_, 9 Cong. 1 sess. II.

~1817, Feb. 11.~ Joint Resolution for abolishing the traffick in Slaves, and the Colinization [_sic_] of the Free People Of Colour of the United States. _House Doc._, 14 Cong. 2 sess. II. No. 77.

~1817, Dec. 15.~ Message from the President ... communicating Information of the Proceeding of certain Persons who took Possession of Amelia Island and of Galvezton, [_sic_] during the Summer of the Present Year, and made Establishments there. _House Doc._, 15 Cong. 1 sess. II. No. 12. (Contains much evidence of illicit traffic.)

~1818, Jan. 10.~ Report of the Committee to whom was referred so much of the President's Message as relates to the introduction of Slaves from Amelia Island. _House Doc._, 15 Cong. 1 sess. III. No. 46 (cf. _House Reports_, 21 Cong. 1 sess. III. No. 348).

~1818, Jan. 13.~ Message from the President ... communicating information of the Troops of the United States having taken possession of Amelia Island, in East Florida. _House Doc._, 15 Cong. 1 sess. III. No. 47. (Contains correspondence.)

~1819, Jan. 12.~ Letter from the Secretary of the Navy, transmitting copies of the instructions which have been issued to Naval Commanders, upon the subject of the Importation of Slaves, etc. _House Doc._, 15 Cong. 2 sess. IV. No. 84.

~1819, Jan. 19.~ Extracts from Documents in the Departments of State, of the Treasury, and of the Navy, in relation to the Illicit Introduction of Slaves into the United States. _House Doc._, 15 Cong. 2 sess. VI. No. 100.

~1819, Jan. 21.~ Letter from the Secretary of the Treasury ... in relation to Ships engaged in the Slave Trade, which have been Seized and Condemned, and the Disposition which has been made of the Negroes, by the several State Governments, under whose Jurisdiction they have fallen. _House Doc._, 15 Cong. 2 sess. VI. No. 107.

~1820, Jan. 7.~ Letter from the Secretary of the Navy, transmitting information in relation to the Introduction of Slaves into the United States. _House Doc._, 16 Cong. 1 sess. III. No. 36.

~1820, Jan. 13.~ Letter from the Secretary of the Treasury, transmitting ... Information in relation to the Illicit Introduction of Slaves into the United States, etc., _Ibid._, No. 42.

~1820, May 8.~ Report of the Committee to whom was referred ... so much of the President's Message as relates to the Slave Trade, etc. _House Reports_, 16 Cong. 1 sess. No. 97.

~1821, Jan. 5.~ Message from the President ... transmitting ... Information on the Subject of the African Slave Trade. _House Doc._, 16 Cong. 2 sess. IV. No. 48.

~1821, Feb. 7.~ Report of the Secretary of the Navy. _House Reports_, 17 Cong. 1 sess. No. 92, pp. 15-21.

~1821, Feb. 9.~ Report of the Committee to which was referred so much of the President's message as relates to the Slave Trade. _House Reports_, 16 Cong. 2 sess. No. 59.

~1822, April 12.~ Report of the Committee on the Suppression of the Slave Trade. Also Report of 1821, Feb. 9, reprinted. (Contains discussion of the Right of Search, and papers on European Conference for the Suppression of the Slave Trade.) _House Reports_, 17 Cong. 1 sess. II. No. 92.

~1823, Dec. 1.~ Report of the Secretary of the Navy. _House Doc._, 18 Cong. 1 sess. I. No. 2, p. 111, ff.; _Amer. State Papers, Naval Affairs_, I. No. 258. (Contains reports on the establishment at Cape Mesurado.)[1]

~1824, March 20.~ Message from the President ... in relation to the Suppression of the African Slave Trade. _House Doc._, 18 Cong. 1 sess. VI. No. 119. (Contains correspondence on the proposed treaty of 1824.)

~1824, Dec. 1.~ Report of the Secretary of the Navy. _Amer. State Papers, Naval Affairs_, I. No. 249.

~1824, Dec. 7.~ Documents accompanying the Message of the President ... to both Houses of Congress, at the commencement of the Second Session of the Eighteenth Congress: Documents from the Department of State. _House Doc._, 18 Cong. 2 sess. I. No. 1. pp. 1-56. Reprinted in _Senate Doc._, 18 Cong. 2 sess. I. No. 1. (Matter on the treaty of 1824.)

~1825, Feb. 16.~ Report of the Committee to whom was referred so much of the President's Message, of the 7th of December last, as relates to the Suppression of the Slave Trade. _House Reports_, 18 Cong. 2 sess. I. No. 70 (Report favoring the treaty of 1824.)

~1825, Dec. 2.~ Report of the Secretary of the Navy. _House Doc._, 19 Cong. 1 sess. I. No. 1. p. 98.

~1825, Dec. 27.~ Slave Trade: Message from the President ... communicating Correspondence with Great Britain in relation to the Convention for Suppressing the Slave Trade. _House Doc._, 19 Cong. 1 sess. I. No. 16.

~1826, Feb. 6.~ Appropriation--Slave Trade: Report of the Committee of Ways and Means on the subject of the estimate of appropriations for the service of the year 1826. _House Reports_, 19 Cong. 1 sess. I. No. 65. (Contains report of the Secretary of the Navy and account of expenditures for the African station.)

~1826, March 8.~ Slave Ships in Alabama: Message from the President ... in relation to the Cargoes of certain Slave Ships, etc. _House Doc._, 19 Cong. 1 sess. VI. No. 121; cf. _Ibid._, VIII. No. 126, and IX. Nos. 152, 163; also _House Reports_, 19 Cong. 1 sess. II. No. 231. (Cases of the Constitution, Louisa, and Merino.)

~1826, Dec. 2.~ Report of the Secretary of the Navy. (Part IV. of Documents accompanying the President's Message.) _House Doc._, 19 Cong. 2 sess. I. No. 2, pp. 9, 10, 74-103.

~1827, etc.~ Colonization Society: Reports, etc. _House Doc._, 19 Cong. 2 sess. IV. Nos. 64, 69; 20 Cong. 1 sess. III. Nos. 99, 126, and V. No. 193; 20 Cong. 2 sess. I. No. 2, pp. 114, 127-8; 21 Cong. 2 sess. I. No. 2, p. 211-18; _House Reports_, 19 Cong. 2 sess. II. No. 101; 21 Cong. 1 sess. II. No. 277, and III. No. 348; 22 Cong. 1 sess. II. No. 277.

~1827, Jan. 30.~ Prohibition of the Slave Trade: Statement showing the Expenditure of the Appropriation for the Prohibition of the Slave Trade, during the year 1826, and an Estimate for 1827. _House Doc._, 19 Cong. 2 sess. IV. No. 69.

~1827, Dec. 1 and Dec. 4.~ Reports of the Secretary of the Navy. _Amer. State Papers, Naval Affairs,_ III. Nos. 339, 340.

~1827, Dec. 6.~ Message from the President ... transmitting ... a Report from the Secretary of the Navy, showing the expense annually incurred in carrying into effect the Act of March 2, 1819, for Prohibiting the Slave Trade. _Senate Doc._, 20 Cong. 1 sess. I. No. 3.

~1828, March 12.~ Recaptured Africans: Letter from the Secretary of the Navy ... in relation to ... Recaptured Africans. _House Doc._, 20 Cong. 1 sess. V. No. 193; cf. _Ibid._, 20 Cong. 2 sess. I. No. 2, pp. 114, 127-8; also _Amer. State Papers, Naval Affairs_, III. No. 357.

~1828, April 30.~ Africans at Key West: Message from the President ... relative to the Disposition of the Africans Landed at Key West. _House Doc._, 20 Cong. 1 sess. VI. No. 262.

~1828, Nov. 27.~ Report of the Secretary of the Navy. _Amer. State Papers, Naval Affairs_, III. No. 370.

~1829, Dec. 1.~ Report of the Secretary of the Navy. _House Doc._, 21 Cong. 1 sess. I. No. 2, p. 40.

~1830, April 7.~ Slave Trade ... Report: "The committee to whom were referred the memorial of the American Society for colonizing the free people of color of the United States; also, sundry memorials from the inhabitants of the State of Kentucky, and a memorial from certain free people of color of the State of Ohio, report," etc., 3 pp. Appendix. Collected and arranged by Samuel Burch. 290 pp. _House Reports_, 21 Cong. 1 sess. III. No. 348. (Contains a reprint of legislation and documents from 14 Cong. 2 sess. to 21 Cong. 1 sess. Very valuable.)

~1830, Dec. 6.~ Report of the Secretary of the Navy. _House Doc._, 21 Cong. 2 sess. I. No. 2, pp. 42-3; _Amer. State Papers, Naval Affairs_, III. No. 429 E.

~1830, Dec. 6.~ Documents communicated to Congress by the President at the opening of the Second Session of the Twenty-first Congress, accompanying the Report of the Secretary of the Navy: Paper E. Statement of expenditures, etc., for the removal of Africans to Liberia. _House Doc._, 21 Cong. 2 sess. I. No. 2, pp. 211-8.

~1831, Jan. 18.~ Spanish Slave Ship Fenix: Message from the President ... transmitting Documents in relation to certain captives on board the Spanish slave vessel, called the Fenix. _House Doc._, 21 Cong. 2 sess. III. No. 54; _Amer. State Papers, Naval Affairs_, III. No. 435.

~1831-1835.~ Reports of the Secretary of the Navy. _House Doc._, 22 Cong. 1 sess. I. No. 2, pp. 45, 272-4; 22 Cong. 2 sess. I. No. 2, pp. 48, 229; 23 Cong. 1 sess. I. No. 1, pp. 238, 269; 23 Cong. 2 sess. I. No. 2, pp. 315, 363; 24 Cong. 1 sess. I. No. 2, pp. 336, 378. Also _Amer. State Papers, Naval Affairs_, IV. No. 457, R. Nos. 1, 2; No. 486, H. I.; No. 519, R.; No. 564, P.; No. 585, P.

~1836, Jan. 26.~ Calvin Mickle, Ex'r of Nagle & De Frias. _House Reports_, 24 Cong. 1 sess. I. No. 209. (Reports on claims connected with the captured slaver Constitution.)

~1836, Jan. 27, etc.~ [Reports from the Committee of Claims on cases of captured Africans.] _House Reports_, 24 Cong. 1 sess. I. Nos. 223, 268, and III. No. 574. No. 268 is reprinted in _House Reports_, 25 Cong. 2 sess. I. No. 4.

~1836, Dec. 3.~ Report of the Secretary of the Navy. _House Doc._, 24 Cong. 2 sess. I. No. 2, pp. 450, 506.

~1837, Feb. 14.~ Message from the President ... with copies of Correspondence in relation to the Seizure of Slaves on board the brigs "Encomium" and "Enterprise." _Senate Doc._, 24 Cong. 2 sess. II. No. 174; cf. _Ibid._, 25 Cong. 3 sess. III. No. 216.

~1837-1839.~ Reports of the Secretary of the Navy. _House Doc._, 25 Cong. 2 sess. I. No. 3, pp. 762, 771, 850; 25 Cong. 3 sess. I. No. 2, p. 613; 26 Cong. 1 sess. I. No. 2, pp. 534, 612.

~1839.~ [L'Amistad Case.] _House Doc._, 26 Cong. 1 sess. IV. No. 185 (correspondence); 27 Cong. 3 sess. V. No. 191 (correspondence); 28 Cong. 1 sess. IV No. 83; _House Exec. Doc._, 32 Cong. 2 sess. III. No. 20; _House Reports_, 26 Cong. 2 sess. No. 51 (case of altered Ms.); 28 Cong. 1 sess. II. No. 426 (Report of Committee); 29 Cong. 1 sess. IV. No. 753 (Report of Committee); _Senate Doc._, 26 Cong. 2 sess. IV. No. 179 (correspondence); _Senate Exec Doc._, 31 Cong. 2 sess. III. No. 29 (correspondence); 32 Cong. 2 sess. III. No. 19; _Senate Reports_, 31 Cong. 2 sess. No. 301 (Report of Committee); 32 Cong. 1 sess. I. No. 158 (Report of Committee); 35 Cong. 1 sess. I. No. 36 (Report of Committee).

~1840, May 18.~ Memorial of the Society of Friends, upon the subject of the foreign slave trade. _House Doc._, 26 Cong. 1 sess. VI. No. 211. (Results of certain investigations.)

~1840, Dec. 5.~ Report of the Secretary of the Navy. _House Doc._, 26 Cong. 2 sess. I. No. 2, pp. 405, 450.

~1841, Jan. 20.~ Message from the President ... communicating ... copies of correspondence, imputing malpractices to the American consul at Havana, in regard to granting papers to vessels engaged in the slave-trade. _Senate Doc._, 26 Cong. 2 sess. III. No. 125. (Contains much information.)

~1841, March 3.~ Search or Seizure of American Vessels, etc.: Message from the President ... transmitting a report from the Secretary of State, in relation to seizures or search of American vessels on the coast of Africa, etc. _House Doc._, 26 Cong. 2 sess. V. No. 115 (elaborate correspondence). See also _Ibid._, 27 Cong. 1 sess. No. 34; _House Reports_, 27 Cong. 3 sess. III. No. 283, pp. 478-755 (correspondence).

~1841, Dec. 4.~ Report of the Secretary of the Navy. _House Doc._, 27 Cong. 2 sess. I. No. 2, pp. 349, 351.

~1842, Jan. 20.~ Message from the President ... communicating ... copies of correspondence in relation to the mutiny on board the brig Creole, and the liberation of the slaves who were passengers in the said vessel. _Senate Doc._, 27 Cong. 2 sess. II. No. 51. See also _Ibid._, III. No. 137; _House Doc._, 27 Cong. 3 sess. I. No. 2, p. 114.

~1842, May 10.~ Resolutions of the Legislature of the State of Mississippi in reference to the right of search, and the case of the American brig Creole. _House Doc._, 27 Cong. 2 sess. IV. No. 215. (Suggestive.)

~1842, etc.~ [Quintuple Treaty and Cass's Protest: Messages of the President, etc.] _House Doc._, 27 Cong. 2 sess. V. No. 249; _Senate Doc._, 27 Cong. 3 sess. II. No. 52, and IV. No. 223; 29 Cong. 1 sess. VIII. No. 377.

~1842, June 10.~ Indemnities for slaves on board the Comet and Encomium: Report of the Secretary of State. _House Doc._, 27 Cong. 2 sess. V. No. 242.

~1842, Aug.~ Suppression of the African Slave Trade--Extradition: Case of the Creole, etc. _House Doc._, 27 Cong. 3 sess. I. No. 2, pp. 105-136. (Correspondence accompanying Message of President.)

~1842, Dec.~ Report of the Secretary of the Navy. _House Doc._, 27 Cong. 3 sess. I. No. 2, p. 532.

~1842, Dec. 30.~ Message from the President ... in relation to the strength and expense of the squadron to be employed on the coast of Africa. _Senate Doc._, 27 Cong. 3 sess. II. No. 20.

~1843, Feb. 28.~ Construction of the Treaty of Washington, etc.: Message from the President ... transmitting a report from the Secretary of State, in answer to the resolution of the House of the 22d February, 1843. _House Doc._, 27 Cong. 3 sess. V. No. 192.

~1843, Feb. 28.~ African Colonization.... Report: "The Committee on Commerce, to whom was referred the memorial of the friends of African colonization, assembled in convention in the city of Washington in May last, beg leave to submit the following report," etc.

(16 pp.). Appendix. (1071 pp.). _House Reports_, 27 Cong. 3 sess. III. No. 283 [Contents of Appendix: pp. 17-408, identical nearly with the Appendix to _House Reports_, 21 Cong. 1 sess. III. No. 348; pp. 408-478. Congressional history of the slave-trade, case of the Fenix, etc. (cf. _House Doc._, 21 Cong. 2 sess. III. No. 54); pp. 478-729, search and seizure of American vessels (same as _House Doc._, 26 Cong. 2 sess. V. No. 115, pp. 1-252); pp. 730-755, correspondence on British search of American vessels, etc.; pp. 756-61, Quintuple Treaty; pp. 762-3, President's Message on Treaty of 1842; pp. 764-96, correspondence on African squadron, etc.; pp. 796-1088, newspaper extracts on the slave-trade and on colonization, report of Colonization Society, etc.]

~1843, Nov. 25.~ Report of the Secretary of the Navy. _House Doc._, 28 Cong. 1 sess. I. No. 2, pp. 484-5.

~1844, March 14.~ Message from the President ... communicating ... information in relation to the abuse of the flag of the United States in ... the African slave trade, etc. _Senate Doc._, 28 Cong. 1 sess. IV. No. 217.

~1844, March 15.~ Report: "The Committee on the Judiciary, to whom was referred the petition of ... John Hanes, ... praying an adjustment of his accounts for the maintenance of certain captured African slaves, ask leave to report," etc. _Senate Doc._, 28 Cong. 1 sess. IV. No. 194.

~1844, May 4.~ African Slave Trade: Report: "The Committee on Foreign Affairs, to whom was referred the petition of the American Colonization Society and others, respectfully report," etc. _House Reports_, 28 Cong. 1 sess. II. No. 469.

~1844, May 22.~ Suppression of the Slave-Trade on the coast of Africa: Message from the President, etc. _House Doc._, 28 Cong. 1 sess. VI. No. 263.

~1844, Nov. 25.~ Report of the Secretary of the Navy. _House Doc._, 28 Cong. 2 sess. I. No. 2, p. 514.

~1845, Feb. 20.~ Slave-Trade, etc.: Message from the President ... transmitting copies of despatches from the American minister at the court of Brazil, relative to the slave-trade, etc. _House Doc._, 28 Cong. 2 sess. IV. No. 148. (Important evidence, statistics, etc.)

~1845, Feb. 26.~ Message from the President ... communicating ... information relative to the operations of the United States squadron, etc. _Senate Doc._, 28 Cong. 2 sess. IX. No. 150. (Contains reports of Commodore Perry, and statistics of Liberia.)

~1845, Dec. 1.~ Report of the Secretary of the Navy. _House Doc._, 29 Cong. 1 sess. I. No. 2, p. 645.

~1845, Dec. 22.~ African Slave-Trade: Message from the President ... transmitting a report from the Secretary of State, together with the correspondence of George W. Slacum, relative to the African slave trade. _House Doc._, 29 Cong. 1 sess. III. No. 43. (Contains much information.)

~1846, June 6.~ Message from the President ... communicating ... copies of the correspondence between the government of the United States and that of Great Britain, on the subject of the right of search; with copies of the protest of the American minister at Paris against the quintuple treaty, etc. _Senate Doc._, 29 Cong. 1 sess. VIII. No. 377. Cf. _Ibid._, 27 Cong. 3 sess. II. No. 52, and IV. No. 223; _House Doc._, 27 Cong. 2 sess. V. No. 249.

~1846-1847, Dec.~ Reports of the Secretary of the Navy. _House Doc._, 29 Cong. 2 sess. I. No. 4, p. 377; 30 Cong. 1 sess. II. No. 8, p. 946.

~1848, March 3.~ Message from the President ... communicating a report from the Secretary of State, with the correspondence of Mr. Wise, late United States minister to Brazil, in relation to the slave trade. _Senate Exec. Doc._, 30 Cong. 1 sess. IV. No. 28. (Full of facts.)

~1848, May 12.~ Report of the Secretary of State, in relation to ... the seizure of the brig Douglass by a British cruiser. _Senate Exec. Doc._, 30 Cong. 1 sess. VI. No. 44.

~1848, Dec. 4.~ Report of the Secretary of the Navy. _House Exec. Doc._, 30 Cong. 2 sess. I. No. 1, pp. 605, 607.

~1849, March 2.~ Correspondence between the Consuls of the United States at Rio de Janeiro, etc., with the Secretary of State, on the subject of the African Slave Trade: Message of the President, etc. _House Exec. Doc._, 30 Cong. 2 sess. VII. No. 61. (Contains much evidence.)

~1849, Dec. 1.~ Report of the Secretary of the Navy. _House Exec. Doc._, 31 Cong. 1 sess. III. pt. 1, No. 5, pt. 1, pp. 427-8.

~1850, March 18.~ Report of the Secretary of the Navy, showing the annual number of deaths in the United States squadron on the coast of Africa, and the annual cost of that squadron. _Senate Exec. Doc._, 31 Cong. 1 sess. X. No. 40.

~1850, July 22.~ African Squadron: Message from the President ... transmitting Information in reference to the African squadron. _House Exec. Doc._, 31 Cong. 1 sess. IX. No. 73. (Gives total expenses of the squadron, slavers captured, etc.)

~1850, Aug. 2.~ Message from the President ... relative to the searching of American vessels by British ships of war. _Senate Exec. Doc._, 31 Cong. 1 sess. XIV. No. 66.

~1850, Dec. 17.~ Message of the President ... communicating ... a report of the Secretary of State, with documents relating to the African slave trade. _Senate Exec. Doc._, 31 Cong. 2 sess. II. No. 6.

~1851-1853.~ Reports of the Secretary of the Navy. _House Exec. Doc._, 32 Cong. 1 sess. II. pt. 2, No. 2, pt. 2, pp. 4-5; 32 Cong. 2 sess. I. pt. 2, No. 1, pt. 2, p. 293; 33 Cong. 1 sess. I. pt. 3, No. 1, pt. 3, pp. 298-9.

~1854, March 13.~ Message from the President ... communicating ... the correspondence between Mr. Schenck, United States Minister to Brazil, and the Secretary of State, in relation to the African slave trade. _Senate Exec. Doc._, 33 Cong. 1 sess. VIII. No. 47.

~1854, June 13.~ Report submitted by Mr. Slidell, from the Committee on Foreign Relations, on a resolution relative to the abrogation of the eighth article of the treaty with Great Britain of the 9th of August, 1842, etc. _Senate Reports_, 34 Cong. 1 sess. I. No. 195. (Injunction of secrecy removed June 26, 1856.)

~1854-1855, Dec.~ Reports of the Secretary of the Navy. _House Exec. Doc._, 33 Cong. 2 sess. I. pt. 2, No. 1, pt. 2, pp. 386-7; 34 Cong. 1 sess. I. pt. 3, No. 1, pt. 3, p. 5.

~1856, May 19.~ Slave and Coolie Trade: Message from the President ... communicating information in regard to the Slave and Coolie trade. _House Exec. Doc._, 34 Cong. 1 sess. XII. No. 105. (Partly reprinted in _Senate Exec. Doc._, 34 Cong. 1 sess. XV No. 99.)

~1856, Aug. 5.~ Report of the Secretary of State, in compliance with a resolution of the Senate of April 24, calling for information relative to the coolie trade. _Senate Exec. Doc._, 34 Cong. 1 sess. XV. No. 99. (Partly reprinted in _House Exec Doc._, 34 Cong. 1 sess. XII. No. 105.)

~1856, Dec. 1.~ Report of the Secretary of the Navy. _House Exec. Doc._, 34 Cong. 3 sess. I. pt. 2, No. 1, pt. 2, p. 407.

~1857, Feb. 11.~ Slave Trade: Letter from the Secretary of State, asking an appropriation for the suppression of the slave trade, etc. _House Exec Doc._, 34 Cong. 3 sess. IX. No. 70.

~1857, Dec. 3.~ Report of the Secretary of the Navy. _House Exec Doc._, 35 Cong. 1 sess. II. pt. 3, No. 2, pt. 3, p. 576.

~1858, April 23.~ Message of the President ... communicating ... reports of the Secretary of State and the Secretary of the Navy, with accompanying papers, in relation to the African slave trade. _Senate Exec. Doc._, 35 Cong. 1 sess. XII. No. 49. (Valuable.)

~1858, Dec. 6.~ Report of the Secretary of the Navy. _House Exec. Doc._, 35 Cong. 2 sess. II. pt. 4, No. 2, pt. 4, pp. 5, 13-4.

~1859, Jan. 12.~ Message of the President ... relative to the landing of the barque Wanderer on the coast of Georgia, etc. _Senate Exec. Doc._, 35 Cong. 2 sess. VII. No. 8. See also _House Exec. Doc._, 35 Cong. 2 sess. IX. No. 89.

~1859, March 1.~ Instructions to African squadron: Message from the President, etc. _House Exec. Doc._, 35 Cong. 2 sess. IX. No. 104.

~1859, Dec. 2.~ Report of the Secretary of the Navy. _Senate Exec. Doc._, 36 Cong. 1 sess. III. No. 2, pt. 3, pp. 1138-9, 1149-50.

~1860, Jan. 25.~ Memorial of the American Missionary Association, praying the rigorous enforcement of the laws for the suppression of the African slave-trade, etc. _Senate Misc. Doc._, 36 Cong. 1 sess. No. 8.

~1860, April 24.~ Message from the President ... in answer to a resolution of the House calling for the number of persons ... belonging to the African squadron, who have died, etc. _House Exec. Doc._, 36 Cong. 1 sess. XII. No. 73.

~1860, May 19.~ Message of the President ... relative to the capture of the slaver Wildfire, etc. _Senate Exec. Doc._, 36 Cong. 1 sess. XI. No. 44.

~1860, May 22.~ Capture of the slaver "William": Message from the President ... transmitting correspondence relative to the capture of the slaver "William," etc. _House Exec. Doc._, 36 Cong. 1 sess. XII. No. 83.

~1860, May 31.~ The Slave Trade ... Report: "The Committee on the Judiciary, to whom was referred Senate Bill No. 464, ... together with the messages of the President ... relative to the capture of the slavers 'Wildfire' and 'William,' ... respectfully report," etc. _House Reports_, 36 Cong. 1 sess. IV. No. 602.

~1860, June 16.~ Recaptured Africans: Letter from the Secretary of the Interior, on the subject of the return to Africa of recaptured Africans, etc. _House Misc. Doc._, 36 Cong. 1 sess. VII. No. 96. Cf. _Ibid._, No. 97, p. 2.

~1860, Dec. 1.~ Report of the Secretary of the Navy. _Senate Exec. Doc._, 36 Cong. 2 sess. III. pt. 1, No. 1, pt. 3, pp. 8-9.

~1860, Dec. 6.~ African Slave Trade: Message from the President ... transmitting ... a report from the Secretary of State in reference to the African slave trade. _House Exec. Doc._, 36 Cong. 2 sess. IV. No. 7. (Voluminous document, containing chiefly correspondence, orders, etc., 1855-1860.)

~1860, Dec. 17.~ Deficiencies of Appropriation, etc.: Letter from the Secretary of the Interior, communicating estimates for deficiencies in the appropriation for the suppression of the slave trade, etc. _House Exec. Doc._, 36 Cong. 2 sess. V. No. 11. (Contains names of captured slavers.)

~1861, July 4.~ Report of the Secretary of the Navy. _Senate Exec. Doc._, 37 Cong. 1 sess. No. 1, pp. 92, 97.

~1861, Dec. 2.~ Report of the Secretary of the Navy. _Senate Exec. Doc._, 37 Cong. 2 sess. Vol. III. pt. 1, No. 1, pt. 3, pp. 11, 21.

~1861, Dec. 18.~ In Relation to Captured Africans: Letter from the Secretary of the Interior ... as to contracts for returning and subsistence of captured Africans. _House Exec. Doc._, 37 Cong. 2 sess. I. No. 12.

~1862, April 1.~ Letter of the Secretary of the Interior ... in relation to the slave vessel the "Bark Augusta." _Senate Exec. Doc._, 37 Cong. 2 sess. V. No. 40.

~1862, May 30.~ Letter of the Secretary of the Interior ... in relation to persons who have been arrested in the southern district of New York, from the 1st day of May, 1852, to the 1st day of May, 1862, charged with being engaged in the slave trade, etc. _Senate Exec. Doc._, 37 Cong. 2 sess. V. No. 53.

~1862, June 10.~ Message of the President ... transmitting a copy of the treaty between the United States and her Britannic Majesty for the suppression of the African slave trade. _Senate Exec. Doc._, 37 Cong. 2 sess. V. No. 57. (Also contains correspondence.)

~1862, Dec. 1.~ Report of the Secretary of the Navy. _House Exec. Doc._, 37 Cong. 3 sess. III. No. 1, pt. 3, p. 23.

~1863, Jan. 7.~ Liberated Africans: Letter from the Acting Secretary of the Interior ... transmitting reports from Agent Seys in relation to care of liberated Africans. _House Exec. Doc._, 37 Cong. 3 sess. V. No. 28.

~1864, July 2.~ Message of the President ... communicating ... information in regard to the African slave trade. _Senate Exec. Doc._, 38 Cong. 1 sess. No. 56.

~1866-69.~ Reports of the Secretary of the Navy. _House Exec. Doc._, 39 Cong. 2 sess. IV. No. 1, pt. 6, pp. 12, 18-9; 40 Cong. 2 sess. IV. No. 1, p. 11; 40 Cong. 3 sess. IV. No. 1, p. ix; 41 Cong. 2 sess. I. No. 1, pp. 4, 5, 9, 10.

~1870, March 2.~ [Resolution on the slave-trade submitted to the Senate by Mr. Wilson]. _Senate Misc. Doc._, 41 Cong. 2 sess. No. 66.

~GENERAL BIBLIOGRAPHY.~

John Quincy Adams. Argument before the Supreme Court of the United States, in the case of the United States, Appellants, _vs._ Cinque, and Others, Africans, captured in the schooner Amistad, by Lieut. Gedney, delivered on the 24th of Feb. and 1st of March, 1841. With a Review of the case of the Antelope. New York, 1841.

An African Merchant (anon.). A Treatise upon the Trade from Great-Britain to Africa; Humbly recommended to the Attention of Government. London, 1772.

The African Slave Trade: Its Nature, Consequences, and Extent. From the Leeds Mercury. [Birmingham, 183-.]

The African Slave Trade: The Secret Purpose of the Insurgents to Revive it. No Treaty Stipulations against the Slave Trade to be entered into with the European Powers, etc. Philadelphia, 1863.

George William Alexander. Letters on the Slave-Trade, Slavery, and Emancipation, etc. London, 1842. (Contains Bibliography.)

American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society; Reports.

American Anti-Slavery Society. Memorial for the Abolition of Slavery and the Slave Trade. London, 1841.

----. Reports and Proceedings.

American Colonization Society. Annual Reports, 1818-1860. (Cf. above, United States Documents.)

J.A. Andrew and A.G. Browne, proctors. Circuit Court of the United States, Massachusetts District, ss. In Admiralty. The United States, by Information, _vs._ the Schooner Wanderer and Cargo, G. Lamar, Claimant. Boston, 1860.

Edward Armstrong, editor. The Record of the Court at Upland, in Pennsylvania. 1676-1681. Philadelphia, 1860. (In _Memoirs_ of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, VII. 11.)

Samuel Greene Arnold. History of the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations. 2 vols. New York, 1859-60. (See Index to Vol. II., "Slave Trade.")

Assiento, or, Contract for allowing to the Subjects of Great Britain the Liberty of Importing Negroes into the Spanish America. Sign'd by the Catholick King at Madrid, the Twenty sixth Day of March, 1713. By Her Majesties special Command. London, 1713.

R.S. Baldwin. Argument before the Supreme Court of the United States, in the case of the United States, Appellants, _vs._ Cinque, and Others, Africans of the Amistad. New York, 1841.

James Bandinel. Some Account of the Trade in Slaves from Africa as connected with Europe and America; From the Introduction of the Trade into Modern Europe, down to the present Time; especially with reference to the efforts made by the British Government for its extinction. London, 1842.

Anthony Benezet. Inquiry into the Rise and Progress of the Slave Trade, 1442-1771. (In his Historical Account of Guinea, etc., Philadelphia, 1771.)

----. Notes on the Slave Trade, etc. [1780?].

Thomas Hart Benton. Abridgment of the Debates of Congress, from 1789 to 1856. 16 vols. Washington, 1857-61.

Edward Bettle. Notices of Negro Slavery, as connected with Pennsylvania. (Read before the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, Aug. 7, 1826. Printed in _Memoirs_ of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, Vol. I. Philadelphia, 1864.)

W.O. Blake. History of Slavery and the Slave Trade, Ancient and Modern. Columbus, 1859.

Jeffrey R. Brackett. The Status of the Slave, 1775-1789. (Essay V. in Jameson's _Essays in the Constitutional History of the United States, 1775-89_. Boston, 1889.)

Thomas Branagan. Serious Remonstrances, addressed to the Citizens of the Northern States and their Representatives, on the recent Revival of the Slave Trade in this Republic. Philadelphia, 1805.

British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society. Annual and Special Reports.

----. Proceedings of the general Anti-Slavery Convention, called by the committee of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, and held in London, ... June, 1840. London, 1841.

[A British Merchant.] The African Trade, the Great Pillar and Support of the British Plantation Trade in America: shewing, etc. London, 1745.

[British Parliament, House of Lords.] Report of the Lords of the Committee of the Council appointed for the Confederation of all Matters relating to Trade and Foreign Plantations, etc. 2 vols. [London,] 1789.

William Brodie. Modern Slavery and the Slave Trade: a Lecture, etc. London, 1860.

Thomas Fowell Buxton. The African Slave Trade and its Remedy. London, 1840.

John Elliot Cairnes. The Slave Power: its Character, Career, and Probable Designs. London, 1862.

Henry C. Carey. The Slave Trade, Domestic and Foreign: why it Exists and how it may be Extinguished. Philadelphia, 1853.

[Lewis Cass]. An Examination of the Question, now in Discussion, ... concerning the Right of Search. By an American. [Philadelphia, 1842.]

William Ellery Channing. The Duty of the Free States, or Remarks suggested by the case of the Creole. Boston, 1842.

David Christy. Ethiopia, her Gloom and Glory, as illustrated in the History of the Slave Trade, etc. (1442-1857.) Cincinnati, 1857.

Rufus W. Clark. The African Slave Trade. Boston, [1860.]

Thomas Clarkson. An Essay on the Comparative Efficiency of Regulation or Abolition, as applied to the Slave Trade. Shewing that the latter only can remove the evils to be found in that commerce. London, 1789.

----. An Essay on the Impolicy of the African Slave Trade. In two parts. Second edition. London, 1788.

----. An Essay on the Slavery and Commerce of the Human Species, particularly the African. London and Dublin, 1786.

----. The History of the Rise, Progress, and Accomplishment of the Abolition of the African Slave-Trade, by the British Parliament. 2 vols. Philadelphia, 1808.

Michael W. Cluskey. The Political Text-Book, or Encyclopedia ... for the Reference of Politicians and Statesmen. Fourteenth edition. Philadelphia, 1860.

T.R.R. Cobb. An Historical Sketch of Slavery, from the Earliest Periods. Philadelphia and Savannah. 1858.

T.R.R. Cobb. Inquiry into the Law of Negro Slavery in the United States of America. Vol. I. Philadelphia and Savannah, 1858.

Company of Royal Adventurers. The Several Declarations of the Company of Royal Adventurers of England trading into Africa, inviting all His Majesties Native Subjects in general to Subscribe, and become Sharers in their Joynt-stock, etc. [London,] 1667.

Confederate States of America. By Authority of Congress: The Statutes at Large of the Provisional Government of the Confederate States of America, from the Institution of the Government, Feb. 8, 1861, to its Termination, Feb. 18, 1862, Inclusive, etc. (Contains provisional and permanent constitutions.) Edited by James M. Matthews. Richmond, 1864.

Constitution of a Society for Abolishing the Slave-Trade. With Several Acts of the Legislatures of the States of Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode-Island, for that Purpose. Printed by John Carter. Providence, 1789.

Continental Congress. Journals and Secret Journals.

Moncure D. Conway. Omitted Chapters of History disclosed in the Life and Papers of Edmund Randolph, etc. New York and London, 1888.

Thomas Cooper. Letters on the Slave Trade. Manchester, Eng., 1787.

Correspondence with British Ministers and Agents in Foreign Countries, and with Foreign Ministers in England, relative to the Slave Trade, 1859-60. London, 1860.

The Creole Case, and Mr. Webster's Despatch; with the comments of the New York "American." New York, 1842.

B.R. Curtis. Reports of Decisions in the Supreme Court of the United States. With Notes, and a Digest. Fifth edition. 22 vols. Boston, 1870.

James Dana. The African Slave Trade. A Discourse delivered ... September, 9, 1790, before the Connecticut Society for the Promotion of Freedom. New Haven, 1791.

Henry B. Dawson, editor. The Foederalist: A Collection of Essays, written in favor of the New Constitution, as agreed upon by the Foederal Convention, September 17, 1787. Reprinted from the Original Text. With an Historical Introduction and Notes. Vol. I. New York, 1863.

Paul Dean. A Discourse delivered before the African Society ... in Boston, Mass., on the Abolition of the Slave Trade ... July 14, 1819. Boston, 1819.

Charles Deane. The Connection of Massachusetts with Slavery and the Slave-Trade, etc. Worcester, 1886. (Also in _Proceedings_ of the American Antiquarian Society, October, 1886.)

----. Charles Deane. Letters and Documents relating to Slavery in Massachusetts. (In _Collections_ of the Massachusetts Historical Society, 5th Series, III. 373.)

Debate on a Motion for the Abolition of the Slave-Trade, in the House of Commons, on Monday and Tuesday, April 18 and 19, 1791. Reported in detail. London, 1791.

J.D.B. De Bow. The Commercial Review of the South and West. (Also De Bow's Review of the Southern and Western States.) 38 vols. New Orleans, 1846-69.

Franklin B. Dexter. Estimates of Population in the American Colonies. Worcester, 1887.

Captain Richard Drake. Revelations of a Slave Smuggler: being the Autobiography of Capt. Richard Drake, an African Trader for fifty years--from 1807 to 1857, etc. New York, [1860.]

Daniel Drayton. Personal Memoir, etc. Including a Narrative of the Voyage and Capture of the Schooner Pearl. Published by the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, Boston and New York, 1855.

John Drayton. Memoirs of the American Revolution. 2 vols. Charleston, 1821.

Paul Dudley. An Essay on the Merchandize of Slaves and Souls of Men. Boston, 1731.

Edward E. Dunbar. The Mexican Papers, containing the History of the Rise and Decline of Commercial Slavery in America, with reference to the Future of Mexico. First Series, No. 5. New York, 1861.

Jonathan Edwards. The Injustice and Impolicy of the Slave Trade, and of the Slavery of the Africans, etc. [New Haven,] 1791.

Jonathan Elliot. The Debates ... on the adoption of the Federal Constitution, etc. 4 vols. Washington, 1827-30.

Emerson Etheridge. Speech ... on the Revival of the African Slave Trade, etc. Washington, 1857.

Alexander Falconbridge. An Account of the Slave Trade on the Coast of Africa. London, 1788.

Andrew H. Foote. Africa and the American Flag. New York, 1854.

----. The African Squadron: Ashburton Treaty; Consular Sea Letters. Philadelphia, 1855.

Peter Force. American Archives, etc. In Six Series. Prepared and Published under Authority of an act of Congress. Fourth and Fifth Series. 9 vols. Washington, 1837-53.

Paul Leicester Ford. The Association of the First Congress, (In Political Science Quarterly, VI. 613.)

----. Pamphlets on the Constitution of the United States, published during its Discussion by the People, 1787-8. (With Bibliography, etc.) Brooklyn, 1888.

William Chauncey Fowler. Local Law in Massachusetts and Connecticut, Historically considered; and The Historical Status of the Negro, in Connecticut, etc. Albany, 1872, and New Haven, 1875.

[Benjamin Franklin.] An Essay on the African Slave Trade. Philadelphia, 1790.

[Friends.] Address to the Citizens of the United States of America on the subject of Slavery, etc. (At New York Yearly Meeting.) New York, 1837.

----. An Appeal on the Iniquity of Slavery and the Slave Trade. (At London Yearly Meeting.) London and Cincinnati, 1844.

----. The Appeal of the Religious Society of Friends in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, etc., [Yearly Meeting] to their Fellow-Citizens of the United States on behalf of the Coloured Races. Philadelphia, 1858.

----. A Brief Statement of the Rise and Progress of the Testimony of the Religious Society of Friends against Slavery and the Slave Trade. 1671-1787. (At Yearly Meeting in Philadelphia.) Philadelphia, 1843.

----. The Case of our Fellow-Creatures, the Oppressed Africans, respectfully recommended to the Serious Consideration of the Legislature of Great-Britain, by the People called Quakers. (At London Meeting.) London, 1783 and 1784. (This volume contains many tracts on the African slave-trade, especially in the West Indies; also descriptions of trade, proposed legislation, etc.)

[Friends.] An Exposition of the African Slave Trade, from the year 1840, to 1850, inclusive. Prepared from official documents. Philadelphia, 1857.

----. Extracts and Observations on the Foreign Slave Trade. Philadelphia, 1839.

----. Facts and Observations relative to the Participation of American Citizens in the African Slave Trade. Philadelphia, 1841.

----. Faits relatifs à la Traite des Noirs, et Détails sur Sierra Leone; par la Société des Ames. Paris, 1824.

----. Germantown Friends' Protest against Slavery, 1688. Fac-simile Copy. Philadelphia, 1880.

----. Observations on the Inslaving, importing and purchasing of Negroes; with some Advice thereon, extracted from the Epistle of the Yearly-Meeting of the People called Quakers, held at London in the Year 1748. Second edition. Germantown, 1760.

----. Proceedings in relation to the Presentation of the Address of the [Great Britain and Ireland] Yearly Meeting on the Slave-Trade and Slavery, to Sovereigns and those in Authority in the nations of Europe, and in other parts of the world, where the Christian religion is professed. Cincinnati, 1855.

----. Slavery and the Domestic Slave Trade in the United States. By the committee appointed by the late Yearly Meeting of Friends held in Philadelphia, in 1839. Philadelphia, 1841.

----. A View of the Present State of the African Slave Trade. Philadelphia, 1824.

Carl Garcis. Das Heutige Völkerrecht und der Menschenhandel. Eine völkerrechtliche Abhandlung, zugleich Ausgabe des deutschen Textes der Verträge von 20. Dezember 1841 und 29. März 1879. Berlin, 1879.

----. Der Sklavenhandel, das Völkerrecht, und das deutsche Recht. (In Deutsche Zeit- und Streit-Fragen, No. 13.) Berlin, 1885.

Agénor Étienne de Gasparin. Esclavage et Traite. Paris, 1838.

Joshua R. Giddings. Speech ... on his motion to reconsider the vote taken upon the final passage of the "Bill for the relief of the owners of slaves lost from on Board the Comet and Encomium." [Washington, 1843.]

Benjamin Godwin. The Substance of a Course of Lectures on British Colonial Slavery, delivered at Bradford, York, and Scarborough. London, 1830.

----. Lectures on Slavery. From the London edition, with additions. Edited by W.S. Andrews. Boston, 1836.

William Goodell. The American Slave Code in Theory and Practice: its Distinctive Features shown by its Statutes, Judicial Decisions, and Illustrative Facts. New York, 1853.

----. Slavery and Anti-Slavery; A History of the great Struggle in both Hemispheres; with a view of the Slavery Question in the United States. New York, 1852.

Daniel R. Goodloe. The Birth of the Republic. Chicago, [1889.]

[Great Britain.] British and Foreign State Papers.

----. Sessional Papers. (For notices of slave-trade in British Sessional Papers, see Bates Hall Catalogue, Boston Public Library, pp. 347 _et seq._)

[Great Britain: Parliament.] Chronological Table and Index of the Statutes, Eleventh Edition, to the end of the Session 52 and 53 Victoria, (1889.) By Authority. London, 1890.

[Great Britain: Record Commission.] The Statutes of the Realm. Printed by command of His Majesty King George the Third ... From Original Records and Authentic Manuscripts. 9 vols. London, 1810-22.

George Gregory. Essays, Historical and Moral. Second edition. London, 1788. (Essays 7 and 8: Of Slavery and the Slave Trade; A Short Review, etc.)

Pope Gregory XVI. To Catholic Citizens! The Pope's Bull [for the Abolition of the Slave Trade], and the words of Daniel O'Connell [on American Slavery.] New York, [1856.]

H. Hall. Slavery in New Hampshire. (In _New England Register_, XXIX. 247.)

Isaac W. Hammond. Slavery in New Hampshire in the Olden Time. (In _Granite Monthly_, IV. 108.)

James H. Hammond. Letters on Southern Slavery: addressed to Thomas Clarkson. [Charleston, (?)].

Robert G. Harper. Argument against the Policy of Reopening the African Slave Trade. Atlanta, Ga., 1858.

Samuel Hazard, editor. The Register of Pennsylvania. 16 vols. Philadelphia, 1828-36.

Hinton R. Helper. The Impending Crisis of the South: How to Meet it. Enlarged edition. New York, 1860.

Lewis and Sir Edward Hertslet, compilers. A Complete Collection of the Treaties and Conventions, and Reciprocal Regulations, at present subsisting between Great Britain and Foreign Powers, and of the Laws, Decrees, and Orders in Council, concerning the same; so far as they relate to Commerce and Navigation, ... the Slave Trade, etc. 17 vols., (Vol. XVI., Index.) London, 1840-90.

William B. Hodgson. The Foulahs of Central Africa, and the African Slave Trade. [New York, (?)] 1843.

John Codman Hurd. The Law of Freedom and Bondage in the United States. 2 vols. Boston and New York, 1858, 1862.

----. The International Law of the Slave Trade, and the Maritime Right of Search. (In the American Jurist, XXVI. 330.)

----. The Jamaica Movement, for promoting the Enforcement of the Slave-Trade Treaties, and the Suppression of the Slave-Trade; with statements of Fact, Convention, and Law: prepared at the request of the Kingston Committee. London, 1850.

William Jay. Miscellaneous Writings on Slavery. Boston, 1853.

----. A View of the Action of the Federal Government, in Behalf of Slavery. New York, 1839.

T. and J.W. Johnson. Inquiry into the Law of Negro Slavery in the United States.

Alexandre Moreau de Jonnès. Recherches Statistiques sur l'Esclavage Colonial et sur les Moyens de le supprimer. Paris, 1842.

M.A. Juge. The American Planter: or The Bound Labor Interest in the United States. New York, 1854.

Friedrich Kapp. Die Sklavenfrage in den Vereinigten Staaten. Göttingen and New York, 1854.

----. Geschichte der Sklaverei in den Vereinigten Staaten von Amerika. Hamburg, 1861.

Frederic Kidder. The Slave Trade in Massachusetts. (In _New-England Historical and Genealogical Register_, XXXI. 75.)

George Lawrence. An Oration on the Abolition of the Slave Trade ... Jan. 1, 1813. New York, 1813.

William B. Lawrence. Visitation and Search; or, An Historical Sketch of the British Claim to exercise a Maritime Police over the Vessels of all Nations, in Peace as well as in War. Boston, 1858.

Letter from ... in London, to his Friend in America, on the ... Slave Trade, etc. New York, 1784.

Thomas Lloyd. Debates of the Convention of the State of Pennsylvania on the Constitution, proposed for the Government of the United States. In two volumes. Vol. I. Philadelphia, 1788.

London Anti-Slavery Society. The Foreign Slave Trade, A Brief Account of its State, of the Treaties which have been entered into, and of the Laws enacted for its Suppression, from the date of the English Abolition Act to the present time. London, 1837.

----. The Foreign Slave Trade, etc., No. 2. London, 1838.

London Society for the Extinction of the Slave Trade, and for the Civilization of Africa. Proceedings at the first Public Meeting, held at Exeter Hall, on Monday, 1st June, 1840. London, 1840.

Theodore Lyman, Jr. The Diplomacy of the United States, etc. Second edition. 2 vols. Boston, 1828.

Hugh M'Call. The History of Georgia, containing Brief Sketches of the most Remarkable Events, up to the Present Day. 2 vols. Savannah, 1811-16.

Marion J. McDougall. Fugitive Slaves. Boston, 1891.

John Fraser Macqueen. Chief Points in the Laws of War and Neutrality, Search and Blockade, etc. London and Edinburgh, 1862.

R.R. Madden. A Letter to W.E. Channing, D.D., on the subject of the Abuse of the Flag of the United States in the Island of Cuba, and the Advantage taken of its Protection in promoting the Slave Trade. Boston, 1839.

James Madison. Letters and Other Writings of James Madison, Fourth President of the United States. In four volumes. Published by order of Congress. Philadelphia, 1865.

James Madison. The Papers of James Madison, purchased by order of Congress; being his Correspondence and Reports of Debates during the Congress of the Confederation and his Reports of Debates in the Federal Convention. 3 vols. Washington, 1840.

Marana (pseudonym). The Future of America. Considered ... in View of ... Re-opening the Slave Trade. Boston, 1858.

E. Marining. Six Months on a Slaver. New York, 1879.

George C. Mason. The African Slave Trade in Colonial Times. (In American Historical Record, I. 311, 338.)

Frederic G. Mather. Slavery in the Colony and State of New York. (In _Magazine of American History_, XI. 408.)

Samuel May, Jr. Catalogue of Anti-Slavery Publications in America, 1750-1863. (Contains bibliography of periodical literature.)

Memorials presented to the Congress of the United States of America, by the Different Societies instituted for promoting the Abolition of Slavery, etc., etc., in the States of Rhode-Island, Connecticut, New-York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia. Philadelphia, 1792.

Charles F. Mercer. Mémoires relatifs à l'Abolition de la Traite Africaine, etc. Paris, 1855.

C.W. Miller. Address on Re-opening the Slave Trade ... August 29, 1857. Columbia, S.C., 1857.

George H. Moore. Notes on the History of Slavery in Massachusetts. New York, 1866.

----. Slavery in Massachusetts. (In _Historical Magazine_, XV. 329.)

Jedidiah Morse. A Discourse ... July 14, 1808, in Grateful Celebration of the Abolition of the African Slave-Trade by the Governments of the United States, Great Britain and Denmark. Boston, 1808.

John Pennington, Lord Muncaster. Historical Sketches of the Slave Trade and its effect on Africa, addressed to the People of Great Britain. London, 1792.

Edward Needles. An Historical Memoir of the Pennsylvania Society, for Promoting the Abolition of Slavery. Philadelphia, 1848.

New England Anti-Slavery Convention. Proceedings at Boston, May 27, 1834. Boston, 1834.

Hezekiah Niles (_et al._), editors. The Weekly Register, etc. 71 vols. Baltimore, 1811-1847. (For Slave-Trade, see I. 224; III. 189; V. 30, 46; VI. 152; VII. 54, 96, 286, 350; VIII. 136, 190, 262, 302, Supplement, p. 155; IX. 60, 78, 133, 172, 335; X. 296, 400, 412, 427; XI. 15, 108, 156, 222, 336, 399; XII. 58, 60, 103, 122, 159, 219, 237, 299, 347, 397, 411.)

Robert Norris. A Short Account of the African Slave-Trade. A new edition corrected. London, 1789.

E.B. O'Callaghan, translator. Voyages of the Slavers St. John and Arms of Amsterdam, 1659, 1663; with additional papers illustrative of the Slave Trade under the Dutch. Albany, 1867. (New York Colonial Tracts, No. 3.)

Frederick Law Olmsted. A Journey in the Back Country. New York, 1860.

----. A Journey in the Seaboard Slave States, etc. New York, 1856.

----. A Journey through Texas, etc. New York, 1857.

----. The Cotton Kingdom, etc. 2 vols. New York, 1861.

Sir W.G. Ouseley. Notes on the Slave Trade; with Remarks on the Measures adopted for its Suppression. London, 1850.

Pennsylvania Historical Society. The Charlemagne Tower Collection of American Colonial Laws. (Bibliography.) Philadelphia, 1890.

Edward A. Pollard. Black Diamonds gathered in the Darkey Homes of the South. New York, 1859.

William F. Poole. Anti-Slavery Opinions before the Year 1800. To which is appended a fac-simile reprint of Dr. George Buchanan's Oration on the Moral and Political Evil of Slavery, etc. Cincinnati, 1873.

Robert Proud. History of Pennsylvania. 2 vols. Philadelphia. 1797-8.

[James Ramsay.] An Inquiry into the Effects of putting a Stop to the African Slave Trade, and of granting Liberty to the Slaves in the British Sugar Colonies. London, 1784.

[James Ramsey.] Objections to the Abolition of the Slave Trade, with Answers, etc. Second edition. London, 1788.

[John Ranby.] Observations on the Evidence given before the Committees of the Privy Council and House of Commons in Support of the Bill for Abolishing the Slave Trade. London, 1791.

Remarks on the Colonization of the Western Coast of Africa, by the Free Negroes of the United States, etc. New York, 1850.

Right of Search. Reply to an "American's Examination" of the "Right of Search, etc." By an Englishman. London, 1842.

William Noel Sainsbury, editor. Calendar of State Papers, Colonial Series, America and the West Indies, 1574-1676. 4 vols. London, 1860-93.

George Sauer. La Traite et l'Esclavage des Noirs. London, 1863.

George S. Sawyer. Southern Institutes; or, An Inquiry into the Origin and Early Prevalence of Slavery and the Slave-Trade. Philadelphia, 1858.

Selections from the Revised Statutes: Containing all the Laws relating to Slaves, etc. New York, 1830.

Johann J. Sell. Versuch einer Geschichte des Negersclavenhandels. Halle, 1791.

[Granville Sharp.] Extract of a Letter to a Gentleman in Maryland; Wherein is demonstrated the extreme wickedness of tolerating the Slave Trade. Fourth edition. London, 1806.

A Short Account of that part of Africa Inhabited by the Negroes, ... and the Manner by which the Slave Trade is carried on. Third edition. London, 1768.

A Short Sketch of the Evidence for the Abolition of the Slave-Trade. Philadelphia, 1792.

Joseph Sidney. An Oration commemorative of the Abolition of the Slave Trade in the United States.... Jan. 2. 1809. New York, 1809.

[A Slave Holder.] Remarks upon Slavery and the Slave-Trade, addressed to the Hon. Henry Clay. 1839.

The Slave Trade in New York. (In the _Continental Monthly_, January, 1862, p. 86.)

Joseph Smith. A Descriptive Catalogue of Friends' Books. (Bibliography.) 2 vols. London, 1867.

Capt. William Snelgrave. A New Account of some Parts of Guinea, and the Slave-Trade. London, 1734.

South Carolina. General Assembly (House), 1857. Report of the Special Committee of the House of Representatives ... on so much of the Message of His Excellency Gov. Jas. H. Adams, as relates to Slavery and the Slave Trade. Columbia, S.C., 1857.

L.W. Spratt. A Protest from South Carolina against a Decision of the Southern Congress: Slave Trade in the Southern Congress. (In Littell's _Living Age_, Third Series, LXVIII. 801.)

----. Speech upon the Foreign Slave Trade, before the Legislature of South Carolina. Columbia, S.C., 1858.

----. The Foreign Slave Trade the Source of Political Power, etc. Charleston, 1858.

William Stith. The History of the First Discovery and Settlement of Virginia. Virginia and London, 1753.

George M. Stroud. A Sketch of the Laws relating to Slavery in the Several States of the United States of America. Philadelphia, 1827.

James Swan. A Dissuasion to Great-Britain and the Colonies: from the Slave-Trade to Africa. Shewing the Injustice thereof, etc. Revised and Abridged. Boston, 1773.

F.T. Texugo. A Letter on the Slave Trade still carried on along the Eastern Coast of Africa, etc. London, 1839.

R. Thorpe. A View of the Present Increase of the Slave Trade, the Cause of that Increase, and a mode for effecting its total Annihilation. London, 1818.

Jesse Torrey. A Portraiture of Domestic Slavery ... and a Project of Colonial Asylum for Free Persons of Colour. Philadelphia, 1817.

Drs. Tucker and Belknap. Queries respecting the Slavery and Emancipation of Negroes in Massachusetts, proposed by the Hon. Judge Tucker of Virginia, and answered by the Rev. Dr. Belknap. (In Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society, First Series, IV. 191.)

David Turnbull. Travels in the West. Cuba; with Notices of Porto Rico, and the Slave Trade. London, 1840.

United States Congress. Annals of Congress, 1789-1824; Congressional Debates, 1824-37; Congressional Globe, 1833-73; Congressional Record, 1873-; Documents (House and Senate); Executive Documents (House and Senate); Journals (House and Senate); Miscellaneous Documents (House and Senate); Reports (House and Senate); Statutes at Large.

United States Supreme Court. Reports of Decisions.

Charles W. Upham. Speech in the House of Representatives, Massachusetts, on the Compromises of the Constitution, with an Appendix containing the Ordinance of 1787. Salem, 1849.

Virginia State Convention. Proceedings and Debates, 1829-30. Richmond, 1830.

G. Wadleigh. Slavery in New Hampshire. (In _Granite Monthly_, VI. 377.)

Emory Washburn. Extinction of Slavery in Massachusetts. (In Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society, May, 1857. Boston, 1859.)

William B. Weeden. Economic and Social History of New England, 1620-1789. 2 vols. Boston, 1890.

Henry Wheaton. Enquiry into the Validity of the British Claim to a Right of Visitation and Search of American Vessels suspected to be engaged in the African Slave-Trade. Philadelphia, 1842.

William H. Whitmore. The Colonial Laws of Massachusetts. Reprinted from the Edition of 1660, with the Supplements to 1772. Containing also the Body of Liberties of 1641. Boston, 1889.

George W. Williams. History of the Negro Race in America from 1619 to 1880. 2 vols. New York, 1883.

Henry Wilson. History of the Antislavery Measures of the Thirty-seventh and Thirty-eighth United-States Congresses, 1861-64. Boston, 1864.

----. History of the Rise and Fall of the Slave Power in America. 3 vols. Boston, 1872-7.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] The Reports of the Secretary of the Navy are found among the documents accompanying the annual messages of the President.

* * * * *

Index

ABOLITION of slave-trade by Europe, 145 n.

Abolition Societies, organization of, 42, 74; petitions of, 79, 80-85.

Adams, C.F., 151.

Adams, J.Q., on Right of Search, 139; proposes Treaty of 1824, 140; message, 271-72.

Adams, Governor of S.C., message on slave-trade, 169, 170, 289-90.

Advertisements for smuggled slaves, 182 n.

Africa, English trade to, 10, 12-13; Dutch trade to, 24-25; Colonial trade to, 26, 35, 36, 41-42, 47, 75, 76; "Association" and trade to, 47, 52; American trade to, 88, 112, 113, 116, 148, 179, 180, 181-82, 185-87; reopening of trade to, 168-92.

African Agency, establishment, 124, 126; attempts to abolish, 156; history, 158.

"African Labor Supply Association," 176.

African Society of London, 113.

African squadron, establishment of, 123, 124; activity of, 128, 129, 146, 148, 157, 159, 184, 185, 186, 191.

Aix-la-Chapelle, Peace, 11; Congress, 137 n.

Alabama, in Commercial Convention, 170; State statutes, 112, 254, 263-64, 287-88.

Alston, speeches on Act of 1807, 99 n., 101 n., 102 n.

Amelia Island, illicit traffic at, 116, 117, 121, 254; capture of, 118, 257.

Amendments to slave-trade clause in Constitution proposed, 72, 94, 111 n., 183, 248-51, 253, 258, 266, 298, 299.

American Missionary Society, petition, 182.

"L'Amistad," case of, 143, 311.

Anderson, minister to Colombia, 142 n.

"Antelope" ("Ramirez"), case of, 129 n., 132, 284.

"Apprentices," African, importation of, 172, 177; Louisiana bill on, 177; Congressional bill on, 183.

Appropriations to suppress the slave-trade, chronological list of, 125 n.; from 1820 to 1850, 157-58; from 1850 to 1860, 183; from 1860 to 1870, 190; statutes, 255, 265, 272-76, 277-78, 285, 286-89, 291, 294, 297, 300, 301, 304.

Argentine Confederation, 144 n.

Arkansas, 170.

Arkwright, Richard, 152.

Ashmun, Jehudi, 158.

Assiento treaty, 4, 206, 207; influence of, 7, 22, 45.

"Association," the, reasons leading to, 47, 48; establishment of, 50, 51; results of, 52-53.

Atherton, J., speech of, 72.

"Augusta," case of the slaver, 315.

Aury, Capt., buccaneer, 116.

Austria, at Congress of Vienna, 155-56; at Congress of Verona, 139-40; signs Quintuple Treaty, 147, 281.

Ayres, Eli, U.S. African agent, 158; report of, 128, 129.

BABBIT, William, slave-trader, 131 n.

Bacon, Samuel, African agent, 126, 158.

Badger, Joseph, slave-trader, 131 n.

Baldwin, Abraham, in Federal Convention, 59, 60, 63, 65; in Congress, 81, 108.

Baltimore, slave-trade at, 131-32, 165, 166.

Banks, N.P., 192, 305.

Barancas, Fort, 120.

Barbadoes, 12.

Bard (of Pa.), Congressman, 90.

Barksdale, Wm. (of Miss.), 175.

Barnwell, Robert (of S.C.), 70.

Barry, Robert, slave-trader, 165.

Bay Island slave-depot, 166.

Bayard, J.A. (of Del.), Congressman, 87.

Bedinger, G.M. (of Ky.), 89 n.

Belgium, 150.

Belknap, J. (of Mass.), 77.

Benezet, Anthony, 29.

Benton, Thomas H., 140, 156, 285.

Betton (of N.H.), Congressman, 109 n.

Biblical Codes of Law, 26, 37, 44 n.

Bidwell (of Mass.), Congressman, 99 n., 100 n., 102 n., 104 n., 108-10, 111, 252.

Blanco and Caballo, slave-traders, 165.

Bland, T. (of Va.), Congressman, 81.

Bolivia, 144 n.

Border States, interstate slave-trade from, 155; legislation of, 76; see also under individual States.

Boston, slave-trade at, 37, 85, 166, 184.

Bozal Negroes, 166.

Braddock's Expedition, 21.

Bradley, S.R., Senator, 98, 107, 108.

Brazil, slave-trade to, 25, 114, 144, 163, 164, 171, 179, 275; slaves in, 133; proposed conference with, 150; squadron on coasts of, 160.

Brazos Santiago, 180.

Brown (of Miss.), Congressman, 175.

Brown, John (of Va.), slave-trader, 52.

Brown, John (of R.I.), 85-87.

Buchanan, James A., refuses to co-operate with England, 151; issues "Ostend Manifesto," 177; as president, enforces slave-trade laws, 186; messages, 291, 294-95, 298.

Buchanan, Governor of Sierra Leone, 164.

Bullock, Collector of Revenue, 116.

Burgesses, Virginia House of, petitions vs. slave-trade, 21; declares vs. slave-trade, 21; in "Association," 48.

Burke, Aedanus (of S.C.), 78-80.

Butler, Pierce (of S.C.), Senator, 65.

CALHOUN, J.C., 155 n.

California, vessels bound to, 162.

Campbell, John, Congressman, 108.

Campbell, Commander, U.S.N., 118 n.

Canning, Stratford, British Minister, 138, 140.

Canot, Capt., slave-trader, 184.

Cape de Verde Islands, 185.

Cartwright, Edmund, 152.

Cass, Lewis, 147-51, 281.

Castlereagh, British Cabinet Minister, 135, 136.

Cato, insurrection of the slave, 18.

"Centinel," newspaper correspondent, 67.

Central America, 177.

Chandalier Islands, 119.

Chandler, John (of N.H.), 104 n.

Charles II., of England, 10.

Charleston, S.C., attitude toward "Association," 49; slave-trade at, 89, 92, 93, 96, 113, 165.

Chew, Beverly, Collector of Revenue, 116, 118.

Chili, 150.

Chittenden, Martin (of Vt.), 109 n.

Claiborne, Wm., Governor of La., 92.

Clarkson, William, 53, 134.

Clay, J.B. (of Ky.), Congressman, 175.

Clay, Congressman, 102 n.

Clearance of slavers, 157, 162, 164, 184, 280, 287, 288.

Clymer, George (of Pa.), 63, 77.

Coastwise slave-trade, 98, 106-09, 156, 161, 183, 191, 302.

Cobb, Howell, Sec. of the Treasury, 177.

Coles (of Va.), Congressman, 81.

Colombia, U.S. of, 142, 270.

Colonies, legislation of, see under individual Colonies, and Appendix A; slave-trade in, 11, 13, 22, 25, 34-36, 46-47, 53-56; status of slavery in, 13-14, 23, 24, 33-34, 44, 199, 200.

Colonization Society, 126, 156 n., 158, 196.

"Comet," case of the slaver, 143, 309.

Commercial conventions, Southern, 169-73.

Company of Merchants Trading to Africa, 11.

Compromises in Constitution, 62-66, 196-98.

Compton, Samuel, 152.

Confederate States of America, 187-90, 299, 300.

Confederation, the, 56-57, 228.

Congress of the United States, 77-111, 112, 121-26, 128, 131, 156-58, 174, 190-92, 239, 247-66, 268, 271-75, 278-81, 284-94, 295-97, 298-99, 301-02, 304-05.

Congress of Verona, 139.

Congress of Vienna, 135, 137.

Connecticut, restrictions in, 43-44, 57; elections in, 178; Colonial and State legislation, 199, 200, 223, 225, 236, 240.

"Constitution," slaver, 120, 121, 307.

Constitution of the United States, 58-73, 78, 79-83, 94, 102-03, 107, 111 n., 139, 183, 196, 248-51, 253, 258, 266, 298, 299. See also Amendments and Compromises.

Continental Congress, 49-52.

Cook, Congressman, 100 n., 103 n., 108.

Cosby, Governor of N.Y., 27.

Cotton, manufacture of, 152, 153; price of, 153-54; crop of, 154.

Cotton-gin, 153.

Coxe, Tench, 68.

Cranston, Governor of R.I., 41.

Crawford, W.H., Secretary, 119, 175.

"Creole," case of the slaver, 143, 283-84, 312.

Crimean war, 154.

Cruising Conventions, 138, 139, 146, 148-49, 285, 289, 292, 297-98.

Cuba, cruising off, 151, 297; movement to acquire, 155, 177, 186; illicit traffic to and from, 161, 162, 164, 166, 171.

Cumberland, Lieut., R.N., 149.

"Cyane," U.S.S., 129.

DANA (of Conn.), Congressman, 86.

Danish slave-trade, 47.

Darien, Ga., 51, 117.

Davis, Jefferson, 175.

De Bow, J.D.B., 172, 176.

Declaration of Independence, 53-54.

Delaware, restrictions in, 31, 56, 76; attitude toward slave-trade, 64, 72 n., 74; Colonial and State statutes, 225, 226, 232, 238-39, 244.

Denmark, abolition of slave-trade, 133, 247.

Dent (of Md.), Congressman, 87.

Dickinson, John, in the Federal Convention, 59, 60, 63.

Dickson (of N.C.), Congressman, 87.

Disallowance of Colonial acts, 11, 12, 18-19, 21, 27, 29, 32, 42.

Dobbs, Governor of N.C., 12.

Dolben, Sir William, M.P., 134.

Douglas, Stephen A., 181.

Dowdell (of Ala.), Congressman, 175.

Drake, Capt., slave-smuggler, 114, 166.

Driscoll, Capt., slave-trader, 184.

Duke of York's Laws, 26, 200.

Dunmore, Lord, 226.

Dutch. See Holland.

Dutch West India Company, 25.

Duty, on African goods, 10; on slaves imported, 10, 11, 12, 16-22, 26-32, 38, 40-42, 59, 62-66, 67, 68, 77-84, 89, 90, 95, 96, 196, 199-206, 208-27, 229, 232, 239, 247, 250.

Dwight, Theodore, of Conn., 105 n.

EARLY, Peter (of Ga.), 99 n., 100, 102, 104-08, 111.

East Indies, 50.

Economic revolution, 152-54.

Edwards (of N.C.), Congressman, 122 n.

Ellsworth, Oliver (of Conn.), in Federal Convention, 58, 59, 61.

Elmer, Congressman, 106 n.

Ely, Congressman, 103 n., 105 n.

Emancipation of slaves, 31, 39, 42, 44, 68, 70, 76, 79-84, 192, 196, 226-29.

"Encomium," case of, 143, 309.

England, slave-trade policy, 9-14, 25, 30, 42, 46-50, 53, 54, 97, 134-51, 153, 191, 206, 207, 208, 252, 254, 256, 259, 265-69, 275, 276, 281, 285, 297, 301, 302, 303, 305. See Disallowance.

English Colonies. See Colonies.

"Enterprise," case of, 143, 309.

Escambia River, 114.

FAIRFAX County, Virginia, 49.

Faneuil Hall, meeting in, 48.

Federalist, the, on slave-trade, 69.

Fernandina, port of, 116.

Filibustering expeditions, 177.

Findley, Congressman, 103 n.

Fisk, Congressman, 100 n.

Florida, 52, 102, 114, 116, 120, 166, 170, 180, 181. See St. Mary's River and Amelia Island.

Foote, H.S. (of Miss.), 172.

Forsyth, John, Secretary of State, 144, 146, 156 n., 176.

Foster (of N.H.), Congressman, 81.

Fowler, W.C., 112-13.

Fox, C.J., English Cabinet Minister, 135 n.

France, Revolution in, 133; Colonial slave-trade of, 46, 92, 133, 254; Convention of, 86, 133; at Congress of Vienna, 135; at Congress of Verona, 139; treaties with England, 143, 150, 275, 276; flag of, in slave-trade, 144; refuses to sign Quintuple Treaty,

147; invited to conference, 150.

Franklin, Benjamin, 80.

Friends, protest of, vs. slave-trade, 28-29; attitude towards slave-trade, 30-31, 33, 43, 68-69, 77, 204; petitions of, vs. slave-trade, 56, 57, 77, 84; reports of, on slave-trade, 167.

GAILLARD, Congressman, 108.

Gallatin, Albert, 91-92.

Gallinas, port of, Africa, 128.

Galveston, Tex., 115.

Garnett (of Va.), Congressman, 109 n.

"General Ramirez." See "Antelope."

Georgia, slavery in, 13, 14; restrictions in, 15, 16, 75, 176-77; opposition to "Association," 51, 52; demands slave-trade, 16, 55, 60-67; attitude toward restrictions, 80, 81, 84, 132; smuggling to, 89, 95, 102, 114, 116, 117, 180, 181; Colonial and State statutes, 112, 215, 241, 244, 245, 257, 259, 276-77.

Germanic Federation, 150.

Gerry, Elbridge, in the Federal Convention, 59, 60; in Congress, 80, 81.

Ghent, Treaty of, 136, 254.

Giddings, J.R., 183 n., 284, 287.

Giles, W.B. (of Va.), Congressman, 108.

Gordon, Capt., slave-trader, 190 n.

Good Hope, Cape of, 151, 160, 191.

Gorham, N. (of Mass.), in Federal Convention, 58, 65.

Goulden, W.B., 169.

Graham, Secretary of the Navy, 185.

Great Britain. See England.

Gregory XVI., Pope, 145.

Grenville-Fox ministry, 134.

Guadaloupe, 88.

Guinea. See Africa.

Guizot, F., French Foreign Minister, 147.

HABERSHAM, R.W., 130 n.

Hamilton, Alexander, 58.

Hanse Towns, 142.

Harmony and Co., slave-traders, 165.

Harper (of S.C.), Congressman, 92.

Hartley, David, 80, 81.

Hastings, Congressman, 105 n.

Havana, Cuba, 119, 120, 145, 162, 165.

Hawkins, Sir John, 9.

Hayti, 144 n.; influence of the revolution, 74-77, 84-88, 96-97. See San Domingo.

Heath, General, of Mass., 71.

Henderick, Garrett, 28.

Hill (of N.C.), Congressman, 85.

Holland, participation of, in slave-trade, 24, 25, 47; slaves in Colonies, 133; abolishes slave-trade, 136; treaty with England, 137, 259; West India Company, 25.

Holland, Congressman, 99 n., 103, 106 n.

Hopkins, John, slave-trader, 131 n.

Hopkins, Samuel, 41.

Horn, Cape, 160, 162.

Huger (of S.C.), Congressman, 87, 91 n.

Hunter, Andrew, 169 n.

Hunter, Governor of N.J., 32.

Hutchinson, Wm., Governor of Mass., 38.

IMPORT duties on slaves. See Duty.

Indians, 29.

Instructions to Governors, 12, 18-19, 27, 30, 33, 36; to naval officers, 119, 161, 185. See Disallowance.

Insurrections. See Slaves.

Iredell, James (of N.C.), 67, 71.

Ireland, 48.

JACKSON, Andrew, pardons slave-traders, 131 n.

Jackson, J. (of Ga.), 78, 80, 81.

Jacksonville, Fla., 181.

Jamaica, 12.

Jay, William, 134-35.

Jefferson, Thomas, drafts Declaration of Independence, 53, 54; as President, messages on slave-trade, 92, 97-98, 251; signs Act of 1807, 110; pardons slave-traders, 131 n.

Jefferson, Capt, slave-trader, 184.

Johnson (of Conn.), 50, 63.

Johnson (of La.), 141.

Joint-cruising. See Cruising Conventions.

KANE, Commissioner, 162.

Keitt, L.M. (of S.C.), Congressman, 175.

Kelly, Congressman, 108.

Kenan, Congressman, 108.

Kendall, Amos, 126 n.

Kennedy, Secretary of the Navy, 185.

Kentucky, 108 n., 170 n., 172 n.

Key West, 185.

Kilgore, resolutions in Congress, 175, 293.

King, Rufus, in Federal Convention, 59, 63, 65.

Knoxville, Tenn., 170.

LA COSTE, Capt., slave-trader, 131.

Lafitte, E., and Co., 177.

Langdon, John, 59, 60, 63, 65.

Lawrence (of N.Y.), 80, 81.

Laws. See Statutes.

Lee, Arthur, 48 n.

Lee, R.H., 48 n., 49.

Legislation. See Statutes.

Le Roy, L., slave-trader, 131 n.

Liberia, 124, 158. See African Agency.

Lincoln, Abraham, 111, 126, 151, 190, 300-01.

Liverpool, Eng., 53, 145.

Livingstone (of N.Y.), in Federal Convention, 63.

Lloyd, Congressman, 102 n., 106 n.

London, Eng., 135, 137, 137 n., 147, 150, 154 n.

"Louisa," slaver, 120, 121.

Louisiana, sale of, 74, 97; slave-trade to, 75, 91-94; influence on S.C. repeal of 1803, 89; status of slave-trade to, 91-94, 171; State statutes, 177, 291.

Low, I. (of N.Y.), 50.

Lowndes, R. (of S.C.), 72, 89 n., 90.

MCCARTHY, Governor of Sierra Leone, 115.

McGregor Raid, the, 116.

McIntosh, Collector of Revenue, 117 n.

McKeever, Lieut., U.S.N., 120, 121.

Macon, N., 100, 102 n., 109.

Madeira, 185.

Madison, James, in the Federal Convention, 59, 63, 64; in Congress, 78-81; as President, 113, 115, 137 n., 254, 255-56.

Madrid, Treaty of, 257.

Maine, 166.

Manchester, Eng., 47.

Mansfield, Capt., slave-trader, 184.

"Marino," slaver, 120, 121.

Martin, Luther (of Md.), in the Federal Convention, 59, 61, 63, 65.

Maryland, slavery in, 14; restrictions in, 22, 23, 57, 76; attitude toward slave-trade, 65, 74, 83, 94; Colonial and State statutes, 201, 202, 209, 210, 219-20, 221, 223, 226, 229, 243, 251.

Mason, George, 59, 61, 65-67, 71.

Mason, J.M., 177.

Massachusetts, in slave-trade, 34-36; restrictions in, 37-39, 77; attitude toward slave-trade, 71, 77, 83, 94; Colonial and State legislation, 199, 201, 203, 214, 223, 224, 228, 234, 248, 249, 261.

Masters, Congressman, 99 n.

Mathew, Capt., slave-trader, 184.

Mathew, Governor of the Bahama Islands, 167.

Matthews (of S.C.), 56.

Meigs, Congressman, 132 n., 262.

Memphis, Tenn., 181.

Mercer, John (of Va.), 139 n., 142, 156 n.

Messages, Presidential, 97-98, 113, 115, 141, 148, 157, 163, 251, 254, 255-60, 262, 264, 269, 271, 279, 280-81, 285, 291, 292, 294-95, 298, 300-01.

Mesurado, Cape, 126, 158.

Mexico, treaty with England, 144 n.; conquest of, 155, 161, 177.

Mexico, Gulf of, 118, 159, 160, 166 n.

Mickle, Calvin, 121.

Middle Colonies, 24, 33, 57, 66.

Middleton (of S.C.), Congressman, 126.

Middletown, Conn., 43.

Mifflin, W. (of Penn.), in Continental Congress, 50.

Miles (of S.C.), Congressman, 175.

Mississippi, slavery in, 91; illicit trade to, 102; legislation, 112, 254, 263, 283, 284.

Missouri, 123.

Missouri Compromise, 124.

Mitchell, Gen. D.B., 118.

Mitchell, S.L. (of N.Y.), Congressman, 89 n.

Mixed courts for slave-traders, 137, 139, 151, 191.

Mobile, Ala., illicit trade to, 118, 119, 161, 181.

Monroe, James, as President, messages on slave-trade, 117, 141, 257, 258, 259-60, 262-63, 265, 269; establishment of African Agency, 126, 158; pardons, 131 n.

Morbon, Wm., slave-trader, 131 n.

Morris, Gouverneur, in Federal Convention, 59, 63, 64, 65.

Morris, Governor of N.J., 33.

Moseley, Congressman, 106.

NANSEMOND County, Va., 49.

Naples (Two Sicilies), 142.

Napoleon I., 74, 134, 136, 254.

Navigation Ordinance, 25.

Navy, United States, 111, 115, 118-20, 123, 124, 128, 159-61, 163, 184-86, 191, 259, 286, 295, 301; reports of Secretary of, 185, 186, 318-31.

Neal, Rev. Mr., in Mass. Convention, 71.

Negroes, character of, 13-14. See Slaves.

Negro plots, 18, 30, 204.

Nelson, Hugh (of Va.), 122 n., 123 n.

Nelson, Attorney-General, 162.

Netherlands. See Holland.

New England, slavery in, 14, 34, 44; slave-trade by, 34-36, 43, 57; Colonial statutes, see under individual Colonies.

New Hampshire, restrictions in, 36, 37; attitude toward slave-trade, 34, 72, 94; State legislation, 250.

New Jersey, slavery in, 14; restrictions in, 32, 33, 76; attitude toward slavery, 64, 74, 178; Colonial and State statutes, 200, 205, 221, 222, 225, 230, 244.

New Mexico, 176.

New Netherland, 24, 199, 200.

New Orleans, illicit traffic to, 92, 115, 131 n., 161, 166, 171, 179.

Newport, R.I., 35, 41.

New York, slavery in, 14; restrictions in, 25-27; Abolition societies in, 74, 83; Colonial and State statutes, 203-04, 210, 213, 214, 218, 229-30, 234, 239, 245-46.

New York City, illicit traffic at, 162, 166, 178-81, 190, 191.

Nichols (of Va.), Congressman, 87.

Norfolk, Va., 162.

North Carolina, restrictions in, 19, 57, 76; "Association" in, 48, 55; reception of Constitution, 65, 71; cession of back-lands, 91; Colonial and State statutes, 112, 232, 241, 242, 255.

Northwest Territory, 91.

Nourse, Joseph, Registrar of the Treasury, 120 n.

Nova Scotia, 52.

Nunez River, Africa, 129.

OGLETHORPE, General James, 15.

Olin (of Vt.), Congressman, 105 n.

Ordinance of 1787, 91.

"Ostend Manifesto," 177.

PAGE, John (of Va.), 81.

Palmerston, Lord, 146.

Panama Congress, 142 n.

Pardons granted to slave-traders, 131 n.

Paris, France, Treaty of, 134, 135, 137 n.

Parker, R.E. (of Va.), 77-78, 81.

Parliament, slave-trade in, 10, 134.

Pastorius, F.D., 28.

Paterson's propositions, 58.

Peace negotiations of 1783, 134.

Pemberton, Thomas, 34.

Pennsylvania, slavery in, 14; restrictions in, 28-31, 76; attitude towards slave-trade, 56, 67, 70, 80, 83; in Constitutional Convention, 64; Colonial and State statutes, 201-05, 209, 211, 213-14, 220, 221, 222, 223, 227, 235-36.

Pennsylvania Society for the Abolition of Slavery, 74, 80.

Perdido River, 119.

Perry, Commander, U.S.N., 162.

Perry, Jesse, slave-trader, 131 n.

Perry, Robert, slave-trader, 131 n.

"Perry," U.S.S., 162, 165.

Petitions, of Abolition societies, 56, 79-81, 83, 84; of free Negroes, 85, 86.

Pettigrew (of S.C.), 176.

Philadelphia, 162, 166.

Pinckney, Charles (of S.C.), in Federal Convention, 58-60, 65.

Pinckney, C.C. (of S.C.), in Federal Convention, 59-63, 64.

Pindall, Congressman, 122 n., 123 n.

Piracy, slave-trade made, 124-25, 140, 141, 146, 149, 155 n.

Pitkin, T. (of Conn.), 99 n., 104 n.

Pitt, William, 134.

Plumer, Wm. (of N.H.), 127.

Pollard, Edward, 176.

Pongas River, Africa, 129.

Portugal, treaties with England, 135, 137, 145 n., 150, 256; slaves in colonies, 46, 133; abolition of slave-trade by, 136, 144 n.; use of flag of, 144.

Presidents. See under individual names.

Price of slaves, 163.

Prince George County, Va., 49.

Privy Council, report to, 134.

Proffit, U.S. Minister to Brazil, 164.

Prohibition of slave-trade by Ga., 15, 75; S.C., 17, 89; N.C., 19; Va., 20; Md., 22; N.Y., 26; Vermont, 28; Penn., 28, 29; Del., 31; N.J., 32; N.H., 36; Mass., 37; R.I., 40; Conn., 43; United States, 110; England, 135; Confederate States, 188. See also Appendices.

Providence, R.I., 42.

Prussia at European Congresses, 135-36, 139, 147, 281.

Pryor, R.A. (of Va.), 171.

QUAKERS. See Friends.

Quarantine of slaves, 16.

Quebec, 52.

Quincy, Josiah, Congressman, 100 n., 102 n.

Quintuple Treaty, 145, 147, 281.

RABUN, Wm., Governor of Ga., 127.

Ramsey, David (of S.C.), 69.

Randolph, Edmund, in the Federal Convention, 58, 59, 63.

Randolph, John, Congressman, 106-07.

Randolph, Thomas M., Congressman, 108.

Registration of slaves, 16, 132 n., 258, 260.

Revenue from slave-trade, 87, 90, 95, 111, 112. See Duty Acts.

Rhode Island, slave-trade in, 34, 35, 85; restrictions in, 40-43; "Association" in, 48; reception of Constitution by, 72; abolition societies in, 42, 74, 83; Colonial and State legislation, 200, 203, 213, 214, 222, 223, 224-25, 227-30, 233.

Rice Crop, 17, 20.

Right of Search, 137-42, 145 n., 148-51, 156, 183, 185, 191, 256, 295.

Rio Grande river, 176.

Rio Janeiro, Brazil, 145, 160, 162.

Rolfe, John, 25.

Royal Adventurers, Company of, 10.

Royal African Company, 10-11.

Rum, traffic in, 35, 36, 50.

Rush, Richard, Minister to England, 138.

Russell, Lord John, 150, 297, 303.

Russia in European Congresses, 135, 139, 147; signs Quintuple Treaty, 147, 281.

Rutledge, Edward, in Federal Convention, 58-61, 65.

Rutledge, John, Congressman, 84-87.

ST. AUGUSTINE, 114.

St. Johns, Island of, 52.

St. Johns Parish, Ga., 52.

St. Mary's River, Fla., 113-14, 116, 117.

"Sanderson," slaver, 35 n.

Sandiford, 29.

San Domingo, trade with, stopped, 50, 96; insurrection in, 74, 84, 86, 96; deputies from, 133.

Sardinia, 142.

Savannah, Ga., 16, 51, 169.

Search. See Right of Search.

Sewall, Wm., slave-trader, 131 n.

Seward, Wm. H., Secretary, 151, 289, 293.

Seward (of Ga.), Congressman, 175.

Sharpe, Granville, 134.

Sherbro Islands, Africa, 158.

Sherman, Roger, in the Federal Convention, 59, 60, 62, 65; in Congress, 78.

Shields, Thomas, slave-trader, 131 n.

Sierra Leone, 129, 151, 191.

Sinnickson (of N.J.), Congressman, 81.

Slave Power, the, 153, 198.

Slavers: "Alexander," 129 n.; "Amedie," 138 n.; "L'Amistad," 143; "Antelope" ("Ramirez"), 132; "Comet," 143 n.; "Constitution," 120, 121; "Creole," 143; "Daphne," 129 n.; "Dorset," 115; "Eliza," 129 n.; "Emily," 185; "Encomium," 143 n.; "Endymion," 129 n.; "Esperanza," 129 n.; "Eugene," 115, 129 n.; "Fame," 162; "Fortuna," 138 n.; "Illinois," 149; "Le Louis," 138 n.; "Louisa," 120; "Marino," 120; "Martha," 165; "Mary," 131 n.; "Mathilde," 129 n.; "Paz," 115; "La Pensée," 129 n.; "Plattsburg," 128 n., 129 n.; "Prova," 165; "Ramirez" ("Antelope"), 129 n., 130; "Rebecca," 115; "Rosa," 115; "Sanderson," 35 n.; "San Juan Nepomuceno," 138 n.; "Saucy Jack," 115; "Science," 129 n.; "Wanderer," 180, 184, 186; "Wildfire," 190 n.; see also Appendix C.

Slavery. See Table of Contents.

Slaves, number imported, 11, 13, 23 n., 27 n., 31 n., 33 n., 36 n., 39 n., 40 n., 43 n., 44 n., 89, 94, 181; insurrections of, 13, 18, 30, 204; punishments of, 13; captured on high seas, 39, 56, 186; illegal traffic in, 88, 95, 112-21, 126-32, 165, 166, 179; abducted, 144.

Slave-trade, see Table of Contents; internal, 9, 155; coastwise, 98, 106-09, 156, 161, 183, 191, 302.

Slave-traders, 10, 11, 25, 34, 35, 37, 41, 93, 113, 119, 126-29, 146, 161, 176, 178, 180, 184; prosecution and conviction of, 119, 120, 121, 126, 127, 130, 161, 162, 183, 190, 191; Pardon of, 131; punishment of, 37, 104, 122, 127, 132, 190, 191, 199, 261, 264, 268, 274, 296. For ships, see under Slavers, and Appendix C.

Slidell, John, 182.

Sloan (of N.J.), Congressman, 99 n., 100, 105 n., 111, 251, 252.

Smilie, John (of Pa.), Congressman, 99 n., 105 n., 104 n.

Smith, Caleb B., 190.

Smith, J.F., slave-trader, 131 n.

Smith (of S.C.), Senator, 78-81, 93.

Smith, Capt., slave-trader, 37.

Smuggling of slaves, 76, 108, 109, 114, 116, 117, 127, 128, 129, 130, 166, 179-82.

Sneed (of Tenn.), Congressman, 170.

Soulé, Pierre, 177.

South Carolina, slavery in, 13, 14, 17, 18, 93; restrictions in, 16-19, 75; attitude toward slave-trade, 49, 52, 55, 57, 81, 84; in the Federal Convention, 59-67, 70, 72; illicit traffic to, 89; repeal of prohibition, 89, 90, 92, 95; movement to reopen slave-trade, 169, 171, 172 n., 173; Colonial and State statutes, 201, 208-13, 215, 218, 220, 222, 229, 232, 237-38, 241-43, 245-47, 289-91.

Southeby, Wm., 29.

Southern Colonies, 15, 23. See under individual Colonies.

Spaight, in Federal Convention, 65.

Spain, signs Assiento, 11; colonial slave-trade of, 10; colonial slavery, 133; war with Dutch, 25; abolishes slave-trade, 136, 137, 145 n.; L'Amistad case with, 143; flag of, in slave-trade, 113, 114, 115, 144, 150, 159; treaties, 206, 208, 257.

Spottswood, Governor of Virginia, 20.

Spratt, L.W. (of S.C.), 171, 172, 190 n.

Stanton (of R.I.), Congressman, 89 n., 106.

States. See under individual States.

Statutes, Colonial, see under names of individual Colonies; State, 56-57, 75-77; see under names of individual States, and Appendices A and B; United States, Act of 1794, 83, 242; Act of 1800, 85, 245; Act of 1803, 87, 246; Act of 1807, 97, 253; Act of 1818, 121, 258; Act of 1819, 123, 259; Act of 1820, 124, 261; Act of 1860, 187, 297; Act of 1862, 191, 302; see also Appendix B, 247, 248, 254, 264, 272, 273, 276, 277, 285, 286, 289, 291, 294, 300, 303, 304.

Stephens, Alexander, 175.

Stevenson, A., Minister to England, 146-47.

Stone (of Md.), Congressman, 79, 81, 108.

Stono, S.C., insurrection at, 18.

Sumner, Charles, 192 n., 305.

Sweden, 135, 142, 269; Delaware Colony, 31; slaves in Colonies, 133.

Sylvester (of N.Y.), Congressman, 81.

TAYLOR, Zachary, 286.

Texas, 116, 144 n., 150, 155, 156, 165, 176, 180, 273, 277-78.

Treaties, 11, 135-37, 141, 142, 145, 147-50, 151, 159, 206, 207, 228, 252, 254, 256, 259, 265, 269, 275, 276, 281, 285, 288, 292, 301-05.

Trist, N., 160 n., 164, 165 n.

Tyler, John, 148, 285, 286.

UNDERWOOD, John C., 181.

United States, 55, 74, 77, 84, 87, 88, 89, 90, 92, 97, 98, 102, 103, 110, 114, 117, 119, 120, 122, 126, 127, 128, 129, 133, 138, 136-51, 153, 156, 157, 158, 162-67, 168, 178, 179, 185, 188, 190, 242, 245-48, 264, 272-76, 277, 285, 286, 289, 291, 294, 297, 300-04. See also Table of Contents.

Up de Graeff, Derick, 28.

Up den Graef, Abraham, 28.

Uruguay, 144 n.

Utrecht, Treaty of, 207.

VAN BUREN, Martin, 79-80.

Van Rensselaer, Congressman, 108.

Varnum, J., Congressman, 105 n.

Venezuela, 144 n.

Vermont, 28, 57, 94, 226, 228, 232, 249.

Verona, Congress of, 139.

Vicksburg, Miss., 172, 181.

Vienna, Congress of, 135.

Virginia, first slaves imported, 28, 306; slavery in, 14; restrictions in, 19-22, 76; frame of government of, 21; "Association" in, 48, 52, 57; in the Federal Convention, 61, 62, 64, 71; abolition sentiment in, 74, 78, 83; attitude on reopening the slave-trade, 171, 173 n.; Colonial and State statutes, 201-04, 213-15, 219-20, 222, 226, 227, 240, 249.

WALLACE, L.R., slave-trader, 131 n.

Waln (of Penn.), Congressman, 85.

"Wanderer," case of the slaver, 180, 184.

Washington, Treaty of (1842), 148-50, 170, 172, 182, 185, 285, 286, 288, 292.

Watt, James, 152 n.

Webster, Daniel, 147, 281.

Webster, Noah, 68.

Wentworth, Governor of N.H., 36.

West Indies, slave-trade to and from, 10, 13, 17, 25, 35, 37, 41, 42, 46, 48, 50, 55, 114, 117, 141, 151, 275; slavery in, 13, 168, 193; restrictions on importation of slaves from, 26, 75, 76, 87; revolution in, 74-77, 84-88, 96-97; mixed court in, 151 n., 191.

Western territory, 81, 261.

Whitney, Eli, 153.

Whydah, Africa, 149.

Wilberforce, Wm., 134.

Wilde, R.H., 132.

"Wildfire," slaver, 190 n., 315.

"William," case of the slaver, 315.

Williams, D.R. (of N.C.), Congressman, 102 n., 109 n., 111.

Williamsburg district, S.C., 169.

Williamson (of S.C.), in Federal Convention, 59, 63, 65.

Wilmington, N.C., 88.

Wilson, James, in Federal Convention, 56, 58, 62, 70.

Wilson (of Mass.), Congressman, 295, 296, 298.

Winn, African agent, 158.

Winston, Zenas, slave-trader, 131 n.

Wirt, William, 118, 126 n., 130.

Woolman, John, 29.

Wright (of Va.), 126.

YANCEY, W.L., 171.

TRANSCRIBER'S NOTES

1. Text surrounded by underscores (_) was italicised in the original. 2. Text surrounded by tildes (~) was bolded in the original. 3. Footnotes have been collected at the end of each chapter. Footnote numbering restarts with each new chapter. In the original, footnotes were collected at the bottom of each page and numbering restarted for each page. 4. Letters preceded by ^ and surrounded by {} indicates letters superscripted in the original.

==========

Untitled

Fyodor Dostoyevsky

Project Gutenberg Release: March 28, 2006 · eBook #2554

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

By Fyodor Dostoevsky

Translated By Constance Garnett

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE

A few words about Dostoevsky himself may help the English reader to understand his work.

Dostoevsky was the son of a doctor. His parents were very hard-working and deeply religious people, but so poor that they lived with their five children in only two rooms. The father and mother spent their evenings in reading aloud to their children, generally from books of a serious character.

Though always sickly and delicate Dostoevsky came out third in the final examination of the Petersburg school of Engineering. There he had already begun his first work, "Poor Folk."

This story was published by the poet Nekrassov in his review and was received with acclamations. The shy, unknown youth found himself instantly something of a celebrity. A brilliant and successful career seemed to open before him, but those hopes were soon dashed. In 1849 he was arrested.

Though neither by temperament nor conviction a revolutionist, Dostoevsky was one of a little group of young men who met together to read Fourier and Proudhon. He was accused of "taking part in conversations against the censorship, of reading a letter from Byelinsky to Gogol, and of knowing of the intention to set up a printing press." Under Nicholas I. (that "stern and just man," as Maurice Baring calls him) this was enough, and he was condemned to death. After eight months' imprisonment he was with twenty-one others taken out to the Semyonovsky Square to be shot. Writing to his brother Mihail, Dostoevsky says: "They snapped words over our heads, and they made us put on the white shirts worn by persons condemned to death. Thereupon we were bound in threes to stakes, to suffer execution. Being the third in the row, I concluded I had only a few minutes of life before me. I thought of you and your dear ones and I contrived to kiss Plestcheiev and Dourov, who were next to me, and to bid them farewell. Suddenly the troops beat a tattoo, we were unbound, brought back upon the scaffold, and informed that his Majesty had spared us our lives." The sentence was commuted to hard labour.

One of the prisoners, Grigoryev, went mad as soon as he was untied, and never regained his sanity.

The intense suffering of this experience left a lasting stamp on Dostoevsky's mind. Though his religious temper led him in the end to accept every suffering with resignation and to regard it as a blessing in his own case, he constantly recurs to the subject in his writings. He describes the awful agony of the condemned man and insists on the cruelty of inflicting such torture. Then followed four years of penal servitude, spent in the company of common criminals in Siberia, where he began the "Dead House," and some years of service in a disciplinary battalion.

He had shown signs of some obscure nervous disease before his arrest and this now developed into violent attacks of epilepsy, from which he suffered for the rest of his life. The fits occurred three or four times a year and were more frequent in periods of great strain. In 1859 he was allowed to return to Russia. He started a journal--"Vremya," which was forbidden by the Censorship through a misunderstanding. In 1864 he lost his first wife and his brother Mihail. He was in terrible poverty, yet he took upon himself the payment of his brother's debts. He started another journal--"The Epoch," which within a few months was also prohibited. He was weighed down by debt, his brother's family was dependent on him, he was forced to write at heart-breaking speed, and is said never to have corrected his work. The later years of his life were much softened by the tenderness and devotion of his second wife.

In June 1880 he made his famous speech at the unveiling of the monument to Pushkin in Moscow and he was received with extraordinary demonstrations of love and honour.

A few months later Dostoevsky died. He was followed to the grave by a vast multitude of mourners, who “gave the hapless man the funeral of a king.” He is still probably the most widely read writer in Russia.

In the words of a Russian critic, who seeks to explain the feeling inspired by Dostoevsky: “He was one of ourselves, a man of our blood and our bone, but one who has suffered and has seen so much more deeply than we have his insight impresses us as wisdom... that wisdom of the heart which we seek that we may learn from it how to live. All his other gifts came to him from nature, this he won for himself and through it he became great.”

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

PART I

CHAPTER I

On an exceptionally hot evening early in July a young man came out of the garret in which he lodged in S. Place and walked slowly, as though in hesitation, towards K. bridge.

He had successfully avoided meeting his landlady on the staircase. His garret was under the roof of a high, five-storied house and was more like a cupboard than a room. The landlady who provided him with garret, dinners, and attendance, lived on the floor below, and every time he went out he was obliged to pass her kitchen, the door of which invariably stood open. And each time he passed, the young man had a sick, frightened feeling, which made him scowl and feel ashamed. He was hopelessly in debt to his landlady, and was afraid of meeting her.

This was not because he was cowardly and abject, quite the contrary; but for some time past he had been in an overstrained irritable condition, verging on hypochondria. He had become so completely absorbed in himself, and isolated from his fellows that he dreaded meeting, not only his landlady, but anyone at all. He was crushed by poverty, but the anxieties of his position had of late ceased to weigh upon him. He had given up attending to matters of practical importance; he had lost all desire to do so. Nothing that any landlady could do had a real terror for him. But to be stopped on the stairs, to be forced to listen to her trivial, irrelevant gossip, to pestering demands for payment, threats and complaints, and to rack his brains for excuses, to prevaricate, to lie--no, rather than that, he would creep down the stairs like a cat and slip out unseen.

This evening, however, on coming out into the street, he became acutely aware of his fears.

“I want to attempt a thing _like that_ and am frightened by these trifles,” he thought, with an odd smile. “Hm... yes, all is in a man’s hands and he lets it all slip from cowardice, that’s an axiom. It would be interesting to know what it is men are most afraid of. Taking a new step, uttering a new word is what they fear most.... But I am talking too much. It’s because I chatter that I do nothing. Or perhaps it is that I chatter because I do nothing. I’ve learned to chatter this last month, lying for days together in my den thinking... of Jack the Giant-killer. Why am I going there now? Am I capable of _that_? Is _that_ serious? It is not serious at all. It’s simply a fantasy to amuse myself; a plaything! Yes, maybe it is a plaything.”

The heat in the street was terrible: and the airlessness, the bustle and the plaster, scaffolding, bricks, and dust all about him, and that special Petersburg stench, so familiar to all who are unable to get out of town in summer--all worked painfully upon the young man’s already overwrought nerves. The insufferable stench from the pot-houses, which are particularly numerous in that part of the town, and the drunken men whom he met continually, although it was a working day, completed the revolting misery of the picture. An expression of the profoundest disgust gleamed for a moment in the young man’s refined face. He was, by the way, exceptionally handsome, above the average in height, slim, well-built, with beautiful dark eyes and dark brown hair. Soon he sank into deep thought, or more accurately speaking into a complete blankness of mind; he walked along not observing what was about him and not caring to observe it. From time to time, he would mutter something, from the habit of talking to himself, to which he had just confessed. At these moments he would become conscious that his ideas were sometimes in a tangle and that he was very weak; for two days he had scarcely tasted food.

He was so badly dressed that even a man accustomed to shabbiness would have been ashamed to be seen in the street in such rags. In that quarter of the town, however, scarcely any shortcoming in dress would have created surprise. Owing to the proximity of the Hay Market, the number of establishments of bad character, the preponderance of the trading and working class population crowded in these streets and alleys in the heart of Petersburg, types so various were to be seen in the streets that no figure,

however queer, would have caused surprise. But there was such accumulated bitterness and contempt in the young man's heart, that, in spite of all the fastidiousness of youth, he minded his rags least of all in the street. It was a different matter when he met with acquaintances or with former fellow students, whom, indeed, he disliked meeting at any time. And yet when a drunken man who, for some unknown reason, was being taken somewhere in a huge waggon dragged by a heavy dray horse, suddenly shouted at him as he drove past: "Hey there, German hatter" bawling at the top of his voice and pointing at him--the young man stopped suddenly and clutched tremulously at his hat. It was a tall round hat from Zimmerman's, but completely worn out, rusty with age, all torn and bespattered, brimless and bent on one side in a most unseemly fashion. Not shame, however, but quite another feeling akin to terror had overtaken him.

"I knew it," he muttered in confusion, "I thought so! That's the worst of all! Why, a stupid thing like this, the most trivial detail might spoil the whole plan. Yes, my hat is too noticeable.... It looks absurd and that makes it noticeable.... With my rags I ought to wear a cap, any sort of old pancake, but not this grotesque thing. Nobody wears such a hat, it would be noticed a mile off, it would be remembered.... What matters is that people would remember it, and that would give them a clue. For this business one should be as little conspicuous as possible.... Trifles, trifles are what matter! Why, it's just such trifles that always ruin everything...."

He had not far to go; he knew indeed how many steps it was from the gate of his lodging house: exactly seven hundred and thirty. He had counted them once when he had been lost in dreams. At the time he had put no faith in those dreams and was only tantalising himself by their hideous but daring recklessness. Now, a month later, he had begun to look upon them differently, and, in spite of the monologues in which he jeered at his own impotence and indecision, he had involuntarily come to regard this "hideous" dream as an exploit to be attempted, although he still did not realise this himself. He was positively going now for a "rehearsal" of his project, and at every step his excitement grew more and more violent.

With a sinking heart and a nervous tremor, he went up to a huge house which on one side looked on to the canal, and on the other into the street. This house was let out in tiny tenements and was inhabited by working people of all kinds--tailors, locksmiths, cooks, Germans of sorts, girls picking up a living as best they could, petty clerks, etc. There was a continual coming and going through the two gates and in the two courtyards of the house. Three or four door-keepers were employed on the building. The young man was very glad to meet none of them, and at once slipped unnoticed through the door on the right, and up the staircase. It was a back staircase, dark and narrow, but he was familiar with it already, and knew his way, and he liked all these surroundings: in such darkness even the most inquisitive eyes were not to be dreaded.

"If I am so scared now, what would it be if it somehow came to pass that I were really going to do it?" he could not help asking himself as he reached the fourth storey. There his progress was barred by some porters who were engaged in moving furniture out of a flat. He knew that the flat had been occupied by a German clerk in the civil service, and his family. This German was moving out then, and so the fourth floor on this staircase would be untenanted except by the old woman. "That's a good thing anyway," he thought to himself, as he rang the bell of the old woman's flat. The bell gave a faint tinkle as though it were made of tin and not of copper. The little flats in such houses always have bells that ring like that. He had forgotten the note of that bell, and now its peculiar tinkle seemed to remind him of something and to bring it clearly before him.... He started, his nerves were terribly overstrained by now. In a little while, the door was opened a tiny crack: the old woman eyed her visitor with evident distrust through the crack, and nothing could be seen but her little eyes, glittering in the darkness. But, seeing a number of people on the landing, she grew bolder, and opened the door wide. The young man stepped into the dark entry, which was partitioned off from the tiny kitchen. The old woman stood facing him in silence and looking inquiringly at him. She was a diminutive, withered up old woman of sixty, with sharp malignant eyes and a sharp little nose. Her colourless, somewhat grizzled hair was thickly smeared with oil, and she wore no kerchief over it. Round her thin long neck, which looked like a hen's leg, was knotted some sort of flannel rag, and, in spite of the heat, there hung flapping on her shoulders, a mangy fur cape, yellow with age. The old woman coughed and groaned at every instant. The young man must have looked at her with a rather peculiar expression, for a gleam of mistrust came into her eyes again.

"Raskolnikov, a student, I came here a month ago," the young man made haste to mutter, with a half bow, remembering that he ought to be more polite.

"I remember, my good sir, I remember quite well your coming here," the old woman said distinctly, still keeping her inquiring eyes on his face.

“And here... I am again on the same errand,” Raskolnikov continued, a little disconcerted and surprised at the old woman’s mistrust. “Perhaps she is always like that though, only I did not notice it the other time,” he thought with an uneasy feeling.

The old woman paused, as though hesitating; then stepped on one side, and pointing to the door of the room, she said, letting her visitor pass in front of her:

“Step in, my good sir.”

The little room into which the young man walked, with yellow paper on the walls, geraniums and muslin curtains in the windows, was brightly lighted up at that moment by the setting sun.

“So the sun will shine like this _then_ too!” flashed as it were by chance through Raskolnikov’s mind, and with a rapid glance he scanned everything in the room, trying as far as possible to notice and remember its arrangement. But there was nothing special in the room. The furniture, all very old and of yellow wood, consisted of a sofa with a huge bent wooden back, an oval table in front of the sofa, a dressing-table with a looking-glass fixed on it between the windows, chairs along the walls and two or three half-penny prints in yellow frames, representing German damsels with birds in their hands--that was all. In the corner a light was burning before a small ikon. Everything was very clean; the floor and the furniture were brightly polished; everything shone.

“Lizaveta’s work,” thought the young man. There was not a speck of dust to be seen in the whole flat.

“It’s in the houses of spiteful old widows that one finds such cleanliness,” Raskolnikov thought again, and he stole a curious glance at the cotton curtain over the door leading into another tiny room, in which stood the old woman’s bed and chest of drawers and into which he had never looked before. These two rooms made up the whole flat.

“What do you want?” the old woman said severely, coming into the room and, as before, standing in front of him so as to look him straight in the face.

“I’ve brought something to pawn here,” and he drew out of his pocket an old-fashioned flat silver watch, on the back of which was engraved a globe; the chain was of steel.

“But the time is up for your last pledge. The month was up the day before yesterday.”

“I will bring you the interest for another month; wait a little.”

“But that’s for me to do as I please, my good sir, to wait or to sell your pledge at once.”

“How much will you give me for the watch, Alyona Ivanovna?”

“You come with such trifles, my good sir, it’s scarcely worth anything. I gave you two roubles last time for your ring and one could buy it quite new at a jeweler’s for a rouble and a half.”

“Give me four roubles for it, I shall redeem it, it was my father’s. I shall be getting some money soon.”

“A rouble and a half, and interest in advance, if you like!”

“A rouble and a half!” cried the young man.

“Please yourself”--and the old woman handed him back the watch. The young man took it, and was so angry that he was on the point of going away; but checked himself at once, remembering that there was nowhere else he could go, and that he had had another object also in coming.

“Hand it over,” he said roughly.

The old woman fumbled in her pocket for her keys, and disappeared behind the curtain into the other room. The young man, left standing alone in the middle of the room, listened inquisitively, thinking. He could hear her unlocking the chest of drawers.

“It must be the top drawer,” he reflected. “So she carries the keys in a pocket on the right. All in one bunch on a steel ring.... And there’s one key there, three times as big as all the others, with deep notches; that can’t be the key of the chest of drawers... then there must be some other chest or strong-box... that’s worth knowing. Strong-boxes always have keys like that... but how degrading it all is.”

The old woman came back.

“Here, sir: as we say ten copecks the rouble a month, so I must take fifteen copecks from a rouble and a half for the month in advance. But for the two roubles I lent you before, you owe me now twenty copecks on the same reckoning in advance. That makes thirty-five copecks altogether. So I must give you a rouble and fifteen copecks for the watch. Here it is.”

“What! only a rouble and fifteen copecks now!”

“Just so.”

The young man did not dispute it and took the money. He looked at the old woman, and was in no hurry to get away, as though there was still something he wanted to say or to do, but he did not himself quite know what.

“I may be bringing you something else in a day or two, Alyona Ivanovna--a valuable thing--silver--a cigarette-box, as soon as I get it back from a friend...” he broke off in confusion.

“Well, we will talk about it then, sir.”

“Good-bye--are you always at home alone, your sister is not here with you?” He asked her as casually as possible as he went out into the passage.

“What business is she of yours, my good sir?”

“Oh, nothing particular, I simply asked. You are too quick.... Good-day, Alyona Ivanovna.”

Raskolnikov went out in complete confusion. This confusion became more and more intense. As he went down the stairs, he even stopped short, two or three times, as though suddenly struck by some thought. When he was in the street he cried out, “Oh, God, how loathsome it all is! and can I, can I possibly.... No, it’s nonsense, it’s rubbish!” he added resolutely. “And how could such an atrocious thing come into my head? What filthy things my heart is capable of. Yes, filthy above all, disgusting, loathsome, loathsome!--and for a whole month I’ve been....” But no words, no exclamations, could express his agitation. The feeling of intense repulsion, which had begun to oppress and torture his heart while he was on his way to the old woman, had by now reached such a pitch and had taken such a definite form that he did not know what to do with himself to escape from his wretchedness. He walked along the pavement like a drunken man, regardless of the passers-by, and jostling against them, and only came to his senses when he was in the next street. Looking round, he noticed that he was standing close to a tavern which was entered by steps leading from the pavement to the basement. At that instant two drunken men came out at the door, and abusing and supporting one another, they mounted the steps. Without stopping to think, Raskolnikov went down the steps at once. Till that moment he had never been into a tavern, but now he felt giddy and was tormented by a burning thirst. He longed for a drink of cold beer, and attributed his sudden weakness to the want of food. He sat down at a sticky little table in a dark and dirty corner; ordered some beer, and eagerly drank off the first glassful. At once he felt easier; and his thoughts became clear.

“All that’s nonsense,” he said hopefully, “and there is nothing in it all to worry about! It’s simply physical derangement. Just a glass of beer, a piece of dry bread--and in one moment the brain is stronger, the mind is clearer and the will is firm! Phew, how utterly petty it all is!”

But in spite of this scornful reflection, he was by now looking cheerful as though he were suddenly set free from a terrible burden: and he gazed round in a friendly way at the people in the room. But even at that moment he had a dim foreboding that this happier frame of mind was also not normal.

There were few people at the time in the tavern. Besides the two drunken men he had met on the steps, a group consisting of about five men and a girl with a concertina had gone out at the same time. Their departure left the room quiet and rather empty. The persons still in the tavern were a man who appeared to be an artisan, drunk, but not extremely so, sitting before a pot of beer, and his companion, a huge, stout man with a grey beard, in a short full-skirted coat. He was very drunk: and had dropped asleep on the bench; every now and then, he began as though in his sleep, cracking his fingers, with his arms wide apart and the upper part of his body bounding about on the bench, while he hummed some meaningless refrain, trying to recall some such lines as these:

“His wife a year he fondly loved His wife a--a year he--fondly loved.”

Or suddenly waking up again:

“Walking along the crowded row He met the one he used to know.”

But no one shared his enjoyment: his silent companion looked with positive hostility and mistrust at all these manifestations. There was another man in the room who looked somewhat like a retired government clerk. He was sitting apart, now and then sipping from his pot and looking round at the company. He, too, appeared to be in some agitation.

CHAPTER II

Raskolnikov was not used to crowds, and, as we said before, he avoided society of every sort, more especially of late. But now all at once he felt a desire to be with other people. Something new seemed to be taking place within him, and with it he felt a sort of thirst for company. He was so weary after a whole month of concentrated wretchedness and gloomy excitement that he longed to rest, if only for a moment, in some other world, whatever it might be; and, in spite of the filthiness of the surroundings, he was glad now to stay in the tavern.

The master of the establishment was in another room, but he frequently came down some steps into the main room, his jaunty, tarred boots with red turn-over tops coming into view each time before the rest of his person. He wore a full coat and a horribly greasy black satin waistcoat, with no cravat, and his whole face seemed smeared with oil like an iron lock. At the counter stood a boy of about fourteen, and there was another boy somewhat younger who handed whatever was wanted. On the counter lay some sliced cucumber, some pieces of dried black bread, and some fish, chopped up small, all smelling very bad. It was insufferably close, and so heavy with the fumes of spirits that five minutes in such an atmosphere might well make a man drunk.

There are chance meetings with strangers that interest us from the first moment, before a word is spoken. Such was the impression made on Raskolnikov by the person sitting a little distance from him, who looked like a retired clerk. The young man often recalled this impression afterwards, and even ascribed it to presentiment. He looked repeatedly at the clerk, partly no doubt because the latter was staring persistently at him, obviously anxious to enter into conversation. At the other persons in the room, including the tavern-keeper, the clerk looked as though he were used to their company, and weary of it, showing a shade of condescending contempt for them as persons of station and culture inferior to his own, with whom it would be useless for him to converse. He was a man over fifty, bald and grizzled, of medium height, and stoutly built. His face, bloated from continual drinking, was of a yellow, even greenish, tinge, with swollen eyelids out of which keen reddish eyes gleamed like little chinks. But there was something very strange in him; there was a light in his eyes as though of intense feeling--perhaps there were even thought and intelligence, but at the same time there was a gleam of something like madness. He was wearing an old and hopelessly ragged black dress coat, with all its buttons missing except one, and that one he had buttoned, evidently clinging to this last trace of respectability. A crumpled shirt front, covered with spots and stains, protruded from his canvas waistcoat. Like a clerk, he wore no beard, nor moustache, but had been so long unshaven that his chin looked like a stiff greyish brush. And there was something respectable and like an official about his manner too. But he was restless; he ruffled up his hair and from time to time let his head drop into his hands dejectedly resting his ragged elbows on the stained and sticky table. At last he looked straight at Raskolnikov, and said loudly and resolutely:

“May I venture, honoured sir, to engage you in polite conversation? Forasmuch as, though your exterior would not command respect, my experience admonishes me that you are a man of education and not accustomed to drinking. I have always respected education when in conjunction with genuine sentiments, and I am besides a titular counsellor in rank. Marmeladov--such is my name; titular counsellor. I make bold to inquire--have you been in the service?”

“No, I am studying,” answered the young man, somewhat surprised at the grandiloquent style of the speaker and also at being so directly addressed. In spite of the momentary desire he had just been feeling for company of any sort, on being actually spoken to he felt immediately his habitual irritable and uneasy aversion for any stranger who approached or attempted to approach him.

“A student then, or formerly a student,” cried the clerk. “Just what I thought! I’m a man of experience, immense experience, sir,” and he tapped his forehead with his fingers in self-approval. “You’ve been a student or have attended some learned institution!... But allow me....” He got up, staggered, took up his jug and glass, and sat down beside the young man, facing him a little sideways. He was drunk, but spoke fluently and boldly, only occasionally losing the thread of his sentences and drawling his words. He pounced upon Raskolnikov as greedily as though he too had not spoken to a soul for a month.

“Honoured sir,” he began almost with solemnity, “poverty is not a vice, that’s a true saying. Yet I know too that drunkenness is not a virtue, and that that’s even truer. But beggary, honoured sir, beggary is a vice. In poverty you may still retain your innate nobility of soul, but in beggary--never--no one. For beggary a man is not chased out of human society with a stick, he is swept out with a

broom, so as to make it as humiliating as possible; and quite right, too, forasmuch as in beggary I am ready to be the first to humiliate myself. Hence the pot-house! Honoured sir, a month ago Mr. Lebeziatnikov gave my wife a beating, and my wife is a very different matter from me! Do you understand? Allow me to ask you another question out of simple curiosity: have you ever spent a night on a hay barge, on the Neva?"

"No, I have not happened to," answered Raskolnikov. "What do you mean?"

"Well, I've just come from one and it's the fifth night I've slept so...." He filled his glass, emptied it and paused. Bits of hay were in fact clinging to his clothes and sticking to his hair. It seemed quite probable that he had not undressed or washed for the last five days. His hands, particularly, were filthy. They were fat and red, with black nails.

His conversation seemed to excite a general though languid interest. The boys at the counter fell to sniggering. The innkeeper came down from the upper room, apparently on purpose to listen to the "funny fellow" and sat down at a little distance, yawning lazily, but with dignity. Evidently Marmeladov was a familiar figure here, and he had most likely acquired his weakness for high-flown speeches from the habit of frequently entering into conversation with strangers of all sorts in the tavern. This habit develops into a necessity in some drunkards, and especially in those who are looked after sharply and kept in order at home. Hence in the company of other drinkers they try to justify themselves and even if possible obtain consideration.

"Funny fellow!" pronounced the innkeeper. "And why don't you work, why aren't you at your duty, if you are in the service?"

"Why am I not at my duty, honoured sir," Marmeladov went on, addressing himself exclusively to Raskolnikov, as though it had been he who put that question to him. "Why am I not at my duty? Does not my heart ache to think what a useless worm I am? A month ago when Mr. Lebeziatnikov beat my wife with his own hands, and I lay drunk, didn't I suffer? Excuse me, young man, has it ever happened to you... hm... well, to petition hopelessly for a loan?"

"Yes, it has. But what do you mean by hopelessly?"

"Hopelessly in the fullest sense, when you know beforehand that you will get nothing by it. You know, for instance, beforehand with positive certainty that this man, this most reputable and exemplary citizen, will on no consideration give you money; and indeed I ask you why should he? For he knows of course that I shan't pay it back. From compassion? But Mr. Lebeziatnikov who keeps up with modern ideas explained the other day that compassion is forbidden nowadays by science itself, and that that's what is done now in England, where there is political economy. Why, I ask you, should he give it to me? And yet though I know beforehand that he won't, I set off to him and..."

"Why do you go?" put in Raskolnikov.

"Well, when one has no one, nowhere else one can go! For every man must have somewhere to go. Since there are times when one absolutely must go somewhere! When my own daughter first went out with a yellow ticket, then I had to go... (for my daughter has a yellow passport)," he added in parenthesis, looking with a certain uneasiness at the young man. "No matter, sir, no matter!" he went on hurriedly and with apparent composure when both the boys at the counter guffawed and even the innkeeper smiled--"No matter, I am not confounded by the wagging of their heads; for everyone knows everything about it already, and all that is secret is made open. And I accept it all, not with contempt, but with humility. So be it! So be it! 'Behold the man!' Excuse me, young man, can you.... No, to put it more strongly and more distinctly; not _can_ you but _dare_ you, looking upon me, assert that I am not a pig?"

The young man did not answer a word.

"Well," the orator began again stolidly and with even increased dignity, after waiting for the laughter in the room to subside. "Well, so be it, I am a pig, but she is a lady! I have the semblance of a beast, but Katerina Ivanovna, my spouse, is a person of education and an officer's daughter. Granted, granted, I am a scoundrel, but she is a woman of a noble heart, full of sentiments, refined by education. And yet... oh, if only she felt for me! Honoured sir, honoured sir, you know every man ought to have at least one place where people feel for him! But Katerina Ivanovna, though she is magnanimous, she is unjust.... And yet, although I realise that when she pulls my hair she only does it out of pity--for I repeat without being ashamed, she pulls my hair, young man," he declared with redoubled dignity, hearing the sniggering again--"but, my God, if she would but once.... But no, no! It's all in vain and it's no use talking! No use talking! For more than once, my wish did come true and more than once she has felt for me but... such is my fate and I am a beast by nature!"

“Rather!” assented the innkeeper yawning. Marmeladov struck his fist resolutely on the table.

“Such is my fate! Do you know, sir, do you know, I have sold her very stockings for drink? Not her shoes--that would be more or less in the order of things, but her stockings, her stockings I have sold for drink! Her mohair shawl I sold for drink, a present to her long ago, her own property, not mine; and we live in a cold room and she caught cold this winter and has begun coughing and spitting blood too. We have three little children and Katerina Ivanovna is at work from morning till night; she is scrubbing and cleaning and washing the children, for she’s been used to cleanliness from a child. But her chest is weak and she has a tendency to consumption and I feel it! Do you suppose I don’t feel it? And the more I drink the more I feel it. That’s why I drink too. I try to find sympathy and feeling in drink.... I drink so that I may suffer twice as much!” And as though in despair he laid his head down on the table.

“Young man,” he went on, raising his head again, “in your face I seem to read some trouble of mind. When you came in I read it, and that was why I addressed you at once. For in unfolding to you the story of my life, I do not wish to make myself a laughing-stock before these idle listeners, who indeed know all about it already, but I am looking for a man of feeling and education. Know then that my wife was educated in a high-class school for the daughters of noblemen, and on leaving she danced the shawl dance before the governor and other personages for which she was presented with a gold medal and a certificate of merit. The medal... well, the medal of course was sold--long ago, hm... but the certificate of merit is in her trunk still and not long ago she showed it to our landlady. And although she is most continually on bad terms with the landlady, yet she wanted to tell someone or other of her past honours and of the happy days that are gone. I don’t condemn her for it, I don’t blame her, for the one thing left her is recollection of the past, and all the rest is dust and ashes. Yes, yes, she is a lady of spirit, proud and determined. She scrubs the floors herself and has nothing but black bread to eat, but won’t allow herself to be treated with disrespect. That’s why she would not overlook Mr. Lebeziatnikov’s rudeness to her, and so when he gave her a beating for it, she took to her bed more from the hurt to her feelings than from the blows. She was a widow when I married her, with three children, one smaller than the other. She married her first husband, an infantry officer, for love, and ran away with him from her father’s house. She was exceedingly fond of her husband; but he gave way to cards, got into trouble and with that he died. He used to beat her at the end: and although she paid him back, of which I have authentic documentary evidence, to this day she speaks of him with tears and she throws him up to me; and I am glad, I am glad that, though only in imagination, she should think of herself as having once been happy.... And she was left at his death with three children in a wild and remote district where I happened to be at the time; and she was left in such hopeless poverty that, although I have seen many ups and downs of all sort, I don’t feel equal to describing it even. Her relations had all thrown her off. And she was proud, too, excessively proud.... And then, honoured sir, and then, I, being at the time a widower, with a daughter of fourteen left me by my first wife, offered her my hand, for I could not bear the sight of such suffering. You can judge the extremity of her calamities, that she, a woman of education and culture and distinguished family, should have consented to be my wife. But she did! Weeping and sobbing and wringing her hands, she married me! For she had nowhere to turn! Do you understand, sir, do you understand what it means when you have absolutely nowhere to turn? No, that you don’t understand yet.... And for a whole year, I performed my duties conscientiously and faithfully, and did not touch this” (he tapped the jug with his finger), “for I have feelings. But even so, I could not please her; and then I lost my place too, and that through no fault of mine but through changes in the office; and then I did touch it!... It will be a year and a half ago soon since we found ourselves at last after many wanderings and numerous calamities in this magnificent capital, adorned with innumerable monuments. Here I obtained a situation.... I obtained it and I lost it again. Do you understand? This time it was through my own fault I lost it: for my weakness had come out.... We have now part of a room at Amalia Fyodorovna Lippevechsel’s; and what we live upon and what we pay our rent with, I could not say. There are a lot of people living there besides ourselves. Dirt and disorder, a perfect Bedlam... hm... yes... And meanwhile my daughter by my first wife has grown up; and what my daughter has had to put up with from her step-mother whilst she was growing up, I won’t speak of. For, though Katerina Ivanovna is full of generous feelings, she is a spirited lady, irritable and short-tempered.... Yes. But it’s no use going over that! Sonia, as you may well fancy, has had no education. I did make an effort four years ago to give her a course of geography and universal history, but as I was not very well up in those subjects myself and we had no suitable books, and what books we had... hm, anyway we have not even those now, so all our instruction came to an end. We stopped at Cyrus of Persia. Since she has attained years of maturity, she has read other books of romantic tendency and of late she had read with great interest a book she got through Mr. Lebeziatnikov, Lewes’ Physiology--do you know it?--and even recounted extracts from it to us: and that’s the whole of her education. And now may I venture to address you, honoured sir, on my own account with a private question. Do you suppose that a respectable poor girl can earn much by honest work? Not fifteen farthings a day can she earn, if she is respectable and has no special talent and that without putting her work down for an instant! And what’s more, Ivan Ivanitch Klopstock the civil counsellor--have you heard of him?--has not to this day

paid her for the half-dozen linen shirts she made him and drove her roughly away, stamping and reviling her, on the pretext that the shirt collars were not made like the pattern and were put in askew. And there are the little ones hungry.... And Katerina Ivanovna walking up and down and wringing her hands, her cheeks flushed red, as they always are in that disease: ‘Here you live with us,’ says she, ‘you eat and drink and are kept warm and you do nothing to help.’ And much she gets to eat and drink when there is not a crust for the little ones for three days! I was lying at the time... well, what of it! I was lying drunk and I heard my Sonia speaking (she is a gentle creature with a soft little voice... fair hair and such a pale, thin little face). She said: ‘Katerina Ivanovna, am I really to do a thing like that?’ And Darya Frantsovna, a woman of evil character and very well known to the police, had two or three times tried to get at her through the landlady. ‘And why not?’ said Katerina Ivanovna with a jeer, ‘you are something mighty precious to be so careful of!’ But don’t blame her, don’t blame her, honoured sir, don’t blame her! She was not herself when she spoke, but driven to distraction by her illness and the crying of the hungry children; and it was said more to wound her than anything else.... For that’s Katerina Ivanovna’s character, and when children cry, even from hunger, she falls to beating them at once. At six o’clock I saw Sonia get up, put on her kerchief and her cape, and go out of the room and about nine o’clock she came back. She walked straight up to Katerina Ivanovna and she laid thirty roubles on the table before her in silence. She did not utter a word, she did not even look at her, she simply picked up our big green _drap de dames_ shawl (we have a shawl, made of _drap de dames_), put it over her head and face and lay down on the bed with her face to the wall; only her little shoulders and her body kept shuddering.... And I went on lying there, just as before.... And then I saw, young man, I saw Katerina Ivanovna, in the same silence go up to Sonia’s little bed; she was on her knees all the evening kissing Sonia’s feet, and would not get up, and then they both fell asleep in each other’s arms... together, together... yes... and I... lay drunk.”

Marmeladov stopped short, as though his voice had failed him. Then he hurriedly filled his glass, drank, and cleared his throat.

“Since then, sir,” he went on after a brief pause--“Since then, owing to an unfortunate occurrence and through information given by evil-intentioned persons--in all which Darya Frantsovna took a leading part on the pretext that she had been treated with want of respect--since then my daughter Sofya Semyonovna has been forced to take a yellow ticket, and owing to that she is unable to go on living with us. For our landlady, Amalia Fyodorovna would not hear of it (though she had backed up Darya Frantsovna before) and Mr. Lebeziatnikov too... hm.... All the trouble between him and Katerina Ivanovna was on Sonia’s account. At first he was for making up to Sonia himself and then all of a sudden he stood on his dignity: ‘how,’ said he, ‘can a highly educated man like me live in the same rooms with a girl like that?’ And Katerina Ivanovna would not let it pass, she stood up for her... and so that’s how it happened. And Sonia comes to us now, mostly after dark; she comforts Katerina Ivanovna and gives her all she can.... She has a room at the Kapernaumovs’ the tailors, she lodges with them; Kapernaumov is a lame man with a cleft palate and all of his numerous family have cleft palates too. And his wife, too, has a cleft palate. They all live in one room, but Sonia has her own, partitioned off.... Hm... yes... very poor people and all with cleft palates... yes. Then I got up in the morning, and put on my rags, lifted up my hands to heaven and set off to his excellency Ivan Afanasyvitch. His excellency Ivan Afanasyvitch, do you know him? No? Well, then, it’s a man of God you don’t know. He is wax... wax before the face of the Lord; even as wax melteth!... His eyes were dim when he heard my story. ‘Marmeladov, once already you have deceived my expectations... I’ll take you once more on my own responsibility’--that’s what he said, ‘remember,’ he said, ‘and now you can go.’ I kissed the dust at his feet--in thought only, for in reality he would not have allowed me to do it, being a statesman and a man of modern political and enlightened ideas. I returned home, and when I announced that I’d been taken back into the service and should receive a salary, heavens, what a to-do there was!...”

Marmeladov stopped again in violent excitement. At that moment a whole party of revellers already drunk came in from the street, and the sounds of a hired concertina and the cracked piping voice of a child of seven singing “The Hamlet” were heard in the entry. The room was filled with noise. The tavern-keeper and the boys were busy with the new-comers. Marmeladov paying no attention to the new arrivals continued his story. He appeared by now to be extremely weak, but as he became more and more drunk, he became more and more talkative. The recollection of his recent success in getting the situation seemed to revive him, and was positively reflected in a sort of radiance on his face. Raskolnikov listened attentively.

“That was five weeks ago, sir. Yes.... As soon as Katerina Ivanovna and Sonia heard of it, mercy on us, it was as though I stepped into the kingdom of Heaven. It used to be: you can lie like a beast, nothing but abuse. Now they were walking on tiptoe, hushing the children. ‘Semyon Zaharovitch is tired with his work at the office, he is resting, shh!’ They made me coffee before I went to work and boiled cream for me! They began to get real cream for me, do you hear that? And how they managed to get together the money for a decent outfit--eleven roubles, fifty copecks, I can’t guess. Boots, cotton shirt-fronts--most magnificent, a uniform, they got up all in splendid style, for eleven roubles and a half. The first morning I came back from the office I found Katerina Ivanovna had cooked

two courses for dinner--soup and salt meat with horse radish--which we had never dreamed of till then. She had not any dresses... none at all, but she got herself up as though she were going on a visit; and not that she'd anything to do it with, she smartened herself up with nothing at all, she'd done her hair nicely, put on a clean collar of some sort, cuffs, and there she was, quite a different person, she was younger and better looking. Sonia, my little darling, had only helped with money 'for the time,' she said, 'it won't do for me to come and see you too often. After dark maybe when no one can see.' Do you hear, do you hear? I lay down for a nap after dinner and what do you think: though Katerina Ivanovna had quarrelled to the last degree with our landlady Amalia Fyodorovna only a week before, she could not resist then asking her in to coffee. For two hours they were sitting, whispering together. 'Semyon Zaharovitch is in the service again, now, and receiving a salary,' says she, 'and he went himself to his excellency and his excellency himself came out to him, made all the others wait and led Semyon Zaharovitch by the hand before everybody into his study.' Do you hear, do you hear? 'To be sure,' says he, 'Semyon Zaharovitch, remembering your past services,' says he, 'and in spite of your propensity to that foolish weakness, since you promise now and since moreover we've got on badly without you,' (do you hear, do you hear;) 'and so,' says he, 'I rely now on your word as a gentleman.' And all that, let me tell you, she has simply made up for herself, and not simply out of wantonness, for the sake of bragging; no, she believes it all herself, she amuses herself with her own fancies, upon my word she does! And I don't blame her for it, no, I don't blame her!... Six days ago when I brought her my first earnings in full--twenty-three roubles forty copecks altogether--she called me her poppet: 'poppet,' said she, 'my little poppet.' And when we were by ourselves, you understand? You would not think me a beauty, you would not think much of me as a husband, would you?... Well, she pinched my cheek, 'my little poppet,' said she."

Marmeladov broke off, tried to smile, but suddenly his chin began to twitch. He controlled himself however. The tavern, the degraded appearance of the man, the five nights in the hay barge, and the pot of spirits, and yet this poignant love for his wife and children bewildered his listener. Raskolnikov listened intently but with a sick sensation. He felt vexed that he had come here.

"Honoured sir, honoured sir," cried Marmeladov recovering himself--"Oh, sir, perhaps all this seems a laughing matter to you, as it does to others, and perhaps I am only worrying you with the stupidity of all the trivial details of my home life, but it is not a laughing matter to me. For I can feel it all.... And the whole of that heavenly day of my life and the whole of that evening I passed in fleeting dreams of how I would arrange it all, and how I would dress all the children, and how I should give her rest, and how I should rescue my own daughter from dishonour and restore her to the bosom of her family.... And a great deal more.... Quite excusable, sir. Well, then, sir" (Marmeladov suddenly gave a sort of start, raised his head and gazed intently at his listener) "well, on the very next day after all those dreams, that is to say, exactly five days ago, in the evening, by a cunning trick, like a thief in the night, I stole from Katerina Ivanovna the key of her box, took out what was left of my earnings, how much it was I have forgotten, and now look at me, all of you! It's the fifth day since I left home, and they are looking for me there and it's the end of my employment, and my uniform is lying in a tavern on the Egyptian bridge. I exchanged it for the garments I have on... and it's the end of everything!"

Marmeladov struck his forehead with his fist, clenched his teeth, closed his eyes and leaned heavily with his elbow on the table. But a minute later his face suddenly changed and with a certain assumed slyness and affectation of bravado, he glanced at Raskolnikov, laughed and said:

"This morning I went to see Sonia, I went to ask her for a pick-me-up! He-he-he!"

"You don't say she gave it to you?" cried one of the new-comers; he shouted the words and went off into a guffaw.

"This very quart was bought with her money," Marmeladov declared, addressing himself exclusively to Raskolnikov. "Thirty copecks she gave me with her own hands, her last, all she had, as I saw.... She said nothing, she only looked at me without a word.... Not on earth, but up yonder... they grieve over men, they weep, but they don't blame them, they don't blame them! But it hurts more, it hurts more when they don't blame! Thirty copecks yes! And maybe she needs them now, eh? What do you think, my dear sir? For now she's got to keep up her appearance. It costs money, that smartness, that special smartness, you know? Do you understand? And there's pomatum, too, you see, she must have things; petticoats, starched ones, shoes, too, real jaunty ones to show off her foot when she has to step over a puddle. Do you understand, sir, do you understand what all that smartness means? And here I, her own father, here I took thirty copecks of that money for a drink! And I am drinking it! And I have already drunk it! Come, who will have pity on a man like me, eh? Are you sorry for me, sir, or not? Tell me, sir, are you sorry or not? He-he-he!"

He would have filled his glass, but there was no drink left. The pot was empty.

"What are you to be pitied for?" shouted the tavern-keeper who was again near them.

Shouts of laughter and even oaths followed. The laughter and the oaths came from those who were listening and also from those who had heard nothing but were simply looking at the figure of the discharged government clerk.

“To be pitied! Why am I to be pitied?” Marmeladov suddenly declaimed, standing up with his arm outstretched, as though he had been only waiting for that question.

“Why am I to be pitied, you say? Yes! there’s nothing to pity me for! I ought to be crucified, crucified on a cross, not pitied! Crucify me, oh judge, crucify me but pity me! And then I will go of myself to be crucified, for it’s not merry-making I seek but tears and tribulation!... Do you suppose, you that sell, that this pint of yours has been sweet to me? It was tribulation I sought at the bottom of it, tears and tribulation, and have found it, and I have tasted it; but He will pity us Who has had pity on all men, Who has understood all men and all things, He is the One, He too is the judge. He will come in that day and He will ask: ‘Where is the daughter who gave herself for her cross, consumptive step-mother and for the little children of another? Where is the daughter who had pity upon the filthy drunkard, her earthly father, undismayed by his beastliness?’ And He will say, ‘Come to me! I have already forgiven thee once.... I have forgiven thee once.... Thy sins which are many are forgiven thee for thou hast loved much....’ And he will forgive my Sonia, He will forgive, I know it... I felt it in my heart when I was with her just now! And He will judge and will forgive all, the good and the evil, the wise and the meek.... And when He has done with all of them, then He will summon us. ‘You too come forth,’ He will say, ‘Come forth ye drunkards, come forth, ye weak ones, come forth, ye children of shame!’ And we shall all come forth, without shame and shall stand before him. And He will say unto us, ‘Ye are swine, made in the Image of the Beast and with his mark; but come ye also!’ And the wise ones and those of understanding will say, ‘Oh Lord, why dost Thou receive these men?’ And He will say, ‘This is why I receive them, oh ye wise, this is why I receive them, oh ye of understanding, that not one of them believed himself to be worthy of this.’ And He will hold out His hands to us and we shall fall down before him... and we shall weep... and we shall understand all things! Then we shall understand all!... and all will understand, Katerina Ivanovna even... she will understand.... Lord, Thy kingdom come!” And he sank down on the bench exhausted, and helpless, looking at no one, apparently oblivious of his surroundings and plunged in deep thought. His words had created a certain impression; there was a moment of silence; but soon laughter and oaths were heard again.

“That’s his notion!”

“Talked himself silly!”

“A fine clerk he is!”

And so on, and so on.

“Let us go, sir,” said Marmeladov all at once, raising his head and addressing Raskolnikov--“come along with me... Kozel’s house, looking into the yard. I’m going to Katerina Ivanovna--time I did.”

Raskolnikov had for some time been wanting to go and he had meant to help him. Marmeladov was much unsteadier on his legs than in his speech and leaned heavily on the young man. They had two or three hundred paces to go. The drunken man was more and more overcome by dismay and confusion as they drew nearer the house.

“It’s not Katerina Ivanovna I am afraid of now,” he muttered in agitation--“and that she will begin pulling my hair. What does my hair matter! Bother my hair! That’s what I say! Indeed it will be better if she does begin pulling it, that’s not what I am afraid of... it’s her eyes I am afraid of... yes, her eyes... the red on her cheeks, too, frightens me... and her breathing too.... Have you noticed how people in that disease breathe... when they are excited? I am frightened of the children’s crying, too.... For if Sonia has not taken them food... I don’t know what’s happened! I don’t know! But blows I am not afraid of.... Know, sir, that such blows are not a pain to me, but even an enjoyment. In fact I can’t get on without it.... It’s better so. Let her strike me, it relieves her heart... it’s better so... There is the house. The house of Kozel, the cabinet-maker... a German, well-to-do. Lead the way!”

They went in from the yard and up to the fourth storey. The staircase got darker and darker as they went up. It was nearly eleven o’clock and although in summer in Petersburg there is no real night, yet it was quite dark at the top of the stairs.

A grimy little door at the very top of the stairs stood ajar. A very poor-looking room about ten paces long was lighted up by a candle-end; the whole of it was visible from the entrance. It was all in disorder, littered up with rags of all sorts, especially children’s garments. Across the furthest corner was stretched a ragged sheet. Behind it probably was the bed. There was nothing in the room except two chairs and a sofa covered with American leather, full of holes, before which stood an old deal kitchen-table, unpainted

and uncovered. At the edge of the table stood a smoldering tallow-candle in an iron candlestick. It appeared that the family had a room to themselves, not part of a room, but their room was practically a passage. The door leading to the other rooms, or rather cupboards, into which Amalia Lippevechsel's flat was divided stood half open, and there was shouting, uproar and laughter within. People seemed to be playing cards and drinking tea there. Words of the most unceremonious kind flew out from time to time.

Raskolnikov recognised Katerina Ivanovna at once. She was a rather tall, slim and graceful woman, terribly emaciated, with magnificent dark brown hair and with a hectic flush in her cheeks. She was pacing up and down in her little room, pressing her hands against her chest; her lips were parched and her breathing came in nervous broken gasps. Her eyes glittered as in fever and looked about with a harsh immovable stare. And that consumptive and excited face with the last flickering light of the candle-end playing upon it made a sickening impression. She seemed to Raskolnikov about thirty years old and was certainly a strange wife for Marmeladov.... She had not heard them and did not notice them coming in. She seemed to be lost in thought, hearing and seeing nothing. The room was close, but she had not opened the window; a stench rose from the staircase, but the door on to the stairs was not closed. From the inner rooms clouds of tobacco smoke floated in, she kept coughing, but did not close the door. The youngest child, a girl of six, was asleep, sitting curled up on the floor with her head on the sofa. A boy a year older stood crying and shaking in the corner, probably he had just had a beating. Beside him stood a girl of nine years old, tall and thin, wearing a thin and ragged chemise with an ancient cashmere pelisse flung over her bare shoulders, long outgrown and barely reaching her knees. Her arm, as thin as a stick, was round her brother's neck. She was trying to comfort him, whispering something to him, and doing all she could to keep him from whimpering again. At the same time her large dark eyes, which looked larger still from the thinness of her frightened face, were watching her mother with alarm. Marmeladov did not enter the door, but dropped on his knees in the very doorway, pushing Raskolnikov in front of him. The woman seeing a stranger stopped indifferently facing him, coming to herself for a moment and apparently wondering what he had come for. But evidently she decided that he was going into the next room, as he had to pass through hers to get there. Taking no further notice of him, she walked towards the outer door to close it and uttered a sudden scream on seeing her husband on his knees in the doorway.

"Ah!" she cried out in a frenzy, "he has come back! The criminal! the monster!... And where is the money? What's in your pocket, show me! And your clothes are all different! Where are your clothes? Where is the money! Speak!"

And she fell to searching him. Marmeladov submissively and obediently held up both arms to facilitate the search. Not a farthing was there.

"Where is the money?" she cried--"Mercy on us, can he have drunk it all? There were twelve silver roubles left in the chest!" and in a fury she seized him by the hair and dragged him into the room. Marmeladov seconded her efforts by meekly crawling along on his knees.

"And this is a consolation to me! This does not hurt me, but is a positive con-so-la-tion, ho-nou-red sir," he called out, shaken to and fro by his hair and even once striking the ground with his forehead. The child asleep on the floor woke up, and began to cry. The boy in the corner losing all control began trembling and screaming and rushed to his sister in violent terror, almost in a fit. The eldest girl was shaking like a leaf.

"He's drunk it! he's drunk it all," the poor woman screamed in despair--"and his clothes are gone! And they are hungry, hungry!"--and wringing her hands she pointed to the children. "Oh, accursed life! And you, are you not ashamed?"--she pounced all at once upon Raskolnikov--"from the tavern! Have you been drinking with him? You have been drinking with him, too! Go away!"

The young man was hastening away without uttering a word. The inner door was thrown wide open and inquisitive faces were peering in at it. Coarse laughing faces with pipes and cigarettes and heads wearing caps thrust themselves in at the doorway. Further in could be seen figures in dressing gowns flung open, in costumes of unseemly scantiness, some of them with cards in their hands. They were particularly diverted, when Marmeladov, dragged about by his hair, shouted that it was a consolation to him. They even began to come into the room; at last a sinister shrill outcry was heard: this came from Amalia Lippevechsel herself pushing her way amongst them and trying to restore order after her own fashion and for the hundredth time to frighten the poor woman by ordering her with coarse abuse to clear out of the room next day. As he went out, Raskolnikov had time to put his hand into his pocket, to snatch up the coppers he had received in exchange for his rouble in the tavern and to lay them unnoticed on the window. Afterwards on the stairs, he changed his mind and would have gone back.

"What a stupid thing I've done," he thought to himself, "they have Sonia and I want it myself." But reflecting that it would be impossible to take it back now and that in any case he would not have taken it, he dismissed it with a wave of his hand and went

back to his lodging. “Sonia wants pomatum too,” he said as he walked along the street, and he laughed malignantly--“such smartness costs money.... Hm! And maybe Sonia herself will be bankrupt to-day, for there is always a risk, hunting big game... digging for gold... then they would all be without a crust to-morrow except for my money. Hurrah for Sonia! What a mine they’ve dug there! And they’re making the most of it! Yes, they are making the most of it! They’ve wept over it and grown used to it. Man grows used to everything, the scoundrel!”

He sank into thought.

“And what if I am wrong,” he cried suddenly after a moment’s thought. “What if man is not really a scoundrel, man in general, I mean, the whole race of mankind--then all the rest is prejudice, simply artificial terrors and there are no barriers and it’s all as it should be.”

CHAPTER III

He waked up late next day after a broken sleep. But his sleep had not refreshed him; he waked up bilious, irritable, ill-tempered, and looked with hatred at his room. It was a tiny cupboard of a room about six paces in length. It had a poverty-stricken appearance with its dusty yellow paper peeling off the walls, and it was so low-pitched that a man of more than average height was ill at ease in it and felt every moment that he would knock his head against the ceiling. The furniture was in keeping with the room: there were three old chairs, rather rickety; a painted table in the corner on which lay a few manuscripts and books; the dust that lay thick upon them showed that they had been long untouched. A big clumsy sofa occupied almost the whole of one wall and half the floor space of the room; it was once covered with chintz, but was now in rags and served Raskolnikov as a bed. Often he went to sleep on it, as he was, without undressing, without sheets, wrapped in his old student’s overcoat, with his head on one little pillow, under which he heaped up all the linen he had, clean and dirty, by way of a bolster. A little table stood in front of the sofa.

It would have been difficult to sink to a lower ebb of disorder, but to Raskolnikov in his present state of mind this was positively agreeable. He had got completely away from everyone, like a tortoise in its shell, and even the sight of a servant girl who had to wait upon him and looked sometimes into his room made him writhe with nervous irritation. He was in the condition that overtakes some monomaniacs entirely concentrated upon one thing. His landlady had for the last fortnight given up sending him in meals, and he had not yet thought of expostulating with her, though he went without his dinner. Nastasya, the cook and only servant, was rather pleased at the lodger’s mood and had entirely given up sweeping and doing his room, only once a week or so she would stray into his room with a broom. She waked him up that day.

“Get up, why are you asleep?” she called to him. “It’s past nine, I have brought you some tea; will you have a cup? I should think you’re fairly starving?”

Raskolnikov opened his eyes, started and recognised Nastasya.

“From the landlady, eh?” he asked, slowly and with a sickly face sitting up on the sofa.

“From the landlady, indeed!”

She set before him her own cracked teapot full of weak and stale tea and laid two yellow lumps of sugar by the side of it.

“Here, Nastasya, take it please,” he said, fumbling in his pocket (for he had slept in his clothes) and taking out a handful of coppers--“run and buy me a loaf. And get me a little sausage, the cheapest, at the pork-butcher’s.”

“The loaf I’ll fetch you this very minute, but wouldn’t you rather have some cabbage soup instead of sausage? It’s capital soup, yesterday’s. I saved it for you yesterday, but you came in late. It’s fine soup.”

When the soup had been brought, and he had begun upon it, Nastasya sat down beside him on the sofa and began chatting. She was a country peasant-woman and a very talkative one.

“Praskovya Pavlovna means to complain to the police about you,” she said.

He scowled.

“To the police? What does she want?”

“You don’t pay her money and you won’t turn out of the room. That’s what she wants, to be sure.”

“The devil, that’s the last straw,” he muttered, grinding his teeth, “no, that would not suit me... just now. She is a fool,” he added aloud. “I’ll go and talk to her to-day.”

“Fool she is and no mistake, just as I am. But why, if you are so clever, do you lie here like a sack and have nothing to show for it? One time you used to go out, you say, to teach children. But why is it you do nothing now?”

“I am doing...” Raskolnikov began sullenly and reluctantly.

“What are you doing?”

“Work...”

“What sort of work?”

“I am thinking,” he answered seriously after a pause.

Nastasya was overcome with a fit of laughter. She was given to laughter and when anything amused her, she laughed inaudibly, quivering and shaking all over till she felt ill.

“And have you made much money by your thinking?” she managed to articulate at last.

“One can’t go out to give lessons without boots. And I’m sick of it.”

“Don’t quarrel with your bread and butter.”

“They pay so little for lessons. What’s the use of a few coppers?” he answered, reluctantly, as though replying to his own thought.

“And you want to get a fortune all at once?”

He looked at her strangely.

“Yes, I want a fortune,” he answered firmly, after a brief pause.

“Don’t be in such a hurry, you quite frighten me! Shall I get you the loaf or not?”

“As you please.”

“Ah, I forgot! A letter came for you yesterday when you were out.”

“A letter? for me! from whom?”

“I can’t say. I gave three copecks of my own to the postman for it. Will you pay me back?”

“Then bring it to me, for God’s sake, bring it,” cried Raskolnikov greatly excited--“good God!”

A minute later the letter was brought him. That was it: from his mother, from the province of R----. He turned pale when he took it. It was a long while since he had received a letter, but another feeling also suddenly stabbed his heart.

“Nastasya, leave me alone, for goodness’ sake; here are your three copecks, but for goodness’ sake, make haste and go!”

The letter was quivering in his hand; he did not want to open it in her presence; he wanted to be left _alone_ with this letter. When Nastasya had gone out, he lifted it quickly to his lips and kissed it; then he gazed intently at the address, the small, sloping handwriting, so dear and familiar, of the mother who had once taught him to read and write. He delayed; he seemed almost afraid of something. At last he opened it; it was a thick heavy letter, weighing over two ounces, two large sheets of note paper were covered with very small handwriting.

“My dear Rodya,” wrote his mother--“it’s two months since I last had a talk with you by letter which has distressed me and even kept me awake at night, thinking. But I am sure you will not blame me for my inevitable silence. You know how I love you; you are all we have to look to, Dounia and I, you are our all, our one hope, our one stay. What a grief it was to me when I heard that you had given up the university some months ago, for want of means to keep yourself and that you had lost your lessons and your other work! How could I help you out of my hundred and twenty roubles a year pension? The fifteen roubles I sent you four months ago I borrowed, as you know, on security of my pension, from Vassily Ivanovitch Vahrushin a merchant of this town. He is a kind-hearted

man and was a friend of your father's too. But having given him the right to receive the pension, I had to wait till the debt was paid off and that is only just done, so that I've been unable to send you anything all this time. But now, thank God, I believe I shall be able to send you something more and in fact we may congratulate ourselves on our good fortune now, of which I hasten to inform you. In the first place, would you have guessed, dear Rodya, that your sister has been living with me for the last six weeks and we shall not be separated in the future. Thank God, her sufferings are over, but I will tell you everything in order, so that you may know just how everything has happened and all that we have hitherto concealed from you. When you wrote to me two months ago that you had heard that Dounia had a great deal to put up with in the Svidrigaïlovs' house, when you wrote that and asked me to tell you all about it--what could I write in answer to you? If I had written the whole truth to you, I dare say you would have thrown up everything and have come to us, even if you had to walk all the way, for I know your character and your feelings, and you would not let your sister be insulted. I was in despair myself, but what could I do? And, besides, I did not know the whole truth myself then. What made it all so difficult was that Dounia received a hundred roubles in advance when she took the place as governess in their family, on condition of part of her salary being deducted every month, and so it was impossible to throw up the situation without repaying the debt. This sum (now I can explain it all to you, my precious Rodya) she took chiefly in order to send you sixty roubles, which you needed so terribly then and which you received from us last year. We deceived you then, writing that this money came from Dounia's savings, but that was not so, and now I tell you all about it, because, thank God, things have suddenly changed for the better, and that you may know how Dounia loves you and what a heart she has. At first indeed Mr. Svidrigaïlov treated her very rudely and used to make disrespectful and jeering remarks at table.... But I don't want to go into all those painful details, so as not to worry you for nothing when it is now all over. In short, in spite of the kind and generous behaviour of Marfa Petrovna, Mr. Svidrigaïlov's wife, and all the rest of the household, Dounia had a very hard time, especially when Mr. Svidrigaïlov, relapsing into his old regimental habits, was under the influence of Bacchus. And how do you think it was all explained later on? Would you believe that the crazy fellow had conceived a passion for Dounia from the beginning, but had concealed it under a show of rudeness and contempt. Possibly he was ashamed and horrified himself at his own flighty hopes, considering his years and his being the father of a family; and that made him angry with Dounia. And possibly, too, he hoped by his rude and sneering behaviour to hide the truth from others. But at last he lost all control and had the face to make Dounia an open and shameful proposal, promising her all sorts of inducements and offering, besides, to throw up everything and take her to another estate of his, or even abroad. You can imagine all she went through! To leave her situation at once was impossible not only on account of the money debt, but also to spare the feelings of Marfa Petrovna, whose suspicions would have been aroused: and then Dounia would have been the cause of a rupture in the family. And it would have meant a terrible scandal for Dounia too; that would have been inevitable. There were various other reasons owing to which Dounia could not hope to escape from that awful house for another six weeks. You know Dounia, of course; you know how clever she is and what a strong will she has. Dounia can endure a great deal and even in the most difficult cases she has the fortitude to maintain her firmness. She did not even write to me about everything for fear of upsetting me, although we were constantly in communication. It all ended very unexpectedly. Marfa Petrovna accidentally overheard her husband imploring Dounia in the garden, and, putting quite a wrong interpretation on the position, threw the blame upon her, believing her to be the cause of it all. An awful scene took place between them on the spot in the garden; Marfa Petrovna went so far as to strike Dounia, refused to hear anything and was shouting at her for a whole hour and then gave orders that Dounia should be packed off at once to me in a plain peasant's cart, into which they flung all her things, her linen and her clothes, all pell-mell, without folding it up and packing it. And a heavy shower of rain came on, too, and Dounia, insulted and put to shame, had to drive with a peasant in an open cart all the seventeen versts into town. Only think now what answer could I have sent to the letter I received from you two months ago and what could I have written? I was in despair; I dared not write to you the truth because you would have been very unhappy, mortified and indignant, and yet what could you do? You could only perhaps ruin yourself, and, besides, Dounia would not allow it; and fill up my letter with trifles when my heart was so full of sorrow, I could not. For a whole month the town was full of gossip about this scandal, and it came to such a pass that Dounia and I dared not even go to church on account of the contemptuous looks, whispers, and even remarks made aloud about us. All our acquaintances avoided us, nobody even bowed to us in the street, and I learnt that some shopmen and clerks were intending to insult us in a shameful way, smearing the gates of our house with pitch, so that the landlord began to tell us we must leave. All this was set going by Marfa Petrovna who managed to slander Dounia and throw dirt at her in every family. She knows everyone in the neighbourhood, and that month she was continually coming into the town, and as she is rather talkative and fond of gossiping about her family affairs and particularly of complaining to all and each of her husband--which is not at all right--so in a short time she had spread her story not only in the town, but over the whole surrounding district. It made me ill, but Dounia bore it better than I did, and if only you could have seen how she endured it all and tried to comfort me and cheer me up! She is an angel! But by God's mercy, our sufferings were cut short: Mr. Svidrigaïlov returned to his senses and repented and, probably feeling sorry for Dounia, he laid before Marfa Petrovna a

complete and unmistakable proof of Dounia's innocence, in the form of a letter Dounia had been forced to write and give to him, before Marfa Petrovna came upon them in the garden. This letter, which remained in Mr. Svidrigaïlov's hands after her departure, she had written to refuse personal explanations and secret interviews, for which he was entreating her. In that letter she reproached him with great heat and indignation for the baseness of his behaviour in regard to Marfa Petrovna, reminding him that he was the father and head of a family and telling him how infamous it was of him to torment and make unhappy a defenceless girl, unhappy enough already. Indeed, dear Rodya, the letter was so nobly and touchingly written that I sobbed when I read it and to this day I cannot read it without tears. Moreover, the evidence of the servants, too, cleared Dounia's reputation; they had seen and known a great deal more than Mr. Svidrigaïlov had himself supposed--as indeed is always the case with servants. Marfa Petrovna was completely taken aback, and 'again crushed' as she said herself to us, but she was completely convinced of Dounia's innocence. The very next day, being Sunday, she went straight to the Cathedral, knelt down and prayed with tears to Our Lady to give her strength to bear this new trial and to do her duty. Then she came straight from the Cathedral to us, told us the whole story, wept bitterly and, fully penitent, she embraced Dounia and besought her to forgive her. The same morning without any delay, she went round to all the houses in the town and everywhere, shedding tears, she asserted in the most flattering terms Dounia's innocence and the nobility of her feelings and her behavior. What was more, she showed and read to everyone the letter in Dounia's own handwriting to Mr. Svidrigaïlov and even allowed them to take copies of it--which I must say I think was superfluous. In this way she was busy for several days in driving about the whole town, because some people had taken offence through precedence having been given to others. And therefore they had to take turns, so that in every house she was expected before she arrived, and everyone knew that on such and such a day Marfa Petrovna would be reading the letter in such and such a place and people assembled for every reading of it, even many who had heard it several times already both in their own houses and in other people's. In my opinion a great deal, a very great deal of all this was unnecessary; but that's Marfa Petrovna's character. Anyway she succeeded in completely re-establishing Dounia's reputation and the whole ignominy of this affair rested as an indelible disgrace upon her husband, as the only person to blame, so that I really began to feel sorry for him; it was really treating the crazy fellow too harshly. Dounia was at once asked to give lessons in several families, but she refused. All of a sudden everyone began to treat her with marked respect and all this did much to bring about the event by which, one may say, our whole fortunes are now transformed. You must know, dear Rodya, that Dounia has a suitor and that she has already consented to marry him. I hasten to tell you all about the matter, and though it has been arranged without asking your consent, I think you will not be aggrieved with me or with your sister on that account, for you will see that we could not wait and put off our decision till we heard from you. And you could not have judged all the facts without being on the spot. This was how it happened. He is already of the rank of a counsellor, Pyotr Petrovitch Luzhin, and is distantly related to Marfa Petrovna, who has been very active in bringing the match about. It began with his expressing through her his desire to make our acquaintance. He was properly received, drank coffee with us and the very next day he sent us a letter in which he very courteously made an offer and begged for a speedy and decided answer. He is a very busy man and is in a great hurry to get to Petersburg, so that every moment is precious to him. At first, of course, we were greatly surprised, as it had all happened so quickly and unexpectedly. We thought and talked it over the whole day. He is a well-to-do man, to be depended upon, he has two posts in the government and has already made his fortune. It is true that he is forty-five years old, but he is of a fairly prepossessing appearance and might still be thought attractive by women, and he is altogether a very respectable and presentable man, only he seems a little morose and somewhat conceited. But possibly that may only be the impression he makes at first sight. And beware, dear Rodya, when he comes to Petersburg, as he shortly will do, beware of judging him too hastily and severely, as your way is, if there is anything you do not like in him at first sight. I give you this warning, although I feel sure that he will make a favourable impression upon you. Moreover, in order to understand any man one must be deliberate and careful to avoid forming prejudices and mistaken ideas, which are very difficult to correct and get over afterwards. And Pyotr Petrovitch, judging by many indications, is a thoroughly estimable man. At his first visit, indeed, he told us that he was a practical man, but still he shares, as he expressed it, many of the convictions 'of our most rising generation' and he is an opponent of all prejudices. He said a good deal more, for he seems a little conceited and likes to be listened to, but this is scarcely a vice. I, of course, understood very little of it, but Dounia explained to me that, though he is not a man of great education, he is clever and seems to be good-natured. You know your sister's character, Rodya. She is a resolute, sensible, patient and generous girl, but she has a passionate heart, as I know very well. Of course, there is no great love either on his side, or on hers, but Dounia is a clever girl and has the heart of an angel, and will make it her duty to make her husband happy who on his side will make her happiness his care. Of that we have no good reason to doubt, though it must be admitted the matter has been arranged in great haste. Besides he is a man of great prudence and he will see, to be sure, of himself, that his own happiness will be the more secure, the happier Dounia is with him. And as for some defects of character, for some habits and even certain differences of opinion--which indeed are inevitable even in the happiest marriages--Dounia has said that, as regards all that, she relies on herself, that there is nothing to be

uneasy about, and that she is ready to put up with a great deal, if only their future relationship can be an honourable and straightforward one. He struck me, for instance, at first, as rather abrupt, but that may well come from his being an outspoken man, and that is no doubt how it is. For instance, at his second visit, after he had received Dounia's consent, in the course of conversation, he declared that before making Dounia's acquaintance, he had made up his mind to marry a girl of good reputation, without dowry and, above all, one who had experienced poverty, because, as he explained, a man ought not to be indebted to his wife, but that it is better for a wife to look upon her husband as her benefactor. I must add that he expressed it more nicely and politely than I have done, for I have forgotten his actual phrases and only remember the meaning. And, besides, it was obviously not said of design, but slipped out in the heat of conversation, so that he tried afterwards to correct himself and smooth it over, but all the same it did strike me as somewhat rude, and I said so afterwards to Dounia. But Dounia was vexed, and answered that 'words are not deeds,' and that, of course, is perfectly true. Dounia did not sleep all night before she made up her mind, and, thinking that I was asleep, she got out of bed and was walking up and down the room all night; at last she knelt down before the ikon and prayed long and fervently and in the morning she told me that she had decided.

"I have mentioned already that Pyotr Petrovitch is just setting off for Petersburg, where he has a great deal of business, and he wants to open a legal bureau. He has been occupied for many years in conducting civil and commercial litigation, and only the other day he won an important case. He has to be in Petersburg because he has an important case before the Senate. So, Rodya dear, he may be of the greatest use to you, in every way indeed, and Dounia and I have agreed that from this very day you could definitely enter upon your career and might consider that your future is marked out and assured for you. Oh, if only this comes to pass! This would be such a benefit that we could only look upon it as a providential blessing. Dounia is dreaming of nothing else. We have even ventured already to drop a few words on the subject to Pyotr Petrovitch. He was cautious in his answer, and said that, of course, as he could not get on without a secretary, it would be better to be paying a salary to a relation than to a stranger, if only the former were fitted for the duties (as though there could be doubt of your being fitted!) but then he expressed doubts whether your studies at the university would leave you time for work at his office. The matter dropped for the time, but Dounia is thinking of nothing else now. She has been in a sort of fever for the last few days, and has already made a regular plan for your becoming in the end an associate and even a partner in Pyotr Petrovitch's business, which might well be, seeing that you are a student of law. I am in complete agreement with her, Rodya, and share all her plans and hopes, and think there is every probability of realising them. And in spite of Pyotr Petrovitch's evasiveness, very natural at present (since he does not know you), Dounia is firmly persuaded that she will gain everything by her good influence over her future husband; this she is reckoning upon. Of course we are careful not to talk of any of these more remote plans to Pyotr Petrovitch, especially of your becoming his partner. He is a practical man and might take this very coldly, it might all seem to him simply a day-dream. Nor has either Dounia or I breathed a word to him of the great hopes we have of his helping us to pay for your university studies; we have not spoken of it in the first place, because it will come to pass of itself, later on, and he will no doubt without wasting words offer to do it of himself, (as though he could refuse Dounia that) the more readily since you may by your own efforts become his right hand in the office, and receive this assistance not as a charity, but as a salary earned by your own work. Dounia wants to arrange it all like this and I quite agree with her. And we have not spoken of our plans for another reason, that is, because I particularly wanted you to feel on an equal footing when you first meet him. When Dounia spoke to him with enthusiasm about you, he answered that one could never judge of a man without seeing him close, for oneself, and that he looked forward to forming his own opinion when he makes your acquaintance. Do you know, my precious Rodya, I think that perhaps for some reasons (nothing to do with Pyotr Petrovitch though, simply for my own personal, perhaps old-womanish, fancies) I should do better to go on living by myself, apart, than with them, after the wedding. I am convinced that he will be generous and delicate enough to invite me and to urge me to remain with my daughter for the future, and if he has said nothing about it hitherto, it is simply because it has been taken for granted; but I shall refuse. I have noticed more than once in my life that husbands don't quite get on with their mothers-in-law, and I don't want to be the least bit in anyone's way, and for my own sake, too, would rather be quite independent, so long as I have a crust of bread of my own, and such children as you and Dounia. If possible, I would settle somewhere near you, for the most joyful piece of news, dear Rodya, I have kept for the end of my letter: know then, my dear boy, that we may, perhaps, be all together in a very short time and may embrace one another again after a separation of almost three years! It is settled _for certain_ that Dounia and I are to set off for Petersburg, exactly when I don't know, but very, very soon, possibly in a week. It all depends on Pyotr Petrovitch who will let us know when he has had time to look round him in Petersburg. To suit his own arrangements he is anxious to have the ceremony as soon as possible, even before the fast of Our Lady, if it could be managed, or if that is too soon to be ready, immediately after. Oh, with what happiness I shall press you to my heart! Dounia is all excitement at the joyful thought of seeing you, she said one day in joke that she would be ready to marry Pyotr Petrovitch for that alone. She is an angel! She is not writing anything to you now, and has only told me to write that she has so much, so much to tell you that she is not going to take up her pen now, for a few lines

would tell you nothing, and it would only mean upsetting herself; she bids me send you her love and innumerable kisses. But although we shall be meeting so soon, perhaps I shall send you as much money as I can in a day or two. Now that everyone has heard that Dounia is to marry Pyotr Petrovitch, my credit has suddenly improved and I know that Afanasy Ivanovitch will trust me now even to seventy-five roubles on the security of my pension, so that perhaps I shall be able to send you twenty-five or even thirty roubles. I would send you more, but I am uneasy about our travelling expenses; for though Pyotr Petrovitch has been so kind as to undertake part of the expenses of the journey, that is to say, he has taken upon himself the conveyance of our bags and big trunk (which will be conveyed through some acquaintances of his), we must reckon upon some expense on our arrival in Petersburg, where we can't be left without a halfpenny, at least for the first few days. But we have calculated it all, Dounia and I, to the last penny, and we see that the journey will not cost very much. It is only ninety versts from us to the railway and we have come to an agreement with a driver we know, so as to be in readiness; and from there Dounia and I can travel quite comfortably third class. So that I may very likely be able to send to you not twenty-five, but thirty roubles. But enough; I have covered two sheets already and there is no space left for more; our whole history, but so many events have happened! And now, my precious Rodya, I embrace you and send you a mother's blessing till we meet. Love Dounia your sister, Rodya; love her as she loves you and understand that she loves you beyond everything, more than herself. She is an angel and you, Rodya, you are everything to us--our one hope, our one consolation. If only you are happy, we shall be happy. Do you still say your prayers, Rodya, and believe in the mercy of our Creator and our Redeemer? I am afraid in my heart that you may have been visited by the new spirit of infidelity that is abroad to-day; If it is so, I pray for you. Remember, dear boy, how in your childhood, when your father was living, you used to lisp your prayers at my knee, and how happy we all were in those days. Good-bye, till we meet then--I embrace you warmly, warmly, with many kisses.

"Yours till death,

"PULCHERIA RASKOLNIKOV."

Almost from the first, while he read the letter, Raskolnikov's face was wet with tears; but when he finished it, his face was pale and distorted and a bitter, wrathful and malignant smile was on his lips. He laid his head down on his threadbare dirty pillow and pondered, pondered a long time. His heart was beating violently, and his brain was in a turmoil. At last he felt cramped and stifled in the little yellow room that was like a cupboard or a box. His eyes and his mind craved for space. He took up his hat and went out, this time without dread of meeting anyone; he had forgotten his dread. He turned in the direction of the Vassilyevsky Ostrov, walking along Vassilyevsky Prospect, as though hastening on some business, but he walked, as his habit was, without noticing his way, muttering and even speaking aloud to himself, to the astonishment of the passers-by. Many of them took him to be drunk.

CHAPTER IV

His mother's letter had been a torture to him, but as regards the chief fact in it, he had felt not one moment's hesitation, even whilst he was reading the letter. The essential question was settled, and irrevocably settled, in his mind: "Never such a marriage while I am alive and Mr. Luzhin be damned!" "The thing is perfectly clear," he muttered to himself, with a malignant smile anticipating the triumph of his decision. "No, mother, no, Dounia, you won't deceive me! and then they apologise for not asking my advice and for taking the decision without me! I dare say! They imagine it is arranged now and can't be broken off; but we will see whether it can or not! A magnificent excuse: 'Pyotr Petrovitch is such a busy man that even his wedding has to be in post-haste, almost by express.' No, Dounia, I see it all and I know what you want to say to me; and I know too what you were thinking about, when you walked up and down all night, and what your prayers were like before the Holy Mother of Kazan who stands in mother's bedroom. Bitter is the ascent to Golgotha.... Hm... so it is finally settled; you have determined to marry a sensible business man, Avdotya Romanovna, one who has a fortune (has _already_ made his fortune, that is so much more solid and impressive), a man who holds two government posts and who shares the ideas of our most rising generation, as mother writes, and who _seems_ to be kind, as Dounia herself observes. That _seems_ beats everything! And that very Dounia for that very '_seems_' is marrying him! Splendid! splendid!

"... But I should like to know why mother has written to me about 'our most rising generation'? Simply as a descriptive touch, or with the idea of prepossessing me in favour of Mr. Luzhin? Oh, the cunning of them! I should like to know one thing more: how far they were open with one another that day and night and all this time since? Was it all put into _words_, or did both understand that they had the same thing at heart and in their minds, so that there was no need to speak of it aloud, and better not to speak of it. Most likely it was partly like that, from mother's letter it's evident: he struck her as rude _a little_, and mother in her simplicity took her

observations to Dounia. And she was sure to be vexed and ‘answered her angrily.’ I should think so! Who would not be angered when it was quite clear without any naïve questions and when it was understood that it was useless to discuss it. And why does she write to me, ‘love Dounia, Rodya, and she loves you more than herself’? Has she a secret conscience-prick at sacrificing her daughter to her son? ‘You are our one comfort, you are everything to us.’ Oh, mother!”

His bitterness grew more and more intense, and if he had happened to meet Mr. Luzhin at the moment, he might have murdered him.

“Hm... yes, that’s true,” he continued, pursuing the whirling ideas that chased each other in his brain, “it is true that ‘it needs time and care to get to know a man,’ but there is no mistake about Mr. Luzhin. The chief thing is he is ‘a man of business and _seems_ kind,’ that was something, wasn’t it, to send the bags and big box for them! A kind man, no doubt after that! But his _bride_ and her mother are to drive in a peasant’s cart covered with sacking (I know, I have been driven in it). No matter! It is only ninety versts and then they can ‘travel very comfortably, third class,’ for a thousand versts! Quite right, too. One must cut one’s coat according to one’s cloth, but what about you, Mr. Luzhin? She is your bride.... And you must be aware that her mother has to raise money on her pension for the journey. To be sure it’s a matter of business, a partnership for mutual benefit, with equal shares and expenses;--food and drink provided, but pay for your tobacco. The business man has got the better of them, too. The luggage will cost less than their fares and very likely go for nothing. How is it that they don’t both see all that, or is it that they don’t want to see? And they are pleased, pleased! And to think that this is only the first blossoming, and that the real fruits are to come! But what really matters is not the stinginess, is not the meanness, but the _tone_ of the whole thing. For that will be the tone after marriage, it’s a foretaste of it. And mother too, why should she be so lavish? What will she have by the time she gets to Petersburg? Three silver roubles or two ‘paper ones’ as _she_ says.... that old woman... hm. What does she expect to live upon in Petersburg afterwards? She has her reasons already for guessing that she _could not_ live with Dounia after the marriage, even for the first few months. The good man has no doubt let slip something on that subject also, though mother would deny it: ‘I shall refuse,’ says she. On whom is she reckoning then? Is she counting on what is left of her hundred and twenty roubles of pension when Afanasy Ivanovitch’s debt is paid? She knits woollen shawls and embroiders cuffs, ruining her old eyes. And all her shawls don’t add more than twenty roubles a year to her hundred and twenty, I know that. So she is building all her hopes all the time on Mr. Luzhin’s generosity; ‘he will offer it of himself, he will press it on me.’ You may wait a long time for that! That’s how it always is with these Schilleresque noble hearts; till the last moment every goose is a swan with them, till the last moment, they hope for the best and will see nothing wrong, and although they have an inkling of the other side of the picture, yet they won’t face the truth till they are forced to; the very thought of it makes them shiver; they thrust the truth away with both hands, until the man they deck out in false colours puts a fool’s cap on them with his own hands. I should like to know whether Mr. Luzhin has any orders of merit; I bet he has the Anna in his buttonhole and that he puts it on when he goes to dine with contractors or merchants. He will be sure to have it for his wedding, too! Enough of him, confound him!

“Well,... mother I don’t wonder at, it’s like her, God bless her, but how could Dounia? Dounia darling, as though I did not know you! You were nearly twenty when I saw you last: I understood you then. Mother writes that ‘Dounia can put up with a great deal.’ I know that very well. I knew that two years and a half ago, and for the last two and a half years I have been thinking about it, thinking of just that, that ‘Dounia can put up with a great deal.’ If she could put up with Mr. Svidrigaïlov and all the rest of it, she certainly can put up with a great deal. And now mother and she have taken it into their heads that she can put up with Mr. Luzhin, who propounds the theory of the superiority of wives raised from destitution and owing everything to their husband’s bounty--who propounds it, too, almost at the first interview. Granted that he ‘let it slip,’ though he is a sensible man, (yet maybe it was not a slip at all, but he meant to make himself clear as soon as possible) but Dounia, Dounia? She understands the man, of course, but she will have to live with the man. Why! she’d live on black bread and water, she would not sell her soul, she would not barter her moral freedom for comfort; she would not barter it for all Schleswig-Holstein, much less Mr. Luzhin’s money. No, Dounia was not that sort when I knew her and... she is still the same, of course! Yes, there’s no denying, the Svidrigaïlovs are a bitter pill! It’s a bitter thing to spend one’s life a governess in the provinces for two hundred roubles, but I know she would rather be a nigger on a plantation or a Lett with a German master than degrade her soul, and her moral dignity, by binding herself for ever to a man whom she does not respect and with whom she has nothing in common--for her own advantage. And if Mr. Luzhin had been of unalloyed gold, or one huge diamond, she would never have consented to become his legal concubine. Why is she consenting then? What’s the point of it? What’s the answer? It’s clear enough: for herself, for her comfort, to save her life she would not sell herself, but for someone else she is doing it! For one she loves, for one she adores, she will sell herself! That’s what it all amounts to; for her brother, for her mother, she will sell herself! She will sell everything! In such cases, ‘we overcome our moral feeling if necessary,’ freedom, peace, conscience even, all, all are brought into the market. Let my life go, if only my dear ones may be happy! More than that, we become

casuists, we learn to be Jesuitical and for a time maybe we can soothe ourselves, we can persuade ourselves that it is one's duty for a good object. That's just like us, it's as clear as daylight. It's clear that Rodion Romanovitch Raskolnikov is the central figure in the business, and no one else. Oh, yes, she can ensure his happiness, keep him in the university, make him a partner in the office, make his whole future secure; perhaps he may even be a rich man later on, prosperous, respected, and may even end his life a famous man! But my mother? It's all Rodya, precious Rodya, her first born! For such a son who would not sacrifice such a daughter! Oh, loving, over-partial hearts! Why, for his sake we would not shrink even from Sonia's fate. Sonia, Sonia Marmeladov, the eternal victim so long as the world lasts. Have you taken the measure of your sacrifice, both of you? Is it right? Can you bear it? Is it any use? Is there sense in it? And let me tell you, Dounia, Sonia's life is no worse than life with Mr. Luzhin. 'There can be no question of love,' mother writes. And what if there can be no respect either, if on the contrary there is aversion, contempt, repulsion, what then? So you will have to 'keep up your appearance,' too. Is not that so? Do you understand what that smartness means? Do you understand that the Luzhin smartness is just the same thing as Sonia's and may be worse, viler, baser, because in your case, Dounia, it's a bargain for luxuries, after all, but with Sonia it's simply a question of starvation. It has to be paid for, it has to be paid for, Dounia, this smartness. And what if it's more than you can bear afterwards, if you regret it? The bitterness, the misery, the curses, the tears hidden from all the world, for you are not a Marfa Petrovna. And how will your mother feel then? Even now she is uneasy, she is worried, but then, when she sees it all clearly? And I? Yes, indeed, what have you taken me for? I won't have your sacrifice, Dounia, I won't have it, mother! It shall not be, so long as I am alive, it shall not, it shall not! I won't accept it!"

He suddenly paused in his reflection and stood still.

"It shall not be? But what are you going to do to prevent it? You'll forbid it? And what right have you? What can you promise them on your side to give you such a right? Your whole life, your whole future, you will devote to them _when you have finished your studies and obtained a post_? Yes, we have heard all that before, and that's all _words_, but now? Now something must be done, now, do you understand that? And what are you doing now? You are living upon them. They borrow on their hundred roubles pension. They borrow from the Svidrigaïlovs. How are you going to save them from Svidrigaïlovs, from Afanasy Ivanovitch Vahrushin, oh, future millionaire Zeus who would arrange their lives for them? In another ten years? In another ten years, mother will be blind with knitting shawls, maybe with weeping too. She will be worn to a shadow with fasting; and my sister? Imagine for a moment what may have become of your sister in ten years? What may happen to her during those ten years? Can you fancy?"

So he tortured himself, fretting himself with such questions, and finding a kind of enjoyment in it. And yet all these questions were not new ones suddenly confronting him, they were old familiar aches. It was long since they had first begun to grip and rend his heart. Long, long ago his present anguish had its first beginnings; it had waxed and gathered strength, it had matured and concentrated, until it had taken the form of a fearful, frenzied and fantastic question, which tortured his heart and mind, clamouring insistently for an answer. Now his mother's letter had burst on him like a thunderclap. It was clear that he must not now suffer passively, worrying himself over unsolved questions, but that he must do something, do it at once, and do it quickly. Anyway he must decide on something, or else...

"Or throw up life altogether!" he cried suddenly, in a frenzy--"accept one's lot humbly as it is, once for all and stifle everything in oneself, giving up all claim to activity, life and love!"

"Do you understand, sir, do you understand what it means when you have absolutely nowhere to turn?" Marmeladov's question came suddenly into his mind, "for every man must have somewhere to turn...."

He gave a sudden start; another thought, that he had had yesterday, slipped back into his mind. But he did not start at the thought recurring to him, for he knew, he had _felt beforehand_, that it must come back, he was expecting it; besides it was not only yesterday's thought. The difference was that a month ago, yesterday even, the thought was a mere dream: but now... now it appeared not a dream at all, it had taken a new menacing and quite unfamiliar shape, and he suddenly became aware of this himself.... He felt a hammering in his head, and there was a darkness before his eyes.

He looked round hurriedly, he was searching for something. He wanted to sit down and was looking for a seat; he was walking along the K---- Boulevard. There was a seat about a hundred paces in front of him. He walked towards it as fast he could; but on the way he met with a little adventure which absorbed all his attention. Looking for the seat, he had noticed a woman walking some twenty paces in front of him, but at first he took no more notice of her than of other objects that crossed his path. It had happened to him many times going home not to notice the road by which he was going, and he was accustomed to walk like that. But there was at first sight something so strange about the woman in front of him, that gradually his attention was riveted upon her, at first

reluctantly and, as it were, resentfully, and then more and more intently. He felt a sudden desire to find out what it was that was so strange about the woman. In the first place, she appeared to be a girl quite young, and she was walking in the great heat bareheaded and with no parasol or gloves, waving her arms about in an absurd way. She had on a dress of some light silky material, but put on strangely awry, not properly hooked up, and torn open at the top of the skirt, close to the waist: a great piece was rent and hanging loose. A little kerchief was flung about her bare throat, but lay slanting on one side. The girl was walking unsteadily, too, stumbling and staggering from side to side. She drew Raskolnikov's whole attention at last. He overtook the girl at the seat, but, on reaching it, she dropped down on it, in the corner; she let her head sink on the back of the seat and closed her eyes, apparently in extreme exhaustion. Looking at her closely, he saw at once that she was completely drunk. It was a strange and shocking sight. He could hardly believe that he was not mistaken. He saw before him the face of a quite young, fair-haired girl--sixteen, perhaps not more than fifteen, years old, pretty little face, but flushed and heavy looking and, as it were, swollen. The girl seemed hardly to know what she was doing; she crossed one leg over the other, lifting it indecorously, and showed every sign of being unconscious that she was in the street.

Raskolnikov did not sit down, but he felt unwilling to leave her, and stood facing her in perplexity. This boulevard was never much frequented; and now, at two o'clock, in the stifling heat, it was quite deserted. And yet on the further side of the boulevard, about fifteen paces away, a gentleman was standing on the edge of the pavement. He, too, would apparently have liked to approach the girl with some object of his own. He, too, had probably seen her in the distance and had followed her, but found Raskolnikov in his way. He looked angrily at him, though he tried to escape his notice, and stood impatiently biding his time, till the unwelcome man in rags should have moved away. His intentions were unmistakable. The gentleman was a plump, thickly-set man, about thirty, fashionably dressed, with a high colour, red lips and moustaches. Raskolnikov felt furious; he had a sudden longing to insult this fat dandy in some way. He left the girl for a moment and walked towards the gentleman.

"Hey! You Svidrigaïlov! What do you want here?" he shouted, clenching his fists and laughing, spluttering with rage.

"What do you mean?" the gentleman asked sternly, scowling in haughty astonishment.

"Get away, that's what I mean."

"How dare you, you low fellow!"

He raised his cane. Raskolnikov rushed at him with his fists, without reflecting that the stout gentleman was a match for two men like himself. But at that instant someone seized him from behind, and a police constable stood between them.

"That's enough, gentlemen, no fighting, please, in a public place. What do you want? Who are you?" he asked Raskolnikov sternly, noticing his rags.

Raskolnikov looked at him intently. He had a straight-forward, sensible, soldierly face, with grey moustaches and whiskers.

"You are just the man I want," Raskolnikov cried, catching at his arm. "I am a student, Raskolnikov.... You may as well know that too," he added, addressing the gentleman, "come along, I have something to show you."

And taking the policeman by the hand he drew him towards the seat.

"Look here, hopelessly drunk, and she has just come down the boulevard. There is no telling who and what she is, she does not look like a professional. It's more likely she has been given drink and deceived somewhere... for the first time... you understand? and they've put her out into the street like that. Look at the way her dress is torn, and the way it has been put on: she has been dressed by somebody, she has not dressed herself, and dressed by unpractised hands, by a man's hands; that's evident. And now look there: I don't know that dandy with whom I was going to fight, I see him for the first time, but he, too, has seen her on the road, just now, drunk, not knowing what she is doing, and now he is very eager to get hold of her, to get her away somewhere while she is in this state... that's certain, believe me, I am not wrong. I saw him myself watching her and following her, but I prevented him, and he is just waiting for me to go away. Now he has walked away a little, and is standing still, pretending to make a cigarette.... Think how can we keep her out of his hands, and how are we to get her home?"

The policeman saw it all in a flash. The stout gentleman was easy to understand, he turned to consider the girl. The policeman bent over to examine her more closely, and his face worked with genuine compassion.

“Ah, what a pity!” he said, shaking his head--“why, she is quite a child! She has been deceived, you can see that at once. Listen, lady,” he began addressing her, “where do you live?” The girl opened her weary and sleepy-looking eyes, gazed blankly at the speaker and waved her hand.

“Here,” said Raskolnikov feeling in his pocket and finding twenty copecks, “here, call a cab and tell him to drive her to her address. The only thing is to find out her address!”

“Missy, missy!” the policeman began again, taking the money. “I’ll fetch you a cab and take you home myself. Where shall I take you, eh? Where do you live?”

“Go away! They won’t let me alone,” the girl muttered, and once more waved her hand.

“Ach, ach, how shocking! It’s shameful, missy, it’s a shame!” He shook his head again, shocked, sympathetic and indignant.

“It’s a difficult job,” the policeman said to Raskolnikov, and as he did so, he looked him up and down in a rapid glance. He, too, must have seemed a strange figure to him: dressed in rags and handing him money!

“Did you meet her far from here?” he asked him.

“I tell you she was walking in front of me, staggering, just here, in the boulevard. She only just reached the seat and sank down on it.”

“Ah, the shameful things that are done in the world nowadays, God have mercy on us! An innocent creature like that, drunk already! She has been deceived, that’s a sure thing. See how her dress has been torn too.... Ah, the vice one sees nowadays! And as likely as not she belongs to gentlefolk too, poor ones maybe.... There are many like that nowadays. She looks refined, too, as though she were a lady,” and he bent over her once more.

Perhaps he had daughters growing up like that, “looking like ladies and refined” with pretensions to gentility and smartness....

“The chief thing is,” Raskolnikov persisted, “to keep her out of this scoundrel’s hands! Why should he outrage her? It’s as clear as day what he is after; ah, the brute, he is not moving off!”

Raskolnikov spoke aloud and pointed to him. The gentleman heard him, and seemed about to fly into a rage again, but thought better of it, and confined himself to a contemptuous look. He then walked slowly another ten paces away and again halted.

“Keep her out of his hands we can,” said the constable thoughtfully, “if only she’d tell us where to take her, but as it is.... Missy, hey, missy!” he bent over her once more.

She opened her eyes fully all of a sudden, looked at him intently, as though realising something, got up from the seat and walked away in the direction from which she had come. “Oh shameful wretches, they won’t let me alone!” she said, waving her hand again. She walked quickly, though staggering as before. The dandy followed her, but along another avenue, keeping his eye on her.

“Don’t be anxious, I won’t let him have her,” the policeman said resolutely, and he set off after them.

“Ah, the vice one sees nowadays!” he repeated aloud, sighing.

At that moment something seemed to sting Raskolnikov; in an instant a complete revulsion of feeling came over him.

“Hey, here!” he shouted after the policeman.

The latter turned round.

“Let them be! What is it to do with you? Let her go! Let him amuse himself.” He pointed at the dandy, “What is it to do with you?”

The policeman was bewildered, and stared at him open-eyed. Raskolnikov laughed.

“Well!” ejaculated the policeman, with a gesture of contempt, and he walked after the dandy and the girl, probably taking Raskolnikov for a madman or something even worse.

“He has carried off my twenty copecks,” Raskolnikov murmured angrily when he was left alone. “Well, let him take as much from the other fellow to allow him to have the girl and so let it end. And why did I want to interfere? Is it for me to help? Have I any right to

help? Let them devour each other alive--what is it to me? How did I dare to give him twenty copecks? Were they mine?”

In spite of those strange words he felt very wretched. He sat down on the deserted seat. His thoughts strayed aimlessly.... He found it hard to fix his mind on anything at that moment. He longed to forget himself altogether, to forget everything, and then to wake up and begin life anew....

“Poor girl!” he said, looking at the empty corner where she had sat--“She will come to herself and weep, and then her mother will find out.... She will give her a beating, a horrible, shameful beating and then maybe, turn her out of doors.... And even if she does not, the Darya Frantsovnas will get wind of it, and the girl will soon be slipping out on the sly here and there. Then there will be the hospital directly (that’s always the luck of those girls with respectable mothers, who go wrong on the sly) and then... again the hospital... drink... the taverns... and more hospital, in two or three years--a wreck, and her life over at eighteen or nineteen.... Have not I seen cases like that? And how have they been brought to it? Why, they’ve all come to it like that. Ugh! But what does it matter? That’s as it should be, they tell us. A certain percentage, they tell us, must every year go... that way... to the devil, I suppose, so that the rest may remain chaste, and not be interfered with. A percentage! What splendid words they have; they are so scientific, so consolatory.... Once you’ve said ‘percentage’ there’s nothing more to worry about. If we had any other word... maybe we might feel more uneasy.... But what if Dounia were one of the percentage! Of another one if not that one?

“But where am I going?” he thought suddenly. “Strange, I came out for something. As soon as I had read the letter I came out.... I was going to Vassilyevsky Ostrov, to Razumihin. That’s what it was... now I remember. What for, though? And what put the idea of going to Razumihin into my head just now? That’s curious.”

He wondered at himself. Razumihin was one of his old comrades at the university. It was remarkable that Raskolnikov had hardly any friends at the university; he kept aloof from everyone, went to see no one, and did not welcome anyone who came to see him, and indeed everyone soon gave him up. He took no part in the students’ gatherings, amusements or conversations. He worked with great intensity without sparing himself, and he was respected for this, but no one liked him. He was very poor, and there was a sort of haughty pride and reserve about him, as though he were keeping something to himself. He seemed to some of his comrades to look down upon them all as children, as though he were superior in development, knowledge and convictions, as though their beliefs and interests were beneath him.

With Razumihin he had got on, or, at least, he was more unreserved and communicative with him. Indeed it was impossible to be on any other terms with Razumihin. He was an exceptionally good-humoured and candid youth, good-natured to the point of simplicity, though both depth and dignity lay concealed under that simplicity. The better of his comrades understood this, and all were fond of him. He was extremely intelligent, though he was certainly rather a simpleton at times. He was of striking appearance--tall, thin, black-haired and always badly shaved. He was sometimes uproarious and was reputed to be of great physical strength. One night, when out in a festive company, he had with one blow laid a gigantic policeman on his back. There was no limit to his drinking powers, but he could abstain from drink altogether; he sometimes went too far in his pranks; but he could do without pranks altogether. Another thing striking about Razumihin, no failure distressed him, and it seemed as though no unfavourable circumstances could crush him. He could lodge anywhere, and bear the extremes of cold and hunger. He was very poor, and kept himself entirely on what he could earn by work of one sort or another. He knew of no end of resources by which to earn money. He spent one whole winter without lighting his stove, and used to declare that he liked it better, because one slept more soundly in the cold. For the present he, too, had been obliged to give up the university, but it was only for a time, and he was working with all his might to save enough to return to his studies again. Raskolnikov had not been to see him for the last four months, and Razumihin did not even know his address. About two months before, they had met in the street, but Raskolnikov had turned away and even crossed to the other side that he might not be observed. And though Razumihin noticed him, he passed him by, as he did not want to annoy him.

CHAPTER V

“Of course, I’ve been meaning lately to go to Razumihin’s to ask for work, to ask him to get me lessons or something...” Raskolnikov thought, “but what help can he be to me now? Suppose he gets me lessons, suppose he shares his last farthing with me, if he has any farthings, so that I could get some boots and make myself tidy enough to give lessons... hm... Well and what then? What shall I do with the few coppers I earn? That’s not what I want now. It’s really absurd for me to go to Razumihin....”

The question why he was now going to Razumihin agitated him even more than he was himself aware; he kept uneasily seeking for some sinister significance in this apparently ordinary action.

“Could I have expected to set it all straight and to find a way out by means of Razumihin alone?” he asked himself in perplexity.

He pondered and rubbed his forehead, and, strange to say, after long musing, suddenly, as if it were spontaneously and by chance, a fantastic thought came into his head.

“Hm... to Razumihin’s,” he said all at once, calmly, as though he had reached a final determination. “I shall go to Razumihin’s of course, but... not now. I shall go to him... on the next day after It, when It will be over and everything will begin afresh....”

And suddenly he realised what he was thinking.

“After It,” he shouted, jumping up from the seat, “but is It really going to happen? Is it possible it really will happen?” He left the seat, and went off almost at a run; he meant to turn back, homewards, but the thought of going home suddenly filled him with intense loathing; in that hole, in that awful little cupboard of his, all _this_ had for a month past been growing up in him; and he walked on at random.

His nervous shudder had passed into a fever that made him feel shivering; in spite of the heat he felt cold. With a kind of effort he began almost unconsciously, from some inner craving, to stare at all the objects before him, as though looking for something to distract his attention; but he did not succeed, and kept dropping every moment into brooding. When with a start he lifted his head again and looked round, he forgot at once what he had just been thinking about and even where he was going. In this way he walked right across Vassilyevsky Ostrov, came out on to the Lesser Neva, crossed the bridge and turned towards the islands. The greenness and freshness were at first restful to his weary eyes after the dust of the town and the huge houses that hemmed him in and weighed upon him. Here there were no taverns, no stifling closeness, no stench. But soon these new pleasant sensations passed into morbid irritability. Sometimes he stood still before a brightly painted summer villa standing among green foliage, he gazed through the fence, he saw in the distance smartly dressed women on the verandahs and balconies, and children running in the gardens. The flowers especially caught his attention; he gazed at them longer than at anything. He was met, too, by luxurious carriages and by men and women on horseback; he watched them with curious eyes and forgot about them before they had vanished from his sight. Once he stood still and counted his money; he found he had thirty copecks. “Twenty to the policeman, three to Nastasya for the letter, so I must have given forty-seven or fifty to the Marmeladovs yesterday,” he thought, reckoning it up for some unknown reason, but he soon forgot with what object he had taken the money out of his pocket. He recalled it on passing an eating-house or tavern, and felt that he was hungry.... Going into the tavern he drank a glass of vodka and ate a pie of some sort. He finished eating it as he walked away. It was a long while since he had taken vodka and it had an effect upon him at once, though he only drank a wineglassful. His legs felt suddenly heavy and a great drowsiness came upon him. He turned homewards, but reaching Petrovsky Ostrov he stopped completely exhausted, turned off the road into the bushes, sank down upon the grass and instantly fell asleep.

In a morbid condition of the brain, dreams often have a singular actuality, vividness, and extraordinary semblance of reality. At times monstrous images are created, but the setting and the whole picture are so truth-like and filled with details so delicate, so unexpectedly, but so artistically consistent, that the dreamer, were he an artist like Pushkin or Turgenev even, could never have invented them in the waking state. Such sick dreams always remain long in the memory and make a powerful impression on the overwrought and deranged nervous system.

Raskolnikov had a fearful dream. He dreamt he was back in his childhood in the little town of his birth. He was a child about seven years old, walking into the country with his father on the evening of a holiday. It was a grey and heavy day, the country was exactly as he remembered it; indeed he recalled it far more vividly in his dream than he had done in memory. The little town stood on a level flat as bare as the hand, not even a willow near it; only in the far distance, a copse lay, a dark blur on the very edge of the horizon. A few paces beyond the last market garden stood a tavern, a big tavern, which had always aroused in him a feeling of aversion, even of fear, when he walked by it with his father. There was always a crowd there, always shouting, laughter and abuse, hideous hoarse singing and often fighting. Drunken and horrible-looking figures were hanging about the tavern. He used to cling close to his father, trembling all over when he met them. Near the tavern the road became a dusty track, the dust of which was always black. It was a winding road, and about a hundred paces further on, it turned to the right to the graveyard. In the middle of the graveyard stood a stone church with a green cupola where he used to go to mass two or three times a year with his father and mother, when a service was held in memory of his grandmother, who had long been dead, and whom he had never seen. On these

occasions they used to take on a white dish tied up in a table napkin a special sort of rice pudding with raisins stuck in it in the shape of a cross. He loved that church, the old-fashioned, unadorned ikons and the old priest with the shaking head. Near his grandmother's grave, which was marked by a stone, was the little grave of his younger brother who had died at six months old. He did not remember him at all, but he had been told about his little brother, and whenever he visited the graveyard he used religiously and reverently to cross himself and to bow down and kiss the little grave. And now he dreamt that he was walking with his father past the tavern on the way to the graveyard; he was holding his father's hand and looking with dread at the tavern. A peculiar circumstance attracted his attention: there seemed to be some kind of festivity going on, there were crowds of gaily dressed townspeople, peasant women, their husbands, and riff-raff of all sorts, all singing and all more or less drunk. Near the entrance of the tavern stood a cart, but a strange cart. It was one of those big carts usually drawn by heavy cart-horses and laden with casks of wine or other heavy goods. He always liked looking at those great cart-horses, with their long manes, thick legs, and slow even pace, drawing along a perfect mountain with no appearance of effort, as though it were easier going with a load than without it. But now, strange to say, in the shafts of such a cart he saw a thin little sorrel beast, one of those peasants' nags which he had often seen straining their utmost under a heavy load of wood or hay, especially when the wheels were stuck in the mud or in a rut. And the peasants would beat them so cruelly, sometimes even about the nose and eyes, and he felt so sorry, so sorry for them that he almost cried, and his mother always used to take him away from the window. All of a sudden there was a great uproar of shouting, singing and the balalaïka, and from the tavern a number of big and very drunken peasants came out, wearing red and blue shirts and coats thrown over their shoulders.

"Get in, get in!" shouted one of them, a young thick-necked peasant with a fleshy face red as a carrot. "I'll take you all, get in!"

But at once there was an outbreak of laughter and exclamations in the crowd.

"Take us all with a beast like that!"

"Why, Mikolka, are you crazy to put a nag like that in such a cart?"

"And this mare is twenty if she is a day, mates!"

"Get in, I'll take you all," Mikolka shouted again, leaping first into the cart, seizing the reins and standing straight up in front. "The bay has gone with Matvey," he shouted from the cart--"and this brute, mates, is just breaking my heart, I feel as if I could kill her. She's just eating her head off. Get in, I tell you! I'll make her gallop! She'll gallop!" and he picked up the whip, preparing himself with relish to flog the little mare.

"Get in! Come along!" The crowd laughed. "D'you hear, she'll gallop!"

"Gallop indeed! She has not had a gallop in her for the last ten years!"

"She'll jog along!"

"Don't you mind her, mates, bring a whip each of you, get ready!"

"All right! Give it to her!"

They all clambered into Mikolka's cart, laughing and making jokes. Six men got in and there was still room for more. They hauled in a fat, rosy-cheeked woman. She was dressed in red cotton, in a pointed, beaded headdress and thick leather shoes; she was cracking nuts and laughing. The crowd round them was laughing too and indeed, how could they help laughing? That wretched nag was to drag all the cartload of them at a gallop! Two young fellows in the cart were just getting whips ready to help Mikolka. With the cry of "now," the mare tugged with all her might, but far from galloping, could scarcely move forward; she struggled with her legs, gasping and shrinking from the blows of the three whips which were showered upon her like hail. The laughter in the cart and in the crowd was redoubled, but Mikolka flew into a rage and furiously thrashed the mare, as though he supposed she really could gallop.

"Let me get in, too, mates," shouted a young man in the crowd whose appetite was aroused.

"Get in, all get in," cried Mikolka, "she will draw you all. I'll beat her to death!" And he thrashed and thrashed at the mare, beside himself with fury.

"Father, father," he cried, "father, what are they doing? Father, they are beating the poor horse!"

“Come along, come along!” said his father. “They are drunken and foolish, they are in fun; come away, don’t look!” and he tried to draw him away, but he tore himself away from his hand, and, beside himself with horror, ran to the horse. The poor beast was in a bad way. She was gasping, standing still, then tugging again and almost falling.

“Beat her to death,” cried Mikolka, “it’s come to that. I’ll do for her!”

“What are you about, are you a Christian, you devil?” shouted an old man in the crowd.

“Did anyone ever see the like? A wretched nag like that pulling such a cartload,” said another.

“You’ll kill her,” shouted the third.

“Don’t meddle! It’s my property, I’ll do what I choose. Get in, more of you! Get in, all of you! I will have her go at a gallop!...”

All at once laughter broke into a roar and covered everything: the mare, roused by the shower of blows, began feebly kicking. Even the old man could not help smiling. To think of a wretched little beast like that trying to kick!

Two lads in the crowd snatched up whips and ran to the mare to beat her about the ribs. One ran each side.

“Hit her in the face, in the eyes, in the eyes,” cried Mikolka.

“Give us a song, mates,” shouted someone in the cart and everyone in the cart joined in a riotous song, jingling a tambourine and whistling. The woman went on cracking nuts and laughing.

... He ran beside the mare, ran in front of her, saw her being whipped across the eyes, right in the eyes! He was crying, he felt choking, his tears were streaming. One of the men gave him a cut with the whip across the face, he did not feel it. Wringing his hands and screaming, he rushed up to the grey-headed old man with the grey beard, who was shaking his head in disapproval. One woman seized him by the hand and would have taken him away, but he tore himself from her and ran back to the mare. She was almost at the last gasp, but began kicking once more.

“I’ll teach you to kick,” Mikolka shouted ferociously. He threw down the whip, bent forward and picked up from the bottom of the cart a long, thick shaft, he took hold of one end with both hands and with an effort brandished it over the mare.

“He’ll crush her,” was shouted round him. “He’ll kill her!”

“It’s my property,” shouted Mikolka and brought the shaft down with a swinging blow. There was a sound of a heavy thud.

“Thrash her, thrash her! Why have you stopped?” shouted voices in the crowd.

And Mikolka swung the shaft a second time and it fell a second time on the spine of the luckless mare. She sank back on her haunches, but lurched forward and tugged forward with all her force, tugged first on one side and then on the other, trying to move the cart. But the six whips were attacking her in all directions, and the shaft was raised again and fell upon her a third time, then a fourth, with heavy measured blows. Mikolka was in a fury that he could not kill her at one blow.

“She’s a tough one,” was shouted in the crowd.

“She’ll fall in a minute, mates, there will soon be an end of her,” said an admiring spectator in the crowd.

“Fetch an axe to her! Finish her off,” shouted a third.

“I’ll show you! Stand off,” Mikolka screamed frantically; he threw down the shaft, stooped down in the cart and picked up an iron crowbar. “Look out,” he shouted, and with all his might he dealt a stunning blow at the poor mare. The blow fell; the mare staggered, sank back, tried to pull, but the bar fell again with a swinging blow on her back and she fell on the ground like a log.

“Finish her off,” shouted Mikolka and he leapt beside himself, out of the cart. Several young men, also flushed with drink, seized anything they could come across--whips, sticks, poles, and ran to the dying mare. Mikolka stood on one side and began dealing random blows with the crowbar. The mare stretched out her head, drew a long breath and died.

“You butchered her,” someone shouted in the crowd.

“Why wouldn’t she gallop then?”

“My property!” shouted Mikolka, with bloodshot eyes, brandishing the bar in his hands. He stood as though regretting that he had nothing more to beat.

“No mistake about it, you are not a Christian,” many voices were shouting in the crowd.

But the poor boy, beside himself, made his way, screaming, through the crowd to the sorrel nag, put his arms round her bleeding dead head and kissed it, kissed the eyes and kissed the lips.... Then he jumped up and flew in a frenzy with his little fists out at Mikolka. At that instant his father, who had been running after him, snatched him up and carried him out of the crowd.

“Come along, come! Let us go home,” he said to him.

“Father! Why did they... kill... the poor horse!” he sobbed, but his voice broke and the words came in shrieks from his panting chest.

“They are drunk.... They are brutal... it’s not our business!” said his father. He put his arms round his father but he felt choked, choked. He tried to draw a breath, to cry out--and woke up.

He waked up, gasping for breath, his hair soaked with perspiration, and stood up in terror.

“Thank God, that was only a dream,” he said, sitting down under a tree and drawing deep breaths. “But what is it? Is it some fever coming on? Such a hideous dream!”

He felt utterly broken: darkness and confusion were in his soul. He rested his elbows on his knees and leaned his head on his hands.

“Good God!” he cried, “can it be, can it be, that I shall really take an axe, that I shall strike her on the head, split her skull open... that I shall tread in the sticky warm blood, break the lock, steal and tremble; hide, all spattered in the blood... with the axe.... Good God, can it be?”

He was shaking like a leaf as he said this.

“But why am I going on like this?” he continued, sitting up again, as it were in profound amazement. “I knew that I could never bring myself to it, so what have I been torturing myself for till now? Yesterday, yesterday, when I went to make that... _experiment_, yesterday I realised completely that I could never bear to do it.... Why am I going over it again, then? Why am I hesitating? As I came down the stairs yesterday, I said myself that it was base, loathsome, vile, vile... the very thought of it made me feel sick and filled me with horror.

“No, I couldn’t do it, I couldn’t do it! Granted, granted that there is no flaw in all that reasoning, that all that I have concluded this last month is clear as day, true as arithmetic.... My God! Anyway I couldn’t bring myself to it! I couldn’t do it, I couldn’t do it! Why, why then am I still...?”

He rose to his feet, looked round in wonder as though surprised at finding himself in this place, and went towards the bridge. He was pale, his eyes glowed, he was exhausted in every limb, but he seemed suddenly to breathe more easily. He felt he had cast off that fearful burden that had so long been weighing upon him, and all at once there was a sense of relief and peace in his soul. “Lord,” he prayed, “show me my path--I renounce that accursed... dream of mine.”

Crossing the bridge, he gazed quietly and calmly at the Neva, at the glowing red sun setting in the glowing sky. In spite of his weakness he was not conscious of fatigue. It was as though an abscess that had been forming for a month past in his heart had suddenly broken. Freedom, freedom! He was free from that spell, that sorcery, that obsession!

Later on, when he recalled that time and all that happened to him during those days, minute by minute, point by point, he was superstitiously impressed by one circumstance, which, though in itself not very exceptional, always seemed to him afterwards the predestined turning-point of his fate. He could never understand and explain to himself why, when he was tired and worn out, when it would have been more convenient for him to go home by the shortest and most direct way, he had returned by the Hay Market where he had no need to go. It was obviously and quite unnecessarily out of his way, though not much so. It is true that it happened to him dozens of times to return home without noticing what streets he passed through. But why, he was always asking himself, why had such an important, such a decisive and at the same time such an absolutely chance meeting happened in the Hay Market (where he had moreover no reason to go) at the very hour, the very minute of his life when he was just in the very mood and in the very circumstances in which that meeting was able to exert the gravest and most decisive influence on his whole destiny? As

though it had been lying in wait for him on purpose!

It was about nine o'clock when he crossed the Hay Market. At the tables and the barrows, at the booths and the shops, all the market people were closing their establishments or clearing away and packing up their wares and, like their customers, were going home. Rag pickers and costermongers of all kinds were crowding round the taverns in the dirty and stinking courtyards of the Hay Market. Raskolnikov particularly liked this place and the neighbouring alleys, when he wandered aimlessly in the streets. Here his rags did not attract contemptuous attention, and one could walk about in any attire without scandalising people. At the corner of an alley a huckster and his wife had two tables set out with tapes, thread, cotton handkerchiefs, etc. They, too, had got up to go home, but were lingering in conversation with a friend, who had just come up to them. This friend was Lizaveta Ivanovna, or, as everyone called her, Lizaveta, the younger sister of the old pawnbroker, Alyona Ivanovna, whom Raskolnikov had visited the previous day to pawn his watch and make his _experiment_.... He already knew all about Lizaveta and she knew him a little too. She was a single woman of about thirty-five, tall, clumsy, timid, submissive and almost idiotic. She was a complete slave and went in fear and trembling of her sister, who made her work day and night, and even beat her. She was standing with a bundle before the huckster and his wife, listening earnestly and doubtfully. They were talking of something with special warmth. The moment Raskolnikov caught sight of her, he was overcome by a strange sensation as it were of intense astonishment, though there was nothing astonishing about this meeting.

"You could make up your mind for yourself, Lizaveta Ivanovna," the huckster was saying aloud. "Come round to-morrow about seven. They will be here too."

"To-morrow?" said Lizaveta slowly and thoughtfully, as though unable to make up her mind.

"Upon my word, what a fright you are in of Alyona Ivanovna," gabbled the huckster's wife, a lively little woman. "I look at you, you are like some little babe. And she is not your own sister either--nothing but a step-sister and what a hand she keeps over you!"

"But this time don't say a word to Alyona Ivanovna," her husband interrupted; "that's my advice, but come round to us without asking. It will be worth your while. Later on your sister herself may have a notion."

"Am I to come?"

"About seven o'clock to-morrow. And they will be here. You will be able to decide for yourself."

"And we'll have a cup of tea," added his wife.

"All right, I'll come," said Lizaveta, still pondering, and she began slowly moving away.

Raskolnikov had just passed and heard no more. He passed softly, unnoticed, trying not to miss a word. His first amazement was followed by a thrill of horror, like a shiver running down his spine. He had learnt, he had suddenly quite unexpectedly learnt, that the next day at seven o'clock Lizaveta, the old woman's sister and only companion, would be away from home and that therefore at seven o'clock precisely the old woman _would be left alone_.

He was only a few steps from his lodging. He went in like a man condemned to death. He thought of nothing and was incapable of thinking; but he felt suddenly in his whole being that he had no more freedom of thought, no will, and that everything was suddenly and irrevocably decided.

Certainly, if he had to wait whole years for a suitable opportunity, he could not reckon on a more certain step towards the success of the plan than that which had just presented itself. In any case, it would have been difficult to find out beforehand and with certainty, with greater exactness and less risk, and without dangerous inquiries and investigations, that next day at a certain time an old woman, on whose life an attempt was contemplated, would be at home and entirely alone.

CHAPTER VI

Later on Raskolnikov happened to find out why the huckster and his wife had invited Lizaveta. It was a very ordinary matter and there was nothing exceptional about it. A family who had come to the town and been reduced to poverty were selling their household goods and clothes, all women's things. As the things would have fetched little in the market, they were looking for a dealer. This was Lizaveta's business. She undertook such jobs and was frequently employed, as she was very honest and always fixed a fair price and stuck to it. She spoke as a rule little and, as we have said already, she was very submissive and timid.

But Raskolnikov had become superstitious of late. The traces of superstition remained in him long after, and were almost ineradicable. And in all this he was always afterwards disposed to see something strange and mysterious, as it were, the presence of some peculiar influences and coincidences. In the previous winter a student he knew called Pokorev, who had left for Harkov, had chanced in conversation to give him the address of Alyona Ivanovna, the old pawnbroker, in case he might want to pawn anything. For a long while he did not go to her, for he had lessons and managed to get along somehow. Six weeks ago he had remembered the address; he had two articles that could be pawned: his father's old silver watch and a little gold ring with three red stones, a present from his sister at parting. He decided to take the ring. When he found the old woman he had felt an insurmountable repulsion for her at the first glance, though he knew nothing special about her. He got two roubles from her and went into a miserable little tavern on his way home. He asked for tea, sat down and sank into deep thought. A strange idea was pecking at his brain like a chicken in the egg, and very, very much absorbed him.

Almost beside him at the next table there was sitting a student, whom he did not know and had never seen, and with him a young officer. They had played a game of billiards and began drinking tea. All at once he heard the student mention to the officer the pawnbroker Alyona Ivanovna and give him her address. This of itself seemed strange to Raskolnikov; he had just come from her and here at once he heard her name. Of course it was a chance, but he could not shake off a very extraordinary impression, and here someone seemed to be speaking expressly for him; the student began telling his friend various details about Alyona Ivanovna.

"She is first-rate," he said. "You can always get money from her. She is as rich as a Jew, she can give you five thousand roubles at a time and she is not above taking a pledge for a rouble. Lots of our fellows have had dealings with her. But she is an awful old harpy...."

And he began describing how spiteful and uncertain she was, how if you were only a day late with your interest the pledge was lost; how she gave a quarter of the value of an article and took five and even seven percent a month on it and so on. The student chattered on, saying that she had a sister Lizaveta, whom the wretched little creature was continually beating, and kept in complete bondage like a small child, though Lizaveta was at least six feet high.

"There's a phenomenon for you," cried the student and he laughed.

They began talking about Lizaveta. The student spoke about her with a peculiar relish and was continually laughing and the officer listened with great interest and asked him to send Lizaveta to do some mending for him. Raskolnikov did not miss a word and learned everything about her. Lizaveta was younger than the old woman and was her half-sister, being the child of a different mother. She was thirty-five. She worked day and night for her sister, and besides doing the cooking and the washing, she did sewing and worked as a charwoman and gave her sister all she earned. She did not dare to accept an order or job of any kind without her sister's permission. The old woman had already made her will, and Lizaveta knew of it, and by this will she would not get a farthing; nothing but the movables, chairs and so on; all the money was left to a monastery in the province of N----, that prayers might be said for her in perpetuity. Lizaveta was of lower rank than her sister, unmarried and awfully uncouth in appearance, remarkably tall with long feet that looked as if they were bent outwards. She always wore battered goatskin shoes, and was clean in her person. What the student expressed most surprise and amusement about was the fact that Lizaveta was continually with child.

"But you say she is hideous?" observed the officer.

"Yes, she is so dark-skinned and looks like a soldier dressed up, but you know she is not at all hideous. She has such a good-natured face and eyes. Strikingly so. And the proof of it is that lots of people are attracted by her. She is such a soft, gentle creature, ready to put up with anything, always willing, willing to do anything. And her smile is really very sweet."

"You seem to find her attractive yourself," laughed the officer.

"From her queerness. No, I'll tell you what. I could kill that damned old woman and make off with her money, I assure you, without the faintest conscience-prick," the student added with warmth. The officer laughed again while Raskolnikov shuddered. How strange it was!

"Listen, I want to ask you a serious question," the student said hotly. "I was joking of course, but look here; on one side we have a stupid, senseless, worthless, spiteful, ailing, horrid old woman, not simply useless but doing actual mischief, who has not an idea what she is living for herself, and who will die in a day or two in any case. You understand? You understand?"

“Yes, yes, I understand,” answered the officer, watching his excited companion attentively.

“Well, listen then. On the other side, fresh young lives thrown away for want of help and by thousands, on every side! A hundred thousand good deeds could be done and helped, on that old woman’s money which will be buried in a monastery! Hundreds, thousands perhaps, might be set on the right path; dozens of families saved from destitution, from ruin, from vice, from the Lock hospitals--and all with her money. Kill her, take her money and with the help of it devote oneself to the service of humanity and the good of all. What do you think, would not one tiny crime be wiped out by thousands of good deeds? For one life thousands would be saved from corruption and decay. One death, and a hundred lives in exchange--it’s simple arithmetic! Besides, what value has the life of that sickly, stupid, ill-natured old woman in the balance of existence! No more than the life of a louse, of a black-beetle, less in fact because the old woman is doing harm. She is wearing out the lives of others; the other day she bit Lizaveta’s finger out of spite; it almost had to be amputated.”

“Of course she does not deserve to live,” remarked the officer, “but there it is, it’s nature.”

“Oh, well, brother, but we have to correct and direct nature, and, but for that, we should drown in an ocean of prejudice. But for that, there would never have been a single great man. They talk of duty, conscience--I don’t want to say anything against duty and conscience;--but the point is, what do we mean by them? Stay, I have another question to ask you. Listen!”

“No, you stay, I’ll ask you a question. Listen!”

“Well?”

“You are talking and speechifying away, but tell me, would you kill the old woman _yourself_?”

“Of course not! I was only arguing the justice of it.... It’s nothing to do with me....”

“But I think, if you would not do it yourself, there’s no justice about it.... Let us have another game.”

Raskolnikov was violently agitated. Of course, it was all ordinary youthful talk and thought, such as he had often heard before in different forms and on different themes. But why had he happened to hear such a discussion and such ideas at the very moment when his own brain was just conceiving... _the very same ideas_? And why, just at the moment when he had brought away the embryo of his idea from the old woman had he dropped at once upon a conversation about her? This coincidence always seemed strange to him. This trivial talk in a tavern had an immense influence on him in his later action; as though there had really been in it something preordained, some guiding hint....

*****

On returning from the Hay Market he flung himself on the sofa and sat for a whole hour without stirring. Meanwhile it got dark; he had no candle and, indeed, it did not occur to him to light up. He could never recollect whether he had been thinking about anything at that time. At last he was conscious of his former fever and shivering, and he realised with relief that he could lie down on the sofa. Soon heavy, leaden sleep came over him, as it were crushing him.

He slept an extraordinarily long time and without dreaming. Nastasya, coming into his room at ten o’clock the next morning, had difficulty in rousing him. She brought him in tea and bread. The tea was again the second brew and again in her own tea-pot.

“My goodness, how he sleeps!” she cried indignantly. “And he is always asleep.”

He got up with an effort. His head ached, he stood up, took a turn in his garret and sank back on the sofa again.

“Going to sleep again,” cried Nastasya. “Are you ill, eh?”

He made no reply.

“Do you want some tea?”

“Afterwards,” he said with an effort, closing his eyes again and turning to the wall.

Nastasya stood over him.

“Perhaps he really is ill,” she said, turned and went out. She came in again at two o’clock with soup. He was lying as before. The tea stood untouched. Nastasya felt positively offended and began wrathfully rousing him.

“Why are you lying like a log?” she shouted, looking at him with repulsion.

He got up, and sat down again, but said nothing and stared at the floor.

“Are you ill or not?” asked Nastasya and again received no answer. “You’d better go out and get a breath of air,” she said after a pause. “Will you eat it or not?”

“Afterwards,” he said weakly. “You can go.”

And he motioned her out.

She remained a little longer, looked at him with compassion and went out.

A few minutes afterwards, he raised his eyes and looked for a long while at the tea and the soup. Then he took the bread, took up a spoon and began to eat.

He ate a little, three or four spoonfuls, without appetite, as it were mechanically. His head ached less. After his meal he stretched himself on the sofa again, but now he could not sleep; he lay without stirring, with his face in the pillow. He was haunted by day-dreams and such strange day-dreams; in one, that kept recurring, he fancied that he was in Africa, in Egypt, in some sort of oasis. The caravan was resting, the camels were peacefully lying down; the palms stood all around in a complete circle; all the party were at dinner. But he was drinking water from a spring which flowed gurgling close by. And it was so cool, it was wonderful, wonderful, blue, cold water running among the parti-coloured stones and over the clean sand which glistened here and there like gold.... Suddenly he heard a clock strike. He started, roused himself, raised his head, looked out of the window, and seeing how late it was, suddenly jumped up wide awake as though someone had pulled him off the sofa. He crept on tiptoe to the door, stealthily opened it and began listening on the staircase. His heart beat terribly. But all was quiet on the stairs as if everyone was asleep.... It seemed to him strange and monstrous that he could have slept in such forgetfulness from the previous day and had done nothing, had prepared nothing yet.... And meanwhile perhaps it had struck six. And his drowsiness and stupefaction were followed by an extraordinary, feverish, as it were distracted haste. But the preparations to be made were few. He concentrated all his energies on thinking of everything and forgetting nothing; and his heart kept beating and thumping so that he could hardly breathe. First he had to make a noose and sew it into his overcoat--a work of a moment. He rummaged under his pillow and picked out amongst the linen stuffed away under it, a worn out, old unwashed shirt. From its rags he tore a long strip, a couple of inches wide and about sixteen inches long. He folded this strip in two, took off his wide, strong summer overcoat of some stout cotton material (his only outer garment) and began sewing the two ends of the rag on the inside, under the left armhole. His hands shook as he sewed, but he did it successfully so that nothing showed outside when he put the coat on again. The needle and thread he had got ready long before and they lay on his table in a piece of paper. As for the noose, it was a very ingenious device of his own; the noose was intended for the axe. It was impossible for him to carry the axe through the street in his hands. And if hidden under his coat he would still have had to support it with his hand, which would have been noticeable. Now he had only to put the head of the axe in the noose, and it would hang quietly under his arm on the inside. Putting his hand in his coat pocket, he could hold the end of the handle all the way, so that it did not swing; and as the coat was very full, a regular sack in fact, it could not be seen from outside that he was holding something with the hand that was in the pocket. This noose, too, he had designed a fortnight before.

When he had finished with this, he thrust his hand into a little opening between his sofa and the floor, fumbled in the left corner and drew out the _pledge_, which he had got ready long before and hidden there. This pledge was, however, only a smoothly planed piece of wood the size and thickness of a silver cigarette case. He picked up this piece of wood in one of his wanderings in a courtyard where there was some sort of a workshop. Afterwards he had added to the wood a thin smooth piece of iron, which he had also picked up at the same time in the street. Putting the iron which was a little the smaller on the piece of wood, he fastened them very firmly, crossing and re-crossing the thread round them; then wrapped them carefully and daintily in clean white paper and tied up the parcel so that it would be very difficult to untie it. This was in order to divert the attention of the old woman for a time, while she was trying to undo the knot, and so to gain a moment. The iron strip was added to give weight, so that the woman might not guess the first minute that the “thing” was made of wood. All this had been stored by him beforehand under the sofa. He had only just got the pledge out when he heard someone suddenly about in the yard.

“It struck six long ago.”

“Long ago! My God!”

He rushed to the door, listened, caught up his hat and began to descend his thirteen steps cautiously, noiselessly, like a cat. He had still the most important thing to do--to steal the axe from the kitchen. That the deed must be done with an axe he had decided long ago. He had also a pocket pruning-knife, but he could not rely on the knife and still less on his own strength, and so resolved finally on the axe. We may note in passing, one peculiarity in regard to all the final resolutions taken by him in the matter; they had one strange characteristic: the more final they were, the more hideous and the more absurd they at once became in his eyes. In spite of all his agonising inward struggle, he never for a single instant all that time could believe in the carrying out of his plans.

And, indeed, if it had ever happened that everything to the least point could have been considered and finally settled, and no uncertainty of any kind had remained, he would, it seems, have renounced it all as something absurd, monstrous and impossible. But a whole mass of unsettled points and uncertainties remained. As for getting the axe, that trifling business cost him no anxiety, for nothing could be easier. Nastasya was continually out of the house, especially in the evenings; she would run in to the neighbours or to a shop, and always left the door ajar. It was the one thing the landlady was always scolding her about. And so, when the time came, he would only have to go quietly into the kitchen and to take the axe, and an hour later (when everything was over) go in and put it back again. But these were doubtful points. Supposing he returned an hour later to put it back, and Nastasya had come back and was on the spot. He would of course have to go by and wait till she went out again. But supposing she were in the meantime to miss the axe, look for it, make an outcry--that would mean suspicion or at least grounds for suspicion.

But those were all trifles which he had not even begun to consider, and indeed he had no time. He was thinking of the chief point, and put off trifling details, until _he could believe in it all_. But that seemed utterly unattainable. So it seemed to himself at least. He could not imagine, for instance, that he would sometime leave off thinking, get up and simply go there.... Even his late experiment (i.e. his visit with the object of a final survey of the place) was simply an attempt at an experiment, far from being the real thing, as though one should say “come, let us go and try it--why dream about it!”--and at once he had broken down and had run away cursing, in a frenzy with himself. Meanwhile it would seem, as regards the moral question, that his analysis was complete; his casuistry had become keen as a razor, and he could not find rational objections in himself. But in the last resort he simply ceased to believe in himself, and doggedly, slavishly sought arguments in all directions, fumbling for them, as though someone were forcing and drawing him to it.

At first--long before indeed--he had been much occupied with one question; why almost all crimes are so badly concealed and so easily detected, and why almost all criminals leave such obvious traces? He had come gradually to many different and curious conclusions, and in his opinion the chief reason lay not so much in the material impossibility of concealing the crime, as in the criminal himself. Almost every criminal is subject to a failure of will and reasoning power by a childish and phenomenal heedlessness, at the very instant when prudence and caution are most essential. It was his conviction that this eclipse of reason and failure of will power attacked a man like a disease, developed gradually and reached its highest point just before the perpetration of the crime, continued with equal violence at the moment of the crime and for longer or shorter time after, according to the individual case, and then passed off like any other disease. The question whether the disease gives rise to the crime, or whether the crime from its own peculiar nature is always accompanied by something of the nature of disease, he did not yet feel able to decide.

When he reached these conclusions, he decided that in his own case there could not be such a morbid reaction, that his reason and will would remain unimpaired at the time of carrying out his design, for the simple reason that his design was “not a crime....” We will omit all the process by means of which he arrived at this last conclusion; we have run too far ahead already.... We may add only that the practical, purely material difficulties of the affair occupied a secondary position in his mind. “One has but to keep all one’s will-power and reason to deal with them, and they will all be overcome at the time when once one has familiarised oneself with the minutest details of the business....” But this preparation had never been begun. His final decisions were what he came to trust least, and when the hour struck, it all came to pass quite differently, as it were accidentally and unexpectedly.

One trifling circumstance upset his calculations, before he had even left the staircase. When he reached the landlady’s kitchen, the door of which was open as usual, he glanced cautiously in to see whether, in Nastasya’s absence, the landlady herself was there, or if not, whether the door to her own room was closed, so that she might not peep out when he went in for the axe. But what was his amazement when he suddenly saw that Nastasya was not only at home in the kitchen, but was occupied there, taking linen out of a basket and hanging it on a line. Seeing him, she left off hanging the clothes, turned to him and stared at him all the time he was passing. He turned away his eyes, and walked past as though he noticed nothing. But it was the end of everything; he had not the

axe! He was overwhelmed.

“What made me think,” he reflected, as he went under the gateway, “what made me think that she would be sure not to be at home at that moment! Why, why, why did I assume this so certainly?”

He was crushed and even humiliated. He could have laughed at himself in his anger.... A dull animal rage boiled within him.

He stood hesitating in the gateway. To go into the street, to go a walk for appearance’ sake was revolting; to go back to his room, even more revolting. “And what a chance I have lost for ever!” he muttered, standing aimlessly in the gateway, just opposite the porter’s little dark room, which was also open. Suddenly he started. From the porter’s room, two paces away from him, something shining under the bench to the right caught his eye.... He looked about him--nobody. He approached the room on tiptoe, went down two steps into it and in a faint voice called the porter. “Yes, not at home! Somewhere near though, in the yard, for the door is wide open.” He dashed to the axe (it was an axe) and pulled it out from under the bench, where it lay between two chunks of wood; at once, before going out, he made it fast in the noose, he thrust both hands into his pockets and went out of the room; no one had noticed him! “When reason fails, the devil helps!” he thought with a strange grin. This chance raised his spirits extraordinarily.

He walked along quietly and sedately, without hurry, to avoid awakening suspicion. He scarcely looked at the passers-by, tried to escape looking at their faces at all, and to be as little noticeable as possible. Suddenly he thought of his hat. “Good heavens! I had the money the day before yesterday and did not get a cap to wear instead!” A curse rose from the bottom of his soul.

Glancing out of the corner of his eye into a shop, he saw by a clock on the wall that it was ten minutes past seven. He had to make haste and at the same time to go someway round, so as to approach the house from the other side....

When he had happened to imagine all this beforehand, he had sometimes thought that he would be very much afraid. But he was not very much afraid now, was not afraid at all, indeed. His mind was even occupied by irrelevant matters, but by nothing for long. As he passed the Yusupov garden, he was deeply absorbed in considering the building of great fountains, and of their refreshing effect on the atmosphere in all the squares. By degrees he passed to the conviction that if the summer garden were extended to the field of Mars, and perhaps joined to the garden of the Mihailovsky Palace, it would be a splendid thing and a great benefit to the town. Then he was interested by the question why in all great towns men are not simply driven by necessity, but in some peculiar way inclined to live in those parts of the town where there are no gardens nor fountains; where there is most dirt and smell and all sorts of nastiness. Then his own walks through the Hay Market came back to his mind, and for a moment he waked up to reality. “What nonsense!” he thought, “better think of nothing at all!”

“So probably men led to execution clutch mentally at every object that meets them on the way,” flashed through his mind, but simply flashed, like lightning; he made haste to dismiss this thought.... And by now he was near; here was the house, here was the gate. Suddenly a clock somewhere struck once. “What! can it be half-past seven? Impossible, it must be fast!”

Luckily for him, everything went well again at the gates. At that very moment, as though expressly for his benefit, a huge waggon of hay had just driven in at the gate, completely screening him as he passed under the gateway, and the waggon had scarcely had time to drive through into the yard, before he had slipped in a flash to the right. On the other side of the waggon he could hear shouting and quarrelling; but no one noticed him and no one met him. Many windows looking into that huge quadrangular yard were open at that moment, but he did not raise his head--he had not the strength to. The staircase leading to the old woman’s room was close by, just on the right of the gateway. He was already on the stairs....

Drawing a breath, pressing his hand against his throbbing heart, and once more feeling for the axe and setting it straight, he began softly and cautiously ascending the stairs, listening every minute. But the stairs, too, were quite deserted; all the doors were shut; he met no one. One flat indeed on the first floor was wide open and painters were at work in it, but they did not glance at him. He stood still, thought a minute and went on. “Of course it would be better if they had not been here, but... it’s two storeys above them.”

And there was the fourth storey, here was the door, here was the flat opposite, the empty one. The flat underneath the old woman’s was apparently empty also; the visiting card nailed on the door had been torn off--they had gone away!... He was out of breath. For one instant the thought floated through his mind, “Shall I go back?” But he made no answer and began listening at the old woman’s door, a dead silence. Then he listened again on the staircase, listened long and intently... then looked about him for the last time, pulled himself together, drew himself up, and once more tried the axe in the noose. “Am I very pale?” he wondered. “Am I not evidently agitated? She is mistrustful.... Had I better wait a little longer... till my heart leaves off thumping?”

But his heart did not leave off. On the contrary, as though to spite him, it throbbed more and more violently. He could stand it no longer, he slowly put out his hand to the bell and rang. Half a minute later he rang again, more loudly.

No answer. To go on ringing was useless and out of place. The old woman was, of course, at home, but she was suspicious and alone. He had some knowledge of her habits... and once more he put his ear to the door. Either his senses were peculiarly keen (which it is difficult to suppose), or the sound was really very distinct. Anyway, he suddenly heard something like the cautious touch of a hand on the lock and the rustle of a skirt at the very door. Someone was standing stealthily close to the lock and just as he was doing on the outside was secretly listening within, and seemed to have her ear to the door.... He moved a little on purpose and muttered something aloud that he might not have the appearance of hiding, then rang a third time, but quietly, soberly, and without impatience, Recalling it afterwards, that moment stood out in his mind vividly, distinctly, for ever; he could not make out how he had had such cunning, for his mind was as it were clouded at moments and he was almost unconscious of his body.... An instant later he heard the latch unfastened.

CHAPTER VII

The door was as before opened a tiny crack, and again two sharp and suspicious eyes stared at him out of the darkness. Then Raskolnikov lost his head and nearly made a great mistake.

Fearing the old woman would be frightened by their being alone, and not hoping that the sight of him would disarm her suspicions, he took hold of the door and drew it towards him to prevent the old woman from attempting to shut it again. Seeing this she did not pull the door back, but she did not let go the handle so that he almost dragged her out with it on to the stairs. Seeing that she was standing in the doorway not allowing him to pass, he advanced straight upon her. She stepped back in alarm, tried to say something, but seemed unable to speak and stared with open eyes at him.

“Good evening, Alyona Ivanovna,” he began, trying to speak easily, but his voice would not obey him, it broke and shook. “I have come... I have brought something... but we’d better come in... to the light....”

And leaving her, he passed straight into the room uninvited. The old woman ran after him; her tongue was unloosed.

“Good heavens! What it is? Who is it? What do you want?”

“Why, Alyona Ivanovna, you know me... Raskolnikov... here, I brought you the pledge I promised the other day...” And he held out the pledge.

The old woman glanced for a moment at the pledge, but at once stared in the eyes of her uninvited visitor. She looked intently, maliciously and mistrustfully. A minute passed; he even fancied something like a sneer in her eyes, as though she had already guessed everything. He felt that he was losing his head, that he was almost frightened, so frightened that if she were to look like that and not say a word for another half minute, he thought he would have run away from her.

“Why do you look at me as though you did not know me?” he said suddenly, also with malice. “Take it if you like, if not I’ll go elsewhere, I am in a hurry.”

He had not even thought of saying this, but it was suddenly said of itself. The old woman recovered herself, and her visitor’s resolute tone evidently restored her confidence.

“But why, my good sir, all of a minute.... What is it?” she asked, looking at the pledge.

“The silver cigarette case; I spoke of it last time, you know.”

She held out her hand.

“But how pale you are, to be sure... and your hands are trembling too? Have you been bathing, or what?”

“Fever,” he answered abruptly. “You can’t help getting pale... if you’ve nothing to eat,” he added, with difficulty articulating the words.

His strength was failing him again. But his answer sounded like the truth; the old woman took the pledge.

“What is it?” she asked once more, scanning Raskolnikov intently, and weighing the pledge in her hand.

“A thing... cigarette case.... Silver.... Look at it.”

“It does not seem somehow like silver.... How he has wrapped it up!”

Trying to untie the string and turning to the window, to the light (all her windows were shut, in spite of the stifling heat), she left him altogether for some seconds and stood with her back to him. He unbuttoned his coat and freed the axe from the noose, but did not yet take it out altogether, simply holding it in his right hand under the coat. His hands were fearfully weak, he felt them every moment growing more numb and more wooden. He was afraid he would let the axe slip and fall.... A sudden giddiness came over him.

“But what has he tied it up like this for?” the old woman cried with vexation and moved towards him.

He had not a minute more to lose. He pulled the axe quite out, swung it with both arms, scarcely conscious of himself, and almost without effort, almost mechanically, brought the blunt side down on her head. He seemed not to use his own strength in this. But as soon as he had once brought the axe down, his strength returned to him.

The old woman was as always bareheaded. Her thin, light hair, streaked with grey, thickly smeared with grease, was plaited in a rat’s tail and fastened by a broken horn comb which stood out on the nape of her neck. As she was so short, the blow fell on the very top of her skull. She cried out, but very faintly, and suddenly sank all of a heap on the floor, raising her hands to her head. In one hand she still held “the pledge.” Then he dealt her another and another blow with the blunt side and on the same spot. The blood gushed as from an overturned glass, the body fell back. He stepped back, let it fall, and at once bent over her face; she was dead. Her eyes seemed to be starting out of their sockets, the brow and the whole face were drawn and contorted convulsively.

He laid the axe on the ground near the dead body and felt at once in her pocket (trying to avoid the streaming body)--the same right-hand pocket from which she had taken the key on his last visit. He was in full possession of his faculties, free from confusion or giddiness, but his hands were still trembling. He remembered afterwards that he had been particularly collected and careful, trying all the time not to get smeared with blood.... He pulled out the keys at once, they were all, as before, in one bunch on a steel ring. He ran at once into the bedroom with them. It was a very small room with a whole shrine of holy images. Against the other wall stood a big bed, very clean and covered with a silk patchwork wadded quilt. Against a third wall was a chest of drawers. Strange to say, so soon as he began to fit the keys into the chest, so soon as he heard their jingling, a convulsive shudder passed over him. He suddenly felt tempted again to give it all up and go away. But that was only for an instant; it was too late to go back. He positively smiled at himself, when suddenly another terrifying idea occurred to his mind. He suddenly fancied that the old woman might be still alive and might recover her senses. Leaving the keys in the chest, he ran back to the body, snatched up the axe and lifted it once more over the old woman, but did not bring it down. There was no doubt that she was dead. Bending down and examining her again more closely, he saw clearly that the skull was broken and even battered in on one side. He was about to feel it with his finger, but drew back his hand and indeed it was evident without that. Meanwhile there was a perfect pool of blood. All at once he noticed a string on her neck; he tugged at it, but the string was strong and did not snap and besides, it was soaked with blood. He tried to pull it out from the front of the dress, but something held it and prevented its coming. In his impatience he raised the axe again to cut the string from above on the body, but did not dare, and with difficulty, smearing his hand and the axe in the blood, after two minutes’ hurried effort, he cut the string and took it off without touching the body with the axe; he was not mistaken--it was a purse. On the string were two crosses, one of Cyprus wood and one of copper, and an image in silver filigree, and with them a small greasy chamois leather purse with a steel rim and ring. The purse was stuffed very full; Raskolnikov thrust it in his pocket without looking at it, flung the crosses on the old woman’s body and rushed back into the bedroom, this time taking the axe with him.

He was in terrible haste, he snatched the keys, and began trying them again. But he was unsuccessful. They would not fit in the locks. It was not so much that his hands were shaking, but that he kept making mistakes; though he saw for instance that a key was not the right one and would not fit, still he tried to put it in. Suddenly he remembered and realised that the big key with the deep notches, which was hanging there with the small keys could not possibly belong to the chest of drawers (on his last visit this had struck him), but to some strong box, and that everything perhaps was hidden in that box. He left the chest of drawers, and at once felt under the bedstead, knowing that old women usually keep boxes under their beds. And so it was; there was a good-sized box under the bed, at least a yard in length, with an arched lid covered with red leather and studded with steel nails. The notched key fitted at once and unlocked it. At the top, under a white sheet, was a coat of red brocade lined with hareskin; under it was a silk dress, then a shawl and it seemed as though there was nothing below but clothes. The first thing he did was to wipe his

blood-stained hands on the red brocade. “It’s red, and on red blood will be less noticeable,” the thought passed through his mind; then he suddenly came to himself. “Good God, am I going out of my senses?” he thought with terror.

But no sooner did he touch the clothes than a gold watch slipped from under the fur coat. He made haste to turn them all over. There turned out to be various articles made of gold among the clothes--probably all pledges, unredeemed or waiting to be redeemed--bracelets, chains, ear-rings, pins and such things. Some were in cases, others simply wrapped in newspaper, carefully and exactly folded, and tied round with tape. Without any delay, he began filling up the pockets of his trousers and overcoat without examining or undoing the parcels and cases; but he had not time to take many....

He suddenly heard steps in the room where the old woman lay. He stopped short and was still as death. But all was quiet, so it must have been his fancy. All at once he heard distinctly a faint cry, as though someone had uttered a low broken moan. Then again dead silence for a minute or two. He sat squatting on his heels by the box and waited holding his breath. Suddenly he jumped up, seized the axe and ran out of the bedroom.

In the middle of the room stood Lizaveta with a big bundle in her arms. She was gazing in stupefaction at her murdered sister, white as a sheet and seeming not to have the strength to cry out. Seeing him run out of the bedroom, she began faintly quivering all over, like a leaf, a shudder ran down her face; she lifted her hand, opened her mouth, but still did not scream. She began slowly backing away from him into the corner, staring intently, persistently at him, but still uttered no sound, as though she could not get breath to scream. He rushed at her with the axe; her mouth twitched piteously, as one sees babies’ mouths, when they begin to be frightened, stare intently at what frightens them and are on the point of screaming. And this hapless Lizaveta was so simple and had been so thoroughly crushed and scared that she did not even raise a hand to guard her face, though that was the most necessary and natural action at the moment, for the axe was raised over her face. She only put up her empty left hand, but not to her face, slowly holding it out before her as though motioning him away. The axe fell with the sharp edge just on the skull and split at one blow all the top of the head. She fell heavily at once. Raskolnikov completely lost his head, snatching up her bundle, dropped it again and ran into the entry.

Fear gained more and more mastery over him, especially after this second, quite unexpected murder. He longed to run away from the place as fast as possible. And if at that moment he had been capable of seeing and reasoning more correctly, if he had been able to realise all the difficulties of his position, the hopelessness, the hideousness and the absurdity of it, if he could have understood how many obstacles and, perhaps, crimes he had still to overcome or to commit, to get out of that place and to make his way home, it is very possible that he would have flung up everything, and would have gone to give himself up, and not from fear, but from simple horror and loathing of what he had done. The feeling of loathing especially surged up within him and grew stronger every minute. He would not now have gone to the box or even into the room for anything in the world.

But a sort of blankness, even dreaminess, had begun by degrees to take possession of him; at moments he forgot himself, or rather, forgot what was of importance, and caught at trifles. Glancing, however, into the kitchen and seeing a bucket half full of water on a bench, he bethought him of washing his hands and the axe. His hands were sticky with blood. He dropped the axe with the blade in the water, snatched a piece of soap that lay in a broken saucer on the window, and began washing his hands in the bucket. When they were clean, he took out the axe, washed the blade and spent a long time, about three minutes, washing the wood where there were spots of blood rubbing them with soap. Then he wiped it all with some linen that was hanging to dry on a line in the kitchen and then he was a long while attentively examining the axe at the window. There was no trace left on it, only the wood was still damp. He carefully hung the axe in the noose under his coat. Then as far as was possible, in the dim light in the kitchen, he looked over his overcoat, his trousers and his boots. At the first glance there seemed to be nothing but stains on the boots. He wetted the rag and rubbed the boots. But he knew he was not looking thoroughly, that there might be something quite noticeable that he was overlooking. He stood in the middle of the room, lost in thought. Dark agonising ideas rose in his mind--the idea that he was mad and that at that moment he was incapable of reasoning, of protecting himself, that he ought perhaps to be doing something utterly different from what he was now doing. “Good God!” he muttered, “I must fly, fly,” and he rushed into the entry. But here a shock of terror awaited him such as he had never known before.

He stood and gazed and could not believe his eyes: the door, the outer door from the stairs, at which he had not long before waited and rung, was standing unfastened and at least six inches open. No lock, no bolt, all the time, all that time! The old woman had not shut it after him perhaps as a precaution. But, good God! Why, he had seen Lizaveta afterwards! And how could he, how could he have failed to reflect that she must have come in somehow! She could not have come through the wall!

He dashed to the door and fastened the latch.

“But no, the wrong thing again! I must get away, get away....”

He unfastened the latch, opened the door and began listening on the staircase.

He listened a long time. Somewhere far away, it might be in the gateway, two voices were loudly and shrilly shouting, quarrelling and scolding. “What are they about?” He waited patiently. At last all was still, as though suddenly cut off; they had separated. He was meaning to go out, but suddenly, on the floor below, a door was noisily opened and someone began going downstairs humming a tune. “How is it they all make such a noise?” flashed through his mind. Once more he closed the door and waited. At last all was still, not a soul stirring. He was just taking a step towards the stairs when he heard fresh footsteps.

The steps sounded very far off, at the very bottom of the stairs, but he remembered quite clearly and distinctly that from the first sound he began for some reason to suspect that this was someone coming _there_, to the fourth floor, to the old woman. Why? Were the sounds somehow peculiar, significant? The steps were heavy, even and unhurried. Now _he_ had passed the first floor, now he was mounting higher, it was growing more and more distinct! He could hear his heavy breathing. And now the third storey had been reached. Coming here! And it seemed to him all at once that he was turned to stone, that it was like a dream in which one is being pursued, nearly caught and will be killed, and is rooted to the spot and cannot even move one’s arms.

At last when the unknown was mounting to the fourth floor, he suddenly started, and succeeded in slipping neatly and quickly back into the flat and closing the door behind him. Then he took the hook and softly, noiselessly, fixed it in the catch. Instinct helped him. When he had done this, he crouched holding his breath, by the door. The unknown visitor was by now also at the door. They were now standing opposite one another, as he had just before been standing with the old woman, when the door divided them and he was listening.

The visitor panted several times. “He must be a big, fat man,” thought Raskolnikov, squeezing the axe in his hand. It seemed like a dream indeed. The visitor took hold of the bell and rang it loudly.

As soon as the tin bell tinkled, Raskolnikov seemed to be aware of something moving in the room. For some seconds he listened quite seriously. The unknown rang again, waited and suddenly tugged violently and impatiently at the handle of the door. Raskolnikov gazed in horror at the hook shaking in its fastening, and in blank terror expected every minute that the fastening would be pulled out. It certainly did seem possible, so violently was he shaking it. He was tempted to hold the fastening, but _he_ might be aware of it. A giddiness came over him again. “I shall fall down!” flashed through his mind, but the unknown began to speak and he recovered himself at once.

“What’s up? Are they asleep or murdered? D-damn them!” he bawled in a thick voice, “Hey, Alyona Ivanovna, old witch! Lizaveta Ivanovna, hey, my beauty! open the door! Oh, damn them! Are they asleep or what?”

And again, enraged, he tugged with all his might a dozen times at the bell. He must certainly be a man of authority and an intimate acquaintance.

At this moment light hurried steps were heard not far off, on the stairs. Someone else was approaching. Raskolnikov had not heard them at first.

“You don’t say there’s no one at home,” the new-comer cried in a cheerful, ringing voice, addressing the first visitor, who still went on pulling the bell. “Good evening, Koch.”

“From his voice he must be quite young,” thought Raskolnikov.

“Who the devil can tell? I’ve almost broken the lock,” answered Koch. “But how do you come to know me?”

“Why! The day before yesterday I beat you three times running at billiards at Gambrinus’.”

“Oh!”

“So they are not at home? That’s queer. It’s awfully stupid though. Where could the old woman have gone? I’ve come on business.”

“Yes; and I have business with her, too.”

“Well, what can we do? Go back, I suppose, Aie--aie! And I was hoping to get some money!” cried the young man.

“We must give it up, of course, but what did she fix this time for? The old witch fixed the time for me to come herself. It’s out of my way. And where the devil she can have got to, I can’t make out. She sits here from year’s end to year’s end, the old hag; her legs are bad and yet here all of a sudden she is out for a walk!”

“Hadn’t we better ask the porter?”

“What?”

“Where she’s gone and when she’ll be back.”

“Hm.... Damn it all!... We might ask.... But you know she never does go anywhere.”

And he once more tugged at the door-handle.

“Damn it all. There’s nothing to be done, we must go!”

“Stay!” cried the young man suddenly. “Do you see how the door shakes if you pull it?”

“Well?”

“That shows it’s not locked, but fastened with the hook! Do you hear how the hook clanks?”

“Well?”

“Why, don’t you see? That proves that one of them is at home. If they were all out, they would have locked the door from the outside with the key and not with the hook from inside. There, do you hear how the hook is clanking? To fasten the hook on the inside they must be at home, don’t you see? So there they are sitting inside and don’t open the door!”

“Well! And so they must be!” cried Koch, astonished. “What are they about in there?” And he began furiously shaking the door.

“Stay!” cried the young man again. “Don’t pull at it! There must be something wrong.... Here, you’ve been ringing and pulling at the door and still they don’t open! So either they’ve both fainted or...”

“What?”

“I tell you what. Let’s go fetch the porter, let him wake them up.”

“All right.”

Both were going down.

“Stay. You stop here while I run down for the porter.”

“What for?”

“Well, you’d better.”

“All right.”

“I’m studying the law you see! It’s evident, e-vi-dent there’s something wrong here!” the young man cried hotly, and he ran downstairs.

Koch remained. Once more he softly touched the bell which gave one tinkle, then gently, as though reflecting and looking about him, began touching the door-handle pulling it and letting it go to make sure once more that it was only fastened by the hook. Then puffing and panting he bent down and began looking at the keyhole: but the key was in the lock on the inside and so nothing could be seen.

Raskolnikov stood keeping tight hold of the axe. He was in a sort of delirium. He was even making ready to fight when they should come in. While they were knocking and talking together, the idea several times occurred to him to end it all at once and shout to them through the door. Now and then he was tempted to swear at them, to jeer at them, while they could not open the door! “Only make haste!” was the thought that flashed through his mind.

“But what the devil is he about?...” Time was passing, one minute, and another--no one came. Koch began to be restless.

“What the devil?” he cried suddenly and in impatience deserting his sentry duty, he, too, went down, hurrying and thumping with his heavy boots on the stairs. The steps died away.

“Good heavens! What am I to do?”

Raskolnikov unfastened the hook, opened the door--there was no sound. Abruptly, without any thought at all, he went out, closing the door as thoroughly as he could, and went downstairs.

He had gone down three flights when he suddenly heard a loud voice below--where could he go! There was nowhere to hide. He was just going back to the flat.

“Hey there! Catch the brute!”

Somebody dashed out of a flat below, shouting, and rather fell than ran down the stairs, bawling at the top of his voice.

“Mitka! Mitka! Mitka! Mitka! Mitka! Blast him!”

The shout ended in a shriek; the last sounds came from the yard; all was still. But at the same instant several men talking loud and fast began noisily mounting the stairs. There were three or four of them. He distinguished the ringing voice of the young man. “Hey!”

Filled with despair he went straight to meet them, feeling “come what must!” If they stopped him--all was lost; if they let him pass--all was lost too; they would remember him. They were approaching; they were only a flight from him--and suddenly deliverance! A few steps from him on the right, there was an empty flat with the door wide open, the flat on the second floor where the painters had been at work, and which, as though for his benefit, they had just left. It was they, no doubt, who had just run down, shouting. The floor had only just been painted, in the middle of the room stood a pail and a broken pot with paint and brushes. In one instant he had whisked in at the open door and hidden behind the wall and only in the nick of time; they had already reached the landing. Then they turned and went on up to the fourth floor, talking loudly. He waited, went out on tiptoe and ran down the stairs.

No one was on the stairs, nor in the gateway. He passed quickly through the gateway and turned to the left in the street.

He knew, he knew perfectly well that at that moment they were at the flat, that they were greatly astonished at finding it unlocked, as the door had just been fastened, that by now they were looking at the bodies, that before another minute had passed they would guess and completely realise that the murderer had just been there, and had succeeded in hiding somewhere, slipping by them and escaping. They would guess most likely that he had been in the empty flat, while they were going upstairs. And meanwhile he dared not quicken his pace much, though the next turning was still nearly a hundred yards away. “Should he slip through some gateway and wait somewhere in an unknown street? No, hopeless! Should he fling away the axe? Should he take a cab? Hopeless, hopeless!”

At last he reached the turning. He turned down it more dead than alive. Here he was half way to safety, and he understood it; it was less risky because there was a great crowd of people, and he was lost in it like a grain of sand. But all he had suffered had so weakened him that he could scarcely move. Perspiration ran down him in drops, his neck was all wet. “My word, he has been going it!” someone shouted at him when he came out on the canal bank.

He was only dimly conscious of himself now, and the farther he went the worse it was. He remembered however, that on coming out on to the canal bank, he was alarmed at finding few people there and so being more conspicuous, and he had thought of turning back. Though he was almost falling from fatigue, he went a long way round so as to get home from quite a different direction.

He was not fully conscious when he passed through the gateway of his house! He was already on the staircase before he recollected the axe. And yet he had a very grave problem before him, to put it back and to escape observation as far as possible in doing so. He was of course incapable of reflecting that it might perhaps be far better not to restore the axe at all, but to drop it later on in somebody’s yard. But it all happened fortunately, the door of the porter’s room was closed but not locked, so that it seemed most likely that the porter was at home. But he had so completely lost all power of reflection that he walked straight to the door and opened it. If the porter had asked him, “What do you want?” he would perhaps have simply handed him the axe. But again the porter was not at home, and he succeeded in putting the axe back under the bench, and even covering it with the chunk of wood as

before. He met no one, not a soul, afterwards on the way to his room; the landlady's door was shut. When he was in his room, he flung himself on the sofa just as he was--he did not sleep, but sank into blank forgetfulness. If anyone had come into his room then, he would have jumped up at once and screamed. Scraps and shreds of thoughts were simply swarming in his brain, but he could not catch at one, he could not rest on one, in spite of all his efforts....

PART II

CHAPTER I

So he lay a very long while. Now and then he seemed to wake up, and at such moments he noticed that it was far into the night, but it did not occur to him to get up. At last he noticed that it was beginning to get light. He was lying on his back, still dazed from his recent oblivion. Fearful, despairing cries rose shrilly from the street, sounds which he heard every night, indeed, under his window after two o'clock. They woke him up now.

"Ah! the drunken men are coming out of the taverns," he thought, "it's past two o'clock," and at once he leaped up, as though someone had pulled him from the sofa.

"What! Past two o'clock!"

He sat down on the sofa--and instantly recollected everything! All at once, in one flash, he recollected everything.

For the first moment he thought he was going mad. A dreadful chill came over him; but the chill was from the fever that had begun long before in his sleep. Now he was suddenly taken with violent shivering, so that his teeth chattered and all his limbs were shaking. He opened the door and began listening--everything in the house was asleep. With amazement he gazed at himself and everything in the room around him, wondering how he could have come in the night before without fastening the door, and have flung himself on the sofa without undressing, without even taking his hat off. It had fallen off and was lying on the floor near his pillow.

"If anyone had come in, what would he have thought? That I'm drunk but..."

He rushed to the window. There was light enough, and he began hurriedly looking himself all over from head to foot, all his clothes; were there no traces? But there was no doing it like that; shivering with cold, he began taking off everything and looking over again. He turned everything over to the last threads and rags, and mistrusting himself, went through his search three times.

But there seemed to be nothing, no trace, except in one place, where some thick drops of congealed blood were clinging to the frayed edge of his trousers. He picked up a big claspknife and cut off the frayed threads. There seemed to be nothing more.

Suddenly he remembered that the purse and the things he had taken out of the old woman's box were still in his pockets! He had not thought till then of taking them out and hiding them! He had not even thought of them while he was examining his clothes! What next? Instantly he rushed to take them out and fling them on the table. When he had pulled out everything, and turned the pocket inside out to be sure there was nothing left, he carried the whole heap to the corner. The paper had come off the bottom of the wall and hung there in tatters. He began stuffing all the things into the hole under the paper: "They're in! All out of sight, and the purse too!" he thought gleefully, getting up and gazing blankly at the hole which bulged out more than ever. Suddenly he shuddered all over with horror; "My God!" he whispered in despair: "what's the matter with me? Is that hidden? Is that the way to hide things?"

He had not reckoned on having trinkets to hide. He had only thought of money, and so had not prepared a hiding-place.

"But now, now, what am I glad of?" he thought, "Is that hiding things? My reason's deserting me--simply!"

He sat down on the sofa in exhaustion and was at once shaken by another unbearable fit of shivering. Mechanically he drew from a chair beside him his old student's winter coat, which was still warm though almost in rags, covered himself up with it and once more sank into drowsiness and delirium. He lost consciousness.

Not more than five minutes had passed when he jumped up a second time, and at once pounced in a frenzy on his clothes again.

"How could I go to sleep again with nothing done? Yes, yes; I have not taken the loop off the armhole! I forgot it, forgot a thing like that! Such a piece of evidence!"

He pulled off the noose, hurriedly cut it to pieces and threw the bits among his linen under the pillow.

“Pieces of torn linen couldn’t rouse suspicion, whatever happened; I think not, I think not, any way!” he repeated, standing in the middle of the room, and with painful concentration he fell to gazing about him again, at the floor and everywhere, trying to make sure he had not forgotten anything. The conviction that all his faculties, even memory, and the simplest power of reflection were failing him, began to be an insufferable torture.

“Surely it isn’t beginning already! Surely it isn’t my punishment coming upon me? It is!”

The frayed rags he had cut off his trousers were actually lying on the floor in the middle of the room, where anyone coming in would see them!

“What is the matter with me!” he cried again, like one distraught.

Then a strange idea entered his head; that, perhaps, all his clothes were covered with blood, that, perhaps, there were a great many stains, but that he did not see them, did not notice them because his perceptions were failing, were going to pieces... his reason was clouded.... Suddenly he remembered that there had been blood on the purse too. “Ah! Then there must be blood on the pocket too, for I put the wet purse in my pocket!”

In a flash he had turned the pocket inside out and, yes!--there were traces, stains on the lining of the pocket!

“So my reason has not quite deserted me, so I still have some sense and memory, since I guessed it of myself,” he thought triumphantly, with a deep sigh of relief; “it’s simply the weakness of fever, a moment’s delirium,” and he tore the whole lining out of the left pocket of his trousers. At that instant the sunlight fell on his left boot; on the sock which poked out from the boot, he fancied there were traces! He flung off his boots; “traces indeed! The tip of the sock was soaked with blood;” he must have unwarily stepped into that pool.... “But what am I to do with this now? Where am I to put the sock and rags and pocket?”

He gathered them all up in his hands and stood in the middle of the room.

“In the stove? But they would ransack the stove first of all. Burn them? But what can I burn them with? There are no matches even. No, better go out and throw it all away somewhere. Yes, better throw it away,” he repeated, sitting down on the sofa again, “and at once, this minute, without lingering...”

But his head sank on the pillow instead. Again the unbearable icy shivering came over him; again he drew his coat over him.

And for a long while, for some hours, he was haunted by the impulse to “go off somewhere at once, this moment, and fling it all away, so that it may be out of sight and done with, at once, at once!” Several times he tried to rise from the sofa, but could not.

He was thoroughly waked up at last by a violent knocking at his door.

“Open, do, are you dead or alive? He keeps sleeping here!” shouted Nastasya, banging with her fist on the door. “For whole days together he’s snoring here like a dog! A dog he is too. Open, I tell you. It’s past ten.”

“Maybe he’s not at home,” said a man’s voice.

“Ha! that’s the porter’s voice.... What does he want?”

He jumped up and sat on the sofa. The beating of his heart was a positive pain.

“Then who can have latched the door?” retorted Nastasya. “He’s taken to bolting himself in! As if he were worth stealing! Open, you stupid, wake up!”

“What do they want? Why the porter? All’s discovered. Resist or open? Come what may!...”

He half rose, stooped forward and unlatched the door.

His room was so small that he could undo the latch without leaving the bed. Yes; the porter and Nastasya were standing there.

Nastasya stared at him in a strange way. He glanced with a defiant and desperate air at the porter, who without a word held out a grey folded paper sealed with bottle-wax.

“A notice from the office,” he announced, as he gave him the paper.

“From what office?”

“A summons to the police office, of course. You know which office.”

“To the police?... What for?...”

“How can I tell? You’re sent for, so you go.”

The man looked at him attentively, looked round the room and turned to go away.

“He’s downright ill!” observed Nastasya, not taking her eyes off him. The porter turned his head for a moment. “He’s been in a fever since yesterday,” she added.

Raskolnikov made no response and held the paper in his hands, without opening it. “Don’t you get up then,” Nastasya went on compassionately, seeing that he was letting his feet down from the sofa. “You’re ill, and so don’t go; there’s no such hurry. What have you got there?”

He looked; in his right hand he held the shreds he had cut from his trousers, the sock, and the rags of the pocket. So he had been asleep with them in his hand. Afterwards reflecting upon it, he remembered that half waking up in his fever, he had grasped all this tightly in his hand and so fallen asleep again.

“Look at the rags he’s collected and sleeps with them, as though he has got hold of a treasure...”

And Nastasya went off into her hysterical giggle.

Instantly he thrust them all under his great coat and fixed his eyes intently upon her. Far as he was from being capable of rational reflection at that moment, he felt that no one would behave like that with a person who was going to be arrested. “But... the police?”

“You’d better have some tea! Yes? I’ll bring it, there’s some left.”

“No... I’m going; I’ll go at once,” he muttered, getting on to his feet.

“Why, you’ll never get downstairs!”

“Yes, I’ll go.”

“As you please.”

She followed the porter out.

At once he rushed to the light to examine the sock and the rags.

“There are stains, but not very noticeable; all covered with dirt, and rubbed and already discoloured. No one who had no suspicion could distinguish anything. Nastasya from a distance could not have noticed, thank God!” Then with a tremor he broke the seal of the notice and began reading; he was a long while reading, before he understood. It was an ordinary summons from the district police-station to appear that day at half-past nine at the office of the district superintendent.

“But when has such a thing happened? I never have anything to do with the police! And why just to-day?” he thought in agonising bewilderment. “Good God, only get it over soon!”

He was flinging himself on his knees to pray, but broke into laughter--not at the idea of prayer, but at himself.

He began, hurriedly dressing. “If I’m lost, I am lost, I don’t care! Shall I put the sock on?” he suddenly wondered, “it will get dustier still and the traces will be gone.”

But no sooner had he put it on than he pulled it off again in loathing and horror. He pulled it off, but reflecting that he had no other socks, he picked it up and put it on again--and again he laughed.

“That’s all conventional, that’s all relative, merely a way of looking at it,” he thought in a flash, but only on the top surface of his mind, while he was shuddering all over, “there, I’ve got it on! I have finished by getting it on!”

But his laughter was quickly followed by despair.

“No, it’s too much for me...” he thought. His legs shook. “From fear,” he muttered. His head swam and ached with fever. “It’s a trick! They want to decoy me there and confound me over everything,” he mused, as he went out on to the stairs--“the worst of it is I’m almost light-headed... I may blurt out something stupid...”

On the stairs he remembered that he was leaving all the things just as they were in the hole in the wall, “and very likely, it’s on purpose to search when I’m out,” he thought, and stopped short. But he was possessed by such despair, such cynicism of misery, if one may so call it, that with a wave of his hand he went on. “Only to get it over!”

In the street the heat was insufferable again; not a drop of rain had fallen all those days. Again dust, bricks and mortar, again the stench from the shops and pot-houses, again the drunken men, the Finnish pedlars and half-broken-down cabs. The sun shone straight in his eyes, so that it hurt him to look out of them, and he felt his head going round--as a man in a fever is apt to feel when he comes out into the street on a bright sunny day.

When he reached the turning into _the_ street, in an agony of trepidation he looked down it... at _the_ house... and at once averted his eyes.

“If they question me, perhaps I’ll simply tell,” he thought, as he drew near the police-station.

The police-station was about a quarter of a mile off. It had lately been moved to new rooms on the fourth floor of a new house. He had been once for a moment in the old office but long ago. Turning in at the gateway, he saw on the right a flight of stairs which a peasant was mounting with a book in his hand. “A house-porter, no doubt; so then, the office is here,” and he began ascending the stairs on the chance. He did not want to ask questions of anyone.

“I’ll go in, fall on my knees, and confess everything...” he thought, as he reached the fourth floor.

The staircase was steep, narrow and all sloppy with dirty water. The kitchens of the flats opened on to the stairs and stood open almost the whole day. So there was a fearful smell and heat. The staircase was crowded with porters going up and down with their books under their arms, policemen, and persons of all sorts and both sexes. The door of the office, too, stood wide open. Peasants stood waiting within. There, too, the heat was stifling and there was a sickening smell of fresh paint and stale oil from the newly decorated rooms.

After waiting a little, he decided to move forward into the next room. All the rooms were small and low-pitched. A fearful impatience drew him on and on. No one paid attention to him. In the second room some clerks sat writing, dressed hardly better than he was, and rather a queer-looking set. He went up to one of them.

“What is it?”

He showed the notice he had received.

“You are a student?” the man asked, glancing at the notice.

“Yes, formerly a student.”

The clerk looked at him, but without the slightest interest. He was a particularly unkempt person with the look of a fixed idea in his eye.

“There would be no getting anything out of him, because he has no interest in anything,” thought Raskolnikov.

“Go in there to the head clerk,” said the clerk, pointing towards the furthest room.

He went into that room--the fourth in order; it was a small room and packed full of people, rather better dressed than in the outer rooms. Among them were two ladies. One, poorly dressed in mourning, sat at the table opposite the chief clerk, writing something at his dictation. The other, a very stout, buxom woman with a purplish-red, blotchy face, excessively smartly dressed with a brooch on her bosom as big as a saucer, was standing on one side, apparently waiting for something. Raskolnikov thrust his notice upon the head clerk. The latter glanced at it, said: “Wait a minute,” and went on attending to the lady in mourning.

He breathed more freely. “It can’t be that!”

By degrees he began to regain confidence, he kept urging himself to have courage and be calm.

“Some foolishness, some trifling carelessness, and I may betray myself! Hm... it’s a pity there’s no air here,” he added, “it’s stifling.... It makes one’s head dizzier than ever... and one’s mind too...”

He was conscious of a terrible inner turmoil. He was afraid of losing his self-control; he tried to catch at something and fix his mind on it, something quite irrelevant, but he could not succeed in this at all. Yet the head clerk greatly interested him, he kept hoping to see through him and guess something from his face.

He was a very young man, about two and twenty, with a dark mobile face that looked older than his years. He was fashionably dressed and foppish, with his hair parted in the middle, well combed and pomaded, and wore a number of rings on his well-scrubbed fingers and a gold chain on his waistcoat. He said a couple of words in French to a foreigner who was in the room, and said them fairly correctly.

“Luise Ivanovna, you can sit down,” he said casually to the gaily-dressed, purple-faced lady, who was still standing as though not venturing to sit down, though there was a chair beside her.

“Ich danke,” said the latter, and softly, with a rustle of silk she sank into the chair. Her light blue dress trimmed with white lace floated about the table like an air-balloon and filled almost half the room. She smelt of scent. But she was obviously embarrassed at filling half the room and smelling so strongly of scent; and though her smile was impudent as well as cringing, it betrayed evident uneasiness.

The lady in mourning had done at last, and got up. All at once, with some noise, an officer walked in very jauntily, with a peculiar swing of his shoulders at each step. He tossed his cockaded cap on the table and sat down in an easy-chair. The small lady positively skipped from her seat on seeing him, and fell to curtsying in a sort of ecstasy; but the officer took not the smallest notice of her, and she did not venture to sit down again in his presence. He was the assistant superintendent. He had a reddish moustache that stood out horizontally on each side of his face, and extremely small features, expressive of nothing much except a certain insolence. He looked askance and rather indignantly at Raskolnikov; he was so very badly dressed, and in spite of his humiliating position, his bearing was by no means in keeping with his clothes. Raskolnikov had unwarily fixed a very long and direct look on him, so that he felt positively affronted.

“What do you want?” he shouted, apparently astonished that such a ragged fellow was not annihilated by the majesty of his glance.

“I was summoned... by a notice...” Raskolnikov faltered.

“For the recovery of money due, from _the student_,” the head clerk interfered hurriedly, tearing himself from his papers. “Here!” and he flung Raskolnikov a document and pointed out the place. “Read that!”

“Money? What money?” thought Raskolnikov, “but... then... it’s certainly not _that_.”

And he trembled with joy. He felt sudden intense indescribable relief. A load was lifted from his back.

“And pray, what time were you directed to appear, sir?” shouted the assistant superintendent, seeming for some unknown reason more and more aggrieved. “You are told to come at nine, and now it’s twelve!”

“The notice was only brought me a quarter of an hour ago,” Raskolnikov answered loudly over his shoulder. To his own surprise he, too, grew suddenly angry and found a certain pleasure in it. “And it’s enough that I have come here ill with fever.”

“Kindly refrain from shouting!”

“I’m not shouting, I’m speaking very quietly, it’s you who are shouting at me. I’m a student, and allow no one to shout at me.”

The assistant superintendent was so furious that for the first minute he could only splutter inarticulately. He leaped up from his seat.

“Be silent! You are in a government office. Don’t be impudent, sir!”

“You’re in a government office, too,” cried Raskolnikov, “and you’re smoking a cigarette as well as shouting, so you are showing disrespect to all of us.”

He felt an indescribable satisfaction at having said this.

The head clerk looked at him with a smile. The angry assistant superintendent was obviously disconcerted.

“That’s not your business!” he shouted at last with unnatural loudness. “Kindly make the declaration demanded of you. Show him. Alexandr Grigorievitch. There is a complaint against you! You don’t pay your debts! You’re a fine bird!”

But Raskolnikov was not listening now; he had eagerly clutched at the paper, in haste to find an explanation. He read it once, and a second time, and still did not understand.

“What is this?” he asked the head clerk.

“It is for the recovery of money on an I O U, a writ. You must either pay it, with all expenses, costs and so on, or give a written declaration when you can pay it, and at the same time an undertaking not to leave the capital without payment, and nor to sell or conceal your property. The creditor is at liberty to sell your property, and proceed against you according to the law.”

“But I... am not in debt to anyone!”

“That’s not our business. Here, an I O U for a hundred and fifteen roubles, legally attested, and due for payment, has been brought us for recovery, given by you to the widow of the assessor Zarnitsyn, nine months ago, and paid over by the widow Zarnitsyn to one Mr. Tchebarov. We therefore summon you, hereupon.”

“But she is my landlady!”

“And what if she is your landlady?”

The head clerk looked at him with a condescending smile of compassion, and at the same time with a certain triumph, as at a novice under fire for the first time--as though he would say: “Well, how do you feel now?” But what did he care now for an I O U, for a writ of recovery! Was that worth worrying about now, was it worth attention even! He stood, he read, he listened, he answered, he even asked questions himself, but all mechanically. The triumphant sense of security, of deliverance from overwhelming danger, that was what filled his whole soul that moment without thought for the future, without analysis, without suppositions or surmises, without doubts and without questioning. It was an instant of full, direct, purely instinctive joy. But at that very moment something like a thunderstorm took place in the office. The assistant superintendent, still shaken by Raskolnikov’s disrespect, still fuming and obviously anxious to keep up his wounded dignity, pounced on the unfortunate smart lady, who had been gazing at him ever since he came in with an exceedingly silly smile.

“You shameful hussy!” he shouted suddenly at the top of his voice. (The lady in mourning had left the office.) “What was going on at your house last night? Eh! A disgrace again, you’re a scandal to the whole street. Fighting and drinking again. Do you want the house of correction? Why, I have warned you ten times over that I would not let you off the eleventh! And here you are again, again, you... you...!”

The paper fell out of Raskolnikov’s hands, and he looked wildly at the smart lady who was so unceremoniously treated. But he soon saw what it meant, and at once began to find positive amusement in the scandal. He listened with pleasure, so that he longed to laugh and laugh... all his nerves were on edge.

“Ilya Petrovitch!” the head clerk was beginning anxiously, but stopped short, for he knew from experience that the enraged assistant could not be stopped except by force.

As for the smart lady, at first she positively trembled before the storm. But, strange to say, the more numerous and violent the terms of abuse became, the more amiable she looked, and the more seductive the smiles she lavished on the terrible assistant. She moved uneasily, and curtsied incessantly, waiting impatiently for a chance of putting in her word: and at last she found it.

“There was no sort of noise or fighting in my house, Mr. Captain,” she pattered all at once, like peas dropping, speaking Russian confidently, though with a strong German accent, “and no sort of scandal, and his honour came drunk, and it’s the whole truth I am telling, Mr. Captain, and I am not to blame.... Mine is an honourable house, Mr. Captain, and honourable behaviour, Mr. Captain, and I always, always dislike any scandal myself. But he came quite tipsy, and asked for three bottles again, and then he lifted up one leg, and began playing the pianoforte with one foot, and that is not at all right in an honourable house, and he _ganz_ broke the piano, and it was very bad manners indeed and I said so. And he took up a bottle and began hitting everyone with it. And then I called the porter, and Karl came, and he took Karl and hit him in the eye; and he hit Henriette in the eye, too, and gave me five

slaps on the cheek. And it was so ungentlemanly in an honourable house, Mr. Captain, and I screamed. And he opened the window over the canal, and stood in the window, squealing like a little pig; it was a disgrace. The idea of squealing like a little pig at the window into the street! Fie upon him! And Karl pulled him away from the window by his coat, and it is true, Mr. Captain, he tore _sein rock_. And then he shouted that _man muss_ pay him fifteen roubles damages. And I did pay him, Mr. Captain, five roubles for _sein rock_. And he is an ungentlemanly visitor and caused all the scandal. 'I will show you up,' he said, 'for I can write to all the papers about you.'"

"Then he was an author?"

"Yes, Mr. Captain, and what an ungentlemanly visitor in an honourable house...."

"Now then! Enough! I have told you already..."

"Ilya Petrovitch!" the head clerk repeated significantly.

The assistant glanced rapidly at him; the head clerk slightly shook his head.

"... So I tell you this, most respectable Luise Ivanovna, and I tell it you for the last time," the assistant went on. "If there is a scandal in your honourable house once again, I will put you yourself in the lock-up, as it is called in polite society. Do you hear? So a literary man, an author took five roubles for his coat-tail in an 'honourable house'? A nice set, these authors!"

And he cast a contemptuous glance at Raskolnikov. "There was a scandal the other day in a restaurant, too. An author had eaten his dinner and would not pay; 'I'll write a satire on you,' says he. And there was another of them on a steamer last week used the most disgraceful language to the respectable family of a civil councillor, his wife and daughter. And there was one of them turned out of a confectioner's shop the other day. They are like that, authors, literary men, students, town-criers.... Pfoo! You get along! I shall look in upon you myself one day. Then you had better be careful! Do you hear?"

With hurried deference, Luise Ivanovna fell to curtsying in all directions, and so curtsied herself to the door. But at the door, she stumbled backwards against a good-looking officer with a fresh, open face and splendid thick fair whiskers. This was the superintendent of the district himself, Nikodim Fomitch. Luise Ivanovna made haste to curtsy almost to the ground, and with mincing little steps, she fluttered out of the office.

"Again thunder and lightning--a hurricane!" said Nikodim Fomitch to Ilya Petrovitch in a civil and friendly tone. "You are aroused again, you are fuming again! I heard it on the stairs!"

"Well, what then!" Ilya Petrovitch drawled with gentlemanly nonchalance; and he walked with some papers to another table, with a jaunty swing of his shoulders at each step. "Here, if you will kindly look: an author, or a student, has been one at least, does not pay his debts, has given an I O U, won't clear out of his room, and complaints are constantly being lodged against him, and here he has been pleased to make a protest against my smoking in his presence! He behaves like a cad himself, and just look at him, please. Here's the gentleman, and very attractive he is!"

"Poverty is not a vice, my friend, but we know you go off like powder, you can't bear a slight, I daresay you took offence at something and went too far yourself," continued Nikodim Fomitch, turning affably to Raskolnikov. "But you were wrong there; he is a capital fellow, I assure you, but explosive, explosive! He gets hot, fires up, boils over, and no stopping him! And then it's all over! And at the bottom he's a heart of gold! His nickname in the regiment was the Explosive Lieutenant...."

"And what a regiment it was, too," cried Ilya Petrovitch, much gratified at this agreeable banter, though still sulky.

Raskolnikov had a sudden desire to say something exceptionally pleasant to them all. "Excuse me, Captain," he began easily, suddenly addressing Nikodim Fomitch, "will you enter into my position?... I am ready to ask pardon, if I have been ill-mannered. I am a poor student, sick and shattered (shattered was the word he used) by poverty. I am not studying, because I cannot keep myself now, but I shall get money.... I have a mother and sister in the province of X. They will send it to me, and I will pay. My landlady is a good-hearted woman, but she is so exasperated at my having lost my lessons, and not paying her for the last four months, that she does not even send up my dinner... and I don't understand this I O U at all. She is asking me to pay her on this I O U. How am I to pay her? Judge for yourselves!..."

"But that is not our business, you know," the head clerk was observing.

“Yes, yes. I perfectly agree with you. But allow me to explain...” Raskolnikov put in again, still addressing Nikodim Fomitch, but trying his best to address Ilya Petrovitch also, though the latter persistently appeared to be rummaging among his papers and to be contemptuously oblivious of him. “Allow me to explain that I have been living with her for nearly three years and at first... at first... for why should I not confess it, at the very beginning I promised to marry her daughter, it was a verbal promise, freely given... she was a girl... indeed, I liked her, though I was not in love with her... a youthful affair in fact... that is, I mean to say, that my landlady gave me credit freely in those days, and I led a life of... I was very heedless...”

“Nobody asks you for these personal details, sir, we’ve no time to waste,” Ilya Petrovitch interposed roughly and with a note of triumph; but Raskolnikov stopped him hotly, though he suddenly found it exceedingly difficult to speak.

“But excuse me, excuse me. It is for me to explain... how it all happened... In my turn... though I agree with you... it is unnecessary. But a year ago, the girl died of typhus. I remained lodging there as before, and when my landlady moved into her present quarters, she said to me... and in a friendly way... that she had complete trust in me, but still, would I not give her an I O U for one hundred and fifteen roubles, all the debt I owed her. She said if only I gave her that, she would trust me again, as much as I liked, and that she would never, never--those were her own words--make use of that I O U till I could pay of myself... and now, when I have lost my lessons and have nothing to eat, she takes action against me. What am I to say to that?”

“All these affecting details are no business of ours.” Ilya Petrovitch interrupted rudely. “You must give a written undertaking but as for your love affairs and all these tragic events, we have nothing to do with that.”

“Come now... you are harsh,” muttered Nikodim Fomitch, sitting down at the table and also beginning to write. He looked a little ashamed.

“Write!” said the head clerk to Raskolnikov.

“Write what?” the latter asked, gruffly.

“I will dictate to you.”

Raskolnikov fancied that the head clerk treated him more casually and contemptuously after his speech, but strange to say he suddenly felt completely indifferent to anyone’s opinion, and this revulsion took place in a flash, in one instant. If he had cared to think a little, he would have been amazed indeed that he could have talked to them like that a minute before, forcing his feelings upon them. And where had those feelings come from? Now if the whole room had been filled, not with police officers, but with those nearest and dearest to him, he would not have found one human word for them, so empty was his heart. A gloomy sensation of agonising, everlasting solitude and remoteness, took conscious form in his soul. It was not the meanness of his sentimental effusions before Ilya Petrovitch, nor the meanness of the latter’s triumph over him that had caused this sudden revulsion in his heart. Oh, what had he to do now with his own baseness, with all these petty vanities, officers, German women, debts, police-offices? If he had been sentenced to be burnt at that moment, he would not have stirred, would hardly have heard the sentence to the end. Something was happening to him entirely new, sudden and unknown. It was not that he understood, but he felt clearly with all the intensity of sensation that he could never more appeal to these people in the police-office with sentimental effusions like his recent outburst, or with anything whatever; and that if they had been his own brothers and sisters and not police-officers, it would have been utterly out of the question to appeal to them in any circumstance of life. He had never experienced such a strange and awful sensation. And what was most agonising--it was more a sensation than a conception or idea, a direct sensation, the most agonising of all the sensations he had known in his life.

The head clerk began dictating to him the usual form of declaration, that he could not pay, that he undertook to do so at a future date, that he would not leave the town, nor sell his property, and so on.

“But you can’t write, you can hardly hold the pen,” observed the head clerk, looking with curiosity at Raskolnikov. “Are you ill?”

“Yes, I am giddy. Go on!”

“That’s all. Sign it.”

The head clerk took the paper, and turned to attend to others.

Raskolnikov gave back the pen; but instead of getting up and going away, he put his elbows on the table and pressed his head in his hands. He felt as if a nail were being driven into his skull. A strange idea suddenly occurred to him, to get up at once, to go up to

Nikodim Fomitch, and tell him everything that had happened yesterday, and then to go with him to his lodgings and to show him the things in the hole in the corner. The impulse was so strong that he got up from his seat to carry it out. “Hadn’t I better think a minute?” flashed through his mind. “No, better cast off the burden without thinking.” But all at once he stood still, rooted to the spot. Nikodim Fomitch was talking eagerly with Ilya Petrovitch, and the words reached him:

“It’s impossible, they’ll both be released. To begin with, the whole story contradicts itself. Why should they have called the porter, if it had been their doing? To inform against themselves? Or as a blind? No, that would be too cunning! Besides, Pestryakov, the student, was seen at the gate by both the porters and a woman as he went in. He was walking with three friends, who left him only at the gate, and he asked the porters to direct him, in the presence of the friends. Now, would he have asked his way if he had been going with such an object? As for Koch, he spent half an hour at the silversmith’s below, before he went up to the old woman and he left him at exactly a quarter to eight. Now just consider...”

“But excuse me, how do you explain this contradiction? They state themselves that they knocked and the door was locked; yet three minutes later when they went up with the porter, it turned out the door was unfastened.”

“That’s just it; the murderer must have been there and bolted himself in; and they’d have caught him for a certainty if Koch had not been an ass and gone to look for the porter too. _He_ must have seized the interval to get downstairs and slip by them somehow. Koch keeps crossing himself and saying: ‘If I had been there, he would have jumped out and killed me with his axe.’ He is going to have a thanksgiving service--ha, ha!”

“And no one saw the murderer?”

“They might well not see him; the house is a regular Noah’s Ark,” said the head clerk, who was listening.

“It’s clear, quite clear,” Nikodim Fomitch repeated warmly.

“No, it is anything but clear,” Ilya Petrovitch maintained.

Raskolnikov picked up his hat and walked towards the door, but he did not reach it....

When he recovered consciousness, he found himself sitting in a chair, supported by someone on the right side, while someone else was standing on the left, holding a yellowish glass filled with yellow water, and Nikodim Fomitch standing before him, looking intently at him. He got up from the chair.

“What’s this? Are you ill?” Nikodim Fomitch asked, rather sharply.

“He could hardly hold his pen when he was signing,” said the head clerk, settling back in his place, and taking up his work again.

“Have you been ill long?” cried Ilya Petrovitch from his place, where he, too, was looking through papers. He had, of course, come to look at the sick man when he fainted, but retired at once when he recovered.

“Since yesterday,” muttered Raskolnikov in reply.

“Did you go out yesterday?”

“Yes.”

“Though you were ill?”

“Yes.”

“At what time?”

“About seven.”

“And where did you go, may I ask?”

“Along the street.”

“Short and clear.”

Raskolnikov, white as a handkerchief, had answered sharply, jerkily, without dropping his black feverish eyes before Ilya Petrovitch's stare.

"He can scarcely stand upright. And you..." Nikodim Fomitch was beginning.

"No matter," Ilya Petrovitch pronounced rather peculiarly.

Nikodim Fomitch would have made some further protest, but glancing at the head clerk who was looking very hard at him, he did not speak. There was a sudden silence. It was strange.

"Very well, then," concluded Ilya Petrovitch, "we will not detain you."

Raskolnikov went out. He caught the sound of eager conversation on his departure, and above the rest rose the questioning voice of Nikodim Fomitch. In the street, his faintness passed off completely.

"A search--there will be a search at once," he repeated to himself, hurrying home. "The brutes! they suspect."

His former terror mastered him completely again.

CHAPTER II

"And what if there has been a search already? What if I find them in my room?"

But here was his room. Nothing and no one in it. No one had peeped in. Even Nastasya had not touched it. But heavens! how could he have left all those things in the hole?

He rushed to the corner, slipped his hand under the paper, pulled the things out and lined his pockets with them. There were eight articles in all: two little boxes with ear-rings or something of the sort, he hardly looked to see; then four small leather cases. There was a chain, too, merely wrapped in newspaper and something else in newspaper, that looked like a decoration.... He put them all in the different pockets of his overcoat, and the remaining pocket of his trousers, trying to conceal them as much as possible. He took the purse, too. Then he went out of his room, leaving the door open. He walked quickly and resolutely, and though he felt shattered, he had his senses about him. He was afraid of pursuit, he was afraid that in another half-hour, another quarter of an hour perhaps, instructions would be issued for his pursuit, and so at all costs, he must hide all traces before then. He must clear everything up while he still had some strength, some reasoning power left him.... Where was he to go?

That had long been settled: "Fling them into the canal, and all traces hidden in the water, the thing would be at an end." So he had decided in the night of his delirium when several times he had had the impulse to get up and go away, to make haste, and get rid of it all. But to get rid of it, turned out to be a very difficult task. He wandered along the bank of the Ekaterininsky Canal for half an hour or more and looked several times at the steps running down to the water, but he could not think of carrying out his plan; either rafts stood at the steps' edge, and women were washing clothes on them, or boats were moored there, and people were swarming everywhere. Moreover he could be seen and noticed from the banks on all sides; it would look suspicious for a man to go down on purpose, stop, and throw something into the water. And what if the boxes were to float instead of sinking? And of course they would. Even as it was, everyone he met seemed to stare and look round, as if they had nothing to do but to watch him. "Why is it, or can it be my fancy?" he thought.

At last the thought struck him that it might be better to go to the Neva. There were not so many people there, he would be less observed, and it would be more convenient in every way, above all it was further off. He wondered how he could have been wandering for a good half-hour, worried and anxious in this dangerous past without thinking of it before. And that half-hour he had lost over an irrational plan, simply because he had thought of it in delirium! He had become extremely absent and forgetful and he was aware of it. He certainly must make haste.

He walked towards the Neva along V---- Prospect, but on the way another idea struck him. "Why to the Neva? Would it not be better to go somewhere far off, to the Islands again, and there hide the things in some solitary place, in a wood or under a bush, and mark the spot perhaps?" And though he felt incapable of clear judgment, the idea seemed to him a sound one. But he was not destined to go there. For coming out of V---- Prospect towards the square, he saw on the left a passage leading between two blank walls to a courtyard. On the right hand, the blank unwhitewashed wall of a four-storied house stretched far into the court; on the left, a wooden hoarding ran parallel with it for twenty paces into the court, and then turned sharply to the left. Here was a deserted

fenced-off place where rubbish of different sorts was lying. At the end of the court, the corner of a low, smutty, stone shed, apparently part of some workshop, peeped from behind the hoarding. It was probably a carriage builder's or carpenter's shed; the whole place from the entrance was black with coal dust. Here would be the place to throw it, he thought. Not seeing anyone in the yard, he slipped in, and at once saw near the gate a sink, such as is often put in yards where there are many workmen or cab-drivers; and on the hoarding above had been scribbled in chalk the time-honoured witticism, "Standing here strictly forbidden." This was all the better, for there would be nothing suspicious about his going in. "Here I could throw it all in a heap and get away!"

Looking round once more, with his hand already in his pocket, he noticed against the outer wall, between the entrance and the sink, a big unhewn stone, weighing perhaps sixty pounds. The other side of the wall was a street. He could hear passers-by, always numerous in that part, but he could not be seen from the entrance, unless someone came in from the street, which might well happen indeed, so there was need of haste.

He bent down over the stone, seized the top of it firmly in both hands, and using all his strength turned it over. Under the stone was a small hollow in the ground, and he immediately emptied his pocket into it. The purse lay at the top, and yet the hollow was not filled up. Then he seized the stone again and with one twist turned it back, so that it was in the same position again, though it stood a very little higher. But he scraped the earth about it and pressed it at the edges with his foot. Nothing could be noticed.

Then he went out, and turned into the square. Again an intense, almost unbearable joy overwhelmed him for an instant, as it had in the police-office. "I have buried my tracks! And who, who can think of looking under that stone? It has been lying there most likely ever since the house was built, and will lie as many years more. And if it were found, who would think of me? It is all over! No clue!" And he laughed. Yes, he remembered that he began laughing a thin, nervous noiseless laugh, and went on laughing all the time he was crossing the square. But when he reached the K---- Boulevard where two days before he had come upon that girl, his laughter suddenly ceased. Other ideas crept into his mind. He felt all at once that it would be loathsome to pass that seat on which after the girl was gone, he had sat and pondered, and that it would be hateful, too, to meet that whiskered policeman to whom he had given the twenty copecks: "Damn him!"

He walked, looking about him angrily and distractedly. All his ideas now seemed to be circling round some single point, and he felt that there really was such a point, and that now, now, he was left facing that point--and for the first time, indeed, during the last two months.

"Damn it all!" he thought suddenly, in a fit of ungovernable fury. "If it has begun, then it has begun. Hang the new life! Good Lord, how stupid it is!... And what lies I told to-day! How despicably I fawned upon that wretched Ilya Petrovitch! But that is all folly! What do I care for them all, and my fawning upon them! It is not that at all! It is not that at all!"

Suddenly he stopped; a new utterly unexpected and exceedingly simple question perplexed and bitterly confounded him.

"If it all has really been done deliberately and not idiotically, if I really had a certain and definite object, how is it I did not even glance into the purse and don't know what I had there, for which I have undergone these agonies, and have deliberately undertaken this base, filthy degrading business? And here I wanted at once to throw into the water the purse together with all the things which I had not seen either... how's that?"

Yes, that was so, that was all so. Yet he had known it all before, and it was not a new question for him, even when it was decided in the night without hesitation and consideration, as though so it must be, as though it could not possibly be otherwise.... Yes, he had known it all, and understood it all; it surely had all been settled even yesterday at the moment when he was bending over the box and pulling the jewel-cases out of it.... Yes, so it was.

"It is because I am very ill," he decided grimly at last, "I have been worrying and fretting myself, and I don't know what I am doing.... Yesterday and the day before yesterday and all this time I have been worrying myself.... I shall get well and I shall not worry.... But what if I don't get well at all? Good God, how sick I am of it all!"

He walked on without resting. He had a terrible longing for some distraction, but he did not know what to do, what to attempt. A new overwhelming sensation was gaining more and more mastery over him every moment; this was an immeasurable, almost physical, repulsion for everything surrounding him, an obstinate, malignant feeling of hatred. All who met him were loathsome to him--he loathed their faces, their movements, their gestures. If anyone had addressed him, he felt that he might have spat at him or bitten him....

He stopped suddenly, on coming out on the bank of the Little Neva, near the bridge to Vassilyevsky Ostrov. “Why, he lives here, in that house,” he thought, “why, I have not come to Razumihin of my own accord! Here it’s the same thing over again.... Very interesting to know, though; have I come on purpose or have I simply walked here by chance? Never mind, I said the day before yesterday that I would go and see him the day _after_; well, and so I will! Besides I really cannot go further now.”

He went up to Razumihin’s room on the fifth floor.

The latter was at home in his garret, busily writing at the moment, and he opened the door himself. It was four months since they had seen each other. Razumihin was sitting in a ragged dressing-gown, with slippers on his bare feet, unkempt, unshaven and unwashed. His face showed surprise.

“Is it you?” he cried. He looked his comrade up and down; then after a brief pause, he whistled. “As hard up as all that! Why, brother, you’ve cut me out!” he added, looking at Raskolnikov’s rags. “Come sit down, you are tired, I’ll be bound.”

And when he had sunk down on the American leather sofa, which was in even worse condition than his own, Razumihin saw at once that his visitor was ill.

“Why, you are seriously ill, do you know that?” He began feeling his pulse. Raskolnikov pulled away his hand.

“Never mind,” he said, “I have come for this: I have no lessons.... I wanted,... but I don’t really want lessons....”

“But I say! You are delirious, you know!” Razumihin observed, watching him carefully.

“No, I am not.”

Raskolnikov got up from the sofa. As he had mounted the stairs to Razumihin’s, he had not realised that he would be meeting his friend face to face. Now, in a flash, he knew, that what he was least of all disposed for at that moment was to be face to face with anyone in the wide world. His spleen rose within him. He almost choked with rage at himself as soon as he crossed Razumihin’s threshold.

“Good-bye,” he said abruptly, and walked to the door.

“Stop, stop! You queer fish.”

“I don’t want to,” said the other, again pulling away his hand.

“Then why the devil have you come? Are you mad, or what? Why, this is... almost insulting! I won’t let you go like that.”

“Well, then, I came to you because I know no one but you who could help... to begin... because you are kinder than anyone--cleverer, I mean, and can judge... and now I see that I want nothing. Do you hear? Nothing at all... no one’s services... no one’s sympathy. I am by myself... alone. Come, that’s enough. Leave me alone.”

“Stay a minute, you sweep! You are a perfect madman. As you like for all I care. I have no lessons, do you see, and I don’t care about that, but there’s a bookseller, Heruvimov--and he takes the place of a lesson. I would not exchange him for five lessons. He’s doing publishing of a kind, and issuing natural science manuals and what a circulation they have! The very titles are worth the money! You always maintained that I was a fool, but by Jove, my boy, there are greater fools than I am! Now he is setting up for being advanced, not that he has an inkling of anything, but, of course, I encourage him. Here are two signatures of the German text--in my opinion, the crudest charlatanism; it discusses the question, ‘Is woman a human being?’ And, of course, triumphantly proves that she is. Heruvimov is going to bring out this work as a contribution to the woman question; I am translating it; he will expand these two and a half signatures into six, we shall make up a gorgeous title half a page long and bring it out at half a rouble. It will do! He pays me six roubles the signature, it works out to about fifteen roubles for the job, and I’ve had six already in advance. When we have finished this, we are going to begin a translation about whales, and then some of the dullest scandals out of the second part of _Les Confessions_ we have marked for translation; somebody has told Heruvimov, that Rousseau was a kind of Radishchev. You may be sure I don’t contradict him, hang him! Well, would you like to do the second signature of ‘_Is woman a human being?_’ If you would, take the German and pens and paper--all those are provided, and take three roubles; for as I have had six roubles in advance on the whole thing, three roubles come to you for your share. And when you have finished the signature there will be another three roubles for you. And please don’t think I am doing you a service; quite the contrary, as soon as you came in, I saw how you could help me; to begin with, I am weak in spelling, and secondly, I am sometimes utterly adrift in German,

so that I make it up as I go along for the most part. The only comfort is, that it's bound to be a change for the better. Though who can tell, maybe it's sometimes for the worse. Will you take it?"

Raskolnikov took the German sheets in silence, took the three roubles and without a word went out. Razumihin gazed after him in astonishment. But when Raskolnikov was in the next street, he turned back, mounted the stairs to Razumihin's again and laying on the table the German article and the three roubles, went out again, still without uttering a word.

"Are you raving, or what?" Razumihin shouted, roused to fury at last. "What farce is this? You'll drive me crazy too... what did you come to see me for, damn you?"

"I don't want... translation," muttered Raskolnikov from the stairs.

"Then what the devil do you want?" shouted Razumihin from above. Raskolnikov continued descending the staircase in silence.

"Hey, there! Where are you living?"

No answer.

"Well, confound you then!"

But Raskolnikov was already stepping into the street. On the Nikolaevsky Bridge he was roused to full consciousness again by an unpleasant incident. A coachman, after shouting at him two or three times, gave him a violent lash on the back with his whip, for having almost fallen under his horses' hoofs. The lash so infuriated him that he dashed away to the railing (for some unknown reason he had been walking in the very middle of the bridge in the traffic). He angrily clenched and ground his teeth. He heard laughter, of course.

"Serves him right!"

"A pickpocket I dare say."

"Pretending to be drunk, for sure, and getting under the wheels on purpose; and you have to answer for him."

"It's a regular profession, that's what it is."

But while he stood at the railing, still looking angry and bewildered after the retreating carriage, and rubbing his back, he suddenly felt someone thrust money into his hand. He looked. It was an elderly woman in a kerchief and goatskin shoes, with a girl, probably her daughter, wearing a hat, and carrying a green parasol.

"Take it, my good man, in Christ's name."

He took it and they passed on. It was a piece of twenty copecks. From his dress and appearance they might well have taken him for a beggar asking alms in the streets, and the gift of the twenty copecks he doubtless owed to the blow, which made them feel sorry for him.

He closed his hand on the twenty copecks, walked on for ten paces, and turned facing the Neva, looking towards the palace. The sky was without a cloud and the water was almost bright blue, which is so rare in the Neva. The cupola of the cathedral, which is seen at its best from the bridge about twenty paces from the chapel, glittered in the sunlight, and in the pure air every ornament on it could be clearly distinguished. The pain from the lash went off, and Raskolnikov forgot about it; one uneasy and not quite definite idea occupied him now completely. He stood still, and gazed long and intently into the distance; this spot was especially familiar to him. When he was attending the university, he had hundreds of times--generally on his way home--stood still on this spot, gazed at this truly magnificent spectacle and almost always marvelled at a vague and mysterious emotion it roused in him. It left him strangely cold; this gorgeous picture was for him blank and lifeless. He wondered every time at his sombre and enigmatic impression and, mistrusting himself, put off finding the explanation of it. He vividly recalled those old doubts and perplexities, and it seemed to him that it was no mere chance that he recalled them now. It struck him as strange and grotesque, that he should have stopped at the same spot as before, as though he actually imagined he could think the same thoughts, be interested in the same theories and pictures that had interested him... so short a time ago. He felt it almost amusing, and yet it wrung his heart. Deep down, hidden far away out of sight all that seemed to him now--all his old past, his old thoughts, his old problems and theories, his old impressions and that picture and himself and all, all.... He felt as though he were flying upwards, and everything were vanishing from his sight. Making an unconscious movement with his hand, he suddenly became aware of the piece of money in his fist. He

opened his hand, stared at the coin, and with a sweep of his arm flung it into the water; then he turned and went home. It seemed to him, he had cut himself off from everyone and from everything at that moment.

Evening was coming on when he reached home, so that he must have been walking about six hours. How and where he came back he did not remember. Undressing, and quivering like an overdriven horse, he lay down on the sofa, drew his greatcoat over him, and at once sank into oblivion....

It was dusk when he was waked up by a fearful scream. Good God, what a scream! Such unnatural sounds, such howling, wailing, grinding, tears, blows and curses he had never heard.

He could never have imagined such brutality, such frenzy. In terror he sat up in bed, almost swooning with agony. But the fighting, wailing and cursing grew louder and louder. And then to his intense amazement he caught the voice of his landlady. She was howling, shrieking and wailing, rapidly, hurriedly, incoherently, so that he could not make out what she was talking about; she was beseeching, no doubt, not to be beaten, for she was being mercilessly beaten on the stairs. The voice of her assailant was so horrible from spite and rage that it was almost a croak; but he, too, was saying something, and just as quickly and indistinctly, hurrying and spluttering. All at once Raskolnikov trembled; he recognised the voice--it was the voice of Ilya Petrovitch. Ilya Petrovitch here and beating the landlady! He is kicking her, banging her head against the steps--that's clear, that can be told from the sounds, from the cries and the thuds. How is it, is the world topsy-turvy? He could hear people running in crowds from all the storeys and all the staircases; he heard voices, exclamations, knocking, doors banging. "But why, why, and how could it be?" he repeated, thinking seriously that he had gone mad. But no, he heard too distinctly! And they would come to him then next, "for no doubt... it's all about that... about yesterday.... Good God!" He would have fastened his door with the latch, but he could not lift his hand... besides, it would be useless. Terror gripped his heart like ice, tortured him and numbed him.... But at last all this uproar, after continuing about ten minutes, began gradually to subside. The landlady was moaning and groaning; Ilya Petrovitch was still uttering threats and curses.... But at last he, too, seemed to be silent, and now he could not be heard. "Can he have gone away? Good Lord!" Yes, and now the landlady is going too, still weeping and moaning... and then her door slammed.... Now the crowd was going from the stairs to their rooms, exclaiming, disputing, calling to one another, raising their voices to a shout, dropping them to a whisper. There must have been numbers of them--almost all the inmates of the block. "But, good God, how could it be! And why, why had he come here!"

Raskolnikov sank worn out on the sofa, but could not close his eyes. He lay for half an hour in such anguish, such an intolerable sensation of infinite terror as he had never experienced before. Suddenly a bright light flashed into his room. Nastasya came in with a candle and a plate of soup. Looking at him carefully and ascertaining that he was not asleep, she set the candle on the table and began to lay out what she had brought--bread, salt, a plate, a spoon.

"You've eaten nothing since yesterday, I warrant. You've been trudging about all day, and you're shaking with fever."

"Nastasya... what were they beating the landlady for?"

She looked intently at him.

"Who beat the landlady?"

"Just now... half an hour ago, Ilya Petrovitch, the assistant superintendent, on the stairs.... Why was he ill-treating her like that, and... why was he here?"

Nastasya scrutinised him, silent and frowning, and her scrutiny lasted a long time. He felt uneasy, even frightened at her searching eyes.

"Nastasya, why don't you speak?" he said timidly at last in a weak voice.

"It's the blood," she answered at last softly, as though speaking to herself.

"Blood? What blood?" he muttered, growing white and turning towards the wall.

Nastasya still looked at him without speaking.

"Nobody has been beating the landlady," she declared at last in a firm, resolute voice.

He gazed at her, hardly able to breathe.

“I heard it myself.... I was not asleep... I was sitting up,” he said still more timidly. “I listened a long while. The assistant superintendent came.... Everyone ran out on to the stairs from all the flats.”

“No one has been here. That’s the blood crying in your ears. When there’s no outlet for it and it gets clotted, you begin fancying things.... Will you eat something?”

He made no answer. Nastasya still stood over him, watching him.

“Give me something to drink... Nastasya.”

She went downstairs and returned with a white earthenware jug of water. He remembered only swallowing one sip of the cold water and spilling some on his neck. Then followed forgetfulness.

CHAPTER III

He was not completely unconscious, however, all the time he was ill; he was in a feverish state, sometimes delirious, sometimes half conscious. He remembered a great deal afterwards. Sometimes it seemed as though there were a number of people round him; they wanted to take him away somewhere, there was a great deal of squabbling and discussing about him. Then he would be alone in the room; they had all gone away afraid of him, and only now and then opened the door a crack to look at him; they threatened him, plotted something together, laughed, and mocked at him. He remembered Nastasya often at his bedside; he distinguished another person, too, whom he seemed to know very well, though he could not remember who he was, and this fretted him, even made him cry. Sometimes he fancied he had been lying there a month; at other times it all seemed part of the same day. But of _that_--of _that_ he had no recollection, and yet every minute he felt that he had forgotten something he ought to remember. He worried and tormented himself trying to remember, moaned, flew into a rage, or sank into awful, intolerable terror. Then he struggled to get up, would have run away, but someone always prevented him by force, and he sank back into impotence and forgetfulness. At last he returned to complete consciousness.

It happened at ten o’clock in the morning. On fine days the sun shone into the room at that hour, throwing a streak of light on the right wall and the corner near the door. Nastasya was standing beside him with another person, a complete stranger, who was looking at him very inquisitively. He was a young man with a beard, wearing a full, short-waisted coat, and looked like a messenger. The landlady was peeping in at the half-opened door. Raskolnikov sat up.

“Who is this, Nastasya?” he asked, pointing to the young man.

“I say, he’s himself again!” she said.

“He is himself,” echoed the man.

Concluding that he had returned to his senses, the landlady closed the door and disappeared. She was always shy and dreaded conversations or discussions. She was a woman of forty, not at all bad-looking, fat and buxom, with black eyes and eyebrows, good-natured from fatness and laziness, and absurdly bashful.

“Who... are you?” he went on, addressing the man. But at that moment the door was flung open, and, stooping a little, as he was so tall, Razumihin came in.

“What a cabin it is!” he cried. “I am always knocking my head. You call this a lodging! So you are conscious, brother? I’ve just heard the news from Pashenka.”

“He has just come to,” said Nastasya.

“Just come to,” echoed the man again, with a smile.

“And who are you?” Razumihin asked, suddenly addressing him. “My name is Vrazumihin, at your service; not Razumihin, as I am always called, but Vrazumihin, a student and gentleman; and he is my friend. And who are you?”

“I am the messenger from our office, from the merchant Shelopaev, and I’ve come on business.”

“Please sit down.” Razumihin seated himself on the other side of the table. “It’s a good thing you’ve come to, brother,” he went on to Raskolnikov. “For the last four days you have scarcely eaten or drunk anything. We had to give you tea in spoonfuls. I brought

Zossimov to see you twice. You remember Zossimov? He examined you carefully and said at once it was nothing serious--something seemed to have gone to your head. Some nervous nonsense, the result of bad feeding, he says you have not had enough beer and radish, but it's nothing much, it will pass and you will be all right. Zossimov is a first-rate fellow! He is making quite a name. Come, I won't keep you," he said, addressing the man again. "Will you explain what you want? You must know, Rodya, this is the second time they have sent from the office; but it was another man last time, and I talked to him. Who was it came before?"

"That was the day before yesterday, I venture to say, if you please, sir. That was Alexey Semyonovitch; he is in our office, too."

"He was more intelligent than you, don't you think so?"

"Yes, indeed, sir, he is of more weight than I am."

"Quite so; go on."

"At your mamma's request, through Afanasy Ivanovitch Vahrushin, of whom I presume you have heard more than once, a remittance is sent to you from our office," the man began, addressing Raskolnikov. "If you are in an intelligible condition, I've thirty-five roubles to remit to you, as Semyon Semyonovitch has received from Afanasy Ivanovitch at your mamma's request instructions to that effect, as on previous occasions. Do you know him, sir?"

"Yes, I remember... Vahrushin," Raskolnikov said dreamily.

"You hear, he knows Vahrushin," cried Razumihin. "He is in 'an intelligible condition'! And I see you are an intelligent man too. Well, it's always pleasant to hear words of wisdom."

"That's the gentleman, Vahrushin, Afanasy Ivanovitch. And at the request of your mamma, who has sent you a remittance once before in the same manner through him, he did not refuse this time also, and sent instructions to Semyon Semyonovitch some days since to hand you thirty-five roubles in the hope of better to come."

"That 'hoping for better to come' is the best thing you've said, though 'your mamma' is not bad either. Come then, what do you say? Is he fully conscious, eh?"

"That's all right. If only he can sign this little paper."

"He can scrawl his name. Have you got the book?"

"Yes, here's the book."

"Give it to me. Here, Rodya, sit up. I'll hold you. Take the pen and scribble 'Raskolnikov' for him. For just now, brother, money is sweeter to us than treacle."

"I don't want it," said Raskolnikov, pushing away the pen.

"Not want it?"

"I won't sign it."

"How the devil can you do without signing it?"

"I don't want... the money."

"Don't want the money! Come, brother, that's nonsense, I bear witness. Don't trouble, please, it's only that he is on his travels again. But that's pretty common with him at all times though.... You are a man of judgment and we will take him in hand, that is, more simply, take his hand and he will sign it. Here."

"But I can come another time."

"No, no. Why should we trouble you? You are a man of judgment.... Now, Rodya, don't keep your visitor, you see he is waiting," and he made ready to hold Raskolnikov's hand in earnest.

"Stop, I'll do it alone," said the latter, taking the pen and signing his name.

The messenger took out the money and went away.

“Bravo! And now, brother, are you hungry?”

“Yes,” answered Raskolnikov.

“Is there any soup?”

“Some of yesterday’s,” answered Nastasya, who was still standing there.

“With potatoes and rice in it?”

“Yes.”

“I know it by heart. Bring soup and give us some tea.”

“Very well.”

Raskolnikov looked at all this with profound astonishment and a dull, unreasoning terror. He made up his mind to keep quiet and see what would happen. “I believe I am not wandering. I believe it’s reality,” he thought.

In a couple of minutes Nastasya returned with the soup, and announced that the tea would be ready directly. With the soup she brought two spoons, two plates, salt, pepper, mustard for the beef, and so on. The table was set as it had not been for a long time. The cloth was clean.

“It would not be amiss, Nastasya, if Praskovya Pavlovna were to send us up a couple of bottles of beer. We could empty them.”

“Well, you are a cool hand,” muttered Nastasya, and she departed to carry out his orders.

Raskolnikov still gazed wildly with strained attention. Meanwhile Razumihin sat down on the sofa beside him, as clumsily as a bear put his left arm round Raskolnikov’s head, although he was able to sit up, and with his right hand gave him a spoonful of soup, blowing on it that it might not burn him. But the soup was only just warm. Raskolnikov swallowed one spoonful greedily, then a second, then a third. But after giving him a few more spoonfuls of soup, Razumihin suddenly stopped, and said that he must ask Zossimov whether he ought to have more.

Nastasya came in with two bottles of beer.

“And will you have tea?”

“Yes.”

“Cut along, Nastasya, and bring some tea, for tea we may venture on without the faculty. But here is the beer!” He moved back to his chair, pulled the soup and meat in front of him, and began eating as though he had not touched food for three days.

“I must tell you, Rodya, I dine like this here every day now,” he mumbled with his mouth full of beef, “and it’s all Pashenka, your dear little landlady, who sees to that; she loves to do anything for me. I don’t ask for it, but, of course, I don’t object. And here’s Nastasya with the tea. She is a quick girl. Nastasya, my dear, won’t you have some beer?”

“Get along with your nonsense!”

“A cup of tea, then?”

“A cup of tea, maybe.”

“Pour it out. Stay, I’ll pour it out myself. Sit down.”

He poured out two cups, left his dinner, and sat on the sofa again. As before, he put his left arm round the sick man’s head, raised him up and gave him tea in spoonfuls, again blowing each spoonful steadily and earnestly, as though this process was the principal and most effective means towards his friend’s recovery. Raskolnikov said nothing and made no resistance, though he felt quite strong enough to sit up on the sofa without support and could not merely have held a cup or a spoon, but even perhaps could have walked about. But from some queer, almost animal, cunning he conceived the idea of hiding his strength and lying low for a time, pretending if necessary not to be yet in full possession of his faculties, and meanwhile listening to find out what was going on. Yet

he could not overcome his sense of repugnance. After sipping a dozen spoonfuls of tea, he suddenly released his head, pushed the spoon away capriciously, and sank back on the pillow. There were actually real pillows under his head now, down pillows in clean cases, he observed that, too, and took note of it.

“Pashenka must give us some raspberry jam to-day to make him some raspberry tea,” said Razumihin, going back to his chair and attacking his soup and beer again.

“And where is she to get raspberries for you?” asked Nastasya, balancing a saucer on her five outspread fingers and sipping tea through a lump of sugar.

“She’ll get it at the shop, my dear. You see, Rodya, all sorts of things have been happening while you have been laid up. When you decamped in that rascally way without leaving your address, I felt so angry that I resolved to find you out and punish you. I set to work that very day. How I ran about making inquiries for you! This lodging of yours I had forgotten, though I never remembered it, indeed, because I did not know it; and as for your old lodgings, I could only remember it was at the Five Corners, Harlamov’s house. I kept trying to find that Harlamov’s house, and afterwards it turned out that it was not Harlamov’s, but Buch’s. How one muddles up sound sometimes! So I lost my temper, and I went on the chance to the address bureau next day, and only fancy, in two minutes they looked you up! Your name is down there.”

“My name!”

“I should think so; and yet a General Kobelev they could not find while I was there. Well, it’s a long story. But as soon as I did land on this place, I soon got to know all your affairs--all, all, brother, I know everything; Nastasya here will tell you. I made the acquaintance of Nikodim Fomitch and Ilya Petrovitch, and the house-porter and Mr. Zametov, Alexandr Grigorievitch, the head clerk in the police office, and, last, but not least, of Pashenka; Nastasya here knows....”

“He’s got round her,” Nastasya murmured, smiling slyly.

“Why don’t you put the sugar in your tea, Nastasya Nikiforovna?”

“You are a one!” Nastasya cried suddenly, going off into a giggle. “I am not Nikiforovna, but Petrovna,” she added suddenly, recovering from her mirth.

“I’ll make a note of it. Well, brother, to make a long story short, I was going in for a regular explosion here to uproot all malignant influences in the locality, but Pashenka won the day. I had not expected, brother, to find her so... prepossessing. Eh, what do you think?”

Raskolnikov did not speak, but he still kept his eyes fixed upon him, full of alarm.

“And all that could be wished, indeed, in every respect,” Razumihin went on, not at all embarrassed by his silence.

“Ah, the sly dog!” Nastasya shrieked again. This conversation afforded her unspeakable delight.

“It’s a pity, brother, that you did not set to work in the right way at first. You ought to have approached her differently. She is, so to speak, a most unaccountable character. But we will talk about her character later.... How could you let things come to such a pass that she gave up sending you your dinner? And that I O U? You must have been mad to sign an I O U. And that promise of marriage when her daughter, Natalya Yegorovna, was alive?... I know all about it! But I see that’s a delicate matter and I am an ass; forgive me. But, talking of foolishness, do you know Praskovya Pavlovna is not nearly so foolish as you would think at first sight?”

“No,” mumbled Raskolnikov, looking away, but feeling that it was better to keep up the conversation.

“She isn’t, is she?” cried Razumihin, delighted to get an answer out of him. “But she is not very clever either, eh? She is essentially, essentially an unaccountable character! I am sometimes quite at a loss, I assure you.... She must be forty; she says she is thirty-six, and of course she has every right to say so. But I swear I judge her intellectually, simply from the metaphysical point of view; there is a sort of symbolism sprung up between us, a sort of algebra or what not! I don’t understand it! Well, that’s all nonsense. Only, seeing that you are not a student now and have lost your lessons and your clothes, and that through the young lady’s death she has no need to treat you as a relation, she suddenly took fright; and as you hid in your den and dropped all your old relations with her, she planned to get rid of you. And she’s been cherishing that design a long time, but was sorry to lose the I O U, for you assured her yourself that your mother would pay.”

“It was base of me to say that.... My mother herself is almost a beggar... and I told a lie to keep my lodging... and be fed,” Raskolnikov said loudly and distinctly.

“Yes, you did very sensibly. But the worst of it is that at that point Mr. Tchebarov turns up, a business man. Pashenka would never have thought of doing anything on her own account, she is too retiring; but the business man is by no means retiring, and first thing he puts the question, ‘Is there any hope of realising the I O U?’ Answer: there is, because he has a mother who would save her Rodya with her hundred and twenty-five roubles pension, if she has to starve herself; and a sister, too, who would go into bondage for his sake. That’s what he was building upon.... Why do you start? I know all the ins and outs of your affairs now, my dear boy--it’s not for nothing that you were so open with Pashenka when you were her prospective son-in-law, and I say all this as a friend.... But I tell you what it is; an honest and sensitive man is open; and a business man ‘listens and goes on eating’ you up. Well, then she gave the I O U by way of payment to this Tchebarov, and without hesitation he made a formal demand for payment. When I heard of all this I wanted to blow him up, too, to clear my conscience, but by that time harmony reigned between me and Pashenka, and I insisted on stopping the whole affair, engaging that you would pay. I went security for you, brother. Do you understand? We called Tchebarov, flung him ten roubles and got the I O U back from him, and here I have the honour of presenting it to you. She trusts your word now. Here, take it, you see I have torn it.”

Razumihin put the note on the table. Raskolnikov looked at him and turned to the wall without uttering a word. Even Razumihin felt a twinge.

“I see, brother,” he said a moment later, “that I have been playing the fool again. I thought I should amuse you with my chatter, and I believe I have only made you cross.”

“Was it you I did not recognise when I was delirious?” Raskolnikov asked, after a moment’s pause without turning his head.

“Yes, and you flew into a rage about it, especially when I brought Zametov one day.”

“Zametov? The head clerk? What for?” Raskolnikov turned round quickly and fixed his eyes on Razumihin.

“What’s the matter with you?... What are you upset about? He wanted to make your acquaintance because I talked to him a lot about you.... How could I have found out so much except from him? He is a capital fellow, brother, first-rate... in his own way, of course. Now we are friends--see each other almost every day. I have moved into this part, you know. I have only just moved. I’ve been with him to Luise Ivanovna once or twice.... Do you remember Luise, Luise Ivanovna?”

“Did I say anything in delirium?”

“I should think so! You were beside yourself.”

“What did I rave about?”

“What next? What did you rave about? What people do rave about.... Well, brother, now I must not lose time. To work.” He got up from the table and took up his cap.

“What did I rave about?”

“How he keeps on! Are you afraid of having let out some secret? Don’t worry yourself; you said nothing about a countess. But you said a lot about a bulldog, and about ear-rings and chains, and about Krestovsky Island, and some porter, and Nikodim Fomitch and Ilya Petrovitch, the assistant superintendent. And another thing that was of special interest to you was your own sock. You whined, ‘Give me my sock.’ Zametov hunted all about your room for your socks, and with his own scented, ring-bedecked fingers he gave you the rag. And only then were you comforted, and for the next twenty-four hours you held the wretched thing in your hand; we could not get it from you. It is most likely somewhere under your quilt at this moment. And then you asked so piteously for fringe for your trousers. We tried to find out what sort of fringe, but we could not make it out. Now to business! Here are thirty-five roubles; I take ten of them, and shall give you an account of them in an hour or two. I will let Zossimov know at the same time, though he ought to have been here long ago, for it is nearly twelve. And you, Nastasya, look in pretty often while I am away, to see whether he wants a drink or anything else. And I will tell Pashenka what is wanted myself. Good-bye!”

“He calls her Pashenka! Ah, he’s a deep one!” said Nastasya as he went out; then she opened the door and stood listening, but could not resist running downstairs after him. She was very eager to hear what he would say to the landlady. She was evidently quite fascinated by Razumihin.

No sooner had she left the room than the sick man flung off the bedclothes and leapt out of bed like a madman. With burning, twitching impatience he had waited for them to be gone so that he might set to work. But to what work? Now, as though to spite him, it eluded him.

“Good God, only tell me one thing: do they know of it yet or not? What if they know it and are only pretending, mocking me while I am laid up, and then they will come in and tell me that it’s been discovered long ago and that they have only... What am I to do now? That’s what I’ve forgotten, as though on purpose; forgotten it all at once, I remembered a minute ago.”

He stood in the middle of the room and gazed in miserable bewilderment about him; he walked to the door, opened it, listened; but that was not what he wanted. Suddenly, as though recalling something, he rushed to the corner where there was a hole under the paper, began examining it, put his hand into the hole, fumbled--but that was not it. He went to the stove, opened it and began rummaging in the ashes; the frayed edges of his trousers and the rags cut off his pocket were lying there just as he had thrown them. No one had looked, then! Then he remembered the sock about which Razumihin had just been telling him. Yes, there it lay on the sofa under the quilt, but it was so covered with dust and grime that Zametov could not have seen anything on it.

“Bah, Zametov! The police office! And why am I sent for to the police office? Where’s the notice? Bah! I am mixing it up; that was then. I looked at my sock then, too, but now... now I have been ill. But what did Zametov come for? Why did Razumihin bring him?” he muttered, helplessly sitting on the sofa again. “What does it mean? Am I still in delirium, or is it real? I believe it is real.... Ah, I remember; I must escape! Make haste to escape. Yes, I must, I must escape! Yes... but where? And where are my clothes? I’ve no boots. They’ve taken them away! They’ve hidden them! I understand! Ah, here is my coat--they passed that over! And here is money on the table, thank God! And here’s the I O U... I’ll take the money and go and take another lodging. They won’t find me!... Yes, but the address bureau? They’ll find me, Razumihin will find me. Better escape altogether... far away... to America, and let them do their worst! And take the I O U... it would be of use there.... What else shall I take? They think I am ill! They don’t know that I can walk, ha-ha-ha! I could see by their eyes that they know all about it! If only I could get downstairs! And what if they have set a watch there--policemen! What’s this tea? Ah, and here is beer left, half a bottle, cold!”

He snatched up the bottle, which still contained a glassful of beer, and gulped it down with relish, as though quenching a flame in his breast. But in another minute the beer had gone to his head, and a faint and even pleasant shiver ran down his spine. He lay down and pulled the quilt over him. His sick and incoherent thoughts grew more and more disconnected, and soon a light, pleasant drowsiness came upon him. With a sense of comfort he nestled his head into the pillow, wrapped more closely about him the soft, wadded quilt which had replaced the old, ragged greatcoat, sighed softly and sank into a deep, sound, refreshing sleep.

He woke up, hearing someone come in. He opened his eyes and saw Razumihin standing in the doorway, uncertain whether to come in or not. Raskolnikov sat up quickly on the sofa and gazed at him, as though trying to recall something.

“Ah, you are not asleep! Here I am! Nastasya, bring in the parcel!” Razumihin shouted down the stairs. “You shall have the account directly.”

“What time is it?” asked Raskolnikov, looking round uneasily.

“Yes, you had a fine sleep, brother, it’s almost evening, it will be six o’clock directly. You have slept more than six hours.”

“Good heavens! Have I?”

“And why not? It will do you good. What’s the hurry? A tryst, is it? We’ve all time before us. I’ve been waiting for the last three hours for you; I’ve been up twice and found you asleep. I’ve called on Zossimov twice; not at home, only fancy! But no matter, he will turn up. And I’ve been out on my own business, too. You know I’ve been moving to-day, moving with my uncle. I have an uncle living with me now. But that’s no matter, to business. Give me the parcel, Nastasya. We will open it directly. And how do you feel now, brother?”

“I am quite well, I am not ill. Razumihin, have you been here long?”

“I tell you I’ve been waiting for the last three hours.”

“No, before.”

“How do you mean?”

“How long have you been coming here?”

“Why I told you all about it this morning. Don’t you remember?”

Raskolnikov pondered. The morning seemed like a dream to him. He could not remember alone, and looked inquiringly at Razumihin.

“Hm!” said the latter, “he has forgotten. I fancied then that you were not quite yourself. Now you are better for your sleep.... You really look much better. First-rate! Well, to business. Look here, my dear boy.”

He began untying the bundle, which evidently interested him.

“Believe me, brother, this is something specially near my heart. For we must make a man of you. Let’s begin from the top. Do you see this cap?” he said, taking out of the bundle a fairly good though cheap and ordinary cap. “Let me try it on.”

“Presently, afterwards,” said Raskolnikov, waving it off pettishly.

“Come, Rodya, my boy, don’t oppose it, afterwards will be too late; and I shan’t sleep all night, for I bought it by guess, without measure. Just right!” he cried triumphantly, fitting it on, “just your size! A proper head-covering is the first thing in dress and a recommendation in its own way. Tolstyakov, a friend of mine, is always obliged to take off his pudding basin when he goes into any public place where other people wear their hats or caps. People think he does it from slavish politeness, but it’s simply because he is ashamed of his bird’s nest; he is such a boastful fellow! Look, Nastasya, here are two specimens of headgear: this Palmerston”--he took from the corner Raskolnikov’s old, battered hat, which for some unknown reason, he called a Palmerston--“or this jewel! Guess the price, Rodya, what do you suppose I paid for it, Nastasya!” he said, turning to her, seeing that Raskolnikov did not speak.

“Twenty copecks, no more, I dare say,” answered Nastasya.

“Twenty copecks, silly!” he cried, offended. “Why, nowadays you would cost more than that--eighty copecks! And that only because it has been worn. And it’s bought on condition that when’s it’s worn out, they will give you another next year. Yes, on my word! Well, now let us pass to the United States of America, as they called them at school. I assure you I am proud of these breeches,” and he exhibited to Raskolnikov a pair of light, summer trousers of grey woollen material. “No holes, no spots, and quite respectable, although a little worn; and a waistcoat to match, quite in the fashion. And its being worn really is an improvement, it’s softer, smoother.... You see, Rodya, to my thinking, the great thing for getting on in the world is always to keep to the seasons; if you don’t insist on having asparagus in January, you keep your money in your purse; and it’s the same with this purchase. It’s summer now, so I’ve been buying summer things--warmer materials will be wanted for autumn, so you will have to throw these away in any case... especially as they will be done for by then from their own lack of coherence if not your higher standard of luxury. Come, price them! What do you say? Two roubles twenty-five copecks! And remember the condition: if you wear these out, you will have another suit for nothing! They only do business on that system at Fedyaev’s; if you’ve bought a thing once, you are satisfied for life, for you will never go there again of your own free will. Now for the boots. What do you say? You see that they are a bit worn, but they’ll last a couple of months, for it’s foreign work and foreign leather; the secretary of the English Embassy sold them last week--he had only worn them six days, but he was very short of cash. Price--a rouble and a half. A bargain?”

“But perhaps they won’t fit,” observed Nastasya.

“Not fit? Just look!” and he pulled out of his pocket Raskolnikov’s old, broken boot, stiffly coated with dry mud. “I did not go empty-handed--they took the size from this monster. We all did our best. And as to your linen, your landlady has seen to that. Here, to begin with are three shirts, hempen but with a fashionable front.... Well now then, eighty copecks the cap, two roubles twenty-five copecks the suit--together three roubles five copecks--a rouble and a half for the boots--for, you see, they are very good--and that makes four roubles fifty-five copecks; five roubles for the underclothes--they were bought in the lot--which makes exactly nine roubles fifty-five copecks. Forty-five copecks change in coppers. Will you take it? And so, Rodya, you are set up with a complete new rig-out, for your overcoat will serve, and even has a style of its own. That comes from getting one’s clothes from Sharmer’s! As for your socks and other things, I leave them to you; we’ve twenty-five roubles left. And as for Pashenka and paying for your lodging, don’t you worry. I tell you she’ll trust you for anything. And now, brother, let me change your linen, for I daresay you will throw off your illness with your shirt.”

“Let me be! I don’t want to!” Raskolnikov waved him off. He had listened with disgust to Razumihin’s efforts to be playful about his purchases.

“Come, brother, don’t tell me I’ve been trudging around for nothing,” Razumihin insisted. “Nastasya, don’t be bashful, but help me--that’s it,” and in spite of Raskolnikov’s resistance he changed his linen. The latter sank back on the pillows and for a minute or two said nothing.

“It will be long before I get rid of them,” he thought. “What money was all that bought with?” he asked at last, gazing at the wall.

“Money? Why, your own, what the messenger brought from Vahrushin, your mother sent it. Have you forgotten that, too?”

“I remember now,” said Raskolnikov after a long, sullen silence. Razumihin looked at him, frowning and uneasy.

The door opened and a tall, stout man whose appearance seemed familiar to Raskolnikov came in.

CHAPTER IV

Zossimov was a tall, fat man with a puffy, colourless, clean-shaven face and straight flaxen hair. He wore spectacles, and a big gold ring on his fat finger. He was twenty-seven. He had on a light grey fashionable loose coat, light summer trousers, and everything about him loose, fashionable and spick and span; his linen was irreproachable, his watch-chain was massive. In manner he was slow and, as it were, nonchalant, and at the same time studiously free and easy; he made efforts to conceal his self-importance, but it was apparent at every instant. All his acquaintances found him tedious, but said he was clever at his work.

“I’ve been to you twice to-day, brother. You see, he’s come to himself,” cried Razumihin.

“I see, I see; and how do we feel now, eh?” said Zossimov to Raskolnikov, watching him carefully and, sitting down at the foot of the sofa, he settled himself as comfortably as he could.

“He is still depressed,” Razumihin went on. “We’ve just changed his linen and he almost cried.”

“That’s very natural; you might have put it off if he did not wish it.... His pulse is first-rate. Is your head still aching, eh?”

“I am well, I am perfectly well!” Raskolnikov declared positively and irritably. He raised himself on the sofa and looked at them with glittering eyes, but sank back on to the pillow at once and turned to the wall. Zossimov watched him intently.

“Very good.... Going on all right,” he said lazily. “Has he eaten anything?”

They told him, and asked what he might have.

“He may have anything... soup, tea... mushrooms and cucumbers, of course, you must not give him; he’d better not have meat either, and... but no need to tell you that!” Razumihin and he looked at each other. “No more medicine or anything. I’ll look at him again to-morrow. Perhaps, to-day even... but never mind...”

“To-morrow evening I shall take him for a walk,” said Razumihin. “We are going to the Yusupov garden and then to the Palais de Cristal.”

“I would not disturb him to-morrow at all, but I don’t know... a little, maybe... but we’ll see.”

“Ach, what a nuisance! I’ve got a house-warming party to-night; it’s only a step from here. Couldn’t he come? He could lie on the sofa. You are coming?” Razumihin said to Zossimov. “Don’t forget, you promised.”

“All right, only rather later. What are you going to do?”

“Oh, nothing--tea, vodka, herrings. There will be a pie... just our friends.”

“And who?”

“All neighbours here, almost all new friends, except my old uncle, and he is new too--he only arrived in Petersburg yesterday to see to some business of his. We meet once in five years.”

“What is he?”

“He’s been stagnating all his life as a district postmaster; gets a little pension. He is sixty-five--not worth talking about.... But I am fond of him. Porfiry Petrovitch, the head of the Investigation Department here... But you know him.”

“Is he a relation of yours, too?”

“A very distant one. But why are you scowling? Because you quarrelled once, won’t you come then?”

“I don’t care a damn for him.”

“So much the better. Well, there will be some students, a teacher, a government clerk, a musician, an officer and Zametov.”

“Do tell me, please, what you or he”--Zossimov nodded at Raskolnikov--“can have in common with this Zametov?”

“Oh, you particular gentleman! Principles! You are worked by principles, as it were by springs; you won’t venture to turn round on your own account. If a man is a nice fellow, that’s the only principle I go upon. Zametov is a delightful person.”

“Though he does take bribes.”

“Well, he does! and what of it? I don’t care if he does take bribes,” Razumihin cried with unnatural irritability. “I don’t praise him for taking bribes. I only say he is a nice man in his own way! But if one looks at men in all ways--are there many good ones left? Why, I am sure I shouldn’t be worth a baked onion myself... perhaps with you thrown in.”

“That’s too little; I’d give two for you.”

“And I wouldn’t give more than one for you. No more of your jokes! Zametov is no more than a boy. I can pull his hair and one must draw him not repel him. You’ll never improve a man by repelling him, especially a boy. One has to be twice as careful with a boy. Oh, you progressive dullards! You don’t understand. You harm yourselves running another man down.... But if you want to know, we really have something in common.”

“I should like to know what.”

“Why, it’s all about a house-painter.... We are getting him out of a mess! Though indeed there’s nothing to fear now. The matter is absolutely self-evident. We only put on steam.”

“A painter?”

“Why, haven’t I told you about it? I only told you the beginning then about the murder of the old pawnbroker-woman. Well, the painter is mixed up in it...”

“Oh, I heard about that murder before and was rather interested in it... partly... for one reason.... I read about it in the papers, too....”

“Lizaveta was murdered, too,” Nastasya blurted out, suddenly addressing Raskolnikov. She remained in the room all the time, standing by the door listening.

“Lizaveta,” murmured Raskolnikov hardly audibly.

“Lizaveta, who sold old clothes. Didn’t you know her? She used to come here. She mended a shirt for you, too.”

Raskolnikov turned to the wall where in the dirty, yellow paper he picked out one clumsy, white flower with brown lines on it and began examining how many petals there were in it, how many scallops in the petals and how many lines on them. He felt his arms and legs as lifeless as though they had been cut off. He did not attempt to move, but stared obstinately at the flower.

“But what about the painter?” Zossimov interrupted Nastasya’s chatter with marked displeasure. She sighed and was silent.

“Why, he was accused of the murder,” Razumihin went on hotly.

“Was there evidence against him then?”

“Evidence, indeed! Evidence that was no evidence, and that’s what we have to prove. It was just as they pitched on those fellows, Koch and Pestryakov, at first. Foo! how stupidly it’s all done, it makes one sick, though it’s not one’s business! Pestryakov may be coming to-night.... By the way, Rodya, you’ve heard about the business already; it happened before you were ill, the day before you fainted at the police office while they were talking about it.”

Zossimov looked curiously at Raskolnikov. He did not stir.

“But I say, Razumihin, I wonder at you. What a busybody you are!” Zossimov observed.

“Maybe I am, but we will get him off anyway,” shouted Razumihin, bringing his fist down on the table. “What’s the most offensive is not their lying--one can always forgive lying--lying is a delightful thing, for it leads to truth--what is offensive is that they lie and worship their own lying.... I respect Porfiry, but... What threw them out at first? The door was locked, and when they came back with the porter it was open. So it followed that Koch and Pestryakov were the murderers--that was their logic!”

“But don’t excite yourself; they simply detained them, they could not help that.... And, by the way, I’ve met that man Koch. He used to buy unredeemed pledges from the old woman? Eh?”

“Yes, he is a swindler. He buys up bad debts, too. He makes a profession of it. But enough of him! Do you know what makes me angry? It’s their sickening rotten, petrified routine.... And this case might be the means of introducing a new method. One can show from the psychological data alone how to get on the track of the real man. ‘We have facts,’ they say. But facts are not everything--at least half the business lies in how you interpret them!”

“Can you interpret them, then?”

“Anyway, one can’t hold one’s tongue when one has a feeling, a tangible feeling, that one might be a help if only.... Eh! Do you know the details of the case?”

“I am waiting to hear about the painter.”

“Oh, yes! Well, here’s the story. Early on the third day after the murder, when they were still dandling Koch and Pestryakov--though they accounted for every step they took and it was as plain as a pikestaff--an unexpected fact turned up. A peasant called Dushkin, who keeps a dram-shop facing the house, brought to the police office a jeweller’s case containing some gold ear-rings, and told a long rigamarole. ‘The day before yesterday, just after eight o’clock’--mark the day and the hour!--‘a journeyman house-painter, Nikolay, who had been in to see me already that day, brought me this box of gold ear-rings and stones, and asked me to give him two roubles for them. When I asked him where he got them, he said that he picked them up in the street. I did not ask him anything more.’ I am telling you Dushkin’s story. ‘I gave him a note’--a rouble that is--‘for I thought if he did not pawn it with me he would with another. It would all come to the same thing--he’d spend it on drink, so the thing had better be with me. The further you hide it the quicker you will find it, and if anything turns up, if I hear any rumours, I’ll take it to the police.’ Of course, that’s all taradiddle; he lies like a horse, for I know this Dushkin, he is a pawnbroker and a receiver of stolen goods, and he did not cheat Nikolay out of a thirty-rouble trinket in order to give it to the police. He was simply afraid. But no matter, to return to Dushkin’s story. ‘I’ve known this peasant, Nikolay Dementyev, from a child; he comes from the same province and district of Zaraïsk, we are both Ryazan men. And though Nikolay is not a drunkard, he drinks, and I knew he had a job in that house, painting work with Dmitri, who comes from the same village, too. As soon as he got the rouble he changed it, had a couple of glasses, took his change and went out. But I did not see Dmitri with him then. And the next day I heard that someone had murdered Alyona Ivanovna and her sister, Lizaveta Ivanovna, with an axe. I knew them, and I felt suspicious about the ear-rings at once, for I knew the murdered woman lent money on pledges. I went to the house, and began to make careful inquiries without saying a word to anyone. First of all I asked, “Is Nikolay here?” Dmitri told me that Nikolay had gone off on the spree; he had come home at daybreak drunk, stayed in the house about ten minutes, and went out again. Dmitri didn’t see him again and is finishing the job alone. And their job is on the same staircase as the murder, on the second floor. When I heard all that I did not say a word to anyone’--that’s Dushkin’s tale--‘but I found out what I could about the murder, and went home feeling as suspicious as ever. And at eight o’clock this morning’--that was the third day, you understand--‘I saw Nikolay coming in, not sober, though not to say very drunk--he could understand what was said to him. He sat down on the bench and did not speak. There was only one stranger in the bar and a man I knew asleep on a bench and our two boys. “Have you seen Dmitri?” said I. “No, I haven’t,” said he. “And you’ve not been here either?” “Not since the day before yesterday,” said he. “And where did you sleep last night?” “In Peski, with the Kolomensky men.” “And where did you get those ear-rings?” I asked. “I found them in the street,” and the way he said it was a bit queer; he did not look at me. “Did you hear what happened that very evening, at that very hour, on that same staircase?” said I. “No,” said he, “I had not heard,” and all the while he was listening, his eyes were staring out of his head and he turned as white as chalk. I told him all about it and he took his hat and began getting up. I wanted to keep him. “Wait a bit, Nikolay,” said I, “won’t you have a drink?” And I signed to the boy to hold the door, and I came out from behind the bar; but he darted out and down the street to the turning at a run. I have not seen him since. Then my doubts were at an end--it was his doing, as clear as could be....’”

“I should think so,” said Zossimov.

“Wait! Hear the end. Of course they sought high and low for Nikolay; they detained Dushkin and searched his house; Dmitri, too, was arrested; the Kolomensky men also were turned inside out. And the day before yesterday they arrested Nikolay in a tavern at the end of the town. He had gone there, taken the silver cross off his neck and asked for a dram for it. They gave it to him. A few minutes afterwards the woman went to the cowshed, and through a crack in the wall she saw in the stable adjoining he had made a noose of his sash from the beam, stood on a block of wood, and was trying to put his neck in the noose. The woman screeched her hardest; people ran in. ‘So that’s what you are up to!’ ‘Take me,’ he says, ‘to such-and-such a police officer; I’ll confess everything.’ Well, they took him to that police station--that is here--with a suitable escort. So they asked him this and that, how old he is, ‘twenty-two,’ and so on. At the question, ‘When you were working with Dmitri, didn’t you see anyone on the staircase at such-and-such a time?’--answer: ‘To be sure folks may have gone up and down, but I did not notice them.’ ‘And didn’t you hear anything, any noise, and so on?’ ‘We heard nothing special.’ ‘And did you hear, Nikolay, that on the same day Widow So-and-so and her sister were murdered and robbed?’ ‘I never knew a thing about it. The first I heard of it was from Afanasy Pavlovitch the day before yesterday.’ ‘And where did you find the ear-rings?’ ‘I found them on the pavement.’ ‘Why didn’t you go to work with Dmitri the other day?’ ‘Because I was drinking.’ ‘And where were you drinking?’ ‘Oh, in such-and-such a place.’ ‘Why did you run away from Dushkin’s?’ ‘Because I was awfully frightened.’ ‘What were you frightened of?’ ‘That I should be accused.’ ‘How could you be frightened, if you felt free from guilt?’ Now, Zossimov, you may not believe me, that question was put literally in those words. I know it for a fact, it was repeated to me exactly! What do you say to that?”

“Well, anyway, there’s the evidence.”

“I am not talking of the evidence now, I am talking about that question, of their own idea of themselves. Well, so they squeezed and squeezed him and he confessed: ‘I did not find it in the street, but in the flat where I was painting with Dmitri.’ ‘And how was that?’ ‘Why, Dmitri and I were painting there all day, and we were just getting ready to go, and Dmitri took a brush and painted my face, and he ran off and I after him. I ran after him, shouting my hardest, and at the bottom of the stairs I ran right against the porter and some gentlemen--and how many gentlemen were there I don’t remember. And the porter swore at me, and the other porter swore, too, and the porter’s wife came out, and swore at us, too; and a gentleman came into the entry with a lady, and he swore at us, too, for Dmitri and I lay right across the way. I got hold of Dmitri’s hair and knocked him down and began beating him. And Dmitri, too, caught me by the hair and began beating me. But we did it all not for temper but in a friendly way, for sport. And then Dmitri escaped and ran into the street, and I ran after him; but I did not catch him, and went back to the flat alone; I had to clear up my things. I began putting them together, expecting Dmitri to come, and there in the passage, in the corner by the door, I stepped on the box. I saw it lying there wrapped up in paper. I took off the paper, saw some little hooks, undid them, and in the box were the ear-rings....’”

“Behind the door? Lying behind the door? Behind the door?” Raskolnikov cried suddenly, staring with a blank look of terror at Razumihin, and he slowly sat up on the sofa, leaning on his hand.

“Yes... why? What’s the matter? What’s wrong?” Razumihin, too, got up from his seat.

“Nothing,” Raskolnikov answered faintly, turning to the wall. All were silent for a while.

“He must have waked from a dream,” Razumihin said at last, looking inquiringly at Zossimov. The latter slightly shook his head.

“Well, go on,” said Zossimov. “What next?”

“What next? As soon as he saw the ear-rings, forgetting Dmitri and everything, he took up his cap and ran to Dushkin and, as we know, got a rouble from him. He told a lie saying he found them in the street, and went off drinking. He keeps repeating his old story about the murder: ‘I know nothing of it, never heard of it till the day before yesterday.’ ‘And why didn’t you come to the police till now?’ ‘I was frightened.’ ‘And why did you try to hang yourself?’ ‘From anxiety.’ ‘What anxiety?’ ‘That I should be accused of it.’ Well, that’s the whole story. And now what do you suppose they deduced from that?”

“Why, there’s no supposing. There’s a clue, such as it is, a fact. You wouldn’t have your painter set free?”

“Now they’ve simply taken him for the murderer. They haven’t a shadow of doubt.”

“That’s nonsense. You are excited. But what about the ear-rings? You must admit that, if on the very same day and hour ear-rings from the old woman’s box have come into Nikolay’s hands, they must have come there somehow. That’s a good deal in such a

case."

"How did they get there? How did they get there?" cried Razumihin. "How can you, a doctor, whose duty it is to study man and who has more opportunity than anyone else for studying human nature--how can you fail to see the character of the man in the whole story? Don't you see at once that the answers he has given in the examination are the holy truth? They came into his hand precisely as he has told us--he stepped on the box and picked it up."

"The holy truth! But didn't he own himself that he told a lie at first?"

"Listen to me, listen attentively. The porter and Koch and Pestryakov and the other porter and the wife of the first porter and the woman who was sitting in the porter's lodge and the man Kryukov, who had just got out of a cab at that minute and went in at the entry with a lady on his arm, that is eight or ten witnesses, agree that Nikolay had Dmitri on the ground, was lying on him beating him, while Dmitri hung on to his hair, beating him, too. They lay right across the way, blocking the thoroughfare. They were sworn at on all sides while they 'like children' (the very words of the witnesses) were falling over one another, squealing, fighting and laughing with the funniest faces, and, chasing one another like children, they ran into the street. Now take careful note. The bodies upstairs were warm, you understand, warm when they found them! If they, or Nikolay alone, had murdered them and broken open the boxes, or simply taken part in the robbery, allow me to ask you one question: do their state of mind, their squeals and giggles and childish scuffling at the gate fit in with axes, bloodshed, fiendish cunning, robbery? They'd just killed them, not five or ten minutes before, for the bodies were still warm, and at once, leaving the flat open, knowing that people would go there at once, flinging away their booty, they rolled about like children, laughing and attracting general attention. And there are a dozen witnesses to swear to that!"

"Of course it is strange! It's impossible, indeed, but..."

"No, brother, no _buts_. And if the ear-rings being found in Nikolay's hands at the very day and hour of the murder constitutes an important piece of circumstantial evidence against him--although the explanation given by him accounts for it, and therefore it does not tell seriously against him--one must take into consideration the facts which prove him innocent, especially as they are facts that _cannot be denied_. And do you suppose, from the character of our legal system, that they will accept, or that they are in a position to accept, this fact--resting simply on a psychological impossibility--as irrefutable and conclusively breaking down the circumstantial evidence for the prosecution? No, they won't accept it, they certainly won't, because they found the jewel-case and the man tried to hang himself, 'which he could not have done if he hadn't felt guilty.' That's the point, that's what excites me, you must understand!"

"Oh, I see you are excited! Wait a bit. I forgot to ask you; what proof is there that the box came from the old woman?"

"That's been proved," said Razumihin with apparent reluctance, frowning. "Koch recognised the jewel-case and gave the name of the owner, who proved conclusively that it was his."

"That's bad. Now another point. Did anyone see Nikolay at the time that Koch and Pestryakov were going upstairs at first, and is there no evidence about that?"

"Nobody did see him," Razumihin answered with vexation. "That's the worst of it. Even Koch and Pestryakov did not notice them on their way upstairs, though, indeed, their evidence could not have been worth much. They said they saw the flat was open, and that there must be work going on in it, but they took no special notice and could not remember whether there actually were men at work in it."

"Hm!... So the only evidence for the defence is that they were beating one another and laughing. That constitutes a strong presumption, but... How do you explain the facts yourself?"

"How do I explain them? What is there to explain? It's clear. At any rate, the direction in which explanation is to be sought is clear, and the jewel-case points to it. The real murderer dropped those ear-rings. The murderer was upstairs, locked in, when Koch and Pestryakov knocked at the door. Koch, like an ass, did not stay at the door; so the murderer popped out and ran down, too; for he had no other way of escape. He hid from Koch, Pestryakov and the porter in the flat when Nikolay and Dmitri had just run out of it. He stopped there while the porter and others were going upstairs, waited till they were out of hearing, and then went calmly downstairs at the very minute when Dmitri and Nikolay ran out into the street and there was no one in the entry; possibly he was seen, but not noticed. There are lots of people going in and out. He must have dropped the ear-rings out of his pocket when he stood behind the door, and did not notice he dropped them, because he had other things to think of. The jewel-case is a conclusive

proof that he did stand there.... That's how I explain it."

"Too clever! No, my boy, you're too clever. That beats everything."

"But, why, why?"

"Why, because everything fits too well... it's too melodramatic."

"A-ach!" Razumihin was exclaiming, but at that moment the door opened and a personage came in who was a stranger to all present.

CHAPTER V

This was a gentleman no longer young, of a stiff and portly appearance, and a cautious and sour countenance. He began by stopping short in the doorway, staring about him with offensive and undisguised astonishment, as though asking himself what sort of place he had come to. Mistrustfully and with an affectation of being alarmed and almost affronted, he scanned Raskolnikov's low and narrow "cabin." With the same amazement he stared at Raskolnikov, who lay undressed, dishevelled, unwashed, on his miserable dirty sofa, looking fixedly at him. Then with the same deliberation he scrutinised the uncouth, unkempt figure and unshaven face of Razumihin, who looked him boldly and inquiringly in the face without rising from his seat. A constrained silence lasted for a couple of minutes, and then, as might be expected, some scene-shifting took place. Reflecting, probably from certain fairly unmistakable signs, that he would get nothing in this "cabin" by attempting to overawe them, the gentleman softened somewhat, and civilly, though with some severity, emphasising every syllable of his question, addressed Zossimov:

"Rodion Romanovitch Raskolnikov, a student, or formerly a student?"

Zossimov made a slight movement, and would have answered, had not Razumihin anticipated him.

"Here he is lying on the sofa! What do you want?"

This familiar "what do you want" seemed to cut the ground from the feet of the pompous gentleman. He was turning to Razumihin, but checked himself in time and turned to Zossimov again.

"This is Raskolnikov," mumbled Zossimov, nodding towards him. Then he gave a prolonged yawn, opening his mouth as wide as possible. Then he lazily put his hand into his waistcoat-pocket, pulled out a huge gold watch in a round hunter's case, opened it, looked at it and as slowly and lazily proceeded to put it back.

Raskolnikov himself lay without speaking, on his back, gazing persistently, though without understanding, at the stranger. Now that his face was turned away from the strange flower on the paper, it was extremely pale and wore a look of anguish, as though he had just undergone an agonising operation or just been taken from the rack. But the new-comer gradually began to arouse his attention, then his wonder, then suspicion and even alarm. When Zossimov said "This is Raskolnikov" he jumped up quickly, sat on the sofa and with an almost defiant, but weak and breaking, voice articulated:

"Yes, I am Raskolnikov! What do you want?"

The visitor scrutinised him and pronounced impressively:

"Pyotr Petrovitch Luzhin. I believe I have reason to hope that my name is not wholly unknown to you?"

But Raskolnikov, who had expected something quite different, gazed blankly and dreamily at him, making no reply, as though he heard the name of Pyotr Petrovitch for the first time.

"Is it possible that you can up to the present have received no information?" asked Pyotr Petrovitch, somewhat disconcerted.

In reply Raskolnikov sank languidly back on the pillow, put his hands behind his head and gazed at the ceiling. A look of dismay came into Luzhin's face. Zossimov and Razumihin stared at him more inquisitively than ever, and at last he showed unmistakable signs of embarrassment.

"I had presumed and calculated," he faltered, "that a letter posted more than ten days, if not a fortnight ago..."

“I say, why are you standing in the doorway?” Razumihin interrupted suddenly. “If you’ve something to say, sit down. Nastasya and you are so crowded. Nastasya, make room. Here’s a chair, thread your way in!”

He moved his chair back from the table, made a little space between the table and his knees, and waited in a rather cramped position for the visitor to “thread his way in.” The minute was so chosen that it was impossible to refuse, and the visitor squeezed his way through, hurrying and stumbling. Reaching the chair, he sat down, looking suspiciously at Razumihin.

“No need to be nervous,” the latter blurted out. “Rodya has been ill for the last five days and delirious for three, but now he is recovering and has got an appetite. This is his doctor, who has just had a look at him. I am a comrade of Rodya’s, like him, formerly a student, and now I am nursing him; so don’t you take any notice of us, but go on with your business.”

“Thank you. But shall I not disturb the invalid by my presence and conversation?” Pyotr Petrovitch asked of Zossimov.

“N-no,” mumbled Zossimov; “you may amuse him.” He yawned again.

“He has been conscious a long time, since the morning,” went on Razumihin, whose familiarity seemed so much like unaffected good-nature that Pyotr Petrovitch began to be more cheerful, partly, perhaps, because this shabby and impudent person had introduced himself as a student.

“Your mamma,” began Luzhin.

“Hm!” Razumihin cleared his throat loudly. Luzhin looked at him inquiringly.

“That’s all right, go on.”

Luzhin shrugged his shoulders.

“Your mamma had commenced a letter to you while I was sojourning in her neighbourhood. On my arrival here I purposely allowed a few days to elapse before coming to see you, in order that I might be fully assured that you were in full possession of the tidings; but now, to my astonishment...”

“I know, I know!” Raskolnikov cried suddenly with impatient vexation. “So you are the _fiancé_? I know, and that’s enough!”

There was no doubt about Pyotr Petrovitch’s being offended this time, but he said nothing. He made a violent effort to understand what it all meant. There was a moment’s silence.

Meanwhile Raskolnikov, who had turned a little towards him when he answered, began suddenly staring at him again with marked curiosity, as though he had not had a good look at him yet, or as though something new had struck him; he rose from his pillow on purpose to stare at him. There certainly was something peculiar in Pyotr Petrovitch’s whole appearance, something which seemed to justify the title of “fiancé” so unceremoniously applied to him. In the first place, it was evident, far too much so indeed, that Pyotr Petrovitch had made eager use of his few days in the capital to get himself up and rig himself out in expectation of his betrothed--a perfectly innocent and permissible proceeding, indeed. Even his own, perhaps too complacent, consciousness of the agreeable improvement in his appearance might have been forgiven in such circumstances, seeing that Pyotr Petrovitch had taken up the rôle of fiancé. All his clothes were fresh from the tailor’s and were all right, except for being too new and too distinctly appropriate. Even the stylish new round hat had the same significance. Pyotr Petrovitch treated it too respectfully and held it too carefully in his hands. The exquisite pair of lavender gloves, real Louvain, told the same tale, if only from the fact of his not wearing them, but carrying them in his hand for show. Light and youthful colours predominated in Pyotr Petrovitch’s attire. He wore a charming summer jacket of a fawn shade, light thin trousers, a waistcoat of the same, new and fine linen, a cravat of the lightest cambric with pink stripes on it, and the best of it was, this all suited Pyotr Petrovitch. His very fresh and even handsome face looked younger than his forty-five years at all times. His dark, mutton-chop whiskers made an agreeable setting on both sides, growing thickly upon his shining, clean-shaven chin. Even his hair, touched here and there with grey, though it had been combed and curled at a hairdresser’s, did not give him a stupid appearance, as curled hair usually does, by inevitably suggesting a German on his wedding-day. If there really was something unpleasing and repulsive in his rather good-looking and imposing countenance, it was due to quite other causes. After scanning Mr. Luzhin unceremoniously, Raskolnikov smiled malignantly, sank back on the pillow and stared at the ceiling as before.

But Mr. Luzhin hardened his heart and seemed to determine to take no notice of their oddities.

“I feel the greatest regret at finding you in this situation,” he began, again breaking the silence with an effort. “If I had been aware of your illness I should have come earlier. But you know what business is. I have, too, a very important legal affair in the Senate, not to mention other preoccupations which you may well conjecture. I am expecting your mamma and sister any minute.”

Raskolnikov made a movement and seemed about to speak; his face showed some excitement. Pyotr Petrovitch paused, waited, but as nothing followed, he went on:

“... Any minute. I have found a lodging for them on their arrival.”

“Where?” asked Raskolnikov weakly.

“Very near here, in Bakaleyev’s house.”

“That’s in Voskresensky,” put in Razumihin. “There are two storeys of rooms, let by a merchant called Yushin; I’ve been there.”

“Yes, rooms...”

“A disgusting place--filthy, stinking and, what’s more, of doubtful character. Things have happened there, and there are all sorts of queer people living there. And I went there about a scandalous business. It’s cheap, though...”

“I could not, of course, find out so much about it, for I am a stranger in Petersburg myself,” Pyotr Petrovitch replied huffily. “However, the two rooms are exceedingly clean, and as it is for so short a time... I have already taken a permanent, that is, our future flat,” he said, addressing Raskolnikov, “and I am having it done up. And meanwhile I am myself cramped for room in a lodging with my friend Andrey Semyonovitch Lebeziatnikov, in the flat of Madame Lippevechsel; it was he who told me of Bakaleyev’s house, too...”

“Lebeziatnikov?” said Raskolnikov slowly, as if recalling something.

“Yes, Andrey Semyonovitch Lebeziatnikov, a clerk in the Ministry. Do you know him?”

“Yes... no,” Raskolnikov answered.

“Excuse me, I fancied so from your inquiry. I was once his guardian.... A very nice young man and advanced. I like to meet young people: one learns new things from them.” Luzhin looked round hopefully at them all.

“How do you mean?” asked Razumihin.

“In the most serious and essential matters,” Pyotr Petrovitch replied, as though delighted at the question. “You see, it’s ten years since I visited Petersburg. All the novelties, reforms, ideas have reached us in the provinces, but to see it all more clearly one must be in Petersburg. And it’s my notion that you observe and learn most by watching the younger generation. And I confess I am delighted...”

“At what?”

“Your question is a wide one. I may be mistaken, but I fancy I find clearer views, more, so to say, criticism, more practicality...”

“That’s true,” Zossimov let drop.

“Nonsense! There’s no practicality.” Razumihin flew at him. “Practicality is a difficult thing to find; it does not drop down from heaven. And for the last two hundred years we have been divorced from all practical life. Ideas, if you like, are fermenting,” he said to Pyotr Petrovitch, “and desire for good exists, though it’s in a childish form, and honesty you may find, although there are crowds of brigands. Anyway, there’s no practicality. Practicality goes well shod.”

“I don’t agree with you,” Pyotr Petrovitch replied, with evident enjoyment. “Of course, people do get carried away and make mistakes, but one must have indulgence; those mistakes are merely evidence of enthusiasm for the cause and of abnormal external environment. If little has been done, the time has been but short; of means I will not speak. It’s my personal view, if you care to know, that something has been accomplished already. New valuable ideas, new valuable works are circulating in the place of our old dreamy and romantic authors. Literature is taking a maturer form, many injurious prejudices have been rooted up and turned into ridicule.... In a word, we have cut ourselves off irrevocably from the past, and that, to my thinking, is a great thing...”

“He’s learnt it by heart to show off!” Raskolnikov pronounced suddenly.

“What?” asked Pyotr Petrovitch, not catching his words; but he received no reply.

“That’s all true,” Zossimov hastened to interpose.

“Isn’t it so?” Pyotr Petrovitch went on, glancing affably at Zossimov. “You must admit,” he went on, addressing Razumihin with a shade of triumph and superciliousness--he almost added “young man”--“that there is an advance, or, as they say now, progress in the name of science and economic truth...”

“A commonplace.”

“No, not a commonplace! Hitherto, for instance, if I were told, ‘love thy neighbour,’ what came of it?” Pyotr Petrovitch went on, perhaps with excessive haste. “It came to my tearing my coat in half to share with my neighbour and we both were left half naked. As a Russian proverb has it, ‘Catch several hares and you won’t catch one.’ Science now tells us, love yourself before all men, for everything in the world rests on self-interest. You love yourself and manage your own affairs properly and your coat remains whole. Economic truth adds that the better private affairs are organised in society--the more whole coats, so to say--the firmer are its foundations and the better is the common welfare organised too. Therefore, in acquiring wealth solely and exclusively for myself, I am acquiring, so to speak, for all, and helping to bring to pass my neighbour’s getting a little more than a torn coat; and that not from private, personal liberality, but as a consequence of the general advance. The idea is simple, but unhappily it has been a long time reaching us, being hindered by idealism and sentimentality. And yet it would seem to want very little wit to perceive it...”

“Excuse me, I’ve very little wit myself,” Razumihin cut in sharply, “and so let us drop it. I began this discussion with an object, but I’ve grown so sick during the last three years of this chattering to amuse oneself, of this incessant flow of commonplaces, always the same, that, by Jove, I blush even when other people talk like that. You are in a hurry, no doubt, to exhibit your acquirements; and I don’t blame you, that’s quite pardonable. I only wanted to find out what sort of man you are, for so many unscrupulous people have got hold of the progressive cause of late and have so distorted in their own interests everything they touched, that the whole cause has been dragged in the mire. That’s enough!”

“Excuse me, sir,” said Luzhin, affronted, and speaking with excessive dignity. “Do you mean to suggest so unceremoniously that I too...”

“Oh, my dear sir... how could I?... Come, that’s enough,” Razumihin concluded, and he turned abruptly to Zossimov to continue their previous conversation.

Pyotr Petrovitch had the good sense to accept the disavowal. He made up his mind to take leave in another minute or two.

“I trust our acquaintance,” he said, addressing Raskolnikov, “may, upon your recovery and in view of the circumstances of which you are aware, become closer... Above all, I hope for your return to health...”

Raskolnikov did not even turn his head. Pyotr Petrovitch began getting up from his chair.

“One of her customers must have killed her,” Zossimov declared positively.

“Not a doubt of it,” replied Razumihin. “Porfiry doesn’t give his opinion, but is examining all who have left pledges with her there.”

“Examining them?” Raskolnikov asked aloud.

“Yes. What then?”

“Nothing.”

“How does he get hold of them?” asked Zossimov.

“Koch has given the names of some of them, other names are on the wrappers of the pledges and some have come forward of themselves.”

“It must have been a cunning and practised ruffian! The boldness of it! The coolness!”

“That’s just what it wasn’t!” interposed Razumihin. “That’s what throws you all off the scent. But I maintain that he is not cunning, not practised, and probably this was his first crime! The supposition that it was a calculated crime and a cunning criminal doesn’t work. Suppose him to have been inexperienced, and it’s clear that it was only a chance that saved him--and chance may do anything. Why, he did not foresee obstacles, perhaps! And how did he set to work? He took jewels worth ten or twenty roubles, stuffing his pockets with them, ransacked the old woman’s trunks, her rags--and they found fifteen hundred roubles, besides notes, in a box in the top drawer of the chest! He did not know how to rob; he could only murder. It was his first crime, I assure you, his first crime; he lost his head. And he got off more by luck than good counsel!”

“You are talking of the murder of the old pawnbroker, I believe?” Pyotr Petrovitch put in, addressing Zossimov. He was standing, hat and gloves in hand, but before departing he felt disposed to throw off a few more intellectual phrases. He was evidently anxious to make a favourable impression and his vanity overcame his prudence.

“Yes. You’ve heard of it?”

“Oh, yes, being in the neighbourhood.”

“Do you know the details?”

“I can’t say that; but another circumstance interests me in the case--the whole question, so to say. Not to speak of the fact that crime has been greatly on the increase among the lower classes during the last five years, not to speak of the cases of robbery and arson everywhere, what strikes me as the strangest thing is that in the higher classes, too, crime is increasing proportionately. In one place one hears of a student’s robbing the mail on the high road; in another place people of good social position forge false banknotes; in Moscow of late a whole gang has been captured who used to forge lottery tickets, and one of the ringleaders was a lecturer in universal history; then our secretary abroad was murdered from some obscure motive of gain.... And if this old woman, the pawnbroker, has been murdered by someone of a higher class in society--for peasants don’t pawn gold trinkets--how are we to explain this demoralisation of the civilised part of our society?”

“There are many economic changes,” put in Zossimov.

“How are we to explain it?” Razumihin caught him up. “It might be explained by our inveterate impracticality.”

“How do you mean?”

“What answer had your lecturer in Moscow to make to the question why he was forging notes? ‘Everybody is getting rich one way or another, so I want to make haste to get rich too.’ I don’t remember the exact words, but the upshot was that he wants money for nothing, without waiting or working! We’ve grown used to having everything ready-made, to walking on crutches, to having our food chewed for us. Then the great hour struck,[*] and every man showed himself in his true colours.”

[*] The emancipation of the serfs in 1861 is meant. --TRANSLATOR’S NOTE.

“But morality? And so to speak, principles...”

“But why do you worry about it?” Raskolnikov interposed suddenly. “It’s in accordance with your theory!”

“In accordance with my theory?”

“Why, carry out logically the theory you were advocating just now, and it follows that people may be killed...”

“Upon my word!” cried Luzhin.

“No, that’s not so,” put in Zossimov.

Raskolnikov lay with a white face and twitching upper lip, breathing painfully.

“There’s a measure in all things,” Luzhin went on superciliously. “Economic ideas are not an incitement to murder, and one has but to suppose...”

“And is it true,” Raskolnikov interposed once more suddenly, again in a voice quivering with fury and delight in insulting him, “is it true that you told your _fiancée_... within an hour of her acceptance, that what pleased you most... was that she was a beggar... because it was better to raise a wife from poverty, so that you may have complete control over her, and reproach her with your

being her benefactor?”

“Upon my word,” Luzhin cried wrathfully and irritably, crimson with confusion, “to distort my words in this way! Excuse me, allow me to assure you that the report which has reached you, or rather, let me say, has been conveyed to you, has no foundation in truth, and I... suspect who... in a word... this arrow... in a word, your mamma... She seemed to me in other things, with all her excellent qualities, of a somewhat high-flown and romantic way of thinking.... But I was a thousand miles from supposing that she would misunderstand and misrepresent things in so fanciful a way.... And indeed... indeed...”

“I tell you what,” cried Raskolnikov, raising himself on his pillow and fixing his piercing, glittering eyes upon him, “I tell you what.”

“What?” Luzhin stood still, waiting with a defiant and offended face. Silence lasted for some seconds.

“Why, if ever again... you dare to mention a single word... about my mother... I shall send you flying downstairs!”

“What’s the matter with you?” cried Razumihin.

“So that’s how it is?” Luzhin turned pale and bit his lip. “Let me tell you, sir,” he began deliberately, doing his utmost to restrain himself but breathing hard, “at the first moment I saw you you were ill-disposed to me, but I remained here on purpose to find out more. I could forgive a great deal in a sick man and a connection, but you... never after this...”

“I am not ill,” cried Raskolnikov.

“So much the worse...”

“Go to hell!”

But Luzhin was already leaving without finishing his speech, squeezing between the table and the chair; Razumihin got up this time to let him pass. Without glancing at anyone, and not even nodding to Zossimov, who had for some time been making signs to him to let the sick man alone, he went out, lifting his hat to the level of his shoulders to avoid crushing it as he stooped to go out of the door. And even the curve of his spine was expressive of the horrible insult he had received.

“How could you--how could you!” Razumihin said, shaking his head in perplexity.

“Let me alone--let me alone all of you!” Raskolnikov cried in a frenzy. “Will you ever leave off tormenting me? I am not afraid of you! I am not afraid of anyone, anyone now! Get away from me! I want to be alone, alone, alone!”

“Come along,” said Zossimov, nodding to Razumihin.

“But we can’t leave him like this!”

“Come along,” Zossimov repeated insistently, and he went out. Razumihin thought a minute and ran to overtake him.

“It might be worse not to obey him,” said Zossimov on the stairs. “He mustn’t be irritated.”

“What’s the matter with him?”

“If only he could get some favourable shock, that’s what would do it! At first he was better.... You know he has got something on his mind! Some fixed idea weighing on him.... I am very much afraid so; he must have!”

“Perhaps it’s that gentleman, Pyotr Petrovitch. From his conversation I gather he is going to marry his sister, and that he had received a letter about it just before his illness....”

“Yes, confound the man! he may have upset the case altogether. But have you noticed, he takes no interest in anything, he does not respond to anything except one point on which he seems excited--that’s the murder?”

“Yes, yes,” Razumihin agreed, “I noticed that, too. He is interested, frightened. It gave him a shock on the day he was ill in the police office; he fainted.”

“Tell me more about that this evening and I’ll tell you something afterwards. He interests me very much! In half an hour I’ll go and see him again.... There’ll be no inflammation though.”

“Thanks! And I’ll wait with Pashenka meantime and will keep watch on him through Nastasya....”

Raskolnikov, left alone, looked with impatience and misery at Nastasya, but she still lingered.

“Won’t you have some tea now?” she asked.

“Later! I am sleepy! Leave me.”

He turned abruptly to the wall; Nastasya went out.

CHAPTER VI

But as soon as she went out, he got up, latched the door, undid the parcel which Razumihin had brought in that evening and had tied up again and began dressing. Strange to say, he seemed immediately to have become perfectly calm; not a trace of his recent delirium nor of the panic fear that had haunted him of late. It was the first moment of a strange sudden calm. His movements were precise and definite; a firm purpose was evident in them. “To-day, to-day,” he muttered to himself. He understood that he was still weak, but his intense spiritual concentration gave him strength and self-confidence. He hoped, moreover, that he would not fall down in the street. When he had dressed in entirely new clothes, he looked at the money lying on the table, and after a moment’s thought put it in his pocket. It was twenty-five roubles. He took also all the copper change from the ten roubles spent by Razumihin on the clothes. Then he softly unlatched the door, went out, slipped downstairs and glanced in at the open kitchen door. Nastasya was standing with her back to him, blowing up the landlady’s samovar. She heard nothing. Who would have dreamed of his going out, indeed? A minute later he was in the street.

It was nearly eight o’clock, the sun was setting. It was as stifling as before, but he eagerly drank in the stinking, dusty town air. His head felt rather dizzy; a sort of savage energy gleamed suddenly in his feverish eyes and his wasted, pale and yellow face. He did not know and did not think where he was going, he had one thought only: “that all _this_ must be ended to-day, once for all, immediately; that he would not return home without it, because he _would not go on living like that_.” How, with what to make an end? He had not an idea about it, he did not even want to think of it. He drove away thought; thought tortured him. All he knew, all he felt was that everything must be changed “one way or another,” he repeated with desperate and immovable self-confidence and determination.

From old habit he took his usual walk in the direction of the Hay Market. A dark-haired young man with a barrel organ was standing in the road in front of a little general shop and was grinding out a very sentimental song. He was accompanying a girl of fifteen, who stood on the pavement in front of him. She was dressed up in a crinoline, a mantle and a straw hat with a flame-coloured feather in it, all very old and shabby. In a strong and rather agreeable voice, cracked and coarsened by street singing, she sang in hope of getting a copper from the shop. Raskolnikov joined two or three listeners, took out a five copeck piece and put it in the girl’s hand. She broke off abruptly on a sentimental high note, shouted sharply to the organ grinder “Come on,” and both moved on to the next shop.

“Do you like street music?” said Raskolnikov, addressing a middle-aged man standing idly by him. The man looked at him, startled and wondering.

“I love to hear singing to a street organ,” said Raskolnikov, and his manner seemed strangely out of keeping with the subject--“I like it on cold, dark, damp autumn evenings--they must be damp--when all the passers-by have pale green, sickly faces, or better still when wet snow is falling straight down, when there’s no wind--you know what I mean?--and the street lamps shine through it...”

“I don’t know.... Excuse me...” muttered the stranger, frightened by the question and Raskolnikov’s strange manner, and he crossed over to the other side of the street.

Raskolnikov walked straight on and came out at the corner of the Hay Market, where the huckster and his wife had talked with Lizaveta; but they were not there now. Recognising the place, he stopped, looked round and addressed a young fellow in a red shirt who stood gaping before a corn chandler’s shop.

“Isn’t there a man who keeps a booth with his wife at this corner?”

“All sorts of people keep booths here,” answered the young man, glancing superciliously at Raskolnikov.

“What’s his name?”

“What he was christened.”

“Aren’t you a Zaraïsky man, too? Which province?”

The young man looked at Raskolnikov again.

“It’s not a province, your excellency, but a district. Graciously forgive me, your excellency!”

“Is that a tavern at the top there?”

“Yes, it’s an eating-house and there’s a billiard-room and you’ll find princesses there too.... La-la!”

Raskolnikov crossed the square. In that corner there was a dense crowd of peasants. He pushed his way into the thickest part of it, looking at the faces. He felt an unaccountable inclination to enter into conversation with people. But the peasants took no notice of him; they were all shouting in groups together. He stood and thought a little and took a turning to the right in the direction of V.

He had often crossed that little street which turns at an angle, leading from the market-place to Sadovy Street. Of late he had often felt drawn to wander about this district, when he felt depressed, that he might feel more so.

Now he walked along, thinking of nothing. At that point there is a great block of buildings, entirely let out in dram shops and eating-houses; women were continually running in and out, bare-headed and in their indoor clothes. Here and there they gathered in groups, on the pavement, especially about the entrances to various festive establishments in the lower storeys. From one of these a loud din, sounds of singing, the tinkling of a guitar and shouts of merriment, floated into the street. A crowd of women were thronging round the door; some were sitting on the steps, others on the pavement, others were standing talking. A drunken soldier, smoking a cigarette, was walking near them in the road, swearing; he seemed to be trying to find his way somewhere, but had forgotten where. One beggar was quarrelling with another, and a man dead drunk was lying right across the road. Raskolnikov joined the throng of women, who were talking in husky voices. They were bare-headed and wore cotton dresses and goatskin shoes. There were women of forty and some not more than seventeen; almost all had blackened eyes.

He felt strangely attracted by the singing and all the noise and uproar in the saloon below.... someone could be heard within dancing frantically, marking time with his heels to the sounds of the guitar and of a thin falsetto voice singing a jaunty air. He listened intently, gloomily and dreamily, bending down at the entrance and peeping inquisitively in from the pavement.

“Oh, my handsome soldier Don’t beat me for nothing,”

trilled the thin voice of the singer. Raskolnikov felt a great desire to make out what he was singing, as though everything depended on that.

“Shall I go in?” he thought. “They are laughing. From drink. Shall I get drunk?”

“Won’t you come in?” one of the women asked him. Her voice was still musical and less thick than the others, she was young and not repulsive--the only one of the group.

“Why, she’s pretty,” he said, drawing himself up and looking at her.

She smiled, much pleased at the compliment.

“You’re very nice looking yourself,” she said.

“Isn’t he thin though!” observed another woman in a deep bass. “Have you just come out of a hospital?”

“They’re all generals’ daughters, it seems, but they have all snub noses,” interposed a tipsy peasant with a sly smile on his face, wearing a loose coat. “See how jolly they are.”

“Go along with you!”

“I’ll go, sweetie!”

And he darted down into the saloon below. Raskolnikov moved on.

“I say, sir,” the girl shouted after him.

“What is it?”

She hesitated.

“I’ll always be pleased to spend an hour with you, kind gentleman, but now I feel shy. Give me six copecks for a drink, there’s a nice young man!”

Raskolnikov gave her what came first--fifteen copecks.

“Ah, what a good-natured gentleman!”

“What’s your name?”

“Ask for Duclida.”

“Well, that’s too much,” one of the women observed, shaking her head at Duclida. “I don’t know how you can ask like that. I believe I should drop with shame....”

Raskolnikov looked curiously at the speaker. She was a pock-marked wench of thirty, covered with bruises, with her upper lip swollen. She made her criticism quietly and earnestly. “Where is it,” thought Raskolnikov. “Where is it I’ve read that someone condemned to death says or thinks, an hour before his death, that if he had to live on some high rock, on such a narrow ledge that he’d only room to stand, and the ocean, everlasting darkness, everlasting solitude, everlasting tempest around him, if he had to remain standing on a square yard of space all his life, a thousand years, eternity, it were better to live so than to die at once! Only to live, to live and live! Life, whatever it may be!... How true it is! Good God, how true! Man is a vile creature!... And vile is he who calls him vile for that,” he added a moment later.

He went into another street. “Bah, the Palais de Cristal! Razumihin was just talking of the Palais de Cristal. But what on earth was it I wanted? Yes, the newspapers.... Zossimov said he’d read it in the papers. Have you the papers?” he asked, going into a very spacious and positively clean restaurant, consisting of several rooms, which were, however, rather empty. Two or three people were drinking tea, and in a room further away were sitting four men drinking champagne. Raskolnikov fancied that Zametov was one of them, but he could not be sure at that distance. “What if it is?” he thought.

“Will you have vodka?” asked the waiter.

“Give me some tea and bring me the papers, the old ones for the last five days, and I’ll give you something.”

“Yes, sir, here’s to-day’s. No vodka?”

The old newspapers and the tea were brought. Raskolnikov sat down and began to look through them.

“Oh, damn... these are the items of intelligence. An accident on a staircase, spontaneous combustion of a shopkeeper from alcohol, a fire in Peski... a fire in the Petersburg quarter... another fire in the Petersburg quarter... and another fire in the Petersburg quarter.... Ah, here it is!” He found at last what he was seeking and began to read it. The lines danced before his eyes, but he read it all and began eagerly seeking later additions in the following numbers. His hands shook with nervous impatience as he turned the sheets. Suddenly someone sat down beside him at his table. He looked up, it was the head clerk Zametov, looking just the same, with the rings on his fingers and the watch-chain, with the curly, black hair, parted and pomaded, with the smart waistcoat, rather shabby coat and doubtful linen. He was in a good humour, at least he was smiling very gaily and good-humouredly. His dark face was rather flushed from the champagne he had drunk.

“What, you here?” he began in surprise, speaking as though he’d known him all his life. “Why, Razumihin told me only yesterday you were unconscious. How strange! And do you know I’ve been to see you?”

Raskolnikov knew he would come up to him. He laid aside the papers and turned to Zametov. There was a smile on his lips, and a new shade of irritable impatience was apparent in that smile.

“I know you have,” he answered. “I’ve heard it. You looked for my sock.... And you know Razumihin has lost his heart to you? He says you’ve been with him to Luise Ivanovna’s--you know, the woman you tried to befriend, for whom you winked to the Explosive Lieutenant and he would not understand. Do you remember? How could he fail to understand--it was quite clear, wasn’t it?”

“What a hot head he is!”

“The explosive one?”

“No, your friend Razumihin.”

“You must have a jolly life, Mr. Zametov; entrance free to the most agreeable places. Who’s been pouring champagne into you just now?”

“We’ve just been... having a drink together.... You talk about pouring it into me!”

“By way of a fee! You profit by everything!” Raskolnikov laughed, “it’s all right, my dear boy,” he added, slapping Zametov on the shoulder. “I am not speaking from temper, but in a friendly way, for sport, as that workman of yours said when he was scuffling with Dmitri, in the case of the old woman....”

“How do you know about it?”

“Perhaps I know more about it than you do.”

“How strange you are.... I am sure you are still very unwell. You oughtn’t to have come out.”

“Oh, do I seem strange to you?”

“Yes. What are you doing, reading the papers?”

“Yes.”

“There’s a lot about the fires.”

“No, I am not reading about the fires.” Here he looked mysteriously at Zametov; his lips were twisted again in a mocking smile. “No, I am not reading about the fires,” he went on, winking at Zametov. “But confess now, my dear fellow, you’re awfully anxious to know what I am reading about?”

“I am not in the least. Mayn’t I ask a question? Why do you keep on...?”

“Listen, you are a man of culture and education?”

“I was in the sixth class at the gymnasium,” said Zametov with some dignity.

“Sixth class! Ah, my cock-sparrow! With your parting and your rings--you are a gentleman of fortune. Foo! what a charming boy!” Here Raskolnikov broke into a nervous laugh right in Zametov’s face. The latter drew back, more amazed than offended.

“Foo! how strange you are!” Zametov repeated very seriously. “I can’t help thinking you are still delirious.”

“I am delirious? You are fibbing, my cock-sparrow! So I am strange? You find me curious, do you?”

“Yes, curious.”

“Shall I tell you what I was reading about, what I was looking for? See what a lot of papers I’ve made them bring me. Suspicious, eh?”

“Well, what is it?”

“You prick up your ears?”

“How do you mean--‘prick up my ears’?”

“I’ll explain that afterwards, but now, my boy, I declare to you... no, better ‘I confess’... No, that’s not right either; ‘I make a deposition and you take it.’ I depose that I was reading, that I was looking and searching....” he screwed up his eyes and paused. “I was searching--and came here on purpose to do it--for news of the murder of the old pawnbroker woman,” he articulated at last, almost in a whisper, bringing his face exceedingly close to the face of Zametov. Zametov looked at him steadily, without moving or drawing his face away. What struck Zametov afterwards as the strangest part of it all was that silence followed for exactly a minute, and that they gazed at one another all the while.

“What if you have been reading about it?” he cried at last, perplexed and impatient. “That’s no business of mine! What of it?”

“The same old woman,” Raskolnikov went on in the same whisper, not heeding Zametov’s explanation, “about whom you were talking in the police-office, you remember, when I fainted. Well, do you understand now?”

“What do you mean? Understand... what?” Zametov brought out, almost alarmed.

Raskolnikov’s set and earnest face was suddenly transformed, and he suddenly went off into the same nervous laugh as before, as though utterly unable to restrain himself. And in one flash he recalled with extraordinary vividness of sensation a moment in the recent past, that moment when he stood with the axe behind the door, while the latch trembled and the men outside swore and shook it, and he had a sudden desire to shout at them, to swear at them, to put out his tongue at them, to mock them, to laugh, and laugh, and laugh!

“You are either mad, or...” began Zametov, and he broke off, as though stunned by the idea that had suddenly flashed into his mind.

“Or? Or what? What? Come, tell me!”

“Nothing,” said Zametov, getting angry, “it’s all nonsense!”

Both were silent. After his sudden fit of laughter Raskolnikov became suddenly thoughtful and melancholy. He put his elbow on the table and leaned his head on his hand. He seemed to have completely forgotten Zametov. The silence lasted for some time.

“Why don’t you drink your tea? It’s getting cold,” said Zametov.

“What! Tea? Oh, yes....” Raskolnikov sipped the glass, put a morsel of bread in his mouth and, suddenly looking at Zametov, seemed to remember everything and pulled himself together. At the same moment his face resumed its original mocking expression. He went on drinking tea.

“There have been a great many of these crimes lately,” said Zametov. “Only the other day I read in the _Moscow News_ that a whole gang of false coiners had been caught in Moscow. It was a regular society. They used to forge tickets!”

“Oh, but it was a long time ago! I read about it a month ago,” Raskolnikov answered calmly. “So you consider them criminals?” he added, smiling.

“Of course they are criminals.”

“They? They are children, simpletons, not criminals! Why, half a hundred people meeting for such an object--what an idea! Three would be too many, and then they want to have more faith in one another than in themselves! One has only to blab in his cups and it all collapses. Simpletons! They engaged untrustworthy people to change the notes--what a thing to trust to a casual stranger! Well, let us suppose that these simpletons succeed and each makes a million, and what follows for the rest of their lives? Each is dependent on the others for the rest of his life! Better hang oneself at once! And they did not know how to change the notes either; the man who changed the notes took five thousand roubles, and his hands trembled. He counted the first four thousand, but did not count the fifth thousand--he was in such a hurry to get the money into his pocket and run away. Of course he roused suspicion. And the whole thing came to a crash through one fool! Is it possible?”

“That his hands trembled?” observed Zametov, “yes, that’s quite possible. That, I feel quite sure, is possible. Sometimes one can’t stand things.”

“Can’t stand that?”

“Why, could you stand it then? No, I couldn’t. For the sake of a hundred roubles to face such a terrible experience? To go with false notes into a bank where it’s their business to spot that sort of thing! No, I should not have the face to do it. Would you?”

Raskolnikov had an intense desire again “to put his tongue out.” Shivers kept running down his spine.

“I should do it quite differently,” Raskolnikov began. “This is how I would change the notes: I’d count the first thousand three or four times backwards and forwards, looking at every note and then I’d set to the second thousand; I’d count that half-way through and then hold some fifty-rouble note to the light, then turn it, then hold it to the light again--to see whether it was a good one. ‘I am afraid,’ I would say, ‘a relation of mine lost twenty-five roubles the other day through a false note,’ and then I’d tell them the whole story. And after I began counting the third, ‘No, excuse me,’ I would say, ‘I fancy I made a mistake in the seventh hundred in that

second thousand, I am not sure.' And so I would give up the third thousand and go back to the second and so on to the end. And when I had finished, I'd pick out one from the fifth and one from the second thousand and take them again to the light and ask again, 'Change them, please,' and put the clerk into such a stew that he would not know how to get rid of me. When I'd finished and had gone out, I'd come back, 'No, excuse me,' and ask for some explanation. That's how I'd do it."

"Foo! what terrible things you say!" said Zametov, laughing. "But all that is only talk. I dare say when it came to deeds you'd make a slip. I believe that even a practised, desperate man cannot always reckon on himself, much less you and I. To take an example near home--that old woman murdered in our district. The murderer seems to have been a desperate fellow, he risked everything in open daylight, was saved by a miracle--but his hands shook, too. He did not succeed in robbing the place, he couldn't stand it. That was clear from the..."

Raskolnikov seemed offended.

"Clear? Why don't you catch him then?" he cried, maliciously gibing at Zametov.

"Well, they will catch him."

"Who? You? Do you suppose you could catch him? You've a tough job! A great point for you is whether a man is spending money or not. If he had no money and suddenly begins spending, he must be the man. So that any child can mislead you."

"The fact is they always do that, though," answered Zametov. "A man will commit a clever murder at the risk of his life and then at once he goes drinking in a tavern. They are caught spending money, they are not all as cunning as you are. You wouldn't go to a tavern, of course?"

Raskolnikov frowned and looked steadily at Zametov.

"You seem to enjoy the subject and would like to know how I should behave in that case, too?" he asked with displeasure.

"I should like to," Zametov answered firmly and seriously. Somewhat too much earnestness began to appear in his words and looks.

"Very much?"

"Very much!"

"All right then. This is how I should behave," Raskolnikov began, again bringing his face close to Zametov's, again staring at him and speaking in a whisper, so that the latter positively shuddered. "This is what I should have done. I should have taken the money and jewels, I should have walked out of there and have gone straight to some deserted place with fences round it and scarcely anyone to be seen, some kitchen garden or place of that sort. I should have looked out beforehand some stone weighing a hundredweight or more which had been lying in the corner from the time the house was built. I would lift that stone--there would sure to be a hollow under it, and I would put the jewels and money in that hole. Then I'd roll the stone back so that it would look as before, would press it down with my foot and walk away. And for a year or two, three maybe, I would not touch it. And, well, they could search! There'd be no trace."

"You are a madman," said Zametov, and for some reason he too spoke in a whisper, and moved away from Raskolnikov, whose eyes were glittering. He had turned fearfully pale and his upper lip was twitching and quivering. He bent down as close as possible to Zametov, and his lips began to move without uttering a word. This lasted for half a minute; he knew what he was doing, but could not restrain himself. The terrible word trembled on his lips, like the latch on that door; in another moment it will break out, in another moment he will let it go, he will speak out.

"And what if it was I who murdered the old woman and Lizaveta?" he said suddenly and--realised what he had done.

Zametov looked wildly at him and turned white as the tablecloth. His face wore a contorted smile.

"But is it possible?" he brought out faintly. Raskolnikov looked wrathfully at him.

"Own up that you believed it, yes, you did?"

"Not a bit of it, I believe it less than ever now," Zametov cried hastily.

“I’ve caught my cock-sparrow! So you did believe it before, if now you believe less than ever?”

“Not at all,” cried Zametov, obviously embarrassed. “Have you been frightening me so as to lead up to this?”

“You don’t believe it then? What were you talking about behind my back when I went out of the police-office? And why did the explosive lieutenant question me after I fainted? Hey, there,” he shouted to the waiter, getting up and taking his cap, “how much?”

“Thirty copecks,” the latter replied, running up.

“And there is twenty copecks for vodka. See what a lot of money!” he held out his shaking hand to Zametov with notes in it. “Red notes and blue, twenty-five roubles. Where did I get them? And where did my new clothes come from? You know I had not a copeck. You’ve cross-examined my landlady, I’ll be bound.... Well, that’s enough! _Assez causé!_ Till we meet again!”

He went out, trembling all over from a sort of wild hysterical sensation, in which there was an element of insufferable rapture. Yet he was gloomy and terribly tired. His face was twisted as after a fit. His fatigue increased rapidly. Any shock, any irritating sensation stimulated and revived his energies at once, but his strength failed as quickly when the stimulus was removed.

Zametov, left alone, sat for a long time in the same place, plunged in thought. Raskolnikov had unwittingly worked a revolution in his brain on a certain point and had made up his mind for him conclusively.

“Ilya Petrovitch is a blockhead,” he decided.

Raskolnikov had hardly opened the door of the restaurant when he stumbled against Razumihin on the steps. They did not see each other till they almost knocked against each other. For a moment they stood looking each other up and down. Razumihin was greatly astounded, then anger, real anger gleamed fiercely in his eyes.

“So here you are!” he shouted at the top of his voice--“you ran away from your bed! And here I’ve been looking for you under the sofa! We went up to the garret. I almost beat Nastasya on your account. And here he is after all. Rodya! What is the meaning of it? Tell me the whole truth! Confess! Do you hear?”

“It means that I’m sick to death of you all and I want to be alone,” Raskolnikov answered calmly.

“Alone? When you are not able to walk, when your face is as white as a sheet and you are gasping for breath! Idiot!... What have you been doing in the Palais de Cristal? Own up at once!”

“Let me go!” said Raskolnikov and tried to pass him. This was too much for Razumihin; he gripped him firmly by the shoulder.

“Let you go? You dare tell me to let you go? Do you know what I’ll do with you directly? I’ll pick you up, tie you up in a bundle, carry you home under my arm and lock you up!”

“Listen, Razumihin,” Raskolnikov began quietly, apparently calm--“can’t you see that I don’t want your benevolence? A strange desire you have to shower benefits on a man who... curses them, who feels them a burden in fact! Why did you seek me out at the beginning of my illness? Maybe I was very glad to die. Didn’t I tell you plainly enough to-day that you were torturing me, that I was... sick of you! You seem to want to torture people! I assure you that all that is seriously hindering my recovery, because it’s continually irritating me. You saw Zossimov went away just now to avoid irritating me. You leave me alone too, for goodness’ sake! What right have you, indeed, to keep me by force? Don’t you see that I am in possession of all my faculties now? How, how can I persuade you not to persecute me with your kindness? I may be ungrateful, I may be mean, only let me be, for God’s sake, let me be! Let me be, let me be!”

He began calmly, gloating beforehand over the venomous phrases he was about to utter, but finished, panting for breath, in a frenzy, as he had been with Luzhin.

Razumihin stood a moment, thought and let his hand drop.

“Well, go to hell then,” he said gently and thoughtfully. “Stay,” he roared, as Raskolnikov was about to move. “Listen to me. Let me tell you, that you are all a set of babbling, posing idiots! If you’ve any little trouble you brood over it like a hen over an egg. And you are plagiarists even in that! There isn’t a sign of independent life in you! You are made of spermaceti ointment and you’ve lymph in your veins instead of blood. I don’t believe in anyone of you! In any circumstances the first thing for all of you is to be unlike a human being! Stop!” he cried with redoubled fury, noticing that Raskolnikov was again making a movement--“hear me out! You

know I’m having a house-warming this evening, I dare say they’ve arrived by now, but I left my uncle there--I just ran in--to receive the guests. And if you weren’t a fool, a common fool, a perfect fool, if you were an original instead of a translation... you see, Rodya, I recognise you’re a clever fellow, but you’re a fool!--and if you weren’t a fool you’d come round to me this evening instead of wearing out your boots in the street! Since you have gone out, there’s no help for it! I’d give you a snug easy chair, my landlady has one... a cup of tea, company.... Or you could lie on the sofa--any way you would be with us.... Zossimov will be there too. Will you come?”

“No.”

“R-rubbish!” Razumihin shouted, out of patience. “How do you know? You can’t answer for yourself! You don’t know anything about it.... Thousands of times I’ve fought tooth and nail with people and run back to them afterwards.... One feels ashamed and goes back to a man! So remember, Potchinkov’s house on the third storey....”

“Why, Mr. Razumihin, I do believe you’d let anybody beat you from sheer benevolence.”

“Beat? Whom? Me? I’d twist his nose off at the mere idea! Potchinkov’s house, 47, Babushkin’s flat....”

“I shall not come, Razumihin.” Raskolnikov turned and walked away.

“I bet you will,” Razumihin shouted after him. “I refuse to know you if you don’t! Stay, hey, is Zametov in there?”

“Yes.”

“Did you see him?”

“Yes.”

“Talked to him?”

“Yes.”

“What about? Confound you, don’t tell me then. Potchinkov’s house, 47, Babushkin’s flat, remember!”

Raskolnikov walked on and turned the corner into Sadovy Street. Razumihin looked after him thoughtfully. Then with a wave of his hand he went into the house but stopped short of the stairs.

“Confound it,” he went on almost aloud. “He talked sensibly but yet... I am a fool! As if madmen didn’t talk sensibly! And this was just what Zossimov seemed afraid of.” He struck his finger on his forehead. “What if... how could I let him go off alone? He may drown himself.... Ach, what a blunder! I can’t.” And he ran back to overtake Raskolnikov, but there was no trace of him. With a curse he returned with rapid steps to the Palais de Cristal to question Zametov.

Raskolnikov walked straight to X---- Bridge, stood in the middle, and leaning both elbows on the rail stared into the distance. On parting with Razumihin, he felt so much weaker that he could scarcely reach this place. He longed to sit or lie down somewhere in the street. Bending over the water, he gazed mechanically at the last pink flush of the sunset, at the row of houses growing dark in the gathering twilight, at one distant attic window on the left bank, flashing as though on fire in the last rays of the setting sun, at the darkening water of the canal, and the water seemed to catch his attention. At last red circles flashed before his eyes, the houses seemed moving, the passers-by, the canal banks, the carriages, all danced before his eyes. Suddenly he started, saved again perhaps from swooning by an uncanny and hideous sight. He became aware of someone standing on the right side of him; he looked and saw a tall woman with a kerchief on her head, with a long, yellow, wasted face and red sunken eyes. She was looking straight at him, but obviously she saw nothing and recognised no one. Suddenly she leaned her right hand on the parapet, lifted her right leg over the railing, then her left and threw herself into the canal. The filthy water parted and swallowed up its victim for a moment, but an instant later the drowning woman floated to the surface, moving slowly with the current, her head and legs in the water, her skirt inflated like a balloon over her back.

“A woman drowning! A woman drowning!” shouted dozens of voices; people ran up, both banks were thronged with spectators, on the bridge people crowded about Raskolnikov, pressing up behind him.

“Mercy on it! it’s our Afrosinya!” a woman cried tearfully close by. “Mercy! save her! kind people, pull her out!”

“A boat, a boat!” was shouted in the crowd. But there was no need of a boat; a policeman ran down the steps to the canal, threw off his great coat and his boots and rushed into the water. It was easy to reach her: she floated within a couple of yards from the steps, he caught hold of her clothes with his right hand and with his left seized a pole which a comrade held out to him; the drowning woman was pulled out at once. They laid her on the granite pavement of the embankment. She soon recovered consciousness, raised her head, sat up and began sneezing and coughing, stupidly wiping her wet dress with her hands. She said nothing.

“She’s drunk herself out of her senses,” the same woman’s voice wailed at her side. “Out of her senses. The other day she tried to hang herself, we cut her down. I ran out to the shop just now, left my little girl to look after her--and here she’s in trouble again! A neighbour, gentleman, a neighbour, we live close by, the second house from the end, see yonder....”

The crowd broke up. The police still remained round the woman, someone mentioned the police station.... Raskolnikov looked on with a strange sensation of indifference and apathy. He felt disgusted. “No, that’s loathsome... water... it’s not good enough,” he muttered to himself. “Nothing will come of it,” he added, “no use to wait. What about the police office...? And why isn’t Zametov at the police office? The police office is open till ten o’clock....” He turned his back to the railing and looked about him.

“Very well then!” he said resolutely; he moved from the bridge and walked in the direction of the police office. His heart felt hollow and empty. He did not want to think. Even his depression had passed, there was not a trace now of the energy with which he had set out “to make an end of it all.” Complete apathy had succeeded to it.

“Well, it’s a way out of it,” he thought, walking slowly and listlessly along the canal bank. “Anyway, I’ll make an end, for I want to.... But is it a way out? What does it matter! There’ll be the square yard of space--ha! But what an end! Is it really the end? Shall I tell them or not? Ah... damn! How tired I am! If I could find somewhere to sit or lie down soon! What I am most ashamed of is its being so stupid. But I don’t care about that either! What idiotic ideas come into one’s head.”

To reach the police office he had to go straight forward and take the second turning to the left. It was only a few paces away. But at the first turning he stopped and, after a minute’s thought, turned into a side street and went two streets out of his way, possibly without any object, or possibly to delay a minute and gain time. He walked, looking at the ground; suddenly someone seemed to whisper in his ear; he lifted his head and saw that he was standing at the very gate of _the_ house. He had not passed it, he had not been near it since _that_ evening. An overwhelming, unaccountable prompting drew him on. He went into the house, passed through the gateway, then into the first entrance on the right, and began mounting the familiar staircase to the fourth storey. The narrow, steep staircase was very dark. He stopped at each landing and looked round him with curiosity; on the first landing the framework of the window had been taken out. “That wasn’t so then,” he thought. Here was the flat on the second storey where Nikolay and Dmitri had been working. “It’s shut up and the door newly painted. So it’s to let.” Then the third storey and the fourth. “Here!” He was perplexed to find the door of the flat wide open. There were men there, he could hear voices; he had not expected that. After brief hesitation he mounted the last stairs and went into the flat. It, too, was being done up; there were workmen in it. This seemed to amaze him; he somehow fancied that he would find everything as he left it, even perhaps the corpses in the same places on the floor. And now, bare walls, no furniture; it seemed strange. He walked to the window and sat down on the window-sill. There were two workmen, both young fellows, but one much younger than the other. They were papering the walls with a new white paper covered with lilac flowers, instead of the old, dirty, yellow one. Raskolnikov for some reason felt horribly annoyed by this. He looked at the new paper with dislike, as though he felt sorry to have it all so changed. The workmen had obviously stayed beyond their time and now they were hurriedly rolling up their paper and getting ready to go home. They took no notice of Raskolnikov’s coming in; they were talking. Raskolnikov folded his arms and listened.

“She comes to me in the morning,” said the elder to the younger, “very early, all dressed up. ‘Why are you preening and prinking?’ says I. ‘I am ready to do anything to please you, Tit Vassilitch!’ That’s a way of going on! And she dressed up like a regular fashion book!”

“And what is a fashion book?” the younger one asked. He obviously regarded the other as an authority.

“A fashion book is a lot of pictures, coloured, and they come to the tailors here every Saturday, by post from abroad, to show folks how to dress, the male sex as well as the female. They’re pictures. The gentlemen are generally wearing fur coats and for the ladies’ fluffles, they’re beyond anything you can fancy.”

“There’s nothing you can’t find in Petersburg,” the younger cried enthusiastically, “except father and mother, there’s everything!”

“Except them, there’s everything to be found, my boy,” the elder declared sententiously.

Raskolnikov got up and walked into the other room where the strong box, the bed, and the chest of drawers had been; the room seemed to him very tiny without furniture in it. The paper was the same; the paper in the corner showed where the case of ikons had stood. He looked at it and went to the window. The elder workman looked at him askance.

“What do you want?” he asked suddenly.

Instead of answering Raskolnikov went into the passage and pulled the bell. The same bell, the same cracked note. He rang it a second and a third time; he listened and remembered. The hideous and agonisingly fearful sensation he had felt then began to come back more and more vividly. He shuddered at every ring and it gave him more and more satisfaction.

“Well, what do you want? Who are you?” the workman shouted, going out to him. Raskolnikov went inside again.

“I want to take a flat,” he said. “I am looking round.”

“It’s not the time to look at rooms at night! and you ought to come up with the porter.”

“The floors have been washed, will they be painted?” Raskolnikov went on. “Is there no blood?”

“What blood?”

“Why, the old woman and her sister were murdered here. There was a perfect pool there.”

“But who are you?” the workman cried, uneasy.

“Who am I?”

“Yes.”

“You want to know? Come to the police station, I’ll tell you.”

The workmen looked at him in amazement.

“It’s time for us to go, we are late. Come along, Alyoshka. We must lock up,” said the elder workman.

“Very well, come along,” said Raskolnikov indifferently, and going out first, he went slowly downstairs. “Hey, porter,” he cried in the gateway.

At the entrance several people were standing, staring at the passers-by; the two porters, a peasant woman, a man in a long coat and a few others. Raskolnikov went straight up to them.

“What do you want?” asked one of the porters.

“Have you been to the police office?”

“I’ve just been there. What do you want?”

“Is it open?”

“Of course.”

“Is the assistant there?”

“He was there for a time. What do you want?”

Raskolnikov made no reply, but stood beside them lost in thought.

“He’s been to look at the flat,” said the elder workman, coming forward.

“Which flat?”

“Where we are at work. ‘Why have you washed away the blood?’ says he. ‘There has been a murder here,’ says he, ‘and I’ve come to take it.’ And he began ringing at the bell, all but broke it. ‘Come to the police station,’ says he. ‘I’ll tell you everything there.’ He wouldn’t leave us.”

The porter looked at Raskolnikov, frowning and perplexed.

“Who are you?” he shouted as impressively as he could.

“I am Rodion Romanovitch Raskolnikov, formerly a student, I live in Shil’s house, not far from here, flat Number 14, ask the porter, he knows me.” Raskolnikov said all this in a lazy, dreamy voice, not turning round, but looking intently into the darkening street.

“Why have you been to the flat?”

“To look at it.”

“What is there to look at?”

“Take him straight to the police station,” the man in the long coat jerked in abruptly.

Raskolnikov looked intently at him over his shoulder and said in the same slow, lazy tones:

“Come along.”

“Yes, take him,” the man went on more confidently. “Why was he going into _that_, what’s in his mind, eh?”

“He’s not drunk, but God knows what’s the matter with him,” muttered the workman.

“But what do you want?” the porter shouted again, beginning to get angry in earnest--“Why are you hanging about?”

“You funk the police station then?” said Raskolnikov jeeringly.

“How funk it? Why are you hanging about?”

“He’s a rogue!” shouted the peasant woman.

“Why waste time talking to him?” cried the other porter, a huge peasant in a full open coat and with keys on his belt. “Get along! He is a rogue and no mistake. Get along!”

And seizing Raskolnikov by the shoulder he flung him into the street. He lurched forward, but recovered his footing, looked at the spectators in silence and walked away.

“Strange man!” observed the workman.

“There are strange folks about nowadays,” said the woman.

“You should have taken him to the police station all the same,” said the man in the long coat.

“Better have nothing to do with him,” decided the big porter. “A regular rogue! Just what he wants, you may be sure, but once take him up, you won’t get rid of him.... We know the sort!”

“Shall I go there or not?” thought Raskolnikov, standing in the middle of the thoroughfare at the cross-roads, and he looked about him, as though expecting from someone a decisive word. But no sound came, all was dead and silent like the stones on which he walked, dead to him, to him alone.... All at once at the end of the street, two hundred yards away, in the gathering dusk he saw a crowd and heard talk and shouts. In the middle of the crowd stood a carriage.... A light gleamed in the middle of the street. “What is it?” Raskolnikov turned to the right and went up to the crowd. He seemed to clutch at everything and smiled coldly when he recognised it, for he had fully made up his mind to go to the police station and knew that it would all soon be over.

CHAPTER VII

An elegant carriage stood in the middle of the road with a pair of spirited grey horses; there was no one in it, and the coachman had got off his box and stood by; the horses were being held by the bridle.... A mass of people had gathered round, the police standing in front. One of them held a lighted lantern which he was turning on something lying close to the wheels. Everyone was talking, shouting, exclaiming; the coachman seemed at a loss and kept repeating:

“What a misfortune! Good Lord, what a misfortune!”

Raskolnikov pushed his way in as far as he could, and succeeded at last in seeing the object of the commotion and interest. On the ground a man who had been run over lay apparently unconscious, and covered with blood; he was very badly dressed, but not like a workman. Blood was flowing from his head and face; his face was crushed, mutilated and disfigured. He was evidently badly injured.

“Merciful heaven!” wailed the coachman, “what more could I do? If I’d been driving fast or had not shouted to him, but I was going quietly, not in a hurry. Everyone could see I was going along just like everybody else. A drunken man can’t walk straight, we all know.... I saw him crossing the street, staggering and almost falling. I shouted again and a second and a third time, then I held the horses in, but he fell straight under their feet! Either he did it on purpose or he was very tipsy.... The horses are young and ready to take fright... they started, he screamed... that made them worse. That’s how it happened!”

“That’s just how it was,” a voice in the crowd confirmed.

“He shouted, that’s true, he shouted three times,” another voice declared.

“Three times it was, we all heard it,” shouted a third.

But the coachman was not very much distressed and frightened. It was evident that the carriage belonged to a rich and important person who was awaiting it somewhere; the police, of course, were in no little anxiety to avoid upsetting his arrangements. All they had to do was to take the injured man to the police station and the hospital. No one knew his name.

Meanwhile Raskolnikov had squeezed in and stooped closer over him. The lantern suddenly lighted up the unfortunate man’s face. He recognised him.

“I know him! I know him!” he shouted, pushing to the front. “It’s a government clerk retired from the service, Marmeladov. He lives close by in Kozel’s house.... Make haste for a doctor! I will pay, see?” He pulled money out of his pocket and showed it to the policeman. He was in violent agitation.

The police were glad that they had found out who the man was. Raskolnikov gave his own name and address, and, as earnestly as if it had been his father, he besought the police to carry the unconscious Marmeladov to his lodging at once.

“Just here, three houses away,” he said eagerly, “the house belongs to Kozel, a rich German. He was going home, no doubt drunk. I know him, he is a drunkard. He has a family there, a wife, children, he has one daughter.... It will take time to take him to the hospital, and there is sure to be a doctor in the house. I’ll pay, I’ll pay! At least he will be looked after at home... they will help him at once. But he’ll die before you get him to the hospital.” He managed to slip something unseen into the policeman’s hand. But the thing was straightforward and legitimate, and in any case help was closer here. They raised the injured man; people volunteered to help.

Kozel’s house was thirty yards away. Raskolnikov walked behind, carefully holding Marmeladov’s head and showing the way.

“This way, this way! We must take him upstairs head foremost. Turn round! I’ll pay, I’ll make it worth your while,” he muttered.

Katerina Ivanovna had just begun, as she always did at every free moment, walking to and fro in her little room from window to stove and back again, with her arms folded across her chest, talking to herself and coughing. Of late she had begun to talk more than ever to her eldest girl, Polenka, a child of ten, who, though there was much she did not understand, understood very well that her mother needed her, and so always watched her with her big clever eyes and strove her utmost to appear to understand. This time Polenka was undressing her little brother, who had been unwell all day and was going to bed. The boy was waiting for her to take off his shirt, which had to be washed at night. He was sitting straight and motionless on a chair, with a silent, serious face, with his legs stretched out straight before him--heels together and toes turned out.

He was listening to what his mother was saying to his sister, sitting perfectly still with pouting lips and wide-open eyes, just as all good little boys have to sit when they are undressed to go to bed. A little girl, still younger, dressed literally in rags, stood at the screen, waiting for her turn. The door on to the stairs was open to relieve them a little from the clouds of tobacco smoke which floated in from the other rooms and brought on long terrible fits of coughing in the poor, consumptive woman. Katerina Ivanovna seemed to have grown even thinner during that week and the hectic flush on her face was brighter than ever.

“You wouldn’t believe, you can’t imagine, Polenka,” she said, walking about the room, “what a happy luxurious life we had in my papa’s house and how this drunkard has brought me, and will bring you all, to ruin! Papa was a civil colonel and only a step from

being a governor; so that everyone who came to see him said, ‘We look upon you, Ivan Mihailovitch, as our governor!’ When I... when...” she coughed violently, “oh, cursed life,” she cried, clearing her throat and pressing her hands to her breast, “when I... when at the last ball... at the marshal’s... Princess Bezzemelny saw me--who gave me the blessing when your father and I were married, Polenka--she asked at once ‘Isn’t that the pretty girl who danced the shawl dance at the breaking-up?’ (You must mend that tear, you must take your needle and darn it as I showed you, or to-morrow--cough, cough, cough--he will make the hole bigger,” she articulated with effort.) “Prince Schegolskoy, a kammerjunker, had just come from Petersburg then... he danced the mazurka with me and wanted to make me an offer next day; but I thanked him in flattering expressions and told him that my heart had long been another’s. That other was your father, Polya; papa was fearfully angry.... Is the water ready? Give me the shirt, and the stockings! Lida,” said she to the youngest one, “you must manage without your chemise to-night... and lay your stockings out with it... I’ll wash them together.... How is it that drunken vagabond doesn’t come in? He has worn his shirt till it looks like a dish-clout, he has torn it to rags! I’d do it all together, so as not to have to work two nights running! Oh, dear! (Cough, cough, cough, cough!) Again! What’s this?” she cried, noticing a crowd in the passage and the men, who were pushing into her room, carrying a burden. “What is it? What are they bringing? Mercy on us!”

“Where are we to put him?” asked the policeman, looking round when Marmeladov, unconscious and covered with blood, had been carried in.

“On the sofa! Put him straight on the sofa, with his head this way,” Raskolnikov showed him.

“Run over in the road! Drunk!” someone shouted in the passage.

Katerina Ivanovna stood, turning white and gasping for breath. The children were terrified. Little Lida screamed, rushed to Polenka and clutched at her, trembling all over.

Having laid Marmeladov down, Raskolnikov flew to Katerina Ivanovna.

“For God’s sake be calm, don’t be frightened!” he said, speaking quickly, “he was crossing the road and was run over by a carriage, don’t be frightened, he will come to, I told them bring him here... I’ve been here already, you remember? He will come to; I’ll pay!”

“He’s done it this time!” Katerina Ivanovna cried despairingly and she rushed to her husband.

Raskolnikov noticed at once that she was not one of those women who swoon easily. She instantly placed under the luckless man’s head a pillow, which no one had thought of and began undressing and examining him. She kept her head, forgetting herself, biting her trembling lips and stifling the screams which were ready to break from her.

Raskolnikov meanwhile induced someone to run for a doctor. There was a doctor, it appeared, next door but one.

“I’ve sent for a doctor,” he kept assuring Katerina Ivanovna, “don’t be uneasy, I’ll pay. Haven’t you water?... and give me a napkin or a towel, anything, as quick as you can.... He is injured, but not killed, believe me.... We shall see what the doctor says!”

Katerina Ivanovna ran to the window; there, on a broken chair in the corner, a large earthenware basin full of water had been stood, in readiness for washing her children’s and husband’s linen that night. This washing was done by Katerina Ivanovna at night at least twice a week, if not oftener. For the family had come to such a pass that they were practically without change of linen, and Katerina Ivanovna could not endure uncleanliness and, rather than see dirt in the house, she preferred to wear herself out at night, working beyond her strength when the rest were asleep, so as to get the wet linen hung on a line and dry by the morning. She took up the basin of water at Raskolnikov’s request, but almost fell down with her burden. But the latter had already succeeded in finding a towel, wetted it and began washing the blood off Marmeladov’s face.

Katerina Ivanovna stood by, breathing painfully and pressing her hands to her breast. She was in need of attention herself. Raskolnikov began to realise that he might have made a mistake in having the injured man brought here. The policeman, too, stood in hesitation.

“Polenka,” cried Katerina Ivanovna, “run to Sonia, make haste. If you don’t find her at home, leave word that her father has been run over and that she is to come here at once... when she comes in. Run, Polenka! there, put on the shawl.”

“Run your fastest!” cried the little boy on the chair suddenly, after which he relapsed into the same dumb rigidity, with round eyes, his heels thrust forward and his toes spread out.

Meanwhile the room had become so full of people that you couldn't have dropped a pin. The policemen left, all except one, who remained for a time, trying to drive out the people who came in from the stairs. Almost all Madame Lippevechsel's lodgers had streamed in from the inner rooms of the flat; at first they were squeezed together in the doorway, but afterwards they overflowed into the room. Katerina Ivanovna flew into a fury.

"You might let him die in peace, at least," she shouted at the crowd, "is it a spectacle for you to gape at? With cigarettes! (Cough, cough, cough!) You might as well keep your hats on.... And there is one in his hat!... Get away! You should respect the dead, at least!"

Her cough choked her--but her reproaches were not without result. They evidently stood in some awe of Katerina Ivanovna. The lodgers, one after another, squeezed back into the doorway with that strange inner feeling of satisfaction which may be observed in the presence of a sudden accident, even in those nearest and dearest to the victim, from which no living man is exempt, even in spite of the sincerest sympathy and compassion.

Voices outside were heard, however, speaking of the hospital and saying that they'd no business to make a disturbance here.

"No business to die!" cried Katerina Ivanovna, and she was rushing to the door to vent her wrath upon them, but in the doorway came face to face with Madame Lippevechsel who had only just heard of the accident and ran in to restore order. She was a particularly quarrelsome and irresponsible German.

"Ah, my God!" she cried, clasping her hands, "your husband drunken horses have trampled! To the hospital with him! I am the landlady!"

"Amalia Ludwigovna, I beg you to recollect what you are saying," Katerina Ivanovna began haughtily (she always took a haughty tone with the landlady that she might "remember her place" and even now could not deny herself this satisfaction). "Amalia Ludwigovna..."

"I have you once before told that you to call me Amalia Ludwigovna may not dare; I am Amalia Ivanovna."

"You are not Amalia Ivanovna, but Amalia Ludwigovna, and as I am not one of your despicable flatterers like Mr. Lebeziatnikov, who's laughing behind the door at this moment (a laugh and a cry of 'they are at it again' was in fact audible at the door) so I shall always call you Amalia Ludwigovna, though I fail to understand why you dislike that name. You can see for yourself what has happened to Semyon Zaharovitch; he is dying. I beg you to close that door at once and to admit no one. Let him at least die in peace! Or I warn you the Governor-General, himself, shall be informed of your conduct to-morrow. The prince knew me as a girl; he remembers Semyon Zaharovitch well and has often been a benefactor to him. Everyone knows that Semyon Zaharovitch had many friends and protectors, whom he abandoned himself from an honourable pride, knowing his unhappy weakness, but now (she pointed to Raskolnikov) a generous young man has come to our assistance, who has wealth and connections and whom Semyon Zaharovitch has known from a child. You may rest assured, Amalia Ludwigovna..."

All this was uttered with extreme rapidity, getting quicker and quicker, but a cough suddenly cut short Katerina Ivanovna's eloquence. At that instant the dying man recovered consciousness and uttered a groan; she ran to him. The injured man opened his eyes and without recognition or understanding gazed at Raskolnikov who was bending over him. He drew deep, slow, painful breaths; blood oozed at the corners of his mouth and drops of perspiration came out on his forehead. Not recognising Raskolnikov, he began looking round uneasily. Katerina Ivanovna looked at him with a sad but stern face, and tears trickled from her eyes.

"My God! His whole chest is crushed! How he is bleeding," she said in despair. "We must take off his clothes. Turn a little, Semyon Zaharovitch, if you can," she cried to him.

Marmeladov recognised her.

"A priest," he articulated huskily.

Katerina Ivanovna walked to the window, laid her head against the window frame and exclaimed in despair:

"Oh, cursed life!"

"A priest," the dying man said again after a moment's silence.

“They’ve gone for him,” Katerina Ivanovna shouted to him, he obeyed her shout and was silent. With sad and timid eyes he looked for her; she returned and stood by his pillow. He seemed a little easier but not for long.

Soon his eyes rested on little Lida, his favourite, who was shaking in the corner, as though she were in a fit, and staring at him with her wondering childish eyes.

“A-ah,” he signed towards her uneasily. He wanted to say something.

“What now?” cried Katerina Ivanovna.

“Barefoot, barefoot!” he muttered, indicating with frenzied eyes the child’s bare feet.

“Be silent,” Katerina Ivanovna cried irritably, “you know why she is barefooted.”

“Thank God, the doctor,” exclaimed Raskolnikov, relieved.

The doctor came in, a precise little old man, a German, looking about him mistrustfully; he went up to the sick man, took his pulse, carefully felt his head and with the help of Katerina Ivanovna he unbuttoned the blood-stained shirt, and bared the injured man’s chest. It was gashed, crushed and fractured, several ribs on the right side were broken. On the left side, just over the heart, was a large, sinister-looking yellowish-black bruise--a cruel kick from the horse’s hoof. The doctor frowned. The policeman told him that he was caught in the wheel and turned round with it for thirty yards on the road.

“It’s wonderful that he has recovered consciousness,” the doctor whispered softly to Raskolnikov.

“What do you think of him?” he asked.

“He will die immediately.”

“Is there really no hope?”

“Not the faintest! He is at the last gasp.... His head is badly injured, too... Hm... I could bleed him if you like, but... it would be useless. He is bound to die within the next five or ten minutes.”

“Better bleed him then.”

“If you like.... But I warn you it will be perfectly useless.”

At that moment other steps were heard; the crowd in the passage parted, and the priest, a little, grey old man, appeared in the doorway bearing the sacrament. A policeman had gone for him at the time of the accident. The doctor changed places with him, exchanging glances with him. Raskolnikov begged the doctor to remain a little while. He shrugged his shoulders and remained.

All stepped back. The confession was soon over. The dying man probably understood little; he could only utter indistinct broken sounds. Katerina Ivanovna took little Lida, lifted the boy from the chair, knelt down in the corner by the stove and made the children kneel in front of her. The little girl was still trembling; but the boy, kneeling on his little bare knees, lifted his hand rhythmically, crossing himself with precision and bowed down, touching the floor with his forehead, which seemed to afford him especial satisfaction. Katerina Ivanovna bit her lips and held back her tears; she prayed, too, now and then pulling straight the boy’s shirt, and managed to cover the girl’s bare shoulders with a kerchief, which she took from the chest without rising from her knees or ceasing to pray. Meanwhile the door from the inner rooms was opened inquisitively again. In the passage the crowd of spectators from all the flats on the staircase grew denser and denser, but they did not venture beyond the threshold. A single candle-end lighted up the scene.

At that moment Polenka forced her way through the crowd at the door. She came in panting from running so fast, took off her kerchief, looked for her mother, went up to her and said, “She’s coming, I met her in the street.” Her mother made her kneel beside her.

Timidly and noiselessly a young girl made her way through the crowd, and strange was her appearance in that room, in the midst of want, rags, death and despair. She, too, was in rags, her attire was all of the cheapest, but decked out in gutter finery of a special stamp, unmistakably betraying its shameful purpose. Sonia stopped short in the doorway and looked about her bewildered, unconscious of everything. She forgot her fourth-hand, gaudy silk dress, so unseemly here with its ridiculous long train, and her immense crinoline that filled up the whole doorway, and her light-coloured shoes, and the parasol she brought with her, though it

was no use at night, and the absurd round straw hat with its flaring flame-coloured feather. Under this rakishly-tilted hat was a pale, frightened little face with lips parted and eyes staring in terror. Sonia was a small thin girl of eighteen with fair hair, rather pretty, with wonderful blue eyes. She looked intently at the bed and the priest; she too was out of breath with running. At last whispers, some words in the crowd probably, reached her. She looked down and took a step forward into the room, still keeping close to the door.

The service was over. Katerina Ivanovna went up to her husband again. The priest stepped back and turned to say a few words of admonition and consolation to Katerina Ivanovna on leaving.

“What am I to do with these?” she interrupted sharply and irritably, pointing to the little ones.

“God is merciful; look to the Most High for succour,” the priest began.

“Ach! He is merciful, but not to us.”

“That’s a sin, a sin, madam,” observed the priest, shaking his head.

“And isn’t that a sin?” cried Katerina Ivanovna, pointing to the dying man.

“Perhaps those who have involuntarily caused the accident will agree to compensate you, at least for the loss of his earnings.”

“You don’t understand!” cried Katerina Ivanovna angrily waving her hand. “And why should they compensate me? Why, he was drunk and threw himself under the horses! What earnings? He brought us in nothing but misery. He drank everything away, the drunkard! He robbed us to get drink, he wasted their lives and mine for drink! And thank God he’s dying! One less to keep!”

“You must forgive in the hour of death, that’s a sin, madam, such feelings are a great sin.”

Katerina Ivanovna was busy with the dying man; she was giving him water, wiping the blood and sweat from his head, setting his pillow straight, and had only turned now and then for a moment to address the priest. Now she flew at him almost in a frenzy.

“Ah, father! That’s words and only words! Forgive! If he’d not been run over, he’d have come home to-day drunk and his only shirt dirty and in rags and he’d have fallen asleep like a log, and I should have been sousing and rinsing till daybreak, washing his rags and the children’s and then drying them by the window and as soon as it was daylight I should have been darning them. That’s how I spend my nights!... What’s the use of talking of forgiveness! I have forgiven as it is!”

A terrible hollow cough interrupted her words. She put her handkerchief to her lips and showed it to the priest, pressing her other hand to her aching chest. The handkerchief was covered with blood. The priest bowed his head and said nothing.

Marmeladov was in the last agony; he did not take his eyes off the face of Katerina Ivanovna, who was bending over him again. He kept trying to say something to her; he began moving his tongue with difficulty and articulating indistinctly, but Katerina Ivanovna, understanding that he wanted to ask her forgiveness, called peremptorily to him:

“Be silent! No need! I know what you want to say!” And the sick man was silent, but at the same instant his wandering eyes strayed to the doorway and he saw Sonia.

Till then he had not noticed her: she was standing in the shadow in a corner.

“Who’s that? Who’s that?” he said suddenly in a thick gasping voice, in agitation, turning his eyes in horror towards the door where his daughter was standing, and trying to sit up.

“Lie down! Lie do-own!” cried Katerina Ivanovna.

With unnatural strength he had succeeded in propping himself on his elbow. He looked wildly and fixedly for some time on his daughter, as though not recognising her. He had never seen her before in such attire. Suddenly he recognised her, crushed and ashamed in her humiliation and gaudy finery, meekly awaiting her turn to say good-bye to her dying father. His face showed intense suffering.

“Sonia! Daughter! Forgive!” he cried, and he tried to hold out his hand to her, but losing his balance, he fell off the sofa, face downwards on the floor. They rushed to pick him up, they put him on the sofa; but he was dying. Sonia with a faint cry ran up, embraced him and remained so without moving. He died in her arms.

“He’s got what he wanted,” Katerina Ivanovna cried, seeing her husband’s dead body. “Well, what’s to be done now? How am I to bury him! What can I give them to-morrow to eat?”

Raskolnikov went up to Katerina Ivanovna.

“Katerina Ivanovna,” he began, “last week your husband told me all his life and circumstances.... Believe me, he spoke of you with passionate reverence. From that evening, when I learnt how devoted he was to you all and how he loved and respected you especially, Katerina Ivanovna, in spite of his unfortunate weakness, from that evening we became friends.... Allow me now... to do something... to repay my debt to my dead friend. Here are twenty roubles, I think--and if that can be of any assistance to you, then... I... in short, I will come again, I will be sure to come again... I shall, perhaps, come again to-morrow.... Good-bye!”

And he went quickly out of the room, squeezing his way through the crowd to the stairs. But in the crowd he suddenly jostled against Nikodim Fomitch, who had heard of the accident and had come to give instructions in person. They had not met since the scene at the police station, but Nikodim Fomitch knew him instantly.

“Ah, is that you?” he asked him.

“He’s dead,” answered Raskolnikov. “The doctor and the priest have been, all as it should have been. Don’t worry the poor woman too much, she is in consumption as it is. Try and cheer her up, if possible... you are a kind-hearted man, I know...” he added with a smile, looking straight in his face.

“But you are spattered with blood,” observed Nikodim Fomitch, noticing in the lamplight some fresh stains on Raskolnikov’s waistcoat.

“Yes... I’m covered with blood,” Raskolnikov said with a peculiar air; then he smiled, nodded and went downstairs.

He walked down slowly and deliberately, feverish but not conscious of it, entirely absorbed in a new overwhelming sensation of life and strength that surged up suddenly within him. This sensation might be compared to that of a man condemned to death who has suddenly been pardoned. Halfway down the staircase he was overtaken by the priest on his way home; Raskolnikov let him pass, exchanging a silent greeting with him. He was just descending the last steps when he heard rapid footsteps behind him. Someone overtook him; it was Polenka. She was running after him, calling “Wait! wait!”

He turned round. She was at the bottom of the staircase and stopped short a step above him. A dim light came in from the yard. Raskolnikov could distinguish the child’s thin but pretty little face, looking at him with a bright childish smile. She had run after him with a message which she was evidently glad to give.

“Tell me, what is your name?... and where do you live?” she said hurriedly in a breathless voice.

He laid both hands on her shoulders and looked at her with a sort of rapture. It was such a joy to him to look at her, he could not have said why.

“Who sent you?”

“Sister Sonia sent me,” answered the girl, smiling still more brightly.

“I knew it was sister Sonia sent you.”

“Mamma sent me, too... when sister Sonia was sending me, mamma came up, too, and said ‘Run fast, Polenka.’”

“Do you love sister Sonia?”

“I love her more than anyone,” Polenka answered with a peculiar earnestness, and her smile became graver.

“And will you love me?”

By way of answer he saw the little girl’s face approaching him, her full lips naïvely held out to kiss him. Suddenly her arms as thin as sticks held him tightly, her head rested on his shoulder and the little girl wept softly, pressing her face against him.

“I am sorry for father,” she said a moment later, raising her tear-stained face and brushing away the tears with her hands. “It’s nothing but misfortunes now,” she added suddenly with that peculiarly sedate air which children try hard to assume when they want

to speak like grown-up people.

“Did your father love you?”

“He loved Lida most,” she went on very seriously without a smile, exactly like grown-up people, “he loved her because she is little and because she is ill, too. And he always used to bring her presents. But he taught us to read and me grammar and scripture, too,” she added with dignity. “And mother never used to say anything, but we knew that she liked it and father knew it, too. And mother wants to teach me French, for it’s time my education began.”

“And do you know your prayers?”

“Of course, we do! We knew them long ago. I say my prayers to myself as I am a big girl now, but Kolya and Lida say them aloud with mother. First they repeat the ‘Ave Maria’ and then another prayer: ‘Lord, forgive and bless sister Sonia,’ and then another, ‘Lord, forgive and bless our second father.’ For our elder father is dead and this is another one, but we do pray for the other as well.”

“Polenka, my name is Rodion. Pray sometimes for me, too. ‘And Thy servant Rodion,’ nothing more.”

“I’ll pray for you all the rest of my life,” the little girl declared hotly, and suddenly smiling again she rushed at him and hugged him warmly once more.

Raskolnikov told her his name and address and promised to be sure to come next day. The child went away quite enchanted with him. It was past ten when he came out into the street. In five minutes he was standing on the bridge at the spot where the woman had jumped in.

“Enough,” he pronounced resolutely and triumphantly. “I’ve done with fancies, imaginary terrors and phantoms! Life is real! haven’t I lived just now? My life has not yet died with that old woman! The Kingdom of Heaven to her--and now enough, madam, leave me in peace! Now for the reign of reason and light... and of will, and of strength... and now we will see! We will try our strength!” he added defiantly, as though challenging some power of darkness. “And I was ready to consent to live in a square of space!

“I am very weak at this moment, but... I believe my illness is all over. I knew it would be over when I went out. By the way, Potchinkov’s house is only a few steps away. I certainly must go to Razumihin even if it were not close by... let him win his bet! Let us give him some satisfaction, too--no matter! Strength, strength is what one wants, you can get nothing without it, and strength must be won by strength--that’s what they don’t know,” he added proudly and self-confidently and he walked with flagging footsteps from the bridge. Pride and self-confidence grew continually stronger in him; he was becoming a different man every moment. What was it had happened to work this revolution in him? He did not know himself; like a man catching at a straw, he suddenly felt that he, too, ‘could live, that there was still life for him, that his life had not died with the old woman.’ Perhaps he was in too great a hurry with his conclusions, but he did not think of that.

“But I did ask her to remember ‘Thy servant Rodion’ in her prayers,” the idea struck him. “Well, that was... in case of emergency,” he added and laughed himself at his boyish sally. He was in the best of spirits.

He easily found Razumihin; the new lodger was already known at Potchinkov’s and the porter at once showed him the way. Half-way upstairs he could hear the noise and animated conversation of a big gathering of people. The door was wide open on the stairs; he could hear exclamations and discussion. Razumihin’s room was fairly large; the company consisted of fifteen people. Raskolnikov stopped in the entry, where two of the landlady’s servants were busy behind a screen with two samovars, bottles, plates and dishes of pie and savouries, brought up from the landlady’s kitchen. Raskolnikov sent in for Razumihin. He ran out delighted. At the first glance it was apparent that he had had a great deal to drink and, though no amount of liquor made Razumihin quite drunk, this time he was perceptibly affected by it.

“Listen,” Raskolnikov hastened to say, “I’ve only just come to tell you you’ve won your bet and that no one really knows what may not happen to him. I can’t come in; I am so weak that I shall fall down directly. And so good evening and good-bye! Come and see me to-morrow.”

“Do you know what? I’ll see you home. If you say you’re weak yourself, you must...”

“And your visitors? Who is the curly-headed one who has just peeped out?”

“He? Goodness only knows! Some friend of uncle’s, I expect, or perhaps he has come without being invited... I’ll leave uncle with them, he is an invaluable person, pity I can’t introduce you to him now. But confound them all now! They won’t notice me, and I need a little fresh air, for you’ve come just in the nick of time--another two minutes and I should have come to blows! They are talking such a lot of wild stuff... you simply can’t imagine what men will say! Though why shouldn’t you imagine? Don’t we talk nonsense ourselves? And let them... that’s the way to learn not to!... Wait a minute, I’ll fetch Zossimov.”

Zossimov pounced upon Raskolnikov almost greedily; he showed a special interest in him; soon his face brightened.

“You must go to bed at once,” he pronounced, examining the patient as far as he could, “and take something for the night. Will you take it? I got it ready some time ago... a powder.”

“Two, if you like,” answered Raskolnikov. The powder was taken at once.

“It’s a good thing you are taking him home,” observed Zossimov to Razumihin--“we shall see how he is to-morrow, to-day he’s not at all amiss--a considerable change since the afternoon. Live and learn...”

“Do you know what Zossimov whispered to me when we were coming out?” Razumihin blurted out, as soon as they were in the street. “I won’t tell you everything, brother, because they are such fools. Zossimov told me to talk freely to you on the way and get you to talk freely to me, and afterwards I am to tell him about it, for he’s got a notion in his head that you are... mad or close on it. Only fancy! In the first place, you’ve three times the brains he has; in the second, if you are not mad, you needn’t care a hang that he has got such a wild idea; and thirdly, that piece of beef whose specialty is surgery has gone mad on mental diseases, and what’s brought him to this conclusion about you was your conversation to-day with Zametov.”

“Zametov told you all about it?”

“Yes, and he did well. Now I understand what it all means and so does Zametov.... Well, the fact is, Rodya... the point is... I am a little drunk now.... But that’s... no matter... the point is that this idea... you understand? was just being hatched in their brains... you understand? That is, no one ventured to say it aloud, because the idea is too absurd and especially since the arrest of that painter, that bubble’s burst and gone for ever. But why are they such fools? I gave Zametov a bit of a thrashing at the time--that’s between ourselves, brother; please don’t let out a hint that you know of it; I’ve noticed he is a ticklish subject; it was at Luise Ivanovna’s. But to-day, to-day it’s all cleared up. That Ilya Petrovitch is at the bottom of it! He took advantage of your fainting at the police station, but he is ashamed of it himself now; I know that...”

Raskolnikov listened greedily. Razumihin was drunk enough to talk too freely.

“I fainted then because it was so close and the smell of paint,” said Raskolnikov.

“No need to explain that! And it wasn’t the paint only: the fever had been coming on for a month; Zossimov testifies to that! But how crushed that boy is now, you wouldn’t believe! ‘I am not worth his little finger,’ he says. Yours, he means. He has good feelings at times, brother. But the lesson, the lesson you gave him to-day in the Palais de Cristal, that was too good for anything! You frightened him at first, you know, he nearly went into convulsions! You almost convinced him again of the truth of all that hideous nonsense, and then you suddenly--put out your tongue at him: ‘There now, what do you make of it?’ It was perfect! He is crushed, annihilated now! It was masterly, by Jove, it’s what they deserve! Ah, that I wasn’t there! He was hoping to see you awfully. Porfiry, too, wants to make your acquaintance...”

“Ah!... he too... but why did they put me down as mad?”

“Oh, not mad. I must have said too much, brother.... What struck him, you see, was that only that subject seemed to interest you; now it’s clear why it did interest you; knowing all the circumstances... and how that irritated you and worked in with your illness... I am a little drunk, brother, only, confound him, he has some idea of his own... I tell you, he’s mad on mental diseases. But don’t you mind him...”

For half a minute both were silent.

“Listen, Razumihin,” began Raskolnikov, “I want to tell you plainly: I’ve just been at a death-bed, a clerk who died... I gave them all my money... and besides I’ve just been kissed by someone who, if I had killed anyone, would just the same... in fact I saw someone else there... with a flame-coloured feather... but I am talking nonsense; I am very weak, support me... we shall be at the stairs directly...”

“What’s the matter? What’s the matter with you?” Razumihin asked anxiously.

“I am a little giddy, but that’s not the point, I am so sad, so sad... like a woman. Look, what’s that? Look, look!”

“What is it?”

“Don’t you see? A light in my room, you see? Through the crack...”

They were already at the foot of the last flight of stairs, at the level of the landlady’s door, and they could, as a fact, see from below that there was a light in Raskolnikov’s garret.

“Queer! Nastasya, perhaps,” observed Razumihin.

“She is never in my room at this time and she must be in bed long ago, but... I don’t care! Good-bye!”

“What do you mean? I am coming with you, we’ll come in together!”

“I know we are going in together, but I want to shake hands here and say good-bye to you here. So give me your hand, good-bye!”

“What’s the matter with you, Rodya?”

“Nothing... come along... you shall be witness.”

They began mounting the stairs, and the idea struck Razumihin that perhaps Zossimov might be right after all. “Ah, I’ve upset him with my chatter!” he muttered to himself.

When they reached the door they heard voices in the room.

“What is it?” cried Razumihin. Raskolnikov was the first to open the door; he flung it wide and stood still in the doorway, dumbfoundered.

His mother and sister were sitting on his sofa and had been waiting an hour and a half for him. Why had he never expected, never thought of them, though the news that they had started, were on their way and would arrive immediately, had been repeated to him only that day? They had spent that hour and a half plying Nastasya with questions. She was standing before them and had told them everything by now. They were beside themselves with alarm when they heard of his “running away” to-day, ill and, as they understood from her story, delirious! “Good Heavens, what had become of him?” Both had been weeping, both had been in anguish for that hour and a half.

A cry of joy, of ecstasy, greeted Raskolnikov’s entrance. Both rushed to him. But he stood like one dead; a sudden intolerable sensation struck him like a thunderbolt. He did not lift his arms to embrace them, he could not. His mother and sister clasped him in their arms, kissed him, laughed and cried. He took a step, tottered and fell to the ground, fainting.

Anxiety, cries of horror, moans... Razumihin who was standing in the doorway flew into the room, seized the sick man in his strong arms and in a moment had him on the sofa.

“It’s nothing, nothing!” he cried to the mother and sister--“it’s only a faint, a mere trifle! Only just now the doctor said he was much better, that he is perfectly well! Water! See, he is coming to himself, he is all right again!”

And seizing Dounia by the arm so that he almost dislocated it, he made her bend down to see that “he is all right again.” The mother and sister looked on him with emotion and gratitude, as their Providence. They had heard already from Nastasya all that had been done for their Rodya during his illness, by this “very competent young man,” as Pulcheria Alexandrovna Raskolnikov called him that evening in conversation with Dounia.

PART III

CHAPTER I

Raskolnikov got up, and sat down on the sofa. He waved his hand weakly to Razumihin to cut short the flow of warm and incoherent consolations he was addressing to his mother and sister, took them both by the hand and for a minute or two gazed from one to the other without speaking. His mother was alarmed by his expression. It revealed an emotion agonisingly poignant,

and at the same time something immovable, almost insane. Pulcheria Alexandrovna began to cry.

Avdotya Romanovna was pale; her hand trembled in her brother's.

"Go home... with him," he said in a broken voice, pointing to Razumihin, "good-bye till to-morrow; to-morrow everything... Is it long since you arrived?"

"This evening, Rodya," answered Pulcheria Alexandrovna, "the train was awfully late. But, Rodya, nothing would induce me to leave you now! I will spend the night here, near you..."

"Don't torture me!" he said with a gesture of irritation.

"I will stay with him," cried Razumihin, "I won't leave him for a moment. Bother all my visitors! Let them rage to their hearts' content! My uncle is presiding there."

"How, how can I thank you!" Pulcheria Alexandrovna was beginning, once more pressing Razumihin's hands, but Raskolnikov interrupted her again.

"I can't have it! I can't have it!" he repeated irritably, "don't worry me! Enough, go away... I can't stand it!"

"Come, mamma, come out of the room at least for a minute," Dounia whispered in dismay; "we are distressing him, that's evident."

"Mayn't I look at him after three years?" wept Pulcheria Alexandrovna.

"Stay," he stopped them again, "you keep interrupting me, and my ideas get muddled.... Have you seen Luzhin?"

"No, Rodya, but he knows already of our arrival. We have heard, Rodya, that Pyotr Petrovitch was so kind as to visit you today," Pulcheria Alexandrovna added somewhat timidly.

"Yes... he was so kind... Dounia, I promised Luzhin I'd throw him downstairs and told him to go to hell...."

"Rodya, what are you saying! Surely, you don't mean to tell us..." Pulcheria Alexandrovna began in alarm, but she stopped, looking at Dounia.

Avdotya Romanovna was looking attentively at her brother, waiting for what would come next. Both of them had heard of the quarrel from Nastasya, so far as she had succeeded in understanding and reporting it, and were in painful perplexity and suspense.

"Dounia," Raskolnikov continued with an effort, "I don't want that marriage, so at the first opportunity to-morrow you must refuse Luzhin, so that we may never hear his name again."

"Good Heavens!" cried Pulcheria Alexandrovna.

"Brother, think what you are saying!" Avdotya Romanovna began impetuously, but immediately checked herself. "You are not fit to talk now, perhaps; you are tired," she added gently.

"You think I am delirious? No... You are marrying Luzhin for _my_ sake. But I won't accept the sacrifice. And so write a letter before to-morrow, to refuse him... Let me read it in the morning and that will be the end of it!"

"That I can't do!" the girl cried, offended, "what right have you..."

"Dounia, you are hasty, too, be quiet, to-morrow... Don't you see..." the mother interposed in dismay. "Better come away!"

"He is raving," Razumihin cried tipsily, "or how would he dare! To-morrow all this nonsense will be over... to-day he certainly did drive him away. That was so. And Luzhin got angry, too.... He made speeches here, wanted to show off his learning and he went out crest-fallen...."

"Then it's true?" cried Pulcheria Alexandrovna.

"Good-bye till to-morrow, brother," said Dounia compassionately--"let us go, mother... Good-bye, Rodya."

"Do you hear, sister," he repeated after them, making a last effort, "I am not delirious; this marriage is--an infamy. Let me act like a scoundrel, but you mustn't... one is enough... and though I am a scoundrel, I wouldn't own such a sister. It's me or Luzhin! Go

now....”

“But you’re out of your mind! Despot!” roared Razumihin; but Raskolnikov did not and perhaps could not answer. He lay down on the sofa, and turned to the wall, utterly exhausted. Avdotya Romanovna looked with interest at Razumihin; her black eyes flashed; Razumihin positively started at her glance.

Pulcheria Alexandrovna stood overwhelmed.

“Nothing would induce me to go,” she whispered in despair to Razumihin. “I will stay somewhere here... escort Dounia home.”

“You’ll spoil everything,” Razumihin answered in the same whisper, losing patience--“come out on to the stairs, anyway. Nastasya, show a light! I assure you,” he went on in a half whisper on the stairs--“that he was almost beating the doctor and me this afternoon! Do you understand? The doctor himself! Even he gave way and left him, so as not to irritate him. I remained downstairs on guard, but he dressed at once and slipped off. And he will slip off again if you irritate him, at this time of night, and will do himself some mischief....”

“What are you saying?”

“And Avdotya Romanovna can’t possibly be left in those lodgings without you. Just think where you are staying! That blackguard Pyotr Petrovitch couldn’t find you better lodgings... But you know I’ve had a little to drink, and that’s what makes me... swear; don’t mind it....”

“But I’ll go to the landlady here,” Pulcheria Alexandrovna insisted, “I’ll beseech her to find some corner for Dounia and me for the night. I can’t leave him like that, I cannot!”

This conversation took place on the landing just before the landlady’s door. Nastasya lighted them from a step below. Razumihin was in extraordinary excitement. Half an hour earlier, while he was bringing Raskolnikov home, he had indeed talked too freely, but he was aware of it himself, and his head was clear in spite of the vast quantities he had imbibed. Now he was in a state bordering on ecstasy, and all that he had drunk seemed to fly to his head with redoubled effect. He stood with the two ladies, seizing both by their hands, persuading them, and giving them reasons with astonishing plainness of speech, and at almost every word he uttered, probably to emphasise his arguments, he squeezed their hands painfully as in a vise. He stared at Avdotya Romanovna without the least regard for good manners. They sometimes pulled their hands out of his huge bony paws, but far from noticing what was the matter, he drew them all the closer to him. If they’d told him to jump head foremost from the staircase, he would have done it without thought or hesitation in their service. Though Pulcheria Alexandrovna felt that the young man was really too eccentric and pinched her hand too much, in her anxiety over her Rodya she looked on his presence as providential, and was unwilling to notice all his peculiarities. But though Avdotya Romanovna shared her anxiety, and was not of timorous disposition, she could not see the glowing light in his eyes without wonder and almost alarm. It was only the unbounded confidence inspired by Nastasya’s account of her brother’s queer friend, which prevented her from trying to run away from him, and to persuade her mother to do the same. She realised, too, that even running away was perhaps impossible now. Ten minutes later, however, she was considerably reassured; it was characteristic of Razumihin that he showed his true nature at once, whatever mood he might be in, so that people quickly saw the sort of man they had to deal with.

“You can’t go to the landlady, that’s perfect nonsense!” he cried. “If you stay, though you are his mother, you’ll drive him to a frenzy, and then goodness knows what will happen! Listen, I’ll tell you what I’ll do: Nastasya will stay with him now, and I’ll conduct you both home, you can’t be in the streets alone; Petersburg is an awful place in that way.... But no matter! Then I’ll run straight back here and a quarter of an hour later, on my word of honour, I’ll bring you news how he is, whether he is asleep, and all that. Then, listen! Then I’ll run home in a twinkling--I’ve a lot of friends there, all drunk--I’ll fetch Zossimov--that’s the doctor who is looking after him, he is there, too, but he is not drunk; he is not drunk, he is never drunk! I’ll drag him to Rodya, and then to you, so that you’ll get two reports in the hour--from the doctor, you understand, from the doctor himself, that’s a very different thing from my account of him! If there’s anything wrong, I swear I’ll bring you here myself, but, if it’s all right, you go to bed. And I’ll spend the night here, in the passage, he won’t hear me, and I’ll tell Zossimov to sleep at the landlady’s, to be at hand. Which is better for him: you or the doctor? So come home then! But the landlady is out of the question; it’s all right for me, but it’s out of the question for you: she wouldn’t take you, for she’s... for she’s a fool... She’d be jealous on my account of Avdotya Romanovna and of you, too, if you want to know... of Avdotya Romanovna certainly. She is an absolutely, absolutely unaccountable character! But I am a fool, too!... No matter! Come along! Do you trust me? Come, do you trust me or not?”

“Let us go, mother,” said Avdotya Romanovna, “he will certainly do what he has promised. He has saved Rodya already, and if the doctor really will consent to spend the night here, what could be better?”

“You see, you... you... understand me, because you are an angel!” Razumihin cried in ecstasy, “let us go! Nastasya! Fly upstairs and sit with him with a light; I’ll come in a quarter of an hour.”

Though Pulcheria Alexandrovna was not perfectly convinced, she made no further resistance. Razumihin gave an arm to each and drew them down the stairs. He still made her uneasy, as though he was competent and good-natured, was he capable of carrying out his promise? He seemed in such a condition....

“Ah, I see you think I am in such a condition!” Razumihin broke in upon her thoughts, guessing them, as he strolled along the pavement with huge steps, so that the two ladies could hardly keep up with him, a fact he did not observe, however. “Nonsense! That is... I am drunk like a fool, but that’s not it; I am not drunk from wine. It’s seeing you has turned my head... But don’t mind me! Don’t take any notice: I am talking nonsense, I am not worthy of you.... I am utterly unworthy of you! The minute I’ve taken you home, I’ll pour a couple of pailfuls of water over my head in the gutter here, and then I shall be all right.... If only you knew how I love you both! Don’t laugh, and don’t be angry! You may be angry with anyone, but not with me! I am his friend, and therefore I am your friend, too, I want to be... I had a presentiment... Last year there was a moment... though it wasn’t a presentiment really, for you seem to have fallen from heaven. And I expect I shan’t sleep all night... Zossimov was afraid a little time ago that he would go mad... that’s why he mustn’t be irritated.”

“What do you say?” cried the mother.

“Did the doctor really say that?” asked Avdotya Romanovna, alarmed.

“Yes, but it’s not so, not a bit of it. He gave him some medicine, a powder, I saw it, and then your coming here.... Ah! It would have been better if you had come to-morrow. It’s a good thing we went away. And in an hour Zossimov himself will report to you about everything. He is not drunk! And I shan’t be drunk.... And what made me get so tight? Because they got me into an argument, damn them! I’ve sworn never to argue! They talk such trash! I almost came to blows! I’ve left my uncle to preside. Would you believe, they insist on complete absence of individualism and that’s just what they relish! Not to be themselves, to be as unlike themselves as they can. That’s what they regard as the highest point of progress. If only their nonsense were their own, but as it is...”

“Listen!” Pulcheria Alexandrovna interrupted timidly, but it only added fuel to the flames.

“What do you think?” shouted Razumihin, louder than ever, “you think I am attacking them for talking nonsense? Not a bit! I like them to talk nonsense. That’s man’s one privilege over all creation. Through error you come to the truth! I am a man because I err! You never reach any truth without making fourteen mistakes and very likely a hundred and fourteen. And a fine thing, too, in its way; but we can’t even make mistakes on our own account! Talk nonsense, but talk your own nonsense, and I’ll kiss you for it. To go wrong in one’s own way is better than to go right in someone else’s. In the first case you are a man, in the second you’re no better than a bird. Truth won’t escape you, but life can be cramped. There have been examples. And what are we doing now? In science, development, thought, invention, ideals, aims, liberalism, judgment, experience and everything, everything, everything, we are still in the preparatory class at school. We prefer to live on other people’s ideas, it’s what we are used to! Am I right, am I right?” cried Razumihin, pressing and shaking the two ladies’ hands.

“Oh, mercy, I do not know,” cried poor Pulcheria Alexandrovna.

“Yes, yes... though I don’t agree with you in everything,” added Avdotya Romanovna earnestly and at once uttered a cry, for he squeezed her hand so painfully.

“Yes, you say yes... well after that you... you...” he cried in a transport, “you are a fount of goodness, purity, sense... and perfection. Give me your hand... you give me yours, too! I want to kiss your hands here at once, on my knees...” and he fell on his knees on the pavement, fortunately at that time deserted.

“Leave off, I entreat you, what are you doing?” Pulcheria Alexandrovna cried, greatly distressed.

“Get up, get up!” said Dounia laughing, though she, too, was upset.

“Not for anything till you let me kiss your hands! That’s it! Enough! I get up and we’ll go on! I am a luckless fool, I am unworthy of you and drunk... and I am ashamed.... I am not worthy to love you, but to do homage to you is the duty of every man who is not a

perfect beast! And I've done homage.... Here are your lodgings, and for that alone Rodya was right in driving your Pyotr Petrovitch away.... How dare he! how dare he put you in such lodgings! It's a scandal! Do you know the sort of people they take in here? And you his betrothed! You are his betrothed? Yes? Well, then, I'll tell you, your _fiancé_ is a scoundrel."

"Excuse me, Mr. Razumihin, you are forgetting..." Pulcheria Alexandrovna was beginning.

"Yes, yes, you are right, I did forget myself, I am ashamed of it," Razumihin made haste to apologise. "But... but you can't be angry with me for speaking so! For I speak sincerely and not because... hm, hm! That would be disgraceful; in fact not because I'm in... hm! Well, anyway, I won't say why, I daren't.... But we all saw to-day when he came in that that man is not of our sort. Not because he had his hair curled at the barber's, not because he was in such a hurry to show his wit, but because he is a spy, a speculator, because he is a skin-flint and a buffoon. That's evident. Do you think him clever? No, he is a fool, a fool. And is he a match for you? Good heavens! Do you see, ladies?" he stopped suddenly on the way upstairs to their rooms, "though all my friends there are drunk, yet they are all honest, and though we do talk a lot of trash, and I do, too, yet we shall talk our way to the truth at last, for we are on the right path, while Pyotr Petrovitch... is not on the right path. Though I've been calling them all sorts of names just now, I do respect them all... though I don't respect Zametov, I like him, for he is a puppy, and that bullock Zossimov, because he is an honest man and knows his work. But enough, it's all said and forgiven. Is it forgiven? Well, then, let's go on. I know this corridor, I've been here, there was a scandal here at Number 3.... Where are you here? Which number? eight? Well, lock yourselves in for the night, then. Don't let anybody in. In a quarter of an hour I'll come back with news, and half an hour later I'll bring Zossimov, you'll see! Good-bye, I'll run."

"Good heavens, Dounia, what is going to happen?" said Pulcheria Alexandrovna, addressing her daughter with anxiety and dismay.

"Don't worry yourself, mother," said Dounia, taking off her hat and cape. "God has sent this gentleman to our aid, though he has come from a drinking party. We can depend on him, I assure you. And all that he has done for Rodya...."

"Ah. Dounia, goodness knows whether he will come! How could I bring myself to leave Rodya?... And how different, how different I had fancied our meeting! How sullen he was, as though not pleased to see us...."

Tears came into her eyes.

"No, it's not that, mother. You didn't see, you were crying all the time. He is quite unhinged by serious illness--that's the reason."

"Ah, that illness! What will happen, what will happen? And how he talked to you, Dounia!" said the mother, looking timidly at her daughter, trying to read her thoughts and, already half consoled by Dounia's standing up for her brother, which meant that she had already forgiven him. "I am sure he will think better of it to-morrow," she added, probing her further.

"And I am sure that he will say the same to-morrow... about that," Avdotya Romanovna said finally. And, of course, there was no going beyond that, for this was a point which Pulcheria Alexandrovna was afraid to discuss. Dounia went up and kissed her mother. The latter warmly embraced her without speaking. Then she sat down to wait anxiously for Razumihin's return, timidly watching her daughter who walked up and down the room with her arms folded, lost in thought. This walking up and down when she was thinking was a habit of Avdotya Romanovna's and the mother was always afraid to break in on her daughter's mood at such moments.

Razumihin, of course, was ridiculous in his sudden drunken infatuation for Avdotya Romanovna. Yet apart from his eccentric condition, many people would have thought it justified if they had seen Avdotya Romanovna, especially at that moment when she was walking to and fro with folded arms, pensive and melancholy. Avdotya Romanovna was remarkably good-looking; she was tall, strikingly well-proportioned, strong and self-reliant--the latter quality was apparent in every gesture, though it did not in the least detract from the grace and softness of her movements. In face she resembled her brother, but she might be described as really beautiful. Her hair was dark brown, a little lighter than her brother's; there was a proud light in her almost black eyes and yet at times a look of extraordinary kindness. She was pale, but it was a healthy pallor; her face was radiant with freshness and vigour. Her mouth was rather small; the full red lower lip projected a little as did her chin; it was the only irregularity in her beautiful face, but it gave it a peculiarly individual and almost haughty expression. Her face was always more serious and thoughtful than gay; but how well smiles, how well youthful, lighthearted, irresponsible, laughter suited her face! It was natural enough that a warm, open, simple-hearted, honest giant like Razumihin, who had never seen anyone like her and was not quite sober at the time, should lose his head immediately. Besides, as chance would have it, he saw Dounia for the first time transfigured by her love for her brother and her joy at meeting him. Afterwards he saw her lower lip quiver with indignation at her brother's insolent, cruel and ungrateful words--and his fate was sealed.

He had spoken the truth, moreover, when he blurted out in his drunken talk on the stairs that Praskovya Pavlovna, Raskolnikov's eccentric landlady, would be jealous of Pulcheria Alexandrovna as well as of Avdotya Romanovna on his account. Although Pulcheria Alexandrovna was forty-three, her face still retained traces of her former beauty; she looked much younger than her age, indeed, which is almost always the case with women who retain serenity of spirit, sensitiveness and pure sincere warmth of heart to old age. We may add in parenthesis that to preserve all this is the only means of retaining beauty to old age. Her hair had begun to grow grey and thin, there had long been little crow's foot wrinkles round her eyes, her cheeks were hollow and sunken from anxiety and grief, and yet it was a handsome face. She was Dounia over again, twenty years older, but without the projecting underlip. Pulcheria Alexandrovna was emotional, but not sentimental, timid and yielding, but only to a certain point. She could give way and accept a great deal even of what was contrary to her convictions, but there was a certain barrier fixed by honesty, principle and the deepest convictions which nothing would induce her to cross.

Exactly twenty minutes after Razumihin's departure, there came two subdued but hurried knocks at the door: he had come back.

"I won't come in, I haven't time," he hastened to say when the door was opened. "He sleeps like a top, soundly, quietly, and God grant he may sleep ten hours. Nastasya's with him; I told her not to leave till I came. Now I am fetching Zossimov, he will report to you and then you'd better turn in; I can see you are too tired to do anything...."

And he ran off down the corridor.

"What a very competent and... devoted young man!" cried Pulcheria Alexandrovna exceedingly delighted.

"He seems a splendid person!" Avdotya Romanovna replied with some warmth, resuming her walk up and down the room.

It was nearly an hour later when they heard footsteps in the corridor and another knock at the door. Both women waited this time completely relying on Razumihin's promise; he actually had succeeded in bringing Zossimov. Zossimov had agreed at once to desert the drinking party to go to Raskolnikov's, but he came reluctantly and with the greatest suspicion to see the ladies, mistrusting Razumihin in his exhilarated condition. But his vanity was at once reassured and flattered; he saw that they were really expecting him as an oracle. He stayed just ten minutes and succeeded in completely convincing and comforting Pulcheria Alexandrovna. He spoke with marked sympathy, but with the reserve and extreme seriousness of a young doctor at an important consultation. He did not utter a word on any other subject and did not display the slightest desire to enter into more personal relations with the two ladies. Remarking at his first entrance the dazzling beauty of Avdotya Romanovna, he endeavoured not to notice her at all during his visit and addressed himself solely to Pulcheria Alexandrovna. All this gave him extraordinary inward satisfaction. He declared that he thought the invalid at this moment going on very satisfactorily. According to his observations the patient's illness was due partly to his unfortunate material surroundings during the last few months, but it had partly also a moral origin, "was, so to speak, the product of several material and moral influences, anxieties, apprehensions, troubles, certain ideas... and so on." Noticing stealthily that Avdotya Romanovna was following his words with close attention, Zossimov allowed himself to enlarge on this theme. On Pulcheria Alexandrovna's anxiously and timidly inquiring as to "some suspicion of insanity," he replied with a composed and candid smile that his words had been exaggerated; that certainly the patient had some fixed idea, something approaching a monomania--he, Zossimov, was now particularly studying this interesting branch of medicine--but that it must be recollected that until to-day the patient had been in delirium and... and that no doubt the presence of his family would have a favourable effect on his recovery and distract his mind, "if only all fresh shocks can be avoided," he added significantly. Then he got up, took leave with an impressive and affable bow, while blessings, warm gratitude, and entreaties were showered upon him, and Avdotya Romanovna spontaneously offered her hand to him. He went out exceedingly pleased with his visit and still more so with himself.

"We'll talk to-morrow; go to bed at once!" Razumihin said in conclusion, following Zossimov out. "I'll be with you to-morrow morning as early as possible with my report."

"That's a fetching little girl, Avdotya Romanovna," remarked Zossimov, almost licking his lips as they both came out into the street.

"Fetching? You said fetching?" roared Razumihin and he flew at Zossimov and seized him by the throat. "If you ever dare.... Do you understand? Do you understand?" he shouted, shaking him by the collar and squeezing him against the wall. "Do you hear?"

"Let me go, you drunken devil," said Zossimov, struggling and when he had let him go, he stared at him and went off into a sudden guffaw. Razumihin stood facing him in gloomy and earnest reflection.

“Of course, I am an ass,” he observed, sombre as a storm cloud, “but still... you are another.”

“No, brother, not at all such another. I am not dreaming of any folly.”

They walked along in silence and only when they were close to Raskolnikov’s lodgings, Razumihin broke the silence in considerable anxiety.

“Listen,” he said, “you’re a first-rate fellow, but among your other failings, you’re a loose fish, that I know, and a dirty one, too. You are a feeble, nervous wretch, and a mass of whims, you’re getting fat and lazy and can’t deny yourself anything--and I call that dirty because it leads one straight into the dirt. You’ve let yourself get so slack that I don’t know how it is you are still a good, even a devoted doctor. You--a doctor--sleep on a feather bed and get up at night to your patients! In another three or four years you won’t get up for your patients... But hang it all, that’s not the point!... You are going to spend to-night in the landlady’s flat here. (Hard work I’ve had to persuade her!) And I’ll be in the kitchen. So here’s a chance for you to get to know her better.... It’s not as you think! There’s not a trace of anything of the sort, brother...!”

“But I don’t think!”

“Here you have modesty, brother, silence, bashfulness, a savage virtue... and yet she’s sighing and melting like wax, simply melting! Save me from her, by all that’s unholy! She’s most prepossessing... I’ll repay you, I’ll do anything....”

Zossimov laughed more violently than ever.

“Well, you are smitten! But what am I to do with her?”

“It won’t be much trouble, I assure you. Talk any rot you like to her, as long as you sit by her and talk. You’re a doctor, too; try curing her of something. I swear you won’t regret it. She has a piano, and you know, I strum a little. I have a song there, a genuine Russian one: ‘I shed hot tears.’ She likes the genuine article--and well, it all began with that song; Now you’re a regular performer, a _maître_, a Rubinstein.... I assure you, you won’t regret it!”

“But have you made her some promise? Something signed? A promise of marriage, perhaps?”

“Nothing, nothing, absolutely nothing of the kind! Besides she is not that sort at all.... Tchebarov tried that....”

“Well then, drop her!”

“But I can’t drop her like that!”

“Why can’t you?”

“Well, I can’t, that’s all about it! There’s an element of attraction here, brother.”

“Then why have you fascinated her?”

“I haven’t fascinated her; perhaps I was fascinated myself in my folly. But she won’t care a straw whether it’s you or I, so long as somebody sits beside her, sighing.... I can’t explain the position, brother... look here, you are good at mathematics, and working at it now... begin teaching her the integral calculus; upon my soul, I’m not joking, I’m in earnest, it’ll be just the same to her. She will gaze at you and sigh for a whole year together. I talked to her once for two days at a time about the Prussian House of Lords (for one must talk of something)--she just sighed and perspired! And you mustn’t talk of love--she’s bashful to hysterics--but just let her see you can’t tear yourself away--that’s enough. It’s fearfully comfortable; you’re quite at home, you can read, sit, lie about, write. You may even venture on a kiss, if you’re careful.”

“But what do I want with her?”

“Ach, I can’t make you understand! You see, you are made for each other! I have often been reminded of you!... You’ll come to it in the end! So does it matter whether it’s sooner or later? There’s the feather-bed element here, brother--ach! and not only that! There’s an attraction here--here you have the end of the world, an anchorage, a quiet haven, the navel of the earth, the three fishes that are the foundation of the world, the essence of pancakes, of savoury fish-pies, of the evening samovar, of soft sighs and warm shawls, and hot stoves to sleep on--as snug as though you were dead, and yet you’re alive--the advantages of both at once! Well, hang it, brother, what stuff I’m talking, it’s bedtime! Listen. I sometimes wake up at night; so I’ll go in and look at him. But there’s no need, it’s all right. Don’t you worry yourself, yet if you like, you might just look in once, too. But if you notice anything--delirium or

fever--wake me at once. But there can't be...."

CHAPTER II

Razumihin waked up next morning at eight o'clock, troubled and serious. He found himself confronted with many new and unlooked-for perplexities. He had never expected that he would ever wake up feeling like that. He remembered every detail of the previous day and he knew that a perfectly novel experience had befallen him, that he had received an impression unlike anything he had known before. At the same time he recognised clearly that the dream which had fired his imagination was hopelessly unattainable--so unattainable that he felt positively ashamed of it, and he hastened to pass to the other more practical cares and difficulties bequeathed him by that "thrice accursed yesterday."

The most awful recollection of the previous day was the way he had shown himself "base and mean," not only because he had been drunk, but because he had taken advantage of the young girl's position to abuse her _fiancé_ in his stupid jealousy, knowing nothing of their mutual relations and obligations and next to nothing of the man himself. And what right had he to criticise him in that hasty and unguarded manner? Who had asked for his opinion? Was it thinkable that such a creature as Avdotya Romanovna would be marrying an unworthy man for money? So there must be something in him. The lodgings? But after all how could he know the character of the lodgings? He was furnishing a flat... Foo! how despicable it all was! And what justification was it that he was drunk? Such a stupid excuse was even more degrading! In wine is truth, and the truth had all come out, "that is, all the uncleanness of his coarse and envious heart"! And would such a dream ever be permissible to him, Razumihin? What was he beside such a girl--he, the drunken noisy braggart of last night? Was it possible to imagine so absurd and cynical a juxtaposition? Razumihin blushed desperately at the very idea and suddenly the recollection forced itself vividly upon him of how he had said last night on the stairs that the landlady would be jealous of Avdotya Romanovna... that was simply intolerable. He brought his fist down heavily on the kitchen stove, hurt his hand and sent one of the bricks flying.

"Of course," he muttered to himself a minute later with a feeling of self-abasement, "of course, all these infamies can never be wiped out or smoothed over... and so it's useless even to think of it, and I must go to them in silence and do my duty... in silence, too... and not ask forgiveness, and say nothing... for all is lost now!"

And yet as he dressed he examined his attire more carefully than usual. He hadn't another suit--if he had had, perhaps he wouldn't have put it on. "I would have made a point of not putting it on." But in any case he could not remain a cynic and a dirty sloven; he had no right to offend the feelings of others, especially when they were in need of his assistance and asking him to see them. He brushed his clothes carefully. His linen was always decent; in that respect he was especially clean.

He washed that morning scrupulously--he got some soap from Nastasya--he washed his hair, his neck and especially his hands. When it came to the question whether to shave his stubbly chin or not (Praskovya Pavlovna had capital razors that had been left by her late husband), the question was angrily answered in the negative. "Let it stay as it is! What if they think that I shaved on purpose to...? They certainly would think so! Not on any account!"

"And... the worst of it was he was so coarse, so dirty, he had the manners of a pothouse; and... and even admitting that he knew he had some of the essentials of a gentleman... what was there in that to be proud of? Everyone ought to be a gentleman and more than that... and all the same (he remembered) he, too, had done little things... not exactly dishonest, and yet.... And what thoughts he sometimes had; hm... and to set all that beside Avdotya Romanovna! Confound it! So be it! Well, he'd make a point then of being dirty, greasy, pothouse in his manners and he wouldn't care! He'd be worse!"

He was engaged in such monologues when Zossimov, who had spent the night in Praskovya Pavlovna's parlour, came in.

He was going home and was in a hurry to look at the invalid first. Razumihin informed him that Raskolnikov was sleeping like a dormouse. Zossimov gave orders that they shouldn't wake him and promised to see him again about eleven.

"If he is still at home," he added. "Damn it all! If one can't control one's patients, how is one to cure them? Do you know whether _he_ will go to them, or whether _they_ are coming here?"

"They are coming, I think," said Razumihin, understanding the object of the question, "and they will discuss their family affairs, no doubt. I'll be off. You, as the doctor, have more right to be here than I."

"But I am not a father confessor; I shall come and go away; I've plenty to do besides looking after them."

“One thing worries me,” interposed Razumihin, frowning. “On the way home I talked a lot of drunken nonsense to him... all sorts of things... and amongst them that you were afraid that he... might become insane.”

“You told the ladies so, too.”

“I know it was stupid! You may beat me if you like! Did you think so seriously?”

“That’s nonsense, I tell you, how could I think it seriously? You, yourself, described him as a monomaniac when you fetched me to him... and we added fuel to the fire yesterday, you did, that is, with your story about the painter; it was a nice conversation, when he was, perhaps, mad on that very point! If only I’d known what happened then at the police station and that some wretch... had insulted him with this suspicion! Hm... I would not have allowed that conversation yesterday. These monomaniacs will make a mountain out of a mole-hill... and see their fancies as solid realities.... As far as I remember, it was Zametov’s story that cleared up half the mystery, to my mind. Why, I know one case in which a hypochondriac, a man of forty, cut the throat of a little boy of eight, because he couldn’t endure the jokes he made every day at table! And in this case his rags, the insolent police officer, the fever and this suspicion! All that working upon a man half frantic with hypochondria, and with his morbid exceptional vanity! That may well have been the starting-point of illness. Well, bother it all!... And, by the way, that Zametov certainly is a nice fellow, but hm... he shouldn’t have told all that last night. He is an awful chatterbox!”

“But whom did he tell it to? You and me?”

“And Porfiry.”

“What does that matter?”

“And, by the way, have you any influence on them, his mother and sister? Tell them to be more careful with him to-day....”

“They’ll get on all right!” Razumihin answered reluctantly.

“Why is he so set against this Luzhin? A man with money and she doesn’t seem to dislike him... and they haven’t a farthing, I suppose? eh?”

“But what business is it of yours?” Razumihin cried with annoyance. “How can I tell whether they’ve a farthing? Ask them yourself and perhaps you’ll find out....”

“Foo! what an ass you are sometimes! Last night’s wine has not gone off yet.... Good-bye; thank your Praskovya Pavlovna from me for my night’s lodging. She locked herself in, made no reply to my _bonjour_ through the door; she was up at seven o’clock, the samovar was taken into her from the kitchen. I was not vouchsafed a personal interview....”

At nine o’clock precisely Razumihin reached the lodgings at Bakaleyev’s house. Both ladies were waiting for him with nervous impatience. They had risen at seven o’clock or earlier. He entered looking as black as night, bowed awkwardly and was at once furious with himself for it. He had reckoned without his host: Pulcheria Alexandrovna fairly rushed at him, seized him by both hands and was almost kissing them. He glanced timidly at Avdotya Romanovna, but her proud countenance wore at that moment an expression of such gratitude and friendliness, such complete and unlooked-for respect (in place of the sneering looks and ill-disguised contempt he had expected), that it threw him into greater confusion than if he had been met with abuse. Fortunately there was a subject for conversation, and he made haste to snatch at it.

Hearing that everything was going well and that Rodya had not yet waked, Pulcheria Alexandrovna declared that she was glad to hear it, because “she had something which it was very, very necessary to talk over beforehand.” Then followed an inquiry about breakfast and an invitation to have it with them; they had waited to have it with him. Avdotya Romanovna rang the bell: it was answered by a ragged dirty waiter, and they asked him to bring tea which was served at last, but in such a dirty and disorderly way that the ladies were ashamed. Razumihin vigorously attacked the lodgings, but, remembering Luzhin, stopped in embarrassment and was greatly relieved by Pulcheria Alexandrovna’s questions, which showered in a continual stream upon him.

He talked for three quarters of an hour, being constantly interrupted by their questions, and succeeded in describing to them all the most important facts he knew of the last year of Raskolnikov’s life, concluding with a circumstantial account of his illness. He omitted, however, many things, which were better omitted, including the scene at the police station with all its consequences. They listened eagerly to his story, and, when he thought he had finished and satisfied his listeners, he found that they considered he had hardly begun.

“Tell me, tell me! What do you think...? Excuse me, I still don’t know your name!” Pulcheria Alexandrovna put in hastily.

“Dmitri Prokofitch.”

“I should like very, very much to know, Dmitri Prokofitch... how he looks... on things in general now, that is, how can I explain, what are his likes and dislikes? Is he always so irritable? Tell me, if you can, what are his hopes and, so to say, his dreams? Under what influences is he now? In a word, I should like...”

“Ah, mother, how can he answer all that at once?” observed Dounia.

“Good heavens, I had not expected to find him in the least like this, Dmitri Prokofitch!”

“Naturally,” answered Razumihin. “I have no mother, but my uncle comes every year and almost every time he can scarcely recognise me, even in appearance, though he is a clever man; and your three years’ separation means a great deal. What am I to tell you? I have known Rodion for a year and a half; he is morose, gloomy, proud and haughty, and of late--and perhaps for a long time before--he has been suspicious and fanciful. He has a noble nature and a kind heart. He does not like showing his feelings and would rather do a cruel thing than open his heart freely. Sometimes, though, he is not at all morbid, but simply cold and inhumanly callous; it’s as though he were alternating between two characters. Sometimes he is fearfully reserved! He says he is so busy that everything is a hindrance, and yet he lies in bed doing nothing. He doesn’t jeer at things, not because he hasn’t the wit, but as though he hadn’t time to waste on such trifles. He never listens to what is said to him. He is never interested in what interests other people at any given moment. He thinks very highly of himself and perhaps he is right. Well, what more? I think your arrival will have a most beneficial influence upon him.”

“God grant it may,” cried Pulcheria Alexandrovna, distressed by Razumihin’s account of her Rodya.

And Razumihin ventured to look more boldly at Avdotya Romanovna at last. He glanced at her often while he was talking, but only for a moment and looked away again at once. Avdotya Romanovna sat at the table, listening attentively, then got up again and began walking to and fro with her arms folded and her lips compressed, occasionally putting in a question, without stopping her walk. She had the same habit of not listening to what was said. She was wearing a dress of thin dark stuff and she had a white transparent scarf round her neck. Razumihin soon detected signs of extreme poverty in their belongings. Had Avdotya Romanovna been dressed like a queen, he felt that he would not be afraid of her, but perhaps just because she was poorly dressed and that he noticed all the misery of her surroundings, his heart was filled with dread and he began to be afraid of every word he uttered, every gesture he made, which was very trying for a man who already felt diffident.

“You’ve told us a great deal that is interesting about my brother’s character... and have told it impartially. I am glad. I thought that you were too uncritically devoted to him,” observed Avdotya Romanovna with a smile. “I think you are right that he needs a woman’s care,” she added thoughtfully.

“I didn’t say so; but I daresay you are right, only...”

“What?”

“He loves no one and perhaps he never will,” Razumihin declared decisively.

“You mean he is not capable of love?”

“Do you know, Avdotya Romanovna, you are awfully like your brother, in everything, indeed!” he blurted out suddenly to his own surprise, but remembering at once what he had just before said of her brother, he turned as red as a crab and was overcome with confusion. Avdotya Romanovna couldn’t help laughing when she looked at him.

“You may both be mistaken about Rodya,” Pulcheria Alexandrovna remarked, slightly piqued. “I am not talking of our present difficulty, Dounia. What Pyotr Petrovitch writes in this letter and what you and I have supposed may be mistaken, but you can’t imagine, Dmitri Prokofitch, how moody and, so to say, capricious he is. I never could depend on what he would do when he was only fifteen. And I am sure that he might do something now that nobody else would think of doing... Well, for instance, do you know how a year and a half ago he astounded me and gave me a shock that nearly killed me, when he had the idea of marrying that girl--what was her name--his landlady’s daughter?”

“Did you hear about that affair?” asked Avdotya Romanovna.

“Do you suppose----” Pulcheria Alexandrovna continued warmly. “Do you suppose that my tears, my entreaties, my illness, my possible death from grief, our poverty would have made him pause? No, he would calmly have disregarded all obstacles. And yet it isn’t that he doesn’t love us!”

“He has never spoken a word of that affair to me,” Razumihin answered cautiously. “But I did hear something from Praskovya Pavlovna herself, though she is by no means a gossip. And what I heard certainly was rather strange.”

“And what did you hear?” both the ladies asked at once.

“Well, nothing very special. I only learned that the marriage, which only failed to take place through the girl’s death, was not at all to Praskovya Pavlovna’s liking. They say, too, the girl was not at all pretty, in fact I am told positively ugly... and such an invalid... and queer. But she seems to have had some good qualities. She must have had some good qualities or it’s quite inexplicable.... She had no money either and he wouldn’t have considered her money.... But it’s always difficult to judge in such matters.”

“I am sure she was a good girl,” Avdotya Romanovna observed briefly.

“God forgive me, I simply rejoiced at her death. Though I don’t know which of them would have caused most misery to the other--he to her or she to him,” Pulcheria Alexandrovna concluded. Then she began tentatively questioning him about the scene on the previous day with Luzhin, hesitating and continually glancing at Dounia, obviously to the latter’s annoyance. This incident more than all the rest evidently caused her uneasiness, even consternation. Razumihin described it in detail again, but this time he added his own conclusions: he openly blamed Raskolnikov for intentionally insulting Pyotr Petrovitch, not seeking to excuse him on the score of his illness.

“He had planned it before his illness,” he added.

“I think so, too,” Pulcheria Alexandrovna agreed with a dejected air. But she was very much surprised at hearing Razumihin express himself so carefully and even with a certain respect about Pyotr Petrovitch. Avdotya Romanovna, too, was struck by it.

“So this is your opinion of Pyotr Petrovitch?” Pulcheria Alexandrovna could not resist asking.

“I can have no other opinion of your daughter’s future husband,” Razumihin answered firmly and with warmth, “and I don’t say it simply from vulgar politeness, but because... simply because Avdotya Romanovna has of her own free will deigned to accept this man. If I spoke so rudely of him last night, it was because I was disgustingly drunk and... mad besides; yes, mad, crazy, I lost my head completely... and this morning I am ashamed of it.”

He crimsoned and ceased speaking. Avdotya Romanovna flushed, but did not break the silence. She had not uttered a word from the moment they began to speak of Luzhin.

Without her support Pulcheria Alexandrovna obviously did not know what to do. At last, faltering and continually glancing at her daughter, she confessed that she was exceedingly worried by one circumstance.

“You see, Dmitri Prokofitch,” she began. “I’ll be perfectly open with Dmitri Prokofitch, Dounia?”

“Of course, mother,” said Avdotya Romanovna emphatically.

“This is what it is,” she began in haste, as though the permission to speak of her trouble lifted a weight off her mind. “Very early this morning we got a note from Pyotr Petrovitch in reply to our letter announcing our arrival. He promised to meet us at the station, you know; instead of that he sent a servant to bring us the address of these lodgings and to show us the way; and he sent a message that he would be here himself this morning. But this morning this note came from him. You’d better read it yourself; there is one point in it which worries me very much... you will soon see what that is, and... tell me your candid opinion, Dmitri Prokofitch! You know Rodya’s character better than anyone and no one can advise us better than you can. Dounia, I must tell you, made her decision at once, but I still don’t feel sure how to act and I... I’ve been waiting for your opinion.”

Razumihin opened the note which was dated the previous evening and read as follows:

“Dear Madam, Pulcheria Alexandrovna, I have the honour to inform you that owing to unforeseen obstacles I was rendered unable to meet you at the railway station; I sent a very competent person with the same object in view. I likewise shall be deprived of the honour of an interview with you to-morrow morning by business in the Senate that does not admit of delay, and also that I may not

intrude on your family circle while you are meeting your son, and Avdotya Romanovna her brother. I shall have the honour of visiting you and paying you my respects at your lodgings not later than to-morrow evening at eight o'clock precisely, and herewith I venture to present my earnest and, I may add, imperative request that Rodion Romanovitch may not be present at our interview--as he offered me a gross and unprecedented affront on the occasion of my visit to him in his illness yesterday, and, moreover, since I desire from you personally an indispensable and circumstantial explanation upon a certain point, in regard to which I wish to learn your own interpretation. I have the honour to inform you, in anticipation, that if, in spite of my request, I meet Rodion Romanovitch, I shall be compelled to withdraw immediately and then you have only yourself to blame. I write on the assumption that Rodion Romanovitch who appeared so ill at my visit, suddenly recovered two hours later and so, being able to leave the house, may visit you also. I was confirmed in that belief by the testimony of my own eyes in the lodging of a drunken man who was run over and has since died, to whose daughter, a young woman of notorious behaviour, he gave twenty-five roubles on the pretext of the funeral, which gravely surprised me knowing what pains you were at to raise that sum. Herewith expressing my special respect to your estimable daughter, Avdotya Romanovna, I beg you to accept the respectful homage of

"Your humble servant,

"P. LUZHIN."

"What am I to do now, Dmitri Prokofitch?" began Pulcheria Alexandrovna, almost weeping. "How can I ask Rodya not to come? Yesterday he insisted so earnestly on our refusing Pyotr Petrovitch and now we are ordered not to receive Rodya! He will come on purpose if he knows, and... what will happen then?"

"Act on Avdotya Romanovna's decision," Razumihin answered calmly at once.

"Oh, dear me! She says... goodness knows what she says, she doesn't explain her object! She says that it would be best, at least, not that it would be best, but that it's absolutely necessary that Rodya should make a point of being here at eight o'clock and that they must meet.... I didn't want even to show him the letter, but to prevent him from coming by some stratagem with your help... because he is so irritable.... Besides I don't understand about that drunkard who died and that daughter, and how he could have given the daughter all the money... which..."

"Which cost you such sacrifice, mother," put in Avdotya Romanovna.

"He was not himself yesterday," Razumihin said thoughtfully, "if you only knew what he was up to in a restaurant yesterday, though there was sense in it too.... Hm! He did say something, as we were going home yesterday evening, about a dead man and a girl, but I didn't understand a word.... But last night, I myself..."

"The best thing, mother, will be for us to go to him ourselves and there I assure you we shall see at once what's to be done. Besides, it's getting late--good heavens, it's past ten," she cried looking at a splendid gold enamelled watch which hung round her neck on a thin Venetian chain, and looked entirely out of keeping with the rest of her dress. "A present from her _fiancé_," thought Razumihin.

"We must start, Dounia, we must start," her mother cried in a flutter. "He will be thinking we are still angry after yesterday, from our coming so late. Merciful heavens!"

While she said this she was hurriedly putting on her hat and mantle; Dounia, too, put on her things. Her gloves, as Razumihin noticed, were not merely shabby but had holes in them, and yet this evident poverty gave the two ladies an air of special dignity, which is always found in people who know how to wear poor clothes. Razumihin looked reverently at Dounia and felt proud of escorting her. "The queen who mended her stockings in prison," he thought, "must have looked then every inch a queen and even more a queen than at sumptuous banquets and levées."

"My God!" exclaimed Pulcheria Alexandrovna, "little did I think that I should ever fear seeing my son, my darling, darling Rodya! I am afraid, Dmitri Prokofitch," she added, glancing at him timidly.

"Don't be afraid, mother," said Dounia, kissing her, "better have faith in him."

"Oh, dear, I have faith in him, but I haven't slept all night," exclaimed the poor woman.

They came out into the street.

“Do you know, Dounia, when I dozed a little this morning I dreamed of Marfa Petrovna... she was all in white... she came up to me, took my hand, and shook her head at me, but so sternly as though she were blaming me.... Is that a good omen? Oh, dear me! You don’t know, Dmitri Prokofitch, that Marfa Petrovna’s dead!”

“No, I didn’t know; who is Marfa Petrovna?”

“She died suddenly; and only fancy...”

“Afterwards, mamma,” put in Dounia. “He doesn’t know who Marfa Petrovna is.”

“Ah, you don’t know? And I was thinking that you knew all about us. Forgive me, Dmitri Prokofitch, I don’t know what I am thinking about these last few days. I look upon you really as a providence for us, and so I took it for granted that you knew all about us. I look on you as a relation.... Don’t be angry with me for saying so. Dear me, what’s the matter with your right hand? Have you knocked it?”

“Yes, I bruised it,” muttered Razumihin overjoyed.

“I sometimes speak too much from the heart, so that Dounia finds fault with me.... But, dear me, what a cupboard he lives in! I wonder whether he is awake? Does this woman, his landlady, consider it a room? Listen, you say he does not like to show his feelings, so perhaps I shall annoy him with my... weaknesses? Do advise me, Dmitri Prokofitch, how am I to treat him? I feel quite distracted, you know.”

“Don’t question him too much about anything if you see him frown; don’t ask him too much about his health; he doesn’t like that.”

“Ah, Dmitri Prokofitch, how hard it is to be a mother! But here are the stairs.... What an awful staircase!”

“Mother, you are quite pale, don’t distress yourself, darling,” said Dounia caressing her, then with flashing eyes she added: “He ought to be happy at seeing you, and you are tormenting yourself so.”

“Wait, I’ll peep in and see whether he has waked up.”

The ladies slowly followed Razumihin, who went on before, and when they reached the landlady’s door on the fourth storey, they noticed that her door was a tiny crack open and that two keen black eyes were watching them from the darkness within. When their eyes met, the door was suddenly shut with such a slam that Pulcheria Alexandrovna almost cried out.

CHAPTER III

“He is well, quite well!” Zossimov cried cheerfully as they entered.

He had come in ten minutes earlier and was sitting in the same place as before, on the sofa. Raskolnikov was sitting in the opposite corner, fully dressed and carefully washed and combed, as he had not been for some time past. The room was immediately crowded, yet Nastasya managed to follow the visitors in and stayed to listen.

Raskolnikov really was almost well, as compared with his condition the day before, but he was still pale, listless, and sombre. He looked like a wounded man or one who has undergone some terrible physical suffering. His brows were knitted, his lips compressed, his eyes feverish. He spoke little and reluctantly, as though performing a duty, and there was a restlessness in his movements.

He only wanted a sling on his arm or a bandage on his finger to complete the impression of a man with a painful abscess or a broken arm. The pale, sombre face lighted up for a moment when his mother and sister entered, but this only gave it a look of more intense suffering, in place of its listless dejection. The light soon died away, but the look of suffering remained, and Zossimov, watching and studying his patient with all the zest of a young doctor beginning to practise, noticed in him no joy at the arrival of his mother and sister, but a sort of bitter, hidden determination to bear another hour or two of inevitable torture. He saw later that almost every word of the following conversation seemed to touch on some sore place and irritate it. But at the same time he marvelled at the power of controlling himself and hiding his feelings in a patient who the previous day had, like a monomaniac, fallen into a frenzy at the slightest word.

“Yes, I see myself now that I am almost well,” said Raskolnikov, giving his mother and sister a kiss of welcome which made Pulcheria Alexandrovna radiant at once. “And I don’t say this _as I did yesterday_,” he said, addressing Razumihin, with a friendly

pressure of his hand.

“Yes, indeed, I am quite surprised at him to-day,” began Zossimov, much delighted at the ladies’ entrance, for he had not succeeded in keeping up a conversation with his patient for ten minutes. “In another three or four days, if he goes on like this, he will be just as before, that is, as he was a month ago, or two... or perhaps even three. This has been coming on for a long while.... eh? Confess, now, that it has been perhaps your own fault?” he added, with a tentative smile, as though still afraid of irritating him.

“It is very possible,” answered Raskolnikov coldly.

“I should say, too,” continued Zossimov with zest, “that your complete recovery depends solely on yourself. Now that one can talk to you, I should like to impress upon you that it is essential to avoid the elementary, so to speak, fundamental causes tending to produce your morbid condition: in that case you will be cured, if not, it will go from bad to worse. These fundamental causes I don’t know, but they must be known to you. You are an intelligent man, and must have observed yourself, of course. I fancy the first stage of your derangement coincides with your leaving the university. You must not be left without occupation, and so, work and a definite aim set before you might, I fancy, be very beneficial.”

“Yes, yes; you are perfectly right.... I will make haste and return to the university: and then everything will go smoothly....”

Zossimov, who had begun his sage advice partly to make an effect before the ladies, was certainly somewhat mystified, when, glancing at his patient, he observed unmistakable mockery on his face. This lasted an instant, however. Pulcheria Alexandrovna began at once thanking Zossimov, especially for his visit to their lodging the previous night.

“What! he saw you last night?” Raskolnikov asked, as though startled. “Then you have not slept either after your journey.”

“Ach, Rodya, that was only till two o’clock. Dounia and I never go to bed before two at home.”

“I don’t know how to thank him either,” Raskolnikov went on, suddenly frowning and looking down. “Setting aside the question of payment--forgive me for referring to it (he turned to Zossimov)--I really don’t know what I have done to deserve such special attention from you! I simply don’t understand it... and... and... it weighs upon me, indeed, because I don’t understand it. I tell you so candidly.”

“Don’t be irritated.” Zossimov forced himself to laugh. “Assume that you are my first patient--well--we fellows just beginning to practise love our first patients as if they were our children, and some almost fall in love with them. And, of course, I am not rich in patients.”

“I say nothing about him,” added Raskolnikov, pointing to Razumihin, “though he has had nothing from me either but insult and trouble.”

“What nonsense he is talking! Why, you are in a sentimental mood to-day, are you?” shouted Razumihin.

If he had had more penetration he would have seen that there was no trace of sentimentality in him, but something indeed quite the opposite. But Avdotya Romanovna noticed it. She was intently and uneasily watching her brother.

“As for you, mother, I don’t dare to speak,” he went on, as though repeating a lesson learned by heart. “It is only to-day that I have been able to realise a little how distressed you must have been here yesterday, waiting for me to come back.”

When he had said this, he suddenly held out his hand to his sister, smiling without a word. But in this smile there was a flash of real unfeigned feeling. Dounia caught it at once, and warmly pressed his hand, overjoyed and thankful. It was the first time he had addressed her since their dispute the previous day. The mother’s face lighted up with ecstatic happiness at the sight of this conclusive unspoken reconciliation. “Yes, that is what I love him for,” Razumihin, exaggerating it all, muttered to himself, with a vigorous turn in his chair. “He has these movements.”

“And how well he does it all,” the mother was thinking to herself. “What generous impulses he has, and how simply, how delicately he put an end to all the misunderstanding with his sister--simply by holding out his hand at the right minute and looking at her like that.... And what fine eyes he has, and how fine his whole face is!... He is even better looking than Dounia.... But, good heavens, what a suit--how terribly he’s dressed!... Vasya, the messenger boy in Afanasy Ivanitch’s shop, is better dressed! I could rush at him and hug him... weep over him--but I am afraid.... Oh, dear, he’s so strange! He’s talking kindly, but I’m afraid! Why, what am I afraid of?...”

“Oh, Rodya, you wouldn’t believe,” she began suddenly, in haste to answer his words to her, “how unhappy Dounia and I were yesterday! Now that it’s all over and done with and we are quite happy again--I can tell you. Fancy, we ran here almost straight from the train to embrace you and that woman--ah, here she is! Good morning, Nastasya!... She told us at once that you were lying in a high fever and had just run away from the doctor in delirium, and they were looking for you in the streets. You can’t imagine how we felt! I couldn’t help thinking of the tragic end of Lieutenant Potanchikov, a friend of your father’s--you can’t remember him, Rodya--who ran out in the same way in a high fever and fell into the well in the court-yard and they couldn’t pull him out till next day. Of course, we exaggerated things. We were on the point of rushing to find Pyotr Petrovitch to ask him to help.... Because we were alone, utterly alone,” she said plaintively and stopped short, suddenly, recollecting it was still somewhat dangerous to speak of Pyotr Petrovitch, although “we are quite happy again.”

“Yes, yes.... Of course it’s very annoying....” Raskolnikov muttered in reply, but with such a preoccupied and inattentive air that Dounia gazed at him in perplexity.

“What else was it I wanted to say?” He went on trying to recollect. “Oh, yes; mother, and you too, Dounia, please don’t think that I didn’t mean to come and see you to-day and was waiting for you to come first.”

“What are you saying, Rodya?” cried Pulcheria Alexandrovna. She, too, was surprised.

“Is he answering us as a duty?” Dounia wondered. “Is he being reconciled and asking forgiveness as though he were performing a rite or repeating a lesson?”

“I’ve only just waked up, and wanted to go to you, but was delayed owing to my clothes; I forgot yesterday to ask her... Nastasya... to wash out the blood... I’ve only just dressed.”

“Blood! What blood?” Pulcheria Alexandrovna asked in alarm.

“Oh, nothing--don’t be uneasy. It was when I was wandering about yesterday, rather delirious, I chanced upon a man who had been run over... a clerk...”

“Delirious? But you remember everything!” Razumihin interrupted.

“That’s true,” Raskolnikov answered with special carefulness. “I remember everything even to the slightest detail, and yet--why I did that and went there and said that, I can’t clearly explain now.”

“A familiar phenomenon,” interposed Zossimov, “actions are sometimes performed in a masterly and most cunning way, while the direction of the actions is deranged and dependent on various morbid impressions--it’s like a dream.”

“Perhaps it’s a good thing really that he should think me almost a madman,” thought Raskolnikov.

“Why, people in perfect health act in the same way too,” observed Dounia, looking uneasily at Zossimov.

“There is some truth in your observation,” the latter replied. “In that sense we are certainly all not infrequently like madmen, but with the slight difference that the deranged are somewhat madder, for we must draw a line. A normal man, it is true, hardly exists. Among dozens--perhaps hundreds of thousands--hardly one is to be met with.”

At the word “madman,” carelessly dropped by Zossimov in his chatter on his favourite subject, everyone frowned.

Raskolnikov sat seeming not to pay attention, plunged in thought with a strange smile on his pale lips. He was still meditating on something.

“Well, what about the man who was run over? I interrupted you!” Razumihin cried hastily.

“What?” Raskolnikov seemed to wake up. “Oh... I got spattered with blood helping to carry him to his lodging. By the way, mamma, I did an unpardonable thing yesterday. I was literally out of my mind. I gave away all the money you sent me... to his wife for the funeral. She’s a widow now, in consumption, a poor creature... three little children, starving... nothing in the house... there’s a daughter, too... perhaps you’d have given it yourself if you’d seen them. But I had no right to do it I admit, especially as I knew how you needed the money yourself. To help others one must have the right to do it, or else _Crevez, chiens, si vous n’êtes pas contents_.” He laughed, “That’s right, isn’t it, Dounia?”

“No, it’s not,” answered Dounia firmly.

“Bah! you, too, have ideals,” he muttered, looking at her almost with hatred, and smiling sarcastically. “I ought to have considered that.... Well, that’s praiseworthy, and it’s better for you... and if you reach a line you won’t overstep, you will be unhappy... and if you overstep it, maybe you will be still unhappier.... But all that’s nonsense,” he added irritably, vexed at being carried away. “I only meant to say that I beg your forgiveness, mother,” he concluded, shortly and abruptly.

“That’s enough, Rodya, I am sure that everything you do is very good,” said his mother, delighted.

“Don’t be too sure,” he answered, twisting his mouth into a smile.

A silence followed. There was a certain constraint in all this conversation, and in the silence, and in the reconciliation, and in the forgiveness, and all were feeling it.

“It is as though they were afraid of me,” Raskolnikov was thinking to himself, looking askance at his mother and sister. Pulcheria Alexandrovna was indeed growing more timid the longer she kept silent.

“Yet in their absence I seemed to love them so much,” flashed through his mind.

“Do you know, Rodya, Marfa Petrovna is dead,” Pulcheria Alexandrovna suddenly blurted out.

“What Marfa Petrovna?”

“Oh, mercy on us--Marfa Petrovna Svidrigaïlov. I wrote you so much about her.”

“A-a-h! Yes, I remember.... So she’s dead! Oh, really?” he roused himself suddenly, as if waking up. “What did she die of?”

“Only imagine, quite suddenly,” Pulcheria Alexandrovna answered hurriedly, encouraged by his curiosity. “On the very day I was sending you that letter! Would you believe it, that awful man seems to have been the cause of her death. They say he beat her dreadfully.”

“Why, were they on such bad terms?” he asked, addressing his sister.

“Not at all. Quite the contrary indeed. With her, he was always very patient, considerate even. In fact, all those seven years of their married life he gave way to her, too much so indeed, in many cases. All of a sudden he seems to have lost patience.”

“Then he could not have been so awful if he controlled himself for seven years? You seem to be defending him, Dounia?”

“No, no, he’s an awful man! I can imagine nothing more awful!” Dounia answered, almost with a shudder, knitting her brows, and sinking into thought.

“That had happened in the morning,” Pulcheria Alexandrovna went on hurriedly. “And directly afterwards she ordered the horses to be harnessed to drive to the town immediately after dinner. She always used to drive to the town in such cases. She ate a very good dinner, I am told....”

“After the beating?”

“That was always her... habit; and immediately after dinner, so as not to be late in starting, she went to the bath-house.... You see, she was undergoing some treatment with baths. They have a cold spring there, and she used to bathe in it regularly every day, and no sooner had she got into the water when she suddenly had a stroke!”

“I should think so,” said Zossimov.

“And did he beat her badly?”

“What does that matter!” put in Dounia.

“H’m! But I don’t know why you want to tell us such gossip, mother,” said Raskolnikov irritably, as it were in spite of himself.

“Ah, my dear, I don’t know what to talk about,” broke from Pulcheria Alexandrovna.

“Why, are you all afraid of me?” he asked, with a constrained smile.

“That’s certainly true,” said Dounia, looking directly and sternly at her brother. “Mother was crossing herself with terror as she came up the stairs.”

His face worked, as though in convulsion.

“Ach, what are you saying, Dounia! Don’t be angry, please, Rodya.... Why did you say that, Dounia?” Pulcheria Alexandrovna began, overwhelmed--“You see, coming here, I was dreaming all the way, in the train, how we should meet, how we should talk over everything together.... And I was so happy, I did not notice the journey! But what am I saying? I am happy now.... You should not, Dounia.... I am happy now--simply in seeing you, Rodya....”

“Hush, mother,” he muttered in confusion, not looking at her, but pressing her hand. “We shall have time to speak freely of everything!”

As he said this, he was suddenly overwhelmed with confusion and turned pale. Again that awful sensation he had known of late passed with deadly chill over his soul. Again it became suddenly plain and perceptible to him that he had just told a fearful lie--that he would never now be able to speak freely of everything--that he would never again be able to _speak_ of anything to anyone. The anguish of this thought was such that for a moment he almost forgot himself. He got up from his seat, and not looking at anyone walked towards the door.

“What are you about?” cried Razumihin, clutching him by the arm.

He sat down again, and began looking about him, in silence. They were all looking at him in perplexity.

“But what are you all so dull for?” he shouted, suddenly and quite unexpectedly. “Do say something! What’s the use of sitting like this? Come, do speak. Let us talk.... We meet together and sit in silence.... Come, anything!”

“Thank God; I was afraid the same thing as yesterday was beginning again,” said Pulcheria Alexandrovna, crossing herself.

“What is the matter, Rodya?” asked Avdotya Romanovna, distrustfully.

“Oh, nothing! I remembered something,” he answered, and suddenly laughed.

“Well, if you remembered something; that’s all right!... I was beginning to think...” muttered Zossimov, getting up from the sofa. “It is time for me to be off. I will look in again perhaps... if I can...” He made his bows, and went out.

“What an excellent man!” observed Pulcheria Alexandrovna.

“Yes, excellent, splendid, well-educated, intelligent,” Raskolnikov began, suddenly speaking with surprising rapidity, and a liveliness he had not shown till then. “I can’t remember where I met him before my illness.... I believe I have met him somewhere----... And this is a good man, too,” he nodded at Razumihin. “Do you like him, Dounia?” he asked her; and suddenly, for some unknown reason, laughed.

“Very much,” answered Dounia.

“Foo!--what a pig you are!” Razumihin protested, blushing in terrible confusion, and he got up from his chair. Pulcheria Alexandrovna smiled faintly, but Raskolnikov laughed aloud.

“Where are you off to?”

“I must go.”

“You need not at all. Stay. Zossimov has gone, so you must. Don’t go. What’s the time? Is it twelve o’clock? What a pretty watch you have got, Dounia. But why are you all silent again? I do all the talking.”

“It was a present from Marfa Petrovna,” answered Dounia.

“And a very expensive one!” added Pulcheria Alexandrovna.

“A-ah! What a big one! Hardly like a lady’s.”

“I like that sort,” said Dounia.

“So it is not a present from her _fiancé_,” thought Razumihin, and was unreasonably delighted.

“I thought it was Luzhin’s present,” observed Raskolnikov.

“No, he has not made Dounia any presents yet.”

“A-ah! And do you remember, mother, I was in love and wanted to get married?” he said suddenly, looking at his mother, who was disconcerted by the sudden change of subject and the way he spoke of it.

“Oh, yes, my dear.”

Pulcheria Alexandrovna exchanged glances with Dounia and Razumihin.

“H’m, yes. What shall I tell you? I don’t remember much indeed. She was such a sickly girl,” he went on, growing dreamy and looking down again. “Quite an invalid. She was fond of giving alms to the poor, and was always dreaming of a nunnery, and once she burst into tears when she began talking to me about it. Yes, yes, I remember. I remember very well. She was an ugly little thing. I really don’t know what drew me to her then--I think it was because she was always ill. If she had been lame or hunchback, I believe I should have liked her better still,” he smiled dreamily. “Yes, it was a sort of spring delirium.”

“No, it was not only spring delirium,” said Dounia, with warm feeling.

He fixed a strained intent look on his sister, but did not hear or did not understand her words. Then, completely lost in thought, he got up, went up to his mother, kissed her, went back to his place and sat down.

“You love her even now?” said Pulcheria Alexandrovna, touched.

“Her? Now? Oh, yes.... You ask about her? No... that’s all now, as it were, in another world... and so long ago. And indeed everything happening here seems somehow far away.” He looked attentively at them. “You, now... I seem to be looking at you from a thousand miles away... but, goodness knows why we are talking of that! And what’s the use of asking about it?” he added with annoyance, and biting his nails, fell into dreamy silence again.

“What a wretched lodging you have, Rodya! It’s like a tomb,” said Pulcheria Alexandrovna, suddenly breaking the oppressive silence. “I am sure it’s quite half through your lodging you have become so melancholy.”

“My lodging,” he answered, listlessly. “Yes, the lodging had a great deal to do with it.... I thought that, too.... If only you knew, though, what a strange thing you said just now, mother,” he said, laughing strangely.

A little more, and their companionship, this mother and this sister, with him after three years’ absence, this intimate tone of conversation, in face of the utter impossibility of really speaking about anything, would have been beyond his power of endurance. But there was one urgent matter which must be settled one way or the other that day--so he had decided when he woke. Now he was glad to remember it, as a means of escape.

“Listen, Dounia,” he began, gravely and drily, “of course I beg your pardon for yesterday, but I consider it my duty to tell you again that I do not withdraw from my chief point. It is me or Luzhin. If I am a scoundrel, you must not be. One is enough. If you marry Luzhin, I cease at once to look on you as a sister.”

“Rodya, Rodya! It is the same as yesterday again,” Pulcheria Alexandrovna cried, mournfully. “And why do you call yourself a scoundrel? I can’t bear it. You said the same yesterday.”

“Brother,” Dounia answered firmly and with the same dryness. “In all this there is a mistake on your part. I thought it over at night, and found out the mistake. It is all because you seem to fancy I am sacrificing myself to someone and for someone. That is not the case at all. I am simply marrying for my own sake, because things are hard for me. Though, of course, I shall be glad if I succeed in being useful to my family. But that is not the chief motive for my decision....”

“She is lying,” he thought to himself, biting his nails vindictively. “Proud creature! She won’t admit she wants to do it out of charity! Too haughty! Oh, base characters! They even love as though they hate.... Oh, how I... hate them all!”

“In fact,” continued Dounia, “I am marrying Pyotr Petrovitch because of two evils I choose the less. I intend to do honestly all he expects of me, so I am not deceiving him.... Why did you smile just now?” She, too, flushed, and there was a gleam of anger in her eyes.

“All?” he asked, with a malignant grin.

“Within certain limits. Both the manner and form of Pyotr Petrovitch’s courtship showed me at once what he wanted. He may, of course, think too well of himself, but I hope he esteems me, too.... Why are you laughing again?”

“And why are you blushing again? You are lying, sister. You are intentionally lying, simply from feminine obstinacy, simply to hold your own against me.... You cannot respect Luzhin. I have seen him and talked with him. So you are selling yourself for money, and so in any case you are acting basely, and I am glad at least that you can blush for it.”

“It is not true. I am not lying,” cried Dounia, losing her composure. “I would not marry him if I were not convinced that he esteems me and thinks highly of me. I would not marry him if I were not firmly convinced that I can respect him. Fortunately, I can have convincing proof of it this very day... and such a marriage is not a vileness, as you say! And even if you were right, if I really had determined on a vile action, is it not merciless on your part to speak to me like that? Why do you demand of me a heroism that perhaps you have not either? It is despotism; it is tyranny. If I ruin anyone, it is only myself.... I am not committing a murder. Why do you look at me like that? Why are you so pale? Rodya, darling, what’s the matter?”

“Good heavens! You have made him faint,” cried Pulcheria Alexandrovna.

“No, no, nonsense! It’s nothing. A little giddiness--not fainting. You have fainting on the brain. H’m, yes, what was I saying? Oh, yes. In what way will you get convincing proof to-day that you can respect him, and that he... esteems you, as you said. I think you said to-day?”

“Mother, show Rodya Pyotr Petrovitch’s letter,” said Dounia.

With trembling hands, Pulcheria Alexandrovna gave him the letter. He took it with great interest, but, before opening it, he suddenly looked with a sort of wonder at Dounia.

“It is strange,” he said, slowly, as though struck by a new idea. “What am I making such a fuss for? What is it all about? Marry whom you like!”

He said this as though to himself, but said it aloud, and looked for some time at his sister, as though puzzled. He opened the letter at last, still with the same look of strange wonder on his face. Then, slowly and attentively, he began reading, and read it through twice. Pulcheria Alexandrovna showed marked anxiety, and all indeed expected something particular.

“What surprises me,” he began, after a short pause, handing the letter to his mother, but not addressing anyone in particular, “is that he is a business man, a lawyer, and his conversation is pretentious indeed, and yet he writes such an uneducated letter.”

They all started. They had expected something quite different.

“But they all write like that, you know,” Razumihin observed, abruptly.

“Have you read it?”

“Yes.”

“We showed him, Rodya. We... consulted him just now,” Pulcheria Alexandrovna began, embarrassed.

“That’s just the jargon of the courts,” Razumihin put in. “Legal documents are written like that to this day.”

“Legal? Yes, it’s just legal--business language--not so very uneducated, and not quite educated--business language!”

“Pyotr Petrovitch makes no secret of the fact that he had a cheap education, he is proud indeed of having made his own way,” Avdotya Romanovna observed, somewhat offended by her brother’s tone.

“Well, if he’s proud of it, he has reason, I don’t deny it. You seem to be offended, sister, at my making only such a frivolous criticism on the letter, and to think that I speak of such trifling matters on purpose to annoy you. It is quite the contrary, an observation apropos of the style occurred to me that is by no means irrelevant as things stand. There is one expression, ‘blame yourselves’, put in very significantly and plainly, and there is besides a threat that he will go away at once if I am present. That threat to go away is equivalent to a threat to abandon you both if you are disobedient, and to abandon you now after summoning you to Petersburg. Well, what do you think? Can one resent such an expression from Luzhin, as we should if he (he pointed to Razumihin) had written

it, or Zossimov, or one of us?”

“N-no,” answered Dounia, with more animation. “I saw clearly that it was too naïvely expressed, and that perhaps he simply has no skill in writing... that is a true criticism, brother. I did not expect, indeed...”

“It is expressed in legal style, and sounds coarser than perhaps he intended. But I must disillusion you a little. There is one expression in the letter, one slander about me, and rather a contemptible one. I gave the money last night to the widow, a woman in consumption, crushed with trouble, and not ‘on the pretext of the funeral,’ but simply to pay for the funeral, and not to the daughter--a young woman, as he writes, of notorious behaviour (whom I saw last night for the first time in my life)--but to the widow. In all this I see a too hasty desire to slander me and to raise dissension between us. It is expressed again in legal jargon, that is to say, with a too obvious display of the aim, and with a very naïve eagerness. He is a man of intelligence, but to act sensibly, intelligence is not enough. It all shows the man and... I don’t think he has a great esteem for you. I tell you this simply to warn you, because I sincerely wish for your good...”

Dounia did not reply. Her resolution had been taken. She was only awaiting the evening.

“Then what is your decision, Rodya?” asked Pulcheria Alexandrovna, who was more uneasy than ever at the sudden, new businesslike tone of his talk.

“What decision?”

“You see Pyotr Petrovitch writes that you are not to be with us this evening, and that he will go away if you come. So will you... come?”

“That, of course, is not for me to decide, but for you first, if you are not offended by such a request; and secondly, by Dounia, if she, too, is not offended. I will do what you think best,” he added, drily.

“Dounia has already decided, and I fully agree with her,” Pulcheria Alexandrovna hastened to declare.

“I decided to ask you, Rodya, to urge you not to fail to be with us at this interview,” said Dounia. “Will you come?”

“Yes.”

“I will ask you, too, to be with us at eight o’clock,” she said, addressing Razumihin. “Mother, I am inviting him, too.”

“Quite right, Dounia. Well, since you have decided,” added Pulcheria Alexandrovna, “so be it. I shall feel easier myself. I do not like concealment and deception. Better let us have the whole truth.... Pyotr Petrovitch may be angry or not, now!”

CHAPTER IV

At that moment the door was softly opened, and a young girl walked into the room, looking timidly about her. Everyone turned towards her with surprise and curiosity. At first sight, Raskolnikov did not recognise her. It was Sofya Semyonovna Marmeladov. He had seen her yesterday for the first time, but at such a moment, in such surroundings and in such a dress, that his memory retained a very different image of her. Now she was a modestly and poorly-dressed young girl, very young, indeed, almost like a child, with a modest and refined manner, with a candid but somewhat frightened-looking face. She was wearing a very plain indoor dress, and had on a shabby old-fashioned hat, but she still carried a parasol. Unexpectedly finding the room full of people, she was not so much embarrassed as completely overwhelmed with shyness, like a little child. She was even about to retreat. “Oh... it’s you!” said Raskolnikov, extremely astonished, and he, too, was confused. He at once recollected that his mother and sister knew through Luzhin’s letter of “some young woman of notorious behaviour.” He had only just been protesting against Luzhin’s calumny and declaring that he had seen the girl last night for the first time, and suddenly she had walked in. He remembered, too, that he had not protested against the expression “of notorious behaviour.” All this passed vaguely and fleetingly through his brain, but looking at her more intently, he saw that the humiliated creature was so humiliated that he felt suddenly sorry for her. When she made a movement to retreat in terror, it sent a pang to his heart.

“I did not expect you,” he said, hurriedly, with a look that made her stop. “Please sit down. You come, no doubt, from Katerina Ivanovna. Allow me--not there. Sit here....”

At Sonia's entrance, Razumihin, who had been sitting on one of Raskolnikov's three chairs, close to the door, got up to allow her to enter. Raskolnikov had at first shown her the place on the sofa where Zossimov had been sitting, but feeling that the sofa which served him as a bed, was too _familiar_ a place, he hurriedly motioned her to Razumihin's chair.

"You sit here," he said to Razumihin, putting him on the sofa.

Sonia sat down, almost shaking with terror, and looked timidly at the two ladies. It was evidently almost inconceivable to herself that she could sit down beside them. At the thought of it, she was so frightened that she hurriedly got up again, and in utter confusion addressed Raskolnikov.

"I... I... have come for one minute. Forgive me for disturbing you," she began falteringly. "I come from Katerina Ivanovna, and she had no one to send. Katerina Ivanovna told me to beg you... to be at the service... in the morning... at Mitrofanievsky... and then... to us... to her... to do her the honour... she told me to beg you..." Sonia stammered and ceased speaking.

"I will try, certainly, most certainly," answered Raskolnikov. He, too, stood up, and he, too, faltered and could not finish his sentence. "Please sit down," he said, suddenly. "I want to talk to you. You are perhaps in a hurry, but please, be so kind, spare me two minutes," and he drew up a chair for her.

Sonia sat down again, and again timidly she took a hurried, frightened look at the two ladies, and dropped her eyes. Raskolnikov's pale face flushed, a shudder passed over him, his eyes glowed.

"Mother," he said, firmly and insistently, "this is Sofya Semyonovna Marmeladov, the daughter of that unfortunate Mr. Marmeladov, who was run over yesterday before my eyes, and of whom I was just telling you."

Pulcheria Alexandrovna glanced at Sonia, and slightly screwed up her eyes. In spite of her embarrassment before Rodya's urgent and challenging look, she could not deny herself that satisfaction. Dounia gazed gravely and intently into the poor girl's face, and scrutinised her with perplexity. Sonia, hearing herself introduced, tried to raise her eyes again, but was more embarrassed than ever.

"I wanted to ask you," said Raskolnikov, hastily, "how things were arranged yesterday. You were not worried by the police, for instance?"

"No, that was all right... it was too evident, the cause of death... they did not worry us... only the lodgers are angry."

"Why?"

"At the body's remaining so long. You see it is hot now. So that, to-day, they will carry it to the cemetery, into the chapel, until to-morrow. At first Katerina Ivanovna was unwilling, but now she sees herself that it's necessary..."

"To-day, then?"

"She begs you to do us the honour to be in the church to-morrow for the service, and then to be present at the funeral lunch."

"She is giving a funeral lunch?"

"Yes... just a little.... She told me to thank you very much for helping us yesterday. But for you, we should have had nothing for the funeral."

All at once her lips and chin began trembling, but, with an effort, she controlled herself, looking down again.

During the conversation, Raskolnikov watched her carefully. She had a thin, very thin, pale little face, rather irregular and angular, with a sharp little nose and chin. She could not have been called pretty, but her blue eyes were so clear, and when they lighted up, there was such a kindliness and simplicity in her expression that one could not help being attracted. Her face, and her whole figure indeed, had another peculiar characteristic. In spite of her eighteen years, she looked almost a little girl--almost a child. And in some of her gestures, this childishness seemed almost absurd.

"But has Katerina Ivanovna been able to manage with such small means? Does she even mean to have a funeral lunch?" Raskolnikov asked, persistently keeping up the conversation.

“The coffin will be plain, of course... and everything will be plain, so it won’t cost much. Katerina Ivanovna and I have reckoned it all out, so that there will be enough left... and Katerina Ivanovna was very anxious it should be so. You know one can’t... it’s a comfort to her... she is like that, you know....”

“I understand, I understand... of course... why do you look at my room like that? My mother has just said it is like a tomb.”

“You gave us everything yesterday,” Sonia said suddenly, in reply, in a loud rapid whisper; and again she looked down in confusion. Her lips and chin were trembling once more. She had been struck at once by Raskolnikov’s poor surroundings, and now these words broke out spontaneously. A silence followed. There was a light in Dounia’s eyes, and even Pulcheria Alexandrovna looked kindly at Sonia.

“Rodya,” she said, getting up, “we shall have dinner together, of course. Come, Dounia.... And you, Rodya, had better go for a little walk, and then rest and lie down before you come to see us.... I am afraid we have exhausted you....”

“Yes, yes, I’ll come,” he answered, getting up fussily. “But I have something to see to.”

“But surely you will have dinner together?” cried Razumihin, looking in surprise at Raskolnikov. “What do you mean?”

“Yes, yes, I am coming... of course, of course! And you stay a minute. You do not want him just now, do you, mother? Or perhaps I am taking him from you?”

“Oh, no, no. And will you, Dmitri Prokofitch, do us the favour of dining with us?”

“Please do,” added Dounia.

Razumihin bowed, positively radiant. For one moment, they were all strangely embarrassed.

“Good-bye, Rodya, that is till we meet. I do not like saying good-bye. Good-bye, Nastasya. Ah, I have said good-bye again.”

Pulcheria Alexandrovna meant to greet Sonia, too; but it somehow failed to come off, and she went in a flutter out of the room.

But Avdotya Romanovna seemed to await her turn, and following her mother out, gave Sonia an attentive, courteous bow. Sonia, in confusion, gave a hurried, frightened curtsy. There was a look of poignant discomfort in her face, as though Avdotya Romanovna’s courtesy and attention were oppressive and painful to her.

“Dounia, good-bye,” called Raskolnikov, in the passage. “Give me your hand.”

“Why, I did give it to you. Have you forgotten?” said Dounia, turning warmly and awkwardly to him.

“Never mind, give it to me again.” And he squeezed her fingers warmly.

Dounia smiled, flushed, pulled her hand away, and went off quite happy.

“Come, that’s capital,” he said to Sonia, going back and looking brightly at her. “God give peace to the dead, the living have still to live. That is right, isn’t it?”

Sonia looked surprised at the sudden brightness of his face. He looked at her for some moments in silence. The whole history of the dead father floated before his memory in those moments....

*****

“Heavens, Dounia,” Pulcheria Alexandrovna began, as soon as they were in the street, “I really feel relieved myself at coming away--more at ease. How little did I think yesterday in the train that I could ever be glad of that.”

“I tell you again, mother, he is still very ill. Don’t you see it? Perhaps worrying about us upset him. We must be patient, and much, much can be forgiven.”

“Well, you were not very patient!” Pulcheria Alexandrovna caught her up, hotly and jealously. “Do you know, Dounia, I was looking at you two. You are the very portrait of him, and not so much in face as in soul. You are both melancholy, both morose and hot-tempered, both haughty and both generous.... Surely he can’t be an egoist, Dounia. Eh? When I think of what is in store for us this evening, my heart sinks!”

“Don’t be uneasy, mother. What must be, will be.”

“Dounia, only think what a position we are in! What if Pyotr Petrovitch breaks it off?” poor Pulcheria Alexandrovna blurted out, incautiously.

“He won’t be worth much if he does,” answered Dounia, sharply and contemptuously.

“We did well to come away,” Pulcheria Alexandrovna hurriedly broke in. “He was in a hurry about some business or other. If he gets out and has a breath of air... it is fearfully close in his room.... But where is one to get a breath of air here? The very streets here feel like shut-up rooms. Good heavens! what a town!... stay... this side... they will crush you--carrying something. Why, it is a piano they have got, I declare... how they push!... I am very much afraid of that young woman, too.”

“What young woman, mother?”

“Why, that Sofya Semyonovna, who was there just now.”

“Why?”

“I have a presentiment, Dounia. Well, you may believe it or not, but as soon as she came in, that very minute, I felt that she was the chief cause of the trouble....”

“Nothing of the sort!” cried Dounia, in vexation. “What nonsense, with your presentiments, mother! He only made her acquaintance the evening before, and he did not know her when she came in.”

“Well, you will see.... She worries me; but you will see, you will see! I was so frightened. She was gazing at me with those eyes. I could scarcely sit still in my chair when he began introducing her, do you remember? It seems so strange, but Pyotr Petrovitch writes like that about her, and he introduces her to us--to you! So he must think a great deal of her.”

“People will write anything. We were talked about and written about, too. Have you forgotten? I am sure that she is a good girl, and that it is all nonsense.”

“God grant it may be!”

“And Pyotr Petrovitch is a contemptible slanderer,” Dounia snapped out, suddenly.

Pulcheria Alexandrovna was crushed; the conversation was not resumed.

*****

“I will tell you what I want with you,” said Raskolnikov, drawing Razumihin to the window.

“Then I will tell Katerina Ivanovna that you are coming,” Sonia said hurriedly, preparing to depart.

“One minute, Sofya Semyonovna. We have no secrets. You are not in our way. I want to have another word or two with you. Listen!” he turned suddenly to Razumihin again. “You know that... what’s his name... Porfiry Petrovitch?”

“I should think so! He is a relation. Why?” added the latter, with interest.

“Is not he managing that case... you know, about that murder?... You were speaking about it yesterday.”

“Yes... well?” Razumihin’s eyes opened wide.

“He was inquiring for people who had pawned things, and I have some pledges there, too--trifles--a ring my sister gave me as a keepsake when I left home, and my father’s silver watch--they are only worth five or six roubles altogether... but I value them. So what am I to do now? I do not want to lose the things, especially the watch. I was quaking just now, for fear mother would ask to look at it, when we spoke of Dounia’s watch. It is the only thing of father’s left us. She would be ill if it were lost. You know what women are. So tell me what to do. I know I ought to have given notice at the police station, but would it not be better to go straight to Porfiry? Eh? What do you think? The matter might be settled more quickly. You see, mother may ask for it before dinner.”

“Certainly not to the police station. Certainly to Porfiry,” Razumihin shouted in extraordinary excitement. “Well, how glad I am. Let us go at once. It is a couple of steps. We shall be sure to find him.”

“Very well, let us go.”

“And he will be very, very glad to make your acquaintance. I have often talked to him of you at different times. I was speaking of you yesterday. Let us go. So you knew the old woman? So that’s it! It is all turning out splendidly.... Oh, yes, Sofya Ivanovna...”

“Sofya Semyonovna,” corrected Raskolnikov. “Sofya Semyonovna, this is my friend Razumihin, and he is a good man.”

“If you have to go now,” Sonia was beginning, not looking at Razumihin at all, and still more embarrassed.

“Let us go,” decided Raskolnikov. “I will come to you to-day, Sofya Semyonovna. Only tell me where you live.”

He was not exactly ill at ease, but seemed hurried, and avoided her eyes. Sonia gave her address, and flushed as she did so. They all went out together.

“Don’t you lock up?” asked Razumihin, following him on to the stairs.

“Never,” answered Raskolnikov. “I have been meaning to buy a lock for these two years. People are happy who have no need of locks,” he said, laughing, to Sonia. They stood still in the gateway.

“Do you go to the right, Sofya Semyonovna? How did you find me, by the way?” he added, as though he wanted to say something quite different. He wanted to look at her soft clear eyes, but this was not easy.

“Why, you gave your address to Polenka yesterday.”

“Polenka? Oh, yes; Polenka, that is the little girl. She is your sister? Did I give her the address?”

“Why, had you forgotten?”

“No, I remember.”

“I had heard my father speak of you... only I did not know your name, and he did not know it. And now I came... and as I had learnt your name, I asked to-day, ‘Where does Mr. Raskolnikov live?’ I did not know you had only a room too.... Good-bye, I will tell Katerina Ivanovna.”

She was extremely glad to escape at last; she went away looking down, hurrying to get out of sight as soon as possible, to walk the twenty steps to the turning on the right and to be at last alone, and then moving rapidly along, looking at no one, noticing nothing, to think, to remember, to meditate on every word, every detail. Never, never had she felt anything like this. Dimly and unconsciously a whole new world was opening before her. She remembered suddenly that Raskolnikov meant to come to her that day, perhaps at once!

“Only not to-day, please, not to-day!” she kept muttering with a sinking heart, as though entreating someone, like a frightened child. “Mercy! to me... to that room... he will see... oh, dear!”

She was not capable at that instant of noticing an unknown gentleman who was watching her and following at her heels. He had accompanied her from the gateway. At the moment when Razumihin, Raskolnikov, and she stood still at parting on the pavement, this gentleman, who was just passing, started on hearing Sonia’s words: “and I asked where Mr. Raskolnikov lived?” He turned a rapid but attentive look upon all three, especially upon Raskolnikov, to whom Sonia was speaking; then looked back and noted the house. All this was done in an instant as he passed, and trying not to betray his interest, he walked on more slowly as though waiting for something. He was waiting for Sonia; he saw that they were parting, and that Sonia was going home.

“Home? Where? I’ve seen that face somewhere,” he thought. “I must find out.”

At the turning he crossed over, looked round, and saw Sonia coming the same way, noticing nothing. She turned the corner. He followed her on the other side. After about fifty paces he crossed over again, overtook her and kept two or three yards behind her.

He was a man about fifty, rather tall and thickly set, with broad high shoulders which made him look as though he stooped a little. He wore good and fashionable clothes, and looked like a gentleman of position. He carried a handsome cane, which he tapped on the pavement at each step; his gloves were spotless. He had a broad, rather pleasant face with high cheek-bones and a fresh colour, not often seen in Petersburg. His flaxen hair was still abundant, and only touched here and there with grey, and his thick square beard was even lighter than his hair. His eyes were blue and had a cold and thoughtful look; his lips were crimson. He was

a remarkedly well-preserved man and looked much younger than his years.

When Sonia came out on the canal bank, they were the only two persons on the pavement. He observed her dreaminess and preoccupation. On reaching the house where she lodged, Sonia turned in at the gate; he followed her, seeming rather surprised. In the courtyard she turned to the right corner. “Bah!” muttered the unknown gentleman, and mounted the stairs behind her. Only then Sonia noticed him. She reached the third storey, turned down the passage, and rang at No. 9. On the door was inscribed in chalk, “Kapernaumov, Tailor.” “Bah!” the stranger repeated again, wondering at the strange coincidence, and he rang next door, at No. 8. The doors were two or three yards apart.

“You lodge at Kapernaumov’s,” he said, looking at Sonia and laughing. “He altered a waistcoat for me yesterday. I am staying close here at Madame Resslich’s. How odd!” Sonia looked at him attentively.

“We are neighbours,” he went on gaily. “I only came to town the day before yesterday. Good-bye for the present.”

Sonia made no reply; the door opened and she slipped in. She felt for some reason ashamed and uneasy.

*****

On the way to Porfiry’s, Razumihin was obviously excited.

“That’s capital, brother,” he repeated several times, “and I am glad! I am glad!”

“What are you glad about?” Raskolnikov thought to himself.

“I didn’t know that you pledged things at the old woman’s, too. And... was it long ago? I mean, was it long since you were there?”

“What a simple-hearted fool he is!”

“When was it?” Raskolnikov stopped still to recollect. “Two or three days before her death it must have been. But I am not going to redeem the things now,” he put in with a sort of hurried and conspicuous solicitude about the things. “I’ve not more than a silver rouble left... after last night’s accursed delirium!”

He laid special emphasis on the delirium.

“Yes, yes,” Razumihin hastened to agree--with what was not clear. “Then that’s why you... were stuck... partly... you know in your delirium you were continually mentioning some rings or chains! Yes, yes... that’s clear, it’s all clear now.”

“Hullo! How that idea must have got about among them. Here this man will go to the stake for me, and I find him delighted at having it _cleared up_ why I spoke of rings in my delirium! What a hold the idea must have on all of them!”

“Shall we find him?” he asked suddenly.

“Oh, yes,” Razumihin answered quickly. “He is a nice fellow, you will see, brother. Rather clumsy, that is to say, he is a man of polished manners, but I mean clumsy in a different sense. He is an intelligent fellow, very much so indeed, but he has his own range of ideas.... He is incredulous, sceptical, cynical... he likes to impose on people, or rather to make fun of them. His is the old, circumstantial method.... But he understands his work... thoroughly.... Last year he cleared up a case of murder in which the police had hardly a clue. He is very, very anxious to make your acquaintance!”

“On what grounds is he so anxious?”

“Oh, it’s not exactly... you see, since you’ve been ill I happen to have mentioned you several times.... So, when he heard about you... about your being a law student and not able to finish your studies, he said, ‘What a pity!’ And so I concluded... from everything together, not only that; yesterday Zametov... you know, Rodya, I talked some nonsense on the way home to you yesterday, when I was drunk... I am afraid, brother, of your exaggerating it, you see.”

“What? That they think I am a madman? Maybe they are right,” he said with a constrained smile.

“Yes, yes.... That is, pooh, no!... But all that I said (and there was something else too) it was all nonsense, drunken nonsense.”

“But why are you apologising? I am so sick of it all!” Raskolnikov cried with exaggerated irritability. It was partly assumed, however.

“I know, I know, I understand. Believe me, I understand. One’s ashamed to speak of it.”

“If you are ashamed, then don’t speak of it.”

Both were silent. Razumihin was more than ecstatic and Raskolnikov perceived it with repulsion. He was alarmed, too, by what Razumihin had just said about Porfiry.

“I shall have to pull a long face with him too,” he thought, with a beating heart, and he turned white, “and do it naturally, too. But the most natural thing would be to do nothing at all. Carefully do nothing at all! No, _carefully_ would not be natural again.... Oh, well, we shall see how it turns out.... We shall see... directly. Is it a good thing to go or not? The butterfly flies to the light. My heart is beating, that’s what’s bad!”

“In this grey house,” said Razumihin.

“The most important thing, does Porfiry know that I was at the old hag’s flat yesterday... and asked about the blood? I must find that out instantly, as soon as I go in, find out from his face; otherwise... I’ll find out, if it’s my ruin.”

“I say, brother,” he said suddenly, addressing Razumihin, with a sly smile, “I have been noticing all day that you seem to be curiously excited. Isn’t it so?”

“Excited? Not a bit of it,” said Razumihin, stung to the quick.

“Yes, brother, I assure you it’s noticeable. Why, you sat on your chair in a way you never do sit, on the edge somehow, and you seemed to be writhing all the time. You kept jumping up for nothing. One moment you were angry, and the next your face looked like a sweetmeat. You even blushed; especially when you were invited to dinner, you blushed awfully.”

“Nothing of the sort, nonsense! What do you mean?”

“But why are you wriggling out of it, like a schoolboy? By Jove, there he’s blushing again.”

“What a pig you are!”

“But why are you so shamefaced about it? Romeo! Stay, I’ll tell of you to-day. Ha-ha-ha! I’ll make mother laugh, and someone else, too...”

“Listen, listen, listen, this is serious.... What next, you fiend!” Razumihin was utterly overwhelmed, turning cold with horror. “What will you tell them? Come, brother... foo! what a pig you are!”

“You are like a summer rose. And if only you knew how it suits you; a Romeo over six foot high! And how you’ve washed to-day--you cleaned your nails, I declare. Eh? That’s something unheard of! Why, I do believe you’ve got pomatum on your hair! Bend down.”

“Pig!”

Raskolnikov laughed as though he could not restrain himself. So laughing, they entered Porfiry Petrovitch’s flat. This is what Raskolnikov wanted: from within they could be heard laughing as they came in, still guffawing in the passage.

“Not a word here or I’ll... brain you!” Razumihin whispered furiously, seizing Raskolnikov by the shoulder.

CHAPTER V

Raskolnikov was already entering the room. He came in looking as though he had the utmost difficulty not to burst out laughing again. Behind him Razumihin strode in gawky and awkward, shamefaced and red as a peony, with an utterly crestfallen and ferocious expression. His face and whole figure really were ridiculous at that moment and amply justified Raskolnikov’s laughter. Raskolnikov, not waiting for an introduction, bowed to Porfiry Petrovitch, who stood in the middle of the room looking inquiringly at them. He held out his hand and shook hands, still apparently making desperate efforts to subdue his mirth and utter a few words to introduce himself. But he had no sooner succeeded in assuming a serious air and muttering something when he suddenly glanced again as though accidentally at Razumihin, and could no longer control himself: his stifled laughter broke out the more irresistibly the more he tried to restrain it. The extraordinary ferocity with which Razumihin received this “spontaneous” mirth gave the whole scene the appearance of most genuine fun and naturalness. Razumihin strengthened this impression as though on purpose.

“Fool! You fiend,” he roared, waving his arm which at once struck a little round table with an empty tea-glass on it. Everything was sent flying and crashing.

“But why break chairs, gentlemen? You know it’s a loss to the Crown,” Porfiry Petrovitch quoted gaily.

Raskolnikov was still laughing, with his hand in Porfiry Petrovitch’s, but anxious not to overdo it, awaited the right moment to put a natural end to it. Razumihin, completely put to confusion by upsetting the table and smashing the glass, gazed gloomily at the fragments, cursed and turned sharply to the window where he stood looking out with his back to the company with a fiercely scowling countenance, seeing nothing. Porfiry Petrovitch laughed and was ready to go on laughing, but obviously looked for explanations. Zametov had been sitting in the corner, but he rose at the visitors’ entrance and was standing in expectation with a smile on his lips, though he looked with surprise and even it seemed incredulity at the whole scene and at Raskolnikov with a certain embarrassment. Zametov’s unexpected presence struck Raskolnikov unpleasantly.

“I’ve got to think of that,” he thought. “Excuse me, please,” he began, affecting extreme embarrassment. “Raskolnikov.”

“Not at all, very pleasant to see you... and how pleasantly you’ve come in.... Why, won’t he even say good-morning?” Porfiry Petrovitch nodded at Razumihin.

“Upon my honour I don’t know why he is in such a rage with me. I only told him as we came along that he was like Romeo... and proved it. And that was all, I think!”

“Pig!” ejaculated Razumihin, without turning round.

“There must have been very grave grounds for it, if he is so furious at the word,” Porfiry laughed.

“Oh, you sharp lawyer!... Damn you all!” snapped Razumihin, and suddenly bursting out laughing himself, he went up to Porfiry with a more cheerful face as though nothing had happened. “That’ll do! We are all fools. To come to business. This is my friend Rodion Romanovitch Raskolnikov; in the first place he has heard of you and wants to make your acquaintance, and secondly, he has a little matter of business with you. Bah! Zametov, what brought you here? Have you met before? Have you known each other long?”

“What does this mean?” thought Raskolnikov uneasily.

Zametov seemed taken aback, but not very much so.

“Why, it was at your rooms we met yesterday,” he said easily.

“Then I have been spared the trouble. All last week he was begging me to introduce him to you. Porfiry and you have sniffed each other out without me. Where is your tobacco?”

Porfiry Petrovitch was wearing a dressing-gown, very clean linen, and trodden-down slippers. He was a man of about five and thirty, short, stout even to corpulence, and clean shaven. He wore his hair cut short and had a large round head, particularly prominent at the back. His soft, round, rather snub-nosed face was of a sickly yellowish colour, but had a vigorous and rather ironical expression. It would have been good-natured except for a look in the eyes, which shone with a watery, mawkish light under almost white, blinking eyelashes. The expression of those eyes was strangely out of keeping with his somewhat womanish figure, and gave it something far more serious than could be guessed at first sight.

As soon as Porfiry Petrovitch heard that his visitor had a little matter of business with him, he begged him to sit down on the sofa and sat down himself on the other end, waiting for him to explain his business, with that careful and over-serious attention which is at once oppressive and embarrassing, especially to a stranger, and especially if what you are discussing is in your opinion of far too little importance for such exceptional solemnity. But in brief and coherent phrases Raskolnikov explained his business clearly and exactly, and was so well satisfied with himself that he even succeeded in taking a good look at Porfiry. Porfiry Petrovitch did not once take his eyes off him. Razumihin, sitting opposite at the same table, listened warmly and impatiently, looking from one to the other every moment with rather excessive interest.

“Fool,” Raskolnikov swore to himself.

“You have to give information to the police,” Porfiry replied, with a most businesslike air, “that having learnt of this incident, that is of the murder, you beg to inform the lawyer in charge of the case that such and such things belong to you, and that you desire to

redeem them... or... but they will write to you."

"That's just the point, that at the present moment," Raskolnikov tried his utmost to feign embarrassment, "I am not quite in funds... and even this trifling sum is beyond me... I only wanted, you see, for the present to declare that the things are mine, and that when I have money...."

"That's no matter," answered Porfiry Petrovitch, receiving his explanation of his pecuniary position coldly, "but you can, if you prefer, write straight to me, to say, that having been informed of the matter, and claiming such and such as your property, you beg..."

"On an ordinary sheet of paper?" Raskolnikov interrupted eagerly, again interested in the financial side of the question.

"Oh, the most ordinary," and suddenly Porfiry Petrovitch looked with obvious irony at him, screwing up his eyes and, as it were, winking at him. But perhaps it was Raskolnikov's fancy, for it all lasted but a moment. There was certainly something of the sort, Raskolnikov could have sworn he winked at him, goodness knows why.

"He knows," flashed through his mind like lightning.

"Forgive my troubling you about such trifles," he went on, a little disconcerted, "the things are only worth five roubles, but I prize them particularly for the sake of those from whom they came to me, and I must confess that I was alarmed when I heard..."

"That's why you were so much struck when I mentioned to Zossimov that Porfiry was inquiring for everyone who had pledges!" Razumihin put in with obvious intention.

This was really unbearable. Raskolnikov could not help glancing at him with a flash of vindictive anger in his black eyes, but immediately recollected himself.

"You seem to be jeering at me, brother?" he said to him, with a well-feigned irritability. "I dare say I do seem to you absurdly anxious about such trash; but you mustn't think me selfish or grasping for that, and these two things may be anything but trash in my eyes. I told you just now that the silver watch, though it's not worth a cent, is the only thing left us of my father's. You may laugh at me, but my mother is here," he turned suddenly to Porfiry, "and if she knew," he turned again hurriedly to Razumihin, carefully making his voice tremble, "that the watch was lost, she would be in despair! You know what women are!"

"Not a bit of it! I didn't mean that at all! Quite the contrary!" shouted Razumihin distressed.

"Was it right? Was it natural? Did I overdo it?" Raskolnikov asked himself in a tremor. "Why did I say that about women?"

"Oh, your mother is with you?" Porfiry Petrovitch inquired.

"Yes."

"When did she come?"

"Last night."

Porfiry paused as though reflecting.

"Your things would not in any case be lost," he went on calmly and coldly. "I have been expecting you here for some time."

And as though that was a matter of no importance, he carefully offered the ash-tray to Razumihin, who was ruthlessly scattering cigarette ash over the carpet. Raskolnikov shuddered, but Porfiry did not seem to be looking at him, and was still concerned with Razumihin's cigarette.

"What? Expecting him? Why, did you know that he had pledges _there_?" cried Razumihin.

Porfiry Petrovitch addressed himself to Raskolnikov.

"Your things, the ring and the watch, were wrapped up together, and on the paper your name was legibly written in pencil, together with the date on which you left them with her..."

“How observant you are!” Raskolnikov smiled awkwardly, doing his very utmost to look him straight in the face, but he failed, and suddenly added:

“I say that because I suppose there were a great many pledges... that it must be difficult to remember them all.... But you remember them all so clearly, and... and...”

“Stupid! Feeble!” he thought. “Why did I add that?”

“But we know all who had pledges, and you are the only one who hasn’t come forward,” Porfiry answered with hardly perceptible irony.

“I haven’t been quite well.”

“I heard that too. I heard, indeed, that you were in great distress about something. You look pale still.”

“I am not pale at all.... No, I am quite well,” Raskolnikov snapped out rudely and angrily, completely changing his tone. His anger was mounting, he could not repress it. “And in my anger I shall betray myself,” flashed through his mind again. “Why are they torturing me?”

“Not quite well!” Razumihin caught him up. “What next! He was unconscious and delirious all yesterday. Would you believe, Porfiry, as soon as our backs were turned, he dressed, though he could hardly stand, and gave us the slip and went off on a spree somewhere till midnight, delirious all the time! Would you believe it! Extraordinary!”

“Really delirious? You don’t say so!” Porfiry shook his head in a womanish way.

“Nonsense! Don’t you believe it! But you don’t believe it anyway,” Raskolnikov let slip in his anger. But Porfiry Petrovitch did not seem to catch those strange words.

“But how could you have gone out if you hadn’t been delirious?” Razumihin got hot suddenly. “What did you go out for? What was the object of it? And why on the sly? Were you in your senses when you did it? Now that all danger is over I can speak plainly.”

“I was awfully sick of them yesterday.” Raskolnikov addressed Porfiry suddenly with a smile of insolent defiance, “I ran away from them to take lodgings where they wouldn’t find me, and took a lot of money with me. Mr. Zametov there saw it. I say, Mr. Zametov, was I sensible or delirious yesterday; settle our dispute.”

He could have strangled Zametov at that moment, so hateful were his expression and his silence to him.

“In my opinion you talked sensibly and even artfully, but you were extremely irritable,” Zametov pronounced dryly.

“And Nikodim Fomitch was telling me to-day,” put in Porfiry Petrovitch, “that he met you very late last night in the lodging of a man who had been run over.”

“And there,” said Razumihin, “weren’t you mad then? You gave your last penny to the widow for the funeral. If you wanted to help, give fifteen or twenty even, but keep three roubles for yourself at least, but he flung away all the twenty-five at once!”

“Maybe I found a treasure somewhere and you know nothing of it? So that’s why I was liberal yesterday.... Mr. Zametov knows I’ve found a treasure! Excuse us, please, for disturbing you for half an hour with such trivialities,” he said, turning to Porfiry Petrovitch, with trembling lips. “We are boring you, aren’t we?”

“Oh no, quite the contrary, quite the contrary! If only you knew how you interest me! It’s interesting to look on and listen... and I am really glad you have come forward at last.”

“But you might give us some tea! My throat’s dry,” cried Razumihin.

“Capital idea! Perhaps we will all keep you company. Wouldn’t you like... something more essential before tea?”

“Get along with you!”

Porfiry Petrovitch went out to order tea.

Raskolnikov’s thoughts were in a whirl. He was in terrible exasperation.

“The worst of it is they don’t disguise it; they don’t care to stand on ceremony! And how if you didn’t know me at all, did you come to talk to Nikodim Fomitch about me? So they don’t care to hide that they are tracking me like a pack of dogs. They simply spit in my face.” He was shaking with rage. “Come, strike me openly, don’t play with me like a cat with a mouse. It’s hardly civil, Porfiry Petrovitch, but perhaps I won’t allow it! I shall get up and throw the whole truth in your ugly faces, and you’ll see how I despise you.” He could hardly breathe. “And what if it’s only my fancy? What if I am mistaken, and through inexperience I get angry and don’t keep up my nasty part? Perhaps it’s all unintentional. All their phrases are the usual ones, but there is something about them.... It all might be said, but there is something. Why did he say bluntly, ‘With her’? Why did Zametov add that I spoke artfully? Why do they speak in that tone? Yes, the tone.... Razumihin is sitting here, why does he see nothing? That innocent blockhead never does see anything! Feverish again! Did Porfiry wink at me just now? Of course it’s nonsense! What could he wink for? Are they trying to upset my nerves or are they teasing me? Either it’s ill fancy or they know! Even Zametov is rude.... Is Zametov rude? Zametov has changed his mind. I foresaw he would change his mind! He is at home here, while it’s my first visit. Porfiry does not consider him a visitor; sits with his back to him. They’re as thick as thieves, no doubt, over me! Not a doubt they were talking about me before we came. Do they know about the flat? If only they’d make haste! When I said that I ran away to take a flat he let it pass.... I put that in cleverly about a flat, it may be of use afterwards.... Delirious, indeed... ha-ha-ha! He knows all about last night! He didn’t know of my mother’s arrival! The hag had written the date on in pencil! You are wrong, you won’t catch me! There are no facts... it’s all supposition! You produce facts! The flat even isn’t a fact but delirium. I know what to say to them.... Do they know about the flat? I won’t go without finding out. What did I come for? But my being angry now, maybe is a fact! Fool, how irritable I am! Perhaps that’s right; to play the invalid.... He is feeling me. He will try to catch me. Why did I come?”

All this flashed like lightning through his mind.

Porfiry Petrovitch returned quickly. He became suddenly more jovial.

“Your party yesterday, brother, has left my head rather.... And I am out of sorts altogether,” he began in quite a different tone, laughing to Razumihin.

“Was it interesting? I left you yesterday at the most interesting point. Who got the best of it?”

“Oh, no one, of course. They got on to everlasting questions, floated off into space.”

“Only fancy, Rodya, what we got on to yesterday. Whether there is such a thing as crime. I told you that we talked our heads off.”

“What is there strange? It’s an everyday social question,” Raskolnikov answered casually.

“The question wasn’t put quite like that,” observed Porfiry.

“Not quite, that’s true,” Razumihin agreed at once, getting warm and hurried as usual. “Listen, Rodion, and tell us your opinion, I want to hear it. I was fighting tooth and nail with them and wanted you to help me. I told them you were coming.... It began with the socialist doctrine. You know their doctrine; crime is a protest against the abnormality of the social organisation and nothing more, and nothing more; no other causes admitted!...”

“You are wrong there,” cried Porfiry Petrovitch; he was noticeably animated and kept laughing as he looked at Razumihin, which made him more excited than ever.

“Nothing is admitted,” Razumihin interrupted with heat.

“I am not wrong. I’ll show you their pamphlets. Everything with them is ‘the influence of environment,’ and nothing else. Their favourite phrase! From which it follows that, if society is normally organised, all crime will cease at once, since there will be nothing to protest against and all men will become righteous in one instant. Human nature is not taken into account, it is excluded, it’s not supposed to exist! They don’t recognise that humanity, developing by a historical living process, will become at last a normal society, but they believe that a social system that has come out of some mathematical brain is going to organise all humanity at once and make it just and sinless in an instant, quicker than any living process! That’s why they instinctively dislike history, ‘nothing but ugliness and stupidity in it,’ and they explain it all as stupidity! That’s why they so dislike the _living_ process of life; they don’t want a _living soul_! The living soul demands life, the soul won’t obey the rules of mechanics, the soul is an object of suspicion, the soul is retrograde! But what they want though it smells of death and can be made of India-rubber, at least is not alive, has no will, is servile and won’t revolt! And it comes in the end to their reducing everything to the building of walls and the planning of rooms and passages in a phalanstery! The phalanstery is ready, indeed, but your human nature is not ready for the phalanstery--it wants life, it

hasn’t completed its vital process, it’s too soon for the graveyard! You can’t skip over nature by logic. Logic presupposes three possibilities, but there are millions! Cut away a million, and reduce it all to the question of comfort! That’s the easiest solution of the problem! It’s seductively clear and you musn’t think about it. That’s the great thing, you mustn’t think! The whole secret of life in two pages of print!”

“Now he is off, beating the drum! Catch hold of him, do!” laughed Porfiry. “Can you imagine,” he turned to Raskolnikov, “six people holding forth like that last night, in one room, with punch as a preliminary! No, brother, you are wrong, environment accounts for a great deal in crime; I can assure you of that.”

“Oh, I know it does, but just tell me: a man of forty violates a child of ten; was it environment drove him to it?”

“Well, strictly speaking, it did,” Porfiry observed with noteworthy gravity; “a crime of that nature may be very well ascribed to the influence of environment.”

Razumihin was almost in a frenzy. “Oh, if you like,” he roared. “I’ll prove to you that your white eyelashes may very well be ascribed to the Church of Ivan the Great’s being two hundred and fifty feet high, and I will prove it clearly, exactly, progressively, and even with a Liberal tendency! I undertake to! Will you bet on it?”

“Done! Let’s hear, please, how he will prove it!”

“He is always humbugging, confound him,” cried Razumihin, jumping up and gesticulating. “What’s the use of talking to you? He does all that on purpose; you don’t know him, Rodion! He took their side yesterday, simply to make fools of them. And the things he said yesterday! And they were delighted! He can keep it up for a fortnight together. Last year he persuaded us that he was going into a monastery: he stuck to it for two months. Not long ago he took it into his head to declare he was going to get married, that he had everything ready for the wedding. He ordered new clothes indeed. We all began to congratulate him. There was no bride, nothing, all pure fantasy!”

“Ah, you are wrong! I got the clothes before. It was the new clothes in fact that made me think of taking you in.”

“Are you such a good dissembler?” Raskolnikov asked carelessly.

“You wouldn’t have supposed it, eh? Wait a bit, I shall take you in, too. Ha-ha-ha! No, I’ll tell you the truth. All these questions about crime, environment, children, recall to my mind an article of yours which interested me at the time. ‘On Crime’... or something of the sort, I forget the title, I read it with pleasure two months ago in the _Periodical Review_.”

“My article? In the _Periodical Review_?” Raskolnikov asked in astonishment. “I certainly did write an article upon a book six months ago when I left the university, but I sent it to the _Weekly Review_.”

“But it came out in the _Periodical_.”

“And the _Weekly Review_ ceased to exist, so that’s why it wasn’t printed at the time.”

“That’s true; but when it ceased to exist, the _Weekly Review_ was amalgamated with the _Periodical_, and so your article appeared two months ago in the latter. Didn’t you know?”

Raskolnikov had not known.

“Why, you might get some money out of them for the article! What a strange person you are! You lead such a solitary life that you know nothing of matters that concern you directly. It’s a fact, I assure you.”

“Bravo, Rodya! I knew nothing about it either!” cried Razumihin. “I’ll run to-day to the reading-room and ask for the number. Two months ago? What was the date? It doesn’t matter though, I will find it. Think of not telling us!”

“How did you find out that the article was mine? It’s only signed with an initial.”

“I only learnt it by chance, the other day. Through the editor; I know him.... I was very much interested.”

“I analysed, if I remember, the psychology of a criminal before and after the crime.”

“Yes, and you maintained that the perpetration of a crime is always accompanied by illness. Very, very original, but... it was not that part of your article that interested me so much, but an idea at the end of the article which I regret to say you merely suggested without working it out clearly. There is, if you recollect, a suggestion that there are certain persons who can... that is, not precisely are able to, but have a perfect right to commit breaches of morality and crimes, and that the law is not for them.”

Raskolnikov smiled at the exaggerated and intentional distortion of his idea.

“What? What do you mean? A right to crime? But not because of the influence of environment?” Razumihin inquired with some alarm even.

“No, not exactly because of it,” answered Porfiry. “In his article all men are divided into ‘ordinary’ and ‘extraordinary.’ Ordinary men have to live in submission, have no right to transgress the law, because, don’t you see, they are ordinary. But extraordinary men have a right to commit any crime and to transgress the law in any way, just because they are extraordinary. That was your idea, if I am not mistaken?”

“What do you mean? That can’t be right?” Razumihin muttered in bewilderment.

Raskolnikov smiled again. He saw the point at once, and knew where they wanted to drive him. He decided to take up the challenge.

“That wasn’t quite my contention,” he began simply and modestly. “Yet I admit that you have stated it almost correctly; perhaps, if you like, perfectly so.” (It almost gave him pleasure to admit this.) “The only difference is that I don’t contend that extraordinary people are always bound to commit breaches of morals, as you call it. In fact, I doubt whether such an argument could be published. I simply hinted that an ‘extraordinary’ man has the right... that is not an official right, but an inner right to decide in his own conscience to overstep... certain obstacles, and only in case it is essential for the practical fulfilment of his idea (sometimes, perhaps, of benefit to the whole of humanity). You say that my article isn’t definite; I am ready to make it as clear as I can. Perhaps I am right in thinking you want me to; very well. I maintain that if the discoveries of Kepler and Newton could not have been made known except by sacrificing the lives of one, a dozen, a hundred, or more men, Newton would have had the right, would indeed have been in duty-bound... to _eliminate_ the dozen or the hundred men for the sake of making his discoveries known to the whole of humanity. But it does not follow from that that Newton had a right to murder people right and left and to steal every day in the market. Then, I remember, I maintain in my article that all... well, legislators and leaders of men, such as Lycurgus, Solon, Mahomet, Napoleon, and so on, were all without exception criminals, from the very fact that, making a new law, they transgressed the ancient one, handed down from their ancestors and held sacred by the people, and they did not stop short at bloodshed either, if that bloodshed--often of innocent persons fighting bravely in defence of ancient law--were of use to their cause. It’s remarkable, in fact, that the majority, indeed, of these benefactors and leaders of humanity were guilty of terrible carnage. In short, I maintain that all great men or even men a little out of the common, that is to say capable of giving some new word, must from their very nature be criminals--more or less, of course. Otherwise it’s hard for them to get out of the common rut; and to remain in the common rut is what they can’t submit to, from their very nature again, and to my mind they ought not, indeed, to submit to it. You see that there is nothing particularly new in all that. The same thing has been printed and read a thousand times before. As for my division of people into ordinary and extraordinary, I acknowledge that it’s somewhat arbitrary, but I don’t insist upon exact numbers. I only believe in my leading idea that men are _in general_ divided by a law of nature into two categories, inferior (ordinary), that is, so to say, material that serves only to reproduce its kind, and men who have the gift or the talent to utter _a new word_. There are, of course, innumerable sub-divisions, but the distinguishing features of both categories are fairly well marked. The first category, generally speaking, are men conservative in temperament and law-abiding; they live under control and love to be controlled. To my thinking it is their duty to be controlled, because that’s their vocation, and there is nothing humiliating in it for them. The second category all transgress the law; they are destroyers or disposed to destruction according to their capacities. The crimes of these men are of course relative and varied; for the most part they seek in very varied ways the destruction of the present for the sake of the better. But if such a one is forced for the sake of his idea to step over a corpse or wade through blood, he can, I maintain, find within himself, in his conscience, a sanction for wading through blood--that depends on the idea and its dimensions, note that. It’s only in that sense I speak of their right to crime in my article (you remember it began with the legal question). There’s no need for such anxiety, however; the masses will scarcely ever admit this right, they punish them or hang them (more or less), and in doing so fulfil quite justly their conservative vocation. But the same masses set these criminals on a pedestal in the next generation and worship them (more or less). The first category is always the man of the present, the second the man of the future. The first preserve the world and people it, the second move the world and lead it to its goal. Each class has an equal right to exist. In fact, all have equal

rights with me--and _vive la guerre éternelle_--till the New Jerusalem, of course!”

“Then you believe in the New Jerusalem, do you?”

“I do,” Raskolnikov answered firmly; as he said these words and during the whole preceding tirade he kept his eyes on one spot on the carpet.

“And... and do you believe in God? Excuse my curiosity.”

“I do,” repeated Raskolnikov, raising his eyes to Porfiry.

“And... do you believe in Lazarus’ rising from the dead?”

“I... I do. Why do you ask all this?”

“You believe it literally?”

“Literally.”

“You don’t say so.... I asked from curiosity. Excuse me. But let us go back to the question; they are not always executed. Some, on the contrary...”

“Triumph in their lifetime? Oh, yes, some attain their ends in this life, and then...”

“They begin executing other people?”

“If it’s necessary; indeed, for the most part they do. Your remark is very witty.”

“Thank you. But tell me this: how do you distinguish those extraordinary people from the ordinary ones? Are there signs at their birth? I feel there ought to be more exactitude, more external definition. Excuse the natural anxiety of a practical law-abiding citizen, but couldn’t they adopt a special uniform, for instance, couldn’t they wear something, be branded in some way? For you know if confusion arises and a member of one category imagines that he belongs to the other, begins to ‘eliminate obstacles’ as you so happily expressed it, then...”

“Oh, that very often happens! That remark is wittier than the other.”

“Thank you.”

“No reason to; but take note that the mistake can only arise in the first category, that is among the ordinary people (as I perhaps unfortunately called them). In spite of their predisposition to obedience very many of them, through a playfulness of nature, sometimes vouchsafed even to the cow, like to imagine themselves advanced people, ‘destroyers,’ and to push themselves into the ‘new movement,’ and this quite sincerely. Meanwhile the really _new_ people are very often unobserved by them, or even despised as reactionaries of grovelling tendencies. But I don’t think there is any considerable danger here, and you really need not be uneasy for they never go very far. Of course, they might have a thrashing sometimes for letting their fancy run away with them and to teach them their place, but no more; in fact, even this isn’t necessary as they castigate themselves, for they are very conscientious: some perform this service for one another and others chastise themselves with their own hands.... They will impose various public acts of penitence upon themselves with a beautiful and edifying effect; in fact you’ve nothing to be uneasy about.... It’s a law of nature.”

“Well, you have certainly set my mind more at rest on that score; but there’s another thing worries me. Tell me, please, are there many people who have the right to kill others, these extraordinary people? I am ready to bow down to them, of course, but you must admit it’s alarming if there are a great many of them, eh?”

“Oh, you needn’t worry about that either,” Raskolnikov went on in the same tone. “People with new ideas, people with the faintest capacity for saying something _new_, are extremely few in number, extraordinarily so in fact. One thing only is clear, that the appearance of all these grades and sub-divisions of men must follow with unfailing regularity some law of nature. That law, of course, is unknown at present, but I am convinced that it exists, and one day may become known. The vast mass of mankind is mere material, and only exists in order by some great effort, by some mysterious process, by means of some crossing of races and stocks, to bring into the world at last perhaps one man out of a thousand with a spark of independence. One in ten thousand perhaps--I speak roughly, approximately--is born with some independence, and with still greater independence one in a hundred

thousand. The man of genius is one of millions, and the great geniuses, the crown of humanity, appear on earth perhaps one in many thousand millions. In fact I have not peeped into the retort in which all this takes place. But there certainly is and must be a definite law, it cannot be a matter of chance."

"Why, are you both joking?" Razumihin cried at last. "There you sit, making fun of one another. Are you serious, Rodya?"

Raskolnikov raised his pale and almost mournful face and made no reply. And the unconcealed, persistent, nervous, and _discourteous_ sarcasm of Porfiry seemed strange to Razumihin beside that quiet and mournful face.

"Well, brother, if you are really serious... You are right, of course, in saying that it's not new, that it's like what we've read and heard a thousand times already; but what is really original in all this, and is exclusively your own, to my horror, is that you sanction bloodshed _in the name of conscience_, and, excuse my saying so, with such fanaticism.... That, I take it, is the point of your article. But that sanction of bloodshed _by conscience_ is to my mind... more terrible than the official, legal sanction of bloodshed...."

"You are quite right, it is more terrible," Porfiry agreed.

"Yes, you must have exaggerated! There is some mistake, I shall read it. You can't think that! I shall read it."

"All that is not in the article, there's only a hint of it," said Raskolnikov.

"Yes, yes." Porfiry couldn't sit still. "Your attitude to crime is pretty clear to me now, but... excuse me for my impertinence (I am really ashamed to be worrying you like this), you see, you've removed my anxiety as to the two grades getting mixed, but... there are various practical possibilities that make me uneasy! What if some man or youth imagines that he is a Lycurgus or Mahomet--a future one of course--and suppose he begins to remove all obstacles.... He has some great enterprise before him and needs money for it... and tries to get it... do you see?"

Zametov gave a sudden guffaw in his corner. Raskolnikov did not even raise his eyes to him.

"I must admit," he went on calmly, "that such cases certainly must arise. The vain and foolish are particularly apt to fall into that snare; young people especially."

"Yes, you see. Well then?"

"What then?" Raskolnikov smiled in reply; "that's not my fault. So it is and so it always will be. He said just now (he nodded at Razumihin) that I sanction bloodshed. Society is too well protected by prisons, banishment, criminal investigators, penal servitude. There's no need to be uneasy. You have but to catch the thief."

"And what if we do catch him?"

"Then he gets what he deserves."

"You are certainly logical. But what of his conscience?"

"Why do you care about that?"

"Simply from humanity."

"If he has a conscience he will suffer for his mistake. That will be his punishment--as well as the prison."

"But the real geniuses," asked Razumihin frowning, "those who have the right to murder? Oughtn't they to suffer at all even for the blood they've shed?"

"Why the word _ought_? It's not a matter of permission or prohibition. He will suffer if he is sorry for his victim. Pain and suffering are always inevitable for a large intelligence and a deep heart. The really great men must, I think, have great sadness on earth," he added dreamily, not in the tone of the conversation.

He raised his eyes, looked earnestly at them all, smiled, and took his cap. He was too quiet by comparison with his manner at his entrance, and he felt this. Everyone got up.

“Well, you may abuse me, be angry with me if you like,” Porfiry Petrovitch began again, “but I can’t resist. Allow me one little question (I know I am troubling you). There is just one little notion I want to express, simply that I may not forget it.”

“Very good, tell me your little notion,” Raskolnikov stood waiting, pale and grave before him.

“Well, you see... I really don’t know how to express it properly.... It’s a playful, psychological idea.... When you were writing your article, surely you couldn’t have helped, he-he! fancying yourself... just a little, an ‘extraordinary’ man, uttering a _new word_ in your sense.... That’s so, isn’t it?”

“Quite possibly,” Raskolnikov answered contemptuously.

Razumihin made a movement.

“And, if so, could you bring yourself in case of worldly difficulties and hardship or for some service to humanity--to overstep obstacles?... For instance, to rob and murder?”

And again he winked with his left eye, and laughed noiselessly just as before.

“If I did I certainly should not tell you,” Raskolnikov answered with defiant and haughty contempt.

“No, I was only interested on account of your article, from a literary point of view...”

“Foo! how obvious and insolent that is!” Raskolnikov thought with repulsion.

“Allow me to observe,” he answered dryly, “that I don’t consider myself a Mahomet or a Napoleon, nor any personage of that kind, and not being one of them I cannot tell you how I should act.”

“Oh, come, don’t we all think ourselves Napoleons now in Russia?” Porfiry Petrovitch said with alarming familiarity.

Something peculiar betrayed itself in the very intonation of his voice.

“Perhaps it was one of these future Napoleons who did for Alyona Ivanovna last week?” Zametov blurted out from the corner.

Raskolnikov did not speak, but looked firmly and intently at Porfiry. Razumihin was scowling gloomily. He seemed before this to be noticing something. He looked angrily around. There was a minute of gloomy silence. Raskolnikov turned to go.

“Are you going already?” Porfiry said amiably, holding out his hand with excessive politeness. “Very, very glad of your acquaintance. As for your request, have no uneasiness, write just as I told you, or, better still, come to me there yourself in a day or two... to-morrow, indeed. I shall be there at eleven o’clock for certain. We’ll arrange it all; we’ll have a talk. As one of the last to be _there_, you might perhaps be able to tell us something,” he added with a most good-natured expression.

“You want to cross-examine me officially in due form?” Raskolnikov asked sharply.

“Oh, why? That’s not necessary for the present. You misunderstand me. I lose no opportunity, you see, and... I’ve talked with all who had pledges.... I obtained evidence from some of them, and you are the last.... Yes, by the way,” he cried, seemingly suddenly delighted, “I just remember, what was I thinking of?” he turned to Razumihin, “you were talking my ears off about that Nikolay... of course, I know, I know very well,” he turned to Raskolnikov, “that the fellow is innocent, but what is one to do? We had to trouble Dmitri too.... This is the point, this is all: when you went up the stairs it was past seven, wasn’t it?”

“Yes,” answered Raskolnikov, with an unpleasant sensation at the very moment he spoke that he need not have said it.

“Then when you went upstairs between seven and eight, didn’t you see in a flat that stood open on a second storey, do you remember? two workmen or at least one of them? They were painting there, didn’t you notice them? It’s very, very important for them.”

“Painters? No, I didn’t see them,” Raskolnikov answered slowly, as though ransacking his memory, while at the same instant he was racking every nerve, almost swooning with anxiety to conjecture as quickly as possible where the trap lay and not to overlook anything. “No, I didn’t see them, and I don’t think I noticed a flat like that open.... But on the fourth storey” (he had mastered the trap now and was triumphant) “I remember now that someone was moving out of the flat opposite Alyona Ivanovna’s.... I remember... I remember it clearly. Some porters were carrying out a sofa and they squeezed me against the wall. But painters... no, I don’t

remember that there were any painters, and I don't think that there was a flat open anywhere, no, there wasn't."

"What do you mean?" Razumihin shouted suddenly, as though he had reflected and realised. "Why, it was on the day of the murder the painters were at work, and he was there three days before? What are you asking?"

"Foo! I have muddled it!" Porfiry slapped himself on the forehead. "Deuce take it! This business is turning my brain!" he addressed Raskolnikov somewhat apologetically. "It would be such a great thing for us to find out whether anyone had seen them between seven and eight at the flat, so I fancied you could perhaps have told us something.... I quite muddled it."

"Then you should be more careful," Razumihin observed grimly.

The last words were uttered in the passage. Porfiry Petrovitch saw them to the door with excessive politeness.

They went out into the street gloomy and sullen, and for some steps they did not say a word. Raskolnikov drew a deep breath.

CHAPTER VI

"I don't believe it, I can't believe it!" repeated Razumihin, trying in perplexity to refute Raskolnikov's arguments.

They were by now approaching Bakaleyev's lodgings, where Pulcheria Alexandrovna and Dounia had been expecting them a long while. Razumihin kept stopping on the way in the heat of discussion, confused and excited by the very fact that they were for the first time speaking openly about _it_.

"Don't believe it, then!" answered Raskolnikov, with a cold, careless smile. "You were noticing nothing as usual, but I was weighing every word."

"You are suspicious. That is why you weighed their words... h'm... certainly, I agree, Porfiry's tone was rather strange, and still more that wretch Zametov!... You are right, there was something about him--but why? Why?"

"He has changed his mind since last night."

"Quite the contrary! If they had that brainless idea, they would do their utmost to hide it, and conceal their cards, so as to catch you afterwards.... But it was all impudent and careless."

"If they had had facts--I mean, real facts--or at least grounds for suspicion, then they would certainly have tried to hide their game, in the hope of getting more (they would have made a search long ago besides). But they have no facts, not one. It is all mirage--all ambiguous. Simply a floating idea. So they try to throw me out by impudence. And perhaps, he was irritated at having no facts, and blurted it out in his vexation--or perhaps he has some plan... he seems an intelligent man. Perhaps he wanted to frighten me by pretending to know. They have a psychology of their own, brother. But it is loathsome explaining it all. Stop!"

"And it's insulting, insulting! I understand you. But... since we have spoken openly now (and it is an excellent thing that we have at last--I am glad) I will own now frankly that I noticed it in them long ago, this idea. Of course the merest hint only--an insinuation--but why an insinuation even? How dare they? What foundation have they? If only you knew how furious I have been. Think only! Simply because a poor student, unhinged by poverty and hypochondria, on the eve of a severe delirious illness (note that), suspicious, vain, proud, who has not seen a soul to speak to for six months, in rags and in boots without soles, has to face some wretched policemen and put up with their insolence; and the unexpected debt thrust under his nose, the I.O.U. presented by Tchebarov, the new paint, thirty degrees Reaumur and a stifling atmosphere, a crowd of people, the talk about the murder of a person where he had been just before, and all that on an empty stomach--he might well have a fainting fit! And that, that is what they found it all on! Damn them! I understand how annoying it is, but in your place, Rodya, I would laugh at them, or better still, spit in their ugly faces, and spit a dozen times in all directions. I'd hit out in all directions, neatly too, and so I'd put an end to it. Damn them! Don't be downhearted. It's a shame!"

"He really has put it well, though," Raskolnikov thought.

"Damn them? But the cross-examination again, to-morrow?" he said with bitterness. "Must I really enter into explanations with them? I feel vexed as it is, that I condescended to speak to Zametov yesterday in the restaurant...."

"Damn it! I will go myself to Porfiry. I will squeeze it out of him, as one of the family: he must let me know the ins and outs of it all! And as for Zametov..."

“At last he sees through him!” thought Raskolnikov.

“Stay!” cried Razumihin, seizing him by the shoulder again. “Stay! you were wrong. I have thought it out. You are wrong! How was that a trap? You say that the question about the workmen was a trap. But if you had done _that_, could you have said you had seen them painting the flat... and the workmen? On the contrary, you would have seen nothing, even if you had seen it. Who would own it against himself?”

“If I had done _that thing_, I should certainly have said that I had seen the workmen and the flat,” Raskolnikov answered, with reluctance and obvious disgust.

“But why speak against yourself?”

“Because only peasants, or the most inexperienced novices deny everything flatly at examinations. If a man is ever so little developed and experienced, he will certainly try to admit all the external facts that can’t be avoided, but will seek other explanations of them, will introduce some special, unexpected turn, that will give them another significance and put them in another light. Porfiry might well reckon that I should be sure to answer so, and say I had seen them to give an air of truth, and then make some explanation.”

“But he would have told you at once that the workmen could not have been there two days before, and that therefore you must have been there on the day of the murder at eight o’clock. And so he would have caught you over a detail.”

“Yes, that is what he was reckoning on, that I should not have time to reflect, and should be in a hurry to make the most likely answer, and so would forget that the workmen could not have been there two days before.”

“But how could you forget it?”

“Nothing easier. It is in just such stupid things clever people are most easily caught. The more cunning a man is, the less he suspects that he will be caught in a simple thing. The more cunning a man is, the simpler the trap he must be caught in. Porfiry is not such a fool as you think....”

“He is a knave then, if that is so!”

Raskolnikov could not help laughing. But at the very moment, he was struck by the strangeness of his own frankness, and the eagerness with which he had made this explanation, though he had kept up all the preceding conversation with gloomy repulsion, obviously with a motive, from necessity.

“I am getting a relish for certain aspects!” he thought to himself. But almost at the same instant he became suddenly uneasy, as though an unexpected and alarming idea had occurred to him. His uneasiness kept on increasing. They had just reached the entrance to Bakaleyev’s.

“Go in alone!” said Raskolnikov suddenly. “I will be back directly.”

“Where are you going? Why, we are just here.”

“I can’t help it.... I will come in half an hour. Tell them.”

“Say what you like, I will come with you.”

“You, too, want to torture me!” he screamed, with such bitter irritation, such despair in his eyes that Razumihin’s hands dropped. He stood for some time on the steps, looking gloomily at Raskolnikov striding rapidly away in the direction of his lodging. At last, gritting his teeth and clenching his fist, he swore he would squeeze Porfiry like a lemon that very day, and went up the stairs to reassure Pulcheria Alexandrovna, who was by now alarmed at their long absence.

When Raskolnikov got home, his hair was soaked with sweat and he was breathing heavily. He went rapidly up the stairs, walked into his unlocked room and at once fastened the latch. Then in senseless terror he rushed to the corner, to that hole under the paper where he had put the things; put his hand in, and for some minutes felt carefully in the hole, in every crack and fold of the paper. Finding nothing, he got up and drew a deep breath. As he was reaching the steps of Bakaleyev’s, he suddenly fancied that something, a chain, a stud or even a bit of paper in which they had been wrapped with the old woman’s handwriting on it, might somehow have slipped out and been lost in some crack, and then might suddenly turn up as unexpected, conclusive evidence

against him.

He stood as though lost in thought, and a strange, humiliated, half senseless smile strayed on his lips. He took his cap at last and went quietly out of the room. His ideas were all tangled. He went dreamily through the gateway.

“Here he is himself,” shouted a loud voice.

He raised his head.

The porter was standing at the door of his little room and was pointing him out to a short man who looked like an artisan, wearing a long coat and a waistcoat, and looking at a distance remarkably like a woman. He stooped, and his head in a greasy cap hung forward. From his wrinkled flabby face he looked over fifty; his little eyes were lost in fat and they looked out grimly, sternly and discontentedly.

“What is it?” Raskolnikov asked, going up to the porter.

The man stole a look at him from under his brows and he looked at him attentively, deliberately; then he turned slowly and went out of the gate into the street without saying a word.

“What is it?” cried Raskolnikov.

“Why, he there was asking whether a student lived here, mentioned your name and whom you lodged with. I saw you coming and pointed you out and he went away. It’s funny.”

The porter too seemed rather puzzled, but not much so, and after wondering for a moment he turned and went back to his room.

Raskolnikov ran after the stranger, and at once caught sight of him walking along the other side of the street with the same even, deliberate step with his eyes fixed on the ground, as though in meditation. He soon overtook him, but for some time walked behind him. At last, moving on to a level with him, he looked at his face. The man noticed him at once, looked at him quickly, but dropped his eyes again; and so they walked for a minute side by side without uttering a word.

“You were inquiring for me... of the porter?” Raskolnikov said at last, but in a curiously quiet voice.

The man made no answer; he didn’t even look at him. Again they were both silent.

“Why do you... come and ask for me... and say nothing.... What’s the meaning of it?”

Raskolnikov’s voice broke and he seemed unable to articulate the words clearly.

The man raised his eyes this time and turned a gloomy sinister look at Raskolnikov.

“Murderer!” he said suddenly in a quiet but clear and distinct voice.

Raskolnikov went on walking beside him. His legs felt suddenly weak, a cold shiver ran down his spine, and his heart seemed to stand still for a moment, then suddenly began throbbing as though it were set free. So they walked for about a hundred paces, side by side in silence.

The man did not look at him.

“What do you mean... what is.... Who is a murderer?” muttered Raskolnikov hardly audibly.

“_You_ are a murderer,” the man answered still more articulately and emphatically, with a smile of triumphant hatred, and again he looked straight into Raskolnikov’s pale face and stricken eyes.

They had just reached the cross-roads. The man turned to the left without looking behind him. Raskolnikov remained standing, gazing after him. He saw him turn round fifty paces away and look back at him still standing there. Raskolnikov could not see clearly, but he fancied that he was again smiling the same smile of cold hatred and triumph.

With slow faltering steps, with shaking knees, Raskolnikov made his way back to his little garret, feeling chilled all over. He took off his cap and put it on the table, and for ten minutes he stood without moving. Then he sank exhausted on the sofa and with a weak moan of pain he stretched himself on it. So he lay for half an hour.

He thought of nothing. Some thoughts or fragments of thoughts, some images without order or coherence floated before his mind--faces of people he had seen in his childhood or met somewhere once, whom he would never have recalled, the belfry of the church at V., the billiard table in a restaurant and some officers playing billiards, the smell of cigars in some underground tobacco shop, a tavern room, a back staircase quite dark, all sloppy with dirty water and strewn with egg-shells, and the Sunday bells floating in from somewhere.... The images followed one another, whirling like a hurricane. Some of them he liked and tried to clutch at, but they faded and all the while there was an oppression within him, but it was not overwhelming, sometimes it was even pleasant.... The slight shivering still persisted, but that too was an almost pleasant sensation.

He heard the hurried footsteps of Razumihin; he closed his eyes and pretended to be asleep. Razumihin opened the door and stood for some time in the doorway as though hesitating, then he stepped softly into the room and went cautiously to the sofa. Raskolnikov heard Nastasya's whisper:

"Don't disturb him! Let him sleep. He can have his dinner later."

"Quite so," answered Razumihin. Both withdrew carefully and closed the door. Another half-hour passed. Raskolnikov opened his eyes, turned on his back again, clasping his hands behind his head.

"Who is he? Who is that man who sprang out of the earth? Where was he, what did he see? He has seen it all, that's clear. Where was he then? And from where did he see? Why has he only now sprung out of the earth? And how could he see? Is it possible? Hm..." continued Raskolnikov, turning cold and shivering, "and the jewel case Nikolay found behind the door--was that possible? A clue? You miss an infinitesimal line and you can build it into a pyramid of evidence! A fly flew by and saw it! Is it possible?" He felt with sudden loathing how weak, how physically weak he had become. "I ought to have known it," he thought with a bitter smile. "And how dared I, knowing myself, knowing how I should be, take up an axe and shed blood! I ought to have known beforehand.... Ah, but I did know!" he whispered in despair. At times he came to a standstill at some thought.

"No, those men are not made so. The real _Master_ to whom all is permitted storms Toulon, makes a massacre in Paris, _forgets_ an army in Egypt, _wastes_ half a million men in the Moscow expedition and gets off with a jest at Vilna. And altars are set up to him after his death, and so _all_ is permitted. No, such people, it seems, are not of flesh but of bronze!"

One sudden irrelevant idea almost made him laugh. Napoleon, the pyramids, Waterloo, and a wretched skinny old woman, a pawnbroker with a red trunk under her bed--it's a nice hash for Porfiry Petrovitch to digest! How can they digest it! It's too inartistic. "A Napoleon creep under an old woman's bed! Ugh, how loathsome!"

At moments he felt he was raving. He sank into a state of feverish excitement. "The old woman is of no consequence," he thought, hotly and incoherently. "The old woman was a mistake perhaps, but she is not what matters! The old woman was only an illness.... I was in a hurry to overstep.... I didn't kill a human being, but a principle! I killed the principle, but I didn't overstep, I stopped on this side.... I was only capable of killing. And it seems I wasn't even capable of that... Principle? Why was that fool Razumihin abusing the socialists? They are industrious, commercial people; 'the happiness of all' is their case. No, life is only given to me once and I shall never have it again; I don't want to wait for 'the happiness of all.' I want to live myself, or else better not live at all. I simply couldn't pass by my mother starving, keeping my rouble in my pocket while I waited for the 'happiness of all.' I am putting my little brick into the happiness of all and so my heart is at peace. Ha-ha! Why have you let me slip? I only live once, I too want.... Ech, I am an æsthetic louse and nothing more," he added suddenly, laughing like a madman. "Yes, I am certainly a louse," he went on, clutching at the idea, gloating over it and playing with it with vindictive pleasure. "In the first place, because I can reason that I am one, and secondly, because for a month past I have been troubling benevolent Providence, calling it to witness that not for my own fleshly lusts did I undertake it, but with a grand and noble object--ha-ha! Thirdly, because I aimed at carrying it out as justly as possible, weighing, measuring and calculating. Of all the lice I picked out the most useless one and proposed to take from her only as much as I needed for the first step, no more nor less (so the rest would have gone to a monastery, according to her will, ha-ha!). And what shows that I am utterly a louse," he added, grinding his teeth, "is that I am perhaps viler and more loathsome than the louse I killed, and _I felt beforehand_ that I should tell myself so _after_ killing her. Can anything be compared with the horror of that? The vulgarity! The abjectness! I understand the 'prophet' with his sabre, on his steed: Allah commands and 'trembling' creation must obey! The 'prophet' is right, he is right when he sets a battery across the street and blows up the innocent and the guilty without deigning to explain! It's for you to obey, trembling creation, and not _to have desires_, for that's not for you!... I shall never, never forgive the old woman!"

His hair was soaked with sweat, his quivering lips were parched, his eyes were fixed on the ceiling.

“Mother, sister--how I loved them! Why do I hate them now? Yes, I hate them, I feel a physical hatred for them, I can’t bear them near me.... I went up to my mother and kissed her, I remember.... To embrace her and think if she only knew... shall I tell her then? That’s just what I might do.... _She_ must be the same as I am,” he added, straining himself to think, as it were struggling with delirium. “Ah, how I hate the old woman now! I feel I should kill her again if she came to life! Poor Lizaveta! Why did she come in?... It’s strange though, why is it I scarcely ever think of her, as though I hadn’t killed her? Lizaveta! Sonia! Poor gentle things, with gentle eyes.... Dear women! Why don’t they weep? Why don’t they moan? They give up everything... their eyes are soft and gentle.... Sonia, Sonia! Gentle Sonia!”

He lost consciousness; it seemed strange to him that he didn’t remember how he got into the street. It was late evening. The twilight had fallen and the full moon was shining more and more brightly; but there was a peculiar breathlessness in the air. There were crowds of people in the street; workmen and business people were making their way home; other people had come out for a walk; there was a smell of mortar, dust and stagnant water. Raskolnikov walked along, mournful and anxious; he was distinctly aware of having come out with a purpose, of having to do something in a hurry, but what it was he had forgotten. Suddenly he stood still and saw a man standing on the other side of the street, beckoning to him. He crossed over to him, but at once the man turned and walked away with his head hanging, as though he had made no sign to him. “Stay, did he really beckon?” Raskolnikov wondered, but he tried to overtake him. When he was within ten paces he recognised him and was frightened; it was the same man with stooping shoulders in the long coat. Raskolnikov followed him at a distance; his heart was beating; they went down a turning; the man still did not look round. “Does he know I am following him?” thought Raskolnikov. The man went into the gateway of a big house. Raskolnikov hastened to the gate and looked in to see whether he would look round and sign to him. In the court-yard the man did turn round and again seemed to beckon him. Raskolnikov at once followed him into the yard, but the man was gone. He must have gone up the first staircase. Raskolnikov rushed after him. He heard slow measured steps two flights above. The staircase seemed strangely familiar. He reached the window on the first floor; the moon shone through the panes with a melancholy and mysterious light; then he reached the second floor. Bah! this is the flat where the painters were at work... but how was it he did not recognise it at once? The steps of the man above had died away. “So he must have stopped or hidden somewhere.” He reached the third storey, should he go on? There was a stillness that was dreadful.... But he went on. The sound of his own footsteps scared and frightened him. How dark it was! The man must be hiding in some corner here. Ah! the flat was standing wide open, he hesitated and went in. It was very dark and empty in the passage, as though everything had been removed; he crept on tiptoe into the parlour which was flooded with moonlight. Everything there was as before, the chairs, the looking-glass, the yellow sofa and the pictures in the frames. A huge, round, copper-red moon looked in at the windows. “It’s the moon that makes it so still, weaving some mystery,” thought Raskolnikov. He stood and waited, waited a long while, and the more silent the moonlight, the more violently his heart beat, till it was painful. And still the same hush. Suddenly he heard a momentary sharp crack like the snapping of a splinter and all was still again. A fly flew up suddenly and struck the window pane with a plaintive buzz. At that moment he noticed in the corner between the window and the little cupboard something like a cloak hanging on the wall. “Why is that cloak here?” he thought, “it wasn’t there before....” He went up to it quietly and felt that there was someone hiding behind it. He cautiously moved the cloak and saw, sitting on a chair in the corner, the old woman bent double so that he couldn’t see her face; but it was she. He stood over her. “She is afraid,” he thought. He stealthily took the axe from the noose and struck her one blow, then another on the skull. But strange to say she did not stir, as though she were made of wood. He was frightened, bent down nearer and tried to look at her; but she, too, bent her head lower. He bent right down to the ground and peeped up into her face from below, he peeped and turned cold with horror: the old woman was sitting and laughing, shaking with noiseless laughter, doing her utmost that he should not hear it. Suddenly he fancied that the door from the bedroom was opened a little and that there was laughter and whispering within. He was overcome with frenzy and he began hitting the old woman on the head with all his force, but at every blow of the axe the laughter and whispering from the bedroom grew louder and the old woman was simply shaking with mirth. He was rushing away, but the passage was full of people, the doors of the flats stood open and on the landing, on the stairs and everywhere below there were people, rows of heads, all looking, but huddled together in silence and expectation. Something gripped his heart, his legs were rooted to the spot, they would not move.... He tried to scream and woke up.

He drew a deep breath--but his dream seemed strangely to persist: his door was flung open and a man whom he had never seen stood in the doorway watching him intently.

Raskolnikov had hardly opened his eyes and he instantly closed them again. He lay on his back without stirring.

“Is it still a dream?” he wondered and again raised his eyelids hardly perceptibly; the stranger was standing in the same place, still watching him.

He stepped cautiously into the room, carefully closing the door after him, went up to the table, paused a moment, still keeping his eyes on Raskolnikov, and noiselessly seated himself on the chair by the sofa; he put his hat on the floor beside him and leaned his hands on his cane and his chin on his hands. It was evident that he was prepared to wait indefinitely. As far as Raskolnikov could make out from his stolen glances, he was a man no longer young, stout, with a full, fair, almost whitish beard.

Ten minutes passed. It was still light, but beginning to get dusk. There was complete stillness in the room. Not a sound came from the stairs. Only a big fly buzzed and fluttered against the window pane. It was unbearable at last. Raskolnikov suddenly got up and sat on the sofa.

“Come, tell me what you want.”

“I knew you were not asleep, but only pretending,” the stranger answered oddly, laughing calmly. “Arkady Ivanovitch Svidrigaïlov, allow me to introduce myself....”

PART IV

CHAPTER I

“Can this be still a dream?” Raskolnikov thought once more.

He looked carefully and suspiciously at the unexpected visitor.

“Svidrigaïlov! What nonsense! It can’t be!” he said at last aloud in bewilderment.

His visitor did not seem at all surprised at this exclamation.

“I’ve come to you for two reasons. In the first place, I wanted to make your personal acquaintance, as I have already heard a great deal about you that is interesting and flattering; secondly, I cherish the hope that you may not refuse to assist me in a matter directly concerning the welfare of your sister, Avdotya Romanovna. For without your support she might not let me come near her now, for she is prejudiced against me, but with your assistance I reckon on...”

“You reckon wrongly,” interrupted Raskolnikov.

“They only arrived yesterday, may I ask you?”

Raskolnikov made no reply.

“It was yesterday, I know. I only arrived myself the day before. Well, let me tell you this, Rodion Romanovitch, I don’t consider it necessary to justify myself, but kindly tell me what was there particularly criminal on my part in all this business, speaking without prejudice, with common sense?”

Raskolnikov continued to look at him in silence.

“That in my own house I persecuted a defenceless girl and ‘insulted her with my infamous proposals’--is that it? (I am anticipating you.) But you’ve only to assume that I, too, am a man _et nihil humanum_... in a word, that I am capable of being attracted and falling in love (which does not depend on our will), then everything can be explained in the most natural manner. The question is, am I a monster, or am I myself a victim? And what if I am a victim? In proposing to the object of my passion to elope with me to America or Switzerland, I may have cherished the deepest respect for her and may have thought that I was promoting our mutual happiness! Reason is the slave of passion, you know; why, probably, I was doing more harm to myself than anyone!”

“But that’s not the point,” Raskolnikov interrupted with disgust. “It’s simply that whether you are right or wrong, we dislike you. We don’t want to have anything to do with you. We show you the door. Go out!”

Svidrigaïlov broke into a sudden laugh.

“But you’re... but there’s no getting round you,” he said, laughing in the frankest way. “I hoped to get round you, but you took up the right line at once!”

“But you are trying to get round me still!”

“What of it? What of it?” cried Svidrigaïlov, laughing openly. “But this is what the French call _bonne guerre_, and the most innocent form of deception!... But still you have interrupted me; one way or another, I repeat again: there would never have been any unpleasantness except for what happened in the garden. Marfa Petrovna...”

“You have got rid of Marfa Petrovna, too, so they say?” Raskolnikov interrupted rudely.

“Oh, you’ve heard that, too, then? You’d be sure to, though.... But as for your question, I really don’t know what to say, though my own conscience is quite at rest on that score. Don’t suppose that I am in any apprehension about it. All was regular and in order; the medical inquiry diagnosed apoplexy due to bathing immediately after a heavy dinner and a bottle of wine, and indeed it could have proved nothing else. But I’ll tell you what I have been thinking to myself of late, on my way here in the train, especially: didn’t I contribute to all that... calamity, morally, in a way, by irritation or something of the sort. But I came to the conclusion that that, too, was quite out of the question.”

Raskolnikov laughed.

“I wonder you trouble yourself about it!”

“But what are you laughing at? Only consider, I struck her just twice with a switch--there were no marks even... don’t regard me as a cynic, please; I am perfectly aware how atrocious it was of me and all that; but I know for certain, too, that Marfa Petrovna was very likely pleased at my, so to say, warmth. The story of your sister had been wrung out to the last drop; for the last three days Marfa Petrovna had been forced to sit at home; she had nothing to show herself with in the town. Besides, she had bored them so with that letter (you heard about her reading the letter). And all of a sudden those two switches fell from heaven! Her first act was to order the carriage to be got out.... Not to speak of the fact that there are cases when women are very, very glad to be insulted in spite of all their show of indignation. There are instances of it with everyone; human beings in general, indeed, greatly love to be insulted, have you noticed that? But it’s particularly so with women. One might even say it’s their only amusement.”

At one time Raskolnikov thought of getting up and walking out and so finishing the interview. But some curiosity and even a sort of prudence made him linger for a moment.

“You are fond of fighting?” he asked carelessly.

“No, not very,” Svidrigaïlov answered, calmly. “And Marfa Petrovna and I scarcely ever fought. We lived very harmoniously, and she was always pleased with me. I only used the whip twice in all our seven years (not counting a third occasion of a very ambiguous character). The first time, two months after our marriage, immediately after we arrived in the country, and the last time was that of which we are speaking. Did you suppose I was such a monster, such a reactionary, such a slave driver? Ha, ha! By the way, do you remember, Rodion Romanovitch, how a few years ago, in those days of beneficent publicity, a nobleman, I’ve forgotten his name, was put to shame everywhere, in all the papers, for having thrashed a German woman in the railway train. You remember? It was in those days, that very year I believe, the ‘disgraceful action of the _Age_’ took place (you know, ‘The Egyptian Nights,’ that public reading, you remember? The dark eyes, you know! Ah, the golden days of our youth, where are they?). Well, as for the gentleman who thrashed the German, I feel no sympathy with him, because after all what need is there for sympathy? But I must say that there are sometimes such provoking ‘Germans’ that I don’t believe there is a progressive who could quite answer for himself. No one looked at the subject from that point of view then, but that’s the truly humane point of view, I assure you.”

After saying this, Svidrigaïlov broke into a sudden laugh again. Raskolnikov saw clearly that this was a man with a firm purpose in his mind and able to keep it to himself.

“I expect you’ve not talked to anyone for some days?” he asked.

“Scarcely anyone. I suppose you are wondering at my being such an adaptable man?”

“No, I am only wondering at your being too adaptable a man.”

“Because I am not offended at the rudeness of your questions? Is that it? But why take offence? As you asked, so I answered,” he replied, with a surprising expression of simplicity. “You know, there’s hardly anything I take interest in,” he went on, as it were dreamily, “especially now, I’ve nothing to do.... You are quite at liberty to imagine though that I am making up to you with a motive, particularly as I told you I want to see your sister about something. But I’ll confess frankly, I am very much bored. The last three days especially, so I am delighted to see you.... Don’t be angry, Rodion Romanovitch, but you seem to be somehow awfully strange

yourself. Say what you like, there's something wrong with you, and now, too... not this very minute, I mean, but now, generally.... Well, well, I won't, I won't, don't scowl! I am not such a bear, you know, as you think."

Raskolnikov looked gloomily at him.

"You are not a bear, perhaps, at all," he said. "I fancy indeed that you are a man of very good breeding, or at least know how on occasion to behave like one."

"I am not particularly interested in anyone's opinion," Svidrigaïlov answered, dryly and even with a shade of haughtiness, "and therefore why not be vulgar at times when vulgarity is such a convenient cloak for our climate... and especially if one has a natural propensity that way," he added, laughing again.

"But I've heard you have many friends here. You are, as they say, 'not without connections.' What can you want with me, then, unless you've some special object?"

"That's true that I have friends here," Svidrigaïlov admitted, not replying to the chief point. "I've met some already. I've been lounging about for the last three days, and I've seen them, or they've seen me. That's a matter of course. I am well dressed and reckoned not a poor man; the emancipation of the serfs hasn't affected me; my property consists chiefly of forests and water meadows. The revenue has not fallen off; but... I am not going to see them, I was sick of them long ago. I've been here three days and have called on no one.... What a town it is! How has it come into existence among us, tell me that? A town of officials and students of all sorts. Yes, there's a great deal I didn't notice when I was here eight years ago, kicking up my heels.... My only hope now is in anatomy, by Jove, it is!"

"Anatomy?"

"But as for these clubs, Dussauts, parades, or progress, indeed, maybe--well, all that can go on without me," he went on, again without noticing the question. "Besides, who wants to be a card-sharper?"

"Why, have you been a card-sharper then?"

"How could I help being? There was a regular set of us, men of the best society, eight years ago; we had a fine time. And all men of breeding, you know, poets, men of property. And indeed as a rule in our Russian society the best manners are found among those who've been thrashed, have you noticed that? I've deteriorated in the country. But I did get into prison for debt, through a low Greek who came from Nezhin. Then Marfa Petrovna turned up; she bargained with him and bought me off for thirty thousand silver pieces (I owed seventy thousand). We were united in lawful wedlock and she bore me off into the country like a treasure. You know she was five years older than I. She was very fond of me. For seven years I never left the country. And, take note, that all my life she held a document over me, the IOU for thirty thousand roubles, so if I were to elect to be restive about anything I should be trapped at once! And she would have done it! Women find nothing incompatible in that."

"If it hadn't been for that, would you have given her the slip?"

"I don't know what to say. It was scarcely the document restrained me. I didn't want to go anywhere else. Marfa Petrovna herself invited me to go abroad, seeing I was bored, but I've been abroad before, and always felt sick there. For no reason, but the sunrise, the bay of Naples, the sea--you look at them and it makes you sad. What's most revolting is that one is really sad! No, it's better at home. Here at least one blames others for everything and excuses oneself. I should have gone perhaps on an expedition to the North Pole, because _j'ai le vin mauvais_ and hate drinking, and there's nothing left but wine. I have tried it. But, I say, I've been told Berg is going up in a great balloon next Sunday from the Yusupov Garden and will take up passengers at a fee. Is it true?"

"Why, would you go up?"

"I... No, oh, no," muttered Svidrigaïlov really seeming to be deep in thought.

"What does he mean? Is he in earnest?" Raskolnikov wondered.

"No, the document didn't restrain me," Svidrigaïlov went on, meditatively. "It was my own doing, not leaving the country, and nearly a year ago Marfa Petrovna gave me back the document on my name-day and made me a present of a considerable sum of money, too. She had a fortune, you know. 'You see how I trust you, Arkady Ivanovitch'--that was actually her expression. You don't believe she used it? But do you know I managed the estate quite decently, they know me in the neighbourhood. I ordered books, too. Marfa

Petrovna at first approved, but afterwards she was afraid of my over-studying."

"You seem to be missing Marfa Petrovna very much?"

"Missing her? Perhaps. Really, perhaps I am. And, by the way, do you believe in ghosts?"

"What ghosts?"

"Why, ordinary ghosts."

"Do you believe in them?"

"Perhaps not, _pour vous plaire_.... I wouldn't say no exactly."

"Do you see them, then?"

Svidrigaïlov looked at him rather oddly.

"Marfa Petrovna is pleased to visit me," he said, twisting his mouth into a strange smile.

"How do you mean 'she is pleased to visit you'?"

"She has been three times. I saw her first on the very day of the funeral, an hour after she was buried. It was the day before I left to come here. The second time was the day before yesterday, at daybreak, on the journey at the station of Malaya Vishera, and the third time was two hours ago in the room where I am staying. I was alone."

"Were you awake?"

"Quite awake. I was wide awake every time. She comes, speaks to me for a minute and goes out at the door--always at the door. I can almost hear her."

"What made me think that something of the sort must be happening to you?" Raskolnikov said suddenly.

At the same moment he was surprised at having said it. He was much excited.

"What! Did you think so?" Svidrigaïlov asked in astonishment. "Did you really? Didn't I say that there was something in common between us, eh?"

"You never said so!" Raskolnikov cried sharply and with heat.

"Didn't I?"

"No!"

"I thought I did. When I came in and saw you lying with your eyes shut, pretending, I said to myself at once, 'Here's the man.'"

"What do you mean by 'the man?' What are you talking about?" cried Raskolnikov.

"What do I mean? I really don't know...." Svidrigaïlov muttered ingenuously, as though he, too, were puzzled.

For a minute they were silent. They stared in each other's faces.

"That's all nonsense!" Raskolnikov shouted with vexation. "What does she say when she comes to you?"

"She! Would you believe it, she talks of the silliest trifles and--man is a strange creature--it makes me angry. The first time she came in (I was tired you know: the funeral service, the funeral ceremony, the lunch afterwards. At last I was left alone in my study. I lighted a cigar and began to think), she came in at the door. 'You've been so busy to-day, Arkady Ivanovitch, you have forgotten to wind the dining-room clock,' she said. All those seven years I've wound that clock every week, and if I forgot it she would always remind me. The next day I set off on my way here. I got out at the station at daybreak; I'd been asleep, tired out, with my eyes half open, I was drinking some coffee. I looked up and there was suddenly Marfa Petrovna sitting beside me with a pack of cards in her hands. 'Shall I tell your fortune for the journey, Arkady Ivanovitch?' She was a great hand at telling fortunes. I shall never forgive myself for not asking her to. I ran away in a fright, and, besides, the bell rang. I was sitting to-day, feeling very heavy after a miserable dinner from a cookshop; I was sitting smoking, all of a sudden Marfa Petrovna again. She came in very smart in a new

green silk dress with a long train. ‘Good day, Arkady Ivanovitch! How do you like my dress? Aniska can’t make like this.’ (Aniska was a dressmaker in the country, one of our former serf girls who had been trained in Moscow, a pretty wench.) She stood turning round before me. I looked at the dress, and then I looked carefully, very carefully, at her face. ‘I wonder you trouble to come to me about such trifles, Marfa Petrovna.’ ‘Good gracious, you won’t let one disturb you about anything!’ To tease her I said, ‘I want to get married, Marfa Petrovna.’ ‘That’s just like you, Arkady Ivanovitch; it does you very little credit to come looking for a bride when you’ve hardly buried your wife. And if you could make a good choice, at least, but I know it won’t be for your happiness or hers, you will only be a laughing-stock to all good people.’ Then she went out and her train seemed to rustle. Isn’t it nonsense, eh?”

“But perhaps you are telling lies?” Raskolnikov put in.

“I rarely lie,” answered Svidrigaïlov thoughtfully, apparently not noticing the rudeness of the question.

“And in the past, have you ever seen ghosts before?”

“Y-yes, I have seen them, but only once in my life, six years ago. I had a serf, Filka; just after his burial I called out forgetting ‘Filka, my pipe!’ He came in and went to the cupboard where my pipes were. I sat still and thought ‘he is doing it out of revenge,’ because we had a violent quarrel just before his death. ‘How dare you come in with a hole in your elbow?’ I said. ‘Go away, you scamp!’ He turned and went out, and never came again. I didn’t tell Marfa Petrovna at the time. I wanted to have a service sung for him, but I was ashamed.”

“You should go to a doctor.”

“I know I am not well, without your telling me, though I don’t know what’s wrong; I believe I am five times as strong as you are. I didn’t ask you whether you believe that ghosts are seen, but whether you believe that they exist.”

“No, I won’t believe it!” Raskolnikov cried, with positive anger.

“What do people generally say?” muttered Svidrigaïlov, as though speaking to himself, looking aside and bowing his head. “They say, ‘You are ill, so what appears to you is only unreal fantasy.’ But that’s not strictly logical. I agree that ghosts only appear to the sick, but that only proves that they are unable to appear except to the sick, not that they don’t exist.”

“Nothing of the sort,” Raskolnikov insisted irritably.

“No? You don’t think so?” Svidrigaïlov went on, looking at him deliberately. “But what do you say to this argument (help me with it): ghosts are, as it were, shreds and fragments of other worlds, the beginning of them. A man in health has, of course, no reason to see them, because he is above all a man of this earth and is bound for the sake of completeness and order to live only in this life. But as soon as one is ill, as soon as the normal earthly order of the organism is broken, one begins to realise the possibility of another world; and the more seriously ill one is, the closer becomes one’s contact with that other world, so that as soon as the man dies he steps straight into that world. I thought of that long ago. If you believe in a future life, you could believe in that, too.”

“I don’t believe in a future life,” said Raskolnikov.

Svidrigaïlov sat lost in thought.

“And what if there are only spiders there, or something of that sort,” he said suddenly.

“He is a madman,” thought Raskolnikov.

“We always imagine eternity as something beyond our conception, something vast, vast! But why must it be vast? Instead of all that, what if it’s one little room, like a bath house in the country, black and grimy and spiders in every corner, and that’s all eternity is? I sometimes fancy it like that.”

“Can it be you can imagine nothing juster and more comforting than that?” Raskolnikov cried, with a feeling of anguish.

“Juster? And how can we tell, perhaps that is just, and do you know it’s what I would certainly have made it,” answered Svidrigaïlov, with a vague smile.

This horrible answer sent a cold chill through Raskolnikov. Svidrigaïlov raised his head, looked at him, and suddenly began laughing.

“Only think,” he cried, “half an hour ago we had never seen each other, we regarded each other as enemies; there is a matter unsettled between us; we’ve thrown it aside, and away we’ve gone into the abstract! Wasn’t I right in saying that we were birds of a feather?”

“Kindly allow me,” Raskolnikov went on irritably, “to ask you to explain why you have honoured me with your visit... and... and I am in a hurry, I have no time to waste. I want to go out.”

“By all means, by all means. Your sister, Avdotya Romanovna, is going to be married to Mr. Luzhin, Pyotr Petrovitch?”

“Can you refrain from any question about my sister and from mentioning her name? I can’t understand how you dare utter her name in my presence, if you really are Svidrigaïlov.”

“Why, but I’ve come here to speak about her; how can I avoid mentioning her?”

“Very good, speak, but make haste.”

“I am sure that you must have formed your own opinion of this Mr. Luzhin, who is a connection of mine through my wife, if you have only seen him for half an hour, or heard any facts about him. He is no match for Avdotya Romanovna. I believe Avdotya Romanovna is sacrificing herself generously and imprudently for the sake of... for the sake of her family. I fancied from all I had heard of you that you would be very glad if the match could be broken off without the sacrifice of worldly advantages. Now I know you personally, I am convinced of it.”

“All this is very naïve... excuse me, I should have said impudent on your part,” said Raskolnikov.

“You mean to say that I am seeking my own ends. Don’t be uneasy, Rodion Romanovitch, if I were working for my own advantage, I would not have spoken out so directly. I am not quite a fool. I will confess something psychologically curious about that: just now, defending my love for Avdotya Romanovna, I said I was myself the victim. Well, let me tell you that I’ve no feeling of love now, not the slightest, so that I wonder myself indeed, for I really did feel something...”

“Through idleness and depravity,” Raskolnikov put in.

“I certainly am idle and depraved, but your sister has such qualities that even I could not help being impressed by them. But that’s all nonsense, as I see myself now.”

“Have you seen that long?”

“I began to be aware of it before, but was only perfectly sure of it the day before yesterday, almost at the moment I arrived in Petersburg. I still fancied in Moscow, though, that I was coming to try to get Avdotya Romanovna’s hand and to cut out Mr. Luzhin.”

“Excuse me for interrupting you; kindly be brief, and come to the object of your visit. I am in a hurry, I want to go out...”

“With the greatest pleasure. On arriving here and determining on a certain... journey, I should like to make some necessary preliminary arrangements. I left my children with an aunt; they are well provided for; and they have no need of me personally. And a nice father I should make, too! I have taken nothing but what Marfa Petrovna gave me a year ago. That’s enough for me. Excuse me, I am just coming to the point. Before the journey which may come off, I want to settle Mr. Luzhin, too. It’s not that I detest him so much, but it was through him I quarrelled with Marfa Petrovna when I learned that she had dished up this marriage. I want now to see Avdotya Romanovna through your mediation, and if you like in your presence, to explain to her that in the first place she will never gain anything but harm from Mr. Luzhin. Then, begging her pardon for all past unpleasantness, to make her a present of ten thousand roubles and so assist the rupture with Mr. Luzhin, a rupture to which I believe she is herself not disinclined, if she could see the way to it.”

“You are certainly mad,” cried Raskolnikov not so much angered as astonished. “How dare you talk like that!”

“I knew you would scream at me; but in the first place, though I am not rich, this ten thousand roubles is perfectly free; I have absolutely no need for it. If Avdotya Romanovna does not accept it, I shall waste it in some more foolish way. That’s the first thing. Secondly, my conscience is perfectly easy; I make the offer with no ulterior motive. You may not believe it, but in the end Avdotya Romanovna and you will know. The point is, that I did actually cause your sister, whom I greatly respect, some trouble and unpleasantness, and so, sincerely regretting it, I want--not to compensate, not to repay her for the unpleasantness, but simply to do something to her advantage, to show that I am not, after all, privileged to do nothing but harm. If there were a millionth fraction of

self-interest in my offer, I should not have made it so openly; and I should not have offered her ten thousand only, when five weeks ago I offered her more, Besides, I may, perhaps, very soon marry a young lady, and that alone ought to prevent suspicion of any design on Avdotya Romanovna. In conclusion, let me say that in marrying Mr. Luzhin, she is taking money just the same, only from another man. Don't be angry, Rodion Romanovitch, think it over coolly and quietly."

Svidrigaïlov himself was exceedingly cool and quiet as he was saying this.

"I beg you to say no more," said Raskolnikov. "In any case this is unpardonable impertinence."

"Not in the least. Then a man may do nothing but harm to his neighbour in this world, and is prevented from doing the tiniest bit of good by trivial conventional formalities. That's absurd. If I died, for instance, and left that sum to your sister in my will, surely she wouldn't refuse it?"

"Very likely she would."

"Oh, no, indeed. However, if you refuse it, so be it, though ten thousand roubles is a capital thing to have on occasion. In any case I beg you to repeat what I have said to Avdotya Romanovna."

"No, I won't."

"In that case, Rodion Romanovitch, I shall be obliged to try and see her myself and worry her by doing so."

"And if I do tell her, will you not try to see her?"

"I don't know really what to say. I should like very much to see her once more."

"Don't hope for it."

"I'm sorry. But you don't know me. Perhaps we may become better friends."

"You think we may become friends?"

"And why not?" Svidrigaïlov said, smiling. He stood up and took his hat. "I didn't quite intend to disturb you and I came here without reckoning on it... though I was very much struck by your face this morning."

"Where did you see me this morning?" Raskolnikov asked uneasily.

"I saw you by chance.... I kept fancying there is something about you like me.... But don't be uneasy. I am not intrusive; I used to get on all right with card-sharpers, and I never bored Prince Svirbey, a great personage who is a distant relation of mine, and I could write about Raphael's _Madonna_ in Madam Prilukov's album, and I never left Marfa Petrovna's side for seven years, and I used to stay the night at Viazemsky's house in the Hay Market in the old days, and I may go up in a balloon with Berg, perhaps."

"Oh, all right. Are you starting soon on your travels, may I ask?"

"What travels?"

"Why, on that 'journey'; you spoke of it yourself."

"A journey? Oh, yes. I did speak of a journey. Well, that's a wide subject.... if only you knew what you are asking," he added, and gave a sudden, loud, short laugh. "Perhaps I'll get married instead of the journey. They're making a match for me."

"Here?"

"Yes."

"How have you had time for that?"

"But I am very anxious to see Avdotya Romanovna once. I earnestly beg it. Well, good-bye for the present. Oh, yes. I have forgotten something. Tell your sister, Rodion Romanovitch, that Marfa Petrovna remembered her in her will and left her three thousand roubles. That's absolutely certain. Marfa Petrovna arranged it a week before her death, and it was done in my presence. Avdotya Romanovna will be able to receive the money in two or three weeks."

“Are you telling the truth?”

“Yes, tell her. Well, your servant. I am staying very near you.”

As he went out, Svidrigaïlov ran up against Razumihin in the doorway.

CHAPTER II

It was nearly eight o’clock. The two young men hurried to Bakaleyev’s, to arrive before Luzhin.

“Why, who was that?” asked Razumihin, as soon as they were in the street.

“It was Svidrigaïlov, that landowner in whose house my sister was insulted when she was their governess. Through his persecuting her with his attentions, she was turned out by his wife, Marfa Petrovna. This Marfa Petrovna begged Dounia’s forgiveness afterwards, and she’s just died suddenly. It was of her we were talking this morning. I don’t know why I’m afraid of that man. He came here at once after his wife’s funeral. He is very strange, and is determined on doing something.... We must guard Dounia from him... that’s what I wanted to tell you, do you hear?”

“Guard her! What can he do to harm Avdotya Romanovna? Thank you, Rodya, for speaking to me like that.... We will, we will guard her. Where does he live?”

“I don’t know.”

“Why didn’t you ask? What a pity! I’ll find out, though.”

“Did you see him?” asked Raskolnikov after a pause.

“Yes, I noticed him, I noticed him well.”

“You did really see him? You saw him clearly?” Raskolnikov insisted.

“Yes, I remember him perfectly, I should know him in a thousand; I have a good memory for faces.”

They were silent again.

“Hm!... that’s all right,” muttered Raskolnikov. “Do you know, I fancied... I keep thinking that it may have been an hallucination.”

“What do you mean? I don’t understand you.”

“Well, you all say,” Raskolnikov went on, twisting his mouth into a smile, “that I am mad. I thought just now that perhaps I really am mad, and have only seen a phantom.”

“What do you mean?”

“Why, who can tell? Perhaps I am really mad, and perhaps everything that happened all these days may be only imagination.”

“Ach, Rodya, you have been upset again!... But what did he say, what did he come for?”

Raskolnikov did not answer. Razumihin thought a minute.

“Now let me tell you my story,” he began, “I came to you, you were asleep. Then we had dinner and then I went to Porfiry’s, Zametov was still with him. I tried to begin, but it was no use. I couldn’t speak in the right way. They don’t seem to understand and can’t understand, but are not a bit ashamed. I drew Porfiry to the window, and began talking to him, but it was still no use. He looked away and I looked away. At last I shook my fist in his ugly face, and told him as a cousin I’d brain him. He merely looked at me, I cursed and came away. That was all. It was very stupid. To Zametov I didn’t say a word. But, you see, I thought I’d made a mess of it, but as I went downstairs a brilliant idea struck me: why should we trouble? Of course if you were in any danger or anything, but why need you care? You needn’t care a hang for them. We shall have a laugh at them afterwards, and if I were in your place I’d mystify them more than ever. How ashamed they’ll be afterwards! Hang them! We can thrash them afterwards, but let’s laugh at them now!”

“To be sure,” answered Raskolnikov. “But what will you say to-morrow?” he thought to himself. Strange to say, till that moment it had never occurred to him to wonder what Razumihin would think when he knew. As he thought it, Raskolnikov looked at him. Razumihin’s account of his visit to Porfiry had very little interest for him, so much had come and gone since then.

In the corridor they came upon Luzhin; he had arrived punctually at eight, and was looking for the number, so that all three went in together without greeting or looking at one another. The young men walked in first, while Pyotr Petrovitch, for good manners, lingered a little in the passage, taking off his coat. Pulcheria Alexandrovna came forward at once to greet him in the doorway, Dounia was welcoming her brother. Pyotr Petrovitch walked in and quite amiably, though with redoubled dignity, bowed to the ladies. He looked, however, as though he were a little put out and could not yet recover himself. Pulcheria Alexandrovna, who seemed also a little embarrassed, hastened to make them all sit down at the round table where a samovar was boiling. Dounia and Luzhin were facing one another on opposite sides of the table. Razumihin and Raskolnikov were facing Pulcheria Alexandrovna, Razumihin was next to Luzhin and Raskolnikov was beside his sister.

A moment’s silence followed. Pyotr Petrovitch deliberately drew out a cambric handkerchief reeking of scent and blew his nose with an air of a benevolent man who felt himself slighted, and was firmly resolved to insist on an explanation. In the passage the idea had occurred to him to keep on his overcoat and walk away, and so give the two ladies a sharp and emphatic lesson and make them feel the gravity of the position. But he could not bring himself to do this. Besides, he could not endure uncertainty, and he wanted an explanation: if his request had been so openly disobeyed, there was something behind it, and in that case it was better to find it out beforehand; it rested with him to punish them and there would always be time for that.

“I trust you had a favourable journey,” he inquired officially of Pulcheria Alexandrovna.

“Oh, very, Pyotr Petrovitch.”

“I am gratified to hear it. And Avdotya Romanovna is not over-fatigued either?”

“I am young and strong, I don’t get tired, but it was a great strain for mother,” answered Dounia.

“That’s unavoidable! our national railways are of terrible length. ‘Mother Russia,’ as they say, is a vast country.... In spite of all my desire to do so, I was unable to meet you yesterday. But I trust all passed off without inconvenience?”

“Oh, no, Pyotr Petrovitch, it was all terribly disheartening,” Pulcheria Alexandrovna hastened to declare with peculiar intonation, “and if Dmitri Prokofitch had not been sent us, I really believe by God Himself, we should have been utterly lost. Here, he is! Dmitri Prokofitch Razumihin,” she added, introducing him to Luzhin.

“I had the pleasure... yesterday,” muttered Pyotr Petrovitch with a hostile glance sidelong at Razumihin; then he scowled and was silent.

Pyotr Petrovitch belonged to that class of persons, on the surface very polite in society, who make a great point of punctiliousness, but who, directly they are crossed in anything, are completely disconcerted, and become more like sacks of flour than elegant and lively men of society. Again all was silent; Raskolnikov was obstinately mute, Avdotya Romanovna was unwilling to open the conversation too soon. Razumihin had nothing to say, so Pulcheria Alexandrovna was anxious again.

“Marfa Petrovna is dead, have you heard?” she began having recourse to her leading item of conversation.

“To be sure, I heard so. I was immediately informed, and I have come to make you acquainted with the fact that Arkady Ivanovitch Svidrigaïlov set off in haste for Petersburg immediately after his wife’s funeral. So at least I have excellent authority for believing.”

“To Petersburg? here?” Dounia asked in alarm and looked at her mother.

“Yes, indeed, and doubtless not without some design, having in view the rapidity of his departure, and all the circumstances preceding it.”

“Good heavens! won’t he leave Dounia in peace even here?” cried Pulcheria Alexandrovna.

“I imagine that neither you nor Avdotya Romanovna have any grounds for uneasiness, unless, of course, you are yourselves desirous of getting into communication with him. For my part I am on my guard, and am now discovering where he is lodging.”

“Oh, Pyotr Petrovitch, you would not believe what a fright you have given me,” Pulcheria Alexandrovna went on: “I’ve only seen him twice, but I thought him terrible, terrible! I am convinced that he was the cause of Marfa Petrovna’s death.”

“It’s impossible to be certain about that. I have precise information. I do not dispute that he may have contributed to accelerate the course of events by the moral influence, so to say, of the affront; but as to the general conduct and moral characteristics of that personage, I am in agreement with you. I do not know whether he is well off now, and precisely what Marfa Petrovna left him; this will be known to me within a very short period; but no doubt here in Petersburg, if he has any pecuniary resources, he will relapse at once into his old ways. He is the most depraved, and abjectly vicious specimen of that class of men. I have considerable reason to believe that Marfa Petrovna, who was so unfortunate as to fall in love with him and to pay his debts eight years ago, was of service to him also in another way. Solely by her exertions and sacrifices, a criminal charge, involving an element of fantastic and homicidal brutality for which he might well have been sentenced to Siberia, was hushed up. That’s the sort of man he is, if you care to know.”

“Good heavens!” cried Pulcheria Alexandrovna. Raskolnikov listened attentively.

“Are you speaking the truth when you say that you have good evidence of this?” Dounia asked sternly and emphatically.

“I only repeat what I was told in secret by Marfa Petrovna. I must observe that from the legal point of view the case was far from clear. There was, and I believe still is, living here a woman called Resslich, a foreigner, who lent small sums of money at interest, and did other commissions, and with this woman Svidrigaïlov had for a long while close and mysterious relations. She had a relation, a niece I believe, living with her, a deaf and dumb girl of fifteen, or perhaps not more than fourteen. Resslich hated this girl, and grudged her every crust; she used to beat her mercilessly. One day the girl was found hanging in the garret. At the inquest the verdict was suicide. After the usual proceedings the matter ended, but, later on, information was given that the child had been... cruelly outraged by Svidrigaïlov. It is true, this was not clearly established, the information was given by another German woman of loose character whose word could not be trusted; no statement was actually made to the police, thanks to Marfa Petrovna’s money and exertions; it did not get beyond gossip. And yet the story is a very significant one. You heard, no doubt, Avdotya Romanovna, when you were with them the story of the servant Philip who died of ill treatment he received six years ago, before the abolition of serfdom.”

“I heard, on the contrary, that this Philip hanged himself.”

“Quite so, but what drove him, or rather perhaps disposed him, to suicide was the systematic persecution and severity of Mr. Svidrigaïlov.”

“I don’t know that,” answered Dounia, dryly. “I only heard a queer story that Philip was a sort of hypochondriac, a sort of domestic philosopher, the servants used to say, ‘he read himself silly,’ and that he hanged himself partly on account of Mr. Svidrigaïlov’s mockery of him and not his blows. When I was there he behaved well to the servants, and they were actually fond of him, though they certainly did blame him for Philip’s death.”

“I perceive, Avdotya Romanovna, that you seem disposed to undertake his defence all of a sudden,” Luzhin observed, twisting his lips into an ambiguous smile, “there’s no doubt that he is an astute man, and insinuating where ladies are concerned, of which Marfa Petrovna, who has died so strangely, is a terrible instance. My only desire has been to be of service to you and your mother with my advice, in view of the renewed efforts which may certainly be anticipated from him. For my part it’s my firm conviction, that he will end in a debtor’s prison again. Marfa Petrovna had not the slightest intention of settling anything substantial on him, having regard for his children’s interests, and, if she left him anything, it would only be the merest sufficiency, something insignificant and ephemeral, which would not last a year for a man of his habits.”

“Pyotr Petrovitch, I beg you,” said Dounia, “say no more of Mr. Svidrigaïlov. It makes me miserable.”

“He has just been to see me,” said Raskolnikov, breaking his silence for the first time.

There were exclamations from all, and they all turned to him. Even Pyotr Petrovitch was roused.

“An hour and a half ago, he came in when I was asleep, waked me, and introduced himself,” Raskolnikov continued. “He was fairly cheerful and at ease, and quite hopes that we shall become friends. He is particularly anxious, by the way, Dounia, for an interview with you, at which he asked me to assist. He has a proposition to make to you, and he told me about it. He told me, too, that a week before her death Marfa Petrovna left you three thousand roubles in her will, Dounia, and that you can receive the money very

shortly.”

“Thank God!” cried Pulcheria Alexandrovna, crossing herself. “Pray for her soul, Dounia!”

“It’s a fact!” broke from Luzhin.

“Tell us, what more?” Dounia urged Raskolnikov.

“Then he said that he wasn’t rich and all the estate was left to his children who are now with an aunt, then that he was staying somewhere not far from me, but where, I don’t know, I didn’t ask....”

“But what, what does he want to propose to Dounia?” cried Pulcheria Alexandrovna in a fright. “Did he tell you?”

“Yes.”

“What was it?”

“I’ll tell you afterwards.”

Raskolnikov ceased speaking and turned his attention to his tea.

Pyotr Petrovitch looked at his watch.

“I am compelled to keep a business engagement, and so I shall not be in your way,” he added with an air of some pique and he began getting up.

“Don’t go, Pyotr Petrovitch,” said Dounia, “you intended to spend the evening. Besides, you wrote yourself that you wanted to have an explanation with mother.”

“Precisely so, Avdotya Romanovna,” Pyotr Petrovitch answered impressively, sitting down again, but still holding his hat. “I certainly desired an explanation with you and your honoured mother upon a very important point indeed. But as your brother cannot speak openly in my presence of some proposals of Mr. Svidrigaïlov, I, too, do not desire and am not able to speak openly... in the presence of others... of certain matters of the greatest gravity. Moreover, my most weighty and urgent request has been disregarded....”

Assuming an aggrieved air, Luzhin relapsed into dignified silence.

“Your request that my brother should not be present at our meeting was disregarded solely at my insistence,” said Dounia. “You wrote that you had been insulted by my brother; I think that this must be explained at once, and you must be reconciled. And if Rodya really has insulted you, then he _should_ and _will_ apologise.”

Pyotr Petrovitch took a stronger line.

“There are insults, Avdotya Romanovna, which no goodwill can make us forget. There is a line in everything which it is dangerous to overstep; and when it has been overstepped, there is no return.”

“That wasn’t what I was speaking of exactly, Pyotr Petrovitch,” Dounia interrupted with some impatience. “Please understand that our whole future depends now on whether all this is explained and set right as soon as possible. I tell you frankly at the start that I cannot look at it in any other light, and if you have the least regard for me, all this business must be ended to-day, however hard that may be. I repeat that if my brother is to blame he will ask your forgiveness.”

“I am surprised at your putting the question like that,” said Luzhin, getting more and more irritated. “Esteeming, and so to say, adoring you, I may at the same time, very well indeed, be able to dislike some member of your family. Though I lay claim to the happiness of your hand, I cannot accept duties incompatible with...”

“Ah, don’t be so ready to take offence, Pyotr Petrovitch,” Dounia interrupted with feeling, “and be the sensible and generous man I have always considered, and wish to consider, you to be. I’ve given you a great promise, I am your betrothed. Trust me in this matter and, believe me, I shall be capable of judging impartially. My assuming the part of judge is as much a surprise for my brother as for you. When I insisted on his coming to our interview to-day after your letter, I told him nothing of what I meant to do. Understand that, if you are not reconciled, I must choose between you--it must be either you or he. That is how the question rests

on your side and on his. I don't want to be mistaken in my choice, and I must not be. For your sake I must break off with my brother, for my brother's sake I must break off with you. I can find out for certain now whether he is a brother to me, and I want to know it; and of you, whether I am dear to you, whether you esteem me, whether you are the husband for me."

"Avdotya Romanovna," Luzhin declared huffily, "your words are of too much consequence to me; I will say more, they are offensive in view of the position I have the honour to occupy in relation to you. To say nothing of your strange and offensive setting me on a level with an impertinent boy, you admit the possibility of breaking your promise to me. You say 'you or he,' showing thereby of how little consequence I am in your eyes... I cannot let this pass considering the relationship and... the obligations existing between us."

"What!" cried Dounia, flushing. "I set your interest beside all that has hitherto been most precious in my life, what has made up the _whole_ of my life, and here you are offended at my making too _little_ account of you."

Raskolnikov smiled sarcastically, Razumihin fidgeted, but Pyotr Petrovitch did not accept the reproof; on the contrary, at every word he became more persistent and irritable, as though he relished it.

"Love for the future partner of your life, for your husband, ought to outweigh your love for your brother," he pronounced sententiously, "and in any case I cannot be put on the same level.... Although I said so emphatically that I would not speak openly in your brother's presence, nevertheless, I intend now to ask your honoured mother for a necessary explanation on a point of great importance closely affecting my dignity. Your son," he turned to Pulcheria Alexandrovna, "yesterday in the presence of Mr. Razsudkin (or... I think that's it? excuse me, I have forgotten your surname") (he bowed politely to Razumihin), "insulted me by misrepresenting the idea I expressed to you in a private conversation, drinking coffee, that is, that marriage with a poor girl who has had experience of trouble is more advantageous from the conjugal point of view than with one who has lived in luxury, since it is more profitable for the moral character. Your son intentionally exaggerated the significance of my words and made them ridiculous, accusing me of malicious intentions, and, as far as I could see, relied upon your correspondence with him. I shall consider myself happy, Pulcheria Alexandrovna, if it is possible for you to convince me of an opposite conclusion, and thereby considerately reassure me. Kindly let me know in what terms precisely you repeated my words in your letter to Rodion Romanovitch."

"I don't remember," faltered Pulcheria Alexandrovna. "I repeated them as I understood them. I don't know how Rodya repeated them to you, perhaps he exaggerated."

"He could not have exaggerated them, except at your instigation."

"Pyotr Petrovitch," Pulcheria Alexandrovna declared with dignity, "the proof that Dounia and I did not take your words in a very bad sense is the fact that we are here."

"Good, mother," said Dounia approvingly.

"Then this is my fault again," said Luzhin, aggrieved.

"Well, Pyotr Petrovitch, you keep blaming Rodion, but you yourself have just written what was false about him," Pulcheria Alexandrovna added, gaining courage.

"I don't remember writing anything false."

"You wrote," Raskolnikov said sharply, not turning to Luzhin, "that I gave money yesterday not to the widow of the man who was killed, as was the fact, but to his daughter (whom I had never seen till yesterday). You wrote this to make dissension between me and my family, and for that object added coarse expressions about the conduct of a girl whom you don't know. All that is mean slander."

"Excuse me, sir," said Luzhin, quivering with fury. "I enlarged upon your qualities and conduct in my letter solely in response to your sister's and mother's inquiries, how I found you, and what impression you made on me. As for what you've alluded to in my letter, be so good as to point out one word of falsehood, show, that is, that you didn't throw away your money, and that there are not worthless persons in that family, however unfortunate."

"To my thinking, you, with all your virtues, are not worth the little finger of that unfortunate girl at whom you throw stones."

"Would you go so far then as to let her associate with your mother and sister?"

"I have done so already, if you care to know. I made her sit down to-day with mother and Dounia."

“Rodya!” cried Pulcheria Alexandrovna. Dounia crimsoned, Razumihin knitted his brows. Luzhin smiled with lofty sarcasm.

“You may see for yourself, Avdotya Romanovna,” he said, “whether it is possible for us to agree. I hope now that this question is at an end, once and for all. I will withdraw, that I may not hinder the pleasures of family intimacy, and the discussion of secrets.” He got up from his chair and took his hat. “But in withdrawing, I venture to request that for the future I may be spared similar meetings, and, so to say, compromises. I appeal particularly to you, honoured Pulcheria Alexandrovna, on this subject, the more as my letter was addressed to you and to no one else.”

Pulcheria Alexandrovna was a little offended.

“You seem to think we are completely under your authority, Pyotr Petrovitch. Dounia has told you the reason your desire was disregarded, she had the best intentions. And indeed you write as though you were laying commands upon me. Are we to consider every desire of yours as a command? Let me tell you on the contrary that you ought to show particular delicacy and consideration for us now, because we have thrown up everything, and have come here relying on you, and so we are in any case in a sense in your hands.”

“That is not quite true, Pulcheria Alexandrovna, especially at the present moment, when the news has come of Marfa Petrovna’s legacy, which seems indeed very apropos, judging from the new tone you take to me,” he added sarcastically.

“Judging from that remark, we may certainly presume that you were reckoning on our helplessness,” Dounia observed irritably.

“But now in any case I cannot reckon on it, and I particularly desire not to hinder your discussion of the secret proposals of Arkady Ivanovitch Svidrigaïlov, which he has entrusted to your brother and which have, I perceive, a great and possibly a very agreeable interest for you.”

“Good heavens!” cried Pulcheria Alexandrovna.

Razumihin could not sit still on his chair.

“Aren’t you ashamed now, sister?” asked Raskolnikov.

“I am ashamed, Rodya,” said Dounia. “Pyotr Petrovitch, go away,” she turned to him, white with anger.

Pyotr Petrovitch had apparently not at all expected such a conclusion. He had too much confidence in himself, in his power and in the helplessness of his victims. He could not believe it even now. He turned pale, and his lips quivered.

“Avdotya Romanovna, if I go out of this door now, after such a dismissal, then, you may reckon on it, I will never come back. Consider what you are doing. My word is not to be shaken.”

“What insolence!” cried Dounia, springing up from her seat. “I don’t want you to come back again.”

“What! So that’s how it stands!” cried Luzhin, utterly unable to the last moment to believe in the rupture and so completely thrown out of his reckoning now. “So that’s how it stands! But do you know, Avdotya Romanovna, that I might protest?”

“What right have you to speak to her like that?” Pulcheria Alexandrovna intervened hotly. “And what can you protest about? What rights have you? Am I to give my Dounia to a man like you? Go away, leave us altogether! We are to blame for having agreed to a wrong action, and I above all....”

“But you have bound me, Pulcheria Alexandrovna,” Luzhin stormed in a frenzy, “by your promise, and now you deny it and... besides... I have been led on account of that into expenses....”

This last complaint was so characteristic of Pyotr Petrovitch, that Raskolnikov, pale with anger and with the effort of restraining it, could not help breaking into laughter. But Pulcheria Alexandrovna was furious.

“Expenses? What expenses? Are you speaking of our trunk? But the conductor brought it for nothing for you. Mercy on us, we have bound you! What are you thinking about, Pyotr Petrovitch, it was you bound us, hand and foot, not we!”

“Enough, mother, no more please,” Avdotya Romanovna implored. “Pyotr Petrovitch, do be kind and go!”

“I am going, but one last word,” he said, quite unable to control himself. “Your mamma seems to have entirely forgotten that I made up my mind to take you, so to speak, after the gossip of the town had spread all over the district in regard to your reputation. Disregarding public opinion for your sake and reinstating your reputation, I certainly might very well reckon on a fitting return, and might indeed look for gratitude on your part. And my eyes have only now been opened! I see myself that I may have acted very, very recklessly in disregarding the universal verdict....”

“Does the fellow want his head smashed?” cried Razumihin, jumping up.

“You are a mean and spiteful man!” cried Dounia.

“Not a word! Not a movement!” cried Raskolnikov, holding Razumihin back; then going close up to Luzhin, “Kindly leave the room!” he said quietly and distinctly, “and not a word more or...”

Pyotr Petrovitch gazed at him for some seconds with a pale face that worked with anger, then he turned, went out, and rarely has any man carried away in his heart such vindictive hatred as he felt against Raskolnikov. Him, and him alone, he blamed for everything. It is noteworthy that as he went downstairs he still imagined that his case was perhaps not utterly lost, and that, so far as the ladies were concerned, all might “very well indeed” be set right again.

CHAPTER III

The fact was that up to the last moment he had never expected such an ending; he had been overbearing to the last degree, never dreaming that two destitute and defenceless women could escape from his control. This conviction was strengthened by his vanity and conceit, a conceit to the point of fatuity. Pyotr Petrovitch, who had made his way up from insignificance, was morbidly given to self-admiration, had the highest opinion of his intelligence and capacities, and sometimes even gloated in solitude over his image in the glass. But what he loved and valued above all was the money he had amassed by his labour, and by all sorts of devices: that money made him the equal of all who had been his superiors.

When he had bitterly reminded Dounia that he had decided to take her in spite of evil report, Pyotr Petrovitch had spoken with perfect sincerity and had, indeed, felt genuinely indignant at such “black ingratitude.” And yet, when he made Dounia his offer, he was fully aware of the groundlessness of all the gossip. The story had been everywhere contradicted by Marfa Petrovna, and was by then disbelieved by all the townspeople, who were warm in Dounia’s defence. And he would not have denied that he knew all that at the time. Yet he still thought highly of his own resolution in lifting Dounia to his level and regarded it as something heroic. In speaking of it to Dounia, he had let out the secret feeling he cherished and admired, and he could not understand that others should fail to admire it too. He had called on Raskolnikov with the feelings of a benefactor who is about to reap the fruits of his good deeds and to hear agreeable flattery. And as he went downstairs now, he considered himself most undeservedly injured and unrecognised.

Dounia was simply essential to him; to do without her was unthinkable. For many years he had had voluptuous dreams of marriage, but he had gone on waiting and amassing money. He brooded with relish, in profound secret, over the image of a girl--virtuous, poor (she must be poor), very young, very pretty, of good birth and education, very timid, one who had suffered much, and was completely humbled before him, one who would all her life look on him as her saviour, worship him, admire him and only him. How many scenes, how many amorous episodes he had imagined on this seductive and playful theme, when his work was over! And, behold, the dream of so many years was all but realised; the beauty and education of Avdotya Romanovna had impressed him; her helpless position had been a great allurement; in her he had found even more than he dreamed of. Here was a girl of pride, character, virtue, of education and breeding superior to his own (he felt that), and this creature would be slavishly grateful all her life for his heroic condescension, and would humble herself in the dust before him, and he would have absolute, unbounded power over her!... Not long before, he had, too, after long reflection and hesitation, made an important change in his career and was now entering on a wider circle of business. With this change his cherished dreams of rising into a higher class of society seemed likely to be realised.... He was, in fact, determined to try his fortune in Petersburg. He knew that women could do a very great deal. The fascination of a charming, virtuous, highly educated woman might make his way easier, might do wonders in attracting people to him, throwing an aureole round him, and now everything was in ruins! This sudden horrible rupture affected him like a clap of thunder; it was like a hideous joke, an absurdity. He had only been a tiny bit masterful, had not even time to speak out, had simply made a joke, been carried away--and it had ended so seriously. And, of course, too, he did love Dounia in his own way; he already possessed her in his dreams--and all at once! No! The next day, the very next day, it must all be set right, smoothed over, settled.

Above all he must crush that conceited milksop who was the cause of it all. With a sick feeling he could not help recalling Razumihin too, but, he soon reassured himself on that score; as though a fellow like that could be put on a level with him! The man he really dreaded in earnest was Svidrigaïlov.... He had, in short, a great deal to attend to....

*****

“No, I, I am more to blame than anyone!” said Dounia, kissing and embracing her mother. “I was tempted by his money, but on my honour, brother, I had no idea he was such a base man. If I had seen through him before, nothing would have tempted me! Don’t blame me, brother!”

“God has delivered us! God has delivered us!” Pulcheria Alexandrovna muttered, but half consciously, as though scarcely able to realise what had happened.

They were all relieved, and in five minutes they were laughing. Only now and then Dounia turned white and frowned, remembering what had passed. Pulcheria Alexandrovna was surprised to find that she, too, was glad: she had only that morning thought rupture with Luzhin a terrible misfortune. Razumihin was delighted. He did not yet dare to express his joy fully, but he was in a fever of excitement as though a ton-weight had fallen off his heart. Now he had the right to devote his life to them, to serve them.... Anything might happen now! But he felt afraid to think of further possibilities and dared not let his imagination range. But Raskolnikov sat still in the same place, almost sullen and indifferent. Though he had been the most insistent on getting rid of Luzhin, he seemed now the least concerned at what had happened. Dounia could not help thinking that he was still angry with her, and Pulcheria Alexandrovna watched him timidly.

“What did Svidrigaïlov say to you?” said Dounia, approaching him.

“Yes, yes!” cried Pulcheria Alexandrovna.

Raskolnikov raised his head.

“He wants to make you a present of ten thousand roubles and he desires to see you once in my presence.”

“See her! On no account!” cried Pulcheria Alexandrovna. “And how dare he offer her money!”

Then Raskolnikov repeated (rather dryly) his conversation with Svidrigaïlov, omitting his account of the ghostly visitations of Marfa Petrovna, wishing to avoid all unnecessary talk.

“What answer did you give him?” asked Dounia.

“At first I said I would not take any message to you. Then he said that he would do his utmost to obtain an interview with you without my help. He assured me that his passion for you was a passing infatuation, now he has no feeling for you. He doesn’t want you to marry Luzhin.... His talk was altogether rather muddled.”

“How do you explain him to yourself, Rodya? How did he strike you?”

“I must confess I don’t quite understand him. He offers you ten thousand, and yet says he is not well off. He says he is going away, and in ten minutes he forgets he has said it. Then he says he is going to be married and has already fixed on the girl.... No doubt he has a motive, and probably a bad one. But it’s odd that he should be so clumsy about it if he had any designs against you.... Of course, I refused this money on your account, once for all. Altogether, I thought him very strange.... One might almost think he was mad. But I may be mistaken; that may only be the part he assumes. The death of Marfa Petrovna seems to have made a great impression on him.”

“God rest her soul,” exclaimed Pulcheria Alexandrovna. “I shall always, always pray for her! Where should we be now, Dounia, without this three thousand! It’s as though it had fallen from heaven! Why, Rodya, this morning we had only three roubles in our pocket and Dounia and I were just planning to pawn her watch, so as to avoid borrowing from that man until he offered help.”

Dounia seemed strangely impressed by Svidrigaïlov’s offer. She still stood meditating.

“He has got some terrible plan,” she said in a half whisper to herself, almost shuddering.

Raskolnikov noticed this disproportionate terror.

“I fancy I shall have to see him more than once again,” he said to Dounia.

“We will watch him! I will track him out!” cried Razumihin, vigorously. “I won’t lose sight of him. Rodya has given me leave. He said to me himself just now. ‘Take care of my sister.’ Will you give me leave, too, Avdotya Romanovna?”

Dounia smiled and held out her hand, but the look of anxiety did not leave her face. Pulcheria Alexandrovna gazed at her timidly, but the three thousand roubles had obviously a soothing effect on her.

A quarter of an hour later, they were all engaged in a lively conversation. Even Raskolnikov listened attentively for some time, though he did not talk. Razumihin was the speaker.

“And why, why should you go away?” he flowed on ecstatically. “And what are you to do in a little town? The great thing is, you are all here together and you need one another--you do need one another, believe me. For a time, anyway.... Take me into partnership, and I assure you we’ll plan a capital enterprise. Listen! I’ll explain it all in detail to you, the whole project! It all flashed into my head this morning, before anything had happened... I tell you what; I have an uncle, I must introduce him to you (a most accommodating and respectable old man). This uncle has got a capital of a thousand roubles, and he lives on his pension and has no need of that money. For the last two years he has been bothering me to borrow it from him and pay him six per cent interest. I know what that means; he simply wants to help me. Last year I had no need of it, but this year I resolved to borrow it as soon as he arrived. Then you lend me another thousand of your three and we have enough for a start, so we’ll go into partnership, and what are we going to do?”

Then Razumihin began to unfold his project, and he explained at length that almost all our publishers and booksellers know nothing at all of what they are selling, and for that reason they are usually bad publishers, and that any decent publications pay as a rule and give a profit, sometimes a considerable one. Razumihin had, indeed, been dreaming of setting up as a publisher. For the last two years he had been working in publishers’ offices, and knew three European languages well, though he had told Raskolnikov six days before that he was “schwach” in German with an object of persuading him to take half his translation and half the payment for it. He had told a lie then, and Raskolnikov knew he was lying.

“Why, why should we let our chance slip when we have one of the chief means of success--money of our own!” cried Razumihin warmly. “Of course there will be a lot of work, but we will work, you, Avdotya Romanovna, I, Rodion.... You get a splendid profit on some books nowadays! And the great point of the business is that we shall know just what wants translating, and we shall be translating, publishing, learning all at once. I can be of use because I have experience. For nearly two years I’ve been scuttling about among the publishers, and now I know every detail of their business. You need not be a saint to make pots, believe me! And why, why should we let our chance slip! Why, I know--and I kept the secret--two or three books which one might get a hundred roubles simply for thinking of translating and publishing. Indeed, and I would not take five hundred for the very idea of one of them. And what do you think? If I were to tell a publisher, I dare say he’d hesitate--they are such blockheads! And as for the business side, printing, paper, selling, you trust to me, I know my way about. We’ll begin in a small way and go on to a large. In any case it will get us our living and we shall get back our capital.”

Dounia’s eyes shone.

“I like what you are saying, Dmitri Prokofitch!” she said.

“I know nothing about it, of course,” put in Pulcheria Alexandrovna, “it may be a good idea, but again God knows. It’s new and untried. Of course, we must remain here at least for a time.” She looked at Rodya.

“What do you think, brother?” said Dounia.

“I think he’s got a very good idea,” he answered. “Of course, it’s too soon to dream of a publishing firm, but we certainly might bring out five or six books and be sure of success. I know of one book myself which would be sure to go well. And as for his being able to manage it, there’s no doubt about that either. He knows the business.... But we can talk it over later....”

“Hurrah!” cried Razumihin. “Now, stay, there’s a flat here in this house, belonging to the same owner. It’s a special flat apart, not communicating with these lodgings. It’s furnished, rent moderate, three rooms. Suppose you take them to begin with. I’ll pawn your watch to-morrow and bring you the money, and everything can be arranged then. You can all three live together, and Rodya will be with you. But where are you off to, Rodya?”

“What, Rodya, you are going already?” Pulcheria Alexandrovna asked in dismay.

“At such a minute?” cried Razumihin.

Dounia looked at her brother with incredulous wonder. He held his cap in his hand, he was preparing to leave them.

“One would think you were burying me or saying good-bye for ever,” he said somewhat oddly. He attempted to smile, but it did not turn out a smile. “But who knows, perhaps it is the last time we shall see each other...” he let slip accidentally. It was what he was thinking, and it somehow was uttered aloud.

“What is the matter with you?” cried his mother.

“Where are you going, Rodya?” asked Dounia rather strangely.

“Oh, I’m quite obliged to...” he answered vaguely, as though hesitating what he would say. But there was a look of sharp determination in his white face.

“I meant to say... as I was coming here... I meant to tell you, mother, and you, Dounia, that it would be better for us to part for a time. I feel ill, I am not at peace.... I will come afterwards, I will come of myself... when it’s possible. I remember you and love you.... Leave me, leave me alone. I decided this even before... I’m absolutely resolved on it. Whatever may come to me, whether I come to ruin or not, I want to be alone. Forget me altogether, it’s better. Don’t inquire about me. When I can, I’ll come of myself or... I’ll send for you. Perhaps it will all come back, but now if you love me, give me up... else I shall begin to hate you, I feel it.... Good-bye!”

“Good God!” cried Pulcheria Alexandrovna. Both his mother and his sister were terribly alarmed. Razumihin was also.

“Rodya, Rodya, be reconciled with us! Let us be as before!” cried his poor mother.

He turned slowly to the door and slowly went out of the room. Dounia overtook him.

“Brother, what are you doing to mother?” she whispered, her eyes flashing with indignation.

He looked dully at her.

“No matter, I shall come.... I’m coming,” he muttered in an undertone, as though not fully conscious of what he was saying, and he went out of the room.

“Wicked, heartless egoist!” cried Dounia.

“He is insane, but not heartless. He is mad! Don’t you see it? You’re heartless after that!” Razumihin whispered in her ear, squeezing her hand tightly. “I shall be back directly,” he shouted to the horror-stricken mother, and he ran out of the room.

Raskolnikov was waiting for him at the end of the passage.

“I knew you would run after me,” he said. “Go back to them--be with them... be with them to-morrow and always.... I... perhaps I shall come... if I can. Good-bye.”

And without holding out his hand he walked away.

“But where are you going? What are you doing? What’s the matter with you? How can you go on like this?” Razumihin muttered, at his wits’ end.

Raskolnikov stopped once more.

“Once for all, never ask me about anything. I have nothing to tell you. Don’t come to see me. Maybe I’ll come here.... Leave me, but _don’t leave_ them. Do you understand me?”

It was dark in the corridor, they were standing near the lamp. For a minute they were looking at one another in silence. Razumihin remembered that minute all his life. Raskolnikov’s burning and intent eyes grew more penetrating every moment, piercing into his soul, into his consciousness. Suddenly Razumihin started. Something strange, as it were, passed between them.... Some idea, some hint, as it were, slipped, something awful, hideous, and suddenly understood on both sides.... Razumihin turned pale.

“Do you understand now?” said Raskolnikov, his face twitching nervously. “Go back, go to them,” he said suddenly, and turning quickly, he went out of the house.

I will not attempt to describe how Razumihin went back to the ladies, how he soothed them, how he protested that Rodya needed rest in his illness, protested that Rodya was sure to come, that he would come every day, that he was very, very much upset, that he must not be irritated, that he, Razumihin, would watch over him, would get him a doctor, the best doctor, a consultation.... In fact from that evening Razumihin took his place with them as a son and a brother.

CHAPTER IV

Raskolnikov went straight to the house on the canal bank where Sonia lived. It was an old green house of three storeys. He found the porter and obtained from him vague directions as to the whereabouts of Kapernaumov, the tailor. Having found in the corner of the courtyard the entrance to the dark and narrow staircase, he mounted to the second floor and came out into a gallery that ran round the whole second storey over the yard. While he was wandering in the darkness, uncertain where to turn for Kapernaumov’s door, a door opened three paces from him; he mechanically took hold of it.

“Who is there?” a woman’s voice asked uneasily.

“It’s I... come to see you,” answered Raskolnikov, and he walked into the tiny entry.

On a broken chair stood a candle in a battered copper candlestick.

“It’s you! Good heavens!” cried Sonia weakly, and she stood rooted to the spot.

“Which is your room? This way?” and Raskolnikov, trying not to look at her, hastened in.

A minute later Sonia, too, came in with the candle, set down the candlestick and, completely disconcerted, stood before him inexpressibly agitated and apparently frightened by his unexpected visit. The colour rushed suddenly to her pale face and tears came into her eyes... She felt sick and ashamed and happy, too.... Raskolnikov turned away quickly and sat on a chair by the table. He scanned the room in a rapid glance.

It was a large but exceedingly low-pitched room, the only one let by the Kapernaumovs, to whose rooms a closed door led in the wall on the left. In the opposite side on the right hand wall was another door, always kept locked. That led to the next flat, which formed a separate lodging. Sonia’s room looked like a barn; it was a very irregular quadrangle and this gave it a grotesque appearance. A wall with three windows looking out on to the canal ran aslant so that one corner formed a very acute angle, and it was difficult to see in it without very strong light. The other corner was disproportionately obtuse. There was scarcely any furniture in the big room: in the corner on the right was a bedstead, beside it, nearest the door, a chair. A plain, deal table covered by a blue cloth stood against the same wall, close to the door into the other flat. Two rush-bottom chairs stood by the table. On the opposite wall near the acute angle stood a small plain wooden chest of drawers looking, as it were, lost in a desert. That was all there was in the room. The yellow, scratched and shabby wall-paper was black in the corners. It must have been damp and full of fumes in the winter. There was every sign of poverty; even the bedstead had no curtain.

Sonia looked in silence at her visitor, who was so attentively and unceremoniously scrutinising her room, and even began at last to tremble with terror, as though she was standing before her judge and the arbiter of her destinies.

“I am late.... It’s eleven, isn’t it?” he asked, still not lifting his eyes.

“Yes,” muttered Sonia, “oh yes, it is,” she added, hastily, as though in that lay her means of escape. “My landlady’s clock has just struck... I heard it myself....”

“I’ve come to you for the last time,” Raskolnikov went on gloomily, although this was the first time. “I may perhaps not see you again...”

“Are you... going away?”

“I don’t know... to-morrow....”

“Then you are not coming to Katerina Ivanovna to-morrow?” Sonia’s voice shook.

“I don’t know. I shall know to-morrow morning.... Never mind that: I’ve come to say one word....”

He raised his brooding eyes to her and suddenly noticed that he was sitting down while she was all the while standing before him.

“Why are you standing? Sit down,” he said in a changed voice, gentle and friendly.

She sat down. He looked kindly and almost compassionately at her.

“How thin you are! What a hand! Quite transparent, like a dead hand.”

He took her hand. Sonia smiled faintly.

“I have always been like that,” she said.

“Even when you lived at home?”

“Yes.”

“Of course, you were,” he added abruptly and the expression of his face and the sound of his voice changed again suddenly.

He looked round him once more.

“You rent this room from the Kapernaumovs?”

“Yes....”

“They live there, through that door?”

“Yes.... They have another room like this.”

“All in one room?”

“Yes.”

“I should be afraid in your room at night,” he observed gloomily.

“They are very good people, very kind,” answered Sonia, who still seemed bewildered, “and all the furniture, everything... everything is theirs. And they are very kind and the children, too, often come to see me.”

“They all stammer, don’t they?”

“Yes.... He stammers and he’s lame. And his wife, too.... It’s not exactly that she stammers, but she can’t speak plainly. She is a very kind woman. And he used to be a house serf. And there are seven children... and it’s only the eldest one that stammers and the others are simply ill... but they don’t stammer.... But where did you hear about them?” she added with some surprise.

“Your father told me, then. He told me all about you.... And how you went out at six o’clock and came back at nine and how Katerina Ivanovna knelt down by your bed.”

Sonia was confused.

“I fancied I saw him to-day,” she whispered hesitatingly.

“Whom?”

“Father. I was walking in the street, out there at the corner, about ten o’clock and he seemed to be walking in front. It looked just like him. I wanted to go to Katerina Ivanovna....”

“You were walking in the streets?”

“Yes,” Sonia whispered abruptly, again overcome with confusion and looking down.

“Katerina Ivanovna used to beat you, I dare say?”

“Oh no, what are you saying? No!” Sonia looked at him almost with dismay.

“You love her, then?”

“Love her? Of course!” said Sonia with plaintive emphasis, and she clasped her hands in distress. “Ah, you don’t.... If you only knew! You see, she is quite like a child.... Her mind is quite unhinged, you see... from sorrow. And how clever she used to be... how generous... how kind! Ah, you don’t understand, you don’t understand!”

Sonia said this as though in despair, wringing her hands in excitement and distress. Her pale cheeks flushed, there was a look of anguish in her eyes. It was clear that she was stirred to the very depths, that she was longing to speak, to champion, to express something. A sort of _insatiable_ compassion, if one may so express it, was reflected in every feature of her face.

“Beat me! how can you? Good heavens, beat me! And if she did beat me, what then? What of it? You know nothing, nothing about it.... She is so unhappy... ah, how unhappy! And ill.... She is seeking righteousness, she is pure. She has such faith that there must be righteousness everywhere and she expects it.... And if you were to torture her, she wouldn’t do wrong. She doesn’t see that it’s impossible for people to be righteous and she is angry at it. Like a child, like a child. She is good!”

“And what will happen to you?”

Sonia looked at him inquiringly.

“They are left on your hands, you see. They were all on your hands before, though.... And your father came to you to beg for drink. Well, how will it be now?”

“I don’t know,” Sonia articulated mournfully.

“Will they stay there?”

“I don’t know.... They are in debt for the lodging, but the landlady, I hear, said to-day that she wanted to get rid of them, and Katerina Ivanovna says that she won’t stay another minute.”

“How is it she is so bold? She relies upon you?”

“Oh, no, don’t talk like that.... We are one, we live like one.” Sonia was agitated again and even angry, as though a canary or some other little bird were to be angry. “And what could she do? What, what could she do?” she persisted, getting hot and excited. “And how she cried to-day! Her mind is unhinged, haven’t you noticed it? At one minute she is worrying like a child that everything should be right to-morrow, the lunch and all that.... Then she is wringing her hands, spitting blood, weeping, and all at once she will begin knocking her head against the wall, in despair. Then she will be comforted again. She builds all her hopes on you; she says that you will help her now and that she will borrow a little money somewhere and go to her native town with me and set up a boarding school for the daughters of gentlemen and take me to superintend it, and we will begin a new splendid life. And she kisses and hugs me, comforts me, and you know she has such faith, such faith in her fancies! One can’t contradict her. And all the day long she has been washing, cleaning, mending. She dragged the wash tub into the room with her feeble hands and sank on the bed, gasping for breath. We went this morning to the shops to buy shoes for Polenka and Lida for theirs are quite worn out. Only the money we’d reckoned wasn’t enough, not nearly enough. And she picked out such dear little boots, for she has taste, you don’t know. And there in the shop she burst out crying before the shopmen because she hadn’t enough.... Ah, it was sad to see her....”

“Well, after that I can understand your living like this,” Raskolnikov said with a bitter smile.

“And aren’t you sorry for them? Aren’t you sorry?” Sonia flew at him again. “Why, I know, you gave your last penny yourself, though you’d seen nothing of it, and if you’d seen everything, oh dear! And how often, how often I’ve brought her to tears! Only last week! Yes, I! Only a week before his death. I was cruel! And how often I’ve done it! Ah, I’ve been wretched at the thought of it all day!”

Sonia wrung her hands as she spoke at the pain of remembering it.

“You were cruel?”

“Yes, I--I. I went to see them,” she went on, weeping, “and father said, ‘read me something, Sonia, my head aches, read to me, here’s a book.’ He had a book he had got from Andrey Semyonovitch Lebeziatnikov, he lives there, he always used to get hold of such funny books. And I said, ‘I can’t stay,’ as I didn’t want to read, and I’d gone in chiefly to show Katerina Ivanovna some collars. Lizaveta, the pedlar, sold me some collars and cuffs cheap, pretty, new, embroidered ones. Katerina Ivanovna liked them very much; she put them on and looked at herself in the glass and was delighted with them. ‘Make me a present of them, Sonia,’ she

said, ‘please do.’ ‘_Please do_,’ she said, she wanted them so much. And when could she wear them? They just reminded her of her old happy days. She looked at herself in the glass, admired herself, and she has no clothes at all, no things of her own, hasn’t had all these years! And she never asks anyone for anything; she is proud, she’d sooner give away everything. And these she asked for, she liked them so much. And I was sorry to give them. ‘What use are they to you, Katerina Ivanovna?’ I said. I spoke like that to her, I ought not to have said that! She gave me such a look. And she was so grieved, so grieved at my refusing her. And it was so sad to see.... And she was not grieved for the collars, but for my refusing, I saw that. Ah, if only I could bring it all back, change it, take back those words! Ah, if I... but it’s nothing to you!”

“Did you know Lizaveta, the pedlar?”

“Yes.... Did you know her?” Sonia asked with some surprise.

“Katerina Ivanovna is in consumption, rapid consumption; she will soon die,” said Raskolnikov after a pause, without answering her question.

“Oh, no, no, no!”

And Sonia unconsciously clutched both his hands, as though imploring that she should not.

“But it will be better if she does die.”

“No, not better, not at all better!” Sonia unconsciously repeated in dismay.

“And the children? What can you do except take them to live with you?”

“Oh, I don’t know,” cried Sonia, almost in despair, and she put her hands to her head.

It was evident that that idea had very often occurred to her before and he had only roused it again.

“And, what, if even now, while Katerina Ivanovna is alive, you get ill and are taken to the hospital, what will happen then?” he persisted pitilessly.

“How can you? That cannot be!”

And Sonia’s face worked with awful terror.

“Cannot be?” Raskolnikov went on with a harsh smile. “You are not insured against it, are you? What will happen to them then? They will be in the street, all of them, she will cough and beg and knock her head against some wall, as she did to-day, and the children will cry.... Then she will fall down, be taken to the police station and to the hospital, she will die, and the children...”

“Oh, no.... God will not let it be!” broke at last from Sonia’s overburdened bosom.

She listened, looking imploringly at him, clasping her hands in dumb entreaty, as though it all depended upon him.

Raskolnikov got up and began to walk about the room. A minute passed. Sonia was standing with her hands and her head hanging in terrible dejection.

“And can’t you save? Put by for a rainy day?” he asked, stopping suddenly before her.

“No,” whispered Sonia.

“Of course not. Have you tried?” he added almost ironically.

“Yes.”

“And it didn’t come off! Of course not! No need to ask.”

And again he paced the room. Another minute passed.

“You don’t get money every day?”

Sonia was more confused than ever and colour rushed into her face again.

“No,” she whispered with a painful effort.

“It will be the same with Polenka, no doubt,” he said suddenly.

“No, no! It can’t be, no!” Sonia cried aloud in desperation, as though she had been stabbed. “God would not allow anything so awful!”

“He lets others come to it.”

“No, no! God will protect her, God!” she repeated beside herself.

“But, perhaps, there is no God at all,” Raskolnikov answered with a sort of malignance, laughed and looked at her.

Sonia’s face suddenly changed; a tremor passed over it. She looked at him with unutterable reproach, tried to say something, but could not speak and broke into bitter, bitter sobs, hiding her face in her hands.

“You say Katerina Ivanovna’s mind is unhinged; your own mind is unhinged,” he said after a brief silence.

Five minutes passed. He still paced up and down the room in silence, not looking at her. At last he went up to her; his eyes glittered. He put his two hands on her shoulders and looked straight into her tearful face. His eyes were hard, feverish and piercing, his lips were twitching. All at once he bent down quickly and dropping to the ground, kissed her foot. Sonia drew back from him as from a madman. And certainly he looked like a madman.

“What are you doing to me?” she muttered, turning pale, and a sudden anguish clutched at her heart.

He stood up at once.

“I did not bow down to you, I bowed down to all the suffering of humanity,” he said wildly and walked away to the window. “Listen,” he added, turning to her a minute later. “I said just now to an insolent man that he was not worth your little finger... and that I did my sister honour making her sit beside you.”

“Ach, you said that to them! And in her presence?” cried Sonia, frightened. “Sit down with me! An honour! Why, I’m... dishonourable.... Ah, why did you say that?”

“It was not because of your dishonour and your sin I said that of you, but because of your great suffering. But you are a great sinner, that’s true,” he added almost solemnly, “and your worst sin is that you have destroyed and betrayed yourself _for nothing_. Isn’t that fearful? Isn’t it fearful that you are living in this filth which you loathe so, and at the same time you know yourself (you’ve only to open your eyes) that you are not helping anyone by it, not saving anyone from anything? Tell me,” he went on almost in a frenzy, “how this shame and degradation can exist in you side by side with other, opposite, holy feelings? It would be better, a thousand times better and wiser to leap into the water and end it all!”

“But what would become of them?” Sonia asked faintly, gazing at him with eyes of anguish, but not seeming surprised at his suggestion.

Raskolnikov looked strangely at her. He read it all in her face; so she must have had that thought already, perhaps many times, and earnestly she had thought out in her despair how to end it and so earnestly, that now she scarcely wondered at his suggestion. She had not even noticed the cruelty of his words. (The significance of his reproaches and his peculiar attitude to her shame she had, of course, not noticed either, and that, too, was clear to him.) But he saw how monstrously the thought of her disgraceful, shameful position was torturing her and had long tortured her. “What, what,” he thought, “could hitherto have hindered her from putting an end to it?” Only then he realised what those poor little orphan children and that pitiful half-crazy Katerina Ivanovna, knocking her head against the wall in her consumption, meant for Sonia.

But, nevertheless, it was clear to him again that with her character and the amount of education she had after all received, she could not in any case remain so. He was still confronted by the question, how could she have remained so long in that position without going out of her mind, since she could not bring herself to jump into the water? Of course he knew that Sonia’s position was an exceptional case, though unhappily not unique and not infrequent, indeed; but that very exceptionalness, her tinge of education, her previous life might, one would have thought, have killed her at the first step on that revolting path. What held her up--surely not depravity? All that infamy had obviously only touched her mechanically, not one drop of real depravity had penetrated to her heart; he saw that. He saw through her as she stood before him....

“There are three ways before her,” he thought, “the canal, the madhouse, or... at last to sink into depravity which obscures the mind and turns the heart to stone.”

The last idea was the most revolting, but he was a sceptic, he was young, abstract, and therefore cruel, and so he could not help believing that the last end was the most likely.

“But can that be true?” he cried to himself. “Can that creature who has still preserved the purity of her spirit be consciously drawn at last into that sink of filth and iniquity? Can the process already have begun? Can it be that she has only been able to bear it till now, because vice has begun to be less loathsome to her? No, no, that cannot be!” he cried, as Sonia had just before. “No, what has kept her from the canal till now is the idea of sin and they, the children.... And if she has not gone out of her mind... but who says she has not gone out of her mind? Is she in her senses? Can one talk, can one reason as she does? How can she sit on the edge of the abyss of loathsomeness into which she is slipping and refuse to listen when she is told of danger? Does she expect a miracle? No doubt she does. Doesn’t that all mean madness?”

He stayed obstinately at that thought. He liked that explanation indeed better than any other. He began looking more intently at her.

“So you pray to God a great deal, Sonia?” he asked her.

Sonia did not speak; he stood beside her waiting for an answer.

“What should I be without God?” she whispered rapidly, forcibly, glancing at him with suddenly flashing eyes, and squeezing his hand.

“Ah, so that is it!” he thought.

“And what does God do for you?” he asked, probing her further.

Sonia was silent a long while, as though she could not answer. Her weak chest kept heaving with emotion.

“Be silent! Don’t ask! You don’t deserve!” she cried suddenly, looking sternly and wrathfully at him.

“That’s it, that’s it,” he repeated to himself.

“He does everything,” she whispered quickly, looking down again.

“That’s the way out! That’s the explanation,” he decided, scrutinising her with eager curiosity, with a new, strange, almost morbid feeling. He gazed at that pale, thin, irregular, angular little face, those soft blue eyes, which could flash with such fire, such stern energy, that little body still shaking with indignation and anger--and it all seemed to him more and more strange, almost impossible. “She is a religious maniac!” he repeated to himself.

There was a book lying on the chest of drawers. He had noticed it every time he paced up and down the room. Now he took it up and looked at it. It was the New Testament in the Russian translation. It was bound in leather, old and worn.

“Where did you get that?” he called to her across the room.

She was still standing in the same place, three steps from the table.

“It was brought me,” she answered, as it were unwillingly, not looking at him.

“Who brought it?”

“Lizaveta, I asked her for it.”

“Lizaveta! strange!” he thought.

Everything about Sonia seemed to him stranger and more wonderful every moment. He carried the book to the candle and began to turn over the pages.

“Where is the story of Lazarus?” he asked suddenly.

Sonia looked obstinately at the ground and would not answer. She was standing sideways to the table.

“Where is the raising of Lazarus? Find it for me, Sonia.”

She stole a glance at him.

“You are not looking in the right place.... It’s in the fourth gospel,” she whispered sternly, without looking at him.

“Find it and read it to me,” he said. He sat down with his elbow on the table, leaned his head on his hand and looked away sullenly, prepared to listen.

“In three weeks’ time they’ll welcome me in the madhouse! I shall be there if I am not in a worse place,” he muttered to himself.

Sonia heard Raskolnikov’s request distrustfully and moved hesitatingly to the table. She took the book however.

“Haven’t you read it?” she asked, looking up at him across the table.

Her voice became sterner and sterner.

“Long ago.... When I was at school. Read!”

“And haven’t you heard it in church?”

“I... haven’t been. Do you often go?”

“N-no,” whispered Sonia.

Raskolnikov smiled.

“I understand.... And you won’t go to your father’s funeral to-morrow?”

“Yes, I shall. I was at church last week, too... I had a requiem service.”

“For whom?”

“For Lizaveta. She was killed with an axe.”

His nerves were more and more strained. His head began to go round.

“Were you friends with Lizaveta?”

“Yes.... She was good... she used to come... not often... she couldn’t.... We used to read together and... talk. She will see God.”

The last phrase sounded strange in his ears. And here was something new again: the mysterious meetings with Lizaveta and both of them--religious maniacs.

“I shall be a religious maniac myself soon! It’s infectious!”

“Read!” he cried irritably and insistently.

Sonia still hesitated. Her heart was throbbing. She hardly dared to read to him. He looked almost with exasperation at the “unhappy lunatic.”

“What for? You don’t believe?...” she whispered softly and as it were breathlessly.

“Read! I want you to,” he persisted. “You used to read to Lizaveta.”

Sonia opened the book and found the place. Her hands were shaking, her voice failed her. Twice she tried to begin and could not bring out the first syllable.

“Now a certain man was sick named Lazarus of Bethany...” she forced herself at last to read, but at the third word her voice broke like an overstrained string. There was a catch in her breath.

Raskolnikov saw in part why Sonia could not bring herself to read to him and the more he saw this, the more roughly and irritably he insisted on her doing so. He understood only too well how painful it was for her to betray and unveil all that was her _own_. He understood that these feelings really were her _secret treasure_, which she had kept perhaps for years, perhaps from childhood,

while she lived with an unhappy father and a distracted stepmother crazed by grief, in the midst of starving children and unseemly abuse and reproaches. But at the same time he knew now and knew for certain that, although it filled her with dread and suffering, yet she had a tormenting desire to read and to read to _him_ that he might hear it, and to read _now_ whatever might come of it!... He read this in her eyes, he could see it in her intense emotion. She mastered herself, controlled the spasm in her throat and went on reading the eleventh chapter of St. John. She went on to the nineteenth verse:

“And many of the Jews came to Martha and Mary to comfort them concerning their brother.

“Then Martha as soon as she heard that Jesus was coming went and met Him: but Mary sat still in the house.

“Then said Martha unto Jesus, Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died.

“But I know that even now whatsoever Thou wilt ask of God, God will give it Thee....”

Then she stopped again with a shamefaced feeling that her voice would quiver and break again.

“Jesus said unto her, thy brother shall rise again.

“Martha saith unto Him, I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection, at the last day.

“Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in Me though he were dead, yet shall he live.

“And whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die. Believest thou this?

“She saith unto Him,”

(And drawing a painful breath, Sonia read distinctly and forcibly as though she were making a public confession of faith.)

“Yea, Lord: I believe that Thou art the Christ, the Son of God Which should come into the world.”

She stopped and looked up quickly at him, but controlling herself went on reading. Raskolnikov sat without moving, his elbows on the table and his eyes turned away. She read to the thirty-second verse.

“Then when Mary was come where Jesus was and saw Him, she fell down at His feet, saying unto Him, Lord if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died.

“When Jesus therefore saw her weeping, and the Jews also weeping which came with her, He groaned in the spirit and was troubled,

“And said, Where have ye laid him? They said unto Him, Lord, come and see.

“Jesus wept.

“Then said the Jews, behold how He loved him!

“And some of them said, could not this Man which opened the eyes of the blind, have caused that even this man should not have died?”

Raskolnikov turned and looked at her with emotion. Yes, he had known it! She was trembling in a real physical fever. He had expected it. She was getting near the story of the greatest miracle and a feeling of immense triumph came over her. Her voice rang out like a bell; triumph and joy gave it power. The lines danced before her eyes, but she knew what she was reading by heart. At the last verse “Could not this Man which opened the eyes of the blind...” dropping her voice she passionately reproduced the doubt, the reproach and censure of the blind disbelieving Jews, who in another moment would fall at His feet as though struck by thunder, sobbing and believing.... “And _he, he_--too, is blinded and unbelieving, he, too, will hear, he, too, will believe, yes, yes! At once, now,” was what she was dreaming, and she was quivering with happy anticipation.

“Jesus therefore again groaning in Himself cometh to the grave. It was a cave, and a stone lay upon it.

“Jesus said, Take ye away the stone. Martha, the sister of him that was dead, saith unto Him, Lord by this time he stinketh: for he hath been dead four days.”

She laid emphasis on the word _four_.

“Jesus saith unto her, Said I not unto thee that if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God?

“Then they took away the stone from the place where the dead was laid. And Jesus lifted up His eyes and said, Father, I thank Thee that Thou hast heard Me.

“And I knew that Thou hearest Me always; but because of the people which stand by I said it, that they may believe that Thou hast sent Me.

“And when He thus had spoken, He cried with a loud voice, Lazarus, come forth.

“And he that was dead came forth.”

(She read loudly, cold and trembling with ecstasy, as though she were seeing it before her eyes.)

“Bound hand and foot with graveclothes; and his face was bound about with a napkin. Jesus saith unto them, Loose him and let him go.

“Then many of the Jews which came to Mary and had seen the things which Jesus did believed on Him.”

She could read no more, closed the book and got up from her chair quickly.

“That is all about the raising of Lazarus,” she whispered severely and abruptly, and turning away she stood motionless, not daring to raise her eyes to him. She still trembled feverishly. The candle-end was flickering out in the battered candlestick, dimly lighting up in the poverty-stricken room the murderer and the harlot who had so strangely been reading together the eternal book. Five minutes or more passed.

“I came to speak of something,” Raskolnikov said aloud, frowning. He got up and went to Sonia. She lifted her eyes to him in silence. His face was particularly stern and there was a sort of savage determination in it.

“I have abandoned my family to-day,” he said, “my mother and sister. I am not going to see them. I’ve broken with them completely.”

“What for?” asked Sonia amazed. Her recent meeting with his mother and sister had left a great impression which she could not analyse. She heard his news almost with horror.

“I have only you now,” he added. “Let us go together.... I’ve come to you, we are both accursed, let us go our way together!”

His eyes glittered “as though he were mad,” Sonia thought, in her turn.

“Go where?” she asked in alarm and she involuntarily stepped back.

“How do I know? I only know it’s the same road, I know that and nothing more. It’s the same goal!”

She looked at him and understood nothing. She knew only that he was terribly, infinitely unhappy.

“No one of them will understand, if you tell them, but I have understood. I need you, that is why I have come to you.”

“I don’t understand,” whispered Sonia.

“You’ll understand later. Haven’t you done the same? You, too, have transgressed... have had the strength to transgress. You have laid hands on yourself, you have destroyed a life... _your own_ (it’s all the same!). You might have lived in spirit and understanding, but you’ll end in the Hay Market.... But you won’t be able to stand it, and if you remain alone you’ll go out of your mind like me. You are like a mad creature already. So we must go together on the same road! Let us go!”

“What for? What’s all this for?” said Sonia, strangely and violently agitated by his words.

“What for? Because you can’t remain like this, that’s why! You must look things straight in the face at last, and not weep like a child and cry that God won’t allow it. What will happen, if you should really be taken to the hospital to-morrow? She is mad and in consumption, she’ll soon die and the children? Do you mean to tell me Polenka won’t come to grief? Haven’t you seen children here at the street corners sent out by their mothers to beg? I’ve found out where those mothers live and in what surroundings. Children can’t remain children there! At seven the child is vicious and a thief. Yet children, you know, are the image of Christ: ‘theirs

is the kingdom of Heaven.' He bade us honour and love them, they are the humanity of the future...."

"What's to be done, what's to be done?" repeated Sonia, weeping hysterically and wringing her hands.

"What's to be done? Break what must be broken, once for all, that's all, and take the suffering on oneself. What, you don't understand? You'll understand later.... Freedom and power, and above all, power! Over all trembling creation and all the ant-heap!... That's the goal, remember that! That's my farewell message. Perhaps it's the last time I shall speak to you. If I don't come to-morrow, you'll hear of it all, and then remember these words. And some day later on, in years to come, you'll understand perhaps what they meant. If I come to-morrow, I'll tell you who killed Lizaveta.... Good-bye."

Sonia started with terror.

"Why, do you know who killed her?" she asked, chilled with horror, looking wildly at him.

"I know and will tell... you, only you. I have chosen you out. I'm not coming to you to ask forgiveness, but simply to tell you. I chose you out long ago to hear this, when your father talked of you and when Lizaveta was alive, I thought of it. Good-bye, don't shake hands. To-morrow!"

He went out. Sonia gazed at him as at a madman. But she herself was like one insane and felt it. Her head was going round.

"Good heavens, how does he know who killed Lizaveta? What did those words mean? It's awful!" But at the same time _the idea_ did not enter her head, not for a moment! "Oh, he must be terribly unhappy!... He has abandoned his mother and sister.... What for? What has happened? And what had he in his mind? What did he say to her? He had kissed her foot and said... said (yes, he had said it clearly) that he could not live without her.... Oh, merciful heavens!"

Sonia spent the whole night feverish and delirious. She jumped up from time to time, wept and wrung her hands, then sank again into feverish sleep and dreamt of Polenka, Katerina Ivanovna and Lizaveta, of reading the gospel and him... him with pale face, with burning eyes... kissing her feet, weeping.

On the other side of the door on the right, which divided Sonia's room from Madame Resslich's flat, was a room which had long stood empty. A card was fixed on the gate and a notice stuck in the windows over the canal advertising it to let. Sonia had long been accustomed to the room's being uninhabited. But all that time Mr. Svidrigaïlov had been standing, listening at the door of the empty room. When Raskolnikov went out he stood still, thought a moment, went on tiptoe to his own room which adjoined the empty one, brought a chair and noiselessly carried it to the door that led to Sonia's room. The conversation had struck him as interesting and remarkable, and he had greatly enjoyed it--so much so that he brought a chair that he might not in the future, to-morrow, for instance, have to endure the inconvenience of standing a whole hour, but might listen in comfort.

CHAPTER V

When next morning at eleven o'clock punctually Raskolnikov went into the department of the investigation of criminal causes and sent his name in to Porfiry Petrovitch, he was surprised at being kept waiting so long: it was at least ten minutes before he was summoned. He had expected that they would pounce upon him. But he stood in the waiting-room, and people, who apparently had nothing to do with him, were continually passing to and fro before him. In the next room which looked like an office, several clerks were sitting writing and obviously they had no notion who or what Raskolnikov might be. He looked uneasily and suspiciously about him to see whether there was not some guard, some mysterious watch being kept on him to prevent his escape. But there was nothing of the sort: he saw only the faces of clerks absorbed in petty details, then other people, no one seemed to have any concern with him. He might go where he liked for them. The conviction grew stronger in him that if that enigmatic man of yesterday, that phantom sprung out of the earth, had seen everything, they would not have let him stand and wait like that. And would they have waited till he elected to appear at eleven? Either the man had not yet given information, or... or simply he knew nothing, had seen nothing (and how could he have seen anything?) and so all that had happened to him the day before was again a phantom exaggerated by his sick and overstrained imagination. This conjecture had begun to grow strong the day before, in the midst of all his alarm and despair. Thinking it all over now and preparing for a fresh conflict, he was suddenly aware that he was trembling--and he felt a rush of indignation at the thought that he was trembling with fear at facing that hateful Porfiry Petrovitch. What he dreaded above all was meeting that man again; he hated him with an intense, unmitigated hatred and was afraid his hatred might betray him. His indignation was such that he ceased trembling at once; he made ready to go in with a cold and arrogant bearing and vowed to himself to keep as silent as possible, to watch and listen and for once at least to control his overstrained nerves. At that

moment he was summoned to Porfiry Petrovitch.

He found Porfiry Petrovitch alone in his study. His study was a room neither large nor small, furnished with a large writing-table, that stood before a sofa, upholstered in checked material, a bureau, a bookcase in the corner and several chairs--all government furniture, of polished yellow wood. In the further wall there was a closed door, beyond it there were no doubt other rooms. On Raskolnikov's entrance Porfiry Petrovitch had at once closed the door by which he had come in and they remained alone. He met his visitor with an apparently genial and good-tempered air, and it was only after a few minutes that Raskolnikov saw signs of a certain awkwardness in him, as though he had been thrown out of his reckoning or caught in something very secret.

"Ah, my dear fellow! Here you are... in our domain"... began Porfiry, holding out both hands to him. "Come, sit down, old man... or perhaps you don't like to be called 'my dear fellow' and 'old man!'--_tout court_? Please don't think it too familiar.... Here, on the sofa."

Raskolnikov sat down, keeping his eyes fixed on him. "In our domain," the apologies for familiarity, the French phrase _tout court_, were all characteristic signs.

"He held out both hands to me, but he did not give me one--he drew it back in time," struck him suspiciously. Both were watching each other, but when their eyes met, quick as lightning they looked away.

"I brought you this paper... about the watch. Here it is. Is it all right or shall I copy it again?"

"What? A paper? Yes, yes, don't be uneasy, it's all right," Porfiry Petrovitch said as though in haste, and after he had said it he took the paper and looked at it. "Yes, it's all right. Nothing more is needed," he declared with the same rapidity and he laid the paper on the table.

A minute later when he was talking of something else he took it from the table and put it on his bureau.

"I believe you said yesterday you would like to question me... formally... about my acquaintance with the murdered woman?" Raskolnikov was beginning again. "Why did I put in 'I believe'" passed through his mind in a flash. "Why am I so uneasy at having put in that '_I believe_'?" came in a second flash. And he suddenly felt that his uneasiness at the mere contact with Porfiry, at the first words, at the first looks, had grown in an instant to monstrous proportions, and that this was fearfully dangerous. His nerves were quivering, his emotion was increasing. "It's bad, it's bad! I shall say too much again."

"Yes, yes, yes! There's no hurry, there's no hurry," muttered Porfiry Petrovitch, moving to and fro about the table without any apparent aim, as it were making dashes towards the window, the bureau and the table, at one moment avoiding Raskolnikov's suspicious glance, then again standing still and looking him straight in the face.

His fat round little figure looked very strange, like a ball rolling from one side to the other and rebounding back.

"We've plenty of time. Do you smoke? have you your own? Here, a cigarette!" he went on, offering his visitor a cigarette. "You know I am receiving you here, but my own quarters are through there, you know, my government quarters. But I am living outside for the time, I had to have some repairs done here. It's almost finished now.... Government quarters, you know, are a capital thing. Eh, what do you think?"

"Yes, a capital thing," answered Raskolnikov, looking at him almost ironically.

"A capital thing, a capital thing," repeated Porfiry Petrovitch, as though he had just thought of something quite different. "Yes, a capital thing," he almost shouted at last, suddenly staring at Raskolnikov and stopping short two steps from him.

This stupid repetition was too incongruous in its ineptitude with the serious, brooding and enigmatic glance he turned upon his visitor.

But this stirred Raskolnikov's spleen more than ever and he could not resist an ironical and rather incautious challenge.

"Tell me, please," he asked suddenly, looking almost insolently at him and taking a kind of pleasure in his own insolence. "I believe it's a sort of legal rule, a sort of legal tradition--for all investigating lawyers--to begin their attack from afar, with a trivial, or at least an irrelevant subject, so as to encourage, or rather, to divert the man they are cross-examining, to disarm his caution and then all at once to give him an unexpected knock-down blow with some fatal question. Isn't that so? It's a sacred tradition, mentioned, I fancy, in all the manuals of the art?"

“Yes, yes.... Why, do you imagine that was why I spoke about government quarters... eh?”

And as he said this Porfiry Petrovitch screwed up his eyes and winked; a good-humoured, crafty look passed over his face. The wrinkles on his forehead were smoothed out, his eyes contracted, his features broadened and he suddenly went off into a nervous prolonged laugh, shaking all over and looking Raskolnikov straight in the face. The latter forced himself to laugh, too, but when Porfiry, seeing that he was laughing, broke into such a guffaw that he turned almost crimson, Raskolnikov’s repulsion overcame all precaution; he left off laughing, scowled and stared with hatred at Porfiry, keeping his eyes fixed on him while his intentionally prolonged laughter lasted. There was lack of precaution on both sides, however, for Porfiry Petrovitch seemed to be laughing in his visitor’s face and to be very little disturbed at the annoyance with which the visitor received it. The latter fact was very significant in Raskolnikov’s eyes: he saw that Porfiry Petrovitch had not been embarrassed just before either, but that he, Raskolnikov, had perhaps fallen into a trap; that there must be something, some motive here unknown to him; that, perhaps, everything was in readiness and in another moment would break upon him...

He went straight to the point at once, rose from his seat and took his cap.

“Porfiry Petrovitch,” he began resolutely, though with considerable irritation, “yesterday you expressed a desire that I should come to you for some inquiries” (he laid special stress on the word “inquiries”). “I have come and if you have anything to ask me, ask it, and if not, allow me to withdraw. I have no time to spare.... I have to be at the funeral of that man who was run over, of whom you... know also,” he added, feeling angry at once at having made this addition and more irritated at his anger. “I am sick of it all, do you hear? and have long been. It’s partly what made me ill. In short,” he shouted, feeling that the phrase about his illness was still more out of place, “in short, kindly examine me or let me go, at once. And if you must examine me, do so in the proper form! I will not allow you to do so otherwise, and so meanwhile, good-bye, as we have evidently nothing to keep us now.”

“Good heavens! What do you mean? What shall I question you about?” cackled Porfiry Petrovitch with a change of tone, instantly leaving off laughing. “Please don’t disturb yourself,” he began fidgeting from place to place and fussily making Raskolnikov sit down. “There’s no hurry, there’s no hurry, it’s all nonsense. Oh, no, I’m very glad you’ve come to see me at last... I look upon you simply as a visitor. And as for my confounded laughter, please excuse it, Rodion Romanovitch. Rodion Romanovitch? That is your name?... It’s my nerves, you tickled me so with your witty observation; I assure you, sometimes I shake with laughter like an india-rubber ball for half an hour at a time.... I’m often afraid of an attack of paralysis. Do sit down. Please do, or I shall think you are angry...”

Raskolnikov did not speak; he listened, watching him, still frowning angrily. He did sit down, but still held his cap.

“I must tell you one thing about myself, my dear Rodion Romanovitch,” Porfiry Petrovitch continued, moving about the room and again avoiding his visitor’s eyes. “You see, I’m a bachelor, a man of no consequence and not used to society; besides, I have nothing before me, I’m set, I’m running to seed and... and have you noticed, Rodion Romanovitch, that in our Petersburg circles, if two clever men meet who are not intimate, but respect each other, like you and me, it takes them half an hour before they can find a subject for conversation--they are dumb, they sit opposite each other and feel awkward. Everyone has subjects of conversation, ladies for instance... people in high society always have their subjects of conversation, _c’est de rigueur_, but people of the middle sort like us, thinking people that is, are always tongue-tied and awkward. What is the reason of it? Whether it is the lack of public interest, or whether it is we are so honest we don’t want to deceive one another, I don’t know. What do you think? Do put down your cap, it looks as if you were just going, it makes me uncomfortable... I am so delighted...”

Raskolnikov put down his cap and continued listening in silence with a serious frowning face to the vague and empty chatter of Porfiry Petrovitch. “Does he really want to distract my attention with his silly babble?”

“I can’t offer you coffee here; but why not spend five minutes with a friend?” Porfiry pattered on, “and you know all these official duties... please don’t mind my running up and down, excuse it, my dear fellow, I am very much afraid of offending you, but exercise is absolutely indispensable for me. I’m always sitting and so glad to be moving about for five minutes... I suffer from my sedentary life... I always intend to join a gymnasium; they say that officials of all ranks, even Privy Councillors, may be seen skipping gaily there; there you have it, modern science... yes, yes.... But as for my duties here, inquiries and all such formalities... you mentioned inquiries yourself just now... I assure you these interrogations are sometimes more embarrassing for the interrogator than for the interrogated.... You made the observation yourself just now very aptly and wittily.” (Raskolnikov had made no observation of the kind.) “One gets into a muddle! A regular muddle! One keeps harping on the same note, like a drum! There is to be a reform and we shall be called by a different name, at least, he-he-he! And as for our legal tradition, as you so wittily called it, I thoroughly agree

with you. Every prisoner on trial, even the rudest peasant, knows that they begin by disarming him with irrelevant questions (as you so happily put it) and then deal him a knock-down blow, he-he-he!--your felicitous comparison, he-he! So you really imagined that I meant by 'government quarters'... he-he! You are an ironical person. Come. I won't go on! Ah, by the way, yes! One word leads to another. You spoke of formality just now, apropos of the inquiry, you know. But what's the use of formality? In many cases it's nonsense. Sometimes one has a friendly chat and gets a good deal more out of it. One can always fall back on formality, allow me to assure you. And after all, what does it amount to? An examining lawyer cannot be bounded by formality at every step. The work of investigation is, so to speak, a free art in its own way, he-he-he!"

Porfiry Petrovitch took breath a moment. He had simply babbled on uttering empty phrases, letting slip a few enigmatic words and again reverting to incoherence. He was almost running about the room, moving his fat little legs quicker and quicker, looking at the ground, with his right hand behind his back, while with his left making gesticulations that were extraordinarily incongruous with his words. Raskolnikov suddenly noticed that as he ran about the room he seemed twice to stop for a moment near the door, as though he were listening.

"Is he expecting anything?"

"You are certainly quite right about it," Porfiry began gaily, looking with extraordinary simplicity at Raskolnikov (which startled him and instantly put him on his guard); "certainly quite right in laughing so wittily at our legal forms, he-he! Some of these elaborate psychological methods are exceedingly ridiculous and perhaps useless, if one adheres too closely to the forms. Yes... I am talking of forms again. Well, if I recognise, or more strictly speaking, if I suspect someone or other to be a criminal in any case entrusted to me... you're reading for the law, of course, Rodion Romanovitch?"

"Yes, I was..."

"Well, then it is a precedent for you for the future--though don't suppose I should venture to instruct you after the articles you publish about crime! No, I simply make bold to state it by way of fact, if I took this man or that for a criminal, why, I ask, should I worry him prematurely, even though I had evidence against him? In one case I may be bound, for instance, to arrest a man at once, but another may be in quite a different position, you know, so why shouldn't I let him walk about the town a bit? he-he-he! But I see you don't quite understand, so I'll give you a clearer example. If I put him in prison too soon, I may very likely give him, so to speak, moral support, he-he! You're laughing?"

Raskolnikov had no idea of laughing. He was sitting with compressed lips, his feverish eyes fixed on Porfiry Petrovitch's.

"Yet that is the case, with some types especially, for men are so different. You say 'evidence'. Well, there may be evidence. But evidence, you know, can generally be taken two ways. I am an examining lawyer and a weak man, I confess it. I should like to make a proof, so to say, mathematically clear. I should like to make a chain of evidence such as twice two are four, it ought to be a direct, irrefutable proof! And if I shut him up too soon--even though I might be convinced _he_ was the man, I should very likely be depriving myself of the means of getting further evidence against him. And how? By giving him, so to speak, a definite position, I shall put him out of suspense and set his mind at rest, so that he will retreat into his shell. They say that at Sevastopol, soon after Alma, the clever people were in a terrible fright that the enemy would attack openly and take Sevastopol at once. But when they saw that the enemy preferred a regular siege, they were delighted, I am told and reassured, for the thing would drag on for two months at least. You're laughing, you don't believe me again? Of course, you're right, too. You're right, you're right. These are special cases, I admit. But you must observe this, my dear Rodion Romanovitch, the general case, the case for which all legal forms and rules are intended, for which they are calculated and laid down in books, does not exist at all, for the reason that every case, every crime, for instance, so soon as it actually occurs, at once becomes a thoroughly special case and sometimes a case unlike any that's gone before. Very comic cases of that sort sometimes occur. If I leave one man quite alone, if I don't touch him and don't worry him, but let him know or at least suspect every moment that I know all about it and am watching him day and night, and if he is in continual suspicion and terror, he'll be bound to lose his head. He'll come of himself, or maybe do something which will make it as plain as twice two are four--it's delightful. It may be so with a simple peasant, but with one of our sort, an intelligent man cultivated on a certain side, it's a dead certainty. For, my dear fellow, it's a very important matter to know on what side a man is cultivated. And then there are nerves, there are nerves, you have overlooked them! Why, they are all sick, nervous and irritable!... And then how they all suffer from spleen! That I assure you is a regular gold-mine for us. And it's no anxiety to me, his running about the town free! Let him, let him walk about for a bit! I know well enough that I've caught him and that he won't escape me. Where could he escape to, he-he? Abroad, perhaps? A Pole will escape abroad, but not here, especially as I am watching and

have taken measures. Will he escape into the depths of the country perhaps? But you know, peasants live there, real rude Russian peasants. A modern cultivated man would prefer prison to living with such strangers as our peasants. He-he! But that's all nonsense, and on the surface. It's not merely that he has nowhere to run to, he is _psychologically_ unable to escape me, he-he! What an expression! Through a law of nature he can't escape me if he had anywhere to go. Have you seen a butterfly round a candle? That's how he will keep circling and circling round me. Freedom will lose its attractions. He'll begin to brood, he'll weave a tangle round himself, he'll worry himself to death! What's more, he will provide me with a mathematical proof--if I only give him long enough interval.... And he'll keep circling round me, getting nearer and nearer and then--flop! He'll fly straight into my mouth and I'll swallow him, and that will be very amusing, he-he-he! You don't believe me?"

Raskolnikov made no reply; he sat pale and motionless, still gazing with the same intensity into Porfiry's face.

"It's a lesson," he thought, turning cold. "This is beyond the cat playing with a mouse, like yesterday. He can't be showing off his power with no motive... prompting me; he is far too clever for that... he must have another object. What is it? It's all nonsense, my friend, you are pretending, to scare me! You've no proofs and the man I saw had no real existence. You simply want to make me lose my head, to work me up beforehand and so to crush me. But you are wrong, you won't do it! But why give me such a hint? Is he reckoning on my shattered nerves? No, my friend, you are wrong, you won't do it even though you have some trap for me... let us see what you have in store for me."

And he braced himself to face a terrible and unknown ordeal. At times he longed to fall on Porfiry and strangle him. This anger was what he dreaded from the beginning. He felt that his parched lips were flecked with foam, his heart was throbbing. But he was still determined not to speak till the right moment. He realised that this was the best policy in his position, because instead of saying too much he would be irritating his enemy by his silence and provoking him into speaking too freely. Anyhow, this was what he hoped for.

"No, I see you don't believe me, you think I am playing a harmless joke on you," Porfiry began again, getting more and more lively, chuckling at every instant and again pacing round the room. "And to be sure you're right: God has given me a figure that can awaken none but comic ideas in other people; a buffoon; but let me tell you, and I repeat it, excuse an old man, my dear Rodion Romanovitch, you are a man still young, so to say, in your first youth and so you put intellect above everything, like all young people. Playful wit and abstract arguments fascinate you and that's for all the world like the old Austrian _Hof-kriegsrath_, as far as I can judge of military matters, that is: on paper they'd beaten Napoleon and taken him prisoner, and there in their study they worked it all out in the cleverest fashion, but look you, General Mack surrendered with all his army, he-he-he! I see, I see, Rodion Romanovitch, you are laughing at a civilian like me, taking examples out of military history! But I can't help it, it's my weakness. I am fond of military science. And I'm ever so fond of reading all military histories. I've certainly missed my proper career. I ought to have been in the army, upon my word I ought. I shouldn't have been a Napoleon, but I might have been a major, he-he! Well, I'll tell you the whole truth, my dear fellow, about this _special case_, I mean: actual fact and a man's temperament, my dear sir, are weighty matters and it's astonishing how they sometimes deceive the sharpest calculation! I--listen to an old man--am speaking seriously, Rodion Romanovitch" (as he said this Porfiry Petrovitch, who was scarcely five-and-thirty, actually seemed to have grown old; even his voice changed and he seemed to shrink together) "Moreover, I'm a candid man... am I a candid man or not? What do you say? I fancy I really am: I tell you these things for nothing and don't even expect a reward for it, he-he! Well, to proceed, wit in my opinion is a splendid thing, it is, so to say, an adornment of nature and a consolation of life, and what tricks it can play! So that it sometimes is hard for a poor examining lawyer to know where he is, especially when he's liable to be carried away by his own fancy, too, for you know he is a man after all! But the poor fellow is saved by the criminal's temperament, worse luck for him! But young people carried away by their own wit don't think of that 'when they overstep all obstacles,' as you wittily and cleverly expressed it yesterday. He will lie--that is, the man who is a _special case_, the incognito, and he will lie well, in the cleverest fashion; you might think he would triumph and enjoy the fruits of his wit, but at the most interesting, the most flagrant moment he will faint. Of course there may be illness and a stuffy room as well, but anyway! Anyway he's given us the idea! He lied incomparably, but he didn't reckon on his temperament. That's what betrays him! Another time he will be carried away by his playful wit into making fun of the man who suspects him, he will turn pale as it were on purpose to mislead, but his paleness will be _too natural_, too much like the real thing, again he has given us an idea! Though his questioner may be deceived at first, he will think differently next day if he is not a fool, and, of course, it is like that at every step! He puts himself forward where he is not wanted, speaks continually when he ought to keep silent, brings in all sorts of allegorical allusions, he-he! Comes and asks why didn't you take me long ago? he-he-he! And that can happen, you know, with the cleverest man, the psychologist, the literary man. The temperament reflects everything like a mirror! Gaze into it and admire what you see! But why are you so pale, Rodion

Romanovitch? Is the room stuffy? Shall I open the window?”

“Oh, don’t trouble, please,” cried Raskolnikov and he suddenly broke into a laugh. “Please don’t trouble.”

Porfiry stood facing him, paused a moment and suddenly he too laughed. Raskolnikov got up from the sofa, abruptly checking his hysterical laughter.

“Porfiry Petrovitch,” he began, speaking loudly and distinctly, though his legs trembled and he could scarcely stand. “I see clearly at last that you actually suspect me of murdering that old woman and her sister Lizaveta. Let me tell you for my part that I am sick of this. If you find that you have a right to prosecute me legally, to arrest me, then prosecute me, arrest me. But I will not let myself be jeered at to my face and worried...”

His lips trembled, his eyes glowed with fury and he could not restrain his voice.

“I won’t allow it!” he shouted, bringing his fist down on the table. “Do you hear that, Porfiry Petrovitch? I won’t allow it.”

“Good heavens! What does it mean?” cried Porfiry Petrovitch, apparently quite frightened. “Rodion Romanovitch, my dear fellow, what is the matter with you?”

“I won’t allow it,” Raskolnikov shouted again.

“Hush, my dear man! They’ll hear and come in. Just think, what could we say to them?” Porfiry Petrovitch whispered in horror, bringing his face close to Raskolnikov’s.

“I won’t allow it, I won’t allow it,” Raskolnikov repeated mechanically, but he too spoke in a sudden whisper.

Porfiry turned quickly and ran to open the window.

“Some fresh air! And you must have some water, my dear fellow. You’re ill!” and he was running to the door to call for some when he found a decanter of water in the corner. “Come, drink a little,” he whispered, rushing up to him with the decanter. “It will be sure to do you good.”

Porfiry Petrovitch’s alarm and sympathy were so natural that Raskolnikov was silent and began looking at him with wild curiosity. He did not take the water, however.

“Rodion Romanovitch, my dear fellow, you’ll drive yourself out of your mind, I assure you, ach, ach! Have some water, do drink a little.”

He forced him to take the glass. Raskolnikov raised it mechanically to his lips, but set it on the table again with disgust.

“Yes, you’ve had a little attack! You’ll bring back your illness again, my dear fellow,” Porfiry Petrovitch cackled with friendly sympathy, though he still looked rather disconcerted. “Good heavens, you must take more care of yourself! Dmitri Prokofitch was here, came to see me yesterday--I know, I know, I’ve a nasty, ironical temper, but what they made of it!... Good heavens, he came yesterday after you’d been. We dined and he talked and talked away, and I could only throw up my hands in despair! Did he come from you? But do sit down, for mercy’s sake, sit down!”

“No, not from me, but I knew he went to you and why he went,” Raskolnikov answered sharply.

“You knew?”

“I knew. What of it?”

“Why this, Rodion Romanovitch, that I know more than that about you; I know about everything. I know how you went _to take a flat_ at night when it was dark and how you rang the bell and asked about the blood, so that the workmen and the porter did not know what to make of it. Yes, I understand your state of mind at that time... but you’ll drive yourself mad like that, upon my word! You’ll lose your head! You’re full of generous indignation at the wrongs you’ve received, first from destiny, and then from the police officers, and so you rush from one thing to another to force them to speak out and make an end of it all, because you are sick of all this suspicion and foolishness. That’s so, isn’t it? I have guessed how you feel, haven’t I? Only in that way you’ll lose your head and Razumihin’s, too; he’s too _good_ a man for such a position, you must know that. You are ill and he is good and your illness is infectious for him... I’ll tell you about it when you are more yourself.... But do sit down, for goodness’ sake. Please rest, you look

shocking, do sit down."

Raskolnikov sat down; he no longer shivered, he was hot all over. In amazement he listened with strained attention to Porfiry Petrovitch who still seemed frightened as he looked after him with friendly solicitude. But he did not believe a word he said, though he felt a strange inclination to believe. Porfiry's unexpected words about the flat had utterly overwhelmed him. "How can it be, he knows about the flat then," he thought suddenly, "and he tells it me himself!"

"Yes, in our legal practice there was a case almost exactly similar, a case of morbid psychology," Porfiry went on quickly. "A man confessed to murder and how he kept it up! It was a regular hallucination; he brought forward facts, he imposed upon everyone and why? He had been partly, but only partly, unintentionally the cause of a murder and when he knew that he had given the murderers the opportunity, he sank into dejection, it got on his mind and turned his brain, he began imagining things and he persuaded himself that he was the murderer. But at last the High Court of Appeal went into it and the poor fellow was acquitted and put under proper care. Thanks to the Court of Appeal! Tut-tut-tut! Why, my dear fellow, you may drive yourself into delirium if you have the impulse to work upon your nerves, to go ringing bells at night and asking about blood! I've studied all this morbid psychology in my practice. A man is sometimes tempted to jump out of a window or from a belfry. Just the same with bell-ringing.... It's all illness, Rodion Romanovitch! You have begun to neglect your illness. You should consult an experienced doctor, what's the good of that fat fellow? You are lightheaded! You were delirious when you did all this!"

For a moment Raskolnikov felt everything going round.

"Is it possible, is it possible," flashed through his mind, "that he is still lying? He can't be, he can't be." He rejected that idea, feeling to what a degree of fury it might drive him, feeling that that fury might drive him mad.

"I was not delirious. I knew what I was doing," he cried, straining every faculty to penetrate Porfiry's game, "I was quite myself, do you hear?"

"Yes, I hear and understand. You said yesterday you were not delirious, you were particularly emphatic about it! I understand all you can tell me! A-ach!... Listen, Rodion Romanovitch, my dear fellow. If you were actually a criminal, or were somehow mixed up in this damnable business, would you insist that you were not delirious but in full possession of your faculties? And so emphatically and persistently? Would it be possible? Quite impossible, to my thinking. If you had anything on your conscience, you certainly ought to insist that you were delirious. That's so, isn't it?"

There was a note of slyness in this inquiry. Raskolnikov drew back on the sofa as Porfiry bent over him and stared in silent perplexity at him.

"Another thing about Razumihin--you certainly ought to have said that he came of his own accord, to have concealed your part in it! But you don't conceal it! You lay stress on his coming at your instigation."

Raskolnikov had not done so. A chill went down his back.

"You keep telling lies," he said slowly and weakly, twisting his lips into a sickly smile, "you are trying again to show that you know all my game, that you know all I shall say beforehand," he said, conscious himself that he was not weighing his words as he ought. "You want to frighten me... or you are simply laughing at me..."

He still stared at him as he said this and again there was a light of intense hatred in his eyes.

"You keep lying," he said. "You know perfectly well that the best policy for the criminal is to tell the truth as nearly as possible... to conceal as little as possible. I don't believe you!"

"What a wily person you are!" Porfiry tittered, "there's no catching you; you've a perfect monomania. So you don't believe me? But still you do believe me, you believe a quarter; I'll soon make you believe the whole, because I have a sincere liking for you and genuinely wish you good."

Raskolnikov's lips trembled.

"Yes, I do," went on Porfiry, touching Raskolnikov's arm genially, "you must take care of your illness. Besides, your mother and sister are here now; you must think of them. You must soothe and comfort them and you do nothing but frighten them..."

“What has that to do with you? How do you know it? What concern is it of yours? You are keeping watch on me and want to let me know it?”

“Good heavens! Why, I learnt it all from you yourself! You don’t notice that in your excitement you tell me and others everything. From Razumihin, too, I learnt a number of interesting details yesterday. No, you interrupted me, but I must tell you that, for all your wit, your suspiciousness makes you lose the common-sense view of things. To return to bell-ringing, for instance. I, an examining lawyer, have betrayed a precious thing like that, a real fact (for it is a fact worth having), and you see nothing in it! Why, if I had the slightest suspicion of you, should I have acted like that? No, I should first have disarmed your suspicions and not let you see I knew of that fact, should have diverted your attention and suddenly have dealt you a knock-down blow (your expression) saying: ‘And what were you doing, sir, pray, at ten or nearly eleven at the murdered woman’s flat and why did you ring the bell and why did you ask about blood? And why did you invite the porters to go with you to the police station, to the lieutenant?’ That’s how I ought to have acted if I had a grain of suspicion of you. I ought to have taken your evidence in due form, searched your lodging and perhaps have arrested you, too... so I have no suspicion of you, since I have not done that! But you can’t look at it normally and you see nothing, I say again.”

Raskolnikov started so that Porfiry Petrovitch could not fail to perceive it.

“You are lying all the while,” he cried, “I don’t know your object, but you are lying. You did not speak like that just now and I cannot be mistaken!”

“I am lying?” Porfiry repeated, apparently incensed, but preserving a good-humoured and ironical face, as though he were not in the least concerned at Raskolnikov’s opinion of him. “I am lying... but how did I treat you just now, I, the examining lawyer? Prompting you and giving you every means for your defence; illness, I said, delirium, injury, melancholy and the police officers and all the rest of it? Ah! He-he-he! Though, indeed, all those psychological means of defence are not very reliable and cut both ways: illness, delirium, I don’t remember--that’s all right, but why, my good sir, in your illness and in your delirium were you haunted by just those delusions and not by any others? There may have been others, eh? He-he-he!”

Raskolnikov looked haughtily and contemptuously at him.

“Briefly,” he said loudly and imperiously, rising to his feet and in so doing pushing Porfiry back a little, “briefly, I want to know, do you acknowledge me perfectly free from suspicion or not? Tell me, Porfiry Petrovitch, tell me once for all and make haste!”

“What a business I’m having with you!” cried Porfiry with a perfectly good-humoured, sly and composed face. “And why do you want to know, why do you want to know so much, since they haven’t begun to worry you? Why, you are like a child asking for matches! And why are you so uneasy? Why do you force yourself upon us, eh? He-he-he!”

“I repeat,” Raskolnikov cried furiously, “that I can’t put up with it!”

“With what? Uncertainty?” interrupted Porfiry.

“Don’t jeer at me! I won’t have it! I tell you I won’t have it. I can’t and I won’t, do you hear, do you hear?” he shouted, bringing his fist down on the table again.

“Hush! Hush! They’ll overhear! I warn you seriously, take care of yourself. I am not joking,” Porfiry whispered, but this time there was not the look of old womanish good nature and alarm in his face. Now he was peremptory, stern, frowning and for once laying aside all mystification.

But this was only for an instant. Raskolnikov, bewildered, suddenly fell into actual frenzy, but, strange to say, he again obeyed the command to speak quietly, though he was in a perfect paroxysm of fury.

“I will not allow myself to be tortured,” he whispered, instantly recognising with hatred that he could not help obeying the command and driven to even greater fury by the thought. “Arrest me, search me, but kindly act in due form and don’t play with me! Don’t dare!”

“Don’t worry about the form,” Porfiry interrupted with the same sly smile, as it were, gloating with enjoyment over Raskolnikov. “I invited you to see me quite in a friendly way.”

“I don’t want your friendship and I spit on it! Do you hear? And, here, I take my cap and go. What will you say now if you mean to arrest me?”

He took up his cap and went to the door.

“And won’t you see my little surprise?” chuckled Porfiry, again taking him by the arm and stopping him at the door.

He seemed to become more playful and good-humoured, which maddened Raskolnikov.

“What surprise?” he asked, standing still and looking at Porfiry in alarm.

“My little surprise, it’s sitting there behind the door, he-he-he!” (He pointed to the locked door.) “I locked him in that he should not escape.”

“What is it? Where? What?...”

Raskolnikov walked to the door and would have opened it, but it was locked.

“It’s locked, here is the key!”

And he brought a key out of his pocket.

“You are lying,” roared Raskolnikov without restraint, “you lie, you damned punchinello!” and he rushed at Porfiry who retreated to the other door, not at all alarmed.

“I understand it all! You are lying and mocking so that I may betray myself to you...”

“Why, you could not betray yourself any further, my dear Rodion Romanovitch. You are in a passion. Don’t shout, I shall call the clerks.”

“You are lying! Call the clerks! You knew I was ill and tried to work me into a frenzy to make me betray myself, that was your object! Produce your facts! I understand it all. You’ve no evidence, you have only wretched rubbishly suspicions like Zametov’s! You knew my character, you wanted to drive me to fury and then to knock me down with priests and deputies.... Are you waiting for them? eh! What are you waiting for? Where are they? Produce them?”

“Why deputies, my good man? What things people will imagine! And to do so would not be acting in form as you say, you don’t know the business, my dear fellow.... And there’s no escaping form, as you see,” Porfiry muttered, listening at the door through which a noise could be heard.

“Ah, they’re coming,” cried Raskolnikov. “You’ve sent for them! You expected them! Well, produce them all: your deputies, your witnesses, what you like!... I am ready!”

But at this moment a strange incident occurred, something so unexpected that neither Raskolnikov nor Porfiry Petrovitch could have looked for such a conclusion to their interview.

CHAPTER VI

When he remembered the scene afterwards, this is how Raskolnikov saw it.

The noise behind the door increased, and suddenly the door was opened a little.

“What is it?” cried Porfiry Petrovitch, annoyed. “Why, I gave orders...”

For an instant there was no answer, but it was evident that there were several persons at the door, and that they were apparently pushing somebody back.

“What is it?” Porfiry Petrovitch repeated, uneasily.

“The prisoner Nikolay has been brought,” someone answered.

“He is not wanted! Take him away! Let him wait! What’s he doing here? How irregular!” cried Porfiry, rushing to the door.

“But he...” began the same voice, and suddenly ceased.

Two seconds, not more, were spent in actual struggle, then someone gave a violent shove, and then a man, very pale, strode into the room.

This man’s appearance was at first sight very strange. He stared straight before him, as though seeing nothing. There was a determined gleam in his eyes; at the same time there was a deathly pallor in his face, as though he were being led to the scaffold. His white lips were faintly twitching.

He was dressed like a workman and was of medium height, very young, slim, his hair cut in round crop, with thin spare features. The man whom he had thrust back followed him into the room and succeeded in seizing him by the shoulder; he was a warder; but Nikolay pulled his arm away.

Several persons crowded inquisitively into the doorway. Some of them tried to get in. All this took place almost instantaneously.

“Go away, it’s too soon! Wait till you are sent for!... Why have you brought him so soon?” Porfiry Petrovitch muttered, extremely annoyed, and as it were thrown out of his reckoning.

But Nikolay suddenly knelt down.

“What’s the matter?” cried Porfiry, surprised.

“I am guilty! Mine is the sin! I am the murderer,” Nikolay articulated suddenly, rather breathless, but speaking fairly loudly.

For ten seconds there was silence as though all had been struck dumb; even the warder stepped back, mechanically retreated to the door, and stood immovable.

“What is it?” cried Porfiry Petrovitch, recovering from his momentary stupefaction.

“I... am the murderer,” repeated Nikolay, after a brief pause.

“What... you... what... whom did you kill?” Porfiry Petrovitch was obviously bewildered.

Nikolay again was silent for a moment.

“Alyona Ivanovna and her sister Lizaveta Ivanovna, I... killed... with an axe. Darkness came over me,” he added suddenly, and was again silent.

He still remained on his knees. Porfiry Petrovitch stood for some moments as though meditating, but suddenly roused himself and waved back the uninvited spectators. They instantly vanished and closed the door. Then he looked towards Raskolnikov, who was standing in the corner, staring wildly at Nikolay and moved towards him, but stopped short, looked from Nikolay to Raskolnikov and then again at Nikolay, and seeming unable to restrain himself darted at the latter.

“You’re in too great a hurry,” he shouted at him, almost angrily. “I didn’t ask you what came over you.... Speak, did you kill them?”

“I am the murderer.... I want to give evidence,” Nikolay pronounced.

“Ach! What did you kill them with?”

“An axe. I had it ready.”

“Ach, he is in a hurry! Alone?”

Nikolay did not understand the question.

“Did you do it alone?”

“Yes, alone. And Mitka is not guilty and had no share in it.”

“Don’t be in a hurry about Mitka! A-ach! How was it you ran downstairs like that at the time? The porters met you both!”

“It was to put them off the scent... I ran after Mitka,” Nikolay replied hurriedly, as though he had prepared the answer.

“I knew it!” cried Porfiry, with vexation. “It’s not his own tale he is telling,” he muttered as though to himself, and suddenly his eyes rested on Raskolnikov again.

He was apparently so taken up with Nikolay that for a moment he had forgotten Raskolnikov. He was a little taken aback.

“My dear Rodion Romanovitch, excuse me!” he flew up to him, “this won’t do; I’m afraid you must go... it’s no good your staying... I will... you see, what a surprise!... Good-bye!”

And taking him by the arm, he showed him to the door.

“I suppose you didn’t expect it?” said Raskolnikov who, though he had not yet fully grasped the situation, had regained his courage.

“You did not expect it either, my friend. See how your hand is trembling! He-he!”

“You’re trembling, too, Porfiry Petrovitch!”

“Yes, I am; I didn’t expect it.”

They were already at the door; Porfiry was impatient for Raskolnikov to be gone.

“And your little surprise, aren’t you going to show it to me?” Raskolnikov said, sarcastically.

“Why, his teeth are chattering as he asks, he-he! You are an ironical person! Come, till we meet!”

“I believe we can say _good-bye_!”

“That’s in God’s hands,” muttered Porfiry, with an unnatural smile.

As he walked through the office, Raskolnikov noticed that many people were looking at him. Among them he saw the two porters from _the_ house, whom he had invited that night to the police station. They stood there waiting. But he was no sooner on the stairs than he heard the voice of Porfiry Petrovitch behind him. Turning round, he saw the latter running after him, out of breath.

“One word, Rodion Romanovitch; as to all the rest, it’s in God’s hands, but as a matter of form there are some questions I shall have to ask you... so we shall meet again, shan’t we?”

And Porfiry stood still, facing him with a smile.

“Shan’t we?” he added again.

He seemed to want to say something more, but could not speak out.

“You must forgive me, Porfiry Petrovitch, for what has just passed... I lost my temper,” began Raskolnikov, who had so far regained his courage that he felt irresistibly inclined to display his coolness.

“Don’t mention it, don’t mention it,” Porfiry replied, almost gleefully. “I myself, too... I have a wicked temper, I admit it! But we shall meet again. If it’s God’s will, we may see a great deal of one another.”

“And will get to know each other through and through?” added Raskolnikov.

“Yes; know each other through and through,” assented Porfiry Petrovitch, and he screwed up his eyes, looking earnestly at Raskolnikov. “Now you’re going to a birthday party?”

“To a funeral.”

“Of course, the funeral! Take care of yourself, and get well.”

“I don’t know what to wish you,” said Raskolnikov, who had begun to descend the stairs, but looked back again. “I should like to wish you success, but your office is such a comical one.”

“Why comical?” Porfiry Petrovitch had turned to go, but he seemed to prick up his ears at this.

“Why, how you must have been torturing and harassing that poor Nikolay psychologically, after your fashion, till he confessed! You must have been at him day and night, proving to him that he was the murderer, and now that he has confessed, you’ll begin

vivisecting him again. ‘You are lying,’ you’ll say. ‘You are not the murderer! You can’t be! It’s not your own tale you are telling!’ You must admit it’s a comical business!”

“He-he-he! You noticed then that I said to Nikolay just now that it was not his own tale he was telling?”

“How could I help noticing it!”

“He-he! You are quick-witted. You notice everything! You’ve really a playful mind! And you always fasten on the comic side... he-he! They say that was the marked characteristic of Gogol, among the writers.”

“Yes, of Gogol.”

“Yes, of Gogol.... I shall look forward to meeting you.”

“So shall I.”

Raskolnikov walked straight home. He was so muddled and bewildered that on getting home he sat for a quarter of an hour on the sofa, trying to collect his thoughts. He did not attempt to think about Nikolay; he was stupefied; he felt that his confession was something inexplicable, amazing--something beyond his understanding. But Nikolay’s confession was an actual fact. The consequences of this fact were clear to him at once, its falsehood could not fail to be discovered, and then they would be after him again. Till then, at least, he was free and must do something for himself, for the danger was imminent.

But how imminent? His position gradually became clear to him. Remembering, sketchily, the main outlines of his recent scene with Porfiry, he could not help shuddering again with horror. Of course, he did not yet know all Porfiry’s aims, he could not see into all his calculations. But he had already partly shown his hand, and no one knew better than Raskolnikov how terrible Porfiry’s “lead” had been for him. A little more and he _might_ have given himself away completely, circumstantially. Knowing his nervous temperament and from the first glance seeing through him, Porfiry, though playing a bold game, was bound to win. There’s no denying that Raskolnikov had compromised himself seriously, but no _facts_ had come to light as yet; there was nothing positive. But was he taking a true view of the position? Wasn’t he mistaken? What had Porfiry been trying to get at? Had he really some surprise prepared for him? And what was it? Had he really been expecting something or not? How would they have parted if it had not been for the unexpected appearance of Nikolay?

Porfiry had shown almost all his cards--of course, he had risked something in showing them--and if he had really had anything up his sleeve (Raskolnikov reflected), he would have shown that, too. What was that “surprise”? Was it a joke? Had it meant anything? Could it have concealed anything like a fact, a piece of positive evidence? His yesterday’s visitor? What had become of him? Where was he to-day? If Porfiry really had any evidence, it must be connected with him....

He sat on the sofa with his elbows on his knees and his face hidden in his hands. He was still shivering nervously. At last he got up, took his cap, thought a minute, and went to the door.

He had a sort of presentiment that for to-day, at least, he might consider himself out of danger. He had a sudden sense almost of joy; he wanted to make haste to Katerina Ivanovna’s. He would be too late for the funeral, of course, but he would be in time for the memorial dinner, and there at once he would see Sonia.

He stood still, thought a moment, and a suffering smile came for a moment on to his lips.

“To-day! To-day,” he repeated to himself. “Yes, to-day! So it must be....”

But as he was about to open the door, it began opening of itself. He started and moved back. The door opened gently and slowly, and there suddenly appeared a figure--yesterday’s visitor _from underground_.

The man stood in the doorway, looked at Raskolnikov without speaking, and took a step forward into the room. He was exactly the same as yesterday; the same figure, the same dress, but there was a great change in his face; he looked dejected and sighed deeply. If he had only put his hand up to his cheek and leaned his head on one side he would have looked exactly like a peasant woman.

“What do you want?” asked Raskolnikov, numb with terror. The man was still silent, but suddenly he bowed down almost to the ground, touching it with his finger.

“What is it?” cried Raskolnikov.

“I have sinned,” the man articulated softly.

“How?”

“By evil thoughts.”

They looked at one another.

“I was vexed. When you came, perhaps in drink, and bade the porters go to the police station and asked about the blood, I was vexed that they let you go and took you for drunken. I was so vexed that I lost my sleep. And remembering the address we came here yesterday and asked for you....”

“Who came?” Raskolnikov interrupted, instantly beginning to recollect.

“I did, I’ve wronged you.”

“Then you come from that house?”

“I was standing at the gate with them... don’t you remember? We have carried on our trade in that house for years past. We cure and prepare hides, we take work home... most of all I was vexed....”

And the whole scene of the day before yesterday in the gateway came clearly before Raskolnikov’s mind; he recollected that there had been several people there besides the porters, women among them. He remembered one voice had suggested taking him straight to the police-station. He could not recall the face of the speaker, and even now he did not recognise it, but he remembered that he had turned round and made him some answer....

So this was the solution of yesterday’s horror. The most awful thought was that he had been actually almost lost, had almost done for himself on account of such a _trivial_ circumstance. So this man could tell nothing except his asking about the flat and the blood stains. So Porfiry, too, had nothing but that _delirium_, no facts but this _psychology_ which _cuts both ways_, nothing positive. So if no more facts come to light (and they must not, they must not!) then... then what can they do to him? How can they convict him, even if they arrest him? And Porfiry then had only just heard about the flat and had not known about it before.

“Was it you who told Porfiry... that I’d been there?” he cried, struck by a sudden idea.

“What Porfiry?”

“The head of the detective department?”

“Yes. The porters did not go there, but I went.”

“To-day?”

“I got there two minutes before you. And I heard, I heard it all, how he worried you.”

“Where? What? When?”

“Why, in the next room. I was sitting there all the time.”

“What? Why, then you were the surprise? But how could it happen? Upon my word!”

“I saw that the porters did not want to do what I said,” began the man; “for it’s too late, said they, and maybe he’ll be angry that we did not come at the time. I was vexed and I lost my sleep, and I began making inquiries. And finding out yesterday where to go, I went to-day. The first time I went he wasn’t there, when I came an hour later he couldn’t see me. I went the third time, and they showed me in. I informed him of everything, just as it happened, and he began skipping about the room and punching himself on the chest. ‘What do you scoundrels mean by it? If I’d known about it I should have arrested him!’ Then he ran out, called somebody and began talking to him in the corner, then he turned to me, scolding and questioning me. He scolded me a great deal; and I told him everything, and I told him that you didn’t dare to say a word in answer to me yesterday and that you didn’t recognise me. And he fell to running about again and kept hitting himself on the chest, and getting angry and running about, and when you were announced he told me to go into the next room. ‘Sit there a bit,’ he said. ‘Don’t move, whatever you may hear.’ And he set a chair

there for me and locked me in. ‘Perhaps,’ he said, ‘I may call you.’ And when Nikolay’d been brought he let me out as soon as you were gone. ‘I shall send for you again and question you,’ he said.”

“And did he question Nikolay while you were there?”

“He got rid of me as he did of you, before he spoke to Nikolay.”

The man stood still, and again suddenly bowed down, touching the ground with his finger.

“Forgive me for my evil thoughts, and my slander.”

“May God forgive you,” answered Raskolnikov.

And as he said this, the man bowed down again, but not to the ground, turned slowly and went out of the room.

“It all cuts both ways, now it all cuts both ways,” repeated Raskolnikov, and he went out more confident than ever.

“Now we’ll make a fight for it,” he said, with a malicious smile, as he went down the stairs. His malice was aimed at himself; with shame and contempt he recollected his “cowardice.”

PART V

CHAPTER I

The morning that followed the fateful interview with Dounia and her mother brought sobering influences to bear on Pyotr Petrovitch. Intensely unpleasant as it was, he was forced little by little to accept as a fact beyond recall what had seemed to him only the day before fantastic and incredible. The black snake of wounded vanity had been gnawing at his heart all night. When he got out of bed, Pyotr Petrovitch immediately looked in the looking-glass. He was afraid that he had jaundice. However his health seemed unimpaired so far, and looking at his noble, clear-skinned countenance which had grown fattish of late, Pyotr Petrovitch for an instant was positively comforted in the conviction that he would find another bride and, perhaps, even a better one. But coming back to the sense of his present position, he turned aside and spat vigorously, which excited a sarcastic smile in Andrey Semyonovitch Lebeziatnikov, the young friend with whom he was staying. That smile Pyotr Petrovitch noticed, and at once set it down against his young friend’s account. He had set down a good many points against him of late. His anger was redoubled when he reflected that he ought not to have told Andrey Semyonovitch about the result of yesterday’s interview. That was the second mistake he had made in temper, through impulsiveness and irritability.... Moreover, all that morning one unpleasantness followed another. He even found a hitch awaiting him in his legal case in the senate. He was particularly irritated by the owner of the flat which had been taken in view of his approaching marriage and was being redecorated at his own expense; the owner, a rich German tradesman, would not entertain the idea of breaking the contract which had just been signed and insisted on the full forfeit money, though Pyotr Petrovitch would be giving him back the flat practically redecorated. In the same way the upholsterers refused to return a single rouble of the instalment paid for the furniture purchased but not yet removed to the flat.

“Am I to get married simply for the sake of the furniture?” Pyotr Petrovitch ground his teeth and at the same time once more he had a gleam of desperate hope. “Can all that be really so irrevocably over? Is it no use to make another effort?” The thought of Dounia sent a voluptuous pang through his heart. He endured anguish at that moment, and if it had been possible to slay Raskolnikov instantly by wishing it, Pyotr Petrovitch would promptly have uttered the wish.

“It was my mistake, too, not to have given them money,” he thought, as he returned dejectedly to Lebeziatnikov’s room, “and why on earth was I such a Jew? It was false economy! I meant to keep them without a penny so that they should turn to me as their providence, and look at them! foo! If I’d spent some fifteen hundred roubles on them for the trousseau and presents, on knick-knacks, dressing-cases, jewellery, materials, and all that sort of trash from Knopp’s and the English shop, my position would have been better and... stronger! They could not have refused me so easily! They are the sort of people that would feel bound to return money and presents if they broke it off; and they would find it hard to do it! And their conscience would prick them: how can we dismiss a man who has hitherto been so generous and delicate?.... H’m! I’ve made a blunder.”

And grinding his teeth again, Pyotr Petrovitch called himself a fool--but not aloud, of course.

He returned home, twice as irritated and angry as before. The preparations for the funeral dinner at Katerina Ivanovna's excited his curiosity as he passed. He had heard about it the day before; he fancied, indeed, that he had been invited, but absorbed in his own cares he had paid no attention. Inquiring of Madame Lippevechsel who was busy laying the table while Katerina Ivanovna was away at the cemetery, he heard that the entertainment was to be a great affair, that all the lodgers had been invited, among them some who had not known the dead man, that even Andrey Semyonovitch Lebeziatnikov was invited in spite of his previous quarrel with Katerina Ivanovna, that he, Pyotr Petrovitch, was not only invited, but was eagerly expected as he was the most important of the lodgers. Amalia Ivanovna herself had been invited with great ceremony in spite of the recent unpleasantness, and so she was very busy with preparations and was taking a positive pleasure in them; she was moreover dressed up to the nines, all in new black silk, and she was proud of it. All this suggested an idea to Pyotr Petrovitch and he went into his room, or rather Lebeziatnikov's, somewhat thoughtful. He had learnt that Raskolnikov was to be one of the guests.

Andrey Semyonovitch had been at home all the morning. The attitude of Pyotr Petrovitch to this gentleman was strange, though perhaps natural. Pyotr Petrovitch had despised and hated him from the day he came to stay with him and at the same time he seemed somewhat afraid of him. He had not come to stay with him on his arrival in Petersburg simply from parsimony, though that had been perhaps his chief object. He had heard of Andrey Semyonovitch, who had once been his ward, as a leading young progressive who was taking an important part in certain interesting circles, the doings of which were a legend in the provinces. It had impressed Pyotr Petrovitch. These powerful omniscient circles who despised everyone and showed everyone up had long inspired in him a peculiar but quite vague alarm. He had not, of course, been able to form even an approximate notion of what they meant. He, like everyone, had heard that there were, especially in Petersburg, progressives of some sort, nihilists and so on, and, like many people, he exaggerated and distorted the significance of those words to an absurd degree. What for many years past he had feared more than anything was _being shown up_ and this was the chief ground for his continual uneasiness at the thought of transferring his business to Petersburg. He was afraid of this as little children are sometimes panic-stricken. Some years before, when he was just entering on his own career, he had come upon two cases in which rather important personages in the province, patrons of his, had been cruelly shown up. One instance had ended in great scandal for the person attacked and the other had very nearly ended in serious trouble. For this reason Pyotr Petrovitch intended to go into the subject as soon as he reached Petersburg and, if necessary, to anticipate contingencies by seeking the favour of "our younger generation." He relied on Andrey Semyonovitch for this and before his visit to Raskolnikov he had succeeded in picking up some current phrases. He soon discovered that Andrey Semyonovitch was a commonplace simpleton, but that by no means reassured Pyotr Petrovitch. Even if he had been certain that all the progressives were fools like him, it would not have allayed his uneasiness. All the doctrines, the ideas, the systems, with which Andrey Semyonovitch pestered him had no interest for him. He had his own object--he simply wanted to find out at once what was happening _here_. Had these people any power or not? Had he anything to fear from them? Would they expose any enterprise of his? And what precisely was now the object of their attacks? Could he somehow make up to them and get round them if they really were powerful? Was this the thing to do or not? Couldn't he gain something through them? In fact hundreds of questions presented themselves.

Andrey Semyonovitch was an anæmic, scrofulous little man, with strangely flaxen mutton-chop whiskers of which he was very proud. He was a clerk and had almost always something wrong with his eyes. He was rather soft-hearted, but self-confident and sometimes extremely conceited in speech, which had an absurd effect, incongruous with his little figure. He was one of the lodgers most respected by Amalia Ivanovna, for he did not get drunk and paid regularly for his lodgings. Andrey Semyonovitch really was rather stupid; he attached himself to the cause of progress and "our younger generation" from enthusiasm. He was one of the numerous and varied legion of dullards, of half-animate abortions, conceited, half-educated coxcombs, who attach themselves to the idea most in fashion only to vulgarise it and who caricature every cause they serve, however sincerely.

Though Lebeziatnikov was so good-natured, he, too, was beginning to dislike Pyotr Petrovitch. This happened on both sides unconsciously. However simple Andrey Semyonovitch might be, he began to see that Pyotr Petrovitch was duping him and secretly despising him, and that "he was not the right sort of man." He had tried expounding to him the system of Fourier and the Darwinian theory, but of late Pyotr Petrovitch began to listen too sarcastically and even to be rude. The fact was he had begun instinctively to guess that Lebeziatnikov was not merely a commonplace simpleton, but, perhaps, a liar, too, and that he had no connections of any consequence even in his own circle, but had simply picked things up third-hand; and that very likely he did not even know much about his own work of propaganda, for he was in too great a muddle. A fine person he would be to show anyone up! It must be noted, by the way, that Pyotr Petrovitch had during those ten days eagerly accepted the strangest praise from Andrey Semyonovitch; he had not protested, for instance, when Andrey Semyonovitch belauded him for being ready to contribute to the establishment of the new "commune," or to abstain from christening his future children, or to acquiesce if Dounia were to take a

lover a month after marriage, and so on. Pyotr Petrovitch so enjoyed hearing his own praises that he did not disdain even such virtues when they were attributed to him.

Pyotr Petrovitch had had occasion that morning to realise some five-per-cent bonds and now he sat down to the table and counted over bundles of notes. Andrey Semyonovitch who hardly ever had any money walked about the room pretending to himself to look at all those bank notes with indifference and even contempt. Nothing would have convinced Pyotr Petrovitch that Andrey Semyonovitch could really look on the money unmoved, and the latter, on his side, kept thinking bitterly that Pyotr Petrovitch was capable of entertaining such an idea about him and was, perhaps, glad of the opportunity of teasing his young friend by reminding him of his inferiority and the great difference between them.

He found him incredibly inattentive and irritable, though he, Andrey Semyonovitch, began enlarging on his favourite subject, the foundation of a new special “commune.” The brief remarks that dropped from Pyotr Petrovitch between the clicking of the beads on the reckoning frame betrayed unmistakable and discourteous irony. But the “humane” Andrey Semyonovitch ascribed Pyotr Petrovitch’s ill-humour to his recent breach with Dounia and he was burning with impatience to discourse on that theme. He had something progressive to say on the subject which might console his worthy friend and “could not fail” to promote his development.

“There is some sort of festivity being prepared at that... at the widow’s, isn’t there?” Pyotr Petrovitch asked suddenly, interrupting Andrey Semyonovitch at the most interesting passage.

“Why, don’t you know? Why, I was telling you last night what I think about all such ceremonies. And she invited you too, I heard. You were talking to her yesterday...”

“I should never have expected that beggarly fool would have spent on this feast all the money she got from that other fool, Raskolnikov. I was surprised just now as I came through at the preparations there, the wines! Several people are invited. It’s beyond everything!” continued Pyotr Petrovitch, who seemed to have some object in pursuing the conversation. “What? You say I am asked too? When was that? I don’t remember. But I shan’t go. Why should I? I only said a word to her in passing yesterday of the possibility of her obtaining a year’s salary as a destitute widow of a government clerk. I suppose she has invited me on that account, hasn’t she? He-he-he!”

“I don’t intend to go either,” said Lebeziatnikov.

“I should think not, after giving her a thrashing! You might well hesitate, he-he!”

“Who thrashed? Whom?” cried Lebeziatnikov, flustered and blushing.

“Why, you thrashed Katerina Ivanovna a month ago. I heard so yesterday... so that’s what your convictions amount to... and the woman question, too, wasn’t quite sound, he-he-he!” and Pyotr Petrovitch, as though comforted, went back to clicking his beads.

“It’s all slander and nonsense!” cried Lebeziatnikov, who was always afraid of allusions to the subject. “It was not like that at all, it was quite different. You’ve heard it wrong; it’s a libel. I was simply defending myself. She rushed at me first with her nails, she pulled out all my whiskers.... It’s permissable for anyone, I should hope, to defend himself and I never allow anyone to use violence to me on principle, for it’s an act of despotism. What was I to do? I simply pushed her back.”

“He-he-he!” Luzhin went on laughing maliciously.

“You keep on like that because you are out of humour yourself.... But that’s nonsense and it has nothing, nothing whatever to do with the woman question! You don’t understand; I used to think, indeed, that if women are equal to men in all respects, even in strength (as is maintained now) there ought to be equality in that, too. Of course, I reflected afterwards that such a question ought not really to arise, for there ought not to be fighting and in the future society fighting is unthinkable... and that it would be a queer thing to seek for equality in fighting. I am not so stupid... though, of course, there is fighting... there won’t be later, but at present there is... confound it! How muddled one gets with you! It’s not on that account that I am not going. I am not going on principle, not to take part in the revolting convention of memorial dinners, that’s why! Though, of course, one might go to laugh at it.... I am sorry there won’t be any priests at it. I should certainly go if there were.”

“Then you would sit down at another man’s table and insult it and those who invited you. Eh?”

“Certainly not insult, but protest. I should do it with a good object. I might indirectly assist the cause of enlightenment and propaganda. It’s a duty of every man to work for enlightenment and propaganda and the more harshly, perhaps, the better. I might

drop a seed, an idea.... And something might grow up from that seed. How should I be insulting them? They might be offended at first, but afterwards they'd see I'd done them a service. You know, Terebyeva (who is in the community now) was blamed because when she left her family and... devoted... herself, she wrote to her father and mother that she wouldn't go on living conventionally and was entering on a free marriage and it was said that that was too harsh, that she might have spared them and have written more kindly. I think that's all nonsense and there's no need of softness; on the contrary, what's wanted is protest. Varents had been married seven years, she abandoned her two children, she told her husband straight out in a letter: 'I have realised that I cannot be happy with you. I can never forgive you that you have deceived me by concealing from me that there is another organisation of society by means of the communities. I have only lately learned it from a great-hearted man to whom I have given myself and with whom I am establishing a community. I speak plainly because I consider it dishonest to deceive you. Do as you think best. Do not hope to get me back, you are too late. I hope you will be happy.' That's how letters like that ought to be written!"

"Is that Terebyeva the one you said had made a third free marriage?"

"No, it's only the second, really! But what if it were the fourth, what if it were the fifteenth, that's all nonsense! And if ever I regretted the death of my father and mother, it is now, and I sometimes think if my parents were living what a protest I would have aimed at them! I would have done something on purpose... I would have shown them! I would have astonished them! I am really sorry there is no one!"

"To surprise! He-he! Well, be that as you will," Pyotr Petrovitch interrupted, "but tell me this; do you know the dead man's daughter, the delicate-looking little thing? It's true what they say about her, isn't it?"

"What of it? I think, that is, it is my own personal conviction that this is the normal condition of women. Why not? I mean, _distinguons_. In our present society it is not altogether normal, because it is compulsory, but in the future society it will be perfectly normal, because it will be voluntary. Even as it is, she was quite right: she was suffering and that was her asset, so to speak, her capital which she had a perfect right to dispose of. Of course, in the future society there will be no need of assets, but her part will have another significance, rational and in harmony with her environment. As to Sofya Semyonovna personally, I regard her action as a vigorous protest against the organisation of society, and I respect her deeply for it; I rejoice indeed when I look at her!"

"I was told that you got her turned out of these lodgings."

Lebeziatnikov was enraged.

"That's another slander," he yelled. "It was not so at all! That was all Katerina Ivanovna's invention, for she did not understand! And I never made love to Sofya Semyonovna! I was simply developing her, entirely disinterestedly, trying to rouse her to protest.... All I wanted was her protest and Sofya Semyonovna could not have remained here anyway!"

"Have you asked her to join your community?"

"You keep on laughing and very inappropriately, allow me to tell you. You don't understand! There is no such rôle in a community. The community is established that there should be no such rôles. In a community, such a rôle is essentially transformed and what is stupid here is sensible there, what, under present conditions, is unnatural becomes perfectly natural in the community. It all depends on the environment. It's all the environment and man himself is nothing. And I am on good terms with Sofya Semyonovna to this day, which is a proof that she never regarded me as having wronged her. I am trying now to attract her to the community, but on quite, quite a different footing. What are you laughing at? We are trying to establish a community of our own, a special one, on a broader basis. We have gone further in our convictions. We reject more! And meanwhile I'm still developing Sofya Semyonovna. She has a beautiful, beautiful character!"

"And you take advantage of her fine character, eh? He-he!"

"No, no! Oh, no! On the contrary."

"Oh, on the contrary! He-he-he! A queer thing to say!"

"Believe me! Why should I disguise it? In fact, I feel it strange myself how timid, chaste and modern she is with me!"

"And you, of course, are developing her... he-he! trying to prove to her that all that modesty is nonsense?"

“Not at all, not at all! How coarsely, how stupidly--excuse me saying so--you misunderstand the word development! Good heavens, how... crude you still are! We are striving for the freedom of women and you have only one idea in your head.... Setting aside the general question of chastity and feminine modesty as useless in themselves and indeed prejudices, I fully accept her chastity with me, because that’s for her to decide. Of course if she were to tell me herself that she wanted me, I should think myself very lucky, because I like the girl very much; but as it is, no one has ever treated her more courteously than I, with more respect for her dignity... I wait in hopes, that’s all!”

“You had much better make her a present of something. I bet you never thought of that.”

“You don’t understand, as I’ve told you already! Of course, she is in such a position, but it’s another question. Quite another question! You simply despise her. Seeing a fact which you mistakenly consider deserving of contempt, you refuse to take a humane view of a fellow creature. You don’t know what a character she is! I am only sorry that of late she has quite given up reading and borrowing books. I used to lend them to her. I am sorry, too, that with all the energy and resolution in protesting--which she has already shown once--she has little self-reliance, little, so to say, independence, so as to break free from certain prejudices and certain foolish ideas. Yet she thoroughly understands some questions, for instance about kissing of hands, that is, that it’s an insult to a woman for a man to kiss her hand, because it’s a sign of inequality. We had a debate about it and I described it to her. She listened attentively to an account of the workmen’s associations in France, too. Now I am explaining the question of coming into the room in the future society.”

“And what’s that, pray?”

“We had a debate lately on the question: Has a member of the community the right to enter another member’s room, whether man or woman, at any time... and we decided that he has!”

“It might be at an inconvenient moment, he-he!”

Lebeziatnikov was really angry.

“You are always thinking of something unpleasant,” he cried with aversion. “Tfoo! How vexed I am that when I was expounding our system, I referred prematurely to the question of personal privacy! It’s always a stumbling-block to people like you, they turn it into ridicule before they understand it. And how proud they are of it, too! Tfoo! I’ve often maintained that that question should not be approached by a novice till he has a firm faith in the system. And tell me, please, what do you find so shameful even in cesspools? I should be the first to be ready to clean out any cesspool you like. And it’s not a question of self-sacrifice, it’s simply work, honourable, useful work which is as good as any other and much better than the work of a Raphael and a Pushkin, because it is more useful.”

“And more honourable, more honourable, he-he-he!”

“What do you mean by ‘more honourable’? I don’t understand such expressions to describe human activity. ‘More honourable,’ ‘nobler’--all those are old-fashioned prejudices which I reject. Everything which is _of use_ to mankind is honourable. I only understand one word: _useful_! You can snigger as much as you like, but that’s so!”

Pyotr Petrovitch laughed heartily. He had finished counting the money and was putting it away. But some of the notes he left on the table. The “cesspool question” had already been a subject of dispute between them. What was absurd was that it made Lebeziatnikov really angry, while it amused Luzhin and at that moment he particularly wanted to anger his young friend.

“It’s your ill-luck yesterday that makes you so ill-humoured and annoying,” blurted out Lebeziatnikov, who in spite of his “independence” and his “protests” did not venture to oppose Pyotr Petrovitch and still behaved to him with some of the respect habitual in earlier years.

“You’d better tell me this,” Pyotr Petrovitch interrupted with haughty displeasure, “can you... or rather are you really friendly enough with that young person to ask her to step in here for a minute? I think they’ve all come back from the cemetery... I heard the sound of steps... I want to see her, that young person.”

“What for?” Lebeziatnikov asked with surprise.

“Oh, I want to. I am leaving here to-day or to-morrow and therefore I wanted to speak to her about... However, you may be present during the interview. It’s better you should be, indeed. For there’s no knowing what you might imagine.”

“I shan’t imagine anything. I only asked and, if you’ve anything to say to her, nothing is easier than to call her in. I’ll go directly and you may be sure I won’t be in your way.”

Five minutes later Lebeziatnikov came in with Sonia. She came in very much surprised and overcome with shyness as usual. She was always shy in such circumstances and was always afraid of new people, she had been as a child and was even more so now.... Pyotr Petrovitch met her “politely and affably,” but with a certain shade of bantering familiarity which in his opinion was suitable for a man of his respectability and weight in dealing with a creature so young and so _interesting_ as she. He hastened to “reassure” her and made her sit down facing him at the table. Sonia sat down, looked about her--at Lebeziatnikov, at the notes lying on the table and then again at Pyotr Petrovitch and her eyes remained riveted on him. Lebeziatnikov was moving to the door. Pyotr Petrovitch signed to Sonia to remain seated and stopped Lebeziatnikov.

“Is Raskolnikov in there? Has he come?” he asked him in a whisper.

“Raskolnikov? Yes. Why? Yes, he is there. I saw him just come in.... Why?”

“Well, I particularly beg you to remain here with us and not to leave me alone with this... young woman. I only want a few words with her, but God knows what they may make of it. I shouldn’t like Raskolnikov to repeat anything.... You understand what I mean?”

“I understand!” Lebeziatnikov saw the point. “Yes, you are right.... Of course, I am convinced personally that you have no reason to be uneasy, but... still, you are right. Certainly I’ll stay. I’ll stand here at the window and not be in your way... I think you are right...”

Pyotr Petrovitch returned to the sofa, sat down opposite Sonia, looked attentively at her and assumed an extremely dignified, even severe expression, as much as to say, “don’t you make any mistake, madam.” Sonia was overwhelmed with embarrassment.

“In the first place, Sofya Semyonovna, will you make my excuses to your respected mamma.... That’s right, isn’t it? Katerina Ivanovna stands in the place of a mother to you?” Pyotr Petrovitch began with great dignity, though affably.

It was evident that his intentions were friendly.

“Quite so, yes; the place of a mother,” Sonia answered, timidly and hurriedly.

“Then will you make my apologies to her? Through inevitable circumstances I am forced to be absent and shall not be at the dinner in spite of your mamma’s kind invitation.”

“Yes... I’ll tell her... at once.”

And Sonia hastily jumped up from her seat.

“Wait, that’s not all,” Pyotr Petrovitch detained her, smiling at her simplicity and ignorance of good manners, “and you know me little, my dear Sofya Semyonovna, if you suppose I would have ventured to trouble a person like you for a matter of so little consequence affecting myself only. I have another object.”

Sonia sat down hurriedly. Her eyes rested again for an instant on the grey-and-rainbow-coloured notes that remained on the table, but she quickly looked away and fixed her eyes on Pyotr Petrovitch. She felt it horribly indecorous, especially for _her_, to look at another person’s money. She stared at the gold eye-glass which Pyotr Petrovitch held in his left hand and at the massive and extremely handsome ring with a yellow stone on his middle finger. But suddenly she looked away and, not knowing where to turn, ended by staring Pyotr Petrovitch again straight in the face. After a pause of still greater dignity he continued.

“I chanced yesterday in passing to exchange a couple of words with Katerina Ivanovna, poor woman. That was sufficient to enable me to ascertain that she is in a position--preternatural, if one may so express it.”

“Yes... preternatural...” Sonia hurriedly assented.

“Or it would be simpler and more comprehensible to say, ill.”

“Yes, simpler and more comprehen... yes, ill.”

“Quite so. So then from a feeling of humanity and so to speak compassion, I should be glad to be of service to her in any way, foreseeing her unfortunate position. I believe the whole of this poverty-stricken family depends now entirely on you?”

“Allow me to ask,” Sonia rose to her feet, “did you say something to her yesterday of the possibility of a pension? Because she told me you had undertaken to get her one. Was that true?”

“Not in the slightest, and indeed it’s an absurdity! I merely hinted at her obtaining temporary assistance as the widow of an official who had died in the service--if only she has patronage... but apparently your late parent had not served his full term and had not indeed been in the service at all of late. In fact, if there could be any hope, it would be very ephemeral, because there would be no claim for assistance in that case, far from it.... And she is dreaming of a pension already, he-he-he!... A go-ahead lady!”

“Yes, she is. For she is credulous and good-hearted, and she believes everything from the goodness of her heart and... and... and she is like that... yes... You must excuse her,” said Sonia, and again she got up to go.

“But you haven’t heard what I have to say.”

“No, I haven’t heard,” muttered Sonia.

“Then sit down.” She was terribly confused; she sat down again a third time.

“Seeing her position with her unfortunate little ones, I should be glad, as I have said before, so far as lies in my power, to be of service, that is, so far as is in my power, not more. One might for instance get up a subscription for her, or a lottery, something of the sort, such as is always arranged in such cases by friends or even outsiders desirous of assisting people. It was of that I intended to speak to you; it might be done.”

“Yes, yes... God will repay you for it,” faltered Sonia, gazing intently at Pyotr Petrovitch.

“It might be, but we will talk of it later. We might begin it to-day, we will talk it over this evening and lay the foundation so to speak. Come to me at seven o’clock. Mr. Lebeziatnikov, I hope, will assist us. But there is one circumstance of which I ought to warn you beforehand and for which I venture to trouble you, Sofya Semyonovna, to come here. In my opinion money cannot be, indeed it’s unsafe to put it into Katerina Ivanovna’s own hands. The dinner to-day is a proof of that. Though she has not, so to speak, a crust of bread for to-morrow and... well, boots or shoes, or anything; she has bought to-day Jamaica rum, and even, I believe, Madeira and... and coffee. I saw it as I passed through. To-morrow it will all fall upon you again, they won’t have a crust of bread. It’s absurd, really, and so, to my thinking, a subscription ought to be raised so that the unhappy widow should not know of the money, but only you, for instance. Am I right?”

“I don’t know... this is only to-day, once in her life.... She was so anxious to do honour, to celebrate the memory.... And she is very sensible... but just as you think and I shall be very, very... they will all be... and God will reward... and the orphans...”

Sonia burst into tears.

“Very well, then, keep it in mind; and now will you accept for the benefit of your relation the small sum that I am able to spare, from me personally. I am very anxious that my name should not be mentioned in connection with it. Here... having so to speak anxieties of my own, I cannot do more...”

And Pyotr Petrovitch held out to Sonia a ten-rouble note carefully unfolded. Sonia took it, flushed crimson, jumped up, muttered something and began taking leave. Pyotr Petrovitch accompanied her ceremoniously to the door. She got out of the room at last, agitated and distressed, and returned to Katerina Ivanovna, overwhelmed with confusion.

All this time Lebeziatnikov had stood at the window or walked about the room, anxious not to interrupt the conversation; when Sonia had gone he walked up to Pyotr Petrovitch and solemnly held out his hand.

“I heard and _saw_ everything,” he said, laying stress on the last verb. “That is honourable, I mean to say, it’s humane! You wanted to avoid gratitude, I saw! And although I cannot, I confess, in principle sympathise with private charity, for it not only fails to eradicate the evil but even promotes it, yet I must admit that I saw your action with pleasure--yes, yes, I like it.”

“That’s all nonsense,” muttered Pyotr Petrovitch, somewhat disconcerted, looking carefully at Lebeziatnikov.

“No, it’s not nonsense! A man who has suffered distress and annoyance as you did yesterday and who yet can sympathise with the misery of others, such a man... even though he is making a social mistake--is still deserving of respect! I did not expect it indeed of you, Pyotr Petrovitch, especially as according to your ideas... oh, what a drawback your ideas are to you! How distressed you are for instance by your ill-luck yesterday,” cried the simple-hearted Lebeziatnikov, who felt a return of affection for Pyotr Petrovitch.

“And, what do you want with marriage, with _legal_ marriage, my dear, noble Pyotr Petrovitch? Why do you cling to this _legality_ of marriage? Well, you may beat me if you like, but I am glad, positively glad it hasn’t come off, that you are free, that you are not quite lost for humanity.... you see, I’ve spoken my mind!”

“Because I don’t want in your free marriage to be made a fool of and to bring up another man’s children, that’s why I want legal marriage,” Luzhin replied in order to make some answer.

He seemed preoccupied by something.

“Children? You referred to children,” Lebeziatnikov started off like a warhorse at the trumpet call. “Children are a social question and a question of first importance, I agree; but the question of children has another solution. Some refuse to have children altogether, because they suggest the institution of the family. We’ll speak of children later, but now as to the question of honour, I confess that’s my weak point. That horrid, military, Pushkin expression is unthinkable in the dictionary of the future. What does it mean indeed? It’s nonsense, there will be no deception in a free marriage! That is only the natural consequence of a legal marriage, so to say, its corrective, a protest. So that indeed it’s not humiliating... and if I ever, to suppose an absurdity, were to be legally married, I should be positively glad of it. I should say to my wife: ‘My dear, hitherto I have loved you, now I respect you, for you’ve shown you can protest!’ You laugh! That’s because you are incapable of getting away from prejudices. Confound it all! I understand now where the unpleasantness is of being deceived in a legal marriage, but it’s simply a despicable consequence of a despicable position in which both are humiliated. When the deception is open, as in a free marriage, then it does not exist, it’s unthinkable. Your wife will only prove how she respects you by considering you incapable of opposing her happiness and avenging yourself on her for her new husband. Damn it all! I sometimes dream if I were to be married, pfoo! I mean if I were to marry, legally or not, it’s just the same, I should present my wife with a lover if she had not found one for herself. ‘My dear,’ I should say, ‘I love you, but even more than that I desire you to respect me. See!’ Am I not right?”

Pyotr Petrovitch sniggered as he listened, but without much merriment. He hardly heard it indeed. He was preoccupied with something else and even Lebeziatnikov at last noticed it. Pyotr Petrovitch seemed excited and rubbed his hands. Lebeziatnikov remembered all this and reflected upon it afterwards.

CHAPTER II

It would be difficult to explain exactly what could have originated the idea of that senseless dinner in Katerina Ivanovna’s disordered brain. Nearly ten of the twenty roubles, given by Raskolnikov for Marmeladov’s funeral, were wasted upon it. Possibly Katerina Ivanovna felt obliged to honour the memory of the deceased “suitably,” that all the lodgers, and still more Amalia Ivanovna, might know “that he was in no way their inferior, and perhaps very much their superior,” and that no one had the right “to turn up his nose at him.” Perhaps the chief element was that peculiar “poor man’s pride,” which compels many poor people to spend their last savings on some traditional social ceremony, simply in order to do “like other people,” and not to “be looked down upon.” It is very probable, too, that Katerina Ivanovna longed on this occasion, at the moment when she seemed to be abandoned by everyone, to show those “wretched contemptible lodgers” that she knew “how to do things, how to entertain” and that she had been brought up “in a genteel, she might almost say aristocratic colonel’s family” and had not been meant for sweeping floors and washing the children’s rags at night. Even the poorest and most broken-spirited people are sometimes liable to these paroxysms of pride and vanity which take the form of an irresistible nervous craving. And Katerina Ivanovna was not broken-spirited; she might have been killed by circumstance, but her spirit could not have been broken, that is, she could not have been intimidated, her will could not be crushed. Moreover Sonia had said with good reason that her mind was unhinged. She could not be said to be insane, but for a year past she had been so harassed that her mind might well be overstrained. The later stages of consumption are apt, doctors tell us, to affect the intellect.

There was no great variety of wines, nor was there Madeira; but wine there was. There was vodka, rum and Lisbon wine, all of the poorest quality but in sufficient quantity. Besides the traditional rice and honey, there were three or four dishes, one of which consisted of pancakes, all prepared in Amalia Ivanovna’s kitchen. Two samovars were boiling, that tea and punch might be offered after dinner. Katerina Ivanovna had herself seen to purchasing the provisions, with the help of one of the lodgers, an unfortunate little Pole who had somehow been stranded at Madame Lippevechsel’s. He promptly put himself at Katerina Ivanovna’s disposal and had been all that morning and all the day before running about as fast as his legs could carry him, and very anxious that everyone should be aware of it. For every trifle he ran to Katerina Ivanovna, even hunting her out at the bazaar, at every instant called her “_Pani_.” She was heartily sick of him before the end, though she had declared at first that she could not have got on

without this “serviceable and magnanimous man.” It was one of Katerina Ivanovna’s characteristics to paint everyone she met in the most glowing colours. Her praises were so exaggerated as sometimes to be embarrassing; she would invent various circumstances to the credit of her new acquaintance and quite genuinely believe in their reality. Then all of a sudden she would be disillusioned and would rudely and contemptuously repulse the person she had only a few hours before been literally adoring. She was naturally of a gay, lively and peace-loving disposition, but from continual failures and misfortunes she had come to desire so _keenly_ that all should live in peace and joy and should not _dare_ to break the peace, that the slightest jar, the smallest disaster reduced her almost to frenzy, and she would pass in an instant from the brightest hopes and fancies to cursing her fate and raving, and knocking her head against the wall.

Amalia Ivanovna, too, suddenly acquired extraordinary importance in Katerina Ivanovna’s eyes and was treated by her with extraordinary respect, probably only because Amalia Ivanovna had thrown herself heart and soul into the preparations. She had undertaken to lay the table, to provide the linen, crockery, etc., and to cook the dishes in her kitchen, and Katerina Ivanovna had left it all in her hands and gone herself to the cemetery. Everything had been well done. Even the table-cloth was nearly clean; the crockery, knives, forks and glasses were, of course, of all shapes and patterns, lent by different lodgers, but the table was properly laid at the time fixed, and Amalia Ivanovna, feeling she had done her work well, had put on a black silk dress and a cap with new mourning ribbons and met the returning party with some pride. This pride, though justifiable, displeased Katerina Ivanovna for some reason: “as though the table could not have been laid except by Amalia Ivanovna!” She disliked the cap with new ribbons, too. “Could she be stuck up, the stupid German, because she was mistress of the house, and had consented as a favour to help her poor lodgers! As a favour! Fancy that! Katerina Ivanovna’s father who had been a colonel and almost a governor had sometimes had the table set for forty persons, and then anyone like Amalia Ivanovna, or rather Ludwigovna, would not have been allowed into the kitchen.”

Katerina Ivanovna, however, put off expressing her feelings for the time and contented herself with treating her coldly, though she decided inwardly that she would certainly have to put Amalia Ivanovna down and set her in her proper place, for goodness only knew what she was fancying herself. Katerina Ivanovna was irritated too by the fact that hardly any of the lodgers invited had come to the funeral, except the Pole who had just managed to run into the cemetery, while to the memorial dinner the poorest and most insignificant of them had turned up, the wretched creatures, many of them not quite sober. The older and more respectable of them all, as if by common consent, stayed away. Pyotr Petrovitch Luzhin, for instance, who might be said to be the most respectable of all the lodgers, did not appear, though Katerina Ivanovna had the evening before told all the world, that is Amalia Ivanovna, Polenka, Sonia and the Pole, that he was the most generous, noble-hearted man with a large property and vast connections, who had been a friend of her first husband’s, and a guest in her father’s house, and that he had promised to use all his influence to secure her a considerable pension. It must be noted that when Katerina Ivanovna exalted anyone’s connections and fortune, it was without any ulterior motive, quite disinterestedly, for the mere pleasure of adding to the consequence of the person praised. Probably “taking his cue” from Luzhin, “that contemptible wretch Lebeziatnikov had not turned up either. What did he fancy himself? He was only asked out of kindness and because he was sharing the same room with Pyotr Petrovitch and was a friend of his, so that it would have been awkward not to invite him.”

Among those who failed to appear were “the genteel lady and her old-maidish daughter,” who had only been lodgers in the house for the last fortnight, but had several times complained of the noise and uproar in Katerina Ivanovna’s room, especially when Marmeladov had come back drunk. Katerina Ivanovna heard this from Amalia Ivanovna who, quarrelling with Katerina Ivanovna, and threatening to turn the whole family out of doors, had shouted at her that they “were not worth the foot” of the honourable lodgers whom they were disturbing. Katerina Ivanovna determined now to invite this lady and her daughter, “whose foot she was not worth,” and who had turned away haughtily when she casually met them, so that they might know that “she was more noble in her thoughts and feelings and did not harbour malice,” and might see that she was not accustomed to her way of living. She had proposed to make this clear to them at dinner with allusions to her late father’s governorship, and also at the same time to hint that it was exceedingly stupid of them to turn away on meeting her. The fat colonel-major (he was really a discharged officer of low rank) was also absent, but it appeared that he had been “not himself” for the last two days. The party consisted of the Pole, a wretched looking clerk with a spotty face and a greasy coat, who had not a word to say for himself, and smelt abominably, a deaf and almost blind old man who had once been in the post office and who had been from immemorial ages maintained by someone at Amalia Ivanovna’s.

A retired clerk of the commissariat department came, too; he was drunk, had a loud and most unseemly laugh and only fancy--was without a waistcoat! One of the visitors sat straight down to the table without even greeting Katerina Ivanovna. Finally one person

having no suit appeared in his dressing-gown, but this was too much, and the efforts of Amalia Ivanovna and the Pole succeeded in removing him. The Pole brought with him, however, two other Poles who did not live at Amalia Ivanovna's and whom no one had seen here before. All this irritated Katerina Ivanovna intensely. "For whom had they made all these preparations then?" To make room for the visitors the children had not even been laid for at the table; but the two little ones were sitting on a bench in the furthest corner with their dinner laid on a box, while Polenka as a big girl had to look after them, feed them, and keep their noses wiped like well-bred children's.

Katerina Ivanovna, in fact, could hardly help meeting her guests with increased dignity, and even haughtiness. She stared at some of them with special severity, and loftily invited them to take their seats. Rushing to the conclusion that Amalia Ivanovna must be responsible for those who were absent, she began treating her with extreme nonchalance, which the latter promptly observed and resented. Such a beginning was no good omen for the end. All were seated at last.

Raskolnikov came in almost at the moment of their return from the cemetery. Katerina Ivanovna was greatly delighted to see him, in the first place, because he was the one "educated visitor, and, as everyone knew, was in two years to take a professorship in the university," and secondly because he immediately and respectfully apologised for having been unable to be at the funeral. She positively pounced upon him, and made him sit on her left hand (Amalia Ivanovna was on her right). In spite of her continual anxiety that the dishes should be passed round correctly and that everyone should taste them, in spite of the agonising cough which interrupted her every minute and seemed to have grown worse during the last few days, she hastened to pour out in a half whisper to Raskolnikov all her suppressed feelings and her just indignation at the failure of the dinner, interspersing her remarks with lively and uncontrollable laughter at the expense of her visitors and especially of her landlady.

"It's all that cuckoo's fault! You know whom I mean? Her, her!" Katerina Ivanovna nodded towards the landlady. "Look at her, she's making round eyes, she feels that we are talking about her and can't understand. Pfoo, the owl! Ha-ha! (Cough-cough-cough.) And what does she put on that cap for? (Cough-cough-cough.) Have you noticed that she wants everyone to consider that she is patronising me and doing me an honour by being here? I asked her like a sensible woman to invite people, especially those who knew my late husband, and look at the set of fools she has brought! The sweeps! Look at that one with the spotty face. And those wretched Poles, ha-ha-ha! (Cough-cough-cough.) Not one of them has ever poked his nose in here, I've never set eyes on them. What have they come here for, I ask you? There they sit in a row. Hey, _pan_!" she cried suddenly to one of them, "have you tasted the pancakes? Take some more! Have some beer! Won't you have some vodka? Look, he's jumped up and is making his bows, they must be quite starved, poor things. Never mind, let them eat! They don't make a noise, anyway, though I'm really afraid for our landlady's silver spoons... Amalia Ivanovna!" she addressed her suddenly, almost aloud, "if your spoons should happen to be stolen, I won't be responsible, I warn you! Ha-ha-ha!" She laughed turning to Raskolnikov, and again nodding towards the landlady, in high glee at her sally. "She didn't understand, she didn't understand again! Look how she sits with her mouth open! An owl, a real owl! An owl in new ribbons, ha-ha-ha!"

Here her laugh turned again to an insufferable fit of coughing that lasted five minutes. Drops of perspiration stood out on her forehead and her handkerchief was stained with blood. She showed Raskolnikov the blood in silence, and as soon as she could get her breath began whispering to him again with extreme animation and a hectic flush on her cheeks.

"Do you know, I gave her the most delicate instructions, so to speak, for inviting that lady and her daughter, you understand of whom I am speaking? It needed the utmost delicacy, the greatest nicety, but she has managed things so that that fool, that conceited baggage, that provincial nonentity, simply because she is the widow of a major, and has come to try and get a pension and to fray out her skirts in the government offices, because at fifty she paints her face (everybody knows it)... a creature like that did not think fit to come, and has not even answered the invitation, which the most ordinary good manners required! I can't understand why Pyotr Petrovitch has not come? But where's Sonia? Where has she gone? Ah, there she is at last! what is it, Sonia, where have you been? It's odd that even at your father's funeral you should be so unpunctual. Rodion Romanovitch, make room for her beside you. That's your place, Sonia... take what you like. Have some of the cold entrée with jelly, that's the best. They'll bring the pancakes directly. Have they given the children some? Polenka, have you got everything? (Cough-cough-cough.) That's all right. Be a good girl, Lida, and, Kolya, don't fidget with your feet; sit like a little gentleman. What are you saying, Sonia?"

Sonia hastened to give her Pyotr Petrovitch's apologies, trying to speak loud enough for everyone to hear and carefully choosing the most respectful phrases which she attributed to Pyotr Petrovitch. She added that Pyotr Petrovitch had particularly told her to say that, as soon as he possibly could, he would come immediately to discuss _business_ alone with her and to consider what could be done for her, etc., etc.

Sonia knew that this would comfort Katerina Ivanovna, would flatter her and gratify her pride. She sat down beside Raskolnikov; she made him a hurried bow, glancing curiously at him. But for the rest of the time she seemed to avoid looking at him or speaking to him. She seemed absent-minded, though she kept looking at Katerina Ivanovna, trying to please her. Neither she nor Katerina Ivanovna had been able to get mourning; Sonia was wearing dark brown, and Katerina Ivanovna had on her only dress, a dark striped cotton one.

The message from Pyotr Petrovitch was very successful. Listening to Sonia with dignity, Katerina Ivanovna inquired with equal dignity how Pyotr Petrovitch was, then at once whispered almost aloud to Raskolnikov that it certainly would have been strange for a man of Pyotr Petrovitch's position and standing to find himself in such "extraordinary company," in spite of his devotion to her family and his old friendship with her father.

"That's why I am so grateful to you, Rodion Romanovitch, that you have not disdained my hospitality, even in such surroundings," she added almost aloud. "But I am sure that it was only your special affection for my poor husband that has made you keep your promise."

Then once more with pride and dignity she scanned her visitors, and suddenly inquired aloud across the table of the deaf man: "Wouldn't he have some more meat, and had he been given some wine?" The old man made no answer and for a long while could not understand what he was asked, though his neighbours amused themselves by poking and shaking him. He simply gazed about him with his mouth open, which only increased the general mirth.

"What an imbecile! Look, look! Why was he brought? But as to Pyotr Petrovitch, I always had confidence in him," Katerina Ivanovna continued, "and, of course, he is not like..." with an extremely stern face she addressed Amalia Ivanovna so sharply and loudly that the latter was quite disconcerted, "not like your dressed up draggletails whom my father would not have taken as cooks into his kitchen, and my late husband would have done them honour if he had invited them in the goodness of his heart."

"Yes, he was fond of drink, he was fond of it, he did drink!" cried the commissariat clerk, gulping down his twelfth glass of vodka.

"My late husband certainly had that weakness, and everyone knows it," Katerina Ivanovna attacked him at once, "but he was a kind and honourable man, who loved and respected his family. The worst of it was his good nature made him trust all sorts of disreputable people, and he drank with fellows who were not worth the sole of his shoe. Would you believe it, Rodion Romanovitch, they found a gingerbread cock in his pocket; he was dead drunk, but he did not forget the children!"

"A cock? Did you say a cock?" shouted the commissariat clerk.

Katerina Ivanovna did not vouchsafe a reply. She sighed, lost in thought.

"No doubt you think, like everyone, that I was too severe with him," she went on, addressing Raskolnikov. "But that's not so! He respected me, he respected me very much! He was a kind-hearted man! And how sorry I was for him sometimes! He would sit in a corner and look at me, I used to feel so sorry for him, I used to want to be kind to him and then would think to myself: 'Be kind to him and he will drink again,' it was only by severity that you could keep him within bounds."

"Yes, he used to get his hair pulled pretty often," roared the commissariat clerk again, swallowing another glass of vodka.

"Some fools would be the better for a good drubbing, as well as having their hair pulled. I am not talking of my late husband now!" Katerina Ivanovna snapped at him.

The flush on her cheeks grew more and more marked, her chest heaved. In another minute she would have been ready to make a scene. Many of the visitors were sniggering, evidently delighted. They began poking the commissariat clerk and whispering something to him. They were evidently trying to egg him on.

"Allow me to ask what are you alluding to," began the clerk, "that is to say, whose... about whom... did you say just now... But I don't care! That's nonsense! Widow! I forgive you.... Pass!"

And he took another drink of vodka.

Raskolnikov sat in silence, listening with disgust. He only ate from politeness, just tasting the food that Katerina Ivanovna was continually putting on his plate, to avoid hurting her feelings. He watched Sonia intently. But Sonia became more and more anxious and distressed; she, too, foresaw that the dinner would not end peaceably, and saw with terror Katerina Ivanovna's growing

irritation. She knew that she, Sonia, was the chief reason for the ‘genteel’ ladies’ contemptuous treatment of Katerina Ivanovna’s invitation. She had heard from Amalia Ivanovna that the mother was positively offended at the invitation and had asked the question: “How could she let her daughter sit down beside _that young person_?” Sonia had a feeling that Katerina Ivanovna had already heard this and an insult to Sonia meant more to Katerina Ivanovna than an insult to herself, her children, or her father. Sonia knew that Katerina Ivanovna would not be satisfied now, “till she had shown those draggletails that they were both...” To make matters worse someone passed Sonia, from the other end of the table, a plate with two hearts pierced with an arrow, cut out of black bread. Katerina Ivanovna flushed crimson and at once said aloud across the table that the man who sent it was “a drunken ass!”

Amalia Ivanovna was foreseeing something amiss, and at the same time deeply wounded by Katerina Ivanovna’s haughtiness, and to restore the good-humour of the company and raise herself in their esteem she began, apropos of nothing, telling a story about an acquaintance of hers “Karl from the chemist’s,” who was driving one night in a cab, and that “the cabman wanted him to kill, and Karl very much begged him not to kill, and wept and clasped hands, and frightened and from fear pierced his heart.” Though Katerina Ivanovna smiled, she observed at once that Amalia Ivanovna ought not to tell anecdotes in Russian; the latter was still more offended, and she retorted that her “_Vater aus Berlin_ was a very important man, and always went with his hands in pockets.” Katerina Ivanovna could not restrain herself and laughed so much that Amalia Ivanovna lost patience and could scarcely control herself.

“Listen to the owl!” Katerina Ivanovna whispered at once, her good-humour almost restored, “she meant to say he kept his hands in his pockets, but she said he put his hands in people’s pockets. (Cough-cough.) And have you noticed, Rodion Romanovitch, that all these Petersburg foreigners, the Germans especially, are all stupider than we! Can you fancy anyone of us telling how ‘Karl from the chemist’s’ ‘pierced his heart from fear’ and that the idiot, instead of punishing the cabman, ‘clasped his hands and wept, and much begged.’ Ah, the fool! And you know she fancies it’s very touching and does not suspect how stupid she is! To my thinking that drunken commissariat clerk is a great deal cleverer, anyway one can see that he has addled his brains with drink, but you know, these foreigners are always so well behaved and serious.... Look how she sits glaring! She is angry, ha-ha! (Cough-cough-cough.)”

Regaining her good-humour, Katerina Ivanovna began at once telling Raskolnikov that when she had obtained her pension, she int

[... TRUNCATED at 800,000 chars for file-size management — full text in original source ...]

==========

Untitled

Carveth Read

Project Gutenberg Release: May 23, 2006 · eBook #18440

Produced by Susan Skinner and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team at http://www.pgdp.net

LOGIC

DEDUCTIVE AND INDUCTIVE

First Edition, June 1898. (Grant Richards.) Second Edition, November 1901. (Grant Richards.) Third Edition, January 1906. (A. Moring Ltd.) Reprinted, January 1908. (A. Moring Ltd.) Reprinted, May 1909. (A. Moring Ltd.) Reprinted, July 1910. (A. Moring Ltd.) Reprinted, September 1911. (A. Moring Ltd.) Reprinted, November 1912. (A. Moring Ltd.) Reprinted, April 1913. (A. Moring Ltd.) Reprinted, May 1920. (Simpkin.)

LOGIC

DEDUCTIVE AND INDUCTIVE

BY

CARVETH READ, M.A.

AUTHOR OF

"THE METAPHYSICS OF NATURE"

"NATURAL AND SOCIAL MORALS"

ETC.

FOURTH EDITION

ENLARGED, AND PARTLY REWRITTEN

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & CO. LTD., 4 STATIONERS' HALL COURT. LONDON, E.C.4

[Transcriber's Note: The mathematical operator "therefore" is represented below by .'.]

PREFACE

In this edition of my _Logic_, the text has been revised throughout, several passages have been rewritten, and some sections added. The chief alterations and additions occur in cc. i., v., ix., xiii., xvi., xvii., xx.

The work may be considered, on the whole, as attached to the school of Mill; to whose _System of Logic_, and to Bain's _Logic_, it is deeply indebted. Amongst the works of living writers, the _Empirical Logic_ of Dr. Venn and the _Formal Logic_ of Dr. Keynes have given me most assistance. To some others acknowledgments have been made as occasion arose.

For the further study of contemporary opinion, accessible in English, one may turn to such works as Mr. Bradley's _Principles of Logic_, Dr. Bosanquet's _Logic; or the Morphology of Knowledge_, Prof. Hobhouse's _Theory of Knowledge_, Jevon's _Principles of Science_, and Sigwart's _Logic_. Ueberweg's _Logic, and History of Logical Doctrine_ is invaluable for the history of our subject. The attitude toward Logic of the Pragmatists or Humanists may best be studied in Dr. Schiller's _Formal Logic_, and in Mr. Alfred Sidgwick's _Process of Argument_ and recent _Elementary Logic_. The second part of this last work, on the "Risks of Reasoning," gives an admirably succinct account of their position. I agree with the Humanists that, in all argument, the important thing to attend to is the meaning, and that the most serious difficulties of reasoning occur in dealing with the matter reasoned about; but I find that

a pure science of relation has a necessary place in the system of knowledge, and that the formulae known as laws of contradiction, syllogism and causation are useful guides in the framing and testing of arguments and experiments concerning matters of fact. Incisive criticism of traditionary doctrines, with some remarkable reconstructions, may be read in Dr. Mercier's _New Logic_.

In preparing successive editions of this book, I have profited by the comments of my friends: Mr. Thomas Whittaker, Prof. Claude Thompson, Dr. Armitage Smith, Mr. Alfred Sidgwick, Dr. Schiller, Prof. Spearman, and Prof. Sully, have made important suggestions; and I might have profited more by them, if the frame of my book, or my principles, had been more elastic.

As to the present edition, useful criticisms have been received from Mr. S.C. Dutt, of Cotton College, Assam, and from Prof. M.A. Roy, of Midnapore; and, especially, I must heartily thank my colleague, Dr. Wolf, for communications that have left their impress upon nearly every chapter.

CARVETH READ.

LONDON, _August_, 1914

CONTENTS

PAGE

PREFACE v

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

Sec.1. Definition of Logic 1 Sec.2. General character of proof 2 Sec.3. Division of the subject 5 Sec.4. Uses of Logic 6 Sec.5. Relation of Logic to other sciences 8 to Mathematics (p. 8); to concrete Sciences (p. 10); to Metaphysics (p. 10); to regulative sciences (p. 11) Sec.6. Schools of Logicians 11 Relation to Psychology (p. 13)

CHAPTER II

GENERAL ANALYSIS OF PROPOSITIONS

Sec.1. Propositions and Sentences 16 Sec.2. Subject, Predicate and Copula 17 Sec.3. Compound Propositions 17 Sec.4. Import of Propositions 19 Sec.5. Form and Matter 22 Sec.6. Formal and Material Logic 23 Sec.7. Symbols used in Logic 24

CHAPTER III

OF TERMS AND THEIR DENOTATION

Sec.1. Some Account of Language necessary 27 Sec.2. Logic, Grammar and Rhetoric 28 Sec.3. Words are Categorematic or Syncategorematic 29 Sec.4. Terms Concrete or Abstract 30 Sec.5. Concrete Terms, Singular, General or Collective 33

CHAPTER IV

THE CONNOTATION OF TERMS

Sec.1. Connotation of General Names 37 Sec.2. Question of Proper Names 38 other Singular Names (p. 40) Sec.3. Question of Abstract Terms 40 Sec.4. Univocal and Equivocal Terms 41 Connotation determined by the _suppositio_ (p. 43) Sec.5. Absolute and Relative Terms 43 Sec.6. Relation of Denotation to Connotation 46 Sec.7. Contradictory Terms 47 Sec.8. Positive and Negative Terms 50 Infinites; Privitives; Contraries (pp. 50-51)

CHAPTER V

CLASSIFICATION OF PROPOSITIONS

Sec.1. As to Quantity 53 Quantity of the Predicate (p. 56) Sec.2. As to Quality 57 Infinite Propositions (p. 57) Sec.3. A. I. E. O. 58 Sec.4. As to Relation 59 Change of Relation (p. 60); Interpretation of 'either, or' (p. 63); Function of the hypothetical form (p. 64)

Sec.5. As to Modality 66 Sec.6. Verbal and Real Propositions 67

CHAPTER VI

CONDITIONS OF IMMEDIATE INFERENCE

Sec.1. Meaning of Inference 69 Sec.2. Immediate and Mediate Inference 70 Sec.3. The Laws of Thought 72 Sec.4. Identity 73 Sec.5. Contradiction and Excluded Middle 74 Sec.6. The Scope of Formal Inference 76

CHAPTER VII

IMMEDIATE INFERENCES

Sec.1. Plan of the Chapter 79 Sec.2. Subalternation 79 Sec.3. Connotative Subalternation 80 Sec.4. Conversion 82 Reciprocality (p. 84) Sec.5. Obversion 85 Sec.6. Contrary Opposition 87 Sec.7. Contradictory Opposition 87 Sec.8. Sub-contrary Opposition 88 Sec.9. The Square of Opposition 89 Sec.10. Secondary modes of Immediate Inference 90 Sec.11. Immediate Inferences from Conditionals 93

CHAPTER VIII

ORDER OF TERMS, EULER'S DIAGRAMS, LOGICAL EQUATIONS, EXISTENTIAL IMPORT OF PROPOSITIONS

Sec.1. Order of Terms in a proposition 95 Sec.2. Euler's Diagrams 97 Sec.3. Propositions considered as Equations 101 Sec.4. Existential Import of Propositions 104

CHAPTER IX

FORMAL CONDITIONS OF MEDIATE INFERENCE

Sec.1. Nature of Mediate Inference and Syllogism 107 Sec.2. General Canons of the Syllogism 108 Definitions of Categorical Syllogism; Middle Term; Minor Term; Major Term; Minor and Major Premise (p. 109) Illicit Process (p. 110); Distribution of the Middle (p. 110); Negative Premises (p. 112); Particular Premises (p. 113) Sec.3. _Dictum de omni et nullo_ 115 Sec.4. Syllogism in relation to the Laws of Thought 116 Sec.5. Other Kinds of Mediate Inference 118

CHAPTER X

CATEGORICAL SYLLOGISMS

Sec.1. Illustrations of the Syllogism 121 Sec.2. Of Figures 122 Sec.3. Of Moods 123 Sec.4. How valid Moods are determined 124 Sec.5. Special Canons of the Four Figures 126 Sec.6. Ostensive Reduction and the Mnemonic Verses 127 Sec.7. Another version of the Mnemonic Verses 132 Sec.8. Indirect Reduction 132 Sec.9. Uses of the several Figures 134 Sec.10. Scientific Value of Reduction 135 Sec.11. Euler's Diagrams for the Syllogism 136

CHAPTER XI

ABBREVIATED AND COMPOUND ARGUMENTS

Sec.1. Popular Arguments Informal 138 Sec.2. The Enthymeme 139 Sec.3. Monosyllogism, Polysyllogism, Prosyllogism, Episyllogism 141 Sec.4. The Epicheirema 142 Sec.5. The Sorites 142 Sec.6. The Antinomy 145

CHAPTER XII

CONDITIONAL SYLLOGISMS

Sec.1. The Hypothetical Syllogism 147 Sec.2. The Disjunctive Syllogism 152 Sec.3. The Dilemma 154

CHAPTER XIII

TRANSITION TO INDUCTION

Sec.1. Formal Consistency and Material Truth 159 Sec.2. Real General Propositions assert more than has been directly observed 160 Sec.3. Hence, formally, a Syllogism's Premises seem to beg the Conclusion 162 Sec.4. Materially, a Syllogism turns upon the resemblance of the Minor to the Middle Term; and thus extends the Major Premise to new cases 163 Sec.5. Restatement of the _Dictum_ for material reasoning 165 Sec.6. Uses of the Syllogism 167 Sec.7. Analysis of the Uniformity of Nature, considered as the formal ground of all reasoning 169 Sec.8. Grounds of our belief in Uniformity 173

CHAPTER XIV

CAUSATION

Sec.1. The most important aspect of Uniformity in relation to Induction is Causation 174 Sec.2. Definition of "Cause" explained: five marks of Causation 175 Sec.3. How strictly the conception of Cause can be applied depends upon the subject under investigation 183 Sec.4. Scientific conception of Effect. Plurality of Causes 185 Sec.5. Some condition, but not the whole cause, may long precede the Effect; and some co-effect, but not the whole effect, may long survive the Cause 187 Sec.6. Mechanical Causes and the homogeneous Intermixture of Effects; Chemical Causes and the heteropathic Intermixture of Effects 188 Sec.7. Tendency, Resultant, Counteraction, Elimination, Resolution, Analysis, Reciprocity 189

CHAPTER XV

INDUCTIVE METHOD

Sec.1. Outline of Inductive investigation 192 Sec.2. Induction defined 196 Sec.3. "Perfect Induction" 196 Sec.4. Imperfect Induction methodical or immethodical 197 Sec.5. Observation and Experiment, the material ground of Induction, compared 198 Sec.6. The principle of Causation is the formal ground of Induction 201 Sec.7. The Inductive Canons are derived from the principle of Causation, the more readily to detect it in facts observed 202

CHAPTER XVI

THE CANONS OF DIRECT INDUCTION

Sec.1. The Canon of Agreement 206 Negative Instances (p. 208); Plurality of Causes (p. 208) Agreement may show connection without direct Causation (p. 209) Sec.2. The Canon of Agreement in Presence and in Absence 212 It tends to disprove a Plurality of Causes (p. 213) Sec.3. The Canon of Difference 216 May be applied to observations (p. 221) Sec.4. The Canon of Variations 222 How related to Agreement and Difference (p. 222); The Graphic Method (p. 227); Critical points (p. 230); Progressive effects (p. 231); Gradations (p. 231) Sec.5. The Canon of Residues 232

CHAPTER XVII

COMBINATION OF INDUCTION WITH DEDUCTION

Sec.1. Deductive character of Formal Induction 236 Sec.2. Further complication of Deduction with Induction 238 Sec.3. The Direct Deductive (or Physical) Method 240 Sec.4. Opportunities of Error in the Physical Method 243 Sec.5. The Inverse Deductive (or Historical) Method 246 Sec.6. Precautions in using the Historical Method 251 Sec.7. The Comparative Method 255 Sec.8. Historical Evidence 261

CHAPTER XVIII

HYPOTHESES

Sec.1. Hypothesis defined and distinguished from Theory 266 Sec.2. An Hypothesis must be verifiable 268 Sec.3. Proof of Hypotheses 270 (1) Must an hypothetical agent be directly observable? (p. 270); _Vera causa_ (p. 271) (2) An Hypothesis must be adequate to its pretensions (p. 272); _Exceptio probat regulam_ (p. 274) (3) Every competing Hypothesis must be excluded (p. 275); Crucial instance (p. 277) (4) Hypotheses must agree with the laws of Nature (p. 279) Sec.4. Hypotheses necessary in scientific investigation 280 Sec.5. The Method of Abstractions 283 Method of Limits (p. 284); In what sense all knowledge is hypothetical (p. 286)

CHAPTER XIX

LAWS CLASSIFIED; EXPLANATION; CO-EXISTENCE; ANALOGY

Sec.1. Axioms; Primary Laws; Secondary Laws, Derivative or Empirical; Facts 288 Sec.2. Secondary Laws either Invariable or Approximate Generalisations 292 Sec.3. Secondary Laws trustworthy only in 'Adjacent Cases' 293 Sec.4. Secondary Laws of Succession or of Co-existence 295 Natural Kinds (p. 296); Co-existence of concrete things to be deduced from Causation (p. 297) Sec.5. Explanation consists in tracing resemblance, especially of Causation 299 Sec.6. Three modes of Explanation 302 Analysis (p. 302); Concatenation (p. 302); Subsumption (p. 303) Sec.7. Limits of Explanation 305 Sec.8. Analogy 307

CHAPTER XX

PROBABILITY

Sec.1. Meaning of Chance and Probability 310 Sec.2. Probability as a fraction or proportion 312 Sec.3. Probability depends upon experience and statistics 313 Sec.4. It is a kind of Induction, and pre-supposes Causation 315 Sec.5. Of Averages and the Law of Error 318 Sec.6. Interpretation of probabilities 324 Personal Equation (p. 325); meaning of 'Expectation' (p. 325) Sec.7. Rules of the combination of Probabilities 325 Detection of a hidden Cause (p. 326); oral tradition (p. 327); circumstantial and analogical evidence (p. 328)

CHAPTER XXI

DIVISION AND CLASSIFICATION

Sec.1. Classification, scientific, special and popular 330 Sec.2. Uses of classification 332 Sec.3. Classification, Deductive and Inductive 334 Sec.4. Division, or Deductive Classification: its Rules 335 Sec.5. Rules for testing a Division 337 Sec.6. Inductive Classification 339 Sec.7. Difficulty of Natural Classification 341 Sec.8. Darwin's influence on the theory of Classification 342 Sec.9. Classification of Inorganic Bodies also dependent on Causation 346

CHAPTER XXII

NOMENCLATURE, DEFINITION, PREDICABLES

Sec.1. Precise thinking needs precise language 348 Sec.2. Nomenclature and Terminology 349 Sec.3. Definition 352 Sec.4. Rules for testing a Definition 352 Sec.5. Every Definition is relative to a Classification 353 Sec.6. Difficulties of Definition 356 Proposals to substitute the Type (p. 356) Sec.7. The Limits of Definition 357 Sec.8. The five Predicables 358 Porphyry's Tree (p. 361) Sec.9. Realism and Nominalism 364 Sec.10. The Predicaments 366

CHAPTER XXIII

DEFINITION OF COMMON TERMS

Sec.1. The rigour of scientific method must be qualified 369 Sec.2. Still, Language comprises the Nomenclature of an imperfect Classification, to which every Definition is relative; 370 Sec.3. and an imperfect Terminology 374 Sec.4. Maxims and precautions of Definition 375 Sec.5. Words of common language in scientific use 378 Sec.6. How Definitions affect the cogency of arguments 380

CHAPTER XXIV

FALLACIES

Sec.1. Fallacy defined and divided 385 Sec.2. Formal Fallacies of Deduction 385 Sec.3. Formal Fallacies of Induction 388 Sec.4. Material Fallacies classified 394 Sec.5. Fallacies of Observation 394 Sec.6. Begging the Question 396 Sec.7. Surreptitious Conclusion 398 Sec.8. Ambiguity 400 Sec.9. Fallacies, a natural rank growth of the Human mind, not easy to classify, or exterminate 403

QUESTIONS 405

LOGIC

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

Sec. 1. Logic is the science that explains what conditions must be fulfilled in order that a proposition may be proved, if it admits of proof. Not, indeed, every such proposition; for as to those that declare the equality or inequality of numbers or other magnitudes, to explain the conditions of their proof belongs to Mathematics: they are said to be _quantitative_. But as to all other propositions, called _qualitative_, like most of those that we meet with in conversation, in literature, in politics, and even in sciences so far as they are not treated mathematically (say, Botany and Psychology); propositions that merely tell us that something happens (as that _salt dissolves in water_), or that something has a certain property (as that _ice is cold_): as to these, it belongs to Logic to show how we may judge whether they are true, or false, or doubtful. When propositions are expressed with the universality and definiteness that belong to scientific statements, they are called laws; and laws, so far as they are not laws of quantity, are tested by the principles of Logic, if they at all admit of proof.

But it is plain that the process of proving cannot go on for ever; something must be taken for granted; and this is usually considered to be the case (1) with particular facts that can only be perceived and observed, and (2) with those highest laws that are called 'axioms' or 'first principles,' of which we can only say that we know of no exceptions to them, that we cannot help believing them, and that they are indispensable to science and to consistent thought. Logic, then, may be briefly defined as the science of proof with respect to _qualitative_ laws and propositions, except those that are axiomatic.

Sec. 2. Proof may be of different degrees or stages of completeness. Absolute proof would require that a proposition should be shown to agree with all experience and with the systematic explanation of experience, to be a necessary part of an all-embracing and self-consistent philosophy or theory of the universe; but as no one hitherto has been able to frame such a philosophy, we must at present put up with something less than absolute proof. Logic, assuming certain principles to be true of experience, or at least to be conditions of consistent discourse, distinguishes the kinds of propositions that can be shown to agree with these principles, and explains by what means the agreement can best be exhibited. Such principles are those of Contradiction (chap. vi.), the Syllogism (chap. ix.), Causation (chap. xiv.), and Probabilities (chap. xx.). To bring a proposition or an argument under them, or to show that it agrees with them, is logical proof.

The extent to which proof is requisite, again, depends upon the present purpose: if our aim be general truth for its own sake, a systematic investigation is necessary; but if our object be merely to remove some occasional doubt that has occurred to ourselves or to others, it may be enough to appeal to any evidence that is admitted or not questioned. Thus, if a man doubts that _some acids are compounds of oxygen_, but grants that _some compounds of oxygen are acids_, he may agree to the former proposition when you point out that it has the same meaning as the latter, differing from it only in the order of the words. This is called proof by immediate inference.

Again, suppose that a man holds in his hand a piece of yellow metal, which he asserts to be copper, and that we doubt this, perhaps suggesting that it is really gold. Then he may propose to dip it in vinegar; whilst we agree that, if it then turns green, it is copper and not gold. On trying this experiment the metal does turn green; so that we may put his argument in this way:--

Whatever yellow metal turns green in vinegar is copper; This yellow metal turns green in vinegar; Therefore, this yellow metal is copper.

Such an argument is called proof by mediate inference; because one cannot see directly that the yellow metal is copper; but it is admitted that any yellow metal is copper that turns green in vinegar, and we are shown that this yellow metal has that property.

Now, however, it may occur to us, that the liquid in which the metal was dipped was not vinegar, or not pure vinegar, and that the greenness was due to the impurity. Our friend must thereupon show by some means that the vinegar was pure; and then his argument will be that, since nothing but the vinegar came in contact with the metal, the greenness was due to the vinegar; or, in other words, that contact with that vinegar was the cause of the metal turning green.

Still, on second thoughts, we may suspect that we had formerly conceded too much; we may reflect that, although it had often been shown that copper turned green in vinegar, whilst gold did not, yet the same might not always happen. May it not be, we might ask, that just at this moment, and perhaps always for the future gold turns, and will turn green in vinegar, whilst copper does not and never will again? He will probably reply that this is to doubt the uniformity of causation: he may hope that we are not serious: he may point out to us that in every action of our life we take such uniformity for granted. But he will be obliged to admit that, whatever he may say to induce us to assent to the principle of Nature's uniformity, his arguments will not amount to logical proof, because

every argument in some way assumes that principle. He has come, in fact, to the limits of Logic. Just as Euclid does not try to prove that 'two magnitudes equal to the same third are equal to one another,' so the Logician (as such) does not attempt to prove the uniformity of causation and the other principles of his science.

Even when our purpose is to ascertain some general truth, the results of systematic inquiry may have various degrees of certainty. If Logic were confined to strict demonstration, it would cover a narrow field. The greater part of our conclusions can only be more or less probable. It may, indeed, be maintained, not unreasonably, that no judgments concerning matters of fact can be more than probable. Some say that all scientific results should be considered as giving the average of cases, from which deviations are to be expected. Many matters can only be treated statistically and by the methods of Probability. Our ordinary beliefs are adopted without any methodical examination. But it is the aim, and it is characteristic, of a rational mind to distinguish degrees of certainty, and to hold each judgment with the degree of confidence that it deserves, considering the evidence for and against it. It takes a long time, and much self-discipline, to make some progress toward rationality; for there are many causes of belief that are not good grounds for it--have no value as evidence. Evidence consists of (1) observation; (2) reasoning checked by observation and by logical principles; (3) memory--often inaccurate; (4) testimony--often untrustworthy, but indispensable, since all we learn from books or from other men is taken on testimony; (5) the agreement of all our results. On the other hand, belief is caused by many influences that are not evidence at all: such are (1) desire, which makes us believe in whatever serves our purpose; fear and suspicion, which (paradoxically) make us believe in whatever seems dangerous; (2) habit, which resists whatever disturbs our prejudices; (3) vanity, which delights to think oneself always right and consistent and disowns fallibility; (4) imitativeness, suggestibility, fashion, which carry us along with the crowd. All these, and nobler things, such as love and fidelity, fix our attention upon whatever seems to support our prejudices, and prevent our attending to any facts or arguments that threaten to overthrow them.

Sec. 3. Two departments of Logic are usually recognised, Deduction and Induction; that is, to describe them briefly, proof from principles, and proof from facts. Classification is sometimes made a third department; sometimes its topics are distributed amongst those of the former two. In the present work the order adopted is, Deduction in chaps. ii. to xiii.; Induction in chaps. xiii. to xx.; and, lastly, Classification. But such divisions do not represent fundamentally distinct and opposed aspects of the science. For although, in discussing any question with an opponent who makes admissions, it may be possible to combat his views with merely deductive arguments based upon his admissions; yet in any question of general truth, Induction and Deduction are mutually dependent and imply one another.

This may be seen in one of the above examples. It was argued that a certain metal must be copper, because every metal is copper that turns green when dipped in vinegar. So far the proof appealed to a general proposition, and was deductive. But when we ask how the general proposition is known to be true, experiments or facts must be alleged; and this is inductive evidence. Deduction then depends on Induction. But if we ask, again, how any number of past experiments can prove a general proposition, which must be good for the future as well as for the past, the uniformity of causation is invoked; that is, appeal is made to a principle, and that again is deductive proof. Induction then depends upon Deduction.

We may put it in this way: Deduction depends on Induction, if general propositions are only known to us through the facts: Induction depends on Deduction, because one fact can never prove another, except so far as what is true of the one is true of the other and of any other of the same kind; and because, to exhibit this resemblance of the facts, it must be stated in a general proposition.

Sec. 4. The use of Logic is often disputed: those who have not studied it, often feel confident of their ability to do without it; those who have studied it, are sometimes disgusted with what they consider to be its superficial analysis of the grounds of evidence, or needless technicality in the discussion of details. As to those who, not having studied Logic, yet despise it, there will be time enough to discuss its utility with them, when they know something about it; and as for those who, having studied it, turn away in disgust, whether they are justified every man must judge for himself, when he has attained to equal proficiency in the subject. Meanwhile, the following considerations may be offered in its favour:

Logic states, and partly explains and applies, certain abstract principles which all other sciences take for granted; namely, the axioms above mentioned--the principles of Contradiction, of the Syllogism and of Causation. By exercising the student in the apprehension of these truths, and in the application of them to particular propositions, it educates the power of abstract thought. Every science is a model of method, a discipline in close and consecutive thinking; and this merit Logic ought to possess in a high degree.

For ages Logic has served as an introduction to Philosophy that is, to Metaphysics and speculative Ethics. It is of old and honourable descent: a man studies Logic in very good company. It is the warp upon which nearly the whole web of ancient, mediaeval and modern Philosophy is woven. The history of thought is hardly intelligible without it.

As the science of proof, Logic gives an account of the _general_ nature of evidence deductive and inductive, as applied in the physical and social sciences and in the affairs of life. The _general_ nature of such evidence: it would be absurd of the logician to pretend to instruct the chemist, economist and merchant, as to the _special_ character of the evidence requisite in their several spheres of judgment. Still, by investigating the general conditions of proof, he sets every man upon his guard against the insufficiency of evidence.

One application of the science of proof deserves special mention: namely, to that department of Rhetoric which has been the most developed, relating to persuasion by means of oratory, leader-writing, or pamphleteering. It is usually said that Logic is useful to convince the judgment, not to persuade the will: but one way of persuading the will is to convince the judgment that a certain course is advantageous; and although this is not always the readiest way, it is the most honourable, and leads to the most enduring results. Logic is the backbone of Rhetoric.

It has been disputed whether Logic is a science or an art; and, in fact, it may be considered in both ways. As a statement of general truths, of their relations to one another, and especially to the first principles, it is a science; but it is an art when, regarding truth as an end desired, it points out some of the means of attaining it--namely, to proceed by a regular method, to test every judgment by the principles of Logic, and to distrust whatever cannot be made consistent with them. Logic does not, in the first place, teach us to reason. We learn to reason as we learn to walk and talk, by the natural growth of our powers with some assistance from friends and neighbours. The way to develop one's power of reasoning is, first, to set oneself problems and try to solve them. Secondly, since the solving of a problem depends upon one's ability to call to mind parallel cases, one must learn as many facts as possible, and keep on learning all one's life; for nobody ever knew enough. Thirdly one must check all results by the principles of Logic. It is because of this checking, verifying, corrective function of Logic that it is sometimes called a Regulative or Normative Science. It cannot give any one originality or fertility of invention; but it enables us to check our inferences, revise our conclusions, and chasten the vagaries of ambitious speculation. It quickens our sense of bad reasoning both in others and in ourselves. A man who reasons deliberately, manages it better after studying Logic than he could before, if he is sincere about it and has common sense.

Sec. 5. The relation of Logic to other sciences:

(a) Logic is regarded by Spencer as co-ordinate with Mathematics, both being Abstract Sciences--that is, sciences of the _relations_ in which things stand to one another, whatever the particular things may be that are so related; and this view seems to be, on the whole, just--subject, however, to qualifications that will appear presently.

Mathematics treats of the relations of all sorts of things considered as quantities, namely, as equal to, or greater or less than, one another. Things may be quantitatively equal or unequal in _degree_, as in comparing the temperature of bodies; or in _duration_; or in _spatial magnitude_, as with lines, superficies, solids; or in _number_. And it is assumed that the equality or inequality of things that cannot be directly compared, may be proved indirectly on the assumption that 'things equal to the same thing are equal,' etc.

Logic also treats of the relations of all sorts of things, but not as to their quantity. It considers (i) that one thing may be like or unlike another in certain attributes, as that iron is in many ways like tin or lead, and in many ways unlike carbon or sulphur: (ii) that attributes co-exist or coinhere (or do not) in the same subject, as metallic lustre, hardness, a certain atomic weight and a certain specific gravity coinhere in iron: and (iii) that one event follows another (or is the effect of it), as that the placing of iron in water causes it to rust. The relations of likeness and of coinherence are the ground of Classification; for it is by resemblance of coinhering attributes that things form classes: coinherence is the ground of judgments concerning Substance and Attribute, as that iron is metallic; and the relation of succession, in the mode of Causation, is the chief subject of the department of Induction. It is usual to group together these relations of attributes and of order in time, and call them qualitative, in order to contrast them with the quantitative relations which belong to Mathematics. And it is assumed that qualitative relations of things, when they cannot be directly perceived, may be proved indirectly by assuming the axiom of the Syllogism (chap. ix.) and the law of Causation (chap. xiv.).

So far, then, Logic and Mathematics appear to be co-ordinate and distinct sciences. But we shall see hereafter that the satisfactory treatment of that special order of events in time which constitutes Causation, requires a combination of Logic with Mathematics; and so does the treatment of Probability. And, again, Logic may be said to be, in a certain sense, 'prior to' or 'above' Mathematics

as usually treated. For the Mathematics assume that one magnitude must be either equal or unequal to another, and that it cannot be both equal and unequal to it, and thus take for granted the principles of Contradiction and Excluded Middle; but the statement and elucidation of these Principles are left to Logic (chap. vi.). The Mathematics also classify and define magnitudes, as (in Geometry) triangles, squares, cubes, spheres; but the principles of classification and definition remain for Logic to discuss.

(b) As to the concrete Sciences, such as Astronomy, Chemistry, Zoology, Sociology--Logic (as well as Mathematics) is implied in them all; for all the propositions of which they consist involve causation, co-existence, and class-likeness. Logic is therefore said to be prior to them or above them: meaning by 'prior' not that it should be studied earlier, for that is not a good plan; meaning by 'above' not in dignity, for distinctions of dignity amongst liberal studies are absurd. But it is a philosophical idiom to call the abstract 'prior to,' or 'higher than,' the concrete (see Porphyry's Tree, chap. xxii. Sec. 8); and Logic is more abstract than Astronomy or Sociology. Philosophy may thank that idiom for many a foolish notion.

(c) But, as we have seen, Logic does not investigate the truth, trustworthiness, or validity of its own principles; nor does Mathematics: this task belongs to Metaphysics, or Epistemology, the criticism of knowledge and beliefs.

Logic assumes, for example, that things are what to a careful scrutiny they seem to be; that animals, trees, mountains, planets, are bodies with various attributes, existing in space and changing in time; and that certain principles, such as Contradiction and Causation, are true of things and events. But Metaphysicians have raised many plausible objections to these assumptions. It has been urged that natural objects do not really exist on their own account, but only in dependence on some mind that contemplates them, and that even space and time are only our way of perceiving things; or, again, that although things do really exist on their own account, it is in an entirely different way from that in which we know them. As to the principle of Contradiction--that if an object has an attribute, it cannot at the same time and in the same way be without it (e.g., if an animal is conscious, it is false that it is not conscious)--it has been contended that the speciousness of this principle is only due to the obtuseness of our minds, or even to the poverty of language, which cannot make the fine distinctions that exist in Nature. And as to Causation, it is sometimes doubted whether events always have physical causes; and it is often suggested that, granting they have physical causes, yet these are such as we can neither perceive nor conceive; belonging not to the order of Nature as we know it, but to the secret inwardness and reality of Nature, to the wells and reservoirs of power, not to the spray of the fountain that glitters in our eyes--'occult causes,' in short. Now these doubts and surmises are metaphysical spectres which it remains for Metaphysics to lay. Logic has no direct concern with them (although, of course, metaphysical discussion is expected to be logical), but keeps the plain path of plain beliefs, level with the comprehension of plain men. Metaphysics, as examining the grounds of Logic itself, is sometimes regarded as 'the higher Logic'; and, certainly, the study of Metaphysics is necessary to every one who would comprehend the nature and functions of Logic, or the place of his own mind and of Reason in the world.

(d) The relation of Logic to Psychology will be discussed in the next section.

(e) As a Regulative Science, pointing out the conditions of true inference (within its own sphere), Logic is co-ordinate with (i) Ethics, considered as assigning the conditions of right conduct, and with (ii) AEsthetics, considered as determining the principles of criticism and good taste.

Sec. 6. Three principal schools of Logicians are commonly recognised: Nominalist, Conceptualist, and Materialist, who differ as to what it is that Logic really treats of: the Nominalists say, 'of language'; the Conceptualists, 'of thought'; the Materialists, 'of relations of fact.' To illustrate these positions let us take authors who, if some of them are now neglected, have the merit of stating their contrasted views with a distinctness that later refinements tend to obscure.

(a) Whately, a well-known Nominalist, regarded Logic as the Science and Art of Reasoning, but at the same time as "entirely conversant about language"; that is to say, it is the business of Logic to discover those modes of statement which shall ensure the cogency of an argument, no matter what may be the subject under discussion. Thus, _All fish are cold-blooded_, .'. _some cold-blooded things are fish:_ this is a sound inference by the mere manner of expression; and equally sound is the inference, _All fish are warm-blooded_, .'. _some warm-blooded things are fish_. The latter proposition may be false, but it follows; and (according to this doctrine) Logic is only concerned with the consistent use of words: the truth or falsity of the proposition itself is a question for Zoology. The short-coming of extreme Nominalism lies in speaking of language as if its meaning were unimportant. But Whately did not intend this: he was a man of great penetration and common-sense.

(b) Hamilton, our best-known Conceptualist, defined Logic as the science of the "formal laws of thought," and "of thought as thought," that is, without regard to the matter thought about. Just as Whately regarded Logic as concerned merely with cogent

forms of statement, so Hamilton treated it as concerned merely with the necessary relations of thought. This doctrine is called Conceptualism, because the simplest element of thought is the Concept; that is, an abstract idea, such as is signified by the word _man, planet, colour, virtue_; not a representative or generic image, but the thought of all attributes common to any class of things. Men, planets, colours, virtuous actions or characters, have, severally, something in common on account of which they bear these general names; and the thought of what they have in common, as the ground of these names, is a Concept. To affirm or deny one concept of another, as _Some men are virtuous_, or _No man is perfectly virtuous_, is to form a Judgment, corresponding to the Proposition of which the other schools of Logic discourse. Conceptualism, then, investigates the conditions of consistent judgment.

To distinguish Logic from Psychology is most important in connection with Conceptualism. Concepts and Judgments being mental acts, or products of mental activity, it is often thought that Logic must be a department of Psychology. It is recognised of course, that Psychology deals with much more than Logic does, with sensation, pleasure and pain, emotion, volition; but in the region of the intellect, especially in its most deliberate and elaborate processes, namely, conception, judgment, and reasoning, Logic and Psychology seem to occupy common ground. In fact, however, the two sciences have little in common except a few general terms, and even these they employ in different senses. It is usual to point out that Psychology tries to explain the subjective _processes_ of conception, judgment and reasoning, and to give their natural history; but that Logic is wholly concerned with the _results_ of such processes, with concepts, judgments and reasonings, and merely with the validity of the results, that is, with their truth or consistency; whilst Psychology has nothing to do with their validity, but only with their causes. Besides, the logical judgment (in Formal Logic at least) is quite a different thing from the psychological: the latter involves feeling and belief, whereas the former is merely a given relation of concepts. _S is P_: that is a model logical judgment; there can be no question of believing it; but it is logically valid if _M is P_ and _S is M_. When, again, in Logic, one deals with belief, it depends upon evidence; whereas, in Psychology belief is shown to depend upon causes which may have evidentiary value or may not; for Psychology explains quite impartially the growth of scientific insight and the growth of prejudice.

(c) Mill, Bain, and Venn are the chief Materialist logicians; and to guard against the error of confounding Materialism in Logic with the ontological doctrine that nothing exists but Matter, it may suffice to remember that in Metaphysics all these philosophers are Idealists. Materialism in Logic consists in regarding propositions as affirming or denying relations (_cf._ Sec. 5) between matters-of-fact in the widest sense; not only physical facts, but ideas, social and moral relations; it consists, in short, in attending to the meaning of propositions. It treats the first principles of Contradiction and Causation as true of things so far as they are known to us, and not merely as conditions or tendencies of thought; and it takes these principles as conditions of right thinking, because they seem to hold good of Nature and human life.

To these differences of opinion it will be necessary to recur in the next chapter (Sec. 4); but here I may observe that it is easy to exaggerate their importance in Logic. There is really little at issue between schools of logicians as such, and as far as their doctrines run parallel; it is on the metaphysical grounds of their study, or as to its scope and comprehension, that they find a battle-field. The present work generally proceeds upon the third, or Materialist doctrine. If Deduction and Induction are regarded as mutually dependent parts of one science, uniting the discipline of consistent discourse with the method of investigating laws of physical phenomena, the Materialist doctrine, that the principles of Logic are founded on fact, seems to be the most natural way of thinking. But if the unity of Deduction and Induction is not disputed by the other schools, the Materialist may regard them as allies exhibiting in their own way the same body of truths. The Nominalist may certainly claim that his doctrine is indispensable: consistently cogent forms of statement are necessary both to the Conceptualist and to the Materialist; neither the relations of thought nor those of fact can be arrested or presented without the aid of language or some equivalent system of signs. The Conceptualist may urge that the Nominalist's forms of statement and argument exist for the sake of their meaning, namely, judgments and reasonings; and that the Materialist's laws of Nature are only judgments founded upon our conceptions of Nature; that the truth of observations and experiments depends upon our powers of perception; that perception is inseparable from understanding, and that a system of Induction may be constructed upon the axiom of Causation, regarded as a principle of Reason, just as well as by considering it as a law of Nature, and upon much the same lines. The Materialist, admitting all this, may say that a judgment is only the proximate meaning of a proposition, and that the ultimate meaning, the meaning of the judgment itself, is always some matter-of-fact; that the other schools have not hitherto been eager to recognise the unity of Deduction and Induction or to investigate the conditions of trustworthy experiments and observations within the limits of human understanding; that thought is itself a sort of fact, as complex in its structure, as profound in its relations, as subtle in its changes as any other fact, and therefore at least as hard to know; that to turn away from the full reality of thought in perception, and to confine Logic to artificially limited concepts, is to abandon the effort to push method to the utmost and to get as near truth as possible; and that as to Causation being a principle of Reason rather than of Nature, the distinction escapes his apprehension, since Nature seems to be

that to which our private minds turn upon questions of Causation for correction and instruction; so that if he does not call Nature the Universal Reason, it is because he loves severity of style.

CHAPTER II

GENERAL ANALYSIS OF PROPOSITIONS

Sec. 1. Since Logic discusses the proof or disproof, or (briefly) the testing of propositions, we must begin by explaining their nature. A proposition, then, may first be described in the language of grammar as _a sentence indicative_; and it is usually expressed in the present tense.

It is true that other kinds of sentences, optative, imperative, interrogative, exclamatory, if they express or imply an assertion, are not beyond the view of Logic; but before treating such sentences, Logic, for greater precision, reduces them to their equivalent sentences indicative. Thus, _I wish it were summer_ may be understood to mean, _The coming of summer is an object of my desire_. _Thou shalt not kill_ may be interpreted as _Murderers are in danger of the judgment_. Interrogatories, when used in argument, if their form is affirmative, have negative force, and affirmative force if their form is negative. Thus, _Do hypocrites love virtue?_ anticipates the answer, _No_. _Are not traitors the vilest of mankind?_ anticipates the answer, _Yes_. So that the logical form of these sentences is, _Hypocrites are not lovers of virtue_; _Traitors are the vilest of mankind_. Impersonal propositions, such as _It rains_, are easily rendered into logical forms of equivalent meaning, thus: _Rain is falling_; or (if that be tautology), _The clouds are raining_. Exclamations may seem capricious, but are often part of the argument. _Shade of Chatham!_ usually means _Chatham, being aware of our present foreign policy, is much disgusted_. It is in fact, an appeal to authority, without the inconvenience of stating what exactly it is that the authority declares.

Sec. 2. But even sentences indicative may not be expressed in the way most convenient to logicians. _Salt dissolves in water_ is a plain enough statement; but the logician prefers to have it thus: _Salt is soluble in water_. For he says that a proposition is analysable into three elements: (1) a Subject (as _Salt_) about which something is asserted or denied; (2) a Predicate (as _soluble in water_) which is asserted or denied of the Subject, and (3) the Copula (_is_ or _are_, or _is not_ or _are not_), the sign of relation between the Subject and Predicate. The Subject and Predicate are called the Terms of the proposition: and the Copula may be called the sign of predication, using the verb 'to predicate' indefinitely for either 'to affirm' or 'to deny.' Thus _S is P_ means that the term _P_ is given as related in some way to the term _S_. We may, therefore, further define a Proposition as 'a sentence in which one term is predicated of another.'

In such a proposition as _Salt dissolves_, the copula (_is_) is contained in the predicate, and, besides the subject, only one element is exhibited: it is therefore said to be _secundi adjacentis_. When all three parts are exhibited, as in _Salt is soluble_, the proposition is said to be _tertii adjacentis_.

For the ordinary purposes of Logic, in predicating attributes of a thing or class of things, the copula _is_, or _is not_, sufficiently represents the relation of subject and predicate; but when it is desirable to realise fully the nature of the relation involved, it may be better to use a more explicit form. Instead of saying _Salt--is--soluble_, we may say _Solubility--coinheres with--the nature of salt_, or _The putting of salt in water--is a cause of--its dissolving_: thus expanding the copula into a full expression of the relation we have in view, whether coinherence or causation.

Sec. 3. The sentences of ordinary discourse are, indeed, for the most part, longer and more complicated than the logical form of propositions; it is in order to prove them, or to use them in the proof of other propositions, that they are in Logic reduced as nearly as possible to such simple but explicit expressions as the above (_tertii adjacentis_). A Compound Proposition, reducible to two or more simple ones, is said to be exponible.

The modes of compounding sentences are explained in every grammar-book. One of the commonest forms is the copulative, such as _Salt is both savoury and wholesome_, equivalent to two simple propositions: _Salt is savoury; Salt is wholesome. Pure water is neither sapid nor odorous_, equivalent to _Water is not sapid; Water is not odorous_. Or, again, _Tobacco is injurious, but not when used in moderation_, equivalent to _Much tobacco is injurious; a little is not_.

Another form of Exponible is the Exceptive, as _Kladderadatsch is published daily, except on week-days_, equivalent to _Kladderadatsch is published on Sunday; it is not published any other day_. Still another Exponible is the Exclusive, as _Only men use fire_, equivalent to _Men are users of fire; No other animals are_. Exceptive and exclusive sentences are, however, equivalent

forms; for we may say, _Kladderadatsch is published only on Sunday_; and _No animals use fire, except men_.

There are other compound sentences that are not exponible, since, though they contain two or more verbal clauses, the construction shows that these are inseparable. Thus, _If cats are scarce, mice are plentiful_, contains two verbal clauses; but _if cats are scarce_ is conditional, not indicative; and _mice are plentiful_ is subject to the condition that _cats are scarce_. Hence the whole sentence is called a Conditional Proposition. For the various forms of Conditional Propositions see chap. v. Sec. 4.

But, in fact, to find the logical force of recognised grammatical forms is the least of a logician's difficulties in bringing the discourses of men to a plain issue. Metaphors, epigrams, innuendoes and other figures of speech present far greater obstacles to a lucid reduction whether for approval or refutation. No rules can be given for finding everybody's meaning. The poets have their own way of expressing themselves; sophists, too, have their own way. And the point often lies in what is unexpressed. Thus, "barbarous nations make, the civilised write history," means that civilised nations do not make history, which none is so brazen as openly to assert. Or, again, "Alcibiades is dead, but X is still with us"; the whole meaning of this 'exponible' is that X would be the lesser loss to society. Even an epithet or a suffix may imply a proposition: _This personage_ may mean _X is a pretentious nobody_.

How shall we interpret such illusive predications except by cultivating our literary perceptions, by reading the most significant authors until we are at home with them? But, no doubt, to disentangle the compound propositions, and to expand the abbreviations of literature and conversation, is a useful logical exercise. And if it seem a laborious task thus to reduce to its logical elements a long argument in a speech or treatise, it should be observed that, as a rule, in a long discourse only a few sentences are of principal importance to the reasoning, the rest being explanatory or illustrative digression, and that a close scrutiny of these cardinal sentences will frequently dispense us from giving much attention to the rest.

Sec. 4. But now, returning to the definition of a Proposition given in Sec. 2, that it is 'a sentence in which one term is predicated of another,' we must consider what is the import of such predication. For the definition, as it stands, seems to be purely Nominalist. Is a proposition nothing more than a certain synthesis of words; or, is it meant to correspond with something further, a synthesis of ideas, or a relation of facts?

Conceptualist logicians, who speak of judgments instead of propositions, of course define the judgment in their own language. According to Hamilton, it is "a recognition of the relation of congruence or confliction in which two concepts stand to each other." To lighten the sentence, I have omitted one or two qualifications (Hamilton's _Lectures on Logic_, xiii.). "Thus," he goes on "if we compare the thoughts _water_, _iron_, and _rusting_, we find them congruent, and connect them into a single thought, thus: _water rusts iron_--in that case we form a judgment." When a judgment is expressed in words, he says, it is called a proposition.

But has a proposition no meaning beyond the judgment it expresses? Mill, who defines it as "a portion of discourse in which a predicate is affirmed or denied of a subject" (_Logic_, Book 1., chap. iv. Sec. 1.), proceeds to inquire into the import of propositions (Book 1., chap. v.), and finds three classes of them: (a) those in which one proper name is predicated of another; and of these Hobbes's Nominalist definition is adequate, namely, that a proposition asserts or denies that the predicate is a name for the same thing as the subject, as _Tully is Cicero_.

(b) Propositions in which the predicate means a part (or the whole) of what the subject means, as _Horses are animals_, _Man is a rational animal_. These are Verbal Propositions (see below: chap. v. Sec. 6), and their import consists in affirming or denying a coincidence between the meanings of names, as _The meaning of 'animal' is part of the meaning of 'horse.'_ They are partial or complete definitions.

But (c) there are also Real Propositions, whose predicates do not mean the same as their subjects, and whose import consists in affirming or denying one of five different kinds of matter of fact: (1) That the subject exists, or does not; as if we say _The bison exists_, _The great auk is extinct_. (2) Co-existence, as _Man is mortal_; that is, _the being subject to death coinheres with the qualities on account of which we call certain objects men_. (3) Succession, as _Night follows day_. (4) Causation (a particular kind of Succession), as _Water rusts iron_. (5) Resemblance, as _The colour of this geranium is like that of a soldier's coat_, or _A = B_.

On comparing this list of real predications with the list of logical relations given above (chap. i. Sec. 5 (a)), it will be seen that the two differ only in this, that I have there omitted simple Existence. Nothing simply exists, unrelated either in Nature or in knowledge. Such a proposition as _The bison exists_ may, no doubt, be used in Logic (subject to interpretation) for the sake of custom or for the sake of brevity; but it means that some specimens are still to be found in N. America, or in Zoological gardens.

Controversy as to the Import of Propositions really turns upon a difference of opinion as to the scope of Logic and the foundations of knowledge. Mill was dissatisfied with the "congruity" of concepts as the basis of a judgment. Clearly, mere congruity does not justify belief. In the proposition _Water rusts iron_, the concepts _water_, _rust_ and _iron_ may be congruous, but does any one assert their connection on that ground? In the proposition _Murderers are haunted by the ghosts of their victims_, the concepts _victim_, _murderer_, _ghost_ have a high degree of congruity; yet, unfortunately, I cannot believe it: there seems to be no such cheap defence of innocence. Now, Mill held that Logic is concerned with the grounds of belief, and that the scope of Logic includes Induction as well as Deduction; whereas, according to Hamilton, Induction is only Modified Logic, a mere appendix to the theory of the "forms of thought as thought." Indeed, Mill endeavoured in his _Logic_ to probe the grounds of belief deeper than usual, and introduced a good deal of Metaphysics--either too much or not enough--concerning the ground of axioms. But, at any rate, his great point was that belief, and therefore (for the most part) the Real Proposition, is concerned not merely with the relations of words, or even of ideas, but with matters of fact; that is, both propositions and judgments point to something further, to the relations of things which we can examine, not merely by thinking about them (comparing them in thought), but by observing them with the united powers of thought and perception. This is what convinces us that _water rusts iron_: and the difficulty of doing this is what prevents our feeling sure that _murderers are haunted by the ghosts of their victims_. Hence, although Mill's definition of a proposition, given above, is adequate for propositions in general; yet that kind of proposition (the Real) with regard to which Logic (in Mill's view) investigates the conditions of proof, may be more explicitly and pertinently defined as 'a predication concerning the relation of matters of fact.'

Sec. 5. This leads to a very important distinction to which we shall often have to refer in subsequent pages--namely, the distinction between the Form and the Matter of a proposition or of an argument. The distinction between Form and Matter, as it is ordinarily employed, is easily understood. An apple growing in the orchard and a waxen apple on the table may have the same shape or form, but they consist of different materials; two real apples may have the same shape, but contain distinct ounces of apple-stuff, so that after one is eaten the other remains to be eaten. Similarly, tables may have the same shape, though one be made of marble, another of oak, another of iron. The form is common to several things, the matter is peculiar to each. Metaphysicians have carried the distinction further: apples, they say, may have not only the same outward shape, but the same inward constitution, which, therefore, may be called the Form of apple-stuff itself--namely, a certain pulpiness, juiciness, sweetness, etc.; qualities common to all dessert apples: yet their Matter is different, one being here, another there--differing in place or time, if in nothing else. The definition of a species is the form of every specimen of it.

To apply this distinction to the things of Logic: it is easy to see how two propositions may have the same Form but different Matter: not using 'Form' in the sense of 'shape,' but for that which is common to many things, in contrast with that which is peculiar to each. Thus, _All male lions are tawny_ and _All water is liquid at 50 deg. Fahrenheit_, are two propositions that have the same form, though their matter is entirely different. They both predicate something of the whole of their subjects, though their subjects are different, and so are the things predicated of them. Again, _All male lions have tufted tails_ and _All male lions have manes_, are two propositions having the same form and, in their subjects, the same matter, but different matter in their predicates. If, however, we take two such propositions as these: _All male lions have manes_ and _Some male lions have manes_, here the matter is the same in both, but the form is different--in the first, predication is made concerning _every_ male lion; in the second of only _some_ male lions; the first is _universal_, the second is _particular_. Or, again, if we take _Some tigers are man-eaters_ and _Some tigers are not man-eaters_, here too the matter is the same, but the form is different; for the first proposition is _affirmative_, whilst the second is _negative_.

Sec. 6. Now, according to Hamilton and Whately, pure Logic has to do only with the Form of propositions and arguments. As to their Matter, whether they are really true in fact, that is a question, they said, not for Logic, but for experience, or for the special sciences. But Mill desired so to extend logical method as to test the material truth of propositions: he thought that he could expound a method by which experience itself and the conclusions of the special sciences may be examined.

To this method it may be objected, that the claim to determine Material Truth takes for granted that the order of Nature will remain unchanged, that (for example) water not only at present is a liquid at 50 deg. Fahrenheit, but will always be so; whereas (although we have no reason to expect such a thing) the order of Nature may alter--it is at least supposable--and in that event water may freeze at such a temperature. Any matter of fact, again, must depend on observation, either directly, or by inference--as when something is asserted about atoms or ether. But observation and material inference are subject to the limitations of our faculties; and however we may aid observation by microscopes and micrometers, it is still observation; and however we may correct our observations by repetition, comparison and refined mathematical methods of making allowances, the correction of error is only an

approximation to accuracy. Outside of Formal Reasoning, suspense of judgment is your only attitude.

But such objections imply that nothing short of absolute truth has any value; that all our discussions and investigations in science or social affairs are without logical criteria; that Logic must be confined to symbols, and considered entirely as mental gymnastics. In this book prominence will be given to the character of Logic as a formal science, and it will also be shown that Induction itself may be treated formally; but it will be assumed that logical forms are valuable as representing the actual relations of natural and social phenomena.

Sec. 7. Symbols are often used in Logic instead of concrete terms, not only in Symbolic Logic where the science is treated algebraically (as by Dr. Venn in his _Symbolic Logic_), but in ordinary manuals; so that it may be well to explain the use of them before going further.

It is a common and convenient practice to illustrate logical doctrines by examples: to show what is meant by a Proposition we may give _salt is soluble_, or _water rusts iron:_ the copulative exponible is exemplified by _salt is savoury and wholesome_; and so on. But this procedure has some disadvantages: it is often cumbrous; and it may distract the reader's attention from the point to be explained by exciting his interest in the special fact of the illustration. Clearly, too, so far as Logic is formal, no particular matter of fact can adequately illustrate any of its doctrines. Accordingly, writers on Logic employ letters of the alphabet instead of concrete terms, (say) _X_ instead of _salt_ or instead of _iron_, and (say) _Y_ instead of _soluble_ or instead of _rusted by water_; and then a proposition may be represented by _X is Y_. It is still more usual to represent a proposition by _S is (or is not) P, S_ being the initial of Subject and _P_ of Predicate; though this has the drawback that if we argue--_S is P_, therefore _P is S_, the symbols in the latter proposition no longer have the same significance, since the former subject is now the predicate.

Again, negative terms frequently occur in Logic, such as _not-water_, or _not-iron_, and then if _water_ or _iron_ be expressed by _X_, the corresponding negative may be expressed by _x_; or, generally, if a capital letter stand for a positive term, the corresponding small letter represents the negative. The same device may be adopted to express contradictory terms: either of them being _X_, the other is _x_ (see chap. iv., Sec.Sec. 7-8); or the contradictory terms may be expressed by _x_ and _[x]_, _y_ and _[y]_.

And as terms are often compounded, it may be convenient to express them by a combination of letters: instead of illustrating such a case by _boiling water_ or _water that is boiling_, we may write _XY_; or since positive and negative terms may be compounded, instead of illustrating this by _water that is not boiling_, we may write _Xy_.

The convenience of this is obvious; but it is more than convenient; for, if one of the uses of Logic be to discipline the power of abstract thought, this can be done far more effectually by symbolic than by concrete examples; and if such discipline were the only use of Logic it might be best to discard concrete illustrations altogether, at least in advanced text-books, though no doubt the practice would be too severe for elementary manuals. On the other hand, to show the practical applicability of Logic to the arguments and proofs of actual life, or even of the concrete sciences, merely symbolic illustration may be not only useless but even misleading. When we speak of politics, or poetry, or species, or the weather, the terms that must be used can rarely have the distinctness and isolation of X and Y; so that the perfunctory use of symbolic illustration makes argument and proof appear to be much simpler and easier matters than they really are. Our belief in any proposition never rests on the proposition itself, nor merely upon one or two others, but upon the immense background of our general knowledge and beliefs, full of circumstances and analogies, in relation to which alone any given proposition is intelligible. Indeed, for this reason, it is impossible to illustrate Logic sufficiently: the reader who is in earnest about the cogency of arguments and the limitation of proofs, and is scrupulous as to the degrees of assent that they require, must constantly look for illustrations in his own knowledge and experience and rely at last upon his own sagacity.

CHAPTER III

OF TERMS AND THEIR DENOTATION

Sec. 1. In treating of Deductive Logic it is usual to recognise three divisions of the subject: first, the doctrine of Terms, words, or other signs used as subjects or predicates; secondly, the doctrine of Propositions, analysed into terms related; and, thirdly, the doctrine of the Syllogism in which propositions appear as the grounds of a conclusion.

The terms employed are either letters of the alphabet, or the words of common language, or the technicalities of science; and since the words of common language are most in use, it is necessary to give some account of common language as subserving the purposes of Logic. It has been urged that we cannot think or reason at all without words, or some substitute for them, such as the signs of algebra; but this is an exaggeration. Minds greatly differ, and some think by the aid of definite and comprehensive picturings, especially in dealing with problems concerning objects in space, as in playing chess blindfold, inventing a machine, planning a tour on an imagined map. Most people draw many simple inferences by means of perceptions, or of mental imagery. On the other hand, some men think a good deal without any continuum of words and without any imagery, or with none that seems relevant to the purpose. Still the more elaborate sort of thinking, the grouping and concatenation of inferences, which we call reasoning, cannot be carried far without language or some equivalent system of signs. It is not merely that we need language to express our reasonings and communicate them to others: in solitary thought we often depend on words--'talk to ourselves,' in fact; though the words or sentences that then pass through our minds are not always fully formed or articulated. In Logic, moreover, we have carefully to examine the grounds (at least the proximate grounds) of our conclusions; and plainly this cannot be done unless the conclusions in question are explicitly stated and recorded.

Conceptualists say that Logic deals not with the process of thinking (which belongs to Psychology) but with its results; not with conceiving but with concepts; not with judging but with judgments. Is the concept self-consistent or adequate? Logic asks; is the judgment capable of proof? Now, it is only by recording our thoughts in language that it becomes possible to distinguish between the process and the result of thought. Without language, the act and the product of thinking would be identical and equally evanescent. But by carrying on the process in language and remembering or otherwise recording it, we obtain a result which may be examined according to the principles of Logic.

Sec. 2. As Logic, then, must give some account of language, it seems desirable to explain how its treatment of language differs from that of Grammar and from that of Rhetoric.

Grammar is the study of the words of some language, their classification and derivation, and of the rules of combining them, according to the usage at any time recognised and followed by those who are considered correct writers or speakers. Composition may be faultless in its grammar, though dull and absurd.

Rhetoric is the study of language with a view to obtaining some special effect in the communication of ideas or feelings, such as picturesqueness in description, vivacity in narration, lucidity in exposition, vehemence in persuasion, or literary charm. Some of these ends are often gained in spite of faulty syntax or faulty logic; but since the few whom bad grammar saddens or incoherent arguments divert are not carried away, as they else might be, by an unsophisticated orator, Grammar and Logic are necessary to the perfection of Rhetoric. Not that Rhetoric is in bondage to those other sciences; for foreign idioms and such figures as the ellipsis, the anacoluthon, the oxymoron, the hyperbole, and violent inversions have their place in the magnificent style; but authors unacquainted with Grammar and Logic are not likely to place such figures well and wisely. Indeed, common idioms, though both grammatically and rhetorically justifiable, both correct and effective, often seem illogical. 'To fall asleep,' for example, is a perfect English phrase; yet if we examine severally the words it consists of, it may seem strange that their combination should mean anything at all.

But Logic only studies language so far as necessary in order to state, understand, and check the evidence and reasonings that are usually embodied in language. And as long as meanings are clear, good Logic is compatible with false concords and inelegance of style.

Sec. 3. Terms are either Simple or Composite: that is to say, they may consist either of a single word, as 'Chaucer,' 'civilisation'; or of more than one, as 'the father of English poetry,' or 'modern civilised nations.' Logicians classify words according to their uses in forming propositions; or, rather, they classify the uses of words as terms, not the words themselves; for the same word may fall into different classes of terms according to the way in which it is used. (Cf. Mr. Alfred Sidgwick's _Distinction and the Criticism of Beliefs_, chap. xiv.)

Thus words are classified as Categorematic or Syncategorematic. A word is Categorematic if used singly as a term without the support of other words: it is Syncategorematic when joined with other words in order to constitute the subject or predicate of a proposition. If we say _Venus is a planet whose orbit is inside the Earth's_, the subject, 'Venus,' is a word used categorematically as a simple term; the predicate is a composite term whose constituent words (whether substantive, relative, verb, or preposition) are used syncategorematically.

Prepositions, conjunctions, articles, adverbs, relative pronouns, in their ordinary use, can only enter into terms along with other words having a substantive, adjectival or participial force; but when they are themselves the things spoken of and are used substantively (_suppositio materialis_), they are categorematic. In the proposition, _'Of' was used more indefinitely three hundred years ago than it is now_, 'of' is categorematic. On the other hand, all substantives may be used categorematically; and the same self-sufficiency is usually recognised in adjectives and participles. Some, however, hold that the categorematic use of adjectives and participles is due to an ellipsis which the logician should fill up; that instead of _Gold is heavy_, he should say _Gold is a heavy metal_; instead of _The sun is shining_, _The sun is a body shining_. But in these cases the words 'metal' and 'body' are unmistakable tautology, since 'metal' is implied in gold and 'body' in sun. But, as we have seen, any of these kinds of word, substantive, adjective, or participle, may occur syncategorematically in connection with others to form a composite term.

Sec. 4. Most terms (the exceptions and doubtful cases will be discussed hereafter) have two functions, a denotative and a connotative. A term's denotative function is, to be the name or sign of something or some multitude of things, which are said to be called or denoted by the term. Its connotative function is, to suggest certain qualities and characteristics of the things denoted, so that it cannot be used literally as the name of any other things; which qualities and characteristics are said to be implied or connoted by the term. Thus 'sheep' is the name of certain animals, and its connotation prevents its being used of any others. That which a term directly indicates, then, is its _Denotation_; that sense or customary use of it which limits the Denotation is its _Connotation_ (ch. iv.). Hamilton and others use 'Extension' in the sense of Denotation, and 'Intension' or 'Comprehension' in the sense of Connotation. Now, terms may be classified, first according to what they stand for or denote; that is, according to their _Denotation_. In this respect, the use of a term is said to be either Concrete or Abstract.

A term is Concrete when it denotes a 'thing'; that is, any person, object, fact, event, feeling or imagination, considered as capable of having (or consisting of) qualities and a determinate existence. Thus 'cricket ball' denotes any object having a certain size, weight, shape, colour, etc. (which are its qualities), and being at any given time in some place and related to other objects--in the bowler's hands, on the grass, in a shop window. Any 'feeling of heat' has a certain intensity, is pleasurable or painful, occurs at a certain time, and affects some part or the whole of some animal. An imagination, indeed (say, of a fairy), cannot be said in the same sense to have locality; but it depends on the thinking of some man who has locality, and is definitely related to his other thoughts and feelings.

A term is Abstract, on the other hand, when it denotes a quality (or qualities), considered by itself and without determinate existence in time, place, or relation to other things. 'Size,' 'shape,' 'weight,' 'colour,' 'intensity,' 'pleasurableness,' are terms used to denote such qualities, and are then abstract in their denotation. 'Weight' is not something with a determinate existence at a given time; it exists not merely in some particular place, but wherever there is a heavy thing; and, as to relation, at the same moment it combines in iron with solidity and in mercury with liquidity. In fact, a quality is a point of agreement in a multitude of different things; all heavy things agree in weight, all round things in roundness, all red things in redness; and an abstract term denotes such a point (or points) of agreement among the things denoted by concrete terms. Abstract terms result from the analysis of concrete things into their qualities; and conversely a concrete term may be viewed as denoting the synthesis of qualities into an individual thing. When several things agree in more than one quality, there may be an abstract term denoting the union of qualities in which they agree, and omitting their peculiarities; as 'human nature' denotes the common qualities of men, 'civilisation' the common conditions of civilised peoples.

Every general name, if used as a concrete term, has, or may have, a corresponding abstract term. Sometimes the concrete term is modified to form the abstract, as 'greedy--greediness'; sometimes a word is adapted from another language, as 'man--humanity'; sometimes a composite term is used, as 'mercury--the nature of mercury,' etc. The same concrete may have several abstract correlatives, as 'man--manhood, humanity, human nature'; 'heavy--weight, gravity, ponderosity'; but in such cases the abstract terms are not used quite synonymously; that is, they imply different ways of considering the concrete.

Whether a word is used as a concrete or abstract term is in most instances plain from the word itself, the use of most words being pretty regular one way or the other; but sometimes we must judge by the context. 'Weight' may be used in the abstract for 'gravity,' or in the concrete for a measure; but in the latter sense it is syncategorematic (in the singular), needing at least the article 'a (or the) weight.' 'Government' may mean 'supreme political authority,' and is then abstract; or, the men who happen to be ministers, and is then concrete; but in this case, too, the article is usually prefixed. 'The life' of any man may mean his vitality (abstract), as in "Thus following life in creatures we dissect"; or, the series of events through which he passes (concrete), as in 'the life of Nelson as narrated by Southey.'

It has been made a question whether the denotation of an abstract term may itself be the subject of qualities. Apparently 'weight' may be greater or less, 'government' good or bad, 'vitality' intense or dull. But if every subject is modified by a quality, a quality is also modified by making it the subject of another; and, if so, it seems then to become a new quality. The compound terms 'great weight,' 'bad government,' 'dull vitality,' have not the same denotation as the simple terms 'weight, 'government,' 'vitality': they imply, and may be said to connote, more special concrete experience, such as the effort felt in lifting a trunk, disgust at the conduct of officials, sluggish movements of an animal when irritated. It is to such concrete experiences that we have always to refer in order fully to realise the meaning of abstract terms, and therefore, of course, to understand any qualification of them.

Sec. 5. Concrete terms may be subdivided according to the number of things they denote and the way in which they denote them. A term may denote one thing or many: if one, it is called Singular; if many, it may do so distributively, and then it is General; or, as taken all together, and then it is Collective: one, then; any one of many; many in one.

Among Singular Terms, each denoting a single thing, the most obvious are Proper Names, such as Gibraltar or George Washington, which are merely marks of individual things or persons, and may form no part of the common language of a country. They are thus distinguished from other Singular Terms, which consist of common words so combined as to restrict their denotation to some individual, such as, 'the strongest man on earth.'

Proper Terms are often said to be arbitrary signs, because their use does not depend upon any reason that may be given for them. Gibraltar had a meaning among the Moors when originally conferred; but no one now knows what it was, unless he happens to have learned it; yet the name serves its purpose as well as if it were "Rooke's Nest." Every Newton or Newport year by year grows old, but to alter the name would cause only confusion. If such names were given by mere caprice it would make no difference; and they could not be more cumbrous, ugly, or absurd than many of those that are given 'for reasons.'

The remaining kinds of Singular Terms are drawn from the common resources of the language. Thus the pronouns 'he,' 'she,' 'it,' are singular terms, whose present denotation is determined by the occasion and context of discourse: so with demonstrative phrases--'the man,' 'that horse.' Descriptive names may be more complex, as 'the wisest man of Gotham,' which is limited to some individual by the superlative suffix; or 'the German Emperor,' which is limited by the definite article--the general term 'German Emperor' being thereby restricted either to the reigning monarch or to the one we happen to be discussing. Instead of the definite, the indefinite article may be used to make general terms singular, as 'a German Emperor was crowned at Versailles' (_individua vaga_).

Abstract Terms are ostensively singular: 'whiteness' (e.g.) is one quality. But their full meaning is general: 'whiteness' stands for all white things, so far as white. Abstract terms, in fact, are only formally singular.

General Terms are words, or combinations of words, used to denote any one of many things that resemble one another in certain respects. 'George III.' is a Singular Term denoting one man; but 'King' is a General Term denoting him and all other men of the same rank; whilst the compound 'crowned head' is still more general, denoting kings and also emperors. It is the nature of a general term, then, to be used in the same sense of whatever it denotes; and its most characteristic form is the Class-name, whether of objects, such as 'king,' 'sheep,' 'ghost'; or of events, such as 'accession,' 'purchase,' 'manifestation.' Things and events are known by their qualities and relations; and every such aspect, being a point of resemblance to some other things, becomes a ground of generalisation, and therefore a ground for the need and use of general terms. Hence general terms are far the most important sort of terms in Logic, since in them general propositions are expressed and, moreover (with rare exceptions), all predicates are general. For, besides these typical class-names, attributive words are general terms, such as 'royal,' 'ruling,' 'woolly,' 'bleating,' 'impalpable,' 'vanishing.'

Infinitives may also be used as general terms, as '_To err is human_'; but for logical purposes they may have to be translated into equivalent substantive forms, as _Foolish actions are characteristic of mankind_. Abstract terms, too, are (as I observed) equivalent to general terms; 'folly' is abstract for 'foolish actions.' '_Honesty is the best policy_' means _people who are honest may hope to find their account in being so_; that is, in the effects of their honest actions, provided they are wise in other ways, and no misfortunes attend them. The abstract form is often much the more succinct and forcible, but for logical treatment it needs to be interpreted in the general form.

By antonomasia proper names may become general terms, as if we say _'A Johnson' would not have written such a book_--i.e., any man of his genius for elaborate eloquence.

A Collective Term denotes a multitude of similar things considered as forming one whole, as 'regiment,' 'flock,' 'nation': not distributively, that is, not the similar things severally; to denote them we must say 'soldiers of the regiment,' 'sheep of the flock,' and so on. If in a multitude of things there is no resemblance, except the fact of being considered as parts of one whole, as 'the world,' or 'the town of Nottingham' (meaning its streets and houses, open spaces, people, and civic organisation), the term denoting them as a whole is Singular; but 'the world' or 'town of Nottingham,' meaning the inhabitants only, is Collective.

In their strictly collective use, all such expressions are equivalent to singular terms; but many of them may also be used as general terms, as when we speak of 'so many regiments of the line,' or discuss the 'plurality of worlds'; and in this general use they denote any of a multitude of things of the same kind--regiments, or habitable worlds.

Names of substances, such as 'gold,' 'air,' 'water,' may be employed as singular, collective, or general terms; though, perhaps, as singular terms only figuratively, as when we say _Gold is king_. If we say with Thales, '_Water is the source of all things_,' 'water' seems to be used collectively. But substantive names are frequently used as general terms. For example, _Gold is heavy_ means 'in comparison with other things,' such as water. And, plainly, it does not mean that the aggregate of gold is heavier than the aggregate of water, but only that its specific gravity is greater; that is, bulk for bulk, any piece of gold is heavier than water.

Finally, any class-name may be used collectively if we wish to assert something of the things denoted by it, not distributively but altogether, as that _Sheep are more numerous than wolves_.

CHAPTER IV

THE CONNOTATION OF TERMS

Sec. 1. Terms are next to be classified according to their Connotation--that is, according to what they imply as characteristic of the things denoted. We have seen that general names are used to denote many things in the same sense, because the things denoted resemble one another in certain ways: it is this resemblance in certain points that leads us to class the things together and call them by the same name; and therefore the points of resemblance constitute the sense or meaning of the name, or its Connotation, and limit its applicability to such things as have these characteristic qualities. 'Sheep' for example, is used in the same sense, to denote any of a multitude of animals that resemble one another: their size, shape, woolly coats, cloven hoofs, innocent ways and edibility are well known. When we apply to anything the term 'sheep,' we imply that it has these qualities: 'sheep,' denoting the animal, connotes its possessing these characteristics; and, of course, it cannot, without a figure of speech or a blunder, be used to denote anything that does not possess all these qualities. It is by a figure of speech that the term 'sheep' is applied to some men; and to apply it to goats would be a blunder.

Most people are very imperfectly aware of the connotation of the words they use, and are guided in using them merely by the custom of the language. A man who employs a word quite correctly may be sadly posed by a request to explain or define it. Moreover, so far as we are aware of the connotation of terms, the number and the kind of attributes we think of, in any given case, vary with the depth of our interest, and with the nature of our interest in the things denoted. 'Sheep' has one meaning to a touring townsman, a much fuller one to a farmer, and yet a different one to a zoologist. But this does not prevent them agreeing in the use of the word, as long as the qualities they severally include in its meaning are not incompatible.

All general names, and therefore not only class-names, like 'sheep,' but all attributives, have some connotation. 'Woolly' denotes anything that bears wool, and connotes the fact of bearing wool; 'innocent' denotes anything that habitually and by its disposition does no harm (or has not been guilty of a particular offence), and connotes a harmless character (or freedom from particular guilt); 'edible' denotes whatever can be eaten with good results, and connotes its suitability for mastication, deglutition, digestion, and assimilation.

Sec. 2. But whether all terms must connote as well as denote something, has been much debated. Proper names, according to what seems the better opinion, are, in their ordinary use, not connotative. To say that they have no meaning may seem violent: if any one is called John Doe, this name, no doubt, means a great deal to his friends and neighbours, reminding them of his stature and physiognomy, his air and gait, his wit and wisdom, some queer stories, and an indefinite number of other things. But all this significance is local or accidental; it only exists for those who know the individual or have heard him described: whereas a general name gives information about any thing or person it denotes to everybody who understands the language, without any particular knowledge of the individual.

We must distinguish, in fact, between the peculiar associations of the proper name and the commonly recognised meaning of the general name. This is why proper names are not in the dictionary. Such a name as London, to be sure, or Napoleon Buonaparte, has a significance not merely local; still, it is accidental. These names are borne by other places and persons than those that have rendered them famous. There are Londons in various latitudes, and, no doubt, many Napoleon Buonapartes in Louisiana; and each name has in its several denotations an altogether different suggestiveness. For its suggestiveness is in each application determined by the peculiarities of the place or person denoted; it is not given to the different places (or to the different persons) because they have certain characteristics in common.

However, the scientific grounds of the doctrine that proper names are non-connotative, are these: The peculiarities that distinguish an individual person or thing are admitted to be infinite, and anything less than a complete enumeration of these peculiarities may fail to distinguish and identify the individual. For, short of a complete enumeration of them, the description may be satisfied by two or more individuals; and in that case the term denoting them, if limited by such a description, is not a proper but a general name, since it is applicable to two or more in the same sense. The existence of other individuals to whom it applies may be highly improbable; but, if it be logically possible, that is enough. On the other hand, the enumeration of infinite peculiarities is certainly impossible. Therefore proper names have no assignable connotation. The only escape from this reasoning lies in falling back upon time and place, the principles of individuation, as constituting the connotation of proper names. Two things cannot be at the same time in the same place: hence 'the man who was at a certain spot on the bridge of Lodi at a certain instant in a certain year' suffices to identify Napoleon Buonaparte for that instant. Supposing no one else to have borne the name, then, is this its connotation? No one has ever thought so. And, at any rate, time and place are only extrinsic determinations (suitable indeed to events like the battle of Lodi, or to places themselves like London); whereas the connotation of a general term, such as 'sheep,' consists of intrinsic qualities. Hence, then, the scholastic doctrine 'that individuals have no essence' (see chap. xxii. Sec. 9), and Hamilton's dictum 'that every concept is inadequate to to the individual,' are justified.

General names, when used as proper names, lose their connotation, as Euxine or Newfoundland.

Singular terms, other than Proper, have connotation; either in themselves, like the singular pronouns 'he,' 'she,' 'it,' which are general in their applicability, though singular in application; or, derivatively, from the general names that combine to form them, as in 'the first Emperor of the French' or the 'Capital of the British Empire.'

Sec. 3. Whether Abstract Terms have any connotation is another disputed question. We have seen that they denote a quality or qualities of something, and that is precisely what general terms connote: 'honesty' denotes a quality of some men; 'honest' connotes the same quality, whilst denoting the men who have it.

The denotation of abstract terms thus seems to exhaust their force or meaning. It has been proposed, however, to regard them as connoting the qualities they directly stand for, and not denoting anything; but surely this is too violent. To denote something is the same as to be the name of something (whether real or unreal), which every term must be. It is a better proposal to regard their denotation and connotation as coinciding; though open to the objection that 'connote' means 'to mark along with' something else, and this plan leaves nothing else. Mill thought that abstract terms are connotative when, besides denoting a quality, they suggest a quality of that quality (as 'fault' implies 'hurtfulness'); but against this it may be urged that one quality cannot bear another, since every qualification of a quality constitutes a distinct quality in the total ('milk-whiteness' is distinct from 'whiteness,' _cf._ chap. iii. Sec. 4). After all, if it is the most consistent plan, why not say that abstract, like proper, terms have no connotation?

But if abstract terms must be made to connote something, should it not be those things, indefinitely suggested, to which the qualities belong? Thus 'whiteness' may be considered to connote either snow or vapour, or any white thing, apart from one or other of which the quality has no existence; whose existence therefore it implies. By this course the denotation and connotation of abstract and of general names would be exactly reversed. Whilst the denotation of a general name is limited by the qualities connoted, the connotation of an abstract name includes all the things in which its denotation is realised. But the whole difficulty may be avoided by making it a rule to translate, for logical purposes, all abstract into the corresponding general terms.

Sec. 4. If we ask how the connotation of a term is to be known, the answer depends upon how it is used. If used scientifically, its connotation is determined by, and is the same as, its definition; and the definition is determined by examining the things to be denoted, as we shall see in chap. xxii. If the same word is used as a term in different sciences, as 'property' in Law and in Logic, it will be differently defined by them, and will have, in each use, a correspondingly different connotation. But terms used in popular discourse should, as far as possible, have their connotations determined by classical usage, i.e., by the sense in which they are

used by writers and speakers who are acknowledged masters of the language, such as Dryden and Burke. In this case the classical connotation determines the definition; so that to define terms thus used is nothing else than to analyse their accepted meanings.

It must not, however, be supposed that in popular use the connotation of any word is invariable. Logicians have attempted to classify terms into Univocal (having only one meaning) and AEquivocal (or ambiguous); and no doubt some words (like 'civil,' 'natural,' 'proud,' 'liberal,' 'humorous') are more manifestly liable to ambiguous use than some others. But in truth all general terms are popularly and classically used in somewhat different senses.

Figurative or tropical language chiefly consists in the transfer of words to new senses, as by metaphor or metonymy. In the course of years, too, words change their meanings; and before the time of Dryden our whole vocabulary was much more fluid and adaptable than it has since become. Such authors as Bacon, Milton, and Sir Thomas Browne often used words derived from the Latin in some sense they originally had in Latin, though in English they had acquired another meaning. Spenser and Shakespeare, besides this practice, sometimes use words in a way that can only be justified by their choosing to have it so; whilst their contemporaries, Beaumont and Fletcher, write the perfect modern language, as Dryden observed. Lapse of time, however, is not the chief cause of variation in the sense of words. The matters which terms are used to denote are often so complicated or so refined in the assemblage, interfusion, or gradation of their qualities, that terms do not exist in sufficient abundance and discriminativeness to denote the things and, at the same time, to convey by connotation a determinate sense of their agreements and differences. In discussing politics, religion, ethics, aesthetics, this imperfection of language is continually felt; and the only escape from it, short of coining new words, is to use such words as we have, now in one sense, now in another somewhat different, and to trust to the context, or to the resources of the literary art, in order to convey the true meaning. Against this evil the having been born since Dryden is no protection. It behoves us, then, to remember that terms are not classifiable into Univocal and AEquivocal, but that all terms are susceptible of being used aequivocally, and that honesty and lucidity require us to try, as well as we can, to use each term univocally in the same context.

The context of any proposition always proceeds upon some assumption or understanding as to the scope of the discussion, which controls the interpretation of every statement and of every word. This was called by De Morgan the "universe of discourse": an older name for it, revived by Dr. Venn, and surely a better one, is _suppositio_. If we are talking of children, and 'play' is mentioned, the _suppositio_ limits the suggestiveness of the word in one way; whilst if Monaco is the subject of conversation, the same word 'play,' under the influence of a different _suppositio_, excites altogether different ideas. Hence to ignore the _suppositio_ is a great source of fallacies of equivocation. 'Man' is generally defined as a kind of animal; but 'animal' is often used as opposed to and excluding man. 'Liberal' has one meaning under the _suppositio_ of politics, another with regard to culture, and still another as to the disposal of one's private means. Clearly, therefore, the connotation of general terms is relative to the _suppositio_, or "universe of discourse."

Sec. 5. Relative and Absolute Terms.--Some words go in couples or groups: like 'up-down,' 'former-latter,' 'father-mother-children,' 'hunter-prey,' 'cause-effect,' etc. These are called Relative Terms, and their nature, as explained by Mill, is that the connotations of the members of such a pair or group are derived from the same set of facts (the _fundamentum relationis_). There cannot be an 'up' without a 'down,' a 'father' without a 'mother' and 'child'; there cannot be a 'hunter' without something hunted, nor 'prey' without a pursuer. What makes a man a 'hunter' is his activities in pursuit; and what turns a chamois into 'prey' is its interest in these activities. The meaning of both terms, therefore, is derived from the same set of facts; neither term can be explained without explaining the other, because the relation between them is connoted by both; and neither can with propriety be used without reference to the other, or to some equivalent, as 'game' for 'prey.'

In contrast with such Relative Terms, others have been called Absolute or Non-relative. Whilst 'hunter' and 'prey' are relative, 'man' and 'chamois' have been considered absolute, as we may use them without thinking of any special connection between their meanings. However, if we believe in the unity of Nature and in the relativity of knowledge (that is, that all knowledge depends upon comparison, or a perception of the resemblances and differences of things), it follows that nothing can be completely understood except through its agreements or contrasts with everything else, and that all terms derive their connotation from the same set of facts, namely, from general experience. Thus both man and chamois are animals; this fact is an important part of the meaning of both terms, and to that extent they are relative terms. 'Five yards' and 'five minutes' are very different notions, yet they are profoundly related; for their very difference helps to make both notions distinct; and their intimate connection is shown in this, that five yards are traversed in a certain time, and that five minutes are measured by the motion of an index over some fraction of a yard upon the dial.

The distinction, then, between relative and non-relative terms must rest, not upon a fundamental difference between them (since, in fact, all words are relative), but upon the way in which words are used. We have seen that some words, such as 'up-down,' 'cause-effect,' can only be used relatively; and these may, for distinction, be called Correlatives. But other words, whose meanings are only partially interdependent, may often be used without attending to their relativity, and may then be considered as Absolute. We cannot say 'the hunter returned empty handed,' without implying that 'the prey escaped'; but we may say 'the man went supperless to bed,' without implying that 'the chamois rejoiced upon the mountain.' Such words as 'man' and 'chamois' may, then, in their use, be, as to one another, non-relative.

To illustrate further the relativity of terms, we may mention some of the chief classes of them.

Numerical order: 1st, 2nd, 3rd, etc.; 1st implies 2nd, and 2nd 1st; and 3rd implies 1st and 2nd, but these do not imply 3rd; and so on.

Order in Time or Place: before-after; early-punctual-late; right-middle-left; North-South, etc.

As to Extent, Volume, and Degree: greater-equal-less; large-medium-small; whole and part.

Genus and Species are a peculiar case of whole and part (_cf._ chaps. xxi.-ii.-iii.). Sometimes a term connotes all the attributes that another does, and more besides, which, as distinguishing it, are called differential. Thus 'man' connotes all that 'animal' does, and also (as _differentiae_) the erect gait, articulate speech, and other attributes. In such a case as this, where there are well-marked classes, the term whose connotation is included in the others' is called a Genus of that Species. We have a Genus, triangle; and a Species, isosceles, marked off from all other triangles by the differential quality of having two equal sides: again--Genus, book; Species, quarto; Difference, having each sheet folded into four leaves.

There are other cases where these expressions 'genus' and 'species' cannot be so applied without a departure from usage, as, e.g., if we call snow a species of the genus 'white,' for 'white' is not a recognised class. The connotation of white (i.e., whiteness) is, however, part of the connotation of snow, just as the qualities of 'animal' are amongst those of 'man'; and for logical purposes it is desirable to use 'genus and species' to express that relativity of terms which consists in the connotation of one being part of the connotation of the other.

Two or more terms whose connotations severally include that of another term, whilst at the same time exceeding it, are (in relation to that other term) called Co-ordinate. Thus in relation to 'white,' snow and silver are co-ordinate; in relation to colour, yellow and red and blue are co-ordinate. And when all the terms thus related stand for recognised natural classes, the co-ordinate terms are called co-ordinate species; thus man and chamois are (in Logic) co-ordinate species of the genus animal.

Sec. 6. From such examples of terms whose connotations are related as whole and part, it is easy to see the general truth of the doctrine that as connotation decreases, denotation increases: for 'animal,' with less connotation than man or chamois, denotes many more objects; 'white,' with less connotation than snow or silver, denotes many more things, It is not, however, certain that this doctrine is always true in the concrete: since there may be a term connoting two or more qualities, all of which qualities are peculiar to all the things it denotes; and, if so, by subtracting one of the qualities from its connotation, we should not increase its denotation. If 'man,' for example, has among mammals the two peculiar attributes of erect gait and articulate speech, then, by omitting 'articulate speech' from the connotation of man, we could not apply the name to any more of the existing mammalia than we can at present. Still we might have been able to do so; there might have been an erect inarticulate ape, and perhaps there once was one; and, if so, to omit 'articulate' from the connotation of man would make the term 'man' denote that animal (supposing that there was no other difference to exclude it). Hence, potentially, an increase of the connotation of any term implies a decrease of its denotation. And, on the other hand, we can only increase the denotation of a term, or apply it to more objects, by decreasing its connotation; for, if the new things denoted by the term had already possessed its whole connotation, they must already have been denoted by it. However, we may increase the _known_ denotation without decreasing the connotation, if we can discover the full connotation in things not formerly supposed to have it, as when dolphins were discovered to be mammals; or if we can impose the requisite qualities upon new individuals, as when by annexing some millions of Africans we extend the denotation of 'British subject' without altering its connotation.

Many of the things noticed in this chapter, especially in this section and the preceding, will be discussed at greater length in the chapters on Classification and Definition.

Sec. 7. Contradictory Relative Terms.--Every term has, or may have, another corresponding with it in such a way that, whatever differential qualities (Sec. 5) it connotes, this other connotes merely their absence; so that one or the other is always formally predicable of any Subject, but both these terms are never predicable of the same Subject in the same relation: such pairs of terms are called Contradictories. Whatever Subject we take, it is either visible or invisible, but not both; either human or non-human, but not both.

This at least is true formally, though in practice we should think ourselves trifled with if any one told us that 'A mountain is either human or non-human, but not both.' It is symbolic terms, such as X and x, that are properly said to be contradictories in relation to any subject whatever, S or M. For, as we have seen, the ordinary use of terms is limited by some _suppositio_, and this is true of Contradictories. 'Human' and 'non-human' may refer to zoological classification, or to the scope of physical, mental, or moral powers--as if we ask whether to flourish a dumbbell of a ton weight, or to know the future by intuition, or impeccability, be human or non-human. Similarly, 'visible' and 'invisible' refer either to the power of emitting or reflecting light, so that the words have no hold upon a sound or a scent, or else to power of vision and such qualifications as 'with the naked eye' or 'with a microscope.'

Again, the above definition of Contradictories tells us that they cannot be predicated of the same Subject "in the same relation"; that is, at the same time or place, or under the same conditions. The lamp is visible to me now, but will be invisible if I turn it out; one side of it is now visible, but the other is not: therefore without this restriction, "in the same relation," few or no terms would be contradictory.

If a man is called wise, it may mean 'on the whole' or 'in a certain action'; and clearly a man may for once be wise (or act wisely) who, on the whole, is not-wise. So that here again, by this ambiguity, terms that seem contradictory are predicable of the same subject, but not "in the same relation." In order to avoid the ambiguity, however, we have only to construct the term so as to express the relation, as 'wise on the whole'; and this immediately generates the contradictory 'not-wise on the whole.' Similarly, at one age a man may have black hair, at another not-black hair; but the difficulty is practically removable by stating the age referred to.

Still, this case easily leads us to a real difficulty in the use of contradictory terms, a difficulty arising from the continuous change or 'flux' of natural phenomena. If things are continually changing, it may be urged that contradictory terms are always applicable to the same subject, at least as fast as we can utter them: for if we have just said that a man's hair is black, since (like everything else) his hair is changing, it must now be not-black, though (to be sure) it may still seem black. The difficulty, such as it is, lies in this, that the human mind and its instrument language are not equal to the subtlety of Nature. All things flow, but the terms of human discourse assume a certain fixity of things; everything at every moment changes, but for the most part we can neither perceive this change nor express it in ordinary language.

This paradox, however, may, I suppose, be easily over-stated. The change that continually agitates Nature consists in the movements of masses or molecules, and such movements of things are compatible with a considerable persistence of their qualities. Not only are the molecular changes always going on in a piece of gold compatible with its remaining yellow, but its persistent yellowness depends on the continuance of some of those changes. Similarly, a man's hair may remain black for some years; though, no doubt, at a certain age its colour may begin to be problematical, and the applicability to it of 'black' or 'not-black' may become a matter of genuine anxiety. Whilst being on our guard, then, against fallacies of contradiction arising from the imperfect correspondence of fact with thought and language, we shall often have to put up with it. Candour and humility having been satisfied by the above acknowledgment of the subtlety of Nature, we may henceforward proceed upon the postulate--that it is possible to use contradictory terms such as cannot both be predicated of the same subject in the same relation, though one of them may be; that, for example, it may be truly said of a man for some years that his hair is black; and, if so, that during those years to call it not-black is false or extremely misleading.

The most opposed terms of the literary vocabulary, however, such as 'wise-foolish,' 'old-young,' 'sweet-bitter,' are rarely true contradictories: wise and foolish, indeed, cannot be predicated of the same man in the same relation; but there are many middling men, of whom neither can be predicated on the whole. For the comparison of quantities, again, we have three correlative terms, 'greater--equal--less,' and none of these is the contradictory of either of the others. In fact, the contradictory of any term is one that denotes the sum of its co-ordinates (Sec. 6); and to obtain a contradictory, the surest way is to coin one by prefixing to the given term the particle 'not' or (sometimes) 'non': as 'wise, not-wise,' 'human, non-human,' 'greater, not-greater.'

The separate word 'not' is surer to constitute a contradictory than the usual prefixes of negation, 'un-' or 'in-,' or even 'non'; since compounds of these are generally warped by common use from a purely negative meaning. Thus, 'Nonconformist' does not denote

everybody who fails to conform. 'Unwise' is not equivalent to 'not-wise,' but means 'rather foolish'; a very foolish action is not-wise, but can only be called unwise by meiosis or irony. Still, negatives formed by 'in' or 'un' or 'non' are sometimes really contradictory of their positives; as 'visible, invisible,' 'equal, unequal.'

Sec. 8. The distinction between Positive and Negative terms is not of much value in Logic, what importance would else attach to it being absorbed by the more definite distinction of contradictories. For contradictories are positive and negative in essence and, when least ambiguously stated, also in form. And, on the other hand, as we have seen, when positive and negative terms are not contradictory, they are misleading. As with 'wise-unwise,' so with many others, such as 'happy-unhappy'; which are not contradictories; since a man may be neither happy nor unhappy, but indifferent, or (again) so miserable that he can only be called unhappy by a figure of speech. In fact, in the common vocabulary a formal negative often has a limited positive sense; and this is the case with unhappy, signifying the state of feeling in the milder shades of Purgatory.

When a Negative term is fully contradictory of its Positive it is said to be Infinite; because it denotes an unascertained multitude of things, a multitude only limited by the positive term and the _suppositio_; thus 'not-wise' denotes all except the wise, within the _suppositio_ of 'intelligent beings.' Formally (disregarding any _suppositio_), such a negative term stands for all possible terms except its positive: x denotes everything but X; and 'not-wise' may be taken to include stones, triangles and hippogriffs. And even in this sense, a negative term has some positive meaning, though a very indefinite one, not a specific positive force like 'unwise' or 'unhappy': it denotes any and everything that has not the attributes connoted by the corresponding positive term.

Privative Terms connote the absence of a quality that normally belongs to the kind of thing denoted, as 'blind' or 'deaf.' We may predicate 'blind' or 'deaf' of a man, dog or cow that happens not to be able to see or hear, because the powers of seeing and hearing generally belong to those species; but of a stone or idol these terms can only be used figuratively. Indeed, since the contradictory of a privative carries with it the privative limitation, a stone is strictly 'not-blind': that is, it is 'not-something-that-normally-having-sight-wants-it.'

Contrary Terms are those that (within a certain genus or _suppositio_) severally connote differential qualities that are, in fact, mutually incompatible in the same relation to the same thing, and therefore cannot be predicated of the same subject in the same relation; and, so far, they resemble Contradictory Terms: but they differ from contradictory terms in this, that the differential quality connoted by each of them is definitely positive; no Contrary Term is infinite, but is limited to part of the _suppositio_ excluded by the others; so that, possibly, neither of two Contraries is truly predicable of a given subject. Thus 'blue' and 'red' are Contraries, for they cannot both be predicated of the same thing in the same relation; but are not Contradictories, since, in a given case, neither may be predicable: if a flower is blue in a certain part, it cannot in the same part be red; but it may be neither blue nor red, but yellow; though it is certainly either blue or not-blue. All co-ordinate terms are formal Contraries; but if, in fact, a series of co-ordinates comprises only two (as male-female), they are empirical Contradictories; since each includes all that area of the _suppositio_ which the other excludes.

The extremes of a series of co-ordinate terms are Opposites; as, in a list of colours, white and black, the most strongly contrasted, are said to be opposites, or as among moods of feeling, rapture and misery are opposites. But this distinction is of slight logical importance. Imperfect Positive and Negative couples, like 'happy and unhappy,' which (as we have seen) are not contradictories, are often called Opposites.

The members of any series of Contraries are all included by any one of them and its contradictory, as all colours come under 'red' and 'not-red,' all moods of feeling under 'happy' and 'not-happy.'

CHAPTER V

THE CLASSIFICATION OF PROPOSITIONS

Sec. 1. Logicians classify Propositions according to Quantity, Quality, Relation and Modality.

As to Quantity, propositions are either Universal or Particular; that is to say, the predicate is affirmed or denied either of the whole subject or of a part of it--of _All_ or of _Some S_.

All S is P (that is, _P_ is predicated of _all S_). _Some S is P_ (that is, _P_ is predicated of _some S_).

An Universal Proposition may have for its subject a singular term, a collective, a general term distributed, or an abstract term.

(1) A proposition having a singular term for its subject, as _The Queen has gone to France_, is called a Singular Proposition; and some Logicians regard this as a third species of proposition with respect to quantity, distinct from the Universal and Particular; but that is needless.

(2) A collective term may be the subject, as _The Black Watch is ordered to India_. In this case, as well as in singular propositions, a predication is made concerning the whole subject as a whole.

(3) The subject may be a general term taken in its full denotation, as _All apes are sagacious_; and in this case a Predication is made concerning the whole subject distributively; that is, of each and everything the subject stands for.

(4) Propositions whose subjects are abstract terms, though they may seem to be formally Singular, are really as to their meaning distributive Universals; since whatever is true of a quality is true of whatever thing has that quality so far as that quality is concerned. _Truth will prevail_ means that _All true propositions are accepted at last_ (by sheer force of being true, in spite of interests, prejudices, ignorance and indifference). To bear this in mind may make one cautious in the use of abstract terms.

In the above paragraphs a distinction is implied between Singular and Distributive Universals; but, technically, every term, whether subject or predicate, when taken in its full denotation (or universally), is said to be 'distributed,' although this word, in its ordinary sense, would be directly applicable only to general terms. In the above examples, then, 'Queen,' 'Black Watch,' 'apes,' and 'truth' are all distributed terms. Indeed, a simple definition of the Universal Proposition is 'one whose subject is distributed.'

A Particular Proposition is one that has a general term for its subject, whilst its predicate is not affirmed or denied of everything the subject denotes; in other words, it is one whose subject is not distributed: as _Some lions inhabit Africa_.

In ordinary discourse it is not always explicitly stated whether predication is universal or particular; it would be very natural to say _Lions inhabit Africa_, leaving it, as far as the words go, uncertain whether we mean _all_ or _some_ lions. Propositions whose quantity is thus left indefinite are technically called 'preindesignate,' their quantity not being stated or designated by any introductory expression; whilst propositions whose quantity is expressed, as _All foundling-hospitals have a high death-rate_, or _Some wine is made from grapes_, are said to be 'predesignate.' Now, the rule is that preindesignate propositions are, for logical purposes, to be treated as particular; since it is an obvious precaution of the science of proof, in any practical application, _not to go beyond the evidence_. Still, the rule may be relaxed if the universal quantity of a preindesignate proposition is well known or admitted, as in _Planets shine with reflected light_--understood of the planets of our solar system at the present time. Again, such a proposition as _Man is the paragon of animals_ is not a preindesignate, but an abstract proposition; the subject being elliptical for _Man according to his proper nature_; and the translation of it into a predesignate proposition is not _All men are paragons_; nor can _Some men_ be sufficient, since an abstract can only be adequately rendered by a distributed term; but we must say, _All men who approach the ideal_. Universal real propositions, true without qualification, are very scarce; and we often substitute for them _general_ propositions, saying perhaps--_generally, though not universally, S is P_. Such general propositions are, in strictness, particular; and the logical rules concerning universals cannot be applied to them without careful scrutiny of the facts.

The marks or predesignations of Quantity commonly used in Logic are: for Universals, _All_, _Any_, _Every_, _Whatever_ (in the negative _No_ or _No one_, see next Sec.); for Particulars, _Some_.

Now _Some_, technically used, does not mean _Some only,_ but _Some at least_ (it may be one, or more, or all). If it meant '_Some only_,' every particular proposition would be an exclusive exponible (chap. ii. Sec. 3); since _Only some men are wise_ implies that _Some men are not wise_. Besides, it may often happen in an investigation that all the instances we have observed come under a certain rule, though we do not yet feel justified in regarding the rule as universal; and this situation is exactly met by the expression _Some_ (_it may be all_).

The words _Many_, _Most_, _Few_ are generally interpreted to mean _Some_; but as _Most_ signifies that exceptions are known, and _Few_ that the exceptions are the more numerous, propositions thus predesignate are in fact exponibles, mounting to _Some are_ and _Some are not_. If to work with both forms be too cumbrous, so that we must choose one, apparently _Few are_ should be treated as _Some are not_. The scientific course to adopt with propositions predesignate by _Most_ or _Few_, is to collect statistics and determine the percentage; thus, _Few men are wise_--say 2 per cent.

The Quantity of a proposition, then, is usually determined entirely by the quantity of the subject, whether _all_ or _some_. Still, the quantity of the predicate is often an important consideration; and though in ordinary usage the predicate is seldom predesignate, Logicians agree that in every Negative Proposition (see Sec. 2) the predicate is 'distributed,' that is to say, is denied altogether of

the subject, and that this is involved in the form of denial. To say _Some men are not brave_, is to declare that the quality for which men may be called brave is not found in any of the _Some men_ referred to: and to say _No men are proof against flattery_, cuts off the being 'proof against flattery' entirely from the list of human attributes. On the other hand, every Affirmative Proposition is regarded as having an undistributed predicate; that is to say, its predicate is not affirmed exclusively of the subject. _Some men are wise_ does not mean that 'wise' cannot be predicated of any other beings; it is equivalent to _Some men are wise_ (_whoever else may be_). And _All elephants are sagacious_ does not limit sagacity to elephants: regarding 'sagacious' as possibly denoting many animals of many species that exhibit the quality, this proposition is equivalent to '_All elephants are_ some _sagacious animals_.' The affirmative predication of a quality does not imply exclusive possession of it as denial implies its complete absence; and, therefore, to regard the predicate of an affirmative proposition as distributed would be to go beyond the evidence and to take for granted what had never been alleged.

Some Logicians, seeing that the quantity of predicates, though not distinctly expressed, is recognised, and holding that it is the part of Logic "to make explicit in language whatever is implicit in thought," have proposed to exhibit the quantity of predicates by predesignation, thus: 'Some men are _some_ wise (beings)'; 'some men are not _any_ brave (beings)'; etc. This is called the Quantification of the Predicate, and leads to some modifications of Deductive Logic which will be referred to hereafter. (See Sec. 3; chap. vii. Sec. 4, and chap. viii. Sec. 3.)

Sec. 2. As to Quality, Propositions are either Affirmative or Negative. An Affirmative Proposition is, formally, one whose copula is affirmative (or, has no negative sign), as _S--is--P, All men--are--partial to themselves_. A Negative Proposition is one whose copula is negative (or, has a negative sign), as _S--is not--P, Some men--are not--proof against flattery_. When, indeed, a Negative Proposition is of Universal Quantity, it is stated thus: _No S is P, No men are proof against flattery_; but, in this case, the detachment of the negative sign from the copula and its association with the subject is merely an accident of our idiom; the proposition is the same as _All men--are not--proof against flattery_. It must be distinguished, therefore, from such an expression as _Not every man is proof against flattery_; for here the negative sign really restricts the subject; so that the meaning is--_Some men at most_ (it may be _none) are proof against flattery_; and thus the proposition is Particular, and is rendered--_Some men--are not--proof against flattery_.

When the negative sign is associated with the predicate, so as to make this an Infinite Term (chap. iv. Sec. 8), the proposition is called an Infinite Proposition, as _S is not-P_ (or _p), All men are--incapable of resisting flattery_, or _are--not-proof against flattery_.

Infinite propositions, when the copula is affirmative, are formally, themselves affirmative, although their force is chiefly negative; for, as the last example shows, the difference between an infinite and a negative proposition may depend upon a hyphen. It has been proposed, indeed, with a view to superficial simplification, to turn all Negatives into Infinites, and thus render all propositions Affirmative in Quality. But although every proposition both affirms and denies something according to the aspect in which you regard it (as _Snow is white_ denies that it is any other colour, and _Snow is not blue_ affirms that it is some other colour), yet there is a great difference between the definite affirmation of a genuine affirmative and the vague affirmation of a negative or infinite; so that materially an affirmative infinite is the same as a negative.

Generally Mill's remark is true, that affirmation and denial stand for distinctions of fact that cannot be got rid of by manipulation of words. Whether granite sinks in water, or not; whether the rook lives a hundred years, or not; whether a man has a hundred dollars in his pocket, or not; whether human bones have ever been found in Pliocene strata, or not; such alternatives require distinct forms of expression. At the same time, it may be granted that many facts admit of being stated with nearly equal propriety in either Quality, as _No man is proof against flattery_, or _All men are open to flattery_.

But whatever advantage there is in occasionally changing the Quality of a proposition may be gained by the process of Obversion (chap. vii. Sec. 5); whilst to use only one Quality would impair the elasticity of logical expression. It is a postulate of Logic that the negative sign may be transferred from the copula to the predicate, or from the predicate to the copula, without altering the sense of a proposition; and this is justified by the experience that not to have an attribute and to be without it are the same thing.

Sec. 3. A. I. E. O.--Combining the two kinds of Quantity, Universal and Particular, with the two kinds of Quality, Affirmative and Negative, we get four simple types of proposition, which it is usual to symbolise by the letters A. I. E. O., thus:

A. Universal Affirmative -- All S is P. I. Particular Affirmative -- Some S is P. E. Universal Negative -- No S is P. O. Particular Negative -- Some S is not P.

As an aid to the remembering of these symbols we may observe that A. and I. are the first two vowels in _affirmo_ and that E. and O. are the vowels in _nego_.

It must be acknowledged that these four kinds of proposition recognised by Formal Logic constitute a very meagre selection from the list of propositions actually used in judgment and reasoning.

Those Logicians who explicitly quantify the predicate obtain, in all, eight forms of proposition according to Quantity and Quality:

[Transcriber's Note: The Greek characters used in the original are represented below by the name of the character in square brackets.]

U. Toto-total Affirmative -- All X is all Y. A. Toto-partial Affirmative -- All X is some Y. Y. Parti-total Affirmative -- Some X is all Y. I. Parti-partial Affirmative -- Some X is some Y. E. Toto-total Negative -- No X is any Y. [eta]. Toto-partial Negative -- No X is some Y. O. Parti-total Negative -- Some X is not any Y. [omega]. Parti-partial Negative -- Some X is not some Y.

Here A. I. E. O. correspond with those similarly symbolised in the usual list, merely designating in the predicates the quantity which was formerly treated as implicit.

Sec. 4. As to Relation, propositions are either Categorical or Conditional. A Categorical Proposition is one in which the predicate is directly affirmed or denied of the subject without any limitation of time, place, or circumstance, extraneous to the subject, as _All men in England are secure of justice_; in which proposition, though there is a limitation of place ('in England'), it is included in the subject. Of this kind are nearly all the examples that have yet been given, according to the form _S is P_.

A Conditional Proposition is so called because the predication is made under some limitation or condition not included in the subject, as _If a man live in England, he is secure of justice_. Here the limitation 'living in England' is put into a conditional sentence extraneous to the subject, 'he,' representing any man.

Conditional propositions, again, are of two kinds--Hypothetical and Disjunctive. Hypothetical propositions are those that are limited by an explicit conditional sentence, as above, or thus: _If Joe Smith was a prophet, his followers have been unjustly persecuted_. Or in symbols thus:

If A is, B is; If A is B, A is C; If A is B, C is D.

Disjunctive propositions are those in which the condition under which predication is made is not explicit but only implied under the disguise of an alternative proposition, as _Joe Smith was either a prophet or an impostor_. Here there is no direct predication concerning Joe Smith, but only a predication of one of the alternatives conditionally on the other being denied, as, _If Joe Smith was not a prophet he was an impostor_; or, _If he was not an impostor, he was a prophet_. Symbolically, Disjunctives may be represented thus:

A is either B or C, Either A is B or C is D.

Formally, every Conditional may be expressed as a Categorical. For our last example shows how a Disjunctive may be reduced to two Hypotheticals (of which one is redundant, being the contrapositive of the other; see chap. vii. Sec. 10). And a Hypothetical is reducible to a Categorical thus: _If the sky is clear, the night is cold_ may be read--_The case of the sky being clear is a case of the night being cold_; and this, though a clumsy plan, is sometimes convenient. It would be better to say _The sky being clear is a sign of the night being cold_, or a condition of it. For, as Mill says, the essence of a Hypothetical is to state that one clause of it (the indicative) may be inferred from the other (the conditional). Similarly, we might write: _Proof of Joe Smith's not being a prophet is a proof of his being an impostor_.

This turning of Conditionals into Categoricals is called a Change of Relation; and the process may be reversed: _All the wise are virtuous_ may be written, _If any man is wise he is virtuous_; or, again, _Either a man is not-wise or he is virtuous_. But the categorical form is usually the simplest.

If, then, as substitutes for the corresponding conditionals, categoricals are formally adequate, though sometimes inelegant, it may be urged that Logic has nothing to do with elegance; or that, at any rate, the chief elegance of science is economy, and that therefore, for scientific purposes, whatever we may write further about conditionals must be an ugly excrescence. The scientific purpose of Logic is to assign the conditions of proof. Can we, then, in the conditional form prove anything that cannot be proved in

the categorical? Or does a conditional require to be itself proved by any method not applicable to the Categorical? If not, why go on with the discussion of Conditionals? For all laws of Nature, however stated, are essentially categorical. 'If a straight line falls on another straight line, the adjacent angles are together equal to two right angles'; 'If a body is unsupported, it falls'; 'If population increases, rents tend to rise': here 'if' means 'whenever' or 'all cases in which'; for to raise a doubt whether a straight line is ever conceived to fall upon another, whether bodies are ever unsupported, or population ever increases, is a superfluity of scepticism; and plainly the hypothetical form has nothing to do with the proof of such propositions, nor with inference from them.

Still, the disjunctive form is necessary in setting out the relation of contradictory terms, and in stating a Division (chap. xxi.), whether formal (_as A is B or not-B_) or material (as _Cats are white, or black, or tortoiseshell, or tabby_). And in some cases the hypothetical form is useful. One of these occurs where it is important to draw attention to the condition, as something doubtful or especially requiring examination. _If there is a resisting medium in space, the earth will fall into the sun; If the Corn Laws are to be re-enacted, we had better sell railways and buy land_: here the hypothetical form draws attention to the questions whether there is a resisting medium in space, whether the Corn Laws are likely to be re-enacted; but as to methods of inference and proof, the hypothetical form has nothing to do with them. The propositions predicate causation: _A resisting medium in space is a condition of the earth's falling into the sun; A Corn Law is a condition of the rise of rents, and of the fall of railway profits_.

A second case in which the hypothetical is a specially appropriate form of statement occurs where a proposition relates to a particular matter and to future time, as _If there be a storm to-morrow, we shall miss our picnic_. Such cases are of very slight logical interest. It is as exercises in formal thinking that hypotheticals are of most value; inasmuch as many people find them more difficult than categoricals to manipulate.

In discussing Conditional Propositions, the conditional sentence of a Hypothetical, or the first alternative of a Disjunctive, is called the Antecedent; the indicative sentence of a Hypothetical, or the second alternative of a Disjunctive, is called the Consequent.

Hypotheticals, like Categoricals, have been classed according to Quantity and Quality. Premising that the quantity of a Hypothetical depends on the quantity of its Antecedent (which determines its limitation), whilst its quality depends on the quality of its consequent (which makes the predication), we may exhibit four forms:

A. _If A is B, C is D;_ I. _Sometimes when A is B, C is D;_ E. _If A is B, C is not D;_ O. _Sometimes when A is B, C is not D._

But I. and O. are rarely used.

As for Disjunctives, it is easy to distinguish the two quantities thus:

A. _Either A is B, or C is D;_ I. _Sometimes either A is B or C is D._

But I. is rarely used. The distinction of quality, however, cannot be made: there are no true negative forms; for if we write--

Neither is A B, nor C D,

there is here no alternative predication, but only an Exponible equivalent to _No A is B, and No C is D_. And if we write--

Either A is not B, or C is not D,

this is affirmative as to the alternation, and is for all methods of treatment equivalent to A.

Logicians are divided in opinion as to the interpretation of the conjunction 'either, or'; some holding that it means 'not both,' others that it means 'it may be both.' Grammatical usage, upon which the question is sometimes argued, does not seem to be established in favour of either view. If we say _A man so precise in his walk and conversation is either a saint or a consummate hypocrite_; or, again, _One who is happy in a solitary life is either more or less than man_; we cannot in such cases mean that the subject may be both. On the other hand, if it be said that _the author of 'A Tale of a Tub' is either a misanthrope or a dyspeptic_, the alternatives are not incompatible. Or, again, given that _X. is a lunatic, or a lover, or a poet_, the three predicates have much congruity.

It has been urged that in Logic, language should be made as exact and definite as possible, and that this requires the exclusive interpretation 'not both.' But it seems a better argument, that Logic (1) should be able to express all meanings, and (2), as the science of evidence, must not assume more than is given; to be on the safe side, it must in doubtful cases assume the least, just as it generally assumes a preindesignate term to be of particular quantity; and, therefore 'either, or' means 'one, or the other, or both.'

However, when both the alternative propositions have the same subject, as _Either A is B, or A is C_, if the two predicates are contrary or contradictory terms (as 'saint' and 'hypocrite,' or 'saint' and 'not-saint'), they cannot in their nature be predicable in the same way of the same subject; and, therefore, in such a case 'either, or' means one or the other, but not both in the same relation. Hence it seems necessary to admit that the conjunction 'either, or' may sometimes require one interpretation, sometimes the other; and the rule is that it implies the further possibility 'or both,' except when both alternatives have the same subject whilst the predicates are contrary or contradictory terms.

If, then, the disjunctive _A is either B or C_ (_B_ and _C_ being contraries) implies that both alternatives cannot be true, it can only be adequately rendered in hypotheticals by the two forms--(1) _If A is B, it is not C_, and (2)_If A is not B, it is C_. But if the disjunctive _A is either B or C_ (_B_ and _C_ not being contraries) implies that both may be true, it will be adequately translated into a hypothetical by the single form, _If A is not B, it is C_. We cannot translate it into--_If A is B, it is not C_, for, by our supposition, if '_A is B_' is true, it does not follow that '_A is C_' must be false.

Logicians are also divided in opinion as to the function of the hypothetical form. Some think it expresses doubt; for the consequent depends on the antecedent, and the antecedent, introduced by 'if,' may or may not be realised, as in _If the sky is clear, the night is cold_: whether the sky is, or is not, clear being supposed to be uncertain. And we have seen that some hypothetical propositions seem designed to draw attention to such uncertainty, as--_If there is a resisting medium in space_, etc. But other Logicians lay stress upon the connection of the clauses as the important matter: the statement is, they say, that the consequent may be inferred from the antecedent. Some even declare that it is given as a necessary inference; and on this ground Sigwart rejects particular hypotheticals, such as _Sometimes when A is B, C is D_; for if it happens only sometimes the connexion cannot be necessary. Indeed, it cannot even be probably inferred without further grounds. But this is also true whenever the antecedent and consequent are concerned with different matter. For example, _If the soul is simple, it is indestructible_. How do you know that? Because _Every simple substance is indestructible_. Without this further ground there can be no inference. The fact is that conditional forms often cover assertions that are not true complex propositions but a sort of euthymemes (chap. xi. Sec. 2), arguments abbreviated and rhetorically disguised. Thus: _If patience is a virtue there are painful virtues_--an example from Dr. Keynes. Expanding this we have--

Patience is painful; Patience is a virtue: .'. Some virtue is painful.

And then we see the equivocation of the inference; for though patience be painful _to learn_, it is not painful _as a virtue_ to the patient man.

The hypothetical, '_If Plato was not mistaken poets are dangerous citizens_,' may be considered as an argument against the laureateship, and may be expanded (informally) thus: 'All Plato's opinions deserve respect; one of them was that poets are bad citizens; therefore it behoves us to be chary of encouraging poetry.' Or take this disjunctive, '_Either Bacon wrote the works ascribed to Shakespeare, or there were two men of the highest genius in the same age and country_.' This means that it is not likely there should be two such men, that we are sure of Bacon, and therefore ought to give him all the glory. Now, if it is the part of Logic 'to make explicit in language all that is implicit in thought,' or to put arguments into the form in which they can best be examined, such propositions as the above ought to be analysed in the way suggested, and confirmed or refuted according to their real intention.

We may conclude that no single function can be assigned to all hypothetical propositions: each must be treated according to its own meaning in its own context.

Sec. 5. As to Modality, propositions are divided into Pure and Modal. A Modal proposition is one in which the predicate is affirmed or denied, not simply but _cum modo_, with a qualification. And some Logicians have considered any adverb occurring in the predicate, or any sign of past or future tense, enough to constitute a modal: as 'Petroleum is _dangerously_ inflammable'; 'English _will be_ the universal language.' But far the most important kind of modality, and the only one we need consider, is that which is signified by some qualification of the predicate as to the degree of certainty with which it is affirmed or denied. Thus, 'The bite of the cobra is _probably_ mortal,' is called a Contingent or Problematic Modal: 'Water is _certainly_ composed of oxygen and hydrogen' is an Assertory or Certain Modal: 'Two straight lines _cannot_ enclose a space' is a Necessary or Apodeictic Modal (the opposite being inconceivable). Propositions not thus qualified are called Pure.

Modal propositions have had a long and eventful history, but they have not been found tractable by the resources of ordinary Logic, and are now generally neglected by the authors of text-books. No doubt such propositions are the commonest in ordinary

discourse, and in some rough way we combine them and draw inferences from them. It is understood that a combination of assertory or of apodeictic premises may warrant an assertory or an apodeictic conclusion; but that if we combine either of these with a problematic premise our conclusion becomes problematic; whilst the combination of two problematic premises gives a conclusion less certain than either. But if we ask 'How much less certain?' there is no answer. That the modality of a conclusion follows the less certain of the premises combined, is inadequate for scientific guidance; so that, as Deductive Logic can get no farther than this, it has abandoned the discussion of Modals. To endeavour to determine the degree of certainty attaching to a problematic judgment is not, however, beyond the reach of Induction, by analysing circumstantial evidence, or by collecting statistics with regard to it. Thus, instead of 'The cobra's bite is _probably_ fatal,' we might find that it is fatal 80 times in 100. Then, if we know that of those who go to India 3 in 1000 are bitten, we can calculate what the chances are that any one going to India will die of a cobra's bite (chap. xx.).

Sec. 6. Verbal and Real Propositions.--Another important division of propositions turns upon the relation of the predicate to the subject in respect of their connotations. We saw, when discussing Relative Terms, that the connotation of one term often implies that of another; sometimes reciprocally, like 'master' and 'slave'; or by inclusion, like species and genus; or by exclusion, like contraries and contradictories. When terms so related appear as subject and predicate of the same proposition, the result is often tautology--e.g., _The master has authority over his slave; A horse is an animal; Red is not blue; British is not foreign_. Whoever knows the meaning of 'master,' 'horse,' 'red,' 'British,' learns nothing from these propositions. Hence they are called Verbal propositions, as only expounding the sense of words, or as if they were propositions only by satisfying the forms of language, not by fulfilling the function of propositions in conveying a knowledge of facts. They are also called 'Analytic' and 'Explicative,' when they separate and disengage the elements of the connotation of the subject. Doubtless, such propositions may be useful to one who does not know the language; and Definitions, which are verbal propositions whose predicates analyse the whole connotations of their subjects, are indispensable instruments of science (see chap. xxii.).

Of course, hypothetical propositions may also be verbal, as _If the soul be material it is extended_; for 'extension' is connoted by 'matter'; and, therefore, the corresponding disjunctive is verbal--_Either the soul is not material, or it is extended_. But a true divisional disjunctive can never be verbal (chap. xxi. Sec. 4, rule 1).

On the other hand, when there is no such direct relation between subject and predicate that their connotations imply one another, but the predicate connotes something that cannot be learnt from the connotation of the subject, there is no longer tautology, but an enlargement of meaning--e.g., _Masters are degraded by their slaves; The horse is the noblest animal; Red is the favourite colour of the British army; If the soul is simple, it is indestructible_. Such propositions are called Real, Synthetic, or Ampliative, because they are propositions for which a mere understanding of their subjects would be no substitute, since the predicate adds a meaning of its own concerning matter of fact.

To any one who understands the language, a verbal proposition can never be an inference or conclusion from evidence; nor can a verbal proposition ever furnish grounds for an inference, except as to the meaning of words. The subject of real and verbal propositions will inevitably recur in the chapters on Definition; but tautologies are such common blemishes in composition, and such frequent pitfalls in argument, that attention cannot be drawn to them too early or too often.

CHAPTER VI

CONDITIONS OF IMMEDIATE INFERENCE

Sec. 1. The word Inference is used in two different senses, which are often confused but should be carefully distinguished. In the first sense, it means a process of thought or reasoning by which the mind passes from facts or statements presented, to some opinion or expectation. The data may be very vague and slight, prompting no more than a guess or surmise; as when we look up at the sky and form some expectation about the weather, or from the trick of a man's face entertain some prejudice as to his character. Or the data may be important and strongly significant, like the footprint that frightened Crusoe into thinking of cannibals, or as when news of war makes the city expect that Consols will fall. These are examples of the act of inferring, or of inference as a process; and with inference in this sense Logic has nothing to do; it belongs to Psychology to explain how it is that our minds pass from one perception or thought to another thought, and how we come to conjecture, conclude and believe (_cf._ chap. i. Sec. 6).

In the second sense, 'inference' means not this process of guessing or opining, but the result of it; the surmise, opinion, or belief when formed; in a word, the conclusion: and it is in this sense that Inference is treated of in Logic. The subject-matter of Logic is an

inference, judgment or conclusion concerning facts, embodied in a proposition, which is to be examined in relation to the evidence that may be adduced for it, in order to determine whether, or how far, the evidence amounts to proof. Logic is the science of Reasoning in the sense in which 'reasoning' means giving reasons, for it shows what sort of reasons are good. Whilst Psychology explains how the mind goes forward from data to conclusions, Logic takes a conclusion and goes back to the data, inquiring whether those data, together with any other evidence (facts or principles) that can be collected, are of a nature to warrant the conclusion. If we think that the night will be stormy, that John Doe is of an amiable disposition, that water expands in freezing, or that one means to national prosperity is popular education, and wish to know whether we have evidence sufficient to justify us in holding these opinions, Logic can tell us what form the evidence should assume in order to be conclusive. What _form_ the evidence should assume: Logic cannot tell us what kinds of fact are proper evidence in any of these cases; that is a question for the man of special experience in life, or in science, or in business. But whatever facts constitute the evidence, they must, in order to prove the point, admit of being stated in conformity with certain principles or conditions; and of these principles or conditions Logic is the science. It deals, then, not with the subjective process of inferring, but with the objective grounds that justify or discredit the inference.

Sec. 2. Inferences, in the Logical sense, are divided into two great classes, the Immediate and the Mediate, according to the character of the evidence offered in proof of them. Strictly, to speak of inferences, in the sense of conclusions, as immediate or mediate, is an abuse of language, derived from times before the distinction between inference as process and inference as result was generally felt. No doubt we ought rather to speak of Immediate and Mediate Evidence; but it is of little use to attempt to alter the traditional expressions of the science.

An Immediate Inference, then, is one that depends for its proof upon only one other proposition, which has the same, or more extensive, terms (or matter). Thus that _one means to national prosperity is popular education_ is an immediate inference, if the evidence for it is no more than the admission that _popular education is a means to national prosperity:_ Similarly, it is an immediate inference that _Some authors are vain_, if it be granted that _All authors are vain_.

An Immediate Inference may seem to be little else than a verbal transformation; some Logicians dispute its claims to be called an inference at all, on the ground that it is identical with the pretended evidence. If we attend to the meaning, say they, an immediate inference does not really express any new judgment; the fact expressed by it is either the same as its evidence, or is even less significant. If from _No men are gods_ we prove that _No gods are men_, this is nugatory; if we prove from it that _Some men are not gods_, this is to emasculate the sense, to waste valuable information, to lose the commanding sweep of our universal proposition.

Still, in Logic, it is often found that an immediate inference expresses our knowledge in a more convenient form than that of the evidentiary proposition, as will appear in the chapter on Syllogisms and elsewhere. And by transforming an universal into a particular proposition, as _No men are gods_, therefore, _Some men are not gods_,--we get a statement which, though weaker, is far more easily proved; since a single instance suffices. Moreover, by drawing all possible immediate inferences from a given proposition, we see it in all its aspects, and learn all that is implied in it.

A Mediate Inference, on the other hand, depends for its evidence upon a plurality of other propositions (two or more) which are connected together on logical principles. If we argue--

No men are gods; Alexander the Great is a man; .'. Alexander the Great is not a god:

this is a Mediate Inference. The evidence consists of two propositions connected by the term 'man,' which is common to both (a Middle Term), mediating between 'gods' and 'Alexander.' Mediate Inferences comprise Syllogisms with their developments, and Inductions; and to discuss them further at present would be to anticipate future chapters. We must now deal with the principles or conditions on which Immediate Inferences are valid: commonly called the "Laws of Thought."

Sec. 3. The Laws of Thought are conditions of the logical statement and criticism of all sorts of evidence; but as to Immediate Inference, they may be regarded as the only conditions it need satisfy. They are often expressed thus: (1) The principle of Identity--'_Whatever is, is_'; (2) The principle of Contradiction--'_It is impossible for the same thing to be and not be_'; (3) The principle of Excluded Middle--'_Anything must either be or not be_.' These principles are manifestly not 'laws' of thought in the sense in which 'law' is used in Psychology; they do not profess to describe the actual mental processes that take place in judgment or reasoning, as the 'laws of association of ideas' account for memory and recollection. They are not natural laws of thought; but, in relation to thought, can only be regarded as laws when stated as precepts, the observance of which (consciously or not) is

necessary to clear and consistent thinking: e.g., Never assume that the same thing can both be and not be.

However, treating Logic as the science of thought only as embodied in propositions, in respect of which evidence is to be adduced, or which are to be used as evidence of other propositions, the above laws or principles must be restated as the conditions of consistent argument in such terms as to be directly applicable to propositions. It was shown in the chapter on the connotation of terms, that terms are assumed by Logicians to be capable of definite meaning, and of being used univocally in the same context; if, or in so far as, this is not the case, we cannot understand one another's reasons nor even pursue in solitary meditation any coherent train of argument. We saw, too, that the meanings of terms were related to one another: some being full correlatives; others partially inclusive one of another, as species of genus; others mutually incompatible, as contraries; or alternatively predicable, as contradictories. We now assume that propositions are capable of definite meaning according to the meaning of their component terms and of the relation between them; that the meaning, the fact asserted or denied, is what we are really concerned to prove or disprove; that a mere change in the words that constitute our terms, or of construction, does not affect the truth of a proposition as long as the meaning is not altered, or (rather) as long as no fresh meaning is introduced; and that if the meaning of any proposition is true, any other proposition that denies it is false. This postulate is plainly necessary to consistency of statement and discourse; and consistency is necessary, if our thought or speech is to correspond with the unity and coherence of Nature and experience; and the Laws of Thought or Conditions of Immediate Inference are an analysis of this postulate.

Sec. 4. The principle of Identity is usually written symbolically thus: _A is A; not-A is not-A_. It assumes that there is something that may be represented by a term; and it requires that, in any discussion, _every relevant term, once used in a definite sense, shall keep that meaning throughout_. Socrates in his father's workshop, at the battle of Delium, and in prison, is assumed to be the same man denotable by the same name; and similarly, 'elephant,' or 'justice,' or 'fairy,' in the same context, is to be understood of the same thing under the same _suppositio_.

But, further, it is assumed that of a given term another term may be predicated again and again in the same sense under the same conditions; that is, we may speak of the identity of meaning in a proposition as well as in a term. To symbolise this we ought to alter the usual formula for Identity and write it thus: _If B is A, B is A; if B is not-A, B is not-A_. If Socrates is wise, he is wise; if fairies frequent the moonlight, they do; if Justice is not of this world, it is not. _Whatever affirmation or denial we make concerning any subject, we are bound to adhere to it for the purposes of the current argument or investigation._ Of course, if our assertion turns out to be false, we must not adhere to it; but then we must repudiate all that we formerly deduced from it.

Again, _whatever is true or false in one form of words is true or false in any other_: this is undeniable, for the important thing is identity of meaning; but in Formal Logic it is not very convenient. If Socrates is wise, is it an identity to say 'Therefore the master of Plato is wise'; or, further that he 'takes enlightened views of life'? If _Every man is fallible_, is it an identical proposition that _Every man is liable to error_? It seems pedantic to demand a separate proposition that _Fallible is liable to error_. But, on the other hand, the insidious substitution of one term for another speciously identical, is a chief occasion of fallacy. How if we go on to argue: therefore, _Every man is apt to blunder, prone to confusion of thought, inured to self-contradiction_? Practically, the substitution of identities must be left to candour and good-sense; and may they increase among us. Formal Logic is, no doubt, safest with symbols; should, perhaps, content itself with A and B; or, at least, hardly venture beyond Y and Z.

Sec. 5. The principle of Contradiction is usually written symbolically, thus: _A is not not-A_. But, since this formula seems to be adapted to a single term, whereas we want one that is applicable to propositions, it may be better to write it thus: _B is not both A and not-A_. That is to say: _if any term may be affirmed of a subject, the contradictory term may, in the same relation, be denied of it_. A leaf that is green on one side of it may be not-green on the other; but it is not both green and not-green on the same surface, at the same time, and in the same light. If a stick is straight, it is false that it is at the same time not-straight: having granted that two angles are equal, we must deny that they are unequal.

But is it necessarily false that the stick is 'crooked'; must we deny that either angle is 'greater or less' than the other? How far is it permissible to substitute any other term for the formal contradictory? Clearly, the principle of Contradiction takes for granted the principle of Identity, and is subject to the same difficulties in its practical application. As a matter of fact and common sense, if we affirm any term of a Subject, we are bound to deny of that Subject, in the same relation, not only the contradictory but all synonyms for this, and also all contraries and opposites; which, of course, are included in the contradictory. But who shall determine what these are? Without an authoritative Logical Dictionary to refer to, where all contradictories, synonyms, and contraries may be found on record, Formal Logic will hardly sanction the free play of common sense.

The principle of Excluded Middle may be written: _B is either A or not-A_; that is, _if any term be denied of a subject, the contradictory term may, in the same relation, be affirmed_. Of course, we may deny that a leaf is green on one side without being bound to affirm that it is not-green on the other. But in the same relation a leaf is either green or not-green; at the same time, a stick is either bent or not-bent. If we deny that A is greater than B, we must affirm that it is not-greater than B.

Whilst, then, the principle of Contradiction (that 'of contradictory predicates, one being affirmed, the other is denied ') might seem to leave open a third or middle course, the denying of both contradictories, the principle of Excluded Middle derives its name from the excluding of this middle course, by declaring that the one or the other must be affirmed. Hence the principle of Excluded Middle does not hold good of mere contrary terms. If we deny that a leaf is green, we are not bound to affirm it to be yellow; for it may be red; and then we may deny both contraries, yellow and green. In fact, two contraries do not between them cover the whole predicable area, but contradictories do: the form of their expression is such that (within the _suppositio_) each includes all that the other excludes; so that the subject (if brought within the _suppositio_) must fall under the one or the other. It may seem absurd to say that Mont Blanc is either wise or not-wise; but how comes any mind so ill-organised as to introduce Mont Blanc into this strange company? Being there, however, the principle is inexorable: Mont Blanc is not-wise.

In fact, the principles of Contradiction and Excluded Middle are inseparable; they are implicit in all distinct experience, and may be regarded as indicating the two aspects of Negation. The principle of Contradiction says: _B is not both A and not-A_, as if _not-A_ might be nothing at all; this is abstract negation. But the principle of Excluded Middle says: _Granting that B is not A, it is still something_--namely, _not-A_; thus bringing us back to the concrete experience of a continuum in which the absence of one thing implies the presence of something else. Symbolically: to deny that B is A is to affirm that B is not A, and this only differs by a hyphen from B is not-A.

These principles, which were necessarily to some extent anticipated in chap. iv. Sec. 7, the next chapter will further illustrate.

Sec. 6. But first we must draw attention to a maxim (also already mentioned), which is strictly applicable to Immediate Inferences, though (as we shall see) in other kinds of proof it may be only a formal condition: this is the general caution _not to go beyond the evidence_. An immediate inference ought to contain nothing that is not contained (or formally implied) in the proposition by which it is proved. With respect to quantity in denotation, this caution is embodied in the rule 'not to distribute any term that is not given distributed.' Thus, if there is a predication concerning 'Some S,' or 'Some men,' as in the forms I. and O., we cannot infer anything concerning 'All S.' or 'All men'; and, as we have seen, if a term is given us preindesignate, we are generally to take it as of particular quantity. Similarly, in the case of affirmative propositions, we saw that this rule requires us to assume that their predicates are undistributed.

As to the grounds of this maxim, not to go beyond the evidence, not to distribute a term that is given as undistributed, it is one of the things so plain that to try to justify is only to obscure them. Still, we must here state explicitly what Formal Logic assumes to be contained or implied in the evidence afforded by any proposition, such as 'All S is P.' If we remember that in chap. iv. Sec. 7, it was assumed that every term may have a contradictory; and if we bear in mind the principles of Contradiction and Excluded Middle, it will appear that such a proposition as 'All S is P' tells us something not only about the relations of 'S' and 'P,' but also of their relations to 'not-S' and 'not-P'; as, for example, that 'S is not not-P,' and that 'not-P is not-S.' It will be shown in the next chapter how Logicians have developed these implications in series of Immediate Inferences.

If it be asked whether it is true that every term, itself significant, has a significant contradictory, and not merely a formal contradictory, generated by force of the word 'not,' it is difficult to give any better answer than was indicated in Sec.Sec. 3-5, without venturing further into Metaphysics. I shall merely say, therefore, that, granting that some such term as 'Universe' or 'Being' may have no significant contradictory, if it stand for 'whatever can be perceived or thought of'; yet every term that stands for less than 'Universe' or 'Being' has, of course, a contradictory which denotes the rest of the universe. And since every argument or train of thought is carried on within a special 'universe of discourse,' or under a certain _suppositio_, we may say that _within the given suppositio every term has a contradictory_, and that every predication concerning a term implies some predication concerning its contradictory. But the name of the _suppositio_ itself has no contradictory, except with reference to a wider and inclusive _suppositio_.

The difficulty of actual reasoning, not with symbols, but about matters of fact, does not arise from the principles of Logic, but sometimes from the obscurity or complexity of the facts, sometimes from the ambiguity or clumsiness of language, sometimes from the deficiency of our own minds in penetration, tenacity and lucidity. One must do one's best to study the facts, and not be too

easily discouraged.

CHAPTER VII

IMMEDIATE INFERENCES

Sec. 1. Under the general title of Immediate Inference Logicians discuss three subjects, namely, Opposition, Conversion, and Obversion; to which some writers add other forms, such as Whole and Part in Connotation, Contraposition, Inversion, etc. Of Opposition, again, all recognise four modes: Subalternation, Contradiction, Contrariety and Sub-contrariety. The only peculiarities of the exposition upon which we are now entering are, that it follows the lead of the three Laws of Thought, taking first those modes of Immediate Inference in which Identity is most important, then those which plainly involve Contradiction and Excluded Middle; and that this method results in separating the modes of Opposition, connecting Subalternation with Conversion, and the other modes with Obversion. To make up for this departure from usage, the four modes of Opposition will be brought together again in Sec. 9.

Sec. 2. Subalternation.--Opposition being the relation of propositions that have the same matter and differ only in form (as A., E., I., O.), propositions of the forms A. and I. are said to be Subalterns in relation to one another, and so are E. and O.; the universal of each quality being distinguished as 'subalternans,' and the particular as 'subalternate.'

It follows from the principle of Identity that, the matter of the propositions being the same, if A. is true I. is true, and that if E. is true O. is true; for A. and E. predicate something of _All S_ or _All men_; and since I. and O. make the same predication of _Some S_ or _Some men_, the sense of these particular propositions has already been predicated in A. or E. If _All S is P, Some S is P_; if _No S is P, Some S is not P_; or, if _All men are fond of laughing, Some men are_; if _No men are exempt from ridicule, Some men are not_.

Similarly, if I. is false A. is false; if O. is false E. is false. If we deny any predication about _Some S_, we must deny it of _All S_; since in denying it of _Some_, we have denied it of at least part of _All_; and whatever is false in one form of words is false in any other.

On the other hand, if I. is true, we do not know that A. is; nor if O. is true, that E. is; for to infer from _Some_ to _All_ would be going beyond the evidence. We shall see in discussing Induction that the great problem of that part of Logic is, to determine the conditions under which we may in reality transcend this rule and infer from _Some_ to _All_; though even there it will appear that, formally, the rule is observed. For the present it is enough that I. is an immediate inference from A., and O. from E.; but that A. is not an immediate inference from I., nor E. from O.

Sec. 3. Connotative Subalternation.--We have seen (chap. iv. Sec. 6) that if the connotation of one term is only part of another's its denotation is greater and includes that other's. Hence genus and species stand in subaltern relation, and whatever is true of the genus is true of the species: If _All animal life is dependent on vegetation, All human life is dependent on vegetation_. On the other hand, whatever is not true of the species or narrower term, cannot be true of the whole genus: If it is false that '_All human life is happy_,' it is false that '_All animal life is happy_.'

Similar inferences may be drawn from the subaltern relation of predicates; affirming the species we affirm the genus. To take Mill's example, if _Socrates is a man, Socrates is a living creature_. On the other hand, denying the genus we deny the species: if _Socrates is not vicious, Socrates is not drunken_.

Such cases as these are recognised by Mill and Bain as immediate inferences under the principle of Identity. But some Logicians might treat them as imperfect syllogisms, requiring another premise to legitimate the conclusion, thus:

All animal life is dependent on vegetation; All human life is animal life; .'. All human life is dependent on vegetation.

Or again:

All men are living creatures; Socrates is a man; .'. Socrates is a living creature.

The decision of this issue turns upon the question (_cf._ chap. vi. Sec. 3) how far a Logician is entitled to assume that the terms he uses are understood, and that the identities involved in their meanings will be recognised. And to this question, for the sake of consistency, one of two answers is required; failing which, there remains the rule of thumb. First, it may be held that no terms are understood except those that are defined in expounding the science, such as 'genus' and 'species,' 'connotation' and 'denotation.'

But very few Logicians observe this limitation; few would hesitate to substitute 'not wise' for 'foolish.' Yet by what right? Malvolio being foolish, to prove that he is not-wise, we may construct the following syllogism:

Foolish is not-wise; Malvolio is foolish; .'. Malvolio is not-wise.

Is this necessary? Why not?

Secondly, it may be held that all terms may be assumed as understood unless a definition is challenged. This principle will justify the substitution of 'not-wise' for 'foolish'; but it will also legitimate the above cases (concerning 'human life' and 'Socrates') as immediate inferences, with innumerable others that might be based upon the doctrine of relative terms: for example, _The hunter missed his aim_: therefore, _The prey escaped_. And from this principle it will further follow that all apparent syllogisms, having one premise a verbal proposition, are immediate inferences (_cf._ chap. ix. Sec. 4).

Closely connected with such cases as the above are those mentioned by Archbishop Thomson as "Immediate Inferences by added Determinants" (_Laws of Thought_, Sec. 87). He takes the case: '_A negro is a fellow-creature_: therefore, _A negro in suffering is a fellow-creature in suffering_.' This rests upon the principle that to increase the connotations of two terms by the same attribute or determinant does not affect the relationship of their denotations, since it must equally diminish (if at all) the denotations of both classes, by excluding the same individuals, if any want the given attribute. But this principle is true only when the added attribute is not merely the same verbally, but has the same significance in qualifying both terms. We cannot argue _A mouse is an animal_; therefore, _A large mouse is a large animal_; for 'large' is an attribute relative to the normal magnitude of the thing described.

Sec. 4. Conversion is Immediate Inference by transposing the terms of a given proposition without altering its quality. If the quantity is also unaltered, the inference is called 'Simple Conversion'; but if the quantity is changed from universal to particular, it is called 'Conversion by limitation' or '_per accidens._' The given proposition is called the 'convertend'; that which is derived from it, the 'converse.'

Departing from the usual order of exposition, I have taken up Conversion next to Subalternation, because it is generally thought to rest upon the principle of Identity, and because it seems to be a good method to exhaust the forms that come only under Identity before going on to those that involve Contradiction and Excluded Middle. Some, indeed, dispute the claims of Conversion to illustrate the principle of Identity; and if the sufficient statement of that principle be 'A is A,' it may be a question how Conversion or any other mode of inference can be referred to it. But if we state it as above (chap. vi. Sec. 3), that whatever is true in one form of words is true in any other, there is no difficulty in applying it to Conversion.

Thus, to take the simple conversion of I.,

Some S is P; .'. Some P is S. _Some poets are business-like; .'. Some business-like men are poets._

Here the convertend and the converse say the same thing, and this is true if that is.

We have, then, two cases of simple conversion: of I. (as above) and of E. For E.:

_No S is P; .'. No P is S._ _No ruminants are carnivores; .'. No carnivores are ruminants._

In converting I., the predicate (P) when taken as the new subject, being preindesignate, is treated as particular; and in converting E., the predicate (P), when taken as the new subject, is treated as universal, according to the rule in chap. v. Sec. 1.

A. is the one case of conversion by limitation:

All S is P; .'. Some P is S.

All cats are grey in the dark; .'. Some things grey in the dark are cats.

The predicate is treated as particular, when taking it for the new subject, according to the rule not to go beyond the evidence. To infer that _All things grey in the dark are cats_ would be palpably absurd; yet no error of reasoning is commoner than the simple conversion of A. The validity of conversion by limitation may be shown thus: if, _All S is P_, then, by subalternation, _Some S is P_, and therefore, by simple conversion, _Some P is S_.

O. cannot be truly converted. If we take the proposition: _Some S is not P_, to convert this into _No P is S_, or _Some P is not S_, would break the rule in chap. vi. Sec. 6; since _S,_ undistributed in the convertend, would be distributed in the converse. If we are

told that _Some men are not cooks_, we cannot infer that _Some cooks are not men_. This would be to assume that '_Some men_' are identical with '_All men_.'

By quantifying the predicate, indeed, we may convert O. simply, thus:

Some men are not cooks .'. _No cooks are some men._

And the same plan has some advantage in converting A.; for by the usual method _per accidens_, the converse of A. being I., if we convert this again it is still I., and therefore means less than our original convertend. Thus:

All S is P .'. Some P is S .'. Some S is P.

Such knowledge, as that _All S_ (the whole of it) _is P_, is too precious a thing to be squandered in pure Logic; and it may be preserved by quantifying the predicate; for if we convert A. to Y., thus--

All S is P .'. Some P is all S--

we may reconvert Y. to A. without any loss of meaning. It is the chief use of quantifying the predicate that, thereby, every proposition is capable of simple conversion.

The conversion of propositions in which the relation of terms is inadequately expressed (see chap. ii., Sec. 2) by the ordinary copula (_is_ or _is not_) needs a special rule. To argue thus--

A is followed by B .'. _Something followed by B is A_--

would be clumsy formalism. We usually say, and we ought to say--

A is followed by B .'. _B follows A_ (or _is preceded by A_).

Now, any relation between two terms may be viewed from either side--_A: B_ or _B: A_. It is in both cases the same fact; but, with the altered point of view, it may present a different character. For example, in the Immediate Inference--_A > B_ .'. _B < A_--a diminishing turns into an increasing ratio, whilst the fact predicated remains the same. Given, then, a relation between two terms as viewed from one to the other, the same relation viewed from the other to the one may be called the Reciprocal. In the cases of Equality, Co-existence and Simultaneity, the given relation and its reciprocal are not only the same fact, but they also have the same character: in the cases of Greater and Less and Sequence, the character alters.

We may, then, state the following rule for the conversion of propositions in which the whole relation explicitly stated is taken as the copula: Transpose the terms, and for the given relation substitute its reciprocal. Thus--

A is the cause of B .'. B is the effect of A.

The rule assumes that the reciprocal of a given relation is definitely known; and so far as this is true it may be extended to more concrete relations--

A is a genus of B .'. B is a species of A A is the father of B .'. B is a child of A.

But not every relational expression has only one definite reciprocal. If we are told that _A is the brother of B_, we can only infer that _B is either the brother or the sister of A_. A list of all reciprocal relations is a desideratum of Logic.

Sec. 5. Obversion (otherwise called Permutation or AEquipollence) is Immediate Inference by changing the quality of the given proposition and substituting for its predicate the contradictory term. The given proposition is called the 'obvertend,' and the inference from it the 'obverse.' Thus the obvertend being--_Some philosophers are consistent reasoners_, the obverse will be--_Some philosophers are not inconsistent reasoners_.

The legitimacy of this mode of reasoning follows, in the case of affirmative propositions, from the principle of Contradiction, that if any term be affirmed of a subject, the contradictory term may be denied (chap. vi. Sec. 3). To obvert affirmative propositions, then, the rule is--Insert the negative sign, and for the predicate substitute its contradictory term.

A. _All S is P .'. No S is not-P All men are fallible .'. No men are infallible._

I. _Some S is P .'. some S is not-P Some philosophers are consistent .'. Some philosophers are not inconsistent._

In agreement with this mode of inference, we have the rule of modern English grammar, that 'two negatives make an affirmative.'

Again, by the principle of Excluded Middle, if any term be denied of a subject, its contradictory may be affirmed: to obvert negative propositions, then, the rule is--Remove the negative sign, and for the predicate substitute its contradictory term.

E. _No S is P .'. All S is not-P No matter is destructible .'. All matter is indestructible._

O. _Some S is not P .'. Some S is not-P Some ideals are not attainable .'. Some ideals are unattainable._

Thus, by obversion, each of the four propositions retains its quantity but changes its quality: A. to E., I. to O., E. to A., O. to I. And all the obverses are infinite propositions, the affirmative infinites having the sense of negatives, and the negative infinites having the sense of affirmatives.

Again, having obtained the obverse of a given proposition, it may be desirable to recover the obvertend; or it may at any time be requisite to change a given infinite proposition into the corresponding direct affirmative or negative; and in such cases the process is still obversion. Thus, if _No S is not-P_ be given us to recover the obvertend or to find the corresponding affirmative; the proposition being formally negative, we apply the rule for obverting negatives: 'Remove the negative sign, and for the predicate substitute its contradictory.' This yields the affirmative _All S is P_. Similarly, to obtain the obvertend of _All S is not-P_, apply the rule for obverting Affirmatives; and this yields _No S is P_.

Sec. 6. Contrariety.--We have seen in chap. iv. Sec. 8, that contrary terms are such that no two of them are predicable in the same way of the same subject, whilst perhaps neither may be predicable of it. Similarly, Contrary Propositions may be defined as those of which no two are ever both true together, whilst perhaps neither may be true; or, in other words, both may be false. This is the relation between A. and E. when concerned with the same matter: as A.--_All men are wise_; E.--_No men are wise_. Such propositions cannot both be true; but they may both be false, for some men may be wise and some not. They cannot both be true; for, by the principle of Contradiction, if _wise_ may be affirmed of _All men, not-wise_ must be denied; but _All men are not-wise_ is the obverse of _No men are wise_, which therefore may also be denied.

At the same time we cannot apply to A. and E. the principle of Excluded Middle, so as to show that one of them must be true of the same matter. For if we deny that _All men are wise_, we do not necessarily deny the attribute 'wise' of each and every man: to say that _Not all are wise_ may mean no more than that _Some are not_. This gives a proposition in the form of O.; which, as we have seen, does not imply its subalternans, E.

If, however, two Singular Propositions, having the same matter, but differing in quality, are to be treated as universals, and therefore as A. and E., they are, nevertheless, contradictory and not merely contrary; for one of them must be false and the other true.

Sec. 7. Contradiction is a relation between two propositions analogous to that between contradictory terms (one of which being affirmed of a subject the other is denied)--such, namely, that one of them is false and the other true. This is the case with the forms A. and O., and E. and I., in the same matter. If it be true that _All men are wise_, it is false that _Some men are not wise_ (equivalent by obversion to _Some men are not-wise_); or else, since the 'Some men' are included in the 'All men,' we should be predicating of the same men that they are both 'wise' and 'not-wise'; which would violate the principle of Contradiction. Similarly, _No men are wise_, being by obversion equivalent to _All men are not-wise_, is incompatible with _Some men are wise_, by the same principle of Contradiction.

But, again, if it be false that _All men are wise_, it is always true that _Some are not wise_; for though in denying that 'wise' is a predicate of 'All men' we do not deny it of each and every man, yet we deny it of 'Some men.' Of 'Some men,' therefore, by the principle of Excluded Middle, 'not-wise' is to be affirmed; and _Some men are not-wise_, is by obversion equivalent to _Some men are not wise_. Similarly, if it be false that _No men are wise_, which by obversion is equivalent to _All men are not-wise_, then it is true at least that _Some men are wise_.

By extending and enforcing the doctrine of relative terms, certain other inferences are implied in the contrary and contradictory relations of propositions. We have seen in chap. iv. that the contradictory of a given term includes all its contraries: 'not-blue,' for example, includes red and yellow. Hence, since _The sky is blue_ becomes by obversion, _The sky is not not-blue_, we may also infer _The sky is not red_, etc. From the truth, then, of any proposition predicating a given term, we may infer the falsity of all propositions predicating the contrary terms in the same relation. But, on the other hand, from the falsity of a proposition predicating

a given term, we cannot infer the truth of the predication of any particular contrary term. If it be false that _The sky is red_, we cannot formally infer, that _The sky is blue_ (_cf._ chap. iv. Sec. 8).

Sec. 8. Sub-contrariety is the relation of two propositions, concerning the same matter that may both be true but are never both false. This is the case with I. and O. If it be true that _Some men are wise_, it may also be true that _Some (other) men are not wise_. This follows from the maxim in chap. vi. Sec. 6, not to go beyond the evidence.

For if it be true that _Some men are wise_, it may indeed be true that _All are_ (this being the subalternans): and if _All are_, it is (by contradiction) false that _Some are not_; but as we are only told that _Some men are_, it is illicit to infer the falsity of _Some are not_, which could only be justified by evidence concerning _All men_.

But if it be false that _Some men are wise_, it is true that _Some men are not wise_; for, by contradiction, if _Some men are wise_ is false, _No men are wise_ is true; and, therefore, by subalternation, _Some men are not wise_ is true.

Sec. 9. The Square of Opposition.--By their relations of Subalternation, Contrariety, Contradiction, and Sub-contrariety, the forms A. I. E. O. (having the same matter) are said to stand in Opposition: and Logicians represent these relations by a square having A. I. E. O. at its corners:

A. Contraries E.

S Co s S u nt e u b ra i b a di r a l ct o l t ct o t e di r e r ra i r n nt e n s Co s s

I. Sub-contraries O.

As an aid to the memory, this diagram is useful; but as an attempt to represent the logical relations of propositions, it is misleading. For, standing at corners of the same square, A. and E., A. and I., E. and O., and I. and O., seem to be couples bearing the same relation to one another; whereas we have seen that their relations are entirely different. The following traditional summary of their relations in respect of truth and falsity is much more to the purpose:

(1) If A. is true, I. is true, E. is false, O. is false. (2) If A. is false, I. is unknown, E. is unknown, O. is true. (3) If I. is true, A. is unknown, E. is false, O. is unknown. (4) If I. is false, A. is false, E. is true, O. is true. (5) If E. is true, A. is false, I. is false, O. is true. (6) If E. is false, A. is unknown, I. is true, O. is unknown. (7) If O. is true, A. is false, I. is unknown, E. is unknown. (8) If O. is false, A. is true, I. is true, E. is false.

Where, however, as in cases 2, 3, 6, 7, alleging either the falsity of universals or the truth of particulars, it follows that two of the three Opposites are unknown, we may conclude further that one of them must be true and the other false, because the two unknown are always Contradictories.

Sec. 10. Secondary modes of Immediate Inference are obtained by applying the process of Conversion or Obversion to the results already obtained by the other process. The best known secondary form of Immediate Inference is the Contrapositive, and this is the converse of the obverse of a given proposition. Thus:

DATUM. OBVERSE. CONTRAPOSITIVE.

A. _All S is P_ .'. _No S is not-P_ .'. _No not-P is S_ I. _Some S is P_ .'. _Some S is not not-P_ .'. (none) E. _No S is P_ .'. _All S is not-P_ .'. _Some not-P is S_ O. _Some S is not P_ .'. _Some S is not-P_ .'. _Some not-P is S_

There is no contrapositive of I., because the obverse of I. is in the form of O., and we have seen that O. cannot be converted. O., however, has a contrapositive (_Some not-P is S_); and this is sometimes given instead of the converse, and called the 'converse by negation.'

Contraposition needs no justification by the Laws of Thought, as it is nothing but a compounding of conversion with obversion, both of which processes have already been justified. I give a table opposite of the other ways of compounding these primary modes of Immediate Inference.

A I E O ----------

1 All A is B Some A is B No A is B Some A is not B

Obverse 2 No A is b Some A is not b All A is b Some A is b

Converse 3 Some B is A Some B is A No B is A

Obverse of 4 Some B is not a Some B is not a All B is a Converse

---

Contra- positive 5 No b is A Some b is A Some b is A

Obverse of 6 All b is a Some b is not a Some b is not a Contrapos

---

Converse of Obverse 7 Some a is B of Converse

Obverse of Converse of 8 Some a is not b Obverse of Converse

Converse of Obverse 9 Some a is b of Contrapos

Obverse of Converse of 10 Some a is not B Obverse of Contrapos

---

In this table _a_ and _b_ stand for _not-A_ and _not-B_ and had better be read thus: for _No A is b, No A is not-B_; for _All b is a_ (col. 6), _All not-B is not-A_; and so on.

It may not, at first, be obvious why the process of alternately obverting and converting any proposition should ever come to an end; though it will, no doubt, be considered a very fortunate circumstance that it always does end. On examining the results, it will be found that the cause of its ending is the inconvertibility of O. For E., when obverted, becomes A.; every A, when converted, degenerates into I.; every I., when obverted, becomes O.; O cannot be converted, and to obvert it again is merely to restore the former proposition: so that the whole process moves on to inevitable dissolution. I. and O. are exhausted by three transformations, whilst A. and E. will each endure seven.

Except Obversion, Conversion and Contraposition, it has not been usual to bestow special names on these processes or their results. But the form in columns 7 and 10 (_Some a is B--Some a is not B_), where the original predicate is affirmed or denied of the contradictory of the original subject, has been thought by Dr. Keynes to deserve a distinctive title, and he has called it the 'Inverse.' Whilst the Inverse is one form, however, Inversion is not one process, but is obtained by different processes from E. and A. respectively. In this it differs from Obversion, Conversion, and Contraposition, each of which stands for one process.

The Inverse form has been objected to on the ground that the inference _All A is B .'. Some not-A is not B_, distributes _B_ (as predicate of a negative proposition), though it was given as undistributed (as predicate of an affirmative proposition). But Dr. Keynes defends it on the ground that (1) it is obtained by obversions and conversions which are all legitimate and (2) that although _All A is B_ does not distribute _B_ in relation to _A_, it does distribute _B_ in relation to some _not-A_ (namely, in relation to whatever _not-A_ is _not-B_). This is one reason why, in stating the rule in chap. vi. Sec. 6, I have written: "an immediate inference ought to contain nothing that is not contained, _or formally implied_, in the proposition from which it is inferred"; and have maintained that every term formally implies its contradictory within the _suppositio_.

Sec. 11. Immediate Inferences from Conditionals are those which consist--(1) in changing a Disjunctive into a Hypothetical, or a Hypothetical into a Disjunctive, or either into a Categorical; and (2) in the relations of Opposition and the equivalences of Obversion, Conversion, and secondary or compound processes, which we have already examined in respect of Categoricals. As no new principles are involved, it may suffice to exhibit some of the results.

We have already seen (chap. v. Sec. 4) how Disjunctives may be read as Hypotheticals and Hypotheticals as Categoricals. And, as to Opposition, if we recognise four forms of Hypothetical A. I. E. O., these plainly stand to one another in a Square of Opposition, just as Categoricals do. Thus A. and E. (_If A is B, C is D_, and _If A is B, C is not D_) are contraries, but not contradictories; since both may be false (_C_ may sometimes be _D_, and sometimes not), though they cannot both be true. And if they are both false, their subalternates are both true, being respectively the contradictories of the universals of opposite quality, namely, I. of E., and O. of A. But in the case of Disjunctives, we cannot set out a satisfactory Square of Opposition; because, as we saw (chap. v. Sec. 4), the forms required for E. and O. are not true Disjunctives, but Exponibles.

The Obverse, Converse, and Contrapositive, of Hypotheticals (admitting the distinction of quality) may be exhibited thus:

DATUM. OBVERSE.

A. _If A is B, C is D_ _If A is B, C is not d_ I. Sometimes _when A is B, C is D_ Sometimes _when A is B, C is not d_ E. _If A is B, C is not D_ _If A is B, C is d_ O. Sometimes _when A is B, C is not D_ Sometimes _when A is B, C is d_

CONVERSE. CONTRAPOSITIVE.

Sometimes _when C is D, A is B_ _If C is d, A is not B_ Sometimes _when C is D, A is B_ (none) _If C is D, A is not B_ Sometimes _when C is d, A is B_ (none) Sometimes _when C is d, A is B_

As to Disjunctives, the attempt to put them through these different forms immediately destroys their disjunctive character. Still, given any proposition in the form _A is either B or C_, we can state the propositions that give the sense of obversion, conversion, etc., thus:

DATUM.--_A is either B or C;_ OBVERSE.--_A is not both b and c;_ CONVERSE.--_Something, either B or C, is A;_ CONTRAPOSITIVE.--_Nothing that is both b and c is A_.

For a Disjunctive in I., of course, there is no Contrapositive. Given a Disjunctive in the form _Either A is B or C is D_, we may write for its Obverse--_In no case is A b, and C at the same time d_. But no Converse or Contrapositive of such a Disjunctive can be obtained, except by first casting it into the hypothetical or categorical form.

The reader who wishes to pursue this subject further, will find it elaborately treated in Dr. Keynes' _Formal Logic_, Part II.; to which work the above chapter is indebted.

CHAPTER VIII

ORDER OF TERMS, EULER'S DIAGRAMS, LOGICAL EQUATIONS, EXISTENTIAL IMPORT OF PROPOSITIONS

Sec. 1. Of the terms of a proposition which is the Subject and which the Predicate? In most of the exemplary propositions cited by Logicians it will be found that the subject is a substantive and the predicate an adjective, as in _Men are mortal_. This is the relation of Substance and Attribute which we saw (chap. i. Sec. 5) to be the central type of relations of coinherence; and on this model other predications may be formed in which the subject is not a substance, but is treated as if it were, and could therefore be the ground of attributes; as _Fame is treacherous, The weather is changeable_. But, in literature, sentences in which the adjective comes first are not uncommon, as _Loud was the applause, Dark is the fate of man, Blessed are the peacemakers_, and so on. Here, then, 'loud,' 'dark' and 'blessed' occupy the place of the logical subject. Are they really the subject, or must we alter the order of such sentences into _The applause was loud_, etc.? If we do, and then proceed to convert, we get _Loud was the applause_, or (more scrupulously) _Some loud noise was the applause_. The last form, it is true, gives the subject a substantive word, but 'applause' has become the predicate; and if the substantive 'noise' was not implied in the first form, _Loud is the applause_, by what right is it now inserted? The recognition of Conversion, in fact, requires us to admit that, formally, in a logical proposition, the term preceding the copula is subject and the one following is predicate. And, of course, materially considered, the mere order of terms in a proposition can make no difference in the method of proving it, nor in the inferences that can be drawn from it.

Still, if the question is, how we may best cast a literary sentence into logical form, good grounds for a definite answer may perhaps be found. We must not try to stand upon the naturalness of expression, for _Dark is the fate of man_ is quite as natural as _Man is mortal_. When the purpose is not merely to state a fact, but also to express our feelings about it, to place the grammatical predicate first may be perfectly natural and most effective. But the grounds of a logical order of statement must be found in its adaptation to the purposes of proof and inference. Now general propositions are those from which most inferences can be drawn, which, therefore, it is most important to establish, if true; and they are also the easiest to disprove, if false; since a single negative instance suffices to establish the contradictory. It follows that, in re-casting a literary or colloquial sentence for logical purposes, we should try to obtain a form in which the subject is distributed--is either a singular term or a general term predesignate as 'All' or 'No.' Seeing, then, that most adjectives connote a single attribute, whilst most substantives connote more than one attribute; and that therefore the denotation of adjectives is usually wider than that of substantives; in any proposition, one term of which is an adjective and the other a substantive, if either can be distributed in relation to the other, it is nearly sure to be the substantive; so that to take the substantive term for subject is our best chance of obtaining an universal proposition. These considerations seem to justify the practice of Logicians in selecting their examples.

For similar reasons, if both terms of a proposition are substantive, the one with the lesser denotation is (at least in affirmative propositions) the more suitable subject, as _Cats are carnivores_. And if one term is abstract, that is the more suitable subject; for, as we have seen, an abstract term may be interpreted by a corresponding concrete one distributed, as _Kindness is infectious_; that is, _All kind actions suggest imitation_.

If, however, a controvertist has no other object in view than to refute some general proposition laid down by an opponent, a particular proposition is all that he need disentangle from any statement that serves his purpose.

Sec. 2. Toward understanding clearly the relations of the terms of a proposition, it is often found useful to employ diagrams; and the diagrams most in use are the circles of Euler.

These circles represent the denotation of the terms. Suppose the proposition to be _All hollow-horned animals ruminate_: then, if we could collect all ruminants upon a prairie, and enclose them with a circular palisade; and segregate from amongst them all the hollow-horned beasts, and enclose them with another ring-fence inside the other; one way of interpreting the proposition (namely, in denotation) would be figured to us thus:

[Illustration: FIG. 1.]

An Universal Affirmative may also state a relation between two terms whose denotation is co-extensive. A definition always does this, as _Man is a rational animal_; and this, of course, we cannot represent by two distinct circles, but at best by one with a thick circumference, to suggest that two coincide, thus:

[Illustration: FIG. 2.]

The Particular Affirmative Proposition may be represented in several ways. In the first place, bearing in mind that 'Some' means 'some at least, it may be all,' an I. proposition may be represented by Figs. 1 and 2; for it is true that _Some horned animals ruminate_, and that _Some men are rational_. Secondly, there is the case in which the 'Some things' of which a predication is made are, in fact, not all; whilst the predicate, though not given as distributed, yet might be so given if we wished to state the whole truth; as if we say _Some men are Chinese_. This case is also represented by Fig. 1, the outside circle representing 'Men,' and the inside one 'Chinese.' Thirdly, the predicate may appertain to some only of the subject, but to a great many other things, as in _Some horned beasts are domestic_; for it is true that some are not, and that certain other kinds of animals are, domestic. This case, therefore, must be illustrated by overlapping circles, thus:

[Illustration: FIG. 3.]

The Universal Negative is sufficiently represented by a single Fig. (4): two circles mutually exclusive, thus:

[Illustration: FIG. 4.]

That is, _No horned beasts are carnivorous_.

Lastly, the Particular Negative may be represented by any of the Figs. 1, 3, and 4; for it is true that _Some ruminants are not hollow-horned_, that _Some horned animals are not domestic_, and that _Some horned beasts are not carnivorous_.

Besides their use in illustrating the denotative force of propositions, these circles may be employed to verify the results of Obversion, Conversion, and the secondary modes of Immediate Inference. Thus the Obverse of A. is clear enough on glancing at Figs. 1 and 2; for if we agree that whatever term's denotation is represented by a given circle, the denotation of the contradictory term shall be represented by the space outside that circle; then if it is true that _All hollow horned animals are ruminants_, it is at the same time true that _No hollow-horned animals are not-ruminants_; since none of the hollow-horned are found outside the palisade that encloses the ruminants. The Obverse of I., E. or O. may be verified in a similar manner.

As to the Converse, a Definition is of course susceptible of Simple Conversion, and this is shown by Fig. 2: 'Men are rational animals' and 'Rational animals are men.' But any other A. proposition is presumably convertible only by limitation, and this is shown by Fig. 1; where _All hollow-horned animals are ruminants_, but we can only say that _Some ruminants are hollow-horned_.

That I. may be simply converted may be seen in Fig. 3, which represents the least that an I. proposition can mean; and that E. may be simply converted is manifest in Fig. 4.

As for O., we know that it cannot be converted, and this is made plain enough by glancing at Fig. 1; for that represents the O., _Some ruminants are not hollow-horned_, but also shows this to be compatible with _All hollow-horned animals are ruminants_ (A.). Now in conversion there is (by definition) no change of quality. The Converse, then, of _Some ruminants are not hollow-horned_ must be a negative proposition, having 'hollow-horned' for its subject, either in E. or O.; but these would be respectively the contrary and contradictory of _All hollow-horned animals are ruminants_; and, therefore, if this be true, they must both be false.

But (referring still to Fig. 1) the legitimacy of contrapositing O. is equally clear; for if _Some ruminants are not hollow-horned_, _Some animals that are not hollow-horned are ruminants_, namely, all the animals between the two ring-fences. Similar inferences may be illustrated from Figs. 3 and 4. And the Contraposition of A. may be verified by Figs. 1 and 2, and the Contraposition of E. by Fig. 4.

Lastly, the Inverse of A. is plain from Fig. 1--_Some things that are not hollow-horned are not ruminants_, namely, things that lie outside the outer circle and are neither 'ruminants' nor 'hollow-horned.' And the Inverse of E may be studied in Fig. 4--_Some things that are not-horned beasts are carnivorous_.

Notwithstanding the facility and clearness of the demonstrations thus obtained, it may be said that a diagrammatic method, representing denotations, is not properly logical. Fundamentally, the relation asserted (or denied) to exist between the terms of a proposition, is a relation between the terms as determined by their attributes or connotation; whether we take Mill's view, that a proposition asserts that the connotation of the subject is a mark of the connotation of the predicate; or Dr. Venn's view, that things denoted by the subject (as having its connotation) have (or have not) the attribute connoted by the predicate; or, the Conceptualist view, that a judgment is a relation of concepts (that is, of connotations). With a few exceptions artificially framed (such as 'kings now reigning in Europe'), the denotation of a term is never directly and exhaustively known, but consists merely in 'all things that have the connotation.' If the value of logical training depends very much upon our habituating ourselves to construe propositions, and to realise the force of inferences from them, according to the connotation of their terms, we shall do well not to turn too hastily to the circles, but rather to regard them as means of verifying in denotation the conclusions that we have already learnt to recognise as necessary in connotation.

Sec. 3. The equational treatment of propositions is closely connected with the diagrammatic. Hamilton thought it a great merit of his plan of quantifying the predicate, that thereby every proposition is reduced to its true form--an equation. According to this doctrine, the proposition _All X is all Y_ (U.) equates X and Y; the proposition _All X is some Y_ (A.) equates X with some part of Y; and similarly with the other affirmatives (Y. and I.). And so far it is easy to follow his meaning: the Xs are identical with some or all the Ys. But, coming to the negatives, the equational interpretation is certainly less obvious. The proposition _No X is Y_ (E.) cannot be said in any sense to equate X and Y; though, if we obvert it into _All X is some not-Y_, we have (in the same sense, of course, as in the above affirmative forms) X equated with part at least of 'not-Y.'

But what is that sense? Clearly not the same as that in which mathematical terms are equated, namely, in respect of some mode of quantity. For if we may say _Some X is some Y_, these Xs that are also Ys are not merely the same in number, or mass, or figure; they are the same in every respect, both quantitative and qualitative, have the same positions in time and place, are in fact identical. The proposition 2+2=4 means that any two things added to any other two are, _in respect of number_, equal to any three things added to one other thing; and this is true of all things that can be counted, however much they may differ in other ways. But

All X is all Y means that Xs and Ys are the same things, although they have different names when viewed in different aspects or relations. Thus all equilateral triangles are equiangular triangles; but in one case they are named from the equality of their angles, and in the other from the equality of their sides. Similarly, 'British subjects' and 'subjects of King George V' are the same people, named in one case from the person of the Crown, and in the other from the Imperial Government. These logical equations, then, are in truth identities of denotation; and they are fully illustrated by the relations of circles described in the previous section.

When we are told that logical propositions are to be considered as equations, we naturally expect to be shown some interesting developments of method in analogy with the equations of Mathematics; but from Hamilton's innovations no such thing results. This cannot be said, however, of the equations of Symbolic Logic; which are the starting-point of very remarkable processes of ratiocination. As the subject of Symbolic Logic, as a whole, lies beyond the compass of this work, it will be enough to give Dr. Venn's equations corresponding with the four propositional forms of common Logic.

According to this system, universal propositions are to be regarded as not necessarily implying the existence of their terms; and therefore, instead of giving them a positive form, they are translated into symbols that express what they deny. For example, the proposition _All devils are ugly_ need not imply that any such things as 'devils' really exist; but it certainly does imply that _Devils that are not ugly do not exist_. Similarly, the proposition _No angels are ugly_ implies that _Angels that are ugly do not exist_. Therefore, writing _x_ for 'devils,' _y_ for 'ugly,' and _[y]_ for 'not-ugly,' we may express A., the universal affirmative, thus:

A. _x[y]_ = 0.

That is, _x that is not y is nothing_; or, _Devils that are not-ugly do not exist_. And, similarly, writing _x_ for 'angels' and _y_ for 'ugly,' we may express E., the universal negative, thus:

E. _xy_ = 0.

That is, _x that is y is nothing_; or, _Angels that are ugly do not exist_.

On the other hand, particular propositions are regarded as implying the existence of their terms, and the corresponding equations are so framed as to express existence. With this end in view, the symbol v is adopted to represent 'something,' or indeterminate reality, or more than nothing. Then, taking any particular affirmative, such as _Some metaphysicians are obscure_, and writing _x_ for 'metaphysicians,' and _y_ for 'obscure,' we may express it thus:

I. _xy_ = v.

That is, _x that is y is something_; or, _Metaphysicians that are obscure do occur in experience_ (however few they may be, or whether they all be obscure). And, similarly, taking any particular negative, such as _Some giants are not cruel_, and writing _x_ for 'giants' and _y_ for 'not-cruel,' we may express it thus:

O. _x[y]_ = v.

That is, _x that is not y is something_; or, _giants that are not-cruel do occur_--in romances, if nowhere else.

Clearly, these equations are, like Hamilton's, concerned with denotation. A. and E. affirm that the compound terms x[y] and xy have no denotation; and I. and O. declare that x[y] and xy have denotation, or stand for something. Here, however, the resemblance to Hamilton's system ceases; for the Symbolic Logic, by operating upon more than two terms simultaneously, by adopting the algebraic signs of operations, +,-, x, / (with a special signification), and manipulating the symbols by quasi-algebraic processes, obtains results which the common Logic reaches (if at all) with much greater difficulty. If, indeed, the value of logical systems were to be judged of by the results obtainable, formal deductive Logic would probably be superseded. And, as a mental discipline, there is much to be said in favour of the symbolic method. But, as an introduction to philosophy, the common Logic must hold its ground. (Venn: _Symbolic Logic_, c. 7.)

Sec. 4. Does Formal Logic involve any general assumption as to the real existence of the terms of propositions?

In the first place, Logic treats primarily of the _relations_ implied in propositions. This follows from its being the science of proof for all sorts of (qualitative) propositions; since all sorts of propositions have nothing in common except the relations they express.

But, secondly, relations without terms of some sort are not to be thought of; and, hence, even the most formal illustrations of logical doctrines comprise such terms as S and P, X and Y, or x and y, in a symbolic or representative character. Terms, therefore, of

some sort are assumed to exist (together with their negatives or contradictories) _for the purposes of logical manipulation_.

Thirdly, however, that Formal Logic cannot as such directly involve the existence of any particular concrete terms, such as 'man' or 'mountain,' used by way of illustration, is implied in the word 'formal,' that is, 'confined to what is common or abstract'; since the only thing common to all terms is to be related in some way to other terms. The actual existence of any concrete thing can only be known by experience, as with 'man' or 'mountain'; or by methodically justifiable inference from experience, as with 'atom' or 'ether.' If 'man' or 'mountain,' or 'Cuzco' be used to illustrate logical forms, they bring with them an existential import derived from experience; but this is the import of language, not of the logical forms. 'Centaur' and 'El Dorado' signify to us the non-existent; but they serve as well as 'man' and 'London' to illustrate Formal Logic.

Nevertheless, fourthly, the existence or non-existence of particular terms may come to be implied: namely, wherever the very fact of existence, or of some condition of existence, is an hypothesis or datum. Thus, given the proposition _All S is P_, to be P is made a condition of the existence of S: whence it follows that an S that is not P does not exist (_x[y]_ = 0). On the further hypothesis that S exists, it follows that P exists. On the hypothesis that S does not exist, the existence of P is problematic; but, then, if P does exist we cannot convert the proposition; since _Some P is S_ (P existing) would involve the existence of S; which is contrary to the hypothesis.

Assuming that Universals _do not_, whilst Particulars _do_, imply the existence of their subjects, we cannot infer the subalternate (I. or O.) from the subalternans (A. or E.), for that is to ground the actual on the problematic; and for the same reason we cannot convert A. _per accidens_.

Assuming, again, a certain _suppositio_ or universe, to which in a given discussion every argument shall refer, then, any propositions whose terms lie outside that _suppositio_ are irrelevant, and for the purposes of that discussion are sometimes called "false"; though it seems better to call them irrelevant or meaningless, seeing that to call them false implies that they might in the same case be true. Thus propositions which, according to the doctrine of Opposition, appear to be Contradictories, may then cease to be so; for of Contradictories one is true and the other false; but, in the case supposed, both are meaningless. If the subject of discussion be Zoology, all propositions about centaurs or unicorns are absurd; and such specious Contradictories as _No centaurs play the lyre--Some centaurs do play the lyre_; or _All unicorns fight with lions--Some unicorns do not fight with lions_, are both meaningless, because in Zoology there are no centaurs nor unicorns; and, therefore, in this reference, the propositions are not really contradictory. But if the subject of discussion or _suppositio_ be Mythology or Heraldry, such propositions as the above are to the purpose, and form legitimate pairs of Contradictories.

In Formal Logic, in short, we may make at discretion any assumption whatever as to the existence, or as to any condition of the existence of any particular term or terms; and then certain implications and conclusions follow in consistency with that hypothesis or datum. Still, our conclusions will themselves be only hypothetical, depending on the truth of the datum; and, of course, until this is empirically ascertained, we are as far as ever from empirical reality. (Venn: _Symbolic Logic_, c. 6; Keynes: _Formal Logic_, Part II. c. 7: _cf._ Wolf: _Studies in Logic_.)

CHAPTER IX

FORMAL CONDITIONS OF MEDIATE INFERENCE

Sec. 1. A Mediate Inference is a proposition that depends for proof upon two or more other propositions, so connected together by one or more terms (which the evidentiary propositions, or each pair of them, have in common) as to justify a certain conclusion, namely, the proposition in question. The type or (more properly) the unit of all such modes of proof, when of a strictly logical kind, is the Syllogism, to which we shall see that all other modes are reducible. It may be exhibited symbolically thus:

M is P; S is M: .'. S is P.

Syllogisms may be classified, as to quantity, into Universal or Particular, according to the quantity of the conclusion; as to quality, into Affirmative or Negative, according to the quality of the conclusion; and, as to relation, into Categorical, Hypothetical and Disjunctive, according as all their propositions are categorical, or one (at least) of their evidentiary propositions is a hypothetical or a disjunctive.

To begin with Categorical Syllogisms, of which the following is an example:

All authors are vain; Cicero is an author: .'. Cicero is vain.

Here we may suppose that there are no direct means of knowing that Cicero is vain; but we happen to know that all authors are vain and that he is an author; and these two propositions, put together, unmistakably imply that he is vain. In other words, we do not at first know any relation between 'Cicero' and 'vanity'; but we know that these two terms are severally related to a third term, 'author,' hence called a Middle Term; and thus we perceive, by mediate evidence, that they are related to one another. This sort of proof bears an obvious resemblance (though the relations involved are not the same) to the mathematical proof of equality between two quantities, that cannot be directly compared, by showing the equality of each of them to some third quantity: A = B = C .'. A = C. Here B is a middle term.

We have to inquire, then, what conditions must be satisfied in order that a Syllogism may be formally conclusive or valid. A specious Syllogism that is not really valid is called a Parasyllogism.

Sec. 2. General Canons of the Syllogism.

(1) A Syllogism contains three, and no more, distinct propositions.

(2) A Syllogism contains three, and no more, distinct univocal terms.

These two Canons imply one another. Three propositions with less than three terms can only be connected in some of the modes of Immediate Inference. Three propositions with more than three terms do not show that connection of two terms by means of a third, which is requisite for proving a Mediate Inference. If we write--

All authors are vain; Cicero is a statesman--

there are four terms and no middle term, and therefore there is no proof. Or if we write--

All authors are vain; Cicero is an author: .'. Cicero is a statesman--

here the term 'statesman' occurs without any voucher; it appears in the inference but not in the evidence, and therefore violates the maxim of all formal proof, 'not to go beyond the evidence.' It is true that if any one argued--

All authors are vain; Cicero wrote on philosophy: .'. Cicero is vain--

this could not be called a bad argument or a material fallacy; but it would be a needless departure from the form of expression in which the connection between the evidence and the inference is most easily seen.

Still, a mere adherence to the same form of words in the expression of terms is not enough: we must also attend to their meaning. For if the same word be used ambiguously (as 'author' now for 'father' and anon for 'man of letters'), it becomes as to its meaning two terms; so that we have four in all. Then, if the ambiguous term be the Middle, no connection is shown between the other two; if either of the others be ambiguous, something seems to be inferred which has never been really given in evidence.

The above two Canons are, indeed, involved in the definition of a categorical syllogism, which may be thus stated: A Categorical Syllogism is a form of proof or reasoning (way of giving reasons) in which one categorical proposition is established by comparing two others that contain together only three terms, or that have one and only one term in common.

The proposition established, derived, or inferred, is called the Conclusion: the evidentiary propositions by which it is proved are called the Premises.

The term common to the premises, by means of which the other terms are compared, is called the Middle Term; the subject of the conclusion is called the Minor Term; the predicate of the conclusion, the Major Term.

The premise in which the minor term occurs is called the Minor Premise; that in which the major term occurs is called the Major Premise. And a Syllogism is usually written thus:

Major Premise--All authors (Middle) are vain (Major);

Minor Premise--Cicero (Minor) is an author (Middle):

Conclusion--.'. Cicero (Minor) is vain (Major).

Here we have three propositions with three terms, each term occurring twice. The minor and major terms are so called, because, when the conclusion is an universal affirmative (which only occurs in Barbara; see chap. x. Sec. 6), its subject and predicate are respectively the less and the greater in extent or denotation; and the premises are called after the peculiar terms they contain: the expressions 'major premise' and 'minor premise' have nothing to do with the order in which the premises are presented; though it is usual to place the major premise first.

(3) No term must be distributed in the conclusion unless it is distributed in the premises.

It is usual to give this as one of the General Canons of the Syllogism; but we have seen (chap. vi. Sec. 6) that it is of wider application. Indeed, 'not to go beyond the evidence' belongs to the definition of formal proof. A breech of this rule in a syllogism is the fallacy of Illicit Process of the Minor, or of the Major, according to which term has been unwarrantably distributed. The following parasyllogism illicitly distributes both terms of the conclusion:

All poets are pathetic; Some orators are not poets: .'. No orators are pathetic.

(4) The Middle Term must be distributed at least once in the premises (in order to prove a conclusion in the given terms).

For the use of mediate evidence is to show the relation of terms that cannot be directly compared; this is only possible if the middle term furnishes the ground of comparison; and this (in Logic) requires that the whole denotation of the middle should be either included or excluded by one of the other terms; since if we only know that the other terms are related to _some_ of the middle, their respective relations may not be with the same part of it.

It is true that in what has been called the "numerically definite syllogism," an inference may be drawn, though our canon seems to be violated. Thus:

60 sheep in 100 are horned; 60 sheep in 100 are blackfaced: .'. at least 20 blackfaced sheep in 100 are horned.

But such an argument, though it may be correct Arithmetic, is not Logic at all; and when such numerical evidence is obtainable the comparatively indefinite arguments of Logic are needless. Another apparent exception is the following:

Most men are 5 feet high; Most men are semi-rational: .'. Some semi-rational things are 5 feet high.

Here the Middle Term (men) is distributed in neither premise, yet the indisputable conclusion is a logical proposition. The premises, however, are really arithmetical; for 'most' means 'more than half,' or more than 50 per cent.

Still, another apparent exception is entirely logical. Suppose we are given, the premises--_All P is M_, and _All S is M_--the middle term is undistributed. But take the obverse of the contrapositive of both premises:

All m is p; All m is s: .'. Some s is p.

Here we have a conclusion legitimately obtained; but it is not in the terms originally given.

For Mediate Inference depending on truly logical premises, then, it is necessary that one premise should distribute the middle term; and the reason of this may be illustrated even by the above supposed numerical exceptions. For in them the premises are such that, though neither of the two premises by itself distributes the Middle, yet they always overlap upon it. If each premise dealt with exactly half the Middle, thus barely distributing it between them, there would be no logical proposition inferrible. We require that the middle term, as used in one premise, should necessarily overlap the same term as used in the other, so as to furnish common ground for comparing the other terms. Hence I have defined the middle term as 'that term common to both premises by means of which the other terms are compared.'

(5) One at least of the premises must be affirmative; or, from two negative premises nothing can be inferred (in the given terms).

The fourth Canon required that the middle term should be given distributed, or in its whole extent, at least once, in order to afford sure ground of comparison for the others. But that such comparison may be effected, something more is requisite; the relation of the other terms to the Middle must be of a certain character. One at least of them must be, as to its extent or denotation, partially or wholly identified with the Middle; so that to that extent it may be known to bear to the other term, whatever relation we are told that so much of the Middle bears to that other term. Now, identity of denotation can only be predicated in an affirmative proposition: one premise, then, must be affirmative.

If both premises are negative, we only know that both the other terms are partly or wholly excluded from the Middle, or are not identical with it in denotation: where they lie, then, in relation to one another we have no means of knowing. Similarly, in the mediate comparison of quantities, if we are told that A and C are both of them unequal to B, we can infer nothing as to the relation of C to A. Hence the premises--

No electors are sober; No electors are independent--

however suggestive, do not formally justify us in inferring any connection between sobriety and independence. Formally to draw a conclusion, we must have affirmative grounds, such as in this case we may obtain by obverting both premises:

All electors are not-sober; All electors are not-independent: .'. Some who are not-independent are not-sober.

But this conclusion is not in the given terms.

(6) (a) If one premise be negative, the conclusion must be negative: and (b) to prove a negative conclusion, one premise must be negative.

(a) For we have seen that one premise must be affirmative, and that thus one term must be partly (at least) identified with the Middle. If, then, the other premise, being negative, predicates the exclusion of the remaining term from the Middle, this remaining term must be excluded from the first term, so far as we know the first to be identical with the Middle: and this exclusion will be expressed by a negative conclusion. The analogy of the mediate comparison of quantities may here again be noticed: if A is equal to B, and B is unequal to C, A is unequal to C.

(b) If both premises be affirmative, the relations to the Middle of both the other terms are more or less inclusive, and therefore furnish no ground for an exclusive inference. This also follows from the function of the middle term.

For the more convenient application of these canons to the testing of syllogisms, it is usual to derive from them three Corollaries:

(i) Two particular premises yield no conclusion.

For if both premises be affirmative, _all_ their terms are undistributed, the subjects by predesignation, the predicates by position; and therefore the middle term must be undistributed, and there can be no conclusion.

If one premise be negative, its predicate is distributed by position: the other terms remaining undistributed. But, by Canon 6, the conclusion (if any be possible) must be negative; and therefore its predicate, the major term, will be distributed. In the premises, therefore, both the middle and the major terms should be distributed, which is impossible: e.g.,

Some M is not P; Some S is M: .'. Some S is not P.

Here, indeed, the major term is legitimately distributed (though the negative premise might have been the minor); but M, the middle term, is distributed in neither premise, and therefore there can be no conclusion.

Still, an exception may be made by admitting a bi-designate conclusion:

Some P is M; Some S is not M: .'. Some S is not some P.

(ii) If one premise be particular, so is the conclusion.

For, again, if both premises be affirmative, they only distribute one term, the subject of the universal premise, and this must be the middle term. The minor term, therefore, is undistributed, and the conclusion must be particular.

If one premise be negative, the two premises together can distribute only two terms, the subject of the universal and the predicate of the negative (which may be the same premise). One of these terms must be the middle; the other (since the conclusion is negative) must be the major. The minor term, therefore, is undistributed, and the conclusion must be particular.

(iii) From a particular major and a negative minor premise nothing can be inferred.

For the minor premise being negative, the major premise must be affirmative (5th Canon); and therefore, being particular, distributes the major term neither in its subject nor in its predicate. But since the conclusion must be negative (6th Canon), a distributed major term is demanded, e.g.,

Some M is P; No S is M: .'. ------

Here the minor and the middle terms are both distributed, but not the major (P); and, therefore, a negative conclusion is impossible.

Sec. 3. First Principle or Axiom of the Syllogism.--Hitherto in this chapter we have been analysing the conditions of valid mediate inference. We have seen that a single step of such inference, a Syllogism, contains, when fully expressed in language, three propositions and three terms, and that these terms must stand to one another in the relations required by the fourth, fifth, and sixth Canons. We now come to a principle which conveniently sums up these conditions; it is called the _Dictum de omni et nullo_, and may be stated thus:

Whatever is predicated (affirmatively or negatively) of a term distributed,

With which term another term can be (partly or wholly) identified,

May be predicated in like manner (affirmatively or negatively) of the latter term (or part of it).

Thus stated (nearly as by Whately in the introduction to his _Logic_) the _Dictum_ follows line by line the course of a Syllogism in the First Figure (see chap. X. Sec. 2). To return to our former example: _All authors are vain_ is the same as--Vanity is predicated of all authors; _Cicero is an author_ is the same as--Cicero is identified as an author; therefore _Cicero is vain_, or--Vanity may be predicated of Cicero. The _Dictum_ then requires: (1) three propositions; (2) three terms; (3) that the middle term be distributed; (4) that one premise be affirmative, since only by an affirmative proposition can one term be identified with another; (5) that if one premise be negative the conclusion shall be so too, since whatever is predicated of the middle term is predicated _in like manner_ of the minor.

Thus far, then, the _Dictum_ is wholly analytic or verbal, expressing no more than is implied in the definitions of 'Syllogism' and 'Middle Term'; since (as we have seen) all the General Canons (except the third, which is a still more general condition of formal proof) are derivable from those definitions. However, the _Dictum_ makes a further statement of a synthetic or real character, namely, that _when these conditions are fulfilled an inference is justified_; that then the major and minor terms are brought into comparison through the middle, and that the major term may be predicated affirmatively or negatively of all or part of the minor. It is this real assertion that justifies us in calling the _Dictum_ an Axiom.

Sec. 4. Whether the Laws of Thought may not fully explain the Syllogism without the need of any synthetic principle has, however, been made a question. Take such a syllogism as the following:

All domestic animals are useful; All pugs are domestic animals: .'. All pugs are useful.

Here (an ingenious man might urge), having once identified pugs with domestic animals, that they are useful follows from the Law of Identity. If we attend to the meaning, and remember that what is true in one form of words is true in any other form, then, all domestic animals being useful, of course pugs are. It is merely a case of subalternation: we may put it in this way:

All domestic animals are useful: .'. Some domestic animals (e.g., pugs) are useful.

The derivation of negative syllogisms from the Law of Contradiction (he might add) may be shown in a similar manner.

But the force of this ingenious argument depends on the participial clause--'having once identified pugs with domestic animals.' If this is a distinct step of the reasoning, the above syllogism cannot be reduced to one step, cannot be exhibited as mere subalternation, nor be brought directly under the law of Identity. If 'pug,' 'domestic,' and 'useful' are distinct terms; and if 'pug' and 'useful' are only known to be connected because of their relations to 'domestic': this is something more than the Laws of Thought provide for: it is not Immediate Inference, but Mediate; and to justify it, scientific method requires that its conditions be generalised. The _Dictum_, then, as we have seen, does generalise these conditions, and declares that when such conditions are satisfied a Mediate Inference is valid.

But, after all (to go back a little), consider again that proposition _All pugs are domestic animals_: is it a distinct step of the reasoning; that is to say, is it a Real Proposition? If, indeed, 'domestic' is no part of the definition of 'pug,' the proposition is real, and is a distinct part of the argument. But take such a case as this:

All dogs are useful; All pugs are dogs.

Here we clearly have, in the minor premise, only a verbal proposition; to be a dog is certainly part of the definition of 'pug.' But, if so, the inference 'All pugs are useful' involves no real mediation, and the argument is no more than this:

All dogs are useful; .'. Some dogs (e.g., pugs) are useful.

Similarly, if the major premise be verbal, thus:

All men are rational; Socrates is a man--

to conclude that 'Socrates is rational' is no Mediate Inference; for so much was implied in the minor premise, 'Socrates is a man,' and the major premise adds nothing to this.

Hence we may conclude (as anticipated in chap. vii. Sec. 3) that 'any apparent syllogism, having one premise a verbal proposition, is really an Immediate Inference'; but that, if both premises are real propositions, the Inference is Mediate, and demands for its explanation something more than the Laws of Thought.

The fact is that to prove the minor to be a case of the middle term may be an exceedingly difficult operation (chap. xiii. Sec. 7). The difficulty is disguised by ordinary examples, used for the sake of convenience.

Sec. 5. Other kinds of Mediate Inference exist, yielding valid conclusions, without being truly syllogistic. Such are mathematical inferences of Equality, as--

A = B = C .'. A = C.

Here, according to the usual logical analysis, there are strictly four terms--(1) A, (2) equal to B, (3) B, (4) equal to C.

Similarly with the argument _a fortiori_,

A > B > C .'. (much more) A > C.

This also is said to contain four terms: (1) A, (2) greater than B, (3) B, (4) greater than C. Such inferences are nevertheless intuitively sound, may be verified by trial (within the limits of sense-perception), and are generalised in appropriate axioms of their own, corresponding to the _Dictum_ of the syllogism; as 'Things equal to the same thing are equal to one another,' etc.

Now, surely, this is an erroneous application of the usual logical analysis of propositions. Both Logic and Mathematics treat of the _relations_ of terms; but whilst Mathematics employs the sign = for only one kind of relation, and for that relation exclusive of the terms; Logic employs the same signs (_is_ or _is not_) for all relations, recognising only a difference of quality in predication, and treating every other difference of relation as belonging to one of the terms related. Thus Logicians read _A--is--equal to B_: as if _equal to B_ could possibly be a term co-relative with A. Whence it follows that the argument _A = B = C .'. A = C_ contains four terms; though everybody sees that there are only three.

In fact (as observed in chap. ii. Sec. 2) the sign of logical relation (_is_ or _is not_), whilst usually adequate for class-reasoning (coinherence) and sometimes extensible to causation (because a cause implies a class of events), should never be stretched to include other relations in such a way as to sacrifice intelligence to formalism. And, besides mathematical or quantitative relations, there are others (usually considered qualitative because indefinite) which cannot be justly expressed by the logical copula. We ought to read propositions expressing time-relations (and inferences drawn accordingly) thus:

B--is before--C; A--is before--B: .'. A--is before--C.

And in like manner _A--is simultaneous with--B; etc._ Such arguments (as well as the mathematical) are intuitively sound and verifiable, and might be generalised in axioms if it were worth while: but it is not, because no method could be founded on such axioms.

The customary use of relative terms justifies some Mediate Inferences, as, _The father of a father is a grand-father_.

Some cases, however, that at first seem obvious, are really delusive unless further data be supplied. Thus _A co-exists with B, B with C; .'. A with C_--is not sound unless _B_ is an instantaneous event; for where B is perdurable, _A_ may co-exist with it at one time and _C_ at another.

Again: _A is to the left of B, B of C; .'. A of C_. This may pass; but it is not a parallel argument that if _A is north of B and B west of C_, then _A is north-west of C_: for suppose that A is a mile to the north of B, and B a yard to the west of C, then A is practically north of C; at least, its westward position cannot be expressed in terms of the mariner's compass. In such a case we require to know not only the directions but the distances of A and C from B; and then the exact direction of A from C is an affair of mathematical calculation.

Qualitative reasoning concerning position is only applicable to things in one dimension of space, or in time considered as having one dimension. Under these conditions we may frame the following generalisation concerning all Mediate Inferences: Two terms definitely related to a third, and one of them positively, are related to one another as the other term is related to the third (that is, positively or negatively); provided that the relations given are of the same kind (that is, of Time, or Coinherence, or Likeness, or Equality).

Thus, to illustrate by relations of Time--

B is simultaneous with C; A is not simultaneous with B: .'. A is not simultaneous with C.

Here the relations are of the same kind but of different logical quality, and (as in the syllogism) a negative copula in the premises leads to a negative conclusion.

An examination in detail of particular cases would show that the above generalisation concerning all Mediate Inferences is subject to too many qualifications to be called an Axiom; it stands to the real Axioms (the _Dictum_, etc.) as the notion of the Uniformity of Nature does to the definite principles of natural order (_cf._ chap. xiii. Sec. 9).

CHAPTER X

CATEGORICAL SYLLOGISMS

Sec. 1. The type of logical, deductive, mediate, categorical Inference is a Syllogism directly conformable with the _Dictum_: as--

All carnivores (M) are excitable (P); Cats (S) are carnivores (M): .'. Cats (S) are excitable (P).

In this example P is predicated of M, a term distributed; in which term, M, S is given as included; so that P may be predicated of S.

Many arguments, however, are of a type superficially different from the above: as--

No wise man (P) fears death (M); Balbus (S) fears death (M): .'. Balbus (S) is not a wise man (P).

In this example, instead of P being predicated of M, M is predicated of P, and yet S is given as included not in P, but in M. The divergence of such a syllogism from the _Dictum_ may, however, be easily shown to be superficial by writing, instead of _No wise man fears death_, the simple, converse, _No man who fears death is wise_.

Again:

Some dogs (M) are friendly to man (P); All dogs (M) are carnivores (S): .'. Some carnivores (S) are friendly to man (P).

Here P is predicated of M undistributed; and instead of S being included in M, M is included in S: so that the divergence from the type of syllogism to which the _Dictum_ directly applies is still greater than in the former case. But if we transpose the premises, taking first

All dogs (M) are carnivores (P),

then P is predicated of M distributed; and, simply converting the other premise, we get--

Some things friendly to man (S) are dogs (M):

whence it follows that--

Some things friendly to man (S) are carnivores (P);

and this is the simple converse of the original conclusion.

Once more:

No pigs (P) are philosophers (M); Some philosophers (M) are hedonists (S): .'. Some hedonists (S) are not pigs (P).

In this case, instead of P being predicated of M distributed, M is predicated of P distributed; and instead of S (or part of it) being included in M, we are told that some M is included in S. Still there is no real difficulty. Simply convert both the premises, and we have:

No philosophers (M) are pigs (P); Some hedonists (S) are philosophers (M).

Whence the same conclusion follows; and the whole syllogism plainly conforms directly to the _Dictum_.

Such departures as these from the normal syllogistic form are said to constitute differences of Figure (see Sec. 2); and the processes by which they are shown to be unessential differences are called Reduction (see Sec. 6).

Sec. 2. Figure is determined by the position of the Middle Term in the premises; of which position there are four possible variations. The middle term may be subject of the major premise, and predicate of the minor, as in the first example above; and this position, being directly conformable to the requirements of the _Dictum_, is called the First Figure. Or the middle term may be predicate of both premises, as in the second of the above examples; and this is called the Second Figure. Or the middle term may be subject of both premises, as in the third of the above examples; and this is called the Third Figure. Or, finally, the middle term may be predicate of the major premise, and subject of the minor, as in the fourth example given above; and this is the Fourth Figure.

It may facilitate the recollection of this most important point if we schematise the figures thus:

I. II. III. IV.

M---P P---M M---P P---M \ | | / \ | | / \ | | / S---M S---M M---S M---S

The horizontal lines represent the premises, and at the angles formed with them by the slanting or by the perpendicular lines the middle term occurs. The schema of Figure IV. resembles Z, the last letter of the alphabet: this helps one to remember it in contrast with Figure I., which is thereby also remembered. Figures II. and III. seem to stand back to back.

Sec. 3. The Moods of each Figure are the modifications of it which arise from different combinations of propositions according to quantity and quality. In Figure I., for example, four Moods are recognised: A.A.A., E.A.E., A.I.I., E.I.O.

A. All M is P; A. All S is M: A. .'. All S is P.

E. No M is P; A. All S is M: E. .'. No S is P.

A. All M is P; I. Some S is M: I. .'. Some S is P.

E. No M is P; I. Some S is M: O. .'. Some S is not P.

Now, remembering that there are four Figures, and four kinds of propositions (A. I. E. O.), each of which propositions may be major premise, minor premise, or conclusion of a syllogism, it appears that in each Figure there may be 64 Moods, and therefore 256 in all. On examining these 256 Moods, however, we find that only 24 of them are valid (i.e., of such a character that the conclusion strictly follows from the premises), whilst 5 of these 24 are needless, because their conclusions are 'weaker' or less extensive than the premises warrant; that is to say, they are particular when they might be universal. Thus, in Figure I., besides the above 4 Moods, A.A.I. and E.A.O. are valid in the sense of being conclusive; but they are superfluous, because included in A.A.A. and E.A.E. Omitting, then, these 5 needless Moods, which are called 'Subalterns' because their conclusions are subaltern (chap. vii. Sec. 2) to those of other Moods, there remain 19 Moods that are valid and generally recognised.

Sec. 4. How these 19 Moods are determined must be our next inquiry. There are several ways more or less ingenious and interesting; but all depend on the application, directly or indirectly, of the Six Canons, which were shown in the last chapter to be the conditions of Mediate Inference.

(1) One way is to begin by finding what Moods of Figure I. conform to the _Dictum_. Now, the _Dictum_ requires that, in the major premise, P be predicated of a term distributed, from which it follows that no Mood can be valid whose major premise is particular, as in I.A.I. or O.A.O. Again, the _Dictum_ requires that the minor premise be affirmative ("with which term another is identified"); so that no Mood can be valid whose minor premise is negative, as in A.E.E. or A.O.O. By such considerations we find that in Figure I.,

out of 64 Moods possible, only six are valid, namely, those above-mentioned in Sec. 3, including the two subalterns. The second step of this method is to test the Moods of the Second, Third, and Fourth Figures, by trying whether they can be reduced to one or other of the four Moods of the First (as briefly illustrated in Sec. 1, and to be further explained in Sec. 6).

(2) Another way is to take the above six General or Common Canons, and to deduce from them Special Canons for testing each Figure: an interesting method, which, on account of its length, will be treated of separately in the next section.

(3) Direct application of the Common Canons is, perhaps, the simplest plan. First write out the 64 Moods that are possible without regard to Figure, and then cross out those which violate any of the Canons or Corollaries, thus:

[Transcriber's Note: Moods surrounded with square brackets were crossed out in the original text.]

AAA, [AAE] (6th Can. b). AAI. [AAO] (6th Can. b). [AEA] (6th Can. a) AEE, [AEI] (6th Can. a) AEO, [AIA] (Cor. ii.) [AIE] (6th Can. b) AII, [AIO] (6th Can. b) [AOA] (6th Can. a) [AOE] (Cor. ii.) [AOI] (6th Can. a) AOO.

Whoever has the patience to go through the remaining 48 Moods will discover that of the whole 64 only 11 are valid, namely:

A.A.A., A.A.I., A.E.E., A.E.O., A.I.I., A.O.O., E.A.E., E.A.O., E.I.O., I.A.I., O.A.O.

These 11 Moods have next to be examined in each Figure, and if valid in every Figure there will still be 44 moods in all. We find, however, that in the First Figure, A.E.E., A.E.O., A.O.O. involve illicit process of the major term (3rd Can.); I.A.I., O.A.O. involve undistributed Middle (4th Can.); and A.A.I., E.A.O. are subalterns. In the Second Figure all the affirmative Moods, A.A.A., A.A.I., A.I.I., I.A.I., involve undistributed Middle; O.A.O. gives illicit process of the major term; and A.E.O., E.A.O. are subalterns. In the Third Figure, A.A.A., E.A.E., involve illicit process of the minor term (3rd Can.); A.E.E., A.E.O., A.O.O., illicit process of the major term. In the Fourth Figure, A.A.A. and E.A.E. involve illicit process of the minor term; A.I.I., A.O.O., undistributed Middle; O.A.O. involves illicit process of the major term; and A.E.O. is subaltern.

Those moods of each Figure which, when tried by these tests, are not rejected, are valid, namely:

Fig. I.--A.A.A., E.A.E., A.I.I., E.I.O. (A.A.I., E.A.O., Subaltern);

Fig. II.--E.A.E., A.E.E., E.I.O., A.O.O. (E.A.O., A.E.O., Subaltern);

Fig. III.--A.A.I., I.A.I., A.I.I., E.A.O., O.A.O., E.I.O.;

Fig. IV.--A.A.I., A.E.E., I.A.I., E.A.O., E.I.O. (A.E.O., Subaltern).

Thus, including subaltern Moods, there are six valid in each Figure. In Fig. III. alone there is no subaltern Mood, because in that Figure there can be no universal conclusion.

Sec. 5. Special Canons of the several Figures, deduced from the Common Canons, enable us to arrive at the same result by a somewhat different course. They are not, perhaps, necessary to the Science, but afford a very useful means of enabling one to thoroughly appreciate the character of formal syllogistic reasoning. Accordingly, the proof of each rule will be indicated, and its elaboration left to the reader. There is no difficulty, if one bears in mind that Figure is determined by the position of the middle term.

Fig. I., Rule (a): _The minor premise must be affirmative_.

For, if not, in negative Moods there will be illicit process of the major term. Applying this rule to the eleven possible Moods given in Sec. 4, as remaining after application of the Common Canons, it eliminates A.E.E., A.E.O., A.O.O.

(b) _The major premise must be universal_.

For, if not, the minor premise being affirmative, the middle term will be undistributed. This rule eliminates I.A.I., O.A.O.; leaving six Moods, including two subalterns.

Fig. II. (a) _One premise must be negative._

For else neither premise will distribute the middle term. This rule eliminates A.A.A., A.A.I., A.I.I., I.A.I.

(b) _The major premise must be universal._

For else, the conclusion being negative, there will be illicit process of the major term. This eliminates I.A.I., O.A.O.; leaving six Moods, including two subalterns.

Fig. III. (a) _The minor premise must be affirmative._

For else, in negative moods there will be illicit process of the major term. This rule eliminates A.E.E., A.E.O., A.O.O.

(b) _The conclusion must be particular._

For, if not, the minor premise being affirmative, there will be illicit process of the minor term. This eliminates A.A.A., A.E.E., E.A.E.; leaving six Moods.

Fig. IV. (a) _When the major premise is affirmative, the minor must be universal._

For else the middle term is undistributed. This eliminates A.I.I., A.O.O.

(b) _When the minor premise is affirmative the conclusion must be particular._

Otherwise there will be illicit process of the minor term. This eliminates A.A.A., E.A.E.

(c) _When either premise is negative, the major must be universal._

For else, the conclusion being negative, there will be illicit process of the major term. This eliminates O.A.O.; leaving six Moods, including one subaltern.

Sec. 6. Reduction is either--(1) Ostensive or (2) Indirect. Ostensive Reduction consists in showing that an argument given in one Mood can also be stated in another; the process is especially used to show that the Moods of the second, third, and fourth Figures are equivalent to one or another Mood of the first Figure. It thus proves the validity of the former Moods by showing that they also essentially conform to the _Dictum_, and that all Categorical Syllogisms are only superficial varieties of one type of proof.

To facilitate Reduction, the recognised Moods have all had names given them; which names, again, have been strung together into mnemonic verses of great force and pregnancy:

Barbara, Celarent, Darii, Ferioque prioris: Cesare, Camestres, Festino, Baroco, secundae: Tertia, Darapti, Disamis, Datisi, Felapton, Bocardo, Ferison, habet: Quarta insuper addit Bramantip, Camenes, Dimaris, Fesapo, Fresison.

In the above verses the names of the Moods of Fig. I. begin with the first four consonants B, C, D, F, in alphabetical order; and the names of all other Moods likewise begin with these letters, thus signifying (except in Baroco and Bocardo) the mood of Fig. I., to which each is equivalent, and to which it is to be reduced: as Bramantip to Barbara, Camestres to Celarent, and so forth.

The vowels A, E, I, O, occurring in the several names, give the quantity and quality of major premise, minor premise, and conclusion in the usual order.

The consonants s and p, occurring after a vowel, show that the proposition which the vowel stands for is to be converted either (s) simply or (p) _per accidens_; except where s or p occurs after the third vowel of a name, the conclusion: then it refers not to the conclusion of the given Mood (say Disamis), but to the conclusion of that Mood of the first Figure to which the given Mood is reduced (Darii).

M (_mutare_, metathesis) means 'transpose the premises' (as of Ca_m_estres).

C means 'substitute the contradictory of the conclusion for the foregoing premise,' a process of the Indirect Reduction to be presently explained (see Baroco, Sec. 8).

The other consonants, r, n, t (with b and d, when not initial), occurring here and there, have no mnemonic significance.

What now is the problem of Reduction? The difference of Figures depends upon the position of the Middle Term. To reduce a Mood of any other Figure to the form of the First, then, we must so manipulate its premises that the Middle Term shall be subject of the major premise and predicate of the minor premise.

Now in Fig. II. the Middle Term is predicate of both premises; so that the minor premise may need no alteration, and to convert the major premise may suffice. This is the case with Cesare, which reduces to Celarent by simply converting the major premise; and

with Festino, which by the same process becomes Ferio. In Camestres, however, the minor premise is negative; and, as this is impossible in Fig. I., the premises must be transposed, and the new major premise must be simply converted: then, since the transposition of the premises will have transposed the terms of the conclusion (according to the usual reading of syllogisms), the new conclusion must be simply converted in order to prove the validity of the original conclusion. The process may be thus represented (_s.c._ meaning 'simply convert')

Camestres. Celarent.

All P is M; ----\ /---> No M is S; \ c/ \/ s/\ / \ No S is M: ----/ \---> All P is M:

s.c. .'. No S is P. <---------- No P is S.

The Ostensive Reduction of Baroco also needs special explanation; for as it used to be reduced indirectly, its name gives no indication of the ostensive process. To reduce it ostensively let us call it Faksnoko, where k means 'obvert the foregoing premise.' By thus obverting (k) and simply converting (s) (in sum, contrapositing) the major premise, and obverting the minor premise, we get a syllogism in Ferio, thus:

Baroco or Faksnoko. Ferio. _contrap_ All P is M; ----------> No m (not-M) is P;

obv Some S is not M: ----------> Some S is m (not-M): .'. Some S is not P. .'. Some S is not P.

In Fig. III. the middle term is subject of both premises; so that, to reduce its Moods to the First Figure, it may be enough to convert the minor premise. This is the case with Darapti, Datisi, Felapton, and Ferison. But, with Disamis, since the major premise must in the First Figure be universal, we must transpose the premises, and then simply convert the new minor premise; and, lastly, since the major and minor terms have now changed places, we must simply convert the new conclusion in order to verify the old one. Thus:

Disamis. Darii.

Some M is P; ----\ /---> All M is S; \s./ \/ /\c. / \ All M is S: ----/ \---> Some P is M:

s.c. .'. Some S is P. <---------- .'. Some P is S.

Bocardo, like Baroco, indicates by its name the indirect process. To reduce it ostensively let its name be Doksamrosk, and proceed thus:

Bocardo or Doksamrosk. Darii.

Some M is not P; ----------\ /---------> All M is S; \ / \/ /\ _contrap_ / \ All M is S: ----------/ \---------> Some p (not-P) is M:

convert & obvert .'. Some S is not P. <---------- .'. Some p (not-P) is S.

In Fig. IV. the position of the middle term is, in both premises, the reverse of what it is in the First Figure; we may therefore reduce its Moods either by transposing the premises, as with Bramantip, Camenes, and Dimaris; or by converting both premises, the course pursued with Fesapo and Fresison. It may suffice to illustrate by the case of Bramantip:

Bramantip. Barbara.

All P is M; ----------\ /------> All M is S; \/ /\ All M is S: ----------/ \------> All P is M:

convert per acc. .'. Some S is P. <---------- .'. All P is S.

This case shows that a final significant consonant (s, p, or sk) in the name of any Mood refers to the conclusion of the new syllogism in the First Figure; since p in Bramantip cannot refer to that Mood's own conclusion in I.; which, being already particular, cannot be converted _per accidens_.

Finally, in Fig. I., Darii and Ferio differ respectively from Barbara and Celarent only in this, that their minor premises, and consequently their conclusions, are subaltern to the corresponding propositions of the universal Moods; a difference which seems insufficient to give them rank as distinct forms of demonstration. And as for Barbara and Celarent, they are easily reducible to one another by obverting their major premises and the new conclusions, thus:

Barbara. Celarent. obv. All M is P; ----------> No M is p (not-P);

All S is M: ----------> All S is M:

obv. .'. All S is P. <---------- .'. No S is p (not-P).

There is, then, only one fundamental syllogism.

Sec. 7. A new version of the mnemonic lines was suggested in _Mind_ No. 27, with the object of (1) freeing them from all meaningless letters, (2) showing by the name of each Mood the Figure to which it belongs, (3) giving names to indicate the ostensive reduction of Baroco and Bocardo. To obtain the first two objects, _l_ is used as the mark of Fig. I., _n_ of Fig II., _r_ of Fig. III., _t_ of Fig. IV. The verses (to be scanned discreetly) are as follows:

Balala, Celalel, Dalii, Felioque prioris:

{Faksnoko} Cesane, Camenes, Fesinon, { } secundae: { Banoco,}

Tertia, Darapri, Drisamis, Darisi, Ferapro,

Doksamrosk} }, Ferisor habet: Quarta insuper addit. Bocaro }

Bamatip, Cametes, Dimatis, Fesapto, Fesistot.

De Morgan praised the old verses as "more full of meaning than any others that ever were made"; and in defence of the above alteration it may be said that they now deserve that praise still more.

Sec. 8. Indirect reduction is the process of proving a Mood to be valid by showing that the supposition of its invalidity involves a contradiction. Take Baroco, and (since the doubt as to its validity is concerned not with the truth of the premises, but with their relation to the conclusion) assume the premises to be true. Then, if the conclusion be false, its contradictory is true. The conclusion being in O., its contradictory will be in A. Substituting this A. for the minor premise of Baroco, we have the premises of a syllogism in Barbara, which will be found to give a conclusion in A., contradictory of the original minor premise; thus:

Baroco. Barbara.

All P is M; ----------> All P is M;

Some S is not M: <-----\ /-----> All S is P: \ / contradictory \/ /\ contradictory / \ .'. Some S is not P ------/ \------ .'. All S is M.

But the original minor premise, _Some S is not M_, is true by hypothesis; and therefore the conclusion of Barbara, _All S is M_, is false. This falsity cannot, however, be due to the form of Barbara, which we know to be valid; nor to the major premise, which, being taken from Baroco, is true by hypothesis: it must, therefore, lie in the minor premise of Barbara, _All S is P_; and since this is contradictory of the conclusion of Baroco _Some S is not P_, that conclusion was true.

Similarly, with Bocardo, the Indirect Reduction proceeds by substituting for the major premise the contradictory of the conclusion; thus again obtaining the premises of a syllogism in Barbara, whose conclusion is contradictory of the original major premise. Hence the initial B in Baroco and Bocardo: it points to a syllogism in Barbara as the means of Indirect Reduction (_Reductio ad impossibile_).

Any other Mood may be reduced indirectly: as, for example, Dimaris. If this is supposed to be invalid and the conclusion false, substitute the contradictory of the conclusion for the major premise, thus obtaining the premises of Celarent:

Dimaris. Celarent.

contradictory Some P is M; <--------- --------> No S is P; \ / \/ All M is S: ----------/\---------> All M is S: / \ contradictory/ \ .'. Some S is P. ---------- -------- .'. No M is P} } simply converted .'. No P is M}

The conclusion of Celarent, simply converted, contradicts the original major premise of Dimaris, and is therefore false. Therefore the major premise of Celarent is false, and the conclusion of Dimaris is true. We might, of course, construct mnemonic names for the Indirect Reduction of all the Moods: the name of Dimaris would then be Cicari.

Sec. 9. The need or use of any Figure but the First has been much discussed by Logicians. Since, in actual debate, arguments are rarely stated in syllogistic form, and, therefore, if reduced to that form for closer scrutiny, generally have to be treated with some freedom; why not always throw them at once into the First Figure? That Figure has manifest advantages: it agrees directly with the _Dictum_; it gives conclusions in all four propositional forms, and therefore serves every purpose of full affirmation or denial, of showing agreement or difference (total or partial), of establishing the contradictories of universal statements; and it is the only Figure in which the subject and predicate of the conclusion occupy the same positions in the premises, so that the course of argument has in its mere expression an easy and natural flow.

Still, the Second Figure also has a very natural air in some kinds of negative arguments. The parallelism of the two premises, with the middle term as predicate in both, brings out very forcibly the necessary difference between the major and minor terms that is involved in their opposite relations to the middle term. _P is not, whilst S is, M_, says Cesare: that drives home the conviction that _S is not P_. Similarly in Camestres: _Deer do, oxen do not, shed their horns_. What is the conclusion?

The Third Figure, again, furnishes in Darapti and Felapton, the most natural forms of stating arguments in which the middle term is singular:

Socrates was truthful; Socrates was a Greek: .'. Some Greek was truthful.

Reducing this to Fig I., we should get for the minor premise, _Some Greek was Socrates_: which is certainly inelegant. Still, it might be urged that, in relation to proof, elegance is an extraneous consideration. And as for the other advantage claimed for Fig. III.--that, as it yields only particular conclusions, it is useful in establishing contradictories against universals--for that purpose none of its Moods can be better than Darii or Ferio.

As for Fig. IV., no particular advantage has been claimed for it. It is of comparatively late recognition (sometimes called the 'Galenian,' after Galen, its supposed discoverer); and its scientific claim to exist at all is disputed. It is said to be a mere inversion of Fig. I.; which is not true in any sense in which Figs. II. and III. may not be condemned as partial inversions of Fig. I., and as having therefore still less claim to recognition. It is also said to invert the order of thought; as if thought had only one order, or as if the order of thought had anything to do with Formal Logic. Surely, if distinction of Figure be recognised at all, the Fourth Figure is scientifically necessary, because it is inevitably generated by an analysis of the possible positions of the middle term.

Sec. 10. Is Reduction necessary, however; or have not all the Figures equal and independent validity? In one sense not only every Figure but each Mood has independent validity: for any one capable of abstract thinking sees its validity by direct inspection; and this is true not only of the abstract Moods, but very frequently of particular concrete arguments. But science aims at unifying knowledge; and after reducing all possible arguments that form categorical syllogisms to the nineteen Moods, it is another step in the same direction to reduce these Moods to one form. This is the very nature of science: and, accordingly, the efforts of some Logicians to expound separate principles of each Figure seem to be supererogatory. Grant that they succeed; and what can the next step be, but either to reduce these principles to the _Dictum_, or the _Dictum_ and the rest to one of these principles? Unless this can be done there is no science of Formal Logic. If it is done, what is gained by reducing the principles of the other Figures to the _Dictum_, instead of the Moods of the other Figures to those of the first Figure? It may, perhaps, be said that to show (1) that the Moods of the second, third, and fourth Figures flow from their own principles (though, in fact, these principles are laboriously adapted to the Moods); and (2) that these principles may be derived from the _Dictum_, is the more uncompromisingly gradual and regular method: but is not Formal Logic already sufficiently encumbered with formalities?

Sec. 11. Euler's diagrams are used to illustrate the syllogism, though not very satisfactorily, thus:

Barbara--

[Illustration: FIG. 5.]

Celarent--

[Illustration: FIG. 6.]

Darii--

[Illustration: FIG. 7.]

Remembering that 'Some' means 'It may be all,' it is plain that any one of these diagrams in Fig. 7, or the one given above for Barbara, may represent the denotative relations of P, M and S in Darii; though no doubt the diagram we generally think of as representing Darii is No. 1 in Fig. 7.

Remembering that A may be U, and that, therefore, wherever A occurs there may be only one circle for S and P, these syllogisms may be represented by only two circles, and Barbara by only one.

Ferio--

[Illustration: FIG. 8.]

Here, again, probably, we generally think of No. 1 as the diagram representing Ferio; but 2, or 3, or that given above for Celarent, is compatible with the premises.

If instead of dealing with M, P, and S, a concrete example be taken of Darii or Ferio, a knowledge of the facts of the case will show what diagram is suitable to it. But, then, surely it must be possible to do without the diagram. These diagrams, of course, can be used to illustrate Moods of the other Figures.

CHAPTER XI

ABBREVIATED AND COMPOUND ARGUMENTS

Sec. 1. In ordinary discussion, whether oral or written, it is but rarely that the forms of Logic are closely adhered to. We often leave wide gaps in the structure of our arguments, trusting the intelligence of those addressed to bridge them over; or we invert the regular order of propositions, beginning with the conclusion, and mentioning the premises, perhaps, a good while after, confident that the sagacity of our audience will make all smooth. Sometimes a full style, like Macaulay's, may, by means of amplification and illustration, spread the elements of a single syllogism over several pages--a pennyworth of logic steeped in so much eloquence. These practices give a great advantage to sophists; who would find it very inconvenient to state explicitly in Mood and Figure the pretentious antilogies which they foist upon the public; and, indeed, such licences of composition often prevent honest men from detecting errors into which they themselves have unwittingly fallen, and which, with the best intentions, they strive to communicate to others: but we put up with these drawbacks to avoid the inelegance and the tedium of a long discourse in accurate syllogisms.

Many departures from the strictly logical statement of reasonings consist in the use of vague or figurative language, or in the substitution for one another of expressions supposed to be equivalent, though, in fact, dangerously discrepant. Against such occasions of error the logician can provide no safeguard, except the advice to be careful and discriminating in what you say or hear. But as to any derangement of the elements of an argument, or the omission of them, Logic effectually aids the task of restoration; for it has shown what the elements are that enter into the explicit statement of most ratiocinations, namely, the four forms of propositions and what that connected order of propositions is which most easily and surely exposes the validity or invalidity of reasoning, namely, the premises and conclusion of the Syllogism. Logic has even gone so far as to name certain abbreviated forms of proof, which may be regarded as general types of those that actually occur in debate, in leading articles, pamphlets and other persuasive or polemic writings--namely, the Enthymeme, Epicheirema and Sorites.

Sec. 2. The Enthymeme, according to Aristotle, is the Syllogism of probable reasoning about practical affairs and matters of opinion, in contrast with the Syllogism of theoretical demonstration upon necessary grounds. But, as now commonly treated, it is an argument with one of its elements omitted; a Categorical Syllogism, having one or other of its premises, or else its conclusion, suppressed. If the major premise be suppressed, it is called an Enthymeme of the First Order; if the minor premise be wanting, it is said to be of the Second Order; if the conclusion be left to be understood, there is an Enthymeme of the Third Order.

Let the following be a complete Syllogism:

All free nations are enterprising; The Dutch are a free nation: .'. The Dutch are enterprising.

Reduced to Enthymemes, this argument may be put thus:

In the First Order:

The Dutch are a free nation: .'. The Dutch are enterprising.

In the Second Order--

All free nations are enterprising; .'. The Dutch are enterprising.

In the Third Order--

All free nations are enterprising; And the Dutch are a free nation.

It is certainly very common to meet with arguments whose statement may be represented by one or other of these three forms; indeed, the Enthymeme is the natural substitute for a full syllogism in oratory: whence the transition from Aristotle's to the modern meaning of the term. The most unschooled of men readily apprehend its force; and a student of Logic can easily supply the proposition that may be wanted in any case to complete a syllogism, and thereby test the argument's formal validity. In any Enthymeme of the Third Order, especially, to supply the conclusion cannot present any difficulty at all; and hence it is a favourite vehicle of innuendo, as in Hamilton's example:

Every liar is a coward; And Caius is a liar.

The frankness of this statement and its reticence, together, make it a biting sarcasm upon Caius.

The process of finding the missing premise in an Enthymeme of either the First or the Second Order, so as to constitute a syllogism, is sometimes called Reduction; and for this a simple rule may be given: Take that term of the given premise which does not occur in the conclusion (and which must therefore be the Middle), and combine it with that term of the conclusion which does not occur in the given premise; the proposition thus formed is the premise which was requisite to complete the Syllogism. If the premise thus constituted contain the predicate of the conclusion, the Enthymeme was of the First Order; if it contain the subject of the conclusion, the Enthymeme was of the Second Order.

That a statement in the form of a Hypothetical Proposition may really be an Enthymeme (as observed in chap. v. Sec. 4) can easily be shown by recasting one of the above Enthymemes thus: _If all free nations are enterprising, the Dutch are enterprising_. Such statements should be treated according to their true nature.

To reduce the argument of any ordinary discourse to logical form, the first care should be to make it clear to oneself what exactly the conclusion is, and to state it adequately but as succinctly as possible. Then look for the evidence. This may be of an inductive character, consisting of instances, examples, analogies; and, if so, of course its cogency must be evaluated by the principles of Induction, which we shall presently investigate. But if the evidence be deductive, it will probably consist of an Enthymeme, or of several Enthymemes one depending on another. Each Enthymeme may be isolated and expanded into a syllogism. And we may then inquire: (1) whether the syllogisms are formally correct according to Barbara (or whatever the appropriate Mood); (2) whether the premises, or the ultimate premises, are true in fact.

Sec. 3. A Monosyllogism is a syllogism considered as standing alone or without relation to other arguments. But, of course, a disputant may be asking to prove the premises of any syllogism; in which case other syllogisms may be advanced for that purpose. When the conclusion of one syllogism is used to prove another, we have a chain-argument which, stated at full length, is a Polysyllogism. In any Polysyllogism, again, a syllogism whose conclusion is used as the premise of another, is called in relation to that other a Prosyllogism; whilst a syllogism one of whose premises is the conclusion of another syllogism, is in relation to that other an Episyllogism. Two modes of abbreviating a Polysyllogism, are usually discussed, the Epicheirema and the Sorites.

Sec. 4. An Epicheirema is a syllogism for one or both of whose premises a reason is added; as--

All men are mortal, for they are animals; Socrates is a man, for rational bipeds are men: .'. Socrates is mortal.

The Epicheirema is called Single or Double, says Hamilton, according as an "adscititious proposition" attaches to one or both of the premises. The above example is of the double kind. The Single Epicheirema is said to be of the First Order, if the adscititious proposition attach to the major premise; if to the minor, of the Second Order. (Hamilton's _Logic_: Lecture xix.)

An Epicheirema, then, is an abbreviated chain of reasoning, or Polysyllogism, comprising an Episyllogism with one or two enthymematic Prosyllogisms. The major premise in the above case, _All men are mortal, for they are animals,_ is an Enthymeme of the First Order, suppressing its own major premise, and may be restored thus:

All animals are mortal; All men are animals: .'. All men are mortal.

The minor premise, _Socrates is a man, for rational bipeds are men_, is an Enthymeme of the Second Order, suppressing its own minor premise, and may be restored thus:

All rational bipeds are men; Socrates is a rational biped: .'. Socrates is a man.

Sec. 5. The Sorites is a Polysyllogism in which the Conclusions, and even some of the Premises, are suppressed until the arguments end. If the chain of arguments were freed of its enthymematic character, the suppressed conclusions would appear as premises of Episyllogisms.

Two varieties of Sorites are recognised, the Aristotelian (so called, though not treated of by Aristotle), and the Goclenian (named after its discoverer, Goclenius of Marburg, who flourished about 1600 A.D.). In order to compare these two forms of argument, it will be convenient to place side by side Hamilton's classical examples of them.

Aristotelian. Goclenian. Bucephalus is a horse; An animal is a substance; A horse is a quadruped; A quadruped is an animal; A quadruped is an animal; A horse is a quadruped; An animal is a substance: Bucephalus is a horse: .'. Bucephalus is a substance. .'. Bucephalus is a substance.

The reader wonders what is the difference between these two forms. In the Aristotelian Sorites the minor term occurs in the first premise, and the major term in the last; whilst in the Goclenian the major term occurs in the first premise, and the minor in the last. But since the character of premises is fixed by their terms, not by the order in which they are written, there cannot be a better example of a distinction without a difference. At a first glance, indeed, there may seem to be a more important point involved; the premises of the Aristotelian Sorites seem to proceed in the order of Fig. IV. But if that were really so the conclusion would be, _Some Substance is Bucephalus_. That, on the contrary, every one writes the conclusion, _Bucephalus is a substance_, proves that the logical order of the premises is in Fig. I. Logically, therefore, there is absolutely no difference between these two forms, and pure reason requires either that the "Aristotelian Sorites" disappear from the text-books, or that it be regarded as in Fig. IV., and its conclusion converted. It is the shining merit of Goclenius to have restored the premises of the Sorites to the usual order of Fig. I.: whereby he has raised to himself a monument more durable than brass, and secured indeed the very cheapest immortality.

The common Sorites, then, being in Fig. I., its rules follow from those of Fig. I:

(1) Only one premise can be particular; and, if any, only that in which the minor term occurs.

For, just as in Fig I., a particular premise anywhere else involves undistributed Middle.

(2) Only one premise can be negative; and, if any, only that in which the major term occurs.

For if there were two negative premises, at the point where the second entered the chain of argument there must be a syllogism with two negative premises, which is contrary to Rule 5; whilst if one premise be negative it must be that which contains the major term, for the same reason as in Fig. I., namely, that the conclusion will be negative, and that therefore only a negative major premise can prevent illicit process of the major term.

If we expand a Sorites into its constituent syllogisms, the conclusions successively suppressed will reappear as major premises; thus:

(1) An animal is a substance; A quadruped is an animal: .'. A quadruped is a substance.

(2) A quadruped is a substance; A horse is a quadruped: .'. A horse is a substance.

(3) A horse is a substance: Bucephalus is a horse: .'. Bucephalus is a substance.

This suffices to show that the Protosyllogism of a Goclenian Sorites is an Enthymeme of the Third Order; after which the argument is a chain of Enthymemes of the First Order, or of the First and Third combined, since the conclusions as well as the major premises are omitted, except in the last one.

Lest it should be thought that the Sorites is only good for arguments so frivolous as the above, I subjoin an example collected from various parts of Mill's _Political Economy_:--

The cost of labour depends on the efficiency of labour; The rate of profits depends on the cost of labour; The investment of capital depends on the rate of profits; Wages depend on the investment of capital: .'. Wages depend on the efficiency of labour.

Had it occurred to Mill to construct this Sorites, he would have modified his doctrine of the wages-fund, and would have spared many critics the malignant joy of refuting him.

Sec. 6. The Antinomy is a combination of arguments by which contradictory attributes are proved to be predicable of the same subject. In symbols, thus:

All M is P; All N is p; All S is M: All S is N: .'. All S is P. .'. All S is p.

Now, by the principle of Contradiction, S cannot be P and p (not-P): therefore, if both of the above syllogisms are sound, S, as the subject of contradictory attributes, is logically an impossible thing. The contradictory conclusions are called, respectively, Thesis and Antithesis.

To come to particulars, we may argue: (1) that a constitution which is at once a monarchy, an aristocracy and a democracy, must comprise the best elements of all three forms; and must, therefore, be the best of all forms of government: the British Constitution is, therefore, the best of all. But (2) such a constitution must also comprise the worst elements of monarchy, aristocracy and democracy; and, therefore, must be the worst of all forms. Are we, then, driven to conclude that the British Constitution, thus proved to be both the best and worst, does not really exist at all, being logically impossible? The proofs seem equally cogent; but perhaps neither the best nor the worst elements of the simpler constitutions need be present in our own in sufficient force to make it either good or bad.

Again:

(1) Every being who is responsible for his actions is free; Man is responsible for his actions: .'. Man is free.

(2) Every being whose actions enter into the course of nature is not free; Man is such a being: .'. Man is not free.

Does it, then, follow that 'Man,' as the subject of contradictory attributes, is a nonentity? This doctrine, or something like it, has been seriously entertained; but if to any reader it seem extravagant (as it certainly does to me), he will no doubt find an error in the above arguments. Perhaps the major term is ambiguous.

For other examples it is enough to refer to the _Critique of Pure Reason_, where Kant sets out the Antinomies of Rational Cosmology. But even if we do not agree with Kant that the human understanding, in attempting to deal with certain subjects beyond its reach, inevitably falls into such contradictory reasonings; yet it can hardly be doubted that we not unfrequently hold opinions which, if logically developed, result in Antinomies. And, accordingly, the Antinomy, if it cannot be imputed to Reason herself, may be a very fair, and a very wholesome _argumentum ad hominem_. It was the favourite weapon of the Pyrrhonists against the dogmatic philosophies that flourished after the death of Aristotle.

CHAPTER XII

CONDITIONAL SYLLOGISMS

Sec. 1. Conditional Syllogisms may be generally described as those that contain conditional propositions. They are usually divided into two classes, Hypothetical and Disjunctive.

A Hypothetical Syllogism is one that consists of a Hypothetical Major Premise, a Categorical Minor Premise, and a Categorical Conclusion. Two Moods are usually recognised the _Modus ponens_, in which the antecedent of the hypothetical major premise is affirmed; and the _Modus tollens_, in which its consequent is denied.

(1) _Modus ponens_, or Constructive.

If A is B, C is D; A is B: .'. C is D.

If Aristotle's reasoning is conclusive, Plato's theory of Ideas is erroneous;

Aristotle's reasoning is conclusive: .'. Plato's theory of Ideas is erroneous.

Rule of the _Modus ponens_: The antecedent of the major premise being affirmed in the minor premise, the consequent is also affirmed in the conclusion.

(2) _Modus tollens_, or Destructive.

If A is B, C is D; C is not D: .'. A is not B.

If Pythagoras is to be trusted, Justice is a number; Justice is not a number: .'. Pythagoras is not to be trusted.

Rule of the _Modus tollens_: The consequent of the major premise being denied in the minor premise, the antecedent is denied in the conclusion.

By using negative major premises two other forms are obtainable: then, either by affirming the antecedent or by denying the consequent, we draw a negative conclusion.

Thus (_Modus ponens_): (_Modus tollens_):

If A is B, C is not D; If A is B, C is not D; A is B: C is D: .'. C is not D. .'. A is not B.

Further, since the antecedent of the major premise, taken by itself, may be negative, it seems possible to obtain four more forms, two in each Mood, from the following major premises:

(1) If A is not B, C is D; (2) If A is not B, C is not D.

But since the quality of a Hypothetical Proposition is determined by the quality of its consequent, not at all by the quality of its antecedent, we cannot get from these two major premises any really new Moods, that is to say, Moods exhibiting any formal difference from the four previously expounded.

It is obvious that, given the hypothetical major premise--

If A is B, C is D--

we cannot, by denying the antecedent, infer a denial of the consequent. That A is B, is a mark of C being D; but we are not told that it is the sole and indispensable condition of it. If men read good books, they acquire knowledge; but they may acquire knowledge by other means, as by observation. For the same reason, we cannot by affirming the consequent infer the affirmation of the antecedent: Caius may have acquired knowledge; but we cannot thence conclude that he has read good books.

To see this in another light, let us recall chap. v. Sec. 4, where it was shown that a hypothetical proposition may be translated into a categorical one; whence it follows that a Hypothetical Syllogism may be translated into a Categorical Syllogism. Treating the above examples thus, we find that the _Modus ponens_ (with affirmative major premise) takes the form of Barbara, and the _Modus tollens_ the form of Camestres:

Modus ponens. Barbara.

If A is B, C is D; The case of A being B is a case of C being D; A is B: This is a case of A being B: .'. C is D. .'. This is a case of C being D.

Now if, instead of this, we affirm the consequent, to form the new minor premise,

This is a case of C being D,

there will be a Syllogism in the Second Figure with two affirmative premises, and therefore the fallacy of undistributed Middle. Again:

Modus tollens. Camestres.

If A is B, C is D; The case of A being B is a case of C being D: C is not D: This is not a case of C being D: .'. A is not B. .'. This is not a case of A being B.

But if, instead of this, we deny the antecedent, to form the new minor premise,

This is not a case of A being B,

there arises a syllogism in the First Figure with a negative minor premise, and therefore the fallacy of illicit process of the major term.

By thus reducing the Hypothetical Syllogism to the Categorical form, what is lost in elegance is gained in intelligibility. For, first, we may justify ourselves in speaking of the hypothetical premise as the major, and of the categorical premise as the minor; since in the categorical form they contain respectively the major and minor terms. And, secondly, we may justify ourselves in treating the Hypothetical Syllogism as a kind of Mediate Inference, in spite of the fact that it does not exhibit two terms compared by means of a third; since in the Categorical form such terms distinctly appear: a new term ('This') emerges in the position of the minor; the place of the Middle is filled by the antecedent of the major premise in the _Modus ponens_, and by the consequent in the _Modus tollens_.

The mediate element of the inference in a Hypothetical Syllogism consists in asserting, or denying, the fulfilment of a given condition; just as in a Categorical syllogism to identify the minor term with the Middle is a condition of the major term's being predicated of it. In the hypothetical proposition--

If A is B, C is D--

the Antecedent, _A is B_, is the _conditio sufficiens_, or mark, of the Consequent, _C is D_; and therefore the Consequent, _C is D_, is a _conditio sine qua non_ of the antecedent, _A is B_; and it is by means of affirming the former condition, or else denying the latter, that a conclusion is rendered possible.

Indeed, we need not say that the element of mediation consists in affirming, _or denying_, the fulfilment of a given condition: it is enough to say 'in affirming.' For thus to explain the _Modus tollens_, reduce it to the _Modus ponens_ (contrapositing the major premise and obverting the minor):

Celarent.

If A is B, C is D: The case of C being not-D is .'. If C is not-D, A is not B; not a case of A being B; C is not-D: This is a case of C being .'. A is not B. not-D: .'. This is not a case of A being B.

The above four forms commonly treated of as Hypothetical Syllogisms, are called by Ueberweg and Dr. Keynes 'Hypothetico-Categorical.' Ueberweg restricts the name 'Hypothetical' simply (and Dr. Keynes the name 'Conditional') to such Syllogisms as the following, having two Hypothetical Premises:

If C is D, E is F; If A is B, C is D: .'. If A is B, E is F.

If we recognise particular hypothetical propositions (see chap. v. Sec. 4), it is obvious that such Syllogisms may be constructed in all the Moods and Figures of the Categorical Syllogism; and of course they may be translated into Categoricals. We often reason in this hypothetical way. For example:

If the margin of cultivation be extended, rents will rise; If prices of produce rise, the margin of cultivation will be extended: .'. If prices of produce rise, rents will rise.

But the function of the Hypothetical Syllogism (commonly so called), as also of the Disjunctive Syllogism (to be discussed in the next section) is to get rid of the conditional element of the premises, to pass from suspense to certainty, and obtain a decisive categorical conclusion; whereas these Syllogisms with two hypothetical premises leave us still with a hypothetical conclusion. This circumstance seems to ally them more closely with Categorical Syllogisms than with those that are discussed in the present chapter. That they are Categoricals in disguise may be seen by considering that the above syllogism is not materially significant, unless in each proposition the word 'If' is equivalent to 'Whenever.' Accordingly, the name 'Hypothetical Syllogism,' is here employed in the older usage.

Sec. 2. A Disjunctive Syllogism consists of a Disjunctive Major Premise, a Categorical Minor Premise, and a Categorical Conclusion.

How many Moods are to be recognised in this kind of argument depends on whether the alternatives of the Disjunctive Premise are regarded as mutually exclusive or possibly coincident. In saying '_Either_ A is B, _or_ C is D,' do we mean 'either, but not both,' or 'either, it may be both'? (See chap. v. Sec. 4.)

When the alternatives of the Disjunctive are not exclusive, we have only the

Modus tollendo ponens.

Either A is B, or C is D; A is not B (or C is not D): .'. C is D (or A is B).

Either wages fall, or the weaker hands are dismissed;

Wages do not fall: .'. The weaker hands are dismissed.

But we cannot argue--

Wages fall: .'. The weaker hands are not dismissed;

since in 'hard times' both events may happen together.

Rule of the _Modus tollendo ponens_: If one alternative be denied, the other is affirmed.

When, however, the alternatives of the Disjunctive are mutually exclusive, we have also the

Modus ponendo tollens.

Either A is B, or C is D; A is B (or C is D): .'. C is not D (or A is not B).

Either the Tories or the Whigs win the election;

The Tories win: .'. The Whigs do not win.

We may also, of course, argue as above in the _Modus tollendo ponens_--

The Tories do not win: .'. The Whigs do.

But in this example, to make the _Modus tollendo ponens_ materially valid, it must be impossible that the election should result in a tie. The danger of the Disjunctive Proposition is that the alternatives may not, between them, exhaust the possible cases. Only contradictory alternatives are sure to cover the whole ground.

Rule of the _Modus ponendo tollens:_ If one alternative be affirmed, the other is denied.

Since a disjunctive proposition may be turned into a hypothetical proposition (chap. v. Sec. 4,) a Disjunctive Syllogism may be turned into a Hypothetical Syllogism:

Modus tollendo ponens. _Modus ponens._

Either A is B, or C is D; If A is not B, C is D; A is not B: A is not B: .'. C is D. .'. C is D.

Similarly the _Modus ponendo tollens_ is equivalent to that kind of _Modus ponens_ which may be formed with a negative major premise; for if the alternatives of a disjunctive proposition be exclusive, the corresponding hypothetical be affirmative or negative:

Modus ponendo tollens. _Modus ponens._

Either A is B, or C is D; If A is B, C is not D; A is B: A is B: .'. C is not D. .'. C is not D.

Hence, finally, a Disjunctive Syllogism being equivalent to a Hypothetical, and a Hypothetical to a Categorical; a Disjunctive Syllogism is equivalent and reducible to a Categorical. It is a form of Mediate Inference in the same sense as the Hypothetical Syllogism is; that is to say, the conclusion depends upon an affirmation, or denial, of the fulfilment of a condition implied in the disjunctive major premise.

Sec. 3. The Dilemma is perhaps the most popularly interesting of all forms of proof. It is a favourite weapon of orators and wits; and "impaled upon the horns of a dilemma" is a painful situation in which every one delights to see his adversary. It seems to have been described by Rhetoricians before finding its way into works on Logic; and Logicians, to judge from their diverse ways of defining it, have found some difficulty in making up their minds as to its exact character.

There is a famous Dilemma employed by Demosthenes, from which the general nature of the argument may be gathered:

If AEschines joined in the public rejoicings, he is inconsistent; if he did not, he is unpatriotic;

But either he joined, or he did not join:

Therefore he is either inconsistent or unpatriotic.

That is, reduced to symbols:

If A is B, C is D; and if E is F, G is H: But either A is B, or E is F; .'. Either C is D or G is H (_Complex Constructive_).

This is a compound Conditional Syllogism, which may be analysed as follows:

Either A is B or E is F.

Suppose that E is not F: Suppose that A is not B: Then A is B. Then E is F. But if A is B, C is D; But if E is F, G is H; (A is B): (E is F): .'. C is D. .'. G is H.

.'. Either C is D or G is H.

A Dilemma, then, is a compound Conditional Syllogism, having for its Major Premise two Hypothetical Propositions, and for its Minor Premise a Disjunctive Proposition, whose alternative terms either affirm the Antecedents or deny the Consequents of the two Hypothetical Propositions forming the Major Premise.

The hypothetical propositions in the major premise, may have all four terms distinct (as in the above example); and then the conclusion is a disjunctive proposition, and the Dilemma is said to be Complex. Or the two hypothetical propositions may have a common antecedent or a common consequent; and then the conclusion is a categorical proposition, and the Dilemma is said to be Simple.

Again, the alternatives of the disjunctive minor premise may be affirmative or negative: if affirmative, the Dilemma is called Constructive; and if negative, Destructive.

Using, then, only affirmative hypothetical propositions in the major premise, there are four Moods:

1. The Simple Constructive--

If A is B, C is D; and if E is F, C is D: But either A is B, or E is F: .'. C is D.

If the Tories win the election, the Government will avoid innovation; and if the Whigs win, the House of Lords will prevent them innovating:

But either the Tories or the Whigs will win:

.'. There will be no innovation.

2. The Complex Constructive--

If A is B, C is D; and if E is F, G is H: But either A is B, or E is F: .'. Either C is D or G is H.

If appearance is all that exists, reality is a delusion; and if there is a substance beyond consciousness, knowledge of reality is impossible:

But either appearance is all, or there is a substance beyond consciousness:

.'. Either reality is a delusion, or a knowledge of it is impossible.

3. Simple Destructive--

If A is B, C is D; and if A is B, E is F: But either C is not D, or E is not F: .'. A is not B.

If table-rappers are to be trusted, the departed are spirits; and they also exert mechanical energy:

But either the departed are not spirits, or they do not exert mechanical energy:

.'. Table-rappers are not to be trusted.

4. Complex Destructive--

If A is B, C is D; and if E is F, G is H: But either C is not D, or G is not H: .'. Either A is not B, or E is not F.

If poetic justice is observed, virtue is rewarded; and if the mirror is held up to Nature, the villain triumphs:

But either virtue is not rewarded, or the villain does not triumph:

.'. Either poetic justice is not observed, or the mirror is not held up to Nature.

Such are the four Moods of the Dilemma that emerge if we only use affirmative hypotheticals for the major premise; but, certainly, it is often quite as natural to employ two negative hypotheticals (indeed, one might be affirmative and the other negative; but waive that); and then four more moods emerge, all having negative conclusions. It is needless to intimidate the reader by drawing up these four moods in battle array: they always admit of reduction to the foregoing moods by obverting the hypotheticals. Still, by the same process we may greatly decrease the number of moods of the Categorical Syllogism; and just as some Syllogisms are most simply expressed in Celarent or Cesare, so some Dilemmas are most simply stated with negative major premises--e.g., The example of a Simple Constructive Dilemma above given would run more naturally thus: _If the Tories win, the Government will not innovate; and if the Whigs, the Lords will not let them_: and similarly Demosthenes' Dilemma--_If AEschines joined, he is not consistent; and if he did not, he is not patriotic_. Moreover, the propriety of recognising Dilemmas with negative major premises, follows from the above analysis of the Dilemma into a combination of Conditional Syllogisms, even if (as in Sec. 1 of this chapter) we take account of only four Moods of the Hypothetical Syllogism.

In the rhetorical use of the Dilemma, it may be observed that the disjunction in the minor premise ought to be obvious, or (at any rate) easily acceptable to the audience. Thus, _Either the Tories or the Whigs will win; Either AEschines joined in the rejoicings, or he did not_; such propositions are not likely to be disputed. But if the orator must stop to prove his minor premise, the smacking effect of this figure (if the expression be allowed) will be lost. Hence the minor premises of other examples given above are only fit for a select audience. That _Either ghosts are not spirits, or they do not exert mechanical energy_, supposes a knowledge of the principle, generally taught by physical philosophers, that only matter is the vehicle of energy; and that _Either appearance is all, or there is substance beyond consciousness_, is a doctrine which only metaphysical philosophers could be expected to understand, and upon which they could not be expected to agree. However, the chief danger is that a plausible disjunction may not be really such as to exclude any middle ground: _Either the Tories or the Whigs win_, is bad, if a tie be possible; though in the above argument this is negligible, seeing that a tie cannot directly cause innovations. _Either AEschines joined in the rejoicings, or he did not_, does not allow for a decent conformity with the public movement where resistance would be vain; yet such conformity as need not be inconsistent with subsequent condemnation of the proceedings, nor incompatible with patriotic reserve founded on a belief that the rejoicings are premature and ominous.

Another rhetorical consideration is, that the alternatives of the disjunctive conclusion of a Complex Dilemma should both point the same way, should be equally distasteful or paradoxical. 'Either inconsistent or unpatriotic': horrid words to a politician! 'Either no reality or no possible knowledge of it': very disappointing to an anxious inquirer! Thus the disjunctive conclusion is as bad for an opponent as the categorical one in a Simple Dilemma.

Logicians further speak of the Trilemma, with three Hypotheticals and a corresponding triple Disjunction; and of a Polylemma, with any further number of perplexities. But anyone who has a taste for logical forms may have it amply gratified in numerous text-books.

CHAPTER XIII

TRANSITION TO INDUCTION

Sec. 1. Having now discussed Terms, Propositions, Immediate and Mediate Inferences, and investigated the conditions of formal truth or consistency, we have next to consider the conditions of material truth: whether (or how far) it is possible to arrive at propositions that accurately represent the course of nature or of human life. Hitherto we have dealt with no sort of proof that gives any such assurance. A valid syllogism guarantees the truth of its conclusion, provided the premises be true: but what of the premises? The relation between the premises of a valid syllogism and its conclusion is the same as the relation between the antecedent and consequent of a hypothetical proposition. If A is B, C is D: grant that A is B, and it follows that C is D; and, similarly, grant the premises of a syllogism, and the conclusion follows. Again, grant that C is not D, and it follows that A is not B; and, similarly, if the conclusion of a valid syllogism be false, it follows that one, or other, or both of the premises must be false. But, once

more, grant that C is D, and it does not follow that A is B; so neither, if the conclusion of a syllogism be true, does it follow that the premises are. For example:--

Sociology is an exact science; Mathematics is a branch of Sociology: .'. Mathematics is an exact science.

Here the conclusion is true although the premises are absurd. Or again:--

Mathematics is an exact science; Sociology is a branch of Mathematics: .'. Sociology is an exact science.

Here the major premise is true, but the minor is false, and the conclusion is false. In both cases, however, whether the conclusion be true or false, it equally follows from the premises, if there is any cogency in Barbara. The explanation of this is, that Barbara has only formal cogency; and that whether the conclusion of that, or any other valid mood, shall be true according to fact and experience, depends upon how the form is filled up. How to establish the premises, then, is a most important problem; and it still remains to be solved.

Sec. 2. We may begin by recalling the distinction between the denotation and connotation of a general term: the denotation comprising the things or events which the term is a name for; the connotation comprising the common qualities on account of which these things are called by the same name. Obviously, there are very few general terms whose denotation is exhaustively known; since the denotation of a general term comprises all the things that have its connotation, or that ever have had, or that ever will have it, whether they exist here, or in Australia, or in the Moon, or in the utmost stars. No one has examined all men, all mammoths, all crystals, all falling bodies, all cases of fever, all revolutions, all stars--nor even all planets, since from time to time new ones are discerned. We have names for animals that existed long before there were men to observe them, and of which we know only a few bones, the remains of multitudinous species; and for others that may continue to exist when men have disappeared from the earth.

If, indeed, we definitely limit the time, or place, or quantity of matter to be explored, we may sometimes learn, within the given limits, all that there is to know: as all the bones of a particular animal, or the list of English monarchs hitherto, or the names of all the members of the House of Commons at the present time. Such cases, however, do not invalidate the above logical truth that few general terms are exhaustively known in their denotation; for the very fact of assigning limits of time and place impairs the generality of a term. The bones of a certain animal may be all examined, but not the bones of all animals, nor even of one species. The English monarchs that have reigned hitherto may be known, but there may be many still to reign.

The general terms, then, with which Logic is chiefly concerned, the names of Causes and Kinds, such as gravitation, diseases, social events, minerals, plants and animals, stand for some facts that are, or have been, known, and for a great many other similar ones that have not been, and never will be, known. The use of a general term depends not upon our direct knowledge of everything comprised in its denotation, but upon our readiness to apply it to anything that has its connotation, whether we have seen the thing or not, and even though we never can perceive it; as when a man talks freely of the ichthyosaurus, or of the central heat of planets, or of atoms and ether.

Hence Universal Propositions, which consist of general terms, deceive us, if we suppose that their predicates are directly known to be related to all the facts denoted by their subjects. In exceptional cases, in which the denotation of a subject is intentionally limited, such exhaustive direct knowledge may be possible; as that "all the bones of a certain animal consist of phosphate of lime," or that every member of the present Parliament wears a silk hat. But what predication is possible concerning the hats of all members of Parliament from the beginning? Ordinarily, then, whilst the relation of predicate to subject has been observed in some cases, in much the greater number of cases our belief about it depends upon something besides observation, or may be said (in a certain sense) to be taken on trust.

'All rabbits are herbivorous': why do we believe that? We may have seen a few wild rabbits feeding: or have kept tame ones, and tried experiments with their diet; or have read of their habits in a book of Natural History; or have studied the anatomy and physiology of the digestive system in many sorts of animals: but with whatever care we add testimony and scientific method to our own observation, it still remains true that the rabbits observed by ourselves and others are few in comparison with those that live, have lived and will live. Similarly of any other universal proposition; that it 'goes beyond the evidence' of direct observation plainly follows from the fact that the general terms, of which such propositions consist, are never exhaustively known in their denotation. What right have we then to state Universal Propositions? That is the problem of Inductive Logic.

Sec. 3. Universal Propositions, of course, cannot always be proved by syllogisms; because to prove a universal proposition by a syllogism, its premises must be universal propositions; and, then, these must be proved by others. This process may sometimes go

a little way, thus: _All men are mortal_, because _All animals are_; and _All animals are mortal_, because _All composite bodies are subject to dissolution._ Were there no limit to such sorites, proof would always involve a _regressus ad infinitum_, for which life is too short; but, in fact, prosyllogisms soon fail us.

Clearly, the form of the Syllogism must itself be misleading if the universal proposition is so: if we think that premises prove the conclusion because they themselves have been established by detailed observation, we are mistaken. The consideration of any example will show this. Suppose any one to argue:

All ruminants are herbivorous; Camels are ruminants: .'. Camels are herbivorous.

Have we, then, examined all ruminants? If so, we must have examined all camels, and cannot need a syllogism to prove their herbivorous nature: instead of the major premise proving the conclusion, the proof of the conclusion must then be part of the proof of the major premise. But if we have not examined all ruminants, having omitted most giraffes, most deer, most oxen, etc., how do we know that the unexamined (say, some camels) are not exceptional? Camels are vicious enough to be carnivorous; and indeed it is said that Bactrian camels will eat flesh rather than starve, though of course their habit is herbivorous.

Or, again, it is sometimes urged that--

All empires decay: .'. Britain will decay.

This is manifestly a prediction: at present Britain flourishes, and shows no signs of decay. Yet a knowledge of its decay seems necessary, to justify any one in asserting the given premise. If it is a question whether Britain will decay, to attempt (while several empires still flourish) to settle the matter by asserting that _all_ empires decay, seems to be 'a begging of the question.' But although this latter case is a manifest prediction, it does not really differ from the former one; for the proof that camels are herbivorous has no limits in time. If valid, it shows not only that they are, but also that they will be, herbivorous.

Hence, to resort to a dilemma, it may be urged: If _all_ the facts of the major premise of any syllogism have been examined, the syllogism is needless; and if _some_ of them have not been examined, it is a _petitio principii_. But either all have been examined, or some have not. Therefore; the syllogism is either useless or fallacious.

Sec. 4. A way of escape from this dilemma is provided by distinguishing between the formal and material aspects of the syllogism considered as a means of proof. It begs the question formally, but not materially; that is to say, if it be a question whether camels are herbivorous, and to decide it we are told that '_all_ ruminants are,' laying stress upon the 'all,' as if all had been examined, though in fact camels have not been, then the question as to camels is begged. The form of a universal proposition is then offered as evidence, when in fact the evidence has not been universally ascertained. But if in urging that 'all ruminants are herbivorous' no more is meant than that so many other ruminants of different species are known to be herbivorous, and that the ruminant stomach is so well adapted to a coarse vegetable diet, that the same habit may be expected in other ruminants, such as camels, the argument then rests upon material evidence without unfairly implying the case in question. Now the nature of the material evidence is plainly this, that the resemblance of camels to deer, oxen, etc., in chewing the cud, justifies us in believing that they have a further resemblance in feeding on herbs; in other words, we assume that _resemblance is a ground of inference_.

Another way of putting this difficulty which we have just been discussing, with regard to syllogistic evidence, is to urge that by the Laws of Syllogism a conclusion must never go beyond the premises, and that therefore no progress in knowledge can ever be established, except by direct observation. Now, taking the syllogism formally, this is true: if the conclusion go beyond the premises, there must be either four terms, or illicit process of the major or minor term. But, taking it materially, the conclusion may cover facts which were not in view when the major premise was laid down; facts of which we predicate something not as the result of direct observation, but because they resemble in a certain way those facts which had been shown to carry the predicate when the major premise was formed.

'What sort of resemblance is a sufficient ground of inference?' is, therefore, the important question alike in material Deduction and in Induction; and in endeavouring to answer it we shall find that the surest ground of inference is resemblance of causation. For example, it is due to causation that ruminants are herbivorous. Their instincts make them crop the herb, and their stomachs enable them easily to digest it; and in these characters camels are like the other ruminants.

Sec. 5. In ch. ix, Sec. 3, the _Dictum de omni et nullo_ was stated: 'Whatever may be predicated of a term distributed may be predicated of anything that can be identified with that term.' Nothing was there said (as nothing was needed) of the relations that

might be implied in the predication. But now that it comes to the ultimate validity of predication, we must be clear as to what these relations are; and it will also be convenient to speak no longer of terms, as in Formal Logic, but of the things denoted. What relations, then, can be determined between concrete facts or phenomena (physical or mental) with the greatest certainty of general truth; and what axioms are there that sanction mediate inferences concerning those relations?

In his _Logic_ (B. II. c. 2, Sec. 3) Mill gives as the axiom of syllogistic reasoning, instead of the _Dictum_: "A thing which co-exists with another thing, which other co-exists with a third thing, also co-exists with that third thing." Thus the peculiar properties of Socrates co-exist with the attributes of man, which co-exist with mortality: therefore, Socrates is mortal. But, again, he says that the ground of the syllogism is Induction; that man is mortal is an induction. And, further, the ground of Induction is causation; the law of causation is the ultimate major premise of every sound induction. Now causation is the principle of the succession of phenomena: how, then, can the syllogism rest on an axiom concerning co-existence? On reflection, too, it must appear that 'Man is mortal' predicates causation: the human constitution issues in death.

The explanation of this inconsistency may perhaps be found in the history of Mill's work. Books I. and II. were written in 1831; but being unable at that time to explain Induction, he did not write Book III. until 1837-8. Then, no doubt, he revised the earlier Books, but not enough to bring his theory of the syllogism into complete agreement with the theory of Induction; so that the axiom of co-existence was allowed to stand.

Mill also introduced the doctrine of Natural Kinds as a ground of Induction supplementary, at least provisionally, to causation; and to reasoning about Kinds, or Substance and Attribute, his axiom of co-existence is really adapted. Kinds are groups of things that agree amongst themselves and differ from all others in a multitude of qualities: these qualities co-exist, or co-inhere, with a high degree of constancy; so that where some are found others may be inferred. Their co-inherence is not to be considered an ultimate fact; for, "since everything which occurs is determined by laws of causation and collocations of the original causes, it follows that the co-existences observable amongst effects cannot themselves be the subject of any similar set of laws distinct from laws of causation" (B. III. c. 5, Sec. 9). According to the theory of evolution (worked out since Mill wrote), Kinds--that is, species of plants, animals and minerals--with their qualities are all due to causation. Still, as we can rarely, or never, trace the causes with any fullness or precision, a great deal of our reasoning, as, e.g., about men and camels, does in fact trust to the relative permanence of natural Kinds as defined by co-inhering attributes.

To see this more clearly, we should consider that causation and natural Kinds are not at present separable; propositions about causation in concrete phenomena (as distinct from abstract 'forces') always involve the assumption of Kinds. For example--'Water rusts iron,' or the oxygen of water combines with iron immersed in it to form rust: this statement of causation assumes that water, oxygen, iron, and iron-rust are known Kinds. On the other hand, the constitution of every concrete thing, and manifestly of every organised body, is always undergoing change, that is, causation, upon which fact its properties depend.

How, then, can we frame principles of mediate reasoning, about such things? So far as we consider them as Kinds, it is enough to say: _Whatever can be identified as a specimen of a known substance or Kind has the properties of that Kind_. So far as we consider them as in the relation of causation, we may say: _Whatever relation of events can be identified with the relation of cause and effect is constant_. And these principles may be generalised thus: _Whatever is constantly related to a phenomenon (cause or Kind), determined by certain characters, is related in the same way to any phenomenon, that has the same characters_. Taking this as axiom of the syllogism materially treated, we see that herbivorousness, being constantly related to ruminants, is constantly related to camels; mortality to man and, therefore, to Socrates; rusting to the immersion of iron in water generally and, therefore, to this piece of iron. _Nota notae, nota rei ipsius_ is another statement of the same principle; still another is Mill's axiom, "Whatever has a mark has what it is a mark of." A mark is anything (A) that is never found without something else (B)--a phenomenon constantly related to another phenomenon--so that wherever A is found, B may be expected: human nature is a mark of mortality.

Sec. 6. The Syllogism has sometimes been discarded by those who have only seen that, as formally stated, it is either useless or fallacious: but those who also perceive its material grounds retain and defend it. In fact, great advantages are gained by stating an argument as a formal syllogism. For, in the first place, we can then examine separately the three conditions on which the validity of the argument depends:

(1) Are the Premises so connected that, _if they are true_, the Conclusion follows? This depends upon the formal principles of chap. x.

(2) Is the Minor Premise true? This question can only arise when the minor premise is a real proposition; and then it may be very difficult to answer. Water rusts iron; but is the metal we are now dealing with a fair specimen of iron? Few people, comparatively, know how to determine whether diamonds, or even gold or silver coins, are genuine. That _Camels are ruminants_ is now a verbal proposition to a Zoologist, but not to the rest of us; and to the Zoologist the ascertaining of the relation in which camels stand to such ruminants as oxen and deer, was not a matter of analysing words but of dissecting specimens. What a long controversy as to whether the human race constitutes a Family of the Primates! That 'the British Empire is an empire' affords no matter for doubt or inquiry; but how difficult to judge whether the British Empire resembles Assyria, Egypt, Rome, Spain in those characters and circumstances that caused their downfall!

(3) Is the Major Premise true? Are all ruminants herbivorous? If there be any exceptions to the rule, camels are likely enough to be among the exceptions. And here the need of Inductive Logic is most conspicuous: how can we prove our premises when they are universal propositions? Universal propositions, however, are also involved in proving the minor premise: to prove a thing to be iron, we must know the constant reactions of iron.

A second advantage of the syllogism is, that it makes us fully aware of what an inference implies. An inference must have some grounds, or else it is a mere prejudice; but whatever the grounds, if sufficient in a particular case, they must be sufficient for all similar cases, they must admit of being generalised; and to generalise the grounds of the inference, is nothing else than to state the major premise. If the evidence is sufficient to justify the argument that camels are herbivorous _because_ they are ruminants, it must also justify the major premise, _All ruminants are herbivorous_; for else the inference cannot really depend merely upon the fact of ruminating. To state our evidence syllogistically, then, must be possible, if the evidence is mediate and of a logical kind; and to state it in this formal way, as depending on the truth of a general principle (the major premise), increases our sense of responsibility for the inference that is thus seen to imply so much; and if any negative instances lie within our knowledge, we are the more likely to remember them. The use of syllogisms therefore tends to strengthen our reasonings.

A third advantage is, that to formulate an accurate generalisation may be useful to others: it is indeed part of the systematic procedure of science. The memoranda of our major premises, or reasons for believing anything, may be referred to by others, and either confirmed or refuted. When such a memorandum is used for further inferences, these inferences are said, in the language of Formal Logic, to be drawn _from_ it, as if the conclusion were contained in our knowledge of the major premise; but, considering the limited extent of the material evidence, it is better to say that the inference is drawn _according to_ the memorandum or major premise, since the grounds of the major premise and of the conclusion are in fact the same (Mill: _Logic_, B. II. c. 3). Inductive proofs may be stated in Syllogisms, and inductive inferences are drawn _according to_ the Law of Causation.

Sec. 7. To assume that resemblance is a ground of inference, and that substance and attribute, or cause and effect, are phenomena constantly related, implies belief in the Uniformity of Nature. The Uniformity of Nature cannot be defined, and is therefore liable to be misunderstood. In many ways Nature seems not to be uniform: there is great variety in the sizes, shapes, colours and all other properties of things: bodies falling in the open air--pebbles, slates, feathers--descend in different lines and at different rates; the wind and weather are proverbially uncertain; the course of trade or of politics, is full of surprises. Yet common maxims, even when absurd, testify to a popular belief that the relations of things are constant: the doctrine of St. Swithin and the rhyme beginning 'Evening red and morning grey,' show that the weather is held to be not wholly unpredictable; as to human affairs, it is said that 'a green Yule makes a fat churchyard,' that 'trade follows the flag,' and that 'history repeats itself'; and Superstition knows that witches cannot enter a stable-door if a horse-shoe is nailed over it, and that the devil cannot cross a threshold inscribed with a perfect pentagram. But the surest proof of a belief in the uniformity of nature is given by the conduct of men and animals; by that adherence to habit, custom and tradition, to which in quiet times they chiefly owe their safety, but which would daily disappoint and destroy them, if it were not generally true that things may be found where they have been left and that in similar circumstances there are similar events.

Now this general belief, seldom distinctly conceived, for the most part quite unconscious (as a principle), merely implied in what men do, is also the foundation of all the Sciences; which are entirely occupied in seeking the Laws (that is, the Uniformities) of Nature. As the uniformity of nature cannot be defined, it cannot be proved; the most convincing evidence in its favour is the steady progress made by Science whilst trusting in it. Nevertheless, what is important is not the comprehensive but indeterminate notion of Uniformity so much as a number of First Principles, which may be distinguished in it as follows:

(1) The Principles of Contradiction and Excluded Middle (ch. vi. Sec. 3) declare that in a given relation to a given phenomenon any two or more other phenomena are incompatible (_B is not A and a_); whilst the given phenomenon either stands related to another

phenomenon or not (_B is either A or a_). It is not only a matter of Logic but of fact that, if a leaf is green, it is not under the same conditions red or blue, and that if it is not green it is some other colour.

(2) Certain Axioms of Mediate Evidence: as, in Mathematics, 'that magnitudes equal to the same magnitude are equal to one another'; and, in Logic, the _Dictum_ or its material equivalent.

(3) That all Times and all Spaces are commensurable; although in certain relations of space (as [pi]) the unit of measurement must be infinitely small.--If Time really trotted with one man and galloped with another, as it seems to; if space really swelled in places, as De Quincey dreamed that it did; life could not be regulated, experience could not be compared and science would be impossible. The Mathematical Axioms would then never be applicable to space or time, or to the objects or processes that fill them.

(4) The Persistence of Matter and Energy: the physical principle that, in all changes of the universe, the quantities of Matter and Energy (actual and potential, so-called) remain the same.--For example, as to matter, although dew is found on the grass at morning without any apparent cause, and although a candle seems to burn away to a scrap of blackened wick, yet every one knows that the dew has been condensed from vapour in the air, and that the candle has only turned into gas and smoke. As to energy, although a stone thrown up to the housetop and resting there has lost actual energy, it has gained such a position that the slightest touch may bring it to the earth again in the same time as it took to travel upwards; so on the house-top it is said to have potential energy. When a boiler works an engine, every time the piston is thrust forward (mechanical energy), an equivalent in heat (molecular energy) is lost. But for the elucidation of these principles, readers must refer to treatises of Chemistry and Physics.

(5) Causation, a special form of the foregoing principles of the persistence of matter and energy, we shall discuss in the next chapter. It is not to be conceived of as anything occult or noumenal, but merely as a special mode of the uniformity of Nature or experience.

(6) Certain Uniformities of Co-existence; but for want of a general principle of Co-existence, corresponding to Causation (the principle of Succession), we can only classify these uniformities as follows:

(a) The Geometrical; as that, in a four-sided figure, if the opposite angles are equal, the opposite sides are equal and parallel.--Countless similar uniformities of co-existence are disclosed by Geometry. The co-existent facts do not cause one another, nor are they jointly caused by something else; they are mutually involved: such is the nature of space.

(b) Universal co-inherences among the properties of concrete things.--The chief example is the co-inherence of gravity with inertia in all material bodies. There is, I believe, no other entirely satisfactory case; but some good approximations to such uniformity are known to physical science.

(c) Co-existence due to Causation; such as the positions of objects in space at any time.--The houses of a town are where they are, because they were put there; and they remain in their place as long as no other causes arise strong enough to remove or destroy them. Similarly, the relative positions of rocks in geological strata, and of trees in a forest, are due to causes.

(d) The co-inherence of properties in Natural Kinds; which we call the constitution, defining characters, or specific nature of such things.--Oxygen, platinum, sulphur and the other elements; water, common salt, alcohol and other compounds; the various species of plants and animals: all these are known to us as different groups of co-inherent properties. It may be conjectured that these groupings of properties are also due to causation, and sometimes the causes can be traced: but very often the causes are still unknown; and, until resolved into their causes, they must be taken as necessary data in the investigation of nature. Laws of the co-inherence of the properties of Kinds do not, like laws of causation, admit of methodical proof upon their own principles, but only by constancy in experience and statistical probability (c. xix, Sec. 4).

(e) There are also a few cases in which properties co-exist in an unaccountable way, without being co-extensive with any one species, genus, or order: as most metals are whitish, and scarlet flowers are wanting in fragrance. (On this Sec. 7, see Venn's _Empirical Logic_, c. 4.)

Sec. 8. Inasmuch as Axioms of Uniformity are ultimate truths, they cannot be deduced; and inasmuch as they are universal, no proof by experience can ever be adequate. The grounds of our belief in them seem to be these:

(1) Every inference takes for granted an order of Nature corresponding with it; and every attempt to explain the origin of anything assumes that it is the transformation of something else: so that uniformity of order and conservation of matter and energy are necessary presuppositions of reasoning.

(2) On the rise of philosophic reflection, these tacit presuppositions are first taken as dogmas, and later as postulates of scientific generalisation, and of the architectonic unification of science. Here they are indispensable.

(3) The presuppositions or postulates are, in some measure, verifiable in practical life and in scientific demonstration, and the better verifiable as our methods become more exact.

(4) There is a cause of this belief that cannot be said to contain any evidence for it, namely, the desire to find in Nature a foundation for confidence in our own power to foresee and to control events.

CHAPTER XIV

CAUSATION

Sec. 1. For the theory of Induction, the specially important aspect of the Uniformity of Nature is Causation.

For (1) the Principles of Contradiction and Excluded Middle are implied in all logical operations, and need no further explication.

(2) That one thing is a mark of another or constantly related to it, must be established by Induction; and the surest of all marks is a Cause. So that the application of the axiom of the Syllogism in particular cases requires, when most valid, a previous appeal to Causation.

(3) The uniformity of Space and of Time is involved in Causation, so far as we conceive Causation as essentially matter in motion--for motion is only known as a traversing of space in time; and so far as forces vary in any way according to the distance between bodies; so that if space and time were not uniform, causation would be irregular. Not that time and space are agents, but they are conditions of every agent's operation.

(4) The persistence of Matter and Energy, being nothing else than Causation in the general movement of the world, is applied under the name of that principle in explaining any particular limited phenomenon, such as a soap-bubble, or a thunderstorm, or the tide.

(5) As to co-existences, the Geometrical do not belong to Logic: those involved in the existence of plants, animals, and inorganic bodies, must, as far as possible, be traced to causes; and so, of course, must the relative positions of objects in space at any time: and what Co-existences remain do not admit of methodical inductive treatment; they will be briefly discussed in chap. xix.

Causation, then, is that mode or aspect of the Uniformity of Nature which especially concerns us in Induction; and we must make it as definite as possible. It is nothing occult, but merely a convenient name for phenomena in a particular relation to other phenomena, called their effect. Similarly, if the word 'force' is sometimes used for convenience in analysing causation, it means nothing more than something in time and space, itself moving, or tending to move, or hindering or accelerating other things. If any one does not find these words convenient for the purpose, he can use others.

Sec. 2. A Cause, according to Mill, is "the invariable unconditional antecedent" of a given phenomenon. To enlarge upon this:

(1) A Cause is _relative to a given phenomenon_, called the Effect. Logic has no method for investigating the cause of the universe as a whole, but only of a part or epoch of it: we select from the infinite continuum of Nature any portion that is neither too large nor too small for a trained mind to comprehend. The magnitude of the phenomenon may be a matter of convenience. If the cause of disease in general be too wide a problem, can fevers be dealt with; or, if that be too much, is typhus within the reach of inquiry? In short, how much can we deal with accurately?

(2) The given phenomenon is always _an event_; that is to say, not a new thing (nothing is wholly new), but a change in something, or in the relative position of things. We may ask the cause of the phases of the moon, of the freezing of water, of the kindling of a match, of a deposit of chalk, of the differentiation of species. To inquire the cause of France being a republic, or Russia an autocracy, implies that these countries were once otherwise governed, or had no government: to inquire the cause of the earth being shaped like an orange, implies that the matter of the earth had once another shape.

(3) The Cause is _antecedent_ to the Effect, which accordingly is often called its _consequent_. This is often misunderstood and sometimes disputed. It has been said that the meaning of 'cause' implies an 'effect,' so that until an effect occurs there can be no cause. But this is a blunder; for whilst the word 'cause' implies 'effect,' it also implies the relative futurity of the effect; and effect

implies the relative priority of the cause. The connotation of the words, therefore, agrees well enough with Mill's doctrine. In fact, the danger is that any pair of contrasted words may suggest too strongly that the phenomena denoted are separate in Nature; whereas every natural process is continuous. If water, dripping from the roof wears away a stone, it fell on the roof as rain; the rain came from a condensing cloud; the cloud was driven by the wind from the sea, whence it exhaled; and so on. There is no known beginning to this, and no break in it. We may take any one of these changes, call it an effect, and ask for its cause; or call it a cause, and ask for its effect. There is not in Nature one set of things called causes and another called effects; but every change is both cause (or a condition) of the future and effect of the past; and whether we consider an event as the one or the other, depends upon the direction of our curiosity or interest.

Still, taking the event as effect, its cause is the antecedent process; or, taking it as a cause, its effect is the consequent process. This follows from the conception of causation as essentially motion; for that _motion takes time_ is (from the way our perceptive powers grow) an ultimate intuition. But, for the same reason, there is no interval of time between cause and effect; since all the time is filled up with motion.

Nor must it be supposed that the whole cause is antecedent to the effect as a whole: for we often take the phenomenon on such a scale that minutes, days, years, ages, may elapse before we consider the cause as exhausted (e.g., an earthquake, a battle, an expansion of credit, natural selection operating on a given variety); and all that time the effect has been accumulating. But we may further consider such a cause as made up of moments or minute factors, and the effect as made up of corresponding moments; and then the cause, taken in its moments, is antecedent throughout to the effect, taken in its corresponding moments.

(4) The Cause is the _invariable_ antecedent of the effect; that is to say, whenever a given cause occurs it always has the same effect: in this, in fact, consists the Uniformity of Causation. Accordingly, not every antecedent of an event is its Cause: to assume that it is so, is the familiar fallacy of arguing '_post hoc ergo propter hoc_.' Every event has an infinite number of antecedents that have no ascertainable connection with it: if a picture falls from the wall in this room, there may have occurred, just previously, an earthquake in New Zealand, an explosion in a Japanese arsenal, a religious riot in India, a political assassination in Russia and a vote of censure in the House of Commons, besides millions of other less noticeable events, between none of which and the falling of the picture can any direct causation be detected; though, no doubt, they are all necessary occurrences in the general world-process, and remotely connected. The cause, however, was that a door slammed violently in the room above and shook the wall, and that the picture was heavy and the cord old and rotten. Even if two events invariably occur one after the other, as day follows night, or as the report follows the flash of a gun, they may not be cause and effect, though it is highly probable that they are closely connected by causation; and in each of these two examples the events are co-effects of a common cause, and may be regarded as elements of its total effect. Still, whilst it is not true that every antecedent, or that every invariable antecedent, of an event is its cause, the cause is conceived of as some change in certain conditions, or some state and process of things, such that should it exactly recur the same event would invariably follow. If we consider the antecedent state and process of things very widely or very minutely, it never does exactly recur; nor does the consequent. But the purpose of induction is to get as near the truth as possible within the limits set by our faculties of observation and calculation. Complex causal instances that are most unlikely to recur as a whole, may be analysed into the laws of their constituent conditions.

(5) The Cause is the Unconditional Antecedent. A cause is never simple, but may be analysed into several conditions; and 'Condition' means any necessary factor of a Cause: any thing or agent that exerts, absorbs, transforms, or deflects energy; or any relation of time or space in which agents stand to one another. A positive condition is one that cannot be omitted without frustrating the effect; a negative condition is one that cannot be introduced without frustrating the effect. In the falling of the picture, e.g., the positive conditions were the picture (as being heavy), the slamming of the door, and the weakness of the cord: a negative condition was that the picture should have no support but the cord. When Mill, then, defines the Cause of any event as its "unconditional" antecedent, he means that it is that group of conditions (state and process of things) which, without any further condition, is followed by the event in question: it is the least antecedent that suffices, positive conditions being present and negative absent.

Whatever item of the antecedent can be left out, then, without affecting the event, is no part of the cause. Earthquakes have happened in New Zealand and votes of censure in the House of Commons without a picture's falling in this room: they were not unconditional antecedents; something else was needed to bring down a picture. Unconditionality also distinguishes a true cause from an invariable antecedent that is only a co-effect: for when day follows night something else happens; the Earth rotates upon her axis: a flash of gunpowder is not an unconditional antecedent of a report; the powder must be ignited in a closed chamber.

By common experience, and more precisely by experiment, it is found possible to select from among the antecedents of an event a certain number upon which, so far as can be perceived, it is dependent, and to neglect the rest: to purge the cause of all irrelevant antecedents is the great art of inductive method. Remote or minute conditions may indeed modify the event in ways so refined as to escape our notice. Subject to the limitations of our human faculties, however, we are able in many cases to secure an unconditional antecedent upon which a certain event invariably follows. Everybody takes this for granted: if the gas will not burn, or a gun will not go off, we wonder 'what can be wrong with it,' that is, what positive condition is wanting, or what negative one is present. No one now supposes that gunnery depends upon those "remotest of all causes," the stars, or upon the sun being in Sagittarius rather than in Aquarius, or that one shoots straightest with a silver bullet, or after saying the alphabet backwards.

(6) That the Cause of any event is an Immediate Antecedent follows from its being an unconditional one. For if there are three events, A B C, causally connected, it is plain that A is not the unconditional antecedent of C, but requires the further condition of first giving rise to B. But that is not all; for the B that gives rise to C is never merely the effect of A; it involves something further. Take such a simple case as the motion of the earth round the sun (neglecting all other conditions, the other planets, etc.); and let the earth's motion at three successive moments be A B C: A is not the whole cause of B in velocity and direction; we must add relation to the sun, say x. But then, again, the cause of C will not be merely Bx, for the relation to the sun will have altered; so that we must represent it as Bx'. The series, therefore, is Ax Bx' C. What is called a "remote cause" is, therefore, doubly conditional; first, because it supposes an intervening cause; and secondly, because it only in part determines the conditions that constitute this intervening cause.

The immediacy of a cause being implied in its unconditionalness, is an important clue to it; but as far as the detection of causes depends upon sense-perception, our powers (however aided by instruments) are unequal to the subtlety of Nature. Between the event and what seems to us the immediate antecedent many things (molecular or etherial changes) may happen in Chemistry or Physics. The progress of science would be impossible were not observation supplemented by hypothesis and calculation. And where phenomena are treated upon a large scale, as in the biological and social sciences, immediacy, as a mark of causation, must be liberally interpreted. So far, then, as to the qualitative character of Causation.

(7) But to complete our account of it, we must briefly consider its quantitative character. As to the Matter contained, and as to the Energy embodied, Cause and Effect are conceived to be _equal_. As to matter, indeed, they may be more properly called identical; since the effect is nothing but the cause redistributed. When oxygen combines with hydrogen to form water, or with mercury to form red precipitate, the weight of the compound is exactly equal to the weight of the elements combined in it; when a shell explodes and knocks down a wall, the materials of the shell and wall are scattered about. As to energy, we see that in the heavenly bodies, which meet with no sensible impediment, it remains the same from age to age: with things 'below the moon' we have to allow for the more or less rapid conversion of the visible motion of a mass into other forms of energy, such as sound and heat. But the right understanding of this point involves physical considerations of some difficulty, as to which the reader must refer to appropriate books, such as Balfour Stewart's on _The Conservation of Energy_.

The comprehension of the quantitative aspect of causation is greatly aided by Bain's analysis of any cause into a 'Moving or an Inciting Power' and a 'Collocation' of circumstances. When a demagogue by making a speech stirs up a mob to a riot, the speech is the moving or inciting power; the mob already in a state of smouldering passion, and a street convenient to be wrecked, are the collocation. When a small quantity of strychnine kills a man, the strychnine is the inciting power; the nature of his nervo-muscular system, apt to be thrown into spasms by that drug, and all the organs of his body dependent on that system, are the collocation. Now any one who thinks only of the speech, or the drug, in these cases, may express astonishment at the disproportion of cause and effect:

"What great events from trivial causes spring!"

But, remembering that the whole cause of the riot included the excited mob, every one sees that its muscular power is enough to wreck a street; and remembering that breathing depends upon the normal action of the intercostal muscles, it is plain that if this action is stopped by strychnine, a man must die. Again, a slight rise of temperature may be a sufficient inciting power to occasion extensive chemical changes in a collocation of elements otherwise stable; a spark is enough to explode a powder magazine. Hence, when sufficient energy to account for any effect cannot be found in the inciting power, or manifestly active condition, we must look for it in the collocation which is often supposed to be passive.

And that reminds us of another common misapprehension, namely, that in Nature some things are passive and others active: the distinction between 'agent' and 'patient.' This is a merely relative distinction: in Nature all things are active. To the eye some things seem at rest and others in motion; but we know that nothing is really at rest, that everything palpitates with molecular change, and whirls with the planet through space. Everything that is acted upon reacts according to its own nature: the quietest-looking object (say, a moss-covered stone), if we try to push or lift it, pushes or pulls us back, assuring us that 'action and reaction are equal and opposite.' 'Inertia' does not mean want of vigour, but may be metaphorically described as the inexpugnable resolve of everything to have its own way.

The equality of cause and effect defines and interprets the unconditionality of causation. The cause, we have seen, is that group of conditions which, without any further condition, is followed by a given event. But how is such a group to be conceived? Unquantified, it admits only of a general description: quantified, it must mean a group of conditions equal to the effect in mass and energy, the essence of the physical world. Apparently, a necessary conception of the human mind: for if a cause seem greater than its effect, we ask what has become of the surplus matter and energy; or if an effect seem greater than its cause, we ask whence the surplus matter and energy has arisen. So convinced of this truth is every experimenter, that if his results present any deviation from it, he always assumes that it is he who has made some mistake or oversight, never that there is indeterminism or discontinuity in Nature.

The transformation of matter and energy, then, is the essence of causation: because it is continuous, causation is immediate; and because in the same circumstances the transformation always follows the same course, a cause has invariably the same effect. If a fire be lit morning after morning in the same grate, with coal, wood, and paper of the same quality and similarly arranged, there will be each day the same flaming of paper, crackling of wood and glowing of coal, followed in about the same time by the same reduction of the whole mass partly to ashes and partly to gases and smoke that have gone up the chimney. The flaming, crackling and glowing are, physically, modes of energy; and the change of materials into gas and ashes is a chemical and physical redistribution: and, if some one be present, he will be aware of all this; and then, besides the physical changes, there will be sensations of light, sound and heat; and these again will be always the same in the same circumstances.

The Cause of any event, then, when exactly ascertainable, has five marks: it is (quantitatively) _equal_ to the effect, and (qualitatively) _the immediate, unconditional, invariable antecedent of the effect_.

Sec. 3. This scientific conception of causation has been developed and rendered definite by the investigations of those physical sciences that can avail themselves of exact experiments and mathematical calculation; and it is there, in Chemistry and Physics, that it is most at home. The conception can indeed be carried into the Biological and Social Sciences, even in its quantitative form, by making the proper allowances. For the limbs of animals are levers, and act upon mechanical principles; and digestion and the aeration of the blood by breathing are partly chemical processes. There is a quantitative relation between the food a man eats and the amount of work he can do. The numbers of any species of plant or animal depend upon the food supply. The value of a country's imports is equal to the value of its exports and of the services it renders to foreigners. But, generally, the less experiment and exact calculation are practicable in any branch of inquiry, the less rigorously can the conception of causation be applied there, the more will its application depend upon the qualitative marks, and the more need there will be to use it judiciously. In every inquiry the greatest possible precision must be aimed at; but it is unreasonable to expect in any case more precise proof than the subject admits of in the existing state of culture.

Wherever mental action is involved, there is a special difficulty in applying the physical notion of causation. For if a Cause be conceived of as matter in motion, a thought, or feeling, or volition can be neither cause nor effect. And since mental action is involved in all social affairs, and in the life of all men and animals, it may seem impossible to interpret social or vital changes according to laws of causation. Still, animals and men are moving bodies; and it is recognised that their thoughts and feelings are so connected with their movements and with the movements of other things acting upon them, that we can judge of one case by another; although the connection is by no means well understood, and the best words (such as all can agree to use) have not yet been found to express even what we know about it. Hence, a regular connection being granted, I have not hesitated, to use biological and social events and the laws of them, to illustrate causation and induction; because, though less exact than chemical or mechanical examples, they are to most people more familiar and interesting.

In practical affairs, it is felt that everything depends upon causation; how to play the fiddle, or sail a yacht, or get one's living, or defeat the enemy. The price of pig-iron six months hence, the prospects of the harvest, the issue in a Coroner's Court, Home Rule and Socialism, are all questions of causation. But, in such cases, the conception of a cause is rarely applied in its full scientific

acceptation, as the unconditional antecedent, or 'all the conditions' (neither more nor less) upon which the event depends. This is not because men of affairs are bad logicians, or incapable of scientific comprehension; for very often the reverse is conspicuously true; but because practical affairs call for promptitude and a decisive seizing upon what is predominantly important. How learn to play the fiddle? "Go to a good teacher." (Then, beginning young enough, with natural aptitude and great diligence, all may be well.) How defeat the enemy? "Be two to one at the critical juncture." (Then, if the men are brave, disciplined, well armed and well fed, there is a good chance of victory.) Will the price of iron improve? "Yes: for the market is oversold": (that is, many have sold iron who have none to deliver, and must at some time buy it back; and that will put up the price--if the stock is not too great, if the demand does not fall off, and if those who have bought what they cannot pay for are not in the meanwhile obliged to sell.) These prompt and decisive judgments (with the parenthetic considerations unexpressed) as to what is the Cause, or predominantly important condition, of any event, are not as good as a scientific estimate of all the conditions, when this can be obtained; but, when time is short, the insight of trained sagacity may be much better than an imperfect theoretical treatment of such problems.

Sec. 4. To regard the Effect of certain antecedents in a narrow selective way, is another common mistake. In the full scientific conception of an Effect it is the sum of the unconditional consequences of a given state and process of things: the consequences immediately flowing from that situation without further conditions. Always to take account of all the consequences of any cause would no doubt be impracticable; still the practical, as well as the scientific interest, often requires that we should enlarge our views of them; and there is no commoner error in private effort or in legislation than to aim at some obvious good, whilst overlooking other consequences of our action, the evil of which may far outweigh that good. An important consequence of eating is to satisfy hunger, and this is the ordinary motive to eat; but it is a poor account of the physiological consequences. An important consequence of firing a gun is the propulsion of the bullet or shell; but there are many other consequences in the whole effect, and one of them is the heating of the barrel, which, accumulating with rapid firing, may at last put the gun out of action. The tides have consequences to shipping and in the wear and tear of the coast that draw every one's attention; but we are told that they also retard the rotation of the earth, and at last may cause it to present always the same face to the sun, and, therefore, to be uninhabitable. Such concurrent consequences of any cause may be called its Co-effects: the Effect being the sum of them.

The neglect to take account of the whole effect (that is, of all the co-effects) in any case of causation is perhaps the reason why many philosophers have maintained the doctrine of a "Plurality of Causes": meaning not that more than one condition is operative in the antecedent of every event (which is true), but that the same event may be due at different times to different antecedents, that in fact there may be _vicarious_ causes. If, however, we take any effect as a whole, this does not seem to be true. A fire may certainly be lit in many ways: with a match or a flint and steel, or by rubbing sticks together, or by a flash of lightning: have we not here a plurality of causes? Not if we take account of the whole effect; for then we shall find it modified in each case according to the difference of the cause. In one case there will be a burnt match, in another a warm flint, in the last a changed state of electrical tension. And similar differences are found in cases of death under different conditions, as stabbing, hanging, cholera; or of shipwreck from explosion, scuttling, tempest. Hence a Coroner's Court expects to find, by examining a corpse, the precise cause of death. In short, if we knew the facts minutely enough, it would be found that there is only one Cause (sum of conditions) for each Effect (sum of co-effects), and that the order of events is as uniform backwards as forwards.

Still, as we are far from knowing events minutely, it is necessary in practical affairs, and even in the more complex and unmanageable scientific investigations, especially those that deal with human life, to acknowledge a possible plurality of causes for any effect. Indeed, forgetfulness of this leads to many rash generalisations; as that 'revolutions always begin in hunger'; or that 'myths are a disease of language.' Then there is great waste of ingenuity in reconciling such propositions with the recalcitrant facts. A scientific method recognises that there may be other causes of effects thus vaguely conceived, and then proceeds to distinguish in each class of effects the peculiarities due to different causes.

Sec. 5. The understanding of the complex nature of Causes and Effects helps us to overcome some other difficulties that perplex the use of these words. We have seen that the true cause is an _immediate_ antecedent; but if the cause is confounded with _one_ of its constituent conditions, it may seem to have long preceded the event which is regarded as its effect. Thus, if one man's death is ascribed to another's desire of revenge, this desire may have been entertained for years before the assassination occurred: similarly, if a shipwreck is ascribed to a sunken reef, the rock was waiting for ages before the ship sailed that way. But, of course, neither the desire of revenge nor the sunken rock was 'the sum of the conditions' on which the one or the other event depended: as soon as this is complete the effect appears.

We have also seen the true effect of any state and process of things is the immediate consequence; but if the effect be confounded with _one_ of its constituent factors, it may seem to long outlive the cessation of the cause. Thus, in nearly every process of human

industry and art, one factor of the effect--a road, a house, a tool, a picture--may, and generally does, remain long after the work has ceased: but such a result is not the whole effect of the operations that produce it. The other factors may be, and some always are, evanescent. In most of such works some heat is produced by hammering or friction, and the labourers are fatigued; but these consequences soon pass off. Hence the effect as a whole only momentarily survives the cause. Consider a pendulum which, having been once set agoing, swings to and fro in an arc, under the joint control of the shaft, gravitation and its own inertia: at every moment its speed and direction change; and each change may be considered as an effect, of which the antecedent change was one condition. In such a case as this, which, though a very simple, is a perfectly fair example of all causation, the duration of either cause or effect is quite insensible: so that, as Dr. Venn says, an Effect, rigorously conceived, is only "the initial tendency" of its Cause.

Sec. 6. Mill contrasted two forms under which causation appears to us: that is to say, the conditions constituting a cause may be modified, or 'intermixed' in the effect, in two ways, which are typified respectively by Mechanical and Chemical action. In mechanical causation, which is found in Astronomy and all branches of Physics, the effects are all reducible to modes of energy, and are therefore commensurable with their causes. They are either directly commensurable, as in the cases treated of in the consideration of the mechanical powers; or, if different forms of energy enter into cause and effect, such as mechanical energy, electrical energy, heat, these different forms are severally reducible to units, between which equivalents have been established. Hence Mill calls this the "homogeneous intermixture of effects," because the antecedents and consequents are fundamentally of the same kind.

In chemical causation, on the other hand, cause and effect (at least, as they present themselves to us) differ in almost every way: in the act of combination the properties of elements (except weight) disappear, and are superseded by others in the compound. If, for example, mercury (a heavy, silvery liquid) be heated in contact with oxygen (a colourless gas), oxide of mercury is formed (red precipitate, which is a powder). This compound presents very different phenomena from those of its elements; and hence Mill called this class of cases "the heteropathic intermixture of effects." Still, in chemical action, the effect is not (in Nature) heterogeneous with the cause: for the weight of a compound is equal to the sum of the weights of the elements that are merged in it; and an equivalence has been ascertained between the energy of chemical combination and the heat, light, etc., produced in the act of combination.

The heteropathic intermixture of effects is also found in organic processes (which, indeed, are partly chemical): as when a man eats bread and milk, and by digestion and assimilation converts them into nerve, muscle and bone. Such phenomena may make us wonder that people should ever have believed that 'effects resemble their causes,' or that 'like produces like.' A dim recognition of the equivalence of cause and effect in respect of matter and motion may have aided the belief; and the resemblance of offspring to parents may have helped: but it is probably a residuum of magical rites; in which to whistle may be regarded as a means of raising the wind, because the wind whistles; and rain-wizards may make a victim shed tears that the clouds also may weep.

Sec. 7. Another consideration arises out of the complex character of causes and effects. When a cause consists of two or more conditions or forces, we may consider what effect any one of them would have if it operated alone, that is to say, its _Tendency_. This is best illustrated by the Parallelogram of Forces: if two forces acting upon a point, but not in the same direction, be represented by straight lines drawn in the direction of the forces, and in length proportional to their magnitudes, these lines, meeting in an angle, represent severally the tendencies of the forces; whilst if the parallelogram be completed on these lines, the diagonal drawn from the point in which they meet represents their _Resultant_ or effect.

Again, considering the tendency of any force if it operated alone, we may say that, when combined with another force (not in the same direction) in any resultant, its tendency is _counteracted_: either partially, when the direction of the resultant is different; or wholly when, the other force being equal and opposite, the resultant is equilibrium. If the two forces be in the same direction, they are merely added together. Counteraction is only one mode of combination; in no case is any force destroyed.

Sometimes the separate tendencies of combined forces can only be theoretically distinguished: as when the motion of a projectile is analysed into a tendency to travel in the straight line of its discharge, and a tendency to fall straight to the ground. But sometimes a tendency can be isolated: as when,--after dropping a feather in some place sheltered from the wind, and watching it drift to and fro, as the air, offering unequal resistances to its uneven surface, counteracts its weight with varying success, until it slowly settles upon the ground,--we take it up and drop it again in a vacuum, when it falls like lead. Here we have the tendency of a certain cause (namely, the relation between the feather and the earth) free from counteraction: and this is called the _Elimination_ of the counteracting circumstances. In this case indeed there is physical elimination; whereas, in the case of a projectile, when we say

that its actual motion is resolvable (neglecting the resistance of the air) into two tendencies, one in the line of discharge, the other earthwards, there is only theoretical elimination of either tendency, considered as counteracting the other; and this is more specifically called the _Resolution_ or Analysis of the total effect into its component conditions. Now, Elimination and Resolution may be said to be the essential process of Induction in the widest sense of the term, as including the combination of Induction with Deduction.

The several conditions constituting any cause, then, by aiding or counteracting one another's tendencies, jointly determine the total effect. Hence, viewed in relation one to another, they may be said to stand in _Reciprocity_ or mutual influence. This relation at any moment is itself one of co-existence, though it is conceived with reference to a possible effect. As Kant says, all substances, as perceived in space at the same time, are in reciprocal activity. And what is true of the world of things at any moment (as connected, say, by gravity), is true of any selected group of circumstances which we regard as the particular cause of any event to come. The use of the concept of reciprocity, then, lies in the analysis of a cause: we must not think of reciprocity as obtaining in the succession of cause and effect, as if the effect could turn back upon its cause; for as the effect arises its cause disappears, and is irrecoverable by Nature or Magic. There are many cases of rhythmic change and of moving equilibria, in which one movement or process produces another, and this produces something closely resembling the former, and so on in long series; as with the swing of a pendulum or the orbit of a planet: but these are series of cause and effect, not of reciprocity.

CHAPTER XV

INDUCTIVE METHOD

Sec. 1. It is necessary to describe briefly the process of investigating laws of causation, not with the notion of teaching any one the Art of Discovery, which each man pursues for himself according to his natural gifts and his experience in the methods of his own science, but merely to cast some light upon the contents of the next few chapters. Logic is here treated as a process of proof; proof supposes that some general proposition or hypothesis has been suggested as requiring proof; and the search for such propositions may spring from scientific curiosity or from practical interests.

We may, as Bain observes (_Logic_: B. iii. ch. 5), desire to detect a process of causation either (1) amidst circumstances that have no influence upon the process but only obscure it; as when, being pleased with a certain scent in a garden, we wish to know from what flower it rises; or, being attracted by the sound of some instrument in an orchestra, we desire to know which it is: or (2) amidst circumstances that alter the effect from what it would have been by the sole operation of some cause; as when the air deflects a falling feather; or in some more complex case, such as a rise or fall of prices that may extend over many years.

To begin with, we must form definite ideas as to what the phenomenon is that we are about to investigate; and in a case of any complexity this is best done by writing a detailed description of it: e.g., to investigate the cause of a recent fall of prices, we must describe exactly the course of the phenomenon, dating the period over which it extends, recording the successive fluctuations of prices, with their maxima and minima, and noting the classes of goods or securities that were more or less affected, etc.

Then the first step of elimination (as Bain further observes) is "to analyse the situation mentally," in the light of analogies suggested by our experience or previous knowledge. Dew, for example, is moisture formed upon the surface of bodies from no apparent source. But two possible sources are easily suggested by common experience: is it deposited from the air, like the moisture upon a mirror when we breathe upon it; or does it exude from the bodies themselves, like gum or turpentine? Or, again, as to a fall of prices, a little experience in business, or knowledge of Economics, readily suggests two possible explanations: either cheaper production in making goods or carrying them; or a scarcity of that in which the purchasing power of the chief commercial nations is directly expressed, namely, gold.

Having thus analysed the situation and considered the possibility of one, two, three, or more possible causes, we fix upon one of them for further investigation; that is to say, we frame an hypothesis that this is the cause. When an effect is given to find its cause, an inquirer nearly always begins his investigations by thus framing an hypothesis as to the cause.

The next step is to try to _verify_ this Hypothesis. This we may sometimes do by _varying the circumstances_ of the phenomenon, according to the Canons of direct Inductive Proof to be discussed in the next chapter; that is to say, by _observing_ or _experimenting_ in such a way as to get rid of or eliminate the obscuring or disturbing conditions. Thus, to find out which flower in a garden gives a certain scent, it is usually enough to rely on observation, going up to the likely flowers one after the other and smelling them: at close quarters, the greater relative intensity of the scent is sufficiently decisive. Or we may resort to a sort of

experiment, plucking a likely flower, as to which we frame the hypothesis (this is the cause), and carrying it to some place where the air is free from conflicting odours. Should observation or experiment disprove our first hypothesis we try a second; and so on until we succeed, or exhaust the known possibilities.

But if the phenomenon is so complex and extensive as a continuous fall of prices, direct observation or experiment is a useless or impossible method; and we must then resort to Deduction; that is, to indirect Induction. If, for example, we take the hypothesis that the fall is due to a scarcity of gold, we must show that there is a scarcity; what effect such a scarcity may be expected to have upon prices from the acknowledged laws of prices, and from the analogy of other cases of an expanded or restricted currency; that this expectation agrees with the statistics of recent commerce: and finally, that the alternative hypothesis that the fall is due to cheaper production is not true; either because there has not been a sufficient cheapening of general production; or because, if there has been, the results to be rationally expected from it are not such as to agree with the statistics of recent commerce. (Ch. xviii.)

But now suppose that, a phenomenon having been suggested for explanation, we are unable at the time to think of any cause--to frame any hypothesis about it; we must then wait for the phenomenon to occur again, and, once more observing its course and accompaniments and trying to recall its antecedents, do our best to conceive an hypothesis, and proceed as before. Thus, in the first great epidemic of influenza, some doctors traced it to a deluge in China, others to a volcanic eruption near Java; some thought it a mild form of Asiatic plague, and others caught a specific microbe. As the disease often recurred, there were fresh opportunities of framing hypotheses; and the microbe was identified.

Again, the investigation may take a different form: given a supposed Cause to find its Effect; e.g., a new chemical element, to find what compounds it forms with other elements; or, the spots on the sun--have they any influence upon our weather?

Here, if the given cause be under control, as a new element may be, it is possible to try experiments with it according to the Canons of Inductive Proof. The inquirer may form some hypothesis or expectation as to the effects, to guide his observation of them, but will be careful not to hold his expectation so confidently as to falsify his observation of what actually happens.

But if the cause be, like the sun-spots, not under control, the inquirer will watch on all sides what events follow their appearance and development; he must watch for consequences of the new cause he is studying in many different circumstances, that his observations may satisfy the canons of proof. But he will also resort for guidance to deduction; arguing from the nature of the cause, if anything is known of its nature, what consequences may be expected, and comparing the results of this deduction with any consequent which he suspects to be connected with the cause. And if the results of deduction and observation agree, he will still consider whether the facts observed may not be due to some other cause.

A cause, however, may be under control and yet be too dangerous to experiment with; such as the effects of a poison--though, if too dangerous to experiment with upon man, it may be tried upon animals; or such as a proposed change of the constitution by legislation; or even some minor Act of Parliament, for altering the Poor Law, or regulating the hours of labour. Here the first step must be deductive. We must ask what consequences are to be expected from the nature of the change (comparing it with similar changes), and from the laws of the special circumstances in which it is to operate? And sometimes we may partially verify our deduction by trying experiments upon a small scale or in a mild form. There are conflicting deductions as to the probable effect of giving Home Rule to Ireland; and experiments have been made in more or less similar cases, as in the Colonies and in some foreign countries. As to the proposal to make eight hours the legal limit of a day's labour in all trades, we have all tried to forecast the consequences of this; and by way of verification we might begin with nine hours; or we might induce some other country to try the experiment first. Still, no verification by experiments on a small scale, or in a mild form, or in somewhat similar yet different circumstances, can be considered logically conclusive. What proofs are conclusive we shall see in the following chapters.

Sec. 2. To begin with the conditions of direct Induction.--An Induction is an universal real proposition, based on observation, in reliance on the uniformity of Nature: when well ascertained, it is called a Law. Thus, that all life depends on the presence of oxygen is (1) an universal proposition; (2) a real one, since the 'presence of oxygen' is not connoted by 'life'; (3) it is based on observation; (4) it relies on the uniformity of Nature, since all cases of life have not been examined.

Such a proposition is here called 'an induction,' when it is inductively proved; that is, proved by facts, not merely deduced from more general premises (except the premise of Nature's uniformity): and by the 'process of induction' is meant the method of inductive proof. The phrase 'process of induction' is often used in another sense, namely for the inference or judgment by which such propositions are arrived at. But it is better to call this 'the process of hypothesis,' and to regard it as a preliminary to the process of induction (that is, proof), as furnishing the hypothesis which, if it can stand the proper tests, becomes an induction or

law.

Sec. 3. Inductive proofs are usually classed as Perfect and Imperfect. They are said to be perfect when all the instances within the scope of the given proposition have been severally examined, and the proposition has been found true in each case. But we have seen (chap. xiii. Sec. 2) that the instances included in universal propositions concerning Causes and Kinds cannot be exhaustively examined: we do not know all planets, all heat, all liquids, all life, etc.; and we never can, since a man's life is never long enough. It is only where the conditions of time, place, etc., are arbitrarily limited that examination can be exhaustive. Perfect induction might show (say) that every member of the present House of Commons has two Christian names. Such an argument is sometimes exhibited as a Syllogism in Darapti with a Minor premise in U., which legitimates a Conclusion in A., thus:

A.B. to Z have two Christian names; A.B. to Z are all the present M.P.'s: .'. All the present M.P.'s have two Christian names.

But in such an investigation there is no need of logical method to find the major premise; it is mere counting: and to carry out the syllogism is a hollow formality. Accordingly, our definition of Induction excludes the kind unfortunately called Perfect, by including in the notion of Induction a reliance on the uniformity of Nature; for this would be superfluous if every instance in question had been severally examined. Imperfect Induction, then, is what we have to deal with: the method of showing the credibility of an universal real proposition by an examination of _some_ of the instances it includes, generally a small fraction of them.

Sec. 4. Imperfect Induction is either Methodical or Immethodical. Now, Method is procedure upon a principle; and if the method is to be precise and conclusive, the principle must be clear and definite.

There is a Geometrical Method, because the axioms of Geometry are clear and definite, and by their means, with the aid of definitions, laws are deduced of the equality of lines and angles and other relations of position and magnitude in space. The process of proof is purely Deductive (the axioms and definitions being granted). Diagrams are used not as facts for observation, but merely to fix our attention in following the general argument; so that it matters little how badly they are drawn, as long as their divergence from the conditions of the proposition to be proved is not distracting. Even the appeal to "superposition" to prove the equality of magnitudes (as in Euclid I. 4), is not an appeal to observation, but to our judgment of what is implied in the foregoing conditions. Hence no inference is required from the special case to all similar ones; for they are all proved at once.

There is also, as we have seen, a method of Deductive Logic resting on the Principles of Consistency and the _Dictum de omni et nullo_. And we shall find that there is a method of Inductive Logic, resting on the principle of Causation.

But there are a good many general propositions, more or less trustworthy within a certain range of conditions, which cannot be methodically proved for want of a precise principle by which they may be tested; and they, therefore, depend upon Immethodical Induction, that is, upon the examination of as many instances as can be found, relying for the rest upon the undefinable principle of the Uniformity of Nature, since we are not able to connect them with any of its definite modes enumerated in chap. xiii. Sec. 7. To this subject we shall return in chap. xix., after treating of Methodical Induction, or the means of determining that a relation of events is of the nature of cause and effect, because the relation can be shown to have the marks of causation, or some of them.

Sec. 5. Observations and Experiments are the _material_ grounds of Induction. An experiment is an observation made under prepared, and therefore known, conditions; and, when obtainable, it is much to be preferred. Simple observation shows that the burning of the fire depends, for one thing, on the supply of air; but it cannot show us that it depends on oxygen. To prove this we must make experiments as by obtaining pure oxygen and pure nitrogen (which, mixed in the proportion of one to four, form the air) in separate vessels, and then plunging a burning taper into the oxygen--when it will blaze fiercely; and again plunging it into the nitrogen--when it will be extinguished. This shows that the greater part of the air does nothing to keep the fire alight, except by diminishing its intensity and so making it last longer. Experiments are more perfect the more carefully they are prepared, and the more completely the conditions are known under which the given phenomenon is to be observed. Therefore, they become possible only when some knowledge has already been gained by observation; for else the preparation which they require could not be made.

Observation, then, was the first material ground of Induction, and in some sciences it remains the chief ground. The heavenly bodies, the winds and tides, the strata of the earth, and the movements of history, are beyond our power to experiment with. Experiments upon the living body or mind are indeed resorted to when practicable, even in the case of man, as now in all departments of Psychology; but, if of a grave nature, they are usually thought unjustifiable. And in political affairs experiments are hindered by the reflection, that those whose interests are affected must bear the consequences and may resent them. Hence, it is

in physical and chemical inquiries and in the physiology of plants and animals (under certain conditions) that direct experiment is most constantly practised.

Where direct experiment is possible, however, it has many advantages over unaided observation. If one experiment does not enable us to observe the phenomenon satisfactorily, we may try again and again; whereas the mere observer, who wishes to study the bright spots on Mars, or a commercial crisis, must wait for a favourable opportunity. Again, in making experiments we can vary the conditions of the phenomenon, so as to observe its different behaviour in each case; whereas he who depends solely on observation must trust the bounty of nature to supply him with a suitable diversity of instances. It is a particular advantage of experiment that a phenomenon may sometimes be 'isolated,' that is, removed from the influence of all agents except that whose operation we desire to observe, or except those whose operation is already known: whereas a simple observer, who has no control over the conditions of the subject he studies, can never be quite sure that its movements or changes are not due to causes that have never been conspicuous enough to draw his attention. Finally, experiment enables us to observe coolly and circumspectly and to be precise as to what happens, the time of its occurrence, the order of successive events, their duration, intensity and extent.

But whether we proceed by observation or experiment, the utmost attainable exactness of measurements and calculation is requisite; and these presuppose some Unit, in multiples or divisions of which the result may be expressed. This unit cannot be an abstract number as in Arithmetic, but must be one something--an hour, or a yard, or a pound--according to the nature of the phenomenon to be measured. But what is an hour, or a yard or a pound? There must in each case be some constant Standard of reference to give assurance that the unit may always have the same value. "The English pound is defined by a certain lump of platinum preserved at Westminster." The unit may be identical with the standard or some division or multiple of it; and, in measuring the same kind of phenomena, different units may be used for different purposes as long as each bears a constant relation to the standard. Thus, taking the rotation of the earth as the standard of Time, the convenient unit for long periods is a year (which is a multiple); for shorter periods, a day (which is identical); for shorter still, an hour (which is a division), or a second, or a thousandth of a second. (See Jevons' _Principles of Science_, ch. 14.)

Sec. 6. The principle of Causation is the _formal_ ground of Induction; and the Inductive Canons derived from it are means of testing the formal sufficiency of observations to justify the statement of a Law. If we can observe the process of cause and effect in nature we may generalise our observation into a law, because that process is invariable. First, then, can we observe the course of cause and effect? Our power to do so is limited by the refinement of our senses aided by instruments, such as lenses, thermometers, balances, etc. If the causal process is essentially molecular change, as in the maintenance of combustion by oxygen, we cannot directly observe it; if the process is partly cerebral or mental, as in social movements which depend on feeling and opinion, it can but remotely be inferred; even if the process is a collision of moving masses (billiard-balls), we cannot really observe what happens, the elastic yielding, and recoil and the internal changes that result; though no doubt photography will throw some light upon this, as it has done upon the galloping of horses and the impact of projectiles. Direct observation is limited to the effect which any change in a phenomenon (or its index) produces upon our senses; and what we believe to be the causal process is a matter of inference and calculation. The meagre and abstract outlines of Inductive Logic are apt to foster the notion, that the evidence on which Science rests is simple; but it is amazingly intricate and cumulative.

Secondly, so far as we can observe the process of nature, how shall we judge whether a true causal instance, a relation of cause and effect, is before us? By looking for the five marks of Causation. Thus, in the experiment above described, showing that oxygen supports combustion, we find--(1) that the taper which only glowed before being plunged into the oxygen, bursts into flame when there--Sequence; (2) that this begins to happen at once without perceptible interval--Immediacy; (3) that no other agent or disturbing circumstance was present (the preparation of the experiment having excluded any such thing)--Unconditionalness; (4) the experiment may be repeated as often as we like with the same result--Invariableness. Invariableness, indeed, I do not regard as formally necessary to be shown, supposing the other marks to be clear; for it can only be proved within our experience; and the very object of Induction is to find grounds of belief beyond actual experience. However, for material assurance, to guard against his own liability to error, the inquirer will of course repeat his experiments.

The above four are the qualitative marks of Causation: the fifth and quantitative mark is the Equality of Cause and Effect; and this, in the above example, the Chemist determines by showing that, instead of the oxygen and wax that have disappeared during combustion, an equivalent weight of carbon dioxide, water, etc., has been formed.

Here, then, we have all the marks of causation; but in the ordinary judgments of life, in history, politics, criticism, business, we must not expect such clear and direct proofs; in subsequent chapters it will appear how different kinds of evidence are combined in different departments of investigation.

Sec. 7. The Inductive Canons, to be explained in the next chapter, describe the character of observations and experiments that justify us in drawing conclusions about causation; and, as we have mentioned, they are derived from the principle of Causation itself. According to that principle, cause and effect are invariably, immediately and unconditionally antecedent and consequent, and are equal as to the matter and energy embodied.

Invariability can only be observed, in any of the methods of induction, by collecting more and more instances, or repeating experiments. Of course it can never be exhaustively observed.

Immediacy, too, in direct Induction, is a matter for observation the most exact that is possible.

Succession, or the relation itself of antecedent and consequent, must either be directly observed (or some index of it); or else ascertained by showing that energy gained by one phenomenon has been lost by another, for this implies succession.

But to determine the unconditionality of causation, or the indispensability of some condition, is the great object of the methods, and for that purpose the meaning of unconditionality may be further explicated by the following rules for the determination of a Cause.

A. QUALITATIVE DETERMINATION

I.--For Positive Instances.

To prove a supposed Cause: (a) Any agent whose introduction among certain conditions (without further change) is followed by a given phenomenon; or, (b) whose removal is followed by the cessation (or modification) of that phenomenon, is (so far) the cause or an indispensable condition of it.

To find the Effect: (c) Any event that follows a given phenomenon, when there is no further change; or, (d) that does not occur when the conditions of a former occurrence are exactly the same, except for the absence of that phenomenon, is the effect of it (or is dependent on it).

II.--For Negative Instances.

To exclude a supposed Cause: (a) Any agent that can be introduced among certain conditions without being followed by a given phenomenon (or that is found without that phenomenon); or (b) that can be removed when that phenomenon is present without impairing it (or that is absent when that phenomenon is present), is not the cause, or does not complete the cause, of that phenomenon in those circumstances.

To exclude a supposed Effect: (c) Any event that occurs without the introduction (or presence) of a given phenomenon; or (d) that does not occur when that phenomenon is introduced (or is present), is not the effect of that phenomenon.

* * * * *

Subject to the conditions thus stated, the rules may be briefly put as follows:

I. (a) That which (without further change) is followed by a given event is its cause.

II. (a) That which is not so followed is not the cause.

I. (b) That which cannot be left out without impairing a phenomenon is a condition of it.

II. (b) That which can be left out is not a condition of it.

B. QUANTITATIVE DETERMINATION

The Equality of Cause and Effect may be further explained by these rules:

III. (a) When a cause (or effect) increases or decreases, so does its effect (or cause).

III. (b) If two phenomena, having the other marks of cause and effect, seem unequal, the less contains an unexplored factor.

III. (c) If an antecedent and consequent do not increase or decrease correspondingly, they are not cause and effect, so far as they vary.

It will next be shown that these propositions are variously combined in Mill's five Canons of Induction: Agreement, the Joint Method, Difference, Variations, Residues. The first three are sometimes called Qualitative Methods, and the two last Quantitative; and although this grouping is not quite accurate, seeing that Difference is often used quantitatively, yet it draws attention to an important distinction between a mere description of conditions and determination by exact measurement.

To avoid certain misunderstandings, some slight alterations have been made in the wording of the Canons. It may seem questionable whether the Canons add anything to the above propositions: I think they do. They are not discussed in the ensuing chapter merely out of reverence for Mill, or regard for a nascent tradition; but because, as describing the character of observations and experiments that justify us in drawing conclusions about causation, they are guides to the analysis of observations and to the preparation of experiments. To many eminent investigators the Canons (as such) have been unknown; but they prepared their work effectively so far only as they had definite ideas to the same purport. A definite conception of the conditions of proof is the necessary antecedent of whatever preparations may be made for proving anything.

CHAPTER XVI

THE CANONS OF DIRECT INDUCTION

Sec. 1. Let me begin by borrowing an example from Bain (_Logic_: B. III. c. 6). The North-East wind is generally detested in this country: as long as it blows few people feel at their best. Occasional well-known causes of a wind being injurious are violence, excessive heat or cold, excessive dryness or moisture, electrical condition, the being laden with dust or exhalations. Let the hypothesis be that the last is the cause of the North-East wind's unwholesome quality; since we know it is a ground current setting from the pole toward the equator and bent westward by the rotation of the earth; so that, reaching us over thousands of miles of land, it may well be fraught with dust, effluvia, and microbes. Now, examining many cases of North-East wind, we find that this is the only circumstance in which all the instances agree: for it is sometimes cold, sometimes hot; generally dry, but sometimes wet; sometimes light, sometimes violent, and of all electrical conditions. Each of the other circumstances, then, can be omitted without the N.E. wind ceasing to be noxious; but one circumstance is never absent, namely, that it is a ground current. That circumstance, therefore, is probably the cause of its injuriousness. This case illustrates:--

(I) THE CANON OF AGREEMENT.

If two or more instances of a phenomenon under investigation have only one other circumstance (antecedent or consequent) in common, that circumstance is probably the cause (or an indispensable condition) or the effect of the phenomenon, or is connected with it by causation.

This rule of proof (so far as it is used to establish direct causation) depends, first, upon observation of an invariable connection between the given phenomenon and one other circumstance; and, secondly, upon I. (a) and II. (b) among the propositions obtained from the unconditionality of causation at the close of the last chapter.

To prove that A is causally related to _p_, suppose two instances of the occurrence of A, an antecedent, and _p_, a consequent, with concomitant facts or events--and let us represent them thus:

Antecedents: A B C A D E Consequents: _p q r_ _p s t_;

and suppose further that, in this case, the immediate succession of events can be observed. Then A is probably the cause, or an indispensable condition, of _p_. For, as far as our instances go, A is the invariable antecedent of _p_; and _p_ is the invariable consequent of A. But the two instances of A or _p_ agree in no other circumstance. Therefore A is (or completes) the unconditional antecedent of _p_. For B and C are not indispensable conditions of _p_, being absent in the second instance (Rule II. (b)); nor are D and E, being absent in the first instance. Moreover, _q_ and _r_ are not effects of A, being absent in the second instance (Rule II. (d)); nor are _s_ and _t_, being absent in the first instance.

It should be observed that the cogency of the proof depends entirely upon its tending to show the unconditionality of the sequence A-_p_, or the indispensability of A as a condition of _p_. That _p_ follows A, even immediately, is nothing by itself: if a man sits down to study and, on the instant, a hand-organ begins under his window, he must not infer malice in the musician: thousands of

things follow one another every moment without traceable connection; and this we call 'accidental.' Even invariable sequence is not enough to prove direct causation; for, in our experience does not night invariable follow day? The proof requires that the instances be such as to show not merely what events _are_ in invariable sequence, but also what _are not_. From among the occasional antecedents of _p_ (or consequents of A) we have to eliminate the accidental ones. And this is done by finding or making 'negative instances' in respect of each of them. Thus the instance

A D E _p s t_

is a negative instance of B and C considered as supposable causes of _p_ (and of _q_ and _r_ as supposable effects of A); for it shows that they are absent when _p_ (or A) is present.

To insist upon the cogency of 'negative instances' was Bacon's great contribution to Inductive Logic. If we neglect them, and merely collect examples of the sequence A-_p_, this is 'simple enumeration'; and although simple enumeration, when the instances of agreement are numerous enough, may give rise to a strong belief in the connection of phenomena, yet it can never be a methodical or logical proof of causation, since it does not indicate the unconditionalness of the sequence. For simple enumeration of the sequence A-_p_ leaves open the possibility that, besides A, there is always some other antecedent of _p_, say X; and then X may be the cause of _p_. To disprove it, we must find, or make, a negative instance of X--where _p_ occurs, but X is absent.

So far as we recognise the possibility of a plurality of causes, this method of Agreement cannot be quite satisfactory. For then, in such instances as the above, although D is absent in the first, and B in the second, it does not follow that they are not the causes of _p_; for they may be alternative causes: B may have produced _p_ in the first instance, and D in the second; A being in both cases an accidental circumstance in relation to _p_. To remedy this shortcoming by the method of Agreement itself, the only course is to find more instances of _p_. We may never find a negative instance of A; and, if not, the probability that A is the cause of _p_ increases with the number of instances. But if there be no antecedent that we cannot sometimes exclude, yet the collection of instances will probably give at last all the causes of _p_; and by finding the proportion of instances in which A, B, or X precedes _p_, we may estimate the probability of any one of them being the cause of _p_ in any given case of its occurrence.

But this is not enough. Since there cannot really be vicarious causes, we must define the effect (_p_) more strictly, and examine the cases to find whether there may not be varieties of _p_, with each of which one of the apparent causes is correlated: A with _p_^{1} B with _p_^{11}, X with _p_^{111}. Or, again, it may be that none of the recognised antecedents is effective: as we here depend solely on observation, the true conditions may be so recondite and disguised by other phenomena as to have escaped our scrutiny. This may happen even when we suppose that the chief condition has been isolated: the drinking of foul water was long believed to cause dysentery, because it was a frequent antecedent; whilst observation had overlooked the bacillus, which was the indispensable condition.

Again, though we have assumed that, in the instances supposed above, immediate sequence is observable, yet in many cases it may not be so, if we rely only on the canon of Agreement; if instances cannot be obtained by experiment, and we have to depend on observation. The phenomena may then be so mixed together that A and _p_ seem to be merely concomitant; so that, though connection of some sort may be rendered highly probable, we may not be able to say which is cause and which is effect. We must then try (as Bain says) to trace the expenditure of energy: if _p_ gains when A loses, the course of events if from A to _p_.

Moreover, where succession cannot be traced, the method of Agreement may point to a connection between two or more facts (perhaps as co-effects of a remote cause) where direct causation seems to be out of the question: e.g., that Negroes, though of different tribes, different localities, customs, etc., are prognathous, woolly-haired and dolichocephalic.

The Method of Agreement, then, cannot by itself prove causation. Its chief use (as Mill says) is to suggest hypotheses as to the cause; which must then be used (if possible) experimentally to try if it produces the given effect. A bacillus, for example, being always found with a certain disease, is probably the chief condition of it: give it to a guinea-pig, and observe whether the disease appears in that animal.

Men often use arguments which, if they knew it, might be shown to conform more or less to this canon; for they collect many instances to show that two events are connected; but usually neglect to bring out the negative side of the proof; so that their arguments only amount to simple enumeration. Thus Ascham in his _Toxophilus_, insisting on the national importance of archery, argues that victory has always depended on superiority in shooting; and, to prove it, he shows how the Parthians checked the Romans, Sesostris conquered a great part of the known world, Tiberius overcame Arminius, the Turks established their empire,

and the English defeated the French (with many like examples)--all by superior archery. But having cited these cases to his purpose, he is content; whereas he might have greatly strengthened his proof by showing how one or the other instance excludes other possible causes of success. Thus: the cause was not discipline, for the Romans were better disciplined than the Parthians; nor yet the boasted superiority of a northern habitat, for Sesostris issued from the south; nor better manhood, for here the Germans probably had the advantage of the Romans; nor superior civilisation, for the Turks were less civilised than most of those they conquered; nor numbers, nor even a good cause, for the French were more numerous than the English, and were shamefully attacked by Henry V. on their own soil. Many an argument from simple enumeration may thus be turned into an induction of greater plausibility according to the Canon of Agreement.

Still, in the above case, the effect (victory) is so vaguely conceived, that a plurality of causes must be allowed for: although, e.g., discipline did not enable the Romans to conquer the Parthians, it may have been their chief advantage over the Germans; and it was certainly important to the English under Henry V. in their war with the French.

Here is another argument, somewhat similar to the above, put forward by H. Spencer with a full consciousness of its logical character. States that make war their chief object, he says, assume a certain type of organisation, involving the growth of the warrior class and the treatment of labourers as existing solely to sustain the warriors; the complete subordination of individuals to the will of the despotic soldier-king, their property, liberty and life being at the service of the State; the regimentation of society not only for military but also for civil purposes; the suppression of all private associations, etc. This is the case in Dahomey and in Russia, and it was so at Sparta, in Egypt, and in the empire of the Yncas. But the similarity of organisation in these States cannot have been due to race, for they are all of different races; nor to size, for some are small, some large; nor to climate or other circumstances of habitat, for here again they differ widely: the one thing they have in common is the military purpose; and this, therefore, must be the cause of their similar organisation. (_Political Institutions._)

By this method, then, to prove that one thing is causally connected with another, say A with _p_, we show, first, that in all instances of _p_, A is present; and, secondly, that any other supposable cause of _p_ may be absent without disturbing _p_. We next come to a method the use of which greatly strengthens the foregoing, by showing that where _p_ is absent A is also absent, and (if possible) that A is the only supposable cause that is always absent along with _p_.

Sec. 2. THE CANON OF THE JOINT METHOD OF AGREEMENT IN PRESENCE AND IN ABSENCE.

_If_ (1) _two or more instances in which a phenomenon occurs have only one other circumstance (antecedent or consequent) in common, while_ (2) _two or more instances in which it does not occur (though in important points they resemble the former set of instances) have nothing else in common save the absence of that circumstance--the circumstance in which alone the two sets of instances differ throughout (being present in the first set and absent in the second) is probably the effect, or the cause, or an indispensable condition of the phenomenon._

The first clause of this Canon is the same as that of the method of Agreement, and its significance depends upon the same propositions concerning causation. The second clause, relating to instances in which the phenomenon is absent, depends for its probative force upon Prop. II. (a), and I. (b): its function is to exclude certain circumstances (whose nature or manner of occurrence gives them some claim to consideration) from the list of possible causes (or effects) of the phenomenon investigated. It might have been better to state this second clause separately as the Canon of the Method of Exclusions.

To prove that A is causally related to _p_, let the two sets of instances be represented as follows:

Instances of Presence. Instances of Absence. A B C C H F _p q r_ _r x v_ A D E B D K _p s t_ _q y s_ A F G E G M _p u v_ _t f u_

Then A is probably the cause or a condition of _p_, or _p_ is dependent upon A: first, by the Canon of Agreement in Presence, as represented by the first set of instances; and, secondly, by Agreement in Absence in the second set of instances. For there we see that C, H, F, B, D, K, E, G, M occur without the phenomenon _p_, and therefore (by Prop. II. (a)) are not its cause, or not the whole cause, unless they have been counteracted (which is a point for further investigation). We also see that _r, v, q, s, t, u_ occur without A, and therefore are not the effects of A. And, further, if the negative instances represent all possible cases, we see that (according to Prop. I. (b)) A is the cause of _p_, because it cannot be omitted without the cessation of _p_. The inference that A and _p_ are cause and effect, suggested by their being present throughout the first set of instances, is therefore strengthened by their being both absent throughout the second set.

So far as this Double Method, like the Single Method of Agreement, relies on observation, sequence may not be perceptible in the instances observed, and then, direct causation cannot be proved by it, but only the probability of causal connection; and, again, the real cause, though present, may be so obscure as to evade observation. It has, however, one peculiar advantage, namely, that if the second list of instances (in which the phenomenon and its supposed antecedent are both absent) can be made exhaustive, it precludes any hypothesis of a plurality of causes; since all possible antecedents will have been included in this list without producing the phenomenon. Thus, in the above symbolic example, taking the first set of instances, the supposition is left open that B, C, D, E, F, G may, at one time or another, have been a condition of _p_; but, in the second list, these antecedents all occur, here or there, without producing _p_, and therefore (unless counteracted somehow) cannot be a condition of _p_. A, then, stands out as the one thing that is present whenever _p_ is present, and absent whenever _p_ is absent.

Stated in this abstract way, the Double Method may seem very elaborate and difficult; yet, in fact, its use may be very simple. Tyndall, to prove that dispersed light in the air is due to motes, showed by a number of cases (1) that any gas containing motes is luminous; (2) that air in which the motes had been destroyed by heat, and any gas so prepared as to exclude motes, are not luminous. All the instances are of gases, and the result is: motes--luminosity; no motes--no luminosity. Darwin, to show that cross-fertilisation is favourable to flowers, placed a net about 100 flower-heads, and left 100 others of the same varieties exposed to the bees: the former bore no seed, the latter nearly 3,000. We must assume that, in Darwin's judgment, the net did not screen the flowers from light and heat sufficiently to affect the result.

There are instructive applications of this Double Method in Wallace's _Darwinism_. In chap. viii., on _Colour in Animals_, he observes, that the usefulness of their coloration to animals is shown by the fact that, "as a rule, colour and marking are constant in each species of wild animal, while, in almost every domesticated animal, there arises great variability. We see this in our horses and cattle, our dogs and cats, our pigeons and poultry. Now the essential difference between the conditions of life of domesticated and wild animals is, that the former are protected by man, while the latter have to protect themselves." Wild animals protect themselves by acquiring qualities adapted to their mode of life; and coloration is a very important one, its chief, though not its only use, being concealment. Hence a useful coloration having been established in any species, individuals that occasionally may vary from it, will generally, perish; whilst, among domestic animals, variation of colour or marking is subject to no check except the taste of owners. We have, then, two lists of instances; first, innumerable species of wild animals in which the coloration is constant and which depend upon their own qualities for existence; secondly, several species of domestic animals in which the coloration is _not_ constant, and which do _not_ depend upon their own qualities for existence. In the former list two circumstances are present together (under all sorts of conditions); in the latter they are absent together. The argument may be further strengthened by adding a third list, parallel to the first, comprising domestic animals in which coloration is approximately constant, but where (as we know) it is made a condition of existence by owners, who only breed from those specimens that come up to a certain standard of coloration.

Wallace goes on to discuss the colouring of arctic animals. In the arctic regions, he says, some animals are wholly white all the year round, such as the polar bear, the American polar hare, the snowy owl and the Greenland falcon: these live amidst almost perpetual snow. Others, that live where the snow melts in summer, only turn white in winter, such as the arctic hare, the arctic fox, the ermine and the ptarmigan. In all these cases the white colouring is useful, concealing the herbivores from their enemies, and also the carnivores in approaching their prey; this usefulness, therefore, is a condition of the white colouring. Two other explanations have, however, been suggested: first, that the prevalent white of the arctic regions directly colours the animals, either by some photographic or chemical action on the skin, or by a reflex action through vision (as in the chameleon); secondly, that a white skin checks radiation and keeps the animals warm. But there are some exceptions to the rule of white colouring in arctic animals which refute these hypotheses, and confirm the author's. The sable remains brown throughout the winter; but it frequents trees, with whose bark its colour assimilates. The musk-sheep is brown and conspicuous; but it is gregarious, and its safety depends upon its ability to recognise its kind and keep with the herd. The raven is always black; but it fears no enemy and feeds on carrion, and therefore does not need concealment for either defence or attack. The colour of the sable, then, though not white, serves for concealment; the colour of the musk-sheep serves a purpose more important than concealment; the raven needs no concealment. There are thus two sets of instances:--in one set the animals are white (a) all the year, (b) in winter; and white conceals them (a) all the year, (b) in winter; in the other set, the animals are _not_ white, and to them either whiteness would _not_ give concealment, or concealment would _not_ be advantageous. And this second list refutes the rival hypotheses: for the sable, the musk-sheep and the raven are as much exposed to the glare of the snow, and to the cold, as the other animals are.

Sec. 3. THE CANON OF DIFFERENCE.

If an instance in which a phenomenon occurs, and an instance in which it does not occur, have every other circumstance in common save one, that one (whether consequent or antecedent) occurring only in the former; the circumstance in which alone the two instances differ is the effect, or the cause, or an indispensable condition of the phenomenon.

This follows from Props. I (a) and (b), in chapter xv. Sec. 7. To prove that A is a condition of _p_, let two instances, such as the Canon requires, be represented thus:

A B C B C _p q r_ _q r_

Then A is the cause or a condition of _p_. For, in the first instance, A being introduced (without further change), _p_ arises (Prop. I. (a)); and, in the second instance, A having been removed (without other change), _p_ disappears (Prop. I. (b)). Similarly we may prove, by the same instances, that _p_ is the effect of A.

The order of the phenomena and the immediacy of their connection is a matter for observation, aided by whatever instruments and methods of inspection and measurement may be available.

As to the invariability of the connection, it may of course be tested by collecting more instances or making more experiments; but it has been maintained, that a single perfect experiment according to this method is sufficient to prove causation, and therefore implies invariability (since causation is uniform), though no other instances should ever be obtainable; because it establishes once for all the unconditionality of the connection

A B C _p q r_.

Now, formally this is true; but in any actual investigation how shall we decide what is a satisfactory or perfect experiment? Such an experiment requires that in the negative instance

B C _q r_,

BC shall be the least assemblage of conditions necessary to co-operate with A in producing _p_; and that it is so cannot be ascertained without either general prior knowledge of the nature of the case or special experiments for the purpose. So that invariability will not really be inferred from a single experiment; besides that every prudent inquirer repeats his experiments, if only to guard against his own liability to error.

The supposed plurality of causes does not affect the method of Difference. In the above symbolic case, A is clearly _one_ cause (or condition) of _p_, whatever other causes may be possible; whereas with the Single Method of Agreement, it remained doubtful (admitting a plurality of causes) whether A, in spite of being always present with _p_, was ever a cause or condition of it.

This method of Difference without our being distinctly aware of it, is oftener than any other the basis of ordinary judgments. That the sun gives light and heat, that food nourishes and fire burns, that a stone breaks a window or kills a bird, that the turning of a tap permits or checks the flow of water or of gas, and thousands of other propositions are known to be true by rough but often emphatic applications of this method in common experience.

The method of Difference may be applied either (1) by observation, on finding two instances (distinct assemblages of conditions) differing only in one phenomenon together with its antecedent or consequent; or (2) by experiment, and then, either (a) by preparing two instances that may be compared side by side, or (b) by taking certain conditions, and then introducing (or subtracting) some agent, supposed to be the cause, to see what happens: in the latter case the "two instances" are the same assemblage of conditions considered before and, again, after, the introduction of the agent. As an example of (a) there is an experiment to show that radium gives off heat: take two glass tubes, in one put some chloride of radium, in both thermometers, and close them with cotton-wool. Soon the thermometer in the tube along with radium reads 54 deg. F. higher than the other one. The tube without the radium, whose temperature remains unaltered, is called the "control" experiment. Most experiments are of the type (b); and since the Canon, which describes two co-existing instances, does not readily apply to this type, an alternative version may be offered: _Any agent whose introduction into known circumstances (without further change) is immediately followed by a definite phenomenon is a condition of the occurrence of that phenomenon._

The words _into known circumstances_ are necessary to emphasise what is required by this Method, namely, that the two instances differ in only one thing; for this cannot be ascertained unless all the other conditions are known; and this further implies that they have been prepared. It is, therefore, not true (as Sigwart asserts) that this method determines only one condition of a

phenomenon, and that it is then necessary to inquire into the other conditions. If they were not known they must be investigated; but then the experiment would not have been made upon this method. Practically, experiments have to be made in all degrees of imperfection, and the less perfect they are, that is, the less the circumstances are known beforehand, the more remains to be done. A common imperfection is delay, or the occurrence of a latent period between the introduction of an agent and the manifestation of its effects; it cannot then be the unconditional cause; though it may be an indispensable remote condition of whatever change occurs. If, feeling out of sorts, you take a drug and some time afterwards feel better, it is not clear on this ground alone that the drug was the cause of recovery, for other curative processes may have been active meanwhile--food, or sleep, or exercise.

Any book of Physics or of Chemistry will furnish scores of examples of the method of Difference: such as Galileo's experiment to show that air has weight, by first weighing a vessel filled with ordinary air, and then filling it with condensed air and weighing it again; when the increased weight can only be due to the greater quantity of air contained. The melting-point of solids is determined by heating them until they do melt (as silver at 1000 deg. C., gold at 1250 deg., platinum at 2000 deg.); for the only difference between bodies at the time of melting and just before is the addition of so much heat. Similarly with the boiling point of liquids. That the transmission of sound depends upon the continuity of an elastic ponderable medium, is proved by letting a clock strike in a vacuum (under a glass from which the air has been withdrawn by an air pump), and standing upon a non-elastic pedestal: when the clock be seen to strike, but makes only such a faint sound as may be due to the imperfections of the vacuum and the pedestal.

The experiments by which the chemical analysis or synthesis of various forms of matter is demonstrated are simple or compound applications of this method of Difference, together with the quantitative mark of causation (that cause and effect are equal); since the bodies resulting from an analysis are equal in weight to the body analysed, and the body resulting from a synthesis is equal in weight to the bodies synthesised. That an electric current resolves water into oxygen and hydrogen may be proved by inserting the poles of a galvanic battery in a vessel of water; when this one change is followed by another, the rise of bubbles from each pole and the very gradual decrease of the water. If the bubbles are caught in receivers placed over them, it can be shown that the joint weight of the two bodies of gas thus formed is equal to the weight of the water that has disappeared; and that the gases are respectively oxygen and hydrogen may then be shown by proving that they have the properties of those gases according to further experiments by the method of Difference; as (e.g.) that one of them is oxygen because it supports combustion, etc.

When water was first decomposed by the electric current, there appeared not only oxygen and hydrogen, but also an acid and an alkali. These products were afterwards traced to impurities of the water and of the operator's hands. Mill observes that in any experiment the effect, or part of it, may be due, not to the supposed agent, but to the means employed in introducing it. We should know not only the other conditions of an experiment, but that the agent or change introduced is nothing else than what it is supposed to be.

In the more complex sciences the method of Difference is less easily applicable, because of the greater difficulty of being sure that only one circumstance at a time has altered; still, it is frequently used. Thus, if by dividing a certain nerve certain muscles are paralysed, it is shown that normally that nerve controls those muscles. That the sense of smell in flies and cockroaches is connected with the antennae has been shown by cutting them off: whereupon the insects can no longer find carrion. In his work on _Earthworms_, Darwin shows that, though sensitive to mechanical tremors, they are deaf (or, at least, not sensitive to sonorous vibrations transmitted through the air), by the following experiment. He placed a pot containing a worm that had come to the surface, as usual at night, upon a table, whilst close by a piano was violently played; but the worm took no notice of the noise. He then placed the pot upon the piano, whilst it was being played, when the worm, probably feeling mechanical vibrations, hastily slid back into its burrow.

When, instead of altering one circumstance in an instance (which we have done our best not otherwise to disturb) and then watching what follows, we try to find two ready-made instances of a phenomenon, which only differ in one other circumstance, it is, of course, still more difficult to be sure that there is only one other circumstance in which they differ. It may be worth while, however, to look for such instances. Thus, that the temperature of ocean currents influences the climate of the shores they wash, seems to be shown by the fact that the average temperature of Newfoundland is lower than that of the Norwegian coast some 15 deg. farther north. Both regions have great continents at their back; and as the mountains of Norway are higher and capped with perennial snow, we might expect a colder climate there: but the shore of Norway is visited by the Gulf Stream, whilst the shore of Newfoundland is traversed by a cold current from Greenland. Again, when in 1841 the railway from Rouen to Paris was being built, gangs of English and gangs of French workmen were employed upon it, and the English got through about one-third more work per man than the French. It was suspected that this difference was due to one other difference, namely, that the English fed better, preferring beef to thin soup. Now, logically, it might have been objected that the evidence was unsatisfactory, seeing that the men

differed in other things besides diet--in 'race' (say), which explains so much and so easily. But the Frenchmen, having been induced to try the same diet as the English, were, in a few days, able to do as much work: so that the "two instances" were better than they looked. It often happens that evidence, though logically questionable, is good when used by experts, whose familiarity with the subject makes it good.

Sec. 4. THE CANON OF CONCOMITANT VARIATIONS.

Whatever phenomenon varies in any manner whenever another phenomenon (consequent or antecedent) varies in some particular manner [no other change having concurred] is either the cause or effect of that phenomenon [or is connected with it through some fact of causation].

This is not an entirely fresh method, but may be regarded as a special case either of Agreement or of Difference, to prove the cause or effect, not of a phenomenon as a whole, but of some increment of it (positive or negative). There are certain forces, such as gravitation, heat, friction, that can never be eliminated altogether, and therefore can only be studied in their degrees. To such phenomena the method of Difference cannot be applied, because there are no negative instances. But we may obtain negative instances of a given quantity of such a phenomenon (say, heat), and may apply the method of Difference to that quantity. Thus, if the heat of a body increases 10 degrees, from 60 to 70, the former temperature of 60 was a negative instance in respect of those 10 degrees; and if only one other circumstance (say, friction) has altered at the same time, that circumstance (if an antecedent) is the cause. Accordingly, if in the above Canon we insert, after 'particular manner,' "[no other change having concurred,]" it is a statement of the method of Difference as applicable to the increment of a phenomenon, instead of to the phenomenon as a whole; and we may then omit the last clause--"[or is connected, etc.]." For these words are inserted to provide for the case of co-effects of a common cause (such as the flash and report of a gun); but if no other change (such as the discharge of a gun) has concurred with the variations of two phenomena, there cannot have been a common cause, and they are therefore cause and effect.

If, on the other hand, we omit the clause "[no other change having concurred,]" the Canon is a statement of the method of Agreement as applicable to the increment of a phenomenon instead of to the phenomenon as a whole; and it is then subject to the imperfections of that method: that is to say, it leaves open the possibilities, that an inquirer may overlook a plurality of causes; or may mistake a connection of two phenomena, which (like the flash and report of a gun) are co-effects of a common cause, for a direct relation of cause and effect.

It may occur to the reader that we ought also to distinguish Qualitative and Quantitative Variations as two orders of phenomena to which the present method is applicable. But, in fact, Qualitative Variations may be adequately dealt with by the foregoing methods of Agreement, Double Agreement, and Difference; because a change of quality or property entirely gets rid of the former phase of that quality, or substitutes one for another; as when the ptarmigan changes from brown to white in winter, or as when a stag grows and sheds its antlers with the course of the seasons. The peculiar use of the method of Variations, however, is to formulate the conditions of proof in respect of those causes or effects which cannot be entirely got rid of, but can be obtained only in greater or less amount; and such phenomena are or course, quantitative.

Even when there are two parallel series of phenomena the one quantitative and the other qualitative--like the rate of air-vibration and the pitch of sound, or the rate of ether-vibration and the colour-series of the spectrum--the method of Variations is not applicable. For (1) two such series cannot be said to vary together, since the qualitative variations are heterogeneous: 512: 576 is a definite ratio; but the corresponding notes, C, D, in the treble clef, present only a difference. Hence (2) the correspondence of each note with each number is a distinct fact. Each octave even is a distinct fact; there is a difference between C 64 and C 128 that could never have been anticipated without the appropriate experience. There is, therefore, no such law of these parallel series as there is for temperature and change of volume (say) in mercury. Similar remarks apply to the physical and sensitive light-series.

We may illustrate the two cases of the method thus (putting a dash against any letter, A' or _p_', to signify an increase or decrease of the phenomenon the letter stands for): Agreement in Variations (other changes being admissible)--

A B C A' D E A'' F G _p q r_ _p' s t_ _p'' u v_

Here the accompanying phenomena (_B C q r, D E s t, F G u v_) change from time to time, and the one thing in which the instances agree throughout is that any increase of A (A' or A'') is followed or accompanied by an increase of _p (p' or p'')_: whence it is argued that A is the cause of _p_, according to Prop. III. (a) (ch. xv. Sec. 7). Still, it is supposable that, in the second instance, D or E may be the cause of the increment of _p_; and that, in the third instance, F or G may be its cause: though the probability of

such vicarious causation decreases rapidly with the increase of instances in which A and _p_ vary together. And, since an actual investigation of this type must rely on observation, it is further possible that some undiscovered cause, X, is the real determinant of both A and _p_ and of their concomitant variations.

Professor Ferri, in his _Criminal Sociology_, observes: "I have shown that in France there is a manifest correspondence of increase and decrease between the number of homicides, assaults and malicious wounding, and the more or less abundant vintage, especially in the years of extraordinary variations, whether of failure of the vintage (1853-5, 1859, 1867, 1873, 1878-80), attended by a remarkable diminution of crime (assaults and wounding), or of abundant vintages (1850, 1856-8, 1862-3, 1865, 1868, 1874-5), attended by an increase of crime" (p. 117, Eng. trans.). And earlier he had remarked that such crimes also "in their oscillations from month to month display a characteristic increase during the vintage periods, from June to December, notwithstanding the constant diminution of other offences" (p. 77). This is necessarily an appeal to the canon of Concomitant Variations, because France is never without her annual vintage, nor yet without her annual statistics of crime. Still, it is an argument whose cogency is only that of Agreement, showing that probably the abuse of the vintage is a cause of crimes of violence, but leaving open the supposition, that some other circumstance or circumstances, arising or varying from year to year, may determine the increase or decrease of crime; or that there is some unconsidered agent which affects both the vintage and crimes of violence. French sunshine, it might be urged, whilst it matures the generous grape, also excites a morbid fermentation in the human mind.

Difference in Variations may be symbolically represented thus (no other change having concurred):

A B A' B A'' B _p q_, _p' q_, _p'' q_.

Here the accompanying phenomena are always the same B/q; and the only point in which the successive instances differ is in the increments of A (A', A'') followed by corresponding increments of _p_ (_p', p''_): hence the increment of A is the cause of the increment of _p_.

For examples of the application of this method, the reader should refer to some work of exact science. He will find in Deschanel's _Natural Philosophy_, c. 32, an account of some experiments by which the connection between heat and mechanical work has been established. It is there shown that "whenever work is performed by the agency of heat" [as in driving an engine], "an amount of heat disappears equivalent to the work performed; and whenever mechanical work is spent in generating heat" [as in rubbing two sticks together], "the heat generated is equivalent to the work thus spent." And an experiment of Joule's is described, which consisted in fixing a rod with paddles in a vessel of water, and making it revolve and agitate the water by means of a string wound round the rod, passed over a pulley and attached to a weight that was allowed to fall. The descent of the weight was measured by a graduated rule, and the rise of the water's temperature by a thermometer. "It was found that the heat communicated to the water by the agitation amounted to one pound-degree Fahrenheit for every 772 foot-pounds of work" expended by the falling weight. As no other material change seems to take place during such an experiment, it shows that the progressive expenditure of mechanical energy is the cause of the progressive heating of the water.

The thermometer itself illustrates this method. It has been found that the application of heat to mercury expands it according to a law; and hence the volume of the mercury, measured by a graduated index, is used to indicate the temperature of the air, water, animal body, etc., in which the thermometer is immersed, or with which it is brought into contact. In such cases, if no other change has taken place, the heat of the air, water, or body is the cause of the rise of the mercury in its tube. If some other substance (say spirit) be substituted for mercury in constructing a thermometer, it serves the same purpose, provided the index be graduated according to the law of the expansion of that substance by heat, as experimentally determined.

Instances of phenomena that do not vary together indicate the exclusion of a supposed cause (by Prop. III (c)). The stature of the human race has been supposed to depend on temperature; but there is no correspondence. The "not varying together," however, must not be confused with "varying inversely," which when regular indicates a true concomitance. It is often a matter of convenience whether we regard concomitant phenomena as varying directly or inversely. It is usual to say--'the greater the friction the less the speed'; but it is really more intelligible to say--'the greater the friction the more rapidly molar is converted into molecular motion.'

The Graphic Method exhibits Concomitant Variations to the eye, and is extensively used in physical and statistical inquiries. Along a horizontal line (the abscissa) is measured one of the conditions (or agents) with which the inquiry is concerned, called the Variable; and along perpendiculars (ordinates) is measured some phenomenon to be compared with it, called the Variant.

Thus, the expansion of a liquid by heat may be represented by measuring degrees of temperature along the horizontal, and the expansion of a column of the liquids in units of length along the perpendicular.

[Illustration: FIG. 9.]

In the next diagram (Fig. 10), reduced from one given by Mr. C.H. Denyer in an article on the Price of Tea (_Economic Journal_, No. 9), the condition measured horizontally is Time; and, vertically, three variants are measured simultaneously, so that their relations to one another from time to time may be seen at a glance. From this it is evident that, as the duty on tea falls, the price of tea falls, whilst the consumption of tea rises; and, in spite of some irregularity of correspondence in the courses of the three phenomena, their general causal connection can hardly be mistaken. However, the causal connection may also be inferred by general reasoning; the statistical Induction can be confirmed by a Deduction; thus illustrating the combined method of proof to be discussed in the next chapter. Without such confirmation the proof by Concomitant Variations would not be complete; because, from the complexity of the circumstances, social statistics can only yield evidence according to the method of Agreement in Variations. For, besides the agents that are measured, there may always be some other important influence at work. During the last fifty years, for example, crime has decreased whilst education has increased: true, but at the same time wages have risen and many other things have happened.

[Illustration: FIG. 10.]

It will be noticed that in the diagram the three lines, especially those of Price and Consumption (which may be considered _natural_ resultants, in contrast with the arbitrary fixation of a Tax), do not depart widely from regular curves; and accordingly, assuming the causes at work to vary continuously during the intervals between points of measurement, curves may be substituted. In fact, a curve often represents the course of a phenomenon more truthfully than can be done by a line that zigzags along the exact measurements; because it is less influenced by temporary and extraordinary causes that may obscure the operation of those that are being investigated. On the other hand, the abrupt deviations of a punctilious zigzag may have their own logical value, as will appear in the next section.

In working with the Method of Variations one must allow for the occurrence in a series of 'critical points,' at which sudden and sometimes heterogeneous changes may take place. Every substance exists at different temperatures in three states, gaseous, liquid, solid; and when the change takes place, from one state to another, the series of variations is broken. Water, e.g., follows the general law that cooling is accompanied by decrease of volume between 212 deg. and 39 deg. F.: but above 212 deg., undergoes a sudden expansion in becoming a gas; and below 39 deg. begins to expand, until at 32 deg. the expansion is considerable on its becoming solid. This illustrates a common experience that concomitant variations are most regular in the 'median range,' and are apt to become irregular at the extremities of the series, where new conditions begin to operate.

The Canon of Variations, again, deals not with sudden irruptions of a cause, force or agent, but with some increase or decrease of an agent already present, and a corresponding increase or decrease of some other phenomenon--say an increase of tax and a rise of price. But there are cases in which the energy of a cause is not immediately discharged and dissipated. Whilst a tax of 6_d._ per lb. on tea raises the price per lb. by about 6_d._, however long it lasts, the continuous application of friction to a body may gradually raise its temperature to the point of combustion; because heat is received faster than it is radiated, and therefore accumulates. Such cases are treated by Mill under the title of 'progressive effects' (_Logic_: B. III., c. 15): he gives as an example of it the acceleration of falling bodies. The storage of effects is a fact of the utmost importance in all departments of nature, and is especially interesting in Biology and Sociology, where it is met with as heredity, experience, tradition. Evolution of species of plants and animals would (so far as we know) be impossible, if the changes (however caused) that adapt some individuals better than others to the conditions of life were not inherited by, and accumulated in, their posterity. The eyes in the peacock's tail are supposed to have reached their present perfection gradually, through various stages that may be illustrated by the ocelli in the wings of the Argus pheasant and other genera of _Phasianidae_. Similarly the progress of societies would be impossible without tradition, whereby the improvements made in any generation may be passed on to the next, and the experience of mankind may be gradually accumulated in various forms of culture. The earliest remains of culture are flint implements and weapons; in which we can trace the effect of tradition in the lives of our remote forefathers, as they slowly through thousands of years learnt to improve the chipping of flints, until the first rudely shaped lumps gave place to works of unmistakable design, and these to the beautiful weapons contemporary with the Bronze Age.

The Method of Gradations, the arranging of any phenomena to be studied in series, according to the degree in which some character is exhibited, is, perhaps, the most definite device in the Art of Discovery. (Bain: _Induction_, c. 6, and App. II.) If the causes are unknown it is likely to suggest hypotheses: and if the causes are partly known, variation in the character of the series is likely to indicate a corresponding variation of the conditions.

Sec. 5. THE CANON OF RESIDUES.

Subduct from any phenomenon such part as previous inductions have shown to be the effect of certain antecedents, and the residue of the phenomenon is the effect of the remaining antecedents.

The phenomenon is here assumed to be an effect: a similar Canon may be framed for residuary causes.

This also is not a fresh method, but a special case of the method of Difference. For if we suppose the phenomenon to be _p q r_, and the antecedent to be A B C, and that we already know B and C to have (either severally or together) the consequents _q r_, in which their efficacy is exhausted; we may regard

B C _q r_

as an instance of the absence of _p_ obtained deductively from the whole phenomenon

A B C _p q r_

by our knowledge of the laws of B and C; so that

A B C _p q r_

is an instance of the presence of _p_, differing otherwise from

B C _q r_

in nothing except that A is also present. By the Canon of Difference, therefore A is the cause of _p_. Or, again, when phenomena thus treated are strictly quantitative, the method may be based on Prop. III. (b), ch. xv. Sec. 7.

Of course, if A can be obtained apart from B C and directly experimented with so as to produce _p_, so much the better; and this may often be done; but the special value of the method of Residues appears, when some complex phenomenon has been for the most part accounted for by known causes, whilst there remains some excess, or shortcoming, or deviation from the result which those causes alone would lead us to expect, and this residuary fact has to be explained in relation to the whole. Here the negative instance is constituted by deduction, showing what would happen but for the interference of some unknown cause which is to be investigated; and this prominence of the deductive process has led some writers to class the method as deductive. But we have seen that all the Canons involve deduction; and, considering how much in every experiment is assumed as already known (what circumstances are 'material,' and when conditions may be called 'the same'), the wonder is that no one has insisted upon regarding every method as concerned with residues. In fact, as scientific explanation progresses, the phenomena that may be considered as residuary become more numerous and the importance of this method increases.

Examples: The recorded dates of ancient eclipses having been found to differ from those assigned by calculation, it appears that the average length of a day has in the meanwhile increased. This is a residuary phenomenon not accounted for by the causes formerly recognised as determining the rotation of the earth on its axis; and it may be explained by the consideration that the friction of the tides reduces the rate of the earth's rotation, and thereby lengthens the day. Astronomy abounds in examples of the method of Residues, of which the discovery of Neptune is the most famous.

Capillarity seems to be a striking exception to the principle that water (or any liquid) 'finds its level,' that being the condition of equilibrium; yet capillarity proves to be only a refined case of equilibrium when account is taken of the forces of adhesion exerted by different kinds of bodies in contact.

"Many of the new elements of Chemistry," says Herschel, "have been detected in the investigation of residual phenomena." Thus, Lord Rayleigh and Sir W. Ramsay found that nitrogen from the atmosphere was slightly heavier than nitrogen got from chemical sources; and, seeking the cause of this difference, discovered argon.

The Economist shows that when a country imports goods the chief means of paying for them is to export other goods. If this were all, imports and exports would be of equal value: yet the United Kingdom imports about L400,000,000 annually, and exports about L300,000,000. Here, then, is a residuary phenomenon of L100,000,000 to be accounted for. But foreign countries owe us about L50,000,000 for the use of shipping, and L70,000,000 as interest on the capital we have lent them, and L15,000,000 in commissions upon business transacted for them. These sums added together amount to L135,000,000; and that is L35,000,000 too much. Thus another residuary phenomenon emerges; for whilst foreigners seem to owe us L435,000,000 they only send us L400,000,000 of imports. These L35,000,000 are accounted for by the annual investment of our capital abroad, in return for which no immediate payment is due; and, these being omitted, exports and imports balance. Since this was written the figures of our foreign trade have greatly risen; but the character of the explanation remains the same.

When, in pursuing the method of Variations, the phenomena compared do not always correspond in their fluctuations, the irregular movements of that phenomenon which we regard as the effect may often be explained by treating them as residuary phenomena, and then seeking for exceptional causes, whose temporary interference has obscured the influence of the general cause. Thus, returning to the diagram of the Price of Tea in Sec. 4, it is clear that generally the price falls as the duty falls; but in Mr. Denyer's more minutely wrought diagram, from which this is reduced, it may be seen that in 1840 the price of tea rose from 3_s._ 9_d._ to 4_s._ 9_d._ without any increase of duty. This, however, is readily explained by the Chinese War of that year, which checked the supply. Again, from 1869 to 1889 the duty was constant, whilst the price of tea fell as much as 8_d._ per lb.; but this residuary phenomenon is explained by the prodigiously increased production of tea during that period in India and Ceylon.

The above examples of the method of Residues are all quantitative; but the method is often employed where exact estimates are unobtainable. Thus Darwin, having found certain modifications of animals in form, coloration and habits, that were not clearly derivable from their struggle for existence in relation to other species or to external conditions, suggested that they were due to Sexual Selection.

The 'vestiges' and 'survivals' so common in Biology and Sociology are residuary phenomena. It is a general inference from the doctrine of Natural Selection that every organ of a plant, animal, or society is in some way useful to it. There occur, however, organs that have at present no assignable utility, are at least wasteful, and sometimes even injurious. And the explanation is that formerly they were useful; but that, their uses having lapsed, they are now retained by the force of heredity or tradition. Either they are not injurious enough to be eliminated by natural selection; or they are correlated with other organs, whose utility outweighs their disutility.

CHAPTER XVII

COMBINATION OF INDUCTION WITH DEDUCTION

Sec. 1. We have now reviewed Mill's five Canons of Inductive Proof. At bottom, as he observes, there are only two, namely, Agreement and Difference: since the Double Method, Variations and Residues are only special forms of the other two. Indeed, in their function of _proof_, they are all reducible to one, namely, Difference; for the cogency of the method of Agreement (as distinguished from a simple enumeration of instances agreeing in the coincidence of a supposed cause and its effect), depends upon the omission, in one instance after another, of all other circumstances; which omission is a point of difference.

The Canons are an analysis of the conditions of proving directly (where possible), by means of observation or experiment, any proposition that predicates causation. But if we say 'by means of observation or experiment,' it is not to be understood that these are the only means and that nothing else is involved; for it has been shown that the Law of Causation is itself an indispensable foundation of the evidence. In fact Inductive Logic may be considered as having a purely formal character. It consists (1) in a statement of the Law of Cause and Effect; (2) in certain immediate inferences from this Law, expanded into the Canons; (3) in the syllogistic application of the Canons to special predications of causation by means of minor premises, showing that certain instances satisfy the Canons.

At the risk of some pedantry, we may exhibit the process as follows (_cf._ Prof. Ray's _Logic_: Appendix D):

Whatever relation of events has certain marks is a case of causation;

The relation A: _p_ has some or all of these marks (as shown by observation and by the conformity of instances to such or such a Canon):

Therefore, the relation A: _p_ is a case of causation. Now, the parenthesis, "as shown by the conformity, etc.," is an adscititious member of an Epicheirema, which may be stated, as a Prosyllogism, thus:

If an instance, etc. (Canon of Difference);

The instances A B C B C are of the kind required: _p q r' q r_

Therefore, A, present where _p_ occurs and absent where it does not occur, is an indispensable antecedent of _p_.

Such is the bare Logic of Induction: so that, strictly speaking, observation or experiment is no part of the logic, but a means of applying the logic to actual, that is, not merely symbolical, propositions. The Formal Logic of Induction is essentially deductive; and it has been much questioned whether any transition from the formal to the material conditions of proof is possible. As long as we are content to illustrate the Canons with symbols, such as A and _p_, all goes well; but can we in any actual investigation show that the relevant facts or 'instances' correspond with those symbols?

In the first place, as Dr. Venn shows, natural phenomena want the distinctness and capability of isolation that belong to symbols. Secondly, the observing whether instances conform to a Canon, must always be subject at last to the limits of our faculties. How can we ascertain exact equality, immediate sequence? The Canon of Difference, in its experimental application, is usually considered the most cogent sort of proof: yet when can the two sequent instances, before and after the introduction of a certain agent, be said to differ in nothing else? Are not earth and stars always changing position; is not every molecule in the room and apparatus always oscillating? It is true that our senses are now aided by elaborate instruments; but the construction of these depends on scientific theories, which again depend on experiments.

It is right to touch upon this well-known sceptical topic; but to insist much upon it is not a sign of good sense. The works of Herschel, Whewell, and Jevons should be consulted for the various methods of correcting observations, by repeating them, averaging them, verifying one experimental process by another, always refining the methods of exact measurement, multiplying the opportunities of error (that if any exist it may at last show itself), and by other devices of what may be called Material Logic or Methodology. But only direct experience and personal manipulation of scientific processes, can give a just sense of their effectiveness; and to stand by, suggesting academic doubts, is easier and more amusing.

Sec. 2. Still, it is not so much in laws based upon direct observation or experiment, that the material validity of scientific reasoning appears, as in the cumulative evidence that arises from the co-ordination of laws within each science, and the growing harmony and coherence of all sciences. This requires a more elaborate combination of deduction with observation and experiment. During the last three hundred years many departments of science have been reduced under principles of the greatest generality, such as the Conservation of Energy, the Law of Gravitation, the Undulatory theory of Light, the Law of combining Equivalents, and the Theory of Natural Selection; connecting and explaining the less general laws, which, again, are said to connect and explain the facts. Meanwhile, those sciences that were the first to make progress have helped to develop others which, like Biology and Sociology, present greater difficulties; and it becomes more and more apparent that the distinctions drawn among sciences are entirely for the convenience of study, and that all sciences tend to merge in one universal Science of Nature. Now, this process of the 'unification of knowledge' is almost another name for deduction; but at the same time it depends for its reality and solidity upon a constant reference to observation and experiment. Only a very inadequate notion of it can be given in the ensuing chapters.

We saw in chap. xiv. Sec. 6, that when two or more agents or forces combine to produce a phenomenon, their effects are intermixed in it, and this in one of two ways according to their nature. In chemical action and in vegetable and animal life, the causal agents concerned are blended in their results in such a way that most of the qualities which they exhibited severally are lost, whilst new qualities appear instead. Thus chlorine (a greenish-yellow gas) and sodium (a metal) unite to form common salt NaCl; which is quite unlike either of them: a man eats bread, and it becomes muscle, nerve and bone. In such cases we cannot trace the qualities of the causal agents in the qualities of the effects; given such causes, we can prove experimentally, according to the canons of induction, that they have such effects; but we may not be able in any new case to calculate what the effects will be.

On the other hand, in Astronomy and Physics, the causes treated of are mechanical; at least, it is the aim of Physics to attain to a mechanical conception of phenomena; so that, in every new combination of forces, the intermixed effect, or resultant, may be calculated beforehand; provided that the forces concerned admit of being quantitatively estimated, and that the conditions of their combination are not so complex as to baffle the powers of mathematicians. In such cases, when direct observation or experiment is insufficient to resolve an effect into the laws of its conditions, the general method is to calculate what may be expected from a

combination of its conditions, as either known or hypothetically assumed, and to compare this anticipation with the actual phenomenon.

Sec. 3. This is what Mill calls the Direct Deductive Method; or, the Physical Method, because it is so much relied on in treating of Light, Heat, Sound, etc.; it is also the method of Astronomy and much used in Economics: Deduction leads the way, and its results are tested inductively by experiments or observations. Given any complex mechanical phenomenon, the inquirer considers--(1) what laws already ascertained seem likely to apply to it (in default of known laws, hypotheses are substituted: _cf._ chap. xviii.); he then--(2) computes the effect that will follow from these laws in circumstances similar to the case before him; and (3) he verifies his conclusion by comparing it with the actual phenomenon.

A simple example of this method is the explanation of the rise of water in the 'common pump.' We know three laws applicable to this case: (a) that the atmosphere weighs upon the water outside the pump with a pressure of 15 lb. to the square inch; (b) that a liquid (and therefore the water) transmits pressure equally in all directions (upwards as well as downwards and sideways); and (c) that pressure upon a body in any direction, if not counteracted by an opposite pressure, produces motion. Hence, when the rise of the piston of the pump removes the pressure upon the water within the cylinder, tending to produce a vacuum there, this water is pushed up by the pressure of the air upon the water outside the cylinder, and follows the rising piston, until the column of water inside the cylinder exerts a pressure equal to that of the atmosphere upon an equal area. So much for the computation; does it correspond with the fact? It is found that at the sea level water can be pumped to the height of 33 ft; and that such a column of water has a pressure of 15 lb. to the square inch. We may show further that, at the sea level, spirits of wine may be pumped higher according to its less specific gravity; and that if we attempt to pump water at successive altitudes above the sea level, we can only raise it to less and less heights, corresponding with the lessened atmospheric pressure at those altitudes, where the column of air producing the pressure is shorter. Finally, if we try to work a pump, having first produced a vacuum over the water outside the cylinder, we shall find that the water inside will not rise at all; the piston can be raised, but the water does not follow it. The verification thus shows that the computed effect corresponds with the phenomenon to be explained; that the result does not depend upon the nature of water only, but is true (allowing for differences of specific gravity) of other liquids; that if the pressure of the outside air is diminished, the height of pumping is so too (canon of Variations); and that if that pressure is entirely removed, pumping becomes impossible (canon of Difference).

Any text-book of Astronomy or Physics furnishes numerous illustrations of the deductive method. Take, for example, the first chapter of Deschanel's _Optics_, where are given three methods of determining the velocity of Light. This was first deduced from observation of Jupiter's satellites. The one nearest the planet passes behind it, or into its shadow, and is eclipsed, at intervals of about 42-1/2 hours. But it can be shown that, when Jupiter and the Earth are nearest together on the same side of the Sun, an eclipse of this satellite is visible from the earth 16 min. 26.6 sec. earlier than when Jupiter and the earth are furthest apart on opposite sides of the Sun: 16 min. 26.6 sec, then, is the time in which light traverses the diameter of the Earth's orbit. Therefore, supposing the Earth's distance from the Sun to be 92 millions of miles, light travels about 186,000 miles a second. Another deduction, agreeing with this, starts from the fact of aberration, or the displacement of the apparent from the actual position of the stars in the direction of the earth's motion. Aberration depends partly on the velocity of light, partly on the velocity of the Earth; and the latter being known, the former can be computed. Now, these two deductive arguments, verifying each other, have also been verified experimentally. Foucault's experiment to measure the velocity of light is too elaborate to be described here: a full account of it will be found in the treatise above cited, Sec. 687.

When the phenomena to be explained are of such a character, so vast in extent, power or duration, that it is impossible, in the actual circumstances of the case, to frame experiments in order to verify a deductive explanation, it may still be possible to reproduce a similar phenomenon upon a smaller scale. Thus Monge's explanation of mirage by the great heat of the desert sand, which makes the lowest stratum of air less dense than those above it, so that rays of light from distant objects are refracted in descending, until they are actually turned upwards again to the eye of the beholders, giving him inverted images of the objects as if they were reflected in water, is manifestly incapable of being verified by experiment in the natural conditions of the phenomenon. But by heating the bottom of "a sheet-iron box, with its ends cut away," the rarefied air at the bottom of the box may sometimes be made to yield reflections; and this shows at least that the supposed cause is a possible one (Deschanel, _Optics,_ Sec. 726). Similarly as to the vastest of all phenomena, the evolution of the stellar system, and of the solar system as part of it, from an immense cloudlike volume of matter: H. Spencer, in his Essay on _The Nebular Hypothesis_, says, amidst a great array of deductive arguments from mechanical principles, that "this _a priori_ reasoning harmonises with the results of experiment. Dr. Plateau has shown that when a mass of fluid is, as far as may be, protected from the action of external forces, it will, if made to

rotate with adequate velocity, form detached rings; and that these rings will break up into spheroids, which turn on their axes in the same direction with the central mass." The theory of the evolution of species of plants and animals by Natural Selection, again, though, of course, it cannot be verified by direct experiment (since experiment implies artificial arrangement), and the process is too slow for observation, is, nevertheless, to some extent confirmed by the practice of gardeners and breeders of animals: since, by taking advantage of accidental variations of form and colour in the plants or animals under their care, and relying on the inheritability of these variations they obtain extensive modifications of the original stocks, and adapt them to the various purposes for which flowers and cereals, poultry, dogs and cattle are domesticated. This shows, at least, that living forms are plastic, and extensively modifiable in a comparatively short time.

Sec. 4. Suppose, however, that, in verifying a deductive argument, the effect as computed from the laws of the causes assigned, does not correspond with the facts observed: there must then be an error somewhere. If the fact has been accurately observed, the error must lie either in the process of deduction and computation, or else in the premises. As to the process of deduction, it may be very simple and easily revised, as in the above explanation of the common pump; or it may be very involved and comprise long trains of mathematical calculation. If, however, on re-examining the computations, we find them correct, it remains to look for some mistake in the premises.

(1) We may not have accurately ascertained the laws, or the modes of operation, or the amounts of the forces present. Thus, the rate at which bodies fall was formerly believed to vary in proportion to their relative weights; and any estimate based upon this belief cannot agree with the facts. Again, the corpuscular theory of light, namely, that the physical cause of light is a stream of fine particles projected in straight lines from the luminous object, though it seemed adequate to the explanation of many optical phenomena, could not be made to agree with the facts of interference and double refraction.

(2) The circumstances in which the agents are combined may not have been correctly conceived. When Newton began to inquire whether the attraction of the earth determined the orbit of the moon, he was at first disappointed. "According to Newton's calculations, made at this time," says Whewell, "the moon, by her motion in her orbit, was deflected from the tangent every minute through a space of thirteen feet. But by noticing the space which bodies would fall in one minute at the earth's surface, and supposing this to be diminished in the ratio of the inverse square, it appeared that gravity would, at the moon's orbit, draw a body through more than fifteen feet." In view of this discrepancy he gave up the inquiry for sixteen years, until in 1682, having obtained better data, he successfully renewed it. "He had been mistaken in the magnitude of the earth, and consequently in the distance of the moon, which is determined by measurements of which the earth's radius is the base." It was not, therefore, a mistake as to the law or as to the nature of the forces concerned (namely, the law of the inverse square and the identity of celestial with terrestrial gravity), but as to the circumstances in which the agents (earth and moon) were combined, that prevented his calculations being verified. (_Hist. Ind. Sc._: VII. ii. 3.)

(3) One or more of the agents affecting the result may have been overlooked and omitted from the estimate. Thus, an attempt to explain the tides by taking account only of the earth and the moon, will not entirely agree with the facts, since the sun also influences the tides. This illustration, however, shows that when the conclusion of a deductive explanation does not entirely agree with the facts, it is not always to be inferred that the reasoning is, properly speaking, wrong; it may be right as far as it goes, and merely inadequate. Hence (a) in such cases an opportunity occurs of applying the Method of Residues, by discovering the agent that must be allowed for in order to complete the explanation. And (b) the investigation of a phenomenon is often designedly begun upon an imperfect basis for the sake of simplicity; the result being regarded as a first approximation, to be afterwards corrected by including, one by one, the remaining agents or circumstances affecting the phenomenon, until the theory is complete; that is, until its agreement with the facts is satisfactory.

(4) We may have included among the data of our reasonings agents or circumstances that do not exist or do not affect the phenomenon in question. In the early days of science purely fanciful powers were much relied upon: such as the solid spheres that carried the planets and stars; the influence of the planets upon human destiny; the tendency of everything to seek "its own place," so that fire rises to heaven, and solids fall to the earth; the "plastic virtue" of the soil, which was once thought to have produced fossils. When, however, such conceptions hindered the progress of explanation, it was not so much by vitiating the deductive method as by putting men off from exact inquiries. More to our present purpose were the supposed cataclysms, or extraordinary convulsions of the earth, a belief in which long hindered the progress of Geology. Again, in Biology, Psychology, and Sociology many explanations have depended upon the doctrine that any improvement of structure or faculty acquired by an individual may be inherited by his descendants: as that, if an animal learns to climb trees, his offspring have a greater aptitude for that mode of life; that if a man tries to be good, his children find it easier to be virtuous; that if the inhabitants of a district carry on cloth-work, it

becomes easier for each successive generation to acquire dexterity in that art. But now the inheritability of powers acquired by the individual through his own efforts, is disputed; and, if the denial be made good, all such explanations as the above must be revised.

If, then, the premises of a deductive argument be vitiated in any of these four ways, its conclusion will fail to agree with the results of observation and experiment, unless, of course, one kind of error happen to be cancelled by another that is 'equal and opposite.' We now come to a variation of the method of combining Induction with Deduction, so important as to require separate treatment.

Sec. 5. The Inverse or Historical Method has of late years become remarkably fruitful. When the forces determining a phenomenon are too numerous, or too indefinite, to be combined in a direct deduction, we may begin by collecting an empirical law of the phenomenon (as that 'the democracies of City-States are arbitrary and fickle'), and then endeavour to show by deductions from "the nature of the case," that is, from a consideration of the circumstances and forces known to be operative (of which, in the above instance, the most important is sympathetic contagion), that such a law was to be expected. Deduction is thus called in to verify a previous induction; whereas in the 'Physical Method' a deduction was verified by comparing it with an induction or an experiment; hence the method now to be discussed has been named the Inverse Deductive Method.

But although it is true that, in such inquiries as we are now dealing with, induction generally takes the lead; yet I cannot think that the mere order in which the two logical processes occur is the essential distinction between the two ways of combining them. For, in the first place, in investigations of any complexity both induction and deduction recur again and again in whatever order may be most convenient; and, in the second place, the so-called 'inverse order' is sometimes resorted to in Astronomy and Physics. For example, Kepler's Laws were first collected empirically from observations of the planetary motions, and afterwards deduced by Newton from the Law of Gravitation; this, then, was the Inverse Method; but the result is something very different from any that can be obtained by the Historical Method. The essential difference between the Physical and Historical Methods is that, in the former, whether Direct or Inverse, the deductive process, when complete, amounts to exact demonstration; whereas, in the latter, the deductions may consist of qualitative reasonings, and the results are indefinite. They establish--(1) a merely probable connection between the phenomena according to an empirical law (say, between City-democracy and fickle politics); (2) connect this with other historical or social generalisations, by showing that they all alike flow from the same causes, namely, from the nature of races of men under certain social and geographical conditions; and (3) explain why such empirical laws may fail, according to the differences that prevail among races of men and among the conditions under which they live. Thus, seeing how rapidly excitement is propagated by the chatter, grimacing, and gesticulation of townsmen, it is probable enough that the democracy of a City-state should be fickle (and arbitrary, because irresponsible). A similar phenomenon of panic, sympathetic hope and despair, is exhibited by every stock-exchange, and is not peculiar to political life. And when political opinion is not manufactured solely in the reverberating furnace of a city, fickleness ceases to characterise democracy; and, in fact, is not found in Switzerland, or the United States, nor in France so far as politics, depend upon the peasantry.

This is called the Historical Method, then, because it is especially useful in explaining the movements of history, and in verifying the generalisations of political and social science. We must not, however, suppose that its use is confined to such studies. Only a ridiculous pedantry would allot to each subject its own method and forbid the use of any other; as if it were not our capital object to establish truth by any means. Wherever the forces determining a phenomenon are too numerous or too indefinite to be combined in a deductive demonstration, there the Historical Method is likely to be useful; and this seems often to be the case in Geology and Biology, as well as in the Science of History, or Sociology, and its various subsidiary studies.

Consider upon what causes historical events depend: the customs, character, and opinions of all the people concerned; the organisation of their government, and the character of their religious institutions; the development of industry among them, of the military art, of fine art, literature and science; their relations, commercial, political and social, with other nations; the physical conditions of climate and geographical position amidst which they live. Hardly an event of importance occurs in any nation that is not, directly or indirectly, influenced by every one of these circumstances, and that does not react upon them. Now, from the nature of the Canons of direct Induction, a satisfactory employment of them in such a complex and tangled situation as history presents, is rarely possible; for they all require the actual or virtual isolation of the phenomenon under investigation. They also require the greatest attainable immediacy of connection between cause and effect; whereas the causes of social events may accumulate during hundreds of years. In collecting empirical laws from history, therefore, only very rough inductions can be hoped for, and we may have to be content with simple enumeration. Hence the importance of supporting such laws by deduction from the nature of the case, however faint a probability of the asserted connection is thereby raised; and this even if each law is valued merely for its own sake. Still more, if anything worth the name of Historical Science is to be constructed, must a mere collection of such empiricisms fail to content us; and the only way to give them a scientific character is to show deductively their common dependence

upon various combinations of the same causes. Yet even those who profess to employ the Historical Method often omit the deductive half of it; and of course 'practical politicians' boast of their entire contentment with what they call 'the facts.'

Sometimes, however, politicians, venturing upon deductive reasoning, have fallen into the opposite error of omitting to test their results by any comparison with the facts: arguing from certain 'Rights of Man,' or 'Interests of Classes,' or 'Laws of Supply and Demand,' that this or that event will happen, or ought to happen, without troubling themselves to observe whether it does happen or ever has happened. This method of Deduction without any empirical verification, is called by Mill the Geometrical; and, plainly, it can be trustworthy only where there is no actual conflict of forces to be considered. In pure mathematical reasoning about space, time, and number, provided the premises and the reasoning be correct, verification by a comparison with the facts may be needless, because there is no possibility of counteraction. But when we deal with actual causes, no computation of their effects can be relied upon without comparing our conclusions with the facts: not even in Astronomy and Physics, least of all in Politics.

Burke, then, has well said that "without the guide and light of sound, well-understood principles all our reasoning in politics, as in everything else, would be only a confused jumble of particular facts and details without the means of drawing any sort of theoretical or practical conclusion"; but that, on the other hand, the statesman, who does not take account of circumstances, infinite and infinitely combined, "is not erroneous, but stark mad--he is metaphysically mad" (_On the Petition of the Unitarians_). There is, or ought to be, no logical difference between the evidence required by a statesman and that appealed to by a philosopher; and since, as we have seen, the combination of principles with circumstances cannot, in solving problems of social science, be made with the demonstrative precision that belongs to astronomical and physical investigations, there remains the Historical Method as above described.

Examples of the empirical laws from which this method begins abound in histories, newspapers, and political discussions, and are of all shades of truth or half-truth: as that 'History consists in the biographies of great men'; in other words, that the movements of society are due to exceptional personal powers, not to general causes; That at certain epochs great men occur in groups; That every Fine Art passes through periods of development, culmination and decline; That Democracies tend to change into Despotisms; That the possession of power, whether by classes or despots, corrupts the possessor: That 'the governments most distinguished for sustained vigour and abilities have generally been aristocracies'; That 'revolutions always begin in hunger'; That civilisation is inimical to individuality; That the civilisation of the country proceeds from the town; That 'the movement of progressive societies has hitherto been a movement from _Status_ to _Contract_ (i.e., from a condition in which the individual's rights and duties depend on his caste, or position in his family as slave, child, or patriarch, to a condition in which his rights and duties are largely determined by the voluntary agreements he enters into)'; and this last is treated by H. Spencer as one aspect of the law first stated by Comte, that the progress of societies is from the military to the industrial state.

The deductive process we may illustrate by Spencer's explanation of the co-existence in the military state of those specific characters, the inductive proof of which furnished an illustration of the method of Agreement (ch. xvi. Sec. 1). The type of the military State involves the growth of the warrior class, and the treatment of labourers as existing solely to support the warriors; the complete subordination of all individuals to the will of the despotic soldier-king, their property, liberty and life being at the service of the State; the regimentation of society, not only for military, but also for civil purposes; the suppression of all private associations, etc. Now all these characteristics arise from their utility for the purpose of war, a utility amounting to necessity if war is the State's chief purpose. For every purpose is best served when the whole available force co-operates toward it: other things equal, the bigger the army the better; and to increase it, men must be taken from industry, until only just enough remain to feed and equip the soldiers. As this arrangement is not to everybody's taste, there must be despotic control; and this control is most effective through regimentation by grades of command. Private associations, of course, cannot live openly in such a State, because they may have wills of their own and are convenient for conspiracy. Thus the induction of characteristics is verified by a deduction of them from the nature of the case.

Sec. 6. The greater indefiniteness of the Historical compared with the Physical Method, both in its inductions and in its deductions, makes it even more difficult to work with. It wants much sagacity and more impartiality; for the demon of Party is too much with us. Our first care should be to make the empirical law as nearly true as possible, collecting as many as we can of the facts which the law is supposed to generalise, and examining them according to the canons of Induction, with due allowance for the imperfect applicability of those canons to such complex, unwieldy, and indefinite instances. In the examples of such laws given above, it is clear that in some cases no pains have been taken to examine the facts. What is the inductive evidence that Democracies change into Despotisms; that revolutions always begin in hunger; or that civilisation is inimical to individuality? Even Mill's often quoted saying, "that the governments remarkable in history for sustained vigour and ability have generally been aristocracies," is oddly

over-stated. For if you turn to the passage (_Rep. Gov._ chap. vi.), the next sentence tells you that such governments have always been aristocracies of public functionaries; and the next sentence but one restricts, apparently, the list of such remarkable governments to two--Rome and Venice. Whence, then, comes the word "generally" into Mill's law?

As to deducing our empirical law from a consideration of the nature of the case, it is obvious that we ought--(a) to take account of all the important conditions; (b) to allow weight to them severally in proportion to their importance; and (c) not to include in our estimates any condition which we cannot show to be probably present and operative. Thus the Great-Man-Theory of history must surely be admitted to assign a real condition of national success. The great man organises, directs, inspires: is that nothing? On the other hand, to recognise no other condition of national success is the manifest frenzy of a mind in the mythopoeic age. We must allow the great man his due weight, and then inquire into the general conditions that (a) bring him to birth in one nation rather than another, and (b) give him his opportunity.

Mill's explanation of the success of the aristocratic governments of Rome and Venice is, that they were, in fact, bureaucracies; that is to say, their members were trained in the science and art of administration and command. Here, again, we have, no doubt, a real condition; but is it the only one? The popular mind, which little relishes the scaling down of Mill's original law to those two remote cases, is persuaded that an aristocracy is the depository of hereditary virtue, especially with reference to government, and would at once ascribe to this circumstance the greater part of the success of any aristocratic constitution. Now, if the effects of training are inherited, they must, in an hereditary aristocracy, increase the energy of the cause assigned by Mill; but, if not, such heredity is a condition "not present or not operative." Still, if families are ennobled for their extraordinary natural powers of administration or command (as sometimes happens), it is agreed on all hands that innate qualities are inheritable; at least, if care be taken to intermarry with families similarly distinguished, and if by natural or artificial selection all the failures among the offspring be eliminated. The Spartans had some crude notion of both these precautions; and if such measures had been widely adopted, we might deduce from the doctrine of heredity a probability in favour of Mill's original proposition, and thereby verify it in its generality, if it could be collected from the facts.

The Historical Method may be further illustrated by the course adopted in that branch of Social Science which has been found susceptible of the most extensive independent development, namely, Economics. First, by way of contrast, I should say that the abstract, or theoretical treatment of Economics follows the Physical Method; because, as Mill explains, although the phenomena of industry are no doubt influenced, like other social affairs, by all the other circumstances of Society, government, religion, war, art, etc.; yet, where industry is most developed, as in England and the United States, certain special conditions affecting it are so much the most important that, for the purpose at least of a first outline of the science, they may conveniently be considered as the only ones. These conditions are: (1) the general disposition of men to obtain wealth with as little trouble as possible, and (2) to spend it so as to obtain the greatest satisfaction of their various desires; (3) the facts that determine population; and (4) the tendency of extractive industry, when pushed beyond a certain limit without any improvement in the industrial arts, to yield "diminishing returns." From these premises it is easy to infer the general laws of prices, of wages and interest (which are the prices of labour and of the use of capital), and of rent; and it remains to verify these laws by comparing them with the facts in each case; and (if they fail to agree with the facts) to amend them, according to the Method of Residues, by taking account of those influential conditions which were omitted from the first draft of the theory.

Whilst, however, this is usually the procedure of those inquirers who have done most to give Economics its scientific character, to insist that no other plan shall be adopted would be sheer pedantry; and Dr. Keynes has shown, in his _Scope and Method of Political Economy_, that Mill has himself sometimes solved economic problems by the Historical Method. With an analysis of his treatment of Peasant Proprietorship (_Political Economy_, B. II., cc. 7 and 8) we may close this section. Mill first shows inductively, by collecting evidence from Switzerland, Germany, Norway, Belgium, and France (countries differing in race, government, climate and situation), that peasant proprietors are superhumanly industrious; intelligent cultivators, and generally intelligent men; prudent, temperate, and independent, and that they exercise self-control in avoiding improvident marriages. This group of empirical generalisations as to the character of peasant proprietors he then deduces from the nature of the case: their industry, he says, is a natural consequence of the fact that, however much they produce, it is all their own; they cultivate intelligently, because for generations they have given their whole mind to it; they are generally intelligent men, because the variety of work involved in small farming, requiring foresight and calculation, necessarily promotes intelligence; they are prudent, because they have something to save, and by saving can improve their station and perhaps buy more land; they are temperate, because intemperance is incompatible with industry and prudence; they are independent, because secure of the necessaries of life, and from having property to fall back upon; and they avoid improvidence in marriage, because the extent and fertility of their fields is always plainly

before them, and therefore how many children they can maintain is easily calculated. The worst of them is that they work too hard and deny themselves too much: but, over the greater part of the world, other peasantry work too hard; though they can scarcely be said to deny themselves too much; since all their labour for others brings them no surplus to squander upon self-indulgence.

Sec. 7. The foregoing account of the Historical Method is based upon Mill's discussions in B. VI. of his _Logic_, especially cc. 6 to 11. Mill ascribes to Comte the first clear statement of the method; and it is highly scientific, and important in generalising the connections of historical events. But perhaps the expression, 'Historical Method,' is more frequently applied to the Comparative Method, as used in investigating the history of institutions or the true sense of legends.

(1) Suppose we are trying to explain the institution of capital punishment as it now exists in England. (1) We must try to trace the history of it back to the earliest times; for _social custom and tradition is one line of causation_. At present the punishment of death is legally incident only to murder and high treason. But early in the last century malefactors were hung for forgery, sheep-stealing, arson and a long list of other offences down to pocket-picking: earlier still the list included witchcraft and heresy. At present hanging is the only mode of putting a malefactor to death; but formerly the ways of putting to death included also burning, boiling, pressing, beheading, and mixed modes. Before the Restoration, however, the offences punishable with death were far fewer than they afterwards became; and until the twelfth century, the penalty of death might be avoided by paying compensation, the wer-geld.

(2) Every change in the history of an institution must be explained by pointing to _the special causes_ in operation during the time when the change was in progress. Thus the restriction of the death penalty, in the nineteenth century, to so few offences was due partly to the growth of humane feelings, partly to the belief that the infliction, or threat, of the extreme penalty had failed to enforce the law and had demoralised the administration of Justice. The continual extension of the death penalty throughout the eighteenth century may be attributed to a belief that it was the most effectual means of deterring evil-doers when the means of detecting and apprehending criminals were feeble and ill-organised. The various old brutal ways of execution were adopted sometimes to strike terror, sometimes for vengeance, sometimes from horror of the crime, or even from 'conscientious scruples';--which last were the excuse for preferring the burning of heretics to any sort of bloodshed.

(3) The causes of any change in the history of an institution in any country may not be directly discoverable: they must then be investigated by the Comparative Method. Again, the recorded history of a nation, and of all its institutions, followed backwards, comes at last to an end: then the antecedent history must also be supplied by the Comparative Method; whose special use is to indicate the existence of facts for which there is no direct evidence.

This method rests upon the principle that where the causes are alike the effects will be alike, and that similar effects are traceable to similar causes. Every department of study--Astronomy, Chemistry, Zoology, Sociology--is determined by the fact that the phenomena it investigates have certain common characteristics; and we are apt to infer that any process observed in some of these phenomena, if depending on those common characteristics, will be found in others. For example, the decomposition, or radio-activity, of certain elements prepares one to believe that all elements may exhibit it. Where the properties of an object are known to be closely interdependent, as in the organisation of plants, animals and societies, we are especially justified in inferring from one case to another. The whole animal Kingdom has certain common characters--the metabolic process, dependence upon oxygen, upon vegetable food (ultimately), heredity, etc., and, upon this ground, any process (say, the differentiation of species by Natural Selection) that has been established for some kinds of animal is readily extended to others. If instead of the whole animal Kingdom we take some district of it--Class, Order, Family--our confidence in such inferences increases; because the common characters are more numerous and the conditions of life are more alike; or, in other words, the common causes are more numerous that initiate and control the development of nearly allied animals. For such reasons a few fragmentary remains of an extinct animal enable the palaeontologist to reconstruct with some probability an outline of its appearance, organisation, food, habitat and habits.

Applied to History, the Comparative Method rests upon an assumption (which the known facts of (say) 6,000 years amply justify) that human nature, after attaining a recognisable type as _homo sapiens_, is approximately uniform in all countries and in all ages, though more especially where states of culture are similar. Men living in society are actuated by similar motives and reasons in similar ways; they are all dependent upon the supply of food and therefore on the sun and the seasons and the weather and upon means of making fire, and so on. Accordingly, they entertain similar beliefs, and develop similar institutions through similar series of changes. Hence, if in one nation some institution has been altered for reasons that we cannot directly discover, whereas we know the reasons why a similar change was adopted elsewhere, we may conjecture with more or less probability, after making allowance for differences in other circumstances, that the motives or causes in the former case were similar to those in the latter, or in any cases that are better known. Or, again, if in one nation we cannot trace an institution beyond a certain point, but can show that

elsewhere a similar institution has had such or such an antecedent history, we may venture to reconstruct with more or less probability the earlier history of that institution in the nation we are studying.

Amongst the English and Saxon tribes that settled in Britain, death was the penalty for murder, and the criminal was delivered to the next-of-kin of his victim for execution; he might, however, compound for his crime by paying a certain compensation. Studying the history of other tribes in various parts of the world, we are able, with much probability, to reconstruct the antecedents of this death-penalty in our own prehistoric ages, and to trace it to the blood-feud; that is, to a tribal condition in which the next-of-kin of a murdered man was socially and religiously bound to avenge him by slaying the murderer or one of his kindred. This duty of revenge is sometimes (and perhaps was at first everywhere) regarded as necessary to appease the ghost of the victim; sometimes as necessary to compensate the surviving members of his family. In the latter case, it is open to them to accept compensation in money or cattle, etc. Whether the kin will be ready to accept compensation must depend upon the value they set upon wealth in comparison with revenge; but for the sake of order and tribal strength, it is the interest of the tribe, or its elders, or chieftain, to encourage or even to enforce such acceptance. It is also their interest to take the questions--whether a crime has been committed, by whom, and what compensation is due--out of the hands of the injured party, and to submit them to some sort of court or judicial authority. At first, following ancient custom as much as possible, the act of requital, or the choice of accepting compensation, is left to the next-of-kin; but with the growth of central power these things are entrusted to ministers of the Government. Then revenge has undergone its full transformation into punishment. Very likely the wrong itself will come to be treated as having been done not to the kindred of the murdered man, but to the State or the King, as in fact a "breach of the King's peace." This happened in our own history.

(4) The Comparative Method assumes that human nature is approximately the same in different countries and ages; but, of course, 'approximately' is an important word. Although there is often a striking and significant resemblance between the beliefs and institutions of widely separated peoples, we expect to draw the most instructive parallels between those who are nearly related by descent, or neighbourhood, or culture. To shed light upon our own manners, we turn first to other Teutons, then to Slavonians and Kelts, or other Aryans, and so on; and we prefer evidence from Europe to examples from Africa.

(5) As to national culture, that it exhibits certain 'stages' of development is popularly recognised in the distinction drawn between savages, barbarians and civilised folk. But the idea remains rather vague; and there is not space here to define it. I refer, therefore, to the classifications of stages of culture given by A. Sutherland, (_Origin and Growth of Moral Instinct_, Vol. I, p. 103), and L.T. Hobhouse (_Morals in Evolution_, c. 2). That in any 'state of Society,' its factors--religion, government, science, etc.--are mutually dependent, was a leading doctrine with Comte, adopted by Mill. There must be some truth in it; but in some cases we do not understand social influences sufficiently well to trace the connection of factors; and whilst preferring to look for historical parallels between nations of similar culture, we find many cases in which barbarous or savage customs linger in a civilised country.

(6) It was another favourite doctrine with Comte, also adopted by Mill--that the general state of culture is chiefly determined by the prevailing intellectual condition of a people, especially by the accepted ground of explanation--whether the will of supernatural beings, or occult powers, or physical antecedents: the "law of three stages," Fetichism, Metaphysics, Positivism. And this also is, at least, so far true, that it is useless to try to interpret the manners and institutions of any nation until we know its predominant beliefs. Magic and animism are beliefs everywhere held by mankind in early stages of culture, and they influence every action of life. But that is not all: these beliefs retain their hold upon great multitudes of civilised men and affect the thoughts of the most enlightened. Whilst the saying 'that human nature is the same in all ages' seems to make no allowance for the fact that, in some nations, a considerable number of individuals has attained to powers of deliberation, self-control, and exact reasoning, far above the barbarous level, it is yet so far true that, even in civilised countries, masses of people, were it not for the example and instruction of those individuals, would fall back upon magic and animism and the manners that go with those beliefs. The different degrees of enlightenment enjoyed by different classes of the population often enable the less educated to preserve a barbarous custom amidst many civilised characteristics of the national life.

Sec. 8. Historical reasoning must start from, or be verified by, observations. If we are writing the history of ourselves: if of another time or country, we can observe some of the present conditions of the country, its inhabitants, language, manners, institutions, which are effects of the past and must be traceable to it; we may also be able to observe ancient buildings or their ruins, funerary remains, coins, dating from the very times we are to treat of. Our own observations, of course, are by no means free from error.

But even in treating of our own age and country, most of our information must be derived from the testimony of others, who may have made mistakes of observation and further mistakes in reporting their observations, or may have intentionally falsified them.

Testimony is of two kinds: Oral; and Written, inscribed or printed. In investigating the events of a remote age, nearly all our direct evidence must be some sort of testimony.

(1) Oral testimony depends upon the character of the witness; and the best witness is not perfectly trustworthy; for he may not have observed accurately, or he may not have reported correctly; especially if some time elapsed between the event and his account of it; for no man's memory is perfect. Since witnesses vary widely in capacity and integrity, we must ask concerning any one of them--was he a good judge of what he saw, and of what was really important in the event? Had he good opportunities of knowing the circumstances? Had he any interest in the event--personal, or partisan, or patriotic? Such interests would colour his report; and so would the love of telling a dramatic story, if that was a weakness of his. Nay, a love of truth might lead him to modify the report of what he remembered if--as he remembered it--the matter seemed not quite credible. We must also bear in mind that, for want of training, precision in speaking the truth is not understood or appreciated by many honest people even now, still less in unscientific ages.

Oral tradition is formed by passing a report from one to another, generation by generation; and it is generally true that such a tradition loses credit at every step, because every narrator has some weakness. However, the value of tradition depends upon the motives people have to report correctly, and on the form of the communication, and on whether monuments survive in connection with the story. Amongst the things best remembered are religious and magic formulae, heroic poems, lists of ancestors, popular legends about deeply impressive events, such as migrations, conquests, famines, plagues. We are apt now to underrate the value of tradition, because the use of writing has made tradition less important, and therefore less pains are taken to preserve it. In the middle of last century, it was usual (and then quite justifiable) to depreciate oral tradition as nearly worthless; but the spread of archaeological and anthropological research, and the growth of the Comparative Method, have given new significance to legends and traditions which, merely by themselves, could not deserve the slightest confidence.

(2) As to written evidence, contemporary inscriptions--such as are found on rocks and stones and bricks in various parts of the world, and most abundantly in Egypt and Western Asia--are of the highest value, because least liable to fraudulent abuse; but must be considered with reference to the motives of those who set them forth. Manuscripts and books give rise to many difficulties. We have to consider whether they were originally written by some one contemporary with the events recorded: if so they have the same value as immediate oral testimony, provided they have not been tampered with since. But if not contemporary records, they may have been derived from other records that were contemporary, or only from oral tradition. In the latter case they are vitiated by the weakness of oral tradition. In the former case, we have to ask what was the trustworthiness of the original records, and how far do the extant writings fairly represent those records?

Our answers to these questions will partly depend upon what we know or can discover of the authors of the MSS. or books. Who was the author? If a work bears some man's name, did he really write it? The evidence bearing upon this question is usually divided into internal, external and mixed; but perhaps no evidence is purely internal, if we define it as that which is derived entirely from the work itself. Under the name of internal evidence it is usual to put the language, the style, consistency of ideas; but if we had no grounds of judgment but the book itself, we could not possibly say whether the style was the author's: this requires us to know his other works. Nor could we say whether the language was that of his age, unless we knew other literature of the same age; nor even that different passages seem to be written in the manner of different ages, but for our knowledge of change in other literatures. There must in every case be some external reference. Thus we judge that a work is not by the alleged author, nor contemporary with him, if words are used that only became current at a later date, or are used in a sense that they only later acquired, or if later writers are imitated, or if events are mentioned that happened later ('anachronism'). Books are sometimes forged outright, that is, are written by one man and deliberately fathered upon another; but sometimes books come to be ascribed to a well-known name, which were written by some one else without fraudulent intent, dramatically or as a rhetorical exercise.

As to external evidence, if from other sources we have some knowledge of the facts described in a given book, and if it presents no serious discrepancies with those facts, this is some confirmation of a claim to contemporaneity. But the chief source of external evidence is other literature, where we may find the book in question referred to or quoted. Such other literature may be by another author, as when Aristotle refers to a dialogue of Plato's, or Shakespeare quotes Marlowe; or may be other work of the author himself, as when Aristotle in the _Ethics_ refers to his own _Physics_, or Chaucer in _The Canterbury Tales_ mentions as his own _The Legend of Good Women_, and in _The Legend_ gives a list of other works of his. This kind of argument assumes that the authorship of the work we start from is undisputed; which is practically the case with the _Ethics_ and _The Canterbury Tales_.

But, now, granting that a work is by a good author, or contemporary with the events recorded, or healthily related to others that were contemporary, it remains to consider whether it has been well preserved and is likely to retain its original sense. It is, therefore, desirable to know the history of a book or MS., and through whose hands it has passed. Have there been opportunities of tampering with it; and have there been motives to do so? In reprinting books, but still more in copying MSS., there are opportunities of omitting or interpolating passages, or of otherwise altering the sense. In fact, slight changes are almost sure to be made even without meaning to make them, especially in copying MSS., through the carelessness or ignorance of transcribers. Hence the oldest MS. is reckoned the best.

If a work contains stories that are physically impossible, it shows a defect of judgment in the author, and decreases our confidence in his other statements; but it does not follow that these others are to be rejected. We must try to compare them with other evidence. Even incredible stories are significant: they show what people were capable of believing, and, therefore, under what conditions they reasoned and acted. One cause of the incredibility of popular stories is the fusion of legend with myth. A legend is a traditionary story about something that really happened: it may have been greatly distorted by stupidity, or exaggeration, or dramatisation, or rationalisation, but may still retain a good deal of the original fact. A myth, however, has not necessarily any basis of fact: it may be a sort of primitive philosophy, an hypothesis freely invented to explain some fact in nature, such as eclipses, or to explain some social custom whose origin is forgotten, such as the sacrificing of a ram.

All historical conclusions, then, depend on a sum of convergent and conflicting probabilities in the nature of circumstantial evidence. The best testimony is only highly probable, and it is always incomplete. To complete the picture of any past age there is no resource but the Comparative Method. We use this method without being aware of it, whenever we make the records of the last generation intelligible to ourselves by our own experience. Without it nothing would be intelligible: an ancient coin or weapon would have no meaning, were we not acquainted with the origins and uses of other coins and weapons. Generally, the further we go back in history, the more the evidence needs interpretation and reconstruction, and the more prominent becomes the appeal to the Comparative Method. Our aim is to construct a history of the world, and of the planet as part of the world, and of mankind as part of the life of the planet, in such a way that every event shall be consistent with, and even required by, the rest according to the principle of Causation.

CHAPTER XVIII

HYPOTHESES

Sec. 1. An Hypothesis, sometimes employed instead of a known law, as a premise in the deductive investigation of nature, is defined by Mill as "any supposition which we make (either without actual evidence, or on evidence avowedly insufficient) in order to endeavour to deduce from it conclusions in accordance with facts which are known to be real; under the idea that if the conclusions to which the hypothesis leads are known truths, the hypothesis itself either must be, or at least is likely to be, true." The deduction of known truths from an hypothesis is its Verification; and when this has been accomplished in a good many cases, and there are no manifest failures, the hypothesis is often called a Theory; though this term is also used for the whole system of laws of a certain class of phenomena, as when Astronomy is called the 'theory of the heavens.' Between hypothesis and theory in the former sense no distinct line can be drawn; for the complete proof of any speculation may take a long time, and meanwhile the gradually accumulating evidence produces in different minds very different degrees of satisfaction; so that the sanguine begin to talk of 'the theory,' whilst the circumspect continue to call it 'the hypothesis.'

An Hypothesis may be made concerning (1) an Agent, such as the ether; or (2) a Collocation, such as the plan of our solar system--whether geocentric or heliocentric; or (3) a Law of an agent's operation, as that light is transmitted by a wave motion of such lengths or of such rates of vibration.

The received explanation of light involves both an agent, the ether, as an all-pervading elastic fluid, and also the law of its operation, as transmitting light in waves of definite form and length, with definite velocity. The agreement between the calculated results of this complex hypothesis and the observed phenomena of light is the chief part of the verification; which has now been so successfully accomplished that we generally hear of the 'Undulatory Theory.' Sometimes a new agent only is proposed; as the planet Neptune was at first assumed to exist in order to account for perturbations in the movements of Uranus, influencing it according to the already established law of gravitation. Sometimes the agents are known, and only the law of their operation is hypothetical, as was at first the case with the law of gravitation itself. For the agents, namely, Earth, falling bodies on the Earth, Moon, Sun, and planets were manifest; and the hypothesis was that their motions might be due to their attracting one another with

a force inversely proportional to the squares of the distances between them. In the Ptolemaic Astronomy, again, there was an hypothesis as to the collocation of the heavenly bodies (namely, that our Earth was the centre of the universe, and that Moon, Sun, planets and stars revolved around her): in the early form of the system there was also an hypothesis concerning agents upon which this arrangement depended (namely, the crystalline spheres in which the heavenly bodies were fixed, though these were afterwards declared to be imaginary); and an hypothesis concerning the law of operation (namely, that circular motion is the most perfect and eternal, and therefore proper to celestial things).

Hypotheses are by no means confined to the physical sciences: we all make them freely in private life. In searching for anything, we guess where it may be before going to look for it: the search for the North Pole was likewise guided by hypotheses how best to get there. In estimating the characters or explaining the conduct of acquaintances or of public men, we frame hypotheses as to their dispositions and principles. 'That we should not impute motives' is a peculiarly absurd maxim, as there is no other way of understanding human life. To impute bad motives, indeed, when good are just as probable, is to be wanting in the scientific spirit, which views every subject in 'a dry light.' Nor can we help 'judging others by ourselves'; for self-knowledge is the only possible starting-point when we set out to interpret the lives of others. But to understand the manifold combinations of which the elements of character are susceptible, and how these are determined by the breeding of race or family under various conditions, and again by the circumstances of each man's life, demands an extraordinary union of sympathetic imagination with scientific habits of thought. Such should be the equipment of the historian, who pursues the same method of hypothesis when he attempts to explain (say) the state of parties upon the Exclusion Bill, or the policy of Louis XI. Problems such as the former of these are the easier; because, amidst the compromises of a party, personal peculiarities obliterate one another, and expose a simpler scheme of human nature with fewer fig-leaves. Much more hazardous hypotheses are necessary in interpreting the customs of savages, and the feelings of all sorts of animals. Literary criticisms, again, abound with hypotheses: e.g., as to the composition of the Homeric poems, the order of the Platonic dialogues, the authorship of the Caedmonic poems, or the Ossianic, or of the letters of Junius. Thus the method of our everyday thoughts is identical with that of our most refined speculations; and in every case we have to find whether the hypothesis accounts for the facts.

Sec. 2. It follows from the definition of an hypothesis that none is of any use that does not admit of verification (proof or disproof), by comparing the results that may be deduced from it with facts or laws. If so framed as to elude every attempt to test it by facts, it can never be proved by them nor add anything to our understanding of them.

Suppose that a conjurer asserts that his table is controlled by the spirit of your deceased relative, and makes it rap out an account of some adventure that could not easily have been within a stranger's knowledge. So far good. Then, trying again, the table raps out some blunder about your family which the deceased relative could not have committed; but the conjurer explains that 'a lying spirit' sometimes possesses the table. This amendment of the hypothesis makes it equally compatible with success and with failure. To pass from small things to great, not dissimilar was the case of the Ptolemaic Astronomy: by successive modifications, its hypothesis was made to correspond with accumulating observations of the celestial motions so ingeniously that, until the telescope was invented, it may be said to have been unverifiable. Consider, again, the sociological hypothesis, that civil order was at first founded on a Contract which remains binding upon all mankind: this is reconcilable with the most opposite institutions. For we have no record of such an event: and if the institutions of one State (say the British) include ceremonies, such as the coronation oath and oath of allegiance, which may be remnants of an original contract, they may nevertheless be of comparatively recent origin; whereas if the institutions of another State (say the Russian) contain nothing that admits of similar interpretation, yet traces of the contract once existing may long since have been obliterated. Moreover, the actual contents of the contract not having been preserved, every adherent of this hypothesis supplies them at his own discretion, 'according to the dictates of Reason'; and so one derives from it the duty of passive obedience, and another with equal cogency establishes the right of rebellion.

To be verifiable, then, an hypothesis must be definite; if somewhat vague in its first conception (which is reasonably to be expected), it must be made definite in order to be put to the proof. But, except this condition of verifiability, and definiteness for the sake of verifiability, without which a proposition does not deserve the name of an hypothesis, it seems inadvisable to lay down rules for a 'legitimate' hypothesis. The epithet is misleading. It suggests that the Logician makes rules for scientific inquirers; whereas his business is to discover the principles which they, in fact, employ in what are acknowledged to be their most successful investigations. If he did make rules for them, and they treated him seriously, they might be discouraged in the exercise of that liberty of hypothesising which is the condition of all originality; whilst if they paid no attention to him, he must suffer some loss of dignity. Again, to say that a 'legitimate hypothesis' must explain all the facts, at least in the department for which it is invented, is decidedly discouraging. No doubt it may be expected to do this in the long run when (if ever) it is completely established; but this

may take a long time: is it meanwhile illegitimate? Or can this adjective be applied to Newton's corpuscular theory of light, even though it has failed to explain all the facts?

Sec. 3. Given a verifiable hypothesis, however, what constitutes proof or disproof?

(1) _If a new agent be proposed, it is desirable that we should be able directly to observe it, or at least to obtain some evidence of its existence of a different kind from the very facts which it has been invented to explain._ Thus, in the discovery of Neptune, after the existence of such a planet outside the orbit of Uranus had been conjectured (to account for the movements of the latter), the place in the heavens which such a body should occupy at a certain time was calculated, and there by means of the telescope it was actually seen.

Agents, however, are assumed and reasoned upon very successfully which, by their nature, never can be objects of perception: such are the atoms of Chemistry and the ether of Optics. But the severer methodologists regard them with suspicion: Mill was never completely convinced about the ether; the defining of which has been found very difficult. He was willing, however, to make the most of the evidence that has been adduced as indicating a certain property of it distinct from those by which it transmits radiation, namely, mechanical inertia, whereby it has been supposed to retard the career of the heavenly bodies, as shown especially by the history of Encke's comet. This comet returned sooner than it should, as calculated from the usual data; the difference was ascribed to the influence of a resisting medium in reducing the extent of its orbit; and such a medium may be the ether. If this conjecture (now of less credit) should gain acceptance, the ether might be regarded as a _vera causa_ (that is, a condition whose existence may be proved independently of the phenomena it was intended to explain), in spite of its being excluded by its nature from the sphere of direct perception. However, science is not a way of perceiving things, but essentially a way of thinking about them. It starts, indeed, from perception and returns to it, and its thinking is controlled by the analogies of perception. Atoms and ether are thought about as if they could be seen or felt, not as noumena; and if still successful in connecting and explaining perceptions, and free from contradiction, they will stand as hypotheses on that ground.

On the other hand, a great many agents, once assumed in order to explain phenomena, have since been explained away. Of course, a _fact_ can never be 'explained away': the phrase is properly applicable to the fate of erroneous hypotheses, when, not only are they disproved, but others are established in their places. Of the Aristotelian spheres, which were supposed to support and translate sun, moon and planets, no trace has ever been found: they would have been very much in the way of the comets. Phlogiston, again, an agent much in favour with the earlier Chemists, was found, Whewell tells us, when their theories were tested by exact weighing, to be not merely non-existent but a minus quantity; that is to say, it required the assumption of its absolute lightness "so that it diminished the weight of the compounds into which it entered." These agents, then, the spheres and phlogiston, have been explained away, and instead of them we have the laws of motion and oxygen.

(2) _Whether the hypothetical agent be perceptible or not, it cannot be established as a cause, nor can a supposed law of such an agent be accepted as sufficient to the given inquiry, unless it is adequate to account for the effects which it is called upon to explain, at least so far as it pretends to explain them._ The general truth of this is sufficiently obvious, since to explain the facts is the purpose of an hypothesis; and we have seen that Newton gave up his hypothesis that the moon was a falling body, as long as he was unable to show that the amount of its deflection from a tangent (or fall) in a given time, was exactly what it should be, if the Moon was controlled by the same force as falling bodies on the Earth.

It is important to observe the limitations to this canon. In the first place, it says that, unless adequate to explain the facts in question, an hypothesis cannot be '_established_'; but, for all that, such an hypothesis may be a very promising one, not to be hastily rejected, since it may take a very long time fully to verify an hypothesis. Some facts may not be obtainable that are necessary to show the connection of others: as, for example, the hypothesis that all species of animals have arisen from earlier ones by some process of gradual change, can be only imperfectly verified by collecting the fossil remains of extinct species, because immense depths and expanses of fossiliferous strata have been destroyed. Or, again, the general state of culture may be such as to prevent men from tracing the consequences of an hypothesis; for which reason, apparently, the doctrine that the Sun is the centre of our planetary system remained a discredited hypothesis for 2000 years. This should instruct us not to regard an hypothesis as necessarily erroneous or illegitimate merely because we cannot yet see how it works out: but neither can we in such a case regard it as established, unless we take somebody's word for it.

Secondly, the canon says that an hypothesis is not established, unless it accounts for the phenomena _so far as it professes to_. But it implies a complete misunderstanding to assail a doctrine for not explaining what lies beyond its scope. Thus, it is no objection

to a theory of the origin of species, that it does not explain the origin of life: it does not profess to. For the same reason, it is no objection to the theory of Natural Selection, that it does not account for the variations which selection presupposes. But such objections might be perfectly fair against a general doctrine of Evolution.

An interesting case in Wallace's _Darwinism_ (chap. x.) will illustrate the importance of attending to the exact conditions of an hypothesis. He says that in those groups of "birds that need protection from enemies," "when the male is brightly coloured and the female sits exposed on the nest, she is always less brilliant and generally of quite sober and protective hues"; and his hypothesis is, that these sober hues have been acquired or preserved by Natural Selection, because it is important to the family that the sitting bird should be inconspicuous. Now to this it might be objected that in some birds both sexes are brilliant or conspicuous; but the answer is that the female of such species _does not sit exposed on the nest_; for the nests are either domed over, or made in a hole; so that the sitting bird does not need protective colouring. If it be objected, again, that some sober-coloured birds build domed nests, it may be replied that the proposition 'All conspicuously coloured birds are concealed in the nest,' is not to be converted simply into 'All birds that sit concealed in the nest are conspicuously coloured.' In the cases alleged the domed nests are a protection against the weather, and the sober colouring is a general protection to the bird, which inhabits an open country. It may be urged, however, that jays, crows, and magpies are conspicuous birds, and yet build open nests: but these are aggressive birds, _not needing protection from enemies_. Finally, there are cases, it must be confessed, in which the female is more brilliant than the male, and which yet have open nests. Yes: but _then the male sits upon the eggs_, and the female is stronger and more pugnacious!

Thus every objection is shown to imply some inattention to the conditions of the hypothesis; and in each case it may be said, _exceptio probat regulam_--the exception _tests_ the rule. (Of course, the usual translation "proves the rule," in the restricted modern sense of "prove," is absurd.) That is to say, it appears on examination: (1) that the alleged exception is not really one, and (2) that it stands in such relation to the rule as to confirm it. For to all the above objections it is replied that, granting the phenomenon in question (special protective colouring for the female) to be absent, the alleged cause (need of protection) is also absent; so that the proof is, by means of the objections, extended, from being one by the method of Agreement, into one by the Double Method.

Thirdly, an hypothesis originally intended to account for the whole of a phenomenon and failing to do so, though it cannot be established in that sense, may nevertheless contain an essential part of the explanation. The Neptunian Hypothesis in Geology, was an attempt to explain the formation of the Earth's outer crust, as having been deposited from an universal ocean of mud. In the progress of the science other causes, seismic, fluvial and atmospheric, have been found necessary in order to complete the theory of the history of the Earth's crust; but it remains true that the stratified rocks, and some that have lost their stratified character, were originally deposited under water. Inadequacy, therefore, is not a reason for entirely rejecting an hypothesis or treating it as illegitimate.

(3) Granting that the hypothetical cause is real and adequate, the investigation is not complete. Agreement with the facts is a very persuasive circumstance, the more so the more extensive the agreement, especially if no exceptions are known. Still, if this is all that can be said in favour of an hypothesis, it amounts to proof at most by the method of Agreement; it does not exclude the possibility of vicarious causes; and if the hypothesis proposes a new agent that cannot be directly observed, an equally plausible hypothesis about another imagined agent may perhaps be invented.

According to Whewell, it is a strong mark of the truth of an hypothesis when it agrees with distinct inductions concerning different classes of facts, and he calls this the 'Consilience of Inductions,' because they jump together in the unity of the hypothesis. It is particularly convincing when this consilience takes place easily and naturally without necessitating the mending and tinkering of the hypothesis; and he cites the Theory of Gravitation and the Undulatory Theory of Light as the most conspicuous examples of such ever-victorious hypotheses. Thus, gravitation explains the fall of bodies on the Earth, and the orbits of the planets and their satellites; it applies to the tides, the comets, the double stars, and gives consistency to the Nebular Hypothesis, whence flow important geological inferences; and all this without any need of amendment. Nevertheless, Mill, with his rigorous sense of duty, points out, that an induction is merely a proposition concerning many facts, and that a consilience of inductions is merely a multiplication of the facts explained; and that, therefore, if the proof is merely Agreement in each case, there can be no more in the totality; the possibility of vicarious causes is not precluded; and the hypothesis may, after all, describe an accidental circumstance.

Whewell also laid great stress upon prediction as a mark of a true hypothesis. Thus, Astronomers predict eclipses, occultations, transits, long beforehand with the greatest precision; and the prediction of the place of Neptune by sheer force of deduction is one

of the most astonishing things in the history of science. Yet Mill persisted in showing that a predicted fact is only another fact, and that it is really not very extraordinary that an hypothesis, that happens to agree with many known facts, should also agree with some still undiscovered. Certainly, there seems to be some illusion in the common belief in the probative force of prediction. Prediction surprises us, puts us off our guard, and renders persuasion easy; in this it resembles the force of an epigram in rhetoric. But cases can be produced in which erroneous hypotheses have led to prediction; and Whewell himself produces them. Thus, he says that the Ptolemaic theory was confirmed by its predicting eclipses and other celestial phenomena, and by leading to the construction of Tables in which the places of the heavenly bodies were given at every moment of time. Similarly, both Newton's theory of light and the chemical doctrine of phlogiston led to predictions which came true.

What sound method demands in the proof of an hypothesis, then, is _not merely that it be shown to agree with the facts, but that every other hypothesis be excluded._ This, to be sure, may be beyond our power; there may in some cases be no such negative proof except the exhaustion of human ingenuity in the course of time. The present theory of colour has in its favour the failure of Newton's corpuscular hypothesis and of Goethe's anti-mathematical hypothesis; but the field of conjecture remains open. On the other hand, Newton's proof that the solar system is controlled by a central force, was supported by the demonstration that a force having any other direction could not have results agreeing with Kepler's second law of the planetary motions, namely, that, as a planet moves in its orbit, the areas described by a line drawn from the sun to the planet are proportional to the times occupied in the planet's motion. When a planet is nearest to the sun, the area described by such a line is least for any given distance traversed by the planet; and then the planet moves fastest: when the planet is furthest from the sun, the area described by such a line is greatest for an equal distance traversed; and then the planet moves slowest. This law may be deduced from the hypothesis of a central force, but not from any other; the proof, therefore, as Mill says, satisfies the method of Difference.

Apparently, to such completeness of demonstration certain conditions are necessary: the possibilities must lie between alternatives, such as A or not-A, or amongst some definite list of cases that may be exhausted, such as equal, greater or less. He whose hypothesis cannot be brought to such a definite issue, must try to refute whatever other hypotheses are offered, and naturally he will attack first the strongest rivals. With this object in view he looks about for a "crucial instance," that is, an observation or experiment that stands like a cross (sign-post) at the parting of the ways to guide us into the right way, or, in plain words, an instance that can be explained by one hypothesis but not by another. Thus the phases of Venus, similar to those of the Moon, but concurring with great changes of apparent size, presented, when discovered by Galileo, a crucial instance in favour of the Copernican hypothesis, as against the Ptolemaic, so far at least as to prove that Venus revolved around the Sun inside the orbit of the Earth. Fouc

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

Title: Aristotle on the art of poetry

Author: Aristotle

Contributor: Gilbert Murray

Translator: Ingram Bywater

Release date: October 1, 2004 [eBook #6763] Most recently updated: May 2, 2009

Language: English

Other information and formats: www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/6763

Credits: Produced by Eric Eldred, and David Widger

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK ARISTOTLE ON THE ART OF POETRY ***

Produced by Eric Eldred

ON THE ART OF POETRY

By Aristotle

Translated By Ingram Bywater

With A Preface By Gilbert Murray

Oxford At The Clarendon Press First Published 1920 Reprinted 1925, 1928, 1932, 1938, 1945, 1947 1951, 1954, 1959. 1962 Printed In Great Britain

PREFACE

In the tenth book of the _Republic_, when Plato has completed his final burning denunciation of Poetry, the false Siren, the imitator of things which themselves are shadows, the ally of all that is low and weak in the soul against that which is high and strong, who makes us feed the things we ought to starve and serve the things we ought to rule, he ends with a touch of compunction: 'We will give her champions, not poets themselves but poet-lovers, an opportunity to make her defence in plain prose and show that she is not only sweet--as we well know--but also helpful to society and the life of man, and we will listen in a kindly spirit. For we shall be gainers, I take it, if this can be proved.' Aristotle certainly knew the passage, and it looks as if his treatise on poetry was an answer to Plato's challenge.

Few of the great works of ancient Greek literature are easy reading. They nearly all need study and comment, and at times help from a good teacher, before they yield up their secret. And the _Poetics_ cannot be accounted an exception. For one thing the treatise is fragmentary. It originally consisted of two books, one dealing with Tragedy and Epic, the other with Comedy and other subjects. We possess only the first. For another, even the book we have seems to be unrevised and unfinished. The style, though luminous, vivid, and in its broader division systematic, is not that of a book intended for publication. Like most of Aristotle's extant writing, it suggests the MS. of an experienced lecturer, full of jottings and adscripts, with occasional phrases written carefully out, but never revised as a whole for the general reader. Even to accomplished scholars the meaning is often obscure, as may be seen by a comparison of the three editions recently published in England, all the work of savants of the first eminence, (1) or, still more strikingly, by a study of the long series of misunderstandings and overstatements and corrections which form the history of the _Poetics_ since the Renaissance.

(1) Prof. Butcher, 1895 and 1898; Prof. Bywater, 1909; and Prof. Margoliouth, 1911.

But it is of another cause of misunderstanding that I wish principally to speak in this preface. The great edition from which the present translation is taken was the fruit of prolonged study by one of the greatest Aristotelians of the nineteenth century, and is itself a classic among works of scholarship. In the hands of a student who knows even a little Greek, the translation, backed by the commentary, may lead deep into the mind of Aristotle. But when the translation is used, as it doubtless will be, by readers who are quite without the clue provided by a knowledge of the general habits of the Greek language, there must arise a number of new difficulties or misconceptions.

To understand a great foreign book by means of a translation is possible enough where the two languages concerned operate with a common stock of ideas, and belong to the same period of civilization. But between ancient Greece and modern England there yawn immense gulfs of human history; the establishment and the partial failure of a common European religion, the barbarian invasions, the feudal system, the regrouping of modern Europe, the age of mechanical invention, and the industrial revolution. In an average page of French or German philosophy nearly all the nouns can be translated directly into exact equivalents in English; but in Greek that is not so. Scarcely one in ten of the nouns on the first few pages of the _Poetics_ has an exact English equivalent. Every proposition has to be reduced to its lowest terms of thought and then re-built. This is a difficulty which no translation can quite deal with; it must be left to a teacher who knows Greek. And there is a kindred difficulty which flows from it. Where words can be translated into equivalent words, the style of an original can be closely followed; but no translation which aims at being written in normal English can reproduce the style of Aristotle. I have sometimes played with the idea that a ruthlessly literal translation, helped out by bold punctuation, might be the best. For instance, premising that the words _poesis_, _poetes_ mean originally 'making' and 'maker', one might translate the first paragraph of the _Poetics_ thus:--

MAKING: kinds of making: function of each, and how the Myths ought to be put together if the Making is to go right.

Number of parts: nature of parts: rest of same inquiry.

Begin in order of nature from first principles.

Epos-making, tragedy-making (also comedy), dithyramb-making (and most fluting and harping), taken as a whole, are really not Makings but Imitations. They differ in three points; they imitate (a) different objects, (b) by different means, (c) differently (i.e. different manner).

Some artists imitate (i.e. depict) by shapes and colours. (Obs. sometimes by art, sometimes by habit.) Some by voice. Similarly the above arts all imitate by rhythm, language, and tune, and these either (1) separate or (2) mixed.

Rhythm and tune alone, harping, fluting, and other arts with same effect--e.g. panpipes.

Rhythm without tune: dancing. (Dancers imitate characters, emotions, and experiences by means of rhythms expressed in form.)

Language alone (whether prose or verse, and one form of verse or many): this art has no name up to the present (i.e. there is no name to cover mimes and dialogues and any similar imitation made in iambics, elegiacs, &c. Commonly people attach the 'making' to the metre and say 'elegiac-makers', 'hexameter-makers,' giving them a common class-name by their metre, as if it was not their imitation that makes them 'makers').

Such an experiment would doubtless be a little absurd, but it would give an English reader some help in understanding both Aristotle's style and his meaning.

For example, their enlightenment in the literal phrase, 'how the myths ought to be put together.' The higher Greek poetry did not make up fictitious plots; its business was to express the heroic saga, the myths. Again, the literal translation of _poetes_, poet, as 'maker', helps to explain a term that otherwise seems a puzzle in the _Poetics_. If we wonder why Aristotle, and Plato before him, should lay such stress on the theory that art is imitation, it is a help to realize that common language called it 'making', and it was clearly not 'making' in the ordinary sense. The poet who was 'maker' of a Fall of Troy clearly did not make the real Fall of Troy. He made an imitation Fall of Troy. An artist who 'painted Pericles' really 'made an imitation Pericles by means of shapes and colours'. Hence we get started upon a theory of art which, whether finally satisfactory or not, is of immense importance, and are saved from the error of complaining that Aristotle did not understand the 'creative power' of art.

As a rule, no doubt, the difficulty, even though merely verbal, lies beyond the reach of so simple a tool as literal translation. To say that tragedy 'imitates good men' while comedy 'imitates bad men' strikes a modern reader as almost meaningless. The truth is that neither 'good' nor 'bad' is an exact equivalent of the Greek. It would be nearer perhaps to say that, relatively speaking, you look up to the characters of tragedy, and down upon those of comedy. High or low, serious or trivial, many other pairs of words would have to be called in, in order to cover the wide range of the common Greek words. And the point is important, because we have to consider whether in Chapter VI Aristotle really lays it down that tragedy, so far from being the story of un-happiness that we think it, is properly an imitation of _eudaimonia_--a word often translated 'happiness', but meaning something more like 'high life' or 'blessedness'. (1)

(1) See Margoliouth, p. 121. By water, with most editors, emends the text.

Another difficult word which constantly recurs in the _Poetics_ is _prattein_ or _praxis_, generally translated 'to act' or 'action'. But _prattein_, like our 'do', also has an intransitive meaning 'to fare' either well or ill; and Professor Margoliouth has pointed out that it seems more true to say that tragedy shows how men 'fare' than how they 'act'. It shows their experiences or fortunes rather than merely their deeds. But one must not draw the line too bluntly. I should doubt whether a classical Greek writer was ordinarily conscious of the distinction between the two meanings. Certainly it is easier to regard happiness as a way of faring than as a form of action. Yet Aristotle can use the passive of _prattein_ for things 'done' or 'gone through' (e.g. 52a, 22, 29: 55a, 25).

The fact is that much misunderstanding is often caused by our modern attempts to limit too strictly the meaning of a Greek word. Greek was very much a live language, and a language still unconscious of grammar, not, like ours, dominated by definitions and trained upon dictionaries. An instance is provided by Aristotle's famous saying that the typical tragic hero is one who falls from high state or fame, not through vice or depravity, but by some great _hamartia_. _Hamartia_ means originally a 'bad shot' or 'error', but is currently used for 'offence' or 'sin'. Aristotle clearly means that the typical hero is a great man with 'something wrong' in his life or

character; but I think it is a mistake of method to argue whether he means 'an intellectual error' or 'a moral flaw'. The word is not so precise.

Similarly, when Aristotle says that a deed of strife or disaster is more tragic when it occurs 'amid affections' or 'among people who love each other', no doubt the phrase, as Aristotle's own examples show, would primarily suggest to a Greek feuds between near relations. Yet some of the meaning is lost if one translates simply 'within the family'.

There is another series of obscurities or confusions in the _Poetics_ which, unless I am mistaken, arises from the fact that Aristotle was writing at a time when the great age of Greek tragedy was long past, and was using language formed in previous generations. The words and phrases remained in the tradition, but the forms of art and activity which they denoted had sometimes changed in the interval. If we date the _Poetics_ about the year 330 B.C., as seems probable, that is more than two hundred years after the first tragedy of Thespis was produced in Athens, and more than seventy after the death of the last great masters of the tragic stage. When we remember that a training in music and poetry formed a prominent part of the education of every wellborn Athenian, we cannot be surprised at finding in Aristotle, and to a less extent in Plato, considerable traces of a tradition of technical language and even of aesthetic theory.

It is doubtless one of Aristotle's great services that he conceived so clearly the truth that literature is a thing that grows and has a history. But no writer, certainly no ancient writer, is always vigilant. Sometimes Aristotle analyses his terms, but very often he takes them for granted; and in the latter case, I think, he is sometimes deceived by them. Thus there seem to be cases where he has been affected in his conceptions of fifth-century tragedy by the practice of his own day, when the only living form of drama was the New Comedy.

For example, as we have noticed above, true Tragedy had always taken its material from the sacred myths, or heroic sagas, which to the classical Greek constituted history. But the New Comedy was in the habit of inventing its plots. Consequently Aristotle falls into using the word _mythos_ practically in the sense of 'plot', and writing otherwise in a way that is unsuited to the tragedy of the fifth century. He says that tragedy adheres to 'the historical names' for an aesthetic reason, because what has happened is obviously possible and therefore convincing. The real reason was that the drama and the myth were simply two different expressions of the same religious kernel (p. 44). Again, he says of the Chorus (p. 65) that it should be an integral part of the play, which is true; but he also says that it' should be regarded as one of the actors', which shows to what an extent the Chorus in his day was dead and its technique forgotten. He had lost the sense of what the Chorus was in the hands of the great masters, say in the Bacchae or the Eumenides. He mistakes, again, the use of that epiphany of a God which is frequent at the end of the single plays of Euripides, and which seems to have been equally so at the end of the trilogies of Aeschylus. Having lost the living tradition, he sees neither the ritual origin nor the dramatic value of these divine epiphanies. He thinks of the convenient gods and abstractions who sometimes spoke the prologues of the New Comedy, and imagines that the God appears in order to unravel the plot. As a matter of fact, in one play which he often quotes, the _Iphigenia Taurica_, the plot is actually distorted at the very end in order to give an opportunity for the epiphany.(1)

(1) See my _Euripides and his Age_, pp. 221-45.

One can see the effect of the tradition also in his treatment of the terms Anagnorisis and Peripeteia, which Professor Bywater translates as 'Discovery and Peripety' and Professor Butcher as 'Recognition and Reversal of Fortune'. Aristotle assumes that these two elements are normally present in any tragedy, except those which he calls 'simple'; we may say, roughly, in any tragedy that really has a plot. This strikes a modern reader as a very arbitrary assumption. Reversals of Fortune of some sort are perhaps usual in any varied plot, but surely not Recognitions? The clue to the puzzle lies, it can scarcely be doubted, in the historical origin of tragedy. Tragedy, according to Greek tradition, is originally the ritual play of Dionysus, performed at his festival, and representing, as Herodotus tells us, the 'sufferings' or 'passion' of that God. We are never directly told what these 'sufferings' were which were so represented; but Herodotus remarks that he found in Egypt a ritual that was 'in almost all points the same'. (1) This was the well-known ritual of Osiris, in which the god was torn in pieces, lamented, searched for, discovered or recognized, and the mourning by a sudden Reversal turned into joy. In any tragedy which still retained the stamp of its Dionysiac origin, this Discovery and Peripety might normally be expected to occur, and to occur together. I have tried to show elsewhere how many of our extant tragedies do, as a matter of fact, show the marks of this ritual.(2)

(1) Cf. Hdt. ii. 48; cf. 42,144. The name of Dionysus must not be openly mentioned in connexion with mourning (ib. 61, 132, 86). This may help to explain the transference of the tragic shows to other heroes.

(2) In Miss Harrison's _Themis_, pp. 341-63.

I hope it is not rash to surmise that the much-debated word __katharsis__, 'purification' or 'purgation', may have come into Aristotle's mouth from the same source. It has all the appearance of being an old word which is accepted and re-interpreted by Aristotle rather than a word freely chosen by him to denote the exact phenomenon he wishes to describe. At any rate the Dionysus ritual itself was a _katharmos_ or _katharsis_--a purification of the community from the taints and poisons of the past year, the old contagion of sin and death. And the words of Aristotle's definition of tragedy in Chapter VI might have been used in the days of Thespis in a much cruder and less metaphorical sense. According to primitive ideas, the mimic representation on the stage of 'incidents arousing pity and fear' did act as a _katharsis_ of such 'passions' or 'sufferings' in real life. (For the word _pathemata_ means 'sufferings' as well as 'passions'.) It is worth remembering that in the year 361 B.C., during Aristotle's lifetime, Greek tragedies were introduced into Rome, not on artistic but on superstitious grounds, as a _katharmos_ against a pestilence (Livy vii. 2). One cannot but suspect that in his account of the purpose of tragedy Aristotle may be using an old traditional formula, and consciously or unconsciously investing it with a new meaning, much as he has done with the word _mythos_.

Apart from these historical causes of misunderstanding, a good teacher who uses this book with a class will hardly fail to point out numerous points on which two equally good Greek scholars may well differ in the mere interpretation of the words. What, for instance, are the 'two natural causes' in Chapter IV which have given birth to Poetry? Are they, as our translator takes them, (1) that man is imitative, and (2) that people delight in imitations? Or are they (1) that man is imitative and people delight in imitations, and (2) the instinct for rhythm, as Professor Butcher prefers? Is it a 'creature' a thousand miles long, or a 'picture' a thousand miles long which raises some trouble in Chapter VII? The word _zoon_ means equally 'picture' and 'animal'. Did the older poets make their characters speak like 'statesmen', _politikoi_, or merely like ordinary citizens, _politai_, while the moderns made theirs like 'professors of rhetoric'? (Chapter VI, p. 38; cf. Margoliouth's note and glossary).

It may seem as if the large uncertainties which we have indicated detract in a ruinous manner from the value of the _Poetics_ to us as a work of criticism. Certainly if any young writer took this book as a manual of rules by which to 'commence poet', he would find himself embarrassed. But, if the book is properly read, not as a dogmatic text-book but as a first attempt, made by a man of astounding genius, to build up in the region of creative art a rational order like that which he established in logic, rhetoric, ethics, politics, physics, psychology, and almost every department of knowledge that existed in his day, then the uncertainties become rather a help than a discouragement. They give us occasion to think and use our imagination. They make us, to the best of our powers, try really to follow and criticize closely the bold gropings of an extraordinary thinker; and it is in this process, and not in any mere collection of dogmatic results, that we shall find the true value and beauty of the _Poetics_.

The book is of permanent value as a mere intellectual achievement; as a store of information about Greek literature; and as an original or first-hand statement of what we may call the classical view of artistic criticism. It does not regard poetry as a matter of unanalysed inspiration; it makes no concession to personal whims or fashion or _ennui_. It tries by rational methods to find out what is good in art and what makes it good, accepting the belief that there is just as truly a good way, and many bad ways, in poetry as in morals or in playing billiards. This is no place to try to sum up its main conclusions. But it is characteristic of the classical view that Aristotle lays his greatest stress, first, on the need for Unity in the work of art, the need that each part should subserve the whole, while irrelevancies, however brilliant in themselves, should be cast away; and next, on the demand that great art must have for its subject the great way of living. These judgements have often been misunderstood, but the truth in them is profound and goes near to the heart of things.

Characteristic, too, is the observation that different kinds of art grow and develop, but not indefinitely; they develop until they 'attain their natural form'; also the rule that each form of art should produce 'not every sort of pleasure but its proper pleasure'; and the sober language in which Aristotle, instead of speaking about the sequence of events in a tragedy being 'inevitable', as we bombastic moderns do, merely recommends that they should be 'either necessary or probable' and 'appear to happen because of one another'.

Conceptions and attitudes of mind such as these constitute what we may call the classical faith in matters of art and poetry; a faith which is never perhaps fully accepted in any age, yet, unlike others, is never forgotten but lives by being constantly criticized, re-asserted, and rebelled against. For the fashions of the ages vary in this direction and that, but they vary for the most part from a central road which was struck out by the imagination of Greece.

G. M

ARISTOTLE ON THE ART OF POETRY

1

Our subject being Poetry, I propose to speak not only of the art in general but also of its species and their respective capacities; of the structure of plot required for a good poem; of the number and nature of the constituent parts of a poem; and likewise of any other matters in the same line of inquiry. Let us follow the natural order and begin with the primary facts.

Epic poetry and Tragedy, as also Comedy, Dithyrambic poetry, and most flute-playing and lyre-playing, are all, viewed as a whole, modes of imitation. But at the same time they differ from one another in three ways, either by a difference of kind in their means, or by differences in the objects, or in the manner of their imitations.

I. Just as form and colour are used as means by some, who (whether by art or constant practice) imitate and portray many things by their aid, and the voice is used by others; so also in the above-mentioned group of arts, the means with them as a whole are rhythm, language, and harmony--used, however, either singly or in certain combinations. A combination of rhythm and harmony alone is the means in flute-playing and lyre-playing, and any other arts there may be of the same description, e.g. imitative piping. Rhythm alone, without harmony, is the means in the dancer's imitations; for even he, by the rhythms of his attitudes, may represent men's characters, as well as what they do and suffer. There is further an art which imitates by language alone, without harmony, in prose or in verse, and if in verse, either in some one or in a plurality of metres. This form of imitation is to this day without a name. We have no common name for a mime of Sophron or Xenarchus and a Socratic Conversation; and we should still be without one even if the imitation in the two instances were in trimeters or elegiacs or some other kind of verse--though it is the way with people to tack on 'poet' to the name of a metre, and talk of elegiac-poets and epic-poets, thinking that they call them poets not by reason of the imitative nature of their work, but indiscriminately by reason of the metre they write in. Even if a theory of medicine or physical philosophy be put forth in a metrical form, it is usual to describe the writer in this way; Homer and Empedocles, however, have really nothing in common apart from their metre; so that, if the one is to be called a poet, the other should be termed a physicist rather than a poet. We should be in the same position also, if the imitation in these instances were in all the metres, like the _Centaur_ (a rhapsody in a medley of all metres) of Chaeremon; and Chaeremon one has to recognize as a poet. So much, then, as to these arts. There are, lastly, certain other arts, which combine all the means enumerated, rhythm, melody, and verse, e.g. Dithyrambic and Nomic poetry, Tragedy and Comedy; with this difference, however, that the three kinds of means are in some of them all employed together, and in others brought in separately, one after the other. These elements of difference in the above arts I term the means of their imitation.

2

II. The objects the imitator represents are actions, with agents who are necessarily either good men or bad--the diversities of human character being nearly always derivative from this primary distinction, since the line between virtue and vice is one dividing the whole of mankind. It follows, therefore, that the agents represented must be either above our own level of goodness, or beneath it, or just such as we are in the same way as, with the painters, the personages of Polygnotus are better than we are, those of Pauson worse, and those of Dionysius just like ourselves. It is clear that each of the above-mentioned arts will admit of these differences, and that it will become a separate art by representing objects with this point of difference. Even in dancing, flute-playing, and lyre-playing such diversities are possible; and they are also possible in the nameless art that uses language, prose or verse without harmony, as its means; Homer's personages, for instance, are better than we are; Cleophon's are on our own level; and those of Hegemon of Thasos, the first writer of parodies, and Nicochares, the author of the _Diliad_, are beneath it. The same is true of the Dithyramb and the Nome: the personages may be presented in them with the difference exemplified in the... of... and Argas, and in the Cyclopses of Timotheus and Philoxenus. This difference it is that distinguishes Tragedy and Comedy also; the one would make its personages worse, and the other better, than the men of the present day.

3

III. A third difference in these arts is in the manner in which each kind of object is represented. Given both the same means and the same kind of object for imitation, one may either (1) speak at one moment in narrative and at another in an assumed character, as Homer does; or (2) one may remain the same throughout, without any such change; or (3) the imitators may represent the whole story dramatically, as though they were actually doing the things described.

As we said at the beginning, therefore, the differences in the imitation of these arts come under three heads, their means, their objects, and their manner.

So that as an imitator Sophocles will be on one side akin to Homer, both portraying good men; and on another to Aristophanes, since both present their personages as acting and doing. This in fact, according to some, is the reason for plays being termed dramas, because in a play the personages act the story. Hence too both Tragedy and Comedy are claimed by the Dorians as their discoveries; Comedy by the Megarians--by those in Greece as having arisen when Megara became a democracy, and by the Sicilian Megarians on the ground that the poet Epicharmus was of their country, and a good deal earlier than Chionides and Magnes; even Tragedy also is claimed by certain of the Peloponnesian Dorians. In support of this claim they point to the words 'comedy' and 'drama'. Their word for the outlying hamlets, they say, is comae, whereas Athenians call them demes--thus assuming that comedians got the name not from their _comoe_ or revels, but from their strolling from hamlet to hamlet, lack of appreciation keeping them out of the city. Their word also for 'to act', they say, is _dran_, whereas Athenians use _prattein_.

So much, then, as to the number and nature of the points of difference in the imitation of these arts.

4

It is clear that the general origin of poetry was due to two causes, each of them part of human nature. Imitation is natural to man from childhood, one of his advantages over the lower animals being this, that he is the most imitative creature in the world, and learns at first by imitation. And it is also natural for all to delight in works of imitation. The truth of this second point is shown by experience: though the objects themselves may be painful to see, we delight to view the most realistic representations of them in art, the forms for example of the lowest animals and of dead bodies. The explanation is to be found in a further fact: to be learning something is the greatest of pleasures not only to the philosopher but also to the rest of mankind, however small their capacity for it; the reason of the delight in seeing the picture is that one is at the same time learning--gathering the meaning of things, e.g. that the man there is so-and-so; for if one has not seen the thing before, one's pleasure will not be in the picture as an imitation of it, but will be due to the execution or colouring or some similar cause. Imitation, then, being natural to us--as also the sense of harmony and rhythm, the metres being obviously species of rhythms--it was through their original aptitude, and by a series of improvements for the most part gradual on their first efforts, that they created poetry out of their improvisations.

Poetry, however, soon broke up into two kinds according to the differences of character in the individual poets; for the graver among them would represent noble actions, and those of noble personages; and the meaner sort the actions of the ignoble. The latter class produced invectives at first, just as others did hymns and panegyrics. We know of no such poem by any of the pre-Homeric poets, though there were probably many such writers among them; instances, however, may be found from Homer downwards, e.g. his _Margites_, and the similar poems of others. In this poetry of invective its natural fitness brought an iambic metre into use; hence our present term 'iambic', because it was the metre of their 'iambs' or invectives against one another. The result was that the old poets became some of them writers of heroic and others of iambic verse. Homer's position, however, is peculiar: just as he was in the serious style the poet of poets, standing alone not only through the literary excellence, but also through the dramatic character of his imitations, so too he was the first to outline for us the general forms of Comedy by producing not a dramatic invective, but a dramatic picture of the Ridiculous; his _Margites_ in fact stands in the same relation to our comedies as the _Iliad_ and _Odyssey_ to our tragedies. As soon, however, as Tragedy and Comedy appeared in the field, those naturally drawn to the one line of poetry became writers of comedies instead of iambs, and those naturally drawn to the other, writers of tragedies instead of epics, because these new modes of art were grander and of more esteem than the old.

If it be asked whether Tragedy is now all that it need be in its formative elements, to consider that, and decide it theoretically and in relation to the theatres, is a matter for another inquiry.

It certainly began in improvisations--as did also Comedy; the one originating with the authors of the Dithyramb, the other with those of the phallic songs, which still survive as institutions in many of our cities. And its advance after that was little by little, through their improving on whatever they had before them at each stage. It was in fact only after a long series of changes that the movement of Tragedy stopped on its attaining to its natural form. (1) The number of actors was first increased to two by Aeschylus, who curtailed the business of the Chorus, and made the dialogue, or spoken portion, take the leading part in the play. (2) A third actor and scenery were due to Sophocles. (3) Tragedy acquired also its magnitude. Discarding short stories and a ludicrous diction, through its passing out of its satyric stage, it assumed, though only at a late point in its progress, a tone of dignity; and its metre changed then from trochaic to iambic. The reason for their original use of the trochaic tetrameter was that their poetry was satyric and more

connected with dancing than it now is. As soon, however, as a spoken part came in, nature herself found the appropriate metre. The iambic, we know, is the most speakable of metres, as is shown by the fact that we very often fall into it in conversation, whereas we rarely talk hexameters, and only when we depart from the speaking tone of voice. (4) Another change was a plurality of episodes or acts. As for the remaining matters, the superadded embellishments and the account of their introduction, these must be taken as said, as it would probably be a long piece of work to go through the details.

5

As for Comedy, it is (as has been observed) an imitation of men worse than the average; worse, however, not as regards any and every sort of fault, but only as regards one particular kind, the Ridiculous, which is a species of the Ugly. The Ridiculous may be defined as a mistake or deformity not productive of pain or harm to others; the mask, for instance, that excites laughter, is something ugly and distorted without causing pain.

Though the successive changes in Tragedy and their authors are not unknown, we cannot say the same of Comedy; its early stages passed unnoticed, because it was not as yet taken up in a serious way. It was only at a late point in its progress that a chorus of comedians was officially granted by the archon; they used to be mere volunteers. It had also already certain definite forms at the time when the record of those termed comic poets begins. Who it was who supplied it with masks, or prologues, or a plurality of actors and the like, has remained unknown. The invented Fable, or Plot, however, originated in Sicily, with Epicharmus and Phormis; of Athenian poets Crates was the first to drop the Comedy of invective and frame stories of a general and non-personal nature, in other words, Fables or Plots.

Epic poetry, then, has been seen to agree with Tragedy to this extent, that of being an imitation of serious subjects in a grand kind of verse. It differs from it, however, (1) in that it is in one kind of verse and in narrative form; and (2) in its length--which is due to its action having no fixed limit of time, whereas Tragedy endeavours to keep as far as possible within a single circuit of the sun, or something near that. This, I say, is another point of difference between them, though at first the practice in this respect was just the same in tragedies as in epic poems. They differ also (3) in their constituents, some being common to both and others peculiar to Tragedy--hence a judge of good and bad in Tragedy is a judge of that in epic poetry also. All the parts of an epic are included in Tragedy; but those of Tragedy are not all of them to be found in the Epic.

6

Reserving hexameter poetry and Comedy for consideration hereafter, let us proceed now to the discussion of Tragedy; before doing so, however, we must gather up the definition resulting from what has been said. A tragedy, then, is the imitation of an action that is serious and also, as having magnitude, complete in itself; in language with pleasurable accessories, each kind brought in separately in the parts of the work; in a dramatic, not in a narrative form; with incidents arousing pity and fear, wherewith to accomplish its catharsis of such emotions. Here by 'language with pleasurable accessories' I mean that with rhythm and harmony or song superadded; and by 'the kinds separately' I mean that some portions are worked out with verse only, and others in turn with song.

I. As they act the stories, it follows that in the first place the Spectacle (or stage-appearance of the actors) must be some part of the whole; and in the second Melody and Diction, these two being the means of their imitation. Here by 'Diction' I mean merely this, the composition of the verses; and by 'Melody', what is too completely understood to require explanation. But further: the subject represented also is an action; and the action involves agents, who must necessarily have their distinctive qualities both of character and thought, since it is from these that we ascribe certain qualities to their actions. There are in the natural order of things, therefore, two causes, Character and Thought, of their actions, and consequently of their success or failure in their lives. Now the action (that which was done) is represented in the play by the Fable or Plot. The Fable, in our present sense of the term, is simply this, the combination of the incidents, or things done in the story; whereas Character is what makes us ascribe certain moral qualities to the agents; and Thought is shown in all they say when proving a particular point or, it may be, enunciating a general truth. There are six parts consequently of every tragedy, as a whole, that is, of such or such quality, viz. a Fable or Plot, Characters, Diction, Thought, Spectacle and Melody; two of them arising from the means, one from the manner, and three from the objects of the dramatic imitation; and there is nothing else besides these six. Of these, its formative elements, then, not a few of the dramatists have made due use, as every play, one may say, admits of Spectacle, Character, Fable, Diction, Melody, and Thought.

II. The most important of the six is the combination of the incidents of the story.

Tragedy is essentially an imitation not of persons but of action and life, of happiness and misery. All human happiness or misery takes the form of action; the end for which we live is a certain kind of activity, not a quality. Character gives us qualities, but it is in our actions--what we do--that we are happy or the reverse. In a play accordingly they do not act in order to portray the Characters; they include the Characters for the sake of the action. So that it is the action in it, i.e. its Fable or Plot, that is the end and purpose of the tragedy; and the end is everywhere the chief thing. Besides this, a tragedy is impossible without action, but there may be one without Character. The tragedies of most of the moderns are characterless--a defect common among poets of all kinds, and with its counterpart in painting in Zeuxis as compared with Polygnotus; for whereas the latter is strong in character, the work of Zeuxis is devoid of it. And again: one may string together a series of characteristic speeches of the utmost finish as regards Diction and Thought, and yet fail to produce the true tragic effect; but one will have much better success with a tragedy which, however inferior in these respects, has a Plot, a combination of incidents, in it. And again: the most powerful elements of attraction in Tragedy, the Peripeties and Discoveries, are parts of the Plot. A further proof is in the fact that beginners succeed earlier with the Diction and Characters than with the construction of a story; and the same may be said of nearly all the early dramatists. We maintain, therefore, that the first essential, the life and soul, so to speak, of Tragedy is the Plot; and that the Characters come second--compare the parallel in painting, where the most beautiful colours laid on without order will not give one the same pleasure as a simple black-and-white sketch of a portrait. We maintain that Tragedy is primarily an imitation of action, and that it is mainly for the sake of the action that it imitates the personal agents. Third comes the element of Thought, i.e. the power of saying whatever can be said, or what is appropriate to the occasion. This is what, in the speeches in Tragedy, falls under the arts of Politics and Rhetoric; for the older poets make their personages discourse like statesmen, and the moderns like rhetoricians. One must not confuse it with Character. Character in a play is that which reveals the moral purpose of the agents, i.e. the sort of thing they seek or avoid, where that is not obvious--hence there is no room for Character in a speech on a purely indifferent subject. Thought, on the other hand, is shown in all they say when proving or disproving some particular point, or enunciating some universal proposition. Fourth among the literary elements is the Diction of the personages, i.e. as before explained, the expression of their thoughts in words, which is practically the same thing with verse as with prose. As for the two remaining parts, the Melody is the greatest of the pleasurable accessories of Tragedy. The Spectacle, though an attraction, is the least artistic of all the parts, and has least to do with the art of poetry. The tragic effect is quite possible without a public performance and actors; and besides, the getting-up of the Spectacle is more a matter for the costumier than the poet.

7

Having thus distinguished the parts, let us now consider the proper construction of the Fable or Plot, as that is at once the first and the most important thing in Tragedy. We have laid it down that a tragedy is an imitation of an action that is complete in itself, as a whole of some magnitude; for a whole may be of no magnitude to speak of. Now a whole is that which has beginning, middle, and end. A beginning is that which is not itself necessarily after anything else, and which has naturally something else after it; an end is that which is naturally after something itself, either as its necessary or usual consequent, and with nothing else after it; and a middle, that which is by nature after one thing and has also another after it. A well-constructed Plot, therefore, cannot either begin or end at any point one likes; beginning and end in it must be of the forms just described. Again: to be beautiful, a living creature, and every whole made up of parts, must not only present a certain order in its arrangement of parts, but also be of a certain definite magnitude. Beauty is a matter of size and order, and therefore impossible either (1) in a very minute creature, since our perception becomes indistinct as it approaches instantaneity; or (2) in a creature of vast size--one, say, 1,000 miles long--as in that case, instead of the object being seen all at once, the unity and wholeness of it is lost to the beholder.

Just in the same way, then, as a beautiful whole made up of parts, or a beautiful living creature, must be of some size, a size to be taken in by the eye, so a story or Plot must be of some length, but of a length to be taken in by the memory. As for the limit of its length, so far as that is relative to public performances and spectators, it does not fall within the theory of poetry. If they had to perform a hundred tragedies, they would be timed by water-clocks, as they are said to have been at one period. The limit, however, set by the actual nature of the thing is this: the longer the story, consistently with its being comprehensible as a whole, the finer it is by reason of its magnitude. As a rough general formula, 'a length which allows of the hero passing by a series of probable or necessary stages from misfortune to happiness, or from happiness to misfortune', may suffice as a limit for the magnitude of the story.

8

The Unity of a Plot does not consist, as some suppose, in its having one man as its subject. An infinity of things befall that one man, some of which it is impossible to reduce to unity; and in like manner there are many actions of one man which cannot be made to form one action. One sees, therefore, the mistake of all the poets who have written a _Heracleid_, a _Theseid_, or similar poems; they suppose that, because Heracles was one man, the story also of Heracles must be one story. Homer, however, evidently understood this point quite well, whether by art or instinct, just in the same way as he excels the rest in every other respect. In writing an _Odyssey_, he did not make the poem cover all that ever befell his hero--it befell him, for instance, to get wounded on Parnassus and also to feign madness at the time of the call to arms, but the two incidents had no probable or necessary connexion with one another--instead of doing that, he took an action with a Unity of the kind we are describing as the subject of the _Odyssey_, as also of the _Iliad_. The truth is that, just as in the other imitative arts one imitation is always of one thing, so in poetry the story, as an imitation of action, must represent one action, a complete whole, with its several incidents so closely connected that the transposal or withdrawal of any one of them will disjoin and dislocate the whole. For that which makes no perceptible difference by its presence or absence is no real part of the whole.

9

From what we have said it will be seen that the poet's function is to describe, not the thing that has happened, but a kind of thing that might happen, i.e. what is possible as being probable or necessary. The distinction between historian and poet is not in the one writing prose and the other verse--you might put the work of Herodotus into verse, and it would still be a species of history; it consists really in this, that the one describes the thing that has been, and the other a kind of thing that might be. Hence poetry is something more philosophic and of graver import than history, since its statements are of the nature rather of universals, whereas those of history are singulars. By a universal statement I mean one as to what such or such a kind of man will probably or necessarily say or do--which is the aim of poetry, though it affixes proper names to the characters; by a singular statement, one as to what, say, Alcibiades did or had done to him. In Comedy this has become clear by this time; it is only when their plot is already made up of probable incidents that they give it a basis of proper names, choosing for the purpose any names that may occur to them, instead of writing like the old iambic poets about particular persons. In Tragedy, however, they still adhere to the historic names; and for this reason: what convinces is the possible; now whereas we are not yet sure as to the possibility of that which has not happened, that which has happened is manifestly possible, else it would not have come to pass. Nevertheless even in Tragedy there are some plays with but one or two known names in them, the rest being inventions; and there are some without a single known name, e.g. Agathon's Anthens, in which both incidents and names are of the poet's invention; and it is no less delightful on that account. So that one must not aim at a rigid adherence to the traditional stories on which tragedies are based. It would be absurd, in fact, to do so, as even the known stories are only known to a few, though they are a delight none the less to all.

It is evident from the above that, the poet must be more the poet of his stories or Plots than of his verses, inasmuch as he is a poet by virtue of the imitative element in his work, and it is actions that he imitates. And if he should come to take a subject from actual history, he is none the less a poet for that; since some historic occurrences may very well be in the probable and possible order of things; and it is in that aspect of them that he is their poet.

Of simple Plots and actions the episodic are the worst. I call a Plot episodic when there is neither probability nor necessity in the sequence of episodes. Actions of this sort bad poets construct through their own fault, and good ones on account of the players. His work being for public performance, a good poet often stretches out a Plot beyond its capabilities, and is thus obliged to twist the sequence of incident.

Tragedy, however, is an imitation not only of a complete action, but also of incidents arousing pity and fear. Such incidents have the very greatest effect on the mind when they occur unexpectedly and at the same time in consequence of one another; there is more of the marvellous in them then than if they happened of themselves or by mere chance. Even matters of chance seem most marvellous if there is an appearance of design as it were in them; as for instance the statue of Mitys at Argos killed the author of Mitys' death by falling down on him when a looker-on at a public spectacle; for incidents like that we think to be not without a meaning. A Plot, therefore, of this sort is necessarily finer than others.

10

Plots are either simple or complex, since the actions they represent are naturally of this twofold description. The action, proceeding in the way defined, as one continuous whole, I call simple, when the change in the hero's fortunes takes place without Peripety or

Discovery; and complex, when it involves one or the other, or both. These should each of them arise out of the structure of the Plot itself, so as to be the consequence, necessary or probable, of the antecedents. There is a great difference between a thing happening _propter hoc_ and _post hoc_.

11

A Peripety is the change from one state of things within the play to its opposite of the kind described, and that too in the way we are saying, in the probable or necessary sequence of events; as it is for instance in _Oedipus_: here the opposite state of things is produced by the Messenger, who, coming to gladden Oedipus and to remove his fears as to his mother, reveals the secret of his birth. And in _Lynceus_: just as he is being led off for execution, with Danaus at his side to put him to death, the incidents preceding this bring it about that he is saved and Danaus put to death. A Discovery is, as the very word implies, a change from ignorance to knowledge, and thus to either love or hate, in the personages marked for good or evil fortune. The finest form of Discovery is one attended by Peripeties, like that which goes with the Discovery in _Oedipus_. There are no doubt other forms of it; what we have said may happen in a way in reference to inanimate things, even things of a very casual kind; and it is also possible to discover whether some one has done or not done something. But the form most directly connected with the Plot and the action of the piece is the first-mentioned. This, with a Peripety, will arouse either pity or fear--actions of that nature being what Tragedy is assumed to represent; and it will also serve to bring about the happy or unhappy ending. The Discovery, then, being of persons, it may be that of one party only to the other, the latter being already known; or both the parties may have to discover themselves. Iphigenia, for instance, was discovered to Orestes by sending the letter; and another Discovery was required to reveal him to Iphigenia.

Two parts of the Plot, then, Peripety and Discovery, are on matters of this sort. A third part is Suffering; which we may define as an action of a destructive or painful nature, such as murders on the stage, tortures, woundings, and the like. The other two have been already explained.

12

The parts of Tragedy to be treated as formative elements in the whole were mentioned in a previous Chapter. From the point of view, however, of its quantity, i.e. the separate sections into which it is divided, a tragedy has the following parts: Prologue, Episode, Exode, and a choral portion, distinguished into Parode and Stasimon; these two are common to all tragedies, whereas songs from the stage and Commoe are only found in some. The Prologue is all that precedes the Parode of the chorus; an Episode all that comes in between two whole choral songs; the Exode all that follows after the last choral song. In the choral portion the Parode is the whole first statement of the chorus; a Stasimon, a song of the chorus without anapaests or trochees; a Commas, a lamentation sung by chorus and actor in concert. The parts of Tragedy to be used as formative elements in the whole we have already mentioned; the above are its parts from the point of view of its quantity, or the separate sections into which it is divided.

13

The next points after what we have said above will be these: (1) What is the poet to aim at, and what is he to avoid, in constructing his Plots? and (2) What are the conditions on which the tragic effect depends?

We assume that, for the finest form of Tragedy, the Plot must be not simple but complex; and further, that it must imitate actions arousing pity and fear, since that is the distinctive function of this kind of imitation. It follows, therefore, that there are three forms of Plot to be avoided. (1) A good man must not be seen passing from happiness to misery, or (2) a bad man from misery to happiness.

The first situation is not fear-inspiring or piteous, but simply odious to us. The second is the most untragic that can be; it has no one of the requisites of Tragedy; it does not appeal either to the human feeling in us, or to our pity, or to our fears. Nor, on the other hand, should (3) an extremely bad man be seen falling from happiness into misery. Such a story may arouse the human feeling in us, but it will not move us to either pity or fear; pity is occasioned by undeserved misfortune, and fear by that of one like ourselves; so that there will be nothing either piteous or fear-inspiring in the situation. There remains, then, the intermediate kind of personage, a man not pre-eminently virtuous and just, whose misfortune, however, is brought upon him not by vice and depravity but by some error of judgement, of the number of those in the enjoyment of great reputation and prosperity; e.g. Oedipus, Thyestes, and the

men of note of similar families. The perfect Plot, accordingly, must have a single, and not (as some tell us) a double issue; the change in the hero's fortunes must be not from misery to happiness, but on the contrary from happiness to misery; and the cause of it must lie not in any depravity, but in some great error on his part; the man himself being either such as we have described, or better, not worse, than that. Fact also confirms our theory. Though the poets began by accepting any tragic story that came to hand, in these days the finest tragedies are always on the story of some few houses, on that of Alemeon, Oedipus, Orestes, Meleager, Thyestes, Telephus, or any others that may have been involved, as either agents or sufferers, in some deed of horror. The theoretically best tragedy, then, has a Plot of this description. The critics, therefore, are wrong who blame Euripides for taking this line in his tragedies, and giving many of them an unhappy ending. It is, as we have said, the right line to take. The best proof is this: on the stage, and in the public performances, such plays, properly worked out, are seen to be the most truly tragic; and Euripides, even if his elecution be faulty in every other point, is seen to be nevertheless the most tragic certainly of the dramatists. After this comes the construction of Plot which some rank first, one with a double story (like the _Odyssey_) and an opposite issue for the good and the bad personages. It is ranked as first only through the weakness of the audiences; the poets merely follow their public, writing as its wishes dictate. But the pleasure here is not that of Tragedy. It belongs rather to Comedy, where the bitterest enemies in the piece (e.g. Orestes and Aegisthus) walk off good friends at the end, with no slaying of any one by any one.

14

The tragic fear and pity may be aroused by the Spectacle; but they may also be aroused by the very structure and incidents of the play--which is the better way and shows the better poet. The Plot in fact should be so framed that, even without seeing the things take place, he who simply hears the account of them shall be filled with horror and pity at the incidents; which is just the effect that the mere recital of the story in _Oedipus_ would have on one. To produce this same effect by means of the Spectacle is less artistic, and requires extraneous aid. Those, however, who make use of the Spectacle to put before us that which is merely monstrous and not productive of fear, are wholly out of touch with Tragedy; not every kind of pleasure should be required of a tragedy, but only its own proper pleasure.

The tragic pleasure is that of pity and fear, and the poet has to produce it by a work of imitation; it is clear, therefore, that the causes should be included in the incidents of his story. Let us see, then, what kinds of incident strike one as horrible, or rather as piteous. In a deed of this description the parties must necessarily be either friends, or enemies, or indifferent to one another. Now when enemy does it on enemy, there is nothing to move us to pity either in his doing or in his meditating the deed, except so far as the actual pain of the sufferer is concerned; and the same is true when the parties are indifferent to one another. Whenever the tragic deed, however, is done within the family--when murder or the like is done or meditated by brother on brother, by son on father, by mother on son, or son on mother--these are the situations the poet should seek after. The traditional stories, accordingly, must be kept as they are, e.g. the murder of Clytaemnestra by Orestes and of Eriphyle by Alcmeon. At the same time even with these there is something left to the poet himself; it is for him to devise the right way of treating them. Let us explain more clearly what we mean by 'the right way'. The deed of horror may be done by the doer knowingly and consciously, as in the old poets, and in Medea's murder of her children in Euripides. Or he may do it, but in ignorance of his relationship, and discover that afterwards, as does the _Oedipus_ in Sophocles. Here the deed is outside the play; but it may be within it, like the act of the Alcmeon in Astydamas, or that of the Telegonus in _Ulysses Wounded_. A third possibility is for one meditating some deadly injury to another, in ignorance of his relationship, to make the discovery in time to draw back. These exhaust the possibilities, since the deed must necessarily be either done or not done, and either knowingly or unknowingly.

The worst situation is when the personage is with full knowledge on the point of doing the deed, and leaves it undone. It is odious and also (through the absence of suffering) untragic; hence it is that no one is made to act thus except in some few instances, e.g. Haemon and Creon in _Antigone_. Next after this comes the actual perpetration of the deed meditated. A better situation than that, however, is for the deed to be done in ignorance, and the relationship discovered afterwards, since there is nothing odious in it, and the Discovery will serve to astound us. But the best of all is the last; what we have in _Cresphontes_, for example, where Merope, on the point of slaying her son, recognizes him in time; in _Iphigenia_, where sister and brother are in a like position; and in _Helle_, where the son recognizes his mother, when on the point of giving her up to her enemy.

This will explain why our tragedies are restricted (as we said just now) to such a small number of families. It was accident rather than art that led the poets in quest of subjects to embody this kind of incident in their Plots. They are still obliged, accordingly, to have recourse to the families in which such horrors have occurred.

On the construction of the Plot, and the kind of Plot required for Tragedy, enough has now been said.

15

In the Characters there are four points to aim at. First and foremost, that they shall be good. There will be an element of character in the play, if (as has been observed) what a personage says or does reveals a certain moral purpose; and a good element of character, if the purpose so revealed is good. Such goodness is possible in every type of personage, even in a woman or a slave, though the one is perhaps an inferior, and the other a wholly worthless being. The second point is to make them appropriate. The Character before us may be, say, manly; but it is not appropriate in a female Character to be manly, or clever. The third is to make them like the reality, which is not the same as their being good and appropriate, in our sense of the term. The fourth is to make them consistent and the same throughout; even if inconsistency be part of the man before one for imitation as presenting that form of character, he should still be consistently inconsistent. We have an instance of baseness of character, not required for the story, in the Menelaus in _Orestes_; of the incongruous and unbefitting in the lamentation of Ulysses in _Scylla_, and in the (clever) speech of Melanippe; and of inconsistency in _Iphigenia at Aulis_, where Iphigenia the suppliant is utterly unlike the later Iphigenia. The right thing, however, is in the Characters just as in the incidents of the play to endeavour always after the necessary or the probable; so that whenever such-and-such a personage says or does such-and-such a thing, it shall be the probable or necessary outcome of his character; and whenever this incident follows on that, it shall be either the necessary or the probable consequence of it. From this one sees (to digress for a moment) that the Denouement also should arise out of the plot itself, arid not depend on a stage-artifice, as in _Medea_, or in the story of the (arrested) departure of the Greeks in the _Iliad_. The artifice must be reserved for matters outside the play--for past events beyond human knowledge, or events yet to come, which require to be foretold or announced; since it is the privilege of the Gods to know everything. There should be nothing improbable among the actual incidents. If it be unavoidable, however, it should be outside the tragedy, like the improbability in the _Oedipus_ of Sophocles. But to return to the Characters. As Tragedy is an imitation of personages better than the ordinary man, we in our way should follow the example of good portrait-painters, who reproduce the distinctive features of a man, and at the same time, without losing the likeness, make him handsomer than he is. The poet in like manner, in portraying men quick or slow to anger, or with similar infirmities of character, must know how to represent them as such, and at the same time as good men, as Agathon and Homer have represented Achilles.

All these rules one must keep in mind throughout, and further, those also for such points of stage-effect as directly depend on the art of the poet, since in these too one may often make mistakes. Enough, however, has been said on the subject in one of our published writings.

16

Discovery in general has been explained already. As for the species of Discovery, the first to be noted is (1) the least artistic form of it, of which the poets make most use through mere lack of invention, Discovery by signs or marks. Of these signs some are congenital, like the 'lance-head which the Earth-born have on them', or 'stars', such as Carcinus brings in in his _Thyestes_; others acquired after birth--these latter being either marks on the body, e.g. scars, or external tokens, like necklaces, or to take another sort of instance, the ark in the Discovery in _Tyro_. Even these, however, admit of two uses, a better and a worse; the scar of Ulysses is an instance; the Discovery of him through it is made in one way by the nurse and in another by the swineherds. A Discovery using signs as a means of assurance is less artistic, as indeed are all such as imply reflection; whereas one bringing them in all of a sudden, as in the _Bath-story_, is of a better order. Next after these are (2) Discoveries made directly by the poet; which are inartistic for that very reason; e.g. Orestes' Discovery of himself in _Iphigenia_: whereas his sister reveals who she is by the letter, Orestes is made to say himself what the poet rather than the story demands. This, therefore, is not far removed from the first-mentioned fault, since he might have presented certain tokens as well. Another instance is the 'shuttle's voice' in the _Tereus_ of Sophocles. (3) A third species is Discovery through memory, from a man's consciousness being awakened by something seen or heard. Thus in _The Cyprioe_ of Dicaeogenes, the sight of the picture makes the man burst into tears; and in the _Tale of Alcinous_, hearing the harper Ulysses is reminded of the past and weeps; the Discovery of them being the result. (4) A fourth kind is Discovery through reasoning; e.g. in _The Choephoroe_: 'One like me is here; there is no one like me but Orestes; he, therefore, must be here.' Or that which Polyidus the Sophist suggested for _Iphigenia_; since it was natural for Orestes to reflect: 'My sister was sacrificed, and I am to be sacrificed like her.' Or that in the _Tydeus_ of Theodectes: 'I came to find a son, and am to die myself.' Or that in _The Phinidae_: on seeing the place the women inferred their fate, that they were to die there, since they had

also been exposed there. (5) There is, too, a composite Discovery arising from bad reasoning on the side of the other party. An instance of it is in _Ulysses the False Messenger_: he said he should know the bow--which he had not seen; but to suppose from that that he would know it again (as though he had once seen it) was bad reasoning. (6) The best of all Discoveries, however, is that arising from the incidents themselves, when the great surprise comes about through a probable incident, like that in the _Oedipus_ of Sophocles; and also in _Iphigenia_; for it was not improbable that she should wish to have a letter taken home. These last are the only Discoveries independent of the artifice of signs and necklaces. Next after them come Discoveries through reasoning.

17

At the time when he is constructing his Plots, and engaged on the Diction in which they are worked out, the poet should remember (1) to put the actual scenes as far as possible before his eyes. In this way, seeing everything with the vividness of an eye-witness as it were, he will devise what is appropriate, and be least likely to overlook incongruities. This is shown by what was censured in Carcinus, the return of Amphiaraus from the sanctuary; it would have passed unnoticed, if it had not been actually seen by the audience; but on the stage his play failed, the incongruity of the incident offending the spectators. (2) As far as may be, too, the poet should even act his story with the very gestures of his personages. Given the same natural qualifications, he who feels the emotions to be described will be the most convincing; distress and anger, for instance, are portrayed most truthfully by one who is feeling them at the moment. Hence it is that poetry demands a man with special gift for it, or else one with a touch of madness in him; the former can easily assume the required mood, and the latter may be actually beside himself with emotion. (3) His story, again, whether already made or of his own making, he should first simplify and reduce to a universal form, before proceeding to lengthen it out by the insertion of episodes. The following will show how the universal element in _Iphigenia_, for instance, may be viewed: A certain maiden having been offered in sacrifice, and spirited away from her sacrificers into another land, where the custom was to sacrifice all strangers to the Goddess, she was made there the priestess of this rite. Long after that the brother of the priestess happened to come; the fact, however, of the oracle having for a certain reason bidden him go thither, and his object in going, are outside the Plot of the play. On his coming he was arrested, and about to be sacrificed, when he revealed who he was--either as Euripides puts it, or (as suggested by Polyidus) by the not improbable exclamation, 'So I too am doomed to be sacrificed, as my sister was'; and the disclosure led to his salvation. This done, the next thing, after the proper names have been fixed as a basis for the story, is to work in episodes or accessory incidents. One must mind, however, that the episodes are appropriate, like the fit of madness in Orestes, which led to his arrest, and the purifying, which brought about his salvation. In plays, then, the episodes are short; in epic poetry they serve to lengthen out the poem. The argument of the _Odyssey_ is not a long one.

A certain man has been abroad many years; Poseidon is ever on the watch for him, and he is all alone. Matters at home too have come to this, that his substance is being wasted and his son's death plotted by suitors to his wife. Then he arrives there himself after his grievous sufferings; reveals himself, and falls on his enemies; and the end is his salvation and their death. This being all that is proper to the _Odyssey_, everything else in it is episode.

18

(4) There is a further point to be borne in mind. Every tragedy is in part Complication and in part Denouement; the incidents before the opening scene, and often certain also of those within the play, forming the Complication; and the rest the Denouement. By Complication I mean all from the beginning of the story to the point just before the change in the hero's fortunes; by Denouement, all from the beginning of the change to the end. In the _Lynceus_ of Theodectes, for instance, the Complication includes, together with the presupposed incidents, the seizure of the child and that in turn of the parents; and the Denouement all from the indictment for the murder to the end. Now it is right, when one speaks of a tragedy as the same or not the same as another, to do so on the ground before all else of their Plot, i.e. as having the same or not the same Complication and Denouement. Yet there are many dramatists who, after a good Complication, fail in the Denouement. But it is necessary for both points of construction to be always duly mastered. (5) There are four distinct species of Tragedy--that being the number of the constituents also that have been mentioned: first, the complex Tragedy, which is all Peripety and Discovery; second, the Tragedy of suffering, e.g. the _Ajaxes_ and _Ixions_; third, the Tragedy of character, e.g. _The Phthiotides_ and _Peleus_. The fourth constituent is that of 'Spectacle', exemplified in _The Phorcides_, in _Prometheus_, and in all plays with the scene laid in the nether world. The poet's aim, then, should be to combine every element of interest, if possible, or else the more important and the major part of them. This is now especially necessary owing to the unfair criticism to which the poet is subjected in these days. Just because there have been poets

before him strong in the several species of tragedy, the critics now expect the one man to surpass that which was the strong point of each one of his predecessors. (6) One should also remember what has been said more than once, and not write a tragedy on an epic body of incident (i.e. one with a plurality of stories in it), by attempting to dramatize, for instance, the entire story of the _Iliad_. In the epic owing to its scale every part is treated at proper length; with a drama, however, on the same story the result is very disappointing. This is shown by the fact that all who have dramatized the fall of Ilium in its entirety, and not part by part, like Euripides, or the whole of the Niobe story, instead of a portion, like Aeschylus, either fail utterly or have but ill success on the stage; for that and that alone was enough to ruin a play by Agathon. Yet in their Peripeties, as also in their simple plots, the poets I mean show wonderful skill in aiming at the kind of effect they desire--a tragic situation that arouses the human feeling in one, like the clever villain (e.g. Sisyphus) deceived, or the brave wrongdoer worsted. This is probable, however, only in Agathon's sense, when he speaks of the probability of even improbabilities coming to pass. (7) The Chorus too should be regarded as one of the actors; it should be an integral part of the whole, and take a share in the action--that which it has in Sophocles rather than in Euripides. With the later poets, however, the songs in a play of theirs have no more to do with the Plot of that than of any other tragedy. Hence it is that they are now singing intercalary pieces, a practice first introduced by Agathon. And yet what real difference is there between singing such intercalary pieces, and attempting to fit in a speech, or even a whole act, from one play into another?

19

The Plot and Characters having been discussed, it remains to consider the Diction and Thought. As for the Thought, we may assume what is said of it in our Art of Rhetoric, as it belongs more properly to that department of inquiry. The Thought of the personages is shown in everything to be effected by their language--in every effort to prove or disprove, to arouse emotion (pity, fear, anger, and the like), or to maximize or minimize things. It is clear, also, that their mental procedure must be on the same lines in their actions likewise, whenever they wish them to arouse pity or horror, or have a look of importance or probability. The only difference is that with the act the impression has to be made without explanation; whereas with the spoken word it has to be produced by the speaker, and result from his language. What, indeed, would be the good of the speaker, if things appeared in the required light even apart from anything he says?

As regards the Diction, one subject for inquiry under this head is the turns given to the language when spoken; e.g. the difference between command and prayer, simple statement and threat, question and answer, and so forth. The theory of such matters, however, belongs to Elocution and the professors of that art. Whether the poet knows these things or not, his art as a poet is never seriously criticized on that account. What fault can one see in Homer's 'Sing of the wrath, Goddess'?--which Protagoras has criticized as being a command where a prayer was meant, since to bid one do or not do, he tells us, is a command. Let us pass over this, then, as appertaining to another art, and not to that of poetry.

20

The Diction viewed as a whole is made up of the following parts: the Letter (or ultimate element), the Syllable, the Conjunction, the Article, the Noun, the Verb, the Case, and the Speech. (1) The Letter is an indivisible sound of a particular kind, one that may become a factor in an intelligible sound. Indivisible sounds are uttered by the brutes also, but no one of these is a Letter in our sense of the term. These elementary sounds are either vowels, semivowels, or mutes. A vowel is a Letter having an audible sound without the addition of another Letter. A semivowel, one having an audible sound by the addition of another Letter; e.g. S and R. A mute, one having no sound at all by itself, but becoming audible by an addition, that of one of the Letters which have a sound of some sort of their own; e.g. D and G. The Letters differ in various ways: as produced by different conformations or in different regions of the mouth; as aspirated, not aspirated, or sometimes one and sometimes the other; as long, short, or of variable quantity; and further as having an acute grave, or intermediate accent.

The details of these matters we must leave to the metricians. (2) A Syllable is a nonsignificant composite sound, made up of a mute and a Letter having a sound (a vowel or semivowel); for GR, without an A, is just as much a Syllable as GRA, with an A. The various forms of the Syllable also belong to the theory of metre. (3) A Conjunction is (a) a non-significant sound which, when one significant sound is formable out of several, neither hinders nor aids the union, and which, if the Speech thus formed stands by itself (apart from other Speeches) must not be inserted at the beginning of it; e.g. _men_, _de_, _toi_, _de_. Or (b) a non-significant sound capable of combining two or more significant sounds into one; e.g. _amphi_, _peri_, etc. (4) An Article is a non-significant sound marking the beginning, end, or dividing-point of a Speech, its natural place being either at the extremities or in the middle. (5) A Noun or name is a composite significant sound not involving the idea of time, with parts which have no significance by

themselves in it. It is to be remembered that in a compound we do not think of the parts as having a significance also by themselves; in the name 'Theodorus', for instance, the _doron_ means nothing to us.

(6) A Verb is a composite significant sound involving the idea of time, with parts which (just as in the Noun) have no significance by themselves in it. Whereas the word 'man' or 'white' does not imply _when_, 'walks' and 'has walked' involve in addition to the idea of walking that of time present or time past.

(7) A Case of a Noun or Verb is when the word means 'of or 'to' a thing, and so forth, or for one or many (e.g. 'man' and 'men'); or it may consist merely in the mode of utterance, e.g. in question, command, etc. 'Walked?' and 'Walk!' are Cases of the verb 'to walk' of this last kind. (8) A Speech is a composite significant sound, some of the parts of which have a certain significance by themselves. It may be observed that a Speech is not always made up of Noun and Verb; it may be without a Verb, like the definition of man; but it will always have some part with a certain significance by itself. In the Speech 'Cleon walks', 'Cleon' is an instance of such a part. A Speech is said to be one in two ways, either as signifying one thing, or as a union of several Speeches made into one by conjunction. Thus the _Iliad_ is one Speech by conjunction of several; and the definition of man is one through its signifying one thing.

21

Nouns are of two kinds, either (1) simple, i.e. made up of non-significant parts, like the word ge, or (2) double; in the latter case the word may be made up either of a significant and a non-significant part (a distinction which disappears in the compound), or of two significant parts. It is possible also to have triple, quadruple or higher compounds, like most of our amplified names; e.g.' Hermocaicoxanthus' and the like.

Whatever its structure, a Noun must always be either (1) the ordinary word for the thing, or (2) a strange word, or (3) a metaphor, or (4) an ornamental word, or (5) a coined word, or (6) a word lengthened out, or (7) curtailed, or (8) altered in form. By the ordinary word I mean that in general use in a country; and by a strange word, one in use elsewhere. So that the same word may obviously be at once strange and ordinary, though not in reference to the same people; _sigunos_, for instance, is an ordinary word in Cyprus, and a strange word with us. Metaphor consists in giving the thing a name that belongs to something else; the transference being either from genus to species, or from species to genus, or from species to species, or on grounds of analogy. That from genus to species is eXemplified in 'Here stands my ship'; for lying at anchor is the 'standing' of a particular kind of thing. That from species to genus in 'Truly ten thousand good deeds has Ulysses wrought', where 'ten thousand', which is a particular large number, is put in place of the generic 'a large number'. That from species to species in 'Drawing the life with the bronze', and in 'Severing with the enduring bronze'; where the poet uses 'draw' in the sense of 'sever' and 'sever' in that of 'draw', both words meaning to 'take away' something. That from analogy is possible whenever there are four terms so related that the second (B) is to the first (A), as the fourth (D) to the third (C); for one may then metaphorically put B in lieu of D, and D in lieu of B. Now and then, too, they qualify the metaphor by adding on to it that to which the word it supplants is relative. Thus a cup (B) is in relation to Dionysus (A) what a shield (D) is to Ares (C). The cup accordingly will be metaphorically described as the 'shield _of Dionysus_' (D + A), and the shield as the 'cup _of Ares_' (B + C). Or to take another instance: As old age (D) is to life (C), so is evening (B) to day (A). One will accordingly describe evening (B) as the 'old age _of the day_' (D + A)--or by the Empedoclean equivalent; and old age (D) as the 'evening' or 'sunset of life'' (B + C). It may be that some of the terms thus related have no special name of their own, but for all that they will be metaphorically described in just the same way. Thus to cast forth seed-corn is called 'sowing'; but to cast forth its flame, as said of the sun, has no special name. This nameless act (B), however, stands in just the same relation to its object, sunlight (A), as sowing (D) to the seed-corn (C). Hence the expression in the poet, 'sowing around a god-created _flame_' (D + A). There is also another form of qualified metaphor. Having given the thing the alien name, one may by a negative addition deny of it one of the attributes naturally associated with its new name. An instance of this would be to call the shield not the 'cup _of Ares_,' as in the former case, but a 'cup _that holds no wine_'. * * * A coined word is a name which, being quite unknown among a people, is given by the poet himself; e.g. (for there are some words that seem to be of this origin) _hernyges_ for horns, and _areter_ for priest. A word is said to be lengthened out, when it has a short vowel made long, or an extra syllable inserted; e. g. _polleos_ for _poleos_, _Peleiadeo_ for _Peleidon_. It is said to be curtailed, when it has lost a part; e.g. _kri_, _do_, and _ops_ in _mia ginetai amphoteron ops_. It is an altered word, when part is left as it was and part is of the poet's making; e.g. _dexiteron_ for _dexion_, in _dexiteron kata maxon_.

The Nouns themselves (to whatever class they may belong) are either masculines, feminines, or intermediates (neuter). All ending in N, P, S, or in the two compounds of this last, PS and X, are masculines. All ending in the invariably long vowels, H and O, and in A among the vowels that may be long, are feminines. So that there is an equal number of masculine and feminine terminations, as PS and X are the same as S, and need not be counted. There is no Noun, however, ending in a mute or in either of the two short vowels, E and O. Only three (_meli, kommi, peperi_) end in I, and five in T. The intermediates, or neuters, end in the variable vowels or in N, P, X.

22

The perfection of Diction is for it to be at once clear and not mean. The clearest indeed is that made up of the ordinary words for things, but it is mean, as is shown by the poetry of Cleophon and Sthenelus. On the other hand the Diction becomes distinguished and non-prosaic by the use of unfamiliar terms, i.e. strange words, metaphors, lengthened forms, and everything that deviates from the ordinary modes of speech.--But a whole statement in such terms will be either a riddle or a barbarism, a riddle, if made up of metaphors, a barbarism, if made up of strange words. The very nature indeed of a riddle is this, to describe a fact in an impossible combination of words (which cannot be done with the real names for things, but can be with their metaphorical substitutes); e.g. 'I saw a man glue brass on another with fire', and the like. The corresponding use of strange words results in a barbarism.--A certain admixture, accordingly, of unfamiliar terms is necessary. These, the strange word, the metaphor, the ornamental equivalent, etc.. will save the language from seeming mean and prosaic, while the ordinary words in it will secure the requisite clearness. What helps most, however, to render the Diction at once clear and non-prosaic is the use of the lengthened, curtailed, and altered forms of words. Their deviation from the ordinary words will, by making the language unlike that in general use give it a non-prosaic appearance; and their having much in common with the words in general use will give it the quality of clearness. It is not right, then, to condemn these modes of speech, and ridicule the poet for using them, as some have done; e.g. the elder Euclid, who said it was easy to make poetry if one were to be allowed to lengthen the words in the statement itself as much as one likes--a procedure he caricatured by reading '_Epixarhon eidon Marathonade Badi--gonta_, and _ouk han g' eramenos ton ekeinou helle boron_ as verses. A too apparent use of these licences has certainly a ludicrous effect, but they are not alone in that; the rule of moderation applies to all the constituents of the poetic vocabulary; even with metaphors, strange words, and the rest, the effect will be the same, if one uses them improperly and with a view to provoking laughter. The proper use of them is a very different thing. To realize the difference one should take an epic verse and see how it reads when the normal words are introduced. The same should be done too with the strange word, the metaphor, and the rest; for one has only to put the ordinary words in their place to see the truth of what we are saying. The same iambic, for instance, is found in Aeschylus and Euripides, and as it stands in the former it is a poor line; whereas Euripides, by the change of a single word, the substitution of a strange for what is by usage the ordinary word, has made it seem a fine one. Aeschylus having said in his _Philoctetes_:

phagedaina he mon sarkas hesthiei podos

Euripides has merely altered the hesthiei here into thoinatai. Or suppose

nun de m' heon holigos te kai outidanos kai haeikos

to be altered by the substitution of the ordinary words into

nun de m' heon mikros te kai hasthenikos kai haeidos

Or the line

diphron haeikelion katatheis olingen te trapexan

into

diphron moxtheron katatheis mikran te trapexan

Or heiones boosin into heiones kraxousin. Add to this that Ariphrades used to ridicule the tragedians for introducing expressions unknown in the language of common life, _doeaton hapo_ (for _apo domaton_), _sethen_, _hego de nin_, _Achilleos peri_ (for _peri Achilleos_), and the like. The mere fact of their not being in ordinary speech gives the Diction a non-prosaic character; but Ariphrades was unaware of that. It is a great thing, indeed, to make a proper use of these poetical forms, as also of compounds and strange words. But the greatest thing by far is to be a master of metaphor. It is the one thing that cannot be learnt from others; and

it is also a sign of genius, since a good metaphor implies an intuitive perception of the similarity in dissimilars.

Of the kinds of words we have enumerated it may be observed that compounds are most in place in the dithyramb, strange words in heroic, and metaphors in iambic poetry. Heroic poetry, indeed, may avail itself of them all. But in iambic verse, which models itself as far as possible on the spoken language, only those kinds of words are in place which are allowable also in an oration, i.e. the ordinary word, the metaphor, and the ornamental equivalent.

Let this, then, suffice as an account of Tragedy, the art imitating by means of action on the stage.

23

As for the poetry which merely narrates, or imitates by means of versified language (without action), it is evident that it has several points in common with Tragedy.

I. The construction of its stories should clearly be like that in a drama; they should be based on a single action, one that is a complete whole in itself, with a beginning, middle, and end, so as to enable the work to produce its own proper pleasure with all the organic unity of a living creature. Nor should one suppose that there is anything like them in our usual histories. A history has to deal not with one action, but with one period and all that happened in that to one or more persons, however disconnected the several events may have been. Just as two events may take place at the same time, e.g. the sea-fight off Salamis and the battle with the Carthaginians in Sicily, without converging to the same end, so too of two consecutive events one may sometimes come after the other with no one end as their common issue. Nevertheless most of our epic poets, one may say, ignore the distinction.

Herein, then, to repeat what we have said before, we have a further proof of Homer's marvellous superiority to the rest. He did not attempt to deal even with the Trojan war in its entirety, though it was a whole with a definite beginning and end--through a feeling apparently that it was too long a story to be taken in in one view, or if not that, too complicated from the variety of incident in it. As it is, he has singled out one section of the whole; many of the other incidents, however, he brings in as episodes, using the Catalogue of the Ships, for instance, and other episodes to relieve the uniformity of his narrative. As for the other epic poets, they treat of one man, or one period; or else of an action which, although one, has a multiplicity of parts in it. This last is what the authors of the _Cypria_ and _Little_ _Iliad_ have done. And the result is that, whereas the _Iliad_ or _Odyssey_ supplies materials for only one, or at most two tragedies, the _Cypria_ does that for several, and the _Little_ _Iliad_ for more than eight: for an _Adjudgment of Arms_, a _Philoctetes_, a _Neoptolemus_, a _Eurypylus_, a _Ulysses as Beggar_, a _Laconian Women_, a _Fall of Ilium_, and a _Departure of the Fleet_; as also a _Sinon_, and _Women of Troy_.

24

II. Besides this, Epic poetry must divide into the same species as Tragedy; it must be either simple or complex, a story of character or one of suffering. Its parts, too, with the exception of Song and Spectacle, must be the same, as it requires Peripeties, Discoveries, and scenes of suffering just like Tragedy. Lastly, the Thought and Diction in it must be good in their way. All these elements appear in Homer first; and he has made due use of them. His two poems are each examples of construction, the _Iliad_ simple and a story of suffering, the _Odyssey_ complex (there is Discovery throughout it) and a story of character. And they are more than this, since in Diction and Thought too they surpass all other poems.

There is, however, a difference in the Epic as compared with Tragedy, (1) in its length, and (2) in its metre. (1) As to its length, the limit already suggested will suffice: it must be possible for the beginning and end of the work to be taken in in one view--a condition which will be fulfilled if the poem be shorter than the old epics, and about as long as the series of tragedies offered for one hearing. For the extension of its length epic poetry has a special advantage, of which it makes large use. In a play one cannot represent an action with a number of parts going on simultaneously; one is limited to the part on the stage and connected with the actors. Whereas in epic poetry the narrative form makes it possible for one to describe a number of simultaneous incidents; and these, if germane to the subject, increase the body of the poem. This then is a gain to the Epic, tending to give it grandeur, and also variety of interest and room for episodes of diverse kinds. Uniformity of incident by the satiety it soon creates is apt to ruin tragedies on the stage. (2) As for its metre, the heroic has been assigned it from experience; were any one to attempt a narrative poem in some one, or in several, of the other metres, the incongruity of the thing would be apparent. The heroic; in fact is the gravest and weightiest of metres--which is what makes it more tolerant than the rest of strange words and metaphors, that also being a point in which the narrative form of poetry goes beyond all others. The iambic and trochaic, on the other hand, are metres of movement, the one

representing that of life and action, the other that of the dance. Still more unnatural would it appear, it one were to write an epic in a medley of metres, as Chaeremon did. Hence it is that no one has ever written a long story in any but heroic verse; nature herself, as we have said, teaches us to select the metre appropriate to such a story.

Homer, admirable as he is in every other respect, is especially so in this, that he alone among epic poets is not unaware of the part to be played by the poet himself in the poem. The poet should say very little in propria persona, as he is no imitator when doing that. Whereas the other poets are perpetually coming forward in person, and say but little, and that only here and there, as imitators, Homer after a brief preface brings in forthwith a man, a woman, or some other Character--no one of them characterless, but each with distinctive characteristics.

The marvellous is certainly required in Tragedy. The Epic, however, affords more opening for the improbable, the chief factor in the marvellous, because in it the agents are not visibly before one. The scene of the pursuit of Hector would be ridiculous on the stage--the Greeks halting instead of pursuing him, and Achilles shaking his head to stop them; but in the poem the absurdity is overlooked. The marvellous, however, is a cause of pleasure, as is shown by the fact that we all tell a story with additions, in the belief that we are doing our hearers a pleasure.

Homer more than any other has taught the rest of us the art of framing lies in the right way. I mean the use of paralogism. Whenever, if A is or happens, a consequent, B, is or happens, men's notion is that, if the B is, the A also is--but that is a false conclusion. Accordingly, if A is untrue, but there is something else, B, that on the assumption of its truth follows as its consequent, the right thing then is to add on the B. Just because we know the truth of the consequent, we are in our own minds led on to the erroneous inference of the truth of the antecedent. Here is an instance, from the Bath-story in the _Odyssey_.

A likely impossibility is always preferable to an unconvincing possibility. The story should never be made up of improbable incidents; there should be nothing of the sort in it. If, however, such incidents are unavoidable, they should be outside the piece, like the hero's ignorance in _Oedipus_ of the circumstances of Lams' death; not within it, like the report of the Pythian games in _Electra_, or the man's having come to Mysia from Tegea without uttering a word on the way, in _The Mysians_. So that it is ridiculous to say that one's Plot would have been spoilt without them, since it is fundamentally wrong to make up such Plots. If the poet has taken such a Plot, however, and one sees that he might have put it in a more probable form, he is guilty of absurdity as well as a fault of art. Even in the _Odyssey_ the improbabilities in the setting-ashore of Ulysses would be clearly intolerable in the hands of an inferior poet. As it is, the poet conceals them, his other excellences veiling their absurdity. Elaborate Diction, however, is required only in places where there is no action, and no Character or Thought to be revealed. Where there is Character or Thought, on the other hand, an over-ornate Diction tends to obscure them.

25

As regards Problems and their Solutions, one may see the number and nature of the assumptions on which they proceed by viewing the matter in the following way. (1) The poet being an imitator just like the painter or other maker of likenesses, he must necessarily in all instances represent things in one or other of three aspects, either as they were or are, or as they are said or thought to be or to have been, or as they ought to be. (2) All this he does in language, with an admixture, it may be, of strange words and metaphors, as also of the various modified forms of words, since the use of these is conceded in poetry. (3) It is to be remembered, too, that there is not the same kind of correctness in poetry as in politics, or indeed any other art. There is, however, within the limits of poetry itself a possibility of two kinds of error, the one directly, the other only accidentally connected with the art. If the poet meant to describe the thing correctly, and failed through lack of power of expression, his art itself is at fault. But if it was through his having meant to describe it in some incorrect way (e.g. to make the horse in movement have both right legs thrown forward) that the technical error (one in a matter of, say, medicine or some other special science), or impossibilities of whatever kind they may be, have got into his description, his error in that case is not in the essentials of the poetic art. These, therefore, must be the premisses of the Solutions in answer to the criticisms involved in the Problems.

I. As to the criticisms relating to the poet's art itself. Any impossibilities there may be in his descriptions of things are faults. But from another point of view they are justifiable, if they serve the end of poetry itself--if (to assume what we have said of that end) they make the effect of some portion of the work more astounding. The Pursuit of Hector is an instance in point. If, however, the poetic end might have been as well or better attained without sacrifice of technical correctness in such matters, the impossibility is not to be justified, since the description should be, if it can, entirely free from error. One may ask, too, whether the error is in a matter directly or only accidentally connected with the poetic art; since it is a lesser error in an artist not to know, for instance, that the hind

has no horns, than to produce an unrecognizable picture of one.

II. If the poet's description be criticized as not true to fact, one may urge perhaps that the object ought to be as described--an answer like that of Sophocles, who said that he drew men as they ought to be, and Euripides as they were. If the description, however, be neither true nor of the thing as it ought to be, the answer must be then, that it is in accordance with opinion. The tales about Gods, for instance, may be as wrong as Xenophanes thinks, neither true nor the better thing to say; but they are certainly in accordance with opinion. Of other statements in poetry one may perhaps say, not that they are better than the truth, but that the fact was so at the time; e.g. the description of the arms: 'their spears stood upright, butt-end upon the ground'; for that was the usual way of fixing them then, as it is still with the Illyrians. As for the question whether something said or done in a poem is morally right or not, in dealing with that one should consider not only the intrinsic quality of the actual word or deed, but also the person who says or does it, the person to whom he says or does it, the time, the means, and the motive of the agent--whether he does it to attain a greater good, or to avoid a greater evil.

III. Other criticisms one must meet by considering the language of the poet: (1) by the assumption of a strange word in a passage like _oureas men proton_, where by _oureas_ Homer may perhaps mean not mules but sentinels. And in saying of Dolon, _hos p e toi eidos men heen kakos_, his meaning may perhaps be, not that Dolon's body was deformed, but that his face was ugly, as _eneidos_ is the Cretan word for handsome-faced. So, too, _goroteron de keraie_ may mean not 'mix the wine stronger', as though for topers, but 'mix it quicker'. (2) Other expressions in Homer may be explained as metaphorical; e.g. in _halloi men ra theoi te kai aneres eudon (hapantes) pannux_ as compared with what he tells us at the same time, _e toi hot hes pedion to Troikon hathreseien, aulon suriggon *te homadon*_ the word _hapantes_ 'all', is metaphorically put for 'many', since 'all' is a species of 'many '. So also his _oie d' ammoros_ is metaphorical, the best known standing 'alone'. (3) A change, as Hippias suggested, in the mode of reading a word will solve the difficulty in _didomen de oi_, and _to men ou kataputhetai hombro_. (4) Other difficulties may be solved by another punctuation; e.g. in Empedocles, _aipsa de thnet ephyonto, ta prin mathon athanata xora te prin kekreto_. Or (5) by the assumption of an equivocal term, as in _parocheken de pleo nux_, where _pleo_ in equivocal. Or (6) by an appeal to the custom of language. Wine-and-water we call 'wine'; and it is on the same principle that Homer speaks of a _knemis neoteuktou kassiteroio_, a 'greave of new-wrought tin.' A worker in iron we call a 'brazier'; and it is on the same principle that Ganymede is described as the 'wine-server' of Zeus, though the Gods do not drink wine. This latter, however, may be an instance of metaphor. But whenever also a word seems to imply some contradiction, it is necessary to reflect how many ways there may be of understanding it in the passage in question; e.g. in Homer's _te r' hesxeto xalkeon hegxos_ one should consider the possible senses of 'was stopped there'--whether by taking it in this sense or in that one will best avoid the fault of which Glaucon speaks: 'They start with some improbable presumption; and having so decreed it themselves, proceed to draw inferences, and censure the poet as though he had actually said whatever they happen to believe, if his statement conflicts with their own notion of things.' This is how Homer's silence about Icarius has been treated. Starting with, the notion of his having been a Lacedaemonian, the critics think it strange for Telemachus not to have met him when he went to Lacedaemon. Whereas the fact may have been as the Cephallenians say, that the wife of Ulysses was of a Cephallenian family, and that her father's name was Icadius, not Icarius. So that it is probably a mistake of the critics that has given rise to the Problem.

Speaking generally, one has to justify (1) the Impossible by reference to the requirements of poetry, or to the better, or to opinion. For the purposes of poetry a convincing impossibility is preferable to an unconvincing possibility; and if men such as Zeuxis depicted be impossible, the answer is that it is better they should be like that, as the artist ought to improve on his model. (2) The Improbable one has to justify either by showing it to be in accordance with opinion, or by urging that at times it is not improbable; for there is a probability of things happening also against probability. (3) The contradictions found in the poet's language one should first test as one does an opponent's confutation in a dialectical argument, so as to see whether he means the same thing, in the same relation, and in the same sense, before admitting that he has contradicted either something he has said himself or what a man of sound sense assumes as true. But there is no possible apology for improbability of Plot or depravity of character, when they are not necessary and no use is made of them, like the improbability in the appearance of Aegeus in _Medea_ and the baseness of Menelaus in _Orestes_.

The objections, then, of critics start with faults of five kinds: the allegation is always that something in either (1) impossible, (2) improbable, (3) corrupting, (4) contradictory, or (5) against technical correctness. The answers to these objections must be sought under one or other of the above-mentioned heads, which are twelve in number.

The question may be raised whether the epic or the tragic is the higher form of imitation. It may be argued that, if the less vulgar is the higher, and the less vulgar is always that which addresses the better public, an art addressing any and every one is of a very vulgar order. It is a belief that their public cannot see the meaning, unless they add something themselves, that causes the perpetual movements of the performers--bad flute-players, for instance, rolling about, if quoit-throwing is to be represented, and pulling at the conductor, if Scylla is the subject of the piece. Tragedy, then, is said to be an art of this order--to be in fact just what the later actors were in the eyes of their predecessors; for Myrmiscus used to call Callippides 'the ape', because he thought he so overacted his parts; and a similar view was taken of Pindarus also. All Tragedy, however, is said to stand to the Epic as the newer to the older school of actors. The one, accordingly, is said to address a cultivated 'audience, which does not need the accompaniment of gesture; the other, an uncultivated one. If, therefore, Tragedy is a vulgar art, it must clearly be lower than the Epic.

The answer to this is twofold. In the first place, one may urge (1) that the censure does not touch the art of the dramatic poet, but only that of his interpreter; for it is quite possible to overdo the gesturing even in an epic recital, as did Sosistratus, and in a singing contest, as did Mnasitheus of Opus. (2) That one should not condemn all movement, unless one means to condemn even the dance, but only that of ignoble people--which is the point of the criticism passed on Callippides and in the present day on others, that their women are not like gentlewomen. (3) That Tragedy may produce its effect even without movement or action in just the same way as Epic poetry; for from the mere reading of a play its quality may be seen. So that, if it be superior in all other respects, this element of inferiority is not a necessary part of it.

In the second place, one must remember (1) that Tragedy has everything that the Epic has (even the epic metre being admissible), together with a not inconsiderable addition in the shape of the Music (a very real factor in the pleasure of the drama) and the Spectacle. (2) That its reality of presentation is felt in the play as read, as well as in the play as acted. (3) That the tragic imitation requires less space for the attainment of its end; which is a great advantage, since the more concentrated effect is more pleasurable than one with a large admixture of time to dilute it--consider the _Oedipus_ of Sophocles, for instance, and the effect of expanding it into the number of lines of the _Iliad_. (4) That there is less unity in the imitation of the epic poets, as is proved by the fact that any one work of theirs supplies matter for several tragedies; the result being that, if they take what is really a single story, it seems curt when briefly told, and thin and waterish when on the scale of length usual with their verse. In saying that there is less unity in an epic, I mean an epic made up of a plurality of actions, in the same way as the _Iliad_ and _Odyssey_ have many such parts, each one of them in itself of some magnitude; yet the structure of the two Homeric poems is as perfect as can be, and the action in them is as nearly as possible one action. If, then, Tragedy is superior in these respects, and also besides these, in its poetic effect (since the two forms of poetry should give us, not any or every pleasure, but the very special kind we have mentioned), it is clear that, as attaining the poetic effect better than the Epic, it will be the higher form of art.

So much for Tragedy and Epic poetry--for these two arts in general and their species; the number and nature of their constituent parts; the causes of success and failure in them; the Objections of the critics, and the Solutions in answer to them.

==========

Moral Principles in Education

Bertrand RussellThe Project Gutenberg eBook of Moral Principles in Education

Project Gutenberg Release: April 25, 2008 · eBook #25172

Produced by Barbara Tozier, Bill Tozier and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team at https://www.pgdp.net

Riverside Educational Monographs

EDITED BY HENRY SUZZALLO

SOMETIME PROFESSOR OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF EDUCATION TEACHERS COLLEGE, COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, AND PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON

MORAL PRINCIPLES IN EDUCATION

BY

JOHN DEWEY

PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY IN COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

BOSTON . NEW YORK . CHICAGO . DALLAS . SAN FRANCISCO

The Riverside Press Cambridge

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY JOHN DEWEY

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

The author has drawn freely upon his essay on _Ethical Principles Underlying Education_, published in the Third Year-Book of The National Herbart Society for the Study of Education. He is indebted to the Society for permission to use this material.

The Riverside Press CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION I. THE MORAL PURPOSE OF THE SCHOOL II. THE MORAL TRAINING GIVEN BY THE SCHOOL COMMUNITY III. THE MORAL TRAINING FROM METHODS OF INSTRUCTION IV. THE SOCIAL NATURE OF THE COURSE OF STUDY V. THE PSYCHOLOGICAL ASPECT OF MORAL EDUCATION OUTLINE

INTRODUCTION

Education as a public business

It is one of the complaints of the schoolmaster that the public does not defer to his professional opinion as completely as it does to that of practitioners in other professions. At first sight it might seem as though this indicated a defect either in the public or in the profession; and yet a wider view of the situation would suggest that such a conclusion is not a necessary one. The relations of education to the public are different from those of any other professional work. Education is a public business with us, in a sense that the protection and restoration of personal health or legal rights are not. To an extent characteristic of no other institution, save that of the state itself, the school has power to modify the social order. And under our political system, it is the right of each individual to have a voice in the making of social policies as, indeed, he has a vote in the determination of political affairs. If this be true, education is primarily a public business, and only secondarily a specialized vocation. The layman, then, will always have his right to some utterance on the operation of the public schools.

Education as expert service

I have said "some utterance," but not "all"; for school-mastering has its own special mysteries, its own knowledge and skill into which the untrained layman cannot penetrate. We are just beginning to recognize that the school and the government have a common problem in this respect. Education and politics are two functions fundamentally controlled by public opinion. Yet the conspicuous lack of efficiency and economy in the school and in the state has quickened our recognition of a larger need for expert service. But just where shall public opinion justly express itself, and what shall properly be left to expert judgment?

The relations of expert opinion and public opinion

In so far as broad policies and ultimate ends affecting the welfare of all are to be determined, the public may well claim its right to settle issues by the vote or voice of majorities. But the selection and prosecution of the detailed ways and means by which the public will is to be executed efficiently must remain largely a matter of specialized and expert service. To the superior knowledge and technique required here, the public may well defer.

In the conduct of the schools, it is well for the citizens to determine the ends proper to them, and it is their privilege to judge of the efficacy of results. Upon questions that concern all the manifold details by which children are to be converted into desirable types of men and women, the expert schoolmaster should be authoritative, at least to a degree commensurate with his superior knowledge of this very complex problem. The administration of the schools, the making of the course of study, the selection of texts, the prescription of methods of teaching, these are matters with which the people, or their representatives upon boards of education, cannot deal save with danger of becoming mere meddlers.

The discussion of moral education an illustration of mistaken views of laymen

Nowhere is the validity of this distinction between education as a public business and education as an expert professional service brought out more clearly than in an analysis of the public discussion of the moral work of the school. How frequently of late have those unacquainted with the special nature of the school proclaimed the moral ends of education and at the same time demanded direct ethical instruction as the particular method by which they were to be realized! This, too, in spite of the fact that those who know best the powers and limitations of instruction as an instrument have repeatedly pointed out the futility of assuming that knowledge of right constitutes a guarantee of right doing. How common it is for those who assert that education is for social efficiency to assume that the school should return to the barren discipline of the traditional formal subjects, reading, writing, and the rest! This, too, regardless of the fact that it has taken a century of educational evolution to make the course of study varied and rich enough to call for those impulses and activities of social life which need training in the child. And how many who speak glowingly of the large services of the public schools to a democracy of free and self-reliant men affect a cynical and even vehement opposition to the "self-government of schools"! These would not have the children learn to govern themselves and one another, but would have the masters rule them, ignoring the fact that this common practice in childhood may be a foundation for that evil condition in adult society where the citizens are arbitrarily ruled by political bosses.

One need not cite further cases of the incompetence of the lay public to deal with technical questions of school methods. Instances are plentiful to show that well-meaning people, competent enough to judge of the aims and results of school work, make a mistake in insisting upon the prerogative of directing the technical aspects of education with a dogmatism that would not characterize their statements regarding any other special field of knowledge or action.

A fundamental understanding of moral principles in education

Nothing can be more useful than for the public and the teaching profession to understand their respective functions. The teacher needs to understand public opinion and the social order, as much as the public needs to comprehend the nature of expert educational service. It will take time to draw the boundary lines that will be conducive to respect, restraint, and efficiency in those concerned; but a beginning can be made upon fundamental matters, and nothing so touches the foundations of our educational thought as a discussion of the moral principles in education.

It is our pleasure to present a treatment of them by a thinker whose vital influence upon the reform of school methods is greater than that of any of his contemporaries. In his discussion of the social and psychological factors in moral education, there is much that will suggest what social opinion should determine, and much that will indicate what must be left to the trained teacher and school official.

THE MORAL PURPOSE OF THE SCHOOL

I

THE MORAL PURPOSE OF THE SCHOOL

An English contemporary philosopher has called attention to the difference between moral ideas and ideas about morality. "Moral ideas" are ideas of any sort whatsoever which take effect in conduct and improve it, make it better than it otherwise would be. Similarly, one may say, immoral ideas are ideas of whatever sort (whether arithmetical or geographical or physiological) which show themselves in making behavior worse than it would otherwise be; and non-moral ideas, one may say, are such ideas and pieces of information as leave conduct uninfluenced for either the better or the worse. Now "ideas about morality" may be morally indifferent or immoral or moral. There is nothing in the nature of ideas _about_ morality, of information _about_ honesty or purity or kindness which automatically transmutes such ideas into good character or good conduct.

This distinction between moral ideas, ideas of any sort whatsoever that have become a part of character and hence a part of the working motives of behavior, and ideas _about_ moral action that may remain as inert and ineffective as if they were so much knowledge about Egyptian archaeology, is fundamental to the discussion of moral education. The business of the educator--whether parent or teacher--is to see to it that the greatest possible number of ideas acquired by children and youth are acquired in such a vital way that they become _moving_ ideas, motive-forces in the guidance of conduct. This demand and this opportunity make the moral purpose universal and dominant in all instruction--whatsoever the topic. Were it not for this possibility, the familiar statement that the ultimate purpose of all education is character-forming would be hypocritical pretense; for as every one knows, the direct and immediate attention of teachers and pupils must be, for the greater part of the time, upon intellectual matters. It is out of the question to keep direct moral considerations constantly uppermost. But it is not out of the question to aim at making the methods of learning, of acquiring intellectual power, and of assimilating subject-matter, such that they will render behavior more enlightened, more consistent, more vigorous than it otherwise would be.

The same distinction between "moral ideas" and "ideas about morality" explains for us a source of continual misunderstanding between teachers in the schools and critics of education outside of the schools. The latter look through the school programmes, the school courses of study, and do not find any place set apart for instruction in ethics or for "moral teaching." Then they assert that the schools are doing nothing, or next to nothing, for character-training; they become emphatic, even vehement, about the moral deficiencies of public education. The schoolteachers, on the other hand, resent these criticisms as an injustice, and hold not only that they do "teach morals," but that they teach them every moment of the day, five days in the week. In this contention the teachers _in principle_ are in the right; if they are in the wrong, it is not because special periods are not set aside for what after all can only be teaching _about_ morals, but because their own characters, or their school atmosphere and ideals, or their methods of teaching, or the subject-matter which they teach, are not such _in detail_ as to bring intellectual results into vital union with character so that they become working forces in behavior. Without discussing, therefore, the limits or the value of so-called direct moral instruction (or, better, instruction _about_ morals), it may be laid down as fundamental that the influence of direct moral instruction, even at its very best, is _comparatively_ small in amount and slight in influence, when the whole field of moral growth through education is taken into account. This larger field of indirect and vital moral education, the development of character through all the agencies, instrumentalities, and materials of school life is, therefore, the subject of our present discussion.

THE MORAL TRAINING GIVEN BY THE SCHOOL COMMUNITY

II

THE MORAL TRAINING GIVEN BY THE SCHOOL COMMUNITY

There cannot be two sets of ethical principles, one for life in the school, and the other for life outside of the school. As conduct is one, so also the principles of conduct are one. The tendency to discuss the morals of the school as if the school were an institution by itself is highly unfortunate. The moral responsibility of the school, and of those who conduct it, is to society. The school is fundamentally an institution erected by society to do a certain specific work,--to exercise a certain specific function in maintaining the life and advancing the welfare of society. The educational system which does not recognize that this fact entails upon it an ethical responsibility is derelict and a defaulter. It is not doing what it was called into existence to do, and what it pretends to do.

Hence the entire structure of the school in general and its concrete workings in particular need to be considered from time to time with reference to the social position and function of the school.

The idea that the moral work and worth of the public school system as a whole are to be measured by its social value is, indeed, a familiar notion. However, it is frequently taken in too limited and rigid a way. The social work of the school is often limited to training for citizenship, and citizenship is then interpreted in a narrow sense as meaning capacity to vote intelligently, disposition to obey laws, etc. But it is futile to contract and cramp the ethical responsibility of the school in this way. The child is one, and he must either live his social life as an integral unified being, or suffer loss and create friction. To pick out one of the many social relations which the child bears, and to define the work of the school by that alone, is like instituting a vast and complicated system of physical exercise which would have for its object simply the development of the lungs and the power of breathing, independent of other organs and functions. The child is an organic whole, intellectually, socially, and morally, as well as physically. We must take the child as a member of society in the broadest sense, and demand for and from the schools whatever is necessary to enable the child intelligently to recognize all his social relations and take his part in sustaining them.

To isolate the formal relationship of citizenship from the whole system of relations with which it is actually interwoven; to suppose that there is some one particular study or mode of treatment which can make the child a good citizen; to suppose, in other words, that a good citizen is anything more than a thoroughly efficient and serviceable member of society, one with all his powers of body and mind under control, is a hampering superstition which it is hoped may soon disappear from educational discussion.

The child is to be not only a voter and a subject of law; he is also to be a member of a family, himself in turn responsible, in all probability, for rearing and training of future children, thereby maintaining the continuity of society. He is to be a worker, engaged in some occupation which will be of use to society, and which will maintain his own independence and self-respect. He is to be a member of some particular neighborhood and community, and must contribute to the values of life, add to the decencies and graces of civilization wherever he is. These are bare and formal statements, but if we let our imagination translate them into their concrete details, we have a wide and varied scene. For the child properly to take his place in reference to these various functions means training in science, in art, in history; means command of the fundamental methods of inquiry and the fundamental tools of intercourse and communication; means a trained and sound body, skillful eye and hand; means habits of industry, perseverance; in short, habits of serviceableness.

Moreover, the society of which the child is to be a member is, in the United States, a democratic and progressive society. The child must be educated for leadership as well as for obedience. He must have power of self-direction and power of directing others, power of administration, ability to assume positions of responsibility. This necessity of educating for leadership is as great on the industrial as on the political side.

New inventions, new machines, new methods of transportation and intercourse are making over the whole scene of action year by year. It is an absolute impossibility to educate the child for any fixed station in life. So far as education is conducted unconsciously or consciously on this basis, it results in fitting the future citizen for no station in life, but makes him a drone, a hanger-on, or an actual retarding influence in the onward movement. Instead of caring for himself and for others, he becomes one who has himself to be cared for. Here, too, the ethical responsibility of the school on the social side must be interpreted in the broadest and freest spirit; it is equivalent to that training of the child which will give him such possession of himself that he may take charge of himself; may not only adapt himself to the changes that are going on, but have power to shape and direct them.

Apart from participation in social life, the school has no moral end nor aim. As long as we confine ourselves to the school as an isolated institution, we have no directing principles, because we have no object. For example, the end of education is said to be the harmonious development of all the powers of the individual. Here no reference to social life or membership is apparent, and yet many think we have in it an adequate and thoroughgoing definition of the goal of education. But if this definition be taken independently of social relationship we have no way of telling what is meant by any one of the terms employed. We do not know what a power is; we do not know what development is; we do not know what harmony is. A power is a power only with reference to the use to which it is put, the function it has to serve. If we leave out the uses supplied by social life we have nothing but the old "faculty psychology" to tell what is meant by power and what the specific powers are. The principle reduces itself to enumerating a lot of faculties like perception, memory, reasoning, etc., and then stating that each one of these powers needs to be developed.

Education then becomes a gymnastic exercise. Acute powers of observation and memory might be developed by studying Chinese characters; acuteness in reasoning might be got by discussing the scholastic subtleties of the Middle Ages. The simple fact is that

there is no isolated faculty of observation, or memory, or reasoning any more than there is an original faculty of blacksmithing, carpentering, or steam engineering. Faculties mean simply that particular impulses and habits have been coordinated or framed with reference to accomplishing certain definite kinds of work. We need to know the social situations in which the individual will have to use ability to observe, recollect, imagine, and reason, in order to have any way of telling what a training of mental powers actually means.

What holds in the illustration of this particular definition of education holds good from whatever point of view we approach the matter. Only as we interpret school activities with reference to the larger circle of social activities to which they relate do we find any standard for judging their moral significance.

The school itself must be a vital social institution to a much greater extent than obtains at present. I am told that there is a swimming school in a certain city where youth are taught to swim without going into the water, being repeatedly drilled in the various movements which are necessary for swimming. When one of the young men so trained was asked what he did when he got into the water, he laconically replied, "Sunk." The story happens to be true; were it not, it would seem to be a fable made expressly for the purpose of typifying the ethical relationship of school to society. The school cannot be a preparation for social life excepting as it reproduces, within itself, typical conditions of social life. At present it is largely engaged in the futile task of Sisyphus. It is endeavoring to form habits in children for use in a social life which, it would almost seem, is carefully and purposely kept away from vital contact with the child undergoing training. The only way to prepare for social life is to engage in social life. To form habits of social usefulness and serviceableness apart from any direct social need and motive, apart from any existing social situation, is, to the letter, teaching the child to swim by going through motions outside of the water. The most indispensable condition is left out of account, and the results are correspondingly partial.

The much lamented separation in the schools of intellectual and moral training, of acquiring information and growing in character, is simply one expression of the failure to conceive and construct the school as a social institution, having social life and value within itself. Except so far as the school is an embryonic typical community life, moral training must be partly pathological and partly formal. Training is pathological when stress is laid upon correcting wrong-doing instead of upon forming habits of positive service. Too often the teacher's concern with the moral life of pupils takes the form of alertness for failures to conform to school rules and routine. These regulations, judged from the standpoint of the development of the child at the time, are more or less conventional and arbitrary. They are rules which have to be made in order that the existing modes of school work may go on; but the lack of inherent necessity in these school modes reflects itself in a feeling, on the part of the child, that the moral discipline of the school is arbitrary. Any conditions that compel the teacher to take note of failures rather than of healthy growth give false standards and result in distortion and perversion. Attending to wrong-doing ought to be an incident rather than a principle. The child ought to have a positive consciousness of what he is about, so as to judge his acts from the standpoint of reference to the work which he has to do. Only in this way does he have a vital standard, one that enables him to turn failures to account for the future.

By saying that the moral training of the school is formal, I mean that the moral habits currently emphasized by the school are habits which are created, as it were, _ad hoc_. Even the habits of promptness, regularity, industry, non-interference with the work of others, faithfulness to tasks imposed, which are specially inculcated in the school, are habits that are necessary simply because the school system is what it is, and must be preserved intact. If we grant the inviolability of the school system as it is, these habits represent permanent and necessary moral ideas; but just in so far as the school system is itself isolated and mechanical, insistence upon these moral habits is more or less unreal, because the ideal to which they relate is not itself necessary. The duties, in other words, are distinctly school duties, not life duties. If we compare this condition with that of the well-ordered home, we find that the duties and responsibilities that the child has there to recognize do not belong to the family as a specialized and isolated institution, but flow from the very nature of the social life in which the family participates and to which it contributes. The child ought to have the same motives for right doing and to be judged by the same standards in the school, as the adult in the wider social life to which he belongs. Interest in community welfare, an interest that is intellectual and practical, as well as emotional--an interest, that is to say, in perceiving whatever makes for social order and progress, and in carrying these principles into execution--is the moral habit to which all the special school habits must be related if they are to be animated by the breath of life.

THE MORAL TRAINING FROM METHODS OF INSTRUCTION

III

THE MORAL TRAINING FROM METHODS OF INSTRUCTION

The principle of the social character of the school as the basic factor in the moral education given may be also applied to the question of methods of instruction,--not in their details, but their general spirit. The emphasis then falls upon construction and giving out, rather than upon absorption and mere learning. We fail to recognize how essentially individualistic the latter methods are, and how unconsciously, yet certainly and effectively, they react into the child's ways of judging and of acting. Imagine forty children all engaged in reading the same books, and in preparing and reciting the same lessons day after day. Suppose this process constitutes by far the larger part of their work, and that they are continually judged from the standpoint of what they are able to take in in a study hour and reproduce in a recitation hour. There is next to no opportunity for any social division of labor. There is no opportunity for each child to work out something specifically his own, which he may contribute to the common stock, while he, in turn, participates in the productions of others. All are set to do exactly the same work and turn out the same products. The social spirit is not cultivated,--in fact, in so far as the purely individualistic method gets in its work, it atrophies for lack of use. One reason why reading aloud in school is poor is that the real motive for the use of language--the desire to communicate and to learn--is not utilized. The child knows perfectly well that the teacher and all his fellow pupils have exactly the same facts and ideas before them that he has; he is not _giving_ them anything at all. And it may be questioned whether the moral lack is not as great as the intellectual. The child is born with a natural desire to give out, to do, to serve. When this tendency is not used, when conditions are such that other motives are substituted, the accumulation of an influence working against the social spirit is much larger than we have any idea of,--especially when the burden of work, week after week, and year after year, falls upon this side.

But lack of cultivation of the social spirit is not all. Positively individualistic motives and standards are inculcated. Some stimulus must be found to keep the child at his studies. At the best this will be his affection for his teacher, together with a feeling that he is not violating school rules, and thus negatively, if not positively, is contributing to the good of the school. I have nothing to say against these motives so far as they go, but they are inadequate. The relation between the piece of work to be done and affection for a third person is external, not intrinsic. It is therefore liable to break down whenever the external conditions are changed. Moreover, this attachment to a particular person, while in a way social, may become so isolated and exclusive as to be selfish in quality. In any case, the child should gradually grow out of this relatively external motive into an appreciation, for its own sake, of the social value of what he has to do, because of its larger relations to life, not pinned down to two or three persons.

But, unfortunately, the motive is not always at this relative best, but mixed with lower motives which are distinctly egoistic. Fear is a motive which is almost sure to enter in,--not necessarily physical fear, or fear of punishment, but fear of losing the approbation of others; or fear of failure, so extreme as to be morbid and paralyzing. On the other side, emulation and rivalry enter in. Just because all are doing the same work, and are judged (either in recitation or examination with reference to grading and to promotion) not from the standpoint of their personal contribution, but from that of _comparative_ success, the feeling of superiority over others is unduly appealed to, while timid children are depressed. Children are judged with reference to their capacity to realize the same external standard. The weaker gradually lose their sense of power, and accept a position of continuous and persistent inferiority. The effect upon both self-respect and respect for work need not be dwelt upon. The strong learn to glory, not in their strength, but in the fact that they are stronger. The child is prematurely launched into the region of individualistic competition, and this in a direction where competition is least applicable, namely, in intellectual and artistic matters, whose law is cooperation and participation.

Next, perhaps, to the evils of passive absorption and of competition for external standing come, perhaps, those which result from the eternal emphasis upon preparation for a remote future. I do not refer here to the waste of energy and vitality that accrues when children, who live so largely in the immediate present, are appealed to in the name of a dim and uncertain future which means little or nothing to them. I have in mind rather the habitual procrastination that develops when the motive for work is future, not present; and the false standards of judgment that are created when work is estimated, not on the basis of present need and present responsibility, but by reference to an external result, like passing an examination, getting promoted, entering high school, getting into college, etc. Who can reckon up the loss of moral power that arises from the constant impression that nothing is worth doing in itself, but only as a preparation for something else, which in turn is only a getting ready for some genuinely serious end beyond? Moreover, as a rule, it will be found that remote success is an end which appeals most to those in whom egoistic desire to get ahead--to get ahead of others--is already only too strong a motive. Those in whom personal ambition is already so strong that it paints glowing pictures of future victories may be touched; others of a more generous nature do not respond.

I cannot stop to paint the other side. I can only say that the introduction of every method that appeals to the child's active powers, to his capacities in construction, production, and creation, marks an opportunity to shift the centre of ethical gravity from an absorption which is selfish to a service which is social. Manual training is more than manual; it is more than intellectual; in the hands of any good teacher it lends itself easily, and almost as a matter of course, to development of social habits. Ever since the philosophy of

Kant, it has been a commonplace of aesthetic theory, that art is universal; that it is not the product of purely personal desire or appetite, or capable of merely individual appropriation, but has a value participated in by all who perceive it. Even in the schools where most conscious attention is paid to moral considerations, the methods of study and recitation may be such as to emphasize appreciation rather than power, an emotional readiness to assimilate the experiences of others, rather than enlightened and trained capacity to carry forward those values which in other conditions and past times made those experiences worth having. At all events, separation between instruction and character continues in our schools (in spite of the efforts of individual teachers) as a result of divorce between learning and doing. The attempt to attach genuine moral effectiveness to the mere processes of learning, and to the habits which go along with learning, can result only in a training infected with formality, arbitrariness, and an undue emphasis upon failure to conform. That there is as much accomplished as there is shows the possibilities involved in methods of school activity which afford opportunity for reciprocity, cooperation, and positive personal achievement.

THE SOCIAL NATURE OF THE COURSE OF STUDY

IV

THE SOCIAL NATURE OF THE COURSE OF STUDY

In many respects, it is the subject-matter used in school life which decides both the general atmosphere of the school and the methods of instruction and discipline which rule. A barren "course of study," that is to say, a meagre and narrow field of school activities, cannot possibly lend itself to the development of a vital social spirit or to methods that appeal to sympathy and cooperation instead of to absorption, exclusiveness, and competition. Hence it becomes an all important matter to know how we shall apply our social standard of moral value to the subject-matter of school work, to what we call, traditionally, the "studies" that occupy pupils.

A study is to be considered as a means of bringing the child to realize the social scene of action. Thus considered it gives a criterion for selection of material and for judgment of values. We have at present three independent values set up: one of culture, another of information, and another of discipline. In reality, these refer only to three phases of social interpretation. Information is genuine or educative only in so far as it presents definite images and conceptions of materials placed in a context of social life. Discipline is genuinely educative only as it represents a reaction of information into the individual's own powers so that he brings them under control for social ends. Culture, if it is to be genuinely educative and not an external polish or factitious varnish, represents the vital union of information and discipline. It marks the socialization of the individual in his outlook upon life.

This point may be illustrated by brief reference to a few of the school studies. In the first place, there is no line of demarkation within facts themselves which classifies them as belonging to science, history, or geography, respectively. The pigeon-hole classification which is so prevalent at present (fostered by introducing the pupil at the outset into a number of different studies contained in different text-books) gives an utterly erroneous idea of the relations of studies to one another and to the intellectual whole to which all belong. In fact, these subjects have to do with the same ultimate reality, namely, the conscious experience of man. It is only because we have different interests, or different ends, that we sort out the material and label part of it science, part of it history, part geography, and so on. Each "sorting" represents materials arranged with reference to some one dominant typical aim or process of the social life.

This social criterion is necessary, not only to mark off studies from one another, but also to grasp the reasons for each study,--the motives in connection with which it shall be presented. How, for example, should we define geography? What is the unity in the different so-called divisions of geography,--mathematical geography, physical geography, political geography, commercial geography? Are they purely empirical classifications dependent upon the brute fact that we run across a lot of different facts? Or is there some intrinsic principle through which the material is distributed under these various heads,--something in the interest and attitude of the human mind towards them? I should say that geography has to do with all those aspects of social life which are concerned with the interaction of the life of man and nature; or, that it has to do with the world considered as the scene of social interaction. Any fact, then, will be geographical in so far as it has to do with the dependence of man upon his natural environment, or with changes introduced in this environment through the life of man.

The four forms of geography referred to above represent, then, four increasing stages of abstraction in discussing the mutual relation of human life and nature. The beginning must be social geography, the frank recognition of the earth as the home of men acting in relations to one another. I mean by this that the essence of any geographical fact is the consciousness of two persons, or

two groups of persons, who are at once separated and connected by their physical environment, and that the interest is in seeing how these people are at once kept apart and brought together in their actions by the instrumentality of the physical environment. The ultimate significance of lake, river, mountain, and plain is not physical but social; it is the part which it plays in modifying and directing human relationships. This evidently involves an extension of the term commercial. It has to do not simply with business, in the narrow sense, but with whatever relates to human intercourse and intercommunication as affected by natural forms and properties. Political geography represents this same social interaction taken in a static instead of in a dynamic way; taken, that is, as temporarily crystallized and fixed in certain forms. Physical geography (including under this not simply physiography, but also the study of flora and fauna) represents a further analysis or abstraction. It studies the conditions which determine human action, leaving out of account, temporarily, the ways in which they concretely do this. Mathematical geography carries the analysis back to more ultimate and remote conditions, showing that the physical conditions of the earth are not ultimate, but depend upon the place which the world occupies in a larger system. Here, in other words, are traced, step by step, the links which connect the immediate social occupations and groupings of men with the whole natural system which ultimately conditions them. Step by step the scene is enlarged and the image of what enters into the make-up of social action is widened and broadened; at no time is the chain of connection to be broken.

It is out of the question to take up the studies one by one and show that their meaning is similarly controlled by social considerations. But I cannot forbear saying a word or two upon history. History is vital or dead to the child according as it is, or is not, presented from the sociological standpoint. When treated simply as a record of what has passed and gone, it must be mechanical, because the past, as the past, is remote. Simply as the past there is no motive for attending to it. The ethical value of history teaching will be measured by the extent to which past events are made the means of understanding the present,--affording insight into what makes up the structure and working of society to-day. Existing social structure is exceedingly complex. It is practically impossible for the child to attack it _en masse_ and get any definite mental image of it. But type phases of historical development may be selected which will exhibit, as through a telescope, the essential constituents of the existing order. Greece, for example, represents what art and growing power of individual expression stand for; Rome exhibits the elements and forces of political life on a tremendous scale. Or, as these civilizations are themselves relatively complex, a study of still simpler forms of hunting, nomadic, and agricultural life in the beginnings of civilization, a study of the effects of the introduction of iron, and iron tools, reduces the complexity to simpler elements.

One reason historical teaching is usually not more effective is that the student is set to acquire information in such a way that no epochs or factors stand out in his mind as typical; everything is reduced to the same dead level. The way to secure the necessary perspective is to treat the past as if it were a projected present with some of its elements enlarged.

The principle of contrast is as important as that of similarity. Because the present life is so close to us, touching us at every point, we cannot get away from it to see it as it really is. Nothing stands out clearly or sharply as characteristic. In the study of past periods, attention necessarily attaches itself to striking differences. Thus the child gets a locus of imagination, through which he can remove himself from the pressure of present surrounding circumstances and define them.

History is equally available in teaching the _methods_ of social progress. It is commonly stated that history must be studied from the standpoint of cause and effect. The truth of this statement depends upon its interpretation. Social life is so complex and the various parts of it are so organically related to one another and to the natural environment, that it is impossible to say that this or that thing is the cause of some other particular thing. But the study of history can reveal the main instruments in the discoveries, inventions, new modes of life, etc., which have initiated the great epochs of social advance; and it can present to the child types of the main lines of social progress, and can set before him what have been the chief difficulties and obstructions in the way of progress. Once more this can be done only in so far as it is recognized that social forces in themselves are always the same,--that the same kind of influences were at work one hundred and one thousand years ago that are now working,--and that particular historical epochs afford illustration of the way in which the fundamental forces work.

Everything depends, then, upon history being treated from a social standpoint; as manifesting the agencies which have influenced social development and as presenting the typical institutions in which social life has expressed itself. The culture-epoch theory, while working in the right direction, has failed to recognize the importance of treating past periods with relation to the present,--as affording insight into the representative factors of its structure; it has treated these periods too much as if they had some meaning or value in themselves. The way in which the biographical method is handled illustrates the same point. It is often treated in such a way as to exclude from the child's consciousness (or at least not sufficiently to emphasize) the social forces and principles involved in the association of the masses of men. It is quite true that the child is easily interested in history from the biographical standpoint;

but unless "the hero" is treated in relation to the community life behind him that he sums up and directs, there is danger that history will reduce itself to a mere exciting story. Then moral instruction reduces itself to drawing certain lessons from the life of the particular personalities concerned, instead of widening and deepening the child's imagination of social relations, ideals, and means.

It will be remembered that I am not making these points for their own sake, but with reference to the general principle that when a study is taught as a mode of understanding social life it has positive ethical import. What the normal child continuously needs is not so much isolated moral lessons upon the importance of truthfulness and honesty, or the beneficent results that follow from a particular act of patriotism, as the formation of habits of social imagination and conception.

I take one more illustration, namely, mathematics. This does, or does not, accomplish its full purpose according as it is, or is not, presented as a social tool. The prevailing divorce between information and character, between knowledge and social action, stalks upon the scene here. The moment mathematical study is severed from the place which it occupies with reference to use in social life, it becomes unduly abstract, even upon the purely intellectual side. It is presented as a matter of technical relations and formulae apart from any end or use. What the study of number suffers from in elementary education is lack of motivation. Back of this and that and the other particular bad method is the radical mistake of treating number as if it were an end in itself, instead of the means of accomplishing some end. Let the child get a consciousness of what is the use of number, of what it really is for, and half the battle is won. Now this consciousness of the use of reason implies some end which is implicitly social.

One of the absurd things in the more advanced study of arithmetic is the extent to which the child is introduced to numerical operations which have no distinctive mathematical principles characterizing them, but which represent certain general principles found in business relationships. To train the child in these operations, while paying no attention to the business realities in which they are of use, or to the conditions of social life which make these business activities necessary, is neither arithmetic nor common sense. The child is called upon to do examples in interest, partnership, banking, brokerage, and so on through a long string, and no pains are taken to see that, in connection with the arithmetic, he has any sense of the social realities involved. This part of arithmetic is essentially sociological in its nature. It ought either to be omitted entirely, or else be taught in connection with a study of the relevant social realities. As we now manage the study, it is the old case of learning to swim apart from the water over again, with correspondingly bad results on the practical side.

In concluding this portion of the discussion, we may say that our conceptions of moral education have been too narrow, too formal, and too pathological. We have associated the term ethical with certain special acts which are labeled virtues and are set off from the mass of other acts, and are still more divorced from the habitual images and motives of the children performing them. Moral instruction is thus associated with teaching about these particular virtues, or with instilling certain sentiments in regard to them. The moral has been conceived in too goody-goody a way. Ultimate moral motives and forces are nothing more or less than social intelligence--the power of observing and comprehending social situations,--and social power--trained capacities of control--at work in the service of social interest and aims. There is no fact which throws light upon the constitution of society, there is no power whose training adds to social resourcefulness that is not moral.

I sum up, then, this part of the discussion by asking your attention to the moral trinity of the school. The demand is for social intelligence, social power, and social interests. Our resources are (1) the life of the school as a social institution in itself; (2) methods of learning and of doing work; and (3) the school studies or curriculum. In so far as the school represents, in its own spirit, a genuine community life; in so far as what are called school discipline, government, order, etc., are the expressions of this inherent social spirit; in so far as the methods used are those that appeal to the active and constructive powers, permitting the child to give out and thus to serve; in so far as the curriculum is so selected and organized as to provide the material for affording the child a consciousness of the world in which he has to play a part, and the demands he has to meet; so far as these ends are met, the school is organized on an ethical basis. So far as general principles are concerned, all the basic ethical requirements are met. The rest remains between the individual teacher and the individual child.

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL ASPECT OF MORAL EDUCATION

V

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL ASPECT OF MORAL EDUCATION

So far we have been considering the make-up of purposes and results that constitute conduct--its "what." But conduct has a certain method and spirit also--its "how." Conduct may be looked upon as expressing the attitudes and dispositions of an _individual_, as well as realizing social results and maintaining the social fabric. A consideration of conduct as a mode of individual performance, personal doing, takes us from the social to the psychological side of morals. In the first place, all conduct springs ultimately and radically out of native instincts and impulses. We must know what these instincts and impulses are, and what they are at each particular stage of the child's development, in order to know what to appeal to and what to build upon. Neglect of this principle may give a mechanical imitation of moral conduct, but the imitation will be ethically dead, because it is external and has its centre without, not within, the individual. We must study the child, in other words, to get our indications, our symptoms, our suggestions. The more or less spontaneous acts of the child are not to be thought of as setting moral forms to which the efforts of the educator must conform--this would result simply in spoiling the child; but they are symptoms which require to be interpreted: stimuli which need to be responded to in directed ways; material which, in however transformed a shape, is the only ultimate constituent of future moral conduct and character.

Then, secondly, our ethical principles need to be stated in psychological terms because the child supplies us with the only means or instruments by which to realize moral ideals. The subject-matter of the curriculum, however important, however judiciously selected, is empty of conclusive moral content until it is made over into terms of the individual's own activities, habits, and desires. We must know what history, geography, and mathematics mean in psychological terms, that is, as modes of personal experiencing, before we can get out of them their moral potentialities.

The psychological side of education sums itself up, of course, in a consideration of character. It is a commonplace to say that the development of character is the end of all school work. The difficulty lies in the execution of the idea. And an underlying difficulty in this execution is the lack of a clear conception of what character means. This may seem an extreme statement. If so, the idea may be conveyed by saying that we generally conceive of character simply in terms of results; we have no clear conception of it in psychological terms--that is, as a process, as working or dynamic. We know what character means in terms of the actions which proceed from it, but we have not a definite conception of it on its inner side, as a system of working forces.

(1) Force, efficiency in execution, or overt action, is one necessary constituent of character. In our moral books and lectures we may lay the stress upon good intentions, etc. But we know practically that the kind of character we hope to build up through our education is one that not only has good intentions, but that insists upon carrying them out. Any other character is wishy-washy; it is goody, not good. The individual must have the power to stand up and count for something in the actual conflicts of life. He must have initiative, insistence, persistence, courage, and industry. He must, in a word, have all that goes under the name "_force_ of character." Undoubtedly, individuals differ greatly in their native endowment in this respect. None the less, each has a certain primary equipment of impulse, of tendency forward, of innate urgency to do. The problem of education on this side is that of discovering what this native fund of power is, and then of utilizing it in such a way (affording conditions which both stimulate and control) as to organize it into definite conserved modes of action--habits.

(2) But something more is required than sheer force. Sheer force may be brutal; it may override the interests of others. Even when aiming at right ends it may go at them in such a way as to violate the rights of others. More than this, in sheer force there is no guarantee for the right end. Efficiency may be directed towards mistaken ends and result in positive mischief and destruction. Power, as already suggested, must be directed. It must be organized along social channels; it must be attached to valuable ends.

This involves training on both the intellectual and emotional side. On the intellectual side we must have judgment--what is ordinarily called good sense. The difference between mere knowledge, or information, and judgment is that the former is simply held, not used; judgment is knowledge directed with reference to the accomplishment of ends. Good judgment is a sense of respective or proportionate values. The one who has judgment is the one who has ability to size up a situation. He is the one who can grasp the scene or situation before him, ignoring what is irrelevant, or what for the time being is unimportant, who can seize upon the factors which demand attention, and grade them according to their respective claims. Mere knowledge of what the right is, in the abstract, mere intentions of following the right in general, however praiseworthy in themselves, are never a substitute for this power of trained judgment. Action is always in the concrete. It is definite and individualized. Except, therefore, as it is backed and controlled by a knowledge of the actual concrete factors in the situation in which it occurs, it must be relatively futile and waste.

(3) But the consciousness of ends must be more than merely intellectual. We can imagine a person with most excellent judgment, who yet does not act upon his judgment. There must not only be force to ensure effort in execution against obstacles, but there must also be a delicate personal responsiveness,--there must be an emotional reaction. Indeed, good judgment is impossible

without this susceptibility. Unless there is a prompt and almost instinctive sensitiveness to conditions, to the ends and interests of others, the intellectual side of judgment will not have proper material to work upon. Just as the material of knowledge is supplied through the senses, so the material of ethical knowledge is supplied by emotional responsiveness. It is difficult to put this quality into words, but we all know the difference between the character which is hard and formal, and one which is sympathetic, flexible, and open. In the abstract the former may be as sincerely devoted to moral ideas as is the latter, but as a practical matter we prefer to live with the latter. We count upon it to accomplish more by tact, by instinctive recognition of the claims of others, by skill in adjusting, than the former can accomplish by mere attachment to rules.

Here, then, is the moral standard, by which to test the work of the school upon the side of what it does directly for individuals. (_a_) Does the school as a system, at present, attach sufficient importance to the spontaneous instincts and impulses? Does it afford sufficient opportunity for these to assert themselves and work out their own results? Can we even say that the school in principle attaches itself, at present, to the active constructive powers rather than to processes of absorption and learning? Does not our talk about self-activity largely render itself meaningless because the self-activity we have in mind is purely "intellectual," out of relation to those impulses which work through hand and eye?

Just in so far as the present school methods fail to meet the test of such questions moral results must be unsatisfactory. We cannot secure the development of positive force of character unless we are willing to pay its price. We cannot smother and repress the child's powers, or gradually abort them (from failure of opportunity for exercise), and then expect a character with initiative and consecutive industry. I am aware of the importance attaching to inhibition, but mere inhibition is valueless. The only restraint, the only holding-in, that is of any worth is that which comes through holding powers concentrated upon a positive end. An end cannot be attained excepting as instincts and impulses are kept from discharging at random and from running off on side tracks. In keeping powers at work upon their relevant ends, there is sufficient opportunity for genuine inhibition. To say that inhibition is higher than power, is like saying that death is more than life, negation more than affirmation, sacrifice more than service.

(_b_) We must also test our school work by finding whether it affords the conditions necessary for the formation of good judgment. Judgment as the sense of relative values involves ability to select, to discriminate. Acquiring information can never develop the power of judgment. Development of judgment is in spite of, not because of, methods of instruction that emphasize simple learning. The test comes only when the information acquired has to be put to use. Will it do what we expect of it? I have heard an educator of large experience say that in her judgment the greatest defect of instruction to-day, on the intellectual side, is found in the fact that children leave school without a mental perspective. Facts seem to them all of the same importance. There is no foreground or background. There is no instinctive habit of sorting out facts upon a scale of worth and of grading them.

The child cannot get power of judgment excepting as he is continually exercised in forming and testing judgments. He must have an opportunity to select for himself, and to attempt to put his selections into execution, that he may submit them to the final test, that of action. Only thus can he learn to discriminate that which promises success from that which promises failure; only thus can he form the habit of relating his purposes and notions to the conditions that determine their value. Does the school, as a system, afford at present sufficient opportunity for this sort of experimentation? Except so far as the emphasis of the school work is upon intelligent doing, upon active investigation, it does not furnish the conditions necessary for that exercise of judgment which is an integral factor in good character.

(_c_) I shall be brief with respect to the other point, the need of susceptibility and responsiveness. The informally social side of education, the aesthetic environment and influences, are all-important. In so far as the work is laid out in regular and formulated ways, so far as there are lacking opportunities for casual and free social intercourse between pupils and between the pupils and the teacher, this side of the child's nature is either starved, or else left to find haphazard expression along more or less secret channels. When the school system, under plea of the practical (meaning by the practical the narrowly utilitarian), confines the child to the three R's and the formal studies connected with them, shuts him out from the vital in literature and history, and deprives him of his right to contact with what is best in architecture, music, sculpture, and picture, it is hopeless to expect definite results in the training of sympathetic openness and responsiveness.

* * * * *

What we need in education is a genuine faith in the existence of moral principles which are capable of effective application. We believe, so far as the mass of children are concerned, that if we keep at them long enough we can teach reading and writing and figuring. We are practically, even if unconsciously, skeptical as to the possibility of anything like the same assurance in morals. We

believe in moral laws and rules, to be sure, but they are in the air. They are something set off by themselves. They are so _very_ "moral" that they have no working contact with the average affairs of every-day life. These moral principles need to be brought down to the ground through their statement in social and in psychological terms. We need to see that moral principles are not arbitrary, that they are not "transcendental"; that the term "moral" does not designate a special region or portion of life. We need to translate the moral into the conditions and forces of our community life, and into the impulses and habits of the individual.

All the rest is mint, anise, and cummin. The one thing needful is that we recognize that moral principles are real in the same sense in which other forces are real; that they are inherent in community life, and in the working structure of the individual. If we can secure a genuine faith in this fact, we shall have secured the condition which alone is necessary to get from our educational system all the effectiveness there is in it. The teacher who operates in this faith will find every subject, every method of instruction, every incident of school life pregnant with moral possibility.

OUTLINE

I. THE MORAL PURPOSE OF THE SCHOOL 1. Moral ideas and ideas about morality 2. Moral education and direct moral instruction

II. THE MORAL TRAINING GIVEN BY THE SCHOOL COMMUNITY 1. The unity of social ethics and school ethics 2. A narrow and formal training for citizenship 3. School life should train for many social relations 4. It should train for self-direction and leadership 5. There is no harmonious development of powers apart from social situations 6. School activities should be typical of social life 7. Moral training in the schools tends to be pathological and formal

III. THE MORAL TRAINING FROM METHODS OF INSTRUCTION 1. Active social service as opposed to passive individual absorption 2. The positive inculcation of individualistic motives and standards 3. The evils of competition for external standing 4. The moral waste of remote success as an end 5. The worth of active and social modes of learning

IV. THE SOCIAL NATURE OF THE COURSE OF STUDY 1. The nature of the course of study influences the conduct of the school 2. School studies as means of realizing social situations 3. School subjects are merely phases of a unified social life 4. The meaning of subjects is controlled by social considerations 5. Geography deals with the scenes of social interaction 6. Its various forms represent increasing stages of abstraction 7. History is a means for interpreting existing social relations 8. It presents type phases of social development 9. It offers contrasts, and consequently perspective 10. It teaches the methods of social progress 11. The failure of certain methods of teaching history 12. Mathematics is a means to social ends 13. The sociological nature of business arithmetic 14. Summary: The moral trinity of the school

V. THE PSYCHOLOGICAL ASPECT OF MORAL EDUCATION 1. Conduct as a mode of individual performance 2. Native instincts and impulses are the sources of conduct 3. Moral ideals must be realized in persons 4. Character as a system of working forces 5. Force as a necessary constituent of character 6. The importance of intellectual judgment or good sense 7. The capacity for delicate emotional responsiveness 8. Summary: The ethical standards for testing the school 9. Conclusion: The practicality of moral principles

RIVERSIDE EDUCATIONAL MONOGRAPHS

General Educational Theory

COOLIDGE'S America's Need for Education. DEWEY'S Interest and Effort in Education. DEWEY'S Moral Principles in Education. ELIOT'S Education for Efficiency. ELIOT'S The Tendency to the Concrete and Practical in Modern Education. EMERSON'S Education and other Selections. FISKE'S The Meaning of Infancy. HORNE'S The Teacher as Artist. HYDE'S The Teacher's Philosophy in and out of School. JUDD'S The Evolution of a Democratic School System. MEREDITH'S The Educational Bearings of Modern Psychology. PALMER'S The Ideal Teacher. PALMER'S Trades and Professions. PALMER'S Ethical and Moral Instruction in Schools. PROSSER'S The Teacher and Old Age. STOCKTON'S Project Work in Education. STRATTON'S Developing Mental Power. TERMAN'S The Teacher's Health. THORNDIKE'S Individuality. TROW'S Scientific Method in Education.

Administration and Supervision

BETT'S New Ideals in Rural Schools. BLOOMFIELD'S The Vocational Guidance of Youth. CABOT'S Volunteer Help to the Schools. COLE'S Industrial Education in the Elementary School. CUBBERLEY'S Changing Conceptions of Education. CUBBERLEY'S The Improvement of Rural Schools. DOOLEY'S The Education of the Ne'er-Do-Well. GATES'S The Management of Smaller Schools. HINES'S Measuring Intelligence. KOOS'S The High-School Principal. LEWIS'S Democracy's High School. MAXWELL'S The Observation of Teaching. MAXWELL'S The Selection of Textbooks. MILLER and CHARLES'S Publicity and the Public School. PERRY'S The Status of the Teacher. RUSSELL'S Economy in Secondary Education. SMITH'S Establishing Industrial Schools. SNEDDEN'S The Problem of Vocational Guidance. WEEKS'S The People's School.

Method

ANDRESS'S The Teaching of Hygiene in the Grades. ATWOOD'S The Theory and Practice of the Kindergarten. BAILEY'S Art Education. BETTS'S The Recitation. COOLEY'S Language Teaching in the Grades. DOUGHERTY'S How to Teach Phonics. EARHART'S Teaching Children to Study. EVANS'S The Teaching of High School Mathematics. FAIRCHILD'S The Teaching of Poetry in the High School. FREEMAN'S The Teaching of Handwriting. HALIBURTON and SMITH'S Teaching Poetry in the Grades. HARTWELL'S The Teaching of History. HAWLEY'S Teaching English in Junior High Schools. HAYNES'S Economics in the Secondary School. HILL'S The Teaching of Civics. JENKINS'S Reading in the Primary Grades. KENDALL and STRYKER'S History in the Elementary School. KILPATRICK'S The Montessori System Examined. LEONARD'S English Composition as a Social Problem. LOSH and WEEKS'S Primary Number Projects. PALMER'S Self-Cultivation in English. RIDGLEY'S Geographic Principles. RUEDIGER'S Vitalized Teaching. SHARP'S Teaching English in High Schools. STOCKTON'S Project Work in Education. SUZZALLO'S The Teaching of Primary Arithmetic. SUZZALLO'S The Teaching of Spelling. SWIFT'S Speech Defects in School Children. TUELL'S The Study of Nations. WILSON's What Arithmetic Shall We Teach?

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

End of Project Gutenberg's Moral Principles in Education, by John Dewey

==========

Xerxes

Jacob Abbott

Project Gutenberg Release: May 06, 2008 · eBook #25351

Produced by D. Alexander and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team at http://www.pgdp.net (This file was produced from images generously made available by The Internet Archive)

Makers of History

Xerxes

BY JACOB ABBOTT

WITH ENGRAVINGS

NEW YORK AND LONDON HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS 1902

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1850, by

HARPER & BROTHERS,

In the Clerk's Office for the Southern District of New York.

Copyright, 1878, by JACOB ABBOTT

[Illustration: ARTABANUS AND THE GHOST]

PREFACE.

One special object which the author of this series has had in view, in the plan and method which he has followed in the preparation of the successive volumes, has been to adapt them to the purposes of text-books in schools. The study of a _general compend_ of history, such as is frequently used as a text-book, is highly useful, if it comes in at the right stage of education, when the mind is sufficiently matured, and has acquired sufficient preliminary knowledge to understand and appreciate so condensed a generalization as a summary of the whole history of a nation contained in an ordinary volume must necessarily be. Without this degree of maturity of mind, and this preparation, the study of such a work will be, as it too frequently is, a mere mechanical committing to memory of names, and dates, and phrases, which awaken no interest, communicate no ideas, and impart no useful knowledge to the mind.

A class of ordinary pupils, who have not yet become much acquainted with history, would, accordingly, be more benefited by having their attention concentrated, at first, on detached and separate topics, such as those which form the subjects, respectively, of these volumes. By studying thus fully the history of individual monarchs, or the narratives of single events, they can go more fully into detail; they conceive of the transactions described as realities; their reflecting and reasoning powers are occupied on what they read; they take notice of the motives of conduct, of the gradual development of character, the good or ill desert of actions, and of the connection of causes and consequences, both in respect to the influence of wisdom and virtue on the one hand, and, on the other, of folly and crime. In a word, their _minds_ and _hearts_ are occupied instead of merely their memories. They reason, they sympathize, they pity, they approve, and they condemn. They enjoy the real and true pleasure which constitutes the charm of historical study for minds that are mature; and they acquire a taste for truth instead of fiction, which will tend to direct their reading into proper channels in all future years.

The use of these works, therefore, as text-books in classes, has been kept continually in mind in the preparation of them. The running index on the tops of the pages is intended to serve instead of questions. These captions can be used in their present form as _topics_, in respect to which, when announced in the class, the pupils are to repeat substantially what is said on the page; or, on the other hand, questions in form, if that mode is preferred, can be readily framed from them by the teacher. In all the volumes, a very regular system of division is observed, which will greatly facilitate the assignment of lessons.

CONTENTS.

Chapter Page

I. THE MOTHER OF XERXES 13

II. EGYPT AND GREECE 33

III. DEBATE ON THE PROPOSED INVASION OF GREECE 56

IV. PREPARATIONS FOR THE INVASION OF GREECE 78

V. THE CROSSING OF THE HELLESPONT 100

VI. THE REVIEW OF THE ARMY AT DORISCUS 125

VII. PREPARATIONS OF THE GREEKS FOR DEFENSE 151

VIII. THE ADVANCE OF XERXES INTO GREECE 178

IX. THE BATTLE OF THERMOPYLAE 201

X. THE BURNING OF ATHENS 224

XI. THE BATTLE OF SALAMIS 245

XII. THE RETURN TO PERSIA 284

ENGRAVINGS.

Page

ARTABANUS AND THE GHOST _Frontispiece._

MAP OF THE PERSIAN EMPIRE xii

PHERON DEFYING THE NILE 48

MAP OF GREECE 101

XERXES CROSSING THE HELLESPONT 121

FATE OF THE PERSIAN EMBASSADORS AT SPARTA 160

CITADEL AT ATHENS 241

RETURN OF XERXES TO PERSIA 297

[Illustration: MAP OF THE PERSIAN EMPIRE]

XERXES.

CHAPTER I.

THE MOTHER OF XERXES.

B.C. 522-484

Persian magnificence.--The mother of Xerxes.--Cambyses.--Ambition and selfishness of kings.--General influence exerted by great sovereigns upon the community.--Labors of great conquerors.--Caesar.--Darius.--William the Conqueror.--Napoleon.--Heroes and conquerors.--The main spring of their actions.--Cyrus.--Character and career of Cambyses.--Wives of Cambyses.--He marries his sister.--Death of Cambyses.--Smerdis the magian.--Cunning of Smerdis.--His feeling of insecurity.--Smerdis suspected.--His

imposture discovered.--Death of Smerdis.--Succession of Darius.--Atossa's sickness.--The Greek physician.--Atossa's promise.--Atossa's conversation with Darius.--Success of her plans.--The expedition to Greece.--Escape of the physician.--Atossa's four sons.--Artobazanes.--Dispute about the succession.--Xerxes and Artobazanes.--The arguments.--Influence of Atossa.--The Spartan fugitive.--His views of the succession.--The decision.--Death of Darius.

The name of Xerxes is associated in the minds of men with the idea of the highest attainable elevation of human magnificence and grandeur. This monarch was the sovereign of the ancient Persian empire when it was at the height of its prosperity and power. It is probable, however, that his greatness and fame lose nothing by the manner in which his story comes down to us through the Greek historians. The Greeks conquered Xerxes, and, in relating his history, they magnify the wealth, the power, and the resources of his empire, by way of exalting the greatness and renown of their own exploits in subduing him.

The mother of Xerxes was Atossa, a daughter of Cyrus the Great, who was the founder of the Persian empire. Cyrus was killed in Scythia, a wild and barbarous region lying north of the Black and Caspian Seas. His son Cambyses succeeded him.

A kingdom, or an empire, was regarded, in ancient days, much in the light of an estate, which the sovereign held as a species of property, and which he was to manage mainly with a view to the promotion of his own personal aggrandizement and pleasure. A king or an emperor could have more palaces, more money, and more wives than other men; and if he was of an overbearing or ambitious spirit, he could march into his neighbors' territories, and after gratifying his love of adventure with various romantic exploits, and gaining great renown by his ferocious impetuosity in battle, he could end his expedition, perhaps, by adding his neighbors' palaces, and treasures, and wives to his own.

Divine Providence, however, the mysterious power that overrules all the passions and impulses of men, and brings extended and general good out of local and particular evil, has made the ambition and the selfishness of princes the great means of preserving order and government among men. These great ancient despots, for example, would not have been able to collect their revenues, or enlist their armies, or procure supplies for their campaigns, unless their dominions were under a regular and complete system of social organization, such as should allow all the industrial pursuits of commerce and of agriculture, throughout the mass of the community, to go regularly on. Thus absolute monarchs, however ambitious, and selfish, and domineering in their characters, have a strong personal interest in the establishment of order and of justice between man and man throughout all the regions which are under their sway. In fact, the greater their ambition, their selfishness, and their pride, the stronger will this interest be; for, just in proportion as order, industry, and internal tranquillity prevail in a country, just in that proportion can revenues be collected from it, and armies raised and maintained.

It is a mistake, therefore, to suppose of the great heroes, and sovereigns, and conquerors that have appeared from time to time among mankind, that the usual and ordinary result of their influence and action has been that of disturbance and disorganization. It is true that a vast amount of disturbance and disorganization has often followed from the march of their armies, their sieges, their invasions, and the other local and temporary acts of violence which they commit; but these are the exceptions, not the rule. It must be that such things are exceptions, since, in any extended and general view of the subject, a much greater amount of social organization, industry, and peace is necessary to raise and maintain an army, than that army can itself destroy. The deeds of destruction which great conquerors perform attract more attention and make a greater impression upon mankind than the quiet, patient, and long-continued labors by which they perfect and extend the general organization of the social state. But these labors, though less noticed by men, have really employed the energies of great sovereigns in a far greater degree than mankind have generally imagined. Thus we should describe the work of Caesar's life in a single word more truly by saying that he _organized_ Europe, than that he conquered it. His bridges, his roads, his systems of jurisprudence, his coinage, his calendar, and other similar means and instruments of social arrangement, and facilities for promoting the pursuits of industry and peace, mark, far more properly, the real work which that great conqueror performed among mankind, than his battles and his victories. Darius was, in the same way, the organizer of Asia. William the Conqueror completed, or, rather, advanced very far toward completing, the social organization of England; and even in respect to Napoleon, the true and proper memorial of his career is the successful working of the institutions, the systems, and the codes which he perfected and introduced into the social state, and not the brazen column, formed from captured cannon, which stands in the Place Vendome.

These considerations, obviously true, though not always borne in mind, are, however, to be considered as making the characters of the great sovereigns, in a moral point of view, neither the worse nor the better. In all that they did, whether in arranging and systematizing the functions of social life, or in ruthless deeds of conquest and destruction, they were actuated, in a great measure, by selfish ambition. They arranged and organized the social state in order to form a more compact and solid pedestal for the

foundation of their power. They maintained peace and order among their people, just as a master would suppress quarrels among his slaves, because peace among laborers is essential to productive results. They fixed and defined legal rights, and established courts to determine and enforce them; they protected property; they counted and classified men; they opened roads; they built bridges; they encouraged commerce; they hung robbers, and exterminated pirates--all, that the collection of their revenues and the enlistment of their armies might go on without hinderance or restriction. Many of them, indeed, may have been animated, in some degree, by a higher and nobler sentiment than this. Some may have felt a sort of pride in the contemplation of a great, and prosperous, and wealthy empire, analogous to that which a proprietor feels in surveying a well-conditioned, successful, and productive estate. Others, like Alfred, may have felt a sincere and honest interest in the welfare of their fellow-men, and the promotion of human happiness may have been, in a greater or less degree, the direct object of their aim. Still, it can not be denied that a selfish and reckless ambition has been, in general, the main spring of action with heroes and conquerors, which, while it aimed only at personal aggrandizement, has been made to operate, through the peculiar mechanism of the social state which the Divine wisdom has contrived, as a means, in the main of preserving and extending peace and order among mankind, and not of destroying them.

But to return to Atossa. Her father Cyrus, who laid the foundation of the great Persian empire, was, for a hero and conqueror, tolerably considerate and just, and he desired, probably, to promote the welfare and happiness of his millions of subjects; but his son Cambyses, Atossa's brother, having been brought up in expectation of succeeding to vast wealth and power, and having been, as the sons of the wealthy and the powerful often are in all ages of the world, wholly neglected by his father during the early part of his life, and entirely unaccustomed to control, became a wild, reckless, proud, selfish, and ungovernable young man. His father was killed suddenly in battle, as has already been stated, and Cambyses succeeded him. Cambyses's career was short, desperate, and most tragical in its end.[A] In fact, he was one of the most savage, reckless, and abominable monsters that have ever lived.

[Footnote A: His history in given in the first chapter of DARIUS THE GREAT.]

It was the custom in those days for the Persian monarchs to have many wives, and, what is still more remarkable, whenever any monarch died, his successor inherited his predecessor's family as well as his throne. Cyrus had several children by his various wives. Cambyses and Smerdis were the only sons, but there were daughters, among whom Atossa was the most distinguished. The ladies of the court were accustomed to reside in different palaces, or in different suites of apartments in the same palace, so that they lived in a great measure isolated from each other. When Cambyses came to the throne, and thus entered into possession of his father's palaces, he saw and fell in love with one of his father's daughters. He wished to make her one of his wives. He was accustomed to the unrestricted indulgence of every appetite and passion, but he seems to have had some slight misgivings in regard to such a step as this. He consulted the Persian judges. They conferred upon the subject, and then replied that they had searched among the laws of the realm, and though they found no law allowing a man to marry his sister, they found many which authorized a Persian king to do whatever he pleased.

Cambyses therefore added the princess to the number of his wives, and not long afterward he married another of his father's daughters in the same way. One of these princesses was Atossa.

Cambyses invaded Egypt, and in the course of his mad career in that country he killed his brother Smerdis and one of his sisters, and at length was killed himself. Atossa escaped the dangers of this stormy and terrible reign, and returned safely to Susa after Cambyses's death.

Smerdis, the brother of Cambyses, would have been Cambyses's successor if he had survived him; but he had been privately assassinated by Cambyses's orders, though his death had been kept profoundly secret by those who had perpetrated the deed. There was another Smerdis in Susa, the Persian capital, who was a magian--that is, a sort of priest--in whose hands, as regent, Cambyses had left the government while he was absent on his campaigns. This magian Smerdis accordingly conceived the plan of usurping the throne, as if he were Smerdis the prince, resorting to a great many ingenious and cunning schemes to conceal his deception. Among his other plans, one was to keep himself wholly sequestered from public view, with a few favorites, such, especially, as had not personally known Smerdis the prince. In the same manner he secluded from each other and from himself all who had known Smerdis, in order to prevent their conferring with one another, or communicating to each other any suspicions which they might chance to entertain. Such seclusion, so far as related to the ladies of the royal family, was not unusual after the death of a king, and Smerdis did not deviate from the ordinary custom, except to make the isolation and confinement of the princesses and queens more rigorous and strict than common. By means of this policy he was enabled to go on for some months without detection, living all the while in the greatest luxury and splendor, but at the same time in absolute seclusion, and in

unceasing anxiety and fear.

One chief source of his solicitude was lest he should be detected by means of his _ears_! Some years before, when he was in a comparatively obscure position, he had in some way or other offended his sovereign, and was punished by having his ears cut off. It was necessary, therefore, to keep the marks of this mutilation carefully concealed by means of his hair and his head-dress, and even with these precautions he could never feel perfectly secure.

At last one of the nobles of the court, a sagacious and observing man, suspected the imposture. He had no access to Smerdis himself, but his daughter, whose name was Phaedyma, was one of Smerdis's wives. The nobleman was excluded from all direct intercourse with Smerdis, and even with his daughter; but he contrived to send word to his daughter, inquiring whether her husband was the true Smerdis or not. She replied that she did not know, inasmuch as she had never seen any other Smerdis, if, indeed, there had been another. The nobleman then attempted to communicate with Atossa, but he found it impossible to do so. Atossa had, of course, known her brother well, and was on that very account very closely secluded by the magian. As a last resort, the nobleman sent to his daughter a request that she would watch for an opportunity to feel for her husband's ears while he was asleep. He admitted that this would be a dangerous attempt, but his daughter, he said, ought to be willing to make it, since, if her pretended husband were really an impostor, she ought to take even a stronger interest than others in his detection. Phaedyma was at first afraid to undertake so dangerous a commission; but she at length ventured to do so, and, by passing her hand under his turban one night, while he was sleeping on his couch, she found that the ears were gone.[B]

[Footnote B: For a more particular account of the transaction, and for an engraving illustrating this scene, see the history of Darius.]

The consequence of this discovery was, that a conspiracy was formed to dethrone and destroy the usurper. The plot was successful. Smerdis was killed; his imprisoned queens were set free, and Darius was raised to the throne in his stead.

Atossa now, by that strange principle of succession which has been already alluded to, became the wife of Darius, and she figures frequently and conspicuously in history during his long and splendid reign.

Her name is brought into notice in one case in a remarkable manner, in connection with an expedition which Darius sent on an exploring tour into Greece and Italy. She was herself the means, in fact, of sending the expedition. She was sick; and after suffering secretly and in silence as long as possible--the nature of her complaint being such as to make her unwilling to speak of it to others--she at length determined to consult a Greek physician who had been brought to Persia as a captive, and had acquired great celebrity at Susa by his medical science and skill. The physician said that he would undertake her case on condition that she would promise to grant him a certain request that he would make. She wished to know what it was beforehand, but the physician would not tell her. He said, however, that it was nothing that it would be in any way derogatory to her honor to grant him.

On these conditions Atossa concluded to agree to the physician's proposals. He made her take a solemn oath that, if he cured her of her malady, she would do whatever he required of her, provided that it was consistent with honor and propriety. He then took her case under his charge, prescribed for her and attended her, and in due time she was cured. The physician then told her that what he wished her to do for him was to find some means to persuade Darius to send him home to his native land.

Atossa was faithful in fulfilling her promise. She took a private opportunity, when she was alone with Darius, to propose that he should engage in some plans of foreign conquest. She reminded him of the vastness of the military power which was at his disposal, and of the facility with which, by means of it, he might extend his dominions. She extolled, too, his genius and energy, and endeavored to inspire in his mind some ambitious desires to distinguish himself in the estimation of mankind by bringing his capacities for the performance of great deeds into action.

Darius listened to these suggestions of Atossa with interest and with evident pleasure. He said that he had been forming some such plans himself. He was going to build a bridge across the Hellespont or the Bosporus, to unite Europe and Asia; and he was also going to make an incursion into the country of the Scythians, the people by whom Cyrus, his great predecessor, had been defeated and slain. It would be a great glory for him, he said, to succeed in a conquest in which Cyrus had so totally failed.

But these plans would not answer the purpose which Atossa had in view. She urged her husband, therefore, to postpone his invasion of the Scythians till some future time, and first conquer the Greeks, and annex their territory to his dominions. The Scythians, she said, were savages, and their country not worth the cost of conquering it, while Greece would constitute a noble prize. She urged the invasion of Greece, too, rather than Scythia, as a personal favor to herself, for she had been wanting, she said, some slaves from Greece for a long time--some of the women of Sparta, of Corinth, and of Athens, of whose graces and

accomplishments she had heard so much.

There was something gratifying to the military vanity of Darius in being thus requested to make an incursion to another continent, and undertake the conquest of the mightiest nation of the earth, for the purpose of procuring accomplished waiting-maids to offer as a present to his queen. He became restless and excited while listening to Atossa's proposals, and to the arguments with which she enforced them, and it was obvious that he was very strongly inclined to accede to her views. He finally concluded to send a commission into Greece to explore the country, and to bring back a report on their return; and as he decided to make the Greek physician the guide of the expedition, Atossa gained her end.

A full account of this expedition, and of the various adventures which the party met with on their voyage, is given in our history of Darius. It may be proper to say here, however, that the physician fully succeeded in his plans of making his escape. He pretended, at first, to be unwilling to go, and he made only the most temporary arrangements in respect to the conduct of his affairs while he should be gone, in order to deceive the king in regard to his intentions of not returning. The king, on his part, resorted to some stratagems to ascertain whether the physician was sincere in his professions, but he did not succeed in detecting the artifice, and so the party went away. The physician never returned.

Atossa had four sons. Xerxes was the eldest of them. He was not, however, the eldest of the sons of Darius, as there were other sons, the children of another wife, whom Darius had married before he ascended the throne. The oldest of these children was named Artobazanes. Artobazanes seems to have been a prince of an amiable and virtuous character, and not particularly ambitious and aspiring in his disposition, although, as he was the eldest son of his father, he claimed to be his heir. Atossa did not admit the validity of this claim, but maintained that the oldest of _her_ children was entitled to the inheritance.

It became necessary to decide this question before Darius's death; for Darius, in the prosecution of a war in which he was engaged, formed the design of accompanying his army on an expedition into Greece, and, before doing this, he was bound, according to the laws and usages of the Persian realm, to regulate the succession.

There immediately arose an earnest dispute between the friends and partisans of Artobazanes and Xerxes, each side urging very eagerly the claims of its own candidate. The mother and the friends of Artobazanes maintained that he was the oldest son, and, consequently, the heir. Atossa, on the other hand, contended that Xerxes was the grandson of Cyrus, and that he derived from that circumstance the highest possible hereditary rights to the Persian throne.

This was in some respects true, for Cyrus had been the founder of the empire and the legitimate monarch, while Darius had no hereditary claims. He was originally a noble, of high rank, indeed, but not of the royal line; and he had been designated as Cyrus's successor in a time of revolution, because there was, at that time, no prince of the royal family who could take the inheritance. Those, therefore, who were disposed to insist on the claims of a legitimate hereditary succession, might very plausibly claim that Darius's government had been a regency rather than a reign; that Xerxes, being the oldest son of Atossa, Cyrus's daughter, was the true representative of the royal line; and that, although it might not be expedient to disturb the possession of Darius during his lifetime, yet that, at his death, Xerxes was unquestionably entitled to the throne.

There was obviously a great deal of truth and justice in this reasoning, and yet it was a view of the subject not likely to be very agreeable to Darius, since it seemed to deny the existence of any real and valid title to the sovereignty in him. It assigned the crown, at his death, not to his son as such, but to his predecessor's grandson; for though Xerxes was both the son of Darius and the grandson of Cyrus, it was in the latter capacity that he was regarded as entitled to the crown in the argument referred to above. The doctrine was very gratifying to the pride of Atossa, for it made Xerxes the successor to the crown as her son and heir, and not as the son and heir of her husband. For this very reason it was likely to be not very gratifying to Darius. He hesitated very much in respect to adopting it. Atossa's ascendency over his mind, and her influence generally in the Persian court, was almost overwhelming, and yet Darius was very unwilling to seem, by giving to the oldest grandson of Cyrus the precedence over his own eldest son, to admit that he himself had no legitimate and proper title to the throne.

While things were in this state, a Greek, named Demaratus, arrived at Susa. He was a dethroned prince from Sparta, and had fled from the political storms of his own country to seek refuge in Darius's capital. Demaratus found a way to reconcile Darius's pride as a sovereign with his personal preferences as a husband and a father. He told the king that, according to the principles of hereditary succession which were adopted in Greece, Xerxes was his heir as well as Cyrus's, for he was the oldest son who was born _after his accession_. A son, he said, according to the Greek ideas on the subject, was entitled to inherit only such rank as his father held when the son was born; and that, consequently, none of his children who had been born before his accession could have any

claims to the Persian throne. Artobazanes, in a word, was to be regarded, he said, only as the son of Darius the noble, while Xerxes was the son of Darius the king.

In the end Darius adopted this view, and designated Xerxes as his successor in case he should not return from his distant expedition. He did not return. He did not even live to set out upon it. Perhaps the question of the succession had not been absolutely and finally settled, for it arose again and was discussed anew when the death of Darius occurred. The manner in which it was finally disposed of will be described in the next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

EGYPT AND GREECE.

B.C. 484

Xerxes assumes the crown.--His message to Artobazanes.--Question of the succession again debated.--Advice of Atossa.--Decision of Artabanus.--Unfinished wars of Darius.--Egypt and Greece.--Character of the Egyptians.--Character of the Greeks.--Architecture.--Monuments of Greece.--Egyptian architecture.--Form of Egypt.--Delta of the Nile.--Fertility of Egypt.--No rain in Egypt.--Rising of the Nile.--Preparations for the inundation.--Gradual rise of the water.--Appearance of the country during an inundation.--The three theories.--Objections to the first.--Second and third theories.--Reasons against them.--Ideas of the common people in regard to the inundation.--Story of King Pheron.--His punishment.--Sequel of the story of King Pheron.--Nilometers.--Use of Nilometers.--Enormous structures of Egypt.--Comparative antiquity of various objects.--Great age of the Pyramids.--Egypt a mark for the conqueror.--Its relation to Persia.--Xerxes resolves to subdue Egypt first.--The Jews.--The Egyptians subdued.--Return to Susa.

The arrangements which Darius had made to fix and determine the succession, before his death, did not entirely prevent the question from arising again when his death occurred. Xerxes was on the spot at the time, and at once assumed the royal functions. His brother was absent. Xerxes sent a messenger to Artobazanes[C] informing him of their father's death, and of his intention of assuming the crown. He said, however, that if he did so, he should give his brother the second rank, making him, in all respects, next to himself in office and honor. He sent, moreover, a great many splendid presents to Artobazanes, to evince the friendly regard which he felt for him, and to propitiate his favor.

[Footnote C: Plutarch, who gives an account of these occurrences, varies the orthography of the name. We, however, retain the name as given by Herodotus.]

Artobazanes sent back word to Xerxes that he thanked him for his presents, and that he accepted them with pleasure. He said that he considered himself, nevertheless, as justly entitled to the crown, though he should, in the event of his accession, treat all his brothers, and especially Xerxes, with the utmost consideration and respect.

Soon after these occurrences, Artobazanes came to Media, where Xerxes was, and the question which of them should be the king was agitated anew among the nobles of the court. In the end, a public hearing of the cause was had before Artabanus, a brother of Darius, and, of course, an uncle of the contending princes. The question seems to have been referred to him, either because he held some public office which made it his duty to consider and decide such a question, or else because he had been specially commissioned to act as judge in this particular case. Xerxes was at first quite unwilling to submit his claims to the decision of such a tribunal. The crown was, as he maintained, rightfully his. He thought that the public voice was generally in his favor. Then, besides, he was already in possession of the throne, and by consenting to plead his cause before his uncle, he seemed to be virtually abandoning all this vantage ground, and trusting instead to the mere chance of Artabanus's decision.

Atossa, however, recommended to him to accede to the plan of referring the question to Artabanus. He would consider the subject, she said, with fairness and impartiality, and decide it right. She had no doubt that he would decide it in Xerxes's favor; "and if he does not," she added, "and you lose your cause, you only become the second man in the kingdom instead of the first, and the difference is not so very great, after all."

Atossa may have had some secret intimation how Artabanus would decide.

However this may be, Xerxes at length concluded to submit the question. A solemn court was held, and the case was argued in the presence of all the nobles and great officers of state. A throne was at hand to which the successful competitor was to be conducted

as soon as the decision should be made. Artabanus heard the arguments, and decided in favor of Xerxes. Artobazanes, his brother, acquiesced in the decision with the utmost readiness and good humor. He was the first to bow before the king in token of homage, and conducted him, himself, to the throne.

Xerxes kept his promise faithfully of making his brother the second in his kingdom. He appointed him to a very high command in the army, and Artobazanes, on his part, served the king with great zeal and fidelity, until he was at last killed in battle, in the manner hereafter to be described.

As soon as Xerxes found himself established on his throne, he was called upon to decide immediately a great question, namely, which of two important wars in which his father had been engaged he should first undertake to prosecute, the war in Egypt or the war in Greece.

By referring to the map, the reader will see that, as the Persian empire extended westward to Asia Minor and to the coasts of the Mediterranean Sea, the great countries which bordered upon it in this direction were, on the north Greece, and on the south, Egypt; the one in Europe, and the other in Africa. The Greeks and the Egyptians were both wealthy and powerful, and the countries which they respectively inhabited were fertile and beautiful beyond expression, and yet in all their essential features and characteristics they were extremely dissimilar. Egypt was a long and narrow inland valley. Greece reposed, as it were, in the bosom of the sea, consisting, as it did, of an endless number of islands, promontories, peninsulas, and winding coasts, laved on every side by the blue waters of the Mediterranean. Egypt was a plain, diversified only by the varieties of vegetation, and by the towns and villages, and the enormous monumental structures which had been erected by man. Greece was a picturesque and ever-changing scene of mountains and valleys; of precipitous cliffs, winding beaches, rocky capes, and lofty headlands. The character and genius of the inhabitants of these two countries took their cast, in each case, from the physical conformations of the soil. The Egyptians were a quiet, gentle, and harmless race of tillers of the ground. They spent their lives in pumping water from the river, in the patient, persevering toil of sowing smooth and mellow fields, or in reaping the waving grain. The Greeks drove flocks and herds up and down the declivities of the mountains, or hunted wild beasts in forests and fastnesses. They constructed galleys for navigating the seas; they worked the mines and manufactured metals. They built bridges, citadels, temples, and towns, and sculptured statuary from marble blocks which they chiseled from the strata of the mountains. It is surprising what a difference is made in the genius and character of man by elevations, here and there, of a few thousand feet in the country where his genius and character are formed.

The architectural wonders of Egypt and of Greece were as diverse from each other as the natural features of the soil, and in each case the structures were in keeping and in harmony with the character of the landscape which they respectively adorned. The harmony was, however, that of contrast, and not of correspondence. In Greece, where the landscape itself was grand and sublime, the architect aimed only at beauty. To have aimed at magnitude and grandeur in human structures among the mountains, the cliffs, the cataracts, and the resounding ocean shores of Greece, would have been absurd. The Grecian artists were deterred by their unerring instincts from the attempt. They accordingly built beautiful temples, whose white and symmetrical colonnades adorned the declivities, or crowned the summits of the hills. They sculptured statues, to be placed on pedestals in groves and gardens; they constructed fountains; they raised bridges and aqueducts on long ranges of arches and piers; and the summits of ragged rocks crystallized, as it were, under their hands into towers, battlements, and walls. In Egypt, on the other hand, where the country itself was a level and unvarying plain, the architecture took forms of prodigious magnitude, of lofty elevation, and of vast extent. There were ranges of enormous columns, colossal statues, towering obelisks, and pyramids rising like mountains from the verdure of the plain. Thus, while nature gave to the country its elements of beauty, man completed the landscape by adding to it the grand and the sublime.

The shape and proportions of Egypt would be represented by a green ribbon an inch wide and a yard long, lying upon the ground in a serpentine form; and to complete the model, we might imagine a silver filament passing along the center of the green to denote the Nile. The real valley of verdure, however, is not of uniform breadth, like the ribbon so representing it, but widens as it approaches the sea, as if there had been originally a gulf or estuary there, which the sediment from the river had filled.

In fact, the rich and fertile plain which the alluvial deposits of the Nile have formed, has been protruded for some distance into the sea, and the stream divides itself into three great branches about a hundred miles from its mouth, two outermost of which, with the sea-coast in front, inclose a vast triangle, which was called the Delta, from the Greek letter _delta_, (Greek: D), which is of a triangular form. In ascending the river beyond the Delta, the fertile plain, at first twenty-five or thirty miles wide, grows gradually narrower, as the ranges of barren hills and tracts of sandy deserts on either hand draw nearer and nearer to the river. Thus the country consists of two long lines of rich and fertile intervals, one on each side of the stream. In the time of Xerxes the whole extent

was densely populated, every little elevation of the land being covered with a village or a town. The inhabitants tilled the land, raising upon it vast stores of corn, much of which was floated down the river to its mouth, and taken thence to various countries of Europe and Asia, in merchant ships, over the Mediterranean Sea. Caravans, too, sometimes came across the neighboring deserts to obtain supplies of Egyptian corn. This was done by the sons of Jacob when the crops failed them in the land of Canaan, as related in the sacred Scriptures.

There were two great natural wonders in Egypt in ancient times as now: first, it never rained there, or, at least, so seldom, that rain was regarded as a marvelous phenomenon, interrupting the ordinary course of nature, like an earthquake in England or America. The falling of drops of water out of clouds in the sky was an occurrence so strange, so unaccountable, that the whole population regarded it with astonishment and awe. With the exception of these rare and wonder-exciting instances, there was no rain, no snow, no hail, no clouds in the sky. The sun was always shining, and the heavens were always serene. These meteorological characteristics of the country, resulting, as they do, from permanent natural causes, continue, of course, unchanged to the present day; and the Arabs who live now along the banks of the river, keep their crops, when harvested, in heaps in the open air, and require no roofs to their huts except a light covering of sheaves to protect the inmates from the sun.

The other natural wonder of Egypt was the annual rising of the Nile. About midsummer, the peasantry who lived along the banks would find the river gradually beginning to rise. The stream became more turbid, too, as the bosom of the waters swelled. No cause for this mysterious increase appeared, as the sky remained as blue and serene as before, and the sun, then nearly vertical, continued to shine with even more than its wonted splendor. The inhabitants however, felt no surprise, and asked for no explanation of the phenomenon. It was the common course of nature at that season. They had all witnessed it, year after year, from childhood. They, of course, looked for it when the proper month came round, and, though they would have been amazed if the annual flood had failed, they thought nothing extraordinary of its coming.

When the swelling of the waters and the gradual filling of the channels and low grounds in the neighborhood of the river warned the people that the flood was at hand, they all engaged busily in the work of completing their preparations. The harvests were all gathered from the fields, and the vast stores of fruit and corn which they yielded were piled in roofless granaries, built on every elevated spot of ground, where they would be safe from the approaching inundation. The rise of the water was very gradual and slow. Streams began to flow in all directions over the land. Ponds and lakes, growing every day more and more extended, spread mysteriously over the surface of the meadows; and all the time while this deluge of water was rising to submerge the land, the air continued dry, the sun was sultry, and the sky was without a cloud.

As the flood continued to rise, the proportion of land and water, and the conformation of the irregular and temporary shores which separated them, were changed continually, from day to day. The inhabitants assembled in their villages, which were built on rising grounds, some natural, others artificially formed. The waters rose more and more, until only these crowded islands appeared above its surface--when, at length, the valley presented to the view the spectacle of a vast expanse of water, calm as a summer's sea, brilliant with the reflected rays of a tropical sun, and canopied by a sky, which, displaying its spotless blue by day and its countless stars at night, was always cloudless and serene.

The inundation was at its height in October. After that period the waters gradually subsided, leaving a slimy and very fertilizing deposit all over the lands which they had covered. Though the inhabitants themselves, who had been accustomed to this overflow from infancy, felt no wonder or curiosity about its cause, the philosophers of the day, and travelers from other countries who visited Egypt, made many attempts to seek an explanation of the phenomenon. They had three theories on the subject, which Herodotus mentions and discusses.

The first explanation was, that the rising of the river was occasioned by the prevalence of northerly winds on the Mediterranean at that time of the year, which drove back the waters at the mouth of the river, and so caused the accumulation of the water in the upper parts of the valley. Herodotus thought that this was not a satisfactory explanation; for sometimes, as he said, these northerly winds did not blow, and yet the rising of the river took place none the less when the appointed season came. Besides, there were other rivers similarly situated in respect to the influence of prevailing winds at sea in driving in the waters at their mouths, which were, nevertheless, not subject to inundations like the Nile.

The second theory was, that the Nile took its rise, not, like other rivers, in inland lakes, or among inland mountains, but in some remote and unknown ocean on the other side of the continent, which ocean the advocates of this theory supposed might be subject to some great annual ebb and flow; and from this it might result that at stated periods an unusual tide of waters might be poured

into the channel of the river. This, however, could not be true, for the waters of the inundation were fresh, not salt, which proved that they were not furnished by any ocean.

A third hypothesis was, that the rising of the water was occasioned by the melting of the snows in summer on the mountains from which the sources of the river came. Against this supposition Herodotus found more numerous and more satisfactory reasons even than he had advanced against the others. In the first place the river came from the south--a direction in which the heat increased in intensity with every league, as far as travelers had explored it; and beyond those limits, they supposed that the burning sun made the country uninhabitable. It was preposterous to suppose that there could be snow and ice there. Then, besides, the Nile had been ascended to a great distance, and reports from the natives had been brought down from regions still more remote, and no tidings had ever been brought of ice and snow. It was unreasonable, therefore, to suppose that the inundations could arise from such a cause.

These scientific theories, however, were discussed only among philosophers and learned men. The common people had a much more simple and satisfactory mode of disposing of the subject. They, in their imaginations, invested the beneficent river with a sort of life and personality, and when they saw its waters rising so gently but yet surely, to overflow their whole land, leaving it, as they withdrew again, endued with a new and exuberant fertility, they imagined it a living and acting intelligence, that in the exercise of some mysterious and inscrutable powers, the nature of which was to them unknown, and impelled by a kind and friendly regard for the country and its inhabitants, came annually, of its own accord, to spread over the land the blessings of fertility and abundance. The mysterious stream being viewed in this light, its wonderful powers awakened their veneration and awe, and its boundless beneficence their gratitude.

[Illustration: PHERON DEFYING THE NILE.]

Among the ancient Egyptian legends, there is one relating to a certain King Pheron which strikingly illustrates this feeling. It seems that during one of the inundations, while he was standing with his courtiers and watching the flow of the water, the commotion in the stream was much greater than usual on account of a strong wind which was blowing at that time, and which greatly increased the violence of the whirlpools, and the force and swell of the boiling eddies. There was given, in fact, to the appearance of the river an expression of anger, and Pheron, who was of a proud and haughty character, like most of the Egyptian kings, threw his javelin into one of the wildest of the whirlpools, as a token of his defiance of its rage. He was instantly struck blind!

The sequel of the story is curious, though it has no connection with the personality of the Nile. Pheron remained blind for ten years. At the end of that time it was announced to him, by some supernatural communication, that the period of his punishment had expired, and that his sight might be brought back to him by the employment of a certain designated means of restoration, which was the bathing of his eyes by a strictly virtuous woman. Pheron undertook compliance with the requisition, without any idea that the finding of a virtuous woman would be a difficult task. He first tried his own wife, but her bathing produced no effect. He then tried, one after another, various ladies of his court, and afterward others of different rank and station, selecting those who were most distinguished for the excellence of their characters. He was disappointed, however, in them all. The blindness continued unchanged. At last, however, he found the wife of a peasant, whose bathing produced the effect. The monarch's sight was suddenly restored. The king rewarded the peasant woman, whose virtuous character was established by this indisputable test, with the highest honors. The others he collected together, and then shut them up in one of his towns. When they were all thus safely imprisoned, he set the town on fire, and burned them all up together.

To return to the Nile. Certain columns were erected in different parts of the valley, on which cubits and the subdivisions of cubits were marked and numbered, for the purpose of ascertaining precisely the rise of the water. Such a column was called a Nilometer. There was one near Memphis, which was at the upper point of the Delta, and others further up the river. Such pillars continue to be used to mark the height of the inundations to the present day.

The object of thus accurately ascertaining the rise of the water was not mere curiosity, for there were certain important business operations which depended upon the results. The fertility and productiveness of the soil each year were determined almost wholly by the extent of the inundation; and as the ability of the people to pay tribute depended upon their crops, the Nilometer furnished the government with a criterion by which they regulated the annual assessments of the taxes. There were certain canals, too, made to convey the water to distant tracts of land, which were opened or kept closed according as the water rose to a higher or lower point. All these things were regulated by the indications of the Nilometer.

Egypt was famed in the days of Xerxes for those enormous structures and ruins of structures whose origin was then, as now, lost in a remote antiquity. Herodotus found the Pyramids standing in his day, and presenting the same spectacle of mysterious and solitary grandeur which they exhibited to Napoleon. He speculated on their origin and their history, just as the philosophers and travelers of our day do. In fact, he knew less and could learn less about them than is known now. It helps to impress our minds with an idea of the extreme antiquity of these and the other architectural wonders of Egypt, to compare them with things which are considered old in the Western world. The ancient and venerable colleges and halls of Oxford and Cambridge are, many of them, two or three hundred years old. There are remains of the old wall of the city of London which has been standing seven hundred years. This is considered a great antiquity. There are, however, Roman ruins in Britain, and in various parts of Europe, more ancient still. They have been standing eighteen hundred years! People look upon these with a species of wonder and awe that they have withstood the destructive influences of time so long. But as to the Pyramids, if we go back _twenty-five hundred_ years, we find travelers visiting and describing them then--monuments as ancient, as venerable, as mysterious and unknown in their eyes, as they appear now in ours. We judge that a mountain is very distant when, after traveling many miles toward it, it seems still as distant as ever. Now, in tracing the history of the pyramids, the obelisks, the gigantic statues, and the vast columnar ruins of the Nile, we may go back twenty-five hundred years, without, apparently, making any progress whatever toward reaching their origin.

Such was Egypt. Isolated as it was from the rest of the world, and full of fertility and riches, it offered a marked and definite object to the ambition of a conqueror. In fact, on account of the peculiar interest which this long and narrow valley of verdure, with its wonderful structures, the strange and anomalous course of nature which prevails in it, and the extraordinary phases which human life, in consequence, exhibits there, has always excited among mankind, heroes and conquerors have generally considered it a peculiarly glorious field for their exploits. Cyrus, the founder of the Persian monarchy, contemplated the subjugation of it. He did not carry his designs into effect, but left them for Cambyses his son. Darius held the country as a dependency during his reign, though, near the close of his life, it revolted. This revolt took place while he was preparing for his grand expedition against Greece, and he was perplexed with the question which of the two undertakings, the subjugation of the Egyptians or the invasion of Greece, he should first engage in. In the midst of this uncertainty he suddenly died, leaving both the wars themselves and the perplexity of deciding between them as a part of the royal inheritance falling to his son.

Xerxes decided to prosecute the Egyptian campaign first, intending to postpone the conquest of Greece till he had brought the valley of the Nile once more under Persian sway. He deemed it dangerous to leave a province of his father's empire in a state of successful rebellion, while leading his armies off to new undertakings. Mardonius, who was the commander-in-chief of the army, and the great general on whom Xerxes mainly relied for the execution of his schemes, was very reluctant to consent to this plan. He was impatient for the conquest of Greece. There was little glory for him to acquire in merely suppressing a revolt, and reconquering what had been already once subdued. He was eager to enter upon a new field. Xerxes, however, overruled his wishes, and the armies commenced their march for Egypt. They passed the land of Judea on their way, where the captives who had returned from Babylon, and their successors, were rebuilding the cities and reoccupying the country. Xerxes confirmed them in the privileges which Cyrus and Darius had granted them, and aided them in their work. He then went on toward the Nile. The rebellion was easily put down. In less than a year from the time of leaving Susa, he had reconquered the whole land of Egypt, punished the leaders of the revolt, established his brother as viceroy of the country, and returned in safety to Susa.

All this took place in the second year of his reign.

CHAPTER III.

DEBATE ON THE PROPOSED INVASION OF GREECE.

B.C. 481

Counselors of Xerxes.--Age and character of Mardonius.--The avenues to renown.--Blood inherited and blood shed.--Character of Artabanus.--His advice to Xerxes.--The Ionian rebellion.--First invasion of Greece.--Xerxes convenes a public council.--His speech.--Xerxes recounts the aggressions of the Athenians.--Xerxes proposes to build a bridge over the Hellespont.--Excitement of Mardonius.--His speech.--Mardonius expresses his contempt of the Greeks.--Predictions of Mardonius.--Pause in the assembly.--Speech of Artabanus.--His apologies.--Artabanus opposes the war.--Repulse of Datis.--Artabanus warns Xerxes of the danger of the expedition.--Artabanus vindicates the character of the Greeks.--Xerxes's displeasure.--His angry reply to Artabanus.--Xerxes's anxiety.--He determines to abandon his project.--Xerxes sees a vision in the night.--The spirit appears a second time to Xerxes.--Xerxes relates his dreams to Artabanus.--Opinion of the latter.--Artabanus takes Xerxes's place.--The spirit

appears a third time.--Artabanus is convinced.--The invasion decided upon.--Mardonius probably the ghost.

The two great counselors on whose judgment Xerxes mainly relied, so far as he looked to any other judgment than his own in the formation of his plans, were Artabanus, the uncle by whose decision the throne had been awarded to him, and Mardonius, the commander-in-chief of his armies. Xerxes himself was quite a young man, of a proud and lofty, yet generous character, and full of self-confidence and hope. Mardonius was much older, but he was a soldier by profession, and was eager to distinguish himself in some great military campaign. It has always been unfortunate for the peace and happiness of mankind, under all monarchical and despotic governments, in every age of the world, that, through some depraved and unaccountable perversion of public sentiment, those who are not born to greatness have had no means of attaining to it except as heroes in war. Many men have, indeed, by their mental powers or their moral excellences, acquired an extended and lasting _posthumous_ fame; but in respect to all immediate and exalted distinction and honor, it will be found, on reviewing the history of the human race, that there have generally been but two possible avenues to them: on the one hand, high birth, and on the other, the performance of great deeds of carnage and destruction. There must be, it seems, as the only valid claim to renown, either blood inherited or blood shed. The glory of the latter is second, indeed, to that of the former, but it is _only_ second. He who has sacked a city stands very high in the estimation of his fellows. He yields precedence only to him whose grandfather sacked one.

This state of things is now, it is true, rapidly undergoing a change. The age of chivalry, of military murder and robbery, and of the glory of great deeds of carnage and blood, is passing away, and that of peace, of industry, and of achievements for promoting the comfort and happiness of mankind is coming. The men who are now advancing to the notice of the world are those who, through their commerce or their manufactures, feed and clothe their fellow-men by millions, or, by opening new channels or new means for international intercourse, civilize savages, and people deserts; while the glory of killing and destroying is less and less regarded, and more and more readily forgotten.

In the days of Xerxes, however, there was no road to honor but by war, and Mardonius found that his only hope of rising to distinction was by conducting a vast torrent of military devastation over some portion of the globe; and the fairer, the richer, the happier the scene which he was thus to inundate and overwhelm, the greater would be the glory. He was very much disposed, therefore, to urge on the invasion of Greece by every means in his power.

Artabanus, on the other hand, the uncle of Xerxes, was a man advanced in years, and of a calm and cautious disposition. He was better aware than younger men of the vicissitudes and hazards of war, and was much more inclined to restrain than to urge on the youthful ambition of his nephew. Xerxes had been able to present some show of reason for his campaign in Egypt, by calling the resistance which that country offered to his power a rebellion. There was, however, no such reason in the case of Greece. There had been two wars between Persia and the Athenians already, it is true. In the first, the Athenians had aided their countrymen in Asia Minor in a fruitless attempt to recover their independence. This the Persian government considered as aiding and abetting a rebellion. In the second, the Persians under Datis, one of Darius's generals, had undertaken a grand invasion of Greece, and, after landing in the neighborhood of Athens, were beaten, with immense slaughter, at the great battle of Marathon, near that city. The former of these wars is known in history as the Ionian rebellion; the latter as the first Persian invasion of Greece. They had both occurred during the reign of Darius, and the invasion under Datis had taken place not many years before the accession of Xerxes, so that a great number of the officers who had served in that campaign were still remaining in the court and army of Xerxes at Susa. These wars had, however, both been terminated, and Artabanus was very little inclined to have the contests renewed.

Xerxes, however, was bent upon making one more attempt to conquer Greece, and when the time arrived for commencing his preparations, he called a grand council of the generals, the nobles, and the potentates of the realm, to lay his plans before them. The historian who narrated these proceedings recorded the debate that ensued in the following manner.

Xerxes himself first addressed the assembly, to announce and explain his designs.

"The enterprise, my friends," said he, "in which I propose now to engage, and in which I am about to ask your co-operation, is no new scheme of my own devising. What I design to do is, on the other hand, only the carrying forward of the grand course of measures marked out by my predecessors, and pursued by them with steadiness and energy, so long as the power remained in their hands. That power has now descended to me, and with it has devolved the responsibility of finishing the work which they so successfully began.

"It is the manifest destiny of Persia to rule the world. From the time that Cyrus first commenced the work of conquest by subduing Media, to the present day, the extent of our empire has been continually widening, until now it covers all of Asia and Africa, with the

exception of the remote and barbarous tribes, that, like the wild beasts which share their forests with them, are not worth the trouble of subduing. These vast conquests have been made by the courage, the energy, and the military power of Cyrus, Darius, and Cambyses, my renowned predecessors. They, on their part, have subdued Asia and Africa; Europe remains. It devolves on me to finish what they have begun. Had my father lived, he would, himself, have completed the work. He had already made great preparations for the undertaking; but he died, leaving the task to me, and it is plain that I can not hesitate to undertake it without a manifest dereliction of duty.

"You all remember the unprovoked and wanton aggressions which the Athenians committed against us in the time of the Ionian rebellion, taking part against us with rebels and enemies. They crossed the AEgean Sea on that occasion, invaded our territories, and at last captured and burned the city of Sardis, the principal capital of our Western empire. I will never rest until I have had my revenge by burning Athens. Many of you, too, who are here present, remember the fate of the expedition under Datis. Those of you who were attached to that expedition will have no need that I should urge you to seek revenge for your own wrongs. I am sure that you will all second my undertaking with the utmost fidelity and zeal.

"My plan for gaining access to the Grecian territories is not, as before, to convey the troops by a fleet of galleys over the AEgean Sea, but to build a bridge across the Hellespont, and march the army to Greece by land. This course, which I am well convinced is practicable, will be more safe than the other, and the bridging of the Hellespont will be of itself a glorious deed. The Greeks will be utterly unable to resist the enormous force which we shall be able to pour upon them. We can not but conquer; and inasmuch as beyond the Greek territories there is, as I am informed, no other power at all able to cope with us, we shall easily extend our empire on every side to the sea, and thus the Persian dominion will cover the whole habitable world.

"I am sure that I can rely on your cordial and faithful co-operation in these plans, and that each one of you will bring me, from his own province or territories, as large a quota of men, and of supplies for the war, as is in his power. They who contribute thus most liberally I shall consider as entitled to the highest honors and rewards."

Such was, in substance, the address of Xerxes to his council. He concluded by saying that it was not his wish to act in the affair in an arbitrary or absolute manner, and he invited all present to express, with perfect freedom, any opinions or views which they entertained in respect to the enterprise.

While Xerxes had been speaking, the soul of Mardonius had been on fire with excitement and enthusiasm, and every word which the king had uttered only fanned the flame. He rose immediately when the king gave permission to the counselors to speak, and earnestly seconded the monarch's proposals in the following words:

"For my part, sire, I can not refrain from expressing my high admiration of the lofty spirit and purpose on your part, which leads you to propose to us an enterprise so worthy of your illustrious station and exalted personal renown. Your position and power at the present time are higher than those ever attained by any human sovereign that has ever lived; and it is easy to foresee that there is a career of glory before you which no future monarch can ever surpass. You are about to complete the conquest of the world! That exploit can, of course, never be exceeded. We all admire the proud spirit on your part which will not submit tamely to the aggressions and insults which we have received from the Greeks. We have conquered the people of India, of Egypt, of Ethiopia, and of Assyria, and that, too, without having previously suffered any injury from them, but solely from a noble love of dominion; and shall we tamely stop in our career when we see nations opposed to us from whom we have received so many insults, and endured so many wrongs? Every consideration of honor and manliness forbids it.

"We have nothing to fear in respect to the success of the enterprise in which you invite us to engage. I know the Greeks, and I know that they can not stand against our arms. I have encountered them many times and in various ways. I met them in the provinces of Asia Minor, and you all know the result. I met them during the reign of Darius your father, in Macedon and Thrace--or, rather, sought to meet them; for, though I marched through the country, the enemy always avoided me. They could not be found. They have a great name, it is true; but, in fact, all their plans and arrangements are governed by imbecility and folly. They are not ever united among themselves. As they speak one common language, any ordinary prudence and sagacity would lead them to combine together, and make common cause against the nations that surround them. Instead of this, they are divided into a multitude of petty states and kingdoms, and all their resources and power are exhausted in fruitless contentions with each other. I am convinced that, once across the Hellespont, we can march to Athens without finding any enemy to oppose our progress; or, if we should encounter any resisting force, it will be so small and insignificant as to be instantly overwhelmed."

In one point Mardonius was nearly right in his predictions, since it proved subsequently, as will hereafter be seen, that when the Persian army reached the pass of Thermopylae, which was the great avenue of entrance, on the north, into the territories of the Greeks, they found only three hundred men ready there to oppose their passage!

When Mardonius had concluded his speech, he sat down, and quite a solemn pause ensued. The nobles and chieftains generally were less ready than he to encounter the hazards and uncertainties of so distant a campaign. Xerxes would acquire, by the success of the enterprise, a great accession to his wealth and to his dominion, and Mardonius, too, might expect to reap very rich rewards; but what were they themselves to gain? They did not dare, however, to seem to oppose the wishes of the king, and, notwithstanding the invitation which he had given them to speak, they remained silent, not knowing, in fact, exactly what to say.

All this time Artabanus, the venerable uncle of Xerxes, sat silent like the rest, hesitating whether his years, his rank, and the relation which he sustained to the young monarch would justify his interposing, and make it prudent and safe for him to attempt to warn his nephew of the consequences which he would hazard by indulging his dangerous ambition. At length he determined to speak.

"I hope," said he, addressing the king, "that it will not displease you to have other views presented in addition to those which have already been expressed. It is better that all opinions should be heard; the just and the true will then appear the more just and true by comparison with others. It seems to me that the enterprise which you contemplate is full of danger, and should be well considered before it is undertaken. When Darius, your father, conceived of the plan of his invasion of the country of the Scythians beyond the Danube, I counseled him against the attempt. The benefits to be secured by such an undertaking seemed to me wholly insufficient to compensate for the expense, the difficulties, and the dangers of it. My counsels were, however, overruled. Your father proceeded on the enterprise. He crossed the Bosporus, traversed Thrace, and then crossed the Danube; but, after a long and weary contest with the hordes of savages which he found in those trackless wilds, he was forced to abandon the undertaking, and return, with the loss of half his army. The plan which you propose seems to me to be liable to the same dangers, and I fear very much that it will lead to the same results.

"The Greeks have the name of being a valiant and formidable foe. It may prove in the end that they are so. They certainly repulsed Datis and all his forces, vast as they were, and compelled them to retire with an enormous loss. Your invasion, I grant, will be more formidable than his. You will throw a bridge across the Hellespont, so as to take your troops round through the northern parts of Europe into Greece, and you will also, at the same time, have a powerful fleet in the AEgean Sea. But it must be remembered that the naval armaments of the Greeks in all those waters are very formidable. They may attack and destroy your fleet. Suppose that they should do so, and that then, proceeding to the northward in triumph, they should enter the Hellespont and destroy your bridge? Your retreat would be cut off, and, in case of a reverse of fortune, your army would be exposed to total ruin.

"Your father, in fact, very narrowly escaped precisely this fate. The Scythians came to destroy his bridge across the Danube while his forces were still beyond the river, and, had it not been for the very extraordinary fidelity and zeal of Histiaeus, who had been left to guard the post, they would have succeeded in doing it. It is frightful to think that the whole Persian army, with the sovereign of the empire at their head, were placed in a position where their being saved from overwhelming and total destruction depended solely on the fidelity and firmness of a single man! Should you place your forces and your own person in the same danger, can you safely calculate upon the same fortunate escape?

"Even the very vastness of your force may be the means of insuring and accelerating its destruction, since whatever rises to extraordinary elevation and greatness is always exposed to dangers correspondingly extraordinary and great. Thus tall trees and lofty towers seem always specially to invite the thunderbolts of Heaven.

"Mardonius charges the Greeks with a want of sagacity, efficiency, and valor, and speaks contemptuously of them, as soldiers, in every respect. I do not think that such imputations are just to the people against whom they are directed, or honorable to him who makes them. To disparage the absent, especially an absent enemy, is not magnanimous or wise; and I very much fear that it will be found in the end that the conduct of the Greeks will evince very different military qualities from those which Mardonius has assigned them. They are represented by common fame as sagacious, hardy, efficient, and brave, and it may prove that these representations are true.

"My counsel therefore is, that you dismiss this assembly, and take further time to consider this subject before coming to a final decision. Perhaps, on more mature reflection, you will conclude to abandon the project altogether. If you should not conclude to abandon it, but should decide, on the other hand, that it must be prosecuted, let me entreat you not to go yourself in company with the expedition. Let Mardonius take the charge and the responsibility. If he does so, I predict that he will leave the dead bodies of the

soldiers that you intrust to him, to be devoured by dogs on the plains of Athens or Lacedaemon."

Xerxes was exceedingly displeased at hearing such a speech as this from his uncle, and he made a very angry reply. He accused Artabanus of meanness of spirit, and of a cowardice disgraceful to his rank and station, in thus advocating a tame submission to the arrogant pretensions of the Greeks. Were it not, he said, for the respect which he felt for Artabanus, as his father's brother, he would punish him severely for his presumption in thus basely opposing his sovereign's plans. "As it is," continued he, "I will carry my plans into effect, but you shall not have the honor of accompanying me. You shall remain at Susa with the women and children of the palace, and spend your time in the effeminate and ignoble pleasures suited to a spirit so mean. As for myself, I must and will carry my designs into execution. I could not, in fact, long avoid a contest with the Greeks, even if I were to adopt the cowardly and degrading policy which you recommend; for I am confident that they will very soon invade my dominions, if I do not anticipate them by invading theirs."

So saying, Xerxes dismissed the assembly.

His mind, however, was not at ease. Though he had so indignantly rejected the counsel which Artabanus had offered him, yet the impressive words in which it had been uttered, and the arguments with which it had been enforced, weighed upon his spirit, and oppressed and dejected him. The longer he considered the subject, the more serious his doubts and fears became, until at length, as the night approached, he became convinced that Artabanus was right, and that he himself was wrong. His mind found no rest until he came to the determination to abandon the project after all. He resolved to make this change in his resolution known to Artabanus and his nobles in the morning, and to countermand the orders which he had given for the assembling of the troops. Having by this decision restored something like repose to his agitated mind, he laid himself down upon his couch and went to sleep.

In the night he saw a vision. It seemed to him that a resplendent and beautiful form appeared before him, and after regarding him a moment with an earnest look, addressed him as follows:

"And do you really intend to abandon your deliberate design of leading an array into Greece, after having formally announced it to the realm and issued your orders? Such fickleness is absurd, and will greatly dishonor you. Resume your plan, and go on boldly and perseveringly to the execution of it."

So saying, the vision disappeared.

When Xerxes awoke in the morning, and the remembrance of the events of the preceding day returned, mingling itself with the new impressions which had been made by the dream, he was again agitated and perplexed. As, however, the various influences which pressed upon him settled to their final equilibrium, the fears produced by Artabanus's substantial arguments and warnings on the preceding day proved to be of greater weight than the empty appeal to his pride which had been made by the phantom of the night. He resolved to persist in the abandonment of his scheme. He called his council, accordingly, together again, and told them that, on more mature reflection, he had become convinced that his uncle was right and that he himself had been wrong. The project, therefore, was for the present suspended, and the orders for the assembling of the forces were revoked. The announcement was received by the members of the council with the most tumultuous joy.

That night Xerxes had another dream. The same spirit appeared to him again, his countenance, however, bearing now, instead of the friendly look of the preceding night, a new and stern expression of displeasure. Pointing menacingly at the frightened monarch with his finger, he exclaimed, "You have rejected my advice; you have abandoned your plan; and now I declare to you that, unless you immediately resume your enterprise and carry it forward to the end, short as has been the time since you were raised to your present elevation, a still shorter period shall elapse before your downfall and destruction."

The spirit then disappeared as suddenly as it came, leaving Xerxes to awake in an agony of terror.

As soon as it was day, Xerxes sent for Artabanus, and related to him his dreams. "I was willing," said he, "after hearing what you said, and maturely considering the subject, to give up my plan; but these dreams, I can not but think, are intimations from Heaven that I ought to proceed."

Artabanus attempted to combat this idea by representing to Xerxes that dreams were not to be regarded as indications of the will of Heaven, but only as a vague and disordered reproduction of the waking thoughts, while the regular action of the reason and the judgment by which they were ordinarily controlled was suspended or disturbed by the influence of slumber. Xerxes maintained, on the other hand, that, though this view of the case might explain his first vision, the solemn repetition of the warning proved that it

was supernatural and divine. He proposed that, to put the reality of the apparition still further to the test, Artabanus should take his place on the royal couch the next night, to see if the specter would not appear to him. "You shall clothe yourself," said he, "in my robes, put the crown upon your head, and take your seat upon the throne. After that, you shall retire to my apartment, lie down upon the couch, and go to sleep. If the vision is supernatural, it will undoubtedly appear to you. If it does not so appear, I will admit that it was nothing but a dream."

Artabanus made some objection, at first, to the details of the arrangement which Xerxes proposed, as he did not see, he said, of what advantage it could be for him to assume the guise and habiliments of the king. If the vision was divine, it could not be deceived by such artifices as those. Xerxes, however, insisted on his proposition, and Artabanus yielded. He assumed for an hour the dress and the station of the king, and then retired to the king's apartment, and laid himself down upon the couch under the royal pavilion. As he had no faith in the reality of the vision, his mind was quiet and composed, and he soon fell asleep.

At midnight, Xerxes, who was lying in an adjoining apartment, was suddenly aroused by a loud and piercing cry from the room where Artabanus was sleeping, and in a moment afterward Artabanus himself rushed in, perfectly wild with terror. He had seen the vision. It had appeared before him with a countenance and gestures expressive of great displeasure, and after loading him with reproaches for having attempted to keep Xerxes back from his proposed expedition into Greece, it attempted to bore out his eyes with a red-hot iron with which it was armed. Artabanus had barely succeeded in escaping by leaping from his couch and rushing precipitately out of the room.[D]

[Footnote D: See Frontispiece.]

Artabanus said that he was now convinced and satisfied. It was plainly the divine will that Xerxes should undertake his projected invasion, and he would himself, thenceforth, aid the enterprise by every means in his power. The council was, accordingly, once more convened. The story of the three apparitions was related to them, and the final decision announced that the armies were to be assembled for the march without any further delay.

* * * * *

It is proper here to repeat, once for all in this volume, a remark which has elsewhere often been made in the various works of this series, that in studying ancient history at the present day, it is less important now to know, in regard to transactions so remote, what the facts actually were which really occurred, than it is to know the story respecting them, which, for the last two thousand years, has been in circulation among mankind. It is now, for example, of very little consequence whether there ever was or never was such a personage as Hercules, but it is essential that every educated man should know the story which ancient writers tell in relating his doings. In this view of the case, our object, in this volume, is simply to give the history of Xerxes just as it stands, without stopping to separate the false from the true. In relating the occurrences, therefore, which have been described in this chapter, we simply give the alleged facts to our readers precisely as the ancient historians give them to us, leaving each reader to decide for himself how far he will believe the narrative. In respect to this particular story, we will add, that some people think that Mardonius was really the ghost by whose appearance Artabanus and Xerxes were so dreadfully frightened.

CHAPTER IV.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE INVASION OF GREECE.

B.C. 481

Orders to the provinces.--Mode of raising money.--Modern mode of securing supplies of arms and money.--Xerxes's preparations.--Four years allotted to them.--Arms.--Provisions.--Building of ships.--Persian possessions on the north of the AEgean Sea.--Promontory of Mount Athos.--Dangerous navigation.--Plan of Xerxes for the march of his expedition.--Former shipwreck of Mardonius.--Terrible gale.--Destruction of Mardonius's fleet at Mount Athos.--Plan of a canal.--The Greeks do not interfere.--Plans of the engineers.--Prosecution of the work.--The Strymon bridged.--Granaries and store-houses.--Xerxes leaves Susa, and begins his march.--The Meander.--Celaenae.--Pythius.--The wealth of Pythius.--His interview with Xerxes.--The amount of Pythius's wealth.--His offer to Xerxes.--Gratification of Xerxes.--His reply to Pythius's offer.--Real character of Pythius.--The entertainment of silver and gold.--Xerxes's gratitude put to the test.--He murders Pythius's son.--Various objects of interest observed by the army.--The plane-tree.--Artificial honey.--Salt lake.--Gold and silver mines.--Xerxes summons the Greeks to surrender.--They indignantly refuse.

As soon as the invasion of Greece was finally decided upon, the orders were transmitted to all the provinces of the empire, requiring the various authorities and powers to make the necessary preparations. There were men to be levied, arms to be manufactured, ships to be built, and stores of food to be provided. The expenditures, too, of so vast an armament as Xerxes was intending to organize, would require a large supply of money. For all these things Xerxes relied on the revenues and the contributions of the provinces, and orders, very full and very imperative, were transmitted, accordingly, to all the governors and satraps of Asia, and especially to those who ruled over the countries which lay near the western confines of the empire, and consequently near the Greek frontiers.

In modern times it is the practice of powerful nations to accumulate arms and munitions of war on storage in arsenals and naval depots, so that the necessary supplies for very extended operations, whether of attack or defense, can be procured in a very short period of time. In respect to funds, too, modern nations have a great advantage over those of former days, in case of any sudden emergency arising to call for great and unusual expenditures. In consequence of the vast accumulation of capital in the hands of private individuals, and the confidence which is felt in the mercantile honor and good faith of most established governments at the present day, these governments can procure indefinite supplies of gold and silver at any time, by promising to pay an annual interest in lieu of the principal borrowed. It is true that, in these cases, a stipulation is made, by which the government may, at a certain specified period, pay back the principal, and so extinguish the annuity; but in respect to a vast portion of the amount so borrowed, it is not expected that this repayment will ever be made. The creditors, in fact, do not desire that it should be, as owners of property always prefer a safe annual income from it to the custody of the principal; and thus governments in good credit have sometimes induced their creditors to abate the rate of interest which they were receiving, by threatening otherwise to pay the debt in full.

These inventions, however, by which a government in one generation may enjoy the pleasure and reap the glory of waging war, and throw the burden of the expense on another, were not known in ancient times. Xerxes did not understand the art of funding a national debt, and there would, besides, have probably been very little confidence in Persian stocks, if any had been issued. He had to raise all his funds by actual taxation, and to have his arms, and his ships and chariots of war, manufactured express. The food, too, to sustain the immense army which he was to raise, was all to be produced, and store-houses were to be built for the accumulation and custody of it. All this, as might naturally be expected, would require time; and the vastness of the scale on which these immense preparations were made is evinced by the fact that _four years_ were the time allotted for completing them. This period includes, however, a considerable time before the great debate on the subject described in the last chapter.

The chief scene of activity, during all this time, was the tract of country in the western part of Asia Minor, and along the shores of the AEgean Sea. Taxes and contributions were raised from all parts of the empire, but the actual material of war was furnished mainly from those provinces which were nearest to the future scene of it. Each district provided such things as it naturally and most easily produced. One contributed horses, another arms and ammunition, another ships, and another provisions. The ships which were built were of various forms and modes of construction, according to the purposes which they were respectively intended to serve. Some were strictly ships of war, intended for actual combat; others were transports, their destination being simply the conveyance of troops or of military stores. There were also a large number of vessels, which were built on a peculiar model, prescribed by the engineers, being very long and straight-sided, and smooth and flat upon their decks. These were intended for the bridge across the Hellespont. They were made long, so that, when placed side by side across the stream, a greater breadth might be given to the platform of the bridge. All these things were very deliberately and carefully planned.

Although it was generally on the Asiatic side of the AEgean Sea that these vast works of preparation were going on, and the crossing of the Hellespont was to be the first great movement of the Persian army, the reader must not suppose that, even at this time, the European shores were wholly in the hands of the Greeks. The Persians had, long before, conquered Thrace and a part of Macedon; and thus the northern shores of the AEgean Sea, and many of the islands, were already in Xerxes's hands. The Greek dominions lay further south, and Xerxes did not anticipate any opposition from the enemy, until his army, after crossing the strait, should have advanced to the neighborhood of Athens. In fact, all the northern country through which his route would lie was already in his hands, and in passing through it he anticipated no difficulties except such as should arise from the elements themselves, and the physical obstacles of the way. The Hellespont itself was, of course, one principal point of danger. The difficulty here was to be surmounted by the bridge of boats. There was, however, another point, which was, in some respects, still more formidable: it was the promontory of Mount Athos.

By looking at the map of Greece, placed at the commencement of the next chapter, the reader will see that there are two or three singular promontories jutting out from the main land in the northwestern part of the AEgean Sea. The most northerly and the largest

of these was formed by an immense mountainous mass rising out of the water, and connected by a narrow isthmus with the main land. The highest summit of this rocky pile was called Mount Athos in ancient times, and is so marked upon the map. In modern days it is called Monte Santo, or Holy Mountain, being covered with monasteries, and convents, and other ecclesiastical establishments built in the Middle Ages.

Mount Athos is very celebrated in ancient history. It extended along the promontory for many miles, and terminated abruptly in lofty cliffs and precipices toward the sea, where it was so high that its shadow, as was said, was thrown, at sunset, across the water to the island of Lemnos, a distance of twenty leagues. It was a frightful specter in the eyes of the ancient navigators, when, as they came coasting along from the north in their frail galleys, on their voyages to Greece and Italy, they saw it frowning defiance to them as they came, with threatening clouds hanging upon its summit, and the surges and surf of the AEgean perpetually thundering upon its base below. To make this stormy promontory the more terrible, it was believed to be the haunt of innumerable uncouth and misshapen monsters of the sea, that lived by devouring the hapless seamen who were thrown upon the rocks from their wrecked vessels by the merciless tumult of the waves.

The plan which Xerxes had formed for the advance of his expedition was, that the army which was to cross the Hellespont by the bridge should advance thence through Macedonia and Thessaly, by land, attended by a squadron of ships, transports, and galleys, which was to accompany the expedition along the coast by sea. The _men_ could be marched more conveniently to their place of destination by land. The stores, on the other hand, the arms, the supplies, and the baggage of every description, could be transported more easily by sea. Mardonius was somewhat solicitous in respect to the safety of the great squadron which would be required for this latter service, in doubling the promontory of Mount Athos.

In fact, he had special and personal reason for his solicitude, for he had himself, some years before, met with a terrible disaster at this very spot. It was during the reign of Darius that this disaster occurred. On one of the expeditions which Darius had intrusted to his charge, he was conducting a very large fleet along the coast, when a sudden storm arose just as he was approaching this terrible promontory.

He was on the northern side of the promontory when the storm came on, and as the wind was from the north, it blew directly upon the shore. For the fleet to make its escape from the impending danger, it seemed necessary, therefore, to turn the course of the ships back against the wind; but this, on account of the sudden and terrific violence of the gale, it was impossible to do. The sails, when they attempted to use them, were blown away by the howling gusts, and the oars were broken to pieces by the tremendous dashing of the sea. It soon appeared that the only hope of escape for the squadron was to press on in the desperate attempt to double the promontory, and thus gain, if possible, the sheltered water under its lee. The galleys, accordingly, went on, the pilots and the seamen exerting their utmost to keep them away from the shore.

All their efforts, however, to do this, were vain. The merciless gales drove the vessels, one after another, upon the rocks, and dashed them to pieces, while the raging sea wrenched the wretched mariners from the wrecks to which they attempted to cling, and tossed them out into the boiling whirlpools around, to the monsters that were ready there to devour them, as if she were herself some ferocious monster, feeding her offspring with their proper prey. A few, it is true, of the hapless wretches succeeded in extricating themselves from the surf, by crawling up upon the rocks, through the tangled sea-weed, until they were above the reach of the surges; but when they had done so, they found themselves hopelessly imprisoned between the impending precipices which frowned above them and the frantic billows which were raging and roaring below. They gained, of course, by their apparent escape, only a brief prolongation of suffering, for they all soon miserably perished from exhaustion, exposure, and cold.

Mardonius had no desire to encounter this danger again. Now the promontory of Mount Athos, though high and rocky itself, was connected with the main land by an isthmus level and low, and not very broad. Xerxes determined on cutting a canal through this isthmus, so as to take his fleet of galleys across the neck, and thus avoid the stormy navigation of the outward passage. Such a canal would be of service not merely for the passage of the great fleet, but for the constant communication which it would be necessary for Xerxes to maintain with his own dominions during the whole period of the invasion.

It might have been expected that the Greeks would have interfered to prevent the execution of such a work as this; but it seems that they did not, and yet there was a considerable Greek population in that vicinity. The promontory of Athos itself was quite extensive, being about thirty miles long and four or five wide, and it had several towns upon it. The canal which Xerxes was to cut across the neck of this peninsula was to be wide enough for two triremes to pass each other. Triremes were galleys propelled by three banks of oars, and were vessels of the largest class ordinarily employed; and as the oars by which they were impelled

required almost as great a breadth of water as the vessels themselves, the canal was, consequently, to be very wide.

The engineers, accordingly, laid out the ground, and, marking the boundaries by stakes and lines, as guides to the workmen, the excavation was commenced. Immense numbers of men were set at work, arranged regularly in gangs, according to the various nations which furnished them. As the excavation gradually proceeded, and the trench began to grow deep, they placed ladders against the sides, and stationed a series of men upon them; then the earth dug from the bottom was hauled up from one to another, in a sort of basket or hod, until it reached the top, where it was taken by other men and conveyed away.

The work was very much interrupted and impeded, in many parts of the line, by the continual caving in of the banks, on account of the workmen attempting to dig perpendicularly down. In one section--the one which had been assigned to the Phoenicians--this difficulty did not occur; for the Phoenicians, more considerate than the rest, had taken the precaution to make the breadth of their part of the trench twice as great at the top as it was below. By this means the banks on each side were formed to a gradual slope, and consequently stood firm. The canal was at length completed, and the water was let in.

North of the promontory of Mount Athos the reader will find upon the map the River Strymon, flowing south, not far from the boundary between Macedon and Thrace, into the AEgean Sea. The army of Xerxes, in its march from the Hellespont, would, of course, have to cross this river; and Xerxes having, by cutting the canal across the isthmus of Mount Athos, removed an obstacle in the way of his fleet, resolved next to facilitate the progress of his army by bridging the Strymon.

The king also ordered a great number of granaries and store-houses to be built at various points along the route which it was intended that his army should pursue. Some of these were on the coasts of Macedonia and Thrace, and some on the banks of the Strymon. To these magazines the corn raised in Asia for the use of the expedition was conveyed, from time to time, in transport ships, as fast as it was ready, and, being safely deposited, was protected by a guard. No very extraordinary means of defense seems to have been thought necessary at these points, for, although the scene of all these preliminary arrangements was on the European side of the line, and in what was called Greek territory, still this part of the country had been long under Persian dominion. The independent states and cities of Greece were all further south, and the people who inhabited them did not seem disposed to interrupt these preparations. Perhaps they were not aware to what object and end all these formidable movements on their northern frontier were tending.

Xerxes, during all this time, had remained in Persia. The period at length arrived when, his preparations on the frontiers being far advanced toward completion, he concluded to move forward at the head of his forces to Sardis. Sardis was the great capital of the western part of his dominions, and was situated not far from the frontier. He accordingly assembled his forces, and, taking leave of his capital of Susa with much parade and many ceremonies, he advanced toward Asia Minor. Entering and traversing Asia Minor, he crossed the Halys, which had been, in former times, the western boundary of the empire, though its limits had now been extended very far beyond. Having crossed the Halys, the immense procession advanced into Phrygia.

A very romantic tale is told of an interview between Xerxes and a certain nobleman named Pythius, who resided in one of the Phrygian towns. The circumstances were these: After crossing the Halys, which river flows north into the Euxine Sea, the army went on to the westward through nearly the whole extent of Phrygia, until at length they came to the sources of the streams which flowed west into the AEgean Sea. One of the most remarkable of these rivers was the Meander. There was a town built exactly at the source of the Meander--so exactly, in fact, that the fountain from which the stream took its rise was situated in the public square of the town, walled in and ornamented like an artificial fountain in a modern city. The name of this town was Celaenae.

When the army reached Celaenae and encamped there, Pythius made a great entertainment for the officers, which, as the number was very large, was of course attended with an enormous expense. Not satisfied with this, Pythius sent word to the king that if he was, in any respect, in want of funds for his approaching campaign, he, Pythius, would take great pleasure in supplying him.

Xerxes was surprised at such proofs of wealth and munificence from a man in comparatively a private station. He inquired of his attendants who Pythius was. They replied that, next to Xerxes himself, he was the richest man in the world. They said, moreover, that he was as generous as he was rich. He had made Darius a present of a beautiful model of a fruit-tree and of a vine, of solid gold. He was by birth, they added, a Lydian.

Lydia was west of Phrygia, and was famous for its wealth. The River Pactolus, which was so celebrated for its golden sands, flowed through the country, and as the princes and nobles contrived to monopolize the treasures which were found, both in the river itself and in the mountains from which it flowed, some of them became immensely wealthy.

Xerxes was astonished at the accounts which he heard of Pythius's fortune. He sent for him, and asked him what was the amount of his treasures. This was rather an ominous question; for, under such despotic governments as those of the Persian kings, the only real safeguard of wealth was, often, the concealment of it. Inquiry on the part of a government, in respect to treasures accumulated by a subject, was, often, only a preliminary to the seizure and confiscation of them.

Pythius, however, in reply to the king's question, said that he had no hesitation in giving his majesty full information in respect to his fortune. He had been making, he said, a careful calculation of the amount of it, with a view of determining how much he could offer to contribute in aid of the Persian campaign. He found, he said, that he had two thousand talents of silver, and four millions, wanting seven thousand, of _staters_ of gold.

The stater was a Persian coin. Even if we knew, at the present day, its exact value, we could not determine the precise amount denoted by the sum which Pythius named, the value of money being subject to such vast fluctuations in different ages of the world. Scholars who have taken an interest in inquiring into such points as these, have come to the conclusion that the amount of gold and silver coin which Pythius thus reported to Xerxes was equal to about thirty millions of dollars.

Pythius added, after stating the amount of the gold and silver which he had at command, that it was all at the service of the king for the purpose of carrying on the war. He had, he said, besides his money, slaves and farms enough for his own maintenance.

Xerxes was extremely gratified at this generosity, and at the proof which it afforded of the interest which Pythius felt in the cause of the king. "You are the only man," said he, "who has offered hospitality to me or to my army since I set out upon this march, and, in addition to your hospitality, you tender me your whole fortune. I will not, however, deprive you of your treasure. I will, on the contrary, order my treasurer to pay to you the seven thousand staters necessary to make your four millions complete. I offer you also my friendship, and will do any thing in my power, now and hereafter, to serve you. Continue to live in the enjoyment of your fortune. If you always act under the influence of the noble and generous impulses which govern you now, you will never cease to be prosperous and happy."

If we could end the account of Pythius and Xerxes here, what generous and noble-minded men we might suppose them to be! But alas! how large a portion of the apparent generosity and nobleness which shows itself among potentates and kings, turns into selfishness and hypocrisy when closely examined. Pythius was one of the most merciless tyrants that ever lived. He held all the people that lived upon his vast estates in a condition of abject slavery, compelling them to toil continually in his mines, in destitution and wretchedness, in order to add more and more to his treasures. The people came to his wife with their bitter complaints. She pitied them, but could not relieve them. One day, it is said that, in order to show her husband the vanity and folly of living only to amass silver and gold, and to convince him how little real power such treasures have to satisfy the wants of the human soul, she made him a great entertainment, in which there was a boundless profusion of wealth in the way of vessels and furniture of silver and gold, but scarcely any food. There was every thing to satisfy the eye with the sight of magnificence, but nothing to satisfy hunger. The noble guest sat starving in the midst of a scene of unexampled riches and splendor, because it was not possible to _eat_ silver and gold.

And as for Xerxes's professions of gratitude and friendship for Pythius, they were put to the test, a short time after the transactions which we have above described, in a remarkable manner. Pythius had five sons. They were all in Xerxes's army. By their departure on the distant and dangerous expedition on which Xerxes was to lead them, their father would be left alone. Pythius, under these circumstances, resolved to venture so far on the sincerity of his sovereign's professions of regard as to request permission to retain one of his sons at home with his father, on condition of freely giving up the rest.

Xerxes, on hearing this proposal, was greatly enraged. "How dare you," said he, "come to me with such a demand? You and all that pertain to you are my slaves, and are bound to do my bidding without a murmur. You deserve the severest punishment for such an insolent request. In consideration, however, of your past good behavior, I will not inflict upon you what you deserve. I will only kill one of your sons--the one that you seem to cling to so fondly. I will spare the rest." So saying, the enraged king ordered the son whom Pythius had endeavored to retain to be slain before his eyes, and then directed that the dead body should be split in two, and the two halves thrown, the one on the right side of the road and the other on the left, that his army, as he said, might "march between them."

On leaving Phrygia, the army moved on toward the west. Their immediate destination as has already been said, was Sardis, where they were to remain until the ensuing spring. The historian mentions a number of objects of interest which attracted the attention of Xerxes and his officers on this march, which mark the geographical peculiarities of the country, or illustrate, in some degree, the

ideas and manners of the times.

There was one town, for example, situated, not like Celaenae, where a river had its origin, but where one disappeared. The stream was a branch of the Meander. It came down from the mountains like any other mountain torrent, and then, at the town in question, it plunged suddenly down into a gulf or chasm and disappeared. It rose again at a considerable distance below, and thence flowed on, without any further evasions, to the Meander.

On the confines between Phrygia and Lydia the army came to a place where the road divided. One branch turned toward the north, and led to Lydia; the other inclined to the south, and conducted to Caria. Here, too, on the frontier, was a monument which had been erected by Croesus, the great king of Lydia, who lived in Cyrus's day, to mark the eastern boundaries of his kingdom. The Persians were, of course, much interested in looking upon this ancient landmark, which designated not only the eastern limit of Croesus's empire, but also what was, in ancient times, the western limit of their own.

There was a certain species of tree which grew in these countries called the plane-tree. Xerxes found one of these trees so large and beautiful that it attracted his special admiration. He took possession of it in his own name, and adorned it with golden chains, and set a guard over it. This idolization of a tree was a striking instance of the childish caprice and folly by which the actions of the ancient despots were so often governed.

As the army advanced, they came to other places of interest and objects of curiosity and wonder. There was a district where the people made a sort of artificial honey from grain, and a lake from which the inhabitants procured salt by evaporation, and mines, too, of silver and of gold. These objects interested and amused the minds of the Persians as they moved along, without, however, at all retarding or interrupting their progress. In due time they reached the great city of Sardis in safety, and here Xerxes established his head-quarters, and awaited the coming of spring.

In the mean time, however, he sent heralds into Greece to summon the country to surrender to him. This is a common formality when an army is about to attack either a town, a castle, or a kingdom. Xerxes's heralds crossed the AEgean Sea, and made their demands, in Xerxes's name, upon the Greek authorities. As might have been expected, the embassage was fruitless; and the heralds returned, bringing with them, from the Greeks, not acts or proffers of submission, but stern expressions of hostility and defiance. Nothing, of course, now remained, but that both parties should prepare for the impending crisis.

CHAPTER V.

CROSSING THE HELLESPONT.

B.C. 480

Winter in Asia Minor.--Destruction of the bridge.--Indignation of Xerxes.--His ridiculous punishment of the sea.--Xerxes orders a new bridge to be made.--Its construction.--Mode of securing the boats.--The bridge finished.--Eclipse of the sun.--March from Sardis.--Order of march.--Car of Jupiter.--Chariot of Xerxes.--Camp followers.--Arrival at the plain of Troy.--The grand sacrifice.--Dejection of the army.--Mode of enlistment.--Condition of the soldiers.--Privations and hardships.--Storm on Mount Ida.--Abydos.--Parade of the troops.--Xerxes weeps.--The reason of it.--Comments of writers.--Remarks of Artabanus.--Conversation with Artabanus.--He renews his warnings.--Anxiety of Artabanus.--Xerxes is not convinced.--Advice of Artabanus in respect to employing the Ionians.--Xerxes's opinion of the Ionians.--Artabanus is permitted to return.--Sham sea fight.--Xerxes's address.--Crossing the bridge.--Preliminary ceremonies.--The order of march.--Movement of the fleet.--Time occupied in the passage.--Scene of confusion.

Although the ancient Asia Minor was in the same latitude as New York, there was yet very little winter there. Snows fell, indeed, upon the summits of the mountains, and ice formed occasionally upon quiet streams, and yet, in general, the imaginations of the inhabitants, in forming mental images of frost and snow, sought them not in their own winters, but in the cold and icy regions of the north, of which, however, scarcely any thing was known to them except what was disclosed by wild and exaggerated rumors and legends.

[Illustration: MAP OF GREECE.]

There was, however, a period of blustering winds and chilly rains which was called winter, and Xerxes was compelled to wait, before commencing his invasion, until the inclement season had passed. As it was, he did not wholly escape the disastrous effects

of the wintery gales. A violent storm arose while he was at Sardis, and broke up the bridge which he had built across the Hellespont. When the tidings of this disaster were brought to Xerxes at his winter quarters, he was very much enraged. He was angry both with the sea for having destroyed the structure, and with the architects who had built it for not having made it strong enough to stand against its fury. He determined to punish both the waves and the workmen. He ordered the sea to be scourged with a monstrous whip, and directed that heavy chains should be thrown into it, as symbols of his defiance of its power, and of his determination to subject it to his control. The men who administered this senseless discipline cried out to the sea, as they did it, in the following words, which Xerxes had dictated to them: "Miserable monster! this is the punishment which Xerxes your master inflicts upon you, on account of the unprovoked and wanton injury you have done him. Be assured that he will pass over you, whether you will or no. He hates and defies you, object as you are, through your insatiable cruelty, and the nauseous bitterness of your waters, of the common abomination of mankind."

As for the men who had built the bridge, which had been found thus inadequate to withstand the force of a wintery tempest, he ordered every one of them to be beheaded.

The vengeance of the king being thus satisfied, a new set of engineers and workmen were designated and ordered to build another bridge. Knowing, as, of course, they now did, that their lives depended upon the stability of their structure, they omitted no possible precaution which could tend to secure it. They selected the strongest ships, and arranged them in positions which would best enable them to withstand the pressure of the current. Each vessel was secured in its place by strong anchors, placed scientifically in such a manner as to resist, to the best advantage, the force of the strain to which they would be exposed. There were two ranges of these vessels, extending from shore to shore, containing over three hundred in each. In each range one or two vessels were omitted, on the Asiatic side, to allow boats and galleys to pass through, in order to keep the communication open. These omissions did not interfere with the use of the bridge, as the superstructure and the roadway above was continued over them.

The vessels which were to serve for the foundation of the bridge being thus arranged and secured in their places, two immense cables were made and stretched from shore to shore, each being fastened, at the ends, securely to the banks, and resting in the middle on the decks of the vessels. For the fastenings of these cables on the shore there were immense piles driven into the ground, and huge rings attached to the piles. The cables, as they passed along the decks of the vessels over the water, were secured to them all by strong cordage, so that each vessel was firmly and indissolubly bound to all the rest.

Over these cables a platform was made of trunks of trees, with branches placed upon them to fill the interstices and level the surface. The whole was then covered with a thick stratum of earth, which made a firm and substantial road like that of a public highway. A high and close fence was also erected on each side, so as to shut off the view of the water, which might otherwise alarm the horses and the beasts of burden that were to cross with the army.

When the news was brought to Xerxes at Sardis that the bridge was completed, and that all things were ready for the passage, he made arrangements for commencing his march. A circumstance, however, here occurred that at first alarmed him. It was no less a phenomenon than an eclipse of the sun. Eclipses were considered in those days as extraordinary and supernatural omens, and Xerxes was naturally anxious to know what this sudden darkness was meant to portend. He directed the magi to consider the subject, and to give him their opinion. Their answer was, that, as the sun was the guardian divinity of the Greeks, and the moon that of the Persians, the meaning of the sudden withdrawal of the light of day doubtless was, that Heaven was about to withhold its protection from the Greeks in the approaching struggle. Xerxes was satisfied with this explanation, and the preparations for the march went on.

The movement of the grand procession from the city of Sardis was inconceivably splendid. First came the long trains of baggage, on mules, and camels, and horses, and other beasts of burden, attended by the drivers, and the men who had the baggage in charge. Next came an immense body of troops of all nations, marching irregularly, but under the command of the proper officers. Then, after a considerable interval, came a body of a thousand horse, splendidly caparisoned, and followed by a thousand spearmen, who marched trailing their spears upon the ground, in token of respect and submission to the king who was coming behind them.

Next to these troops, and immediately in advance of the king, were certain religious and sacred objects and personages, on which the people who gazed upon this gorgeous spectacle looked with the utmost awe and veneration. There were, first, ten sacred horses, splendidly caparisoned, each led by his groom, who was clothed in appropriate robes, as a sort of priest officiating in the service of a god. Behind these came the sacred car of Jupiter. This car was very large, and elaborately worked, and was profusely

ornamented with gold. It was drawn by eight white horses. No human being was allowed to set his foot upon any part of it, and, consequently, the reins of the horses were carried back, under the car, to the charioteer, who walked behind. Xerxes's own chariot came next, drawn by very splendid horses, selected especially for their size and beauty. His charioteer, a young Persian noble, sat by his side.

Then came great bodies of troops. There was one corps of two thousand men, the life-guards of the king, who were armed in a very splendid and costly manner, to designate their high rank in the army, and the exalted nature of their duty as personal attendants on the sovereign. One thousand of these life-guards were foot soldiers, and the other thousand horsemen. After the life-guards came a body of ten thousand infantry, and after them ten thousand cavalry. This completed what was strictly the Persian part of the army. There was an interval of about a quarter of a mile in the rear of these bodies of troops, and then came a vast and countless multitude of servants, attendants, adventurers, and camp followers of every description--a confused, promiscuous, disorderly, and noisy throng.

The immediate destination of this vast horde was Abydos; for it was between Sestos, on the European shore, and Abydos, on the Asiatic, that the bridge had been built. To reach Abydos, the route was north, through the province of Mysia. In their progress the guides of the army kept well inland, so as to avoid the indentations of the coast, and the various small rivers which here flow westward toward the sea. Thus advancing, the army passed to the right of Mount Ida, and arrived at last on the bank of the Scamander. Here they encamped. They were upon the plain of Troy.

The world was filled, in those days, with the glory of the military exploits which had been performed, some ages before, in the siege and capture of Troy; and it was the custom for every military hero who passed the site of the city to pause in his march and spend some time amid the scenes of those ancient conflicts, that he might inspirit and invigorate his own ambition by the associations of the spot, and also render suitable honors to the memories of those that fell there. Xerxes did this. Alexander subsequently did it. Xerxes examined the various localities, ascended the ruins of the citadel of Priam, walked over the ancient battle fields, and at length, when his curiosity had thus been satisfied, he ordered a grand sacrifice of a thousand oxen to be made, and a libation of corresponding magnitude to be offered, in honor of the shades of the dead heroes whose deeds had consecrated the spot.

Whatever excitement and exhilaration, however, Xerxes himself may have felt, in approaching, under these circumstances, the transit of the stream, where the real labors and dangers of his expedition were to commence, his miserable and helpless soldiers did not share them. Their condition and prospects were wretched in the extreme. In the first place, none of them went willingly. In modern times, at least in England and America, armies are recruited by enticing the depraved and the miserable to enlist, by tendering them a bounty, as it is called, that is, a sum of ready money, which, as a means of temporary and often vicious pleasure, presents a temptation they can not resist. The act of enlistment is, however, in a sense voluntary, so that those who have homes, and friends, and useful pursuits in which they are peacefully engaged, are not disturbed. It was not so with the soldiers of Xerxes. They were slaves, and had been torn from their rural homes all over the empire by a merciless conscription, from which there was no possible escape. Their life in camp, too, was comfortless and wretched. At the present day, when it is so much more difficult than it then was to obtain soldiers, and when so much more time and attention are required to train them to their work in the modern art of war, soldiers must be taken care of when obtained; but in Xerxes's day it was much easier to get new supplies of recruits than to incur any great expense in providing for the health and comfort of those already in the service. The arms and trappings, it is true, of such troops as were in immediate attendance on the king, were very splendid and gay, though this was only decoration, after all, and the king's decoration too, not theirs. In respect, however, to every thing like personal comfort, whether of food and of clothing, or the means of shelter and repose, the common soldiers were utterly destitute and wretched. They felt no interest in the campaign; they had nothing to hope for from its success, but a continuance, if their lives were spared, of the same miserable bondage which they had always endured. There was, however, little probability even of this; for whether, in the case of such an invasion, the aggressor was to succeed or to fail, the destiny of the soldiers personally was almost inevitable destruction. The mass of Xerxes's army was thus a mere herd of slaves, driven along by the whips of their officers, reluctant, wretched, and despairing.

This helpless mass was overtaken one night, among the gloomy and rugged defiles and passes of Mount Ida, by a dreadful storm of wind and rain, accompanied by thunder and lightning. Unprovided as they were with the means of protection against such tempests, they were thrown into confusion, and spent the night in terror. Great numbers perished, struck by the lightning, or exhausted by the cold and exposure; and afterward, when they encamped on the plains of Troy, near the Scamander, the whole of the water of the stream was not enough to supply the wants of the soldiers and the immense herds of beasts of burden, so that many thousands suffered severely from thirst.

All these things conspired greatly to depress the spirits of the men, so that, at last, when they arrived in the vicinity of Abydos, the whole army was in a state of extreme dejection and despair. This, however, was of little consequence. The repose of a master so despotic and lofty as Xerxes is very little disturbed by the mental sorrows of his slaves. Xerxes reached Abydos, and prepared to make the passage of the strait in a manner worthy of the grandeur of the occasion.

The first thing was to make arrangements for a great parade of his forces, not, apparently, for the purpose of accomplishing any useful end of military organization in the arrangement of the troops, but to gratify the pride and pleasure of the sovereign with an opportunity of surveying them. A great white throne of marble was accordingly erected on an eminence not far from the shore of the Hellespont, from which Xerxes looked down with great complacency and pleasure, on the one hand, upon the long lines of troops, the countless squadrons of horsemen, the ranges of tents, and the vast herds of beasts of burden which were assembled on the land, and, on the other hand, upon the fleets of ships, and boats, and galleys at anchor upon the sea; while the shores of Europe were smiling in the distance, and the long and magnificent roadway which he had made lay floating upon the water, all ready to take his enormous armament across whenever he should issue the command.

Any deep emotion of the human soul, in persons of a sensitive physical organization, tends to tears; and Xerxes's heart, being filled with exultation and pride, and with a sense of inexpressible grandeur and sublimity as he looked upon this scene, was softened by the pleasurable excitements of the hour, and though, at first his countenance was beaming with satisfaction and pleasure, his uncle Artabanus, who stood by his side, soon perceived that tears were standing in his eyes. Artabanus asked him what this meant. It made him sad, Xerxes replied, to reflect that, immensely vast as the countless multitude before him was, in one hundred years from that time not one of them all would be alive.

The tender-heartedness which Xerxes manifested on this occasion, taken in connection with the stern and unrelenting tyranny which he was exercising over the mighty mass of humanity whose mortality he mourned, has drawn forth a great variety of comments from writers of every age who have repeated the story. Artabanus replied to it on the spot by saying that he did not think that the king ought to give himself too much uneasiness on the subject of human liability to death, for it happened, in a vast number of cases, that the privations and sufferings of men were so great, that often, in the course of their lives, they rather wished to die than to live; and that death was, consequently, in some respects, to be regarded, not as in itself a woe, but rather as the relief and remedy for woe.

There is no doubt that this theory of Artabanus, so far as it applied to the unhappy soldiers of Xerxes, all marshaled before him when he uttered it, was eminently true.

Xerxes admitted that what his uncle said was just, but it was, he said, a melancholy subject, and so he changed the conversation. He asked his uncle whether he still entertained the same doubts and fears in respect to the expedition that he had expressed at Susa when the plan was first proposed in the council. Artabanus replied that he most sincerely hoped that the prognostications of the vision would prove true, but that he had still great apprehensions of the result. "I have been reflecting," continued he, "with great care on the whole subject, and it seems to me that there are two dangers of very serious character to which your expedition will be imminently exposed."

Xerxes wished to know what they were.

"They both arise," said Artabanus, "from the immense magnitude of your operations. In the first place, you have so large a number of ships, galleys, and transports in your fleet, that I do not see how, when you have gone down upon the Greek coast, if a storm should arise, you are going to find shelter for them. There are no harbors there large enough to afford anchorage ground for such an immense number of vessels."

"And what is the other danger?" asked Xerxes.

"The other is the difficulty of finding food for such a vast multitude of _men_ as you have brought together in your armies. The quantity of food necessary to supply such countless numbers is almost incalculable. Your granaries and magazines will soon be exhausted, and then, as no country whatever that you can pass through will have resources of food adequate for such a multitude of mouths, it seems to me that your march must inevitably end in a famine. The less resistance you meet with, and the further you consequently advance, the worse it will be for you. I do not see how this fatal result can possibly be avoided; and so uneasy and anxious am I on the subject, that I have no rest or peace."

"I admit," said Xerxes, in reply, "that what you say is not wholly unreasonable; but in great undertakings it will never do to take counsel wholly of our fears. I am willing to submit to a very large portion of the evils to which I expose myself on this expedition, rather than not accomplish the end which I have in view. Besides, the most prudent and cautious counsels are not always the best. He who hazards nothing gains nothing. I have always observed that in all the affairs of human life, those who exhibit some enterprise and courage in what they undertake are far more likely to be successful than those who weigh every thing and consider every thing, and will not advance where they can see any remote prospect of danger. If my predecessors had acted on the principles which you recommend, the Persian empire would never have acquired the greatness to which it has now attained. In continuing to act on the same principles which governed them, I confidently expect the same success. We shall conquer Europe, and then return in peace, I feel assured, without encountering the famine which you dread so much, or any other great calamity."

On hearing these words, and observing how fixed and settled the determinations of Xerxes were, Artabanus said no more on the general subject, but on one point he ventured to offer his counsel to his nephew, and that was on the subject of employing the Ionians in the war. The Ionians were Greeks by descent. Their ancestors had crossed the AEgean Sea, and settled at various places along the coast of Asia Minor, in the western part of the provinces of Caria, Lydia, and Mysia. Artabanus thought it was dangerous to take these men to fight against their countrymen. However faithfully disposed they might be in commencing the enterprise, a thousand circumstances might occur to shake their fidelity and lead them to revolt, when they found themselves in the land of their forefathers, and heard the enemies against whom they had been brought to contend speaking their own mother tongue.

Xerxes, however, was not convinced by Artabanus's arguments. He thought that the employment of the Ionians was perfectly safe. They had been eminently faithful and firm, he said, under Histiaeus, in the time of Darius's invasion of Scythia, when Darius had left them to guard his bridge over the Danube. They had proved themselves trustworthy then, and he would, he said, accordingly trust them now. "Besides," he added, "they have left their property, their wives and their children, and all else that they hold dear, in our hands in Asia, and they will not dare, while we retain such hostages, to do any thing against us."

Xerxes said, however, that since Artabanus was so much concerned in respect to the result of the expedition, he should not be compelled to accompany it any further, but that he might return to Susa instead, and take charge of the government there until Xerxes should return.

A part of the celebration on the great day of parade, on which this conversation between the king and his uncle was held, consisted of a naval sea fight, waged on the Hellespont, between two of the nations of his army, for the king's amusement. The Phoenicians were the victors in this combat. Xerxes was greatly delighted with the combat, and, in fact, with the whole of the magnificent spectacle which the day had displayed.

Soon after this, Xerxes dismissed Artabanus, ordering him to return to Susa, and to assume the regency of the empire. He convened, also, another general council of the nobles of his court and the officers of the army, to announce to them that the time had arrived for crossing the bridge, and to make his farewell address to them before they should take their final departure from Asia. He exhorted them to enter upon the great work before them with a determined and resolute spirit, saying that if the Greeks were once subdued, no other enemies able at all to cope with the Persians would be left on the habitable globe.

On the dismission of the council, orders were given to commence the crossing of the bridge the next day at sunrise. The preparations were made accordingly. In the morning, as soon as it was light, and while waiting for the rising of the sun, they burned upon the bridge all manner of perfumes, and strewed the way with branches of myrtle, the emblem of triumph and joy. As the time for the rising of the sun drew nigh, Xerxes stood with a golden vessel full of wine, which he was to pour out as a libation as soon as the first dazzling beams should appear above the horizon. When, at length, the moment arrived, he poured out the wine into the sea, throwing the vessel in which it had been contained after it as an offering. He also threw in, at the same time, a golden goblet of great value, and a Persian cimeter. The ancient historian who records these facts was uncertain whether these offerings were intended as acts of adoration addressed to the sun, or as oblations presented to the sea--a sort of peace offering, perhaps, to soothe the feelings of the mighty monster, irritated and chafed by the chastisement which it had previously received.

[Illustration: XERXES CROSSING THE HELLESPONT.]

One circumstance indicated that the offering was intended for the sun, for, at the time of making it, Xerxes addressed to the great luminary a sort of petition, which might be considered either an apostrophe or a prayer, imploring its protection. He called upon the sun to accompany and defend the expedition, and to preserve it from every calamity until it should have accomplished its mission of

subjecting all Europe to the Persian sway.

The army then commenced its march. The order of march was very much the same as that which had been observed in the departure from Sardis. The beasts of burden and the baggage were preceded and followed by immense bodies of troops of all nations. The whole of the first day was occupied by the passing of this part of the army. Xerxes himself, and the sacred portion of the train, were to follow them on the second day. Accordingly, there came, on the second day, first, an immense squadron of horse, with garlands on the heads of the horsemen; next, the sacred horses and the sacred car of Jupiter. Then came Xerxes himself, in his war chariot, with trumpets sounding, and banners waving in the air. At the moment when Xerxes's chariot entered upon the bridge, the fleet of galleys, which had been drawn up in preparation near the Asiatic shore, were set in motion, and moved in a long and majestic line across the strait to the European side, accompanying and keeping pace with their mighty master in his progress. Thus was spent the second day.

Five more days were consumed in getting over the remainder of the army, and the immense trains of beasts and of baggage which followed. The officers urged the work forward as rapidly as possible, and, toward the end, as is always the case in the movement of such enormous masses, it became a scene of inconceivable noise, terror, and confusion. The officers drove forward men and beasts alike by the lashes of their whips--every one struggling, under the influence of such stimulants, to get forward--while fallen animals, broken wagons, and the bodies of those exhausted and dying with excitement and fatigue, choked the way. The mighty mass was, however, at last transferred to the European continent, full of anxious fears in respect to what awaited them, but yet having very faint and feeble conceptions of the awful scenes in which the enterprise of their reckless leader was to end.

CHAPTER VI.

THE REVIEW OF THE TROOPS AT DORISCUS.

B.C. 480

The fleet and the army separate.--The Chersonesus.--Sufferings from thirst.--The Hebrus.--Plain of Doriscus.--Preparations for the great review.--Mode of taking a census.--Immense numbers of the troops.--The cavalry.--Corps of Arabs and Egyptians.--Sum total of the army.--Various nations.--Dress and equipments.--Uncouth costumes.--Various weapons.--The lasso.--Dresses of various kinds.--The Immortals.--Privileges of the Immortals.--The fleet.--Xerxes reviews the troops.--He reviews the fleet.--A lady admiral.--Her abilities.--Number of vessels in the fleet.--Demaratus the Greek.--Story of Demaratus.--Childhood of his mother.--The change.--Ariston, king of Sparta.--The agreement.--Birth of Demaratus.--Demaratus disowned.--His flight.--Question of Xerxes.--Perplexity of Demaratus.--Demaratus describes the Spartans.--Surprise of Xerxes.--Reply of Xerxes.--His displeasure.--Demaratus's apology.--His gratitude to Darius.--Demaratus's defense of the Spartans.--They are governed by law.--Xerxes resumes his march.--Division of the army.--The Strymon.--Human sacrifices.--Arrival at the canal.--Death of the engineer.--Burial of the engineer.--A grand feast.--Scene of revelry.--Desolation and depopulation of the country.

As soon as the expedition of Xerxes had crossed the Hellespont and arrived safely on the European side, as narrated in the last chapter, it became necessary for the fleet and the army to separate, and to move, for a time, in opposite directions from each other. The reader will observe, by examining the map, that the army, on reaching the European shore, at the point to which they would be conducted by a bridge at Abydos, would find themselves in the middle of a long and narrow peninsula called the Chersonesus, and that, before commencing its regular march along the northern coast of the AEgean Sea, it would be necessary first to proceed for fifteen or twenty miles to the eastward, in order to get round the bay by which the peninsula is bounded on the north and west. While, therefore, the fleet went directly westward along the coast, the army turned to the eastward, a place of rendezvous having been appointed on the northern coast of the sea, where they were all soon to meet again.

The army moved on by a slow and toilsome progress until it reached the neck of the peninsula, and then turning at the head of the bay, it moved westward again, following the direction of the coast. The line of march was, however, laid at some distance from the shore, partly for the sake of avoiding the indentations made in the land by gulfs and bays, and partly for the sake of crossing the streams from the interior at points so far inland that the water found in them should be fresh and pure. Notwithstanding these precautions, however, the water often failed. So immense were the multitudes of men and of beasts, and so craving was the thirst which the heat and the fatigues of the march engendered, that, in several instances, they drank the little rivers dry.

The first great and important river which the army had to pass after entering Europe was the Hebrus. Not far from the mouth of the Hebrus, where it emptied into the AEgean Sea, was a great plain, which was called the plain of Doriscus. There was an extensive

fortress here, which had been erected by the orders of Darius when he had subjugated this part of the country. The position of this fortress was an important one, because it commanded the whole region watered by the Hebrus, which was a very fruitful and populous district. Xerxes had been intending to have a grand review and enumeration of his forces on entering the European territories, and he judged Doriscus to be a very suitable place for his purpose. He could establish his own head-quarters in the fortress, while his armies could be marshaled and reviewed on the plain. The fleet, too, had been ordered to draw up to the shore at the same spot, and when the army reached the ground, they found the vessels already in the offing.

The army accordingly halted, and the necessary arrangements were made for the review. The first thing was to ascertain the numbers of the troops; and as the soldiers were too numerous to be counted, Xerxes determined to _measure_ the mighty mass as so much bulk, and then ascertain the numbers by a computation. They made the measure itself in the following manner: They counted off, first, ten thousand men, and brought them together in a compact circular mass, in the middle of the plain, and then marked a line upon the ground inclosing them. Upon this line, thus determined, they built a stone wall, about four feet high, with openings on opposite sides of it, by which men might enter and go out. When the wall was built, soldiers were sent into the inclosure--just as corn would be poured by a husbandman into a wooden peck--until it was full. The mass thus required to fill the inclosure was deemed and taken to be ten thousand men. This was the first filling of the measure. These men were then ordered to retire, and a fresh mass was introduced, and so on until the whole army was measured. The inclosure was filled one hundred and seventy times with the foot soldiers before the process was completed, indicating, as the total amount of the infantry of the army, a force of one million seven hundred thousand men. This enumeration, it must be remembered, included the land forces alone.

This method of measuring the army in bulk was applied only to the foot soldiers; they constituted the great mass of the forces convened. There were, however, various other bodies of troops in the army, which, from their nature, were more systematically organized than the common foot soldiers, and so their numbers were known by the regular enrollment. There was, for example, a cavalry force of eighty thousand men. There was also a corps of Arabs, on camels, and another of Egyptians, in war chariots, which together amounted to twenty thousand. Then, besides these land forces, there were half a million of men in the fleet. Immense as these numbers are, they were still further increased, as the army moved on, by Xerxes's system of compelling the forces of every kingdom and province through which he passed to join the expedition; so that, at length, when the Persian king fairly entered the heart of the Greek territory, Herodotus, the great narrator of his history, in summing up the whole number of men regularly connected with the army, makes a total of about five millions of men. One hundred thousand men, which is but one fiftieth part of five millions, is considered, in modern times, an immense army; and, in fact, half even of that number was thought, in the time of the American Revolution, a sufficient force to threaten the colonies with overwhelming destruction. "If ten thousand men will not do to put down the rebellion," said an orator in the House of Commons, "fifty thousand _shall_."

Herodotus adds that, besides the five millions regularly connected with the army, there was an immense and promiscuous mass of women, slaves, cooks, bakers, and camp followers of every description, that no human powers could estimate or number.

But to return to the review. The numbers of the army having been ascertained, the next thing was to marshal and arrange the men by nations under their respective leaders, to be reviewed by the king. A very full enumeration of these divisions of the army is given by the historians of the day, with minute descriptions of the kind of armor which the troops of the several nations wore. There were more than fifty of these nations in all. Some of them were highly civilized, others were semi-barbarous tribes; and, of course, they presented, as marshaled in long array upon the plain, every possible variety of dress and equipment. Some were armed with brazen helmets, and coats of mail formed of plates of iron; others wore linen tunics, or rude garments made of the skins of beasts. The troops of one nation had their heads covered with helmets, those of another with miters, and of a third with tiaras. There was one savage-looking horde that had caps made of the skin of the upper part of a horse's head, in its natural form, with the ears standing up erect at the top, and the mane flowing down behind. These men held the skins of cranes before them instead of shields, so that they looked like horned monsters, half beast and half bird, endeavoring to assume the guise and attitude of men. There was another corps whose men were really horned, since they wore caps made from the skins of the heads of oxen, with the horns standing. Wild beasts were personated, too, as well as tame; for some nations were clothed in lions' skins, and others in panthers' skins--the clothing being considered, apparently, the more honorable, in proportion to the ferocity of the brute to which it had originally belonged.

The weapons, too, were of every possible form and guise. Spears--some pointed with iron, some with stone, and others shaped simply by being burned to a point in the fire; bows and arrows, of every variety of material and form, swords, daggers, slings, clubs, darts, javelins, and every other imaginable species of weapon which human ingenuity, savage or civilized, had then conceived. Even the lasso--the weapon of the American aborigines of modern times--was there. It is described by the ancient historian as a

long thong of leather wound into a coil, and finished in a noose at the end, which noose the rude warrior who used the implement launched through the air at the enemy, and entangling rider and horse together by means of it, brought them both to the ground.

There was every variety of taste, too, in the fashion and the colors of the dresses which were worn. Some were of artificial fabrics, and dyed in various and splendid hues. Some were very plain, the wearers of them affecting a simple and savage ferocity in the fashion of their vesture. Some tribes had painted skins--beauty, in their view, consisting, apparently, in hideousness. There was one barbarian horde who wore very little clothing of any kind. They had knotty clubs for weapons, and, in lieu of a dress, they had painted their naked bodies half white and half a bright vermilion.

In all this vast array, the corps which stood at the head, in respect to their rank and the costliness and elegance of their equipment, was a Persian squadron of ten thousand men, called the Immortals. They had received this designation from the fact that the body was kept always exactly full, as, whenever any one of the number died, another soldier was instantly put into his place, whose life was considered in some respects a continuation of the existence of the man who had fallen. Thus, by a fiction somewhat analogous to that by which the king, in England, never dies, these ten thousand Persians were an immortal band. They were all carefully-selected soldiers, and they enjoyed very unusual privileges and honors. They were mounted troops, and their dress and their armor were richly decorated with gold. They were accompanied in their campaigns by their wives and families, for whose use carriages were provided which followed the camp, and there was a long train of camels besides, attached to the service of the corps, to carry their provisions and their baggage.

While all these countless varieties of land troops were marshaling and arranging themselves upon the plain, each under its own officers and around its own standards, the naval commanders were employed in bringing up the fleet of galleys to the shore, where they were anchored in a long line not far from the beach, and with their prows toward the land. Thus there was a space of open water left between the line of vessels and the beach, along which Xerxes's barge was to pass when the time for the naval part of the review should arrive.

When all things were ready, Xerxes mounted his war chariot and rode slowly around the plain, surveying attentively, and with great interest and pleasure, the long lines of soldiers, in all their variety of equipment and costume, as they stood displayed before him. It required a progress of many miles to see them all. When this review of the land forces was concluded, the king went to the shore, and embarked on board a royal galley which had been prepared for him, and there, seated upon the deck under a gilded canopy, he was rowed by the oarsmen along the line of ships, between their prows and the land. The ships were from many nations as well as the soldiers, and exhibited the same variety of fashion and equipment. The land troops had come from the inland realms and provinces which occupied the heart of Asia, while the ships and the seamen had been furnished by the maritime regions which extended along the coasts of the Black, and the AEgean, and the Mediterranean Seas. Thus the people of Egypt had furnished two hundred ships, the Phoenicians three hundred, Cyprus fifty, the Cilicians and the Ionians one hundred each, and so with a great many other nations and tribes.

The various squadrons which were thus combined in forming this immense fleet were manned and officered, of course, from the nations that severally furnished them, and one of them was actually commanded in person by a queen. The name of this lady admiral was Artemisia. She was the Queen of Caria, a small province in the southwestern part of Asia Minor, having Halicarnassus for its capital. Artemisia, though in history called a queen, was, in reality, more properly a regent, as she governed in the name of her son, who was yet a child. The quota of ships which Caria was to furnish was five. Artemisia, being a lady of ambitious and masculine turn of mind, and fond of adventure, determined to accompany the expedition. Not only her own vessels, but also those from some neighboring islands, were placed under her charge, so that she commanded quite an important division of the fleet. She proved, also, in the course of the voyage, to be abundantly qualified for the discharge of her duties. She became, in fact, one of the ablest and most efficient commanders in the fleet, not only maneuvering and managing her own particular division in a very successful manner, but also taking a very active and important part in the general consultations, where what she said was listened to with great respect, and always had great weight in determining the decisions. In the great battle of Salamis she acted a very conspicuous part, as will hereafter appear.

The whole number of galleys of the first class in Xerxes's fleet was more than twelve hundred, a number abundantly sufficient to justify the apprehensions of Artabanus that no harbor would be found capacious enough to shelter them in the event of a sudden storm. The line which they formed on this occasion, when drawn up side by side upon the shore for review, must have extended many miles.

Xerxes moved slowly along this line in his barge, attended by the officers of his court and the great generals of his army, who surveyed the various ships as they passed them, and noted the diverse national costumes and equipments of the men with curiosity and pleasure. Among those who attended the king on this occasion was a certain Greek named Demaratus, an exile from his native land, who had fled to Persia, and had been kindly received by Darius some years before. Having remained in the Persian court until Xerxes succeeded to the throne and undertook the invasion of Greece, he concluded to accompany the expedition.

The story of the political difficulties in which Demaratus became involved in his native land, and which led to his flight from Greece, was very extraordinary. It was this:

The mother of Demaratus was the daughter of parents of high rank and great affluence in Sparta, but in her childhood her features were extremely plain and repulsive. Now there was a temple in the neighborhood of the place where her parents resided, consecrated to Helen, a princess who, while she lived, enjoyed the fame of being the most beautiful woman in the world. The nurse recommended that the child should be taken every day to this temple, and that petitions should be offered there at the shrine of Helen that the repulsive deformity of her features might be removed. The mother consented to this plan, only enjoining upon the nurse not to let any one see the face of her unfortunate offspring in going and returning. The nurse accordingly carried the child to the temple day after day, and holding it in her arms before the shrine, implored the mercy of Heaven for her helpless charge, and the bestowal upon it of the boon of beauty.

These petitions were, it seems, at length heard, for one day, when the nurse was coming down from the temple, after offering her customary prayer, she was met and accosted by a mysterious-looking woman, who asked her what it was that she was carrying in her arms. The nurse replied that it was a child. The woman wanted to look at it. The nurse refused to show the face of the child, saying that she had been forbidden to do so. The woman, however, insisted upon seeing its face, and at last the nurse consented and removed the coverings. The stranger stroked down the face of the child, saying, at the same time, that now that child should become the most beautiful woman of Sparta.

Her words proved true. The features of the young girl rapidly changed, and her countenance soon became as wonderful for its loveliness as it had been before for its hideous deformity. When she arrived at a proper age, a certain Spartan nobleman named Agetus, a particular friend of the king's, made her his wife.

The name of the king of Sparta at that time was Ariston. He had been twice married, and his second wife was still living, but he had no children. When he came to see and to know the beautiful wife of Agetus, he wished to obtain her for himself, and began to revolve the subject in his mind, with a view to discover some method by which he might hope to accomplish his purpose. He decided at length upon the following plan. He proposed to Agetus to make an exchange of gifts, offering to give to him any one object which he might choose from all his, that is, Ariston's effects, provided that Agetus would, in the same manner, give to Ariston whatever Ariston might choose. Agetus consented to the proposal, without, however, giving it any serious consideration. As Ariston was already married, he did not for a moment imagine that his wife could be the object which the king would demand. The parties to this foolish agreement confirmed the obligation of it by a solemn oath, and then each made known to the other what he had selected. Agetus gained some jewel, or costly garment, or perhaps a gilded and embellished weapon, and lost forever his beautiful wife. Ariston repudiated his own second wife, and put the prize which he had thus surreptitiously acquired in her place as a third.

About seven or eight months after this time Demaratus was born. The intelligence was brought to Ariston one day by a slave, when he was sitting at a public tribunal. Ariston seemed surprised at the intelligence, and exclaimed that the child was not his. He, however, afterward retracted this disavowal, and owned Demaratus as his son. The child grew up, and in process of time, when his father died, he succeeded to the throne. The magistrates, however, who had heard the declaration of his father at the time of his birth, remembered it, and reported it to others; and when Ariston died and Demaratus assumed the supreme power, the next heir denied his right to the succession, and in process of time formed a strong party against him. A long series of civil dissensions arose, and at length the claims of Demaratus were defeated, his enemies triumphed, and he fled from the country to save his life. He arrived at Susa near the close of Darius's reign, and it was his counsel which led the king to decide the contest among his sons for the right of succession, in favor of Xerxes, as described at the close of the first chapter. Xerxes had remembered his obligations to Demaratus for this interposition. He had retained him in the royal court after his accession to the throne, and had bestowed upon him many marks of distinction and honor.

Demaratus had decided to accompany Xerxes on his expedition into Greece, and now, while the Persian officers were looking with so much pride and pleasure on the immense preparations which they were making for the subjugation of a foreign and hostile state,

Demaratus, too, was in the midst of the scene, regarding the spectacle with no less of interest, probably, and yet, doubtless, with very different feelings, since the country upon which this dreadful cloud of gloom and destruction was about to burst was his own native land.

After the review was ended, Xerxes sent for Demaratus to come to the castle. When he arrived, the king addressed him as follows:

"You are a Greek, Demaratus, and you know your countrymen well; and now, as you have seen the fleet and the army that have been displayed here to-day, tell me what is your opinion. Do you think that the Greeks will undertake to defend themselves against such a force, or will they submit at once without attempting any resistance?"

Demaratus seemed at first perplexed and uncertain, as if not knowing exactly what answer to make to the question. At length he asked the king whether it was his wish that he should respond by speaking the blunt and honest truth, or by saying what would be polite and agreeable.

Xerxes replied that he wished him, of course, to speak the truth. The truth itself would be what he should consider the most agreeable.

"Since you desire it, then," said Demaratus, "I will speak the exact truth. Greece is the child of poverty. The inhabitants of the land have learned wisdom and discipline in the severe school of adversity, and their resolution and courage are absolutely indomitable. They all deserve this praise; but I speak more particularly of my own countrymen, the people of Sparta. I am sure that they will reject any proposal which you may make to them for submission to your power, and that they will resist you to the last extremity. The disparity of numbers will have no influence whatever on their decision. If all the rest of Greece were to submit to you, leaving the Spartans alone, and if they should find themselves unable to muster more than a thousand men, they would give you battle."

Xerxes expressed great surprise at this assertion, and thought that Demaratus could not possibly mean what he seemed to say. "I appeal to yourself," said he; "would _you_ dare to encounter, alone, ten men? You have been the prince of the Spartans, and a prince ought, at least, to be equal to two common men; so that to show that the Spartans in general could be brought to fight a superiority of force of even ten to one, it ought to appear that you would dare to engage twenty. This is manifestly absurd. In fact, for any person to pretend to be able or willing to fight under such a disparity of numbers, evinces only pride and insolent presumption. And even this proportion of ten to one, or even twenty to one, is nothing compared to the real disparity; for, even if we grant to the Spartans as large a force as there is any possibility of their obtaining, I shall then have _a thousand_ to one against them.

"Besides," continued the king, "there is a great difference in the character of the troops. The Greeks are all freemen, while my soldiers are all slaves--bound absolutely to do my bidding, without complaint or murmur. Such soldiers as mine, who are habituated to submit entirely to the will of another, and who live under the continual fear of the lash, might, perhaps, be forced to go into battle against a great superiority of numbers, or under other manifest disadvantages; but free men, never. I do not believe that a body of Greeks could be brought to engage a body of Persians, man for man. Every consideration shows, thus, that the opinion which you have expressed is unfounded. You could only have been led to entertain such an opinion through ignorance and unaccountable presumption."

"I was afraid," replied Demaratus, "from the first, that, by speaking the truth, I should offend you. I should not have given you my real opinion of the Spartans if you had not ordered me to speak without reserve. You certainly can not suppose me to have been influenced by a feeling of undue partiality for the men whom I commended, since they have been my most implacable and bitter enemies, and have driven me into hopeless exile from my native land. Your father, on the other hand, received and protected me, and the sincere gratitude which I feel for the favors which I have received from him and from you incline me to take the most favorable view possible of the Persian cause.

"I certainly should not be willing, as you justly suppose, to engage, alone, twenty men, or ten, or even one, unless there was an absolute necessity for it. I do not say that any single Lacedaemonian could successfully encounter ten or twenty Persians, although in personal conflicts they are certainly not inferior to other men. It is when they are combined in a body even though that body be small, that their great superiority is seen.

"As to their being free, and thus not easily led into battle in circumstances of imminent danger, it must be considered that their freedom is not absolute, like that of savages in a fray, where each acts according to his own individual will and pleasure, but it is qualified and controlled by law. The Spartan soldiers are not personal slaves, governed by the lash of a master, it is true; but they

have certain principles of obligation and duty which they all feel most solemnly bound to obey. They stand in greater awe of the authority of this law than your subjects do of the lash. It commands them never to fly from the field of battle, whatever may be the number of their adversaries. It commands them to preserve their ranks, to stand firm at the posts assigned them, and there to conquer or die.

"This is the truth in respect to them. If what I say seems to you absurd, I will in future be silent. I have spoken honestly what I think, because your majesty commanded me to do so; and, notwithstanding what I have said, I sincerely wish that all your majesty's desires and expectations may be fulfilled."

The ideas which Demaratus thus appeared to entertain of danger to the countless and formidable hosts of Xerxes's army, from so small and insignificant a power as that of Sparta, seemed to Xerxes too absurd to awaken any serious displeasure in his mind. He only smiled, therefore, at Demaratus's fears, and dismissed him.

Leaving a garrison and a governor in possession of the castle of Doriscus, Xerxes resumed his march along the northern shores of the AEgean Sea, the immense swarms of men filling all the roads, devouring every thing capable of being used as food, either for beast or man, and drinking all the brooks and smaller rivers dry. Even with this total consumption of the food and the water which they obtained on the march, the supplies would have been found insufficient if the whole army had advanced through one tract of country. They accordingly divided the host into three great columns, one of which kept near the shore; the other marched far in the interior, and the third in the intermediate space. They thus exhausted the resources of a very wide region. All the men, too, that were capable of bearing arms in the nations that these several divisions passed on the way, they compelled to join them, so that the army left, as it moved along, a very broad extent of country trampled down, impoverished, desolate, and full of lamentation and woe. The whole march was perhaps the most gigantic crime against the rights and the happiness of man that human wickedness has ever been able to commit.

The army halted, from time to time, for various purposes, sometimes for the performance of what they considered religions ceremonies, which were intended to propitiate the supernatural powers of the earth and of the air. When they reached the Strymon, where, it will be recollected, a bridge had been previously built, so as to be ready for the army when it should arrive, they offered a sacrifice of five white horses to the river. In the same region, too, they halted at a place called the Nine Ways, where Xerxes resolved to offer a human sacrifice to a certain god whom the Persians believed to reside in the interior of the earth. The mode of sacrificing to this god was to bury the wretched victims alive. The Persians seized, accordingly, by Xerxes's orders, nine young men and nine girls from among the people of the country, and buried them alive!

Marching slowly on in this manner, the army at length reached the point upon the coast where the canal had been cut across the isthmus of Mount Athos. The town which was nearest to this spot was Acanthus, the situation of which, together with that of the canal, will be found upon the map. The fleet arrived at this point by sea nearly at the same time with the army coming by land. Xerxes examined the canal, and was extremely well satisfied with its construction. He commended the chief engineer, whose name was Artachaees, in the highest terms, for the successful manner in which he had executed the work, and rendered him very distinguished honors.

It unfortunately happened, however, that, a few days after the arrival of the fleet and the army at the canal, and before the fleet had commenced the passage of it, that Artachaees died. The king considered this event as a serious calamity to him, as he expected that other occasions would arrive on which he would have occasion to avail himself of the engineer's talents and skill. He ordered preparations to be made for a most magnificent burial, and the body was in due time deposited in the grave with imposing funeral solemnities. A very splendid monument, too, was raised upon the spot, which employed, for some time, all the mechanical force of the army in its erection.

While Xerxes remained at Acanthus, he required the people of the neighboring country to entertain his army at a grand feast, the cost of which totally ruined them. Not only was all the food of the vicinity consumed, but all the means and resources of the inhabitants, of every kind, were exhausted in the additional supplies which they had to procure from the surrounding regions. At this feast the army in general ate, seated in groups upon the ground, in the open air; but for Xerxes and the nobles of the court a great pavilion was built, where tables were spread, and vessels and furniture of silver and gold, suitable to the dignity of the occasion, were provided. Almost all the property which the people of the region had accumulated by years of patient industry was consumed at once in furnishing the vast amount of food which was required for this feast, and the gold and silver plate which was to be used in the pavilion. During the entertainment, the inhabitants of the country waited upon their exacting and insatiable guests until they

were utterly exhausted by the fatigues of the service. When, at length, the feast was ended, and Xerxes and his company left the pavilion, the vast assembly outside broke up in disorder, pulled the pavilion to pieces, plundered the tables of the gold and silver plate, and departed to their several encampments, leaving nothing behind them.

The inhabitants of the country were so completely impoverished and ruined by these exactions, that those who were not impressed into Xerxes's service and compelled to follow his army, abandoned their homes, and roamed away in the hope of finding elsewhere the means of subsistence which it was no longer possible to obtain on their own lands; and thus, when Xerxes at last gave orders to the fleet to pass through the canal, and to his army to resume its march, he left the whole region utterly depopulated and desolate.

He went on to Therma, a port situated on the northwestern corner of the AEgean Sea, which was the last of his places of rendezvous before his actual advance into Greece.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PREPARATIONS OF THE GREEKS FOR DEFENSE.

B.C. 480

The Greeks.--The two prominent states of Greece.--Greek kings.--The two kings of Sparta.--Origin of the custom of two kings.--The twins.--The Delphic oracle consulted.--Plan for ascertaining the eldest.--Civil dissensions.--Two lines established.--Character of the Spartans.--Their lofty spirit.--The Athenians.--The city of Athens.--Sparta and Athens defy the Persians.--Earth and water.--Spirit of the Spartans.--The blank tablets.--Leonidas.--His wife discovers the writing on the tablets.--The three spies.--Alarm at Athens.--The Greeks consult the Delphic oracle.--The responses.--Various interpretations of the oracle.--The Athenian fleet.--Themistocles.--Proposed confederation.--Council of Spartans and Athenians.--The Argives reject the propositions of the Spartans.--Embassy to Sicily.--Demands of Gelon.--The embassadors go to Corcyra.--The River Peneus.--The Vale of Tempe.--Straits of Thermopylae.--Question to be decided.--Messengers from Thessaly.--Negotiations.--Decision to defend the Olympic Straits.--Sailing of the fleet.--Advice of the King of Macedon.--The Greeks fall back to Thermopylae.--Xerxes visits Thessaly.--Beautiful rural scene.--Conversation of Xerxes at the Olympic Pass.

We must now leave, for a time, the operations of Xerxes and his army, and turn our attention to the Greeks, and to the preparations which they were making to meet the emergency.

The two states of Greece which were most prominent in the transactions connected with the invasion of Xerxes were Athens and Sparta. By referring to the map, Athens will be found to have been situated upon a promontory just without the Peloponnesus, while Sparta, on the other hand, was in the center of a valley which lay in the southern part of the peninsula. Each of these cities was the center and strong-hold of a small but very energetic and powerful commonwealth. The two states were entirely independent of each other, and each had its own peculiar system of government, of usages, and of laws. These systems, and, in fact, the characters of the two communities, in all respects, were extremely dissimilar.

Both these states, though in name republics, had certain magistrates, called commonly, in history, kings. These kings were, however, in fact, only military chieftains, commanders of the armies rather than sovereign rulers of the state. The name by which such a chieftain was actually called by the people themselves, in those days, was _tyrannus_, the name from which our word _tyrant_ is derived. As, however, the word _tyrannus_ had none of that opprobrious import which is associated with its English derivative, the latter is not now a suitable substitute for the former. Historians, therefore, commonly use the word king instead, though that word does not properly express the idea. They were commanders, chieftains, hereditary generals, but not strictly kings. We shall, however, often call them kings, in these narratives, in conformity with the general usage. Demaratus, who had fled from Sparta to seek refuge with Darius, and who was now accompanying Xerxes on his march to Greece, was one of these kings.

It was a peculiarity in the constitution of Sparta that, from a very early period of its history, there had been always two kings, who had held the supreme command in conjunction with each other, like the Roman consuls in later times. This custom was sustained partly by the idea that by this division of the executive power of the state, the exercise of the power was less likely to become despotic or tyrannical. It had its origin, however, according to the ancient legends, in the following singular occurrences:

At a very early period in the history of Sparta, when the people had always been accustomed, like other states, to have one prince or chieftain, a certain prince died, leaving his wife, whose name was Argia, and two infant children, as his survivors. The children

were twins, and the father had died almost immediately after they were born. Now the office of king was in a certain sense hereditary, and yet not absolutely so; for the people were accustomed to assemble on the death of the king, and determine who should be his successor, choosing always, however, the oldest son of the former monarch, unless there was some very extraordinary and imperious reason for not doing so. In this case they decided, as usual, that the oldest son should be king.

But here a very serious difficulty arose, which was, to determine which of the twins was the oldest son. They resembled each other so closely that no stranger could distinguish one from the other at all. The mother said that she could not distinguish them, and that she did not know which was the first-born. This was not strictly true; for she did, in fact, know, and only denied her power to decide the question because she wished to have both of her children kings.

In this perplexity the Spartans sent to the oracle at Delphi to know what they were to do. The oracle gave, as usual, an ambiguous and unsatisfactory response. It directed the people to make both the children kings, but to render the highest honors to the first-born. When this answer was reported at Sparta, it only increased the difficulty; for how were they to render peculiar honors to the first-born unless they could ascertain which the first-born was?

In this dilemma, some person suggested to the magistrates that perhaps Argia really knew which was the eldest child, and that if so, by watching her, to see whether she washed and fed one, uniformly, before the other, or gave it precedence in any other way, by which her latent maternal instinct or partiality might appear, the question might possibly be determined. This plan was accordingly adopted. The magistrates contrived means to place a servant maid in the house to watch the mother in the way proposed, and the result was that the true order of birth was revealed. From that time forward, while they were both considered as princes, the one now supposed to be the first-born took precedence of the other.

When, however, the children arrived at an age to assume the exercise of the governmental power, as there was no perceptible difference between them in age, or strength, or accomplishments, the one who had been decided to be the younger was little disposed to submit to the other. Each had his friends and adherents, parties were formed, and a long and angry civil dissension ensued. In the end the question was compromised, the command was divided, and the system of having two chief magistrates became gradually established, the power descending in two lines, from father to son, through many generations. Of course there was perpetual jealousy and dissension, and often open and terrible conflicts, between these two rival lines.

The Spartans were an agricultural people, cultivating the valley in the southeastern part of the Peloponnesus, the waters of which were collected and conveyed to the sea by the River Eurotas and its branches. They lived in the plainest possible manner, and prided themselves on the stern and stoical resolution with which they rejected all the refinements and luxuries of society. Courage, hardihood, indifference to life, and the power to endure without a murmur the most severe and protracted sufferings, were the qualities which they valued. They despised wealth just as other nations despise effeminacy and foppery. Their laws discouraged commerce, lest it should make some of the people rich. Their clothes were scanty and plain, their houses were comfortless, their food was a coarse bread, hard and brown, and their money was of iron. With all this, however, they were the most ferocious and terrible soldiers in the world.

They were, moreover, with all their plainness of manners and of life, of a very proud and lofty spirit. All agricultural toil, and every other species of manual labor in their state, were performed by a servile peasantry, while the free citizens, whose profession was exclusively that of arms, were as aristocratic and exalted in soul as any nobles on earth. People are sometimes, in our day, when money is so much valued, proud, notwithstanding their poverty. The Spartans were proud of their poverty itself. They could be rich if they chose, but they despised riches. They looked down on all the refinements and delicacies of dress and of living from an elevation far above them. They looked down on labor, too, with the same contempt. They were yet very nice and particular about their dress and military appearance, though every thing pertaining to both was coarse and simple, and they had slaves to wait upon them even in their campaigns.

The Athenians were a totally different people. The leading classes in their commonwealth were cultivated, intellectual, and refined. The city of Athens was renowned for the splendor of its architecture, its temples, its citadels, its statues, and its various public institutions, which in subsequent times made it the great intellectual center of Europe. It was populous and wealthy. It had a great commerce and a powerful fleet. The Spartan character, in a word, was stern, gloomy, indomitable, and wholly unadorned. The Athenians were rich, intellectual, and refined. The two nations were nearly equal in power, and were engaged in a perpetual and incessant rivalry.

[Illustration: FATE OF THE PERSIAN EMBASSADORS AT SPARTA.]

There were various other states and cities in Greece, but Athens and Sparta were at this time the most considerable, and they were altogether the most resolute and determined in their refusal to submit to the Persian sway. In fact, so well known and understood was the spirit of defiance with which these two powers were disposed to regard the Persian invasion, that when Xerxes sent his summons demanding submission, to the other states of Greece, he did not send any to these. When Darius invaded Greece some years before, he had summoned Athens and Sparta as well as the others, but his demands were indignantly rejected. It seems that the custom was for a government or a prince, when acknowledging the dominion of a superior power, to send, as a token of territorial submission, a little earth and water, which was a sort of legal form of giving up possession of their country to the sovereign who claimed it. Accordingly, when Darius sent his embassadors into Greece to summon the country to surrender, the embassadors, according to the usual form, called upon the governments of the several states to send earth and water to the king. The Athenians, as has been already said, indignantly refused to comply with this demand. The Spartans, not content with a simple refusal, seized the embassadors and threw them into a well, telling them, as they went down, that if they wanted earth and water for the King of Persia, they might get it there.

The Greeks had obtained some information of Xerxes's designs against them before they received his summons. The first intelligence was communicated to the Spartans by Demaratus himself, while he was at Susa, in the following singular manner. It was the custom, in those days, to write with a steel point on a smooth surface of wax. The wax was spread for this purpose on a board or tablet of metal, in a very thin stratum, forming a ground upon which the letters traced with the point were easily legible. Demaratus took two writing-tablets such as these, and removing the wax from them, he wrote a brief account of the proposed Persian invasion, by tracing the characters upon the surface of the wood or metal itself, beneath; then, restoring the wax so as to conceal the letters, he sent the two tablets, seemingly blank, to Leonidas, king of Sparta. The messengers who bore them had other pretexts for their journey, and they had various other articles to carry. The Persian guards who stopped and examined the messengers from time to time along the route, thought nothing of the blank tablets, and so they reached Leonidas in safety.

Leonidas being a blunt, rough soldier, and not much accustomed to cunning contrivances himself, was not usually much upon the watch for them from others, and when he saw no obvious communication upon the tablets, he threw them aside, not knowing what the sending of them could mean, and not feeling any strong interest in ascertaining. His wife, however--her name was Gorgo--had more curiosity. There was something mysterious about the affair, and she wished to solve it. She examined the tablets attentively in every part, and at length removed cautiously a little of the wax. The letters began to appear. Full of excitement and pleasure, she proceeded with the work until the whole cereous coating was removed. The result was, that the communication was revealed, and Greece received the warning.

When the Greeks heard that Xerxes was at Sardis, they sent three messengers in disguise, to ascertain the facts in respect to the Persian army assembled there, and, so far as possible, to learn the plans and designs of the king. Notwithstanding all the efforts of these men to preserve their concealment and disguise, they were discovered, seized, and tortured by the Persian officer who took them, until they confessed that they were spies. The officer was about to put them to death, when Xerxes himself received information of the circumstances. He forbade the execution, and directed, on the other hand, that the men should be conducted through all his encampments, and be allowed to view and examine every thing. He then dismissed them, with orders to return to Greece and report what they had seen. He thought, he said, that the Greeks would be more likely to surrender if they knew how immense his preparations were for effectually vanquishing them if they attempted resistance.

The city of Athens, being farther north than Sparta, would be the one first exposed to danger from the invasion, and when the people heard of Xerxes's approach, the whole city was filled with anxiety and alarm. Some of the inhabitants were panic-stricken, and wished to submit; others were enraged, and uttered nothing but threats and defiance. A thousand different plans of defense were proposed and eagerly discussed. At length the government sent messengers to the oracle at Delphi, to learn what their destiny was to be, and to obtain, if possible, divine direction in respect to the best mode of averting the danger. The messengers received an awful response, portending, in wild and solemn, though dark and mysterious language, the most dreadful calamities to the ill-fated city. The messengers were filled with alarm at hearing this reply. One of the inhabitants of Delphi, the city in which the oracle was situated, proposed to them to make a second application, in the character of the most humble supplicants, and to implore that the oracle would give them some directions in respect to the best course for them to pursue in order to avoid, or, at least, to mitigate the impending danger. They did so, and after a time they received an answer, vague, mysterious, and almost unintelligible, but which seemed to denote that the safety of the city was connected in some manner with Salamis, and with certain "wooden walls," to which the inspired distich of the response obscurely alluded.

The messengers returned to Athens and reported the answer which they had received. The people were puzzled and perplexed in their attempts to understand it. It seems that the citadel of Athens had been formerly surrounded by a wooden palisade. Some thought that this was what was referred to by the "wooden walls," and that the meaning of the oracle was that they must rebuild the palisade, and then retreat to the citadel when the Persians should approach, and defend themselves there.

Others conceived that the phrase referred to ships, and that the oracle meant to direct them to meet their enemies with a fleet upon the sea. Salamis, which was also mentioned by the oracle, was an island not far from Athens, being west of the city, between it and the Isthmus of Corinth. Those who supposed that by the "wooden walls" was denoted the fleet, thought that Salamis might have been alluded to as the place near which the great naval battle was to be fought. This was the interpretation which seemed finally to prevail.

The Athenians had a fleet of about two hundred galleys. These vessels had been purchased and built, some time before this, for the Athenian government, through the influence of a certain public officer of high rank and influence, named Themistocles. It seems that a large sum had accumulated in the public treasury, the produce of certain mines belonging to the city, and a proposal was made to divide it among the citizens, which would have given a small sum to each man. Themistocles opposed this proposition, and urged instead that the government should build and equip a fleet with the money. This plan was finally adopted. The fleet was built, and it was now determined to call it into active service to meet and repel the Persians, though the naval armament of Xerxes was six times as large.

The next measure was to establish a confederation, if possible, of the Grecian states, or at least of all those who were willing to combine, and thus to form an allied army to resist the invader. The smaller states were very generally panic-stricken, and had either already signified their submission to the Persian rule, or were timidly hesitating, in doubt whether it would be safer for them to submit to the overwhelming force which was advancing against them, or to join the Athenians and the Spartans in their almost desperate attempts to resist it. The Athenians and Spartans settled, for the time, their own quarrels, and held a council to take the necessary measures for forming a more extended confederation.

All this took place while Xerxes was slowly advancing from Sardis to the Hellespont, and from the Hellespont to Doriscus, as described in the preceding chapter.

The council resolved on dispatching an embassy at once to all the states of Greece, as well as to some of the remoter neighboring powers, asking them to join the alliance.

The first Greek city to which these embassadors came was Argos, which was the capital of a kingdom or state lying between Athens and Sparta, though within the Peloponnesus. The states of Argos and of Sparta, being neighbors, had been constantly at war. Argos had recently lost six thousand men in a battle with the Spartans, and were, consequently, not likely to be in a very favorable mood for a treaty of friendship and alliance.

When the embassadors had delivered their message, the Argolians replied that they had anticipated such a proposal from the time that they had heard that Xerxes had commenced his march toward Greece, and that they had applied, accordingly, to the oracle at Delphi, to know what it would be best for them to do in case the proposal were made. The answer of the oracle had been, they said, unfavorable to their entering into an alliance with the Greeks. They were willing, however, they added, notwithstanding this, to enter into an alliance, offensive and defensive, with the Spartans, for thirty years, on condition that they should themselves have the command of half the Peloponnesian troops. They were entitled to the command of the whole, being, as they contended, the superior nation in rank, but they would waive their just claim, and be satisfied with half, if the Spartans would agree to that arrangement.

The Spartans replied that they could not agree to those conditions. They were themselves, they said, the superior nation in rank, and entitled to the whole command; and as they had two kings, and Argos but one, there was a double difficulty in complying with the Argive demand. They could not surrender one half of the command without depriving one of their kings of his rightful power.

Thus the proposed alliance failed entirely, the people of Argos saying that they would as willingly submit to the dominion of Xerxes as to the insolent demands and assumptions of superiority made by the government of Sparta.

The embassadors among other countries which they visited in their attempts to obtain alliance and aid, went to Sicily. Gelon was the King of Sicily, and Syracuse was his capital. Here the same difficulty occurred which had broken up the negotiations at Argos. The embassadors, when they arrived at Syracuse, represented to Gelon that, if the Persians subdued Greece, they would come to

Sicily next, and that it was better for him and for his countrymen that they should meet the enemy while he was still at a distance, rather than to wait until he came near. Gelon admitted the justice of this reasoning, and said that he would furnish a large force, both of ships and men, for carrying on the war, provided that he might have the command of the combined army. To this, of course, the Spartans would not agree. He then asked that he might command the fleet, on condition of giving up his claim to the land forces. This proposition the Athenian embassadors rejected, saying to Gelon that what they were in need of, and came to him to obtain, was a supply of troops, not of leaders. The Athenians, they said, were to command the fleet, being not only the most ancient nation of Greece, but also the most immediately exposed to the invasion, so that they were doubly entitled to be considered as the principals and leaders in the war.

Gelon then told the embassadors that, since they wished to obtain every thing and to concede nothing, they had better leave his dominions without delay, and report to their countrymen that they had nothing to expect from Sicily.

The embassadors went then to Corcyra, a large island on the western coast of Greece, in the Adriatic Sea. It is now called Corfu. Here they seemed to meet with their first success. The people of Corcyra acceded to the proposals made to them, and promised at once to equip and man their fleet, and send it round into the AEgean Sea. They immediately engaged in the work, and seemed to be honestly intent on fulfilling their promises. They were, however, in fact, only pretending. They were really undecided which cause to espouse, the Greek or the Persian, and kept their promised squadron back by means of various delays, until its aid was no longer needed.

But the most important of all these negotiations of the Athenians and Spartans with the neighboring states were those opened with Thessaly. Thessaly was a kingdom in the northern part of Greece. It was, therefore, the territory which the Persian armies would first enter, on turning the northwestern corner of the AEgean Sea. There were, moreover, certain points in its geographical position, and in the physical conformation of the country, that gave it a peculiar importance in respect to the approaching conflict.

By referring to the map placed at the commencement of the fifth chapter, it will be seen that Thessaly was a vast valley, surrounded on all sides by mountainous land, and drained by the River Peneus and its branches. The Peneus flows eastwardly to the AEgean Sea, and escapes from the great valley through a narrow and romantic pass lying between the Mountains Olympus and Ossa. This pass was called in ancient times the Olympic Straits, and a part of it formed a romantic and beautiful glen called the Vale of Tempe. There was a road through this pass, which was the only access by which Thessaly could be entered from the eastward.

To the south of the Vale of Tempe, the mountains, as will appear from the map, crowded so hard upon the sea as not to allow any passage to the eastward of them. The natural route of Xerxes, therefore, in descending into Greece, would be to come down along the coast until he reached the mouth of the Peneus, and then, following the river up through the Vale of Tempe into Thessaly, to pass down toward the Peloponnesus on the western side of Ossa and Pelion, and of the other mountains near the sea. If he could get through the Olympic Straits and the Vale of Tempe, the way would be open and unobstructed until he should reach the southern frontier of Thessaly, where there was another narrow pass leading from Thessaly into Greece. This last defile was close to the sea, and was called the Straits of Thermopylae.

Thus Xerxes and his hosts, in continuing their march to the southward, must necessarily traverse Thessaly, and in doing so they would have two narrow and dangerous defiles to pass--one at Mount Olympus, to get into the country, and the other at Thermopylae, to get out of it. It consequently became a point of great importance to the Greeks to determine at which of these two passes they should make their stand against the torrent which was coming down upon them.

This question would, of course, depend very much upon the disposition of Thessaly herself. The government of that country, understanding the critical situation in which they were placed, had not waited for the Athenians and Spartans to send embassadors to them, but, at a very early period of the war--before, in fact, Xerxes had yet crossed the Hellespont, had sent messengers to Athens to concert some plan of action. These messengers were to say to the Athenians that the government of Thessaly were expecting every day to receive a summons from Xerxes, and that they must speedily decide what they were to do; that they themselves were very unwilling to submit to him, but they could not undertake to make a stand against his immense host alone; that the southern Greeks might include Thessaly in their plan of defense, or exclude it, just as they thought best. If they decided to include it, then they must make a stand at the Olympic Straits, that is, at the pass between Olympus and Ossa; and to do that, it would be necessary to send a strong force immediately to take possession of the pass. If, on the contrary, they decided _not_ to defend Thessaly, then the pass of Thermopylae would be the point at which they must make their stand, and in that case Thessaly must be at liberty to submit on the first Persian summons.

The Greeks, after consultation on the subject, decided that it would be best for them to defend Thessaly, and to take their stand, accordingly, at the Straits of Olympus. They immediately put a large force on board their fleet, armed and equipped for the expedition. This was at the time when Xerxes was just about crossing the Hellespont. The fleet sailed from the port of Athens, passed up through the narrow strait called Euripus, lying between the island of Euboea and the main land, and finally landed at a favorable point of disembarkation, south of Thessaly. From this point the forces marched to the northward until they reached the Peneus, and then established themselves at the narrowest part of the passage between the mountains, strengthened their position there as much as possible, and awaited the coming of the enemy. The amount of the force was ten thousand men.

They had not been here many days before a messenger came to them from the King of Macedon, which country, it will be seen, lies immediately north of Thessaly, earnestly dissuading them from attempting to make a stand at the Vale of Tempe. Xerxes was coming on, he said, with an immense and overwhelming force, one against which it would be utterly impossible for them to make good their defense at such a point as that. It would be far better for them to fall back to Thermopylae, which, being a narrower and more rugged pass, could be more easily defended.

Besides this, the messenger said that it was possible for Xerxes to enter Thessaly without going through the Vale of Tempe at all. The country between Thessaly and Macedon was mountainous, but it was not impassable, and Xerxes would very probably come by that way. The only security, therefore, for the Greeks, would be to fall back and intrench themselves at Thermopylae. Nor was there any time to be lost. Xerxes was crossing the Hellespont, and the whole country was full of excitement and terror.

The Greeks determined to act on this advice. They broke up their encampment at the Olympic Straits, and, retreating to the southward, established themselves at Thermopylae, to await there the coming of the conqueror. The people of Thessaly then surrendered to Xerxes as soon as they received his summons.

Xerxes, from his encampment at Therma, where we left him at the close of the last chapter, saw the peaks of Olympus and Ossa in the southern horizon. They were distant perhaps fifty miles from where he stood. He inquired about them, and was told that the River Peneus flowed between them to the sea, and that through the same defile there lay the main entrance to Thessaly. He had previously determined to march his army round the other way, as the King of Macedon had suggested, but he said that he should like to see this defile. So he ordered a swift Sidonian galley to be prepared, and, taking with him suitable guides, and a fleet of other vessels in attendance on his galley, he sailed to the mouth of the Peneus, and, entering that river, he ascended it until he came to the defile.

Seen from any of the lower elevations which projected from the bases of the mountains at the head of this defile, Thessaly lay spread out before the eye as one vast valley--level, verdant, fertile, and bounded by distant groups and ranges of mountains, which formed a blue and beautiful horizon on every side. Through the midst of this scene of rural loveliness the Peneus, with its countless branches, gracefully meandered, gathering the water from every part of the valley, and then pouring it forth in a deep and calm current through the gap in the mountains at the observer's feet. Xerxes asked his guides if it would be possible to find any other place where the waters of the Peneus could be conducted to the sea. They replied that it would not be, for the valley was bounded on every side by ranges of mountainous land.

"Then," said Xerxes, "the Thessalians were wise in submitting at once to my summons; for, if they had not done so, I would have raised a vast embankment across the valley here, and thus stopped the river, turned their country into a lake, and drowned them all."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ADVANCE OF XERXES INTO GREECE.

B.C. 480

Advance of the army.--Sailing of the fleet.--Sciathus.--Euboea.--Straits of Artemisium and Euripus.--Attica.--Saronic Gulf.--Island of Salamis.--Excitement of the country.--Signals.--Sentinels.--Movement of the fleet.--The ten reconnoitering galleys.--Guard-ships captured.--Barbarous ceremony.--A heroic Greek.--One crew escape.--The alarm spread.--Return of the Persian galleys.--The monument of stones.--Progress of the fleet.--The fleet anchors in a bay.--A coming storm.--The storm rages.--Destruction of many vessels.--Plunder of the wrecks.--Scyllias, the famous diver.--Dissensions in the Greek fleet.--Jealousy of the Athenians.--Situation of the Athenians.--Eurybiades appointed commander.--Debates in the Greek council.--Dismay of the Euboeans.--The Greek

leaders bribed.--Precautions of the Persians.--Designs of the Persians discovered.--The Greeks decide to give battle.--Euripus and Artemisium.--Advance of the Greeks.--The battle.--A stormy night.--Scene of terror.--A calm after the storm.--Terror of the Euboeans.--Their plans.--The Greeks retire.--Inscription on the rocks.--The commanders of the Persian fleet summoned to Thermopylae.

From Therma--the last of the great stations at which the Persian army halted before its final descent upon Greece--the army commenced its march, and the fleet set sail, nearly at the same time, which was early in the summer. The army advanced slowly, meeting with the usual difficulties and delays, but without encountering any special or extraordinary occurrences, until, after having passed through Macedon into Thessaly, and through Thessaly to the northern frontier of Phocis, they began to approach the Straits of Thermopylae. What took place at Thermopylae will be made the subject of the next chapter. The movements of the fleet are to be narrated in this.

In order distinctly to understand these movements, it is necessary that the reader should first have a clear conception of the geographical conformation of the coasts and seas along which the path of the expedition lay. By referring to the map of Greece, we shall see that the course which the fleet would naturally take from Therma to the southeastward, along the coast, was unobstructed and clear for about a hundred miles. We then come to a group of four islands, extending in a range at right angles to the coast. The only one of these islands with which we have particularly to do in this history is the innermost of them, which was named Sciathus. Opposite to these islands the line of the coast, having passed around the point of a mountainous and rocky promontory called Magnesia, turns suddenly to the westward, and runs in that direction for about thirty miles, when it again turns to the southward and eastward as before. In the sort of corner thus cut off by the deflection of the coast lies the long island of Euboea, which may be considered, in fact, as almost a continuation of the continent, as it is a part of the same conformation of country, and is separated from the main land only by submerged valleys on the north and on the east. Into these sunken valleys the sea of course flows, forming straits or channels. The one on the north was, in ancient times, called Artemisium, and the one on the west, at its narrowest point, Euripus. All these islands and coasts were high and picturesque. They were also, in the days of Xerxes, densely populated, and adorned profusely with temples, citadels, and towns.

On passing the southernmost extremity of the island of Euboea, and turning to the westward, we come to a promontory of the main land, which constituted Attica, and in the middle of which the city of Athens was situated. Beyond this is a capacious gulf, called the Saronian Gulf. It lies between Attica and the Peloponnesus. In the middle of the Saronian Gulf lies the island of AEgina, and in the northern part of it the island of Salamis. The progress of the Persian fleet was from Therma down the coast to Sciathus, thence along the shores of Euboea to its southern point, and so round into the Saronian Gulf to the island of Salamis. The distance of this voyage was perhaps two hundred and fifty miles. In accomplishing it the fleet encountered many dangers, and met with a variety of incidents and events, which we shall now proceed to describe.

The country, of course, was every where in a state of the greatest excitement and terror. The immense army was slowly coming down by land, and the fleet, scarcely less terrible, since its descents upon the coast would be so fearfully sudden and overwhelming when they were made, was advancing by sea. The inhabitants of the country were consequently in a state of extreme agitation. The sick and the infirm, who were, of course, utterly helpless in such a danger, exhibited every where the spectacle of silent dismay. Mothers, wives, maidens, and children, on the other hand, were wild with excitement and terror. The men, too full of passion to fear, or too full of pride to allow their fears to be seen, were gathering in arms, or hurrying to and fro with intelligence, or making hasty arrangements to remove their wives and children from the scenes of cruel suffering which were to ensue. They stationed watchmen on the hills to give warning of the approach of the enemy. They agreed upon signals, and raised piles of wood for beacon fires on every commanding elevation along the coast; while all the roads leading from the threatened provinces to other regions more remote from the danger were covered with flying parties, endeavoring to make their escape, and carrying, wearily and in sorrow, whatever they valued most and were most anxious to save. Mothers bore their children, men their gold and silver, and sisters aided their sick or feeble brothers to sustain the toil and terror of the flight.

All this time Xerxes was sitting in his war chariot, in the midst of his advancing army, full of exultation, happiness, and pride at the thoughts of the vast harvest of glory which all this panic and suffering were bringing him in.

The fleet, at length--which was under the command of Xerxes's brothers and cousins, whom he had appointed the admirals of it--began to move down the coast from Therma, with the intention of first sweeping the seas clear of any naval force which the Greeks might have sent forward there to act against them, and then of landing upon some point on the coast, wherever they could do so most advantageously for co-operation with the army on the land. The advance of the ships was necessarily slow. So

immense a flotilla could not have been otherwise kept together. The admirals, however, selected ten of the swiftest of the galleys, and, after manning and arming them in the most perfect manner, sent them forward to reconnoiter. The ten galleys were ordered to advance rapidly, but with the greatest circumspection. They were not to incur any needless danger, but, if they met with any detached ships of the enemy, they were to capture them, if possible. They were, moreover, to be constantly on the alert, to observe every thing, and to send back to the fleet all important intelligence which they could obtain.

The ten galleys went on without observing any thing remarkable until they reached the island of Sciathus. Here they came in sight of three Greek ships, a sort of advanced guard, which had been stationed there to watch the movements of the enemy.

The Greek galleys immediately hoisted their anchors and fled; the Persian galleys manned their oars, and pressed on after them.

They overtook one of the guard-ships very soon, and, after a short conflict, they succeeded in capturing it. The Persians made prisoners of the officers and crew, and then, selecting from among them the fairest and most noble-looking man, just as they would have selected a bullock from a herd, they sacrificed him to one of their deities on the prow of the captured ship. This was a religious ceremony, intended to signalize and sanctify their victory.

The second vessel they also overtook and captured. The crew of this ship were easily subdued, as the overwhelming superiority of their enemies appeared to convince them that all resistance was hopeless, and to plunge them into despair. There was one man, however, who, it seems, could not be conquered. He fought like a tiger to the last, and only ceased to deal his furious thrusts and blows at the enemies that surrounded him when, after being entirely covered with wounds, he fell faint and nearly lifeless upon the bloody deck. When the conflict with him was thus ended, the murderous hostility of his enemies seemed suddenly to be changed into pity for his sufferings and admiration of his valor. They gathered around him, bathed and bound up his wounds, gave him cordials, and at length restored him to life. Finally, when the detachment returned to the fleet, some days afterward, they carried this man with them, and presented him to the commanders as a hero worthy of the highest admiration and honor. The rest of the crew were made slaves.

The third of the Greek guard-ships contrived to escape, or, rather, the crew escaped, while the vessel itself was taken. This ship, in its flight, had gone toward the north, and the crew at last succeeded in running it on shore on the coast of Thessaly, so as to escape, themselves, by abandoning the vessel to the enemy. The officers and crew, thus escaping to the shore, went through Thessaly into Greece, spreading the tidings every where that the Persians were at hand. This intelligence was communicated, also, along the coast, by beacon fires which the people of Sciathus built upon the heights of the island as a signal, to give the alarm to the country southward of them, according to the preconcerted plan. The alarm was communicated by other fires built on other heights, and sentinels were stationed on every commanding eminence on the highlands of Euboea toward the south, to watch for the first appearance of the enemy.

The Persian galleys that had been sent forward having taken the three Greek guard-ships, and finding the sea before them now clear of all appearances of an enemy, concluded to return to the fleet with their prizes and their report. They had been directed, when they were dispatched from the fleet, to lay up a monument of stones at the furthest point which they should reach in their cruise: a measure often resorted to in similar cases, by way of furnishing proof that a party thus sent forward have really advanced as far as they pretend on their return. The Persian detachment had actually brought the stones for the erection of their landmark with them in one of their galleys. The galley containing the stones, and two others to aid it, pushed on beyond Sciathus to a small rocky islet standing in a conspicuous position in the sea, and there they built their monument or cairn. The detachment then returned to meet the fleet. The time occupied by this whole expedition was eleven days.

The fleet was, in the mean time, coming down along the coast of Magnesia. The whole company of ships had advanced safely and prosperously thus far, but now a great calamity was about to befall them--the first of the series of disasters by which the expedition was ultimately ruined. It was a storm at sea.

The fleet had drawn up for the night in a long and shallow bay on the coast. There was a rocky promontory at one end of this bay and a cape on the other, with a long beach between them. It was a very good place of refuge and rest for the night in calm weather, but such a bay afforded very little shelter against a tempestuous wind, or even against the surf and swell of the sea, which were sometimes produced by a distant storm. When the fleet entered this bay in the evening, the sea was calm and the sky serene. The commanders expected to remain there for the night, and to proceed on the voyage on the following day.

The bay was not sufficiently extensive to allow of the drawing up of so large a fleet in a single line along the shore. The ships were accordingly arranged in several lines, eight in all. The innermost of these lines was close to the shore; the others were at different distances from it, and every separate ship was held to the place assigned it by its anchors. In this position the fleet passed the night in safety, but before morning there were indications of a storm. The sky looked wild and lurid. A heavy swell came rolling in from the offing. The wind began to rise, and to blow in fitful gusts. Its direction was from the eastward, so that its tendency was to drive the fleet upon the shore. The seamen were anxious and afraid, and the commanders of the several ships began to devise, each for his own vessel, the best means of safety. Some, whose vessels were small, drew them up upon the sand, above the reach of the swell. Others strengthened the anchoring tackle, or added new anchors to those already down. Others raised their anchors altogether, and attempted to row their galleys away, up or down the coast, in hope of finding some better place of shelter. Thus all was excitement and confusion in the fleet, through the eager efforts made by every separate crew to escape the impending danger.

In the mean time, the storm came on apace. The rising and roughening sea made the oars useless, and the wind howled frightfully through the cordage and the rigging. The galleys soon began to be forced away from their moorings. Some were driven upon the beach and dashed to pieces by the waves. Some were wrecked on the rocks at one or the other of the projecting points which bounded the bay on either hand. Some foundered at their place of anchorage. Vast numbers of men were drowned. Those who escaped to the shore were in hourly dread of an attack from the inhabitants of the country. To save themselves, if possible, from this danger, they dragged up the fragments of the wrecked vessels upon the beach, and built a fort with them on the shore. Here they intrenched themselves, and then prepared to defend their lives, armed with the weapons which, like the materials for their fort, were washed up, from time to time, by the sea.

The storm continued for three days. It destroyed about three hundred galleys, besides an immense number of provision transports and other smaller vessels. Great numbers of seamen, also, were drowned. The inhabitants of the country along the coast enriched themselves with the plunder which they obtained from the wrecks, and from the treasures, and the gold and silver vessels, which continued for some time to be driven up upon the beach by the waves. The Persians themselves recovered, it was said, a great deal of valuable treasure, by employing a certain Greek diver, whom they had in their fleet, to dive for it after the storm was over. This diver, whose name was Scyllias, was famed far and wide for his power of remaining under water. As an instance of what they believed him capable of performing, they said that when, at a certain period subsequent to these transactions, he determined to desert to the Greeks, he accomplished his design by diving into the sea from the deck of a Persian galley, and coming up again in the midst of the Greek fleet, ten miles distant!

After three days the storm subsided. The Persians then repaired the damages which had been sustained, so far as it was now possible to repair them, collected what remained of the fleet, took the shipwrecked mariners from their rude fortification on the beach, and set sail again on their voyage to the southward.

In the mean time, the Greek fleet had assembled in the arm of the sea lying north of Euboea, and between Euboea and the main land. It was an allied fleet, made up of contributions from various states that had finally agreed to come into the confederacy. As is usually the case, however, with allied or confederate forces, they were not well agreed among themselves. The Athenians had furnished far the greater number of ships, and they considered themselves, therefore, entitled to the command; but the other allies were envious and jealous of them on account of that very superiority of wealth and power which enabled them to supply a greater portion of the naval force than the rest. They were willing that one of the Spartans should command, but they would not consent to put themselves under an Athenian. If an Athenian leader were chosen, they would disperse, they said, and the various portions of the fleet return to their respective homes.

The Athenians, though burning with resentment at this unjust declaration, were compelled to submit to the necessity of the case. They could not take the confederates at their word, and allow the fleet to be broken up, for the defense of Athens was the great object for which it was assembled. The other states might make their peace with the conqueror by submission, but the Athenians could not do so. In respect to the rest of Greece, Xerxes wished only for dominion. In respect to Athens, he wished for vengeance. The Athenians had burned the Persian city of Sardis, and he had determined to give himself no rest until he had burned Athens in return.

It was well understood, therefore, that the assembling of the fleet, and giving battle to the Persians where they now were, was a plan adopted mainly for the defense and benefit of the Athenians. The Athenians, accordingly, waived their claim to command, secretly resolving that, when the war was over, they would have their revenge for the insult and injury.

A Spartan was accordingly appointed commander of the fleet. His name was Eurybiades.

Things were in this state when the two fleets came in sight of each other in the strait between the northern end of Euboea and the main land. Fifteen of the Persian galleys, advancing incautiously some miles in front of the rest, came suddenly upon the Greek fleet, and were all captured. The crews were made prisoners and sent into Greece. The remainder of the fleet entered the strait, and anchored at the eastern extremity of it, sheltered by the promontory of Magnesia, which now lay to the north of them.

The Greeks were amazed at the immense magnitude of the Persian fleet, and the first opinion of the commanders was, that it was wholly useless for them to attempt to engage them. A council was convened, and, after a long and anxious debate, they decided that it was best to retire to the southward. The inhabitants of Euboea, who had been already in a state of great excitement and terror at the near approach of so formidable an enemy, were thrown, by this decision of the allies, into a state of absolute dismay. It was abandoning them to irremediable and hopeless destruction.

The government of the island immediately raised a very large sum of money, and went with it to Themistocles, one of the most influential of the Athenian leaders, and offered it to him if he would contrive any way to persuade the commanders of the fleet to remain and give the Persians battle where they were. Themistocles took the money, and agreed to the condition. He went with a small part of it--though this part was a very considerable sum--to Eurybiades, the commander-in-chief, and offered it to him if he would retain the fleet in its present position. There were some other similar offerings made to other influential men, judiciously selected. All this was done in a very private manner, and, of course, Themistocles took care to reserve to himself the lion's share of the Euboean contribution. The effect of this money in altering the opinions of the naval officers was marvelous. A new council was called, the former decision was annulled, and the Greeks determined to give their enemies battle where they were.

The Persians had not been unmindful of the danger that the Greeks might retreat by retiring through the Euripus, and so escape them. In order to prevent this, they secretly sent off a fleet of two hundred of their strongest and fleetest galleys, with orders to sail round Euboea and enter the Euripus from the south, so as to cut off the retreat of the Greeks in that quarter. They thought that by this plan the Greek fleet would be surrounded, and could have no possible mode of escape. They remained, therefore, with the principal fleet, at the outer entrance of the northern strait for some days, before attacking the Greeks, in order to give time for the detachment to pass round the island.

The Persians sent off the two hundred galleys with great secrecy, not desiring that the Greeks should discover their design of thus intercepting their retreat. They did discover it, however, for this was the occasion on which the great diver, Scyllias, made his escape from one fleet to the other by swimming under water ten miles, and he brought the Greeks the tidings.[E]

[Footnote E: There is reason to suppose that Scyllias made his escape by night in a boat, managing the circumstances, however, in such a way as to cause the story to be circulated that he swam.]

The Greeks dispatched a small squadron of ships with orders to proceed southward into the Euripus, to meet this detachment which the Persians sent round; and, in the mean time, they determined themselves to attack the main Persian fleet without any delay. Notwithstanding their absurd dissensions and jealousies, and the extent to which the leaders were influenced by intrigues and bribes, the Greeks always evinced an undaunted and indomitable spirit when the day of battle came. It was, moreover, in this case, exceedingly important to defend the position which they had taken. By referring to the map once more, it will be seen that the Euripus was the great highway to Athens by sea, as the pass of Thermopylae was by land. Thermopylae was west of Artemisium, where the fleet was now stationed, and not many miles from it. The Greek army had made its great stand at Thermopylae, and Xerxes was fast coming down the country with all his forces to endeavor to force a passage there. The Persian fleet, in entering Artemisium, was making the same attempt by sea in respect to the narrow passage of Euripus; and for either of the two forces, the fleet or the army, to fail of making good the defense of its position, without a desperate effort to do so, would justly be considered a base betrayal and abandonment of the other.

The Greeks therefore advanced, one morning, to the attack of the Persians, to the utter astonishment of the latter, who believed that their enemies were insane when they thus saw them coming into the jaws, as they thought, of certain destruction. Before night, however, they were to change their opinions in respect to the insanity of their foes. The Greeks pushed boldly on into the midst of the Persian fleet, where they were soon surrounded. They then formed themselves into a circle, with the prows of the vessels outward, and the sterns toward the center within, and fought in this manner with the utmost desperation all the day. With the night a storm came on, or, rather, a series of thunder-showers and gusts of wind, so severe that both fleets were glad to retire from the scene of contest. The Persians went back toward the east, the Greeks to the westward, toward Thermopylae--each party busy in

repairing their wrecks, taking care of their wounded, and saving their vessels from the tempest. It was a dreadful night. The Persians, particularly, spent it in the midst of scenes of horror. The wind and the current, it seems, set outward, toward the sea, and carried the masses and fragments of the wrecked vessels, and the swollen and ghastly bodies of the dead, in among the Persian fleet, and so choked up the surface of the water that the oars became entangled and useless. The whole mass of seamen in the Persian fleet, during this terrible night, were panic-stricken and filled with horror. The wind, the perpetual thunder, the concussions of the vessels with the wrecks and with one another, and the heavy shocks of the seas, kept them in continual alarm; and the black and inscrutable darkness was rendered the more dreadful, while it prevailed, by the hideous spectacle which, at every flash of lightning, glared brilliantly upon every eye from the wide surface of the sea. The shouts and cries of officers vociferating orders, of wounded men writhing in agony, of watchmen and sentinels in fear of collisions, mingled with the howling wind and roaring seas, created a scene of indescribable terror and confusion.

The violence of the sudden gale was still greater further out at sea, and the detachment of ships which had been sent around Euboea was wholly dispersed and destroyed by it.

The storm was, however, after all, only a series of summer evening showers, such as to the inhabitants of peaceful dwellings on the land have no terror, but only come to clear the sultry atmosphere in the night, and in the morning are gone. When the sun rose, accordingly, upon the Greeks and Persians on the morning after their conflict, the air was calm, the sky serene, and the sea as blue and pure as ever. The bodies and the wrecks had been floated away into the offing. The courage or the ferocity, whichever we choose to call it, of the combatants, returned, and they renewed the conflict. It continued, with varying success, for two more days.

During all this time the inhabitants of the island of Euboea were in the greatest distress and terror. They watched these dreadful conflicts from the heights, uncertain how the struggle would end, but fearing lest their defenders should be beaten, in which case the whole force of the Persian fleet would be landed on their island, to sweep it with pillage and destruction. They soon began to anticipate the worst, and, in preparation for it, they removed their goods--all that could be removed--and drove their cattle down to the southern part of the island, so as to be ready to escape to the main land. The Greek commanders, finding that the fleet would probably be compelled to retreat in the end, sent to them here, recommending that they should kill their cattle and eat them, roasting the flesh at fires which they should kindle on the plain. The cattle could not be transported, they said, across the channel, and it was better that the flying population should be fed, than that the food should fall into Persian hands. If they would dispose of their cattle in this manner, Eurybiades would endeavor, he said, to transport the people themselves and their valuable goods across into Attica.

How many thousand peaceful and happy homes were broken up and destroyed forever by this ruthless invasion!

In the mean time, the Persians, irritated by the obstinate resistance of the Greeks, were, on the fourth day, preparing for some more vigorous measures, when they saw a small boat coming toward the fleet from down the channel. It proved to contain a countryman, who came to tell them that the Greeks had gone away. The whole fleet, he said, had sailed off to the southward, and abandoned those seas altogether. The Persians did not, at first, believe this intelligence. They suspected some ambuscade or stratagem. They advanced slowly and cautiously down the channel. When they had gone half down to Thermopylae, they stopped at a place called Histiaea, where, upon the rocks on the shore, they found an inscription addressed to the Ionians--who, it will be recollected, had been brought by Xerxes as auxiliaries, contrary to the advice of Artabanus--entreating them not to fight against their countrymen. This inscription was written in large and conspicuous characters on the face of the cliff, so that it could be read by the Ionian seamen as they passed in their galleys.

The fleet anchored at Histiaea, the commanders being somewhat uncertain in respect to what it was best to do. Their suspense was very soon relieved by a messenger from Xerxes, who came in a galley up the channel from Thermopylae, with the news that Xerxes had arrived at Thermopylae, had fought a great battle there, defeated the Greeks, and obtained possession of the pass, and that any of the officers of the fleet who chose to do so might come and view the battle ground. This intelligence and invitation produced, throughout the fleet, a scene of the wildest excitement, enthusiasm, and joy. All the boats and smaller vessels of the fleet were put into requisition to carry the officers down. When they arrived at Thermopylae the tidings all proved true. Xerxes was in possession of the pass, and the Greek fleet was gone.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BATTLE OF THERMOPYLAE.

B.C. 480

The pass of Thermopylae.--Its situation.--Ancient intrenchments.--View at Thermopylae.--The allied forces.--Leonidas the Spartan.--Debate in regard to defending Thermopylae.--The decision.--Character of the Spartans.--Their pride.--The Spartans adorn themselves for the battle.--Approach of Xerxes.--The Persian horseman.--His observation.--Report of the horseman.--Conversation with Demaratus.--Xerxes encamps at the pass.--Troops sent into the pass.--Defeat of the Persian detachment.--The Immortals called out.--The Immortals advance to the charge.--Valor of the Greeks.--The Immortals repulsed.--Treachery of Ephialtes.--Joy of Xerxes.--Course of the path.--A Persian detachment sent up the path.--The Phocaeans retreat.--The Greeks surrounded.--Resolution of Leonidas.--Leonidas dismisses the other Greeks.--His noble generosity.--Leonidas retains the Thebans.--Xerxes attacks him.--Terrible combat.--Death of Leonidas.--Stories of the battle.--The two invalids.--Xerxes views the ground.--His treatment of the body of Leonidas.--Message to the fleet.--Xerxes sends for Demaratus.--Conversation with Demaratus.--Plans proposed by him.--Opposition of the admiral.--Decision of Xerxes.

The pass of Thermopylae was not a ravine among mountains, but a narrow space between mountains and the sea. The mountains landward were steep and inaccessible; the sea was shoal. The passage between them was narrow for many miles along the shore, being narrowest at the ingress and egress. In the middle the space was broader. The place was celebrated for certain warm springs which here issued from the rocks, and which had been used in former times for baths.

The position had been considered, long before Xerxes's day, a very important one in a military point of view, as it was upon the frontier between two Greek states that were frequently at war. One of these states, of course, was Thessaly. The other was Phocis, which lay south of Thessaly. The general boundary between these two states was mountainous, and impassable for troops, so that each could invade the territories of the other only by passing round between the mountains and the shore at Thermopylae.

The Phocaeans, in order to keep the Thessalians out, had, in former times, built a wall across the way, and put up gates there, which they strongly fortified. In order still further to increase the difficulty of forcing a passage, they conducted the water of the warm springs over the ground without the wall, in such a way as to make the surface continually wet and miry. The old wall had now fallen to ruins, but the miry ground remained. The place was solitary and desolate, and overgrown with a confused and wild vegetation. On one side the view extended far and wide over the sea, with the highlands of Euboea in the distance, and on the other dark and inaccessible mountains rose, covered with forests, indented with mysterious and unexplored ravines, and frowning in a wild and gloomy majesty over the narrow passway which crept along the shore below.

The Greeks, when they retired from Thessaly, fell back upon Thermopylae, and established themselves there. They had a force variously estimated, from three to four thousand men. These were from the different states of Greece, some within and some without the Peloponnesus--a few hundred men only being furnished, in general, from each state or kingdom. Each of these bodies of troops had its own officers, though there was one general-in-chief, who commanded the whole. This was Leonidas the Spartan. He had brought with him three hundred Spartans, as the quota furnished by that city. These men he had specially selected himself, one by one, from among the troops of the city, as men on whom he could rely.

It will be seen from the map that Thermopylae is at some distance from the Isthmus of Corinth, and that of the states which would be protected by making a stand at the pass, some were without the isthmus and some within. These states, in sending each a few hundred men only to Thermopylae, did not consider that they were making their full contribution to the army, but only sending forward for the emergency those that could be dispatched at once; and they were all making arrangements to supply more troops as soon as they could be raised and equipped for the service. In the mean time, however, Xerxes and his immense hordes came on faster than they had expected, and the news at length came to Leonidas, in the pass, that the Persians, with one or two millions of men, were at hand, while he had only three or four thousand at Thermopylae to oppose them. The question arose, What was to be done?

Those of the Greeks who came from the Peloponnesus were in favor of abandoning Thermopylae, and falling back to the isthmus. The isthmus, they maintained, was as strong and as favorable a position as the place where they were; and, by the time they had reached it, they would have received great re-enforcements; whereas, with so small a force as they had then at command, it was madness to attempt to resist the Persian millions. This plan, however, was strongly opposed by all those Greeks who represented countries _without_ the Peloponnesus; for, by abandoning Thermopylae, and falling back to the isthmus, their states would be left wholly at the mercy of the enemy. After some consultation and debate, it was decided to remain at Thermopylae. The troops accordingly took up their positions in a deliberate and formal manner, and, intrenching themselves as strongly as possible, began to

await the onset of the enemy. Leonidas and his three hundred were foremost in the defile, so as to be the first exposed to the attack. The rest occupied various positions along the passage, except one corps, which was stationed on the mountains above, to guard the pass in that direction. This corps was from Phocis, which, being the state nearest to the scene of conflict, had furnished a larger number of soldiers than any other. Their division numbered a thousand men. These being stationed on the declivity of the mountain, left only two or three thousand in the defile below.

From what has been said of the stern and savage character of the Spartans, one would scarcely expect in them any indications or displays of personal vanity. There was one particular, it seems, however, in regard to which they were vain, and that was in respect to their hair. They wore it very long. In fact, the length of the hair was, in their commonwealth, a mark of distinction between freemen and slaves. All the agricultural and mechanical labors were performed, as has already been stated, by the slaves, a body which constituted, in fact, the mass of the population; and the Spartan freemen, though very stern in their manners, and extremely simple and plain in their habits of life, were, it must be remembered, as proud and lofty in spirit as they were plain and poor. They constituted a military aristocracy, and a military aristocracy is always more proud and overbearing than any other.

It must be understood, therefore, that these Spartan soldiers were entirely above the performance of any useful labors; and while they prized, in character, the savage ferocity of the tiger, they had a taste, in person, for something like his savage beauty too. They were never, moreover, more particular and careful in respect to their personal appearance than when they were going into battle. The field of battle was their particular theater of display, not only of the substantial qualities of strength, fortitude, and valor, but also of such personal adornments as were consistent with the plainness and severity of their attire, and could be appreciated by a taste as rude and savage as theirs. They proceeded, therefore, when established at their post in the throat of the pass, to adorn themselves for the approaching battle.

In the mean time the armies of Xerxes were approaching. Xerxes himself, though he did not think it possible that the Greeks could have a sufficient force to offer him any effectual resistance, thought it probable that they would attempt to make a stand at the pass, and, when he began to draw near to it, he sent forward a horseman to reconnoiter the ground. The horseman rode into the pass a little way, until he came in sight of the enemy. He stopped upon an eminence to survey the scene, being all ready to turn in an instant, and fly at the top of his speed, in case he should be pursued. The Spartans looked upon him as he stood there, but seemed to consider his appearance as a circumstance of no moment, and then went on with their avocations. The horseman found, as he leisurely observed them, that there was an intrenchment thrown across the straits, and that the Spartans were in front of it. There were other forces behind, but these the horseman could not see. The Spartans were engaged, some of them in athletic sports and gymnastic exercises, and the rest in nicely arranging their dress, which was red and showy in color, though simple and plain in form, and in smoothing, adjusting, and curling their hair. In fact, they seemed to be, one and all, preparing for an entertainment.

And yet these men were actually preparing themselves to be slaughtered, to be butchered, one by one, by slow degrees, and in the most horrible and cruel manner; and they knew perfectly well that it was so. The adorning of themselves was for this express and particular end.

The horseman, when he had attentively noticed all that was to be seen, rode slowly back to Xerxes, and reported the result. The king was much amused at hearing such an account from his messenger. He sent for Demaratus, the Spartan refugee, with whom, the reader will recollect, he held a long conversation in respect to the Greeks at the close of the great review at Doriscus. When Demaratus came, Xerxes related to him what the messenger had reported. "The Spartans in the pass," said he, "present, in their encampment, the appearance of being out on a party of pleasure. What does it mean? You will admit now, I suppose, that they do not intend to resist us."

Demaratus shook his head. "Your majesty does not know the Greeks," said he, "and I am very much afraid that, if I state what I know respecting them, I shall offend you. These appearances which your messenger observed indicate to me that the men he saw were a body of Spartans, and that they supposed themselves on the eve of a desperate conflict. Those are the men, practicing athletic feats, and smoothing and adorning their hair, that are the most to be feared of all the soldiers of Greece. If you can conquer them, you will have nothing beyond to fear."

Xerxes thought this opinion of Demaratus extremely absurd. He was convinced that the party in the pass was some small detachment that could not possibly be thinking of serious resistance. They would, he was satisfied, now that they found that the Persians were at hand, immediately retire down the pass, and leave the way clear. He advanced, therefore, up to the entrance of the pass, encamped there, and waited several days for the Greeks to clear the way. The Greeks remained quietly in their places,

paying apparently no attention whatever to the impending and threatening presence of their formidable foes.

At length Xerxes concluded that it was time for him to act. On the morning, therefore, of the fifth day, he called out a detachment of his troops, sufficient, as he thought, for the purpose, and sent them down the pass, with orders to seize all the Greeks that were there, and bring them, _alive_, to him. The detachment that he sent was a body of Medes, who were considered as the best troops in the army, excepting always the Immortals, who, as has been before stated, were entirely superior to the rest. The Medes, however, Xerxes supposed, would find no difficulty in executing his orders.

The detachment marched, accordingly, into the pass. In a few hours a spent and breathless messenger came from them, asking for re-enforcements. The re-enforcements were sent. Toward night a remnant of the whole body came back, faint and exhausted with a long and fruitless combat, and bringing many of their wounded and bleeding comrades with them. The rest they had left dead in the defile.

Xerxes was both astonished and enraged at these results. He determined that this trifling should continue no longer. He ordered the Immortals themselves to be called out on the following morning, and then, placing himself at the head of them, he advanced to the vicinity of the Greek intrenchments. Here he ordered a seat or throne to be placed for him upon an eminence, and, taking his seat upon it, prepared to witness the conflict. The Greeks, in the mean time, calmly arranged themselves on the line which they had undertaken to defend, and awaited the charge. Upon the ground, on every side, were lying the mangled bodies of the Persians slain the day before, some exposed fully to view, ghastly and horrid spectacles, others trampled down and half buried in the mire.

The Immortals advanced to the attack, but they made no impression. Their superior numbers gave them no advantage, on account of the narrowness of the defile. The Greeks stood, each corps at its own assigned station on the line, forming a mass so firm and immovable that the charge of the Persians was arrested on encountering it as by a wall. In fact, as the spears of the Greeks were longer than those of the Persians, and their muscular and athletic strength and skill were greater, it was found that in the desperate conflict which raged, hour after hour, along the line, the Persians were continually falling, while the Greek ranks continued entire. Sometimes the Greeks would retire for a space, falling back with the utmost coolness, regularity, and order; and then, when the Persians pressed on in pursuit, supposing that they were gaining the victory, the Greeks would turn so soon as they found that the ardor of pursuit had thrown the enemies' lines somewhat into confusion, and, presenting the same firm and terrible front as before, would press again upon the offensive, and cut down their enemies with redoubled slaughter. Xerxes, who witnessed all these things from among the group of officers around him upon the eminence, was kept continually in a state of excitement and irritation. Three times he leaped from his throne, with loud exclamations of vexation and rage.

All, however, was of no avail. When night came the Immortals were compelled to withdraw, and leave the Greeks in possession of their intrenchments.

Things continued substantially in this state for one or two days longer, when one morning a Greek countryman appeared at the tent of Xerxes, and asked an audience of the king. He had something, he said, of great importance to communicate to him. The king ordered him to be admitted. The Greek said that his name was Ephialtes, and that he came to inform the king that there was a secret path leading along a wild and hidden chasm in the mountains, by which he could guide a body of Persians to the summit of the hills overhanging the pass at a point below the Greek intrenchment. This point being once attained, it would be easy, Ephialtes said, for the Persian forces to descend into the pass below the Greeks, and thus to surround them and shut them in, and that the conquest of them would then be easy. The path was a secret one, and known to very few. He knew it, however, and was willing to conduct a detachment of troops through it, on condition of receiving a suitable reward.

The king was greatly surprised and delighted at this intelligence. He immediately acceded to Ephialtes's proposals, and organized a strong force to be sent up the path that very night.

On the north of Thermopylae there was a small stream, which came down through a chasm in the mountains to the sea. The path which Ephialtes was to show commenced here, and following the bed of this stream up the chasm, it at length turned to the southward through a succession of wild and trackless ravines, till it came out at last on the declivities of the mountains near the lower part of the pass, at a place where it was possible to descend to the defile below. This was the point which the thousand Phocaeans had been ordered to take possession of and guard, when the plan for the defense of the pass was first organized. They were posted here, not with the idea of repelling any attack from the mountains behind them--for the existence of the path was wholly unknown to them--but only that they might command the defile below, and aid in preventing the Persians from going through, even if those who were in the defile were defeated or slain.

The Persian detachment toiled all night up the steep and dangerous pathway, among rocks, chasms, and precipices, frightful by day, and now made still more frightful by the gloom of the night. They came out at last, in the dawn of the morning, into valleys and glens high up the declivity of the mountain, and in the immediate vicinity of the Phocaean encampment. The Persians were concealed, as they advanced, by the groves and thickets of stunted oaks which grew here, but the morning air was so calm and still, that the Phocaean sentinels heard the noise made by their trampling upon the leaves as they came up the glen. The Phocaeans immediately gave the alarm. Both parties were completely surprised. The Persians had not expected to find a foe at this elevation, and the Greeks who had ascended there had supposed that all beyond and above them was an impassable and trackless desolation.

There was a short conflict, The Phocaeans were driven off their ground. They retreated up the mountain, and toward the southward. The Persians decided not to pursue them. On the other hand, they descended toward the defile, and took up a position on the lower declivities of the mountain, which enabled them to command the pass below; there they paused, and awaited Xerxes's orders.

The Greeks in the defile perceived at once that they were now wholly at the mercy of their enemies. They might yet retreat, it is true, for the Persian detachment had not yet descended to intercept them; but, if they remained where they were, they would, in a few hours, be hemmed in by their foes; and even if they could resist, for a little time, the double onset which would then be made upon them, their supplies would be cut off, and there would be nothing before them but immediate starvation. They held hurried councils to determine what to do.

There is some doubt as to what took place at these councils, though the prevailing testimony is, that Leonidas recommended that they should retire--that is, that all except himself and the three hundred Spartans should do so. "You," said he, addressing the other Greeks, "are at liberty, by your laws, to consider, in such cases as this, the question of expediency, and to withdraw from a position which you have taken, or stand and maintain it, according as you judge best. But by our laws, such a question, in such a case, is not to be entertained. Wherever we are posted, there we stand, come life or death, to the end. We have been sent here from Sparta to defend the pass of Thermopylae. We have received no orders to withdraw. Here, therefore, we must remain; and the Persians, if they go through the pass at all, must go through it over our graves. It is, therefore, your duty to retire. Our duty is here, and we will remain and do it."

After all that may be said of the absurdity and folly of throwing away the lives of three hundred men in a case like this, so utterly and hopelessly desperate, there is still something in the noble generosity with which Leonidas dismissed the other Greeks, and in the undaunted resolution with which he determined himself to maintain his ground, which has always strongly excited the admiration of mankind. It was undoubtedly carrying the point of honor to a wholly unjustifiable extreme, and yet all the world, for the twenty centuries which have intervened since these transactions occurred, while they have unanimously disapproved, in theory, of the course which Leonidas pursued, have none the less unanimously admired and applauded it.

In dismissing the other Greeks, Leonidas retained with him a body of Thebans, whom he suspected of a design of revolting to the enemy. Whether he considered his decision to keep them in the pass equivalent to a sentence of death, and intended it as a punishment for their supposed treason, or only that he wished to secure their continued fidelity by keeping them closely to their duty, does not appear. At all events, he retained them, and dismissed the other allies. Those dismissed retreated to the open country below. The Spartans and the Thebans remained in the pass. There were also, it was said, some other troops, who, not willing to leave the Spartans alone in this danger, chose to remain with them and share their fate. The Thebans remained very unwillingly.

The next morning Xerxes prepared for his final effort. He began by solemn religious services, in the presence of his army, at an early hour; and then, after breakfasting quietly, as usual, and waiting, in fact, until the business part of the day had arrived, he gave orders to advance. His troops found Leonidas and his party not at their intrenchments, as before, but far in advance of them. They had come out and forward into a more open part of the defile, as if to court and anticipate their inevitable and dreaded fate. Here a most terrible combat ensued; one which, for a time, seemed to have no other object than mutual destruction, until at length Leonidas himself fell, and then the contest for the possession of his body superseded the unthinking and desperate struggles of mere hatred and rage. Four times the body, having been taken by the Persians, was retaken by the Greeks: at last the latter retreated, bearing the dead body with them past their intrenchment, until they gained a small eminence in the rear of it, at a point where the pass was wider. Here the few that were still left gathered together. The detachment which Ephialtes had guided were coming up from below. The Spartans were faint and exhausted with their desperate efforts, and were bleeding from the wounds

they had received; their swords and spears were broken to pieces, their leader and nearly all their company were slain. But the savage and tiger-like ferocity which animated them continued unabated till the last. They fought with tooth and nail when all other weapons failed them, and bit the dust at last, as they fell, in convulsive and unyielding despair. The struggle did not cease till they were all slain, and every limb of every man ceased to quiver.

There were stories in circulation among mankind after this battle, importing that one or two of the corps escaped the fate of the rest. There were two soldiers, it was said, that had been left in a town near the pass, as invalids, being afflicted with a severe inflammation of the eyes. One of them, when he heard that the Spartans were to be left in the pass, went in, of his own accord, and joined them, choosing to share the fate of his comrades. It was said that he ordered his servant to conduct him to the place. The servant did so, and then fled himself, in great terror. The sick soldier remained and fought with the rest. The other of the invalids was saved, but, on his return to Sparta, he was considered as stained with indelible disgrace for what his countrymen regarded a base dereliction from duty in not sharing his comrade's fate.

There was also a story of another man, who had been sent away on some mission into Thessaly, and who did not return until all was over; and also of two others who had been sent to Sparta, and were returning when they heard of the approaching conflict. One of them hastened into the pass, and was killed with his companions. The other delayed, and was saved. Whether any or all of these rumors were true, is not now certain; there is, however, no doubt that, with at most a few exceptions such as these, the whole three hundred were slain.

The Thebans, early in the conflict, went over in a body to the enemy.

Xerxes came after the battle to view the ground. It was covered with many thousands of dead bodies, nearly all of whom, of course, were Persians. The wall of the intrenchment was broken down, and the breaches in it choked up by the bodies. The morasses made by the water of the springs were trampled into deep mire, and were full of the mutilated forms of men and of broken weapons. When Xerxes came at last to the body of Leonidas, and was told that that was the man who had been the leader of the band, he gloried over it in great exaltation and triumph. At length he ordered the body to be decapitated, and the headless trunk to be nailed to a cross.

Xerxes then commanded that a great hole should be dug, and ordered all the bodies of the Persians that had been killed to be buried in it, except only about a thousand, which he left upon the ground. The object of this was to conceal the extent of the loss which his army had sustained. The more perfectly to accomplish this end, he caused the great grave, when it was filled up, to be strewed over with leaves, so as to cover and conceal all indications of what had been done. This having been carefully effected, he sent the message to the fleet, which was alluded to at the close of the last chapter, inviting the officers to come and view the ground.

The operations of the fleet described in the last chapter, and those of the army narrated in this, took place, it will be remembered, at the same time, and in the same vicinity too; for, by referring to the map, it will appear that Thermopylae was upon the coast, exactly opposite to the channel or arm of the sea lying north of Euboea, where the naval contests had been waged; so that, while Xerxes had been making his desperate efforts to get through the pass, his fleet had been engaged in a similar conflict with the squadrons of the Greeks, directly opposite to him, twenty or thirty miles in the offing.

After the battle of Thermopylae was over, Xerxes sent for Demaratus, and inquired of him how many more such soldiers there were in Greece as Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans. Demaratus replied that he could not say how many precisely there were in Greece, but that there were eight thousand such in Sparta alone. Xerxes then asked the opinion of Demaratus as to the course best to be pursued for making the conquest of the country. This conversation was held in the presence of various nobles and officers, among whom was the admiral of the fleet, who had come, with the various other naval commanders, as was stated in the last chapter, to view the battle-field.

Demaratus said that he did not think that the king could easily get possession of the Peloponnesus by marching to it directly, so formidable would be the opposition that he would encounter at the isthmus. There was, however, he said, an island called Cythera, opposite to the territories of Sparta, and not far from the shore, of which he thought that the king could easily get possession, and which, once fully in his power, might be made the base of future operations for the reduction of the whole peninsula, as bodies of troops could be dispatched from it to the main land in any numbers and at any time. He recommended, therefore, that three hundred ships, with a proper complement of men, should be detached from the fleet, and sent round at once to take possession of that island.

To this plan the admiral of the fleet was totally opposed. It was natural that he should be so, since the detaching of three hundred ships for this enterprise would greatly weaken the force under his command. It would leave the fleet, he told the king, a miserable remnant, not superior to that of the enemy, for they had already lost four hundred ships by storms. He thought it infinitely preferable that the fleet and the army should advance together, the one by sea and the other on the land, and complete their conquests as they went along. He advised the king, too, to beware of Demaratus's advice. He was a Greek, and, as such, his object was, the admiral believed, to betray and ruin the expedition.

After hearing these conflicting opinions, the king decided to follow the admiral's advice. "I will adopt your counsel," said he, "but I will not hear any thing said against Demaratus, for I am convinced that he is a true and faithful friend to me." Saying this, he dismissed the council.

CHAPTER X.

THE BURNING OF ATHENS.

B.C. 480

The officers return to their vessels.--The Greek fleet retire to Salamis.--The Thessalians.--Their hostility to the Phocaeans.--Defeat of the Thessalians.--Phocaean stratagem.--A spectral army.--Thessalian cavalry.--Pitfall for the cavalry.--They are caught in it.--Advance of the army.--Cruelties and atrocities.--The sacred town of Delphi.--Mount Parnassus.--Summit of Parnassus.--The Castalian spring.--The oracle.--Architectural structures.--Works of art.--Inspiration of the oracle.--Its discovery.--Panic of the Delphians.--They apply to the oracle.--Response of the oracle.--The prodigy in the temple.--Discomfiture of the Persians.--The spirit warriors.--Consternation at Athens.--The inhabitants advised to fly.--Scenes of misery.--Some of the inhabitants remain.--Situation of the Acropolis.--Magnificent architectural structures.--Statue of Minerva.--The Parthenon.--Xerxes at Athens.--Athens burned.--The citadel taken and fired.--Exaltation of Xerxes.--Messenger sent to Susa.

When the officers of the Persian fleet had satisfied themselves with examining the battle-field at Thermopylae, and had heard the narrations given by the soldiers of the terrible combats that had been fought with the desperate garrison which had been stationed to defend the pass, they went back to their vessels, and prepared to make sail to the southward, in pursuit of the Greek fleet. The Greek fleet had gone to Salamis. The Persians in due time overtook them there, and a great naval conflict occurred, which is known in history as the battle of Salamis, and was one of the most celebrated naval battles of ancient times. An account of this battle will form the subject of the next chapter. In this we are to follow the operations of the army on the land.

As the Pass of Thermopylae was now in Xerxes's possession, the way was open before him to all that portion of the great territory which lay north of the Peloponnesus. Of course, before he could enter the peninsula itself, he must pass the Isthmus of Corinth, where he might, perhaps, encounter some concentrated resistance. North of the isthmus, however, there was no place where the Greeks could make a stand. The country was all open, or, rather, there were a thousand ways open through the various valleys and glens, and along the banks of the rivers. All that was necessary was to procure guides and proceed.

The Thessalians were very ready to furnish guides. They had submitted to Xerxes before the battle of Thermopylae, and they considered themselves, accordingly, as his allies. They had, besides, a special interest in conducting the Persian army, on account of the hostile feelings which they entertained toward the people immediately south of the pass, into whose territories Xerxes would first carry his ravages. This people were the Phocaeans. Their country, as has already been stated, was separated from Thessaly by impassable mountains, except where the Straits of Thermopylae opened a passage; and through this pass both nations had been continually making hostile incursions into the territory of the other for many years before the Persian invasion. The Thessalians had surrendered readily to the summons of Xerxes, while the Phocaeans had determined to resist him, and adhere to the cause of the Greeks in the struggle. They were suspected of having been influenced, in a great measure, in their determination to resist, by the fact that the Thessalians had decided to surrender. They were resolved that they would not, on any account, be upon the same side with their ancient and inveterate foes.

The hostility of the Thessalians to the Phocaeans was equally implacable. At the last incursion which they had made into the Phocaean territory, they had been defeated by means of stratagems in a manner which tended greatly to vex and irritate them. There were two of these stratagems, which were both completely successful, and both of a very extraordinary character.

The first was this. The Thessalians were in the Phocaean country in great force, and the Phocaeans had found themselves utterly unable to expel them. Under these circumstances, a body of the Phocaeans, six hundred in number, one day whitened their faces, their arms and hands, their clothes, and all their weapons, with chalk, and then, at the dead of night--perhaps, however, when the moon was shining--made an onset upon the camp of the enemy. The Thessalian sentinels were terrified and ran away, and the soldiers, awakened from their slumbers by these unearthly-looking troops, screamed with fright, and fled in all directions, in utter confusion and dismay. A night attack is usually a dangerous attempt, even if the assaulting party is the strongest, as, in the darkness and confusion which then prevail, the assailants can not ordinarily distinguish friends from foes, and so are in great danger, amid the tumult and obscurity, of slaying one another. That difficulty was obviated in this case by the strange disguise which the Phocaeans had assumed. They knew that all were Thessalians who were not whitened like themselves. The Thessalians were totally discomfited and dispersed by this encounter.

The other stratagem was of a different character, and was directed against a troop of cavalry. The Thessalian cavalry were renowned throughout the world. The broad plains extending through the heart of their country contained excellent fields for training and exercising such troops, and the mountains which surrounded it furnished grassy slopes and verdant valleys, that supplied excellent pasturage for the rearing of horses. The nation was very strong, therefore, in this species of force, and many of the states and kingdoms of Greece, when planning their means of internal defense, and potentates and conquerors, when going forth on great campaigns, often considered their armies incomplete unless there was included in them a corps of Thessalian cavalry.

A troop of this cavalry had invaded Phocis, and the Phocaeans, conscious of their inability to resist them in open war, contrived to entrap them in the following manner. They dug a long trench in the ground, and then putting in baskets or casks sufficient nearly to fill the space, they spread over the top a thin layer of soil. They then concealed all indications that the ground had been disturbed, by spreading leaves over the surface. The trap being thus prepared, they contrived to entice the Thessalians to the spot by a series of retreats, and at length led them into the pitfall thus provided for them. The substructure of casks was strong enough to sustain the Phocaeans, who went over it as footmen, but was too fragile to bear the weight of the mounted troops. The horses broke through, and the squadron was thrown into such confusion by so unexpected a disaster, that, when the Phocaeans turned and fell upon them, they were easily overcome.

These things had irritated and vexed the Thessalians very much. They were eager for revenge, and they were very ready to guide the armies of Xerxes into the country of their enemies in order to obtain it.

The troops advanced accordingly, awakening every where, as they came on, the greatest consternation and terror among the inhabitants, and producing on all sides scenes of indescribable anguish and suffering. They came into the valley of the Cephisus, a beautiful river flowing through a delightful and fertile region, which contained many cities and towns, and was filled every where with an industrious rural population. Through this scene of peace, and happiness, and plenty, the vast horde of invaders swept on with the destructive force of a tornado. They plundered the towns of every thing which could be carried away, and destroyed what they were compelled to leave behind them. There is a catalogue of twelve cities in this valley which they burned. The inhabitants, too, were treated with the utmost cruelty. Some were seized, and compelled to follow the army as slaves; others were slain; and others still were subjected to nameless cruelties and atrocities, worse sometimes than death. Many of the women, both mothers and maidens, died in consequence of the brutal violence with which the soldiers treated them.

The most remarkable of the transactions connected with Xerxes's advance through the country of Phocis, on his way to Athens, were those connected with his attack upon Delphi. Delphi was a sacred town, the seat of the oracle. It was in the vicinity of Mount Parnassus and of the Castalian spring, places of very great renown in the Greek mythology.

Parnassus was the name of a short mountainous range rather than of a single peak, though the loftiest summit of the range was called Parnassus too. This summit is found, by modern measurement, to be about eight thousand feet high, and it is covered with snow nearly all the year. When bare it consists only of a desolate range of rocks, with mosses and a few Alpine plants growing on the sheltered and sunny sides of them. From the top of Parnassus travelers who now visit it look down upon almost all of Greece as upon a map. The Gulf of Corinth is a silver lake at their feet, and the plains of Thessaly are seen extending far and wide to the northward, with Olympus, Pelion, and Ossa, blue and distant peaks, bounding the view.

Parnassus has, in fact, a double summit, between the peaks of which a sort of ravine commences, which, as it extends down the mountain, becomes a beautiful valley, shaded with rows of trees, and adorned with slopes of verdure and banks of flowers. In a glen connected with this valley there is a fountain of water springing copiously from among the rocks, in a grove of laurels. This

fountain gives rise to a stream, which, after bounding over the rocks, and meandering between mossy banks for a long distance down the mountain glens, becomes a quiet lowland stream, and flows gently through a fertile and undulating country to the sea. This fountain was the famous Castalian spring. It was, as the ancient Greek legends said, the favorite resort and residence of Apollo and the Muses, and its waters became, accordingly, the symbol and the emblem of poetical inspiration.

The city of Delphi was built upon the lower declivities of the Parnassian ranges, and yet high above the surrounding country. It was built in the form of an amphitheater, in a sort of _lap_ in the hill where it stood, with steep precipices descending to a great depth on either side. It was thus a position of difficult access, and was considered almost impregnable in respect to its military strength. Besides its natural defenses, it was considered as under the special protection of Apollo.

Delphi was celebrated throughout the world, in ancient times, not only for the oracle itself, but for the magnificence of the architectural structures, the boundless profusion of the works of art, and the immense value of the treasures which, in process of time, had been accumulated there. The various powers and potentates that had resorted to it to obtain the responses of the oracle, had brought rich presents, or made costly contributions in some way, to the service of the shrine. Some had built temples, others had constructed porches or colonnades. Some had adorned the streets of the city with architectural embellishments; others had caused statues to be erected; and others had made splendid donations of vessels of gold and silver, until at length the wealth and magnificence of Delphi was the wonder of the world. All nations resorted to it, some to see its splendors, and others to obtain the counsel and direction of the oracle in emergencies of difficulty or danger.

In the time of Xerxes, Delphi had been for several hundred years in the enjoyment of its fame as a place of divine inspiration. It was said to have been originally discovered in the following manner. Some herdsmen on the mountains, watching their flocks, observed one day a number of goats performing very strange and unaccountable antics among some crevices in the rocks, and, going to the place, they found that a mysterious wind was issuing from the crevices, which produced an extraordinary exhilaration on all who breathed it. Every thing extraordinary was thought, in those days, to be supernatural and divine, and the fame of this discovery was spread every where, the people supposing that the effect produced upon the men and animals by breathing the mysterious air was a divine inspiration. A temple was built over the spot, priests and priestesses were installed, a city began to rise, and in process of time Delphi became the most celebrated oracle in the world; and as the vast treasures which had been accumulated there consisted mainly of gifts and offerings consecrated to a divine and sacred service, they were all understood to be under divine protection. They were defended, it is true, in part by the inaccessibleness of the position of Delphi, and by the artificial fortifications which had been added from time to time to increase the security, but still more by the feeling which every where prevailed, that any violence offered to such a shrine would be punished by the gods as sacrilege. The account of the manner in which Xerxes was repulsed, as related by the ancient historians, is somewhat marvelous. We, however, in this case, as in all others, transmit the story to our readers as the ancient historians give it to us.

The main body of the army pursued its way directly southward toward the city of Athens, which was now the great object at which Xerxes aimed. A large detachment, however, separating from the main body, moved more to the westward, toward Delphi. Their plan was to plunder the temples and the city, and send the treasures to the king. The Delphians, on hearing this, were seized with consternation. They made application themselves to the oracle, to know what they were to do in respect to the sacred treasures. They could not defend them, they said, against such a host, and they inquired whether they should bury them in the earth, or attempt to remove them to some distant place of safety.

The oracle replied that they were to do nothing at all in respect to the sacred treasures. The divinity, it said, was able to protect what was its own. They, on their part, had only to provide for themselves, their wives, and their children.

On hearing this response, the people dismissed all care in respect to the treasures of the temple and of the shrine, and made arrangements for removing their families and their own effects to some place of safety toward the southward. The military force of the city and a small number of the inhabitants alone remained.

When the Persians began to draw near, a prodigy occurred in the temple, which seemed intended to warn the profane invaders away. It seems that there was a suit of arms, of a costly character doubtless, and highly decorated with gold and gems--the present, probably, of some Grecian state or king--which were hung in an inner and sacred apartment of the temple, and which it was sacrilegious for any human hand to touch. These arms were found, on the day when the Persians were approaching, removed to the outward front of the temple. The priest who first observed them was struck with amazement and awe. He spread the intelligence among the soldiers and the people that remained, and the circumstance awakened in them great animation and

courage.

Nor were the hopes of divine interposition which this wonder awakened disappointed in the end; for, as soon as the detachment of Persians came near the hill on which Delphi was situated, loud thunder burst from the sky, and a bolt, descending upon the precipices near the town, detached two enormous masses of rock, which rolled down upon the ranks of the invaders. The Delphian soldiers, taking advantage of the scene of panic and confusion which this awful visitation produced, rushed down upon their enemies and completed their discomfiture. They were led on and assisted in this attack by the spirits of two ancient heroes, who had been natives of the country, and to whom two of the temples of Delphi had been consecrated. These spirits appeared in the form of tall and full-armed warriors, who led the attack, and performed prodigies of strength and valor in the onset upon the Persians; and then, when the battle was over, disappeared as mysteriously as they came.

In the mean time the great body of the army of Xerxes, with the monarch at their head, was advancing on Athens. During his advance the city had been in a continual state of panic and confusion. In the first place, when the Greek fleet had concluded to give up the contest in the Artemisian Channel, before the battle of Thermopylae, and had passed around to Salamis, the commanders in the city of Athens had given up the hope of making any effectual defense, and had given orders that the inhabitants should save themselves by seeking a refuge wherever they could find it. This annunciation, of course, filled the city with dismay, and the preparations for a general flight opened every where scenes of terror and distress, of which those who have never witnessed the evacuation of a city by its inhabitants can scarcely conceive.

The immediate object of the general terror was, at this time, the Persian fleet; for the Greek fleet, having determined to abandon the waters on that side of Attica, left the whole coast exposed, and the Persians might be expected at any hour to make a landing within a few miles of the city. Scarcely, however, had the impending of this danger been made known to the city, before the tidings of one still more imminent reached it, in the news that the Pass of Thermopylae had been carried, and that, in addition to the peril with which the Athenians were threatened by the fleet on the side of the sea, the whole Persian army was coming down upon them by land. This fresh alarm greatly increased, of course, the general consternation. All the roads leading from the city toward the south and west were soon covered with parties of wretched fugitives, exhibiting as they pressed forward, weary and wayworn, on their toilsome and almost hopeless flight, every possible phase of misery, destitution, and despair. The army fell back to the isthmus, intending to make a stand, if possible, there, to defend the Peloponnesus. The fugitives made the best of their way to the sea-coast, where they were received on board transport ships sent thither from the fleet, and conveyed, some to AEgina, some to Salamis, and others to other points on the coasts and islands to the south, wherever the terrified exiles thought there was the best prospect of safety.

Some, however, remained at Athens. There was a part of the population who believed that the phrase "wooden walls," used by the oracle, referred, not to the ships of the fleet, but to the wooden palisade around the citadel. They accordingly repaired and strengthened the palisade, and established themselves in the fortress with a small garrison which undertook to defend it.

The citadel of Athens, or the Acropolis, as it was called, was the richest, and most splendid, and magnificent fortress in the world. It was built upon an oblong rocky hill, the sides of which were perpendicular cliffs, except at one end, where alone the summit was accessible. This summit presented an area of an oval form, about a thousand feet in length and five hundred broad, thus containing a space of about ten acres. This area upon the summit, and also the approaches at the western end, were covered with the most grand, imposing, and costly architectural structures that then existed in the whole European world. There were temples, colonnades, gateways, stairways, porticoes, towers, and walls, which, viewed as a whole, presented a most magnificent spectacle, that excited universal admiration, and which, when examined in detail, awakened a greater degree of wonder still by the costliness of the materials, the beauty and perfection of the workmanship, and the richness and profusion of the decorations, which were seen on every hand. The number and variety of statues of bronze and of marble which had been erected in the various temples and upon the different platforms were very great. There was one, a statue of Minerva, which was executed by Phidias, the great Athenian sculptor, after the celebrated battle of Marathon, in the days of Darius, which, with its pedestal, was sixty feet high. It stood on the left of the grand entrance, towering above the buildings in full view from the country below, and leaning upon its long spear like a colossal sentinel on guard. In the distance, on the right, from the same point of view, the great temple called the Parthenon was to be seen, a temple which was, in some respects, the most celebrated in the world. The ruins of these edifices remain to the present day, standing in desolate and solitary grandeur on the rocky hill which they once so richly adorned.

When Xerxes arrived at Athens, he found, of course, no difficulty in obtaining possession of the city itself, since it had been deserted by its inhabitants, and left defenseless. The people that remained had all crowded into the citadel. They had built the

wooden palisade across the only approach by which it was possible to get near the gates, and they had collected large stones on the tops of the rocks, to roll down upon their assailants if they should attempt to ascend.

[Illustration: THE CITADEL AT ATHENS.]

Xerxes, after ravaging and burning the town, took up a position upon a hill opposite to the citadel, and there he had engines constructed to throw enormous arrows, on which tow that had been dipped in pitch was wound. This combustible envelopment of the arrows was set on fire before the weapon was discharged, and a shower of the burning missiles thus formed was directed toward the palisade. The wooden walls were soon set on fire by them, and totally consumed. The access to the Acropolis was, however, still difficult, being by a steep acclivity, up which it was very dangerous to ascend so long as the besiegers were ready to roll down rocks upon their assailants from above.

At last, however, after a long conflict and much slaughter, Xerxes succeeded in forcing his way into the citadel. Some of his troops contrived to find a path by which they could climb up to the walls. Here, after a desperate combat with those who were stationed to guard the place, they succeeded in gaining admission, and then opened the gates to their comrades below. The Persian soldiers, exasperated with the resistance which they had encountered, slew the soldiers of the garrison, perpetrated every imaginable violence on the wretched inhabitants who had fled there for shelter, and then plundered the citadel and set it on fire.

The heart of Xerxes was filled with exultation and joy as he thus arrived at the attainment of what had been the chief and prominent object of his campaign. To plunder and destroy the city of Athens had been the great pleasure that he had promised himself in all the mighty preparations that he had made. This result was now realized, and he dispatched a special messenger immediately to Susa with the triumphant tidings.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BATTLE OF SALAMIS.

B.C. 480

Situation of Salamis.--Movements of the fleet and the army.--Policy of the Greeks.--Reasons for retreating to Salamis.--A council of war.--Consultations and debates.--Conflicting views.--The council breaks up in confusion.--Themistocles.--Interview with Mnesiphilus.--Themistocles seeks Eurybiades.--Urges a new council.--The council convened again.--Themistocles rebuked.--Themistocles's arguments for remaining at Salamis.--Fugitives at Salamis.--Views of the Corinthians.--Excitement in the council.--Indignation of Themistocles.--Eurybiades decides to remain at Salamis.--An earthquake.--Advance of the Persians.--Perilous situation of the Greeks.--Xerxes summons a council of war.--Pompous preparations.--Views of the Persian officers.--Views of Queen Artemisia.--Artemisa's arguments against attacking the Greek fleet.--Effect of Artemisia's speech.--Feelings of the council.--Discontent among the Greeks.--Sicinnus.--Bold stratagem of Themistocles.--He sends Sicinnus to the Persians.--Message of Themistocles.--Measures of the Persians.--The Persians take possession of the Psyttalia.--The Greeks hemmed in.--Aristides.--He makes his way through the Persian fleet.--Interview between Aristides and Themistocles.--Their conversation.--Aristides communicates his intelligence to the assembly.--Effect of Aristides intelligence.--Further news.--Adventurous courage of Paraetius.--Gratitude of the Greeks.--Final preparations for battle.--Friendly offices.--Xerxes's throne.--His scribes.--Summary punishment.--Speech of Themistocles.--He embarks his men.--Excitement and confusion.--Commencement of the battle.--Fury of the conflict.--Modern naval battles.--Observations of Xerxes.--Artemisia.--Enemies of Artemisia.--Her quarrel with Damasithymus.--Stratagem of Artemisia.--She attacks Damasithymus.--Artemisia kills Damasithymus.--Xerxes's opinion of her valor.--Progress of the battle.--The Persians give way.--Heroism of Aristides.--He captures Psyttalia.--The Greeks victorious.--Repairing damages.--Xerxes resolves on flight.--The sea after the battle.--Fulfillment of an ancient prophecy.

Salamis is an island of a very irregular form, lying in the Saronian Gulf, north of AEgina, and to the westward of Athens. What was called the Port of Athens was on the shore opposite to Salamis, the city itself being situated on elevated land four or five miles back from the sea. From this port to the bay on the southern side of Salamis, where the Greek fleet was lying, it was only four or five miles more, so that, when Xerxes burned the city, the people on board the galleys in the fleet might easily see the smoke of the conflagration.

The Isthmus of Corinth was west of Salamis, some fifteen miles, across the bay. The army, in retreating from Athens toward the isthmus, would have necessarily to pass round the bay in a course somewhat circuitous, while the fleet, in following them, would pass in a direct line across it. The geographical relations of these places, a knowledge of which is necessary to a full understanding of the operations of the Greek and Persian forces, will be distinctly seen by comparing the above description with the map placed at the commencement of the fifth chapter.

It had been the policy of the Greeks to keep the fleet and army as much as possible together, and thus, during the time in which the troops were attempting a concentration at Thermopylae, the ships made their rendezvous in the Artemisian Strait or Channel, directly opposite to that point of the coast. There they fought, maintaining their position desperately, day after day, as long as Leonidas and his Spartans held their ground on the shore. Their sudden disappearance from those waters, by which the Persians had been so much surprised, was caused by their having received intelligence that the pass had been carried and Leonidas destroyed. They knew then that Athens would be the next point of resistance by the land forces. They therefore fell back to Salamis, or, rather, to the bay lying between Salamis and the Athenian shore, that being the nearest position that they could take to support the operations of the army in their attempts to defend the capital. When, however, the tidings came to them that Athens had fallen, and that what remained of the army had retreated to the isthmus, the question at once arose whether the fleet should retreat too, across the bay, to the isthmus shore, with a view to co-operate more fully with the army in the new position which the latter had taken, or whether it should remain where it was, and defend itself as it best could against the Persian squadrons which would soon be drawing near. The commanders of the fleet held a consultation to consider this question.

In this consultation the Athenian and the Corinthian leaders took different views. In fact, they were very near coming into open collision. Such a difference of opinion, considering the circumstances of the case, was not at all surprising. It might, indeed, have naturally been expected to arise, from the relative situation of the two cities, in respect to the danger which threatened them. If the Greek fleet were to withdraw from Salamis to the isthmus, it might be in a better position to defend Corinth, but it would, by such a movement, be withdrawing from the Athenian territories, and abandoning what remained in Attica wholly to the conqueror. The Athenians were, therefore, in favor of maintaining the position at Salamis, while the Corinthians were disposed to retire to the shores of the isthmus, and co-operate with the army there.

The council was convened to deliberate on this subject before the news arrived of the actual fall of Athens, although, inasmuch as the Persians were advancing into Attica in immense numbers, and there was no Greek force left to defend the city, they considered its fall as all but inevitable. The tidings of the capture and destruction of Athens came while the council was in session. This seemed to determine the question. The Corinthian commanders, and those from the other Peloponnesian cities, declared that it was perfectly absurd to remain any longer at Salamis, in a vain attempt to defend a country already conquered. The council was broken up in confusion, each commander retiring to his own ship, and the Peloponnesians resolving to withdraw on the following morning. Eurybiades, who, it will be recollected, was the commander-in-chief of all the Greek fleet, finding thus that it was impossible any longer to keep the ships together at Salamis, since a part of them would, at all events, withdraw, concluded to yield to the necessity of the case and to conduct the whole fleet to the isthmus. He issued his orders accordingly, and the several commanders repaired to their respective ships to make the preparations. It was night when the council was dismissed, and the fleet was to move in the morning.

One of the most influential and distinguished of the Athenian officers was a general named Themistocles. Very soon after he had returned to his ship from this council, he was visited by another Athenian named Mnesiphilus, who, uneasy and anxious in the momentous crisis, had come in his boat, in the darkness of the night, to Themistocles's ship, to converse with him on the plans of the morrow. Mnesiphilus asked Themistocles what was the decision of the council.

"To abandon Salamis," said Themistocles, "and retire to the isthmus."

"Then," said Mnesiphilus, "we shall never have an opportunity to meet the enemy. I am sure that if we leave this position the fleet will be wholly broken up, and that each portion will go, under its own commander, to defend its own state or seek its own safety, independently of the rest. We shall never be able to concentrate our forces again. The result will be the inevitable dissolution of the fleet as a combined and allied force, in spite of all that Eurybiades or any one else can do to prevent it."

Mnesiphilus urged this danger with so much earnestness and eloquence as to make a very considerable impression on the mind of Themistocles. Themistocles said nothing, but his countenance indicated that he was very strongly inclined to adopt Mnesiphilus's views. Mnesiphilus urged him to go immediately to Eurybiades, and endeavor to induce him to obtain a reversal of the decision of

the council. Themistocles, without expressing either assent or dissent, took his boat, and ordered the oarsmen to row him to the galley of Eurybiades. Mnesiphilus, having so far accomplished his object, went away.

Themistocles came in his boat to the side of Eurybiades's galley. He said that he wished to speak with the general on a subject of great importance. Eurybiades, when this was reported to him, sent to invite Themistocles to come on board. Themistocles did so, and he urged upon the general the same arguments that Mnesiphilus had pressed upon him, namely, that if the fleet were once to move from their actual position, the different squadrons would inevitably separate, and could never be assembled again. He urged Eurybiades, therefore, very strenuously to call a new council, with a view of reversing the decision that had been made to retire, and of resolving instead to give battle to the Persians at Salamis.

Eurybiades was persuaded, and immediately took measures for convening the council again. The summons, sent around thus at midnight, calling upon the principal officers of the fleet to repair again in haste to the commander's galley, when they had only a short time before been dismissed from it, produced great excitement. The Corinthians, who had been in favor of the plan of abandoning Salamis, conjectured that the design might be to endeavor to reverse that decision, and they came to the council determined to resist any such attempt, if one should be made.

When the officers had arrived, Themistocles began immediately to open the discussion, before, in fact, Eurybiades had stated why he had called them together. A Corinthian officer interrupted and rebuked him for presuming to speak before his time. Themistocles retorted upon the Corinthian, and continued his harangue. He urged the council to review their former decision, and to determine, after all, to remain at Salamis. He, however, now used different arguments from those which he had employed when speaking to Eurybiades alone; for to have directly charged the officers themselves with the design of which he had accused them to Eurybiades, namely, that of abandoning their allies, and retiring with their respective ships, each to his own coast, in case the position at Salamis were to be given up, would only incense them, and arouse a hostility which would determine them against any thing that he might propose.

He therefore urged the expediency of remaining at Salamis on other grounds. Salamis was a much more advantageous position, he said, than the coast of the isthmus, for a small fleet to occupy in awaiting an attack from a large one. At Salamis they were defended in part by the projections of the land, which protected their flanks, and prevented their being assailed, except in front, and their front they might make a very narrow one. At the isthmus, on the contrary, there was a long, unvaried, and unsheltered coast, with no salient points to give strength or protection to their position there. They could not expect to derive serious advantage from any degree of co-operation with the army on the land which would be practicable at the isthmus, while their situation at sea there would be far more exposed and dangerous than where they then were. Besides, many thousands of the people had fled to Salamis for refuge and protection, and the fleet, by leaving its present position, would be guilty of basely abandoning them all to hopeless destruction, without even making an effort to save them.

This last was, in fact, the great reason why the Athenians were so unwilling to abandon Salamis. The unhappy fugitives with which the island was thronged were their wives and children, and they were extremely unwilling to go away and leave them to so cruel a fate as they knew would await them if the fleet were to be withdrawn. The Corinthians, on the other hand, considered Athens as already lost, and it seemed madness to them to linger uselessly in the vicinity of the ruin which had been made, while there were other states and cities in other quarters of Greece yet to be saved. The Corinthian speaker who had rebuked Themistocles at first, interrupted him again, angrily, before he finished his appeal.

"You have no right to speak," said he. "You have no longer a country. When you cease to represent a power, you have no right to take a part in our councils."

This cruel retort aroused in the mind of Themistocles a strong feeling of indignation and anger against the Corinthian. He loaded his opponent, in return, with bitter reproaches, and said, in conclusion, that as long as the Athenians had two hundred ships in the fleet, they had still a country--one, too, of sufficient importance to the general defense to give them a much better title to be heard in the common consultations than any Corinthian could presume to claim.

Then turning to Eurybiades again, Themistocles implored him to remain at Salamis, and give battle to the Persians there, as that was, he said, the only course by which any hope remained to them of the salvation of Greece. He declared that the Athenian part of the fleet would never go to the isthmus. If the others decided on going there, they, the Athenians, would gather all the fugitives they could from the island of Salamis and from the coasts of Attica, and make the best of their way to Italy, where there was a territory to which they had some claim, and, abandoning Greece forever, they would found a new kingdom there.

Eurybiades, the commander-in-chief, if he was not convinced by the arguments that Themistocles had offered, was alarmed at his declaration that the Athenian ships would abandon the cause of the Greeks if the fleet abandoned Salamis; he accordingly gave his voice very decidedly for remaining where they were. The rest of the officers finally acquiesced in this decision, and the council broke up, the various members of it returning each to his own command. It was now nearly morning. The whole fleet had been, necessarily, during the night in a state of great excitement and suspense, all anxious to learn the result of these deliberations. The awe and solemnity which would, of course, pervade the minds of men at midnight, while such momentous questions were pending, were changed to an appalling sense of terror, toward the dawn, by an earthquake which then took place, and which, as is usually the case with such convulsions, not only shook the land, but was felt by vessels on the sea. The men considered this phenomenon as a solemn warning from heaven, and measures were immediately adopted for appeasing, by certain special sacrifices and ceremonies, the divine displeasure which the shock seemed to portend.

In the mean time, the Persian fleet, which we left, it will be recollected, in the channels between Euboea and the main land, near to Thermopylae, had advanced when they found that the Greeks had left those waters, and, following their enemies to the southward through the channel called the Euripus, had doubled the promontory called Sunium, which is the southern promontory of Attica, and then, moving northward again along the western coast of Attica, had approached Phalerum, which was not far from Salamis. Xerxes, having concluded his operations at Athens, advanced to the same point by land.

The final and complete success of the Persian expedition seemed now almost sure. All the country north of the peninsula had fallen. The Greek army had retreated to the isthmus, having been driven from every other post, and its last forlorn hope of being able to resist the advance of its victorious enemies was depending there. And the commanders of the Persian fleet, having driven the Greek squadrons in the same manner from strait to strait and from sea to sea, saw the discomfited galleys drawn up, in apparently their last place of refuge, in the Bay of Salamis, and only waiting to be captured and destroyed.

In a word, every thing seemed ready for the decisive and final blow, and Xerxes summoned a grand council of war on board one of the vessels of the fleet as soon as he arrived at Phalerum, to decide upon the time and manner of striking it.

The convening of this council was arranged, and the deliberations themselves conducted, with great parade and ceremony. The princes of the various nations represented in the army and in the fleet, and the leading Persian officers and nobles, were summoned to attend it. It was held on board one of the principal galleys, where great preparations had been made for receiving so august an assemblage. A throne was provided for the king, and seats for the various commanders according to their respective ranks, and a conspicuous place was assigned to Artemisia, the Carian queen, who, the reader will perhaps recollect, was described as one of the prominent naval commanders, in the account given of the great review at Doriscus. Mardonius appeared at the council as the king's representative and the conductor of the deliberations, there being required, according to the parliamentary etiquette of those days, in such royal councils as these, a sort of mediator, to stand between the king and his counselors, as if the monarch himself was on too sublime an elevation of dignity and grandeur to be directly addressed even by princes and nobles.

Accordingly, when the council was convened and the time arrived for opening the deliberations, the king directed Mardonius to call upon the commanders present, one by one, for their sentiments on the question whether it were advisable or not to attack the Greek fleet at Salamis. Mardonius did so. They all advised that the attack should be made, urging severally various considerations to enforce their opinions, and all evincing a great deal of zeal and ardor in the cause, and an impatient desire that the great final conflict should come on.

When, however, it came to Artemisia's turn to speak, it appeared that she was of a different sentiment from the rest. She commenced her speech with something like an apology for presuming to give the king her council. She said that, notwithstanding her sex, she had performed her part, with other commanders, in the battles which had already occurred, and that she was, perhaps, entitled accordingly, in the consultations which were held, to express her opinion. "Say, then, to the king," she continued, addressing Mardonius, as all the others had done, "that my judgment is, that we should not attack the Greek fleet at Salamis, but, on the contrary, that we should avoid a battle. It seems to me that we have nothing to gain, but should put a great deal at hazard by a general naval conflict at the present time. The truth is, that the Greeks, always terrible as combatants, are rendered desperate now by the straits to which they are reduced and the losses that they have sustained. The seamen of our fleet are as inferior to them in strength and courage as women are to men. I am sure that it will be a very dangerous thing to encounter them in their present chafed and irritated temper. Whatever others may think, I myself should not dare to answer for the result.

"Besides, situated as they are," continued Artemisia, "a battle is what _they_ must most desire, and, of course, it is adverse to our interest to accord it to them. I have ascertained that they have but a small supply of food, either in their fleet or upon the island of Salamis, while they have, besides their troops, a great multitude of destitute and helpless fugitives to be fed. If we simply leave them to themselves under the blockade in which our position here now places them, they will soon be reduced to great distress. Or, if we withdraw from them, and proceed at once to the Peloponnesus, to co-operate with the army there, we shall avoid all the risk of a battle, and I am sure that the Greek fleet will never dare to follow or to molest us."

The several members of the council listened to this unexpected address of Artemisia with great attention and interest, but with very different feelings. She had many friends among the counselors, and _they_ were anxious and uneasy at hearing her speak in this manner, for they knew very well that it was the king's decided intention that a battle should be fought, and they feared that, by this bold and strenuous opposition to it, Artemisia would incur the mighty monarch's displeasure. There were others who were jealous of the influence which Artemisia enjoyed, and envious of the favor with which they knew that Xerxes regarded her. These men were secretly pleased to hear her uttering sentiments by which they confidently believed that she would excite the anger of the king, and wholly lose her advantageous position. Both the hopes and the fears, however, entertained respectively by the queen's enemies and friends, proved altogether groundless. Xerxes was not displeased. On the contrary, he applauded Artemisia's ingenuity and eloquence in the highest terms, though he said, nevertheless, that he would follow the advice of the other counselors. He dismissed the assembly, and gave orders to prepare for battle.

In the mean time a day or two had passed away, and the Greeks, who had been originally very little inclined to acquiesce in the decision which Eurybiades had made, under the influence of Themistocles, to remain at Salamis and give the Persians battle, became more and more dissatisfied and uneasy as the great crisis drew nigh. In fact, the discontent and disaffection which appeared in certain portions of the fleet became so decided and so open, that Themistocles feared that some of the commanders would actually revolt, and go away with their squadrons in a body, in defiance of the general decision to remain. To prevent such a desertion as this, he contrived the following very desperate stratagem.

He had a slave in his family named Sicinnus, who was an intelligent and educated man, though a slave. In fact, he was the teacher of Themistocles's children. Instances of this kind, in which slaves were refined and cultivated men, were not uncommon in ancient times, as slaves were, in many instances, captives taken in war, who before their captivity had occupied as high social positions as their masters. Themistocles determined to send Sicinnus to the Persian fleet with a message from him, which should induce the Persians themselves to take measures to prevent the dispersion of the Greek fleet. Having given the slave, therefore, his secret instructions, he put him into a boat when night came on, with oarsmen who were directed to row him wherever he should require them to go. The boat pushed off stealthily from Themistocles's galley, and, taking care to keep clear of the Greek ships which lay at anchor near them, went southward toward the Persian fleet. When the boat reached the Persian galleys, Sicinnus asked to see the commander, and, on being admitted to an interview with him, he informed him that he came from Themistocles, who was the leader, he said, of the Athenian portion of the Greek fleet.

"I am charged," he added, "to say to you from Themistocles that he considers the cause of the Greeks as wholly lost, and he is now, accordingly, desirous himself of coming over to the Persian side. This, however, he can not actually and openly do, on account of the situation in which he is placed in respect to the rest of the fleet. He has, however, sent me to inform you that the Greek fleet is in a very disordered and helpless condition, being distracted by the dissensions of the commanders, and the general discouragement and despair of the men; that some divisions are secretly intending to make their escape; and that, if you can prevent this by surrounding them, or by taking such positions as to intercept any who may attempt to withdraw, the whole squadron will inevitably fall into your hands."

Having made this communication, Sicinnus went on board his boat again, and returned to the Greek fleet as secretly and stealthily as he came.

The Persians immediately determined to resort to the measures which Themistocles had recommended to prevent the escape of any part of the Greek fleet. There was a small island between Salamis and the coast of Attica, that is, on the eastern side of Salamis, called Psyttalia, which was in such a position as to command, in a great measure, the channel of water between Salamis and the main land on this side. The Persians sent forward a detachment of galleys to take possession of this island in the night. By this means they hoped to prevent the escape of any part of the Greek squadron in that direction. Besides, they foresaw that in the approaching battle the principal scene of the conflict must be in that vicinity, and that, consequently, the island would become the great resort of the disabled ships and the wounded men, since they would naturally seek refuge on the nearest land. To preoccupy

this ground, therefore, seemed an important step. It would enable them, when the terrible conflict should come on, to drive back any wretched refugees who might attempt to escape from destruction by seeking the shore.

By taking possession of this island, and stationing galleys in the vicinity of it, all which was done secretly in the night, the Persians cut off all possibility of escape for the Greeks in that direction. At the same time, they sent another considerable detachment of their fleet to the westward, which was the direction toward the isthmus, ordering the galleys thus sent to station themselves in such a manner as to prevent any portion of the Greek fleet from going round the island of Salamis, and making their escape through the northwestern channel. By this means the Greek fleet was environed on every side--hemmed in, though they were not aware of it, in such a way as to defeat any attempt which any division might make to retire from the scene.

The first intelligence which the Greeks received of their being thus surrounded was from an Athenian general named Aristides, who came one night from the island of AEgina to the Greek fleet, making his way with great difficulty through the lines of Persian galleys. Aristides had been, in the political conflicts which had taken place in former years at Athens, Themistocles's great rival and enemy. He had been defeated in the contests which had taken place, and had been banished from Athens. He now, however, made his way through the enemy's lines, incurring, in doing it, extreme difficulty and danger, in order to inform his countrymen of their peril, and to assist, if possible, in saving them.

When he reached the Greek fleet, the commanders were in council, agitating, in angry and incriminating debates, the perpetually recurring question whether they should retire to the isthmus, or remain where they were. Aristides called Themistocles out of the council. Themistocles was very much surprised at seeing his ancient enemy thus unexpectedly appear. Aristides introduced the conversation by saying that he thought that at such a crisis they ought to lay aside every private animosity, and only emulate each other in the efforts and sacrifices which they could respectively make to defend their country; that he had, accordingly, come from AEgina to join the fleet, with a view of rendering any aid that it might be in his power to afford; that it was now wholly useless to debate the question of retiring to the isthmus, for such a movement was no longer possible. "The fleet is surrounded," said he. "The Persian galleys are stationed on every side. It was with the utmost difficulty that I could make my way through the lines. Even if the whole assembly, and Eurybiades himself, were resolved on withdrawing to the isthmus, the thing could not now be done. Return, therefore, and tell them this, and say that to defend themselves where they are is the only alternative that now remains."

In reply to this communication, Themistocles said that nothing could give him greater pleasure than to learn what Aristides had stated. "The movement which the Persians have made," he said, "was in consequence of a communication which I myself sent to them. I sent it, in order that some of our Greeks, who seem so very reluctant to fight, might be compelled to do so. But you must come yourself into the assembly," he added, "and make your statement directly to the commanders. They will not believe it if they hear it from me. Come in, and state what you have seen."

Aristides accordingly entered the assembly, and informed the officers who were convened that to retire from their present position was no longer possible, since the sea to the west was fully guarded by lines of Persian ships, which had been stationed there to intercept them. He had just come in himself, he said, from AEgina, and had found great difficulty in passing through the lines, though he had only a single small boat, and was favored by the darkness of the night. He was convinced that the Greek fleet was entirely surrounded.

Having said this, Aristides withdrew. Although he could come, as a witness, to give his testimony in respect to facts, he was not entitled to take any part in the deliberations.

The assembly was thrown into a state of the greatest possible excitement by the intelligence which Aristides had communicated. Instead of producing harmony among them, it made the discord more violent and uncontrollable. Of those who had before wished to retire, some were now enraged that they had not been allowed to do so while the opportunity remained; others disbelieved Aristides's statements, and were still eager to go; while the rest, confirmed in their previous determination to remain where they were, rejoiced to find that retreat was no longer possible. The debate was confused and violent. It turned, in a great measure, on the degree of credibility to be attached to the account which Aristides had given them. Many of the assembly wholly disbelieved it. It was a stratagem, they maintained, contrived by the Athenian party, and those who wished to remain, in order to accomplish their end of keeping the fleet from changing its position.

The doubts, however, which the assembly felt in respect to the truth of Aristides's tidings were soon dispelled by new and incontestable evidence; for, while the debate was going on, it was announced that a large galley--a trireme, as it was called--had come in from the Persian fleet. This galley proved to be a Greek ship from the island of Tenos, one which Xerxes, in prosecution of

his plan of compelling those portions of the Grecian territories that he had conquered, or that had surrendered to him, to furnish forces to aid him in subduing the rest, had pressed into his service. The commander of this galley, unwilling to take part against his countrymen in the conflict, had decided to desert the Persian fleet by taking advantage of the night, and to come over to the Greeks. The name of the commander of this trireme was Paraetius. He confirmed fully all that Aristides had said. He assured the Greeks that they were completely surrounded, and that nothing remained for them but to prepare, where they were, to meet the attack which would certainly be made upon them in the morning. The arrival of this trireme was thus of very essential service to the Greeks. It put an end to their discordant debates, and united them, one and all, in the work of making resolute preparations for action. This vessel was also of very essential service in the conflict itself which ensued; and the Greeks were so grateful to Paraetius and to his comrades for the adventurous courage which they displayed in coming over under such circumstances, in such a night, to espouse the cause and to share the dangers of their countrymen, that after the battle they caused all their names to be engraved upon a sacred tripod, made in the most costly manner for the purpose, and then sent the tripod to be deposited at the oracle of Delphi, where it long remained a monument of this example of Delian patriotism and fidelity.

As the morning approached, the preparations were carried forward with ardor and energy, on board both fleets, for the great struggle which was to ensue. Plans were formed; orders were given; arms were examined and placed on the decks of the galleys, where they would be most ready at hand. The officers and soldiers gave mutual charges and instructions to each other in respect to the care of their friends and the disposal of their effects--charges and instructions which each one undertook to execute for his friend in case he should survive him. The commanders endeavored to animate and encourage their men by cheerful looks, and by words of confidence and encouragement. They who felt resolute and strong endeavored to inspirit the weak and irresolute, while those who shrank from the approaching contest, and dreaded the result of it, concealed their fears, and endeavored to appear impatient for the battle.

Xerxes caused an elevated seat or throne to be prepared for himself on an eminence near the shore, upon the main land, in order that he might be a personal witness of the battle. He had a guard and other attendants around him. Among these were a number of scribes or secretaries, who were prepared with writing materials to record the events which might take place, as they occurred, and especially to register the names of those whom Xerxes should see distinguishing themselves by their courage or by their achievements. He justly supposed that these arrangements, the whole fleet being fully informed in regard to them, would animate the several commanders with strong emulation, and excite them to make redoubled exertions to perform their part well. The record which was thus to be kept, under the personal supervision of the sovereign, was with a view to punishments too, as well as to honors and rewards; and it happened in many instances during the battle that ensued, that commanders, who, after losing their ships, escaped to the shore, were brought up before Xerxes's throne, and there expiated their fault or their misfortune, whichever it might have been, by being beheaded on the spot, without mercy. Some of the officers thus executed were Greeks, brutally slaughtered for not being successful in fighting, by compulsion, against their own countrymen.

As the dawn approached, Themistocles called together as many of the Athenian forces as it was possible to convene, assembling them at a place upon the shore of Salamis where he could conveniently address them, and there made a speech to them, as was customary with the Greek commanders before going into battle. He told them that, in such contests as that in which they were about to engage, the result depended, not on the relative numbers of the combatants, but on the resolution and activity which they displayed. He reminded them of the instances in which small bodies of men, firmly banded together by a strict discipline, and animated by courage and energy, had overthrown enemies whose numbers far exceeded their own. The Persians were more numerous, he admitted, than they, but still the Greeks would conquer them. If they faithfully obeyed their orders, and acted strictly and perseveringly in concert, according to the plans formed by the commanders, and displayed the usual courage and resolution of Greeks, he was sure of victory.

As soon as Themistocles had finished his speech, he ordered his men to embark, and the fleet immediately afterward formed itself in battle array.

Notwithstanding the strictness of the order and discipline which generally prevailed in Greek armaments of every kind, there was great excitement and much confusion in the fleet while making all these preparations, and this excitement and confusion increased continually as the morning advanced and the hour for the conflict drew nigh. The passing of boats to and fro, the dashing of the oars, the clangor of the weapons, the vociferations of orders by the officers and of responses by the men, mingled with each other in dreadful turmoil, while all the time the vast squadrons were advancing toward each other, each party of combatants eager to begin the contest. In fact, so full of wild excitement was the scene, that at length the battle was found to be raging on every side, while no one knew or could remember how it began. Some said that a ship, which had been sent away a short time before to

AEgina to obtain succors, was returning that morning, and that she commenced the action as she came through the Persian lines. Others said the Greek squadron advanced as soon as they could see, and attacked the Persians; and there were some whose imaginations were so much excited by the scene that they saw a female form portrayed among the dim mists of the morning, that urged the Greeks onward by beckonings and calls. They heard her voice, they said, crying to them, "Come on! come on! this is no time to linger on your oars."

However this may be, the battle was soon furiously raging on every part of the Bay of Salamis, exhibiting a wide-spread scene of conflict, fury, rage, despair, and death, such as had then been seldom witnessed in any naval conflict, and such as human eyes can now never look upon again. In modern warfare the smoke of the guns soon draws an impenetrable veil over the scene of horror, and the perpetual thunder of the artillery overpowers the general din. In a modern battle, therefore, none of the real horrors of the conflict can either be heard or seen by any spectator placed beyond the immediate scene of it. The sights and the sounds are alike buried and concealed beneath the smoke and the noise of the cannonading. There were, however, no such causes in this case to obstruct the observations which Xerxes was making from his throne on the shore. The air was calm, the sky serene, the water was smooth, and the atmosphere was as transparent and clear at the end of the battle as at the beginning. Xerxes could discern every ship, and follow it with his eye in all its motions. He could see who advanced and who retreated. Out of the hundreds of separate conflicts he could choose any one, and watch the progress of it from the commencement to the termination. He could see the combats on the decks, the falling of repulsed assailants into the water, the weapons broken, the wounded carried away, and swimmers struggling like insects on the smooth surface of the sea. He could see the wrecks, too, which were drifted upon the shores, and the captured galleys, which, after those who defended them had been vanquished--some killed, others thrown overboard, and others made prisoners--were slowly towed away by the victors to a place of safety.

There was one incident which occurred in this scene, as Xerxes looked down upon it from the eminence where he sat, which greatly interested and excited him, though he was deceived in respect to the true nature of it. The incident was one of Artemisia's stratagems. It must be premised, in relating the story, that Artemisia was not without enemies among the officers of the Persian fleet. Many of them were envious of the high distinction which she enjoyed, and jealous of the attention which she received from the king, and of the influence which she possessed over him. This feeling showed itself very distinctly at the grand council, when she gave her advice, in connection with that of the other commanders, to the king. Among the most decided of her enemies was a certain captain named Damasithymus. Artemisia had had a special quarrel with him while the fleet was coming through the Hellespont, which, though settled for the time, left the minds of both parties in a state of great hostility toward each other.

It happened, in the course of the battle, that the ship which Artemisia personally commanded and that of Damasithymus were engaged, together with other Persian vessels, in the same part of the bay; and at a time when the ardor and confusion of the conflict was at its height, the galley of Artemisia, and some others that were in company with hers, became separated from the rest, perhaps by the too eager pursuit of an enemy, and as other Greek ships came up suddenly to the assistance of their comrades, the Persian vessels found themselves in great danger, and began to retreat, followed by their enemies. We speak of the retreating galleys as Persian, because they were on the Persian side in the contest, though it happened that they were really ships from Greek nations, which Xerxes had bribed or forced into his service. The Greeks knew them to be enemies, by the Persian flag which they bore.

In the retreat, and while the ships were more or less mingled together in the confusion, Artemisia perceived that the Persian galley nearest her was that of Damasithymus. She immediately caused her own Persian flag to be pulled down, and, resorting to such other artifices as might tend to make her vessel appear to be a Greek galley, she began to act as if she were one of the pursuers instead of one of the pursued. She bore down upon the ship of Damasithymus, saying to her crew that to attack and sink that ship was the only way to save their own lives. They accordingly attacked it with the utmost fury. The Athenian ships which were near, seeing Artemisia's galley thus engaged, supposed that it was one of their own, and pressed on, leaving the vessel of Damasithymus at Artemisia's mercy. It was such mercy as would be expected of a woman who would volunteer to take command of a squadron of ships of war, and go forth on an active campaign to fight for her life among such ferocious tigers as Greek soldiers always were, considering it all an excursion of pleasure. Artemisia killed Damasithymus and all of his crew, and sunk his ship, and then, the crisis of danger being past, she made good her retreat back to the Persian lines. She probably felt no special animosity against the crew of this ill-fated vessel, but she thought it most prudent to leave no man alive to tell the story.

Xerxes watched this transaction from his place on the hill with extreme interest and pleasure. He saw the vessel of Artemisia bearing down upon the other, which last he supposed, of course, from Artemisia's attacking it, was a vessel of the enemy. The only subject of doubt was whether the attacking ship was really that of Artemisia. The officers who stood about Xerxes at the time that

the transaction occurred assured him that it was. They knew it well by certain peculiarities in its construction. Xerxes then watched the progress of the contest with the most eager interest, and, when he saw the result of it, he praised Artemisia in the highest terms, saying that the men in his fleet behaved like women, while the only woman in it behaved like a man.

Thus Artemisia's exploit operated like a double stratagem. Both the Greeks and the Persians were deceived, and she gained an advantage by both the deceptions. She saved her life by leading the Greeks to believe that her galley was their friend, and she gained great glory and renown among the Persians by making them believe that the vessel which she sunk was that of an enemy.

Though these and some of the other scenes and incidents which Xerxes witnessed as he looked down upon the battle gave him pleasure, yet the curiosity and interest with which he surveyed the opening of the contest were gradually changed to impatience, vexation, and rage as he saw in its progress that the Greeks were every where gaining the victory. Notwithstanding the discord and animosity which had reigned among the commanders in their councils and debates, the men were united, resolute, and firm when the time arrived for action; and they fought with such desperate courage and activity, and, at the same time, with so much coolness, circumspection, and discipline, that the Persian lines were, before many hours, every where compelled to give way. A striking example of the indomitable and efficient resolution which, on such occasions, always characterized the Greeks, was shown in the conduct of Aristides. The reader will recollect that the Persians, on the night before the battle, had taken possession of the island of Psyttalia--which was near the center of the scene of contest--for the double purpose of enabling themselves to use it as a place of refuge and retreat during the battle, and of preventing their enemies from doing so. Now Aristides had no command. He had been expelled from Athens by the influence of Themistocles and his other enemies. He had come across from AEgina to the fleet at Salamis, alone, to give his countrymen information of the dispositions which the Persians had made for surrounding them. When the battle began, he had been left, it seems, on the shore of Salamis a spectator. There was a small body of troops left there also, as a guard to the shore. In the course of the combat, when Aristides found that the services of this guard were no longer likely to be required where they were, he placed himself at the head of them, obtained possession of boats or a galley, transported the men across the channel, landed them on the island of Psyttalia, conquered the post, and killed every man that the Persians had stationed there.

When the day was spent, and the evening came on, it was found that the result of the battle was a Greek victory, and yet it was not a victory so decisive as to compel the Persians wholly to retire. Vast numbers of the Persian ships were destroyed, but still so many remained, that when at night they drew back from the scene of the conflict, toward their anchorage ground at Phalerum, the Greeks were very willing to leave them unmolested there. The Greeks, in fact, had full employment on the following day in reassembling the scattered remnants of their own fleet, repairing the damages that they had sustained, taking care of their wounded men, and, in a word, attending to the thousand urgent and pressing exigencies always arising in the service of a fleet after a battle, even when it has been victorious in the contest. They did not know in exactly what condition the Persian fleet had been left, nor how far there might be danger of a renewal of the conflict on the following day. They devoted all their time and attention, therefore, to strengthening their defenses and reorganizing the fleet, so as to be ready in case a new assault should be made upon them.

But Xerxes had no intention of any new attack. The loss of this battle gave a final blow to his expectations of being able to carry his conquests in Greece any further. He too, like the Greeks, employed his men in industrious and vigorous efforts to repair the damages which had been done, and to reassemble and reorganize that portion of the fleet which had not been destroyed. While, however, his men were doing this, he was himself revolving in his mind, moodily and despairingly, plans, not for new conflicts, but for the safest and speediest way of making his own personal escape from the dangers around him, back to his home in Susa.

In the mean time, the surface of the sea, far and wide in every direction, was covered with the wrecks, and remnants, and fragments strewed over it by the battle. Dismantled hulks, masses of entangled spars and rigging, broken oars, weapons of every description, and the swollen and ghastly bodies of the dead, floated on the rolling swell of the sea wherever the winds or the currents carried them. At length many of these mournful memorials of the strife found their way across the whole breadth of the Mediterranean, and were driven up upon the beach on the coast of Africa, at a barbarous country called Colias. The savages dragged the fragments up out of the sand to use as fuel for their fires, pleased with their unexpected acquisitions, but wholly ignorant, of course, of the nature of the dreadful tragedy to which their coming was due. The circumstance, however, explained to the Greeks an ancient prophecy which had been uttered long before in Athens, and which the interpreters of such mysteries had never been able to understand. The prophecy was this:

The Colian dames on Afric's shores Shall roast their food with Persian oars.

CHAPTER XII.

THE RETURN OF XERXES TO PERSIA.

B.C. 480

Mardonius.--His apprehensions after the battle.--Depression of Xerxes.--Mardonius's address to him.--Mardonius offers to complete the conquest of Greece.--Effect of Mardonius's address.--Xerxes consults Artemisia.--Artemisia hesitates.--Her advice to Xerxes.--Xerxes adopts Artemesia's advice.--His anxiety increases.--Xerxes commences his retreat.--He sends his family to Ephesus.--Excitement in the Greek fleet.--The Persians pursued.--Debate among the generals.--Themistocles outvoted.--Another stratagem of Themistocles.--His message to Xerxes.--Duplicity of Themistocles.--Retreat of Xerxes.--Horrors of the retreat.--Sufferings from hunger.--Famine and disease.--Xerxes crosses the Hellespont.--Fate of Mardonius.--Xerxes arrives at Susa.--Xerxes's dissolute life.--His three sons.--Artabanus, captain of the guard.--He assassinates Xerxes.--Artaxerxes kills his brother.--He succeeds to the throne.

Mardonius, it will be recollected, was the commander-in-chief of the forces of Xerxes, and thus, next to Xerxes himself, he was the officer highest in rank of all those who attended the expedition. He was, in fact, a sort of prime minister, on whom the responsibility for almost all the measures for the government and conduct of the expedition had been thrown. Men in such positions, while they may expect the highest rewards and honors from their sovereign in case of success, have always reason to apprehend the worst of consequences to themselves in case of failure. The night after the battle of Salamis, accordingly, Mardonius was in great fear. He did not distrust the future success of the expedition if it were allowed to go on; but, knowing the character of such despots as those who ruled great nations in that age of the world, he was well aware that he might reasonably expect, at any moment, the appearance of officers sent from Xerxes to cut off his head.

His anxiety was increased by observing that Xerxes seemed very much depressed, and very restless and uneasy, after the battle, as if he were revolving in his mind some extraordinary design. He presently thought that he perceived indications that the king was planning a retreat. Mardonius, after much hesitation, concluded to speak to him, and endeavor to dispel his anxieties and fears, and lead him to take a more favorable view of the prospects of the expedition. He accordingly accosted him on the subject somewhat as follows:

"It is true," said he, "that we were not as successful in the combat yesterday as we desired to be; but this reverse, as well as all the preceding disasters that we have met with, is, after all, of comparatively little moment. Your majesty has gone steadily on, accomplishing most triumphantly all the substantial objects aimed at in undertaking the expedition. Your troops have advanced successfully by land against all opposition. With them you have traversed Thrace, Macedon, and Thessaly. You have fought your way, against the most desperate resistance, through the Pass of Thermopylae. You have overrun all Northern Greece. You have burned Athens. Thus, far from there being any uncertainty or doubt in respect to the success of the expedition, we see that all the great objects which you proposed by it are already accomplished. The fleet, it is true, has now suffered extensive damage; but we must remember that it is upon the army, not upon the fleet, that our hopes and expectations mainly depend. The army is safe; and it can not be possible that the Greeks can hereafter bring any force into the field by which it can be seriously endangered."

By these and similar sentiments, Mardonius endeavored to revive and restore the failing courage and resolution of the king. He found, however, that he met with very partial success. Xerxes was silent, thoughtful, and oppressed apparently with a sense of anxious concern. Mardonius finally proposed that, even if the king should think it best to return himself to Susa, he should not abandon the enterprise of subduing Greece, but that he should leave a portion of the army under his (Mardonius's) charge, and he would undertake, he said, to complete the work which had been so successfully begun. Three hundred thousand men, he was convinced, would be sufficient for the purpose.

This suggestion seems to have made a favorable impression on the mind of Xerxes. He was disposed, in fact, to be pleased with any plan, provided it opened the way for his own escape from the dangers in which he imagined that he was entangled. He said that he would consult some of the other commanders upon the subject. He did so, and then, before coming to a final decision, he determined to confer with Artemisia. He remembered that she had counseled him not to attack the Greeks at Salamis, and, as the result had proved that counsel to be eminently wise, he felt the greater confidence in asking her judgment again.

He accordingly sent for Artemisia, and, directing all the officers, as well as his own attendants, to retire, he held a private consultation with her in respect to his plans.

"Mardonius proposes," said he, "that the expedition should on no account be abandoned in consequence of this disaster, for he says that the fleet is a very unimportant part of our force, and that the army still remains unharmed. He proposes that, if I should decide myself to return to Persia, I should leave three hundred thousand men with him, and he undertakes, if I will do so, to complete, with them, the subjugation of Greece. Tell me what you think of this plan. You evinced so much sagacity in foreseeing the result of this engagement at Salamis, that I particularly wish to know your opinion."

Artemisia, after pausing a little to reflect upon the subject, saying, as she hesitated, that it was rather difficult to decide, under the extraordinary circumstances in which they were placed, what it really was best to do, came at length to the conclusion that it would be wisest for the king to accede to Mardonius's proposal. "Since he offers, of his own accord, to remain and undertake to complete the subjugation of Greece, you can, very safely to yourself, allow him to make the experiment. The great object which was announced as the one which you had chiefly in view in the invasion of Greece, was the burning of Athens. This is already accomplished. You have done, therefore, what you undertook to do, and can, consequently, now return yourself, without dishonor. If Mardonius succeeds in his attempt, the glory of it will redound to you. His victories will be considered as only the successful completion of what you began. On the other hand, if he fails, the disgrace of failure will be his alone, and the injury will be confined to his destruction. In any event, your person, your interests, and your honor are safe, and if Mardonius is willing to take the responsibility and incur the danger involved in the plan that he proposes, I would give him the opportunity."

Xerxes adopted the view of the subject which Artemisia thus presented with the utmost readiness and pleasure. That advice is always very welcome which makes the course that we had previously decided upon as the most agreeable seem the most wise. Xerxes immediately determined on returning to Persia himself, and leaving Mardonius to complete the conquest. In carrying out this design, he concluded to march to the northward by land, accompanied by a large portion of his army and by all his principal officers, until he reached the Hellespont. Then he was to give up to Mardonius the command of such troops as should be selected to remain in Greece, and, crossing the Hellespont, return himself to Persia with the remainder.

If, as is generally the case, it is a panic that causes a flight, a flight, in its turn, always increases a panic. It happened, in accordance with this general law, that, as soon as the thoughts of Xerxes were once turned toward an escape from Greece, his fears increased, and his mind became more and more the prey of a restless uneasiness and anxiety lest he should not be able to effect his escape. He feared that the bridge of boats would have been broken down, and then how would he be able to cross the Hellespont? To prevent the Greek fleet from proceeding to the northward, and thus intercepting his passage by destroying the bridge, he determined to conceal, as long as possible, his own departure. Accordingly, while he was making the most efficient and rapid arrangements on the land for abandoning the whole region, he brought up his fleet by sea, and began to build, by means of the ships, a floating bridge from the main land to the island of Salamis, as if he were intent only on advancing. He continued this work all day, postponing his intended retreat until the night should come, in order to conceal his movements. In the course of the day he placed all his family and family relatives on board of Artemisia's ship, under the charge of a tried and faithful domestic. Artemisia was to convey them, as rapidly as possible, to Ephesus, a strong city in Asia Minor, where Xerxes supposed that they would be safe.

In the night the fleet, in obedience to the orders which Xerxes had given them, abandoned their bridge and all their other undertakings, and set sail. They were to make the best of their way to the Hellespont, and post themselves there to defend the bridge of boats until Xerxes should arrive. On the following morning, accordingly, when the sun rose, the Greeks found, to their utter astonishment, that their enemies were gone.

A scene of the greatest animation and excitement on board the Greek fleet at once ensued. The commanders resolved on an immediate pursuit. The seamen hoisted their sails, raised their anchors, and manned their oars, and the whole squadron was soon in rapid motion. The fleet went as far as to the island of Andros, looking eagerly all around the horizon, in every direction, as they advanced, but no signs of the fugitives were to be seen. The ships then drew up to the shore, and the commanders were convened in an assembly, summoned by Eurybiades, on the land, for consultation.

A debate ensued, in which the eternal enmity and dissension between the Athenian and Peloponnesian Greeks broke out anew. There was, however, now some reason for the disagreement. The Athenian cause was already ruined. Their capital had been burned, their country ravaged, and their wives and children driven forth to exile and misery. Nothing remained now for them but hopes of revenge. They were eager, therefore, to press on, and overtake the Persian galleys in their flight, or, if this could not be done, to reach the Hellespont before Xerxes should arrive there, and intercept his passage by destroying the bridge. This was the policy which Themistocles advocated. Eurybiades, on the other hand, and the Peloponnesian commanders, urged the expediency

of not driving the Persians to desperation by harassing them too closely on their retreat. They were formidable enemies after all, and, if they were now disposed to retire and leave the country, it was the true policy of the Greeks to allow them to do so. To destroy the bridge of boats would only be to take effectual measures for keeping the pest among them. Themistocles was outvoted. It was determined best to allow the Persian forces to retire.

Themistocles, when he found that his counsels were overruled, resorted to another of the audacious stratagems that marked his career, which was to send a second pretended message of friendship to the Persian king. He employed the same Sicinnus on this occasion that he had sent before into the Persian fleet, on the eve of the battle of Salamis. A galley was given to Sicinnus, with a select crew of faithful men. They were all put under the most solemn oaths never to divulge to any person, under any circumstances, the nature and object of their commission. With this company, Sicinnus left the fleet secretly in the night, and went to the coast of Attica. Landing here, he left the galley, with the crew in charge of it, upon the shore, and, with one or two select attendants, he made his way to the Persian camp, and desired an interview with the king. On being admitted to an audience, he said to Xerxes that he had been sent to him by Themistocles, whom he represented as altogether the most prominent man among the Greek commanders, to say that the Greeks had resolved on pressing forward to the Hellespont, to intercept him on his return, but that he, Themistocles, had dissuaded them from it, under the influence of the same friendship for Xerxes which had led him to send a friendly communication to the Persians before the late battle; that, in consequence of the arguments and persuasions of Themistocles, the Greek squadrons would remain where they then were, on the southern coasts, leaving Xerxes to retire without molestation.

All this was false, but Themistocles thought it would serve his purpose well to make the statement; for, in case he should, at any future time, in following the ordinary fate of the bravest and most successful Greek generals, be obliged to fly in exile from his country to save his life, it might be important for him to have a good understanding beforehand with the King of Persia, though a good understanding, founded on pretensions so hypocritical and empty as these, would seem to be worthy of very little reliance. In fact, for a Greek general, discomfited in the councils of his own nation, to turn to the Persian king with such prompt and cool assurance, for the purpose of gaining his friendship by tendering falsehoods so bare and professions so hollow, was an instance of audacious treachery so original and lofty as to be almost sublime.

Xerxes pressed on with the utmost diligence toward the north. The country had been ravaged and exhausted by his march through it in coming down, and now, in returning, he found infinite difficulty in obtaining supplies of food and water for his army. Forty-five days were consumed in getting back to the Hellespont. During all this time the privations and sufferings of the troops increased every day. The soldiers were spent with fatigue, exhausted with hunger, and harassed with incessant apprehensions of attacks from their enemies. Thousands of the sick and wounded that attempted at first to follow the army, gave out by degrees as the columns moved on. Some were left at the encampments; others lay down by the road-sides, in the midst of the day's march, wherever their waning strength finally failed them; and every where broken chariots, dead and dying beasts of burden, and the bodies of soldiers, that lay neglected where they fell, encumbered and choked the way. In a word, all the roads leading toward the northern provinces exhibited in full perfection those awful scenes which usually mark the track of a great army retreating from an invasion.

The men were at length reduced to extreme distress for food. They ate the roots and stems of the herbage, and finally stripped the very bark from the trees and devoured it, in the vain hope that it might afford some nutriment to re-enforce the vital principle, for a little time at least, in the dreadful struggle which it was waging within them. There are certain forms of pestilential disease which, in cases like this, always set in to hasten the work which famine alone would be too slow in performing. Accordingly, as was to have been expected, camp fevers, choleras, and other corrupt and infectious maladies, broke out with great violence as the army advanced along the northern shores of the AEgean Sea; and as every victim to these dreadful and hopeless disorders helped, by his own dissolution, to taint the air for all the rest, the wretched crowd was, in the end, reduced to the last extreme of misery and terror.

At length Xerxes, with a miserable remnant of his troops, arrived at Abydos, on the shores of the Hellespont. He found the bridge broken down. The winds and storms had demolished what the Greeks had determined to spare. The immense structure, which it had cost so much toil and time to rear, had wholly disappeared, leaving no traces of its existence, except the wrecks which lay here and there half buried in the sand along the shore. There were some small boats at hand, and Xerxes, embarking in one of them, with a few attendants in the others, and leaving the exhausted and wretched remnant of his army behind, was rowed across the strait, and landed at last safely again on the Asiatic shores.

[Illustration: THE RETURN OF XERXES TO PERSIA.]

The place of his landing was Sestos. From Sestos he went to Sardis, and from Sardis he proceeded, in a short time, to Susa. Mardonius was left in Greece. Mardonius was a general of great military experience and skill, and, when left to himself, he found no great difficulty in reorganizing the army, and in putting it again in an efficient condition. He was not able, however, to accomplish the undertaking which he had engaged to perform. After various adventures, prosperous and adverse, which it would be foreign to our purpose here to detail, he was at last defeated in a great battle, and killed on the field. The Persian army was now obliged to give up the contest, and was expelled from Greece finally and forever.

When Xerxes reached Susa, he felt overjoyed to find himself once more safe, as he thought, in his own palaces. He looked back upon the hardships, exposures, and perils through which he had passed, and, thankful for having so narrowly escaped from them, he determined to encounter no such hazards again. He had had enough of ambition and glory. He was now going to devote himself to ease and pleasure. Such a man would not naturally be expected to be very scrupulous in respect to the means of enjoyment, or to the character of the companions whom he would select to share his pleasures, and the life of the king soon presented one continual scene of dissipation, revelry, and vice. He gave himself up to such prolonged carousals, that one night was sometimes protracted through the following day into another. The administration of his government was left wholly to his ministers, and every personal duty was neglected, that he might give himself to the most abandoned and profligate indulgence of his appetites and passions.

He had three sons who might be considered as heirs to his throne--Darius, Hystaspes, and Artaxerxes. Hystaspes was absent in a neighboring province. The others were at home. He had also a very prominent officer in his court, whose name, Artabanus, was the same with that of the uncle who had so strongly attempted to dissuade him from undertaking the conquest of Greece. Artabanus the uncle disappears finally from view at the time when Xerxes dismissed him to return to Susa at the first crossing of the Hellespont. This second Artabanus was the captain of the king's body-guard and, consequently, the common executioner of the despot's decrees. Being thus established in his palace, surrounded by his family, and protected by Artabanus and his guard, the monarch felt that all his toils and dangers were over, and that there was nothing now before him but a life of ease, of pleasure, and of safety. Instead of this, he was, in fact, in the most imminent danger. Artabanus was already plotting his destruction.

One day, in the midst of one of his carousals, he became angry with his oldest son Darius for some cause, and gave Artabanus an order to kill him. Artabanus neglected to obey this order. The king had been excited with wine when he gave it, and Artabanus supposed that all recollection of the command would pass away from his mind with the excitement that occasioned it. The king did not, however, so readily forget. The next day he demanded why his order had not been obeyed. Artabanus now began to fear for his own safety, and he determined to proceed at once to the execution of a plan which he had long been revolving, of destroying the whole of Xerxes's family, and placing himself on the throne in their stead. He contrived to bring the king's chamberlain into his schemes, and, with the connivance and aid of this officer, he went at night into the king's bed-chamber, and murdered the monarch in his sleep.

Leaving the bloody weapon with which the deed had been perpetrated by the side of the victim, Artabanus went immediately into the bed-chamber of Artaxerxes, the youngest son, and, awaking him suddenly, he told him, with tones of voice and looks expressive of great excitement and alarm, that his father had been killed, and that it was his brother Darius that had killed him. "His motive is," continued Artabanus, "to obtain the throne, and, to make the more sure of an undisturbed possession of it, he is intending to murder you next. Rise, therefore, and defend your life."

Artaxerxes was aroused to a sudden and uncontrollable paroxysm of anger at this intelligence. He seized his weapon, and rushed into the apartment of his innocent brother, and slew him on the spot. Other summary assassinations of a similar kind followed in this complicated tragedy. Among the victims, Artabanus and all his adherents were slain, and at length Artaxerxes took quiet possession of the throne, and reigned in his father's stead.

THE END.

TRANSCRIBER'S NOTES

1. Minor changes have been made to correct typesetters errors, and to ensure consistent spelling and punctuation in this etext; otherwise, every effort has been made to remain true to the original book.

2. The chapter summaries in this text were originally published as banners in the page headers, and have been moved to beginning of the chapter for the reader's convenience.

==========

The Martin Luther King, Jr. Day, 1995, Memorial Issue

Various

Project Gutenberg Release: June 29, 2008 · eBook #206

Produced by Judith Boss and John Hamm

THE MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR. DAY, 1995, MEMORIAL ISSUE.

By Various

Edited and Assembled by Judith Boss and John Hamm

Table of Contents ----------

Sojourner Truth, the Libyan Sibyl.....Harriet Beecher Stowe Reconstruction.....Frederick Douglass An Appeal to Congress for Impartial Suffrage..Frederick Douglas The Negro Exodus.....James B. Runnion My Escape from Slavery.....Frederick Douglass The Goophered Grapevine.....Charles W. Chesnutt Po' Sandy.....Charles W. Chesnutt Dave's Neckliss.....Charles W. Chesnutt The Awakening of the Negro.....Booker T. Washington The Story of Uncle Tom's Cabin.....Charles Dudley Warner Strivings of the Negro People.....W. E. Burghardt Du Bois The Wife of his Youth.....Charles W. Chesnutt The Bouquet.....Charles W. Chesnutt The Case of the Negro.....Booker T. Washington Hot-Foot Hannibal.....Charles W. Chesnutt A Negro Schoolmaster in the New South.....W. E. Burghardt Du Bois The Capture of a Slaver.....J. Taylor Wood Mr. Charles W. Chesnutt's Stories.....W. D. Howells Paths of Hope for the Negro Practical Suggestions of a Southerner.....Jerome Dowd Signs of Progress Among the Negroes.....Booker T. Washington The March of Progress.....Charles W. Chesnutt The Freedmen's Bureau.....W. E. Burghardt Du Bois Of the Training of Black Men.....W. E. Burghardt Du Bois The Fruits of Industrial Training.....Booker T. Washington The Negro in the Regular Army.....Oswald Garrison Villard Baxter's Procrustes.....Charles W. Chesnutt The Heart of the Race Problem.....Quincy Ewing Negro Suffrage in a Democracy.....Ray Stannard Baker

Bibliography of Sources

SOJOURNER TRUTH, THE LIBYAN SIBYL by Harriet Beecher Stowe

Many years ago, the few readers of radical Abolitionist papers must often have seen the singular name of Sojourner Truth, announced as a frequent speaker at Anti-Slavery meetings, and as travelling on a sort of self-appointed agency through the country. I had myself often remarked the name, but never met the individual. On one occasion, when our house was filled with company, several eminent clergymen being our guests, notice was brought up to me that Sojourner Truth was below, and requested an interview. Knowing nothing of her but her singular name, I went down, prepared to make the interview short, as the pressure of many other engagements demanded.

When I went into the room, a tall, spare form arose to meet me. She was evidently a full-blooded African, and though now aged and worn with many hardships, still gave the impression of a physical development which in early youth must have been as fine a specimen of the torrid zone as Cumberworth's celebrated statuette of the Negro Woman at the Fountain. Indeed, she so strongly reminded me of that figure, that, when I recall the events of her life, as she narrated them to me, I imagine her as a living, breathing impersonation of that work of art.

I do not recollect ever to have been conversant with any one who had more of that silent and subtle power which we call personal presence than this woman. In the modern Spiritualistic phraseology, she would be described as having a strong sphere. Her tall form, as she rose up before me, is still vivid to my mind. She was dressed in some stout, grayish stuff, neat and clean, though dusty from travel. On her head, she wore a bright Madras handkerchief, arranged as a turban, after the manner of her race. She seemed perfectly self-possessed and at her ease,--in fact, there was almost an unconscious superiority, not unmixed with a solemn twinkle of humor, in the odd, composed manner in which she looked down on me. Her whole air had at times a gloomy sort of drollery

which impressed one strangely.

"So this is YOU," she said.

"Yes," I answered.

"Well, honey, de Lord bless ye! I jes' thought I'd like to come an' have a look at ye. You's heerd o' me, I reckon?" she added.

"Yes, I think I have. You go about lecturing, do you not?"

"Yes, honey, that's what I do. The Lord has made me a sign unto this nation, an' I go round a'testifyin', an' showin' on 'em their sins agin my people."

So saying, she took a seat, and, stooping over and crossing her arms on her knees, she looked down on the floor, and appeared to fall into a sort of reverie. Her great gloomy eyes and her dark face seemed to work with some undercurrent of feeling; she sighed deeply, and occasionally broke out,--

"O Lord! O Lord! Oh, the tears, an' the groans, an' the moans! O Lord!"

I should have said that she was accompanied by a little grandson of ten years,--the fattest, jolliest woolly-headed little specimen of Africa that one can imagine. He was grinning and showing his glistening white teeth in a state of perpetual merriment, and at this moment broke out into an audible giggle, which disturbed the reverie into which his relative was falling.

She looked at him with an indulgent sadness, and then at me.

"Laws, Ma'am, HE don't know nothin' about it--HE don't. Why, I've seen them poor critters, beat an' 'bused an' hunted, brought in all torn,--ears hangin' all in rags, where the dogs been a'bitin' of 'em!"

This set off our little African Puck into another giggle, in which he seemed perfectly convulsed.

She surveyed him soberly, without the slightest irritation.

"Well, you may bless the Lord you CAN laugh; but I tell you, 't wa'n't no laughin' matter."

By this time I thought her manner so original that it might be worth while to call down my friends; and she seemed perfectly well pleased with the idea. An audience was what she wanted,--it mattered not whether high or low, learned or ignorant. She had things to say, and was ready to say them at all times, and to any one.

I called down Dr. Beecher, Professor Allen, and two or three other clergymen, who, together with my husband and family, made a roomful. No princess could have received a drawing-room with more composed dignity than Sojourner her audience. She stood among them, calm and erect, as one of her own native palm-trees waving alone in the desert. I presented one after another to her, and at last said,--

"Sojourner, this is Dr. Beecher. He is a very celebrated preacher."

"IS he?" she said, offering her hand in a condescending manner, and looking down on his white head. "Ye dear lamb, I'm glad to see ye! De Lord bless ye! I loves preachers. I'm a kind o' preacher myself."

"You are?" said Dr. Beecher. "Do you preach from the Bible?"

"No, honey, can't preach from de Bible,--can't read a letter."

"Why, Sojourner, what do you preach from, then?"

Her answer was given with a solemn power of voice, peculiar to herself, that hushed every one in the room.

"When I preaches, I has jest one text to preach from, an' I always preaches from this one. MY text is, 'WHEN I FOUND JESUS.'"

"Well, you couldn't have a better one," said one of the ministers.

She paid no attention to him, but stood and seemed swelling with her own thoughts, and then began this narration:--

"Well, now, I'll jest have to go back, an' tell ye all about it. Ye see, we was all brought over from Africa, father an' mother an' I, an' a lot more of us; an' we was sold up an' down, an' hither an' yon; an' I can 'member, when I was a little thing, not bigger than this 'ere," pointing to her grandson, "how my ole mammy would sit out o' doors in the evenin', an' look up at the stars an' groan. She'd groan an' groan, an' says I to her,--

"'Mammy, what makes you groan so?'

"an' she'd say,--

"'Matter enough, chile! I'm groanin' to think o' my poor children: they don't know where I be, an' I don't know where they be; they looks up at the stars, an' I looks up at the stars, but I can't tell where they be.

"'Now,' she said, 'chile, when you're grown up, you may be sold away from your mother an' all your ole friends, an' have great troubles come on ye; an' when you has these troubles come on ye, ye jes' go to God, an' He'll help ye.'

"An' says I to her,--

"'Who is God, anyhow, mammy?'

"An' says she,--

"'Why, chile, you jes' look up DAR! It's Him that made all DEM!"

"Well, I didn't mind much 'bout God in them days. I grew up pretty lively an' strong, an' could row a boat, or ride a horse, or work round, an' do 'most anything.

"At last I got sold away to a real hard massa an' missis. Oh, I tell you, they WAS hard! 'Peared like I couldn't please 'em, nohow. An' then I thought o' what my old mammy told me about God; an' I thought I'd got into trouble, sure enough, an' I wanted to find God, an' I heerd some one tell a story about a man that met God on a threshin'-floor, an' I thought, 'Well an' good, I'll have a threshin'-floor, too.' So I went down in the lot, an' I threshed down a place real hard, an' I used to go down there every day, an' pray an' cry with all my might, a-prayin' to the Lord to make my massa an' missis better, but it didn't seem to do no good; an' so says I, one day,--

"'O God, I been a-askin' ye, an' askin' ye, an' askin' ye, for all this long time, to make my massa an' missis better, an' you don't do it, an' what CAN be the reason? Why, maybe you CAN'T. Well, I shouldn't wonder ef you couldn't. Well, now, I tell you, I'll make a bargain with you. Ef you'll help me to git away from my massa an' missis, I'll agree to be good; but ef you don't help me, I really don't think I can be. Now,' says I, 'I want to git away; but the trouble's jest here: ef I try to git away in the night, I can't see; an' ef I try to git away in the daytime, they'll see me, an' be after me.'

"Then the Lord said to me, 'Git up two or three hours afore daylight, an' start off.'

"An' says I, 'Thank 'ee, Lord! that's a good thought.'

"So up I got, about three o'clock in the mornin', an' I started an' travelled pretty fast, till, when the sun rose, I was clear away from our place an' our folks, an' out o' sight. An' then I begun to think I didn't know nothin' where to go. So I kneeled down, and says I,--

"'Well, Lord, you've started me out, an' now please to show me where to go.'

"Then the Lord made a house appear to me, an' He said to me that I was to walk on till I saw that house, an' then go in an' ask the people to take me. An' I travelled all day, an' didn't come to the house till late at night; but when I saw it, sure enough, I went in, an' I told the folks that the Lord sent me; an' they was Quakers, an' real kind they was to me. They jes' took me in, an' did for me as kind as ef I'd been one of 'em; an' after they'd giv me supper, they took me into a room where there was a great, tall, white bed; an' they told me to sleep there. Well, honey, I was kind o' skeered when they left me alone with that great white bed; 'cause I never had been in a bed in my life. It never came into my mind they could mean me to sleep in it. An' so I jes' camped down under it, on the floor, an' then I slep' pretty well. In the mornin', when they came in, they asked me ef I hadn't been asleep; an' I said, 'Yes, I never slep' better.' An' they said, 'Why, you haven't been in the bed!' An' says I, 'Laws, you didn't think o' such a thing as my sleepin' in dat 'ar' BED, did you? I never heerd o' such a thing in my life.'

"Well, ye see, honey, I stayed an' lived with 'em. An' now jes' look here: instead o' keepin' my promise an' bein' good, as I told the Lord I would, jest as soon as everything got a'goin' easy, I FORGOT ALL ABOUT GOD.

"Pretty well don't need no help; an' I gin up prayin.' I lived there two or three years, an' then the slaves in New York were all set free, an' ole massa came to our home to make a visit, an' he asked me ef I didn't want to go back an' see the folks on the ole place. An' I told him I did. So he said, ef I'd jes' git into the wagon with him, he'd carry me over. Well, jest as I was goin' out to git into the wagon, I MET GOD! an' says I, 'O God, I didn't know as you was so great!' An' I turned right round an' come into the house, an' set down in my room; for 't was God all around me. I could feel it burnin', burnin', burnin' all around me, an' goin' through me; an' I saw I was so wicked, it seemed as ef it would burn me up. An' I said, 'O somebody, somebody, stand between God an' me! for it burns me!' Then, honey, when I said so, I felt as it were somethin' like an amberill [umbrella] that came between me an' the light, an' I felt it was SOMEBODY,--somebody that stood between me an' God; an' it felt cool, like a shade; an' says I, 'Who's this that stands between me an' God? Is it old Cato?' He was a pious old preacher; but then I seemed to see Cato in the light, an' he was all polluted an' vile, like me; an' I said, 'Is it old Sally?' an' then I saw her, an' she seemed jes' so. An' then says I, 'WHO is this?' An' then, honey, for a while it was like the sun shinin' in a pail o' water, when it moves up an' down; for I begun to feel 't was somebody that loved me; an' I tried to know him. An' I said, 'I know you! I know you! I know you!'--an' then I said, 'I don't know you! I don't know you! I don't know you!' An' when I said, 'I know you, I know you,' the light came; an' when I said, 'I don't know you, I don't know you,' it went, jes' like the sun in a pail o' water. An' finally somethin' spoke out in me an' said, 'THIS IS JESUS!' An' I spoke out with all my might, an' says I, 'THIS IS JESUS! Glory be to God!' An' then the whole world grew bright, an' the trees they waved an' waved in glory, an' every little bit o' stone on the ground shone like glass; an' I shouted an' said, 'Praise, praise, praise to the Lord!' An' I begun to feel such a love in my soul as I never felt before,--love to all creatures. An' then, all of a sudden, it stopped, an' I said, 'Dar's de white folks, that have abused you an' beat you an' abused your people,--think o' them!' But then there came another rush of love through my soul, an' I cried out loud,--'Lord, Lord, I can love EVEN DE WHITE FOLKS!'

"Honey, I jes' walked round an' round in a dream. Jesus loved me! I knowed it,--I felt it. Jesus was my Jesus. Jesus would love me always. I didn't dare tell nobody; 't was a great secret. Everything had been got away from me that I ever had; an' I thought that ef I let white folks know about this, maybe they'd get HIM away,--so I said, 'I'll keep this close. I won't let any one know.'"

"But, Sojourner, had you never been told about Jesus Christ?"

"No, honey. I hadn't heerd no preachin',--been to no meetin'. Nobody hadn't told me. I'd kind o' heerd of Jesus, but thought he was like Gineral Lafayette, or some o' them. But one night there was a Methodist meetin' somewhere in our parts, an' I went; an' they got up an' begun for to tell der 'speriences; an' de fust one begun to speak. I started, 'cause he told about Jesus. 'Why,' says I to myself, 'dat man's found him, too!' An' another got up an' spoke, an I said, 'He's found him, too!' An' finally I said, 'Why, they all know him!' I was so happy! An' then they sung this hymn": (Here Sojourner sang, in a strange, cracked voice, but evidently with all her soul and might, mispronouncing the English, but seeming to derive as much elevation and comfort from bad English as from good):--

'There is a holy city, A world of light above, Above the stairs and regions,* Built by the God of Love.

"An Everlasting temple, And saints arrayed in white There serve their great Redeemer And dwell with him in light.

"The meanest child of glory Outshines the radiant sun; But who can speak the splendor Of Jesus on his throne?

"Is this the man of sorrows Who stood at Pilate's bar, Condemned by haughty Herod And by his men of war?

"He seems a mighty conqueror, Who spoiled the powers below, And ransomed many captives From everlasting woe.

"The hosts of saints around him Proclaim his work of grace, The patriarchs and prophets, And all the godly race,

"Who speak of fiery trials And tortures on their way; They came from tribulation To everlasting day.

"And what shall be my journey, How long I'll stay below, Or what shall be my trials, Are not for me to know.

"In every day of trouble I'll raise my thoughts on high, I'll think of that bright temple And crowns above the sky."

* Starry regions.

I put in this whole hymn, because Sojourner, carried away with her own feeling, sang it from beginning to end with a triumphant energy that held the whole circle around her intently listening. She sang with the strong barbaric accent of the native African, and with those indescribable upward turns and those deep gutturals which give such a wild, peculiar power to the negro singing,--but above all, with such an overwhelming energy of personal appropriation that the hymn seemed to be fused in the furnace of her feelings and come out recrystallized as a production of her own.

It is said that Rachel was wont to chant the "Marseillaise" in a manner that made her seem, for the time, the very spirit and impersonation of the gaunt, wild, hungry, avenging mob which rose against aristocratic oppression; and in like manner, Sojourner, singing this hymn, seemed to impersonate the fervor of Ethiopia, wild, savage, hunted of all nations, but burning after God in her tropic heart, and stretching her scarred hands towards the glory to be revealed.

"Well, den ye see, after a while, I thought I'd go back an' see de folks on de ole place. Well, you know, de law had passed dat de culled folks was all free; an' my old missis, she had a daughter married about dis time who went to live in Alabama,--an' what did she do but give her my son, a boy about de age of dis yer, for her to take down to Alabama? When I got back to de ole place, they told me about it, an' I went right up to see ole missis, an' says I,--

"'Missis, have you been an' sent my son away down to Alabama?'

"'Yes, I have,' says she; 'he's gone to live with your young missis.'

"'Oh, Missis,' says I, 'how could you do it?'

"'Poh!' says she, 'what a fuss you make about a little nigger! Got more of 'em now than you know what to do with.'

"I tell you, I stretched up. I felt as tall as the world!

"'Missis,' says I, 'I'LL HAVE MY SON BACK AGIN!'

"She laughed.

"'YOU will, you nigger? How you goin' to do it? You ha'n't got no money."

"'No, Missis,--but GOD has,--an' you'll see He'll help me!'--an' I turned round an' went out.

"Oh, but I WAS angry to have her speak to me so haughty an' so scornful, as ef my chile wasn't worth anything. I said to God, 'O Lord, render unto her double!' It was a dreadful prayer, an' I didn't know how true it would come.

"Well, I didn't rightly know which way to turn; but I went to the Lord, an' I said to Him, 'O Lord, ef I was as rich as you be, an' you was as poor as I be, I'd help you,--you KNOW I would; and, oh, do help me!' An' I felt sure then that He would.

"Well, I talked with people, an' they said I must git the case before a grand jury. So I went into the town when they was holdin' a court, to see ef I could find any grand jury. An' I stood round the court-house, an' when they was a-comin' out, I walked right up to the grandest-lookin' one I could see, an' says I to him,--

"'Sir, be you a grand jury?'

"An' then he wanted to know why I asked, an' I told him all about it; an' he asked me all sorts of questions, an' finally he says to me,--

"'I think, ef you pay me ten dollars, that I'd agree to git your son for you.' An' says he, pointin' to a house over the way, 'You go 'long an' tell your story to the folks in that house, an' I guess they'll give you the money.'

"Well, I went, an' I told them, an' they gave me twenty dollars; an' then I thought to myself, 'Ef ten dollars will git him, twenty dollars will git him SARTIN.' So I carried it to the man all out, an' said,--

"'Take it all,--only be sure an' git him.'

"Well, finally they got the boy brought back; an' then they tried to frighten him, an' to make him say that I wasn't his mammy, an' that he didn't know me; but they couldn't make it out. They gave him to me, an' I took him an' carried him home; an' when I came to take off his clothes, there was his poor little back all covered with scars an' hard lumps, where they'd flogged him.

"Well, you see, honey, I told you how I prayed the Lord to render unto her double. Well, it came true; for I was up at ole missis' house not long after, an' I heerd 'em readin' a letter to her how her daughter's husband had murdered her,--how he'd thrown her down an' stamped the life out of her, when he was in liquor; an' my ole missis, she giv a screech, an' fell flat on the floor. Then says I, 'O Lord, I didn't mean all that! You took me up too quick.'

"Well, I went in an' tended that poor critter all night. She was out of her mind,--a-cryin', an' callin' for her daughter; an' I held her poor ole head on my arm, an' watched for her as ef she'd been my babby. An' I watched by her, an' took care on her all through her sickness after that, an' she died in my arms, poor thing!"

"Well, Sojourner, did you always go by this name?"

"No, 'deed! My name was Isabella; but when I left the house of bondage, I left everything behind. I wa'n't goin' to keep nothin' of Egypt on me, an' so I went to the Lord an' asked Him to give me a new name. And the Lord gave me Sojourner, because I was to travel up an' down the land, showin' the people their sins, an' bein' a sign unto them. Afterwards I told the Lord I wanted another name, 'cause everybody else had two names; and the Lord gave me Truth, because I was to declare the truth to the people.

"Ye see some ladies have given me a white satin banner," she said, pulling out of her pocket and unfolding a white banner, printed with many texts, such as, "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof," and others of like nature. "Well," she said, "I journeys round to camp-meetins, an' wherever folks is, an' I sets up my banner, an' then I sings, an' then folks always comes up round me, an' then I preaches to 'em. I tells 'em about Jesus, an' I tells 'em about the sins of this people. A great many always comes to hear me; an' they're right good to me, too, an' say they want to hear me agin."

We all thought it likely; and as the company left her, they shook hands with her, and thanked her for her very original sermon; and one of the ministers was overheard to say to another, "There's more of the gospel in that story than in most sermons."

Sojourner stayed several days with us, a welcome guest. Her conversation was so strong, simple, shrewd, and with such a droll flavoring of humor, that the Professor was wont to say of an evening, "Come, I am dull, can't you get Sojourner up here to talk a little?" She would come up into the parlor, and sit among pictures and ornaments, in her simple stuff gown, with her heavy travelling-shoes, the central object of attention both to parents and children, always ready to talk or to sing, and putting into the common flow of conversation the keen edge of some shrewd remark.

"Sojourner, what do you think of Women's Rights?"

"Well, honey, I's ben to der meetins, an' harked a good deal. Dey wanted me for to speak. So I got up. Says I,--'Sisters, I a'n't clear what you'd be after. Ef women want any rights more 'n dey's got, why don't dey jes' TAKE 'EM, an' not be talkin' about it?' Some on 'em came round me, an' asked why I didn't wear Bloomers. An' I told 'em I had Bloomers enough when I was in bondage. You see," she said, "dey used to weave what dey called nigger-cloth, an' each one of us got jes' sech a strip, an' had to wear it width-wise. Them that was short got along pretty well, but as for me"--She gave an indescribably droll glance at her long limbs and then at us, and added,--"Tell YOU, I had enough of Bloomers in them days."

Sojourner then proceeded to give her views of the relative capacity of the sexes, in her own way.

"S'pose a man's mind holds a quart, an' a woman's don't hold but a pint; ef her pint is FULL, it's as good as his quart."

Sojourner was fond of singing an extraordinary lyric, commencing,--

"I'm on my way to Canada, That cold, but happy land; The dire effects of Slavery I can no longer stand. O righteous Father, Do look down on me, And help me on to Canada, Where colored folks are free!"

The lyric ran on to state, that, when the fugitive crosses the Canada line,

"The Queen comes down unto the shore, With arms extended wide, To welcome the poor fugitive Safe onto Freedom's side."

In the truth thus set forth she seemed to have the most simple faith.

But her chief delight was to talk of "glory," and to sing hymns whose burden was,--

"O glory, glory, glory, Won't you come along with me?"

and when left to herself, she would often hum these with great delight, nodding her head.

On one occasion, I remember her sitting at a window singing and fervently keeping time with her head, the little black Puck of a grandson meanwhile amusing himself with ornamenting her red-and-yellow turban with green dandelion-curls, which shook and trembled with her emotions, causing him perfect convulsions of delight.

"Sojourner," said the Professor to her, one day, when he heard her singing, "you seem to be very sure about heaven."

"Well, I be," she answered, triumphantly.

"What makes you so sure there is any heaven?"

"Well, 'cause I got such a hankerin' arter it in here," she said,--giving a thump on her breast with her usual energy.

There was at the time an invalid in the house, and Sojourner, on learning it, felt a mission to go and comfort her. It was curious to see the tall, gaunt, dusky figure stalk up to the bed with such an air of conscious authority, and take on herself the office of consoler with such a mixture of authority and tenderness. She talked as from above,--and at the same time, if a pillow needed changing or any office to be rendered, she did it with a strength and handiness that inspired trust. One felt as if the dark, strange woman were quite able to take up the invalid in her bosom, and bear her as a lamb, both physically and spiritually. There was both power and sweetness in that great warm soul and that vigorous frame.

At length, Sojourner, true to her name, departed. She had her mission elsewhere. Where now she is I know not; but she left deep memories behind her.

To these recollections of my own I will add one more anecdote, related by Wendell Phillips.

Speaking of the power of Rachel to move and bear down a whole audience by a few simple words, he said he never knew but one other human being that had that power, and that other was Sojourner Truth. He related a scene of which he was witness. It was at a crowded public meeting in Faneuil Hall, where Frederick Douglas was one of the chief speakers. Douglas had been describing the wrongs of the black race, and as he proceeded, he grew more and more excited, and finally ended by saying that they had no hope of justice from the whites, no possible hope except in their own right arms. It must come to blood; they must fight for themselves, and redeem themselves, or it would never be done.

Sojourner was sitting, tall and dark, on the very front seat, facing the platform; and in the hush of deep feeling, after Douglas sat down, she spoke out in her deep, peculiar voice, heard all over the house,--

"Frederick, IS GOD DEAD?"

The effect was perfectly electrical, and thrilled through the whole house, changing as by a flash the whole feeling of the audience. Not another word she said or needed to say; it was enough.

It is with a sad feeling that one contemplates noble minds and bodies, nobly and grandly formed human beings, that have come to us cramped, scarred, maimed, out of the prison-house of bondage. One longs to know what such beings might have become, if suffered to unfold and expand under the kindly developing influences of education.

It is the theory of some writers, that to the African is reserved, in the later and palmier days of the earth, the full and harmonious development of the religious element in man. The African seems to seize on the tropical fervor and luxuriance of Scripture imagery as something native; he appears to feel himself to be of the same blood with those old burning, simple souls, the patriarchs, prophets, and seers, whose impassioned words seem only grafted as foreign plants on the cooler stock of the Occidental mind.

I cannot but think that Sojourner with the same culture might have spoken words as eloquent and undying as those of the African Saint Augustine or Tertullian. How grand and queenly a woman she might have been, with her wonderful physical vigor, her great heaving sea of emotion, her power of spiritual conception, her quick penetration, and her boundless energy! We might conceive an African type of woman so largely made and moulded, so much fuller in all the elements of life, physical and spiritual, that the dark hue of the skin should seem only to add an appropriate charm,--as Milton says of his Penseroso, whom he imagines

"Black, but such as in esteem Prince Memnon's sister might beseem, Or that starred Ethiop queen that strove To set her beauty's praise above The sea-nymph's."

But though Sojourner Truth has passed away from among us as a wave of the sea, her memory still lives in one of the loftiest and most original works of modern art, the Libyan Sibyl, by Mr. Story, which attracted so much attention in the late World's Exhibition. Some years ago, when visiting Rome, I related Sojourner's history to Mr. Story at a breakfast at his house. Already had his mind begun to turn to Egypt in search of a type of art which should represent a larger and more vigorous development of nature than the cold elegance of Greek lines. His glorious Cleopatra was then in process of evolution, and his mind was working out the problem of her broadly developed nature, of all that slumbering weight and fulness of passion with which this statue seems charged, as a heavy thunder-cloud is charged with electricity.

The history of Sojourner Truth worked in his mind and led him into the deeper recesses of the African nature,--those unexplored depths of being and feeling, mighty and dark as the gigantic depths of tropical forests, mysterious as the hidden rivers and mines of that burning continent whose life-history is yet to be. A few days after, he told me that he had conceived the idea of a statue which he should call the Libyan Sibyl. Two years subsequently, I revisited Rome, and found the gorgeous Cleopatra finished, a thing to marvel at, as the creation of a new style of beauty, a new manner of art. Mr. Story requested me to come and repeat to him the history of Sojourner Truth, saying that the conception had never left him. I did so; and a day or two after, he showed me the clay model of the Libyan Sibyl. I have never seen the marble statue; but am told by those who have, that it was by far the most impressive work of art at the Exhibition.

A notice of the two statues from the London "Athenaeum" must supply a description which I cannot give.

"The Cleopatra and the Sibyl are seated, partly draped, with the characteristic Egyptian gown, that gathers about the torso and falls freely around the limbs; the first is covered to the bosom, the second bare to the hips. Queenly Cleopatra rests back against her chair in meditative ease, leaning her cheek against one hand, whose elbow the rail of the seat sustains; the other is outstretched upon her knee, nipping its forefinger upon the thumb thoughtfully, as though some firm, wilful purpose filled her brain, as it seems to set those luxurious features to a smile as if the whole woman 'would.' Upon her head is the coif, bearing in front the mystic uraeus, or twining basilisk of sovereignty, while from its sides depend the wide Egyptian lappels, or wings, that fall upon her shoulders. The Sibilla Libica has crossed her knees,--an action universally held amongst the ancients as indicative of reticence or secrecy, and of power to bind. A secret-keeping looking dame she is, in the full-bloom proportions of ripe womanhood, wherein choosing to place his figure the sculptor has deftly gone between the disputed point whether these women were blooming and wise in youth, or deeply furrowed with age and burdened with the knowledge of centuries, as Virgil, Livy, and Gellius say. Good artistic example might be quoted on both sides. Her forward elbow is propped upon one knee; and to keep her secrets close, for this Libyan woman is the closest of all the Sibyls, she rests her shut mouth upon one closed palm, as if holding the African mystery deep in the brooding brain that looks out through mournful, warning eyes, seen under the wide shade of the strange horned (ammonite) crest, that bears the mystery of the Tetragrammaton upon its upturned front. Over her full bosom, mother of myriads as she was, hangs the same symbol. Her face has a Nubian cast, her hair wavy and plaited, as is meet."

We hope to see the day when copies both of the Cleopatra and the Libyan Sibyl shall adorn the Capitol at Washington.

RECONSTRUCTION by Frederick Douglass

The assembling of the Second Session of the Thirty-ninth Congress may very properly be made the occasion of a few earnest words on the already much-worn topic of reconstruction.

Seldom has any legislative body been the subject of a solicitude more intense, or of aspirations more sincere and ardent. There are the best of reasons for this profound interest. Questions of vast moment, left undecided by the last session of Congress, must be manfully grappled with by this. No political skirmishing will avail. The occasion demands statesmanship.

Whether the tremendous war so heroically fought and so victoriously ended shall pass into history a miserable failure, barren of permanent results,--a scandalous and shocking waste of blood and treasure,--a strife for empire, as Earl Russell characterized it, of no value to liberty or civilization,--an attempt to re-establish a Union by force, which must be the merest mockery of a Union,--an effort to bring under Federal authority States into which no loyal man from the North may safely enter, and to bring men into the national councils who deliberate with daggers and vote with revolvers, and who do not even conceal their deadly hate of the country that conquered them; or whether, on the other hand, we shall, as the rightful reward of victory over treason, have a solid nation, entirely delivered from all contradictions and social antagonisms, based upon loyalty, liberty, and equality, must be determined one way or the other by the present session of Congress. The last session really did nothing which can be considered

final as to these questions. The Civil Rights Bill and the Freedmen's Bureau Bill and the proposed constitutional amendments, with the amendment already adopted and recognized as the law of the land, do not reach the difficulty, and cannot, unless the whole structure of the government is changed from a government by States to something like a despotic central government, with power to control even the municipal regulations of States, and to make them conform to its own despotic will. While there remains such an idea as the right of each State to control its own local affairs,--an idea, by the way, more deeply rooted in the minds of men of all sections of the country than perhaps any one other political idea,--no general assertion of human rights can be of any practical value. To change the character of the government at this point is neither possible nor desirable. All that is necessary to be done is to make the government consistent with itself, and render the rights of the States compatible with the sacred rights of human nature.

The arm of the Federal government is long, but it is far too short to protect the rights of individuals in the interior of distant States. They must have the power to protect themselves, or they will go unprotected, spite of all the laws the Federal government can put upon the national statute-book.

Slavery, like all other great systems of wrong, founded in the depths of human selfishness, and existing for ages, has not neglected its own conservation. It has steadily exerted an influence upon all around it favorable to its own continuance. And to-day it is so strong that it could exist, not only without law, but even against law. Custom, manners, morals, religion, are all on its side everywhere in the South; and when you add the ignorance and servility of the ex-slave to the intelligence and accustomed authority of the master, you have the conditions, not out of which slavery will again grow, but under which it is impossible for the Federal government to wholly destroy it, unless the Federal government be armed with despotic power, to blot out State authority, and to station a Federal officer at every cross-road. This, of course, cannot be done, and ought not even if it could. The true way and the easiest way is to make our government entirely consistent with itself, and give to every loyal citizen the elective franchise,--a right and power which will be ever present, and will form a wall of fire for his protection.

One of the invaluable compensations of the late Rebellion is the highly instructive disclosure it made of the true source of danger to republican government. Whatever may be tolerated in monarchical and despotic governments, no republic is safe that tolerates a privileged class, or denies to any of its citizens equal rights and equal means to maintain them. What was theory before the war has been made fact by the war.

There is cause to be thankful even for rebellion. It is an impressive teacher, though a stern and terrible one. In both characters it has come to us, and it was perhaps needed in both. It is an instructor never a day before its time, for it comes only when all other means of progress and enlightenment have failed. Whether the oppressed and despairing bondman, no longer able to repress his deep yearnings for manhood, or the tyrant, in his pride and impatience, takes the initiative, and strikes the blow for a firmer hold and a longer lease of oppression, the result is the same,--society is instructed, or may be.

Such are the limitations of the common mind, and so thoroughly engrossing are the cares of common life, that only the few among men can discern through the glitter and dazzle of present prosperity the dark outlines of approaching disasters, even though they may have come up to our very gates, and are already within striking distance. The yawning seam and corroded bolt conceal their defects from the mariner until the storm calls all hands to the pumps. Prophets, indeed, were abundant before the war; but who cares for prophets while their predictions remain unfulfilled, and the calamities of which they tell are masked behind a blinding blaze of national prosperity?

It is asked, said Henry Clay, on a memorable occasion, Will slavery never come to an end? That question, said he, was asked fifty years ago, and it has been answered by fifty years of unprecedented prosperity. Spite of the eloquence of the earnest Abolitionists,--poured out against slavery during thirty years,--even they must confess, that, in all the probabilities of the case, that system of barbarism would have continued its horrors far beyond the limits of the nineteenth century but for the Rebellion, and perhaps only have disappeared at last in a fiery conflict, even more fierce and bloody than that which has now been suppressed.

It is no disparagement to truth, that it can only prevail where reason prevails. War begins where reason ends. The thing worse than rebellion is the thing that causes rebellion. What that thing is, we have been taught to our cost. It remains now to be seen whether we have the needed courage to have that cause entirely removed from the Republic. At any rate, to this grand work of national regeneration and entire purification Congress must now address Itself, with full purpose that the work shall this time be thoroughly done. The deadly upas, root and branch, leaf and fibre, body and sap, must be utterly destroyed. The country is evidently not in a condition to listen patiently to pleas for postponement, however plausible, nor will it permit the responsibility to be shifted to other

shoulders. Authority and power are here commensurate with the duty imposed. There are no cloud-flung shadows to obscure the way. Truth shines with brighter light and intenser heat at every moment, and a country torn and rent and bleeding implores relief from its distress and agony.

If time was at first needed, Congress has now had time. All the requisite materials from which to form an intelligent judgment are now before it. Whether its members look at the origin, the progress, the termination of the war, or at the mockery of a peace now existing, they will find only one unbroken chain of argument in favor of a radical policy of reconstruction. For the omissions of the last session, some excuses may be allowed. A treacherous President stood in the way; and it can be easily seen how reluctant good men might be to admit an apostasy which involved so much of baseness and ingratitude. It was natural that they should seek to save him by bending to him even when he leaned to the side of error. But all is changed now. Congress knows now that it must go on without his aid, and even against his machinations. The advantage of the present session over the last is immense. Where that investigated, this has the facts. Where that walked by faith, this may walk by sight. Where that halted, this must go forward, and where that failed, this must succeed, giving the country whole measures where that gave us half-measures, merely as a means of saving the elections in a few doubtful districts. That Congress saw what was right, but distrusted the enlightenment of the loyal masses; but what was forborne in distrust of the people must now be done with a full knowledge that the people expect and require it. The members go to Washington fresh from the inspiring presence of the people. In every considerable public meeting, and in almost every conceivable way, whether at court-house, school-house, or cross-roads, in doors and out, the subject has been discussed, and the people have emphatically pronounced in favor of a radical policy. Listening to the doctrines of expediency and compromise with pity, impatience, and disgust, they have everywhere broken into demonstrations of the wildest enthusiasm when a brave word has been spoken in favor of equal rights and impartial suffrage. Radicalism, so far from being odious, is not the popular passport to power. The men most bitterly charged with it go to Congress with the largest majorities, while the timid and doubtful are sent by lean majorities, or else left at home. The strange controversy between the President and the Congress, at one time so threatening, is disposed of by the people. The high reconstructive powers which he so confidently, ostentatiously, and haughtily claimed, have been disallowed, denounced, and utterly repudiated; while those claimed by Congress have been confirmed.

Of the spirit and magnitude of the canvass nothing need be said. The appeal was to the people, and the verdict was worthy of the tribunal. Upon an occasion of his own selection, with the advice and approval of his astute Secretary, soon after the members of the Congress had returned to their constituents, the President quitted the executive mansion, sandwiched himself between two recognized heroes,--men whom the whole country delighted to honor,--and, with all the advantage which such company could give him, stumped the country from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, advocating everywhere his policy as against that of Congress. It was a strange sight, and perhaps the most disgraceful exhibition ever made by any President; but, as no evil is entirely unmixed, good has come of this, as from many others. Ambitious, unscrupulous, energetic, indefatigable, voluble, and plausible,--a political gladiator, ready for a "set-to" in any crowd,--he is beaten in his own chosen field, and stands to-day before the country as a convicted usurper, a political criminal, guilty of a bold and persistent attempt to possess himself of the legislative powers solemnly secured to Congress by the Constitution. No vindication could be more complete, no condemnation could be more absolute and humiliating. Unless reopened by the sword, as recklessly threatened in some circles, this question is now closed for all time.

Without attempting to settle here the metaphysical and somewhat theological question (about which so much has already been said and written), whether once in the Union means always in the Union,--agreeably to the formula, Once in grace always in grace,--it is obvious to common sense that the rebellious States stand to-day, in point of law, precisely where they stood when, exhausted, beaten, conquered, they fell powerless at the feet of Federal authority. Their State governments were overthrown, and the lives and property of the leaders of the Rebellion were forfeited. In reconstructing the institutions of these shattered and overthrown States, Congress should begin with a clean slate, and make clean work of it. Let there be no hesitation. It would be a cowardly deference to a defeated and treacherous President, if any account were made of the illegitimate, one-sided, sham governments hurried into existence for a malign purpose in the absence of Congress. These pretended governments, which were never submitted to the people, and from participation in which four millions of the loyal people were excluded by Presidential order, should now be treated according to their true character, as shams and impositions, and supplanted by true and legitimate governments, in the formation of which loyal men, black and white, shall participate.

It is not, however, within the scope of this paper to point out the precise steps to be taken, and the means to be employed. The people are less concerned about these than the grand end to be attained. They demand such a reconstruction as shall put an end to the present anarchical state of things in the late rebellious States,--where frightful murders and wholesale massacres are perpetrated in the very presence of Federal soldiers. This horrible business they require shall cease. They want a reconstruction

such as will protect loyal men, black and white, in their persons and property; such a one as will cause Northern industry, Northern capital, and Northern civilization to flow into the South, and make a man from New England as much at home in Carolina as elsewhere in the Republic. No Chinese wall can now be tolerated. The South must be opened to the light of law and liberty, and this session of Congress is relied upon to accomplish this important work.

The plain, common-sense way of doing this work, as intimated at the beginning, is simply to establish in the South one law, one government, one administration of justice, one condition to the exercise of the elective franchise, for men of all races and colors alike. This great measure is sought as earnestly by loyal white men as by loyal blacks, and is needed alike by both. Let sound political prescience but take the place of an unreasoning prejudice, and this will be done.

Men denounce the negro for his prominence in this discussion; but it is no fault of his that in peace as in war, that in conquering Rebel armies as in reconstructing the rebellious States, the right of the negro is the true solution of our national troubles. The stern logic of events, which goes directly to the point, disdaining all concern for the color or features of men, has determined the interests of the country as identical with and inseparable from those of the negro.

The policy that emancipated and armed the negro--now seen to have been wise and proper by the dullest--was not certainly more sternly demanded than is now the policy of enfranchisement. If with the negro was success in war, and without him failure, so in peace it will be found that the nation must fall or flourish with the negro.

Fortunately, the Constitution of the United States knows no distinction between citizens on account of color. Neither does it know any difference between a citizen of a State and a citizen of the United States. Citizenship evidently includes all the rights of citizens, whether State or national. If the Constitution knows none, it is clearly no part of the duty of a Republican Congress now to institute one. The mistake of the last session was the attempt to do this very thing, by a renunciation of its power to secure political rights to any class of citizens, with the obvious purpose to allow the rebellious States to disfranchise, if they should see fit, their colored citizens. This unfortunate blunder must now be retrieved, and the emasculated citizenship given to the negro supplanted by that contemplated in the Constitution of the United States, which declares that the citizens of each State shall enjoy all the rights and immunities of citizens of the several States,--so that a legal voter in any State shall be a legal voter in all the States.

AN APPEAL TO CONGRESS FOR IMPARTIAL SUFFRAGE by Frederick Douglas

A very limited statement of the argument for impartial suffrage, and for including the negro in the body politic, would require more space than can be reasonably asked here. It is supported by reasons as broad as the nature of man, and as numerous as the wants of society. Man is the only government-making animal in the world. His right to a participation in the production and operation of government is an inference from his nature, as direct and self-evident as is his right to acquire property or education. It is no less a crime against the manhood of a man, to declare that he shall not share in the making and directing of the government under which he lives, than to say that he shall not acquire property and education. The fundamental and unanswerable argument in favor of the enfranchisement of the negro is found in the undisputed fact of his manhood. He is a man, and by every fact and argument by which any man can sustain his right to vote, the negro can sustain his right equally. It is plain that, if the right belongs to any, it belongs to all. The doctrine that some men have no rights that others are bound to respect, is a doctrine which we must banish as we have banished slavery, from which it emanated. If black men have no rights in the eyes of white men, of course the whites can have none in the eyes of the blacks. The result is a war of races, and the annihilation of all proper human relations.

But suffrage for the negro, while easily sustained upon abstract principles, demands consideration upon what are recognized as the urgent necessities of the case. It is a measure of relief,--a shield to break the force of a blow already descending with violence, and render it harmless. The work of destruction has already been set in motion all over the South. Peace to the country has literally meant war to the loyal men of the South, white and black; and negro suffrage is the measure to arrest and put an end to that dreadful strife.

Something then, not by way of argument, (for that has been done by Charles Sumner, Thaddeus Stevens, Wendell Phillips, Gerrit Smith, and other able men,) but rather of statement and appeal.

For better or for worse, (as in some of the old marriage ceremonies,) the negroes are evidently a permanent part of the American population. They are too numerous and useful to be colonized, and too enduring and self-perpetuating to disappear by natural causes. Here they are, four millions of them, and, for weal or for woe, here they must remain. Their history is parallel to that of the country; but while the history of the latter has been cheerful and bright with blessings, theirs has been heavy and dark with agonies

and curses. What O'Connell said of the history of Ireland may with greater truth be said of the negro's. It may be "traced like a wounded man through a crowd, by the blood." Yet the negroes have marvellously survived all the exterminating forces of slavery, and have emerged at the end of two hundred and fifty years of bondage, not morose, misanthropic, and revengeful, but cheerful, hopeful, and forgiving. They now stand before Congress and the country, not complaining of the past, but simply asking for a better future. The spectacle of these dusky millions thus imploring, not demanding, is touching; and if American statesmen could be moved by a simple appeal to the nobler elements of human nature, if they had not fallen, seemingly, into the incurable habit of weighing and measuring every proposition of reform by some standard of profit and loss, doing wrong from choice, and right only from necessity or some urgent demand of human selfishness, it would be enough to plead for the negroes on the score of past services and sufferings. But no such appeal shall be relied on here. Hardships, services, sufferings, and sacrifices are all waived. It is true that they came to the relief of the country at the hour of its extremest need. It is true that, in many of the rebellious States, they were almost the only reliable friends the nation had throughout the whole tremendous war. It is true that, notwithstanding their alleged ignorance, they were wiser than their masters, and knew enough to be loyal, while those masters only knew enough to be rebels and traitors. It is true that they fought side by side in the loyal cause with our gallant and patriotic white soldiers, and that, but for their help,--divided as the loyal States were,--the Rebels might have succeeded in breaking up the Union, thereby entailing border wars and troubles of unknown duration and incalculable calamity. All this and more is true of these loyal negroes. Many daring exploits will be told to their credit. Impartial history will paint them as men who deserved well of their country. It will tell how they forded and swam rivers, with what consummate address they evaded the sharp-eyed Rebel pickets, how they toiled in the darkness of night through the tangled marshes of briers and thorns, barefooted and weary, running the risk of losing their lives, to warn our generals of Rebel schemes to surprise and destroy our loyal army. It will tell how these poor people, whose rights we still despised, behaved to our wounded soldiers, when found cold, hungry, and bleeding on the deserted battle-field; how they assisted our escaping prisoners from Andersonville, Belle Isle, Castle Thunder, and elsewhere, sharing with them their wretched crusts, and otherwise affording them aid and comfort; how they promptly responded to the trumpet call for their services, fighting against a foe that denied them the rights of civilized warfare, and for a government which was without the courage to assert those rights and avenge their violation in their behalf; with what gallantry they flung themselves upon Rebel fortifications, meeting death as fearlessly as any other troops in the service. But upon none of these things is reliance placed. These facts speak to the better dispositions of the human heart; but they seem of little weight with the opponents of impartial suffrage.

It is true that a strong plea for equal suffrage might be addressed to the national sense of honor. Something, too, might be said of national gratitude. A nation might well hesitate before the temptation to betray its allies. There is something immeasurably mean, to say nothing of the cruelty, in placing the loyal negroes of the South under the political power of their Rebel masters. To make peace with our enemies is all well enough; but to prefer our enemies and sacrifice our friends,--to exalt our enemies and cast down our friends,--to clothe our enemies, who sought the destruction of the government, with all political power, and leave our friends powerless in their hands,--is an act which need not be characterized here. We asked the negroes to espouse our cause, to be our friends, to fight for us, and against their masters; and now, after they have done all that we asked them to do,--helped us to conquer their masters, and thereby directed toward themselves the furious hate of the vanquished,--it is proposed in some quarters to turn them over to the political control of the common enemy of the government and of the negro. But of this let nothing be said in this place. Waiving humanity, national honor, the claims of gratitude, the precious satisfaction arising from deeds of charity and justice to the weak and defenceless,--the appeal for impartial suffrage addresses itself with great pertinency to the darkest, coldest, and flintiest side of the human heart, and would wring righteousness from the unfeeling calculations of human selfishness.

For in respect to this grand measure it is the good fortune of the negro that enlightened selfishness, not less than justice, fights on his side. National interest and national duty, if elsewhere separated, are firmly united here. The American people can, perhaps, afford to brave the censure of surrounding nations for the manifest injustice and meanness of excluding its faithful black soldiers from the ballot-box, but it cannot afford to allow the moral and mental energies of rapidly increasing millions to be consigned to hopeless degradation.

Strong as we are, we need the energy that slumbers in the black man's arm to make us stronger. We want no longer any heavy-footed, melancholy service from the negro. We want the cheerful activity of the quickened manhood of these sable millions. Nor can we afford to endure the moral blight which the existence of a degraded and hated class must necessarily inflict upon any people among whom such a class may exist. Exclude the negroes as a class from political rights,--teach them that the high and manly privilege of suffrage is to be enjoyed by white citizens only,--that they may bear the burdens of the state, but that they are to have no part in its direction or its honors,--and you at once deprive them of one of the main incentives to manly character and patriotic devotion to the interests of the government; in a word, you stamp them as a degraded caste,--you teach them to despise

themselves, and all others to despise them. Men are so constituted that they largely derive their ideas of their abilities and their possibilities from the settled judgments of their fellow-men, and especially from such as they read in the institutions under which they live. If these bless them, they are blest indeed; but if these blast them, they are blasted indeed. Give the negro the elective franchise, and you give him at once a powerful motive for all noble exertion, and make him a man among men. A character is demanded of him, and here as elsewhere demand favors supply. It is nothing against this reasoning that all men who vote are not good men or good citizens. It is enough that the possession and exercise of the elective franchise is in itself an appeal to the nobler elements of manhood, and imposes education as essential to the safety of society.

To appreciate the full force of this argument, it must be observed, that disfranchisement in a republican government based upon the idea of human equality and universal suffrage, is a very different thing from disfranchisement in governments based upon the idea of the divine right of kings, or the entire subjugation of the masses. Masses of men can take care of themselves. Besides, the disabilities imposed upon all are necessarily without that bitter and stinging element of invidiousness which attaches to disfranchisement in a republic. What is common to all works no special sense of degradation to any. But in a country like ours, where men of all nations, kindred, and tongues are freely enfranchised, and allowed to vote, to say to the negro, You shall not vote, is to deal his manhood a staggering blow, and to burn into his soul a bitter and goading sense of wrong, or else work in him a stupid indifference to all the elements of a manly character. As a nation, we cannot afford to have amongst us either this indifference and stupidity, or that burning sense of wrong. These sable millions are too powerful to be allowed to remain either indifferent or discontented. Enfranchise them, and they become self-respecting and country-loving citizens. Disfranchise them, and the mark of Cain is set upon them less mercifully than upon the first murderer, for no man was to hurt him. But this mark of inferiority--all the more palpable because of a difference of color--not only dooms the negro to be a vagabond, but makes him the prey of insult and outrage everywhere. While nothing may be urged here as to the past services of the negro, it is quite within the line of this appeal to remind the nation of the possibility that a time may come when the services of the negro may be a second time required. History is said to repeat itself, and, if so, having wanted the negro once, we may want him again. Can that statesmanship be wise which would leave the negro good ground to hesitate, when the exigencies of the country required his prompt assistance? Can that be sound statesmanship which leaves millions of men in gloomy discontent, and possibly in a state of alienation in the day of national trouble? Was not the nation stronger when two hundred thousand sable soldiers were hurled against the Rebel fortifications, than it would have been without them? Arming the negro was an urgent military necessity three years ago,--are we sure that another quite as pressing may not await us? Casting aside all thought of justice and magnanimity, is it wise to impose upon the negro all the burdens involved in sustaining government against foes within and foes without, to make him equal sharer in all sacrifices for the public good, to tax him in peace and conscript him in war, and then coldly exclude him from the ballot-box?

Look across the sea. Is Ireland, in her present condition, fretful, discontented, compelled to support an establishment in which she does not believe, and which the vast majority of her people abhor, a source of power or of weakness to Great Britain? Is not Austria wise in removing all ground of complaint against her on the part of Hungary? And does not the Emperor of Russia act wisely, as well as generously, when he not only breaks up the bondage of the serf, but extends him all the advantages of Russian citizenship? Is the present movement in England in favor of manhood suffrage--for the purpose of bringing four millions of British subjects into full sympathy and co-operation with the British government--a wise and humane movement, or otherwise? Is the existence of a rebellious element in our borders--which New Orleans, Memphis, and Texas show to be only disarmed, but at heart as malignant as ever, only waiting for an opportunity to reassert itself with fire and sword--a reason for leaving four millions of the nation's truest friends with just cause of complaint against the Federal government? If the doctrine that taxation should go hand in hand with representation can be appealed to in behalf of recent traitors and rebels, may it not properly be asserted in behalf of a people who have ever been loyal and faithful to the government? The answers to these questions are too obvious to require statement. Disguise it as we may, we are still a divided nation. The Rebel States have still an anti-national policy. Massachusetts and South Carolina may draw tears from the eyes of our tender-hearted President by walking arm in arm into his Philadelphia Convention, but a citizen of Massachusetts is still an alien in the Palmetto State. There is that, all over the South, which frightens Yankee industry, capital, and skill from its borders. We have crushed the Rebellion, but not its hopes or its malign purposes. The South fought for perfect and permanent control over the Southern laborer. It was a war of the rich against the poor. They who waged it had no objection to the government, while they could use it as a means of confirming their power over the laborer. They fought the government, not because they hated the government as such, but because they found it, as they thought, in the way between them and their one grand purpose of rendering permanent and indestructible their authority and power over the Southern laborer. Though the battle is for the present lost, the hope of gaining this object still exists, and pervades the whole South with a feverish excitement. We have thus far only gained a Union without unity, marriage without love, victory without peace. The hope of gaining

by politics what they lost by the sword, is the secret of all this Southern unrest; and that hope must be extinguished before national ideas and objects can take full possession of the Southern mind. There is but one safe and constitutional way to banish that mischievous hope from the South, and that is by lifting the laborer beyond the unfriendly political designs of his former master. Give the negro the elective franchise, and you at once destroy the purely sectional policy, and wheel the Southern States into line with national interests and national objects. The last and shrewdest turn of Southern politics is a recognition of the necessity of getting into Congress immediately, and at any price. The South will comply with any conditions but suffrage for the negro. It will swallow all the unconstitutional test oaths, repeal all the ordinances of Secession, repudiate the Rebel debt, promise to pay the debt incurred in conquering its people, pass all the constitutional amendments, if only it can have the negro left under its political control. The proposition is as modest as that made on the mountain: "All these things will I give unto thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me."

But why are the Southerners so willing to make these sacrifices? The answer plainly is, they see in this policy the only hope of saving something of their old sectional peculiarities and power. Once firmly seated in Congress, their alliance with Northern Democrats re-established, their States restored to their former position inside the Union, they can easily find means of keeping the Federal government entirely too busy with other important matters to pay much attention to the local affairs of the Southern States. Under the potent shield of State Rights, the game would be in their own hands. Does any sane man doubt for a moment that the men who followed Jefferson Davis through the late terrible Rebellion, often marching barefooted and hungry, naked and penniless, and who now only profess an enforced loyalty, would plunge this country into a foreign war to-day, if they could thereby gain their coveted independence, and their still more coveted mastery over the negroes? Plainly enough, the peace not less than the prosperity of this country is involved in the great measure of impartial suffrage. King Cotton is deposed, but only deposed, and is ready to-day to reassert all his ancient pretensions upon the first favorable opportunity. Foreign countries abound with his agents. They are able, vigilant, devoted. The young men of the South burn with the desire to regain what they call the lost cause; the women are noisily malignant towards the Federal government. In fact, all the elements of treason and rebellion are there under the thinnest disguise which necessity can impose.

What, then, is the work before Congress? It is to save the people of the South from themselves, and the nation from detriment on their account. Congress must supplant the evident sectional tendencies of the South by national dispositions and tendencies. It must cause national ideas and objects to take the lead and control the politics of those States. It must cease to recognize the old slave-masters as the only competent persons to rule the South. In a word, it must enfranchise the negro, and by means of the loyal negroes and the loyal white men of the South build up a national party there, and in time bridge the chasm between North and South, so that our country may have a common liberty and a common civilization. The new wine must be put into new bottles. The lamb may not be trusted with the wolf. Loyalty is hardly safe with traitors.

Statesmen of America! beware what you do. The ploughshare of rebellion has gone through the land beam-deep. The soil is in readiness, and the seed-time has come. Nations, not less than individuals, reap as they sow. The dreadful calamities of the past few years came not by accident, nor unbidden, from the ground. You shudder to-day at the harvest of blood sown in the spring-time of the Republic by your patriot fathers. The principle of slavery, which they tolerated under the erroneous impression that it would soon die out, became at last the dominant principle and power at the South. It early mastered the Constitution, became superior to the Union, and enthroned itself above the law.

Freedom of speech and of the press it slowly but successfully banished from the South, dictated its own code of honor and manners to the nation, brandished the bludgeon and the bowie-knife over Congressional debate, sapped the foundations of loyalty, dried up the springs of patriotism, blotted out the testimonies of the fathers against oppression, padlocked the pulpit, expelled liberty from its literature, invented nonsensical theories about master-races and slave-races of men, and in due season produced a Rebellion fierce, foul, and bloody.

This evil principle again seeks admission into our body politic. It comes now in shape of a denial of political rights to four million loyal colored people. The South does not now ask for slavery. It only asks for a large degraded caste, which shall have no political rights. This ends the case. Statesmen, beware what you do. The destiny of unborn and unnumbered generations is in your hands. Will you repeat the mistake of your fathers, who sinned ignorantly? or will you profit by the blood-bought wisdom all round you, and forever expel every vestige of the old abomination from our national borders? As you members of the Thirty-ninth Congress decide, will the country be peaceful, united, and happy, or troubled, divided, and miserable.

THE NEGRO EXODUS by James B. Runnion

A recent sojourn in the South for a few weeks, chiefly in Louisiana and Mississippi, gave the writer an opportunity to inquire into what has been so aptly called "the negro exodus." The emigration of blacks to Kansas began early in the spring of this year. For a time there was a stampede from two or three of the river parishes in Louisiana and as many counties opposite in Mississippi. Several thousand negroes (certainly not fewer than five thousand, and variously estimated as high as ten thousand) had left their cabins before the rush could be stayed or the excitement lulled. Early in May most of the negroes who had quit work for the purpose of emigrating, but had not succeeded in getting off, were persuaded to return to the plantations, and from that time on there have been only straggling families and groups that have watched for and seized the first opportunity for transportation to the North. There is no doubt, however, that there is still a consuming desire among the negroes of the cotton districts in these two States to seek new homes, and there are the best reasons for believing that the exodus will take a new start next spring, after the gathering and conversion of the growing crop. Hundreds of negroes who returned from the river-banks for lack of transportation, and thousands of others infected with the ruling discontent, are working harder in the fields this summer, and practicing more economy and self-denial than ever before, in order to have the means next winter and spring to pay their way to the "promised land."

"We've been working for fourteen long years," said an intelligent negro, in reply to a question as to the cause of the prevailing discontent, "and we ain't no better off than we was when we commenced." This is the negro version of the trouble, which is elaborated on occasion into a harrowing story of oppression and plunder.

"I tell you it's all owing to the radical politicians at the North," explained a representative of the type known as the Bourbons; "they've had their emissaries down here, and deluded the 'niggers' into a very fever of emigration, with the purpose of reducing our basis of representation in Congress and increasing that of the Northern States."

These are the two extremes of opinion at the South. The first is certainly the more reasonable and truthful, though it implies that all the blame rests upon the whites, which is not the case; the second, preposterous as it will appear to Northern readers, is religiously believed by large numbers of the "unreconciled." Between these two extremes there is an infinite variety of theories, all more or less governed by the political faction to which the various theorizers belong; there are at least a dozen of these factions, such as the Bourbons, the conservatives, the native white republicans, the carpet-bag republicans, the negro republicans, etc. There is a political tinge in almost everything in the extreme Southern States. The fact seems to be that the emigration movement among the blacks was spontaneous to the extent that they were ready and anxious to go. The immediate notion of going may have been inculcated by such circulars, issued by railroads and land companies, as are common enough at emigrant centres in the North and West, and the exaggeration characteristic of such literature may have stimulated the imagination of the negroes far beyond anything they are likely to realize in their new homes. Kansas was naturally the favorite goal of the negro emigre, for it was associated in his mind with the names of Jim Lane and John Brown, which are hallowed to him. The timid learned that they could escape what they have come to regard as a second bondage, and they flocked together to gain the moral support which comes from numbers.

Diligent inquiry among representative men, of all classes and from all parts of Louisiana, who were in attendance at the constitutional convention in New Orleans, and careful observation along the river among the land owners and field hands in both Louisiana and Mississippi, left a vivid impression of some material and political conditions which fully account for the negro exodus. I have dropped the social conditions out of the consideration, because I became convinced that the race troubles at the South can be solved to the satisfaction of both whites and blacks without cultivating any closer social relations than those which now prevail. The material conditions which I have in mind are less familiar than the political conditions; they are mainly the land-tenure and credit systems, and mere modifications (scarcely for the better) of the peculiar plantation system of slavery days.

The cotton lands at the South are owned now, as they were before the war, in large tracts. The land was about all that most of the Southern whites had left to them after the war, and they kept it when they could, at the first, in the hope that it would yield them a living through the labor of the blacks; of late years they have not been able to sell their plantations at any fair price, if they desired to do so. The white men with capital who went to the South from the North after the war seemed to acquire the true Southern ambition to be large land owners and planters; and when the ante-bellum owners lost their plantations the land usually went in bulk to the city factors who had made them advances from year to year, and had taken mortgages on their crops and broad acres. As a consequence, the land has never been distributed among the people who inhabit and cultivate it, and agricultural labor in the Southern States approaches the condition of the factory labor in England and the Eastern States more nearly than it does the farm labor of the North and West. Nearly every agricultural laborer north of Mason and Dixon's line, if not the actual possessor of the land he plows, looks forward to owning a farm some time; at the South such an ambition is rare, and small ownership still more an

exception. The practice of paying day wages was first tried after the war; this practice is still in vogue in the sugar and rice districts, where laborers are paid from fifty to seventy cents per day, with quarters furnished and living guaranteed them at nine or ten cents a day. In sections where the wages system prevails, and where there have been no political disturbances, the negroes seem to be perfectly contented; at all events, the emigration fever has not spread among them. But it was found impracticable to maintain the wage system in the cotton districts. The negroes themselves fought against it, because it reminded them too much of the slave-gang, driven out at daybreak and home at sundown. In many cases the planters were forced to abandon it, because they had not the means to carry on such huge farming, and they could not secure the same liberal advances from capitalists as when they were able to mortgage a growing "crop of niggers." Then the system of working on shares was tried. This was reasonably fair, and the negro laborers were satisfied as long as it lasted. The owners of the land, under this system, would furnish the indispensable mule and the farming implements, and take one half the product. The planters themselves relinquished this system. Some of them contend that the laziness and indifference of the negro made the partnership undesirable; many others admit that they were not able to advance the negro tenant his supplies pending the growth of the year's crop, as it was necessary they should do under the sharing system. Now the renting system is almost universal. It yields the land owner a certainty, endangered only by the death, sickness, or desertion of the negro tenant; but it throws the latter upon his own responsibility, and frequently makes him the victim of his own ignorance and the rapacity of the white man. The rent of land, on a money basis, varies from six to ten dollars an acre per year, while the same land can be bought in large quantities all the way from fifteen to thirty dollars per acre, according to location, clearing, improvement, richness, etc. When paid in product, the rent varies from eighty to one hundred pounds of lint cotton per acre for land that produces from two hundred to four hundred pounds of cotton per acre; the tenant undertakes to pay from one quarter to one half--perhaps an average of one third--of his crop for the use of the land, without stock, tools, or assistance of any kind. The land owners usually claim that they make no money even at these exorbitant figures. If they do not, it is because only a portion of their vast possessions is under cultivation, because they do no work themselves, and in some cases because the negroes do not cultivate and gather as large a crop as they could and ought to harvest. It is very certain that the negro tenants, as a class, make no money; if they are out of debt at the end of a season, they have reason to rejoice.

The credit system, which is as universal as the renting system, is even more illogical and oppressive. The utter viciousness of both systems in their mutual dependence is sufficiently illustrated by the single fact that, after fourteen years of freedom and labor on their own account, the great mass of the negroes depend for their living on an advance of supplies (as they need food, clothing, or tools during the year) upon the pledge of their growing crop. This is a generic imitation of the white man's improvidence during the slavery times; then the planters mortgaged their crops and negroes, and where one used the advances to extend his plantation, ten squandered the money. The negro's necessities have developed an offensive race, called merchants by courtesy, who keep supply stores at the cross-roads and steamboat landings, and live upon extortion. These people would be called sharks, harpies, and vampires in any Northwestern agricultural community, and they would not survive more than one season. The country merchant advances the negro tenant such supplies as the negro wants up to a certain amount, previously fixed by contract, and charges the negro at least double the value of every article sold to him. There is no concealment about the extortion; every store-keeper has his cash price and his credit price, and in nearly all cases the latter is one hundred per cent. higher than the former. The extortion is justified by those who practice it on the ground that their losses by bad debts, though their advances are always secured by mortgage on the growing crop, overbalance the profits; this assertion is scarcely borne out by the comparative opulence of the "merchant" and the pitiful poverty of the laborer. Some of the largest and wealthiest planters have sought to protect their tenants from the merciless clutches of the contrary merchant, who is more frequently than not an Israelite, by advancing supplies of necessary articles at reasonable prices. But the necessities of the planter, if not his greed, often betray him into plundering the negro. The planter himself is generally a victim to usury. He still draws on the city factor to the extent of ten dollars a bale upon his estimated crop. He pays this factor two and one half per cent. commission for the advance, eight per cent. interest for the money, two and one half per cent. more for disposing of the crop when consigned to him, and sometimes still another commission for the purchase of the supplies. The planter who furnishes his tenants with supplies on credit is usually paying an interest of fifteen to eighteen per cent. himself, and necessarily takes some risk in advancing upon an uncertain crop and to a laborer whom he believes to be neither scrupulous nor industrious; these conditions necessitate more than the ordinary profit, and in many cases suggest exorbitant and unreasonable charges. But whether the negro deals with the merchant or the land owner, his extravagance almost invariably exhausts his credit, even if it be large. The negro is a sensuous creature, and luxurious in his way. The male is an enormous consumer of tobacco and whisky; the female has an inordinate love for flummery; both are fond of sardines, potted meats, and canned goods generally, and they indulge themselves without any other restraint than the refusal of their merchant to sell to them. The man who advances supplies watches his negro customers constantly; if they are working well and their crop promises to be large, he will permit and even encourage them to draw upon him liberally; it is only a partial failure of the crop, or

some intimation of the negro's intention to shirk his obligations, that induces his country factor to preach the virtue of self-restraint, or moralize upon the advantages of economy.

The land owner's rent and the merchant's advances are both secured by a chattel mortgage on the tenant's personal property, and by a pledge of the growing crop. The hired laborer (for it is common for negroes to work for wages for other negroes who rent lands) has also a lien upon the growing crops second only to the land owner's; but as the law requires that the liens shall be recorded, which the ignorant laborer usually neglects and the shrewd merchant never fails to do, the former is generally cheated of his security. Among those who usually work for hire are the women, who are expert cotton pickers, and the loss of wages which so many of them have suffered by reason of the prior lien gained by landlord and merchant has helped to make them earnest and effective advocates of emigration. The Western farmer considers it hard enough to struggle under one mortgage at a reasonable interest; the negro tenant begins his season with three mortgages, covering all he owns, his labor for the coming year, and all he expects to acquire during that period. He pays one third his product for the use of the land; he pays double the value of all he consumes; he pays an exorbitant fee for recording the contract by which he pledges his pound of flesh; he is charged two or three times as much as he ought to pay for ginning his cotton; and, finally, he turns over his crop to be eaten up in commissions, if anything still be left to him. It is easy to understand why the negro rarely gets ahead in the world. This mortgaging of future services, which is practically what a pledge of the growing crop amounts to, is in the nature of bondage. It has a tendency to make the negro extravagant, reckless, and unscrupulous; he has become convinced from previous experience that nothing will be coming to him on the day of settlement, and he is frequently actuated by the purpose of getting as much as possible and working as little as possible. Cases are numerous in which the negro abandons his own crop at picking time, because he knows that he has already eaten up its full value; and so he goes to picking for wages on some other plantation. In other cases, where negroes have acquired mules and farming implements upon which a merchant has secured a mortgage in the manner described, they are practically bound to that merchant from year to year, in order to retain their property; if he removes from one section to another, they must follow him, and rent and cultivate lands in his neighborhood. It is only the ignorance, the improvidence, and the happy disposition of the negro, under the influence of the lazy, drowsy climate, to which he is so well adapted physically, that have enabled him to endure these hardships so long. And, though the negro is the loser, the white man is not often the gainer, from this false plantation and mercantile system. The incidental risk may not be so large as the planter and merchant pretend, but the condition of the people is an evidence that the extortion they practice yields no better profit in the long run than would be gained by competition in fair prices on a cash system; and in leading up to a general emigration of the laboring population the abuses described will eventually ruin and impoverish those who have heretofore been the only beneficiaries thereof. The decay of improvements inevitable under annual rentings, the lack of sufficient labor to cultivate all the good land, and the universal idleness of the rural whites have kept the land owners comparatively poor; the partial failure of crops and the unscrupulousness of the negro debtor, engendered by the infamous exactions of his creditor, have prevented the merchants, as a class, from prospering as much as might be supposed; and, finally, the uniform injustice to the laborers induces them to fly to ills they know not of, rather than bear those they have. It is a blessing to the negro that the laws do not yet provide for a detention of the person in the case of debt, or escape would be shut off entirely; as it is, various influences and circumstances appertaining to the system in vogue have been used to prevent the easy flight of those who desire to go, and have detained thousands of blacks for a time who are fretting to quit the country.

Political oppression has contributed largely to the discontent which is the prime cause of the exodus. "Bulldozing" is the term by which all forms of this oppression are known. The native whites are generally indisposed to confess that the negroes are quitting the country on account of political injustice and persecution; even those who freely admit and fitly characterize the abuses already described seek to deny, or at least belittle, the political abuses. The fact that a large number of negroes have emigrated from Madison Parish, Louisiana, where there has never been any bulldozing, and where the negroes are in full and undisputed political control, is cited as proof that political disturbances cut no figure in the case. But the town of Delta, in Madison Parish, is at once on the river and the terminus of a railroad that runs back through the interior of the State; thus Madison Parish would furnish the natural exit for the fugitives from the adjoining counties, where there have been political disturbances. It would be just as reasonable to contend that the plundering of the negroes has had no influence in driving them away, since many of those who have emigrated were among the most prosperous of the blacks, as to deny the agency of political persecution. Families that had been able to accumulate a certain amount of personal property, in spite of the extortionate practices, sold their mules, their implements, their cows, their pigs, their sheep, and their household goods for anything they would bring,--frequently as low as one sixth of their value,--in order that they might improve an immediate opportunity to go away; it is evident that there must have been some cause outside of extortion in their case. There are candid native whites who do not deny, but justify, the violent methods which have been

employed to disfranchise the negroes, or compel them to vote under white dictation, in many parts of Louisiana and Mississippi, on the ground that the men who pay the taxes should vote them and control the disbursement of the public moneys. The gentlemen who advance this argument seem to ignore the fact that the very Northerner whom they are seeking to convert to "the Mississippi plan" may himself be a taxpayer in some Northern city, where public affairs are controlled by a class of voters in every way as ignorant and irresponsible as the blacks, but where bulldozing has never yet been suggested as a remedy. For the rest, the evidences of political oppression are abundant and convincing. The bulldozers as a class are more impecunious and irresponsible than the negroes, and, unlike the negroes, they will not work. There has been more of the "night-riding," the whippings, the mysterious disappearances, the hangings, and the terrorism comprehended in the term bulldozing than has been reported by those "abstracts and brief chronicles of the time," the Southern newspapers, which are now all of one party, and defer to the ruling sentiment among the whites. The exodus has wrung from two or three of the more candid and independent journals, however, a virtual confession of the fiendish practices of bulldozing in their insistance that these practices must be abandoned. The non-resident land owners and the resident planters, the city factors and the country merchants of means and respectability, have taken no personal part in the terrorizing of the negro, but they have tolerated it, and sometimes encouraged it, in order to gratify their preference for "white government." The negroes have suffered the more because they have not resisted and defended themselves; now they have begun to convince those who have persecuted them that, if they will not strike back, they can and will run away. No one who is at all familiar with the freedman can doubt that the abridgment of his political rights has been one of the main causes of the exodus. Voting is widely regarded at the North as a disagreeable duty, but the negro looks upon it as the highest privilege in life; to be frightened out of the exercise of this privilege, or compelled to exercise it in conflict with his convictions and preferences, is to suffer from a cruel injustice, which the negro will now try to escape, since he has learned that escape is possible. The women, though free from personal assaults, suffer from the terrorism that prevails in certain districts as much as the men. "We might as well starve or freeze to death in Kansas," they say, "as to be shot-gunned here." If they talk to you in confidence, they declare that the ruling purpose is to escape from the "slaughter-pens" of the South. Political persecution, and not the extortion they suffer, is the refrain of all the speakers at negro meetings that are held in encouragement and aid of the emigration. It is idle to deny that the varied injustice which the negroes have suffered as voters is accountable for a large part of their universal yearning for new homes, and it will be folly for the responsible classes at the South to ignore this fact.

As it is the negroes who are fleeing from the South, it is natural to look among the dominant class for the injustice which is driving them away; but it would be unfair to conclude that the blame rests entirely upon the whites, and still more so to leave the impression that there is no extenuation for the mistakes and abuses for which the whites are responsible. Much of the intimidation of the blacks has been tolerated, if not suggested, by a fear of negro uprisings. The apprehension is a legacy from the days of slavery, and is more unreasonable now than it was then; but still it exists. This is not an excuse, but an explanation. The Pharaohs of the time of Moses were in constant dread lest the Hebrews under their rule should go over to their enemies, and their dread doubtless increased the cruelty of the Egyptians; but, while this dread was an extenuation in the eyes of the persecutors, it did not prevent the Hebrews from fleeing the persecution. So the blacks are going without regard to the justification which the whites may set up for their treatment; the only difference between the old and new exodus is that, as the writer heard one negro speaker express it, "every black man is his own Moses in this exodus." The negro may be lazy; it seems impossible to be otherwise in the Southern climate. He may not be willing to work on Saturdays, no matter how urgent the necessity; the indulgence in holidays is said to be one of the chief drawbacks to the advancement of the emancipated serfs of Russia. The blacks are certainly extravagant in their way, though the word seems to be almost misused in connection with a race who live largely on pork and molasses, and rarely wear more than half a dollar's worth of clothes at one time. They have not the instinct of home as it prevails among the whites, but incline to a crude and unsystematic communism; the negro quarters of the old plantations are all huddled together in the centre, and, except where the land owners have interfered to encourage a different life, there is still too much promiscuousness in the relation of the sexes. The negro, as a rule, has no ambition to become a land owner; he prefers to invest his surplus money, when he has any, in personal and movable property. In most cases where the blacks have been given the opportunity of buying land on long time, and paying yearly installments out of the proceeds of their annual crops, they have tired of the bargain after a year or two, and abandoned the contract. The negro politicians and preachers are not all that reformers and moralists would have them; the imitative faculty of the African has betrayed the black politician into many of the vicious ways of the white politician, and the colored preacher is frequently not above "the pomps and vanity of this wicked world." All this is the more unfortunate, as the blacks have a child-like confidence in their chosen leaders, founded partly on their primitive character, and partly on their distrust of the native whites. Both their politicians and their preachers have given abundant evidence of their insincerity during the excitement of emigration by blowing hot and blowing cold; by talking to the negroes one way, and to the whites another; and even to the extent, in some instances, of taking money to use their influence for discouraging and impeding emigration. These are some of the faults

and misfortunes on the part of the blacks which enter into the race troubles. The chief blame which attaches to the whites is the failure to make a persistent effort, by education and kind treatment, to overcome the distrust and cure the faults of the negroes. The whites control, because they constitute the "property and intelligence" of the South, to use the words of a democratic statesman; this power should have been used to gain the confidence of the blacks. Had such a course been taken, there would not have been the fear of reenslavement, which actually prevails to a considerable extent among the negroes. So long as a portion of the whites entertain the conviction that the war of the sections will be renewed within a few years, as is the case, the negroes will suspect and dread the class who would treat them as enemies in case the war should come, and will seek to escape to a section of the country where they would not be so treated. Perhaps, too, there would have been a voluntary political division among the black voters, had the whites used more pacific means to bring it about, and had they themselves set the example. And last, but not least, in making up the sum of blame that the whites must bear, is their own unwillingness to labor, which gives the rural population too much time for mischief and too little sympathy with the working classes.

As we have traced the causes that have led to the exodus, and described the conditions which warrant the belief that there will be a renewal of the emigration on a more extended scale next spring, and endeavored to distribute the responsibility for the troubles equitably among whites and blacks, remedies have naturally suggested themselves to the reader; in fact, they are more easily to be thought out than accomplished. A few general reflections may be added, however, in order to indicate the probable solution of the race troubles that have brought about the exodus, if, indeed, the whites and blacks of the South are ever going to live together in peace.

(1.) It is certain that negro labor is the best the South can have, and equally certain that the climate and natural conditions of the South are better suited to the negro than any others on this continent. The alluvial lands, which many persons believe the negroes alone can cultivate, on account of climatic conditions, are so rich that it might literally be said it is only necessary to tickle them with a hoe to make them laugh back a harvest. The common prosperity of the country--the agricultural interests of the South and the commercial interests of the North--will be best served, therefore, by the continued residence and labor of the blacks in the cotton States.

(2.) The fact stated in the foregoing paragraph is so well understood at the North that the Southern people should dismiss the idea that there is any scheming among the Northern people, political or otherwise, to draw the black labor away from its natural home. The same fact should also influence the people at the North not to be misled by any professional philanthropists who may have some self-interest in soliciting aid to facilitate negro emigration from the South. The duty of the North in this matter is simply to extend protection and assure safe-conduct to the negroes, if the Southern whites attempt to impede voluntary emigration by either law or violence. Any other course might be cruel to the negro in encouraging him to enter on a new life in a strange climate, as well as an injustice to the white land owners of the South.

(3.) There is danger that the Southern whites will, as a rule, misinterpret the meaning of the exodus. Many are inclined to underrate its importance, and those who appreciate its significance are apt to look for temporary and superficial remedies. The vague promises made at the Vicksburg convention, which was controlled by the whites, and called to consider the emigration movement, have had no influence with the negroes, because they have heard such promises before. Had the convention adopted some definite plan of action, such as ex-Governor Foote, of Mississippi, submitted, its session might not have been in vain. This plan was to establish a committee in every county, composed of men who have the confidence of both whites and blacks, that should be auxiliary to the public authorities, listen to complaints, and arbitrate, advise, conciliate, or prosecute, as each case should demand. It is short-sighted for the Southern people to make mere temporary concessions, such as have been made in some cases this year, for that course would establish an annual strike. It is folly for them to suppose they can stem the tide of emigration by influencing the regular lines of steamboats not to carry the refugees, for the people of the North will see that the blacks shall not be detained in the South against their will. It is unwise for them to devise schemes for importing Chinese, or encouraging the immigration of white labor as a substitute for negro labor, when they may much better bestir themselves to make the present effective labor content.

(4.) Education will be the most useful agent to employ in the permanent harmonizing of the two races, and the redemption of both from the faults and follies which constitute their troubles. It is not the education of the negro alone, whose ambition for learning is increasing notably with every new generation, but the education of the mass of the young whites, that is needed to inculcate more tolerance of color and opinion, to give them an aspiration beyond that of riding a horse and hanging a "nigger," and to enable them to set a better example to the imitative blacks in the way of work and frugality. The blacks need the education to protect them from designing white men; the whites need it to teach them that their own interests will be best served by abandoning bulldozing of all kinds.

(5.) Reform in the land tenure, by converting the plantation monopolies into small holdings; abolition of the credit system, by abandoning the laws which sustain it; a diversification of crops; and attention to new manufacturing, maritime, and commercial enterprises,--these are the material changes that are most needed. They can be secured only through the active and earnest efforts of the whites. The blacks will be found responsive.

(6.) The hope of the negro exodus at its present stage, or even if it shall continue another season, is that the actual loss of the valuable labor that has gone, and the prospective loss of more labor that is anxious to go, will induce the intelligent and responsible classes at the South to overcome their own prejudices, and to compel the extremists, irreconcilables, and politicians generally, of all parties, to abandon agitation, and give the South equal peace and equal chance for black and white.

MY ESCAPE FROM SLAVERY by Frederick Douglass

In the first narrative of my experience in slavery, written nearly forty years ago, and in various writings since, I have given the public what I considered very good reasons for withholding the manner of my escape. In substance these reasons were, first, that such publication at any time during the existence of slavery might be used by the master against the slave, and prevent the future escape of any who might adopt the same means that I did. The second reason was, if possible, still more binding to silence: the publication of details would certainly have put in peril the persons and property of those who assisted. Murder itself was not more sternly and certainly punished in the State of Maryland than that of aiding and abetting the escape of a slave. Many colored men, for no other crime than that of giving aid to a fugitive slave, have, like Charles T. Torrey, perished in prison. The abolition of slavery in my native State and throughout the country, and the lapse of time, render the caution hitherto observed no longer necessary. But even since the abolition of slavery, I have sometimes thought it well enough to baffle curiosity by saying that while slavery existed there were good reasons for not telling the manner of my escape, and since slavery had ceased to exist, there was no reason for telling it. I shall now, however, cease to avail myself of this formula, and, as far as I can, endeavor to satisfy this very natural curiosity. I should, perhaps, have yielded to that feeling sooner, had there been anything very heroic or thrilling in the incidents connected with my escape, for I am sorry to say I have nothing of that sort to tell; and yet the courage that could risk betrayal and the bravery which was ready to encounter death, if need be, in pursuit of freedom, were essential features in the undertaking. My success was due to address rather than courage, to good luck rather than bravery. My means of escape were provided for me by the very men who were making laws to hold and bind me more securely in slavery.

It was the custom in the State of Maryland to require the free colored people to have what were called free papers. These instruments they were required to renew very often, and by charging a fee for this writing, considerable sums from time to time were collected by the State. In these papers the name, age, color, height, and form of the freeman were described, together with any scars or other marks upon his person which could assist in his identification. This device in some measure defeated itself--since more than one man could be found to answer the same general description. Hence many slaves could escape by personating the owner of one set of papers; and this was often done as follows: A slave, nearly or sufficiently answering the description set forth in the papers, would borrow or hire them till by means of them he could escape to a free State, and then, by mail or otherwise, would return them to the owner. The operation was a hazardous one for the lender as well as for the borrower. A failure on the part of the fugitive to send back the papers would imperil his benefactor, and the discovery of the papers in possession of the wrong man would imperil both the fugitive and his friend. It was, therefore, an act of supreme trust on the part of a freeman of color thus to put in jeopardy his own liberty that another might be free. It was, however, not unfrequently bravely done, and was seldom discovered. I was not so fortunate as to resemble any of my free acquaintances sufficiently to answer the description of their papers. But I had a friend--a sailor--who owned a sailor's protection, which answered somewhat the purpose of free papers--describing his person, and certifying to the fact that he was a free American sailor. The instrument had at its head the American eagle, which gave it the appearance at once of an authorized document. This protection, when in my hands, did not describe its bearer very accurately. Indeed, it called for a man much darker than myself, and close examination of it would have caused my arrest at the start.

In order to avoid this fatal scrutiny on the part of railroad officials, I arranged with Isaac Rolls, a Baltimore hackman, to bring my baggage to the Philadelphia train just on the moment of starting, and jumped upon the car myself when the train was in motion. Had I gone into the station and offered to purchase a ticket, I should have been instantly and carefully examined, and undoubtedly arrested. In choosing this plan I considered the jostle of the train, and the natural haste of the conductor, in a train crowded with passengers, and relied upon my skill and address in playing the sailor, as described in my protection, to do the rest. One element in my favor was the kind feeling which prevailed in Baltimore and other sea-ports at the time, toward "those who go down to the sea in

ships." "Free trade and sailors' rights" just then expressed the sentiment of the country. In my clothing I was rigged out in sailor style. I had on a red shirt and a tarpaulin hat, and a black cravat tied in sailor fashion carelessly and loosely about my neck. My knowledge of ships and sailor's talk came much to my assistance, for I knew a ship from stem to stern, and from keelson to cross-trees, and could talk sailor like an "old salt." I was well on the way to Havre de Grace before the conductor came into the negro car to collect tickets and examine the papers of his black passengers. This was a critical moment in the drama. My whole future depended upon the decision of this conductor. Agitated though I was while this ceremony was proceeding, still, externally, at least, I was apparently calm and self-possessed. He went on with his duty--examining several colored passengers before reaching me. He was somewhat harsh in tome and peremptory in manner until he reached me, when, strange enough, and to my surprise and relief, his whole manner changed. Seeing that I did not readily produce my free papers, as the other colored persons in the car had done, he said to me, in friendly contrast with his bearing toward the others:

"I suppose you have your free papers?"

To which I answered:

"No sir; I never carry my free papers to sea with me."

"But you have something to show that you are a freeman, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir," I answered; "I have a paper with the American Eagle on it, and that will carry me around the world."

With this I drew from my deep sailor's pocket my seaman's protection, as before described. The merest glance at the paper satisfied him, and he took my fare and went on about his business. This moment of time was one of the most anxious I ever experienced. Had the conductor looked closely at the paper, he could not have failed to discover that it called for a very different-looking person from myself, and in that case it would have been his duty to arrest me on the instant, and send me back to Baltimore from the first station. When he left me with the assurance that I was all right, though much relieved, I realized that I was still in great danger: I was still in Maryland, and subject to arrest at any moment. I saw on the train several persons who would have known me in any other clothes, and I feared they might recognize me, even in my sailor "rig," and report me to the conductor, who would then subject me to a closer examination, which I knew well would be fatal to me.

Though I was not a murderer fleeing from justice, I felt perhaps quite as miserable as such a criminal. The train was moving at a very high rate of speed for that epoch of railroad travel, but to my anxious mind it was moving far too slowly. Minutes were hours, and hours were days during this part of my flight. After Maryland, I was to pass through Delaware--another slave State, where slave-catchers generally awaited their prey, for it was not in the interior of the State, but on its borders, that these human hounds were most vigilant and active. The border lines between slavery and freedom were the dangerous ones for the fugitives. The heart of no fox or deer, with hungry hounds on his trail in full chase, could have beaten more anxiously or noisily than did mine from the time I left Baltimore till I reached Philadelphia. The passage of the Susquehanna River at Havre de Grace was at that time made by ferry-boat, on board of which I met a young colored man by the name of Nichols, who came very near betraying me. He was a "hand" on the boat, but, instead of minding his business, he insisted upon knowing me, and asking me dangerous questions as to where I was going, when I was coming back, etc. I got away from my old and inconvenient acquaintance as soon as I could decently do so, and went to another part of the boat. Once across the river, I encountered a new danger. Only a few days before, I had been at work on a revenue cutter, in Mr. Price's ship-yard in Baltimore, under the care of Captain McGowan. On the meeting at this point of the two trains, the one going south stopped on the track just opposite to the one going north, and it so happened that this Captain McGowan sat at a window where he could see me very distinctly, and would certainly have recognized me had he looked at me but for a second. Fortunately, in the hurry of the moment, he did not see me; and the trains soon passed each other on their respective ways. But this was not my only hair-breadth escape. A German blacksmith whom I knew well was on the train with me, and looked at me very intently, as if he thought he had seen me somewhere before in his travels. I really believe he knew me, but had no heart to betray me. At any rate, he saw me escaping and held his peace.

The last point of imminent danger, and the one I dreaded most, was Wilmington. Here we left the train and took the steam-boat for Philadelphia. In making the change here I again apprehended arrest, but no one disturbed me, and I was soon on the broad and beautiful Delaware, speeding away to the Quaker City. On reaching Philadelphia in the afternoon, I inquired of a colored man how I could get on to New York. He directed me to the William-street depot, and thither I went, taking the train that night. I reached New York Tuesday morning, having completed the journey in less than twenty-four hours.

My free life began on the third of September, 1838. On the morning of the fourth of that month, after an anxious and most perilous but safe journey, I found myself in the big city of New York, a FREE MAN--one more added to the mighty throng which, like the confused waves of the troubled sea, surged to and fro between the lofty walls of Broadway. Though dazzled with the wonders which met me on every hand, my thoughts could not be much withdrawn from my strange situation. For the moment, the dreams of my youth and the hopes of my manhood were completely fulfilled. The bonds that had held me to "old master" were broken. No man now had a right to call me his slave or assert mastery over me. I was in the rough and tumble of an outdoor world, to take my chance with the rest of its busy number. I have often been asked how I felt when first I found myself on free soil. There is scarcely anything in my experience about which I could not give a more satisfactory answer. A new world had opened upon me. If life is more than breath and the "quick round of blood," I lived more in that one day than in a year of my slave life. It was a time of joyous excitement which words can but tamely describe. In a letter written to a friend soon after reaching New York, I said: "I felt as one might feel upon escape from a den of hungry lions." Anguish and grief, like darkness and rain, may be depicted; but gladness and joy, like the rainbow, defy the skill of pen or pencil. During ten or fifteen years I had been, as it were, dragging a heavy chain which no strength of mine could break; I was not only a slave, but a slave for life. I might become a husband, a father, an aged man, but through all, from birth to death, from the cradle to the grave, I had felt myself doomed. All efforts I had previously made to secure my freedom had not only failed, but had seemed only to rivet my fetters the more firmly, and to render my escape more difficult. Baffled, entangled, and discouraged, I had at times asked myself the question, May not my condition after all be God's work, and ordered for a wise purpose, and if so, Is not submission my duty? A contest had in fact been going on in my mind for a long time, between the clear consciousness of right and the plausible make-shifts of theology and superstition. The one held me an abject slave--a prisoner for life, punished for some transgression in which I had no lot nor part; and the other counseled me to manly endeavor to secure my freedom. This contest was now ended; my chains were broken, and the victory brought me unspeakable joy.

But my gladness was short-lived, for I was not yet out of the reach and power of the slave-holders. I soon found that New York was not quite so free or so safe a refuge as I had supposed, and a sense of loneliness and insecurity again oppressed me most sadly. I chanced to meet on the street, a few hours after my landing, a fugitive slave whom I had once known well in slavery. The information received from him alarmed me. The fugitive in question was known in Baltimore as "Allender's Jake," but in New York he wore the more respectable name of "William Dixon." Jake, in law, was the property of Doctor Allender, and Tolly Allender, the son of the doctor, had once made an effort to recapture MR. DIXON, but had failed for want of evidence to support his claim. Jake told me the circumstances of this attempt, and how narrowly he escaped being sent back to slavery and torture. He told me that New York was then full of Southerners returning from the Northern watering-places; that the colored people of New York were not to be trusted; that there were hired men of my own color who would betray me for a few dollars; that there were hired men ever on the lookout for fugitives; that I must trust no man with my secret; that I must not think of going either upon the wharves or into any colored boarding-house, for all such places were closely watched; that he was himself unable to help me; and, in fact, he seemed while speaking to me to fear lest I myself might be a spy and a betrayer. Under this apprehension, as I suppose, he showed signs of wishing to be rid of me, and with whitewash brush in hand, in search of work, he soon disappeared.

This picture, given by poor "Jake," of New York, was a damper to my enthusiasm. My little store of money would soon be exhausted, and since it would be unsafe for me to go on the wharves for work, and I had no introductions elsewhere, the prospect for me was far from cheerful. I saw the wisdom of keeping away from the ship-yards, for, if pursued, as I felt certain I should be, Mr. Auld, my "master," would naturally seek me there among the calkers. Every door seemed closed against me. I was in the midst of an ocean of my fellow-men, and yet a perfect stranger to every one. I was without home, without acquaintance, without money, without credit, without work, and without any definite knowledge as to what course to take, or where to look for succor. In such an extremity, a man had something besides his new-born freedom to think of. While wandering about the streets of New York, and lodging at least one night among the barrels on one of the wharves, I was indeed free--from slavery, but free from food and shelter as well. I kept my secret to myself as long as I could, but I was compelled at last to seek some one who would befriend me without taking advantage of my destitution to betray me. Such a person I found in a sailor named Stuart, a warm-hearted and generous fellow, who, from his humble home on Centre street, saw me standing on the opposite sidewalk, near the Tombs prison. As he approached me, I ventured a remark to him which at once enlisted his interest in me. He took me to his home to spend the night, and in the morning went with me to Mr. David Ruggles, the secretary of the New York Vigilance Committee, a co-worker with Isaac T. Hopper, Lewis and Arthur Tappan, Theodore S. Wright, Samuel Cornish, Thomas Downing, Philip A. Bell, and other true men of their time. All these (save Mr. Bell, who still lives, and is editor and publisher of a paper called the "Elevator," in San Francisco) have finished their work on earth. Once in the hands of these brave and wise men, I felt comparatively safe. With Mr. Ruggles, on

the corner of Lispenard and Church streets, I was hidden several days, during which time my intended wife came on from Baltimore at my call, to share the burdens of life with me. She was a free woman, and came at once on getting the good news of my safety. We were married by Rev. J. W. C. Pennington, then a well-known and respected Presbyterian minister. I had no money with which to pay the marriage fee, but he seemed well pleased with our thanks.

Mr. Ruggles was the first officer on the "Underground Railroad" whom I met after coming North, and was, indeed, the only one with whom I had anything to do till I became such an officer myself. Learning that my trade was that of a calker, he promptly decided that the best place for me was in New Bedford, Mass. He told me that many ships for whaling voyages were fitted out there, and that I might there find work at my trade and make a good living. So, on the day of the marriage ceremony, we took our little luggage to the steamer JOHN W. RICHMOND, which, at that time, was one of the line running between New York and Newport, R. I. Forty-three years ago colored travelers were not permitted in the cabin, nor allowed abaft the paddle-wheels of a steam vessel. They were compelled, whatever the weather might be,--whether cold or hot, wet or dry,--to spend the night on deck. Unjust as this regulation was, it did not trouble us much; we had fared much harder before. We arrived at Newport the next morning, and soon after an old fashioned stage-coach, with "New Bedford" in large yellow letters on its sides, came down to the wharf. I had not money enough to pay our fare, and stood hesitating what to do. Fortunately for us, there were two Quaker gentlemen who were about to take passage on the stage,--Friends William C. Taber and Joseph Ricketson,--who at once discerned our true situation, and, in a peculiarly quiet way, addressing me, Mr. Taber said: "Thee get in." I never obeyed an order with more alacrity, and we were soon on our way to our new home. When we reached "Stone Bridge" the passengers alighted for breakfast, and paid their fares to the driver. We took no breakfast, and, when asked for our fares, I told the driver I would make it right with him when we reached New Bedford. I expected some objection to this on his part, but he made none. When, however, we reached New Bedford, he took our baggage, including three music-books,--two of them collections by Dyer, and one by Shaw,--and held them until I was able to redeem them by paying to him the amount due for our rides. This was soon done, for Mr. Nathan Johnson not only received me kindly and hospitably, but, on being informed about our baggage, at once loaned me the two dollars with which to square accounts with the stage-driver. Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Johnson reached a good old age, and now rest from their labors. I am under many grateful obligations to them. They not only "took me in when a stranger" and "fed me when hungry," but taught me how to make an honest living. Thus, in a fortnight after my flight from Maryland, I was safe in New Bedford, a citizen of the grand old commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Once initiated into my new life of freedom and assured by Mr. Johnson that I need not fear recapture in that city, a comparatively unimportant question arose as to the name by which I should be known thereafter in my new relation as a free man. The name given me by my dear mother was no less pretentious and long than Frederick Augustus Washington Bailey. I had, however, while living in Maryland, dispensed with the Augustus Washington, and retained only Frederick Bailey. Between Baltimore and New Bedford, the better to conceal myself from the slave-hunters, I had parted with Bailey and called myself Johnson; but in New Bedford I found that the Johnson family was already so numerous as to cause some confusion in distinguishing them, hence a change in this name seemed desirable. Nathan Johnson, mine host, placed great emphasis upon this necessity, and wished me to allow him to select a name for me. I consented, and he called me by my present name--the one by which I have been known for three and forty years--Frederick Douglass. Mr. Johnson had just been reading the "Lady of the Lake," and so pleased was he with its great character that he wished me to bear his name. Since reading that charming poem myself, I have often thought that, considering the noble hospitality and manly character of Nathan Johnson--black man though he was--he, far more than I, illustrated the virtues of the Douglas of Scotland. Sure am I that, if any slave-catcher had entered his domicile with a view to my recapture, Johnson would have shown himself like him of the "stalwart hand."

The reader may be surprised at the impressions I had in some way conceived of the social and material condition of the people at the North. I had no proper idea of the wealth, refinement, enterprise, and high civilization of this section of the country. My "Columbian Orator," almost my only book, had done nothing to enlighten me concerning Northern society. I had been taught that slavery was the bottom fact of all wealth. With this foundation idea, I came naturally to the conclusion that poverty must be the general condition of the people of the free States. In the country from which I came, a white man holding no slaves was usually an ignorant and poverty-stricken man, and men of this class were contemptuously called "poor white trash." Hence I supposed that, since the non-slave-holders at the South were ignorant, poor, and degraded as a class, the non-slave-holders at the North must be in a similar condition. I could have landed in no part of the United States where I should have found a more striking and gratifying contrast, not only to life generally in the South, but in the condition of the colored people there, than in New Bedford. I was amazed when Mr. Johnson told me that there was nothing in the laws or constitution of Massachusetts that would prevent a colored man from being governor of the State, if the people should see fit to elect him. There, too, the black man's children attended the public

schools with the white man's children, and apparently without objection from any quarter. To impress me with my security from recapture and return to slavery, Mr. Johnson assured me that no slave-holder could take a slave out of New Bedford; that there were men there who would lay down their lives to save me from such a fate.

The fifth day after my arrival, I put on the clothes of a common laborer, and went upon the wharves in search of work. On my way down Union street I saw a large pile of coal in front of the house of Rev. Ephraim Peabody, the Unitarian minister. I went to the kitchen door and asked the privilege of bringing in and putting away this coal. "What will you charge?" said the lady. "I will leave that to you, madam." "You may put it away," she said. I was not long in accomplishing the job, when the dear lady put into my hand TWO SILVER HALF-DOLLARS. To understand the emotion which swelled my heart as I clasped this money, realizing that I had no master who could take it from me,--THAT IT WAS MINE--THAT MY HANDS WERE MY OWN, and could earn more of the precious coin,--one must have been in some sense himself a slave. My next job was stowing a sloop at Uncle Gid. Howland's wharf with a cargo of oil for New York. I was not only a freeman, but a free working-man, and no "master" stood ready at the end of the week to seize my hard earnings.

The season was growing late and work was plenty. Ships were being fitted out for whaling, and much wood was used in storing them. The sawing this wood was considered a good job. With the help of old Friend Johnson (blessings on his memory) I got a saw and "buck," and went at it. When I went into a store to buy a cord with which to brace up my saw in the frame, I asked for a "fip's" worth of cord. The man behind the counter looked rather sharply at me, and said with equal sharpness, "You don't belong about here." I was alarmed, and thought I had betrayed myself. A fip in Maryland was six and a quarter cents, called fourpence in Massachusetts. But no harm came from the "fi'penny-bit" blunder, and I confidently and cheerfully went to work with my saw and buck. It was new business to me, but I never did better work, or more of it, in the same space of time on the plantation for Covey, the negro-breaker, than I did for myself in these earliest years of my freedom.

Notwithstanding the just and humane sentiment of New Bedford three and forty years ago, the place was not entirely free from race and color prejudice. The good influence of the Roaches, Rodmans, Arnolds, Grinnells, and Robesons did not pervade all classes of its people. The test of the real civilization of the community came when I applied for work at my trade, and then my repulse was emphatic and decisive. It so happened that Mr. Rodney French, a wealthy and enterprising citizen, distinguished as an anti-slavery man, was fitting out a vessel for a whaling voyage, upon which there was a heavy job of calking and coppering to be done. I had some skill in both branches, and applied to Mr. French for work. He, generous man that he was, told me he would employ me, and I might go at once to the vessel. I obeyed him, but upon reaching the float-stage, where others [sic] calkers were at work, I was told that every white man would leave the ship, in her unfinished condition, if I struck a blow at my trade upon her. This uncivil, inhuman, and selfish treatment was not so shocking and scandalous in my eyes at the time as it now appears to me. Slavery had inured me to hardships that made ordinary trouble sit lightly upon me. Could I have worked at my trade I could have earned two dollars a day, but as a common laborer I received but one dollar. The difference was of great importance to me, but if I could not get two dollars, I was glad to get one; and so I went to work for Mr. French as a common laborer. The consciousness that I was free--no longer a slave--kept me cheerful under this, and many similar proscriptions, which I was destined to meet in New Bedford and elsewhere on the free soil of Massachusetts. For instance, though colored children attended the schools, and were treated kindly by their teachers, the New Bedford Lyceum refused, till several years after my residence in that city, to allow any colored person to attend the lectures delivered in its hall. Not until such men as Charles Sumner, Theodore Parker, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Horace Mann refused to lecture in their course while there was such a restriction, was it abandoned.

Becoming satisfied that I could not rely on my trade in New Bedford to give me a living, I prepared myself to do any kind of work that came to hand. I sawed wood, shoveled coal, dug cellars, moved rubbish from back yards, worked on the wharves, loaded and unloaded vessels, and scoured their cabins.

I afterward got steady work at the brass-foundry owned by Mr. Richmond. My duty here was to blow the bellows, swing the crane, and empty the flasks in which castings were made; and at times this was hot and heavy work. The articles produced here were mostly for ship work, and in the busy season the foundry was in operation night and day. I have often worked two nights and every working day of the week. My foreman, Mr. Cobb, was a good man, and more than once protected me from abuse that one or more of the hands was disposed to throw upon me. While in this situation I had little time for mental improvement. Hard work, night and day, over a furnace hot enough to keep the metal running like water, was more favorable to action than thought; yet here I often nailed a newspaper to the post near my bellows, and read while I was performing the up and down motion of the heavy beam by which the bellows was inflated and discharged. It was the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, and I look back to it now, after so many years, with some complacency and a little wonder that I could have been so earnest and persevering in any pursuit other

than for my daily bread. I certainly saw nothing in the conduct of those around to inspire me with such interest: they were all devoted exclusively to what their hands found to do. I am glad to be able to say that, during my engagement in this foundry, no complaint was ever made against me that I did not do my work, and do it well. The bellows which I worked by main strength was, after I left, moved by a steam-engine.

THE GOOPHERED GRAPEVINE by Charles W. Chesnutt

About ten years ago my wife was in poor health, and our family doctor, in whose skill and honesty I had implicit confidence, advised a change of climate. I was engaged in grape-culture in northern Ohio, and decided to look for a locality suitable for carrying on the same business in some Southern State. I wrote to a cousin who had gone into the turpentine business in central North Carolina, and he assured me that no better place could be found in the South than the State and neighborhood in which he lived: climate and soil were all that could be asked for, and land could be bought for a mere song. A cordial invitation to visit him while I looked into the matter was accepted. We found the weather delightful at that season, the end of the summer, and were most hospitably entertained. Our host placed a horse and buggy at our disposal, and himself acted as guide until I got somewhat familiar with the country.

I went several times to look at a place which I thought might suit me. It had been at one time a thriving plantation, but shiftless cultivation had well-night exhausted the soil. There had been a vineyard of some extent on the place, but it had not been attended to since the war, and had fallen into utter neglect. The vines--here partly supported by decayed and broken-down arbors, there twining themselves among the branches of the slender saplings which had sprung up among them--grew in wild and unpruned luxuriance, and the few scanty grapes which they bore were the undisputed prey of the first comer. The site was admirably adapted to grape-raising; the soil, with a little attention, could not have been better; and with the native grape, the luscious scuppernong, mainly to rely upon, I felt sure that I could introduce and cultivate successfully a number of other varieties.

One day I went over with my wife, to show her the place. We drove between the decayed gate-posts--the gate itself had long since disappeared--and up the straight, sandy lane to the open space where a dwelling-house had once stood. But the house had fallen a victim to the fortunes of war, and nothing remained of it except the brick pillars upon which the sills had rested. We alighted, and walked about the place for a while; but on Annie's complaining of weariness I led the way back to the yard, where a pine log, lying under a spreading elm, formed a shady though somewhat hard seat. One end of the log was already occupied by a venerable-looking colored man. He held on his knees a hat full of grapes, over which he was smacking his lips with great gusto, and a pile of grape-skins near him indicated that the performance was no new thing. He respectfully rose as we approached, and was moving away, when I begged him to keep his seat.

"Don't let us disturb you," I said. "There's plenty of room for us all."

He resumed his seat with somewhat of embarrassment.

"Do you live around here?" I asked, anxious to put him at his ease.

"Yas, suh. I lives des ober yander, behine de nex' san'-hill, on de Lumberton plank-road."

"Do you know anything about the time when this vineyard was cultivated?"

"Lawd bless yer, suh, I knows all about it. Dey ain' na'er a man in dis settlement w'at won' tell yer ole Julius McAdoo 'uz bawn an' raise' on dis yer same plantation. Is you de Norv'n gemman w'at's gwine ter buy de ole vimya'd?"

"I am looking at it," I replied; "but I don't know that I shall care to buy unless I can be reasonably sure of making something out of it."

"Well, suh, you is a stranger ter me, en I is a stranger ter you, en we is bofe strangers ter one anudder, but 'f I 'uz in yo' place, I wouldn' buy dis vimya'd."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Well, I dunner whe'r you b'lieves in cunj'in er not,--some er de w'ite folks don't, er says dey don't,--but de truf er de matter is dat dis yer ole vimya'd is goophered."

"Is what?" I asked, not grasping the meaning of this unfamiliar word.

"Is goophered, cunju'd, bewitch'."

He imparted this information with such solemn earnestness, and with such an air of confidential mystery, that I felt somewhat interested, while Annie was evidently much impressed, and drew closer to me.

"How do you know it is bewitched?" I asked.

"I wouldn' spec' fer you ter b'lieve me 'less you know all 'bout de fac's. But ef you en young miss dere doan' min' lis'n'in' ter a ole nigger run on a minute er two w'ile you er restin', I kin 'splain to yer how it all happen'."

We assured him that we would be glad to hear how it all happened, and he began to tell us. At first the current of his memory--or imagination--seemed somewhat sluggish; but as his embarrassment wore off, his language flowed more freely, and the story acquired perspective and coherence. As he became more and more absorbed in the narrative, his eyes assumed a dreamy expression, and he seemed to lose sight of his auditors, and to be living over again in monologue his life on the old plantation.

"Ole Mars Dugal' McAdoo bought dis place long many years befo' de wah, en I 'member well w'en he sot out all dis yer part er de plantation in scuppernon's. De vimes growed monst'us fas', en Mars Dugal' made a thousan' gallon er scuppernon' wine eve'y year.

"Now, ef dey's an'thing a nigger lub, nex' ter 'possum, en chick'n, en watermillyums, it's scuppernon's. Dey ain' nuffin dat kin stan' up side'n de scuppernon' fer sweetness; sugar ain't a suckumstance ter scuppernon'. W'en de season is nigh 'bout ober, en de grapes begin ter swivel up des a little wid de wrinkles er ole age,--w'en de skin git sof' en brown,--den de scuppernon' make you smack yo' lip en roll yo' eye en wush fer mo'; so I reckon it ain' very 'stonishin' dat niggers lub scuppernon'.

"Dey wuz a sight er niggers in de naberhood er de vimya'd. Dere wuz ole Mars Henry Brayboy's niggers, en ole Mars Dunkin McLean's niggers, en Mars Dugal's own niggers; den dey wuz a settlement er free niggers en po' buckrahs down by de Wim'l'ton Road, en Mars Dugal' had de only vimya'd in de naberhood. I reckon it ain' so much so nowadays, but befo' de wah, in slab'ry times, er nigger didn' mine goin' fi' er ten mile in a night, w'en dey wuz sump'n good ter eat at de yuther een.

"So atter a w'ile Mars Dugal' begin ter miss his scuppernon's. Co'se he 'cuse' de niggers er it, but dey all 'nied it ter de las'. Mars Dugal' sot spring guns en steel traps, en he en de oberseah sot up nights once't er twice't, tel one night Mars Dugal'--he 'uz a monst'us keerless man--got his leg shot full er cow-peas. But somehow er nudder dey couldn' nebber ketch none er de niggers. I dunner how it happen, but it happen des like I tell yer, en de grapes kep' on a-goin des de same.

"But bimeby ole Mars Dugal' fix' up a plan ter stop it. Dey 'uz a cunjuh 'ooman livin' down mongs' de free niggers on de Wim'l'ton Road, en all de darkies fum Rockfish ter Beaver Crick wuz feared uv her. She could wuk de mos' powerfulles' kind er goopher,--could make people hab fits er rheumatiz, er make 'em des dwinel away en die; en dey say she went out ridin' de niggers at night, for she wuz a witch 'sides bein' a cunjuh 'ooman. Mars Dugal' hearn 'bout Aun' Peggy's doin's, en begun ter 'flect whe'r er no he couldn' git her ter he'p him keep de niggers off'n de grapevimes. One day in de spring er de year, ole miss pack' up a basket er chick'n en poun'-cake, en a bottle er scuppernon' wine, en Mars Dugal' tuk it in his buggy en driv ober ter Aun' Peggy's cabin. He tuk de basket in, en had a long talk wid Aun' Peggy. De nex' day Aun' Peggy come up ter de vimya'd. De niggers seed her slippin' 'roun', en dey soon foun' out what she 'uz doin' dere. Mars Dugal' had hi'ed her ter goopher de grapevimes. She sa'ntered 'roun' mongs' de vimes, en tuk a leaf fum dis one, en a grape-hull fum dat one, en a grape-seed fum anudder one; en den a little twig fum here, en a little pinch er dirt fum dere,--en put it all in a big black bottle, wid a snake's toof en a speckle' hen's gall en some ha'rs fum a black cat's tail, en den fill' de bottle wid scuppernon' wine. W'en she got de goopher all ready en fix', she tuk 'n went out in de woods en buried it under de root uv a red oak tree, en den come back en tole one er de niggers she done goopher de grapevimes, en a'er a nigger w'at eat dem grapes 'ud be sho ter die inside'n twel' mont's.

"Atter dat de niggers let de scuppernon's 'lone, en Mars Dugal' didn' hab no 'casion ter fine no mo' fault; en de season wuz mos' gone, w'en a strange gemman stop at de plantation one night ter see Mars Dugal' on some business; en his coachman, seein' de scuppernon's growin' so nice en sweet, slip 'roun' behine de smoke-house, en et all de scuppernon's he could hole. Nobody didn' notice it at de time, but dat night, on de way home, de gemman's hoss runned away en kill' de coachman. W'en we hearn de noos, Aun' Lucy, de cook, she up 'n say she seed de strange nigger eat'n' er de scuppernon's behine de smoke-house; en den we knowed de goopher had b'en er wukkin. Den one er de nigger chilluns runned away fum de quarters one day, en got in de scuppernon's, en died de nex' week. W'ite folks say he die' er de fevuh, but de niggers knowed it wuz de goopher. So you k'n be sho de darkies didn' hab much ter do wid dem scuppernon' vimes.

"W'en de scuppernon' season 'uz ober fer dat year, Mars Dugal' foun' he had made fifteen hund'ed gallon er wine; en one er de niggers hearn him laffin' wid de oberseah fit ter kill, en sayin' dem fifteen hund'ed gallon er wine wuz monst'us good intrus' on de ten dollars he laid out on de vimya'd. So I 'low ez he paid Aun' Peggy ten dollars fer to goopher de grapevimes.

"De goopher didn' wuk no mo' tel de nex' summer, w'en 'long to'ds de middle er de season one er de fiel' han's died; en ez dat lef' Mars Dugal' sho't er han's, he went off ter town fer ter buy anudder. He fotch de noo nigger home wid 'im. He wuz er ole nigger, er de color er a gingy-cake, en ball ez a hoss-apple on de top er his head. He wuz a peart ole nigger, do', en could do a big day's wuk.

"Now it happen dat one er de niggers on de nex' plantation, one er ole Mars Henry Brayboy's niggers, had runned away de day befo', en tuk ter de swamp, en ole Mars Dugal' en some er de yuther nabor w'ite folks had gone out wid dere guns en dere dogs fer ter he'p 'em hunt fer de nigger; en de han's on our own plantation wuz all so flusterated dat we fuhgot ter tell de noo han' 'bout de goopher on de scuppernon' vimes. Co'se he smell de grapes en see de vimes, an atter dahk de fus' thing he done wuz ter slip off ter de grapevimes 'dout sayin' nuffin ter nobody. Nex' mawnin' he tole some er de niggers 'bout de fine bait er scuppernon' he et de night befo'.

"W'en dey tole 'im 'bout de goopher on de grapevimes, he 'uz dat tarrified dat he turn pale, en look des like he gwine ter die right in his tracks. De oberseah come up en axed w'at 'uz de matter; en w'en dey tole 'im Henry be'n eatin' er de scuppernon's, en got de goopher on 'im, he gin Henry a big drink er w'iskey, en 'low dat de nex' rainy day he take 'im ober ter Aun' Peggy's, en see ef she wouldn' take de goopher off'n him, seein' ez he didn' know nuffin erbout it tel he done et de grapes.

"Sho nuff, it rain de nex' day, en de oberseah went ober ter Aun' Peggy's wid Henry. En Aun' Peggy say dat bein' ez Henry didn' know 'bout de goopher, en et de grapes in ign'ance er de quinseconces, she reckon she mought be able fer ter take de goopher off'n him. So she fotch out er bottle wid some cunjuh medicine in it, en po'd some out in a go'd fer Henry ter drink. He manage ter git it down; he say it tas'e like whiskey wid sump'n bitter in it. She 'lowed dat 'ud keep de goopher off'n him tel de spring; but w'en de sap begin ter rise in de grapevimes he ha' ter come en see her agin, en she tell him w'at e's ter do.

"Nex' spring, w'en de sap commence' ter rise in de scuppernon' vime, Henry tuk a ham one night. Whar'd he git de ham? I doan know; dey wa'nt no hams on de plantation 'cep'n' w'at 'uz in de smoke-house, but I never see Henry 'bout de smoke-house. But ez I wuz a-sayin', he tuk de ham ober ter Aun' Peggy's; en Aun' Peggy tole 'im dat w'en Mars Dugal' begin ter prume de grapevimes, he mus' go en take 'n scrape off de sap whar it ooze out'n de cut een's er de vimes, en 'n'int his ball head wid it; en ef he do dat once't a year de goopher wouldn' wuk agin 'im long ez he done it. En bein' ez he fotch her de ham, she fix' it so he kin eat all de scuppernon' he want.

"So Henry 'n'int his head wid de sap out'n de big grapevime des ha'f way 'twix' de quarters en de big house, en de goopher nebber wuk agin him dat summer. But de beatenes' thing you eber see happen ter Henry. Up ter dat time he wuz ez ball ez a sweeten' 'tater, but des ez soon ez de young leaves begun ter come out on de grapevimes de ha'r begun ter grow out on Henry's head, en by de middle er de summer he had de bigges' head er ha'r on de plantation. Befo' dat, Henry had tol'able good ha'r 'roun de aidges, but soon ez de young grapes begun ter come Henry's ha'r begun ter quirl all up in little balls, des like dis yer reg'lar grapy ha'r, en by de time de grapes got ripe his head look des like a bunch er grapes. Combin' it didn' do no good; he wuk at it ha'f de night wid er Jim Crow [1], en think he git it straighten' out, but in de mawnin' de grapes 'ud be dere des de same. So he gin it up, en tried ter keep de grapes down by havin' his ha'r cut sho't."

[Footnote 1: A small card, resembling a curry-comb in construction, and used by negroes in the rural districts instead of a comb.]

"But dat wa'nt de quares' thing 'bout de goopher. When Henry come ter de plantation, he wuz gittin' a little ole an stiff in de j'ints. But dat summer he got des ez spry en libely ez any young nigger on de plantation; fac' he got so biggity dat Mars Jackson, de oberseah, ha' ter th'eaten ter whip 'im, ef he didn' stop cuttin' up his didos en behave hisse'f. But de mos' cur'ouses' thing happen' in de fall, when de sap begin ter go down in de grapevimes. Fus', when de grapes 'uz gethered, de knots begun ter straighten out'n Henry's h'ar; en w'en de leaves begin ter fall, Henry's ha'r begin ter drap out; en w'en de vimes 'uz b'ar, Henry's head wuz baller 'n it wuz in de spring, en he begin ter git ole en stiff in de j'ints ag'in, en paid no mo' tention ter de gals dyoin' er de whole winter. En nex' spring, w'en he rub de sap on ag'in, he got young ag'in, en so soopl en libely dat none er de young niggers on de plantation couldn' jump, ner dance, ner hoe ez much cotton ez Henry. But in de fall er de year his grapes begun ter straighten out, en his j'ints ter git stiff, en his ha'r drap off, en de rheumatiz begin ter wrastle wid 'im.

"Now, ef you'd a knowed ole Mars Dugal' McAdoo, you'd a knowed dat it ha' ter be a mighty rainy day when he couldn' fine sump'n fer his niggers ter do, en it ha' ter be a mighty little hole he couldn' crawl thoo, en ha' ter be a monst'us cloudy night w'en a dollar git by him in de dahkness; en w'en he see how Henry git young in de spring en ole in de fall, he 'lowed ter hisse'f ez how he could make mo' money outen Henry dan by wukkin' him in de cotton fiel'. 'Long de nex' spring, atter de sap commence' ter rise, en Henry 'n'int 'is head en commence fer ter git young en soopl, Mars Dugal' up 'n tuk Henry ter town, en sole 'im fer fifteen hunder' dollars. Co'se de man w'at bought Henry didn' know nuffin 'bout de goopher, en Mars Dugal' didn' see no 'casion fer ter tell 'im. Long to'ds de fall, w'en de sap went down, Henry begin ter git ole again same ez yuzhal, en his noo marster begin ter git skeered les'n he gwine ter lose his fifteen-hunder'-dollar nigger. He sent fer a mighty fine doctor, but de med'cine didn' 'pear ter do no good; de goopher had a good holt. Henry tole de doctor 'bout de goopher, but de doctor des laff at 'im.

"One day in de winter Mars Dugal' went ter town, en wuz santerin' 'long de Main Street, when who should he meet but Henry's noo marster. Dey said 'Hoddy,' en Mars Dugal' ax 'im ter hab a seegyar; en atter dey run on awhile 'bout de craps en de weather, Mars Dugal' ax 'im, sorter keerless, like ez ef he des thought of it,--

"'How you like de nigger I sole you las' spring?'

"Henry's marster shuck his head en knock de ashes off'n his seegyar.

"'Spec' I made a bad bahgin when I bought dat nigger. Henry done good wuk all de summer, but sence de fall set in he 'pears ter be sorter pinin' away. Dey ain' nuffin pertickler de matter wid 'im--leastways de doctor say so--'cep'n' a tech er de rheumatiz; but his ha'r is all fell out, en ef he don't pick up his strenk mighty soon, I spec' I'm gwine ter lose 'im."

"Dey smoked on awhile, en bimeby ole mars say, 'Well, a bahgin's a bahgin, but you en me is good fren's, en I doan wan' ter see you lose all de money you paid fer dat digger [sic]; en ef w'at you say is so, en I ain't 'sputin' it, he ain't wuf much now. I spec's you wukked him too ha'd dis summer, er e'se de swamps down here don't agree wid de san'-hill nigger. So you des lemme know, en ef he gits any wusser I'll be willin' ter gib yer five hund'ed dollars fer 'im, en take my chances on his livin'.'

"Sho nuff, when Henry begun ter draw up wid de rheumatiz en it look like he gwine ter die fer sho, his noo marster sen' fer Mars Dugal', en Mars Dugal' gin him what he promus, en brung Henry home ag'in. He tuk good keer uv 'im dyoin' er de winter,--give 'im w'iskey ter rub his rheumatiz, en terbacker ter smoke, en all he want ter eat,--'caze a nigger w'at he could make a thousan' dollars a year off'n didn' grow on eve'y huckleberry bush.

"Nex' spring, w'en de sap ris en Henry's ha'r commence' ter sprout, Mars Dugal' sole 'im ag'in, down in Robeson County dis time; en he kep' dat sellin' business up fer five year er mo'. Henry nebber say nuffin 'bout de goopher ter his noo marsters, 'caze he know he gwine ter be tuk good keer uv de nex' winter, w'en Mars Dugal' buy him back. En Mars Dugal' made 'nuff money off'n Henry ter buy anudder plantation ober on Beaver Crick.

"But long 'bout de een' er dat five year dey come a stranger ter stop at de plantation. De fus' day he 'uz dere he went out wid Mars Dugal' en spent all de mawnin' lookin' ober de vimya'd, en atter dinner dey spent all de evenin' playin' kya'ds. De niggers soon 'skiver' dat he wuz a Yankee, en dat he come down ter Norf C'lina fer ter learn de w'ite folks how to raise grapes en make wine. He promus Mars Dugal' he cud make de grapevimes b'ar twice't ez many grapes, en dat de noo wine-press he wuz a-sellin' would make mo' d'n twice't ez many gallons er wine. En ole Mars Dugal' des drunk it all in, des 'peared ter be bewitched wit dat Yankee. W'en de darkies see dat Yankee runnin' 'roun de vimya'd en diggin' under de grapevimes, dey shuk dere heads, en 'lowed dat dey feared Mars Dugal' losin' his min'. Mars Dugal' had all de dirt dug away fum under de roots er all de scuppernon' vimes, an' let 'em stan' dat away fer a week er mo'. Den dat Yankee made de niggers fix up a mixtry er lime en ashes en manyo, en po' it roun' de roots er de grapevimes. Den he 'vise' Mars Dugal' fer ter trim de vimes close't, en Mars Dugal' tuck 'n done eve'ything de Yankee tole him ter do. Dyoin' all er dis time, mind yer, 'e wuz libbin' off'n de fat er de lan', at de big house, en playin' kyards wid Mars Dugal' eve'y night; en dey say Mars Dugal' los' mo'n a thousan' dollars dyoin' er de week dat Yankee wuz a runnin' de grapevimes.

"W'en de sap ris nex' spring, ole Henry 'n'inted his head ez yuzhal, en his ha'r commence' ter grow des de same ez it done eve'y year. De scuppernon' vimes growed monst's fas', en de leaves wuz greener en thicker dan dey eber be'n dyowin my rememb'ance; en Henry's ha'r growed out thicker dan eber, en he 'peared ter git younger 'n younger, en soopler 'n soopler; en seein' ez he wuz sho't er han's dat spring, havin' tuk in consid'able noo groun', Mars Dugal' 'cluded he wouldn' sell Henry 'tel he git de crap in en de cotton chop'. So he kep' Henry on de plantation.

"But 'long 'bout time fer de grapes ter come on de scuppernon' vimes, dey 'peared ter come a change ober dem; de leaves wivered en swivel' up, en de young grapes turn' yaller, en bimeby eve'ybody on de plantation could see dat de whole vimya'd wuz dyin'. Mars Dugal' tuck 'n water de vimes en done all he could, but 't wan' no use: dat Yankee done bus' de watermillyum. One time de vimes picked up a bit, en Mars Dugal' thought dey wuz gwine ter come out ag'in; but dat Yankee done dug too close unde' de roots, en prune de branches too close ter de vime, en all dat lime en ashes done burn' de life outen de vimes, en dey des kep' a with'in' en a swivelin'.

"All dis time de goopher wuz a-wukkin'. W'en de vimes commence' ter wither, Henry commence' ter complain er his rheumatiz, en when de leaves begin ter dry up his ha'r commence' ter drap out. When de vimes fresh up a bit Henry 'ud git peart agin, en when de vimes wither agin Henry 'ud git ole agin, en des kep' gittin' mo' en mo' fitten fer nuffin; he des pined away, en fine'ly tuk ter his cabin; en when de big vime whar he got de sap ter 'n'int his head withered en turned yaller en died, Henry died too,--des went out sorter like a cannel. Dey didn't 'pear ter be nuffin de matter wid 'im, 'cep'n de rheumatiz, but his strenk des dwinel' away 'tel he didn' hab ernuff lef' ter draw his bref. De goopher had got de under holt, en th'owed Henry fer good en all dat time.

"Mars Dugal' tuk on might'ly 'bout losin' his vimes en his nigger in de same year; en he swo' dat ef he could git hold er dat Yankee he'd wear 'im ter a frazzle, en den chaw up de frazzle; en he'd done it, too, for Mars Dugal' 'uz a monst'us brash man w'en he once git started. He sot de vimya'd out ober agin, but it wuz th'ee er fo' year befo' de vimes got ter b'arin' any scuppernon's.

"W'en de wah broke out, Mars Dugal' raise' a comp'ny, en went off ter fight de Yankees. He saw he wuz mighty glad dat wah come, en he des want ter kill a Yankee fer eve'y dollar he los' 'long er dat grape-raisin' Yankee. En I 'spec' he would a done it, too, ef de Yankees hadn' s'picioned sump'n, en killed him fus'. Atter de s'render ole miss move' ter town, de niggers all scattered 'way fum de plantation, en de vimya'd ain' be'n cultervated sence."

"Is that story true?" asked Annie, doubtfully, but seriously, as the old man concluded his narrative.

"It's des ez true ez I'm a-settin' here, miss. Dey's a easy way ter prove it: I kin lead de way right ter Henry's grave ober yander in de plantation buryin'-groun'. En I tell yer w'at, marster, I wouldn' 'vise yer to buy dis yer ole vimya'd, 'caze de goopher's on it yit, en dey ain' no tellin' w'en it's gwine ter crap out."

"But I thought you said all the old vines died."

"Dey did 'pear ter die, but a few ov 'em come out ag'in, en is mixed in mongs' de yuthers. I ain' skeered ter eat de grapes, 'caze I knows de old vimes fum de noo ones; but wid strangers dey ain' no tellin' w'at might happen. I wouldn' 'vise yer ter buy dis vimya'd."

I bought the vineyard, nevertheless, and it has been for a long time in a thriving condition, and is referred to by the local press as a striking illustration of the opportunities open to Northern capital in the development of Southern industries. The luscious scuppernong holds first rank among our grapes, though we cultivate a great many other varieties, and our income from grapes packed and shipped to the Northern markets is quite considerable. I have not noticed any developments of the goopher in the vineyard, although I have a mild suspicion that our colored assistants do not suffer from want of grapes during the season.

I found, when I bought the vineyard, that Uncle Julius had occupied a cabin on the place for many years, and derived a respectable revenue from the neglected grapevines. This, doubtless, accounted for his advice to me not to buy the vineyard, though whether it inspired the goopher story I am unable to state. I believe, however, that the wages I pay him for his services are more than an equivalent for anything he lost by the sale of the vineyard.

PO' SANDY by Charles W. Chesnutt

On the northeast corner of my vineyard in central North Carolina, and fronting on the Lumberton plank-road, there stood a small frame house, of the simplest construction. It was built of pine lumber, and contained but one room, to which one window gave light and one door admission. Its weather-beaten sides revealed a virgin innocence of paint. Against one end of the house, and occupying half its width, there stood a huge brick chimney: the crumbling mortar had left large cracks between the bricks; the bricks themselves had begun to scale off in large flakes, leaving the chimney sprinkled with unsightly blotches. These evidences of decay were but partially concealed by a creeping vine, which extended its slender branches hither and thither in an ambitious but futile attempt to cover the whole chimney. The wooden shutter, which had once protected the unglazed window, had fallen from its hinges, and lay rotting in the rank grass and jimson-weeds beneath. This building, I learned when I bought the place, had been used as a school-house for several years prior to the breaking out of the war, since which time it had remained unoccupied, save

when some stray cow or vagrant hog had sought shelter within its walls from the chill rains and nipping winds of winter.

One day my wife requested me to build her a new kitchen. The house erected by us, when we first came to live upon the vineyard, contained a very conveniently arranged kitchen; but for some occult reason my wife wanted a kitchen in the back yard, apart from the dwelling-house, after the usual Southern fashion. Of course I had to build it.

To save expense, I decided to tear down the old school-house, and use the lumber, which was in a good state of preservation, in the construction of the new kitchen. Before demolishing the old house, however, I made an estimate of the amount of material contained in it, and found that I would have to buy several hundred feet of new lumber in order to build the new kitchen according to my wife's plan.

One morning old Julius McAdoo, our colored coachman, harnessed the gray mare to the rockaway, and drove my wife and me over to the saw-mill from which I meant to order the new lumber. We drove down the long lane which led from our house to the plank-road; following the plank-road for about a mile, we turned into a road running through the forest and across the swamp to the sawmill beyond. Our carriage jolted over the half-rotted corduroy road which traversed the swamp, and then climbed the long hill leading to the saw-mill. When we reached the mill, the foreman had gone over to a neighboring farm-house, probably to smoke or gossip, and we were compelled to await his return before we could transact our business. We remained seated in the carriage, a few rods from the mill, and watched the leisurely movements of the mill-hands. We had not waited long before a huge pine log was placed in position, the machinery of the mill was set in motion, and the circular saw began to eat its way through the log, with a loud whirr which resounded throughout the vicinity of the mill. The sound rose and fell in a sort of rhythmic cadence, which, heard from where we sat, was not unpleasing, and not loud enough to prevent conversation. When the saw started on its second journey through the log, Julius observed, in a lugubrious tone, and with a perceptible shudder:--

"Ugh! but dat des do cuddle my blood!"

"What's the matter, Uncle Julius?" inquired my wife, who is of a very sympathetic turn of mind. "Does the noise affect your nerves?"

"No, Miss Annie," replied the old man, with emotion, "I ain' narvous; but dat saw, a-cuttin' en grindin' thoo dat stick er timber, en moanin', en groanin', en sweekin', kyars my 'memb'ance back ter ole times, en 'min's me er po' Sandy." The pathetic intonation with which he lengthened out the "po' Sandy" touched a responsive chord in our own hearts.

"And who was poor Sandy?" asked my wife, who takes a deep interest in the stories of plantation life which she hears from the lips of the older colored people. Some of these stories are quaintly humorous; others wildly extravagant, revealing the Oriental cast of the negro's imagination; while others, poured freely into the sympathetic ear of a Northern-bred woman, disclose many a tragic incident of the darker side of slavery.

"Sandy," said Julius, in reply to my wife's question, "was a nigger w'at useter b'long ter ole Mars Marrabo McSwayne. Mars Marrabo's place wuz on de yuther side'n de swamp, right nex' ter yo' place. Sandy wuz a monst'us good nigger, en could do so many things erbout a plantation, en alluz 'ten ter his wuk so well, dat w'en Mars Marrabo's chilluns growed up en married off, dey all un 'em wanted dey daddy fer ter gin 'em Sandy fer a weddin' present. But Mars Marrabo knowed de res' wouldn' be satisfied ef he gin Sandy ter a'er one un 'em; so w'en dey wuz all done married, he fix it by 'lowin' one er his chilluns ter take Sandy fer a mont' er so, en den ernudder for a mont' er so, en so on dat erway tel dey had all had 'im de same lenk er time; en den dey would all take him roun' ag'in, 'cep'n oncet in a w'ile w'en Mars Marrabo would len' 'im ter some er his yuther kinfolks 'roun' de country, w'en dey wuz short er han's; tel bimeby it go so Sandy didn' hardly knowed whar he wuz gwine ter stay fum one week's een ter de yuther.

"One time w'en Sandy wuz lent out ez yushal, a spekilater come erlong wid a lot er niggers, en Mars Marrabo swap' Sandy's wife off fer a noo 'oman. W'en Sandy come back, Mars Marrabo gin 'im a dollar, en 'lowed he wuz monst'us sorry fer ter break up de fambly, but de spekilater had gin 'im big boot, en times wuz hard en money skase, en so he wuz bleedst ter make de trade. Sandy tuk on some 'bout losin' his wife, but he soon seed dey want no use cryin' ober spilt merlasses; en bein' ez he lacked de looks er de noo 'ooman, he tuk up wid her atter she b'n on de plantation a mont' er so.

"Sandy en his noo wife got on mighty well tergedder, en de niggers all 'mence' ter talk about how lovin' dey wuz. W'en Tenie wuz tuk sick oncet, Sandy useter set up all night wid 'er, en den go ter wuk in de mawnin' des lack he had his reg'lar sleep; en Tenie would 'a done anythin' in de worl' for her Sandy.

"Sandy en Tenie hadn' b'en libbin' tergedder fer mo' d'n two mont's befo' Mars Marrabo's old uncle, w'at libbed down in Robeson County, sent up ter fine out ef Mars Marrabo couldn' len' 'im er hire 'im a good han' fer a mont' er so. Sandy's marster wuz one er dese yer easy-gwine folks w'at wanter please eve'ybody, en he says yas, he could len' 'im Sandy. En Mars Marrabo tole Sandy fer ter git ready ter go down ter Robeson nex' day, fer ter stay a mont' er so.

"Hit wuz monst'us hard on Sandy fer ter take 'im 'way fum Tenie. Hit wuz so fur down ter Robeson dat he didn' hab no chance er comin' back ter see her tel de time wuz up; he wouldn' a' mine comin' ten er fifteen mile at night ter see Tenie, but Mars Marrabo's uncle's plantation wuz mo' d'n forty mile off. Sandy wuz mighty sad en cas' down atter w'at Mars Marrabo tole 'im, en he says ter Tenie, sezee:--

"'I'm gittin monstus ti'ed er dish yer gwine roun' so much. Here I is lent ter Mars Jeems dis mont', en I got ter do so-en-so; en ter Mars Archie de nex' mont', en I got ter do so-en-so; den I got ter go ter Miss Jinnie's: en hit's Sandy dis en Sandy dat, en Sandy yer en Sandy dere, tel it 'pears ter me I ain' got no home, ner no marster, ner no mistiss, ner no nuffin'. I can't eben keep a wife: my yuther ole 'oman wuz sole away widout my gittin' a chance fer ter tell her good-by; en now I got ter go off en leab you, Tenie, en I dunno whe'r I'm eber gwine ter see yer ag'in er no. I wisht I wuz a tree, er a stump, er a rock, er sump'n w'at could stay on de plantation fer a w'ile.'

"Atter Sandy got thoo talkin', Tenie didn' say naer word, but des sot dere by de fier, studyin' en studyin'. Bimeby she up'n says:--

"'Sandy, is I eber tole you I wuz a cunjuh-'ooman?'

"Co'se Sandy hadn' nebber dremp' er nuffin lack dat, en he made a great miration w'en he hear w'at Tenie say. Bimeby Tenie went on:--

"'I ain' goophered nobody, ner done no cunjuh-wuk fer fifteen yer er mo; en w'en I got religion I made up my mine I wouldn' wuk no mo' goopher. But dey is some things I doan b'lieve it's no sin fer ter do; en ef you doan wanter be sent roun' fum pillar ter pos', en ef you doan wanter go down ter Robeson, I kin fix things so yer won't haf ter. Ef you'll des say de word, I kin turn yer ter w'ateber yer wanter be, en yer kin stay right whar yer wanter, ez long ez yer mineter.'

"Sandy say he doan keer; he's willin' fer ter do anythin' fer ter stay close ter Tenie. Den Tenie ax 'im ef he doan wanter be turnt inter a rabbit.

"Sandy say, 'No, de dogs mout git atter me.'

"'Shill I turn yer ter a wolf?' sez Tenie.

"'No, eve'ybody's skeered er a wolf, en I doan want nobody ter be skeered er me.'

"'Shill I turn yer ter a mawkin'-bird?'

"'No, a hawk mout ketch me. I wanter be turnt inter sump'n w'at'll stay in one place.'

"'I kin turn yer ter a tree,' sez Tenie. 'You won't hab no mouf ner years, but I kin turn yer back oncet in a w'ile, so yer kin git sump'n ter eat, en hear w'at's gwine on.'

"Well, Sandy say dat'll do. En so Tenie tuk 'im down by de aidge er de swamp, not fur fum de quarters, en turnt 'im inter a big pine-tree, en sot 'im out mongs' some yuther trees. En de nex' mawnin', ez some er de fiel' han's wuz gwine long dere, dey seed a tree w'at dey didn' 'member er habbin' seed befo; it wuz monst'us quare, en dey wuz bleedst ter 'low dat dey hadn' 'membered right, er e'se one er de saplin's had be'n growin' monst'us fas'.

"W'en Mars Marrabo 'skiver' dat Sandy wuz gone, he 'lowed Sandy had runned away. He got de dogs out, but de las' place dey could track Sandy ter wuz de foot er dat pine-tree. En dere de dogs stood en barked, en bayed, en pawed at de tree, en tried ter climb up on it; en w'en dey wuz tuk roun' thoo de swamp ter look fer de scent, dey broke loose en made fer dat tree ag'in. It wuz de beatenis' thing de w'ite folks eber hearn of, en Mars Marrabo 'lowed dat Sandy must a' clim' up on de tree en jump' off on a mule er sump'n, en rid fur 'nuff fer ter spile de scent. Mars Marrabo wanted ter 'cuse some er de yuther niggers er heppin Sandy off, but dey all 'nied it ter de las'; en eve'ybody knowed Tenie sot too much by Sandy fer ter he'p 'im run away whar she couldn' nebber see 'im no mo'.

"W'en Sandy had be'n gone long 'nuff fer folks ter think he done got clean away, Tenie useter go down ter de woods at night en turn 'im back, en den dey'd slip up ter de cabin en set by de fire en talk. But dey ha' ter be monst'us keerful, er e'se somebody would a seed 'em, en dat would a spile de whole thing; so Tenie alluz turnt Sandy back in de mawnin' early, befo' anybody wuz a'stirrin'.

"But Sandy didn' git erlong widout his trials en tribberlations. One day a woodpecker come erlong en 'mence' ter peck at de tree; en de nex' time Sandy wuz turnt back he had a little roun' hole in his arm, des lack a sharp stick be'n stuck in it. Atter dat Tenie sot a sparrer-hawk fer ter watch de tree; en w'en de woodpecker come erlong nex' mawnin' fer ter finish his nes', he got gobble' up mos' fo' he stuck his bill in de bark.

"Nudder time, Mars Marrabo sent a nigger out in de woods fer ter chop tuppentime boxes. De man chop a box in dish yer tree, en hack' de bark up two er th'ee feet, fer ter let de tuppentime run. De nex' time Sandy wuz turnt back he had a big skyar on his lef' leg, des lack it be'n skunt; en it tuk Tenie nigh 'bout all night fer ter fix a mixtry ter kyo it up. Atter dat, Tenie sot a hawnet fer ter watch de tree; en w'en de nigger come back ag'in fer ter cut ernudder box on de yuther side'n de tree, de hawnet stung 'im so hard dat de ax slip en cut his foot nigh 'bout off.

"W'en Tenie see so many things happenin' ter de tree, she 'cluded she'd ha' ter turn Sandy ter sump'n e'se; en atter studyin' de matter ober, en talkin' wid Sandy one ebenin', she made up her mine fer ter fix up a goopher mixtry w'at would turn herse'f en Sandy ter foxes, er sump'n, so dey could run away en go some'rs whar dey could be free en lib lack w'ite folks.

"But dey ain' no tellin' w'at's gwine ter happen in dis worl'. Tenie had got de night sot fer her en Sandy ter run away, w'en dat ve'y day one er Mars Marrabo's sons rid up ter de big house in his buggy, en say his wife wuz monst'us sick, en he want his mammy ter len' 'im a 'ooman fer ter nuss his wife. Tenie's mistiss say sen Tenie; she wuz a good nuss. Young mars wuz in a tarrible hurry fer ter git back home. Tenie wuz washin' at de big house dat day, en her mistiss say she should go right 'long wid her young marster. Tenie tried ter make some 'scuse fer ter git away en hide tel night, w'en she would have eve'ything fix' up fer her en Sandy; she say she wanter go ter her cabin fer ter git her bonnet. Her mistiss say it doan matter 'bout de bonnet; her head-hankcher wuz good 'nuff. Den Tenie say she wanter git her bes' frock; her mistiss say no, she doan need no mo' frock, en w'en dat one got dirty she could git a clean one whar she wuz gwine. So Tenie had ter git in de buggy en go 'long wid young Mars Dunkin ter his plantation, w'ich wuz mo' d'n twenty mile away; en dey want no chance er her seein' Sandy no mo' tel she come back home. De po' gal felt monst'us bad erbout de way things wuz gwine on, en she knowed Sandy mus' be a wond'rin' why she didn' come en turn 'im back no mo'.

"W'iles Tenie wuz away nussin' young Mars Dunkin's wife, Mars Marrabo tuk a notion fer ter buil' 'im a noo kitchen; en bein' ez he had lots er timber on his place, he begun ter look 'roun' fer a tree ter hab de lumber sawed out'n. En I dunno how it come to be so, but he happen fer ter hit on de ve'y tree w'at Sandy wuz turnt inter. Tenie wuz gone, en dey wa'n't nobody ner nuffin' fer ter watch de tree.

"De two men w'at cut de tree down say dey nebber had sech a time wid a tree befo': dey axes would glansh off, en didn' 'pear ter make no progress thoo de wood; en of all de creakin', en shakin', en wobblin' you eber see, dat tree done it w'en it commence' ter fall. It wuz de beatenis' thing!

"W'en dey got de tree all trim' up, dey chain it up ter a timber waggin, en start fer de saw-mill. But dey had a hard time gittin' de log dere: fus' dey got stuck in de mud w'en dey wuz gwine crosst de swamp, en it wuz two er th'ee hours befo' dey could git out. W'en dey start' on ag'in, de chain kep' a-comin' loose, en dey had ter keep a-stoppin' en a-stoppin' fer ter hitch de log up ag'in. W'en dey commence' ter climb de hill ter de saw-mill, de log broke loose, en roll down de hill en in mongs' de trees, en hit tuk nigh 'bout half a day mo' ter git it haul' up ter de saw-mill.

"De nex' mawnin' atter de day de tree wuz haul' ter de saw-mill, Tenie come home. W'en she got back ter her cabin, de fus' thing she done wuz ter run down ter de woods en see how Sandy wuz gittin' on. W'en she seed de stump standin' dere, wid de sap runnin' out'n it, en de limbs layin' scattered roun', she nigh 'bout went out'n her mine. She run ter her cabin, en got her goopher mixtry, en den foller de track er de timber waggin ter de saw-mill. She knowed Sandy couldn' lib mo' d'n a minute er so ef she turn' him back, fer he wuz all chop' up so he'd a be'n bleedst ter die. But she wanted ter turn 'im back long ernuff fer ter 'splain ter 'im dat she hadn' went off a-purpose, en lef' 'im ter be chop' down en sawed up. She didn' want Sandy ter die wid no hard feelin's to'ds her.

"De han's at de saw-mill had des got de big log on de kerridge, en wuz startin' up de saw, w'en dey seed a 'oman runnin up de hill, all out er bref, cryin' en gwine on des lack she wuz plumb 'stracted. It wuz Tenie; she come right inter de mill, en th'owed herse'f on de log, right in front er de saw, a-hollerin' en cryin' ter her Sandy ter fergib her, en not ter think hard er her, fer it wa'n't no fault er

hern. Den Tenie 'membered de tree didn' hab no years, en she wuz gittin' ready fer ter wuk her goopher mixtry so ez ter turn Sandy back, w'en de mill-hands kotch holt er her en tied her arms wid a rope, en fasten' her to one er de posts in de saw-mill; en den dey started de saw up ag'in, en cut de log up inter bo'ds en scantlin's right befo' her eyes. But it wuz mighty hard wuk; fer of all de sweekin', en moanin', en groanin', dat log done it w'iles de saw wuz a-cuttin' thoo it. De saw wuz one er dese yer ole-timey, up-en-down saws, en hit tuk longer dem days ter saw a log 'en it do now. Dey greased de saw, but dat didn' stop de fuss; hit kep' right on, tel finely dey got de log all sawed up.

"W'en de oberseah w'at run de saw-mill come fum brekfas', de han's up en tell him 'bout de crazy 'ooman--ez dey s'posed she wuz--w'at had come runnin' in de saw-mill, a-hollerin' en gwine on, en tried ter th'ow herse'f befo' de saw. En de oberseah sent two er th'ee er de han's fer ter take Tenie back ter her marster's plantation.

"Tenie 'peared ter be out'n her mine fer a long time, en her marster ha' ter lock her up in de smoke-'ouse tel she got ober her spells. Mars Marrabo wuz monst'us mad, en hit would a made yo' flesh crawl fer ter hear him cuss, caze he say de spekilater w'at he got Tenie fum had fooled 'im by wukkin' a crazy 'oman off on him. Wiles Tenie wuz lock up in de smoke-'ouse, Mars Marrabo tuk'n' haul de lumber fum de saw-mill, en put up his noo kitchen.

"W'en Tenie got quiet' down, so she could be 'lowed ter go 'roun' de plantation, she up'n tole her marster all erbout Sandy en de pine-tree; en w'en Mars Marrabo hearn it, he 'lowed she wuz de wuss 'stracted nigger he eber hearn of. He didn' know w'at ter do wid Tenie: fus' he thought he'd put her in de po'-house; but finely, seein' ez she didn' do no harm ter nobody ner nuffin', but des went roun' moanin', en groanin', en shakin' her head, he 'cluded ter let her stay on de plantation en nuss de little nigger chilluns w'en dey mammies wuz ter wuk in de cotton-fiel'.

"De noo kitchen Mars Marrabo buil' wuzn' much use, fer it hadn' be'n put up long befo' de niggers 'mence' ter notice quare things erbout it. Dey could hear sump'n moanin' en groanin' 'bout de kitchen in de night-time, en w'en de win' would blow dey could hear sump'n a-hollerin' en sweekin' lack hit wuz in great pain en sufferin'. En hit got so atter a w'ile dat hit wuz all Mars Marrabo's wife could do ter git a 'ooman ter stay in de kitchen in de daytime long ernuff ter do de cookin'; en dey wa'n't naer nigger on de plantation w'at wouldn' rudder take forty dan ter go 'bout dat kitchen atter dark,--dat is, 'cep'n Tenie; she didn' pear ter mine de ha'nts. She useter slip 'roun' at night, en set on de kitchen steps, en lean up agin de do'-jamb, en run on ter herse'f wid some kine er foolishness w'at nobody couldn' make out; fer Mars Marrabo had th'eaten' ter sen' her off'n de plantation ef she say anything ter any er de yuther niggers 'bout de pine-tree. But somehow er nudder de niggers foun' out all 'bout it, en dey knowed de kitchen wuz ha'anted by Sandy's sperrit. En bimeby hit got so Mars Marrabo's wife herse'f wuz skeered ter go out in de yard atter dark.

"W'en it come ter dat, Mars Marrabo tuk 'n' to' de kitchen down, en use' de lumber fer ter buil' dat ole school-'ouse w'at youer talkin' 'bout pullin' down. De school-'ouse wuzn' use' 'cep'n' in de daytime, en on dark nights folks gwine 'long de road would hear quare soun's en see quare things. Po' ole Tenie useter go down dere at night, en wander 'roun' de school-'ouse; en de niggers all 'lowed she went fer ter talk wid Sandy's sperrit. En one winter mawnin', w'en one er de boys went ter school early fer ter start de fire, w'at should he fine but po' ole Tenie, layin' on de flo', stiff, en cole, en dead. Dere didn' 'pear ter be nuffin' pertickler de matter wid her,--she had des grieve' herse'f ter def fer her Sandy. Mars Marrabo didn' shed no tears. He thought Tenie wuz crazy, en dey wa'n't no tellin' w'at she mout do nex'; en dey ain' much room in dis worl' fer crazy w'ite folks, let 'lone a crazy nigger.

"Hit wa'n't long atter dat befo' Mars Marrabo sole a piece er his track er lan' ter Mars Dugal' McAdoo,--MY ole marster,--en dat's how de ole school-house happen to be on yo' place. W'en de wah broke out, de school stop', en de ole school-'ouse be'n stannin' empty ever sence,--dat is, 'cep'n' fer de ha'nts. En folks sez dat de ole school-'ouse, er any yuther house w'at got any er dat lumber in it w'at wuz sawed out'n de tree w'at Sandy wuz turnt inter, is gwine ter be ha'nted tel de las' piece er plank is rotted en crumble' inter dus'."

Annie had listened to this gruesome narrative with strained attention.

"What a system it was," she exclaimed, when Julius had finished, "under which such things were possible!"

"What things?" I asked, in amazement. "Are you seriously considering the possibility of a man's being turned into a tree?"

"Oh, no," she replied quickly, "not that;" and then she added absently, and with a dim look in her fine eyes, "Poor Tenie!"

We ordered the lumber, and returned home. That night, after we had gone to bed, and my wife had to all appearances been sound asleep for half an hour, she startled me out of an incipient doze by exclaiming suddenly,--

"John, I don't believe I want my new kitchen built out of the lumber in that old school-house."

"You wouldn't for a moment allow yourself," I replied, with some asperity, "to be influenced by that absurdly impossible yarn which Julius was spinning to-day?"

"I know the story is absurd," she replied dreamily, "and I am not so silly as to believe it. But I don't think I should ever be able to take any pleasure in that kitchen if it were built out of that lumber. Besides, I think the kitchen would look better and last longer if the lumber were all new."

Of course she had her way. I bought the new lumber, though not without grumbling. A week or two later I was called away from home on business. On my return, after an absence of several days, my wife remarked to me,--

"John, there has been a split in the Sandy Run Colored Baptist Church, on the temperance question. About half the members have come out from the main body, and set up for themselves. Uncle Julius is one of the seceders, and he came to me yesterday and asked if they might not hold their meetings in the old school-house for the present."

"I hope you didn't let the old rascal have it," I returned, with some warmth. I had just received a bill for the new lumber I had bought.

"Well," she replied, "I could not refuse him the use of the house for so good a purpose."

"And I'll venture to say," I continued, "that you subscribed something toward the support of the new church?"

She did not attempt to deny it.

"What are they going to do about the ghost?" I asked, somewhat curious to know how Julius would get around this obstacle.

"Oh," replied Annie, "Uncle Julius says that ghosts never disturb religious worship, but that if Sandy's spirit SHOULD happen to stray into meeting by mistake, no doubt the preaching would do it good."

DAVE'S NECKLISS by Charles W. Chesnutt

"Have some dinner, Uncle Julius?" said my wife.

It was a Sunday afternoon in early autumn. Our two women-servants had gone to a camp-meeting some miles away, and would not return until evening. My wife had served the dinner, and we were just rising from the table, when Julius came up the lane, and, taking off his hat, seated himself on the piazza.

The old man glanced through the open door at the dinner-table, and his eyes rested lovingly upon a large sugar-cured ham, from which several slices had been cut, exposing a rich pink expanse that would have appealed strongly to the appetite of any hungry Christian.

"Thanky, Miss Annie," he said, after a momentary hesitation, "I dunno ez I keers ef I does tas'e a piece er dat ham, ef yer'll cut me off a slice un it."

"No," said Annie, "I won't. Just sit down to the table and help yourself; eat all you want, and don't be bashful."

Julius drew a chair up to the table, while my wife and I went out on the piazza. Julius was in my employment; he took his meals with his own family, but when he happened to be about our house at meal-times, my wife never let him go away hungry.

I threw myself into a hammock, from which I could see Julius through an open window. He ate with evident relish, devoting his attention chiefly to the ham, slice after slice of which disappeared in the spacious cavity of his mouth. At first the old man ate rapidly, but after the edge of his appetite had been taken off he proceeded in a more leisurely manner. When he had cut the sixth slice of ham (I kept count of them from a lazy curiosity to see how much he COULD eat) I saw him lay it on his plate; as he adjusted the knife and fork to cut it into smaller pieces, he paused, as if struck by a sudden thought, and a tear rolled down his rugged cheek and fell upon the slice of ham before him. But the emotion, whatever the thought that caused it, was transitory, and in a moment he continued his dinner. When he was through eating, he came out on the porch, and resumed his seat with the satisfied expression of countenance that usually follows a good dinner.

"Julius," I said, "you seemed to be affected by something, a moment ago. Was the mustard so strong that it moved you to tears?"

"No, suh, it wa'n't de mustard; I wuz studyin' 'bout Dave."

"Who was Dave, and what about him?" I asked.

The conditions were all favorable to story-telling. There was an autumnal languor in the air, and a dreamy haze softened the dark green of the distant pines and the deep blue of the Southern sky. The generous meal he had made had put the old man in a very good humor. He was not always so, for his curiously undeveloped nature was subject to moods which were almost childish in their variableness. It was only now and then that we were able to study, through the medium of his recollection, the simple but intensely human inner life of slavery. His way of looking at the past seemed very strange to us; his view of certain sides of life was essentially different from ours. He never indulged in any regrets for the Arcadian joyousness and irresponsibility which was a somewhat popular conception of slavery; his had not been the lot of the petted house-servant, but that of the toiling field-hand. While he mentioned with a warm appreciation the acts of kindness which those in authority had shown to him and his people, he would speak of a cruel deed, not with the indignation of one accustomed to quick feeling and spontaneous expression, but with a furtive disapproval which suggested to us a doubt in his own mind as to whether he had a right to think or to feel, and presented to us the curious psychological spectacle of a mind enslaved long after the shackles had been struck off from the limbs of its possessor. Whether the sacred name of liberty ever set his soul aglow with a generous fire; whether he had more than the most elementary ideas of love, friendship, patriotism, religion,--things which are half, and the better half, of life to us; whether he even realized, except in a vague, uncertain way, his own degradation, I do not know. I fear not; and if not, then centuries of repression had borne their legitimate fruit. But in the simple human feeling, and still more in the undertone of sadness, which pervaded his stories, I thought I could see a spark which, fanned by favoring breezes and fed by the memories of the past, might become in his children's children a glowing flame of sensibility, alive to every thrill of human happiness or human woe.

"Dave use' ter b'long ter my ole marster," said Julius; "he wuz raise' on dis yer plantation, en I kin 'member all erbout 'im, fer I wuz ole 'nuff ter chop cotton w'en it all happen'. Dave wuz a tall man, en monst'us strong: he could do mo' wuk in a day dan any yuther two niggers on de plantation. He wuz one er dese yer solemn kine er men, en nebber run on wid much foolishness, like de yuther darkies. He use' ter go out in de woods en pray; en w'en he hear de han's on de plantation cussin' en gwine on wid dere dancin' en foolishness, he use' ter tell 'em 'bout religion en jedgmen'-day, w'en dey would haf ter gin account fer eve'y idle word en all dey yuther sinful kyarin's-on.

"Dave had l'arn' how ter read de Bible. Dey wuz a free nigger boy in de settlement w'at wuz monst'us smart, en could write en cipher, en wuz alluz readin' books er papers. En Dave had hi'ed dis free boy fer ter l'arn 'im how ter read. Hit wuz 'g'in de law, but co'se none er de niggers didn' say nuffin ter de w'ite folks 'bout it. Howsomedever, one day Mars Walker--he wuz de oberseah--foun' out Dave could read. Mars Walker wa'n't nuffin but a po' bockrah, en folks said he couldn' read ner write hisse'f, en co'se he didn' lack ter see a nigger w'at knowed mo' d'n he did; so he went en tole Mars Dugal'. Mars Dugal' sont fer Dave, en ax' 'im 'bout it.

"Dave didn't hardly knowed w'at ter do; but he couldn' tell no lie, so he 'fessed he could read de Bible a little by spellin' out de words. Mars Dugal' look' mighty solemn.

"'Dis yer is a se'ious matter,' sezee; 'it's 'g'in de law ter l'arn niggers how ter read, er 'low 'em ter hab books. But w'at yer l'arn out'n dat Bible, Dave?'

"Dave wa'n't no fool, ef he wuz a nigger, en sezee:--

"'Marster, I l'arns dat it's a sin fer ter steal, er ter lie, er fer ter want w'at doan b'long ter yer; en I l'arns fer ter love de Lawd en ter 'bey my marster.'

"Mars Dugal' sorter smile' en laf' ter hisse'f, like he 'uz might'ly tickle' 'bout sump'n, en sezee:--

"'Doan 'pear ter me lack readin' de Bible done yer much harm, Dave. Dat's w'at I wants all my niggers fer ter know. Yer keep right on readin', en tell de yuther han's w'at yer be'n tellin' me. How would yer lack fer ter preach ter de niggers on Sunday?'

"Dave say he'd be glad fer ter do w'at he could. So Mars Dugal' tole de oberseah fer ter let Dave preach ter de niggers, en tell 'em w'at wuz in de Bible, en it would he'p ter keep 'em fum stealin' er runnin' erway.

"So Dave 'mence' ter preach, en done de han's on de plantation a heap er good, en most un 'em lef' off dey wicked ways, en 'mence' ter love ter hear 'bout God, en religion, en de Bible; en dey done dey wuk better, en didn' gib de oberseah but mighty little

trouble fer ter manage 'em.

"Dave wuz one er dese yer men w'at didn' keer much fer de gals,--leastways he didn' tel Dilsey come ter de plantation. Dilsey wuz a monst'us peart, good-lookin', gingybread-colored gal,--one er dese yer high-steppin' gals w'at hol's dey heads up, en won' stan' no foolishness fum no man. She had b'long' ter a gemman over on Rockfish, w'at died, en whose 'state ha' ter be sol' fer ter pay his debts. En Mars Dugal' had b'en ter de oction, en w'en he seed dis gal a-cryin' en gwine on 'bout bein' sol' erway fum her ole mammy, Aun' Mahaly, Mars Dugal' bid 'em bofe in, en fotch 'em ober ter our plantation.

"De young nigger men on de plantation wuz des wil' atter Dilsey, but it didn' do no good, en none un 'em couldn' git Dilsey fer dey junesey,[2] 'tel Dave 'mence' fer ter go roun' Aun' Mahaly's cabin. Dey wuz a fine-lookin' couple, Dave en Dilsey wuz, bofe tall, en well-shape', en soopl'. En dey sot a heap by one ernudder. Mars Dugal' seed 'em tergedder one Sunday, en de nex' time he seed Dave atter dat, sezee:--

"Dave, w'en yer en Dilsey gits ready fer ter git married, I ain' got no rejections. Dey's a poun' er so er chawin'-terbacker up at de house, en I reckon yo' mist'iss kin fine a frock en a ribbin er two fer Dilsey. Youer bofe good niggers, en yer neenter be feared er bein' sol' 'way fum one ernudder long ez I owns dis plantation; en I 'spec's ter own it fer a long time yit.'"

[Footnote 2: Sweetheart.]

"But dere wuz one man on de plantation w'at didn' lack ter see Dave en Dilsey tergedder ez much ez ole marster did. W'en Mars Dugal' went ter de sale whar he got Dilsey en Mahaly, he bought ernudder han', by de name er Wiley. Wiley wuz one er dese yer shiny-eyed, double-headed little niggers, sha'p ez a steel trap, en sly ez de fox w'at keep out'n it. Dis yer Wiley had be'n pesterin' Dilsey 'fo' she come ter our plantation, en had nigh 'bout worried de life out'n her. She didn' keer nuffin fer 'im, but he pestered her so she ha' ter th'eaten ter tell her marster fer ter make Wiley let her 'lone. W'en he come ober to our place it wuz des ez bad, 'tel bimeby Wiley seed dat Dilsey had got ter thinkin' a heap 'bout Dave, en den he sorter hilt off aw'ile, en purten' lack he gin Dilsey up. But he wuz one er dese yer 'ceitful niggers, en w'ile he wuz laffin' en jokin' wid de yuther han's 'bout Dave en Dilsey, he wuz settin' a trap fer ter ketch Dave en git Dilsey back fer hisse'f.

"Dave en Dilsey made up dere min's fer ter git married long 'bout Christmas time, w'en dey'd hab mo' time fer a weddin'. But 'long 'bout two weeks befo' dat time ole mars 'mence' ter lose a heap er bacon. Eve'y night er so somebody 'ud steal a side er bacon, er a ham, er a shoulder, er sump'n, fum one er de smoke-'ouses. De smoke-'ouses wuz lock', but somebody had a key, en manage' ter git in some way er 'nudder. Dey's mo' ways 'n one ter skin a cat, en dey's mo' d'n one way ter git in a smoke-'ouse,--leastways dat's w'at I hearn say. Folks w'at had bacon fer ter sell didn' hab no trouble 'bout gittin' rid un it. Hit wuz 'g'in' de law fer ter buy things fum slabes; but Lawd! dat law didn' 'mount ter a hill er peas. Eve'y week er so one er dese yer big covered waggins would come 'long de road, peddlin' terbacker en w'iskey. Dey wuz a sight er room in one er dem big waggins, en it wuz monst'us easy fer ter swop off bacon fer sump'n ter chaw er ter wa'm yer up in de winter-time. I s'pose de peddlers didn' knowed dey wuz breakin' de law, caze de niggers alluz went at night, en stayed on de dark side er de waggin; en it wuz mighty hard fer ter tell W'AT kine er folks dey wuz.

"Atter two er th'ee hund'ed er meat had be'n stole', Mars Walker call all de niggers up one ebenin', en tol' 'em dat de fus' nigger he cot stealin' bacon on dat plantation would git sump'n fer ter 'member it by long ez he lib'. En he say he'd gin fi' dollars ter de nigger w'at 'skiver' de rogue. Mars Walker say he s'picion' one er two er de niggers, but he couldn' tell fer sho, en co'se dey all 'nied it w'en he 'cuse em un it.

"Dey wa'n't no bacon stole' fer a week er so, 'tel one dark night w'en somebody tuk a ham fum one er de smoke-'ouses. Mars Walker des cusst awful w'en he foun' out de ham wuz gone, en say he gwine ter sarch all de niggers' cabins; w'en dis yer Wiley I wuz tellin' yer 'bout up'n say he s'picion' who tuk de ham, fer he seed Dave comin' 'cross de plantation fum to'ds de smoke-'ouse de night befo'. W'en Mars Walker hearn dis fum Wiley, he went en sarch' Dave's cabin, en foun' de ham hid under de flo'.

"Eve'ybody wuz 'stonish'; but dere wuz de ham. Co'se Dave 'nied it ter de las', but dere wuz de ham. Mars Walker say it wuz des ez he 'spected: he didn' b'lieve in dese yer readin' en prayin' niggers; it wuz all 'pocrisy, en sarve' Mars Dugal' right fer 'lowin' Dave ter be readin' books w'en it wuz 'g'in de law.

"W'en Mars Dugal' hearn 'bout de ham, he say he wuz might'ly 'ceived en disapp'inted in Dave. He say he wouldn' nebber hab no mo' conferdence in no nigger, en Mars Walker could do des ez he wuz a mineter wid Dave er any er de res' er de niggers. So Mars Walker tuk'n tied Dave up en gin 'im forty; en den he got some er dis yer wire clof w'at dey uses fer ter make sifters out'n, en tuk'n

wrap' it roun' de ham en fasten it tergedder at de little een'. Den he tuk Dave down ter de blacksmif-shop, en had Unker Silas, de plantation black-smif, fasten a chain ter de ham, en den fasten de yuther een' er de chain roun' Dave's neck. En den he says ter Dave, sezee:--

"'Now, suh, yer'll wear dat neckliss fer de nex' six mont's; en I 'spec's yer ner none er de yuther niggers on dis plantation won' steal no mo' bacon dyoin' er dat time.'

"Well, it des 'peared ez if fum dat time Dave didn' hab nuffin but trouble. De niggers all turnt ag'in' 'im, caze he be'n de 'casion er Mars Dugal' turnin' 'em all ober ter Mars Walker. Mars Dugal' wa'n't a bad marster hisse'f, but Mars Walker wuz hard ez a rock. Dave kep' on sayin' he didn' take de ham, but none un 'em didn' b'lieve 'im.

"Dilsey wa'n't on de plantation w'en Dave wuz 'cused er stealin' de bacon. Ole mist'iss had sont her ter town fer a week er so fer ter wait on one er her darters w'at had a young baby, en she didn' fine out nuffin 'bout Dave's trouble 'tel she got back ter de plantation. Dave had patien'ly endyoed de finger er scawn, en all de hard words w'at de niggers pile' on 'im, caze he wuz sho' Dilsey would stan' by 'im, en wouldn' b'lieve he wuz a rogue, ner none er de yuther tales de darkies wuz tellin' 'bout 'im.

"W'en Dilsey come back fum town, en got down fum behine de buggy whar she be'n ridin' wid ole mars, de fus' nigger 'ooman she met says ter her,--

"'Is yer seed Dave, Dilsey?'

"No, I ain' seed Dave,' says Dilsey.

"'Yer des oughter look at dat nigger; reckon yer wouldn' want 'im fer yo' junesey no mo'. Mars Walker cotch 'im stealin' bacon, en gone en fasten' a ham roun' his neck, so he can't git it off'n hisse'f. He sut'nly do look quare.' En den de 'ooman bus' out laffin' fit ter kill herse'f. W'en she got thoo laffin' she up'n tole Dilsey all 'bout de ham, en all de yuther lies w'at de niggers be'n tellin' on Dave.

"W'en Dilsey started down ter de quarters, who should she meet but Dave, comin' in fum de cotton-fiel'. She turnt her head ter one side, en purten' lack she didn' seed Dave.

"'Dilsey!' sezee.

"Dilsey walk' right on, en didn' notice 'im.

"'OH, Dilsey!'

"Dilsey didn' paid no 'tention ter 'im, en den Dave knowed some er de niggers be'n tellin' her 'bout de ham. He felt monst'us bad, but he 'lowed ef he could des git Dilsey fer ter listen ter 'im fer a minute er so, he could make her b'lieve he didn' stole de bacon. It wuz a week er two befo' he could git a chance ter speak ter her ag'in; but fine'ly he cotch her down by de spring one day, en sezee:--

"'Dilsey, w'at fer yer won' speak ter me, en purten' lack yer doan see me? Dilsey, yer knows me too well fer ter b'lieve I'd steal, er do dis yuther wick'ness de niggers is all layin' ter me,--yer KNOWS I wouldn' do dat, Dilsey. Yer ain' gwine back on yo' Dave, is yer?'

"But w'at Dave say didn' hab no 'fec' on Dilsey. Dem lies folks b'en tellin' her had p'isen' her min' 'g'in' Dave.

"'I doan wanter talk ter no nigger,' says she, 'w'at be'n whip' fer stealin', en w'at gwine roun' wid sich a lookin' thing ez dat hung roun' his neck. I's a 'spectable gal, I is. W'at yer call dat, Dave? Is dat a cha'm fer ter keep off witches, er is it a noo kine er neckliss yer got?'

"Po' Dave didn' knowed w'at ter do. De las' one he had 'pended on fer ter stan' by 'im had gone back on 'im, en dey didn' 'pear ter be nuffin mo' wuf libbin' fer. He couldn' hol' no mo' pra'r-meetin's, fer Mars Walker wouldn' 'low 'im ter preach, en de darkies wouldn' 'a' listen' ter 'im ef he had preach'. He didn' eben hab his Bible fer ter comfort hisse'f wid, fer Mars Walker had tuk it erway fum 'im en burnt it up, en say ef he ketch any mo' niggers wid Bibles on de plantation he'd do 'em wuss'n he done Dave.

"En ter make it still harder fer Dave, Dilsey tuk up wid Wiley. Dave could see him gwine up ter Aun' Mahaly's cabin, en settin' out on de bench in de moonlight wid Dilsey, en singin' sinful songs en playin' de banjer. Dave use' ter scrouch down behine de bushes, en wonder w'at de Lawd sen' 'im all dem tribberlations fer.

"But all er Dave's yuther troubles wa'n't nuffin side er dat ham. He had wrap' de chain roun' wid a rag, so it didn' hurt his neck; but w'eneber he went ter wuk, dat ham would be in his way; he had ter do his task, howsomedever, des de same ez ef he didn' hab de

ham. W'eneber he went ter lay down, dat ham would be in de way. Ef he turn ober in his sleep, dat ham would be tuggin' at his neck. It wuz de las' thing he seed at night, en de fus' thing he seed in de mawnin'. W'eneber he met a stranger, de ham would be de fus' thing de stranger would see. Most un 'em would 'mence' ter laf, en whareber Dave went he could see folks p'intin' at him, en year 'em sayin:--

"'W'at kine er collar dat nigger got roun' his neck?' er, ef dey knowed 'im, 'Is yer stole any mo' hams lately?' er 'W'at yer take fer yo' neckliss, Dave?' er some joke er 'nuther 'bout dat ham.

"Fus' Dave didn' mine it so much, caze he knowed he hadn' done nuffin. But bimeby he got so he couldn' stan' it no longer, en he'd hide hisse'f in de bushes w'eneber he seed anybody comin', en alluz kep' hisse'f shet up in his cabin atter he come in fum wuk.

"It wuz monst'us hard on Dave, en bimeby, w'at wid dat ham eberlastin' en etarnally draggin' roun' his neck, he 'mence' fer ter do en say quare things, en make de niggers wonder ef he wa'n't gittin' out'n his mine. He got ter gwine roun' talkin' ter hisse'f, en singin' corn-shuckin' songs, en laffin' fit ter kill 'bout nuffin. En one day he tole one er de niggers he had 'skivered a noo way fer ter raise hams,--gwine ter pick 'em off'n trees, en save de expense er smoke-'ouses by kyoin' 'em in de sun. En one day he up'n tole Mars Walker he got sump'n pertickler fer ter say ter 'im; en he tuk Mars Walker off ter one side, en tole 'im he wuz gwine ter show 'im a place in de swamp whar dey wuz a whole trac' er lan' covered wid ham-trees.

"W'en Mars Walker hearn Dave talkin' dis kine er fool-talk, en w'en he seed how Dave wuz 'mencin' ter git behine in his wuk, en w'en he ax' de niggers en dey tole 'im how Dave be'n gwine on, he 'lowed he reckon' he'd punish' Dave ernuff, en it mou't do mo' harm dan good fer ter keep de ham on his neck any longer. So he sont Dave down ter de blacksmif-shop en had de ham tak off. Dey wa'n't much er de ham lef' by dat time, fer de sun had melt all de fat, en de lean had all swivel' up, so dey wa'n't but th'ee er fo' poun's lef'.

"W'en de ham had be'n tuk off'n Dave, folks kinder stopped talkin' 'bout 'im so much. But de ham had be'n on his neck so long dat Dave had sorter got use' ter it. He look des lack he'd los' sump'n fer a day er so atter de ham wuz tuk off, en didn' 'pear ter know w'at ter do wid hisse'f; en fine'ly he up'n tuk'n tied a lightered-knot ter a string, en hid it under de flo' er his cabin, en w'en nobody wuzn' lookin' he'd take it out en hang it roun' his neck, en go off in de woods en holler en sing; en he allus tied it roun' his neck w'en he went ter sleep. Fac', it 'peared lack Dave done gone clean out'n his mine. En atter a w'ile he got one er de quarest notions you eber hearn tell un. It wuz 'bout dat time dat I come back ter de plantation fer ter wuk,--I had be'n out ter Mars Dugal's yuther place on Beaver Crick for a mont' er so. I had hearn 'bout Dave en de bacon, en 'bout w'at wuz gwine on on de plantation; but I didn' b'lieve w'at dey all say 'bout Dave, fer I knowed Dave wa'n't dat kine er man. One day atter I come back, me'n Dave wuz choppin' cotton tergedder, w'en Dave lean' on his hoe, en motion' fer me ter come ober close ter 'im; en den he retch' ober en w'ispered ter me.

"'Julius', [sic] sezee, 'did yer knowed yer wuz wukkin' long yer wid a ham?'

"I couldn 'magine w'at he meant. 'G'way fum yer, Dave,' says I. 'Yer ain' wearin' no ham no mo'; try en fergit 'bout dat; 't ain' gwine ter do yer no good fer ter 'member it.'

"Look a-yer, Julius,' sezee, 'kin yer keep a secret?'

"'Co'se I kin, Dave,' says I. 'I doan go roun' tellin' people w'at yuther folks says ter me.'

"'Kin I trus' yer, Julius? Will yer cross yo' heart?'

"I cross' my heart. 'Wush I may die ef I tells a soul,' says I.

"Dave look' at me des lack he wuz lookin' thoo me en 'way on de yuther side er me, en sezee:--

"'Did yer knowed I wuz turnin' ter a ham, Julius?'

"I tried ter 'suade Dave dat dat wuz all foolishness, en dat he oughtn't ter be talkin' dat-a-way,--hit wa'n't right. En I tole 'im ef he'd des be patien', de time would sho'ly come w'en eve'ything would be straighten' out, en folks would fine out who de rale rogue wuz w'at stole de bacon. Dave 'peared ter listen ter w'at I say, en promise' ter do better, en stop gwine on dat-a-way; en it seem lack he pick' up a bit w'en he seed dey wuz one pusson didn' b'lieve dem tales 'bout 'im.

"Hit wa'n't long atter dat befo' Mars Archie McIntyre, ober on de Wimbleton road, 'mence' ter complain 'bout somebody stealin' chickens fum his hen-'ouse. De chickens kip' on gwine, en at las' Mars Archie tole de han's on his plantation dat he gwine ter shoot de fus' man he ketch in his hen-'ouse. In less'n a week atter he gin dis warnin', he cotch a nigger in de hen-'ouse, en fill' 'im full er squir'l-shot. W'en he got a light, he 'skivered it wuz a strange nigger; en w'en he call' one er his own sarven's, de nigger tole 'im it wuz our Wiley. W'en Mars Archie foun' dat out, he sont ober ter our plantation fer ter tell Mars Dugal' he had shot one er his niggers, en dat he could sen' ober dere en git w'at wuz lef' un 'im.

"Mars Dugal' wuz mad at fus'; but w'en he got ober dere en hearn how it all happen', he didn' hab much ter say. Wiley wuz shot so bad he wuz sho' he wuz gwine ter die, so he up'n says ter ole marster:--

"'Mars Dugal',' sezee, 'I knows I's be'n a monst'us bad nigger, but befo' I go I wanter git sump'n off'n my mine. Dave didn' steal dat bacon w'at wuz tuk out'n de smoke-'ouse. I stole it all, en I hid de ham under Dave's cabin fer ter th'ow de blame on him--en may de good Lawd fergib me fer it.'

"Mars Dugal' had Wiley tuk back ter de plantation, en sont fer a doctor fer ter pick de shot out'n 'im. En de ve'y nex' mawnin' Mars Dugal' sont fer Dave ter come up ter de big house; he felt kinder sorry fer de way Dave had be'n treated. Co'se it wa'n't no fault er Mars Dugal's, but he wuz gwine ter do w'at he could fer ter make up fer it. So he sont word down ter de quarters fer Dave en all de yuther han's ter 'semble up in de yard befo' de big house at sun-up nex' mawnin'.

"Yearly in de mawnin' de niggers all swarm' up in de yard. Mars Dugal' wuz feelin' so kine dat he had brung up a bairl er cider, en tole de niggers all fer ter he'p deyselves.

"All dey han's on de plantation come but Dave; en bimeby, w'en it seem lack he wa'n't comin', Mars Dugal' sont a nigger down ter de quarters ter look fer 'im. De sun wuz gittin' up, en dey wuz a heap er wuk ter be done, en Mars Dugal' sorter got ti'ed waitin'; so he up'n says:--

"'Well, boys en gals, I sont fer yer all up yer fer ter tell yer dat all dat 'bout Dave's stealin' er de bacon wuz a mistake, ez I s'pose yer all done hearn befo' now, en I's mighty sorry it happen'. I wants ter treat all my niggers right, en I wants yer all ter know dat I sets a heap by all er my han's w'at is hones' en smart. En I want yer all ter treat Dave des lack yer did befo' dis thing happen', en mine w'at he preach ter yer; fer Dave is a good nigger, en has had a hard row ter hoe. En de fus' one I ketch sayin' anythin' 'g'in Dave, I'll tell Mister Walker ter gin 'im forty. Now take ernudder drink er cider all roun', en den git at dat cotton, fer I wanter git dat Persimmon Hill trac' all pick' ober ter-day.'

"W'en de niggers wuz gwine 'way, Mars Dugal' tole me fer ter go en hunt up Dave, en bring 'im up ter de house. I went down ter Dave's cabin, but couldn' fine 'im dere. Den I look' roun' de plantation, en in de aidge er de woods, en 'long de road; but I couldn' fine no sign er Dave. I wuz 'bout ter gin up de sarch, w'en I happen' fer ter run 'cross a foot-track w'at look' lack Dave's. I had wukked 'long wid Dave so much dat I knowed his tracks: he had a monst'us long foot, wid a holler instep, w'ich wuz sump'n skase 'mongs' black folks. So I follered dat track 'cross de fiel' fum de quarters 'tel I got ter de smoke-'ouse. De fus' thing I notice' wuz smoke comin' out'n de cracks: it wuz cu'ous, caze dey hadn' be'n no hogs kill' on de plantation fer six mont' er so, en all de bacon in de smoke-'ouse wuz done kyoed. I couldn' 'magine fer ter sabe my life w'at Dave wuz doin' in dat smoke-'ouse. I went up ter de do' en hollered:--

"'Dave!'

"Dey didn' nobody answer. I didn' wanter open de do', fer w'ite folks is monst'us pertickler 'bout dey smoke-'ouses; en ef de oberseah had a-come up en cotch me in dere, he mou't not wanter b'lieve I wuz des lookin' fer Dave. So I sorter knock at de do' en call' out ag'in:--

"'O Dave, hit's me--Julius! Doan be skeered. Mars Dugal' wants yer ter come up ter de big house,--he done 'skivered who stole de ham.'

"But Dave didn' answer. En w'en I look' roun' ag'in en didn' seed none er his tracks gwine way fum de smoke-'ouse, I knowed he wuz in dere yit, en I wuz 'termine' fer ter fetch 'im out; so I push de do' open en look in.

"Dey wuz a pile er bark burnin' in de middle er de flo', en right ober de fier, hangin' fum one er de rafters, wuz Dave; dey wuz a rope roun' his neck, en I didn' haf ter look at his face mo' d'n once fer ter see he wuz dead.

"Den I knowed how it all happen'. Dave had kep' on gittin' wusser en wusser in his mine, 'tel he des got ter b'lievin' he wuz all done turnt ter a ham; en den he had gone en built a fier, en tied a rope roun' his neck, des lack de hams wuz tied, en had hung hisse'f up in de smoke-'ouse fer ter kyo.

"Dave wuz buried down by de swamp, in de plantation buryin'-groun'. Wiley didn' died fum de woun' he got in Mars McIntyre's hen-'ouse; he got well atter a w'ile, but Dilsey wouldn' hab nuffin mo' ter do wid 'im, en 't wa'n't long 'fo' Mars Dugal' sol' 'im ter a spekilater on his way souf,--he say he didn' want no sich a nigger on de plantation, ner in de county, ef he could he'p it. En w'en de een' er de year come, Mars Dugal' turnt Mars Walker off, en run de plantation hisse'f atter dat.

"Eber sence den," said Julius in conclusion, "w'eneber I eats ham, it min's me er Dave. I lacks ham, but I nebber kin eat mo' d'n two er th'ee poun's befo' I gits ter studyin' 'bout Dave, en den I has ter stop en leab de res' fer ernudder time."

There was a short silence after the old man had finished his story, and then my wife began to talk to him about the weather, on which subject he was an authority. I went into the house. When I came out, half an hour later, I saw Julius disappearing down the lane, with a basket on his arm.

At breakfast, next morning, it occurred to me that I should like a slice of ham. I said as much to my wife.

"Oh, no, John," she responded, "you shouldn't eat anything so heavy for breakfast."

I insisted.

"The fact is," she said, pensively, "I couldn't have eaten any more of that ham, and so I gave it to Julius."

THE AWAKENING OF THE NEGRO by Booker T. Washington

When a mere boy, I saw a young colored man, who had spent several years in school, sitting in a common cabin in the South, studying a French grammar. I noted the poverty, the untidiness, the want of system and thrift, that existed about the cabin, notwithstanding his knowledge of French and other academic subjects. Another time, when riding on the outer edges of a town in the South, I heard the sound of a piano coming from a cabin of the same kind. Contriving some excuse, I entered, and began a conversation with the young colored woman who was playing, and who had recently returned from a boarding-school, where she had been studying instrumental music among other things. Despite the fact that her parents were living in a rented cabin, eating poorly cooked food, surrounded with poverty, and having almost none of the conveniences of life, she had persuaded them to rent a piano for four or five dollars per month. Many such instances as these, in connection with my own struggles, impressed upon me the importance of making a study of our needs as a race, and applying the remedy accordingly.

Some one may be tempted to ask, Has not the negro boy or girl as good a right to study a French grammar and instrumental music as the white youth? I answer, Yes, but in the present condition of the negro race in this country there is need of something more. Perhaps I may be forgiven for the seeming egotism if I mention the expansion of my own life partly as an example of what I mean. My earliest recollection is of a small one-room log hut on a large slave plantation in Virginia. After the close of the war, while working in the coal-mines of West Virginia for the support of my mother, I heart in some accidental way of the Hampton Institute. When I learned that it was an institution where a black boy could study, could have a chance to work for his board, and at the same time be taught how to work and to realize the dignity of labor, I resolved to go there. Bidding my mother good-by, I started out one morning to find my way to Hampton, though I was almost penniless and had no definite idea where Hampton was. By walking, begging rides, and paying for a portion of the journey on the steam-cars, I finally succeeded in reaching the city of Richmond, Virginia. I was without money or friends. I slept under a sidewalk, and by working on a vessel next day I earned money to continue my way to the institute, where I arrived with a surplus of fifty cents. At Hampton I found the opportunity--in the way of buildings, teachers, and industries provided by the generous--to get training in the class-room and by practical touch with industrial life, to learn thrift, economy, and push. I was surrounded by an atmosphere of business, Christian influence, and a spirit of self-help that seemed to have awakened every faculty in me, and caused me for the first time to realize what it meant to be a man instead of a piece of property.

While there I resolved that when I had finished the course of training I would go into the far South, into the Black Belt of the South, and give my life to providing the same kind of opportunity for self-reliance and self-awakening that I had found provided for me at Hampton. My work began at Tuskegee, Alabama, in 1881, in a small shanty and church, with one teacher and thirty students, without a dollar's worth of property. The spirit of work and of industrial thrift, with aid from the State and generosity from the North,

has enabled us to develop an institution of eight hundred students gathered from nineteen States, with seventy-nine instructors, fourteen hundred acres of land, and thirty buildings, including large and small; in all, property valued at $280,000. Twenty-five industries have been organized, and the whole work is carried on at an annual cost of about $80,000 in cash; two fifths of the annual expense so far has gone into permanent plant.

What is the object of all this outlay? First, it must be borne in mind that we have in the South a peculiar and unprecedented state of things. It is of the utmost importance that our energy be given to meeting conditions that exist right about us rather than conditions that existed centuries ago or that exist in countries a thousand miles away. What are the cardinal needs among the seven millions of colored people in the South, most of whom are to be found on the plantations? Roughly, these needs may be stated as food, clothing, shelter, education, proper habits, and a settlement of race relations. The seven millions of colored people of the South cannot be reached directly by any missionary agency, but they can be reached by sending out among them strong selected young men and women, with the proper training of head, hand, and heart, who will live among these masses and show them how to lift themselves up.

The problem that the Tuskegee Institute keeps before itself constantly is how to prepare these leaders. From the outset, in connection with religious and academic training, it has emphasized industrial or hand training as a means of finding the way out of present conditions. First, we have found the industrial teaching useful in giving the student a chance to work out a portion of his expenses while in school. Second, the school furnishes labor that has an economic value, and at the same time gives the student a chance to acquire knowledge and skill while performing the labor. Most of all, we find the industrial system valuable in teaching economy, thrift, and the dignity of labor, and in giving moral backbone to students. The fact that a student goes out into the world conscious of his power to build a house or a wagon, or to make a harness, gives him a certain confidence and moral independence that he would not possess without such training.

A more detailed example of our methods at Tuskegee may be of interest. For example, we cultivate by student labor six hundred and fifty acres of land. The object is not only to cultivate the land in a way to make it pay our boarding department, but at the same time to teach the students, in addition to the practical work, something of the chemistry of the soil, the best methods of drainage, dairying, the cultivation of fruit, the care of livestock and tools, and scores of other lessons needed by a people whose main dependence is on agriculture. Notwithstanding that eighty-five per cent of the colored people in the South live by agriculture in some form, aside from what has been done by Hampton, Tuskegee, and one or two other institutions practically nothing has been attempted in the direction of teaching them about the very industry from which the masses of our people must get their subsistence. Friends have recently provided means for the erection of a large new chapel at Tuskegee. Our students have made the bricks for this chapel. A large part of the timber is sawed by students at our own sawmill, the plans are drawn by our teacher of architecture and mechanical drawing, and students do the brick-masonry, plastering, painting, carpentry work, tinning, slating, and make most of the furniture. Practically, the whole chapel will be built and furnished by student labor; in the end the school will have the building for permanent use, and the students will have a knowledge of the trades employed in its construction. In this way all but three of the thirty buildings on the grounds have been erected. While the young men do the kinds of work I have mentioned, the young women to a large extent make, mend, and launder the clothing of the young men, and thus are taught important industries.

One of the objections sometimes urged against industrial education for the negro is that it aims merely to teach him to work on the same plan that he was made to follow when in slavery. This is far from being the object at Tuskegee. At the head of each of the twenty-five industrial departments we have an intelligent and competent instructor, just as we have in our history classes, so that the student is taught not only practical brick-masonry, for example, but also the underlying principles of that industry, the mathematics and the mechanical and architectural drawing. Or he is taught how to become master of the forces of nature so that, instead of cultivating corn in the old way, he can use a corn cultivator, that lays off the furrows, drops the corn into them, and covers it, and in this way he can do more work than three men by the old process of corn-planting; at the same time much of the toil is eliminated and labor is dignified. In a word, the constant aim is to show the student how to put brains into every process of labor; how to bring his knowledge of mathematics and the sciences into farming, carpentry, forging, foundry work; how to dispense as soon as possible with the old form of ante-bellum labor. In the erection of the chapel just referred to, instead of letting the money which was given us go into outside hands, we make it accomplish three objects: first, it provides the chapel; second, it gives the students a chance to get a practical knowledge of the trades connected with building; and third, it enables them to earn something toward the payment of board while receiving academic and industrial training.

Having been fortified at Tuskegee by education of mind, skill of hand, Christian character, ideas of thrift, economy, and push, and a spirit of independence, the student is sent out to become a centre of influence and light in showing the masses of our people in the

Black Belt of the South how to lift themselves up. How can this be done? I give but one or two examples. Ten years ago a young colored man came to the institute from one of the large plantation districts; he studied in the class-room a portion of the time, and received practical and theoretical training on the farm the remainder of the time. Having finished his course at Tuskegee, he returned to his plantation home, which was in a county where the colored people outnumber the whites six to one, as is true of many of the counties in the Black Belt of the South. He found the negroes in debt. Ever since the war they had been mortgaging their crops for the food on which to live while the crops were growing. The majority of them were living from hand to mouth on rented land, in small, one-room log cabins, and attempting to pay a rate of interest on their advances that ranged from fifteen to forty per cent per annum. The school had been taught in a wreck of a log cabin, with no apparatus, and had never been in session longer than three months out of twelve. With as many as eight or ten persons of all ages and conditions and of both sexes huddled together in one cabin year after year, and with a minister whose only aim was to work upon the emotions of the people, one can imagine something of the moral and religious state of the community.

But the remedy. In spite of the evil, the negro got the habit of work from slavery. The rank and file of the race, especially those on the Southern plantations, work hard, but the trouble is, what they earn gets away from them in high rents, crop mortgages, whiskey, snuff, cheap jewelry, and the like. The young man just referred to had been trained at Tuskegee, as most of our graduates are, to meet just this condition of things. He took the three months' public school as a nucleus for his work. Then he organized the older people into a club, or conference, that held meetings every week. In these meetings he taught the people in a plain, simple manner how to save their money, how to farm in a better way, how to sacrifice,--to live on bread and potatoes, if need be, till they could get out of debt, and begin the buying of lands.

Soon a large proportion of the people were in condition to make contracts for the buying of homes (land is very cheap in the South), and to live without mortgaging their crops. Not only this: under the guidance and leadership of this teacher, the first year that he was among them they learned how, by contributions in money and labor, to build a neat, comfortable schoolhouse that replaced the wreck of a log cabin formerly used. The following year the weekly meetings were continued, and two months were added to the original three months of school. The next year two more months were added. The improvement has gone on, until now these people have every year an eight months' school.

I wish my readers could have the chance that I have had of going into this community. I wish they could look into the faces of the people and see them beaming with hope and delight. I wish they could see the two or three room cottages that have taken the place of the usual one-room cabin, the well-cultivated farms, and the religious life of the people that now means something more than the name. The teacher has a good cottage and a well-kept farm that serve as models. In a word, a complete revolution has been wrought in the industrial, educational, and religious life of this whole community by reason of the fact that they have had this leader, this guide and object-lesson, to show them how to take the money and effort that had hitherto been scattered to the wind in mortgages and high rents, in whiskey and gewgaws, and concentrate them in the direction of their own uplifting. One community on its feet presents an object-lesson for the adjoining communities, and soon improvements show themselves in other places.

Another student who received academic and industrial training at Tuskegee established himself, three years ago, as a blacksmith and wheelwright in a community, and, in addition to the influence of his successful business enterprise, he is fast making the same kind of changes in the life of the people about him that I have just recounted. It would be easy for me to fill many pages describing the influence of the Tuskegee graduates in every part of the South. We keep it constantly in the minds of our students and graduates that the industrial or material condition of the masses of our people must be improved, as well as the intellectual, before there can be any permanent change in their moral and religious life. We find it a pretty hard thing to make a good Christian of a hungry man. No matter how much our people "get happy" and "shout" in church, if they go home at night from church hungry, they are tempted to find something before morning. This is a principle of human nature, and is not confined to the negro.

The negro has within him immense power for self-uplifting, but for years it will be necessary to guide and stimulate him. The recognition of this power led us to organize, five years ago, what is now known as the Tuskegee Negro Conference,--a gathering that meets every February, and is composed of about eight hundred representative colored men and women from all sections of the Black Belt. They come in ox-carts, mule-carts, buggies, on muleback and horseback, on foot, by railroad: some traveling all night in order to be present. The matters considered at the conferences are those that the colored people have it within their own power to control: such as the evils of the mortgage system, the one-room cabin, buying on credit, the importance of owning a home and of putting money in the bank, how to build schoolhouses and prolong the school term, and how to improve their moral and religious condition.

As a single example of the results, one delegate reported that since the conferences were started five years ago eleven people in his neighborhood had bought homes, fourteen had got out of debt, and a number had stopped mortgaging their crops. Moreover, a schoolhouse had been built by the people themselves, and the school term had been extended from three to six months; and with a look of triumph he exclaimed, "We is done stopped libin' in de ashes!"

Besides this Negro Conference for the masses of the people, we now have a gathering at the same time known as the Workers' Conference, composed of the officers and instructors in the leading colored schools of the South. After listening to the story of the conditions and needs from the people themselves, the Workers' Conference finds much food for thought and discussion.

Nothing else so soon brings about right relations between the two races in the South as the industrial progress of the negro. Friction between the races will pass away in proportion as the black man, by reason of his skill, intelligence, and character, can produce something that the white man wants or respects in the commercial world. This is another reason why at Tuskegee we push the industrial training. We find that as every year we put into a Southern community colored men who can start a brick-yard, a sawmill, a tin-shop, or a printing-office,--men who produce something that makes the white man partly dependent upon the negro, instead of all the dependence being on the other side,--a change takes place in the relations of the races.

Let us go on for a few more years knitting our business and industrial relations into those of the white man, till a black man gets a mortgage on a white man's house that he can foreclose at will. The white man on whose house the mortgage rests will not try to prevent that negro from voting when he goes to the polls. It is through the dairy farm, the truck garden, the trades, and commercial life, largely, that the negro is to find his way to the enjoyment of all his rights. Whether he will or not, a white man respects a negro who owns a two-story brick house.

What is the permanent value of the Tuskegee system of training to the South in a broader sense? In connection with this, it is well to bear in mind that slavery taught the white man that labor with the hands was something fit for the negro only, and something for the white man to come into contact with just as little as possible. It is true that there was a large class of poor white people who labored with the hands, but they did it because they were not able to secure negroes to work for them; and these poor whites were constantly trying to imitate the slave-holding class in escaping labor, and they too regarded it as anything but elevating. The negro in turn looked down upon the poor whites with a certain contempt because they had to work. The negro, it is to be borne in mind, worked under constant protest, because he felt that his labor was being unjustly required, and he spent almost as much effort in planning how to escape work as in learning how to work. Labor with him was a badge of degradation. The white man was held up before him as the highest type of civilization, but the negro noted that this highest type of civilization himself did no labor; hence he argued that the less work he did, the more nearly he would be like a white man. Then, in addition to these influences, the slave system discouraged labor-saving machinery. To use labor-saving machinery intelligence was required, and intelligence and slavery were not on friendly terms; hence the negro always associated labor with toil, drudgery, something to be escaped. When the negro first became free, his idea of education was that it was something that would soon put him in the same position as regards work that his recent master had occupied. Out of these conditions grew the Southern habit of putting off till to-morrow and the day after the duty that should be done promptly to-day. The leaky house was not repaired while the sun shone, for then the rain did not come through. While the rain was falling, no one cared to expose himself to stop the leak. The plough, on the same principle, was left where the last furrow was run, to rot and rust in the field during the winter. There was no need to repair the wooden chimney that was exposed to the fire, because water could be thrown on it when it was on fire. There was no need to trouble about the payment of a debt to-day, for it could just as well be paid next week or next year. Besides these conditions, the whole South, at the close of the war, was without proper food, clothing, and shelter,--was in need of habits of thrift and economy and of something laid up for a rainy day.

To me it seemed perfectly plain that here was a condition of things that could not be met by the ordinary process of education. At Tuskegee we became convinced that the thing to do was to make a careful systematic study of the condition and needs of the South, especially the Black Belt, and to bend our efforts in the direction of meeting these needs, whether we were following a well-beaten track, or were hewing out a new path to meet conditions probably without a parallel in the world. After fourteen years of experience and observation, what is the result? Gradually but surely, we find that all through the South the disposition to look upon labor as a disgrace is on the wane, and the parents who themselves sought to escape work are so anxious to give their children training in intelligent labor that every institution which gives training in the handicrafts is crowded, and many (among them Tuskegee) have to refuse admission to hundreds of applicants. The influence of the Tuskegee system is shown again by the fact that almost every little school at the remotest cross-roads is anxious to be known as an industrial school, or, as some of the colored people call it, an "industrus" school.

The social lines that were once sharply drawn between those who labored with the hand and those who did not are disappearing. Those who formerly sought to escape labor, now when they see that brains and skill rob labor of the toil and drudgery once associated with it, instead of trying to avoid it are willing to pay to be taught how to engage in it. The South is beginning to see labor raised up, dignified and beautified, and in this sees its salvation. In proportion as the love of labor grows, the large idle class which has long been one of the curses of the South disappears. As its members become absorbed in occupations, they have less time to attend to everybody else's business, and more time for their own.

The South is still an undeveloped and unsettled country, and for the next half century and more the greater part of the energy of the masses will be needed to develop its material opportunities. Any force that brings the rank and file of the people to a greater love of industry is therefore especially valuable. This result industrial education is surely bringing about. It stimulates production and increases trade,--trade between the races,--and in this new and engrossing relation both forget the past. The white man respects the vote of the colored man who does $10,000 worth of business, and the more business the colored man has, the more careful he is how he votes.

Immediately after the war, there was a large class of Southern people who feared that the opening of the free schools to the freedmen and the poor whites--the education of the head alone--would result merely in increasing the class who sought to escape labor, and that the South would soon be overrun by the idle and vicious. But as the results of industrial combined with academic training begin to show themselves in hundreds of communities that have been lifted up through the medium of the Tuskegee system, these former prejudices against education are being removed. Many of those who a few years ago opposed general education are now among its warmest advocates.

This industrial training, emphasizing as it does the idea of economic production, is gradually bringing the South to the point where it is feeding itself. Before the war, and long after it, the South made what little profit was received from the cotton crop, and sent its earnings out of the South to purchase food supplies,--meat, bread, canned vegetables, and the like; but the improved methods of agriculture are fast changing this habit. With the newer methods of labor, which teach promptness and system, and emphasize the worth of the beautiful,--the moral value of the well-painted house, and the fence with every paling and nail in its place,--we are bringing to bear upon the South an influence that is making it a new country in industry, education, and religion.

THE STORY OF UNCLE TOM'S CABIN by Charles Dudley Warner

On the 29th of June, 1852, Henry Clay died. In that month the two great political parties, in their national conventions, had accepted as a finality all the compromise measures of 1850, and the last hours of the Kentucky statesman were brightened by the thought that his efforts had secured the perpetuity of the Union.

But on the 20th of March, 1852, there had been an event, the significance of which was not taken into account by the political conventions or by Clay, which was to test the conscience of the nation. This was the publication of Uncle Tom's Cabin. Was this only an "event," the advent of a new force in politics; was the book merely an abolition pamphlet, or was it a novel, one of the few great masterpieces of fiction that the world has produced? After the lapse of forty-four years and the disappearance of African slavery on this continent, it is perhaps possible to consider this question dispassionately.

The compromise of 1850 satisfied neither the North nor the South. The admission of California as a free State was regarded by Calhoun as fatal to the balance between the free and the slave States, and thereafter a fierce agitation sprang up for the recovery of this loss of balance, and ultimately for Southern preponderance, which resulted in the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the Kansas-Nebraska war, and the civil war. The fugitive slave law was hateful to the North not only because it was cruel and degrading, but because it was seen to be a move formed for nationalizing slavery. It was unsatisfactory to the South because it was deemed inadequate in its provisions, and because the South did not believe the North would execute it in good faith. So unstable did the compromise seem that in less than a year after the passage of all its measures, Henry Clay and forty-four Senators and Representatives united in a manifesto declaring that they would support no man for office who was not known to be opposed to any disturbance of the settlements of the compromise. When, in February, 1851, the recaptured fugitive slave, Burns, was rescued from the United States officers in Boston, Clay urged the investment of the President with extraordinary power to enforce the law.

Henry Clay was a patriot, a typical American. The republic and its preservation were the passions of his life. Like Lincoln, who was born in the State of his adoption, he was willing to make almost any sacrifice for the maintenance of the Union. He had no sympathy with the system of slavery. There is no doubt that he would have been happy in the belief that it was in the way of gradual

and peaceful extinction. With him, it was always the Union before state rights and before slavery. Unlike Lincoln, he had not the clear vision to see that the republic could not endure half slave and half free. He believed that the South, appealing to the compromises of the Constitution, would sacrifice the Union before it would give up slavery, and in fear of this menace he begged the North to conquer its prejudices. We are not liable to overrate his influence as a compromising pacificator from 1832 to 1852. History will no doubt say that it was largely due to him that the war on the Union was postponed to a date when its success was impossible.

It was the fugitive slave law that brought the North face to face with slavery nationalized, and it was the fugitive slave law that produced Uncle Tom's Cabin. The effect of this story was immediate and electric. It went straight to the hearts of tens of thousands of people who had never before considered slavery except as a political institution for which they had no personal responsibility. What was this book, and how did it happen to produce such an effect? It is true that it struck into a time of great irritation and agitation, but in one sense there was nothing new in it. The facts had all been published. For twenty years abolition tracts, pamphlets, newspapers, and books had left little to be revealed, to those who cared to read, as to the nature of slavery or its economic aspects. The evidence was practically all in,--supplied largely by the advertisements of Southern newspapers and by the legislation of the slaveholding States,--but it did not carry conviction; that is, the sort of conviction that results in action. The subject had to be carried home to the conscience. Pamphleteering, convention-holding, sermons, had failed to do this. Even the degrading requirements of the fugitive slave law, which brought shame and humiliation, had not sufficed to fuse the public conscience, emphasize the necessity of obedience to the moral law, and compel recognition of the responsibility of the North for slavery. Evidence had not done this, passionate appeals had not done it, vituperation had not done it. What sort of presentation of the case would gain the public ear and go to the heart? If Mrs. Stowe, in all her fervor, had put forth first the facts in The Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin, which so buttressed her romance, the book would have had no more effect than had followed the like compilations and arraignments. What was needed? If we can discover this, we shall have the secret of this epoch-making novel.

The story of this book has often been told. It is in the nature of a dramatic incident of which the reader never tires any more than the son of Massachusetts does of the minutest details of that famous scene in the Senate Chamber when Webster replied to Hayne.

At the age of twenty-four the author was married and went to live in Cincinnati, where her husband held a chair in the Lane Theological Seminary. There for the first time she was brought into relations with the African race and saw the effects of slavery. She visited slaveholders in Kentucky and had friends among them. In some homes she saw the "patriarchal" institution at its best. The Beecher family were anti-slavery, but they had not been identified with the abolitionists, except perhaps Edward, who was associated with the murdered Lovejoy. It was long a reproach brought by the abolitionists against Henry Ward Beecher that he held entirely aloof from their movement. At Cincinnati, however, the personal aspects of the case were brought home to Mrs. Stowe. She learned the capacities and peculiarities of the negro race. They were her servants; she taught some of them; hunted fugitives applied to her; she ransomed some by her own efforts; every day there came to her knowledge stories of the hunger for freedom, of the ruthless separation of man and wife and mother and child, and of the heroic sufferings of those who ran away from the fearful doom of those "sold down South." These things crowded upon her mind and awoke her deepest compassion. But what could she do against all the laws, the political and commercial interests, the great public apathy? Relieve a case here and there, yes. But to dwell upon the gigantic evil, with no means of making head against it, was to invite insanity.

As late as 1850, when Professor Stowe was called to Bowdoin College, and the family removed to Brunswick, Maine, Mrs. Stowe had not felt impelled to the duty she afterwards undertook. "In fact, it was a sort of general impression upon her mind, as upon that of many humane people in those days, that the subject was so dark and painful a one, so involved in difficulty and obscurity, so utterly beyond human hope or help, that it was of no use to read, or think, or distress one's self about it." But when she reached New England the excitement over the fugitive slave law was at its height. There was a panic in Boston among the colored people settled there, who were daily fleeing to Canada. Every mail brought her pitiful letters from Boston, from Illinois, and elsewhere, of the terror and despair caused by the law. Still more was the impressed by the apathy of the Christian world at the North, and surely, she said, the people did not understand what the "system" was. Appeals were made to her, who had some personal knowledge of the subject, to take up her pen. The task seemed beyond her in every way. She was not strong, she was in the midst of heavy domestic cares, with a young infant, with pupils to whom she was giving daily lessons, and the limited income of the family required the strictest economy. The dependence was upon the small salary of Professor Stowe, and the few dollars she could earn by an occasional newspaper or magazine article. But the theme burned in her mind, and finally took this shape: at least she would write some sketches and show the Christian world what slavery really was, and what the system was that they were defending. She wanted to do this with entire fairness, showing all the mitigations of the "patriarchal" system, and all that individuals concerned in it

could do to alleviate its misery. While pondering this she came by chance, in a volume of an anti-slavery magazine, upon the authenticated account of the escape of a woman with her child on the ice across the Ohio River from Kentucky. She began to meditate. The faithful slave husband in Kentucky, who had refused to escape from a master who trusted him, when he was about to be sold "down river," came to her as a pattern of Uncle Tom, and the scenes of the story began to form themselves in her mind. "The first part of the book ever committed to writing [this is the statement of Mrs. Stowe] was the death of Uncle Tom. This scene presented itself almost as a tangible vision to her mind while sitting at the communion-table in the little church in Brunswick. She was perfectly overcome by it, and could scarcely restrain the convulsion of tears and sobbings that shook her frame. She hastened home and wrote it, and her husband being away, read it to her two sons of ten and twelve years of age. The little fellows broke out into convulsions of weeping, one of them saying through his sobs, 'Oh, mamma, slavery is the most cursed thing in the world!' From that time the story can less be said to have been composed by her than imposed upon her. Scenes, incidents, conversations rushed upon her with a vividness and importunity that would not be denied. The book insisted upon getting itself into being, and would take no denial."

When two or three chapters were written she wrote to her friend, Dr. Bailey, of Washington, the editor of The National Era, to which she had contributed, that she was planning a story that might run through several numbers of the Era. The story was at once applied for, and thereafter weekly installments were sent on regularly, in spite of all cares and distractions. The installments were mostly written during the morning, on a little desk in a corner of the dining-room of the cottage in Brunswick, subject to all the interruptions of house-keeping, her children bursting into the room continually with the importunity of childhood. But they did not break the spell or destroy her abstraction. With a smile and a word and a motion of the hand she would wave them off, and keep on in her magician's work. Long afterwards they recalled this, dimly understood at the time, and wondered at her power of concentration. Usually at night the chapters were read to the family, who followed the story with intense feeling. The narrative ran on for nine months, exciting great interest among the limited readers of the Era, and gaining sympathetic words from the anti-slavery people, but without making any wide impression on the public.

We may pause here in the narrative to note two things: the story was not the work of a novice, and it was written out of abundant experience and from an immense mass of accumulated thought and material. Mrs. Stowe was in her fortieth year. She had been using her pen since she was twelve years old, in extensive correspondence, in occasional essays, in short stories and sketches, some of which appeared in a volume called The Mayflower, published in 1843, and for many years her writing for newspapers and periodicals had added appreciably to the small family income. She was in the maturity of her intellectual powers, she was trained in the art of writing, and she had, as Walter Scott had when he began the Waverley Novels at the age of forty-three, abundant store of materials on which to draw. To be sure, she was on fire with a moral purpose, but she had the dramatic instinct, and she felt that her object would not be reached by writing an abolition tract.

"In shaping her material the author had but one purpose, to show the institution of slavery truly, just as it existed. She had visited in Kentucky; had formed the acquaintance of people who were just, upright, and generous, and yet slave-holders. She had heard their views, and appreciated their situation; she felt that justice required that their difficulties should be recognized and their virtues acknowledged. It was her object to show that the evils of slavery were the inherent evils of a bad system, and not always the fault of those who had become involved in it and were its actual administrators. Then she was convinced that the presentation of slavery alone, in its most dreadful forms, would be a picture of such unrelieved horror and darkness as nobody could be induced to look at. Of set purpose, she sought to light up the darkness by humorous and grotesque episodes, and the presentation of the milder and more amusing phases of slavery, for which her recollection of the never-failing wit and drollery of her former colored friends in Ohio gave her abundant material."

This is her own account of the process, years after. But it is evident that, whether consciously or unconsciously, she did but follow the inevitable law of all great dramatic creators and true story-tellers since literature began.

For this story Mrs. Stowe received from the Era the sum of three hundred dollars. Before it was finished it attracted the attention of Mr. J. P. Jewett, of Boston, a young and then unknown publisher, who offered to issue it in book form. His offer was accepted, but as the tale ran on he became alarmed at its length, and wrote to the author that she was making the story too long for a one-volume novel; that the subject was unpopular; that people would not willingly hear much about it; that one short volume might possibly sell, but that if it grew to two that might prove a fatal obstacle to its success. Mrs. Stowe replied that she did not make the story, that the story made itself, and that she could not stop it till it was done. The publisher hesitated. It is said that a competent literary critic to whom he submitted it sat up all night with the novel, and then reported, "The story has life in it; it will sell." Mr. Jewett proposed to Professor Stowe to publish it on half profits if he would share the expenses. This offer was declined, for the Stowes had no money

to advance, and the common royalty of ten per cent on the sales was accepted.

Mrs. Stowe was not interested in this business transaction. She was thinking only of having the book circulated for the effect she had at heart. The intense absorption in the story held her until the virtual end in the death of Uncle Tom, and then it seemed as if the whole vital force had left her. She sank into a profound discouragement. Would this appeal, which she had written with her heart's blood, go for nothing, as all the prayers and tears and strivings had already gone? When the last proof sheets left her hands, "it seemed to her that there was no hope; that nobody would read, nobody would pity; that this frightful system, which had already pursued its victims into the free States, might at last even threaten them in Canada." Resolved to leave nothing undone to attract attention to her cause, she wrote letters and ordered copies of her novel sent to men of prominence who had been known for their anti-slavery sympathies,--to Prince Albert, Macaulay, Charles Dickens, Charles Kingsley, and Lord Carlisle. Then she waited for the result.

She had not long to wait. The success of the book was immediate. Three thousand copies were sold the first day, within a few days ten thousand copies had gone, on the 1st of April a second edition went to press, and thereafter eight presses running day and night were barely able to keep pace with the demand for it. Within a year three hundred thousand copies were sold. No work of fiction ever spread more quickly throughout the reading community or awakened a greater amount of public feeling. It was read by everybody, learned and unlearned, high and low, for it was an appeal to universal human sympathy, and the kindling of this spread the book like wildfire. At first it seemed to go by acclamation. But this was not altogether owing to sympathy with the theme. I believe that it was its power as a novel that carried it largely. The community was generally apathetic when it was not hostile to any real effort to be rid of slavery. This presently appeared. At first there were few dissenting voices from the chorus of praise. But when the effect of the book began to be evident it met with an opposition fiercer and more personal than the great wave of affectionate thankfulness which greeted it at first. The South and the defenders and apologists of slavery everywhere were up in arms. It was denounced in pulpit and in press, and some of the severest things were said of it at the North. The leading religious newspaper of the country, published in New York, declared that it was "anti-Christian."

Mrs. Stowe was twice astonished: first by its extraordinary sale, and second by the quarter from which the assault on it came. She herself says that her expectations were strikingly different from the facts. "She had painted slaveholders as amiable, generous, and just. She had shown examples among them of the noblest and most beautiful traits of character; had admitted fully their temptations, their perplexities, and their difficulties, so that a friend of hers who had many relatives in the South wrote to her: 'Your book is going to be the great pacificator; it will unite both North and South.' Her expectation was that the professed abolitionists would denounce it as altogether too mild in its dealings with slaveholders. To her astonishment, it was the extreme abolitionists who received, and the entire South who rose up against it."

There is something almost amusing in Mrs. Stowe's honest expectation that the deadliest blow the system ever suffered should have been received thankfully by those whose traditions, education, and interests were all bound up in it. And yet from her point of view it was not altogether unreasonable. Her blackest villain and most loathsome agent of the system, Legree, was a native of Vermont. All her wrath falls upon the slave-traders, the auctioneers, the public whippers, and the overseers, and all these persons and classes were detested by the Southerners to the point of loathing, and were social outcasts. The slave-traders and the overseers were tolerated as perhaps necessary in the system, but they were never admitted into respectable society. This feeling Mrs. Stowe regarded as a condemnation of the system.

Pecuniary reward was the last thing that Mrs. Stowe expected for her disinterested labor, but it suits the world's notion of the fitness of things that this was not altogether wanting. For the millions of copies of Uncle Tom scattered over the world the author could expect nothing, but in her own country her copyright yielded her a moderate return that lifted her out of poverty and enabled her to pursue her philanthropic and literary career. Four months after the publication of the book Professor Stowe was in the publisher's office, and Mr. Jewett asked him how much he expected to receive. "I hope," said Professor Stowe, with a whimsical smile, "that it will be enough to buy my wife a silk dress." The publisher handed him a check for ten thousand dollars.

Before Mrs. Stowe had a response to the letters accompanying the books privately sent to England, the novel was getting known there. Its career in Great Britain paralleled its success in America. In April a copy reached London in the hands of a gentleman who had taken it on the steamer to read. He gave it to Mr. Henry Vizetelly, who submitted it to Mr. David Bogue, a man known for his shrewdness and enterprise. He took a night to consider it, and then declined it, although it was offered to him for five pounds. A Mr. Gilpin also declined it. It was then submitted to Mr. Salisbury, a printer. This taster for the public sat up with the book till four o'clock in the morning, alternately weeping and laughing. Fearing, however, that this result was due to his own weakness, he woke up his

wife, whom he describes as a rather strong-minded woman, and finding that the story kept her awake and made her also laugh and cry, he thought it might safely be printed. It seems, therefore, that Mr. Vizetelly ventured to risk five pounds, and the volume was brought out through the nominal agency of Clarke & Company. In the first week an edition of seven thousand was worked off. It made no great stir until the middle of June, but during July it sold at the rate of one thousand a week. By the 20th of August the demand for it was overwhelming. The printing firm was then employing four hundred people in getting it out, and seventeen printing-machines, besides hand-presses. Already one hundred and fifty thousand copies were sold. Mr. Vizetelly disposed of his interest, and a new printing firm began to issue monster editions. About this time the publishers awoke to the fact that any one was at liberty to reprint the book, and the era of cheap literature was initiated, founded on American reprints which cost the publisher no royalty. A shilling edition followed the one-and-sixpence, and then one complete for sixpence. As to the total sale, Mr. Sampson Low reports: "From April to December, 1852, twelve different editions (not reissues) were published, and within the twelve months of its first appearance eighteen different London publishing houses were engaged in supplying the great demand that had set in, the total number of editions being forty, varying from fine illustrated editions at 15s., 10s., and 7s. 6d. to the cheap popular editions of 1s. 9d. and 6d. After carefully analyzing these editions and weighing probabilities with ascertained facts, I am able pretty confidently to say that the aggregate number of copies circulated in Great Britain and the colonies exceeds one and a half millions." Later, abridgments were published.

Almost simultaneously with this furor in England the book made its way on the Continent. Several translations appeared in Germany and France, and for the authorized French edition Mrs. Stowe wrote a new preface, which served thereafter for most of the European editions. I find no record of the order of the translations of the book into foreign languages, but those into some of the Oriental tongues did not appear till several years after the great excitement. The ascertained translations are into twenty-three tongues, namely: Arabic, Armenian, Chinese, Danish, Dutch, Finnish, Flemish, French, German, Hungarian, Illyrian, Italian, Japanese, Polish, Portuguese, modern Greek, Russian, Servian, Siamese, Spanish, Swedish, Wallachian, and Welsh. Into some of these languages several translations were made. In 1878 the British Museum contained thirty-five editions of the original text, and eight editions of abridgments or adaptations.

The story was dramatized in the United States in August, 1852, without the consent or knowledge of the author, and was played most successfully in the leading cities, and subsequently was acted in every capital in Europe. Mrs. Stowe had neglected to secure the dramatic rights, and she derived no benefit from the great popularity of a drama which still holds the stage. From the phenomenal sale of a book which was literally read by the whole world, the author received only the ten per cent on the American editions, and by the laws of her own country her copyright expired before her death.

The narrative of the rise and fortunes of this book would be incomplete without some reference to the response that the author received from England and the Continent, and of her triumphant progress through the British Isles. Her letters accompanying the special copies were almost immediately replied to, generally in terms of enthusiastic and fervent thankfulness for the book, and before midsummer her mail contained letters from all classes of English society. In some of them appeared a curious evidence of the English sensitiveness to criticism. Lord Carlisle and Sir Arthur Helps supplemented their admiration by a protest against the remark in the mouth of one of the characters that "slaves are better off than a large class of the population of England." This occurred in the defense of the institution by St. Clare, but it was treated by the British correspondents as the opinion of Mrs. Stowe. The charge was disposed of in Mrs. Stowe's reply: "The remark on that subject occurs in the dramatic part of the book, in the mouth of an intelligent Southerner. As a fair-minded person, bound to state for both sides all that could be said, in the person of St. Clare, the best that could be said on that point, and what I know IS in fact constantly reiterated, namely, that the laboring class of the South are in many respects, as to physical comfort, in a better condition than the poor in England. This is the slaveholder's stereo-typed apology; a defense it cannot be, unless two wrongs make one right."

In April, 1853, Mr. and Mrs. Stowe and the latter's brother, Charles Beecher, sailed for Europe. Her reception there was like a royal progress. She was met everywhere by deputations and addresses, and the enthusiasm her presence called forth was thoroughly democratic, extending from the highest in rank to the lowest. At Edinburgh there was presented to her a national penny offering, consisting of a thousand golden sovereigns on a magnificent silver salver, an unsolicited contribution in small sums by the people.

At a reception in Stafford House, London, the Duchess of Sutherland presented her with a massive gold bracelet, which has an interesting history. It is made of ten oval links in imitation of slave fetters. On two of the links were the inscriptions "March 25, 1807," the date of the abolition of the slave-trade, and "August 1, 1838," the date of the abolition of slavery in all British territory. The third inscription is "562,848--March 19, 1853," the date of the address of the women of England to the women of America on slavery,

and the number of the women who signed. It was Mrs. Stowe's privilege to add to these inscriptions the following: "Emancipation D. C. Apl. 16, '62;" "President's Proclamation Jan. 1, '63;" "Maryland free Oct. 13, '64;" "Missouri free Jan. 11, '65;" and on the clasp link, "Constitution amended by Congress Jan. 31, '65. Constitutional Amendment ratified." Two of the links are vacant. What will the progress of civilization in America offer for the links nine and ten?

One of the most remarkable documents which resulted from Uncle Tom was an address from the women of England to the women of America, acknowledging the complicity in slavery of England, but praying aid in removing from the world "our common crimes and common dishonor," which was presented to Mrs. Stowe in 1853. It was the result of a meeting at Stafford House, and the address, composed by Lord Shaftesbury, was put into the hands of canvassers in England and on the Continent, and as far as Jerusalem. The signatures of 562,848 women were obtained, with their occupations and residences, from the nobility on the steps of the throne down to maids in the kitchen. The address is handsomely engrossed on vellum. The names are contained in twenty-six massive volumes, each fourteen inches high by nine in breadth and three inches thick, inclosed in an oak case. It is believed that this is the most numerously signed address in existence. The value of the address, with so many names collected in haphazard fashion, was much questioned, but its use was apparent in the height of the civil war, when Mrs. Stowe replied to it in one of the most vigorous and noble appeals that ever came from her pen. This powerful reply made a profound impression in England.

This is in brief the story of the book. It is still read, and read the world over, with tears and with laughter; it is still played to excited audiences. Is it a great novel, or was it only an event of an era of agitation and passion? Has it the real dramatic quality--the poet's visualizing of human life--that makes works of fiction, of imagination, live? Till recently, I had not read the book since 1852. I feared to renew acquaintance with it lest I should find only the shell of an exploded cartridge. I took it up at the beginning of a three-hours' railway journey. To my surprise the journey did not seem to last half an hour, and half the time I could not keep back the tears from my eyes. A London critic, full of sympathy with Mrs. Stowe and her work, recently said, "Yet she was not an artist, she was not a great woman." What is greatness? What is art? In 1862 probably no one who knew General Grant would have called him a great man. But he took Vicksburg. This woman did something with her pen,--on the whole, the most remarkable and effective book in her generation. How did she do it? Without art? George Sand said, "In matters of art there is but one rule, to paint and to move. And where shall we find conditions more complete, types more vivid, situations more touching, more original, than in Uncle Tom?" If there is not room in our art for such a book, I think we shall have to stretch our art a little. "Women, too, are here judged and painted with a master hand." This subtle critic, in her overpoweringly tender and enthusiastic review, had already inquired about the capacity of this writer. "Mrs. Stowe is all instinct; it is the very reason that she appears to some not to have talent. Has she not talent? What is talent? Nothing, doubtless, compared to genius; but has she genius? I cannot say that she has talent as one understands it in the world of letters, but she has genius as humanity feels the need of genius,--the genius of goodness, not that of the man of letters, but of the saint." It is admitted that Mrs. Stowe was not a woman of letters in the common acceptation of that term, and it is plain that in the French tribunal, where form is of the substance of the achievement, and which reluctantly overlooked the crudeness of Walter Scott, in France where the best English novel seems a violation of established canons, Uncle Tom would seem to belong where some modern critics place it, with works of the heart, and not of the head. The reviewer is, however, candid: "For a long time we have striven in France against the prolix explanations of Walter Scott. We have cried out against those of Balzac, but on consideration have perceived that the painter of manners and character has never done too much, that every stroke of the pencil was needed for the general effect. Let us learn then to appreciate all kinds of treatment, where the effect is good, and where they bear the seal of a master hand."

It must be admitted to the art critic that the book is defective according to the rules of the modern French romance; that Mrs. Stowe was possessed by her subject, and let her fervid interest in it be felt; that she had a definite purpose. That purpose was to quicken the sense of responsibility of the North by showing the real character of slavery, and to touch the South by showing that the inevitable wrong of it lay in the system rather than in those involved in it. Abundant material was in her hands, and the author burned to make it serviceable. What should she do? She might have done what she did afterwards in The Key, presented to the public a mass of statistics, of legal documents. The evidence would have been unanswerable, but the jury might not have been moved by it; they would have balanced it by considerations of political and commercial expediency. I presume that Mrs. Stowe made no calculation of this kind. She felt her course, and went on in it. What would an artist have done, animated by her purpose and with her material? He would have done what Cervantes did, what Tourgenieff did, what Mrs. Stowe did. He would have dramatized his facts in living personalities, in effective scenes, in vivid pictures of life. Mrs. Stowe exhibited the system of slavery by a succession of dramatized pictures, not always artistically welded together, but always effective as an exhibition of the system. Cervantes also showed a fading feudal romantic condition by a series of amusing and pathetic adventures, grouped rather loosely

about a singularly fascinating figure.

Tourgenieff, a more consummate artist, in his hunting scenes exhibited the effect of serfdom upon society, in a series of scenes with no necessary central figure, without comment, and with absolute concealment of any motive. I believe the three writers followed their instincts, without an analytic argument as to the method, as the great painter follows his when he puts an idea upon canvas. He may invent a theory about it afterwards; if he does not, some one else will invent it for him. There are degrees of art. One painter will put in unnecessary accessories, another will exhibit his sympathy too openly, the technique or the composition of another can be criticised. But the question is, is the picture great and effective?

Mrs. Stowe had not Tourgenieff's artistic calmness. Her mind was fused into a white heat with her message. Yet, how did she begin her story? Like an artist, by a highly dramatized scene, in which the actors, by a few strokes of the pen, appear as distinct and unmistakable personalities, marked by individual peculiarities of manner, speech, motive, character, living persons in natural attitudes. The reader becomes interested in a shrewd study of human nature, of a section of life, with its various refinement, coarseness, fastidiousness and vulgarity, its humor and pathos. As he goes on he discovers that every character has been perfectly visualized, accurately limned from the first; that a type has been created which remains consistent, which is never deflected from its integrity by any exigencies of plot. This clear conception of character (not of earmarks and peculiarities adopted as labels), and faithful adhesion to it in all vicissitudes, is one of the rarest and highest attributes of genius. All the chief characters in the book follow this line of absolutely consistent development, from Uncle Tom and Legree down to the most aggravating and contemptible of all, Marie St. Clare. The selfish and hysterical woman has never been so faithfully depicted by any other author.

Distinguished as the novel is by its character-drawing and its pathos, I doubt if it would have captivated the world without its humor. This is of the old-fashioned kind, the large humor of Scott, and again of Cervantes, not verbal pleasantry, not the felicities of Lamb, but the humor of character in action, of situations elaborated with great freedom, and with what may be called a hilarious conception. This quality is never wanting in the book, either for the reader's entertainment by the way, or to heighten the pathos of the narrative by contrast. The introduction of Topsy into the New Orleans household saves us in the dangerous approach to melodrama in the religious passages between Tom and St. Clare. Considering the opportunities of the subject, the book has very little melodrama; one is apt to hear low music on the entrance of little Eva, but we are convinced of the wholesome sanity of the sweet child. And it is to be remarked that some of the most exciting episodes, such as that of Eliza crossing the Ohio River on the floating ice (of which Mr. Ruskin did not approve), are based upon authentic occurrences. The want of unity in construction of which the critics complain is partially explained by the necessity of exhibiting the effect of slavery in its entirety. The parallel plots, one running to Louisiana and the other to Canada, are tied together by this consideration, and not by any real necessity to each other.

There is no doubt that Mrs. Stowe was wholly possessed by her theme, rapt away like a prophet in a vision, and that, in her feeling at the time, it was written through her quite as much as by her. This idea grew upon her mind in the retrospective light of the tremendous stir the story made in the world, so that in her later years she came to regard herself as a providential instrument, and frankly to declare that she did not write the book; "God wrote it." In her own account, when she reached the death of Uncle Tom, "the whole vital force left her." The inspiration there left her, and the end of the story, the weaving together of all the loose ends of the plot, in the joining together almost by miracle the long separated, and the discovery of the relationships, is the conscious invention of the novelist.

It would be perhaps going beyond the province of the critic to remark upon what the author considered the central power of the story, and its power to move the world, the faith of Uncle Tom in the Bible. This appeal to the emotion of millions of readers cannot, however, be overlooked. Many regard the book as effective in regions remote from our perplexities by reason of this grace. When the work was translated into Siamese, the perusal of it by one of the ladies of the court induced her to liberate all her slaves, men, women, and children, one hundred and thirty in all. "Hidden Perfume," for that was the English equivalent of her name, said she was wishful to be good like Harriet Beecher Stowe. And as to the standpoint of Uncle Tom and the Bible, nothing more significant can be cited than this passage from one of the latest writings of Heinrich Heine:--

"The reawakening of my religious feelings I owe to that holy book the Bible. Astonishing that after I have whirled about all my life over all the dance-floors of philosophy, and yielded myself to all the orgies of the intellect, and paid my addresses to all possible systems, without satisfaction like Messalina after a licentious night, I now find myself on the same standpoint where poor Uncle Tom stands,--on that of the Bible! I kneel down by my black brother in the same prayer! What a humiliation! With all my science I have come no further than the poor ignorant negro who has scarce learned to spell. Poor Tom, indeed, seems to have seen deeper things in the holy book than I.... Tom, perhaps, understands them better than I, because more flogging occurs in them; that is to

say, those ceaseless blows of the whip which have aesthetically disgusted me in reading the Gospels and the Acts. But a poor negro slave reads with his back, and understands better than we do. But I, who used to make citations from Homer, now begin to quote the Bible as Uncle Tom does."

The one indispensable requisite of a great work of imaginative fiction is its universality, its conception and construction so that it will appeal to universal human nature in all races and situations and climates. Uncle Tom's Cabin does that. Considering certain artistic deficiencies, which the French writers perceived, we might say that it was the timeliness of its theme that gave it currency in England and America. But that argument falls before the world-wide interest in it as a mere story, in so many languages, by races unaffected by our own relation to slavery.

It was the opinion of James Russell Lowell that the anti-slavery element in Uncle Tom and Dred stood in the way of a full appreciation, at least in her own country, of the remarkable genius of Mrs. Stowe. Writing in 1859, he said, "From my habits and the tendency of my studies I cannot help looking at things purely from an aesthetic point of view, and what I valued in Uncle Tom was the genius, and not the moral." This had been his impression when he read the book in Paris, long after the whirl of excitement produced by its publication had subsided, and far removed by distance from local influences. Subsequently, in a review, he wrote, "We felt then, and we believe now, that the secret of Mrs. Stowe's power lay in that same genius by which the great successes in creative literature have always been achieved,--the genius that instinctively goes to the organic elements of human nature, whether under a white skin or a black, and which disregards as trivial the conventions and fictitious notions which make so large a part both of our thinking and feeling.... The creative faculty of Mrs. Stowe, like that of Cervantes in Don Quixote and of Fielding in Joseph Andrews, overpowered the narrow specialty of her design, and expanded a local and temporary theme with the cosmopolitanism of genius."

A half-century is not much in the life of a people; it is in time an inadequate test of the staying power of a book. Nothing is more futile than prophecy on contemporary literary work. It is safe, however, to say that Uncle Tom's Cabin has the fundamental qualities, the sure insight into human nature, and the fidelity to the facts of its own time which have from age to age preserved works of genius.

STRIVINGS OF THE NEGRO PEOPLE by W. E. Burghardt Du Bois

Berween me and the other world there is ever an unasked question: unasked by some through feelings of delicacy; by others through the difficulty of rightly framing it. All, nevertheless, flutter round it. They approach me in a half-hesitant sort of way, eye me curiously or compassionately, and then, instead of saying directly, How does it feel to be a problem? they say, I know an excellent colored man in my town; or, I fought at Mechanicsville; or, Do not these Southern outrages make your blood boil? At these I smile, or am interested, or reduce the boiling to a simmer, as the occasion may require. To the real question, How does it feel to be a problem? I answer seldom a word.

And yet, being a problem is a strange experience,--peculiar even for one who has never been anything else, save perhaps in babyhood and in Europe. It is in the early days of rollicking boyhood that the revelation first bursts upon one, all in a day, as it were. I remember well when the shadow swept across me. I was a little thing, away up in the hills of New England, where the dark Housatonic winds between Hoosac and Taghanic to the sea. In a wee wooden schoolhouse, something put it into the boys' and girls' heads to buy gorgeous visiting-cards--ten cents a package--and exchange. The exchange was merry, till one girl, a tall newcomer, refused my card,--refused it peremptorily, with a glance. Then it dawned upon me with a certain suddenness that I was different from the others; or like, mayhap, in heart and life and longing, but shut out from their world by a vast veil. I had thereafter no desire to tear down that veil, to creep through; I held all beyond it in common contempt, and lived above it in a region of blue sky and great wandering shadows. That sky was bluest when I could beat my mates at examination-time, or beat them at a foot-race, or even beat their stringy heads. Alas, with the years all this fine contempt began to fade; for the world I longed for, and all its dazzling opportunities, were theirs, not mine. But they should not keep these prizes, I said; some, all, I would wrest from them. Just how I would do it I could never decide: by reading law, by healing the sick, by telling the wonderful tales that swam in my head,--some way. With other black boys the strife was not so fiercely sunny: their youth shrunk into tasteless sycophancy, or into silent hatred of the pale world about them and mocking distrust of everything white; or wasted itself in a bitter cry. Why did God make me an outcast and a stranger in mine own house? The "shades of the prison-house" closed round about us all: walls strait and stubborn to the whitest, but relentlessly narrow, tall, and unscalable to sons of night who must plod darkly on in resignation, or beat unavailing palms against the stone, or steadily, half hopelessly watch the streak of blue above.

After the Egyptian and Indian, the Greek and Roman, the Teuton and Mongolian, the Negro is a sort of seventh son, born with a veil, and gifted with second-sight in this American world,--a world which yields him no self-consciousness, but only lets him see himself through the revelation of the other world. It is a peculiar sensation, this double-consciousness, this sense of always looking at one's self through the eyes of others, of measuring one's soul by the tape of a world that looks on in amused contempt and pity. One ever feels his two-ness,--an American, a Negro; two souls, two thoughts, two unreconciled strivings; two warring ideals in one dark body, whose dogged strength alone keeps it from being torn asunder. The history of the American Negro is the history of this strife,--this longing to attain self-conscious manhood, to merge his double self into a better and truer self. In this merging he wishes neither of the older selves to be lost. He does not wish to Africanize America, for America has too much to teach the world and Africa; he does not wish to bleach his Negro blood in a flood of white Americanism, for he believes--foolishly, perhaps, but fervently--that Negro blood has yet a message for the world. He simply wishes to make it possible for a man to be both a Negro and an American without being cursed and spit upon by his fellows, without losing the opportunity of self-development.

This is the end of his striving: to be a co-worker in the kingdom of culture, to escape both death and isolation, and to husband and use his best powers. These powers, of body and of mind, have in the past been so wasted and dispersed as to lose all effectiveness, and to seem like absence of all power, like weakness. The double-aimed struggle of the black artisan, on the one hand to escape white contempt for a nation of mere hewers of wood and drawers of water, and on the other hand to plough and nail and dig for a poverty-stricken horde, could only result in making him a poor craftsman, for he had but half a heart in either cause. By the poverty and ignorance of his people the Negro lawyer or doctor was pushed toward quackery and demagogism, and by the criticism of the other world toward an elaborate preparation that overfitted him for his lowly tasks. The would-be black savant was confronted by the paradox that the knowledge his people needed was a twice-told tale to his white neighbors, while the knowledge which would teach the white world was Greek to his own flesh and blood. The innate love of harmony and beauty that set the ruder souls of his people a-dancing, a-singing, and a-laughing raised but confusion and doubt in the soul of the black artist; for the beauty revealed to him was the soul-beauty of a race which his larger audience despised, and he could not articulate the message of another people.

This waste of double aims, this seeking to satisfy two unreconciled ideals, has wrought sad havoc with the courage and faith and deeds of eight thousand thousand people, has sent them often wooing false gods and invoking false means of salvation, and has even at times seemed destined to make them ashamed of themselves. In the days of bondage they thought to see in one divine event the end of all doubt and disappointment; eighteenth-century Rousseauism never worshiped freedom with half the unquestioning faith that the American Negro did for two centuries. To him slavery was, indeed, the sum of all villainies, the cause of all sorrow, the root of all prejudice; emancipation was the key to a promised land of sweeter beauty than ever stretched before the eyes of wearied Israelites. In his songs and exhortations swelled one refrain, liberty; in his tears and curses the god he implored had freedom in his right hand. At last it came,--suddenly, fearfully, like a dream. With one wild carnival of blood and passion came the message in his own plaintive cadences:--

"Shout, O children! Shout, you're free! The Lord has bought your liberty!"

Years have passed away, ten, twenty, thirty. Thirty years of national life, thirty years of renewal and development, and yet the swarthy ghost of Banquo sits in its old place at the national feast. In vain does the nation cry to its vastest problem,--

"Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves Shall never tremble!"

The freedman has not yet found in freedom his promised land. Whatever of lesser good may have come in these years of change, the shadow of a deep disappointment rests upon the Negro people,--a disappointment all the more bitter because the unattained ideal was unbounded save by the simple ignorance of a lowly folk.

The first decade was merely a prolongation of the vain search for freedom, the boom that seemed ever barely to elude their grasp,--like a tantalizing will-o'-the-wisp, maddening and misleading the headless host. The holocaust of war, the terrors of the Kuklux Klan, the lies of carpet-baggers, the disorganization of industry, and the contradictory advice of friends and foes left the bewildered serf with no new watchword beyond the old cry for freedom. As the decade closed, however, he began to grasp a new idea. The ideal of liberty demanded for its attainment powerful means, and these the Fifteenth Amendment gave him. The ballot, which before he had looked upon as a visible sign of freedom, he now regarded as the chief means of gaining and perfecting the liberty with which war had partially endowed him. And why not? Had not votes made war and emancipated millions? Had not votes enfranchised the freedmen? Was anything impossible to a power that had done all this? A million black men started with renewed

zeal to vote themselves into the kingdom. The decade fled away,--a decade containing, to the freedman's mind, nothing but suppressed votes, stuffed ballot-boxes, and election outrages that nullified his vaunted right of suffrage. And yet that decade from 1875 to 1885 held another powerful movement, the rise of another ideal to guide the unguided, another pillar of fire by night after a clouded day. It was the ideal of "book-learning;" the curiosity, born of compulsory ignorance, to know and test the power of the cabalistic letters of the white man, the longing to know. Mission and night schools began in the smoke of battle, ran the gauntlet of reconstruction, and at last developed into permanent foundations. Here at last seemed to have been discovered the mountain path to Canaan; longer than the highway of emancipation and law, steep and rugged, but straight, leading to heights high enough to overlook life.

Up the new path the advance guard toiled, slowly, heavily, doggedly; only those who have watched and guided the faltering feet, the misty minds, the dull understandings of the dark pupils of these schools know how faithfully, how piteously, this people strove to learn. It was weary work. The cold statistician wrote down the inches of progress here and there, noted also where here and there a foot had slipped or some one had fallen. To the tired climbers, the horizon was ever dark, the mists were often cold, the Canaan was always dim and far away. If, however, the vistas disclosed as yet no goal, no resting-place, little but flattery and criticism, the journey at least gave leisure for reflection and self-examination; it changed the child of emancipation to the youth with dawning self-consciousness, self-realization, self-respect. In those sombre forests of his striving his own soul rose before him, and he saw himself,--darkly as through a veil; and yet he saw in himself some faint revelation of his power, of his mission. He began to have a dim feeling that, to attain his place in the world, he must be himself, and not another. For the first time he sought to analyze the burden he bore upon his back, that dead-weight of social degradation partially masked behind a half-named Negro problem. He felt his poverty; without a cent, without a home, without land, tools, or savings, he had entered into competition with rich, landed, skilled neighbors. To be a poor man is hard, but to be a poor race in a land of dollars is the very bottom of hardships. He felt the weight of his ignorance,--not simply of letters, but of life, of business, of the humanities; the accumulated sloth and shirking and awkwardness of decades and centuries shackled his hands and feet. Nor was his burden all poverty and ignorance. The red stain of bastardy, which two centuries of systematic legal defilement of Negro women had stamped upon his race, meant not only the loss of ancient African chastity, but also the hereditary weight of a mass of filth from white whoremongers and adulterers, threatening almost the obliteration of the Negro home.

A people thus handicapped ought not to be asked to race with the world, but rather allowed to give all its time and thought to its own social problems. But alas! while sociologists gleefully count his bastards and his prostitutes, the very soul of the toiling, sweating black man is darkened by the shadow of a vast despair. Men call the shadow prejudice, and learnedly explain it as the natural defense of culture against barbarism, learning against ignorance, purity against crime, the "higher" against the "lower" races. To which the Negro cries Amen! and swears that to so much of this strange prejudice as is founded on just homage to civilization, culture, righteousness, and progress he humbly bows and meekly does obeisance. But before that nameless prejudice that leaps beyond all this he stands helpless, dismayed, and well-nigh speechless; before that personal disrespect and mockery, the ridicule and systematic humiliation, the distortion of fact and wanton license of fancy, the cynical ignoring of the better and boisterous welcoming of the worse, the all-pervading desire to inculcate disdain for everything black, from Toussaint to the devil,--before this there rises a sickening despair that would disarm and discourage any nation save that black host to whom "discouragement" is an unwritten word.

They still press on, they still nurse the dogged hope,--not a hope of nauseating patronage, not a hope of reception into charmed social circles of stock-jobbers, pork-packers, and earl-hunters, but the hope of a higher synthesis of civilization and humanity, a true progress, with which the chorus

"Peace, good will to men," "May make one music as before, But vaster."

Thus the second decade of the American Negro's freedom was a period of conflict, of inspiration and doubt, of faith and vain questionings, of Sturm and Drang. The ideals of physical freedom, of political power, of school training, as separate all-sufficient panaceas for social ills, became in the third decade dim and overcast. They were the vain dreams of credulous race childhood; not wrong, but incomplete and over-simple. The training of the schools we need to-day more than ever,--the training of deft hands, quick eyes and ears, and the broader, deeper, higher culture of gifted minds. The power of the ballot we need in sheer self-defense, and as a guarantee of good faith. We may misuse it, but we can scarce do worse in this respect than our whilom masters. Freedom, too, the long-sought, we still seek,--the freedom of life and limb, the freedom to work and think. Work, culture, and liberty,--all these we need, not singly, but together; for to-day these ideals among the Negro people are gradually coalescing,

and finding a higher meaning in the unifying ideal of race,--the ideal of fostering the traits and talents of the Negro, not in opposition to, but in conformity with, the greater ideals of the American republic, in order that some day, on American soil, two world races may give each to each those characteristics which both so sadly lack. Already we come not altogether empty-handed: there is to-day no true American music but the sweet wild melodies of the Negro slave; the American fairy tales are Indian and African; we are the sole oasis of simple faith and reverence in a dusty desert of dollars and smartness. Will America be poorer if she replace her brutal, dyspeptic blundering with the light-hearted but determined Negro humility; or her coarse, cruel wit with loving, jovial good humor; or her Annie Rooney with Steal Away?

Merely a stern concrete test of the underlying principles of the great republic is the Negro problem, and the spiritual striving of the freedmen's sons is the travail of souls whose burden is almost beyond the measure of their strength, but who bear it in the name of an historic race, in the name of this land of their fathers' fathers, and in the name of human opportunity.

THE WIFE OF HIS YOUTH by Charles W. Chesnutt

I.

Mr. Ryder was going to give a ball. There were several reasons why this was an opportune time for such an event.

Mr. Ryder might aptly be called the dean of the Blue Veins. The original Blue Veins were a little society of colored persons organized in a certain Northern city shortly after the war. Its purpose was to establish and maintain correct social standards among a people whose social condition presented almost unlimited room for improvement. By accident, combined perhaps with some natural affinity, the society consisted of individuals who were, generally speaking, more white than black. Some envious outsider made the suggestion that no one was eligible for membership who was not white enough to show blue veins. The suggestion was readily adopted by those who were not of the favored few, and since that time the society, though possessing a longer and more pretentious name, had been known far and wide as the "Blue Vein Society," and its members as the "Blue Veins."

The Blue Veins did not allow that any such requirement existed for admission to their circle, but, on the contrary, declared that character and culture were the only things considered; and that if most of their members were light-colored, it was because such persons, as a rule, had had better opportunities to qualify themselves for membership. Opinions differed, too, as to the usefulness of the society. There were those who had been known to assail it violently as a glaring example of the very prejudice from which the colored race had suffered most; and later, when such critics had succeeded in getting on the inside, they had been heard to maintain with zeal and earnestness that the society was a life-boat, an anchor, a bulwark and a shield, a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night, to guide their people through the social wilderness. Another alleged prerequisite for Blue Vein membership was that of free birth; and while there was really no such requirement, it is doubtless true that very few of the members would have been unable to meet it if there had been. If there were one or two of the older members who had come up from the South and from slavery, their history presented enough romantic circumstances to rob their servile origin of its grosser aspects. While there were no such tests of eligibility, it is true that the Blue Veins had their notions on these subjects, and that not all of them were equally liberal in regard to the things they collectively disclaimed. Mr. Ryder was one of the most conservative. Though he had not been among the founders of the society, but had come in some years later, his genius for social leadership was such that he had speedily become its recognized adviser and head, the custodian of its standards, and the preserver of its traditions. He shaped its social policy, was active in providing for its entertainment, and when the interest fell off, as it sometimes did, he fanned the embers until they burst again into a cheerful flame. There were still other reasons for his popularity. While he was not as white as some of the Blue Veins, his appearance was such as to confer distinction upon them. His features were of a refined type, his hair was almost straight; he was always neatly dressed; his manners were irreproachable, and his morals above suspicion. He had come to Groveland a young man, and obtaining employment in the office of a railroad company as messenger had in time worked himself up to the position of stationery clerk, having charge of the distribution of the office supplies for the whole company. Although the lack of early training had hindered the orderly development of a naturally fine mind, it had not prevented him from doing a great deal of reading or from forming decidedly literary tastes. Poetry was his passion. He could repeat whole pages of the great English poets; and if his pronunciation was sometimes faulty, his eye, his voice, his gestures, would respond to the changing sentiment with a precision that revealed a poetic soul, and disarm criticism. He was economical, and had saved money; he owned and occupied a very comfortable house on a respectable street. His residence was handsomely furnished, containing among other things a good library, especially rich in poetry, a piano, and some choice engravings. He generally shared his house with some young couple, who looked after his wants and were company for him; for Mr. Ryder was a single man. In the early days of his connection with the

Blue Veins he had been regarded as quite a catch, and ladies and their mothers had manoeuvred with much ingenuity to capture him. Not, however, until Mrs. Molly Dixon visited Groveland had any woman ever made him wish to change his condition to that of a married man.

Mrs. Dixon had come to Groveland from Washington in the spring, and before the summer was over she had won Mr. Ryder's heart. She possessed many attractive qualities. She was much younger than he; in fact, he was old enough to have been her father, though no one knew exactly how old he was. She was whiter than he, and better educated. She had moved in the best colored society of the country, at Washington, and had taught in the schools of that city. Such a superior person had been eagerly welcomed to the Blue Vein Society, and had taken a leading part in its activities. Mr. Ryder had at first been attracted by her charms of person, for she was very good looking and not over twenty-five; then by her refined manners and by the vivacity of her wit. Her husband had been a government clerk, and at his death had left a considerable life insurance. She was visiting friends in Groveland, and, finding the town and the people to her liking, had prolonged her stay indefinitely. She had not seemed displeased at Mr. Ryder's attentions, but on the contrary had given him every proper encouragement; indeed, a younger and less cautious man would long since have spoken. But he had made up his mind, and had only to determine the time when he would ask her to be his wife. He decided to give a ball in her honor, and at some time during the evening of the ball to offer her his heart and hand. He had no special fears about the outcotme, but, with a little touch of romance, he wanted the surroundings to be in harmony with his own feelings when he should have received the answer he expected.

Mr. Ryder resolved that this ball should mark an epoch in the social history of Groveland. He knew, of course,--no one could know better,--the entertainments that had taken place in past years, and what must be done to surpass them. His ball must be worthy of the lady in whose honor it was to be given, and must, by the quality of its guests, set an example for the future. He had observed of late a growing liberality, almost a laxity, in social matters, even among members of his own set, and had several times been forced to meet in a social way persons whose complexions and callings in life were hardly up to the standard which he considered proper for the society to maintain. He had a theory of his own.

"I have no race prejudice," he would say, "but we people of mixed blood are ground between the upper and the nether millstone. Our fate lies between absorption by the white race and extinction in the black. The one doesn't want us yet, but may take us in time. The other would welcome us, but it would be for us a backward step. 'With malice towards none, with charity for all,' we must do the best we can for ourselves and those who are to follow us. Self-preservation is the first law of nature."

His ball would serve by its exclusiveness to counteract leveling tendencies, and his marriage with Mrs. Dixon would help to further the upward process of absorption he had been wishing and waiting for.

II.

The ball was to take place on Friday night. The house had been put in order, the carpets covered with canvas, the halls and stairs decorated with palms and potted plants; and in the afternoon Mr. Ryder sat on his front porch, which the shade of a vine running up over a wire netting made a cool and pleasant lounging-place. He expected to respond to the toast "The Ladies," at the supper, and from a volume of Tennyson--his favorite poet--was fortifying himself with apt quotations. The volume was open at A Dream of Fair Women. His eyes fell on these lines, and he read them aloud to judge better of their effect:--

"At length I saw a lady within call. Stiller than chisell'd marble, standing there; A daughter of the gods, divinely tall, And most divinely fair."

He marked the verse, and turning the page read the stanza beginning,--

"O sweet pale Margaret, O rare pale Margaret."

He weighed the passage a moment, and decided that it would not do. Mrs. Dixon was the palest lady he expected at the ball, and she was of a rather ruddy complexion, and of lively disposition and buxom build. So he ran over the leaves until his eye rested on the description of Queen Guinevere:--

"She seem'd a part of joyous Spring: A gown of grass-green silk she wore, Buckled with golden clasps before; A light-green tuft of plumes she bore Closed in a golden ring.

. . . . . .

"She look'd so lovely, as she sway'd The rein with dainty finger-tips, A man had given all other bliss, And all his worldly worth for this, To waste his whole heart in one kiss Upon her perfect lips."

As Mr. Ryder murmured these words audibly, with an appreciative thrill, he heard the latch of his gate click, and a light footfall sounding on the steps. He turned his head, and saw a woman standing before the door.

She was a little woman, not five feet tall, and proportioned to her height. Although she stood erect, and looked around her with very bright and restless eyes, she seemed quite old; for her face was crossed and recrossed with a hundred wrinkles, and around the edges of her bonnet could be seen protruding here and there a tuft of short gray wool. She wore a blue calico gown of ancient cut, a little red shawl fastened around her shoulders with an old-fashioned brass brooch, and a large bonnet profusely ornamented with faded red and yellow artificial flowers. And she was very black--so black that her toothless gums, revealed when she opened her mouth to speak, were not red, but blue. She looked like a bit of the old plantation life, summoned up from the past by the wave of a magician's wand, as the poet's fancy had called into being the gracious shapes of which Mr. Ryder had just been reading.

He rose from his chair and came over to where she stood.

"Good-afternoon, madam," he said.

"Good-evenin', suh," she answered, ducking suddenly with a quaint curtsy. Her voice was shrill and piping, but softened somewhat by age. "Is dis yere whar Mistuh Ryduh lib, suh?" she asked, looking around her doubtfully, and glancing into the open windows, through which some of the preparations for the evening were visible.

"Yes," he replied, with an air of kindly patronage, unconsciously flattered by her manner, "I am Mr. Ryder. Did you want to see me?"

"Yas, suh, ef I ain't 'sturbin' of you too much."

"Not at all. Have a seat over here behind the vine, where it is cool. What can I do for you?"

"'Scuse me, suh," she continued, when she had sat down on the edge of a chair, "'scuse me, suh, I's lookin' for my husban'. I heerd you wuz a big man an' had libbed heah a long time, an' I 'lowed you wouldn't min' ef I'd come roun' an' ax you ef you'd eber heerd of a merlatter man by de name er Sam Taylor 'quirin' roun' in de chu'ches ermongs' de people fer his wife 'Liza Jane?"

Mr. Ryder seemed to think for a moment.

"There used to be many such cases right after the war," he said, "but it has been so long that I have forgotten them. There are very few now. But tell me your story, and it may refresh my memory."

She sat back farther in her chair so as to be more comfortable, and folded her withered hands in her lap.

"My name's 'Liza," she began, "'Liza Jane. Wen I wuz young I us'ter b'long ter Marse Bob Smif, down in old Missourn. I wuz bawn down dere. W'en I wuz a gal I wuz married ter a man named Jim. But Jim died, an' after dat I married a merlatter man named Sam Taylor. Sam wuz free-bawn, but his mammy and daddy died, an' de w'ite folks 'prenticed him ter my marster fer ter work fer 'im 'tel he wuz growed up. Sam worked in de fiel', an' I wuz de cook. One day Ma'y Ann, ole miss's maid, come rushin' out ter de kitchen, an' says she, "Liza Jane, ole marse gwine sell yo' Sam down de ribber.'

"'Go way f'm yere,' says I; 'my husban's free!'

"'Don' make no diff'ence. I heerd ole marse tell ole miss he wuz gwine take yo' Sam 'way wid 'im ter-morrow, fer he needed money, an' he knowed whar he could git a t'ousan' dollars fer Sam an' no questions axed.'

"W'en Sam come home f'm de fiel', dat night, I tole him 'bout ole marse gwine steal 'im, an' Sam run erway. His time wuz mos' up, an' he swo' dat w'en he wuz twenty-one he would come back an' he'p me run erway, er else save up de money ter buy my freedom. An' I know he'd 'a' done it, fer he thought a heap er me, Sam did. But w'en he come back he didn' fin' me, fer I wuzn' dere. Ole marse had heerd dat I warned Sam, so he had me whip' an' sol' down de ribber.

"Den de wah broke out, an' w'en it wuz ober de cullud folks wuz scattered. I went back ter de ole home; but Sam wuzn' dere, an' I couldn' l'arn nuffin' 'bout 'im. But I knowed he'd be'n dere to look fer me an' hadn' foun' me, an' had gone erway ter hunt fer me.

"I's be'n lookin' fer 'im eber sence," she added simply, as though twenty-five years were but a couple of weeks, "an' I knows he's be'n lookin' fer me. Fer he sot a heap er sto' by me, Sam did, an' I know he's be'n huntin' fer me all dese years,--'less'n he's be'n sick er sump'n, so he couldn' work, er out'n his head, so he couldn' 'member his promise. I went back down de ribber, fer I 'lowed he'd gone down dere lookin' fer me. I's be'n ter Noo Orleens, an' Atlanty, an' Charleston, an' Richmon'; an' w'en I'd be'n all ober de Souf I come ter de Norf. Fer I knows I'll fin' 'im some er dese days," she added softly, "er he'll fin' me, an' den we'll bofe be as happy in freedom as we wuz in de ole days befo' de wah." A smile stole over her withered countenance as she paused a moment, and her bright eyes softened into a far-away look.

This was the substance of the old woman's story. She had wandered a little here and there. Mr. Ryder was looking at her curiously when she finished.

"How have you lived all these years?" he asked.

"Cookin', suh. I's a good cook. Does you know anybody w'at needs a good cook, suh? I's stoppin' wid a cullud fam'ly roun' de corner yonder 'tel I kin fin' a place."

"Do you really expect to find your husband? He may be dead long ago."

She shook her head emphatically. "Oh no, he ain' dead. De signs an' de tokens tells me. I dremp three nights runnin' on'y dis las' week dat I foun' him."

"He may have married another woman. Your slave marriage would not have prevented him, for you never lived with him after the war, and without that your marriage doesn't count."

"Wouldn' make no diff'ence wid Sam. He wouldn' marry no yuther 'ooman 'tel he foun' out 'bout me. I knows it," she added. "Sump'n's be'n tellin' me all dese years dat I's gwine fin' Sam 'fo I dies."

"Perhaps he's outgrown you, and climbed up in the world where he wouldn't care to have you find him."

"No, indeed, suh," she replied, "Sam ain' dat kin' er man. He wuz good ter me, Sam wuz, but he wuzn' much good ter nobody e'se, fer he wuz one er de triflin'es' han's on de plantation. I 'spec's ter haf ter suppo't 'im w'en I fin' 'im, fer he nebber would work 'less'n he had ter. But den he wuz free, an' he didn' git no pay fer his work, an' I don' blame 'im much. Mebbe he's done better sence he run erway, but I ain' 'spectin' much."

"You may have passed him on the street a hundred times during the twenty-five years, and not have known him; time works great changes."

She smiled incredulously. "I'd know 'im 'mongs' a hund'ed men. Fer dey wuzn' no yuther merlatter man like my man Sam, an' I couldn' be mistook. I's toted his picture roun' wid me twenty-five years."

"May I see it?" asked Mr. Ryder. "It might help me to remember whether I have seen the original."

As she drew a small parcel from her bosom, he saw that it was fastened to a string that went around her neck. Removing several wrappers, she brought to light an old-fashioned daguerreotype in a black case. He looked long and intently at the portrait. It was faded with time, but the features were still distinct, and it was easy to see what manner of man it had represented.

He closed the case, and with a slow movement handed it back to her.

"I don't know of any man in town who goes by that name," he said, "nor have I heard of any one making such inquiries. But if you will leave me your address, I will give the matter some attention, and if I find out anything I will let you know."

She gave him the number of a house in the neighborhood, and went away, after thanking him warmly.

He wrote down the address on the flyleaf of the volume of Tennyson, and, when she had gone, rose to his feet and stood looking after her curiously. As she walked down the street with mincing step, he saw several persons whom she passed turn and look back at her with a smile of kindly amusement. When she had turned the corner, he went upstairs to his bedroom, and stood for a long time before the mirror of his dressing-case, gazing thoughtfully at the reflection of his own face.

III.

At eight o'clock the ballroom was a blaze of light and the guests had begun to assemble; for there was a literary programme and some routine business of the society to be gone through with before the dancing. A black servant in evening dress waited at the door and directed the guests to the dressing-rooms.

The occasion was long memorable among the colored people of the city; not alone for the dress and display, but for the high average of intelligence and culture that distinguished the gathering as a whole. There were a number of school-teachers, several young doctors, three or four lawyers, some professional singers, an editor, a lieutenant in the United States army spending his furlough in the city, and others in various polite callings; these were colored, though most of them would not have attracted even a casual glance because of any marked difference from white people. Most of the ladies were in evening costume, and dress coats and dancing-pumps were the rule among the men. A band of string music, stationed in an alcove behind a row of palms, played popular airs while the guests were gathering.

The dancing began at half past nine. At eleven o'clock supper was served. Mr. Ryder had left the ballroom some little time before the intermission, but reappeared at the supper-table. The spread was worthy of the occasion, and the guests did full justice to it. When the coffee had been served, the toastmaster, Mr. Solomon Sadler, rapped for order. He made a brief introductory speech, complimenting host and guests, and then presented in their order the toasts of the evening. They were responded to with a very fair display of after-dinner wit.

"The last toast," said the toast-master, when he reached the end of the list, "is one which must appeal to us all. There is no one of us of the sterner sex who is not at some time dependent upon woman,--in infancy for protection, in manhood for companionship, in old age for care and comforting. Our good host has been trying to live alone, but the fair faces I see around me to-night prove that he too is largely dependent upon the gentler sex for most that makes life worth living,--the society and love of friends,--and rumor is at fault if he does not soon yield entire subjection to one of them. Mr. Ryder will now respond to the toast,--The Ladies."

There was a pensive look in Mr. Ryder's eyes as he took the floor and adjusted his eyeglasses. He began by speaking of woman as the gift of Heaven to man, and after some general observations on the relations of the sexes he said: "But perhaps the quality which most distinguishes woman is her fidelity and devotion to those she loves. History is full of examples, but has recorded none more striking than one which only to-day came under my notice."

He then related, simply but effectively, the story told by his visitor of the afternoon. He told it in the same soft dialect, which came readily to his lips, while the company listened attentively and sympathetically. For the story had awakened a responsive thrill in many hearts. There were some present who had seen, and others who had heard their fathers and grandfathers tell, the wrongs and sufferings of this past generation, and all of them still felt, in their darker moments, the shadow hanging over them. Mr. Ryder went on:--

"Such devotion and such confidence are rare even among women. There are many who would have searched a year, some who would have waited five years, a few who might have hoped ten years; but for twenty-five years this woman has retained her affection for and her faith in a man she has not seen or heard of in all that time.

"She came to me to-day in the hope that I might be able to help her find this long-lost husband. And when she was gone I gave my fancy rein, and imagined a case I will put to you.

"Suppose that this husband, soon after his escape, had learned that his wife had been sold away, and that such inquiries as he could make brought no information of her whereabouts. Suppose that he was young, and she much older than he; that he was light, and she was black; that their marriage was a slave marriage, and legally binding only if they chose to make it so after the war. Suppose, too, that he made his way to the North, as some of us have done, and there, where he had larger opportunities, had improved them, and had in the course of all these years grown to be as different from the ignorant boy who ran away from fear of slavery as the day is from the night. Suppose, even, that he had qualified himself, by industry, by thrift, and by study, to win the friendship and be considered worthy the society of such people as these I see around me to-night, gracing my board and filling my heart with gladness; for I am old enough to remember the day when such a gathering would not have been possible in this land. Suppose, too, that, as the years went by, this man's memory of the past grew more and more indistinct, until at last it was rarely, except in his dreams, that any image of this bygone period rose before his mind. And then suppose that accident should bring to his knowledge the fact that the wife of his youth, the wife he had left behind him,--not one who had walked by his side and kept pace with him in his upward struggle, but one upon whom advancing years and a laborious life had set their mark,--was alive and seeking him, but that he was absolutely safe from recognition or discovery, unless he chose to reveal himself. My friends, what

would the man do? I will suppose that he was one who loved honor, and tried to deal justly with all men. I will even carry the case further, and suppose that perhaps he had set his heart upon another, whom he had hoped to call his own. What would he do, or rather what ought he to do, in such a crisis of a lifetime?

"It seemed to me that he might hesitate, and I imagined that I was an old friend, a near friend, and that he had come to me for advice; and I argued the case with him. I tried to discuss it impartially. After we had looked upon the matter from every point of view, I said to him, in words that we all know:

'This above all: to thine own self be true, And it must follow, as the night the day, Thou canst not then be false to any man.'

Then, finally, I put the question to him, 'Shall you acknowledge her?'

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, friends and companions, I ask you, what should he have done?"

There was something in Mr. Ryder's voice that stirred the hearts of those who sat around him. It suggested more than mere sympathy with an imaginary situation; it seemed rather in the nature of a personal appeal. It was observed, too, that his look rested more especially upon Mrs. Dixon, with a mingled expression of renunciation and inquiry.

She had listened, with parted lips and streaming eyes. She was the first to speak: "He should have acknowledged her."

"Yes," they all echoed, "he should have acknowledged her."

"My friends and companions," responded Mr. Ryder, "I thank you, one and all. It is the answer I expected, for I knew your hearts."

He turned and walked toward the closed door of an adjoining room, while every eye followed him in wondering curiosity. He came back in a moment, leading by the hand his visitor of the afternoon, who stood startled and trembling at the sudden plunge into this scene of brilliant gayety. She was neatly dressed in gray, and wore the white cap of an elderly woman.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "this is the woman, and I am the man, whose story I have told you. Permit me to introduce to you the wife of my youth."

THE BOUQUET by Charles W. Chesnutt

Mary Myrover's friends were somewhat surprised when she began to teach a colored school. Miss Myrover's friends are mentioned here, because nowhere more than in a Southern town is public opinion a force which cannot be lightly contravened. Public opinion, however, did not oppose Miss Myrover's teaching colored children; in fact, all the colored public schools in town--and there were several--were taught by white teachers, and had been so taught since the state had undertaken to provide free public instruction for all children within its boundaries. Previous to that time there had been a Freedman's Bureau school and a Presbyterian missionary school, but these had been withdrawn when the need for them became less pressing. The colored people of the town had been for some time agitating their right to teach their own schools, but as yet the claim had not been conceded.

The reason Miss Myrover's course created some surprise was not, therefore, the fact that a Southern white woman should teach a colored school; it lay in the fact that up to this time no woman of just her quality had taken up such work. Most of the teachers of colored schools were not of those who had constituted the aristocracy of the old regime; they might be said rather to represent the new order of things, in which labor was in time to become honorable, and men were, after a somewhat longer time, to depend, for their place in society, upon themselves rather than upon their ancestors. But Mary Myrover belonged to one of the proudest of the old families. Her ancestors had been people of distinction in Virginia before a collateral branch of the main stock had settled in North Carolina. Before the war they had been able to live up to their pedigree. But the war brought sad changes. Miss Myrover's father--the Colonel Myrover who led a gallant but desperate charge at Vicksburg--had fallen on the battlefield, and his tomb in the white cemetery was a shrine for the family. On the Confederate Memorial Day no other grave was so profusely decorated with flowers, and in the oration pronounced the name of Colonel Myrover was always used to illustrate the highest type of patriotic devotion and self-sacrifice. Miss Myrover's brother, too, had fallen in the conflict; but his bones lay in some unknown trench, with those of a thousand others who had fallen on the same field. Ay, more, her lover, who had hoped to come home in the full tide of victory and claim his bride as a reward for gallantry, had shared the fate of her father and brother. When the war was over, the remnant of the family found itself involved in the common ruin,--more deeply involved, indeed, than some others; for Colonel Myrover had believed in the ultimate triumph of his cause, and had invested most of his wealth in Confederate bonds, which were

now only so much waste paper.

There had been a little left. Mrs. Myrover was thrifty, and had laid by a few hundred dollars, which she kept in the house to meet unforeseen contingencies. There remained, too, their home, with an ample garden and a well-stocked orchard, besides a considerable tract of country land, partly cleared, but productive of very little revenue.

With their shrunken resources, Miss Myrover and her mother were able to hold up their heads without embarrassment for some years after the close of the war. But when things were adjusted to the changed conditions, and the stream of life began to flow more vigorously in the new channels, they saw themselves in danger of dropping behind, unless in some way they could add to their meagre income. Miss Myrover looked over the field of employment, never very wide for women in the South, and found it occupied. The only available position she could be supposed prepared to fill, and which she could take without distinct loss of caste, was that of a teacher, and there was no vacancy except in one of the colored schools. Even teaching was a doubtful experiment; it was not what she would have preferred, but it was the best that could be done.

"I don't like it, Mary," said her mother. "It's a long step from owning such people to teaching them. What do they need with education? It will only make them unfit for work."

"They're free now, mother, and perhaps they'll work better if they're taught something. Besides, it's only a business arrangement, and doesn't involve any closer contact than we have with our servants."

"Well, I should say not!" sniffed the old lady. "Not one of them will ever dare to presume on your position to take any liberties with us. I'll see to that."

Miss Myrover began her work as a teacher in the autumn, at the opening of the school year. It was a novel experience at first. Though there always had been negro servants in the house, and though on the streets colored people were more numerous than her own people, and though she was so familiar with their dialect that she might almost be said to speak it, barring certain characteristic grammatical inaccuracies, she had never been brought in personal contact with so many of them at once as when she confronted the fifty or sixty faces--of colors ranging from a white almost as clear as her own to the darkest livery of the sun--which were gathered in the schoolroom on the morning when she began her duties. Some of the inherited prejudice of her caste, too, made itself felt, though she tried to repress any outward sign of it; and she could perceive that the children were not altogether responsive; they, likewise, were not entirely free from antagonism. The work was unfamiliar to her. She was not physically very strong, and at the close of the first day she went home with a splitting headache. If she could have resigned then and there without causing comment or annoyance to others, she would have felt it a privilege to do so. But a night's rest banished her headache and improved her spirits, and the next morning she went to her work with renewed vigor, fortified by the experience of the first day.

Miss Myrover's second day was more satisfactory. She had some natural talent for organization, though she had never known it, and in the course of the day she got her classes formed and lessons under way. In a week or two she began to classify her pupils in her own mind, as bright or stupid, mischievous or well behaved, lazy or industrious, as the case might be, and to regulate her discipline accordingly. That she had come of a long line of ancestors who had exercised authority and mastership was perhaps not without its effect upon her character, and enabled her more readily to maintain good order in the school. When she was fairly broken in she found the work rather to her liking, and derived much pleasure from such success as she achieved as a teacher.

It was natural that she should be more attracted to some of her pupils than to others. Perhaps her favorite--or rather, the one she liked best, for she was too fair and just for conscious favoritism--was Sophy Tucker. Just the ground for the teacher's liking for Sophy might not at first be apparent. The girl was far from the whitest of Miss Myrover's pupils; in fact, she was one of the darker ones. She was not the brightest in intellect, though she always tried to learn her lessons. She was not the best dressed, for her mother was a poor widow, who went out washing and scrubbing for a living. Perhaps the real tie between them was Sophy's intense devotion to the teacher. It had manifested itself almost from the first day of the school, in the rapt look of admiration Miss Myrover always saw on the little black face turned toward her. In it there was nothing of envy, nothing of regret; nothing but worship for the beautiful white lady--she was not especially handsome, but to Sophy her beauty was almost divine--who had come to teach her. If Miss Myrover dropped a book, Sophy was the first to spring and pick it up; if she wished a chair moved, Sophy seemed to anticipate her wish; and so of all the numberless little services that can be rendered in a school-room.

Miss Myrover was fond of flowers, and liked to have them about her. The children soon learned of this taste of hers, and kept the vases on her desk filled with blossoms during their season. Sophy was perhaps the most active in providing them. If she could not get garden flowers, she would make excursions to the woods in the early morning, and bring in great dew-laden bunches of bay, or jasmine, or some other fragrant forest flower which she knew the teacher loved.

"When I die, Sophy," Miss Myrover said to the child one day, "I want to be covered with roses. And when they bury me, I'm sure I shall rest better if my grave is banked with flowers, and roses are planted at my head and at my feet."

Miss Myrover was at first amused at Sophy's devotion; but when she grew more accustomed to it, she found it rather to her liking. It had a sort of flavor of the old regime, and she felt, when she bestowed her kindly notice upon her little black attendant, some of the feudal condescension of the mistress toward the slave. She was kind to Sophy, and permitted her to play the role she had assumed, which caused sometimes a little jealousy among the other girls. Once she gave Sophy a yellow ribbon which she took from her own hair. The child carried it home, and cherished it as a priceless treasure, to be worn only on the greatest occasions.

Sophy had a rival in her attachment to the teacher, but the rivalry was altogether friendly. Miss Myrover had a little dog, a white spaniel, answering to the name of Prince. Prince was a dog of high degree, and would have very little to do with the children of the school; he made an exception, however, in the case of Sophy, whose devotion for his mistress he seemed to comprehend. He was a clever dog, and could fetch and carry, sit up on his haunches, extend his paw to shake hands, and possessed several other canine accomplishments. He was very fond of his mistress, and always, unless shut up at home, accompanied her to school, where he spent most of his time lying under the teacher's desk, or, in cold weather, by the stove, except when he would go out now and then and chase an imaginary rabbit round the yard, presumably for exercise.

At school Sophy and Prince vied with each other in their attentions to Miss Myrover. But when school was over, Prince went away with her, and Sophy stayed behind; for Miss Myrover was white and Sophy was black, which they both understood perfectly well. Miss Myrover taught the colored children, but she could not be seen with them in public. If they occasionally met her on the street, they did not expect her to speak to them, unless she happened to be alone and no other white person was in sight. If any of the children felt slighted, she was not aware of it, for she intended no slight; she had not been brought up to speak to negroes on the street, and she could not act differently from other people. And though she was a woman of sentiment and capable of deep feeling, her training had been such that she hardly expected to find in those of darker hue than herself the same susceptibility--varying in degree, perhaps, but yet the same in kind--that gave to her own life the alternations of feeling that made it most worth living.

Once Miss Myrover wished to carry home a parcel of books. She had the bundle in her hand when Sophy came up.

"Lemme tote yo' bundle fer yer, Miss Ma'y?" she asked eagerly. "I'm gwine yo' way."

"Thank you, Sophy," was the reply. "I'll be glad if you will."

Sophy followed the teacher at a respectful distance. When they reached Miss Myrover's home Sophy carried the bundle to the doorstep, where Miss Myrover took it and thanked her.

Mrs. Myrover came out on the piazza as Sophy was moving away. She said, in the child's hearing, and perhaps with the intention that she should hear: "Mary, I wish you wouldn't let those little darkies follow you to the house. I don't want them in the yard. I should think you'd have enough of them all day."

"Very well, mother," replied her daughter. "I won't bring any more of them. The child was only doing me a favor."

Mrs. Myrover was an invalid, and opposition or irritation of any kind brought on nervous paroxysms that made her miserable, and made life a burden to the rest of the household; so that Mary seldom crossed her whims. She did not bring Sophy to the house again, nor did Sophy again offer her services as porter.

One day in spring Sophy brought her teacher a bouquet of yellow roses.

"Dey come off'n my own bush, Miss Ma'y," she said proudly, "an' I didn' let nobody e'se pull 'em, but saved 'em all fer you, 'cause I know you likes roses so much. I'm gwine bring 'em all ter you as long as dey las'."

"Thank you, Sophy," said the teacher; "you are a very good girl."

For another year Mary Myrover taught the colored school, and did excellent service. The children made rapid progress under her tuition, and learned to love her well; for they saw and appreciated, as well as children could, her fidelity to a trust that she might have slighted, as some others did, without much fear of criticism. Toward the end of her second year she sickened, and after a brief illness died.

Old Mrs. Myrover was inconsolable. She ascribed her daughter's death to her labors as teacher of negro children. Just how the color of the pupils had produced the fatal effects she did not stop to explain. But she was too old, and had suffered too deeply from the war, in body and mind and estate, ever to reconcile herself to the changed order of things following the return of peace; and with an unsound yet not unnatural logic, she visited some of her displeasure upon those who had profited most, though passively, by her losses.

"I always feared something would happen to Mary," she said. "It seemed unnatural for her to be wearing herself out teaching little negroes who ought to have been working for her. But the world has hardly been a fit place to live in since the war, and when I follow her, as I must before long, I shall not be sorry to go."

She gave strict orders that no colored people should be admitted to the house. Some of her friends heard of this, and remonstrated. They knew the teacher was loved by the pupils, and felt that sincere respect from the humble would be a worthy tribute to the proudest. But Mrs. Myrover was obdurate.

"They had my daughter when she was alive," she said, "and they've killed her. But she's mine now, and I won't have them come near her. I don't want one of them at the funeral or anywhere around."

For a month before Miss Myrover's death Sophy had been watching her rosebush--the one that bore the yellow roses--for the first buds of spring, and when these appeared had awaited impatiently their gradual unfolding. But not until her teacher's death had they become full-blown roses. When Miss Myrover died, Sophy determined to pluck the roses and lay them on her coffin. Perhaps, she thought, they might even put them in her hand or on her breast. For Sophy remembered Miss Myrover's thanks and praise when she had brought her the yellow roses the spring before.

On the morning of the day set for the funeral Sophy washed her face until it shone, combed and brushed her hair with painful conscientiousness, put on her best frock, plucked her yellow roses, and, tying them with the treasured ribbon her teacher had given her, set out for Miss Myrover's home.

She went round to the side gate--the house stood on a corner--and stole up the path to the kitchen. A colored woman, whom she did not know, came to the door.

"W'at yer want, chile?" she inquired.

"Kin I see Miss Ma'y?" asked Sophy timidly.

"I don' know, honey. Ole Miss Myrover say she don' want no cullud folks roun' de house endyoin' dis fun'al. I'll look an' see if she's roun' de front room, whar de co'pse is. You sed-down heah an' keep still, an' ef she's upstairs maybe I kin git yer in dere a minute. Ef I can't, I kin put yo' bokay 'mongs' de res', whar she won't know nuthin' erbout it."

A moment after she had gone there was a step in the hall, and old Mrs. Myrover came into the kitchen.

"Dinah!" she said in a peevish tone. "Dinah!"

Receiving no answer, Mrs. Myrover peered around the kitchen, and caught sight of Sophy.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded.

"I--I'm-m waitin' ter see de cook, ma'am," stammered Sophy.

"The cook isn't here now. I don't know where she is. Besides, my daughter is to be buried to-day, and I won't have any one visiting the servants until the funeral is over. Come back some other day, or see the cook at her own home in the evening."

She stood waiting for the child to go, and under the keen glance of her eyes Sophy, feeling as though she had been caught in some disgraceful act, hurried down the walk and out of the gate, with her bouquet in her hand.

"Dinah," said Mrs. Myrover, when the cook came back, "I don't want any strange people admitted here to-day. The house will be full of our friends, and we have no room for others."

"Yas'm," said the cook. She understood perfectly what her mistress meant; and what the cook thought about her mistress was a matter of no consequence.

The funeral services were held at St. John's Episcopal Church, where the Myrovers had always worshiped. Quite a number of Miss Myrover's pupils went to the church to attend the services. The church was not a large one. There was a small gallery at the rear, to which colored people were admitted, if they chose to come, at ordinary services; and those who wished to be present at the funeral supposed that the usual custom would prevail. They were therefore surprised, when they went to the side entrance, by which colored people gained access to the gallery stairs, to be met by an usher who barred their passage.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but I have had orders to admit no one until the friends of the family have all been seated. If you wish to wait until the white people have all gone in, and there's any room left, you may be able to get into the back part of the gallery. Of course I can't tell yet whether there'll be any room or not."

Now the statement of the usher was a very reasonable one; but, strange to say, none of the colored people chose to remain except Sophy. She still hoped to use her floral offering for its destined end, in some way, though she did not know just how. She waited in the yard until the church was filled with white people, and a number who could not gain admittance were standing about the doors. Then she went round to the side of the church, and, depositing her bouquet carefully on an old mossy gravestone, climbed up on the projecting sill of a window near the chancel. The window was of stained glass, of somewhat ancient make. The church was old, had indeed been built in colonial times, and the stained glass had been brought from England. The design of the window showed Jesus blessing little children. Time had dealt gently with the window; but just at the feet of the figure of Jesus a small triangular piece of glass had been broken out. To this aperture Sophy applied her eyes, and through it saw and heard what she could of the services within.

Before the chancel, on trestles draped in black, stood the sombre casket in which lay all that was mortal of her dear teacher. The top of the casket was covered with flowers; and lying stretched out underneath it she saw Miss Myrover's little white dog, Prince. He had followed the body to the church, and, slipping in unnoticed among the mourners, had taken his place, from which no one had the heart to remove him.

The white-robed rector read the solemn service for the dead, and then delivered a brief address, in which he spoke of the uncertainty of life, and, to the believer, the certain blessedness of eternity. He spoke of Miss Myrover's kindly spirit, and, as an illustration of her love and self-sacrifice for others, referred to her labors as a teacher of the poor ignorant negroes who had been placed in their midst by an all-wise Providence, and whom it was their duty to guide and direct in the station in which God had put them. Then the organ pealed, a prayer was said, and the long cortege moved from the church to the cemetery, about half a mile away, where the body was to be interred.

When the services were over, Sophy sprang down from her perch, and, taking her flowers, followed the procession. She did not walk with the rest, but at a proper and respectful distance from the last mourner. No one noticed the little black girl with the bunch of yellow flowers, or thought of her as interested in the funeral.

The cortege reached the cemetery and filed slowly through the gate; but Sophy stood outside, looking at a small sign in white letters on a black background:--

"NOTICE. This cemetery is for white people only. Others please keep out."

Sophy, thanks to Miss Myrover's painstaking instruction, could read this sign very distinctly. In fact, she had often read it before. For Sophy was a child who loved beauty, in a blind, groping sort of way, and had sometimes stood by the fence of the cemetery and looked through at the green mounds and shaded walks and blooming flowers within, and wished that she could walk among them. She knew, too, that the little sign on the gate, though so courteously worded, was no mere formality; for she had heard how a colored man, who had wandered into the cemetery on a hot night and fallen asleep on the flat top of a tomb, had been arrested as a vagrant and fined five dollars, which he had worked out on the streets, with a ball-and-chain attachment, at twenty-five cents a day. Since that time the cemetery gate had been locked at night.

So Sophy stayed outside, and looked through the fence. Her poor bouquet had begun to droop by this time, and the yellow ribbon had lost some of its freshness. Sophy could see the rector standing by the grave, the mourners gathered round; she could faintly distinguish the solemn words with which ashes were committed to ashes, and dust to dust. She heard the hollow thud of the earth falling on the coffin; and she leaned against the iron fence, sobbing softly, until the grave was filled and rounded off, and the wreaths and other floral pieces were disposed upon it. When the mourners began to move toward the gate, Sophy walked slowly down the street, in a direction opposite to that taken by most of the people who came out.

When they had all gone away, and the sexton had come out and locked the gate behind him, Sophy crept back. Her roses were faded now, and from some of them the petals had fallen. She stood there irresolute, loath to leave with her heart's desire unsatisfied, when, as her eyes fell upon the teacher's last resting place, she saw lying beside the new-made grave what looked like a small bundle of white wool. Sophy's eyes lighted up with a sudden glow.

"Prince! Here, Prince!" she called.

The little dog rose, and trotted down to the gate. Sophy pushed the poor bouquet between the iron bars. "Take that ter Miss Ma'y, Prince," she said, "that's a good doggie."

The dog wagged his tail intelligently, took the bouquet carefully in his mouth, carried it to his mistress's grave, and laid it among the other flowers. The bunch of roses was so small that from where she stood Sophy could see only a dash of yellow against the white background of the mass of flowers.

When Prince had performed his mission he turned his eyes toward Sophy inquiringly, and when she gave him a nod of approval lay down and resumed his watch by the graveside. Sophy looked at him a moment with a feeling very much like envy, and then turned and moved slowly away.

THE CASE OF THE NEGRO by Booker T. Washington

All attempts to settle the question of the Negro in the South by his removal from this country have so far failed, and I think that they are likely to fail. The next census will probably show that we have nearly ten million black people in the United States, about eight millions of whom are in the Southern states. In fact, we have almost a nation within a nation. The Negro population in the United States lacks but two millions of being as large as the whole population of Mexico, and is nearly twice as large as that of Canada. Our black people equal in number the combined populations of Switzerland, Greece, Honduras, Nicaragua, Cuba, Uraguay [sic], Santo Domingo, Paraguay, and Costa Rica. When we consider, in connection with these facts, that the race has doubled itself since its freedom, and is still increasing, it hardly seems possible for any one to take seriously any scheme of emigration from America as a method of solution. At most, even if the government were to provide the means, but a few hundred thousand could be transported each year. The yearly increase in population would more than likely overbalance the number transported. Even if it did not, the time required to get rid of the Negro by this method would perhaps be fifty or seventy-five years.

Some have advised that the Negro leave the South, and take up his residence in the Northern states. I question whether this would make him any better off than he is in the South, when all things are considered. It has been my privilege to study the condition of our people in nearly every part of America; and I say without hesitation that, with some exceptional cases, the Negro is at his best in the Southern states. While he enjoys certain privileges in the North that he does not have in the South, when it comes to the matter of securing property, enjoying business advantages and employment, the South presents a far better opportunity than the North. Few colored men from the South are as yet able to stand up against the severe and increasing competition that exists in the North, to say nothing of the unfriendly influence of labor organizations, which in some way prevents black men in the North, as a rule, from securing occupation in the line of skilled labor.

Another point of great danger for the colored man who goes North is the matter of morals, owing to the numerous temptations by which he finds himself surrounded. More ways offer in which he can spend money than in the South, but fewer avenues of employment for earning money are open to him. The fact that at the North the Negro is almost confined to one line of occupation often tends to discourage and demoralize the strongest who go from the South, and makes them an easy prey for temptation. A few years ago, I made an examination into the condition of a settlement of Negroes who left the South and went into Kansas about twenty years since, when there was a good deal of excitement in the South concerning emigration from the West, and found it much below the standard of that of similar communities in the South. The only conclusion which any one can reach, from this and like instances, is that the Negroes are to remain in the Southern states. As a race they do not want to leave the South, and the

Southern white people do not want them to leave. We must therefore find some basis of settlement that will be constitutional, just, manly; that will be fair to both races in the South and to the whole country. This cannot be done in a day, a year, or any short period of time. We can, however, with the present light, decide upon a reasonably safe method of solving the problem, and turn our strength and effort in that direction. In doing this, I would not have the Negro deprived of any privilege guaranteed to him by the Constitution of the United States. It is not best for the Negro that he relinquish any of his constitutional rights; it is not best for the Southern white man that he should, as I shall attempt to show in this article.

In order that we may concentrate our forces upon a wise object, without loss of time or effort, I want to suggest what seems to me and many others the wisest policy to be pursued. I have reached these conclusions not only by reason of my own observations and experience, but after eighteen years of direct contact with leading and influential colored and white men in most parts of our country. But I wish first to mention some elements of danger in the present situation, which all who desire the permanent welfare of both races in the South should carefully take into account.

First. There is danger that a certain class of impatient extremists among the Negroes in the North, who have little knowledge of the actual conditions in the South, may do the entire race injury by attempting to advise their brethren in the South to resort to armed resistance or the use of the torch, in order to secure justice. All intelligent and well-considered discussion of any important question, or condemnation of any wrong, whether in the North or the South, from the public platform and through the press, is to be commended and encouraged; but ill-considered and incendiary utterances from black men in the North will tend to add to the burdens of our people in the South rather than to relieve them. We must not fall into the temptation of believing that we can raise ourselves by abusing some one else.

Second. Another danger in the South which should be guarded against is that the whole white South, including the wise, conservative, law-abiding element, may find itself represented before the bar of public opinion by the mob or lawless element, which gives expression to its feelings and tendency in a manner that advertises the South throughout the world; while too often those who have no sympathy with such disregard of law are either silent, or fail to speak in a sufficiently emphatic manner to offset in any large degree the unfortunate reputation which the lawless have made for many portions of the South.

Third. No race or people ever got upon its feet without severe and constant struggle, often in the face of the greatest discouragement. While passing through the present trying period of its history, there is danger that a large and valuable element of the Negro race may become discouraged in the effort to better its condition. Every possible influence should be exerted to prevent this.

Fourth. There is a possibility that harm may be done to the South and to the Negro by exaggerated newspaper articles which are written near the scene or in the midst of specially aggravating occurrences. Often these reports are written by newspaper men, who give the impression that there is a race conflict throughout the South, and that all Southern white people are opposed to the Negro's progress; overlooking the fact that though in some sections there is trouble, in most parts of the South, if matters are not yet in all respects as we would have them, there is nevertheless a very large measure of peace, good will, and mutual helpfulness. In the same relation, much can be done to retard the progress of the Negro by a certain class of Southern white people, who in the midst of excitement speak or write in a manner that gives the impression that all Negroes are lawless, untrustworthy, and shiftless. For example, a Southern writer said, not long ago, in a communication to the New York Independent: "Even in small towns the husband cannot venture to leave his wife alone for an hour at night. At no time, in no place, is the white woman safe from the insults and assaults of these creatures." These statements, I presume, represented the feelings and the conditions that existed, at the time of the writing, in one community or county in the South; but thousands of Southern white men and women would be ready to testify that this is not the condition throughout the South, nor throughout any Southern state.

Fifth. Owing to the lack of school opportunities for the Negro in the rural districts of the South, there is danger that ignorance and idleness may increase to the extent of giving the Negro race a reputation for crime, and that immorality may eat its way into the fibre of the race so as to retard its progress for many years. In judging the Negro we must not be too harsh. We must remember that it has been only within the last thirty-four years that the black father and mother have had the responsibility, and consequently the experience, of training their own children. That perfection has not been reached in one generation, with the obstacles that the parents have been compelled to overcome, is not to be wondered at.

Sixth. Finally, I would mention my fear that some of the white people of the South may be led to feel that the way to settle the race problem is to repress the aspirations of the Negro by legislation of a kind that confers certain legal or political privileges upon an

ignorant and poor white man, and withholds the same privileges from a black man in a similar condition. Such legislation injures and retards the progress of both races. It is an injustice to the poor white man, because it takes from him incentive to secure education and property as prerequisites for voting. He feels that because he is a white man, regardless of his possessions, a way will be found for him to vote. I would label all such measures "laws to keep the poor white man in ignorance and poverty."

The Talladega News Reporter, a Democratic newspaper of Alabama, recently said: "But it is a weak cry when the white man asks odds on intelligence over the Negro. When nature has already so handicapped the African in the race for knowledge, the cry of the boasted Anglo-Saxon for still further odds seems babyish. What wonder that the world looks on in surprise, if not disgust? It cannot help but say, If our contention be true that the Negro is an inferior race, then the odds ought to be on the other side, if any are to be given. And why not? No; the thing to do--the only thing that will stand the test of time--is to do right, exactly right, let come what will. And that right thing, as it seems to us, is to place a fair educational qualification before every citizen,--one that is self-testing, and not dependent on the wishes of weak men,--letting all who pass the test stand in the proud ranks of American voters, whose votes shall be counted as cast, and whose sovereign will shall be maintained as law by all the powers that be. Nothing short of this will do. Every exemption, on whatsoever ground, is an outrage that can only rob some legitimate voter of his rights."

Such laws have been made,--in Mississippi, for example,--with the "understanding" clause, hold out a temptation for the election officer to perjure and degrade himself by too often deciding that the ignorant white man does understand the Constitution when it is read to him, and that the ignorant black man does not. By such a law, the state not only commits a wrong against its black citizens; it injures the morals of its white citizens by conferring such a power upon any white man who may happen to be a judge of elections.

Such laws are hurtful, again, because they keep alive in the heart of the black man the feeling that the white man means to oppress him. The only safe way out is to set a high standard as a test of citizenship, and require blacks and whites alike to come up to it. When this is done, both will have a higher respect for the election laws, and for those who make them. I do not believe that, with his centuries of advantage over the Negro in the opportunity to acquire property and education as prerequisites for voting, the average white man in the South desires that any special law be passed to give him further advantage over one who has had but a little more than thirty years in which to prepare himself for citizenship. In this relation, another point of danger is that the Negro has been made to feel that it is his duty continually to oppose the Southern white man in politics, even in matters where no principle is involved; and that he is only loyal to his own race and acting in a manly way in thus opposing the white man. Such a policy has proved very hurtful to both races. Where it is a matter of principle, where a question of right or wrong is involved, I would advise the Negro to stand by principle at all hazards. A Southern white man has no respect for or confidence in a Negro who acts merely for policy's sake; but there are many cases, and the number is growing, where the Negro has nothing to gain, and much to lose, by opposing the Southern white man in matters that relate to government.

Under the foregoing six heads I believe I have stated some of the main points which, all high-minded white men and black men, North and South, will agree, need our most earnest and thoughtful consideration, if we would hasten, and not hinder, the progress of our country.

Now as to the policy that should be pursued. On this subject I claim to possess no superior wisdom or unusual insight. I may be wrong; I may be in some degree right.

In the future we want to impress upon the Negro, more than we have done in the past, the importance of identifying himself more closely with the interests of the South; of making himself part of the South, and at home in it. Heretofore, for reasons which were natural, and for which no one is especially to blame, the colored people have been too much like a foreign nation residing in the midst of another nation. If William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, or George L. Stearns were alive to-day, I feel sure that he would advise the Negroes to identify their interests as closely as possible with those of their white neighbors,--always understanding that no question of right and wrong is involved. In no other way, it seems to me, can we get a foundation for peace and progress. He who advises against this policy will advise the Negro to do that which no people in history, who have succeeded, have done. The white man, North or South, who advises the Negro against it advises him to do that which he himself has not done. The bed rock upon which every individual rests his chances for success in life is the friendship, the confidence, the respect, of his next-door neighbor in the little community in which he lives. The problem of the Negro in the South turns on whether he can make himself of such indispensable service to his neighbor and the community that no one can fill his place better in the body politic. There is at present no other safe course for the black man to pursue. If the Negro in the South has a friend in his white neighbor, and a still larger number of friends in his own community, he has a protection and a guarantee of his rights that will be more potent and more

lasting than any our Federal Congress or any outside power can confer.

The London Times, in a recent editorial discussing affairs in the Transvaal, where Englishmen have been denied certain privileges by the Boers, says: "England is too sagacious not to prefer a gradual reform from within, even should it be less rapid than most of us might wish, to the most sweeping redress of grievances imposed from without. Our object is to obtain fair play for the Outlanders, but the best way to do it is to enable them to help themselves." This policy, I think, is equally safe when applied to conditions in the South. The foreigner who comes to America identifies himself as soon as possible, in business, education, and politics, with the community in which he settles. We have a conspicuous example of this in the case of the Jews, who in the South, as well as in other parts of our country, have not always been justly treated; but the Jews have so woven themselves into the business and patriotic interests of the communities in which they live, have made themselves so valuable as citizens, that they have won a place in the South which they could have obtained in no other way. The Negro in Cuba has practically settled the race question there, because he has made himself a part of Cuba in thought and action.

What I have tried to indicate cannot be accomplished by any sudden revolution of methods, but it does seem that the tendency should be more and more in this direction. Let me emphasize this by a practical example. The North sends thousands of dollars into the South every year for the education of the Negro. The teachers in most of the Southern schools supported by the North are Northern men and women of the highest Christian culture and most unselfish devotion. The Negro owes them a debt of gratitude which can never be paid. The various missionary societies in the North have done a work which to a large degree has proved the salvation of the South, and the results of it will appear more in future generations than in this. We have now reached the point, in the South, where, I believe, great good could be accomplished in changing the attitude of the white people toward the Negro, and of the Negro toward the whites, if a few Southern white teachers, of high character, would take an active interest in the work of our higher schools. Can this be done? Yes. The medical school connected with Shaw University at Raleigh, North Carolina, has from the first had as instructors and professors almost exclusively Southern white doctors who reside in Raleigh, and they have given the highest satisfaction. This gives the people of Raleigh the feeling that the school is theirs, and not something located in, but not a part of, the South. In Augusta, Georgia, the Payne Institute, one of the best colleges for our people, is officered and taught almost wholly by Southern white men and women. The Presbyterian Theological School at Tuscaloosa, Alabama, has only Southern white men as instructors. Some time ago, at the Calhoun School in Alabama, one of the leading white men in the county was given an important position; since then the feeling of the white people in the county has greatly changed toward the school.

We must admit the stern fact that at present the Negro, through no choice of his own, is living in the midst of another race, which is far ahead of him in education, property, and experience; and further, that the Negro's present condition makes him dependent upon the white people for most of the things necessary to sustain life, as well as, in a large measure, for his education. In all history, those who have possessed the property and intelligence have exercised the greatest control in government, regardless of color, race, or geographical location. This being the case, how can the black man in the South improve his estate? And does the Southern white man want him to improve it? The latter part of this question I shall attempt to answer later in this article.

The Negro in the South has it within his power, if he properly utilizes the forces at land, to make of himself such a valuable factor in the life of the South that for the most part he need not seek privileges, but they will be conferred upon him. To bring this about, the Negro must begin at the bottom and lay a sure foundation, and not be lured by any temptation into trying to rise on a false footing. While the Negro is laying this foundation, he will need help and sympathy and justice from the law. Progress by any other method will be but temporary and superficial, and the end of it will be worse than the beginning. American slavery was a great curse to both races, and I should be the last to apologize for it; but in the providence of God I believe that slavery laid the foundation for the solution of the problem that is now before us in the South. Under slavery, the Negro was taught every trade, every industry, that furnishes the means of earning a living. Now if on this foundation, laid in a rather crude way, it is true, but a foundation nevertheless, we can gradually grow and improve, the future for us is bright. Let me be more specific. Agriculture is or has been the basic industry of nearly every race or nation that has succeeded. The Negro got a knowledge of this under slavery: hence in a large measure he is in possession of this industry in the South to-day. Taking the whole South, I should say that eighty per cent of the Negroes live by agriculture in some form, though it is often a very primitive and crude form. The Negro can buy land in the South, as a rule, wherever the white man can buy it, and at very low prices. Now, since the bulk of our people already have a foundation in agriculture, are at their best when living in the country engaged in agricultural pursuits, plainly, the best thing, the logical thing, is to turn the larger part of our strength in a direction that will put the Negroes among the most skilled agricultural people in the world. The man who has learned to do something better than any one else, has learned to do a common thing in an uncommon manner, has power and influence which no adverse surroundings can take from him. It is better to show a man how to make a place for

himself than to put him in one that some one else has made for him. The Negro who can make himself so conspicuous as a successful farmer, a large taxpayer, a wise helper of his fellow men, as to be placed in a position of trust and honor by natural selection, whether the position be political or not, is a hundredfold more secure in that position than one placed there by mere outside force or pressure. I know a Negro, Hon. Isaiah T. Montgomery, in Mississippi, who is mayor of a town; it is true that the town is composed almost wholly of Negroes. Mr. Montgomery is mayor of this town because his genius, thrift, and foresight have created it; and he is held and supported in his office by a charter granted by the state of Mississippi, and by the vote and public sentiment of the community in which he lives.

Let us help the Negro by every means possible to acquire such an education in farming, dairying, stock-raising, horticulture, etc., as will place him near the top in these industries, and the race problem will in a large part be settled, or at least stripped of many of its most perplexing elements. This policy would also tend to keep the Negro in the country and smaller towns, where he succeeds best, and stop the influx into the large cities, where he does not succeed so well. The race, like the individual, which produces something of superior worth that has a common human interest, wins a permanent place, and is bound to be recognized.

At a county fair in the South, not long ago, I saw a Negro awarded the first prize, by a jury of white men, over white competitors, for the production of the best specimen of Indian corn. Every white man at the fair seemed to be proud of the achievement of the Negro, because it was apparent that he had done something that would add to the wealth and comfort of the people of both races in that county. At the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, in Alabama, we have a department devoted to training men along the lines of agriculture that I have named; but what we are doing is small when compared with what should be done in Tuskegee, and at other educational centres. In a material sense the South is still an undeveloped country. While in some other affairs race prejudice is strongly marked, in the matter of business, of commercial and industrial development, there are few obstacles in the Negro's way. A Negro who produces or has for sale something that the community wants finds customers among white people as well as black. Upon equal security, a Negro can borrow money at the bank as readily as a white man can. A bank in Birmingham, Alabama, which has existed ten years, is officered and controlled wholly by Negroes. This bank has white borrowers and white depositors. A graduate of the Tuskegee Institute keeps a well-appointed grocery store in Tuskegee, and he tells me that he sells about as many goods to one race as to the other. What I have said of the opening that awaits the Negro in the business of agriculture is almost equally true of mechanics, manufacturing, and all the domestic arts. The field is before him and right about him. Will he seize upon it? Will he "cast down his bucket where he is"? Will his friends, North and South, encourage him and prepare him to occupy it? Every city in the South, for example, would give support to a first-class architect or housebuilder or contractor of our race. The architect or contractor would not only receive support, but through his example numbers of young colored men would learn such trades as carpentry, brickmasonry, plastering, painting, etc., and the race would be put into a position to hold on to many of the industries which it is now in danger of losing, because in too many cases brain, skill, and dignity are not imparted to the common occupations. Any individual or race that does not fit itself to occupy in the best manner the field or service that is right about it will sooner or later be asked to move on and let another take it.

But I may be asked, Would you confine the Negro to agriculture, mechanics, the domestic arts, etc.? Not at all; but just now and for a number of years the stress should be laid along the lines that I have mentioned. We shall need and must have many teachers and ministers, some doctors and lawyers and statesmen, but these professional men will have a constituency or a foundation from which to draw support just in proportion as the race prospers along the economic lines that I have pointed out. During the first fifty or one hundred years of the life of any people, are not the economic occupations always given the greater attention? This is not only the historic, but, I think, the common-sense view. If this generation will lay the material foundation, it will be the quickest and surest way for enabling later generations to succeed in the cultivation of the fine arts, and to surround themselves with some of the luxuries of life, if desired. What the race most needs now, in my opinion, is a whole army of men and women well-trained to lead, and at the same time devote themselves to agriculture, mechanics, domestic employment, and business. As to the mental training that these educated leaders should be equipped with, I should say, give them all the mental training and culture that the circumstances of individuals will allow,--the more the better. No race can permanently succeed until its mind is awakened and strengthened by the ripest thought. But I would constantly have it kept in the minds of those who are educated in books that a large proportion of those who are educated should be so trained in hand that they can bring this mental strength and knowledge to bear upon the physical conditions in the South, which I have tried to emphasize.

Frederick Douglass, of sainted memory, once, in addressing his race, used these words: "We are to prove that we can better our own condition. One way to do this is to accumulate property. This may sound to you like a new gospel. You have been accustomed to hear that money is the root of all evil, etc.; on the other hand, property, money, if you please, will purchase for us the only

condition by which any people can rise to the dignity of genuine manhood; for without property there can be no leisure, without leisure there can be no thought, without thought there can be no invention, without invention there can be no progress."

The Negro should be taught that material development is not an end, but merely a means to an end. As professor W. E. B. Du Bois puts it, the idea should not be simply to make men carpenters, but to make carpenters men. The Negro has a highly religious temperament; but what he needs more and more is to be convinced of the importance of weaving his religion and morality into the practical affairs of daily life. Equally does he need to be taught to put so much intelligence into his labor that he will see dignity and beauty in the occupation, and love it for its own sake. The Negro needs to be taught to apply more of the religion that manifests itself in his happiness in prayer meeting to the performance of his daily task. The man who owns a home, and is in the possession of the elements by which he is sure of a daily living, has a great aid to a moral and religious life. What bearing will all this have upon the Negro's place in the South, as a citizen and in the enjoyment of the privileges which our government confers?

To state in detail just what place the black man will occupy in the South as a citizen, when he has developed in the direction named, is beyond the wisdom of any one. Much will depend upon the sense of justice which can be kept alive in the breast of the American people; almost as much will depend upon the good sense of the Negro himself. That question, I confess, does not give me the most concern just now. The important and pressing question is, Will the Negro, with his own help and that of his friends, take advantage of the opportunities that surround him? When he has done this, I believe, speaking of his future in general terms, that he will be treated with justice, be given the protection of the law and the recognition which his usefulness and ability warrant. If, fifty years ago, one had predicted that the Negro would receive the recognition and honor which individuals have already received, he would have been laughed at as an idle dreamer. Time, patience, and constant achievement are great factors in the rise of a race.

I do not believe that the world ever takes a race seriously, in its desire to share in the government of a nation, until a large number of individual members of that race have demonstrated beyond question their ability to control and develop their own business enterprises. Once a number of Negroes rise to the point where they own and operate the most successful farms, are among the largest taxpayers in their county, are moral and intelligent, I do not believe that in many portions of the South such men need long be denied the right of saying by their votes how they prefer their property to be taxed, and who are to make and administer the laws.

I was walking the street of a certain town in the South lately in company with the most prominent Negro there. While we were together, the mayor of the town sought out the black man, and said, "Next week we are going to vote on the question of issuing bonds to secure water-works; you must be sure to vote on the day of election." The mayor did not suggest whether he should vote yes or no; but he knew that the very fact of this Negro's owning nearly a block of the most valuable property in the town was a guarantee that he would cast a safe, wise vote on this important proposition. The white man knew that because of this Negro's property interests he would cast his vote in the way he thought would benefit every white and black citizen in the town, and not be controlled by influences a thousand miles away. But a short time ago I read letters from nearly every prominent white man in Birmingham, Alabama, asking that the Rev. W. R. Pettiford, a Negro, be appointed to a certain important federal office. What is the explanation of this? For nine years Mr. Pettiford has been the president of the Negro bank in Birmingham, to which I have alluded. During these nine years, the white citizens have had the opportunity of seeing that Mr. Pettiford can manage successfully a private business, and that he has proved himself a conservative, thoughtful citizen, and they are willing to trust him in a public office. Such individual examples will have to be multiplied, till they become more nearly the rule than the exception they now are. While we are multiplying these examples, the Negro must keep a strong and courageous heart. He cannot improve his condition by any short-cut course or by artificial methods. Above all, he must not be deluded into believing that his condition can be permanently bettered by a mere battledoor [sic] and shuttlecock of words, or by any process of mere mental gymnastics or oratory. What is desired along with a logical defense of his cause are deeds, results,--continued results, in the direction of building himself up, so as to leave no doubt in the mind of any one of his ability to succeed.

An important question often asked is, Does the white man in the South want the Negro to improve his present condition? I say yes. From the Montgomery (Alabama) Daily Advertiser I clip the following in reference to the closing of a colored school in a town in Alabama:--

"EUFALA, May 25, 1899. The closing exercises of the city colored public school were held at St. Luke's A. M. E. Church last night, and were witnessed by a large gathering, including many whites. The recitations by the pupils were excellent, and the music was also an interesting feature. Rev. R. T. Pollard delivered the address, which was quite an able one, and the certificates were

presented by Professor T. L. McCoy, white, of the Sanford Street School. The success of the exercises reflects great credit on Professor S. M. Murphy, the principal, who enjoys a deserved good reputation as a capable and efficient educator."

I quote this report, not because it is the exception, but because such marks of interest in the education of the Negro on the part of the Southern white people may be seen almost every day in the local papers. Why should white people, by their presence, words, and actions, encourage the black man to get education, if they do not desire him to improve his condition?

The Payne Institute, an excellent college, to which I have already referred, is supported almost wholly by the Southern white Methodist church. The Southern white Presbyterians support a theological school for Negroes at Tuscaloosa. For a number of years the Southern white Baptists have contributed toward Negro education. Other denominations have done the same. If these people do not want the Negro educated to a higher standard, there is no reason why they should pretend they do.

Though some of the lynchings in the South have indicated a barbarous feeling toward Negroes, Southern white men here and there, as well as newspapers, have spoken out strongly against lynching. I quote from the address of the Rev. Mr. Vance, of Nashville, Tennessee, delivered before the National Sunday School Union, in Atlanta, not long since, as an example:--

"And yet, as I stand here to-night, a Southerner speaking for my section and addressing an audience from all sections, there is one foul blot upon the fair fame of the South, at the bare mention of which the heart turns sick and the cheek is crimsoned with shame. I want to lift my voice to-night in loud and long and indignant protest against the awful horror of mob violence, which the other day reached the climax of its madness and infamy in a deed as black and brutal and barbarous as can be found in the annals of human crime.

"I have a right to speak on the subject, and I propose to be heard. The time has come for every lover of the South to set the might of an angered and resolute manhood against the shame and peril of the lynch demon. These people whose fiendish glee taunts their victim as his flesh crackles in the flames do not represent the South. I have not a syllable of apology for the sickening crime they meant to avenge. But it is high time we were learning that lawlessness is no remedy for crime. For one, I dare to believe that the people of my section are able to cope with crime, however treacherous and defiant, through their courts of justice; and I plead for the masterful sway of a righteous and exalted public sentiment that shall class lynch law in the category with crime."

It is a notable and encouraging fact that no Negro educated in any of our larger institutions of learning in the South has been charged with any of the recent crimes connected with assaults upon women.

If we go on making progress in the directions that I have tried to indicate, more and more the South will be drawn to one course. As I have already said, it is not to the best interests of the white race of the South that the Negro be deprived of any privilege guaranteed him by the Constitution of the United States. This would put upon the South a burden under which no government could stand and prosper. Every article in our Federal Constitution was placed there with a view of stimulating and encouraging the highest type of citizenship. To continue to tax the Negro without giving him the right to vote, as fast as he qualifies himself in education and property for voting, would insure the alienation of the affections of the Negro from the state in which he lives, and would be the reversal of the fundamental principles of government for which our states have stood. In other ways than this the injury would be as great to the white man as to the Negro. Taxation without the hope of becoming voters would take away from one third of the citizens of the Gulf states their interest in government, and a stimulus to become taxpayers or to secure education, and thus be able and willing to bear their share of the cost of education and government, which now rests so heavily upon the white taxpayers of the South. The more the Negro is stimulated and encouraged, the sooner will he be able to bear a larger share of the burdens of the South. We have recently had before us an example, in the case of Spain, of a government that left a large portion of its citizens in ignorance, and neglected their highest interests.

As I have said elsewhere: "There is no escape, through law of man or God, from the inevitable.

'The laws of changeless justice bind Oppressor with oppressed; And close as sin and suffering joined We march to fate abreast.'

Nearly sixteen millions of hands will aid you in pulling the load upwards, or they will pull the load downwards against you. We shall constitute one third and more of the ignorance and crime of the South, or one third of its intelligence and progress; we shall contribute one third to the business and industrial prosperity of the South, or we shall prove a veritable body of death, stagnating, depressing, retarding every effort to advance the body politic."

My own feeling is that the South will gradually reach the point where it will see the wisdom and the justice of enacting an educational or property qualification, or both, for voting, that shall be made to apply honestly to both races. The industrial development of the Negro in connection with education and Christian character will help to hasten this end. When this is done, we shall have a foundation, in my opinion, upon which to build a government that is honest, and that will be in a high degree satisfactory to both races.

I do not suffer myself to take too optimistic a view of the conditions in the South. The problem is a large and serious one, and will require the patient help, sympathy, and advice of our most patriotic citizens, North and South, for years to come. But I believe that if the principles which I have tried to indicate are followed, a solution of the question will come. So long as the Negro is permitted to get education, acquire property, and secure employment, and is treated with respect in the business world, as is now true in the greater part of the South, I shall have the greatest faith in his working out his own destiny in our Southern states. The education and preparation for citizenship of nearly eight millions of people is a tremendous task, and every lover of humanity should count it a privilege to help in the solution of a problem for which our whole country is responsible.

HOT-FOOT HANNIBAL by Charles W. Chesnutt

"I hate and despise you! I wish never to see you or speak to you again!"

"Very well; I will take care that henceforth you have no opportunity to do either."

These words--the first in the passionately vibrant tones of my sister-in-law, and the latter in the deeper and more restrained accents of an angry man--startled me from my nap. I had been dozing in my hammock on the front piazza, behind the honeysuckle vine. I had been faintly aware of a buzz of conversation in the parlor, but had not at all awakened to its import until these sentences fell, or, I might rather say, were hurled upon my ear. I presume the young people had either not seen me lying there,--the Venetian blinds opening from the parlor windows upon the piazza were partly closed on account of the heat,--or else in their excitement they had forgotten my proximity.

I felt somewhat concerned. The young man, I had remarked, was proud, firm, jealous of the point of honor, and, from my observation of him, quite likely to resent to the bitter end what he deemed a slight or an injustice. The girl, I knew, was quite as high-spirited as young Murchison. I feared she was not so just, and hoped she would prove more yielding. I knew that her affections were strong and enduring, but that her temperament was capricious, and her sunniest moods easily overcast by some small cloud of jealousy or pique. I had never imagined, however, that she was capable of such intensity as was revealed by these few words of hers. As I say, I felt concerned. I had learned to like Malcolm Murchison, and had heartily consented to his marriage with my ward; for it was in that capacity that I had stood for a year or two to my wife's younger sister, Mabel. The match thus rudely broken off had promised to be another link binding me to the kindly Southern people among whom I had not long before taken up my residence.

Young Murchison came out of the door, cleared the piazza in two strides without seeming aware of my presence, and went off down the lane at a furious pace. A few moments later Mabel began playing the piano loudly, with a touch that indicated anger and pride and independence and a dash of exultation, as though she were really glad that she had driven away forever the young man whom the day before she had loved with all the ardor of a first passion.

I hoped that time might heal the breach and bring the two young people together again. I told my wife what I had overheard. In return she gave me Mabel's version of the affair.

"I do not see how it can ever be settled," my wife said. "It is something more than a mere lovers' quarrel. It began, it is true, because she found fault with him for going to church with that hateful Branson girl. But before it ended there were things said that no woman of any spirit could stand. I am afraid it is all over between them."

I was sorry to hear this. In spite of the very firm attitude taken by my wife and her sister, I still hoped that the quarrel would be made up within a day or two. Nevertheless, when a week had passed with no word from young Murchison, and with no sign of relenting on Mabel's part, I began to think myself mistaken.

One pleasant afternoon, about ten days after the rupture, old Julius drove the rockaway up to the piazza, and my wife, Mabel, and I took our seats for a drive to a neighbor's vineyard, over on the Lumberton plankroad.

"Which way shall we go," I asked,--"the short road or the long one?"

"I guess we had better take the short road," answered my wife. "We will get there sooner."

"It's a mighty fine dribe roun' by de big road, Mis' Annie," observed Julius, "en it doan take much longer to git dere."

"No," said my wife, "I think we will go by the short road. There is a bay tree in blossom near the mineral spring, and I wish to get some of the flowers."

"I 'spec's you'd find some bay trees 'long de big road, ma'am," said Julius.

"But I know about the flowers on the short road, and they are the ones I want."

We drove down the lane to the highway, and soon struck into the short road leading past the mineral spring. Our route lay partly through a swamp, and on each side the dark, umbrageous foliage, unbroken by any clearing, lent to the road solemnity, and to the air a refreshing coolness. About half a mile from the house, and about halfway to the mineral spring, we stopped at the tree of which my wife had spoken, and reaching up to the low-hanging boughs I gathered a dozen of the fragrant white flowers. When I resumed my seat in the rockaway, Julius started the mare. She went on for a few rods, until we had reached the edge of a branch crossing the road, when she stopped short.

"Why did you stop, Julius?" I asked.

"I didn', suh," he replied. "'T wuz de mare stop'. G' 'long dere, Lucy! W'at you mean by dis foolis'ness?"

Julius jerked the reins and applied the whip lightly, but the mare did not stir.

"Perhaps you had better get down and lead her," I suggested. "If you get her started, you can cross on the log and keep your feet dry."

Julius alighted, took hold of the bridle, and vainly essayed to make the mare move. She planted her feet with even more evident obstinacy.

"I don't know what to make of this," I said. "I have never known her to balk before. Have you, Julius?"

"No, suh," replied the old man, "I nebber has. It's a cu'ous thing ter me, suh."

"What's the best way to make her go?"

"I 'spec's, suh, dat ef I'd tu'n her roun' she'd go de udder way."

"But we want her to go this way."

"Well, suh, I 'low ef we des set heah fo' er fibe minutes, she'll sta't up by herse'f."

"All right," I rejoined, "it is cooler here than any place I have struck to-day. We'll let her stand for a while, and see what she does."

We had sat in silence for a few minutes, when Julius suddenly ejaculated, "Uh huh! I knows w'y dis mare doan go. It des flash 'cross my reccommemb'ance."

"Why is it, Julius?" I inquired.

"Ca'se she sees Chloe."

"Where is Chloe?" I demanded.

"Chloe's done be'n dead dese fo'ty years er mo'," the old man returned. "Her ha'nt is settin' ober yander on de udder side er de branch, unner dat willer tree, dis blessed minute."

"Why, Julius!" said my wife, "do you see the haunt?"

"No'm," he answered, shaking his head, "I doan see 'er, but de mare sees 'er."

"How do you know?" I inquired.

"Well, suh, dis yer is a gray hoss, en dis yer is a Friday; en a gray hoss kin alluz see a ha'nt w'at walks on Friday."

"Who was Chloe?" said Mabel.

"And why does Chloe's haunt walk?" asked my wife.

"It's all in de tale, ma'am," Julius replied, with a deep sigh. "It's all in de tale."

"Tell us the tale," I said. "Perhaps, by the time you get through, the haunt will go away and the mare will cross."

I was willing to humor the old man's fancy. He had not told us a story for some time; and the dark and solemn swamp around us; the amber-colored stream flowing silently and sluggishly at our feet, like the waters of Lethe; the heavy, aromatic scent of the bays, faintly suggestive of funeral wreaths,--all made the place an ideal one for a ghost story.

"Chloe," Julius began in a subdued tone, "use' ter b'long ter ole Mars' Dugal' McAdoo--my ole marster. She wuz a ladly gal en a smart gal, en ole mis' tuk her up ter de big house, en l'arnt her ter wait on de w'ite folks, 'tel bimeby she come ter be mis's own maid, en 'peared ter 'low she run de house herse'f, ter heah her talk erbout it. I wuz a young boy den, en use' ter wuk about de stables, so I knowed ev'ythin' dat wuz gwine on roun' de plantation.

"Well, one time Mars' Dugal' wanted a house boy, en sont down ter de qua'ters fer hab Jeff en Hannibal come up ter de big house nex' mawnin'. Ole marster en ole mis' look' de two boys ober, en 'sco'sed wid deyse'ves fer a little w'ile, en den Mars' Dugal' sez, sezee:--

"'We laks Hannibal de bes', en we gwine ter keep him. Heah, Hannibal, you'll wuk at de house fum now on. En ef you're a good nigger en min's yo' bizness, I'll gib you Chloe fer a wife nex' spring. You other nigger, you Jeff, you kin go back ter de qua'ters. We ain' gwine ter need you.'

"Now Chloe had be'n standin' dere behin' ole mis' dyoin' all er dis yer talk, en Chloe made up her min' fum de ve'y fus' minute she sot eyes on dem two dat she didn' lak dat nigger Hannibal, en wa'n't nebber gwine keer fer 'im, en she wuz des ez sho' dat she lak Jeff, en wuz gwine ter set sto' by 'im, whuther Mars' Dugal' tuk 'im in de big house er no; en so co'se Chloe wuz monst'us sorry w'en ole Mars' Dugal' tuk Hannibal en sont Jeff back. So she slip' roun' de house en waylaid Jeff on de way back ter de qua'ters en tol' 'im not ter be downhea'ted, fer she wuz gwine ter see ef she couldn' fin' some way er 'nuther ter git rid er dat nigger Hannibal, en git Jeff up ter de house in his place.

"De noo house boy kotch on monst'us fas', en it wa'n't no time ha'dly befo' Mars' Dugal' en ole mis' bofe 'mence' ter 'low Hannibal wuz de bes' house boy dey eber had. He wuz peart en soopl', quick ez lightnin', en sha'p ez a razor. But Chloe didn' lak his ways. He wuz so sho' he wuz gwine ter git 'er in de spring, dat he didn' 'pear ter 'low he had ter do any co'tin', en w'en he'd run 'cross Chloe 'bout de house, he'd swell roun' 'er in a biggity way en say:

"'Come heah en kiss me, honey. You gwine ter be mine in de spring. You doan 'pear ter be ez fon' er me ez you oughter be.'

"Chloe didn' keer nuffin' fer Hannibal, en hadn' keered nuffin' fer 'im, en she sot des ez much sto' by Jeff ez she did de day she fus' laid eyes on 'im. En de mo' fermilyus dis yer Hannibal got, de mo' Chloe let her min' run on Jeff, en one ebenin' she went down ter de qua'ters en watch', 'tel she got a chance fer ter talk wid 'im by hisse'f. En she tol' Jeff fer ter go down en see ole Aun' Peggy, de cunjuh-'oman down by de Wim'l'ton Road, en ax her fer ter gib 'im sump'n ter he'p git Hannibal out'n de big house, so de w'ite folks 'u'd sen' fer Jeff ag'in. En bein' ez Jeff didn' hab nuffin' ter gib Aun' Peggy, Chloe gun i'm a silber dollah en a silk han'kercher fer ter pay her wid, fer Aun' Peggy nebber lak ter wuk fer nobody fer nuffin'.

"So Jeff slip' off down ter Aun' Peggy's one night, en gun 'er de presents he brung, en tol' er all 'bout 'im en Chloe en Hannibal, en ax' 'er ter he'p 'im out. Aun' Peggy tol' 'im she'd wuk 'er roots, en fer 'im ter come back de nex' night, en she'd tell 'im w'at she c'd do fer 'im.

"So de nex' night Jeff went back, en Aun' Peggy gun 'im a baby-doll, wid a body made out'n a piece er co'n-stalk, en wid splinters fer a'ms en legs, en a head made out'n elderberry peth, en two little red peppers fer feet.

"'Dis yer baby-doll,' sez she, 'is Hannibal. Dis yer peth head is Hannibal's head, en dese yer pepper feet is Hannibal's feet. You take dis en hide it unner de house, on de sill unner de do', whar Hannibal'll hafter walk ober it ev'y day. En ez long ez Hannibal comes anywhar nigh dis baby-doll, he'll be des lak it is--light-headed en hot-footed; en ef dem two things doan git 'im inter trouble mighty soon, den I'm no cunjuh-'oman. But w'en you git Hannibal out'n de house, en git all thoo wid dis baby-doll, you mus' fetch it back ter me, fer it's monst'us powerful goopher, en is liable ter make mo' trouble ef you leabe it layin' roun'.'

"Well, Jeff tuk de baby-doll, en slip' up ter de big house, en whistle' ter Chloe, en w'en she come out he tol' 'er w'at ole Aun' Peggy had said. En Chloe showed 'im how ter git unner de house, en w'en he had put de cunjuh-doll on de sill he went 'long back ter de qua'ters--en des waited.

"Nex' day, sho' 'nuff, de goopher 'mence' ter wuk. Hannibal sta'ted in de house soon in de mawnin' wid a armful er wood ter make a fier, en he hadn' mo' d'n got 'cross de do'sill befo' his feet begun ter bu'n so dat he drap' de armful er wood on de flo' en woke ole mis' up an hour sooner'n yuzhal, en co'se ole mis' didn' lak dat, en spoke sha'p erbout it.

"W'en dinner-time come, en Hannibal wuz help'n de cook kyar de dinner f'm de kitchen inter de big house, en wuz gittin' close ter de do' what he had ter go in, his feet sta'ted ter bu'n en his head begun ter swim, en he let de big dish er chicken en dumplin's fall right down in de dirt, in de middle er de ya'd, en de w'ite folks had ter make dey dinner dat day off'n col' ham en sweet pertaters.

"De nex' mawnin' he overslep' hisse'f, en got inter mo' trouble. Atter breakfus', Mars' Dugal' sont 'im ober ter Mars' Marrabo Utley's fer ter borry a monkey wrench. He oughter be'n back in ha'f an hour, but he come pokin' home 'bout dinner'time wid a screw-driver stidder a monkey wrench. Mars' Dugal' sont ernudder nigger back wid de screw-driver, en Hannibal didn' git no dinner. 'Long in de atternoon, ole mis' sot Hannibal ter weedin' de flowers in de front gyahden, en Hannibal dug up all de bulbs ole mis' had sont erway fer, en paid a lot er money fer, en tuk 'em down ter de hawg-pen by de ba'nya'd, en fed 'em ter de hawgs. W'en ole mis' come out in de cool er de ebenin', en seed w'at Hannibal had done, she wuz mos' crazy, en she wrote a note en sont Hannibal down ter de obserseah wid it.

"But w'at Hannibal got fum de oberseah didn' 'pear ter do no good. Ev'y now en den 'is feet'd 'mence ter torment 'im, en 'is min' 'u'd git all mix' up, en his conduc' kep' gittin' wusser en wusser, 'tel fin'ly de w'ite folks couldn' stan' it no longer, en Mars' Dugal' tuk Hannibal back down ter de qua'ters.

"'Mr. Smif,' sez Mars' Dugal' ter de oberseah, 'dis yer nigger has tu'nt out so triflin' yer lately, dat we can't keep 'im at de house no mo', en I's fotch' 'im ter you ter be straighten' up. You's had 'casion ter deal wid 'im once, so he knows w'at ter expec'. You des take 'im in han', en lemme know how he tu'ns out. En w'en de han's comes in fum de fiel' dis ebenin' you kin sen' dat yaller nigger Jeff up ter de house. I'll try 'im, en see ef he's any better'n Hannibal.'

"So Jeff went up ter de big house, en pleas' Mars' Dugal' en ole mis' en de res' er de fambly so well dat dey all got ter lakin' 'im fus'rate, en dey'd 'a' fergot all 'bout Hannibal ef it hadn' be'n fer de bad repo'ts w'at come up fum de qua'ters 'bout 'im fer a mont' er so. Fac' is dat Chloe en Jeff wuz so int'rusted in one ernudder since Jeff be'n up ter de house, dat dey fergot all about takin' de baby-doll back ter Aun' Peggy, en it kep' wukkin fer a w'ile, en makin' Hannibal's feet bu'n mo' er less, 'tel all de folks on de plantation got ter callin' 'im Hot-Foot Hannibal. He kep' gittin' mo' en mo' triflin', 'tel he got de name er bein' de mos' no 'countes' nigger on de plantation, en Mars' Dugal' had ter th'eaten ter sell 'im in de spring; w'en bimeby de goopher quit wukkin', en Hannibal 'mence' ter pick up some en make folks set a little mo' sto' by 'im.

"Now, dis yer Hannibal was a monst'us sma't nigger, en w'en he got rid er dem so' feet his min' kep' runnin' on 'is udder troubles. Heah th'ee er fo' weeks befo' he'd had a' easy job, waitin' on de w'ite folks, libbin off'n de fat er de lan', en promus' de fines' gal on de plantation fer a wife in de spring, en now heah he wuz back in de co'nfiel', wid de oberseah a-cussin' en a r'arin' ef he didn' get a ha'd tas' done; wid nuffin' but co'n bread en bacon en merlasses ter eat; en all de fiel-han's makin' rema'ks, en pokin' fun at 'im ca'se he be'n sont back fum de big house ter de fiel'. En de mo' Hannibal studied 'bout it de mo' madder he got, 'tel he fin'ly swo' he wuz gwine ter git eben wid Jeff en Chloe ef it wuz de las' ac'.

"So Hannibal slipped 'way fum de qua'ters one Sunday en hid in de co'n up close ter de big house, 'tel he see Chloe gwine down de road. He waylaid her, en sezee:--

"'Hoddy, Chloe?'

"'I ain't got no time fer ter fool wid fiel'-han's,' sez Chloe, tossin' her head; 'W'at you want wid me, Hot-Foot?'

"'I wants ter know how you en Jeff is gittin' 'long.'

"'I 'lows dat's none er yo' bizness, nigger. I doan see w'at 'casion any common fiel'-han' has got ter mix in wid de 'fairs er folks w'at libs in de big house. But ef it'll do you any good ter know, I mought say dat me en Jeff is gittin' 'long mighty well, en we gwine ter git married in de spring, en you ain' gwine ter be 'vited ter de weddin' nuther.'

'"No, no!' sezee, 'I wouldn' 'spec' ter be 'vited ter de weddin',--a common, low-down fiel'-han' lak I is. But I's glad ter heah you en Jeff is gittin' 'long so well. I didn' knowed but w'at he had 'mence' ter be a little ti'ed.'

'"Ti'ed er me? Dat's rediklus!' sez Chloe. 'W'y, dat nigger lubs me so I b'liebe he'd go th'oo fier en water fer me. Dat nigger is des wrop' up in me.'

'"Uh huh,' sez Hannibal, 'den I reckon is mus' be some udder nigger w'at meets a 'oman down by de crick in de swamp ev'y Sunday ebenin', ter say nuffin' 'bout two er th'ee times a week.'

'"Yas, hit is ernudder nigger, en you is a liah w'en you say it wuz Jeff.'

'"Mebbe I is a liah, en mebbe I ain' got good eyes. But 'less'n I IS a liah, en 'less'n I AIN' got good eyes, Jeff is gwine ter meet dat 'oman dis ebenin' long 'bout eight o'clock right down dere by de crick in de swamp 'bout halfway betwix' dis plantation en Mars' Marrabo Utley's.'

"Well, Chloe tol' Hannibal she didn' b'liebe a wud he said, en call' 'im a low-down nigger who wuz tryin' ter slander Jeff 'ca'se he wuz mo' luckier'n he wuz. But all de same, she couldn' keep her min' fum runnin' on w'at Hannibal had said. She 'membered she'd heared one er de niggers say dey wuz a gal ober at Mars' Marrabo Utley's plantation w'at Jeff use' ter go wid some befo' he got 'quainted wid Chloe. Den she 'mence' ter figger back, en sho' 'nuff, dey wuz two er th'ee times in de las' week w'en she'd be'n he'p'n de ladies wid dey dressin' en udder fixin's in de ebenin', en Jeff mought 'a' gone down ter de swamp widout her knowin' 'bout it at all. En den she 'mence' ter 'member little things w'at she hadn' tuk no notice of befo', en w'at 'u'd make it 'pear lak Jeff had sump'n on his min'.

"Chloe set a monst'us heap er sto' by Jeff, en would 'a' done mos' anythin' fer 'im, so long ez he stuck ter her. But Chloe wuz a mighty jealous 'oman, en w'iles she didn' b'liebe w'at Hannibal said, she seed how it COULD 'a' be'n so, en she 'termine' fer ter fin' out fer herse'f whuther it WUZ so er no.

"Now, Chloe hadn' seed Jeff all day, fer Mars' Dugal' had sont Jeff ober ter his daughter's house, young Mis' Ma'g'ret's, w'at libbed 'bout fo' miles fum Mars' Dugal's, en Jeff wuzn' 'spected home 'tel ebenin'. But des atter supper wuz ober, en w'iles de ladies wuz settin' out on de piazzer, Chloe slip' off fum de house en run down de road,--dis yer same road we come; en w'en she got mos' ter de crick--dis yer same crick right befo' us--she kin' er kip' in de bushes at de side er de road, 'tel fin'ly she seed Jeff settin' on de back on de udder side er de crick,--right under dat ole willer tree droopin' ober de watah yander. En ev'y now en den he'd git up en look up de road to'ds Mars' Marrabo's on de udder side er de swamp.

"Fus' Chloe felt lak she'd go right ober de crick en gib Jeff a piece er her min'. Den she 'lowed she better be sho' befo' she done anythin'. So she helt herse'f in de bes' she could, gittin' madder en madder ev'ry minute, 'tel bimeby she seed a 'oman comin' down de road on de udder side fum to'ds Mars' Marrabo Utley's plantation. En w'en she seed Jeff jump up en run to'ds dat 'oman, en th'ow his a'ms roun' her neck, po' Chloe didn' stop ter see no mo', but des tu'nt roun' en run up ter de house, en rush' up on de piazzer, en up en tol' Mars' Dugal' en ole mis' all 'bout de baby-doll, en all 'bout Jeff gittin' de goopher fum Aun' Peggy, en 'bout w'at de goopher had done ter Hannibal.

"Mars' Dugal' wuz monst'us mad. He didn' let on at fus' lak he b'liebed Chloe, but w'en she tuk en showed 'im whar ter fin' de baby-doll, Mars' Dugal' tu'nt w'ite ez chalk.

'"What debil's wuk is dis?' sezee. 'No wonder de po' nigger's feet eetched. Sump'n got ter be done ter l'arn dat ole witch ter keep her han's off'n my niggers. En ez fer dis yer Jeff, I'm gwine ter do des w'at I promus', so de darkies on dis plantation'll know I means w'at I sez.'

"Fer Mars' Dugal' had warned de han's befo' 'bout foolin' wid cunju'ation; fac', he had los' one er two niggers hisse'f fum dey bein' goophered, en he would 'a' had ole Aun' Peggy whip' long ago, on'y Aun' Peggy wuz a free 'oman, en he wuz 'feard she'd cunjuh him. En wi'les Mars' Dugal' say he didn' b'liebe in cunj'in' en sich, he 'peared ter 'low it wuz bes' ter be on de safe side, en let Aun' Peggy alone.

"So Mars' Dugal' done des ez he say. Ef ole mis' had ple'd fer Jeff he mought 'a' kep' 'im. But ole mis' hadn' got ober losin' dem bulbs yit, en she nebber said a wud. Mars' Dugal' tuk Jeff ter town nex' day en' sol' 'im ter a spekilater, who sta'ted down de ribber wid 'im nex' mawnin' on a steamboat, fer ter take 'im ter Alabama.

"Now, w'en Chloe tol' ole Mars' Dugal' 'bout dis yer baby-doll en dis udder goopher, she hadn' ha'dly 'lowed Mars' Dugal' would sell Jeff down Souf. Howsomeber, she wuz so mad wid Jeff dat she 'suaded herse'f she didn' keer; en so she hilt her head up en went roun' lookin' lak she wuz rale glad 'bout it. But one day she wuz walkin' down de road, w'en who sh'd come 'long but dis yer Hannibal.

"W'en Hannibal seed 'er he bus' out laffin' fittin' fer ter kill: 'Yah, yah, yah! ho, ho, ho! ha, ha, ha! Oh, hol' me, honey, hol' me, er I'll laf myse'f ter def. I ain' nebber laf' so much sence I be'n bawn.'

"'W'at you laffin' at, Hot-Foot?'

"'Yah, yah, yah! W'at I laffin' at? W'y, I's laffin' at myse'f, tooby sho',--laffin' ter think w'at a fine 'oman I made.'

"Chloe tu'nt pale, en her hea't come up in her mouf.

"'W'at you mean, nigger?' sez she, ketchin' holt er a bush by de road fer ter stiddy herse'f. 'W'at you mean by de kin' er 'oman you made?'

"W'at do I mean? I means dat I got squared up wid you fer treatin' me de way you done, en I got eben wid dat yaller nigger Jeff fer cuttin' me out. Now, he's gwine ter know w'at it is ter eat co'n bread en merlasses once mo', en wuk fum daylight ter da'k, en ter hab a oberseah dribin' 'im fum one day's een' ter de udder. I means dat I sont wud ter Jeff dat Sunday dat you wuz gwine ter be ober ter Mars' Marrabo's visitin' dat ebenin', en you want i'm ter meet you down by de crick on de way home en go de rest er de road wid you. En den I put on a frock en a sun-bonnet en fix' myse'f up ter look lak a 'oman; en w'en Jeff seed me comin' he run ter meet me, en you seed 'im,--fer I had be'n watchin' in de bushes befo' en 'skivered you comin' down de road. En now I reckon you en Jeff bofe knows w'at it means ter mess wid a nigger lak me.'

"Po' Chloe hadn' heared mo' d'n half er de las' part er w'at Hannibal said, but she had heared 'nuff to l'arn dat dis nigger had fooler her en Jeff, en dat po' Jeff hadn' done nuffin', en dat fer lovin' her too much en goin' ter meet her she had cause' 'im ter be sol' erway whar she'd nebber, nebber see 'im no mo'. De sun mought shine by day, de moon by night, de flowers mought bloom, en de mawkin'-birds mought sing, but po' Jeff wuz done los' ter her fereber en fereber.

"Hannibal hadn' mo' d'n finish' w'at he had ter say, w'en Chloe's knees gun 'way unner her, en she fell down in de road, en lay dere half a' hour er so befo' she come to. W'en she did, she crep' up ter de house des ez pale ez a ghos'. En fer a mont' er so she crawled roun' de house, en 'peared ter be so po'ly dat Mars' Dugal' sont fer a doctor; en de doctor kep' on axin' her questions 'tel he foun' she wuz des pinin' erway fer Jeff.

"W'en he tol' Mars' Dugal', Mars' Dugal' lafft, en said he'd fix dat. She could hab de noo house boy fer a husban'. But ole mis' say, no, Chloe ain' dat kinder gal, en dat Mars' Dugal' should buy Jeff back.

"So Mars' Dugal' writ a letter ter dis yer spekilater down ter Wim'l'ton, en tol' ef he ain' done sol' dat nigger Souf w'at he bought fum 'im, he'd lak ter buy 'm back ag'in. Chloe 'mence' ter pick up a little w'en ole mis' tol' her 'bout dis letter. Howsomeber, bimeby Mars' Dugal' got a' answer fum de spekilater, who said he wuz monst'us sorry, but Jeff had fell ove'boa'd er jumped off'n de steamboat on de way ter Wim'l'ton, en got drownded, en co'se he couldn' sell 'im back, much ez he'd lak ter 'bleedge Mars' Dugal'.

"Well, atter Chloe heared dis she pu'tended ter do her wuk, en ole mis' wa'n't much mo' use ter nobody. She put up wid her, en hed de doctor gib her medicine, en let 'er go ter de circus, en all so'ts er things fer ter take her min' off'n her troubles. But dey didn' none un 'em do no good. Chloe got ter slippin' down here in de ebenin' des lak she 'uz comin' ter meet Jeff, en she'd set dere unner dat willer tree on de udder side, en wait fer 'im, night atter night. Bimeby she got so bad de w'ite folks sont her ober ter young Mis' Ma'g'ret's fer ter gib her a change; but she runned erway de fus' night, en w'en dey looked fer 'er nex' mawnin' dey foun' her co'pse layin' in de branch yander, right 'cross fum whar we're settin' now.

"Eber sence den," said Julius in conclusion, "Chloe's ha'nt comes eve'y ebenin' en sets down unner dat willer tree en waits fer Jeff, er e'se walks up en down de road yander, lookin' en lookin', en' [sic] waitin' en waitin', fer her sweethea't w'at ain' nebber, nebber come back ter her no mo'."

There was silence when the old man had finished, and I am sure I saw a tear in my wife's eye, and more than one in Mabel's.

"I think, Julius," said my wife after a moment, "that you may turn the mare around and go by the long road."

The old man obeyed with alacrity, and I noticed no reluctance on the mare's part.

"You are not afraid of Chloe's haunt, are you?" I asked jocularly.

My mood was not responded to, and neither of the ladies smiled.

"Oh no," said Annie, "but I've changed my mind. I prefer the other route."

When we had reached the main road and had proceeded along it for a short distance, we met a cart driven by a young negro, and on the cart were a trunk and a valise. We recognized the man as Malcolm Murchison's servant, and drew up a moment to speak to him.

"Who's going away, Marshall?" I inquired.

"Young Mistah Ma'colm gwine 'way on de boat ter Noo Yo'k dis ebenin', suh, en I'm takin' his things down ter de wharf, suh."

This was news to me, and I heard it with regret. My wife looked sorry, too, and I could see that Mabel was trying hard to hide her concern.

"He's comin' 'long behin', suh, en I 'spec's you'll meet 'im up de road a piece. He's gwine ter walk down ez fur ez Mistah Jim Williams's, en take de buggy fum dere ter town. He 'spec's ter be gone a long time, suh, en say prob'ly he ain' nebber comin' back."

The man drove on. There were a few words exchanged in an undertone between my wife and Mabel, which I did not catch. Then Annie said: "Julius, you may stop the rockaway a moment. There are some trumpet-flowers by the road there that I want. Will you get them for me, John?"

I sprang into the underbrush, and soon returned with a great bunch of scarlet blossoms.

"Where is Mabel?" I asked, noting her absence.

"She has walked on ahead. We shall overtake her in a few minutes."

The carriage had gone only a short distance when my wife discovered that she had dropped her fan.

"I had it where we were stopping. Julius, will you go back and get it for me?"

Julius got down and went back for the fan. He was an unconscionably long time finding it. After we got started again we had gone only a little way, when we saw Mabel and young Murchison coming toward us. They were walking arm in arm, and their faces were aglow with the light of love.

I do not know whether or not Julius had a previous understanding with Malcolm Murchison by which he was to drive us round by the long road that day, nor do I know exactly what motive influenced the old man's exertions in the matter. He was fond of Mabel, but I was old enough, and knew Julius well enough, to be skeptical of his motives. It is certain that a most excellent understanding existed between him and Murchison after the reconciliation, and that when the young people set up housekeeping over at the old Murchison place Julius had an opportunity to enter their service. For some reason or other, however, he preferred to remain with us. The mare, I might add, was never known to balk again.

A NEGRO SCHOOLMASTER IN THE NEW SOUTH by W. E. Burghardt Du Bois

Once upon a time I taught school in the hills of Tennessee, where the broad dark vale of the Mississippi begins to roll and crumple to greet the Alleghanies. I was a Fisk student then, and all Fisk men think that Tennessee--beyond the Veil--is theirs alone, and in vacation time they sally forth in lusty bands to meet the county school commissioners. Young and happy, I too went, and I shall not soon forget that summer, ten years ago.

First, there was a teachers' Institute at the county-seat; and there distinguished guests of the superintendent taught the teachers fractions and spelling and other mysteries,--white teachers in the morning, Negroes at night. A picnic now and then, and a supper, and the rough world was softened by laughter and song. I remember how--But I wander.

There came a day when all the teachers left the Institute, and began the hunt for schools. I learn from hearsay (for my mother was mortally afraid of firearms) that the hunting of ducks and bears and men is wonderfully interesting, but I am sure that the man who

has never hunted a country school has something to learn of the pleasures of the chase. I see now the white, hot roads lazily rise and fall and wind before me under the burning July sun; I feel the deep weariness of heart and limb, as ten, eight, six miles stretch relentlessly ahead; I feel my heart sink heavily as I hear again and again, "Got a teacher? Yes." So I walked on and on,--horses were too expensive,--until I had wandered beyond railways, beyond stage lines, to a land of "varmints" and rattlesnakes, where the coming of a stranger was an event, and men lived and died in the shadow of one blue hill.

Sprinkled over hill and dale lay cabins and farmhouses, shut out from the world by the forests and the rolling hills toward the east. There I found at last a little school. Josie told me of it; she was a thin, homely girl of twenty, with a dark brown face and thick, hard hair. I had crossed the stream at Watertown, and rested under the great willows; then I had gone to the little cabin in the lot where Josie was resting on her way to town. The gaunt farmer made me welcome, and Josie, hearing my errand, told me anxiously that they wanted a school over the hill; that but once since the war had a teacher been there; that she herself longed to learn,--and thus she ran on, talking fast and loud, with much earnestness and energy.

Next morning I crossed the tall round hill, lingered to look at the blue and yellow mountains stretching toward the Carolinas; then I plunged into the wood, and came out at Josie's home. It was a dull frame cottage with four rooms, perched just below the brow of the hill, amid peach trees. The father was a quiet, simple soul, calmly ignorant, with no touch of vulgarity. The mother was different,--strong, bustling, and energetic, with a quick, restless tongue, and an ambition to live "like folks." There was a crowd of children. Two boys had gone away. There remained two growing girls; a shy midget of eight; John, tall, awkward, and eighteen; Jim, younger, quicker, and better looking; and two babies of indefinite age. Then there was Josie herself. She seemed to be the centre of the family: always busy at service or at home, or berry-picking; a little nervous and inclined to scold, like her mother, yet faithful, too, like her father. She had about her a certain fineness, the shadow of an unconscious moral heroism that would willingly give all of life to make life broader, deeper, and fuller for her and hers. I saw much of this family afterward, and grew to love them for their honest efforts to be decent and comfortable, and for their knowledge of their own ignorance. There was with them no affectation. The mother would scold the father for being so "easy;" Josie would roundly rate the boys for carelessness; and all knew that it was a hard thing to dig a living out of a rocky side hill.

I secured the school. I remember the day I rode horseback out to the commissioner's house, with a pleasant young white fellow, who wanted the white school. The road ran down the bed of a stream; the sun laughed and the water jingled, and we rode on. "Come in," said the commissioner,--"come in. Have a seat. Yes, that certificate will do. Stay to dinner. What do you want a month?" Oh, thought I, this is lucky; but even then fell the awful shadow of the Veil, for they ate first, then I--alone.

The schoolhouse was a log hut, where Colonel Wheeler used to shelter his corn. It sat in a lot behind a rail fence and thorn bushes, near the sweetest of springs. There was an entrance where a door once was, and within, a massive rickety fireplace; great chinks between the logs served as windows. Furniture was scarce. A pale blackboard crouched in the corner. My desk was made of three boards, reinforced at critical points, and my chair, borrowed from the landlady, had to be returned every night. Seats for the children,--these puzzled me much. I was haunted by a New England vision of neat little desks and chairs, but, alas, the reality was rough plank benches without backs, and at times without legs. They had the one virtue of making naps dangerous,--possibly fatal, for the floor was not to be trusted.

It was a hot morning late in July when the school opened. I trembled when I heard the patter of little feet down the dusty road, and saw the growing row of dark solemn faces and bright eager eyes facing me. First came Josie and her brothers and sisters. The longing to know, to be a student in the great school at Nashville, hovered like a star above this child woman amid her work and worry, and she studied doggedly. There were the Dowells from their farm over toward Alexandria: Fanny, with her smooth black face and wondering eyes; Martha, brown and dull; the pretty girl wife of a brother, and the younger brood. There were the Burkes, two brown and yellow lads, and a tiny haughty-eyed girl. Fat Reuben's little chubby girl came, with golden face and old gold hair, faithful and solemn. 'Thenie was on hand early,--a jolly, ugly, good-hearted girl, who slyly dipped snuff and looked after her little bow-legged brother. When her mother could spare her, 'Tildy came,--a midnight beauty, with starry eyes and tapering limbs; and her brother, correspondingly homely. And then the big boys: the hulking Lawrences; the lazy Neills, unfathered sons of mother and daughter; Hickman, with a stoop in his shoulders; and the rest.

There they sat, nearly thirty of them, on the rough benches, their faces shading from a pale cream to a deep brown, the little feet bare and swinging, the eyes full of expectation, with here and there a twinkle of mischief, and the hands grasping Webster's blue-back spelling-book. I loved my school, and the fine faith the children had in the wisdom of their teacher was truly marvelous. We read and spelled together, wrote a little, picked flowers, sang, and listened to stories of the world beyond the hill. At times the

school would dwindle away, and I would start out. I would visit Mun Eddings, who lived in two very dirty rooms, and ask why little Lugene, whose flaming face seemed ever ablaze with the dark red hair uncombed, was absent all last week, or why I missed so often the inimitable rags of Mack and Ed. Then the father, who worked Colonel Wheeler's farm on shares, would tell me how the crops needed the boys; and the thin, slovenly mother, whose face was pretty when washed, assured me that Lugene must mind the baby. "But we'll start them again next week." When the Lawrences stopped, I knew that the doubts of the old folks about book-learning had conquered again, and so, toiling up the hill, and getting as far into the cabin as possible, I put Cicero pro Archia Poeta into the simplest English with local applications, and usually convinced them--for a week or so.

On Friday nights I often went home with some of the children; sometimes to Doc Burke's farm. He was a great, loud, thin Black, ever working, and trying to buy the seventy-five acres of hill and dale where he lived; but people said that he would surely fail, and the "white folks would get it all." His wife was a magnificent Amazon, with saffron face and shining hair, uncorseted and barefooted, and the children were strong and beautiful. They lived in a one-and-a-half-room cabin in the hollow of the farm, near the spring. The front room was full of great fat white beds, scrupulously neat; and there were bad chromos on the walls, and a tired centre-table. In the tiny back kitchen I was often invited to "take out and help" myself to fried chicken and wheat biscuit, "meat" and corn pone, string beans and berries. At first I used to be a little alarmed at the approach of bed-time in the one lone bedroom, but embarrassment was very deftly avoided. First, all the children nodded and slept, and were stowed away in one great pile of goose feathers; next, the mother and the father discreetly slipped away to the kitchen while I went to bed; then, blowing out the dim light, they retired in the dark. In the morning all were up and away before I thought of awaking. Across the road, where fat Reuben lived, they all went outdoors while the teacher retired, because they did not boast the luxury of a kitchen.

I liked to stay with the Dowells, for they had four rooms and plenty of good country fare. Uncle Bird had a small, rough farm, all woods and hills, miles from the big road; but he was full of tales,--he preached now and then,--and with his children, berries, horses, and wheat he was happy and prosperous. Often, to keep the peace, I must go where life was less lovely; for instance, 'Tildy's mother was incorrigibly dirty, Reuben's larder was limited seriously, and herds of untamed bedbugs wandered over the Eddingses' beds. Best of all I loved to go to Josie's, and sit on the porch, eating peaches, while the mother bustled and talked: how Josie had bought the sewing-machine; how Josie worked at service in winter, but that four dollars a month was "mighty little" wages; how Josie longed to go away to school, but that it "looked like" they never could get far enough ahead to let her; how the crops failed and the well was yet unfinished; and, finally, how "mean" some of the white folks were.

For two summers I lived in this little world; it was dull and humdrum. The girls looked at the hill in wistful longing, and the boys fretted, and haunted Alexandria. Alexandria was "town,"--a straggling, lazy village of houses, churches, and shops, and an aristocracy of Toms, Dicks, and Captains. Cuddled on the hill to the north was the village of the colored folks, who lived in three or four room unpainted cottages, some neat and homelike, and some dirty. The dwellings were scattered rather aimlessly, but they centred about the twin temples of the hamlet, the Methodist and the Hard-Shell Baptist churches. These, in turn, leaned gingerly on a sad-colored schoolhouse. Hither my little world wended its crooked way on Sunday to meet other worlds, and gossip, and wonder, and make the weekly sacrifice with frenzied priest at the altar of the "old-time religion." Then the soft melody and mighty cadences of Negro song fluttered and thundered.

I have called my tiny community a world, and so its isolation made it; and yet there was among us but a half-awakened common consciousness, sprung from common joy and grief, at burial, birth, or wedding; from a common hardship in poverty, poor land, and low wages; and, above all, from the sight of the Veil that hung between us and Opportunity. All this caused us to think some thoughts together; but these, when ripe for speech, were spoken in various languages. Those whose eyes thirty and more years before had seen "the glory of the coming of the Lord" saw in every present hindrance or help a dark fatalism bound to bring all things right in His own good time. The mass of those to whom slavery was a dim recollection of childhood found the world a puzzling thing: it asked little of them, and they answered with little, and yet it ridiculed their offering. Such a paradox they could not understand, and therefore sank into listless indifference, or shiftlessness, or reckless bravado. There were, however, some such as Josie, Jim, and Ben,--they to whom War, Hell, and Slavery were but childhood tales, whose young appetites had been whetted to an edge by school and story and half-awakened thought. Ill could they be content, born without and beyond the World. And their weak wings beat against their barriers,--barriers of caste, of youth, of life; at last, in dangerous moments, against everything that opposed even a whim.

The ten years that follow youth, the years when first the realization comes that life is leading somewhere,--these were the years that passed after I left my little school. When they were past, I came by chance once more to the walls of Fisk University, to the

halls of the chapel of melody. As I lingered there in the joy and pain of meeting old school friends, there swept over me a sudden longing to pass again beyond the blue hill, and to see the homes and the school of other days, and to learn how life had gone with my school-children; and I went.

Josie was dead, and the gray-haired mother said simply, "We've had a heap of trouble since you've been away." I had feared for Jim. With a cultured parentage and a social caste to uphold him, he might have made a venturesome merchant or a West Point cadet. But here he was, angry with life and reckless; and when Farmer Durham charged him with stealing wheat, the old man had to ride fast to escape the stones which the furious fool hurled after him. They told Jim to run away; but he would not run, and the constable came that afternoon. It grieved Josie, and great awkward John walked nine miles every day to see his little brother through the bars of Lebanon jail. At last the two came back together in the dark night. The mother cooked supper, and Josie emptied her purse, and the boys stole away. Josie grew thin and silent, yet worked the more. The hill became steep for the quiet old father, and with the boys away there was little to do in the valley. Josie helped them sell the old farm, and they moved nearer town. Brother Dennis, the carpenter, built a new house with six rooms; Josie toiled a year in Nashville, and brought back ninety dollars to furnish the house and change it to a home.

When the spring came, and the birds twittered, and the stream ran proud and full, little sister Lizzie, bold and thoughtless, flushed with the passion of youth, bestowed herself on the tempter, and brought home a nameless child. Josie shivered, and worked on, with the vision of schooldays all fled, with a face wan and tired,--worked until, on a summer's day, some one married another; then Josie crept to her mother like a hurt child, and slept--and sleeps.

I paused to scent the breeze as I entered the valley. The Lawrences have gone; father and son forever, and the other son lazily digs in the earth to live. A new young widow rents out their cabin to fat Reuben. Reuben is a Baptist preacher now, but I fear as lazy as ever, though his cabin has three rooms; and little Ella has grown into a bouncing woman, and is ploughing corn on the hot hillside. There are babies a plenty, and one half-witted girl. Across the valley is a house I did not know before, and there I found, rocking one baby and expecting another, one of my schoolgirls, a daughter of Uncle Bird Dowell. She looked somewhat worried with her new duties, but soon bristled into pride over her neat cabin, and the tale of her thrifty husband, the horse and cow, and the farm they were planning to buy.

My log schoolhouse was gone. In its place stood Progress, and Progress, I understand, is necessarily ugly. The crazy foundation stones still marked the former site of my poor little cabin, and not far away, on six weary boulders, perched a jaunty board house, perhaps twenty by thirty feet, with three windows and a door that locked. Some of the window glass was broken, and part of an old iron stove lay mournfully under the house. I peeped through the window half reverently, and found things that were more familiar. The blackboard had grown by about two feet, and the seats were still without backs. The county owns the lot now, I hear, and every year there is a session of school. As I sat by the spring and looked on the Old and the New I felt glad, very glad, and yet--

After two long drinks I started on. There was the great double log house on the corner. I remembered the broken, blighted family that used to live there. The strong, hard face of the mother, with its wilderness of hair, rose before me. She had driven her husband away, and while I taught school a strange man lived there, big and jovial, and people talked. I felt sure that Ben and 'Tildy would come to naught from such a home. But this is an odd world; for Ben is a busy farmer in Smith County, "doing well, too," they say, and he had cared for little 'Tildy until last spring, when a lover married her. A hard life the lad had led, toiling for meat, and laughed at because he was homely and crooked. There was Sam Carlon, an impudent old skinflint, who had definite notions about niggers, and hired Ben a summer and would not pay him. Then the hungry boy gathered his sacks together, and in broad daylight went into Carlon's corn; and when the hard-fisted farmer set upon him, the angry boy flew at him like a beast. Doc Burke saved a murder and a lynching that day.

The story reminded me again of the Burkes, and an impatience seized me to know who won in the battle, Doc or the seventy-five acres. For it is a hard thing to make a farm out of nothing, even in fifteen years. So I hurried on, thinking of the Burkes. They used to have a certain magnificent barbarism about them that I liked. They were never vulgar, never immoral, but rather rough and primitive, with an unconventionality that spent itself in loud guffaws, slaps on the back, and naps in the corner. I hurried by the cottage of the misborn Neill boys. It was empty, and they were grown into fat, lazy farm hands. I saw the home of the Hickmans, but Albert, with his stooping shoulders, had passed from the world. Then I came to the Burkes' gate and peered through; the inclosure looked rough and untrimmed, and yet there were the same fences around the old farm save to the left, where lay twenty-five other acres. And lo! the cabin in the hollow had climbed the hill and swollen to a half-finished six-room cottage.

The Burkes held a hundred acres, but they were still in debt. Indeed, the gaunt father who toiled night and day would scarcely be happy out of debt, being so used to it. Some day he must stop, for his massive frame is showing decline. The mother wore shoes, but the lionlike physique of other days was broken. The children had grown up. Rob, the image of his father, was loud and rough with laughter. Birdie, my school baby of six, had grown to a picture of maiden beauty, tall and tawny. "Edgar is gone," said the mother, with head half bowed,--"gone to work in Nashville; he and his father couldn't agree."

Little Doc, the boy born since the time of my school, took me horseback down the creek next morning toward Farmer Dowell's. The road and the stream were battling for mastery, and the stream had the better of it. We splashed and waded, and the merry boy, perched behind me, chattered and laughed. He showed me where Simon Thompson had bought a bit of ground and a home; but his daughter Lana, a plump, brown, slow girl, was not there. She had married a man and a farm twenty miles away. We wound on down the stream till we came to a gate that I did not recognize, but the boy insisted that it was "Uncle Bird's." The farm was fat with the growing crop. In that little valley was a strange stillness as I rode up; for death and marriage had stolen youth, and left age and childhood there. We sat and talked that night, after the chores were done. Uncle Bird was grayer, and his eyes did not see so well, but he was still jovial. We talked of the acres bought,--one hundred and twenty-five,--of the new guest chamber added, of Martha's marrying. Then we talked of death: Fanny and Fred were gone; a shadow hung over the other daughter, and when it lifted she was to go to Nashville to school. At last we spoke of the neighbors, and as night fell Uncle Bird told me how, on a night like that, 'Thenie came wandering back to her home over yonder, to escape the blows of her husband. And next morning she died in the home that her little bow-legged brother, working and saving, had bought for their widowed mother.

My journey was done, and behind me lay hill and dale, and Life and Death. How shall man measure Progress there where the dark-faced Josie lies? How many heartfuls of sorrow shall balance a bushel of wheat? How hard a thing is life to the lowly, and yet how human and real! And all this life and love and strife and failure,--is it the twilight of nightfall or the flush of some faint-dawning day?

Thus sadly musing, I rode to Nashville in the Jim Crow car.

THE CAPTURE OF A SLAVER by J. Taylor Wood

From 1830 to 1850 both Great Britain and the United States, by joint convention, kept on the coast of Africa at least eighty guns afloat for the suppression of the slave trade. Most of the vessels so employed were small corvettes, brigs, or schooners; steam at that time was just being introduced into the navies of the world.

Nearly fifty years ago I was midshipman on the United States brig Porpoise, of ten guns. Some of my readers may remember these little ten-gun coffins, as many of them proved to be to their crews. The Porpoise was a fair sample of the type; a full-rigged brig of one hundred and thirty tons, heavily sparred, deep waisted, and carrying a battery of eight twenty-four-pound carronades and two long chasers; so wet that even in a moderate breeze or sea it was necessary to batten down; and so tender that she required careful watching; only five feet between decks, her quarters were necessarily cramped and uncomfortable, and, as far as possible, we lived on deck. With a crew of eighty all told, Lieutenant Thompson was in command, Lieutenant Bukett executive officer, and two midshipmen were the line officers. She was so slow that we could hardly hope for a prize except by a fluke. Repeatedly we had chased suspicious craft only to be out-sailed.

At this time the traffic in slaves was very brisk; the demand in the Brazils, in Cuba, and in other Spanish West Indies was urgent, and the profit of the business so great that two or three successful ventures would enrich any one. The slavers were generally small, handy craft; fast, of course; usually schooner-rigged, and carrying flying topsails and forecourse. Many were built in England or elsewhere purposely for the business, without, of course, the knowledge of the builders, ostensibly as yachts or traders. The Spaniards and Portuguese were the principal offenders, with occasionally an English-speaking renegade.

The slave depots, or barracoons, were generally located some miles up a river. Here the slaver was secure from capture and could embark his live cargo at his leisure. Keeping a sharp lookout on the coast, the dealers were able to follow the movements of the cruisers, and by means of smoke, or in other ways, signal when the coast was clear for the coming down the river and sailing of the loaded craft. Before taking in the cargoes they were always fortified with all the necessary papers and documents to show they were engaged in legitimate commerce, so it was only when caught in flagrante delicto that we could hold them.

We had been cruising off the coast of Liberia doing nothing, when we were ordered to the Gulf of Guinea to watch the Bonny and Cameroons mouths of the great Niger River. Our consort was H.M. schooner Bright, a beautiful craft about our tonnage, but with

half our crew, and able to sail three miles to our two. She was an old slaver, captured and adapted as a cruiser. She had been very successful, making several important captures of full cargoes, and twice or thrice her commanding officer and others had been promoted. Working our way slowly down the coast in company with the Bright, we would occasionally send a boat on shore to reconnoitre or gather any information we could from the natives through our Krooman interpreter. A few glasses of rum or a string of beads would loosen the tongue of almost any one. At Little Bonny we heard that two vessels were some miles up the river, ready to sail, and were only waiting until the coast was clear. Captain James, of the Bright, thought that one, if not both, would sail from another outlet of the river, about thirty miles to the southward, and determined to watch it.

We both stood to that direction. Of course we were watched from the shore, and the slavers were kept posted as to our movements. They supposed we had both gone to the Cameroons, leaving Little Bonny open; but after dark, with a light land breeze, we wore round and stood to the northward, keeping offshore some distance, so that captains leaving the river might have sufficient offing to prevent their reaching port again or beaching their craft. At daybreak, as far as we could judge, we were about twenty miles offshore to the northward and westward of Little Bonny, in the track of any vessel bound for the West Indies. The night was dark with occasional rain squalls, when the heavens would open and the water come down in a flood. Anxiously we all watched for daylight, which comes under the equator with a suddenness very different from the prolonged twilight of higher latitudes. At the first glimmer in the east every eye was strained on the horizon, all eager, all anxious to be the first to sight anything within our vision. The darkness soon gave way to gray morn. Day was dawning, when suddenly a Krooman by my side seized my hand and, without saying a word, pointed inshore. I looked, but could see nothing. All eyes were focused in that direction, and in a few minutes the faint outline of a vessel appeared against the sky. She was some miles inshore of us, and as the day brightened we made her out to be a brigantine (an uncommon rig in those days), standing across our bows, with all studding sails set on the starboard side, indeed everything that could pull, including water sails and save-all. We were on the same tack heading to the northward. We set everything that would draw, and kept off two points, bringing the wind abeam so as to head her off.

The breeze was light and off the land. We had not yet been seen against the darker western horizon, but we knew it could only be a few minutes longer before their sharp eyes would make us out. Soon we saw the studding sails and all kites come down by the run and her yards braced up sharp on the same tack as ours. We also hauled by the wind. At sunrise she was four points on our weather bow, distant about four miles. We soon perceived that she could outsail our brig and if the wind held would escape. Gradually she drew away from us until she was hull down. Our only hope now was that the land breeze would cease and the sea breeze come in. As the sun rose we gladly noticed the wind lessening, until at eleven o'clock it was calm. Not a breath ruffled the surface of the sea; the sun's rays in the zenith were reflected as from a mirror; the waters seemed like molten lead.

I know of nothing more depressing than a calm in the tropics,--a raging sun overhead, around an endless expanse of dead sea, and a feeling of utter helplessness that is overpowering. What if this should last? what a fate! The Rime of the Ancient Mariner comes to our mind. Come storm and tempest, come hurricanes and blizzards, anything but an endless stagnation. For some hours we watched earnestly the horizon to the westward, looking for the first dark break on the smooth sea. Not a cloud was in the heavens. The brig appeared to be leaving us either by towing or by sweeps; only her topgallant sail was above the horizon. It looked as if the sea breeze would desert us. It usually came in about one o'clock, but that hour and another had passed and yet we watched for the first change. Without a breeze our chances of overhauling the stranger were gone. Only a white speck like the wing of a gull now marked her whereabouts on the edge of the horizon, and in another hour she would be invisible even from the masthead.

When we were about to despair, our head Krooman drew the captain's attention to the westward and said the breeze was coming. We saw no signs of it, but his quick eye had noticed light feathery clouds rising to the westward, a sure indication of the coming breeze. Soon we could see the glassy surface ruffled at different points as the breeze danced over it, coming on like an advancing line of skirmishers; and as we felt its first gentle movement on our parched faces, it was welcome indeed, putting new life into all of us. The crew needed no encouragement to spring to their work. As the little brig felt the breeze and gathered steerageway, she was headed for the chase, bringing the wind on her starboard quarter. In less than five minutes all the studding sails that would draw were set, as well as everything that would pull. The best quartermaster was sent to the wheel, with orders to keep the chase directly over the weather end of the spritsail yard. The captain ordered the sails wet, an expedient I never had much faith in, unless the sails are very old. But as if to recompense us for the delay, the breeze came in strong and steady. Our one hope now was to follow it up close, and to carry it within gunshot of the brig, for if she caught it before we were within range she would certainly escape. All hands were piped to quarters, and the long eighteen-pounder on the forecastle was loaded with a full service charge; on this piece we relied to cripple the chase. We were now rapidly raising her, and I was sent aloft on the fore topsail yard, with a good glass to watch her movements. Her hull was in sight and she was still becalmed, though her head was pointed in the right direction, and

everything was set to catch the coming breeze. She carried a boat on each side at the davits like a man-of-war, and I reported that I could make out men securing them. They had been towing her, and only stopped when they saw us drawing near.

Anxiously we watched the breeze on the water as it narrowed the sheen between us, and we were yet two miles or more distant when she first felt the breeze. As she did so we hoisted the English blue ensign,--for the fleet at this time was under a Rear Admiral of the Blue,--and fired a weather gun, but no response was made. Fortunately the wind continued to freshen and the Porpoise was doing wonderfully well. We were rapidly closing the distance between us. We fired another gun, but no attention was paid to it. I noticed from the movements of the crew of the brig that they were getting ready for some manoeuvre, and reported to the captain. He divined at once what the manoeuvre would be, and ordered the braces be led along, hands by the studding-sail halyards and tacks, and everything ready to haul by the wind. We felt certain now of the character of our friend, and the men were already calculating the amount of their prize money. We were now within range, and must clip her wings if possible.

The first lieutenant was ordered to open fire with the eighteen-pounder. Carefully the gun was laid, and as the order "fire" was given, down came our English flag, and the stop of the Stars and Stripes was broken at the gaff. The first shot touched the water abeam of the chase and ricochetted ahead of her. She showed the Spanish flag. The captain of the gun was ordered to elevate a little more and try again. The second shot let daylight through her fore topsail, but the third was wide again.

Then the sharp, quick order of the captain, "Fore topsail yard there, come down on deck, sir!" brought me down on the run. "Have both cutters cleared away and ready for lowering," were my orders as I reached the quarter-deck. Practice from the bow chasers continued, but the smoke that drifted ahead of us interfered with the accuracy of the firing, and no vital part was touched, though a number of shots went through her sails. The captain in the main rigging never took his eye from the Spaniard, evidently expecting that as a fox when hard pressed doubles on the hounds, the chase would attempt the same thing. And he was not disappointed, for when we had come within easy range of her, the smoke hid her from view for a few minutes, and as it dispersed the first glimpse showed the captain that her studding sails had all gone, and that she had hauled by the wind, standing across our weather bow. Her captain had lost no time in taking in his studding sails; halyards, tacks, and sheets had all been cut together and dropped overboard.

It was a bold and well-executed manoeuvre, and we could not help admiring the skill with which she was handled. However, we had been prepared for this move. "Ease down your helm." "Lower away. Haul down the studding sails." "Ease away the weather braces. Brace up." "Trim down the head sheets," were the orders which followed in rapid succession, and were as quickly executed. The Spaniard was now broad on our lee bow, distant not more than half a mile, but as she felt the wind which we brought down she fairly spun through the water, exposing her bright copper. She was both head-reaching and outsailing us; in half an hour she would have been right ahead of us, and in an hour the sun would be down. It was now or never. We could bring nothing to bear except the gun on the forecastle. Fortunately it continued smooth, and we were no longer troubled with smoke. Shot after shot went hissing through the air after her; a number tore through the sails or rigging, but not a spar was touched nor an important rope cut. We could see some of her crew aloft reeving and stopping braces and ready to repair any damage done, working as coolly under fire as old man-of-war's men. But while we were looking, down came the gaff of her mainsail, and the gaff-topsail fell all adrift; a lucky shot had cut her peak halyards. Our crew cheered with a will. "Well done, Hobson; try it again!" called the captain to the boatswain's mate, who was captain of the gun.

After the next shot, the topgallant yard swayed for a few minutes and fell forward. The order was given to cease firing; she was at our mercy. We were rapidly nearing the chase, when she backed her topsail. We kept off, and when within easy range of the carronades "hove to" to windward. Lieutenant Bukett was ordered to board her in the first cutter and take charge. I followed in the second cutter, with orders to bring the captain on board with his papers. A few strokes sent us alongside of a brig about our tonnage, but with a low rail and a flush deck. The crew, some eighteen or twenty fine-looking seamen, were forward eagerly discussing the situation of affairs. The captain was aft with his two officers, talking to Lieutenant Bukett. He was fair, with light hair curling all over his head, beard cut short, about forty years of age, well set up, with a frame like a Roman wrestler, evidently a tough customer in a rough-and-ready scrimmage.

He spoke fairly good English, and was violently denouncing the outrage done to his flag; his government would demand instant satisfaction for firing upon a legitimate trader on the high seas. I have the lieutenant Captain Thompson's orders, to bring the captain and his papers on board at once. His harangue was cut short by orders to get on board my boat. He swore with a terrible oath that he would never leave his vessel. "Come on board, men," said I, and twenty of our crew were on deck in a jiffy. I stationed my coxswain, Parker, at the cabin companion way with orders to allow no one to pass. "Now," said Lieutenant Bukett to the

Spaniard, "I will take you on board in irons unless you go quietly." He hesitated a moment, then said he would come as soon as he had gone below to bring up his papers. "No, never mind your papers; I will find them," said the lieutenant, for he saw the devil in the Spaniard's eyes, and knew he meant mischief. Our captive made one bound for the companion way, however, and seizing Parker by the throat hurled him into the water ways as if he had been a rag baby. But fortunately he slipped on a small grating and fell on his knees, and before he could recover himself two of our men threw themselves upon him.

I closed the companion way. The struggle was desperate for a few minutes, for the Spaniard seemed possessed of the furies, and his efforts were almost superhuman. Twice he threw the men from him across the deck, but they were reinforced by Parker, who, smarting under his discomfiture, rushed in, determined to down him. I was anxious to end it with my pistol, but Lieutenant Bukett would not consent. The Spaniard's officers and men made some demonstration to assist, but they were quickly disposed of: his two mates were put in irons and the crew driven forward. Struggling, fighting, every limb and every muscle at work, the captain was overpowered; a piece of the signal halyards brought his hands together, and handcuffs were slipped on his wrists. Only then he succumbed, and begged Lieutenant Bukett to blow out his brains, for he had been treated like a pirate.

Without doubt if he had reached the cabin he would have blown up the vessel, for in a locker over the transom were two open kegs of powder. I led him to my boat, assisted him in, and returned to the Porpoise. As soon as the Spaniard reached the deck the captain ordered his irons removed, and expressed his regret that it had been necessary to use force. The prisoner only bowed and said nothing. The captain asked him what his cargo consisted of. He replied, "About four hundred blacks bound to the Brazils."

I was then ordered to return to the brig, bring on board her crew, leaving only the cook and steward, and to take charge of the prize as Lieutenant Bukett, our first lieutenant, was not yet wholly recovered from an attack of African fever. The crew of twenty men, when brought on board, consisted of Spaniards, Greeks, Malays, Arabs, white and black, but had not one Anglo-Saxon. They were ironed in pairs and put under guard.

From the time we first got on board we had heard moans, cries, and rumblings coming from below, and as soon as the captain and crew were removed, the hatches had been taken off, when there arose a hot blast as from a charnel house, sickening and overpowering. In the hold were three or four hundred human beings, gasping, struggling for breath, dying; their bodies, limbs, faces, all expressing terrible suffering. In their agonizing fight for life, some had torn or wounded themselves or their neighbors dreadfully; some were stiffened in the most unnatural positions. As soon as I knew the condition of things I sent the boat back for the doctor and some whiskey. It returned bringing Captain Thompson, and for an hour or more we were all hard at work lifting and helping the poor creatures on deck, where they were laid out in rows. A little water and stimulant revived most of them; some, however, were dead or too far gone to be resuscitated. The doctor worked earnestly over each one, but seventeen were beyond human skill. As fast as he pronounced them dead they were quickly dropped overboard.

Night closed in with our decks covered so thickly with the ebony bodies that with difficulty we could move about; fortunately they were as quiet as so many snakes. In the meantime the first officer, Mr. Block, was sending up a new topgallant yard, reeving new rigging, repairing the sails, and getting everything ataunto aloft. The Kroomen were busy washing out and fumigating the hold, getting ready for our cargo again. It would have been a very anxious night, except that I felt relieved by the presence of the brig which kept within hail. Soon after daybreak Captain Thompson came on board again, and we made a count of the captives as they were sent below; 188 men and boys, and 166 women and girls. Seeing everything snug and in order the captain returned to the brig, giving me final orders to proceed with all possible dispatch to Monrovia, Liberia, land the negroes, then sail for Porto Praya, Cape de Verde Islands, and report to the commodore. As the brig hauled to the wind and stood to the southward and eastward I dipped my colors, when her crew jumped into the rigging and gave us three cheers, which we returned.

As she drew away from us I began to realize my position and responsibility: a young midshipman, yet in my teens, commanding a prize, with three hundred and fifty prisoners on board, two or three weeks' sail from port, with only a small crew. From the first I kept all hands aft except two men on the lookout, and the weather was so warm that we could all sleep on deck. I also ordered the men never to lay aside their pistols or cutlasses, except when working aloft, but my chief reliance was in my knowledge of the negro,--of his patient, docile disposition. Born and bred a slave he never thought of any other condition, and he accepted the situation without a murmur. I had never heard of blacks rising or attempting to gain their freedom on board a slaver.

My charges were all of a deep black; from fifteen to twenty-five years of age, and, with a few exceptions, nude, unless copper or brass rings on their ankles or necklaces of cowries can be described as articles of dress. All were slashed, or had the scars of branding on their foreheads and cheeks; these marks were the distinguishing features of different tribes or families. The men's hair

had been cut short, and their heads looked in some cases as if they had been shaven. The women, on the contrary, wore their hair "a la pompadour;" the coarse kinky locks were sometimes a foot or more above their heads, and trained square or round like a boxwood bush. Their features were of the pronounced African type, but, notwithstanding this disfigurement, were not unpleasing in appearance. The figures of all were very good, straight, well developed, some of the young men having bodies that would have graced a Mercury or an Apollo. Their hands were small, showing no evidences of work, only the cruel marks of shackles. These in some cases had worn deep furrows on their wrists or ankles.

They were obedient to all orders as far as they understood them, and would, I believe, have jumped overboard if told to do so. I forbade the men to treat them harshly or cruelly. I had the sick separated from the others, and allowed them to remain on deck all the time, and in this way I partly gained their confidence. I was anxious to learn their story. Fortunately one of the Kroomen found among the prisoners a native of a tribe living near the coast, and with him as interpreter was able to make himself understood. After a good deal of questioning I learned that most of them were from a long distance in the interior, some having been one and some two moons on the way, traveling partly by land and partly by river until they reached the coast. They had been sold by their kings or by their parents to the Arab trader for firearms or for rum. Once at the depots near the coast, they were sold by the Arabs or other traders to the slave captains for from twenty-five to fifty dollars a head. In the Brazils or West Indies they were worth from two to five hundred dollars. This wide margin, of course, attracted unscrupulous and greedy adventurers, who if they succeeded in running a few cargoes would enrich themselves.

Our daily routine was simple. At six in the morning the rope netting over the main hatch which admitted light and air was taken off, and twenty-five of each sex were brought up, and seated in two circles, one on each side of the deck. A large pan of boiled paddy was then placed in the centre by the cook and all went to work with their hands. A few minutes sufficed to dispose of every grain; then one of the Kroomen gave each of them a cup of water from a bucket. For half an hour after the meal they had the liberty of the deck, except the poop, for exercise, to wash and to sun themselves; for sunshine to a negro is meat and drink. At the end of this time they were sent below and another fifty brought up, and so on until all had been fed and watered. Paddy or rice was the staple article of food. At dinner boiled yams were given with the rice. Our passengers were quartered on a flying deck extending from the foremast to a point twenty feet abaft the main hatch from which came light and air. The height was about five feet; the men had one side and the women the other. Of course there was no furnishing of any kind, but all lay prone upon the bare deck in rows.

Every morning after breakfast the Kroomen would rig the force pump, screw on the hose and drench them all, washing out thoroughly between decks. They appeared to enjoy this, and it was cooling, for be it remembered we were close under the equator, the thermometer dancing about 90 deg. As the water was sluiced over them they would rub and scrub each other. Only the girls would try not to get their hair wet, for they were at all times particular about their headdress. It may be that this was the only part of their toilet that gave them any concern.

The winds were baffling and light, so we made but slow progress. Fortunately frequent rains, with sometimes a genuine tropical downpour or cloud-burst, gave us an opportunity of replenishing our water casks, and by spreading the awnings we were able to get a good supply. I found on inspection that there were at least thirty days' provisions on board, so on this score and that of water I felt easy. I lived on deck, seldom using the cabin, which was a veritable arsenal, with racks of muskets and cutlasses on two sides, many more than the captain needed to arm his crew, evidently intended for barter. Two or three prints of his favorite saints, ornamented with sharks' teeth, hung on one bulkhead. A well-thrummed mandolin and a number of French novels proved him to be a musical and literary fellow, who could probably play a bolero while making a troublesome slave walk a plank. I found also some choice vintages from the Douro and Bordeaux snugly stowed in his spirit locker, which proved good medicines for some of our captives, who required stimulants. Several of the girls were much reduced, refused nearly all food, and were only kept alive by a little wine and water. Two finally died of mere inanition. Their death did not in the least affect their fellows, who appeared perfectly indifferent and callous to all their surroundings, showing not the least sympathy or desire to help or wait on one another.

The fifth day after parting from the brig we encountered a tropical storm. The sun rose red and angry, and owing to the great refraction appeared three times its natural size. It climbed lazily to the zenith, and at noon we were shadowless. The sky was as calm as a vault, and the surface of the water was like burnished steel. The heat became so stifling that even the Africans were gasping for breath, and we envied them their freedom from all impediments. The least exertion was irksome, and attended with extreme lassitude. During the afternoon thin cirri clouds, flying very high, spread out over the western heavens like a fan. As the day lengthened they thickened to resemble the scales of a fish, bringing to mind the old saying, "A mackerel sky and a mare's tail," etc. The signs were all unmistakable, and even the gulls recognized a change, and, screaming, sought shelter on our spars. Mr. Block was ordered to send down all the light yards and sails; to take in and furl everything, using storm gaskets, except on the fore

and main storm staysails; to lash everything on deck; to batten down the hatches, except one square of the main; see all the shifting boards in place, so that our living cargo would not be thrown to leeward higgledy-piggledy, and to take four or five of the worst cases of the sick into the cabin and lay them on the floor.

The sun disappeared behind a mountainous mass of leaden-colored clouds which rose rapidly in the southern and western quarters. To the eastward, also, the signs were threatening. Night came on suddenly as it does in the tropics. Soon the darkness enveloped us, a palpable veil. A noise like the march of a mighty host was heard, which proved to be the approach of a tropical flood, heralded by drops as large as marbles. It churned the still waters into a phosphorescent foam which rendered the darkness only more oppressive. The rain came down as it can come only in the Bight of Benin. The avalanche cooled us, reducing the temperature ten or fifteen degrees, giving us new life, and relieving our fevered blood. I told Mr. Block to throw back the tarpaulin over the main hatch and let our dusky friends get some benefit of it. In half an hour the rain ceased, but it was as calm and ominous as ever.

I knew this was but the forerunner of something worse to follow, and we had not long to wait, for suddenly a blinding flash of lightning darted through the gloom from east to west, followed by one in the opposite direction. Without intermission, one blaze after another and thunder crashing until our eyes were blinded and our ears deafened, a thousand times ten thousand pieces of artillery thundered away. We seemed utterly helpless and insignificant. "How wonderful are Thy works," came to my mind. Still no wind; the brig lay helpless.

Suddenly, as a slap in the face, the wind struck us,--on the starboard quarter, fortunately. "Hard-a-starboard." "Hanl aft port fore staysail sheet," I called. But before she could gather way she was thrown down by the wind like a reed. She was "coming to" instead of "going off," and I tried to get the main storm staysail down but could not make myself heard. She was lying on her broadside. Luckily the water was smooth as yet. The main staysail shot out of the boltropes with a report like a twelve-pounder, and this eased her so that if the fore staysail would only hold she would go off. For a few minutes all we could do was to hold on, our lee rail in the water; but the plucky little brig rallied a little, her head went off inch by inch, and as she gathered way she righted, and catching the wind on our quarter we were off like a shot out of a gun. I knew we were too near the vortex of the disturbance for the wind to hang long in one quarter, so watched anxiously for a change. The sea rose rapidly while we were running to the northward on her course, and after a lull of a few minutes the wind opened from the eastward, butt end foremost, a change of eight points. Nothing was to be done but heave to, and this in a cross sea where pitch, weather roll, lee lurch, followed one another in such earnest that it was a wonder her masts were not switched out of her.

I passed an anxious night, most concerned about the poor creatures under hatches, whose sufferings must have been terrible. To prevent their suffocating I kept two men at the main hatch with orders to lift one corner of the tarpaulin whenever possible, even if some water did go below. Toward morning the wind and the sea went down rapidly, and as the sun rose it chased the clouds off, giving us the promise of a fine day. When the cook brought me a cup of coffee, I do not know that I ever enjoyed anything more. Hatches off, I jumped down into the hold to look after my prisoners. Battered and bruised they lay around in heaps. Only the shifting boards had kept them from being beaten into an indistinguishable mass. As fast as possible they were sent on deck, and the sun's rays, with a few buckets of water that were thrown over them, accomplished wonders in bringing them to life and starting them to care for their sore limbs and bruises.

One boy, when I motioned for him to go on deck, pointed quietly to his leg, and upon examination I found a fracture just above the knee. Swelling had already commenced. I had seen limbs set, and had some rough idea how it should be done. So while getting some splints of keg staves and bandages ready, I kept a stream of water pouring on the fracture, and then ordered two men to pull the limb in place, and it took all their strength. That done I put on the splints and wrapped the bandages tightly. Three weeks later I landed him in a fair way of recovery.

Gradually I allowed a larger number of the blacks to remain on deck, a privilege which they greatly enjoyed. To lie basking in the sun like saurians, half sleeping, half waking, appeared to satisfy all their wishes. They were perfectly docile and obedient, and not by word, gesture, or look did they express any dissatisfaction with orders given them. But again for any little acts of kindness they expressed no kind of appreciation or gratitude. Physically they were men and women, but otherwise as far removed from the Anglo-Saxon as the oyster from the baboon, or the mole from the horse.

On the fourteenth day from parting with the brig we made the palms on Cape Mesurado, the entrance to Monrovia Harbor. A light sea breath wafted us to the anchorage, a mile from the town, and when the anchor dropped from the bows and the chain ran

through the hawse pipe, it was sweet music to my ears; for the strain had been great, and I felt years older than when I parted from my messmates. A great responsibility seemed lifted from my shoulders, and I enjoyed a long and refreshing sleep for the first time in a fortnight. At nine the next morning I went on shore and reported to the authorities, the officials of Liberia, of which Monrovia is the capital.

This part of the African coast had been selected by the United States government as the home of emancipated slaves; for prior to the abolition excitement which culminated in the war, numbers of slaves in the South had been manumitted by their masters with the understanding that they should be deported to Liberia, and the Colonization Society, an influential body, comprising some of the leading men, like Madison, Webster, and Clay, had assisted in the same work. The passages of the negroes were paid; each family was given a tract of land and sufficient means to build a house. Several thousand had been sent out, most of whom had settled at Monrovia, and a few at other places on the coast. They had made no impression on the natives. On the contrary, many of them had intermarried with the natives, and the off-spring of these unions had lost the use of the English tongue, and had even gone back to the life and customs of their ancestors, sans clothing, sans habitations, and worship of a fetich.

Of course there were some notable exceptions, especially President Roberts, who proved himself a safe and prudent ruler, taking into consideration his surroundings and the material with which he had to work. The form of government was modeled after that of the United States, but it was top-heavy. Honorables, colonels, and judges were thicker than in Georgia. Only privates were scarce; for nothing delights a negro more than a little show or a gaudy uniform. On landing I was met by a dark mulatto, dressed in a straw hat, blue tail coat, silver epaulettes, linen trousers, with bare feet, and a heavy cavalry sabre hanging by his side. With him were three or four others in the same rig, except the epaulettes. He introduced himself as Colonel Harrison, chief of police. I asked to be directed to the custom house.

The collector proved to be an old negro from Raleigh, N. C., gray as a badger, spectacled, with manners of Lord Grandison and language of Mrs. Malaprop. I reported my arrival, and asked permission to land my cargo as soon as possible. He replied that in a matter of so much importance, devolving questions of momentous interest, it would be obligatory on him to consult the Secretary of the Treasury. I said I trusted he would so facilitate affairs that I might at an early hour disembarrass myself of my involuntary prisoners. I returned on board, and the day passed without any answer. The next morning I determined to go at once to headquarters and find out the cause of the delay by calling on the President.

He received me without any formality. I made my case as strong as possible, and pressed for an immediate answer. In reply he assured me he would consult with other members of his cabinet, and give me a final answer the next morning. That evening I dined with him en famille, and recognized some old Virginia dishes on the table. The next morning I waited impatiently for his decision, having made up my mind however, if it was unfavorable, to land my poor captives, be the consequences what they might.

About eleven o'clock a boat came off with an officer in full uniform, who introduced himself as Colonel Royal, bearer of dispatches from his Excellency the President. He handed me a letter couched in diplomatic language, as long as some of his brother presidents' messages on this side of the Atlantic. I had hardly patience to read it. The gist of it was, I might not land the captives at Monrovia, but might land them at Grand Bassa, about a hundred and fifty miles to the eastward; that Colonel Royal would accompany me with orders to the governor there to receive them. This was something I had not anticipated, and outside of my instructions. However, I thought it best to comply with the wishes of the government of our only colony.

Getting under way we stood to the southward and eastward, taking advantage of the light land and sea breeze, keeping the coast close aboard. The colonel had come on board without any impediments, and I wondered if he intended to make the voyage in his cocked hat, epaulettes, sword, etc. But soon after we had started he disappeared and emerged from the cabin bareheaded, barefooted, and without clothing except a blue dungaree shirt and trousers. Like a provident negro, having stowed away all his trappings, he appeared as a roustabout on a Western steamer. But he had not laid aside with his toggery any of his important and consequential airs. He ran foul of Mr. Block, who called him Mr. Cuffy, and ordered him to give him a pull with the main sheet. The colonel complained to me that he was not addressed by his name or title, and that he was not treated as a representative of his government should be. I reprimanded Mr. Block, and told him to give the visitor all his title. "All right, sir, but the colonel must keep off the weather side of the deck," growled the officer. The cook, the crew, and even the Kroomen, all took their cue from the first officer, and the colonel's lot was made most unhappy.

On the third day we reached Grand Bassa, and anchored off the beach about two miles, along which the surf was breaking so high that any attempt to land would be hazardous. Toward evening it moderated, and a canoe with three naked natives came off. One I

found could speak a little English. I told him to say to the governor that I would come on shore in the morning and see him, and land my cargo at the same time.

The next morning at sunrise we were boarded by a party of natives headed by one wearing a black hat half covered with a tarnished silver band, an old navy frock coat, much too small, between the buttons of which his well-oiled skin showed clearly. A pair of blue flannel trousers completed his outfit. An interpreter introduced him as King George of Grand Bassa. With him were about a dozen followers, each one wearing a different sort of garment--and seldom more than a single one--representing old uniforms of many countries. Two coats I noticed were buttoned up the back.

The king began by saying that he was and always had been a friend of the Americans; that he was a big man, had plenty of men and five wives, etc. While he was speaking, a white-bearded old colored gentleman came over the gangway, dressed in a linen roundabout and trousers, with a wide-brimmed straw hat. At the same time Colonel Royal came up from the cabin in grande tenue and introduced us to the Hon. Mr. Marshall, governor of Bassa, formerly of Kentucky.

In a few minutes he explained the situation. With a few settlers he was located at this place, on the frontier of the colony, and they were there on sufferance only from the natives. I told him Colonel Royal would explain my mission to him and the king. The colonel, bowing low to the king, the governor, and myself, and bringing his sword down with a thud on the deck, drew from between the bursting buttons of his coat the formidable document I had seen at Monrovia, and with most impressive voice and gesture commenced to read it. The king listened for a few minutes, and then interrupted him. I asked the interpreter what he said. He replied, "King say he fool nigger; if he comes on shore he give him to Voodoo women." Then turning his back he walked forward. The colonel dropped his paper, and drawing his sword, in the most dramatic manner claimed protection in the name of the government, declaring that he had been insulted. I told him to keep cool, since he was certainly safe as long as he was on board my ship. He grumbled and muttered terrible things, but subsided gradually like the departing thunder of a summer storm.

I arranged the landing of the passengers with Governor Marshall, whom I found a sensible, clear-headed old man, ready to cooperate in every way. But he suggested that I had better consult the king before doing anything. I did so, and he at once said they could not land. I told the interpreter to say they would be landed at once and put under the protection of the governor; that if the king or his people hurt them or ran them off I would report it to our commodore, who would certainly punish him severely. Finding me determined, he began to temporize, and asked that the landing be put off until the next day, that he might consult with his head people, for if I sent them on shore before he had done so they would kill them. "If that is the case," I replied, "I will hold you on board as a hostage for their good behavior." This threat surprised him, and he changed his tactics. After a little powwow with some of his followers, he said that if I would give him fifty muskets, twenty pounds of powder, the colonel's sword, and some red cloth for his wives, I might land them. I replied that I had not a musket to spare nor an ounce of powder, that the colonel was a high officer of his government, and that he of course would not give up his uniform. Fortunately the colonel had retired to the cabin and did not hear this modest demand, or he would have been as much outraged as if his sable Majesty had asked for him to be served "roti a l'Ashantee." However, I told the king I would send his wives some cloth and buttons. He grunted his approval but returned again to the charge, and asked that he might choose a few of the captives for his own use, before landing. "Certainly not," I answered, "neither on board nor on shore," and added that he would be held accountable for their good treatment as free men and women. He left thoroughly disappointed and bent on mischief.

In the meantime Mr. Block had made all preparations for landing, and had the boats lowered and ranged alongside, with sufficient rice to last the blacks a week or ten days. The men and boys were sent first. When they were called up from the hold and ordered into the boats not one of them moved. They evidently divined what had been going on and dreaded leaving the vessel, though our Kroomen tried to explain that they would be safe and free on shore. The explanation was without effect, however, and they refused to move. The could only understand that they were changing masters, and they preferred the present ones. Sending three or four men down, I told them to pass up the negroes one at a time. Only a passive resistance was offered, such as one often sees exhibited by cattle being loaded on the cars or on a steamer, and were silent, not uttering a word of complaint. By noon the men were all on shore, and then we began with the girls. They were more demonstrative than the men, and by their looks and gestures begged not to be taken out of the vessel. I was much moved, for it was a painful duty, and I had become interested in these beings, so utterly helpless, so childlike in their dependence on those around them. And I could not help thinking what their fate would be, thrown upon the shore hundreds of miles from their homes, and among a people strange to them in language.

Even Mr. Block was deeply stirred. "He had not shipped," he said, "for such work." I went to my cabin and left him in charge. In the course of an hour he reported, "All ashore, sir." I told him to have the gig manned and I would go on shore with Colonel Royal, and

get a receipt from Governor Marshall for my late cargo. The colonel declined to accompany me, alleging sickness and requesting me to get the necessary papers signed. No doubt he felt safer on board than within reach of King George.

We landed through the surf on a sandy beach, on which the waves of the Atlantic were fretting. Near by was a thick grove of cocoanut trees, under which in groups of four and five were those who had just been landed. They were seated on the ground, their heads resting on their knees, in a position of utter abnegation, surrounded by three or four hundred chattering savages of all ages, headed by the king. With the exception of him and a few of his head men, the clothing of the company would not have covered a rag baby. They were no doubt discussing the appearance of the strangers and making their selections.

I found the governor's house and the houses of the few settlers some distance back on a slight elevation. The governor was comfortably, though plainly situated, with a large family around him. He gave me a receipt for the number of blacks landed, but said it would be impossible for him to prevent the natives from taking and enslaving them. I agreed with him, and said he must repeat to the king what I had told him. Then bidding him good-by I returned on board, sad and weary as one often feels after being relieved of a great burden. At the same time I wondered whether the fate of these people would have been any worse if the captain of the slaver had succeeded in landing them in the Brazils or the West Indies. Sierra Leone being a crown colony, the English could land all their captives there and provide for them until they were able to work for themselves. In this respect they had a great advantage over us.

Getting under way, I proceeded to Monrovia to land Colonel Royal, and then to Porto Praya, our squadron's headquarters. There I found Commodore Gregory in the flagship corvette Portsmouth, and reported to him. Soon after the Porpoise came in, and I joined my old craft, giving up my command of the captured slaver rather reluctantly.

MR. CHARLES W. CHESNUTT'S STORIES by W. D. Howells

The critical reader of the story called The Wife of his Youth, which appeared in these pages two years ago, must have noticed uncommon traits in what was altogether a remarkable piece of work. The first was the novelty of the material; for the writer dealt not only with people who were not white, but with people who were not black enough to contrast grotesquely with white people,--who in fact were of that near approach to the ordinary American in race and color which leaves, at the last degree, every one but the connoisseur in doubt whether they are Anglo-Saxon or Anglo-African. Quite as striking as this novelty of the material was the author's thorough mastery of it, and his unerring knowledge of the life he had chosen in its peculiar racial characteristics. But above all, the story was notable for the passionless handling of a phase of our common life which is tense with potential tragedy; for the attitude, almost ironical, in which the artist observes the play of contesting emotions in the drama under his eyes; and for his apparently reluctant, apparently helpless consent to let the spectator know his real feeling in the matter. Any one accustomed to study methods in fiction, to distinguish between good and bad art, to feel the joy which the delicate skill possible only from a love of truth can give, must have known a high pleasure in the quiet self-restraint of the performance; and such a reader would probably have decided that the social situation in the piece was studied wholly from the outside, by an observer with special opportunities for knowing it, who was, as it were, surprised into final sympathy.

Now, however, it is known that the author of this story is of negro blood,--diluted, indeed, in such measure that if he did not admit this descent few would imagine it, but still quite of that middle world which lies next, though wholly outside, our own. Since his first story appeared he has contributed several others to these pages, and he now makes a showing palpable to criticism in a volume called The Wife of his Youth, and Other Stories of the Color Line; a volume of Southern sketches called The Conjure Woman; and a short life of Frederick Douglass, in the Beacon Series of biographies. The last is a simple, solid, straight piece of work, not remarkable above many other biographical studies by people entirely white, and yet important as the work of a man not entirely white treating of a great man of his inalienable race. But the volumes of fiction ARE remarkable above many, above most short stories by people entirely white, and would be worthy of unusual notice if they were not the work of a man not entirely white.

It is not from their racial interest that we could first wish to speak of them, though that must have a very great and very just claim upon the critic. It is much more simply and directly, as works of art, that they make their appeal, and we must allow the force of this quite independently of the other interest. Yet it cannot always be allowed. There are times in each of the stories of the first volume when the simplicity lapses, and the effect is as of a weak and uninstructed touch. There are other times when the attitude, severely impartial and studiously aloof, accuses itself of a little pompousness. There are still other times when the literature is a little too ornate for beauty, and the diction is journalistic, reporteristic. But it is right to add that these are the exceptional times, and that for far the greatest part Mr. Chesnutt seems to know quite as well what he wants to do in a given case as Maupassant, or Tourguenief,

or Mr. James, or Miss Jewett, or Miss Wilkins, in other given cases, and has done it with an art of kindred quiet and force. He belongs, in other words, to the good school, the only school, all aberrations from nature being so much truancy and anarchy. He sees his people very clearly, very justly, and he shows them as he sees them, leaving the reader to divine the depth of his feeling for them. He touches all the stops, and with equal delicacy in stories of real tragedy and comedy and pathos, so that it would be hard to say which is the finest in such admirably rendered effects as The Web of Circumstance, The Bouquet, and Uncle Wellington's Wives. In some others the comedy degenerates into satire, with a look in the reader's direction which the author's friend must deplore.

As these stories are of our own time and country, and as there is not a swashbuckler of the seventeenth century, or a sentimentalist of this, or a princess of an imaginary kingdom, in any of them, they will possibly not reach half a million readers in six months, but in twelve months possibly more readers will remember them than if they had reached the half million. They are new and fresh and strong, as life always is, and fable never is; and the stories of The Conjure Woman have a wild, indigenous poetry, the creation of sincere and original imagination, which is imparted with a tender humorousness and a very artistic reticence. As far as his race is concerned, or his sixteenth part of a race, it does not greatly matter whether Mr. Chesnutt invented their motives, or found them, as he feigns, among his distant cousins of the Southern cabins. In either case, the wonder of their beauty is the same; and whatever is primitive and sylvan or campestral in the reader's heart is touched by the spells thrown on the simple black lives in these enchanting tales. Character, the most precious thing in fiction, is as faithfully portrayed against the poetic background as in the setting of the Stories of the Color Line.

Yet these stories, after all, are Mr. Chesnutt's most important work, whether we consider them merely as realistic fiction, apart from their author, or as studies of that middle world of which he is naturally and voluntarily a citizen. We had known the nethermost world of the grotesque and comical negro and the terrible and tragic negro through the white observer on the outside, and black character in its lyrical moods we had known from such an inside witness as Mr. Paul Dunbar; but it had remained for Mr. Chesnutt to acquaint us with those regions where the paler shades dwell as hopelessly, with relation to ourselves, as the blackest negro. He has not shown the dwellers there as very different from ourselves. They have within their own circles the same social ambitions and prejudices; they intrigue and truckle and crawl, and are snobs, like ourselves, both of the snobs that snub and the snobs that are snubbed. We may choose to think them droll in their parody of pure white society, but perhaps it would be wiser to recognize that they are like us because they are of our blood by more than a half, or three quarters, or nine tenths. It is not, in such cases, their negro blood that characterizes them; but it is their negro blood that excludes them, and that will imaginably fortify them and exalt them. Bound in that sad solidarity from which there is no hope of entrance into polite white society for them, they may create a civilization of their own, which need not lack the highest quality. They need not be ashamed of the race from which they have sprung, and whose exile they share; for in many of the arts it has already shown, during a single generation of freedom, gifts which slavery apparently only obscured. With Mr. Booker Washington the first American orator of our time, fresh upon the time of Frederick Douglass; with Mr. Dunbar among the truest of our poets; with Mr. Tanner, a black American, among the only three Americans from whom the French government ever bought a picture, Mr. Chesnutt may well be willing to own his color.

But that is his personal affair. Our own more universal interest in him arises from the more than promise he has given in a department of literature where Americans hold the foremost place. In this there is, happily, no color line; and if he has it in him to go forward on the way which he has traced for himself, to be true to life as he has known it, to deny himself the glories of the cheap success which awaits the charlatan in fiction, one of the places at the top is open to him. He has sounded a fresh note, boldly, not blatantly, and he has won the ear of the more intelligent public.

PATHS OF HOPE FOR THE NEGRO by Jerome Dowd

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS OF A SOUTHERNER

It is too late in the day to discuss whether it would have been better had the Negro never been brought into the Southern States. If his presence here has been beneficial, or is ever to prove so, the price of the benefit has already been dearly paid for. He was the occasion of the deadliest and most expensive war in modern times. In the next place, his presence has corrupted politics and has limited statesmanship to a mere question of race supremacy. Great problems concerning the political, industrial, and moral life of the people have been subordinated or overshadowed, so that, while important strides have been made elsewhere in the investigation of social conditions and in the administration of State and municipal affairs, in civil-service reform, in the management of penal and charitable institutions, and in the field of education, the South has lagged behind.

On the charts of illiteracy and crime the South is represented by an immense black spot. Such are a few items of the account. It will require millions more of dollars and generations more of earnest work before the total cost is met of bringing the black man to this side of the globe. But the debt has been incurred and must be liquidated.

The welfare of the Negro is bound up with that of the white man in many important particulars:

First, the low standard of living among the blacks keeps down the wages of all classes of whites. So long as the Negroes are content to live in miserable huts, wear rags, and subsist upon hog fat and cow-pease, so long must the wages of white people in the same kind of work be pressed toward the same level. The higher we raise the standard of living among the Negroes, the higher will be the wages of the white people in the same occupations. The low standard of the Negroes is the result of low productive power. The less intelligent and skilled the Negroes are, the less they can produce, whether working for themselves or others, and hence, the less will be the total wealth of the country.

But it may be asked, When the standard of living of the Negroes is raised, will not wages go up, and will not that be a drawback? Certainly wages will go up, because the income of all classes will be increased. High wages generally indicate high productive power and general wealth, while low wages indicate the opposite. Only benefits can arise from better wages.

In the next place, the Negro's propensity to crime tends to excite the criminal tendencies of the white man. The South enjoys the distinction of having the highest percentage of crime in all the civilized world, and the reason is that the crimes of the one race provoke counter-crimes in the other.

The physical well-being of the one race has such a conspicuous influence upon that of the other that the subject requires no elaboration. The uncleanliness of person and habits of the Negroes in their homes and in the homes of their employers tends to propagate diseases, and thus impairs the health and increases the death-rate of the whole population.

Again, the lack of refinement in intellect, manners, and dress among the Negroes is an obstacle to the cultivated life of the whites. Ignorance and the absence of taste and self-respect in servants result in badly kept homes and yards, destruction of furniture and ware, ill-prepared food, poor table service, and a general lowering of the standard of living. Furthermore, the corrupt, coarse, and vulgar language of the Negroes is largely responsible for the jumbled and distorted English spoken by many of the Southern whites.

Seeing that the degradation of the Negro is an impediment to the progress and civilization of the white man, how may we effect an improvement in his condition?

First, municipalities should give more attention to the streets and alleys that traverse Negro settlements. In almost every town in the South there are settlements, known by such names as "New Africa," "Haiti," "Log Town," "Smoky Hollow," or "Snow Hill," exclusively inhabited by Negroes. These settlements are often outside the corporate limits. The houses are built along narrow, crooked, and dirty lanes, and the community is without sanitary regulations or oversight. These quarters should be brought under municipal control, the lanes widened into streets and cleaned, and provision made to guard against the opening of similar ones in the future.

In the next place, property-owners should build better houses for the Negroes to live in. The weakness in the civilization of the Negroes is most pronounced in their family life. But improvement in this respect is not possible without an improvement in the character and the comforts of the houses they live in. Bad houses breed bad people and bad neighborhoods. There is no more distinctive form of crime than the building and renting of houses unfit for human habitation.

Scarcely second in importance to improvements in house architecture is the need among Negroes of more time to spend with their families. Employers of Negro labor should be less exacting in the number of hours required for a day's work. Many domestic servants now work from six in the morning until nine and ten o'clock at night. The Southern habit of keeping open shopping-places until late at night encourages late suppers, retains cooks, butlers, and nurses until bedtime, and robs them of all home life. If the merchants would close their shops at six o'clock, as is the custom in the North, the welfare of both races would be greatly promoted.

Again, a revolution is needed in the character of the Negro's religion. At present it is too largely an affair of the emotions. He needs to be taught that the religious life is something to grow into by the perfection of personality, and not to be jumped into or sweated into at camp-meetings. The theological seminaries and the graduate preachers should assume the task of grafting upon the religion of the Negro that much sanity at least.

A reform is as much needed in the methods and aims of Negro education. Up to the present Negro education has shared with that of the white man the fault of being top-heavy. Colleges and universities have developed out of proportion to, and at the expense of, common schools. Then, the kind of education afforded the Negro has not been fitted to his capacities and needs. He has been made to pursue courses of study parallel to those prescribed for the whites, as though the individuals of both races had to fill the same positions in life. Much of the Negro's education has had nothing to do with his real life-work. It has only made him discontented and disinclined to unfold his arms. The survival of the Negroes in the race for existence depends upon their retaining possession of the few bread-winning occupations now open to them. But instead of better qualifying themselves for these occupations they have been poring over dead languages and working problems in mathematics. In the meantime the Chinaman and the steam-laundry have abolished the Negro's wash-tub, trained white "tonsorial artists" have taken away his barber's chair, and skilled painters and plasterers and mechanics have taken away his paint-brushes and tool-chests. Every year the number of occupations open to him becomes fewer because of his lack of progress in them. Unless a radical change takes place in the scope of his education, so that he may learn better how to do his work, a tide of white immigration will set in and force him out of his last stronghold, domestic service, and limit his sphere to the farm.

All primary schools for the Negroes should be equipped for industrial training in such work as sewing, cooking, laundering, carpentry, and house-cleaning, and, in rural districts, in elementary agriculture.

Secondary schools should add to the literary courses a more advanced course in industrial training, so as to approach as nearly as possible the objects and methods of the Tuskegee and Hampton Industrial and Normal Schools. Too much cannot be said in behalf of the revolution in the life of the Negro which the work of these schools promises and, in part, has already wrought. The writer is fully aware that education has a value aside from and above its bread-winning results, and he would not dissuade the Negro from seeking the highest culture that he may be capable of; but it is folly for him to wing his way through the higher realms of the intellect without some acquaintance with the requirements and duties of life.

Changes are needed in the methods of Negro education as well as in its scope. Educators should take into account, more than they have yet done, the differences in the mental characteristics of the two races. It is a well-established fact that, while the lower races possess marked capacity to deal with simple, concrete ideas, they lack power of generalization, and soon fatigue in the realm of the abstract. It is also well known that the inferior races, being deficient in generalization, which is a subjective process, are absorbed almost entirely in the things that are objective. They have strong and alert eyesight, and are susceptible to impressions through the medium of the eye to an extent that is impossible to any of the white races. This fact is evidenced in the great number of pictures found in the homes of the Negroes. In default of anything better, they will paper their walls with advertisements of the theater and the circus, and even with pictures from vicious newspapers. They delight in street pageantry, fancy costumes, theatrical performances, and similar spectacles. Factories employing Negroes generally find it necessary to suspend operations on "circus day." They love stories of adventure and any fiction that gives play to their imaginations. All their tastes lie in the realm of the objective and the concrete.

Hence, in the school-room stress should be laid on those studies that appeal to the eye and the imagination. Lessons should be given in sketching, painting, drawing, and casting. Reprints of the popular works of art should be placed before the Negroes, that their love for art may be gratified and their taste cultivated at the same time. Fancy needlework, dress-making, and home decorations should also have an important place. These studies, while not contributing directly to bread-winning, have a refining and softening influence upon character, and inspire efforts to make the home more attractive. The more interest we can make the Negro take in his personal appearance and in the comforts of his home, the more we shall strengthen and promote his family life and raise the level of his civilization.

The literary education of the Negro should consist of carefully selected poems and novels that appeal to his imagination and produce clear images upon his mind, excluding such literature as is in the nature of psychological or moral research. Recitations and dialogues should be more generally and more frequently required. In history emphasis should be given to what is picturesque, dramatic, and biographical.

Coming to the political phase of the Negro problem, there is a general agreement among white men that the Southern States cannot keep pace with the progress of the world as long as they are menaced by Negro domination, and that, therefore, it is necessary to eliminate the Negro vote from politics. When the Negroes become intelligent factors in society, when they become thrifty and accumulate wealth, they will find the way to larger exercise of citizenship. They can never sit upon juries to pass upon life and property until they are property-owners themselves, and they can never hold the reins of government by reason of mere

superiority of numbers. Before they can take on larger political responsibilities they must demonstrate their ability to meet them.

The Negroes will never be allowed to control State governments so long as they vote at every election upon the basis of color, without regard whatever to political issues or private convictions. If the Negroes would divide their votes according to their individual opinions, as the lamented Charles Price, one of their best leaders, advised, there would be no danger of Negro domination and no objection to their holding offices which they might be competent to fill. But as there is no present prospect of their voting upon any other basis than that of color, the white people are forced to accept the situation and protect themselves accordingly. Years of bitter and costly experience have demonstrated over and over again that Negro rule is not only incompetent and corrupt, but a menace to civilization. Some people imagine that there is something anomalous, peculiar, or local in the race prejudice that binds all Negroes together; but this clan spirit is a characteristic of all savage and semi-civilized peoples.

It should be well understood by this time that no foreign race inhabiting this country and acting together politically can dominate the native whites. To permit an inferior race, holding less than one tenth of the property of the community, to take the reins of government in its hands, by reason of mere numerical strength, would be to renounce civilization. Our national government, in making laws for Hawaii, has carefully provided for white supremacy by an educational qualification for suffrage that excludes the semi-civilized natives. No sane man, let us hope, would think of placing Manila under the control of a government of the Philippine Islands based upon universal suffrage. Yet the problem in the South and the problem in the Philippines and in Hawaii differ only in degree.

The only proper safeguard against Negro rule in States where the blacks outnumber or approximate in number the whites lies in constitutional provisions establishing an educational test for suffrage applicable to black and white alike. If the suffrage is not thus limited it is necessary for the whites to resort to technicalities and ballot laws, to bribery or intimidation. To set up an educational test with a "grandfather clause," making the test apply for a certain time to the blacks only, seems to an outsider unnecessary, arbitrary, and unjust. The reason for such a clause arises from the belief that no constitutional amendment could ever carry if it immediately disfranchised the illiterate whites, as many property-holding whites belong to that class. But the writer does not believe in the principle nor in the necessity for a "grandfather clause." If constitutional amendments were to be submitted in North Carolina and Virginia applying the educational test to both races alike after 1908, the question would be lifted above the level of party gain, and would receive the support of white men of all parties and the approbation of the moral sentiment of the American people. A white man who would disfranchise a Negro because of his color or for mere party advantage is himself unworthy of the suffrage. With the suffrage question adjusted upon an educational basis the Negroes would have the power to work out their political emancipation, the white people having made education necessary and provided the means for attaining it.

When the question of Negro domination is settled the path of progress of both races will be very much cleared. Race conflicts will then be less frequent and race feeling less bitter. With more friendly relations growing up, and with more concentration of energy on the part of the Negroes in industrial lines, the opportunities for them will be widened and the task of finding industrial adjustment in the struggle for life made easier. The wisest and best leaders among the Negroes, such as Booker Washington and the late Charles Price, have tried to turn the attention of the Negroes from politics to the more profitable pursuits of industry, and if the professional politician would cease inspiring the Negroes to seek salvation in political domination over the whites, the race issue would soon cease to exist.

The field is broad enough in the South for both races to attain all that is possible to them. In spite of the periodic political conflicts and occasional local riots and acts of individual violence, the relations between the races, in respect to nine tenths of the population, are very friendly. The general condition has been too often judged by the acts of a small minority. The Southern people understand the Negroes, and feel a real fondness for those that are thrifty and well behaved. When fairly treated the Negro has a strong affection for his employer. He seldom forgets a kindness, and is quick to forget a wrong. If he does not stay long at one place, it is not that he dislikes his employer so much as that he has a restless temperament and craves change. His disposition is full of mirth and sunshine, and not a little of the fine flavor of Southern wit and humor is due to his influence. His nature is plastic, and while he is easily molded into a monster, he is also capable of a high degree of culture. Many Negroes are thoroughly honest, notwithstanding their bad environment and hereditary disposition to steal. Negro servants are trusted with the keys to households to an extent that, probably, is not the case among domestics elsewhere in the civilized world.

It is strange that two races working side by side should possess so many opposite traits of character. The white man has strong will and convictions and is set in his ways. He lives an indoor, monotonous life, restrains himself like a Puritan, and is inclined to melancholy. The prevalence of Populism throughout the South is nothing but the outcome of this morbid tendency. Farmers and

merchants are entirely absorbed in their business, and the women, especially the married women, contrast with the women of France, Germany, and even England, in their indoor life and disinclination to mingle with the world outside. Public parks and public concerts, such as are found in Europe, which call out husband, wife, and children for a few hours of rest and communion with their friends, are almost unknown in the South. The few entertainments that receive sanction generally exclude all but the well-to-do by the cost of admission. The life of the poor in town and country is bleak and bare to the last degree.

Contrasting with this tendency is the free-and-easy life of the blacks. The burdens of the present and the future weigh lightly upon their shoulders. They love all the worldly amusements; in their homes they are free entertainers, and in their fondness for conversation and love of street life they are equal to the French or Italians.

May we not hope that the conflict of these two opposite races is working out some advantages to both, and that the final result will justify all that the conflict has cost?

SIGNS OF PROGRESS AMONG THE NEGROES by Booker T. Washington

In addition to the problem of educating eight million negroes in our Southern States and ingrafting them into American citizenship, we now have the additional responsibility, either directly or indirectly, of educating and elevating about eight hundred thousand others of African descent in Cuba and Porto Rico, to say nothing of the white people of these islands, many of whom are in a condition about as deplorable as that of the negroes. We have, however, one advantage in approaching the question of the education of our new neighbors.

The experience that we have passed through in the Southern States during the last thirty years in the education of my race, whose history and needs are not very different from the history and needs of the Cubans and Porto Ricans, will prove most valuable in elevating the blacks of the West Indian Islands. To tell what has already been accomplished in the South under most difficult circumstances is to tell what may be done in Cuba and Porto Rico.

To this end let me tell a story.

In what is known as the black belt of the South--that is, where the negroes outnumber the whites--there lived before the Civil War a white man who owned some two hundred slaves, and was prosperous. At the close of the war he found his fortune gone, except that which was represented in land, of which he owned several thousand acres. Of the two hundred slaves a large proportion decided, after their freedom, to continue on the plantation of their former owner.

Some years after the war a young black boy, who seemed to have "rained down," was discovered on the plantation by Mr. S-----, the owner. In daily rides through the plantation Mr. S----- saw this boy sitting by the roadside, and his condition awakened his pity, for, from want of care, he was covered from head to foot with sores, and Mr. S----- soon grew into the habit of tossing him a nickel or a dime as he rode by. In some way this boy heard of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute in Alabama, and of the advantages which it offered poor but deserving colored men and women to secure an education through their own labor while taking the course of study. This boy, whose name was William, made known to the plantation hands his wish to go to the Tuskegee school. By each one "chipping in," and through the efforts of the boy himself, a few decent pieces of clothing were secured, and a little money, but not enough to pay his railroad fare, so the boy resolved to walk to Tuskegee, a distance of about one hundred and fifty miles. Strange to say, he made the long distance with an expenditure of only twenty cents in cash. He frankly told every one with whom he came in contact where he was going and what he was seeking. Both white and colored people along the route gave him food and a place to sleep free of cost, and even the usually exacting ferrymen were so impressed with the young negro's desire for an education that, except in one case, he was given free ferriage across the creeks and rivers.

One can easily imagine his appearance when he first arrived at Tuskegee, with his blistered feet and small white bundle, which contained all the clothing he possessed.

On being shown into my office his first words were: "I's come. S'pose you been lookin' for me, but I didn't come on de railroad." Looking up the records, it was found that this young man had been given permission to come several months ago, but the correspondence had long since been forgotten.

After being sent to the bath-room and provided with a tooth-brush,--for the tooth-brush at Tuskegee is the emblem of civilization,--William was assigned to a room, and was given work on the school farm of fourteen hundred acres, seven hundred of which are cultivated by student labor. During his first year at Tuskegee William worked on the farm during the day, where he soon

learned to take a deep interest in all that the school was doing to teach the students the best and most improved methods of farming, and studied for two hours at night in the class-room after his hard day's work was over. At first he seemed drowsy and dull in the night-school, and would now and then fall asleep while trying to study; but he did not grow discouraged. The new machinery that he was compelled to use on the farm interested him because it taught him that the farm work could be stripped of much of the old-time drudgery and toil, and seemed to awaken his sleeping intellect. Soon he began asking the farm-instructors such questions as where the Jersey and Holstein cattle came from, and why they produced more milk and butter than the common long-tailed and long-horned cows that he had seen at home.

His night-school teachers found that he ceased to sleep in school, and began asking questions about his lessons, and was soon able to calculate the number of square yards in an acre and to tell the number of peach-trees required to plant an acre of land. After he had been at Tuskegee two or three months the farm-manager came into my office on a cold, rainy day, and said that William was virtually barefooted, the soles of his shoes having separated from the uppers, though William had fastened them together as best he could with bits of wire. In this condition the farm-instructor found him plowing without a word of complaint. A pair of second-hand shoes was secured for him, and he was soon very happy.

I will not take this part of the story further except to say that at the end of his first year at Tuskegee this young man, having made a start in his books, and having saved a small sum of money above the cost of his board, which was credited to his account, entered the next year our regular day-classes, though still dividing his time between the class-room and work on the farm.

Toward the end of the year he found himself in need of money with which to buy books, clothing, etc., and so wrote a carefully worded letter to Mr. S-----, the white man on whose plantation he had lived, and who had been, in slavery, the owner of his mother.

In the letter he told Mr. S----- how he got to Tuskegee, what he was doing, and what his needs were, and asked Mr. S----- to lend him fifteen dollars. Before receiving this letter Mr. S----- had not thought once about the boy during his two years' absence; in fact, did not know that he had left the plantation.

Mr. S----- was a good deal shocked, as well as amused, over such a request from such a source. The letter went to the wastebasket without being answered. A few weeks later William sent a second letter, in which he took it for granted that the first letter had not been received. The second letter shared the same fate as the first. A third letter reached Mr. S----- in a few weeks, making the same request. In answer to the third letter Mr. S----- told me that, moved by some impulse which he himself never understood, he sent William the fifteen dollars.

Two or three years passed, and Mr. S----- had about forgotten William and the fifteen dollars; but one morning while sitting upon his porch a bright young colored man walked up and introduced himself as William, the boy to whom he used to toss small pieces of money, and the one to whom he had sent fifteen dollars.

William paid Mr. S----- the fifteen dollars with interest, which he had earned while teaching school after leaving Tuskegee.

This simple experience with this young colored man made a new and different person of Mr. S-----, so far as the negro was concerned.

He began to think. He thought of the long past, but he thought most of the future, and of his duty toward the hundreds of colored people on his plantation and in his community. After careful thought he asked William Edwards to open a school on his plantation in a vacant log cabin. That was seven years ago. On this same plantation at Snow Hill, Wilcox county, Alabama, a county where, according to the last census, there are twenty-four thousand colored people and about six thousand whites, there is now a school with two hundred pupils, five teachers from Tuskegee, and three school buildings. The school has forty acres of land. In addition to the text-book lessons, the boys are taught farming and carpentry, and the girls sewing and general house-keeping, and the school is now in the act of starting a blacksmith and wheelwright department. This school owes its existence almost wholly to Mr. S-----, who gave to the trustees the forty acres of land, and has contributed liberally to the building fund, as well as to the pay of the teachers. Gifts from a few friends in the North have been received, and the colored people have given their labor and small sums in cash. When the people cannot find money to give, they have often given corn, chickens, and eggs. The school has grown so popular that almost every leading white man in the community is willing to make a small gift toward its maintenance.

In addition to the work done directly in the school for the children, the teachers in the Snow Hill school have organized a kind of university extension movement. The farmers are organized into conferences, which hold meetings each month. In these meetings they are taught better methods of agriculture, how to buy land, how to economize and keep out of debt, how to stop mortgaging,

how to build school-houses and dwelling-houses with more than one room, how to bring about a higher moral and religious standing, and are warned against buying cheap jewelry, snuff, and whisky.

No one is a more interested visitor at these meetings than Mr. S-----himself. The matter does not end in mere talk and advice. The women teachers go right into the cabins of the people and show them how to keep them clean, how to dust, sweep, and cook.

When William Edwards left this community a few years ago for the Tuskegee school, he left the larger proportion in debt, mortgaging their crops every year for the food on which to live. Most of them were living on rented land in small one-room log cabins, and attempting to pay an enormous rate of interest on the value of their food advances. As one old colored man expressed it, "I ain't got but six feet of land, and I is got to die to git dat." The little school taught in a cabin lasted only three or four months in the year. The religion was largely a matter of the emotions, with almost no practical ideas of morality. It was the white man for himself and the negro for himself, each in too many cases trying to take advantage of the other. The situation was pretty well described by a black man who said to me: "I tells you how we votes. We always watches de white man, and we keeps watchin' de white man. De nearer it gits to 'lection-time de more we watches de white man. We keeps watchin' de white man till we find out which way he gwine to vote; den we votes 'zactly de odder way. Den we knows we is right."

Now how changed is all at Snow Hill, and how it is gradually changing each year! Instead of the hopelessness and dejection that were there a few years ago, there are now light and buoyancy in the countenances and movements of the people. The negroes are getting out of debt and buying land, ceasing to mortgage their crops, building houses with two or three rooms, and a higher moral and religious standard has been established.

Last May, on the day that the school had its closing exercises, there were present, besides the hundreds of colored-people, about fifty of the leading white men and women of the county, and these white people seemed as much interested in the work of the school as the people of my own race.

Only a few years ago in the State of Alabama the law in reference to the education of the negro read as follows: "Any person or persons who shall attempt to teach any free person of color or slave to spell, read, or write shall, upon conviction thereof by indictment, be fined in a sum not less than two hundred and fifty dollars nor more than five hundred dollars."

Within half a dozen years I have heard Dr. J. L. M. Curry, a brave, honest ex-Confederate officer, in addressing both the Alabama and Georgia State legislatures, say to those bodies in the most emphatic manner that it was as much the duty of the State to educate the negro children as the white children, and in each case Dr. Curry's words were cheered.

Here at Snow Hill is the foundation for the solution of the legal and political difficulties that exist in the South, and the improvement of the industrial condition of the negro in Cuba and Porto Rico. This solution will not come all at once, but gradually. The foundation must exist in the commercial and industrial development of the people of my race in the South and in the West Indian Islands.

The most intelligent whites are beginning to realize that they cannot go much higher than they lift the negro at the same time. When a black man owns and cultivates the best farm to be found in his county he will have the confidence and respect of most of the white people in that county. When a black man is the largest taxpayer in his community his white neighbor will not object very long to his voting, and having that vote honestly counted. Even now a black man who has five hundred dollars to lend has no trouble in finding a white man who is willing to borrow his money. The negro who is a large stockholder in a railroad company will always be treated with justice on that railroad.

Many of the most intelligent colored people are learning that while there are many bad white men in the South, there are Southern whites who have the highest interests of the negro just as closely at heart as have any other people in any part of the country. Many of the negroes are learning that it is folly not to cultivate in every honorable way the friendship of the white man who is their next-door neighbor.

To describe the work being done in connection with the public schools by graduates of Tuskegee and other institutions in the South, at such places as Mount Meigs, under Miss Cornelia Bowen; Denmark, South Carolina; Abbeville and Newville, Alabama; Christiansburg, Virginia, and numbers of other places in the Gulf States, would be only to repeat in a larger or smaller degree what I have said of Snow Hill.

Not very long after the last national election I visited a town in the South, to speak at a meeting which had for its object the raising of money to complete the school-house. The audience was about equally divided between white men and women and black men and

women. When the time for the collection came it was intensely satisfactory to observe that the white side of the audience was just as eager to make its small contributions as were the members of my own race. But I was anxious to see how the late election had been conducted in that community. I soon found out that the Republican party, composed almost wholly of the black people, was represented by an election officer in the person of one of the best-educated colored men in the town, that both the Democratic and Populist parties were equally well represented, and that there was no suspicion of unfairness.

But I wished to go a little deeper, and I soon found that one of the leading stores in this community was owned by a colored man; that a cotton-gin was owned by a colored man; that the sawmill was owned by another colored man. Colored men had mortgages on white men's crops, and vice versa, and colored people not only owned land, but in several cases were renting land to white men. Black men were in debt to white men, and white men were in debt to black men. In a word, the industrial and commercial relations of the races were interwoven just as if all had been of one race.

An object-lesson in civilization is more potent in compelling people to act right than a law compelling them to do so. Some years ago a colored woman who had graduated at Tuskegee began her life-work in a Southern community where the force of white public sentiment was opposed to the starting of what was termed a "nigger school." At first this girl was tempted to abuse her white sister, but she remembered that perhaps the white woman had been taught from her earliest childhood, through reading and conversation, that education was not good for the negro, that it would result only in trouble to the community, and that no amount of abuse could change this prejudice.

After a while this colored teacher was married to an educated colored man, and they built a little cottage, which, in connection with her husband's farm, was a model. One morning one of the white women who had been most intense in her feelings was passing this cottage, and her attention was attracted to the colored woman who was at work in her beautiful flower-garden. A conversation took place concerning the flowers. At another time this same white woman was so attracted by this flower-garden that she came inside the yard, and from the yard she went into the sitting-room and examined the books and papers.

This acquaintance has now ripened and broadened, so that to-day there are few people in that community more highly respected than this colored family. What did it all? This object-lesson. No one could explain that away. One such object-lesson in every community in the South is more powerful than all the laws Congress can pass in the direction of bringing about right relations between blacks and whites.

A few months ago an agricultural county fair, the first ever held in that county, was organized and held at Calhoun, Alabama, by the teachers in the Calhoun School, which is an offshoot of the Hampton Institute. Both the colored people and numbers of white visitors were astonished at the creditable exhibits made by the colored people. Most of these white people saw the school work at Calhoun for the first time. Perhaps no amount of abstract talk or advice could have brought them to this school, but the best hog, the largest pumpkin, or the most valuable bale of cotton possessed a common interest, and it has been a comparatively easy thing to extend their interest from the best hog to the work being done in the school-room. Further, this fair convinced these white people, as almost nothing else could have done, that education was making the negroes better citizens rather than worse; that the people were not being educated away from themselves, but with their elevation the conditions about them were being lifted in a manner that possessed an interest and value for both races.

It was after speaking, not long ago, to the colored people at such a county fair in North Carolina that I was asked the next morning to speak to the white students at their college, who gave me as hearty a greeting as I have ever received at Northern colleges.

But such forces as I have described--forces that are gradually regenerating the entire South and will regenerate Cuba and Porto Rico--are not started and kept in motion without a central plant--a power-house, where the power is generated. I cannot describe all these places of power. Perhaps the whole South and the whole country are most indebted to the Hampton Institute in Virginia. Then there is Fisk University at Nashville, Tennessee; Talladega College at Talladega, Alabama; Spelman Seminary, Atlanta University, and Atlanta Baptist College at Atlanta; Biddle University in North Carolina; Claflin University at Orangeburg, South Carolina; and Knoxville College at Knoxville, Tennessee. Some of these do a different grade of work, but one much needed.

At Tuskegee, Alabama, starting fifteen years ago in a little shanty with one teacher and thirty students, with no property, there has grown up an industrial and educational village where the ideas that I have referred to are put into the heads, hearts, and hands of an army of colored men and women, with the purpose of having them become centers of light and civilization in every part of the South. One visiting the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute to-day will find eight hundred and fifty students gathered from twenty-four States, with eighty-eight teachers and officers training these students in literary, religious, and industrial work.

Counting the students and the families of the instructors, the visitor will find a black village of about twelve hundred people. Instead of the old, worn-out plantation that was there fifteen years ago, there is a modern farm of seven hundred acres cultivated by student labor. There are Jersey and Holstein cows and Berkshire pigs, and the butter used is made by the most modern process.

Aside from the dozens of neat, comfortable cottages owned by individual teachers and other persons, who have settled in this village for the purpose of educating their children, he will find thirty-six buildings of various kinds and sizes, owned and built by the school, property valued at three hundred thousand dollars. Perhaps the most interesting thing in connection with these buildings is that, with the exception of three, they have been built by student labor. The friends of the school have furnished money to pay the teachers and for material.

When a building is to be erected, the teacher in charge of the mechanical and architectural drawing department gives to the class in drawing a general description of the building desired, and then there is a competition to see whose plan will be accepted. These same students in most cases help do the practical work of putting up the building--some at the sawmill, the brick-yard, or in the carpentry, brickmaking, plastering, painting, and tinsmithing departments. At the same time care is taken to see not only that the building goes up properly, but that the students, who are under intelligent instructors in their special branch, are taught at the same time the principles as well as the practical part of the trade.

The school has the building in the end, and the students have the knowledge of the trade. This same principle applies, whether in the laundry, where the washing for seven or eight hundred people is done, or in the sewing-room, where a large part of the clothing for this colony is made and repaired, or in the wheelwright and blacksmith departments, where all the wagons and buggies used by the school, besides a large number for the outside public, are manufactured, or in the printing-office, where a large part of the printing for the white and colored people in this region is done. Twenty-six different industries are here in constant operation.

When the student is through with his course of training he goes out feeling that it is just as honorable to labor with the hand as with the head, and instead of his having to look for a place, the place usually seeks him, because he has to give that which the South wants. One other thing should not be overlooked in our efforts to develop the black man. As bad as slavery was, almost every large plantation in the South during that time was, in a measure, an industrial school. It had its farming department, its blacksmith, wheelwright, brickmaking, carpentry, and sewing departments. Thus at the close of the war our people were in possession of all the common and skilled labor in the South. For nearly twenty years after the war we overlooked the value of the ante-bellum training, and no one was trained to replace these skilled men and women who were soon to pass away; and now, as skilled laborers from foreign countries, with not only educated hands but trained brains, begin to come into the South and take these positions once held by us, we are gradually waking up to the fact that we must compete with the white man in the industrial world if we would hold our own. No one understands his value in the labor world better than the old colored man. Recently, when a convention was held in the South by the white people for the purpose of inducing white settlers from the North and West to settle in the South, one of these colored men said to the president of the convention: "'Fore de Lord, boss, we's got as many white people down here now as we niggers can support."

The negro in the South has another advantage. While there is prejudice against him along certain lines,--in the matter of business in general, and the trades especially,--there is virtually no prejudice so far as the native Southern white man is concerned. White men and black men work at the same carpenter's bench and on the same brick wall. Sometimes the white man is the "boss," sometimes the black man is the boss.

Some one chaffed a colored man recently because, when he got through with a contract for building a house, he cleared just ten cents; but he said: "All right, boss; it was worth ten cents to be de boss of dem white men." If a Southern white man has a contract to let for the building of a house, he prefers the black contractor, because he has been used to doing business of this character with a negro rather than with a white man.

The negro will find his way up as a man just in proportion as he makes himself valuable, possesses something that a white man wants, can do something as well as, or better than, a white man.

I would not have my readers get the thought that the problem in the South is settled, that there is nothing else to be done; far from this. Long years of patient, hard work will be required for the betterment of the condition of the negro in the South, as well as for the betterment of the condition of the negro in the West Indies.

There are bright spots here and there that point the way. Perhaps the most that we have accomplished in the last thirty years is to show the North and the South how the fourteen slaves landed a few hundred years ago at Jamestown, Virginia,--now nearly eight millions of freemen in the South alone,--are to be made a safe and useful part of our democratic and Christian institutions.

The main thing that is now needed to bring about a solution of the difficulties in the South is money in large sums, to be used largely for Christian, technical, and industrial education.

For more than thirty years we have been trying to solve one of the most serious problems in the history of the world largely by passing around a hat in the North. Out of their poverty the Southern States have done well in assisting; many more millions are needed, and these millions will have to come before the question as to the negro in the South is settled.

There never was a greater opportunity for men of wealth to place a few million dollars where they could be used in lifting up and regenerating a whole race; and let it always be borne in mind that every dollar given for the proper education of the negro in the South is almost as much help to the Southern white man as to the negro himself. So long as the whites in the South are surrounded by a race that is, in a large measure, in ignorance and poverty, so long will this ignorance and poverty of the negro in a score of ways prevent the highest development of the white man.

The problem of lifting up the negro in Cuba and Porto Rico is an easier one in one respect, even if it proves more difficult in others. It will be less difficult, because there is the absence of that higher degree of race feeling which exists in many parts of the United States. Both the white Cuban and the white Spaniard have treated the people of African descent, in civil, political, military, and business matters, very much as they have treated others of their own race. Oppression has not cowed and unmanned the Cuban negro in certain respects as it has the American negro.

In only a few instances is the color-line drawn. How Americans will treat the negro Cuban, and what will be the tendency of American influences in the matter of the relation of the races, remains an interesting and open question. Certainly it will place this country in an awkward position to have gone to war to free a people from Spanish cruelty, and then as soon as it gets them within its power to treat a large proportion of the population worse than did even Spain herself, simply on account of color.

While in the matter of the relation of the races the problem before us in the West Indies is easier, in respect to the industrial, moral, and religious sides it is more difficult. The negroes on these islands are largely an agricultural people, and for this reason, in addition to a higher degree of mental and religious training, they need the same agricultural, mechanical, and domestic training that is fast helping the negroes in our Southern States. Industrial training will not only help them to the ownership of property, habits of thrift and economy, but the acquiring of these elements of strength will go further than anything else in improving the moral and religious condition of the masses, just as has been and is true of my people in the Southern States.

With the idea of getting the methods of industrial education pursued at Hampton and Tuskegee permanently and rightly started in Cuba and Porto Rico, a few of the most promising men and women from these islands have been brought to the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, and educated with the view of having them return and take the lead in affording industrial training on these islands, where the training can best be given to the masses.

The emphasis that I have placed upon an industrial education does not mean that the negro is to be excluded from the higher interests of life, but it does mean that in proportion as the negro gets the foundation,--the useful before the ornamental,--in the same proportion will he accelerate his progress in acquiring those elements which do not pertain so directly to the utilitarian.

Phillips Brooks once said, "One generation gathers the material, and the next builds the palaces." Very largely this must be the material-gathering generation of black people, but in due time the palaces will come if we are patient.

THE MARCH OF PROGRESS by Charles W. Chesnutt

The colored people of Patesville had at length gained the object they had for a long time been seeking--the appointment of a committee of themselves to manage the colored schools of the town. They had argued, with some show of reason, that they were most interested in the education of their own children, and in a position to know, better than any committee of white men could, what was best for their children's needs. The appointments had been made by the county commissioners during the latter part of the summer, and a week later a meeting was called for the purpose of electing a teacher to take charge of the grammar school at the beginning of the fall term.

The committee consisted of Frank Gillespie, or "Glaspy," a barber, who took an active part in local politics; Bob Cotten, a blacksmith, who owned several houses and was looked upon as a substantial citizen; and Abe Johnson, commonly called "Ole Abe" or "Uncle Abe," who had a large family, and drove a dray, and did odd jobs of hauling; he was also a class-leader in the Methodist church. The committee had been chosen from among a number of candidates--Gillespie on account of his political standing, Cotten as representing the solid element of the colored population, and Old Abe, with democratic impartiality, as likely to satisfy the humbler class of a humble people. While the choice had not pleased everybody,--for instance, some of the other applicants,--it was acquiesced in with general satisfaction. The first meeting of the new committee was of great public interest, partly by reason of its novelty, but chiefly because there were two candidates for the position of teacher of the grammar school.

The former teacher, Miss Henrietta Noble, had applied for the school. She had taught the colored children of Patesville for fifteen years. When the Freedmen's Bureau, after the military occupation of North Carolina, had called for volunteers to teach the children of the freedmen, Henrietta Nobel had offered her services. Brought up in a New England household by parents who taught her to fear God and love her fellow-men, she had seen her father's body brought home from a Southern battle-field and laid to rest in the village cemetery; and a short six months later she had buried her mother by his side. Henrietta had no brothers or sisters, and her nearest relatives were cousins living in the far West. The only human being in whom she felt any special personal interest was a certain captain in her father's regiment, who had paid her some attention. She had loved this man deeply, in a maidenly, modest way; but he had gone away without speaking, and had not since written. He had escaped the fate of many others, and at the close of the war was alive and well, stationed in some Southern garrison.

When her mother died, Henrietta had found herself possessed only of the house where she lived and the furniture it contained, neither being of much value, and she was thrown upon her own resources for a livelihood. She had a fair education and had read many good books. It was not easy to find employment such as she desired. She wrote to her Western cousins, and they advised her to come to them, as they thought they could do something for her if she were there. She had almost decided to accept their offer, when the demand arose for teachers in the South. Whether impelled by some strain of adventurous blood from a Pilgrim ancestry, or by a sensitive pride that shrank from dependence, or by some dim and unacknowledged hope that she might sometime, somewhere, somehow meet Captain Carey--whether from one of these motives or a combination of them all, joined to something of the missionary spirit, she decided to go South, and wrote to her cousins declining their friendly offer.

She had come to Patesville when the children were mostly a mob of dirty little beggars. She had distributed among them the cast-off clothing that came from their friends in the North; she had taught them to wash their faces and to comb their hair; and patiently, year after year, she had labored to instruct them in the rudiments of learning and the first principles of religion and morality. And she had not wrought in vain. Other agencies, it is true, had in time cooperated with her efforts, but any one who had watched the current of events must have been compelled to admit that the very fair progress of the colored people of Patesville in the fifteen years following emancipation had been due chiefly to the unselfish labors of Henrietta Noble, and that her nature did not belie her name.

Fifteen years is a long time. Miss Noble had never met Captain Carey; and when she learned later that he had married a Southern girl in the neighborhood of his post, she had shed her tears in secret and banished his image from her heart. She had lived a lonely life. The white people of the town, though they learned in time to respect her and to value her work, had never recognized her existence by more than the mere external courtesy shown by any community to one who lives in the midst of it. The situation was at first, of course, so strained that she did not expect sympathy from the white people; and later, when time had smoothed over some of the asperities of war, her work had so engaged her that she had not had time to pine over her social exclusion. Once or twice nature had asserted itself, and she had longed for her own kind, and had visited her New England home. But her circle of friends was broken up, and she did not find much pleasure in boarding-house life; and on her last visit to the North but one, she had felt so lonely that she had longed for the dark faces of her pupils, and had welcomed with pleasure the hour when her task should be resumed.

But for several reasons the school at Patesville was of more importance to Miss Noble at this particular time than it ever had been before. During the last few years her health had not been good. An affection of the heart similar to that from which her mother had died, while not interfering perceptibly with her work, had grown from bad to worse, aggravated by close application to her duties, until it had caused her grave alarm. She did not have perfect confidence in the skill of the Patesville physicians, and to obtain the best medical advice had gone to New York during the summer, remaining there a month under the treatment of an eminent specialist. This, of course, had been expensive and had absorbed the savings of years from a small salary; and when the time came for her to return to Patesville, she was reduced, after paying her traveling expenses, to her last ten-dollar note.

"It is very fortunate," the great man had said at her last visit, "that circumstances permit you to live in the South, for I am afraid you could not endure a Northern winter. You are getting along very well now, and if you will take care of yourself and avoid excitement, you will be better." He said to himself as she went away: "It's only a matter of time, but that is true about us all; and a wise physician does as much good by what he withholds as by what he tells."

Miss Noble had not anticipated any trouble about the school. When she went away the same committee of white men was in charge that had controlled the school since it had become part of the public-school system of the State on the withdrawal of support from the Freedmen's Bureau. While there had been no formal engagement made for the next year, when she had last seen the chairman before she went away, he had remarked that she was looking rather fagged out, had bidden her good-by, and had hoped to see her much improved when she returned. She had left her house in the care of the colored woman who lived with her and did her housework, assuming, of course, that she would take up her work again in the autumn.

She was much surprised at first, and later alarmed, to find a rival for her position as teacher of the grammar school. Many of her friends and pupils had called on her since her return, and she had met a number of the people at the colored Methodist church, where she taught in the Sunday-school. She had many friends and supporters, but she soon found out that her opponent had considerable strength. There had been a time when she would have withdrawn and left him a clear field, but at the present moment it was almost a matter of life and death to her--certainly the matter of earning a living--to secure the appointment.

The other candidate was a young man who in former years had been one of Miss Noble's brightest pupils. When he had finished his course in the grammar school, his parents, with considerable sacrifice, had sent him to a college for colored youth. He had studied diligently, had worked industriously during his vacations, sometimes at manual labor, sometimes teaching a country school, and in due time had been graduated from his college with honors. He had come home at the end of his school life, and was very naturally seeking the employment for which he had fitted himself. He was a "bright" mulatto, with straight hair, an intelligent face, and a well-set figure. He had acquired some of the marks of culture, wore a frock-coat and a high collar, parted his hair in the middle, and showed by his manner that he thought a good deal of himself. He was the popular candidate among the progressive element of his people, and rather confidently expected the appointment.

The meeting of the committee was held in the Methodist church, where, in fact, the grammar school was taught, for want of a separate school-house. After the preliminary steps to effect an organization, Mr. Gillespie, who had been elected chairman, took the floor.

"The principal business to be brought befo' the meet'n' this evenin'," he said, "is the selection of a teacher for our grammar school for the ensuin' year. Two candidates have filed applications, which, if there is no objection, I will read to the committee. The first is from Miss Noble, who has been the teacher ever since the grammar school was started."

He then read Miss Noble's letter, in which she called attention to her long years of service, to her need of the position, and to her affection for the pupils, and made formal application for the school for the next year. She did not, from motives of self-respect, make known the extremity of her need; nor did she mention the condition of her health, as it might have been used as an argument against her retention.

Mr. Gillespie then read the application of the other candidate, Andrew J. Williams. Mr. Williams set out in detail his qualifications for the position: his degree from Riddle University; his familiarity with the dead and living languages and the higher mathematics; his views of discipline; and a peroration in which he expressed the desire to devote himself to the elevation of his race and assist the march of progress through the medium of the Patesville grammar school. The letter was well written in a bold, round hand, with many flourishes, and looked very aggressive and overbearing as it lay on the table by the side of the sheet of small note-paper in Miss Noble's faint and somewhat cramped handwriting.

"You have heard the readin' of the applications," said the chairman. "Gentlemen, what is yo' pleasure?"

There being no immediate response, the chairman continued:

"As this is a matter of consid'able importance, involvin' not only the welfare of our schools, but the progress of our race, an' as our action is liable to be criticized, whatever we decide, perhaps we had better discuss the subjec' befo' we act. If nobody else has anything to obse've, I will make a few remarks."

Mr. Gillespie cleared his throat, and, assuming an oratorical attitude, proceeded:

"The time has come in the history of our people when we should stand together. In this age of organization the march of progress requires that we help ourselves, or be forever left behind. Ever since the war we have been sendin' our child'n to school an' educatin' 'em; an' now the time has come when they are leavin' the schools an' colleges, an' are ready to go to work. An' what are they goin' to do? The white people won't hire 'em as clerks in their sto's an' factories an' mills, an' we have no sto's or factories or mills of our own. They can't be lawyers or doctors yet, because we haven't got the money to send 'em to medical colleges an' law schools. We can't elect many of 'em to office, for various reasons. There's just two things they can find to do--to preach in our own pulpits, an' teach in our own schools. If it wasn't for that, they'd have to go on forever waitin' on white folks, like their fo'fathers have done, because they couldn't help it. If we expect our race to progress, we must educate our young men an' women. If we want to encourage 'em to get education, we must find 'em employment when they are educated. We have now an opportunity to do this in the case of our young friend an' fellow-citizen, Mr. Williams, whose eloquent an' fine-lookin' letter ought to make us feel proud of him an' of our race.

"Of co'se there are two sides to the question. We have got to consider the claims of Miss Noble. She has been with us a long time an' has done much good work for our people, an' we'll never forget her work an' frien'ship. But, after all, she has been paid for it; she has got her salary regularly an' for a long time, an' she has probably saved somethin', for we all know she hasn't lived high; an', for all we know, she may have had somethin' left her by her parents. An' then again, she's white, an' has got her own people to look after her; they've got all the money an' all the offices an' all the everythin',--all that they've made an' all that we've made for fo' hundred years,--an' they sho'ly would look out for her. If she don't get this school, there's probably a dozen others she can get at the North. An' another thing: she is gettin' rather feeble, an' it 'pears to me she's hardly able to stand teachin' so many child'n, an' a long rest might be the best thing in the world for her.

"Now, gentlemen, that's the situation. Shall we keep Miss Noble, or shall we stand by our own people? It seems to me there can hardly be but one answer. Self-preservation is the first law of nature. Are there any other remarks?"

Old Abe was moving restlessly in his seat. He did not say anything, however, and the chairman turned to the other member.

"Brother Cotten, what is yo' opinion of the question befo' the board?"

Mr. Cotten rose with the slowness and dignity becoming a substantial citizen, and observed:

"I think the remarks of the chairman have great weight. We all have nothin' but kind feelin's fer Miss Noble, an' I came here to-night somewhat undecided how to vote on this question. But after listenin' to the just an' forcible arguments of Brother Glaspy, it 'pears to me that, after all, the question befo' us is not a matter of feelin', but of business. As a business man, I am inclined to think Brother Glaspy is right. If we don't help ourselves when we get a chance, who is goin' to help us?"

"That bein' the case," said the chairman, "shall we proceed to a vote? All who favor the election of Brother Williams--"

At this point Old Abe, with much preliminary shuffling, stood up in his place and interrupted the speaker.

"Mr. Chuhman," he said, "I s'pose I has a right ter speak in dis meet'n? I S'POSE I is a member er dis committee?"

"Certainly, Brother Johnson, certainly; we shall be glad to hear from you."

"I s'pose I's got a right ter speak my min', ef I is po' an' black, an' don' weah as good clo's as some other members er de committee?"

"Most assuredly, Brother Johnson," answered the chairman, with a barber's suavity, "you have as much right to be heard as any one else. There was no intention of cuttin' you off."

"I s'pose," continued Abe, "dat a man wid fo'teen child'n kin be 'lowed ter hab somethin' ter say 'bout de schools er dis town?"

"I am sorry, Brother Johnson, that you should feel slighted, but there was no intention to igno' yo' rights. The committee will be please' to have you ventilate yo' views."

"Ef it's all be'n an' done reco'nized an' 'cided dat I's got de right ter be heared in dis meet'n', I'll say w'at I has ter say, an' it won't take me long ter say it. Ef I should try ter tell all de things dat Miss Noble has done fer de niggers er dis town, it'd take me till ter-morrer mawnin'. Fer fifteen long yeahs I has watched her incomin's an' her outgoin's. Her daddy was a Yankee kunnel, who died fighting fer ou' freedom. She come heah when we--yas, Mr. Chuhman, when you an' Br'er Cotten--was jes sot free, an' when

none er us didn' have a rag ter ou' backs. She come heah, an' she tuk yo' child'n an' my child'n, an' she teached 'em sense an' manners an' religion an' book-l'arnin'. When she come heah we didn' hab no chu'ch. Who writ up No'th an' got a preacher sent to us, an' de fun's ter buil' dis same chu'ch-house we're settin' in ter-night? Who got de money f'm de Bureau to s'port de school? An' when dat was stop', who got de money f'm de Peabody Fun'? Talk about Miss Noble gittin' a sal'ry! Who paid dat sal'ry up ter five years ago? Not one dollah of it come outer ou' pockets!

"An' den, w'at did she git fer de yuther things she done? Who paid her fer de gals she kep' f'm throwin' deyse'ves away? Who paid fer de boys she kep' outer jail? I had a son dat seemed to hab made up his min' ter go straight ter hell. I made him go ter Sunday-school, an' somethin' dat woman said teched his heart, an' he behaved hisse'f, an' I ain' got no reason fer ter be 'shame' er 'im. An' I can 'member, Br'er Cotten, when you didn' own fo' houses an' a fahm. An' when yo' fus wife was sick, who sot by her bedside an' read de Good Book ter 'er, w'en dey wuzn' nobody else knowed how ter read it, an' comforted her on her way across de col', dahk ribber? An' dat ain' all I kin 'member, Mr. Chuhman! When yo' gal Fanny was a baby, an' sick, an' nobody knowed what was de matter wid 'er, who sent fer a doctor, an' paid 'im fer comin', an' who he'ped nuss dat chile, an' tol' yo' wife w'at ter do, an' save' dat chile's life, jes as sho' as de Lawd has save' my soul?

"An' now, aftuh fifteen yeahs o' slavin' fer us, who ain't got no claim on her, aftuh fifteen yeahs dat she has libbed 'mongs' us an' made herse'f one of us, an' endyoed havin' her own people look down on her, aftuh she has growed ole an' gray wukkin' fer us an' our child'n, we talk erbout turnin' 'er out like a' ole hoss ter die! It 'pears ter me some folks has po' mem'ries! Whar would we 'a' be'n ef her folks at de No'th hadn' 'membered us no bettuh? An' we hadn' done nothin', neither, fer dem to 'member us fer. De man dat kin fergit w'at Miss Noble has done fer dis town is unworthy de name er nigger! He oughter die an' make room fer some 'spectable dog!

"Br'er Glaspy says we got a' educated young man, an' we mus' gib him sump'n' ter do. Let him wait; ef I reads de signs right he won't hab ter wait long fer dis job. Let him teach in de primary schools, er in de country; an' ef he can't do dat, let 'im work awhile. It don't hahm a' educated man ter work a little; his fo'fathers has worked fer hund'eds of years, an' we's worked, an' we're heah yet, an' we're free, an' we's gettin' ou' own houses an' lots an' hosses an' cows--an' ou' educated young men. But don't let de fus thing we do as a committee be somethin' we ought ter be 'shamed of as long as we lib. I votes fer Miss Noble, fus, las', an' all de time!"

When Old Abe sat down the chairman's face bore a troubled look. He remembered how his baby girl, the first of his children that he could really call his own, that no master could hold a prior claim upon, lay dying in the arms of his distracted young wife, and how the thin, homely, and short-sighted white teacher had come like an angel into his cabin, and had brought back the little one from the verge of the grave. The child was a young woman now, and Gillespie had well-founded hopes of securing the superior young Williams for a son-in-law; and he realized with something of shame that this later ambition had so dazzled his eyes for a moment as to obscure the memory of earlier days.

Mr. Cotten, too, had not been unmoved, and there were tears in his eyes as he recalled how his first wife, Nancy, who had borne with him the privations of slavery, had passed away, with the teacher's hand in hers, before she had been able to enjoy the fruits of liberty. For they had loved one another much, and her death had been to them both a hard and bitter thing. And, as Old Abe spoke, he could remember, as distinctly as though they had been spoken but an hour before, the words of comfort that the teacher had whispered to Nancy in her dying hour and to him in his bereavement.

"On consideration, Mr. Chairman," he said, with an effort to hide a suspicious tremor in his voice and to speak with the dignity consistent with his character as a substantial citizen, "I wish to record my vote fer Miss Noble."

"The chair," said Gillespie, yielding gracefully to the majority, and greatly relieved that the responsibility of his candidate's defeat lay elsewhere, "will make the vote unanimous, and will appoint Brother Cotten and Brother Johnson a committee to step round the corner to Miss Noble's and notify her of her election."

The two committeemen put on their hats, and, accompanied by several people who had been waiting at the door to hear the result of the meeting, went around the corner to Miss Noble's house, a distance of a block or two away. The house was lighted, so they knew she had not gone to bed. They went in at the gate, and Cotten knocked at the door.

The colored maid opened it.

"Is Miss Noble home?" said Cotten.

"Yes; come in. She's waitin' ter hear from the committee."

The woman showed them into the parlor. Miss Noble rose from her seat by the table, where she had been reading, and came forward to meet them. They did not for a moment observe, as she took a step toward them, that her footsteps wavered. In her agitation she was scarcely aware of it herself.

"Miss Noble," announced Cotten, "we have come to let you know that you have be'n 'lected teacher of the grammar school fer the next year."

"Thank you; oh, thank you so much!" she said. "I am very glad. Mary"--she put her hand to her side suddenly and tottered--"Mary, will you--"

A spasm of pain contracted her face and cut short her speech. She would have fallen had Old Abe not caught her and, with Mary's help, laid her on a couch.

The remedies applied by Mary, and by the physician who was hastily summoned, proved unavailing. The teacher did not regain consciousness.

If it be given to those whose eyes have closed in death to linger regretfully for a while about their earthly tenement, or from some higher vantage-ground to look down upon it, then Henrietta Noble's tolerant spirit must have felt, mingling with its regret, a compensating thrill of pleasure; for not only those for whom she had labored sorrowed for her, but the people of her own race, many of whom, in the blindness of their pride, would not admit during her life that she served them also, saw so much clearer now that they took charge of her poor clay, and did it gentle reverence, and laid it tenderly away amid the dust of their own loved and honored dead.

TWO weeks after Miss Noble's funeral the other candidate took charge of the grammar school, which went on without any further obstacles to the march of progress.

THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU by W. E. Burghardt Du Bois

The problem of the twentieth century is the problem of the color line; the relation of the darker to the lighter races of men in Asia and Africa, in America and the islands of the sea. It was a phase of this problem that caused the Civil War; and however much they who marched south and north in 1861 may have fixed on the technical points of union and local autonomy as a shibboleth, all nevertheless knew, as we know, that the question of Negro slavery was the deeper cause of the conflict. Curious it was, too, how this deeper question ever forced itself to the surface, despite effort and disclaimer. No sooner had Northern armies touched Southern soil than this old question, newly guised, sprang from the earth,--What shall be done with slaves? Peremptory military commands, this way and that, could not answer the query; the Emancipation Proclamation seemed but to broaden and intensify the difficulties; and so at last there arose in the South a government of men called the Freedmen's Bureau, which lasted, legally, from 1865 to 1872, but in a sense from 1861 to 1876, and which sought to settle the Negro problems in the United States of America.

It is the aim of this essay to study the Freedmen's Bureau,--the occasion of its rise, the character of its work, and its final success and failure,--not only as a part of American history, but above all as one of the most singular and interesting of the attempts made by a great nation to grapple with vast problems of race and social condition.

No sooner had the armies, east and west, penetrated Virginia and Tennessee than fugitive slaves appeared within their lines. They came at night, when the flickering camp fires of the blue hosts shone like vast unsteady stars along the black horizon: old men, and thin, with gray and tufted hair; women with frightened eyes, dragging whimpering, hungry children; men and girls, stalwart and gaunt,--a horde of starving vagabonds, homeless, helpless, and pitiable in their dark distress. Two methods of treating these newcomers seemed equally logical to opposite sorts of minds. Said some, "We have nothing to do with slaves." "Hereafter," commanded Halleck, "no slaves should be allowed to come into your lines at all; if any come without your knowledge, when owners call for them, deliver them." But others said, "We take grain and fowl; why not slaves?" Whereupon Fremont, as early as August, 1861, declared the slaves of Missouri rebels free. Such radical action was quickly countermanded, but at the same time the opposite policy could not be enforced; some of the black refugees declared themselves freemen, others showed their masters had deserted them, and still others were captured with forts and plantations. Evidently, too, slaves were a source of strength to the Confederacy, and were being used as laborers and producers. "They constitute a military resource," wrote the Secretary of War, late in 1861; "and being such, that they should not be turned over to the enemy is too plain to discuss." So the tone of the army

chiefs changed, Congress forbade the rendition of fugitives, and Butler's "contrabands" were welcomed as military laborers. This complicated rather than solved the problem; for now the scattering fugitives became a steady stream, which flowed faster as the armies marched.

Then the long-headed man, with care-chiseled face, who sat in the White House, saw the inevitable, and emancipated the slaves of rebels on New Year's, 1863. A month later Congress called earnestly for the Negro soldiers whom the act of July, 1862, had half grudgingly allowed to enlist. Thus the barriers were leveled, and the deed was done. The stream of fugitives swelled to a flood, and anxious officers kept inquiring: "What must be done with slaves arriving almost daily? Am I to find food and shelter for women and children?"

It was a Pierce of Boston who pointed out the way, and thus became in a sense the founder of the Freedmen's Bureau. Being specially detailed from the ranks to care for the freedmen at Fortress Monroe, he afterward founded the celebrated Port Royal experiment and started the Freedmen's Aid Societies. Thus, under the timid Treasury officials and bold army officers, Pierce's plan widened and developed. At first, the able-bodied men were enlisted as soldiers or hired as laborers, the women and children were herded into central camps under guard, and "superintendents of contrabands" multiplied here and there. Centres of massed freedmen arose at Fortress Monroe, Va., Washington, D. C., Beaufort and Port Royal, S. C., New Orleans, La., Vicksburg and Corinth, Miss., Columbus, Ky., Cairo, Ill., and elsewhere, and the army chaplains found here new and fruitful fields.

Then came the Freedmen's Aid Societies, born of the touching appeals for relief and help from these centres of distress. There was the American Missionary Association, sprung from the Amistad, and now full grown for work, the various church organizations, the National Freedmen's Relief Association, the American Freedmen's Union, the Western Freedmen's Aid Commission,--in all fifty or more active organizations, which sent clothes, money, school-books, and teachers southward. All they did was needed, for the destitution of the freedmen was often reported as "too appalling for belief," and the situation was growing daily worse rather than better.

And daily, too, it seemed more plain that this was no ordinary matter of temporary relief, but a national crisis; for here loomed a labor problem of vast dimensions. Masses of Negroes stood idle, or, if they worked spasmodically, were never sure of pay; and if perchance they received pay, squandered the new thing thoughtlessly. In these and in other ways were camp life and the new liberty demoralizing the freedmen. The broader economic organization thus clearly demanded sprang up here and there as accident and local conditions determined. Here again Pierce's Port Royal plan of leased plantations and guided workmen pointed out the rough way. In Washington, the military governor, at the urgent appeal of the superintendent, opened confiscated estates to the cultivation of the fugitives, and there in the shadow of the dome gathered black farm villages. General Dix gave over estates to the freedmen of Fortress Monroe, and so on through the South. The government and the benevolent societies furnished the means of cultivation, and the Negro turned again slowly to work. The systems of control, thus started, rapidly grew, here and there, into strange little governments, like that of General Banks in Louisiana, with its 90,000 black subjects, its 50,000 guided laborers, and its annual budget of $100,000 and more. It made out 4000 pay rolls, registered all freedmen, inquired into grievances and redressed them, laid and collected taxes, and established a system of public schools. So too Colonel Eaton, the superintendent of Tennessee and Arkansas, ruled over 100,000, leased and cultivated 7000 acres of cotton land, and furnished food for 10,000 paupers. In South Carolina was General Saxton, with his deep interest in black folk. He succeeded Pierce and the Treasury officials, and sold forfeited estates, leased abandoned plantations, encouraged schools, and received from Sherman, after the terribly picturesque march to the sea, thousands of the wretched camp followers.

Three characteristic things one might have seen in Sherman's raid through Georgia, which threw the new situation in deep and shadowy relief: the Conqueror, the Conquered, and the Negro. Some see all significance in the grim front of the destroyer, and some in the bitter sufferers of the lost cause. But to me neither soldier nor fugitive speaks with so deep a meaning as that dark and human cloud that clung like remorse on the rear of those swift columns, swelling at times to half their size, almost engulfing and choking them. In vain were they ordered back, in vain were bridges hewn from beneath their feet; on they trudged and writhed and surged, until they rolled into Savannah, a starved and naked horde of tens of thousands. There too came the characteristic military remedy: "The islands from Charleston south, the abandoned ricefields along the rivers for thirty miles back from the sea, and the country bordering the St. John's River, Florida, are reserved and set apart for the settlement of Negroes now made free by act of war." So read the celebrated field order.

All these experiments, orders, and systems were bound to attract and perplex the government and the nation. Directly after the Emancipation Proclamation, Representative Eliot had introduced a bill creating a Bureau of Emancipation, but it was never

reported. The following June, a committee of inquiry, appointed by the Secretary of War, reported in favor of a temporary bureau for the "improvement, protection, and employment of refugee freedmen," on much the same lines as were afterward followed. Petitions came in to President Lincoln from distinguished citizens and organizations, strongly urging a comprehensive and unified plan of dealing with the freedmen, under a bureau which should be "charged with the study of plans and execution of measures for easily guiding, and in every way judiciously and humanely aiding, the passage of our emancipated and yet to be emancipated blacks from the old condition of forced labor to their new state of voluntary industry."

Some half-hearted steps were early taken by the government to put both freedmen and abandoned estates under the supervision of the Treasury officials. Laws of 1863 and 1864 directed them to take charge of and lease abandoned lands for periods not exceeding twelve months, and to "provide in such leases or otherwise for the employment and general welfare" of the freedmen. Most of the army officers looked upon this as a welcome relief from perplexing "Negro affairs;" but the Treasury hesitated and blundered, and although it leased large quantities of land and employed many Negroes, especially along the Mississippi, yet it left the virtual control of the laborers and their relations to their neighbors in the hands of the army.

In March, 1864, Congress at last turned its attention to the subject, and the House passed a bill, by a majority of two, establishing a Bureau for Freedmen in the War Department. Senator Sumner, who had charge of the bill in the Senate, argued that freedmen and abandoned lands ought to be under the same department, and reported a substitute for the House bill, attaching the Bureau to the Treasury Department. This bill passed, but too late for action in the House. The debate wandered over the whole policy of the administration and the general question of slavery, without touching very closely the specific merits of the measure in hand.

Meantime the election took place, and the administration, returning from the country with a vote of renewed confidence, addressed itself to the matter more seriously. A conference between the houses agreed upon a carefully drawn measure which contained the chief provisions of Charles Sumner's bill, but made the proposed organization a department independent of both the War and Treasury officials. The bill was conservative, giving the new department "general superintendence of all freedmen." It was to "establish regulations" for them, protect them, lease them lands, adjust their wages, and appear in civil and military courts as their "next friend." There were many limitations attached to the powers thus granted, and the organization was made permanent. Nevertheless, the Senate defeated the bill, and a new conference committee was appointed. This committee reported a new bill, February 28, which was whirled through just as the session closed, and which became the act of 1865 establishing in the War Department a "Bureau of Refugees, Freedmen, and Abandoned Lands."

This last compromise was a hasty bit of legislation, vague and uncertain in outline. A Bureau was created, "to continue during the present War of Rebellion, and for one year thereafter," to which was given "the supervision and management of all abandoned lands, and the control of all subjects relating to refugees and freedmen," under "such rules and regulations as may be presented by the head of the Bureau and approved by the President." A commissioner, appointed by the President and Senate, was to control the Bureau, with an office force not exceeding ten clerks. The President might also appoint commissioners in the seceded states, and to all these offices military officials might be detailed at regular pay. The Secretary of War could issue rations, clothing, and fuel to the destitute, and all abandoned property was placed in the hands of the Bureau for eventual lease and sale to ex-slaves in forty-acre parcels.

Thus did the United States government definitely assume charge of the emancipated Negro as the ward of the nation. It was a tremendous undertaking. Here, at a stroke of the pen, was erected a government of millions of men,--and not ordinary men, either, but black men emasculated by a peculiarly complete system of slavery, centuries old; and now, suddenly, violently, they come into a new birthright, at a time of war and passion, in the midst of the stricken, embittered population of their former masters. Any man might well have hesitated to assume charge of such a work, with vast responsibilities, indefinite powers, and limited resources. Probably no one but a soldier would have answered such a call promptly; and indeed no one but a soldier could be called, for Congress had appropriated no money for salaries and expenses.

Less than a month after the weary emancipator passed to his rest, his successor assigned Major General Oliver O. Howard to duty as commissioner of the new Bureau. He was a Maine man, then only thirty-five years of age. He had marched with Sherman to the sea, had fought well at Gettysburg, and had but a year before been assigned to the command of the Department of Tennessee. An honest and sincere men, with rather too much faith in human nature, little aptitude for systematic business and intricate detail, he was nevertheless conservative, hard-working, and, above all, acquainted at first-hand with much of the work before him. And of that work it has been truly said, "No approximately correct history of civilization can ever be written which does not throw out in bold relief, as one of the great landmarks of political and social progress, the organization and administration of the Freedmen's

Bureau."

On May 12, 1865, Howard was appointed, and he assumed the duties of his office promptly on the 15th, and began examining the field of work. A curious mess he looked upon: little despotisms, communistic experiments, slavery, peonage, business speculations, organized charity, unorganized almsgiving,--all reeling on under the guise of helping the freedman, and all enshrined in the smoke and blood of war and the cursing and silence of angry men. On May 19 the new government--for a government it really was--issued its constitution; commissioners were to be appointed in each of the seceded states, who were to take charge of "all subjects relating to refugees and freedmen," and all relief and rations were to be given by their consent alone. The Bureau invited continued cooperation with benevolent societies, and declared, "It will be the object of all commissioners to introduce practicable systems of compensated labor," and to establish schools. Forthwith nine assistant commissioners were appointed. They were to hasten to their fields of work; seek gradually to close relief establishments, and make the destitute self-supporting; act as courts of law where there were no courts, or where Negroes were not recognized in them as free; establish the institution of marriage among ex-slaves, and keep records; see that freedmen were free to choose their employers, and help in making fair contracts for them; and finally, the circular said, "Simple good faith, for which we hope on all hands for those concerned in the passing away of slavery, will especially relieve the assistant commissioners in the discharge of their duties toward the freedmen, as well as promote the general welfare."

No sooner was the work thus started, and the general system and local organization in some measure begun, than two grave difficulties appeared which changed largely the theory and outcome of Bureau work. First, there were the abandoned lands of the South. It had long been the more or less definitely expressed theory of the North that all the chief problems of emancipation might be settled by establishing the slaves on the forfeited lands of their masters,--a sort of poetic justice, said some. But this poetry done into solemn prose meant either wholesale confiscation of private property in the South, or vast appropriations. Now Congress had not appropriated a cent, and no sooner did the proclamations of general amnesty appear than the 800,000 acres of abandoned lands in the hands of the Freedmen's Bureau melted quickly away. The second difficulty lay in perfecting the local organization of the Bureau throughout the wide field of work. Making a new machine and sending out officials of duly ascertained fitness for a great work of social reform is no child's task; but this task was even harder, for a new central organization had to be fitted on a heterogeneous and confused but already existing system of relief and control of ex-slaves; and the agents available for this work must be sought for in an army still busy with war operations,--men in the very nature of the case ill fitted for delicate social work,--or among the questionable camp followers of an invading host. Thus, after a year's work, vigorously as it was pushed, the problem looked even more difficult to grasp and solve than at the beginning. Nevertheless, three things that year's work did, well worth the doing: it relieved a vast amount of physical suffering; it transported 7000 fugitives from congested centres back to the farm; and, best of all, it inaugurated the crusade of the New England schoolma'am.

The annals of this Ninth Crusade are yet to be written, the tale of a mission that seemed to our age far more quixotic than the quest of St. Louis seemed to his. Behind the mists of ruin and rapine waved the calico dresses of women who dared, and after the hoarse mouthings of the field guns rang the rhythm of the alphabet. Rich and poor they were, serious and curious. Bereaved now of a father, now of a brother, now of more than these, they came seeking a life work in planting New England schoolhouses among the white and black of the South. They did their work well. In that first year they taught 100,000 souls, and more.

Evidently, Congress must soon legislate again on the hastily organized Bureau, which had so quickly grown into wide significance and vast possibilities. An institution such as that was well-nigh as difficult to end as to begin. Early in 1866 Congress took up the matter, when Senator Trumbull, of Illinois, introduced a bill to extend the Bureau and enlarge its powers. This measure received, at the hands of Congress, far more thorough discussion and attention than its predecessor. The war cloud had thinned enough to allow a clearer conception of the work of emancipation. The champions of the bill argued that the strengthening of the Freedmen's Bureau was still a military necessity; that it was needed for the proper carrying out of the Thirteenth Amendment, and was a work of sheer justice to the ex-slave, at a trifling cost to the government. The opponents of the measure declared that the war was over, and the necessity for war measures past; that the Bureau, by reason of its extraordinary powers, was clearly unconstitutional in time of peace, and was destined to irritate the South and pauperize the freedmen, at a final cost of possibly hundreds of millions. Two of these arguments were unanswered, and indeed unanswerable: the one that the extraordinary powers of the Bureau threatened the civil rights of all citizens; and the other that the government must have power to do what manifestly must be done, and that present abandonment of the freedmen meant their practical enslavement. The bill which finally passed enlarged and made permanent the Freedmen's Bureau. It was promptly vetoed by President Johnson, as "unconstitutional," "unnecessary," and "extrajudicial," and failed of passage over the veto. Meantime, however, the breach between Congress and the President began to

broaden, and a modified form of the lost bill was finally passed over the President's second veto, July 16.

The act of 1866 gave the Freedmen's Bureau its final form,--the form by which it will be known to posterity and judged of men. It extended the existence of the Bureau to July, 1868; it authorized additional assistant commissioners, the retention of army officers mustered out of regular service, the sale of certain forfeited lands to freedmen on nominal terms, the sale of Confederate public property for Negro schools, and a wider field of judicial interpretation and cognizance. The government of the un-reconstructed South was thus put very largely in the hands of the Freedmen's Bureau, especially as in many cases the departmental military commander was now made also assistant commissioner. It was thus that the Freedmen's Bureau became a full-fledged government of men. It made laws, executed them and interpreted them; it laid and collected taxes, defined and punished crime, maintained and used military force, and dictated such measures as it thought necessary and proper for the accomplishment of its varied ends. Naturally, all these powers were not exercised continuously nor to their fullest extent; and yet, as General Howard has said, "scarcely any subject that has to be legislated upon in civil society failed, at one time or another, to demand the action of this singular Bureau."

To understand and criticise intelligently so vast a work, one must not forget an instant the drift of things in the later sixties: Lee had surrendered, Lincoln was dead, and Johnson and Congress were at loggerheads; the Thirteenth Amendment was adopted, the Fourteenth pending, and the Fifteenth declared in force in 1870. Guerrilla raiding, the ever present flickering after-flame of war, was spending its force against the Negroes, and all the Southern land was awakening as from some wild dream to poverty and social revolution. In a time of perfect calm, amid willing neighbors and streaming wealth, the social uplifting of 4,000,000 slaves to an assured and self-sustaining place in the body politic and economic would have been an herculean task; but when to the inherent difficulties of so delicate and nice a social operation were added the spite and hate of conflict, the Hell of War; when suspicion and cruelty were rife, and gaunt Hunger wept beside Bereavement,--in such a case, the work of any instrument of social regeneration was in large part foredoomed to failure. The very name of the Bureau stood for a thing in the South which for two centuries and better men had refused even to argue,--that life amid free Negroes was simply unthinkable, the maddest of experiments. The agents which the Bureau could command varied all the way from unselfish philanthropists to narrow-minded busybodies and thieves; and even though it be true that the average was far better than the worst, it was the one fly that helped to spoil the ointment. Then, amid all this crouched the freed slave, bewildered between friend and foe. He had emerged from slavery: not the worst slavery in the world, not a slavery that made all life unbearable,--rather, a slavery that had here and there much of kindliness, fidelity, and happiness,--but withal slavery, which, so far as human aspiration and desert were concerned, classed the black man and the ox together. And the Negro knew full well that, whatever their deeper convictions may have been, Southern men had fought with desperate energy to perpetuate this slavery, under which the black masses, with half-articulate thought, had writhed and shivered. They welcomed freedom with a cry. They fled to the friends that had freed them. They shrank from the master who still strove for their chains. So the cleft between the white and black South grew. Idle to say it never should have been; it was as inevitable as its results were pitiable. Curiously incongruous elements were left arrayed against each other: the North, the government, the carpetbagger, and the slave, here; and there, all the South that was white, whether gentleman or vagabond, honest man or rascal, lawless murderer or martyr to duty.

Thus it is doubly difficult to write of this period calmly, so intense was the feeling, so mighty the human passions, that swayed and blinded men. Amid it all two figures ever stand to typify that day to coming men: the one a gray-haired gentleman, whose fathers had quit themselves like men, whose sons lay in nameless graves, who bowed to the evil of slavery because its abolition boded untold ill to all; who stood at last, in the evening of life, a blighted, ruined form, with hate in his eyes. And the other, a form hovering dark and mother-like, her awful face black with the mists of centuries, had aforetime bent in love over her white master's cradle, rocked his sons and daughters to sleep, and closed in death the sunken eyes of his wife to the world; ay, too, had laid herself low to his lust and borne a tawny man child to the world, only to see her dark boy's limbs scattered to the winds by midnight marauders riding after Damned Niggers. These were the saddest sights of that woeful day; and no man clasped the hands of these two passing figures of the present-past; but hating they went to their long home, and hating their children's children live to-day.

Here, then, was the field of work for the Freedmen's Bureau; and since, with some hesitation, it was continued by the act of 1868 till 1869, let us look upon four years of its work as a whole. There were, in 1868, 900 Bureau officials scattered from Washington to Texas, ruling, directly and indirectly, many millions of men. And the deeds of these rulers fall mainly under seven heads,--the relief of physical suffering, the overseeing of the beginnings of free labor, the buying and selling of land, the establishment of schools, the paying of bounties, the administration of justice, and the financiering of all these activities. Up to June, 1869, over half a million patients had been treated by Bureau physicians and surgeons, and sixty hospitals and asylums had been in operation. In fifty

months of work 21,000,000 free rations were distributed at a cost of over $4,000,000,--beginning at the rate of 30,000 rations a day in 1865, and discontinuing in 1869. Next came the difficult question of labor. First, 30,000 black men were transported from the refuges and relief stations back to the farms, back to the critical trial of a new way of working. Plain, simple instructions went out from Washington,--the freedom of laborers to choose employers, no fixed rates of wages, no peonage or forced labor. So far so good; but where local agents differed toto coelo in capacity and character, where the personnel was continually changing, the outcome was varied. The largest element of success lay in the fact that the majority of the freedmen were willing, often eager, to work. So contracts were written,--50,000 in a single state,--laborers advised, wages guaranteed, and employers supplied. In truth, the organization became a vast labor bureau; not perfect, indeed,--notably defective here and there,--but on the whole, considering the situation, successful beyond the dreams of thoughtful men. The two great obstacles which confronted the officers at every turn were the tyrant and the idler: the slaveholder, who believed slavery was right, and was determined to perpetuate it under another name; and the freedman, who regarded freedom as perpetual rest. These were the Devil and the Deep Sea.

In the work of establishing the Negroes as peasant proprietors the Bureau was severely handicapped, as I have shown. Nevertheless, something was done. Abandoned lands were leased so long as they remained in the hands of the Bureau, and a total revenue of $400,000 derived from black tenants. Some other lands to which the nation had gained title were sold, and public lands were opened for the settlement of the few blacks who had tools and capital. The vision of landowning, however, the righteous and reasonable ambition for forty acres and a mule which filled the freedmen's dreams, was doomed in most cases to disappointment. And those men of marvelous hind-sight, who to-day are seeking to preach the Negro back to the soil, know well, or ought to know, that it was here, in 1865, that the finest opportunity of binding the black peasant to the soil was lost. Yet, with help and striving, the Negro gained some land, and by 1874, in the one state of Georgia, owned near 350,000 acres.

The greatest success of the Freedmen's Bureau lay in the planting of the free school among Negroes, and the idea of free elementary education among all classes in the South. It not only called the schoolmistress through the benevolent agencies, and built them schoolhouses, but it helped discover and support such apostles of human development as Edmund Ware, Erastus Cravath, and Samuel Armstrong. State superintendents of education were appointed, and by 1870 150,000 children were in school. The opposition to Negro education was bitter in the South, for the South believed an educated Negro to be a dangerous Negro. And the South was not wholly wrong; for education among all kinds of men always has had, and always will have, an element of danger and revolution, of dissatisfaction and discontent. Nevertheless, men strive to know. It was some inkling of this paradox, even in the unquiet days of the Bureau, that allayed an opposition to human training, which still to-day lies smouldering, but not flaming. Fisk, Atlanta, Howard, and Hampton were founded in these days, and nearly $6,000,000 was expended in five years for educational work, $750,000 of which came from the freedmen themselves.

Such contributions, together with the buying of land and various other enterprises, showed that the ex-slave was handling some free capital already. The chief initial source of this was labor in the army, and his pay and bounty as a soldier. Payments to Negro soldiers were at first complicated by the ignorance of the recipients, and the fact that the quotas of colored regiments from Northern states were largely filled by recruits from the South, unknown to their fellow soldiers. Consequently, payments were accompanied by such frauds that Congress, by joint resolution in 1867, put the whole matter in the hands of the Freedmen's Bureau. In two years $6,000,000 was thus distributed to 5000 claimants, and in the end the sum exceeded $8,000,000. Even in this system, fraud was frequent; but still the work put needed capital in the hands of practical paupers, and some, at least, was well spent.

The most perplexing and least successful part of the Bureau's work lay in the exercise of its judicial functions. In a distracted land where slavery had hardly fallen, to keep the strong from wanton abuse of the weak, and the weak from gloating insolently over the half-shorn strength of the strong, was a thankless, hopeless task. The former masters of the land were peremptorily ordered about, seized and imprisoned, and punished over and again, with scant courtesy from army officers. The former slaves were intimidated, beaten, raped, and butchered by angry and revengeful men. Bureau courts tended to become centres simply for punishing whites, while the regular civil courts tended to become solely institutions for perpetuating the slavery of blacks. Almost every law and method ingenuity could devise was employed by the legislatures to reduce the Negroes to serfdom,--to make them the slaves of the state, if not of individual owners; while the Bureau officials too often were found striving to put the "bottom rail on top," and give the freedmen a power and independence which they could not yet use. It is all well enough for us of another generation to wax wise with advice to those who bore the burden in the heat of the day. It is full easy now to see that the man who lost home, fortune, and family at a stroke, and saw his land ruled by "mules and niggers," was really benefited by the passing of slavery. It is not difficult now to say to the young freedman, cheated and cuffed about, who has seen his father's head beaten to a jelly and his own mother namelessly assaulted, that the meek shall inherit the earth. Above all, nothing is more convenient than to heap on the Freedmen's

Bureau all the evils of that evil day, and damn it utterly for every mistake and blunder that was made.

All this is easy, but it is neither sensible nor just. Some one had blundered, but that was long before Oliver Howard was born; there was criminal aggression and heedless neglect, but without some system of control there would have been far more than there was. Had that control been from within, the Negro would have been reenslaved, to all intents and purposes. Coming as the control did from without, perfect men and methods would have bettered all things; and even with imperfect agents and questionable methods, the work accomplished was not undeserving of much commendation. The regular Bureau court consisted of one representative of the employer, one of the Negro, and one of the Bureau. If the Bureau could have maintained a perfectly judicial attitude, this arrangement would have been ideal, and must in time have gained confidence; but the nature of its other activities and the character of its personnel prejudiced the Bureau in favor of the black litigants, and led without doubt to much injustice and annoyance. On the other hand, to leave the Negro in the hands of Southern courts was impossible.

What the Freedmen's Bureau cost the nation is difficult to determine accurately. Its methods of bookkeeping were not good, and the whole system of its work and records partook of the hurry and turmoil of the time. General Howard himself disbursed some $15,000,000 during his incumbency; but this includes the bounties paid colored soldiers, which perhaps should not be counted as an expense of the Bureau. In bounties, prize money, and all other expenses, the Bureau disbursed over $20,000,000 before all of its departments were finally closed. To this ought to be added the large expenses of the various departments of Negro affairs before 1865; but these are hardly extricable from war expenditures, nor can we estimate with any accuracy the contributions of benevolent societies during all these years.

Such was the work of the Freedmen's Bureau. To sum it up in brief, we may say: it set going a system of free labor; it established the black peasant proprietor; it secured the recognition of black freemen before courts of law; it founded the free public school in the South. On the other hand, it failed to establish good will between ex-masters and freedmen; to guard its work wholly from paternalistic methods that discouraged self-reliance; to make Negroes landholders in any considerable numbers. Its successes were the result of hard work, supplemented by the aid of philanthropists and the eager striving of black men. Its failures were the result of bad local agents, inherent difficulties of the work, and national neglect. The Freedmen's Bureau expired by limitation in 1869, save its educational and bounty departments. The educational work came to an end in 1872, and General Howard's connection with the Bureau ceased at that time. The work of paying bounties was transferred to the adjutant general's office, where it was continued three or four years longer.

Such an institution, from its wide powers, great responsibilities, large control of moneys, and generally conspicuous position, was naturally open to repeated and bitter attacks. It sustained a searching congressional investigation at the instance of Fernando Wood in 1870. It was, with blunt discourtesy, transferred from Howard's control, in his absence, to the supervision of Secretary of War Belknap in 1872, on the Secretary's recommendation. Finally, in consequence of grave intimations of wrongdoing made by the Secretary and his subordinates, General Howard was court-martialed in 1874. In each of these trials, and in other attacks, the commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau was exonerated from any willful misdoing, and his work heartily commended. Nevertheless, many unpleasant things were brought to light: the methods of transacting the business of the Bureau were faulty; several cases of defalcation among officials in the field were proven, and further frauds hinted at; there were some business transactions which savored of dangerous speculation, if not dishonesty; and, above all, the smirch of the Freedmen's Bank, which, while legally distinct from, was morally and practically a part of the Bureau, will ever blacken the record of this great institution. Not even ten additional years of slavery could have done as much to throttle the thrift of the freedmen as the mismanagement and bankruptcy of the savings bank chartered by the nation for their especial aid. Yet it is but fair to say that the perfect honesty of purpose and unselfish devotion of General Howard have passed untarnished through the fire of criticism. Not so with all his subordinates, although in the case of the great majority of these there were shown bravery and devotion to duty, even though sometimes linked to narrowness and incompetency.

The most bitter attacks on the Freedmen's Bureau were aimed not so much at its conduct or policy under the law as at the necessity for any such organization at all. Such attacks came naturally from the border states and the South, and they were summed up by Senator Davis, of Kentucky, when he moved to entitle the act of 1866 a bill "to promote strife and conflict between the white and black races... by a grant of unconstitutional power." The argument was of tremendous strength, but its very strength was its weakness. For, argued the plain common sense of the nation, if it is unconstitutional, unpracticable, and futile for the nation to stand guardian over its helpless wards, then there is left but one alternative: to make those wards their own guardians by arming them with the ballot. The alternative offered the nation then was not between full and restricted Negro suffrage; else every sensible

man, black and white, would easily have chosen the latter. It was rather a choice between suffrage and slavery, after endless blood and gold had flowed to sweep human bondage away. Not a single Southern legislature stood ready to admit a Negro, under any conditions, to the polls; not a single Southern legislature believed free Negro labor was possible without a system of restrictions that took all its freedom away; there was scarcely a white man in the South who did not honestly regard emancipation as a crime, and its practical nullification as a duty. In such a situation, the granting of the ballot to the black man was a necessity, the very least a guilty nation could grant a wronged race. Had the opposition to government guardianship of Negroes been less bitter, and the attachment to the slave system less strong, the social seer can well imagine a far better policy: a permanent Freedmen's Bureau, with a national system of Negro schools; a carefully supervised employment and labor office; a system of impartial protection before the regular courts; and such institutions for social betterment as savings banks, land and building associations, and social settlements. All this vast expenditure of money and brains might have formed a great school of prospective citizenship, and solved in a way we have not yet solved the most perplexing and persistent of the Negro problems.

That such an institution was unthinkable in 1870 was due in part to certain acts of the Freedmen's Bureau itself. It came to regard its work as merely temporary, and Negro suffrage as a final answer to all present perplexities. The political ambition of many of its agents and proteges led it far afield into questionable activities, until the South, nursing its own deep prejudices, came easily to ignore all the good deeds of the Bureau, and hate its very name with perfect hatred. So the Freedmen's Bureau died, and its child was the Fifteenth Amendment.

The passing of a great human institution before its work is done, like the untimely passing of a single soul, but leaves a legacy of striving for other men. The legacy of the Freedmen's Bureau is the heavy heritage of this generation. Today, when new and vaster problems are destined to strain every fibre of the national mind and soul, would it not be well to count this legacy honestly and carefully? For this much all men know: despite compromise, struggle, war, and struggle, the Negro is not free. In the backwoods of the Gulf states, for miles and miles, he may not leave the plantation of his birth; in well-nigh the whole rural South the black farmers are peons, bound by law and custom to an economic slavery, from which the only escape is death or the penitentiary. In the most cultured sections and cities of the South the Negroes are a segregated servile caste, with restricted rights and privileges. Before the courts, both in law and custom, they stand on a different and peculiar basis. Taxation without representation is the rule of their political life. And the result of all this is, and in nature must have been, lawlessness and crime. That is the large legacy of the Freedmen's Bureau, the work it did not do because it could not.

I have seen a land right merry with the sun; where children sing, and rolling hills lie like passioned women, wanton with harvest. And there in the King's Highway sat and sits a figure, veiled and bowed, by which the traveler's footsteps hasten as they go. On the tainted air broods fear. Three centuries' thought has been the raising and unveiling of that bowed human heart, and now, behold, my fellows, a century new for the duty and the deed. The problem of the twentieth century is the problem of the color line.

OF THE TRAINING OF BLACK MEN by W. E. Burghardt Du Bois

From the shimmering swirl of waters where many, many thoughts ago the slave-ship first saw the square tower of Jamestown have flowed down to our day three streams of thinking: one from the larger world here and over-seas, saying, the multiplying of human wants in culture lands calls for the world-wide co-operation of men in satisfying them. Hence arises a new human unity, pulling the ends of earth nearer, and all men, black, yellow, and white. The larger humanity strives to feel in this contact of living nations and sleeping hordes a thrill of new life in the world, crying, If the contact of Life and Sleep be Death, shame on such Life. To be sure, behind this thought lurks the afterthought of force and dominion,--the making of brown men to delve when the temptation of beads and red calico cloys.

The second thought streaming from the death-ship and the curving river is the thought of the older South: the sincere and passionate belief that somewhere between men and cattle God created a tertium quid, and called it a Negro,--a clownish, simple creature, at times even lovable within its limitations, but straitly foreordained to walk within the Veil. To be sure, behind the thought lurks the afterthought,--some of them with favoring chance might become men, but in sheer self-defense we dare not let them, and build about them walls so high, and hang between them and the light a veil so thick, that they shall not even think of breaking through.

And last of all there trickles down that third and darker thought, the thought of the things themselves, the confused half-conscious mutter of men who are black and whitened, crying Liberty, Freedom, Opportunity--vouchsafe to us, O boastful World, the chance of living men! To be sure, behind the thought lurks the afterthought: suppose, after all, the World is right and we are less than men?

Suppose this mad impulse within is all wrong, some mock mirage from the untrue?

So here we stand among thoughts of human unity, even through conquest and slavery; the inferiority of black men, even if forced by fraud; a shriek in the night for the freedom of men who themselves are not yet sure of their right to demand it. This is the tangle of thought and afterthought wherein we are called to solve the problem of training men for life.

Behind all its curiousness, so attractive alike to sage and dilettante, lie its dim dangers, throwing across us shadows at once grotesque and awful. Plain it is to us that what the world seeks through desert and wild we have within our threshold;--a stalwart laboring force, suited to the semi-tropics; if, deaf to the voice of the Zeitgeist, we refuse to use and develop these men, we risk poverty and loss. If, on the other hand, seized by the brutal afterthought, we debauch the race thus caught in our talons, selfishly sucking their blood and brains in the future as in the past, what shall save us from national decadence? Only that saner selfishness which, Education teaches men, can find the rights of all in the whirl of work.

Again, we may decry the color prejudice of the South, yet it remains a heavy fact. Such curious kinks of the human mind exist and must be reckoned with soberly. They cannot be laughed away, nor always successfully stormed at, nor easily abolished by act of legislature. And yet they cannot be encouraged by being let alone. They must be recognized as facts, but unpleasant facts; things that stand in the way of civilization and religion and common decency. They can be met in but one way: by the breadth and broadening of human reason, by catholicity of taste and culture. And so, too, the native ambition and aspiration of men, even though they be black, backward, and ungraceful, must not lightly be dealt with. To stimulate wildly weak and untrained minds is to play with mighty fires; to flout their striving idly is to welcome a harvest of brutish crime and shameless lethargy in our very laps. The guiding of thought and the deft coordination of deed is at once the path of honor and humanity.

And so, in this great question of reconciling three vast and partially contradictory streams of thought, the one panacea of Education leaps to the lips of all; such human training as will best use the labor of all men without enslaving or brutalizing; such training as will give us poise to encourage the prejudices that bulwark society, and stamp out those that in sheer barbarity deafen us to the wail of prisoned souls within the Veil, and the mounting fury of shackled men.

But when we have vaguely said Education will set this tangle straight, what have we uttered but a truism? Training for life teaches living; but what training for the profitable living together of black men and white? Two hundred years ago our task would have seemed easier. Then Dr. Johnson blandly assured us that education was needed solely for the embellishments of life, and was useless for ordinary vermin. To-day we have climbed to heights where we would open at least the outer courts of knowledge to all, display its treasures to many, and select the few to whom its mystery of Truth is revealed, not wholly by truth or the accidents of the stock market, but at least in part according to deftness and aim, talent and character. This programme, however, we are sorely puzzled in carrying out through that part of the land where the blight of slavery fell hardest, and where we are dealing with two backward peoples. To make here in human education that ever necessary combination of the permanent and the contingent--of the ideal and the practical in workable equilibrium--has been there, as it ever must be in every age and place, a matter of infinite experiment and frequent mistakes.

In rough approximation we may point out four varying decades of work in Southern education since the Civil War. From the close of the war until 1876 was the period of uncertain groping and temporary relief. There were army schools, mission schools, and schools of the Freedmen's Bureau in chaotic disarrangement, seeking system and cooperation. Then followed ten years of constructive definite effort toward the building of complete school systems in the South. Normal schools and colleges were founded for the freedmen, and teachers trained there to man the public schools. There was the inevitable tendency of war to underestimate the prejudice of the master and the ignorance of the slave, and all seemed clear sailing out of the wreckage of the storm. Meantime, starting in this decade yet especially developing from 1885 to 1895, began the industrial revolution of the South. The land saw glimpses of a new destiny and the stirring of new ideals. The educational system striving to complete itself saw new obstacles and a field of work ever broader and deeper. The Negro colleges, hurriedly founded, were inadequately equipped, illogically distributed, and of varying efficiency and grade; the normal and high schools were doing little more than common school work, and the common schools were training but a third of the children who ought to be in them, and training these too often poorly. At the same time the white South, by reason of its sudden conversion from the slavery ideal, by so much the more became set and strengthened in its racial prejudice, and crystallized it into harsh law and harsher custom; while the marvelous pushing forward of the poor white daily threatened to take even bread and butter from the mouths of the heavily handicapped sons of the freedmen. In the midst, then, of the larger problem of Negro education sprang up the more practical question of work, the inevitable economic quandary that faces a people in the transition from slavery to freedom, and especially those who make that change amid hate and

prejudice, lawlessness and ruthless competition.

The industrial school springing to notice in this decade, but coming to full recognition in the decade beginning with 1895, was the proffered answer to this combined educational and economic crisis, and an answer of singular wisdom and timeliness. From the very first in nearly all the schools some attention had been given to training in handiwork, but now was this training first raised to a dignity that brought it in direct touch with the South's magnificent industrial development, and given an emphasis which reminded black folk that before the Temple of Knowledge swing the Gates of Toil.

Yet after all they are but gates, and when turning our eyes from the temporary and the contingent in the Negro problem to the broader question of the permanent uplifting and civilization of black men in America, we have a right to inquire, as this enthusiasm for material advancement mounts to its height, if after all the industrial school is the final and sufficient answer in the training of the Negro race; and to ask gently, but in all sincerity, the ever recurring query of the ages, Is not life more than meat, and the body more than raiment? And men ask this to-day all the more eagerly because of sinister signs in recent educational movements. The tendency is here born of slavery and quickened to renewed life by the crazy imperialism of the day, to regard human beings as among the material resources of a land to be trained with an eye single to future dividends. Race prejudices, which keep brown and black men in their "places," we are coming to regard as useful allies with such a theory, no matter how much they may dull the ambition and sicken the hearts of struggling human beings. And above all, we daily hear that an education that encourages aspiration, that sets the loftiest of ideals and seeks as an end culture and character than bread-winning, is the privilege of white men and the danger and delusion of black.

Especially has criticism been directed against the former educational efforts to aid the Negro. In the four periods I have mentioned, we find first boundless, planless enthusiasm and sacrifice; then the preparation of teachers for a vast public school system; then the launching and expansion of that school system amid increasing difficulties; and finally the training of workmen for the new and growing industries. This development has been sharply ridiculed as a logical anomaly and flat reversal of nature. Soothly we have been told that first industrial and manual training should have taught the Negro to work, then simple schools should have taught him to read and write, and finally, after years, high and normal schools could have completed the system, as intelligence and wealth demanded.

That a system logically so complete was historically impossible, it needs but a little thought to prove. Progress in human affairs is more often a pull than a push, surging forward of the exceptional man, and the lifting of his duller brethren slowly and painfully to his vantage ground. Thus it was no accident that gave birth to universities centuries before the common schools, that made fair Harvard the first flower of our wilderness. So in the South: the mass of the freedmen at the end of the war lacked the intelligence so necessary to modern workingmen. They must first have the common school to teach them to read, write, and cipher. The white teachers who flocked South went to establish such a common school system. They had no idea of founding colleges; they themselves at first would have laughed at the idea. But they faced, as all men since them have faced, that central paradox of the South, the social separation of the races. Then it was the sudden volcanic rupture of nearly all relations between black and white, in work and government and family life. Since then a new adjustment of relations in economic and political affairs has grown up,--an adjustment subtle and difficult to grasp, yet singularly ingenious, which leaves still that frightful chasm at the color line across which men pass at their peril. Thus, then and now, there stand in the South two separate worlds; and separate not simply in the higher realms of social intercourse, but also in church and school, on railway and street car, in hotels and theatres, in streets and city sections, in books and newspapers, in asylums and jails, in hospitals and graveyards. There is still enough of contact for large economic and group cooperation, but the separation is so thorough and deep, that it absolutely precludes for the present between the races anything like that sympathetic and effective group training and leadership of the one by the other, such as the American Negro and all backward peoples must have for effectual progress.

This the missionaries of '68 soon saw; and if effective industrial and trade schools were impractical before the establishment of a common school system, just as certainly no adequate common schools could be founded until there were teachers to teach them. Southern whites would not teach them; Northern whites in sufficient numbers could not be had. If the Negro was to learn, he must teach himself, and the most effective help that could be given him was the establishment of schools to train Negro teachers. This conclusion was slowly but surely reached by every student of the situation until simultaneously, in widely separated regions, without consultation or systematic plan, there arose a series of institutions designed to furnish teachers for the untaught. Above the sneers of critics at the obvious defects of this procedure must ever stand its one crushing rejoinder: in a single generation they put thirty thousand black teachers in the South; they wiped out the illiteracy of the majority of the black people of the land, and they made Tuskegee possible.

Such higher training schools tended naturally to deepen broader development: at first they were common and grammar schools, then some became high schools. And finally, by 1900, some thirty-four had one year or more of studies of college grade. This development was reached with different degrees of speed in different institutions: Hampton is still a high school, while Fisk University started her college in 1871, and Spelman Seminary about 1896. In all cases the aim was identical: to maintain the standards of the lower training by giving teachers and leaders the best practicable training; and above all to furnish the black world with adequate standards of human culture and lofty ideals of life. It was not enough that the teachers of teachers should be trained in technical normal methods; they must also, so far as possible, be broad-minded, cultured men and women, to scatter civilization among a people whose ignorance was not simply of letters, but of life itself.

It can thus be seen that the work of education in the South began with higher institutions of training, which threw off as their foliage common schools, and later industrial schools, and at the same time strove to shoot their roots ever deeper toward college and university training. That this was an inevitable and necessary development, sooner or later, goes without saying; but there has been, and still is, a question in many minds if the natural growth was not forced, and if the higher training was not either overdone or done with cheap and unsound methods. Among white Southerners this feeling is widespread and positive. A prominent Southern journal voiced this in a recent editorial:

"The experiment that has been made to give the colored students classical training has not been satisfactory. Even though many were able to pursue the course, most of them did so in a parrot-like way, learning what was taught, but not seeming to appropriate the truth and import of their instruction, and graduating without sensible aim or valuable occupation for their future. The whole scheme has proved a waste of time, efforts, and the money of the state."

While most far-minded men would recognize this as extreme and overdrawn, still without doubt many are asking, Are there a sufficient number of Negroes ready for college training to warrant the undertaking? Are not too many students prematurely forced into this work? Does it not have the effect of dissatisfying the young Negro with his environment? And do these graduates succeed in real life? Such natural questions cannot be evaded, nor on the other hand must a nation naturally skeptical as to Negro ability assume an unfavorable answer without careful inquiry and patient openness to conviction. We must not forget that most Americans answer all queries regarding the Negro a priori, and that the least that human courtesy can do is to listen to evidence.

The advocates of the higher education of the Negro would be the last to deny the incompleteness and glaring defects of the present system: too many institutions have attempted to do college work, the work in some cases has not been thoroughly done, and quantity rather than quality has sometimes been sought. But all this can be said of higher education throughout the land: it is the almost inevitable incident of educational growth, and leaves the deeper question of the legitimate demand for the higher training of Negroes untouched. And this latter question can be settled in but one way--by a first-hand study of the facts. If we leave out of view all institutions which have not actually graduated students from a course higher than that of a New England high school, even though they be called colleges; if then we take the thirty-four remaining institutions, we may clear up many misapprehensions by asking searchingly, What kind of institutions are they, what do they teach, and what sort of men do they graduate?

And first we may say that this type of college, including Atlanta, Fisk and Howard, Wilberforce and Lincoln, Biddle, Shaw, and the rest, is peculiar, almost unique. Through the shining trees that whisper before me as I write, I catch glimpses of a boulder of New England granite, covering a grave, which graduates of Atlanta University have placed there:--

"IN GRATEFUL MEMORY OF THEIR FORMER TEACHER AND FRIEND AND OF THE UNSELFISH LIFE HE LIVED, AND THE NOBLE WORK HE WROUGHT; THAT THEY, THEIR CHILDREN, AND THEIR CHIL- DREN'S CHILDREN MIGHT BE BLESSED."

This was the gift of New England to the freed Negro: not alms, but a friend; not cash, but character. It was not and is not money these seething millions want, but love and sympathy, the pulse of hearts beating with red blood; a gift which to-day only their own kindred and race can bring to the masses, but which once saintly souls brought to their favored children in the crusade of the sixties, that finest thing in American history, and one of the few things untainted by sordid greed and cheap vainglory. The teachers in these institutions came not to keep the Negroes in their place, but to raise them out of their places where the filth of slavery had wallowed them. The colleges they founded were social settlements; homes where the best of the sons of the freedmen came in close and sympathetic touch with the best traditions of New England. They lived and ate together, studies and worked, hoped and harkened in the dawning light. In actual formal content their curriculum was doubtless old-fashioned, but in educational power it was supreme, for it was the contact of living souls.

From such schools about two thousand Negroes have gone forth with the bachelor's degree. The number in itself is enough to put at rest the argument that too large a proportion of Negroes are receiving higher training. If the ratio to population of all Negro students throughout the land, in both college and secondary training, be counted, Commissioner Harris assures us "it must be increased to five times its present average" to equal the average of the land.

Fifty years ago the ability of Negro students in any appreciable numbers to master a modern college course would have been difficult to prove. To-day it is proved by the fact that four hundred Negroes, many of whom have been reported as brilliant students, have received the bachelor's degree from Harvard, Yale, Oberlin, and seventy other leading colleges. Here we have, then, nearly twenty-five hundred Negro graduates, of whom the crucial query must be made. How far did their training fit them for life? It is of course extremely difficult to collect satisfactory data on such a point,--difficult to reach the men, to get trustworthy testimony, and to gauge that testimony by any generally acceptable criterion of success. In 1900, the Conference at Atlanta University undertook to study these graduates, and published the results. First they sought to know what these graduates were doing, and succeeded in getting answers from nearly two thirds of the living. The direct testimony was in almost all cases corroborated by the reports of the colleges where they graduated, so that in the main the reports were worthy of credence. Fifty-three per cent of these graduates were teachers,--presidents of institutions, heads of normal schools, principals of city school systems, and the like. Seventeen per cent were clergymen; another seventeen per cent were in the professions, chiefly as physicians. Over six per cent were merchants, farmers, and artisans, and four per cent were in the government civil service. Granting even that a considerable proportion of the third unheard from are unsuccessful, this is a record of usefulness. Personally I know many hundreds of these graduates and have corresponded with more than a thousand; through others I have followed carefully the life-work of scores; I have taught some of them and some of the pupils whom they have taught, lived in homes which they have builded, and looked at life through their eyes. Comparing them as a class with my fellow students in New England and in Europe, I cannot hesitate in saying that nowhere have I met men and women with a broader spirit of helpfulness, with deeper devotion to their life-work, or with more consecrated determination to succeed in the face of bitter difficulties than among Negro college-bred men. They have, to be sure, their proportion of ne'er-do-weels, their pedants and lettered fools, but they have a surprisingly small proportion of them; they have not that culture of manner which we instinctively associate with university men, forgetting that in reality it is the heritage from cultured homes, and that no people a generation removed from slavery can escape a certain unpleasant rawness and gaucherie, despite the best of training.

With all their larger vision and deeper sensibility, these men have usually been conservative, careful leaders. They have seldom been agitators, have withstood the temptation to head the mob, and have worked steadily and faithfully in a thousand communities in the South. As teachers they have given the South a commendable system of city schools and large numbers of private normal schools and academies. Colored college-bred men have worked side by side with white college graduates at Hampton; almost from the beginning the backbone of Tuskegee's teaching force has been formed of graduates from Fisk and Atlanta. And to-day the institute is filled with college graduates, from the energetic wife of the principal down to the teacher of agriculture, including nearly half of the executive council and a majority of the heads of departments. In the professions, college men are slowly but surely leavening the Negro church, are healing and preventing the devastations of disease, and beginning to furnish legal protection for the liberty and property of the toiling masses. All this is needful work. Who would do it if Negroes did not? How could Negroes do it if they were not trained carefully for it? If white people need colleges to furnish teachers, ministers, lawyers, and doctors, do black people need nothing of the sort?

If it be true that there are an appreciable number of Negro youth in the land capable by character and talent to receive that higher training, the end of which is culture, and if the two and a half thousand who have had something of this training in the past have in the main proved themselves useful to their race and generation, the question then comes, What place in the future development of the South might the Negro college and college-bred man to occupy? That the present social separation and acute race sensitiveness must eventually yield to the influences of culture as the South grows civilized is clear. But such transformation calls for singular wisdom and patience. If, while the healing of this vast sore is progressing, the races are to live for many years side by side, united in economic effort, obeying a common government, sensitive to mutual thought and feeling, yet subtly and silently separate in many matters of deeper human intimacy--if this unusual and dangerous development is to progress amid peace and order, mutual respect and growing intelligence, it will call for social surgery at once the delicatest and nicest in modern history. It will demand broad-minded, upright men both white and black, and in its final accomplishment American civilization will triumph. So far as white men are concerned, this fact is to-day being recognized in the South, and a happy renaissance of university education seems imminent. But the very voices that cry Hail! to this good work are, strange to relate, largely silent or antagonistic to the higher education of the Negro.

Strange to relate! for this is certain, no secure civilization can be built in the South with the Negro as an ignorant, turbulent proletariat. Suppose we seek to remedy this by making them laborers and nothing more: they are not fools, they have tasted of the Tree of Life, and they will not cease to think, will not cease attempting to read the riddle of the world. By taking away their best equipped teachers and leaders, by slamming the door of opportunity in the faces of their bolder and brighter minds, will you make them satisfied with their lot? or will you not rather transfer their leading from the hands of men taught to think to the hands of untrained demagogues? We ought not to forget that despite the pressure of poverty, and despite the active discouragement and even ridicule of friends, the demand for higher training steadily increases among Negro youth: there were, in the years from 1875 to 1880, twenty-two Negro graduates from Northern colleges; from 1885 to 1895 there were forty-three, and from 1895 to 1900, nearly 100 graduates. From Southern Negro colleges there were, in the same three periods, 143, 413, and over 500 graduates. Here, then, is the plain thirst for training; by refusing to give this Talented Tenth the key to knowledge can any sane man imagine that they will lightly lay aside their yearning and contentedly become hewers of wood and drawers of water?

No. The dangerously clear logic of the Negro's position will more and more loudly assert itself in that day when increasing wealth and more intricate social organization preclude the South from being, as it so largely is, simply an armed camp for intimidating black folk. Such waste of energy cannot be spared if the South is to catch up with civilization. And as the black third of the land grows in thrift and skill, unless skillfully guided in its larger philosophy, it must more and more brood over the red past and the creeping, crooked present, until it grasps a gospel of revolt and revenge and throws its new-found energies athwart the current of advance. Even to-day the masses of the Negroes see all too clearly the anomalies of their position and the moral crookedness of yours. You may marshal strong indictments against them, but their counter-cries, lacking though they be in formal logic, have burning truths within them which you may not wholly ignore, O Southern Gentlemen! If you deplore their presence here, they ask, Who brought us? When you shriek, Deliver us from the vision of intermarriage, they answer, that legal marriage is infinitely better than systematic concubinage and prostitution. And if in just fury you accuse their vagabonds of violating women, they also in fury quite as just may wail: the rape which your gentlemen have done against helpless black women in defiance of your own laws is written on the foreheads of two millions of mulattoes, and written in ineffaceable blood. And finally, when you fasten crime upon this race as its peculiar trait, they answer that slavery was the arch-crime, and lynching and lawlessness its twin abortion; that color and race are not crimes, and yet they it is which in this land receive most unceasing condemnation, North, East, South, and West.

I will not say such arguments are wholly justified--I will not insist that there is no other side to the shield; but I do say that of the nine millions of Negroes in this nation, there is scarcely one out of the cradle to whom these arguments do not daily present themselves in the guise of terrible truth. I insist that the question of the future is how best to keep these millions from brooding over the wrongs of the past and the difficulties of the present, so that all their energies may be bent toward a cheerful striving and cooperation with their white neighbors toward a larger, juster, and fuller future. That one wise method of doing this lies in the closer knitting of the Negro to the great industrial possibilities of the South is a great truth. And this the common schools and the manual training and trade schools are working to accomplish. But these alone are not enough. The foundations of knowledge in this race, as in others, must be sunk deep in the college and university if we would build a solid, permanent structure. Internal problems of social advance must inevitably come,--problems of work and wages, of families and homes, of morals and the true valuing of the things of life; and all these and other inevitable problems of civilization the Negro must meet and solve largely for himself, by reason of his isolation; and can there be any possible solution other than by study and thought and an appeal to the rich experience of the past? Is there not, with such a group and in such a crisis, infinitely more danger to be apprehended from half-trained minds and shallow thinking than from over-education and over-refinement? Surely we have wit enough to found a Negro college so manned and equipped as to steer successfully between the dilettante and the fool. We shall hardly induce black men to believe that if their bellies be full it matters little about their brains. They already dimly perceive that the paths of peace winding between honest toil and dignified manhood call for the guidance of skilled thinkers, the loving, reverent comradeship between the black lowly and black men emancipated by training and culture.

The function of the Negro college then is clear: it must maintain the standards of popular education, it must seek the social regeneration of the Negro, and it must help in the solution of problems of race contact and cooperation. And finally, beyond all this, it must develop men. Above our modern socialism, and out of the worship of the mass, must persist and evolve that higher individualism which the centres of culture protect; there must come a loftier respect for the sovereign human soul that seeks to know itself and the world about it; that seeks a freedom for expansion and self-development; that will love and hate and labor in its own way, untrammeled alike by old and new. Such souls aforetime have inspired and guided worlds, and if we be not wholly bewitched by our Rhine-gold, they shall again. Herein the longing of black men must have respect: the rich and bitter depth of their

experience, the unknown treasures of their inner life, the strange rendings of nature they have seen, may give the world new points of view and make their loving, living, and doing precious to all human hearts. And to themselves in these the days that try their souls the chance to soar in the dim blue air above the smoke is to their finer spirits boon and guerdon for what they lose on earth by being black.

I sit with Shakespeare and he winces not. Across the color line I move arm in arm with Balzac and Dumas, where smiling men and welcoming women glide in gilded halls. From out the caves of Evening that swing between the strong-limbed earth and the tracery of the stars, I summon Aristotle and Aurelius and what soul I will, and they come all graciously with no scorn nor condescension. So, wed with Truth, I dwell above the Veil. Is this the life you grudge us, O knightly America? Is this the life you long to change into the dull red hideousness of Georgia? Are you so afraid lest peering from this high Pisgah, between Philistine and Amalekite, we sight the Promised Land?

THE FRUITS OF INDUSTRIAL TRAINING by Booker T. Washington

The political, educational, social, and economic evolution through which the South passed during, say, the first fifteen or twenty years after the close of the civil war furnishes one of the most interesting periods that any country has passed through.

A large share of the thought and activity of the white South, of the black South, and of that section of the North especially interested in my race, was directed during the years of the Reconstruction period toward politics, or toward matters bearing upon what were termed civil or social rights. The work of education was rather slow, and covered a large section of the South; still I think I am justified in saying that in the public mind the Negro's relation to politics overshadowed nearly every other interest. The education of the race was conducted quietly, and attracted comparatively little attention, just as is true at the present time. The appointment of one Negro postmaster at a third or fourth rate post office will be given wider publicity through the daily press than the founding of a school, or some important discovery in science.

With reference to the black man's political relation to the state and Federal governments, I think I am safe in saying that for many years after the civil war there were sharp and antagonistic views between the North and the South, as well as between the white South and the black South. At practically every point where there was a political question to be decided in the South the blacks would array themselves on one side and the whites on the other. I remember that very soon after I began teaching school in Alabama an old colored man came to me just prior to an election. He said: "You can read de newspapers and most of us can't, but dar is one thing dat we knows dat you don't, and dat is how to vote down here; and we wants you to vote as we does." He added: "I tell you how we does. We watches de white man; we keeps watching de white man; de nearer it gits to election time de more we watches de white man. We watches him till we finds out which way he gwine to vote. After we finds out which way he gwine to vote, den we votes exactly de other way; den we knows we 's right."

Stories on the other side might be given showing that a certain class of white people, both at the polls and in the Legislatures, voted just as unreasonably in opposing politically what they thought the Negro or the North wanted, no matter how much benefit might ensue from a contrary action. Unfortunately such antagonism did not end with matters political, but in many cases affected the relation of the races in nearly every walk of life. Aside from political strife, there was naturally deep feeling between the North and the South on account of the war. On nearly every question growing out of the war, which was debated in Congress, or in political campaigns, there was the keenest difference and often the deepest feeling. There was almost no question of even a semi-political nature, or having a remote connection with the Negro, upon which there was not sharp and often bitter division between the North and South. It is needless to say that in many cases the Negro was the sufferer. He was being ground between the upper and nether millstones. Even to this day it is well-nigh impossible, largely by reason of the force of habit, in certain states to prevent state and even local campaigns from being centred in some form upon the black man. In states like Mississippi, for example, where the Negro ceased nearly a score of years ago, by operation of law, to be a determining factor in politics, he forms in some way the principal fuel for campaign discussion at nearly every election. The sad feature of this is, that it prevents the presentation before the masses of the people of matters pertaining to local and state improvement, and to great national issues like finance, tariff, or foreign policies. It prevents the masses from receiving the broad and helpful education which every political campaign should furnish, and, what is equally unfortunate, it prevents the youth from seeing and hearing on the platform the great political leaders of the two national parties. During a national campaign few of the great Democratic leaders debate national questions in the South, because it is felt that the old antagonism to the Negro politically will keep the South voting one way. Few of the great Republican leaders appear on Southern platforms, because they feel that nothing will be gained.

One of the saddest instances of this situation that has come within my knowledge occurred some years ago in a certain Southern state where a white friend of mine was making the race for Congress on the Democratic ticket in a district that was overwhelmingly Democratic. I speak of this man as my friend, because there was no personal favor in reason which he would have refused me. He was equally friendly to the race, and was generous in giving for its education, and in helping individuals to buy land. His campaign took him into one of the "white" counties, where there were few colored people, and where the whites were unusually ignorant. I was surprised one morning to read in the daily papers of a bitter attack he had made on the Negro while speaking in this county. The next time I saw him I informed him of my surprise. He replied that he was ashamed of what he had said, and that he did not himself believe much that he had stated, but gave as a reason for his action that he had found himself before an audience which had heard little for thirty years in the way of political discussion that did not bear upon the Negro, and that he therefore knew it was almost impossible to interest them in any other subject.

But this is somewhat aside from my purpose, which is, I repeat, to make plain that in all political matters there was for years after the war no meeting ground of agreement for the two races, or for the North and South. Upon the question of the Negro's civil rights, as embodied in what was called the Civil Rights Bill, there was almost the same sharp line of division between the races, and, in theory at least, between the Northern and Southern whites,--largely because the former were supposed to be giving the blacks social recognition, and encouraging intermingling between the races. The white teachers, who came from the North to work in missionary schools, received for years little recognition or encouragement from the rank and file of their own race. The lines were so sharply drawn that in cities where native Southern white women taught Negro children in the public schools, they would have no dealings with Northern white women who, perhaps, taught Negro children from the same family in a missionary school.

I want to call attention here to a phase of Reconstruction policy which is often overlooked. All now agree that there was much in Reconstruction which was unwise and unfortunate. However we may regard that policy, and much as we may regret mistakes, the fact is too often overlooked that it was during the Reconstruction period that a public school system for the education of all the people of the South was first established in most of the states. Much that was done by those in charge of Reconstruction legislation has been overturned, but the public school system still remains. True, it has been modified and improved, but the system remains, and is every day growing in popularity and strength.

As to the difference of opinion between the North and the South regarding Negro education, I find that many people, especially in the North, have a wrong conception of the attitude of the Southern white people. It is and has been very generally thought that what is termed "higher education" of the Negro has been from the first opposed by the white South. This opinion is far from being correct. I remember that, in 1891, when I began the work of establishing the Tuskegee Institute in Alabama, practically all of the white people who talked to me on the subject took it for granted that instruction in the Greek, Latin, and modern languages would be one of the main features of our curriculum. I heard no one oppose what he thought our course of study was to embrace. In fact, there are many white people in the South at the present time who do not know that instruction in the dead languages is not given at the Tuskegee Institute. In further proof of what I have stated, if one will go through the catalogue of the schools maintained by the states for Negro people, and managed by Southern white people, he will find in almost every case that instruction in the higher branches is given with the consent and approval of white officials. This was true as far back as 1880. It is not unusual to meet at this time Southern white people who are as emphatic in their belief in the value of classical education as a certain element of colored people themselves. In matters relating to civil and political rights, the breach was broad, and without apparent hope of being bridged; even in the matter of religion, practically all of the denominations had split on the subject of the Negro, though I should add that there is now, and always has been, a closer touch and more cooperation in matters of religion between the white and colored people in the South than is generally known. But the breach between the white churches in the South and North remains.

In matters of education the difference was much less sharp. The truth is that a large element in the South had little faith in the efficacy of the higher or any other kind of education of the Negro. They were indifferent, but did not openly oppose; on the other hand, there has always been a potent element of white people in all of the Southern states who have stood out openly and bravely for the education of all the people, regardless of race. This element has thus far been successful in shaping and leading public opinion, and I think that it will continue to do so more and more. This statement must not be taken to mean that there is as yet an equitable division of the school funds, raised by common taxation, between the two races in many sections of the South, though the Southern states deserve much credit for what has been done. In discussing the small amount of direct taxes the Negro pays, the fact that he pays tremendous indirect taxes is often overlooked.

I wish, however, to emphasize the fact that while there was either open antagonism or indifference in the directions I have named, it was the introduction of industrial training into the Negro's education that seemed to furnish the first basis for anything like united and sympathetic interest and action between the two races in the South and between the whites in the North and those in the South. Aside from its direct benefit to the black race, industrial education has furnished a basis for mutual faith and cooperation, which has meant more to the South, and to the work of education, than has been realized.

This was, at the least, something in the way of construction. Many people, I think, fail to appreciate the difference between the problems now before us and those that existed previous to the civil war. Slavery presented a problem of destruction; freedom presents a problem of construction.

From its first inception the white people of the South had faith in the theory of industrial education, because they had noted, what was not unnatural, that a large element of the colored people at first interpreted freedom to mean freedom from work with the hands. They naturally had not learned to appreciate the fact that they had been WORKED, and that one of the great lessons for freemen to learn is to WORK. They had not learned the vast difference between WORKING and BEING WORKED. The white people saw in the movement to teach the Negro youth the dignity, beauty, and civilizing power of all honorable labor with the hands something that would lead the Negro into his new life of freedom gradually and sensibly, and prevent his going from one extreme of life to the other too suddenly. Furthermore, industrial education appealed directly to the individual and community interest of the white people. They saw at once that intelligence coupled with skill would add wealth to the community and to the state, in which both races would have an added share. Crude labor in the days of slavery, they believed, could be handled and made in a degree profitable, but ignorant and unskilled labor in a state of freedom could not be made so. Practically every white man in the South was interested in agricultural or in mechanical or in some form of manual labor; every white man was interested in all that related to the home life,--the cooking and serving of food, laundering, dairying, poultry-raising, and housekeeping in general. There was no family whose interest in intelligent and skillful nursing was not now and then quickened by the presence of a trained nurse. As already stated, there was general appreciation of the fact that the industrial education of the black people had direct, vital, and practical bearing upon the life of each white family in the South; while there was no such appreciation of the results of mere literary training. If a black man became a lawyer, a doctor, a minister, or an ordinary teacher, his professional duties would not ordinarily bring him in touch with the life of the white portion of the community, but rather confine him almost exclusively to his own race. While purely literary or professional education was not opposed by the white population, it was something in which they found little or no interest, beyond a confused hope that it would result in producing a higher and a better type of Negro manhood. The minute it was seen that through industrial education the Negro youth was not only studying chemistry, but also how to apply the knowledge of chemistry to the enrichment of the soil, or to cooking, or to dairying, and that the student was being taught not only geometry and physics, but their application to blacksmithing, brickmaking, farming, and what not, then there began to appear for the first time a common bond between the two races and cooperation between North and South.

One of the most interesting and valuable instances of the kind that I know of is presented in the case of Mr. George W. Carver, one of our instructors in agriculture at Tuskegee Institute. For some time it has been his custom to prepare articles containing information concerning the conditions of local crops, and warning the farmers against the ravages of certain insects and diseases. The local white papers are always glad to publish these articles, and they are read by white and colored farmers.

Some months ago a white land-holder in Montgomery County asked Mr. Carver to go through his farm with him for the purpose of inspecting it. While doing so Mr. Carver discovered traces of what he thought was a valuable mineral deposit, used in making a certain kind of paint. The interests of the land-owner and the agricultural instructor at once became mutual. Specimens of the deposits were taken to the laboratories of the Tuskegee Institute and analyzed by Mr. Carver. In due time the land-owner received a report of the analysis, together with a statement showing the commercial value and application of the mineral. I shall not go through the whole interesting story, except to say that a stock company, composed of some of the best white people in Alabama, has been organized, and is now preparing to build a factory for the purpose of putting their product on the market. I hardly need to add that Mr. Carver has been freely consulted at every step, and his services generously recognized in the organization of the concern. When the company was being formed the following testimonial, among others, was embodied in the printed copy of the circular:--

"George W. Carver, Director of the Department of Agriculture, Tuskegee, Alabama, says:--

"'The pigment is an ochreous clay. Its value as a paint is due to the presence of ferric oxide, of which it contains more than any of the French, Australian, American, Irish, or Welsh ochres. Ferric oxides have long been recognized as the essential constituents of

such paints as Venetian red, Turkish red, oxide red, Indian red, and scarlet. They are most desirable, being quite permanent when exposed to light and air. As a stain they are most valuable.'"

In further proof of what I wish to emphasize, I think I am safe in saying that the work of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, under the late General S. C. Armstrong, was the first to receive any kind of recognition and hearty sympathy from the Southern white people, and General Armstrong was perhaps the first Northern educator of Negroes who won the confidence and cooperation of the white South. The effects of General Armstrong's introduction of industrial education at Hampton, and its extension to the Tuskegee Institute in the far South, are now actively and helpfully apparent in the splendid work being accomplished for the whole South by the Southern Education Board, with Mr. Robert C. Ogden at its head, and by the General Education Board, with Mr. William H. Baldwin, Jr., as its president. Without the introduction of manual training it is doubtful whether such work as is now being wrought through these two boards for both races in the South could have been possible within a quarter of a century to come. Later on in the history of our country it will be recognized and appreciated that the far-reaching and statesman-like efforts of these two boards for general education in the South, under the guidance of the two gentlemen named, and with the cooperation and assistance of such men as Mr. George Foster Peabody, Dr. Wallace Buttrick, Mr. John D. Rockefeller, of the North, and Mr. Edgar Gardner Murphy, Chancellor Hill, Dr. Alderman, Dr. McIver, Dr. Dabney, and others of the South, will have furnished the material for one of the brightest and most encouraging chapters in the history of our country. The fact that we have reached the point where men and women who were so far apart twenty years ago can meet in the South and discuss freely from the same platform questions relating to the industrial, educational, political, moral, and religious development of the two races marks a great step in advance. It is true that as yet the Negro has not been invited to share in these discussions.

Aside from the reasons I have given showing why the South favored industrial education, coupled with intellectual and moral training, many of the whites saw, for example, that the Negroes who were master carpenters and contractors, under the guidance of their owners, could become still greater factors in the development of the South if their children were not suddenly removed from the atmosphere and occupations of their fathers, and if they could be taught to use the thing in hand as a foundation for higher growth. Many of the white people were wise enough to see that such education would enable some of the Negro youths to become more skillful carpenters and contractors, and that if they laid an economic foundation in this way in their generation, they would be laying a foundation for a more abstract education of their children in the future.

Again, a large element of people at the South favored manual training for the Negro because they were wise enough to see that the South was largely free from the restrictive influences of the Northern trades unions, and that such organizations would secure little hold in the South so long as the Negro kept abreast in intelligence and skill with the same class of people elsewhere. Many realized that the South would be tying itself to a body of death if it did not help the Negro up. In this connection I want to call attention to the fact that the official records show that within one year about one million foreigners came into the United States. Notwithstanding this number, practically none went into the Southern states; to be more exact, the records show that in 1892 only 2278 all told went into the states of Alabama, Arkansas, Georgia, Kentucky, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, and Virginia. One ship sometimes brings as many to New York. Various reasons are given to explain why these foreigners systematically avoid the South. One is that the climate is so hot; and another is that they do not like the restrictions thrown about the ballot; and still another is the presence of the Negro is so large numbers. Whatever the true reason is, the fact remains that foreigners avoid the South, and the South is more and more realizing that it cannot keep pace with the progress being made in other parts of the country if a third of its population is ignorant and without skill.

The South must frankly face this truth, that for a long period it must depend upon the black man to do for it what the foreigner is now doing for the great West. If, by reason of his skill and knowledge, one man in Iowa learns to produce as much corn in a season as four men can produce in Alabama, it requires little reasoning to see that Alabama will buy most of her corn from Iowa.

Another interesting result of the introduction of industrial education for the Negro has been its influence upon the white people of the South, and, I believe, upon the whites of the North as well. This phase of it has proved of interest in making hand training a conciliatory element between the races.

In 1883 I was delivering an address on industrial education before the colored State Teachers' Association of one of our Southern states. When I had finished, some of the teachers began to ask the State Superintendent of Education, who was on the programme, some questions about the subject. He politely but firmly stopped the questions by stating that he knew absolutely nothing about industrial training, and had never heard it discussed before. At that time there was no such education being given at any white institution in that state. With one or two exceptions this case will illustrate what was true of all the Southern states. A

careful investigation of the subject will show that it was not until after industrial education was started among the colored people, and its value proved, that it was taken up by the Southern white people.

Manual training or industrial and technical schools for the whites have, for the most part, been established under state auspices, and are at this time chiefly maintained by the states. An investigation would also show that in securing money from the state legislatures for the purpose of introducing hand work, one of the main arguments used was the existence and success of industrial training among the Negroes. It was often argued that the white boys and girls would be left behind unless they had the opportunities for securing the same kind of training that was being given the colored people. Although it is, I think, not generally known, it is a fact that since the idea of industrial or technical education for white people took root within the last few years, much more money is spent annually for such education for the whites than for the colored people. Any one who has not looked into the subject will be surprised to find how thorough and high grade the work is. Take, for example, the state of Georgia, and it will be found that several times as much is being spent at the Industrial College for white girls at Milledgeville, and at the technical school for whites at Atlanta, as is being spent in the whole state for the industrial education of Negro youths. I have met no Southern white educators who have not been generous in their praise of the Negro schools for taking the initiative in hand training. This fact has again served to create in matters relating to education a bond of sympathy between the two races in the South. Referring again to the influence of industrial training for the Negro in education, in the Northern states I find, while writing this article, the following announcement in the advertisement of what is perhaps the most high-priced and exclusive girls' seminary in Massachusetts:--

"In planning a system of education for young ladies, with the view of fitting them for the greatest usefulness in life, the idea was conceived of supplementing the purely intellectual work by a practical training in the art of home management and its related subjects.

"It was the first school of high literary grade to introduce courses in Domestic Science into the regular curriculum.

"The results were so gratifying as to lead to the equipment of Experiment Hall, a special building, fitted for the purpose of studying the principles of Applied Housekeeping. Here the girls do the actual work of cooking, marketing, arranging menus, and attend to all the affairs of a well-arranged household.

"Courses are arranged also in sewing, dressmaking, and millinery; they are conducted on a similarly practical basis, and equip the student with a thorough knowledge of the subject."

A dozen years ago I do not believe that any such announcement would have been made.

Beginning with the year 1877, the Negro in the South lost practically all political control; that is to say, as early as 1885 the Negro scarcely had any members of his race in the national Congress or state legislatures, and long before this date had ceased to hold state offices. This was true, notwithstanding the protests and fervent oratory of such strong race leaders as Frederick Douglass, B. K. Bruce, John R. Lynch, P. B. S. Pinchback, and John M. Langston, with a host of others. When Frederick Douglass, the greatest man that the race has produced, died in 1895, it is safe to say that the Negro in the Southern states, with here and there a few exceptions, had practically no political control or political influence, except in sending delegates to national conventions, or in holding a few Federal positions by appointment. It became evident to many of the wise Negroes that the race would have to depend for its success in the future less upon political agitations and the opportunity of holding office, and more upon something more tangible and substantial. It was at this period in the Negro's development, when the distance between the races was greatest, and the spirit and ambition of the colored people most depressed, that the idea of industrial or business development was introduced and began to be made prominent. It did not take the more level-headed members of the race long to see that while the Negro in the South was surrounded by many difficulties, there was practically no line drawn and little race discrimination in the world of commerce, banking, storekeeping, manufacturing, and the skilled trades, and in agriculture, and that in this lay his great opportunity. They understood that, while the whites might object to a Negro's being a postmaster, they would not object to his being the president of a bank, and in the latter occupation they would give him assistance and encouragement. The colored people were quick to see that while the negro would not be invited as a rule to attend the white man's prayer-meeting, he would be invited every time to attend the stockholders' meeting of a business concern in which he had an interest and that he could buy property in practically any portion of the South where the white man could buy it. The white citizens were all the more willing to encourage the Negro in this economic or industrial development, because they saw that the prosperity of the Negro meant also the prosperity of the white man. They saw, too, that when a Negro became the owner of a home and was a taxpayer, having a regular trade or other occupation, he at once became a conservative and safe citizen and voter; one who would consider the interests of his whole

community before casting his ballot; and, further, one whose ballot could not be purchased.

One case in point is that of the twenty-eight teachers at our school in Tuskegee who applied for life-voting certificates under the new constitution of Alabama, not one was refused registration; and if I may be forgiven a personal reference, in my own case, the Board of Registers were kind enough to send me a special request to the effect that they wished me not to fail to register as a life voter. I do not wish to convey the impression that all worthy colored people have been registered in Alabama, because there have been many inexcusable and unlawful omissions; but, with few exceptions, the 2700 who have been registered represent the best Negroes in the state.

Though in some parts of the country he is now misunderstood, I believe that the time is going to come when matters can be weighed soberly, and when the whole people are going to see that president Roosevelt is, and has been from the first, in line with this policy,--that of encouraging the colored people who by industry and economy have won their way into the confidence and respect of their neighbors. Both before and since he became President I have had many conversations with him, and at all times I have found him enthusiastic over the plan that I have described.

The growth of the race in industrial and business directions within the last few years cannot perhaps be better illustrated than by the fact that what is now the largest secular national organization among the colored people is the National Negro Business League. This organization brings together annually hundreds of men and women who have worked their way up from the bottom to the point where they are now in some cases bankers, merchants, manufacturers, planters, etc. The sight of this body of men and women would surprise a large part of American citizens who do not really know the better side of the Negro's life.

It ought to be stated frankly here that at first, and for several years after the introduction of industrial training at such educational centres as Hampton and Tuskegee, there was opposition from colored people, and from portions of those Northern white people engaged in educational and missionary work among the colored people in the South. Most of those who manifested such opposition were actuated by the highest and most honest motives. From the first the rank and file of the blacks were quick to see the advantages of industrial training, as is shown by the fact that industrial schools have always been overcrowded. Opposition to industrial training was based largely on the old and narrow ground that it was something that the Southern white people favored, and therefore must be against the interests of the Negro. Again, others opposed it because they feared that it meant the abandonment of all political privileges, and the higher or classical education of the race. They feared that the final outcome would be the materialization of the Negro, and the smothering of his spiritual and aesthetic nature. Others felt that industrial education had for its object the limitation of the Negro's development, and the branding him for all time as a special hand-working class.

Now that enough time has elapsed for those who opposed it to see that it meant none of these things, opposition, except from a very few of the colored people living in Boston and Washington, has ceased, and this system has the enthusiastic support of the Negroes and of most of the whites who formerly opposed it. All are beginning to see that it was never meant that ALL Negro youths should secure industrial education, any more than it is meant that ALL white youths should pass through the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, or the Amherst Agricultural College, to the exclusion of such training as is given at Harvard, Yale, or Dartmouth; but that in a peculiar sense a large proportion of the Negro youths needed to have that education which would enable them to secure an economic foundation, without which no people can succeed in any of the higher walks of life.

It is because of the fact that the Tuskegee Institute began at the bottom, with work in the soil, in wood, in iron, in leather, that it has now developed to the point where it is able to furnish employment as teachers to twenty-eight Negro graduates of the best colleges in the country. This is about three times as many Negro college graduates as any other institution in the United States for the education of colored people employs, the total number of officers and instructors at Tuskegee being about one hundred and ten.

Those who once opposed this see now that while the Negro youth who becomes skilled in agriculture and a successful farmer may not be able himself to pass through a purely literary college, he is laying the foundation for his children and grandchildren to do it if desirable. Industrial education in this generation is contributing in the highest degree to make what is called higher education a success. It is now realized that in so far as the race has intelligent and skillful producers, the greater will be the success of the minister, lawyer, doctor, and teacher. Opposition has melted away, too, because all men now see that it will take a long time to "materialize" a race, millions of which hold neither houses nor railroads, nor bank stocks, nor factories, nor coal and gold mines.

Another reason for the growth of a better understanding of the objects and influence of industrial training is the fact, as before stated, that it has been taken up with such interest and activity by the Southern whites, and that it has been established at such universities as Cornell in the East, and in practically all of the state colleges of the great West.

It is now seen that the result of such education will be to help the black man to make for himself an independent place in our great American life. It was largely the poverty of the Negro that made him the prey of designing politicians immediately after the war; and wherever poverty and lack of industry exist to-day, one does not find in him that deep spiritual life which the race must in the future possess in a higher degree.

To those who still express the fear that perhaps too much stress is put upon industrial education for the Negro I would add that I should emphasize the same kind of training for any people, whether black or white, in the same stage of development as the masses of the colored people.

For a number of years this country has looked to Germany for much in the way of education, and a large number of our brightest men and women are sent there each year. The official reports show that in Saxony, Germany, alone, there are 287 industrial schools, or one such school to every 14,641 people. This is true of a people who have back of them centuries of wealth and culture. In the South I am safe in saying that there is not more than one effective industrial school for every 400,000 colored people.

A recent dispatch from Germany says that the German Emperor has had a kitchen fitted up in the palace for the single purpose of having his daughter taught cooking. If all classes and nationalities, who are in most cases thousands of years ahead of the Negro in the arts of civilization, continue their interest in industrial training, I cannot understand how any reasonable person can object to such education for a large part of a people who are in the poverty-stricken condition that is true of a large element of my race, especially when such hand training is combined, as it should be, with the best education of head and heart.

THE NEGRO IN THE REGULAR ARMY by Oswald Garrison Villard

When the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment stormed Fort Wagner July 18, 1863, only to be driven back with the loss of its colonel, Robert Gould Shaw, and many of its rank and file, it established for all time the fact that the colored soldier would fight and fight well. This had already been demonstrated in Louisiana by colored regiments under the command of General Godfrey Weitzel in the attack upon Port Hudson on May 27 of the same year. On that occasion regiments composed for the greater part of raw recruits, plantation hands with centuries of servitude under the lash behind them, stormed trenches and dashed upon cold steel in the hands of their former masters and oppressors. After that there was no more talk in the portion of the country of the "natural cowardice" of the negro. But the heroic qualities of Colonel Shaw, his social prominence and that of his officers, and the comparative nearness of their battlefield to the North, attracted greater and more lasting attention to the daring and bravery of their exploit, until it finally became fixed in many minds as the first real baptism of fire of colored American soldiers.

After Wagner the recruiting of colored regiments, originally opposed by both North and South, went on apace, particularly under the Federal government, which organized no less than one hundred and fifty-four, designated as "United States Colored Troops." Colonel Shaw's raising of a colored regiment aroused quite as much comment in the North because of the race prejudice it defied, as because of the novelty of the new organization. General Weitzel tendered his resignation the instant General B. F. Butler assigned black soldiers to his brigade, and was with difficulty induced to serve on. His change of mind was a wise one, and not only because these colored soldiers covered him with glory at Port Hudson. It was his good fortune to be the central figure in one of the dramatic incidents of a war that must ever rank among the most thrilling and tragic the world has seen. The black cavalrymen who rode into Richmond, the first of the Northern troops to enter the Southern capital, went in waving their sabres and crying to the negroes on the sidewalks, "We have come to set you free!" They were from the division of Godfrey Weitzel, and American history has no more stirring moment.

In the South, notwithstanding the raising in 1861 of a colored Confederate regiment by Governor Moore of Louisiana (a magnificent body of educated colored men which afterwards became the First Louisiana National Guards of General Weitzel's brigade and the first colored regiment in the Federal Army), the feeling against negro troops was insurmountable until the last days of the struggle. Then no straw could be overlooked. When, in December, 1863, Major-General Patrick R. Cleburne, who commanded a division of Hardee's Corps of the Confederate Army of the Tennessee, sent in a paper in which the employment of the slaves as soldiers of the South was vigorously advocated, Jefferson Davis indorsed it with the statement, "I deem it inexpedient at this time to give publicity to this paper, and request that it be suppressed." General Cleburne urged that "freedom within a reasonable time" be granted to every slave remaining true to the Confederacy, and was moved to this action by the valor of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, saying, "If they [the negroes] can be made to face and fight bravely against their former masters, how much more probable is it that with the allurement of a higher reward, and led by those masters, they would submit to discipline and face dangers?"

With the ending of the civil war the regular army of the United States was reorganized upon a peace footing by an act of Congress dated July 28, 1866. In just recognition of the bravery of the colored volunteers six regiments, the Ninth and Tenth Cavalry and the Thirty-eighth, Thirty-ninth, Fortieth, and Forth-first Infantry, were designated as colored regiments. When the army was again reduced in 1869, the Thirty-eighth and Forty-first became the Twenty-fourth Infantry, and the Thirty-ninth and Fortieth became the Twenty-fifth. This left four colored regiments in the regular army as it was constituted from 1870 until 1901. There has never been a colored artillery organization in the regular service.

To these new regiments came a motley mixture of veterans of volunteer organizations, newly released slaves, and some freedmen of several years' standing but without military experience. They were eager to learn, and soon showed the same traits which distinguish the black regiments to-day,--loyalty to their officers and to their colors, sobriety and courage, and a notable pride in the efficiency of their corps. But if ever officers had to "father and mother" their soldiers they were the company officers of these regiments. The captains in particular had to be bankers, secretaries, advisers, and judges for their men. As Lieutenant Grote Hutcheson has stated it, "The men knew nothing, and the non-commissioned officers but little more. From the very circumstances of their preceding life it could not be otherwise. They had no independence, no self-reliance, not a thought except for the present, and were filled with superstition." Yet the officers were determined to prove the wisdom of the experiment. To do this they were forced to give their own attention to the minutest details of military administration, and to act as non-commissioned officers. The total lack of education among the men necessitated an enormous amount of writing by the officers. In the Ninth Cavalry only one man was found able to write well enough to be sergeant-major, and not for several years was it possible to obtain troop clerks. When the Tenth Cavalry was being recruited an officer was sent to Philadelphia with the express purpose of picking up educated colored men for the non-commissioned positions. Difficult as the tasks of the officers thus were, most of them felt well repaid for their unusual labors by the affectionate regard in which they were held by their soldiers, and by the never-failing good humor with which the latter went about their duties.

As the years passed the character of the colored soldiers naturally changed. In place of the war veterans, and of the men whose chains of servitude had just been struck off, came young men from the North and East with more education and more self-reliance. They depended less upon their officers, both in the barracks and in the field, yet they reverenced and cared for them as much as did their predecessors. Their greatest faults then as now were gambling and quarreling. On the other hand, the negro regiments speedily became favorably known because of greater sobriety and of fewer desertions than among the white soldiers. It was the Ninth Cavalry which a few years ago astonished the army by reporting not a single desertion in twelve months, an unheard-of and perhaps undreamed-of record. In all that goes to make a good soldier, in drill, fidelity, and smartness, the negro regular from the first took front rank.

Nor was there ever any lack of the fighting quality which had gratified the nation at Fort Wagner, or at Fort Blakely, Ala., where the Seventy-third Colored Infantry, under Colonel Henry C. Merriam, stormed the enemy's works, in advance of orders, in one of the last actions of the war. It soon fell to the lot of the Ninth and Tenth Cavalry to prove that the negroes could do as well under fire in the Indian wars as they had when fighting for the freedom of their race. While the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Infantry had merely garrison work to do, the Ninth and Tenth Cavalry scouted for years against hostile Indians in Texas, New Mexico, Colorado, and Kansas, always acquitting themselves honorably. In September, 1868, a little over two years after their organization, three troops of the Ninth Cavalry did well in an action against Indians at Horsehead Hills, Texas. When General George A. Forsyth and his detachment of fifty scouts were surrounded and "corralled" by seven hundred Indians on an island in the Republican River, it was the troop of Captain Louis H. Carpenter, of the Tenth Cavalry, which first came to their rescue. Similarly when Major T. T. Thornburg's command was nearly wiped out by Utes in 1879, it was Captain F. S. Dodge's Troop D of the Ninth which succeeded in reaching it in time, losing all its horses in so doing. This regiment alone took part in sixty Indian fights between 1868 and 1890, during which time it lost three officers and twenty-seven men killed, and had three officers and thirty-four men wounded. The Tenth Cavalry's casualties were also heavy during this same period, and it fought for many years over a most difficult country in New Mexico and Arizona, taking a conspicuous part in running to earth Geronimo's and Victoria's bands of Apaches.

On one of these campaigns Lieutenant Powhatan H. Clarke gave effective proof of the affection which the officers of colored regiments have for their men. In the fight in the Pineto Mountains with a portion of Geronimo's forces this young Southerner risked his life to save a colored sergeant who had fallen wounded in an open space where both he and his rescuer were easy marks for the Apaches. For this gallant act Lieutenant Clarke rightly received a medal of honor. The Twenty-fourth Infantry, on the other hand, has contributed a striking instance of the devotion of colored soldiers to their officers. When Major Joseph W. Wham, paymaster, was attacked by robbers on May 11, 1889, his colored escort fought with such gallantry that every one of the soldiers was awarded

a medal of honor or a certificate of merit. Some of them stood their ground although badly wounded, notably Sergeant Benjamin Brown, who continued to fight and to encourage his men until shot through both arms. In a fight against Apaches in the Cuchilo Negro Mountains of New Mexico on August 16, 1881, Moses Williams, First Sergeant of Troop I, Ninth Cavalry, displayed such gallantry that he was given a medal of honor by common consent. When the only officer with the detachment, Lieutenant Gustavus Valois, had his horse shot under him, and was cut off from his men, Sergeant Williams promptly rallied the detachment, and conducted the right flank in a running fight for several hours with such coolness, bravery, and unflinching devotion to duty that he undoubtedly saved the lives of at least three comrades. His action in standing by and rescuing Lieutenant Valois was the more noteworthy because he and his men were subjected, in an exposed position, to a heavy fire from a large number of Indians. For splendid gallantry against Indians, while serving as sergeant of Troop K, Ninth Cavalry, on May 14, 1880, and August 12, 1881, George Jordan was also given a medal of honor. Five of the medal of honor men now in the service are colored soldiers, while fifteen others have "certificates of merit" also awarded for conspicuous deeds of bravery.

It was not until the battle of Santiago, however, that the bulk of the American people realized that the standing army comprised regiments composed wholly of black men. Up to that time only one company of colored soldiers had served at a post east of the Mississippi. Even Major, later Brigadier-General, Guy V. Henry's gallop to the rescue of the Seventh Cavalry on December 30, 1890, with four troops of the Ninth Cavalry, attracted but little attention. This feat was the more remarkable because Major Henry's command had just completed a march of more than one hundred miles in twenty-four hours. But in the battle at Santiago, the four colored regiments won praise from all sides, particularly for their advance upon Kettle Hill, in which the Rough Riders also figured. From the very beginning of the movement of the army after its landing, the negro troops were in the front of the fighting, and contributed largely to the successful result. Although they suffered heavy losses, especially in officers, the men fought with the same gallantry they had displayed on the plains, as is attested by the honors awarded. In every company there were instances of personal gallantry. The first sergeants especially lived up to the responsibilities placed upon them. The color sergeant of the Tenth Cavalry, Adam Houston, bore to the front not only his own flags, but those of the Third Cavalry when the latter's color sergeant was shot down. In several emergencies where troops or companies lost their white officers, the senior sergeants took command and handled their men in a faultless manner, notably in the Tenth Cavalry.

Indeed, the conduct of these men has done much to dispel the old belief that colored soldiers will fight only when they have efficient white officers. This may well have been true at one period of the civil war when the colored race as a whole had never even had the responsibilities attaching to free men. It is growing less and less true as time passes and better educated men enter the ranks. In recognition of their achievements at Santiago a number of these black non-commissioned officers were made commissioned officers in several of the so-called "immune" regiments of United States Volunteers raised in July, 1898. None of these organizations were in service long enough to become really efficient, and a few were never properly disciplined. Nevertheless, a majority of the officers promoted from the colored regulars bore themselves well under exceedingly trying circumstances. Some of them, and a number of regular sergeants and corporals who had succeeded to their former places, were made lieutenants and captains in the Forty-eighth and Forty-ninth Volunteer Infantry, which served in the Philippines for two years, and to which we shall recur later.

At Santiago the characteristic cheerfulness of the negro soldiers was as striking as their bravery. In his little book called The Nth Foot In War, Lieutenant M. B. Stewart says of them:--

"The negro troops were in a high good humor. They had made the charge of the day; they had fought with a dash and vigor which forever established their reputation as fighters, and which would carry them down in the pages of history. To have heard them that night no one would have ever thought that they had lived for twelve mortal hours under a galling fire. They were laughing and joking over the events of the day, in the same manner they would have done had they been returning from a picnic.

"'Golly,' laughed a six-foot sergeant, 'dere was music in de air sho' nuff. Dat lead was flying around in sheets, I tell you. I seen a buzzard flying around in front of our line, and I says to myself, "Buzzard, you is in a mighty dangerous position. You better git out uf dat, 'cause dey ain't room out dar for a muskeeter."' Another remarked, 'Say, did you see dat man Brown; pity dat man been killed. He'd a been a corporal, sho.'

"In the utter exhaustion of the moment all race and social distinctions were forgotten. Officers lay down among their men and slept like logs. The negro troops sought out soft places along the sides of the road and lay down with their white comrades. There was a little commotion among the latter, and an officer was heard to yell: 'Here, you man, take your feet off my stomach. Well, I'll be damned if it ain't a nigger. Get out, you black rascal.' As the commotion subsided, the negro was heard to remark, 'Well, if dat ain't

de mos' particler man I ever see.'"

Characteristic also is a story of the negro cavalryman who, returning to the rear, said to some troops anxious to get to the front: "Dat's all right, gemmen; don't git in a sweat; dere's lots of it lef' for you. You wants to look out for dese yere sharpshooters, for dey is mighty careless with dere weapons, and dey is specially careless when dey is officers aroun'."

As soon as the army settled down in the trenches before Santiago, smuggled musical instruments--guitars, banjos, mouth organs, and what not--appeared among the negro troops as if by magic, and they were ever in use. It was at once a scene of cheerfulness and gayety, and the officers had their usual trouble in making the men go to sleep instead of spending the night in talking, singing, and gaming. In the peaceful camp of the Third Alabama, in that state, the scenes were similar. There was always "a steady hum of laughter and talk, dance, song, shout, and the twang of musical instruments." It was "a scene full of life and fun, of jostling, scuffling, and racing, of clown performances and cake-walks, of impromptu minstrelsy, speech-making, and preaching, of deviling, guying, and fighting, both real and mimic." The colonel found great difficulty in getting men to work alone. Two would volunteer for any service. "Colonel," said a visitor to the camp, "your sentinels are sociable fellows. I saw No. 5 over at the end of his beat entertaining No. 6 with some fancy manual of arms. Afterwards, with equal amiability, No. 6 executed a most artistic cake-walk for his friend." It must be remembered here that this colonel's men were typical Southern negroes, literate and illiterate, and all new to military life.

In addition to the Forty-eighth and Forty-ninth Volunteers, the four regular colored regiments have served in the Philippines. Here the work was particularly trying and the temptations to misconduct many. The Filipino women were especially attractive to the men because of their color, and it is on record that several soldiers were tempted from their allegiance to the United States. Two of these, whose sympathy and liking for the Filipinos overcame their judgment, paid the full penalty of desertion, being hanged by their former comrades. Both belonged to the Ninth Cavalry. On the other hand, in a remarkable order issued by General A. S. Burt in relinquishing command of the Twenty-fifth Infantry, on April 17, 1902, on his promotion to brigadier-general, he was able to quote the Inspector-General of the army as saying: "The Twenty-fifth Infantry is the best regiment I have seen in the Philippines." General Burt praised highly the excellent conduct of the enlisted men while in the Archipelago, which proved to his mind that the American negroes are "as law-abiding as any race in the world."

Three of General Burt's sergeants, Russell, McBryar, and Hoffman, were promoted to the Forty-eighth and Forty-ninth Volunteers, and served, as lieutenants, for several months with their old regiment, the Twenty-fifth, until the arrival of their new regiments in Manila. During this time they were frequently under fire. General Burt bore high testimony to their soldierly bearing, their capacity and ability, and expressed great regret when he was forced to let them go. McBryar had won a medal of honor for gallantry against Indians in Arizona in 1890. In the Forty-ninth Volunteers, Company L, composed wholly of colored men, and commanded by Captain Edward L. Baker, a colored veteran of Santiago, who had served for seventeen years in the Ninth and Tenth Cavalry and in the Tenth "Immunes," made a wonderful record. According to a statement which was widely published at the time and never denied, this company had on its rolls during a period of twelve months one hundred and six men who were fit for duty at all times and never lost a day on account of sickness. No white company remotely approached this record. More extraordinary still is the fact that during this same period not one of these men ever went before a court-martial. This is surely a striking illustration of what can be done by colored officers. It is noticeable, too, that neither the officers nor the men of any colored regiment have figured in the charges and counter-charges arising out of the use of the water-torture, except one man who at the time of his offense was not with his regiment. The Forty-ninth Volunteers was a very unhappy regiment during its brief life, but its troubles were largely due to its white officers. One of these, a major, was dismissed for misconduct, and his place was filled by the senior captain, a colored man. Several other white officers and one colored captain got into serious trouble, the last being dismissed. The Forty-eighth was, on the contrary, a contented organization in which the colored officers were treated in a kindly and courteous manner by their white associates and superiors. The two regiments afford a striking illustration of Napoleon's saying, "There are no such things as poor regiments,--only poor colonels."

The negro regiment unquestionably calls for different treatment from that which would be accorded to white troops, just as the Indian troops of King Edward's army require different handling from that called for in the case of the King's Royal Rifles. Yet as fighting machines, the Indian soldiers may be the equals if not the superiors of the Englishmen. Major Robert L. Bullard, Twenty-eighth United States Infantry who commanded the colored Third Alabama Volunteers, already referred to, during the war with Spain, discusses in a remarkable paper published in the United Service Magazine for July, 1901, the differences between negro and white soldiers. They are so great, he says, as to require the military commander to treat the negro as a different species. He must fit his methods of instruction and discipline to the characteristics of the race. Major Bullard adds that "mistakes, injustices,

and failures would result from his making the same rules and methods apply to the two races without regard to how far apart set by nature or separated by evolution." But Major Bullard would unquestionably concede that these differences in no way require a treatment of the negro soldier which implies that he is an inferior being and which ever impresses upon him his inferiority. Yet this seems to have been the case in the Forty-ninth United States Volunteers.

In the regular army, as well as in the volunteers, officers have frequently appealed with success to the negroes' pride of race, and have urged them on to greater efficiency and better behavior by reminding them that they have the honor of their people in their hands. To such appeals there is ever a prompt response. One of the most effective ways of disciplining an offender is by holding him up to the ridicule of his fellows. The desire of the colored soldiers to amuse and to be amused gives the officers an easy way of obtaining a hold upon them and their affections. The regimental rifle team, the baseball nine, the minstrel troupe, and the regimental band offer positions of importance for which the competition is much keener than in the white regiments. There is also a friendly rivalry between companies, which is much missed elsewhere in the service. The negroes are natural horsemen and riders. It is a pleasure to them to take care of their mounts, and a matter of pride to keep their animals in good condition. Personally they are clean and neat, and they take the greatest possible pride in their uniforms. In no white regiment is there a similar feeling. With the negroes the canteen question is of comparatively slight importance, not only because the men can be more easily amused within their barracks, but because their appetite for drink is by no means as strong as that of the white men. Their sociability is astonishing. They would rather sit up and tell stories and crack jokes than go to bed, no matter how hard the day has been.

The dark sides are, that the negro soldiers easily turn merited punishment into martyrdom, that their gambling propensities are almost beyond control, that their habit of carrying concealed weapons is incurable, and that there is danger of serious fighting when they fall out with one another. Frequent failure to act honorably toward a comrade in some trifling matter is apt to cause scuffling and fighting until the men are well disciplined. Women are another cause of quarrels, and are at all times a potent temptation to misconduct and neglect of duty. It is very difficult to impress upon the men the value of government property, and duty which requires memorizing of orders is always the most difficult to teach. For the study of guard duty manuals or of tactics they have no natural aptitude. The non-commissioned officers are of very great importance, and in the regulars they are looked up to and obeyed implicitly, much more so than is the case with white troops. It is necessary, however, for the officers to back up the sergeants and corporals very vigorously, even when they are slightly in the wrong. Then colored men are more easily "rattled" by poor officers than are their white comrades. There was a striking instance of this two or three years ago when a newly appointed and wholly untrained white officer lost his head at a post in Texas. His black subordinates, largely recruits, followed suit, and in carrying out his hysterical orders imperiled many lives in the neighboring town. Selections for service with colored troops should therefore be most carefully made. Major Bullard declares that the officer of negro troops "must not only be an officer and a gentleman, but he must be considerate, patient, laborious, self-sacrificing, a man of affairs, and he must have knowledge and wisdom in a great lot of things not really military."

If the position of a white officer is a difficult one, that of the colored officer is still more so. He has not the self-assumed superiority of the white man, naturally feels that he is on trial, and must worry himself incessantly about his relations to his white comrades of the shoulder straps. While the United States Navy has hitherto been closed to negroes who aspire to be officers, the army has pursued a wiser and more just policy. The contrast between the two services is really remarkable. On almost every war vessel white and black sailors sleep and live together in crowded quarters without protest or friction. But the negro naval officer is kept out of the service by hook or by crook for the avowed reason that the cramped quarters of the wardroom would make association with him intolerable. In the army, on the other hand, the experiment of mixed regiments has never been tried. A good colored soldier can nevertheless obtain a commission by going through West Point, or by rising from the ranks, or by being appointed directly from civil life.

Since the foundation of the Military Academy there have been eighteen colored boys appointed to West Point, of whom fifteen failed in their preliminary examinations, or were discharged after entering because of deficiency in studies. Three were graduated and commissioned as second lieutenants of cavalry, Henry Ossian Flipper, John Hanks Alexander, and Charles Young. Of these, Lieutenant Flipper was dismissed June 30, 1882, for "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman." The other two proved themselves excellent officers, notably Young, who is at this writing a captain, and a most efficient one, in the Ninth Cavalry, with which he recently served in the Philippines. Lieutenant Alexander died suddenly in 1894. In announcing his death in a regimental order his colonel spoke of him in terms of high praise, and did not use the customary stereotyped phrases of regret. His fellow white officers all had good words for him. There never was more striking testimony to the discipline and spirit of fairness at West Point than was afforded by the sight of Cadet Charles Young, who is of very dark complexion, commanding white cadets. Nothing else

has impressed foreign visitors at West Point half so much.

An equally remarkable happening, and one which speaks even more for the democratic spirit in the army, was the commissioning in 1901 of Sergeant-Major Benjamin O. Davis, Ninth Cavalry, and of Corporal John E. Green, Twenty-fourth Infantry. Both these men were examined by boards of white officers, who might easily have excluded them because of color prejudice, in which case there would have been no appeal from their findings. Lieutenant Davis's former troop commander, a West Pointer, openly rejoiced at his success, and predicted that he would make an excellent officer. These are the first two colored men to rise from the ranks, but there will be many more if the same admirable spirit of fair play continues to rule in the army and is not altered by outside prejudice. It was thought that there would be a severe strain upon discipline when a colored officer rose to the rank of captain and to the command of white officers. But in Captain Young's case his white subordinates seem to have realized that it is the position and rank that they are compelled to salute and obey, and not the individual. This principle is at the bottom of all discipline. Only too frequently do subordinates throughout the army have to remind themselves of this when obeying men for whose social qualities and character they have neither regard nor respect. During the war with Spain Captain Young commanded a negro battalion from Ohio, which was pronounced the best drilled organization in the large army assembled at Camp Alger near Washington. In addition to these officers, Captain John R. Lynch, formerly a Congressman from Mississippi, and four colored chaplains represent their race on the commissioned rolls of the army. All of these men are doing well. One colored chaplain was dismissed for drunkenness in 1894. Beyond this their record is unblemished.

Despite the fairness shown in these appointments, there has been considerable very just criticism of the War Department for its failure to appoint to the regulars any of the colored officers who did well in the Forty-eighth and Forty-ninth Volunteers. Every colonel of volunteers was allowed to designate for examination for appointment to the regular army the best officers in his regiment. Hundreds of white officers were selected in this way, but not a single colored officer was given an examination,--not even Lieutenant McBryar, with his medal of honor, or Captain Baker. Similarly fault has been found with Secretary Root because no new colored regiments were established under the law of February 2, 1901, increasing the army by five regiments of infantry, five of cavalry, and a large number of companies of artillery. The excuse most often heard is that the negroes already have sufficient representation in comparison with the percentage of negroes to white persons within the borders of the United States. But the sterling characteristics of the colored soldiers, their loyalty to the service as shown by the statistics of desertion, and, above all, their splendid service in Cuba, should have entitled them to additional organizations. To say the least, the decision of the War Department smacks considerably of ingratitude. Nevertheless, the negro regiments have come to stay, both in the regulars and in the volunteers. The hostilities of the last five years have dispelled any doubt which may have existed upon this point.

BAXTER'S PROCRUSTES by Charles W. Chesnutt

Baxter's Procrustes is one of the publications of the Bodleian Club. The Bodleian Club is composed of gentlemen of culture, who are interested in books and book-collecting. It was named, very obviously, after the famous library of the same name, and not only became in our city a sort of shrine for local worshipers of fine bindings and rare editions, but was visited occasionally by pilgrims from afar. The Bodleian has entertained Mark Twain, Joseph Jefferson, and other literary and histrionic celebrities. It possesses quite a collection of personal mementos of distinguished authors, among them a paperweight which once belonged to Goethe, a lead pencil used by Emerson, an autograph letter of Matthew Arnold, and a chip from a tree felled by Mr. Gladstone. Its library contains a number of rare books, including a fine collection on chess, of which game several of the members are enthusiastic devotees.

The activities of the club are not, however, confined entirely to books. We have a very handsome clubhouse, and much taste and discrimination have been exercised in its adornment. There are many good paintings, including portraits of the various presidents of the club, which adorn the entrance hall. After books, perhaps the most distinctive feature of the club is our collection of pipes. In a large rack in the smoking-room--really a superfluity, since smoking is permitted all over the house--is as complete an assortment of pipes as perhaps exists in the civilized world. Indeed, it is an unwritten rule of the club that no one is eligible for membership who cannot produce a new variety of pipe, which is filed with his application for membership, and, if he passes, deposited with the club collection, he, however, retaining the title in himself. Once a year, upon the anniversary of the death of Sir Walter Raleigh, who it will be remembered, first introduced tobacco into England, the full membership of the club, as a rule, turns out. A large supply of the very best smoking mixture is laid in. At nine o'clock sharp each member takes his pipe from the rack, fills it with tobacco, and then the whole club, with the president at the head, all smoking furiously, march in solemn procession from room to room, upstairs and downstairs, making the tour of the clubhouse and returning to the smoking-room. The president then delivers an address, and each

member is called upon to say something, either by way of a quotation or an original sentiment, in praise of the virtues of nicotine. This ceremony--facetiously known as "hitting the pipe"--being thus concluded, the membership pipes are carefully cleaned out and replaced in the club rack.

As I have said, however, the raison d'etre of the club, and the feature upon which its fame chiefly rests, is its collection of rare books, and of these by far the most interesting are its own publications. Even its catalogues are works of art, published in numbered editions, and sought by libraries and book-collectors. Early in its history it began the occasional publication of books which should meet the club standard,--books in which emphasis should be laid upon the qualities that make a book valuable in the eyes of collectors. Of these, age could not, of course, be imparted, but in the matter of fine and curious bindings, of hand-made linen papers, of uncut or deckle edges, of wide margins and limited editions, the club could control its own publications. The matter of contents was, it must be confessed, a less important consideration. At first it was felt by the publishing committee that nothing but the finest products of the human mind should be selected for enshrinement in the beautiful volumes which the club should issue. The length of the work was an important consideration,--long things were not compatible with wide margins and graceful slenderness. For instance, we brought out Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, an essay by Emerson, and another by Thoreau. Our Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam was Heron-Allen's translation of the original MS in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, which, though less poetical than FitzGerald's, was not so common. Several years ago we began to publish the works of our own members. Bascom's Essay on Pipes was a very creditable performance. It was published in a limited edition of one hundred copies, and since it had not previously appeared elsewhere and was copyrighted by the club, it was sufficiently rare to be valuable for that reason. The second publication of local origin was Baxter's Procrustes.

I have omitted to say that once or twice a year, at a meeting of which notice has been given, an auction is held at the Bodleian. The members of the club send in their duplicate copies, or books they for any reason wish to dispose of, which are auctioned off to the highest bidder. At these sales, which are well attended, the club's publications have of recent years formed the leading feature. Three years ago, number three of Bascom's Essay on Pipes sold for fifteen dollars;--the original cost of publication was one dollar and seventy-five cents. Later in the evening an uncut copy of the same brought thirty dollars. At the next auction the price of the cut copy was run up to twenty-five dollars, while the uncut copy was knocked down at seventy-five dollars. The club had always appreciated the value of uncut copies, but this financial indorsement enhanced their desirability immensely. This rise in the Essay on Pipes was not without a sympathetic effect upon all the club publications. The Emerson essay rose from three dollars to seventeen, and the Thoreau, being by an author less widely read, and, by his own confession commercially unsuccessful, brought a somewhat higher figure. The prices, thus inflated, were not permitted to come down appreciably. Since every member of the club possessed one or more of these valuable editions, they were all manifestly interested in keeping up the price. The publication, however, which brought the highest prices, and, but for the sober second thought, might have wrecked the whole system, was Baxter's Procrustes.

Baxter was, perhaps, the most scholarly member of the club. A graduate of Harvard, he had traveled extensively, had read widely, and while not so enthusiastic a collector as some of us, possessed as fine a private library as any man of his age in the city. He was about thirty-five when he joined the club, and apparently some bitter experience--some disappointment in love or ambition--had left its mark upon his character. With light, curly hair, fair complexion, and gray eyes, one would have expected Baxter to be genial of temper, with a tendency toward wordiness of speech. But though he had occasional flashes of humor, his ordinary demeanor was characterized by a mild cynicism, which, with his gloomy pessimistic philosophy, so foreign to the temperament that should accompany his physical type, could only be accounted for upon the hypothesis of some secret sorrow such as I have suggested. What it might be no one knew. He had means and social position, and was an uncommonly handsome man. The fact that he remained unmarried at thirty-five furnished some support for the theory of a disappointment in love, though this the several intimates of Baxter who belonged to the club were not able to verify.

It had occurred to me, in a vague way, that perhaps Baxter might be an unsuccessful author. That he was a poet we knew very well, and typewritten copies of his verses had occasionally circulated among us. But Baxter had always expressed such a profound contempt for modern literature, had always spoken in terms of such unmeasured pity for the slaves of the pen, who were dependent upon the whim of an undiscriminating public for recognition and a livelihood, that no one of us had ever suspected him of aspirations toward publication, until, as I have said, it occurred to me one day that Baxter's attitude with regard to publication might be viewed in the light of effect as well as of cause--that his scorn of publicity might as easily arise from failure to achieve it, as his never having published might be due to his preconceived disdain of the vulgar popularity which one must share with the pugilist or balloonist of the hour.

The notion of publishing Baxter's Procrustes did not emanate from Baxter,--I must do him the justice to say this. But he had spoken to several of the fellows about the theme of his poem, until the notion that Baxter was at work upon something fine had become pretty well disseminated throughout our membership. He would occasionally read brief passages to a small coterie of friends in the sitting-room or library,--never more than ten lines at once, or to more than five people at a time,--and these excerpts gave at least a few of us a pretty fair idea of the motive and scope of the poem. As I, for one, gathered, it was quite along the line of Baxter's philosophy. Society was the Procrustes which, like the Greek bandit of old, caught every man born into the world, and endeavored to fit him to some preconceived standard, generally to the one for which he was least adapted. The world was full of men and women who were merely square pegs in round holes, and vice versa. Most marriages were unhappy because the contracting parties were not properly mated. Religion was mostly superstition, science for the most part sciolism, popular education merely a means of forcing the stupid and repressing the bright, so that all the youth of the rising generation might conform to the same dull, dead level of democratic mediocrity. Life would soon become so monotonously uniform and so uniformly monotonous as to be scarce worth the living.

It was Smith, I think, who first proposed that the club publish Baxter's Procrustes. The poet himself did not seem enthusiastic when the subject was broached; he demurred for some little time, protesting that the poem was not worthy of publication. But when it was proposed that the edition be limited to fifty copies he agreed to consider the proposition. When I suggested, having in mind my secret theory of Baxter's failure in authorship, that the edition would at least be in the hands of friends, that it would be difficult for a hostile critic to secure a copy, and that if it should not achieve success from a literary point of view, the extent of the failure would be limited to the size of the edition, Baxter was visibly impressed. When the literary committee at length decided to request formally of Baxter the privilege of publishing his Procrustes, he consented, with evident reluctance, upon condition that he should supervise the printing, binding, and delivery of the books, merely submitting to the committee, in advance, the manuscript, and taking their views in regard to the bookmaking.

The manuscript was duly presented to the literary committee. Baxter having expressed the desire that the poem be not read aloud at a meeting of the club, as was the custom, since he wished it to be given to the world clad in suitable garb, the committee went even farther. Having entire confidence in Baxter's taste and scholarship, they, with great delicacy, refrained from even reading the manuscript, contenting themselves with Baxter's statement of the general theme and the topics grouped under it. The details of the bookmaking, however, were gone into thoroughly. The paper was to be of hand-made linen, from the Kelmscott Mills; the type black-letter, with rubricated initials. The cover, which was Baxter's own selection, was to be of dark green morocco, with a cap-and-bells border in red inlays, and doublures of maroon morocco with a blind-tooled design. Baxter was authorized to contract with the printer and superintend the publication. The whole edition of fifty numbered copies was to be disposed of at auction, in advance, to the highest bidder, only one copy to each, the proceeds to be devoted to paying for the printing and binding, the remainder, if any, to go into the club treasury, and Baxter himself to receive one copy by way of remuneration. Baxter was inclined to protest at this, on the ground that his copy would probably be worth more than the royalties on the edition, at the usual ten per cent, would amount to, but was finally prevailed upon to accept an author's copy.

While the Procrustes was under consideration, some one read, at one of our meetings, a note from some magazine, which stated that a sealed copy of a new translation of Campanella's Sonnets, published by the Grolier Club, had been sold for three hundred dollars. This impressed the members greatly. It was a novel idea. A new work might thus be enshrined in a sort of holy of holies, which, if the collector so desired, could be forever sacred from the profanation of any vulgar or unappreciative eye. The possessor of such a treasure could enjoy it by the eye of imagination, having at the same time the exaltation of grasping what was for others the unattainable. The literary committee were so impressed with this idea that they presented it to Baxter in regard to the Procrustes. Baxter making no objection, the subscribers who might wish their copies delivered sealed were directed to notify the author. I sent in my name. A fine book, after all, was an investment, and if there was any way of enhancing its rarity, and therefore its value, I was quite willing to enjoy such an advantage.

When the Procrustes was ready for distribution, each subscriber received his copy by mail, in a neat pasteboard box. Each number was wrapped in a thin and transparent but very strong paper through which the cover design and tooling were clearly visible. The number of the copy was indorsed upon the wrapper, the folds of which were securely fastened at each end with sealing-wax, upon which was impressed, as a guaranty of its inviolateness, the monogram of the club.

At the next meeting of the Bodleian, a great deal was said about the Procrustes, and it was unanimously agreed that no finer specimen of bookmaking had ever been published by the club. By a curious coincidence, no one had brought his copy with him, and the two club copies had not yet been received from the binder, who, Baxter had reported was retaining them for some extra

fine work. Upon resolution, offered by a member who had not subscribed for the volume, a committee of three was appointed to review the Procrustes at the next literary meeting of the club. Of this committee it was my doubtful fortune to constitute one.

In pursuance of my duty in the premises, it of course became necessary for me to read the Procrustes. In all probability I should have cut my own copy for this purpose, had not one of the club auctions intervened between my appointment and the date set for the discussion of the Procrustes. At this meeting a copy of the book, still sealed, was offered for sale, and bought by a non-subscriber for the unprecedented price of one hundred and fifty dollars. After this a proper regard for my own interests would not permit me to spoil my copy by opening it, and I was therefore compelled to procure my information concerning the poem from some other source. As I had no desire to appear mercenary, I said nothing about my own copy, and made no attempt to borrow. I did, however, casually remark to Baxter that I should like to look at his copy of the proof sheets, since I wished to make some extended quotations for my review, and would rather not trust my copy to a typist for that purpose. Baxter assured me, with every evidence of regret, that he had considered them of so little importance that he had thrown them into the fire. This indifference of Baxter to literary values struck me as just a little overdone. The proof sheets of Hamlet, corrected in Shakespeare's own hand, would be well-nigh priceless.

At the next meeting of the club I observed that Thompson and Davis, who were with me on the reviewing committee, very soon brought up the question of the Procrustes in conversation in the smoking-room, and seemed anxious to get from the members their views concerning Baxter's production, I supposed upon the theory that the appreciation of any book review would depend more or less upon the degree to which it reflected the opinion of those to whom the review should be presented. I presumed, of course, that Thompson and Davis had each read the book,--they were among the subscribers,--and I was desirous of getting their point of view.

"What do you think," I inquired, "of the passage on Social Systems?" I have forgotten to say that the poem was in blank verse, and divided into parts, each with an appropriate title.

"Well," replied Davis, it seemed to me a little cautiously, "it is not exactly Spencerian, although it squints at the Spencerian view, with a slight deflection toward Hegelianism. I should consider it an harmonious fusion of the best views of all the modern philosophers, with a strong Baxterian flavor."

"Yes," said Thompson, "the charm of the chapter lies in this very quality. The style is an emanation from Baxter's own intellect,--he has written himself into the poem. By knowing Baxter we are able to appreciate the book, and after having read the book we feel that we are so much the more intimately acquainted with Baxter,--the real Baxter."

Baxter had come in during this colloquy, and was standing by the fireplace smoking a pipe. I was not exactly sure whether the faint smile which marked his face was a token of pleasure or cynicism; it was Baxterian, however, and I had already learned that Baxter's opinions upon any subject were not to be gathered always from his facial expression. For instance, when the club porter's crippled child died Baxter remarked, it seemed to me unfeelingly, that the poor little devil was doubtless better off, and that the porter himself had certainly been relieved of a burden; and only a week later the porter told me in confidence that Baxter had paid for an expensive operation, undertaken in the hope of prolonging the child's life. I therefore drew no conclusions from Baxter's somewhat enigmatical smile. He left the room at this point in the conversation, somewhat to my relief.

"By the way, Jones," said Davis, addressing me, "are you impressed by Baxter's views on Degeneration?"

Having often heard Baxter express himself upon the general downward tendency of modern civilization, I felt safe in discussing his views in a broad and general manner.

"I think," I replied, "that they are in harmony with those of Schopenhauer, without his bitterness; with those of Nordau, without his flippancy. His materialism is Haeckel's, presented with something of the charm of Omar Khayyam."

"Yes," chimed in Davis, "it answers the strenuous demand of our day,--dissatisfaction with an unjustified optimism,--and voices for us the courage of human philosophy facing the unknown."

I had a vague recollection of having read something like this somewhere, but so much has been written, that one can scarcely discuss any subject of importance without unconsciously borrowing, now and then, the thoughts or the language of others. Quotation, like imitation, is a superior grade of flattery.

"The Procrustes," said Thompson, to whom the metrical review had been apportioned, "is couched in sonorous lines, of haunting melody and charm; and yet so closely inter-related as to be scarcely quotable with justice to the author. To be appreciated the

poem should be read as a whole,--I shall say as much in my review. What shall you say of the letter-press?" he concluded, addressing me. I was supposed to discuss the technical excellence of the volume from the connoisseur's viewpoint.

"The setting," I replied judicially, "is worthy of the gem. The dark green cover, elaborately tooled, the old English lettering, the heavy linen paper, mark this as one of our very choicest publications. The letter-press is of course De Vinne's best,--there is nothing better on this side of the Atlantic. The text is a beautiful, slender stream, meandering gracefully through a wide meadow of margin."

For some reason I left the room for a minute. As I stepped into the hall, I almost ran into Baxter, who was standing near the door, facing a hunting print of a somewhat humorous character, hung upon the wall, and smiling with an immensely pleased expression.

"What a ridiculous scene!" he remarked. "Look at that fat old squire on that tall hunter! I'll wager dollars to doughnuts that he won't get over the first fence!"

It was a very good bluff, but did not deceive me. Under his mask of unconcern, Baxter was anxious to learn what we thought of his poem, and had stationed himself in the hall that he might overhear our discussion without embarrassing us by his presence. He had covered up his delight at our appreciation by this simulated interest in the hunting print.

When the night came for the review of the Procrustes there was a large attendance of members, and several visitors, among them a young English cousin of one of the members, on his first visit to the United States; some of us had met him at other clubs, and in society, and had found him a very jolly boy, with a youthful exuberance of spirits and a naive ignorance of things American that made his views refreshing and, at times, amusing.

The critical essays were well considered, if a trifle vague. Baxter received credit for poetic skill of a high order.

"Our brother Baxter," said Thompson, "should no longer bury his talent in a napkin. This gem, of course, belongs to the club, but the same brain from which issued this exquisite emanation can produce others to inspire and charm an appreciative world."

"The author's view of life," said Davis, "as expressed in these beautiful lines, will help us to fit our shoulders for the heavy burden of life, by bringing to our realization those profound truths of philosophy which find hope in despair and pleasure in pain. When he shall see fit to give to the wider world, in fuller form, the thoughts of which we have been vouchsafed this foretaste, let us hope that some little ray of his fame may rest upon the Bodleian, from which can never be taken away the proud privilege of saying that he was one of its members."

I then pointed out the beauties of the volume as a piece of bookmaking. I knew, from conversation with the publication committee, the style of type and rubrication, and could see the cover through the wrapper of my sealed copy. The dark green morocco, I said, in summing up, typified the author's serious view of life, as a thing to be endured as patiently as might be. The cap-and-bells border was significant of the shams by which the optimist sought to delude himself into the view that life was a desirable thing. The intricate blind-tooling of the doublure shadowed forth the blind fate which left us in ignorance of our future and our past, or of even what the day itself might bring forth. The black-letter type, with rubricated initials, signified a philosophic pessimism enlightened by the conviction that in duty one might find, after all, an excuse for life and a hope for humanity. Applying this test to the club, this work, which might be said to represent all that the Bodleian stood for, was in itself sufficient to justify the club's existence. If the Bodleian had done nothing else, if it should do nothing more, it had produced a masterpiece.

There was a sealed copy of the Procrustes, belonging, I believe, to one of the committee, lying on the table by which I stood, and I had picked it up and held it in my hand for a moment, to emphasize one of my periods, but had laid it down immediately. I noted, as I sat down, that young Hunkin, our English visitor, who sat on the other side of the table, had picked up the volume and was examining it with interest. When the last review was read, and the generous applause had subsided, there were cries for Baxter.

"Baxter! Baxter! Author! Author!"

Baxter had been sitting over in a corner during the reading of the reviews, and had succeeded remarkably well, it seemed to me, in concealing, under his mask of cynical indifference, the exultation which I was sure he must feel. But this outburst of enthusiasm was too much even for Baxter, and it was clear that he was struggling with strong emotion when he rose to speak.

"Gentlemen, and fellow members of the Bodleian, it gives me unaffected pleasure--sincere pleasure--some day you may know how much pleasure--I cannot trust myself to say it now--to see the evident care with which your committee have read my poor verses, and the responsive sympathy with which my friends have entered into my views of life and conduct. I thank you again, and again,

and when I say that I am too full for utterance,--I'm sure you will excuse me from saying any more."

Baxter took his seat, and the applause had begun again when it was broken by a sudden exclamation.

"By Jove!" exclaimed our English visitor, who still sat behind the table, "what an extraordinary book!"

Every one gathered around him.

"You see," he exclaimed; holding up the volume, "you fellows said so much about the bally book that I wanted to see what it was like; so I untied the ribbon, and cut the leaves with the paper knife lying here, and found--and found that there wasn't a single line in it, don't you know!"

Blank consternation followed this announcement, which proved only too true. Every one knew instinctively, without further investigation, that the club had been badly sold. In the resulting confusion Baxter escaped, but later was waited upon by a committee, to whom he made the rather lame excuse that he had always regarded uncut and sealed books as tommy-rot, and that he had merely been curious to see how far the thing could go; and that the result had justified his belief that a book with nothing in it was just as useful to a book-collector as one embodying a work of genius. He offered to pay all the bills for the sham Procrustes, or to replace the blank copies with the real thing, as we might choose. Of course, after such an insult, the club did not care for the poem. He was permitted to pay the expense, however, and it was more than hinted to him that his resignation from the club would be favorably acted upon. He never sent it in, and, as he went to Europe shortly afterwards, the affair had time to blow over.

In our first disgust at Baxter's duplicity, most of us cut our copies of the Procrustes, some of us mailed them to Baxter with cutting notes, and others threw them into the fire. A few wiser spirits held on to theirs, and this fact leaking out, it began to dawn upon the minds of the real collectors among us that the volume was something unique in the way of a publication.

"Baxter," said our president one evening to a select few of us who sat around the fireplace, "was wiser than we knew, or than he perhaps appreciated. His Procrustes, from the collector's point of view, is entirely logical, and might be considered as the acme of bookmaking. To the true collector, a book is a work of art, of which the contents are no more important than the words of an opera. Fine binding is a desideratum, and, for its cost, that of the Procrustes could not be improved upon. The paper is above criticism. The true collector loves wide margins, and the Procrustes, being all margin, merely touches the vanishing point of the perspective. The smaller the edition, the greater the collector's eagerness to acquire a copy. There are but six uncut copies left, I am told, of the Procrustes, and three sealed copies, of one of which I am the fortunate possessor."

After this deliverance, it is not surprising that, at our next auction, a sealed copy of Baxter's Procrustes was knocked down, after spirited bidding, for two hundred and fifty dollars, the highest price ever brought by a single volume published by the club.

THE HEART OF THE RACE PROBLEM by Quincy Ewing

"And, instead of going to the Congress of the United States and saying there is no distinction made in Mississippi, because of color or previous condition of servitude, tell the truth, and say this: 'We tried for many years to live in Mississippi, and share sovereignty and dominion with the Negro, and we saw our institutions crumbling.... We rose in the majesty and highest type of Anglo-Saxon manhood, and took the reins of government out of the hands of the carpet-bagger and the Negro, and, so help us God, from now on we will never share any sovereignty or dominion with him again.'"--Governor JAMES K. VARDAMAN, Mississippi, 1904.

During the past decade, newspaper and magazine articles galore, and not a few books, have been written on what is called the "Race Problem," the problem caused by the presence in this country of some ten millions of black and variously-shaded colored people known as Negroes. But, strange as it may sound, the writer has no hesitation in saying that at this date there appears to be no clear conception anywhere, on the part of most people, as to just what the essential problem is which confronts the white inhabitants of the country because they have for fellow-citizens (nominally) ten million Negroes. Ask the average man, ask even the average editor or professor anywhere, what the race problem is, the heart of it; why, in this land with its millions of foreigners of all nationalities, THE race problem of problems should be caused by ten million Negroes, not foreigners but native to the soil through several generations; and in all probability you will get some such answer as this:--

"The Negroes, as a rule, are very ignorant, are very lazy, are very brutal, are very criminal. But a little way removed from savagery, they are incapable of adopting the white man's moral code, of assimilating the white man's moral sentiments, of striving toward the white man's moral ideals. They are creatures of brutal, untamed instincts, and uncontrolled feral passions, which give frequent

expression of themselves in crimes of horrible ferocity. They are, in brief, an uncivilized, semi-savage people, living in a civilization to which they are unequal, partaking to a limited degree of its benefits, performing in no degree its duties. Because they are spatially in a civilization to which they are morally and intellectually repugnant, they cannot but be as a foreign irritant to the body social. The problem is, How shall the body social adjust itself, daily, hourly, to this irritant; how feel at ease and safe in spite of it? How shall the white inhabitants of the land, with their centuries of inherited superiority, conserve their civilization and carry it forward to a yet higher plane, hampered by ten million black inhabitants of the same land with their centuries of inherited inferiority?"

To the foregoing answer, this might now and again be added, or advanced independently in reply to our question: "Personal aversion on the part of the white person for the Negro; personal aversion accounted for by nothing the individual Negro is, or is not, intellectually and morally; accounted for by the fact, simply, that he is a Negro, that he has a black or colored skin, that he is different, of another kind."

Now, certainly, there are very few average men or philosophers, to whom the answer given to our question would not seem to state, or at any rate fairly indicate, the race problem in its essence. But, however few they be, I do not hesitate to align myself with them as one who does not believe that the essential race problem as it exists in the South (whatever it be in the North) is stated, or even fairly indicated, in the foregoing answer. In Northern and Western communities, where he is outnumbered by many thousands of white people, the Negro may be accounted a problem, because he is lazy, or ignorant, or brutal, or criminal, or all these things together; or because he is black and different. But in Southern communities, where the Negro is not outnumbered by many thousands of white people, the race problem, essentially, and in its most acute form, is something distinct from his laziness or ignorance, or brutality, or criminality, or all-round intellectual and moral inferiority to the white man. That problem as the South knows and deals with it would exist, as certainly as it does to-day, if there were no shadow of excuse for the conviction that the Negro is more lazy, or more ignorant, or more criminal, or more brutal, or more anything else he ought not to be, or less anything else he ought to be, than other men. In other words, let it be supposed that the average Negro is as a matter of fact the equal, morally and intellectually, of the average white man of the same class, and the race problem declines to vanish, declines to budge. We shall see why, presently. The statements just made demand immediate justification. For they are doubtless surprising to a degree, and to some readers may prove startling.

I proceed to justify them as briefly as possible, asking the reader to bear in mind that very much more might be said along this line than I allow myself space to say.

I

That the Negro is not a problem because he is lazy, because he declines to work, is evidenced by the patent fact that in virtually every Southern community he is sought as a laborer in fields, mills, mines, and that in very many Southern communities the vexing problem for employers is not too many, but too few Negroes. In certain agricultural sections, notably in the Louisiana sugar district, quite a number of Italians ("Dagoes") are employed. The reason is not dissatisfaction with Negro labor, but simply that there is not enough of it to meet the requirements of the large plantations. There is, perhaps, not one of these plantations on which any able-bodied Negro could not get employment for the asking; and as a rule, the Negroes are given, not the work which demands the lowest, but that which demands the highest, efficiency: they are the ploughmen, the teamsters, the foremen. If any one doubts that Negroes are wanted as laborers in Southern communities, very much wanted, let him go to any such community and attempt to inveigle a few dozen of the laziest away. He will be likely to take his life in his hands, after the usual warning is disregarded!

II

The small politician's trump-card, played early and late, and in all seasons, that the Negro is a black shadow over the Southland because of his excessive criminality, serves well the politician's purpose,--it wins his game; but only because the game is played and won on a board where fictions, not facts, are dominant. Nothing is easier than to offer so-called proofs of the contention that the Negro's tendency to crime is something peculiar to his race; there are the jail and penitentiary and gallows statistics, for instance. But surely it should not be difficult for these so-called proofs to present themselves in their true light to any one who takes the trouble to consider two weighty and conspicuous facts: this, first, that the Negroes occupy everywhere in this country the lowest social and industrial plane, the plane which everywhere else supplies the jail, the penitentiary, the gallows, with the greatest number of their victims; and secondly this, that in the section of the country where these penal statistics are gathered, all the machinery of justice is in the hands of white men.

No Negro is a sheriff, or judge, or justice of the peace, or grand or petit juryman, or member of a pardoning board. Charged with crime, again and again, the black man must go to jail; he is unable to give bond; he is defended, not by the ablest, but by the poorest lawyers, often by an unwilling appointee of the court; he lacks the benefit of that personal appeal to judge and jury, so often enjoyed by other defendants, which would make them WANT to believe him innocent until proven guilty; he faces, on the contrary, a judge and jury who hold him in some measure of contempt as a man, regardless of his guilt or innocence. He is without means, except occasionally, to fight his case through appeals to higher courts, and errors sleep in many a record that on review would upset the verdict. In the light of such considerations, it would seem impossible that criminal statistics should not bear hard upon the Negro race, even supposing it to be a fact that that race of all races in the world is the LEAST criminal.

Let it be admitted without question that in most Southern communities the crimes and misdemeanors of the Negroes exceed those committed by an equal number of white people, and we have admitted nothing that at all explains or accounts for the race problem. For is it not equally true that in every other community the doers of society's rough work, the recipients of its meagrest rewards, are chargeable, relatively, with the greatest number of crimes and misdemeanors? Is it not true, as well in Massachusetts and Connecticut as in Louisiana and Mississippi, that the vast majority of those occupying prison cells are members of the social lowest class? that the vast majority condemned, after trial, to hard labor with their hands were accustomed to such labor before their judicial condemnation? Nothing is more preposterous than the idea that the race problem means more Negroes hanged, more Negroes imprisoned, more Negroes in mines and chain-gangs, than white people! If the Negro did not furnish the great bulk of the grist for the grinding of our penal machinery in the Southern states, he would constitute the racial miracle of this and all ages!

My own conviction is, and I speak with the experience of forty years' residence in Southern states, that the Negro is not more given to crimes and misdemeanors than the laboring population of any other section of the country. But be this as it may, it is abundantly certain that no race of people anywhere are more easily controlled than the Negroes by the guardians of law and order; and there are none anywhere so easily punished for disobedience to the statutes and mandates of their economic superiors. Courts and juries may be sometimes subject to just criticism for undue leniency toward white defendants; but that courts and juries are ever subject to just criticism for undue leniency in dealing with black defendants is the sheerest nonsense.

The frequent charge that the Negro's worst crimes partake of a brutality that is peculiarly racial, is not supported by facts. I need not enlarge upon this statement further than to say that the Negro's worst crimes, with all their shocking accompaniments, are, not seldom, but often, duplicated by white men. Let any one who doubts the statement observe for one week the criminal statistics of any cosmopolitan newspaper, and he will have his doubt removed.

Assuredly we do not hit upon the essence of the race problem in the Negro's propensity to crime!

III

Do we hit upon it in his ignorance, in the fact that an immense number of the black people are illiterate, not knowing the first from the last letter of the alphabet? Hardly. For, almost to a man, the people who most parade and most rail at the race problem in private conversation, on the political platform, and in the pages of newspapers, books, and periodicals, are disposed rather to lament, than to assist, the passing of the Negro's ignorance. Ex-Governor Vardaman, of Mississippi, used the following language in a message to the legislature of that state, January, 1906:--

"The startling facts revealed by the census show that those [Negroes] who can read and write are more criminal than the illiterate, which is true of no other element of our population.. .. The state for many years, at great expense to the tax-payers, has maintained a system of Negro education which has produced disappointing results, and I am opposed to the perpetuation of this system. My own idea is, that the character of education for the Negro ought to be changed. If, after forty years of earnest effort, and the expenditure of fabulous sums to educate his head, we have only succeeded in making a criminal of him and impairing his usefulness and efficiency as a laborer, wisdom would suggest that we make another experiment and see if we cannot improve him by educating his hand and his heart.... Slavery is the only process by which he has ever been partially civilized. God Almighty created the Negro for a menial, he is essentially a servant."

This is the reply of an ex-governor of one of our blackest states to those who contend that the negro is a problem, a "burden carried by the white people of the South," because of his ignorance and consequent inefficiency; and that the lightening of the burden depends upon more money spent, more earnest efforts made, for the schooling of the black people. According to this ex-governor, and there are thousands who agree with him in and out of Mississippi, the race problem is heightened, rather than mitigated, by all

attempts to increase the negro's intellectual efficiency. The more ignorant he is, the less burdensome he is to the white man, provided his heart be good, and his hands skillful enough to do the service of a menial. Nothing but slavery ever partially civilized him, nothing but slavery continued in some form can civilize him further!

IV

If we listen vainly for the heart-throb of the race problem in the Negro's laziness, and criminality, and brutality, and ignorance, and inefficiency, do we detect it with clearness and certainty in the personal aversion felt by the white people for the black people, aversion which the white people can no more help feeling than the black people can help exciting? Is this the real trouble, the real burden, the real tragedy and sorrow of our white population in those sections of the country where the Negroes are many,--that they are compelled to dwell face to face, day by day, with an inferior, degraded population, repulsive to their finer sensibilities, obnoxious to them in countless ways inexplicable? Facts are far from furnishing an affirmative answer. However pronounced may be the feeling of personal aversion toward the Negroes in Northern communities, where they are few, or known at long range, or casually, there is no such thing in Southern communities as personal aversion for the Negro pronounced enough to be responsible for anything resembling a problem. How could there be in the South, where from infancy we have all been as familiar with black faces as with white; where many of us fell asleep in the laps of black mammies, and had for playmates Ephrom, Izik, Zeke, black mammy's grandchildren; where most of us have had our meals prepared by black cooks, and been waited on by black house-servants and dining-room servants, and ridden in carriages and buggies with black hostlers? We are so used to the black people in the South, their mere personal presence is so far from being responsible for our race problem, that the South would not seem Southern without them, as it would not without its crape myrtles, and live-oaks, and magnolias, its cotton and its sugar-cane!

It is very easy to go astray in regard to the matter of personal aversion toward the members of alien races, to magnify greatly the reality and importance of it. What seems race-aversion is frequently something else, namely, revulsion aroused by the presence of the strange, the unusual, the uncanny, the not-understood. Such revulsion is aroused, not only by the members of alien races, alien and unfamiliar, but as certainly by strange animals of not more terrifying appearance than the well-loved cow and horse; and it would be aroused as really and as painfully, doubtless, by the sudden proximity of one of Milton's archangels. It was not necessarily race-aversion which made Emerson, and may have made many another Concord philosopher, uncomfortable in the presence of a Negro, any more than it is race-aversion which makes the Fifth Avenue boy run from the gentle farmyard cow; any more than it is race-aversion which would make me uncomfortable in the presence of Li Hung Chang. The Negro, simply, it may be, was a mystery to Emerson, as the farmyard cow is a mystery to the Fifth Avenue boy, as the Chinaman is a mystery to me.

The Negro is NOT a mystery to people whom he has nursed and waited on, whose language he has spoken, whose ways, good and bad, he has copied for generations; and his personal presence does not render them uncomfortable, not, at any rate, uncomfortable enough to beget the sense of a burden or a problem.

It may be very difficult for Northern readers, to whom the Negro is in reality a stranger, a foreigner, to appreciate fully the force of what has just been said; but appreciated by them it must be, or they can never hope to realize the innermost meaning of the race problem in the South.

So much for what the race problem is not. Let me without further delay state what it is. The foundation of it, true or false, is the white man's conviction that the Negro as a race, and as an individual, is his inferior: not human in the sense that he is human, not entitled to the exercise of human rights in the sense that he is entitled to the exercise of them. The problem itself, the essence of it, the heart of it, is the white man's determination to make good this conviction, coupled with constant anxiety lest, by some means, he should fail to make it good. The race problem, in other words, is NOT that the Negro is what he is in relation to the white man, the white man's inferior; but this, rather: How to keep him what he is in relation to the white man; how to prevent his ever achieving or becoming that which would justify the belief on his part, or on the part of other people, that he and the white man stand on common human ground.

That such is the heart of the problem should be made evident by this general consideration alone: namely, that everywhere in the South friction between the races is entirely absent so long as the Negro justifies the white man's opinion of him as an inferior; is grateful for privileges and lays no claim to RIGHTS. Let him seem content to be as the South insists he shall be, and not only is he not harshly treated, not abused, and never boycotted, but he is shown much kindness and generosity, and employment awaits him for the asking. Trouble brews when he begins to manifest those qualities, to reveal those tastes, to give vent to those ambitions, which are supposed to be characteristic exclusively of the higher human type, and which, unless restrained, would result in

confounding the lower with the higher. The expression "Good Nigger" means everywhere in the South a real Negro, from the Southern standpoint, one who in no respect gets out of focus with that standpoint; the expression "Bad Nigger" means universally one who in some respect, not necessarily criminal, does get out of focus with it. So, stated differently, the race problem is the problem how to keep the Negro in focus with the traditional standpoint.

But we are very far from needing to rely upon any general consideration in support of the proposition advanced above. It is supported by evidences on every hand, waiting only the eye of recognition. Scarcely a day passes but something is said or done with this end in view, to emphasize, lest they forget, the conviction for both white man and Negro that the latter is and must remain an inferior. Let me instance a few such evidences.

Consider, first, the "Jim Crow" legislation in the manner of its enforcement. Such legislation is supposed to have for its object the separation of the races in trains, street-cars, etc., to save the white people from occasional contact with drunken, rowdy, ill-smelling Negroes, and to prevent personal encounters between the whites and blacks. How is this object attained in the street cars of Southern cities? Members of the different races occupy the same cars, separated only by absurdly inadequate little open-mesh wire screens, so tiny and light that a conductor can move them from one seat to another with the strength of his little finger. Needless to add, these screens would serve to obscure neither sound, sight, nor smell of drunken rowdies who sat behind them! In summer cars black and white passengers may be separated not even by a make-believe screen; they are simply required, respectively, to occupy certain seats in the front or the back end of the cars.

In Birmingham, Alabama, the front seats are assigned to Negroes in all closed cars, and the back seats in all open ones. Why the front seats in the one case, and the back seats in the other, it is not easy to understand in the light of the letter and alleged spirit of the Jim Crow law! The underlying purpose of the law is clearly not the separation of the races in space; for public sentiment does not insist upon its fulfillment to that end. The underlying purpose of it would seem to be the separation of the races in status. The doctrine of inequality would be attacked if white and black passengers rode in public conveyances on equal terms; therefore the Negro who rides in a public conveyance must do so, not as of undoubted right, but as with the white man's permission, subject to the white man's regulation. "This place you may occupy, that other you may not, because I am I and you are you, lest to you or me it should be obscured that I am I and you are you." Such is the real spirit of the Jim Crow laws.

Why is it that in every Southern city no Negro is allowed to witness a dramatic performance, or a baseball game, from a first-class seat? In every large city, there are hundreds of Negroes who would gladly pay for first-class seats at the theatre and the baseball game, were they permitted to. It can hardly be that permission is withheld because theatres and baseball games are so well attended by half the population that first-class seats could not be furnished for the other half. As a matter of fact, theatre-auditoriums and baseball grand-stands are seldom crowded; the rule is, not all first-class seats occupied, but many vacant. Surely as simple as moving from seat to seat a make-shift screen in a street-car, would it be to set apart a certain number of seats in the dress-circle of every theatre, and in the grand-stand of every baseball park, for Negro patrons. The reason why this is not done is perfectly obvious: it would be intolerable to the average Southern man or woman to sit through the hours of a theatrical performance or a baseball game on terms of equal accommodation with Negroes, even with a screen between. Negroes would look out of place, out of status, in the dress circle or the grand-stand; their place, signifying their status, is the peanut-gallery, or the bleachers. There, neither they nor others will be tempted to forget that as things are they must continue.

How shall we account for the "intense feeling" (to quote the language of the mayor or New Orleans) occasioned in that city one day, last July, when it was flashed over the wires that the first prize in the National Spelling Contest had been won by a Negro girl, in competition with white children from New Orleans and other Southern cities? The indignation of at least one of the leading New Orleans papers verged upon hysterics; the editor's rhetoric visited upon some foulest crime could hardly have been more inflamed than in denunciation of the fact that, on the far-away shore of Lake Erie, New Orleans white children had competed at a spelling bee with a Negro girl. The superintendent of the New Orleans schools was roundly denounced in many quarters for permitting his wards to compete with a Negro; and there were broad hints in "Letters from the People" to the papers that his resignation was in order.

Certainly in the days following the National Spelling Contest the race problem was in evidence, if it ever was, in New Orleans and the South! Did it show itself, then, as the problem of Negro crime, or brutality, or laziness? Assuredly not! Of the Negro's personal repulsiveness? By no means! There was no evidence of Negro criminality, or brutality, or laziness in the Negro child's victory; and every day in the South, in their games and otherwise, hundreds of white children of the best families are in closer personal contact with little Negroes than were the white children who took part in the Cleveland spelling bee. The "intense feeling" can be explained

on one ground only: the Negro girl's victory was an affront to the tradition of the Negro's inferiority; it suggested--perhaps indicated--that, given equal opportunities, all Negroes are not necessarily the intellectual inferiors of all white people. What other explanation is rationally conceivable? If the race problem means in the South to its white inhabitants the burden and tragedy of having to dwell face to face with an intellectually and morally backward people, why should not the Negro girl's triumph have occasioned intense feeling of pleasure, rather than displeasure, by its suggestion that her race is not intellectually hopeless?

Consider further that while no Negro, no matter what his occupation, or personal refinement, or intellectual culture, or moral character, is allowed to travel in a Pullman car between state lines, or to enter as a guest a hotel patronized by white people, the blackest of Negro nurses and valets are given food and shelter in all first-class hotels, and occasion neither disgust, nor surprise in the Pullman cars. Here again the heart of the race problem is laid bare. The black nurse with a white baby in her arms, the black valet looking after the comfort of a white invalid, have the label of their inferiority conspicuously upon them; they understand themselves, and everybody understands them, to be servants, enjoying certain privileges for the sake of the person served. Almost anything, the Negro may do in the South, and anywhere he may go, provided the manner of his doing and his doing is that of an inferior. Such is the premium put upon his inferiority; such his inducement to maintain it.

The point here insisted on may be made clearer, if already it is not clear enough, by this consideration, that the man who would lose social caste for dining with an Irish street-sweeper might be congratulated for dining with an Irish educator; but President Roosevelt would scarcely have given greater offense by entertaining a Negro laborer at the White House than he gave by inviting to lunch there the Principal of Tuskegee Institute. The race problem being what it is, the status of any Negro is logically the status of every other. There are recognizable degrees of inferiority among Negroes themselves; some are vastly superior to others. But there is only one degree of inferiority separating the Negro from the white person, attached to all Negroes alike. The logic of the situation requires that to be any sort of black man is to be inferior to any sort of white man; and from this logic there is no departure in the South.

Inconsistent, perhaps, with what has been said may seem the defeat in the Louisiana Legislature (1908) of the anti-miscegenation bill, a measure designed to prohibit sexual cohabitation between white persons and Negroes; to be specific, between white men and Negro women. But there was no inconsistency whatever in the defeat of that bill. In all times and places, the status of that portion of the female population, Lecky's martyred "priestesses of humanity," whose existence men have demanded for the gratification of unlawful passion, has been that of social outcasts. They have no rights that they can insist upon; they are simply privileged to exist by society's permission, and may be any moment legislated out of their vocation. Hence the defeat of an anti-miscegenation measure by Southern legislators cannot be construed as a failure on their part to live up to their conviction of race-superiority. It must be construed, rather, as legislative unwillingness to restrict the white man's liberty; to dictate by statute the kind of social outcast which he may use as a mere means to the gratification of his passion. To concede to Negro women the status of a degraded and proscribed class, is not in any sense to overlook or obscure their racial inferiority, but on the contrary, it may be, to emphasize it. Precisely the same principle, in a word, compasses the defeat of an anti-miscegenation bill which would compass the defeat of a measure to prohibit Negro servants from occupying seats in Pullman cars.

At the risk of reiteration, I must in concluding this article take sharp issue with the view of a recent very able writer, who asks the question, "What, essentially, is the Race Problem?" and answers it thus: "The race problem is the problem of living with human beings who are not like us, whether they are in our estimation our 'superiors' or inferiors, whether they have kinky hair or pigtails, whether they are slant-eyed, hook-nosed, or thick-lipped. In its essence, it is the same problem, magnified, which besets every neighborhood, even every family."

I have contended so far, and I here repeat, that the race problem is essentially NOT what this writer declares it to be. It is emphatically not, in the South, "the problem of living with human beings who are not like us, whether they are in our estimation our superiors or inferiors." It may be, it probably is, that in the North, where the Negro is largely a stranger, a foreigner, very much to the same degree that the Chinese are strangers and foreigners in the South; and where, consequently, the Negro's personal repulsiveness is a much more significant force than it is in the South. Assuredly there would be no race problem, anywhere, were there no contact with others unlike ourselves! The unlikeness of the unlike is everywhere its indispensable foundation. But we get nowhither unless we carefully distinguish between the foundation of the problem and the problem itself. There is nothing in the unlikeness of the unlike that is necessarily problematical; it may be simply accepted and dealt with as a fact, like any other fact. The problem arises only when the people of one race are minded to adopt and act upon some policy more or less oppressive or repressive in dealing with the people of another race. In the absence of some such policy, there has never been a race problem since the world began. It is the existence of such a policy become traditional, and supported by immovable conviction, which

constitutes the race problem of the Southern states.

There was an immensely tragic race problem distressing the South fifty years ago; but who will suggest that it was the problem of "living with human beings who are not like us?" The problem then was, clearly, how to make good a certain conviction concerning the unlike, how to maintain a certain policy in dealing with them. What else is it today? The problem, How to maintain the institution of chattel slavery, ceased to be at Appomattox; the problem, How to maintain the social, industrial, and civic inferiority of the descendants of chattel slaves, succeeded it, and is the race problem of the South at the present time. There is no other.

Whether the policy adopted by the white South, and supported, as I have said, by immovable conviction, is expedient or inexpedient, wise or unwise, righteous or unrighteous, these are questions which I have not sought to answer one way or another in this article. Perhaps they cannot be answered at all in our time. Certain is it, that their only real and satisfactory answer will be many years ahead of the present generation.

In the mean time, nothing could be more unwarranted, than to suppose that the race problem of one section of this country is peculiar to that section, because its white inhabitants are themselves in some sense peculiar; because they are peculiarly prejudiced, because they are peculiarly behind the hour which the high clock of civilization has struck. Remove the white inhabitants of the South, give their place to the white people of any other section of the United States, and, beyond a peradventure, the Southern race problem, as I have defined it, would continue to be--revealed, perhaps, in ways more perplexing, more intense and tragic.

NEGRO SUFFRAGE IN A DEMOCRACY by Ray Stannard Baker

In this paper I endeavor to lay down the fundamental principles which should govern the Negro franchise in a democracy, and to outline a practical programme for the immediate treatment of the problem.

As I see it, the question of Negro suffrage in the United States presents two distinct aspects:--

FIRST: the legal aspect.

SECOND: the practical aspect.

It will be admitted, I think, without argument, that all governments do and of a necessity must exercise the right to limit the number of people who are permitted to take part in the weighty responsibilities of the suffrage. Some governments allow only a few men to vote; in an absolute monarchy there is only one voter; other governments, as they become more democratic, permit a larger proportion of the people to vote.

Our own government is one of the freest in the world in the matter of suffrage; and yet we bar out, in most states, all women; we bar out Mongolians, no matter how intelligent; we bar out Indians, and all foreigners who have not passed through a certain probationary stage and have not acquired a certain small amount of education. We also declare--for an arbitrary limit must be placed somewhere--that no person under twenty-one years of age may exercise the right to vote, although some boys of eighteen are to-day better equipped to pass intelligently upon public questions than many grown men. We even place adult white men on probation until they have resided for a certain length of time, often as much as two years, in the state or the town where they wish to cast their ballots. Our registration and ballot laws eliminate hundreds of thousands of voters; and finally, we bar out everywhere the defective and criminal classes of our population. We do not realize, sometimes, I think, how limited the franchise really is, even in America. We forget that out of nearly ninety million people in the United States, fewer than fifteen million cast their votes for President in 1908--or about one in every six.

Thus the practice of a restricted suffrage is very deeply implanted in our system of government. It is everywhere recognized that even in a democracy lines must be drawn, and that the ballot, the precious instrument of government, must be hedged about with stringent regulations. The question is, where shall these lines be drawn in order that the best interests, not of any particular class, but of the whole nation, shall be served.

Upon this question, we, as free citizens, have the absolute right to agree or disagree with the present laws regulating suffrage; and if we want more people brought in as partakers in government, or some people who are already in, barred out, we have a right to organize, to agitate, to do our best to change the laws. Powerful organizations of women are now agitating for the right to vote; there is an organization which demands the suffrage for Chinese and Japanese who wish to become citizens. It is even

conceivable that a society might be founded to lower the suffrage age-limit from twenty-one to nineteen years, thereby endowing a large number of young men with the privileges, and therefore the educational responsibilities, of political power. On the other hand, a large number of people, chiefly in our Southern States, earnestly believe that the right of the Negro to vote should be curtailed, or even abolished.

Thus we disagree, and government is the resultant of all these diverse views and forces. No one can say dogmatically how far democracy should go in distributing the enormously important powers of active government. Democracy is not a dogma; it is not even a dogma of free suffrage. Democracy is a life, a spirit, a growth. The primal necessity of any sort of government, democracy or otherwise, whether it be more unjust or less unjust toward special groups of its citizens, is to exist, to be a going concern, to maintain upon the whole a stable and peaceful administration of affairs. If a democracy cannot provide such stability, then the people go back to some form of oligarchy. Having secured a fair measure of stability, a democracy proceeds with caution toward the extension of the suffrage to more and more people--trying foreigners, trying women, trying Negroes.

And no one can prophesy how far a democracy will ultimately go in the matter of suffrage. We know only the tendency. We know that in the beginning, even in America, the right to vote was a very limited matter. In the early years, in New England, only church-members voted; then the franchise was extended to include property-owners; then it was enlarged to include all white adults; then to include Negroes; then, in several Western States, to include women.

Thus the line has been constantly advancing, but with many fluctuations, eddies, and back-currents--like any other stream of progress. At the present time the fundamental principles which underlie popular government, and especially the whole matter of popular suffrage, are much in the public mind. The tendency of government throughout the entire civilized world is strongly in the direction of placing more and more power in the hands of the people. In our own country we are enacting a remarkable group of laws providing for direct primaries in the nomination of public officials, for direct election of United States Senators, and for direct legislation by means of the initiative and referendum; and we are even going to the point, in many cities, of permitting the people to recall an elected official who is unsatisfactory. The principle of local option, which is nothing but that of direct government by the people, is being everywhere accepted. All these changes affect, fundamentally, the historic structure of our government, making it less republican and more democratic.

Still more important and far-reaching in its significance is the tendency of our government, especially our Federal Government, to regulate or to appropriate great groups of business enterprises formerly left wholly in private hands. More and more, private business is becoming public business.

Now, then, as the weight of responsibility upon the popular vote is increased, it becomes more and more important that the ballot should be jealously guarded and honestly exercised. In the last few years, therefore, a series of extraordinary new precautions have been adopted: the Australian ballot, more stringent registration systems, the stricter enforcement of naturalization laws to prevent the voting of crowds of unprepared foreigners, and the imposition by several states, rightly or wrongly, of educational and property tests. It becomes a more and more serious matter every year to be an American citizen, more of an honor, more of a duty.

At the close of the Civil War, in a time of intense idealistic emotion, some three-quarters of a million of Negroes, the mass of them densely ignorant and just out of slavery, with the iron of slavery still in their souls, were suddenly given the political rights of free citizens. A great many people, and not in the South alone, thought then, and still think, that it was a mistake to bestow the high powers and privileges of a wholly unrestricted ballot--a ballot which is the symbol of intelligent self-government--upon the Negro. Other people, of whom I am one, believe that it was a necessary concomitant of the revolution; it was itself a revolution, not a growth, and like every other revolution it has had its fearful reaction. Revolutions, indeed, change names, but they do not at once change human relationships. Mankind is reconstructed not by proclamations, or legislation, or military occupation, but by time, growth, education, religion, thought. At that time, then, the nation drove down the stakes of its idealism in government far beyond the point it was able to reach in the humdrum activities of everyday existence. A reaction was inevitable; it was inevitable and perfectly natural that there should be a widespread questioning as to whether all Negroes, or indeed any Negroes, should properly be admitted to full political fellowship. That questioning continues to this day.

Now, the essential principle established by the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution was not that all Negroes should necessarily be given an unrestricted access to the ballot; but that the right to vote should not be denied or abridged 'on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude.' This amendment wiped out the color-line in politics so far as any written law could possibly do it.

Let me here express my profound conviction that the principle of political equality then laid down is a sound, valid, and absolutely essential principle in any free government; that restrictions upon the ballot, when necessary, should be made to apply equally to white and colored citizens; and that the Fifteenth Amendment ought not to be, and cannot be repealed. Moreover, I am convinced that the principle of political equality is more firmly established to-day in this country than it was forty years ago, when it had only Northern bayonets behind it. For now, however short the practice falls of reaching the legal standard, the principle is woven into the warp and woof of Southern life and Southern legislation. Many Southern white leaders of thought are to-day CONVINCED, not FORCED believers in the principle; and that is a great omen.

Limitations have come about, it is true, and were to be expected as the back-currents of the revolution. Laws providing for educational and property qualifications as a prerequisite to the exercise of the suffrage have been passed in all the Southern States, and have operated to exclude from the ballot large numbers of both white and colored citizens, who on account of ignorance or poverty are unable to meet the tests. These provisions, whatever the opinion entertained as to the wisdom of such laws, are well within the principle laid down by the Fifteenth Amendment. But several Southern States have gone a step further, and by means of the so-called 'grandfather laws,' have exempted certain ignorant white men from the necessity of meeting the educational and property tests. These unfair 'grandfather laws,' however, in some of the states adopting them, have now expired by limitation.

Let me then lay down this general proposition:--

Nowhere in the South to-day is the Negro cut off LEGALLY, as a Negro, from the ballot. Legally, to-day, any Negro who can meet the comparatively slight requirements as to education, or property, or both, can cast his ballot on a basis of equality with the white man. I have emphasized the word legally, for I know the PRACTICAL difficulties which confront the Negro votes in many parts of the South. The point I wish to make is that legally the Negro is essentially the political equal of the white man; but that practically, in the enforcement of the law, the legislative ideal is still pegged out far beyond the actual performance.

Now, then, if we are interested in the problem of democracy, we have two courses open to us. We may think the laws are unjust to the Negro, and incidentally to the 'poor white' man as well. If we do, we have a perfect right to agitate for changes; and we can do much to disclose, without heat, the actual facts regarding the complicated and vexatious legislative situation in the South, as regards the suffrage. Every change in the legislation upon this subject should, indeed, be jealously watched, that the principle of political equality between the races be not legally curtailed. The doctrine laid down in the Fifteenth Amendment must, at any hazard, be maintained.

But, personally,--and I am here voicing a profound conviction,--I think our emphasis at present should be laid upon the practical rather than upon the legal aspect of the problem; I think we should take advantage of the widely prevalent feeling in the South that the question of suffrage has been settled, legally, for some time to come: of the desire on the part of many Southern people, both white and colored, to turn aside from the discussion of the political status of the Negro.

In short, let us for the time being accept the laws as they are, and build upward from that point. Let us turn our attention to the practical task of finding out why it is that the laws we already have are not enforced, and how best to secure an honest vote for every Negro and equally for every 'poor white' man, who is able to meet the requirements, but who for one reason or another does not or cannot now exercise his rights. I include the disfranchised white man as well as the Negro, because I take it that we are interested, first of all, in democracy, and unless we can arouse the spirit of democracy, South and North, we can hope for justice neither for Negroes, nor for the poorer class of white men, nor for the women of the factories and shops, nor for the children of the cottonmills.

Taking up this side of the problem we shall discover two entirely distinct difficulties:--

First, we shall find many Negroes, and indeed hundreds of thousands of white men as well, who might vote, but who, through ignorance, or inability or unwillingness to pay the poll-taxes, or from mere lack of interest, disfranchise themselves.

The second difficulty is peculiar to the Negro. It consists in open or concealed intimidation on the part of the white men who control the election machinery. In many places in the South to-day no Negro, how well qualified, would dare to present himself for registration; when he does, he is rejected for some trivial or illegal reason.

Thus we have to meet a vast amount of apathy and ignorance and poverty on the one hand, and the threat of intimidation on the other.

First of all, for it is the chief injustice as between white and colored men with which we have to deal,--an injustice which the law already makes illegal and punishable,--how shall we meet the matter of intimidation? As I have already said, the door of the suffrage is everywhere legally open to the Negro, but a certain sort of Southerner bars the passage-way. He stands there and, law or no law, keeps out many Negroes who might vote; and he represents in most parts of the South the prevailing public opinion.

Shall we meet this situation by force? What force is available? Shall the North go down and fight the South? You and I know that the North to-day has no feeling but friendship for the South. More than that--and I say it with all seriousness, because it represents what I have heard wherever I have gone in the North to make inquiries regarding the Negro problem--the North, wrongly or rightly, is to-day more than half convinced that the South is right in imposing some measure of limitation upon the franchise. There is now, in short, no disposition anywhere in the North to interfere in internal affairs in the South--not even with the force of public opinion.

What other force, then, is to be invoked? Shall the Negro revolt? Shall he migrate? Shall he prosecute his case in the courts? The very asking of these questions suggests the inevitable reply.

We might as well, here and now, dismiss the idea of force, express or implied. There are times of last resort which call for force; but this is not such a time.

What other alternatives are there?

Accepting the laws as they are, then, there are two methods of procedure, neither sensational nor exciting. I have no quick cure to suggest, but only old and tried methods of commonplace growth.

The underlying causes of the trouble in the country being plainly ignorance and prejudice, we must meet ignorance and prejudice with their antidotes, education and association.

Every effort should be made to extend free education among both Negroes and white people. A great extension of education is now going forward in the South. The Negro is not by any means getting his full share; but, as certainly as sunshine makes things grow, education in the South will produce tolerance. That there is already such a growing tolerance no one who has talked with the leading white men in the South can doubt. The old fire-eating, Negro-baiting leaders of the Tillman-Vardaman type are swiftly passing away: a far better and broader group is coming into power.

In his last book, Mr. Edgar Gardner Murphy, of Alabama, expresses this new point of view when he says,--

'There is no question here as to the unrestricted admission [to the ballot] of the great masses of our ignorant and semi-ignorant blacks. I know no advocate of such admission. But the question is as to whether the individuals of the race, upon conditions or restrictions legally imposed and fairly administered, shall be admitted to adequate and increasing representation in the electorate. And as that question is more seriously and more generally considered, many of the leading publicists of the South, I am glad to say, are quietly resolved that the answer shall be in the affirmative.'

From an able Southern white man, a resident of New Orleans, I received recently a letter containing these words:--

'I believe we have reached the bottom, and a sort of quiescent period. I think it most likely that from now on there will be a gradual increase of the Negro vote. And I honestly believe that the less said about it, the surer the increase will be.'

Education--and by education I mean education of all sorts, industrial, professional, classical, in accordance with each man's talents--will not only produce breadth and tolerance, but will help to cure the apathy which now keeps so many thousands of both white men and Negroes from the polls: for it will show them that it is necessary for every man to exercise all the political rights within his reach. If he fails voluntarily to take advantage of the rights he already has, how shall he acquire more rights?

And as ignorance must be met by education, so prejudice must be met with its antidote, which is association. Democracy does not consist in mere voting, but in association, the spirit of common effort, of which the ballot is a mere visible expression. When we come to know one another we soon find that the points of likeness are much more numerous than the points of difference. And this human association for the common good, which is democracy, is difficult to bring about anywhere, whether among different classes of white people, or between white people and Negroes. As one of the leaders of the Negro race, Dr. Du Bois, has said,--

'Herein lies the tragedy of the age. Not that men are poor: all men know something of poverty. Not that men are wicked: who is good? Not that men are ignorant: what is truth? Nay, but that men know so little of each other.'

After the Atlanta riot I attended a number of conferences between leading white men and leading colored men. It is true those meetings bore evidence of awkwardness and embarrassment, for they were among the first of the sort to take place in the South, but they were none the less valuable. A white man told me after one of the meetings,--

'I did not know that there were any such sensible Negroes in the South.'

And a Negro told me that it was the first time in his life that he had ever heard a Southern white man reason in a friendly way with a Negro concerning their common difficulties.

More and more these associations of white and colored men, at certain points of contact, must and will come about. Already, in connection with various educational and business projects in the South, white and colored men meet on common grounds, and the way has been opened to a wider mutual understanding. And it is common enough now, where it was unheard of a few years ago, for both white men and Negroes to speak from the same platform in the South. I have attended a number of such meetings. Thus slowly--awkwardly, at first, for two centuries of prejudice are not immediately overcome--the white man and Negro will come to know one another, not merely as master and servant, but as co-workers. These things cannot be forced.

One reason why the white man and the Negro have not got together more rapidly in the South than they have, is because they have tried always to meet at the sorest points. When sensible people, who must live together whether or no, find that there are points at which they cannot agree, it is the part of wisdom to avoid these points, and to meet upon other and common interests. Upon no other terms, indeed, can a democracy exist, for in no imaginable future state will individuals cease to disagree with one another upon something less than half of all the problems of life.

'Here we all live together in a great country,' say the apostles of this view; 'let us all get together and develop it. Let the Negro do his best to educate himself, to own his own land, and to buy and sell with the white people in the fairest possible way.'

It is wonderful, indeed, how close together men who are stooping to a common task soon come.

Now, buying and selling, land ownership and common material pursuits, may not be the highest points of contact between man and man, but they are real points, and help to give men an idea of the worth of their fellows, white or black. How many times, in the South, I heard white men speak in high admiration of some Negro farmer who had been successful, or of some Negro blacksmith who was a worthy citizen, or of some Negro doctor who was a leader of his race.

It is curious, once a man (any man, white or black) learns to do his job well, how he finds himself in a democratic relationship with other men. I remember asking a prominent white citizen of a town in Central Georgia if he knew anything about Tuskegee. He said,--

'Yes: I had rather a curious experience last fall. I was building a hotel and couldn't get any one to do the plastering as I wanted it done. One day I saw two Negro plasterers at work in a new house that a friend of mine was building. I watched them for an hour. They seemed to know their trade. I invited them to come over and see me. They came, took the contract for my work, hired a white man to carry mortar at a dollar a day, and when they got through it was the best job of plastering in town. I found that they had learned their trade at Tuskegee. They averaged four dollars a day each in wages. We tried to get them to locate in our town, but they went back to school.'

When I was in Mississippi a prominent banker showed me his business letter-heads.

'Good job, isn't it?' he said. 'A Negro printer did it. He wrote to me asking if he might bid on my work. I replied that although I had known him a long time I couldn't give him the job merely because he was a Negro. He told me to forget his color, and said that if he couldn't do as good a job and do it as reasonably as any white man could, he didn't want it. I let him try, and now he does most of our printing.'

Out of such points of contact, then, encouraged by such wise leaders as Booker T. Washington, will grow an ever finer and finer spirit of association and of common and friendly knowledge. And that will inevitably lead to an extension upon the soundest possible basis of the Negro franchise. I know cases where white men have urged intelligent Negroes to come and cast their ballots, and have stood sponsor for them, out of genuine respect. As a result, to-day, the Negroes who vote in the South are, as a class, men of substance and intelligence, fully equal to the tasks of citizenship.

Thus, I have boundless confidence not only in the sense of the white men of the South, but in the innate capability of the Negro, and that once these two come really to know each other, not at sore points of contact, but as common workers for a common country, the question of suffrage will gradually solve itself along the lines of true democracy.

Another influence also will tend to change the status of the Negro as a voter. That is the pending break-up of the political solidarity of the South. All the signs point to a political realignment upon new issues in this country, both South and North. Old party names may even pass away. And that break-up, with the attendant struggle for votes, is certain to bring into politics thousands of Negroes and white men now disfranchised. The result of a real division on live issues has been shown in many local contests in the South, as in the fight against the saloons, when every qualified Negro voter, and every Negro who could qualify, was eagerly pushed forward by one side or the other. With such a division on new issues the Negro will tend to exercise more and more political power, dividing, not on the color line, but on the principles at stake.

Thus in spite of the difficulties which now confront the Negro, I cannot but look upon the situation in a spirit of optimism. I think sometimes we are tempted to set a higher value upon the ritual of a belief than upon the spirit which underlies it. The ballot is not democracy: it is merely the symbol or ritual of democracy, and it may be full of passionate social, yes, even religious significance, or it may be a mere empty and dangerous formalism. What we should look to, then, primarily, is not the shadow, but the substance of democracy in this country. Nor must we look for results too swiftly; our progress toward democracy is slow of growth and needs to be cultivated with patience and watered with faith.

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF SOURCES ----------

SOJOURNER TRUTH, THE LIBYAN SIBYL by Harriet Beecher Stowe Atlantic Monthly 11 (April 1863): 473-481.

RECONSTRUCTION by Frederick Douglass Atlantic Monthly 18 (1866): 761-765.

AN APPEAL TO CONGRESS FOR IMPARTIAL SUFFRAGE by Frederick Douglas Atlantic Monthly 19 (Jan. 1867): 112-117.

THE NEGRO EXODUS by James B. Runnion Atlantic Monthly 44 (1879): 222-230.

MY ESCAPE FROM SLAVERY by Frederick Douglass The Century Illustrated Magazine 23, n.s. 1 (Nov. 1881): 125-131.

THE GOOPHERED GRAPEVINE by Charles W. Chesnutt Atlantic Monthly 60 (Aug. 1887): 254-260.

PO' SANDY by Charles W. Chesnutt Atlantic Monthly 61 (1888): 605-611.

DAVE'S NECKLISS by Charles W. Chesnutt Atlantic Monthly 64 (1889): 500-08.

THE AWAKENING OF THE NEGRO by Booker T. Washington Atlantic Monthly 78 (1896): 322-328.

THE STORY OF UNCLE TOM'S CABIN by Charles Dudley Warner Atlantic Monthly 78 (1896): 311-321.

STRIVINGS OF THE NEGRO PEOPLE by W. E. Burghardt Du Bois Atlantic Monthly 80 (1897): 194-198.

THE WIFE OF HIS YOUTH by Charles W. Chesnutt Atlantic Monthly 82 (1898): 55-61.

THE BOUQUET by Charles W. Chesnutt Atlantic Monthly 84 (1899): 648-654.

THE CASE OF THE NEGRO by Booker T. Washington Atlantic Monthly 84 (1899): 577-587.

HOT-FOOT HANNIBAL by Charles W. Chesnutt Atlantic Monthly 83 (1899): 49-56.

A NEGRO SCHOOLMASTER IN THE NEW SOUTH by W. E. Burghardt Du Bois Atlantic Monthly 83 (1899): 99-104.

THE CAPTURE OF A SLAVER by J. Taylor Wood Atlantic Monthly 86 (1900): 451-463.

MR. CHARLES W. CHESNUTT'S STORIES by W. D. Howells Atlantic Monthly 85 (1900): 699-701.

PATHS OF HOPE FOR THE NEGRO PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS OF A SOUTHERNER by Jerome Dowd Century Magazine 61.2 (Dec. 1900): 278-281.

SIGNS OF PROGRESS AMONG THE NEGROES by Booker T. Washington Century Magazine 59 (1900): 472-478.

THE MARCH OF PROGRESS by Charles W. Chesnutt Century Magazine 61.3 (Jan. 1901): 422-428.

THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU by W. E. Burghardt Du Bois Atlantic Monthly 87 (1901): 354-365.

OF THE TRAINING OF BLACK MEN by W. E. Burghardt Du Bois Atlantic Monthly 90 (1902): 289-297.

THE FRUITS OF INDUSTRIAL TRAINING by Booker T. Washington Atlantic Monthly 92 (1903): 453-462.

THE NEGRO IN THE REGULAR ARMY by Oswald Garrison Villard Atlantic Monthly 91 (1903): 721-729.

BAXTER'S PROCRUSTES by Charles W. Chesnutt Atlantic Monthly 93 (1904): 823-830.

THE HEART OF THE RACE PROBLEM by Quincy Ewing Atlantic Monthly 103 (1909): 389-397.

NEGRO SUFFRAGE IN A DEMOCRACY by Ray Stannard Baker Atlantic Monthly 106 (1910): 612-619.

==========

My Bondage and My Freedom

Frederick Douglass

Project Gutenberg Release: July 02, 2008 · eBook #202

MY BONDAGE and MY FREEDOM

By Frederick Douglass

By a principle essential to Christianity, a PERSON is eternally differenced from a THING; so that the idea of a HUMAN BEING, necessarily excludes the idea of PROPERTY IN THAT BEING. —COLERIDGE

Entered according to Act of Congress in 1855 by Frederick Douglass in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Northern District of New York

TO HONORABLE GERRIT SMITH, AS A SLIGHT TOKEN OF ESTEEM FOR HIS CHARACTER, ADMIRATION FOR HIS GENIUS AND BENEVOLENCE, AFFECTION FOR HIS PERSON, AND GRATITUDE FOR HIS FRIENDSHIP, AND AS A Small but most Sincere Acknowledgement of HIS PRE-EMINENT SERVICES IN BEHALF OF THE RIGHTS AND LIBERTIES OF AN AFFLICTED, DESPISED AND DEEPLY OUTRAGED PEOPLE, BY RANKING SLAVERY WITH PIRACY AND MURDER, AND BY DENYING IT EITHER A LEGAL OR CONSTITUTIONAL EXISTENCE, This Volume is Respectfully Dedicated, BY HIS FAITHFUL AND FIRMLY ATTACHED FRIEND,

FREDERICK DOUGLAS. ROCHESTER, N.Y.

CONTENTS

MY BONDAGE and MY FREEDOM EDITOR'S PREFACE INTRODUCTION

CHAPTER I. _Childhood_ CHAPTER II. _Removed from My First Home_ CHAPTER III. _Parentage_ CHAPTER IV. _A General Survey of the Slave Plantation_ CHAPTER V. _Gradual Initiation to the Mysteries of Slavery_ CHAPTER VI. _Treatment of Slaves on Lloyd's Plantation_ CHAPTER VII. _Life in the Great House_ CHAPTER VIII. _A Chapter of Horrors_ CHAPTER IX. _Personal Treatment_ CHAPTER X. _Life in Baltimore_ CHAPTER XI. _"A Change Came O'er the Spirit of My Dream"_ CHAPTER XII. _Religious Nature Awakened_ CHAPTER XIII. _The Vicissitudes of Slave Life_ CHAPTER XIV. _Experience in St. Michael's_ CHAPTER XV. _Covey, the Negro Breaker_ CHAPTER XVI. _Another Pressure of the Tyrant's Vice_ CHAPTER XVII. _The Last Flogging_ CHAPTER XVIII. _New Relations and Duties_ CHAPTER XIX. _The Run-Away Plot_ CHAPTER XX. _Apprenticeship Life_ CHAPTER XXI. _My Escape from Slavery_

LIFE as a FREEMAN CHAPTER XXII. _Liberty Attained_ CHAPTER XXIII. _Introduced to the Abolitionists_ CHAPTER XXIV. _Twenty-One Months in Great Britain_ CHAPTER XXV. _Various Incidents_

RECEPTION SPEECH [10]. At Finsbury Chapel, Moorfields, England, May 12, Dr. Campbell's Reply LETTER TO HIS OLD MASTER. [11]. To My Old Master, Thomas Auld THE NATURE OF SLAVERY. Extract from a Lecture on Slavery, at Rochester, INHUMANITY OF SLAVERY. Extract from A Lecture on Slavery, at Rochester, WHAT TO THE SLAVE IS THE FOURTH OF JULY?. Extract from an Oration, at THE INTERNAL SLAVE TRADE. Extract from an Oration, at Rochester, July THE SLAVERY PARTY. Extract from a Speech Delivered before the A. A. S. THE ANTI-SLAVERY MOVEMENT. Extracts from a Lecture before Various

FOOTNOTES

MY BONDAGE and MY FREEDOM

EDITOR'S PREFACE

If the volume now presented to the public were a mere work of ART, the history of its misfortune might be written in two very simple words—TOO LATE. The nature and character of slavery have been subjects of an almost endless variety of artistic representation;

and after the brilliant achievements in that field, and while those achievements are yet fresh in the memory of the million, he who would add another to the legion, must possess the charm of transcendent excellence, or apologize for something worse than rashness. The reader is, therefore, assured, with all due promptitude, that his attention is not invited to a work of ART, but to a work of FACTS—Facts, terrible and almost incredible, it may be yet FACTS, nevertheless.

I am authorized to say that there is not a fictitious name nor place in the whole volume; but that names and places are literally given, and that every transaction therein described actually transpired.

Perhaps the best Preface to this volume is furnished in the following letter of Mr. Douglass, written in answer to my urgent solicitation for such a work:

ROCHESTER, N. Y. _July_ 2, 1855.

DEAR FRIEND: I have long entertained, as you very well know, a somewhat positive repugnance to writing or speaking anything for the public, which could, with any degree of plausibilty, make me liable to the imputation of seeking personal notoriety, for its own sake. Entertaining that feeling very sincerely, and permitting its control, perhaps, quite unreasonably, I have often refused to narrate my personal experience in public anti-slavery meetings, and in sympathizing circles, when urged to do so by friends, with whose views and wishes, ordinarily, it were a pleasure to comply. In my letters and speeches, I have generally aimed to discuss the question of Slavery in the light of fundamental principles, and upon facts, notorious and open to all; making, I trust, no more of the fact of my own former enslavement, than circumstances seemed absolutely to require. I have never placed my opposition to slavery on a basis so narrow as my own enslavement, but rather upon the indestructible and unchangeable laws of human nature, every one of which is perpetually and flagrantly violated by the slave system. I have also felt that it was best for those having histories worth the writing—or supposed to be so—to commit such work to hands other than their own. To write of one's self, in such a manner as not to incur the imputation of weakness, vanity, and egotism, is a work within the ability of but few; and I have little reason to believe that I belong to that fortunate few.

These considerations caused me to hesitate, when first you kindly urged me to prepare for publication a full account of my life as a slave, and my life as a freeman.

Nevertheless, I see, with you, many reasons for regarding my autobiography as exceptional in its character, and as being, in some sense, naturally beyond the reach of those reproaches which honorable and sensitive minds dislike to incur. It is not to illustrate any heroic achievements of a man, but to vindicate a just and beneficent principle, in its application to the whole human family, by letting in the light of truth upon a system, esteemed by some as a blessing, and by others as a curse and a crime. I agree with you, that this system is now at the bar of public opinion—not only of this country, but of the whole civilized world—for judgment. Its friends have made for it the usual plea—"not guilty;" the case must, therefore, proceed. Any facts, either from slaves, slaveholders, or by-standers, calculated to enlighten the public mind, by revealing the true nature, character, and tendency of the slave system, are in order, and can scarcely be innocently withheld.

I see, too, that there are special reasons why I should write my own biography, in preference to employing another to do it. Not only is slavery on trial, but unfortunately, the enslaved people are also on trial. It is alleged, that they are, naturally, inferior; that they are _so low_ in the scale of humanity, and so utterly stupid, that they are unconscious of their wrongs, and do not apprehend their rights. Looking, then, at your request, from this stand-point, and wishing everything of which you think me capable to go to the benefit of my afflicted people, I part with my doubts and hesitation, and proceed to furnish you the desired manuscript; hoping that you may be able to make such arrangements for its publication as shall be best adapted to accomplish that good which you so enthusiastically anticipate.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS

There was little necessity for doubt and hesitation on the part of Mr. Douglass, as to the propriety of his giving to the world a full account of himself. A man who was born and brought up in slavery, a living witness of its horrors; who often himself experienced its cruelties; and who, despite the depressing influences surrounding his birth, youth and manhood, has risen, from a dark and almost absolute obscurity, to the distinguished position which he now occupies, might very well assume the existence of a commendable curiosity, on the part of the public, to know the facts of his remarkable history.

EDITOR

INTRODUCTION

When a man raises himself from the lowest condition in society to the highest, mankind pay him the tribute of their admiration; when he accomplishes this elevation by native energy, guided by prudence and wisdom, their admiration is increased; but when his course, onward and upward, excellent in itself, furthermore proves a possible, what had hitherto been regarded as an impossible, reform, then he becomes a burning and a shining light, on which the aged may look with gladness, the young with hope, and the down-trodden, as a representative of what they may themselves become. To such a man, dear reader, it is my privilege to introduce you.

The life of Frederick Douglass, recorded in the pages which follow, is not merely an example of self-elevation under the most adverse circumstances; it is, moreover, a noble vindication of the highest aims of the American anti-slavery movement. The real object of that movement is not only to disenthrall, it is, also, to bestow upon the Negro the exercise of all those rights, from the possession of which he has been so long debarred.

But this full recognition of the colored man to the right, and the entire admission of the same to the full privileges, political, religious and social, of manhood, requires powerful effort on the part of the enthralled, as well as on the part of those who would disenthrall them. The people at large must feel the conviction, as well as admit the abstract logic, of human equality; the Negro, for the first time in the world's history, brought in full contact with high civilization, must prove his title first to all that is demanded for him; in the teeth of unequal chances, he must prove himself equal to the mass of those who oppress him—therefore, absolutely superior to his apparent fate, and to their relative ability. And it is most cheering to the friends of freedom, today, that evidence of this equality is rapidly accumulating, not from the ranks of the half-freed colored people of the free states, but from the very depths of slavery itself; the indestructible equality of man to man is demonstrated by the ease with which black men, scarce one remove from barbarism—if slavery can be honored with such a distinction—vault into the high places of the most advanced and painfully acquired civilization. Ward and Garnett, Wells Brown and Pennington, Loguen and Douglass, are banners on the outer wall, under which abolition is fighting its most successful battles, because they are living exemplars of the practicability of the most radical abolitionism; for, they were all of them born to the doom of slavery, some of them remained slaves until adult age, yet they all have not only won equality to their white fellow citizens, in civil, religious, political and social rank, but they have also illustrated and adorned our common country by their genius, learning and eloquence.

The characteristics whereby Mr. Douglass has won first rank among these remarkable men, and is still rising toward highest rank among living Americans, are abundantly laid bare in the book before us. Like the autobiography of Hugh Miller, it carries us so far back into early childhood, as to throw light upon the question, "when positive and persistent memory begins in the human being." And, like Hugh Miller, he must have been a shy old-fashioned child, occasionally oppressed by what he could not well account for, peering and poking about among the layers of right and wrong, of tyrant and thrall, and the wonderfulness of that hopeless tide of things which brought power to one race, and unrequited toil to another, until, finally, he stumbled upon his "first-found Ammonite," hidden away down in the depths of his own nature, and which revealed to him the fact that liberty and right, for all men, were anterior to slavery and wrong. When his knowledge of the world was bounded by the visible horizon on Col. Lloyd's plantation, and while every thing around him bore a fixed, iron stamp, as if it had always been so, this was, for one so young, a notable discovery.

To his uncommon memory, then, we must add a keen and accurate insight into men and things; an original breadth of common sense which enabled him to see, and weigh, and compare whatever passed before him, and which kindled a desire to search out and define their relations to other things not so patent, but which never succumbed to the marvelous nor the supernatural; a sacred thirst for liberty and for learning, first as a means of attaining liberty, then as an end in itself most desirable; a will; an unfaltering energy and determination to obtain what his soul pronounced desirable; a majestic self-hood; determined courage; a deep and agonizing sympathy with his embruted, crushed and bleeding fellow slaves, and an extraordinary depth of passion, together with that rare alliance between passion and intellect, which enables the former, when deeply roused, to excite, develop and sustain the latter.

With these original gifts in view, let us look at his schooling; the fearful discipline through which it pleased God to prepare him for the high calling on which he has since entered—the advocacy of emancipation by the people who are not slaves. And for this special mission, his plantation education was better than any he could have acquired in any lettered school. What he needed, was facts and experiences, welded to acutely wrought up sympathies, and these he could not elsewhere have obtained, in a manner so peculiarly adapted to his nature. His physical being was well trained, also, running wild until advanced into boyhood; hard work and light diet, thereafter, and a skill in handicraft in youth.

For his special mission, then, this was, considered in connection with his natural gifts, a good schooling; and, for his special mission, he doubtless “left school” just at the proper moment. Had he remained longer in slavery—had he fretted under bonds until the ripening of manhood and its passions, until the drear agony of slave-wife and slave-children had been piled upon his already bitter experiences—then, not only would his own history have had another termination, but the drama of American slavery would have been essentially varied; for I cannot resist the belief, that the boy who learned to read and write as he did, who taught his fellow slaves these precious acquirements as he did, who plotted for their mutual escape as he did, would, when a man at bay, strike a blow which would make slavery reel and stagger. Furthermore, blows and insults he bore, at the moment, without resentment; deep but suppressed emotion rendered him insensible to their sting; but it was afterward, when the memory of them went seething through his brain, breeding a fiery indignation at his injured self-hood, that the resolve came to resist, and the time fixed when to resist, and the plot laid, how to resist; and he always kept his self-pledged word. In what he undertook, in this line, he looked fate in the face, and had a cool, keen look at the relation of means to ends. Henry Bibb, to avoid chastisement, strewed his master’s bed with charmed leaves and _was whipped_. Frederick Douglass quietly pocketed a like _fetiche_, compared his muscles with those of Covey—and _whipped him_.

In the history of his life in bondage, we find, well developed, that inherent and continuous energy of character which will ever render him distinguished. What his hand found to do, he did with his might; even while conscious that he was wronged out of his daily earnings, he worked, and worked hard. At his daily labor he went with a will; with keen, well set eye, brawny chest, lithe figure, and fair sweep of arm, he would have been king among calkers, had that been his mission.

It must not be overlooked, in this glance at his education, that Mr. Douglass lacked one aid to which so many men of mark have been deeply indebted—he had neither a mother’s care, nor a mother’s culture, save that which slavery grudgingly meted out to him. Bitter nurse! may not even her features relax with human feeling, when she gazes at such offspring! How susceptible he was to the kindly influences of mother-culture, may be gathered from his own words, on page 57: “It has been a life-long standing grief to me, that I know so little of my mother, and that I was so early separated from her. The counsels of her love must have been beneficial to me. The side view of her face is imaged on my memory, and I take few steps in life, without feeling her presence; but the image is mute, and I have no striking words of hers treasured up.”

From the depths of chattel slavery in Maryland, our author escaped into the caste-slavery of the north, in New Bedford, Massachusetts. Here he found oppression assuming another, and hardly less bitter, form; of that very handicraft which the greed of slavery had taught him, his half-freedom denied him the exercise for an honest living; he found himself one of a class—free colored men—whose position he has described in the following words:

“Aliens are we in our native land. The fundamental principles of the republic, to which the humblest white man, whether born here or elsewhere, may appeal with confidence, in the hope of awakening a favorable response, are held to be inapplicable to us. The glorious doctrines of your revolutionary fathers, and the more glorious teachings of the Son of God, are construed and applied against us. We are literally scourged beyond the beneficent range of both authorities, human and divine. * * * * American humanity hates us, scorns us, disowns and denies, in a thousand ways, our very personality. The outspread wing of American christianity, apparently broad enough to give shelter to a perishing world, refuses to cover us. To us, its bones are brass, and its features iron. In running thither for shelter and succor, we have only fled from the hungry blood-hound to the devouring wolf—from a corrupt and selfish world, to a hollow and hypocritical church.”—_Speech before American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, May_, 1854.

Four years or more, from 1837 to 1841, he struggled on, in New Bedford, sawing wood, rolling casks, or doing what labor he might, to support himself and young family; four years he brooded over the scars which slavery and semi-slavery had inflicted upon his body and soul; and then, with his wounds yet unhealed, he fell among the Garrisonians—a glorious waif to those most ardent reformers. It happened one day, at Nantucket, that he, diffidently and reluctantly, was led to address an anti-slavery meeting. He was about the age when the younger Pitt entered the House of Commons; like Pitt, too, he stood up a born orator.

William Lloyd Garrison, who was happily present, writes thus of Mr. Douglass’ maiden effort; “I shall never forget his first speech at the convention—the extraordinary emotion it excited in my own mind—the powerful impression it created upon a crowded auditory, completely taken by surprise. * * * I think I never hated slavery so intensely as at that moment; certainly, my perception of the enormous outrage which is inflicted by it on the godlike nature of its victims, was rendered far more clear than ever. There stood one in physical proportions and stature commanding and exact—in intellect richly endowed—in natural eloquence a prodigy.” 1

It is of interest to compare Mr. Douglass's account of this meeting with Mr. Garrison's. Of the two, I think the latter the most correct. It must have been a grand burst of eloquence! The pent up agony, indignation and pathos of an abused and harrowed boyhood and youth, bursting out in all their freshness and overwhelming earnestness!

This unique introduction to its great leader, led immediately to the employment of Mr. Douglass as an agent by the American Anti-Slavery Society. So far as his self-relying and independent character would permit, he became, after the strictest sect, a Garrisonian. It is not too much to say, that he formed a complement which they needed, and they were a complement equally necessary to his "make-up." With his deep and keen sensitiveness to wrong, and his wonderful memory, he came from the land of bondage full of its woes and its evils, and painting them in characters of living light; and, on his part, he found, told out in sound Saxon phrase, all those principles of justice and right and liberty, which had dimly brooded over the dreams of his youth, seeking definite forms and verbal expression. It must have been an electric flashing of thought, and a knitting of soul, granted to but few in this life, and will be a life-long memory to those who participated in it. In the society, moreover, of Wendell Phillips, Edmund Quincy, William Lloyd Garrison, and other men of earnest faith and refined culture, Mr. Douglass enjoyed the high advantage of their assistance and counsel in the labor of self-culture, to which he now addressed himself with wonted energy. Yet, these gentlemen, although proud of Frederick Douglass, failed to fathom, and bring out to the light of day, the highest qualities of his mind; the force of their own education stood in their own way: they did not delve into the mind of a colored man for capacities which the pride of race led them to believe to be restricted to their own Saxon blood. Bitter and vindictive sarcasm, irresistible mimicry, and a pathetic narrative of his own experiences of slavery, were the intellectual manifestations which they encouraged him to exhibit on the platform or in the lecture desk.

A visit to England, in 1845, threw Mr. Douglass among men and women of earnest souls and high culture, and who, moreover, had never drank of the bitter waters of American caste. For the first time in his life, he breathed an atmosphere congenial to the longings of his spirit, and felt his manhood free and unrestricted. The cordial and manly greetings of the British and Irish audiences in public, and the refinement and elegance of the social circles in which he mingled, not only as an equal, but as a recognized man of genius, were, doubtless, genial and pleasant resting places in his hitherto thorny and troubled journey through life. There are joys on the earth, and, to the wayfaring fugitive from American slavery or American caste, this is one of them.

But his sojourn in England was more than a joy to Mr. Douglass. Like the platform at Nantucket, it awakened him to the consciousness of new powers that lay in him. From the pupilage of Garrisonism he rose to the dignity of a teacher and a thinker; his opinions on the broader aspects of the great American question were earnestly and incessantly sought, from various points of view, and he must, perforce, bestir himself to give suitable answer. With that prompt and truthful perception which has led their sisters in all ages of the world to gather at the feet and support the hands of reformers, the gentlewomen of England 2 were foremost to encourage and strengthen him to carve out for himself a path fitted to his powers and energies, in the life-battle against slavery and caste to which he was pledged. And one stirring thought, inseparable from the British idea of the evangel of freedom, must have smote his ear from every side—

Hereditary bondmen! know ye not Who would be free, themselves mast strike the blow?

The result of this visit was, that on his return to the United States, he established a newspaper. This proceeding was sorely against the wishes and the advice of the leaders of the American Anti-Slavery Society, but our author had fully grown up to the conviction of a truth which they had once promulged, but now forgotten, to wit: that in their own elevation—self-elevation—colored men have a blow to strike "on their own hook," against slavery and caste. Differing from his Boston friends in this matter, diffident in his own abilities, reluctant at their dissuadings, how beautiful is the loyalty with which he still clung to their principles in all things else, and even in this.

Now came the trial hour. Without cordial support from any large body of men or party on this side the Atlantic, and too far distant in space and immediate interest to expect much more, after the much already done, on the other side, he stood up, almost alone, to the arduous labor and heavy expenditure of editor and lecturer. The Garrison party, to which he still adhered, did not want a _colored_ newspaper—there was an odor of _caste_ about it; the Liberty party could hardly be expected to give warm support to a man who smote their principles as with a hammer; and the wide gulf which separated the free colored people from the Garrisonians, also separated them from their brother, Frederick Douglass.

The arduous nature of his labors, from the date of the establishment of his paper, may be estimated by the fact, that anti-slavery papers in the United States, even while organs of, and when supported by, anti-slavery parties, have, with a single exception, failed

to pay expenses. Mr. Douglass has maintained, and does maintain, his paper without the support of any party, and even in the teeth of the opposition of those from whom he had reason to expect counsel and encouragement. He has been compelled, at one and the same time, and almost constantly, during the past seven years, to contribute matter to its columns as editor, and to raise funds for its support as lecturer. It is within bounds to say, that he has expended twelve thousand dollars of his own hard earned money, in publishing this paper, a larger sum than has been contributed by any one individual for the general advancement of the colored people. There had been many other papers published and edited by colored men, beginning as far back as 1827, when the Rev. Samuel E. Cornish and John B. Russworm (a graduate of Bowdoin college, and afterward Governor of Cape Palmas) published the _Freedom's Journal_, in New York City; probably not less than one hundred newspaper enterprises have been started in the United States, by free colored men, born free, and some of them of liberal education and fair talents for this work; but, one after another, they have fallen through, although, in several instances, anti-slavery friends contributed to their support. 3 It had almost been given up, as an impracticable thing, to maintain a colored newspaper, when Mr. Douglass, with fewest early advantages of all his competitors, essayed, and has proved the thing perfectly practicable, and, moreover, of great public benefit. This paper, in addition to its power in holding up the hands of those to whom it is especially devoted, also affords irrefutable evidence of the justice, safety and practicability of Immediate Emancipation; it further proves the immense loss which slavery inflicts on the land while it dooms such energies as his to the hereditary degradation of slavery.

It has been said in this Introduction, that Mr. Douglass had raised himself by his own efforts to the highest position in society. As a successful editor, in our land, he occupies this position. Our editors rule the land, and he is one of them. As an orator and thinker, his position is equally high, in the opinion of his countrymen. If a stranger in the United States would seek its most distinguished men—the movers of public opinion—he will find their names mentioned, and their movements chronicled, under the head of "BY MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH," in the daily papers. The keen caterers for the public attention, set down, in this column, such men only as have won high mark in the public esteem. During the past winter—1854-5—very frequent mention of Frederick Douglass was made under this head in the daily papers; his name glided as often—this week from Chicago, next week from Boston—over the lightning wires, as the name of any other man, of whatever note. To no man did the people more widely nor more earnestly say, _"Tell me thy thought!"_ And, somehow or other, revolution seemed to follow in his wake. His were not the mere words of eloquence which Kossuth speaks of, that delight the ear and then pass away. No! They were _work_-able, _do_-able words, that brought forth fruits in the revolution in Illinois, and in the passage of the franchise resolutions by the Assembly of New York.

And the secret of his power, what is it? He is a Representative American man—a type of his countrymen. Naturalists tell us that a full grown man is a resultant or representative of all animated nature on this globe; beginning with the early embryo state, then representing the lowest forms of organic life, 4 and passing through every subordinate grade or type, until he reaches the last and highest—manhood. In like manner, and to the fullest extent, has Frederick Douglass passed through every gradation of rank comprised in our national make-up, and bears upon his person and upon his soul every thing that is American. And he has not only full sympathy with every thing American; his proclivity or bent, to active toil and visible progress, are in the strictly national direction, delighting to outstrip "all creation."

Nor have the natural gifts, already named as his, lost anything by his severe training. When unexcited, his mental processes are probably slow, but singularly clear in perception, and wide in vision, the unfailing memory bringing up all the facts in their every aspect; incongruities he lays hold of incontinently, and holds up on the edge of his keen and telling wit. But this wit never descends to frivolity; it is rigidly in the keeping of his truthful common sense, and always used in illustration or proof of some point which could not so readily be reached any other way. "Beware of a Yankee when he is feeding," is a shaft that strikes home in a matter never so laid bare by satire before. "The Garrisonian views of disunion, if carried to a successful issue, would only place the people of the north in the same relation to American slavery which they now bear to the slavery of Cuba or the Brazils," is a statement, in a few words, which contains the result and the evidence of an argument which might cover pages, but could not carry stronger conviction, nor be stated in less pregnable form. In proof of this, I may say, that having been submitted to the attention of the Garrisonians in print, in March, it was repeated before them at their business meeting in May—the platform, _par excellence_, on which they invite free fight, _a l'outrance_, to all comers. It was given out in the clear, ringing tones, wherewith the hall of shields was wont to resound of old, yet neither Garrison, nor Phillips, nor May, nor Remond, nor Foster, nor Burleigh, with his subtle steel of "the ice brook's temper," ventured to break a lance upon it! The doctrine of the dissolution of the Union, as a means for the abolition of American slavery, was silenced upon the lips that gave it birth, and in the presence of an array of defenders who compose the keenest intellects in the land.

“The man who is right is a majority” is an aphorism struck out by Mr. Douglass in that great gathering of the friends of freedom, at Pittsburgh, in 1852, where he towered among the highest, because, with abilities inferior to none, and moved more deeply than any, there was neither policy nor party to trammel the outpourings of his soul. Thus we find, opposed to all disadvantages which a black man in the United States labors and struggles under, is this one vantage ground—when the chance comes, and the audience where he may have a say, he stands forth the freest, most deeply moved and most earnest of all men.

It has been said of Mr. Douglass, that his descriptive and declamatory powers, admitted to be of the very highest order, take precedence of his logical force. Whilst the schools might have trained him to the exhibition of the formulas of deductive logic, nature and circumstances forced him into the exercise of the higher faculties required by induction. The first ninety pages of this “Life in Bondage,” afford specimens of observing, comparing, and careful classifying, of such superior character, that it is difficult to believe them the results of a child’s thinking; he questions the earth, and the children and the slaves around him again and again, and finally looks to _“God in the sky”_ for the why and the wherefore of the unnatural thing, slavery. _“Yes, if indeed thou art, wherefore dost thou suffer us to be slain?”_ is the only prayer and worship of the God-forsaken Dodos in the heart of Africa. Almost the same was his prayer. One of his earliest observations was that white children should know their ages, while the colored children were ignorant of theirs; and the songs of the slaves grated on his inmost soul, because a something told him that harmony in sound, and music of the spirit, could not consociate with miserable degradation.

To such a mind, the ordinary processes of logical deduction are like proving that two and two make four. Mastering the intermediate steps by an intuitive glance, or recurring to them as Ferguson resorted to geometry, it goes down to the deeper relation of things, and brings out what may seem, to some, mere statements, but which are new and brilliant generalizations, each resting on a broad and stable basis. Thus, Chief Justice Marshall gave his decisions, and then told Brother Story to look up the authorities—and they never differed from him. Thus, also, in his “Lecture on the Anti-Slavery Movement,” delivered before the Rochester Ladies’ Anti-Slavery Society, Mr. Douglass presents a mass of thought, which, without any showy display of logic on his part, requires an exercise of the reasoning faculties of the reader to keep pace with him. And his “Claims of the Negro Ethnologically Considered,” is full of new and fresh thoughts on the dawning science of race-history.

If, as has been stated, his intellection is slow, when unexcited, it is most prompt and rapid when he is thoroughly aroused. Memory, logic, wit, sarcasm, invective pathos and bold imagery of rare structural beauty, well up as from a copious fountain, yet each in its proper place, and contributing to form a whole, grand in itself, yet complete in the minutest proportions. It is most difficult to hedge him in a corner, for his positions are taken so deliberately, that it is rare to find a point in them undefended aforethought. Professor Reason tells me the following: “On a recent visit of a public nature, to Philadelphia, and in a meeting composed mostly of his colored brethren, Mr. Douglass proposed a comparison of views in the matters of the relations and duties of ‘our people;’ he holding that prejudice was the result of condition, and could be conquered by the efforts of the degraded themselves. A gentleman present, distinguished for logical acumen and subtlety, and who had devoted no small portion of the last twenty-five years to the study and elucidation of this very question, held the opposite view, that prejudice is innate and unconquerable. He terminated a series of well dove-tailed, Socratic questions to Mr. Douglass, with the following: ‘If the legislature at Harrisburgh should awaken, to-morrow morning, and find each man’s skin turned black and his hair woolly, what could they do to remove prejudice?’ ‘Immediately pass laws entitling black men to all civil, political and social privileges,’ was the instant reply—and the questioning ceased.”

The most remarkable mental phenomenon in Mr. Douglass, is his style in writing and speaking. In March, 1855, he delivered an address in the assembly chamber before the members of the legislature of the state of New York. An eye witness 5 describes the crowded and most intelligent audience, and their rapt attention to the speaker, as the grandest scene he ever witnessed in the capitol. Among those whose eyes were riveted on the speaker full two hours and a half, were Thurlow Weed and Lieutenant Governor Raymond; the latter, at the conclusion of the address, exclaimed to a friend, “I would give twenty thousand dollars, if I could deliver that address in that manner.” Mr. Raymond is a first class graduate of Dartmouth, a rising politician, ranking foremost in the legislature; of course, his ideal of oratory must be of the most polished and finished description.

The style of Mr. Douglass in writing, is to me an intellectual puzzle. The strength, affluence and terseness may easily be accounted for, because the style of a man is the man; but how are we to account for that rare polish in his style of writing, which, most critically examined, seems the result of careful early culture among the best classics of our language; it equals if it does not surpass the style of Hugh Miller, which was the wonder of the British literary public, until he unraveled the mystery in the most interesting of autobiographies. But Frederick Douglass was still calking the seams of Baltimore clippers, and had only written a “pass,” at the age when Miller’s style was already formed.

I asked William Whipper, of Pennsylvania, the gentleman alluded to above, whether he thought Mr. Douglass's power inherited from the Negroid, or from what is called the Caucasian side of his make up? After some reflection, he frankly answered, "I must admit, although sorry to do so, that the Caucasian predominates." At that time, I almost agreed with him; but, facts narrated in the first part of this work, throw a different light on this interesting question.

We are left in the dark as to who was the paternal ancestor of our author; a fact which generally holds good of the Romuluses and Remuses who are to inaugurate the new birth of our republic. In the absence of testimony from the Caucasian side, we must see what evidence is given on the other side of the house.

"My grandmother, though advanced in years, * * * was yet a woman of power and spirit. She was marvelously straight in figure, elastic and muscular." (p. 46.)

After describing her skill in constructing nets, her perseverance in using them, and her wide-spread fame in the agricultural way he adds, "It happened to her—as it will happen to any careful and thrifty person residing in an ignorant and improvident neighborhood—to enjoy the reputation of being born to good luck." And his grandmother was a black woman.

"My mother was tall, and finely proportioned; of deep black, glossy complexion; had regular features; and among other slaves was remarkably sedate in her manners." "Being a field hand, she was obliged to walk twelve miles and return, between nightfall and daybreak, to see her children" (p. 54.) "I shall never forget the indescribable expression of her countenance when I told her that I had had no food since morning. * * * There was pity in her glance at me, and a fiery indignation at Aunt Katy at the same time; * * * * she read Aunt Katy a lecture which she never forgot." (p. 56.) "I learned after my mother's death, that she could read, and that she was the _only_ one of all the slaves and colored people in Tuckahoe who enjoyed that advantage. How she acquired this knowledge, I know not, for Tuckahoe is the last place in the world where she would be apt to find facilities for learning." (p. 57.) "There is, in _Prichard's Natural History of Man_, the head of a figure—on page 157—the features of which so resemble those of my mother, that I often recur to it with something of the feeling which I suppose others experience when looking upon the pictures of dear departed ones." (p. 52.)

The head alluded to is copied from the statue of Ramses the Great, an Egyptian king of the nineteenth dynasty. The authors of the _Types of Mankind_ give a side view of the same on page 148, remarking that the profile, "like Napoleon's, is superbly European!" The nearness of its resemblance to Mr. Douglass' mother rests upon the evidence of his memory, and judging from his almost marvelous feats of recollection of forms and outlines recorded in this book, this testimony may be admitted.

These facts show that for his energy, perseverance, eloquence, invective, sagacity, and wide sympathy, he is indebted to his Negro blood. The very marvel of his style would seem to be a development of that other marvel—how his mother learned to read. The versatility of talent which he wields, in common with Dumas, Ira Aldridge, and Miss Greenfield, would seem to be the result of the grafting of the Anglo-Saxon on good, original, Negro stock. If the friends of "Caucasus" choose to claim, for that region, what remains after this analysis—to wit: combination—they are welcome to it. They will forgive me for reminding them that the term "Caucasian" is dropped by recent writers on Ethnology; for the people about Mount Caucasus, are, and have ever been, Mongols. The great "white race" now seek paternity, according to Dr. Pickering, in Arabia—"Arida Nutrix" of the best breed of horses &c. Keep on, gentlemen; you will find yourselves in Africa, by-and-by. The Egyptians, like the Americans, were a _mixed race_, with some Negro blood circling around the throne, as well as in the mud hovels.

This is the proper place to remark of our author, that the same strong self-hood, which led him to measure strength with Mr. Covey, and to wrench himself from the embrace of the Garrisonians, and which has borne him through many resistances to the personal indignities offered him as a colored man, sometimes becomes a hyper-sensitiveness to such assaults as men of his mark will meet with, on paper. Keen and unscrupulous opponents have sought, and not unsuccessfully, to pierce him in this direction; for well they know, that if assailed, he will smite back.

It is not without a feeling of pride, dear reader, that I present you with this book. The son of a self-emancipated bond-woman, I feel joy in introducing to you my brother, who has rent his own bonds, and who, in his every relation—as a public man, as a husband and as a father—is such as does honor to the land which gave him birth. I shall place this book in the hands of the only child spared me, bidding him to strive and emulate its noble example. You may do likewise. It is an American book, for Americans, in the fullest sense of the idea. It shows that the worst of our institutions, in its worst aspect, cannot keep down energy, truthfulness, and earnest struggle for the right. It proves the justice and practicability of Immediate Emancipation. It shows that any man in our land, "no matter in what battle his liberty may have been cloven down, * * * * no matter what complexion an Indian or an African sun may

have burned upon him," not only may "stand forth redeemed and disenthralled," but may also stand up a candidate for the highest suffrage of a great people—the tribute of their honest, hearty admiration. Reader, _Vale! New York_

JAMES M'CUNE SMITH

CHAPTER I. _Childhood_

PLACE OF BIRTH—CHARACTER OF THE DISTRICT—TUCKAHOE—ORIGIN OF THE NAME—CHOPTANK RIVER—TIME OF BIRTH—GENEALOGICAL TREES—MODE OF COUNTING TIME—NAMES OF GRANDPARENTS—THEIR POSITION—GRANDMOTHER ESPECIALLY ESTEEMED—"BORN TO GOOD LUCK"—SWEET POTATOES—SUPERSTITION—THE LOG CABIN—ITS CHARMS—SEPARATING CHILDREN—MY AUNTS—THEIR NAMES—FIRST KNOWLEDGE OF BEING A SLAVE—OLD MASTER—GRIEFS AND JOYS OF CHILDHOOD—COMPARATIVE HAPPINESS OF THE SLAVE-BOY AND THE SON OF A SLAVEHOLDER.

In Talbot county, Eastern Shore, Maryland, near Easton, the county town of that county, there is a small district of country, thinly populated, and remarkable for nothing that I know of more than for the worn-out, sandy, desert-like appearance of its soil, the general dilapidation of its farms and fences, the indigent and spiritless character of its inhabitants, and the prevalence of ague and fever.

The name of this singularly unpromising and truly famine stricken district is Tuckahoe, a name well known to all Marylanders, black and white. It was given to this section of country probably, at the first, merely in derision; or it may possibly have been applied to it, as I have heard, because some one of its earlier inhabitants had been guilty of the petty meanness of stealing a hoe—or taking a hoe that did not belong to him. Eastern Shore men usually pronounce the word _took_, as _tuck; Took-a-hoe_, therefore, is, in Maryland parlance, _Tuckahoe_. But, whatever may have been its origin—and about this I will not be positive—that name has stuck to the district in question; and it is seldom mentioned but with contempt and derision, on account of the barrenness of its soil, and the ignorance, indolence, and poverty of its people. Decay and ruin are everywhere visible, and the thin population of the place would have quitted it long ago, but for the Choptank river, which runs through it, from which they take abundance of shad and herring, and plenty of ague and fever.

It was in this dull, flat, and unthrifty district, or neighborhood, surrounded by a white population of the lowest order, indolent and drunken to a proverb, and among slaves, who seemed to ask, _"Oh! what's the use?"_ every time they lifted a hoe, that I—without any fault of mine was born, and spent the first years of my childhood.

The reader will pardon so much about the place of my birth, on the score that it is always a fact of some importance to know where a man is born, if, indeed, it be important to know anything about him. In regard to the _time_ of my birth, I cannot be as definite as I have been respecting the _place_. Nor, indeed, can I impart much knowledge concerning my parents. Genealogical trees do not flourish among slaves. A person of some consequence here in the north, sometimes designated _father_, is literally abolished in slave law and slave practice. It is only once in a while that an exception is found to this statement. I never met with a slave who could tell me how old he was. Few slave-mothers know anything of the months of the year, nor of the days of the month. They keep no family records, with marriages, births, and deaths. They measure the ages of their children by spring time, winter time, harvest time, planting time, and the like; but these soon become undistinguishable and forgotten. Like other slaves, I cannot tell how old I am. This destitution was among my earliest troubles. I learned when I grew up, that my master—and this is the case with masters generally—allowed no questions to be put to him, by which a slave might learn his age. Such questions deemed evidence of impatience, and even of impudent curiosity. From certain events, however, the dates of which I have since learned, I suppose myself to have been born about the year 1817.

The first experience of life with me that I now remember—and I remember it but hazily—began in the family of my grandmother and grandfather. Betsey and Isaac Baily. They were quite advanced in life, and had long lived on the spot where they then resided. They were considered old settlers in the neighborhood, and, from certain circumstances, I infer that my grandmother, especially, was held in high esteem, far higher than is the lot of most colored persons in the slave states. She was a good nurse, and a capital hand at making nets for catching shad and herring; and these nets were in great demand, not only in Tuckahoe, but at Denton and Hillsboro, neighboring villages. She was not only good at making the nets, but was also somewhat famous for her good fortune in taking the fishes referred to. I have known her to be in the water half the day. Grandmother was likewise more provident than most of her neighbors in the preservation of seedling sweet potatoes, and it happened to her—as it will happen to any careful and thrifty

person residing in an ignorant and improvident community—to enjoy the reputation of having been born to “good luck.” Her “good luck” was owing to the exceeding care which she took in preventing the succulent root from getting bruised in the digging, and in placing it beyond the reach of frost, by actually burying it under the hearth of her cabin during the winter months. In the time of planting sweet potatoes, “Grandmother Betty,” as she was familiarly called, was sent for in all directions, simply to place the seedling potatoes in the hills; for superstition had it, that if “Grandmamma Betty but touches them at planting, they will be sure to grow and flourish.” This high reputation was full of advantage to her, and to the children around her. Though Tuckahoe had but few of the good things of life, yet of such as it did possess grandmother got a full share, in the way of presents. If good potato crops came after her planting, she was not forgotten by those for whom she planted; and as she was remembered by others, so she remembered the hungry little ones around her.

The dwelling of my grandmother and grandfather had few pretensions. It was a log hut, or cabin, built of clay, wood, and straw. At a distance it resembled—though it was smaller, less commodious and less substantial—the cabins erected in the western states by the first settlers. To my child’s eye, however, it was a noble structure, admirably adapted to promote the comforts and conveniences of its inmates. A few rough, Virginia fence-rails, flung loosely over the rafters above, answered the triple purpose of floors, ceilings, and bedsteads. To be sure, this upper apartment was reached only by a ladder—but what in the world for climbing could be better than a ladder? To me, this ladder was really a high invention, and possessed a sort of charm as I played with delight upon the rounds of it. In this little hut there was a large family of children: I dare not say how many. My grandmother—whether because too old for field service, or because she had so faithfully discharged the duties of her station in early life, I know not—enjoyed the high privilege of living in a cabin, separate from the quarter, with no other burden than her own support, and the necessary care of the little children, imposed. She evidently esteemed it a great fortune to live so. The children were not her own, but her grandchildren—the children of her daughters. She took delight in having them around her, and in attending to their few wants. The practice of separating children from their mother, and hiring the latter out at distances too great to admit of their meeting, except at long intervals, is a marked feature of the cruelty and barbarity of the slave system. But it is in harmony with the grand aim of slavery, which, always and everywhere, is to reduce man to a level with the brute. It is a successful method of obliterating from the mind and heart of the slave, all just ideas of the sacredness of _the family_, as an institution.

Most of the children, however, in this instance, being the children of my grandmother’s daughters, the notions of family, and the reciprocal duties and benefits of the relation, had a better chance of being understood than where children are placed—as they often are in the hands of strangers, who have no care for them, apart from the wishes of their masters. The daughters of my grandmother were five in number. Their names were JENNY, ESTHER, MILLY, PRISCILLA, and HARRIET. The daughter last named was my mother, of whom the reader shall learn more by-and-by.

Living here, with my dear old grandmother and grandfather, it was a long time before I knew myself to be _a slave_. I knew many other things before I knew that. Grandmother and grandfather were the greatest people in the world to me; and being with them so snugly in their own little cabin—I supposed it be their own—knowing no higher authority over me or the other children than the authority of grandmamma, for a time there was nothing to disturb me; but, as I grew larger and older, I learned by degrees the sad fact, that the “little hut,” and the lot on which it stood, belonged not to my dear old grandparents, but to some person who lived a great distance off, and who was called, by grandmother, “OLD MASTER.” I further learned the sadder fact, that not only the house and lot, but that grandmother herself, (grandfather was free,) and all the little children around her, belonged to this mysterious personage, called by grandmother, with every mark of reverence, “Old Master.” Thus early did clouds and shadows begin to fall upon my path. Once on the track—troubles never come singly—I was not long in finding out another fact, still more grievous to my childish heart. I was told that this “old master,” whose name seemed ever to be mentioned with fear and shuddering, only allowed the children to live with grandmother for a limited time, and that in fact as soon as they were big enough, they were promptly taken away, to live with the said “old master.” These were distressing revelations indeed; and though I was quite too young to comprehend the full import of the intelligence, and mostly spent my childhood days in gleesome sports with the other children, a shade of disquiet rested upon me.

The absolute power of this distant “old master” had touched my young spirit with but the point of its cold, cruel iron, and left me something to brood over after the play and in moments of repose. Grandmammy was, indeed, at that time, all the world to me; and the thought of being separated from her, in any considerable time, was more than an unwelcome intruder. It was intolerable.

Children have their sorrows as well as men and women; and it would be well to remember this in our dealings with them. SLAVE-children _are_ children, and prove no exceptions to the general rule. The liability to be separated from my grandmother, seldom or never to see her again, haunted me. I dreaded the thought of going to live with that mysterious “old master,” whose name

I never heard mentioned with affection, but always with fear. I look back to this as among the heaviest of my childhood's sorrows. My grandmother! my grandmother! and the little hut, and the joyous circle under her care, but especially _she_, who made us sorry when she left us but for an hour, and glad on her return,—how could I leave her and the good old home?

But the sorrows of childhood, like the pleasures of after life, are transient. It is not even within the power of slavery to write _indelible_ sorrow, at a single dash, over the heart of a child.

The tear down childhood's cheek that flows, Is like the dew-drop on the rose— When next the summer breeze comes by, And waves the bush—the flower is dry.

There is, after all, but little difference in the measure of contentment felt by the slave-child neglected and the slaveholder's child cared for and petted. The spirit of the All Just mercifully holds the balance for the young.

The slaveholder, having nothing to fear from impotent childhood, easily affords to refrain from cruel inflictions; and if cold and hunger do not pierce the tender frame, the first seven or eight years of the slave-boy's life are about as full of sweet content as those of the most favored and petted _white_ children of the slaveholder. The slave-boy escapes many troubles which befall and vex his white brother. He seldom has to listen to lectures on propriety of behavior, or on anything else. He is never chided for handling his little knife and fork improperly or awkwardly, for he uses none. He is never reprimanded for soiling the table-cloth, for he takes his meals on the clay floor. He never has the misfortune, in his games or sports, of soiling or tearing his clothes, for he has almost none to soil or tear. He is never expected to act like a nice little gentleman, for he is only a rude little slave. Thus, freed from all restraint, the slave-boy can be, in his life and conduct, a genuine boy, doing whatever his boyish nature suggests; enacting, by turns, all the strange antics and freaks of horses, dogs, pigs, and barn-door fowls, without in any manner compromising his dignity, or incurring reproach of any sort. He literally runs wild; has no pretty little verses to learn in the nursery; no nice little speeches to make for aunts, uncles, or cousins, to show how smart he is; and, if he can only manage to keep out of the way of the heavy feet and fists of the older slave boys, he may trot on, in his joyous and roguish tricks, as happy as any little heathen under the palm trees of Africa. To be sure, he is occasionally reminded, when he stumbles in the path of his master—and this he early learns to avoid—that he is eating his _"white bread,"_ and that he will be made to _"see sights"_ by-and-by. The threat is soon forgotten; the shadow soon passes, and our sable boy continues to roll in the dust, or play in the mud, as bests suits him, and in the veriest freedom. If he feels uncomfortable, from mud or from dust, the coast is clear; he can plunge into the river or the pond, without the ceremony of undressing, or the fear of wetting his clothes; his little tow-linen shirt—for that is all he has on—is easily dried; and it needed ablution as much as did his skin. His food is of the coarsest kind, consisting for the most part of cornmeal mush, which often finds it way from the wooden tray to his mouth in an oyster shell. His days, when the weather is warm, are spent in the pure, open air, and in the bright sunshine. He always sleeps in airy apartments; he seldom has to take powders, or to be paid to swallow pretty little sugar-coated pills, to cleanse his blood, or to quicken his appetite. He eats no candies; gets no lumps of loaf sugar; always relishes his food; cries but little, for nobody cares for his crying; learns to esteem his bruises but slight, because others so esteem them. In a word, he is, for the most part of the first eight years of his life, a spirited, joyous, uproarious, and happy boy, upon whom troubles fall only like water on a duck's back. And such a boy, so far as I can now remember, was the boy whose life in slavery I am now narrating.

CHAPTER II. _Removed from My First Home_

THE NAME "OLD MASTER" A TERROR—COLONEL LLOYD'S PLANTATION—WYE RIVER—WHENCE ITS NAME—POSITION OF THE LLOYDS—HOME ATTRACTION—MEET OFFERING—JOURNEY FROM TUCKAHOE TO WYE RIVER—SCENE ON REACHING OLD MASTER'S—DEPARTURE OF GRANDMOTHER—STRANGE MEETING OF SISTERS AND BROTHERS—REFUSAL TO BE COMFORTED—SWEET SLEEP.

That mysterious individual referred to in the first chapter as an object of terror among the inhabitants of our little cabin, under the ominous title of "old master," was really a man of some consequence. He owned several farms in Tuckahoe; was the chief clerk and butler on the home plantation of Col. Edward Lloyd; had overseers on his own farms; and gave directions to overseers on the farms belonging to Col. Lloyd. This plantation is situated on Wye river—the river receiving its name, doubtless, from Wales, where the Lloyds originated. They (the Lloyds) are an old and honored family in Maryland, exceedingly wealthy. The home plantation, where they have resided, perhaps for a century or more, is one of the largest, most fertile, and best appointed, in the state.

About this plantation, and about that queer old master—who must be something more than a man, and something worse than an angel—the reader will easily imagine that I was not only curious, but eager, to know all that could be known. Unhappily for me, however, all the information I could get concerning him increased my great dread of being carried thither—of being separated from and deprived of the protection of my grandmother and grandfather. It was, evidently, a great thing to go to Col. Lloyd's; and I was not without a little curiosity to see the place; but no amount of coaxing could induce in me the wish to remain there. The fact is, such was my dread of leaving the little cabin, that I wished to remain little forever, for I knew the taller I grew the shorter my stay. The old cabin, with its rail floor and rail bedsteads upstairs, and its clay floor downstairs, and its dirt chimney, and windowless sides, and that most curious piece of workmanship dug in front of the fireplace, beneath which grandmammy placed the sweet potatoes to keep them from the frost, was MY HOME—the only home I ever had; and I loved it, and all connected with it. The old fences around it, and the stumps in the edge of the woods near it, and the squirrels that ran, skipped, and played upon them, were objects of interest and affection. There, too, right at the side of the hut, stood the old well, with its stately and skyward-pointing beam, so aptly placed between the limbs of what had once been a tree, and so nicely balanced that I could move it up and down with only one hand, and could get a drink myself without calling for help. Where else in the world could such a well be found, and where could such another home be met with? Nor were these all the attractions of the place. Down in a little valley, not far from grandmammy's cabin, stood Mr. Lee's mill, where the people came often in large numbers to get their corn ground. It was a watermill; and I never shall be able to tell the many things thought and felt, while I sat on the bank and watched that mill, and the turning of that ponderous wheel. The mill-pond, too, had its charms; and with my pinhook, and thread line, I could get _nibbles_, if I could catch no fish. But, in all my sports and plays, and in spite of them, there would, occasionally, come the painful foreboding that I was not long to remain there, and that I must soon be called away to the home of old master.

I was A SLAVE—born a slave and though the fact was incomprehensible to me, it conveyed to my mind a sense of my entire dependence on the will of _somebody_ I had never seen; and, from some cause or other, I had been made to fear this somebody above all else on earth. Born for another's benefit, as the _firstling_ of the cabin flock I was soon to be selected as a meet offering to the fearful and inexorable _demigod_, whose huge image on so many occasions haunted my childhood's imagination. When the time of my departure was decided upon, my grandmother, knowing my fears, and in pity for them, kindly kept me ignorant of the dreaded event about to transpire. Up to the morning (a beautiful summer morning) when we were to start, and, indeed, during the whole journey—a journey which, child as I was, I remember as well as if it were yesterday—she kept the sad fact hidden from me. This reserve was necessary; for, could I have known all, I should have given grandmother some trouble in getting me started. As it was, I was helpless, and she—dear woman!—led me along by the hand, resisting, with the reserve and solemnity of a priestess, all my inquiring looks to the last.

The distance from Tuckahoe to Wye river—where my old master lived—was full twelve miles, and the walk was quite a severe test of the endurance of my young legs. The journey would have proved too severe for me, but that my dear old grandmother—blessings on her memory!—afforded occasional relief by "toting" me (as Marylanders have it) on her shoulder. My grandmother, though advanced in years—as was evident from more than one gray hair, which peeped from between the ample and graceful folds of her newly-ironed bandana turban—was yet a woman of power and spirit. She was marvelously straight in figure, elastic, and muscular. I seemed hardly to be a burden to her. She would have "toted" me farther, but that I felt myself too much of a man to allow it, and insisted on walking. Releasing dear grandmamma from carrying me, did not make me altogether independent of her, when we happened to pass through portions of the somber woods which lay between Tuckahoe and Wye river. She often found me increasing the energy of my grip, and holding her clothing, lest something should come out of the woods and eat me up. Several old logs and stumps imposed upon me, and got themselves taken for wild beasts. I could see their legs, eyes, and ears, or I could see something like eyes, legs, and ears, till I got close enough to them to see that the eyes were knots, washed white with rain, and the legs were broken limbs, and the ears, only ears owing to the point from which they were seen. Thus early I learned that the point from which a thing is viewed is of some importance.

As the day advanced the heat increased; and it was not until the afternoon that we reached the much dreaded end of the journey. I found myself in the midst of a group of children of many colors; black, brown, copper colored, and nearly white. I had not seen so many children before. Great houses loomed up in different directions, and a great many men and women were at work in the fields. All this hurry, noise, and singing was very different from the stillness of Tuckahoe. As a new comer, I was an object of special interest; and, after laughing and yelling around me, and playing all sorts of wild tricks, they (the children) asked me to go out and play with them. This I refused to do, preferring to stay with grandmamma. I could not help feeling that our being there boded no good to me. Grandmamma looked sad. She was soon to lose another object of affection, as she had lost many before. I knew she was unhappy, and the shadow fell from her brow on me, though I knew not the cause.

All suspense, however, must have an end; and the end of mine, in this instance, was at hand. Affectionately patting me on the head, and exhorting me to be a good boy, grandmamma told me to go and play with the little children. “They are kin to you,” said she; “go and play with them.” Among a number of cousins were Phil, Tom, Steve, and Jerry, Nance and Betty.

Grandmother pointed out my brother PERRY, my sister SARAH, and my sister ELIZA, who stood in the group. I had never seen my brother nor my sisters before; and, though I had sometimes heard of them, and felt a curious interest in them, I really did not understand what they were to me, or I to them. We were brothers and sisters, but what of that? Why should they be attached to me, or I to them? Brothers and sisters we were by blood; but _slavery_ had made us strangers. I heard the words brother and sisters, and knew they must mean something; but slavery had robbed these terms of their true meaning. The experience through which I was passing, they had passed through before. They had already been initiated into the mysteries of old master’s domicile, and they seemed to look upon me with a certain degree of compassion; but my heart clave to my grandmother. Think it not strange, dear reader, that so little sympathy of feeling existed between us. The conditions of brotherly and sisterly feeling were wanting—we had never nestled and played together. My poor mother, like many other slave-women, had many _children_, but NO FAMILY! The domestic hearth, with its holy lessons and precious endearments, is abolished in the case of a slave-mother and her children. “Little children, love one another,” are words seldom heard in a slave cabin.

I really wanted to play with my brother and sisters, but they were strangers to me, and I was full of fear that grandmother might leave without taking me with her. Entreated to do so, however, and that, too, by my dear grandmother, I went to the back part of the house, to play with them and the other children. _Play_, however, I did not, but stood with my back against the wall, witnessing the playing of the others. At last, while standing there, one of the children, who had been in the kitchen, ran up to me, in a sort of roguish glee, exclaiming, “Fed, Fed! grandmammy gone! grandmammy gone!” I could not believe it; yet, fearing the worst, I ran into the kitchen, to see for myself, and found it even so. Grandmammy had indeed gone, and was now far away, “clean” out of sight. I need not tell all that happened now. Almost heart-broken at the discovery, I fell upon the ground, and wept a boy’s bitter tears, refusing to be comforted. My brother and sisters came around me, and said, “Don’t cry,” and gave me peaches and pears, but I flung them away, and refused all their kindly advances. I had never been deceived before; and I felt not only grieved at parting—as I supposed forever—with my grandmother, but indignant that a trick had been played upon me in a matter so serious.

It was now late in the afternoon. The day had been an exciting and wearisome one, and I knew not how or where, but I suppose I sobbed myself to sleep. There is a healing in the angel wing of sleep, even for the slave-boy; and its balm was never more welcome to any wounded soul than it was to mine, the first night I spent at the domicile of old master. The reader may be surprised that I narrate so minutely an incident apparently so trivial, and which must have occurred when I was not more than seven years old; but as I wish to give a faithful history of my experience in slavery, I cannot withhold a circumstance which, at the time, affected me so deeply. Besides, this was, in fact, my first introduction to the realities of slavery.

CHAPTER III. _Parentage_

MY FATHER SHROUDED IN MYSTERY—MY MOTHER—HER PERSONAL APPEARANCE—INTERFERENCE OF SLAVERY WITH THE NATURAL AFFECTIONS OF MOTHER AND CHILDREN—SITUATION OF MY MOTHER—HER NIGHTLY VISITS TO HER BOY—STRIKING INCIDENT—HER DEATH—HER PLACE OF BURIAL.

If the reader will now be kind enough to allow me time to grow bigger, and afford me an opportunity for my experience to become greater, I will tell him something, by-and-by, of slave life, as I saw, felt, and heard it, on Col. Edward Lloyd’s plantation, and at the house of old master, where I had now, despite of myself, most suddenly, but not unexpectedly, been dropped. Meanwhile, I will redeem my promise to say something more of my dear mother.

I say nothing of _father_, for he is shrouded in a mystery I have never been able to penetrate. Slavery does away with fathers, as it does away with families. Slavery has no use for either fathers or families, and its laws do not recognize their existence in the social arrangements of the plantation. When they _do_ exist, they are not the outgrowths of slavery, but are antagonistic to that system. The order of civilization is reversed here. The name of the child is not expected to be that of its father, and his condition does not necessarily affect that of the child. He may be the slave of Mr. Tilgman; and his child, when born, may be the slave of Mr. Gross. He may be a _freeman;_ and yet his child may be a _chattel_. He may be white, glorying in the purity of his Anglo-Saxon blood; and his child may be ranked with the blackest slaves. Indeed, he _may_ be, and often _is_, master and father to the same child. He can be father without being a husband, and may sell his child without incurring reproach, if the child be by a woman in whose veins

courses one thirty-second part of African blood. My father was a white man, or nearly white. It was sometimes whispered that my master was my father.

But to return, or rather, to begin. My knowledge of my mother is very scanty, but very distinct. Her personal appearance and bearing are ineffaceably stamped upon my memory. She was tall, and finely proportioned; of deep black, glossy complexion; had regular features, and, among the other slaves, was remarkably sedate in her manners. There is in _Prichard's Natural History of Man_, the head of a figure—on page 157—the features of which so resemble those of my mother, that I often recur to it with something of the feeling which I suppose others experience when looking upon the pictures of dear departed ones.

Yet I cannot say that I was very deeply attached to my mother; certainly not so deeply as I should have been had our relations in childhood been different. We were separated, according to the common custom, when I was but an infant, and, of course, before I knew my mother from any one else.

The germs of affection with which the Almighty, in his wisdom and mercy, arms the hopeless infant against the ills and vicissitudes of his lot, had been directed in their growth toward that loving old grandmother, whose gentle hand and kind deportment it was in the first effort of my infantile understanding to comprehend and appreciate. Accordingly, the tenderest affection which a beneficent Father allows, as a partial compensation to the mother for the pains and lacerations of her heart, incident to the maternal relation, was, in my case, diverted from its true and natural object, by the envious, greedy, and treacherous hand of slavery. The slave-mother can be spared long enough from the field to endure all the bitterness of a mother's anguish, when it adds another name to a master's ledger, but _not_ long enough to receive the joyous reward afforded by the intelligent smiles of her child. I never think of this terrible interference of slavery with my infantile affections, and its diverting them from their natural course, without feelings to which I can give no adequate expression.

I do not remember to have seen my mother at my grandmother's at any time. I remember her only in her visits to me at Col. Lloyd's plantation, and in the kitchen of my old master. Her visits to me there were few in number, brief in duration, and mostly made in the night. The pains she took, and the toil she endured, to see me, tells me that a true mother's heart was hers, and that slavery had difficulty in paralyzing it with unmotherly indifference.

My mother was hired out to a Mr. Stewart, who lived about twelve miles from old master's, and, being a field hand, she seldom had leisure, by day, for the performance of the journey. The nights and the distance were both obstacles to her visits. She was obliged to walk, unless chance flung into her way an opportunity to ride; and the latter was sometimes her good luck. But she always had to walk one way or the other. It was a greater luxury than slavery could afford, to allow a black slave-mother a horse or a mule, upon which to travel twenty-four miles, when she could walk the distance. Besides, it is deemed a foolish whim for a slave-mother to manifest concern to see her children, and, in one point of view, the case is made out—she can do nothing for them. She has no control over them; the master is even more than the mother, in all matters touching the fate of her child. Why, then, should she give herself any concern? She has no responsibility. Such is the reasoning, and such the practice. The iron rule of the plantation, always passionately and violently enforced in that neighborhood, makes flogging the penalty of failing to be in the field before sunrise in the morning, unless special permission be given to the absenting slave. "I went to see my child," is no excuse to the ear or heart of the overseer.

One of the visits of my mother to me, while at Col. Lloyd's, I remember very vividly, as affording a bright gleam of a mother's love, and the earnestness of a mother's care.

"I had on that day offended "Aunt Katy," (called "Aunt" by way of respect,) the cook of old master's establishment. I do not now remember the nature of my offense in this instance, for my offenses were numerous in that quarter, greatly depending, however, upon the mood of Aunt Katy, as to their heinousness; but she had adopted, that day, her favorite mode of punishing me, namely, making me go without food all day—that is, from after breakfast. The first hour or two after dinner, I succeeded pretty well in keeping up my spirits; but though I made an excellent stand against the foe, and fought bravely during the afternoon, I knew I must be conquered at last, unless I got the accustomed reenforcement of a slice of corn bread, at sundown. Sundown came, but _no bread_, and, in its stead, their came the threat, with a scowl well suited to its terrible import, that she "meant to _starve the life out of me!"_ Brandishing her knife, she chopped off the heavy slices for the other children, and put the loaf away, muttering, all the while, her savage designs upon myself. Against this disappointment, for I was expecting that her heart would relent at last, I made an extra effort to maintain my dignity; but when I saw all the other children around me with merry and satisfied faces, I could stand it no longer. I went out behind the house, and cried like a fine fellow! When tired of this, I returned to the kitchen, sat by the fire, and

brooded over my hard lot. I was too hungry to sleep. While I sat in the corner, I caught sight of an ear of Indian corn on an upper shelf of the kitchen. I watched my chance, and got it, and, shelling off a few grains, I put it back again. The grains in my hand, I quickly put in some ashes, and covered them with embers, to roast them. All this I did at the risk of getting a brutual thumping, for Aunt Katy could beat, as well as starve me. My corn was not long in roasting, and, with my keen appetite, it did not matter even if the grains were not exactly done. I eagerly pulled them out, and placed them on my stool, in a clever little pile. Just as I began to help myself to my very dry meal, in came my dear mother. And now, dear reader, a scene occurred which was altogether worth beholding, and to me it was instructive as well as interesting. The friendless and hungry boy, in his extremest need—and when he did not dare to look for succor—found himself in the strong, protecting arms of a mother; a mother who was, at the moment (being endowed with high powers of manner as well as matter) more than a match for all his enemies. I shall never forget the indescribable expression of her countenance, when I told her that I had had no food since morning; and that Aunt Katy said she "meant to starve the life out of me." There was pity in her glance at me, and a fiery indignation at Aunt Katy at the same time; and, while she took the corn from me, and gave me a large ginger cake, in its stead, she read Aunt Katy a lecture which she never forgot. My mother threatened her with complaining to old master in my behalf; for the latter, though harsh and cruel himself, at times, did not sanction the meanness, injustice, partiality and oppressions enacted by Aunt Katy in the kitchen. That night I learned the fact, that I was, not only a child, but _somebody's_ child. The "sweet cake" my mother gave me was in the shape of a heart, with a rich, dark ring glazed upon the edge of it. I was victorious, and well off for the moment; prouder, on my mother's knee, than a king upon his throne. But my triumph was short. I dropped off to sleep, and waked in the morning only to find my mother gone, and myself left at the mercy of the sable virago, dominant in my old master's kitchen, whose fiery wrath was my constant dread.

I do not remember to have seen my mother after this occurrence. Death soon ended the little communication that had existed between us; and with it, I believe, a life judging from her weary, sad, down-cast countenance and mute demeanor—full of heartfelt sorrow. I was not allowed to visit her during any part of her long illness; nor did I see her for a long time before she was taken ill and died. The heartless and ghastly form of _slavery_ rises between mother and child, even at the bed of death. The mother, at the verge of the grave, may not gather her children, to impart to them her holy admonitions, and invoke for them her dying benediction. The bond-woman lives as a slave, and is left to die as a beast; often with fewer attentions than are paid to a favorite horse. Scenes of sacred tenderness, around the death-bed, never forgotten, and which often arrest the vicious and confirm the virtuous during life, must be looked for among the free, though they sometimes occur among the slaves. It has been a life-long, standing grief to me, that I knew so little of my mother; and that I was so early separated from her. The counsels of her love must have been beneficial to me. The side view of her face is imaged on my memory, and I take few steps in life, without feeling her presence; but the image is mute, and I have no striking words of her's treasured up.

I learned, after my mother's death, that she could read, and that she was the _only_ one of all the slaves and colored people in Tuckahoe who enjoyed that advantage. How she acquired this knowledge, I know not, for Tuckahoe is the last place in the world where she would be apt to find facilities for learning. I can, therefore, fondly and proudly ascribe to her an earnest love of knowledge. That a "field hand" should learn to read, in any slave state, is remarkable; but the achievement of my mother, considering the place, was very extraordinary; and, in view of that fact, I am quite willing, and even happy, to attribute any love of letters I possess, and for which I have got—despite of prejudices only too much credit, _not_ to my admitted Anglo-Saxon paternity, but to the native genius of my sable, unprotected, and uncultivated _mother_—a woman, who belonged to a race whose mental endowments it is, at present, fashionable to hold in disparagement and contempt.

Summoned away to her account, with the impassable gulf of slavery between us during her entire illness, my mother died without leaving me a single intimation of _who_ my father was. There was a whisper, that my master was my father; yet it was only a whisper, and I cannot say that I ever gave it credence. Indeed, I now have reason to think he was not; nevertheless, the fact remains, in all its glaring odiousness, that, by the laws of slavery, children, in all cases, are reduced to the condition of their mothers. This arrangement admits of the greatest license to brutal slaveholders, and their profligate sons, brothers, relations and friends, and gives to the pleasure of sin, the additional attraction of profit. A whole volume might be written on this single feature of slavery, as I have observed it.

One might imagine, that the children of such connections, would fare better, in the hands of their masters, than other slaves. The rule is quite the other way; and a very little reflection will satisfy the reader that such is the case. A man who will enslave his own blood, may not be safely relied on for magnanimity. Men do not love those who remind them of their sins unless they have a mind to repent—and the mulatto child's face is a standing accusation against him who is master and father to the child. What is still worse, perhaps, such a child is a constant offense to the wife. She hates its very presence, and when a slaveholding woman hates,

she wants not means to give that hate telling effect. Women—white women, I mean—are IDOLS at the south, not WIVES, for the slave women are preferred in many instances; and if these _idols_ but nod, or lift a finger, woe to the poor victim: kicks, cuffs and stripes are sure to follow. Masters are frequently compelled to sell this class of their slaves, out of deference to the feelings of their white wives; and shocking and scandalous as it may seem for a man to sell his own blood to the traffickers in human flesh, it is often an act of humanity toward the slave-child to be thus removed from his merciless tormentors.

It is not within the scope of the design of my simple story, to comment upon every phase of slavery not within my experience as a slave.

But, I may remark, that, if the lineal descendants of Ham are only to be enslaved, according to the scriptures, slavery in this country will soon become an unscriptural institution; for thousands are ushered into the world, annually, who—like myself—owe their existence to white fathers, and, most frequently, to their masters, and master's sons. The slave-woman is at the mercy of the fathers, sons or brothers of her master. The thoughtful know the rest.

After what I have now said of the circumstances of my mother, and my relations to her, the reader will not be surprised, nor be disposed to censure me, when I tell but the simple truth, viz: that I received the tidings of her death with no strong emotions of sorrow for her, and with very little regret for myself on account of her loss. I had to learn the value of my mother long after her death, and by witnessing the devotion of other mothers to their children.

There is not, beneath the sky, an enemy to filial affection so destructive as slavery. It had made my brothers and sisters strangers to me; it converted the mother that bore me, into a myth; it shrouded my father in mystery, and left me without an intelligible beginning in the world.

My mother died when I could not have been more than eight or nine years old, on one of old master's farms in Tuckahoe, in the neighborhood of Hillsborough. Her grave is, as the grave of the dead at sea, unmarked, and without stone or stake.

CHAPTER IV. _A General Survey of the Slave Plantation_

ISOLATION OF LLOYD S PLANTATION—PUBLIC OPINION THERE NO PROTECTION TO THE SLAVE—ABSOLUTE POWER OF THE OVERSEER—NATURAL AND ARTIFICIAL CHARMS OF THE PLACE—ITS BUSINESS-LIKE APPEARANCE—SUPERSTITION ABOUT THE BURIAL GROUND—GREAT IDEAS OF COL. LLOYD—ETIQUETTE AMONG SLAVES—THE COMIC SLAVE DOCTOR—PRAYING AND FLOGGING—OLD MASTER LOSING ITS TERRORS—HIS BUSINESS—CHARACTER OF AUNT KATY—SUFFERINGS FROM HUNGER—OLD MASTER'S HOME—JARGON OF THE PLANTATION—GUINEA SLAVES—MASTER DANIEL—FAMILY OF COL. LLOYD—FAMILY OF CAPT. ANTHONY—HIS SOCIAL POSITION—NOTIONS OF RANK AND STATION.

It is generally supposed that slavery, in the state of Maryland, exists in its mildest form, and that it is totally divested of those harsh and terrible peculiarities, which mark and characterize the slave system, in the southern and south-western states of the American union. The argument in favor of this opinion, is the contiguity of the free states, and the exposed condition of slavery in Maryland to the moral, religious and humane sentiment of the free states.

I am not about to refute this argument, so far as it relates to slavery in that state, generally; on the contrary, I am willing to admit that, to this general point, the arguments is well grounded. Public opinion is, indeed, an unfailing restraint upon the cruelty and barbarity of masters, overseers, and slave-drivers, whenever and wherever it can reach them; but there are certain secluded and out-of-the-way places, even in the state of Maryland, seldom visited by a single ray of healthy public sentiment—where slavery, wrapt in its own congenial, midnight darkness, _can_, and _does_, develop all its malign and shocking characteristics; where it can be indecent without shame, cruel without shuddering, and murderous without apprehension or fear of exposure.

Just such a secluded, dark, and out-of-the-way place, is the "home plantation" of Col. Edward Lloyd, on the Eastern Shore, Maryland. It is far away from all the great thoroughfares, and is proximate to no town or village. There is neither school-house, nor town-house in its neighborhood. The school-house is unnecessary, for there are no children to go to school. The children and grand-children of Col. Lloyd were taught in the house, by a private tutor—a Mr. Page a tall, gaunt sapling of a man, who did not speak a dozen words to a slave in a whole year. The overseers' children go off somewhere to school; and they, therefore, bring no foreign or dangerous influence from abroad, to embarrass the natural operation of the slave system of the place. Not even the mechanics—through whom there is an occasional out-burst of honest and telling indignation, at cruelty and wrong on other

plantations—are white men, on this plantation. Its whole public is made up of, and divided into, three classes—SLAVEHOLDERS, SLAVES and OVERSEERS. Its blacksmiths, wheelwrights, shoemakers, weavers, and coopers, are slaves. Not even commerce, selfish and iron-hearted at it is, and ready, as it ever is, to side with the strong against the weak—the rich against the poor—is trusted or permitted within its secluded precincts. Whether with a view of guarding against the escape of its secrets, I know not, but it is a fact, the every leaf and grain of the produce of this plantation, and those of the neighboring farms belonging to Col. Lloyd, are transported to Baltimore in Col. Lloyd's own vessels; every man and boy on board of which—except the captain—are owned by him. In return, everything brought to the plantation, comes through the same channel. Thus, even the glimmering and unsteady light of trade, which sometimes exerts a civilizing influence, is excluded from this "tabooed" spot.

Nearly all the plantations or farms in the vicinity of the "home plantation" of Col. Lloyd, belong to him; and those which do not, are owned by personal friends of his, as deeply interested in maintaining the slave system, in all its rigor, as Col. Lloyd himself. Some of his neighbors are said to be even more stringent than he. The Skinners, the Peakers, the Tilgmans, the Lockermans, and the Gipsons, are in the same boat; being slaveholding neighbors, they may have strengthened each other in their iron rule. They are on intimate terms, and their interests and tastes are identical.

Public opinion in such a quarter, the reader will see, is not likely to very efficient in protecting the slave from cruelty. On the contrary, it must increase and intensify his wrongs. Public opinion seldom differs very widely from public practice. To be a restraint upon cruelty and vice, public opinion must emanate from a humane and virtuous community. To no such humane and virtuous community, is Col. Lloyd's plantation exposed. That plantation is a little nation of its own, having its own language, its own rules, regulations and customs. The laws and institutions of the state, apparently touch it nowhere. The troubles arising here, are not settled by the civil power of the state. The overseer is generally accuser, judge, jury, advocate and executioner. The criminal is always dumb. The overseer attends to all sides of a case.

There are no conflicting rights of property, for all the people are owned by one man; and they can themselves own no property. Religion and politics are alike excluded. One class of the population is too high to be reached by the preacher; and the other class is too low to be cared for by the preacher. The poor have the gospel preached to them, in this neighborhood, only when they are able to pay for it. The slaves, having no money, get no gospel. The politician keeps away, because the people have no votes, and the preacher keeps away, because the people have no money. The rich planter can afford to learn politics in the parlor, and to dispense with religion altogether.

In its isolation, seclusion, and self-reliant independence, Col. Lloyd's plantation resembles what the baronial domains were during the middle ages in Europe. Grim, cold, and unapproachable by all genial influences from communities without, _there it stands;_ full three hundred years behind the age, in all that relates to humanity and morals.

This, however, is not the only view that the place presents. Civilization is shut out, but nature cannot be. Though separated from the rest of the world; though public opinion, as I have said, seldom gets a chance to penetrate its dark domain; though the whole place is stamped with its own peculiar, ironlike individuality; and though crimes, high-handed and atrocious, may there be committed, with almost as much impunity as upon the deck of a pirate ship—it is, nevertheless, altogether, to outward seeming, a most strikingly interesting place, full of life, activity, and spirit; and presents a very favorable contrast to the indolent monotony and languor of Tuckahoe. Keen as was my regret and great as was my sorrow at leaving the latter, I was not long in adapting myself to this, my new home. A man's troubles are always half disposed of, when he finds endurance his only remedy. I found myself here; there was no getting away; and what remained for me, but to make the best of it? Here were plenty of children to play with, and plenty of places of pleasant resort for boys of my age, and boys older. The little tendrils of affection, so rudely and treacherously broken from around the darling objects of my grandmother's hut, gradually began to extend, and to entwine about the new objects by which I now found myself surrounded.

There was a windmill (always a commanding object to a child's eye) on Long Point—a tract of land dividing Miles river from the Wye a mile or more from my old master's house. There was a creek to swim in, at the bottom of an open flat space, of twenty acres or more, called "the Long Green"—a very beautiful play-ground for the children.

In the river, a short distance from the shore, lying quietly at anchor, with her small boat dancing at her stern, was a large sloop—the Sally Lloyd; called by that name in honor of a favorite daughter of the colonel. The sloop and the mill were wondrous things, full of thoughts and ideas. A child cannot well look at such objects without _thinking_.

Then here were a great many houses; human habitations, full of the mysteries of life at every stage of it. There was the little red house, up the road, occupied by Mr. Sevier, the overseer. A little nearer to my old master's, stood a very long, rough, low building, literally alive with slaves, of all ages, conditions and sizes. This was called "the Longe Quarter." Perched upon a hill, across the Long Green, was a very tall, dilapidated, old brick building—the architectural dimensions of which proclaimed its erection for a different purpose—now occupied by slaves, in a similar manner to the Long Quarter. Besides these, there were numerous other slave houses and huts, scattered around in the neighborhood, every nook and corner of which was completely occupied. Old master's house, a long, brick building, plain, but substantial, stood in the center of the plantation life, and constituted one independent establishment on the premises of Col. Lloyd.

Besides these dwellings, there were barns, stables, store-houses, and tobacco-houses; blacksmiths' shops, wheelwrights' shops, coopers' shops—all objects of interest; but, above all, there stood the grandest building my eyes had then ever beheld, called, by every one on the plantation, the "Great House." This was occupied by Col. Lloyd and his family. They occupied it; _I_ enjoyed it. The great house was surrounded by numerous and variously shaped out-buildings. There were kitchens, wash-houses, dairies, summer-house, green-houses, hen-houses, turkey-houses, pigeon-houses, and arbors, of many sizes and devices, all neatly painted, and altogether interspersed with grand old trees, ornamental and primitive, which afforded delightful shade in summer, and imparted to the scene a high degree of stately beauty. The great house itself was a large, white, wooden building, with wings on three sides of it. In front, a large portico, extending the entire length of the building, and supported by a long range of columns, gave to the whole establishment an air of solemn grandeur. It was a treat to my young and gradually opening mind, to behold this elaborate exhibition of wealth, power, and vanity. The carriage entrance to the house was a large gate, more than a quarter of a mile distant from it; the intermediate space was a beautiful lawn, very neatly trimmed, and watched with the greatest care. It was dotted thickly over with delightful trees, shrubbery, and flowers. The road, or lane, from the gate to the great house, was richly paved with white pebbles from the beach, and, in its course, formed a complete circle around the beautiful lawn. Carriages going in and retiring from the great house, made the circuit of the lawn, and their passengers were permitted to behold a scene of almost Eden-like beauty. Outside this select inclosure, were parks, where as about the residences of the English nobility—rabbits, deer, and other wild game, might be seen, peering and playing about, with none to molest them or make them afraid. The tops of the stately poplars were often covered with the red-winged black-birds, making all nature vocal with the joyous life and beauty of their wild, warbling notes. These all belonged to me, as well as to Col. Edward Lloyd, and for a time I greatly enjoyed them.

A short distance from the great house, were the stately mansions of the dead, a place of somber aspect. Vast tombs, embowered beneath the weeping willow and the fir tree, told of the antiquities of the Lloyd family, as well as of their wealth. Superstition was rife among the slaves about this family burying ground. Strange sights had been seen there by some of the older slaves. Shrouded ghosts, riding on great black horses, had been seen to enter; balls of fire had been seen to fly there at midnight, and horrid sounds had been repeatedly heard. Slaves know enough of the rudiments of theology to believe that those go to hell who die slaveholders; and they often fancy such persons wishing themselves back again, to wield the lash. Tales of sights and sounds, strange and terrible, connected with the huge black tombs, were a very great security to the grounds about them, for few of the slaves felt like approaching them even in the day time. It was a dark, gloomy and forbidding place, and it was difficult to feel that the spirits of the sleeping dust there deposited, reigned with the blest in the realms of eternal peace.

The business of twenty or thirty farms was transacted at this, called, by way of eminence, "great house farm." These farms all belonged to Col. Lloyd, as did, also, the slaves upon them. Each farm was under the management of an overseer. As I have said of the overseer of the home plantation, so I may say of the overseers on the smaller ones; they stand between the slave and all civil constitutions—their word is law, and is implicitly obeyed.

The colonel, at this time, was reputed to be, and he apparently was, very rich. His slaves, alone, were an immense fortune. These, small and great, could not have been fewer than one thousand in number, and though scarcely a month passed without the sale of one or more lots to the Georgia traders, there was no apparent diminution in the number of his human stock: the home plantation merely groaned at a removal of the young increase, or human crop, then proceeded as lively as ever. Horse-shoeing, cart-mending, plow-repairing, coopering, grinding, and weaving, for all the neighboring farms, were performed here, and slaves were employed in all these branches. "Uncle Tony" was the blacksmith; "Uncle Harry" was the cartwright; "Uncle Abel" was the shoemaker; and all these had hands to assist them in their several departments.

These mechanics were called "uncles" by all the younger slaves, not because they really sustained that relationship to any, but according to plantation _etiquette_, as a mark of respect, due from the younger to the older slaves. Strange, and even ridiculous as it may seem, among a people so uncultivated, and with so many stern trials to look in the face, there is not to be found, among any

people, a more rigid enforcement of the law of respect to elders, than they maintain. I set this down as partly constitutional with my race, and partly conventional. There is no better material in the world for making a gentleman, than is furnished in the African. He shows to others, and exacts for himself, all the tokens of respect which he is compelled to manifest toward his master. A young slave must approach the company of the older with hat in hand, and woe betide him, if he fails to acknowledge a favor, of any sort, with the accustomed _"tank'ee,"_ &c. So uniformly are good manners enforced among slaves, I can easily detect a "bogus" fugitive by his manners.

Among other slave notabilities of the plantation, was one called by everybody Uncle Isaac Copper. It is seldom that a slave gets a surname from anybody in Maryland; and so completely has the south shaped the manners of the north, in this respect, that even abolitionists make very little of the surname of a Negro. The only improvement on the "Bills," "Jacks," "Jims," and "Neds" of the south, observable here is, that "William," "John," "James," "Edward," are substituted. It goes against the grain to treat and address a Negro precisely as they would treat and address a white man. But, once in a while, in slavery as in the free states, by some extraordinary circumstance, the Negro has a surname fastened to him, and holds it against all conventionalities. This was the case with Uncle Isaac Copper. When the "uncle" was dropped, he generally had the prefix "doctor," in its stead. He was our doctor of medicine, and doctor of divinity as well. Where he took his degree I am unable to say, for he was not very communicative to inferiors, and I was emphatically such, being but a boy seven or eight years old. He was too well established in his profession to permit questions as to his native skill, or his attainments. One qualification he undoubtedly had—he was a confirmed _cripple;_ and he could neither work, nor would he bring anything if offered for sale in the market. The old man, though lame, was no sluggard. He was a man that made his crutches do him good service. He was always on the alert, looking up the sick, and all such as were supposed to need his counsel. His remedial prescriptions embraced four articles. For diseases of the body, _Epsom salts and castor oil;_ for those of the soul, _the Lord's Prayer_, and _hickory switches_!

I was not long at Col. Lloyd's before I was placed under the care of Doctor Issac Copper. I was sent to him with twenty or thirty other children, to learn the "Lord's Prayer." I found the old gentleman seated on a huge three-legged oaken stool, armed with several large hickory switches; and, from his position, he could reach—lame as he was—any boy in the room. After standing awhile to learn what was expected of us, the old gentleman, in any other than a devotional tone, commanded us to kneel down. This done, he commenced telling us to say everything he said. "Our Father"—this was repeated after him with promptness and uniformity; "Who art in heaven"—was less promptly and uniformly repeated; and the old gentleman paused in the prayer, to give us a short lecture upon the consequences of inattention, both immediate and future, and especially those more immediate. About these he was absolutely certain, for he held in his right hand the means of bringing all his predictions and warnings to pass. On he proceeded with the prayer; and we with our thick tongues and unskilled ears, followed him to the best of our ability. This, however, was not sufficient to please the old gentleman. Everybody, in the south, wants the privilege of whipping somebody else. Uncle Isaac shared the common passion of his country, and, therefore, seldom found any means of keeping his disciples in order short of flogging. "Say everything I say;" and bang would come the switch on some poor boy's undevotional head. _"What you looking at there"—"Stop that pushing"_—and down again would come the lash.

The whip is all in all. It is supposed to secure obedience to the slaveholder, and is held as a sovereign remedy among the slaves themselves, for every form of disobedience, temporal or spiritual. Slaves, as well as slaveholders, use it with an unsparing hand. Our devotions at Uncle Isaac's combined too much of the tragic and comic, to make them very salutary in a spiritual point of view; and it is due to truth to say, I was often a truant when the time for attending the praying and flogging of Doctor Isaac Copper came on.

The windmill under the care of Mr. Kinney, a kind hearted old Englishman, was to me a source of infinite interest and pleasure. The old man always seemed pleased when he saw a troop of darkey little urchins, with their tow-linen shirts fluttering in the breeze, approaching to view and admire the whirling wings of his wondrous machine. From the mill we could see other objects of deep interest. These were, the vessels from St. Michael's, on their way to Baltimore. It was a source of much amusement to view the flowing sails and complicated rigging, as the little crafts dashed by, and to speculate upon Baltimore, as to the kind and quality of the place. With so many sources of interest around me, the reader may be prepared to learn that I began to think very highly of Col. L.'s plantation. It was just a place to my boyish taste. There were fish to be caught in the creek, if one only had a hook and line; and crabs, clams and oysters were to be caught by wading, digging and raking for them. Here was a field for industry and enterprise, strongly inviting; and the reader may be assured that I entered upon it with spirit.

Even the much dreaded old master, whose merciless fiat had brought me from Tuckahoe, gradually, to my mind, parted with his terrors. Strange enough, his reverence seemed to take no particular notice of me, nor of my coming. Instead of leaping out and

devouring me, he scarcely seemed conscious of my presence. The fact is, he was occupied with matters more weighty and important than either looking after or vexing me. He probably thought as little of my advent, as he would have thought of the addition of a single pig to his stock!

As the chief butler on Col. Lloyd's plantation, his duties were numerous and perplexing. In almost all important matters he answered in Col. Lloyd's stead. The overseers of all the farms were in some sort under him, and received the law from his mouth. The colonel himself seldom addressed an overseer, or allowed an overseer to address him. Old master carried the keys of all store houses; measured out the allowance for each slave at the end of every month; superintended the storing of all goods brought to the plantation; dealt out the raw material to all the handicraftsmen; shipped the grain, tobacco, and all saleable produce of the plantation to market, and had the general oversight of the coopers' shop, wheelwrights' shop, blacksmiths' shop, and shoemakers' shop. Besides the care of these, he often had business for the plantation which required him to be absent two and three days.

Thus largely employed, he had little time, and perhaps as little disposition, to interfere with the children individually. What he was to Col. Lloyd, he made Aunt Katy to him. When he had anything to say or do about us, it was said or done in a wholesale manner; disposing of us in classes or sizes, leaving all minor details to Aunt Katy, a person of whom the reader has already received no very favorable impression. Aunt Katy was a woman who never allowed herself to act greatly within the margin of power granted to her, no matter how broad that authority might be. Ambitious, ill-tempered and cruel, she found in her present position an ample field for the exercise of her ill-omened qualities. She had a strong hold on old master she was considered a first rate cook, and she really was very industrious. She was, therefore, greatly favored by old master, and as one mark of his favor, she was the only mother who was permitted to retain her children around her. Even to these children she was often fiendish in her brutality. She pursued her son Phil, one day, in my presence, with a huge butcher knife, and dealt a blow with its edge which left a shocking gash on his arm, near the wrist. For this, old master did sharply rebuke her, and threatened that if she ever should do the like again, he would take the skin off her back. Cruel, however, as Aunt Katy was to her own children, at times she was not destitute of maternal feeling, as I often had occasion to know, in the bitter pinches of hunger I had to endure. Differing from the practice of Col. Lloyd, old master, instead of allowing so much for each slave, committed the allowance for all to the care of Aunt Katy, to be divided after cooking it, amongst us. The allowance, consisting of coarse corn-meal, was not very abundant—indeed, it was very slender; and in passing through Aunt Katy's hands, it was made more slender still, for some of us. William, Phil and Jerry were her children, and it is not to accuse her too severely, to allege that she was often guilty of starving myself and the other children, while she was literally cramming her own. Want of food was my chief trouble the first summer at my old master's. Oysters and clams would do very well, with an occasional supply of bread, but they soon failed in the absence of bread. I speak but the simple truth, when I say, I have often been so pinched with hunger, that I have fought with the dog—"Old Nep"—for the smallest crumbs that fell from the kitchen table, and have been glad when I won a single crumb in the combat. Many times have I followed, with eager step, the waiting-girl when she went out to shake the table cloth, to get the crumbs and small bones flung out for the cats. The water, in which meat had been boiled, was as eagerly sought for by me. It was a great thing to get the privilege of dipping a piece of bread in such water; and the skin taken from rusty bacon, was a positive luxury. Nevertheless, I sometimes got full meals and kind words from sympathizing old slaves, who knew my sufferings, and received the comforting assurance that I should be a man some day. "Never mind, honey—better day comin'," was even then a solace, a cheering consolation to me in my troubles. Nor were all the kind words I received from slaves. I had a friend in the parlor, as well, and one to whom I shall be glad to do justice, before I have finished this part of my story.

I was not long at old master's, before I learned that his surname was Anthony, and that he was generally called "Captain Anthony"—a title which he probably acquired by sailing a craft in the Chesapeake Bay. Col. Lloyd's slaves never called Capt. Anthony "old master," but always Capt. Anthony; and _me_ they called "Captain Anthony Fred." There is not, probably, in the whole south, a plantation where the English language is more imperfectly spoken than on Col. Lloyd's. It is a mixture of Guinea and everything else you please. At the time of which I am now writing, there were slaves there who had been brought from the coast of Africa. They never used the "s" in indication of the possessive case. "Cap'n Ant'ney Tom," "Lloyd Bill," "Aunt Rose Harry," means "Captain Anthony's Tom," "Lloyd's Bill," &c. _"Oo you dem long to?"_ means, "Whom do you belong to?" _"Oo dem got any peachy?"_ means, "Have you got any peaches?" I could scarcely understand them when I first went among them, so broken was their speech; and I am persuaded that I could not have been dropped anywhere on the globe, where I could reap less, in the way of knowledge, from my immediate associates, than on this plantation. Even "MAS' DANIEL," by his association with his father's slaves, had measurably adopted their dialect and their ideas, so far as they had ideas to be adopted. The equality of nature is strongly asserted in childhood, and childhood requires children for associates. _Color_ makes no difference with a child. Are you a child with wants, tastes and pursuits common to children, not put on, but natural? then, were you black as ebony you would be

welcome to the child of alabaster whiteness. The law of compensation holds here, as well as elsewhere. Mas' Daniel could not associate with ignorance without sharing its shade; and he could not give his black playmates his company, without giving them his intelligence, as well. Without knowing this, or caring about it, at the time, I, for some cause or other, spent much of my time with Mas' Daniel, in preference to spending it with most of the other boys.

Mas' Daniel was the youngest son of Col. Lloyd; his older brothers were Edward and Murray—both grown up, and fine looking men. Edward was especially esteemed by the children, and by me among the rest; not that he ever said anything to us or for us, which could be called especially kind; it was enough for us, that he never looked nor acted scornfully toward us. There were also three sisters, all married; one to Edward Winder; a second to Edward Nicholson; a third to Mr. Lownes.

The family of old master consisted of two sons, Andrew and Richard; his daughter, Lucretia, and her newly married husband, Capt. Auld. This was the house family. The kitchen family consisted of Aunt Katy, Aunt Esther, and ten or a dozen children, most of them older than myself. Capt. Anthony was not considered a rich slaveholder, but was pretty well off in the world. He owned about thirty _"head"_ of slaves, and three farms in Tuckahoe. The most valuable part of his property was his slaves, of whom he could afford to sell one every year. This crop, therefore, brought him seven or eight hundred dollars a year, besides his yearly salary, and other revenue from his farms.

The idea of rank and station was rigidly maintained on Col. Lloyd's plantation. Our family never visited the great house, and the Lloyds never came to our home. Equal non-intercourse was observed between Capt. Anthony's family and that of Mr. Sevier, the overseer.

Such, kind reader, was the community, and such the place, in which my earliest and most lasting impressions of slavery, and of slave-life, were received; of which impressions you will learn more in the coming chapters of this book.

CHAPTER V. _Gradual Initiation to the Mysteries of Slavery_

GROWING ACQUAINTANCE WITH OLD MASTER—HIS CHARACTER—EVILS OF UNRESTRAINED PASSION—APPARENT TENDERNESS—OLD MASTER A MAN OF TROUBLE—CUSTOM OF MUTTERING TO HIMSELF—NECESSITY OF BEING AWARE OF HIS WORDS—THE SUPPOSED OBTUSENESS OF SLAVE-CHILDREN—BRUTAL OUTRAGE—DRUNKEN OVERSEER—SLAVEHOLDER'S IMPATIENCE—WISDOM OF APPEALING TO SUPERIORS—THE SLAVEHOLDER S WRATH BAD AS THAT OF THE OVERSEER—A BASE AND SELFISH ATTEMPT TO BREAK UP A COURTSHIP—A HARROWING SCENE.

Although my old master—Capt. Anthony—gave me at first, (as the reader will have already seen) very little attention, and although that little was of a remarkably mild and gentle description, a few months only were sufficient to convince me that mildness and gentleness were not the prevailing or governing traits of his character. These excellent qualities were displayed only occasionally. He could, when it suited him, appear to be literally insensible to the claims of humanity, when appealed to by the helpless against an aggressor, and he could himself commit outrages, deep, dark and nameless. Yet he was not by nature worse than other men. Had he been brought up in a free state, surrounded by the just restraints of free society—restraints which are necessary to the freedom of all its members, alike and equally—Capt. Anthony might have been as humane a man, and every way as respectable, as many who now oppose the slave system; certainly as humane and respectable as are members of society generally. The slaveholder, as well as the slave, is the victim of the slave system. A man's character greatly takes its hue and shape from the form and color of things about him. Under the whole heavens there is no relation more unfavorable to the development of honorable character, than that sustained by the slaveholder to the slave. Reason is imprisoned here, and passions run wild. Like the fires of the prairie, once lighted, they are at the mercy of every wind, and must burn, till they have consumed all that is combustible within their remorseless grasp. Capt. Anthony could be kind, and, at times, he even showed an affectionate disposition. Could the reader have seen him gently leading me by the hand—as he sometimes did—patting me on the head, speaking to me in soft, caressing tones and calling me his "little Indian boy," he would have deemed him a kind old man, and really, almost fatherly. But the pleasant moods of a slaveholder are remarkably brittle; they are easily snapped; they neither come often, nor remain long. His temper is subjected to perpetual trials; but, since these trials are never borne patiently, they add nothing to his natural stock of patience.

Old master very early impressed me with the idea that he was an unhappy man. Even to my child's eye, he wore a troubled, and at times, a haggard aspect. His strange movements excited my curiosity, and awakened my compassion. He seldom walked alone without muttering to himself; and he occasionally stormed about, as if defying an army of invisible foes. "He would do this, that, and

the other; he'd be d—d if he did not,"—was the usual form of his threats. Most of his leisure was spent in walking, cursing and gesticulating, like one possessed by a demon. Most evidently, he was a wretched man, at war with his own soul, and with all the world around him. To be overheard by the children, disturbed him very little. He made no more of our presence, than of that of the ducks and geese which he met on the green. He little thought that the little black urchins around him, could see, through those vocal crevices, the very secrets of his heart. Slaveholders ever underrate the intelligence with which they have to grapple. I really understood the old man's mutterings, attitudes and gestures, about as well as he did himself. But slaveholders never encourage that kind of communication, with the slaves, by which they might learn to measure the depths of his knowledge. Ignorance is a high virtue in a human chattel; and as the master studies to keep the slave ignorant, the slave is cunning enough to make the master think he succeeds. The slave fully appreciates the saying, "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." When old master's gestures were violent, ending with a threatening shake of the head, and a sharp snap of his middle finger and thumb, I deemed it wise to keep at a respectable distance from him; for, at such times, trifling faults stood, in his eyes, as momentous offenses; and, having both the power and the disposition, the victim had only to be near him to catch the punishment, deserved or undeserved.

One of the first circumstances that opened my eyes to the cruelty and wickedness of slavery, and the heartlessness of my old master, was the refusal of the latter to interpose his authority, to protect and shield a young woman, who had been most cruelly abused and beaten by his overseer in Tuckahoe. This overseer—a Mr. Plummer—was a man like most of his class, little better than a human brute; and, in addition to his general profligacy and repulsive coarseness, the creature was a miserable drunkard. He was, probably, employed by my old master, less on account of the excellence of his services, than for the cheap rate at which they could be obtained. He was not fit to have the management of a drove of mules. In a fit of drunken madness, he committed the outrage which brought the young woman in question down to my old master's for protection. This young woman was the daughter of Milly, an own aunt of mine. The poor girl, on arriving at our house, presented a pitiable appearance. She had left in haste, and without preparation; and, probably, without the knowledge of Mr. Plummer. She had traveled twelve miles, bare-footed, bare-necked and bare-headed. Her neck and shoulders were covered with scars, newly made; and not content with marring her neck and shoulders, with the cowhide, the cowardly brute had dealt her a blow on the head with a hickory club, which cut a horrible gash, and left her face literally covered with blood. In this condition, the poor young woman came down, to implore protection at the hands of my old master. I expected to see him boil over with rage at the revolting deed, and to hear him fill the air with curses upon the brutual Plummer; but I was disappointed. He sternly told her, in an angry tone, he "believed she deserved every bit of it," and, if she did not go home instantly, he would himself take the remaining skin from her neck and back. Thus was the poor girl compelled to return, without redress, and perhaps to receive an additional flogging for daring to appeal to old master against the overseer.

Old master seemed furious at the thought of being troubled by such complaints. I did not, at that time, understand the philosophy of his treatment of my cousin. It was stern, unnatural, violent. Had the man no bowels of compassion? Was he dead to all sense of humanity? No. I think I now understand it. This treatment is a part of the system, rather than a part of the man. Were slaveholders to listen to complaints of this sort against the overseers, the luxury of owning large numbers of slaves, would be impossible. It would do away with the office of overseer, entirely; or, in other words, it would convert the master himself into an overseer. It would occasion great loss of time and labor, leaving the overseer in fetters, and without the necessary power to secure obedience to his orders. A privilege so dangerous as that of appeal, is, therefore, strictly prohibited; and any one exercising it, runs a fearful hazard. Nevertheless, when a slave has nerve enough to exercise it, and boldly approaches his master, with a well-founded complaint against an overseer, though he may be repulsed, and may even have that of which he complains repeated at the time, and, though he may be beaten by his master, as well as by the overseer, for his temerity, in the end the policy of complaining is, generally, vindicated by the relaxed rigor of the overseer's treatment. The latter becomes more careful, and less disposed to use the lash upon such slaves thereafter. It is with this final result in view, rather than with any expectation of immediate good, that the outraged slave is induced to meet his master with a complaint. The overseer very naturally dislikes to have the ear of the master disturbed by complaints; and, either upon this consideration, or upon advice and warning privately given him by his employers, he generally modifies the rigor of his rule, after an outbreak of the kind to which I have been referring.

Howsoever the slaveholder may allow himself to act toward his slave, and, whatever cruelty he may deem it wise, for example's sake, or for the gratification of his humor, to inflict, he cannot, in the absence of all provocation, look with pleasure upon the bleeding wounds of a defenseless slave-woman. When he drives her from his presence without redress, or the hope of redress, he acts, generally, from motives of policy, rather than from a hardened nature, or from innate brutality. Yet, let but his own temper be stirred, his own passions get loose, and the slave-owner will go _far beyond_ the overseer in cruelty. He will convince the slave that his wrath is far more terrible and boundless, and vastly more to be dreaded, than that of the underling overseer. What may have been mechanically and heartlessly done by the overseer, is now done with a will. The man who now wields the lash is

irresponsible. He may, if he pleases, cripple or kill, without fear of consequences; except in so far as it may concern profit or loss. To a man of violent temper—as my old master was—this was but a very slender and inefficient restraint. I have seen him in a tempest of passion, such as I have just described—a passion into which entered all the bitter ingredients of pride, hatred, envy, jealousy, and the thrist(sic) for revenge.

The circumstances which I am about to narrate, and which gave rise to this fearful tempest of passion, are not singular nor isolated in slave life, but are common in every slaveholding community in which I have lived. They are incidental to the relation of master and slave, and exist in all sections of slave-holding countries.

The reader will have noticed that, in enumerating the names of the slaves who lived with my old master, _Esther_ is mentioned. This was a young woman who possessed that which is ever a curse to the slave-girl; namely—personal beauty. She was tall, well formed, and made a fine appearance. The daughters of Col. Lloyd could scarcely surpass her in personal charms. Esther was courted by Ned Roberts, and he was as fine looking a young man, as she was a woman. He was the son of a favorite slave of Col. Lloyd. Some slaveholders would have been glad to promote the marriage of two such persons; but, for some reason or other, my old master took it upon him to break up the growing intimacy between Esther and Edward. He strictly ordered her to quit the company of said Roberts, telling her that he would punish her severely if he ever found her again in Edward's company. This unnatural and heartless order was, of course, broken. A woman's love is not to be annihilated by the peremptory command of any one, whose breath is in his nostrils. It was impossible to keep Edward and Esther apart. Meet they would, and meet they did. Had old master been a man of honor and purity, his motives, in this matter, might have been viewed more favorably. As it was, his motives were as abhorrent, as his methods were foolish and contemptible. It was too evident that he was not concerned for the girl's welfare. It is one of the damning characteristics of the slave system, that it robs its victims of every earthly incentive to a holy life. The fear of God, and the hope of heaven, are found sufficient to sustain many slave-women, amidst the snares and dangers of their strange lot; but, this side of God and heaven, a slave-woman is at the mercy of the power, caprice and passion of her owner. Slavery provides no means for the honorable continuance of the race. Marriage as imposing obligations on the parties to it—has no existence here, except in such hearts as are purer and higher than the standard morality around them. It is one of the consolations of my life, that I know of many honorable instances of persons who maintained their honor, where all around was corrupt.

Esther was evidently much attached to Edward, and abhorred—as she had reason to do—the tyrannical and base behavior of old master. Edward was young, and fine looking, and he loved and courted her. He might have been her husband, in the high sense just alluded to; but WHO and _what_ was this old master? His attentions were plainly brutal and selfish, and it was as natural that Esther should loathe him, as that she should love Edward. Abhorred and circumvented as he was, old master, having the power, very easily took revenge. I happened to see this exhibition of his rage and cruelty toward Esther. The time selected was singular. It was early in the morning, when all besides was still, and before any of the family, in the house or kitchen, had left their beds. I saw but few of the shocking preliminaries, for the cruel work had begun before I awoke. I was probably awakened by the shrieks and piteous cries of poor Esther. My sleeping place was on the floor of a little, rough closet, which opened into the kitchen; and through the cracks of its unplaned boards, I could distinctly see and hear what was going on, without being seen by old master. Esther's wrists were firmly tied, and the twisted rope was fastened to a strong staple in a heavy wooden joist above, near the fireplace. Here she stood, on a bench, her arms tightly drawn over her breast. Her back and shoulders were bare to the waist. Behind her stood old master, with cowskin in hand, preparing his barbarous work with all manner of harsh, coarse, and tantalizing epithets. The screams of his victim were most piercing. He was cruelly deliberate, and protracted the torture, as one who was delighted with the scene. Again and again he drew the hateful whip through his hand, adjusting it with a view of dealing the most pain-giving blow. Poor Esther had never yet been severely whipped, and her shoulders were plump and tender. Each blow, vigorously laid on, brought screams as well as blood. _"Have mercy; Oh! have mercy"_ she cried; "_I won't do so no more;"_ but her piercing cries seemed only to increase his fury. His answers to them are too coarse and blasphemous to be produced here. The whole scene, with all its attendants, was revolting and shocking, to the last degree; and when the motives of this brutal castigation are considered,—language has no power to convey a just sense of its awful criminality. After laying on some thirty or forty stripes, old master untied his suffering victim, and let her get down. She could scarcely stand, when untied. From my heart I pitied her, and—child though I was—the outrage kindled in me a feeling far from peaceful; but I was hushed, terrified, stunned, and could do nothing, and the fate of Esther might be mine next. The scene here described was often repeated in the case of poor Esther, and her life, as I knew it, was one of wretchedness.

CHAPTER VI. _Treatment of Slaves on Lloyd's Plantation_

EARLY REFLECTIONS ON SLAVERY—PRESENTIMENT OF ONE DAY BEING A FREEMAN—COMBAT BETWEEN AN OVERSEER AND A SLAVEWOMAN—THE ADVANTAGES OF RESISTANCE—ALLOWANCE DAY ON THE HOME PLANTATION—THE SINGING OF SLAVES—AN EXPLANATION—THE SLAVES FOOD AND CLOTHING—NAKED CHILDREN—LIFE IN THE QUARTER—DEPRIVATION OF SLEEP—NURSING CHILDREN CARRIED TO THE FIELD—DESCRIPTION OF THE COWSKIN—THE ASH-CAKE—MANNER OF MAKING IT—THE DINNER HOUR—THE CONTRAST.

The heart-rending incidents, related in the foregoing chapter, led me, thus early, to inquire into the nature and history of slavery. _Why am I a slave? Why are some people slaves, and others masters? Was there ever a time this was not so? How did the relation commence?_ These were the perplexing questions which began now to claim my thoughts, and to exercise the weak powers of my mind, for I was still but a child, and knew less than children of the same age in the free states. As my questions concerning these things were only put to children a little older, and little better informed than myself, I was not rapid in reaching a solid footing. By some means I learned from these inquiries that _"God, up in the sky,"_ made every body; and that he made _white_ people to be masters and mistresses, and _black_ people to be slaves. This did not satisfy me, nor lessen my interest in the subject. I was told, too, that God was good, and that He knew what was best for me, and best for everybody. This was less satisfactory than the first statement; because it came, point blank, against all my notions of goodness. It was not good to let old master cut the flesh off Esther, and make her cry so. Besides, how did people know that God made black people to be slaves? Did they go up in the sky and learn it? or, did He come down and tell them so? All was dark here. It was some relief to my hard notions of the goodness of God, that, although he made white men to be slaveholders, he did not make them to be _bad_ slaveholders, and that, in due time, he would punish the bad slaveholders; that he would, when they died, send them to the bad place, where they would be "burnt up." Nevertheless, I could not reconcile the relation of slavery with my crude notions of goodness.

Then, too, I found that there were puzzling exceptions to this theory of slavery on both sides, and in the middle. I knew of blacks who were _not_ slaves; I knew of whites who were _not_ slaveholders; and I knew of persons who were _nearly_ white, who were slaves. _Color_, therefore, was a very unsatisfactory basis for slavery.

Once, however, engaged in the inquiry, I was not very long in finding out the true solution of the matter. It was not _color_, but _crime_, not _God_, but _man_, that afforded the true explanation of the existence of slavery; nor was I long in finding out another important truth, viz: what man can make, man can unmake. The appalling darkness faded away, and I was master of the subject. There were slaves here, direct from Guinea; and there were many who could say that their fathers and mothers were stolen from Africa—forced from their homes, and compelled to serve as slaves. This, to me, was knowledge; but it was a kind of knowledge which filled me with a burning hatred of slavery, increased my suffering, and left me without the means of breaking away from my bondage. Yet it was knowledge quite worth possessing. I could not have been more than seven or eight years old, when I began to make this subject my study. It was with me in the woods and fields; along the shore of the river, and wherever my boyish wanderings led me; and though I was, at that time, quite ignorant of the existence of the free states, I distinctly remember being, _even then_, most strongly impressed with the idea of being a freeman some day. This cheering assurance was an inborn dream of my human nature a constant menace to slavery—and one which all the powers of slavery were unable to silence or extinguish.

Up to the time of the brutal flogging of my Aunt Esther—for she was my own aunt—and the horrid plight in which I had seen my cousin from Tuckahoe, who had been so badly beaten by the cruel Mr. Plummer, my attention had not been called, especially, to the gross features of slavery. I had, of course, heard of whippings and of savage _rencontres_ between overseers and slaves, but I had always been out of the way at the times and places of their occurrence. My plays and sports, most of the time, took me from the corn and tobacco fields, where the great body of the hands were at work, and where scenes of cruelty were enacted and witnessed. But, after the whipping of Aunt Esther, I saw many cases of the same shocking nature, not only in my master's house, but on Col. Lloyd's plantation. One of the first which I saw, and which greatly agitated me, was the whipping of a woman belonging to Col. Lloyd, named Nelly. The offense alleged against Nelly, was one of the commonest and most indefinite in the whole catalogue of offenses usually laid to the charge of slaves, viz: "impudence." This may mean almost anything, or nothing at all, just according to the caprice of the master or overseer, at the moment. But, whatever it is, or is not, if it gets the name of "impudence," the party charged with it is sure of a flogging. This offense may be committed in various ways; in the tone of an answer; in answering at all; in not answering; in the expression of countenance; in the motion of the head; in the gait, manner and bearing of the slave. In the case under consideration, I can easily believe that, according to all slaveholding standards, here was a genuine instance of impudence. In Nelly there were all the necessary conditions for committing the offense. She was a bright mulatto, the recognized wife of a favorite "hand" on board Col. Lloyd's sloop, and the mother of five sprightly children. She was a vigorous and

spirited woman, and one of the most likely, on the plantation, to be guilty of impudence. My attention was called to the scene, by the noise, curses and screams that proceeded from it; and, on going a little in that direction, I came upon the parties engaged in the skirmish. Mr. Siever, the overseer, had hold of Nelly, when I caught sight of them; he was endeavoring to drag her toward a tree, which endeavor Nelly was sternly resisting; but to no purpose, except to retard the progress of the overseer's plans. Nelly—as I have said—was the mother of five children; three of them were present, and though quite small (from seven to ten years old, I should think) they gallantly came to their mother's defense, and gave the overseer an excellent pelting with stones. One of the little fellows ran up, seized the overseer by the leg and bit him; but the monster was too busily engaged with Nelly, to pay any attention to the assaults of the children. There were numerous bloody marks on Mr. Sevier's face, when I first saw him, and they increased as the struggle went on. The imprints of Nelly's fingers were visible, and I was glad to see them. Amidst the wild screams of the children—"_Let my mammy go"—"let my mammy go_"—there escaped, from between the teeth of the bullet-headed overseer, a few bitter curses, mingled with threats, that "he would teach the d—d b—h how to give a white man impudence." There is no doubt that Nelly felt herself superior, in some respects, to the slaves around her. She was a wife and a mother; her husband was a valued and favorite slave. Besides, he was one of the first hands on board of the sloop, and the sloop hands—since they had to represent the plantation abroad—were generally treated tenderly. The overseer never was allowed to whip Harry; why then should he be allowed to whip Harry's wife? Thoughts of this kind, no doubt, influenced her; but, for whatever reason, she nobly resisted, and, unlike most of the slaves, seemed determined to make her whipping cost Mr. Sevier as much as possible. The blood on his (and her) face, attested her skill, as well as her courage and dexterity in using her nails. Maddened by her resistance, I expected to see Mr. Sevier level her to the ground by a stunning blow; but no; like a savage bull-dog—which he resembled both in temper and appearance—he maintained his grip, and steadily dragged his victim toward the tree, disregarding alike her blows, and the cries of the children for their mother's release. He would, doubtless, have knocked her down with his hickory stick, but that such act might have cost him his place. It is often deemed advisable to knock a _man_ slave down, in order to tie him, but it is considered cowardly and inexcusable, in an overseer, thus to deal with a _woman_. He is expected to tie her up, and to give her what is called, in southern parlance, a "genteel flogging," without any very great outlay of strength or skill. I watched, with palpitating interest, the course of the preliminary struggle, and was saddened by every new advantage gained over her by the ruffian. There were times when she seemed likely to get the better of the brute, but he finally overpowered her, and succeeded in getting his rope around her arms, and in firmly tying her to the tree, at which he had been aiming. This done, and Nelly was at the mercy of his merciless lash; and now, what followed, I have no heart to describe. The cowardly creature made good his every threat; and wielded the lash with all the hot zest of furious revenge. The cries of the woman, while undergoing the terrible infliction, were mingled with those of the children, sounds which I hope the reader may never be called upon to hear. When Nelly was untied, her back was covered with blood. The red stripes were all over her shoulders. She was whipped—severely whipped; but she was not subdued, for she continued to denounce the overseer, and to call him every vile name. He had bruised her flesh, but had left her invincible spirit undaunted. Such floggings are seldom repeated by the same overseer. They prefer to whip those who are most easily whipped. The old doctrine that submission is the very best cure for outrage and wrong, does not hold good on the slave plantation. He is whipped oftenest, who is whipped easiest; and that slave who has the courage to stand up for himself against the overseer, although he may have many hard stripes at the first, becomes, in the end, a freeman, even though he sustain the formal relation of a slave. "You can shoot me but you can't whip me," said a slave to Rigby Hopkins; and the result was that he was neither whipped nor shot. If the latter had been his fate, it would have been less deplorable than the living and lingering death to which cowardly and slavish souls are subjected. I do not know that Mr. Sevier ever undertook to whip Nelly again. He probably never did, for it was not long after his attempt to subdue her, that he was taken sick, and died. The wretched man died as he had lived, unrepentant; and it was said—with how much truth I know not—that in the very last hours of his life, his ruling passion showed itself, and that when wrestling with death, he was uttering horrid oaths, and flourishing the cowskin, as though he was tearing the flesh off some helpless slave. One thing is certain, that when he was in health, it was enough to chill the blood, and to stiffen the hair of an ordinary man, to hear Mr. Sevier talk. Nature, or his cruel habits, had given to his face an expression of unusual savageness, even for a slave-driver. Tobacco and rage had worn his teeth short, and nearly every sentence that escaped their compressed grating, was commenced or concluded with some outburst of profanity. His presence made the field alike the field of blood, and of blasphemy. Hated for his cruelty, despised for his cowardice, his death was deplored by no one outside his own house—if indeed it was deplored there; it was regarded by the slaves as a merciful interposition of Providence. Never went there a man to the grave loaded with heavier curses. Mr. Sevier's place was promptly taken by a Mr. Hopkins, and the change was quite a relief, he being a very different man. He was, in all respects, a better man than his predecessor; as good as any man can be, and yet be an overseer. His course was characterized by no extraordinary cruelty; and when he whipped a slave, as he sometimes did, he seemed to take no especial pleasure in it, but, on the contrary, acted as though he felt it to be a mean business. Mr. Hopkins stayed but a short time; his place

much to the regret of the slaves generally—was taken by a Mr. Gore, of whom more will be said hereafter. It is enough, for the present, to say, that he was no improvement on Mr. Sevier, except that he was less noisy and less profane.

I have already referred to the business-like aspect of Col. Lloyd's plantation. This business-like appearance was much increased on the two days at the end of each month, when the slaves from the different farms came to get their monthly allowance of meal and meat. These were gala days for the slaves, and there was much rivalry among them as to _who_ should be elected to go up to the great house farm for the allowance, and, indeed, to attend to any business at this (for them) the capital. The beauty and grandeur of the place, its numerous slave population, and the fact that Harry, Peter and Jake the sailors of the sloop—almost always kept, privately, little trinkets which they bought at Baltimore, to sell, made it a privilege to come to the great house farm. Being selected, too, for this office, was deemed a high honor. It was taken as a proof of confidence and favor; but, probably, the chief motive of the competitors for the place, was, a desire to break the dull monotony of the field, and to get beyond the overseer's eye and lash. Once on the road with an ox team, and seated on the tongue of his cart, with no overseer to look after him, the slave was comparatively free; and, if thoughtful, he had time to think. Slaves are generally expected to sing as well as to work. A silent slave is not liked by masters or overseers. _"Make a noise," "make a noise,"_ and _"bear a hand,"_ are the words usually addressed to the slaves when there is silence amongst them. This may account for the almost constant singing heard in the southern states. There was, generally, more or less singing among the teamsters, as it was one means of letting the overseer know where they were, and that they were moving on with the work. But, on allowance day, those who visited the great house farm were peculiarly excited and noisy. While on their way, they would make the dense old woods, for miles around, reverberate with their wild notes. These were not always merry because they were wild. On the contrary, they were mostly of a plaintive cast, and told a tale of grief and sorrow. In the most boisterous outbursts of rapturous sentiment, there was ever a tinge of deep melancholy. I have never heard any songs like those anywhere since I left slavery, except when in Ireland. There I heard the same _wailing notes_, and was much affected by them. It was during the famine of 1845-6. In all the songs of the slaves, there was ever some expression in praise of the great house farm; something which would flatter the pride of the owner, and, possibly, draw a favorable glance from him.

I am going away to the great house farm, O yea! O yea! O yea! My old master is a good old master, O yea! O yea! O yea!

This they would sing, with other words of their own improvising—jargon to others, but full of meaning to themselves. I have sometimes thought, that the mere hearing of those songs would do more to impress truly spiritual-minded men and women with the soul-crushing and death-dealing character of slavery, than the reading of whole volumes of its mere physical cruelties. They speak to the heart and to the soul of the thoughtful. I cannot better express my sense of them now, than ten years ago, when, in sketching my life, I thus spoke of this feature of my plantation experience:

I did not, when a slave, understand the deep meanings of those rude, and apparently incoherent songs. I was myself within the circle, so that I neither saw or heard as those without might see and hear. They told a tale which was then altogether beyond my feeble comprehension; they were tones, loud, long and deep, breathing the prayer and complaint of souls boiling over with the bitterest anguish. Every tone was a testimony against slavery, and a prayer to God for deliverance from chains. The hearing of those wild notes always depressed my spirits, and filled my heart with ineffable sadness. The mere recurrence, even now, afflicts my spirit, and while I am writing these lines, my tears are falling. To those songs I trace my first glimmering conceptions of the dehumanizing character of slavery. I can never get rid of that conception. Those songs still follow me, to deepen my hatred of slavery, and quicken my sympathies for my brethren in bonds. If any one wishes to be impressed with a sense of the soul-killing power of slavery, let him go to Col. Lloyd's plantation, and, on allowance day, place himself in the deep, pine woods, and there let him, in silence, thoughtfully analyze the sounds that shall pass through the chambers of his soul, and if he is not thus impressed, it will only be because "there is no flesh in his obdurate heart."

The remark is not unfrequently made, that slaves are the most contended and happy laborers in the world. They dance and sing, and make all manner of joyful noises—so they do; but it is a great mistake to suppose them happy because they sing. The songs of the slave represent the sorrows, rather than the joys, of his heart; and he is relieved by them, only as an aching heart is relieved by its tears. Such is the constitution of the human mind, that, when pressed to extremes, it often avails itself of the most opposite methods. Extremes meet in mind as in matter. When the slaves on board of the "Pearl" were overtaken, arrested, and carried to prison—their hopes for freedom blasted—as they marched in chains they sang, and found (as Emily Edmunson tells us) a melancholy relief in singing. The singing of a man cast away on a desolate island, might be as appropriately considered an evidence of his contentment and happiness, as the singing of a slave. Sorrow and desolation have their songs, as well as joy and peace. Slaves sing more to _make_ themselves happy, than to express their happiness.

It is the boast of slaveholders, that their slaves enjoy more of the physical comforts of life than the peasantry of any country in the world. My experience contradicts this. The men and the women slaves on Col. Lloyd's farm, received, as their monthly allowance of food, eight pounds of pickled pork, or their equivalent in fish. The pork was often tainted, and the fish was of the poorest quality—herrings, which would bring very little if offered for sale in any northern market. With their pork or fish, they had one bushel of Indian meal—unbolted—of which quite fifteen per cent was fit only to feed pigs. With this, one pint of salt was given; and this was the entire monthly allowance of a full grown slave, working constantly in the open field, from morning until night, every day in the month except Sunday, and living on a fraction more than a quarter of a pound of meat per day, and less than a peck of corn-meal per week. There is no kind of work that a man can do which requires a better supply of food to prevent physical exhaustion, than the field-work of a slave. So much for the slave's allowance of food; now for his raiment. The yearly allowance of clothing for the slaves on this plantation, consisted of two tow-linen shirts—such linen as the coarsest crash towels are made of; one pair of trowsers of the same material, for summer, and a pair of trowsers and a jacket of woolen, most slazily put together, for winter; one pair of yarn stockings, and one pair of shoes of the coarsest description. The slave's entire apparel could not have cost more than eight dollars per year. The allowance of food and clothing for the little children, was committed to their mothers, or to the older slavewomen having the care of them. Children who were unable to work in the field, had neither shoes, stockings, jackets nor trowsers given them. Their clothing consisted of two coarse tow-linen shirts—already described—per year; and when these failed them, as they often did, they went naked until the next allowance day. Flocks of little children from five to ten years old, might be seen on Col. Lloyd's plantation, as destitute of clothing as any little heathen on the west coast of Africa; and this, not merely during the summer months, but during the frosty weather of March. The little girls were no better off than the boys; all were nearly in a state of nudity.

As to beds to sleep on, they were known to none of the field hands; nothing but a coarse blanket—not so good as those used in the north to cover horses—was given them, and this only to the men and women. The children stuck themselves in holes and corners, about the quarters; often in the corner of the huge chimneys, with their feet in the ashes to keep them warm. The want of beds, however, was not considered a very great privation. Time to sleep was of far greater importance, for, when the day's work is done, most of the slaves have their washing, mending and cooking to do; and, having few or none of the ordinary facilities for doing such things, very many of their sleeping hours are consumed in necessary preparations for the duties of the coming day.

The sleeping apartments—if they may be called such—have little regard to comfort or decency. Old and young, male and female, married and single, drop down upon the common clay floor, each covering up with his or her blanket,—the only protection they have from cold or exposure. The night, however, is shortened at both ends. The slaves work often as long as they can see, and are late in cooking and mending for the coming day; and, at the first gray streak of morning, they are summoned to the field by the driver's horn.

More slaves are whipped for oversleeping than for any other fault. Neither age nor sex finds any favor. The overseer stands at the quarter door, armed with stick and cowskin, ready to whip any who may be a few minutes behind time. When the horn is blown, there is a rush for the door, and the hindermost one is sure to get a blow from the overseer. Young mothers who worked in the field, were allowed an hour, about ten o'clock in the morning, to go home to nurse their children. Sometimes they were compelled to take their children with them, and to leave them in the corner of the fences, to prevent loss of time in nursing them. The overseer generally rides about the field on horseback. A cowskin and a hickory stick are his constant companions. The cowskin is a kind of whip seldom seen in the northern states. It is made entirely of untanned, but dried, ox hide, and is about as hard as a piece of well-seasoned live oak. It is made of various sizes, but the usual length is about three feet. The part held in the hand is nearly an inch in thickness; and, from the extreme end of the butt or handle, the cowskin tapers its whole length to a point. This makes it quite elastic and springy. A blow with it, on the hardest back, will gash the flesh, and make the blood start. Cowskins are painted red, blue and green, and are the favorite slave whip. I think this whip worse than the "cat-o'nine-tails." It condenses the whole strength of the arm to a single point, and comes with a spring that makes the air whistle. It is a terrible instrument, and is so handy, that the overseer can always have it on his person, and ready for use. The temptation to use it is ever strong; and an overseer can, if disposed, always have cause for using it. With him, it is literally a word and a blow, and, in most cases, the blow comes first.

As a general rule, slaves do not come to the quarters for either breakfast or dinner, but take their "ash cake" with them, and eat it in the field. This was so on the home plantation; probably, because the distance from the quarter to the field, was sometimes two, and even three miles.

The dinner of the slaves consisted of a huge piece of ash cake, and a small piece of pork, or two salt herrings. Not having ovens, nor any suitable cooking utensils, the slaves mixed their meal with a little water, to such thickness that a spoon would stand erect in

it; and, after the wood had burned away to coals and ashes, they would place the dough between oak leaves and lay it carefully in the ashes, completely covering it; hence, the bread is called ash cake. The surface of this peculiar bread is covered with ashes, to the depth of a sixteenth part of an inch, and the ashes, certainly, do not make it very grateful to the teeth, nor render it very palatable. The bran, or coarse part of the meal, is baked with the fine, and bright scales run through the bread. This bread, with its ashes and bran, would disgust and choke a northern man, but it is quite liked by the slaves. They eat it with avidity, and are more concerned about the quantity than about the quality. They are far too scantily provided for, and are worked too steadily, to be much concerned for the quality of their food. The few minutes allowed them at dinner time, after partaking of their coarse repast, are variously spent. Some lie down on the “turning row,” and go to sleep; others draw together, and talk; and others are at work with needle and thread, mending their tattered garments. Sometimes you may hear a wild, hoarse laugh arise from a circle, and often a song. Soon, however, the overseer comes dashing through the field. _“Tumble up! Tumble up_, and to _work, work,”_ is the cry; and, now, from twelve o’clock (mid-day) till dark, the human cattle are in motion, wielding their clumsy hoes; hurried on by no hope of reward, no sense of gratitude, no love of children, no prospect of bettering their condition; nothing, save the dread and terror of the slave-driver’s lash. So goes one day, and so comes and goes another.

But, let us now leave the rough usage of the field, where vulgar coarseness and brutal cruelty spread themselves and flourish, rank as weeds in the tropics; where a vile wretch, in the shape of a man, rides, walks, or struts about, dealing blows, and leaving gashes on broken-spirited men and helpless women, for thirty dollars per month—a business so horrible, hardening and disgraceful, that, rather, than engage in it, a decent man would blow his own brains out—and let the reader view with me the equally wicked, but less repulsive aspects of slave life; where pride and pomp roll luxuriously at ease; where the toil of a thousand men supports a single family in easy idleness and sin. This is the great house; it is the home of the LLOYDS! Some idea of its splendor has already been given—and, it is here that we shall find that height of luxury which is the opposite of that depth of poverty and physical wretchedness that we have just now been contemplating. But, there is this difference in the two extremes; viz: that in the case of the slave, the miseries and hardships of his lot are imposed by others, and, in the master’s case, they are imposed by himself. The slave is a subject, subjected by others; the slaveholder is a subject, but he is the author of his own subjection. There is more truth in the saying, that slavery is a greater evil to the master than to the slave, than many, who utter it, suppose. The self-executing laws of eternal justice follow close on the heels of the evil-doer here, as well as elsewhere; making escape from all its penalties impossible. But, let others philosophize; it is my province here to relate and describe; only allowing myself a word or two, occasionally, to assist the reader in the proper understanding of the facts narrated.

CHAPTER VII. _Life in the Great House_

COMFORTS AND LUXURIES—ELABORATE EXPENDITURE—HOUSE SERVANTS—MEN SERVANTS AND MAID SERVANTS—APPEARANCES—SLAVE ARISTOCRACY—STABLE AND CARRIAGE HOUSE—BOUNDLESS HOSPITALITY—FRAGRANCE OF RICH DISHES—THE DECEPTIVE CHARACTER OF SLAVERY—SLAVES SEEM HAPPY—SLAVES AND SLAVEHOLDERS ALIKE WRETCHED—FRETFUL DISCONTENT OF SLAVEHOLDERS—FAULT-FINDING—OLD BARNEY—HIS PROFESSION—WHIPPING—HUMILIATING SPECTACLE—CASE EXCEPTIONAL—WILLIAM WILKS—SUPPOSED SON OF COL. LLOYD—CURIOUS INCIDENT—SLAVES PREFER RICH MASTERS TO POOR ONES.

The close-fisted stinginess that fed the poor slave on coarse corn-meal and tainted meat; that clothed him in crashy tow-linen, and hurried him to toil through the field, in all weathers, with wind and rain beating through his tattered garments; that scarcely gave even the young slave-mother time to nurse her hungry infant in the fence corner; wholly vanishes on approaching the sacred precincts of the great house, the home of the Lloyds. There the scriptural phrase finds an exact illustration; the highly favored inmates of this mansion are literally arrayed “in purple and fine linen,” and fare sumptuously every day! The table groans under the heavy and blood-bought luxuries gathered with painstaking care, at home and abroad. Fields, forests, rivers and seas, are made tributary here. Immense wealth, and its lavish expenditure, fill the great house with all that can please the eye, or tempt the taste. Here, appetite, not food, is the great _desideratum_. Fish, flesh and fowl, are here in profusion. Chickens, of all breeds; ducks, of all kinds, wild and tame, the common, and the huge Muscovite; Guinea fowls, turkeys, geese, and pea fowls, are in their several pens, fat and fatting for the destined vortex. The graceful swan, the mongrels, the black-necked wild goose; partridges, quails, pheasants and pigeons; choice water fowl, with all their strange varieties, are caught in this huge family net. Beef, veal, mutton and venison, of the most select kinds and quality, roll bounteously to this grand consumer. The teeming riches of the Chesapeake bay, its rock, perch, drums, crocus, trout, oysters, crabs, and terrapin, are drawn hither to adorn the glittering table of the great house.

The dairy, too, probably the finest on the Eastern Shore of Maryland—supplied by cattle of the best English stock, imported for the purpose, pours its rich donations of fragant cheese, golden butter, and delicious cream, to heighten the attraction of the gorgeous, unending round of feasting. Nor are the fruits of the earth forgotten or neglected. The fertile garden, many acres in size, constituting a separate establishment, distinct from the common farm—with its scientific gardener, imported from Scotland (a Mr. McDermott) with four men under his direction, was not behind, either in the abundance or in the delicacy of its contributions to the same full board. The tender asparagus, the succulent celery, and the delicate cauliflower; egg plants, beets, lettuce, parsnips, peas, and French beans, early and late; radishes, cantelopes, melons of all kinds; the fruits and flowers of all climes and of all descriptions, from the hardy apple of the north, to the lemon and orange of the south, culminated at this point. Baltimore gathered figs, raisins, almonds and juicy grapes from Spain. Wines and brandies from France; teas of various flavor, from China; and rich, aromatic coffee from Java, all conspired to swell the tide of high life, where pride and indolence rolled and lounged in magnificence and satiety.

Behind the tall-backed and elaborately wrought chairs, stand the servants, men and maidens—fifteen in number—discriminately selected, not only with a view to their industry and faithfulness, but with special regard to their personal appearance, their graceful agility and captivating address. Some of these are armed with fans, and are fanning reviving breezes toward the over-heated brows of the alabaster ladies; others watch with eager eye, and with fawn-like step anticipate and supply wants before they are sufficiently formed to be announced by word or sign.

These servants constituted a sort of black aristocracy on Col. Lloyd's plantation. They resembled the field hands in nothing, except in color, and in this they held the advantage of a velvet-like glossiness, rich and beautiful. The hair, too, showed the same advantage. The delicate colored maid rustled in the scarcely worn silk of her young mistress, while the servant men were equally well attired from the over-flowing wardrobe of their young masters; so that, in dress, as well as in form and feature, in manner and speech, in tastes and habits, the distance between these favored few, and the sorrow and hunger-smitten multitudes of the quarter and the field, was immense; and this is seldom passed over.

Let us now glance at the stables and the carriage house, and we shall find the same evidences of pride and luxurious extravagance. Here are three splendid coaches, soft within and lustrous without. Here, too, are gigs, phaetons, barouches, sulkeys and sleighs. Here are saddles and harnesses—beautifully wrought and silver mounted—kept with every care. In the stable you will find, kept only for pleasure, full thirty-five horses, of the most approved blood for speed and beauty. There are two men here constantly employed in taking care of these horses. One of these men must be always in the stable, to answer every call from the great house. Over the way from the stable, is a house built expressly for the hounds—a pack of twenty-five or thirty—whose fare would have made glad the heart of a dozen slaves. Horses and hounds are not the only consumers of the slave's toil. There was practiced, at the Lloyd's, a hospitality which would have astonished and charmed any health-seeking northern divine or merchant, who might have chanced to share it. Viewed from his own table, and _not_ from the field, the colonel was a model of generous hospitality. His house was, literally, a hotel, for weeks during the summer months. At these times, especially, the air was freighted with the rich fumes of baking, boiling, roasting and broiling. The odors I shared with the winds; but the meats were under a more stringent monopoly except that, occasionally, I got a cake from Mas' Daniel. In Mas' Daniel I had a friend at court, from whom I learned many things which my eager curiosity was excited to know. I always knew when company was expected, and who they were, although I was an outsider, being the property, not of Col. Lloyd, but of a servant of the wealthy colonel. On these occasions, all that pride, taste and money could do, to dazzle and charm, was done.

Who could say that the servants of Col. Lloyd were not well clad and cared for, after witnessing one of his magnificent entertainments? Who could say that they did not seem to glory in being the slaves of such a master? Who, but a fanatic, could get up any sympathy for persons whose every movement was agile, easy and graceful, and who evinced a consciousness of high superiority? And who would ever venture to suspect that Col. Lloyd was subject to the troubles of ordinary mortals? Master and slave seem alike in their glory here? Can it all be seeming? Alas! it may only be a sham at last! This immense wealth; this gilded splendor; this profusion of luxury; this exemption from toil; this life of ease; this sea of plenty; aye, what of it all? Are the pearly gates of happiness and sweet content flung open to such suitors? _far from it!_ The poor slave, on his hard, pine plank, but scantily covered with his thin blanket, sleeps more soundly than the feverish voluptuary who reclines upon his feather bed and downy pillow. Food, to the indolent lounger, is poison, not sustenance. Lurking beneath all their dishes, are invisible spirits of evil, ready to feed the self-deluded gormandizers which aches, pains, fierce temper, uncontrolled passions, dyspepsia, rheumatism, lumbago and gout; and of these the Lloyds got their full share. To the pampered love of ease, there is no resting place. What is pleasant today, is repulsive tomorrow; what is soft now, is hard at another time; what is sweet in the morning, is bitter in the evening. Neither

to the wicked, nor to the idler, is there any solid peace: _“Troubled, like the restless sea.”_

I had excellent opportunities of witnessing the restless discontent and the capricious irritation of the Lloyds. My fondness for horses—not peculiar to me more than to other boys attracted me, much of the time, to the stables. This establishment was especially under the care of “old” and “young” Barney—father and son. Old Barney was a fine looking old man, of a brownish complexion, who was quite portly, and wore a dignified aspect for a slave. He was, evidently, much devoted to his profession, and held his office an honorable one. He was a farrier as well as an ostler; he could bleed, remove lampers from the mouths of the horses, and was well instructed in horse medicines. No one on the farm knew, so well as Old Barney, what to do with a sick horse. But his gifts and acquirements were of little advantage to him. His office was by no means an enviable one. He often got presents, but he got stripes as well; for in nothing was Col. Lloyd more unreasonable and exacting, than in respect to the management of his pleasure horses. Any supposed inattention to these animals were sure to be visited with degrading punishment. His horses and dogs fared better than his men. Their beds must be softer and cleaner than those of his human cattle. No excuse could shield Old Barney, if the colonel only suspected something wrong about his horses; and, consequently, he was often punished when faultless. It was absolutely painful to listen to the many unreasonable and fretful scoldings, poured out at the stable, by Col. Lloyd, his sons and sons-in-law. Of the latter, he had three—Messrs. Nicholson, Winder and Lownes. These all lived at the great house a portion of the year, and enjoyed the luxury of whipping the servants when they pleased, which was by no means unfrequently. A horse was seldom brought out of the stable to which no objection could be raised. “There was dust in his hair;” “there was a twist in his reins;” “his mane did not lie straight;” “he had not been properly grained;” “his head did not look well;” “his fore-top was not combed out;” “his fetlocks had not been properly trimmed;” something was always wrong. Listening to complaints, however groundless, Barney must stand, hat in hand, lips sealed, never answering a word. He must make no reply, no explanation; the judgment of the master must be deemed infallible, for his power is absolute and irresponsible. In a free state, a master, thus complaining without cause, of his ostler, might be told—“Sir, I am sorry I cannot please you, but, since I have done the best I can, your remedy is to dismiss me.” Here, however, the ostler must stand, listen and tremble. One of the most heart-saddening and humiliating scenes I ever witnessed, was the whipping of Old Barney, by Col. Lloyd himself. Here were two men, both advanced in years; there were the silvery locks of Col. L., and there was the bald and toil-worn brow of Old Barney; master and slave; superior and inferior here, but _equals_ at the bar of God; and, in the common course of events, they must both soon meet in another world, in a world where all distinctions, except those based on obedience and disobedience, are blotted out forever. “Uncover your head!” said the imperious master; he was obeyed. “Take off your jacket, you old rascal!” and off came Barney’s jacket. “Down on your knees!” down knelt the old man, his shoulders bare, his bald head glistening in the sun, and his aged knees on the cold, damp ground. In his humble and debasing attitude, the master—that master to whom he had given the best years and the best strength of his life—came forward, and laid on thirty lashes, with his horse whip. The old man bore it patiently, to the last, answering each blow with a slight shrug of the shoulders, and a groan. I cannot think that Col. Lloyd succeeded in marring the flesh of Old Barney very seriously, for the whip was a light, riding whip; but the spectacle of an aged man—a husband and a father—humbly kneeling before a worm of the dust, surprised and shocked me at the time; and since I have grown old enough to think on the wickedness of slavery, few facts have been of more value to me than this, to which I was a witness. It reveals slavery in its true color, and in its maturity of repulsive hatefulness. I owe it to truth, however, to say, that this was the first and the last time I ever saw Old Barney, or any other slave, compelled to kneel to receive a whipping.

I saw, at the stable, another incident, which I will relate, as it is illustrative of a phase of slavery to which I have already referred in another connection. Besides two other coachmen, Col. Lloyd owned one named William, who, strangely enough, was often called by his surname, Wilks, by white and colored people on the home plantation. Wilks was a very fine looking man. He was about as white as anybody on the plantation; and in manliness of form, and comeliness of features, he bore a very striking resemblance to Mr. Murray Lloyd. It was whispered, and pretty generally admitted as a fact, that William Wilks was a son of Col. Lloyd, by a highly favored slave-woman, who was still on the plantation. There were many reasons for believing this whisper, not only in William’s appearance, but in the undeniable freedom which he enjoyed over all others, and his apparent consciousness of being something more than a slave to his master. It was notorious, too, that William had a deadly enemy in Murray Lloyd, whom he so much resembled, and that the latter greatly worried his father with importunities to sell William. Indeed, he gave his father no rest until he did sell him, to Austin Woldfolk, the great slave-trader at that time. Before selling him, however, Mr. L. tried what giving William a whipping would do, toward making things smooth; but this was a failure. It was a compromise, and defeated itself; for, immediately after the infliction, the heart-sickened colonel atoned to William for the abuse, by giving him a gold watch and chain. Another fact, somewhat curious, is, that though sold to the remorseless _Woldfolk_, taken in irons to Baltimore and cast into prison, with a view to being driven to the south, William, by _some_ means—always a mystery to me—outbid all his purchasers, paid for himself, _and

now resides in Baltimore, a_ FREEMAN. Is there not room to suspect, that, as the gold watch was presented to atone for the whipping, a purse of gold was given him by the same hand, with which to effect his purchase, as an atonement for the indignity involved in selling his own flesh and blood. All the circumstances of William, on the great house farm, show him to have occupied a different position from the other slaves, and, certainly, there is nothing in the supposed hostility of slaveholders to amalgamation, to forbid the supposition that William Wilks was the son of Edward Lloyd. _Practical_ amalgamation is common in every neighborhood where I have been in slavery.

Col. Lloyd was not in the way of knowing much of the real opinions and feelings of his slaves respecting him. The distance between him and them was far too great to admit of such knowledge. His slaves were so numerous, that he did not know them when he saw them. Nor, indeed, did all his slaves know him. In this respect, he was inconveniently rich. It is reported of him, that, while riding along the road one day, he met a colored man, and addressed him in the usual way of speaking to colored people on the public highways of the south: “Well, boy, who do you belong to?” “To Col. Lloyd,” replied the slave. “Well, does the colonel treat you well?” “No, sir,” was the ready reply. “What? does he work you too hard?” “Yes, sir.” “Well, don’t he give enough to eat?” “Yes, sir, he gives me enough, such as it is.” The colonel, after ascertaining where the slave belonged, rode on; the slave also went on about his business, not dreaming that he had been conversing with his master. He thought, said and heard nothing more of the matter, until two or three weeks afterwards. The poor man was then informed by his overseer, that, for having found fault with his master, he was now to be sold to a Georgia trader. He was immediately chained and handcuffed; and thus, without a moment’s warning he was snatched away, and forever sundered from his family and friends, by a hand more unrelenting than that of death. _This_ is the penalty of telling the simple truth, in answer to a series of plain questions. It is partly in consequence of such facts, that slaves, when inquired of as to their condition and the character of their masters, almost invariably say they are contented, and that their masters are kind. Slaveholders have been known to send spies among their slaves, to ascertain, if possible, their views and feelings in regard to their condition. The frequency of this had the effect to establish among the slaves the maxim, that a still tongue makes a wise head. They suppress the truth rather than take the consequence of telling it, and, in so doing, they prove themselves a part of the human family. If they have anything to say of their master, it is, generally, something in his favor, especially when speaking to strangers. I was frequently asked, while a slave, if I had a kind master, and I do not remember ever to have given a negative reply. Nor did I, when pursuing this course, consider myself as uttering what was utterly false; for I always measured the kindness of my master by the standard of kindness set up by slaveholders around us. However, slaves are like other people, and imbibe similar prejudices. They are apt to think _their condition_ better than that of others. Many, under the influence of this prejudice, think their own masters are better than the masters of other slaves; and this, too, in some cases, when the very reverse is true. Indeed, it is not uncommon for slaves even to fall out and quarrel among themselves about the relative kindness of their masters, contending for the superior goodness of his own over that of others. At the very same time, they mutually execrate their masters, when viewed separately. It was so on our plantation. When Col. Lloyd’s slaves met those of Jacob Jepson, they seldom parted without a quarrel about their masters; Col. Lloyd’s slaves contending that he was the richest, and Mr. Jepson’s slaves that he was the smartest, man of the two. Col. Lloyd’s slaves would boost his ability to buy and sell Jacob Jepson; Mr. Jepson’s slaves would boast his ability to whip Col. Lloyd. These quarrels would almost always end in a fight between the parties; those that beat were supposed to have gained the point at issue. They seemed to think that the greatness of their masters was transferable to themselves. To be a SLAVE, was thought to be bad enough; but to be a _poor man’s_ slave, was deemed a disgrace, indeed.

CHAPTER VIII. _A Chapter of Horrors_

AUSTIN GORE—A SKETCH OF HIS CHARACTER—OVERSEERS AS A CLASS—THEIR PECULIAR CHARACTERISTICS—THE MARKED INDIVIDUALITY OF AUSTIN GORE—HIS SENSE OF DUTY—HOW HE WHIPPED—MURDER OF POOR DENBY—HOW IT OCCURRED—SENSATION—HOW GORE MADE PEACE WITH COL. LLOYD—THE MURDER UNPUNISHED—ANOTHER DREADFUL MURDER NARRATED—NO LAWS FOR THE PROTECTION OF SLAVES CAN BE ENFORCED IN THE SOUTHERN STATES.

As I have already intimated elsewhere, the slaves on Col. Lloyd’s plantation, whose hard lot, under Mr. Sevier, the reader has already noticed and deplored, were not permitted to enjoy the comparatively moderate rule of Mr. Hopkins. The latter was succeeded by a very different man. The name of the new overseer was Austin Gore. Upon this individual I would fix particular attention; for under his rule there was more suffering from violence and bloodshed than had—according to the older slaves ever been experienced before on this plantation. I confess, I hardly know how to bring this man fitly before the reader. He was, it is true, an overseer, and possessed, to a large extent, the peculiar characteristics of his class; yet, to call him merely an overseer, would

not give the reader a fair notion of the man. I speak of overseers as a class. They are such. They are as distinct from the slaveholding gentry of the south, as are the fishwomen of Paris, and the coal-heavers of London, distinct from other members of society. They constitute a separate fraternity at the south, not less marked than is the fraternity of Park Lane bullies in New York. They have been arranged and classified by that great law of attraction, which determines the spheres and affinities of men; which ordains, that men, whose malign and brutal propensities predominate over their moral and intellectual endowments, shall, naturally, fall into those employments which promise the largest gratification to those predominating instincts or propensities. The office of overseer takes this raw material of vulgarity and brutality, and stamps it as a distinct class of southern society. But, in this class, as in all other classes, there are characters of marked individuality, even while they bear a general resemblance to the mass. Mr. Gore was one of those, to whom a general characterization would do no manner of justice. He was an overseer; but he was something more. With the malign and tyrannical qualities of an overseer, he combined something of the lawful master. He had the artfulness and the mean ambition of his class; but he was wholly free from the disgusting swagger and noisy bravado of his fraternity. There was an easy air of independence about him; a calm self-possession, and a sternness of glance, which might well daunt hearts less timid than those of poor slaves, accustomed from childhood and through life to cower before a driver's lash. The home plantation of Col. Lloyd afforded an ample field for the exercise of the qualifications for overseership, which he possessed in such an eminent degree.

Mr. Gore was one of those overseers, who could torture the slightest word or look into impudence; he had the nerve, not only to resent, but to punish, promptly and severely. He never allowed himself to be answered back, by a slave. In this, he was as lordly and as imperious as Col. Edward Lloyd, himself; acting always up to the maxim, practically maintained by slaveholders, that it is better that a dozen slaves suffer under the lash, without fault, than that the master or the overseer should _seem_ to have been wrong in the presence of the slave. _Everything must be absolute here_. Guilty or not guilty, it is enough to be accused, to be sure of a flogging. The very presence of this man Gore was painful, and I shunned him as I would have shunned a rattlesnake. His piercing, black eyes, and sharp, shrill voice, ever awakened sensations of terror among the slaves. For so young a man (I describe him as he was, twenty-five or thirty years ago) Mr. Gore was singularly reserved and grave in the presence of slaves. He indulged in no jokes, said no funny things, and kept his own counsels. Other overseers, how brutal soever they might be, were, at times, inclined to gain favor with the slaves, by indulging a little pleasantry; but Gore was never known to be guilty of any such weakness. He was always the cold, distant, unapproachable _overseer_ of Col. Edward Lloyd's plantation, and needed no higher pleasure than was involved in a faithful discharge of the duties of his office. When he whipped, he seemed to do so from a sense of duty, and feared no consequences. What Hopkins did reluctantly, Gore did with alacrity. There was a stern will, an iron-like reality, about this Gore, which would have easily made him the chief of a band of pirates, had his environments been favorable to such a course of life. All the coolness, savage barbarity and freedom from moral restraint, which are necessary in the character of a pirate-chief, centered, I think, in this man Gore. Among many other deeds of shocking cruelty which he perpetrated, while I was at Mr. Lloyd's, was the murder of a young colored man, named Denby. He was sometimes called Bill Denby, or Demby; (I write from sound, and the sounds on Lloyd's plantation are not very certain.) I knew him well. He was a powerful young man, full of animal spirits, and, so far as I know, he was among the most valuable of Col. Lloyd's slaves. In something—I know not what—he offended this Mr. Austin Gore, and, in accordance with the custom of the latter, he under took to flog him. He gave Denby but few stripes; the latter broke away from him and plunged into the creek, and, standing there to the depth of his neck in water, he refused to come out at the order of the overseer; whereupon, for this refusal, _Gore shot him dead!_ It is said that Gore gave Denby three calls, telling him that if he did not obey the last call, he would shoot him. When the third call was given, Denby stood his ground firmly; and this raised the question, in the minds of the by-standing slaves—"Will he dare to shoot?" Mr. Gore, without further parley, and without making any further effort to induce Denby to come out of the water, raised his gun deliberately to his face, took deadly aim at his standing victim, and, in an instant, poor Denby was numbered with the dead. His mangled body sank out of sight, and only his warm, red blood marked the place where he had stood.

This devilish outrage, this fiendish murder, produced, as it was well calculated to do, a tremendous sensation. A thrill of horror flashed through every soul on the plantation, if I may except the guilty wretch who had committed the hell-black deed. While the slaves generally were panic-struck, and howling with alarm, the murderer himself was calm and collected, and appeared as though nothing unusual had happened. The atrocity roused my old master, and he spoke out, in reprobation of it; but the whole thing proved to be less than a nine days' wonder. Both Col. Lloyd and my old master arraigned Gore for his cruelty in the matter, but this amounted to nothing. His reply, or explanation—as I remember to have heard it at the time was, that the extraordinary expedient was demanded by necessity; that Denby had become unmanageable; that he had set a dangerous example to the other slaves; and that, without some such prompt measure as that to which he had resorted, were adopted, there would be an end to all rule and

order on the plantation. That very convenient covert for all manner of cruelty and outrage that cowardly alarm-cry, that the slaves would _“take the place,”_ was pleaded, in extenuation of this revolting crime, just as it had been cited in defense of a thousand similar ones. He argued, that if one slave refused to be corrected, and was allowed to escape with his life, when he had been told that he should lose it if he persisted in his course, the other slaves would soon copy his example; the result of which would be, the freedom of the slaves, and the enslavement of the whites. I have every reason to believe that Mr. Gore’s defense, or explanation, was deemed satisfactory—at least to Col. Lloyd. He was continued in his office on the plantation. His fame as an overseer went abroad, and his horrid crime was not even submitted to judicial investigation. The murder was committed in the presence of slaves, and they, of course, could neither institute a suit, nor testify against the murderer. His bare word would go further in a court of law, than the united testimony of ten thousand black witnesses.

All that Mr. Gore had to do, was to make his peace with Col. Lloyd. This done, and the guilty perpetrator of one of the most foul murders goes unwhipped of justice, and uncensured by the community in which he lives. Mr. Gore lived in St. Michael’s, Talbot county, when I left Maryland; if he is still alive he probably yet resides there; and I have no reason to doubt that he is now as highly esteemed, and as greatly respected, as though his guilty soul had never been stained with innocent blood. I am well aware that what I have now written will by some be branded as false and malicious. It will be denied, not only that such a thing ever did transpire, as I have now narrated, but that such a thing could happen in _Maryland_. I can only say—believe it or not—that I have said nothing but the literal truth, gainsay it who may.

I speak advisedly when I say this,—that killing a slave, or any colored person, in Talbot county, Maryland, is not treated as a crime, either by the courts or the community. Mr. Thomas Lanman, ship carpenter, of St. Michael’s, killed two slaves, one of whom he butchered with a hatchet, by knocking his brains out. He used to boast of the commission of the awful and bloody deed. I have heard him do so, laughingly, saying, among other things, that he was the only benefactor of his country in the company, and that when “others would do as much as he had done, we should be relieved of the d—d niggers.”

As an evidence of the reckless disregard of human life where the life is that of a slave I may state the notorious fact, that the wife of Mr. Giles Hicks, who lived but a short distance from Col. Lloyd’s, with her own hands murdered my wife’s cousin, a young girl between fifteen and sixteen years of age—mutilating her person in a most shocking manner. The atrocious woman, in the paroxysm of her wrath, not content with murdering her victim, literally mangled her face, and broke her breast bone. Wild, however, and infuriated as she was, she took the precaution to cause the slave-girl to be buried; but the facts of the case coming abroad, very speedily led to the disinterment of the remains of the murdered slave-girl. A coroner’s jury was assembled, who decided that the girl had come to her death by severe beating. It was ascertained that the offense for which this girl was thus hurried out of the world, was this: she had been set that night, and several preceding nights, to mind Mrs. Hicks’s baby, and having fallen into a sound sleep, the baby cried, waking Mrs. Hicks, but not the slave-girl. Mrs. Hicks, becoming infuriated at the girl’s tardiness, after calling several times, jumped from her bed and seized a piece of fire-wood from the fireplace; and then, as she lay fast asleep, she deliberately pounded in her skull and breast-bone, and thus ended her life. I will not say that this most horrid murder produced no sensation in the community. It _did_ produce a sensation; but, incredible to tell, the moral sense of the community was blunted too entirely by the ordinary nature of slavery horrors, to bring the murderess to punishment. A warrant was issued for her arrest, but, for some reason or other, that warrant was never served. Thus did Mrs. Hicks not only escape condign punishment, but even the pain and mortification of being arraigned before a court of justice.

Whilst I am detailing the bloody deeds that took place during my stay on Col. Lloyd’s plantation, I will briefly narrate another dark transaction, which occurred about the same time as the murder of Denby by Mr. Gore.

On the side of the river Wye, opposite from Col. Lloyd’s, there lived a Mr. Beal Bondley, a wealthy slaveholder. In the direction of his land, and near the shore, there was an excellent oyster fishing ground, and to this, some of the slaves of Col. Lloyd occasionally resorted in their little canoes, at night, with a view to make up the deficiency of their scanty allowance of food, by the oysters that they could easily get there. This, Mr. Bondley took it into his head to regard as a trespass, and while an old man belonging to Col. Lloyd was engaged in catching a few of the many millions of oysters that lined the bottom of that creek, to satisfy his hunger, the villainous Mr. Bondley, lying in ambush, without the slightest ceremony, discharged the contents of his musket into the back and shoulders of the poor old man. As good fortune would have it, the shot did not prove mortal, and Mr. Bondley came over, the next day, to see Col. Lloyd—whether to pay him for his property, or to justify himself for what he had done, I know not; but this I _can_ say, the cruel and dastardly transaction was speedily hushed up; there was very little said about it at all, and nothing was publicly done which looked like the application of the principle of justice to the man whom _chance_, only, saved from being an actual murderer. One of the commonest sayings to which my ears early became accustomed, on Col. Lloyd’s plantation and elsewhere in

Maryland, was, that it was _“worth but half a cent to kill a nigger, and a half a cent to bury him;”_ and the facts of my experience go far to justify the practical truth of this strange proverb. Laws for the protection of the lives of the slaves, are, as they must needs be, utterly incapable of being enforced, where the very parties who are nominally protected, are not permitted to give evidence, in courts of law, against the only class of persons from whom abuse, outrage and murder might be reasonably apprehended. While I heard of numerous murders committed by slaveholders on the Eastern Shores of Maryland, I never knew a solitary instance in which a slaveholder was either hung or imprisoned for having murdered a slave. The usual pretext for killing a slave is, that the slave has offered resistance. Should a slave, when assaulted, but raise his hand in self defense, the white assaulting party is fully justified by southern, or Maryland, public opinion, in shooting the slave down. Sometimes this is done, simply because it is alleged that the slave has been saucy. But here I leave this phase of the society of my early childhood, and will relieve the kind reader of these heart-sickening details.

CHAPTER IX. _Personal Treatment_

MISS LUCRETIA—HER KINDNESS—HOW IT WAS MANIFESTED—“IKE”—A BATTLE WITH HIM—THE CONSEQUENCES THEREOF—MISS LUCRETIA’S BALSAM—BREAD—HOW I OBTAINED IT—BEAMS OF SUNLIGHT AMIDST THE GENERAL DARKNESS—SUFFERING FROM COLD—HOW WE TOOK OUR MEALS—ORDERS TO PREPARE FOR BALTIMORE—OVERJOYED AT THE THOUGHT OF QUITTING THE PLANTATION—EXTRAORDINARY CLEANSING—COUSIN TOM’S VERSION OF BALTIMORE—ARRIVAL THERE—KIND RECEPTION GIVEN ME BY MRS. SOPHIA AULD—LITTLE TOMMY—MY NEW POSITION—MY NEW DUTIES—A TURNING POINT IN MY HISTORY.

I have nothing cruel or shocking to relate of my own personal experience, while I remained on Col. Lloyd’s plantation, at the home of my old master. An occasional cuff from Aunt Katy, and a regular whipping from old master, such as any heedless and mischievous boy might get from his father, is all that I can mention of this sort. I was not old enough to work in the field, and, there being little else than field work to perform, I had much leisure. The most I had to do, was, to drive up the cows in the evening, to keep the front yard clean, and to perform small errands for my young mistress, Lucretia Auld. I have reasons for thinking this lady was very kindly disposed toward me, and, although I was not often the object of her attention, I constantly regarded her as my friend, and was always glad when it was my privilege to do her a service. In a family where there was so much that was harsh, cold and indifferent, the slightest word or look of kindness passed, with me, for its full value. Miss Lucretia—as we all continued to call her long after her marriage—had bestowed upon me such words and looks as taught me that she pitied me, if she did not love me. In addition to words and looks, she sometimes gave me a piece of bread and butter; a thing not set down in the bill of fare, and which must have been an extra ration, planned aside from either Aunt Katy or old master, solely out of the tender regard and friendship she had for me. Then, too, I one day got into the wars with Uncle Able’s son, “Ike,” and had got sadly worsted; in fact, the little rascal had struck me directly in the forehead with a sharp piece of cinder, fused with iron, from the old blacksmith’s forge, which made a cross in my forehead very plainly to be seen now. The gash bled very freely, and I roared very loudly and betook myself home. The coldhearted Aunt Katy paid no attention either to my wound or my roaring, except to tell me it served me right; I had no business with Ike; it was good for me; I would now keep away _“from dem Lloyd niggers.”_ Miss Lucretia, in this state of the case, came forward; and, in quite a different spirit from that manifested by Aunt Katy, she called me into the parlor (an extra privilege of itself) and, without using toward me any of the hard-hearted and reproachful epithets of my kitchen tormentor, she quietly acted the good Samaritan. With her own soft hand she washed the blood from my head and face, fetched her own balsam bottle, and with the balsam wetted a nice piece of white linen, and bound up my head. The balsam was not more healing to the wound in my head, than her kindness was healing to the wounds in my spirit, made by the unfeeling words of Aunt Katy. After this, Miss Lucretia was my friend. I felt her to be such; and I have no doubt that the simple act of binding up my head, did much to awaken in her mind an interest in my welfare. It is quite true, that this interest was never very marked, and it seldom showed itself in anything more than in giving me a piece of bread when I was hungry; but this was a great favor on a slave plantation, and I was the only one of the children to whom such attention was paid. When very hungry, I would go into the back yard and play under Miss Lucretia’s window. When pretty severely pinched by hunger, I had a habit of singing, which the good lady very soon came to understand as a petition for a piece of bread. When I sung under Miss Lucretia’s window, I was very apt to get well paid for my music. The reader will see that I now had two friends, both at important points—Mas’ Daniel at the great house, and Miss Lucretia at home. From Mas’ Daniel I got protection from the bigger boys; and from Miss Lucretia I got bread, by singing when I was hungry, and sympathy when I was abused by that termagant, who had the reins of government in the kitchen. For such friendship I felt deeply grateful, and bitter as are my recollections of slavery, I love to recall any instances of kindness, any sunbeams of humane treatment, which found way to my soul through the iron grating of my house of bondage. Such beams seem all the brighter from the

general darkness into which they penetrate, and the impression they make is vividly distinct and beautiful.

As I have before intimated, I was seldom whipped—and never severely—by my old master. I suffered little from the treatment I received, except from hunger and cold. These were my two great physical troubles. I could neither get a sufficiency of food nor of clothing; but I suffered less from hunger than from cold. In hottest summer and coldest winter, I was kept almost in a state of nudity; no shoes, no stockings, no jacket, no trowsers; nothing but coarse sackcloth or tow-linen, made into a sort of shirt, reaching down to my knees. This I wore night and day, changing it once a week. In the day time I could protect myself pretty well, by keeping on the sunny side of the house; and in bad weather, in the corner of the kitchen chimney. The great difficulty was, to keep warm during the night. I had no bed. The pigs in the pen had leaves, and the horses in the stable had straw, but the children had no beds. They lodged anywhere in the ample kitchen. I slept, generally, in a little closet, without even a blanket to cover me. In very cold weather. I sometimes got down the bag in which corn-meal was usually carried to the mill, and crawled into that. Sleeping there, with my head in and feet out, I was partly protected, though not comfortable. My feet have been so cracked with the frost, that the pen with which I am writing might be laid in the gashes. The manner of taking our meals at old master's, indicated but little refinement. Our corn-meal mush, when sufficiently cooled, was placed in a large wooden tray, or trough, like those used in making maple sugar here in the north. This tray was set down, either on the floor of the kitchen, or out of doors on the ground; and the children were called, like so many pigs; and like so many pigs they would come, and literally devour the mush—some with oyster shells, some with pieces of shingles, and none with spoons. He that eat fastest got most, and he that was strongest got the best place; and few left the trough really satisfied. I was the most unlucky of any, for Aunt Katy had no good feeling for me; and if I pushed any of the other children, or if they told her anything unfavorable of me, she always believed the worst, and was sure to whip me.

As I grew older and more thoughtful, I was more and more filled with a sense of my wretchedness. The cruelty of Aunt Katy, the hunger and cold I suffered, and the terrible reports of wrong and outrage which came to my ear, together with what I almost daily witnessed, led me, when yet but eight or nine years old, to wish I had never been born. I used to contrast my condition with the black-birds, in whose wild and sweet songs I fancied them so happy! Their apparent joy only deepened the shades of my sorrow. There are thoughtful days in the lives of children—at least there were in mine when they grapple with all the great, primary subjects of knowledge, and reach, in a moment, conclusions which no subsequent experience can shake. I was just as well aware of the unjust, unnatural and murderous character of slavery, when nine years old, as I am now. Without any appeal to books, to laws, or to authorities of any kind, it was enough to accept God as a father, to regard slavery as a crime.

I was not ten years old when I left Col. Lloyd's plantation for Balitmore(sic). I left that plantation with inexpressible joy. I never shall forget the ecstacy with which I received the intelligence from my friend, Miss Lucretia, that my old master had determined to let me go to Baltimore to live with Mr. Hugh Auld, a brother to Mr. Thomas Auld, my old master's son-in-law. I received this information about three days before my departure. They were three of the happiest days of my childhood. I spent the largest part of these three days in the creek, washing off the plantation scurf, and preparing for my new home. Mrs. Lucretia took a lively interest in getting me ready. She told me I must get all the dead skin off my feet and knees, before I could go to Baltimore, for the people there were very cleanly, and would laugh at me if I looked dirty; and, besides, she was intending to give me a pair of trowsers, which I should not put on unless I got all the dirt off. This was a warning to which I was bound to take heed; for the thought of owning a pair of trowsers, was great, indeed. It was almost a sufficient motive, not only to induce me to scrub off the _mange_ (as pig drovers would call it) but the skin as well. So I went at it in good earnest, working for the first time in the hope of reward. I was greatly excited, and could hardly consent to sleep, lest I should be left. The ties that, ordinarily, bind children to their homes, were all severed, or they never had any existence in my case, at least so far as the home plantation of Col. L. was concerned. I therefore found no severe trail at the moment of my departure, such as I had experienced when separated from my home in Tuckahoe. My home at my old master's was charmless to me; it was not home, but a prison to me; on parting from it, I could not feel that I was leaving anything which I could have enjoyed by staying. My mother was now long dead; my grandmother was far away, so that I seldom saw her; Aunt Katy was my unrelenting tormentor; and my two sisters and brothers, owing to our early separation in life, and the family-destroying power of slavery, were, comparatively, strangers to me. The fact of our relationship was almost blotted out. I looked for _home_ elsewhere, and was confident of finding none which I should relish less than the one I was leaving. If, however, I found in my new home to which I was going with such blissful anticipations—hardship, whipping and nakedness, I had the questionable consolation that I should not have escaped any one of these evils by remaining under the management of Aunt Katy. Then, too, I thought, since I had endured much in this line on Lloyd's plantation, I could endure as much elsewhere, and especially at Baltimore; for I had something of the feeling about that city which is expressed in the saying, that being "hanged in England, is better than dying a natural death in Ireland." I had the strongest desire to see Baltimore. My cousin Tom—a boy two or three years older than I—had been there, and though not fluent (he stuttered immoderately) in speech, he had inspired me with that desire, by

his eloquent description of the place. Tom was, sometimes, Capt. Auld's cabin boy; and when he came from Baltimore, he was always a sort of hero amongst us, at least till his Baltimore trip was forgotten. I could never tell him of anything, or point out anything that struck me as beautiful or powerful, but that he had seen something in Baltimore far surpassing it. Even the great house itself, with all its pictures within, and pillars without, he had the hardihood to say "was nothing to Baltimore." He bought a trumpet (worth six pence) and brought it home; told what he had seen in the windows of stores; that he had heard shooting crackers, and seen soldiers; that he had seen a steamboat; that there were ships in Baltimore that could carry four such sloops as the "Sally Lloyd." He said a great deal about the market-house; he spoke of the bells ringing; and of many other things which roused my curiosity very much; and, indeed, which heightened my hopes of happiness in my new home.

We sailed out of Miles river for Baltimore early on a Saturday morning. I remember only the day of the week; for, at that time, I had no knowledge of the days of the month, nor, indeed, of the months of the year. On setting sail, I walked aft, and gave to Col. Lloyd's plantation what I hoped would be the last look I should ever give to it, or to any place like it. My strong aversion to the great farm, was not owing to my own personal suffering, but the daily suffering of others, and to the certainty that I must, sooner or later, be placed under the barbarous rule of an overseer, such as the accomplished Gore, or the brutal and drunken Plummer. After taking this last view, I quitted the quarter deck, made my way to the bow of the sloop, and spent the remainder of the day in looking ahead; interesting myself in what was in the distance, rather than what was near by or behind. The vessels, sweeping along the bay, were very interesting objects. The broad bay opened like a shoreless ocean on my boyish vision, filling me with wonder and admiration.

Late in the afternoon, we reached Annapolis, the capital of the state, stopping there not long enough to admit of my going ashore. It was the first large town I had ever seen; and though it was inferior to many a factory village in New England, my feelings, on seeing it, were excited to a pitch very little below that reached by travelers at the first view of Rome. The dome of the state house was especially imposing, and surpassed in grandeur the appearance of the great house. The great world was opening upon me very rapidly, and I was eagerly acquainting myself with its multifarious lessons.

We arrived in Baltimore on Sunday morning, and landed at Smith's wharf, not far from Bowly's wharf. We had on board the sloop a large flock of sheep, for the Baltimore market; and, after assisting in driving them to the slaughter house of Mr. Curtis, on Loudon Slater's Hill, I was speedily conducted by Rich—one of the hands belonging to the sloop—to my new home in Alliciana street, near Gardiner's ship-yard, on Fell's Point. Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Auld, my new mistress and master, were both at home, and met me at the door with their rosy cheeked little son, Thomas, to take care of whom was to constitute my future occupation. In fact, it was to "little Tommy," rather than to his parents, that old master made a present of me; and though there was no _legal_ form or arrangement entered into, I have no doubt that Mr. and Mrs. Auld felt that, in due time, I should be the legal property of their bright-eyed and beloved boy, Tommy. I was struck with the appearance, especially, of my new mistress. Her face was lighted with the kindliest emotions; and the reflex influence of her countenance, as well as the tenderness with which she seemed to regard me, while asking me sundry little questions, greatly delighted me, and lit up, to my fancy, the pathway of my future. Miss Lucretia was kind; but my new mistress, "Miss Sophy," surpassed her in kindness of manner. Little Thomas was affectionately told by his mother, that _"there was his Freddy,"_ and that "Freddy would take care of him;" and I was told to "be kind to little Tommy"—an injunction I scarcely needed, for I had already fallen in love with the dear boy; and with these little ceremonies I was initiated into my new home, and entered upon my peculiar duties, with not a cloud above the horizon.

I may say here, that I regard my removal from Col. Lloyd's plantation as one of the most interesting and fortunate events of my life. Viewing it in the light of human likelihoods, it is quite probable that, but for the mere circumstance of being thus removed before the rigors of slavery had fastened upon me; before my young spirit had been crushed under the iron control of the slave-driver, instead of being, today, a FREEMAN, I might have been wearing the galling chains of slavery. I have sometimes felt, however, that there was something more intelligent than _chance_, and something more certain than _luck_, to be seen in the circumstance. If I have made any progress in knowledge; if I have cherished any honorable aspirations, or have, in any manner, worthily discharged the duties of a member of an oppressed people; this little circumstance must be allowed its due weight in giving my life that direction. I have ever regarded it as the first plain manifestation of that

Divinity that shapes our ends, Rough hew them as we will.

I was not the only boy on the plantation that might have been sent to live in Baltimore. There was a wide margin from which to select. There were boys younger, boys older, and boys of the same age, belonging to my old master some at his own house, and some at his farm—but the high privilege fell to my lot.

I may be deemed superstitious and egotistical, in regarding this event as a special interposition of Divine Providence in my favor; but the thought is a part of my history, and I should be false to the earliest and most cherished sentiments of my soul, if I suppressed, or hesitated to avow that opinion, although it may be characterized as irrational by the wise, and ridiculous by the scoffer. From my earliest recollections of serious matters, I date the entertainment of something like an ineffaceable conviction, that slavery would not always be able to hold me within its foul embrace; and this conviction, like a word of living faith, strengthened me through the darkest trials of my lot. This good spirit was from God; and to him I offer thanksgiving and praise.

CHAPTER X. _Life in Baltimore_

CITY ANNOYANCES—PLANTATION REGRETS—MY MISTRESS, MISS SOPHA—HER HISTORY—HER KINDNESS TO ME—MY MASTER, HUGH AULD—HIS SOURNESS—MY INCREASED SENSITIVENESS—MY COMFORTS—MY OCCUPATION—THE BANEFUL EFFECTS OF SLAVEHOLDING ON MY DEAR AND GOOD MISTRESS—HOW SHE COMMENCED TEACHING ME TO READ—WHY SHE CEASED TEACHING ME—CLOUDS GATHERING OVER MY BRIGHT PROSPECTS—MASTER AULD'S EXPOSITION OF THE TRUE PHILOSOPHY OF SLAVERY—CITY SLAVES—PLANTATION SLAVES—THE CONTRAST—EXCEPTIONS—MR. HAMILTON'S TWO SLAVES, HENRIETTA AND MARY—MRS. HAMILTON'S CRUEL TREATMENT OF THEM—THE PITEOUS ASPECT THEY PRESENTED—NO POWER MUST COME BETWEEN THE SLAVE AND THE SLAVEHOLDER.

Once in Baltimore, with hard brick pavements under my feet, which almost raised blisters, by their very heat, for it was in the height of summer; walled in on all sides by towering brick buildings; with troops of hostile boys ready to pounce upon me at every street corner; with new and strange objects glaring upon me at every step, and with startling sounds reaching my ears from all directions, I for a time thought that, after all, the home plantation was a more desirable place of residence than my home on Alliciana street, in Baltimore. My country eyes and ears were confused and bewildered here; but the boys were my chief trouble. They chased me, and called me _"Eastern Shore man,"_ till really I almost wished myself back on the Eastern Shore. I had to undergo a sort of moral acclimation, and when that was over, I did much better. My new mistress happily proved to be all she _seemed_ to be, when, with her husband, she met me at the door, with a most beaming, benignant countenance. She was, naturally, of an excellent disposition, kind, gentle and cheerful. The supercilious contempt for the rights and feelings of the slave, and the petulance and bad humor which generally characterize slaveholding ladies, were all quite absent from kind "Miss" Sophia's manner and bearing toward me. She had, in truth, never been a slaveholder, but had—a thing quite unusual in the south—depended almost entirely upon her own industry for a living. To this fact the dear lady, no doubt, owed the excellent preservation of her natural goodness of heart, for slavery can change a saint into a sinner, and an angel into a demon. I hardly knew how to behave toward "Miss Sopha," as I used to call Mrs. Hugh Auld. I had been treated as a _pig_ on the plantation; I was treated as a _child_ now. I could not even approach her as I had formerly approached Mrs. Thomas Auld. How could I hang down my head, and speak with bated breath, when there was no pride to scorn me, no coldness to repel me, and no hatred to inspire me with fear? I therefore soon learned to regard her as something more akin to a mother, than a slaveholding mistress. The crouching servility of a slave, usually so acceptable a quality to the haughty slaveholder, was not understood nor desired by this gentle woman. So far from deeming it impudent in a slave to look her straight in the face, as some slaveholding ladies do, she seemed ever to say, "look up, child; don't be afraid; see, I am full of kindness and good will toward you." The hands belonging to Col. Lloyd's sloop, esteemed it a great privilege to be the bearers of parcels or messages to my new mistress; for whenever they came, they were sure of a most kind and pleasant reception. If little Thomas was her son, and her most dearly beloved child, she, for a time, at least, made me something like his half-brother in her affections. If dear Tommy was exalted to a place on his mother's knee, "Feddy" was honored by a place at his mother's side. Nor did he lack the caressing strokes of her gentle hand, to convince him that, though _motherless_, he was not _friendless_. Mrs. Auld was not only a kind-hearted woman, but she was remarkably pious; frequent in her attendance of public worship, much given to reading the bible, and to chanting hymns of praise, when alone. Mr. Hugh Auld was altogether a different character. He cared very little about religion, knew more of the world, and was more of the world, than his wife. He set out, doubtless to be—as the world goes—a respectable man, and to get on by becoming a successful ship builder, in that city of ship building. This was his ambition, and it fully occupied him. I was, of course, of very little consequence to him, compared with what I was to good Mrs. Auld; and, when he smiled upon me, as he sometimes did, the smile was borrowed from his lovely wife, and, like all borrowed light, was transient, and vanished with the source whence it was derived. While I must characterize Master Hugh as being a very sour man, and of forbidding appearance, it is due to him to acknowledge, that he was never very cruel to me, according to the notion of cruelty in Maryland. The first year or two which I spent in his house, he left me almost exclusively to the management of his wife. She was

my law-giver. In hands so tender as hers, and in the absence of the cruelties of the plantation, I became, both physically and mentally, much more sensitive to good and ill treatment; and, perhaps, suffered more from a frown from my mistress, than I formerly did from a cuff at the hands of Aunt Katy. Instead of the cold, damp floor of my old master's kitchen, I found myself on carpets; for the corn bag in winter, I now had a good straw bed, well furnished with covers; for the coarse corn-meal in the morning, I now had good bread, and mush occasionally; for my poor tow-lien shirt, reaching to my knees, I had good, clean clothes. I was really well off. My employment was to run errands, and to take care of Tommy; to prevent his getting in the way of carriages, and to keep him out of harm's way generally. Tommy, and I, and his mother, got on swimmingly together, for a time. I say _for a time_, because the fatal poison of irresponsible power, and the natural influence of slavery customs, were not long in making a suitable impression on the gentle and loving disposition of my excellent mistress. At first, Mrs. Auld evidently regarded me simply as a child, like any other child; she had not come to regard me as _property_. This latter thought was a thing of conventional growth. The first was natural and spontaneous. A noble nature, like hers, could not, instantly, be wholly perverted; and it took several years to change the natural sweetness of her temper into fretful bitterness. In her worst estate, however, there were, during the first seven years I lived with her, occasional returns of her former kindly disposition.

The frequent hearing of my mistress reading the bible for she often read aloud when her husband was absent soon awakened my curiosity in respect to this _mystery_ of reading, and roused in me the desire to learn. Having no fear of my kind mistress before my eyes, (she had then given me no reason to fear,) I frankly asked her to teach me to read; and, without hesitation, the dear woman began the task, and very soon, by her assistance, I was master of the alphabet, and could spell words of three or four letters. My mistress seemed almost as proud of my progress, as if I had been her own child; and, supposing that her husband would be as well pleased, she made no secret of what she was doing for me. Indeed, she exultingly told him of the aptness of her pupil, of her intention to persevere in teaching me, and of the duty which she felt it to teach me, at least to read _the bible_. Here arose the first cloud over my Baltimore prospects, the precursor of drenching rains and chilling blasts.

Master Hugh was amazed at the simplicity of his spouse, and, probably for the first time, he unfolded to her the true philosophy of slavery, and the peculiar rules necessary to be observed by masters and mistresses, in the management of their human chattels. Mr. Auld promptly forbade continuance of her instruction; telling her, in the first place, that the thing itself was unlawful; that it was also unsafe, and could only lead to mischief. To use his own words, further, he said, "if you give a nigger an inch, he will take an ell;" "he should know nothing but the will of his master, and learn to obey it." "if you teach that nigger—speaking of myself—how to read the bible, there will be no keeping him;" "it would forever unfit him for the duties of a slave;" and "as to himself, learning would do him no good, but probably, a great deal of harm—making him disconsolate and unhappy." "If you learn him now to read, he'll want to know how to write; and, this accomplished, he'll be running away with himself." Such was the tenor of Master Hugh's oracular exposition of the true philosophy of training a human chattel; and it must be confessed that he very clearly comprehended the nature and the requirements of the relation of master and slave. His discourse was the first decidedly anti-slavery lecture to which it had been my lot to listen. Mrs. Auld evidently felt the force of his remarks; and, like an obedient wife, began to shape her course in the direction indicated by her husband. The effect of his words, _on me_, was neither slight nor transitory. His iron sentences—cold and harsh—sunk deep into my heart, and stirred up not only my feelings into a sort of rebellion, but awakened within me a slumbering train of vital thought. It was a new and special revelation, dispelling a painful mystery, against which my youthful understanding had struggled, and struggled in vain, to wit: the _white_ man's power to perpetuate the enslavement of the _black_ man. "Very well," thought I; "knowledge unfits a child to be a slave." I instinctively assented to the proposition; and from that moment I understood the direct pathway from slavery to freedom. This was just what I needed; and I got it at a time, and from a source, whence I least expected it. I was saddened at the thought of losing the assistance of my kind mistress; but the information, so instantly derived, to some extent compensated me for the loss I had sustained in this direction. Wise as Mr. Auld was, he evidently underrated my comprehension, and had little idea of the use to which I was capable of putting the impressive lesson he was giving to his wife. _He_ wanted me to be _a slave;_ I had already voted against that on the home plantation of Col. Lloyd. That which he most loved I most hated; and the very determination which he expressed to keep me in ignorance, only rendered me the more resolute in seeking intelligence. In learning to read, therefore, I am not sure that I do not owe quite as much to the opposition of my master, as to the kindly assistance of my amiable mistress. I acknowledge the benefit rendered me by the one, and by the other; believing, that but for my mistress, I might have grown up in ignorance.

I had resided but a short time in Baltimore, before I observed a marked difference in the manner of treating slaves, generally, from which I had witnessed in that isolated and out-of-the-way part of the country where I began life. A city slave is almost a free citizen, in Baltimore, compared with a slave on Col. Lloyd's plantation. He is much better fed and clothed, is less dejected in his appearance, and enjoys privileges altogether unknown to the whip-driven slave on the plantation. Slavery dislikes a dense

population, in which there is a majority of non-slaveholders. The general sense of decency that must pervade such a population, does much to check and prevent those outbreaks of atrocious cruelty, and those dark crimes without a name, almost openly perpetrated on the plantation. He is a desperate slaveholder who will shock the humanity of his non-slaveholding neighbors, by the cries of the lacerated slaves; and very few in the city are willing to incur the odium of being cruel masters. I found, in Baltimore, that no man was more odious to the white, as well as to the colored people, than he, who had the reputation of starving his slaves. Work them, flog them, if need be, but don't starve them. These are, however, some painful exceptions to this rule. While it is quite true that most of the slaveholders in Baltimore feed and clothe their slaves well, there are others who keep up their country cruelties in the city.

An instance of this sort is furnished in the case of a family who lived directly opposite to our house, and were named Hamilton. Mrs. Hamilton owned two slaves. Their names were Henrietta and Mary. They had always been house slaves. One was aged about twenty-two, and the other about fourteen. They were a fragile couple by nature, and the treatment they received was enough to break down the constitution of a horse. Of all the dejected, emaciated, mangled and excoriated creatures I ever saw, those two girls—in the refined, church going and Christian city of Baltimore were the most deplorable. Of stone must that heart be made, that could look upon Henrietta and Mary, without being sickened to the core with sadness. Especially was Mary a heart-sickening object. Her head, neck and shoulders, were literally cut to pieces. I have frequently felt her head, and found it nearly covered over with festering sores, caused by the lash of her cruel mistress. I do not know that her master ever whipped her, but I have often been an eye witness of the revolting and brutal inflictions by Mrs. Hamilton; and what lends a deeper shade to this woman's conduct, is the fact, that, almost in the very moments of her shocking outrages of humanity and decency, she would charm you by the sweetness of her voice and her seeming piety. She used to sit in a large rocking chair, near the middle of the room, with a heavy cowskin, such as I have elsewhere described; and I speak within the truth when I say, that these girls seldom passed that chair, during the day, without a blow from that cowskin, either upon their bare arms, or upon their shoulders. As they passed her, she would draw her cowskin and give them a blow, saying, _"move faster, you black jip!"_ and, again, _"take that, you black jip!"_ continuing, _"if you don't move faster, I will give you more."_ Then the lady would go on, singing her sweet hymns, as though her _righteous_ soul were sighing for the holy realms of paradise.

Added to the cruel lashings to which these poor slave-girls were subjected—enough in themselves to crush the spirit of men—they were, really, kept nearly half starved; they seldom knew what it was to eat a full meal, except when they got it in the kitchens of neighbors, less mean and stingy than the psalm-singing Mrs. Hamilton. I have seen poor Mary contending for the offal, with the pigs in the street. So much was the poor girl pinched, kicked, cut and pecked to pieces, that the boys in the street knew her only by the name of _"pecked,"_ a name derived from the scars and blotches on her neck, head and shoulders.

It is some relief to this picture of slavery in Baltimore, to say—what is but the simple truth—that Mrs. Hamilton's treatment of her slaves was generally condemned, as disgraceful and shocking; but while I say this, it must also be remembered, that the very parties who censured the cruelty of Mrs. Hamilton, would have condemned and promptly punished any attempt to interfere with Mrs. Hamilton's _right_ to cut and slash her slaves to pieces. There must be no force between the slave and the slaveholder, to restrain the power of the one, and protect the weakness of the other; and the cruelty of Mrs. Hamilton is as justly chargeable to the upholders of the slave system, as drunkenness is chargeable on those who, by precept and example, or by indifference, uphold the drinking system.

CHAPTER XI. _"A Change Came O'er the Spirit of My Dream"_

HOW I LEARNED TO READ—MY MISTRESS—HER SLAVEHOLDING DUTIES—THEIR DEPLORABLE EFFECTS UPON HER ORIGINALLY NOBLE NATURE—THE CONFLICT IN HER MIND—HER FINAL OPPOSITION TO MY LEARNING TO READ—TOO LATE—SHE HAD GIVEN ME THE INCH, I WAS RESOLVED TO TAKE THE ELL—HOW I PURSUED MY EDUCATION—MY TUTORS—HOW I COMPENSATED THEM—WHAT PROGRESS I MADE—SLAVERY—WHAT I HEARD SAID ABOUT IT—THIRTEEN YEARS OLD—THE _Columbian Orator_—A RICH SCENE—A DIALOGUE—SPEECHES OF CHATHAM, SHERIDAN, PITT AND FOX—KNOWLEDGE EVER INCREASING—MY EYES OPENED—LIBERTY—HOW I PINED FOR IT—MY SADNESS—THE DISSATISFACTION OF MY POOR MISTRESS—MY HATRED OF SLAVERY—ONE UPAS TREE OVERSHADOWED US BOTH.

I lived in the family of Master Hugh, at Baltimore, seven years, during which time—as the almanac makers say of the weather—my condition was variable. The most interesting feature of my history here, was my learning to read and write, under somewhat marked

disadvantages. In attaining this knowledge, I was compelled to resort to indirections by no means congenial to my nature, and which were really humiliating to me. My mistress—who, as the reader has already seen, had begun to teach me was suddenly checked in her benevolent design, by the strong advice of her husband. In faithful compliance with this advice, the good lady had not only ceased to instruct me, herself, but had set her face as a flint against my learning to read by any means. It is due, however, to my mistress to say, that she did not adopt this course in all its stringency at the first. She either thought it unnecessary, or she lacked the depravity indispensable to shutting me up in mental darkness. It was, at least, necessary for her to have some training, and some hardening, in the exercise of the slaveholder's prerogative, to make her equal to forgetting my human nature and character, and to treating me as a thing destitute of a moral or an intellectual nature. Mrs. Auld—my mistress—was, as I have said, a most kind and tender-hearted woman; and, in the humanity of her heart, and the simplicity of her mind, she set out, when I first went to live with her, to treat me as she supposed one human being ought to treat another.

It is easy to see, that, in entering upon the duties of a slaveholder, some little experience is needed. Nature has done almost nothing to prepare men and women to be either slaves or slaveholders. Nothing but rigid training, long persisted in, can perfect the character of the one or the other. One cannot easily forget to love freedom; and it is as hard to cease to respect that natural love in our fellow creatures. On entering upon the career of a slaveholding mistress, Mrs. Auld was singularly deficient; nature, which fits nobody for such an office, had done less for her than any lady I had known. It was no easy matter to induce her to think and to feel that the curly-headed boy, who stood by her side, and even leaned on her lap; who was loved by little Tommy, and who loved little Tommy in turn; sustained to her only the relation of a chattel. I was _more_ than that, and she felt me to be more than that. I could talk and sing; I could laugh and weep; I could reason and remember; I could love and hate. I was human, and she, dear lady, knew and felt me to be so. How could she, then, treat me as a brute, without a mighty struggle with all the noble powers of her own soul. That struggle came, and the will and power of the husband was victorious. Her noble soul was overthrown; but, he that overthrew it did not, himself, escape the consequences. He, not less than the other parties, was injured in his domestic peace by the fall.

When I went into their family, it was the abode of happiness and contentment. The mistress of the house was a model of affection and tenderness. Her fervent piety and watchful uprightness made it impossible to see her without thinking and feeling—"_that woman is a Christian_." There was no sorrow nor suffering for which she had not a tear, and there was no innocent joy for which she did not a smile. She had bread for the hungry, clothes for the naked, and comfort for every mourner that came within her reach. Slavery soon proved its ability to divest her of these excellent qualities, and her home of its early happiness. Conscience cannot stand much violence. Once thoroughly broken down, _who_ is he that can repair the damage? It may be broken toward the slave, on Sunday, and toward the master on Monday. It cannot endure such shocks. It must stand entire, or it does not stand at all. If my condition waxed bad, that of the family waxed not better. The first step, in the wrong direction, was the violence done to nature and to conscience, in arresting the benevolence that would have enlightened my young mind. In ceasing to instruct me, she must begin to justify herself _to_ herself; and, once consenting to take sides in such a debate, she was riveted to her position. One needs very little knowledge of moral philosophy, to see _where_ my mistress now landed. She finally became even more violent in her opposition to my learning to read, than was her husband himself. She was not satisfied with simply doing as _well_ as her husband had commanded her, but seemed resolved to better his instruction. Nothing appeared to make my poor mistress—after her turning toward the downward path—more angry, than seeing me, seated in some nook or corner, quietly reading a book or a newspaper. I have had her rush at me, with the utmost fury, and snatch from my hand such newspaper or book, with something of the wrath and consternation which a traitor might be supposed to feel on being discovered in a plot by some dangerous spy.

Mrs. Auld was an apt woman, and the advice of her husband, and her own experience, soon demonstrated, to her entire satisfaction, that education and slavery are incompatible with each other. When this conviction was thoroughly established, I was most narrowly watched in all my movements. If I remained in a separate room from the family for any considerable length of time, I was sure to be suspected of having a book, and was at once called upon to give an account of myself. All this, however, was entirely _too late_. The first, and never to be retraced, step had been taken. In teaching me the alphabet, in the days of her simplicity and kindness, my mistress had given me the _"inch,"_ and now, no ordinary precaution could prevent me from taking the _"ell."_

Seized with a determination to learn to read, at any cost, I hit upon many expedients to accomplish the desired end. The plea which I mainly adopted, and the one by which I was most successful, was that of using my young white playmates, with whom I met in the streets as teachers. I used to carry, almost constantly, a copy of Webster's spelling book in my pocket; and, when sent of errands, or when play time was allowed me, I would step, with my young friends, aside, and take a lesson in spelling. I generally paid my _tuition fee_ to the boys, with bread, which I also carried in my pocket. For a single biscuit, any of my hungry little comrades would

give me a lesson more valuable to me than bread. Not every one, however, demanded this consideration, for there were those who took pleasure in teaching me, whenever I had a chance to be taught by them. I am strongly tempted to give the names of two or three of those little boys, as a slight testimonial of the gratitude and affection I bear them, but prudence forbids; not that it would injure me, but it might, possibly, embarrass them; for it is almost an unpardonable offense to do any thing, directly or indirectly, to promote a slave's freedom, in a slave state. It is enough to say, of my warm-hearted little play fellows, that they lived on Philpot street, very near Durgin & Bailey's shipyard.

Although slavery was a delicate subject, and very cautiously talked about among grown up people in Maryland, I frequently talked about it—and that very freely—with the white boys. I would, sometimes, say to them, while seated on a curb stone or a cellar door, "I wish I could be free, as you will be when you get to be men." "You will be free, you know, as soon as you are twenty-one, and can go where you like, but I am a slave for life. Have I not as good a right to be free as you have?" Words like these, I observed, always troubled them; and I had no small satisfaction in wringing from the boys, occasionally, that fresh and bitter condemnation of slavery, that springs from nature, unseared and unperverted. Of all consciences let me have those to deal with which have not been bewildered by the cares of life. I do not remember ever to have met with a _boy_, while I was in slavery, who defended the slave system; but I have often had boys to console me, with the hope that something would yet occur, by which I might be made free. Over and over again, they have told me, that "they believed I had as good a right to be free as _they_ had;" and that "they did not believe God ever made any one to be a slave." The reader will easily see, that such little conversations with my play fellows, had no tendency to weaken my love of liberty, nor to render me contented with my condition as a slave.

When I was about thirteen years old, and had succeeded in learning to read, every increase of knowledge, especially respecting the FREE STATES, added something to the almost intolerable burden of the thought—I AM A SLAVE FOR LIFE. To my bondage I saw no end. It was a terrible reality, and I shall never be able to tell how sadly that thought chafed my young spirit. Fortunately, or unfortunately, about this time in my life, I had made enough money to buy what was then a very popular school book, viz: the _Columbian Orator_. I bought this addition to my library, of Mr. Knight, on Thames street, Fell's Point, Baltimore, and paid him fifty cents for it. I was first led to buy this book, by hearing some little boys say they were going to learn some little pieces out of it for the Exhibition. This volume was, indeed, a rich treasure, and every opportunity afforded me, for a time, was spent in diligently perusing it. Among much other interesting matter, that which I had perused and reperused with unflagging satisfaction, was a short dialogue between a master and his slave. The slave is represented as having been recaptured, in a second attempt to run away; and the master opens the dialogue with an upbraiding speech, charging the slave with ingratitude, and demanding to know what he has to say in his own defense. Thus upbraided, and thus called upon to reply, the slave rejoins, that he knows how little anything that he can say will avail, seeing that he is completely in the hands of his owner; and with noble resolution, calmly says, "I submit to my fate." Touched by the slave's answer, the master insists upon his further speaking, and recapitulates the many acts of kindness which he has performed toward the slave, and tells him he is permitted to speak for himself. Thus invited to the debate, the quondam slave made a spirited defense of himself, and thereafter the whole argument, for and against slavery, was brought out. The master was vanquished at every turn in the argument; and seeing himself to be thus vanquished, he generously and meekly emancipates the slave, with his best wishes for his prosperity. It is scarcely neccessary(sic) to say, that a dialogue, with such an origin, and such an ending—read when the fact of my being a slave was a constant burden of grief—powerfully affected me; and I could not help feeling that the day might come, when the well-directed answers made by the slave to the master, in this instance, would find their counterpart in myself.

This, however, was not all the fanaticism which I found in this _Columbian Orator_. I met there one of Sheridan's mighty speeches, on the subject of Catholic Emancipation, Lord Chatham's speech on the American war, and speeches by the great William Pitt and by Fox. These were all choice documents to me, and I read them, over and over again, with an interest that was ever increasing, because it was ever gaining in intelligence; for the more I read them, the better I understood them. The reading of these speeches added much to my limited stock of language, and enabled me to give tongue to many interesting thoughts, which had frequently flashed through my soul, and died away for want of utterance. The mighty power and heart-searching directness of truth, penetrating even the heart of a slaveholder, compelling him to yield up his earthly interests to the claims of eternal justice, were finely illustrated in the dialogue, just referred to; and from the speeches of Sheridan, I got a bold and powerful denunciation of oppression, and a most brilliant vindication of the rights of man. Here was, indeed, a noble acquisition. If I ever wavered under the consideration, that the Almighty, in some way, ordained slavery, and willed my enslavement for his own glory, I wavered no longer. I had now penetrated the secret of all slavery and oppression, and had ascertained their true foundation to be in the pride, the power and the avarice of man. The dialogue and the speeches were all redolent of the principles of liberty, and poured floods of light on the nature and character of slavery. With a book of this kind in my hand, my own human nature, and the facts of my

experience, to help me, I was equal to a contest with the religious advocates of slavery, whether among the whites or among the colored people, for blindness, in this matter, is not confined to the former. I have met many religious colored people, at the south, who are under the delusion that God requires them to submit to slavery, and to wear their chains with meekness and humility. I could entertain no such nonsense as this; and I almost lost my patience when I found any colored man weak enough to believe such stuff. Nevertheless, the increase of knowledge was attended with bitter, as well as sweet results. The more I read, the more I was led to abhor and detest slavery, and my enslavers. “Slaveholders,” thought I, “are only a band of successful robbers, who left their homes and went into Africa for the purpose of stealing and reducing my people to slavery.” I loathed them as the meanest and the most wicked of men. As I read, behold! the very discontent so graphically predicted by Master Hugh, had already come upon me. I was no longer the light-hearted, gleesome boy, full of mirth and play, as when I landed first at Baltimore. Knowledge had come; light had penetrated the moral dungeon where I dwelt; and, behold! there lay the bloody whip, for my back, and here was the iron chain; and my good, _kind master_, he was the author of my situation. The revelation haunted me, stung me, and made me gloomy and miserable. As I writhed under the sting and torment of this knowledge, I almost envied my fellow slaves their stupid contentment. This knowledge opened my eyes to the horrible pit, and revealed the teeth of the frightful dragon that was ready to pounce upon me, but it opened no way for my escape. I have often wished myself a beast, or a bird—anything, rather than a slave. I was wretched and gloomy, beyond my ability to describe. I was too thoughtful to be happy. It was this everlasting thinking which distressed and tormented me; and yet there was no getting rid of the subject of my thoughts. All nature was redolent of it. Once awakened by the silver trump of knowledge, my spirit was roused to eternal wakefulness. Liberty! the inestimable birthright of every man, had, for me, converted every object into an asserter of this great right. It was heard in every sound, and beheld in every object. It was ever present, to torment me with a sense of my wretched condition. The more beautiful and charming were the smiles of nature, the more horrible and desolate was my condition. I saw nothing without seeing it, and I heard nothing without hearing it. I do not exaggerate, when I say, that it looked from every star, smiled in every calm, breathed in every wind, and moved in every storm.

I have no doubt that my state of mind had something to do with the change in the treatment adopted, by my once kind mistress toward me. I can easily believe, that my leaden, downcast, and discontented look, was very offensive to her. Poor lady! She did not know my trouble, and I dared not tell her. Could I have freely made her acquainted with the real state of my mind, and given her the reasons therefor, it might have been well for both of us. Her abuse of me fell upon me like the blows of the false prophet upon his ass; she did not know that an _angel_ stood in the way; and—such is the relation of master and slave I could not tell her. Nature had made us _friends;_ slavery made us _enemies_. My interests were in a direction opposite to hers, and we both had our private thoughts and plans. She aimed to keep me ignorant; and I resolved to know, although knowledge only increased my discontent. My feelings were not the result of any marked cruelty in the treatment I received; they sprung from the consideration of my being a slave at all. It was _slavery_—not its mere _incidents_—that I hated. I had been cheated. I saw through the attempt to keep me in ignorance; I saw that slaveholders would have gladly made me believe that they were merely acting under the authority of God, in making a slave of me, and in making slaves of others; and I treated them as robbers and deceivers. The feeding and clothing me well, could not atone for taking my liberty from me. The smiles of my mistress could not remove the deep sorrow that dwelt in my young bosom. Indeed, these, in time, came only to deepen my sorrow. She had changed; and the reader will see that I had changed, too. We were both victims to the same overshadowing evil—_she_, as mistress, I, as slave. I will not censure her harshly; she cannot censure me, for she knows I speak but the truth, and have acted in my opposition to slavery, just as she herself would have acted, in a reverse of circumstances.

CHAPTER XII. _Religious Nature Awakened_

ABOLITIONISTS SPOKEN OF—MY EAGERNESS TO KNOW WHAT THIS WORD MEANT—MY CONSULTATION OF THE DICTIONARY—INCENDIARY INFORMATION—HOW AND WHERE DERIVED—THE ENIGMA SOLVED—NATHANIEL TURNER’S INSURRECTION—THE CHOLERA—RELIGION—FIRST AWAKENED BY A METHODIST MINISTER NAMED HANSON—MY DEAR AND GOOD OLD COLORED FRIEND, LAWSON—HIS CHARACTER AND OCCUPATION—HIS INFLUENCE OVER ME—OUR MUTUAL ATTACHMENT—THE COMFORT I DERIVED FROM HIS TEACHING—NEW HOPES AND ASPIRATIONS—HEAVENLY LIGHT AMIDST EARTHLY DARKNESS—THE TWO IRISHMEN ON THE WHARF—THEIR CONVERSATION—HOW I LEARNED TO WRITE—WHAT WERE MY AIMS.

Whilst in the painful state of mind described in the foregoing chapter, almost regretting my very existence, because doomed to a life of bondage, so goaded and so wretched, at times, that I was even tempted to destroy my own life, I was keenly sensitive and eager

to know any, and every thing that transpired, having any relation to the subject of slavery. I was all ears, all eyes, whenever the words _slave, slavery_, dropped from the lips of any white person, and the occasions were not unfrequent when these words became leading ones, in high, social debate, at our house. Every little while, I could hear Master Hugh, or some of his company, speaking with much warmth and excitement about _“abolitionists.”_ Of _who_ or _what_ these were, I was totally ignorant. I found, however, that whatever they might be, they were most cordially hated and soundly abused by slaveholders, of every grade. I very soon discovered, too, that slavery was, in some sort, under consideration, whenever the abolitionists were alluded to. This made the term a very interesting one to me. If a slave, for instance, had made good his escape from slavery, it was generally alleged, that he had been persuaded and assisted by the abolitionists. If, also, a slave killed his master—as was sometimes the case—or struck down his overseer, or set fire to his master’s dwelling, or committed any violence or crime, out of the common way, it was certain to be said, that such a crime was the legitimate fruits of the abolition movement. Hearing such charges often repeated, I, naturally enough, received the impression that abolition—whatever else it might be—could not be unfriendly to the slave, nor very friendly to the slaveholder. I therefore set about finding out, if possible, _who_ and _what_ the abolitionists were, and _why_ they were so obnoxious to the slaveholders. The dictionary afforded me very little help. It taught me that abolition was the “act of abolishing;” but it left me in ignorance at the very point where I most wanted information—and that was, as to the _thing_ to be abolished. A city newspaper, the _Baltimore American_, gave me the incendiary information denied me by the dictionary. In its columns I found, that, on a certain day, a vast number of petitions and memorials had been presented to congress, praying for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, and for the abolition of the slave trade between the states of the Union. This was enough. The vindictive bitterness, the marked caution, the studied reverse, and the cumbrous ambiguity, practiced by our white folks, when alluding to this subject, was now fully explained. Ever, after that, when I heard the words “abolition,” or “abolition movement,” mentioned, I felt the matter one of a personal concern; and I drew near to listen, when I could do so, without seeming too solicitous and prying. There was HOPE in those words. Ever and anon, too, I could see some terrible denunciation of slavery, in our papers—copied from abolition papers at the north—and the injustice of such denunciation commented on. These I read with avidity. I had a deep satisfaction in the thought, that the rascality of slaveholders was not concealed from the eyes of the world, and that I was not alone in abhorring the cruelty and brutality of slavery. A still deeper train of thought was stirred. I saw that there was _fear_, as well as _rage_, in the manner of speaking of the abolitionists. The latter, therefore, I was compelled to regard as having some power in the country; and I felt that they might, possibly, succeed in their designs. When I met with a slave to whom I deemed it safe to talk on the subject, I would impart to him so much of the mystery as I had been able to penetrate. Thus, the light of this grand movement broke in upon my mind, by degrees; and I must say, that, ignorant as I then was of the philosophy of that movement, I believe in it from the first—and I believed in it, partly, because I saw that it alarmed the consciences of slaveholders. The insurrection of Nathaniel Turner had been quelled, but the alarm and terror had not subsided. The cholera was on its way, and the thought was present, that God was angry with the white people because of their slaveholding wickedness, and, therefore, his judgments were abroad in the land. It was impossible for me not to hope much from the abolition movement, when I saw it supported by the Almighty, and armed with DEATH!

Previous to my contemplation of the anti-slavery movement, and its probable results, my mind had been seriously awakened to the subject of religion. I was not more than thirteen years old, when I felt the need of God, as a father and protector. My religious nature was awakened by the preaching of a white Methodist minister, named Hanson. He thought that all men, great and small, bond and free, were sinners in the sight of God; that they were, by nature, rebels against His government; and that they must repent of their sins, and be reconciled to God, through Christ. I cannot say that I had a very distinct notion of what was required of me; but one thing I knew very well—I was wretched, and had no means of making myself otherwise. Moreover, I knew that I could pray for light. I consulted a good colored man, named Charles Johnson; and, in tones of holy affection, he told me to pray, and what to pray for. I was, for weeks, a poor, brokenhearted mourner, traveling through the darkness and misery of doubts and fears. I finally found that change of heart which comes by “casting all one’s care” upon God, and by having faith in Jesus Christ, as the Redeemer, Friend, and Savior of those who diligently seek Him.

After this, I saw the world in a new light. I seemed to live in a new world, surrounded by new objects, and to be animated by new hopes and desires. I loved all mankind—slaveholders not excepted; though I abhorred slavery more than ever. My great concern was, now, to have the world converted. The desire for knowledge increased, and especially did I want a thorough acquaintance with the contents of the bible. I have gathered scattered pages from this holy book, from the filthy street gutters of Baltimore, and washed and dried them, that in the moments of my leisure, I might get a word or two of wisdom from them. While thus religiously seeking knowledge, I became acquainted with a good old colored man, named Lawson. A more devout man than he, I never saw. He drove a dray for Mr. James Ramsey, the owner of a rope-walk on Fell’s Point, Baltimore. This man not only prayed three time a

day, but he prayed as he walked through the streets, at his work—on his dray everywhere. His life was a life of prayer, and his words (when he spoke to his friends,) were about a better world. Uncle Lawson lived near Master Hugh's house; and, becoming deeply attached to the old man, I went often with him to prayer-meeting, and spent much of my leisure time with him on Sunday. The old man could read a little, and I was a great help to him, in making out the hard words, for I was a better reader than he. I could teach him _"the letter,"_ but he could teach me _"the spirit;"_ and high, refreshing times we had together, in singing, praying and glorifying God. These meetings with Uncle Lawson went on for a long time, without the knowledge of Master Hugh or my mistress. Both knew, however, that I had become religious, and they seemed to respect my conscientious piety. My mistress was still a professor of religion, and belonged to class. Her leader was no less a person than the Rev. Beverly Waugh, the presiding elder, and now one of the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal church. Mr. Waugh was then stationed over Wilk street church. I am careful to state these facts, that the reader may be able to form an idea of the precise influences which had to do with shaping and directing my mind.

In view of the cares and anxieties incident to the life she was then leading, and, especially, in view of the separation from religious associations to which she was subjected, my mistress had, as I have before stated, become lukewarm, and needed to be looked up by her leader. This brought Mr. Waugh to our house, and gave me an opportunity to hear him exhort and pray. But my chief instructor, in matters of religion, was Uncle Lawson. He was my spiritual father; and I loved him intensely, and was at his house every chance I got.

This pleasure was not long allowed me. Master Hugh became averse to my going to Father Lawson's, and threatened to whip me if I ever went there again. I now felt myself persecuted by a wicked man; and I _would_ go to Father Lawson's, notwithstanding the threat. The good old man had told me, that the "Lord had a great work for me to do;" and I must prepare to do it; and that he had been shown that I must preach the gospel. His words made a deep impression on my mind, and I verily felt that some such work was before me, though I could not see _how_ I should ever engage in its performance. "The good Lord," he said, "would bring it to pass in his own good time," and that I must go on reading and studying the scriptures. The advice and the suggestions of Uncle Lawson, were not without their influence upon my character and destiny. He threw my thoughts into a channel from which they have never entirely diverged. He fanned my already intense love of knowledge into a flame, by assuring me that I was to be a useful man in the world. When I would say to him, "How can these things be and what can _I_ do?" his simple reply was, _"Trust in the Lord."_ When I told him that "I was a slave, and a slave FOR LIFE," he said, "the Lord can make you free, my dear. All things are possible with him, only _have faith in God."_ "Ask, and it shall be given." "If you want liberty," said the good old man, "ask the Lord for it, _in faith_, AND HE WILL GIVE IT TO YOU."

Thus assured, and cheered on, under the inspiration of hope, I worked and prayed with a light heart, believing that my life was under the guidance of a wisdom higher than my own. With all other blessings sought at the mercy seat, I always prayed that God would, of His great mercy, and in His own good time, deliver me from my bondage.

I went, one day, on the wharf of Mr. Waters; and seeing two Irishmen unloading a large scow of stone, or ballast I went on board, unasked, and helped them. When we had finished the work, one of the men came to me, aside, and asked me a number of questions, and among them, if I were a slave. I told him "I was a slave, and a slave for life." The good Irishman gave his shoulders a shrug, and seemed deeply affected by the statement. He said, "it was a pity so fine a little fellow as myself should be a slave for life." They both had much to say about the matter, and expressed the deepest sympathy with me, and the most decided hatred of slavery. They went so far as to tell me that I ought to run away, and go to the north; that I should find friends there, and that I would be as free as anybody. I, however, pretended not to be interested in what they said, for I feared they might be treacherous. White men have been known to encourage slaves to escape, and then—to get the reward—they have kidnapped them, and returned them to their masters. And while I mainly inclined to the notion that these men were honest and meant me no ill, I feared it might be otherwise. I nevertheless remembered their words and their advice, and looked forward to an escape to the north, as a possible means of gaining the liberty for which my heart panted. It was not my enslavement, at the then present time, that most affected me; the being a slave _for life_, was the saddest thought. I was too young to think of running away immediately; besides, I wished to learn how to write, before going, as I might have occasion to write my own pass. I now not only had the hope of freedom, but a foreshadowing of the means by which I might, some day, gain that inestimable boon. Meanwhile, I resolved to add to my educational attainments the art of writing.

After this manner I began to learn to write: I was much in the ship yard—Master Hugh's, and that of Durgan & Bailey—and I observed that the carpenters, after hewing and getting a piece of timber ready for use, wrote on it the initials of the name of that part of the ship for which it was intended. When, for instance, a piece of timber was ready for the starboard side, it was marked with

a capital “S.” A piece for the larboard side was marked “L;” larboard forward, “L. F.;” larboard aft, was marked “L. A.;” starboard aft, “S. A.;” and starboard forward “S. F.” I soon learned these letters, and for what they were placed on the timbers.

My work was now, to keep fire under the steam box, and to watch the ship yard while the carpenters had gone to dinner. This interval gave me a fine opportunity for copying the letters named. I soon astonished myself with the ease with which I made the letters; and the thought was soon present, “if I can make four, I can make more.” But having made these easily, when I met boys about Bethel church, or any of our play-grounds, I entered the lists with them in the art of writing, and would make the letters which I had been so fortunate as to learn, and ask them to “beat that if they could.” With playmates for my teachers, fences and pavements for my copy books, and chalk for my pen and ink, I learned the art of writing. I, however, afterward adopted various methods of improving my hand. The most successful, was copying the _italics_ in Webster’s spelling book, until I could make them all without looking on the book. By this time, my little “Master Tommy” had grown to be a big boy, and had written over a number of copy books, and brought them home. They had been shown to the neighbors, had elicited due praise, and were now laid carefully away. Spending my time between the ship yard and house, I was as often the lone keeper of the latter as of the former. When my mistress left me in charge of the house, I had a grand time; I got Master Tommy’s copy books and a pen and ink, and, in the ample spaces between the lines, I wrote other lines, as nearly like his as possible. The process was a tedious one, and I ran the risk of getting a flogging for marring the highly prized copy books of the oldest son. In addition to those opportunities, sleeping, as I did, in the kitchen loft—a room seldom visited by any of the family—I got a flour barrel up there, and a chair; and upon the head of that barrel I have written (or endeavored to write) copying from the bible and the Methodist hymn book, and other books which had accumulated on my hands, till late at night, and when all the family were in bed and asleep. I was supported in my endeavors by renewed advice, and by holy promises from the good Father Lawson, with whom I continued to meet, and pray, and read the scriptures. Although Master Hugh was aware of my going there, I must say, for his credit, that he never executed his threat to whip me, for having thus, innocently, employed-my leisure time.

CHAPTER XIII. _The Vicissitudes of Slave Life_

DEATH OF OLD MASTER’S SON RICHARD, SPEEDILY FOLLOWED BY THAT OF OLD MASTER—VALUATION AND DIVISION OF ALL THE PROPERTY, INCLUDING THE SLAVES—MY PRESENCE REQUIRED AT HILLSBOROUGH TO BE APPRAISED AND ALLOTTED TO A NEW OWNER—MY SAD PROSPECTS AND GRIEF—PARTING—THE UTTER POWERLESSNESS OF THE SLAVES TO DECIDE THEIR OWN DESTINY—A GENERAL DREAD OF MASTER ANDREW—HIS WICKEDNESS AND CRUELTY—MISS LUCRETIA MY NEW OWNER—MY RETURN TO BALTIMORE—JOY UNDER THE ROOF OF MASTER HUGH—DEATH OF MRS. LUCRETIA—MY POOR OLD GRANDMOTHER—HER SAD FATE—THE LONE COT IN THE WOODS—MASTER THOMAS AULD’S SECOND MARRIAGE—AGAIN REMOVED FROM MASTER HUGH’S—REASONS FOR REGRETTING THE CHANGE—A PLAN OF ESCAPE ENTERTAINED.

I must now ask the reader to go with me a little back in point of time, in my humble story, and to notice another circumstance that entered into my slavery experience, and which, doubtless, has had a share in deepening my horror of slavery, and increasing my hostility toward those men and measures that practically uphold the slave system.

It has already been observed, that though I was, after my removal from Col. Lloyd’s plantation, in _form_ the slave of Master Hugh, I was, in _fact_, and in _law_, the slave of my old master, Capt. Anthony. Very well.

In a very short time after I went to Baltimore, my old master’s youngest son, Richard, died; and, in three years and six months after his death, my old master himself died, leaving only his son, Andrew, and his daughter, Lucretia, to share his estate. The old man died while on a visit to his daughter, in Hillsborough, where Capt. Auld and Mrs. Lucretia now lived. The former, having given up the command of Col. Lloyd’s sloop, was now keeping a store in that town.

Cut off, thus unexpectedly, Capt. Anthony died intestate; and his property must now be equally divided between his two children, Andrew and Lucretia.

The valuation and the division of slaves, among contending heirs, is an important incident in slave life. The character and tendencies of the heirs, are generally well understood among the slaves who are to be divided, and all have their aversions and preferences. But, neither their aversions nor their preferences avail them anything.

On the death of old master, I was immediately sent for, to be valued and divided with the other property. Personally, my concern was, mainly, about my possible removal from the home of Master Hugh, which, after that of my grandmother, was the most endeared to me. But, the whole thing, as a feature of slavery, shocked me. It furnished me anew insight into the unnatural power to which I was subjected. My detestation of slavery, already great, rose with this new conception of its enormity.

That was a sad day for me, a sad day for little Tommy, and a sad day for my dear Baltimore mistress and teacher, when I left for the Eastern Shore, to be valued and divided. We, all three, wept bitterly that day; for we might be parting, and we feared we were parting, forever. No one could tell among which pile of chattels I should be flung. Thus early, I got a foretaste of that painful uncertainty which slavery brings to the ordinary lot of mortals. Sickness, adversity and death may interfere with the plans and purposes of all; but the slave has the added danger of changing homes, changing hands, and of having separations unknown to other men. Then, too, there was the intensified degradation of the spectacle. What an assemblage! Men and women, young and old, married and single; moral and intellectual beings, in open contempt of their humanity, level at a blow with horses, sheep, horned cattle and swine! Horses and men—cattle and women—pigs and children—all holding the same rank in the scale of social existence; and all subjected to the same narrow inspection, to ascertain their value in gold and silver—the only standard of worth applied by slaveholders to slaves! How vividly, at that moment, did the brutalizing power of slavery flash before me! Personality swallowed up in the sordid idea of property! Manhood lost in chattelhood!

After the valuation, then came the division. This was an hour of high excitement and distressing anxiety. Our destiny was now to be _fixed for life_, and we had no more voice in the decision of the question, than the oxen and cows that stood chewing at the haymow. One word from the appraisers, against all preferences or prayers, was enough to sunder all the ties of friendship and affection, and even to separate husbands and wives, parents and children. We were all appalled before that power, which, to human seeming, could bless or blast us in a moment. Added to the dread of separation, most painful to the majority of the slaves, we all had a decided horror of the thought of falling into the hands of Master Andrew. He was distinguished for cruelty and intemperance.

Slaves generally dread to fall into the hands of drunken owners. Master Andrew was almost a confirmed sot, and had already, by his reckless mismanagement and profligate dissipation, wasted a large portion of old master's property. To fall into his hands, was, therefore, considered merely as the first step toward being sold away to the far south. He would spend his fortune in a few years, and his farms and slaves would be sold, we thought, at public outcry; and we should be hurried away to the cotton fields, and rice swamps, of the sunny south. This was the cause of deep consternation.

The people of the north, and free people generally, I think, have less attachment to the places where they are born and brought up, than have the slaves. Their freedom to go and come, to be here and there, as they list, prevents any extravagant attachment to any one particular place, in their case. On the other hand, the slave is a fixture; he has no choice, no goal, no destination; but is pegged down to a single spot, and must take root here, or nowhere. The idea of removal elsewhere, comes, generally, in the shape of a threat, and in punishment of crime. It is, therefore, attended with fear and dread. A slave seldom thinks of bettering his condition by being sold, and hence he looks upon separation from his native place, with none of the enthusiasm which animates the bosoms of young freemen, when they contemplate a life in the far west, or in some distant country where they intend to rise to wealth and distinction. Nor can those from whom they separate, give them up with that cheerfulness with which friends and relations yield each other up, when they feel that it is for the good of the departing one that he is removed from his native place. Then, too, there is correspondence, and there is, at least, the hope of reunion, because reunion is _possible_. But, with the slave, all these mitigating circumstances are wanting. There is no improvement in his condition _probable_,—no correspondence _possible_,—no reunion attainable. His going out into the world, is like a living man going into the tomb, who, with open eyes, sees himself buried out of sight and hearing of wife, children and friends of kindred tie.

In contemplating the likelihoods and possibilities of our circumstances, I probably suffered more than most of my fellow servants. I had known what it was to experience kind, and even tender treatment; they had known nothing of the sort. Life, to them, had been rough and thorny, as well as dark. They had—most of them—lived on my old master's farm in Tuckahoe, and had felt the reign of Mr. Plummer's rule. The overseer had written his character on the living parchment of most of their backs, and left them callous; my back (thanks to my early removal from the plantation to Baltimore) was yet tender. I had left a kind mistress at Baltimore, who was almost a mother to me. She was in tears when we parted, and the probabilities of ever seeing her again, trembling in the balance as they did, could not be viewed without alarm and agony. The thought of leaving that kind mistress forever, and, worse still, of being the slave of Andrew Anthony—a man who, but a few days before the division of the property, had, in my presence, seized my brother Perry by the throat, dashed him on the ground, and with the heel of his boot stamped him on the head, until the blood

gushed from his nose and ears—was terrible! This fiendish proceeding had no better apology than the fact, that Perry had gone to play, when Master Andrew wanted him for some trifling service. This cruelty, too, was of a piece with his general character. After inflicting his heavy blows on my brother, on observing me looking at him with intense astonishment, he said, "_That_ is the way I will serve you, one of these days;" meaning, no doubt, when I should come into his possession. This threat, the reader may well suppose, was not very tranquilizing to my feelings. I could see that he really thirsted to get hold of me. But I was there only for a few days. I had not received any orders, and had violated none, and there was, therefore, no excuse for flogging me.

At last, the anxiety and suspense were ended; and they ended, thanks to a kind Providence, in accordance with my wishes. I fell to the portion of Mrs. Lucretia—the dear lady who bound up my head, when the savage Aunt Katy was adding to my sufferings her bitterest maledictions.

Capt. Thomas Auld and Mrs. Lucretia at once decided on my return to Baltimore. They knew how sincerely and warmly Mrs. Hugh Auld was attached to me, and how delighted Mr. Hugh's son would be to have me back; and, withal, having no immediate use for one so young, they willingly let me off to Baltimore.

I need not stop here to narrate my joy on returning to Baltimore, nor that of little Tommy; nor the tearful joy of his mother; nor the evident saticfaction(sic) of Master Hugh. I was just one month absent from Baltimore, before the matter was decided; and the time really seemed full six months.

One trouble over, and on comes another. The slave's life is full of uncertainty. I had returned to Baltimore but a short time, when the tidings reached me, that my friend, Mrs. Lucretia, who was only second in my regard to Mrs. Hugh Auld, was dead, leaving her husband and only one child—a daughter, named Amanda.

Shortly after the death of Mrs. Lucretia, strange to say, Master Andrew died, leaving his wife and one child. Thus, the whole family of Anthonys was swept away; only two children remained. All this happened within five years of my leaving Col. Lloyd's.

No alteration took place in the condition of the slaves, in consequence of these deaths, yet I could not help feeling less secure, after the death of my friend, Mrs. Lucretia, than I had done during her life. While she lived, I felt that I had a strong friend to plead for me in any emergency. Ten years ago, while speaking of the state of things in our family, after the events just named, I used this language:

Now all the property of my old master, slaves included, was in the hands of strangers—strangers who had nothing to do in accumulating it. Not a slave was left free. All remained slaves, from youngest to oldest. If any one thing in my experience, more than another, served to deepen my conviction of the infernal character of slavery, and to fill me with unutterable loathing of slaveholders, it was their base ingratitude to my poor old grandmother. She had served my old master faithfully from youth to old age. She had been the source of all his wealth; she had peopled his plantation with slaves; she had become a great-grandmother in his service. She had rocked him in infancy, attended him in childhood, served him through life, and at his death wiped from his icy brow the cold death-sweat, and closed his eyes forever. She was nevertheless left a slave—a slave for life—a slave in the hands of strangers; and in their hands she saw her children, her grandchildren, and her great-grandchildren, divided, like so many sheep, without being gratified with the small privilege of a single word, as to their or her own destiny. And, to cap the climax of their base ingratitude and fiendish barbarity, my grandmother, who was now very old, having outlived my old master and all his children, having seen the beginning and end of all of them, and her present owners finding she was of but little value, her frame already racked with the pains of old age, and complete helplessness fast stealing over her once active limbs, they took her to the woods, built her a little hut, put up a little mud-chimney, and then made her welcome to the privilege of supporting herself there in perfect loneliness; thus virtually turning her out to die! If my poor old grandmother now lives, she lives to suffer in utter loneliness; she lives to remember and mourn over the loss of children, the loss of grandchildren, and the loss of great-grandchildren. They are, in the language of the slave's poet, Whittier—

Gone, gone, sold and gone, To the rice swamp dank and lone, Where the slave-whip ceaseless swings, Where the noisome insect stings, Where the fever-demon strews Poison with the falling dews, Where the sickly sunbeams glare Through the hot and misty air:— Gone, gone, sold and gone To the rice swamp dank and lone, From Virginia hills and waters— Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

The hearth is desolate. The children, the unconscious children, who once sang and danced in her presence, are gone. She gropes her way, in the darkness of age, for a drink of water. Instead of the voices of her children, she hears by day the moans of the dove,

and by night the screams of the hideous owl. All is gloom. The grave is at the door. And now, when weighed down by the pains and aches of old age, when the head inclines to the feet, when the beginning and ending of human existence meet, and helpless infancy and painful old age combine together—at this time, this most needful time, the time for the exercise of that tenderness and affection which children only can exercise toward a declining parent—my poor old grandmother, the devoted mother of twelve children, is left all alone, in yonder little hut, before a few dim embers.

Two years after the death of Mrs. Lucretia, Master Thomas married his second wife. Her name was Rowena Hamilton, the eldest daughter of Mr. William Hamilton, a rich slaveholder on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, who lived about five miles from St. Michael's, the then place of my master's residence.

Not long after his marriage, Master Thomas had a misunderstanding with Master Hugh, and, as a means of punishing his brother, he ordered him to send me home.

As the ground of misunderstanding will serve to illustrate the character of southern chivalry, and humanity, I will relate it.

Among the children of my Aunt Milly, was a daughter, named Henny. When quite a child, Henny had fallen into the fire, and burnt her hands so bad that they were of very little use to her. Her fingers were drawn almost into the palms of her hands. She could make out to do something, but she was considered hardly worth the having—of little more value than a horse with a broken leg. This unprofitable piece of human property, ill shapen, and disfigured, Capt. Auld sent off to Baltimore, making his brother Hugh welcome to her services.

After giving poor Henny a fair trial, Master Hugh and his wife came to the conclusion, that they had no use for the crippled servant, and they sent her back to Master Thomas. Thus, the latter took as an act of ingratitude, on the part of his brother; and, as a mark of his displeasure, he required him to send me immediately to St. Michael's, saying, if he cannot keep _"Hen,"_ he shall not have _"Fred."_

Here was another shock to my nerves, another breaking up of my plans, and another severance of my religious and social alliances. I was now a big boy. I had become quite useful to several young colored men, who had made me their teacher. I had taught some of them to read, and was accustomed to spend many of my leisure hours with them. Our attachment was strong, and I greatly dreaded the separation. But regrets, especially in a slave, are unavailing. I was only a slave; my wishes were nothing, and my happiness was the sport of my masters.

My regrets at now leaving Baltimore, were not for the same reasons as when I before left that city, to be valued and handed over to my proper owner. My home was not now the pleasant place it had formerly been. A change had taken place, both in Master Hugh, and in his once pious and affectionate wife. The influence of brandy and bad company on him, and the influence of slavery and social isolation upon her, had wrought disastrously upon the characters of both. Thomas was no longer "little Tommy," but was a big boy, and had learned to assume the airs of his class toward me. My condition, therefore, in the house of Master Hugh, was not, by any means, so comfortable as in former years. My attachments were now outside of our family. They were felt to those to whom I _imparted_ instruction, and to those little white boys from whom I _received_ instruction. There, too, was my dear old father, the pious Lawson, who was, in christian graces, the very counterpart of "Uncle" Tom. The resemblance is so perfect, that he might have been the original of Mrs. Stowe's christian hero. The thought of leaving these dear friends, greatly troubled me, for I was going without the hope of ever returning to Baltimore again; the feud between Master Hugh and his brother being bitter and irreconcilable, or, at least, supposed to be so.

In addition to thoughts of friends from whom I was parting, as I supposed, _forever_, I had the grief of neglected chances of escape to brood over. I had put off running away, until now I was to be placed where the opportunities for escaping were much fewer than in a large city like Baltimore.

On my way from Baltimore to St. Michael's, down the Chesapeake bay, our sloop—the "Amanda"—was passed by the steamers plying between that city and Philadelphia, and I watched the course of those steamers, and, while going to St. Michael's, I formed a plan to escape from slavery; of which plan, and matters connected therewith the kind reader shall learn more hereafter.

CHAPTER XIV. _Experience in St. Michael's_

THE VILLAGE—ITS INHABITANTS—THEIR OCCUPATION AND LOW PROPENSITIES CAPTAN(sic) THOMAS AULD—HIS CHARACTER—HIS SECOND WIFE, ROWENA—WELL MATCHED—SUFFERINGS FROM HUNGER—OBLIGED TO TAKE

FOOD—MODE OF ARGUMENT IN VINDICATION THEREOF—NO MORAL CODE OF FREE SOCIETY CAN APPLY TO SLAVE SOCIETY—SOUTHERN CAMP MEETING—WHAT MASTER THOMAS DID THERE—HOPES—SUSPICIONS ABOUT HIS CONVERSION—THE RESULT—FAITH AND WORKS ENTIRELY AT VARIANCE—HIS RISE AND PROGRESS IN THE CHURCH—POOR COUSIN “HENNY”—HIS TREATMENT OF HER—THE METHODIST PREACHERS—THEIR UTTER DISREGARD OF US—ONE EXCELLENT EXCEPTION—REV. GEORGE COOKMAN—SABBATH SCHOOL—HOW BROKEN UP AND BY WHOM—A FUNERAL PALL CAST OVER ALL MY PROSPECTS—COVEY THE NEGRO-BREAKER.

St. Michael’s, the village in which was now my new home, compared favorably with villages in slave states, generally. There were a few comfortable dwellings in it, but the place, as a whole, wore a dull, slovenly, enterprise-forsaken aspect. The mass of the buildings were wood; they had never enjoyed the artificial adornment of paint, and time and storms had worn off the bright color of the wood, leaving them almost as black as buildings charred by a conflagration.

St. Michael’s had, in former years, (previous to 1833, for that was the year I went to reside there,) enjoyed some reputation as a ship building community, but that business had almost entirely given place to oyster fishing, for the Baltimore and Philadelphia markets—a course of life highly unfavorable to morals, industry, and manners. Miles river was broad, and its oyster fishing grounds were extensive; and the fishermen were out, often, all day, and a part of the night, during autumn, winter and spring. This exposure was an excuse for carrying with them, in considerable quanties(sic), spirituous liquors, the then supposed best antidote for cold. Each canoe was supplied with its jug of rum; and tippling, among this class of the citizens of St. Michael’s, became general. This drinking habit, in an ignorant population, fostered coarseness, vulgarity and an indolent disregard for the social improvement of the place, so that it was admitted, by the few sober, thinking people who remained there, that St. Michael’s had become a very _unsaintly_, as well as unsightly place, before I went there to reside.

I left Baltimore for St. Michael’s in the month of March, 1833. I know the year, because it was the one succeeding the first cholera in Baltimore, and was the year, also, of that strange phenomenon, when the heavens seemed about to part with its starry train. I witnessed this gorgeous spectacle, and was awe-struck. The air seemed filled with bright, descending messengers from the sky. It was about daybreak when I saw this sublime scene. I was not without the suggestion, at the moment, that it might be the harbinger of the coming of the Son of Man; and, in my then state of mind, I was prepared to hail Him as my friend and deliverer. I had read, that the “stars shall fall from heaven”; and they were now falling. I was suffering much in my mind. It did seem that every time the young tendrils of my affection became attached, they were rudely broken by some unnatural outside power; and I was beginning to look away to heaven for the rest denied me on earth.

But, to my story. It was now more than seven years since I had lived with Master Thomas Auld, in the family of my old master, on Col. Lloyd’s plantation. We were almost entire strangers to each other; for, when I knew him at the house of my old master, it was not as a _master_, but simply as “Captain Auld,” who had married old master’s daughter. All my lessons concerning his temper and disposition, and the best methods of pleasing him, were yet to be learnt. Slaveholders, however, are not very ceremonious in approaching a slave; and my ignorance of the new material in shape of a master was but transient. Nor was my mistress long in making known her animus. She was not a “Miss Lucretia,” traces of whom I yet remembered, and the more especially, as I saw them shining in the face of little Amanda, her daughter, now living under a step-mother’s government. I had not forgotten the soft hand, guided by a tender heart, that bound up with healing balsam the gash made in my head by Ike, the son of Abel. Thomas and Rowena, I found to be a well-matched pair. _He_ was stingy, and _she_ was cruel; and—what was quite natural in such cases—she possessed the ability to make him as cruel as herself, while she could easily descend to the level of his meanness. In the house of Master Thomas, I was made—for the first time in seven years to feel the pinchings of hunger, and this was not very easy to bear.

For, in all the changes of Master Hugh’s family, there was no change in the bountifulness with which they supplied me with food. Not to give a slave enough to eat, is meanness intensified, and it is so recognized among slaveholders generally, in Maryland. The rule is, no matter how coarse the food, only let there be enough of it. This is the theory, and—in the part of Maryland I came from—the general practice accords with this theory. Lloyd’s plantation was an exception, as was, also, the house of Master Thomas Auld.

All know the lightness of Indian corn-meal, as an article of food, and can easily judge from the following facts whether the statements I have made of the stinginess of Master Thomas, are borne out. There were four slaves of us in the kitchen, and four whites in the great house Thomas Auld, Mrs. Auld, Hadaway Auld (brother of Thomas Auld) and little Amanda. The names of the slaves in the kitchen, were Eliza, my sister; Priscilla, my aunt; Henny, my cousin; and myself. There were eight persons in the

family. There was, each week, one half bushel of corn-meal brought from the mill; and in the kitchen, corn-meal was almost our exclusive food, for very little else was allowed us. Out of this bushel of corn-meal, the family in the great house had a small loaf every morning; thus leaving us, in the kitchen, with not quite a half a peck per week, apiece. This allowance was less than half the allowance of food on Lloyd's plantation. It was not enough to subsist upon; and we were, therefore, reduced to the wretched necessity of living at the expense of our neighbors. We were compelled either to beg, or to steal, and we did both. I frankly confess, that while I hated everything like stealing, _as such_, I nevertheless did not hesitate to take food, when I was hungry, wherever I could find it. Nor was this practice the mere result of an unreasoning instinct; it was, in my case, the result of a clear apprehension of the claims of morality. I weighed and considered the matter closely, before I ventured to satisfy my hunger by such means. Considering that my labor and person were the property of Master Thomas, and that I was by him deprived of the necessaries of life necessaries obtained by my own labor—it was easy to deduce the right to supply myself with what was my own. It was simply appropriating what was my own to the use of my master, since the health and strength derived from such food were exerted in _his_ service. To be sure, this was stealing, according to the law and gospel I heard from St. Michael's pulpit; but I had already begun to attach less importance to what dropped from that quarter, on that point, while, as yet, I retained my reverence for religion. It was not always convenient to steal from master, and the same reason why I might, innocently, steal from him, did not seem to justify me in stealing from others. In the case of my master, it was only a question of _removal_—the taking his meat out of one tub, and putting it into another; the ownership of the meat was not affected by the transaction. At first, he owned it in the _tub_, and last, he owned it in _me_. His meat house was not always open. There was a strict watch kept on that point, and the key was on a large bunch in Rowena's pocket. A great many times have we, poor creatures, been severely pinched with hunger, when meat and bread have been moulding under the lock, while the key was in the pocket of our mistress. This had been so when she _knew_ we were nearly half starved; and yet, that mistress, with saintly air, would kneel with her husband, and pray each morning that a merciful God would bless them in basket and in store, and save them, at last, in his kingdom. But I proceed with the argument.

It was necessary that right to steal from _others_ should be established; and this could only rest upon a wider range of generalization than that which supposed the right to steal from my master.

It was sometime before I arrived at this clear right. The reader will get some idea of my train of reasoning, by a brief statement of the case. "I am," thought I, "not only the slave of Thomas, but I am the slave of society at large. Society at large has bound itself, in form and in fact, to assist Master Thomas in robbing me of my rightful liberty, and of the just reward of my labor; therefore, whatever rights I have against Master Thomas, I have, equally, against those confederated with him in robbing me of liberty. As society has marked me out as privileged plunder, on the principle of self-preservation I am justified in plundering in turn. Since each slave belongs to all; all must, therefore, belong to each."

I shall here make a profession of faith which may shock some, offend others, and be dissented from by all. It is this: Within the bounds of his just earnings, I hold that the slave is fully justified in helping himself to the _gold and silver, and the best apparel of his master, or that of any other slaveholder; and that such taking is not stealing in any just sense of that word_.

The morality of _free_ society can have no application to _slave_ society. Slaveholders have made it almost impossible for the slave to commit any crime, known either to the laws of God or to the laws of man. If he steals, he takes his own; if he kills his master, he imitates only the heroes of the revolution. Slaveholders I hold to be individually and collectively responsible for all the evils which grow out of the horrid relation, and I believe they will be so held at the judgment, in the sight of a just God. Make a man a slave, and you rob him of moral responsibility. Freedom of choice is the essence of all accountability. But my kind readers are, probably, less concerned about my opinions, than about that which more nearly touches my personal experience; albeit, my opinions have, in some sort, been formed by that experience.

Bad as slaveholders are, I have seldom met with one so entirely destitute of every element of character capable of inspiring respect, as was my present master, Capt. Thomas Auld.

When I lived with him, I thought him incapable of a noble action. The leading trait in his character was intense selfishness. I think he was fully aware of this fact himself, and often tried to conceal it. Capt. Auld was not a _born_ slaveholder—not a birthright member of the slaveholding oligarchy. He was only a slaveholder by _marriage-right;_ and, of all slaveholders, these latter are, _by far_, the most exacting. There was in him all the love of domination, the pride of mastery, and the swagger of authority, but his rule lacked the vital element of consistency. He could be cruel; but his methods of showing it were cowardly, and evinced his meanness rather than his spirit. His commands were strong, his enforcement weak.

Slaves are not insensible to the whole-souled characteristics of a generous, dashing slaveholder, who is fearless of consequences; and they prefer a master of this bold and daring kind—even with the risk of being shot down for impudence to the fretful, little soul, who never uses the lash but at the suggestion of a love of gain.

Slaves, too, readily distinguish between the birthright bearing of the original slaveholder and the assumed attitudes of the accidental slaveholder; and while they cannot respect either, they certainly despise the latter more than the former.

The luxury of having slaves wait upon him was something new to Master Thomas; and for it he was wholly unprepared. He was a slaveholder, without the ability to hold or manage his slaves. We seldom called him "master," but generally addressed him by his "bay craft" title—"_Capt. Auld_." It is easy to see that such conduct might do much to make him appear awkward, and, consequently, fretful. His wife was especially solicitous to have us call her husband "master." Is your _master_ at the store?"—"Where is your _master_?"—"Go and tell your _master"_—"I will make your _master_ acquainted with your conduct"—she would say; but we were inapt scholars. Especially were I and my sister Eliza inapt in this particular. Aunt Priscilla was less stubborn and defiant in her spirit than Eliza and myself; and, I think, her road was less rough than ours.

In the month of August, 1833, when I had almost become desperate under the treatment of Master Thomas, and when I entertained more strongly than ever the oft-repeated determination to run away, a circumstance occurred which seemed to promise brighter and better days for us all. At a Methodist camp-meeting, held in the Bay Side (a famous place for campmeetings) about eight miles from St. Michael's, Master Thomas came out with a profession of religion. He had long been an object of interest to the church, and to the ministers, as I had seen by the repeated visits and lengthy exhortations of the latter. He was a fish quite worth catching, for he had money and standing. In the community of St. Michael's he was equal to the best citizen. He was strictly temperate; _perhaps_, from principle, but most likely, from interest. There was very little to do for him, to give him the appearance of piety, and to make him a pillar in the church. Well, the camp-meeting continued a week; people gathered from all parts of the county, and two steamboat loads came from Baltimore. The ground was happily chosen; seats were arranged; a stand erected; a rude altar fenced in, fronting the preachers' stand, with straw in it for the accommodation of mourners. This latter would hold at least one hundred persons. In front, and on the sides of the preachers' stand, and outside the long rows of seats, rose the first class of stately tents, each vieing with the other in strength, neatness, and capacity for accommodating its inmates. Behind this first circle of tents was another, less imposing, which reached round the camp-ground to the speakers' stand. Outside this second class of tents were covered wagons, ox carts, and vehicles of every shape and size. These served as tents to their owners. Outside of these, huge fires were burning, in all directions, where roasting, and boiling, and frying, were going on, for the benefit of those who were attending to their own spiritual welfare within the circle. _Behind_ the preachers' stand, a narrow space was marked out for the use of the colored people. There were no seats provided for this class of persons; the preachers addressed them, _"over the left,"_ if they addressed them at all. After the preaching was over, at every service, an invitation was given to mourners to come into the pen; and, in some cases, ministers went out to persuade men and women to come in. By one of these ministers, Master Thomas Auld was persuaded to go inside the pen. I was deeply interested in that matter, and followed; and, though colored people were not allowed either in the pen or in front of the preachers' stand, I ventured to take my stand at a sort of half-way place between the blacks and whites, where I could distinctly see the movements of mourners, and especially the progress of Master Thomas.

"If he has got religion," thought I, "he will emancipate his slaves; and if he should not do so much as this, he will, at any rate, behave toward us more kindly, and feed us more generously than he has heretofore done." Appealing to my own religious experience, and judging my master by what was true in my own case, I could not regard him as soundly converted, unless some such good results followed his profession of religion.

But in my expectations I was doubly disappointed; Master Thomas was _Master Thomas_ still. The fruits of his righteousness were to show themselves in no such way as I had anticipated. His conversion was not to change his relation toward men—at any rate not toward BLACK men—but toward God. My faith, I confess, was not great. There was something in his appearance that, in my mind, cast a doubt over his conversion. Standing where I did, I could see his every movement. I watched narrowly while he remained in the little pen; and although I saw that his face was extremely red, and his hair disheveled, and though I heard him groan, and saw a stray tear halting on his cheek, as if inquiring "which way shall I go?"—I could not wholly confide in the genuineness of his conversion. The hesitating behavior of that tear-drop and its loneliness, distressed me, and cast a doubt upon the whole transaction, of which it was a part. But people said, _"Capt. Auld had come through,"_ and it was for me to hope for the best. I was bound to do this, in charity, for I, too, was religious, and had been in the church full three years, although now I was not more than sixteen years old. Slaveholders may, sometimes, have confidence in the piety of some of their slaves; but the slaves seldom have confidence in the piety of their masters. _"He cant go to heaven with our blood in his skirts_," is a settled point in the creed of every

slave; rising superior to all teaching to the contrary, and standing forever as a fixed fact. The highest evidence the slaveholder can give the slave of his acceptance with God, is the emancipation of his slaves. This is proof that he is willing to give up all to God, and for the sake of God. Not to do this, was, in my estimation, and in the opinion of all the slaves, an evidence of half-heartedness, and wholly inconsistent with the idea of genuine conversion. I had read, also, somewhere in the Methodist Discipline, the following question and answer:

"_Question_. What shall be done for the extirpation of slavery?

"_Answer_. We declare that we are much as ever convinced of the great evil of slavery; therefore, no slaveholder shall be eligible to any official station in our church."

These words sounded in my ears for a long time, and encouraged me to hope. But, as I have before said, I was doomed to disappointment. Master Thomas seemed to be aware of my hopes and expectations concerning him. I have thought, before now, that he looked at me in answer to my glances, as much as to say, "I will teach you, young man, that, though I have parted with my sins, I have not parted with my sense. I shall hold my slaves, and go to heaven too."

Possibly, to convince us that we must not presume _too much_ upon his recent conversion, he became rather more rigid and stringent in his exactions. There always was a scarcity of good nature about the man; but now his whole countenance was _soured_ over with the seemings of piety. His religion, therefore, neither made him emancipate his slaves, nor caused him to treat them with greater humanity. If religion had any effect on his character at all, it made him more cruel and hateful in all his ways. The natural wickedness of his heart had not been removed, but only reinforced, by the profession of religion. Do I judge him harshly? God forbid. Facts _are_ facts. Capt. Auld made the greatest profession of piety. His house was, literally, a house of prayer. In the morning, and in the evening, loud prayers and hymns were heard there, in which both himself and his wife joined; yet, _no more meal_ was brought from the mill, _no more attention_ was paid to the moral welfare of the kitchen; and nothing was done to make us feel that the heart of Master Thomas was one whit better than it was before he went into the little pen, opposite to the preachers' stand, on the camp ground.

Our hopes (founded on the discipline) soon vanished; for the authorities let him into the church _at once_, and before he was out of his term of _probation_, I heard of his leading class! He distinguished himself greatly among the brethren, and was soon an exhorter. His progress was almost as rapid as the growth of the fabled vine of Jack's bean. No man was more active than he, in revivals. He would go many miles to assist in carrying them on, and in getting outsiders interested in religion. His house being one of the holiest, if not the happiest in St. Michael's, became the "preachers' home." These preachers evidently liked to share Master Thomas's hospitality; for while he _starved us_, he _stuffed_ them. Three or four of these ambassadors of the gospel—according to slavery—have been there at a time; all living on the fat of the land, while we, in the kitchen, were nearly starving. Not often did we get a smile of recognition from these holy men. They seemed almost as unconcerned about our getting to heaven, as they were about our getting out of slavery. To this general charge there was one exception—the Rev. GEORGE COOKMAN. Unlike Rev. Messrs. Storks, Ewry, Hickey, Humphrey and Cooper (all whom were on the St. Michael's circuit) he kindly took an interest in our temporal and spiritual welfare. Our souls and our bodies were all alike sacred in his sight; and he really had a good deal of genuine anti-slavery feeling mingled with his colonization ideas. There was not a slave in our neighborhood that did not love, and almost venerate, Mr. Cookman. It was pretty generally believed that he had been chiefly instrumental in bringing one of the largest slaveholders—Mr. Samuel Harrison—in that neighborhood, to emancipate all his slaves, and, indeed, the general impression was, that Mr. Cookman had labored faithfully with slaveholders, whenever he met them, to induce them to emancipate their bondmen, and that he did this as a religious duty. When this good man was at our house, we were all sure to be called in to prayers in the morning; and he was not slow in making inquiries as to the state of our minds, nor in giving us a word of exhortation and of encouragement. Great was the sorrow of all the slaves, when this faithful preacher of the gospel was removed from the Talbot county circuit. He was an eloquent preacher, and possessed what few ministers, south of Mason Dixon's line, possess, or _dare_ to show, viz: a warm and philanthropic heart. The Mr. Cookman, of whom I speak, was an Englishman by birth, and perished while on his way to England, on board the ill-fated "President". Could the thousands of slaves in Maryland know the fate of the good man, to whose words of comfort they were so largely indebted, they would thank me for dropping a tear on this page, in memory of their favorite preacher, friend and benefactor.

But, let me return to Master Thomas, and to my experience, after his conversion. In Baltimore, I could, occasionally, get into a Sabbath school, among the free children, and receive lessons, with the rest; but, having already learned both to read and to write, I was more of a teacher than a pupil, even there. When, however, I went back to the Eastern Shore, and was at the house of Master

Thomas, I was neither allowed to teach, nor to be taught. The whole community—with but a single exception, among the whites—frowned upon everything like imparting instruction either to slaves or to free colored persons. That single exception, a pious young man, named Wilson, asked me, one day, if I would like to assist him in teaching a little Sabbath school, at the house of a free colored man in St. Michael's, named James Mitchell. The idea was to me a delightful one, and I told him I would gladly devote as much of my Sabbath as I could command, to that most laudable work. Mr. Wilson soon mustered up a dozen old spelling books, and a few testaments; and we commenced operations, with some twenty scholars, in our Sunday school. Here, thought I, is something worth living for; here is an excellent chance for usefulness; and I shall soon have a company of young friends, lovers of knowledge, like some of my Baltimore friends, from whom I now felt parted forever.

Our first Sabbath passed delightfully, and I spent the week after very joyously. I could not go to Baltimore, but I could make a little Baltimore here. At our second meeting, I learned that there was some objection to the existence of the Sabbath school; and, sure enough, we had scarcely got at work—_good work_, simply teaching a few colored children how to read the gospel of the Son of God—when in rushed a mob, headed by Mr. Wright Fairbanks and Mr. Garrison West—two class-leaders—and Master Thomas; who, armed with sticks and other missiles, drove us off, and commanded us never to meet for such a purpose again. One of this pious crew told me, that as for my part, I wanted to be another Nat Turner; and if I did not look out, I should get as many balls into me, as Nat did into him. Thus ended the infant Sabbath school, in the town of St. Michael's. The reader will not be surprised when I say, that the breaking up of my Sabbath school, by these class-leaders, and professedly holy men, did not serve to strengthen my religious convictions. The cloud over my St. Michael's home grew heavier and blacker than ever.

It was not merely the agency of Master Thomas, in breaking up and destroying my Sabbath school, that shook my confidence in the power of southern religion to make men wiser or better; but I saw in him all the cruelty and meanness, _after_ his conversion, which he had exhibited before he made a profession of religion. His cruelty and meanness were especially displayed in his treatment of my unfortunate cousin, Henny, whose lameness made her a burden to him. I have no extraordinary personal hard usage toward myself to complain of, against him, but I have seen him tie up the lame and maimed woman, and whip her in a manner most brutal, and shocking; and then, with blood-chilling blasphemy, he would quote the passage of scripture, "That servant which knew his lord's will, and prepared not himself, neither did according to his will, shall be beaten with many stripes." Master would keep this lacerated woman tied up by her wrists, to a bolt in the joist, three, four and five hours at a time. He would tie her up early in the morning, whip her with a cowskin before breakfast; leave her tied up; go to his store, and, returning to his dinner, repeat the castigation; laying on the rugged lash, on flesh already made raw by repeated blows. He seemed desirous to get the poor girl out of existence, or, at any rate, off his hands. In proof of this, he afterwards gave her away to his sister Sarah (Mrs. Cline) but, as in the case of Master Hugh, Henny was soon returned on his hands. Finally, upon a pretense that he could do nothing with her (I use his own words) he "set her adrift, to take care of herself." Here was a recently converted man, holding, with tight grasp, the well-framed, and able bodied slaves left him by old master—the persons, who, in freedom, could have taken care of themselves; yet, turning loose the only cripple among them, virtually to starve and die.

No doubt, had Master Thomas been asked, by some pious northern brother, _why_ he continued to sustain the relation of a slaveholder, to those whom he retained, his answer would have been precisely the same as many other religious slaveholders have returned to that inquiry, viz: "I hold my slaves for their own good."

Bad as my condition was when I lived with Master Thomas, I was soon to experience a life far more goading and bitter. The many differences springing up between myself and Master Thomas, owing to the clear perception I had of his character, and the boldness with which I defended myself against his capricious complaints, led him to declare that I was unsuited to his wants; that my city life had affected me perniciously; that, in fact, it had almost ruined me for every good purpose, and had fitted me for everything that was bad. One of my greatest faults, or offenses, was that of letting his horse get away, and go down to the farm belonging to his father-in-law. The animal had a liking for that farm, with which I fully sympathized. Whenever I let it out, it would go dashing down the road to Mr. Hamilton's, as if going on a grand frolic. My horse gone, of course I must go after it. The explanation of our mutual attachment to the place is the same; the horse found there good pasturage, and I found there plenty of bread. Mr. Hamilton had his faults, but starving his slaves was not among them. He gave food, in abundance, and that, too, of an excellent quality. In Mr. Hamilton's cook—Aunt Mary—I found a most generous and considerate friend. She never allowed me to go there without giving me bread enough to make good the deficiencies of a day or two. Master Thomas at last resolved to endure my behavior no longer; he could neither keep me, nor his horse, we liked so well to be at his father-in-law's farm. I had now lived with him nearly nine months, and he had given me a number of severe whippings, without any visible improvement in my character, or my conduct; and now he was resolved to put me out—as he said—"_to be broken._"

There was, in the Bay Side, very near the camp ground, where my master got his religious impressions, a man named Edward Covey, who enjoyed the execrated reputation, of being a first rate hand at breaking young Negroes. This Covey was a poor man, a farm renter; and this reputation (hateful as it was to the slaves and to all good men) was, at the same time, of immense advantage to him. It enabled him to get his farm tilled with very little expense, compared with what it would have cost him without this most extraordinary reputation. Some slaveholders thought it an advantage to let Mr. Covey have the government of their slaves a year or two, almost free of charge, for the sake of the excellent training such slaves got under his happy management! Like some horse breakers, noted for their skill, who ride the best horses in the country without expense, Mr. Covey could have under him, the most fiery bloods of the neighborhood, for the simple reward of returning them to their owners, _well broken_. Added to the natural fitness of Mr. Covey for the duties of his profession, he was said to “enjoy religion,” and was as strict in the cultivation of piety, as he was in the cultivation of his farm. I was made aware of his character by some who had been under his hand; and while I could not look forward to going to him with any pleasure, I was glad to get away from St. Michael’s. I was sure of getting enough to eat at Covey’s, even if I suffered in other respects. _This_, to a hungry man, is not a prospect to be regarded with indifference.

CHAPTER XV. _Covey, the Negro Breaker_

JOURNEY TO MY NEW MASTER’S—MEDITATIONS BY THE WAY—VIEW OF COVEY’S RESIDENCE—THE FAMILY—MY AWKWARDNESS AS A FIELD HAND—A CRUEL BEATING—WHY IT WAS GIVEN—DESCRIPTION OF COVEY—FIRST ADVENTURE AT OX DRIVING—HAIR BREADTH ESCAPES—OX AND MAN ALIKE PROPERTY—COVEY’S MANNER OF PROCEEDING TO WHIP—HARD LABOR BETTER THAN THE WHIP FOR BREAKING DOWN THE SPIRIT—CUNNING AND TRICKERY OF COVEY—FAMILY WORSHIP—SHOCKING CONTEMPT FOR CHASTITY—I AM BROKEN DOWN—GREAT MENTAL AGITATION IN CONTRASTING THE FREEDOM OF THE SHIPS WITH HIS OWN SLAVERY—ANGUISH BEYOND DESCRIPTION.

The morning of the first of January, 1834, with its chilling wind and pinching frost, quite in harmony with the winter in my own mind, found me, with my little bundle of clothing on the end of a stick, swung across my shoulder, on the main road, bending my way toward Covey’s, whither I had been imperiously ordered by Master Thomas. The latter had been as good as his word, and had committed me, without reserve, to the mastery of Mr. Edward Covey. Eight or ten years had now passed since I had been taken from my grandmother’s cabin, in Tuckahoe; and these years, for the most part, I had spent in Baltimore, where—as the reader has already seen—I was treated with comparative tenderness. I was now about to sound profounder depths in slave life. The rigors of a field, less tolerable than the field of battle, awaited me. My new master was notorious for his fierce and savage disposition, and my only consolation in going to live with him was, the certainty of finding him precisely as represented by common fame. There was neither joy in my heart, nor elasticity in my step, as I started in search of the tyrant’s home. Starvation made me glad to leave Thomas Auld’s, and the cruel lash made me dread to go to Covey’s. Escape was impossible; so, heavy and sad, I paced the seven miles, which separated Covey’s house from St. Michael’s—thinking much by the solitary way—averse to my condition; but _thinking_ was all I could do. Like a fish in a net, allowed to play for a time, I was now drawn rapidly to the shore, secured at all points. “I am,” thought I, “but the sport of a power which makes no account, either of my welfare or of my happiness. By a law which I can clearly comprehend, but cannot evade nor resist, I am ruthlessly snatched from the hearth of a fond grandmother, and hurried away to the home of a mysterious ‘old master;’ again I am removed from there, to a master in Baltimore; thence am I snatched away to the Eastern Shore, to be valued with the beasts of the field, and, with them, divided and set apart for a possessor; then I am sent back to Baltimore; and by the time I have formed new attachments, and have begun to hope that no more rude shocks shall touch me, a difference arises between brothers, and I am again broken up, and sent to St. Michael’s; and now, from the latter place, I am footing my way to the home of a new master, where, I am given to understand, that, like a wild young working animal, I am to be broken to the yoke of a bitter and life-long bondage.”

With thoughts and reflections like these, I came in sight of a small wood-colored building, about a mile from the main road, which, from the description I had received, at starting, I easily recognized as my new home. The Chesapeake bay—upon the jutting banks of which the little wood-colored house was standing—white with foam, raised by the heavy north-west wind; Poplar Island, covered with a thick, black pine forest, standing out amid this half ocean; and Kent Point, stretching its sandy, desert-like shores out into the foam-cested bay—were all in sight, and deepened the wild and desolate aspect of my new home.

The good clothes I had brought with me from Baltimore were now worn thin, and had not been replaced; for Master Thomas was as little careful to provide us against cold, as against hunger. Met here by a north wind, sweeping through an open space of forty miles, I was glad to make any port; and, therefore, I speedily pressed on to the little wood-colored house. The family consisted of

Mr. and Mrs. Covey; Miss Kemp (a broken-backed woman) a sister of Mrs. Covey; William Hughes, cousin to Edward Covey; Caroline, the cook; Bill Smith, a hired man; and myself. Bill Smith, Bill Hughes, and myself, were the working force of the farm, which consisted of three or four hundred acres. I was now, for the first time in my life, to be a field hand; and in my new employment I found myself even more awkward than a green country boy may be supposed to be, upon his first entrance into the bewildering scenes of city life; and my awkwardness gave me much trouble. Strange and unnatural as it may seem, I had been at my new home but three days, before Mr. Covey (my brother in the Methodist church) gave me a bitter foretaste of what was in reserve for me. I presume he thought, that since he had but a single year in which to complete his work, the sooner he began, the better. Perhaps he thought that by coming to blows at once, we should mutually better understand our relations. But to whatever motive, direct or indirect, the cause may be referred, I had not been in his possession three whole days, before he subjected me to a most brutal chastisement. Under his heavy blows, blood flowed freely, and wales were left on my back as large as my little finger. The sores on my back, from this flogging, continued for weeks, for they were kept open by the rough and coarse cloth which I wore for shirting. The occasion and details of this first chapter of my experience as a field hand, must be told, that the reader may see how unreasonable, as well as how cruel, my new master, Covey, was. The whole thing I found to be characteristic of the man; and I was probably treated no worse by him than scores of lads who had previously been committed to him, for reasons similar to those which induced my master to place me with him. But, here are the facts connected with the affair, precisely as they occurred.

On one of the coldest days of the whole month of January, 1834, I was ordered, at day break, to get a load of wood, from a forest about two miles from the house. In order to perform this work, Mr. Covey gave me a pair of unbroken oxen, for, it seems, his breaking abilities had not been turned in this direction; and I may remark, in passing, that working animals in the south, are seldom so well trained as in the north. In due form, and with all proper ceremony, I was introduced to this huge yoke of unbroken oxen, and was carefully told which was “Buck,” and which was “Darby”—which was the “in hand,” and which was the “off hand” ox. The master of this important ceremony was no less a person than Mr. Covey, himself; and the introduction was the first of the kind I had ever had. My life, hitherto, had led me away from horned cattle, and I had no knowledge of the art of managing them. What was meant by the “in ox,” as against the “off ox,” when both were equally fastened to one cart, and under one yoke, I could not very easily divine; and the difference, implied by the names, and the peculiar duties of each, were alike _Greek_ to me. Why was not the “off ox” called the “in ox?” Where and what is the reason for this distinction in names, when there is none in the things themselves? After initiating me into the _“woa,” “back” “gee,” “hither”_—the entire spoken language between oxen and driver—Mr. Covey took a rope, about ten feet long and one inch thick, and placed one end of it around the horns of the “in hand ox,” and gave the other end to me, telling me that if the oxen started to run away, as the scamp knew they would, I must hold on to the rope and stop them. I need not tell any one who is acquainted with either the strength of the disposition of an untamed ox, that this order was about as unreasonable as a command to shoulder a mad bull! I had never driven oxen before, and I was as awkward, as a driver, as it is possible to conceive. It did not answer for me to plead ignorance, to Mr. Covey; there was something in his manner that quite forbade that. He was a man to whom a slave seldom felt any disposition to speak. Cold, distant, morose, with a face wearing all the marks of captious pride and malicious sternness, he repelled all advances. Covey was not a large man; he was only about five feet ten inches in height, I should think; short necked, round shoulders; of quick and wiry motion, of thin and wolfish visage; with a pair of small, greenish-gray eyes, set well back under a forehead without dignity, and constantly in motion, and floating his passions, rather than his thoughts, in sight, but denying them utterance in words. The creature presented an appearance altogether ferocious and sinister, disagreeable and forbidding, in the extreme. When he spoke, it was from the corner of his mouth, and in a sort of light growl, like a dog, when an attempt is made to take a bone from him. The fellow had already made me believe him even _worse_ than he had been presented. With his directions, and without stopping to question, I started for the woods, quite anxious to perform my first exploit in driving, in a creditable manner. The distance from the house to the woods gate a full mile, I should think—was passed over with very little difficulty; for although the animals ran, I was fleet enough, in the open field, to keep pace with them; especially as they pulled me along at the end of the rope; but, on reaching the woods, I was speedily thrown into a distressing plight. The animals took fright, and started off ferociously into the woods, carrying the cart, full tilt, against trees, over stumps, and dashing from side to side, in a manner altogether frightful. As I held the rope, I expected every moment to be crushed between the cart and the huge trees, among which they were so furiously dashing. After running thus for several minutes, my oxen were, finally, brought to a stand, by a tree, against which they dashed themselves with great violence, upsetting the cart, and entangling themselves among sundry young saplings. By the shock, the body of the cart was flung in one direction, and the wheels and tongue in another, and all in the greatest confusion. There I was, all alone, in a thick wood, to which I was a stranger; my cart upset and shattered; my oxen entangled, wild, and enraged; and I, poor soul! but a green hand, to set all this disorder right. I knew no more of oxen than the ox driver is supposed to know of wisdom. After standing a few moments surveying the damage and disorder, and not without a presentiment that this trouble would draw after it others, even more distressing, I took one end of the cart body, and, by

an extra outlay of strength, I lifted it toward the axle-tree, from which it had been violently flung; and after much pulling and straining, I succeeded in getting the body of the cart in its place. This was an important step out of the difficulty, and its performance increased my courage for the work which remained to be done. The cart was provided with an ax, a tool with which I had become pretty well acquainted in the ship yard at Baltimore. With this, I cut down the saplings by which my oxen were entangled, and again pursued my journey, with my heart in my mouth, lest the oxen should again take it into their senseless heads to cut up a caper. My fears were groundless. Their spree was over for the present, and the rascals now moved off as soberly as though their behavior had been natural and exemplary. On reaching the part of the forest where I had been, the day before, chopping wood, I filled the cart with a heavy load, as a security against another running away. But, the neck of an ox is equal in strength to iron. It defies all ordinary burdens, when excited. Tame and docile to a proverb, when _well_ trained, the ox is the most sullen and intractable of animals when but half broken to the yoke.

I now saw, in my situation, several points of similarity with that of the oxen. They were property, so was I; they were to be broken, so was I. Covey was to break me, I was to break them; break and be broken—such is life.

Half the day already gone, and my face not yet homeward! It required only two day's experience and observation to teach me, that such apparent waste of time would not be lightly overlooked by Covey. I therefore hurried toward home; but, on reaching the lane gate, I met with the crowning disaster for the day. This gate was a fair specimen of southern handicraft. There were two huge posts, eighteen inches in diameter, rough hewed and square, and the heavy gate was so hung on one of these, that it opened only about half the proper distance. On arriving here, it was necessary for me to let go the end of the rope on the horns of the "in hand ox;" and now as soon as the gate was open, and I let go of it to get the rope, again, off went my oxen—making nothing of their load—full tilt; and in doing so they caught the huge gate between the wheel and the cart body, literally crushing it to splinters, and coming only within a few inches of subjecting me to a similar crushing, for I was just in advance of the wheel when it struck the left gate post. With these two hair-breadth escape, I thought I could sucessfully(sic) explain to Mr. Covey the delay, and avert apprehended punishment. I was not without a faint hope of being commended for the stern resolution which I had displayed in accomplishing the difficult task—a task which, I afterwards learned, even Covey himself would not have undertaken, without first driving the oxen for some time in the open field, preparatory to their going into the woods. But, in this I was disappointed. On coming to him, his countenance assumed an aspect of rigid displeasure, and, as I gave him a history of the casualties of my trip, his wolfish face, with his greenish eyes, became intensely ferocious. "Go back to the woods again," he said, muttering something else about wasting time. I hastily obeyed; but I had not gone far on my way, when I saw him coming after me. My oxen now behaved themselves with singular propriety, opposing their present conduct to my representation of their former antics. I almost wished, now that Covey was coming, they would do something in keeping with the character I had given them; but no, they had already had their spree, and they could afford now to be extra good, readily obeying my orders, and seeming to understand them quite as well as I did myself. On reaching the woods, my tormentor—who seemed all the way to be remarking upon the good behavior of his oxen—came up to me, and ordered me to stop the cart, accompanying the same with the threat that he would now teach me how to break gates, and idle away my time, when he sent me to the woods. Suiting the action to the word, Covey paced off, in his own wiry fashion, to a large, black gum tree, the young shoots of which are generally used for ox _goads_, they being exceedingly tough. Three of these _goads_, from four to six feet long, he cut off, and trimmed up, with his large jack-knife. This done, he ordered me to take off my clothes. To this unreasonable order I made no reply, but sternly refused to take off my clothing. "If you will beat me," thought I, "you shall do so over my clothes." After many threats, which made no impression on me, he rushed at me with something of the savage fierceness of a wolf, tore off the few and thinly worn clothes I had on, and proceeded to wear out, on my back, the heavy goads which he had cut from the gum tree. This flogging was the first of a series of floggings; and though very severe, it was less so than many which came after it, and these, for offenses far lighter than the gate breaking.

I remained with Mr. Covey one year (I cannot say I _lived_ with him) and during the first six months that I was there, I was whipped, either with sticks or cowskins, every week. Aching bones and a sore back were my constant companions. Frequent as the lash was used, Mr. Covey thought less of it, as a means of breaking down my spirit, than that of hard and long continued labor. He worked me steadily, up to the point of my powers of endurance. From the dawn of day in the morning, till the darkness was complete in the evening, I was kept at hard work, in the field or the woods. At certain seasons of the year, we were all kept in the field till eleven and twelve o'clock at night. At these times, Covey would attend us in the field, and urge us on with words or blows, as it seemed best to him. He had, in his life, been an overseer, and he well understood the business of slave driving. There was no deceiving him. He knew just what a man or boy could do, and he held both to strict account. When he pleased, he would work himself, like a very Turk, making everything fly before him. It was, however, scarcely necessary for Mr. Covey to be really present in the field, to have his work go on industriously. He had the faculty of making us feel that he was always present. By a series of adroitly managed

surprises, which he practiced, I was prepared to expect him at any moment. His plan was, never to approach the spot where his hands were at work, in an open, manly and direct manner. No thief was ever more artful in his devices than this man Covey. He would creep and crawl, in ditches and gullies; hide behind stumps and bushes, and practice so much of the cunning of the serpent, that Bill Smith and I—between ourselves—never called him by any other name than _"the snake."_ We fancied that in his eyes and his gait we could see a snakish resemblance. One half of his proficiency in the art of Negro breaking, consisted, I should think, in this species of cunning. We were never secure. He could see or hear us nearly all the time. He was, to us, behind every stump, tree, bush and fence on the plantation. He carried this kind of trickery so far, that he would sometimes mount his horse, and make believe he was going to St. Michael's; and, in thirty minutes afterward, you might find his horse tied in the woods, and the snake-like Covey lying flat in the ditch, with his head lifted above its edge, or in a fence corner, watching every movement of the slaves! I have known him walk up to us and give us special orders, as to our work, in advance, as if he were leaving home with a view to being absent several days; and before he got half way to the house, he would avail himself of our inattention to his movements, to turn short on his heels, conceal himself behind a fence corner or a tree, and watch us until the going down of the sun. Mean and contemptible as is all this, it is in keeping with the character which the life of a slaveholder is calculated to produce. There is no earthly inducement, in the slave's condition, to incite him to labor faithfully. The fear of punishment is the sole motive for any sort of industry, with him. Knowing this fact, as the slaveholder does, and judging the slave by himself, he naturally concludes the slave will be idle whenever the cause for this fear is absent. Hence, all sorts of petty deceptions are practiced, to inspire this fear.

But, with Mr. Covey, trickery was natural. Everything in the shape of learning or religion, which he possessed, was made to conform to this semi-lying propensity. He did not seem conscious that the practice had anything unmanly, base or contemptible about it. It was a part of an important system, with him, essential to the relation of master and slave. I thought I saw, in his very religious devotions, this controlling element of his character. A long prayer at night made up for the short prayer in the morning; and few men could seem more devotional than he, when he had nothing else to do.

Mr. Covey was not content with the cold style of family worship, adopted in these cold latitudes, which begin and end with a simple prayer. No! the voice of praise, as well as of prayer, must be heard in his house, night and morning. At first, I was called upon to bear some part in these exercises; but the repeated flogging given me by Covey, turned the whole thing into mockery. He was a poor singer, and mainly relied on me for raising the hymn for the family, and when I failed to do so, he was thrown into much confusion. I do not think that he ever abused me on account of these vexations. His religion was a thing altogether apart from his worldly concerns. He knew nothing of it as a holy principle, directing and controlling his daily life, making the latter conform to the requirements of the gospel. One or two facts will illustrate his character better than a volume of generalties(sic).

I have already said, or implied, that Mr. Edward Covey was a poor man. He was, in fact, just commencing to lay the foundation of his fortune, as fortune is regarded in a slave state. The first condition of wealth and respectability there, being the ownership of human property, every nerve is strained, by the poor man, to obtain it, and very little regard is had to the manner of obtaining it. In pursuit of this object, pious as Mr. Covey was, he proved himself to be as unscrupulous and base as the worst of his neighbors. In the beginning, he was only able—as he said—"to buy one slave;" and, scandalous and shocking as is the fact, he boasted that he bought her simply "_as a breeder_." But the worst is not told in this naked statement. This young woman (Caroline was her name) was virtually compelled by Mr. Covey to abandon herself to the object for which he had purchased her; and the result was, the birth of twins at the end of the year. At this addition to his human stock, both Edward Covey and his wife, Susan, were ecstatic with joy. No one dreamed of reproaching the woman, or of finding fault with the hired man—Bill Smith—the father of the children, for Mr. Covey himself had locked the two up together every night, thus inviting the result.

But I will pursue this revolting subject no further. No better illustration of the unchaste and demoralizing character of slavery can be found, than is furnished in the fact that this professedly Christian slaveholder, amidst all his prayers and hymns, was shamelessly and boastfully encouraging, and actually compelling, in his own house, undisguised and unmitigated fornication, as a means of increasing his human stock. I may remark here, that, while this fact will be read with disgust and shame at the north, it will be _laughed at_, as smart and praiseworthy in Mr. Covey, at the south; for a man is no more condemned there for buying a woman and devoting her to this life of dishonor, than for buying a cow, and raising stock from her. The same rules are observed, with a view to increasing the number and quality of the former, as of the latter.

I will here reproduce what I said of my own experience in this wretched place, more than ten years ago:

If at any one time of my life, more than another, I was made to drink the bitterest dregs of slavery, that time was during the first six months of my stay with Mr. Covey. We were worked all weathers. It was never too hot or too cold; it could never rain, blow, snow,

or hail too hard for us to work in the field. Work, work, work, was scarcely more the order of the day than the night. The longest days were too short for him, and the shortest nights were too long for him. I was somewhat unmanageable when I first went there; but a few months of his discipline tamed me. Mr. Covey succeeded in breaking me. I was broken in body, soul and spirit. My natural elasticity was crushed; my intellect languished; the disposition to read departed; the cheerful spark that lingered about my eye died; the dark night of slavery closed in upon me; and behold a man transformed into a brute!

Sunday was my only leisure time. I spent this in a sort of beast-like stupor, between sleep and wake, under some large tree. At times, I would rise up, a flash of energetic freedom would dart through my soul, accompanied with a faint beam of hope, flickered for a moment, and then vanished. I sank down again, mourning over my wretched condition. I was sometimes prompted to take my life, and that of Covey, but was prevented by a combination of hope and fear. My sufferings on this plantation seem now like a dream rather than a stern reality.

Our house stood within a few rods of the Chesapeake bay, whose broad bosom was ever white with sails from every quarter of the habitable globe. Those beautiful vessels, robed in purest white, so delightful to the eye of freemen, were to me so many shrouded ghosts, to terrify and torment me with thoughts of my wretched condition. I have often, in the deep stillness of a summer's Sabbath, stood all alone upon the banks of that noble bay, and traced, with saddened heart and tearful eye, the countless number of sails moving off to the mighty ocean. The sight of these always affected me powerfully. My thoughts would compel utterance; and there, with no audience but the Almighty, I would pour out my soul's complaint in my rude way, with an apostrophe to the moving multitude of ships:

"You are loosed from your moorings, and free; I am fast in my chains, and am a slave! You move merrily before the gentle gale, and I sadly before the bloody whip! You are freedom's swift-winged angels, that fly around the world; I am confined in bands of iron! O, that I were free! O, that I were on one of your gallant decks, and under your protecting wing! Alas! betwixt me and you the turbid waters roll. Go on, go on. O that I could also go! Could I but swim! If I could fly! O, why was I born a man, of whom to make a brute! The glad ship is gone; she hides in the dim distance. I am left in the hottest hell of unending slavery. O God, save me! God, deliver me! Let me be free! Is there any God? Why am I a slave? I will run away. I will not stand it. Get caught, or get clear, I'll try it. I had as well die with ague as with fever. I have only one life to lose. I had as well be killed running as die standing. Only think of it; one hundred miles straight north, and I am free! Try it? Yes! God helping me, I will. It cannot be that I shall live and die a slave. I will take to the water. This very bay shall yet bear me into freedom. The steamboats steered in a north-east coast from North Point. I will do the same; and when I get to the head of the bay, I will turn my canoe adrift, and walk straight through Delaware into Pennsylvania. When I get there, I shall not be required to have a pass; I will travel without being disturbed. Let but the first opportunity offer, and come what will, I am off. Meanwhile, I will try to bear up under the yoke. I am not the only slave in the world. Why should I fret? I can bear as much as any of them. Besides, I am but a boy, and all boys are bound to some one. It may be that my misery in slavery will only increase my happiness when I get free. There is a better day coming."

I shall never be able to narrate the mental experience through which it was my lot to pass during my stay at Covey's. I was completely wrecked, changed and bewildered; goaded almost to madness at one time, and at another reconciling myself to my wretched condition. Everything in the way of kindness, which I had experienced at Baltimore; all my former hopes and aspirations for usefulness in the world, and the happy moments spent in the exercises of religion, contrasted with my then present lot, but increased my anguish.

I suffered bodily as well as mentally. I had neither sufficient time in which to eat or to sleep, except on Sundays. The overwork, and the brutal chastisements of which I was the victim, combined with that ever-gnawing and soul-devouring thought—"_I am a slave—a slave for life—a slave with no rational ground to hope for freedom_"—rendered me a living embodiment of mental and physical wretchedness.

CHAPTER XVI. _Another Pressure of the Tyrant's Vice_

EXPERIENCE AT COVEY'S SUMMED UP—FIRST SIX MONTHS SEVERER THAN THE SECOND—PRELIMINARIES TO THE CHANCE—REASONS FOR NARRATING THE CIRCUMSTANCES—SCENE IN TREADING YARD—TAKEN ILL—UNUSUAL BRUTALITY OF COVEY—ESCAPE TO ST. MICHAEL'S—THE PURSUIT—SUFFERING IN THE WOODS—DRIVEN BACK AGAIN TO COVEY'S—BEARING OF MASTER THOMAS—THE SLAVE IS NEVER SICK—NATURAL TO EXPECT SLAVES TO FEIGN SICKNESS—LAZINESS OF SLAVEHOLDERS.

The foregoing chapter, with all its horrid incidents and shocking features, may be taken as a fair representation of the first six months of my life at Covey's. The reader has but to repeat, in his own mind, once a week, the scene in the woods, where Covey subjected me to his merciless lash, to have a true idea of my bitter experience there, during the first period of the breaking process through which Mr. Covey carried me. I have no heart to repeat each separate transaction, in which I was victim of his violence and brutality. Such a narration would fill a volume much larger than the present one. I aim only to give the reader a truthful impression of my slave life, without unnecessarily affecting him with harrowing details.

As I have elsewhere intimated that my hardships were much greater during the first six months of my stay at Covey's, than during the remainder of the year, and as the change in my condition was owing to causes which may help the reader to a better understanding of human nature, when subjected to the terrible extremities of slavery, I will narrate the circumstances of this change, although I may seem thereby to applaud my own courage. You have, dear reader, seen me humbled, degraded, broken down, enslaved, and brutalized, and you understand how it was done; now let us see the converse of all this, and how it was brought about; and this will take us through the year 1834.

On one of the hottest days of the month of August, of the year just mentioned, had the reader been passing through Covey's farm, he might have seen me at work, in what is there called the "treading yard"—a yard upon which wheat is trodden out from the straw, by the horses' feet. I was there, at work, feeding the "fan," or rather bringing wheat to the fan, while Bill Smith was feeding. Our force consisted of Bill Hughes, Bill Smith, and a slave by the name of Eli; the latter having been hired for this occasion. The work was simple, and required strength and activity, rather than any skill or intelligence, and yet, to one entirely unused to such work, it came very hard. The heat was intense and overpowering, and there was much hurry to get the wheat, trodden out that day, through the fan; since, if that work was done an hour before sundown, the hands would have, according to a promise of Covey, that hour added to their night's rest. I was not behind any of them in the wish to complete the day's work before sundown, and, hence, I struggled with all my might to get the work forward. The promise of one hour's repose on a week day, was sufficient to quicken my pace, and to spur me on to extra endeavor. Besides, we had all planned to go fishing, and I certainly wished to have a hand in that. But I was disappointed, and the day turned out to be one of the bitterest I ever experienced. About three o'clock, while the sun was pouring down his burning rays, and not a breeze was stirring, I broke down; my strength failed me; I was seized with a violent aching of the head, attended with extreme dizziness, and trembling in every limb. Finding what was coming, and feeling it would never do to stop work, I nerved myself up, and staggered on until I fell by the side of the wheat fan, feeling that the earth had fallen upon me. This brought the entire work to a dead stand. There was work for four; each one had his part to perform, and each part depended on the other, so that when one stopped, all were compelled to stop. Covey, who had now become my dread, as well as my tormentor, was at the house, about a hundred yards from where I was fanning, and instantly, upon hearing the fan stop, he came down to the treading yard, to inquire into the cause of our stopping. Bill Smith told him I was sick, and that I was unable longer to bring wheat to the fan.

I had, by this time, crawled away, under the side of a post-and-rail fence, in the shade, and was exceeding ill. The intense heat of the sun, the heavy dust rising from the fan, the stooping, to take up the wheat from the yard, together with the hurrying, to get through, had caused a rush of blood to my head. In this condition, Covey finding out where I was, came to me; and, after standing over me a while, he asked me what the matter was. I told him as well as I could, for it was with difficulty that I could speak. He then gave me a savage kick in the side, which jarred my whole frame, and commanded me to get up. The man had obtained complete control over me; and if he had commanded me to do any possible thing, I should, in my then state of mind, have endeavored to comply. I made an effort to rise, but fell back in the attempt, before gaining my feet. The brute now gave me another heavy kick, and again told me to rise. I again tried to rise, and succeeded in gaining my feet; but upon stooping to get the tub with which I was feeding the fan, I again staggered and fell to the ground; and I must have so fallen, had I been sure that a hundred bullets would have pierced me, as the consequence. While down, in this sad condition, and perfectly helpless, the merciless Negro breaker took up the hickory slab, with which Hughes had been striking off the wheat to a level with the sides of the half bushel measure (a very hard weapon) and with the sharp edge of it, he dealt me a heavy blow on my head which made a large gash, and caused the blood to run freely, saying, at the same time, "If _you have got the headache, I'll cure you_." This done, he ordered me again to rise, but I made no effort to do so; for I had made up my mind that it was useless, and that the heartless monster might now do his worst; he could but kill me, and that might put me out of my misery. Finding me unable to rise, or rather despairing of my doing so, Covey left me, with a view to getting on with the work without me. I was bleeding very freely, and my face was soon covered with my warm blood. Cruel and merciless as was the motive that dealt that blow, dear reader, the wound was fortunate for me. Bleeding was never more efficacious. The pain in my head speedily abated, and I was soon able to rise. Covey had, as I have said, now left me to my fate; and the question was, shall I return to my work, or shall I find my way to St. Michael's, and make Capt. Auld acquainted

with the atrocious cruelty of his brother Covey, and beseech him to get me another master? Remembering the object he had in view, in placing me under the management of Covey, and further, his cruel treatment of my poor crippled cousin, Henny, and his meanness in the matter of feeding and clothing his slaves, there was little ground to hope for a favorable reception at the hands of Capt. Thomas Auld. Nevertheless, I resolved to go straight to Capt. Auld, thinking that, if not animated by motives of humanity, he might be induced to interfere on my behalf from selfish considerations. “He cannot,” thought I, “allow his property to be thus bruised and battered, marred and defaced; and I will go to him, and tell him the simple truth about the matter.” In order to get to St. Michael’s, by the most favorable and direct road, I must walk seven miles; and this, in my sad condition, was no easy performance. I had already lost much blood; I was exhausted by over exertion; my sides were sore from the heavy blows planted there by the stout boots of Mr. Covey; and I was, in every way, in an unfavorable plight for the journey. I however watched my chance, while the cruel and cunning Covey was looking in an opposite direction, and started off, across the field, for St. Michael’s. This was a daring step; if it failed, it would only exasperate Covey, and increase the rigors of my bondage, during the remainder of my term of service under him; but the step was taken, and I must go forward. I succeeded in getting nearly half way across the broad field, toward the woods, before Mr. Covey observed me. I was still bleeding, and the exertion of running had started the blood afresh. _“Come back! Come back!”_ vociferated Covey, with threats of what he would do if I did not return instantly. But, disregarding his calls and his threats, I pressed on toward the woods as fast as my feeble state would allow. Seeing no signs of my stopping, Covey caused his horse to be brought out and saddled, as if he intended to pursue me. The race was now to be an unequal one; and, thinking I might be overhauled by him, if I kept the main road, I walked nearly the whole distance in the woods, keeping far enough from the road to avoid detection and pursuit. But, I had not gone far, before my little strength again failed me, and I laid down. The blood was still oozing from the wound in my head; and, for a time, I suffered more than I can describe. There I was, in the deep woods, sick and emaciated, pursued by a wretch whose character for revolting cruelty beggars all opprobrious speech—bleeding, and almost bloodless. I was not without the fear of bleeding to death. The thought of dying in the woods, all alone, and of being torn to pieces by the buzzards, had not yet been rendered tolerable by my many troubles and hardships, and I was glad when the shade of the trees, and the cool evening breeze, combined with my matted hair to stop the flow of blood. After lying there about three quarters of an hour, brooding over the singular and mournful lot to which I was doomed, my mind passing over the whole scale or circle of belief and unbelief, from faith in the overruling providence of God, to the blackest atheism, I again took up my journey toward St. Michael’s, more weary and sad than in the morning when I left Thomas Auld’s for the home of Mr. Covey. I was bare-footed and bare-headed, and in my shirt sleeves. The way was through bogs and briers, and I tore my feet often during the journey. I was full five hours in going the seven or eight miles; partly, because of the difficulties of the way, and partly, because of the feebleness induced by my illness, bruises and loss of blood. On gaining my master’s store, I presented an appearance of wretchedness and woe, fitted to move any but a heart of stone. From the crown of my head to the sole of my feet, there were marks of blood. My hair was all clotted with dust and blood, and the back of my shirt was literally stiff with the same. Briers and thorns had scarred and torn my feet and legs, leaving blood marks there. Had I escaped from a den of tigers, I could not have looked worse than I did on reaching St. Michael’s. In this unhappy plight, I appeared before my professedly _Christian_ master, humbly to invoke the interposition of his power and authority, to protect me from further abuse and violence. I had begun to hope, during the latter part of my tedious journey toward St. Michael’s, that Capt. Auld would now show himself in a nobler light than I had ever before seen him. I was disappointed. I had jumped from a sinking ship into the sea; I had fled from the tiger to something worse. I told him all the circumstances, as well as I could; how I was endeavoring to please Covey; how hard I was at work in the present instance; how unwilling I sunk down under the heat, toil and pain; the brutal manner in which Covey had kicked me in the side; the gash cut in my head; my hesitation about troubling him (Capt. Auld) with complaints; but, that now I felt it would not be best longer to conceal from him the outrages committed on me from time to time by Covey. At first, master Thomas seemed somewhat affected by the story of my wrongs, but he soon repressed his feelings and became cold as iron. It was impossible—as I stood before him at the first—for him to seem indifferent. I distinctly saw his human nature asserting its conviction against the slave system, which made cases like mine _possible;_ but, as I have said, humanity fell before the systematic tyranny of slavery. He first walked the floor, apparently much agitated by my story, and the sad spectacle I presented; but, presently, it was _his_ turn to talk. He began moderately, by finding excuses for Covey, and ending with a full justification of him, and a passionate condemnation of me. “He had no doubt I deserved the flogging. He did not believe I was sick; I was only endeavoring to get rid of work. My dizziness was laziness, and Covey did right to flog me, as he had done.” After thus fairly annihilating me, and rousing himself by his own eloquence, he fiercely demanded what I wished _him_ to do in the case!

With such a complete knock-down to all my hopes, as he had given me, and feeling, as I did, my entire subjection to his power, I had very little heart to reply. I must not affirm my innocence of the allegations which he had piled up against me; for that would be impudence, and would probably call down fresh violence as well as wrath upon me. The guilt of a slave is always, and everywhere,

presumed; and the innocence of the slaveholder or the slave employer, is always asserted. The word of the slave, against this presumption, is generally treated as impudence, worthy of punishment. “Do you contradict me, you rascal?” is a final silencer of counter statements from the lips of a slave.

Calming down a little in view of my silence and hesitation, and, perhaps, from a rapid glance at the picture of misery I presented, he inquired again, “what I would have him do?” Thus invited a second time, I told Master Thomas I wished him to allow me to get a new home and to find a new master; that, as sure as I went back to live with Mr. Covey again, I should be killed by him; that he would never forgive my coming to him (Capt. Auld) with a complaint against him (Covey); that, since I had lived with him, he almost crushed my spirit, and I believed that he would ruin me for future service; that my life was not safe in his hands. This, Master Thomas _(my brother in the church)_ regarded as “nonsence(sic).” “There was no danger of Mr. Covey’s killing me; he was a good man, industrious and religious, and he would not think of removing me from that home; besides,” said he and this I found was the most distressing thought of all to him—“if you should leave Covey now, that your year has but half expired, I should lose your wages for the entire year. You belong to Mr. Covey for one year, and you _must go back_ to him, come what will. You must not trouble me with any more stories about Mr. Covey; and if you do not go immediately home, I will get hold of you myself.” This was just what I expected, when I found he had _prejudged_ the case against me. “But, Sir,” I said, “I am sick and tired, and I cannot get home to-night.” At this, he again relented, and finally he allowed me to remain all night at St. Michael’s; but said I must be off early in the morning, and concluded his directions by making me swallow a huge dose of _epsom salts_—about the only medicine ever administered to slaves.

It was quite natural for Master Thomas to presume I was feigning sickness to escape work, for he probably thought that were _he_ in the place of a slave with no wages for his work, no praise for well doing, no motive for toil but the lash—he would try every possible scheme by which to escape labor. I say I have no doubt of this; the reason is, that there are not, under the whole heavens, a set of men who cultivate such an intense dread of labor as do the slaveholders. The charge of laziness against the slave is ever on their lips, and is the standing apology for every species of cruelty and brutality. These men literally “bind heavy burdens, grievous to be borne, and lay them on men’s shoulders; but they, themselves, will not move them with one of their fingers.”

My kind readers shall have, in the next chapter—what they were led, perhaps, to expect to find in this—namely: an account of my partial disenthrallment from the tyranny of Covey, and the marked change which it brought about.

CHAPTER XVII. _The Last Flogging_

A SLEEPLESS NIGHT—RETURN TO COVEY’S—PURSUED BY COVEY—THE CHASE DEFEATED—VENGEANCE POSTPONED—MUSINGS IN THE WOODS—THE ALTERNATIVE—DEPLORABLE SPECTACLE—NIGHT IN THE WOODS—EXPECTED ATTACK—ACCOSTED BY SANDY, A FRIEND, NOT A HUNTER—SANDY’S HOSPITALITY—THE “ASH CAKE” SUPPER—THE INTERVIEW WITH SANDY—HIS ADVICE—SANDY A CONJURER AS WELL AS A CHRISTIAN—THE MAGIC ROOT—STRANGE MEETING WITH COVEY—HIS MANNER—COVEY’S SUNDAY FACE—MY DEFENSIVE RESOLVE—THE FIGHT—THE VICTORY, AND ITS RESULTS.

Sleep itself does not always come to the relief of the weary in body, and the broken in spirit; especially when past troubles only foreshadow coming disasters. The last hope had been extinguished. My master, who I did not venture to hope would protect me as _a man_, had even now refused to protect me as _his property;_ and had cast me back, covered with reproaches and bruises, into the hands of a stranger to that mercy which was the soul of the religion he professed. May the reader never spend such a night as that allotted to me, previous to the morning which was to herald my return to the den of horrors from which I had made a temporary escape.

I remained all night—sleep I did not—at St. Michael’s; and in the morning (Saturday) I started off, according to the order of Master Thomas, feeling that I had no friend on earth, and doubting if I had one in heaven. I reached Covey’s about nine o’clock; and just as I stepped into the field, before I had reached the house, Covey, true to his snakish habits, darted out at me from a fence corner, in which he had secreted himself, for the purpose of securing me. He was amply provided with a cowskin and a rope; and he evidently intended to _tie me up_, and to wreak his vengeance on me to the fullest extent. I should have been an easy prey, had he succeeded in getting his hands upon me, for I had taken no refreshment since noon on Friday; and this, together with the pelting, excitement, and the loss of blood, had reduced my strength. I, however, darted back into the woods, before the ferocious hound could get hold of me, and buried myself in a thicket, where he lost sight of me. The corn-field afforded me cover, in getting to the woods. But for the tall corn, Covey would have overtaken me, and made me his captive. He seemed very much chagrined that he

did not catch me, and gave up the chase, very reluctantly; for I could see his angry movements, toward the house from which he had sallied, on his foray.

Well, now I am clear of Covey, and of his wrathful lash, for present. I am in the wood, buried in its somber gloom, and hushed in its solemn silence; hid from all human eyes; shut in with nature and nature's God, and absent from all human contrivances. Here was a good place to pray; to pray for help for deliverance—a prayer I had often made before. But how could I pray? Covey could pray—Capt. Auld could pray—I would fain pray; but doubts (arising partly from my own neglect of the means of grace, and partly from the sham religion which everywhere prevailed, cast in my mind a doubt upon all religion, and led me to the conviction that prayers were unavailing and delusive) prevented my embracing the opportunity, as a religious one. Life, in itself, had almost become burdensome to me. All my outward relations were against me; I must stay here and starve (I was already hungry) or go home to Covey's, and have my flesh torn to pieces, and my spirit humbled under the cruel lash of Covey. This was the painful alternative presented to me. The day was long and irksome. My physical condition was deplorable. I was weak, from the toils of the previous day, and from the want of food and rest; and had been so little concerned about my appearance, that I had not yet washed the blood from my garments. I was an object of horror, even to myself. Life, in Baltimore, when most oppressive, was a paradise to this. What had I done, what had my parents done, that such a life as this should be mine? That day, in the woods, I would have exchanged my manhood for the brutehood of an ox.

Night came. I was still in the woods, unresolved what to do. Hunger had not yet pinched me to the point of going home, and I laid myself down in the leaves to rest; for I had been watching for hunters all day, but not being molested during the day, I expected no disturbance during the night. I had come to the conclusion that Covey relied upon hunger to drive me home; and in this I was quite correct—the facts showed that he had made no effort to catch me, since morning.

During the night, I heard the step of a man in the woods. He was coming toward the place where I lay. A person lying still has the advantage over one walking in the woods, in the day time, and this advantage is much greater at night. I was not able to engage in a physical struggle, and I had recourse to the common resort of the weak. I hid myself in the leaves to prevent discovery. But, as the night rambler in the woods drew nearer, I found him to be a _friend_, not an enemy; it was a slave of Mr. William Groomes, of Easton, a kind hearted fellow, named "Sandy." Sandy lived with Mr. Kemp that year, about four miles from St. Michael's. He, like myself had been hired out by the year; but, unlike myself, had not been hired out to be broken. Sandy was the husband of a free woman, who lived in the lower part of _"Potpie Neck,"_ and he was now on his way through the woods, to see her, and to spend the Sabbath with her.

As soon as I had ascertained that the disturber of my solitude was not an enemy, but the good-hearted Sandy—a man as famous among the slaves of the neighborhood for his good nature, as for his good sense I came out from my hiding place, and made myself known to him. I explained the circumstances of the past two days, which had driven me to the woods, and he deeply compassionated my distress. It was a bold thing for him to shelter me, and I could not ask him to do so; for, had I been found in his hut, he would have suffered the penalty of thirty-nine lashes on his bare back, if not something worse. But Sandy was too generous to permit the fear of punishment to prevent his relieving a brother bondman from hunger and exposure; and, therefore, on his own motion, I accompanied him to his home, or rather to the home of his wife—for the house and lot were hers. His wife was called up—for it was now about midnight—a fire was made, some Indian meal was soon mixed with salt and water, and an ash cake was baked in a hurry to relieve my hunger. Sandy's wife was not behind him in kindness—both seemed to esteem it a privilege to succor me; for, although I was hated by Covey and by my master, I was loved by the colored people, because _they_ thought I was hated for my knowledge, and persecuted because I was feared. I was the _only_ slave _now_ in that region who could read and write. There had been one other man, belonging to Mr. Hugh Hamilton, who could read (his name was "Jim"), but he, poor fellow, had, shortly after my coming into the neighborhood, been sold off to the far south. I saw Jim ironed, in the cart, to be carried to Easton for sale—pinioned like a yearling for the slaughter. My knowledge was now the pride of my brother slaves; and, no doubt, Sandy felt something of the general interest in me on that account. The supper was soon ready, and though I have feasted since, with honorables, lord mayors and aldermen, over the sea, my supper on ash cake and cold water, with Sandy, was the meal, of all my life, most sweet to my taste, and now most vivid in my memory.

Supper over, Sandy and I went into a discussion of what was _possible_ for me, under the perils and hardships which now overshadowed my path. The question was, must I go back to Covey, or must I now tempt to run away? Upon a careful survey, the latter was found to be impossible; for I was on a narrow neck of land, every avenue from which would bring me in sight of pursuers. There was the Chesapeake bay to the right, and "Pot-pie" river to the left, and St. Michael's and its neighborhood occupying the only space through which there was any retreat.

I found Sandy an old advisor. He was not only a religious man, but he professed to believe in a system for which I have no name. He was a genuine African, and had inherited some of the so-called magical powers, said to be possessed by African and eastern nations. He told me that he could help me; that, in those very woods, there was an herb, which in the morning might be found, possessing all the powers required for my protection (I put his thoughts in my own language); and that, if I would take his advice, he would procure me the root of the herb of which he spoke. He told me further, that if I would take that root and wear it on my right side, it would be impossible for Covey to strike me a blow; that with this root about my person, no white man could whip me. He said he had carried it for years, and that he had fully tested its virtues. He had never received a blow from a slaveholder since he carried it; and he never expected to receive one, for he always meant to carry that root as a protection. He knew Covey well, for Mrs. Covey was the daughter of Mr. Kemp; and he (Sandy) had heard of the barbarous treatment to which I was subjected, and he wanted to do something for me.

Now all this talk about the root, was to me, very absurd and ridiculous, if not positively sinful. I at first rejected the idea that the simple carrying a root on my right side (a root, by the way, over which I walked every time I went into the woods) could possess any such magic power as he ascribed to it, and I was, therefore, not disposed to cumber my pocket with it. I had a positive aversion to all pretenders to _“divination.”_ It was beneath one of my intelligence to countenance such dealings with the devil, as this power implied. But, with all my learning—it was really precious little—Sandy was more than a match for me. “My book learning,” he said, “had not kept Covey off me” (a powerful argument just then) and he entreated me, with flashing eyes, to try this. If it did me no good, it could do me no harm, and it would cost me nothing, any way. Sandy was so earnest, and so confident of the good qualities of this weed, that, to please him, rather than from any conviction of its excellence, I was induced to take it. He had been to me the good Samaritan, and had, almost providentially, found me, and helped me when I could not help myself; how did I know but that the hand of the Lord was in it? With thoughts of this sort, I took the roots from Sandy, and put them in my right hand pocket.

This was, of course, Sunday morning. Sandy now urged me to go home, with all speed, and to walk up bravely to the house, as though nothing had happened. I saw in Sandy too deep an insight into human nature, with all his superstition, not to have some respect for his advice; and perhaps, too, a slight gleam or shadow of his superstition had fallen upon me. At any rate, I started off toward Covey’s, as directed by Sandy. Having, the previous night, poured my griefs into Sandy’s ears, and got him enlisted in my behalf, having made his wife a sharer in my sorrows, and having, also, become well refreshed by sleep and food, I moved off, quite courageously, toward the much dreaded Covey’s. Singularly enough, just as I entered his yard gate, I met him and his wife, dressed in their Sunday best—looking as smiling as angels—on their way to church. The manner of Covey astonished me. There was something really benignant in his countenance. He spoke to me as never before; told me that the pigs had got into the lot, and he wished me to drive them out; inquired how I was, and seemed an altered man. This extraordinary conduct of Covey, really made me begin to think that Sandy’s herb had more virtue in it than I, in my pride, had been willing to allow; and, had the day been other than Sunday, I should have attributed Covey’s altered manner solely to the magic power of the root. I suspected, however, that the _Sabbath_, and not the _root_, was the real explanation of Covey’s manner. His religion hindered him from breaking the Sabbath, but not from breaking my skin. He had more respect for the _day_ than for the _man_, for whom the day was mercifully given; for while he would cut and slash my body during the week, he would not hesitate, on Sunday, to teach me the value of my soul, or the way of life and salvation by Jesus Christ.

All went well with me till Monday morning; and then, whether the root had lost its virtue, or whether my tormentor had gone deeper into the black art than myself (as was sometimes said of him), or whether he had obtained a special indulgence, for his faithful Sabbath day’s worship, it is not necessary for me to know, or to inform the reader; but, this I _may_ say—the pious and benignant smile which graced Covey’s face on _Sunday_, wholly disappeared on _Monday_. Long before daylight, I was called up to go and feed, rub, and curry the horses. I obeyed the call, and would have so obeyed it, had it been made at an earilier(sic) hour, for I had brought my mind to a firm resolve, during that Sunday’s reflection, viz: to obey every order, however unreasonable, if it were possible, and, if Mr. Covey should then undertake to beat me, to defend and protect myself to the best of my ability. My religious views on the subject of resisting my master, had suffered a serious shock, by the savage persecution to which I had been subjected, and my hands were no longer tied by my religion. Master Thomas’s indifference had served the last link. I had now to this extent “backslidden” from this point in the slave’s religious creed; and I soon had occasion to make my fallen state known to my Sunday-pious brother, Covey.

Whilst I was obeying his order to feed and get the horses ready for the field, and when in the act of going up the stable loft for the purpose of throwing down some blades, Covey sneaked into the stable, in his peculiar snake-like way, and seizing me suddenly by the leg, he brought me to the stable floor, giving my newly mended body a fearful jar. I now forgot my roots, and remembered my

pledge to _stand up in my own defense_. The brute was endeavoring skillfully to get a slip-knot on my legs, before I could draw up my feet. As soon as I found what he was up to, I gave a sudden spring (my two day's rest had been of much service to me,) and by that means, no doubt, he was able to bring me to the floor so heavily. He was defeated in his plan of tying me. While down, he seemed to think he had me very securely in his power. He little thought he was—as the rowdies say—"in" for a "rough and tumble" fight; but such was the fact. Whence came the daring spirit necessary to grapple with a man who, eight-and-forty hours before, could, with his slightest word have made me tremble like a leaf in a storm, I do not know; at any rate, _I was resolved to fight_, and, what was better still, I was actually hard at it. The fighting madness had come upon me, and I found my strong fingers firmly attached to the throat of my cowardly tormentor; as heedless of consequences, at the moment, as though we stood as equals before the law. The very color of the man was forgotten. I felt as supple as a cat, and was ready for the snakish creature at every turn. Every blow of his was parried, though I dealt no blows in turn. I was strictly on the _defensive_, preventing him from injuring me, rather than trying to injure him. I flung him on the ground several times, when he meant to have hurled me there. I held him so firmly by the throat, that his blood followed my nails. He held me, and I held him.

All was fair, thus far, and the contest was about equal. My resistance was entirely unexpected, and Covey was taken all aback by it, for he trembled in every limb. _"Are you going to resist_, you scoundrel?" said he. To which, I returned a polite _"Yes sir;"_ steadily gazing my interrogator in the eye, to meet the first approach or dawning of the blow, which I expected my answer would call forth. But, the conflict did not long remain thus equal. Covey soon cried out lustily for help; not that I was obtaining any marked advantage over him, or was injuring him, but because he was gaining none over me, and was not able, single handed, to conquer me. He called for his cousin Hughs, to come to his assistance, and now the scene was changed. I was compelled to give blows, as well as to parry them; and, since I was, in any case, to suffer for resistance, I felt (as the musty proverb goes) that "I might as well be hanged for an old sheep as a lamb." I was still _defensive_ toward Covey, but _aggressive_ toward Hughs; and, at the first approach of the latter, I dealt a blow, in my desperation, which fairly sickened my youthful assailant. He went off, bending over with pain, and manifesting no disposition to come within my reach again. The poor fellow was in the act of trying to catch and tie my right hand, and while flattering himself with success, I gave him the kick which sent him staggering away in pain, at the same time that I held Covey with a firm hand.

Taken completely by surprise, Covey seemed to have lost his usual strength and coolness. He was frightened, and stood puffing and blowing, seemingly unable to command words or blows. When he saw that poor Hughes was standing half bent with pain—his courage quite gone the cowardly tyrant asked if I "meant to persist in my resistance." I told him "_I did mean to resist, come what might_;" that I had been by him treated like a _brute_, during the last six months; and that I should stand it _no longer_. With that, he gave me a shake, and attempted to drag me toward a stick of wood, that was lying just outside the stable door. He meant to knock me down with it; but, just as he leaned over to get the stick, I seized him with both hands by the collar, and, with a vigorous and sudden snatch, I brought my assailant harmlessly, his full length, on the _not_ overclean ground—for we were now in the cow yard. He had selected the place for the fight, and it was but right that he should have all the advantges(sic) of his own selection.

By this time, Bill, the hiredman, came home. He had been to Mr. Hemsley's, to spend the Sunday with his nominal wife, and was coming home on Monday morning, to go to work. Covey and I had been skirmishing from before daybreak, till now, that the sun was almost shooting his beams over the eastern woods, and we were still at it. I could not see where the matter was to terminate. He evidently was afraid to let me go, lest I should again make off to the woods; otherwise, he would probably have obtained arms from the house, to frighten me. Holding me, Covey called upon Bill for assistance. The scene here, had something comic about it. "Bill," who knew _precisely_ what Covey wished him to do, affected ignorance, and pretended he did not know what to do. "What shall I do, Mr. Covey," said Bill. "Take hold of him—take hold of him!" said Covey. With a toss of his head, peculiar to Bill, he said, "indeed, Mr. Covey I want to go to work." _"This is_ your work," said Covey; "take hold of him." Bill replied, with spirit, "My master hired me here, to work, and _not_ to help you whip Frederick." It was now my turn to speak. "Bill," said I, "don't put your hands on me." To which he replied, "My GOD! Frederick, I ain't goin' to tech ye," and Bill walked off, leaving Covey and myself to settle our matters as best we might.

But, my present advantage was threatened when I saw Caroline (the slave-woman of Covey) coming to the cow yard to milk, for she was a powerful woman, and could have mastered me very easily, exhausted as I now was. As soon as she came into the yard, Covey attempted to rally her to his aid. Strangely—and, I may add, fortunately—Caroline was in no humor to take a hand in any such sport. We were all in open rebellion, that morning. Caroline answered the command of her master to _"take hold of me,"_ precisely as Bill had answered, but in _her_, it was at greater peril so to answer; she was the slave of Covey, and he could do what he pleased with her. It was _not_ so with Bill, and Bill knew it. Samuel Harris, to whom Bill belonged, did not allow his slaves to be

beaten, unless they were guilty of some crime which the law would punish. But, poor Caroline, like myself, was at the mercy of the merciless Covey; nor did she escape the dire effects of her refusal. He gave her several sharp blows.

Covey at length (two hours had elapsed) gave up the contest. Letting me go, he said—puffing and blowing at a great rate—"Now, you scoundrel, go to your work; I would not have whipped you half so much as I have had you not resisted." The fact was, _he had not whipped me at all_. He had not, in all the scuffle, drawn a single drop of blood from me. I had drawn blood from him; and, even without this satisfaction, I should have been victorious, because my aim had not been to injure him, but to prevent his injuring me.

During the whole six months that I lived with Covey, after this transaction, he never laid on me the weight of his finger in anger. He would, occasionally, say he did not want to have to get hold of me again—a declaration which I had no difficulty in believing; and I had a secret feeling, which answered, "You need not wish to get hold of me again, for you will be likely to come off worse in a second fight than you did in the first."

Well, my dear reader, this battle with Mr. Covey—undignified as it was, and as I fear my narration of it is—was the turning point in my _"life as a slave_." It rekindled in my breast the smouldering embers of liberty; it brought up my Baltimore dreams, and revived a sense of my own manhood. I was a changed being after that fight. I was _nothing_ before; I WAS A MAN NOW. It recalled to life my crushed self-respect and my self-confidence, and inspired me with a renewed determination to be A FREEMAN. A man, without force, is without the essential dignity of humanity. Human nature is so constituted, that it cannot _honor_ a helpless man, although it can _pity_ him; and even this it cannot do long, if the signs of power do not arise.

He can only understand the effect of this combat on my spirit, who has himself incurred something, hazarded something, in repelling the unjust and cruel aggressions of a tyrant. Covey was a tyrant, and a cowardly one, withal. After resisting him, I felt as I had never felt before. It was a resurrection from the dark and pestiferous tomb of slavery, to the heaven of comparative freedom. I was no longer a servile coward, trembling under the frown of a brother worm of the dust, but, my long-cowed spirit was roused to an attitude of manly independence. I had reached the point, at which I was _not afraid to die_. This spirit made me a freeman in _fact_, while I remained a slave in _form_. When a slave cannot be flogged he is more than half free. He has a domain as broad as his own manly heart to defend, and he is really _"a power on earth_." While slaves prefer their lives, with flogging, to instant death, they will always find Christians enough, like unto Covey, to accommodate that preference. From this time, until that of my escape from slavery, I was never fairly whipped. Several attempts were made to whip me, but they were always unsuccessful. Bruises I did get, as I shall hereafter inform the reader; but the case I have been describing, was the end of the brutification to which slavery had subjected me.

The reader will be glad to know why, after I had so grievously offended Mr. Covey, he did not have me taken in hand by the authorities; indeed, why the law of Maryland, which assigns hanging to the slave who resists his master, was not put in force against me; at any rate, why I was not taken up, as is usual in such cases, and publicly whipped, for an example to other slaves, and as a means of deterring me from committing the same offense again. I confess, that the easy manner in which I got off, for a long time, a surprise to me, and I cannot, even now, fully explain the cause.

The only explanation I can venture to suggest, is the fact, that Covey was, probably, ashamed to have it known and confessed that he had been mastered by a boy of sixteen. Mr. Covey enjoyed the unbounded and very valuable reputation, of being a first rate overseer and _Negro breaker_. By means of this reputation, he was able to procure his hands for _very trifling_ compensation, and with very great ease. His interest and his pride mutually suggested the wisdom of passing the matter by, in silence. The story that he had undertaken to whip a lad, and had been resisted, was, of itself, sufficient to damage him; for his bearing should, in the estimation of slaveholders, be of that imperial order that should make such an occurrence _impossible_. I judge from these circumstances, that Covey deemed it best to give me the go-by. It is, perhaps, not altogether creditable to my natural temper, that, after this conflict with Mr. Covey, I did, at times, purposely aim to provoke him to an attack, by refusing to keep with the other hands in the field, but I could never bully him to another battle. I had made up my mind to do him serious damage, if he ever again attempted to lay violent hands on me.

Hereditary bondmen, know ye not Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow?

CHAPTER XVIII. _New Relations and Duties_

CHANGE OF MASTERS—BENEFITS DERIVED BY THE CHANGE—FAME OF THE FIGHT WITH COVEY—RECKLESS UNCONCERN—MY ABHORRENCE OF SLAVERY—ABILITY TO READ A CAUSE OF PREJUDICE—THE HOLIDAYS—HOW

SPENT—SHARP HIT AT SLAVERY—EFFECTS OF HOLIDAYS—A DEVICE OF SLAVERY—DIFFERENCE BETWEEN COVEY AND FREELAND—AN IRRELIGIOUS MASTER PREFERRED TO A RELIGIOUS ONE—CATALOGUE OF FLOGGABLE OFFENSES—HARD LIFE AT COVEY'S USEFUL—IMPROVED CONDITION NOT FOLLOWED BY CONTENTMENT—CONGENIAL SOCIETY AT FREELAND'S—SABBATH SCHOOL INSTITUTED—SECRECY NECESSARY—AFFECTIONATE RELATIONS OF TUTOR AND PUPILS—CONFIDENCE AND FRIENDSHIP AMONG SLAVES—I DECLINE PUBLISHING PARTICULARS OF CONVERSATIONS WITH MY FRIENDS—SLAVERY THE INVITER OF VENGEANCE.

My term of actual service to Mr. Edward Covey ended on Christmas day, 1834. I gladly left the snakish Covey, although he was now as gentle as a lamb. My home for the year 1835 was already secured—my next master was already selected. There is always more or less excitement about the matter of changing hands, but I had become somewhat reckless. I cared very little into whose hands I fell—I meant to fight my way. Despite of Covey, too, the report got abroad, that I was hard to whip; that I was guilty of kicking back; that though generally a good tempered Negro, I sometimes "_got the devil in me_." These sayings were rife in Talbot county, and they distinguished me among my servile brethren. Slaves, generally, will fight each other, and die at each other's hands; but there are few who are not held in awe by a white man. Trained from the cradle up, to think and feel that their masters are superior, and invested with a sort of sacredness, there are few who can outgrow or rise above the control which that sentiment exercises. I had now got free from it, and the thing was known. One bad sheep will spoil a whole flock. Among the slaves, I was a bad sheep. I hated slavery, slaveholders, and all pertaining to them; and I did not fail to inspire others with the same feeling, wherever and whenever opportunity was presented. This made me a marked lad among the slaves, and a suspected one among the slaveholders. A knowledge of my ability to read and write, got pretty widely spread, which was very much against me.

The days between Christmas day and New Year's, are allowed the slaves as holidays. During these days, all regular work was suspended, and there was nothing to do but to keep fires, and look after the stock. This time was regarded as our own, by the grace of our masters, and we, therefore used it, or abused it, as we pleased. Those who had families at a distance, were now expected to visit them, and to spend with them the entire week. The younger slaves, or the unmarried ones, were expected to see to the cattle, and attend to incidental duties at home. The holidays were variously spent. The sober, thinking and industrious ones of our number, would employ themselves in manufacturing corn brooms, mats, horse collars and baskets, and some of these were very well made. Another class spent their time in hunting opossums, coons, rabbits, and other game. But the majority spent the holidays in sports, ball playing, wrestling, boxing, running foot races, dancing, and drinking whisky; and this latter mode of spending the time was generally most agreeable to their masters. A slave who would work during the holidays, was thought, by his master, undeserving of holidays. Such an one had rejected the favor of his master. There was, in this simple act of continued work, an accusation against slaves; and a slave could not help thinking, that if he made three dollars during the holidays, he might make three hundred during the year. Not to be drunk during the holidays, was disgraceful; and he was esteemed a lazy and improvident man, who could not afford to drink whisky during Christmas.

The fiddling, dancing and _"jubilee beating_," was going on in all directions. This latter performance is strictly southern. It supplies the place of a violin, or of other musical instruments, and is played so easily, that almost every farm has its "Juba" beater. The performer improvises as he beats, and sings his merry songs, so ordering the words as to have them fall pat with the movement of his hands. Among a mass of nonsense and wild frolic, once in a while a sharp hit is given to the meanness of slaveholders. Take the following, for an example:

We raise de wheat, Dey gib us de corn; We bake de bread, Dey gib us de cruss; We sif de meal, Dey gib us de huss; We peal de meat, Dey gib us de skin, And dat's de way Dey takes us in. We skim de pot, Dey gib us the liquor, And say dat's good enough for nigger. Walk over! walk over! Tom butter and de fat; Poor nigger you can't get over dat; Walk over!

This is not a bad summary of the palpable injustice and fraud of slavery, giving—as it does—to the lazy and idle, the comforts which God designed should be given solely to the honest laborer. But to the holiday's.

Judging from my own observation and experience, I believe these holidays to be among the most effective means, in the hands of slaveholders, of keeping down the spirit of insurrection among the slaves.

To enslave men, successfully and safely, it is necessary to have their minds occupied with thoughts and aspirations short of the liberty of which they are deprived. A certain degree of attainable good must be kept before them. These holidays serve the purpose of keeping the minds of the slaves occupied with prospective pleasure, within the limits of slavery. The young man can go wooing;

the married man can visit his wife; the father and mother can see their children; the industrious and money loving can make a few dollars; the great wrestler can win laurels; the young people can meet, and enjoy each other's society; the drunken man can get plenty of whisky; and the religious man can hold prayer meetings, preach, pray and exhort during the holidays. Before the holidays, these are pleasures in prospect; after the holidays, they become pleasures of memory, and they serve to keep out thoughts and wishes of a more dangerous character. Were slaveholders at once to abandon the practice of allowing their slaves these liberties, periodically, and to keep them, the year round, closely confined to the narrow circle of their homes, I doubt not that the south would blaze with insurrections. These holidays are conductors or safety valves to carry off the explosive elements inseparable from the human mind, when reduced to the condition of slavery. But for these, the rigors of bondage would become too severe for endurance, and the slave would be forced up to dangerous desperation. Woe to the slaveholder when he undertakes to hinder or to prevent the operation of these electric conductors. A succession of earthquakes would be less destructive, than the insurrectionary fires which would be sure to burst forth in different parts of the south, from such interference.

Thus, the holidays, became part and parcel of the gross fraud, wrongs and inhumanity of slavery. Ostensibly, they are institutions of benevolence, designed to mitigate the rigors of slave life, but, practically, they are a fraud, instituted by human selfishness, the better to secure the ends of injustice and oppression. The slave's happiness is not the end sought, but, rather, the master's safety. It is not from a generous unconcern for the slave's labor that this cessation from labor is allowed, but from a prudent regard to the safety of the slave system. I am strengthened in this opinion, by the fact, that most slaveholders like to have their slaves spend the holidays in such a manner as to be of no real benefit to the slaves. It is plain, that everything like rational enjoyment among the slaves, is frowned upon; and only those wild and low sports, peculiar to semi-civilized people, are encouraged. All the license allowed, appears to have no other object than to disgust the slaves with their temporary freedom, and to make them as glad to return to their work, as they were to leave it. By plunging them into exhausting depths of drunkenness and dissipation, this effect is almost certain to follow. I have known slaveholders resort to cunning tricks, with a view of getting their slaves deplorably drunk. A usual plan is, to make bets on a slave, that he can drink more whisky than any other; and so to induce a rivalry among them, for the mastery in this degradation. The scenes, brought about in this way, were often scandalous and loathsome in the extreme. Whole multitudes might be found stretched out in brutal drunkenness, at once helpless and disgusting. Thus, when the slave asks for a few hours of virtuous freedom, his cunning master takes advantage of his ignorance, and cheers him with a dose of vicious and revolting dissipation, artfully labeled with the name of LIBERTY. We were induced to drink, I among the rest, and when the holidays were over, we all staggered up from our filth and wallowing, took a long breath, and went away to our various fields of work; feeling, upon the whole, rather glad to go from that which our masters artfully deceived us into the belief was freedom, back again to the arms of slavery. It was not what we had taken it to be, nor what it might have been, had it not been abused by us. It was about as well to be a slave to _master_, as to be a slave to _rum_ and _whisky._

I am the more induced to take this view of the holiday system, adopted by slaveholders, from what I know of their treatment of slaves, in regard to other things. It is the commonest thing for them to try to disgust their slaves with what they do not want them to have, or to enjoy. A slave, for instance, likes molasses; he steals some; to cure him of the taste for it, his master, in many cases, will go away to town, and buy a large quantity of the _poorest_ quality, and set it before his slave, and, with whip in hand, compel him to eat it, until the poor fellow is made to sicken at the very thought of molasses. The same course is often adopted to cure slaves of the disagreeable and inconvenient practice of asking for more food, when their allowance has failed them. The same disgusting process works well, too, in other things, but I need not cite them. When a slave is drunk, the slaveholder has no fear that he will plan an insurrection; no fear that he will escape to the north. It is the sober, thinking slave who is dangerous, and needs the vigilance of his master, to keep him a slave. But, to proceed with my narrative.

On the first of January, 1835, I proceeded from St. Michael's to Mr. William Freeland's, my new home. Mr. Freeland lived only three miles from St. Michael's, on an old worn out farm, which required much labor to restore it to anything like a self-supporting establishment.

I was not long in finding Mr. Freeland to be a very different man from Mr. Covey. Though not rich, Mr. Freeland was what may be called a well-bred southern gentleman, as different from Covey, as a well-trained and hardened Negro breaker is from the best specimen of the first families of the south. Though Freeland was a slaveholder, and shared many of the vices of his class, he seemed alive to the sentiment of honor. He had some sense of justice, and some feelings of humanity. He was fretful, impulsive and passionate, but I must do him the justice to say, he was free from the mean and selfish characteristics which distinguished the creature from which I had now, happily, escaped. He was open, frank, imperative, and practiced no concealments, disdaining to play the spy. In all this, he was the opposite of the crafty Covey.

Among the many advantages gained in my change from Covey's to Freeland's—startling as the statement may be—was the fact that the latter gentleman made no profession of religion. I assert _most unhesitatingly_, that the religion of the south—as I have observed it and proved it—is a mere covering for the most horrid crimes; the justifier of the most appalling barbarity; a sanctifier of the most hateful frauds; and a secure shelter, under which the darkest, foulest, grossest, and most infernal abominations fester and flourish. Were I again to be reduced to the condition of a slave, _next_ to that calamity, I should regard the fact of being the slave of a religious slaveholder, the greatest that could befall me. For all slaveholders with whom I have ever met, religious slaveholders are the worst. I have found them, almost invariably, the vilest, meanest and basest of their class. Exceptions there may be, but this is true of religious slaveholders, _as a class_. It is not for me to explain the fact. Others may do that; I simply state it as a fact, and leave the theological, and psychological inquiry, which it raises, to be decided by others more competent than myself. Religious slaveholders, like religious persecutors, are ever extreme in their malice and violence. Very near my new home, on an adjoining farm, there lived the Rev. Daniel Weeden, who was both pious and cruel after the real Covey pattern. Mr. Weeden was a local preacher of the Protestant Methodist persuasion, and a most zealous supporter of the ordinances of religion, generally. This Weeden owned a woman called "Ceal," who was a standing proof of his mercilessness. Poor Ceal's back, always scantily clothed, was kept literally raw, by the lash of this religious man and gospel minister. The most notoriously wicked man—so called in distinction from church members—could hire hands more easily than this brute. When sent out to find a home, a slave would never enter the gates of the preacher Weeden, while a sinful sinner needed a hand. Be have ill, or behave well, it was the known maxim of Weeden, that it is the duty of a master to use the lash. If, for no other reason, he contended that this was essential to remind a slave of his condition, and of his master's authority. The good slave must be whipped, to be _kept_ good, and the bad slave must be whipped, to be _made_ good. Such was Weeden's theory, and such was his practice. The back of his slave-woman will, in the judgment, be the swiftest witness against him.

While I am stating particular cases, I might as well immortalize another of my neighbors, by calling him by name, and putting him in print. He did not think that a "chiel" was near, "taking notes," and will, doubtless, feel quite angry at having his character touched off in the ragged style of a slave's pen. I beg to introduce the reader to REV. RIGBY HOPKINS. Mr. Hopkins resides between Easton and St. Michael's, in Talbot county, Maryland. The severity of this man made him a perfect terror to the slaves of his neighborhood. The peculiar feature of his government, was, his system of whipping slaves, as he said, _in advance_ of deserving it. He always managed to have one or two slaves to whip on Monday morning, so as to start his hands to their work, under the inspiration of a new assurance on Monday, that his preaching about kindness, mercy, brotherly love, and the like, on Sunday, did not interfere with, or prevent him from establishing his authority, by the cowskin. He seemed to wish to assure them, that his tears over poor, lost and ruined sinners, and his pity for them, did not reach to the blacks who tilled his fields. This saintly Hopkins used to boast, that he was the best hand to manage a Negro in the county. He whipped for the smallest offenses, by way of preventing the commission of large ones.

The reader might imagine a difficulty in finding faults enough for such frequent whipping. But this is because you have no idea how easy a matter it is to offend a man who is on the look-out for offenses. The man, unaccustomed to slaveholding, would be astonished to observe how many _foggable_ offenses there are in the slaveholder's catalogue of crimes; and how easy it is to commit any one of them, even when the slave least intends it. A slaveholder, bent on finding fault, will hatch up a dozen a day, if he chooses to do so, and each one of these shall be of a punishable description. A mere look, word, or motion, a mistake, accident, or want of power, are all matters for which a slave may be whipped at any time. Does a slave look dissatisfied with his condition? It is said, that he has the devil in him, and it must be whipped out. Does he answer _loudly_, when spoken to by his master, with an air of self-consciousness? Then, must he be taken down a button-hole lower, by the lash, well laid on. Does he forget, and omit to pull off his hat, when approaching a white person? Then, he must, or may be, whipped for his bad manners. Does he ever venture to vindicate his conduct, when harshly and unjustly accused? Then, he is guilty of impudence, one of the greatest crimes in the social catalogue of southern society. To allow a slave to escape punishment, who has impudently attempted to exculpate himself from unjust charges, preferred against him by some white person, is to be guilty of great dereliction of duty. Does a slave ever venture to suggest a better way of doing a thing, no matter what? He is, altogether, too officious—wise above what is written—and he deserves, even if he does not get, a flogging for his presumption. Does he, while plowing, break a plow, or while hoeing, break a hoe, or while chopping, break an ax? No matter what were the imperfections of the implement broken, or the natural liabilities for breaking, the slave can be whipped for carelessness. The _reverend_ slaveholder could always find something of this sort, to justify him in using the lash several times during the week. Hopkins—like Covey and Weeden—were shunned by slaves who had the privilege (as many had) of finding their own masters at the end of each year; and yet, there was not a man in all that section of country, who made a louder profession of religion, than did MR. RIGBY HOPKINS.

But, to continue the thread of my story, through my experience when at Mr. William Freeland's.

My poor, weather-beaten bark now reached smoother water, and gentler breezes. My stormy life at Covey's had been of service to me. The things that would have seemed very hard, had I gone direct to Mr. Freeland's, from the home of Master Thomas, were now (after the hardships at Covey's) "trifles light as air." I was still a field hand, and had come to prefer the severe labor of the field, to the enervating duties of a house servant. I had become large and strong; and had begun to take pride in the fact, that I could do as much hard work as some of the older men. There is much rivalry among slaves, at times, as to which can do the most work, and masters generally seek to promote such rivalry. But some of us were too wise to race with each other very long. Such racing, we had the sagacity to see, was not likely to pay. We had our times for measuring each other's strength, but we knew too much to keep up the competition so long as to produce an extraordinary day's work. We knew that if, by extraordinary exertion, a large quantity of work was done in one day, the fact, becoming known to the master, might lead him to require the same amount every day. This thought was enough to bring us to a dead halt when over so much excited for the race.

At Mr. Freeland's, my condition was every way improved. I was no longer the poor scape-goat that I was when at Covey's, where every wrong thing done was saddled upon me, and where other slaves were whipped over my shoulders. Mr. Freeland was too just a man thus to impose upon me, or upon any one else.

It is quite usual to make one slave the object of especial abuse, and to beat him often, with a view to its effect upon others, rather than with any expectation that the slave whipped will be improved by it, but the man with whom I now was, could descend to no such meanness and wickedness. Every man here was held individually responsible for his own conduct.

This was a vast improvement on the rule at Covey's. There, I was the general pack horse. Bill Smith was protected, by a positive prohibition made by his rich master, and the command of the rich slaveholder is LAW to the poor one; Hughes was favored, because of his relationship to Covey; and the hands hired temporarily, escaped flogging, except as they got it over my poor shoulders. Of course, this comparison refers to the time when Covey _could_ whip me.

Mr. Freeland, like Mr. Covey, gave his hands enough to eat, but, unlike Mr. Covey, he gave them time to take their meals; he worked us hard during the day, but gave us the night for rest—another advantage to be set to the credit of the sinner, as against that of the saint. We were seldom in the field after dark in the evening, or before sunrise in the morning. Our implements of husbandry were of the most improved pattern, and much superior to those used at Covey's.

Nothwithstanding the improved condition which was now mine, and the many advantages I had gained by my new home, and my new master, I was still restless and discontented. I was about as hard to please by a master, as a master is by slave. The freedom from bodily torture and unceasing labor, had given my mind an increased sensibility, and imparted to it greater activity. I was not yet exactly in right relations. "How be it, that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural, and afterward that which is spiritual." When entombed at Covey's, shrouded in darkness and physical wretchedness, temporal wellbeing was the grand _desideratum;_ but, temporal wants supplied, the spirit puts in its claims. Beat and cuff your slave, keep him hungry and spiritless, and he will follow the chain of his master like a dog; but, feed and clothe him well—work him moderately—surround him with physical comfort—and dreams of freedom intrude. Give him a _bad_ master, and he aspires to a _good_ master; give him a good master, and he wishes to become his _own_ master. Such is human nature. You may hurl a man so low, beneath the level of his kind, that he loses all just ideas of his natural position; but elevate him a little, and the clear conception of rights arises to life and power, and leads him onward. Thus elevated, a little, at Freeland's, the dreams called into being by that good man, Father Lawson, when in Baltimore, began to visit me; and shoots from the tree of liberty began to put forth tender buds, and dim hopes of the future began to dawn.

I found myself in congenial society, at Mr. Freeland's. There were Henry Harris, John Harris, Handy Caldwell, and Sandy Jenkins. 6

Henry and John were brothers, and belonged to Mr. Freeland. They were both remarkably bright and intelligent, though neither of them could read. Now for mischief! I had not been long at Freeland's before I was up to my old tricks. I early began to address my companions on the subject of education, and the advantages of intelligence over ignorance, and, as far as I dared, I tried to show the agency of ignorance in keeping men in slavery. Webster's spelling book and the _Columbian Orator_ were looked into again. As summer came on, and the long Sabbath days stretched themselves over our idleness, I became uneasy, and wanted a Sabbath school, in which to exercise my gifts, and to impart the little knowledge of letters which I possessed, to my brother slaves. A house was hardly necessary in the summer time; I could hold my school under the shade of an old oak tree, as well as any where else. The thing was, to get the scholars, and to have them thoroughly imbued with the desire to learn. Two such boys were quickly

secured, in Henry and John, and from them the contagion spread. I was not long bringing around me twenty or thirty young men, who enrolled themselves, gladly, in my Sabbath school, and were willing to meet me regularly, under the trees or elsewhere, for the purpose of learning to read. It was surprising with what ease they provided themselves with spelling books. These were mostly the cast off books of their young masters or mistresses. I taught, at first, on our own farm. All were impressed with the necessity of keeping the matter as private as possible, for the fate of the St. Michael's attempt was notorious, and fresh in the minds of all. Our pious masters, at St. Michael's, must not know that a few of their dusky brothers were learning to read the word of God, lest they should come down upon us with the lash and chain. We might have met to drink whisky, to wrestle, fight, and to do other unseemly things, with no fear of interruption from the saints or sinners of St. Michael's.

But, to meet for the purpose of improving the mind and heart, by learning to read the sacred scriptures, was esteemed a most dangerous nuisance, to be instantly stopped. The slaveholders of St. Michael's, like slaveholders elsewhere, would always prefer to see the slaves engaged in degrading sports, rather than to see them acting like moral and accountable beings.

Had any one asked a religious white man, in St. Michael's, twenty years ago, the names of three men in that town, whose lives were most after the pattern of our Lord and Master, Jesus Christ, the first three would have been as follows:

GARRISON WEST, _Class Leader_. WRIGHT FAIRBANKS, _Class Leader_. THOMAS AULD, _Class Leader_.

And yet, these were men who ferociously rushed in upon my Sabbath school, at St. Michael's, armed with mob-like missiles, and I must say, I thought him a Christian, until he took part in bloody by the lash. This same Garrison West was my class leader, and I must say, I thought him a Christian, until he took part in breaking up my school. He led me no more after that. The plea for this outrage was then, as it is now and at all times—the danger to good order. If the slaves learnt to read, they would learn something else, and something worse. The peace of slavery would be disturbed; slave rule would be endangered. I leave the reader to characterize a system which is endangered by such causes. I do not dispute the soundness of the reasoning. It is perfectly sound; and, if slavery be _right_, Sabbath schools for teaching slaves to read the bible are _wrong_, and ought to be put down. These Christian class leaders were, to this extent, consistent. They had settled the question, that slavery is _right_, and, by that standard, they determined that Sabbath schools are wrong. To be sure, they were Protestant, and held to the great Protestant right of every man to _"search the scriptures"_ for himself; but, then, to all general rules, there are _exceptions_. How convenient! What crimes may not be committed under the doctrine of the last remark. But, my dear, class leading Methodist brethren, did not condescend to give me a reason for breaking up the Sabbath school at St. Michael's; it was enough that they had determined upon its destruction. I am, however, digressing.

After getting the school cleverly into operation, the second time holding it in the woods, behind the barn, and in the shade of trees—I succeeded in inducing a free colored man, who lived several miles from our house, to permit me to hold my school in a room at his house. He, very kindly, gave me this liberty; but he incurred much peril in doing so, for the assemblage was an unlawful one. I shall not mention, here, the name of this man; for it might, even now, subject him to persecution, although the offenses were committed more than twenty years ago. I had, at one time, more than forty scholars, all of the right sort; and many of them succeeded in learning to read. I have met several slaves from Maryland, who were once my scholars; and who obtained their freedom, I doubt not, partly in consequence of the ideas imparted to them in that school. I have had various employments during my short life; but I look back to _none_ with more satisfaction, than to that afforded by my Sunday school. An attachment, deep and lasting, sprung up between me and my persecuted pupils, which made parting from them intensely grievous; and, when I think that most of these dear souls are yet shut up in this abject thralldom, I am overwhelmed with grief.

Besides my Sunday school, I devoted three evenings a week to my fellow slaves, during the winter. Let the reader reflect upon the fact, that, in this christian country, men and women are hiding from professors of religion, in barns, in the woods and fields, in order to learn to read the _holy bible_. Those dear souls, who came to my Sabbath school, came _not_ because it was popular or reputable to attend such a place, for they came under the liability of having forty stripes laid on their naked backs. Every moment they spend in my school, they were under this terrible liability; and, in this respect, I was sharer with them. Their minds had been cramped and starved by their cruel masters; the light of education had been completely excluded; and their hard earnings had been taken to educate their master's children. I felt a delight in circumventing the tyrants, and in blessing the victims of their curses.

The year at Mr. Freeland's passed off very smoothly, to outward seeming. Not a blow was given me during the whole year. To the credit of Mr. Freeland—irreligious though he was—it must be stated, that he was the best master I ever had, until I became my own master, and assumed for myself, as I had a right to do, the responsibility of my own existence and the exercise of my own powers.

For much of the happiness—or absence of misery—with which I passed this year with Mr. Freeland, I am indebted to the genial temper and ardent friendship of my brother slaves. They were, every one of them, manly, generous and brave, yes; I say they were brave, and I will add, fine looking. It is seldom the lot of mortals to have truer and better friends than were the slaves on this farm. It is not uncommon to charge slaves with great treachery toward each other, and to believe them incapable of confiding in each other; but I must say, that I never loved, esteemed, or confided in men, more than I did in these. They were as true as steel, and no band of brothers could have been more loving. There were no mean advantages taken of each other, as is sometimes the case where slaves are situated as we were; no tattling; no giving each other bad names to Mr. Freeland; and no elevating one at the expense of the other. We never undertook to do any thing, of any importance, which was likely to affect each other, without mutual consultation. We were generally a unit, and moved together. Thoughts and sentiments were exchanged between us, which might well be called very incendiary, by oppressors and tyrants; and perhaps the time has not even now come, when it is safe to unfold all the flying suggestions which arise in the minds of intelligent slaves. Several of my friends and brothers, if yet alive, are still in some part of the house of bondage; and though twenty years have passed away, the suspicious malice of slavery might punish them for even listening to my thoughts.

The slaveholder, kind or cruel, is a slaveholder still—the every hour violator of the just and inalienable rights of man; and he is, therefore, every hour silently whetting the knife of vengeance for his own throat. He never lisps a syllable in commendation of the fathers of this republic, nor denounces any attempted oppression of himself, without inviting the knife to his own throat, and asserting the rights of rebellion for his own slaves.

The year is ended, and we are now in the midst of the Christmas holidays, which are kept this year as last, according to the general description previously given.

CHAPTER XIX. _The Run-Away Plot_

NEW YEAR'S THOUGHTS AND MEDITATIONS—AGAIN BOUGHT BY FREELAND—NO AMBITION TO BE A SLAVE—KINDNESS NO COMPENSATION FOR SLAVERY—INCIPIENT STEPS TOWARD ESCAPE—CONSIDERATIONS LEADING THERETO—IRRECONCILABLE HOSTILITY TO SLAVERY—SOLEMN VOW TAKEN—PLAN DIVULGED TO THE SLAVES—_Columbian Orator—_SCHEME GAINS FAVOR, DESPITE PRO-SLAVERY PREACHING—DANGER OF DISCOVERY—SKILL OF SLAVEHOLDERS IN READING THE MINDS OF THEIR SLAVES—SUSPICION AND COERCION—HYMNS WITH DOUBLE MEANING—VALUE, IN DOLLARS, OF OUR COMPANY—PRELIMINARY CONSULTATION—PASS-WORD—CONFLICTS OF HOPE AND FEAR—DIFFICULTIES TO BE OVERCOME—IGNORANCE OF GEOGRAPHY—SURVEY OF IMAGINARY DIFFICULTIES—EFFECT ON OUR MINDS—PATRICK HENRY—SANDY BECOMES A DREAMER—ROUTE TO THE NORTH LAID OUT—OBJECTIONS CONSIDERED—FRAUDS PRACTICED ON FREEMEN—PASSES WRITTEN—ANXIETIES AS THE TIME DREW NEAR—DREAD OF FAILURE—APPEALS TO COMRADES—STRANGE PRESENTIMENT—COINCIDENCE—THE BETRAYAL DISCOVERED—THE MANNER OF ARRESTING US—RESISTANCE MADE BY HENRY HARRIS—ITS EFFECT—THE UNIQUE SPEECH OF MRS. FREELAND—OUR SAD PROCESSION TO PRISON—BRUTAL JEERS BY THE MULTITUDE ALONG THE ROAD—PASSES EATEN—THE DENIAL—SANDY TOO WELL LOVED TO BE SUSPECTED—DRAGGED BEHIND HORSES—THE JAIL A RELIEF—A NEW SET OF TORMENTORS—SLAVE-TRADERS—JOHN, CHARLES AND HENRY RELEASED—ALONE IN PRISON—I AM TAKEN OUT, AND SENT TO BALTIMORE.

I am now at the beginning of the year 1836, a time favorable for serious thoughts. The mind naturally occupies itself with the mysteries of life in all its phases—the ideal, the real and the actual. Sober people look both ways at the beginning of the year, surveying the errors of the past, and providing against possible errors of the future. I, too, was thus exercised. I had little pleasure in retrospect, and the prospect was not very brilliant. "Notwithstanding," thought I, "the many resolutions and prayers I have made, in behalf of freedom, I am, this first day of the year 1836, still a slave, still wandering in the depths of spirit-devouring thralldom. My faculties and powers of body and soul are not my own, but are the property of a fellow mortal, in no sense superior to me, except that he has the physical power to compel me to be owned and controlled by him. By the combined physical force of the community, I am his slave—a slave for life." With thoughts like these, I was perplexed and chafed; they rendered me gloomy and disconsolate. The anguish of my mind may not be written.

At the close of the year 1835, Mr. Freeland, my temporary master, had bought me of Capt. Thomas Auld, for the year 1836. His promptness in securing my services, would have been flattering to my vanity, had I been ambitious to win the reputation of being a

valuable slave. Even as it was, I felt a slight degree of complacency at the circumstance. It showed he was as well pleased with me as a slave, as I was with him as a master. I have already intimated my regard for Mr. Freeland, and I may say here, in addressing northern readers—where is no selfish motive for speaking in praise of a slaveholder—that Mr. Freeland was a man of many excellent qualities, and to me quite preferable to any master I ever had.

But the kindness of the slavemaster only gilds the chain of slavery, and detracts nothing from its weight or power. The thought that men are made for other and better uses than slavery, thrives best under the gentle treatment of a kind master. But the grim visage of slavery can assume no smiles which can fascinate the partially enlightened slave, into a forgetfulness of his bondage, nor of the desirableness of liberty.

I was not through the first month of this, my second year with the kind and gentlemanly Mr. Freeland, before I was earnestly considering and advising plans for gaining that freedom, which, when I was but a mere child, I had ascertained to be the natural and inborn right of every member of the human family. The desire for this freedom had been benumbed, while I was under the brutalizing dominion of Covey; and it had been postponed, and rendered inoperative, by my truly pleasant Sunday school engagements with my friends, during the year 1835, at Mr. Freeland's. It had, however, never entirely subsided. I hated slavery, always, and the desire for freedom only needed a favorable breeze, to fan it into a blaze, at any moment. The thought of only being a creature of the _present_ and the _past_, troubled me, and I longed to have a _future_—a future with hope in it. To be shut up entirely to the past and present, is abhorrent to the human mind; it is to the soul—whose life and happiness is unceasing progress—what the prison is to the body; a blight and mildew, a hell of horrors. The dawning of this, another year, awakened me from my temporary slumber, and roused into life my latent, but long cherished aspirations for freedom. I was now not only ashamed to be contented in slavery, but ashamed to _seem_ to be contented, and in my present favorable condition, under the mild rule of Mr. F., I am not sure that some kind reader will not condemn me for being over ambitious, and greatly wanting in proper humility, when I say the truth, that I now drove from me all thoughts of making the best of my lot, and welcomed only such thoughts as led me away from the house of bondage. The intense desires, now felt, _to be free_, quickened by my present favorable circumstances, brought me to the determination to act, as well as to think and speak. Accordingly, at the beginning of this year 1836, I took upon me a solemn vow, that the year which had now dawned upon me should not close, without witnessing an earnest attempt, on my part, to gain my liberty. This vow only bound me to make my escape individually; but the year spent with Mr. Freeland had attached me, as with "hooks of steel," to my brother slaves. The most affectionate and confiding friendship existed between us; and I felt it my duty to give them an opportunity to share in my virtuous determination by frankly disclosing to them my plans and purposes. Toward Henry and John Harris, I felt a friendship as strong as one man can feel for another; for I could have died with and for them. To them, therefore, with a suitable degree of caution, I began to disclose my sentiments and plans; sounding them, the while on the subject of running away, provided a good chance should offer. I scarcely need tell the reader, that I did my _very best_ to imbue the minds of my dear friends with my own views and feelings. Thoroughly awakened, now, and with a definite vow upon me, all my little reading, which had any bearing on the subject of human rights, was rendered available in my communications with my friends. That (to me) gem of a book, the _Columbian Orator_, with its eloquent orations and spicy dialogues, denouncing oppression and slavery—telling of what had been dared, done and suffered by men, to obtain the inestimable boon of liberty—was still fresh in my memory, and whirled into the ranks of my speech with the aptitude of well trained soldiers, going through the drill. The fact is, I here began my public speaking. I canvassed, with Henry and John, the subject of slavery, and dashed against it the condemning brand of God's eternal justice, which it every hour violates. My fellow servants were neither indifferent, dull, nor inapt. Our feelings were more alike than our opinions. All, however, were ready to act, when a feasible plan should be proposed. "Show us _how_ the thing is to be done," said they, "and all is clear."

We were all, except Sandy, quite free from slaveholding priestcraft. It was in vain that we had been taught from the pulpit at St. Michael's, the duty of obedience to our masters; to recognize God as the author of our enslavement; to regard running away an offense, alike against God and man; to deem our enslavement a merciful and beneficial arrangement; to esteem our condition, in this country, a paradise to that from which we had been snatched in Africa; to consider our hard hands and dark color as God's mark of displeasure, and as pointing us out as the proper subjects of slavery; that the relation of master and slave was one of reciprocal benefits; that our work was not more serviceable to our masters, than our master's thinking was serviceable to us. I say, it was in vain that the pulpit of St. Michael's had constantly inculcated these plausible doctrine. Nature laughed them to scorn. For my own part, I had now become altogether too big for my chains. Father Lawson's solemn words, of what I ought to be, and might be, in the providence of God, had not fallen dead on my soul. I was fast verging toward manhood, and the prophecies of my childhood were still unfulfilled. The thought, that year after year had passed away, and my resolutions to run away had failed and faded—that I was _still a slave_, and a slave, too, with chances for gaining my freedom diminished and still diminishing—was not a

matter to be slept over easily; nor did I easily sleep over it.

But here came a new trouble. Thoughts and purposes so incendiary as those I now cherished, could not agitate the mind long, without danger of making themselves manifest to scrutinizing and unfriendly beholders. I had reason to fear that my sable face might prove altogether too transparent for the safe concealment of my hazardous enterprise. Plans of greater moment have leaked through stone walls, and revealed their projectors. But, here was no stone wall to hide my purpose. I would have given my poor, tell tale face for the immoveable countenance of an Indian, for it was far from being proof against the daily, searching glances of those with whom I met.

It is the interest and business of slaveholders to study human nature, with a view to practical results, and many of them attain astonishing proficiency in discerning the thoughts and emotions of slaves. They have to deal not with earth, wood, or stone, but with _men;_ and, by every regard they have for their safety and prosperity, they must study to know the material on which they are at work. So much intellect as the slaveholder has around him, requires watching. Their safety depends upon their vigilance. Conscious of the injustice and wrong they are every hour perpetrating, and knowing what they themselves would do if made the victims of such wrongs, they are looking out for the first signs of the dread retribution of justice. They watch, therefore, with skilled and practiced eyes, and have learned to read, with great accuracy, the state of mind and heart of the slaves, through his sable face. These uneasy sinners are quick to inquire into the matter, where the slave is concerned. Unusual sobriety, apparent abstraction, sullenness and indifference—indeed, any mood out of the common way—afford ground for suspicion and inquiry. Often relying on their superior position and wisdom, they hector and torture the slave into a confession, by affecting to know the truth of their accusations. “You have got the devil in you,” say they, “and we will whip him out of you.” I have often been put thus to the torture, on bare suspicion. This system has its disadvantages as well as their opposite. The slave is sometimes whipped into the confession of offenses which he never committed. The reader will see that the good old rule—“a man is to be held innocent until proved to be guilty”—does not hold good on the slave plantation. Suspicion and torture are the approved methods of getting at the truth, here. It was necessary for me, therefore, to keep a watch over my deportment, lest the enemy should get the better of me.

But with all our caution and studied reserve, I am not sure that Mr. Freeland did not suspect that all was not right with us. It _did_ seem that he watched us more narrowly, after the plan of escape had been conceived and discussed amongst us. Men seldom see themselves as others see them; and while, to ourselves, everything connected with our contemplated escape appeared concealed, Mr. Freeland may have, with the peculiar prescience of a slaveholder, mastered the huge thought which was disturbing our peace in slavery.

I am the more inclined to think that he suspected us, because, prudent as we were, as I now look back, I can see that we did many silly things, very well calculated to awaken suspicion. We were, at times, remarkably buoyant, singing hymns and making joyous exclamations, almost as triumphant in their tone as if we reached a land of freedom and safety. A keen observer might have detected in our repeated singing of

O Canaan, sweet Canaan, I am bound for the land of Canaan,

something more than a hope of reaching heaven. We meant to reach the _north_—and the north was our Canaan.

I thought I heard them say, There were lions in the way, I don’t expect to Star Much longer here.

Run to Jesus—shun the danger— I don’t expect to stay Much longer here.

was a favorite air, and had a double meaning. In the lips of some, it meant the expectation of a speedy summons to a world of spirits; but, in the lips of _our_ company, it simply meant, a speedy pilgrimage toward a free state, and deliverance from all the evils and dangers of slavery.

I had succeeded in winning to my (what slaveholders would call wicked) scheme, a company of five young men, the very flower of the neighborhood, each one of whom would have commanded one thousand dollars in the home market. At New Orleans, they would have brought fifteen hundred dollars a piece, and, perhaps, more. The names of our party were as follows: Henry Harris; John Harris, brother to Henry; Sandy Jenkins, of root memory; Charles Roberts, and Henry Bailey. I was the youngest, but one, of the party. I had, however, the advantage of them all, in experience, and in a knowledge of letters. This gave me great influence over them. Perhaps not one of them, left to himself, would have dreamed of escape as a possible thing. Not one of them was self-moved in the matter. They all wanted to be free; but the serious thought of running away, had not entered into their minds, until I won them

to the undertaking. They all were tolerably well off—for slaves—and had dim hopes of being set free, some day, by their masters. If any one is to blame for disturbing the quiet of the slaves and slave-masters of the neighborhood of St. Michael's, _I am the man_. I claim to be the instigator of the high crime (as the slaveholders regard it) and I kept life in it, until life could be kept in it no longer.

Pending the time of our contemplated departure out of our Egypt, we met often by night, and on every Sunday. At these meetings we talked the matter over; told our hopes and fears, and the difficulties discovered or imagined; and, like men of sense, we counted the cost of the enterprise to which we were committing ourselves.

These meetings must have resembled, on a small scale, the meetings of revolutionary conspirators, in their primary condition. We were plotting against our (so called) lawful rulers; with this difference that we sought our own good, and not the harm of our enemies. We did not seek to overthrow them, but to escape from them. As for Mr. Freeland, we all liked him, and would have gladly remained with him, _as freeman_. LIBERTY was our aim; and we had now come to think that we had a right to liberty, against every obstacle even against the lives of our enslavers.

We had several words, expressive of things, important to us, which we understood, but which, even if distinctly heard by an outsider, would convey no certain meaning. I have reasons for suppressing these _pass-words_, which the reader will easily divine. I hated the secrecy; but where slavery is powerful, and liberty is weak, the latter is driven to concealment or to destruction.

The prospect was not always a bright one. At times, we were almost tempted to abandon the enterprise, and to get back to that comparative peace of mind, which even a man under the gallows might feel, when all hope of escape had vanished. Quiet bondage was felt to be better than the doubts, fears and uncertainties, which now so sadly perplexed and disturbed us.

The infirmities of humanity, generally, were represented in our little band. We were confident, bold and determined, at times; and, again, doubting, timid and wavering; whistling, like the boy in the graveyard, to keep away the spirits.

To look at the map, and observe the proximity of Eastern Shore, Maryland, to Delaware and Pennsylvania, it may seem to the reader quite absurd, to regard the proposed escape as a formidable undertaking. But to _understand_, some one has said a man must _stand under_. The real distance was great enough, but the imagined distance was, to our ignorance, even greater. Every slaveholder seeks to impress his slave with a belief in the boundlessness of slave territory, and of his own almost illimitable power. We all had vague and indistinct notions of the geography of the country.

The distance, however, is not the chief trouble. The nearer are the lines of a slave state and the borders of a free one, the greater the peril. Hired kidnappers infest these borders. Then, too, we knew that merely reaching a free state did not free us; that, wherever caught, we could be returned to slavery. We could see no spot on this side the ocean, where we could be free. We had heard of Canada, the real Canaan of the American bondmen, simply as a country to which the wild goose and the swan repaired at the end of winter, to escape the heat of summer, but not as the home of man. I knew something of theology, but nothing of geography. I really did not, at that time, know that there was a state of New York, or a state of Massachusetts. I had heard of Pennsylvania, Delaware and New Jersey, and all the southern states, but was ignorant of the free states, generally. New York city was our northern limit, and to go there, and be forever harassed with the liability of being hunted down and returned to slavery—with the certainty of being treated ten times worse than we had ever been treated before was a prospect far from delightful, and it might well cause some hesitation about engaging in the enterprise. The case, sometimes, to our excited visions, stood thus: At every gate through which we had to pass, we saw a watchman; at every ferry, a guard; on every bridge, a sentinel; and in every wood, a patrol or slave-hunter. We were hemmed in on every side. The good to be sought, and the evil to be shunned, were flung in the balance, and weighed against each other. On the one hand, there stood slavery; a stern reality, glaring frightfully upon us, with the blood of millions in his polluted skirts—terrible to behold—greedily devouring our hard earnings and feeding himself upon our flesh. Here was the evil from which to escape. On the other hand, far away, back in the hazy distance, where all forms seemed but shadows, under the flickering light of the north star—behind some craggy hill or snow-covered mountain—stood a doubtful freedom, half frozen, beckoning us to her icy domain. This was the good to be sought. The inequality was as great as that between certainty and uncertainty. This, in itself, was enough to stagger us; but when we came to survey the untrodden road, and conjecture the many possible difficulties, we were appalled, and at times, as I have said, were upon the point of giving over the struggle altogether.

The reader can have little idea of the phantoms of trouble which flit, in such circumstances, before the uneducated mind of the slave. Upon either side, we saw grim death assuming a variety of horrid shapes. Now, it was starvation, causing us, in a strange and friendless land, to eat our own flesh. Now, we were contending with the waves (for our journey was in part by water) and were drowned. Now, we were hunted by dogs, and overtaken and torn to pieces by their merciless fangs. We were stung by

scorpions—chased by wild beasts—bitten by snakes; and, worst of all, after having succeeded in swimming rivers—encountering wild beasts—sleeping in the woods—suffering hunger, cold, heat and nakedness—we supposed ourselves to be overtaken by hired kidnappers, who, in the name of the law, and for their thrice accursed reward, would, perchance, fire upon us—kill some, wound others, and capture all. This dark picture, drawn by ignorance and fear, at times greatly shook our determination, and not unfrequently caused us to

Rather bear those ills we had Than fly to others which we knew not of.

I am not disposed to magnify this circumstance in my experience, and yet I think I shall seem to be so disposed, to the reader. No man can tell the intense agony which is felt by the slave, when wavering on the point of making his escape. All that he has is at stake; and even that which he has not, is at stake, also. The life which he has, may be lost, and the liberty which he seeks, may not be gained.

Patrick Henry, to a listening senate, thrilled by his magic eloquence, and ready to stand by him in his boldest flights, could say, GIVE ME LIBERTY OR GIVE ME DEATH, and this saying was a sublime one, even for a freeman; but, incomparably more sublime, is the same sentiment, when _practically_ asserted by men accustomed to the lash and chain—men whose sensibilities must have become more or less deadened by their bondage. With us it was a _doubtful_ liberty, at best, that we sought; and a certain, lingering death in the rice swamps and sugar fields, if we failed. Life is not lightly regarded by men of sane minds. It is precious, alike to the pauper and to the prince—to the slave, and to his master; and yet, I believe there was not one among us, who would not rather have been shot down, than pass away life in hopeless bondage.

In the progress of our preparations, Sandy, the root man, became troubled. He began to have dreams, and some of them were very distressing. One of these, which happened on a Friday night, was, to him, of great significance; and I am quite ready to confess, that I felt somewhat damped by it myself. He said, “I dreamed, last night, that I was roused from sleep, by strange noises, like the voices of a swarm of angry birds, that caused a roar as they passed, which fell upon my ear like a coming gale over the tops of the trees. Looking up to see what it could mean,” said Sandy, “I saw you, Frederick, in the claws of a huge bird, surrounded by a large number of birds, of all colors and sizes. These were all picking at you, while you, with your arms, seemed to be trying to protect your eyes. Passing over me, the birds flew in a south-westerly direction, and I watched them until they were clean out of sight. Now, I saw this as plainly as I now see you; and furder, honey, watch de Friday night dream; dare is sumpon in it, shose you born; dare is, indeed, honey.”

I confess I did not like this dream; but I threw off concern about it, by attributing it to the general excitement and perturbation consequent upon our contemplated plan of escape. I could not, however, shake off its effect at once. I felt that it boded me no good. Sandy was unusually emphatic and oracular, and his manner had much to do with the impression made upon me.

The plan of escape which I recommended, and to which my comrades assented, was to take a large canoe, owned by Mr. Hamilton, and, on the Saturday night previous to the Easter holidays, launch out into the Chesapeake bay, and paddle for its head—a distance of seventy miles with all our might. Our course, on reaching this point, was, to turn the canoe adrift, and bend our steps toward the north star, till we reached a free state.

There were several objections to this plan. One was, the danger from gales on the bay. In rough weather, the waters of the Chesapeake are much agitated, and there is danger, in a canoe, of being swamped by the waves. Another objection was, that the canoe would soon be missed; the absent persons would, at once, be suspected of having taken it; and we should be pursued by some of the fast sailing bay craft out of St. Michael’s. Then, again, if we reached the head of the bay, and turned the canoe adrift, she might prove a guide to our track, and bring the land hunters after us.

These and other objections were set aside, by the stronger ones which could be urged against every other plan that could then be suggested. On the water, we had a chance of being regarded as fishermen, in the service of a master. On the other hand, by taking the land route, through the counties adjoining Delaware, we should be subjected to all manner of interruptions, and many very disagreeable questions, which might give us serious trouble. Any white man is authorized to stop a man of color, on any road, and examine him, and arrest him, if he so desires.

By this arrangement, many abuses (considered such even by slaveholders) occur. Cases have been known, where freemen have been called upon to show their free papers, by a pack of ruffians—and, on the presentation of the papers, the ruffians have torn them up, and seized their victim, and sold him to a life of endless bondage.

The week before our intended start, I wrote a pass for each of our party, giving them permission to visit Baltimore, during the Easter holidays. The pass ran after this manner:

This is to certify, that I, the undersigned, have given the bearer, my servant, John, full liberty to go to Baltimore, to spend the Easter holidays.

W.H. Near St. Michael's, Talbot county, Maryland

Although we were not going to Baltimore, and were intending to land east of North Point, in the direction where I had seen the Philadelphia steamers go, these passes might be made useful to us in the lower part of the bay, while steering toward Baltimore. These were not, however, to be shown by us, until all other answers failed to satisfy the inquirer. We were all fully alive to the importance of being calm and self-possessed, when accosted, if accosted we should be; and we more times than one rehearsed to each other how we should behave in the hour of trial.

These were long, tedious days and nights. The suspense was painful, in the extreme. To balance probabilities, where life and liberty hang on the result, requires steady nerves. I panted for action, and was glad when the day, at the close of which we were to start, dawned upon us. Sleeping, the night before, was out of the question. I probably felt more deeply than any of my companions, because I was the instigator of the movement. The responsibility of the whole enterprise rested on my shoulders. The glory of success, and the shame and confusion of failure, could not be matters of indifference to me. Our food was prepared; our clothes were packed up; we were all ready to go, and impatient for Saturday morning—considering that the last morning of our bondage.

I cannot describe the tempest and tumult of my brain, that morning. The reader will please to bear in mind, that, in a slave state, an unsuccessful runaway is not only subjected to cruel torture, and sold away to the far south, but he is frequently execrated by the other slaves. He is charged with making the condition of the other slaves intolerable, by laying them all under the suspicion of their masters—subjecting them to greater vigilance, and imposing greater limitations on their privileges. I dreaded murmurs from this quarter. It is difficult, too, for a slavemaster to believe that slaves escaping have not been aided in their flight by some one of their fellow slaves. When, therefore, a slave is missing, every slave on the place is closely examined as to his knowledge of the undertaking; and they are sometimes even tortured, to make them disclose what they are suspected of knowing of such escape.

Our anxiety grew more and more intense, as the time of our intended departure for the north drew nigh. It was truly felt to be a matter of life and death with us; and we fully intended to _fight_ as well as _run_, if necessity should occur for that extremity. But the trial hour was not yet to come. It was easy to resolve, but not so easy to act. I expected there might be some drawing back, at the last. It was natural that there should be; therefore, during the intervening time, I lost no opportunity to explain away difficulties, to remove doubts, to dispel fears, and to inspire all with firmness. It was too late to look back; and _now_ was the time to go forward. Like most other men, we had done the talking part of our work, long and well; and the time had come to _act_ as if we were in earnest, and meant to be as true in action as in words. I did not forget to appeal to the pride of my comrades, by telling them that, if after having solemnly promised to go, as they had done, they now failed to make the attempt, they would, in effect, brand themselves with cowardice, and might as well sit down, fold their arms, and acknowledge themselves as fit only to be _slaves_. This detestable character, all were unwilling to assume. Every man except Sandy (he, much to our regret, withdrew) stood firm; and at our last meeting we pledged ourselves afresh, and in the most solemn manner, that, at the time appointed, we _would_ certainly start on our long journey for a free country. This meeting was in the middle of the week, at the end of which we were to start.

Early that morning we went, as usual, to the field, but with hearts that beat quickly and anxiously. Any one intimately acquainted with us, might have seen that all was not well with us, and that some monster lingered in our thoughts. Our work that morning was the same as it had been for several days past—drawing out and spreading manure. While thus engaged, I had a sudden presentiment, which flashed upon me like lightning in a dark night, revealing to the lonely traveler the gulf before, and the enemy behind. I instantly turned to Sandy Jenkins, who was near me, and said to him, _"Sandy, we are betrayed;_ something has just told me so." I felt as sure of it, as if the officers were there in sight. Sandy said, "Man, dat is strange; but I feel just as you do." If my mother—then long in her grave—had appeared before me, and told me that we were betrayed, I could not, at that moment, have felt more certain of the fact.

In a few minutes after this, the long, low and distant notes of the horn summoned us from the field to breakfast. I felt as one may be supposed to feel before being led forth to be executed for some great offense. I wanted no breakfast; but I went with the other

slaves toward the house, for form's sake. My feelings were not disturbed as to the right of running away; on that point I had no trouble, whatever. My anxiety arose from a sense of the consequences of failure.

In thirty minutes after that vivid presentiment came the apprehended crash. On reaching the house, for breakfast, and glancing my eye toward the lane gate, the worst was at once made known. The lane gate off Mr. Freeland's house, is nearly a half mile from the door, and shaded by the heavy wood which bordered the main road. I was, however, able to descry four white men, and two colored men, approaching. The white men were on horseback, and the colored men were walking behind, and seemed to be tied. _"It is all over with us,"_ thought I, _"we are surely betrayed_." I now became composed, or at least comparatively so, and calmly awaited the result. I watched the ill-omened company, till I saw them enter the gate. Successful flight was impossible, and I made up my mind to stand, and meet the evil, whatever it might be; for I was not without a slight hope that things might turn differently from what I at first expected. In a few moments, in came Mr. William Hamilton, riding very rapidly, and evidently much excited. He was in the habit of riding very slowly, and was seldom known to gallop his horse. This time, his horse was nearly at full speed, causing the dust to roll thick behind him. Mr. Hamilton, though one of the most resolute men in the whole neighborhood, was, nevertheless, a remarkably mild spoken man; and, even when greatly excited, his language was cool and circumspect. He came to the door, and inquired if Mr. Freeland was in. I told him that Mr. Freeland was at the barn. Off the old gentleman rode, toward the barn, with unwonted speed. Mary, the cook, was at a loss to know what was the matter, and I did not profess any skill in making her understand. I knew she would have united, as readily as any one, in cursing me for bringing trouble into the family; so I held my peace, leaving matters to develop themselves, without my assistance. In a few moments, Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Freeland came down from the barn to the house; and, just as they made their appearance in the front yard, three men (who proved to be constables) came dashing into the lane, on horseback, as if summoned by a sign requiring quick work. A few seconds brought them into the front yard, where they hastily dismounted, and tied their horses. This done, they joined Mr. Freeland and Mr. Hamilton, who were standing a short distance from the kitchen. A few moments were spent, as if in consulting how to proceed, and then the whole party walked up to the kitchen door. There was now no one in the kitchen but myself and John Harris. Henry and Sandy were yet at the barn. Mr. Freeland came inside the kitchen door, and with an agitated voice, called me by name, and told me to come forward; that there was some gentlemen who wished to see me. I stepped toward them, at the door, and asked what they wanted, when the constables grabbed me, and told me that I had better not resist; that I had been in a scrape, or was said to have been in one; that they were merely going to take me where I could be examined; that they were going to carry me to St. Michael's, to have me brought before my master. They further said, that, in case the evidence against me was not true, I should be acquitted. I was now firmly tied, and completely at the mercy of my captors. Resistance was idle. They were five in number, armed to the very teeth. When they had secured me, they next turned to John Harris, and, in a few moments, succeeded in tying him as firmly as they had already tied me. They next turned toward Henry Harris, who had now returned from the barn. "Cross your hands," said the constables, to Henry. "I won't" said Henry, in a voice so firm and clear, and in a manner so determined, as for a moment to arrest all proceedings. "Won't you cross your hands?" said Tom Graham, the constable. "_No I won't_," said Henry, with increasing emphasis. Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Freeland, and the officers, now came near to Henry. Two of the constables drew out their shining pistols, and swore by the name of God, that he should cross his hands, or they would shoot him down. Each of these hired ruffians now cocked their pistols, and, with fingers apparently on the triggers, presented their deadly weapons to the breast of the unarmed slave, saying, at the same time, if he did not cross his hands, they would "blow his d—d heart out of him."

"Shoot! shoot me!" said Henry. "_You can't kill me but once_. Shoot!—shoot! and be d—d. _I won't be tied_." This, the brave fellow said in a voice as defiant and heroic in its tone, as was the language itself; and, at the moment of saying this, with the pistols at his very breast, he quickly raised his arms, and dashed them from the puny hands of his assassins, the weapons flying in opposite directions. Now came the struggle. All hands was now rushed upon the brave fellow, and, after beating him for some time, they succeeded in overpowering and tying him. Henry put me to shame; he fought, and fought bravely. John and I had made no resistance. The fact is, I never see much use in fighting, unless there is a reasonable probability of whipping somebody. Yet there was something almost providential in the resistance made by the gallant Henry. But for that resistance, every soul of us would have been hurried off to the far south. Just a moment previous to the trouble with Henry, Mr. Hamilton _mildly_ said—and this gave me the unmistakable clue to the cause of our arrest—"Perhaps we had now better make a search for those protections, which we understand Frederick has written for himself and the rest." Had these passes been found, they would have been point blank proof against us, and would have confirmed all the statements of our betrayer. Thanks to the resistance of Henry, the excitement produced by the scuffle drew all attention in that direction, and I succeeded in flinging my pass, unobserved, into the fire. The confusion attendant upon the scuffle, and the apprehension of further trouble, perhaps, led our captors to forego, for the present, any search for _"those protections" which Frederick was said to have written for his companions_; so we were not yet convicted of

the purpose to run away; and it was evident that there was some doubt, on the part of all, whether we had been guilty of such a purpose.

Just as we were all completely tied, and about ready to start toward St. Michael's, and thence to jail, Mrs. Betsey Freeland (mother to William, who was very much attached—after the southern fashion—to Henry and John, they having been reared from childhood in her house) came to the kitchen door, with her hands full of biscuits—for we had not had time to take our breakfast that morning—and divided them between Henry and John. This done, the lady made the following parting address to me, looking and pointing her bony finger at me. "You devil! you yellow devil! It was you that put it into the heads of Henry and John to run away. But for _you_, you _long legged yellow devil_, Henry and John would never have thought of running away." I gave the lady a look, which called forth a scream of mingled wrath and terror, as she slammed the kitchen door, and went in, leaving me, with the rest, in hands as harsh as her own broken voice.

Could the kind reader have been quietly riding along the main road to or from Easton, that morning, his eye would have met a painful sight. He would have seen five young men, guilty of no crime, save that of preferring _liberty_ to a life of _bondage_, drawn along the public highway—firmly bound together—tramping through dust and heat, bare-footed and bare-headed—fastened to three strong horses, whose riders were armed to the teeth, with pistols and daggers—on their way to prison, like felons, and suffering every possible insult from the crowds of idle, vulgar people, who clustered around, and heartlessly made their failure the occasion for all manner of ribaldry and sport. As I looked upon this crowd of vile persons, and saw myself and friends thus assailed and persecuted, I could not help seeing the fulfillment of Sandy's dream. I was in the hands of moral vultures, and firmly held in their sharp talons, and was hurried away toward Easton, in a south-easterly direction, amid the jeers of new birds of the same feather, through every neighborhood we passed. It seemed to me (and this shows the good understanding between the slaveholders and their allies) that every body we met knew the cause of our arrest, and were out, awaiting our passing by, to feast their vindictive eyes on our misery and to gloat over our ruin. Some said, _I ought to be hanged_, and others, _I ought to be burnt_, others, I ought to have the _"hide"_ taken from my back; while no one gave us a kind word or sympathizing look, except the poor slaves, who were lifting their heavy hoes, and who cautiously glanced at us through the post-and-rail fences, behind which they were at work. Our sufferings, that morning, can be more easily imagined than described. Our hopes were all blasted, at a blow. The cruel injustice, the victorious crime, and the helplessness of innocence, led me to ask, in my ignorance and weakness "Where now is the God of justice and mercy? And why have these wicked men the power thus to trample upon our rights, and to insult our feelings?" And yet, in the next moment, came the consoling thought, _"The day of oppressor will come at last."_ Of one thing I could be glad—not one of my dear friends, upon whom I had brought this great calamity, either by word or look, reproached me for having led them into it. We were a band of brothers, and never dearer to each other than now. The thought which gave us the most pain, was the probable separation which would now take place, in case we were sold off to the far south, as we were likely to be. While the constables were looking forward, Henry and I, being fastened together, could occasionally exchange a word, without being observed by the kidnappers who had us in charge. "What shall I do with my pass?" said Henry. "Eat it with your biscuit," said I; "it won't do to tear it up." We were now near St. Michael's. The direction concerning the passes was passed around, and executed. _"Own nothing!"_ said I. _"Own nothing!"_ was passed around and enjoined, and assented to. Our confidence in each other was unshaken; and we were quite resolved to succeed or fail together—as much after the calamity which had befallen us, as before.

On reaching St. Michael's, we underwent a sort of examination at my master's store, and it was evident to my mind, that Master Thomas suspected the truthfulness of the evidence upon which they had acted in arresting us; and that he only affected, to some extent, the positiveness with which he asserted our guilt. There was nothing said by any of our company, which could, in any manner, prejudice our cause; and there was hope, yet, that we should be able to return to our homes—if for nothing else, at least to find out the guilty man or woman who had betrayed us.

To this end, we all denied that we had been guilty of intended flight. Master Thomas said that the evidence he had of our intention to run away, was strong enough to hang us, in a case of murder. "But," said I, "the cases are not equal. If murder were committed, some one must have committed it—the thing is done! In our case, nothing has been done! We have not run away. Where is the evidence against us? We were quietly at our work." I talked thus, with unusual freedom, to bring out the evidence against us, for we all wanted, above all things, to know the guilty wretch who had betrayed us, that we might have something tangible upon which to pour the execrations. From something which dropped, in the course of the talk, it appeared that there was but one witness against us—and that that witness could not be produced. Master Thomas would not tell us _who_ his informant was; but we suspected, and suspected _one_ person _only_. Several circumstances seemed to point SANDY out, as our betrayer. His entire knowledge of our plans his participation in them—his withdrawal from us—his dream, and his simultaneous presentiment that we were

betrayed—the taking us, and the leaving him—were calculated to turn suspicion toward him; and yet, we could not suspect him. We all loved him too well to think it _possible_ that he could have betrayed us. So we rolled the guilt on other shoulders.

We were literally dragged, that morning, behind horses, a distance of fifteen miles, and placed in the Easton jail. We were glad to reach the end of our journey, for our pathway had been the scene of insult and mortification. Such is the power of public opinion, that it is hard, even for the innocent, to feel the happy consolations of innocence, when they fall under the maledictions of this power. How could we regard ourselves as in the right, when all about us denounced us as criminals, and had the power and the disposition to treat us as such.

In jail, we were placed under the care of Mr. Joseph Graham, the sheriff of the county. Henry, and John, and myself, were placed in one room, and Henry Baily and Charles Roberts, in another, by themselves. This separation was intended to deprive us of the advantage of concert, and to prevent trouble in jail.

Once shut up, a new set of tormentors came upon us. A swarm of imps, in human shape the slave-traders, deputy slave-traders, and agents of slave-traders—that gather in every country town of the state, watching for chances to buy human flesh (as buzzards to eat carrion) flocked in upon us, to ascertain if our masters had placed us in jail to be sold. Such a set of debased and villainous creatures, I never saw before, and hope never to see again. I felt myself surrounded as by a pack of _fiends_, fresh from _perdition_. They laughed, leered, and grinned at us; saying, “Ah! boys, we’ve got you, havn’t we? So you were about to make your escape? Where were you going to?” After taunting us, and peering at us, as long as they liked, they one by one subjected us to an examination, with a view to ascertain our value; feeling our arms and legs, and shaking us by the shoulders to see if we were sound and healthy; impudently asking us, “how we would like to have them for masters?” To such questions, we were, very much to their annoyance, quite dumb, disdaining to answer them. For one, I detested the whisky-bloated gamblers in human flesh; and I believe I was as much detested by them in turn. One fellow told me, “if he had me, he would cut the devil out of me pretty quick.”

These Negro buyers are very offensive to the genteel southern Christian public. They are looked upon, in respectable Maryland society, as necessary, but detestable characters. As a class, they are hardened ruffians, made such by nature and by occupation. Their ears are made quite familiar with the agonizing cry of outraged and woe-smitted humanity. Their eyes are forever open to human misery. They walk amid desecrated affections, insulted virtue, and blasted hopes. They have grown intimate with vice and blood; they gloat over the wildest illustrations of their soul-damning and earth-polluting business, and are moral pests. Yes; they are a legitimate fruit of slavery; and it is a puzzle to make out a case of greater villainy for them, than for the slaveholders, who make such a class _possible_. They are mere hucksters of the surplus slave produce of Maryland and Virginia coarse, cruel, and swaggering bullies, whose very breathing is of blasphemy and blood.

Aside from these slave-buyers, who infested the prison, from time to time, our quarters were much more comfortable than we had any right to expect they would be. Our allowance of food was small and coarse, but our room was the best in the jail—neat and spacious, and with nothing about it necessarily reminding us of being in prison, but its heavy locks and bolts and the black, iron lattice-work at the windows. We were prisoners of state, compared with most slaves who are put into that Easton jail. But the place was not one of contentment. Bolts, bars and grated windows are not acceptable to freedom-loving people of any color. The suspense, too, was painful. Every step on the stairway was listened to, in the hope that the comer would cast a ray of light on our fate. We would have given the hair off our heads for half a dozen words with one of the waiters in Sol. Lowe’s hotel. Such waiters were in the way of hearing, at the table, the probable course of things. We could see them flitting about in their white jackets in front of this hotel, but could speak to none of them.

Soon after the holidays were over, contrary to all our expectations, Messrs. Hamilton and Freeland came up to Easton; not to make a bargain with the “Georgia traders,” nor to send us up to Austin Woldfolk, as is usual in the case of run-away slaves, but to release Charles, Henry Harris, Henry Baily and John Harris, from prison, and this, too, without the infliction of a single blow. I was now left entirely alone in prison. The innocent had been taken, and the guilty left. My friends were separated from me, and apparently forever. This circumstance caused me more pain than any other incident connected with our capture and imprisonment. Thirty-nine lashes on my naked and bleeding back, would have been joyfully borne, in preference to this separation from these, the friends of my youth. And yet, I could not but feel that I was the victim of something like justice. Why should these young men, who were led into this scheme by me, suffer as much as the instigator? I felt glad that they were leased from prison, and from the dread prospect of a life (or death I should rather say) in the rice swamps. It is due to the noble Henry, to say, that he seemed almost as reluctant to leave the prison with me in it, as he was to be tied and dragged to prison. But he and the rest knew that we should, in all the likelihoods of the case, be separated, in the event of being sold; and since we were now completely in the hands of our owners, we

all concluded it would be best to go peaceably home.

Not until this last separation, dear reader, had I touched those profounder depths of desolation, which it is the lot of slaves often to reach. I was solitary in the world, and alone within the walls of a stone prison, left to a fate of life-long misery. I had hoped and expected much, for months before, but my hopes and expectations were now withered and blasted. The ever dreaded slave life in Georgia, Louisiana and Alabama—from which escape is next to impossible now, in my loneliness, stared me in the face. The possibility of ever becoming anything but an abject slave, a mere machine in the hands of an owner, had now fled, and it seemed to me it had fled forever. A life of living death, beset with the innumerable horrors of the cotton field, and the sugar plantation, seemed to be my doom. The fiends, who rushed into the prison when we were first put there, continued to visit me, and to ply me with questions and with their tantalizing remarks. I was insulted, but helpless; keenly alive to the demands of justice and liberty, but with no means of asserting them. To talk to those imps about justice and mercy, would have been as absurd as to reason with bears and tigers. Lead and steel are the only arguments that they understand.

After remaining in this life of misery and despair about a week, which, by the way, seemed a month, Master Thomas, very much to my surprise, and greatly to my relief, came to the prison, and took me out, for the purpose, as he said, of sending me to Alabama, with a friend of his, who would emancipate me at the end of eight years. I was glad enough to get out of prison; but I had no faith in the story that this friend of Capt. Auld would emancipate me, at the end of the time indicated. Besides, I never had heard of his having a friend in Alabama, and I took the announcement, simply as an easy and comfortable method of shipping me off to the far south. There was a little scandal, too, connected with the idea of one Christian selling another to the Georgia traders, while it was deemed every way proper for them to sell to others. I thought this friend in Alabama was an invention, to meet this difficulty, for Master Thomas was quite jealous of his Christian reputation, however unconcerned he might be about his real Christian character. In these remarks, however, it is possible that I do Master Thomas Auld injustice. He certainly did not exhaust his power upon me, in the case, but acted, upon the whole, very generously, considering the nature of my offense. He had the power and the provocation to send me, without reserve, into the very everglades of Florida, beyond the remotest hope of emancipation; and his refusal to exercise that power, must be set down to his credit.

After lingering about St. Michael's a few days, and no friend from Alabama making his appearance, to take me there, Master Thomas decided to send me back again to Baltimore, to live with his brother Hugh, with whom he was now at peace; possibly he became so by his profession of religion, at the camp-meeting in the Bay Side. Master Thomas told me that he wished me to go to Baltimore, and learn a trade; and that, if I behaved myself properly, he would _emancipate me at twenty-five!_ Thanks for this one beam of hope in the future. The promise had but one fault; it seemed too good to be true.

CHAPTER XX. _Apprenticeship Life_

NOTHING LOST BY THE ATTEMPT TO RUN AWAY—COMRADES IN THEIR OLD HOMES—REASONS FOR SENDING ME AWAY—RETURN TO BALTIMORE—CONTRAST BETWEEN TOMMY AND THAT OF HIS COLORED COMPANION—TRIALS IN GARDINER'S SHIP YARD—DESPERATE FIGHT—ITS CAUSES—CONFLICT BETWEEN WHITE AND BLACK LABOR—DESCRIPTION OF THE OUTRAGE—COLORED TESTIMONY NOTHING—CONDUCT OF MASTER HUGH—SPIRIT OF SLAVERY IN BALTIMORE—MY CONDITION IMPROVES—NEW ASSOCIATIONS—SLAVEHOLDER'S RIGHT TO TAKE HIS WAGES—HOW TO MAKE A CONTENTED SLAVE.

Well! dear reader, I am not, as you may have already inferred, a loser by the general upstir, described in the foregoing chapter. The little domestic revolution, notwithstanding the sudden snub it got by the treachery of somebody—I dare not say or think who—did not, after all, end so disastrously, as when in the iron cage at Easton, I conceived it would. The prospect, from that point, did look about as dark as any that ever cast its gloom over the vision of the anxious, out-looking, human spirit. "All is well that ends well." My affectionate comrades, Henry and John Harris, are still with Mr. William Freeland. Charles Roberts and Henry Baily are safe at their homes. I have not, therefore, any thing to regret on their account. Their masters have mercifully forgiven them, probably on the ground suggested in the spirited little speech of Mrs. Freeland, made to me just before leaving for the jail—namely: that they had been allured into the wicked scheme of making their escape, by me; and that, but for me, they would never have dreamed of a thing so shocking! My friends had nothing to regret, either; for while they were watched more closely on account of what had happened, they were, doubtless, treated more kindly than before, and got new assurances that they would be legally emancipated, some day, provided their behavior should make them deserving, from that time forward. Not a blow, as I learned, was struck any one of them. As for Master William Freeland, good, unsuspecting soul, he did not believe that we were intending to run away at all. Having

given—as he thought—no occasion to his boys to leave him, he could not think it probable that they had entertained a design so grievous. This, however, was not the view taken of the matter by “Mas’ Billy,” as we used to call the soft spoken, but crafty and resolute Mr. William Hamilton. He had no doubt that the crime had been meditated; and regarding me as the instigator of it, he frankly told Master Thomas that he must remove me from that neighborhood, or he would shoot me down. He would not have one so dangerous as “Frederick” tampering with his slaves. William Hamilton was not a man whose threat might be safely disregarded. I have no doubt that he would have proved as good as his word, had the warning given not been promptly taken. He was furious at the thought of such a piece of high-handed _theft_, as we were about to perpetrate the stealing of our own bodies and souls! The feasibility of the plan, too, could the first steps have been taken, was marvelously plain. Besides, this was a _new_ idea, this use of the bay. Slaves escaping, until now, had taken to the woods; they had never dreamed of profaning and abusing the waters of the noble Chesapeake, by making them the highway from slavery to freedom. Here was a broad road of destruction to slavery, which, before, had been looked upon as a wall of security by slaveholders. But Master Billy could not get Mr. Freeland to see matters precisely as he did; nor could he get Master Thomas so excited as he was himself. The latter—I must say it to his credit—showed much humane feeling in his part of the transaction, and atoned for much that had been harsh, cruel and unreasonable in his former treatment of me and others. His clemency was quite unusual and unlooked for. “Cousin Tom” told me that while I was in jail, Master Thomas was very unhappy; and that the night before his going up to release me, he had walked the floor nearly all night, evincing great distress; that very tempting offers had been made to him, by the Negro-traders, but he had rejected them all, saying that _money could not tempt him to sell me to the far south_. All this I can easily believe, for he seemed quite reluctant to send me away, at all. He told me that he only consented to do so, because of the very strong prejudice against me in the neighborhood, and that he feared for my safety if I remained there.

Thus, after three years spent in the country, roughing it in the field, and experiencing all sorts of hardships, I was again permitted to return to Baltimore, the very place, of all others, short of a free state, where I most desired to live. The three years spent in the country, had made some difference in me, and in the household of Master Hugh. “Little Tommy” was no longer _little_ Tommy; and I was not the slender lad who had left for the Eastern Shore just three years before. The loving relations between me and Mas’ Tommy were broken up. He was no longer dependent on me for protection, but felt himself a _man_, with other and more suitable associates. In childhood, he scarcely considered me inferior to himself certainly, as good as any other boy with whom he played; but the time had come when his _friend_ must become his _slave_. So we were cold, and we parted. It was a sad thing to me, that, loving each other as we had done, we must now take different roads. To him, a thousand avenues were open. Education had made him acquainted with all the treasures of the world, and liberty had flung open the gates thereunto; but I, who had attended him seven years, and had watched over him with the care of a big brother, fighting his battles in the street, and shielding him from harm, to an extent which had induced his mother to say, “Oh! Tommy is always safe, when he is with Freddy,” must be confined to a single condition. He could grow, and become a MAN; I could grow, though I could _not_ become a man, but must remain, all my life, a minor—a mere boy. Thomas Auld, Junior, obtained a situation on board the brig “Tweed,” and went to sea. I know not what has become of him; he certainly has my good wishes for his welfare and prosperity. There were few persons to whom I was more sincerely attached than to him, and there are few in the world I would be more pleased to meet.

Very soon after I went to Baltimore to live, Master Hugh succeeded in getting me hired to Mr. William Gardiner, an extensive ship builder on Fell’s Point. I was placed here to learn to calk, a trade of which I already had some knowledge, gained while in Mr. Hugh Auld’s ship-yard, when he was a master builder. Gardiner’s, however, proved a very unfavorable place for the accomplishment of that object. Mr. Gardiner was, that season, engaged in building two large man-of-war vessels, professedly for the Mexican government. These vessels were to be launched in the month of July, of that year, and, in failure thereof, Mr. G. would forfeit a very considerable sum of money. So, when I entered the ship-yard, all was hurry and driving. There were in the yard about one hundred men; of these about seventy or eighty were regular carpenters—privileged men. Speaking of my condition here I wrote, years ago—and I have now no reason to vary the picture as follows:

There was no time to learn any thing. Every man had to do that which he knew how to do. In entering the ship-yard, my orders from Mr. Gardiner were, to do whatever the carpenters commanded me to do. This was placing me at the beck and call of about seventy-five men. I was to regard all these as masters. Their word was to be my law. My situation was a most trying one. At times I needed a dozen pair of hands. I was called a dozen ways in the space of a single minute. Three or four voices would strike my ear at the same moment. It was—“Fred., come help me to cant this timber here.” “Fred., come carry this timber yonder.”—“Fred., bring that roller here.”—“Fred., go get a fresh can of water.”—“Fred., come help saw off the end of this timber.”—“Fred., go quick and get the crow bar.”—“Fred., hold on the end of this fall.”—“Fred., go to the blacksmith’s shop, and get a new punch.”—

“Hurra, Fred.! run and bring me a cold chisel.”—“I say, Fred., bear a hand, and get up a fire as quick as lightning under that steam-box.”—“Halloo, nigger! come, turn this grindstone.”—“Come, come! move, move! and _bowse_ this timber forward.”—“I say, darkey, blast your eyes, why don’t you heat up some pitch?”—“Halloo! halloo! halloo!” (Three voices at the same time.) “Come here!—Go there!—Hold on where you are! D—n you, if you move, I’ll knock your brains out!”

Such, dear reader, is a glance at the school which was mine, during, the first eight months of my stay at Baltimore. At the end of the eight months, Master Hugh refused longer to allow me to remain with Mr. Gardiner. The circumstance which led to his taking me away, was a brutal outrage, committed upon me by the white apprentices of the ship-yard. The fight was a desperate one, and I came out of it most shockingly mangled. I was cut and bruised in sundry places, and my left eye was nearly knocked out of its socket. The facts, leading to this barbarous outrage upon me, illustrate a phase of slavery destined to become an important element in the overthrow of the slave system, and I may, therefore state them with some minuteness. That phase is this: _the conflict of slavery with the interests of the white mechanics and laborers of the south_. In the country, this conflict is not so apparent; but, in cities, such as Baltimore, Richmond, New Orleans, Mobile, &c., it is seen pretty clearly. The slaveholders, with a craftiness peculiar to themselves, by encouraging the enmity of the poor, laboring white man against the blacks, succeeds in making the said white man almost as much a slave as the black slave himself. The difference between the white slave, and the black slave, is this: the latter belongs to _one_ slaveholder, and the former belongs to _all_ the slaveholders, collectively. The white slave has taken from him, by indirection, what the black slave has taken from him, directly, and without ceremony. Both are plundered, and by the same plunderers. The slave is robbed, by his master, of all his earnings, above what is required for his bare physical necessities; and the white man is robbed by the slave system, of the just results of his labor, because he is flung into competition with a class of laborers who work without wages. The competition, and its injurious consequences, will, one day, array the nonslaveholding white people of the slave states, against the slave system, and make them the most effective workers against the great evil. At present, the slaveholders blind them to this competition, by keeping alive their prejudice against the slaves, _as men_—not against them _as slaves_. They appeal to their pride, often denouncing emancipation, as tending to place the white man, on an equality with Negroes, and, by this means, they succeed in drawing off the minds of the poor whites from the real fact, that, by the rich slave-master, they are already regarded as but a single remove from equality with the slave. The impression is cunningly made, that slavery is the only power that can prevent the laboring white man from falling to the level of the slave’s poverty and degradation. To make this enmity deep and broad, between the slave and the poor white man, the latter is allowed to abuse and whip the former, without hinderance. But—as I have suggested—this state of facts prevails _mostly_ in the country. In the city of Baltimore, there are not unfrequent murmurs, that educating the slaves to be mechanics may, in the end, give slavemasters power to dispense with the services of the poor white man altogether. But, with characteristic dread of offending the slaveholders, these poor, white mechanics in Mr. Gardiner’s ship-yard—instead of applying the natural, honest remedy for the apprehended evil, and objecting at once to work there by the side of slaves—made a cowardly attack upon the free colored mechanics, saying _they_ were eating the bread which should be eaten by American freemen, and swearing that they would not work with them. The feeling was, _really_, against having their labor brought into competition with that of the colored people at all; but it was too much to strike directly at the interest of the slaveholders; and, therefore proving their servility and cowardice they dealt their blows on the poor, colored freeman, and aimed to prevent _him_ from serving himself, in the evening of life, with the trade with which he had served his master, during the more vigorous portion of his days. Had they succeeded in driving the black freemen out of the ship-yard, they would have determined also upon the removal of the black slaves. The feeling was very bitter toward all colored people in Baltimore, about this time (1836), and they—free and slave suffered all manner of insult and wrong.

Until a very little before I went there, white and black ship carpenters worked side by side, in the ship yards of Mr. Gardiner, Mr. Duncan, Mr. Walter Price, and Mr. Robb. Nobody seemed to see any impropriety in it. To outward seeming, all hands were well satisfied. Some of the blacks were first rate workmen, and were given jobs requiring highest skill. All at once, however, the white carpenters knocked off, and swore that they would no longer work on the same stage with free Negroes. Taking advantage of the heavy contract resting upon Mr. Gardiner, to have the war vessels for Mexico ready to launch in July, and of the difficulty of getting other hands at that season of the year, they swore they would not strike another blow for him, unless he would discharge his free colored workmen.

Now, although this movement did not extend to me, _in form_, it did reach me, _in fact_. The spirit which it awakened was one of malice and bitterness, toward colored people _generally_, and I suffered with the rest, and suffered severely. My fellow apprentices very soon began to feel it to be degrading to work with me. They began to put on high looks, and to talk contemptuously and maliciously of _“the Niggers;”_ saying, that “they would take the country,” that “they ought to be killed.” Encouraged by the cowardly workmen, who, knowing me to be a slave, made no issue with Mr. Gardiner about my being there, these young men did their

utmost to make it impossible for me to stay. They seldom called me to do any thing, without coupling the call with a curse, and Edward North, the biggest in every thing, rascality included, ventured to strike me, whereupon I picked him up, and threw him into the dock. Whenever any of them struck me, I struck back again, regardless of consequences. I could manage any of them _singly_, and, while I could keep them from combining, I succeeded very well. In the conflict which ended my stay at Mr. Gardiner's, I was beset by four of them at once—Ned North, Ned Hays, Bill Stewart, and Tom Humphreys. Two of them were as large as myself, and they came near killing me, in broad day light. The attack was made suddenly, and simultaneously. One came in front, armed with a brick; there was one at each side, and one behind, and they closed up around me. I was struck on all sides; and, while I was attending to those in front, I received a blow on my head, from behind, dealt with a heavy hand-spike. I was completely stunned by the blow, and fell, heavily, on the ground, among the timbers. Taking advantage of my fall, they rushed upon me, and began to pound me with their fists. I let them lay on, for a while, after I came to myself, with a view of gaining strength. They did me little damage, so far; but, finally, getting tired of that sport, I gave a sudden surge, and, despite their weight, I rose to my hands and knees. Just as I did this, one of their number (I know not which) planted a blow with his boot in my left eye, which, for a time, seemed to have burst my eyeball. When they saw my eye completely closed, my face covered with blood, and I staggering under the stunning blows they had given me, they left me. As soon as I gathered sufficient strength, I picked up the hand-spike, and, madly enough, attempted to pursue them; but here the carpenters interfered, and compelled me to give up my frenzied pursuit. It was impossible to stand against so many.

Dear reader, you can hardly believe the statement, but it is true, and, therefore, I write it down: not fewer than fifty white men stood by, and saw this brutal and shameless outrage committed, and not a man of them all interposed a single word of mercy. There were four against one, and that one's face was beaten and battered most horribly, and no one said, "that is enough;" but some cried out, "Kill him—kill him—kill the d—d nigger! knock his brains out—he struck a white person." I mention this inhuman outcry, to show the character of the men, and the spirit of the times, at Gardiner's ship yard, and, indeed, in Baltimore generally, in 1836. As I look back to this period, I am almost amazed that I was not murdered outright, in that ship yard, so murderous was the spirit which prevailed there. On two occasions, while there, I came near losing my life. I was driving bolts in the hold, through the keelson, with Hays. In its course, the bolt bent. Hays cursed me, and said that it was my blow which bent the bolt. I denied this, and charged it upon him. In a fit of rage he seized an adze, and darted toward me. I met him with a maul, and parried his blow, or I should have then lost my life. A son of old Tom Lanman (the latter's double murder I have elsewhere charged upon him), in the spirit of his miserable father, made an assault upon me, but the blow with his maul missed me. After the united assault of North, Stewart, Hays and Humphreys, finding that the carpenters were as bitter toward me as the apprentices, and that the latter were probably set on by the former, I found my only chances for life was in flight. I succeeded in getting away, without an additional blow. To strike a white man, was death, by Lynch law, in Gardiner's ship yard; nor was there much of any other law toward colored people, at that time, in any other part of Maryland. The whole sentiment of Baltimore was murderous.

After making my escape from the ship yard, I went straight home, and related the story of the outrage to Master Hugh Auld; and it is due to him to say, that his conduct—though he was not a religious man—was every way more humane than that of his brother, Thomas, when I went to the latter in a somewhat similar plight, from the hands of _"Brother Edward Covey."_ He listened attentively to my narration of the circumstances leading to the ruffianly outrage, and gave many proofs of his strong indignation at what was done. Hugh was a rough, but manly-hearted fellow, and, at this time, his best nature showed itself.

The heart of my once almost over-kind mistress, Sophia, was again melted in pity toward me. My puffed-out eye, and my scarred and blood-covered face, moved the dear lady to tears. She kindly drew a chair by me, and with friendly, consoling words, she took water, and washed the blood from my face. No mother's hand could have been more tender than hers. She bound up my head, and covered my wounded eye with a lean piece of fresh beef. It was almost compensation for the murderous assault, and my suffering, that it furnished and occasion for the manifestation, once more, of the orignally(sic) characteristic kindness of my mistress. Her affectionate heart was not yet dead, though much hardened by time and by circumstances.

As for Master Hugh's part, as I have said, he was furious about it; and he gave expression to his fury in the usual forms of speech in that locality. He poured curses on the heads of the whole ship yard company, and swore that he would have satisfaction for the outrage. His indignation was really strong and healthy; but, unfortunately, it resulted from the thought that his rights of property, in my person, had not been respected, more than from any sense of the outrage committed on me _as a man_. I inferred as much as this, from the fact that he could, himself, beat and mangle when it suited him to do so. Bent on having satisfaction, as he said, just as soon as I got a little the better of my bruises, Master Hugh took me to Esquire Watson's office, on Bond street, Fell's Point, with a view to procuring the arrest of those who had assaulted me. He related the outrage to the magistrate, as I had related it to him,

and seemed to expect that a warrant would, at once, be issued for the arrest of the lawless ruffians.

Mr. Watson heard it all, and instead of drawing up his warrant, he inquired.—

“Mr. Auld, who saw this assault of which you speak?”

“It was done, sir, in the presence of a ship yard full of hands.”

“Sir,” said Watson, “I am sorry, but I cannot move in this matter except upon the oath of white witnesses.”

“But here’s the boy; look at his head and face,” said the excited Master Hugh; _“they_ show _what_ has been done.”

But Watson insisted that he was not authorized to do anything, unless _white_ witnesses of the transaction would come forward, and testify to what had taken place. He could issue no warrant on my word, against white persons; and, if I had been killed in the presence of a _thousand blacks_, their testimony, combined would have been insufficient to arrest a single murderer. Master Hugh, for once, was compelled to say, that this state of things was _too bad;_ and he left the office of the magistrate, disgusted.

Of course, it was impossible to get any white man to testify against my assailants. The carpenters saw what was done; but the actors were but the agents of their malice, and only what the carpenters sanctioned. They had cried, with one accord, _“Kill the nigger!” “Kill the nigger!”_ Even those who may have pitied me, if any such were among them, lacked the moral courage to come and volunteer their evidence. The slightest manifestation of sympathy or justice toward a person of color, was denounced as abolitionism; and the name of abolitionist, subjected its bearer to frightful liabilities. “D—n _abolitionists,”_ and _“Kill the niggers,”_ were the watch-words of the foul-mouthed ruffians of those days. Nothing was done, and probably there would not have been any thing done, had I been killed in the affray. The laws and the morals of the Christian city of Baltimore, afforded no protection to the sable denizens of that city.

Master Hugh, on finding he could get no redress for the cruel wrong, withdrew me from the employment of Mr. Gardiner, and took me into his own family, Mrs. Auld kindly taking care of me, and dressing my wounds, until they were healed, and I was ready to go again to work.

While I was on the Eastern Shore, Master Hugh had met with reverses, which overthrew his business; and he had given up ship building in his own yard, on the City Block, and was now acting as foreman of Mr. Walter Price. The best he could now do for me, was to take me into Mr. Price’s yard, and afford me the facilities there, for completing the trade which I had began to learn at Gardiner’s. Here I rapidly became expert in the use of my calking tools; and, in the course of a single year, I was able to command the highest wages paid to journeymen calkers in Baltimore.

The reader will observe that I was now of some pecuniary value to my master. During the busy season, I was bringing six and seven dollars per week. I have, sometimes, brought him as much as nine dollars a week, for the wages were a dollar and a half per day.

After learning to calk, I sought my own employment, made my own contracts, and collected my own earnings; giving Master Hugh no trouble in any part of the transactions to which I was a party.

Here, then, were better days for the Eastern Shore _slave_. I was now free from the vexatious assalts(sic) of the apprentices at Mr. Gardiner’s; and free from the perils of plantation life, and once more in a favorable condition to increase my little stock of education, which had been at a dead stand since my removal from Baltimore. I had, on the Eastern Shore, been only a teacher, when in company with other slaves, but now there were colored persons who could instruct me. Many of the young calkers could read, write and cipher. Some of them had high notions about mental improvement; and the free ones, on Fell’s Point, organized what they called the _“East Baltimore Mental Improvement Society.”_ To this society, notwithstanding it was intended that only free persons should attach themselves, I was admitted, and was, several times, assigned a prominent part in its debates. I owe much to the society of these young men.

The reader already knows enough of the _ill_ effects of good treatment on a slave, to anticipate what was now the case in my improved condition. It was not long before I began to show signs of disquiet with slavery, and to look around for means to get out of that condition by the shortest route. I was living among _free men;_ and was, in all respects, equal to them by nature and by attainments. _Why should I be a slave?_ There was _no_ reason why I should be the thrall of any man.

Besides, I was now getting—as I have said—a dollar and fifty cents per day. I contracted for it, worked for it, earned it, collected it; it was paid to me, and it was _rightfully_ my own; and yet, upon every returning Saturday night, this money—my own hard earnings, every cent of it—was demanded of me, and taken from me by Master Hugh. He did not earn it; he had no hand in earning it; why, then, should he have it? I owed him nothing. He had given me no schooling, and I had received from him only my food and raiment; and for these, my services were supposed to pay, from the first. The right to take my earnings, was the right of the robber. He had the power to compel me to give him the fruits of my labor, and this power was his only right in the case. I became more and more dissatisfied with this state of things; and, in so becoming, I only gave proof of the same human nature which every reader of this chapter in my life—slaveholder, or nonslaveholder—is conscious of possessing.

To make a contented slave, you must make a thoughtless one. It is necessary to darken his moral and mental vision, and, as far as possible, to annihilate his power of reason. He must be able to detect no inconsistencies in slavery. The man that takes his earnings, must be able to convince him that he has a perfect right to do so. It must not depend upon mere force; the slave must know no Higher Law than his master's will. The whole relationship must not only demonstrate, to his mind, its necessity, but its absolute rightfulness. If there be one crevice through which a single drop can fall, it will certainly rust off the slave's chain.

CHAPTER XXI. _My Escape from Slavery_

CLOSING INCIDENTS OF "MY LIFE AS A SLAVE"—REASONS WHY FULL PARTICULARS OF THE MANNER OF MY ESCAPE WILL NOT BE GIVEN—CRAFTINESS AND MALICE OF SLAVEHOLDERS—SUSPICION OF AIDING A SLAVE'S ESCAPE ABOUT AS DANGEROUS AS POSITIVE EVIDENCE—WANT OF WISDOM SHOWN IN PUBLISHING DETAILS OF THE ESCAPE OF THE FUGITIVES—PUBLISHED ACCOUNTS REACH THE MASTERS, NOT THE SLAVES—SLAVEHOLDERS STIMULATED TO GREATER WATCHFULNESS—MY CONDITION—DISCONTENT—SUSPICIONS IMPLIED BY MASTER HUGH'S MANNER, WHEN RECEIVING MY WAGES—HIS OCCASIONAL GENEROSITY!—DIFFICULTIES IN THE WAY OF ESCAPE—EVERY AVENUE GUARDED—PLAN TO OBTAIN MONEY—I AM ALLOWED TO HIRE MY TIME—A GLEAM OF HOPE—ATTENDS CAMP-MEETING, WITHOUT PERMISSION—ANGER OF MASTER HUGH THEREAT—THE RESULT—MY PLANS OF ESCAPE ACCELERATED THERBY—THE DAY FOR MY DEPARTURE FIXED—HARASSED BY DOUBTS AND FEARS—PAINFUL THOUGHTS OF SEPARATION FROM FRIENDS—THE ATTEMPT MADE—ITS SUCCESS.

I will now make the kind reader acquainted with the closing incidents of my "Life as a Slave," having already trenched upon the limit allotted to my "Life as a Freeman." Before, however, proceeding with this narration, it is, perhaps, proper that I should frankly state, in advance, my intention to withhold a part of the(sic) connected with my escape from slavery. There are reasons for this suppression, which I trust the reader will deem altogether valid. It may be easily conceived, that a full and complete statement of all facts pertaining to the flight of a bondman, might implicate and embarrass some who may have, wittingly or unwittingly, assisted him; and no one can wish me to involve any man or woman who has befriended me, even in the liability of embarrassment or trouble.

Keen is the scent of the slaveholder; like the fangs of the rattlesnake, his malice retains its poison long; and, although it is now nearly seventeen years since I made my escape, it is well to be careful, in dealing with the circumstances relating to it. Were I to give but a shadowy outline of the process adopted, with characteristic aptitude, the crafty and malicious among the slaveholders might, possibly, hit upon the track I pursued, and involve some one in suspicion which, in a slave state, is about as bad as positive evidence. The colored man, there, must not only shun evil, but shun the very _appearance_ of evil, or be condemned as a criminal. A slaveholding community has a peculiar taste for ferreting out offenses against the slave system, justice there being more sensitive in its regard for the peculiar rights of this system, than for any other interest or institution. By stringing together a train of events and circumstances, even if I were not very explicit, the means of escape might be ascertained, and, possibly, those means be rendered, thereafter, no longer available to the liberty-seeking children of bondage I have left behind me. No antislavery man can wish me to do anything favoring such results, and no slaveholding reader has any right to expect the impartment of such information.

While, therefore, it would afford me pleasure, and perhaps would materially add to the interest of my story, were I at liberty to gratify a curiosity which I know to exist in the minds of many, as to the manner of my escape, I must deprive myself of this pleasure, and the curious of the gratification, which such a statement of facts would afford. I would allow myself to suffer under the greatest imputations that evil minded men might suggest, rather than exculpate myself by explanation, and thereby run the hazards of closing the slightest avenue by which a brother in suffering might clear himself of the chains and fetters of slavery.

The practice of publishing every new invention by which a slave is known to have escaped from slavery, has neither wisdom nor necessity to sustain it. Had not Henry Box Brown and his friends attracted slaveholding attention to the manner of his escape, we might have had a thousand _Box Browns_ per annum. The singularly original plan adopted by William and Ellen Crafts, perished with the first using, because every slaveholder in the land was apprised of it. The _salt water slave_ who hung in the guards of a steamer, being washed three days and three nights—like another Jonah—by the waves of the sea, has, by the publicity given to the circumstance, set a spy on the guards of every steamer departing from southern ports.

I have never approved of the very public manner, in which some of our western friends have conducted what _they_ call the _"Under-ground Railroad,"_ but which, I think, by their open declarations, has been made, most emphatically, the _"Upper_-ground Railroad." Its stations are far better known to the slaveholders than to the slaves. I honor those good men and women for their noble daring, in willingly subjecting themselves to persecution, by openly avowing their participation in the escape of slaves; nevertheless, the good resulting from such avowals, is of a very questionable character. It may kindle an enthusiasm, very pleasant to inhale; but that is of no practical benefit to themselves, nor to the slaves escaping. Nothing is more evident, than that such disclosures are a positive evil to the slaves remaining, and seeking to escape. In publishing such accounts, the anti-slavery man addresses the slaveholder, _not the slave;_ he stimulates the former to greater watchfulness, and adds to his facilities for capturing his slave. We owe something to the slaves, south of Mason and Dixon's line, as well as to those north of it; and, in discharging the duty of aiding the latter, on their way to freedom, we should be careful to do nothing which would be likely to hinder the former, in making their escape from slavery. Such is my detestation of slavery, that I would keep the merciless slaveholder profoundly ignorant of the means of flight adopted by the slave. He should be left to imagine himself surrounded by myriads of invisible tormentors, ever ready to snatch, from his infernal grasp, his trembling prey. In pursuing his victim, let him be left to feel his way in the dark; let shades of darkness, commensurate with his crime, shut every ray of light from his pathway; and let him be made to feel, that, at every step he takes, with the hellish purpose of reducing a brother man to slavery, he is running the frightful risk of having his hot brains dashed out by an invisible hand.

But, enough of this. I will now proceed to the statement of those facts, connected with my escape, for which I am alone responsible, and for which no one can be made to suffer but myself.

My condition in the year (1838) of my escape, was, comparatively, a free and easy one, so far, at least, as the wants of the physical man were concerned; but the reader will bear in mind, that my troubles from the beginning, have been less physical than mental, and he will thus be prepared to find, after what is narrated in the previous chapters, that slave life was adding nothing to its charms for me, as I grew older, and became better acquainted with it. The practice, from week to week, of openly robbing me of all my earnings, kept the nature and character of slavery constantly before me. I could be robbed by _indirection_, but this was _too_ open and barefaced to be endured. I could see no reason why I should, at the end of each week, pour the reward of my honest toil into the purse of any man. The thought itself vexed me, and the manner in which Master Hugh received my wages, vexed me more than the original wrong. Carefully counting the money and rolling it out, dollar by dollar, he would look me in the face, as if he would search my heart as well as my pocket, and reproachfully ask me, "_Is that all_?"—implying that I had, perhaps, kept back part of my wages; or, if not so, the demand was made, possibly, to make me feel, that, after all, I was an "unprofitable servant." Draining me of the last cent of my hard earnings, he would, however, occasionally—when I brought home an extra large sum—dole out to me a sixpence or a shilling, with a view, perhaps, of kindling up my gratitude; but this practice had the opposite effect—it was an admission of _my right to the whole sum_. The fact, that he gave me any part of my wages, was proof that he suspected that I had a right _to the whole of them_. I always felt uncomfortable, after having received anything in this way, for I feared that the giving me a few cents, might, possibly, ease his conscience, and make him feel himself a pretty honorable robber, after all!

Held to a strict account, and kept under a close watch—the old suspicion of my running away not having been entirely removed—escape from slavery, even in Baltimore, was very difficult. The railroad from Baltimore to Philadelphia was under regulations so stringent, that even _free_ colored travelers were almost excluded. They must have _free_ papers; they must be measured and carefully examined, before they were allowed to enter the cars; they only went in the day time, even when so examined. The steamboats were under regulations equally stringent. All the great turnpikes, leading northward, were beset with kidnappers, a class of men who watched the newspapers for advertisements for runaway slaves, making their living by the accursed reward of slave hunting.

My discontent grew upon me, and I was on the look-out for means of escape. With money, I could easily have managed the matter, and, therefore, I hit upon the plan of soliciting the privilege of hiring my time. It is quite common, in Baltimore, to allow slaves this privilege, and it is the practice, also, in New Orleans. A slave who is considered trustworthy, can, by paying his master a definite

sum regularly, at the end of each week, dispose of his time as he likes. It so happened that I was not in very good odor, and I was far from being a trustworthy slave. Nevertheless, I watched my opportunity when Master Thomas came to Baltimore (for I was still his property, Hugh only acted as his agent) in the spring of 1838, to purchase his spring supply of goods, and applied to him, directly, for the much-coveted privilege of hiring my time. This request Master Thomas unhesitatingly refused to grant; and he charged me, with some sternness, with inventing this stratagem to make my escape. He told me, “I could go _nowhere_ but he could catch me; and, in the event of my running away, I might be assured he should spare no pains in his efforts to recapture me.” He recounted, with a good deal of eloquence, the many kind offices he had done me, and exhorted me to be contented and obedient. “Lay out no plans for the future,” said he. “If you behave yourself properly, I will take care of you.” Now, kind and considerate as this offer was, it failed to soothe me into repose. In spite of Master Thomas, and, I may say, in spite of myself, also, I continued to think, and worse still, to think almost exclusively about the injustice and wickedness of slavery. No effort of mine or of his could silence this trouble-giving thought, or change my purpose to run away.

About two months after applying to Master Thomas for the privilege of hiring my time, I applied to Master Hugh for the same liberty, supposing him to be unacquainted with the fact that I had made a similar application to Master Thomas, and had been refused. My boldness in making this request, fairly astounded him at the first. He gazed at me in amazement. But I had many good reasons for pressing the matter; and, after listening to them awhile, he did not absolutely refuse, but told me he would think of it. Here, then, was a gleam of hope. Once master of my own time, I felt sure that I could make, over and above my obligation to him, a dollar or two every week. Some slaves have made enough, in this way, to purchase their freedom. It is a sharp spur to industry; and some of the most enterprising colored men in Baltimore hire themselves in this way. After mature reflection—as I must suppose it was Master Hugh granted me the privilege in question, on the following terms: I was to be allowed all my time; to make all bargains for work; to find my own employment, and to collect my own wages; and, in return for this liberty, I was required, or obliged, to pay him three dollars at the end of each week, and to board and clothe myself, and buy my own calking tools. A failure in any of these particulars would put an end to my privilege. This was a hard bargain. The wear and tear of clothing, the losing and breaking of tools, and the expense of board, made it necessary for me to earn at least six dollars per week, to keep even with the world. All who are acquainted with calking, know how uncertain and irregular that employment is. It can be done to advantage only in dry weather, for it is useless to put wet oakum into a seam. Rain or shine, however, work or no work, at the end of each week the money must be forthcoming.

Master Hugh seemed to be very much pleased, for a time, with this arrangement; and well he might be, for it was decidedly in his favor. It relieved him of all anxiety concerning me. His money was sure. He had armed my love of liberty with a lash and a driver, far more efficient than any I had before known; and, while he derived all the benefits of slaveholding by the arrangement, without its evils, I endured all the evils of being a slave, and yet suffered all the care and anxiety of a responsible freeman. “Nevertheless,” thought I, “it is a valuable privilege another step in my career toward freedom.” It was something even to be permitted to stagger under the disadvantages of liberty, and I was determined to hold on to the newly gained footing, by all proper industry. I was ready to work by night as well as by day; and being in the enjoyment of excellent health, I was able not only to meet my current expenses, but also to lay by a small sum at the end of each week. All went on thus, from the month of May till August; then—for reasons which will become apparent as I proceed—my much valued liberty was wrested from me.

During the week previous to this (to me) calamitous event, I had made arrangements with a few young friends, to accompany them, on Saturday night, to a camp-meeting, held about twelve miles from Baltimore. On the evening of our intended start for the camp-ground, something occurred in the ship yard where I was at work, which detained me unusually late, and compelled me either to disappoint my young friends, or to neglect carrying my weekly dues to Master Hugh. Knowing that I had the money, and could hand it to him on another day, I decided to go to camp-meeting, and to pay him the three dollars, for the past week, on my return. Once on the camp-ground, I was induced to remain one day longer than I had intended, when I left home. But, as soon as I returned, I went straight to his house on Fell street, to hand him his (my) money. Unhappily, the fatal mistake had been committed. I found him exceedingly angry. He exhibited all the signs of apprehension and wrath, which a slaveholder may be surmised to exhibit on the supposed escape of a favorite slave. “You rascal! I have a great mind to give you a severe whipping. How dare you go out of the city without first asking and obtaining my permission?” “Sir,” said I, “I hired my time and paid you the price you asked for it. I did not know that it was any part of the bargain that I should ask you when or where I should go.”

“You did not know, you rascal! You are bound to show yourself here every Saturday night.” After reflecting, a few moments, he became somewhat cooled down; but, evidently greatly troubled, he said, “Now, you scoundrel! you have done for yourself; you shall hire your time no longer. The next thing I shall hear of, will be your running away. Bring home your tools and your clothes, at

once. I'll teach you how to go off in this way."

Thus ended my partial freedom. I could hire my time no longer; and I obeyed my master's orders at once. The little taste of liberty which I had had—although as the reader will have seen, it was far from being unalloyed—by no means enhanced my contentment with slavery. Punished thus by Master Hugh, it was now my turn to punish him. "Since," thought I, "you _will_ make a slave of me, I will await your orders in all things;" and, instead of going to look for work on Monday morning, as I had formerly done, I remained at home during the entire week, without the performance of a single stroke of work. Saturday night came, and he called upon me, as usual, for my wages. I, of course, told him I had done no work, and had no wages. Here we were at the point of coming to blows. His wrath had been accumulating during the whole week; for he evidently saw that I was making no effort to get work, but was most aggravatingly awaiting his orders, in all things. As I look back to this behavior of mine, I scarcely know what possessed me, thus to trifle with those who had such unlimited power to bless or to blast me. Master Hugh raved and swore his determination to _"get hold of me;"_ but, wisely for _him_, and happily for _me_, his wrath only employed those very harmless, impalpable missiles, which roll from a limber tongue. In my desperation, I had fully made up my mind to measure strength with Master Hugh, in case he should undertake to execute his threats. I am glad there was no necessity for this; for resistance to him could not have ended so happily for me, as it did in the case of Covey. He was not a man to be safely resisted by a slave; and I freely own, that in my conduct toward him, in this instance, there was more folly than wisdom. Master Hugh closed his reproofs, by telling me that, hereafter, I need give myself no uneasiness about getting work; that he "would, himself, see to getting work for me, and enough of it, at that." This threat I confess had some terror in it; and, on thinking the matter over, during the Sunday, I resolved, not only to save him the trouble of getting me work, but that, upon the third day of September, I would attempt to make my escape from slavery. The refusal to allow me to hire my time, therefore, hastened the period of flight. I had three weeks, now, in which to prepare for my journey.

Once resolved, I felt a certain degree of repose, and on Monday, instead of waiting for Master Hugh to seek employment for me, I was up by break of day, and off to the ship yard of Mr. Butler, on the City Block, near the draw-bridge. I was a favorite with Mr. B., and, young as I was, I had served as his foreman on the float stage, at calking. Of course, I easily obtained work, and, at the end of the week—which by the way was exceedingly fine I brought Master Hugh nearly nine dollars. The effect of this mark of returning good sense, on my part, was excellent. He was very much pleased; he took the money, commended me, and told me I might have done the same thing the week before. It is a blessed thing that the tyrant may not always know the thoughts and purposes of his victim. Master Hugh little knew what my plans were. The going to camp-meeting without asking his permission—the insolent answers made to his reproaches—the sulky deportment the week after being deprived of the privilege of hiring my time—had awakened in him the suspicion that I might be cherishing disloyal purposes. My object, therefore, in working steadily, was to remove suspicion, and in this I succeeded admirably. He probably thought I was never better satisfied with my condition, than at the very time I was planning my escape. The second week passed, and again I carried him my full week's wages—_nine dollars;_ and so well pleased was he, that he gave me TWENTY-FIVE CENTS! and "bade me make good use of it!" I told him I would, for one of the uses to which I meant to put it, was to pay my fare on the underground railroad.

Things without went on as usual; but I was passing through the same internal excitement and anxiety which I had experienced two years and a half before. The failure, in that instance, was not calculated to increase my confidence in the success of this, my second attempt; and I knew that a second failure could not leave me where my first did—I must either get to the _far north_, or be sent to the _far south_. Besides the exercise of mind from this state of facts, I had the painful sensation of being about to separate from a circle of honest and warm hearted friends, in Baltimore. The thought of such a separation, where the hope of ever meeting again is excluded, and where there can be no correspondence, is very painful. It is my opinion, that thousands would escape from slavery who now remain there, but for the strong cords of affection that bind them to their families, relatives and friends. The daughter is hindered from escaping, by the love she bears her mother, and the father, by the love he bears his children; and so, to the end of the chapter. I had no relations in Baltimore, and I saw no probability of ever living in the neighborhood of sisters and brothers; but the thought of leaving my friends, was among the strongest obstacles to my running away. The last two days of the week—Friday and Saturday—were spent mostly in collecting my things together, for my journey. Having worked four days that week, for my master, I handed him six dollars, on Saturday night. I seldom spent my Sundays at home; and, for fear that something might be discovered in my conduct, I kept up my custom, and absented myself all day. On Monday, the third day of September, 1838, in accordance with my resolution, I bade farewell to the city of Baltimore, and to that slavery which had been my abhorrence from childhood.

How I got away—in what direction I traveled—whether by land or by water; whether with or without assistance—must, for reasons already mentioned, remain unexplained.

LIFE as a FREEMAN

CHAPTER XXII. _Liberty Attained_

TRANSITION FROM SLAVERY TO FREEDOM—A WANDERER IN NEW YORK—FEELINGS ON REACHING THAT CITY—AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE MET—UNFAVORABLE IMPRESSIONS—LONELINESS AND INSECURITY—APOLOGY FOR SLAVES WHO RETURN TO THEIR MASTERS—COMPELLED TO TELL MY CONDITION—SUCCORED BY A SAILOR—DAVID RUGGLES—THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD—MARRIAGE—BAGGAGE TAKEN FROM ME—KINDNESS OF NATHAN JOHNSON—MY CHANGE OF NAME—DARK NOTIONS OF NORTHERN CIVILIZATION—THE CONTRAST—COLORED PEOPLE IN NEW BEDFORD—AN INCIDENT ILLUSTRATING THEIR SPIRIT—A COMMON LABORER—DENIED WORK AT MY TRADE—THE FIRST WINTER AT THE NORTH—REPULSE AT THE DOORS OF THE CHURCH—SANCTIFIED HATE—THE _Liberator_ AND ITS EDITOR.

There is no necessity for any extended notice of the incidents of this part of my life. There is nothing very striking or peculiar about my career as a freeman, when viewed apart from my life as a slave. The relation subsisting between my early experience and that which I am now about to narrate, is, perhaps, my best apology for adding another chapter to this book.

Disappearing from the kind reader, in a flying cloud or balloon (pardon the figure), driven by the wind, and knowing not where I should land—whether in slavery or in freedom—it is proper that I should remove, at once, all anxiety, by frankly making known where I alighted. The flight was a bold and perilous one; but here I am, in the great city of New York, safe and sound, without loss of blood or bone. In less than a week after leaving Baltimore, I was walking amid the hurrying throng, and gazing upon the dazzling wonders of Broadway. The dreams of my childhood and the purposes of my manhood were now fulfilled. A free state around me, and a free earth under my feet! What a moment was this to me! A whole year was pressed into a single day. A new world burst upon my agitated vision. I have often been asked, by kind friends to whom I have told my story, how I felt when first I found myself beyond the limits of slavery; and I must say here, as I have often said to them, there is scarcely anything about which I could not give a more satisfactory answer. It was a moment of joyous excitement, which no words can describe. In a letter to a friend, written soon after reaching New York. I said I felt as one might be supposed to feel, on escaping from a den of hungry lions. But, in a moment like that, sensations are too intense and too rapid for words. Anguish and grief, like darkness and rain, may be described, but joy and gladness, like the rainbow of promise, defy alike the pen and pencil.

For ten or fifteen years I had been dragging a heavy chain, with a huge block attached to it, cumbering my every motion. I had felt myself doomed to drag this chain and this block through life. All efforts, before, to separate myself from the hateful encumbrance, had only seemed to rivet me the more firmly to it. Baffled and discouraged at times, I had asked myself the question, May not this, after all, be God's work? May He not, for wise ends, have doomed me to this lot? A contest had been going on in my mind for years, between the clear consciousness of right and the plausible errors of superstition; between the wisdom of manly courage, and the foolish weakness of timidity. The contest was now ended; the chain was severed; God and right stood vindicated. I was A FREEMAN, and the voice of peace and joy thrilled my heart.

Free and joyous, however, as I was, joy was not the only sensation I experienced. It was like the quick blaze, beautiful at the first, but which subsiding, leaves the building charred and desolate. I was soon taught that I was still in an enemy's land. A sense of loneliness and insecurity oppressed me sadly. I had been but a few hours in New York, before I was met in the streets by a fugitive slave, well known to me, and the information I got from him respecting New York, did nothing to lessen my apprehension of danger. The fugitive in question was "Allender's Jake," in Baltimore; but, said he, I am "WILLIAM DIXON," in New York! I knew Jake well, and knew when Tolly Allender and Mr. Price (for the latter employed Master Hugh as his foreman, in his shipyard on Fell's Point) made an attempt to recapture Jake, and failed. Jake told me all about his circumstances, and how narrowly he escaped being taken back to slavery; that the city was now full of southerners, returning from the springs; that the black people in New York were not to be trusted; that there were hired men on the lookout for fugitives from slavery, and who, for a few dollars, would betray me into the hands of the slave-catchers; that I must trust no man with my secret; that I must not think of going either on the wharves to work, or to a boarding-house to board; and, worse still, this same Jake told me it was not in his power to help me. He seemed, even while cautioning me, to be fearing lest, after all, I might be a party to a second attempt to recapture him. Under the inspiration of this thought, I must suppose it was, he gave signs of a wish to get rid of me, and soon left me his whitewash brush in hand—as he said, for his work. He was soon lost to sight among the throng, and I was alone again, an easy prey to the kidnappers, if any should happen to be on my track.

New York, seventeen years ago, was less a place of safety for a runaway slave than now, and all know how unsafe it now is, under the new fugitive slave bill. I was much troubled. I had very little money enough to buy me a few loaves of bread, but not enough to pay board, outside a lumber yard. I saw the wisdom of keeping away from the ship yards, for if Master Hugh pursued me, he would naturally expect to find me looking for work among the calkers. For a time, every door seemed closed against me. A sense of my loneliness and helplessness crept over me, and covered me with something bordering on despair. In the midst of thousands of my fellowmen, and yet a perfect stranger! In the midst of human brothers, and yet more fearful of them than of hungry wolves! I was without home, without friends, without work, without money, and without any definite knowledge of which way to go, or where to look for succor.

Some apology can easily be made for the few slaves who have, after making good their escape, turned back to slavery, preferring the actual rule of their masters, to the life of loneliness, apprehension, hunger, and anxiety, which meets them on their first arrival in a free state. It is difficult for a freeman to enter into the feelings of such fugitives. He cannot see things in the same light with the slave, because he does not, and cannot, look from the same point from which the slave does. “Why do you tremble,” he says to the slave “you are in a free state;” but the difficulty is, in realizing that he is in a free state, the slave might reply. A freeman cannot understand why the slave-master’s shadow is bigger, to the slave, than the might and majesty of a free state; but when he reflects that the slave knows more about the slavery of his master than he does of the might and majesty of the free state, he has the explanation. The slave has been all his life learning the power of his master—being trained to dread his approach—and only a few hours learning the power of the state. The master is to him a stern and flinty reality, but the state is little more than a dream. He has been accustomed to regard every white man as the friend of his master, and every colored man as more or less under the control of his master’s friends—the white people. It takes stout nerves to stand up, in such circumstances. A man, homeless, shelterless, breadless, friendless, and moneyless, is not in a condition to assume a very proud or joyous tone; and in just this condition was I, while wandering about the streets of New York city and lodging, at least one night, among the barrels on one of its wharves. I was not only free from slavery, but I was free from home, as well. The reader will easily see that I had something more than the simple fact of being free to think of, in this extremity.

I kept my secret as long as I could, and at last was forced to go in search of an honest man—a man sufficiently _human_ not to betray me into the hands of slave-catchers. I was not a bad reader of the human face, nor long in selecting the right man, when once compelled to disclose the facts of my condition to some one.

I found my man in the person of one who said his name was Stewart. He was a sailor, warm-hearted and generous, and he listened to my story with a brother’s interest. I told him I was running for my freedom—knew not where to go—money almost gone—was hungry—thought it unsafe to go the shipyards for work, and needed a friend. Stewart promptly put me in the way of getting out of my trouble. He took me to his house, and went in search of the late David Ruggles, who was then the secretary of the New York Vigilance Committee, and a very active man in all anti-slavery works. Once in the hands of Mr. Ruggles, I was comparatively safe. I was hidden with Mr. Ruggles several days. In the meantime, my intended wife, Anna, came on from Baltimore—to whom I had written, informing her of my safe arrival at New York—and, in the presence of Mrs. Mitchell and Mr. Ruggles, we were married, by Rev. James W. C. Pennington.

Mr. Ruggles 7 was the first officer on the under-ground railroad with whom I met after reaching the north, and, indeed, the first of whom I ever heard anything. Learning that I was a calker by trade, he promptly decided that New Bedford was the proper place to send me. “Many ships,” said he, “are there fitted out for the whaling business, and you may there find work at your trade, and make a good living.” Thus, in one fortnight after my flight from Maryland, I was safe in New Bedford, regularly entered upon the exercise of the rights, responsibilities, and duties of a freeman.

I may mention a little circumstance which annoyed me on reaching New Bedford. I had not a cent of money, and lacked two dollars toward paying our fare from Newport, and our baggage not very costly—was taken by the stage driver, and held until I could raise the money to redeem it. This difficulty was soon surmounted. Mr. Nathan Johnson, to whom we had a line from Mr. Ruggles, not only received us kindly and hospitably, but, on being informed about our baggage, promptly loaned me two dollars with which to redeem my little property. I shall ever be deeply grateful, both to Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Johnson, for the lively interest they were pleased to take in me, in this hour of my extremest need. They not only gave myself and wife bread and shelter, but taught us how to begin to secure those benefits for ourselves. Long may they live, and may blessings attend them in this life and in that which is to come!

Once initiated into the new life of freedom, and assured by Mr. Johnson that New Bedford was a safe place, the comparatively unimportant matter, as to what should be my name, came up for considertion(sic). It was necessary to have a name in my new relations. The name given me by my beloved mother was no less pretentious than “Frederick Augustus Washington Bailey.” I had, however, before leaving Maryland, dispensed with the _Augustus Washington_, and retained the name _Frederick Bailey_. Between Baltimore and New Bedford, however, I had several different names, the better to avoid being overhauled by the hunters, which I had good reason to believe would be put on my track. Among honest men an honest man may well be content with one name, and to acknowledge it at all times and in all places; but toward fugitives, Americans are not honest. When I arrived at New Bedford, my name was Johnson; and finding that the Johnson family in New Bedford were already quite numerous—sufficiently so to produce some confusion in attempts to distinguish one from another—there was the more reason for making another change in my name. In fact, “Johnson” had been assumed by nearly every slave who had arrived in New Bedford from Maryland, and this, much to the annoyance of the original “Johnsons” (of whom there were many) in that place. Mine host, unwilling to have another of his own name added to the community in this unauthorized way, after I spent a night and a day at his house, gave me my present name. He had been reading the “Lady of the Lake,” and was pleased to regard me as a suitable person to wear this, one of Scotland’s many famous names. Considering the noble hospitality and manly character of Nathan Johnson, I have felt that he, better than I, illustrated the virtues of the great Scottish chief. Sure I am, that had any slave-catcher entered his domicile, with a view to molest any one of his household, he would have shown himself like him of the “stalwart hand.”

The reader will be amused at my ignorance, when I tell the notions I had of the state of northern wealth, enterprise, and civilization. Of wealth and refinement, I supposed the north had none. My _Columbian Orator_, which was almost my only book, had not done much to enlighten me concerning northern society. The impressions I had received were all wide of the truth. New Bedford, especially, took me by surprise, in the solid wealth and grandeur there exhibited. I had formed my notions respecting the social condition of the free states, by what I had seen and known of free, white, non-slaveholding people in the slave states. Regarding slavery as the basis of wealth, I fancied that no people could become very wealthy without slavery. A free white man, holding no slaves, in the country, I had known to be the most ignorant and poverty-stricken of men, and the laughing stock even of slaves themselves—called generally by them, in derision, _“poor white trash_.” Like the non-slaveholders at the south, in holding no slaves, I suppose the northern people like them, also, in poverty and degradation. Judge, then, of my amazement and joy, when I found—as I did find—the very laboring population of New Bedford living in better houses, more elegantly furnished—surrounded by more comfort and refinement—than a majority of the slaveholders on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. There was my friend, Mr. Johnson, himself a colored man (who at the south would have been regarded as a proper marketable commodity), who lived in a better house—dined at a richer board—was the owner of more books—the reader of more newspapers—was more conversant with the political and social condition of this nation and the world—than nine-tenths of all the slaveholders of Talbot county, Maryland. Yet Mr. Johnson was a working man, and his hands were hardened by honest toil. Here, then, was something for observation and study. Whence the difference? The explanation was soon furnished, in the superiority of mind over simple brute force. Many pages might be given to the contrast, and in explanation of its causes. But an incident or two will suffice to show the reader as to how the mystery gradually vanished before me.

My first afternoon, on reaching New Bedford, was spent in visiting the wharves and viewing the shipping. The sight of the broad brim and the plain, Quaker dress, which met me at every turn, greatly increased my sense of freedom and security. “I am among the Quakers,” thought I, “and am safe.” Lying at the wharves and riding in the stream, were full-rigged ships of finest model, ready to start on whaling voyages. Upon the right and the left, I was walled in by large granite-fronted warehouses, crowded with the good things of this world. On the wharves, I saw industry without bustle, labor without noise, and heavy toil without the whip. There was no loud singing, as in southern ports, where ships are loading or unloading—no loud cursing or swearing—but everything went on as smoothly as the works of a well adjusted machine. How different was all this from the nosily fierce and clumsily absurd manner of labor-life in Baltimore and St. Michael’s! One of the first incidents which illustrated the superior mental character of northern labor over that of the south, was the manner of unloading a ship’s cargo of oil. In a southern port, twenty or thirty hands would have been employed to do what five or six did here, with the aid of a single ox attached to the end of a fall. Main strength, unassisted by skill, is slavery’s method of labor. An old ox, worth eighty dollars, was doing, in New Bedford, what would have required fifteen thousand dollars worth of human bones and muscles to have performed in a southern port. I found that everything was done here with a scrupulous regard to economy, both in regard to men and things, time and strength. The maid servant, instead of spending at least a tenth part of her time in bringing and carrying water, as in Baltimore, had the pump at her elbow. The wood was dry, and snugly piled away for winter. Woodhouses, in-door pumps, sinks, drains, self-shutting gates, washing machines, pounding barrels, were all new things, and told me that I was among a thoughtful and sensible people. To the ship-repairing dock I went, and saw the same

wise prudence. The carpenters struck where they aimed, and the calkers wasted no blows in idle flourishes of the mallet. I learned that men went from New Bedford to Baltimore, and bought old ships, and brought them here to repair, and made them better and more valuable than they ever were before. Men talked here of going whaling on a four _years'_ voyage with more coolness than sailors where I came from talked of going a four _months'_ voyage.

I now find that I could have landed in no part of the United States, where I should have found a more striking and gratifying contrast to the condition of the free people of color in Baltimore, than I found here in New Bedford. No colored man is really free in a slaveholding state. He wears the badge of bondage while nominally free, and is often subjected to hardships to which the slave is a stranger; but here in New Bedford, it was my good fortune to see a pretty near approach to freedom on the part of the colored people. I was taken all aback when Mr. Johnson—who lost no time in making me acquainted with the fact—told me that there was nothing in the constitution of Massachusetts to prevent a colored man from holding any office in the state. There, in New Bedford, the black man's children—although anti-slavery was then far from popular—went to school side by side with the white children, and apparently without objection from any quarter. To make me at home, Mr. Johnson assured me that no slaveholder could take a slave from New Bedford; that there were men there who would lay down their lives, before such an outrage could be perpetrated. The colored people themselves were of the best metal, and would fight for liberty to the death.

Soon after my arrival in New Bedford, I was told the following story, which was said to illustrate the spirit of the colored people in that goodly town: A colored man and a fugitive slave happened to have a little quarrel, and the former was heard to threaten the latter with informing his master of his whereabouts. As soon as this threat became known, a notice was read from the desk of what was then the only colored church in the place, stating that business of importance was to be then and there transacted. Special measures had been taken to secure the attendance of the would-be Judas, and had proved successful. Accordingly, at the hour appointed, the people came, and the betrayer also. All the usual formalities of public meetings were scrupulously gone through, even to the offering prayer for Divine direction in the duties of the occasion. The president himself performed this part of the ceremony, and I was told that he was unusually fervent. Yet, at the close of his prayer, the old man (one of the numerous family of Johnsons) rose from his knees, deliberately surveyed his audience, and then said, in a tone of solemn resolution, _"Well, friends, we have got him here, and I would now recommend that you young men should just take him outside the door and kill him."_ With this, a large body of the congregation, who well understood the business they had come there to transact, made a rush at the villain, and doubtless would have killed him, had he not availed himself of an open sash, and made good his escape. He has never shown his head in New Bedford since that time. This little incident is perfectly characteristic of the spirit of the colored people in New Bedford. A slave could not be taken from that town seventeen years ago, any more than he could be so taken away now. The reason is, that the colored people in that city are educated up to the point of fighting for their freedom, as well as speaking for it.

Once assured of my safety in New Bedford, I put on the habiliments of a common laborer, and went on the wharf in search of work. I had no notion of living on the honest and generous sympathy of my colored brother, Johnson, or that of the abolitionists. My cry was like that of Hood's laborer, "Oh! only give me work." Happily for me, I was not long in searching. I found employment, the third day after my arrival in New Bedford, in stowing a sloop with a load of oil for the New York market. It was new, hard, and dirty work, even for a calker, but I went at it with a glad heart and a willing hand. I was now my own master—a tremendous fact—and the rapturous excitement with which I seized the job, may not easily be understood, except by some one with an experience like mine. The thoughts—"I can work! I can work for a living; I am not afraid of work; I have no Master Hugh to rob me of my earnings"—placed me in a state of independence, beyond seeking friendship or support of any man. That day's work I considered the real starting point of something like a new existence. Having finished this job and got my pay for the same, I went next in pursuit of a job at calking. It so happened that Mr. Rodney French, late mayor of the city of New Bedford, had a ship fitting out for sea, and to which there was a large job of calking and coppering to be done. I applied to that noblehearted man for employment, and he promptly told me to go to work; but going on the float-stage for the purpose, I was informed that every white man would leave the ship if I struck a blow upon her. "Well, well," thought I, "this is a hardship, but yet not a very serious one for me." The difference between the wages of a calker and that of a common day laborer, was an hundred per cent in favor of the former; but then I was free, and free to work, though not at my trade. I now prepared myself to do anything which came to hand in the way of turning an honest penny; sawed wood—dug cellars—shoveled coal—swept chimneys with Uncle Lucas Debuty—rolled oil casks on the wharves—helped to load and unload vessels—worked in Ricketson's candle works—in Richmond's brass foundery, and elsewhere; and thus supported myself and family for three years.

The first winter was unusually severe, in consequence of the high prices of food; but even during that winter we probably suffered less than many who had been free all their lives. During the hardest of the winter, I hired out for nine dolars(sic) a month; and out of

this rented two rooms for nine dollars per quarter, and supplied my wife—who was unable to work—with food and some necessary articles of furniture. We were closely pinched to bring our wants within our means; but the jail stood over the way, and I had a wholesome dread of the consequences of running in debt. This winter past, and I was up with the times—got plenty of work—got well paid for it—and felt that I had not done a foolish thing to leave Master Hugh and Master Thomas. I was now living in a new world, and was wide awake to its advantages. I early began to attend the meetings of the colored people of New Bedford, and to take part in them. I was somewhat amazed to see colored men drawing up resolutions and offering them for consideration. Several colored young men of New Bedford, at that period, gave promise of great usefulness. They were educated, and possessed what seemed to me, at the time, very superior talents. Some of them have been cut down by death, and others have removed to different parts of the world, and some remain there now, and justify, in their present activities, my early impressions of them.

Among my first concerns on reaching New Bedford, was to become united with the church, for I had never given up, in reality, my religious faith. I had become lukewarm and in a backslidden state, but I was still convinced that it was my duty to join the Methodist church. I was not then aware of the powerful influence of that religious body in favor of the enslavement of my race, nor did I see how the northern churches could be responsible for the conduct of southern churches; neither did I fully understand how it could be my duty to remain separate from the church, because bad men were connected with it. The slaveholding church, with its Coveys, Weedens, Aulds, and Hopkins, I could see through at once, but I could not see how Elm Street church, in New Bedford, could be regarded as sanctioning the Christianity of these characters in the church at St. Michael's. I therefore resolved to join the Methodist church in New Bedford, and to enjoy the spiritual advantage of public worship. The minister of the Elm Street Methodist church, was the Rev. Mr. Bonney; and although I was not allowed a seat in the body of the house, and was proscribed on account of my color, regarding this proscription simply as an accommodation of the uncoverted congregation who had not yet been won to Christ and his brotherhood, I was willing thus to be proscribed, lest sinners should be driven away form the saving power of the gospel. Once converted, I thought they would be sure to treat me as a man and a brother. "Surely," thought I, "these Christian people have none of this feeling against color. They, at least, have renounced this unholy feeling." Judge, then, dear reader, of my astonishment and mortification, when I found, as soon I did find, all my charitable assumptions at fault.

An opportunity was soon afforded me for ascertaining the exact position of Elm Street church on that subject. I had a chance of seeing the religious part of the congregation by themselves; and although they disowned, in effect, their black brothers and sisters, before the world, I did think that where none but the saints were assembled, and no offense could be given to the wicked, and the gospel could not be "blamed," they would certainly recognize us as children of the same Father, and heirs of the same salvation, on equal terms with themselves.

The occasion to which I refer, was the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, that most sacred and most solemn of all the ordinances of the Christian church. Mr. Bonney had preached a very solemn and searching discourse, which really proved him to be acquainted with the inmost secerts(sic) of the human heart. At the close of his discourse, the congregation was dismissed, and the church remained to partake of the sacrament. I remained to see, as I thought, this holy sacrament celebrated in the spirit of its great Founder.

There were only about a half dozen colored members attached to the Elm Street church, at this time. After the congregation was dismissed, these descended from the gallery, and took a seat against the wall most distant from the altar. Brother Bonney was very animated, and sung very sweetly, "Salvation 'tis a joyful sound," and soon began to administer the sacrament. I was anxious to observe the bearing of the colored members, and the result was most humiliating. During the whole ceremony, they looked like sheep without a shepherd. The white members went forward to the altar by the bench full; and when it was evident that all the whites had been served with the bread and wine, Brother Bonney—pious Brother Bonney—after a long pause, as if inquiring whether all the whites members had been served, and fully assuring himself on that important point, then raised his voice to an unnatural pitch, and looking to the corner where his black sheep seemed penned, beckoned with his hand, exclaiming, "Come forward, colored friends! come forward! You, too, have an interest in the blood of Christ. God is no respecter of persons. Come forward, and take this holy sacrament to your comfort." The colored members poor, slavish souls went forward, as invited. I went out, and have never been in that church since, although I honestly went there with a view to joining that body. I found it impossible to respect the religious profession of any who were under the dominion of this wicked prejudice, and I could not, therefore, feel that in joining them, I was joining a Christian church, at all. I tried other churches in New Bedford, with the same result, and finally, I attached myself to a small body of colored Methodists, known as the Zion Methodists. Favored with the affection and confidence of the members of this humble communion, I was soon made a classleader and a local preacher among them. Many seasons of peace and joy I experienced among them, the remembrance of which is still precious, although I could not see it to be my duty to

remain with that body, when I found that it consented to the same spirit which held my brethren in chains.

In four or five months after reaching New Bedford, there came a young man to me, with a copy of the _Liberator_, the paper edited by WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, and published by ISAAC KNAPP, and asked me to subscribe for it. I told him I had but just escaped from slavery, and was of course very poor, and remarked further, that I was unable to pay for it then; the agent, however, very willingly took me as a subscriber, and appeared to be much pleased with securing my name to his list. From this time I was brought in contact with the mind of William Lloyd Garrison. His paper took its place with me next to the bible.

The _Liberator_ was a paper after my own heart. It detested slavery exposed hypocrisy and wickedness in high places—made no truce with the traffickers in the bodies and souls of men; it preached human brotherhood, denounced oppression, and, with all the solemnity of God's word, demanded the complete emancipation of my race. I not only liked—I _loved_ this paper, and its editor. He seemed a match for all the oponents(sic) of emancipation, whether they spoke in the name of the law, or the gospel. His words were few, full of holy fire, and straight to the point. Learning to love him, through his paper, I was prepared to be pleased with his presence. Something of a hero worshiper, by nature, here was one, on first sight, to excite my love and reverence.

Seventeen years ago, few men possessed a more heavenly countenance than William Lloyd Garrison, and few men evinced a more genuine or a more exalted piety. The bible was his text book—held sacred, as the word of the Eternal Father—sinless perfection—complete submission to insults and injuries—literal obedience to the injunction, if smitten on one side to turn the other also. Not only was Sunday a Sabbath, but all days were Sabbaths, and to be kept holy. All sectarism false and mischievous—the regenerated, throughout the world, members of one body, and the HEAD Christ Jesus. Prejudice against color was rebellion against God. Of all men beneath the sky, the slaves, because most neglected and despised, were nearest and dearest to his great heart. Those ministers who defended slavery from the bible, were of their "father the devil"; and those churches which fellowshiped slaveholders as Christians, were synagogues of Satan, and our nation was a nation of liars. Never loud or noisy—calm and serene as a summer sky, and as pure. "You are the man, the Moses, raised up by God, to deliver his modern Israel from bondage," was the spontaneous feeling of my heart, as I sat away back in the hall and listened to his mighty words; mighty in truth—mighty in their simple earnestness.

I had not long been a reader of the _Liberator_, and listener to its editor, before I got a clear apprehension of the principles of the anti-slavery movement. I had already the spirit of the movement, and only needed to understand its principles and measures. These I got from the _Liberator_, and from those who believed in that paper. My acquaintance with the movement increased my hope for the ultimate freedom of my race, and I united with it from a sense of delight, as well as duty.

Every week the _Liberator_ came, and every week I made myself master of its contents. All the anti-slavery meetings held in New Bedford I promptly attended, my heart burning at every true utterance against the slave system, and every rebuke of its friends and supporters. Thus passed the first three years of my residence in New Bedford. I had not then dreamed of the posibility(sic) of my becoming a public advocate of the cause so deeply imbedded in my heart. It was enough for me to listen—to receive and applaud the great words of others, and only whisper in private, among the white laborers on the wharves, and elsewhere, the truths which burned in my breast.

CHAPTER XXIII. _Introduced to the Abolitionists_

FIRST SPEECH AT NANTUCKET—MUCH SENSATION—EXTRAORDINARY SPEECH OF MR. GARRISON—AUTHOR BECOMES A PUBLIC LECTURER—FOURTEEN YEARS EXPERIENCE—YOUTHFUL ENTHUSIASM—A BRAND NEW FACT—MATTER OF MY AUTHOR'S SPEECH—COULD NOT FOLLOW THE PROGRAMME—FUGITIVE SLAVESHIP DOUBTED—TO SETTLE ALL DOUBT I WRITE MY EXPERIENCE OF SLAVERY—DANGER OF RECAPTURE INCREASED.

In the summer of 1841, a grand anti-slavery convention was held in Nantucket, under the auspices of Mr. Garrison and his friends. Until now, I had taken no holiday since my escape from slavery. Having worked very hard that spring and summer, in Richmond's brass foundery—sometimes working all night as well as all day—and needing a day or two of rest, I attended this convention, never supposing that I should take part in the proceedings. Indeed, I was not aware that any one connected with the convention even so much as knew my name. I was, however, quite mistaken. Mr. William C. Coffin, a prominent abolitionst(sic) in those days of trial, had heard me speaking to my colored friends, in the little school house on Second street, New Bedford, where we worshiped. He sought me out in the crowd, and invited me to say a few words to the convention. Thus sought out, and thus invited, I was induced to speak out the feelings inspired by the occasion, and the fresh recollection of the scenes through which I had passed as a slave.

My speech on this occasion is about the only one I ever made, of which I do not remember a single connected sentence. It was with the utmost difficulty that I could stand erect, or that I could command and articulate two words without hesitation and stammering. I trembled in every limb. I am not sure that my embarrassment was not the most effective part of my speech, if speech it could be called. At any rate, this is about the only part of my performance that I now distinctly remember. But excited and convulsed as I was, the audience, though remarkably quiet before, became as much excited as myself. Mr. Garrison followed me, taking me as his text; and now, whether I had made an eloquent speech in behalf of freedom or not, his was one never to be forgotten by those who heard it. Those who had heard Mr. Garrison oftenest, and had known him longest, were astonished. It was an effort of unequaled power, sweeping down, like a very tornado, every opposing barrier, whether of sentiment or opinion. For a moment, he possessed that almost fabulous inspiration, often referred to but seldom attained, in which a public meeting is transformed, as it were, into a single individuality—the orator wielding a thousand heads and hearts at once, and by the simple majesty of his all controlling thought, converting his hearers into the express image of his own soul. That night there were at least one thousand Garrisonians in Nantucket! A(sic) the close of this great meeting, I was duly waited on by Mr. John A. Collins—then the general agent of the Massachusetts anti-slavery society—and urgently solicited by him to become an agent of that society, and to publicly advocate its anti-slavery principles. I was reluctant to take the proffered position. I had not been quite three years from slavery—was honestly distrustful of my ability—wished to be excused; publicity exposed me to discovery and arrest by my master; and other objections came up, but Mr. Collins was not to be put off, and I finally consented to go out for three months, for I supposed that I should have got to the end of my story and my usefulness, in that length of time.

Here opened upon me a new life a life for which I had had no preparation. I was a “graduate from the peculiar institution,” Mr. Collins used to say, when introducing me, _“with my diploma written on my back!”_ The three years of my freedom had been spent in the hard school of adversity. My hands had been furnished by nature with something like a solid leather coating, and I had bravely marked out for myself a life of rough labor, suited to the hardness of my hands, as a means of supporting myself and rearing my children.

Now what shall I say of this fourteen years’ experience as a public advocate of the cause of my enslaved brothers and sisters? The time is but as a speck, yet large enough to justify a pause for retrospection—and a pause it must only be.

Young, ardent, and hopeful, I entered upon this new life in the full gush of unsuspecting enthusiasm. The cause was good; the men engaged in it were good; the means to attain its triumph, good; Heaven’s blessing must attend all, and freedom must soon be given to the pining millions under a ruthless bondage. My whole heart went with the holy cause, and my most fervent prayer to the Almighty Disposer of the hearts of men, were continually offered for its early triumph. “Who or what,” thought I, “can withstand a cause so good, so holy, so indescribably glorious. The God of Israel is with us. The might of the Eternal is on our side. Now let but the truth be spoken, and a nation will start forth at the sound!” In this enthusiastic spirit, I dropped into the ranks of freedom’s friends, and went forth to the battle. For a time I was made to forget that my skin was dark and my hair crisped. For a time I regretted that I could not have shared the hardships and dangers endured by the earlier workers for the slave’s release. I soon, however, found that my enthusiasm had been extravagant; that hardships and dangers were not yet passed; and that the life now before me, had shadows as well as sunbeams.

Among the first duties assigned me, on entering the ranks, was to travel, in company with Mr. George Foster, to secure subscribers to the _Anti-slavery Standard_ and the _Liberator_. With him I traveled and lectured through the eastern counties of Massachusetts. Much interest was awakened—large meetings assembled. Many came, no doubt, from curiosity to hear what a Negro could say in his own cause. I was generally introduced as a _“chattel”—_a_“thing”_—a piece of southern _“property”_—the chairman assuring the audience that _it_ could speak. Fugitive slaves, at that time, were not so plentiful as now; and as a fugitive slave lecturer, I had the advantage of being a _“brand new fact”_—the first one out. Up to that time, a colored man was deemed a fool who confessed himself a runaway slave, not only because of the danger to which he exposed himself of being retaken, but because it was a confession of a very _low_ origin! Some of my colored friends in New Bedford thought very badly of my wisdom for thus exposing and degrading myself. The only precaution I took, at the beginning, to prevent Master Thomas from knowing where I was, and what I was about, was the withholding my former name, my master’s name, and the name of the state and county from which I came. During the first three or four months, my speeches were almost exclusively made up of narrations of my own personal experience as a slave. “Let us have the facts,” said the people. So also said Friend George Foster, who always wished to pin me down to my simple narrative. “Give us the facts,” said Collins, “we will take care of the philosophy.” Just here arose some embarrassment. It was impossible for me to repeat the same old story month after month, and to keep up my interest in it. It was new to the people, it is true, but it was an old story to me; and to go through with it night after night, was a task altogether too

mechanical for my nature. “Tell your story, Frederick,” would whisper my then revered friend, William Lloyd Garrison, as I stepped upon the platform. I could not always obey, for I was now reading and thinking. New views of the subject were presented to my mind. It did not entirely satisfy me to _narrate_ wrongs; I felt like _denouncing_ them. I could not always curb my moral indignation for the perpetrators of slaveholding villainy, long enough for a circumstantial statement of the facts which I felt almost everybody must know. Besides, I was growing, and needed room. “People won’t believe you ever was a slave, Frederick, if you keep on this way,” said Friend Foster. “Be yourself,” said Collins, “and tell your story.” It was said to me, “Better have a _little_ of the plantation manner of speech than not; ‘tis not best that you seem too learned.” These excellent friends were actuated by the best of motives, and were not altogether wrong in their advice; and still I must speak just the word that seemed to _me_ the word to be spoken _by_ me.

At last the apprehended trouble came. People doubted if I had ever been a slave. They said I did not talk like a slave, look like a slave, nor act like a slave, and that they believed I had never been south of Mason and Dixon’s line. “He don’t tell us where he came from—what his master’s name was—how he got away—nor the story of his experience. Besides, he is educated, and is, in this, a contradiction of all the facts we have concerning the ignorance of the slaves.” Thus, I was in a pretty fair way to be denounced as an impostor. The committee of the Massachusetts anti-slavery society knew all the facts in my case, and agreed with me in the prudence of keeping them private. They, therefore, never doubted my being a genuine fugitive; but going down the aisles of the churches in which I spoke, and hearing the free spoken Yankees saying, repeatedly, _“He’s never been a slave, I’ll warrant ye_,” I resolved to dispel all doubt, at no distant day, by such a revelation of facts as could not be made by any other than a genuine fugitive.

In a little less than four years, therefore, after becoming a public lecturer, I was induced to write out the leading facts connected with my experience in slavery, giving names of persons, places, and dates—thus putting it in the power of any who doubted, to ascertain the truth or falsehood of my story of being a fugitive slave. This statement soon became known in Maryland, and I had reason to believe that an effort would be made to recapture me.

It is not probable that any open attempt to secure me as a slave could have succeeded, further than the obtainment, by my master, of the money value of my bones and sinews. Fortunately for me, in the four years of my labors in the abolition cause, I had gained many friends, who would have suffered themselves to be taxed to almost any extent to save me from slavery. It was felt that I had committed the double offense of running away, and exposing the secrets and crimes of slavery and slaveholders. There was a double motive for seeking my reenslavement—avarice and vengeance; and while, as I have said, there was little probability of successful recapture, if attempted openly, I was constantly in danger of being spirited away, at a moment when my friends could render me no assistance. In traveling about from place to place—often alone I was much exposed to this sort of attack. Any one cherishing the design to betray me, could easily do so, by simply tracing my whereabouts through the anti-slavery journals, for my meetings and movements were promptly made known in advance. My true friends, Mr. Garrison and Mr. Phillips, had no faith in the power of Massachusetts to protect me in my right to liberty. Public sentiment and the law, in their opinion, would hand me over to the tormentors. Mr. Phillips, especially, considered me in danger, and said, when I showed him the manuscript of my story, if in my place, he would throw it into the fire. Thus, the reader will observe, the settling of one difficulty only opened the way for another; and that though I had reached a free state, and had attained position for public usefulness, I ws(sic) still tormented with the liability of losing my liberty. How this liability was dispelled, will be related, with other incidents, in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXIV. _Twenty-One Months in Great Britain_

GOOD ARISING OUT OF UNPROPITIOUS EVENTS—DENIED CABIN PASSAGE—PROSCRIPTION TURNED TO GOOD ACCOUNT—THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY—THE MOB ON BOARD THE “CAMBRIA”—HAPPY INTRODUCTION TO THE BRITISH PUBLIC—LETTER ADDRESSED TO WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON—TIME AND LABORS WHILE ABROAD—FREEDOM PURCHASED—MRS. HENRY RICHARDSON—FREE PAPERS—ABOLITIONISTS DISPLEASED WITH THE RANSOM—HOW MY ENERGIES WERE DIRECTED—RECEPTION SPEECH IN LONDON—CHARACTER OF THE SPEECH DEFENDED—CIRCUMSTANCES EXPLAINED—CAUSES CONTRIBUTING TO THE SUCCESS OF MY MISSION—FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND—TESTIMONIAL.

The allotments of Providence, when coupled with trouble and anxiety, often conceal from finite vision the wisdom and goodness in which they are sent; and, frequently, what seemed a harsh and invidious dispensation, is converted by after experience into a happy and beneficial arrangement. Thus, the painful liability to be returned again to slavery, which haunted me by day, and troubled

my dreams by night, proved to be a necessary step in the path of knowledge and usefulness. The writing of my pamphlet, in the spring of 1845, endangered my liberty, and led me to seek a refuge from republican slavery in monarchical England. A rude, uncultivated fugitive slave was driven, by stern necessity, to that country to which young American gentlemen go to increase their stock of knowledge, to seek pleasure, to have their rough, democratic manners softened by contact with English aristocratic refinement. On applying for a passage to England, on board the “Cambria”, of the Cunard line, my friend, James N. Buffum, of Lynn, Massachusetts, was informed that I could not be received on board as a cabin passenger. American prejudice against color triumphed over British liberality and civilization, and erected a color test and condition for crossing the sea in the cabin of a British vessel. The insult was keenly felt by my white friends, but to me, it was common, expected, and therefore, a thing of no great consequence, whether I went in the cabin or in the steerage. Moreover, I felt that if I could not go into the first cabin, first-cabin passengers could come into the second cabin, and the result justified my anticipations to the fullest extent. Indeed, I soon found myself an object of more general interest than I wished to be; and so far from being degraded by being placed in the second cabin, that part of the ship became the scene of as much pleasure and refinement, during the voyage, as the cabin itself. The Hutchinson Family, celebrated vocalists—fellow-passengers—often came to my rude forecastle deck, and sung their sweetest songs, enlivening the place with eloquent music, as well as spirited conversation, during the voyage. In two days after leaving Boston, one part of the ship was about as free to me as another. My fellow-passengers not only visited me, but invited me to visit them, on the saloon deck. My visits there, however, were but seldom. I preferred to live within my privileges, and keep upon my own premises. I found this quite as much in accordance with good policy, as with my own feelings. The effect was, that with the majority of the passengers, all color distinctions were flung to the winds, and I found myself treated with every mark of respect, from the beginning to the end of the voyage, except in a single instance; and in that, I came near being mobbed, for complying with an invitation given me by the passengers, and the captain of the “Cambria,” to deliver a lecture on slavery. Our New Orleans and Georgia passengers were pleased to regard my lecture as an insult offered to them, and swore I should not speak. They went so far as to threaten to throw me overboard, and but for the firmness of Captain Judkins, probably would have (under the inspiration of _slavery_ and _brandy_) attempted to put their threats into execution. I have no space to describe this scene, although its tragic and comic peculiarities are well worth describing. An end was put to the _melee_, by the captain’s calling the ship’s company to put the salt water mobocrats in irons. At this determined order, the gentlemen of the lash scampered, and for the rest of the voyage conducted themselves very decorously.

This incident of the voyage, in two days after landing at Liverpool, brought me at once before the British public, and that by no act of my own. The gentlemen so promptly snubbed in their meditated violence, flew to the press to justify their conduct, and to denounce me as a worthless and insolent Negro. This course was even less wise than the conduct it was intended to sustain; for, besides awakening something like a national interest in me, and securing me an audience, it brought out counter statements, and threw the blame upon themselves, which they had sought to fasten upon me and the gallant captain of the ship.

Some notion may be formed of the difference in my feelings and circumstances, while abroad, from the following extract from one of a series of letters addressed by me to Mr. Garrison, and published in the _Liberator_. It was written on the first day of January, 1846:

MY DEAR FRIEND GARRISON: Up to this time, I have given no direct expression of the views, feelings, and opinions which I have formed, respecting the character and condition of the people of this land. I have refrained thus, purposely. I wish to speak advisedly, and in order to do this, I have waited till, I trust, experience has brought my opinions to an intelligent maturity. I have been thus careful, not because I think what I say will have much effect in shaping the opinions of the world, but because whatever of influence I may possess, whether little or much, I wish it to go in the right direction, and according to truth. I hardly need say that, in speaking of Ireland, I shall be influenced by no prejudices in favor of America. I think my circumstances all forbid that. I have no end to serve, no creed to uphold, no government to defend; and as to nation, I belong to none. I have no protection at home, or resting-place abroad. The land of my birth welcomes me to her shores only as a slave, and spurns with contempt the idea of treating me differently; so that I am an outcast from the society of my childhood, and an outlaw in the land of my birth. “I am a stranger with thee, and a sojourner, as all my fathers were.” That men should be patriotic, is to me perfectly natural; and as a philosophical fact, I am able to give it an _intellectual_ recognition. But no further can I go. If ever I had any patriotism, or any capacity for the feeling, it was whipped out of me long since, by the lash of the American soul-drivers.

In thinking of America, I sometimes find myself admiring her bright blue sky, her grand old woods, her fertile fields, her beautiful rivers, her mighty lakes, and star-crowned mountains. But my rapture is soon checked, my joy is soon turned to mourning. When I remember that all is cursed with the infernal spirit of slaveholding, robbery, and wrong; when I remember that with the waters of her

noblest rivers, the tears of my brethren are borne to the ocean, disregarded and forgotten, and that her most fertile fields drink daily of the warm blood of my outraged sisters; I am filled with unutterable loathing, and led to reproach myself that anything could fall from my lips in praise of such a land. America will not allow her children to love her. She seems bent on compelling those who would be her warmest friends, to be her worst enemies. May God give her repentance, before it is too late, is the ardent prayer of my heart. I will continue to pray, labor, and wait, believing that she cannot always be insensible to the dictates of justice, or deaf to the voice of humanity.

My opportunities for learning the character and condition of the people of this land have been very great. I have traveled almost from the Hill of Howth to the Giant's Causeway, and from the Giant's Causway, to Cape Clear. During these travels, I have met with much in the chara@@ and condition of the people to approve, and much to condemn; much that @@thrilled me with pleasure, and very much that has filled me with pain. I @@ @@t, in this letter, attempt to give any description of those scenes which have given me pain. This I will do hereafter. I have enough, and more than your subscribers will be disposed to read at one time, of the bright side of the picture. I can truly say, I have spent some of the happiest moments of my life since landing in this country. I seem to have undergone a transformation. I live a new life. The warm and generous cooperation extended to me by the friends of my despised race; the prompt and liberal manner with which the press has rendered me its aid; the glorious enthusiasm with which thousands have flocked to hear the cruel wrongs of my down-trodden and long-enslaved fellow-countrymen portrayed; the deep sympathy for the slave, and the strong abhorrence of the slaveholder, everywhere evinced; the cordiality with which members and ministers of various religious bodies, and of various shades of religious opinion, have embraced me, and lent me their aid; the kind of hospitality constantly proffered to me by persons of the highest rank in society; the spirit of freedom that seems to animate all with whom I come in contact, and the entire absence of everything that looked like prejudice against me, on account of the color of my skin—contrasted so strongly with my long and bitter experience in the United States, that I look with wonder and amazement on the transition. In the southern part of the United States, I was a slave, thought of and spoken of as property; in the language of the LAW, "_held, taken, reputed, and adjudged to be a chattel in the hands of my owners and possessors, and their executors, administrators, and assigns, to all intents, constructions, and purposes whatsoever_." (Brev. Digest, 224). In the northern states, a fugitive slave, liable to be hunted at any moment, like a felon, and to be hurled into the terrible jaws of slavery—doomed by an inveterate prejudice against color to insult and outrage on every hand (Massachusetts out of the question)—denied the privileges and courtesies common to others in the use of the most humble means of conveyance—shut out from the cabins on steamboats—refused admission to respectable hotels—caricatured, scorned, scoffed, mocked, and maltreated with impunity by any one (no matter how black his heart), so he has a white skin. But now behold the change! Eleven days and a half gone, and I have crossed three thousand miles of the perilous deep. Instead of a democratic government, I am under a monarchical government. Instead of the bright, blue sky of America, I am covered with the soft, grey fog of the Emerald Isle. I breathe, and lo! the chattel becomes a man. I gaze around in vain for one who will question my equal humanity, claim me as his slave, or offer me an insult. I employ a cab—I am seated beside white people—I reach the hotel—I enter the same door—I am shown into the same parlor—I dine at the same table and no one is offended. No delicate nose grows deformed in my presence. I find no difficulty here in obtaining admission into any place of worship, instruction, or amusement, on equal terms with people as white as any I ever saw in the United States. I meet nothing to remind me of my complexion. I find myself regarded and treated at every turn with the kindness and deference paid to white people. When I go to church, I am met by no upturned nose and scornful lip to tell me, "_We don't allow niggers in here_!"

I remember, about two years ago, there was in Boston, near the south-west corner of Boston Common, a menagerie. I had long desired to see such a collection as I understood was being exhibited there. Never having had an opportunity while a slave, I resolved to seize this, my first, since my escape. I went, and as I approached the entrance to gain admission, I was met and told by the door-keeper, in a harsh and contemptuous tone, "_We don't allow niggers in here_." I also remember attending a revival meeting in the Rev. Henry Jackson's meeting-house, at New Bedford, and going up the broad aisle to find a seat, I was met by a good deacon, who told me, in a pious tone, "_We don't allow niggers in here_!" Soon after my arrival in New Bedford, from the south, I had a strong desire to attend the Lyceum, but was told, "_They don't allow niggers in here_!" While passing from New York to Boston, on the steamer Massachusetts, on the night of the 9th of December, 1843, when chilled almost through with the cold, I went into the cabin to get a little warm. I was soon touched upon the shoulder, and told, "_We don't allow niggers in here_!" On arriving in Boston, from an anti-slavery tour, hungry and tired, I went into an eating-house, near my friend, Mr. Campbell's to get some refreshments. I was met by a lad in a white apron, "_We don't allow niggers in here_!" A week or two before leaving the United States, I had a meeting appointed at Weymouth, the home of that glorious band of true abolitionists, the Weston family, and others. On attempting to take a seat in the omnibus to that place, I was told by the driver (and I never shall forget his fiendish hate).

“_I don’t allow niggers in here_!” Thank heaven for the respite I now enjoy! I had been in Dublin but a few days, when a gentleman of great respectability kindly offered to conduct me through all the public buildings of that beautiful city; and a little afterward, I found myself dining with the lord mayor of Dublin. What a pity there was not some American democratic Christian at the door of his splendid mansion, to bark out at my approach, “_They don’t allow niggers in here_!” The truth is, the people here know nothing of the republican Negro hate prevalent in our glorious land. They measure and esteem men according to their moral and intellectual worth, and not according to the color of their skin. Whatever may be said of the aristocracies here, there is none based on the color of a man’s skin. This species of aristocracy belongs preeminently to “the land of the free, and the home of the brave.” I have never found it abroad, in any but Americans. It sticks to them wherever they go. They find it almost as hard to get rid of, as to get rid of their skins.

The second day after my arrival at Liverpool, in company with my friend, Buffum, and several other friends, I went to Eaton Hall, the residence of the Marquis of Westminster, one of the most splendid buildings in England. On approaching the door, I found several of our American passengers, who came out with us in the “Cambria,” waiting for admission, as but one party was allowed in the house at a time. We all had to wait till the company within came out. And of all the faces, expressive of chagrin, those of the Americans were preeminent. They looked as sour as vinegar, and as bitter as gall, when they found I was to be admitted on equal terms with themselves. When the door was opened, I walked in, on an equal footing with my white fellow-citizens, and from all I could see, I had as much attention paid me by the servants that showed us through the house, as any with a paler skin. As I walked through the building, the statuary did not fall down, the pictures did not leap from their places, the doors did not refuse to open, and the servants did not say, “_We don’t allow niggers in here_!”

A happy new-year to you, and all the friends of freedom.

My time and labors, while abroad were divided between England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. Upon this experience alone, I might write a book twice the size of this, _My Bondage and My Freedom_. I visited and lectured in nearly all the large towns and cities in the United Kingdom, and enjoyed many favorable opportunities for observation and information. But books on England are abundant, and the public may, therefore, dismiss any fear that I am meditating another infliction in that line; though, in truth, I should like much to write a book on those countries, if for nothing else, to make grateful mention of the many dear friends, whose benevolent actions toward me are ineffaceably stamped upon my memory, and warmly treasured in my heart. To these friends I owe my freedom in the United States. On their own motion, without any solicitation from me (Mrs. Henry Richardson, a clever lady, remarkable for her devotion to every good work, taking the lead), they raised a fund sufficient to purchase my freedom, and actually paid it over, and placed the papers 8 of my manumission in my hands, before they would tolerate the idea of my returning to this, my native country. To this commercial transaction I owe my exemption from the democratic operation of the Fugitive Slave Bill of 1850. But for this, I might at any time become a victim of this most cruel and scandalous enactment, and be doomed to end my life, as I began it, a slave. The sum paid for my freedom was one hundred and fifty pounds sterling.

Some of my uncompromising anti-slavery friends in this country failed to see the wisdom of this arrangement, and were not pleased that I consented to it, even by my silence. They thought it a violation of anti-slavery principles—conceding a right of property in man—and a wasteful expenditure of money. On the other hand, viewing it simply in the light of a ransom, or as money extorted by a robber, and my liberty of more value than one hundred and fifty pounds sterling, I could not see either a violation of the laws of morality, or those of economy, in the transaction.

It is true, I was not in the possession of my claimants, and could have easily remained in England, for the same friends who had so generously purchased my freedom, would have assisted me in establishing myself in that country. To this, however, I could not consent. I felt that I had a duty to perform—and that was, to labor and suffer with the oppressed in my native land. Considering, therefore, all the circumstances—the fugitive slave bill included—I think the very best thing was done in letting Master Hugh have the hundred and fifty pounds sterling, and leaving me free to return to my appropriate field of labor. Had I been a private person, having no other relations or duties than those of a personal and family nature, I should never have consented to the payment of so large a sum for the privilege of living securely under our glorious republican form of government. I could have remained in England, or have gone to some other country; and perhaps I could even have lived unobserved in this. But to this I could not consent. I had already become somewhat notorious, and withal quite as unpopular as notorious; and I was, therefore, much exposed to arrest and recapture.

The main object to which my labors in Great Britain were directed, was the concentration of the moral and religious sentiment of its people against American slavery. England is often charged with having established slavery in the United States, and if there were

no other justification than this, for appealing to her people to lend their moral aid for the abolition of slavery, I should be justified. My speeches in Great Britain were wholly extemporaneous, and I may not always have been so guarded in my expressions, as I otherwise should have been. I was ten years younger then than now, and only seven years from slavery. I cannot give the reader a better idea of the nature of my discourses, than by republishing one of them, delivered in Finsbury chapel, London, to an audience of about two thousand persons, and which was published in the _London Universe_, at the time. 9

Those in the United States who may regard this speech as being harsh in its spirit and unjust in its statements, because delivered before an audience supposed to be anti-republican in their principles and feelings, may view the matter differently, when they learn that the case supposed did not exist. It so happened that the great mass of the people in England who attended and patronized my anti-slavery meetings, were, in truth, about as good republicans as the mass of Americans, and with this decided advantage over the latter—they are lovers of republicanism for all men, for black men as well as for white men. They are the people who sympathize with Louis Kossuth and Mazzini, and with the oppressed and enslaved, of every color and nation, the world over. They constitute the democratic element in British politics, and are as much opposed to the union of church and state as we, in America, are to such an union. At the meeting where this speech was delivered, Joseph Sturge—a world-wide philanthropist, and a member of the society of Friends—presided, and addressed the meeting. George William Alexander, another Friend, who has spent more than an Ameriacn(sic) fortune in promoting the anti-slavery cause in different sections of the world, was on the platform; and also Dr. Campbell (now of the _British Banner_) who combines all the humane tenderness of Melanchthon, with the directness and boldness of Luther. He is in the very front ranks of non-conformists, and looks with no unfriendly eye upon America. George Thompson, too, was there; and America will yet own that he did a true man's work in relighting the rapidly dying-out fire of true republicanism in the American heart, and be ashamed of the treatment he met at her hands. Coming generations in this country will applaud the spirit of this much abused republican friend of freedom. There were others of note seated on the platform, who would gladly ingraft upon English institutions all that is purely republican in the institutions of America. Nothing, therefore, must be set down against this speech on the score that it was delivered in the presence of those who cannot appreciate the many excellent things belonging to our system of government, and with a view to stir up prejudice against republican institutions.

Again, let it also be remembered—for it is the simple truth—that neither in this speech, nor in any other which I delivered in England, did I ever allow myself to address Englishmen as against Americans. I took my stand on the high ground of human brotherhood, and spoke to Englishmen as men, in behalf of men. Slavery is a crime, not against Englishmen, but against God, and all the members of the human family; and it belongs to the whole human family to seek its suppression. In a letter to Mr. Greeley, of the New York Tribune, written while abroad, I said:

I am, nevertheless aware that the wisdom of exposing the sins of one nation in the ear of another, has been seriously questioned by good and clear-sighted people, both on this and on your side of the Atlantic. And the thought is not without weight on my own mind. I am satisfied that there are many evils which can be best removed by confining our efforts to the immediate locality where such evils exist. This, however, is by no means the case with the system of slavery. It is such a giant sin—such a monstrous aggregation of iniquity—so hardening to the human heart—so destructive to the moral sense, and so well calculated to beget a character, in every one around it, favorable to its own continuance,—that I feel not only at liberty, but abundantly justified, in appealing to the whole world to aid in its removal.

But, even if I had—as has been often charged—labored to bring American institutions generally into disrepute, and had not confined my labors strictly within the limits of humanity and morality, I should not have been without illustrious examples to support me. Driven into semi-exile by civil and barbarous laws, and by a system which cannot be thought of without a shudder, I was fully justified in turning, if possible, the tide of the moral universe against the heaven-daring outrage.

Four circumstances greatly assisted me in getting the question of American slavery before the British public. First, the mob on board the "Cambria," already referred to, which was a sort of national announcement of my arrival in England. Secondly, the highly reprehensible course pursued by the Free Church of Scotland, in soliciting, receiving, and retaining money in its sustentation fund for supporting the gospel in Scotland, which was evidently the ill-gotten gain of slaveholders and slave-traders. Third, the great Evangelical Alliance—or rather the attempt to form such an alliance, which should include slaveholders of a certain description—added immensely to the interest felt in the slavery question. About the same time, there was the World's Temperance Convention, where I had the misfortune to come in collision with sundry American doctors of divinity—Dr. Cox among the number—with whom I had a small controversy.

It has happened to me—as it has happened to most other men engaged in a good cause—often to be more indebted to my enemies than to my own skill or to the assistance of my friends, for whatever success has attended my labors. Great surprise was expressed by American newspapers, north and south, during my stay in Great Britain, that a person so illiterate and insignificant as myself could awaken an interest so marked in England. These papers were not the only parties surprised. I was myself not far behind them in surprise. But the very contempt and scorn, the systematic and extravagant disparagement of which I was the object, served, perhaps, to magnify my few merits, and to render me of some account, whether deserving or not. A man is sometimes made great, by the greatness of the abuse a portion of mankind may think proper to heap upon him. Whether I was of as much consequence as the English papers made me out to be, or not, it was easily seen, in England, that I could not be the ignorant and worthless creature, some of the American papers would have them believe I was. Men, in their senses, do not take bowie-knives to kill mosquitoes, nor pistols to shoot flies; and the American passengers who thought proper to get up a mob to silence me, on board the “Cambria,” took the most effective method of telling the British public that I had something to say.

But to the second circumstance, namely, the position of the Free Church of Scotland, with the great Doctors Chalmers, Cunningham, and Candlish at its head. That church, with its leaders, put it out of the power of the Scotch people to ask the old question, which we in the north have often most wickedly asked—“_What have we to do with slavery_?” That church had taken the price of blood into its treasury, with which to build _free_ churches, and to pay _free_ church ministers for preaching the gospel; and, worse still, when honest John Murray, of Bowlien Bay—now gone to his reward in heaven—with William Smeal, Andrew Paton, Frederick Card, and other sterling anti-slavery men in Glasgow, denounced the transaction as disgraceful and shocking to the religious sentiment of Scotland, this church, through its leading divines, instead of repenting and seeking to mend the mistake into which it had fallen, made it a flagrant sin, by undertaking to defend, in the name of God and the bible, the principle not only of taking the money of slave-dealers to build churches, but of holding fellowship with the holders and traffickers in human flesh. This, the reader will see, brought up the whole question of slavery, and opened the way to its full discussion, without any agency of mine. I have never seen a people more deeply moved than were the people of Scotland, on this very question. Public meeting succeeded public meeting. Speech after speech, pamphlet after pamphlet, editorial after editorial, sermon after sermon, soon lashed the conscientious Scotch people into a perfect _furore_. “SEND BACK THE MONEY!” was indignantly cried out, from Greenock to Edinburgh, and from Edinburgh to Aberdeen. George Thompson, of London, Henry C. Wright, of the United States, James N. Buffum, of Lynn, Massachusetts, and myself were on the anti-slavery side; and Doctors Chalmers, Cunningham, and Candlish on the other. In a conflict where the latter could have had even the show of right, the truth, in our hands as against them, must have been driven to the wall; and while I believe we were able to carry the conscience of the country against the action of the Free Church, the battle, it must be confessed, was a hard-fought one. Abler defenders of the doctrine of fellowshiping slaveholders as christians, have not been met with. In defending this doctrine, it was necessary to deny that slavery is a sin. If driven from this position, they were compelled to deny that slaveholders were responsible for the sin; and if driven from both these positions, they must deny that it is a sin in such a sense, and that slaveholders are sinners in such a sense, as to make it wrong, in the circumstances in which they were placed, to recognize them as Christians. Dr. Cunningham was the most powerful debater on the slavery side of the question; Mr. Thompson was the ablest on the anti-slavery side. A scene occurred between these two men, a parallel to which I think I never witnessed before, and I know I never have since. The scene was caused by a single exclamation on the part of Mr. Thompson.

The general assembly of the Free Church was in progress at Cannon Mills, Edinburgh. The building would hold about twenty-five hundred persons; and on this occasion it was densely packed, notice having been given that Doctors Cunningham and Candlish would speak, that day, in defense of the relations of the Free Church of Scotland to slavery in America. Messrs. Thompson, Buffum, myself, and a few anti-slavery friends, attended, but sat at such a distance, and in such a position, that, perhaps we were not observed from the platform. The excitement was intense, having been greatly increased by a series of meetings held by Messrs. Thompson, Wright, Buffum, and myself, in the most splendid hall in that most beautiful city, just previous to the meetings of the general assembly. “SEND BACK THE MONEY!” stared at us from every street corner; “SEND BACK THE MONEY!” in large capitals, adorned the broad flags of the pavement; “SEND BACK THE MONEY!” was the chorus of the popular street songs; “SEND BACK THE MONEY!” was the heading of leading editorials in the daily newspapers. This day, at Cannon Mills, the great doctors of the church were to give an answer to this loud and stern demand. Men of all parties and all sects were most eager to hear. Something great was expected. The occasion was great, the men great, and great speeches were expected from them.

In addition to the outside pressure upon Doctors Cunningham and Candlish, there was wavering in their own ranks. The conscience of the church itself was not at ease. A dissatisfaction with the position of the church touching slavery, was sensibly manifest among the members, and something must be done to counteract this untoward influence. The great Dr. Chalmers was in

feeble health, at the time. His most potent eloquence could not now be summoned to Cannon Mills, as formerly. He whose voice was able to rend asunder and dash down the granite walls of the established church of Scotland, and to lead a host in solemn procession from it, as from a doomed city, was now old and enfeebled. Besides, he had said his word on this very question; and his word had not silenced the clamor without, nor stilled the anxious heavings within. The occasion was momentous, and felt to be so. The church was in a perilous condition. A change of some sort must take place in her condition, or she must go to pieces. To stand where she did, was impossible. The whole weight of the matter fell on Cunningham and Candlish. No shoulders in the church were broader than theirs; and I must say, badly as I detest the principles laid down and defended by them, I was compelled to acknowledge the vast mental endowments of the men. Cunningham rose; and his rising was the signal for almost tumultous applause. You will say this was scarcely in keeping with the solemnity of the occasion, but to me it served to increase its grandeur and gravity. The applause, though tumultuous, was not joyous. It seemed to me, as it thundered up from the vast audience, like the fall of an immense shaft, flung from shoulders already galled by its crushing weight. It was like saying, “Doctor, we have borne this burden long enough, and willingly fling it upon you. Since it was you who brought it upon us, take it now, and do what you will with it, for we are too weary to bear it. [“no close”].

Doctor Cunningham proceeded with his speech, abounding in logic, learning, and eloquence, and apparently bearing down all opposition; but at the moment—the fatal moment—when he was just bringing all his arguments to a point, and that point being, that neither Jesus Christ nor his holy apostles regarded slaveholding as a sin, George Thompson, in a clear, sonorous, but rebuking voice, broke the deep stillness of the audience, exclaiming, HEAR! HEAR! HEAR! The effect of this simple and common exclamation is almost incredible. It was as if a granite wall had been suddenly flung up against the advancing current of a mighty river. For a moment, speaker and audience were brought to a dead silence. Both the doctor and his hearers seemed appalled by the audacity, as well as the fitness of the rebuke. At length a shout went up to the cry of “_Put him out_!” Happily, no one attempted to execute this cowardly order, and the doctor proceeded with his discourse. Not, however, as before, did the learned doctor proceed. The exclamation of Thompson must have reechoed itself a thousand times in his memory, during the remainder of his speech, for the doctor never recovered from the blow.

The deed was done, however; the pillars of the church—_the proud, Free Church of Scotland_—were committed and the humility of repentance was absent. The Free Church held on to the blood-stained money, and continued to justify itself in its position—and of course to apologize for slavery—and does so till this day. She lost a glorious opportunity for giving her voice, her vote, and her example to the cause of humanity; and to-day she is staggering under the curse of the enslaved, whose blood is in her skirts. The people of Scotland are, to this day, deeply grieved at the course pursued by the Free Church, and would hail, as a relief from a deep and blighting shame, the “sending back the money” to the slaveholders from whom it was gathered.

One good result followed the conduct of the Free Church; it furnished an occasion for making the people of Scotland thoroughly acquainted with the character of slavery, and for arraying against the system the moral and religious sentiment of that country. Therefore, while we did not succeed in accomplishing the specific object of our mission, namely—procure the sending back of the money—we were amply justified by the good which really did result from our labors.

Next comes the Evangelical Alliance. This was an attempt to form a union of all evangelical Christians throughout the world. Sixty or seventy American divines attended, and some of them went there merely to weave a world-wide garment with which to clothe evangelical slaveholders. Foremost among these divines, was the Rev. Samuel Hanson Cox, moderator of the New School Presbyterian General Assembly. He and his friends spared no pains to secure a platform broad enough to hold American slaveholders, and in this partly succeeded. But the question of slavery is too large a question to be finally disposed of, even by the Evangelical Alliance. We appealed from the judgment of the Alliance, to the judgment of the people of Great Britain, and with the happiest effect. This controversy with the Alliance might be made the subject of extended remark, but I must forbear, except to say, that this effort to shield the Christian character of slaveholders greatly served to open a way to the British ear for anti-slavery discussion, and that it was well improved.

The fourth and last circumstance that assisted me in getting before the British public, was an attempt on the part of certain doctors of divinity to silence me on the platform of the World’s Temperance Convention. Here I was brought into point blank collison with Rev. Dr. Cox, who made me the subject not only of bitter remark in the convention, but also of a long denunciatory letter published in the New York Evangelist and other American papers. I replied to the doctor as well as I could, and was successful in getting a respectful hearing before the British public, who are by nature and practice ardent lovers of fair play, especially in a conflict between the weak and the strong.

Thus did circumstances favor me, and favor the cause of which I strove to be the advocate. After such distinguished notice, the public in both countries was compelled to attach some importance to my labors. By the very ill usage I received at the hands of Dr. Cox and his party, by the mob on board the “Cambria,” by the attacks made upon me in the American newspapers, and by the aspersions cast upon me through the organs of the Free Church of Scotland, I became one of that class of men, who, for the moment, at least, “have greatness forced upon them.” People became the more anxious to hear for themselves, and to judge for themselves, of the truth which I had to unfold. While, therefore, it is by no means easy for a stranger to get fairly before the British public, it was my lot to accomplish it in the easiest manner possible.

Having continued in Great Britain and Ireland nearly two years, and being about to return to America—not as I left it, a slave, but a freeman—leading friends of the cause of emancipation in that country intimated their intention to make me a testimonial, not only on grounds of personal regard to myself, but also to the cause to which they were so ardently devoted. How far any such thing could have succeeded, I do not know; but many reasons led me to prefer that my friends should simply give me the means of obtaining a printing press and printing materials, to enable me to start a paper, devoted to the interests of my enslaved and oppressed people. I told them that perhaps the greatest hinderance to the adoption of abolition principles by the people of the United States, was the low estimate, everywhere in that country, placed upon the Negro, as a man; that because of his assumed natural inferiority, people reconciled themselves to his enslavement and oppression, as things inevitable, if not desirable. The grand thing to be done, therefore, was to change the estimation in which the colored people of the United States were held; to remove the prejudice which depreciated and depressed them; to prove them worthy of a higher consideration; to disprove their alleged inferiority, and demonstrate their capacity for a more exalted civilization than slavery and prejudice had assigned to them. I further stated, that, in my judgment, a tolerably well conducted press, in the hands of persons of the despised race, by calling out the mental energies of the race itself; by making them acquainted with their own latent powers; by enkindling among them the hope that for them there is a future; by developing their moral power; by combining and reflecting their talents—would prove a most powerful means of removing prejudice, and of awakening an interest in them. I further informed them—and at that time the statement was true—that there was not, in the United States, a single newspaper regularly published by the colored people; that many attempts had been made to establish such papers; but that, up to that time, they had all failed. These views I laid before my friends. The result was, nearly two thousand five hundred dollars were speedily raised toward starting my paper. For this prompt and generous assistance, rendered upon my bare suggestion, without any personal efforts on my part, I shall never cease to feel deeply grateful; and the thought of fulfilling the noble expectations of the dear friends who gave me this evidence of their confidence, will never cease to be a motive for persevering exertion.

Proposing to leave England, and turning my face toward America, in the spring of 1847, I was met, on the threshold, with something which painfully reminded me of the kind of life which awaited me in my native land. For the first time in the many months spent abroad, I was met with proscription on account of my color. A few weeks before departing from England, while in London, I was careful to purchase a ticket, and secure a berth for returning home, in the “Cambria”—the steamer in which I left the United States—paying therefor the round sum of forty pounds and nineteen shillings sterling. This was first cabin fare. But on going aboard the Cambria, I found that the Liverpool agent had ordered my berth to be given to another, and had forbidden my entering the saloon! This contemptible conduct met with stern rebuke from the British press. For, upon the point of leaving England, I took occasion to expose the disgusting tyranny, in the columns of the London _Times_. That journal, and other leading journals throughout the United Kingdom, held up the outrage to unmitigated condemnation. So good an opportunity for calling out a full expression of British sentiment on the subject, had not before occurred, and it was most fully embraced. The result was, that Mr. Cunard came out in a letter to the public journals, assuring them of his regret at the outrage, and promising that the like should never occur again on board his steamers; and the like, we believe, has never since occurred on board the steamships of the Cunard line.

It is not very pleasant to be made the subject of such insults; but if all such necessarily resulted as this one did, I should be very happy to bear, patiently, many more than I have borne, of the same sort. Albeit, the lash of proscription, to a man accustomed to equal social position, even for a time, as I was, has a sting for the soul hardly less severe than that which bites the flesh and draws the blood from the back of the plantation slave. It was rather hard, after having enjoyed nearly two years of equal social privileges in England, often dining with gentlemen of great literary, social, political, and religious eminence never, during the whole time, having met with a single word, look, or gesture, which gave me the slightest reason to think my color was an offense to anybody—now to be cooped up in the stern of the “Cambria,” and denied the right to enter the saloon, lest my dark presence should be deemed an offense to some of my democratic fellow-passengers. The reader will easily imagine what must have been my feelings.

CHAPTER XXV. _Various Incidents_

NEWSPAPER ENTERPRISE—UNEXPECTED OPPOSITION—THE OBJECTIONS TO IT—THEIR PLAUSIBILITY ADMITTED—MOTIVES FOR COMING TO ROCHESTER—DISCIPLE OF MR. GARRISON—CHANGE OF OPINION—CAUSES LEADING TO IT—THE CONSEQUENCES OF THE CHANGE—PREJUDICE AGAINST COLOR—AMUSING CONDESCENSION—“JIM CROW CARS”—COLLISIONS WITH CONDUCTORS AND BRAKEMEN—TRAINS ORDERED NOT TO STOP AT LYNN—AMUSING DOMESTIC SCENE—SEPARATE TABLES FOR MASTER AND MAN—PREJUDICE UNNATURAL—ILLUSTRATIONS—IN HIGH COMPANY—ELEVATION OF THE FREE PEOPLE OF COLOR—PLEDGE FOR THE FUTURE.

I have now given the reader an imperfect sketch of nine years’ experience in freedom—three years as a common laborer on the wharves of New Bedford, four years as a lecturer in New England, and two years of semi-exile in Great Britain and Ireland. A single ray of light remains to be flung upon my life during the last eight years, and my story will be done.

A trial awaited me on my return from England to the United States, for which I was but very imperfectly prepared. My plans for my then future usefulness as an anti-slavery advocate were all settled. My friends in England had resolved to raise a given sum to purchase for me a press and printing materials; and I already saw myself wielding my pen, as well as my voice, in the great work of renovating the public mind, and building up a public sentiment which should, at least, send slavery and oppression to the grave, and restore to “liberty and the pursuit of happiness” the people with whom I had suffered, both as a slave and as a freeman. Intimation had reached my friends in Boston of what I intended to do, before my arrival, and I was prepared to find them favorably disposed toward my much cherished enterprise. In this I was mistaken. I found them very earnestly opposed to the idea of my starting a paper, and for several reasons. First, the paper was not needed; secondly, it would interfere with my usefulness as a lecturer; thirdly, I was better fitted to speak than to write; fourthly, the paper could not succeed. This opposition, from a quarter so highly esteemed, and to which I had been accustomed to look for advice and direction, caused me not only to hesitate, but inclined me to abandon the enterprise. All previous attempts to establish such a journal having failed, I felt that probably I should but add another to the list of failures, and thus contribute another proof of the mental and moral deficiencies of my race. Very much that was said to me in respect to my imperfect literary acquirements, I felt to be most painfully true. The unsuccessful projectors of all the previous colored newspapers were my superiors in point of education, and if they failed, how could I hope for success? Yet I did hope for success, and persisted in the undertaking. Some of my English friends greatly encouraged me to go forward, and I shall never cease to be grateful for their words of cheer and generous deeds.

I can easily pardon those who have denounced me as ambitious and presumptuous, in view of my persistence in this enterprise. I was but nine years from slavery. In point of mental experience, I was but nine years old. That one, in such circumstances, should aspire to establish a printing press, among an educated people, might well be considered, if not ambitious, quite silly. My American friends looked at me with astonishment! “A wood-sawyer” offering himself to the public as an editor! A slave, brought up in the very depths of ignorance, assuming to instruct the highly civilized people of the north in the principles of liberty, justice, and humanity! The thing looked absurd. Nevertheless, I persevered. I felt that the want of education, great as it was, could be overcome by study, and that knowledge would come by experience; and further (which was perhaps the most controlling consideration). I thought that an intelligent public, knowing my early history, would easily pardon a large share of the deficiencies which I was sure that my paper would exhibit. The most distressing thing, however, was the offense which I was about to give my Boston friends, by what seemed to them a reckless disregard of their sage advice. I am not sure that I was not under the influence of something like a slavish adoration of my Boston friends, and I labored hard to convince them of the wisdom of my undertaking, but without success. Indeed, I never expect to succeed, although time has answered all their original objections. The paper has been successful. It is a large sheet, costing eighty dollars per week—has three thousand subscribers—has been published regularly nearly eight years—and bids fair to stand eight years longer. At any rate, the eight years to come are as full of promise as were the eight that are past.

It is not to be concealed, however, that the maintenance of such a journal, under the circumstances, has been a work of much difficulty; and could all the perplexity, anxiety, and trouble attending it, have been clearly foreseen, I might have shrunk from the undertaking. As it is, I rejoice in having engaged in the enterprise, and count it joy to have been able to suffer, in many ways, for its success, and for the success of the cause to which it has been faithfully devoted. I look upon the time, money, and labor bestowed upon it, as being amply rewarded, in the development of my own mental and moral energies, and in the corresponding development of my deeply injured and oppressed people.

From motives of peace, instead of issuing my paper in Boston, among my New England friends, I came to Rochester, western New York, among strangers, where the circulation of my paper could not interfere with the local circulation of the _Liberator_ and the _Standard;_ for at that time I was, on the anti-slavery question, a faithful disciple of William Lloyd Garrison, and fully committed to his doctrine touching the pro-slavery character of the constitution of the United States, and the _non-voting principle_, of which he is the known and distinguished advocate. With Mr. Garrison, I held it to be the first duty of the non-slaveholding states to dissolve the union with the slaveholding states; and hence my cry, like his, was, “No union with slaveholders.” With these views, I came into western New York; and during the first four years of my labor here, I advocated them with pen and tongue, according to the best of my ability.

About four years ago, upon a reconsideration of the whole subject, I became convinced that there was no necessity for dissolving the “union between the northern and southern states;” that to seek this dissolution was no part of my duty as an abolitionist; that to abstain from voting, was to refuse to exercise a legitimate and powerful means for abolishing slavery; and that the constitution of the United States not only contained no guarantees in favor of slavery, but, on the contrary, it is, in its letter and spirit, an anti-slavery instrument, demanding the abolition of slavery as a condition of its own existence, as the supreme law of the land.

Here was a radical change in my opinions, and in the action logically resulting from that change. To those with whom I had been in agreement and in sympathy, I was now in opposition. What they held to be a great and important truth, I now looked upon as a dangerous error. A very painful, and yet a very natural, thing now happened. Those who could not see any honest reasons for changing their views, as I had done, could not easily see any such reasons for my change, and the common punishment of apostates was mine.

The opinions first entertained were naturally derived and honestly entertained, and I trust that my present opinions have the same claims to respect. Brought directly, when I escaped from slavery, into contact with a class of abolitionists regarding the constitution as a slaveholding instrument, and finding their views supported by the united and entire history of every department of the government, it is not strange that I assumed the constitution to be just what their interpretation made it. I was bound, not only by their superior knowledge, to take their opinions as the true ones, in respect to the subject, but also because I had no means of showing their unsoundness. But for the responsibility of conducting a public journal, and the necessity imposed upon me of meeting opposite views from abolitionists in this state, I should in all probability have remained as firm in my disunion views as any other disciple of William Lloyd Garrison.

My new circumstances compelled me to re-think the whole subject, and to study, with some care, not only the just and proper rules of legal interpretation, but the origin, design, nature, rights, powers, and duties of civil government, and also the relations which human beings sustain to it. By such a course of thought and reading, I was conducted to the conclusion that the constitution of the United States—inaugurated “to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessing of liberty”—could not well have been designed at the same time to maintain and perpetuate a system of rapine and murder, like slavery; especially, as not one word can be found in the constitution to authorize such a belief. Then, again, if the declared purposes of an instrument are to govern the meaning of all its parts and details, as they clearly should, the constitution of our country is our warrant for the abolition of slavery in every state in the American Union. I mean, however, not to argue, but simply to state my views. It would require very many pages of a volume like this, to set forth the arguments demonstrating the unconstitutionality and the complete illegality of slavery in our land; and as my experience, and not my arguments, is within the scope and contemplation of this volume, I omit the latter and proceed with the former.

I will now ask the kind reader to go back a little in my story, while I bring up a thread left behind for convenience sake, but which, small as it is, cannot be properly omitted altogether; and that thread is American prejudice against color, and its varied illustrations in my own experience.

When I first went among the abolitionists of New England, and began to travel, I found this prejudice very strong and very annoying. The abolitionists themselves were not entirely free from it, and I could see that they were nobly struggling against it. In their eagerness, sometimes, to show their contempt for the feeling, they proved that they had not entirely recovered from it; often illustrating the saying, in their conduct, that a man may “stand up so straight as to lean backward.” When it was said to me, “Mr. Douglass, I will walk to meeting with you; I am not afraid of a black man,” I could not help thinking—seeing nothing very frightful in my appearance—“And why should you be?” The children at the north had all been educated to believe that if they were bad, the old _black_ man—not the old _devil_—would get them; and it was evidence of some courage, for any so educated to get the better of their fears.

The custom of providing separate cars for the accommodation of colored travelers, was established on nearly all the railroads of New England, a dozen years ago. Regarding this custom as fostering the spirit of caste, I made it a rule to seat myself in the cars for the accommodation of passengers generally. Thus seated, I was sure to be called upon to betake myself to the "_Jim Crow car_." Refusing to obey, I was often dragged out of my seat, beaten, and severely bruised, by conductors and brakemen. Attempting to start from Lynn, one day, for Newburyport, on the Eastern railroad, I went, as my custom was, into one of the best railroad carriages on the road. The seats were very luxuriant and beautiful. I was soon waited upon by the conductor, and ordered out; whereupon I demanded the reason for my invidious removal. After a good deal of parleying, I was told that it was because I was black. This I denied, and appealed to the company to sustain my denial; but they were evidently unwilling to commit themselves, on a point so delicate, and requiring such nice powers of discrimination, for they remained as dumb as death. I was soon waited on by half a dozen fellows of the baser sort (just such as would volunteer to take a bull-dog out of a meeting-house in time of public worship), and told that I must move out of that seat, and if I did not, they would drag me out. I refused to move, and they clutched me, head, neck, and shoulders. But, in anticipation of the stretching to which I was about to be subjected, I had interwoven myself among the seats. In dragging me out, on this occasion, it must have cost the company twenty-five or thirty dollars, for I tore up seats and all. So great was the excitement in Lynn, on the subject, that the superintendent, Mr. Stephen A. Chase, ordered the trains to run through Lynn without stopping, while I remained in that town; and this ridiculous farce was enacted. For several days the trains went dashing through Lynn without stopping. At the same time that they excluded a free colored man from their cars, this same company allowed slaves, in company with their masters and mistresses, to ride unmolested.

After many battles with the railroad conductors, and being roughly handled in not a few instances, proscription was at last abandoned; and the "Jim Crow car"—set up for the degradation of colored people—is nowhere found in New England. This result was not brought about without the intervention of the people, and the threatened enactment of a law compelling railroad companies to respect the rights of travelers. Hon. Charles Francis Adams performed signal service in the Massachusetts legislature, in bringing this reformation; and to him the colored citizens of that state are deeply indebted.

Although often annoyed, and sometimes outraged, by this prejudice against color, I am indebted to it for many passages of quiet amusement. A half-cured subject of it is sometimes driven into awkward straits, especially if he happens to get a genuine specimen of the race into his house.

In the summer of 1843, I was traveling and lecturing, in company with William A. White, Esq., through the state of Indiana. Anti-slavery friends were not very abundant in Indiana, at that time, and beds were not more plentiful than friends. We often slept out, in preference to sleeping in the houses, at some points. At the close of one of our meetings, we were invited home with a kindly-disposed old farmer, who, in the generous enthusiasm of the moment, seemed to have forgotten that he had but one spare bed, and that his guests were an ill-matched pair. All went on pretty well, till near bed time, when signs of uneasiness began to show themselves, among the unsophisticated sons and daughters. White is remarkably fine looking, and very evidently a born gentleman; the idea of putting us in the same bed was hardly to be tolerated; and yet, there we were, and but the one bed for us, and that, by the way, was in the same room occupied by the other members of the family. White, as well as I, perceived the difficulty, for yonder slept the old folks, there the sons, and a little farther along slept the daughters; and but one other bed remained. Who should have this bed, was the puzzling question. There was some whispering between the old folks, some confused looks among the young, as the time for going to bed approached. After witnessing the confusion as long as I liked, I relieved the kindly-disposed family by playfully saying, "Friend White, having got entirely rid of my prejudice against color, I think, as a proof of it, I must allow you to sleep with me to-night." White kept up the joke, by seeming to esteem himself the favored party, and thus the difficulty was removed. If we went to a hotel, and called for dinner, the landlord was sure to set one table for White and another for me, always taking him to be master, and me the servant. Large eyes were generally made when the order was given to remove the dishes from my table to that of White's. In those days, it was thought strange that a white man and a colored man could dine peaceably at the same table, and in some parts the strangeness of such a sight has not entirely subsided.

Some people will have it that there is a natural, an inherent, and an invincible repugnance in the breast of the white race toward dark-colored people; and some very intelligent colored men think that their proscription is owing solely to the color which nature has given them. They hold that they are rated according to their color, and that it is impossible for white people ever to look upon dark races of men, or men belonging to the African race, with other than feelings of aversion. My experience, both serious and mirthful, combats this conclusion. Leaving out of sight, for a moment, grave facts, to this point, I will state one or two, which illustrate a very interesting feature of American character as well as American prejudice. Riding from Boston to Albany, a few years ago, I found myself in a large car, well filled with passengers. The seat next to me was about the only vacant one. At every stopping place we

took in new passengers, all of whom, on reaching the seat next to me, cast a disdainful glance upon it, and passed to another car, leaving me in the full enjoyment of a hole form. For a time, I did not know but that my riding there was prejudicial to the interest of the railroad company. A circumstance occurred, however, which gave me an elevated position at once. Among the passengers on this train was Gov. George N. Briggs. I was not acquainted with him, and had no idea that I was known to him, however, I was, for upon observing me, the governor left his place, and making his way toward me, respectfully asked the privilege of a seat by my side; and upon introducing himself, we entered into a conversation very pleasant and instructive to me. The despised seat now became honored. His excellency had removed all the prejudice against sitting by the side of a Negro; and upon his leaving it, as he did, on reaching Pittsfield, there were at least one dozen applicants for the place. The governor had, without changing my skin a single shade, made the place respectable which before was despicable.

A similar incident happened to me once on the Boston and New Bedford railroad, and the leading party to it has since been governor of the state of Massachusetts. I allude to Col. John Henry Clifford. Lest the reader may fancy I am aiming to elevate myself, by claiming too much intimacy with great men, I must state that my only acquaintance with Col. Clifford was formed while I was _his hired servant_, during the first winter of my escape from slavery. I owe it him to say, that in that relation I found him always kind and gentlemanly. But to the incident. I entered a car at Boston, for New Bedford, which, with the exception of a single seat was full, and found I must occupy this, or stand up, during the journey. Having no mind to do this, I stepped up to the man having the next seat, and who had a few parcels on the seat, and gently asked leave to take a seat by his side. My fellow-passenger gave me a look made up of reproach and indignation, and asked me why I should come to that particular seat. I assured him, in the gentlest manner, that of all others this was the seat for me. Finding that I was actually about to sit down, he sang out, “O! stop, stop! and let me get out!” Suiting the action to the word, up the agitated man got, and sauntered to the other end of the car, and was compelled to stand for most of the way thereafter. Halfway to New Bedford, or more, Col. Clifford, recognizing me, left his seat, and not having seen me before since I had ceased to wait on him (in everything except hard arguments against his pro-slavery position), apparently forgetful of his rank, manifested, in greeting me, something of the feeling of an old friend. This demonstration was not lost on the gentleman whose dignity I had, an hour before, most seriously offended. Col. Clifford was known to be about the most aristocratic gentleman in Bristol county; and it was evidently thought that I must be somebody, else I should not have been thus noticed, by a person so distinguished. Sure enough, after Col. Clifford left me, I found myself surrounded with friends; and among the number, my offended friend stood nearest, and with an apology for his rudeness, which I could not resist, although it was one of the lamest ever offered. With such facts as these before me—and I have many of them—I am inclined to think that pride and fashion have much to do with the treatment commonly extended to colored people in the United States. I once heard a very plain man say (and he was cross-eyed, and awkwardly flung together in other respects) that he should be a handsome man when public opinion shall be changed.

Since I have been editing and publishing a journal devoted to the cause of liberty and progress, I have had my mind more directed to the condition and circumstances of the free colored people than when I was the agent of an abolition society. The result has been a corresponding change in the disposition of my time and labors. I have felt it to be a part of my mission—under a gracious Providence to impress my sable brothers in this country with the conviction that, notwithstanding the ten thousand discouragements and the powerful hinderances, which beset their existence in this country—notwithstanding the blood-written history of Africa, and her children, from whom we have descended, or the clouds and darkness (whose stillness and gloom are made only more awful by wrathful thunder and lightning) now overshadowing them—progress is yet possible, and bright skies shall yet shine upon their pathway; and that “Ethiopia shall yet reach forth her hand unto God.”

Believing that one of the best means of emancipating the slaves of the south is to improve and elevate the character of the free colored people of the north I shall labor in the future, as I have labored in the past, to promote the moral, social, religious, and intellectual elevation of the free colored people; never forgetting my own humble orgin(sic), nor refusing, while Heaven lends me ability, to use my voice, my pen, or my vote, to advocate the great and primary work of the universal and unconditional emancipation of my entire race.

RECEPTION SPEECH 10. At Finsbury Chapel, Moorfields, England, May 12,

1846

Mr. Douglass rose amid loud cheers, and said: I feel exceedingly glad of the opportunity now afforded me of presenting the claims of my brethren in bonds in the United States, to so many in London and from various parts of Britain, who have assembled here on

the present occasion. I have nothing to commend me to your consideration in the way of learning, nothing in the way of education, to entitle me to your attention; and you are aware that slavery is a very bad school for rearing teachers of morality and religion. Twenty-one years of my life have been spent in slavery—personal slavery—surrounded by degrading influences, such as can exist nowhere beyond the pale of slavery; and it will not be strange, if under such circumstances, I should betray, in what I have to say to you, a deficiency of that refinement which is seldom or ever found, except among persons that have experienced superior advantages to those which I have enjoyed. But I will take it for granted that you know something about the degrading influences of slavery, and that you will not expect great things from me this evening, but simply such facts as I may be able to advance immediately in connection with my own experience of slavery.

Now, what is this system of slavery? This is the subject of my lecture this evening—what is the character of this institution? I am about to answer the inquiry, what is American slavery? I do this the more readily, since I have found persons in this country who have identified the term slavery with that which I think it is not, and in some instances, I have feared, in so doing, have rather (unwittingly, I know) detracted much from the horror with which the term slavery is contemplated. It is common in this country to distinguish every bad thing by the name of slavery. Intemperance is slavery; to be deprived of the right to vote is slavery, says one; to have to work hard is slavery, says another; and I do not know but that if we should let them go on, they would say that to eat when we are hungry, to walk when we desire to have exercise, or to minister to our necessities, or have necessities at all, is slavery. I do not wish for a moment to detract from the horror with which the evil of intemperance is contemplated—not at all; nor do I wish to throw the slightest obstruction in the way of any political freedom that any class of persons in this country may desire to obtain. But I am here to say that I think the term slavery is sometimes abused by identifying it with that which it is not. Slavery in the United States is the granting of that power by which one man exercises and enforces a right of property in the body and soul of another. The condition of a slave is simply that of the brute beast. He is a piece of property—a marketable commodity, in the language of the law, to be bought or sold at the will and caprice of the master who claims him to be his property; he is spoken of, thought of, and treated as property. His own good, his conscience, his intellect, his affections, are all set aside by the master. The will and the wishes of the master are the law of the slave. He is as much a piece of property as a horse. If he is fed, he is fed because he is property. If he is clothed, it is with a view to the increase of his value as property. Whatever of comfort is necessary to him for his body or soul that is inconsistent with his being property, is carefully wrested from him, not only by public opinion, but by the law of the country. He is carefully deprived of everything that tends in the slightest degree to detract from his value as property. He is deprived of education. God has given him an intellect; the slaveholder declares it shall not be cultivated. If his moral perception leads him in a course contrary to his value as property, the slaveholder declares he shall not exercise it. The marriage institution cannot exist among slaves, and one-sixth of the population of democratic America is denied its privileges by the law of the land. What is to be thought of a nation boasting of its liberty, boasting of its humanity, boasting of its Christianity, boasting of its love of justice and purity, and yet having within its own borders three millions of persons denied by law the right of marriage?—what must be the condition of that people? I need not lift up the veil by giving you any experience of my own. Every one that can put two ideas together, must see the most fearful results from such a state of things as I have just mentioned. If any of these three millions find for themselves companions, and prove themselves honest, upright, virtuous persons to each other, yet in these cases—few as I am bound to confess they are—the virtuous live in constant apprehension of being torn asunder by the merciless men-stealers that claim them as their property. This is American slavery; no marriage—no education—the light of the gospel shut out from the dark mind of the bondman—and he forbidden by law to learn to read. If a mother shall teach her children to read, the law in Louisiana proclaims that she may be hanged by the neck. If the father attempt to give his son a knowledge of letters, he may be punished by the whip in one instance, and in another be killed, at the discretion of the court. Three millions of people shut out from the light of knowledge! It is easy for you to conceive the evil that must result from such a state of things.

I now come to the physical evils of slavery. I do not wish to dwell at length upon these, but it seems right to speak of them, not so much to influence your minds on this question, as to let the slaveholders of America know that the curtain which conceals their crimes is being lifted abroad; that we are opening the dark cell, and leading the people into the horrible recesses of what they are pleased to call their domestic institution. We want them to know that a knowledge of their whippings, their scourgings, their brandings, their chainings, is not confined to their plantations, but that some Negro of theirs has broken loose from his chains—has burst through the dark incrustation of slavery, and is now exposing their deeds of deep damnation to the gaze of the christian people of England.

The slaveholders resort to all kinds of cruelty. If I were disposed, I have matter enough to interest you on this question for five or six evenings, but I will not dwell at length upon these cruelties. Suffice it to say, that all of the peculiar modes of torture that were resorted to in the West India islands, are resorted to, I believe, even more frequently, in the United States of America. Starvation,

the bloody whip, the chain, the gag, the thumb-screw, cat-hauling, the cat-o'-nine-tails, the dungeon, the blood-hound, are all in requisition to keep the slave in his condition as a slave in the United States. If any one has a doubt upon this point, I would ask him to read the chapter on slavery in Dickens's _Notes on America_. If any man has a doubt upon it, I have here the "testimony of a thousand witnesses," which I can give at any length, all going to prove the truth of my statement. The blood-hound is regularly trained in the United States, and advertisements are to be found in the southern papers of the Union, from persons advertising themselves as blood-hound trainers, and offering to hunt down slaves at fifteen dollars a piece, recommending their hounds as the fleetest in the neighborhood, never known to fail. Advertisements are from time to time inserted, stating that slaves have escaped with iron collars about their necks, with bands of iron about their feet, marked with the lash, branded with red-hot irons, the initials of their master's name burned into their flesh; and the masters advertise the fact of their being thus branded with their own signature, thereby proving to the world, that, however damning it may appear to non-slavers, such practices are not regarded discreditable among the slaveholders themselves. Why, I believe if a man should brand his horse in this country—burn the initials of his name into any of his cattle, and publish the ferocious deed here—that the united execrations of Christians in Britain would descend upon him. Yet in the United States, human beings are thus branded. As Whittier says—

... Our countrymen in chains, The whip on woman's shrinking flesh, Our soil yet reddening with the stains Caught from her scourgings warm and fresh.

The slave-dealer boldly publishes his infamous acts to the world. Of all things that have been said of slavery to which exception has been taken by slaveholders, this, the charge of cruelty, stands foremost, and yet there is no charge capable of clearer demonstration, than that of the most barbarous inhumanity on the part of the slaveholders toward their slaves. And all this is necessary; it is necessary to resort to these cruelties, in order to _make the slave a slave_, and to _keep him a slave_. Why, my experience all goes to prove the truth of what you will call a marvelous proposition, that the better you treat a slave, the more you destroy his value _as a slave_, and enhance the probability of his eluding the grasp of the slaveholder; the more kindly you treat him, the more wretched you make him, while you keep him in the condition of a slave. My experience, I say, confirms the truth of this proposition. When I was treated exceedingly ill; when my back was being scourged daily; when I was whipped within an inch of my life—_life_ was all I cared for. "Spare my life," was my continual prayer. When I was looking for the blow about to be inflicted upon my head, I was not thinking of my liberty; it was my life. But, as soon as the blow was not to be feared, then came the longing for liberty. If a slave has a bad master, his ambition is to get a better; when he gets a better, he aspires to have the best; and when he gets the best, he aspires to be his own master. But the slave must be brutalized to keep him as a slave. The slaveholder feels this necessity. I admit this necessity. If it be right to hold slaves at all, it is right to hold them in the only way in which they can be held; and this can be done only by shutting out the light of education from their minds, and brutalizing their persons. The whip, the chain, the gag, the thumb-screw, the blood-hound, the stocks, and all the other bloody paraphernalia of the slave system, are indispensably necessary to the relation of master and slave. The slave must be subjected to these, or he ceases to be a slave. Let him know that the whip is burned; that the fetters have been turned to some useful and profitable employment; that the chain is no longer for his limbs; that the blood-hound is no longer to be put upon his track; that his master's authority over him is no longer to be enforced by taking his life—and immediately he walks out from the house of bondage and asserts his freedom as a man. The slaveholder finds it necessary to have these implements to keep the slave in bondage; finds it necessary to be able to say, "Unless you do so and so; unless you do as I bid you—I will take away your life!"

Some of the most awful scenes of cruelty are constantly taking place in the middle states of the Union. We have in those states what are called the slave-breeding states. Allow me to speak plainly. Although it is harrowing to your feelings, it is necessary that the facts of the case should be stated. We have in the United States slave-breeding states. The very state from which the minister from our court to yours comes, is one of these states—Maryland, where men, women, and children are reared for the market, just as horses, sheep, and swine are raised for the market. Slave-rearing is there looked upon as a legitimate trade; the law sanctions it, public opinion upholds it, the church does not condemn it. It goes on in all its bloody horrors, sustained by the auctioneer's block. If you would see the cruelties of this system, hear the following narrative. Not long since the following scene occurred. A slave-woman and a slaveman had united themselves as man and wife in the absence of any law to protect them as man and wife. They had lived together by the permission, not by right, of their master, and they had reared a family. The master found it expedient, and for his interest, to sell them. He did not ask them their wishes in regard to the matter at all; they were not consulted. The man and woman were brought to the auctioneer's block, under the sound of the hammer. The cry was raised, "Here goes; who bids cash?" Think of it—a man and wife to be sold! The woman was placed on the auctioneer's block; her limbs, as is customary, were brutally exposed to the purchasers, who examined her with all the freedom with which they would examine a horse. There

stood the husband, powerless; no right to his wife; the master's right preeminent. She was sold. He was next brought to the auctioneer's block. His eyes followed his wife in the distance; and he looked beseechingly, imploringly, to the man that had bought his wife, to buy him also. But he was at length bid off to another person. He was about to be separated forever from her he loved. No word of his, no work of his, could save him from this separation. He asked permission of his new master to go and take the hand of his wife at parting. It was denied him. In the agony of his soul he rushed from the man who had just bought him, that he might take a farewell of his wife; but his way was obstructed, he was struck over the head with a loaded whip, and was held for a moment; but his agony was too great. When he was let go, he fell a corpse at the feet of his master. His heart was broken. Such scenes are the everyday fruits of American slavery. Some two years since, the Hon. Seth. M. Gates, an anti-slavery gentleman of the state of New York, a representative in the congress of the United States, told me he saw with his own eyes the following circumstances. In the national District of Columbia, over which the star-spangled emblem is constantly waving, where orators are ever holding forth on the subject of American liberty, American democracy, American republicanism, there are two slave prisons. When going across a bridge, leading to one of these prisons, he saw a young woman run out, bare-footed and bare-headed, and with very little clothing on. She was running with all speed to the bridge he was approaching. His eye was fixed upon her, and he stopped to see what was the matter. He had not paused long before he saw three men run out after her. He now knew what the nature of the case was; a slave escaping from her chains—a young woman, a sister—escaping from the bondage in which she had been held. She made her way to the bridge, but had not reached, ere from the Virginia side there came two slaveholders. As soon as they saw them, her pursuers called out, "Stop her!" True to their Virginian instincts, they came to the rescue of their brother kidnappers, across the bridge. The poor girl now saw that there was no chance for her. It was a trying time. She knew if she went back, she must be a slave forever—she must be dragged down to the scenes of pollution which the slaveholders continually provide for most of the poor, sinking, wretched young women, whom they call their property. She formed her resolution; and just as those who were about to take her, were going to put hands upon her, to drag her back, she leaped over the balustrades of the bridge, and down she went to rise no more. She chose death, rather than to go back into the hands of those christian slaveholders from whom she had escaped.

Can it be possible that such things as these exist in the United States? Are not these the exceptions? Are any such scenes as this general? Are not such deeds condemned by the law and denounced by public opinion? Let me read to you a few of the laws of the slaveholding states of America. I think no better exposure of slavery can be made than is made by the laws of the states in which slavery exists. I prefer reading the laws to making any statement in confirmation of what I have said myself; for the slaveholders cannot object to this testimony, since it is the calm, the cool, the deliberate enactment of their wisest heads, of their most clear-sighted, their own constituted representatives. "If more than seven slaves together are found in any road without a white person, twenty lashes a piece; for visiting a plantation without a written pass, ten lashes; for letting loose a boat from where it is made fast, thirty-nine lashes for the first offense; and for the second, shall have cut off from his head one ear; for keeping or carrying a club, thirty-nine lashes; for having any article for sale, without a ticket from his master, ten lashes; for traveling in any other than the most usual and accustomed road, when going alone to any place, forty lashes; for traveling in the night without a pass, forty lashes." I am afraid you do not understand the awful character of these lashes. You must bring it before your mind. A human being in a perfect state of nudity, tied hand and foot to a stake, and a strong man standing behind with a heavy whip, knotted at the end, each blow cutting into the flesh, and leaving the warm blood dripping to the feet; and for these trifles. "For being found in another person's negro-quarters, forty lashes; for hunting with dogs in the woods, thirty lashes; for being on horseback without the written permission of his master, twenty-five lashes; for riding or going abroad in the night, or riding horses in the day time, without leave, a slave may be whipped, cropped, or branded in the cheek with the letter R. or otherwise punished, such punishment not extending to life, or so as to render him unfit for labor." The laws referred to, may be found by consulting _Brevard's Digest; Haywood's Manual; Virginia Revised Code; Prince's Digest; Missouri Laws; Mississippi Revised Code_. A man, for going to visit his brethren, without the permission of his master—and in many instances he may not have that permission; his master, from caprice or other reasons, may not be willing to allow it—may be caught on his way, dragged to a post, the branding-iron heated, and the name of his master or the letter R branded into his cheek or on his forehead. They treat slaves thus, on the principle that they must punish for light offenses, in order to prevent the commission of larger ones. I wish you to mark that in the single state of Virginia there are seventy-one crimes for which a colored man may be executed; while there are only three of these crimes, which, when committed by a white man, will subject him to that punishment. There are many of these crimes which if the white man did not commit, he would be regarded as a scoundrel and a coward. In the state of Maryland, there is a law to this effect: that if a slave shall strike his master, he may be hanged, his head severed from his body, his body quartered, and his head and quarters set up in the most prominent places in the neighborhood. If a colored woman, in the defense of her own virtue, in defense of her own person, should shield herself from the brutal attacks of her tyrannical master, or make the slightest resistance, she may be killed on the

spot. No law whatever will bring the guilty man to justice for the crime.

But you will ask me, can these things be possible in a land professing Christianity? Yes, they are so; and this is not the worst. No; a darker feature is yet to be presented than the mere existence of these facts. I have to inform you that the religion of the southern states, at this time, is the great supporter, the great sanctioner of the bloody atrocities to which I have referred. While America is printing tracts and bibles; sending missionaries abroad to convert the heathen; expending her money in various ways for the promotion of the gospel in foreign lands—the slave not only lies forgotten, uncared for, but is trampled under foot by the very churches of the land. What have we in America? Why, we have slavery made part of the religion of the land. Yes, the pulpit there stands up as the great defender of this cursed _institution_, as it is called. Ministers of religion come forward and torture the hallowed pages of inspired wisdom to sanction the bloody deed. They stand forth as the foremost, the strongest defenders of this "institution." As a proof of this, I need not do more than state the general fact, that slavery has existed under the droppings of the sanctuary of the south for the last two hundred years, and there has not been any war between the _religion_ and the _slavery_ of the south. Whips, chains, gags, and thumb-screws have all lain under the droppings of the sanctuary, and instead of rusting from off the limbs of the bondman, those droppings have served to preserve them in all their strength. Instead of preaching the gospel against this tyranny, rebuke, and wrong, ministers of religion have sought, by all and every means, to throw in the back-ground whatever in the bible could be construed into opposition to slavery, and to bring forward that which they could torture into its support. This I conceive to be the darkest feature of slavery, and the most difficult to attack, because it is identified with religion, and exposes those who denounce it to the charge of infidelity. Yes, those with whom I have been laboring, namely, the old organization anti-slavery society of America, have been again and again stigmatized as infidels, and for what reason? Why, solely in consequence of the faithfulness of their attacks upon the slaveholding religion of the southern states, and the northern religion that sympathizes with it. I have found it difficult to speak on this matter without persons coming forward and saying, "Douglass, are you not afraid of injuring the cause of Christ? You do not desire to do so, we know; but are you not undermining religion?" This has been said to me again and again, even since I came to this country, but I cannot be induced to leave off these exposures. I love the religion of our blessed Savior. I love that religion that comes from above, in the "wisdom of God," which is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy. I love that religion that sends its votaries to bind up the wounds of him that has fallen among thieves. I love that religion that makes it the duty of its disciples to visit the father less and the widow in their affliction. I love that religion that is based upon the glorious principle, of love to God and love to man; which makes its followers do unto others as they themselves would be done by. If you demand liberty to yourself, it says, grant it to your neighbors. If you claim a right to think for yourself, it says, allow your neighbors the same right. If you claim to act for yourself, it says, allow your neighbors the same right. It is because I love this religion that I hate the slaveholding, the woman-whipping, the mind-darkening, the soul-destroying religion that exists in the southern states of America. It is because I regard the one as good, and pure, and holy, that I cannot but regard the other as bad, corrupt, and wicked. Loving the one I must hate the other; holding to the one I must reject the other.

I may be asked, why I am so anxious to bring this subject before the British public—why I do not confine my efforts to the United States? My answer is, first, that slavery is the common enemy of mankind, and all mankind should be made acquainted with its abominable character. My next answer is, that the slave is a man, and, as such, is entitled to your sympathy as a brother. All the feelings, all the susceptibilities, all the capacities, which you have, he has. He is a part of the human family. He has been the prey—the common prey—of Christendom for the last three hundred years, and it is but right, it is but just, it is but proper, that his wrongs should be known throughout the world. I have another reason for bringing this matter before the British public, and it is this: slavery is a system of wrong, so blinding to all around, so hardening to the heart, so corrupting to the morals, so deleterious to religion, so sapping to all the principles of justice in its immediate vicinity, that the community surrounding it lack the moral stamina necessary to its removal. It is a system of such gigantic evil, so strong, so overwhelming in its power, that no one nation is equal to its removal. It requires the humanity of Christianity, the morality of the world to remove it. Hence, I call upon the people of Britain to look at this matter, and to exert the influence I am about to show they possess, for the removal of slavery from America. I can appeal to them, as strongly by their regard for the slaveholder as for the slave, to labor in this cause. I am here, because you have an influence on America that no other nation can have. You have been drawn together by the power of steam to a marvelous extent; the distance between London and Boston is now reduced to some twelve or fourteen days, so that the denunciations against slavery, uttered in London this week, may be heard in a fortnight in the streets of Boston, and reverberating amidst the hills of Massachusetts. There is nothing said here against slavery that will not be recorded in the United States. I am here, also, because the slaveholders do not want me to be here; they would rather that I were not here. I have adopted a maxim laid down by Napoleon, never to occupy ground which the enemy would like me to occupy. The slaveholders would much rather have me, if I will

denounce slavery, denounce it in the northern states, where their friends and supporters are, who will stand by and mob me for denouncing it. They feel something as the man felt, when he uttered his prayer, in which he made out a most horrible case for himself, and one of his neighbors touched him and said, “My friend, I always had the opinion of you that you have now expressed for yourself—that you are a very great sinner.” Coming from himself, it was all very well, but coming from a stranger it was rather cutting. The slaveholders felt that when slavery was denounced among themselves, it was not so bad; but let one of the slaves get loose, let him summon the people of Britain, and make known to them the conduct of the slaveholders toward their slaves, and it cuts them to the quick, and produces a sensation such as would be produced by nothing else. The power I exert now is something like the power that is exerted by the man at the end of the lever; my influence now is just in proportion to the distance that I am from the United States. My exposure of slavery abroad will tell more upon the hearts and consciences of slaveholders, than if I was attacking them in America; for almost every paper that I now receive from the United States, comes teeming with statements about this fugitive Negro, calling him a “glib-tongued scoundrel,” and saying that he is running out against the institutions and people of America. I deny the charge that I am saying a word against the institutions of America, or the people, as such. What I have to say is against slavery and slaveholders. I feel at liberty to speak on this subject. I have on my back the marks of the lash; I have four sisters and one brother now under the galling chain. I feel it my duty to cry aloud and spare not. I am not averse to having the good opinion of my fellow creatures. I am not averse to being kindly regarded by all men; but I am bound, even at the hazard of making a large class of religionists in this country hate me, oppose me, and malign me as they have done—I am bound by the prayers, and tears, and entreaties of three millions of kneeling bondsmen, to have no compromise with men who are in any shape or form connected with the slaveholders of America. I expose slavery in this country, because to expose it is to kill it. Slavery is one of those monsters of darkness to whom the light of truth is death. Expose slavery, and it dies. Light is to slavery what the heat of the sun is to the root of a tree; it must die under it. All the slaveholder asks of me is silence. He does not ask me to go abroad and preach _in favor_ of slavery; he does not ask any one to do that. He would not say that slavery is a good thing, but the best under the circumstances. The slaveholders want total darkness on the subject. They want the hatchway shut down, that the monster may crawl in his den of darkness, crushing human hopes and happiness, destroying the bondman at will, and having no one to reprove or rebuke him. Slavery shrinks from the light; it hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest its deeds should be reproved. To tear off the mask from this abominable system, to expose it to the light of heaven, aye, to the heat of the sun, that it may burn and wither it out of existence, is my object in coming to this country. I want the slaveholder surrounded, as by a wall of anti-slavery fire, so that he may see the condemnation of himself and his system glaring down in letters of light. I want him to feel that he has no sympathy in England, Scotland, or Ireland; that he has none in Canada, none in Mexico, none among the poor wild Indians; that the voice of the civilized, aye, and savage world is against him. I would have condemnation blaze down upon him in every direction, till, stunned and overwhelmed with shame and confusion, he is compelled to let go the grasp he holds upon the persons of his victims, and restore them to their long-lost rights.

Dr. Campbell’s Reply

From Rev. Dr. Campbell’s brilliant reply we extract the following: FREDERICK DOUGLASS, “the beast of burden,” the portion of “goods and chattels,” the representative of three millions of men, has been raised up! Shall I say the _man?_ If there is a man on earth, he is a man. My blood boiled within me when I heard his address tonight, and thought that he had left behind him three millions of such men.

We must see more of this man; we must have more of this man. One would have taken a voyage round the globe some forty years back—especially since the introduction of steam—to have heard such an exposure of slavery from the lips of a slave. It will be an era in the individual history of the present assembly. Our children—our boys and girls—I have tonight seen the delightful sympathy of their hearts evinced by their heaving breasts, while their eyes sparkled with wonder and admiration, that this black man—this slave—had so much logic, so much wit, so much fancy, so much eloquence. He was something more than a man, according to their little notions. Then, I say, we must hear him again. We have got a purpose to accomplish. He has appealed to the pulpit of England. The English pulpit is with him. He has appealed to the press of England; the press of England is conducted by English hearts, and that press will do him justice. About ten days hence, and his second master, who may well prize “such a piece of goods,” will have the pleasure of reading his burning words, and his first master will bless himself that he has got quit of him. We have to create public opinion, or rather, not to create it, for it is created already; but we have to foster it; and when tonight I heard those magnificent words—the words of Curran, by which my heart, from boyhood, has ofttimes been deeply moved—I rejoice to think that they embody an instinct of an Englishman’s nature. I heard, with inexpressible delight, how they told on this mighty mass of the citizens of the metropolis.

Britain has now no slaves; we can therefore talk to the other nations now, as we could not have talked a dozen years ago. I want the whole of the London ministry to meet Douglass. For as his appeal is to England, and throughout England, I should rejoice in the idea of churchmen and dissenters merging all sectional distinctions in this cause. Let us have a public breakfast. Let the ministers meet him; let them hear him; let them grasp his hand; and let him enlist their sympathies on behalf of the slave. Let him inspire them with abhorrence of the man-stealer—the slaveholder. No slaveholding American shall ever my cross my door. No slaveholding or slavery-supporting minister shall ever pollute my pulpit. While I have a tongue to speak, or a hand to write, I will, to the utmost of my power, oppose these slaveholding men. We must have Douglass amongst us to aid in fostering public opinion.

The great conflict with slavery must now take place in America; and while they are adding other slave states to the Union, our business is to step forward and help the abolitionists there. It is a pleasing circumstance that such a body of men has risen in America, and whilst we hurl our thunders against her slavers, let us make a distinction between those who advocate slavery and those who oppose it. George Thompson has been there. This man, Frederick Douglass, has been there, and has been compelled to flee. I wish, when he first set foot on our shores, he had made a solemn vow, and said, “Now that I am free, and in the sanctuary of freedom, I will never return till I have seen the emancipation of my country completed.” He wants to surround these men, the slaveholders, as by a wall of fire; and he himself may do much toward kindling it. Let him travel over the island—east, west, north, and south—everywhere diffusing knowledge and awakening principle, till the whole nation become a body of petitioners to America. He will, he must, do it. He must for a season make England his home. He must send for his wife. He must send for his children. I want to see the sons and daughters of such a sire. We, too, must do something for him and them worthy of the English name. I do not like the idea of a man of such mental dimensions, such moral courage, and all but incomparable talent, having his own small wants, and the wants of a distant wife and children, supplied by the poor profits of his publication, the sketch of his life. Let the pamphlet be bought by tens of thousands. But we will do something more for him, shall we not?

It only remains that we pass a resolution of thanks to Frederick Douglass, the slave that was, the man that is! He that was covered with chains, and that is now being covered with glory, and whom we will send back a gentleman.

LETTER TO HIS OLD MASTER. 11. To My Old Master, Thomas Auld

SIR—The long and intimate, though by no means friendly, relation which unhappily subsisted between you and myself, leads me to hope that you will easily account for the great liberty which I now take in addressing you in this open and public manner. The same fact may remove any disagreeable surprise which you may experience on again finding your name coupled with mine, in any other way than in an advertisement, accurately describing my person, and offering a large sum for my arrest. In thus dragging you again before the public, I am aware that I shall subject myself to no inconsiderable amount of censure. I shall probably be charged with an unwarrantable, if not a wanton and reckless disregard of the rights and properties of private life. There are those north as well as south who entertain a much higher respect for rights which are merely conventional, than they do for rights which are personal and essential. Not a few there are in our country, who, while they have no scruples against robbing the laborer of the hard earned results of his patient industry, will be shocked by the extremely indelicate manner of bringing your name before the public. Believing this to be the case, and wishing to meet every reasonable or plausible objection to my conduct, I will frankly state the ground upon which I justfy(sic) myself in this instance, as well as on former occasions when I have thought proper to mention your name in public. All will agree that a man guilty of theft, robbery, or murder, has forfeited the right to concealment and private life; that the community have a right to subject such persons to the most complete exposure. However much they may desire retirement, and aim to conceal themselves and their movements from the popular gaze, the public have a right to ferret them out, and bring their conduct before the proper tribunals of the country for investigation. Sir, you will undoubtedly make the proper application of these generally admitted principles, and will easily see the light in which you are regarded by me; I will not therefore manifest ill temper, by calling you hard names. I know you to be a man of some intelligence, and can readily determine the precise estimate which I entertain of your character. I may therefore indulge in language which may seem to others indirect and ambiguous, and yet be quite well understood by yourself.

I have selected this day on which to address you, because it is the anniversary of my emancipation; and knowing no better way, I am led to this as the best mode of celebrating that truly important events. Just ten years ago this beautiful September morning, yon bright sun beheld me a slave—a poor degraded chattel—trembling at the sound of your voice, lamenting that I was a man, and wishing myself a brute. The hopes which I had treasured up for weeks of a safe and successful escape from your grasp, were powerfully confronted at this last hour by dark clouds of doubt and fear, making my person shake and my bosom to heave with the heavy contest between hope and fear. I have no words to describe to you the deep agony of soul which I experienced on that

never-to-be-forgotten morning—for I left by daylight. I was making a leap in the dark. The probabilities, so far as I could by reason determine them, were stoutly against the undertaking. The preliminaries and precautions I had adopted previously, all worked badly. I was like one going to war without weapons—ten chances of defeat to one of victory. One in whom I had confided, and one who had promised me assistance, appalled by fear at the trial hour, deserted me, thus leaving the responsibility of success or failure solely with myself. You, sir, can never know my feelings. As I look back to them, I can scarcely realize that I have passed through a scene so trying. Trying, however, as they were, and gloomy as was the prospect, thanks be to the Most High, who is ever the God of the oppressed, at the moment which was to determine my whole earthly career, His grace was sufficient; my mind was made up. I embraced the golden opportunity, took the morning tide at the flood, and a free man, young, active, and strong, is the result.

I have often thought I should like to explain to you the grounds upon which I have justified myself in running away from you. I am almost ashamed to do so now, for by this time you may have discovered them yourself. I will, however, glance at them. When yet but a child about six years old, I imbibed the determination to run away. The very first mental effort that I now remember on my part, was an attempt to solve the mystery—why am I a slave? and with this question my youthful mind was troubled for many days, pressing upon me more heavily at times than others. When I saw the slave-driver whip a slave-woman, cut the blood out of her neck, and heard her piteous cries, I went away into the corner of the fence, wept and pondered over the mystery. I had, through some medium, I know not what, got some idea of God, the Creator of all mankind, the black and the white, and that he had made the blacks to serve the whites as slaves. How he could do this and be _good_, I could not tell. I was not satisfied with this theory, which made God responsible for slavery, for it pained me greatly, and I have wept over it long and often. At one time, your first wife, Mrs. Lucretia, heard me sighing and saw me shedding tears, and asked of me the matter, but I was afraid to tell her. I was puzzled with this question, till one night while sitting in the kitchen, I heard some of the old slaves talking of their parents having been stolen from Africa by white men, and were sold here as slaves. The whole mystery was solved at once. Very soon after this, my Aunt Jinny and Uncle Noah ran away, and the great noise made about it by your father-in-law, made me for the first time acquainted with the fact, that there were free states as well as slave states. From that time, I resolved that I would some day run away. The morality of the act I dispose of as follows: I am myself; you are yourself; we are two distinct persons, equal persons. What you are, I am. You are a man, and so am I. God created both, and made us separate beings. I am not by nature bond to you, or you to me. Nature does not make your existence depend upon me, or mine to depend upon yours. I cannot walk upon your legs, or you upon mine. I cannot breathe for you, or you for me; I must breathe for myself, and you for yourself. We are distinct persons, and are each equally provided with faculties necessary to our individual existence. In leaving you, I took nothing but what belonged to me, and in no way lessened your means for obtaining an _honest_ living. Your faculties remained yours, and mine became useful to their rightful owner. I therefore see no wrong in any part of the transaction. It is true, I went off secretly; but that was more your fault than mine. Had I let you into the secret, you would have defeated the enterprise entirely; but for this, I should have been really glad to have made you acquainted with my intentions to leave.

You may perhaps want to know how I like my present condition. I am free to say, I greatly prefer it to that which I occupied in Maryland. I am, however, by no means prejudiced against the state as such. Its geography, climate, fertility, and products, are such as to make it a very desirable abode for any man; and but for the existence of slavery there, it is not impossible that I might again take up my abode in that state. It is not that I love Maryland less, but freedom more. You will be surprised to learn that people at the north labor under the strange delusion that if the slaves were emancipated at the south, they would flock to the north. So far from this being the case, in that event, you would see many old and familiar faces back again to the south. The fact is, there are few here who would not return to the south in the event of emancipation. We want to live in the land of our birth, and to lay our bones by the side of our fathers; and nothing short of an intense love of personal freedom keeps us from the south. For the sake of this, most of us would live on a crust of bread and a cup of cold water.

Since I left you, I have had a rich experience. I have occupied stations which I never dreamed of when a slave. Three out of the ten years since I left you, I spent as a common laborer on the wharves of New Bedford, Massachusetts. It was there I earned my first free dollar. It was mine. I could spend it as I pleased. I could buy hams or herring with it, without asking any odds of anybody. That was a precious dollar to me. You remember when I used to make seven, or eight, or even nine dollars a week in Baltimore, you would take every cent of it from me every Saturday night, saying that I belonged to you, and my earnings also. I never liked this conduct on your part—to say the best, I thought it a little mean. I would not have served you so. But let that pass. I was a little awkward about counting money in New England fashion when I first landed in New Bedford. I came near betraying myself several times. I caught myself saying php, for fourpence; and at one time a man actually charged me with being a runaway, whereupon I was silly enough to become one by running away from him, for I was greatly afraid he might adopt measures to get me again into

slavery, a condition I then dreaded more than death.

I soon learned, however, to count money, as well as to make it, and got on swimmingly. I married soon after leaving you; in fact, I was engaged to be married before I left you; and instead of finding my companion a burden, she was truly a helpmate. She went to live at service, and I to work on the wharf, and though we toiled hard the first winter, we never lived more happily. After remaining in New Bedford for three years, I met with William Lloyd Garrison, a person of whom you have _possibly_ heard, as he is pretty generally known among slaveholders. He put it into my head that I might make myself serviceable to the cause of the slave, by devoting a portion of my time to telling my own sorrows, and those of other slaves, which had come under my observation. This was the commencement of a higher state of existence than any to which I had ever aspired. I was thrown into society the most pure, enlightened, and benevolent, that the country affords. Among these I have never forgotten you, but have invariably made you the topic of conversation—thus giving you all the notoriety I could do. I need not tell you that the opinion formed of you in these circles is far from being favorable. They have little respect for your honesty, and less for your religion.

But I was going on to relate to you something of my interesting experience. I had not long enjoyed the excellent society to which I have referred, before the light of its excellence exerted a beneficial influence on my mind and heart. Much of my early dislike of white persons was removed, and their manners, habits, and customs, so entirely unlike what I had been used to in the kitchen-quarters on the plantations of the south, fairly charmed me, and gave me a strong disrelish for the coarse and degrading customs of my former condition. I therefore made an effort so to improve my mind and deportment, as to be somewhat fitted to the station to which I seemed almost providentially called. The transition from degradation to respectability was indeed great, and to get from one to the other without carrying some marks of one's former condition, is truly a difficult matter. I would not have you think that I am now entirely clear of all plantation peculiarities, but my friends here, while they entertain the strongest dislike to them, regard me with that charity to which my past life somewhat entitles me, so that my condition in this respect is exceedingly pleasant. So far as my domestic affairs are concerned, I can boast of as comfortable a dwelling as your own. I have an industrious and neat companion, and four dear children—the oldest a girl of nine years, and three fine boys, the oldest eight, the next six, and the youngest four years old. The three oldest are now going regularly to school—two can read and write, and the other can spell, with tolerable correctness, words of two syllables. Dear fellows! they are all in comfortable beds, and are sound asleep, perfectly secure under my own roof. There are no slaveholders here to rend my heart by snatching them from my arms, or blast a mother's dearest hopes by tearing them from her bosom. These dear children are ours—not to work up into rice, sugar, and tobacco, but to watch over, regard, and protect, and to rear them up in the nurture and admonition of the gospel—to train them up in the paths of wisdom and virtue, and, as far as we can, to make them useful to the world and to themselves. Oh! sir, a slaveholder never appears to me so completely an agent of hell, as when I think of and look upon my dear children. It is then that my feelings rise above my control. I meant to have said more with respect to my own prosperity and happiness, but thoughts and feelings which this recital has quickened, unfit me to proceed further in that direction. The grim horrors of slavery rise in all their ghastly terror before me; the wails of millions pierce my heart and chill my blood. I remember the chain, the gag, the bloody whip; the death-like gloom overshadowing the broken spirit of the fettered bondman; the appalling liability of his being torn away from wife and children, and sold like a beast in the market. Say not that this is a picture of fancy. You well know that I wear stripes on my back, inflicted by your direction; and that you, while we were brothers in the same church, caused this right hand, with which I am now penning this letter, to be closely tied to my left, and my person dragged, at the pistol's mouth, fifteen miles, from the Bay Side to Easton, to be sold like a beast in the market, for the alleged crime of intending to escape from your possession. All this, and more, you remember, and know to be perfectly true, not only of yourself, but of nearly all of the slaveholders around you.

At this moment, you are probably the guilty holder of at least three of my own dear sisters, and my only brother, in bondage. These you regard as your property. They are recorded on your ledger, or perhaps have been sold to human flesh-mongers, with a view to filling our own ever-hungry purse. Sir, I desire to know how and where these dear sisters are. Have you sold them? or are they still in your possession? What has become of them? are they living or dead? And my dear old grandmother, whom you turned out like an old horse to die in the woods—is she still alive? Write and let me know all about them. If my grandmother be still alive, she is of no service to you, for by this time she must be nearly eighty years old—too old to be cared for by one to whom she has ceased to be of service; send her to me at Rochester, or bring her to Philadelphia, and it shall be the crowning happiness of my life to take care of her in her old age. Oh! she was to me a mother and a father, so far as hard toil for my comfort could make her such. Send me my grandmother! that I may watch over and take care of her in her old age. And my sisters—let me know all about them. I would write to them, and learn all I want to know of them, without disturbing you in any way, but that, through your unrighteous conduct, they have been entirely deprived of the power to read and write. You have kept them in utter ignorance, and have therefore robbed them of the sweet enjoyments of writing or receiving letters from absent friends and relatives. Your wickedness

and cruelty, committed in this respect on your fellow-creatures, are greater than all the stripes you have laid upon my back or theirs. It is an outrage upon the soul, a war upon the immortal spirit, and one for which you must give account at the bar of our common Father and Creator.

The responsibility which you have assumed in this regard is truly awful, and how you could stagger under it these many years is marvelous. Your mind must have become darkened, your heart hardened, your conscience seared and petrified, or you would have long since thrown off the accursed load, and sought relief at the hands of a sin-forgiving God. How, let me ask, would you look upon me, were I, some dark night, in company with a band of hardened villains, to enter the precincts of your elegant dwelling, and seize the person of your own lovely daughter, Amanda, and carry her off from your family, friends, and all the loved ones of her youth—make her my slave—compel her to work, and I take her wages—place her name on my ledger as property—disregard her personal rights—fetter the powers of her immortal soul by denying her the right and privilege of learning to read and write—feed her coarsely—clothe her scantily, and whip her on the naked back occasionally; more, and still more horrible, leave her unprotected—a degraded victim to the brutal lust of fiendish overseers, who would pollute, blight, and blast her fair soul—rob her of all dignity—destroy her virtue, and annihilate in her person all the graces that adorn the character of virtuous womanhood? I ask, how would you regard me, if such were my conduct? Oh! the vocabulary of the damned would not afford a word sufficiently infernal to express your idea of my God-provoking wickedness. Yet, sir, your treatment of my beloved sisters is in all essential points precisely like the case I have now supposed. Damning as would be such a deed on my part, it would be no more so than that which you have committed against me and my sisters.

I will now bring this letter to a close; you shall hear from me again unless you let me hear from you. I intend to make use of you as a weapon with which to assail the system of slavery—as a means of concentrating public attention on the system, and deepening the horror of trafficking in the souls and bodies of men. I shall make use of you as a means of exposing the character of the American church and clergy—and as a means of bringing this guilty nation, with yourself, to repentance. In doing this, I entertain no malice toward you personally. There is no roof under which you would be more safe than mine, and there is nothing in my house which you might need for your comfort, which I would not readily grant. Indeed, I should esteem it a privilege to set you an example as to how mankind ought to treat each other.

I am your fellow-man, but not your slave.

THE NATURE OF SLAVERY. Extract from a Lecture on Slavery, at Rochester,

December 1, 1850

More than twenty years of my life were consumed in a state of slavery. My childhood was environed by the baneful peculiarities of the slave system. I grew up to manhood in the presence of this hydra headed monster—not as a master—not as an idle spectator—not as the guest of the slaveholder—but as A SLAVE, eating the bread and drinking the cup of slavery with the most degraded of my brother-bondmen, and sharing with them all the painful conditions of their wretched lot. In consideration of these facts, I feel that I have a right to speak, and to speak _strongly_. Yet, my friends, I feel bound to speak truly.

Goading as have been the cruelties to which I have been subjected—bitter as have been the trials through which I have passed—exasperating as have been, and still are, the indignities offered to my manhood—I find in them no excuse for the slightest departure from truth in dealing with any branch of this subject.

First of all, I will state, as well as I can, the legal and social relation of master and slave. A master is one—to speak in the vocabulary of the southern states—who claims and exercises a right of property in the person of a fellow-man. This he does with the force of the law and the sanction of southern religion. The law gives the master absolute power over the slave. He may work him, flog him, hire him out, sell him, and, in certain contingencies, _kill_ him, with perfect impunity. The slave is a human being, divested of all rights—reduced to the level of a brute—a mere “chattel” in the eye of the law—placed beyond the circle of human brotherhood—cut off from his kind—his name, which the “recording angel” may have enrolled in heaven, among the blest, is impiously inserted in a _master’s ledger_, with horses, sheep, and swine. In law, the slave has no wife, no children, no country, and no home. He can own nothing, possess nothing, acquire nothing, but what must belong to another. To eat the fruit of his own toil, to clothe his person with the work of his own hands, is considered stealing. He toils that another may reap the fruit; he is industrious that another may live in idleness; he eats unbolted meal that another may eat the bread of fine flour; he labors in chains at home, under a burning sun and biting lash, that another may ride in ease and splendor abroad; he lives in ignorance that another may be

educated; he is abused that another may be exalted; he rests his toil-worn limbs on the cold, damp ground that another may repose on the softest pillow; he is clad in coarse and tattered raiment that another may be arrayed in purple and fine linen; he is sheltered only by the wretched hovel that a master may dwell in a magnificent mansion; and to this condition he is bound down as by an arm of iron.

From this monstrous relation there springs an unceasing stream of most revolting cruelties. The very accompaniments of the slave system stamp it as the offspring of hell itself. To ensure good behavior, the slaveholder relies on the whip; to induce proper humility, he relies on the whip; to rebuke what he is pleased to term insolence, he relies on the whip; to supply the place of wages as an incentive to toil, he relies on the whip; to bind down the spirit of the slave, to imbrute and destroy his manhood, he relies on the whip, the chain, the gag, the thumb-screw, the pillory, the bowie knife the pistol, and the blood-hound. These are the necessary and unvarying accompaniments of the system. Wherever slavery is found, these horrid instruments are also found. Whether on the coast of Africa, among the savage tribes, or in South Carolina, among the refined and civilized, slavery is the same, and its accompaniments one and the same. It makes no difference whether the slaveholder worships the God of the Christians, or is a follower of Mahomet, he is the minister of the same cruelty, and the author of the same misery. _Slavery_ is always _slavery;_ always the same foul, haggard, and damning scourge, whether found in the eastern or in the western hemisphere.

There is a still deeper shade to be given to this picture. The physical cruelties are indeed sufficiently harassing and revolting; but they are as a few grains of sand on the sea shore, or a few drops of water in the great ocean, compared with the stupendous wrongs which it inflicts upon the mental, moral, and religious nature of its hapless victims. It is only when we contemplate the slave as a moral and intellectual being, that we can adequately comprehend the unparalleled enormity of slavery, and the intense criminality of the slaveholder. I have said that the slave was a man. “What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties! In form and moving how express and admirable! In action how like an angel! In apprehension how like a God! The beauty of the world! The paragon of animals!”

The slave is a man, “the image of God,” but “a little lower than the angels;” possessing a soul, eternal and indestructible; capable of endless happiness, or immeasurable woe; a creature of hopes and fears, of affections and passions, of joys and sorrows, and he is endowed with those mysterious powers by which man soars above the things of time and sense, and grasps, with undying tenacity, the elevating and sublimely glorious idea of a God. It is _such_ a being that is smitten and blasted. The first work of slavery is to mar and deface those characteristics of its victims which distinguish _men_ from _things_, and _persons_ from _property_. Its first aim is to destroy all sense of high moral and religious responsibility. It reduces man to a mere machine. It cuts him off from his Maker, it hides from him the laws of God, and leaves him to grope his way from time to eternity in the dark, under the arbitrary and despotic control of a frail, depraved, and sinful fellow-man. As the serpent-charmer of India is compelled to extract the deadly teeth of his venomous prey before he is able to handle him with impunity, so the slaveholder must strike down the conscience of the slave before he can obtain the entire mastery over his victim.

It is, then, the first business of the enslaver of men to blunt, deaden, and destroy the central principle of human responsibility. Conscience is, to the individual soul, and to society, what the law of gravitation is to the universe. It holds society together; it is the basis of all trust and confidence; it is the pillar of all moral rectitude. Without it, suspicion would take the place of trust; vice would be more than a match for virtue; men would prey upon each other, like the wild beasts of the desert; and earth would become a _hell_.

Nor is slavery more adverse to the conscience than it is to the mind. This is shown by the fact, that in every state of the American Union, where slavery exists, except the state of Kentucky, there are laws absolutely prohibitory of education among the slaves. The crime of teaching a slave to read is punishable with severe fines and imprisonment, and, in some instances, with _death itself_.

Nor are the laws respecting this matter a dead letter. Cases may occur in which they are disregarded, and a few instances may be found where slaves may have learned to read; but such are isolated cases, and only prove the rule. The great mass of slaveholders look upon education among the slaves as utterly subversive of the slave system. I well remember when my mistress first announced to my master that she had discovered that I could read. His face colored at once with surprise and chagrin. He said that “I was ruined, and my value as a slave destroyed; that a slave should know nothing but to obey his master; that to give a negro an inch would lead him to take an ell; that having learned how to read, I would soon want to know how to write; and that by-and-by I would be running away.” I think my audience will bear witness to the correctness of this philosophy, and to the literal fulfillment of this prophecy.

It is perfectly well understood at the south, that to educate a slave is to make him discontened(sic) with slavery, and to invest him with a power which shall open to him the treasures of freedom; and since the object of the slaveholder is to maintain complete authority over his slave, his constant vigilance is exercised to prevent everything which militates against, or endangers, the stability of his authority. Education being among the menacing influences, and, perhaps, the most dangerous, is, therefore, the most cautiously guarded against.

It is true that we do not often hear of the enforcement of the law, punishing as a crime the teaching of slaves to read, but this is not because of a want of disposition to enforce it. The true reason or explanation of the matter is this: there is the greatest unanimity of opinion among the white population in the south in favor of the policy of keeping the slave in ignorance. There is, perhaps, another reason why the law against education is so seldom violated. The slave is too poor to be able to offer a temptation sufficiently strong to induce a white man to violate it; and it is not to be supposed that in a community where the moral and religious sentiment is in favor of slavery, many martyrs will be found sacrificing their liberty and lives by violating those prohibitory enactments.

As a general rule, then, darkness reigns over the abodes of the enslaved, and “how great is that darkness!”

We are sometimes told of the contentment of the slaves, and are entertained with vivid pictures of their happiness. We are told that they often dance and sing; that their masters frequently give them wherewith to make merry; in fine, that they have little of which to complain. I admit that the slave does sometimes sing, dance, and appear to be merry. But what does this prove? It only proves to my mind, that though slavery is armed with a thousand stings, it is not able entirely to kill the elastic spirit of the bondman. That spirit will rise and walk abroad, despite of whips and chains, and extract from the cup of nature occasional drops of joy and gladness. No thanks to the slaveholder, nor to slavery, that the vivacious captive may sometimes dance in his chains; his very mirth in such circumstances stands before God as an accusing angel against his enslaver.

It is often said, by the opponents of the anti-slavery cause, that the condition of the people of Ireland is more deplorable than that of the American slaves. Far be it from me to underrate the sufferings of the Irish people. They have been long oppressed; and the same heart that prompts me to plead the cause of the American bondman, makes it impossible for me not to sympathize with the oppressed of all lands. Yet I must say that there is no analogy between the two cases. The Irishman is poor, but he is not a slave. He may be in rags, but he is not a slave. He is still the master of his own body, and can say with the poet, “The hand of Douglass is his own.” “The world is all before him, where to choose;” and poor as may be my opinion of the British parliament, I cannot believe that it will ever sink to such a depth of infamy as to pass a law for the recapture of fugitive Irishmen! The shame and scandal of kidnapping will long remain wholly monopolized by the American congress. The Irishman has not only the liberty to emigrate from his country, but he has liberty at home. He can write, and speak, and cooperate for the attainment of his rights and the redress of his wrongs.

The multitude can assemble upon all the green hills and fertile plains of the Emerald Isle; they can pour out their grievances, and proclaim their wants without molestation; and the press, that “swift-winged messenger,” can bear the tidings of their doings to the extreme bounds of the civilized world. They have their “Conciliation Hall,” on the banks of the Liffey, their reform clubs, and their newspapers; they pass resolutions, send forth addresses, and enjoy the right of petition. But how is it with the American slave? Where may he assemble? Where is his Conciliation Hall? Where are his newspapers? Where is his right of petition? Where is his freedom of speech? his liberty of the press? and his right of locomotion? He is said to be happy; happy men can speak. But ask the slave what is his condition—what his state of mind—what he thinks of enslavement? and you had as well address your inquiries to the _silent dead_. There comes no _voice_ from the enslaved. We are left to gather his feelings by imagining what ours would be, were our souls in his soul’s stead.

If there were no other fact descriptive of slavery, than that the slave is dumb, this alone would be sufficient to mark the slave system as a grand aggregation of human horrors.

Most who are present, will have observed that leading men in this country have been putting forth their skill to secure quiet to the nation. A system of measures to promote this object was adopted a few months ago in congress. The result of those measures is known. Instead of quiet, they have produced alarm; instead of peace, they have brought us war; and so it must ever be.

While this nation is guilty of the enslavement of three millions of innocent men and women, it is as idle to think of having a sound and lasting peace, as it is to think there is no God to take cognizance of the affairs of men. There can be no peace to the wicked while slavery continues in the land. It will be condemned; and while it is condemned there will be agitation. Nature must cease to be nature; men must become monsters; humanity must be transformed; Christianity must be exterminated; all ideas of justice and the

laws of eternal goodness must be utterly blotted out from the human soul—ere a system so foul and infernal can escape condemnation, or this guilty republic can have a sound, enduring peace.

INHUMANITY OF SLAVERY. Extract from A Lecture on Slavery, at Rochester,

December 8, 1850

The relation of master and slave has been called patriarchal, and only second in benignity and tenderness to that of the parent and child. This representation is doubtless believed by many northern people; and this may account, in part, for the lack of interest which we find among persons whom we are bound to believe to be honest and humane. What, then, are the facts? Here I will not quote my own experience in slavery; for this you might call one-sided testimony. I will not cite the declarations of abolitionists; for these you might pronounce exaggerations. I will not rely upon advertisements cut from newspapers; for these you might call isolated cases. But I will refer you to the laws adopted by the legislatures of the slave states. I give you such evidence, because it cannot be invalidated nor denied. I hold in my hand sundry extracts from the slave codes of our country, from which I will quote. * * *

Now, if the foregoing be an indication of kindness, _what is cruelty_? If this be parental affection, _what is bitter malignity_? A more atrocious and blood-thirsty string of laws could not well be conceived of. And yet I am bound to say that they fall short of indicating the horrible cruelties constantly practiced in the slave states.

I admit that there are individual slaveholders less cruel and barbarous than is allowed by law; but these form the exception. The majority of slaveholders find it necessary, to insure obedience, at times, to avail themselves of the utmost extent of the law, and many go beyond it. If kindness were the rule, we should not see advertisements filling the columns of almost every southern newspaper, offering large rewards for fugitive slaves, and describing them as being branded with irons, loaded with chains, and scarred by the whip. One of the most telling testimonies against the pretended kindness of slaveholders, is the fact that uncounted numbers of fugitives are now inhabiting the Dismal Swamp, preferring the untamed wilderness to their cultivated homes—choosing rather to encounter hunger and thirst, and to roam with the wild beasts of the forest, running the hazard of being hunted and shot down, than to submit to the authority of _kind_ masters.

I tell you, my friends, humanity is never driven to such an unnatural course of life, without great wrong. The slave finds more of the milk of human kindness in the bosom of the savage Indian, than in the heart of his _Christian_ master. He leaves the man of the _bible_, and takes refuge with the man of the _tomahawk_. He rushes from the praying slaveholder into the paws of the bear. He quits the homes of men for the haunts of wolves. He prefers to encounter a life of trial, however bitter, or death, however terrible, to dragging out his existence under the dominion of these _kind_ masters.

The apologists for slavery often speak of the abuses of slavery; and they tell us that they are as much opposed to those abuses as we are; and that they would go as far to correct those abuses and to ameliorate the condition of the slave as anybody. The answer to that view is, that slavery is itself an abuse; that it lives by abuse; and dies by the absence of abuse. Grant that slavery is right; grant that the relations of master and slave may innocently exist; and there is not a single outrage which was ever committed against the slave but what finds an apology in the very necessity of the case. As we said by a slaveholder (the Rev. A. G. Few) to the Methodist conference, “If the relation be right, the means to maintain it are also right;” for without those means slavery could not exist. Remove the dreadful scourge—the plaited thong—the galling fetter—the accursed chain—and let the slaveholder rely solely upon moral and religious power, by which to secure obedience to his orders, and how long do you suppose a slave would remain on his plantation? The case only needs to be stated; it carries its own refutation with it.

Absolute and arbitrary power can never be maintained by one man over the body and soul of another man, without brutal chastisement and enormous cruelty.

To talk of _kindness_ entering into a relation in which one party is robbed of wife, of children, of his hard earnings, of home, of friends, of society, of knowledge, and of all that makes this life desirable, is most absurd, wicked, and preposterous.

I have shown that slavery is wicked—wicked, in that it violates the great law of liberty, written on every human heart—wicked, in that it violates the first command of the decalogue—wicked, in that it fosters the most disgusting licentiousness—wicked, in that it mars and defaces the image of God by cruel and barbarous inflictions—wicked, in that it contravenes the laws of eternal justice, and tramples in the dust all the humane and heavenly precepts of the New Testament.

The evils resulting from this huge system of iniquity are not confined to the states south of Mason and Dixon's line. Its noxious influence can easily be traced throughout our northern borders. It comes even as far north as the state of New York. Traces of it may be seen even in Rochester; and travelers have told me it casts its gloomy shadows across the lake, approaching the very shores of Queen Victoria's dominions.

The presence of slavery may be explained by—as it is the explanation of—the mobocratic violence which lately disgraced New York, and which still more recently disgraced the city of Boston. These violent demonstrations, these outrageous invasions of human rights, faintly indicate the presence and power of slavery here. It is a significant fact, that while meetings for almost any purpose under heaven may be held unmolested in the city of Boston, that in the same city, a meeting cannot be peaceably held for the purpose of preaching the doctrine of the American Declaration of Independence, "that all men are created equal." The pestiferous breath of slavery taints the whole moral atmosphere of the north, and enervates the moral energies of the whole people.

The moment a foreigner ventures upon our soil, and utters a natural repugnance to oppression, that moment he is made to feel that there is little sympathy in this land for him. If he were greeted with smiles before, he meets with frowns now; and it shall go well with him if he be not subjected to that peculiarly fining method of showing fealty to slavery, the assaults of a mob.

Now, will any man tell me that such a state of things is natural, and that such conduct on the part of the people of the north, springs from a consciousness of rectitude? No! every fibre of the human heart unites in detestation of tyranny, and it is only when the human mind has become familiarized with slavery, is accustomed to its injustice, and corrupted by its selfishness, that it fails to record its abhorrence of slavery, and does not exult in the triumphs of liberty.

The northern people have been long connected with slavery; they have been linked to a decaying corpse, which has destroyed the moral health. The union of the government; the union of the north and south, in the political parties; the union in the religious organizations of the land, have all served to deaden the moral sense of the northern people, and to impregnate them with sentiments and ideas forever in conflict with what as a nation we call _genius of American institutions_. Rightly viewed, this is an alarming fact, and ought to rally all that is pure, just, and holy in one determined effort to crush the monster of corruption, and to scatter "its guilty profits" to the winds. In a high moral sense, as well as in a national sense, the whole American people are responsible for slavery, and must share, in its guilt and shame, with the most obdurate men-stealers of the south.

While slavery exists, and the union of these states endures, every American citizen must bear the chagrin of hearing his country branded before the world as a nation of liars and hypocrites; and behold his cherished flag pointed at with the utmost scorn and derision. Even now an American _abroad_ is pointed out in the crowd, as coming from a land where men gain their fortunes by "the blood of souls," from a land of slave markets, of blood-hounds, and slave-hunters; and, in some circles, such a man is shunned altogether, as a moral pest. Is it not time, then, for every American to awake, and inquire into his duty with respect to this subject?

Wendell Phillips—the eloquent New England orator—on his return from Europe, in 1842, said, "As I stood upon the shores of Genoa, and saw floating on the placid waters of the Mediterranean, the beautiful American war ship Ohio, with her masts tapering proportionately aloft, and an eastern sun reflecting her noble form upon the sparkling waters, attracting the gaze of the multitude, my first impulse was of pride, to think myself an American; but when I thought that the first time that gallant ship would gird on her gorgeous apparel, and wake from beneath her sides her dormant thunders, it would be in defense of the African slave trade, I blushed in utter _shame_ for my country."

Let me say again, _slavery is alike the sin and the shame of the American people;_ it is a blot upon the American name, and the only national reproach which need make an American hang his head in shame, in the presence of monarchical governments.

With this gigantic evil in the land, we are constantly told to look _at home;_ if we say ought against crowned heads, we are pointed to our enslaved millions; if we talk of sending missionaries and bibles abroad, we are pointed to three millions now lying in worse than heathen darkness; if we express a word of sympathy for Kossuth and his Hungarian fugitive brethren, we are pointed to that horrible and hell-black enactment, "the fugitive slave bill."

Slavery blunts the edge of all our rebukes of tyranny abroad—the criticisms that we make upon other nations, only call forth ridicule, contempt, and scorn. In a word, we are made a reproach and a by-word to a mocking earth, and we must continue to be so made, so long as slavery continues to pollute our soil.

We have heard much of late of the virtue of patriotism, the love of country, &c., and this sentiment, so natural and so strong, has been impiously appealed to, by all the powers of human selfishness, to cherish the viper which is stinging our national life away. In

its name, we have been called upon to deepen our infamy before the world, to rivet the fetter more firmly on the limbs of the enslaved, and to become utterly insensible to the voice of human woe that is wafted to us on every southern gale. We have been called upon, in its name, to desecrate our whole land by the footprints of slave-hunters, and even to engage ourselves in the horrible business of kidnapping.

I, too, would invoke the spirit of patriotism; not in a narrow and restricted sense, but, I trust, with a broad and manly signification; not to cover up our national sins, but to inspire us with sincere repentance; not to hide our shame from the the(sic) world's gaze, but utterly to abolish the cause of that shame; not to explain away our gross inconsistencies as a nation, but to remove the hateful, jarring, and incongruous elements from the land; not to sustain an egregious wrong, but to unite all our energies in the grand effort to remedy that wrong.

I would invoke the spirit of patriotism, in the name of the law of the living God, natural and revealed, and in the full belief that "righteousness exalteth a nation, while sin is a reproach to any people." "He that walketh righteously, and speaketh uprightly; he that despiseth the gain of oppressions, that shaketh his hands from the holding of bribes, he shall dwell on high, his place of defense shall be the munitions of rocks, bread shall be given him, his water shall be sure."

We have not only heard much lately of patriotism, and of its aid being invoked on the side of slavery and injustice, but the very prosperity of this people has been called in to deafen them to the voice of duty, and to lead them onward in the pathway of sin. Thus has the blessing of God been converted into a curse. In the spirit of genuine patriotism, I warn the American people, by all that is just and honorable, to BEWARE!

I warn them that, strong, proud, and prosperous though we be, there is a power above us that can "bring down high looks; at the breath of whose mouth our wealth may take wings; and before whom every knee shall bow;" and who can tell how soon the avenging angel may pass over our land, and the sable bondmen now in chains, may become the instruments of our nation's chastisement! Without appealing to any higher feeling, I would warn the American people, and the American government, to be wise in their day and generation. I exhort them to remember the history of other nations; and I remind them that America cannot always sit "as a queen," in peace and repose; that prouder and stronger governments than this have been shattered by the bolts of a just God; that the time may come when those they now despise and hate, may be needed; when those whom they now compel by oppression to be enemies, may be wanted as friends. What has been, may be again. There is a point beyond which human endurance cannot go. The crushed worm may yet turn under the heel of the oppressor. I warn them, then, with all solemnity, and in the name of retributive justice, _to look to their ways;_ for in an evil hour, those sable arms that have, for the last two centuries, been engaged in cultivating and adorning the fair fields of our country, may yet become the instruments of terror, desolation, and death, throughout our borders.

It was the sage of the Old Dominion that said—while speaking of the possibility of a conflict between the slaves and the slaveholders—"God has no attribute that could take sides with the oppressor in such a contest. I tremble for my country when I reflect that God _is just_, and that his justice cannot sleep forever." Such is the warning voice of Thomas Jefferson; and every day's experience since its utterance until now, confirms its wisdom, and commends its truth.

WHAT TO THE SLAVE IS THE FOURTH OF JULY?. Extract from an Oration, at

Rochester, July 5, 1852

Fellow-Citizens—Pardon me, and allow me to ask, why am I called upon to speak here to-day? What have I, or those I represent, to do with your national independence? Are the great principles of political freedom and of natural justice, embodied in that Declaration of Independence, extended to us? and am I, therefore, called upon to bring our humble offering to the national altar, and to confess the benefits, and express devout gratitude for the blessings, resulting from your independence to us?

Would to God, both for your sakes and ours, that an affirmative answer could be truthfully returned to these questions! Then would my task be light, and my burden easy and delightful. For who is there so cold that a nation's sympathy could not warm him? Who so obdurate and dead to the claims of gratitude, that would not thankfully acknowledge such priceless benefits? Who so stolid and selfish, that would not give his voice to swell the hallelujahs of a nation's jubilee, when the chains of servitude had been torn from his limbs? I am not that man. In a case like that, the dumb might eloquently speak, and the "lame man leap as an hart."

But, such is not the state of the case. I say it with a sad sense of the disparity between us. I am not included within the pale of this glorious anniversary! Your high independence only reveals the immeasurable distance between us. The blessings in which you this day rejoice, are not enjoyed in common. The rich inheritance of justice, liberty, prosperity, and independence, bequeathed by your fathers, is shared by you, not by me. The sunlight that brought life and healing to you, has brought stripes and death to me. This Fourth of July is _yours_, not mine. You may rejoice, I must mourn. To drag a man in fetters into the grand illuminated temple of liberty, and call upon him to join you in joyous anthems, were inhuman mockery and sacrilegious irony. Do you mean, citizens, to mock me, by asking me to speak to-day? If so, there is a parallel to your conduct. And let me warn you that it is dangerous to copy the example of a nation whose crimes, towering up to heaven, were thrown down by the breath of the Almighty, burying that nation in irrecoverable ruin! I can to-day take up the plaintive lament of a peeled and woe-smitten people.

“By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down. Yea! we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof. For there, they that carried us away captive, required of us a song; and they who wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion. How can we sing the Lord’s song in a strange land? If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth.”

Fellow-citizens, above your national, tumultous joy, I hear the mournful wail of millions, whose chains, heavy and grievous yesterday, are to-day rendered more intolerable by the jubilant shouts that reach them. If I do forget, if I do not faithfully remember those bleeding children of sorrow this day, “may my right hand forget her cunning, and may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!” To forget them, to pass lightly over their wrongs, and to chime in with the popular theme, would be treason most scandalous and shocking, and would make me a reproach before God and the world. My subject, then, fellow-citizens, is AMERICAN SLAVERY. I shall see this day and its popular characteristics from the slave’s point of view. Standing there, identified with the American bondman, making his wrongs mine, I do not hesitate to declare, with all my soul, that the character and conduct of this nation never looked blacker to me than on this Fourth of July. Whether we turn to the declarations of the past, or to the professions of the present, the conduct of the nation seems equally hideous and revolting. America is false to the past, false to the present, and solemnly binds herself to be false to the future. Standing with God and the crushed and bleeding slave on this occasion, I will, in the name of humanity which is outraged, in the name of liberty which is fettered, in the name of the constitution and the bible, which are disregarded and trampled upon, dare to call in question and to denounce, with all the emphasis I can command, everything that serves to perpetuate slavery—the great sin and shame of America! “I will not equivocate; I will not excuse;” I will use the severest language I can command; and yet not one word shall escape me that any man, whose judgment is not blinded by prejudice, or who is not at heart a slaveholder, shall not confess to be right and just.

But I fancy I hear some one of my audience say, it is just in this circumstance that you and your brother abolitionists fail to make a favorable impression on the public mind. Would you argue more, and denounce less, would you persuade more and rebuke less, your cause would be much more likely to succeed. But, I submit, where all is plain there is nothing to be argued. What point in the anti-slavery creed would you have me argue? On what branch of the subject do the people of this country need light? Must I undertake to prove that the slave is a man? That point is conceded already. Nobody doubts it. The slaveholders themselves acknowledge it in the enactment of laws for their government. They acknowledge it when they punish disobedience on the part of the slave. There are seventy-two crimes in the state of Virginia, which, if committed by a black man (no matter how ignorant he be), subject him to the punishment of death; while only two of these same crimes will subject a white man to the like punishment. What is this but the acknowledgement that the slave is a moral, intellectual, and responsible being. The manhood of the slave is conceded. It is admitted in the fact that southern statute books are covered with enactments forbidding, under severe fines and penalties, the teaching of the slave to read or write. When you can point to any such laws, in reference to the beasts of the field, then I may consent to argue the manhood of the slave. When the dogs in your streets, when the fowls of the air, when the cattle on your hills, when the fish of the sea, and the reptiles that crawl, shall be unable to distinguish the slave from a brute, then will I argue with you that the slave is a man!

For the present, it is enough to affirm the equal manhood of the Negro race. Is it not astonishing that, while we are plowing, planting, and reaping, using all kinds of mechanical tools, erecting houses, constructing bridges, building ships, working in metals of brass, iron, copper, silver, and gold; that, while we are reading, writing, and cyphering, acting as clerks, merchants, and secretaries, having among us lawyers, doctors, ministers, poets, authors, editors, orators, and teachers; that, while we are engaged in all manner of enterprises common to other men—digging gold in California, capturing the whale in the Pacific, feeding sheep and cattle on the hillside, living, moving, acting, thinking, planning, living in families as husbands, wives, and children, and, above all, confessing and worshiping the Christian’s God, and looking hopefully for life and immortality beyond the grave—we are called upon

to prove that we are men!

Would you have me argue that man is entitled to liberty? that he is the rightful owner of his own body? You have already declared it. Must I argue the wrongfulness of slavery? Is that a question for republicans? Is it to be settled by the rules of logic and argumentation, as a matter beset with great difficulty, involving a doubtful application of the principle of justice, hard to be understood? How should I look to-day in the presence of Americans, dividing and subdividing a discourse, to show that men have a natural right to freedom, speaking of it relatively and positively, negatively and affirmatively? To do so, would be to make myself ridiculous, and to offer an insult to your understanding. There is not a man beneath the canopy of heaven that does not know that slavery is wrong for _him_.

What! am I to argue that it is wrong to make men brutes, to rob them of their liberty, to work them without wages, to keep them ignorant of their relations to their fellow-men, to beat them with sticks, to flay their flesh with the lash, to load their limbs with irons, to hunt them with dogs, to sell them at auction, to sunder their families, to knock out their teeth, to burn their flesh, to starve them into obedience and submission to their masters? Must I argue that a system, thus marked with blood and stained with pollution, is wrong? No; I will not. I have better employment for my time and strength than such arguments would imply.

What, then, remains to be argued? Is it that slavery is not divine; that God did not establish it; that our doctors of divinity are mistaken? There is blasphemy in the thought. That which is inhuman cannot be divine. Who can reason on such a proposition! They that can, may! I cannot. The time for such argument is past.

At a time like this, scorching irony, not convincing argument, is needed. Oh! had I the ability, and could I reach the nation's ear, I would to-day pour out a fiery stream of biting ridicule, blasting reproach, withering sarcasm, and stern rebuke. For it is not light that is needed, but fire; it is not the gentle shower, but thunder. We need the storm, the whirlwind, and the earthquake. The feeling of the nation must be quickened; the conscience of the nation must be roused; the propriety of the nation must be startled; the hypocrisy of the nation must be exposed; and its crimes against God and man must be proclaimed and denounced.

What to the American slave is your Fourth of July? I answer, a day that reveals to him, more than all other days in the year, the gross injustice and cruelty to which he is the constant victim. To him, your celebration is a sham; your boasted liberty, an unholy license; your national greatness, swelling vanity; your sounds of rejoicing are empty and heartless; your denunciations of tyrants, brass-fronted impudence; your shouts of liberty and equality, hollow mockery; your prayers and hymns, your sermons and thanksgivings, with all your religious parade and solemnity, are to him mere bombast, fraud, deception, impiety, and hypocrisy—a thin veil to cover up crimes which would disgrace a nation of savages. There is not a nation on the earth guilty of practices more shocking and bloody, than are the people of these United States, at this very hour.

Go where you may, search where you will, roam through all the monarchies and despotisms of the old world, travel through South America, search out every abuse, and when you have found the last, lay your facts by the side of the every-day practices of this nation, and you will say with me, that, for revolting barbarity and shameless hypocrisy, America reigns without a rival.

THE INTERNAL SLAVE TRADE. Extract from an Oration, at Rochester, July

5, 1852

Take the American slave trade, which, we are told by the papers, is especially prosperous just now. Ex-senator Benton tells us that the price of men was never higher than now. He mentions the fact to show that slavery is in no danger. This trade is one of the peculiarities of American institutions. It is carried on in all the large towns and cities in one-half of this confederacy; and millions are pocketed every year by dealers in this horrid traffic. In several states this trade is a chief source of wealth. It is called (in contradistinction to the foreign slave trade) _"the internal slave trade_." It is, probably, called so, too, in order to divert from it the horror with which the foreign slave trade is contemplated. That trade has long since been denounced by this government as piracy. It has been denounced with burning words, from the high places of the nation, as an execrable traffic. To arrest it, to put an end to it, this nation keeps a squadron, at immense cost, on the coast of Africa. Everywhere in this country, it is safe to speak of this foreign slave trade as a most inhuman traffic, opposed alike to the laws of God and of man. The duty to extirpate and destroy it is admitted even by our _doctors of divinity_. In order to put an end to it, some of these last have consented that their colored brethren (nominally free) should leave this country, and establish themselves on the western coast of Africa. It is, however, a notable fact, that, while so much execration is poured out by Americans, upon those engaged in the foreign slave trade, the men engaged in the slave trade between the states pass without condemnation, and their business is deemed honorable.

Behold the practical operation of this internal slave trade—the American slave trade sustained by American politics and American religion! Here you will see men and women reared like swine for the market. You know what is a swine-drover? I will show you a man-drover. They inhabit all our southern states. They perambulate the country, and crowd the highways of the nation with droves of human stock. You will see one of these human-flesh-jobbers, armed with pistol, whip, and bowie-knife, driving a company of a hundred men, women, and children, from the Potomac to the slave market at New Orleans. These wretched people are to be sold singly, or in lots, to suit purchasers. They are food for the cotton-field and the deadly sugar-mill. Mark the sad procession as it moves wearily along, and the inhuman wretch who drives them. Hear his savage yells and his blood-chilling oaths, as he hurries on his affrighted captives. There, see the old man, with locks thinned and gray. Cast one glance, if you please, upon that young mother, whose shoulders are bare to the scorching sun, her briny tears falling on the brow of the babe in her arms. See, too, that girl of thirteen, weeping, yes, weeping, as she thinks of the mother from whom she has been torn. The drove moves tardily. Heat and sorrow have nearly consumed their strength. Suddenly you hear a quick snap, like the discharge of a rifle; the fetters clank, and the chain rattles simultaneously; your ears are saluted with a scream that seems to have torn its way to the center of your soul. The crack you heard was the sound of the slave whip; the scream you heard was from the woman you saw with the babe. Her speed had faltered under the weight of her child and her chains; that gash on her shoulder tells her to move on. Follow this drove to New Orleans. Attend the auction; see men examined like horses; see the forms of women rudely and brutally exposed to the shocking gaze of American slave-buyers. See this drove sold and separated forever; and never forget the deep, sad sobs that arose from that scattered multitude. Tell me, citizens, where, under the sun, can you witness a spectacle more fiendish and shocking. Yet this is but a glance at the American slave trade, as it exists at this moment, in the ruling part of the United States.

I was born amid such sights and scenes. To me the American slave trade is a terrible reality. When a child, my soul was often pierced with a sense of its horrors. I lived on Philpot street, Fell's Point, Baltimore, and have watched from the wharves the slave ships in the basin, anchored from the shore, with their cargoes of human flesh, waiting for favorable winds to waft them down the Chesapeake. There was, at that time, a grand slave mart kept at the head of Pratt street, by Austin Woldfolk. His agents were sent into every town and county in Maryland, announcing their arrival through the papers, and on flaming hand-bills, headed, "cash for negroes." These men were generally well dressed, and very captivating in their manners; ever ready to drink, to treat, and to gamble. The fate of many a slave has depended upon the turn of a single card; and many a child has been snatched from the arms of its mothers by bargains arranged in a state of brutal drunkenness.

The flesh-mongers gather up their victims by dozens, and drive them, chained, to the general depot at Baltimore. When a sufficient number have been collected here, a ship is chartered, for the purpose of conveying the forlorn crew to Mobile or to New Orleans. From the slave-prison to the ship, they are usually driven in the darkness of night; for since the anti-slavery agitation a certain caution is observed.

In the deep, still darkness of midnight, I have been often aroused by the dead, heavy footsteps and the piteous cries of the chained gangs that passed our door. The anguish of my boyish heart was intense; and I was often consoled, when speaking to my mistress in the morning, to hear her say that the custom was very wicked; that she hated to hear the rattle of the chains, and the heart-rending cries. I was glad to find one who sympathized with me in my horror.

Fellow citizens, this murderous traffic is to-day in active operation in this boasted republic. In the solitude of my spirit, I see clouds of dust raised on the highways of the south; I see the bleeding footsteps; I hear the doleful wail of fettered humanity, on the way to the slave markets, where the victims are to be sold like horses, sheep, and swine, knocked off to the highest bidder. There I see the tenderest ties ruthlessly broken, to gratify the lust, caprice, and rapacity of the buyers and sellers of men. My soul sickens at the sight.

Is this the land your fathers loved? The freedom which they toiled to win? Is this the earth whereon they moved? Are these the graves they slumber in?

But a still more inhuman, disgraceful, and scandalous state of things remains to be presented. By an act of the American congress, not yet two years old, slavery has been nationalized in its most horrible and revolting form. By that act, Mason and Dixon's line has been obliterated; New York has become as Virginia; and the power to hold, hunt, and sell men, women, and children as slaves, remains no longer a mere state institution, but is now an institution of the whole United States. The power is coextensive with the star-spangled banner and American christianity. Where these go, may also go the merciless slave-hunter. Where these are, man is not sacred. He is a bird for the sportsman's gun. By that most foul and fiendish of all human decrees, the liberty and person of every man are put in peril. Your broad republican domain is a hunting-ground for _men_. Not for thieves and robbers, enemies of

society, merely, but for men guilty of no crime. Your law-makers have commanded all good citizens to engage in this hellish sport. Your president, your secretary of state, your lords, nobles, and ecclesiastics, enforce as a duty you owe to your free and glorious country and to your God, that you do this accursed thing. Not fewer than forty Americans have within the past two years been hunted down, and without a moment's warning, hurried away in chains, and consigned to slavery and excruciating torture. Some of these have had wives and children dependent on them for bread; but of this no account was made. The right of the hunter to his prey, stands superior to the right of marriage, and to _all_ rights in this republic, the rights of God included! For black men there are neither law, justice, humanity, nor religion. The fugitive slave law makes MERCY TO THEM A CRIME; and bribes the judge who tries them. An American judge GETS TEN DOLLARS FOR EVERY VICTIM HE CONSIGNS to slavery, and five, when he fails to do so. The oath of an(sic) two villains is sufficient, under this hell-black enactment, to send the most pious and exemplary black man into the remorseless jaws of slavery! His own testimony is nothing. He can bring no witnesses for himself. The minister of American justice is bound by the law to hear but _one side_, and that side is the side of the oppressor. Let this damning fact be perpetually told. Let it be thundered around the world, that, in tyrant-killing, king hating, people-loving, democratic, Christian America, the seats of justice are filled with judges, who hold their office under an open and palpable _bribe_, and are bound, in deciding in the case of a man's liberty, _to hear only his accusers!_

In glaring violation of justice, in shameless disregard of the forms of administering law, in cunning arrangement to entrap the defenseless, and in diabolical intent, this fugitive slave law stands alone in the annals of tyrannical legislation. I doubt if there be another nation on the globe having the brass and the baseness to put such a law on the statute-book. If any man in this assembly thinks differently from me in this matter, and feels able to disprove my statements, I will gladly confront him at any suitable time and place he may select.

THE SLAVERY PARTY. Extract from a Speech Delivered before the A. A. S.

Society, in New York, May, 1853.

Sir, it is evident that there is in this country a purely slavery party—a party which exists for no other earthly purpose but to promote the interests of slavery. The presence of this party is felt everywhere in the republic. It is known by no particular name, and has assumed no definite shape; but its branches reach far and wide in the church and in the state. This shapeless and nameless party is not intangible in other and more important respects. That party, sir, has determined upon a fixed, definite, and comprehensive policy toward the whole colored population of the United States. What that policy is, it becomes us as abolitionists, and especially does it become the colored people themselves, to consider and to understand fully. We ought to know who our enemies are, where they are, and what are their objects and measures. Well, sir, here is my version of it—not original with me—but mine because I hold it to be true.

I understand this policy to comprehend five cardinal objects. They are these: 1st. The complete suppression of all anti-slavery discussion. 2d. The expatriation of the entire free people of color from the United States. 3d. The unending perpetuation of slavery in this republic. 4th. The nationalization of slavery to the extent of making slavery respected in every state of the Union. 5th. The extension of slavery over Mexico and the entire South American states.

Sir, these objects are forcibly presented to us in the stern logic of passing events; in the facts which are and have been passing around us during the last three years. The country has been and is now dividing on these grand issues. In their magnitude, these issues cast all others into the shade, depriving them of all life and vitality. Old party ties are broken. Like is finding its like on either side of these great issues, and the great battle is at hand. For the present, the best representative of the slavery party in politics is the democratic party. Its great head for the present is President Pierce, whose boast it was, before his election, that his whole life had been consistent with the interests of slavery, that he is above reproach on that score. In his inaugural address, he reassures the south on this point. Well, the head of the slave power being in power, it is natural that the pro slavery elements should cluster around the administration, and this is rapidly being done. A fraternization is going on. The stringent protectionists and the free-traders strike hands. The supporters of Fillmore are becoming the supporters of Pierce. The silver-gray whig shakes hands with the hunker democrat; the former only differing from the latter in name. They are of one heart, one mind, and the union is natural and perhaps inevitable. Both hate Negroes; both hate progress; both hate the "higher law;" both hate William H. Seward; both hate the free democratic party; and upon this hateful basis they are forming a union of hatred. "Pilate and Herod are thus made friends." Even the central organ of the whig party is extending its beggar hand for a morsel from the table of slavery democracy, and when spurned from the feast by the more deserving, it pockets the insult; when kicked on one side it turns the

other, and preseveres in its importunities. The fact is, that paper comprehends the demands of the times; it understands the age and its issues; it wisely sees that slavery and freedom are the great antagonistic forces in the country, and it goes to its own side. Silver grays and hunkers all understand this. They are, therefore, rapidly sinking all other questions to nothing, compared with the increasing demands of slavery. They are collecting, arranging, and consolidating their forces for the accomplishment of their appointed work.

The keystone to the arch of this grand union of the slavery party of the United States, is the compromise of 1850. In that compromise we have all the objects of our slaveholding policy specified. It is, sir, favorable to this view of the designs of the slave power, that both the whig and the democratic party bent lower, sunk deeper, and strained harder, in their conventions, preparatory to the late presidential election, to meet the demands of the slavery party than at any previous time in their history. Never did parties come before the northern people with propositions of such undisguised contempt for the moral sentiment and the religious ideas of that people. They virtually asked them to unite in a war upon free speech, and upon conscience, and to drive the Almighty presence from the councils of the nation. Resting their platforms upon the fugitive slave bill, they boldly asked the people for political power to execute the horrible and hell-black provisions of that bill. The history of that election reveals, with great clearness, the extent to which slavery has shot its leprous distillment through the life-blood of the nation. The party most thoroughly opposed to the cause of justice and humanity, triumphed; while the party suspected of a leaning toward liberty, was overwhelmingly defeated, some say annihilated.

But here is a still more important fact, illustrating the designs of the slave power. It is a fact full of meaning, that no sooner did the democratic slavery party come into power, than a system of legislation was presented to the legislatures of the northern states, designed to put the states in harmony with the fugitive slave law, and the malignant bearing of the national government toward the colored inhabitants of the country. This whole movement on the part of the states, bears the evidence of having one origin, emanating from one head, and urged forward by one power. It was simultaneous, uniform, and general, and looked to one end. It was intended to put thorns under feet already bleeding; to crush a people already bowed down; to enslave a people already but half free; in a word, it was intended to discourage, dishearten, and drive the free colored people out of the country. In looking at the recent black law of Illinois, one is struck dumb with its enormity. It would seem that the men who enacted that law, had not only banished from their minds all sense of justice, but all sense of shame. It coolly proposes to sell the bodies and souls of the blacks to increase the intelligence and refinement of the whites; to rob every black stranger who ventures among them, to increase their literary fund.

While this is going on in the states, a pro-slavery, political board of health is established at Washington. Senators Hale, Chase, and Sumner are robbed of a part of their senatorial dignity and consequence as representing sovereign states, because they have refused to be inoculated with the slavery virus. Among the services which a senator is expected by his state to perform, are many that can only be done efficiently on committees; and, in saying to these honorable senators, you shall not serve on the committees of this body, the slavery party took the responsibility of robbing and insulting the states that sent them. It is an attempt at Washington to decide for the states who shall be sent to the senate. Sir, it strikes me that this aggression on the part of the slave power did not meet at the hands of the proscribed senators the rebuke which we had a right to expect would be administered. It seems to me that an opportunity was lost, that the great principle of senatorial equality was left undefended, at a time when its vindication was sternly demanded. But it is not to the purpose of my present statement to criticise the conduct of our friends. I am persuaded that much ought to be left to the discretion of anti slavery men in congress, and charges of recreancy should never be made but on the most sufficient grounds. For, of all the places in the world where an anti-slavery man needs the confidence and encouragement of friends, I take Washington to be that place.

Let me now call attention to the social influences which are operating and cooperating with the slavery party of the country, designed to contribute to one or all of the grand objects aimed at by that party. We see here the black man attacked in his vital interests; prejudice and hate are excited against him; enmity is stirred up between him and other laborers. The Irish people, warm-hearted, generous, and sympathizing with the oppressed everywhere, when they stand upon their own green island, are instantly taught, on arriving in this Christian country, to hate and despise the colored people. They are taught to believe that we eat the bread which of right belongs to them. The cruel lie is told the Irish, that our adversity is essential to their prosperity. Sir, the Irish-American will find out his mistake one day. He will find that in assuming our avocation he also has assumed our degradation. But for the present we are sufferers. The old employments by which we have heretofore gained our livelihood, are gradually, and it may be inevitably, passing into other hands. Every hour sees us elbowed out of some employment to make room perhaps for some newly-arrived emigrants, whose hunger and color are thought to give them a title to especial favor. White men are becoming

house-servants, cooks, and stewards, common laborers, and flunkeys to our gentry, and, for aught I see, they adjust themselves to their stations with all becoming obsequiousness. This fact proves that if we cannot rise to the whites, the whites can fall to us. Now, sir, look once more. While the colored people are thus elbowed out of employment; while the enmity of emigrants is being excited against us; while state after state enacts laws against us; while we are hunted down, like wild game, and oppressed with a general feeling of insecurity—the American colonization society—that old offender against the best interests and slanderer of the colored people—awakens to new life, and vigorously presses its scheme upon the consideration of the people and the government. New papers are started—some for the north and some for the south—and each in its tone adapting itself to its latitude. Government, state and national, is called upon for appropriations to enable the society to send us out of the country by steam! They want steamers to carry letters and Negroes to Africa. Evidently, this society looks upon our “extremity as its opportunity,” and we may expect that it will use the occasion well. They do not deplore, but glory, in our misfortunes.

But, sir, I must hasten. I have thus briefly given my view of one aspect of the present condition and future prospects of the colored people of the United States. And what I have said is far from encouraging to my afflicted people. I have seen the cloud gather upon the sable brows of some who hear me. I confess the case looks black enough. Sir, I am not a hopeful man. I think I am apt even to undercalculate the benefits of the future. Yet, sir, in this seemingly desperate case, I do not despair for my people. There is a bright side to almost every picture of this kind; and ours is no exception to the general rule. If the influences against us are strong, those for us are also strong. To the inquiry, will our enemies prevail in the execution of their designs. In my God and in my soul, I believe they _will not_. Let us look at the first object sought for by the slavery party of the country, viz: the suppression of anti slavery discussion. They desire to suppress discussion on this subject, with a view to the peace of the slaveholder and the security of slavery. Now, sir, neither the principle nor the subordinate objects here declared, can be at all gained by the slave power, and for this reason: It involves the proposition to padlock the lips of the whites, in order to secure the fetters on the limbs of the blacks. The right of speech, precious and priceless, _cannot, will not_, be surrendered to slavery. Its suppression is asked for, as I have said, to give peace and security to slaveholders. Sir, that thing cannot be done. God has interposed an insuperable obstacle to any such result. “There can be _no peace_, saith my God, to the wicked.” Suppose it were possible to put down this discussion, what would it avail the guilty slaveholder, pillowed as he is upon heaving bosoms of ruined souls? He could not have a peaceful spirit. If every anti-slavery tongue in the nation were silent—every anti-slavery organization dissolved—every anti-slavery press demolished—every anti slavery periodical, paper, book, pamphlet, or what not, were searched out, gathered, deliberately burned to ashes, and their ashes given to the four winds of heaven, still, still the slaveholder could have _“no peace_.” In every pulsation of his heart, in every throb of his life, in every glance of his eye, in the breeze that soothes, and in the thunder that startles, would be waked up an accuser, whose cause is, “Thou art, verily, guilty concerning thy brother.”

THE ANTI-SLAVERY MOVEMENT. Extracts from a Lecture before Various

Anti-Slavery Bodies, in the Winter of 1855.

A grand movement on the part of mankind, in any direction, or for any purpose, moral or political, is an interesting fact, fit and proper to be studied. It is such, not only for those who eagerly participate in it, but also for those who stand aloof from it—even for those by whom it is opposed. I take the anti-slavery movement to be such an one, and a movement as sublime and glorious in its character, as it is holy and beneficent in the ends it aims to accomplish. At this moment, I deem it safe to say, it is properly engrossing more minds in this country than any other subject now before the American people. The late John C. Calhoun—one of the mightiest men that ever stood up in the American senate—did not deem it beneath him; and he probably studied it as deeply, though not as honestly, as Gerrit Smith, or William Lloyd Garrison. He evinced the greatest familiarity with the subject; and the greatest efforts of his last years in the senate had direct reference to this movement. His eagle eye watched every new development connected with it; and he was ever prompt to inform the south of every important step in its progress. He never allowed himself to make light of it; but always spoke of it and treated it as a matter of grave import; and in this he showed himself a master of the mental, moral, and religious constitution of human society. Daniel Webster, too, in the better days of his life, before he gave his assent to the fugitive slave bill, and trampled upon all his earlier and better convictions—when his eye was yet single—he clearly comprehended the nature of the elements involved in this movement; and in his own majestic eloquence, warned the south, and the country, to have a care how they attempted to put it down. He is an illustration that it is easier to give, than to take, good advice. To these two men—the greatest men to whom the nation has yet given birth—may be traced the two great facts of the present—the south triumphant, and the north humbled. Their names may stand thus—Calhoun and domination—Webster and degradation. Yet again. If to the enemies of liberty this subject is one of engrossing interest, vastly more so should it be such to

freedom's friends. The latter, it leads to the gates of all valuable knowledge—philanthropic, ethical, and religious; for it brings them to the study of man, wonderfully and fearfully made—the proper study of man through all time—the open book, in which are the records of time and eternity.

Of the existence and power of the anti-slavery movement, as a fact, you need no evidence. The nation has seen its face, and felt the controlling pressure of its hand. You have seen it moving in all directions, and in all weathers, and in all places, appearing most where desired least, and pressing hardest where most resisted. No place is exempt. The quiet prayer meeting, and the stormy halls of national debate, share its presence alike. It is a common intruder, and of course has the name of being ungentlemanly. Brethren who had long sung, in the most affectionate fervor, and with the greatest sense of security,

Together let us sweetly live—together let us die,

have been suddenly and violently separated by it, and ranged in hostile attitude toward each other. The Methodist, one of the most powerful religious organizations of this country, has been rent asunder, and its strongest bolts of denominational brotherhood started at a single surge. It has changed the tone of the northern pulpit, and modified that of the press. A celebrated divine, who, four years ago, was for flinging his own mother, or brother, into the remorseless jaws of the monster slavery, lest he should swallow up the Union, now recognizes anti-slavery as a characteristic of future civilization. Signs and wonders follow this movement; and the fact just stated is one of them. Party ties are loosened by it; and men are compelled to take sides for or against it, whether they will or not. Come from where he may, or come for what he may, he is compelled to show his hand. What is this mighty force? What is its history? and what is its destiny? Is it ancient or modern, transient or permanent? Has it turned aside, like a stranger and a sojourner, to tarry for a night? or has it come to rest with us forever? Excellent chances are here for speculation; and some of them are quite profound. We might, for instance, proceed to inquire not only into the philosophy of the anti-slavery movement, but into the philosophy of the law, in obedience to which that movement started into existence. We might demand to know what is that law or power, which, at different times, disposes the minds of men to this or that particular object—now for peace, and now for war—now for freedom, and now for slavery; but this profound question I leave to the abolitionists of the superior class to answer. The speculations which must precede such answer, would afford, perhaps, about the same satisfaction as the learned theories which have rained down upon the world, from time to time, as to the origin of evil. I shall, therefore, avoid water in which I cannot swim, and deal with anti-slavery as a fact, like any other fact in the history of mankind, capable of being described and understood, both as to its internal forces, and its external phases and relations.

[After an eloquent, a full, and highly interesting exposition of the nature, character, and history of the anti-slavery movement, from the insertion of which want of space precludes us, he concluded in the following happy manner.]

Present organizations may perish, but the cause will go on. That cause has a life, distinct and independent of the organizations patched up from time to time to carry it forward. Looked at, apart from the bones and sinews and body, it is a thing immortal. It is the very essence of justice, liberty, and love. The moral life of human society, it cannot die while conscience, honor, and humanity remain. If but one be filled with it, the cause lives. Its incarnation in any one individual man, leaves the whole world a priesthood, occupying the highest moral eminence even that of disinterested benevolence. Whoso has ascended his height, and has the grace to stand there, has the world at his feet, and is the world's teacher, as of divine right. He may set in judgment on the age, upon the civilization of the age, and upon the religion of the age; for he has a test, a sure and certain test, by which to try all institutions, and to measure all men. I say, he may do this, but this is not the chief business for which he is qualified. The great work to which he is called is not that of judgment. Like the Prince of Peace, he may say, if I judge, I judge righteous judgment; still mainly, like him, he may say, this is not his work. The man who has thoroughly embraced the principles of justice, love, and liberty, like the true preacher of Christianity, is less anxious to reproach the world of its sins, than to win it to repentance. His great work on earth is to exemplify, and to illustrate, and to ingraft those principles upon the living and practical understandings of all men within the reach of his influence. This is his work; long or short his years, many or few his adherents, powerful or weak his instrumentalities, through good report, or through bad report, this is his work. It is to snatch from the bosom of nature the latent facts of each individual man's experience, and with steady hand to hold them up fresh and glowing, enforcing, with all his power, their acknowledgment and practical adoption. If there be but _one_ such man in the land, no matter what becomes of abolition societies and parties, there will be an anti-slavery cause, and an anti-slavery movement. Fortunately for that cause, and fortunately for him by whom it is espoused, it requires no extraordinary amount of talent to preach it or to receive it when preached. The grand secret of its power is, that each of its principles is easily rendered appreciable to the faculty of reason in man, and that the most unenlightened conscience has no difficulty in deciding on which side to register its testimony. It can call its preachers from among the fishermen, and raise them to

power. In every human breast, it has an advocate which can be silent only when the heart is dead. It comes home to every man's understanding, and appeals directly to every man's conscience. A man that does not recognize and approve for himself the rights and privileges contended for, in behalf of the American slave, has not yet been found. In whatever else men may differ, they are alike in the apprehension of their natural and personal rights. The difference between abolitionists and those by whom they are opposed, is not as to principles. All are agreed in respect to these. The manner of applying them is the point of difference.

The slaveholder himself, the daily robber of his equal brother, discourses eloquently as to the excellency of justice, and the man who employs a brutal driver to flay the flesh of his negroes, is not offended when kindness and humanity are commended. Every time the abolitionist speaks of justice, the anti-abolitionist assents says, yes, I wish the world were filled with a disposition to render to every man what is rightfully due him; I should then get what is due me. That's right; let us have justice. By all means, let us have justice. Every time the abolitionist speaks in honor of human liberty, he touches a chord in the heart of the anti-abolitionist, which responds in harmonious vibrations. Liberty—yes, that is evidently my right, and let him beware who attempts to invade or abridge that right. Every time he speaks of love, of human brotherhood, and the reciprocal duties of man and man, the anti-abolitionist assents—says, yes, all right—all true—we cannot have such ideas too often, or too fully expressed. So he says, and so he feels, and only shows thereby that he is a man as well as an anti-abolitionist. You have only to keep out of sight the manner of applying your principles, to get them endorsed every time. Contemplating himself, he sees truth with absolute clearness and distinctness. He only blunders when asked to lose sight of himself. In his own cause he can beat a Boston lawyer, but he is dumb when asked to plead the cause of others. He knows very well whatsoever he would have done unto himself, but is quite in doubt as to having the same thing done unto others. It is just here, that lions spring up in the path of duty, and the battle once fought in heaven is refought on the earth. So it is, so hath it ever been, and so must it ever be, when the claims of justice and mercy make their demand at the door of human selfishness. Nevertheless, there is that within which ever pleads for the right and the just.

In conclusion, I have taken a sober view of the present anti-slavery movement. I am sober, but not hopeless. There is no denying, for it is everywhere admitted, that the anti-slavery question is the great moral and social question now before the American people. A state of things has gradually been developed, by which that question has become the first thing in order. It must be met. Herein is my hope. The great idea of impartial liberty is now fairly before the American people. Anti-slavery is no longer a thing to be prevented. The time for prevention is past. This is great gain. When the movement was younger and weaker—when it wrought in a Boston garret to human apprehension, it might have been silently put out of the way. Things are different now. It has grown too large—its friends are too numerous—its facilities too abundant—its ramifications too extended—its power too omnipotent, to be snuffed out by the contingencies of infancy. A thousand strong men might be struck down, and its ranks still be invincible. One flash from the heart-supplied intellect of Harriet Beecher Stowe could light a million camp fires in front of the embattled host of slavery, which not all the waters of the Mississippi, mingled as they are with blood, could extinguish. The present will be looked to by after coming generations, as the age of anti-slavery literature—when supply on the gallop could not keep pace with the ever growing demand—when a picture of a Negro on the cover was a help to the sale of a book—when conservative lyceums and other American literary associations began first to select their orators for distinguished occasions from the ranks of the previously despised abolitionists. If the anti-slavery movement shall fail now, it will not be from outward opposition, but from inward decay. Its auxiliaries are everywhere. Scholars, authors, orators, poets, and statesmen give it their aid. The most brilliant of American poets volunteer in its service. Whittier speaks in burning verse to more than thirty thousand, in the National Era. Your own Longfellow whispers, in every hour of trial and disappointment, "labor and wait." James Russell Lowell is reminding us that "men are more than institutions." Pierpont cheers the heart of the pilgrim in search of liberty, by singing the praises of "the north star." Bryant, too, is with us; and though chained to the car of party, and dragged on amidst a whirl of political excitement, he snatches a moment for letting drop a smiling verse of sympathy for the man in chains. The poets are with us. It would seem almost absurd to say it, considering the use that has been made of them, that we have allies in the Ethiopian songs; those songs that constitute our national music, and without which we have no national music. They are heart songs, and the finest feelings of human nature are expressed in them. "Lucy Neal," "Old Kentucky Home," and "Uncle Ned," can make the heart sad as well as merry, and can call forth a tear as well as a smile. They awaken the sympathies for the slave, in which antislavery principles take root, grow, and flourish. In addition to authors, poets, and scholars at home, the moral sense of the civilized world is with us. England, France, and Germany, the three great lights of modern civilization, are with us, and every American traveler learns to regret the existence of slavery in his country. The growth of intelligence, the influence of commerce, steam, wind, and lightning are our allies. It would be easy to amplify this summary, and to swell the vast conglomeration of our material forces; but there is a deeper and truer method of measuring the power of our cause, and of comprehending its vitality. This is to be found in its accordance with the best elements of human nature. It is beyond the power of slavery to annihilate affinities recognized and established by the Almighty. The slave is bound to mankind by the

powerful and inextricable net-work of human brotherhood. His voice is the voice of a man, and his cry is the cry of a man in distress, and man must cease to be man before he can become insensible to that cry. It is the righteous of the cause—the humanity of the cause—which constitutes its potency. As one genuine bankbill is worth more than a thousand counterfeits, so is one man, with right on his side, worth more than a thousand in the wrong. “One may chase a thousand, and put ten thousand to flight.” It is, therefore, upon the goodness of our cause, more than upon all other auxiliaries, that we depend for its final triumph.

Another source of congratulations is the fact that, amid all the efforts made by the church, the government, and the people at large, to stay the onward progress of this movement, its course has been onward, steady, straight, unshaken, and unchecked from the beginning. Slavery has gained victories large and numerous; but never as against this movement—against a temporizing policy, and against northern timidity, the slave power has been victorious; but against the spread and prevalence in the country, of a spirit of resistance to its aggression, and of sentiments favorable to its entire overthrow, it has yet accomplished nothing. Every measure, yet devised and executed, having for its object the suppression of anti-slavery, has been as idle and fruitless as pouring oil to extinguish fire. A general rejoicing took place on the passage of “the compromise measures” of 1850. Those measures were called peace measures, and were afterward termed by both the great parties of the country, as well as by leading statesmen, a final settlement of the whole question of slavery; but experience has laughed to scorn the wisdom of pro-slavery statesmen; and their final settlement of agitation seems to be the final revival, on a broader and grander scale than ever before, of the question which they vainly attempted to suppress forever. The fugitive slave bill has especially been of positive service to the anti-slavery movement. It has illustrated before all the people the horrible character of slavery toward the slave, in hunting him down in a free state, and tearing him away from wife and children, thus setting its claims higher than marriage or parental claims. It has revealed the arrogant and overbearing spirit of the slave states toward the free states; despising their principles—shocking their feelings of humanity, not only by bringing before them the abominations of slavery, but by attempting to make them parties to the crime. It has called into exercise among the colored people, the hunted ones, a spirit of manly resistance well calculated to surround them with a bulwark of sympathy and respect hitherto unknown. For men are always disposed to respect and defend rights, when the victims of oppression stand up manfully for themselves.

There is another element of power added to the anti-slavery movement, of great importance; it is the conviction, becoming every day more general and universal, that slavery must be abolished at the south, or it will demoralize and destroy liberty at the north. It is the nature of slavery to beget a state of things all around it favorable to its own continuance. This fact, connected with the system of bondage, is beginning to be more fully realized. The slave-holder is not satisfied to associate with men in the church or in the state, unless he can thereby stain them with the blood of his slaves. To be a slave-holder is to be a propagandist from necessity; for slavery can only live by keeping down the under-growth morality which nature supplies. Every new-born white babe comes armed from the Eternal presence, to make war on slavery. The heart of pity, which would melt in due time over the brutal chastisements it sees inflicted on the helpless, must be hardened. And this work goes on every day in the year, and every hour in the day.

What is done at home is being done also abroad here in the north. And even now the question may be asked, have we at this moment a single free state in the Union? The alarm at this point will become more general. The slave power must go on in its career of exactions. Give, give, will be its cry, till the timidity which concedes shall give place to courage, which shall resist. Such is the voice of experience, such has been the past, such is the present, and such will be that future, which, so sure as man is man, will come. Here I leave the subject; and I leave off where I began, consoling myself and congratulating the friends of freedom upon the fact that the anti-slavery cause is not a new thing under the sun; not some moral delusion which a few years’ experience may dispel. It has appeared among men in all ages, and summoned its advocates from all ranks. Its foundations are laid in the deepest and holiest convictions, and from whatever soul the demon, selfishness, is expelled, there will this cause take up its abode. Old as the everlasting hills; immovable as the throne of God; and certain as the purposes of eternal power, against all hinderances, and against all delays, and despite all the mutations of human instrumentalities, it is the faith of my soul, that this anti-slavery cause will triumph.

FOOTNOTES

1 (return) [Letter, Introduction to _Life of Frederick Douglass_, Boston, 1841.]

2 (return) [One of these ladies, impelled by the same noble spirit which carried Miss Nightingale to Scutari, has devoted her time, her untiring energies, to a great extent her means, and her high literary abilities, to the advancement and support of Frederick Douglass’ Paper, the only organ of the downtrodden, edited and published by one of themselves, in the United States.]

3 (return) [Mr. Stephen Myers, of Albany, deserves mention as one of the most persevering among the colored editorial fraternity.]

4 (return) [The German physiologists have even discovered vegetable matter—starch—in the human body. See _Med. Chirurgical Rev_., Oct., 1854, p. 339.]

5 (return) [Mr. Wm. H. Topp, of Albany.]

6 (return) [This is the same man who gave me the roots to prevent my being whipped by Mr. Covey. He was “a clever soul.” We used frequently to talk about the fight with Covey, and as often as we did so, he would claim my success as the result of the roots which he gave me. This superstition is very common among the more ignorant slaves. A slave seldom dies, but that his death is attributed to trickery.]

7 (return) [He was a whole-souled man, fully imbued with a love of his afflicted and hunted people, and took pleasure in being to me, as was his wont, “Eyes to the blind, and legs to the lame.” This brave and devoted man suffered much from the persecutions common to all who have been prominent benefactors. He at last became blind, and needed a friend to guide him, even as he had been a guide to others. Even in his blindness, he exhibited his manly character. In search of health, he became a physician. When hope of gaining is(sic) own was gone, he had hope for others. Believing in hydropathy, he established, at Northampton, Massachusetts, a large _“Water Cure,”_ and became one of the most successful of all engaged in that mode of treatment.]

8 (return) [The following is a copy of these curious papers, both of my transfer from Thomas to Hugh Auld, and from Hugh to myself:

“Know all men by these Presents, That I, Thomas Auld, of Talbot county, and state of Maryland, for and in consideration of the sum of one hundred dollars, current money, to me paid by Hugh Auld, of the city of Baltimore, in the said state, at and before the sealing and delivery of these presents, the receipt whereof, I, the said Thomas Auld, do hereby acknowledge, have granted, bargained, and sold, and by these presents do grant, bargain, and sell unto the said Hugh Auld, his executors, administrators, and assigns, ONE NEGRO MAN, by the name of FREDERICK BAILY, or DOUGLASS, as he callls(sic) himself—he is now about twenty-eight years of age—to have and to hold the said negro man for life. And I, the said Thomas Auld, for myself my heirs, executors, and administrators, all and singular, the said FREDERICK BAILY _alias_ DOUGLASS, unto the said Hugh Auld, his executors, administrators, and assigns against me, the said Thomas Auld, my executors, and administrators, and against ali and every other person or persons whatsoever, shall and will warrant and forever defend by these presents. In witness whereof, I set my hand and seal, this thirteenth day of November, eighteen hundred and forty-six.

THOMAS AULD

“Signed, sealed, and delivered in presence of Wrightson Jones.

“JOHN C. LEAS.

The authenticity of this bill of sale is attested by N. Harrington, a justice of the peace of the state of Maryland, and for the county of Talbot, dated same day as above.

“To all whom it may concern: Be it known, that I, Hugh Auld, of the city of Baltimore, in Baltimore county, in the state of Maryland, for divers good causes and considerations, me thereunto moving, have released from slavery, liberated, manumitted, and set free, and by these presents do hereby release from slavery, liberate, manumit, and set free, MY NEGRO MAN, named FREDERICK BAILY, otherwise called DOUGLASS, being of the age of twenty-eight years, or thereabouts, and able to work and gain a sufficient livelihood and maintenance; and him the said negro man named FREDERICK BAILY, otherwise called FREDERICK DOUGLASS, I do declare to be henceforth free, manumitted, and discharged from all manner of servitude to me, my executors, and administrators forever.

“In witness whereof, I, the said Hugh Auld, have hereunto set my hand and seal the fifth of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and forty-six.

Hugh Auld

“Sealed and delivered in presence of T. Hanson Belt.

“JAMES N. S. T. WRIGHT”]

9 (return) [See Appendix to this volume, page 317.]

10 (return) [Mr. Douglass' published speeches alone, would fill two volumes of the size of this. Our space will only permit the insertion of the extracts which follow; and which, for originality of thought, beauty and force of expression, and for impassioned, indignatory eloquence, have seldom been equaled.]

11 (return) [It is not often that chattels address their owners. The following letter is unique; and probably the only specimen of the kind extant. It was written while in England.]

==========

Sketches of the Fair Sex, in All Parts of the World.

Anonymous

Project Gutenberg Release: July 24, 2008 · eBook #26117

Produced by Bryan Ness, David Wilson and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team at http://www.pgdp.net (This book was produced from scanned images of public domain material from the Google Print project.)

[Illustration: DEATH OF CLEOPATRA. Page 201.]

SKETCHES OF THE FAIR SEX,

IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED RULES FOR DETERMINING THE PRECISE FIGURE, THE DEGREE OF BEAUTY, THE HABITS, AND THE AGE OF WOMEN,

NOTWITHSTANDING THE AIDS AND DISGUISE OF DRESS.

BOSTON: THEODORE ABBOT, 388 WASHINGTON ST.

1841.

Entered according to act of congress, in the year 1841, by

THEODORE ABBOT,

in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

In the following Pages,

It is our design to present a pleasing and interesting miscellany, which will serve to beguile the leisure hour, and will at the same time couple instruction with amusement. We have used but little method in the arrangement: Choosing rather to furnish the reader with a rich profusion of narratives and anecdotes, all tending to illustrate the

FEMALE CHARACTER,

to display its delicacy, its sweetness, its gentle or sometimes heroic virtues, its amiable weaknesses, and strange defects--than to attempt an accurate analysis of the hardest subject man ever attempted to master, viz--WOMAN.

It will be seen that we do not set down Woman as a cipher in the account of human beings. We accord to her her full share of importance in the world, and we have not attempted to relieve her from a sense of her responsibility as an accountable being. Above all, we have not failed to impress upon her the obligations she is under to CHRISTIANITY, whose benign influences have raised her to be the companion and bosom-friend of man, instead of his mere handmaid and dependant. It is religion that must form such a character as the following, which though applied by Pope to one of the most accomplished women of his time, is that of a CHRISTIAN WIFE in every age and station,--

"Oh! blest with temper whose unclouded ray Can make tomorrow cheerful as to-day: She who can love a sister's charms, or hear Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear; She who ne'er answers till a husband cools, Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules; Charms by accepting--by submitting sways, Yet has her humor most, when she obeys."

By causing the character of woman to be more thoroughly discussed and better understood;--by making it more frequently the theme of rational meditation to the young and ardent, who, from the force of defective education, are apt to regard all "the sex," beyond a very limited circle, as mere accessaries to animal enjoyment,--whose peace they may wound without compunction, and whose happiness they may peril without reflection,--we feel that we shall do both sexes a good service, and one for which as they advance in life, and in their turn become husbands, wives and parents, they will thank our little book, as having helped them to

know themselves and each other.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

African Women, 43 Adultery, punishment of 155 Bathing at Rome, 31 Betrothing and Marriage, 104 Chinese Women, 40 Chinese Bridegroom, 41 Caesar, Anecdote of 157 Celibacy of the Clergy, 160 Cleopatra, Death of, 199 Courts of Love, 172 Courtship, ancient Swedish 176 Courtship, Grecian 165 Courtship, Eastern 168 Condition of Women in the 8th Century, 52 Egyptian Women, Ancient 13 Egyptian Women, Modern 15 Euthira, desperate act of 162 Eastern Women, 37 English Women, 62 First Woman, 9 Female Friendship, 109 Female Delicacy, 30 French Women, 53 French Girls, 55 Female Simplicity, 71 Female Inferiority, idea of 67 Females during the age of Chivalry, 48 First Kiss of Love, 198 Grecian Women, 19 German Women, 99 Grecian Courtezans, 20 Greeks, religious festivals of 180 Grecian Ladies, luxurious dress of 164 Girls sold at Auction, 153 Husbands, on the choice of 114 Italian Women, 57 Influence of female society, 83 Immodesty at Babylon, 173 Indecency at Adrianople, 175 Lucretia and Virginia, 182 Ladies of Lapland and Greenland, 177 Matrimony, an essay on 203 Matrimony among the French 55 Matrimony in three different lights, 103 Magnanimity of Women, 77 Monastic Life, 89 Marriage Brokers at Genoa, 60 Marrying, power of 159 Noah's three sons, 43 Nuptial Ceremonies, 66 On looking at the picture of a beautiful female, 183 Persian Women, 17 Philtres and charms, power of 167 Roman Women, 24 Roman Oppian Law, 29 Russian Women, 65 Spanish Women, 60 St. Valentine's Day, 171 Sentimental Attachment, 92 Sale of a wife, 154 Saxons and Danes, long hair of 170 Venus de Medici, 194 Women, Art of determining the figure, beauty, habits, and the age of 185 Women in the Patriarchal ages, 10 Woman in Savage Life, 32 Woman in times of Chivalry, 45 Women in Asia and Africa, 79

"Sketches indeed, from that most passionate page, A woman's heart, of feelings, thoughts, that make The atmosphere in which her spirit moves; But like all other earthly elements, O'ercast with clouds; now dark, now touched with light, With rainbows, sunshine, showers, moonlight, stars, Chasing each other's change. I fain would trace Its brightness and its blackness."

SKETCHES OF "THE SEX."

THE FIRST WOMAN, AND HER ANTEDILUVIAN DESCENDANTS.

The great Creator, having formed man of the dust of the earth, "made a deep sleep to fall upon him, and took one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof. And the rib, which the Lord God had taken from man, made he a woman, and brought her unto the man." Hence the fair sex, in the opinion of some authors, being formed of matter doubly refined, derive their superior beauty and excellence.

Not long after the creation, the first woman was tempted by the serpent to eat of the fruit of a certain tree, in the midst of the garden of Eden, with regard to which God had said, "Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die."

This deception, and the fatal consequences arising from it, furnish the most interesting story in the whole history of the sex.

On the offerings being brought, and that of Abel accepted, Cain's jealousy and resentment rose to such a pitch, that, as soon as they came down from the mount where they had been sacrificing, he fell upon his brother and slew him.

For this cruel and barbarous action, Cain and his posterity, being banished from the rest of the human race, indulged themselves in every species of wickedness. On this account, it is supposed, they were called the _Sons and Daughters of Men_. The posterity of Seth, on the other hand, became eminent for virtue, and a regard to the divine precepts. By their regular and amiable conduct, they acquired the appellation of _Sons and Daughters of God_.

After the deluge there is a chasm in the history of women, until the time of the patriarch Abraham. They then begin to be introduced into the sacred story. Several of their actions are recorded. The laws, customs, and usages, by which they were governed, are frequently exhibited.

WOMAN IN THE PATRIARCHAL AGES.

The condition of women among the ancient patriarchs, appears to have been but extremely indifferent. When Abraham entertained the angels, sent to denounce the destruction of Sodom, he seems to have treated his wife as a menial servant: "Make ready quickly," said he to her, "three measures of fine meal, knead it, and make cakes on the hearth."

In many parts of the east, water is only to be met with deep in the earth, and to draw it from the wells is, consequently, fatiguing and laborious. This, however, was the task of the daughters of Jethro the Midianite; to whom so little regard was paid, either on account of their sex, or the rank of their father, as high priest of the country, that the neighboring shepherds not only insulted them, but forcibly took from them the water they had drawn.

This was the task of Rebecca, who not only drew water for Abraham's servant, but for his camels also, while the servant stood an idle spectator of the toil. Is it not natural to imagine, that, as he was on an embassy to court the damsel for Isaac, his master's son, he would have exerted his utmost efforts to please, and become acceptable?

When he had concluded his bargain, and was carrying her home, we meet with a circumstance worthy of remark. When she first approached Isaac, who had walked out into the fields to meet her, she did it in the most submissive manner, as if she had been approaching a lord and master, rather than a fond and passionate lover. From this circumstance, as well as from several others, related in the sacred history, it would seem that women, instead of endeavoring, as in modern times, to persuade the world that they confer an immense favor on a lover, by deigning to accept of him, did not scruple to confess, that the obligation was conferred on themselves.

This was the case with Ruth, who had laid herself down at the feet of Boaz; and being asked by him who she was, answered, "I am Ruth, thine handmaid; spread, therefore, thy skirt over thine handmaid, for thou art a near kinsman."

When Jacob went to visit his uncle Laban, he met Rachel, Laban's daughter, in the fields, attending on the flocks of her father.

In a much later period, Tamar, one of the daughters of king David, was sent by her father to perform the servile office of making cakes for her brother Amnon.

The simplicity of the times in which these things happened, no doubt, very much invalidates the strength of the conclusions that naturally arise from them. But, notwithstanding, it still appears that women were not then treated with the delicacy which they have experienced among people more polished and refined.

Polygamy also prevailed; which is so contrary to the inclination of the sex, and so deeply wounds the delicacy of their feelings, that it is impossible for any woman voluntarily to agree to it, even where it is authorized by custom and by law. Wherever, therefore, polygamy takes place, we may assure ourselves that women have but little authority, and have scarcely arrived at any consequence in society.

WOMEN OF ANCIENT EGYPT.

Wherever the human race live solitary, and unconnected with each other, they are savage and barbarous. Wherever they associate together, that association produces softer manners and a more engaging deportment.

The Egyptians, from the nature of their country, annually overflowed by the Nile, had no wild beasts to hunt, nor could they procure any thing by fishing. On these accounts, they were under a necessity of applying themselves to agriculture, a kind of life which naturally brings mankind together, for mutual convenience and assistance.

They were, likewise, every year, during the inundation of the river, obliged to assemble together, and take shelter, either on the rising grounds, or in the houses, which were raised upon piles, above the reach of the waters. Here, almost every employment being suspended, and the men and women long confined together, a thousand inducements, not to be found in a solitary state, would naturally prompt them to render themselves agreeable to each other. Hence their manners would begin, more early, to assume a softer polish, and more elegant refinement, than those of the other nations who surrounded them.

The practice of confining women, instituted by jealousy, and maintained by unlawful power, was not adopted by the ancient Egyptians. This appears from the story of Pharaoh's daughter, who was going with her train of maids to bathe in the river, when she found Moses hid among the reeds. It is still more evident, from that of the wife of Potiphar, who, if she had been confined, could not have found the opportunities she did, to solicit Joseph to her adulterous embrace.

The queens of Egypt had the greatest attention paid to them. They were more readily obeyed than the kings. It is also related, that the husbands were in their marriage-contracts, obliged to promise obedience to their wives; an obedience, which, in our modern times, we are often obliged to perform, though our wives entered into the promise.

The behavior of Solomon to Pharaoh's daughter is a convincing proof that more honor and respect was paid to the Egyptian women, than to those of any other people. Solomon had many other wives besides this princess, and was married to several of them before her, which, according to the Jewish law, ought to have entitled them to a preference. But, notwithstanding this, we hear of no particular palace having been built for any of the others, nor of the worship of any of their gods having been introduced into Jerusalem. But a magnificent palace was erected for Pharaoh's daughter; and she was permitted, though expressly contrary to the laws of Israel, to worship the gods of her own country.

MODERN EGYPTIAN WOMEN.

The women of modern Egypt are far from being on so respectable a footing as they were in ancient times, or as the European women are at present.

In Europe, women act parts of great consequence, and often reign sovereigns on the world's vast theatre. They influence manners and morals, and decide on the most important events. The fate of nations is frequently in their hands.

How different is their situation in Egypt! There they are bound down by the fetters of slavery, condemned to servitude, and have no influence in public affairs. Their empire is confined within the walls of the Harem. There are their graces and charms entombed. The circle of their life extends not beyond their own family and domestic duties.

Their first care is to educate their children; and a numerous posterity is their most fervent wish. Mothers always suckle their children. This is expressly commanded by Mahomet:--"Let the mother suckle her child full two years, if the child does not quit the breast; but she shall be permitted to wean it, with the consent of her husband."

The harem is the cradle and school of infancy. The new born feeble being is not there swaddled and filletted up in a swathe, the source of a thousand diseases. Laid naked on a mat, exposed in a vast chamber to the pure air, he breathes freely, and with his delicate limbs sprawls at pleasure.

The daughter's education is the same. Whalebone and husks, which martyr European girls, they know not. They are only covered with a shift until six years old: and the dress they afterwards wear confines none of their limbs, but suffers the body to take its true form; and nothing is more uncommon than ricketty children, and crooked people. In Egypt, man rises in all his majesty, and woman displays every charm of person.

The Egyptian women, once or twice a week, are permitted to go to the bath, and visit female relations and friends. They receive each other's visits very affectionately. When a lady enters the harem, the mistress rises, takes her hand, presses it to her bosom, kisses, and makes her sit down by her side; a slave hastens to take her black mantle; she is entreated to be at ease, quits her veil, and discovers a floating robe tied round her waist with a sash, which perfectly displays her shape. She then receives compliments according to their manner: "Why, my mother, or my sister, have you been so long absent? We sighed to see you! Your presence is an honor to our house! It is the happiness of our lives!"

Slaves present coffee, sherbet, and confectionary. They laugh, talk and play. A large dish is placed on the sofa, on which are oranges, pomegranates, bananas, and excellent melons. Water, and rose-water mixed, are brought in an ewer, and with them a silver bason to wash the hands; and loud glee and merry conversation season the meal. The chamber is perfumed by wood of aloes, in a brazier; and, the repast ended, the slaves dance to the sound of cymbals, with whom the mistresses often mingle. At parting they several times repeat, "God keep you in health! Heaven grant you a numerous offspring! Heaven preserve your children; the delight and glory of your family!"

When a visitor is in the harem, the husband must not enter. It is the asylum of hospitality, and cannot be violated without fatal consequences; a cherished right, which the Egyptian women carefully maintain, being interested in its preservation. A lover, disguised like a woman, may be introduced into the harem, and it is necessary he should remain undiscovered; death would otherwise be his reward. In that country, where the passions are excited by the climate, and the difficulty of gratifying them is great, love often produces tragical events.

PERSIAN WOMEN.

Several historians, in mentioning the ancient Persians, have dwelt with peculiar severity on the manner in which they treated their women. Jealous, almost to distraction, they confined the whole sex with the strictest attention, and could not bear that the eye of a

stranger should behold the beauty whom they adored.

When Mahomet, the great legislator of the modern Persians, was just expiring, the last advice that he gave to his faithful adherents, was, "Be watchful of your religion, and your wives." Hence they pretend to derive not only the power of confining, but also of persuading them, that they hazard their salvation, if they look upon any other man besides their husbands. The Christian religion informs us, that in the other world they neither marry, nor are given in marriage. The religion of Mahomet teaches us a different doctrine, which the Persians believing, carry the jealousy of Asia to the fields of Elysium, and the groves of Paradise; where, according to them, the blessed inhabitants have their eyes placed on the crown of their heads, lest they should see the wives of their neighbors.

To offer the least violence to a Persian woman, was to incur certain death from her husband or guardian. Even their kings, though the most absolute in the universe, could not alter the manners or customs of the country, which related to the fair sex.

Widely different from this is the present state of Persia. By a law of that country, their monarch is now authorized to go, whenever he pleases, into the harem of any of his subjects; and the subject, on whose prerogative he thus encroaches, so far from exerting his usual jealousy, thinks himself highly honored by such a visit.

A laughable story, on this subject, is told of Shah Abbas, who having got drunk at the house of one of his favorites, and intending to go into the apartment of his wives, was stopped by the door-keeper, who bluntly told him, "Not a man, sir, besides my master, shall put a mustachio here, so long as I am porter." "What," said the king, "dost thou not know me?" "Yes," answered the fellow, "I know that you are king of the men, but not of the women."

GRECIAN WOMEN.

Woman, in ancient Greece, seems to have been regarded merely in the light of an instrument for raising up members of the state. And surely it may be said of them that they nobly fulfilled this duty. The catalogue of heroes and sages which shine in Grecian history bright and numerous as stars in the firmament, are so many testimonials to the faithfulness of Grecian women in this respect.

The sexes were but little society for each other. Even husbands were, in Sparta, limited as to the time and duration of the visits made to their wives.

That women in ancient Greece did not enjoy that delicate consideration which other refined nations accord to their sex, may be inferred from the inferiority of the apartments allotted to them. The famous Helen is said to have had her chamber in the attic; and Penelope, the queen of Ulysses, descended from hers by a ladder.

GRECIAN COURTEZANS.

The rank which the courtezans enjoyed, even in the brightest ages of Greece, and particularly at Athens, is one of the greatest singularities in the manners of any people. By what circumstances could that order of women, who debase at once their own sex and ours--in a country where the women were possessed of modesty, and the men of sentiment, arrive at distinction, and sometimes even at the highest degree of reputation and consequence? Several reasons may be assigned for that phenomenon in society.

In Greece, the courtezans were in some measure connected with the religion of the country. The Goddess of Beauty had her altars; and she was supposed to protect prostitution, which was to her a species of worship. The people invoked Venus in times of danger; and, after a battle, they thought they had done honor to Miltiades and Themistocles, because the Laises and the Glyceras of the age had chaunted hymns to their Goddess.

The courtezans were likewise connected with religion, by means of the arts. Their persons afforded models for statues, which were afterwards adored in the temples. Phryne served as a model to Praxiteles, for his Venus of Cnidus. During the feasts of Neptune, near Eleusis, Apelles having seen the same courtezan on the sea-shore, without any other veil than her loose and flowing hair, was so much struck with her appearance, that he borrowed from it the idea of his Venus rising from the waves.

They were, therefore connected with statuary and painting, as they furnished the practisers of those arts with the means of embellishing their works.

The greater part of them were skilled in music; and, as that art was attended with higher effects in Greece than it ever was in any other country, it must have possessed, in their hands, an irresistible charm.

Every one knows how enthusiastic the Greeks were of beauty. They adored it in the temples. They admired it in the principal works of art. They studied it in the exercises and the games. They thought to perfect it by their marriages. They offered rewards to it at the public festivals. But virtuous beauty was seldom to be seen. The modest women were confined to their own apartments, and were visited only by their husbands and nearest relations. The courtezans offered themselves every where to view; and their beauty as might be expected, obtained universal homage.

Greece was governed by eloquent men; and the celebrated courtezans, having an influence over those orators must have had an influence on public affairs. There was not one, not even the thundering, the inflexible Demosthenes, so terrible to tyrants, but was subjected to their sway. Of that great master of eloquence it has been said, "What he had been a whole year in erecting, a woman overturned in a day." That influence augmented their consequence; and their talent of pleasing increased with the occasions of exerting it.

The laws and the public institutions, indeed, by authorizing the privacy of women, set a high value on the sanctity of the marriage vow. But in Athens, imagination, sentiment, luxury, the taste in arts and pleasures, was opposite to the laws. The courtezans, therefore may be said to have come in support of the manners.

There was no check upon public licentiousness; but private infidelity, which concerned the peace of families, was punished as a crime. By a strange and perhaps unequalled singularity the men were corrupted, yet the domestic manners were pure. It seems as if the courtezans had not been considered to belong to their sex; and, by a convention to which the laws and the manners bended, while other women were estimated merely by their virtues, they were estimated only by their accomplishments.

These reasons will in some measure, account for the honors, which the votaries of Venus so often received in Greece. Otherwise we should have been at a loss to conceive, why six or seven writers had exerted their talents to celebrate the courtezans of Athens--why three great painters had uniformly devoted their pencils to represent them on canvass--and why so many poets had strove to immortalize them in verses. We should hardly have believed that so many illustrious men had courted their society--that Aspasia had been consulted in deliberations of peace and war--that Phryne had a statue of gold placed between the statues of two kings at Delphos--that, after death, magnificent tombs had been erected to their memory.

"The traveller," says a Greek writer, "who, approaching to Athens, sees on the side of the way a monument which attracts his notice at a distance, will imagine that it is the tomb of Miltiades or Pericles, or of some other great man, who has done honor to his country by his services. He advances, he reads, and he learns that it is a courtezan of Athens who is interred with so much pomp."

Theopompus, in a letter to Alexander the Great, speaks also of the same monument in words to the following effect--"Thus, after her death, is a prostitute honored; while not one of those brave warriors who fell in Asia, fighting for you, and for the safety of Greece, has so much as a stone erected to his memory, or an inscription to preserve his ashes from insult."

Such was the homage which that enthusiastic people, voluptuous and passionate, paid to beauty. More guided by sentiment than reason, and having laws rather than principles, they banished their great men, honored their courtezans, murdered Socrates, permitted themselves to be governed by Aspasia, preserved inviolate the marriage bed, and placed Phryne in the temple of Apollo!

ROMAN WOMEN.

Among the Romans, a grave and austere people, who, during five hundred years, were unacquainted with the elegancies and the pleasures of life, and who, in the middle of furrows and fields of battle, were employed in tillage or in war, the manners of the women were a long time as solemn and severe as those of the men, and without the smallest mixture of corruption, or of weakness.

The time when the Roman women began to appear in public, marks a particular era in history.

The Roman women, for many ages, were respected over the whole world. Their victorious husbands re-visited them with transport, at their return from battle. They laid at their feet the spoils of the enemy, and endeared themselves in their eyes by the wounds which they had received for them and for the state. Those warriors often came from imposing commands upon kings, and in their own houses accounted it an honor to obey. In vain the too rigid laws made them the arbiters of life and death. More powerful than the laws, the women ruled their judges. In vain the legislature, foreseeing the wants which exist only among a corrupt people, permitted divorce. The indulgence of the polity was proscribed by the manners.

Such was the influence of beauty at Rome before the licentious intercourse of the sexes had corrupted both.

The Roman matrons do not seem to have possessed that military courage which Plutarch has praised in certain Greek and barbarian women; they partook more of the nature of their sex; or, at least, they departed less from its character. Their first quality was decency. Every one knows the story of Cato the censor, _who stabbed a Roman Senator for kissing his own wife in the presence of his daughter_.

To these austere manners, the Roman women joined an enthusiastic love of their country, which discovered itself upon many great occasions. On the death of Brutus, they all clothed themselves in mourning. In the time of Coriolanus they saved the city. That incensed warrior who had insulted the senate and priests, and who was superior even to the pride of pardoning, could not resist the tears and entreaties of the women. _They_ melted his obdurate heart. The senate decreed them public thanks, ordered the men to give place to them upon all occasions, caused an altar to be erected for them on the spot where the mother had softened her son, and the wife her husband; and the sex were permitted to add another ornament to their head-dress.

The Roman women saved the city a second time, when besieged by Brennus. They gave up all their gold as its ransom. For that instance of their generosity, the senate granted them the honor of having funeral orations pronounced in the rostrum, in common with patriots and heroes.

After the battle of Cannae, when Rome had no other treasures but the virtues of her citizens, the women sacrificed both their jewels and their gold. A new decree rewarded their zeal.

Valerius Maximus who lived in the reign of Tiberius, informs us that, in the second triumvirate, the three assassins who governed Rome thirsting after gold, no less than blood, and having already practised every species of robbery, and worn out every method of plunder; resolved _to tax the women_. They imposed a heavy contribution upon each of them. The women sought an orator to defend their cause, but found none. Nobody would reason against those who had the power of life and death. The daughter of the celebrated Hortensius alone appeared. She revived the memory of her father's abilities, and supported with intrepidity her own cause and that of her sex. The ruffians blushed and revoked their orders.

Hortensia was conducted home in triumph, and had the honor of having given, in one day, an example of courage to men, a pattern of eloquence to women, and a lesson of humanity to tyrants.

During upwards of six hundred years, the _virtues_ had been found sufficient to please. They now found it necessary to call in the _accomplishments_. They were desirous to join admiration to esteem, 'till they learned to exceed esteem itself. For in all countries, in proportion as the love of virtue diminishes, we find the love of talents to increase.

A thousand causes concurred to produce this revolution of manners among the Romans. The vast inequality of ranks, the enormous fortunes of individuals, the ridicule, affixed by the imperial court to moral ideas, all contributed to hasten the period of corruption.

There were still, however, some great and virtuous characters among the Roman women. Portia, the daughter of Cato, and wife of Brutus, showed herself worthy to be associated with the first of human kind, and trusted with the fate of empires. After the battle of Phillippi, she would neither survive liberty nor Brutus, but died with the bold intrepidity of Cato.

The example of Portia was followed by that of Arria, who seeing her husband hesitating and afraid to die, in order to encourage him, pierced her own breast, and delivered to him the dagger with a smile.

Paulinia too, the wife of Seneca, caused her veins to be opened at the same time with her husband's, but being forced to live, during the few years which she survived him, "she bore in her countenance," says Tacitus, "the honorable testimony of her love, a _paleness_, which proved that part of her blood had sympathetically issued with the blood of her spouse."

To take notice of all the celebrated women of the empire, would much exceed the bounds of the present undertaking. But the empress Julia the wife of Septimius Severus, possessed a species of merit so very different from any of those already mentioned, as to claim particular attention.

This lady was born in Syria, and a daughter of a priest of the sun. It was predicted that she would rise to sovereign dignity; and her character justified the prophecy.

Julia, while on the throne, loved, or pretended passionately to love, letters. Either from taste, from a desire to instruct herself, from a love of renown, or possibly from all these together, she spent her life with philosophers. Her rank of empress would not, perhaps, have been sufficient to subdue those bold spirits; but she joined to that the more powerful influences of wit and beauty. These three kinds of empire rendered less necessary to her that which consists only in art; and which, attentive to their tastes and their weaknesses, govern great minds by little means.

It is said she was a philosopher. Her philosophy, however, did not extend so far as to give chastity to her manners. Her husband, who did not love her, valued her understanding so much, that he consulted her upon all occasions. She governed in the same manner under his son.

Julia was, in short, an empress and a politician, occupied at the same time about literature, and affairs of state, while she mingled her pleasures freely with both. She had courtiers for her lovers, scholars for her friends, and philosophers for her counsellors. In the midst of a society, where she reigned and was instructed. Julia arrived at the highest celebrity; but as among all her excellencies, we find not those of her sex, the virtues of a woman, our admiration is lost in blame. In her life time she obtained more praise than respect; and posterity, while it has done justice to her talents and her accomplishments, has agreed to deny her esteem.

LAWS AND CUSTOMS RESPECTING THE ROMAN WOMEN.

The Roman women, as well as the Grecian, were under perpetual guardianship; and were not at any age, nor in any condition, ever trusted with the management of their own fortunes.

Every father had power of life and death over his own daughters: but this power was not restricted to daughters only; it extended also to sons.

The Oppian law prohibited women from having more than half an ounce of gold employed in ornamenting their persons, from wearing clothes of divers colors, and from riding in chariots, either in the city, or a thousand paces round it.

They were strictly forbid to use wine, or even to have in their possession the key of any place where it was kept. For either of these faults they were liable to be divorced by their husbands. So careful were the Romans in restraining their women from wine, that they are supposed to have first introduced the custom of saluting their female relations and acquaintances, on entering the house of a friend or neighbor, that they might discover by their breath, whether they had tasted any of that liquor.

This strictness, however, began in time to be relaxed; until at last, luxury becoming too strong for every law, the women indulged themselves in equal liberties with the men.

But such was not the case in the earlier ages of Rome. Romulus even permitted husbands to kill their wives, if they found them drinking wine.

Fabius Pictor relates, that the parents of a Roman lady, having detected her picking the lock of a chest which contained some wine, shut her up and starved her to death.

Women were liable to be divorced by their husbands almost at pleasure, provided the portion was returned which they had brought along with them. They were also liable to be divorced for barrenness, which, if it could be construed into a fault, was at least the fault of nature, and might sometimes be that of the husband.

A few sumptuary laws, a subordination to the men, and a total want of authority, do not so much affect the sex, as to be coldly and indelicately treated by their husbands.

Such a treatment is touching them in the tenderest part. Such, however we have reason to believe, they often met with from the Romans, who had not learned, as in modern times to blend the rigidity of the patriot, and roughness of the warrior, with that soft and indulging behavior, so conspicuous in our modern patriots and heroes.

Husbands among the Romans not only themselves behaved roughly to their wives, but even sometimes permitted their servants and slaves to do the same. The principal eunuch of Justinian the Second, threatened to chastise the Empress, his master's wife, in the manner that children are chastised at school, if she did not obey his orders.

With regard to the private diversions of the Roman ladies, history is silent. Their public ones, were such as were common to both sexes; as bathing, theatrical representations, horse-races, shows of wild beasts, which fought against one another, and sometimes

against men, whom the emperors, in the plenitude of their despotic power, ordered to engage them.

The Romans, of both sexes, spent a great deal of time at the baths; which at first, perhaps, were interwoven with their religion, but at last were only considered as refinements in luxury. They were places of public resort, where people met with their acquaintances and friends, where public libraries were kept for such as chose to read, and where poets recited their works to such as had patience to hear.

In the earlier periods of Rome, separate baths were appropriated to each sex. Luxury, by degrees getting the better of decency, the men and women at last bathed promiscuously together. Though this indecent manner of bathing was prohibited by the emperor Adrian; yet, in a short time, inclination overcame the prohibition; and, in spite of every effort, promiscuous bathing continued until the time of Constantine, who, by the coercive force of the legislative authority, and the rewards and terrors of the Christian religion, put a final stop to it.

WOMAN IN SAVAGE LIFE.

Man, in a state of barbarity, equally cruel and indolent, active by necessity, but naturally inclined to repose, is acquainted with little more than the physical effects of love; and having none of those moral ideas which only can soften the empire of force, he is led to consider it as his supreme law, subjecting to his despotism those whom reason had made his equals, but whose imbecility betrayed them to his strength.

Cast in the lap of naked nature, and exposed to every hardship, the forms of women, in savage life, are but little engaging. With nothing that deserves the name of culture, their latent qualities, if they have any, are like the diamond, while enclosed in the rough flint, incapable of shewing any lustre. Thus destitute of every thing by which they can excite love, or acquire esteem; destitute of beauty to charm, or art to soothe, the tyrant man; they are by him destined to perform every mean and servile office. In this the American and other savage women differ widely from those of Asia, who, if they are destitute of the qualifications necessary for gaining esteem, have beauty, ornaments, and the art of exciting love.

In civilized countries a woman acquires some power by being the mother of a numerous family, who obey her maternal authority, and defends her honor and her life. But, even as a mother, a female savage has not much advantage. Her children, daily accustomed to see their father treat her nearly as a slave, soon begin to imitate his example, and either pay little regard to her authority or shake it off altogether.

Of this the Hottentot boys afford a remarkable proof. They are brought up by the women, till they are about fourteen years of age. Then, with several ceremonies they are initiated into the society of men. After this initiation is over it is reckoned manly for a boy to take the earliest opportunity of returning to the hut of his mother, and beating her in the most barbarous manner, to show that he is now out of her jurisdiction. Should the mother complain to the men, they would only applaud the boy for showing so laudable a contempt for the society and authority of women.

In the Brazils, the females are obliged to follow their husbands to war, to supply the place of beasts of burden, and to carry on their backs their children, provisions, hammocks, and every thing wanted in the field.

In the Isthmus of Darien, they are sent along with warriors and travellers, as we do baggage horses. Even their Queen appeared before some English gentlemen, carrying her sucking child, wrapt in a red blanket.

The women among the Indians of America are what the Helots were among the Spartans, a vanquished people obliged to toil for their conquerors. Hence on the banks of the Oroonoko we have heard of mothers slaying their daughters out of compassion, and smothering them in the hour of their birth. They consider this barbarous pity as a virtue.

Father Joseph Gumilla, reproving one of them for this inhuman crime, received the following answer:--"I wish to God, Father, I wish to God, that my mother had, by my death, prevented the manifold distresses I have endured, and have yet to endure as long as I live. Had she kindly stilled me in my birth, I should not have felt the pain of death, nor the numberless other pains to which life has subjected me. Consider, Father, our deplorable condition. Our husbands go to hunt with their bows and arrows, and trouble themselves no farther: we are dragged along with one infant at our breast, and another in a basket. They return in the evening without any burden; we return with the burden of our children. Though tired with long walking, we are not allowed to sleep, but must labor the whole night, in grinding maize to make _chica_ for them. They get drunk, and in their drunkenness beat us, draw us by the hair of the head, and tread us under foot. A young wife is brought upon us and permitted to abuse us and our children. What

kindness can we show to our female children, equal to that of relieving them from such servitude, more bitter a thousand times than death? I repeat again, would to God my mother had put me under ground, the moment I was born."

"The men," says Commodore Byron, in his account of the inhabitants of South America, "exercise a most despotic authority over their wives whom they consider in the same view they do any other part of their property, and dispose of them accordingly. Even their common treatment of them is cruel. For, though the toil and hazard of procuring food lies entirely on the women, yet they are not suffered to touch any part of it, until the husband is satisfied; and then he assign them their portion, which is generally very scanty, and such as he has not a stomach for himself."

The Greenlanders, who live mostly upon seals, think it sufficient to catch and bring them on shore; and would rather submit to starve than assist their women in skinning, dressing, or dragging home the cumbrous animals to their huts.

In some parts of America, when the men kill any game in the woods, they lay it at the root of a tree, fix a mark there, and travelling until they arrive at their habitation, send their women to fetch it, a task which their own laziness and pride equally forbid.

Among many of the tribes of wandering Arabs, the women are not only obliged to do every domestic and every rural work, but also to feed, to dress, and saddle the horses, for the use of their husbands.

The Moorish women, besides doing all the same kinds of drudgery, are also obliged to cultivate the fields, while their husbands stand idle spectators of the toil, or sleep inglorious beneath a neighboring shade.

In Madura the husband generally speaks to his wife in the most imperious tone; while she with fear and trembling approaches him, waits upon him while at meals, and pronounces not his name, but with the addition of every dignifying title she can devise. In return for all this submission he frequently beats and abuses her in the most barbarous manner. Being asked the reason of such a behavior, one of them answered, "As our wives are so much our inferiors why should we allow them to eat and drink with us? Why should they not serve us with whatever we call for, and afterwards sit down and eat up what we leave? If they commit faults, why should they not suffer correction? It is their business only to bring up our children, pound our rice, make our oil, and do every other kind of drudgery, purposes to which only their low and inferior natures are adapted."

The Circassian custom of breeding young girls, on purpose to be sold in the public market to the highest bidder, is generally known. Perhaps, however, upon minute examination, we shall find that women are, in some degree, bought and sold in every country, whether savage or civilized.

EASTERN WOMEN.

The women of the East, have in general, always exhibited the same appearance. Their manners, customs, and fashions, unalterable like their rocks, have stood the test of many revolving ages. Though the kingdoms of their country have often changed masters, though they have submitted to the arms of almost every invader, yet the laws by which their sex are governed and enslaved, have never been revised nor amended.

Had the manners and customs of the Asiatic women been subject to the same changes as they are in Europe, we might have expected the same changes in the sentiments and writings of their men. But, as this is not the case, we have reason to presume that the sentiments entertained by Solomon, by the apocryphal writers, and by the ancient Bramins, are the sentiments of this day.

Though the confinement of women be an unlawful exertion of superior power, yet it affords a proof that the inhabitants of the East are advanced some degrees farther in civilization than mere savages, who have hardly any love and consequently as little jealousy.

This confinement is not very rigid in the empire of the Mogul. It is, perhaps, less so in China, and in Japan hardly exists.

Though women are confined in the Turkish empire, they experience every other indulgence. They are allowed, at stated times, to go to the public baths; their apartments are richly, if not elegantly furnished; they have a train of female slaves to serve and amuse them; and their persons are adorned with every costly ornament which their fathers or husbands can afford.

Notwithstanding the strictness of confinement in Persia, their women are treated with several indulgences. They are allowed a variety of precious liquors, costly perfumes, and beautiful slaves: their apartments are furnished with the most elegant hangings and carpets; their persons ornamented with the finest silks, and even loaded with the sparkling jewels of the East. But all these trappings, however elegant, or however gilded, are only like the golden chains sometimes made use of to bind a royal prisoner.

Solomon had a great number of queens and concubines; but a petty Hindoo chief has been known to have two thousand women confined within the walls of his harem, and appropriated entirely to his pleasure. Nothing less than unlimited power in the husband is able to restrain women so confined, from the utmost disorder and confusion. They may repine in secret, but they must clothe their features with cheerfulness when their lord appears. Contumacy draws down on them immediate punishment: they are degraded, chastised, divorced, shut up in dark dungeons, and sometimes put to death.

Their persons, however, are so sacred, that they must not in the least be violated, nor even be looked at, by any one but their husbands. This female privilege has given an opportunity of executing many conspiracies. Warriors, in such vehicles as are usually employed to carry women, have been often conveyed, without examination, into the apartments of the great; from whence, instead of issuing forth in the smiles of beauty, they have rushed out in the terror of arms, and laid the tyrants at their feet.

No stranger is ever allowed to see the women of Hindostan, nor can even brothers visit their sisters in private. To be conscious of the existence of a man's wives seems a crime; and he looks surly and offended if their health is inquired after. In every country, honor consists in something upon which the possessor sets the highest value. This, with the Hindoo, is the chastity of his wives; a point without which he must not live.

In the midst of slaughter and devastation, throughout all the East, the harem is a sanctuary. Ruffians, covered with the blood of a husband, shrink back with veneration from the secret apartment of his wives.

At Constantinople, when the sultan sends an order to strangle a state-criminal, and seize on his effects, the officers who execute it enter not into the harem, nor touch any thing belonging to the women.

Every Turkish seraglio and harem, has a garden adjoining to it, and in the middle of this garden a large room, more or less decorated according to the wealth of the proprietor. Here the ladies spend most of their time, with their attendant nymphs around them employed at their music, embroidery, or loom.

It has long been a custom among the grandees of Asia, to entertain story-tellers of both sexes, who like the _bards_ of ancient Europe, divert them with tales, and little histories, mostly on the subject of bravery and love. These often amuse the women, and beguile the cheerless hours of the harem, by calling up images to their minds which their eyes are forever debarred from seeing.

All their other amusements, as well as this, are indolently voluptuous. They spend a great part of their time in lolling on skien sofas; while a train of female slaves, scarcely less voluptuous, attend to sing to them, to fan them, and to rub their bodies; an exercise which the Easterns enjoy, with a sort of placid ecstasy, as it promotes the circulation of their languid blood.

They bathe themselves in rose water and other baths, prepared with the precious odors of the East. They perfume themselves with costly essences, and adorn their persons, that they may please the _tyrant_ with whom they are obliged to live.

CHINESE WOMAN.

Of all the other Asiatics, the Chinese have, perhaps the best title to modesty. Even the men wrap themselves closely up in their garments, and reckon it indecent to discover any more of their arms and legs than is necessary.--The women, still more closely wrapt up, never discover a naked hand even to their nearest relations, if they can possibly avoid it. Every part of their dress, every part of their behavior is calculated to preserve decency, and inspire respect. And, what adds lustre to of their charms, is that uncommon modesty which appears in every look and in every action.

Charmed, no doubt, with so engaging a deportment, the men behave to them in a reciprocal manner. And, that their virtue may not be contaminated by the neighborhood of vice, the legislature takes care that no prostitutes shall lodge within the walls of any of the great cities of China.

Some, however, suspect whether this appearance of modesty be any thing else than the custom of the country; and allege that, notwithstanding so much decency and decorum, they have their peculiar modes of intriguing, and embrace every possible opportunity of putting them in practice; and that, in these intrigues, they frequently scruple not to stab the paramour they had invited to their arms, as the surest method of preventing detection and loss of character.

A bridegroom knows nothing of the character or person of his intended wife, except what he gathers from the report of some female relative, or confidant, who undertakes to arrange the marriage, and determine the sum that shall be paid for the bride. Very severe laws are made to prevent deception and fraud in these transactions. On the day appointed for the wedding the damsel is placed in

a close palanquin the key of which is sent to the bridegroom, by the hands of some trusty domestic. Her relations and friends accompanied by squalling music, escort her to his house; at the gate of which he stands in full dress, ready to receive her. He eagerly opens the palanquin and examines his bargain. If he is pleased, she enters his dwelling, and the marriage is celebrated with feasting and rejoicing; the men and women being all the time in separate apartments. If the bridegroom is dissatisfied, he shuts the palanquin, and sends the woman back to her relations; but when this happens, he must pay another sum of money equal to the price he first gave for her. A woman who unites beauty with accomplishments brings from four to seven hundred louis d'ors; some sell for less than one hundred. The apartments of the women are separated from those of the men by a wall at which a guard is stationed. The wife is never allowed to eat with her husband; she cannot quit her apartments without permission; and he does not enter hers without first asking leave. Brothers are entirely separated from their sisters at the age of nine or ten years.

AFRICAN WOMEN.

The Africans were formerly renowned for their industry in cultivating the ground, for their trade, navigation, caravans and useful arts.--At present they are remarkable for their idleness, ignorance, superstition, treachery, and, above all, for their lawless methods of robbing and murdering all the other inhabitants of the globe.

Though they still retain some sense of their infamous character, yet they do not choose to reform. Their priests, therefore, endeavor to justify them, by the following story: "Noah," say they, "was no sooner dead, than his three sons, the first of whom was _white_, the second _tawny_, and the third _black_, having agreed upon dividing among them his goods and possessions, spent the greatest part of the day in sorting them; so that they were obliged to adjourn the division till the next morning. Having supped and smoked a friendly pipe together, they all went to rest, each in his own tent. After a few hours sleep, the white brother got up, seized on the gold, silver, precious stones, and other things of the greatest value, loaded the best horses with them, and rode away to that country where his white posterity have been settled ever since. The tawny, awaking soon after, and with the same criminal intention, was surprised when he came to the store house to find that his brother had been beforehand with him. Upon which he hastily secured the rest of the horses and camels, and loading them with the best carpets, clothes, and other remaining goods, directed his route to another part of the world, leaving behind him, only a few of the coarsest goods, and some provisions of little value.

When the third, or black brother, came next morning in the simplicity of his heart to make the proposed division, and could neither find his brethren, nor any of the valuable commodities, he easily judged they had tricked him, and were by that time fled beyond any possibility of discovery.

In this most afflicted situation, he took his _pipe_, and begun to consider the most effectual means of retrieving his loss, and being revenged on his perfidious brothers.

After revolving a variety of schemes in his mind, he at last fixed upon watching every opportunity of making reprisals on them, and laying hold of and carrying away their property, as often as it should fall in his way, in revenge for that patrimony of which they had so unjustly deprived him.

Having come to this resolution, he not only continued in the practice of it all his life, but on his death laid the strongest injunctions on his descendants to do so, to the end of the world."

Some tribes of the Africans, however, when they have engaged themselves in the protection of a stranger, are remarkable for fidelity. Many of them are conspicuous for their temperance, hospitality, and several other virtues.

Their women, upon the whole, are far from being indelicate or unchaste. On the banks of the Niger, they are tolerably industrious, have a considerable share of vivacity, and at the same time a female reserve, which would do no discredit to a politer country. They are modest, affable, and faithful; an air of innocence appears in their looks and in their language, which gives a beauty to their whole deportment.

When, from the Niger, we approach toward the East, the African women degenerate in stature, complexion, sensibility, and chastity. Even their language, like their features, and the soil they inhabit, is harsh and disagreeable. Their pleasures resemble more the transports of fury, than the gentle emotions communicated by agreeable sensations.

GREAT ENTERPRISES OF WOMEN IN THE TIMES OF CHIVALRY.

The times and the manners of chivalry, by bringing great enterprises, bold adventures, and extravagant heroism into fashion, inspired the women with the same taste.

The two sexes always imitate each other. Their manners and their minds are refined or corrupted, invigorated or dissolved together.

The women, in consequence of the prevailing passion, were now seen in the middle of camps and of armies. They quitted the soft and tender inclinations, and the delicate offices of their own sex, for the courage, and the toilsome occupations of ours.

During the crusades, animated by the double enthusiasm of religion and of valor, they often performed the most romantic exploits. They obtained indulgences on the field of battle, and died with arms in their hands, by the side of their lovers, or of their husbands.

In Europe, the women attacked and defended fortifications. Princesses commanded their armies, and obtained victories.

Such was the celebrated Joan de Mountfort, disputing for her duchy of Bretagne, and engaging the enemy herself.

Such was the still more celebrated Margaret of Anjou, queen of England and wife of Henry VI. She was active and intrepid, a general and a soldier. Her genius for a long time supported her feeble husband, taught him to conquer, replaced him upon the throne, twice relieved him from prison, and though oppressed by fortune and by rebels, she did not yield, till she had decided in person twelve battles.

The warlike spirit among the women, consistent with ages of barbarism, when every thing is impetuous because nothing is fixed, and when all excess is the excess of force, continued in Europe upwards of four hundred years, showing itself from time to time, and always in the middle of convulsions, or on the eve of great revolutions.

But there were eras and countries, in which that spirit appeared with particular lustre. Such were the displays it made in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries in Hungary, and in the Islands of the Archipelago and the Mediterranean, when they were invaded by the Turks.

Every thing conspired to animate the women of those countries with an exalted courage; the prevailing spirit of the foregoing ages; the terror which the name of the Turks inspired; the still more dreadful apprehensions of an unknown enemy; the difference of _dress_, which has a stronger _effect_ than is commonly supposed on the imagination of a people; the difference of religion, which produced a kind of sacred horror; the striking difference of manners; and above all, the confinement of the female sex, which presented to the women of Europe nothing but the frightful ideas of servitude and a master; the groans of honor, the tears of beauty in the embrace of barbarism, and the double tyranny of love and pride!

The contemplation of these objects, accordingly, roused in the hearts of the women a resolute courage to defend themselves; nay, sometimes even a courage of enthusiasm, which hurled itself against the enemy.--That courage, too, was augmented, by the promises of a religion, which offered eternal happiness in exchange for the sufferings of a moment.

It is not therefore surprising, that when three beautiful women of the isle of Cyprus were led prisoners to Selim, to be secluded in the seraglio, one of them, preferring death to such a condition, conceived the project of setting fire to the magazine; and after having communicated her design to the rest, put it in execution.

The year following, a city of Cyprus being besieged by the Turks, the women ran in crowds, mingling themselves with the soldiers, and, fighting gallantly in the breach, were the means of saving their country.

Under Mahomet II. a girl of the isle of Lemnos, armed with the sword and shield of her father, who had fallen in battle, opposed the Turks, when they had forced a gate, and chased them to the shore.

In the two celebrated sieges of Rhodes and Malta, the women, seconding the zeal of the knights, discovered upon all occasions the greatest intrepidity; not only that impetuous and temporary impulse which despises death, but that cool and deliberate fortitude which can support the continued hardships, the toils, and the miseries of war.

OTHER PARTICULARS RESPECTING FEMALES DURING THE AGE OF CHIVALRY.

When a man had said any thing that reflected dishonor on a woman, or accused her of a crime, she was not obliged to fight him to prove her innocence: the combat would have been unequal. But she might choose a champion to fight in her cause, or expose himself to the horrid trial, in order to clear her reputation. Such champions were generally selected from her lovers or friends. But if

she fixed upon any other, so high was the spirit of martial glory, and so eager the thirst of defending the weak and helpless sex, that we meet with no instance of a champion ever having refused to fight for, or undergo whatever custom required, in defence of the lady who had honored him with the appointment.

To the motives already mentioned, we may add another. He who had refused, must inevitably have been branded with the name of coward: and, so despicable was the condition of a coward, in those times of general heroism, that death itself appeared the more preferable choice. Nay, such was the rage of fighting for women, that it became customary for those who could not be honored with the decision of their real quarrels, to create fictitious ones concerning them, in order to create also a necessity of fighting.

Nor was fighting for the ladies confined to single combatants. Crowds of gallants entered the lists against each other. Even kings called out their subjects, to shew their love for their mistresses, by cutting the throats of their neighbors, who had not in the least offended.

In the fourteenth century, when the Countess of Blois and the widow of Mountford were at war against each other, a conference was agreed to, on pretence of settling a peace, but in reality to appoint a combat. Instead of negotiating, they soon challenged each other; and Beaumanoir, who was at the head of the Britons, publicly declared that they fought for no other motive, than to see, by the victory, who had the fairest mistress.

In the fifteenth century, we find an anecdote of this kind still more extraordinary. John, duke de Bourbonnois, published a declaration, that he would go over to England, with sixteen knights, and there fight it out, in order to avoid idleness, and merit the good graces of his mistress.

James IV. of Scotland, having, in all tournaments, professed himself knight to queen Anne of France, she summoned him to prove himself her true and valorous champion, by taking the field in her defence, against his brother-in-law, Henry VIII. of England. He obeyed the romantic mandate; and the two nations bled to feed the vanity of a woman.

Warriors, when ready to engage, invoked the aid of their mistresses, as poets do that of the Muses. If they fought valiantly, it reflected honor on the Dulcineas they adored; but if they turned their backs on their enemies, the poor ladies were dishonored forever.

Love, was at that time, the most prevailing motive to fighting. The famous Gaston de Foix, who commanded the French troops at the battle of Ravenna, took advantage of this foible of his army. He rode from rank to rank, calling his officers by name, and even some of his private men, recommending to them their country, their honor, and, above all, to shew what they could do for their mistresses.

The women of those ages, the reader may imagine, were certainly more completely happy than in any other period of the world. This, however, was not in reality the case.

Custom, which governs all things with the most absolute sway, had, through a long succession of years, given her sanction to such combats as were undertaken, either to defend the innocence, or display the beauty of women. Custom, therefore, either obliged a man to fight for a woman who desired him, or marked the refusal with infamy and disgrace. But custom did not oblige him, in every other part of his conduct, to behave to this woman, or to the sex in general, with that respect and politeness which have happily distinguished the character of more modern times.

The same man who would have encountered giants, or gigantic difficulties, "when a lady was in the case," had but little idea of adding to her happiness, by supplying her with the comforts and elegancies of life. And, had she asked him to stoop, and ease her of a part of that domestic slavery which, almost in every country, falls to the lot of women, he would have thought himself quite affronted.

But besides, men had nothing else, in those ages, than that kind of romantic gallantry to recommend them. Ignorant of letters, arts, and sciences, and every thing that refines human nature, they were, in every thing where gallantry was not concerned, rough and unpolished in their manners and behavior. Their time was spent in drinking, war, gallantry, and idleness. In their hours of relaxation, they were but little in company with their women; and when they were, the indelicacies of the carousal, or the cruelties of the field, were almost the only subjects they had to talk of.

From the subversion of the Roman empire, to the fourteenth or fifteenth century, women spent most of their time alone. They were almost entire strangers to the joys of social life. They seldom went abroad, but to be spectators of such public diversions and

amusements as the fashion of the times countenanced. Francis I. was the first monarch who introduced them on public days to court.

Before his time, nothing was to be seen at any of the courts of Europe, but long bearded politicians, plotting the destruction of the rights and liberties of mankind; and warriors clad in complete armor, ready to put their plots in execution.

In the eighth century, so slavish was the condition of women on the one hand, and so much was beauty coveted on the other, that, for about two hundred years, the kings of Austria were obliged to pay a tribute to the Moors, of one hundred beautiful virgins per annum.

In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, elegance had scarcely any existence, and even cleanliness was hardly considered as laudable. The use of linen was not known; and the most delicate of the fair sex wore woollen shifts.

In the time of Henry VIII. the peers of the realm carried their wives behind them on horseback when they went to London; and, in the same manner, took them back to their country seats, with hoods of waxed linen over their heads, and wrapped in mantles of cloth, to secure them from the cold.

There was one misfortune of a singular nature, to which women were liable in those days: they were in perpetual danger of being accused of witchcraft, and suffering all the cruelties and indignities of a mob, instigated by superstition and directed by enthusiasm; or of being condemned by laws, which were at once a disgrace to humanity and to sense. Even the bloom of youth and beauty could not secure them from torture and from death. But when age and wrinkles attacked a woman, if any thing uncommon happened in her neighborhood, she was almost sure of atoning with her life for a crime it was impossible for her to commit.

FRENCH WOMEN.

Though the ladies of France are not very handsome, they are sensible and witty. To many of them, without the least flattery, may be applied the distich which Sappho ascribes to herself:

"_If partial nature has denied me beauty, the charms of my mind amply make up for the deficiency._"

No women upon earth can excel, and few rival them, in their almost native arts of pleasing all who approach them. Add to this, an education beyond that of most European ladies, a consummate skill in those accomplishments that suit the fair sex, and the most graceful manner of displaying that knowledge to the utmost advantage.

Such is the description that may safely be given of the French ladies in general. But the spirit, or rather the _evil genius_ of gallantry, too often perverts all these lovely qualities, and renders them subservient to very iniquitous ends.

In every country, women have always a little to do, and a great deal to say. In France, they dictate almost every thing that is said, and direct every thing that is done. They are the most restless beings in the world. To fold her hands in idleness, and impose silence on her tongue, would be to a French woman worse than death. The sole joy of her life is to be engaged in the prosecution of some scheme, relating either to fashion, ambition, or love.

Among the rich and opulent, they are entirely the votaries of pleasure, which they pursue through all its labyrinths, at the expense of fortune, reputation, and health. Giddy and extravagant to the last degree, they leave to their husbands economy and care, which would only spoil their complexions, and furrow their brows.

When we descend to tradesmen and mechanics, the case is reversed: the wife manages every thing in the house and shop, while the husband lounges in the back-shop an idle spectator, or struts about with his sword and bag-wig.

Matrimony among the French, seems to be a bargain entered into by a male and female, to bear the same name, live in the same house, and pursue their separate pleasures without restraint or control. And, so religiously is this part of the bargain kept, that both parties shape their course exactly as convenience and inclination dictate.

The French girls are kept under very strict superintendence. They are not allowed to go to parties, or places of public amusement, without being accompanied by some married female relation; and they see their lovers only in the presence of a third person. Marriages are entirely negotiated by parents; and sometimes the wedding day is the second time that a bride and bridegroom see each other. Nothing is more common than to visit a lady, and attend her parties, without knowing her husband by sight; or to visit a gentleman without ever being introduced to his wife. If a married couple were to be seen frequently in each other's company, they

would be deemed extremely ungenteel. After ladies are married, they have unbounded freedom. It is a common practice to receive morning calls from gentlemen, before they have risen from bed; and they talk with as little reserve to such visiters, as they would in the presence of any woman of refinement.

In no country does real politeness shew itself more than in France, where the company of the women is accessible to every man who can recommend himself by his dress, and by his address. To affectation and prudery the French women are equally strangers. Easy and unaffected in their manners, their politeness has so much the appearance of nature, that one would almost believe no part of it to be the effect of art. An air of sprightliness and gaiety sits perpetually on their countenances, and their whole deportment seems to indicate that their only business is to "strew the path of life with flowers." Persuasion hangs on their lips; and, though their volubility of tongue is indefatigable, so soft is their accent, so lively their expression, so various their attitudes, that they fix the attention for hours together on a tale of nothing.

The Jewish doctors have a fable concerning the etymology of the word Eve, which one would almost be tempted to say is realized in the French women. "Eve," say they, "comes from a word, which signifies to talk; and she was so called, because, soon after the creation, there fell from heaven twelve baskets full of chit chat, and she picked up _nine_ of them, while her husband was gathering the other _three_."

French ladies, especially those not young, use a great deal of rouge. A traveller who saw many of them in their opera boxes, says, "I could compare them to nothing but a large bed of pionies."

After the French revolution, it became the fashion to have everything in ancient classic style. Loose flowing drapery, naked arms, sandaled feet, and tresses twisted, were the order of the day.

The state of gross immorality that prevailed at this time ought not to be described, if language had the power. The profligacy of Rome in its worst days was comparatively thrown into the shade. Religion and marriage became a mockery, and every form of impure and vindictive passion walked abroad, with the consciousness that public opinion did not require them to assume even a slight disguise. The fish-women of Paris will long retain an unenviable celebrity for the brutal excess of their rage. The goddess of Reason was worshipped by men, under the form of a living woman entirely devoid of clothing; and in the public streets ladies might be seen who scarcely paid more attention to decorum.

ITALIAN WOMEN.

Dr Goldsmith thus characterises the Italians in general:

"Could nature's bounty satisfy the breast, The sons of Italy were surely blest. Whatever fruits in different climes are found, That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground; Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear, Whose bright succession decks the varied year: Whatever sweets salute the northern sky, With vernal leaves that blossom but to die: These here disporting, own the kindred soil, Nor ask luxuriance from their planter's toil; While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand, To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

"But small the bliss that sense alone bestows, And sensual bliss is all the nation knows. In florid beauty groves and fields appear, Man seems the only growth that dwindles here. Contrasted faults thro' all his manners rein; Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain; Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue; And e'en in penance planning sins anew. All evils here contaminate the mind, That opulence departed leaves behind: For wealth was theirs, not far remov'd the date, When commerce proudly flourish'd thro' the state; At her command the palace learn'd to rise, Again the long fall'n column sought the skies; The canvass glow'd, beyond e'en nature warm; The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form. Till, more unsteady then the southern gale, Commerce on other shores display'd her sail; While naught remain'd of all that riches gave, But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave; And late the nation found, with fruitless skill, Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

"Yet still the loss of wealth is here supplied By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride; From them the feeble heart and long fall'n mind An easy compensation seem to find. Here may be seen in bloodless pomp array'd, The pasteboard triumph, and the cavalcade; Processions form'd from piety and love, A mistress or a saint in every grove."

Almost every traveller who has visited Italy, agrees in describing it as the most abandoned of all the countries of Europe. At Venice, at Naples, and indeed in almost every port of Italy, women are taught from their infancy the various arts of alluring to their arms the young and unwary, and of obtaining from them, while heated by love or wine, every thing that flattery and false smiles can obtain, in

these unguarded moments.

The Italians, like their neighbors of Spain and Portugal, live under the paralyzing influence of a religion that retains its superstitious forms, while little of life-giving faith remains. Like them they have lively passions, are extremely susceptible, and in the general conduct of life more governed by the impetuosity of impulse than rectitude of principle. The ladies have less gravity than the Spanish, and less frivolity than the French, and in their style of dress incline towards the freedom of the latter. Some of the richest and most commodious convents of Europe are in Italy. The daughters of wealthy families are generally bestowed in marriage as soon as they leave these places of education. These matters are entirely arranged by parents and guardians, and youth and age are not unfrequently joined together, for the sake of uniting certain acres of land. But the affections, thus repressed, seek their natural level by indirect courses. It is a rare thing for an Italian lady to be without her _cavaliere servente_, or lover, who spends much of his time at her house, attends her to all public places, and appears to live upon her smiles. The old maxim of the Provencal troubadours, that matrimony ought to be no hindrance to such _liaisons_, seems to be generally and practically believed in Italy.

In Genoa, there are marriage-brokers, who have pocketbooks filled with the names of marriageable girls of different classes, with an account of their fortunes, personal attractions, &c. When they succeed in arranging connections, they have two or three per cent. commission on the portion. The marriage-contract is often drawn up before the parties have seen each other. If a man dislikes the appearances or manners of his future partner, he may break off the match, on condition of paying the brokerage and other expenses.

SPANISH WOMEN.

As the Spanish ladies are under a greater seclusion from general society, than the sex is in other European countries, their desires of an adequate degree of liberty are consequently more strong and urgent. A free and open communication being denied them, they make it their business to secure themselves a secret and hidden one. Hence it is that Spain is the country of intrigue.

The Spanish women are little or nothing indebted to education. But nature has liberally supplied them with a fund of wit and sprightliness, which is certainly no small inducement to those, who have only transient glimpses of their charms, to wish very earnestly for a removal of those impediments, that obstruct their more frequent presence. This not being attainable in a lawful way of customary intercourse, the natural propensity of men to overcome difficulties of this kind, incites them to leave no expedient untried to gain admittance to what perhaps was at first only the object of their admiration, but which, by their being refused an innocent gratification of that passion, becomes at last the subject of a more serious one. Thus in Spain, as in all countries where the sex is kept much out of sight, the thoughts of men are continually employed in devising methods to break into their concealments.

There is in the Spaniards a native dignity; which, though the source of many inconveniences, has nevertheless this salutary effect, that it sets them above almost every species of meanness and infidelity. This quality is not peculiar to the men; it diffuses itself, in a great measure, among the women also. Its effects are visible both in their constancy in love and friendship, in which respects they are the very reverse of the French women. Their affections are not to be gained by a bit of sparkling lace, or a tawdry set of liveries. Their deportment is rather grave and reserved; and, on the whole, they have much more of the prude than the coquette in their composition. Being more confined at home, and less engaged in business and pleasure, they take more care of their children than the French, and have a becoming tenderness in their disposition to all animals, except a _heretic_ and a _rival_.

Something more than a century ago, the Marquis D'Astrogas having prevailed on a young woman of great beauty to become his mistress, the Marchioness hearing of it, went to her lodging with some assassins, killed her, tore out her heart, carried it home, made a _ragout_ of it, and presented the dish to the Marquis. "It it exceedingly good," said he. "No wonder," answered she, "since it was made of the _heart_ of that creature you so much doated on." And, to confirm what she had said, she immediately drew out her head all bloody from beneath her hoop, and rolled it on the floor, her eyes sparkling all the time with a mixture of pleasure and infernal fury.

A lady to whom a gentleman pays his addresses, is sole mistress of his time and money; and, should he refuse her any request, whether reasonable or capricious, it would reflect eternal dishonor upon him among the men, and make him the detestation of all the women.

But, in no situation does their character appear so whimsical, or their power so conspicuous, as when they are pregnant. In this case, whatever they long for, whatever they ask, or whatever they have an inclination to do, they must be indulged in.

ENGLISH WOMEN.

The women of England are eminent for many good qualities both of the head and of the heart. There we meet with that inexpressible softness and delicacy of manners, which, cultivated by education, appears as much superior to what it does without it, as the polished diamond appears superior to that which is rough from the mine. In some parts of the world, women have attained to so little knowledge and so little consequence, that we consider their virtues as merely of the negative kind. In England they consist not only in abstinence from evil, but in doing good.

There we see the sex every day exerting themselves in acts of benevolence and charity, in relieving the distresses of the body, and binding up the wounds of the mind; in reconciling the differences of friends, and preventing the strife of enemies; and, to sum up all, in that care and attention to their offspring, which is so necessary and essential a part of their duty.

A woman may succeed to the throne of England with the same power and privileges as a king; and the business of the state is transacted in her name, while her husband is only a subject. The king's wife is considered as a subject; but is exempted from the law which forbids any married woman to possess property in her own right during the lifetime of her husband; she may sue any person at law without joining her husband in the suit; may buy and sell lands without his interference; and she may dispose of her property by will, as if she were a single woman. She cannot be fined by any court of law; but is liable to be tried and punished for crimes by peers of the realm. The queen dowager enjoys nearly the same privileges that she did before she became a widow; and if she marries a subject still continues to retain her rank and title; but such marriages cannot take place without permission from the reigning sovereign. A woman who is noble in her own right, retains her title when she marries a man of inferior rank; but if ennobled by her husband, she loses the title by marrying a commoner. A peeress can only be tried by a jury of peers.

In old times, a woman who was convicted of being a common mischief-maker and scold, was sentenced to the punishment of the ducking-stool; which consisted of a sort of chair fastened to a pole, in which she was seated and repeatedly let down into the water, amid the shouts of the rabble. At Newcastle-upon-Tyne, a woman convicted of the same offence was led about the streets by the hangman, with an instrument of iron bars fitted on her head, like a helmet. A piece of sharp iron entered the mouth, and severely pricked the tongue whenever the culprit attempted to move it.

A great deal of vice prevails in England, among the very fashionable, and the very low classes. Misconduct and divorces are not unfrequent among the former, because their mode of life corrupts their principles, and they deem themselves above the jurisdiction of popular opinion; the latter feel as if they were beneath the influence of public censure, and find it very difficult to be virtuous, on account of extreme poverty, and the consequent obstructions in the way of marriage. But the general character of English women is modest, reserved, sincere, and dignified. They have strong passions and affections, which often develope themselves in the most beautiful forms of domestic life. They are in general remarkable for a healthy appearance, and an exquisite bloom of complexion. Perhaps the world does not present a lovelier or more graceful picture than the English home of a virtuous family.

RUSSIAN WOMEN.

It is only a few years since the Russians emerged from a state of barbarity.

A late empress of Russia, as a punishment for some female frailties, ordered a most beautiful young lady of family to be publicly chastised, in a manner which was hardly less indelicate than severe.

It is said that the Russian ladies were formerly as submissive to their husbands in their families, as the latter are to their superiors in the field; and that they thought themselves ill treated, if they were not often reminded of their duty by the discipline of a _whip_, manufactured by themselves, which they presented to their husbands on the day of their marriage. The latest travellers, however, assert, that they find no remaining traces of this custom at present.

Russian fathers, of all classes, generally arrange marriages for their children, without consulting their inclinations. Among the peasantry, if the girl has the name of being a good housewife, her parents will not fail to have applications for her, whatever may be her age or personal endowments. As soon as a young man is old enough to be married, his parents seek a wife for him, and all is settled before the young couple know any thing of the matter.

Their nuptial ceremonies are peculiar to themselves; and formerly consisted of many whimsical rites, some of which are now disused. On her wedding day, the bride is crowned with a garland of wormwood; and, after the priest has tied the nuptial knot, his clerk or sexton throws a handful of hops upon the head of the bride, wishing that she might prove as fruitful as that plant. She is

then led home, with abundance of coarse ceremonies, which are now wearing off even among the lowest ranks; and the barbarous treatment of wives by their husbands is either guarded against by the laws of the country, or by particular stipulations in the marriage contract.

In the conversation and actions of the Russian ladies, there is hardly any thing of that softness and delicacy which distinguishes the sex in other parts of Europe. Even their exercises and diversions have more of the masculine than the feminine. The present empress, with the ladies of her court, sometimes divert themselves by shooting at a mark. Drunkenness, the vice of almost every cold climate, they are so little ashamed of, that not many years ago, when a lady got drunk at the house of a friend, it was customary for her to return next day, and thank him for the pleasure he had done her.

Females, however, in Russia, possess several advantages. They share the rank and splendor of the families from which they are sprung, and are even allowed the supreme authority. This a few years ago, was enjoyed by an empress, whose head did honor to her nation and to her sex; although, on some occasions, the virtues of her heart have been much suspected. The sex, in general, are protected from insult, by many salutary laws; and, except among the peasants, are exempted from every kind of toil and slavery. Upon the whole, they seem to be approaching fast to the enjoyment of that consequence, to which they have already arrived in several parts of Europe.

THE IDEA OF FEMALE INFERIORITY.

It is an opinion pretty well established, that in strength of mind, as well as of body, men are greatly superior to women.

Men are endowed with boldness and courage, women are not. The reason is plain, these are beauties in our character; in theirs they would be blemishes. Our genius often leads to the great and the arduous; theirs to the soft and the pleasing; we bend our thoughts to make life convenient; they turn theirs to make it easy and agreeable. If the endowments allotted to us by nature could not be easily acquired by women, it would be as difficult for us to acquire those peculiarly allotted to them. Are we superior to them in what belongs to the male character? They are no less so to us, in what belongs to the female character.

Would it not appear rather ludicrous to say, that a man was endowed only with inferior abilities, because he was not expert in the nursing of children, and practising the various effeminacies which we reckon lovely in a woman? Would it be reasonable to condemn him on these accounts? Just as reasonable, as it is to reckon women inferior to men, because their talents are in general not adapted to tread the horrid path of war, nor trace the mazes and intricacies of science.

The idea of the inferiority of female nature has drawn after it several others the most absurd, unreasonable, and humiliating to the sex. Such is the pride of man, that in some countries he has considered immortality as a distinction too glorious for women. Thus degrading the fair partners of his nature, he places them on a level with the beasts that perish.

As the Asiatics have, time immemorial, considered women as little better than slaves, this opinion probably originated among them. The Mahometans, both in Asia and Europe, are said, by a great variety of writers, to entertain this opinion.

Lady Montague, in her letters, has opposed this general assertion of the writers concerning the Mahometans; and says that they do not absolutely deny the existence of female souls, but only hold them to be of a nature inferior to those of men; and that they enter not into the same, but into an inferior paradise, prepared for them on purpose. Lady Montague, and the writers whom she has contradicted, may perhaps be both right. The former might be the opinion which the Turks brought with them from Asia; and the latter, as a refinement upon it they may have adopted by their intercourse with the Europeans.

This opinion, however, has had but few votaries in Europe: though some have even here maintained it, and assigned various reasons for so doing. Among these, the following laughable reason is not the least particular--"In the Revelations of St. John the divine," said one, whose wife was a descendant of the famous Xantippe,[1] "you will find this passage: _And there was silence in heaven for about the space of half an hour_. Now, I appeal to any one, whether that could possibly have happened, had there been any women there? And, since there are none there, charity forbids us to imagine that they are all in a worse place; therefore it follows that they have no immortal part: and happy is it for them, as they are thereby exempted from being accountable for all the noise and disturbance they have raised in this world."

In a very ancient treatise, called the Wisdom of all Times, ascribed to Hushang, one of the earliest kings of Persia, are the following remarkable words: "The passions of men may, by long acquaintance, be thoroughly known; but the passions of women are inscrutable; therefore they ought to be separated from men, lest the mutability of their tempers should infect others."

Ideas of a similar nature seem to have been at this time, generally diffused over the East. For we find Solomon, almost every where in his writings, exclaiming against women; and, in the Apocrypha, the author of Ecclesiasticus is still more illiberal in his reflections.

Both these authors, it is true, join in the most enraptured manner to praise a virtuous woman; but take care at the same time to let us know, that she is so great a rarity as to be very seldom met with.

Nor have the Asiatics alone been addicted to this illiberality of thinking concerning the sex. Satirists of all ages and countries, while they flattered them to their faces, have from their closets scattered their spleen and ill-nature against them. Of this the Greek and Roman poets afford a variety of instances; but they must nevertheless yield the palm to some of our moderns. In the following lines, Pope has outdone every one of them:

"Men some to pleasure, some to business take; But every woman is at heart--a rake."

Swift and Dr Young have hardly been behind this celebrated splenetic in illiberality. They perhaps were not favorites of the fair, and in revenge vented all their envy and spleen against them. But a more modern and accomplished writer who by his rank in life, by his natural and acquired _graces_, was undoubtedly a favorite, has repaid their kindness by taking every opportunity of exhibiting them in the most contemptible light. "Almost every man," says he, "may be gained some way, almost every woman any way, can any thing exhibit a stronger caution to the sex?" It is fraught with information; and it is to be hoped they will use it accordingly.

[1] Xantippe, was the wife of Socrates, and the most famous scold of antiquity.

FEMALE SIMPLICITY.

Would we conceive properly of that simplicity which is the sweetest expression of a well-informed and well-meaning mind, which every where diffuses tenderness and delicacy, sweetens the relations of life, and gives a zest to the minutest duties of humanity, let us contemplate every perceptible operation of nature, the twilight of the evening, the pearly dew-drops of the early morning, and all that various growth which indicates the genial return of spring. The same principle from which all that is soft and pleasing, amiable or exquisite, to the eye or to the ear, in the exterior frame of nature, produces that taste for true simplicity, which is one of the most useful, as well as the most elegant lessons, that _ladies_ can learn.

Infancy, is perhaps, the finest and most perfect illustration of simplicity. It is a state of genuine nature throughout. The feelings of children are under no kind of restraint, but pure as the fire, free as the winds, honest and open as the face of heaven. Their joys incessantly flow in the thickest succession, and their griefs only seem fleeting and evanescent. To the calls of nature they are only attentive. They know no voice but hers. Their obedience to all her commands is prompt and implicit. They never anticipate her bounties, nor relinquish her pleasures. This situation renders them independent of artifice. Influenced only by nature, their manners, like the principle that produces them, are always the same.

Genuine simplicity is that peculiar quality of the mind, by which some happy characters are enabled to avoid the most distant approaches to any thing like affectation, inconstancy, or design, in their intercourse with the world. It is much more easily understood, however than defined; and consists not in a specific tone of the voice, movement of the body, or mode imposed by custom, but is the natural and permanent effect of real modesty and good sense on the whole behavior.

This has been considered in all ages, as one of the first and most captivating ornaments of the sex. The savage, the plebeian, the man of the world, and the courtier, are agreed in stamping it with a preference to every other female excellence.

Nature only is lovely, and nothing unnatural can ever be amiable. The genuine expressions of truth and nature are happily calculated to impress the heart with pleasure. No woman, whatever her other qualities may be, was ever eminently agreeable, but in proportion as distinguished by these. The world is good-natured enough to give a lady credit for all the merit she can possess or acquire, without affectation. But the least shade or coloring of this odious foible brings certain and indelible obloquy on the most elegant accomplishments. The blackest suspicion inevitably rests on every thing assumed. She who is only an ape of others, or prefers formality in all its gigantic and preposterous shapes, to that plain, unembarassed conduct which nature unavoidably produces, will assuredly provoke an abundance of ridicule, but never can be an object either of love or esteem.

The various artifices of the sex discover themselves at a very early period. A passion for expense and show is one of the first they exhibit. This gives them a taste for refinement, which divests their young hearts of almost every other feeling, renders their tempers desultory and capricious, regulates their dress only by the most fantastic models of finery and fashion, and makes their company rather tiresome and awkward, than pleasing or elegant.

No one perhaps can form a more ludicrous contrast to every thing just and graceful in nature, than the woman whose sole object in life is to pass for a _fine lady_. The attentions she every where and uniformly pays, expects, and even exacts, are tedious and fatiguing. Her various movements and attitudes are all adjusted and exhibited by rule. By a happy fluency of the most eloquent language, she has the art of imparting a momentary dignity and grace to the merest trifles. Studious only to mimic such peculiarities as are most admired in others, she affects a loquacity peculiarly flippant and teazing because scandal, routs, finery, fans, china, lovers, lap-dogs, or squirrels, are her constant themes. Her amusements, like those of a magpie, are only hopping over the same spots, prying into the same corners, and devouring the same species of prey. The simple and beautiful delineations of nature, in her countenance, gestures and whole deportment, are habitually arranged, distorted, or concealed, by the affected adoption of whatever grimace or deformity is latest or most in vogue.

She accustoms her face to a simper, which every separate feature in it belies. She spoils, perhaps, a blooming complexion with a profusion of artificial coloring, she distorts the most exquisite shape by loads or volumes of useless drapery. She has her head, her arms, her feet, and her gait, equally touched by art and affectation, into what is called the _taste_, the _ton_, or the _fashion_.

She little considers to what a torrent of ridicule and sarcasm this mode of conduct exposes her; or how exceedingly cold and hollow that ceremony must be, which is not the language of a warm heart. She does not reflect how insipid those smiles are, which indicate no internal pleasantry; nor how awkward those graces, which spring not from habits of good-nature and benevolence. Thus, pertness succeeds to delicacy, assurance to modesty, and all the vagaries of a listless to the sensibilities of an ingenuous mind.

With her, punctilio is politeness; dissipation, life; and levity, spirit. The miserable and contemptible drudge of every tawdry innovation in dress or ceremony, she incessantly mistakes extravagance for taste, and finery for elegance.

Her favorite examples are not those persons of acknowledged sincerity, who speak as they feel, and act as they think; but such only as are formed to dazzle her fancy, amuse her senses, or humor her whims. Her only study is how to glitter or shine, how to captivate and gratify the gaze of the multitude, or how to swell her own pomp and importance. To this interesting object all her assiduities and time are religiously devoted.

How often is debility of mind, and even badness of heart concealed under a splendid exterior! The fairest of the species, and of the sex, often want sincerity; and without sincerity every other qualification is rather a blemish, than a virtue, or excellence. Sincerity operates on the moral, somewhat like the sun on the natural world; and produces nearly the same effects on the dispositions of the human heart, which he does on inanimate objects. Wherever sincerity prevails and is felt, all the smiling and benevolent virtues flourish most, disclose their sweetest lustre, and diffuse their richest fragrance.

Heaven has not a finer or more perfect emblem on earth than a woman of genuine simplicity. She affects no graces which are not inspired by sincerity. Her opinions result not from passion and fancy, but from reason and experience. Candor and humility give expansion to her heart. She struggles for no kind of chimerical credit, disclaims the appearance of every affectation, and is in all things just what she seems, and others would be thought. Nature, not art, is the great standard of her manners; and her exterior wears no varnish, or embellishment, which is not the genuine signature of an open, undesigning, and benevolent mind. It is not in her power, because not in her nature, to hide, with a fawning air, and a mellow voice, her aversion or contempt, where her delicacy is hurt, here temper ruffled, or her feelings insulted.

In short, whatever appears most amiable, lovely, or interesting in nature, art, manners, or life, originates in simplicity. What is correctness in taste, purity in morals, truth in science, grace in beauty, but simplicity? It is the garb of innocence. It adorned the first ages, and still adorns the infant state of humanity. Without simplicity, woman is a vixen, a coquette, a hypocrite; society a masquerade, and pleasure a phantom.

The following story, I believe, is pretty generally known. A lady, whose husband had long been afflicted with an acute but lingering disease, suddenly feigned such an uncommon _tenderness_ for him, as to resolve on dying in his stead. She had even the address to persuade him not to outlive this extraordinary instance of her conjugal fidelity and attachment. It was instantaneously agreed they should mutually swallow such a quantity of arsenic, as would speedily effect their dreadful purpose. She composed the fatal draught before his face and even set him the desperate example of drinking first. By this device, which had all the appearance of the greatest affection and candor, the dregs only were reserved for him, and soon put a period to his life.

It then appeared that the dose was so tempered, as, from the weight of the principal ingredient, to be deadly only at the bottom, which she had artfully appropriated for his share. Even after all this finesse, she seized, we are told, his inheritance, and insulted his memory by a second marriage.

THE MILD MAGNANIMITY OF WOMEN.

A late eminent anatomist, in a professional discourse on the female frame, is said to have declared, that it almost appeared an act of cruelty in nature to produce such a being as woman. This remark may, indeed, be the natural exclamation of refined sensibility, in contemplating the various maladies to which a creature of such delicate organs is inevitably exposed; but, if we take a more enlarged survey of human existence, we shall be far from discovering any just reason to arraign the benevolence of its provident and gracious Author. If the delicacy of woman must render her familiar with pain and sickness, let us remember that her charms, her pleasures, and her happiness, arise also from the same attractive quality. She is a being, to use the forcible and elegant expression of a poet,

"Fine by defect, and admirably weak."

There is, perhaps, no charm by which she more effectually secures the tender admiration and the lasting love, of the more hardy sex, than her superior endurance, her mild and _graceful_ submission to the common evils of life.

Nor is this the sole advantage she derives from her gentle fortitude. It is the prerogative of this lovely virtue, to lighten the pressure of all those incorrigible evils which it cheerfully endures. The frame of man may be compared to the sturdy _oak_, which is often shattered by resisting the tempest. Woman is the pliant _osier_, which, in bending to the storm, eludes its violence.

The accurate observers of human nature will readily allow, that patience is most eminently the characteristic of woman. To what a sublime and astonishing height this virtue has been carried by beings of the most delicate texture, we have striking examples in the many female martyrs who were exposed, in the first ages of christianity, to the most barbarous and lingering torture.

Nor was it only from christian zeal that woman derived the power of defying the utmost rigors of persecution with invincible fortitude. Saint Ambrose, in his elaborate and pious treatise on this subject, records the resolution of a fair disciple of Pythagoras, who, being severely urged by a tyrant to reveal the secrets of her sex, to convince him that no torments should reduce her to so unworthy a breach of her vow, bit her own _tongue_ asunder, and darted it in the face of her oppressor.

In consequence of those happy changes which have taken place in the world, from the progress of purified religion, the inexpressible spirit of the tender sex is no longer exposed to such inhuman trials. But if the earth is happily delivered from the demons of torture and superstition; if beauty and innocence are no more in danger of being dragged to perish at the stake--perhaps there are situations, in female life, that require as much patience and magnanimity, as were formerly exerted in the fiery torments of the virgin martyr. It is more difficult to support an accumulation of _minute_ infelicities, than any single calamity of the most terrific magnitude.

FEMALE DELICACY.

Where the human race has little other culture than what it receives from nature, the two sexes live together, unconscious of almost any restraint on their words or on their actions. The Greeks, in the heroic ages, as appears from the whole history of their conduct, were totally unacquainted with delicacy. The Romans in the infancy of their empire, were the same. Tacitus informs us that the ancient Germans had not separate beds for the two sexes, but that they lay promiscuously on reeds or on heath, spread along the walls of their houses. This custom still prevails in Lapland, among the peasants of Norway, Poland, and Russia; and it is not altogether obliterated in some parts of the highlands of Scotland and Wales.

In Otaheite, to appear naked or in clothes, are circumstances equally indifferent to both sexes; nor does any word in their language, nor any action to which they are prompted by nature, seem more indelicate or reprehensible than another. Such are the effects of a total want of culture.

Effects not very dissimilar, are, in France and Italy, produced from a redundance of it. Though those are the polite countries in Europe, women there set themselves above shame, and despise delicacy. It is laughed out of existence, as a silly and unfashionable weakness.

But in China, one of the politest countries in Asia, and perhaps not even, in this respect, behind France, or Italy, the case is quite otherwise. No human being can be more delicate than a Chinese woman in her dress, in her behavior, and in her conversation; and should she ever happen to be exposed in any unbecoming manner, she feels with the greatest poignancy the awkwardness of her situation, and if possible, covers her face, that she may not be known.

In the midst of so many discordant appearances, the mind is perplexed, and can hardly fix upon any cause to which female delicacy is to be ascribed. If we attend, however, to the whole animal creation, if we consider it attentively wherever it falls under our observation, it will discover to us, that in the female there is a greater degree of delicacy or coy reserve than in the male. Is not this a proof, that, through the wide extent of creation, the seeds of delicacy are more liberally bestowed upon females than upon males?

In the remotest periods of which we have any historical account, we find that the women had a delicacy to which the other sex were strangers. Rebecca veiled herself when she first approached Isaac, her future husband. Many of the fables of antiquity mark, with the most distinguishing characters, the force of female delicacy. Of this kind is the fable of Actaeon and Diana. Actaeon, a famous hunter, being in the woods with his hounds, beating for game, accidentally spied Diana and her nymphs bathing in a river. Prompted by curiosity, he stole silently into a neighboring thicket, that he might have a nearer view of them. The goddess discovering him, was so affronted at his audacity, and so much ashamed to have been seen naked, that in revenge she immediately transformed him into a stag, set his own hounds upon him, and encouraged them to overtake and devour him. Besides this, and other fables, and historical anecdotes of antiquity, their poets seldom exhibit a female character without adorning it with the graces of modesty and delicacy. Hence we may infer, that these qualities have not been only essential to virtuous women in civilized countries, but were also constantly praised and esteemed by men of sensibility; and that delicacy is an innate principle in the female mind.

There are so many evils attending the loss of virtue in women, and so greatly are the minds of that sex depraved when they have deviated from the path of rectitude, that a general contamination of their morals may be considered as one of the greatest misfortunes that can befal a state, as in time it destroys almost every public virtue of the men. Hence all wise legislators have strictly enforced upon the sex a particular purity of manners; and not satisfied that they should abstain from vice only, have required them even to shun every appearance of it.

Such, in some periods, were the laws of the Romans; and such were the effects of these laws, that if ever female delicacy shone forth in a conspicuous manner, it was perhaps among those people, after they had worn off much of the barbarity of their first ages, and before they became contaminated, by the wealth and manners of the nations which they plundered and subjected. Then it was that we find many of their women surpassing in modesty almost every thing related by fable; and then it was that their ideas of delicacy were so highly refined, that they could not even bear the secret consciousness of an involuntary crime, and far less of having tacitly consented to it.

INFLUENCE OF FEMALE SOCIETY.

The company of ladies has a very powerful influence on the sentiments and conduct of men. Women, the fruitful source of half our joys, and perhaps of _more_ than half our sorrows, give an elegance to our manner, and a relish to our pleasures. They soothe our afflictions, and soften our cares. Too much of their company will render us effeminate, and infallibly stamp upon us many signatures of the female nature. A rough and unpolished behavior, as well as slovenliness of person, will certainly be the consequence of an almost constant exclusion from it. By spending a reasonable portion of our time in the company of women, and another in the company of our own sex, we shall imbibe a proper share of the softness of the female, and at the same time retain the firmness and constancy of the male.

As little social intercourse subsisted between the two sexes, in the more early ages of antiquity, we find the men less courteous, and the women less engaging. Vivacity and cheerfulness seem hardly to have existed. Even the Babylonians, who appear to have allowed their women more liberty than any of the ancients, seem not to have lived with them in a friendly and familiar manner. But, as their intercourse with them was considerably greater than that of the neighboring nations, they acquired thereby a polish and refinement unknown to any of the people who surrounded them. The manners of both sexes were softer, and better calculated to please.

They likewise paid more attention to cleanliness and dress.

After the Greeks became famous for their knowledge of the arts and sciences, their rudeness and barbarity were only softened a _few degrees_. It is not therefore arts, sciences, and _learning_, but the company of the other sex, that forms the manner and renders the man _agreeable_.

The Romans were, for some time, a community without any thing to soften the ferocity of male nature. The Sabine virgins, whom they had stolen, appear to have infused into them the first ideas of politeness. But it was many ages before this politeness banished the roughness of the warrior, and assumed the refinement of the gentleman.

During the times of chivalry, female influence was at the zenith of its glory and perfection. It was the source of valor, it gave birth to politeness, it awakened pity, it called forth benevolence, it restricted the hand of oppression, and meliorated the human heart. "I cannot approach my mistress," said one, "till I have done some glorious deed to deserve her notice. Actions should be the messengers of the heart; they are the homage due to beauty, and they only should discover love."

Marsan, instructing a young knight how to behave so as to gain the favor of the fair, has these remarkable words:--"When your arm is raised, if your lance fail, draw your sword directly; and let heaven and hell resound with the clash. Lifeless is the soul which beauty cannot animate, and weak is the arm which cannot fight valiantly to defend it."

The Russians, Poles, and even the Dutch, pay less attention to their females than any of their neighbors, and are, by consequence, less distinguished for the graces of their persons, and the feelings of their hearts.

The lightness of their food, and the salubrity of their air, have been assigned as reasons for the vivacity and cheerfulness of the French, and their fortitude, in supporting their spirits through all the adverse circumstances of this world. But the constant mixture of the young and old, of the two sexes, is no doubt one of the _principal_ reasons why the cares and ills of life sit lighter on the shoulders of that fantastic people, than on those of any other country in the world.

The French reckon an excursion dull, and a party of pleasure without relish, unless a mixture of both sexes join to compose in. The French women do not even withdraw from the table after meals; nor do the men discover that impatience to have them dismissed, which they so often do in England.

It is alleged by those who have no relish for the conversation of the fair sex, that their presence curbs the freedom of speech, and restrains the jollity of mirth. But, if the conversation and the mirth are decent, if the company are capable of relishing any thing but wine, the very reverse is the case. Ladies, in general, are not only more cheerful than gentlemen, but more eager to promote mirth and good humor.

So powerful, indeed, are the company and conversation of the fair, in diffusing happiness and hilarity, that even the cloud which hangs on the _thoughtful brow_ of an Englishman, begins in the present age to brighten, by his devoting to the ladies a larger share of time than was formerly done by his ancestors.

Though the influence of the sexes be reciprocal, yet that of the ladies is certainly the greatest. How often may one see a company of men, who were disposed to be riotous, checked at once into decency by the accidental entrance of an amiable woman; while her good sense and obliging deportment charms them into at least a temporary conviction, that there is nothing so delightful as female conversation, in its best form! Were such conviction frequently repeated, what might we not expect from it at last?

"Were virtue," said an ancient philosopher, "to appear amongst men in a visible shape, what vehement desires would she enkindle!" Virtue, exhibited without affectation, by a lovely young person, of improved understanding and gentle manners, may be said to appear with the most alluring aspect, surrounded by the _Graces_.

It would be an easy matter to point out instances of the most evident reformation, wrought on particular men, by their having happily conceived a passion for virtuous women.

To form the manners of men, various causes contribute; but nothing, perhaps, so much as the turn of the women with whom they converse. Those who are most conversant with women of virtue and understanding, will be always found the most amiable characters, other circumstances being supposed alike. Such society, beyond every thing else, rubs off the _corners_ that gives many of our sex an ungracious roughness. It produces a polish more perfect, and more pleasing than that which is received from a general commerce with the world. This last is often specious, but commonly superficial. The other is the result of gentler feelings, and more humanity. The heart itself is moulded. Habits of undissembled courtesy are formed. A certain flowing urbanity is acquired. Violent passions, rash oaths, coarse jests, indelicate language of every kind, are precluded and disrelished.

Female society gives men a taste for cleanliness and elegance of person. Our ancestors, who kept but little company with their women, were not only slovenly in their dress, but had their countenances disfigured with long beards. By female influence, however, beards were, in process of time, mutilated down to mustaches. As the gentlemen found that the ladies had no great relish for mustaches, which were the relics of a beard, they cut and curled them into various fashions, to render them more agreeable. At last, however, finding such labor vain, they gave them up altogether. But as those of the three learned professions were supposed to be endowed with, or at least to stand in need of, more wisdom than other people, and as the longest beard had always been deemed to sprout from the wisest chin, to supply this mark of distinction, which they had lost, they contrived to smother their heads in enormous quantities of frizzled hair, that they might bear greater resemblance to an owl, the bird sacred to wisdom and Minerva.

To female society it has been objected by the learned and studious, that it enervates the mind, and gives it such a turn for trifling, levity, and dissipation, as renders it altogether unfit for that application which is necessary in order to become eminent in any of the sciences. In proof of this they allege, that the greatest philosophers seldom or never were men who enjoyed, or were fit for, the company or conversation of women. Sir Isaac Newton hardly ever conversed with any of the sex. Bacon, Boyle, Des Cartes, and many others, conspicuous for their learning and application, were but indifferent companions to the fair.

It is certain, indeed, that the youth who devotes his whole time and attention to female conversation, and the little offices of gallantry, never distinguishes himself in the literary world. But notwithstanding this, without the fatigue and application of severe study, he often obtains, by female interest, that which is denied to the merited improvements acquired by the labor of many years.

MONASTIC LIFE.

The venerable _Bede_ has given us a very striking picture of Monastic enormities, in his epistle to Egbert. From this we learn that many young men who had no title to the monastic profession, got possession of monasteries; where, instead of engaging in the defence of their country, as their age and rank required, they indulged themselves in the most dissolute indolence.

We learn from Dugdale, that in the reign of Henry the Second, the nuns of Amsbury abbey in Wiltshire were expelled from that religious house on account of their incontinence. And to exhibit in the most lively colors the total corruption of monastic chastity, bishop Burnet informs us in his "History of the Reformation," that when the nunneries were visited by the command of Henry the VIII. "whole houses almost, were found whose vows had been made in vain."

When we consider to what oppressive indolence, to what a variety of wretchedness and guilt, the young and fair inhabitants of the cloister were frequently betrayed, we ought to admire those benevolent authors who, when the tide of religious prejudice ran very strong in favor of monastic virginity, had spirit enough to oppose the torrent, and to caution the devout and tender sex against so dangerous a profession. It is in this point of view that the character of Erasmus appears with the most amiable lustre; and his name ought to be eternally dear to the female world in particular. Though his studies and constitution led him almost to idolize those eloquent fathers of the church who have magnified this kind of life, his good sense and his accurate survey of the human race, enabled him to judge of the misery in which female youth was continually involved by a precipitate choice of the veil. He knew the successful arts by which the subtle and rapacious monks inveigled young women of opulent families into the cloister; and he exerted his lively and delicate wit in opposition to so pernicious an evil.

In those nations of Europe where nunneries still exist, how many lovely victims are continually sacrificed to the avarice or absurd ambition of inhuman parents! The misery of these victims has been painted with great force by some benevolent writers of France.

In most of those pathetic histories that are founded on the abuse of convents, the misery originates from the parent, and falls upon the child. The reverse has sometime happened; and there are examples of unhappy parents, who have been rendered miserable by the religious perversity of a daughter. In the fourteenth volume of that very amusing work, _Les Causes Celebres_, a work which is said to have been the favorite reading of Voltaire, there is a striking history of a girl under age, who was tempted by pious artifice to settle herself in a convent, in express opposition to parental authority. Her parents, who had in vain tried the most tender persuasion, endeavored at last to redeem their lost child, by a legal process against the nunnery in which she was imprisoned. The pleadings on this remarkable trial may, perhaps, be justly reckoned amongst the finest pieces of eloquence that the lawyers of France have produced. Monsieur Gillet, the advocate for the parents, represented, in the boldest and most affecting language, the extreme baseness of this religious seduction. His eloquence appeared to have fixed the sentiments of the judges; but the cause of superstition was pleaded by an advocate of equal power, and it finally prevailed. The unfortunate parents of Maria Vernal (for this was the name of the unfortunate girl) were condemned to resign her forever, and to make a considerable payment to those artful

devotees who had piously robbed them of their child.

When we reflect on the various evils that have arisen in convents, we have the strongest reason to rejoice and glory in that reformation by which the nunneries of England were abolished. Yet it would not be candid or just to consider all these as the mere harbors of licentiousness; since we are told that, at the time of their suppression, some of our religious houses were very honorably distinguished by the purity of their inhabitants. "The visitors," says Bishop Burnet, "interceded earnestly for one nunnery in Oxfordshire, where there was great strictness of life, and to which most of the young gentlewomen of the country were sent to be bred; so that the gentry of the country desired the king would spare the house: yet all was ineffectual."

DEGREES OF SENTIMENTAL ATTACHMENT AT DIFFERENT PERIODS.

In the earlier ages, sentiment in love does not appear to have been much attended to. When Abraham sent his servant to court a bride for his son Isaac, we do not so much as hear that Isaac was consulted on the matter: nor is there even a suspicion, that he might refuse or dislike the wife which his father had selected for him.

From the manner in which Rebecca was solicited, we learn, that women were not then courted in person by the lover, but by a proxy, whom he, or his parents, deputed in his stead. We likewise see, that this proxy did not, as in modern times, endeavor to gain the affection of the lady he was sent to, by enlarging on the personal properties, and mental qualifications of the lover; but by the richness and magnificence of the presents he made to her and her relations.

Presents have been, from the earliest ages, and are to this day, the mode of transacting all kinds of business in the east. When a favor is to be asked of a superior, one cannot hope to obtain it without a present. Courtship, therefore, having been anciently transacted in this manner, it is plain, that it was only considered in the same light as any other negotiable business, and not as a matter of sentiment, and of the heart.

In the courtship, however, or rather purchase of a wife by Jacob, we meet with something like sentiment; for when he found that he was not possessed of money or goods, equal to the price which was set upon her, he not only condescended to purchase her by servitude, but even seemed much disappointed when the tender-eyed Leah was faithlessly imposed upon him instead of the beautiful Rachel.

The ancient Gauls, Germans, and neighboring nations of the North, had so much veneration for the sex in general, that in courtship they behaved with a spirit of gallantry, and showed a degree of sentiment, to which _those_ who called them barbarians, never arrived. Not contented with getting possession of the person of his mistress, a northern lover could not be satisfied without the sincere affection of her heart; nor was his mistress ever to be gained but by such methods as plainly indicated to her the tenderest attachment from the most deserving man.

The women of Scandinavia were not to be courted but by the most assiduous attendance, seconded by such warlike achievements as the custom of the country had rendered necessary to make a man deserving of his mistress. On these accounts, we frequently find a lover accosting the object of his passion by a minute and circumstantial detail of his exploits, and all his accomplishments. "We fought with swords," says King Regner, in a beautiful ode composed by himself, in memory of the deeds of his former days, "that day wherein I saw ten thousand of my foes rolling in the dust, near a promontory of England. A dew of blood distilled from our swords. The arrows which flew in search of the helmets, bellowed through the air. The pleasure of that day was truly exquisite.

"We fought with swords. A young man should march early to the conflict of arms. Man should attack man, or bravely resist him. In this hath always consisted the nobility of the warrior. He who aspires to the love of his mistress, ought to be dauntless in the clash of swords."

The descendants of the northern nations, long after they had plundered and repeopled the greatest part of Europe, retained nearly the same ideas of love, and practised the same methods in declaring it, that they had imbibed from their ancestors. "Love," says William of Montagnogout, "engages to the most amiable conduct. Love inspires the greatest actions. Love has no will but that of the object beloved, nor seeks any thing but what will augment her glory. You cannot love, nor ought to be beloved, if you ask any thing that virtue condemns. Never did I form a wish that could wound the heart of my beloved, nor delight in a pleasure that was inconsistent with her delicacy."

The method of addressing females, among some of the tribes of American Indians, is the most simple that can possibly be devised. When the lover goes to visit his mistress, he only begs leave, by signs, to enter her hut. After obtaining this, he goes in, and sits

down by her in the most respectful silence. If she suffers him to remain there without interruption, her doing so is consenting to his suit. If, however, the lover has any thing given him to eat and drink, it is a refusal; though the woman is obliged to sit by him until he has finished his repast. He then retires in silence.

In Canada, courtship is not carried on with that coy reserve, and seeming secrecy, which politeness has introduced among the inhabitants of civilized nations. When a man and a woman meet, though they never saw each other before, if he is captivated by her charms, he declares his passion in the plainest manner; and she, with the same simplicity, answers, Yes, or No, without further deliberation. "That female reserve," says an ingenious writer, [Dr Alexander,] "that seeming reluctance to enter into the married state, observable in polite countries, is the work of art, and not of nature. The history of every uncultivated people amply proves it. It tells us, that their women not only speak with freedom the sentiments of their hearts, but even blush not to have these sentiments made as public as possible."

In Formosa, however, they differ so much from the simplicity of the Canadians, that it would be reckoned the greatest indecency in the man to declare, or in the woman to hear, a declaration of the passion of love. The lover is, therefore, obliged to depute his mother, sister, or some female relation; and from any of these the soft tale may be heard without the least offence to delicacy.

In Spain, the women had formerly no voice in disposing of themselves in matrimony. But as the empire of common sense began to extend itself, they began to claim a privilege, at least of being consulted in the choice of the partners of their lives. Many fathers and guardians, hurt by this female innovation, and puffed up with Spanish pride, still insisted on forcing their daughters to marry according to their pleasure, by means of duennas, locks, hunger, and even sometimes of poison and daggers. But as nature will revolt against every species of oppression and injustice, the ladies have for some time begun to assert their own rights. The authority of fathers and guardians begins to decline, and lovers find themselves obliged to apply to the affections of the fair, as well as to the pride and avarice of their relations.

The nightly musical serenades of mistresses by their lovers are still in use. The gallant composes some love sonnets, as expressive as he can, not only of the situation of his heart, but of every particular circumstance between him and the lady, not forgetting to lard them with the most extravagant encomiums on her beauty and merit. These he sings in the night below her window accompanied with his lute, or sometimes with a whole band of music. The more piercingly cold the air, the more the lady's heart is supposed to be thawed with the patient sufferance of her lover, who, from night to night, frequently continues his exercises for many hours, heaving the deepest sighs, and casting the most piteous looks towards the window; at which if his goddess at last deigns to appear, and drops him a curtsey, he is superlatively paid for all his watching; but if she blesses him with a smile, he is ready to run distracted.

In Italy the manner of addressing the ladies, so far as it relates to serenading, nearly resembles that of Spain. The Italian, however, goes a step farther than the Spaniard. He endeavors to blockade the house where his fair one lives, so as to prevent the entrance of any rival. If he marries the lady who cost him all this trouble and attendance, he shuts her up for life: If not, she becomes the object of his eternal hatred, and he too frequently endeavors to revenge by poison the success of his happier rival.

In one circumstance relating to courtship, the Italians are said to be particular. They protract the time as long as possible, well knowing that even with all the little ills attending it, a period thus employed is one of the sweetest of human life.

A French lover, with the word sentiment perpetually in his mouth, seems by every action to have excluded it from his heart. He places his whole confidence in his exterior air and appearance. He dresses for his mistress, dances for her, flutters constantly about her, helps her to lay on her rouge, and to place her patches. He attends her round the whole circle of amusements, chatters to her constantly, whistles and sings, and plays the fool with her. Whatever be his station, every thing gaudy and glittering within the sphere of it is called in to his assistance, particularly splendid carriages and tawdry liveries; but if, by the help of all these, he cannot make an impression on the fair one's heart, it costs him nothing but a few shrugs of his shoulders, two or three silly exclamations, and as many stanzas of some satirical song against her; and, as it is impossible for a Frenchman to live without an amour, he immediately betakes himself to another.

There is hardly any such thing among people of fashion as courtship. Matters are generally so ordered by parents and guardians, that to a bride and bridegroom, the day of marriage is often the second time of their meeting. In many countries, to be married in this manner would be reckoned the greatest of misfortunes. In France it is little regarded. In the fashionable world, few people are greater strangers to, or more indifferent about each other, than husband and wife; and any appearance of fondness between them, or their being seen frequently together, would infallibly make them forfeit the reputation of the _ton_, and be laughed at by all polite

company. On this account, nothing is more common than to be acquainted with a lady without knowing her husband, or visiting the husband without ever seeing his wife.

GERMAN WOMEN.

Of all the German females, the ladies of Saxony are the most amiable. Their persons are so superiorly charming and preferable in whatever can recommend them to be notice of mankind, that the German youth often visit Saxony in quest of _companions_ for life. Exclusive of their beauty and comeliness of appearance, they are brought up in a knowledge of all those arts, both useful and ornamental, which are so brilliant an addition to their native attractions. But what chiefly enhances their value, and gives it reality and duration, is a _sweetness_ of temper and festivity of disposition, that never fail to endear them on a very slight acquaintance. To crown all, they are generally patterns of conjugal tenderness and fidelity.

As they are commonly careful to improve their minds by reading and instructive conversation, they have no small share of facetiousness and ingenuity. From their innate liveliness, they are extremely addicted to all the gay kind of amusements. They excel in the allurements of dress and decoration, and are in general skilful in music.

The character, however, of the women in most other parts of Germany, particularly of the Austrian, is very different from this. Notwithstanding the advantages of size and make, their looks and features, though not unsightly, betray a vacancy of that life and spirit, without which beauty is uninteresting, and, like a mere picture, becomes utterly void of that indication of sensibility, which alone can awaken a delicacy of feeling.

As their education is conducted by the rules of the grossest superstition, and they are taught little else than set forms of devotion, they arrive to the years of maturity uninstructed in the use of reason, and usually continue profoundly ignorant the remainder of their days, which are spent, or rather loitered away, in apathy and indolence.

The principal happiness of the Austrian ladies of fashion consists in ruminating on the dignity of their birth and families, the antiquity of their race, the rank they hold, the respect attached to it, and the prerogatives they enjoy over the inferior classes, whom they treat with the utmost superciliousness, and hold in the most unreasonable contempt. In the mean time, their domestic affairs are condemned to the most unaccountable neglect. They dwell at home, careless of what passes there; and suffer disorder and confusion to prevail, without feeling the least uneasiness. Great frequenters of churches, their piety consists in the strictest conformity to all the externals of religion. They profess the most boundless belief in all the silly legends with which their treatises of devotion are filled; and these are the only books they ever read. The coldness of their constitution occasions a species of regulated gallantry, which is rather the effect of an opinion that it is an appendage of high life, than the result of their natural inclination.

It must, at the same time be allowed, that the Austrian women are endowed with a great fund of sincerity and candor; and, though too much on the reserve, and prone to keep at an unnecessary distance, are yet capable of the truest attachment, and always warm and zealous in the cause of those whom they have admitted to their friendship.

Though the Germans are rather a dull and phlegmatic people, and not greatly enslaved by the warmer passions, yet at the court of Vienna they are much given to intrigue: and an amour is so far from being scandalous, that a woman gains credit by the rank of her gallant, and is reckoned silly and unfashionable if she scrupulously adheres to the virtue of chastity. But such customs are more the customs of courts, than of places less exposed to temptation, and consequently less dissolute; and we are well assured that in Germany there are many women who do honor to humanity, not by chastity only, but also by a variety of other virtues.

The ladies at the principal courts, differ not much in their dress from the French and English. They are not, however, so excessively fond of paint as the former. At some courts, they appear in rich furs: and all of them are loaded with jewels, if they can obtain them. The female part of the burgher's families, in many of the German towns, dress in a very different manner, and some of them inconceivably fantastic, as may be seen in many prints published in books of travels. But, in this respect, they are gradually reforming, and many of them make quite a different appearance in their dress from what they did thirty or forty years ago.

The inhabitants of Vienna lived luxuriously, a great part of their time being spent in feasting and carousing. In winter, when the different branches of the Danube are frozen over, and the ground covered with snow, the ladies take their recreation in sledges of different shapes, such as griffins, tigers, swans, scallop-shells, etc. Here the lady sits, dressed in velvet lined with rich furs, and adorned with laces and jewels, having on her head a velvet cap. The sledge is drawn by one horse, stag or other creature, set off with plumes of feathers, ribbons and bells. As this diversion is taken chiefly in the night time, servants ride before the sledge with torches; and a gentleman, standing on the sledge behind, guides the horse.

A VIEW OF MATRIMONY IN THREE DIFFERENT LIGHTS.

The marriage life is always an insipid, a vexatious, or a happy condition, the first is, when two people of no taste meet together, upon such a settlement as has been thought reasonable by parents and conveyancers, from an exact valuation of the land and cash of both parties. In this case the young lady's person is no more regarded than the house and improvements in purchase of an estate; but she goes with her fortune, rather than her fortune with her. These make up the crowd or vulgar of the rich, and fill up the lumber of the human race, without beneficence towards those below them, or respect towards those above them; and lead a despicable, independent, and useless life, without sense of the laws of kindness, good-nature, mutual offices, and the elegant satisfactions which flow from reason and virtue.

The vexatious life arises from a conjunction of two people of quick taste and resentment, put together for reasons well known to their friends, in which especial care is taken to avoid (what they think the chief of evils) poverty; and ensure them riches with every evil besides. These good people live in a constant restraint before company, and when alone, revile each other's person and conduct. In company they are in purgatory; when by themselves, in hell.

The happy marriage is, where two persons meet, and voluntarily make choice of each other without principally regarding or neglecting the circumstances of fortune or beauty. These may still love in spite of adversity or sickness. The former we may in some measure defend ourselves from; the other is the common lot of humanity. Love has nothing to do with riches or state. Solitude, with the person beloved, has a pleasure, even in a woman's mind, beyond show or pomp.

BETROTHING AND MARRIAGE.

At a very early period, families who lived in a friendly manner, fell upon a method of securing their children to each other by what is called in the sacred writings Betrothing. This was agreeing on a price to be paid for the bride, the time when it should be paid, and when she should be delivered into the hands of her husband.

There were, according to the Talmudists, three ways of betrothing. The first by a written contract. The second, by a verbal agreement, accompanied with a piece of money. And the third, by the parties coming together, and living as husband and wife; which might as properly be called marriage as betrothing.

The written contract was in the following manner--"On such a day, month, year, A the son of B, has said to D the daughter of E, be thou my spouse according to the law of Moses and of the Israelites; and I give thee as a dowry the sum of two hundred suzims, as it is ordered by our law. And the said D hath promised to be his spouse upon the conditions aforesaid, which the said A doth promise to perform on the day of marriage. And to this the said A doth hereby bind himself and all that he hath, to the very cloak upon his back; engages himself to love, honor, feed, clothe, and protect her, and to perform all that is generally implied in contracts of marriage in favor of the Israelitish wives."

The verbal agreement was made in the presence of a sufficient number of witnesses, by the man saying to the women, "Take this money as a pledge that at such a time I will take thee to be my wife." A woman who was thus betrothed or bargained for, was almost in every respect by the law considered as already married.

Before the legislation of Moses, "marriages among the Jews," say the Rabbies, "were agreed on by the parents and relations of both sides. When this was done, the bridegroom was introduced to his bride. Presents were mutually exchanged, the contract signed before witnesses, and the bride, having remained sometime with her relations, was sent away to the habitation of her husband, in the night, with singing, dancing, and the sound of musical instruments."

By the institution of Moses, the Rabbies tell us the contract of marriage was read in the presence of, and signed by, at least ten witnesses, who were free, and of age. The bride, who had taken care to bathe herself the night before, appeared in all her splendor, but veiled, in imitation of Rebecca, who veiled herself when she came in sight of Isaac. She was then given to the bridegroom by her parents, in words to this purpose: "Take her according to the law of Moses." And he received her, by saying, "I take her according to that law." Some blessings were then pronounced on the young couple, both by the parents and the rest of the company.

The blessings or prayers generally run in this style: "Blessed art thou, O Lord of heaven, and earth, who has created man in thine own likeness, and hast appointed woman to be his partner and companion! Blessed art thou, who fillest Zion with joy for the multitude of her children! Blessed art thou who sendest gladness to the bridegroom and his bride; who hast ordained for them, love,

joy, tenderness, peace and mutual affection. Be pleased to bless not only this couple, but Judah and Jerusalem, with songs of joy, and praise for the joy that thou givest them, by the multitudes of their sons and of their daughters."

After the virgins had sung a marriage song, the company partook of a repast, the most magnificent the parties could afford; after which they began a dance, the men round the bridegroom, the women round the bride. They pretended that this dance was of divine institution and an essential part of the ceremony. The bride was then carried to the nuptial bed, and the bridegroom left with her. The company again returned to their feasting and rejoicing; and the Rabbies inform us, that this feasting, when the bride, was a widow, lasted only three days, but seven if she was a virgin.

At the birth of a son, the father planted a cedar; and at that of a daughter, he planted a pine. Of these trees the nuptial bed was constructed, when the parties, at whose birth they were planted, entered into the married state.

The Assyrians had a court, or tribunal whose only business was to dispose of young women in marriage, and see the laws of that union properly executed. What these laws were, or how the execution of them was enforced, are circumstances that have not been handed down to us. But the erecting a court solely for the purpose of taking cognizance of them, suggests an idea that they were many and various.

Among the Greeks, the multiplicity of male and female deities who were concerned in the affairs of love, made the invocations and sacrifices on a matrimonial occasion a very tedious affair. Fortunate omens gave great joy, and the most fortunate of all others was a pair of turtles seen in the air, as those birds were reckoned the truest emblems of conjugal love and fidelity. If, however, one of them was seen alone it infallibly denoted separation, and all the ills attending an unhappy marriage.

On the wedding day, the bride and bridegroom were richly dressed, and adorned with garlands of herbs and flowers. The bride was conducted in the evening to the house of her husband in a chariot, seated between her husband and one of his relations. When she alighted from the chariot the axle-tree of it was burnt to show that there was no method for her to return back. As soon as the young couple entered the house, figs and other fruits were thrown upon their heads to denote plenty; and a sumptuous entertainment was ready for them to partake of, to which all the relations on both sides were invited.

The bride was lighted to bed by a number of torches, according to her quality; and the company returned in the morning to salute the new married couple, and to sing _epithalamia_ at the door of their bed-chamber.

Epithalamia were marriage songs, anciently sung in praise of the bride or bridegroom, wishing them happiness, prosperity and a numerous issue.

Among the Romans there were three different kinds of marriage. The ceremony of the first consisted in the young couple eating a cake together made only of wheat, salt and water. The second kind was celebrated by the parties solemnly pledging their faith to each other, by giving and receiving a piece of money. This was the most common way of marrying among the Romans. It continued in use, even after they became Christians. When writings were introduced to testify that a man and a woman had become husband and wife, and also, that the husband had settled a dower upon his bride, these writings were called _Tabulae Dotales_ (dowry tables;) and hence, perhaps the words in our marriage ceremony, "I thee endow."

The third kind of marriage was, when a man and woman, having cohabited for some time and had children, found it expedient to continue together. In this case, if they made up the matter between themselves, it became a valid marriage, and the children were considered as legitimate.

Something similar to this is the present custom in Scotland. There, if a man live with, and have children by a woman, though he do not marry her till he be upon his death-bed, all the children are thereby legitimated and become entitled to the honors and estates of their father. The case is the same in Holland and some parts of Germany; with this difference only, that all the children to be legitimated must appear with the father and mother in church at the ceremony of their marriage.

FEMALE FRIENDSHIP.

It has long been a question, Which of the two sexes is most capable of friendship? Montague, who is so much celebrated for his knowledge of human nature, has given it positively against the women; and his opinion has been generally embraced.

Friendship perhaps, in women, is more rare than among men; but, at the same time, it must be allowed that where it is found, it is more tender.

Men, in general, have more of the parade than the graces of friendship. They often wound while they serve; and their warmest sentiments are not very enlightened, with respect to those minute sentiments which are of so much value. But women have a refined sensibility, which makes them see every thing; nothing escapes them. They divine the silent friendship; they encourage the bashful or timid friendship; they offer the sweetest consolations to friendship in distress. Furnished with finer instruments, they treat more delicately a wounded heart. They compose it, and prevent it from feeling its agonies. They know, above all, how to give value to a thousand things, which have no value in themselves.

We ought therefore, perhaps, to desire the friendship of a man upon great occasions; but, for general happiness, we must prefer the friendship of a woman.

With regard to female intimacies, it may be taken for granted that there is no young woman who has not, or wishes not to have, a companion of her own sex, to whom she may unbosom herself on every occasion. That there are women capable of friendship with women, few impartial observers will deny. There have been many evident proofs of it, and those carried as far as seemed compatible with the imperfections of our common nature. It is, however, questioned by some; while others believe that it happens exceedingly seldom. Between married and unmarried women, it no doubt happens very often; whether it does so between those that are single, is not so certain. Young men appear more frequently susceptible of a generous and steady friendship for each other, than females as yet unconnected; especially, if the latter have, or are supposed to have, pretensions to beauty, not adjusted by the public.

In the frame and condition of females, however, compared with those of the other sex, there are some circumstances which may help towards an apology for this unfavorable feature in their character.

The state of matrimony is necessary to the support, order, and comfort of society. But it is a state that subjects the women to a great variety of solicitude and pain. Nothing could carry them through it with any tolerable satisfaction or spirit, but very strong and almost unconquerable attachments. To produce these, is it not fit they should be peculiarly sensible to the attention and regards of the men? Upon the same ground, does it not seem agreeable to the purposes of Providence, that the securing of this attention, and these regards, should be a principal aim? But can such an aim be pursued without frequent competition? And will not that too readily occasion jealousy, envy, and all the unamiable effects of mutual _rivalship_? Without the restraints of superior worth and sentiment, it certainly will. But can these be ordinarily expected from the prevailing turn of female education; or from the little pains that women, as well as other human beings, commonly take to _control_ themselves, and to act nobly? In this _last_ respect, the sexes appear pretty much on the same footing.

This reasoning is not meant to justify the indulgence of those little and sometimes base passions towards one another, with which females have been so generally charged. It is only intended to represent such passions in the first approach; and, while not entertained, as less criminal than the men are apt to state them; and to prove that, in their attachments to each other, the latter have not always that merit above the women, which they are apt to claim. In the mean time, let it be the business of the ladies, by emulating the gentlemen, where they appear good-natured and disinterested, to disprove their imputation, and to show a temper open to _friendship_ as well as to _love_.

To talk much of the latter is natural for both; to talk much of the former, is considered by the men as one way of doing themselves honor. Friendship, they well know, is that dignified form, which, in speculation at least every heart must respect.

But in friendship, as in religion, which on many accounts it resembles, speculation is often substituted in the place of practice. People fancy themselves possessed of the thing, and hope that others will fancy so too, because they are fond of the name, and have learned to talk about it with plausibility. Such talk indeed imposes, till experience give it the lie.

To say the truth, there seems in either sex but little of what a fond imagination, unacquainted with the falsehood of the world, and warmed by affections which its selfishness has not yet chilled, would reckon friendship. In theory, the standard is raised too high; we ought not, however, to wish it much lower. The honest sensibilities of ingenuous nature should not be checked by the over-cautious maxims of political prudence. No advantage, obtained by such frigidity, can compensate for the want of those warm effusions of the heart into the bosom of a friend, which are doubtless among the most exquisite pleasures. At the same time, however, it must be owned, that they often by the inevitable lot of humanity, make way for the bitterest pains which the breast can experience. Happy beyond the common condition of her sex, is she who has found a friend indeed; open hearted, yet discreet; generously fervent, yet steady; thoroughly virtuous, but not severe; wise, as well as cheerful! Can such a friend be loved too much, or cherished too tenderly? If to excellence and happiness there be any one way more compendious than another, next to friendship

with the Supreme Being, it is this.

But when a mixture of minds so beautiful and so sweet takes place, it is generally, or rather always the result of early prepossession, casual intercourse, or in short, a combination of such causes as are not to be brought together by management or design. This noble plant may be cultivated; but it must grow spontaneously.

ON THE CHOICE OF A HUSBAND.

Assist me, ye Nine, While the youth I define, With whom I in wedlock would class; And ye blooming fair, Lend a listening ear, To approve of the man as you pass.

Not the changeable fry Who love, nor know why, But follow bedup'd by their passions: Such votaries as these Are like waves of the seas, And steer'd by their own inclinations.

The hectoring blade How unfit for the maid, Where meekness and modesty reigns! Such a blundering bully I'll speak against truly, Whatever I get for my pains.

Not the dogmatic elf, Whose great all is himself, Whose alone _ipse dixit_ is law: What a figure he'll make, How like Momus he'll speak With sneering burlesque, a pshaw! pshaw!

Not the covetous wretch Whose heart's at full stretch To gain an inordinate treasure; Him leave with the rest, And such mortals detest, Who sacrifice life without measure.

The fluttering fop, How empty his top! Nay, but some call him coxcomb, I trow; But 'tis losing your time, He's not worth half a rhyme, Let the fag ends of prose bind his brow.

The guttling sot, What a conduit his throat! How beastly and vicious his life! Where drunkards prevail, Whole families feel, Much more an affectionate wife.

One character yet; I with sorrow repeat, And O! that the number were less; 'Tis the blasphemous crew: What a pattern they'll shew To their hapless and innocent race!

Let wisdom then shine In the youth that is mine, Whilst virtue his footsteps impress; Such I'd choose for my mate, Whether sooner or late: Tell me, Ladies, what think you of this?

"The chief point to be regarded," says Lady Pennington in her Advice to her Daughters, "in the choice of a companion for life, is a really virtuous principle--an unaffected goodness of heart. Without this, you will be continually shocked by indecency, and pained by impiety. So numerous have been the unhappy victims to the ridiculous opinion, _a reformed libertine makes the best husband_--that, did not experience daily evince the contrary, one would believe it impossible for a girl who has a tolerable degree of common understanding, to be made the dupe of so erroneous a position, which has not the least shadow of reason for its foundation, and which a small share of observation will prove to be false in fact. A man who has been conversant with the worst sort of women, is very apt to contract a bad opinion of, and a contempt for, the sex in general. Incapable of esteeming any, he is suspicious of all; jealous without cause, angry without provocation, his own disturbed imagination is a continued source of ill-humor. To this is frequently joined a bad habit of body, the natural consequence of an irregular life, which gives an additional sourness to the temper. What rational prospect of happiness can there be with such a companion? And, that this is the general character of those who are called _reformed rakes_, observation will certify. But, admit there may be some exceptions, it is a hazard upon which no considerate woman would venture the peace of her whole life. The vanity of those girls who believe themselves capable of working miracles of this kind, and who give up their persons to men of libertine principles, upon the wild expectation of reclaiming them, justly deserves the disappointment which it will generally meet with; for, believe me, a wife is, of all persons, the least likely to succeed in such an attempt. Be it your care to find that virtue in a lover which you must never hope to form in a husband. Good sense, and good nature, are almost equally requisite. If the former is wanting, it will be next to an impossibility for you to esteem the person, of whose behavior you may have cause to be ashamed. Mutual esteem is as essential to happiness in the married state, as mutual affection. Without the latter, every day will bring with it some fresh cause of vexation, until repeated quarrels produce a coldness, which will settle into an irreconcilable aversion, and you will become, not only each other's torment, but the object of contempt to your family, and to your acquaintance.

"This quality of good nature is, of all others, the most difficult to be ascertained, on account of the general mistake of blending it with good-humor, as if they were in themselves the same; whereas, in fact, no two principles of action are more essentially different. But this may require some explanation. By good nature, I mean that true benevolence, which partakes in the felicity of every individual within the reach of its ability, which relieves the distressed, comforts the afflicted, diffuses blessings, and communicates happiness, far as its sphere of action can extend; and which, in the private scenes of life, will shine conspicuous in the dutiful son, in the affectionate husband, the indulgent father, the faithful friend, and in the compassionate master both to man and beast. Good humor, on the other hand, is nothing more than a cheerful, pleasing deportment, arising either from a natural gaiety of mind, or from an affection of popularity, joined to an affability of behavior, the result of good breeding, and from a ready compliance with the taste of every company. This kind of mere good humor is, by far, the most striking quality. It is frequently mistaken for and complimented with the superior name of _real good nature_. A man, by this specious appearance, has often acquired that appellation who, in all the actions of private life, has been a morose, cruel, revengeful, sullen, haughty tyrant. Let them put on the cap, whose temples fit the galling wreath!

"A man of a truly benevolent disposition, and formed to promote the happiness of all around him, may sometimes, perhaps, from an ill habit of body, an accidental vexation, or from a commendable openness of heart, above the meanness of disguise, be guilty of little sallies of peevishness, or of ill humor, which, carrying the appearance of ill nature, may be unjustly thought to proceed from it, by persons who are unacquainted with his true character, and who, take ill humor and ill nature to be synonymous terms, though in reality they bear not the least analogy to each other. In order to the forming a right judgment, it is absolutely necessary to observe this distinction, which will effectually secure you from the dangerous error of taking the shadow for the substance, an irretrievable mistake, pregnant with innumerable consequent evils!

"From what has been said, it plainly appears, that the criterion of this amiable virtue is not to be taken for the general opinion; mere good humor being, to all intents and purposes, sufficient in this particular, to establish the public voice in favor of a man utterly devoid of every humane and benevolent affection of heart. It is only from the less conspicuous scenes of life, the more retired sphere of action, from the artless tenor of domestic conduct, that the real character can, with any certainty be drawn. These, undisguised, proclaim the man. But, as they shun the glare of light, nor court the noise of popular applause, they pass unnoticed, and are seldom known till after an intimate acquaintance. The best method, therefore, to avoid the deception in this case, is to lay no stress on outward appearances, which are too often fallacious, but to take the rule of judging from the simple unpolished sentiments of those whose dependent connections give them undeniable certainty; who not only see, but who hourly feel, the good or bad effect of that disposition, to which they are subjected. By this, I mean, that if a man is equally respected, esteemed, and beloved by his dependants and domestics, you may justly conclude, he has that true good nature, that real benevolence, which delights in communicating felicity, and enjoys the satisfaction it diffuses. But if by these he is despised and hated, served merely from a principle of fear, devoid of affection, which is ever easily discoverable, whatever may be his public character, however favorable the general opinion, be assured, that his disposition is such as can never be productive of domestic happiness. I have been the more particular on this head, as it is one of the most essential qualifications to be regarded, and of all others the most liable to be mistaken.

"Never be prevailed with, my dear, to give your hand to a person defective in these material points. Secure of virtue, of good nature, and understanding, in a husband, you may be secure of happiness. Without the two former it is unattainable. Without the latter in a tolerable degree, it must be very imperfect.

"Remember, however, that infallibility is not the property of man, or you may entail disappointment on yourself, by expecting what is never to be found. The best men are sometimes inconsistent with themselves. They are liable to be hurried, by sudden starts of passion, into expressions and actions, which their _cooler_ reason will condemn. They may have some oddities of behavior, and some peculiarities of temper. They may be subject to accidental ill humor, or to whimsical complaints. Blemishes of this kind often shade the brightest character; but they are never destructive of mutual felicity, unless when they are made so by an improper resentment, or by an ill-judged opposition. When cooled, and in his usual temper, the man of understanding, if he has been wrong, will suggest to himself all that could be urged against him. The man of good nature will, unupbraided, own his error. Immediate contradiction is, therefore, wholly unserviceable, and highly imprudent; an after repetition is equally unnecessary and injudicious. Any peculiarities in the temper or behavior ought to be properly represented in the tenderest and in the most friendly manner. If the representation of them is made discreetly, it will generally be well taken. But if they are so habitual as not easily to be altered, strike not too often upon the unharmonious string. Rather let them pass unobserved. Such a cheerful compliance will better cement your union; and they may be made easy to yourself, by reflecting on the superior good qualities by which these trifling faults are so

greatly overbalanced.

"You must remember, my dear, these rules are laid down on the supposition of your being united to a person who possesses the three qualifications for happiness before mentioned. In this case no farther direction is necessary, but that you strictly perform the duty of a wife, namely, to love, to honor, and obey. The two first articles are a tribute so indispensably due to _merit_, that they must be paid by _inclination_--and they naturally lead to the performance of the last, which will not only be easy, but a pleasing task, since nothing can ever be enjoined by such a person that is in itself improper, and a few things will, that can, with any reason, be disagreeable to you.

"The being united to a man of irreligious principles, makes it impossible to discharge a great part of the proper duty of a wife. To name but one instance, obedience will be rendered impracticable, by frequent injunctions inconsistent with, and contrary to, the higher obligations of morality. This is not a supposition, but is a certainty founded upon facts, which I have too often seen and can attest. Where this happens, the reasons for non-compliance ought to be offered in a plain, strong, good natured manner. There is at least the chance of success from being heard. But should those reasons be rejected, or the hearing them refused, and silence on the subject enjoined, which is most probable, few people caring to hear what they know to be right, when they are determined not to be convinced by it--obey the injunction, and urge not the argument farther. Keep, however, steady to your principles, and suffer neither persuasion nor threats to prevail on you to act contrary to them. All commands repugnant to the laws of christianity, it is your indispensable duty to disobey. All requests that are inconsistent with prudence, or incompatible with the rank and character which you ought to maintain in life, it is your interest to refuse. A compliance with the former would be criminal, a consent to the latter highly indiscreet; and it might thereby subject you to general censure. For a man, capable of requiring, from his wife, what he knows to be in itself wrong, is equally capable of throwing the whole blame of such misconduct on her, and of afterwards upbraiding her for a behavior, to which he will, upon the same principle, disown that he has been accessary. Many similar instances have come within the compass of my own observation. In things of less material nature, that are neither criminal in themselves, nor pernicious in their consequences, always acquiesce, if insisted on, however disagreeable they may be to your own temper and inclination. Such a compliance will evidently prove that your refusal, in the other cases, proceeds not from a spirit of contradiction, but merely from a just regard to that superior duty which can never be infringed with impunity.

"As the want of understanding is by no art to be concealed, by no address to be disguised, it might be supposed impossible for a woman of sense to unite herself to a person whose defect, in this instance, must render that sort of rational society, which constitutes the chief happiness of such an union, impossible. Yet here, how often has the weakness of female judgment been conspicuous! The advantages of great superiority in rank or fortune have frequently proved so irresistible a temptation, as, in opinion, to outweigh, not only the folly, but even the vices of its possessor--a grand mistake, ever tacitly acknowledged by a subsequent repentance, when the expected pleasures of affluence, equipage, and all the glittering pageantry, have been experimentally found insufficient to make amends for the want of that constant satisfaction which results from the social joy of conversing with a reasonable friend!

"But however weak this motive must be acknowledged, it is more excusable than another, which, I fear, has sometimes had an equal influence on the mind--I mean so great a love of sway, as to induce her to give the preference to a person of weak intellectuals, in hopes of holding, uncontrolled, the reins of government. The expectation is, in fact, ill grounded. Obstinacy and pride are generally the companions of folly. The silliest people are often the most tenacious of their opinions, and, consequently, the hardest of all others to be managed. But admit the contrary, the principle is in itself bad. It tends to invert the order of nature, and to counteract the design of Providence.

"A woman can never be seen in a more ridiculous light than when she appears to govern her husband. If, unfortunately, the superiority of understanding is on her side, the apparent consciousness of that superiority betrays a weakness, that renders her contemptible in the sight of every considerate person, and it may, very probably, fix in his mind a dislike never to be eradicated. In such a case, if it should ever be your own, remember that some degree of dissimulation is commendable, so far as to let your husband's defects appear unobserved. When he judges wrong, never flatly contradict, but lead him insensibly into another opinion, in so discreet a manner, that it may seem entirely his own, and let the whole credit of every prudent determination rest on him, without indulging the foolish vanity of claiming any merit to yourself. Thus a person of but an indifferent capacity, may be so assisted, as, in many instances, to shine with borrowed lustre, scarce distinguishable from the native, and by degrees he may be brought into a kind of mechanical method of acting properly, in all the common occurrences of life. Odd as this position may seem, it is founded in fact. I have seen the method successfully practised by more than one person, where a weak mind, on the governed side, has been so prudently set off as to appear the sole director; like the statue of the Delphic god, which was thought to give forth

its own oracles, whilst the humble priest, who lent his voice, was by the shrine concealed, nor sought a higher glory than a supposed obedience to the power he would be thought to serve."

A LETTER TO A NEW MARRIED MAN.

I received the news of your marriage with infinite delight, and hope that the sincerity with which I wish you happiness, may excuse the liberty I take in giving you a few rules, whereby more certainly to obtain it. I see you smile at my wrong-headed kindness, and, reflecting on the charms of your bride, cry out in a rapture, that you are happy enough without any rules. I know you are. But after one of the forty years, which I hope you will pass pleasingly together, is over, this letter may come in turn, and rules for felicity may not be found unnecessary, however some of them may appear impracticable.

Could that kind of love be kept alive through the marriage state, which makes the charm of a single one, the sovereign good would no longer be sought for; in the union of two faithful lovers it would be found: but reason shows that this is impossible, and experience informs us that it never was so; we must preserve it as long, and supply it as happily as we can.

When your present violence of passion subsides, however, and a more cool and tranquil affection takes its place, be not hasty to censure yourself as indifferent, or to lament yourself as unhappy; you have lost that only which it was impossible to retain, and it were graceless amid the pleasures of a prosperous summer to regret the blossoms of a transient spring. Neither unwarily condemn your bride's insipidity till you have recollected that no object however sublime, no sounds however charming, can continue to transport us with delight when they no longer strike us with novelty. The skill to renovate the powers of pleasing is said indeed to be possessed by some women in an eminent degree; but the artifices of maturity are seldom seen to adorn the innocence of youth: you have made your choice, and ought to approve it.

Satiety follows quickly upon the heels of possession; and to be happy, we must always have something in view. The person of your lady is already all your own, and will not grow more pleasing in your eyes I doubt, though the rest of your sex will think her handsome for these dozen of years. Turn therefore all your attention to her mind, which will daily grow brighter by polishing. Study some easy science together, and acquire a similarity of tastes while you enjoy a community of pleasures. You will by this means have many images in common, and be freed from the necessity of separating to find amusement. Nothing is so dangerous to wedded love as the possibility of either being happy out of the company of the other: endeavor therefore, to cement the present intimacy on every side; let your wife never be kept ignorant of your income, your expenses, your friendships, or aversions; let her know your very faults, but make them amiable by your virtues; consider all concealment as a breach of fidelity; let her never have any thing to find out in your character; and remember, that from the moment one of the partners turns spy upon the other, they have commenced a state of hostility.

Seek not for happiness in singularity; and dread a refinement of wisdom as a deviation into folly. Listen not to those sages who advise you always to scorn the counsel of a woman, and if you comply with her requests pronounce you to be wife-ridden.

I said that the person of your lady would not grow more pleasing to you; but pray let her never suspect that it grows less so: that a woman will pardon an affront to her understanding much sooner than one to her person, is well known; nor will any of us contradict the assertion. All our attainments, all our arts, are employed to gain and keep the heart of man: and what mortification can exceed the disappointment, if the end be not obtained? There is no reproof however pointed, no punishment however severe, that a woman of spirit will not prefer to neglect; and if she can endure it without complaint, it only proves that she means to make herself amends by the attention of others for the slights of her husband. For this, and for every reason, it behoves a married man not to let his politeness fail, though his ardor may abate, but to retain at least that general civility towards his own lady which he is so willing to pay to every other, and not show a wife of eighteen or twenty years old, that every man in company can treat her with more complaisance than he, who so often vowed to her eternal fondness.

It is not my opinion that a young woman should be indulged in every wild wish of her gay heart or giddy head; but contradiction may be softened by domestic kindness, and quiet pleasures substituted in the place of noisy ones. Public amusements are not indeed so expensive as is sometimes imagined, but they tend to alienate the minds of married people from each other. A well chosen society of friends and acquaintance, more eminent for virtue and good sense than for gaiety and splendor, where the conversation of the day may afford comment for the evening, seems the most rational pleasure this great town can afford.

That your own superiority should always be seen, but never felt, seems an excellent general rule. A wife should outshine her husband in nothing, not even in her dress. The bane of married happiness among the city men in general has been, that finding

themselves unfit for polite life, they transferred their vanity to their ladies, dressed them up gaily, and sent them out a gallanting, while the good man was to regale with port wine or rum punch, perhaps among mean companions, after the compting house was shut. This practice produced the ridicule thrown on them in all our comedies and novels since commerce began to prosper. But now that I am so near the subject, a word or two on jealousy may not be amiss; for though not a failing of the present age's growth, yet the seeds of it are too certainly sown in every warm bosom, for us to neglect it as a fault of no consequence. If you are ever tempted to be jealous, watch your wife narrowly--but never tease her; tell her your jealousy but conceal your suspicion; let her, in short, be satisfied that it is only your odd temper, and even troublesome attachment, that makes you follow her; but let her not dream that you ever doubted seriously of her virtue even for a moment. If she is disposed towards jealousy of you, let me beseech you to be always explicit with her and never mysterious: be above delighting in her pain, of all things--nor do your business nor pay your visits with an air of concealment, when all you are doing might as well be proclaimed perhaps in the parish vestry. But I hope better than this of your tenderness and of your virtue, and will release you from a lecture you have so little need of, unless your extreme youth and my uncommon regard will excuse it. And now farewell; make my kindest compliments to your wife, and be happy in proportion as happiness is wished you by, Dear Sir, &c.

GARRICK'S ADVICE TO MARRIED LADIES.

Ye fair married dames who so often deplore That a lover once blest is a lover no more; Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught That prudence must cherish what beauty has caught.

The bloom on your cheek, and the glance of your eye, Your roses and lilies may make the men sigh; But roses, and lilies, and sighs pass away, And passion will die as your beauties decay.

Use the man that you wed like your fav'rite guitar, Though music in both, they are both apt to jar; How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch, Not handled too roughly, nor play'd on too much!

The sparrow and linnet will feed from your hand, Grow tame by your kindness, and come at command: Exert with your husband the same happy skill, For hearts, like your birds, may be tamed to your will.

Be gay and good-humour'd, complying and kind, Turn the chief of your care from your face to your mind; 'Tis thus that a wife may her conquests improve, And Hymen shall rivet the fetters of love.

ORIGIN OF NUNNERIES.

Soon after the introduction of Christianity, St. Mark is said to have founded a society called Therapeutes, who dwelt by the lake Moeris in Egypt, and devoted themselves to solitude and religious offices. About the year 305 of the christian computation, St. Anthony being persecuted by Dioclesian, retired into the desert near the lake Moeris; numbers of people soon followed his example, joined themselves to the Therapeutes; St. Anthony being placed at their head, and improving upon their rules, first formed them into regular monasteries, and enjoined them to live in mortification and chastity. About the same time, or soon after, St. Synclitica, resolving not to be behind St. Anthony in her zeal for chastity, is generally believed to have collected together a number of enthusiastic females, and to have founded the first nunnery for their reception. Some imagine the scheme of celibacy was concerted between St. Anthony and St. Synclitica, as St. Anthony, on his first retiring into solitude, is said to have put his sister into a nunnery, which must have been that of St. Synclitica; but however this be, from their institution, monks and nuns increased so fast, that in the city of Orixa, about seventeen years after the death of St. Anthony, there were twenty thousand virgins devoted to celibacy.

Such at this time was the rage of celibacy; a rage which, however unnatural, will cease to excite our wonder, when we consider, that it was accounted by both sexes the sure and only infallible road to heaven and eternal happiness; and as such, it behoved the church vigorously to maintain and countenance it, which she did by beginning about this time to deny the liberty of marriage to her sons. In the first council of Nice, held soon after the introduction of christianity, the celibacy of the clergy was strenuously argued for, and some think that even in an earlier period it had been the subject of debate; however this be, it was not agreed to in the council of Nice, though at the end of the fourth century it is said that Syricus, bishop of Rome, enacted the first decree against the marriage of monks; a decree which was not universally received: for several centuries after, we find that it was not uncommon for clergymen to have wives; even the popes were allowed this liberty, as it is said in some of the old statutes of the church, that it was lawful for the pope to marry a virgin for the sake of having children. So exceedingly difficult is it to combat against nature, that little regard seems to have been paid to this decree of Syricus; for we are informed, that several centuries after, it was no uncommon

thing for the clergy to have wives, and perhaps even a plurality of them; as we find it among the ordonnances of pope Sylvester, that every priest should be the husband of one wife only; and Pius the Second affirmed, that though many strong reasons might be adduced in support of the celibacy of the clergy, there were still stronger reasons against it.

DESCRIPTION OF THE GREAT CONVENT AT AJUDA IN RIO JANERIO.

At the end of the chapel is a large quadrangle, entered by a massive gateway, surrounded by three stories of grated windows. Here female negro pedlars come with their goods, and expose them in the court-yard below. The nuns, from their grated windows above, see what they like, and, letting down a cord, the article is fastened to it; it is then drawn up and examined, and, if approved of, the price is let down. Some that I saw in the act of buying and selling in this way, were very merry, joking and laughing with the blacks below, and did not seem at all indisposed to do the same with my companion. In three of the lower windows, on a level with the court-yard, are revolving cupboards, like half-barrels, and at the back of each is a plate of tin, perforated like the top of a nutmeg-grater. The nuns of this convent are celebrated for making sweet confectionary, which people purchase. There is a bell which the purchaser applies to, and a nun peeps through the perforated tin; she then lays the dish on a shelf of the revolving cupboard, and turns it inside out; the dish is taken, the price laid in its place, and it is turned in. While we stood there, the invisible lady-warder asked for a pinch of snuff; the box was laid down in the same way, and turned in and out.

CEREMONY OF THE INITIATION OF A NUN.

The disposition to take the veil, even among young girls, is not uncommon in Brazil. The opposition of friends can prevent it, until they are twenty five years old; but after that time they are considered competent to decide for themselves. A writer describes the initiation of a young lady, whose wealthy parents were extremely reluctant to have her take the vow. She held a lighted torch in her hand, in imitation of the prudent virgins; and when the priest chanted, "Your spouse approaches; come forth and meet him," she approached the altar singing, "I follow with my whole heart;" and, accompanied by two nuns already professed, she knelt before the bishop. She seemed very lovely, with an unusually sweet, gentle, and pensive countenance. She did not look particularly or deeply affected; but when she sung her responses, there was something exceedingly mournful in the soft, tremulous, and timid tones of her voice. The bishop now exhorted her to make a public profession of her vows before the congregation, and said, "Will you persevere in your purpose of holy chastity?" She blushed deeply, and, with a downcast look, lowly, but firmly answered, "I will." He again said, more distinctly, "Do you promise to preserve it?" and she replied more emphatically, "I do promise." The bishop then said, "Thanks be to God;" and she bent forward and reverently kissed his hand, while he asked her, "Will you be blest and consecrated?" She replied, "Oh! I wish it."

The habiliments, in which she was hereafter to be clothed, were sanctified by the aspersion of holy water: then followed several prayers to God, that "As he had blessed the garments of Aaron, with ointment which flowed from his head to his beard, so he would now bless the garments of his servant, with the copious dew of his benediction." When the garment was thus blessed, the girl retired with it; and having laid aside the dress in which she had appeared, she returned, arrayed in her new attire, except her veil. A gold ring was next provided, and consecrated with a prayer, that she who wore it "might be fortified with celestial virtue, to preserve a pure faith, and incorrupt fidelity to her spouse, Jesus Christ." He last took the veil, and her female attendants having uncovered her head, he threw it over her, so that it fell on her shoulders and bosom, and said, "Receive this sacred veil, under the shadow of which you may learn to despise the world, and submit yourself truly, and with all humility of heart, to your Spouse;" to which she sung a response, in a very sweet, soft, and touching voice: "He has placed this veil before my face that I should see no lover but himself."

The bishop now kindly took her hand, and held it while the following hymn was chanted by the choir with great harmony: "Beloved Spouse, come--the winter is passed--the turtle sings, and the blooming vines are redolent of summer."

A crown, a necklace, and other female ornaments, were now taken by the bishop and separately blessed; and the girl bending forward, he placed them on her head and neck, praying that she might be thought worthy "to be enrolled into the society of the hundred and forty-four thousand virgins, who preserved their chastity and did not mix with the society of impure women."

Last of all, he placed the ring on the middle finger of her right hand, and solemnly said, "So I marry you to Jesus Christ, who will henceforth be your protector. Receive this ring, the pledge of your faith, that you may be called the spouse of God." She fell on her knees, and sung, "I am married to him whom angels serve, whose beauty the sun and moon admire;" then rising, and showing with exultation her right hand, she said, emphatically, as if to impress it on the attention of the congregation, "My Lord has wedded me

with this ring, and decorated me with a crown as his spouse. I here renounce and despise all earthly ornaments for his sake, whom alone I see, whom alone I love, in whom alone I trust, and to whom alone I give all my affections. My heart hath uttered a good word: I speak of the deed I have done for my King." The bishop then pronounced a general benediction, and retired up to the altar; while the nun professed was borne off between her friends, with lighted tapers, and garlands waving.

WEDDED LOVE IS INFINITELY PREFERABLE TO VARIETY.

Hail, wedded love, mysterious law, true source Of human offspring, sole propriety, In Paradise of all things common else!

By thee adult'rous lust was driven from men, Among the bestial herds to range; by thee, Founded in reason, loyal, just and pure, Relations dear, and all the charities Of father, son, and brother, first were known.

Thou art the fountain of domestic sweets, Whose bed is undefiled and chaste pronounced. Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings, Reigns here and revels; not in the bought smile Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendear'd, Casual fruition; nor in court amours, Mix'd dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball, Or serenade, which the starved lover sings To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain.

ITALIAN DEBAUCHERY.

If chastity is none of the most shining virtues of the French, it is still less so of the Italians. Almost all the travellers who have visited Italy, agree in describing it as the most abandoned of all the countries of Europe. At Venice, at Naples, and indeed in almost every part of Italy, women are taught from their infancy, the various arts of alluring to their arms, the young and unwary, and of obtaining from them, while heated by love or wine, every thing that flattery and false smiles can obtain in those unguarded moments: and so little infamous is the trade of prostitution, and so venal the women, that hardly any rank or condition set them above being bribed to it, nay, they are frequently assisted by their male friends and acquaintances to drive a good bargain; nor does their career of debauchery finish with their unmarried state; the vows of fidelity which they make at the altar, are like the vows and oaths made upon too many other occasions, only considered as nugatory forms, which law has obliged them to take, but custom absolved them from performing. They even claim and enjoy greater liberties after marriage than before; every married woman has a cicisbey, or gallant, who attends her to all public places, hands her in and out of her carriage, picks up her gloves or fan, and a thousand other little offices of the same natures; but this is only his public employment, as a reward for which, he is entitled to have the lady as often as he pleases at a place of retirement sacred to themselves, where no person not even the most intrusive husband must enter, to be witness of what passes between them. This has been considered by people of other nations, as a custom not altogether consistent with chastity and purity of manners; the Italians themselves however, endeavor to justify it in their conversations with strangers, and Baretti has of late years published a formal vindication of it to the world. In this vindication he has not only deduced the original of it from pure Platonic love, but would willingly persuade us that it is still continued upon the same mental principles; a doctrine which the world will hardly be credulous enough to swallow, even though he should offer more convincing arguments to support it than he has already done.

NAKED FAKIERS

So different over all the world are the sects of saints as well as of sinners, that besides the Bramins, a set of innocent and religious priests, who have rendered their women virtuous by treating them with kindness and humanity, there are another sect of religio-philosophical drones, called Fakiers, who contribute as much as they can to debauch the sex, under a pretence of superior sanctity. These hypocritical saints, like some of the ridiculous sects which formerly existed in Europe, wear no clothes; considering them only as proper appendages to sinners, who are ashamed, because they are sensible of guilt; while they, being free from every stain of pollution, have no shame to cover. In this original state of nature, these idle and pretended devotees, assemble together sometimes in armies of ten or twelve thousand, and under a pretence of going in pilgrimage to certain temples, like locusts devour every thing on their way; the men flying before them, and carrying all that they can out of the reach of their depredations; while the women, not in the least afraid of a naked army of lusty saints, throw themselves in their way, or remain quietly at home to receive them.

It has long been an opinion, well established all over India, that there is not in nature so powerful a remedy for removing the sterility of women, as the prayers of these sturdy naked saints. On this account, barren women constantly apply to them for assistance; which when the good natured Fakier has an indication to grant, he leaves his slipper, or his staff at the door of the lady's apartment

with whom he is praying; a symbol so sacred, that it effectually prevents any one from violating the secrecy of their devotion; but should he forget this signal, and at the same time be distant from the protection of his brethren, a sound drubbing is frequently the reward of his pious endeavors. But though they venture sometimes in Hindostan, to treat a Fakier in this unholy manner, in other parts of Asia and Africa, such is the veneration in which these lusty saints are held, that they not only have access when they please, to perform private devotions with barren women, but are accounted so holy, that they may at any time, in public or private, confer a personal favor upon a woman, without bringing upon her either shame or guilt; and no woman dare refuse to gratify their passion. Nor indeed, has any one an inclination of this kind; because she, upon whom this personal favor has been conferred, is considered by herself, and by all the people, as having been sanctified and made more holy by the action.

So much concerning the conduct of the Fakiers in debauching women, seems certain. But it is by travellers further related, that wherever they find a woman who is exceedingly handsome, they carry her off privately to one of their temples; but in such a manner, as to make her and the people believe, that she is carried away by the god who is there worshipped; who being violently in love with her, took that method to procure her for his wife. This done, they perform a nuptial ceremony, and make her further believe that she is married to the god; when, in reality, she is only married to one of the Fakiers who personates him. Women who are treated in this manner are revered by the people as the wives of the gods, and by that stratagem secured solely to the Fakiers, who have cunning enough to impose themselves as gods upon some of these women, through the whole of their lives. In countries where reason is stronger than superstition, we almost think this impossible: where the contrary is the case, there is nothing too hard to be credited. Something like this was done by the priests of ancient Greece and Rome; and a few centuries ago, tricks of the same nature were practiced by the monks, and other libertines, upon some of the visionary and enthusiastic women of Europe. Hence we need not think it strange, if the Fakiers generally succeed in attempts of this nature; when we consider that they only have to deceive a people brought up in the most consummate ignorance; and that nothing can be more flattering to female vanity, than for a woman to suppose herself such a peculiar favorite of the divinity she worships, as to be chosen, from all her companions, to the honor of being admitted to his embraces; a favor, which her self-admiration will dispose her more readily to believe than examine.

MAHOMETAN PLURALITY OF WIVES.

But it is not the religion of the Hindoos only, that is unfavorable to chastity; that of Mahomet which now prevails over a great part of India, is unfavorable to it likewise. Mahometanism every where indulges men with a plurality of wives while it ties down the women to the strictest conjugal fidelity; hence, while the men riot in unlimited variety, the women are in great numbers confined to share among them the scanty favors of one man only. This unnatural and impolitic conduct induces them to seek by art and intrigue, what they are denied by the laws of their prophet. As polygamy prevails over all Asia, this art and intrigue follow as the consequence of it; some have imagined, that it is the result of climate, but it rather appears to be the result of the injustice which women suffer by polygamy; for it seems to reign, as much in Constantinople, and in every other place where polygamy is in fashion, as it does on the banks of the Ganges, or the Indus. The famous Montesquieu, whose system was, that the passions are entirely regulated by the climate, brings as a proof of this system, a story from the collection of voyages for the establishment of an East India Company, in which it is said, that at Patan, "the wanton desires of the women are so outrageous, that the men are obliged to make use of a certain apparel to shelter them from their designs." Were this story really true, it would be but a partial proof of the effect of climate, for why should the burning suns of Patan only influence the passions of the fair? Why should they there transport that sex beyond decency, which in all other climates is the most decent? And leave in so cool and defensive a state, that sex, which in all other climates is apt to be the most offensive and indecent? To whatever length the spirit of intrigue may be carried in Asia and Africa, however the passions of the women may prompt them to excite desire, and to throw themselves in the way of gratification, we have the strongest reasons to reprobate all these stories, which would make us believe, that they are so lost to decency as to attack the other sex: such a system would be overturning nature, and inverting the established laws by which she governs the world.

WOMEN OF OTAHEITE.

In Otaheite, an island in the Southern Ocean, we are presented with women of a singular character. As far as we can recollect, we think it is a pretty general rule, that whatever the sex are accustomed to be constantly clothed, they are ashamed to appear naked: those of Otaheite seem however to be an exception to this rule; to show themselves in public, with or without clothing, appears to be to them a matter of equal indifference, and the exposition of any part of their bodies, is not attended with the least backwardness or reluctance; circumstances from which we may reasonably infer, that among them, clothes were not originally invented to cover shame, but either as ornaments, or as a defence against the cold. But a still more striking singularity in the character of these

women, and which distinguishes them not only from the females of all other nations, but likewise from those of almost all other animals, is, their performing in public those rites, which in every other part of the globe, and among almost all animals, are performed in privacy and retirement: whether this is the effect of innocence, or of a dissoluteness of manners to which no other people have yet arrived, remains still to be discovered; that they are dissolute, even beyond any thing we have hitherto recorded, is but too certain. As polygamy is not allowed among them, to satisfy the lust of variety, they have a society called Arreoy, in which every woman is common to every man; and when any of these women happens to have a child, it is smothered in the moment of its birth, that it may not interrupt the pleasures of its infamous mother; but in this juncture, should nature relent at so horrid a deed, even then the mother is not allowed to save her child, unless she can find a man who will patronise it as a father; in which case, the man is considered as having appropriated the woman to himself, and she is accordingly extruded from this hopeful society. These few anecdotes sufficiently characterise the women of this island.

CRIM. CON. OF CLAUDIUS AND POMPEIA.

Our own times furnish us with an instance of a ceremony from which all women are carefully excluded;[2] but the Roman ladies, in performing the rites sacred to the good goddess, were even more afraid of the men than our masons are of women; for we are told by some authors, that so cautious were they of concealment, that even the statutes and pictures of men and other male animals were hood-winked with a thick veil. The house of the consul, though commonly so large that they might have been perfectly secured against all intrusion in some remote apartment of it, was obliged to be evacuated by all male animals, and even the consul himself was not suffered to remain in it. Before they began their ceremonies, every corner and lurking place in the house was carefully searched, and no caution omitted to prevent all possibility of being discovered by impertinent curiosity, or disturbed by presumptive intrusion. But these cautions were not all the guard that was placed around them; The laws of the Romans made it death for any man to be present at the solemnity.

Such being the precautions, and such the penalties for insuring the secrecy of this ceremony, it was only once attempted to be violated, though it existed from the foundation of the Roman empire till the introduction of Christianity; and this attempt was made, not so much perhaps with a view to be present at the ceremony, as to fulfil an assignation with a mistress. Pompeia, the wife of Caesar, having been suspected of a criminal correspondence with Claudius, and so closely watched that she could find no opportunity of gratifying her passion, at last, by the means of a female slave, settled an assignation with him at the celebration of the rites of the good goddess. Claudius was directed to come in the habit of a singing girl, a character he could easily personate, being young and of a fair complexion. As soon as the slave saw him enter, she ran to inform her mistress. The mistress eager to meet her lover, immediately left the company and threw herself into his arms, but could not be prevailed upon by him to return so soon as he thought necessary for their mutual safety; upon which he left her, and began to take a walk through the rooms, always avoiding the light as much as possible. While he was thus walking by himself, a maid servant accosted him, and desired him to sing; he took no notice of her, but she followed and urging him so closely, that he was at last obliged to speak. His voice betrayed his sex; the maid servant shrieked, and running into the room where the rites were performing, told that a man was in the house. The women in the utmost consternation, threw a veil ever the mysteries, ordered the doors to be secured, and with lights in their hands, ran about the house searching for the sacrilegious intruder. They found him in the apartment of the slave who had admitted him, drove him out with ignominy, and, though it was in the middle of the night immediately dispersed, to give an account to their husbands of what had happened. Claudius was soon after accused of having profaned the holy rites; but the populace declaring in his favor, the judges, fearing an insurrection, were obliged to acquit him.

[2] Masonry

A WORD TO A VERY NICE CLASS OF LADIES.

There is amongst us a female character, not uncommon, which we denominate the outrageously virtuous. Women of this stamp never fail to seize all opportunities of exclaiming, in the bitterest manner, against every one upon whom even the slightest suspicion of indiscretion or unchastity has fallen; taking care, as they go along, to magnify every mole-hill into a mountain, and every thoughtless freedom into the blackest of crimes. But besides the illiberality of thus treating such as may frequently be innocent, you may credit us, dear countrywomen, when we aver, that such a behavior, instead of making you appear more virtuous, only draws down upon you, by those who know the world, suspicions not much to your advantage. Your sex are in general suspected by ours, of being too much addicted to scandal and defamation; a suspicion, which has not arisen of late years, as we find in the ancient laws of England a punishment, known by the name of ducking-stool, annexed to scolding and defamation in the women, though no such punishment nor crime is taken notice of in the men. This crime, however, we persuade ourselves, you are less guilty of, than

is commonly believed: but there is another of a nature not more excusable, from which we cannot so much exculpate you; which is, that harsh and forbidding appearance you put on, and that ill treatment, which you no doubt think necessary, for the illustration of your own virtue, you should bestow on every one of your sex who has deviated from the path of rectitude. A behaviour of this nature, besides being so opposite to that meek and gentle spirit which should distinguish female nature, is in every respect contrary to the charitable and forgiving temper of the Christian religion, and infallibly shuts the door of repentance against an unfortunate sister, willing, perhaps, to abandon the vices into which heedless inadvertency had plunged her, and from which none of you can promise yourselves an absolute security.

We wish not, fair countrywomen, like the declaimer and satirist, to paint you all vice and imperfection, nor, like the venal panegyrist, to exhibit you all virtue. As impartial historians, we confess that you have, in the present age, many virtues and good qualities, which were either nearly or altogether unknown to your ancestors; but do you not exceed them in some follies and vices also? Is not the levity, dissipation, and extravagance of the women of this century arrived to a pitch unknown and unheard of in former times? Is not the course which you steer in life, almost entirely directed by vanity and fashion? And are there not too many of you who, throwing aside reason and good conduct, and despising the counsel of your friends and relations, seem determined to follow the mode of the world, however it may be mixed with vice? Do not the generality of you dress, and appear above your station, and are not many of you ashamed to be seen performing the duties of it? To sum up all, do not too, too many of you act as if you thought the care of a family, and the other domestic virtues, beneath your attention, and that the sole end for which you were sent into the world, was to please and divert yourselves, at the expense of those poor wretches the men, whom you consider as obliged to support you in every kind of idleness and extravagance? While such is your conduct, and while the contagion is every day increasing, you are not to be surprised if the men, still fond of you as playthings in the hours of mirth and revelry, ever shun serious connection with you; and while they wish to be possessed of your charms, are so much afraid of your manners and conduct, that they prefer the cheerless state of a bachelor, to the numberless evils arising from being tied to a modern wife.

CUSTOM IN THE MOGUL EMPIRE.

In a variety of parts of the Mogul empire, when the women are carried abroad, they are put into a kind of machine like a chariot, and placed on the backs of camels, or in covered sedan chairs, and surrounded by a guard of eunuchs and armed men, in such a manner, that a stranger would rather suppose the cavalcade to be carrying some desperate villain to execution, than employed to prevent the intrigues or escape of a defenceless woman. At home, the sex are covered with gauze veils, which they dare not take off in the presence of any man, except their husband, or some near relation. Over the greatest part of Asia, and some parts of Africa, women are guarded by eunuchs, made incapable of violating their chastity. In Spain, where the natives are the descendants of the Africans, and whose jealousy is not less strong than that of their ancestors, they, for many centuries, made use of padlocks to secure the chastity of their women; but finding these ineffectual, they frequently had recourse to old women, called Gouvernantes. It had been discovered, that men deprived of their virility, did not guard female virtue so strictly, as to be incapable of being bribed to allow another a taste of those pleasures they themselves were incapable of enjoying. The Spaniards, sensible of this, imagined, that vindictive old women were more likely to be incorruptible; as envy would stimulate them to prevent the young from enjoying those pleasures, which they themselves had no longer any chance for; but all powerful gold soon overcame even this obstacle; and the Spaniards, at present, seem to give up all restrictive methods, and to trust the virtue of their women to good principles, instead of rigor and hard usage.

CUSTOM OF THE MUSCOVITES.

If the laws forbidding the marriage of near relations with each other, originated from the political view of preserving the human race from degeneracy, they are the only laws we meet with on that subject, and exert almost the only care we find taken of so important a matter. The Asiatic is careful to improve the breed of his elephants, the Arabian of his horses, and the Laplander of his reindeer. The Englishman, eager to have swift horses, staunch dogs, and victorious cocks, grudges no care and spares no expense, to have the males and females matched properly; but since the days of Solon, where is the legislator, or since the days of the ancient Greeks, where are the private persons who take any care to improve, or even to keep from degeneracy the breed of their own species? The Englishman who solicitously attends the training of his colts and puppies, would be ashamed to be caught in the nursery; and while no motive could prevail upon him to breed horses or hounds from an improper or contaminated kind, he will calmly, or rather inconsiderately, match himself with the most decrepid or diseased of the human species; thoughtless of the weaknesses and evils he is going to entail on posterity, and considering nothing but the acquisition of fortune he is by her alliance to convey to an offspring, by diseases rendered unable to use it. The Muscovites were formerly the only people, besides the

Greeks, who paid a proper attention to this subject. After the preliminaries of a marriage were settled between the parents of a young couple, the bride was stripped naked, and carefully examined by a jury of matrons, when if they found any bodily defect they endeavored to cure it; but if it would admit of no remedy, the match was broke off, and she was considered not only as a very improper subject to breed from, but improper also for maintaining the affections of a husband, after he had discovered the imposition she had put upon him.

SALE OF CHILDREN TO PURCHASE WIVES.

In Timor, an island in the Indian Ocean, it is said, that parents sell their children in order to purchase more wives. In Circassia, women are reared and improved in beauty and every alluring art, only for the purpose of being sold. The prince of the Circassians demanded of the prince of Mingrelia an hundred slaves loaded with tapestry, an hundred cows, as many oxen, and the same number of horses, as the price of his sister. In New-Zealand, we meet with a custom which may be called purchasing a wife for a night, and which is proof that those must also be purchased who are intended for a longer duration; and what to us is a little supprising, this temporary wife, insisted upon being treated with as much deference and respect, as if she had been married for life; but in general, this is not the case in other countries, for the wife who is purchased, is always trained up in the principles of slavery; and, being inured to every indignity and mortification from her parents, she expects no better treatment from her husband.

There is little difference in the condition of her who is put to sale by her sordid parents, and her who is disposed of in the same manner by the magistrates, as a part of the state's property. Besides those we have already mentioned in this work, the Thracians put the fairest of their virgins up to public sale, and the magistrates of Crete had the sole power of choosing partners in marriage for their young men; and, in the execution of this power, the affection and interest of the parties was totally overlooked, and the good of the state the only object of attention; in pursuing which, they always allotted the strongest and best made of the sex to one another, that they might raise up a generation of warriors, or of women fit to be the mothers of warriors.

POLYGAMY AND CONCUBINAGE.

Polygamy and concubinage having in process of time become fashionable vices, the number of women kept by the great became at last more an article of grandeur and state, than a mode of satisfying the animal appetite: Solomon had threescore queens, and fourscore concubines, and virgins without number. Maimon tells us, that among the Jews a man might have as many wives as he pleased, even to the number of a hundred, and that it was not in their power to prevent him, provided he could maintain, and pay them all the conjugal debt once a week; but in this duty he was not to run in arrear to any of them above a month, though with regard to concubines he might do as he pleased.

It would be an endless task to enumerate all the nations which practised polygamy; we shall, therefore, only mention a few, where the practice seemed to vary something from the common method. The ancient Sabaeans are not only said to have had a plurality, but even a community of wives; a thing strongly inconsistent with that spirit of jealousy which prevails among men in most countries where polygamy is allowed. The ancient Germans were so strict monogamists,[3] that they reckoned it a species of polygamy for a woman to marry a second husband even after the death of the first. "A woman (say they) has but one life, and but one body, therefore should have but one husband;" and besides, they added, "that she who knows she is never to have a second husband, will the more value and endeavor to promote the happiness and preserve the life of the first." Among the Heruli this idea was carried farther, a woman was obliged to strangle herself at the death of her husband, lest she should, afterwards marry another; so detestable was polygamy in the North, while in the East it is one of these rights which they most of all others esteem, and maintain with such inflexible firmness, that it will probably be one of the last of those that it will wrest out of their hands.

The Egyptians, it is probable, did not allow of polygamy, and as the Greeks borrowed their institutions from them, it was also forbid by the laws of Cecrops, though concubinage seems either to have been allowed or overlooked; for in the Odyssey of Homer we find Ulysses declaring himself to be the son of a concubine, which he would probably not have done, had any degree of infamy been annexed to it. In some cases, however, polygamy was allowed in Greece, from a mistaken notion that it would increase population. The Athenians, once thinking the number of their citizens diminished, decreed that it should be lawful for a man to have children by another woman as well as by his wife; besides this, particular instances occur of some who have transgressed the law of monogamy. Euripides is said to have had two wives, who, by their constant disagreement, gave him a dislike to the whole sex; a supposition which receives some weight from these lines of his in Andromache:

ne'er will I commend More beds, more wives than one, nor children curs'd With double mothers, banes and plagues of life.

Socrates too had two wives, but the poor culprit had as much reason to repent of his temerity as Euripides.

[3] Monogamy is having only one wife.

EUNUCHS.

As the appetite towards the other sex is one of the strongest and most ungovernable in our nature; as it intrudes itself more than any other into our thoughts, and frequently diverts them from every other purpose or employment; it may, at first, on this account, have been reckoned criminal when it interfered with worship and devotion; and emasculation was made use of in order to get rid of it, which may, perhaps, have been the origin of Eunuchs. But however this be, it is certain, that there were men of various religions who made themselves incapable of procreation on a religious account, as we are told that the priests of Cybele constantly castrated themselves; and by our Saviour, that there are eunuchs who make themselves such for the kingdom of heaven's sake.

GIRLS SOLD AT AUCTION.

The ancient Assyrians seem more thoroughly to have settled and digested the affairs of marriage, than any of their cotemporaries. Once in every year they assembled together all the girls that were marriageable, when the public crier put them up to sale, one after another. For her whose figure was agreeable, and whose beauty was attracting, the rich strove against each other, who should give the highest price; which price was put into a public stock, and distributed in portions to those whom nobody would accept without a reward. After the most beautiful were disposed of, these were also put up by the crier, and a certain sum of money offered with each, proportioned to what it was thought she stood in need of to bribe a husband to accept her. When a man offered to accept of any of them, on the terms upon which she was exposed to sale, the crier proclaimed that such a man had proposed to take such a woman, with such a sum of money along with her, provided none could be found who would take her with less; and in this manner the sale went on, till she was at last allotted to him who offered to take her with the smallest portion.--When this public sale was over, the purchasers of those that were beautiful were not allowed to take them away, till they had paid down the price agreed on, and given sufficient security that they would marry them; nor, on the other hand, would those who were to have a premium for accepting of such as were less beautiful, take a delivery of them, till their portions were previously paid.

SALE OF A WIFE.

In England, the sale of a wife sometimes occurs, even at the present day, of which the following is an example, from the Lancaster Herald.

"_Sale of a wife at Carlisle_--The inhabitants of this city lately witnessed the sale of a wife by her husband, Joseph Thompson, who resides in a small village about three miles distant, and rents a farm of about forty-two or forty-four acres. She was a spruce, lively, buxom damsel, apparently not exceeding twenty-two years of age, and appeared to feel a pleasure at the exchange she was about to make. They had no children during their union, and that, with some family disputes, caused them by mutual agreement to come to the resolution of finally parting. Accordingly, the bellman was sent round to give public notice of the sale, which was to take place at twelve o'clock; and this announcement attracted the notice of thousands. She appeared above the crowd, standing on a large oak chair, surrounded by many of her friends, with a rope or halter, made of straw, round her neck, being dressed in rather a fashionable country style, and appearing to some advantage. The husband, who was also standing in an elevated position near her, proceeded to put her up for sale, and spoke nearly as follows:--'Gentlemen, I have to offer to your notice my wife, Mary Anne Thompson, otherwise Williamson, whom I mean to sell to the highest and fairest bidder. It is her wish as well as mine to part for ever. I took her for my comfort, and the good of my house, but she has become my tormentor and a domestic curse, &c. &c. Now I have shown you her faults and failings, I will explain her qualifications and goodness. She can read fashionable novels and milk cows; she can laugh and weep with the same ease that you can take a glass of ale; she can make butter, and scold the maid; she can sing Moore's melodies, and plait her frills and caps; she cannot make rum, gin, or whiskey, but she is a good judge of their quality from long experience in tasting them, I therefore offer her, with all her perfections and imperfections, for the sum of fifty shillings.'--After an hour or two, she was purchased by Henry Mears, a pensioner, for the sum of twenty shillings and a Newfoundland dog. The happy pair immediately left town together, amidst the shouts and huzzas of the multitude, in which they were joined by Thompson, who, with the greatest good-humor imaginable, proceeded to put the halter, which his wife had taken off, round the neck of his Newfoundland dog, and then proceeded to the first public house, where he spent the remainder of the day."

PUNISHMENT OF ADULTERY.

As fidelity to the marriage-bed, especially on the part of woman, has always been considered as one of the most essential duties of matrimony, wise legislators, in order to secure that benefit have annexed punishment to the act of adultery; these punishments, however, have generally some reference to the manner in which wives were acquired, and to the value stamped upon woman by civilization and politeness of manners. It is ordained by the Mosaic code, that both the men and the women taken in adultery shall be stoned to death; whence it would seem, that no more latitude was given to the male than to the female. But this is not the case; such an unlimited power of concubinage was given to the men, that we may suppose him highly licentious indeed, who could not be satisfied therewith, without committing adultery. The Egyptians, among whom women were greatly esteemed, had a singular method of punishing adulterers of both sexes; they cut off the privy parts of the man, that he might never be able to debauch another woman; and the nose of the woman, that she might never be the object of temptation to another man.

Punishments nearly of the same nature, and perhaps nearly about the same time, were instituted in the East Indies against adulterers; but while those of the Egyptians originated from a love of virtue and of their woman, those of the Hindoos probably arose from jealousy and revenge. It is ordained by the Shaster, that if a man commit adultery with a woman of a superior cast, he shall be put to death; if by force he commit adultery with a woman of an equal or inferior cast, the magistrate shall confiscate all his possessions, cut off his genitals, and cause him to be carried round the city, mounted on a ass. If by fraud he commit adultery with a woman of an equal or inferior cast, the magistrate shall take his possessions, brand him in the forehead, and banish him the kingdom. Such are the laws of the Shaster, so far as they regard all the superior casts, except the Bramins; but if any of the most inferior casts commit adultery with a woman of the casts greatly superior, he is not only to be dismembered, but tied to a hot iron plate, and burnt to death; whereas the highest casts may commit adultery with the very lowest, for the most trifling fine; and a Bramin, or priest, can only suffer by having the hair of his head cut off; and, like the clergy of Europe, while under the dominion of the Pope, he cannot be put to death for any crime whatever. But the laws, of which he is always the interpreter, are not so favorable to his wife; they inflict a severe disgrace upon her, if she commit adultery with any of the higher casts; but if with the lowest, the magistrate shall cut off her hair, anoint her body with Ghee, and cause her to be carried through the whole city, naked, and riding upon an ass; and shall cast her out on the north side of the city, or cause her to be eaten by dogs. If a woman of any of the other casts goes to a man, and entices him to have criminal correspondence with her, the magistrate shall cut off her ears, lips and nose, mount her upon an ass, and drown her, or throw her to the dogs. To the commission of adultery with a dancing girl, or prostitute, no punishment nor fine is annexed.

ANECDOTE OF CAESAR.

When Caesar had subdued all his competitors, and most of the foreign nations which made war against him, he found that so many Romans had been destroyed in the quarrels in which he had often engaged them, that, to repair the loss, he promised rewards to fathers of families, and forbade all Romans who were above twenty, and under forty years of age, to go out of their native country. Augustus, his successor, to check the debauchery of the Roman youth, laid heavy taxes upon such as continued unmarried after a certain age, and encouraged with great rewards, the procreation of lawful children. Some years afterwards, the Roman knights having pressingly petitioned him that he would relax the severity of that law, he ordered their whole body to assemble before him, and the married and unmarried to arrange themselves in two separate parties, when, observing the unmarried to be much the greater company, he first addressed those who had complied with his law, telling them, that they alone had served the purposes of nature and society; that the human race was created male and female to prevent the extinction of the species; and that marriage was contrived as the most proper method of renewing the children of that species. He added, that they alone deserved the name of men and fathers, and that he would prefer them to such offices, as they might transmit to their posterity. Then turning to the bachelors, he told them, that he knew not by what name to call them; not by that of men, for they had done nothing that was manly; nor by that of citizens, since the city might perish for them; nor by that of Romans, for they seemed determined to let the race and name become extinct; but by whatever name he called them, their crime, he said, equalled all other crimes put together, for they were guilty of murder, in not suffering those to be born who should proceed from them; of impiety, in abolishing the names and honors of their fathers and ancestors; of sacrilege, in destroying their species, and human nature, which owed its original to the gods, and was consecrated to them; that by leading a single life they overturned, as far as in them lay, the temples and altars of the gods; dissolved the government, by disobeying its laws; betrayed their country, by making it barren. Having ended his speech, he doubled the rewards and privileges of such as had children, and laid a heavy fine on all unmarried persons, by reviving the Poppaean law.

Though by this law all the males above a certain age were obliged to marry under a severe penalty, Augustus allowed them the space of a full year to comply with its demands; but such was the backwardness to matrimony, and perversity of the Roman

knights, and others, that every possible method was taken to evade the penalty inflicted upon them, and some of them even married children in the cradle for that purpose; thus fulfilling the letter, they avoided the spirit of the law, and though actually married, had no restraint upon their licentiousness, nor any incumbrance by the expense of a family.

POWER OF MARRYING.

Among nations which had shaken off the authority of the church of Rome, the priests still retained almost an exclusive power of joining men and women together in marriage. This appears rather, however, to have been by the tacit consent of the civil power, than from any defect in its right and authority; for in the time of Oliver Cromwell, marriages were solemnized frequently by the justices of the peace; and the clergy neither attempted to invalidate them, nor make the children proceeding from them illegitimate; and when the province of New England was first settled, one of the earliest laws of the colony was, that the power of marrying should belong to the magistrates. How different was the case with the first French settlers in Canada! For many years a priest had not been seen in the country, and a magistrate could not marry: the consequence was natural; men and woman joined themselves together as husband and wife, trusting to the vows and promises of each other. Father Charlevoix, a Jesuit, at last travelled into those wild regions, found many of the simple, innocent inhabitants living in that manner; with all of whom he found much fault, enjoined them to do penance, and afterwards married them. After the Restoration, the power of marrying again reverted to the clergy. The magistrate, however, had not entirely resigned his right to that power; but it was by a late act of parliament entirely surrendered to them, and a penalty annexed to the solemnization of it by any other person whatever.

CELIBACY OF THE CLERGY.

At a synod held at Winchester under St. Dunstan, the monks averred, that so highly criminal was it for a priest to marry, that even a wooden cross had audibly declared against the horrid practice. Others place the first attempt of this kind, to the account of Aelfrick, archbishop of Canterbury, about the beginning of the eleventh century; however this may be, we have among the canons a decree of the archbishops of Canterbury, and York, ordaining, That all ministers of God, especially priests, should observe chastity, and not take wives: and in the year 1076, there was a council assembled at Winchester, under Lanfranc, which decreed, that no canon should have a wife; that such priests as lived in castles and villages should not be obliged to put their wives away, but that such as had none should not be allowed to marry; and that bishops should not ordain priests or deacons, unless they previously declared that they were not married. In the year 1102, archbishop Anselm held a council at Westminster, where it was decreed, that no archdeacon, priest, deacon, or canon, should either marry a wife, or retain her if he had one. Anselm, to give this decree greater weight, desired of the king, that the principal men of the kingdom might be present at the council, and that the decree might be enforced by the joint consent both of the clergy and laity; the king consented, and to these canons the whole realm gave a general sanction. The clergy of the province of York, however, remonstrated against them, and refused to put away their wives; the unmarried refused also to oblige themselves to continue in that state; nor were the clergy of Canterbury much more tractable.

In the celibacy of the clergy, we may discover also the origin of nunneries; the intrigues they could procure, while at confession, were only short, occasional, and with women whom they could not entirely appropriate to themselves; to remedy which, they probably fabricated the scheme of having religious houses, where young women should be shut up from the world, and where no man but a priest, on pain of death, should enter. That in these dark retreats, secluded from censure, and from the knowledge of the world, they might riot in licentiousness. They were sensible, that women, surrounded with the gay and the amiable, might frequently spurn at the offers of a cloistered priest, but that while confined entirely to their own sex, they would take pleasure in a visit from one of the other, however slovenly and unpolished. In the world at large, should the crimes of the women be detected, the priests have no interest in mitigating their punishment; but here the whole community of them are interested in the secret of every intrigue, and should Lucinda unluckily proclaim it, she can seldom do it without the walls of the convent, and if she does, the priests lay the crime on some luckless laic, that the holy culprit may come off with impunity.

DESPERATE ACT OF EUTHIRA.

In ancient and modern history, we are frequently presented with accounts of women, who, preferring death to slavery or prostitution, sacrificed their lives with the most undaunted courage to avoid them. Apollodorus tells us, that Hercules having taken the city of Troy, prior to the famous siege of it celebrated by Homer, carried away captive the daughters of Laomedon then king. One of these, named Euthira, being left with several other Trojan captives on board the Grecian fleet, while the sailors went on shore to take in fresh provisions, had the resolution to propose, and the power to persuade her companions, to set the ships on fire, and to perish themselves amid the devouring flames. The women of Phoenicia met together before an engagement which was to

decide the fate of their city, and having agreed to bury themselves in the flames, if their husbands and relations were defeated, in the enthusiasm of their courage and resolution, they crowned her with flowers who first made the proposal. Many instances occur in the history of the Romans of the Gauls and Germans, and of other nations in subsequent periods; where women being driven to despair by their enemies, have bravely defended their walls, or waded through fields of blood to assist their countrymen, and free themselves from slavery or from ravishment. Such heroic efforts are beauties, even in the character of the softer sex, when they proceed from necessity: when from choice, they are blemishes of the most unnatural kind, indicating a heart of cruelty, lodged in a form which has the appearance of gentleness and peace.

It has been alleged by some of the writers on human nature, that to the fair sex the loss of beauty is more alarming and insupportable than the loss of life; but even this loss, however opposite to the feelings of their nature, they have voluntarily consented to sustain, that they might not be the objects of temptation to the lawless ravisher. The nuns of a convent in France, fearing they should be violated by a ruffian army, which had taken by storm the town in which their convent was situated, at the recommendation of their abbess, mutually agreed to cut off all their noses, that they might save their chastity by becoming objects of disgust instead of desire. Were we to descend to particulars, we could give innumerable instances of women, who from Semiramis down to the present time, have distinguished themselves by their courage. Such was Penthesilea, who, if we may credit ancient story, led her army of viragoes to the assistance of Priam, king of Troy; Thomyris, who encountered Cyrus, king of Persia; and Thalestris, famous for her fighting, as well as for her amours with Alexander the Great. Such was the brave but ill-fated Boadicea, queen of the Britons, who led on that people to revenge the wrongs done to herself and her country by the Romans. And in later periods, such were the Maid of Orleans, and Margaret of Anjou; which last, according to several historians, commanded at no less than twelve pitched battles. But we do not choose to multiply instances of this nature, as we have already said enough to shew, that the sex are not destitute of courage when that virtue becomes necessary; and were they possessed of it, when unnecessary, it would divest them of one of the principal qualities for which we love, and for which we value them. No woman was ever held up as a pattern to her sex, because she was intrepid and brave; no woman ever conciliated the affections of the men, by rivalling them in what they reckon the peculiar excellencies of their own character.

LUXURIOUS DRESS OF THE GRECIAN LADIES.

As the Greeks emerged from the barbarity of the heroic ages, among other articles of culture, they began to bestow more attention on the convenience and elegance of dress. At Athens, the ladies commonly employ the whole morning in dressing themselves in a decent and becoming manner; their toilet consisted in paints and washes, of such a nature as to cleanse and beautify the skin, and they took great care to clean their teeth, an article too much neglected: some also blackened their eyebrows, and, if necessary, supplied the deficiency of the vermillion on their lips, by a paint said to have been exceedingly beautiful. At this time the women in the Greek islands make much use of a paint which they call Sulama, which imparts a beautiful redness to the cheeks, and gives the skin a remarkable gloss. Possibly this may be the same with that made use of in the times we are considering; but however this be, some of the Greek ladies at present gild their faces all over on the day of their marriage, and consider this coating as an irresistible charm; and in the island of Scios, their dress does not a little resemble that of ancient Sparta, for they go with their bosoms uncovered, and with gowns which only reach to the calf of their leg, in order to show their fine garters, which are commonly red ribbons curiously embroidered. But to return to ancient Greece; the ladies spent likewise a part of their time in composing head-dresses, and though we have reason to suppose that they were not then so preposterously fantastic as those presently composed by a Parisian milliner, yet they were probably objects of no small industry and attention, especially as we find that they then dyed their hair, perfumed it with the most costly essences, and by the means of hot irons disposed of it in curls, as fancy or fashion directed. Their clothes were made of stuffs so extremely light and fine as to show their shapes without offending against the rules of decency. At Sparta, the case was widely different; we shall not describe the dress of the women; it is sufficient to say that it has been loudly complained of by almost every ancient author who has treated on the subject.

GRECIAN COURTSHIP.

In the earlier periods of the history of the Greeks, their love, if we may call it so, was only the animal appetite, impetuous and unrestrained either by cultivation of manners, or precepts of morality; and almost every opportunity which fell in their way, prompted them to satisfy that appetite by force, and to revenge the obstruction of it by murder. When they became a more civilized people, they shone much more illustriously in arts and in arms, than in delicacy of sentiment and elegance of manners: hence we shall find, that their method of making love was more directed to compel the fair sex to a compliance with their wishes by charms and philtres, than to win them by the nameless assiduities and good offices of a lover.

As the two sexes in Greece had but little communication with each other, and a lover was seldom favored with an opportunity of telling his passion to his mistress, he used to discover it by inscribing her name on the walls of his house, on the bark of the trees of a public walk, or leaves of his books; it was customary for him also to deck the door of the house where his fair one lived, with garlands and flowers, to make libations of wine before it, and to sprinkle the entrance with the same liquor, in the manner that was practised at the temple of Cupid. Garlands were of great use among the Greeks in love affairs; when a man untied his garland, it was a declaration of his having been subdued by that passion; and when a woman composed a garland, it was a tacit confession of the same thing: and though we are not informed of it, we may presume that both sexes had methods of discovering by these garlands, not only that they were in love, but the object also upon whom it was directed.

Such were the common methods of discovering the passion of love; the methods of prosecuting it were still more extraordinary, and less reconcilable to civilization and to good principles; when a love affair did not prosper in the hands of a Grecian, he did not endeavor to become more engaging in his manners and person, he did not lavish his fortune in presents, or become more obliging and assiduous in his addresses, but immediately had recourse to incantations and philtres; in composing and dispensing of which, the women of Thessaly were reckoned the most famous, and drove a traffic in them of no considerable advantage. These potions were given by the women to the men, as well as by the men to the women, and were generally so violent in their operations as for some time to deprive the person who took them, of sense, and not uncommonly of life: their composition was a variety of herbs of the most strong and virulent nature, which we shall not mention; but herbs were not the only things they relied on for their purpose; they called in the productions of the animal and mineral kingdoms to their assistance; when these failed, they roasted an image of wax before the fire, representing the object of their love, and as this became warm, they flattered themselves that the person represented by it would be proportionally warmed with love. When a lover could obtain any thing belonging to his mistress, he imagined it of singular advantage, and deposited in the earth beneath the threshold of her door. Besides these, they had a variety of other methods equally ridiculous and unavailing, and of which it would be trifling to give a minute detail; we shall, therefore, just take notice as we go along, that such of either sex as believed themselves forced into love by the power of philtres and charms, commonly had recourse to the same methods to disengage themselves, and break the power of these enchantments, which they supposed operated involuntarily on their inclinations; and thus the old women of Greece, like the lawyers of modern times, were employed to defeat the schemes and operations of each other, and like them too, it is presumable, laughed in their sleeves, while they hugged the gains that arose from vulgar credulity.

POWER OF PHILTRES AND CHARMS.

The Romans, who borrowed most of their customs from the Greeks, also followed them in that of endeavoring to conciliate love by the power of philtres and charms; a fact of which we have not the least room to doubt, as they are in Virgil and some other of the Latin poets so many instances that prove it. But it depends not altogether on the testimony of the poets: Plutarch tells us, that Lucullus, a Roman General, lost his senses by a love potion; and Caius Caligula, according to Suetonius, was thrown into a fit of madness by one which was given him by his wife Caesonia; Lucretius too, according to some authors, fell a sacrifice to the same folly. The Romans, like the Greeks, made use of these methods mostly in their affairs of gallantry and unlawful love; but in what manner they addressed themselves to a lady they intended to marry, has not been handed down to us, and the reason we suppose is, that little or no courtship was practised among them; women had no disposing power of themselves, to what purpose was it then to apply to them for their consent? They were under perpetual guardianship, and the guardian having sole power of disposing of them, it was only necessary to apply to him. In the Roman authors, we frequently read of a father, a brother, or a guardian, giving his daughter, his sister, or his ward, in marriage; but we do not recollect one single instance of being told that the intended bridegroom applied to the lady for her consent; a circumstance the more extraordinary, as women in the decline of the Roman empire had arisen to a dignity, and even to a freedom hardly equalled in modern times.

EASTERN COURTSHIP.

It has long been a common observation among mankind, that love is the most fruitful source of invention; and that in this case the imagination of a woman is still more fruitful of invention and expedient than that of a man; agreeably to this, we are told, that the women of the island of Amboyna, being closely watched on all occasions, and destitute of the art of writing, by which, in other places, the sentiments are conveyed to any distance, have methods of making known their inclinations to their lovers, and of fixing assignations with them, by means of nosegays, and plates of fruit so disposed, as to convey their sentiments in the most explicit manner: by these means their courtship is generally carried on, and by altering the disposition of symbols made use of, they contrive to signify their refusal, with the same explicitness as their approbation. In some of the neighboring islands, when a young

man has fixed his affection, like the Italians, he goes from time to time to her door, and plays upon some musical instrument; if she gives consent, she comes out to him, and they settle the affair of matrimony between them; if, after a certain number of these kind of visits, she does not appear, it is a denial; and the disappointed lover is obliged to desist.

We shall see afterward when we come to treat of the matrimonial compact, that, in some places, the ceremony of marriage consists in tying the garments of the young couple together, as an emblem of that union which ought to bind their affections and interests. This ceremony has afforded a hint for lovers to explain their passion to their mistresses, in the most intelligible manner, without the help of speech, or the possibility of offending the nicest delicacy. A lover in these parts, who is too modest to declare himself, seizes the first opportunity he can find, of sitting down by his mistress, and tying his garment to hers, in the manner that is practised in the ceremony of marriage: if she permits him to finish the knot, without any interruption, and does not soon after cut or loose it, she thereby gives her consent; if she looses it, he may tie it again on some other occasion, when she may prove more propitious; but if she cuts it, his hopes are blasted forever.

LONG HAIR OF SAXONS AND DANES.

The human hair has ever been regarded as an ornament. The Anglo-Saxons and Danes considered their hair as one of their greatest personal beauties, and took great care to dress it to the utmost advantage. Young ladies wore it loose, and flowing in ringlets over their shoulders; but after marriage they cut it shorter, tied it up, and covered it with a head-dress, according to the fashion of the times; but to have the hair cut entirely off, was a disgrace of such a nature, that it was even thought a punishment not inadequate to the crime of adultery; so great, in the Middle ages, was the value set upon the hair by both sexes, that, as a piece of the most peculiar mortification, it was ordered by the canons of the church, that the clergy should keep their hair short, and shave the crown of their head; and that they should not, upon any pretence whatever, endeavor to keep the part so shaved from public view. Many of the clergy of these times, finding themselves so peculiarly mortified, and perhaps so easily distinguished from all other people by this particularity, as to be readily detected when they committed any of the follies or crimes to which human nature is in every situation sometimes liable, endeavored to persuade mankind that long hair was criminal, in order to reduce the whole to a similarity with themselves. Amongst these, St. Wulstan eminently distinguished himself. "He rebuked," says William of Malmsbury, "the wicked of all ranks with great boldness, but was _peculiarly_ severe upon those who were proud of their long hair. When any of these vain people bowed their heads before him, to receive his blessing, before he gave it he cut a lock from their hair, with a sharp penknife, which he carried about him for that purpose; and commanded them, by way of penance for their sins, to cut all the rest in the same manner: if any of them refused to comply with his command he reproached them for their effeminacy, and denounced the most dreadful judgments against them. Such, however, was the value of their hair in these days, that many rather submitted to his censures than part with it; and such was the folly of the church, and of this saint in particular, that the most solemn judgments were denounced against multitudes, for no other crime than not making use of pen-knives and scissors, to cut off an ornament bestowed by nature."

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

On St. Valentine's day, it is customary, in many parts of Italy, for an unmarried lady to choose, from among the young gentlemen of her acquaintance, one to be her guardian or gallant; who, in return for the honor of this appointment, presents to her some nosegays, or other trifles, and thereby obliges himself to attend her in the most obsequious manner in all her parties of pleasure, and to all her public amusements, for the space of one year, when he may retire, and the lady may choose another in his place. But in the course of this connection it frequently happens, that they contract such an inclination to each other, as prompts them to be coupled for life. In the times of the chivalry, we have seen that the men gloried in protecting the women, and the women thought themselves safe and happy when they obtained that protection. It is probable, therefore, that this custom, though now more an affair of gallantry than of protection, is a relic of chivalry still subsisting among that romantic and sentimental people.

But the observation of some peculiar customs on St. Valentine's day is not confined to Italy; almost all Europe has joined in distinguishing it by some particular ceremony. As it always happens about that time of the year, when the genial influences of the spring begin to operate, it has been believed by the vulgar, that upon it the birds invariably choose their mates for the ensuing season. In imitation, therefore, of their example, the vulgar of both sexes, in many parts of Britain, meet together; and having upon slips of paper wrote down the names of all their acquaintances, and put them into two different bags, the men drew the female names by lot, and the women the male; the man makes the woman who drew his name some trifling present, and in the rural gambol becomes her partner; and she considers him as her sweetheart, till he is otherwise disposed of, or till next Valentine's day provide her with another.

COURTS OF LOVE.

In Spain, during the Middle Ages, courts of Love were established. These courts were composed of ladies summoned to meet together, for the purpose of discussing, in the most formal and serious manner, "beautiful and subtle questions of love." They decided the precise amount of inconstancy which a lady might forgive, without lowering her own dignity, provided her lover made certain supplications, and performed certain penances; they took it into solemn consideration whether a lover was justified, under any circumstances, in expressing the slightest doubt of his lady's fidelity; they laid down definite rules, and ceremonials of behavior, to be observed by those who wished to be beloved; and gravely discussed the question whether sentiment, or sight, the heart, or the eyes, contributed most powerfully to inspire affection.

IMMODESTY AT BABYLON.

That modesty and chastity, which we now esteem as the chief ornament of the female character, does not appear in times of remote antiquity to have been much regarded by either sex. At Babylon, the capital of the Assyrian empire, it was so little valued, that a law of the country even obliged every woman once in her life to depart from it. This abominable law, which, it is said, was promulgated by an oracle, ordained, That every woman should once in her life repair to the temple of Venus; that on her arrival there, her head should be crowned with flowers, and in that attire, she should wait till some stranger performed with her the rites sacred to the goddess of debauchery.

This temple was constructed with a great many winding galleries appropriated to the reception of the women, and the strangers who, allured by debauchery, never failed to assemble there in great numbers, being allowed to choose any woman they thought proper from among those who came there in obedience to the law. When the stranger accosted the object of his choice, he was obliged to present her with some pieces of money, nor was she at liberty to refuse either these, or the request of the stranger who offered them, whatever was the value of the money, or however mean or disagreeable the donor. These preliminaries being settled, they retired together to fulfil the law, after which the woman returned and offered the goddess the sacrifice prescribed by custom, and then was at liberty to return home. Nor was this custom entirely confined to the Babylonians; in the island of Cyprus they sent young women at stated times to the sea-shore, where they prostituted themselves to Venus, that they might be chaste the rest of their lives. In some other countries, a certain number only were doomed to prostitution, as it is supposed, by way of a bribe, to induce the goddess of debauchery to save the rest.

When a woman had once entered the temple of Venus, she was not allowed to depart from it till she had fulfilled the law: and it frequently happened that those to whom nature had been less indulgent than to others, remained there a long time before any person offered to perform with them the condition of their release. A custom, we think, some times alluded to in scripture, and expressly delineated in the book of Baruch: "The women also, with cords about them, sitting in the ways, burn bran for perfume; but, if any of them, drawn by some that passeth by, lie with him, she reproacheth her fellow that she was not thought worthy as herself, nor her cord broken." Though this infamous law was at first strictly observed by all the women of Babylon, yet it would seem that, in length of time, they grew ashamed of, and in many cases dispensed with it; for we are informed that women of the superior ranks of life, who were not willing literally to fulfil the law, were allowed a kind of evasion; they were carried in litters to the gates of the temple, where, having dismissed all their attendants, they entered alone, presented themselves before the statue of the goddess, and returned home. Possibly this was done by the assistance of a bribe, to those who had the care of the temple.

INDECENCY AT ADRIANOPLE.

In Adrianople and the neighboring cities, the women have public baths, which are a part of their religion and of their amusement, and a bride, the first time she appears there, after her marriage, is received in a particular manner. The matrons and widows being seated round the room, the virgins immediately put themselves into the original state of Eve. The bride comes to the door richly dressed and adorned with jewels; two of the virgins meet her, and soon put her into the same condition with themselves; then filling some silver pots with perfume, they make a procession round the rooms, singing an epithalamium, in which all the virgins join in chorus; the procession ended, the bride is led up to every matron, who bestows on her some trifling presents, and to each she returns thanks, till she has been led round the whole. We could add many more ceremonies arising from marriage, but as they are for the most part such as make a part of the marriage ceremony itself, we shall have occasion to mention them with more propriety under another head.

ANCIENT SWEDISH COURTSHIP.

Grymer, a youth early distinguished in arms, who well knew how to dye his sword in the blood of his enemies, to run over the craggy mountains, to wrestle, to play at chess, trace the motions of the stars, and throw far from him heavy weights, frequently shewed his skill in the chamber of the damsels, before the king's lovely daughter; desirous of acquiring her regard, he displayed his dexterity in handling his weapons, and the knowledge he had attained in the sciences he had learned; at length ventured to make this demand: "Wilt thou, O fair princess, if I may obtain the king's consent, accept of me for a husband?" To which she prudently replied, "I must not make that choice myself, but go thou and offer the same proposal to my father."

The sequel of the story informs us, that Grymer accordingly made his proposal to the king, who answered him in a rage, that though he had learned indeed to handle his arms, yet as he had never gained a single victory, nor given a banquet to the beasts of the field, he had no pretensions to his daughter, and concluded by pointing out to him, in a neighboring kingdom, a hero renowned in arms, whom, if he could conquer, the princess should be given him: that on waiting on the princess to tell her what had passed, she was greatly agitated, and felt in the most sensible manner for the safety of her lover, whom she was afraid her father had devoted to death for his presumption, that she provided him with a suit of impenetrable armor and a trusty sword, with which he went, and having slain his adversary, and the most part of his warriors, returned victorious, and received her as the reward of his valor. Singular as this method of obtaining a fair lady by a price paid in blood may appear, it was not peculiar to the northerns: we have already taken notice of the price which David paid for the daughter of Saul, and shall add, that among the Sacae, a people of ancient Scythia, a custom something of this kind, but still more extraordinary, obtained: every young man who made his addresses to a lady, was obliged to engage her in single combat; if he vanquished, he led her off in triumph, and became her husband and sovereign; if he was conquered, she led him off in the same manner, and made him her husband and her slave.

LAPLAND AND GREENLAND LADY.

The delicacy of a Lapland lady, which is not in the least hurt by being drunk as often as she can procure liquor, would be wounded in the most sensible manner, should she deign at first to listen to the declaration of a lover; he is therefore obliged to employ a match-maker to speak for him; and this match-maker must never go empty handed; and of all other presents, that which must infallibly secures him a favorable reception is brandy. Having, by the eloquence of this, gained leave to bring the lover along with him, and being, together with the lover's father or other nearest-male relation, arrived at the house where the lady resides, the father and match-maker are invited to walk in, but the lover must wait patiently at the door till further solicited. The parties, in the mean time, open their suit to the other ladies of the family, not forgetting to employ in their favor their irresistible advocate brandy, a liberal distribution of which is reckoned the strongest proof of the lover's affection. When they have all been warmed by the lover's bounty, he is brought into the house, pays his compliments to the family, and is desired to partake of their cheer, though at this interview seldom indulged with a sight of his mistress; but if he is, he salutes her, and offers her presents of reindeer skins, tongues, &c.; all which, while surrounded with her friends, she pretends to refuse; but at the same time giving her lover a signal to go out, she soon steals after him, and is no more that modest creature she affected to appear in company. The lover now solicits for the completion of his wishes; if she is silent, it is construed into consent; but if she throws his presents on the ground with disdain the match is broken off forever.

It is generally observed, that women enter into matrimony with more willingness, and less anxious care and solicitude, than men, for which many reasons naturally suggest themselves to the intelligent reader. The women of Greenland are however, in many cases, an exception to this general rule. A Greenlander, having fixed his affection, acquaints his parents with it; they acquaint the parents of the girl; upon which two female negociators are sent to her, who, lest they should shock her delicacy, do not enter directly on the subject of their embassy, but launch out in praises of the lover they mean to recommend, of his house, of his furniture, and whatever else belongs to him, but dwell most particularly on his dexterity in catching seals. She, pretending to be affronted, runs away, tearing the ringlets of her hair as she retires; after which the two females, having obtained a tacit consent from her parents, search for her, and on discovering her lurking place, drag her by force to the house of her lover, and there leave her. For some days she sits with dishevelled hair, silent and dejected, refusing every kind of sustenance, and at last, if kind entreaties cannot prevail upon her, is compelled by force, and even by blows, to complete the marriage with her husband. It sometimes happens, that when the female match-makers arrive to propose a lover to a Greenland young woman, she either faints, or escapes to the uninhabited mountains, where she remains till she is discovered and carried back by her relations, or is forced to return by hunger and cold; in both which cases, she previously cuts off her hair; a most infallible indication, that she is determined never to marry.

EDUCATION OF WOMEN IN ASIA AND AFRICA.

In several of the warmer regions of Asia and Africa, the little education bestowed upon women, is entirely calculated to debauch their minds and give additional charms to their persons. They are taught vocal and instrumental music, which they accompany with dances, in which every movement and every gesture is expressively indecent: but receive no moral instruction; for it would teach them that they were doing wrong. This, however, is not the practice in all parts of Asia and Africa: the women of Hindostan are educated more decently; they are not allowed to learn music or dancing; which are only reckoned accomplishments fit for those of a lower order; they are notwithstanding, taught all the personal graces; and particular care is taken to instruct them in the art of conversing with elegance and vivacity; some of them are also taught to write, and the generality to read, so that they may be able to read the Koran; instead of which they more frequently dedicate themselves to tales and romances; which, painted in all the lively imagery of the East, seldom fail to corrupt the minds of creatures shut up from the world, and consequently forming to themselves extravagant and romantic notions of all that is transacted in it.

In well regulated families, women are taught by heart some prayers in Arabic, which at certain hours they assemble in a hall to repeat; never being allowed the liberty of going to the public mosque. They are enjoined always to wash themselves before praying; and, indeed, the virtues of cleanliness, of chastity, and obedience, are so strongly and constantly inculcated on their minds, that in spite of their general debauchery of manners, there are not a few among them, who, in their common deportment, do credit to the instructions bestowed upon them; nor is this much to be wondered at, when we consider the tempting recompense that is held out to them; they are, in paradise, to flourish forever, in the vigor of youth and beauty; and however old, or ugly, when they depart this life, are there to be immediately transformed into all that is fair, and all that is graceful.

RELIGIOUS FESTIVALS OF THE GREEKS.

A cause, which contributed to make the religious festivals of the Greeks appear as amusements and diversions, was that ridiculous buffoonery that constituted so great a part of them: it would be tedious to enumerate one half of these buffooneries; but let a few serve as a specimen. At a festival held in honor of Bacchus, the women ran about for a long time seeking the god, who, they pretended, had run away from them: this done, they passed their time in proposing riddles and questions to each other, and laughing at such as could not answer them; and at last often closed the scene with such enormous excesses, that at one of these festivals, the daughters of Minya, having, in their madness, killed Hippasus, had him dressed and served up to table as a rarity. At another, kept in honor of Venus and Adonis, they beat their breasts, tore their hair, and mimicked all the signs of the most extravagant grief, with which they supposed the goddess to have been affected on the death of her favorite paramour. At another, in honor of the nymph Cotys, they addressed her as the goddess of wantonness with many mysterious rites and ceremonies. At Corinth, these rites and ceremonies, being perhaps thought inconsistent with the character of modest women, this festival was only celebrated by harlots. Athenaeus mentions a festival, at which the women laid hold on all the old bachelors they could find, and dragged them round an altar; beating them all the time with their fists, as punishment for their neglect of the sex. We shall only mention two more; at one of which, after the assembly had met in the temple of Ceres, the women shut out all the men and dogs, themselves and the bitches remaining in the temple all night; in the morning, the men were let in, and the time was spent in laughing together at the frolic. At the other, in honor of Bacchus, they counterfeited phrenzy and madness; and to make this madness appear the more real, they used to eat the raw and bloody entrails of goats newly slaughtered. And, indeed, the whole of the festivals of Bacchus, a deity much worshipped in Greece, were celebrated with rites either ridiculous, obscene, or madly extravagant. There were others, however, in honor of the other gods and goddesses, which were more decent, and had more the appearance of religious solemnity, though even in these, the women dressed out in all their finery; and, adorned with flowers and garlands, either formed splendid processions, or assisted in performing ceremonies, the general tendency of which was to amuse rather than instruct.

THE DEATHS OF LUCRETIA AND VIRGINIA.

The force of prejudice appears in nothing more strongly than in the encomiums which have been lavished upon Lucretia for laying violent hands upon herself, and Virginius for killing his own daughter. These actions seem to derive all their glory from the revolutions to which they gave rise, as the former occasioned the abolition of monarchy amongst the Romans, and the latter put an end to the arbitrary power of the decemviri. But if we lay aside our prepossessions for antiquity, and examine these actions without prejudice, we cannot but acknowledge, that they are rather the effects of human weakness and obstinacy than of resolution and magnanimity. Lucretia, for fear of worldly censure, chose rather to submit to the lewd desires of Tarquin, than have it thought that she had been stabbed in the embraces of a slave; which sufficiently proves that all her boasted virtue was founded upon vanity, and too high a value for the opinion of mankind. The younger Pliny, with great reason, prefers to this famed action that of a woman

of low birth, whose husband being seized with an incurable disorder, chose rather to perish with him than survive him. The action of Arria is likewise much more noble, whose husband Paetus, being condemned to death, plunged a dagger in her breast, and told him, with a dying voice, "Paetus, it is not painful." But the death of Lucretia gave rise to a revolution, and it therefore became illustrious; though, as St. Augustine justly observes, it is only an instance of the weakness of a woman, too solicitous about the opinion of the world.

Virginius, in killing his daughter, to preserve her from falling a victim to the lust of the decemvir Claudius, was guilty of the highest rashness; since he might certainly have gained the people, already irritated against the tyrant, without imbruing his hands in his own blood. This action may indeed be extenuated, as Virginius slew his daughter from a false principle of honor, and did it to preserve her from what both he and she thought worse than death; namely, to preserve her from violation; but though it may in some measure be excused, it should not certainly be praised or admired.

ON LOOKING AT THE PICTURE OF A BEAUTIFUL FEMALE.

What dazzling beauties strike my ravish'd eyes, And fill my soul with pleasure and surprise! What blooming sweetness smiles upon that face! How mild, yet how majestic every grace! In those bright eyes what more than mimic fire Benignly shines, and kindles gay desire! Yet chasten'd modesty, fair white-robed dame, Triumphant sits to check the rising flame. Sure nature made thee her peculiar care: Was ever form so exquisitely fair? Yes, once there was a form thus heavenly bright, But now 'tis veil'd in everlasting night; Each glory which that lovely face could boast, And every charm, in traceless dust is lost; An unregarded heap of ruin lies That form which lately drew ten thousand eyes. What once was courted, lov'd, adored, and prais'd, Now mingles with the dust from whence 'twas raised. No more soft dimpling smiles those cheeks adorn, Whose rosy tincture sham'd the rising morn; No more with sparkling radiance shine those eyes, Nor over those the sable arches rise; Nor from those ruby lips soft accents flow, Nor lilies on the snowy forehead blow; All, all are cropp'd by death's impartial hand, Charms could not bribe, nor beauty's power withstand; Not all that crowd of wondrous charms could save Their fair possessor from the dreary grave.

How frail is beauty, transient, false and vain! It flies with morn, and ne'er returns again. Death, cruel ravager, delights to prey Upon the young, the lovely and the gay. If death appear not, oft corroding pain, With pining sickness in her languid train, Blights youth's gay spring with some untimely blast, And lays the blooming field of beauty waste; But should these spare, still time creeps on apace, And plucks with wither'd hand each winning grace; The eyes, lips, cheeks, and bosom he disarms, No art from him can shield exterior charms.

But would you, fair ones, be esteem'd, approved, And with an everlasting ardor loved; Would you in wrinkled age, admirers find, In every female virtue dress the mind; Adorn the heart, and teach the soul to charm, And when the eyes no more the breast can warm, These ever-blooming beauties shall inspire Each gen'rous heart with friendship's sacred fire; These charms shall neither wither, fade, nor fly; Pain, sickness, time, and death, they dare defy. When the pale tyrant's hand shall seal your doom, And lock your ashes in the silent tomb, These beauties shall in double lustre rise, Shine round the soul, and waft it to the skies.

ART OF DETERMINING THE PRECISE FIGURE, THE DEGREE OF BEAUTY, THE HABITS, AND THE AGE, OF WOMEN,

NOTWITHSTANDING THE AIDS AND DISGUISES OF DRESS.

OF FIGURE.

External indications as to figure are required chiefly as to the limbs which are concealed by drapery. Such indications are afforded by the walk, to every careful observer.

In considering _the proportion of the limbs to the body_--if, even in a young woman, the walk, though otherwise good, be heavy, or the fall on each foot alternately be sudden, and rather upon the heel, the limbs though well formed, will be found to be slender, compared with the body.

This conformation accompanies any great proportional developement of the vital system; and it is frequently observable in the woman of the Saxon population of England, as in the counties of Norfolk, Suffolk, &c.

In women of this conformation, moreover, the slightest indisposition or debility is indicated by a slight vibration of the shoulders, and upper part of the chest, at every step, in walking.

In considering _the line or direction of the limbs_--if, viewed behind, the feet, at every step, are thrown out backward, and somewhat laterally, the knees are certainly much inclined inward.

If, viewed in front, the dress, at every step, is as it were, gathered toward the front, and then tossed more or less to the opposite side, the knees are certainly too much inclined.

In considering _the relative size of each portion of the limbs_--if, in the walk, there be a greater or less approach to the marching pace, the hip is large; for we naturally employ the joint which is surrounded with the most powerful muscles, and in any approach to the march, it is the hip-joint which is used, and the knee and ancle-joints which remain proportionally unemployed.

If, in the walk, the tripping pace be used, as in an approach to walking on tiptoes, the calf is large; for it is only by the power of its muscles that, under the weight of the whole body, the foot can be extended for this purpose.

If, in the walk, the foot be raised in a slovenly manner, and the heel be seen, at each step, to lift the bottom of the dress upward and backward, neither the hip nor the calf is well developed.

Even with regard to the parts of the figure which are more exposed to observation by the closer adaptation of dress, much deception occurs. It is, therefore, necessary to understand the arts employed for this purpose, at least by skilful women.

A person having a narrow face, wears a bonnet with wide front, exposing the lower part of the cheeks.--One having a broad face, wears a closer front; and, if the jaw be wide, it is in appearance diminished, by bringing the corners of the bonnet sloping to the point of the chin.

A person having a long neck has the neck of the bonnet descending, the neck of the dress rising, and filling more or less of the intermediate space. One having a short neck has the whole bonnet short and close in the perpendicular direction, and the neck of the dress neither high nor wide.

Persons with narrow shoulders have the shoulders or epaulets of the dress formed on the outer edge of the natural shoulder, very full, and both the bosom and back of the dress running in oblique folds, from the point of the shoulder to the middle of the bust.

Persons with waists too large, render them less before by a stomacher, or something equivalent, and behind by a corresponding form of the dress, making the top of the dress smooth across the shoulders, and drawing it in plaits to a narrow point at the bottom of the waist.

Those who have the bosom too small, enlarge it by the oblique folds of the dress being gathered above, and by other means.

Those who have the lower posterior part of the body too flat, elevate it by the top of the skirt being gathered behind, and by other less skilful adjustments, which though hid, are easily detected.

Those who have the lower part of the body too prominent anteriorly, render it less apparent by shortening the waist, by a corresponding projection behind, and by increasing the bosom above.

Those who have the haunches too narrow, take care not to have the bottom of the dress too wide.

Tall women have a wide skirt, or several flounces, or both of these: shorter women, a moderate one, but as long as can be conveniently worn, with the flounces, &c., as low as possible.

OF BEAUTY.

Additional indications as to beauty are required chiefly where the woman observed precedes the observer, and may, by her figure, naturally and reasonably excite his interest, while at the same time it would be rude to turn and look in her face on passing.

There can, therefore, be no impropriety in observing, that the conduct of those who may happen to meet the women thus preceding, will differ according to the sex of the person who meets her.--If the person meeting her be a man, and the lady observed be beautiful, he will not only look with an expression of pleasure at her countenance, but will afterward turn more or less completely to survey her from behind.--If the person meeting her be a woman, the case becomes more complex. If both be either ugly or beautiful, or if the person meeting her be beautiful and the lady observed be ugly, then it is probable, that the approaching person may pass by inattentively, casting merely an indifferent glance; if, on the contrary, the woman meeting her be ugly, and the lady observed be beautiful, then the former will examine the latter with the severest scrutiny, and if she sees features and shape without

defect, she will instantly fix her eyes on the head-dress or gown, in order to find some object for censure of the beautiful woman, and for consolation in her own ugliness.

Thus he who happens to follow a female may be aided in determining whether it is worth his while to glance at her face in passing, or to devise other means of seeing it.

Even when the face is seen, as in meeting in the streets or elsewhere, infinite deception occurs as to the degree of beauty. This operates so powerfully, that a correct estimate of beauty is perhaps never formed at first. This depends on the forms and still more on the colors of dress in relation to the face. For this reason, it is necessary to understand the principles according to which colors are employed at least by skilful women.

When it is the fault of a face to contain too much yellow, then yellow around the face is used to remove it by contrast, and to cause the red and blue to predominate.

When it is the fault of a face to contain too much red, then red around the face is used to remove by contrast, and to cause the yellow and blue to predominate.

When it is the fault of a face to contain too much blue, then blue around the face is used to remove it by contrast, and to cause the yellow and red to predominate.

When it is the fault of a face to contain too much yellow and red, then orange is used.

When it is the fault of a face to contain too much red and blue, then purple is used.

When it is the fault of a face to contain too much blue and yellow, then green is used.

It is necessary to observe that the linings of bonnets reflect their color on the face, and transparent bonnets transmit that color, and equally tinge it. In both these cases, the color employed is no longer that which is placed around the face, and which acts on it by contrast, but the opposite. As green around the face heightens a faint red in the cheeks by contrast, so the pink lining of the bonnet aids it by reflection.

Hence linings which reflect, are generally of the teint which is wanted in the face; and care is then taken that these linings do not come into the direct view of the observer, and operate prejudicially on the face by contrast, overpowering the little color which by reflection they should heighten. The fronts of bonnets so lined, therefore, do not widen greatly forward, and bring their color into contrast.

When bonnets do widen, the proper contrast is used as a lining; but then it has not a surface much adapted for reflection, otherwise it may perform that office, and injure the complexion.

Understanding, then, the application of these colors in a general way, it may be noticed, that fair faces are by contrast best acted on by light colors, and dark faces by darker colors.

Dark faces are best affected by darker colors, evidently because they tend to render the complexion fairer; and fair faces do not require dark colors, because the opposition would be too strong.

Objects which constitute a background to the face, or which, on the contrary, reflect their hues upon it, always either improve or injure the complexion. For this and some other reasons, many persons look better at home in their apartments than in the streets. Apartments may, indeed, be peculiarly calculated to improve individual complexions.

OF MIND.

External indications as to mind may be derived from figure, from gait, and from dress.

As to figure, a certain symmetry or disproportion of parts (either of which depends immediately upon the locomotive system)--or a certain softness or hardness of form (which belongs exclusively to the vital system)--these reciprocally denote a locomotive symmetry or disproportion--or a vital softness or hardness--or a mental delicacy or coarseness, which will be found also indicated by the features of the face.

These qualities are marked in pairs, as each belonging to its respective system; for, without this, there can be no accurate or useful observation.

As to gait, that progression which advances, unmodified by any lateral movement of the body, or any perpendicular rising of the head, and which belongs exclusively to the locomotive system--or that soft lateral rolling of the body, which belongs exclusively to the vital system--or that perpendicular rising or falling of the head at every impulse to step, which belongs exclusively to the mental system--these reciprocally indicate a corresponding locomotive, or vital, or mental character, which will be found also indicated by the features of the face.

To put to the test the utility of these elements of observation and indication, let us take a few instances.--If, in any individual, locomotive symmetry of figure is combined with direct and linear gait, a character of mind and countenance not absolutely repulsive, but cold and insipid, is indicated. If vital softness of figure is combined, with a gentle lateral rolling of the body in its gait, voluptuous character and expression of countenance are indicated.--If delicacy of outline in the figure, be combined with perpendicular rising of the head, levity, perhaps vanity, is indicated.--But there are innumerable combinations and modifications of the elements which we have just described. Expressions of pride, determination, obstinacy, &c., are all observable.

The gait, however, is often formed, in a great measure, by local or other circumstances, by which it is necessary that the observer should avoid being misled.

Dress, as affording indications, though less to be relied on than the preceding, is not without its value. The woman who possesses a cultivated taste, and a corresponding expression of countenance, will generally be tastefully dressed; and the vulgar woman, with features correspondingly rude, will easily be seen through the inappropriate mask in which her milliner or dressmaker may have invested her.

OF HABITS.

External indications as to the personal habits of women are both numerous and interesting.

The habit of child-bearing is indicated by a flatter breast, a broader back, and thicker cartilages of the bones of the pubis, necessarily widening the pelvis.

The same habit is also indicated by a high rise of the nape of the neck, so that the neck from that point bends considerably forward, and by an elevation which is diffused between the neck and shoulders. These all arise from temporary distensions of the trunk in women whose secretions are powerful, from the habit of throwing the shoulders backward during pregnancy, and the head again forward, to balance the abdominal weight; and they bestow a character of vitality peculiarly expressive.

The same habit is likewise indicated by an excess of that lateral rolling of the body in walking, which was already described as connected with voluptuous character. This is a very certain indication, as it arises from temporary distensions of the pelvis, which nothing else can occasion. As in consequence of this lateral rolling of the body, and of the weight of the body being much thrown forward in gestation, the toes are turned somewhat inward, they aid in the indication.

The habit of nursing children is indicated, both in mothers and nursery-maids, by the right shoulder being larger and more elevated than the left.

The habits of the seamstress are indicated by the neck suddenly bending forward, and the arms being, even in walking, considerably bent forward or folded more or less upward from the elbows.

Habits of labor are indicated by a considerable thickness of the shoulders below, where they form an angle with the inner part of the arm; and, where these habits are of the lowest menial kind, the elbows are turned outward, and the palms of the hands backward.

OF AGE.

External indications of age are required chiefly where the face is veiled, or where the woman observed precedes the observer and may reasonably excite his interest.

In either of these cases, if the foot and ankle have lost a certain moderate plumpness, and assumed a certain sinewy or bony appearance, the woman has generally passed the period of youth.

If in walking, instead of the ball or outer edge of the foot first striking the ground, it is the heel which does so, then has the woman in general passed the meridian of life. Unlike the last indication, this is apparent, however the foot and ankle may be clothed.--The reason of this indication is the decrease of power which unfits the muscles to receive the weight of the body by maintaining the extension of the ankle-joint.

Exceptions to this last indication are to be found chiefly in women in whom the developments of the body are proportionally much greater, either from a temporary or a permanent cause, than those of the limbs, the muscles of which are consequently incapable of receiving the weight of the body by maintaining the extension of the ankle-joint.

THE IDEAL OF FEMALE BEAUTY;

OR A DESCRIPTION OF THE FAMOUS STATUE OF THE VENUS DE MEDICI.

The Venus de Medici at Florence is the most perfect specimen of ancient sculpture remaining; and is spoken of as the Model of Female Beauty. It was so much a favorite of the Greeks and Romans, that a hundred ancient repetitions of this statue have been noticed by travellers. This statue is said to have been found in the forum of Octavia at Rome. It represents woman at that age when every beauty has just been perfected.

"The Venus de Medici at Florence," says a distinguished writer, "is like a rose which, after a beautiful daybreak, expands its leaves to the first ray of the sun, and represents that age when the limbs assume a more finished form and the breast begins to develop itself."

The size of the head is sufficiently small to leave that predominance to the vital organs in the chest, which, as already said, makes the nutritive system peculiarly that of woman. This is the first and most striking proof of the profound knowledge of the artist, the principles of whose art taught him that a vast head is not a constituent of female beauty. In mentioning the head it is scarcely possible to avoid noticing the rich curls of hair.

The eyes next fix our attention by their soft, sweet, and glad expression. This is produced with exquisite art. To give softness, the ridges of the eyebrows are rounded. To give sweetness, the under eyelid, which I would call the expressive one, is slightly raised. To give the expression of gladness or of pleasure, the opening of the eyelids is diminished, in order to diminish, or partially to exclude, the excess of those impressions, which make even pleasure painful. Other exquisite details about those eyes, confer on them unparallelled beauty. Still, this look is far from those traits indicative of lasciviousness, with which some modern artists have thought to characterize their Venuses.

Art still profounder was perhaps shown in the configuration of the nose. The peculiar connexion of this sense with love was evidently well understood by the artist. Not only is smell peculiarly associated with love, in all the higher animals, but it is associated with reproduction in plants, the majority of which evolve delicious odors only when the flowers or organs of fructification are displayed. Connected, indeed, with the capacity of the nose, and the cavities which open into it, is the projection of the whole middle part of the face.

The mouth is rendered sweet and delicate by the lips being undeveloped at their angles, and by the upper lip continuing so, for a considerable portion of its length. It expresses love of pleasure by the central development of both lips, and active love by the especial development of the lower lip. By the slight opening of the lips, it expresses desire.

These exquisite details, and the omission of nothing intellectually expressive that nature presents, have led some to imagine the Venus de Medici to be a portrait. In doing so, however, they see not the profound calculation for every feature thus embodied. More strangely still, they forget the ideal character of the whole: the notion of this ideal head being too small, is especially opposed to such an opinion.

Withal, the look is amorous and languishing, without being lascivious, and is as powerfully marked by gay coquetry, as by charming innocence.

The young neck is exquisitely formed. Its beautiful curves show a thousand capabilities of motion; and its admirably-calculated swell over the organ of voice, results from, and marks the struggling expression of still mysterious love.

With regard to the rest of the figure, the admirable form of the mammae, which, without being too large, occupy the bosom, rise from it with various curves on every side, and all terminate in their apices, leaving the inferior part in each precisely as pendent as

gravity demands; the flexile waist gently tapering little farther than the middle of the trunk; the lower portion of it beginning gradually to swell out higher even than the umbilicus; the gradual expansion of the haunches, those expressive characteristics of the female, indicating at once her fitness for the office of generation and that of parturition--expansions which increase till they reach their greatest extent at the superior part of the thighs; the fulness behind their upper part, and on each side of the lower part of the spine, commencing as high as the waist, and terminating in the still greater swell of the distinctly-separated hips; the flat expanse between these, and immediately over the fissure of the hips, relieved by a considerable dimple on each side, and caused by the elevation of all the surrounding parts; the fine swell of the broad abdomen which, soon reaching its greatest height immediately under the umbilicus, slopes neatly to the mons veneris, but, narrow at its upper part, expands more widely as it descends, while, throughout, it is laterally distinguished by a gentle depression from the more muscular parts on the sides of the pelvis; the beautiful elevation of the mons veneris; the contiguous elevation of the thighs which, almost at their commencement rise as high as it does; the admirable expansion of these bodies inward, or toward each other, by which they almost seem to intrude upon each other, and to exclude each from its respective place; the general narrowness of the upper, and the unembraceable expansion of the lower part thus exquisitely formed;--all these admirable characteristics of female form, the mere existence of which in woman must, one is tempted to imagine, be even to herself, a source of ineffable pleasure--these constitute a being worthy, as the personification of beauty, of occupying the temples of Greece; present an object finer, alas! than nature seems even capable of producing; and offer to all nations and ages a theme of admiration and delight.

Well might Thomson say:--

"So stands the statue that enchants the world, So bending tries to veil the matchless boast, The mingled beauties of exulting Greece."

And Byron, in yet higher strain:--

"There, too, the goddess loves in stone, and fills The air around with beauty; within the pale We stand, and in that form and face behold What Mind can make, when Nature's self would fail; And to the fond idolaters of old Envy the innate flash which such a soul could mould.

We gaze and turn away, and know not where, Dazzled and drunk with beauty, till the heart Reels with its fulness; there--forever there-- Chained to the chariot of triumphal Art, We stand as captives, and would not depart."

THE FIRST KISS OF LOVE.

BY LORD BYRON.

Away with those fictions of flimsy romance! Those tissues of falsehood which folly has wove! Give me the mild beam of the soul-breathing glance, Or the rapture which dwells on the first kiss of love.

Ye rhymers, whose bosoms with phantasy glow, Whose pastoral passions are made for the grove, From what blest inspiration your sonnets would flow, Could you ever have tasted the first kiss of love!

I hate you, ye cold compositions of art; Though prudes may condemn me, and bigots reprove, I court the effusions that spring from the heart Which throbs with delight to the first kiss of love.

Oh! cease to affirm that man, since his birth, From Adam till now, has with wretchedness strove; Some portion of paradise still is on earth, And Eden revives in the first kiss of love.

When age chills the blood, when our pleasures are past-- For years fleet away with the wings of the dove-- The dearest remembrance will still be the last, Our sweetest memorial the first kiss of love.

THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA.

See Frontispiece.

The Princess of antiquity, most renowned for her personal charms, was in her unrivalled beauty, her mental perfections, her weaknesses, and the unhappy conclusion of an amorous existence the counterpart of the most beautiful queen of later times, the unfortunate Mary of Scotland.

Cleopatra was the daughter of Ptolemy Auletes, king of Egypt. She was early given to wife to her own brother, Ptolemy Dionysius, and ascended the throne conjointly with him, on the death of their father. It was doubtless the policy of the kingdom thus to preserve all the royal honors in one family--the daughter being the queen, as well as the son king of the country. But her ambitious and intriguing spirit, restrained by no ties of reciprocal love to her husband, who was also her brother, sought for means to burst a union at once unnatural and galling: and the opportunity at length arrived. Julius Caesar, the conqueror of the world, having pursued the defeated Pompey into Egypt, there beheld Cleopatra in the zenith of her beauty; and he before whose power the whole world was kneeling, prostrated himself before a pretty woman. The following is the account of her first introduction to Caesar, as given by the historian. It shows that she had no maidenly scruples as to the mode of attaining her ends.

Her intrigues to become sole monarch, had made her husband-brother banish her from the capital. Hearing of the arrival of Caesar, she got into a small boat, with only one male friend, and in the dusk of the evening made for the palace where Caesar as well as her husband lodged. As she saw it difficult to enter it undiscovered by her husband's friends, she rolled herself up in a carpet. Her companion tied her up at full length like a bale of goods, and carried her in at the gates to Caesar's apartments. This stratagem of hers, which was a strong proof of her wit and ingenuity, is said to have first opened her way to Caesar's heart, and her conquest advanced rapidly by the charms of her speech and person. The genius of Shakspeare has well depicted the power of her beauty at this time. He makes her to say, at a later period of life, when chagrined at the expected desertion of another lover,--

"Broad-fronted Caesar! When thou wast here above the ground, I was A morsel for a monarch: And great Pompey Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow; There would he fix his longing gaze, and die With looking on his life."

But Cleopatra, who was not less remarkable for her cunning than for her beauty, knowing that Caesar was resolved to be gratified at whatever cost, determined that the price should be a round one: the terms of his admission to her arms, were that Caesar should expel her brother from the kingdom, and give the crown to her; which Caesar complied with. Cleopatra had a son by Caesar called Caesarion.

In the civil wars which distracted the Roman empire after the death of Caesar, Cleopatra supported Brutus, against Antony and Octavius. Antony, in his expedition to Parthia, summoned her to appear before him. She arrayed herself in the most magnificent apparel, and appeared before her judge in the most captivating attire. Though somewhat older than when she drew Caesar to her arms, her charms were still conspicuous;

"Age could not wither her, nor custom stale Her infinite variety. Other women cloy The appetite they feed. But she made hungry Where most she satisfied."

Her artifice on this occasion succeeded; Antony became enamoured of her, and publicly married her, although his wife the sister of Octavius was living. He gave Cleopatra the greater part of the eastern provinces of the Roman empire. This behaviour was the cause of a rupture between Octavius and Antony; and these two celebrated generals met in battle at Actium, where Cleopatra, by flying with sixty sail of vessels, ruined the interest of Antony, and he was defeated. Cleopatra had retired to Egypt, where soon after Antony followed her. Antony stabbed himself upon the false information that Cleopatra was dead; and as his wound was not mortal, he was carried to the queen, who drew him up by a cord from one of the windows of the monument, where she had retired and concealed herself.

Antony soon after died of his wounds, and Cleopatra, after she had received pressing invitations from Octavius, and even pretended declarations of love, destroyed herself by the bite of an asp, not to fall into the conqueror's hands. She had previously attempted to stab herself, and had once made a resolution to starve herself. But the means by which she destroyed herself, is said to produce the easiest of deaths: the Asp is a small serpent found near the river Nile, so delicate that it may be concealed in a fig; and when presented to the vitals of the body, its bite is so deadly as to render medical skill useless, while at the same time it is so painless, that the victim fancies herself dropping into a sweet slumber, instead of the arms of death. So Cleopatra, while she is applying the venomous reptile to her bosom, (as represented in the Frontispiece,) is supposed to use language like the following,--

"Dost thou not see my baby at my breast, That sucks the nurse asleep?"

Thus, after having chained in her embrace the two greatest generals that the Roman empire had produced, Julius Caesar and Mark Antony, at the periods when they were respectively arbiters of the world's fate, perished Cleopatra by her own hand.

Cleopatra was a voluptuous and extravagant woman, and in one of the feasts she gave to Antony at Alexandria, she melted pearls into her drink to render the entertainment more sumptuous and expensive. She was fond of appearing dressed as a goddess; and

she advised Antony to make war against the richest nations, to support her debaucheries. Her beauty has been greatly commended, and her mental perfections so highly celebrated, that she has been described as capable of giving audience to the ambassadors of seven different nations, and of speaking their various languages as fluently as her own.

How vain are the possessions of beauty, power, personal and mental accomplishments, if to these are not united virtuous principles. All history, as well as all experience, is full of examples calculated to impress the great lesson that

"VIRTUE alone is HAPPINESS below."

AN ESSAY ON MATRIMONY.

Socrates, being asked, whether it were better for a man to marry, or to remain single, replied,--"Let him do either, he will repent of it."

The philosopher spoke 'like an oracle,' leaving the world as much in the dark as to his views of the comparative advantages of matrimony and celibacy, as they could have been before. But a vast majority of men have chosen, since they must repent of one or the other, to repent of marrying, deeming perhaps that this repentance is "_the repentance which needeth not to be repented of_."

We shall conclude our little treatise on "the sex," with a few remarks on the subject of--we were about to say--Happiness,--but as we are content that every married man and woman should judge for themselves as to the happiness of the married state, we will simply style it an ESSAY ON MATRIMONY.

No event is more important, and none is conducted, on many occasions, with less prudence, than Marriage. Providence has allowed the passions to exercise a powerful influence in this matter, otherwise the cares and anxieties with which it is attended would deter most persons from launching their bark of earthly happiness on the great ocean of matrimony. But too frequently the passions are the only guide, and these stimulate to bewilder: they exhibit pleasing and attractive imagery, and then the possession destroys the bliss.

Love is a pleasing but exciting passion. The eye is delighted by form, manners, and the expression of the features, the ears by musical language, and the imagination paints future joys; all of which contribute to one great principle, that of receiving happiness from those we love, and evincing love for those from whom we derive our happiness. As the crystal streams are absorbed by the sun, and distributed as brilliant clouds in the heavens, and then fall and run in their accustomed channels, and thus the rivers supply the clouds, and the vapors the rivers, so is the interchange between love and happiness. This will agree with the opinion that love may be occasioned suddenly, because enjoyment is expected; or it may arise gradually, because the unattractiveness which first existed, may be succeeded by attraction.

There was no appointment by nature of particular persons for each other; but we may expect among a great variety of occurrences to meet with some singular and astonishing coincidences. Human beings appear to be left in this respect, as in many others, to their own judgment. If they act discreetly, they enjoy the comfort of it; but if otherwise, they bring upon themselves a disadvantage.

The happiness arising from an union depends chiefly on the character of the persons who are concerned in it. If men and women were as consistent and virtuous as they should be, the connubial bond would be soft and pleasant; but as these effects do not always arise, where is the fault? Which is better, or more worthy, the male or the female sex? This is rather a difficult question; and let the palm of superior merit be awarded to either, the imputation of prejudice would be connected with the decision. But fortunately there is little difference: one varies from the other in particular qualities; but if the aggregate of merit be taken in each, the amount will not differ much. Education forms the principal variation: men are instructed in the more active and laborious employments, women in the more sedentary and domestic. Dr Southey says, that "if women are not formed of finer clay, there has been more of the dew of heaven to temper it." Richard Flecknoe, a contemporary with Dryden, observes of the female sex,--"I have always been conversant with the best and worthiest in all places where I came; and among the rest with ladies, in whose conversation, as in an academy of virtue, I learnt nothing but goodness, and saw nothing but nobleness." It must be granted, that women in general possess more of the sweetness and softness of human nature, while men are endowed with more vigorous virtues; women are gifted with more fortitude, and men with more valor.

Jeremy Taylor says,--"Marriage hath in it the labor of love, and the delicacies of friendship; the blessings of society, and the union of hands and hearts."

Cowper has also alluded to the advantages of a matrimonial settlement,--

"O friendly to the best pursuits of man, Friendly to thought, to virtue, and to peace, Domestic life in rural pleasure pass'd."

Marriage is frequently an union of interest: the happiness of one is made a source of enjoyment to the other. It is for life, because it is most agreeable with the inclination of mankind that friendship, esteem and love should be permanent. In this instance a continuance of the union constitutes no small part of the bliss. The expectation of a durable connection makes men careful, otherwise they would marry and unmarry every week. There is, by the arrangement of the Almighty, a comparative power or influence vested in the man, because, agreeably with all good government,--

"Some are, and must be, greater than the rest;"

but then, as Dr Beattie observes, "the superiority vested by law in the man is compensated to the woman by that superior complaisance which is paid them by every man who aspires to elegance of manners." And besides this, the husband has frequently the nominal, while the wife has the actual power:--

"Like as the helme doth rule the shippe,"

so she regulates all the household affairs. This is proper, when the husband allows it; and he ought to do so, when his wife is capable of managing these things; but when the inclinations of his Eve run perversely, when he is conscious that he has reason on his side, and she only folly, and yet he is vacillating and yielding, he is unmanly and inconsistent; he sacrifices future happiness to present peace. Every woman, it must be granted, is not a sensible one; and "there is nothing," as Lord Burleigh observed to his son, "more fulsome than a she foole." If Socrates had properly controlled his Xantippe before her disorder had increased beyond cure, it would have contributed to her happiness and his own. Prince Eugene observed, on one occasion, rather satirically, that love was a mere amusement, and calculated for nothing more than to enlarge the influence of the woman, and abridge the power of the man. Goldsmith's Hermit said to his lovely visiter,--

"And love is still an emptier sound, The modern fair one's jest; On earth unseen, or only found To warm the turtle's nest."

But love is an actual, a powerful, and a beneficial principle, if it be properly regulated. Among married persons there ought to be as much love as would induce either to yield in trifling matters; and there ought to be as much reason as would enable both to act correctly. Matrimony should be something like the union of the ivy and the oak: the latter is firm, and capable of supporting its more tender companion; the ivy, however, must follow in some measure the humors and windings of the oak; but they grow together, and the longer they continue the more closely they are united. There have been many instances of great attachment. Porcia, the wife of Brutus, when she heard of her husband's death swallowed burning coals that she might go with him. Alceste, wife of Admetus king of Thessaly, sacrificed herself for the safety of her husband. This monarch was ill; and when the oracle was consulted, it was declared that he would not recover except some friend would die for him; and as no one else would do so, the wife heroically drank a cup of poison. Paulina the wife of Seneca in his old age, was young, beautiful, and accomplished; and she was so much attached to her husband, that when the veins of Seneca were opened by the command of Nero, she caused her own to be cut, that she might also bleed to death. When Conrad III. had taken the town of Winsberg in Bavaria, he allowed only the women to go out; but they had leave to carry with them as much as they pleased. They loaded themselves, therefore, with their husbands and children, and brought them all out on their shoulders! When love is genuine; when professions are sincere, and the practice agreeable therewith; when health is enjoyed, and as many comforts as are necessary for this life; when children grow up in vigor, good behaviour, and mental improvement; when old age is solaced by the company of each other, and the kind attention of daughters and sons; then matrimony is a cause of happiness.

But if all these enjoyments were the lot of every married person, men would become too much contented with the present life, and they would scarcely think, as they sail on smoothly, of the haven, for which they are bound. Besides, the fascinations of domestic life would attract them from many duties which they owe to their fellow creatures. There are then many disadvantages connected with matrimony. There is so much ignorance, perverseness, undue inclination for power, disposition to contradict, anger, jealousy, hatred, and versatility among human beings that many unpleasant occurrences will necessarily arise, and especially in the marriage state, because here most of these feelings are brought into action, and are most sensibly felt by those who are subject to their influence. He that paints the experience of human life in brilliant colors only gives a flattering and deceptive representation,--he may just as well pretend that the heavens are always cloudless. People soon discover that there are sorrows in the world as well as joys, unpleasant as well as pleasant events; hence arises the advantage of examining, of pointing out, and endeavoring to avoid

"the ills which flesh is heir to." The perpetuity of marriage, under pleasing circumstances, is its most lovely character; but the same peculiarity, under a different aspect, is its principal source of misery. It is too frequently a state of bondage, "which thousands once fast-chained to quit no more." But what exists, and cannot be removed, should always be borne as patiently as possible; and thus we may keep a cheerful heart, when another, less prudent, would be gloomy. Besides, an ill temper makes every condition of life unhappy; a cheerful disposition will throw a gleam of sunshine over the scenery of a November day. Some people, very foolishly, make themselves uneasy because they are bound. Sir Jonah Barrington seems to think it a natural propensity. He says,--"The moment any two animals, however fond before, are fastened together by a chain they cannot break, they begin to quarrel without any apparent reason, and peck each other solely because they cannot get loose again." But it must be remembered that people enter into marriage with a knowledge of the permanency of the union, and perhaps they seldom repent, except they had been deceived; and this we may hope would not occur frequently. After the Romans had introduced a law of divorce, no respectable person, for the space of forty years, availed himself of it. Divorcement was much practised among the Jews, and was productive of great evil. One of the Jewish doctors asserted, that if a man beheld a woman who was handsomer than his wife, he might put away his wife and marry her; and thus all the wives in Judea, except the handsomest, might have been divorced. Josephus observes, on one occasion, very coolly,--"About this time I put away my wife, who had borne me three children, not being pleased with her manners."

One cause of unhappiness in a married state, is too little affection; and in other instances, although affection may be possessed, it is not shown. Montesquieu observes, "that women commonly reserve their love for their husbands until their husbands are dead." Sometimes a mortal hatred springs up, which induces a man, like Henry VIII., to cause the murder of those whom he has sworn to love and preserve; or a woman, like Livia, to poison her husband. Not only is a great dissimilarity of rank and condition a cause of dislike, but a great variation in age is frequently the cause of distrust and unhappiness. The proportion which Aristotle suggests (a man of thirty-seven to a woman of eighteen,) may be appropriate in one respect, but it is objectionable in others. The life of the female is just as long as that of the male; and the union of middle age and youth, where the one is twice as old as the other, will not always allow an uniformity of feelings and disposition. The case of Seneca (to which we have alluded,) and that of Sir Matthew Hale, are exceptions. Youth is generally gay, thoughtless, and frivolous; but life, in more advanced periods, is sober, thoughtful, and dignified. A husband should not be deemed a teacher or guardian for the wife so much as a companion; and the wife should not be considered as guardian for the husband: there ought to be a mutual sympathy, and in most respects an equality of influence.

Jealousy is a passion which allows the hapless possessor to enjoy neither rest nor confidence. It is frequently the companion of love. Shakspeare says,

"For where love reigns, disturbing jealousy Doth call himself affection's sentinel."

When this principle obtains possession of the breast, it destroys the health and spirits: the streams which gladden the heart become corrupted, and productive of rage and melancholy. Jealousy is like the snake which insidiously entwines itself around its victim; or like the bohun upas of Java, which diffuses death. The bright beams of hope, which cheered the possessor, and carried his vision to distant days and distant scenes of enjoyment, are all eclipsed by this pillar of darkness. Moliere the poet was endowed with an eminent genius--he was esteemed as the first wit in Europe; but his wife was faithless, and no enjoyment, or success, or honor could tranquillize his mind, and make him happy. The attractions of youth and beauty will sometimes excite an illicit passion, but the indulgence of this feeling is the path to anxiety and degradation. The female may be less faulty; but she will be the greater sufferer; for, with regard to her lawful companion, confidence is changed to timidity, love to hypocrisy, and a continual fear torments her, lest accident or malice should discover her imprudence. How dearly is the pleasure of a moment procured when it is purchased by years of unhappiness! On the other hand, it is extremely unreasonable for some persons to indulge as they do, their natural disposition of suspicion, and thus make others unhappy. Where virtue only exists, it is a most grievous hardship that the possessor should be subject to the penalty of vice. Nothing should be made with more caution than a decision in which the innocent may receive the odium which belongs to the guilty.

Sometimes the worst sort of accomplishments are brought by a lady into the marriage state: she may be capable of singing admirably, of dancing, of painting, of performing skilfully on the harp or piano, of making ingenious trinkets and ornaments; all this may be well enough for an unmarried lady, but of what use are they in a state of matrimony? It is true, that if she be favored with a handsome fortune, she may indulge herself agreeably with her inclination, and employ others to manage her household affairs; but not many are thus situated; and, even in this case, there are duties which belong to the wife, in regard to her husband and children, which would occupy pretty much of her time. It is still worse if she be fond of dissipation,--of routs, balls, and public amusements; if she fly abroad in pursuit of a phantom while domestic enjoyment is neglected. A good wife will endeavor to make herself happy at

home, and she will try to make all at home happy: she should endeavor to make the pathway of life cheerful by her smiles and attention, so that her husband may be delighted with his dwelling, and find it his happiest place; and that the children may be regulated with all necessary care.

A good temper is essential for matrimonial happiness. An habitually irritable or gloomy disposition is a source of misery to the possessor and to others. A dark and murky cave could as well throw out a cheerful lustre, as a surly person communicate happiness to those around him. Obstinacy must not be indulged by either party; for, as the bond of union cannot be easily broken, if one be perverse the other must bend. If two trees be bound tightly together, and both be stiff, the cords will probably break; if not immediately, they will when the cords become weaker: and thus with regard to matrimony, what God has joined together, the perversity of human beings will put asunder. Obstinacy in trifling matters in the marriage state is an evidence of little love and a bad heart; but if trifling matters appear important, and the gaining of every point be as the taking of a citadel, the person is wrong in his judgment; he is insane, or partially so. Many worthy women have been cursed with worthless husbands; but, unfortunately, the grievances of the female sex have been less frequently known than those of the men; for women are not authors, and men are frequently so; consequently, in all estimates of the comparative merit of the sexes, it must be remembered that more has been said on the one side than on the other. Home, however, is the castle of the wife, if she be a good one; here she keeps her permanent abode, agreeably with the injunction of St. Paul. The husband is absent the principal part of his time, may there not therefore, on some occasions, be too greet an inclination in the lady to consider herself as the governor of the establishment, while the husband may be deemed a visiter, rather than the master? This would not arise in the breast of an amiable and affectionate wife, but it has sometimes arisen; for, unfortunately, all wives have not been good ones. Jerome Cardan was so unfortunate as to have a wife who was proverbial for her ill temper and arbitrary conduct. John Knox said of Lord Erskine, "He has a very Jezebel to his wife." Salmasius, the opponent of Milton, was made perpetually uneasy by a similar thorn. The unfortunate husband was a Frenchman, and Milton said (as Dr Johnson observes,) "Tu es Gallus, et, ut aiunt, nimium gallinaceus." Milton himself seems to have suffered from a similar cause, for he evinces so much hostility to the female sex, that no other reason would so naturally account for it. He exclaims,

"O why did God, Creator wise, that peopled highest Heaven With spirits masculine, create at last This novelty on earth, this fair defect Of nature, and not fill the world at once With men and angels without feminine?"

Milton adds a great deal more, which, if he had a high opinion of woman, even his anxiety to make his character of Adam consistent would not have demanded. An amiable temper on the part of a wife, with her own natural softness, and an inclination to yield in unimportant matters, will not only increase love, but power; for in this respect, agreeably to the opinion of Prince Eugene, love is power.

Marriage is sometimes made a matter of mere convenience; people enter into it with as much indifference as they would into any other speculation, and when one companion dies they take another. In the book of Tobit we have an account of Sara, the daughter of Raguel, who had been favored with seven husbands, whom "Asmodeus the evil spirit had killed." Love must be exceedingly pliable, it must be love to man, and not to a man, that would suffer a woman to transfer her affections seven times. It would be a ludicrous occurrence, if, upon any particular occasion, a man's three or four wives, or a woman's three or four husbands, should "burst their cerements," and visit their former dwelling. What astonishment! What uplifted hands and distended eyeballs! What speechlessness and violent speeches,--reproaches and animosities! When the Duke of Rutland was Viceroy of Ireland, Sir John Hamilton attended one of his Grace's levees. "This is timely rain," said the Duke, "it will bring every thing above ground."--"I hope not, my Lord," replied Sir John, "for I have three wives there." Marriage may be well extended to two wives and two husbands in succession; this, in some cases, is necessary; but when it goes to three or four it is objectionable. The man who moves from place, sometimes living here and sometimes there, will never gain a pure and ardent love of home; by the same rule, a succession of wives will only induce an habitual or mechanical regard to the wife for the time being; in the same way as loyalty may be transferred from one sovereign to another. Besides, a family with different degrees of relationship and with different interests is formed, and this contributes nothing towards domestic tranquillity. There may be some particular cases in which the evils to which we have alluded may not arise; these may be deemed exceptions.

There are some sorrows peculiar to matrimony; and some which, though they fall on other conditions of life, are felt more heavily when they intrude themselves within the boundary of connubial love. Poverty and sickness are more grievous evils under circumstances of this sort; because a man feels not only for himself, but for others. How dreadful must it be when the husband beholds his wife in squalid misery. What are the feelings of a mother when she sees her innocent children suffering from hunger! And when the iron hand of affliction presses upon the brow of a husband or a wife, and the sharp arrows of pain occasion groans, is

there not an almost equal anguish is the breast of an affectionate partner? And when the heavy clouds of sorrow gather around at the anticipated separation of those who had lived in the bonds of harmony--when the chilly arms of death are held out to clasp him, or her, who had been used to a more tender embrace, how dreadful is that period! Is not the woe of separating generally in the same proportion as the bliss of uniting? And is it not a valuable loan to be paid by a mighty sacrifice?

Unhappiness may be occasioned by indulging an undue degree of love. Sentimental bliss is generally followed by sentimental sorrow; consequently, people may love one another too ardently, so as to make the thought of parting a source of misery. If two plants grow up together, imparting to each other shelter and fragrance, it may contribute to their mutual advantage; but if they become so closely united as to grow from the same stalk, and depend on the same nutriment, then take away one, and both will perish. Connubial love should, therefore, be regulated by reason. Extremes are seldom durable. Violent love in the marriage state may change to hatred; and an unusual quantity expended on the husband or wife, may occasion a lesser degree of regard towards others. It is not an uncommon event for external enemies to occasion harmony at home; and harmony at home, or the yielding to the foolish notions of each other, may occasion enemies without. So difficult is it to act consistently, and to live in peace with all men! But the Scripture demands it, and we have a long period for studying our lesson.

In matrimony it is necessary that many things should contribute to a permanency of enjoyment. A good temper on both sides; property enough to supply the wants of a family; good health; children--not too many, nor too few, nor all of one sex; a continuance in each other's society, till both pass away gradually as the twilight into darkness: but, if chilly poverty exert its influence; if the husband or the wife be ill-tempered; if he or she be unfaithful or jealous; if love be followed by hatred; if one be taken, and the other left in solitude; if children be imperfect in birth, or habitually sickly, or drop off in early years as unripe fruit; if sons prove vicious, and daughters bring disgrace on themselves and their families; if the extravagance of children bring their aged parents in sorrow to the grave; where, then, will be the pleasure of matrimony? The cares of a family, when the family is large and unruly, are more perplexing than the cares of a state. Cardan confessed, that out of four great troubles which he had experienced, two arose from his children. When Thales was asked why he did not marry, he replied, "because I want no children." One of the ancient sages was so much impressed with the disappointments and anxieties of matrimony, that when he was asked, at what time, a man should marry? replied, "If he be young, not yet; if older, not at all."

This sentiment however, so repugnant to all our ideas of social improvement, as well as to the command of our Creator, who presented woman to man as a helpmate, because it was not good that he should live alone, and demanded of them to "be fruitful and multiply," will find no advocates except among the disappointed, the ignorant, and the abandoned. "The love of woman" is a feeling too deeply rooted in the breast of man, and the reality of domestic felicity has been too long tested by experience, for either to be sacrificed on the altar of the revilers of matrimony, whether they be libertines, weak husbands, or misnamed "philosophers."

The dearest boon from Heaven above, Is bliss which brightly hallows home, 'Tis sunlight to the world of love, And life's pure wine without its foam. There is a sympathy of heart Which consecrates the social shrine, Robs grief of gloom and doth impart A joy to gladness all divine.

+----------+ | | | Transcriber's Note | | | | Obvious typographical errors have been corrected. Details | | are provided in the source of the associated html version. | | Archaic spellings have been retained. | | | +----------+

==========

A Black Adonis

Linn Boyd Porter

Project Gutenberg Release: September 12, 2008 · eBook #26599

E-text prepared by Mark C. Orton, Linda McKeown, and the Project Gutenberg Online Distributed Proofreading Team (http://www.pgdp.net)

Transcriber's note:

Every effort has been made to replicate this text as faithfully as possible; please see detailed list of printing issues at the end of the text.

A BLACK ADONIS.

by

ALBERT ROSS.

* * * * *

THE ALBATROSS NOVELS

By ALBERT ROSS

23 Volumes

May be had wherever books are sold at the price you paid for this volume

Black Adonis, A Garston Bigamy, The Her Husband's Friend His Foster Sister His Private Character In Stella's Shadow Love at Seventy Love Gone Astray Moulding a Maiden Naked Truth, The New Sensation, A Original Sinner, An Out of Wedlock Speaking of Ellen Stranger Than Fiction Sugar Princess, A That Gay Deceiver Their Marriage Bond Thou Shalt Not Thy Neighbor's Wife Why I'm Single Young Fawcett's Mabel Young Miss Giddy

G. W. DILLINGHAM CO. Publishers :: :: New York

* * * * *

A BLACK ADONIS.

by

ALBERT ROSS.

Author of "Out of Wedlock," "Speaking of Ellen," "Thou Shalt Not," "Why I'm Single," "Love at Seventy," Etc., Etc.

"You see!" he answered, bitterly. "Because I am black I cannot touch the hand of a woman that is white. And yet you say the Almighty made of one blood all nations of the earth!"--Page 212.

New York: Copyright, 1896, by G. W. Dillingham. G. W. Dillingham Co., Publishers. [All rights reserved.]

CONTENTS.

Chapter Page

I. A Rejected Manuscript 9

II. "Was my story too bold?" 23

III. "Her feet were pink" 35

IV. With Titian Tresses 49

V. Studying Miss Millicent 65

VI. "How the women stare!" 79

VII. A Dinner at Midlands 93

VIII. Holding Her Hand 99

IX. "Daisy, my darling!" 110

X. "Oh, so many, many maids!" 121

XI. Archie Pays Attention 136

XII. Dining at Isaac's 143

XIII. A Question of Color 155

XIV. "Let us have a betrayal" 166

XV. The Green-Eyed Monster 177

XVI. "I've had such luck!" 190

XVII. A Burglar in the House 198

XVIII. Black and White 204

XIX. "Play out your farce" 215

XX. Like a Stuck Pig 226

XXI. "We want Millie to understand" 238

XXII. Where Was Daisy? 246

XXIII. An Awful Night 254

XXIV. "This ends it, then?" 263

XXV. An Undiscoverable Secret 273

XXVI. "I played, and I lost" 282

XXVII. Absolutely Blameless 292

XXVIII. Trapping a Wolf 301

XXIX. "The Greatest Novel" 309

TO MY READERS.

I do not know how better to use the space that the printer always leaves me in this part of the book than to redeem the promise I made at the end of my last novel, and tell you in a few words what became of Blanche Brixton Fantelli and her husband.

But, do you really need to be told?

Could they have done anything else than live in connubial felicity, after the man had proved himself so noble and the woman had learned to appreciate him at his true worth?

Well, whether they could or not, they didn't. Blanche is the happiest of wedded wives. She still holds to her theory that marriage is based on wrong principles, and that the contract as ordinarily made is frightfully immoral; but she says if all men were like "her Jules" there would be no trouble.

In this she proves herself essentially feminine. She is learning, albeit a little late, that man was not made to live alone, and that the love a mother feels for her child is not the only one that brings joy to a woman's breast.

Fantelli does not claim that Blanche is his property. He is her lover still, even though he has gained the law's permission to be her master. He recognizes that she has rights in herself that are inviolable. This is why they live together so contentedly. She would not be his mate on any other terms.

If it is not the ideal existence, it is very near it. As near as a man and woman who care for the world's opinion can live it in these days.

And now, with heartfelt thanks for the continued favor of the reading public, which I am conscious is far beyond my desert, I bid a temporary farewell to American shores. By the time this book is on the shelves of the dealers I shall be on European soil, there to remain, I trust, for the better part of a year. Wherever I am, my thoughts will always turn to you who have made these journeys possible, and there as here my pen will continue devoted to your service.

ALBERT ROSS.

Cambridge, Mass., _June 1, 1895._

A BLACK ADONIS.

CHAPTER I.

A REJECTED MANUSCRIPT.

"A letter for Mr. Roseleaf," he heard his landlady say to the chambermaid. And he was quite prepared to hear the girl reply, in a tone of surprise:

"For Mr. Roseleaf! This is the first letter he has had since he came."

The young man referred to stood just within his chamber door, waiting with some anxiety for the letter to be brought to him. He was about twenty years of age, of medium height, with rather dark complexion, curling hair and expressive eyes, and with a natural delicacy of manner that made him seem almost feminine at first view.

He had the greatest possible interest in the letter that the postman had just brought, but he was far too polite to disturb the landlady or her servant, who were not yet through with it.

"You can see that it is from a publishing house," commented Mrs. Ranning, inspecting the envelope with care. "It is from Cutt & Slashem, who bring out more novels than any other firm in the city. I told you he was some kind of a writer. Perhaps they are going to publish a book for him! If they do he will leave us for finer quarters. Novelists make a mint of money, I have heard. We must do our best to keep him as long as we can. Be very polite to him, Nellie. He appears to be an excellent young man."

Shirley Roseleaf's anxiety to get possession of his letter was not lessened by this conversation. It seemed as if his entire future hung on the contents of that envelope tarrying so long in Nellie's hands. The great publishers, Cutt & Slashem, had had a manuscript of his in their hands for nearly a fortnight. When they had definitely accepted it, his path would be perfectly clear. If they rejected it--but he had not got so far as that.

The manuscript was a romance--a romance of love! Its author had spent a great deal of time upon it. He had rewritten it with care, and finally made a neat copy, of which he was very proud. Then he had thought a long time over the question of a publishing firm. Cutt & Slashem stood at the top of their profession, and they finally received the preference. With the MSS. Roseleaf sent a pretty note, in which he included a delicate compliment on their success. The MSS. and the note were arranged tastefully in a neat white package and tied with pink twine.

After all of those precautions it is no wonder that the novelist felt surprise when days passed and no reply was sent to him. But never at any time was he discouraged. Had they intended to reject the novel, he reasoned, they could as easily have done so in three days as ten.

He pictured the members of the firm hugging themselves over their good fortune, passing the manuscript from one to the other, all eager for a taste of such a marvelous work. He did not think it egotism to believe they did not get stories like that every day.

His thoughts flew rapidly as Nellie slowly climbed the stairs. Now he would be famous, he would be courted, he would be envied! He would also be very, very rich, though that was not of so much account.

As Nellie handed him the letter he responded to her pleasant smile with one of his own, and even pressed a twenty-five cent piece into her hand. Then he closed his door behind him, bolting it in his eagerness to be alone. The morning was foggy, and he sank into a chair by the window, the only part of the room where he could see to read distinctly.

There was an attraction about the envelope. It was light buff in color, bearing the address of Cutt & Slashem in large letter on one side of the front face, besides the names of several of the most famous authors whose publishers the firm had the happiness to be.

"Shirley Roseleaf!" It would not look so badly in print.

So lost was he in the pleasant pictures which these thoughts conjured up that it was some minutes before he tore open the envelope. Then his astounded eyes rested upon these lines:

"Messrs. Cutt & Slashem regret to be obliged to decline with thanks the MSS. of M. Shirley Roseleaf, and request to be informed what disposition he desires made of the same."

Roseleaf read this dizzily. For some moments he could not understand what that sentence meant. "Obliged to decline" was plain enough; but his confused mind found some grains of comfort in the request of the firm to know what he wished done with his manuscript. They must, he reasoned, consider it of value, or they would not respond in that courteous manner. Still, he could not comprehend how they had had the asininity to "decline" it at all.

Were they unwilling to add another star to their galaxy?

Could they actually have read the tale?

A firm of their reputation, too!

When Roseleaf emerged from his temporary stupor it was into a state of great indignation. Why, the men were fools! He wished heartily he had never gone to them. They would yet see the day when, with tears in their eyes, they would regret their lack of judgment. His first act should be to go to their office and express his opinion of their stupidity, and then he would take his MSS. to some rival house. And never, never in the world--after he had become famous, and when every publisher on both sides of the Atlantic were besieging him--never, he said, should these ignorant fellows get a scrap of his writing, not even if they offered its weight in gold!

He was too excited for delay, and donning his hat, he took his way with all speed to Cutt & Slashem's office. At that instant he had more faith in his novel than ever. As he walked rapidly along he compared it with some of the stories issued by the firm that had rejected it, to the great disadvantage of the latter.

"I wish to see Mr. Cutt or Mr. Slashem," he said, imperiously, as he entered the counting room.

"Both are in," said the office boy, imperturbably. "Which will you have?"

"I will see them together."

Had they been tigers, fresh from an Indian jungle, it would have made no difference to him.

The boy asked for his card, vanished with it, returned and bade him follow. Up a flight of stairs they went, then to the left, then to the right, then across a little hall. A door with the name of the house and the additional word "Private" loomed before them.

"Come in!" was heard in response to the knock of the office boy.

Roseleaf entered, something slower than a cannon ball, and yet considerably faster than a snail. The two principal members of the firm were sitting together, with lighted cigars in their mouths, examining a lot of paper samples that lay upon a table. They did no more at first than glance up and nod, not having finished the business upon which they were engaged.

"Is it any better than the last?" asked Mr. Slashem, referring to the sample his partner was examining.

"It's just as good, at least," was the answer. "And an eighth of a cent a pound less. I think we had better order five hundred reams."

"Five hundred reams," repeated the other, slowly, making a memorandum in a little book that he carried. "And the other lot we'll wait about, eh? Paper is not very steady. It's gone off a sixteenth since Thursday."

This conversation only served to infuriate still more the visitor who stood waiting to pour out his wrath. Were these men wasting time over fractions of a cent in the price of stock, just after they had rejected one of the greatest romances of modern times!

With the precision of a duplex machine both partners finally looked up from the table at the young man.

"Mr. Shirley Roseleaf?" said Mr. Slashem, interrogatively, glancing at the card that the office boy had brought.

"Yes, sir!" was the sharp and disdainful reply.

"We need nothing in your line," interrupted Mr. Cutt. "I suppose Mr. Trimm has our other order well under way?"

The look of indignant protest that appeared in Roseleaf's face caused Mr. Slashem to speak.

"This is not Mr. Roseberg," he explained. "My partner took you for an agent of our bookbinder," he added.

The novelist thought his skin would burst.

"I am quite complimented," he said, in an icy tone. "Let me introduce myself. I am the author of 'Evelyn's Faith.'"

The partners consulted each other.

"The similarity of names confused me," said Mr. Cutt. "Is your book one that we have published?"

Saints and angels!

"It is one that was sent to you _for_ publication," replied Roseleaf, with much heat, "and has been returned this morning--_rejected_!"

"Ah!" said Mr. Cutt.

"We have nothing to do with that department," said Mr. Slashem, coming to the rescue. "You should see Mr. Gouger, on the second floor above; though if he has rejected your story a visit would be quite useless. He never decides a matter without sufficient reason."

"Oh, dear, no!" added Mr. Cutt, feeling again of the paper samples.

Shirley Roseleaf listened with wild incredulity.

"Do you mean to tell me," he said, "that you, the members of the firm of Cutt & Slashem, have rejected my story without even reading it?"

The partners glanced at each other again.

"We never read books," said Mr. Cutt.

"Never," said Mr. Slashem, kindly. "We have things much more important to attend to. We pay Mr. Gouger a large salary. Why, my young friend, there are probably a dozen manuscripts received at our office every week. If we were to try to _read_ them, who do you think would attend to the _essential_ points of our business?"

Roseleaf's contempt for the concern was increasing at lightning speed. He did not care to mince his words, for it could make no difference now.

"I should imagine that the selection of the books you are to print would be at least as important as the paper you are to use," he retorted.

Mr. Cutt looked at him in great astonishment.

"You are much mistaken," said he.

"Entirely mistaken," confirmed Mr. Slashem.

The author had no desire to remain longer, as it was evident he was losing his temper to no purpose. If it was Mr. Gouger who had rejected his work, it was Mr. Gouger that he must see.

Bowing with ironical grace to the examiners of printing paper, he took leave of them, and mounted to the sanctum of the man who he had been told was the arbiter of his fate. A girl with soiled hands pointed out the room, for there was nothing to indicate it upon the dingy panel of the door; and presently Roseleaf stood in the presence of the individual he believed at that moment his worst enemy.

There were two men in the room. One of them indicated with a motion of his hand that the other was the one wanted, and with a second motion that the caller might be seated. Mr. Gouger was partly hidden behind a desk, engaged in turning over a heap of manuscript, and it appeared from the manner of his companion that he did not wish to be disturbed.

Somewhat cooled down by this state of affairs, the young novelist took the chair indicated and waited several minutes.

"What d--d nonsense they are sending me these days!" exclaimed Mr. Gouger at last, thrusting the sheets he had been scanning back into the wrapper in which they had come, without, however, raising his eyes from his desk. "Out of a hundred stories I read, not three are fit to build a fire with! This thing is written by a girl who ought to take a term in a grammar school. She has no more idea of syntax than a lapdog. Her father writes that he is willing to pay a reasonable sum to have it brought out. Why, Cutt & Slashem couldn't afford to put their imprint on that rot for fifty thousand dollars!"

He had finished saying this before he learned that a third person was in the room. Upon making this discovery he lowered his voice, as if regretting having exhibited too great warmth before a stranger. The novelist rose and handed him a card, and as Mr. Gouger glanced at the name a gleam of recognition lit up his face.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Roseleaf," he said. "I had half a notion to ask you to call, when I felt obliged to send you that note yesterday. There are several things I would like to say to you. Archie, perhaps you would let us have the room for a few minutes."

The last remark was addressed familiarly to the man who occupied the third chair, and who looked so disheartened at the prospect of having to rise therefrom that Roseleaf hastened to express a hope that he would not do so on his account.

"Very well," said Mr. Gouger, abruptly. "You heard what I said about this copy I have just read, though it was not my intention that you should. I supposed I was talking only to Mr. Weil, who is not in the profession and does not expect to be. Now, let me say at once, Mr. Roseleaf, that your contribution is not open to any of the objections I have cited. You have evidently been well educated. Your English is pure and forcible. It is a real delight to read your pages. Every line shows the greatest care in construction. I did with your story what I have not done with another for a long time--I read it through. Why then did I reject it?"

The question was too great for the one most interested to answer, but in the glow of pleasure that the compliment brought he forgot for the moment his bitter feelings.

"Possibly," he suggested, "Cutt & Slashem have more novels on hand than they feel like producing at present."

"No," responded Mr. Gouger, disposing of that theory in one breath. "A house like ours would never reject a really desirable manuscript. If you will reflect that only one or two of this description are produced each year you will the more readily understand me. Your story has a cardinal fault for which no excellence of style or finish can compensate. Shall I tell you what it is, and before this gentleman?"

He indicated Mr. Weil as he spoke. Roseleaf's heart sank. For the first time he felt a deadly fear.

"Tell me, by all means," he responded, faintly.

Mr. Gouger's face bore its gentlest expression at that moment. He was taking valuable time, time that belonged to his employers, to say something that must temporarily disappoint, though in the end it might benefit his hearer.

"Let me repeat," he said, "that your work is well written, and that I have read it with the greatest interest. Its fault--an insuperable one--is that it lacks fidelity to nature. Mr. Roseleaf, I think I could gauge your past life with tolerable accuracy merely from what that manuscript reveals."

The novelist shook his head. There was not a line of autobiography in those pages, and he told his critic so.

"Oh, I understand," replied Mr. Gouger. "But this I have learned: Your life has been marvelously colorless. Yet, in spite of that, you have undertaken to write of things of which you know nothing, and about which, I may add, you have made very poor guesses."

Mr. Weil, leaning back in his chair, began to show a decided interest. Mr. Roseleaf, sitting upright, in an attitude of strained attention, inquired what Mr. Gouger meant.

"Well, for instance, this," responded the critic: "You attempt to depict the sensations of love, though you have never had a passion. Can you expect to know how it feels to hold a beautiful girl in your arms, when you never had one there? You put words of temptation into the mouth of your villain which no real scamp would think of using, for their only effect would be to alarm your heroine. You talk of a planned seduction as if it were part of an oratorio. And you make your hero so superlatively pure and sweet that no woman formed of flesh and blood could endure him for an hour."

The color mounted to Roseleaf's face. He felt that this criticism was not without foundation. But presently he rallied, and asked if it were necessary for a man to experience every sensation before he dared write about them.

"Do you suppose," he asked, desperately, "that Jules Verne ever traveled sixty thousand leagues under the sea or made a journey to the moon?"

Mr. Weil could not help uttering a little laugh. Mr. Gouger struck his hands together and clinched them.

"No," said he. "But he could have written neither of those wonderful tales without a knowledge of the sciences of which they treat."

"He has read, and I have read," responded Roseleaf. "What is the difference?"

"He has studied, and you have not," retorted the critic. "That makes all the difference in the world. He has a correct idea of the structure of the moon and what should be found in the unexplored caverns of the ocean; while you, in total ignorance, have attempted to deal in a science to which these are the merest bagatelles! You know as little of the tides that control the heart of a girl as you do of the personal history of the inhabitants of Jupiter! Your powers of description are good; those of invention feeble. Either throw yourself into a love affair, till you have learned it root and branch, or never again try to depict one."

Mr. Archie Weil smiled and nodded, as if he entirely agreed with the speaker.

"What a novel _I_ could make, my dear fellow!" he exclaimed, "if I only had the talent. I have had experiences enough, but I could no more write them out than I could fly."

"It is quite as well," was the response, "your women would all be Messalinas and fiction has too many now."

"Not _all_ of them, Lawrence," was the quick and meaning reply.

"In that case," said Gouger, "I wish heartily you could write. The world is famishing for a real love story, based on modern lines, brought up to date. I tell you, there has been nothing satisfactory in that line since Goethe's day."

Mr. Weil suggested Balzac and Sand.

"Why don't you include George William Reynolds?" inquired Gouger, with a sneer. "Neither of them wrote until they were depraved by contract with humanity. If we could get a young man of true literary talent to see life and write of it as he went along, what might we not secure? But I have no more time to spare, Mr. Roseleaf. I was sorry to be obliged to reject your story. Some day, when you have seen just a little of the world, begin again on the lines I have outlined, and come here with the result."

Quite dispirited, now that the last plank had slipped from under him, the novelist walked slowly down the stairs. He did not even ask for his manuscript. After what he had heard, it did not seem worth carrying to his lodgings. His plans were shipwrecked. Instead of

the fame and fortune he had hoped for, he felt the most bitter disappointment. All his bright dreams had vanished.

A step behind him quicker than his own, made him aware that some one was following him, and presently a voice called his name. It was Mr. Archie Weil, who had put himself to unusual exertion, and required some seconds to recover his breath before he could speak further.

"I want you to come over to my hotel and have a little talk with me," he said. "Gouger has interested me in you immensely. I believe, as he says, that you have the making of a distinguished author, and I want to arrange a plan by which you can carry out his scheme."

Mr. Roseleaf stared doubtfully at his companion.

"What scheme?" he said, briefly.

"Why, of imparting to you that knowledge of the world which will enable you to draw truthful portraits. You have the art, he says, the talent, the capacity--whatever you choose to call it. All you lack is experience. Given that, you would make a reputation second to none. What can be plainer than that you should acquire the thing you need without delay?"

"The 'thing I need'?" repeated Roseleaf, dolefully.

Mr. Weil laughed, delightfully.

"Yes!" he explained. "What you need is a friend able to interest you, to begin with. Pardon me if I say I may be described by that phrase. Come to my hotel a little while and let us talk it over."

It was not an opportunity to be refused, in Roseleaf's depressed condition, and the two men walked together to the Hoffman House, where Mr. Weil at that time made his home.

CHAPTER II.

"WAS MY STORY TOO BOLD?"

"Well, Millie, your letter has come," said Mr. Wilton Fern, as he entered the parlor of his pleasant residence, situated about twenty miles from the limits of New York City. "Open it as quick as you can, and learn your fate."

His daughter started nervously from her seat near the window, where she had been spending the previous hour in speculations regarding the very missive that was now placed in her hands. She was a handsome girl, neither blonde nor brunette, with eyes of hazel gray and hair of that color that moderns call Titian red. She took the envelope that her father gave her, and though she wanted intensely to know the contents she hesitated to open it.

"Read it, Millie," smiled Mr. Fern. "Let us learn whether we have an authoress in our house who is destined to become famous."

But this remark made Miss Millicent less willing than before to open the letter in her father's presence. She slowly left the room without answering and did not break the seal of her communication till she was in the seclusion of her chamber.

And it was quite a while, even then, before she summoned the necessary courage. Some days previous she had sent a MSS. to the great publishing house of Cutt & Slashem. The writing had taken up the best of her time for a year. She had high hopes that it was destined to lay the foundation of an artistic success. Her plot was novel, not to say startling. It was entirely out of the conventional order. It would be certain to arouse talk and provoke comment, if it got into print; and to make sure that it _would_ get into print she had persuaded her father to write a little note, which she enclosed with the MSS., saying that he would pay a cash bonus, if the firm demanded it, to guarantee them against possible loss.

With this note in her mind, Miss Millicent had felt little doubt that her story would be accepted and printed. She only wondered how warmly they would praise her work. It was not enough to have them print it; she wanted something to justify her in saying to her father, "There, you see I was not wrong after all in thinking I could have a literary career!"

At last the envelope was removed, and the girl's astonished eyes lit upon this cold, dry statement:

"Messrs. Cutt & Slashem regret to be obliged to decline with thanks the MSS. of Miss M. Fern, and request to be informed what disposition she desires made of the same."

Millicent felt a ringing in her ears. Her hands grew clammy. A dull pain pressed on her forehead. She felt a faintness, a sinking at the heart. Was it possible she had read aright? Rejected, in this cruel way, without even a reference to her father's offer! It was atrocious, and, girl-like, she burst into a spasm of weeping.

How could she ever face her father? The sacrifices she had made came back to her, sacrifices of which she had thought little at the time, but which now seemed gigantic. There had been nights when she had not gone to bed till three, other nights when she had been too full of her subject to sleep and had risen in the small hours to finish some particularly interesting chapter. Twelve hundred pages there were in all, note size, in her large, round, almost masculine hand. And this time was all lost! She had mistaken her vocation. The greatest publishing house in the country had decided against her.

Gradually she dried her eyes. It would do no good to weep. She read the curt answer that had come in the mail, a dozen times. Why could not the firm have sent her a reason, an excuse that meant something? She wanted to know wherein her fault lay. It might be possible to correct it. Perhaps the state of business was to blame. The more she thought, the more determined she grew to investigate this strange affair, and within an hour she had donned her street clothes and started, without saying anything to the rest of the household of her intention, for the office of Cutt & Slashem in the city.

She knew that each large concern had one or more "readers," on whose judgment they relied in such matters. She, therefore, paused only long enough at the counting-room to get directed to Mr. Gouger. Her knock on the critic's door brought forth a loud "Come in," and as she entered she saw two men standing with hats in their hand, as if about to take their departure.

"I beg your pardon," she said, "but I wish to see Mr. Gouger."

"That is my name," responded one of the men, stepping forward.

"I am Miss Fern."

Mr. Gouger did not seem very glad to hear it. The hour of one had just struck, and he was about to go to his lunch. He recognized the girl's name, as that of the author of the MSS. he had criticized so severely to his friend, Weil, who was, by-the-way, the third person in the room at this moment. Had she sent up her card, as is usual with women, he would have avoided seeing her at any hazard.

Mr. Weil took a long survey of the young lady, and then retired to the vicinity of the front windows. He pretended to interest himself in the rush of traffic that was going on in the street below, but he missed nothing of what was said, and stole from time to time a glance at his two companions, particularly the younger one.

"A mighty pretty girl," was his mental comment. "I hope Lawrence isn't going to be nasty with her."

Mr. Gouger motioned Miss Fern rather stiffly to a seat.

"I do not wish to detain you," she said, with feminine inconsistency, as she accepted it. "I only want to know, if you will be so kind as to tell me, what is the trouble with my story."

The critic was pleased at one thing. Miss Fern's voice was reasonably clear. She had finished her weeping at home. There was to be no scene, something he dreaded, and in the course of his connection with this house he had experienced scores of them. He inspected his caller critically in the few seconds that elapsed while she was asking this question, and when she paused he decided to answer her with as much of the truth as he dared use.

"The fact is," he began, "a firm like ours is unable to use more than one novel out of fifty that is submitted to it. Of our friends who send us manuscripts, the vast majority must, therefore, be disappointed. Now, your story--shall I be frank?"

"By all means," answered Miss Fern.

"Your story, though written with spirit and power, needs a great deal of revision from a--from a rhetorical standpoint. It is, in fact, carelessly put together. That is a cardinal fault in a literary production, and one for which no amount of talent, or even of genius, can compensate."

The girl listened with deep interest. She tried to think where the blemishes alluded to could be, for she had read the story twenty times. To say nothing of several girl friends, who had listened with evident wonder and delight, to various parts of the tale, as it progressed.

"If that is true," answered Miss Fern, slowly--, "could not the trouble be remedied by sending the MSS. to some very competent person and having the errors made right?"

Mr. Gouger smiled.

"Hardly," he said. "A novel is like a painting. The _ensemble_--do you understand?--is the thing. Can you conceive a painting being 'done over'? Your book would lose its quality if subjected to that process."

A look of discouragement crossed the features of the young woman.

"Of course, you know best," she stammered. "What would you advise me--try again?"

Mr. Gouger raised both his hands.

"It is difficult to say, in such a case," he replied. "But--if you want my best opinion--"

"That is just what I want," said the girl, with ill-concealed impatience.

"You are not dependent upon your exertions, I suppose, for a living?"

Millicent shook her head, almost sorry at the moment that she could not reply in the affirmative.

"Then--I should give up the idea of being an authoress."

This was very unpalatable medicine, and the critic realized it as he looked at the sombre face before him.

"Is your rejection of my story based at all," asked Miss Fern, after a pause, "on the--boldness of its subject?"

Mr. Gouger smiled again.

"We publish the works of Hall Caine and George Moore," he said. "I should not consider your story overbold, if there was nothing else against it. It is a wonder to me, and always will be, why such young girls as you choose _risque_ themes, but if the work is well done the public will pay for it."

There was a slight blush on Miss Fern's face, partly at the insinuation and partly at the adverse criticism that had crept thoughtlessly into the sentence.

"For my part," she explained, "I wanted to write something that would attract attention--that would put my name prominently before the public and keep it there. The girls I read it to thought the scenes just lovely, though some said perhaps their mothers would not feel that way. And I told them that the mothers of to-day were very old-fashioned, and that the public taste was changing rapidly. If the story is too bold, there are things I could cut out of it, but if you say that would make no difference, I would rather let them stand. I intend to try some other concern before I give up."

Mr. Archie Weil had abandoned all pretence of looking out the window. He stood with his eyes fastened on the pretty girl, as she made these statements in such a matter-of-fact way. He wondered what the dickens the story was about, and made up his mind that he would try to get possession of it.

"All the same," responded Mr. Gouger, who had apparently forgotten his lunch in his growing interest in the conversation, "I don't see where girls like you obtain such an intimate knowledge of things. You are not over twenty--excuse me, I am old enough to tell you this without offence. It is not you alone, but a hundred others who have made me ask myself this question. As soon as the modern girl gets a bottle of ink and a pen and begins to let her thoughts flow over paper, it transpires that she knows everything--more than everything, almost. Why, I was twenty-five before I was as wise as the heroine of sixteen, in this story of yours!"

Miss Fern reddened again, all the more because she had glanced up and encountered the bright eyes of Mr. Weil fixed upon her.

"Why, Archie," pursued the literary man--he turned toward Mr. Weil--"you remember Lelia Dante, you have seen her here. Five or six years ago I got a letter from that young girl's mother asking me to come to their residence and hear a story she had written. It was her first one, and the child was not a day over seventeen. I couldn't believe it when she came into the room, with her hair tumbled about her shoulders, and began to read to me the first chapter of 'Zaros.' 'Did _she_ write that?' I asked her mother, incredulously. 'Certainly,' she replied. 'Without aid from any one?' 'Absolutely alone.' My hair stood on end. I could not keep it down for the next week with a brush. You know the story. We printed it, and it sold well, and that is all that C. & S. cared about it; but I never understood how that infant could conceive it. No more than I can understand your ability to write this story of yours, Miss Fern," he added, pointedly.

The young woman bridled a little.

"It does not matter much, if you are not going to print it," she said, raising her eyes to his.

He bowed low to express whatever apology might be necessary.

"I would have accepted it if I could," he said. "My entire life is spent in reading manuscripts in the hope of discovering one that will make a hit with the public to whom we cater. When successful I am as pleased as a South African who fishes a diamond of the first water out of the mine. Your story, Miss Fern, shows decided talent. You have a greater knowledge of some of the important things of life, I will wager, than your grandmother had at eighty, if she lived so long. As I am obliged to go now, let me add, without mincing matters, that you are very deficient in English grammar, and that nothing you can write will be acceptable to any first-class house until that fault is remedied. Are you ready, Archie?"

Mr. Weil felt indignant. He could not have spoken to any girl as pretty as this one in such language, and he thought it quite inexcusable on the part of his friend to do so. Mr. Gouger, though feeling that it was best to use little circumlocution, had not meant to wound his caller. But her countenance showed that he _had_ wounded her, and the natural gallantry of his younger companion came to the rescue.

"I am not ready yet," said Mr. Weil, telegraphing at the same time a series of signals with his eyes. "I want a few minutes' talk with Miss Fern, if you will introduce me. I think I can say something she will like to hear."

Mr. Gouger, who now stood in such a position that Miss Fern could not see him, shook his head to imply that he did not fancy this arrangement; but he ended by saying, "Very well." He then abruptly made the presentation, put on his hat, said good-by, and vanished.

Miss Millicent, who had risen, turned with an air of puzzled inquiry toward Mr. Weil.

"Be seated again, for a moment," he said, politely. "I want your permission to read your story."

"Why, I don't know," she answered. "Are you one of the employes of Cutt & Slashem?"

He smilingly denied the imputation.

"I have not that felicity," he added, "but I am much interested in things literary, and have a rather wide acquaintance in this line of business. If I could be allowed to read your MSS. perhaps I should form a milder opinion of its faults than my unbending friend. And in that case a word from me, to another house, would certainly do you no harm."

A brighter light came into Miss Millicent's eyes.

"I shall be only too glad to have you read it," she answered. "It is hard to believe that I have wasted almost a year in something entirely worthless. You may take it with pleasure."

Mr. Weil went to Mr. Gouger's desk, from which he soon came with the parcel in question. He untied the string and for a moment his gaze rested on the handwriting.

"Do you live far from here?" he began; and then added, as he noticed the address on an enclosed card, "Ah, I see! At Midlands."

She explained herself rather more to him, giving the full address of her father, and some particulars about the manner in which she had been drawn into attempting literary work. He listened intently, all the time engaged in rapid thought.

"The best way for me to get a thoroughly correct impression of this novel," he said, when she came to a pause, "is to hear you read it aloud. In that manner," he added, as he saw that she was about to interrupt, "a hundred meanings would come to the surface that a mere inspection of the pages might fail to show. Beside, there would be an opportunity for discussion. If convenient to you I would gladly come to your residence for this purpose."

The eyes of the young girl brightened. She was greatly pleased at the idea and said so without delay.

"Very well," said Mr. Weil, more than delighted with the success of his experiment. "To-day is Tuesday; shall I come for the first time, say, Thursday evening?"

"That would suit me perfectly; or to-morrow, if you wish. I shall put aside everything and have my time free for you."

Mr. Weil nodded.

"Let it be Thursday then. And the hour--shall we call it eight?"

The time was promptly agreed to.

"In the meantime, I will take the MSS. and look it over, to form a general idea of the plot. Here is my card. By-the-way, you will of course arrange it so that we shall not be interrupted during our conference. It disturbs anything of that kind to have people coming in and out. We want to be entirely alone so as to give our full attention to the work in hand."

Miss Fern smilingly acquiesced, saying that it was exactly what she would wish.

"And do you think there may be hope for it yet--that poor little manuscript?" she asked, as she stood by the door ready to take her departure.

"That is a question I can hardly answer," he replied. "I shall be better able to tell you in a week or two, I trust."

She lingered, with her hand on the door knob.

"My father is willing to take all the financial risks," she said. "That ought to make a difference, don't you think so?"

"It would, with many houses," he admitted. "I am glad to know these things. Thursday, then, Miss--Miss Fern."

He wanted to call her "Millicent," for he had read the name on the package he still held in his hand; but on the whole he concluded that this would be a little premature.

CHAPTER III.

"HER FEET WERE PINK."

When Miss Millicent Fern entered the office of Lawrence Gouger, as detailed in the preceding chapter, it will be remembered that she found that gentleman and his friend, Archie Weil, with their hats in their hands. The fact was that Mr. Weil had but just entered the room, and that Mr. Gouger had accepted an invitation to take lunch with him, an arrangement that was by no means an infrequent one between them. The entrance of Miss Fern, and the subsequent proceedings, compelled the literary critic to go out alone, as has been seen. When he returned he found Mr. Weil still there.

"Haven't you been to lunch yet!" exclaimed Mr. Gouger.

"I have not been out of this office," was the reply, "and all appetite for anything to eat has left me. Lawrence, that is one of the most interesting girls I ever met."

Mr. Gouger pursed up his lips, and uttered an impatient, "Pah!" He then remarked that Mr. Weil had a habit of finding such a quality in the latest women of his acquaintance.

"What does she amount to?" he asked. "An overgrown schoolgirl, who did not half learn her lessons. Read that MSS. she left here, and get disillusionized in short order. Why, she doesn't even know how to spell, and her periods and commas are in a hopeless tangle."

His companion eyed him quizzically.

"Are periods and commas, even a correct spelling of the English language, the only things you can see in a bright, handsome girl?" he demanded. "For shame, Lawrence! You are a dried-up old mummy. Your senses are numb. A lively wind will come in at the keyhole some day and blow you out of that chimney."

Mr. Gouger heaved a sigh, as if to say that discussion with such a nonsensical fellow was useless, and took his seat at his desk, where an unfinished pile of MSS. awaited his reading.

"She's given me leave to take her story home," said Mr. Weil, with a mischievous expression.

The critic stared at his friend.

"Given it to you?" he repeated. "How did that happen?"

"I asked her for it, naturally. You were so severe on the poor child, that I couldn't help putting in a cheering word. We talked of the whole business, and she was willing I should see if my opinion agreed with yours."

"_Your_ opinion!" echoed Gouger, testily. "What is that worth? But take the stuff, if you want it, and when you are done, send it to her; it will make less rubbish in this confounded hole. One thing I'll tell you, though, in advance. You'll never be able to make sense of it, unless you get some one to straighten it out."

"That's all right," replied the other. "After I have read it through, I am going to Miss Fern's house, where she will read it to me."

Mr. Gouger started from his chair.

"You don't mean that!" he exclaimed.

"But I do. She asked me, and I'm going. I understand that it's a rather bold tale, and I can conceive nothing more entertaining than to hear that kind of thing from the red lips of such a pretty piece of flesh and blood as has just left here."

There was an uneasy expression on the face of the critic as he heard these words. He liked Weil, although they were as different in their natures as two men could well be. He wanted to please him, but the aspect of this affair was not agreeable.

"Look here, Archie," he said, earnestly, "there are some things that I can't permit, you know. My office must not be made a starting-place for one of your lawless adventures. You met Miss Fern here. Now, I protest against your going to her house, pretending that you are interested in that novel, when your real purpose is of a much more questionable kind."

Mr. Weil put on the air of one whose feelings are lacerated by an unjust suspicion.

"My dear Lawrence--" he began.

"That's all right," growled the critic. "I may or may not be your 'dear Lawrence,' but I know you like--like a book," he added, hitting by accident on a very excusable simile. "You are an old dog that is not likely to learn new tricks. I shall send this MSS. back to Miss Fern, myself, enclosing a letter warning her to have nothing to do with you."

A laugh escaped the lips of Archie Weil at this proposition.

"If you knew the feminine mind half as well as you do modern literature," he answered, "you would see how little that would avail. I have met Miss Fern and made a distinctly favorable impression. Her address is in my pocket, and I have received a pressing invitation to call. If you choose to send the MSS. by another messenger you will relieve me of the task of carrying a bundle, but you will accomplish nothing more."

Mr. Gouger's mouth opened in astonishment at the evident advantage which his friend had gained in so short a time.

"You must have convinced her that your literary opinions are of value," he said, presently. "If I write that you are a charletan and entirely unworthy of attention, what will happen then?"

The smiling gentleman opposite crossed his hands over his left knee, and did not delay his answer.

"I will tell you," he said. "In the same mail she will receive a letter from me, warning her that a certain party, who has given an adverse judgment on her writings, may attempt to influence her against others more likely to decide in her favor. She will be told that, having rejected a book, this certain party does not wish any one else to print it. Send the severest note you can construct,

Lawrence. I have few talents, but I know how to write letters."

The critic could hardly believe that fate had thrown so many cords around his neck in the brief space of one hour, but the more he thought the more he became convinced that his best course was to shut his eyes.

"Well, gang your gait," he said, after a long pause, during which the look of triumph deepened on his companion's face. "You will have to answer for your own sins. But I'll tell you one thing, that may save your time. Women who write racy novels are almost without exception remarkably correct in their own lives."

Mr. Weil inquired if his friend was certain of this, and there was a suspicion of disappointment in his tone.

"Absolutely," said Mr. Gouger, refreshing his memory. "I can think of a dozen instances to prove the point. There is Lelia Dante, for instance, who writes like a--like a--well, you know how she writes. She sticks to her mother's apron strings like a four-year-old child. They never are seen apart, I am told. Then there is Mrs. Helen Walker Wilbur, the poetess. We have a volume of her verse that is positively combustible from its own heat. The sheets had to be run off the press soaked in water to keep them from igniting. The room was full of steam all the time the work was going on. Warm! I should say so! Now, that woman is vain, and she dresses foolishly, and she does odd things for the sake of being talked about--but nobody questions her loyalty to her husband. You would think by some of her poems that an East Indian regiment would not suffice for her, and yet she is the straightest wife on Manhattan Island. Oh, I know so many cases. You remember that girl who wrote, 'Love's Extremities,' a work as passionate as Sappho. She is a little Quaker-like maiden,[A] who dresses and talks like a sister of one of the Episcopal guilds. These women are on fire at the brain only. They would repel a physical advance with more indignation than those endowed with less esthetic perceptions. So, see Miss Fern as much as you like. Should you attempt anything improper you will prove the truth of my assertions."

[Footnote A: Now dead, alas!--A. R.]

Mr. Weil changed the knee he had been nursing, but the quiet smile did not leave his countenance.

"What an inconsistent fellow you are, Lawrence," he said. "I could convict you of a hundred errors of logic. Do you remember telling Mr. Roseleaf that a man should have a passion before he attempts to depict one."

"And I say so still," retorted Gouger. "_You_ don't call the ravings of these poetesses and female novelists real life, do you? _You_ know the actual lover isn't content with kissing the hair and the feet of his divinity! There is more about women's _feet_ in these poems and novels than all the rest of their anatomy put together. And what is a woman's foot? Did you ever see one that was pretty--that you wanted to put to your lips?"

"Yes," interrupted Archie, dreamily, "once. At Capri. She was fifteen. Her feet were pink, like a shell. She was walking along the shore in the early evening."

"With the dirt of the soil on them!" exclaimed Mr. Gouger, in disgust.

"No, she had just emerged from her bath. The sand there was clean as a carpet, cleaner, in fact. Gods! They were exquisite!"

The critic uttered an exclamation.

"I waste time talking to you," he said, sharply. "You are like the rest of the imaginative crowd. It is a pity you were not gifted with the divine afflatus, that you could have added your volumes to the nonsense they print."

"And which you are always glad to get," interpolated Mr. Weil.

"Because it will sell. Cutt & Slashem are in this business to make money, and my thoughts must be directed to the saleable quality of the manuscripts submitted. If _I_ was running the concern, though, I would touch the mooney, maundering mess. It makes my flesh creep, sometimes, to read it."

Archie Weil uttered another of his winsome laughs.

"How would you like to be a serpent," he asked, "and have your flesh creep all the time? But before we dismiss this matter of Miss Fern, I want you to clear your mind, if you can, of the haunting suspicions you always have when a woman is concerned. You know there are concerns in the city who would print her book, with a proper amount paid down, if it had neither sense, syntax nor orthography. If she wants it fixed up, I can find tailors to help her out; and if her papa wants it on the market, why shouldn't he be

able to get it there? Now, let us talk a little about Roseleaf."

Mr. Gouger brightened at the change of subject. His interest in Mr. Roseleaf was genuine, and he had already learned that Archie had formed a sort of copartnership with the novelist, in the hope of making his future work a success. While the critic could not be said to have any real faith in the arrangement, it certainly interested him.

"What strange freak will you take to next?" he asked. "And do you really expect to make a novelist out of that young man?"

Mr. Weil's eyes had a twinkle in them.

"Didn't you say, yourself, that it could be done?" he inquired. "If I have made any mistake in my investment, I shall charge the loss to you."

The critic reflected a minute.

"I'm not so certain it _can't_ be done," he said. "But that's quite different from investing money in it, as you are doing. A man wants pretty near a certainty before he puts up the stuff."

"You greedy fellow!" exclaimed Weil. "Will you never think of anything but gain? I have to spend about so much money every year, in a continual attempt to amuse myself, and it might as well be this way as another. I have a document, signed and solemnly sealed, by which I am to back him against the field in the interest of romantic and realistic literature, and in return he is to give me a third of the net profits of his writings. I don't know that I have done so badly. Perhaps you may live to see Cutt & Slashem pay us a handsome sum in royalties."

Mr. Gouger looked oddly at his friend, whose face was perfectly serious.

"What are you going to begin with?" he asked.

"Love, of course. It is the A B C, as well as the X Y Z of the whole business."

"What kind of love?"

"The best that can be got," replied Weil, now laughing in spite of himself. "The very finest quality in the market. Oh, we shall do this up brown, I tell you."

"What have you done so far?" asked Gouger.

"You want to know it all, eh?" responded Mr. Weil. "I don't think I am justified in letting you too deeply into our secrets. However, you are too honorable to betray us, and so here goes: I have instructed my protege that he must fall violently under the tender passion before next Saturday night."

"With a lady whom you have selected, of course?"

"By no means. He must catch his own sweethearts."

Mr. Gouger played with his watchchain.

"And this is Tuesday," he commented. "Do you think he will succeed?"

"He must," laughed Weil. "It's like the case of the boy who was digging out the woodchuck. 'The minister's coming to dinner.'"

"You might at least have got an introduction for him," said Gouger, reflectively.

"Not I. There's nothing in our agreement that puts such a task on me. Besides, there's no romance in an introduction. He would write a story as prosy as one of Henry James' if he started off like that."

Mr. Gouger nodded his head slowly.

"That would be something to avoid at all hazards," he assented.

And at this juncture, to the surprise of both the parties to this conversation, the young man of whom they were speaking entered the room.

"I was telling Mr. Gouger of our agreement," said Mr. Weil, as soon as the greetings were over. "How do you get along? Have you discovered your heroine yet?"

Mr. Roseleaf answered, with an air of timidity, in the negative.

"I don't quite know where to find one," he said.

Mr. Weil spread out his arms to their fullest capacity.

"There are thirty millions of them in the United States alone," he exclaimed. "Out of that number you ought to find a few whom you can study. What a pity that _I_ cannot write! I would go out of that door and in ten minutes I would have a subject ready for vivisection."

The younger man raised his eyebrows slightly.

"But, that kind of a woman--would be what you would want--the kind that would let you talk to her on a mere street acquaintance!"

Mr. Weil leaned back in his chair and stretched his legs.

"Oh, yes," he said. "She would do for a beginning. Don't imagine that none of these easy going girls are worth the attention of a novelist. Sometimes they are vastly more interesting than the bread and butter product of the drawing rooms. It won't do, in your profession, to ignore any sort of human being."

Roseleaf breathed a sigh as soft as his name.

"You were right, Mr. Gouger," he said, turning to that gentleman. "I do not know anything. I have judged by appearances, and I now see that truth cannot be learned in that way."

"All the better!" broke in Archie. "The surest progress is made by the man who has learned his deficiencies. You remember the hare and the tortoise. I have read somewhere that the race is not always to the swift. You must treat your fellow men and women as if you had just arrived on this earth from the planet Mars. You must dig through the strata of conventionality to the virgin soil beneath. The great human passions are lust and avarice, though they take a thousand forms, in many of which they have more polite names. For instance, the former, when kept within polite boundaries, is usually known as Love. As Avarice makes but a sorry theme for the romantic writer, Love is the subject that must principally claim your attention. All the world loves a lover, while the miser is despised even by those who cringe beneath the power of his gold. Study the women, my lad, and when you know them thoroughly begin your great novel in earnest."

Roseleaf listened with rapt attention.

"And the men?" he asked.

"The men," was the quick reply, "are too transparent to require study. It is the women, with their ten million tricks to cajole and wheedle us, that afford the best field for your efforts."

Mr. Gouger, who had never been known to take so much time from his work during business hours, tried to begin his reading, but without success. When at his usual occupation he would not have been disturbed by the conversation of a room full of people, so preoccupied was he with what he had to do; but on this occasion he was too much entertained with his companions to do anything but hear them through.

"Is there no such thing as unselfish love--in a woman--love that sacrifices itself for its object?" asked Roseleaf, with a trace of anxiety in his tone.

"M----m, possibly," drawled Mr. Weil. "A female animal with young sometimes evinces the possession of that sort of thing, and women may have touches of it on occasions. That will be a good point for you to remember when you are deeper in your investigations. However, I ought not to fill your head with ideas of my own. I think what we most desire in our friend," he added, turning to the critic, "is complete originality."

The young man shifted his feet nervously.

"Pardon me," he said, "would it not be well to talk with people and learn their impressions? Then I can compare these with my own experiences, when they come. You would not send a blind man out on the street unled."

Archie Weil laughed deliciously.

"You are ingenious, when you should only be ingenuous," he replied. "You do not act at all like the young man from Mars that I have in mind. Perhaps, nevertheless, you are not wholly wrong, for even my traveler from that planet might have to ask his way to the nearest town. Supposing you had just reached the earth, and had met me with a thousand questions. What could I answer that would be of any use?"

Mr. Roseleaf reflected a moment.

"You could tell me your idea of a perfect woman," he suggested.

"Well, I will," said Weil, glancing meaningly at Mr. Gouger. "The perfect woman is about nineteen years of age. She is neither very light nor very dark. Her eyes are hazel, with a touch of gray in them. She measures, say, five feet, four inches in height, and--about--twenty-two inches around the waist. She has a plump arm, not too fleshy, a well-made leg, a head set on her shoulders with enough neck to give it freedom and grace of movement, but not sufficient to warrant comparison with a swan, or even a goose. Her hands match her feet, being not too slender nor too dainty. Her hips are medium, but not bulging. She weighs in the vicinity of a hundred and twenty-five pounds. And her hair--there is but one color for a woman's hair--is Titian red."

The young man had taken out his note-book and rapidly sketched this list of attractions.

"Every woman cannot have Titian hair," remarked Mr. Gouger. "Would you condemn one with all the other attributes on account of missing that?"

"I would, decidedly," was the reply, "when it is obtained so easily. I think it only costs two dollars a bottle, for the finest shade. Have you written it all down, Mr. Roseleaf?"

The young man ran over his notes.

"I have it--all but the hair," he said. "Of course I could not forget that."

"Very well. And this hair must be long enough, but not too long, remember, for everything unduly accentuated spoils a woman. It should hang about five inches below the waist, when unfastened, and be thick enough to make a noticeable coil. There should be sufficient to hide her face and her lover's when he takes her in his arms."

Mr. Roseleaf started slightly.

"Then she should have a lover?" he remarked, curiously.

"Undoubtedly. Else why the hair and the arms, and the five feet four! It is a woman's business to be loved and to make herself lovable. When you have found this woman, if she has no lover, you will be expected to officiate in that capacity. If she has one, you must supplant him as soon as possible. And when you have fallen desperately, ravingly in love with such a creature, you will not have to come to me for further advice."

The young man surveyed the speaker with the utmost gravity.

"Have _you_ ever been in love?" he inquired.

"Never."

"Why?"

"It was not necessary; _I_ did not intend to write novels," said Archie, with a laugh. "But, come, we have bothered Lawrence enough. Let us go."

He took the package containing Miss Fern's story, and sauntered out, paying no attention to the peculiar glances that his friend, the critic, threw at him as he was leaving.

CHAPTER IV.

WITH TITIAN TRESSES.

Mr. Weil deciphered the MSS. of Miss Fern with some difficulty. Not that the handwriting was particularly illegible, though it did not in the least resemble copperplate engraving; but, as Mr. Gouger had intimated, the sentences were so badly constructed, and the punctuation so different from that prescribed by the usual authorities, that he was continually obliged to go back over his tracks and hunt for meanings. Nevertheless, within an hour from the time when he sat down in his room at the Hoffman House and opened the package he had brought, he had to confess himself deeply interested.

Miss Fern had conceived some entertaining characters, and some very unconventional situations. Her people were virile; her hero was strong if not always grammatical; her heroine did and said things not common in real life, and yet that were quite reasonable when her peculiar nature and environment were considered.

Archie paused once in awhile to wonder how much of all this record was within the direct knowledge of the young authoress; which expressions conveyed her own ideas and which sentiments she would personally endorse. Gouger might be right as to the exceeding purity of most of the ladies who dealt in eroticism, but in this especial case Mr. Weil meant to make an investigation on his own account before he accepted as a universal rule the one his friend had laid down.

He did not go to sleep that night until he had finished his story. Had it been arranged by a competent hand he could have read it in four hours, but as it was he consumed eight in the work. With all its faults, he liked it. There was something breezy about it, and it had a theme that he did not remember had been treated exactly in the same way before. Though, as he himself had said, without much talent for composition, Archie had read a great many books. It is no proof because a person cannot write that he would make a poor critic. Mr. Weil might almost have filled Lawrence Gouger's place at Cutt & Slashem's. He had written fugitive pieces in his time for the papers, in reference to his travels, which had been extensive, and had even contributed occasional book reviews to the magazines. His connection with Gouger enabled him to keep in touch with what was going on in the literary world, and the dozens of new volumes which passed through that office were always at his disposal.

"She's not a fool, by any means," he remarked to himself, when he put down the last sheet of Miss Fern's work. "A fellow who understood his business might put that into such shape that it would be worth using. I mean to find some one who can do it, and suggest the idea to her, when I get to that stage in this affair. Let me see, who do I know that could undertake it?"

He had begun to undress, and was in the act of taking off his collar as he spoke. His mind ran over a list of struggling literary men. Something seemed the matter with most of them. There was Hamlin, but he would be too exacting, and would want to suggest alterations in the story itself, which would never do. There was Insley, whose last three books had been flat failures, and for whom Cutt & Slashem had positively refused to print anything more; but Insley had gone into the country for the summer and nobody knew his address. Then there was--

"_Roseleaf!_"

Archie received this thought like an inspiration. He threw his cravat on the bureau and began tugging at his shoestrings to the imminent danger of getting them into hard knots that no one could unravel. Roseleaf! Why not? The boy would do almost anything he suggested, so great was his confidence that a road to literary preferment could be staked out over that path. Roseleaf would not undertake the work for the sake of pecuniary compensation, but the thing could be presented to him in quite another light. In Miss Fern's story there were living, breathing men and women. In his own there were beautifully drawn marionettes. He could be made to see that the study of the young lady's method was worth his while. And then!

Mr. Weil's shoes lay on the floor, in the disorder of a bachelor who had never in his life taken pains to put anything in the place where it really belonged. He took out the studs of his shirt, pulled that garment over his head, and then sat for some minutes wrapped in active thought.

"They must be introduced to each other!" he exclaimed, at last. "Between them they have every qualification for success; apart they are like the separated wheels of a watch. There is Shirley, with a style so sweetly subtle, a grace so perfect, every line a gem; and with it all not a sign of human emotion. There is Millicent, full of plot and daring and breathing characters, and bold conceptions, and no more able to write good English than an Esquimaux squaw. I have both these interesting persons on my hands, and I must combine them, for their mutual good.

"I wonder what Gouger will say when I unfold my plan. Perhaps I had best not tell him. He actually came near threatening, to-day, to send a line to Miss Fern, warning her against me. He wouldn't have done it, though. Lawrence has a bark that is worse than his bite by a great deal. Yes, I'll bring these young folks together. I'll take them as Hermann does the rabbits, and press them gently but firmly into one. And then sha'n't we get a combination! And won't Mr. Lawrence Gouger hug himself when the product of their joint endeavor comes to him for a reading!"

The muser finished disrobing and donned his night robes, but it was a long time before he felt like slumber. He could think of nothing but his scheme. As he revolved it over in his mind, it took many new forms. At first Roseleaf was to be asked to rewrite the story that Miss Fern had offered Cutt & Slashem. And afterwards there must be an entirely new novel, conceived together and worked out slowly, using the best of what was brightest in both of them.

The last idea Mr. Weil had before he relapsed into unconsciousness contained two novels, worked out at the same time. Roseleaf was all right, if he could only get a glimpse of realism into his work. Miss Fern would have no trouble if her ideas could find a garb that suited them.

There would be a way to make them of service to each other, and the time to cross a bridge is always when you come to it. So thought Archie Weil, as he fell asleep.

In the morning he laughed to think of the description he had given to Shirley, in his offhand way, of "the perfect woman." It was a faithful list of Miss Millicent's charms, so far as they were apparent to him. Shirley had noted them down with great carefulness, and would be sure to notice how fully the authoress met the ideal he now had in mind. It only remained for the schemer to say something to Miss Fern that would suggest Roseleaf to her, whenever they were made acquainted.

It must be plain to the reader that Mr. Weil's principal intention in this whole matter was to dispose of the _ennui_ which idleness brings even to its most adoring devotees. He had a fair fortune, accumulated by a father who had denied himself every luxury to amass it. Drifting to New York, he had found the vicinity of the Hoffman House very agreeable, and his companions, with the exception of Mr. Gouger, were of about as light views of life as himself. The critic was one of those strange exceptions with which most of us come in contact, where persons of entirely opposite tastes and inclinations become attached friends.

Breakfast was served so late to Mr. Weil that he had not finished that repast when the young novelist made his appearance. Seating himself on the side of the table that faced his friend, Mr. Roseleaf responded to the latter's inquiries in regard to his health by saying that he was quite well. Indeed, he looked it. His eye was bright, his cheek rosy. His attire showed just enough of a negligent quality to be attractive. There was an air about him such as is often associated with an artist of the pencil and brush.

"Never better in health," he said, "but very anxious to begin something definite in the way of work."

Mr. Weil smiled his most affable smile.

"What did I tell you to do, first?" he asked, playfully.

"To fall in love."

"Which you have not yet done!"

The young man shook his head.

"Good Heavens! And you have lost more than a week!"

Roseleaf colored more than ever.

"Isn't there something else--that I could--begin on?" he asked, humbly.

"I don't know of anything. Love is the alphabet of the novelist. You'd best go straight. Aren't there any eligible young women at your lodging house?"

The younger man thought a moment.

"No; only the chambermaid."

Mr. Weil sipped his coffee with a wise expression.

"It may come to that," he said, putting down the cup, "but we'll hope not. We will hope not. What's the matter with Central Park? There are five hundred nice girls there every afternoon."

"But I don't know them," said Roseleaf, desperately. "And--I have been there. Yesterday one of them looked at me and smiled. I walked toward her, and she slackened her speed. When I came within a few feet she almost stopped. Then--I could think of nothing to say to her, and I walked on, looking in the other direction."

Several breakfasters in the vicinity turned their heads to note the couple at the table, from which a laugh that could be heard all over the room came musically.

"Why didn't you say 'Good-morning?'"

"Yes! And she might have said 'Good-morning.' And then it would be my turn, and what could I have done?"

Mr. Weil folded up his napkin and laid it by his plate.

"You coward," he replied, affably, "you could have done a thousand things. You could have remarked that the day was fair, or that you wondered if it would rain. And you could have asked her to stroll over to a restaurant and take a little refreshment. Once opposite to her, the rest would have come fast enough."

The novelist took out a handkerchief and wiped the perspiration from his forehead. It all seemed very easy the way Archie described it, but he was sure it would be very different in practice. How could he know, he demanded, that the young lady would go to the restaurant with him? She might have declined, and then he would have been in a worse position than ever.

"Declined!" echoed Archie. "Declined a lunch? Declined ice cream? Declined champagne frappe! Well, you _are_ ignorant of the sex. My dear boy, it is evident that I shall have to introduce you to the leading lady of your company, and if you will be patient for a very few days, I hope to be able to do so."

Rousing himself with a show of genuine interest, Roseleaf inquired for further particulars.

"Listen," replied the other. "I expect, to-morrow evening, to spend a few hours in the company of one of the most charming members of her sex. She, like you, has an ambition to become a successful writer. Like you, also, she lacks some of the prime qualities that are needed for that end. It happens, however, that the things wanting are entirely different in each of your cases--that you will, if you choose, be able to supplement and perfect each other. I shall tell her that I know a young man of literary taste who will give her advice on the points in which she is deficient. With such an opening you will be at once on Easy street, and if you cannot fall in love within forty-eight hours, I shall regard you as a case too hopeless to merit further attention at my hands."

The young man's cheek glowed with pleasure.

"That is more like it," he said. "When do you think I shall be able to meet this young lady?"

"Within a week or two, at the latest. I must sound her before I trust you with her, for she is nearly as much a stranger to me, so far, as to you. Of course there is no objection--quite the contrary--to your falling in love elsewhere in the meantime, if opportunity serves."

At this moment Mr. Weil called his companion's attention to a rather corpulent gentleman who had just entered the breakfast room and was stopping near the door to hold a brief conversation with some one he had met there.

"You see that fellow?" he remarked. "Wait a minute, and I will get him over here. If you ever want to put a real character into one of your stories you will only need to take his photograph. In actual life he is as dull as a rusty meat axe, but for literary purposes he would be a godsend."

Catching the eye of the person of whom he was speaking, Mr. Weil motioned to him to come to his part of the room, and as he approached arranged a chair for him invitingly.

"Mr. Boggs, I want to present a young friend of mine to you," said Archie, rising. "Mr. Walker Boggs--Mr. Shirley Roseleaf."

Mr. Boggs went through the usual ceremony, announcing that he was most happy, etc., in the perfunctory style that a million other men follow every day. Then he took the chair that was offered him, and gave an order for his breakfast to a waiter.

"Are you a New Yorker, Mr. Roseleaf?" he asked, when this important matter was disposed of.

"Mr. Roseleaf is staying here for the present," explained Mr. Weil. "He is a novelist by profession, and I tell him there is no better place to study the sensational than this vicinity."

The young man's color deepened. He doubted if it was right to introduce the subject in exactly these terms. Mr. Boggs' next question did not detract from his uneasiness.

"Excuse me--I am not altogether up in current literature, and I must ask what Mr. Roseleaf has written."

Mr. Weil helped his young friend out of this dilemma as well as he could.

"He has written nothing, as yet; at least nothing that has been printed," he said. "He is wise, I think, in laying a deep foundation for his romances, instead of rushing into print with the first thoughts that enter his head, as so many do, to their own subsequent regret and the distress of their readers. I want him to meet men and women who have known what life is by their own experiences. You ought to be worth something to a bright writer, Walker. You have had many an adventure in your day."

Mr. Walker Boggs shrugged his shoulders.

"In my 'day,' yes," he assented. "Enough to fill the Astor and Lenox libraries and leave enough for Charlie Dillingham and The American News Company. But that is nothing but history now. My 'day' is over and it will never return."

He paused and ran his right hand dejectedly across his vest in the vicinity of the waist band. Though he knew perfectly what Mr. Boggs referred to, Archie Weil wanted him to express it in his own words to Shirley.

"You wouldn't think," continued Mr. Boggs, after a pause which seemed filled with strange emotions, "that my figure was once the admiration of every lady who saw it, that they used to stop and gaze at me with eyes of positive envy. And now--look at this!"

He indicated his embonpoint again, and shook his head wrathfully.

"It is simply damnable," he continued, as neither of the others thought best to interrupt him. "When I was twenty-four I had a reputation that was as wide as the continent. When I walked down Broadway you would have supposed a procession was passing, the crowds gathered in such numbers. If it was mentioned that I would spend a week at Saratoga or Newport, the hotels had not a room to spare while I remained. The next year I married, and as one of the fashion journals put it, two thousand women went into mourning. For a decade I devoted myself entirely to my wife and to business. I made some money, and kept out of the public eye. Then my wife died, and I retired from the firm with which I had been connected. The next twelve months dragged terribly. I did not know what to do. Finally I decided that there was but one course open to me. I must resume again the position I had vacated as a leader of fashion."

Mr. Weil bowed, as if to say that this was a very natural and praiseworthy conclusion; precisely as if he had not heard the story told in substantially the same way a dozen times before. He was watching Roseleaf's interested expression and had difficulty in repressing an inclination to laugh aloud.

"I sought out the best tailor in the city," continued Mr. Boggs. "I went to the most fashionable hair dresser. I spent considerable time in selecting hats, cravats and gloves. When all was ready I took a stroll, as I had done in the old days, from Fiftieth street, down Fifth Avenue and Broadway to Union Square. I met a few acquaintances who stared at me slightly, but did not act in the least impressed. The women merely glanced up and glanced away again. What was the matter? I went home and took a long survey of myself in the mirror, a cheval glass that showed me from crown to toe. My costume was perfect. There was not a wrinkle in my face--this was several years ago, remember. There was not a gray hair in my head then--there are a few now, I admit. 'What is it?' I asked myself a hundred times as I stood there, studying out the cursed problem. My tie was all right, my shirt front of the latest cut, my watch chain straight from Tiffany's, my--ah! I saw it all in a moment!"

Roseleaf, who did not see it even yet, wore such an astonished expression that Mr. Weil had to stuff his napkin into his mouth to prevent an explosion.

"It was this devilish abdomen!" said Mr. Boggs, slapping that portion of his frame as if he had a special grudge against it and would be glad if he could hit it hard enough to bring it to a realizing sense of its turpitude. "My figure had gone to the devil! It was not as large as it is now, but it was large enough to cook my gruel. My waist had increased so gradually that I had never noticed it. I got a

tape and took its measure. Forty-two inches, sir! The jig was up. With a heart as young as ever, with a face as good and a purse able to supply all reasonable demands, I was knocked out of the race on the first round by this adipose tissue that no ingenuity could hope to conceal!"

Mr. Weil could wait no longer. His musical laugh rang out over the room.

"Let this be a warning to you, Shirley," he said, "to wear corsets."

"It is no joke," was the indignant comment of Mr. Walker Boggs, as he proceeded to add to his rotundity by devouring the hearty breakfast that the waiter had just brought him. "I am left like a marooned sailor on the sea of life. The only occupation that could have entertained me is gone. It is no time to enter business again, I couldn't have selected a wiser one to leave it. I don't want to marry, once was enough of that. The only women I can attract are those commercially inclined females that any other man could have as well as I. What is the result? My life is ruined. I take no pleasure in anything. I eat, walk about, go to a play, sleep. A _pig_ could do as much; and a pig would not have these memories to haunt him, these recollections of a time so different that I am almost driven wild."

Roseleaf felt a sincere pity for the unfortunate gentleman, and did not see the slightest element of humor in his melancholy recital. But Archie Weil could not be restrained.

"You're right about that pig business," he remarked. "You recall the incident in Mother Goose, where--

'A little pig found a fifty dollar note, And purchased a hat and a very fine coat.'

"There are strange parallels in history."

Mr. Boggs would have replied to this remark in the terms it deserved had he not been too much engaged at the moment in masticating a particularly fine chop. As it was he growled over the meat like a mastiff in bad humor.

"Are there no remedies for excessive accumulation of fat in the abdominal region?" asked Weil, taking his advantage. "It seems to me I have read advertisements of them in the newspapers."

"Remedies!" retorted the other, having swallowed the food and supplemented it with a glass of ale. "There are a thousand, and I have tried them all. I have taken things by the gross. I have paid money to every quack I could find. For awhile I starved myself so nearly to death that I went to making my will. And every day I grew stouter. I don't know what I measure now, and I don't care. A few fathoms more or less, doesn't count, when one falls from a steamer in midocean."

Mr. Weil took occasion to say that there was no need for this extreme discouragement. A little coin in the hand, or a new diamond ring, would still bring youth and beauty to his disconsolate friend.

"That's just it," retorted Boggs. "It's the contrast that's killing me. The only women who would look at me to-day are mercenary ones that wouldn't care if I was black as Othello or big as George IV. Why, I could show you a trunkful of letters, written me by the finest women in this country, when I was at my best. They breathe but one thing--love, love, love! I lived on it! It was the air that kept my lungs in motion. And I thought to go back to it so easily! _Ah!_"

Mr. Boggs commenced upon his fourth chop and emptied the last of the quart bottle into his glass.

"Well, I'm sorry for you," said Weil. "I think the times must have changed, as well as yourself, though. Now, here's a young fellow, with all the qualifications of face, figure and address that you once had, and he claims to be unable to make the acquaintance of a single interesting woman between Brooklyn Bridge and Spuyten Duyvil."

The heavy eyes of Mr. Walker Boggs rested upon the youthful face opposite to him. Under the scrutiny to which he was subjected Roseleaf reddened, in the way he had. He had never looked more handsome.

"This is evidently a jest of yours," said Boggs, turning to Mr. Weil.

"Not in the least, I assure you."

"Then I say he can do what he likes, and I know it," replied the stout man. "If I had his form I'd have to ask the police to clear the way for me. I have seen circulation impeded in front of this very hotel because I was coming out to take my carriage. If he won't look at them, why, of course, the women can't do it all, but it lies with him."

Roseleaf's eyes glistened with a strange mixture of hope and fear. He did not think he would care to be in such great demand as that, but he dearly wished to break through the iron bars that enclosed him. He glanced in a glass that paneled the wall near by. He was good-looking enough, it was no vanity to say so. What he lacked was confidence.

"He is afraid of them, that's his trouble," smiled Weil. "We will cure him of that, and when he gets to know women as they are he will give us a novel that will set all creation by the ears. Gouger--you know Gouger--says he writes the purest English. All he needs is a taste of life."

To this Mr. Boggs gave his unqualified assent. And he added that if he could be of any service in the matter he would only be too glad.

"We thank you for the offer, and may be able later to make use of it," said Mr. Weil. "And now good-morning, for we have important business to attend to."

Roseleaf looked long and earnestly at the person they were leaving. He seemed to him a very ordinary individual. If such a man had won the love of scores of beautiful women, surely he himself could gain the affections of one. When he stood with Weil in front of the hotel, by which an unrivaled procession of ladies and gentleman was already beginning to pass, though it was only eleven o'clock, he felt much encouraged.

"They are looking at you," whispered Archie, "plenty of them. Did you see those two girls in pink in that landau? Why, they nearly broke their necks to get the last glimpse of you. There is another lady who would stop if you asked her, pretty as any of them, though she must be nearly thirty. Your eyes are not open. Ah, here is something better! In that carriage, with the Titian tresses!"

It was Miss Millicent Fern, and she bowed to Mr. Weil. Then her bright eyes lit up with a new lustre as they fell upon his companion.

CHAPTER V.

STUDYING MISS MILLICENT.

When Mr. Weil made his appearance at the residence of Mr. Wilton Fern, the door was opened for him by a young negro of such superb proportions that the caller could not help observing him with admiration. He thought he had never seen a man more perfectly formed. The face, though too dark to suggest the least admixture of Caucasian blood, was well featured. The lips were not thick nor was the nose flat, as is the case with so many of the African race. The voice, as the visitor heard it, was by no means unpleasant. Mr. Weil could not imagine a better model for an ebony statue than this butler, or footman, or whatever position, perhaps both, he might be engaged to fill.

"Yes, sir, Miss Millicent is in, and she is expecting you," said the negro, in his pleasant and strong tones. "Let me take your hat and stick. Now, sir, this way."

Miss Fern came in a few moments to the parlor, where Archie was left, and greeted him most cordially.

"There is a sitting-room on the next floor," she said, "where we shall not be disturbed. I have given Hannibal orders to admit no one, saying that we shall want the evening entirely to ourselves."

"Hannibal?" repeated the visitor. "Is that the name of the remarkable individual who received me just now?"

"Yes," said Miss Fern, rather coldly. "Though I do not know why you call him 'remarkable.'"

"He is so tall, so grand, so entirely overpowering," explained Mr. Weil. "One would think he might be the son of an African king. I never saw a black man that gave me such an impression of force and power."

Millicent elevated her eyebrows a little, as if annoyed at these expressions. She answered, still frigidly, that she had noticed nothing unusual about Hannibal. She did not believe she had looked closely enough at his face to be able to identify him in a court.

"He would make a fine character for a novel," said Mr. Weil, as they walked together up the broad staircase. "I could almost write one myself, around such a personality."

The young lady looked disgusted.

"A negro servant!" she exclaimed. "What kind of a novel could you write with such a central figure?"

"Perhaps I should not put him in the centre," laughed Archie, determined to win her good nature. "Every story needs lights and shades. You can't deny that he would cast a magnificent shadow."

The humor of this observation struck Miss Fern and she joined mildly in her companion's mirth. Then she remarked that the central figure of a novel--the main thing in it--to her mind, should be a being who could be given the attributes of beauty and grace. The minor characters were of less account, and would come into existence almost of their own accord.

"And now, before we do anything more," she said, "I want you to tell me about that excessively handsome young man that I saw with you yesterday in Madison Square."

Weil was delighted at this introduction of his young friend. He began a most flattering account of Shirley Roseleaf, describing him as a genuine paragon among men, both in talent and goodness. He drew heavily on his imagination as he proceeded, feeling that he was "in for it," and might as well do his best at once. And he could see the cheek of the young listener taking on a new and more enticing color as he went farther and farther into his subject.

"If I have to rearrange my novel--the one Mr. Gouger rejected--I shall draw my hero after that model," she cried, when he paused for breath. "I never saw a man who came so near my ideal."

"But--you would have to alter your hero's character, in that case?" he said. "I have read your MSS., and your description does not tally with my young friend at all."

Miss Fern reddened.

"You don't mean to claim, do you," she replied, "that physical beauty and moral goodness always go hand in hand?"

"They should," he answered, in a tone that was meant to be impressive.

"Ah, that is another question! _Do_ they? that is all the novelist needs to know. Did you ever read Ouida's 'Sigma?' There are the two sisters, one as pure as can be, the other quite the opposite, and the beauty belongs to the depraved one. I know Oscar Wilde takes a different view in 'Dorian Grey,' but he is wrong. I am sure that the worst man or woman in the world--reckoning by what are called the 'amiable vices'--might be the most lovely to look upon, the most delightful to associate with. Eve found the serpent attractive, remember."

Where did she learn all these things? Weil looked at her with increasing astonishment. "Amiable vices." He liked the appellation.

"Perhaps you are right," he assented, as if slowly convinced. "If you wish to be acquainted with Mr. Roseleaf, I will bring him here with pleasure. My only fear is that he will not interest you. He seems almost too perfect for earth. Think of a young man who knows nothing of women, who says he has no idea what it is to be in love, who does not understand why the ladies who pass down Fifth Avenue turn their heads to look at him! He, like yourself, is a novelist, but his characters are beautiful images that lack life. He carves marble figures and attempts to palm them off as flesh and blood. He really thinks they _are_, because he has never known the difference. If you could take him, Miss Fern, and teach him what love really is--"

The young lady blushed more than before.

"_I_--" she stammered.

"In a strictly literary way," he explained. "But," he added, thinking he was getting upon the edge of a quicksand, "we must not forget the object of my visit."

He took the parcel containing her MSS. that he had obtained from Mr. Gouger, and began to untie the string. Manlike he soon had it in a hard knot, and Miss Millicent, coming to his rescue, her young hands touched his and made his heart beat faster.

"There," she said, when the knot had given way to their joint endeavors. "It is all right, now. But, before we begin on this, tell me a little more about Mr. Roseleaf. What has he written? Where was it published? I will send to-morrow morning and buy a copy."

Her enthusiasm was agreeable under the circumstances, but the truth had to be explained to her.

"What he has written I will let you see, one of these days," he replied. "As for publishing, he ran upon the same rock that you did--that of Mr. Lawrence Gouger."

The beautiful eyes opened wider.

"So he rejected his work, too! And yet you say that it was well done?"

"Exquisitely. Shirley's lines are as symmetrical as his face and figure. His people are dead, that is all the trouble. Gouger scented the difficulty under which he labors, in a moment. 'Go and fall in love!' he said to him, 'and you will write a story at which the world will marvel!'"

Miss Fern arranged one of her locks of Titian red that had fallen down.

"And hasn't he taken the advice?" she inquired, in a low voice.

"Not yet," smiled the other. "He says, like a very child, that 'he cannot find any one to love.' I walked up the avenue with him to-day, and afterwards rode in the Park. There were hundreds of the prettiest creatures, all looking their eyes out at him. And he hadn't the courage to return one glance, not one. Ah, Miss Fern, it will be genuine love with Shirley Roseleaf, if any. The imitations one finds in the fashionable world will never answer for him."

The young lady breathed a gentle sigh, as her thoughts dwelt on the handsome figure she had seen in front of the Hoffman House.

"You may bring him here--yes, I should be glad to have you," she said, slowly. "But I must ask one favor; do not tell him what I said so thoughtlessly about his being my ideal. Let me talk with him on fair terms. It may be, as you suggest, that we shall be of advantage to each other. When can you arrange it?"

"Almost any day," smiled Weil. "I will let you know, by mail or otherwise. And now, this story of yours," he added, thinking it a shrewd plan to divert her attention from the other matter while it was still warm in her mind. "Though I have read it through, and think I understand it fairly well, I am all the more anxious to hear it from your lips. You will put into the text new meanings, I have no doubt, that have escaped my observation."

Miss Fern flushed pleasantly and inquired with a show of anxiety whether Mr. Weil had found its construction as bad as his friend, Mr. Gouger, had intimated.

"To be perfectly honest, it might be improved," he replied. "But the germ is there, Miss Fern--that necessary thing for a good novel--an interest that will hold the reader in spite of himself. I disagree with Lawrence in his essential point. I am sure that a good writer of English with a taste for fiction could make all the necessary alterations without in the least detracting from the value of the story. For instance, I believe if Mr. Roseleaf would take hold of it I could guarantee to get you a publisher this winter."

"And do you think he would?" she cried.

"I think so."

The authoress was so delighted with this announcement that she conquered the slight wound to her pride. It would be herself still who had drawn the picture, who had put the coloring into it; all that the other would have to do might be described as varnishing. She took up the first sheet of her writing, and turned up an oil lamp that stood upon the table at her elbow, the better to see the lines.

"Are you ready?" she asked.

"Quite ready," smiled Mr. Weil.

In a voice that trembled a little, and yet not unpleasantly to the listener, Miss Fern began to read her manuscript. The opening chapter introduced the heroine and two gentlemen, either one of whom might be the hero. As the book is now so well known it is needless to transfer its features to these pages.

Presently the authoress paused and seemed to wait for her guest's criticism.

"That is one chapter," she said.

"Yes. I remember. And the second one is where Algernon begins to disclose a very little of his true nature. Shall we not have that now?"

"As you like. I thought perhaps you would give me advice as we proceeded, some fault-finding here and there, a suggestion of alterations."

He shook his head affably.

"Not yet," he answered. "Up to this point I see nothing that requires condemnation."

"Nor praise, perhaps?" she said, in a low tone.

"That might be true, also," he replied. "The first chapter of a novel is only the laying of the cloth and the placing of a few dishes. The viands that form the meal are still in the kitchen."

She smiled at the simile.

"But even the laying of the cloth is important," she said.

"Your cloth is laid most admirably," he answered. "And now we will have the castor, which in this case, I believe, contains a certain quantity of mustard and red pepper."

At this she laughed the more, and glanced through a few of the sheets in her hands before she spoke again.

"Did you form any opinion about--about _me_--from this story?" she asked, constrainedly. "Did you, in brief, think it had taken a bold girl to write it?"

He hesitated a moment.

"Yes," he said, at last. "A bold girl, a daring girl, a brave girl. Not one, however, whose own conduct would necessarily be like that of the woman she has delineated."

She was so pleased that she put down the MSS. and leaned toward him with both hands clasped together.

"You are very, very kind," she said, impressively.

"No, merely truthful," he replied. "With your permission I want to retain that last quality in all my conversations with you. When you ask me a question I wish to be perfectly free to answer according to my honest convictions."

"It is what I especially desire," she said, brightening. "No one able to judge has heard anything of this story except your friend, Mr. Gouger. I know it is bold, sometimes I think it is brazen. I can conceive that there are excellent people who would say it never should have been written. To my mind, the moral I have drawn more than justifies the plainness of my speech. You can tell better than I where I have overstepped the proper bounds, if there be such places. You are, of course, a man of the world--"

The protesting expression on the face of her companion arrested her at this point.

"That depends on what you mean by 'a man of the world?'"

"It is a common expression."

"And has many definitions. Before I plead guilty to it, I want to know just how much you intend by it."

Miss Fern put down the page she had taken up and a puzzled look crossed her pretty face.

"You make it hard for me to explain myself," she said. "I suppose I meant--"

"Now, be as honest as you asked me to be," he interrupted.

"Well, then, I suppose you are a man like--like other men."

"But there are many kinds of other men."

The young lady tried several times to make herself clearer, and then asked, with a very pathetic pout, that she might be permitted to proceed with her reading, as the hour was growing later. It was not a very important point, any way, she said.

"I cannot entirely agree with you," replied Archie. "If you are to be a writer of fiction, you should not consider any time wasted which informs you in reference to your fellow creatures. It is from them that you must draw your inspiration; it is their figures you must put, correctly or incorrectly, on your canvas. Don't understand me as dictating to you, my dear Miss Fern. I only wish, as long as you have referred to me, to know of what I am accused."

To this Miss Fern answered, with many pauses, that she had not intended to accuse her visitor of anything. And once more--with evident distress--she begged to be permitted to drop the matter and return to her reading.

"Very well," he assented, thinking he had annoyed her as much as was advisable for the present. "As they say in parliamentary bodies, we will lay the question on the table, from which it can be taken at some more fitting time. I am as anxious as you can be to get into Chapter II."

She read this chapter to the end, and paused a few seconds to see if he had any comments to make, but he shook his head without breaking silence, and she went on with the story. He pursued the same plan till the end of the fifth chapter.

"It is interesting, exciting and true," he remarked, referring to the closing scene. "And I cannot help feeling arise in my brain the question that Mr. Gouger put when he read it: How could a young, innocent girl like you depict that situation with such absolute fidelity."

He had come to the point with a vengeance. But to Miss Fern his manner was far more agreeable than if he had approached it by stealth, or in an insinuating way. She had anticipated something of the sort and had tried to prepare herself to meet it.

"Does not nature teach us some things?" she asked, speaking straightforwardly, though her color heightened in spite of her efforts. "Given a certain condition, an intelligent mind can prophesy results."

He shook his head in mild disagreement with her.

"Gouger is an expert, and he denies this, as a regular rule, at least. You should have heard him argue it with Roseleaf. 'Either throw yourself into a love affair,' he said, 'or never try to depict one.' Excuse me, Miss Fern, you bade me be frank--"

She assented, with a grave nod of her shapely head.

"You may have been in love--I do not ask you whether you have or not--but you cannot have known personally of the sort of love that you have depicted in these pages. I call it little less than miraculous that you should draw the scene so accurately."

She colored again, this time partly with pleasure, for she was very susceptible to compliments.

"Perhaps your statement may explain to you," she said, pointedly, "what I meant a few minutes ago by calling you 'a man of the world.' You recognize at a glance what I had to construct from my imagination."

Archie Weil's face changed as he realized how deftly he had been caught. He had meant to pretend to this girl that he was more than usually ignorant of the nether side of life.

"Don't think too badly of me because I happen to know what is clear to every man," he said, impressively.

"To every one?" she answered. "To your friend, Mr. Roseleaf?"

"Ah! He is an exception to all rules. And yet, Gouger says he can never write a successful book till he is more conversant with life than he is at present."

She looked troubled.

"With life?" she echoed. "With sin, do you mean?"

"With the ordinary things that men know, and that most of them at some time experience."

Her bright eyes were temporarily clouded.

"What a pity!" she exclaimed.

"Yes," he said, for it was his humor to agree with her. "It is a pity."

There was a pause of a minute, and then she asked if she had read enough for one evening. He answered that as it was now past ten o'clock it would not be easy to get much farther and that he would come again whenever she chose to set the time.

"You do not say much about my work," she said, anxiously, as he prepared to go.

"Silence is approval," he responded. "I can talk it over with you better when you have reached the end. I have things to say, and I shall not hesitate to say them then."

"When is it most convenient to you to come?" she inquired.

"Any time," he answered. "I don't do much that is really useful. But wait till you see Shirley. He will atone for the shortcomings you find in me."

She repeated the word "Shirley," as if to test its sound.

"You are your father's only child, are you not?" he asked, thoughtfully.

"No. I have a sister, Daisy, a little younger than I."

"And has she a literary turn, also?"

"Not in the least."

Archie arose, and Miss Millicent accompanied him to the front door. The tall negro came to open the portal, but Miss Fern told him, with the same quality of dislike in her tone which Weil had noticed before, that he need not wait.

"He is really a magnificent piece of humanity," said Archie, when the man had disappeared. "I never saw anything quite like him."

"You admire negroes, then?" said the young lady, almost impolitely.

"I like representatives of every race," he answered, as if not noticing her. "There are interesting specimens in all. I number among my acquaintances several Chinamen, a Moor, a Mexican, Jews, Portuguese and Russians innumerable. If that fellow was not in your employ I would engage him to-morrow, merely as a study."

Miss Fern took the hand he held out to her and set the next meeting for Saturday evening. Then she said:

"If you want Hannibal, perhaps papa would oblige you. I certainly would do all I could to persuade him."

CHAPTER VI.

"HOW THE WOMEN STARE!"

The next day Archie Weil lunched with Lawrence Gouger. He wanted to talk with his friend about the young author and authoress. Gouger listened with interest to the story he had to relate, and nodded approval when it appeared that Archie had behaved admirably thus far in relation to Miss Millicent.

"Do you know anything about Mr. Fern?" he asked, when the other had reached a period.

"Nothing."

"Well, neither did I, a week ago, but I have taken pains to inform myself. He is a highly respectable elderly party, who deals in wool. He married a very beautiful lady, who has now been dead eight or ten years and he lives altogether in the society of his two daughters. If you succeed in getting Millicent's book on the counters you will earn his everlasting gratitude. They say he is not literary enough himself to be a judge of its merits, and if she has fifty copies to present to the family friends it will probably be all he will ask."

Mr. Weil uttered a low whistle.

"I don't know what the family friends will say of it," he replied, "but I call it pretty warm stuff. If the list includes many prudes they will hardly thank the girl for sending such a firebrand into their houses."

"Pshaw!" said Gouger. "The world is getting used to that sort of thing, and they won't mind it a bit. Besides, they will be so lost in admiration of their cousin's name on the cover that they will think of nothing else. What did you make out of her? Is she as innocent as I predicted?"

Archie poured out a glass of Bass' ale and sipped it slowly.

"Quite," he said, as he put it down on the table. "And she's no dunce, either." He went on to tell of the trap he had fallen into. "I'm dying with impatience to get her and Roseleaf together. They'd make an idealic couple."

Mr. Gouger inquired what he was waiting for.

"Oh, I want to do the thing right," said Weil. "I want to learn her as thoroughly as I can, before I bring him upon the stage. It will take three or four evenings more to hear the rest of her novel, and another to discuss it. I shall get around to him in about a fortnight, at the rate things are going. He will keep. What do you suppose he is doing now? Writing poetry! He sent a piece a few days ago to the _Century_, and they accepted it."

"He will be gray when it appears," said the critic. "It takes a long time for anything to see the light in that publication."

"But in this case an exception will be made," said Weil. "They have assured him that it will come out in their very next issue. He will be so proud to see his name in print that I expect to find difficulty in holding him back. A poet who appears in the Century has certainly stepped a little higher on the ladder."

The critic agreed to this, and remarked that such a man as Roseleaf should give his whole attention to poetry.

"Wait!" cried Archie. "Give him time. See him after he has fallen head over ears in love with charming Millicent Fern. There is something in him, I feel sure, and between that dear girl and myself we will bring it out. By-the-way, there is a character I want you to meet," he added, as Mr. Walker Boggs came into the room. "You have never had the pleasure, I think, though you have heard me speak of him."

Mr. Boggs had his attention attracted by a waiter who was sent for the purpose and came with great willingness to occupy a seat with Mr. Weil and his friend.

"We were talking of a New York merchant just now," said Archie, when the introductions were over, "and it occurs to me that you, who know almost everybody, may have some knowledge of him. He is in the wool business, I hear, and I think you once told me you had done something in that way. His name is Wilton Fern, and he lives at Midlands."

"Do I know anything about him?" echoed Mr. Boggs. "I should say so. He was my partner for seven years, and I still have a little stake left in the concern, on which I am drawing interest."

Mr. Weil showed his astonishment at this statement. What a very small world it was, after all! Then, after pledging his friend not to mention that he had ever discussed the matter with him, he went guardedly into the particulars of Miss Millicent's book, and of his having called at the house for the purpose of passing judgment upon it.

"I didn't know that was in your line," replied Boggs.

"Well, it was this way," answered Archie. "Mr. Gouger's decision didn't exactly suit the young lady, as it was not very favorable. Mine will be quite to her taste, as I view her abilities in a more favorable light. Now tell us all about the family, as the only one of them I have met is Miss Millicent. Why, this is a regular find, old man! You should have told me a week ago that you possessed all this information that I have been aching to get hold of."

Thus adjured, Mr. Boggs entered upon his story. From which it appeared that he knew the Ferns, root and branch, and had dined with them dozens of times.

"What sort of a chap is the pater?" asked Weil.

"A very well-kept man of nearly seventy, with a great deal of what is called 'breeding' in his manner, and a face like the portrait of a French marquis cut out of a seventeenth century frame. He doesn't look like a business man at all, and between ourselves he's not

much of a one. All the money he ever made--saving my apparent egotism--was when I was in the concern. I've heard he's got a big mortgage on his residence and is going down hill generally. Too bad; nice fellow; sorry for him; such is life."

Archie asked if Boggs would do him a personal and particular favor, if it would not cause him much trouble; and on being answered in the affirmative, said he would esteem it a great honor if he could be introduced to Mr. Fern by that gentleman's former business associate.

"I suppose I shall run across him at Midlands, some evening," he said, "and get one of those presentations that are the most aggravating things in the world. I don't want that to happen, and the best way, to use an elegant phrase, is to take the bull by the horns, or in this case, the sheep by the tail. Will you make an accidental call on him to-morrow afternoon and let me be of the party?"

Mr. Boggs responded that he would be delighted. And this matter being settled, all parties could give more direct attention to their lunch than they had been doing for the preceding ten minutes.

"You must have heard of my friend Boggs, in the days when he was a figure on the streets of this town," said Weil, presently, returning to what he knew was the favorite subject of that personage. "You've lived here for twenty years, and of course the name of Walker Boggs is familiar to you."

Mr. Gouger looked a good counterfeit of complete mystification for some seconds, and then a gleam as of sudden recollection shot across his face.

"Certainly, certainly!" he said. "Mr. Boggs was what is popularly known as a lady killer, if I am not mistaken. You got married, did you not, Mr. Boggs, some ten or eleven years ago?"

The party addressed acknowledged the practical correctness of the date.

"Why, it comes back as plain as day," said the critic. "The _Herald_ had a page about you, including your portrait and some verses by a well known poet. It said your marriage had cast a gloom over Manhattan Island and some of the up-river counties."

Mr. Boggs gloomily nodded, to show that the statement was true. Then he touched his most rotund portion with a significant look.

"I'm a widower now," he said, "and nothing but this--_this_--stands in my way. As Shakespeare says, "Tis not as deep as a well, nor as wide as a church door, but--' The ladies never look at me now, and all on account of this d--d flesh, which hangs like a millstone around my neck."

Cutt & Slashem's critic, ignoring the peculiar character of the metaphor used, remarked politely that he thought no lady of sense would put great stress on such an insignificant matter.

"Insignificant!" echoed Boggs. "I'll bet it's fifty inches around, come! And it's not the 'ladies of sense' I'm after. Quite the contrary."

One of Archie Weil's explosive laughs followed this statement, which caused an expression of mild injury to settle over the countenance of Mr. Boggs.

"You're getting on toward forty, and you ought to quit," said Weil. "Confound the women! Let them go."

"That's well enough to talk about," replied Boggs, gruffly. "How would you like to follow your own advice?"

Weil uttered an exclamation.

"I? I have precious little to do with them, I assure you. For a man of my correct habits I have the worst name of any one I know. Everybody insinuates things about me, and they can prove nothing."

"We'll ask Isaac Leveson about that," sneered Boggs. "By-the-way, that wouldn't be a bad place to take young Roseleaf to, when you get to instructing him in earnest. I met the young fellow on the avenue last night and walked around with him for a couple of hours. He's a darling!"

"Roseleaf?" cried both the other gentlemen, in one breath.

"To be sure. How the women stared at him! I couldn't blame them; his waist isn't over thirty, and he's as handsome as--as I was at his age. I told him he could have all the loveliness in New York at his feet, if he liked."

Weil smiled significantly at Gouger.

"What did he reply to that?" he asked.

"Oh, he had an ideal in his head, and none of those we saw quite came up to it; for I did get him to raise his eyes and look at the prettiest ones. I drew out of him slowly that he would have nothing to do with a girl unless she had red hair; that--"

Mr. Weil uttered a laugh so hearty that it attracted the attention of everybody in the room. Mr. Boggs paused to inquire the cause of this outbreak, but Archie assured him that something entirely out of the present discussion had just occurred to him, which was to blame for his impoliteness.

"A girl must have _Titian_ hair," repeated Mr. Boggs, accepting the explanation, "or he would not consider her. He ruled out all the striking blondes and brunettes, saying that he liked only those of a medium shade. We came across one that answered these descriptions, an exquisite little creature who looked as if she would swallow him could she get the chance. And then there came out another idea. He would not think of this fairy because she was so short. 'I want a woman five feet, four inches tall,' he said, as if the article could be made to order, in case the size did not happen to be in stock. Then, would you believe it, he found a girl embracing every attribute he had mentioned. Her hair was just the right shade, her height must have hit the mark exactly, her complexion was medium. But no. She was too heavy. She would weigh a hundred and forty-five, he said, quite twenty pounds too much. If we had found a girl that filled all his description he would have invented something new to bar her out of the race."

Mr. Weil remarked that he was not so sure of Roseleaf's insincerity. He believed the right woman would yet be discovered, and that a case of the most intense affection would then spontaneously develop.

"In fact," he added, "I have the identical creature in mind. It is clear to us--to myself and Mr. Gouger here--that Shirley will never write a thrilling romance till he has fallen wildly, passionately in love."

Mr. Boggs smiled slightly, and then sobered again.

"Shall you have him marry, also?" he inquired, pointedly.

"Why not?"

"Because it will finish him; that's why. The romance in a modern marriage lasts six weeks. At the end of that time he will be useless for literary purposes, or anything else."

Mr. Weil shook his head in opposition to this rash statement.

"My theory is," said he, "that a novelist should know everything. To write of love he should have been in love; to tell of marriage he should have had a wife--a real one, no mere imitation; to talk of fatherhood intelligently he should become a father. How can he know his subjects otherwise?"

The stout man smiled significantly.

"And if he wishes to write of murder, he must kill some one. And if he wants to depict the sensations of a robber he must take a pistol and ask people to stand, on the highway."

"Now you are becoming absurd," said Archie.

"No more than you," said Boggs. "You go too far, and you will find it out. Let your novelist fall in love. That will do him good. But don't let him marry, or you will lose him, mark my word. Let him contemplate matrimony at a distance. Let him reflect on the glory of seeing his children about his knees. So far, so good. But when you have shelved him with a wife of the present era, when you have kept him up nights for a month with a baby that screams--his literary capacity will be gone. Make no mistake!"

Mr. Weil, half convinced, and much surprised to hear such wisdom from this unexpected source, made an effort to maintain his ground.

"Nearly all the modern novelists _are_ married," he remarked.

"Yes, and nice stuff they write, don't they? Namby-pamby, silly-billy stories, misleading in every line! They are the most unsafe pilots on the shores of human life. They start, without exception, from false premises. Their chart is wrong, their compass unreliable, their reckoning ridiculous from beginning to end. Where did you ever see a bit of real life that resembled these abortions? Do lovers usually fall on their knees when they propose? Is the modern girl an idiot, knowing less of the facts of nature than an oyster? Is the conversation between men and women filled exclusively with twaddle? You would think so, from reading these books; and why? They are written by married people, most of them, people who don't dare step over the line of the commonplace any more than a woman would dare order her dressmaker to put pockets in her gown!"

Archie looked at Mr. Gouger, who nodded a partial approval of these statements. Mr. Boggs betook himself with more interest to his chops. And the other two gentlemen, remarking that time pressed, bade him good-by for the day.

"I see you agree with him that I shouldn't marry Roseleaf?" said Archie, with a rising inflection.

"There is certainly point in what he says," replied Mr. Gouger.

"But--confound it! With the boy's disposition, it will be a delicate business," retorted Weil. "I don't know as I can carry him to the point of passionate love for pretty Miss Fern, and then shut off the steam when it suits me."

This matter was discussed for the next ten minutes, as the friends walked along toward the office of Cutt & Slashem.

"I think you are foolish to delay so long introducing him to her," said Gouger, finally. "I don't see that you are making any progress whatever."

"Ah, but I am," replied Weil. "I am making both of them more and more anxious for the meeting. Shirley walks the street feverishly impatient, and I have no doubt mutters her name in his dreams. Millicent talks about her ideal of manly beauty. When they get together failure will be impossible."

Mr. Gouger laughed at the idea that Roseleaf was "feverishly impatient" to meet any girl, and ventured to predict that the young man would have to be put in irons to get him to the residence of the Ferns when the time came; or at least to keep him there.

"Just the point I am working on," replied Weil. "Under ordinary circumstances I would have to handcuff his wrists to mine, but I am making such a strong impression on his imagination that he is crazy to go. And once she gets him under her influence--I tell you, Lawrence, she is no ordinary girl."

"She certainly does not write like one," smiled the critic, "either in her subject or her English. You may make something of him--I rather think you will--but not of her. Her ideas are wild, and her realism a little too pronounced even for the present age."

"She has truth on her side, you admit," said Archie.

"Yes, to a remarkable degree."

"Well, that ought to be something, if Boggs' estimate of the modern liar is correct. Shirley will help her to style, give her his own, if necessary. I am going to land both of these fish, if only to spite you, Lawrence. You tossed them away with that fine contempt of yours, and you will weep hot tears for it before you die."

At the door of Cutt & Slashem's they met the two members of that firm, who paused to say a word to Mr. Gouger. They were anxious for a new book to bring out as soon as possible, and were regretting with him that nothing worth publishing seemed to present itself.

"You may strain matters, it necessary," said Mr. Cutt. "We can't keep up on reprints forever. I hope you made no mistake in rejecting that book of Mrs. Hotbox. I hear it is selling well."

Mr. Gouger's face was, as ever, immovable before his employers.

"What 'Fire and Brimstone?'" he inquired. "The authorities seized the entire edition this morning."

Mr. Cutt looked at Mr. Slashem, with a startled expression.

"In that case, I am glad we escaped it," he said. "We shouldn't like that sort of an affair, of course."

Mr. Weil, who knew both the gentlemen well, inquired what they thought of Mrs. Hotbox's production.

"I have never seen it," said Mr. Slashem.

"Nor I," said Mr. Cutt.

The partners disappeared into the counting-room, where they had an interview with a binder who had offered to do their work at one-tenth of a cent a hundred copies less than the concern with which they were then dealing. Archie said good-by to Gouger, and went off to find Roseleaf, with whom he had engaged to take, later in the day, a ride through the Park.

"How soon am I to see your paragon?" sighed the young man, as they were making the grand round of that famous drive.

"Within a week, I hope. Are you getting uneasy?"

"I am getting lonesome," was the gloomy reply. "And I want to begin work."

"Well, it will soon pass now. To-morrow evening I am to hear another installment of her novel. Two more sittings after that will finish it, I should say. And the next thing will be--you. But have you seen no one else in all this time that you care for?"

The young man looked aimlessly at the fleecy clouds that hung low on the horizon.

"No," he answered.

"And you think you are ready for a passionate affection, if the right person is found?"

"I will try," he said, simply.

Mr. Weil roused himself and touched his horse with the whip.

"Try!" he echoed. "You will not have to try. She will carry you off your feet, at the first go. Shirley, I have found you a superb woman, that you _must_ love. All I want to feel sure of is, that you can control yourself enough to behave in a reasonable manner."

Roseleaf looked up inquiringly.

"She belongs to an eminently respectable family," explained Archie. "Her father is a gentleman of the most honorable type. She has a young sister, who--"

Roseleaf, slow at all times, had at last begun to comprehend.

"You surely don't think--" he began.

"Ah, that is the question! A novelist must learn so very much--a novelist who is to depict the truth, as you are to do. Where should he stop? What experience should he refuse, provided it may be utilized in his work? A responsibility that is no light one will rest on me, my dear boy, when I have introduced you to this family, and left you to your own devices."

Roseleaf's eyes opened wider at these mysterious suggestions, but he did not like to make any more inquiries. Weil changed the conversation, calling attention to the women they met, who turned their handsome heads to look at the young man, as their equipages almost touched his.

"What an awfully wide swath you are cutting!" was Archie's exclamation, as the throng increased.

CHAPTER VII.

A DINNER AT MIDLANDS.

True to his appointment Walker Boggs met Mr. Weil on the following afternoon, and set out with him for Wilton Fern's office. Though engaged, as has been already stated, in the wool trade, Mr. Fern did not have on the premises to which these worthies repaired a very large assortment of that product. His warehouses were in another part of the city, and all the wool that was visible to his customers was arranged in sample lots that would easily have gone into a barrel. Mr. Weil, notwithstanding the description that Boggs had given of his ex-partner, was not prepared to see such an exceedingly fine specimen of humanity as the one introduced to him. The word "gentleman" was written in large characters on his broad forehead and in every word he spoke. It certainly was

not often, said Archie to himself, that one encountered that sort of man in business.

"I have already heard something of you, sir," said Mr. Fern, affably, but with the dignity that was a part of his nature, no more to be discarded than his eyes. "That is, if you are the same gentleman that has kindly offered to assist my daughter in arranging a story she has written."

Mr. Weil admitted the correctness of the supposition, but disclaimed any special credit for what he had done. He explained briefly how he was drawn into the case. The visit lasted upwards of an hour, during which the conversation wandered from literature to business and politics, and all sorts of things.

Mr. Weil could not tell from Mr. Fern's manner of alluding to his daughter's work whether he had a very high idea of its value or not. Indeed, there was very little to be learned from this grave gentleman that was not expressed in the language he used. He was inclined, Archie thought, to reticence, for when there was a lull in the conversation it was always one of the others who had to start it going. The thing that might be counted a substantial gain, out of the whole affair, was an invitation to dinner for the following Wednesday, in which Mr. Roseleaf was included, and Mr. Boggs also.

Before the Wednesday set for the formal dinner at the Ferns', Mr. Weil had heard the whole of Miss Millicent's novel read by the lips of that charming young woman. There was certainly something very strong in it, in spite of its grammatical faults. It would be a very good story when "Dr." Roseleaf had put it into a little better English.

The meeting between Roseleaf and Millicent was most interesting to the one who had been the means of bringing them together. The girl put out her hand with a straightforward motion of welcome, and it was accepted with something resembling timidity by the young man, who did not even raise his eyes to hers. The talk that followed was nearly all her own, Shirley's part in it being largely monosyllabic replies to her statements and suggestions.

When Miss Daisy was presented to both the gentlemen, for the first time--Mr. Boggs she remembered very well--she drew their attention for a few moments from her sister, but soon relapsed into the more insignificant place which she seemed to prefer. She was not as large in any way, as Millicent, and did not seem likely to become so. Her hair was of a soft shade of light brown, and her eyes a decided blue. In the presence of her sister she did not expect to shine, and was evidently relieved when she could go into a corner and talk over times long past with Walker Boggs.

Mr. Fern came in rather late, but still before the hour announced for dinner. He had his habitual look of quiet elegance, but withal an expression of care about his face, that Weil attributed to the business troubles of which Boggs had spoken. The manner of the daughters toward him was marked by the watchful eyes of the chief conspirator. Millicent merely looked up and said, "Papa, this is Mr. Roseleaf, of whom we have spoken," and then when the greetings that followed were exchanged, went on talking with those about her as if there had been no interruption. Daisy, on the other hand, crept softly to her father's side, and putting an arm around his neck, kissed him when she thought no one observed her.

"You are tired, papa," she whispered.

"No, no!" he said, brightening. "I am very well."

It was at the table that Mr. Fern had his first conversation with Roseleaf, and the two men got along nicely together. Shirley acquitted himself creditably. Weil, who saw everything, noticed that the negro, Hannibal, in superintending the service in the dining-room, lingered more about Miss Daisy's chair than any other, and took extra pains to see that her wants were anticipated. In spite of this, however, Mr. Fern frequently asked his younger daughter to have more of certain dishes, as if his mind was constantly turned in that direction.

"How long do you think it will require to do the work you have so generously undertaken?" asked Mr. Fern of Roseleaf, when the dessert was reached.

"It is impossible to say," stammered the young man. "Some weeks, at least."

"So I supposed," said Mr. Fern. "That being the case I wish to tender you the hospitality of my home. It would be a great deal of trouble for you to come every day from the city, and I know we could make you comfortable here."

Roseleaf was about to decline the offer with thanks, when Mr. Weil spoke to him in a low tone.

"Take it, by all means," he said. "It's a chance in a lifetime. You know nothing of family life. Don't dream of refusing."

The delay allowed Miss Millicent to add her request to that of her father, and fearing to let his protege answer, Mr. Weil boldly spoke for him.

"It is a good idea," he said. "He will have his baggage brought up to-morrow. There's nothing like being on the ground, when there's work to be done. And, with the general permission, I am going to run out pretty often myself, to see how things progress."

The bright, off-hand way of the last speaker seemed to please Mr. Fern, for he heartily seconded this suggestion. When the table was vacated, Mr. Fern asked if he might be excused for a few minutes, while he wrote a couple of important letters, and requested Walker Boggs to show the guests through the grounds, where they could smoke their cigars till he returned.

Accordingly Weil and Roseleaf accompanied their new guide out of doors and across an extensive lawn to an arbor at the further end, where a handsome prospect of the Hudson unfolded itself. As Archie was wishing for some feasible way of getting rid of Boggs, temporarily, that gentleman espied an acquaintance in the adjacent road and went off to speak to him.

"Are you in love yet, you dog?" asked Archie, as soon as he and his young friend were alone. "What! You're not! Don't let an hour pass, then, before you are. The best of all proverbs is, 'Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.'"

"How can I do this to-day?" was the doleful response.

"How can you help it, you mean? There she was at the table--Titian hair, hazel-grey eyes, lovely waist--everything. Love! _I_ could fall in love with that girl, marry her, get a divorce and commit suicide, within forty-eight hours."

Even Roseleaf had to smile at this extravagant statement.

"Do you want me to do all of those things?" he asked.

"Only the first one, at present. If you can't do that, give up all ideas of being a novelist and secure a place in some factory or counting-room. Everything is ready for you. You are _persona grata_ here. Nothing can come in your way. Oh, don't exasperate me!"

Roseleaf haltingly said he would do his best; and the next day he came to Midlands, prepared to spend a month or longer.

CHAPTER VIII.

HOLDING HER HAND.

For the first three days Roseleaf gave most of his time to reading the MSS. that Miss Fern had written. He could not say that he liked it, exactly, but that was not necessary. To fill in the time, he consented to let the girl read his own story that Gouger had rejected, though he did this with trepidation, having a dread that she would think it insipid. When she had finished it, however, her delight was unbounded.

"It is lovely!" she exclaimed, in response to his inquiring eyes. "I cannot see why they refused it. I haven't been so interested in a story in years."

When he had read _her_ story through he began to rewrite it, departing as little as possible from the original. As soon as he had a chapter finished he would give it to her, for comparison, and criticism, if she chose to make any. She proved, however, a most charming critic, her shafts falling mainly upon herself, for she declared that her novel seemed unworthy of its elegant new dress. She conceived a shyness toward this quiet youth, and blushed when the striking situations and bold language of her tale came into the conversation. It was so different from his own work!

"It is too bold. I am sure it is," she said, repeatedly. "I ought to begin again. My plot has too much freedom, too little conventionality. People will say a very strange girl must have written it."

And he would tell her that he did not think so; that the strength of her ideas was very great, and that the public would find excuses enough for anything that interested and entertained it. He even added that he wished he possessed her knowledge, her insight into life, her fearlessness to tread on any ground that her subject made desirable.

Between them they were doing very good work, without doubt. Mr. Weil took some of the completed chapters to Lawrence Gouger, who returned them with a smile that spoke volumes. Cutt & Slashem would take the story when it was ready, if the subsequent pages kept up to the mark of the first ones.

"Don't forget your own book," said Gouger, in a note he enclosed for Roseleaf.

Mr. Weil was not backward in accepting the cordial invitation he had had to join the Ferns at dinner whenever he could make it convenient. Besides this he called frequently at the wool office, and ingratiated himself into Mr. Fern's good graces in many ways. Within a fortnight he knew all there was to be known about wool, in which he seemed to have conceived a great interest. In his talks with Roseleaf he spoke learnedly on this subject, referring to the foreign and domestic staples, like one who had made the matter a life study.

"What a queer thing trade is!" he exclaimed, on one of these occasions. "Here we find a man who ought to adorn an atelier, or a seat in Congress, and yet is obliged to guide his entire existence by the price of such a confoundedly dull thing as the hair on a sheep's back. He votes a certain political ticket on account of the attitude of the party on Wool; he dines off mutton and lambs' tongues; he casts his lot with the Sheep at church. I don't know but he would feel a genuine pleasure in having Wool pulled over his eyes. And still I am convinced that he never ought to have been in the Wool business at all, and that Boggs--what a drop--is right in his impression that it will eventually swamp him."

Roseleaf asked how Mr. Fern got into the trade in the first place.

"Well, as I understand it, Boggs was looking for a partner. Mrs. Fern had some cash and her husband wanted to put it into a good thing, from a financial standpoint. They did well while they were together. When Boggs pulled out they had a clear $200,000 apiece. Boggs--confound him!--has his yet; Fern hasn't. He's proud as the devil, and didn't tell me this, by any means. It would break him up completely to have to go into bankruptcy. Really, I wish I could do something for him."

Roseleaf looked up inquiringly.

"Why, I've got a fair amount of money," explained Archie, "and perhaps a lift over these hard times might be the making of him. I'm not particularly a philanthropist, but I like this fellow wonderfully well for such a new acquaintance. I shall give him a delicate hint in a day or two, and if I can fix things without too much risk--we have to protect ourselves, you know--I am willing to do so."

This struck Shirley Roseleaf as rather odd. He had never thought about Mr. Weil in that way. Whether he was rich or poor had never entered his head. He began to wonder if he was very wealthy. He certainly lived well, and had no visible occupation of the sort the census takers call "gainful."

"It is an interesting family, though," pursued Archie, in his rambling way. "I wish I could get into it as you did, you rascal, and observe it at shorter range. Even the servants are worth studying. Look at that Hannibal; who can say that the African race is inferior when it produces such marvels! I can hardly take my eyes off the black paragon when he is present. How he passes the soup--as if it were some heavenly decoction, made by the gods themselves and sent to earth by their favorite messenger! With what grace he opens the carriage door! with what majesty he mounts to his seat by the driver! I wonder if he has a sister. She would be worth a journey to see. I have met such women on their native soil, statuesque, slender, full-breasted, square-shouldered, with jars of water on their heads and clinking silver anklets. What a cursed thing is our American prejudice against color! No other people carries it to such an extent. In the Latin Quarter the West India blacks are prime favorites with the pretty grisettes."

The young man could not help a slight shiver at this information. He did not in the least agree with the sentiments his friend was advancing, but neither did he think it wise to contradict him.

"Then there is the little one--Miss Daisy"--continued Weil, branching suddenly into that topic. "So quiet, so self-abased, as if she would not for the world attract one glance that might be claimed by her elder sister, who is perfectly willing to be a monopolist of attention. A nice girl, sweet as a fresh-plucked lily. There must be treasures hidden under all that reticence. Still waters run deep, the silent swine devour the milk. I think I ought to investigate the child. If you are to have that aggregation of beauty known as Millicent, what prevents me from securing a slight hold in the affections of the junior?"

Roseleaf shook his head in a way that might have meant almost anything. He never could tell how much in earnest his friend was when he took up a vein like this. Neither could he imagine little Daisy in the role of an entertainer for such a very wise man as Archie, not only much her senior but a thousand times her superior in knowledge and acquaintance with things that people talk

about.

"Keep your eye on her--she will be worth watching," said Weil, with one of his laughs at the sober face before him. "She is worth almost as much to a rising author as the negro--not quite, but nearly. Then there is the pater-familias; is there anything in him? No, he will be of no service to you. And that brings us back to our superb Millicent, with whom you must now be wildly infatuated."

Roseleaf shook his head again.

"No--not yet," he said.

"But, what do you do all the time? How can you sit by the side of a pretty girl, and kiss her cheeks, and put your arm around her, and yet keep from falling in love?"

The younger man gasped at each of these suggestions, like one who has stepped into icy water and feels it gradually creeping upward.

"I have done none of those things," he faltered.

"None of them! Then I shall not let you stay here!" cried Archie. "What does the girl expect? That we are going to make her reputation in the literary world and get nothing for ourselves? I never heard such effrontery! She refuses to give you the least opportunity, does she--the jade!"

More and more confused grew the other at these expressions.

"You don't understand--you are quite in error," he articulated. "She--she has refused me nothing, because--because I have asked nothing."

Mr. Weil uttered a disheartened groan.

"But this will not do, my dear fellow!" he said. "How can you accomplish anything unless you make a beginning? Rewriting the story that she has written will not advance you one step on the path you profess such anxiety to tread. That is only an excuse--a make-believe--a pretence under which you have been given quarters in this house and allowed every chance in creation to learn your lesson. Are you afraid of her, or what is the matter? Does she overpower you with her beauty? Tell me where your difficulty lies."

But Shirley could hardly answer these apparently simple questions. He said he feared the trouble might be in the formality of the situation. How could Mr. Weil expect, he asked, that a spontaneous case of love-making would develop from such a condition of things.

"Stuff!" cried Archie, with a grimace. "If you and she were members of a theatrical company, and were cast as a pair of lovers, you wouldn't find so many pitfalls. You would go ahead and repeat the lines of your part, wouldn't you? All you want is to do the same now."

"But what _are_ the 'lines of my part?'" inquired the other, dolefully.

"Take her hand once in yours and they will come to you," retorted Weil.

Roseleaf reddened so much that Archie regretted the severity of his tone, and hastened to turn the conversation to something more agreeable. He made up his mind, however, to have a talk with Miss Fern, and at the first opportunity he did so. It was on an afternoon when he knew Roseleaf was in the city, and he came to the point at once, after his own fashion.

"How are you and my young friend getting along?" he asked her.

"Oh, as well as possible," she responded. "I am learning to like him more and more. I really shall be sorry when his task is done."

Mr. Weil shrugged his shoulders.

"There's a bit of selfishness in your words, Miss Fern," he said. "Have you forgotten that he is not here to be useful to _you_ alone; that you agreed to do what you could for _him_, as well?"

The girl cast down her pretty eyes in confusion.

"I am sure I have tried to be agreeable," she replied, gently.

"That is not enough," replied Archie, gravely. "What he needs is something--some one--to stir his blood, to awaken his fancy. I told you in the first place that you ought to make him fall in love with you--for literary reasons. He must feel a sensation stronger than mere friendship for a woman before he can write such a story as will bring him fame."

Miss Millicent did not grow more comfortable under this suggestion. She remarked, after a long wait, that she did not see how the end sought was to be accomplished. Love, she said, was not a mere expression, it was a deep, actual entity. Two people, playing at love with each other, might afterwards find that they were experimenting with fire.

"I have heard," she continued, her fair cheeks growing crimson, "that there are women--"

Then she paused and could go no further. But he understood.

"There are women--thousands of them," he admitted, "who would willingly do what I ask. If it is necessary, he must go to them."

She wanted to say that she hoped it would not come to that--she wanted to convey to her companion the horror she felt for what she supposed his words implied--but she could not. It was so much easier to write of things than to talk of them to a man like him.

"Do you call it quite fair," he asked, "to claim all and give nothing? He does not require much. Could you not let him take your hand, and--"

"And--"

"Possibly, touch your lips with his?"

Miss Fern rose to her feet with a fierce gesture.

"Sir!" she exclaimed.

"Very well," replied Mr. Weil, shortly, turning away.

The girl resumed her seat, with rapidly rising and falling bosom. She was in a quandary. The suggestion she had heard would have sounded from any other lips like a premeditated insult. Coming from this man the venom seemed to have vanished.

Roseleaf felt somewhat discouraged after his latest talk with Weil. He wanted to make a start, to do something, no matter how little, toward the object he fully believed was to be attained. That evening while walking with Miss Fern (for it was their frequent habit to go out of doors unchaperoned) he found himself unconsciously taking her hand--that hand for which he had until now felt a genuine fright. And she, after all her resolutions never to permit anything of the sort, gave it to him, as they strolled together along an unfrequented byway.

"I want so much to make a Name," he was saying fervently. "I have tried and tried to begin such a book as Mr. Gouger wants, but I cannot. Won't you help me, dear Miss Fern? Won't you show me what I lack? I know you can, if you will. They tell me I have had no experiences, and that I must have--not a real affair, you know, but an inkling of what it is like. I have tried to say things to you and have been in fear that you would not like them, and have held my peace. But now, I can wait no longer."

In his exuberance Roseleaf spoke at last with ardor, and even went so far as to attempt to put one of his arms around the waist of the fair creature by his side. On her part Miss Fern was nearly overcome by surprise.

In one instant the timid young gentleman had changed into the similitude of a most ardent swain; but in the next he became again his natural self, with the added confusion resulting from his excited and mortified state.

"Let me take you home," he said, when he saw that she could find no words even to chide him. "Let me take you home; and to-morrow I will go away."

Go away! She did not like that idea! Her book was not yet finished, for one thing; and besides he was a nice young fellow, and had meant no offense.

"There is no reason why you should go," she stammered. "I forgive you, I am sure."

"Do you!" cried Roseleaf, grasping her hand again in his joy. "You are kindness itself to say so. I must appear very stupid" (here he half put his arm around her again, checking himself with difficulty from completeing the movement) "and dull, and wanting in manners, but you are the only young lady I have ever known on terms of the least intimacy."

Miss Fern replied that she did not mind what had occurred, and hoped he would forget it. She added that she would do anything she could for him, and had the most earnest wish that they should be friends.

At the gate they paused, and in some way their eyes were looking into each other. The girl laughed, a relief to feelings that had been for the past ten minutes somewhat overcharged.

"Well, you have made a beginning," she said, mischievously, for she wanted to drive the sober expression from his clouded face.

"A beginning?" he echoed.

"Yes," she said. "You have held my hand."

He crimsoned.

"You said you would forgive me," he murmured.

"With all my heart," she responded, putting the hand in his again.

He felt a thrill go through him, but it was a pleasant sensation.

"I came very near putting my arm around you," said he, looking away from her. "Do you forgive that, too?"

She took the hand away and struck him playfully on the cheek with the palm of it.

Then, before he surmised what she intended, she ran brightly up the steps of the house and vanished.

CHAPTER IX.

"DAISY, MY DARLING!"

It was Roseleaf's full intention to say something about this adventure to his instructor in the art of love, Mr. Archie Weil, but somehow he was not able to summon the requisite courage. He had a delicate sense that such a thing ought not to be repeated, where it might by any possibility bring a laugh. And about this time the novelist's attention began to be attracted toward the younger sister, who had till then almost entirely escaped his observation.

He noticed particularly the ceaseless devotion that the black servant of the family exhibited toward her. She might have been a goddess and he a devotee; a queen and he her slave. Hannibal moved about the girl like her very shadow, ready to anticipate her slightest wants, while Daisy seemed to take this excess of attention as a matter of course.

Millicent constantly showed her dislike for the servant.

"I don't see how you can endure to have him touch you," she said to Daisy. "He knows better than to lay his hands on me. I have told papa often that I want him discharged, and he ought to consider my wishes a little."

To this Daisy answered that the boy, as she persisted in calling the giant, meant well and was certainly intelligent. Her father did not like to change servants, for it took him a long time to get used to new ones. So Millicent tossed her head, returned to her collaboration with Mr. Roseleaf, and things went on as usual.

Imperceptibly Shirley began to take an interest in Daisy. She did not run away from him, and he discovered, much to his surprise, that she was worth talking to. She was not exactly the child he had supposed, and she had the full value of her eighteen years in her pretty head. He got into the habit of taking short strolls with her, on evenings when Millicent was occupied with Archie, and when, as often happened, Mr. Fern was away with Hannibal in the city. There was a sequestered nook at the far end of the lawn, in which the pair found retreat. Before he realized it, Roseleaf had developed a genuine liking for these rambles, and was pleased when the evenings came that brought Mr. Weil to dinner.

Daisy was ingenuous, to a degree, if surface indications counted for anything. The words that flowed from her red lips were as unstudied as the pretty attitudes she assumed, or the exceedingly plain but very becoming dresses that she wore. After she once got "used" to Roseleaf she treated him quite as if she had been five years his senior.

"Are you a rich man?" she asked him, on one of those early autumn evenings that they passed together.

Her manner was as simple as if she had said that it looked like rain, and his answer was hardly less so.

"No, Daisy. I have not much property, but I intend to earn more, by-and-by. Did you think, because I seem so idle, that I was a millionaire?"

"No," she answered, a shade of disappointment in her face. "I only wanted, in case you had plenty of money, to get you to lend me some."

He stared at her through the half-light. Her features were turned in a direction that did not reveal them very well. What did she want of money!

"How much do you need?" he inquired, wondering if it was within his power to oblige her.

"Oh, too much, I am afraid. And I cannot answer any questions, because the object I have is a secret. I don't think my plan very feasible, for it might be years and years before I could pay it back. You won't mind my speaking of it, will you?"

Curiosity grew stronger, and as politely as possible he renewed his question as to how much the girl needed to carry out her plan.

"I don't know, exactly," she said, thoughtfully. "Perhaps a thousand dollars a year for five or six years; it might take less."

"It is a great deal," he admitted. "Does your father know what you contemplate?"

The girl changed color at once.

"Oh, no. I should not like to have him, either. He would say it was very foolish. And yet I am sure it would not be. The money would do much good--yes, ever so much."

The young man thought hard for a few moments. A desire to see a brighter light flash into those young eyes possessed him. He debated seriously the idea of handing her his patrimony, as he would have given her a pound of candy if she had wanted it.

"I might give you part," he said, after a pause. "Perhaps your thousand for the first year or two."

She looked him full in the face, and put both her hands in his impulsively.

"You are too good," she exclaimed, with fervor. "But you cannot afford so large a gift. No, I would only take it if you had a very large sum, and could not possibly miss it. I asked carelessly. I should not have done so--I was selfish to think of such a thing."

"I want to speak to you about something, also," said Roseleaf, after a strained pause. "I have noticed of late that your father has some trouble on his mind."

She started suddenly.

"Ah!" was all she said.

"And I have wondered if there was anything I could do to--to aid _him_--to relieve him. Because, I would like it very much if I could, on account of--of--"

She looked up inquiringly.

"I have been so much a member of your family, in a certain way, that a grief like this appeals strongly to me," he said, haltingly.

She paled slightly as she repeated his words.

"A grief?"

"Well, distress, annoyance, whatever it may be called. If there is anything I can do, I shall be more than happy."

The girl sat for some moments with her eyes on the ground.

"He _is_ troubled," she said, finally. "I am glad to talk with you, for I cannot get him to tell me anything. He is greatly troubled, and I am worried beyond expression. I can't understand it. He has always confided in me so thoroughly, but now he shakes his head and says it is nothing, trying to look brighter even when the tears are almost ready to fall. What can it be, Mr. Roseleaf? He has no companions outside of his office and this house? He sits by himself, and isn't a bit like he used to be and every day I think he grows worse."

Roseleaf asked if Daisy had talked much with her sister about it.

"No," she said, with a headshake. "I don't believe Millie has noticed anything. She is so occupied with her literary matters"--there was a sarcastic touch upon the word, that did not escape the listener--"she has no time for such things. I hope you won't think I mean to criticise her," added the young girl, with a blush. "I know you care a great deal for my sister, and--"

She stopped in the midst of the sentence, leaving it unfinished. And Roseleaf thought how interesting this girl had become.

"Let me confide in you, Daisy," he said, in his softest tone. "I do not care 'a great deal,' nor even a very little for your sister. You see," he went on, in response to the startled look that greeted him, "I am to be a novelist. To be successful in writing fiction, I have been told that I ought to be in love--just once--myself. And I came here and tried very hard to fall in love with Miss Millicent; and I simply cannot."

Daisy's fresh young laugh rang out on the air of the evening.

"Poor man!" she cried, with mock pity. "And hasn't she tried to help you?"

"No. She hasn't. And as soon as I get the work done I have commenced for her, I am going away."

The child--she was scarcely more than that--grew whiter, but the shadows of the evening hid the fact from her companion.

"You ought not to go," she said, slowly, and rather faintly, "until you have made another trial."

"Oh! It is useless!" he replied.

"Is it that you cannot love--Millie--or that you cannot love--any one?"

He hesitated, puzzled, himself, at the question.

"I never did love any one--any woman," he confessed, "and perhaps I never shall. But your sister seems peculiarly hard to love. Yet she is a very handsome girl and equipped with a mind of unusual calibre."

Daisy acknowledged this description of her sister's charms. She remarked that it was strange that such a combination did not suffice to accomplish the desired result.

"There are people who do find her entertaining," she added. "Mr. Weil is one of them."

"Oh, Archie!" said Roseleaf. "He finds everything entertaining. It is nothing worth remarking. She is the exact description of his ideal in feminine face and form. He once gave me the list of the excellencies of a 'perfect woman,' and your sister has them all."

The younger Miss Fern had her own opinions about this matter. She thought the innocent man at her side had not quite gauged the interest that Mr. Weil took in her family.

"I will make a proposition," she said, with a light laugh, when they had talked longer upon the subject. "I am afraid it won't seem worth much to you, and perhaps you can do better; but why can't you stay here, and--if Millie won't do--make love to _me_?"

Darkness is responsible for many things. In the light, Daisy could not have uttered those words, even in jest. There, when the sun had set and the stars were not yet on duty, she found the courage to make that suggestion.

"You are very kind," he stammered, when he grasped her meaning. "But I do not think it will answer. I am afraid love cannot be pushed to any point without its own initiative."

"That is probably the case with _real_ love," replied the girl, "but an imitation that would serve your purpose might be evolved in the way I have indicated. For instance, you could take my hand in yours--like this--and I could lean toward you in--this way. And then, if you had sufficient courage--"

Before he dreamed of doing it, it was done! He had kissed her on her tempting lips, placed within an inch of his own.

"You are too good a scholar," she pouted, rising to her feet in some confusion. "I did not give you leave to do that."

"I beg your pardon most humbly," he answered, with intense contrition. "May I assure you that the act was wholly involuntary and that I am very sorry for it?"

She turned and surveyed him in the shadow.

"Are--you--_very_--sorry?" she repeated.

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because I have made you angry."

"Do I seem angry?"

"At least, I have injured your feelings."

Her face was close to his again.

"Well, I forgive you. There, let us make up."

She raised herself on the tips of her toes and kissed him twice.

All the blood in this young man's body seemed to rush to his head and then back with violence to his heart.

"_Daisy!_" he stammered. "_Daisy!_"

But she sprang away as he tried to embrace her, and standing two yards off, tauntingly cried that he did not know what love was, and that no one could ever teach him. Taking up the challenge he started toward her. She ran away, he in pursuit. She had gone but a few steps when she tripped over an object in the path and went down. In trying to stop himself Roseleaf fell by her side.

"Daisy!" he cried. "Are you injured?"

She did not answer. In the darkness he saw her lying there so still that he was frightened. He caught her passionately in his arms, and knew no better way to bring her to consciousness than to rain kisses on her cheeks. As might be expected this only served to prolong her swoon, which was not a very genuine one, if the truth must be told, and it was some seconds before she opened her eyes and caught him, as one might say, in the act.

"How dare you!" she demanded, shrinking away from him.

"Daisy, my darling!" he answered, his voice tremulous. "I thought you were dead, and I knew for the first time how dearly, how truly I loved you!"

She laughed, not very heartily. She had hurt herself truly in her fall, and her feminine nerves were jarred.

"You are doing nicely," she said. "For a beginner, one could ask nothing better. And now, if you will help to rise, I think it would be more proper."

"No." He spoke with force and passion. "You must not think I am trifling. _I love you!_ Yes, I love you! _I worship you!_"

"I do not see," she remarked, insisting in spite of him that she must assume a standing position, "how you differ in your expressions from the lovers I have read of in novels. It is quite time that we returned to the house. To-morrow, if you like, I will give you another lesson."

Shirley was a picture of utter despair. His new sensations almost overwhelmed him. In one second the dead arteries in his body had leaped into the fullest life. The touch of that young maiden's lips had galvanized him. He could not bear to leave her with those mocking words. But at that moment a voice was heard in the direction of the residence.

"Miss--Dai-sy! Miss--Dai-sy!"

It was Hannibal, who had returned from a drive with Mr. Fern. They could see him dimly coming across the lawn with the girl's cloak in his hand. Daisy, with one quick grasp of the fingers that hung close to hers, said good-night to her companion, and started in the direction of the servant. If she intended--as seemed probable--to pretend she was out alone, Roseleaf did not mean to share in that deception, and he followed close behind her.

"Here I am, Hannibal," called Daisy. "Ah, you have my coat. It was very kind of you. Has papa come home? I am coming in. I did not think how late it was."

The negro stopped as he saw the strollers, and knew that they had undoubtedly been together. What more he suspected no one can say with certainty. But he threw the cloak upon the grass that bordered the pathway and turned on his heel without a word.

"Confound his impudence!" exclaimed Roseleaf, when he had recovered sufficiently from his surprise to speak. "I have a good notion to follow him and box his ears."

The soft hand of the girl was on his sleeve in a moment.

"Say nothing to him--_please!_" she answered. "He--he is very thoughtful for me--of my health--and I was careless. Papa must have sent him."

The touch on his arm mollified the young man at once. He tried to make out the lines of the pretty face that was so near him and yet so far away.

"We are to study again to-morrow, then," he said, taking up her statement with an assumed air of gayety. "At what hour?"

But she broke away from him abruptly, and ran into the house without a word. Hannibal stood in the doorway and Roseleaf thought he distinguished harsh sounds from the negro's lips; but this seemed so incredible that he conceived his senses at fault.

Looking at his watch the novelist saw that it was still early enough to take a stroll by himself and ponder over his new happiness--or misery, which was it?--under the open sky. It was two hours later that his latchkey turned in the door, and in that time he had resolved either to make Daisy Fern his wife or commit suicide in the most expeditious fashion.

CHAPTER X

"OH, SO MANY, MANY MAIDS!"

The only disagreeable thing about falling in love with Daisy was that Roseleaf felt compelled to reveal the truth to Archie Weil. He believed he was bound to do this by a solemn contract which he had no moral right to ignore. Perhaps Weil might claim that he had no business to fall in love with one sister when his "manager" had picked out the other for this operation. Be that as it may, there was no use in evading the question. It must be talked over, be the result what it might.

"Well, I know what love is now," was the abrupt way in which the young man opened the subject on the following afternoon.

He had ridden to the city, as Weil was not expected at the residence of Mr. Fern that day. The hope he had formed the previous evening of getting another interview with Daisy had not materialized, she having gone on some short journey before he could intercept her.

"You do!" was the equally abrupt reply, uttered in a tone that betrayed undoubted astonishment. "What do you mean?"

Roseleaf reddened.

"It came to me all at once, last evening," he said, avoiding the gaze of his companion. "We were down at the end of the lawn, you know--"

Archie interrupted him with a sudden shout.

"Not _Daisy_!"

"Yes."

"You are in love with _Daisy_!"

Roseleaf bowed.

"Upon my word!"

There was nothing in any of these expressions that conveyed the information which the younger man craved, namely, whether his friend approved what he had announced, but he stole a look at him and saw that he appeared more astounded than angry.

"You dear boy," he said, "I don't know what to say to you. You blush like a maiden over the acknowledgment. I am half inclined to believe you are the girl in the case, and your partner in love some great, strapping fellow on whose bosom you intend to pillow your coy head. So it is Daisy, eh? And last night it came to you? Tell me how it happened."

Comforted in a measure by the good nature of his friend, Roseleaf proceeded to give the outlines of what had occurred, suppressing the more intimate facts with which the luckier reader is acquainted. He admitted the touch of hands, but did not mention the pressure of lips to lips. He told of the girl's swoon, but said nothing of the extraordinary measures adopted to bring her to her senses. But, while he made no insinuations, nor pretended to see through the meshes in this net, the experience of Mr. Weil served him in good stead. He could fill in the vacant places in the story with substantial correctness.

"I don't know what Miss Millicent will say to all this," he remarked, when the recital came to a pause.

"I think she was just beginning to like you a little herself. Most of our talk last evening was about you, and when I mentioned, as I took my leave, that you were probably out walking with Daisy, I could see distinct traces of jealousy. I want to be fair with my client. I told her that you came there to learn love from her, not from her little sister. If all this should result in breaking her heart, I don't see how I could excuse myself. And the other one, she seems such a child, I never thought of her in that connection. Why, how old is she--not over eighteen, I think."

Roseleaf answered that Daisy would be nineteen on her next birthday, an ingenious way of stating age that was not original with him.

"All right," said Archie, digesting this statement slowly. "And now, what is your programme?"

Roseleaf looked surprised at the business-like nature of the question.

"I mean to secure her consent to marry me, as soon as possible," he said.

"And then?"

"Why, see her father, I suppose. Isn't that the most important thing to do?"

Mr. Weil shook his head decidedly.

"Not by any means. You must not act with undue haste. Mr. Fern would say she was too young to think of matrimony, a proposition you could not successfully dispute. Besides, should he happen to give his consent and appoint a week from Wednesday for the happy occasion, see what a mess it would put you in."

The suggestion caused the brightest of smiles to illumine the countenance of the listener.

"It would make me the happiest of mortals!" he cried. "There is nothing that could prevent my summoning the clergyman and securing the prize I desire."

Mr. Weil grunted.

"H--m! And in the meanwhile what would become of your great novel?"

This question brought a sober pause to the young novelist.

"I could write it after my wedding," he answered, finally.

"Could you? You could write nothing at all then--nothing that any one would pay a cent to read. I have told you from the start that what you want is a _grande passion_, something to stir your soul to its depths. You are on the verge of that experience. Already you have had a glimpse of what it will be like. For the first time the touch of a woman's fingers has driven sleep from your eyelids. No, you didn't tell me you laid awake all night, but I saw it by looking at you. You can shut yourself up in your room now, and rhapsodize over the dear face, the lovely mouth, the soft voice of your beloved. In another week, if this keeps on, you can write like a combination of George Eliot (after she met Lewes) and Amelie Rives (before her marriage). A month later, Gouger might rave over your productions, for you will be on the Matterhorn of bliss unsatisfied."

A slight laugh, at his own excess of description, issued from the lips of Mr. Weil, but the countenance of his companion was as firm as a rock.

"You are right," said Roseleaf, gravely. "Already I see the vast difference between this sensation of love and the thing I imagined it to be when I wrote those silly pages that Cutt & Slashem did so well to reject. But I am torn between two desires. I want to write my novel--until yesterday I thought no wish could be so great. And I also want my wife." He breathed the word with a simple reverence that affected even the flinty heart of his hearer. "I shall never rest easy until I find her wholly mine, to love, honor and cherish while God gives me breath!"

The hand of the elder man dropped heavily on the table by his side.

"_Good!_" he exclaimed. "_Very_ good! You could not have said it better. There is an opportunity before you to accomplish both of these things. I only wish to impress upon you the fact that they must come in the order I have indicated, or one of them will never come at all. Write your story while the fever of passion is on you. The dead calm of married life would only bring the sort of novel that the shelves are already piled with, nauseating to the public and a drug in the hands of the publishers."

Roseleaf doubted the full correctness of these conclusions. He thought, with that dear girl by his side, he could write with all the fervor of a sweetheart, for his affection was to have no boundary, no limit, no end. But he had a high opinion of the abilities of Mr. Weil, and he had no idea of disputing the conclusions of that wise guide.

"Do you think she will accept me?" he asked, wistfully, returning to the main question. "It came so sudden, and there was very little said, and it was late; and then Hannibal came after her, and she went into the house. Everything was left in a state of uncertainty."

"Did nothing show whether you were indifferent to her?" was the wily interrogation that followed. "Usually I believe something conveys the sweet word 'hope' to the waiting one. And what do you say about Hannibal? That he came to call your charmer and took her away from you?"

Without reserve the young man repeated what had happened. Archie seemed deeply interested, but whatever his thoughts he did not express them at the time.

"And that reminds me of another thing," said Roseleaf. "Have you noticed anything strange about Mr. Fern?"

"Yes," said Mr. Weil, "I have noticed. I wondered if you had done the same. Have you discovered what the trouble is?"

"No, and Daisy doesn't know, either. Indeed, she is much distressed about it. Remember, this is a secret between us, for perhaps I had no right to talk of their affairs. He is in a state of great depression, and as he is so regular in his habits I can't imagine what to lay it to. You are so shrewd, couldn't you find out?"

Mr. Weil rose and took a few paces up and down the room.

"You are the fellow to do that, not I," he said, presently. "Yes, hear me out. You are in a sense a member of his family, and would have a natural right to allude to the state of his health. Then, if you were to put in a word about Miss Daisy--why, you might kill several birds with one stone."

Roseleaf looked much puzzled.

"I thought," he said, "that you wanted me to postpone the matter of my marriage as long as possible."

"Your marriage, yes. But not the preliminaries. They may require a dozen bouts with the old gentleman. The first time he will probably laugh you out of the room as a silly young noodle; the second he will say that he has nothing against you personally, but

that his 'baby' is too infantile to think of such things for ten years yet; the third he will begin to see the situation in its right light, and after that it will be only a matter of detail. All these things will be of the greatest value to you in the novel you are going to write, and you must not on your life miss a single one of them.

"Drop into the wool shop, catch his royal highness there, and for the first thing express solicitude for his health. Unless he is on his guard more than is likely you ought to catch some slight straw to show what ails him. Then follow it up with a word or two about Miss Daisy, and you will have spent a good afternoon, even if he doesn't smile on your suit at first hand, and take you to his manly breast as his long-lost son-in-law."

The reasonings set forth in these propositions were so evidently correct that Roseleaf resolved to adopt them just as soon as he could bring himself into the proper mood. In the meantime, however, he wanted to have a little further talk with Daisy, for he could hardly ask her father for her hand without the semblance of permission on her part. He tried to remember all she had said to him at the foot of the lawn, and was compelled to admit that it was very little indeed. The only things he was certain of were the kisses, but his experiences were so slight that he could not tell how much weight to give even these.

That evening he tried his best to get a word with her alone, but she eluded him, and he was obliged to go to the boudoir of her sister and read over that young lady's MSS. as it stood revised by his careful hands.

"Well, another chapter will finish it," said Miss Fern, when he put down the pages. "And then Mr. Gouger will decide whether Cult & Slashem consider it worth printing."

"Yes," he answered, gravely. "They will print _your_ story now, without doubt. But _I_ am as far as ever from satisfying their requirements."

Millicent thought how supremely selfish she must seem, talking always of her own hopes and doing nothing to help the one who had made her success possible. She saw that he wore a dejected look, and she began to sincerely pity him. When our own ships are safely in sight of the harbor we have more time to dwell on the derelicts in which the property of our friends is embarked.

"Perhaps, when we get this disposed of, I can help you," she suggested.

It was nearly a week before Roseleaf could get another talk with Daisy, a week that tried him to the utmost, for he could think of nothing but her, and could not understand her reasons for treating him so strangely. At last he wrote her a letter, giving it to Hannibal to deliver, in which he said that he was about to return to his city lodging and wanted to know if she meant him to leave without a kind word at parting. He thought the negro looked peculiar as he took the note, half as if he did not intend to accept the commission to deliver it; but he concluded that this must be imagination. He wondered why Archie Weil took such a fancy to Hannibal. If Roseleaf was lucky enough to claim Daisy as his wife, he would never have that figure darken his door.

The letter must have been taken to its destination without delay, for an answer was brought in the course of an hour, stating in the briefest language that Miss Daisy would await him in the parlor, after lunch.

At the table Miss Fern was present, as usual, but not her father, his business in the city keeping him away at that hour. At meals it was Daisy's habit to say little, leaving the conversation to her sister and whoever else happened to be there. At the end of this particular lunch Millicent went up stairs to her chamber and Daisy betook herself to the parlor, followed a few minutes later by the young man.

"Why have you treated me so coldly?" were his first words, when he found himself alone with her.

"Oh, dear, that is a very bad beginning!" she said, smiling. "I shall have to instruct you in some of the simplest things, I see already. When you wish to make friends with a woman, don't begin by scolding her. I am here because you wrote that you wished a kind word. Don't give me too many cross ones, please."

He sighed impatiently.

"Daisy," he exclaimed. "I hope you are not going to make fun of me! I have passed a most miserable week. After the glimpse of heaven you gave me, that evening--"

She put on an air of mock surprise.

"Did I do that! It was much more than I intended, then. I fear you are inclined to use extravagant metaphors, Mr. Roseleaf. But, never mind. You are going away, and I am very, very sorry. However, as you came here on Millie's account, and not on mine, I suppose I have no right to say so."

The fair brow of the young man was a mass of wrinkles.

"I can't understand why you speak so lightly," he answered. "You know--I told you--that I love you--that there is nothing in all the world so dear to me--that I want your promise to be my wife. I can't go from here without that consolation. Daisy, I ask you, in all sincerity, to say that as soon as your father's consent is obtained, you will name a day when you will marry me."

The smile faded from the girl's lips. Something brought to her mind a very sad reflection.

"You ask a great deal," she said. "Much more, I think, than you realize. Until a week ago I was nothing to you. We lived under the same roof, we took our evening strolls together, we talked like the commonest acquaintances, and that was all. Then, in a moment, you discovered that your heart was on fire. I have not ascertained what made the marvellous change. I am sure you cannot tell yet if it be a genuine and lasting one. Were I inclined to believe I ever should be willing to go to the lengths of which you speak, I should assuredly want time for the maturest reflection. In the first place, I know almost nothing about you. One would not engage a--a coachman--without more inquiry. How can a girl promise to trust her entire future to a man with whom she has but a casual acquaintance? Such things need consideration. I know my father would say so. And if he heard only the nicest things about you, I doubt if he would like to have you take me from him--especially now, when his heart is heavy and he leans so much on my love and care. No, you are in too great haste."

His impatience grew to boiling heat as he listened. How could she find so many reasons, and (he was obliged to confess) such sensible ones, to bring against him?

"There is one thing you _can_ do," he said, with an attitude of deep dejection. "You can tell me if you love me."

She tossed her head with a feminine movement that was wholly charming.

"Yes, I could tell you that, but it would be a very improper thing, under the circumstances, provided I was able to give you the answer you seem to wish. If I did care for you, would I like to say so in definite words when anything further might turn out to be impossible? A girl would not wish to have a man that she was never to marry going about with the recollection that she said, 'I love you.'"

"Then you can say nothing at all?" he asked sadly. "Shall I be uncertain whether at the end of my term in purgatory I am to be raised to a state of bliss or dashed into the Inferno?"

She laughed; a delicious little laugh.

"You are getting hyperbolical," she answered. "There are ten thousand better women than I."

"But I don't want them," pleaded the young man. "Did you ever read the lines of Jean Ingelow:

"'Oh so many, many, many Maids and yet my heart undone. What to me are all or any? I have lost--my--one.'"

Daisy replied that the sentiment was very sweet, and added that when a lover could quote such admirable poetry with accuracy, there was hope for him. Do what he would, Roseleaf could not make her see that everything in his future life depended on "one little word" from her. She persisted that he was misled by the violence of his first affection, and that if he would only let a month or two pass he would discover that his pulse would fall off a number of beats to the minute.

"And is that what you want?" he asked, reproachfully. "Would you like to have me come back two months later, and tell you my love had ceased?"

"Yes, if it was the truth. How much better than to learn it after my vows had been pledged and I was bound to you for the rest of my days!"

He rose and went with quick steps to her side, catching up her hand and covering it with kisses. She did her best to stop him, whispering, with a glance toward the door, that they might be interrupted at any minute.

"By whom!" he retorted, stung at her coldness. "Your sister has gone up stairs, and there is no one else in the house."

"Hannibal might come in," she said, in a low tone. "He has no way of knowing that I do not wish to be interrupted."

He grew angry at the mention of that name. But the warning had its effect and he sat down, nearer to her than before, his heart beating rapidly.

"I hate the fellow!" he exclaimed bitterly. "It is a good thing I am going away, or I should strike him some day for his insolence!"

Daisy paled at the vehemence of her companion.

"Has he been insolent to you?" she murmured.

"To me? He would not dare! What angers me is the way he speaks to the rest of you. He came with your cloak that night, acting as if he was your master, instead of your servant. I have heard him speak to Mr. Fern in a way that made me want to kick him! Why does your father bear it? Why do you? Has Hannibal some mysterious hold on his situation?"

The girl heard him patiently, though the roses did not come at once to her white cheek.

"I am afraid," she said, when he had finished his tirade, "that you despise him for his color. It is a prejudice that seems to me--and to my father--unchristian and uncharitable. Perhaps, in the anxiety to make Hannibal forget that God gave him a darker skin than ours, we may have gone to the other extreme, and treated him with too great consideration. But I think you overstate the case."

Her gentle words smote upon the ears that heard them, and in a moment Roseleaf was affected by the most lively contrition. Without attempting to excuse himself he begged her pardon, which she readily granted.

"When do you leave us?" she asked.

"To-morrow morning."

"But you will call--occasionally?"

"If I may."

His tone was so sad that Daisy assured him he ought to have no doubt of that.

"I understand," she added, "that you have probably helped Millie to a reputation that she craves above everything, and she ought not to prove entirely ungrateful. We have enjoyed your stay here, and shall be most sorry to have you go. I should be glad to think you would honor us with your company to dinner not less often than once each week."

For the first time a ray of light came into his face.

"Oh, may I?" he cried. "Then I shall not be shut off entirely from seeing you?"

"No, indeed," she answered. "Father likes you and Mr. Weil too well--you will bring him, of course. Once a week, at least--if it were twice it wouldn't do any harm; and if it were three times--"

His face was now one bright beam of light.

"Daisy," he cried. "I believe you do not hate me after all!"

"I hope you never thought I did," she responded. "Why is it that a man can see no middle ground between positive dislike and marriage? I expect to like a good many men in the course of my life, but I can only marry a very few of them."

He was obliged to laugh at this, and to say that she would only marry _one_, if he had _his_ way. Before they had finished with this subject Roseleaf was in a state of high good nature, though he had little apparently upon which to base the rise in his spirits.

"Can't I say something--just a hint, if no more, to your father?" he asked, getting down again to business.

"Pretty risky!" she answered, sententiously. "He wouldn't give you much encouragement I fear."

The young man caught eagerly at the word.

"You _fear_!" he echoed. "God bless you, Daisy!"

Bearing in mind what she had previously said about the unlocked doors, he did not attempt to suit the action to the phrase. But his happy face spoke volumes.

"You had best say very little to father at present," said Daisy, soberly. "He is most unhappy."

"I wish I knew what troubled him!" he exclaimed.

"I wish so, too, if you could aid him," she answered, earnestly.

"Who knows but I may?" he asked, with a smile that she hoped would prove prophetic.

CHAPTER XI.

ARCHIE PAYS ATTENTION.

Roseleaf took rooms at his old lodgings in the city, and set in earnest about the work of beginning his great novel. He had interviews with Mr. Gouger, at which he detailed the slight thread of plot which he already had in mind, profiting by the critic's shrewd suggestions. It was decided that he should portray, at the beginning, a youth much like himself, who was to fall in love with an angelically pure maiden. The outline of their respective characters were to be sketched with care, and sundry obstacles to their union were to be developed as the story progressed. Gouger warned his young friend not to write too fast, and to content himself for the present with delineating the phase of love with which he had become familiar.

"Later on," he said, "when your hero finds that this girl is not all his bright fancy painted her--when it is proved beyond a doubt that she has played him false, that she has another lover--"

Roseleaf turned pale.

"But that will never be!" he interrupted.

"It will, of course--in the story," corrected Gouger. "She will lead him a race that will make him an enemy to the entire sex, if she is used for all the dramatic effect possible. People expect to find immaculate purity in the earlier chapters of a story, as they do in small children. With the progress of the action they look for something more exciting. To sketch a seraph who remains one would only be to repeat the failure you made in your other effort--the one you brought to me the day I met you first. It is not the glory of heaven that attracts audiences to our churches, but the dramatic quality of hell. A sermon without a large spice of the devil in it would be much worse than a rendition of Hamlet minus the Prince. Put your heroine in the clouds, if you will, at the beginning. The higher she goes, the greater will be her fall, and the greater, consequently, your triumph."

The young novelist shivered as he listened to these expressions. How could he build a heroine on the model of Daisy Fern, and conceive the possibility that she would ever allow her white robes to touch the earth? He might have constructed such a plot with Millicent as the central figure, though that would be by no means easy; but Daisy! Impossible! He asked the critic if it would not do to send the hero of the tale to perdition, while leaving his sweetheart immaculate to the close.

"No," said Gouger, decidedly. "A man's fall is not much of a fall, any way you put it. The public is not interested in such matters. It demands a female sacrifice, like some of the ancient gods, and it will not be appeased with less. I expect you to be new and original in your treatment of the theme, but the subject itself is as old as fiction. You have too little imagination, as I have told you before. You must cultivate that talent. Having conceived your paragon, imagine her placed under temptations she cannot resist; surround her with an environment from which she cannot break; place her in situations that leave her no escape."

Roseleaf shook his head.

"I am afraid I never shall be able to do it," he said.

"Pshaw! Don't talk of failure at this stage of the game. All you have to do is to introduce upon the scene a thoroughly unprincipled man of good address, who is fertile in expedients. You will find your model for that among a dozen of your acquaintances. Why, take Archie Weil, and hold him in your mind till you are saturated with him."

What did Mr. Gouger mean? That Mr. Weil would actually do these dreadful things, would in his own person perpetrate the outrage of winning a pure girl to shame. It seemed childish to ask such a question, and yet such a meaning could easily be taken from what

the critic had said. No, no! All he could have meant was that Mr. Weil might serve as a figure on which to lay these sins--that he could be carried in the writer's mind, as a costumer uses a stuffed frame to hang garments on while in the process of manufacture.

"Then there is Boggs," added Gouger, with a laugh. "You ought to find some place for a fellow like him, if only for the comic parts of your novel, and there must be a little humor in a book that is to suit the mass. A writer for a magazine said recently with much truth, 'He who would hit the popular taste must aim low.' I think Boggs could furnish the cheap fun for an ordinary novel, without too great a wear on the writer. Go ahead, my boy. Write a half dozen chapters in your own idyllic way, and then get Archie to take you to a few places where your mind will be turned to opposite scenes. It takes all sorts of edibles to suit the modern palate."

So Roseleaf wrote, slowly, patiently, with devotion to his art, until he had completed five chapters of his story. And Gouger read it and went into ecstacies, declaring it the best foundation he had ever seen for a most entrancing romance.

"He has wrought his people up to such a superlative height," said the critic to Mr. Weil, "that the _chute_ will be simply tremendous! How simply, how elegantly his sentences flow! If he can handle the necessary wickedness that must follow, the sale of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' or 'Thou Shalt Not,' will be eclipsed without the least doubt. But, the question still is, _can_ he?"

"There's no such question," was the response. "He must, that's the way to put it. Confound it, he shall! And the next thing for him to do is to take a few visits with me to the underground regions, where he can get such slight shocks to his literary system as will enable him to take up the vein he must work."

During this time Roseleaf did not forget the invitation he had received to dine with the Ferns. It did him good to see Daisy, although he could not now get her for a moment to himself. He sighed to her over the table, and across the parlor, after the party had retired to that part of the house, and she answered him with little bright smiles that acted like an emollient on his hurt spirit. He had never found the courage to beard her father in his den--of wool--and was not even sure that the affair had reached a stage where anything could be gained by taking such a step. What he wanted was a word of assurance from Daisy that she would wait for him till he had made a Name in literature, or proved his ability in some definite manner. There was no indication that any one else was in the way; everything pointed to a contrary probability. But there is nothing so desolate as the heart of a lover whose fair one is just beyond his reach.

Mr. Weil accompanied Shirley on most of these visits, and knew very well what was going on. None of the glances exchanged between the young people were so much their exclusive property as they believed. Had Archie possessed eyes in the back and sides of his head, he could have seen little more than he did. While appearing to devote his entire attention to Mr. Fern and Millicent--principally the former, he found time to watch Roseleaf and Daisy, and even the negro Hannibal.

He noticed that the servant was no less devoted than formerly to the youngest member of the household. He saw him hover around her at the table like a protecting spirit, letting her want for nothing that thoughtfulness could procure. And he noticed that Daisy seemed as oblivious of this as she had always been. She accepted these extraordinary attentions quite as if Hannibal were some automaton, acting with a set of concealed springs--a mechanism in which there was nothing of human life or intelligence.

Mr. Fern was the same gentlemanly host as of yore, with the same dark cloud hanging over him, whatever might be its cause. Courteous by nature to an exceptional degree he could not assume a gayety he did not feel. There was some terrible weight bearing him down, some awful incubus of which he was unable to rid himself. The only person who did not notice it was Millicent, and the one it troubled most was Daisy, on whose sweet young face the share she had in her parent's griefs had already begun to leave its impressions.

Millicent's novel was soon placed in Mr. Gouger's hands, completed. The original theme was unaltered, but in its new garb of perfect English no one would have recognized the rejected work. The combination of the girl's strength of mind and the man's elegance of diction was successful. The critic recommended its acceptance without a word of dissent, and Cutt & Slashem even consented, on his suggestion, to forego the guarantee against loss which they had of late demanded from all authors whose names were unknown to the reading public.

"I have fixed it for you, Archie," he said, when that gentleman next made his appearance at the sanctum. "No deposit or guarantee, and ten per cent. of the retail price for royalty. So take a train to your inamorata's house and tell her the news."

Mr. Weil did not seem to wholly relish the announcement.

"In the first place," he remarked, "you have no business to speak of Miss Fern as my inamorata; and in the second you will pay her more than ten per cent. or you won't get the book to print."

At this, Mr. Gouger, after the manner of all publishers and their agents, proceeded to show to Mr. Weil that it was perfectly impossible to pay another cent more than the figure he had named; and before he had finished he agreed to see the firm and get the amount raised considerably, provided the sales should exceed five thousand copies. In short, Mr. Weil secured a very respectable contract for a new author, and one that was sure to please Miss Fern, if she was in the least degree reasonable.

"I wish you would hurry up Roseleaf," remarked Gouger, when this matter was disposed of. "When will you take him down into the depths and let him see that side of life?"

"I have arranged a journey for to-morrow night," said Weil. "We shall go to Isaac Leveson's and make an evening of it. Unless things are different there from usual, he will lay the foundation for all the wickedness he needs to put into his story."

The critic nodded approval.

"He will probably have a Jew in it, then--a modernized Fagan."

"Yes," said Weil. "And a negro. A tall, well-built negro, who has a white man for his slave!"

CHAPTER XII.

DINING AT ISAAC'S.

On the following day, when Shirley Roseleaf presented himself at the Hoffman House, he found Mr. Weil awaiting him in a state of great good nature.

"Go home and make yourself ready for a dive into the infernal regions," he said, merrily. "I am going to take you to a place where the devil spends his vacation, and show you a set of women as different from those you have lately met as chalk is from indigo. Be here at nine o'clock this evening, prepared for the descent."

A vision of subterranean passages crossed the mind of the listener, and he thought of tall boots and a tarpaulin.

"How shall I dress--roughly, I suppose?" he inquired.

"Certainly not. Put on your swallow tail, and white tie. Vice in these days wears its best garments. You cannot tell a gambler from a clergyman by his attire. Dress exactly as if you were going to the swellest party on Fifth Avenue. The only addition to your toilet will be a revolver, if you happen to have one handy. If you do not, I have several and will lend you one."

If he expected to startle the young man he was in error. Roseleaf merely nodded and said he would take one of the weapons owned by Mr. Weil.

"We shall not use them--there are a thousand chances to one," said Archie. "New York is like Montana. You remember what the resident said to the tenderfoot, 'You may be a long time without wantin' a we'p'n in these parts, but when you do you'll want it d--d sudden.'"

When Roseleaf returned, the hands of his watch indicated the time at which he had been asked to make his appearance, but Mr. Weil did not take him immediately to the point of destination. Instead he walked over to a variety theatre that was then in operation on Twenty-third street, and after spending a short time in the auditorium guided the young man into the "wineroom." Here the ladies of the ballet were in the habit of going when off the stage, for the sake of entertaining the patrons with their light and frivolous conversation, and inducing them if possible, to invest in champagne at five dollars the bottle.

Archie was, it appeared, not unknown to the throng that filled this place, for his name was spoken by several of both sexes as soon as he entered. He nodded coolly to those who addressed him, and took a seat at a table with his companion. With a shake of his head he declined the offers of two or three fairies of the ballet to share the table, and ordered a bottle of Mumm with the evident intention of drinking it alone with his friend.

Roseleaf slowly sipped the sparkling beverage. He was cautioned in a whisper to drink but one glass, as it was necessary that he should keep a perfectly clear head. Weil remarked in an undertone that he had only ordered the wine as an excuse for remaining a

few minutes.

"I call this 'the slaughter house,'" he added, in a voice still lower. "Girls are brought here to be murdered. Not to have their throats cut," he explained, "but to be killed just as surely, if more slowly. I have seen them come here for the first time, with good health shining out of their rosy cheeks, delighted at the unwonted excitement and the amount of attention the frequenters of the place bestowed. I have watched them growing steadily paler, having recourse to rouge, the eyes getting dimmer, the voice growing harsher, the temper becoming more variable. And then--other fresh faces came in their stead. There are killed, on an average, twenty girls a year here, I should say; killed to satisfy the appetites of men, as beeves are killed in Chicago, but not so mercifully."

The novelist looked into the faces that were nearest to him and thought he could discern the various grades of which his friend spoke--the new, the older, the ones whose turn to give way to others would soon come. All of them were drinking. Most had on the stage dresses they had just worn or were about to wear in the performance. Some had finished their parts and were enveloped in street clothes, ready to take their departure with the first male who asked them. And they were drinking, drinking, either in little sips or in feverish gulps, as they would at a later day, when the five-dollar wine would be replaced by five cent beer or perhaps the drainings of a keg on the sidewalk.

Mr. Walker Boggs soon came into the wine-room and joined the pair at Mr. Weil's table. He called for a whiskey straight, pushing the champagne aside with an impatient movement.

"I won't punish my stomach with such stuff, even if it _has_ gone back on me," he exclaimed. "That will knock out any man who drinks it between meals."

Mr. Weil assented to this proposition, and to show his full belief in it filled his own glass again and tossed its contents down his throat.

"What brings you here?" he asked, quizzically.

"Those creatures," replied Boggs, with a motion of his hand toward the members of the ballet. "They're all that's left me now. _They_ don't mind the size of my waist. My hold on _them_ is as strong as ever. But _you_ ought not to be here," he broke in, turning to Roseleaf. "It will be years before you get to this stage, I hope."

Mr. Weil hastened to explain.

"Shirley is merely observing," said he. "He came at my request. We are going next to Isaac Leveson's."

Mr. Boggs grew interested.

"So, so! You intend to show him Isaac's to-night?"

"Yes. Isn't it a good idea?"

The stout man shrugged his shoulders as if he had nothing to say on that point. The movement was essentially a Frenchy one and might have meant anything.

"Perhaps you would like to go with us," said Archie.

"What do you intend to do there?"

"Tell Mr. Roseleaf all the secrets."

Mr. Boggs stared at the speaker.

"Isaac won't let you," he answered, grimly.

"Won't he? He'll have to. Why, what's the odds? The boy won't give him away. And if he should--" His voice sank to a whisper.

Mr. Weil then proceeded to explain to his young friend that "Isaac's" was a peculiar affair, even for Gotham. It had entrances on two streets. Into one door went the most respectable of people, intent on getting an exceptionably good dinner, which was always to be had there, cooked in the French style and elegantly served. At that end of the house there were several dining-rooms that would hold forty or fifty guests, and several others made to accommodate family parties of six to twelve. If a couple happened to stray in

and inquire for a room to themselves the head waiter informed them that it was against the rule of the house to serve a private dinner to less than four people.

It was evident that the establishment was conducted on the most moral principles, and in a way to prevent the possibility of scandal. For though a great many couples undoubtedly take dinners in private rooms with the utmost propriety, it must be admitted that such a course is open to suspicion and might be used as a basis for unpleasant rumors. Mr. Leveson, who kept this hotel, took great pride in saying that nothing in all New York bore a better name, and no amount of bribery would have induced one of his employes--on _that_ side of the house--to vary the rules laid down.

But on the _other_ side of the building--at the entrance on the other street--ah, that was different!

If only the most respectable customers entered the first door it was almost equally true that none but those who lacked that quality used the second. Mr. Leveson sometimes remarked with glee, at twelve o'clock at night, that he would give a hundred dollar bill for an honest man or woman in any of the rooms up-stairs. The waiters had instructions to "size up" all comers with care, and to admit no accidental parties who might apply for entrance under a misapprehension as to the character of the place.

"We are all full, sorry to say," was the established formula. "There is a very good restaurant just around the corner, on ----th street." And in this manner the shrewd restaurateur got all the custom he wanted, while preserving the natural atmosphere in each part of his dominions.

The meals served in these two places were prepared by one chef, and served from one kitchen. Thus the virtuous and vicious patrons were supplied with exactly the same dishes. But on what may be called the Good side nothing stronger than wines were found on the bill of fare. On the Wicked side every decoction known to the modern drinker was to be had for the asking. Then, again, the doors of the Good side were closed at eleven o'clock, while it was often daylight before the last patron of the Sinful side reeled into his carriage.

After a little more talk Mr. Boggs seemed satisfied and consented to join the party.

Mr. Leveson was notified of the presence of the newcomers and met them at the door. Isaac was of a decidedly Jewish cast of countenance, slightly gray, not very tall, and quite round shouldered. He put out a lank hand toward Roseleaf, when that young gentleman was named as a matter of introduction, but put it down again when Mr. Weil curtly said handshaking was out of date. Archie had seen a disinclination in the eye of his friend to touch the fingers of the Hebrew, and with his usual quickness had solved the difficulty. The party entered a private office at the left of the entrance, where Mr. Leveson inquired what he should order for them to drink.

"You will order nothing, at present," said Weil, in a contemptuous way that excited the astonishment of Mr. Roseleaf. "When I wish for anything I will ring. Who is there in the house?"

The manager of the establishment bowed humbly, and proceeded to run over the list of his customers.

"There is Major Waters and his wife--"

"Together!" exclaimed the questioner.

"Oh, no! The Major has the little blonde that he has brought for the last month; his wife has Mr. Nikles of the Planet. Then--"

But Mr. Weil interrupted him again.

"You'll let them run into each other some day and there'll be a nice time."

"Never fear that. The boys understand thoroughly. He comes earlier and stays later than she. Besides, we never let anybody meet on the stairs. The waiters cry out, 'You must go back; it is bad luck!' if any of them seem in danger of running into each other. They are as safe from discovery here as if they were in places a mile apart."

Some one descended the stairs at this moment and Leveson tiptoed to the door and opened it half an inch to peer at them.

"You know I have no object in saying these things," said Weil, "except to save your precious self from trouble. Who is that going out?"

"Some new people; it is the third time they have been here."

"Well," asked Weil, impatiently, "who are they?"

Leveson held up both his hands as if to beg a moment to answer.

"They come from Brooklyn. I don't know their names. I think neither is married."

"I have a curiosity about things," explained Weil to his friends, "that I cannot account for. You remember how Silas Wegg used to talk about 'Aunt Jane' and 'Uncle Parker.' Well, I have the same way of studying the men that wander in here of an evening, with other people's wives and daughters. There is so little really entertaining in this confounded world that I seize upon anything promising a change with avidity. Isaac tells me all the secrets of his queer ranch, and they prove wonderfully interesting, sometimes. You see," he added, addressing himself particularly to Roseleaf, "not a couple comes into this place that would like to have it known."

Roseleaf bowed constrainedly.

"And how does Mr. Leveson know them?" he inquired. "They surely do not register, or if they do their names must be fictitious."

Mr. Weil laughed.

"He has ways of finding out," said he. "There are little birds that fly in at the window and tell him."

"I should not think he would wish to know," commented Roseleaf. "Especially when it is evident they would not like to have him."

Archie laughed again.

"Let me explain, then," he said. "I need not mind Boggs here, who is discretion itself. Leveson's reason--of course, I can rely on your silence?"

The young face reddened at the insinuation that he might betray a secret.

"I was sure of it," said Archie, so quickly that Roseleaf felt at ease again. "Well, the reason why Isaac wants to know what is going on is, he is connected with the police."

Roseleaf said "Ah!" and opened his eyes wider.

"People who go to places like this," continued Mr. Weil, "are of great interest to the guardians of the peace. And by the police I do not mean the members of the regular force so much as the special service. It is to the latter that we go when a confidential clerk has robbed us or we become suspicious that our wives are unfaithful. Nine times out of ten the chief of the private detective office knows in advance all we wish him to ferret out. When he has told us that we will set investigations on foot, and that he hopes to learn something of the matter within a few days, he bows us out of his bureau with an air that implies that we have not come to the wrong party. And as soon as we are gone he turns to a ledger, and in a few minutes has found an abstract that tells him everything.

"Let us suppose," said Mr. Weil, "that a jeweler misses twenty valuable pieces of _bijouterie_ from his stock. The circumstances prove that they were taken by some one in his employ. He thinks of his clerks, and cannot find the heart to accuse any of them of such a grave crime. He goes to the detective office and states his case. When he is gone the chief turns to the book and finds this:

"'L. M. Jenkins, clerk at Abram Cohen's, Sixth Avenue; about twenty-three, medium height, dark, dresses well. Rooms at No. -- Twenty-Ninth street. Has been giving expensive suppers as well as valuable jewelry to Mamie Sanders, No. so-and-so, Such-a-street. They dined together at Isaac Leveson's on such-and-such dates.' Etc., etc., etc.

"Now, he can recover the jewelry and get that clerk into quod in three hours, if he likes. Naturally he won't expedite things in that way, because he wants some excuse for running up a large bill, unless it be a bank case, where he prefers to make a great impression and get himself solid with the directors. But he will collar the fellow and recover the stuff, and all because he knew about it long before any one in the store had a suspicion."

Mr. Leveson returned. Mr. Weil asked that one of the private rooms on the second floor be put in order at once, for himself and friends. He then inquired what ladies were in the house unoccupied by escorts.

"Miss Pelham has been waiting an hour for the Judge," replied Isaac, "but I don't think he'll come. He disappoints her half the time now. And Mrs. Delavan, who has just come in, found a note from Col. Lamorest, asking her to excuse him to-night."

Archie looked pleased.

"They'll do," he said. "Tell them to come and dine with us. But," he paused, and looked at Roseleaf, "we need still another."

The color mounted to the cheeks of the young novelist, as he understood the thought that prompted this statement.

"Not on my account--I would much rather not," he stammered.

"You will kindly leave that to my judgment," replied Archie, impressively. "Remember, you are not the instructor here, but the pupil. There must be some one else, Isaac."

Mr. Leveson hesitated. He was mentally going over the rooms upstairs and taking stock of what was in them.

"There are two girls," he said, at last, "who used to work in one of the dry goods stores, but you wouldn't want them. They are very strict, and they dress plainly,--and I am afraid the other ladies wouldn't like to associate with them."

Mr. Weil grew vastly irritated by this statement. He brought his hand down on the table with a bang.

"The other ladies!" he echoed, angrily. "When you tell Mrs. Delavan and Jenny Pelham that you want them to dine with us, you know that ends it! As to these shop girls, what do you mean by calling them _strict_? What would a _strict_ girl be doing in _this_ house?"

Mr. Leveson cringed before his interrogator and made the old, imploring movement with his hands.

"Let me explain," he said. "These girls came here a few weeks ago with some traveling men. They took dinner, but Adolf says neither drank a drop of wine. A few days later they came again, with other escorts, and the same thing occurred."

"Why did you let them in?" demanded Weil.

"Because I knew the gentlemen."

Archie started to say something, but checked himself.

"And after that they came alone and asked to see me," pursued Isaac, humbly. "They said they had been thrown out of work, and thought there might be an opportunity to do something here, like waiting on the guests. And while we were talking, two old customers of the house called to dine, alone, and asked me if they could get some one to share the meal with them. And, it seemed quite providential--"

Archie stopped the voluble speech by striking his hands sharply together.

"Enough!" he said. "When the dinner is ready send one of them in. That will make the three we need."

In half an hour the dinner was ready to be served. Then Isaac came with the information that the girls refused to be separated.

"What a nuisance!" exclaimed Weil. "Well, send both of them, then. We'll take care of them, somehow."

CHAPTER XIII.

A QUESTION OF COLOR.

The next morning, when Roseleaf awoke, he was for some time in a sort of stupor. Through the bright sunlight that filled his room he seemed to scent the fumes of tobacco and of liquor. The place was filled, he imagined, with that indefinable aroma that proceeds from a convivial company made up of both sexes. He half believed that Jennie Pelham and Mrs. Delavan were sitting by his bed, more brazen than the bell which, from a neighboring steeple, told him the hour was ten. And surely, by those curtains there, hiding the flame that filled their cheeks, were the two "shop-girls," their pinched faces denoting slow starvation. Boggs, and Isaac Leveson, and Archie Weil were there, all of them; and the young man tossed uneasily on his pillow, struggling with the remnant of nightmare that remained to cloud his brain.

When he was able to think and see clearly he sat up and rang for a pitcher of ice water. He was consumed by thirst, and his forehead ached blindly. When he had bathed his head and throat he turned, by a sudden impulse, to his table, and took out the

MSS. of the story he had begun. Slowly he read over the pages, to the last one. Then, seizing his pen, he devoted himself to the next chapter, without dressing, without breakfasting.

It was four o'clock when he ceased work. He realized all at once that he was feeling ill. The fact dawned upon him that he needed food, and donning his garments, he took his way listlessly to a restaurant and ordered something to eat. As he swallowed the morsels, he fell to wondering how much temptation _he_ would be able to bear, with hunger as a background.

He passed a good part of the evening in walking the streets, selecting, instinctively, sections where he was least likely to meet any one he knew. When he returned to his room he read over the MSS. he had written that day, and into his troubled brain there came a sense of pleasure. Gouger was right. To tell of such matters in a novel, one should know them himself. Roseleaf could never have written of vice before he saw Leveson's. Now, it was as plain to him as print, almost as easy to use in fiction as virtue. What was to follow? He pondered over the plot he had mapped out, and it grew clearer.

Daisy had given him no further encouragement--at least in words--since that day she had said it was "risky" to ask her father, but he felt certain that she regarded him with favor, and that if Mr. Fern put no obstacles in the way she would not refuse to wed him when the right time came. He thought it would be wise to obtain one more brief interview with her, before proceeding to extremities, and determined to do his best to draw her aside, when he made his next visit to her house. This settled, he went to bed again and slept soundly.

When the day to go to Midlands arrived Shirley's courage began to ooze a little. So much depended upon the attitude of his dear one's mind, which, for all he knew, had changed since he talked with her, that he fairly trembled with apprehension. He avoided Mr. Weil, with whom he usually took the train, and went out early. Alighting at a station a mile or two away from the right one, he walked through the woods, trying to think how to act in case matters did not turn out as he hoped. Under the branches he strolled along, until he came within sight of the roofs of Midlands; and then he threw himself at the foot of a tree close to Mr. Fern's grounds, and gave himself up to reverie.

When he laid down here it was only five o'clock, and he was not expected at the house for a full hour. It pleased him to be so near the one he loved, and to lie where he could dream of her sweet face and see the outlines of the house that sheltered her, while she had no knowledge of his presence. Just over there was the arbor, where he had first had the supreme bliss of touching her lips with his own. If he could get her to come there with him again--to-night--when the others were occupied with their talk of earthly things, and if she would only tell him frankly that he might go to her father, and that her prayers would go with him! A soft languor came over his body at the deliciousness of these reflections, but it was dissipated by the sound of voices which presently came to him from the other side of the hedge.

"I can't exactly understand, Miss Daisy," said one of the voices, which he had no difficulty in recognizing as that of Hannibal, "why you wish me to go away?"

There was an assurance in the tone that Roseleaf did not like. He had noticed it before in the intercourse of this negro with his employers. There was something which intimated that he was on the most complete level with them.

"I want you to go," said Daisy, in her quiet way, "because education is the only thing that will make you what you ought to be. There are a hundred chances open to you, in the professions, if you can take a college course. Unless you do, you can hope for nothing better than such employment as you have now."

It made the listener's blood boil to think that these people should be consulting in that way, like friends. Daisy ought to have a better sense of her position.

"I will not refuse your offer, at least not yet," replied Hannibal, after a slight pause. "It may be as you say--if I graduate as a doctor or a lawyer. But I know that I live in a country where my color is despised--and all that could possibly come to me here as a professional man is work among my own race. I should be a black lawyer with black clients; or a black physician, with black patients. To really succeed I should go across the ocean to some land where the shade of my skin would not be counted a crime."

Daisy's face could not be seen by the listener, but he was sure it was a kindly one, and this made him fume. The situation was atrocious.

"It should not be considered so anywhere," said the girl, gently.

"It is an outrage!" responded the black. "Having stolen our ancestors and brought them here from their native country, the Americans hate us for the injury they have done. In France, they tell me, it is not so. Oh, if I _could_ gain an education, and become what God meant to make me--a man!" He paused as if the thought was too great to be conceived in its fullness, and then said, abruptly: "Where can you get this money?"

Roseleaf's suspicions were now keenly aroused and he dreaded lest she should bring his name into the conversation.

"Your father would not give it to you--without an explanation," pursued the negro. "And you have no fortune of your own."

"I will get it--let that suffice," interrupted the girl. "I can give you $1000 a year for two years, at least, and I hope for two or three more, if you will go to Paris and put yourself under instruction. Can you hesitate to accept a proposal of that kind? I thought you would seize it with avidity."

As Daisy said this she arose, and started slowly toward the house. Hannibal walked by her side talking in a tone so low that nothing more was intelligible to the eavesdropper she little suspected was so near. But suddenly the girl stopped, and Roseleaf heard her cry with startling distinctness:

"_How dare you!_"

The voice that uttered these words was filled with rage, and the girl's attitude, as Roseleaf could see--for he had risen hastily to his feet--was one of intense excitement. Then she added:

"If you ever speak of that again, they will be the last words I will ever exchange with you. My offer is still open--you can have the money if you wish it--but never another syllable like this! Understand me, Hannibal, never!"

Miss Daisy passed on toward the house, alone. The negro stood where she had left him, his head bowed on his breast, as if completely cowed by the rebuke. Roseleaf's heart beat rapidly. What gave this fellow such power over these people? How could he say things to call out such an exclamation as that of Daisy's, and yet hold her promise to pay him a large sum of money, instead of getting the prompt discharge he merited?

And this was what the girl wanted to do with the $1,000, she had asked him to lend her! Should he still give it to her? Yes, if it would rid the country of that insolent knave who, from whatever cause, occupied a position that must be growing unendurable to those who had to bear with him.

What had Hannibal said, that made her turn as if grossly insulted, and speak with a vehemence so foreign to her nature? Roseleaf would have enjoyed following the negro and giving him a severe trouncing. Though Hannibal was twenty pounds heavier and considerably taller than he, the novelist had not the least doubt of his ability to master him. He believed the courage of an African would give way when confronted by one of the superior race; and at any rate, righteous indignation would count for something in so just a contest.

There were no traces of excitement on Daisy's pretty face as she welcomed the guests of the family. Weil arrived at about the same time as Roseleaf, coming directly from the station, and Mr. Fern arrived a little later. Millicent looked her best, which is saying no less than that she was a beauty, and Archie told her politely that she ought to sit for a painting. When the dinner was served, Hannibal took charge as usual. Shirley watched him with an interest he had never felt before, and nodded assent when Weil whispered behind his napkin, "Good material for a novel in that fellow, eh?"

The opportunity for a word alone with Daisy came earlier than Roseleaf expected. In fact she herself proposed it, while passing out of the dining room. She said she had something particular to tell him.

"It is about that money you were so kind as to say I could have," she explained, when they were far down the lawn, and out of hearing of the others. "I want it very much and very soon. It--it will be all right, I hope, and--and not cause you any inconvenience."

"I will bring it, or send it to-morrow," he replied, instantly. "But I still wonder what you intend to do with it."

She smiled archly.

"A good act, I assure you," she replied. "Something of which you would certainly approve, if you knew all the circumstances. You are very kind, and if it was darker here I should be--almost--tempted to kiss you."

He replied that it was growing darker rapidly, and that the requisite shadow could be obtained if they stayed out long enough; but she said she could remain but a few moments, and turned in the direction of the house.

"But, Daisy!" he cried, and then paused. "You--you know there is something of very great importance that I want to talk about. I get so little chance, and I want so much to tell you things. I have been trying to go to your father's office, and I can't find courage."

"I didn't know you were thinking of buying wool," she said, mischievously.

"I want one little lamb, to be my own," he answered, "to love and cherish all my life long. Am I never to have it?"

She sobered before the earnestness of his sad face.

"You are a dear boy," she said, "and I love you. There! Don't say anything more to me to-night. I have made a foolish confession, for which I may yet repent. We must go in. They will be looking for us."

She looked at his countenance and saw that it was radiant.

"I can endure anything now," he said. "You love me, Daisy--can it be true? I will go in with you--and I will wait. But not too long, my sweetheart; do not make me wait too long. Repent your confession, indeed! If you do, it will be from no fault of mine. _Daisy!_"

As he said these things they were gradually nearing the piazza, where the negro was taking in the chairs.

"I have something pleasant to tell you," whispered Daisy. "You don't like Hannibal. Well, he is going away soon."

Roseleaf assumed surprise.

"Has your father discharged him?" he asked.

"No, he intends to leave of his own accord. He believes himself fitted for better work. Hush! He may hear you."

As they passed the servant, Daisy said, "Good-evening, Hannibal." It was her invariable custom, and she spoke with the greatest courtesy. But in this case the negro did not raise his eyes, nor turn his head toward her, nor make the slightest sign to show that he heard.

It was too much for Roseleaf, and he stopped.

"Did you hear Miss Daisy address you?" he demanded, sharply.

Hannibal looked up, with a curious mixture of amusement, contempt and hate in his dark face.

"I did," he answered.

"Why did you not answer?"

"Because I did not choose."

Daisy threw herself in front of Roseleaf, just in time to prevent Hannibal's receiving a blow.

"Oh, stop!" she exclaimed, "I beg you!"

The noise and the sound of raised voices brought Mr. Fern and his other daughter, with Archie Weil, to the door. Mr. Fern took in the situation at a glance, and his troubled face grew more distressed.

"Mr. Roseleaf," he said, speaking as if the words choked him, "I am surprised--that you should--hold an altercation like this--in my daughter's presence."

Roseleaf did not know what to do or say. Daisy's pleading eyes decided him, much against his judgment, to drop the matter where it was, galling to his pride though it might be. He escorted his sweetheart into the parlor, where the entire party followed, in a most uncomfortable state of mind.

"How can you permit that negro to insult your guests?" demanded Millicent, as soon as the door was closed. "It is beyond belief. If he is master of this house it is time the rest of us left it. I am certain Mr. Roseleaf did not act without great provocation."

Before Mr. Fern could answer, Daisy had spoken.

"It is over now, and there is nothing to be said. Hannibal is going away in a few days, and that will end your trouble."

The father turned such an incredulous look toward his daughter that it was evident he had heard nothing of this.

"Going?" he echoed, faintly. "Going?"

"Yes," said Daisy. "He told me to-day. He is going to some country where his color will not be counted a misdemeanor."

Roseleaf had difficulty in maintaining the silence with which he had determined to encase himself. But Daisy did not wish him to speak, and her will was law.

"Well, I am glad of that!" exclaimed Millicent. "In a country where they consider such people their equals, he will not meet the pity and consideration he has so abused here. Still, I do think, father, that you ought to apologize to Mr. Roseleaf for the way in which you have addressed him."

This freed the young man's tongue.

"By no means," he said. "Very likely I was wrong to say anything."

"You were not wrong!" retorted Millicent. "You were entirely right. You would have been justified in punishing the fellow as he deserved. It is others who are wrong. If he were not going, I would never stay to see repeated what I have witnessed in the last six months."

Mr. Fern seemed to have lost all ambition for controversy. His elder daughter's cutting words evidently hurt, but he would not reply.

Mr. Weil came to the rescue by introducing a new topic of conversation, that of a European tenor that was soon expected to startle New York. Daisy went to the piano, and played softly, talking in whispers to Roseleaf, who leaned feverishly over her shoulder. But she made no allusion to Hannibal, and he did his best to forget him.

"What do you make of that?" asked Mr. Weil, when he was in a railway car, on the way back to the city with his young friend. "A glorious chance for a novelist to find the reason that black Adonis is allowed such latitude."

But Roseleaf was not listening. He was thinking of a sweet voice that had said: "You are a dear boy and I love you!"

CHAPTER XIV.

"LET US HAVE A BETRAYAL."

Mr. Archie Weil had become quite intimate with Mr. Wilton Fern; so much so that he called at his office every few days, took walks with him on business errands, went with him to lunch (to the annoyance of Lawrence Gouger, who did not like to eat alone) and sometimes took the train home with him at night, on evenings when Shirley Roseleaf was not of the party. Everybody in the Fern family liked Archie. Even Hannibal, who had conceived a veritable hatred for Roseleaf, brightened at the entrance of Mr. Weil either at the house or office, the negro seeming to alternate between the two places very much as he pleased. Millicent liked him because he was so "facile," as she expressed it; a man with whom one could talk without feeling it necessary to pick each step. Daisy liked him because her father did, and because Roseleaf did, and because he treated her with marked politeness that had apparently no double meaning.

And they all got confidential with him, which was exactly what he wanted them to do; only the one he most wanted to give him confidence gave him the least. This was Mr. Fern, himself.

Try as he might, Archie could not discover what clouded the brow of the wool merchant, what made him act like a person who fears each knock at the door, each sound of a human voice in the hallway of his office. He could find no reason for Mr. Fern's attitude toward Hannibal, whose manners were as far removed as possible from those supposed to belong to a personal servant. There must be a cause of no ordinary character when this polished gentleman permitted a negro to insult him and his daughter, in a way to excite comment. What it was Mr. Weil was bent on discovering, but as yet he had made little progress.

It was on account of this plan that Mr. Weil affected to like Hannibal so well. He used to spend hours in devising ways for securing the truth from that source. Hannibal, however, gave no signs of intending to reveal his secret, and if he was going abroad to study, it seemed unlikely that the investigator would get at many facts in that quarter.

One day, Mr. Weil happened to call at the office of the merchant at an hour when the latter was out, and found Hannibal in possession. As this was an opportunity seldom available, Archie entered into a lively conversation with the fellow.

"They tell me you are soon going to leave us," he said, as a beginning. "I hear that you are going to Europe."

"Yes," said Hannibal, with a certain wariness.

"If I can tell you anything about the country I shall be glad," said Weil, affably. "I have spent considerable time there. You don't understand the language, I believe?"

The negro simply shook his head.

"It's easy enough to acquire. Get right into a hotel with a lot of students, and pitch in. Though they _do_ say," added the speaker, archly, "that the best method is to engage a pretty grisette. The poet was right:

"'Tis pleasing to be schooled in a strange tongue By female eyes and lips; that is, I mean, When both the teacher and the taught are young--

"You know the rest."

The answering smile that he expected, did not come into the negro's face. If possible, it grew still more reserved and earnest.

"There's one good thing, if you'll excuse my mentioning it," pursued Archie, "and that is, the French have no prejudice whatever against color. Indeed, a colored student gets a little better attention in Paris than a white one."

Then the silent lips were unlocked.

"Could a black man--_marry_--a white woman, of the upper or middle classes?" asked Hannibal, slowly.

"To be sure. There was the elder Dumas, and a dozen others. I tell you there's absolutely no color line there. They judge a man by what he is, not by the accident of race or skin. You'll see such a difference you'll be sorry you didn't go years before."

Hannibal sat as if lost in thought.

"Mr. Fern will miss you, though," continued Archie. "Yes, and the family. You seem almost indispensable."

A suspicious glance was shot at the speaker, but his face bore such an ingenuous look that the suggestion was dismissed. What could he know?

"They will get some one else," said the negro, quietly.

"Yes, but in these days it is not easy to get people one can trust. Mr. Fern will not find any one to take your place in a moment. And just now, when he evidently has a great deal of trouble on his mind, it will be unpleasant to make a change."

Hannibal was completely deceived by the apparently honest character of these observations. He could not resist the temptation to boast a little, that peculiar trait of a menial.

"I know all about Mr. Fern's affairs," he agreed. "Both here and at the house. He would not trust the next man as he has me."

Mr. Weil nodded wisely.

"I see, I see," he answered. "You know then what has annoyed him of late--that which has puzzled all the rest of us so much. You know, but having the knowledge in a sort of confidential capacity, you would, of course, have no right to reveal it."

Hannibal straightened himself up in an exasperating way.

"You will not find what troubles Mr. Fern," he said, loftily. "And now, may I ask _you_ something. Do you expect to marry his eldest daughter?"

An inclination to kick the fellow for his impudence came so strong upon Mr. Weil that it required all of his powers to suppress the sentiment. But through his indignation there struggled his old admiration for this elegant physical specimen. He wished he could get a statue modeled from him, before the original left the country.

"That is a delicate question," he managed to say.

"I know it," replied Hannibal. "But I have observed some things which may have escaped you. Shall I tell you what I mean?"

Not at all easy under this strain, the curiosity of Mr. Weil was so great that he could only reply in the affirmative.

"Miss Millicent," explained Hannibal, slowly, "is in love--very much in love--with another person."

A stare that could not be concealed answered him.

"You have not seen anything to indicate it?" asked the negro. "I thought as much. She has done her best to cover it, and yet I can swear it is true. She _likes_ you, as a friend. But she _loves_ him, passionately."

He was in for it now and might as well follow this strange matter to the end.

"Do I know this individual?" asked Archie.

"Yes. You brought him to the house and introduced him to her."

The man gave a slight cry, in spite of himself.

"Not Roseleaf!"

Hannibal bowed impressively; and at the moment Mr. Fern's footsteps were heard in the entry.

Mr. Weil did not know, when he tried to think about it afterwards, whether the wool merchant noticed particularly that he and Hannibal had been talking together, or suspected that they might have confidences. His head was too full of the startling statement he had heard, and when he was again upon the street he wandered aimlessly for an hour trying to reconcile this view with the facts as they had presented themselves to his mind previously.

Millicent in love with Roseleaf! She had said very little to the young man, so far as he had observed. Her younger sister--sweet little Daisy--had monopolized his attention. If it were true, what an instance it was of the odd qualities in the feminine mind, that leave men to wonder more and more of what material it is constructed. But _was_ it true? Was Hannibal a better judge, a closer student, than the rest of them? He did not like Millicent, any better than she liked him. Was he trying a game of mischief, with some ulterior purpose that was not apparent on the surface?

Out of it all, Archie Weil emerged, sure of but one thing. He must use his eyes. If Millicent loved Roseleaf, she could not hide it successfully from him, now that he had this clue.

The girl's novel was selling fairly well. Weil had made a bargain with Cutt & Slashem that was very favorable. It gave him an excuse to talk with the authoress as much as he pleased, and he used his advantage. He brought her the comments of the press--not that they amounted to anything, for it was evident that most of the critics had merely skimmed through the pages. He came to tell her the latest things that Gouger had said, what proportion of cloth and paper covers were being ordered, and the other gossip of the printing house. And now he talked about the work that Shirley was engaged on, and grew enthusiastic, declaring that the young man would yet make a place for himself beside the Stevensons and Weymans.

Millicent struck him as caring much more for news of her own production than that of the young man who had been represented as the object of her adoration. If she was half as fond of Roseleaf as Hannibal intimated, she was certainly successful in concealing her sentiments from the shrewd observer. The result of a fortnight's investigation convinced Weil that the negro had made a complete mistake, and all the hypotheses that had arisen were allowed to dissipate into thin air and fly away.

Another two weeks passed and Hannibal still remained with the Ferns. An inquiry of Daisy produced the answer that he thought of remaining in America till spring. The girl tried to act as if it made not the slightest consequence to her whether he went or stayed, but she did not succeed. Mr. Weil knew that she wished most heartily for the time when the negro would take his departure. She was bound up in her father, and Hannibal was worrying him to death--from whatever cause. She wanted the tie between him and this black man broken, and hated every day that stood between them and his hour of sailing.

Roseleaf was almost as uneasy as Daisy over the delay. He had given her the money she asked for, though no allusion to its purpose had been made.

She still had it, somewhere, unless she had given it to the one for whom it was intended. When she took the package from his hand she rose on her tiptoes and kissed him with the most affectionate of gestures. It was the second occasion on which he had been permitted to touch her lips, and he appreciated it fully. He realized from her action how deeply she felt his kindness in providing her with the funds that were to relieve her father of an incubus that was sapping his very life.

"You don't find much use for our black Adonis yet, I see," said Weil, as he laid down the latest page of the slowly building novel. "I had hoped you would penetrate the secret of his power over your heroine's father, by this time."

"No, I cannot understand it at all," replied Roseleaf. "And if you, with your superior quickness of perception, have found nothing, I don't see how you could expect me to."

"You have greater opportunities," said Weil, with a smile that was not quite natural. "You have the ear of the fair Miss Daisy, remember," he explained, in reply to the inquiring look that was raised to him.

"Ah, but she knows nothing, either," exclaimed Roseleaf. "I am sure of that."

Mr. Weil was silent for some moments.

"Well, if you cannot find the true cause," he said, "you will have to invent a hypothetical one. Your novel cannot stand still forever. Imagine something--a crime, for instance, of which this black fellow is cognizant. A murder--that he peeped in at a keyhole and saw. How would that do?"

Roseleaf turned pale.

"You know," he said, "that you are talking of impossibilities."

"On the contrary, nothing is impossible," responded the other, impatiently. "College professors, delicate ladies, children not yet in their teens, have committed homicide, why not this handsome gentleman in the wool business? Or if you _won't_ have murder--and I agree that blood is rather tiresome, it has been overdone so much--bring a woman into the case. Let us have a betrayal, a wronged virgin, and that sort of thing."

The color did not return to the young man's cheek.

"Which is still more incredible in the present case," he said. "Do you think Wilton Fern could do evil to a woman? Look in his face once and dismiss that libel within the second."

A desperate expression crossed the countenance of the elder man.

"You must agree that he has done something!" he cried. "He wouldn't allow a darkey to annoy him like this for fun, would he? He wouldn't wear that deathly look, and let his child grow thin with worriment, just as a matter of amusement!"

To this Roseleaf could not formulate a suitable answer. He felt the force of the suggestions, but he would not associate crime with the sedate gentleman who was the object of these suspicions. He simply could not think of anything disreputable in connection with Daisy's father, and it seemed almost as bad to invent an offense for the character in his novel whose photograph he had thus far taken from Mr. Fern.

Daisy was surprised, a month after this, to have Mr. Weil stop her in the hallway, and speak with a new abruptness.

"Why don't that cursed nigger start for Europe?" he asked.

She glanced around her with a frightened look. She feared ears that should not might hear them. But she rallied as she reflected that Hannibal was miles away, in fact in the city with her father.

"He is going soon," she replied. "But why do you allude to him by that harsh term? I thought you rather liked him."

"I do," he answered. "I like him so well that if he continues to talk to--to your father--as I heard him the other day, I will throw him into the Hudson: I can't stand by and see him insult an--an old man--much longer."

The girl looked at him with sad eyes.

"I thought I had succeeded in silencing that kind of talk," she said. "Mr. Roseleaf used to speak very violently of Hannibal, but he has listened to reason of late. Let me beg you to see nothing and hear nothing, if you are the friend of this family you have given us reason to believe."

She extended her hand, as if to ask a promise of him, but he affected not to see it.

"When does he intend to go?" he demanded.

"Before the 1st of April."

"I will give him till that date," he answered, "but not an hour beyond. He will sail out of this country for some port or other, or there will be a collision. You must not, you shall not defend him!" he added, as she was about to speak. "I know the harm he is doing, and it must have an end!"

Turning from her suddenly he went out of doors. Far down the road he stopped to look around, pressing his hand to his forehead, like one who would make sure he is awake, and not the victim of some fearful dream.

CHAPTER XV.

THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER.

Before the first of April came, Hannibal sailed. During the winter he had taken lessons in French of a city teacher, until he believed he could get along after a fashion with that language. He announced to Daisy that he would go on the third of March, then he changed it to the tenth, and again to the seventeenth. Each time, when the date approached, he seemed to have a weakening of purpose, a dread of actually plunging into the tide that set toward foreign shores. The girl had interviews with him on each of these occasions, at which what passed was known only to themselves. And each time, when she had reached her own room, she threw herself on her bed and wept bitterly.

But, at last, on the twenty-fourth, he went. With his overcoat on his arm, his satchel and umbrella in his hands, he said "Good-by" to the little party that gathered at the door. He had been treated with great consideration in that home. Perhaps he realized this to some extent as he was about to turn his back upon it. Certain it is that he could not hide the choking in his throat, as he said the words of farewell. Archie Weil, who stood there with the rest, thought he saw a strange look in those black orbs as they dwelt a moment on the younger daughter; but it passed so quickly he could not be sure.

Mr. Fern was there, and Roseleaf. Millicent had responded, when a servant went to inform her that Hannibal was going, that she was very glad. Did she wish to go down? By no means. She hoped she was not such a fool.

Weil, who watched everybody, saw an unmistakable relief in the careworn countenance of Mr. Fern, when the tall form of his late servant disappeared at the gate.

"I hope you will do well," had been the last words of the merchant, and Daisy had added, "So do we all, I am sure." Roseleaf had not spoken. He had stood a little apart from the others, his mind filled with varying emotions. It was he who had furnished the money to carry out this plan, and if it made one hour of Daisy's life happier he would be content.

Within an hour it was evident that a cloud had been lifted from the entire household. Everybody felt brighter and better. Roseleaf eyed Mr. Fern with surprise, and had half a mind to go to his office the next day and tell him how dearly he loved his daughter. It was the first time anything like a smile had been upon that face since he had known its lineaments.

Archie Weil devoted his attention, as usual, to Millicent. He did not talk to her about Hannibal, knowing how distasteful was the subject. He discussed her novel, of which she never seemed to tire, and asked her about another, which she had begun to map out. She told him she was sure she could do better the next time, and spoke of the assistance Mr. Roseleaf would furnish if needed, quite as if that was a matter already arranged between her and the young novelist.

Archie wondered if Millicent knew the extent of the attachment that had grown up between Shirley and her sister. She seemed to feel sure that he would be at hand when wanted. Could it be that she believed he would ultimately become her brother-in-law? The negro's guess had almost been blotted out of his mind. There had been absolutely nothing in his observation to confirm it.

A day or two after the departure of Hannibal, Mr. Fern had a conversation with Daisy, in which he dwelt with more stress than she could account for on a special theme. He was talking of Walter Boggs and Archie Weil, and he cautioned her earnestly to treat both gentlemen with the greatest consideration. The girl detected something strange in his voice, and she stole apprehensive glances at him, hoping to read the cause in his eyes.

"Why, papa, I never see Mr. Boggs," she said. "It is weeks and weeks since he came here. As for Mr. Weil, we all treat him nicely, I am sure, and are glad to have him come."

"Yes," he admitted. "You use him quite right, my child. I am not complaining; only, if you could show him _particular_ attention, something more than the ordinary--" He paused, trying to finish what he wished to say. "There may be a time when he will be of great value to me--and--I want him to feel--you observe things so cleverly--do you think Millicent cares for him?"

Daisy looked up astonished.

"Cares--for--Mr. Weil?"

Her father nodded.

"He has been here several times a week for months, and most of his time here has been spent with her. I thought--I hoped that she cared for him."

He thought! He hoped! Daisy had never had such an idea in her head until that moment. She had a dim idea that her father would give up either of his daughters with great regret, although she could not help knowing that the relations between him and Millicent were not as cordial as those between him and herself. And he "hoped" that Millie would marry, and that she would marry Mr. Weil! Her mind dwelt upon this strange thought. She tried to find a reason for it. Was there any stronger incentive in her father's mind than a desire to see Millie well settled in life, with a good husband?

Had he a fear that the time might soon come when he could not provide for her?

Or was there a worse fear--the kind of fear that had haunted him in relation to Hannibal?

Every time Mr. Weil came to the house after that the young girl watched him as closely as he had ever watched her. He did not exchange a word with her father that did not engage her attention. And the conclusion she came to was that, whatever the object of Mr. Fern in this matter, Mr. Weil was honor itself.

Daisy had never made much of a confidant of Millicent, and the latter had the habit of keeping her affairs pretty closely to herself. It was no easy task, then, that the young sister had in view when she came to a decision to talk with Millie about Mr. Weil.

Her father had expressed a hope that Millie and Weil would marry. Mr. Fern had some strong reason for his wish. Whatever it was, Daisy, with her strong filial love, wanted it gratified.

"Millie, what do you think of marriage?" she asked, one day, when the opportunity presented itself.

"I suppose it's the manifest destiny of a woman," replied her sister, quietly.

Much encouraged, Daisy proceeded to allude to Mr. Weil, praising him in the highest terms, and saying that any girl might be proud to be honored with his addresses. Millie answered with confirmatory nods of the head, as if she fully agreed with all she uttered. But when her sister spoke, the words struck Daisy like a blow.

"I am glad to hear this," she said, in a voice more tender than usual. "I think Mr. Weil would have proposed to you long ago, but that he feared the result."

Daisy gasped for breath.

"Millie!" she cried. "Do you mean that Mr. Weil--that--why, I do not understand! He has hardly spoken to me, while he has spent nearly every minute he has been here, with you!"

"Of course he has," responded the other. "What could be more like a case of true love? If ever a man lost his head over a woman he has lost his over you, Daisy. And, at any rate, you must know that _I_ care nothing for him. You certainly could see where _my_ affections were engaged."

Daisy pressed her hand dreamily to her forehead. She had never known her sister to show the least partiality to any other man.

"I understand you less than ever," she faltered.

"Are you so blind?" exclaimed Millicent, with superior wisdom. "Did you think Mr. Roseleaf had been so closely engaged all this time in my literary work without learning to care for me? I presume you will think I ought to blush, but that is not my way. The strangest thing is that I should have to explain what I thought every one knew."

Poor little Daisy! She was so crushed by these statements that she did not know what reply to make, which way to turn for consolation.

"He has told you that he loves you?" she managed to articulate.

"He has shown it, at least," was the answer. "He had not been here a week before he tried to put his arms around me. I had to let him hold my hand to avoid an absolute quarrel. He is not an ordinary man, Daisy, and does not act like others, but we understand each other. He is waiting for something better in his business prospects, and as I am so busy on my new book I am glad to be left to myself for the present."

It was the old story. Daisy could not doubt her sister's version of her relations with Mr. Roseleaf. When he called the next time there was a red spot in both her cheeks. He told her with happy eyes that he had at last secured something which made it possible to speak to her father. He had been offered a position on the Pacific Quarterly, at a good salary, and another periodical had engaged him to write a series of articles.

"They tell me I have no imagination," he explained, "but that I do very good work on anything that contains matters of fact. I have some money of my own, but I did not want to tell your father I was an idle fellow, without brains enough to make myself useful in the world. The novel on which I base such great hopes might not seem to him worth considering seriously, you know. So I can go with a better account of myself, and I am going this very week."

The bright light that shone from the face at which she looked made her waver for a moment, but she found strength to answer that he must not speak to Mr. Fern about her--now, or at any other time. She did not want to marry, or to be engaged. She wanted to live with her father, and take care of him, and she wanted nothing else.

"Millie will marry," she added, as a parting thrust, meant to be very direct and bitter. "One of us ought to stay with papa."

For a while he was too overwhelmed by her changed attitude to make a sensible reply. When it dawned on him that she meant what she said, he appealed to her to take it back. He could not bear the thought of giving her up, or even of waiting much longer for the fulfillment of his hopes. He spoke in the most passionate tone, and his whole being seemed wrought up by his earnestness. The girl was constantly thinking, however, that this was the same way he had addressed Millicent, and that there was no trust to be placed in him.

"Calm yourself," she said, when he grew violent. "I have tried to be honest with you. I have thought of this matter a great deal. You will admit that it is of some importance to me."

"To you!" he echoed. "Yes, and to me! I do not care whether I live or die, if I am to lose you!"

She wanted to ask him if he had told Millie the same thing, but she could not without making an explanation she did not like to give.

"There are others," was all she said. "Others, who will make you happier, and be better fitted for you--in your career as a writer."

He never thought her allusion had reference to any particular person, and he answered that there was no one, there never could be any one, for him, but her. He had never loved before, he never should love again. And she listened, thinking what a capacity for falsehood and tragic acting he had developed.

After two hours of this most disagreeable scene, Roseleaf left the house, moody and despondent. It would have taken little at that moment to make him throw himself into the bosom of the Hudson, or send a bullet through his brain.

On the way to the station he met Mr. Weil, who could not help asking what was the matter.

"Oh, it's all up!" he answered. "She has refused me, and I am going to the devil as quick as I can."

"What are you talking about?" exclaimed the other, staring at him. "You don't mean--Daisy!"

"That's just what I mean. I went there to tell her of my good luck, and to say I was going to ask her father's consent; and she met me as cold as an iceberg, and said she had decided not to marry. So I'm going back to town without a single reason left for living."

Mr. Weil stood silent and nonplussed for a few seconds. Then a bright idea came into his head.

"Look here, Mr. Impetuousness," said he. "I know this can be arranged, and I'm going to see that it's done. My God, the same thing happens in half the love affairs the universe over! Give me a few days to straighten it out. Go home and go to work, and I'll fix this, I promise you."

It took some time to persuade Roseleaf to follow this advice, but he yielded at last. Weil pleaded his warm friendship, begged the young man to do what he asked if only to please him, and finally succeeded. A few minutes later Archie had secured an audience with Daisy.

Too shrewd to risk the danger of plunging directly into the subject he had in mind, Mr. Weil talked on almost everything else. It happened that Millicent was away, which enabled him to devote his attention to the younger sister without appearing unduly to seek her. But Daisy, only half listening to what he said, was pondering the strange revelation her sister had made, and thinking at each moment that a declaration of love might be forthcoming.

She remembered her father's injunction to treat this man with particular courtesy, and was in a quandary what to do in case he came to the crucial point. But to her surprise, instead of pressing his own suit, Mr. Weil began to support in a mild manner the cause of Mr. Roseleaf.

"I met Shirley leaving here," he said, in a sober tone, "and he was in a dreadful state. You didn't say anything cross to him, I hope."

With these words there seemed to come to Daisy a new revelation of the true character of this man. Loving her himself, he was yet loyal to his friend, who he believed had a prior claim. As this thought took root it raised and glorified its object, until admiration became paramount to all other feelings.

"Why should I be cross to him?" she asked, evading the point. "There are no relations between us that would justify me in acting as his monitor or mentor."

Mr. Weil shook his head.

"He loves you," he said. "You cannot afford, my child, to trifle with a heart as noble as his."

The expression, "my child," touched the girl deeply. It had a protective sound, mingled with a tinge of personal affection.

"I hope you do not think I would trifle with the feelings of any person," she said. "Still, I cannot marry every man who may happen to ask me. You know so much about this matter that I feel justified in saying this; and I earnestly beg that you will ask no more."

But this Mr. Weil said gently he could not promise. He said further that Roseleaf was one of his dearest friends, and that he could not without emotion see him in such distress as he had recently witnessed.

"You don't know how fond I am of that boy," he added. "I would do anything in my power to make him happy. He loves you. He will make you a good husband. You must give me some message that will console him."

He could not get it, try as he might; and he said, with a forced smile, that he should renew the attack at an early date, for the cause was a righteous one, that he could not give over unsatisfied. He took her arm and strolled up and down the veranda, in such a way that any visitor might have taken them to be lovers, if not already married. She liked him better and better. The touch of his sleeve was pleasant. His low tones soothed the ache in her bosom, severe enough, God knows! When her father came from the city he smiled brightly to see them together, and after hearing that Millicent was away, came to the dinner table with the gayest air he had worn for months.

Another week passed, during which Mr. Weil went nearly every day to Midlands, and communicated to Roseleaf on each return the result of his labors, coloring them with the roseate hues of hope, though there was little that could legitimately be drawn from the words or actions of Miss Daisy. The critic for Cutt & Slashem had also been given more than an inkling of the state of affairs, and had perused with delight the chapters last written on the famous romance. He saw that the next experience needed by the author

was a severe attack of jealousy, and as there was no one else to play the part of Iago he himself undertook the role.

"Archie Weil is pretty popular with the Fern family, isn't he?" was the way he began, when he called on Roseleaf. "I met the old gentleman the other day and he seemed absolutely 'gone on' him, as the saying is. They tell me he's out at Midlands every day. Got his eye on the younger daughter, too, they intimate."

It takes but little to unnerve a mind already driven to the verge of distraction. The next time that Weil saw Roseleaf, the latter received him with a coolness that could not be ignored. When he pressed for a reason, the young man broke out into invective.

"Don't pretend!" he cried. "You've heard of the case of John Alden. What's been worked once may go again. I'm not entirely blind."

Mr. Weil, with pained eyes, begged his friend to explain.

"Tell me this," shouted Roseleaf. "Do you love that girl, yourself?"

Unprepared for the question, Archie shrank as from a flash of lightning, and could not reply.

"I know you _do_!" came the next sentence, sharply. "And I know that it is owing to the inroads you have made--not only with her but with her father--that I have been pushed out. Well, go ahead. I've no objection. Only don't come here every day, with your cock and bull stories of pleading _my_ cause, for I've had enough of them!"

The novelist turned aside, and Mr. Weil, too hurt to say a word, arose and silently left the room. His brain whirled so that he was actually giddy. Not knowing where else to turn he went to see Mr. Gouger, to whom he unbosomed the result of his call.

"Don't be too serious about it," said Gouger, soothingly. "It's a good thing for the lad to get his sluggish blood stirred a little. In a day or two he'll be all right. That novel of his is coming on grandly!"

Weil was in no mood to talk about novels, and finding that he could get no consolation of the kind he craved, he soon left the office. The critic laughed silently to himself at the idea of the biter having at last been bitten, and then took his way to Roseleaf's rooms.

No answer being returned to his knock, he opened the door and entered. At first he thought the place was vacant, but presently he espied a still form on the bed. The novelist was stretched out in an attitude which at first suggested death rather than sleep, and alarmed the visitor not a little. Investigation, however, showed that he was simply in a tired sleep, worn out with worry and restless nights.

"What a beauty!" whispered Gouger. "A very dramatic scene could be worked up if that sweetheart of his were brought here and made to stand beside the couch when he awakes. Yes, it would be grand, but it would need his own pen to trace the words!"

The hardly dry pages of the great manuscript that lay on an adjacent desk caught the eyes of the critic, and he sat down to scan them closer. As he turned the leaves he grew so delighted as to become almost uncontrollable.

"He's a genius, nothing less!" he said, rapturously, and then tiptoed softly from the chamber.

CHAPTER XVI.

"I'VE HAD SUCH LUCK!"

One day Mr. Fern came home in a state of great excitement. He had not acted naturally for a long time and Daisy, who met him at the door, wondered what could be the cause of his strange manner. He caught his daughter in his arms and kissed her like a lover. Tears came to his eyes, but they were tears of joy. He laughed hysterically as he wiped them away and told her not to mind him, for he was the happiest man in New York.

"I've had such luck!" he exclaimed, when she stared at him. "Oh, Daisy, I've had such grand luck!"

She led him to a seat on a sofa and waited for him to tell her more.

"You can't imagine the relief I feel," he continued, when he had caught sufficient breath. "I've had an awful time in business for years, but to-day everything is all cleared up. The house over our heads was mortgaged; the notes I owed Boggs were almost due; I had given out paper that I could see no way of meeting. And now it is all provided for, I am out of financial danger, and I have enough to quit business and live in ease and comfort with my family the rest of my days!"

Daisy could only look her surprise. She could not understand such a transformation. But she loved her father dearly, and seeing that he was happy made her happy, too; though she had had her own sorrows of late.

"Tell me about it, father," she said, putting an arm around his neck.

"You couldn't understand, no matter how much I tried to make it clear," he answered, excitedly. "There was a combination that meant ruin or success, depending on the cast of a die, as one might say. Wool has been in a bad way. Congress had the tariff bill before it. If higher protection was put on, the stocks in the American market would rise. If the tariff rate was lowered they would fall. I took the right side. I bought an immense quantity of options. The bill passed to-day and the President signed it. Wool went up, and I am richer by two hundred and fifty thousand dollars than I was yesterday!"

For answer the girl kissed him affectionately, and for a few moments neither of them spoke.

"I don't wonder you say I can't understand business," said Daisy, presently. "It would puzzle most feminine brains, I think, to know how a man could purchase quantities of wool when he had nothing to buy with."

The father drew himself suddenly away from her, and gazed in a sort of alarm into her wide-opened eyes.

"That is a secret," he said, hoarsely. "It is one of the things business men do not talk about. When stocks are rising it is easy to buy a great deal, if one only has something to give him a start."

"And you _had_ something?" asked Daisy, trying to utter the words that she thought would please him best.

"Yes, yes!" he answered, hurriedly. "I--had--something! And to-morrow I shall free myself of Boggs, and of--of all my troubles. I shall pay the mortgage on the house, and we can have anything we want. Ah! What a relief it is! What a relief!"

He panted like a man who had run a race with wolves and had just time to close the door before they caught him.

"May I tell Millie?" asked the girl. "She has worried about the house, fearing it would be sold."

He shook his head as if the subject was disagreeable.

"She will find it out," he said. "There is no need of haste. And at any rate I don't want you to give her any particulars. I don't want her to know how successful I have been. You can say that I have made money--enough to free the home. Don't tell any more than that to any one. It--it is not a public matter. I was so full of happiness that I had to tell you, but no one else is to know."

Daisy promised, though she asked almost immediately if the prohibition extended to Mr. Weil. He was such a friend of the family, she said, he would be very much gratified.

She had reached thus far in her innocent suggestion, when she happened to glance at her father's face. He was deathly pale. His body was limp and his chin sunken to his breast.

"Father!" she exclaimed. And then, seized with a nameless fear, was about to summon other help, when he opened his eyes slowly and touched her hand with his.

"You are ill! Shall I call the servants?" she asked, anxiously.

He intimated that she should not, and presently rallied enough to say he was better, and required nothing.

"What were we speaking of?" he asked, in a strained voice.

"We were talking of your grand fortune, and I asked if I might not tell Mr.--"

He stopped her with a movement, and another spasm crossed his face.

"You will make no exception," he whispered. "None whatever. My affairs will interest no one else. If you are interrogated, you must know nothing. Nothing," he added, impressively, "nothing whatever!"

Mr. Fern's recovery was almost as quick as his attack, although he did not resume the gaiety of manner with which he had opened the subject. After dinner he talked with Daisy, declaring over and over that she had been on short allowance long enough, and asserting that she must be positively in a state of want. She answered laughingly that she needed very little, and then suddenly

bethought herself of something and grew sober.

"Do you feel rich enough to let me exercise a little generosity for others?" she inquired.

He replied with alacrity that she could do exactly as she pleased with whatever sum he gave her, and that the amount should be for her to name.

"You don't know how big it will be," she replied, timidly.

"I'll risk that. Out with it," he said, smiling.

"Supposing," she said, slowly, "that I should ask for a thousand dollars?"

"You would get it," he laughed. "In fact I was going to propose that you accept several thousand, and have it put in the bank in your name, so you would be quite an independent young woman. You must have your own checkbook and get used to keeping accounts. I will bring you a certificate of deposit for three thousand dollars, and each six months afterwards I will put a thousand more to your credit, out of which you can take your pin money."

It seemed too good to be true, and the girl's face brightened until it shone with a light that the father thought the most beautiful on earth. Now she could return the thousand dollars she had borrowed of Mr. Roseleaf, a sum that had given her much uneasiness since she broke off her intimate relations with the young novelist. More than this, she would have sufficient on hand to send the future amounts that Hannibal would need to keep him abroad. It was such a strange and delightful thing to see smiles on her father's face that she did not want anything to disturb them. She was quite as happy as Mr. Fern, now that this cloud had been lifted from her mind.

The next day was a bright one for the wool merchant. By noon he had sent for Walker Boggs and astonished that gentleman by handing him a check in full for the entire amount of his indebtedness. In answer to a question he merely said he had been on the right side of the market. Mr. Fern also settled with his mortgage creditor, and went home at night happy that his head would again lie under a roof actually as well as in name his own. Notes which he had given came back to him soon after, and he burned them with a glee that was almost saturnine. Burned them, after looking at their faces and backs, after scanning the endorsements; burned them with his office door locked, using the flame of a gas-jet for the purpose.

The ashes lay on the floor, when a knock was heard and Archie Weil's voice answered to the resultant question. Mr. Fern lost color at the familiar sound, but he mustered courage.

"I've come to congratulate you," said Archie, warmly. "They say you have made a mint of money out of the rise in wool."

"Who says so?" asked Mr. Fern, warily.

"Everybody. Don't tell me it's not true."

"I've done pretty well," was the evasive reply. "And I'm going out of business, too. It seems a good time to quit."

Mr. Weil made a suitable answer to this statement and the two men talked together for some time. After awhile the conversation took a wider turn.

"Where's your young friend, Roseleaf?" asked Mr. Fern, to whom the matter did not seem to have occurred before. "I don't believe I have seen him at Midlands for a month."

"No, he doesn't come," replied Archie, growing darker. "If you wish a particular reason, you will have to ask it of your daughter."

Mr. Fern looked as if he did not understand.

"He became very fond of her," explained Archie, "and for some reason, he does not know what, she has evinced a sudden dislike to him."

Mr. Fern looked still more astonished.

"Millie is a strange girl," he ventured to remark. "But I supposed--I was almost sure, her affections were engaged elsewhere; and, really, I thought he knew it."

Mr. Weil stared now, for it was evident his companion was far from the right road. He was also interested to hear that Miss Fern had anything like a love affair in mind, for he had supposed such a thing quite impossible.

"I was not speaking of Miss Millicent, but of Miss Daisy," he said.

The wool merchant rose from his chair in the extremity of his astonishment.

"You meant that--that Mr. Roseleaf--was in love with Daisy!" he said. "And that she seemed to reciprocate his attachment?"

"I did. And also that a few weeks ago she asked him to cease his visits, giving no explanation of the cause of her altered demeanor. He is a most excellent young gentleman," continued Weil, "and one for whom I entertain a sincere affection. Her conduct is a great blow to him, especially as he does not know what he has done to deserve it. I trust the estrangement will not be permanent, as they are eminently suited to each other."

The face of Mr. Fern was a study as he heard this explanation.

"If he was an honorable man, why did he not come to _me_?" he asked, pointedly.

"He was constantly seeking Miss Daisy's permission to do so," replied Archie. "Which she never seemed quite willing to give him."

"She is too young to think of marriage," mused Mr. Fern, after a long pause.

"He is willing to wait; but her present attitude, giving him no hope whatever, has thrown him into the deepest dejection."

From this Mr. Weil proceeded to tell Mr. Fern all he knew about Roseleaf. He said the young man was at present engaged on literary work that promised to yield him good returns. He had a small fortune of his own beside. Everything that could be thought of in his favor was dilated upon to the fullest extent.

"I don't believe I can spare my 'baby,'" said Mr. Fern, kindly, "for any man. You plead with much force, Mr. Weil, for your friend. How is it that _you_ have never married. Are you blind to the charms of the sex?"

For an instant Archie was at loss how to reply.

"On the contrary," he said, at last, "I appreciate them fully. I have had my heart's affair, too; but," he paused a long time, "she loved another, and there was but one woman for me. Perhaps this leads me to sympathize all the more with my unfortunate young friend."

Mr. Fern said he would have a talk with Daisy, and learn what he could without bringing in the name of his informant.

"We fathers are always the last to see these things," he added. "It would be terrible to give her up, but I want her to be happy."

CHAPTER XVII.

A BURGLAR IN THE HOUSE.

Millicent Fern lay wide awake a few nights later, at Midlands, when the clock struck two. She was thinking of her second novel, now nearly ready for Mr. Roseleaf's hand. There was a hitch in the plot that she could best unravel in the silence. As she lay there she heard a slight noise, as of some one moving about. At first she paid little attention to it, but later she grew curious, for she had never known the least motion in that house after its occupants were once abed. She thought of each of them in succession, and decided that the matter ought to be investigated.

Millicent had no fear. If there was a burglar present, she wanted to know. She arose, therefore, and slipped on a dress and slippers. Guided only by the uncertain light that came in at the windows, she tiptoed across the hall, and in the direction in which she had heard the noise. She soon located it as being on the lower floor where there were no bedrooms, and a thrill of excitement passed over her. She crept as silently as possible down the back stairs, and toward the sound, which she was now sure was in the library.

What was the sound? It was the rustling of papers. It might be made by a mouse, but Millicent was not even afraid of mice. She was afraid of nothing, so far as she knew. If there was a robber there, he would certainly run when discovered. At the worst she could give a loud outcry, and the servants would come.

She tiptoed along the lower hall. A man sat at her father's desk, examining his private papers so carefully, that he seemed wholly lost in the occupation.

The room was quite light. In fact, the gas was lit, and the intruder was taking his utmost ease. His face was half turned toward the girl, and she recognized him without difficulty.

It was Hannibal!

Hannibal, whom she supposed at that moment in France!

Without pausing to form any plan, Millicent stepped into the presence of the negro.

"Thief," she said, sharply, "what do you want?"

They had hated each other cordially for a long time, and neither had changed their opinion in the slightest degree. Hannibal looked up quietly at the figure in the doorway.

"I have a good mind to tell you," he said, smiling.

"You will _have_ to tell me, and give a pretty good reason, too, if you mean to keep out of the hands of the police," she retorted. "Come!"

He laughed silently, resting his head on his hands, his elbows on the desk. Millicent's hair hung in a loose coil, her shoulders were but imperfectly covered by her half buttoned gown, the feet that filled her slippers had no hosiery on them. She was as fair a sight as one might find in a year.

"Do you remember the time I saw you in this guise before?" he asked, in a low voice.

A convulsion seized the girl's countenance. She looked as if she would willingly have killed him, had she a weapon in her hand. But she could not speak at first.

"It was you who sought me then," said the negro. "And because I bade you go back to your chamber, you never forgave me. Have you forgotten?"

Gasping for breath, like one severely wounded, Millicent roused herself.

"Will you go," she demanded, hotly, "or shall I summon help?"

"Neither," replied Hannibal. "If you inform any person that I am here, I will tell the story I hinted at just now. Besides, I would only have to wait until your father came down, when he would order them to release me, and say I came here by his request."

Millicent chafed horribly at his coolness.

"Came here by my father's request!" she echoed. "In the middle of the night! A likely story. Do you think any one would believe it?"

"I do not think they would. It would not even be true. But he would say it was, if I told him to, and that would answer. Don't you know by this time that I have Wilton Fern in a vise?"

Yes, she did know it. Everything had pointed in that direction. Millicent could not dispute the insinuation.

"What has he done, in God's name, that makes him the slave of such a thing as you?" she cried.

"I will answer that question by asking another," said the negro, after a pause. "Do you know that Shirley Roseleaf hopes to wed your sister?"

The shot struck home. With pale lips Millicent found herself trembling before this fellow.

"You love him," pursued the man, relentlessly. "You do not need to affirm or deny this, for I know. He loves Daisy, and unless prevented, will marry her. I hold a secret over your father's head which can send him to the State prison for twenty years. If I confide it to you, will you swear to let no one but him know until I give you leave?"

The girl bowed quickly. She could hardly bear the strain of delay.

"Then listen," said the negro. "To save himself in business he has committed numerous forgeries upon the names of two men. One of them is Walker Boggs and the other Archie Weil. Very recently he has been successful in his speculations, and has called in many notes with these forged endorsements. But the proofs of his crimes are ample, and I possess them. If he ever proposes to let Roseleaf marry Daisy, hint to him of what you know, and he will obey your will. I shall be in the city. Here is my address. If you need me I am at your service. Understand, I shall not harm your father unless he makes it necessary. I only mean to use the fear of what might await him, and you can do the same. It is time I was going. I have found all I want here, though I had enough before."

He handed Millicent a card on which was the address he had mentioned, and she allowed herself to take it from his hand. Then he started to pick up a package of papers that lay where he had put them on the table, when a third figure, to the consternation of both, brushed Millicent aside, and stepped into the room. It was the younger sister.

"Give that to me!" she demanded, imperiously, reaching out her hand for the package.

The apparition was so unexpected that the previous occupants of the library stood for a few seconds staring at it without moving a step. Daisy was dressed in much the same manner as Millicent, but she thought only of the danger that threatened one she loved better than life--her father.

"Give that to me!" she repeated, approaching Hannibal closer.

Without a word the negro, his head bowed, handed it to her.

"And now," she said, in the same quick, sharp tone, "the others!"

"They are not here," he answered, huskily.

"Where are they?"

"At my lodgings in the city."

Instantly Daisy snatched the card from her sister's hand.

"At this place?" she asked, hastily scanning the writing.

"Yes," said Hannibal, in a voice that was scarcely audible.

"I will be there this morning at ten o'clock. See that they are ready."

The negro bowed, while his chest heaved rapidly.

"And now," said the girl, pointing to the door, "go!"

He hesitated, as if he wanted to say more to her, but recollecting that she would meet him so soon, he turned and obeyed her. At the threshold he only paused to say, "You must come alone; otherwise it will be of no use." And she answered that she understood.

She followed some paces behind and closed the door after him, pushing a bolt that she did not remember had ever been used before.

Then she turned to encounter her sister; but Millicent had disappeared.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BLACK AND WHITE.

When Daisy reached her own room again, she felt assured that no one but herself and Millicent knew what had occurred. This was something. Had her father awakened, she did not know what might have followed. She had seen him too often, pale and distraught, in the presence of his relentless enemy, not to entertain the greatest thankfulness that he had slept through this terrible experience. At any cost it must be kept from him. She would beg, pray, entreat Millicent to seal her lips. And in the morning she would go to the address Hannibal had given her and obtain his proofs of her father's guilt, removing the frightful nightmare that had so long hung over that dear head.

Would Hannibal surrender his documents? He had made a tacit promise to do so, and she had faith that she could make him keep his word. She knew the negro had a liking for her that was very strong.

She had made it possible for him to become a man--by giving him the money that took him to France. Why had he returned so suddenly? What new fancy had caused him to give up his studies and recross the sea to enter her doors at night, to plunder still further secrets from her father's private desk? There were a thousand reasons for fear, but the devoted daughter only thought of saving the one she loved at all risks. She would dare anything in his behalf.

And this father of hers--that she had revered from babyhood--was a forger! He had made himself liable to a term of imprisonment in the common jail! He was a criminal, for whom the law would stretch out its hand as soon as his guilt was revealed! His previous high standing in the community could not save him; nor the love of his children; nor his new fortune--won by such means as this. Nothing could make his liberty secure but the silencing of the witness to his fault, the negro who had carefully possessed himself of certain facts with which to ruin his benefactor.

What did Hannibal want? Surely he had no revenge to gratify, as against her or her father! They had treated him with the greatest consideration. Only once--that day on the lawn--had Daisy spoken to him in a sharp tone, and then the provocation was very great. Since then she had raised the money that was to make a man of him. What did he require now? An increased bribe to keep him away? Well, she would get it for him. She would spend one, two, three thousand dollars if necessary to purchase his silence; if it needed more she could borrow of--of Mr. Weil.

Yes, Mr. Weil was the friend to whom she would turn in this emergency. He had lost nothing, apparently, by the unwarranted use of his name. The notes on which his endorsement had been forged were all paid. When she met Hannibal she would ascertain his price and then the rest would be easy. Her father need not even know the danger to which he had been exposed.

In the morning she went to Millicent's room early, in order to have a conversation with her undisturbed. Millicent was sleeping soundly and was awakened with some difficulty.

"I've only been unconscious a little while," she said, in explanation. "I thought I never should sleep again. Oh, what a disgrace! My father a forger! Liable to go to prison with common criminals, to wear the stripes of a convict! It seems as if my degradation could go no lower."

Reddening with surprise at the attitude of her sister, Daisy answered that the thing to be thought of now was how to save Mr. Fern from the consequences of his errors.

"You're a strange girl," was Millicent's reply. "You don't think of me at all! Won't it be nice to have people point after me in the street and say, 'There goes one of the Fern girls, whose father is in Sing Sing!' I never thought I should come to this. There's no knowing how far it will follow me. I doubt if any reputable man will marry me, when the facts are known."

Thoroughly disgusted with her sister's selfishness, Daisy cried out that the facts must _not_ be known--that they must be covered up and kept from the world, and that she was going to bring this about. She reminded Millicent of the evident suffering their father had undergone for the past two years, changed from a light-hearted man into the easily alarmed mood they had known so well.

"If he deserved punishment, God knows he has had enough!" she added. "And there is another thing you and I ought not to forget, Millie. Whatever he did was in the hope of saving this home and enough to live on, for us! During the last week he has had an improvement in business. He has paid all of those people whose claims distressed him. You have seen how much brighter it has made him. Now, when he had a fair prospect of a few happy days, comes this terrible danger. Surely you and I will use our utmost endeavors to shield him from harm. Even if he were the worst of sinners he is still our father!"

But Millicent did not seem at all convinced. She could only see that her reputation had been put in jeopardy, and that a dreadful fear would constantly hang over her on account of it.

"It is your fault, as much as his, too!" she exclaimed, angrily. "You both made as much of that negro as if he were a prince in disguise. I've told you a hundred times that he ought to be discharged. I hope you'll admit I was right, at last."

There was little use in reminding her sister that Hannibal had shown himself the possessor of some information that endangered Mr. Fern before either he or Daisy began to cultivate his good will; for she knew it well enough. What Daisy did say was more to the point.

"Have you _always_ hated him?" she asked, meaningly. "What did he mean last night by his reference to a time when you _sought_ him, _en dishabille_?"

Millicent sprang up in bed, with flashing eyes.

"He is a lying scoundrel!" she cried, vehemently. "I never did anything of the kind, and I do not see how you can stand there and repeat such a calumny!"

"The strange thing about it," replied Daisy, quietly, "is that you did not dispute him. But then, you did not know a third person was present. When I meet him this morning I shall ask for further particulars."

Millicent sprang from the bed and threw herself at her sister's feet.

"Would you drive me mad!" she exclaimed. "I am distracted already with the troubles of this house, and now you wish to hear the lying inventions of one you know to be a blackmailer and a robber! Don't mention my name to him, I entreat you. He is capable of any slander. You can't intend to listen to tales about your sister from such a low, base thing!"

Having Millicent at her feet, Daisy was pleased to relent a little.

"Very well," she said. "I will not let him tell me anything about you. But I want you to promise in return that you will do all you can to protect father from the slightest knowledge of what happened last night. I am afraid it would kill him. So far he believes us ignorant of his troubles. If I can make an arrangement to send Hannibal back to France he will remain so. Be sure you do not arouse his suspicions in any way, and we may come out all right yet."

The promise was made, and, as nothing could be gained by prolonging the conversation, Daisy withdrew. In the lower hall she met her father, and his bright smile proved to her that he was still in blissful ignorance that any new cloud had crossed his sky. Millicent did not appear at breakfast, for which neither of the others were sorry. It enabled Mr. Fern to talk over some of his plans with his younger daughter. Among them was a possible trip abroad, for he said he felt the need of a long rest after his troubled business career.

The last suggestion opened a new hope for Daisy. If worse came to worst, and there was no other way to escape the jail, flight in a European steamer could be resorted to. It would mean expatriation for life, as far as he was concerned, but that would be a thousand times better than a lingering death inside of stone walls. He could raise a large sum of ready money, and they would want for nothing. Millie would not wish to go with them, probably. She would stay and marry--how the thought choked Daisy--marry Mr. Roseleaf; unless indeed, the young novelist did what she had foreshadowed, repudiated the thought of allying himself with a tainted name.

Roseleaf! The bright, happy love she had given him came back to the child like a wave of agony.

Making an excuse that she had shopping to do, Daisy took the train to the city with her father, and parted from him at a point where the downtown and uptown street cars separated. Then she took a cab and drove to the address given her.

It was not the finest quarter in the city, and she would have hesitated at any other time before taking such a risk as going there alone. At present she thought of nothing but the object of her visit. Inquiry at the door brought the information that the lady was expected and that she was to go upstairs and wait. The woman who let her in was a pleasant faced mullatress, and several young children of varying shades were playing on the stairs she had to ascend. Daisy mounted to the room designated, which proved to be a small parlor, with an alcove, behind the curtains of which was presumably a bed.

As the weather was quite warm, the girl went to the front windows and opened them, in order to admit the fresh air. Then she sat down and waited impatiently. There was a scent in the room which she associated with the Ethiopian race, a subtle aroma that she found decidedly unpleasant. It gave her an indefinable uneasiness, and she mentally remarked that she would be glad when the ordeal was over. Her nerves were already beginning to suffer.

After the lapse of fifteen minutes, Hannibal entered. He had the look of one who had passed a sleepless night, and despite the blackness of his complexion, his cheeks seemed pale.

"Good-morning," said Daisy, rising.

"Good-morning," he replied.

And then there was a brief space of silence, each waiting for the other.

"I am here, you see," said the girl, finally, with an attempt at a smile. "And now will you give me the things I came for, as I cannot stay long?"

The negro tried to look at her, tried many times, but failed. His eyes shifted uneasily to all the other objects in the room, resting on none of them more than a second at a time.

"You wonder," he said, after another pause, "why I returned to America, why I came to your house last night. I thought I could tell you--this morning--and I have been trying to prepare myself to do so--but I cannot. You blame me a great deal, that is evident in every line of your face, but you do not know what I have suffered. Were your father to go to jail for the term the law prescribes, he would not endure the agony that has been mine."

He looked every word he spoke and more.

"I am sorry, truly sorry for you," she replied. "But why could you not leave all your troubles, when you went to France, and begin an entirely new life? You found it true what I told you, I am sure, about the lack of prejudice--on account of your--race."

He nodded and cleared his throat before he spoke again.

"Oh, yes; but it is not the prejudice _there_ that worries me. It is the prejudice _here_. It is the barrier my color brings between me and the only being whose regard I crave!"

The girl's cheeks grew rosier than ever, but she affected not to understand, and once more reverted to the errand that had brought her thither.

"You promised me the documents with which my poor father has been tortured," she said, reproachfully; "let us not talk of other things until you have given them to me."

The negro drew from a pocket of his coat a fair-sized package tied with a ribbon.

"They are all there," he said. "Every scrap, every particle of proof, everything that could bring the breath of suspicion upon your father's honesty. All there, in that little envelope."

She reached for it, but instead of giving it to her, Hannibal caught her hand, and before she dreamed what he intended, pressed a kiss upon it. The next moment the girl, with a look of outraged womanhood, was rubbing the spot with her handkerchief, as if he had covered it with poison.

"You brute!" she exclaimed. "You--you--"

She could not find the word she wanted; nothing in the language she spoke seemed detestable enough to fill the measure of her wrong.

"You see!" he answered, bitterly. "Because I am black I cannot touch the hand of a woman that is white. You have claimed to be without the hatred of the African so ingrained among Americans; you have talked about the Almighty making of one blood all the nations of the earth; and yet you are like the rest! A viper's bite could not have aroused deeper disgust in you than my lips. And all because the sun shone more vertically on my ancestors than it did on yours!"

Daisy was divided between her horror of the act he had committed and her anxiety to do something to free her father from his danger. She suppressed the hateful epithets that rose to her tongue and once more entreated the negro to give her the packet he held in his possession.

"You can do nothing with it but injure a man who has been kind to you," she pleaded. "And if you use the information you have, and afterwards repent, it will be too late to remedy your error. Give it to me, and return to France with the proud consciousness that you are worthy the position you wish to occupy."

Hannibal shook his head with decision.

"That would be very well if I ever could be considered a man by the one for whose opinion I care most. But while I am to her a creature something below the ape, a mere crawling viper whose touch is pollution, I will act like the thing she thinks me. To-day I

possess the power to make a high-born gentleman dance whenever I pull the string. You ask me to give up this power, and in return you offer--nothing."

"One would suppose," remarked Daisy, struggling with herself in this dilemma, "that the ability to inflict pain was one a true nature would delight to surrender. My father has done no harm to you."

The negro bent toward her and spoke with vehemence.

"But his daughter has! She has made my life wretched. Whatever position I may attain will be worthless to me, without the love I had hoped might be mine."

"_Love!_" cried the girl, recoiling. "_Love!_"

"Love and marriage," he replied. "In France we could live without the hateful prejudices that prevail in America. I have natural ability enough, you have told me so a thousand times, and I could make myself worthy of you. As my wife--"

Daisy rose and interrupted him fiercely.

"Cease!" she exclaimed. "There is a limit to what I can endure. If you mean to make any promise of that kind a prelude to my father's freedom from persecution, we may as well end this conversation now as later. He would rather rot in prison than have his child sacrifice herself in such a manner!"

She started toward the door, and he did not interrupt her passage, as she half expected he would do; but he spoke again.

"All this because I am black," he said.

"Because you are a cruel, heartless wretch!" she answered, her eyes flashing. "Because you have abused the goodwill of a generous family; because you have tortured a kind old man and a loving daughter. If you were as white as any person on earth, I would not marry you. Worse than all outward semblance is a dark and vile mind. Do what you like! I defy you!"

The door opened and closed behind her. Hannibal heard her retreating footsteps grow fainter on the stairs, and then there was silence.

"I might have known it," he said, aloud. "I did know it, but I kept hoping against hope. She would wed a Newfoundland dog sooner than me. Nothing is left but to make her repent her action. I will bring that father of hers to the dust, if only to revenge the long list of injuries his race has inflicted on mine!"

CHAPTER XIX.

"PLAY OUT YOUR FARCE."

When Daisy left the house where she had the interview with Hannibal, she walked for some minutes aimlessly along the street. Her mind was in a state of great excitement. She realized that she had defied a man who could inflict the deepest injury on the father she dearly loved. How she could have done otherwise was not at all clear, but the terror which hung over her was none the less keen. The proposal of the negro--to marry her--filled her with a nameless dread that made her teeth chatter, though it was a warm day. Rather would she have cast her body into the tides that wash the shores of Manhattan Island. Even to save her father from prison--if it came to that--she could not make this sacrifice. She now felt for Hannibal a horrible detestation, a feeling akin to that she might entertain for a rattlesnake. Whatever good she had seen in him in other days had vanished under the revelations of his true character.

What to do next was the absorbing question. A great danger hung over her father. A dim idea of seeking the mayor--or the chief of police--and imploring their mercy, entered her brain. Then she thought of Roseleaf, whose aid she might have secured, if he had not proved himself a double-dealer, capable of making love to herself and Millicent at the same time. And then came the resolve to seek out Mr. Weil, the one person in all this trouble that seemed clear of wrong. Her sister had told her that he loved her. Well, if necessary she would marry him. At least he was a man of honor, and white. Yes, she would go to him and throw herself upon his mercy.

Daisy knew that Archie made his headquarters at the Hoffman House, and summoning a cab she asked to be taken to that hotel. Ensconced in the ladies' parlor she awaited the coming of the man she wanted and yet dreaded so much to see. Luckily he was in the house, and in a few moments responded in person to her card.

"Why, Miss Daisy," he stammered. "What is the matter? Nothing wrong, I trust. You look quite pale. Is it anything--about--your father?"

The girl was pale indeed. Now that Mr. Weil was so close, the danger that he might not be willing to help her rose like a mountain in her path. She did not know exactly how grave a matter forgery was--whether it was something that the injured party would be able or likely to forgive. If she should tell him everything, and he should refuse to be placated--what could she do then?

There was no one else in the parlor, but seeing that she wanted as much seclusion as possible, Mr. Weil motioned the girl to follow him to a remote corner, where the curtains of a recessed window partially concealed them. He felt that she had come on a momentous errand. His suspicions concerning Mr. Fern were apparently about to be verified, and if so, he did not mean that other ears should hear the tale.

"Mr. Weil," began Daisy, tremblingly, "I don't know what to say to you. I am in great distress. Would you--will you--help me?"

He responded gently that he would do anything in his power. He bade her calm herself, and promised to be the most attentive of listeners.

Reassured by his kind words and manner, the girl began again; but she could not tell her story connectedly, and after making several attempts to do so, she broke out in a new direction.

"I want so very much of you, dear Mr. Weil. And I am nervous and afraid to ask what I would like. I will give you anything you please in return. Yes, yes, anything."

He smiled down upon her face, on which the tears were making stains in spite of her.

"You are promising a great deal, little girl," he said.

"I know it; I realize it fully," she responded quickly. "But I mean all I say. I did not think I could, once, but I am quite resolved now. Millie told me you were in love with me, and feared I would refuse you. But I won't. No, no, I will marry you--indeed I will--if you will only save my darling father!"

The concluding words were spoken in the midst of a torrent of sobs that shook the girlish frame and affected powerfully the strong man that witnessed them.

"Daisy, dear child, don't speak like this," he answered. "If I can do anything for your father I will most gladly, and the price of your sweet little heart shall not be demanded in payment, either. Leave that matter entirely out of the question, and tell me at once what you desire."

She heard him with infinite delight, and wiping her eyes she began, in broken tones, to relate the history of Hannibal's revelations. As she proceeded his brow darkened, and when she had finished he muttered something that sounded very much like a curse.

"And what do you wish of me?" he asked, when she had ended.

"To keep him from having my father put in prison; to give us time to escape, if there is no other way; and to forgive the harm to yourself. I know," she added earnestly, "it is a great deal to ask, but I have no one else to go to. He has paid every cent, and you will lose nothing. Tell me, dear Mr. Weil, is there anything you can do?"

He had the greatest struggle of his life to keep from bending over that trembling mouth and pressing upon it the kiss he knew she would not refuse; that mouth he had coveted so long and which must never be touched by his lips!

"Can I do anything?" he repeated. "Certainly. I can stop that fellow so quickly he won't know what ails him. Have no fear Miss Daisy. Go home and rest in peace. Before the sun sets I will remove the last particle of danger from your father's path."

The girl sprang to her feet and would have thrown her arms around his neck had he not prevented her.

"You are certain you can do this?" she cried, beaming with happy eyes upon him.

"There is not the least question of it. But--I must demand payment for my trouble. I shall not do this work for nothing."

With a hot blush Daisy lowered her eyes to the carpet.

"I have already told you what I will do," she said, trembling. "If you accomplish what you say, have no fear but I shall keep my word."

There was an element of pride and truth in the way she spoke that struck the hearer strongly. The reverent smile on his face grew yet deeper.

"I am placed in a peculiar situation," he said, after a slight pause. "Your sister has, unintentionally, no doubt, misrepresented matters in a way that may be embarrassing for us both. When I have removed the troubles that stand in your way, I will talk this over with you."

Daisy looked up quickly. What could he mean?

"I beg you to explain," she stammered. "If there has been any mistake no time can be better to set it right than now."

The man toyed with the lace of the window curtain. He had no intention of evading his duty, and yet he did not find it agreeable as he proceeded.

"Your sister told me," he said, finally, "that--you loved me. She was wrong. I knew all the time she was wrong. You have just offered to give yourself to me in marriage in exchange for the efforts that I am to make on your father's behalf. But I would not marry a woman who did not love me--who only became mine from gratitude. No, I could not accept you under such circumstances."

The young girl glanced at him timidly.

"I wish you knew how much I liked you," she said. "I never knew a man I respected more."

"That is most gratifying," he answered, "for I hold your good opinion very highly. You must think I speak in riddles, for I have said that I demand payment for my services, and yet that I would not accept the greatest gift it is in your power to bestow upon me. Let me wait no longer in my explanation. When I have put your father out of all danger from this blackmailer--and I can easily do it, never fear--you must do justice to Shirley Roseleaf."

She shivered at the name, as if the east wind blew upon her.

"He is not a true man," she replied, in a whisper. "He has forfeited all claim to my consideration."

"Why do you say that? I am afraid there is another misunderstanding here, my child."

Then he drew out of her, slowly at first, the revelations that Millicent had made. And he disposed of the charges, one by one, until there was nothing left of them.

"Could you--would you--only go with me to his rooms," he added, "and see him lying there, wan and pale, disheartened at the present, hopeless for the future, you would change your mind. He has never in his life loved but one woman, and that one is yourself. I will not undertake to say why you have been told differently, though I could guess. Shirley Roseleaf loves you, Miss Daisy, and you love him. When I have made good my promise, I shall ask you to come to my friend's side and bring him back to health with the sunshine of your presence."

Daisy was more than half convinced, for the strong affection she had had for the young man plead for him in every drop of her blood.

"Is he so very ill?" she asked, dreamily.

"He has not left his room for a week," was the answer. "Nothing his friends can say will move him. He is in such a state of mind that he even refuses to have me with him; me, until very lately, his closest friend. But if I tell him you have relented, there is no medicine on earth will have such an instant effect."

The girl thought for some moments without speaking.

"It is my father first, of course," she said at last. "But while you are arranging matters concerning him, I do not see any reason to keep me from helping a sick boy. I--yes, I will go with you now."

He looked the gratitude he could not speak, and fearful that in her mercurial mood she might change her mind, he accompanied her without delay to the street, and procured a cab, in which they were driven rapidly to Roseleaf's lodgings. On the way, with that loved form so near him, Archie Weil had a constant struggle. She might be his, if he would forget duty.

And he loved her! God, how he loved her! He could marry her, and perhaps after a fashion make her happy. The perspiration stood on his forehead as he dwelt on the bliss that he had resolutely cast aside.

Roseleaf's landlady came to the door in person and informed the callers that her guest was in about the same condition as he had been for some days. He was not ill in bed, but he did not leave his room. When she sent up his meals he received them mechanically, and they were often untouched when the domestic went for the dishes. He wrote several hours a day, though he was undoubtedly feeble. Did he have any visitors? Only one, Mr. Gouger, who was with him at the present moment. Should she go up and announce them? Very well, if it was not necessary. Mr. Weil could show the lady into the adjoining room, which was empty, until he had announced her presence in the house to his friend.

Archie whispered to Daisy when he left her at Roseleaf's door, that he would come for her as soon as possible. He did not enter the sick boy's chamber at once, for something in the conversation that came to his ears arrested his steps at the threshold. Mr. Gouger's voice was heard, and Archie's ears caught the sound of his own name.

"You should let me send to Mr. Weil," said Gouger. "I am sure he can explain everything. You have written all you ought for the present. He would take you to ride and bring the color to those white cheeks of yours."

"But he cannot bring me the girl I love," responded Roseleaf, with a profound sigh. "Even if I have done him injustice, she is lost to me now. You know appearances were against him. Why, you agreed with me about it. I don't want to see any one. I want to go away from here, and forget my sorrows as best I can in some far distant place."

There was a sadness in the tone that went to the listener's heart. The door was slightly ajar and Archie took the liberty of looking into the room. Roseleaf lay stretched out in a great chair, and Gouger leaned over him, appearing for all the world like some sinister bird of prey. Mr. Weil felt for the first time in his life that there was something uncanny in the aspect of the book reviewer. He did not think he could ever be close friends with him again. And what did Shirley mean by saying that Lawrence had "agreed" with him when he heard such base opinions?

The critic was fingering with apparent satisfaction a pile of MSS. that lay on the table. It had grown vastly since Archie saw it the last time, and must be fifteen or twenty chapters in extent now.

"You must not go away until you have finished this wonderful work," replied Gouger, with concern. "A few more months--a little further experience in life--and your reputation will be made! Ah, it is wonderful! It is magnificent! The world will ring with your praises before the year is ended. Such fidelity to nature! Such perfection of detail! In all my career I have never seen anything to approach it!"

Shirley moved uneasily in his chair.

"Do you ever think at what cost I have done this?" he asked. "I know the pain of a burn because I have held my hands in the fire. I know the agony of asphyxiation, because I have dangled at the end of a rope. I can write of the miner buried beneath a hundred feet of clay, because I have had the load fall on my own head. To love and find myself beloved; then to see happiness snatched without explanation from my grasp; to feel that my best friend has been the one to betray me! That is what I have passed through, and from the drops of misery thus distilled, I have penned those lines you so much admire. I have written all I can of these horrors. I will not begin again till I have caught somewhere in the great sky a glimpse of sunlight!"

Mr. Weil could wait no longer. He pushed open the door and went to the speaker's side.

"The sunlight is awaiting you," he said, gazing down upon the figure in the armchair. "You have only to raise your curtain."

Mr. Gouger sprang up in astonishment at the sudden arrival, and perhaps a little in alarm also; for he could not tell how long the visitor had been eavesdropping at the portal. But Roseleaf turned his languid eyes toward his old friend, and was silent.

"Shirley, my boy," pursued Weil, with the utmost earnestness, "I can prove to you now that Daisy Fern loves you and you alone."

Roseleaf did not move. His lips opened and the words came stiffly.

"You can promise many things," he said, "but can you fulfill any of them?"

So cold, so unlike himself!

"What will convince you?" demanded Weil. "Shall I bring a letter from her? Or would you rather she came in person, to tell you I speak the truth?"

The shadow of a smile, a smile that was not agreeable, hovered around the corners of the pale mouth.

"I shall write no more," said the lips, when they opened, "until I have seen her and heard the reason for my rejection. I will discover who my enemy is. I will unmask the man or the woman that has done me this injury. Till then, I shall write no more. No, not one line."

Mr. Gouger was nonplussed by the new turn in affairs. He knew that Weil had some basis for what he said, that he was not the man to come with pretence on his tongue. Neither of the other persons in the room paid the least attention to him, any more than if he had not been present. It was like a play, at which Gouger was the only spectator.

"Could you bear it if I brought her to you to-day, if I brought her here now?" asked Archie, beseechingly. "If I go and get her, and she comes with me, will the shock harm you?"

The ironical smile deepened on the face of the younger man.

"Play out your farce," he said.

Casting one look of apprehension at Roseleaf, Mr. Weil turned toward the door that entered the hallway. Before he could reach it, a female form came into the room and caught his arm. Together they faced the recumbent figure in the chair. This lasted but a moment. Then Daisy broke from her escort and threw herself at her lover's feet.

"Come," whispered Archie, to the critic. "Let us leave them alone."

CHAPTER XX.

LIKE A STUCK PIG.

Hannibal was neither better nor worse, morally, because his color was black. There are men with white complexions who would have done exactly as he did. There are others as dark as Erebus who would have done nothing of the sort.

He was no ordinary negro. His intelligence was above the average. When he first entered the employ of Mr. Fern, that gentleman took every pains to encourage the aptitude for learning that he found in him. Hannibal accompanied his employer to his office, where he was entrusted with important commissions, which he seemed for a long time to execute with faithfulness and discrimination. At home he performed his duties in a way that gave great satisfaction. At the end of the first six months Mr. Fern would have hated to part with a servant that he believed difficult to replace.

But the great source of trouble arose gradually. Hannibal began to entertain a sentiment for his master's younger daughter that was impossible of fruition. Daisy treated him in the most considerate manner, never dreaming what was going on behind his serious brow. Millicent, ungovernable in all things, began early to show the bitterest enmity toward the negro, while her sister, seeing that her father liked and appreciated him, tried by her own kindness to compensate for the other's rudeness. What caused Millicent's feelings Daisy had no means of knowing, and she had not the least suspicion until she heard the conversation in the library the night the house was entered. Even then she did not take the subject much to heart, for she did not comprehend all that Hannibal had meant to convey in the brief and sarcastic expression he used. Daisy had a mind too pure to believe anything so heinous of her own sister as Hannibal had intimated.

The passion of love is a thing that grows in curious ways. What made it seem to Hannibal that there was hope for him was the discovery that Mr. Fern was committing forgeries and that the proofs might be his for the taking. If he could hold such a power as that over this gentleman, who could say that even so great a mesalliance as his daughter's marriage to an African might not be

arranged?

The negro proceeded cautiously. He secured the proofs he wished, and let Mr. Fern know tacitly that he had them. The terror, the undisguised fear that followed, the admittance of the menial to a totally different position in the household and the office, showed that the servant had not underrated the importance of his acquisition.

Not one word bearing directly on the subject passed between them. The condition of the merchant was more horrible than it would have been had his employe said outright, "I have the proof that you are a forger--I can send you to prison for twenty years, and I will do so unless you do so-and-so for me." He did not know how Hannibal meant to use his information. He was afraid to broach the matter to him. He could only wait and suffer; and suffer he did, as a proud-spirited, high-minded man who has made an error must suffer, when such a sword hangs over his head, ready at any moment to fall.

As Walker Boggs had said, Mr. Fern was not by nature a business man. After the former's retirement from active participation in the concern there was a series of losses. When Mr. Fern took his pen and began to imitate the signature of his late partner on a sheet of paper, nothing but some such course stood between him and bankruptcy. He felt certain that if he could tide over twenty-four hours he would be saved. Before he left his office he had made a note, written Mr. Boggs name across the back of it, and raised money thereon.

He did this many times afterwards, but finally, when he again wanted a name to save himself with, he dared not use this one. Boggs had called in to remark that he should withdraw the capital he had lent as soon as the term arranged for had expired. The sum was already infringed upon, had the investor known it. The next name used was that of Archie Weil. Archie had been to the house a good deal to see Millicent. Mr. Fern believed there was a love affair between them, and he caught at the straw of possible protection in case of discovery. The forgeries became numerous, and the total amount on that day when the passage of a new tariff saved the venturesome speculator, was very large. Hannibal was at this time in foreign parts, or at least so the merchant supposed. He soothed his conscience with the reflection that this additional wrong act would enable him to right the others that preceded it. And things might have gone well had not the negro returned, consumed with the love he bore the younger daughter, and had not his love turned to vinegar by her contemptuous rejection of his advances.

An hour after Daisy left him, Hannibal had made up his mind to be revenged. He had faltered a little in the meantime, asking himself what good it would do to bring disgrace on the head of this poor old man, but his injuries were too strong for mercy. He was despised by them all; he would show them that, black as he was, his ability to hurt was no less strong than theirs. Roseleaf had made the first impression on that young heart he himself had craved. It remained to be seen whether he would wed the daughter of a convict. There would be something pleasant, too, in disgracing Millicent, who had once placed herself in a position where he could have blasted her reputation forever, and had afterwards dared to treat him as if he were the dirt beneath her shoes. Yes, Hannibal decided, he would go to Mr. Weil and Mr. Boggs, and show them the way this man had used their names, hawking them in the public market without their knowledge.

When Hannibal reached the Hoffman House and inquired for Mr. Weil, he was told that he was absent. An hour later he received the same answer. A visit to the residence of Mr. Boggs elicited a reply precisely similar. In fact, the day wore away and evening arrived before he found them.

In the meantime, Mr. Weil had not been idle. While Daisy and Shirley Roseleaf were tearfully exchanging their explanations, he sent a messenger to Mr. Boggs, asking that gentleman to come to him without delay. An hour later the messenger arrived with the gentleman, and having engaged a room for temporary use, and seen to it that Roseleaf wanted nothing at present but his fair nurse, Archie pulled Boggs in and locked the door securely.

"What's all this?" exclaimed Boggs. "You look and act as if there was the devil to pay."

"There is," was the short answer. "I want you to do one of the most creditable acts of your life. I want it as a personal favor, and I'm going to have it, too."

Mr. Boggs crossed his hands over his paunch and waited for further information.

"Are you a first-class liar?" was Mr. Weil's next question. "Could you, in an emergency, do yourself justice as an eminent prevaricator? Are you able, for a certain time, to banish truth from your vicinity?"

Mr. Boggs remarked, in response to these astonishing suggestions, that he could tell much better what his friend was about if he would drop metaphor.

Mr. Weil hesitated. He saw no way but to trust this man with the facts, and yet he dreaded the possibility that he might prove obstinate.

"By-the-way," he said, as if to change the subject temporarily, "have you been out to see Fern lately?"

Mr. Boggs shook his head.

"You ought to," said Weil. "He's improved a thousand per cent. in the last few weeks. His financial luck has made a new man of him."

"I'm glad of that," responded the other. "And I'm glad too that I've got my money out of his firm, for I had a strong suspicion at one time that he was running pretty close to the wall."

Mr. Weil nodded to show that he believed this statement, and then grew sober.

"Sometimes, when men get into a tight place financially," he said, "they do queer things. Supposing I should tell you that Mr. Fern had endorsed checks and notes in a way he was not authorized to do?"

The stout man opened his eyes wider.

"That would be a piece of news," he answered. "But, if he did, he's made it all right by this time, of course, and nobody is the loser."

Mr. Weil drew himself up in his chair, as if righteously indignant.

"Do you think that is enough?" he demanded, raising his voice. "By Gad, supposing I tell you my name was one of those he monkeyed with!"

The other did not seem much perturbed.

"If the paper is all in, I wouldn't make a fuss about it, if I were you," he replied. "Fern is a good fellow. He has gone out of business, and I hope he'll never go in again. Take my advice, if you have learned anything to his discredit, and keep it to yourself."

Weil could hardly control himself.

"Do you think I intend to let him forge my name on his notes and checks and not put him under arrest!" he cried; "when the proofs are beyond question?"

Mr. Boggs bowed and said he meant that, exactly. He further remarked that he was astonished that his friend had any other idea in his mind. The Fern family was one in which he had been favorably received and he ought to do everything possible to prevent harm to any of its members. As he proceeded in this vein, Mr. Boggs grew so earnest that he did not notice the broad smile of happiness that was creeping over the face of his companion, and was not prepared to find a pair of manly arms clasped around his neck.

"You--you!" Archie Weil was trying to say. "You dear, kind, sensible fellow. You've made me the happiest man on earth! Of course _I_ wouldn't trouble Fern, but I was afraid _you_ would. He used your name as well as mine, the rascal! Everything is paid up, and all the trouble now is that a miserable scamp has got hold of some of the paper and wants to blackmail him. And what I called you here to-day for is to get you to agree--with me--to acknowledge every scrap of that paper as being our own!"

The sudden change was more than Mr. Boggs could bear for a moment. He sat, to use a common expression, "like a stuck pig," staring at Archie.

"You remember the nigger that worked for Fern," explained Mr. Weil. "He got hold of some of these notes and checks, in Fern's office, and is coming to look us up to-day, for the purpose of having his employer arrested. A nice game, eh? But we will foil him, won't we? We'll show him a trick worth several of his! He's probably gone to the Hoffman House and he'll hang round till he finds me. I'll send word that I am to be home this afternoon at five. You will be there with me. We'll tackle him together. When he tells us that he has some forged paper in his possession we'll act astonished and enraged; we'll ask him to show it to us; and when we've got it all in our hands we'll say the signatures are our own, and kick him down stairs. Are you with me, Walker? Is it a go, old boy?"

The agreement was made without more ado. Mr. Boggs began to see the humorous element in the affair, and actually came nearer laughing than he had done since the day he discovered that the size of his waist placed him out of the list of eligible "mashers."

When everything was settled, Mr. Weil excused himself for a few moments, while he tiptoed to Roseleaf's door and knocked. Daisy came to open it, and when she saw who the visitor was she blushed charmingly.

"Come in," she said. "I am sure both of us are glad to see you."

Shirley's eyes met those of his friend with a strange expression. He knew now that all his suspicions were unfounded, that Weil had proved himself noble and true. But the apologies that he owed could not be suitably made in the presence of a third person, and he made no reference to them. His changed appearance was enough, however, for Archie. The reconciliation with the girl of his heart was perfect, and the happiness that shone from their faces repaid their good friend for his sacrifice.

"I think I ought to take Miss Daisy to her train now," said Archie, after the exchange of a few ordinary remarks. "She can come to see you to-morrow again, and before many days we will have matters arranged with pater familias, so that Shirley can go out to Midlands in his proper capacity. Oh, you need not redden, little woman! The love you two have for each other does both of you credit."

Returning to Mr. Boggs, for the sake of allowing the young couple a few minutes for their good-bys, Archie dismissed that gentleman with the understanding that not later than half-past four he would join him in his room at the Hoffman House. Soon after he escorted Miss Fern to her station, and before he left the building Archie sent a dispatch to her father, asking him to come to the city and meet him at his hotel at four that afternoon.

Everything worked to a charm. Mr. Fern arrived at the time designated and went promptly to Mr. Weil's apartments. A brief explanation of what was about to occur threw the wool merchant into a state of extreme agitation, but he was assured that the last particle of danger to himself would be removed before he left the Hoffman House. He was asked to step into an inner room of the suite, the door of which was to be left ajar, and to make no move unless he was called.

Mr. Boggs came at his appointed hour, and Hannibal soon after. Delighted to find both gentlemen--accidentally, as he supposed--the negro began without delay to explain the cause of his visit. He stated the manner in which he had discovered the forgeries, and said he thought it only his duty to let the facts be known.

Messrs. Weil and Boggs exchanged glances of well-simulated surprise as the discoverer proceeded.

"How long is it since you first knew of this matter?" asked Mr. Weil, when Hannibal came to a pause.

"Something like eighteen months."

"And you allowed this swindle to go on all that time without saying a word!" said the questioner. "I am surprised, when I remember that for a long time you saw me almost daily."

"That is true," was the quiet response. "I could not easily bring myself to disgrace one whose bread I was eating. But that does not matter now. I have here a number of notes on which Mr. Fern has forged both of your names. The law will hold him just as strongly as if I had exposed him at the time."

He exhibited a package of papers, and unsuspiciously passed them to the two gentlemen. Undoing the band Archie Weil spread the documents on the centre table and went over them carefully with Mr. Boggs, separating those which bore their several names. A close perusal of all the notes followed, and finally Mr. Weil looked up and asked if there were any more.

"No, those are all," said Hannibal. "I believe there are thirty-six of them."

Mr. Weil consulted in a low tone with Mr. Boggs. They seemed puzzled over something.

"If these are really all the notes you have," said Archie, "there has been a great mistake on your part. These endorsements are genuine in every case. Where are the forged papers of which you spoke?"

The negro stared with all his might at the speaker.

"Genuine!" he repeated.

"Undoubtedly, as far as my name is concerned. I have lent my credit to Mr. Fern for a long time."

"That is equally true of myself," spoke up Boggs, slowly. "I wrote every one of these signatures and I am willing to swear to them."

Hannibal's eyes flashed with baffled rage. He had been trapped. These men had conspired to save his late employer from his clutches. They had lied, deliberately, and he was powerless against their combined assertions, although he knew the falsity of all they said.

"You will be as glad as we to learn the truth," said Archie, in a softly modulated voice. "It would have grieved you to know that your kind employer had made himself amenable to the criminal law. Your only object in this matter was to ease your conscience, and do justice. There is nothing, now, to prevent your returning at your earliest convenience to France."

The negro rose and took up his hat.

"This is very nice," he growled, "but I want to tell you that you are not through with me yet."

Mr. Weil rose also.

"I trust," he said, "that you are not going to be impolite. I certainly would not be guilty of discourtesy to you. But let me assure you of one thing: If you ever, hereafter, annoy in the slightest degree my friend, Mr. Fern, or any member of his family, you will wish heartily that you had never been born. We can spare you now, Mr. Hannibal."

With the last words, Archie waved his hand toward the door, and without further reply than a glare from his now blood-shot eyes, the African strode from the apartment.

"I want you to take a ride in the Park with me, for an hour or so, and then we will return here for dinner," said Mr. Weil to Mr. Boggs.

He did this to allow Mr. Fern to leave the house without Boggs' knowing he was there, and also to avoid a meeting that he felt would be too full of gratitude to suit his temperament just then.

CHAPTER XXI.

"WE WANT MILLIE TO UNDERSTAND."

Millicent Fern had been so busy on her second novel that she had hardly noticed the prolonged absence of Shirley Roseleaf from her father's house. Her first story was selling fairly well and she had received a goodly number of reviews in which it was alluded to with more or less favor. Not the least welcome of the things her mail brought was a check bearing the autograph of Cutt & Slashem, that tangible evidence which all authors admire that her efforts had not been wholly in vain. She had put a great deal of hard work into her new novel, and felt that, when Mr. Roseleaf added his polish to the plot she had woven, it would make a success far greater than the other.

Millicent thought she understood the young man perfectly. To her mind he was merely awaiting the moment when she was ready to name the day for their marriage. To be sure he had not asked her to wed him, but his actions were not to be misunderstood. She would accept him, for business reasons, and the romance could come later. Together they would constitute a strong partnership in fiction. While she was wrapped up in her writing it was quite as well that he remained at a respectful distance. Between her second and her third story she would have time to arrange the ceremony.

When Roseleaf made his next appearance at dinner, in the house at Midlands, Miss Fern smiled on him pleasantly. She remarked that he lacked color, and he replied that he had been suffering from a slight illness. Then she spoke of her new story, revealing the plot to a limited extent, and said it would be ready for him in about two weeks. The astonished young man saw that she considered his services entirely at her disposal, without question, whenever she saw fit to call upon them. He talked it over with Daisy.

"You know," stammered the girl, "that Millie thought you were in love with her. That would account for everything, wouldn't it?"

"But where did she ever get that idea!" he exclaimed, desperately.

"She says you tried to put your arm around her."

"Just to practice. Just to learn what love was like. I told you how ignorant I was, the same as I did her. Archie said she would show me, but it didn't amount to anything. It was only when I asked you, Daisy, that I began to understand. Do you remember how you stood on your toes and kissed me?"

The girl bade him be quiet and not get too reminiscent, but he would not.

"It taught me all I needed to know, in one instant," he persisted. "Ah, sweetheart, how much happiness and suffering I have had on your account!"

He stooped and kissed her tenderly as he spoke.

"And after this it will be happiness only," she whispered.

Another kiss answered this prediction.

"What can I do if she asks me to rewrite the whole of another novel?" asked Roseleaf, with a groan.

"I think you might find time to oblige her," said Daisy. "But you ought to explain things--you ought not to let her misunderstand your position any longer."

He said that this was true, and that he would act upon the suggestion. He had her father's consent, and nothing could stand in the way of his marriage to Daisy before the year ended. It was not right, of course, to go on with the implication of being engaged to both the sisters.

"But I wish I could escape doing that writing," he added. "I hate fiction, any way; I have been at work on one of my own that I fear I never shall finish. There is much sadness in novels, and I like joy so much better. I believe I shall abandon the whole field."

This she would not listen to. She said her husband that was to be must become a famous writer, for she wanted to be very proud of him. And Mr. Fern came in to the room, and having the question put to him, decided it in the same manner, as he was sure to do when he learned that his younger daughter held that opinion.

The retired merchant bore the appearance of a man from whose shoulders the severe burden of a great weight had fallen. The tiger that had crouched so long in his path, ready at any moment to spring, had been vanquished. Beyond the profound humiliation of knowing that his sin was exposed to the gaze of two of his intimate friends, he had no cause for present grief. Both of them had proved friends indeed, and nothing was to be feared from any quarter. Hannibal had disappeared immediately after the interview at the Hoffman House, and it was supposed had gone back to France.

There was to be no haste about the wedding, after all. Now that the young couple felt perfectly sure of each other they were more willing than they had been to wait. The freedom that an understood engagement brings to Americans was theirs. If Millicent had only known the true condition of affairs, and was content with them, they would have been perfectly satisfied.

An old story tells how a certain colony of mice came to the unanimous conclusion that a bell should be hung around the neck of a cat for which they had a well-defined fear; and it also relates that none of the rodents were willing to undertake the task of placing the warning signal in the desired position. Both Shirley and Daisy wished heartily that Millicent could be told the exact condition of their hopes and expectations, but neither had the courage to inform her. Many of their long conversations referred to this matter, and one day, when they had discussed it as usual, Daisy hit upon a bright idea.

"You don't suppose, do you, that Mr. Weil would tell Millie for us? He has done so many nice things, he might do one more."

Roseleaf wore a thoughtful expression. He realized how much Archie had already done for him--realized it more fully than Daisy did; but he said the matter was worth thinking of. He wanted very much to have it settled.

"Would--would you--ask him?" he stammered. "He would do anything for you."

"Yes," she responded, softly, "I will ask him. But we had best be together. I do not want to broach the matter unless you are there."

In a few days the opportunity came. Mr. Weil heard the voice he loved best explaining the situation.

"We want Millie to understand," said Daisy. "If she--if she still likes Shirley herself, there may be an unpleasant scene, and you will see how difficult it is for either of us to tell her. But you, who have done so many kindnesses for us, could convey the information to

her without the diffidence we should feel. Will you, dear Mr. Weil?"

And Archie said he would, and that it would be a pleasure to him. And a bright light illumined the faces of the young people, as another stone was rolled out of the pathway their feet were to tread.

Mr. Weil did not know how to approach his subject except by a more or less direct route. One day he was talking with Miss Fern about her new novel, and she spoke of Mr. Roseleaf in connection with its nearness to the required revision.

"I don't know as Shirley will find time to help you out," he replied. "He is so busy just now with Miss Daisy."

She did not seem to comprehend him in the least.

"Oh, he is merely filling in the time, as a matter of amusement," she answered. "When I am ready he will be."

He looked at her earnestly.

"Is it fair to speak of love-making as a matter of amusement, Miss Fern?"

"Love-making? Is he, then, practicing for his novel with Daisy, also?" she inquired. "I am afraid he will get erroneous views of love in that quarter. She is such a child that she can have little knowledge of the subject."

She had evidently no suspicion of the truth, and he determined to become more explicit.

"Perhaps that is exactly what he wishes," said he. "The virgin heart of a young girl certainly affords tempting ground for the explorations of a novelist."

For the first time she showed a slightly startled face.

"I trust you do not mean that Mr. Roseleaf is deceiving my sister with pretended affection?" she said. "I did not think him that kind of man. If he is making love to her, as you call it, surely she understands that it is only for the purposes of his forthcoming novel?"

Mr. Weil drew a long breath.

"Is it possible," he asked, "that you do not know him better than even to hint that suspicion? Shirley Roseleaf is honor personified. He would not lead any woman to believe him her lover unless he truly felt the sentiments he expressed."

Miss Fern looked much relieved.

"I am glad to hear you say so," she replied.

Archie was plunged into a new quandary. He had evidently made no progress whatever thus far.

"No," he continued, slowly, "he has not deceived Miss Daisy. His love for her is as true as steel. I understand their engagement is to be announced in a few days."

If he had known the pain that these words would bring to their hearer--if he had foreseen the anguish that was portrayed on that brow and in those eyes--friend as he was of the young couple who had set him to this errand, he would have shrunk from it. Millicent made no verbal reply. Spasms chased each other over her white face. She seemed stricken dumb. Her hands, lifted to her forehead, trembled visibly. And Mr. Weil sat there, uncertain what to do, as silent as herself.

Gradually the force of the storm passed, and Miss Fern staggered faintly to her feet. Mr. Weil offered to support her with his arms, but she refused his aid with a motion that was unmistakable. She was making every effort to conceal her agitation, and she dared not trust herself with words. After taking a weak step or two, and finding that she could not walk unassisted, she rested herself upon the arm of a large chair, and signed to him to leave her. Much mortified, but knowing no other course, he bowed profoundly and obeyed the signal.

The next morning he received the following letter at his hotel:

"MR. A. WEIL:--SIR: If you are in any respect a gentleman--which I may be excused for doubting--you will not allude in the presence of any one to the exhibition I made to-day. Had I had the least preparation I could have controlled myself. You adroitly took me at a complete disadvantage, and you saw the result.

"I leave to-morrow for a new home. Never again shall I live under the roof of those who have betrayed me. Do not think I shall succumb to grief because of my sister's conduct. She is welcome to her victory. No answer to this is expected. Yours, M. A. F."

Luckily Archie had escaped from Midlands without meeting either Daisy or Roseleaf, and he obeyed as strictly as possible the injunction he received from the elder sister. All he would say was that he had informed her of the engagement and that she had made no reply. When he was told a day or two later that Millicent had left the house, he merely remarked that he was not much surprised, as she was a girl of strong will and usually did about as she pleased.

Mr. Fern, at first much distressed over his daughter's action, grew reconciled when he thought of it more at length. He sent a liberal allowance to her, which she did not return, and made arrangements by which she could draw the same sum at her convenience at a bank in the city.

CHAPTER XXII.

WHERE WAS DAISY?

The wedding was arranged to occur in the month of October, and the preparations, so dear to the hearts of all young women, were pushed with dispatch. There were to be no ceremonials beyond the ones necessary, and the company to visit the nuptials was limited to a dozen of the family's most intimate friends. When the evening came, Walker Boggs was on hand, wearing an extra large waistcoat, and a countenance such as would have best befitted a funeral. Lawrence Gouger came, his keen eye alert, foreseeing several chapters in the great novel that Roseleaf was writing, based on the experiences of the next few weeks. But Archie Weil wrote a note at the last minute, regretting that a business engagement that could not be postponed had called him to a distant point, and sending a magnificent ornament in large pearls for the bride, to whom he wished, with her husband, all health and happiness.

Mr. Gouger had had many arguments with Mr. Weil, in opposition to the early date set for the wedding. He had shown that, according to the best models, the hero of Roseleaf's novel--which was practically the young man himself, ought to pass through some very harrowing scenes yet before his wedded happiness began. He feared an anti-climax, and was apprehensive that the wonderful romance would lie untouched for long months while Roseleaf sipped honey from the lips of his beloved. And he acted as if these things were entirely at the disposal of Mr. Weil--as if the young couple were mere marionettes whose actions he could control.

"You could put it off if you liked," Gouger said, complainingly. "You could introduce other elements that would be the making of the novel, and you ought to do it. They should not marry before next spring, at the earliest. You run the risk of spoiling everything."

"Good God!" cried Archie. "You talk like a fool. I would have postponed it forever, if I could, and you know it. But she loves him, and there is nothing to be gained by delay. Confound you and your old novel! With the happiness of two human beings at stake you talk about a piece of fiction as if it was worth more than a blissful life!"

Gouger straightened himself up in his chair.

"It is worth a hundred times more!" he answered, boldly. "A novel such as Roseleaf's ought to be would give pleasure to millions. But I see you are bound to have your way. The only hope left is that there will be trouble enough after marriage to spice the story to the end. A milk and water, nursing-bottle existence for them would make all the work already done on this manuscript mere wasted time!"

Weil turned from his friend in disgust. Could the man talk nothing, think nothing, but shop?

But Archie did not come to the wedding. He knew the final strain would be more than he could bear. It was one thing to sacrifice the woman he loved and quite another to see her given into the arms of the rival he had encouraged. One may do the noblest things, at a respectful distance, and find himself physically unable to view them at greater proximity.

Of course Shirley Roseleaf was almost too happy to breathe. But even the happiest of lovers somehow manage to inhale a sufficiency of oxygen to keep life in them, though they have no knowledge of the process by which this is accomplished. He had seen several of his productions in type, some in the leading magazines, and he had a permanent position now on the staff of a great periodical. When the month he had allowed himself as necessary for a wedding journey was ended, he would settle down to work, and he knew no reason why he might not make a success in his chosen field. And there was Daisy--always Daisy--he would

never again be separated from Daisy! Who that has loved and been loved can doubt the perfect content of this young man?

The saddest face at Midlands was that of Mr. Fern, who failed in his best attempts to appear cheerful. He was not sorry that his daughter was to be married, he would not have put a single obstacle in her way; but she was going from him, and the very, very dear relations they had so long sustained would never be exactly the same again. It was the destiny of a woman to cleave to her husband. He found no fault with the law of nature, but he had clung to Daisy so devotedly that he could not welcome very sincerely the hour that was to take her away.

The marriage was to be early in the evening. Everything was ready, even to the trunks, filled with traveling and other dresses. The night was to be passed at the Imperial Hotel in the city, and the journey proper to be begun some time on the following day.

On the most momentous morning of her life, Daisy Fern announced that she had an errand to do in the city and would return shortly after twelve o'clock. As she was so thoroughly her own mistress nobody thought of questioning her more particularly. But twelve o'clock came, and one o'clock, and three, and five, and she neither was seen at Midlands nor was any message received from her.

By the latter hour Mr. Fern was in a state of excitement. The entire house was in an uproar. The servants were catechised, one by one, to see if perchance any of them could guess the young lady's destination. Word was sent by telephone to various places in the city, asking information, but none was received. She had left the house, ostensibly to go to New York, and nothing could be learned of her from that moment.

As Mr. Roseleaf was not expected until some time later, Mr. Fern went at last to the city and sought the young man at his rooms. He found him in the company of Lawrence Gouger, dressed for the ceremony, and impatient for the arrival of the hour when he should start for his bride's abode. It may be conceived that the news Mr. Fern brought was not the pleasantest for him.

"You--you have not seen Daisy?" came the stammering question, as the father paused on the threshold of Roseleaf's room.

"To-day? Why, certainly not!" was the stupefied answer. "I was just about to start for your house."

Mr. Fern sank upon a sofa just inside the door.

"Something--has--happened!" he groaned. "Ah, my boy, something has happened to my child!"

Roseleaf looked at Mr. Gouger, who in turn looked at Mr. Fern.

"She--went away--this morning--on an errand," enunciated the father, slowly, "saying--she would return--at noon. And--that is the last we--have seen--of her. Oh, it seems as if I should go mad!"

It seemed as if Shirley Roseleaf would go mad, too. He looked like one bereft of sense, as he stood there without uttering a word.

"Perhaps she has returned since you left home," suggested Mr. Gouger, on the spur of the instant. "Don't lose heart yet. Let me send to a telephone office and have them inquire. You have a 'phone in your house, have you not, Mr. Fern?"

The father bowed in reply. He was too crushed to say anything unnecessary. Touching a button, Mr. Gouger soon had a messenger dispatched for the information desired, and in the meantime he tried, by suggesting possibilities, to soothe the two men.

"You shouldn't get so excited," he protested. "There are a hundred slight accidents that might be responsible for Miss Daisy's delay. Perhaps she has met with an insignificant accident, and the word she has sent to her father has gone astray--as happens very often in these days. That would account for everything. Or she may have taken the wrong train--an express--that did not stop this side of Bridgeport, and hesitated to telegraph for fear of alarming you. 'Don't cry till you're hurt' is an old proverb. Why, neither of you act much better than as if her dead body had been brought home!"

They heard him, but neither replied. They waited--it seemed an hour--for an answer to the telephonic message, and it came, simply this: "Nothing has been heard as yet of Miss Fern."

The thoroughly distressed and disheartened father shrank before the gaze of the lover, when this news was promulgated by Mr. Gouger.

"What swindle is this?" were the bitter words he heard. "Have you decided on another husband for your daughter, and come to break the news to me in this fashion?"

Mr. Gouger interfered, to protect the old man whose suffering was evidently already too acute.

"Hush!" he exclaimed. "Can't you see that you are killing him? Be careful!"

Roseleaf waved him back with a sweep of his arm.

"Your advice has not been asked," he replied, gutturally. "I can see some things, if I _am_ blind. That girl has gone to the man she loves--the man he," indicating the father, "wanted her to marry. He is rich, and I am poor, and he has won! It is plain enough! And he pretended, day by day, to my face, that he had given her up for my sake; and she put her arms around me, and beguiled me into confidence, in order to strike me the harder at the end. Well, let him have her! I wouldn't take her from him. But there's an account between us that he may not like to settle. When you see your friend, tell him that!"

Mr. Fern heard these terrible sentences like a man in a dream. It could not be Roseleaf that was uttering them--the man to whom his young daughter had given the full affection of her innocent heart! He was mad to talk that way. Mad! mad!

"You will repent these rash statements," said the old gentleman, rising faintly from his seat. "You will repent them, sir, in sackcloth. I wish with all my heart that Mr. Weil was here, for he would at least try to help me find my child."

Mr. Gouger suggested that Mr. Weil would be at Midlands soon, as he had an invitation to the wedding.

"No," replied Mr. Fern, chokingly. "I received word from him to-day that he could not attend. He is out of the city."

Roseleaf gave vent to an expression of nausea.

"Are you yourself deceived?" he exclaimed. "He will not attend _my_ wedding; certainly not! He is attending _his own_. If, indeed, he does not compass his ends without that preliminary."

Weak and old as Mr. Fern was he would have struck the speaker had not the third person in the room interfered.

"Do you dare to speak in that manner of my daughter!" he cried. "Must you attack the character not only of my best friend but of my child as well? I thank God at this moment, whatever be her fate, that she did not join her life to yours!"

With a majestic step he strode from the presence of his late prospective son-in-law. Gouger, with a feeling that some one should accompany him, followed. But first he turned to speak in a low key to the novelist.

"Do not go out to-night, unless you hear from me," he said, impressively. "This may not be as bad as you think, after all. I will go to Midlands and return with what news I can get. Don't act until you are certain of your premises."

The young man was removing his wedding suit, already.

"I shall not go out," he responded, aimlessly.

"You might write a few pages--on your novel," suggested the critic, as he stood in the hallway. "There will never be a better--"

A vigorous movement slammed the door in his face before he could complete his sentence.

Hastening after Mr. Fern, Gouger accompanied him home, where the first thing he heard was that there was still no news of the missing one.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AN AWFUL NIGHT.

It was an awful night for Wilton Fern. The presence in the house of Mr. Gouger and Mr. Boggs aided him but little to bear the weight that pressed upon his heart. It was better than being entirely alone, but not a great deal. Together they listened whenever their ears caught an unusual sound. Twenty times they went together to the street door and opened it to find nothing animate before them.

Morning came and still no tidings. The earliest trains from the city were visited by servants, for the master of the house was too exhausted to make the journey. And at nine o'clock the gentlemen who had passed the night at Midlands took the railway back to New York, with no solution of the great problem.

Mr. Gouger had not been in his office an hour before the door opened and in walked Archie Weil. The critic started from his chair at the unexpected sight, and remarked that he had not expected to see his visitor so early.

"I presume you heard the news and came home at once," he added, meaningly.

Mr. Weil was pale, and wore the look of one whose rest has been disturbed.

"I don't know what you mean," he replied. "I was called away on business that I could not evade, and came back as soon as I could. I fear the Ferns thought it rather rough of me to stay away from the wedding, but I could not very well help it. You were there, of course. Everything went off well, I trust."

The speaker had the air of a man who tries to appear at ease when he is not. His voice trembled slightly and his hands roamed from one portion of his apparel to another.

"Then you have heard nothing!" repeated Gouger, gravely. "Prepare yourself for a shock. There was no wedding last night at the Ferns'. Miss Daisy disappeared yesterday morning, and has not been seen since."

If Mr. Weil had been pale before, his face was like a dead man's now. With many expressions of incredulity he listened to the explanations that followed. He declared that the occurrence was past belief, and that he could see no way to account for it. Clearly something had happened that the girl could not prevent. She would never have absented herself of her own accord. She loved the man who was to be her husband, and if she had wished to postpone her marriage she could have easily arranged it.

"I can think of nothing but a fit of temporary insanity," he added, with a sigh. "And Shirley--poor fellow--how does he take it? Completely broken up, I suppose?"

When he heard the attitude that Mr. Roseleaf had assumed, Mr. Weil seemed stupefied. Little by little Mr. Gouger revealed to him the answers that the young man had made to Mr. Fern, finally referring to the charge that he (Mr. Weil) had eloped with the bride. Archie's face grew more and more rigid as he listened, but the anger that the relator had anticipated did not show there.

"He is crazy," was the mild reply. "I will go and see him, at once, and enlist his assistance in the thorough search that must be undertaken. Come, Lawrence, leave your work for an hour and go with me."

Remembering his promise to return in the morning with the latest tidings, Mr. Gouger put on his hat and coat and entered the cab which his friend summoned. He felt that he was about to witness another chapter that would make most dramatic reading in that great novel!

"You had best let me go in first," he whispered, when they stood at Roseleaf's door. "He is in an excitable frame of mind, I fear."

For answer, Archie brushed the speaker aside and preceded him into the chamber, without the formality of a knock. Roseleaf lay before them in his easy chair, bearing evidence in his attire that he had not disrobed during the night. He greeted his visitors with nothing more than a look of inquiry.

"I only heard of your terrible disaster a few moments ago," said Mr. Weil. "I learn that Miss Daisy had not been heard from up to nine o'clock this morning. We must bring all our energies to bear on this matter, Shirley. Her father is unable to help us much. For all we know she may be in the most awful danger. Rouse yourself and let us consult what is best to do."

Incredulousness was written on the quiet face that looked up at him from the armchair.

"Why don't you tell us what you have done with her?" said the bloodless lips, slowly.

Mr. Weil trembled with suppressed emotion.

"This is no time for recriminations," he replied, "or I might answer that in a different way. We must find this girl. Before we go to the police let us consider all the possibilities, for they will deluge us with questions. Did any one think," he asked, suddenly, turning to Gouger, "of sending word to her sister Millicent?"

Mr. Gouger replied that they had done so. A servant had been dispatched early in the evening to Millicent's residence and had returned with the answer that she had heard nothing of Miss Daisy and did not wish to. She had previously sent a sarcastic reply to an invitation to attend the wedding.

"And she never came to comfort her father in his distress!" exclaimed Mr. Weil. "What a daughter!"

They could get nothing out of Roseleaf. He answered a dozen times that it would be much easier for Mr. Weil to send Daisy home or to write to her father that she was in his keeping, than to attempt the difficult task of deceiving the police, who would have enough shrewdness to unmask him.

"Then you will do nothing to help us?" demanded Archie, his patience becoming exhausted, though he kept his temper very well. "In that case we must lose no more time. Ah, Shirley! I thought you worthy of that angelic creature, but now--"

He checked himself before finishing the sentence, and went out into the hall.

"I think I had best go to Midlands and consult with Mr. Fern," he said to Gouger in a low tone. "There is a possibility that his daughter has returned since you came away. What an awful list of horrible thoughts crowd on one! If you can help me any I will send you word later."

When Mr. Weil was gone, Mr. Gouger opened the door and looked again into Roseleaf's room. The young man had not changed his position in the least.

"He has started for Midlands," he said. "What do you think of his explanation in regard to his absence last night?"

"I think--I know--it is a lie!" was the quick reply.

"You really believe she went away to meet him--and that he has passed the last twenty-four hours with her."

"Undoubtedly."

The critic waited a minute.

"Do you think they are married?" he asked.

Roseleaf closed his eyes, as a terrible pain shot across them. He wondered dimly why this fellow should delight in uttering things that must cause suffering. Gouger deliberated whether to say more, but thinking that he had left the right idea in the young man's mind for the purpose he had in view, he softly withdrew from the chamber and left the house. When Roseleaf looked up again, some minutes later, he was alone.

* * * * *

Mr. Weil's hand was grasped feebly by the owner of Midlands, when he came into the presence of the gentleman. Though completely exhausted Mr. Fern had not been able to sleep. He listened wearily while his caller suggested possibilities to account for his daughter's absence, but could not agree that any of them were probable. When the idea was broached of communicating with the police he shrank from that course, but finally admitted that it must be adopted, if all else failed. In answer to a hundred questions he could only say that he had no idea of anything that could make her absence voluntary.

"She loved her chosen husband devotedly," said the old man. "When she hears what I have to tell her she will hold a different opinion."

"Then," said Archie, ignoring the latter expression, "she must either be the victim of an accident, a fit of aberration, or--"

He could not bear to finish the sentence, but the father bowed in acquiescence.

Lunch was served and Mr. Weil sat down to it, trying by his example to persuade Mr. Fern to take a few mouthfuls. Neither of them had any appetite, and the attempt was a dismal failure.

"I leave everything to you," said the host, as Mr. Weil prepared to take his departure. "You are the truest friend I ever had, and whatever you decide upon I will endorse. But I have an awful sinking at the heart, a feeling that I shall never see my child alive. Do you believe in premonitions? I have felt for weeks that some misfortune hung over me."

Before Mr. Weil could reply a servant entered with a telegraphic message that had just been received. Tearing it open hastily Mr. Fern uttered a cry and handed it to his companion:

"I am alive and uninjured. Look for me to-morrow.--Daisy."

A gush of tears drowned the exclamations of joy that the father began to utter.

"Alive!" he exclaimed. "And will be home to-morrow! Ah, Mr. Weil, hope is not lost, after all. But why, _why_ does she leave me in my loneliness another night? Is there any way in which you can explain this mystery?"

Mr. Weil confessed his inability to do so. He tried, however, to show the father the bright side of the affair, and bade him rest tranquil in the certainty that only a few hours separated him from the child he adored. When Daisy came home she would explain everything to his satisfaction. In the meantime he ought to indulge in thankfulness for what he had learned rather than in regrets.

"Go to bed and get a good rest," he added. "I will make a journey to the telegraph office in the city and see if it is possible to trace this message. If I learn anything I will ring you up on the telephone at once. And remember, if you do not hear from me, there is a proverb that no news is good news. Daisy has promised to come home to-morrow. This is something definite. An hour ago we were plunged in despair. Now we have a certainty that should buoy us up to the highest hope."

Catching at this view of the case, Mr. Fern consented to seek rest and Mr. Weil took the next train to the city. Engaging a carriage he bade the driver take him with all speed to Mr. Roseleaf's residence. Notwithstanding the harsh manner in which he had been treated by his late friend, he wanted to be the first to inform him that Daisy had been heard from. He was smarting, naturally, under the imputation upon his own honor, and felt that the telegram in his hand would at least remove that suspicion.

"I couldn't help coming again, Shirley," he said, when he was in the presence of the novelist. "I know, despite the cruel manner you have assumed, that you still love Daisy Fern and will be glad to hear that she is safe from harm. Here is a telegram that her father has just received, stating that she is well and will be at home to-morrow."

His face glowed with pleasure as he held out the missive, but darkened again when Roseleaf declined to take it in his hand. The young man had not moved, apparently, from the chair in which he had been seen three hours before, and his expression of countenance was unchanged.

"Does she say where she passed the night--_and with whom_?" he inquired.

"No. But she says she is well and will return. Is not that a great deal, when we have feared some accident, perhaps a fatal one?"

The novelist uttered a sneering laugh.

"My God, Shirley, why do you treat me like this!" exclaimed Mr. Weil, excitedly. "I have been your friend in everything, as true to you as man could be! If I had done the dastardly thing of which you accuse me, why should I come to you at all? I could have taken my bride and gone to the other end of the earth. We need not have adopted these contemptible measures. But although I _did_ care for this girl--more than I ever cared or ever shall care for another--I knew it was _you_ she loved and I did all I could to aid you in your suit. Have you forgotten how I brought her here, as you lay in that very chair, and removed the misunderstandings that had grown up between you? As God hears me, I have no idea what caused her absence last night! I am going now to the telegraph office to trace, if possible, the message and find where she is at present, for I want to relieve her father's mind still more."

Roseleaf seemed partially convinced by this outburst. He left his chair, and began slowly to arrange his attire before the mirror.

"If you are sincere," he said, "I will accompany you. I will also do my best to discover the resting-place of this young woman. You must remain with me till she is found. If we do not see her before to-morrow morning, we will walk into her presence at Midlands together. Do you agree to this?"

"With all my heart!" was the joyous reply.

In ten minutes they entered the carriage at the door, and were driven to the station from which the telegram had been sent.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"THIS ENDS IT, THEN?"

There was nothing to be learned at the telegraph office. As near as could be remembered a boy had brought the message, paid for it and vanished. Only one discovery amounted to anything. The original dispatch was produced and proved to be in Daisy's handwriting. Roseleaf attested to this, and he knew the characters too well to be mistaken.

It was not advisable, in Mr. Weil's opinion, to go to the police, after the receipt of this word from the missing girl. It would only add to the notoriety of the family in case the press got hold of the news. But he did think it wise to go to see Isaac Leveson and find a man named Hazen, whose reputation as a detective was great. He could rely on the absolute silence of both of them. The ride to Isaac's was consequently made next, and by good fortune Hazen happened to be in. He listened gravely to the situation as it was outlined by Mr. Weil, but expressed his opinion that nothing would be gained by doing anything before the next day.

"That telegram is genuine," he said. "It follows that, unless she is detained forcibly, she will be at home to-morrow. The writing in this message is not like that of a person under threats, like one compelled to send a false statement. Your best way is to wait till she comes home, providing it is not later than she indicates, and hear her story. Perhaps it will explain the mystery. If she declines to do this, I will undertake to probe it to the bottom, if you wish."

Mr. Roseleaf took no part in this discussion. He was becoming convinced that Archie Weil was innocent of any complicity in this affair, but he was still disinclined to talk much.

"Where shall we go now?" he asked, when they came out of the restaurant.

"To the Hoffman House?" said Weil, interrogatively. "I believe with Hazen that we can do nothing to-night."

Very well, to the Hoffman House they would go. But they had not been in Weil's room five minutes when a boy came up with a telephonic message from Mr. Fern, stating that Daisy was safe at Midlands.

"Let us return without delay," said Weil, enthusiastically. "We should not lose a moment in removing this terrible cloud! Come, Shirley, we can catch the six o'clock train if we hasten."

Mechanically the younger man followed his companion through the hall, down the elevator and into a carriage at the door. Forty minutes later they alighted from the train at Midlands and were soon in the familiar parlor at Mr. Fern's. A servant who had admitted them, stated that Miss Daisy had been home about two hours but that she was now lying down. He would inquire whether she would receive the visitors.

What seemed an interminable time followed before the appearance of Mr. Fern and his daughter. When at last they came in together, leaning on each other, they were two as forlorn objects as one can imagine. The sight of his sweetheart's woe-begone face smote Roseleaf like a blow. He regretted to the bottom of his heart the cruel things he had thought and said of her.

"Daisy!" he exclaimed, stepping forward. "Daisy--my--"

He could get no further, for Mr. Fern, with a majestic motion of his hand, waved him back. The presence of the intended bridegroom was evidently not agreeable to the old gentleman.

"Sit down," said Mr. Fern, in a quavering voice, addressing himself wholly to Weil. "I telephoned _to you_ that my daughter had returned, for I knew _you_ would be anxious." He bore with special stress on the word "you." "I--I did not know that you intended to bring--any other person."

The allusion to Roseleaf was so direct, that he could not help attempting some kind of a reply.

"Who could be more anxious than I?" he asked, in a tone that was very sweet and tender; in vivid contrast, the old man thought, to his manner of the preceding evening. "No one has a greater interest to learn where she has been these long, desolate hours."

Mr. Fern abandoned his intention not to recognize the fact that Roseleaf was present, and turned upon him with a fierce glare in his sunken eyes.

"What right have _you_ to ask questions?" he demanded, pressing the trembling form of his daughter to his own. "You were the first to doubt her--even her innocence--this lamb that would have given her life for you only yesterday! She has returned to _me_, and henceforth she is _mine_! You could not have her though you came on your knees! You wish to know where she has been! Well, you never _will_! She will not tell you! It is her own affair. I am speaking for _her_ when I say that we desire no more of your visits to this house; we are through with you, thank God!"

It would be hard to tell which of the two men who listened to this was the more surprised. Mr. Weil felt his heart sink as well as did Roseleaf. Daisy clung to her father, without raising her eyes, and there was nothing to indicate that she disputed his assertions.

All was over between her and Roseleaf! Nothing could bring them together again! And she did not mean to divulge the cause of her remaining away a day and a night--that day and night that had been expected to precede and succeed her marriage.

Shirley rose slowly. He bent his eyes earnestly on the father and daughter, and his voice was firm.

"When one is dismissed, there is nothing for him but to go. I regret sincerely what I said last night, when the horror of this thing came suddenly upon me. I love you, Daisy, and I know by what you have told me so often that you love me. Are the foolish utterances of a distracted man to separate us forever? Conceive the agony I was in when at the very moment I was to start for my wedding I heard that my bride could not be found! If I had not adored you passionately would I have been on the verge of madness, saying and doing things without reason and excuse? I am ordered to leave you, my sweetheart, and if you do not bid me stay I can only obey the mandate. But I love you more at this moment than ever. All I ask to know is why you made this flight. If your answer is satisfactory there will be nothing on my part to prevent our marriage."

Archie Weil wished that he could have led this young man aside for just a moment, to show him that this was no time to make demands or exact conditions. He had no doubt that Daisy would explain everything, a little later. All that was wanted now was a revocation of the dismissal that Mr. Fern had pronounced. But he could not control the stormy ocean upon which they rode.

"You seem singularly obtuse," came the shaking voice of the old gentleman. "It is not for _you_ to dictate terms. We want to see you no more. Is not that clear enough?"

It certainly did not seem to be. Roseleaf lingered, wondering if these were really to be the last phrases he would hear in that house--in that very room where he had expected to hear the words that would make this sweet girl his for life.

"Daisy," he said, addressing himself once more to the silent figure, "I cannot believe you have so soon learned to hate me!"

She looked up at the solemn face and then dropped her eyes again.

"You will tell me where you were?" he pleaded. "It is my right to know."

She looked up again, with a wild horror in her features.

"Oh, I _cannot_!" she cried. "I _never_ can tell you. I never _can_!"

This statement shocked more than one person in that room. Up to this moment Mr. Fern had only understood, from the disjointed expressions of his daughter when she entered the house, that she did not wish to be questioned at that time. She had also explained to him that she had sent the telegram to make the coast clear of all except her parent, as she did not wish to meet others on her first arrival. When he had urged the duty of informing Mr. Weil she had acquiesced, not dreaming that Mr. Roseleaf would be in his company.

And now the old man felt that there was more in the answer she had given than he had suspected--something very like a confession of wrong. Mr. Weil felt this also, though he could not believe Daisy meant anything very heinous, and Shirley Roseleaf had a dagger in his breast as he reflected what interpretation might be given to her words.

"You _cannot_!" he repeated, ignoring the position in which he stood, and the presence of the others. "_You must!_"

Mr. Weil made haste to allay the storm that he saw was still rising.

"Let us be considerate," he said. "Miss Fern is not well. She is tired and nervous. To-morrow, when she has rested, she will be only too glad to tell us the history of her strange disappearance."

Mr. Fern looked uneasily from his daughter to the gentlemen and back again. He loved her dearly, and in this new danger that seemed to threaten her--danger perhaps even to her reputation--he wanted more than ever to shield her from all harm. Whatever had happened she was his child. She should not be baited and badgered by any one. But Daisy did not give him time to speak in her defense. She answered Mr. Weil almost as soon as the question left his lips.

"It cannot be. Not to-morrow, nor at any other time, can I tell you--or any person--anything. You must never ask me. It would merely give me pain, and heaven knows I shall suffer enough without it. Let me say a little more, for this is the last time I shall ever speak of these things. To you, Mr. Weil, I want to give my warmest thanks. You have been a true friend to me and mine. I do not mean to seem ungrateful, but I can tell you no more. And as for you, Shirley," she turned with set eyes to the novelist, "you know what we

were to each other. It is all ended now. Even if you had expressed no disbelief in me when you heard I had disappeared, it would be just the same. I hold no hard feelings against you, whatever my father may say. It is simply good-by. I shall not remain here much longer. Do not let this make you unhappy any longer than you can help. Now, you must excuse me, for my strength is gone."

Daisy had been much longer saying these things than the reader will be in perusing them. They had come in gasps, as from one in severe pain, and there were pauses of many seconds. When she had finished she rose, and leaning heavily on the feeble old man who escorted her, walked slowly out of the room.

"Well, this ends it, then," said Roseleaf, gloomily, following the fair figure with heavy eyes.

"No, Shirley, it does not; it _shall_ not!" replied Weil. "There is some dreadful mistake here, and a little time will clear it away. Have patience."

The novelist gazed at the speaker with a strange look.

"I have treated you like a brute," he said, slowly. "And I have treated Mr. Fern just as badly. My punishment is well deserved. But how can this puzzle of her absence be accounted for! Of course she would have had to satisfy me on that point before I could have married her."

The listener turned giddily toward a window.

"And yet you talk of love!" he said, recovering. "If that girl had done me the honor she did you I would not have _asked_ her such a question--I would have refused to _listen_ if it gave her the slightest pain to tell."

"I wonder she did not love you instead of me--for she did love me once," was the sober reply. "You would be a thousand times better, more suitable, than I."

There was no reply to this, but the two men walked slowly out of the house and to the station, where they took the next train for the city. On the way they talked little, and at the Grand Central Depot they separated.

Lawrence Gouger, who had in some strange way learned the news of Miss Fern's return, was awaiting Roseleaf in his rooms.

"Well, I hear the missing one is found," he said, as the novelist came in.

"Yes. She is with her father. But the peculiar thing is that she closes her lips absolutely about her absence. She not only refuses to speak now, but announces that her refusal is final."

Mr. Gouger hesitated what card to play.

"When does the marriage take place?" he asked, finally.

"With me? Never. I have been thrown over. Unless she had explained I could not have married her, any way; could I?"

The critic said he did not know. It would certainly have been awkward.

"And what is your theory?" he added. "Do you still lay anything to Weil?"

"No. I am completely nonplussed. But, never mind. It is over."

Roseleaf stretched himself, and yawned.

"Do you know, Gouger, I almost doubt if I have really been in love at all. I feel a queer sense of relief at being out of it, though there is a dull pain, too, that isn't exactly comfortable. I told Archie coming in that she should have married _him_. Upon my soul I wish she would. She's an awful nice little thing, and he has a heart that is genuine enough for her. Well, it's odd, anyway."

Astonishment was written on the face of the other gentleman as he heard these statements.

"You have at least gained one point," he said, impressively. "You have done the best part of the greatest novel that ever was written. Sit down as soon as you can and finish it, and we shall see your name so high up on the temple of fame that no contemporary of this generation can reach it."

"So high the letters will be indistinguishable, I fear," responded Roseleaf, with a laugh. "Where do you think I can get the heartiest supper in New York? I am positively starved. I don't believe I've eaten a thing since yesterday. If you can help me any to clear the board, let us go together."

This invitation was accepted, and Roseleaf began making a more particular toilet, taking great pains with the set of his cravat and spending at least ten minutes extra on his hair when he had finished shaving himself. He never had allowed a barber to touch his face.

"You won't lose any time on the novel, will you?" asked Gouger, anxiously, while these preparations were in progress. "You must take hold of it while the events are fresh in your mind."

"All right. I'll begin again to-morrow morning, and stick to the work till it's done. Where shall we go to supper? I'll tell you--Isaac Leveson's."

The critic could not conceal his surprise at the overturn that had taken place so suddenly in the young man's conduct. He stared at him with a look that approached consternation.

"You want to go there!" he exclaimed, unable to control himself. "You wish to dine with some pretty girl, eh?"

Roseleaf started violently.

"No, no! Not--yet!" he answered. "We can get a supper room without that appendix. I wish to be among men as mean as myself. I want to dine in a house full of people who would cut a woman's throat--or break her heart--and sleep soundly when they had done it!"

CHAPTER XXV.

AN UNDISCOVERABLE SECRET.

The Ferns did not stay much longer at Midlands. Crushed by their misfortunes neither cared to remain near the scenes that had made them so unhappy, nor where they would be likely to meet faces which kept alive their grief. The father knew no more than at first concerning the strange conduct of his daughter. She had told him nothing, and he had not asked her a single question. It was enough for him that she was bowed with a great trouble. His only thought was to mitigate her distress in every possible way. He was old--how old he had not realized until that week when she changed from a happy, laughing girl, standing at the threshold of a marriage she longed for, to a sombre shadow that walked silently by his side. He was the one who under ordinary circumstances should have received the care and the thoughtfulness--but everything was altered now. He guided and directed the younger feet, even though his own were faltering and slow.

Where they had gone no one seemed to know. Archie Weil received one brief note from Mr. Fern thanking him again in touching phrase for his many kindnesses, and saying that Daisy wished to add her most earnest wish for his happiness. The letter said they were going away for some time; but no more. He went one day to Midlands, hoping to learn something from the servants, and found the home entirely deserted. A neighbor told him a real estate agent near by had the keys, but that the place was neither for sale nor to rent. The agent, when found, could add nothing to his stock of information. Mr. Fern had merely mentioned that he was going on a journey and asked to have a man sleep at the house during his absence, as a precaution against robbery.

Mr. Weil saw Roseleaf two or three times, but the interviews were so unsatisfactory that he felt them not worth repeating. The novelist told him, as he had told Gouger, that he did not believe he had ever really loved Daisy, and was actually relieved now that the strain was ended. No persuasion could turn him from this statement, which he made rather in explanation of his present course than as a defense of it. Gouger had persuaded him that a love affair was necessary to develop his talents as a writer. Before he knew what he was about, such an affair had been precipitated upon him. He had felt its pleasures and pains to the uttermost, and now it was ended. All that was left as a result was a pile of MSS. which the critic pronounced wonderful. It was as if he had been in a trance, or mesmerized. Henceforth he would confine his writings to actualities or to poetic imaginings.

Talking with a man who held these views was not inspiring, to put it mildly, and Archie reluctantly gave up all hopes of making Daisy Fern a happy woman through this source. He had dreamed of unraveling the mystery that surrounded her and placing the young couple again in the position which, by some horrible mischance, had been so vitally changed in the short space of one day. Though he still loved Daisy with all the warmth of his nature, Archie had no thought of trying to win her for himself. She had given the

fullness of her innocent heart to Roseleaf and he did not believe she was one to change her affections to another so soon as this.

What had happened! What had happened! He thought it over day by day, and night by night.

Among the things he did before leaving New York--for he felt that a journey was necessary for him--was to seek out Millicent. He found the elder sister adamant to every suggestion of love for her family. She believed herself injured by them, and would have nothing more to do with either. As to the strange affair regarding Daisy she declared she had no theory. She did not think it sufficiently interesting even to try to formulate one. Her time was given to writing, and she had found another assistant that quite filled Roseleaf's place. The firm of Scratch & Bytum had accepted her latest novel, as she did not care to have anything more to do with Mr. Gouger.

When she mentioned the name of Roseleaf, Mr. Weil looked at her intently, and saw that she uttered it with the utmost calmness. She had hardened. Her fancied grievances had made her a different woman. She was cynical before, but now she was bitter. He would not have believed that such an alteration could have taken place in so short a time.

"What is your new book about?" he asked, trying to be polite.

"Crime!" she answered briefly. "It deals with the lowest of the low. It suits the mood I am in. I am writing of things so terrible that they will hardly be credited. To get at my facts I have to go into the most depraved quarters, and associate with the _canaille_. But I am going to make a hit that has not been equaled in recent years!"

He smiled sadly.

"Roseleaf had the same expectation," he said. "And yet he tells me that he is doing nothing on that wonderful tale over which I have heard Gouger rave so often. He has reached a point where he can go no farther, and unless he rouses himself, all he has done is merely wasted time."

Millicent closed her eyes till they resembled those of a cat at noonday.

"Keep watch for mine," she said. "It will be all I claim for it."

During the winter Mr. Weil was in California. As spring approached he returned to the East and visited a well known resort in North Carolina, where by one of those curious coincidences that happen to travelers, he found himself placed at table exactly opposite to Mr. Walker Boggs. The ordinary salutations and explanations followed, and then Mr. Boggs alluded to a more interesting subject.

"I think I can surprise you," he remarked, "by something that I learned the other day. Mr. Fern and Miss Daisy are living within five miles of here."

It was certainly news, and entirely unexpected at that. Those people might be in Greenland, for all Archie had known, and indeed he had supposed they were on the other side of the ocean. He listened with interest while Boggs went on to say that they had hired an old plantation house and grounds and were living a strictly secluded life. The narrator had seen them in one of his drives through the country, and had talked a few minutes with Mr. Fern; but--and he said it with a touch of pique--he had not been invited to visit them, nor had any apology been made for the neglect.

"By George, I thought it rather tough!" he added, "considering the way you and I got him out of that nigger's clutches."

"But you must remember what he has since endured," replied Archie, mildly.

"And there's been no explanation, of any sort?"

"Not the slightest. I'd give half I'm worth if I could get a clue. It worries me all the time. A life like that girl's ruined--simply ruined--in twenty-four hours, and nobody able to tell why! It's enough to drive a man frantic!"

Mr. Weil did not drive immediately to Oakhurst, which he learned was the name of the estate that Mr. Fern rented, but he enclosed his card in a hotel envelope and sent it there by mail, without a word of comment. If they thought it best to see him he would be glad to go, otherwise he would not intrude on their privacy.

Several days after--mails were slow in the South--an answer came. It briefly requested that Mr. Weil and Mr. Boggs, if the latter were still in town, would come to lunch on the following Wednesday. Boggs fumed slightly at the apparent difference made between him and Weil, but ended by going with his friend to Oakhurst.

Mr. Fern did not look any worse than when Archie had last seen him--indeed, if anything, he had improved in appearance. Time helps most griefs to put on a better face, and though the marks of what he had passed through would not be likely to leave his countenance, the utter hopelessness had in a measure disappeared. When Daisy came into the parlor, she also wore a mien not quite so crushed as when she left the room at Midlands with her words of farewell. Whatever her trouble was, it had not left her without something to live for. Her youth was doing its work, and it seemed to the anxious eyes of the onlooker that time would restore her nearly, if not quite, to her former radiance.

In the presence of Mr. Boggs, neither father nor daughter cared to discuss the past. They talked of the plantation on which they resided, of the pleasant drives in the vicinity, and of matters connected with the world in general, of which they had learned through the newspapers. But after the lunch was finished Archie found himself alone with Daisy, wandering through the extensive oak forest that gave the place its name.

"How long shall you stay here?" he asked her, as a prelude to the other questions he wanted to follow it.

"I don't know," she replied. "We shall probably go north during the warm weather, perhaps to the White Mountains."

He suggested that it must be rather lonesome at Oakhurst.

"Not for us," she said, quickly. "We are all in all to each other, and require no thickly settled community to satisfy us."

"Daisy," he said, after a pause, "there are things I must say to you, and I hope--with all my heart--you will find a way to answer them. In the first place, do you believe me, really, truly, your friend?"

She placed her hand in his for answer. The action meant more than any form of words.

"Then, tell me--tell me as freely as if I were your brother, your priest--why you stayed from home that night."

She withdrew the hand he held, to place it with the other over her eyes.

"It is impossible," she responded, with a gasp. "I told you that I never could explain, and I never can."

He looked sorely disappointed.

"I know no person on earth--not even my father," she proceeded, giving him back the clasp she had loosened, "that I would tell it to sooner than you. I have not given him the least hint. I know it leaves you to think a thousand things, and I can only throw myself on your mercy; I can only ask you to remember all you knew of me before that day, and decide whether a girl can change her whole mental and moral attitude in a moment."

He drew her arm caressingly through his, and breathed a sigh on her forehead.

"Not for one second have I doubted your truth!" he replied. "Believe that, Daisy, through everything. But I hoped for an explanation, for something that might assist me to punish the guilty ones, for such there must have been."

The face that she turned toward him was full of terror.

"Why do you say that?" she exclaimed.

"Because--"

"No, no!" she cried, interrupting him. "I do not want to hear you! We must not talk on the subject! There is nothing to be told, nothing to be guessed. This must be alluded to no more between us. It must end here and now!"

Thoroughly disappointed, he could do no more than acquiesce in the decision, and he indicated as much by a profound bow. Then she changed the conversation by an abrupt allusion to Roseleaf. When he told her, as he thought it wisest to do, how well the young man had borne his loss, she said she was very thankful. She had feared that he would suffer when he came to his senses, and it was a mercy that this reflection had been spared her.

He spoke of her sister, and of the call he had made upon her, suppressing, however, the disagreeable features of her remarks. Daisy said she had written twice and received no reply. It was evident that the separation in the family was final.

Toward evening the visitors drove back to their hotel, discussing the strange events that had occurred. Archie Weil did not close his eyes that night. The love he had tried to suppress broke forth in all its original fervor. He could not sleep with the object of his adoration five miles away, so lonely and so desolate.

* * * * *

The next day Mr. Boggs went away, and the next after this, a new visitor carried from the north. On coming out upon the veranda to smoke, Mr. Weil found Shirley Roseleaf there.

The surprise was mutual. Dying of ennui, Archie was glad even to meet the novelist. They talked for hours and afterward went to ride together. It appeared that Roseleaf had come south to get material for an article in the interest of the magazine on which he was employed.

One night, a week later, Roseleaf came into Weil's room and asked if he would like to take a moonlight canter with him. Glad of any means to vary the awful monotony Archie accepted, and the horses were soon mounted. Weil noticed that the route was in the direction of Oakhurst, but as he supposed Roseleaf knew nothing of the presence of the Ferns there, and as the family were doubtless abed at this time, he made no attempt to induce him to take an opposite course. It was a sad pleasure to pass within so short a distance of the roof that sheltered the one he loved best. On they rode, until they were within a mile of Oakhurst, and then Roseleaf drew his animal down to a walk. A little further he turned sharply into a by-path and alighted.

"What's all this?" asked Archie, stupefied with astonishment.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"I PLAYED AND I LOST."

Roseleaf did not immediately reply. He busied himself by tying his horse to a tree, taking particular pains to make the knot good and strong. He apparently wanted a little time to think what form of words to use.

"I want you to see something that will interest you," he said, finally, in the lowest tone that could well be heard. "If you will follow my example and accompany me some distance further I think you will be paid for your trouble."

Mr. Weil was pale. He felt certain that this strange visit had been premeditated, and that some revelation regarding the Fern family was about to be made. The dread of an unknown possibility for which he had no preparation--affecting the girl for whom he had so deep a love--unmanned him.

"I have a right to ask you to explain," he responded. "If your statement is satisfactory I will accompany you gladly. I do not see the need of any mystery in the matter."

The younger man drew a long breath and looked abstractedly at the ground for some moments. Then he spoke again:

"There are subjects," he said, "that one does not like to discuss. There are names that one hesitates to pronounce. If you will tie your horse and go with me, your eyes and ears will make questions unnecessary."

A momentary suspicion flashed through the mind of the other--a suspicion that he was being beguiled to this lonely spot from a sinister motive that boded his safety no good. But it was immediately dismissed, and after another second of delay, Archie slipped from his saddle and followed the example of his companion.

"Lead on," he said, laconically.

Without waiting for a second invitation, Roseleaf began to penetrate the wood. He found a footpath, after going a short distance, and crept along it slowly, taking evident pains not to make unnecessary noise. They were going in the direction of Oakhurst, and in less than ten minutes the chimneys of that residence could be seen in front of them. A little further and Roseleaf stopped, placing himself in the attitude of an attentive listener.

The silence was profound. A slight chill permeated the atmosphere, but neither of the prowlers felt cold. On the contrary, perspiration covered the bodies of both of them. Roseleaf went, very slowly, along the path, till he came near a fence, and then, diverging from it, drew himself quietly into a thick copse, motioning Weil to follow. Here the leader sank to the ground, with a motion

which indicated that the journey was temporarily, at least, at an end, and the second member of the party followed his example.

Half an hour passed with nothing to indicate the reason for these most peculiar actions. Half an hour that was interminable to Mr. Weil, torn with a thousand fears as to what it might all portend. At last, however, a faint sound broke the stillness. Some one was approaching. Roseleaf touched the shoulder of his companion to indicate the necessity of absolute silence.

Hardly ten feet away there passed a tall, athletic form, walking with a quick stride, as of one who has no suspicion that he is watched by unfriendly eyes. As the man's face became visible in the moonlight it was well that Roseleaf had a pressure of warning on his companion's shoulder. It was almost impossible for the latter to restrain an exclamation that would have ruined everything.

It was the face of Hannibal, the negro!

Horrified, Archie turned his bloodshot eyes toward Roseleaf. What could this strange visit of Hannibal's to that vicinity presage? Did he intend to murder the master of the house and abduct the daughter? What was he doing there, at an hour not much short of midnight? The terrors of his previous imaginings gave way to yet more horrible ones.

But the mute appeal that he shot at his companion produced no answer, except a resolute shake of the head--an absolute prohibition against the least sound or movement.

Hannibal reached the fence and, without any attempt at concealment, climbed over it into the enclosure where were situated the house and outbuildings of the Oakhurst estate. He acted like one who knows his ground and has no occasion to pick his way. He went, however, but a little farther in the direction of the residence. In a place where the shadow of a smokehouse hid him from the possible view of any one looking from the windows, he waited in an attitude of expectation.

The difficulty of controlling himself grew stronger and stronger for Archie Weil. He wanted to end this terrible doubt--to spring over that fence, pinion this fellow by the throat and demand what business he had on those premises at that hour. Roseleaf realized all that was passing in his mind, and kept his hand still on his shoulder, at the same time warning him by signs that the least movement would ruin everything. It seemed to Archie, when he thought it over afterward, that he had never endured such pain. He knew beyond reasonable doubt that Hannibal was awaiting some one by appointment. Who could it be? That was the stupendous question that Roseleaf might have answered in a whisper, but that he preferred for some mysterious reason his friend should discover in the natural course of events. And that course was horribly, torturously slow!

Everything has an end, and the dread of the watcher changed to another feeling as he saw distinctly one of the outer doors of the residence open and Daisy Fern's form come out. Without glancing to the right or the left she walked in the direction where the negro was waiting. For an instant, overcome by his apprehensions, Archie closed both his eyes in despair. The voice of Roseleaf was at last heard in his ear, a whisper nearly inaudible, conjuring him not to betray his presence whatever the provocation.

When Archie opened his eyes again he saw that Hannibal stood in an attitude of respect. When the girl approached he bowed, without offering any more intimate courtesy. Daisy had the look of one who has made up her mind to endure an unpleasant interview and desires to end it as quickly as possible.

"Well?" she said, in a low tone.

"I am going to-morrow," he replied, in a voice that shook with emotion.

"Yes."

"And, as I told you, I want to say good-by once more."

Archie breathed a trifle easier. He could not tell what fears had crowded upon him--they were indistinct in their horribleness--but some of them had already flown.

"You are as cold as ever," continued the rich voice of the negro, in a cadence that was meant to be reproachful.

"Do you think I could be anything else?" was the quick reply, as if forced from lips that had meant to remain silent. "Has your conduct been such as to make me like or respect you?"

The negro's eyes fell before her indignant gaze.

"No," he answered, humbly. "I expect nothing; I ask nothing. I can see my mistakes now. And yet, it would have been no different had I played the part of an angel toward you. The entire question with you was settled in advance by the fact that my skin was black."

The pressure on Weil's shoulder grew heavier, from time to time, as his companion realized his temptation to break from his covert.

"If it had been as white as any man's who ever lived," replied Daisy, boldly, "your conduct would have earned the contempt of a self-respecting person! A blackmailer, an abductor, a conspirator against the peace of mind of an old man and a young girl who never harmed you! I wonder you can talk of other reasons when you created so many by your wicked acts!"

Hannibal shrugged his shoulders.

"It is true, nevertheless," he replied. "I am a negro. In a moment of insanity I dreamed I was a Man! I dreamed I might gain for my wife a woman whose ancestors had been born in a more northerly clime than my own. To gain that end I took the only course that seemed open. I possessed myself of an influence that would make her father fear me. Well, I played and I lost--and then, like other players and losers, even white ones, I was desperate. You were to be married to another--a man I hated. Life had lost its only charm, I could not bear that you should be his bride. My torture was intense. I asked but for death."

These revelations, so novel to at least one of the listeners, smote him with terrific force.

"You asked for more!" said the girl, hoarsely. "You asked for my death as well as your own. And you wanted me to die in such a situation that all the world would say I had perished willingly with you. Could anything more cowardly be conceived! Was anything more dastardly ever devised! It was the morning of my wedding day; my father was waiting for me at home; my promised husband was preparing for the bridal; my friends were invited to the ceremony. What were all these to you? With Mephistophelian cunning you sent me a letter in another person's handwriting, saying that, if I would come to a certain address, and pay fifty dollars, several forged notes given by my father would be returned to me. You knew I would respond. You knew I would tell no one where I was going, as I did not expect to be detained more than an hour, and there was apparently the strongest reasons for secrecy. And when I was completely in your clutches you gave me the alternative of _marrying_ you--ugh!--or of taking the poison you had so carefully prepared. Oh, how _could_ you! how _could_ you, when you professed to _like_ me!"

There was a low gurgle in Archie Weil's throat, that he could not suppress. Fearful that it might be heard in that dead silence, Roseleaf shook his companion slightly. Mingled with his other emotions there now came to Weil a stupefied wonder at the apparent coolness of the novelist.

"When one is willing to die for his love, it should not be questioned," said the negro. "I could not have you in life--I wanted you in death. I wanted the world, which had despised me, to think a beautiful woman had preferred to die with me rather than marry a man she did not wish to wed. But why should we recall that dreadful day and night? You won the victory. You, with your superior finesse, triumphed over the African as your race has always triumphed over mine. I demanded love or death. You dissuaded me from both. And the next day I permitted you to depart, and saw vanish with you the last hope of happiness I shall ever feel."

The rich voice of the speaker broke completely at the close, but the girl who heard him seemed to feel no sympathy for his distress.

"Always yourself!" she exclaimed. "Do you ever think of the life you left to _me_--a life hardly more kind than the murder you contemplated. Before you opened the portals that you had meant for my tomb you made me swear never to reveal where I had passed those hours. Never, no matter what the provocation, was I to utter one word to implicate you in the tragedy that had ruined two households. _You_ were the one to be protected--_I_ the one to suffer! Had it not been for the sacrifice to my reputation in being found there with you dead--no explanation being possible from my closed lips--I would have accepted the alternative and swallowed the poison rather than live to bear what I do to-day!"

Weil closed his eyes again. His brain was swimming.

"And you are sure," asked the negro, after a pause, "that you have not violated that promise? You can still swear that you have never, even by a hint, given the least cause of suspicion against me?"

"Never!" said the girl. "I consider my oath binding, notwithstanding the manner in which it was obtained. You may live in what peace your conscience allows you, free at least from that fear."

The negro evidently believed her, for he heaved a sigh of relief.

"Well, good-by," he said.

"Good-by," she replied. "And--you are not to come again, remember. There is nothing to be gained from another meeting between us. If--if you want money--I can send it to you."

He lifted his head rather proudly at the last suggestion.

"I do not want any," he said. "I am not low enough for that. I took the sum from you to go to France, because I hoped--in my infatuation--that I could make myself something that you would not despise. If I had wanted money I could have got thousands out of your father, and I could still, notwithstanding the pretence of those men that they wrote the signatures I saw him forge. No, I mean to give you back what I had from you, if ever I can compose my mind enough to go to work and earn it. I have no ambition. I stay in my mother's cabin, day after day, unable to make the least effort. Perhaps I can do something--in time."

The negro took a step away, and then turned, as if unable to go so abruptly.

"Good-by," he said, again.

"Good-by," answered Daisy, impassively. "I want to tell you, now I think of it, where I got that $1,000 I gave you. It was lent to me by the man you hated so, Mr. Roseleaf."

Hannibal did not seem to care for this information.

"He did not lend it for any good-will to me," he replied. "I have heard, by-the-way, that he did not mind losing you--this man for whom you spurned a heart that worshiped your very footprints. I believe some day I'll take a shot at him."

The girl shuddered.

"It would be like you," she said, "if no one was looking, and he did not know of your presence. I don't believe, with all your claims, there is a manly trait in you."

The tall form drew itself up and the athletic arms were folded firmly.

"Take care!" said the red lips, sharply, and the ivory white teeth gleamed.

"Oh, I am not afraid," replied Daisy. "My maid is watching us from behind the blinds of my room. I told her my own story about why I was to meet you, but should harm happen to me the alarm bell would ring out."

Startled visibly at this information, Hannibal glanced in the direction indicated, and then began to take his departure in earnest.

"All right," he said, as he mounted the fence. "Keep your word and I'll keep mine. But if you play any tricks, remember that's a game for two."

The men could not arise without startling Daisy, who would undoubtedly have uttered a loud scream had they suddenly appeared before her vision. They saw her stand there for at least ten minutes, before she went into the house. When she was out of sight, Weil crawled into a safer place and rose to his feet.

"I am going to follow that cur!" he muttered, between his teeth.

"To-morrow is soon enough," was the calm reply of his friend. "I know where he lives."

CHAPTER XXVII.

ABSOLUTELY BLAMELESS.

Most men who are by nature excitable surprise their friends on occasions by exhibiting great calmness. Shirley Roseleaf, who had often been thrown into the greatest heat by far less important happenings than the one just narrated, seemed a picture of repose as he walked through the wood with his friend in the direction of the horses they had tethered.

"How did you discover they were going to have this meeting?" asked Weil, nervously. "I am all at sea."

"I have been on his track ever since the day I was to have been married," was the reply. "I didn't intend to leave a mystery like that unsolved. I discovered that the Ferns were living here, and that Hannibal originated a few miles further on. I found that Miss Daisy was still a little afraid of him, that he was using an influence over her which was to say the least strange. Before I got at the truth I had some queer misgivings, you may believe."

Mr. Weil stared at his companion.

"But how did you learn all this?" he demanded.

"Oh," said Roseleaf, with a slight laugh, "I've been in this neighborhood for two months. They haven't met once but I heard every word they said. Little by little I gained the truth of the matter. And to-night, as it was perhaps the last time they would be together, I wanted you to understand it perfectly."

Archie frowned at the thoughts that crept in upon his brain.

"Excuse me for saying that you don't appear to mind it much," he muttered. "If you have heard many conversations like the one to which I just listened, and could go away without expressing the thoughts you ought to feel, you are made up differently from me."

"That may be so, too," smiled the other, good-humoredly. "But remember that things are changed. I once was a man in love--now I am simply a writer of romance."

The elder man shivered.

"Could one be actually in love with a girl like that and then recover from it?" he asked, half to himself.

"I don't think I ever was very much in love," was the quick reply. "But never mind that. Let us talk of Hannibal. You spoke of going after him. What would you have done had you carried out that intention?"

Weil had not thought of the matter in this concrete form. He had wanted to punish the negro for his crimes against the woman he so dearly loved, against the old man for whom he had such a warm affection. How he would have accomplished this he had not decided. The first thing was to follow and tax the wretch with his offense. Subsequent events would have depended on the way Hannibal met the accusation. Certainly the temper of the pursuer would have been warm, and his conduct might have been severe.

"I don't know," he said. "I should have told him for one thing that he would have to reckon with something more than a weak girl or a poor old man if he annoyed that family again. In case he had been impertinent I cannot say what I might have been tempted to do."

"All the more reason for congratulating yourself," replied Roseleaf, as they reached the horses, "that you did not follow him. He has promised to keep away from the Ferns, and I think they have seen the last of him. What is done can't be undone, ugly as it is. Now," he continued, vaulting into his saddle, "your course is reasonably plain. You must visit Miss Daisy soon, let her know that the extent of her misfortune is in your possession, and after a reasonable time, ask her to marry you."

Archie Weil, who had also mounted his horse, came near falling from the back of the animal at this very abrupt suggestion.

"That is just what you should do," continued Roseleaf, without allowing him to speak. "You are desperately in love. Daisy likes you very well, and it would take but little effort on your part to induce even a warmer sentiment. Her father thinks you one of the angels that came down to earth and forgot to return to heaven. She ought not to go through life alone. Her only trouble is the suspicion that rests on her name--a suspicion she considers herself bound in honor to do nothing to lift. Show her that you know how innocent she is, and you will bring a new light to her eyes, a new smile to her lips."

"But," asked Archie, catching at the straw, "how can I tell her--how can I explain the source of my information?"

Roseleaf laughed.

"By the novel method of using the truth, or at least a part of it," he said. "Tell her you were out riding and saw Hannibal, and followed him. You needn't count me into it. Why, you've got to let her know, or else I have. It's a thing she would almost give her life to have revealed without her aid. Go like a man and take that heavy weight off her young soul."

Finally Weil consented. He would not discuss the question of whether he would afterwards speak of the hope that lay nearest his heart. But he would go to her, as Roseleaf suggested, and relieve her of the strain that had worn so deeply. He would go the very next day. The sooner it was accomplished the better. The more he thought of it the more delighted he grew that he could carry such

tidings. He could make Daisy happier. That was enough for him--at present. If he could make himself happy at a future date--but there was time enough for that.

He sat upright in his saddle and exulted as his horse bounded nimbly over the ground. Why was it not already day, that he might turn the beast in the opposite direction! The hours would be very long before the sun rose and he could start on his joyful errand. The sombre hue of his countenance disappeared before the contentment that began to fill his breast.

He slept well, notwithstanding the fact that he expected to lie awake all night when he retired. In the morning, on going down to breakfast, he found that Shirley had left still earlier, leaving word that he had started on a quest for game. Weil did not mind. He had enough before him for one day. He was going to see Daisy, and he had that to tell which would lighten the load she had so long felt compelled to carry.

He waited until after nine o'clock, feeling that some regard must be paid to _les convenances_, even on such an important occasion as this. When he was in the saddle he rode as slowly as he could bring himself to do, to make his arrival still later. At last he reached the gate of Oakhurst, and when he had summoned the porter he sent him for Mr. Fern, stating that he had happened to ride in that direction and wanted merely to make a short call.

It was but a few minutes before the servant returned, and the hospitable master of the premises came with him. Mr. Fern upbraided Weil for using so much ceremony, remarking that although he was living in a retired way, there was always one friend he was glad to see. Giving up the horse, Archie accompanied his host to the house, where the latter said he would send at once for Daisy.

"A minute," interpolated Archie. "I want a little talk with you first, alone."

Mr. Fern looked up curiously. He believed he knew what his visitor was about to say. He had long suspected the feelings which Archie entertained for Daisy. He knew also that his daughter would consent to wed no man, no matter who, while there hung over her fair fame the terrible mystery of her wedding night.

"I want to tell you," pursued Archie, before his host could interrupt, "that I have made a great discovery--one of the utmost moment to your family. I know what happened on that day so sad to all of us, and--listen to me, Mr. Fern!--I know that your child is absolutely blameless in the matter."

The listener's face grew very white. He understood imperfectly, but it seemed to him that a tale he could not bear to hear was about to be forced upon him.

"Mr. Weil," he said, earnestly, "I hope you will not continue this subject. I do not know what occurred--I do not wish to know. I have consulted my daughter's sentiments entirely. She prefers to have the veil unlifted, and I respect her wish."

The visitor could hardly contain himself for impatience.

"That has been true hitherto," he replied. "But Miss Daisy herself will be more than delighted when she knows I am aware of the entire facts--which she has been prevented, by a promise extracted from her, from revealing. Call her, let me tell her that I know everything, and how I know it, and you will see the happiest girl in America."

Mr. Fern shook his head doubtfully. He was much afraid of doing something to injure Daisy's feelings. He could not believe she wanted to have the trouble that had crushed her raked up by any one. Archie persisted, however, and his arguments at last won the day.

"You do not think I would come here with any tidings I did not believe agreeable?" he said, interrogatively. "You know I care too much for--for both of you--to do that."

When Miss Daisy was summoned, which she was at last, and Mr. Weil gently let drop a hint of what he had to tell, the girl was hardly less agitated than her father had been. Instead, however, as the visitor expected, of relying on her natural protector during the expected recital, she whispered to Mr. Fern, who obediently rose and let her lead him out of the room. Presently she returned, and took a chair opposite to Mr. Weil. Her face was so pathetic, her attitude so entreating, that he quite forgot what he had come to tell, and leaning toward her, took her hands in his.

"Daisy," he said, "I--I--" and he could go no further.

"Yes, I know," she answered, in a low voice. "But there is a reason why I cannot listen to you. I have told you that before. I ought not even to say as much as this. I should not even remain in the room while you explain the least thing."

He choked down the rising in his throat and hastened, lest she should follow literally the sentiment she had outlined and leave him to himself.

"This has all been true, until now," he said. "You were under a promise, an oath. But--Daisy, last night I heard all that passed between you and your persecutor, and there is no longer any need for mystery between us."

She gasped, as if her breath was going.

"You--you heard!"

"Everything. I was within forty feet of you. Are you sorry that the awful cloud is blown away--that your perfect innocence is proved without a violation of your plighted word?"

For the girl was crying, slowly, without hysteria, crying with both her hands tightly clasped over her eyes.

"_I_ did not need it, not I," continued the man, earnestly. "I knew you had done nothing of your free will that the whole world might not know. But I knew, too, that you would be pleased to have your innocence established. And I was glad for another reason. I love you, Daisy. I have loved you a very long time. Your sister was right in that. Had you not shown such a marked preference for my friend I would have done my best to win you, months and months ago. While you felt that you were an object of suspicion I knew you would not consent to be my wife. Now, that obstacle is gone and--Daisy--I want you."

The hands were withdrawn from the tear-stained face, a handkerchief was hastily passed over it, and Daisy turned half away from the speaker.

"You will not refuse, my love," he murmured, bending again toward her. "You will promise?"

One of her hands strayed toward him, and was clasped joyfully in his own.

"But, in relation to that other matter," said Daisy, some moments later, when the sweet tokens of love had been given and taken, "I must be as silent as before. I have listened to you, but I have not replied. You can understand the reason. Never speak of it to me again, if you do not wish to inflict pain. It is something I cannot discuss."

"I may tell your father, though," he whispered.

"It would be best not. He is content now. No, I beg you, say nothing to any one."

And he promised, like the lover he was, and sealed it with another kiss on her pure mouth.

"I may tell him of--of our love?" he asked.

"Oh, yes; we will tell him of that together."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

TRAPPING A WOLF.

When Shirley Roseleaf left the hotel that morning he carried a fishing rod, a rifle, a gamebag and other acoutrements of the sportsman. In his earlier years, before he ever came to the city, he had been accounted something of an expert with these implements. Since being in this country where there was so much to tempt a Nimrod he had made a number of similar excursions. Although it was some distance to the locality where he intended to go the young man did not take a conveyance of any kind. He walked briskly over the road, breathing the pure air of that early hour, and whistling in a low tone to himself as he went along.

Among the other things he carried was a light lunch, for he did not care to break his fast so early in the day. He had, besides, a contrivance for making coffee and for broiling the fish he expected to catch. Even if his jaunt lasted till night his physical needs were well provided for. One would not have imagined, to see his free and easy swing over the road, that he had anything of greater moment on his mind than to watch for some stray rabbit, or a possible deer track.

Not less than six miles from his starting point, he came to a small lake, to reach which he had followed a narrow path that led through the wood. On the shore was a primitive rowboat, or rather canoe, which he had purchased on another occasion from a native for an insignificant price. Into this boat the novelist stepped, and after safely depositing his traps, took up the paddle and used it skillfully. When he had reached approximately the centre of the lake, he sat down, prepared his fishing tackle and began to angle for the denizens of the water below.

With the patience of a true fisherman Roseleaf sat quietly for two hours, during which time he had drawn out but few specimens. The long walk had, however, given him the appetite he needed, and he now pulled his frail craft toward the shore, with the intention of lighting a fire and preparing a meal. But even when he had nearly reached land he saw splinters flying beneath his feet, and immediately after heard a dull sound which showed what had caused the trouble.

A stray bullet, from some careless hunter, had penetrated his canoe. The hole was large enough to render the boat useless, for the water began to come in rapidly. With two more stout movements of the paddle Roseleaf forced his craft against the shore and sprang upon dry land. Then he quietly picked up the things he had brought with him, and walked a little away from the scene.

"These fellows are getting altogether too careless," he muttered, as he inspected his damp belongings. "A little more and that thing would have been tearing splinters in me."

Scraping some dead wood together, he soon had a fire started, and the cooking of his breakfast was begun. He went about the work methodically, whistling again in that low key he had used when on the way from his hotel, and stopping now and then as the noise of a woodbird or some wild quadruped of the smaller kind came to his ears. He sniffed the coffee that was boiling furiously and the freshly caught fish that sent out an appetizing aroma. No meal served at the Hoffman, the Imperial or the far-famed Delmonico restaurant, could equal this primitive repast, for him.

Finally, all was ready. Helping himself to a large plateful of the delicious food, and pouring out a huge tin cup of the coffee, Roseleaf sat down as if to take his ease while breakfasting. But, instead of touching the viands he had been at such pains to prepare, the next thing he did was to fall prone on the ground. And at the same instant a second bullet whizzed past him and buried itself with a tearing of bark and wood in the tree just behind him.

If Roseleaf had laid down with suddenness he rose with no less speed. As he sprang to his feet he picked up his rifle. He made a dozen steps forward, and then, bringing the weapon to his shoulder, cried to some one in front of him:

"Halt, or I fire!"

A human form that had been creeping away on its hands and knees, now stood upright. It was perhaps thirty yards from the speaker, and when it faced him he saw that the countenance was black.

"Don't come any nearer and don't go any farther off," said the novelist, gravely. "You are at a convenient distance. I can shoot you best where you stand."

The negro looked considerably crestfallen. He seemed doubtful whether to break and run or stay and try to face it out.

"I can't help an accident," he said, at last, when the other remained covering him with the rifle.

"No," was the answer. "An accident is liable to happen to any one, they say. But two accidents, of the same kind, on the same day--accidents that might either of them have been fatal if you were not such an awfully bad marksman--are too many. When _I_ get ready to fire, there will be no accident."

The negro was plainly uneasy. He cast his eyes on the ground and writhed.

"You have dropped your gun," said Roseleaf. "That was right. It would have incommoded your flight, and its only cartridge was used. You would have had no time to reload. I know that gun very well; I have heard it many times in the last six weeks. I knew the sound of it to-day when you fired the first time. A rifle has a voice, like a man; did you know that? I knew it was your gun and that you were at the end of it. With that information in my possession, of course you couldn't catch me napping twice. I pretended to watch my cooking, but in reality I watched nothing but you. There is no need that you should say anything, Hannibal. You could not tell me much, if you tried."

The speaker examined his rifle carefully, still keeping the muzzle turned toward the person he was addressing. The latter did not seem to grow less uneasy.

"I spent some time last evening," continued Roseleaf, presently, "in listening to a little conversation you had with a certain young lady living a mile or so from this spot. That surprises you, does it? I thought it might. I learned how you had ruined her peace of mind, how you had artfully contrived to make her appear the opposite of what she really was. Now, you have tried twice within the last hour to murder me. For this I could have forgiven you. What you did to that young woman is, however, a more serious matter. I don't think anything less than pulling this trigger will expiate that."

He placed the rifle to his shoulder again, as he spoke, and glanced along the sight. The negro half turned, as if of a mind to attempt an escape, and then, realizing the hopelessness of such a move, sank on his knees and raised his hands piteously.

"If you have anything to say, be quick!" said the hard voice of the man who held the rifle.

Then Hannibal blurted out his story. He told how he had been led, step by step, to hope that he might rise above his station, until the wild idea entered his brain that he could even make Daisy Fern love and marry him. He pleaded the disappointments he had suffered, the terrible revulsion of feeling he had undergone, the broken life he had been obliged to take up. He did not want to be killed. If allowed to go he would swear by all that was good never to cross the path of the Ferns, or Roseleaf, or any of their friends again. When his treaties brought no verbal response he grew louder in his tone, feeling that something must be done to move the deaf ears to which he addressed his petition.

"If I allowed you to leave here, you would try to shoot me the next time you had a chance," said the novelist. "I should merely be giving my life in exchange for yours, which I do not consider a good bargain."

"No, I swear it before God!" came the trembling words in reply.

"I cannot trust you."

A slight sound attracted the attention of Roseleaf as he uttered the latter words. It was the sound that oars make when dipped in water. With a quick glance to one side he beheld a rowboat, in which were seated Archie Weil and Daisy Fern, and they were coming directly toward him.

"Here are some of the others you have wronged," he said, pointing. "I will wait to see if their opinions agree with mine."

Daisy saw him first, as Weil was handling the oars, and she called her companion's attention to him. Archie called his name.

"Come here!" was Roseleaf's reply. "I have winged a black duck and I cannot leave."

A few more movements of the oars brought the boat to the shore, and the surprise of its occupants can be imagined when they saw the tableau that awaited them. Hannibal was still groveling on the earth, and the attitude of Roseleaf plainly showed the cause of the negro's terror.

"What has he done?" was the first question, and it was Daisy's voice that asked it.

"Let him tell," replied Roseleaf, nonchalantly. "Tell the lady what you did, Hannibal."

With a courage born of his knowledge of the young lady's kind heart, Hannibal now turned his attention toward her. He begged her to plead with his would-be executioner to give him one more chance for his life, and reiterated his promises to cease meddling with all of their affairs if this was granted. As he spoke Daisy crept nearer to Roseleaf's side, and when he paused for a moment to gain breath, she laid her fair hand on the rifle.

"You would not kill a fellow creature?" she said, gently.

"A fellow creature?" he retorted. "No! But a wolf, a snake, a vulture--yes."

She shook her head slowly, while Mr. Weil looked on, uncertain what to do or say. He wanted more than anything else in his life to lay hands upon the cause of all her woes.

"You have not told me yet what he has done," she said.

"He shall tell you," replied Roseleaf, sharply. "Stand up, Hannibal, and answer truly the questions I am about to propound to you."

The crouching figure tottered to his feet. The negro was weak from fear.

"Did you try twice this morning to murder me?"

"Yes," replied the shaking voice. "But I was insane with my troubles--I did not realize what I was doing--I--"

Daisy's slight hand, still on the barrel of the rifle, was bearing it steadily to the ground.

"Once," she said to Roseleaf, impressively, "you told me you loved me! Have you regard enough left to grant me a favor?"

He shook his head.

"There are favors," he said, "that are crimes. It is one's duty to exterminate vermin, in the interest of the human race."

But, even as he spoke, she was having her way. Her slight strength had taken the weapon from him.

Then, with the face of a forgiving angel she turned toward the negro and uttered very softly one word, "Go!"

Glancing at the others to see if he might safely follow this direction, Hannibal disappeared in the thick woods behind him. He walked with an unsteady step. There was a strange lightness in his brain. Some distance away he found the boat in which he had come, and entered it, staggeringly. Pushing from the shore with a feeble touch on his paddle he set out for his home.

* * * * *

The negroes who found his body, a week later, could not decide whether he had perished by accident or by deliberate intention. The boat was not capsized, but it was partially filled with water, indicating either that he had tried to sink the craft or had leaned too heavily to one side in something like a stupor. When his gun was discovered on the shore, new speculations were set in motion.

Those who knew him recalled that he had been moody for a long time--in fact, ever since he came from the north. They remembered him as a young fellow, four or five years previous, not very different from his mates; and they had stared in wonder when he returned with fine clothes and money in his pocket. The dislike between him and his old acquaintances was mutual. They could not understand him; and what an inferior mind does not comprehend it always views with suspicion.

A grave was made near the border of the lake, and the single word "HANNIBAL" was written on the board that marked the spot. But later some envious hand scrawled beneath it:

"HE WANTED TO BE A GENTLEMAN!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

"THE GREATEST NOVEL."

Archie Weil and Daisy Fern were married in June. There was no need of waiting longer. It was a case of true love sanctified by suffering and devotion. The bright eyes and ruddy cheeks of the bride testified to her renewed health and spirits. The news of Hannibal's death--albeit it brought a tear to her eyes, had removed the only shadow that stretched across her pathway.

Shirley Roseleaf did not come to the wedding, to which he was the only invited guest. He wrote that an important mission from his magazine made it impossible to accept the invitation, but he sent a handsome present and a letter to Archie, congratulating him in the warmest manner.

For some time Lawrence Gouger had been urging the novelist to hasten the wonderful story that was to make his fortune and give a new impetus to the house of Cutt & Slashem. They had consulted together a hundred times, and the thirty chapters already finished seemed to leave but a few weeks' steady work to be accomplished. Shortly after the wedding Gouger went to Roseleaf's rooms, one evening, and begged him to lose no further time.

"What is there to wait for now?" he asked. "All the dramatic incidents have occurred. You only need to wind up with a glory of fireworks, showing virtue triumphant and vice buried under a North Carolina sycamore. Come, my dear boy, when may I expect to see the work completed?"

Roseleaf did not answer for some seconds.

"There is a part of this story that you do not comprehend," he said, finally. "A chapter is yet to be written at which you have not guessed."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the listener.

"Yes," nodded the other. "So far the character that is supposed to represent myself appears that of a heartless, cold, unfeeling wretch. Do you think I shall be satisfied to leave it that way?"

The critic stared at the speaker in astonishment.

"I--I do not understand," he replied.

"I thought not," said Roseleaf, soberly. "Well, this story, to be truthful, must do justice to the one who is supposed to personate its author. And, in the first place, to avoid all circumlocution, let me tell you there has never been a moment since I first loved Daisy Fern that she has not been the dearest thing on this earth to me!"

Mr. Gouger could not reconcile this statement with the events that had taken place, and his puzzled countenance said as much.

"I acted like a villain, did I not," continued Roseleaf, after a slight pause, "when the news was brought that she had disappeared? I seemed to have no faith in her, no confidence in Archie, no trust in that poor old man, her father. Why? I was so madly, insanely in love that every possible phantasy got possession of my excited brain. To lose her was to deprive me of all hope, all ambition, all care for life. So far, I acted my real self. If what I supposed true had been proven I think there would have been a murder. Not of Daisy; ah, no! but of the man who had robbed me of my treasure. Then I went to Midlands with Archie and I saw her. I heard her speak, and like a lightning flash it came to me. He was as honorable as a man could be and she cared more for him than for my unworthy self. She had contrasted us and discovered how much he was my superior. And I said to myself at that moment, 'I will give her up! If it costs me my happiness as long as I live I will give her up! No matter what happens, I will unite these people, who have been so faithful to me and toward whom I have acted the part of a cur and a coward!'"

The young man was speaking with perfect composure, but with intense earnestness.

"The first thing to be done," he continued, "was to take myself out of their way. The next was to unravel the mystery that had made the trouble. I knew, when my mind had resumed its natural state, that, whatever had occurred, Daisy was blameless. I knew that something far out of the common line had caused her to commit the act which had cast a blight over her reputation. For weeks I could find no clue. Then, one day, in the street, I saw Hannibal, the negro for whom she had borrowed my money and who I supposed was still in France. I cannot help the quick temper I have inherited, and I confess that the sight of that fellow aroused my suspicions against this girl, only they took a new and more horrible form.

"I remembered distinctly what a strong hold Hannibal had on the Fern family. I recalled, with frightful distinctness, the manner in which he attended Daisy at table, his interest in her health, the $1,000 she had given him, her quick movement to prevent my striking him when his answers insulted us both. Perhaps--but I will not dilate on the things that came to my distorted imagination. It was enough for me to put a detective on his track. I engaged Hazen, and in three days he came to tell me that a white woman had passed the night with Hannibal at a house on Seventh Avenue, the date corresponding with the one on which I was to have been married!"

Gouger listened spellbound. It seemed to him that the most exciting chapter of this weird tale was yet to be written.

"If I had lost control of my senses before," pursued Roseleaf, "what do you suppose happened when this information was brought to me? But then I found an excuse for my beloved one. I considered her the victim of one of those forms of hypnotism of which there can no longer be any doubt. She could not have gone there without the demoniac influence of a stronger personality. He had charmed her from her home by the exercise of diabolic arts. My fury was entirely for him. I sought him at once, only to learn that he had left the city a few days before, leaving absolutely no trace. I could not give over the hunt, however. If he was on the earth I must find him and be avenged for the wrong he had done. It occurred to me that an influence so strong as he had exerted would not be given up. Wherever the Ferns had gone, he would probably be found. I discovered the whereabouts of the family, after a great deal of effort, and went to North Carolina. With the patience of a dog and the cunning of a fox I laid in wait for weeks, and one night I saw and heard Daisy Fern and Hannibal in conversation!"

There was no movement on the part of the critic. He sat as still as a block of stone.

"When they began to speak I could have sworn that my recent guesses were correct ones. It was at about the hour of midnight, and she had crept quietly and alone out of her house to meet this African. But the first dozen sentences that were uttered gave me a new version of the affair. It was by no mesmeric power, but by a threat of injury to her father that this fellow held her under bond. I learned that Mr. Fern had done something--I could not then tell what--which rendered him liable to imprisonment. I learned, also, beyond question--for they spoke without restraint, supposing themselves alone--that, whatever the purpose of Hannibal when Daisy came to his rooms on the day she was to have been married, it had not been accomplished. She was afraid of him, but only for her father's sake. And I discovered beside, though not with perfect clearness, that a promise of secrecy accounted for her refusal to explain the cause of that absence which had altered the whole course of our lives.

"I have said I had watched with patience. I determined to continue my watch till I understood the entire situation. About once a week they met in the way I have described, and as the next date was always arranged in my hearing there was no difficulty in my keeping the appointment. In the meantime I learned that Hannibal was born in the vicinity, that he was living a hermit life, and that nobody knew of the surreptitious visits he was paying to Oakhurst. Then one day I heard that Archie was at the hotel, and thinking it time that I let him into the secret I went there, pretending I had just arrived from the north, when in reality I had been boarding for months five miles away. The rest you know. I was enabled to prove to him as well as to myself what had actually happened. Since then justice has been done to us all."

Mr. Gouger had to speak at last.

"To _you_?" he asked. "Do you admit that all this is just to you?"

"Without doubt," said Roseleaf. "I forfeited every right to the woman I had insulted by my suspicions. There are certain metals that can only be tried by fire. I was placed in the crucible, and found wanting."

The critic shook his head sagely.

"You are a regular Roman father to your own delinquencies," he answered. "But tell me another thing. Would you have shot Hannibal if Mr. Weil and Miss Fern had not made their appearance?"

"I have not the least doubt of it. He was in my eyes at that moment a crawling adder, whose fangs were liable to penetrate the flesh of some one if he was not put out of the way. But I am more than glad I was spared the infliction of his punishment."

Gouger wore a strange look.

"And yet he had one most human quality," said he.

"Yes, I admit that now," was the reply. "In his passionate, barbaric way, he certainly loved. When I revise my novel I shall try to deal fairly with him."

"And you will finish it very soon now?"

"As soon as possible."

A month later Lawrence Gouger received at his office a package marked on the outside, "From Shirley Roseleaf." He could hardly control his excitement until he had untied the strings, taken off the wrappings and disclosed the tin box inside. It was a square box, just the right size for manuscript paper such as he had seen Roseleaf use, and the heart of the enthusiast beat high as he took it in his hands. A jewel case filled with the costliest stones would not have seemed to him more precious. The fame of a new author would soon resound through the world! Cutt & Slashem would have the greatest work of fiction of recent years in their next catalogue! And he, Lawrence Gouger, would be given the credit of discovering--one might almost say of inventing--this wonder!

Opening the box, the critic looked at its contents and then dropped it with an exclamation. It contained nothing but a small sealed envelope and _a heap of ashes_!

Ashes! Ashes made from recently burned paper!

When he recovered enough to open the envelope, this note was found within:

"TO LAWRENCE GOUGER, ESQ:--DEAR SIR: Enclosed herewith you will find the novel for which you have waited so long. I hope it will please you in all respects, as I certainly have taken the greatest pains with it.

"On reading it over I thought it best to more thoroughly disguise the personality of the characters, lest any of them might be injured by its publication. There was the happiness of a newly-made bride to be considered; her husband's ease of mind; her father's serene old age; her sister's feelings. There was even a black man who had perhaps suffered enough, and a critic employed by a large publishing firm who would not like his true character made manifest in type. In order to protect these people I have applied a match to the pages. You can best tell whether I have performed the work too well.

"If this novel does not bring me the fame you anticipate I shall not much care; I have lost some of my ambitions. If it fails to add to my fortune, never mind; a single man has no great need of wealth.

"I go to-night on board a steamer which sails for Europe at daybreak. When you read this I shall be on the sea. I have secured a position as resident correspondent abroad for one of the great newspapers. Perhaps I never shall return. Truly your friend, S. R."

"_The idiot!_" cried the reader, as he finished perusing this letter. "_The imbecile!_ Was there ever such a fool born on this earth!"

Then he apostrophised the heap of ashes that lay in the box before him.

"There never was and never will be so great a work of fiction as you were yesterday! And yet a little touch of flame, and all was extinguished! How like you were to man! Let him have the brain of a Shakespeare, and a pound weight falling on his skull ends everything.

"There was a flood in Hungary last week, in which a thousand people were drowned. There was an earthquake in Peru where five hundred perished. A vessel went down off the Caroline Islands. Taken all together, they did not equal to this world your loss.

"The poet knew what he was saying: 'Great wits are sure to madness near allied.' Oh, to think that a mind that could execute your thrilling pages knew no more than to destroy them!

"I will not cast you, sublime ashes, to the winds of heaven! I will keep you reverently, as one preserves the cloak of a great man, or the bones of a mastodon. Behold, I close you again in your covers, where the eye of no mortal shall henceforth behold you."

With the words the disappointed critic performed the action. And to this day visitors to his room read with wonder the inscription he has placed on the box:

"_The greatest novel that ever was written._"

THE END.

* * * * *

Transcriber's note:

Every effort has been made to replicate this text as faithfully as possible, including obsolete and variant spellings. Obvious typographical errors in punctuation (misplaced quotes and the like) have been fixed. Corrections [in brackets] in the text are noted below:

Table of Contents: typographical error corrected

I. A Rejected Manuscript 1[9]

page 41: possible typographical error queried (not changed in the text)

would[wouldn't] touch the mooney, maundering mess. It makes my flesh creep, sometimes, to read it." v

page 106: duplicate word removed

playing at love with each other, might afterwards find that [that] they were experimenting with fire.

page 108: possible typographical error queried (not changed in the text)

arm around her again, checking himself with difficulty from completeing[completing] the movement) "and dull, and wanting in manners, but you are the only young

page 116: typographical errors corrected

about this matter. She shought[thought] the innocent man at her side had not quite guaged[gauged] the interest that Mr.

page 118: typographical error corrected

caught her passionately in his arms, and knew no better way to bring her to consiousness[consciousness] than to rain kisses on her cheeks. As might be expected this

page 126: typographical error corrected

abilities of Mr. Weil, and he had no idea of dispuing[disputing] the conclusions of that wise guide.

page 133: typographical error corrected

"To me? He would not dare?[!] What angers me is the way he speaks to the rest of you. He

page 149: typographical errors corrected

called the Good side nothing stronger that[than] wines were found on the bill of fare. On the Wicked side every decoction know[known] to the modern drinker was to

page 155: typographical error corrected

sexes. He half believed that Jennie Pelham and Mrs. Delevan[Delavan] were sitting by his bed, more brazen

page 194: typographical error corrected

young novelist. More than this, she would have sufficent[sufficient] on hand to send the future amounts that

page 251: typographical error corrected

Roseleaf waved him back with a sweeep[sweep] of his arm.

page 278: typographical error corrected

countenance, the utter hopelessness had in a measure diappeared[disappeared]. When Daisy came into the parlor, she

page 297: typographical error corrected

came with him. Mr. Fern upraided[upbraided] Weil for using so much ceremony, remarking that although he was

==========

A System of Logic, Ratiocinative and Inductive

John Stuart Mill

Project Gutenberg Release: January 31, 2009 · eBook #27942

A SYSTEM OF LOGIC,

RATIOCINATIVE AND INDUCTIVE,

BEING A CONNECTED VIEW OF THE

PRINCIPLES OF EVIDENCE,

AND THE

METHODS OF SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION.

by

JOHN STUART MILL.

Eighth Edition.

New York:

Harper & Brothers, Publishers,

Franklin Square.

1882.

CONTENTS

Preface To The First Edition. Preface To The Third And Fourth Editions. Introduction. Book I. Of Names And Propositions. Chapter I. Of The Necessity Of Commencing With An Analysis Of Language. Chapter II. Of Names. Chapter III. Of The Things Denoted By Names. Chapter IV. Of Propositions. Chapter V. Of The Import Of Propositions. Chapter VI. Of Propositions Merely Verbal. Chapter VII. Of The Nature Of Classification, And The Five Predicables. Chapter VIII. Of Definition. Book II. On Reasoning. Chapter I. Of Inference, Or Reasoning, In General. Chapter II. Of Ratiocination, Or Syllogism. Chapter III. Of The Functions And Logical Value Of The Syllogism. Chapter IV. Of Trains Of Reasoning, And Deductive Sciences. Chapter V. Of Demonstration, And Necessary Truths. Chapter VI. The Same Subject Continued. Chapter VII. Examination Of Some Opinions Opposed To The Preceding Doctrines. Book III. Of Induction. Chapter I. Preliminary Observations On Induction In General. Chapter II. Of Inductions Improperly So Called. Chapter III. Of The Ground Of Induction. Chapter IV. Of Laws Of Nature. Chapter V. Of The Law Of Universal Causation. Chapter VI. On The Composition Of Causes. Chapter VII. On Observation And Experiment. Chapter VIII. Of The Four Methods Of Experimental Inquiry. Chapter IX. Miscellaneous Examples Of The Four Methods. Chapter X. Of Plurality Of Causes, And Of The Intermixture Of Effects. Chapter XI. Of The Deductive Method. Chapter XII. Of The Explanation Of Laws Of Nature. Chapter XIII. Miscellaneous Examples Of The Explanation Of Laws Of Nature. Chapter XIV. Of The Limits To The Explanation Of Laws Of Nature; And Of Hypotheses. Chapter XV. Of Progressive Effects; And Of The Continued Action Of Causes. Chapter XVI. Of Empirical Laws. Chapter XVII. Of Chance And Its Elimination. Chapter XVIII. Of The Calculation Of Chances. Chapter XIX. Of The Extension Of Derivative Laws To Adjacent Cases. Chapter XX. Of Analogy. Chapter XXI. Of The Evidence Of The Law Of Universal Causation. Chapter XXII. Of Uniformities Of Co-Existence Not Dependent On Causation. Chapter XXIII. Of Approximate Generalizations, And Probable Evidence. Chapter XXIV. Of The Remaining Laws Of Nature. Chapter XXV. Of The Grounds Of Disbelief. Book IV. Of Operations Subsidiary To Induction. Chapter I. Of Observation And Description. Chapter II. Of Abstraction, Or The Formation Of Conceptions. Chapter III. Of Naming, As Subsidiary To Induction. Chapter IV. Of The Requisites Of A Philosophical Language, And The Principles Of Definition. Chapter V. On The Natural History Of The Variations In The Meaning Of Terms. Chapter VI. The Principles Of A Philosophical Language Further Considered. Chapter VII. Of Classification, As Subsidiary To Induction. Chapter VIII. Of Classification By Series. Book V. On Fallacies. Chapter I. Of Fallacies In General. Chapter II.

Classification Of Fallacies. Chapter III. Fallacies Of Simple Inspection; Or A Priori Fallacies. Chapter IV. Fallacies Of Observation. Chapter V. Fallacies Of Generalization. Chapter VI. Fallacies Of Ratiocination. Chapter VII. Fallacies Of Confusion. Book VI. On The Logic Of The Moral Sciences. Chapter I. Introductory Remarks. Chapter II. Of Liberty And Necessity. Chapter III. That There Is, Or May Be, A Science Of Human Nature. Chapter IV. Of The Laws Of Mind. Chapter V. Of Ethology, Or The Science Of The Formation Of Character. Chapter VI. General Considerations On The Social Science. Chapter VII. Of The Chemical, Or Experimental, Method In The Social Science. Chapter VIII. Of The Geometrical, Or Abstract, Method. Chapter IX. Of The Physical, Or Concrete Deductive, Method. Chapter X. Of The Inverse Deductive, Or Historical, Method. Chapter XI. Additional Elucidations Of The Science Of History. Chapter XII. Of The Logic Of Practice, Or Art; Including Morality And Policy. Footnotes

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

This book makes no pretense of giving to the world a new theory of the intellectual operations. Its claim to attention, if it possess any, is grounded on the fact that it is an attempt, not to supersede, but to embody and systematize, the best ideas which have been either promulgated on its subject by speculative writers, or conformed to by accurate thinkers in their scientific inquiries.

To cement together the detached fragments of a subject, never yet treated as a whole; to harmonize the true portions of discordant theories, by supplying the links of thought necessary to connect them, and by disentangling them from the errors with which they are always more or less interwoven, must necessarily require a considerable amount of original speculation. To other originality than this, the present work lays no claim. In the existing state of the cultivation of the sciences, there would be a very strong presumption against any one who should imagine that he had effected a revolution in the theory of the investigation of truth, or added any fundamentally new process to the practice of it. The improvement which remains to be effected in the methods of philosophizing (and the author believes that they have much need of improvement) can only consist in performing more systematically and accurately operations with which, at least in their elementary form, the human intellect, in some one or other of its employments, is already familiar.

In the portion of the work which treats of Ratiocination, the author has not deemed it necessary to enter into technical details which may be obtained in so perfect a shape from the existing treatises on what is termed the Logic of the Schools. In the contempt entertained by many modern philosophers for the syllogistic art, it will be seen that he by no means participates; though the scientific theory on which its defense is usually rested appears to him erroneous: and the view which he has suggested of the nature and functions of the Syllogism may, perhaps, afford the means of conciliating the principles of the art with as much as is well grounded in the doctrines and objections of its assailants.

The same abstinence from details could not be observed in the First Book, on Names and Propositions; because many useful principles and distinctions which were contained in the old Logic have been gradually omitted from the writings of its later teachers; and it appeared desirable both to revive these, and to reform and rationalize the philosophical foundation on which they stood. The earlier chapters of this preliminary Book will consequently appear, to some readers, needlessly elementary and scholastic. But those who know in what darkness the nature of our knowledge, and of the processes by which it is obtained, is often involved by a confused apprehension of the import of the different classes of Words and Assertions, will not regard these discussions as either frivolous, or irrelevant to the topics considered in the later Books.

On the subject of Induction, the task to be performed was that of generalizing the modes of investigating truth and estimating evidence, by which so many important and recondite laws of nature have, in the various sciences, been aggregated to the stock of human knowledge. That this is not a task free from difficulty may be presumed from the fact that even at a very recent period, eminent writers (among whom it is sufficient to name Archbishop Whately, and the author of a celebrated article on Bacon in the _Edinburgh Review_) have not scrupled to pronounce it impossible.(1) The author has endeavored to combat their theory in the manner in which Diogenes confuted the skeptical reasonings against the possibility of motion; remembering that Diogenes's argument would have been equally conclusive, though his individual perambulations might not have extended beyond the circuit of his own tub.

Whatever may be the value of what the author has succeeded in effecting on this branch of his subject, it is a duty to acknowledge that for much of it he has been indebted to several important treatises, partly historical and partly philosophical, on the generalities and processes of physical science, which have been published within the last few years. To these treatises, and to their authors, he has endeavored to do justice in the body of the work. But as with one of these writers, Dr. Whewell, he has occasion frequently to express differences of opinion, it is more particularly incumbent on him in this place to declare, that without the aid derived from the

facts and ideas contained in that gentleman's "History of the Inductive Sciences," the corresponding portion of this work would probably not have been written.

The concluding Book is an attempt to contribute toward the solution of a question which the decay of old opinions, and the agitation that disturbs European society to its inmost depths, render as important in the present day to the practical interests of human life, as it must at all times be to the completeness of our speculative knowledge—viz.: Whether moral and social phenomena are really exceptions to the general certainty and uniformity of the course of nature; and how far the methods by which so many of the laws of the physical world have been numbered among truths irrevocably acquired and universally assented to, can be made instrumental to the formation of a similar body of received doctrine in moral and political science.

PREFACE TO THE THIRD AND FOURTH EDITIONS.

Several criticisms, of a more or less controversial character, on this work, have appeared since the publication of the second edition; and Dr. Whewell has lately published a reply to those parts of it in which some of his opinions were controverted.(2)

I have carefully reconsidered all the points on which my conclusions have been assailed. But I have not to announce a change of opinion on any matter of importance. Such minor oversights as have been detected, either by myself or by my critics, I have, in general silently, corrected: but it is not to be inferred that I agree with the objections which have been made to a passage, in every instance in which I have altered or canceled it. I have often done so, merely that it might not remain a stumbling-block, when the amount of discussion necessary to place the matter in its true light would have exceeded what was suitable to the occasion.

To several of the arguments which have been urged against me, I have thought it useful to reply with some degree of minuteness; not from any taste for controversy, but because the opportunity was favorable for placing my own conclusions, and the grounds of them, more clearly and completely before the reader. Truth on these subjects is militant, and can only establish itself by means of conflict. The most opposite opinions can make a plausible show of evidence while each has the statement of its own case; and it is only possible to ascertain which of them is in the right, after hearing and comparing what each can say against the other, and what the other can urge in its defense.

Even the criticisms from which I most dissent have been of great service to me, by showing in what places the exposition most needed to be improved, or the argument strengthened. And I should have been well pleased if the book had undergone a much greater amount of attack; as in that case I should probably have been enabled to improve it still more than I believe I have now done.

In the subsequent editions, the attempt to improve the work by additions and corrections, suggested by criticism or by thought, has been continued. The additions and corrections in the present (eighth) edition, which are not very considerable, are chiefly such as have been suggested by Professor Bain's "Logic," a book of great merit and value. Mr. Bain's view of the science is essentially the same with that taken in the present treatise, the differences of opinion being few and unimportant compared with the agreements; and he has not only enriched the exposition by many applications and illustrative details, but has appended to it a minute and very valuable discussion of the logical principles specially applicable to each of the sciences—a task for which the encyclopedical character of his knowledge peculiarly qualified him. I have in several instances made use of his exposition to improve my own, by adopting, and occasionally by controverting, matter contained in his treatise.

The longest of the additions belongs to the chapter on Causation, and is a discussion of the question how far, if at all, the ordinary mode of stating the law of Cause and Effect requires modification to adapt it to the new doctrine of the Conservation of Force—a point still more fully and elaborately treated in Mr. Bain's work.

INTRODUCTION.

§ 1. There is as great diversity among authors in the modes which they have adopted of defining logic, as in their treatment of the details of it. This is what might naturally be expected on any subject on which writers have availed themselves of the same language as a means of delivering different ideas. Ethics and jurisprudence are liable to the remark in common with logic. Almost every writer having taken a different view of some of the particulars which these branches of knowledge are usually understood to include; each has so framed his definition as to indicate beforehand his own peculiar tenets, and sometimes to beg the question in

their favor.

This diversity is not so much an evil to be complained of, as an inevitable and in some degree a proper result of the imperfect state of those sciences. It is not to be expected that there should be agreement about the definition of any thing, until there is agreement about the thing itself. To define, is to select from among all the properties of a thing, those which shall be understood to be designated and declared by its name; and the properties must be well known to us before we can be competent to determine which of them are fittest to be chosen for this purpose. Accordingly, in the case of so complex an aggregation of particulars as are comprehended in any thing which can be called a science, the definition we set out with is seldom that which a more extensive knowledge of the subject shows to be the most appropriate. Until we know the particulars themselves, we can not fix upon the most correct and compact mode of circumscribing them by a general description. It was not until after an extensive and accurate acquaintance with the details of chemical phenomena, that it was found possible to frame a rational definition of chemistry; and the definition of the science of life and organization is still a matter of dispute. So long as the sciences are imperfect, the definitions must partake of their imperfection; and if the former are progressive, the latter ought to be so too. As much, therefore, as is to be expected from a definition placed at the commencement of a subject, is that it should define the scope of our inquiries: and the definition which I am about to offer of the science of logic, pretends to nothing more than to be a statement of the question which I have put to myself, and which this book is an attempt to resolve. The reader is at liberty to object to it as a definition of logic; but it is at all events a correct definition of the subject of this volume.

§ 2. Logic has often been called the Art of Reasoning. A writer(3) who has done more than any other person to restore this study to the rank from which it had fallen in the estimation of the cultivated class in our own country, has adopted the above definition with an amendment; he has defined Logic to be the Science, as well as the Art, of reasoning; meaning by the former term, the analysis of the mental process which takes place whenever we reason, and by the latter, the rules, grounded on that analysis, for conducting the process correctly. There can be no doubt as to the propriety of the emendation. A right understanding of the mental process itself, of the conditions it depends on, and the steps of which it consists, is the only basis on which a system of rules, fitted for the direction of the process, can possibly be founded. Art necessarily presupposes knowledge; art, in any but its infant state, presupposes scientific knowledge: and if every art does not bear the name of a science, it is only because several sciences are often necessary to form the groundwork of a single art. So complicated are the conditions which govern our practical agency, that to enable one thing to be _done_, it is often requisite to _know_ the nature and properties of many things.

Logic, then, comprises the science of reasoning, as well as an art, founded on that science. But the word Reasoning, again, like most other scientific terms in popular use, abounds in ambiguities. In one of its acceptations, it means syllogizing; or the mode of inference which may be called (with sufficient accuracy for the present purpose) concluding from generals to particulars. In another of its senses, to reason is simply to infer any assertion, from assertions already admitted: and in this sense induction is as much entitled to be called reasoning as the demonstrations of geometry.

Writers on logic have generally preferred the former acceptation of the term: the latter, and more extensive signification is that in which I mean to use it. I do this by virtue of the right I claim for every author, to give whatever provisional definition he pleases of his own subject. But sufficient reasons will, I believe, unfold themselves as we advance, why this should be not only the provisional but the final definition. It involves, at all events, no arbitrary change in the meaning of the word; for, with the general usage of the English language, the wider signification, I believe, accords better than the more restricted one.

§ 3. But reasoning, even in the widest sense of which the word is susceptible, does not seem to comprehend all that is included, either in the best, or even in the most current, conception of the scope and province of our science. The employment of the word Logic to denote the theory of Argumentation, is derived from the Aristotelian, or, as they are commonly termed, the scholastic, logicians. Yet even with them, in their systematic treatises, Argumentation was the subject only of the third part: the two former treated of Terms, and of Propositions; under one or other of which heads were also included Definition and Division. By some, indeed, these previous topics were professedly introduced only on account of their connection with reasoning, and as a preparation for the doctrine and rules of the syllogism. Yet they were treated with greater minuteness, and dwelt on at greater length, than was required for that purpose alone. More recent writers on logic have generally understood the term as it was employed by the able author of the Port Royal Logic; viz., as equivalent to the Art of Thinking. Nor is this acceptation confined to books, and scientific inquiries. Even in ordinary conversation, the ideas connected with the word Logic include at least precision of language, and accuracy of classification: and we perhaps oftener hear persons speak of a logical arrangement, or of expressions logically defined, than of conclusions logically deduced from premises. Again, a man is often called a great logician, or a man of powerful logic, not for the accuracy of his deductions, but for the extent of his command over premises; because the general propositions required for

explaining a difficulty or refuting a sophism, copiously and promptly occur to him: because, in short, his knowledge, besides being ample, is well under his command for argumentative use. Whether, therefore, we conform to the practice of those who have made the subject their particular study, or to that of popular writers and common discourse, the province of logic will include several operations of the intellect not usually considered to fall within the meaning of the terms Reasoning and Argumentation.

These various operations might be brought within the compass of the science, and the additional advantage be obtained of a very simple definition, if, by an extension of the term, sanctioned by high authorities, we were to define logic as the science which treats of the operations of the human understanding in the pursuit of truth. For to this ultimate end, naming, classification, definition, and all other operations over which logic has ever claimed jurisdiction, are essentially subsidiary. They may all be regarded as contrivances for enabling a person to know the truths which are needful to him, and to know them at the precise moment at which they are needful. Other purposes, indeed, are also served by these operations; for instance, that of imparting our knowledge to others. But, viewed with regard to this purpose, they have never been considered as within the province of the logician. The sole object of Logic is the guidance of one's own thoughts: the communication of those thoughts to others falls under the consideration of Rhetoric, in the large sense in which that art was conceived by the ancients; or of the still more extensive art of Education. Logic takes cognizance of our intellectual operations only as they conduce to our own knowledge, and to our command over that knowledge for our own uses. If there were but one rational being in the universe, that being might be a perfect logician; and the science and art of logic would be the same for that one person as for the whole human race.

§ 4. But, if the definition which we formerly examined included too little, that which is now suggested has the opposite fault of including too much.

Truths are known to us in two ways: some are known directly, and of themselves; some through the medium of other truths. The former are the subject of Intuition, or Consciousness;(4) the latter, of Inference. The truths known by intuition are the original premises from which all others are inferred. Our assent to the conclusion being grounded on the truth of the premises, we never could arrive at any knowledge by reasoning, unless something could be known antecedently to all reasoning.

Examples of truths known to us by immediate consciousness, are our own bodily sensations and mental feelings. I know directly, and of my own knowledge, that I was vexed yesterday, or that I am hungry to-day. Examples of truths which we know only by way of inference, are occurrences which took place while we were absent, the events recorded in history, or the theorems of mathematics. The two former we infer from the testimony adduced, or from the traces of those past occurrences which still exist; the latter, from the premises laid down in books of geometry, under the title of definitions and axioms. Whatever we are capable of knowing must belong to the one class or to the other; must be in the number of the primitive data, or of the conclusions which can be drawn from these.

With the original data, or ultimate premises of our knowledge; with their number or nature, the mode in which they are obtained, or the tests by which they may be distinguished; logic, in a direct way at least, has, in the sense in which I conceive the science, nothing to do. These questions are partly not a subject of science at all, partly that of a very different science.

Whatever is known to us by consciousness is known beyond possibility of question. What one sees or feels, whether bodily or mentally, one can not but be sure that one sees or feels. No science is required for the purpose of establishing such truths; no rules of art can render our knowledge of them more certain than it is in itself. There is no logic for this portion of our knowledge.

But we may fancy that we see or feel what we in reality infer. A truth, or supposed truth, which is really the result of a very rapid inference, may seem to be apprehended intuitively. It has long been agreed by thinkers of the most opposite schools, that this mistake is actually made in so familiar an instance as that of the eyesight. There is nothing of which we appear to ourselves to be more directly conscious than the distance of an object from us. Yet it has long been ascertained, that what is perceived by the eye, is at most nothing more than a variously colored surface; that when we fancy we see distance, all we really see is certain variations of apparent size, and degrees of faintness of color; that our estimate of the object's distance from us is the result partly of a rapid inference from the muscular sensations accompanying the adjustment of the focal distance of the eye to objects unequally remote from us, and partly of a comparison (made with so much rapidity that we are unconscious of making it) between the size and color of the object as they appear at the time, and the size and color of the same or of similar objects as they appeared when close at hand, or when their degree of remoteness was known by other evidence. The perception of distance by the eye, which seems so like intuition, is thus, in reality, an inference grounded on experience; an inference, too, which we learn to make; and which we make with more and more correctness as our experience increases; though in familiar cases it takes place so rapidly as to appear

exactly on a par with those perceptions of sight which are really intuitive, our perceptions of color.(5)

Of the science, therefore, which expounds the operations of the human understanding in the pursuit of truth, one essential part is the inquiry: What are the facts which are the objects of intuition or consciousness, and what are those which we merely infer? But this inquiry has never been considered a portion of logic. Its place is in another and a perfectly distinct department of science, to which the name metaphysics more particularly belongs: that portion of mental philosophy which attempts to determine what part of the furniture of the mind belongs to it originally, and what part is constructed out of materials furnished to it from without. To this science appertain the great and much debated questions of the existence of matter; the existence of spirit, and of a distinction between it and matter; the reality of time and space, as things without the mind, and distinguishable from the objects which are said to exist in them. For in the present state of the discussion on these topics, it is almost universally allowed that the existence of matter or of spirit, of space or of time, is in its nature unsusceptible of being proved; and that if any thing is known of them, it must be by immediate intuition. To the same science belong the inquiries into the nature of Conception, Perception, Memory, and Belief; all of which are operations of the understanding in the pursuit of truth; but with which, as phenomena of the mind, or with the possibility which may or may not exist of analyzing any of them into simpler phenomena, the logician as such has no concern. To this science must also be referred the following, and all analogous questions: To what extent our intellectual faculties and our emotions are innate—to what extent the result of association: Whether God and duty are realities, the existence of which is manifest to us _a priori_ by the constitution of our rational faculty; or whether our ideas of them are acquired notions, the origin of which we are able to trace and explain; and the reality of the objects themselves a question not of consciousness or intuition, but of evidence and reasoning.

The province of logic must be restricted to that portion of our knowledge which consists of inferences from truths previously known; whether those antecedent data be general propositions, or particular observations and perceptions. Logic is not the science of Belief, but the science of Proof, or Evidence. In so far as belief professes to be founded on proof, the office of logic is to supply a test for ascertaining whether or not the belief is well grounded. With the claims which any proposition has to belief on the evidence of consciousness—that is, without evidence in the proper sense of the word—logic has nothing to do.

§ 5. By far the greatest portion of our knowledge, whether of general truths or of particular facts, being avowedly matter of inference, nearly the whole, not only of science, but of human conduct, is amenable to the authority of logic. To draw inferences has been said to be the great business of life. Every one has daily, hourly, and momentary need of ascertaining facts which he has not directly observed; not from any general purpose of adding to his stock of knowledge, but because the facts themselves are of importance to his interests or to his occupations. The business of the magistrate, of the military commander, of the navigator, of the physician, of the agriculturist, is merely to judge of evidence, and to act accordingly. They all have to ascertain certain facts, in order that they may afterward apply certain rules, either devised by themselves or prescribed for their guidance by others; and as they do this well or ill, so they discharge well or ill the duties of their several callings. It is the only occupation in which the mind never ceases to be engaged; and is the subject, not of logic, but of knowledge in general.

Logic, however, is not the same thing with knowledge, though the field of logic is co-extensive with the field of knowledge. Logic is the common judge and arbiter of all particular investigations. It does not undertake to find evidence, but to determine whether it has been found. Logic neither observes, nor invents, nor discovers; but judges. It is no part of the business of logic to inform the surgeon what appearances are found to accompany a violent death. This he must learn from his own experience and observation, or from that of others, his predecessors in his peculiar pursuit. But logic sits in judgment on the sufficiency of that observation and experience to justify his rules, and on the sufficiency of his rules to justify his conduct. It does not give him proofs, but teaches him what makes them proofs, and how he is to judge of them. It does not teach that any particular fact proves any other, but points out to what conditions all facts must conform, in order that they may prove other facts. To decide whether any given fact fulfills these conditions, or whether facts can be found which fulfill them in a given case, belongs exclusively to the particular art or science, or to our knowledge of the particular subject.

It is in this sense that logic is, what it was so expressively called by the schoolmen and by Bacon, _ars artium_; the science of science itself. All science consists of data and conclusions from those data, of proofs and what they prove: now logic points out what relations must subsist between data and whatever can be concluded from them, between proof and every thing which it can prove. If there be any such indispensable relations, and if these can be precisely determined, every particular branch of science, as well as every individual in the guidance of his conduct, is bound to conform to those relations, under the penalty of making false inferences—of drawing conclusions which are not grounded in the realities of things. Whatever has at any time been concluded justly, whatever knowledge has been acquired otherwise than by immediate intuition, depended on the observance of the laws

which it is the province of logic to investigate. If the conclusions are just, and the knowledge real, those laws, whether known or not, have been observed.

§ 6. We need not, therefore, seek any further for a solution of the question, so often agitated, respecting the utility of logic. If a science of logic exists, or is capable of existing, it must be useful. If there be rules to which every mind consciously or unconsciously conforms in every instance in which it infers rightly, there seems little necessity for discussing whether a person is more likely to observe those rules, when he knows the rules, than when he is unacquainted with them.

A science may undoubtedly be brought to a certain, not inconsiderable, stage of advancement, without the application of any other logic to it than what all persons, who are said to have a sound understanding, acquire empirically in the course of their studies. Mankind judged of evidence, and often correctly, before logic was a science, or they never could have made it one. And they executed great mechanical works before they understood the laws of mechanics. But there are limits both to what mechanicians can do without principles of mechanics, and to what thinkers can do without principles of logic. A few individuals, by extraordinary genius, or by the accidental acquisition of a good set of intellectual habits, may work without principles in the same way, or nearly the same way, in which they would have worked if they had been in possession of principles. But the bulk of mankind require either to understand the theory of what they are doing, or to have rules laid down for them by those who have understood the theory. In the progress of science from its easiest to its more difficult problems, each great step in advance has usually had either as its precursor, or as its accompaniment and necessary condition, a corresponding improvement in the notions and principles of logic received among the most advanced thinkers. And if several of the more difficult sciences are still in so defective a state; if not only so little is proved, but disputation has not terminated even about the little which seemed to be so; the reason perhaps is, that men's logical notions have not yet acquired the degree of extension, or of accuracy, requisite for the estimation of the evidence proper to those particular departments of knowledge.

§ 7. Logic, then, is the science of the operations of the understanding which are subservient to the estimation of evidence: both the process itself of advancing from known truths to unknown, and all other intellectual operations in so far as auxiliary to this. It includes, therefore, the operation of Naming; for language is an instrument of thought, as well as a means of communicating our thoughts. It includes, also, Definition, and Classification. For, the use of these operations (putting all other minds than one's own out of consideration) is to serve not only for keeping our evidences and the conclusions from them permanent and readily accessible in the memory, but for so marshaling the facts which we may at any time be engaged in investigating, as to enable us to perceive more clearly what evidence there is, and to judge with fewer chances of error whether it be sufficient. These, therefore, are operations specially instrumental to the estimation of evidence, and, as such, are within the province of Logic. There are other more elementary processes, concerned in all thinking, such as Conception, Memory, and the like; but of these it is not necessary that Logic should take any peculiar cognizance, since they have no special connection with the problem of Evidence, further than that, like all other problems addressed to the understanding, it presupposes them.

Our object, then, will be, to attempt a correct analysis of the intellectual process called Reasoning or Inference, and of such other mental operations as are intended to facilitate this: as well as, on the foundation of this analysis, and _pari passu_ with it, to bring together or frame a set of rules or canons for testing the sufficiency of any given evidence to prove any given proposition.

With respect to the first part of this undertaking, I do not attempt to decompose the mental operations in question into their ultimate elements. It is enough if the analysis as far as it goes is correct, and if it goes far enough for the practical purposes of logic considered as an art. The separation of a complicated phenomenon into its component parts is not like a connected and interdependent chain of proof. If one link of an argument breaks, the whole drops to the ground; but one step toward an analysis holds good and has an independent value, though we should never be able to make a second. The results which have been obtained by analytical chemistry are not the less valuable, though it should be discovered that all which we now call simple substances are really compounds. All other things are at any rate compounded of those elements: whether the elements themselves admit of decomposition, is an important inquiry, but does not affect the certainty of the science up to that point.

I shall, accordingly, attempt to analyze the process of inference, and the processes subordinate to inference, so far only as may be requisite for ascertaining the difference between a correct and an incorrect performance of those processes. The reason for thus limiting our design, is evident. It has been said by objectors to logic, that we do not learn to use our muscles by studying their anatomy. The fact is not quite fairly stated; for if the action of any of our muscles were vitiated by local weakness, or other physical defect, a knowledge of their anatomy might be very necessary for effecting a cure. But we should be justly liable to the criticism involved in this objection, were we, in a treatise on logic, to carry the analysis of the reasoning process beyond the point at which

any inaccuracy which may have crept into it must become visible. In learning bodily exercises (to carry on the same illustration) we do, and must, analyze the bodily motions so far as is necessary for distinguishing those which ought to be performed from those which ought not. To a similar extent, and no further, it is necessary that the logician should analyze the mental processes with which Logic is concerned. Logic has no interest in carrying the analysis beyond the point at which it becomes apparent whether the operations have in any individual case been rightly or wrongly performed: in the same manner as the science of music teaches us to discriminate between musical notes, and to know the combinations of which they are susceptible, but not what number of vibrations in a second correspond to each; which, though useful to be known, is useful for totally different purposes. The extension of Logic as a Science is determined by its necessities as an Art: whatever it does not need for its practical ends, it leaves to the larger science which may be said to correspond, not to any particular art, but to art in general; the science which deals with the constitution of the human faculties; and to which, in the part of our mental nature which concerns Logic, as well as in all other parts, it belongs to decide what are ultimate facts, and what are resolvable into other facts. And I believe it will be found that most of the conclusions arrived at in this work have no necessary connection with any particular views respecting the ulterior analysis. Logic is common ground on which the partisans of Hartley and of Reid, of Locke and of Kant, may meet and join hands. Particular and detached opinions of all these thinkers will no doubt occasionally be controverted, since all of them were logicians as well as metaphysicians; but the field on which their principal battles have been fought, lies beyond the boundaries of our science.

It can not, indeed, be pretended that logical principles can be altogether irrelevant to those more abstruse discussions; nor is it possible but that the view we are led to take of the problem which logic proposes, must have a tendency favorable to the adoption of some one opinion, on these controverted subjects, rather than another. For metaphysics, in endeavoring to solve its own peculiar problem, must employ means, the validity of which falls under the cognizance of logic. It proceeds, no doubt, as far as possible, merely by a closer and more attentive interrogation of our consciousness, or more properly speaking, of our memory; and so far is not amenable to logic. But wherever this method is insufficient to attain the end of its inquiries, it must proceed, like other sciences, by means of evidence. Now, the moment this science begins to draw inferences from evidence, logic becomes the sovereign judge whether its inferences are well grounded, or what other inferences would be so.

This, however, constitutes no nearer or other relation between logic and metaphysics, than that which exists between logic and every other science. And I can conscientiously affirm that no one proposition laid down in this work has been adopted for the sake of establishing, or with any reference to its fitness for being employed in establishing, preconceived opinions in any department of knowledge or of inquiry on which the speculative world is still undecided.(6)

Book I.

OF NAMES AND PROPOSITIONS.

“La scolastique, qui produisit dans la logique, comme dans la morale, et dans une partie de la métaphysique, une subtilité, une précision d’idées, dont l’habitude inconnue aux anciens, a contribué plus qu’on ne croit au progrès de la bonne philosophie.”—CONDORCET, _Vie de Turgot_.

“To the schoolmen the vulgar languages are principally indebted for what precision and analytic subtlety they possess.”—SIR W. HAMILTON, _Discussions in Philosophy_.

Chapter I.

Of The Necessity Of Commencing With An Analysis Of Language.

§ 1. It is so much the established practice of writers on logic to commence their treatises by a few general observations (in most cases, it is true, rather meagre) on Terms and their varieties, that it will, perhaps, scarcely be required from me, in merely following the common usage, to be as particular in assigning my reasons, as it is usually expected that those should be who deviate from it.

The practice, indeed, is recommended by considerations far too obvious to require a formal justification. Logic is a portion of the Art of Thinking: Language is evidently, and by the admission of all philosophers, one of the principal instruments or helps of thought; and any imperfection in the instrument, or in the mode of employing it, is confessedly liable, still more than in almost any other art, to confuse and impede the process, and destroy all ground of confidence in the result. For a mind not previously versed in the meaning and right use of the various kinds of words, to attempt the study of methods of philosophizing, would be as if some one

should attempt to become an astronomical observer, having never learned to adjust the focal distance of his optical instruments so as to see distinctly.

Since Reasoning, or Inference, the principal subject of logic, is an operation which usually takes place by means of words, and in complicated cases can take place in no other way; those who have not a thorough insight into the signification and purposes of words, will be under chances, amounting almost to certainty, of reasoning or inferring incorrectly. And logicians have generally felt that unless, in the very first stage, they removed this source of error; unless they taught their pupil to put away the glasses which distort the object, and to use those which are adapted to his purpose in such a manner as to assist, not perplex, his vision; he would not be in a condition to practice the remaining part of their discipline with any prospect of advantage. Therefore it is that an inquiry into language, so far as is needful to guard against the errors to which it gives rise, has at all times been deemed a necessary preliminary to the study of logic.

But there is another reason, of a still more fundamental nature, why the import of words should be the earliest subject of the logician's consideration: because without it he can not examine into the import of Propositions. Now this is a subject which stands on the very threshold of the science of logic.

The object of logic, as defined in the Introductory Chapter, is to ascertain how we come by that portion of our knowledge (much the greatest portion) which is not intuitive: and by what criterion we can, in matters not self-evident, distinguish between things proved and things not proved, between what is worthy and what is unworthy of belief. Of the various questions which present themselves to our inquiring faculties, some receive an answer from direct consciousness, others, if resolved at all, can only be resolved by means of evidence. Logic is concerned with these last. But before inquiring into the mode of resolving questions, it is necessary to inquire what are those which offer themselves; what questions are conceivable; what inquiries are there, to which mankind have either obtained, or been able to imagine it possible that they should obtain, an answer. This point is best ascertained by a survey and analysis of Propositions.

§ 2. The answer to every question which it is possible to frame, must be contained in a Proposition, or Assertion. Whatever can be an object of belief, or even of disbelief, must, when put into words, assume the form of a proposition. All truth and all error lie in propositions. What, by a convenient misapplication of an abstract term, we call a Truth, means simply a True Proposition; and errors are false propositions. To know the import of all possible propositions would be to know all questions which can be raised, all matters which are susceptible of being either believed or disbelieved. How many kinds of inquiries can be propounded; how many kinds of judgments can be made; and how many kinds of propositions it is possible to frame with a meaning, are but different forms of one and the same question. Since, then, the objects of all Belief and of all Inquiry express themselves in propositions, a sufficient scrutiny of Propositions and of their varieties will apprise us what questions mankind have actually asked of themselves, and what, in the nature of answers to those questions, they have actually thought they had grounds to believe.

Now the first glance at a proposition shows that it is formed by putting together two names. A proposition, according to the common simple definition, which is sufficient for our purpose is, _discourse, in which something is affirmed or denied of something_. Thus, in the proposition, Gold is yellow, the quality yellow is affirmed of the substance _gold_. In the proposition, Franklin was not born in England, the fact expressed by the words _born in England_ is denied of the man Franklin.

Every proposition consists of three parts: the Subject, the Predicate, and the Copula. The predicate is the name denoting that which is affirmed or denied. The subject is the name denoting the person or thing which something is affirmed or denied of. The copula is the sign denoting that there is an affirmation or denial, and thereby enabling the hearer or reader to distinguish a proposition from any other kind of discourse. Thus, in the proposition, The earth is round, the Predicate is the word _round_, which denotes the quality affirmed, or (as the phrase is) predicated: _the earth_, words denoting the object which that quality is affirmed of, compose the Subject; the word _is_, which serves as the connecting mark between the subject and predicate, to show that one of them is affirmed of the other, is called the Copula.

Dismissing, for the present, the copula, of which more will be said hereafter, every proposition, then, consists of at least two names—brings together two names, in a particular manner. This is already a first step toward what we are in quest of. It appears from this, that for an act of belief, _one_ object is not sufficient; the simplest act of belief supposes, and has something to do with, _two_ objects—two names, to say the least; and (since the names must be names of something) two _namable things_. A large class of thinkers would cut the matter short by saying, two _ideas_. They would say, that the subject and predicate are both of them names of ideas; the idea of gold, for instance, and the idea of yellow; and that what takes place (or part of what takes place) in the

act of belief consists in bringing (as it is often expressed) one of these ideas under the other. But this we are not yet in a condition to say: whether such be the correct mode of describing the phenomenon, is an after consideration. The result with which for the present we must be contented, is, that in every act of belief _two_ objects are in some manner taken cognizance of; that there can be no belief claimed, or question propounded, which does not embrace two distinct (either material or intellectual) subjects of thought; each of them capable, or not, of being conceived by itself, but incapable of being believed by itself.

I may say, for instance, “the sun.” The word has a meaning, and suggests that meaning to the mind of any one who is listening to me. But suppose I ask him, Whether it is true: whether he believes it? He can give no answer. There is as yet nothing to believe, or to disbelieve. Now, however, let me make, of all possible assertions respecting the sun, the one which involves the least of reference to any object besides itself; let me say, “the sun exists.” Here, at once, is something which a person can say he believes. But here, instead of only one, we find two distinct objects of conception: the sun is one object; existence is another. Let it not be said that this second conception, existence, is involved in the first; for the sun may be conceived as no longer existing. “The sun” does not convey all the meaning that is conveyed by “the sun exists:” “my father” does not include all the meaning of “my father exists,” for he may be dead; “a round square” does not include the meaning of “a round square exists,” for it does not and can not exist. When I say “the sun,” “my father,” or a “round square,” I do not call upon the hearer for any belief or disbelief, nor can either the one or the other be afforded me; but if I say, “the sun exists,” “my father exists,” or “a round square exists,” I call for belief; and should, in the first of the three instances, meet with it; in the second, with belief or disbelief, as the case might be; in the third, with disbelief.

§ 3. This first step in the analysis of the object of belief, which, though so obvious, will be found to be not unimportant, is the only one which we shall find it practicable to make without a preliminary survey of language. If we attempt to proceed further in the same path, that is, to analyze any further the import of Propositions; we find forced upon us, as a subject of previous consideration, the import of Names. For every proposition consists of two names; and every proposition affirms or denies one of these names, of the other. Now what we do, what passes in our mind, when we affirm or deny two names of one another, must depend on what they are names of; since it is with reference to that, and not to the mere names themselves, that we make the affirmation or denial. Here, therefore, we find a new reason why the signification of names, and the relation generally between names and the things signified by them, must occupy the preliminary stage of the inquiry we are engaged in.

It may be objected that the meaning of names can guide us at most only to the opinions, possibly the foolish and groundless opinions, which mankind have formed concerning things, and that as the object of philosophy is truth, not opinion, the philosopher should dismiss words and look into things themselves, to ascertain what questions can be asked and answered in regard to them. This advice (which no one has it in his power to follow) is in reality an exhortation to discard the whole fruits of the labors of his predecessors, and conduct himself as if he were the first person who had ever turned an inquiring eye upon nature. What does any one’s personal knowledge of Things amount to, after subtracting all which he has acquired by means of the words of other people? Even after he has learned as much as people usually do learn from others, will the notions of things contained in his individual mind afford as sufficient a basis for a _catalogue raisonné_ as the notions which are in the minds of all mankind?

In any enumeration and classification of Things, which does not set out from their names, no varieties of things will of course be comprehended but those recognized by the particular inquirer; and it will still remain to be established, by a subsequent examination of names, that the enumeration has omitted nothing which ought to have been included. But if we begin with names, and use them as our clue to the things, we bring at once before us all the distinctions which have been recognized, not by a single inquirer, but by all inquirers taken together. It doubtless may, and I believe it will, be found, that mankind have multiplied the varieties unnecessarily, and have imagined distinctions among things, where there were only distinctions in the manner of naming them. But we are not entitled to assume this in the commencement. We must begin by recognizing the distinctions made by ordinary language. If some of these appear, on a close examination, not to be fundamental, the enumeration of the different kinds of realities may be abridged accordingly. But to impose upon the facts in the first instance the yoke of a theory, while the grounds of the theory are reserved for discussion in a subsequent stage, is not a course which a logician can reasonably adopt.

Chapter II.

Of Names.

§ 1. “A name,” says Hobbes,(7) “is a word taken at pleasure to serve for a mark which may raise in our mind a thought like to some thought we had before, and which being pronounced to others, may be to them a sign of what thought the speaker had(8) before in

his mind." This simple definition of a name, as a word (or set of words) serving the double purpose of a mark to recall to ourselves the likeness of a former thought, and a sign to make it known to others, appears unexceptionable. Names, indeed, do much more than this; but whatever else they do, grows out of, and is the result of this: as will appear in its proper place.

Are names more properly said to be the names of things, or of our ideas of things? The first is the expression in common use; the last is that of some metaphysicians, who conceived that in adopting it they were introducing a highly important distinction. The eminent thinker, just quoted, seems to countenance the latter opinion. "But seeing," he continues, "names ordered in speech (as is defined) are signs of our conceptions, it is manifest they are not signs of the things themselves; for that the sound of this word _stone_ should be the sign of a stone, can not be understood in any sense but this, that he that hears it collects that he that pronounces it thinks of a stone."

If it be merely meant that the conception alone, and not the thing itself, is recalled by the name, or imparted to the hearer, this of course can not be denied. Nevertheless, there seems good reason for adhering to the common usage, and calling (as indeed Hobbes himself does in other places) the word _sun_ the name of the sun, and not the name of our idea of the sun. For names are not intended only to make the hearer conceive what we conceive, but also to inform him what we believe. Now, when I use a name for the purpose of expressing a belief, it is a belief concerning the thing itself, not concerning my idea of it. When I say, "the sun is the cause of day," I do not mean that my idea of the sun causes or excites in me the idea of day; or in other words, that thinking of the sun makes me think of day. I mean, that a certain physical fact, which is called the sun's presence (and which, in the ultimate analysis, resolves itself into sensations, not ideas) causes another physical fact, which is called day. It seems proper to consider a word as the _name_ of that which we intend to be understood by it when we use it; of that which any fact that we assert of it is to be understood of; that, in short, concerning which, when we employ the word, we intend to give information. Names, therefore, shall always be spoken of in this work as the names of things themselves, and not merely of our ideas of things.

But the question now arises, of what things? and to answer this it is necessary to take into consideration the different kinds of names.

§ 2. It is usual, before examining the various classes into which names are commonly divided, to begin by distinguishing from names of every description, those words which are not names, but only parts of names. Among such are reckoned particles, as _of_, _to_, _truly_, _often_; the inflected cases of nouns substantive, as _me_, _him_, _John's_; and even adjectives, as _large_, _heavy_. These words do not express things of which any thing can be affirmed or denied. We can not say, Heavy fell, or A heavy fell; Truly, or A truly, was asserted; Of, or An of, was in the room. Unless, indeed, we are speaking of the mere words themselves, as when we say, Truly is an English word, or, Heavy is an adjective. In that case they are complete names—viz., names of those particular sounds, or of those particular collections of written characters. This employment of a word to denote the mere letters and syllables of which it is composed, was termed by the schoolmen the _suppositio materialis_ of the word. In any other sense we can not introduce one of these words into the subject of a proposition, unless in combination with other words; as, A heavy _body_ fell, A truly _important fact_ was asserted, A _member_ of _parliament_ was in the room.

An adjective, however, is capable of standing by itself as the predicate of a proposition; as when we say, Snow is white; and occasionally even as the subject, for we may say, White is an agreeable color. The adjective is often said to be so used by a grammatical ellipsis: Snow is white, instead of Snow is a white object; White is an agreeable color, instead of, A white color, or, The color white, is agreeable. The Greeks and Romans were allowed, by the rules of their language, to employ this ellipsis universally in the subject as well as in the predicate of a proposition. In English this can not, generally speaking, be done. We may say, The earth is round; but we can not say, Round is easily moved; we must say, A round object. This distinction, however, is rather grammatical than logical. Since there is no difference of meaning between _round_, and _a round object_, it is only custom which prescribes that on any given occasion one shall be used, and not the other. We shall, therefore, without scruple, speak of adjectives as names, whether in their own right, or as representative of the more circuitous forms of expression above exemplified. The other classes of subsidiary words have no title whatever to be considered as names. An adverb, or an accusative case, can not under any circumstances (except when their mere letters and syllables are spoken of) figure as one of the terms of a proposition.

Words which are not capable of being used as names, but only as parts of names, were called by some of the schoolmen Syncategorematic terms: from σ■ν, with, and κατηγορ■ω, to predicate, because it was only _with_ some other word that they could be predicated. A word which could be used either as the subject or predicate of a proposition without being accompanied by any other word, was termed by the same authorities a Categorematic term. A combination of one or more Categorematic, and one or more Syncategorematic words, as A heavy body, or A court of justice, they sometimes called a _mixed_ term; but this seems a

needless multiplication of technical expressions. A mixed term is, in the only useful sense of the word, Categorematic. It belongs to the class of what have been called many-worded names.

For, as one word is frequently not a name, but only part of a name, so a number of words often compose one single name, and no more. These words, “The place which the wisdom or policy of antiquity had destined for the residence of the Abyssinian princes,” form in the estimation of the logician only one name; one Categorematic term. A mode of determining whether any set of words makes only one name, or more than one, is by predicating something of it, and observing whether, by this predication, we make only one assertion or several. Thus, when we say, John Nokes, who was the mayor of the town, died yesterday—by this predication we make but one assertion; whence it appears that “John Nokes, who was the mayor of the town,” is no more than one name. It is true that in this proposition, besides the assertion that John Nokes died yesterday, there is included another assertion, namely, that John Nokes was mayor of the town. But this last assertion was already made: we did not make it by adding the predicate, “died yesterday.” Suppose, however, that the words had been, John Nokes _and_ the mayor of the town, they would have formed two names instead of one. For when we say, John Nokes and the mayor of the town died yesterday, we make two assertions: one, that John Nokes died yesterday; the other, that the mayor of the town died yesterday.

It being needless to illustrate at any greater length the subject of many-worded names, we proceed to the distinctions which have been established among names, not according to the words they are composed of, but according to their signification.

§ 3. All names are names of something, real or imaginary; but all things have not names appropriated to them individually. For some individual objects we require, and consequently have, separate distinguishing names; there is a name for every person, and for every remarkable place. Other objects, of which we have not occasion to speak so frequently, we do not designate by a name of their own; but when the necessity arises for naming them, we do so by putting together several words, each of which, by itself, might be and is used for an indefinite number of other objects; as when I say, _this stone_: “this” and “stone” being, each of them, names that may be used of many other objects besides the particular one meant, though the only object of which they can both be used at the given moment, consistently with their signification, may be the one of which I wish to speak.

Were this the sole purpose for which names, that are common to more things than one, could be employed; if they only served, by mutually limiting each other, to afford a designation for such individual objects as have no names of their own: they could only be ranked among contrivances for economizing the use of language. But it is evident that this is not their sole function. It is by their means that we are enabled to assert _general_ propositions; to affirm or deny any predicate of an indefinite number of things at once. The distinction, therefore, between _general_ names, and _individual_ or _singular_ names, is fundamental; and may be considered as the first grand division of names.

A general name is familiarly defined, a name which is capable of being truly affirmed, in the same sense, of each of an indefinite number of things. An individual or singular name is a name which is only capable of being truly affirmed, in the same sense, of one thing.

Thus, _man_ is capable of being truly affirmed of John, George, Mary, and other persons without assignable limit; and it is affirmed of all of them in the same sense; for the word man expresses certain qualities, and when we predicate it of those persons, we assert that they all possess those qualities. But _John_ is only capable of being truly affirmed of one single person, at least in the same sense. For, though there are many persons who bear that name, it is not conferred upon them to indicate any qualities, or any thing which belongs to them in common; and can not be said to be affirmed of them in any _sense_ at all, consequently not in the same sense. “The king who succeeded William the Conqueror,” is also an individual name. For, that there can not be more than one person of whom it can be truly affirmed, is implied in the meaning of the words. Even “_the_ king,” when the occasion or the context defines the individual of whom it is to be understood, may justly be regarded as an individual name.

It is not unusual, by way of explaining what is meant by a general name, to say that it is the name of a _class_. But this, though a convenient mode of expression for some purposes, is objectionable as a definition, since it explains the clearer of two things by the more obscure. It would be more logical to reverse the proposition, and turn it into a definition of the word _class_: “A class is the indefinite multitude of individuals denoted by a general name.”

It is necessary to distinguish _general_ from _collective_ names. A general name is one which can be predicated of _each_ individual of a multitude; a collective name can not be predicated of each separately, but only of all taken together. “The 76th regiment of foot in the British army,” which is a collective name, is not a general but an individual name; for though it can be predicated of a multitude of individual soldiers taken jointly, it can not be predicated of them severally. We may say, Jones is a

soldier, and Thompson is a soldier, and Smith is a soldier, but we can not say, Jones is the 76th regiment, and Thompson is the 76th regiment, and Smith is the 76th regiment. We can only say, Jones, and Thompson, and Smith, and Brown, and so forth (enumerating all the soldiers), are the 76th regiment.

“The 76th regiment” is a collective name, but not a general one: “a regiment” is both a collective and a general name. General with respect to all individual regiments, of each of which separately it can be affirmed: collective with respect to the individual soldiers of whom any regiment is composed.

§ 4. The second general division of names is into _concrete_ and _abstract_. A concrete name is a name which stands for a thing; an abstract name is a name which stands for an attribute of a thing. Thus _John_, _the sea_, _this table_, are names of things. _White_, also, is a name of a thing, or rather of things. Whiteness, again, is the name of a quality or attribute of those things. Man is a name of many things; humanity is a name of an attribute of those things. _Old_ is a name of things: _old age_ is a name of one of their attributes.

I have used the words concrete and abstract in the sense annexed to them by the schoolmen, who, notwithstanding the imperfections of their philosophy, were unrivaled in the construction of technical language, and whose definitions, in logic at least, though they never went more than a little way into the subject, have seldom, I think, been altered but to be spoiled. A practice, however, has grown up in more modern times, which, if not introduced by Locke, has gained currency chiefly from his example, of applying the expression “abstract name” to all names which are the result of abstraction or generalization, and consequently to all general names, instead of confining it to the names of attributes. The metaphysicians of the Condillac school—whose admiration of Locke, passing over the profoundest speculations of that truly original genius, usually fastens with peculiar eagerness upon his weakest points—have gone on imitating him in this abuse of language, until there is now some difficulty in restoring the word to its original signification. A more wanton alteration in the meaning of a word is rarely to be met with; for the expression _general name_, the exact equivalent of which exists in all languages I am acquainted with, was already available for the purpose to which _abstract_ has been misappropriated, while the misappropriation leaves that important class of words, the names of attributes, without any compact distinctive appellation. The old acceptation, however, has not gone so completely out of use as to deprive those who still adhere to it of all chance of being understood. By _abstract_, then, I shall always, in Logic proper, mean the opposite of _concrete_; by an abstract name, the name of an attribute; by a concrete name, the name of an object.

Do abstract names belong to the class of general, or to that of singular names? Some of them are certainly general. I mean those which are names not of one single and definite attribute, but of a class of attributes. Such is the word _color_, which is a name common to whiteness, redness, etc. Such is even the word whiteness, in respect of the different shades of whiteness to which it is applied in common: the word magnitude, in respect of the various degrees of magnitude and the various dimensions of space; the word weight, in respect of the various degrees of weight. Such also is the word _attribute_ itself, the common name of all particular attributes. But when only one attribute, neither variable in degree nor in kind, is designated by the name; as visibleness; tangibleness; equality; squareness; milk-whiteness; then the name can hardly be considered general; for though it denotes an attribute of many different objects, the attribute itself is always conceived as one, not many.(9) To avoid needless logomachies, the best course would probably be to consider these names as neither general nor individual, and to place them in a class apart.

It may be objected to our definition of an abstract name, that not only the names which we have called abstract, but adjectives, which we have placed in the concrete class, are names of attributes; that _white_, for example, is as much the name of the color as _whiteness_ is. But (as before remarked) a word ought to be considered as the name of that which we intend to be understood by it when we put it to its principal use, that is, when we employ it in predication. When we say snow is white, milk is white, linen is white, we do not mean it to be understood that snow, or linen, or milk, is a color. We mean that they are things having the color. The reverse is the case with the word whiteness; what we affirm to _be_ whiteness is not snow, but the color of snow. Whiteness, therefore, is the name of the color exclusively: white is a name of all things whatever having the color; a name, not of the quality whiteness, but of every white object. It is true, this name was given to all those various objects on account of the quality; and we may therefore say, without impropriety, that the quality forms part of its signification; but a name can only be said to stand for, or to be a name of, the things of which it can be predicated. We shall presently see that all names which can be said to have any signification, all names by applying which to an individual we give any information respecting that individual, may be said to _imply_ an attribute of some sort; but they are not names of the attribute; it has its own proper abstract name.

§ 5. This leads to the consideration of a third great division of names, into _connotative_ and _non-connotative_, the latter sometimes, but improperly, called _absolute_. This is one of the most important distinctions which we shall have occasion to point

out, and one of those which go deepest into the nature of language.

A non-connotative term is one which signifies a subject only, or an attribute only. A connotative term is one which denotes a subject, and implies an attribute. By a subject is here meant any thing which possesses attributes. Thus John, or London, or England, are names which signify a subject only. Whiteness, length, virtue, signify an attribute only. None of these names, therefore, are connotative. But _white_, _long_, _virtuous_, are connotative. The word white, denotes all white things, as snow, paper, the foam of the sea, etc., and implies, or in the language of the schoolmen, _connotes_,(10) the attribute _whiteness_. The word white is not predicated of the attribute, but of the subjects, snow, etc.; but when we predicate it of them, we convey the meaning that the attribute whiteness belongs to them. The same may be said of the other words above cited. Virtuous, for example, is the name of a class, which includes Socrates, Howard, the Man of Ross, and an undefinable number of other individuals, past, present, and to come. These individuals, collectively and severally, can alone be said with propriety to be denoted by the word: of them alone can it properly be said to be a name. But it is a name applied to all of them in consequence of an attribute which they are supposed to possess in common, the attribute which has received the name of virtue. It is applied to all beings that are considered to possess this attribute; and to none which are not so considered.

All concrete general names are connotative. The word _man_, for example, denotes Peter, Jane, John, and an indefinite number of other individuals, of whom, taken as a class, it is the name. But it is applied to them, because they possess, and to signify that they possess, certain attributes. These seem to be, corporeity, animal life, rationality, and a certain external form, which for distinction we call the human. Every existing thing, which possessed all these attributes, would be called a man; and any thing which possessed none of them, or only one, or two, or even three of them without the fourth, would not be so called. For example, if in the interior of Africa there were to be discovered a race of animals possessing reason equal to that of human beings, but with the form of an elephant, they would not be called men. Swift's Houyhnhnms would not be so called. Or if such newly-discovered beings possessed the form of man without any vestige of reason, it is probable that some other name than that of man would be found for them. How it happens that there can be any doubt about the matter, will appear hereafter. The word _man_, therefore, signifies all these attributes, and all subjects which possess these attributes. But it can be predicated only of the subjects. What we call men, are the subjects, the individual Stiles and Nokes; not the qualities by which their humanity is constituted. The name, therefore, is said to signify the subjects _directly_, the attributes _indirectly_; it _denotes_ the subjects, and implies, or involves, or indicates, or as we shall say henceforth _connotes_, the attributes. It is a connotative name.

Connotative names have hence been also called _denominative_, because the subject which they denote is denominated by, or receives a name from the attribute which they connote. Snow, and other objects, receive the name white, because they possess the attribute which is called whiteness; Peter, James, and others receive the name man because they possess the attributes which are considered to constitute humanity. The attribute, or attributes, may therefore be said to denominate those objects, or to give them a common name.(11)

It has been seen that all concrete general names are connotative. Even abstract names, though the names only of attributes, may in some instances be justly considered as connotative; for attributes themselves may have attributes ascribed to them; and a word which denotes attributes may connote an attribute of those attributes. Of this description, for example, is such a word as _fault_; equivalent to _bad_ or _hurtful quality_. This word is a name common to many attributes, and connotes hurtfulness, an attribute of those various attributes. When, for example, we say that slowness, in a horse, is a fault, we do not mean that the slow movement, the actual change of pace of the slow horse, is a bad thing, but that the property or peculiarity of the horse, from which it derives that name, the quality of being a slow mover, is an undesirable peculiarity.

In regard to those concrete names which are not general but individual, a distinction must be made.

Proper names are not connotative: they denote the individuals who are called by them; but they do not indicate or imply any attributes as belonging to those individuals. When we name a child by the name Paul, or a dog by the name Cæsar, these names are simply marks used to enable those individuals to be made subjects of discourse. It may be said, indeed, that we must have had some reason for giving them those names rather than any others; and this is true; but the name, once given, is independent of the reason. A man may have been named John, because that was the name of his father; a town may have been named Dartmouth, because it is situated at the mouth of the Dart. But it is no part of the signification of the word John, that the father of the person so called bore the same name; nor even of the word Dartmouth, to be situated at the mouth of the Dart. If sand should choke up the mouth of the river, or an earthquake change its course, and remove it to a distance from the town, the name of the town would not necessarily be changed. That fact, therefore, can form no part of the signification of the word; for otherwise, when the fact

confessedly ceased to be true, no one would any longer think of applying the name. Proper names are attached to the objects themselves, and are not dependent on the continuance of any attribute of the object.

But there is another kind of names, which, although they are individual names—that is, predicable only of one object—are really connotative. For, though we may give to an individual a name utterly unmeaning, which we call a proper name—a word which answers the purpose of showing what thing it is we are talking about, but not of telling any thing about it; yet a name peculiar to an individual is not necessarily of this description. It may be significant of some attribute, or some union of attributes, which, being possessed by no object but one, determines the name exclusively to that individual. “The sun” is a name of this description; “God,” when used by a monotheist, is another. These, however, are scarcely examples of what we are now attempting to illustrate, being, in strictness of language, general, not individual names: for, however they may be _in fact_ predicable only of one object, there is nothing in the meaning of the words themselves which implies this: and, accordingly, when we are imagining and not affirming, we may speak of many suns; and the majority of mankind have believed, and still believe, that there are many gods. But it is easy to produce words which are real instances of connotative individual names. It may be part of the meaning of the connotative name itself, that there can exist but one individual possessing the attribute which it connotes: as, for instance, “the _only_ son of John Stiles;” “the _first_ emperor of Rome.” Or the attribute connoted may be a connection with some determinate event, and the connection may be of such a kind as only one individual could have; or may at least be such as only one individual actually had; and this may be implied in the form of the expression. “The father of Socrates” is an example of the one kind (since Socrates could not have had two fathers); “the author of the Iliad,” “the murderer of Henri Quatre,” of the second. For, though it is conceivable that more persons than one might have participated in the authorship of the Iliad, or in the murder of Henri Quatre, the employment of the article _the_ implies that, in fact, this was not the case. What is here done by the word _the_, is done in other cases by the context: thus, “Cæsar’s army” is an individual name, if it appears from the context that the army meant is that which Cæsar commanded in a particular battle. The still more general expressions, “the Roman army,” or “the Christian army,” may be individualized in a similar manner. Another case of frequent occurrence has already been noticed; it is the following: The name, being a many-worded one, may consist, in the first place, of a _general_ name, capable therefore in itself of being affirmed of more things than one, but which is, in the second place, so limited by other words joined with it, that the entire expression can only be predicated of one object, consistently with the meaning of the general term. This is exemplified in such an instance as the following: “the present prime minister of England.” Prime Minister of England is a general name; the attributes which it connotes may be possessed by an indefinite number of persons: in succession however, not simultaneously; since the meaning of the name itself imports (among other things) that there can be only one such person at a time. This being the case, and the application of the name being afterward limited by the article and the word _present_, to such individuals as possess the attributes at one indivisible point of time, it becomes applicable only to one individual. And as this appears from the meaning of the name, without any extrinsic proof, it is strictly an individual name.

From the preceding observations it will easily be collected, that whenever the names given to objects convey any information—that is, whenever they have properly any meaning—the meaning resides not in what they _denote_, but in what they _connote_. The only names of objects which connote nothing are _proper_ names; and these have, strictly speaking, no signification.(12)

If, like the robber in the Arabian Nights, we make a mark with chalk on a house to enable us to know it again, the mark has a purpose, but it has not properly any meaning. The chalk does not declare any thing about the house; it does not mean, This is such a person’s house, or This is a house which contains booty. The object of making the mark is merely distinction. I say to myself, All these houses are so nearly alike that if I lose sight of them I shall not again be able to distinguish that which I am now looking at, from any of the others; I must therefore contrive to make the appearance of this one house unlike that of the others, that I may hereafter know when I see the mark—not indeed any attribute of the house—but simply that it is the same house which I am now looking at. Morgiana chalked all the other houses in a similar manner, and defeated the scheme: how? simply by obliterating the difference of appearance between that house and the others. The chalk was still there, but it no longer served the purpose of a distinctive mark.

When we impose a proper name, we perform an operation in some degree analogous to what the robber intended in chalking the house. We put a mark, not indeed upon the object itself, but, so to speak, upon the idea of the object. A proper name is but an unmeaning mark which we connect in our minds with the idea of the object, in order that whenever the mark meets our eyes or occurs to our thoughts, we may think of that individual object. Not being attached to the thing itself, it does not, like the chalk, enable us to distinguish the object when we see it; but it enables us to distinguish it when it is spoken of, either in the records of our own experience, or in the discourse of others; to know that what we find asserted in any proposition of which it is the subject, is

asserted of the individual thing with which we were previously acquainted.

When we predicate of any thing its proper name; when we say, pointing to a man, this is Brown or Smith, or pointing to a city, that it is York, we do not, merely by so doing, convey to the reader any information about them, except that those are their names. By enabling him to identify the individuals, we may connect them with information previously possessed by him; by saying, This is York, we may tell him that it contains the Minster. But this is in virtue of what he has previously heard concerning York; not by any thing implied in the name. It is otherwise when objects are spoken of by connotative names. When we say, The town is built of marble, we give the hearer what may be entirely new information, and this merely by the signification of the many-worded connotative name, “built of marble.” Such names are not signs of the mere objects, invented because we have occasion to think and speak of those objects individually; but signs which accompany an attribute; a kind of livery in which the attribute clothes all objects which are recognized as possessing it. They are not mere marks, but more, that is to say, significant marks; and the connotation is what constitutes their significance.

As a proper name is said to be the name of the one individual which it is predicated of, so (as well from the importance of adhering to analogy, as for the other reasons formerly assigned) a connotative name ought to be considered a name of all the various individuals which it is predicable of, or in other words _denotes_, and not of what it connotes. But by learning what things it is a name of, we do not learn the meaning of the name: for to the same thing we may, with equal propriety, apply many names, not equivalent in meaning. Thus, I call a certain man by the name Sophroniscus: I call him by another name, The father of Socrates. Both these are names of the same individual, but their meaning is altogether different; they are applied to that individual for two different purposes: the one, merely to distinguish him from other persons who are spoken of; the other to indicate a fact relating to him, the fact that Socrates was his son. I further apply to him these other expressions: a man, a Greek, an Athenian, a sculptor, an old man, an honest man, a brave man. All these are, or may be, names of Sophroniscus, not indeed of him alone, but of him and each of an indefinite number of other human beings. Each of these names is applied to Sophroniscus for a different reason, and by each whoever understands its meaning is apprised of a distinct fact or number of facts concerning him; but those who knew nothing about the names except that they were applicable to Sophroniscus, would be altogether ignorant of their meaning. It is even possible that I might know every single individual of whom a given name could be with truth affirmed, and yet could not be said to know the meaning of the name. A child knows who are its brothers and sisters, long before it has any definite conception of the nature of the facts which are involved in the signification of those words.

In some cases it is not easy to decide precisely how much a particular word does or does not connote; that is, we do not exactly know (the case not having arisen) what degree of difference in the object would occasion a difference in the name. Thus, it is clear that the word man, besides animal life and rationality, connotes also a certain external form; but it would be impossible to say precisely what form; that is, to decide how great a deviation from the form ordinarily found in the beings whom we are accustomed to call men, would suffice in a newly-discovered race to make us refuse them the name of man. Rationality, also, being a quality which admits of degrees, it has never been settled what is the lowest degree of that quality which would entitle any creature to be considered a human being. In all such cases, the meaning of the general name is so far unsettled and vague; mankind have not come to any positive agreement about the matter. When we come to treat of Classification, we shall have occasion to show under what conditions this vagueness may exist without practical inconvenience; and cases will appear in which the ends of language are better promoted by it than by complete precision; in order that, in natural history for instance, individuals or species of no very marked character may be ranged with those more strongly characterized individuals or species to which, in all their properties taken together, they bear the nearest resemblance.

But this partial uncertainty in the connotation of names can only be free from mischief when guarded by strict precautions. One of the chief sources, indeed, of lax habits of thought, is the custom of using connotative terms without a distinctly ascertained connotation, and with no more precise notion of their meaning than can be loosely collected from observing what objects they are used to denote. It is in this manner that we all acquire, and inevitably so, our first knowledge of our vernacular language. A child learns the meaning of the words _man_, or _white_, by hearing them applied to a variety of individual objects, and finding out, by a process of generalization and analysis which he could not himself describe, what those different objects have in common. In the case of these two words the process is so easy as to require no assistance from culture; the objects called human beings, and the objects called white, differing from all others by qualities of a peculiarly definite and obvious character. But in many other cases, objects bear a general resemblance to one another, which leads to their being familiarly classed together under a common name, while, without more analytic habits than the generality of mankind possess, it is not immediately apparent what are the particular attributes, upon the possession of which in common by them all, their general resemblance depends. When this is the case, people

use the name without any recognized connotation, that is, without any precise meaning; they talk, and consequently think, vaguely, and remain contented to attach only the same degree of significance to their own words, which a child three years old attaches to the words brother and sister. The child at least is seldom puzzled by the starting up of new individuals, on whom he is ignorant whether or not to confer the title; because there is usually an authority close at hand competent to solve all doubts. But a similar resource does not exist in the generality of cases; and new objects are continually presenting themselves to men, women, and children, which they are called upon to class _proprio motu_. They, accordingly, do this on no other principle than that of superficial similarity, giving to each new object the name of that familiar object, the idea of which it most readily recalls, or which, on a cursory inspection, it seems to them most to resemble: as an unknown substance found in the ground will be called, according to its texture, earth, sand, or a stone. In this manner, names creep on from subject to subject, until all traces of a common meaning sometimes disappear, and the word comes to denote a number of things not only independently of any common attribute, but which have actually no attribute in common; or none but what is shared by other things to which the name is capriciously refused.(13) Even scientific writers have aided in this perversion of general language from its purpose; sometimes because, like the vulgar, they knew no better; and sometimes in deference to that aversion to admit new words, which induces mankind, on all subjects not considered technical, to attempt to make the original stock of names serve with but little augmentation to express a constantly increasing number of objects and distinctions, and, consequently, to express them in a manner progressively more and more imperfect.

To what a degree this loose mode of classing and denominating objects has rendered the vocabulary of mental and moral philosophy unfit for the purposes of accurate thinking, is best known to whoever has most meditated on the present condition of those branches of knowledge. Since, however, the introduction of a new technical language as the vehicle of speculations on subjects belonging to the domain of daily discussion, is extremely difficult to effect, and would not be free from inconvenience even if effected, the problem for the philosopher, and one of the most difficult which he has to resolve, is, in retaining the existing phraseology, how best to alleviate its imperfections. This can only be accomplished by giving to every general concrete name which there is frequent occasion to predicate, a definite and fixed connotation; in order that it may be known what attributes, when we call an object by that name, we really mean to predicate of the object. And the question of most nicety is, how to give this fixed connotation to a name, with the least possible change in the objects which the name is habitually employed to denote; with the least possible disarrangement, either by adding or subtraction, of the group of objects which, in however imperfect a manner, it serves to circumscribe and hold together; and with the least vitiation of the truth of any propositions which are commonly received as true.

This desirable purpose, of giving a fixed connotation where it is wanting, is the end aimed at whenever any one attempts to give a definition of a general name already in use; every definition of a connotative name being an attempt either merely to declare, or to declare and analyze, the connotation of the name. And the fact, that no questions which have arisen in the moral sciences have been subjects of keener controversy than the definitions of almost all the leading expressions, is a proof how great an extent the evil to which we have adverted has attained.

Names with indeterminate connotation are not to be confounded with names which have more than one connotation, that is to say, ambiguous words. A word may have several meanings, but all of them fixed and recognized ones; as the word _post_, for example, or the word _box_, the various senses of which it would be endless to enumerate. And the paucity of existing names, in comparison with the demand for them, may often render it advisable and even necessary to retain a name in this multiplicity of acceptations, distinguishing these so clearly as to prevent their being confounded with one another. Such a word may be considered as two or more names, accidentally written and spoken alike.(14)

§ 6. The fourth principal division of names, is into _positive_ and _negative_. Positive, as _man_, _tree_, _good_; negative, as _not-man_, _not-tree_, _not-good_. To every positive concrete name, a corresponding negative one might be framed. After giving a name to any one thing, or to any plurality of things, we might create a second name which should be a name of all things whatever, except that particular thing or things. These negative names are employed whenever we have occasion to speak collectively of all things other than some thing or class of things. When the positive name is connotative, the corresponding negative name is connotative likewise; but in a peculiar way, connoting not the presence but the absence of an attribute. Thus, _not-white_ denotes all things whatever except white things; and connotes the attribute of not possessing whiteness. For the non-possession of any given attribute is also an attribute, and may receive a name as such; and thus negative concrete names may obtain negative abstract names to correspond to them.(15)

Names which are positive in form are often negative in reality, and others are really positive though their form is negative. The word _inconvenient_, for example, does not express the mere absence of convenience; it expresses a positive attribute—that of being the cause of discomfort or annoyance. So the word _unpleasant_, notwithstanding its negative form, does not connote the mere absence of pleasantness, but a less degree of what is signified by the word _painful_, which, it is hardly necessary to say, is positive. _Idle_, on the other hand, is a word which, though positive in form, expresses nothing but what would be signified either by the phrase _not working_, or by the phrase _not disposed to work_; and _sober_, either by _not drunk_ or by _not drunken_.

There is a class of names called _privative_. A privative name is equivalent in its signification to a positive and a negative name taken together; being the name of something which has once had a particular attribute, or for some other reason might have been expected to have it, but which has it not. Such is the word _blind_, which is not equivalent to _not seeing_, or to _not capable of seeing_, for it would not, except by a poetical or rhetorical figure, be applied to stocks and stones. A thing is not usually said to be blind, unless the class to which it is most familiarly referred, or to which it is referred on the particular occasion, be chiefly composed of things which can see, as in the case of a blind man, or a blind horse; or unless it is supposed for any reason that it ought to see; as in saying of a man, that he rushed blindly into an abyss, or of philosophers or the clergy that the greater part of them are blind guides. The names called privative, therefore, connote two things; the absence of certain attributes, and the presence of others, from which the presence also of the former might naturally have been expected.

§ 7. The fifth leading division of names is into _relative_ and _absolute_, or let us rather say, _relative_ and _non-relative_; for the word absolute is put upon much too hard duty in metaphysics, not to be willingly spared when its services can be dispensed with. It resembles the word _civil_ in the language of jurisprudence, which stands for the opposite of criminal, the opposite of ecclesiastical, the opposite of military, the opposite of political—in short, the opposite of any positive word which wants a negative.

Relative names are such as father, son; ruler, subject; like; equal; unlike; unequal; longer, shorter; cause, effect. Their characteristic property is, that they are always given in pairs. Every relative name which is predicated of an object, supposes another object (or objects), of which we may predicate either that same name or another relative name which is said to be the _correlative_ of the former. Thus, when we call any person a son, we suppose other persons who must be called parents. When we call any event a cause, we suppose another event which is an effect. When we say of any distance that it is longer, we suppose another distance which is shorter. When we say of any object that it is like, we mean that it is like some other object, which is also said to be like the first. In this last case both objects receive the same name; the relative term is its own correlative.

It is evident that these words, when concrete, are, like other concrete general names, connotative; they denote a subject, and connote an attribute; and each of them has, or might have, a corresponding abstract name, to denote the attribute connoted by the concrete. Thus the concrete _like_ has its abstract _likeness_; the concretes, father and son, have, or might have, the abstracts, paternity, and filiety, or sonship. The concrete name connotes an attribute, and the abstract name which answers to it denotes that attribute. But of what nature is the attribute? Wherein consists the peculiarity in the connotation of a relative name?

The attribute signified by a relative name, say some, is a relation; and this they give, if not as a sufficient explanation, at least as the only one attainable. If they are asked, What then is a relation? they do not profess to be able to tell. It is generally regarded as something peculiarly recondite and mysterious. I can not, however, perceive in what respect it is more so than any other attribute; indeed, it appears to me to be so in a somewhat less degree. I conceive rather, that it is by examining into the signification of relative names, or, in other words, into the nature of the attribute which they connote, that a clear insight may best be obtained into the nature of all attributes: of all that is meant by an attribute.

It is obvious, in fact, that if we take any two correlative names, _father_ and _son_ for instance, though the objects _de_noted by the names are different, they both, in a certain sense, connote the same thing. They can not, indeed, be said to connote the same _attribute_: to be a father, is not the same thing as to be a son. But when we call one man a father, another a son, what we mean to affirm is a set of facts, which are exactly the same in both cases. To predicate of A that he is the father of B, and of B that he is the son of A, is to assert one and the same fact in different words. The two propositions are exactly equivalent: neither of them asserts more or asserts less than the other. The paternity of A and the filiety of B are not two facts, but two modes of expressing the same fact. That fact, when analysed, consists of a series of physical events or phenomena, in which both A and B are parties concerned, and from which they both derive names. What those names really connote, is this series of events: that is the meaning, and the whole meaning, which either of them is intended to convey. The series of events may be said to _constitute_ the relation; the schoolmen called it the foundation of the relation, _fundamentum relationis_.

In this manner any fact, or series of facts, in which two different objects are implicated, and which is therefore predicable of both of them, may be either considered as constituting an attribute of the one, or an attribute of the other. According as we consider it in the former, or in the latter aspect, it is connoted by the one or the other of the two correlative names. _Father_ connotes the fact, regarded as constituting an attribute of A; _son_ connotes the same fact, as constituting an attribute of B. It may evidently be regarded with equal propriety in either light. And all that appears necessary to account for the existence of relative names, is, that whenever there is a fact in which two individuals are concerned, an attribute grounded on that fact may be ascribed to either of these individuals.

A name, therefore, is said to be relative, when, over and above the object which it denotes, it implies in its signification the existence of another object, also deriving a denomination from the same fact which is the ground of the first name. Or (to express the same meaning in other words) a name is relative, when, being the name of one thing, its signification can not be explained but by mentioning another. Or we may state it thus—when the name can not be employed in discourse so as to have a meaning, unless the name of some other thing than what it is itself the name of, be either expressed or understood. These definitions are all, at bottom, equivalent, being modes of variously expressing this one distinctive circumstance—that every other attribute of an object might, without any contradiction, be conceived still to exist if no object besides that one had ever existed;(16) but those of its attributes which are expressed by relative names, would on that supposition be swept away.

§ 8. Names have been further distinguished into _univocal_ and _æquivocal_: these, however, are not two kinds of names, but two different modes of employing names. A name is univocal, or applied univocally, with respect to all things of which it can be predicated _in the same sense_; it is æquivocal, or applied æquivocally, as respects those things of which it is predicated in different senses. It is scarcely necessary to give instances of a fact so familiar as the double meaning of a word. In reality, as has been already observed, an æquivocal or ambiguous word is not one name, but two names, accidentally coinciding in sound. _File_ meaning a steel instrument, and _file_ meaning a line of soldiers, have no more title to be considered one word, because written alike, than _grease_ and _Greece_ have, because they are pronounced alike. They are one sound, appropriated to form two different words.

An intermediate case is that of a name used _analogically_ or metaphorically; that is, a name which is predicated of two things, not univocally, or exactly in the same signification, but in significations somewhat similar, and which being derived one from the other, one of them may be considered the primary, and the other a secondary signification. As when we speak of a brilliant light and a brilliant achievement. The word is not applied in the same sense to the light and to the achievement; but having been applied to the light in its original sense, that of brightness to the eye, it is transferred to the achievement in a derivative signification, supposed to be somewhat like the primitive one. The word, however, is just as properly two names instead of one, in this case, as in that of the most perfect ambiguity. And one of the commonest forms of fallacious reasoning arising from ambiguity, is that of arguing from a metaphorical expression as if it were literal; that is, as if a word, when applied metaphorically, were the same name as when taken in its original sense: which will be seen more particularly in its place.

Chapter III.

Of The Things Denoted By Names.

§ 1. Looking back now to the commencement of our inquiry, let us attempt to measure how far it has advanced. Logic, we found, is the Theory of Proof. But proof supposes something provable, which must be a Proposition or Assertion; since nothing but a Proposition can be an object of belief, or therefore of proof. A Proposition is, discourse which affirms or denies something of some other thing. This is one step: there must, it seems, be two things concerned in every act of belief. But what are these Things? They can be no other than those signified by the two names, which being joined together by a copula constitute the Proposition. If, therefore, we knew what all names signify, we should know every thing which, in the existing state of human knowledge, is capable either of being made a subject of affirmation or denial, or of being itself affirmed or denied of a subject. We have accordingly, in the preceding chapter, reviewed the various kinds of Names, in order to ascertain what is signified by each of them. And we have now carried this survey far enough to be able to take an account of its results, and to exhibit an enumeration of all kinds of Things which are capable of being made predicates, or of having any thing predicated of them: after which to determine the import of Predication, that is, of Propositions, can be no arduous task.

The necessity of an enumeration of Existences, as the basis of Logic, did not escape the attention of the schoolmen, and of their master Aristotle, the most comprehensive, if not also the most sagacious, of the ancient philosophers. The Categories, or

Predicaments—the former a Greek word, the latter its literal translation in the Latin language—were believed to be an enumeration of all things capable of being named; an enumeration by the _summa genera_, _i.e._, the most extensive classes into which things could be distributed; which, therefore, were so many highest Predicates, one or other of which was supposed capable of being affirmed with truth of every namable thing whatsoever. The following are the classes into which, according to this school of philosophy, Things in general might be reduced:

Ο■σ■α, Substantia. Ποσ■ν, Quantitas. Ποι■ν, Qualitas. Πρ■ς τι, Relatio. Ποιε■ν, Actio. Π■σχειν, Passio. Πο■, Ubi. Π■τε, Quando. Κε■σθακ, Situs. ■χειν, Habitus.

The imperfections of this classification are too obvious to require, and its merits are not sufficient to reward, a minute examination. It is a mere catalogue of the distinctions rudely marked out by the language of familiar life, with little or no attempt to penetrate, by philosophic analysis, to the _rationale_ even of those common distinctions. Such an analysis, however superficially conducted, would have shown the enumeration to be both redundant and defective. Some objects are omitted, and others repeated several times under different heads. It is like a division of animals into men, quadrupeds, horses, asses, and ponies. That, for instance, could not be a very comprehensive view of the nature of Relation which could exclude action, passivity, and local situation from that category. The same observation applies to the categories Quando (or position in time), and Ubi (or position in space); while the distinction between the latter and Situs is merely verbal. The incongruity of erecting into a _summum genus_ the class which forms the tenth category is manifest. On the other hand, the enumeration takes no notice of any thing besides substances and attributes. In what category are we to place sensations, or any other feelings and states of mind; as hope, joy, fear; sound, smell, taste; pain, pleasure; thought, judgment, conception, and the like? Probably all these would have been placed by the Aristotelian school in the categories of _actio_ and _passio_; and the relation of such of them as are active, to their objects, and of such of them as are passive, to their causes, would rightly be so placed; but the things themselves, the feelings or states of mind, wrongly. Feelings, or states of consciousness, are assuredly to be accounted among realities, but they can not be reckoned either among substances or attributes.(17)

§ 2. Before recommencing, under better auspices, the attempt made with such imperfect success by the early logicians, we must take notice of an unfortunate ambiguity in all the concrete names which correspond to the most general of all abstract terms, the word Existence. When we have occasion for a name which shall be capable of denoting whatever exists, as contradistinguished from non-entity or Nothing, there is hardly a word applicable to the purpose which is not also, and even more familiarly, taken in a sense in which it denotes only substances. But substances are not all that exists; attributes, if such things are to be spoken of, must be said to exist; feelings certainly exist. Yet when we speak of an _object_, or of a _thing_, we are almost always supposed to mean a substance. There seems a kind of contradiction in using such an expression as that one _thing_ is merely an attribute of another thing. And the announcement of a Classification of Things would, I believe, prepare most readers for an enumeration like those in natural history, beginning with the great divisions of animal, vegetable, and mineral, and subdividing them into classes and orders. If, rejecting the word Thing, we endeavor to find another of a more general import, or at least more exclusively confined to that general import, a word denoting all that exists, and connoting only simple existence; no word might be presumed fitter for such a purpose than _being_: originally the present participle of a verb which in one of its meanings is exactly equivalent to the verb _exists_; and therefore suitable, even by its grammatical formation, to be the concrete of the abstract _existence_. But this word, strange as the fact may appear, is still more completely spoiled for the purpose which it seemed expressly made for, than the word Thing. _Being_ is, by custom, exactly synonymous with substance; except that it is free from a slight taint of a second ambiguity; being implied impartially to matter and to mind, while substance, though originally and in strictness applicable to both, is apt to suggest in preference the idea of matter. Attributes are never called Beings; nor are feelings. A Being is that which excites feelings, and which possesses attributes. The soul is called a Being; God and angels are called Beings; but if we were to say, extension, color, wisdom, virtue, are beings, we should perhaps be suspected of thinking with some of the ancients, that the cardinal virtues are animals; or, at the least, of holding with the Platonic school the doctrine of self-existent Ideas, or with the followers of Epicurus that of Sensible Forms, which detach themselves in every direction from bodies, and by coming in contact with our organs, cause our perceptions. We should be supposed, in short, to believe that Attributes are Substances.

In consequence of this perversion of the word Being, philosophers looking about for something to supply its place, laid their hands upon the word Entity, a piece of barbarous Latin, invented by the schoolmen to be used as an abstract name, in which class its grammatical form would seem to place it: but being seized by logicians in distress to stop a leak in their terminology, it has ever since been used as a concrete name. The kindred word _essence_, born at the same time and of the same parents, scarcely underwent a more complete transformation when, from being the abstract of the verb _to be_, it came to denote something

sufficiently concrete to be inclosed in a glass bottle. The word Entity, since it settled down into a concrete name, has retained its universality of signification somewhat less impaired than any of the names before mentioned. Yet the same gradual decay to which, after a certain age, all the language of psychology seems liable, has been at work even here. If you call virtue an _entity_, you are indeed somewhat less strongly suspected of believing it to be a substance than if you called it a _being_; but you are by no means free from the suspicion. Every word which was originally intended to connote mere existence, seems, after a time, to enlarge its connotation to _separate_ existence, or existence freed from the condition of belonging to a substance; which condition being precisely what constitutes an attribute, attributes are gradually shut out; and along with them feelings, which in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred have no other name than that of the attribute which is grounded on them. Strange that when the greatest embarrassment felt by all who have any considerable number of thoughts to express, is to find a sufficient variety of precise words fitted to express them, there should be no practice to which even scientific thinkers are more addicted than that of taking valuable words to express ideas which are sufficiently expressed by other words already appropriated to them.

When it is impossible to obtain good tools, the next best thing is to understand thoroughly the defects of those we have. I have therefore warned the reader of the ambiguity of the names which, for want of better, I am necessitated to employ. It must now be the writer's endeavor so to employ them as in no case to leave the meaning doubtful or obscure. No one of the above terms being altogether unambiguous, I shall not confine myself to any one, but shall employ on each occasion the word which seems least likely in the particular case to lead to misunderstanding; nor do I pretend to use either these or any other words with a rigorous adherence to one single sense. To do so would often leave us without a word to express what is signified by a known word in some one or other of its senses: unless authors had an unlimited license to coin new words, together with (what it would be more difficult to assume) unlimited power of making readers understand them. Nor would it be wise in a writer, on a subject involving so much of abstraction, to deny himself the advantage derived from even an improper use of a term, when, by means of it, some familiar association is called up which brings the meaning home to the mind, as it were by a flash.

The difficulty both to the writer and reader, of the attempt which must be made to use vague words so as to convey a precise meaning, is not wholly a matter of regret. It is not unfitting that logical treatises should afford an example of that, to facilitate which is among the most important uses of logic. Philosophical language will for a long time, and popular language still longer, retain so much of vagueness and ambiguity, that logic would be of little value if it did not, among its other advantages, exercise the understanding in doing its work neatly and correctly with these imperfect tools.

After this preamble it is time to proceed to our enumeration. We shall commence with Feelings, the simplest class of namable things; the term Feeling being of course understood in its most enlarged sense.

I. Feelings, Or States of Consciousness.

§ 3. A Feeling and a State of consciousness are, in the language of philosophy, equivalent expressions: every thing is a feeling of which the mind is conscious; every thing which it _feels_, or, in other words, which forms a part of its own sentient existence. In popular language Feeling is not always synonymous with State of Consciousness; being often taken more peculiarly for those states which are conceived as belonging to the sensitive, or to the emotional, phasis of our nature, and sometimes, with a still narrower restriction, to the emotional alone, as distinguished from what are conceived as belonging to the percipient or to the intellectual phasis. But this is an admitted departure from correctness of language; just as, by a popular perversion the exact converse of this, the word Mind is withdrawn from its rightful generality of signification, and restricted to the intellect. The still greater perversion by which Feeling is sometimes confined not only to bodily sensations, but to the sensations of a single sense, that of touch, needs not be more particularly adverted to.

Feeling, in the proper sense of the term, is a genus, of which Sensation, Emotion, and Thought, are subordinate species. Under the word Thought is here to be included whatever we are internally conscious of when we are said to think; from the consciousness we have when we think of a red color without having it before our eyes, to the most recondite thoughts of a philosopher or poet. Be it remembered, however, that by a thought is to be understood what passes in the mind itself, and not any object external to the mind, which the person is commonly said to be thinking of. He may be thinking of the sun, or of God, but the sun and God are not thoughts; his mental image, however, of the sun, and his idea of God, are thoughts; states of his mind, not of the objects themselves; and so also is his belief of the existence of the sun, or of God; or his disbelief, if the case be so. Even imaginary objects (which are said to exist only in our ideas) are to be distinguished from our ideas of them. I may think of a hobgoblin, as I may think of the loaf which was eaten yesterday, or of the flower which will bloom to-morrow. But the hobgoblin which never existed is not the same thing with my idea of a hobgoblin, any more than the loaf which once existed is the same thing with my idea of a

loaf, or the flower which does not yet exist, but which will exist, is the same with my idea of a flower. They are all, not thoughts, but objects of thought; though at the present time all the objects are alike non-existent.

In like manner, a Sensation is to be carefully distinguished from the object which causes the sensation; our sensation of white from a white object: nor is it less to be distinguished from the attribute whiteness, which we ascribe to the object in consequence of its exciting the sensation. Unfortunately for clearness and due discrimination in considering these subjects, our sensations seldom receive separate names. We have a name for the objects which produce in us a certain sensation: the word _white_. We have a name for the quality in those objects, to which we ascribe the sensation: the name _whiteness_. But when we speak of the sensation itself (as we have not occasion to do this often except in our scientific speculations), language, which adapts itself for the most part only to the common uses of life, has provided us with no single-worded or immediate designation; we must employ a circumlocution, and say, The sensation of white, or The sensation of whiteness; we must denominate the sensation either from the object, or from the attribute, by which it is excited. Yet the sensation, though it never _does_, might very well be _conceived_ to exist, without any thing whatever to excite it. We can conceive it as arising spontaneously in the mind. But if it so arose, we should have no name to denote it which would not be a misnomer. In the case of our sensations of hearing we are better provided; we have the word Sound, and a whole vocabulary of words to denote the various kinds of sounds. For as we are often conscious of these sensations in the absence of any perceptible object, we can more easily conceive having them in the absence of any object whatever. We need only shut our eyes and listen to music, to have a conception of a universe with nothing in it except sounds, and ourselves hearing them: and what is easily conceived separately, easily obtains a separate name. But in general our names of sensations denote indiscriminately the sensation and the attribute. Thus, _color_ stands for the sensations of white, red, etc., but also for the quality in the colored object. We talk of the colors of things as among their _properties_.

§ 4. In the case of sensations, another distinction has also to be kept in view, which is often confounded, and never without mischievous consequences. This is, the distinction between the sensation itself, and the state of the bodily organs which precedes the sensation, and which constitutes the physical agency by which it is produced. One of the sources of confusion on this subject is the division commonly made of feelings into Bodily and Mental. Philosophically speaking, there is no foundation at all for this distinction: even sensations are states of the sentient mind, not states of the body, as distinguished from it. What I am conscious of when I see the color blue, is a feeling of blue color, which is one thing; the picture on my retina, or the phenomenon of hitherto mysterious nature which takes place in my optic nerve or in my brain, is another thing, of which I am not at all conscious, and which scientific investigation alone could have apprised me of. These are states of my body; but the sensation of blue, which is the consequence of these states of body, is not a state of body: that which perceives and is conscious is called Mind. When sensations are called bodily feelings, it is only as being the class of feelings which are immediately occasioned by bodily states; whereas the other kinds of feelings, thoughts, for instance, or emotions, are immediately excited not by any thing acting upon the bodily organs, but by sensations, or by previous thoughts. This, however, is a distinction not in our feelings, but in the agency which produces our feelings: all of them when actually produced are states of mind.

Besides the affection of our bodily organs from without, and the sensation thereby produced in our minds, many writers admit a third link in the chain of phenomena, which they call a Perception, and which consists in the recognition of an external object as the exciting cause of the sensation. This perception, they say, is an _act_ of the mind, proceeding from its own spontaneous activity; while in a sensation the mind is passive, being merely acted upon by the outward object. And according to some metaphysicians, it is by an act of the mind, similar to perception, except in not being preceded by any sensation, that the existence of God, the soul, and other hyperphysical objects, is recognized.

These acts of what is termed perception, whatever be the conclusion ultimately come to respecting their nature, must, I conceive, take their place among the varieties of feelings or states of mind. In so classing them, I have not the smallest intention of declaring or insinuating any theory as to the law of mind in which these mental processes may be supposed to originate, or the conditions under which they may be legitimate or the reverse. Far less do I mean (as Dr. Whewell seems to suppose must be meant in an analogous case(18)) to indicate that as they are “_merely_ states of mind,” it is superfluous to inquire into their distinguishing peculiarities. I abstain from the inquiry as irrelevant to the science of logic. In these so-called perceptions, or direct recognitions by the mind, of objects, whether physical or spiritual, which are external to itself, I can see only cases of belief; but of belief which claims to be intuitive, or independent of external evidence. When a stone lies before me, I am conscious of certain sensations which I receive from it; but if I say that these sensations come to me from an external object which I _perceive_, the meaning of these words is, that receiving the sensations, I intuitively _believe_ that an external cause of those sensations exists. The laws of intuitive belief, and the conditions under which it is legitimate, are a subject which, as we have already so often remarked, belongs

not to logic, but to the science of the ultimate laws of the human mind.

To the same region of speculation belongs all that can be said respecting the distinction which the German metaphysicians and their French and English followers so elaborately draw between the _acts_ of the mind and its merely passive _states_; between what it receives from, and what it gives to, the crude materials of its experience. I am aware that with reference to the view which those writers take of the primary elements of thought and knowledge, this distinction is fundamental. But for the present purpose, which is to examine, not the original groundwork of our knowledge, but how we come by that portion of it which is not original; the difference between active and passive states of mind is of secondary importance. For us, they all are states of mind, they all are feelings; by which, let it be said once more, I mean to imply nothing of passivity, but simply that they are psychological facts, facts which take place in the mind, and are to be carefully distinguished from the external or physical facts with which they may be connected either as effects or as causes.

§ 5. Among active states of mind, there is, however, one species which merits particular attention, because it forms a principal part of the connotation of some important classes of names. I mean _volitions_, or acts of the will. When we speak of sentient beings by relative names, a large portion of the connotation of the name usually consists of the actions of those beings; actions past, present, and possible or probable future. Take, for instance, the words Sovereign and Subject. What meaning do these words convey, but that of innumerable actions, done or to be done by the sovereign and the subjects, to or in regard to one another reciprocally? So with the words physician and patient, leader and follower, tutor and pupil. In many cases the words also connote actions which would be done under certain contingencies by persons other than those denoted: as the words mortgagor and mortgagee, obligor and obligee, and many other words expressive of legal relation, which connote what a court of justice would do to enforce the legal obligation if not fulfilled. There are also words which connote actions previously done by persons other than those denoted either by the name itself or by its correlative; as the word brother. From these instances, it may be seen how large a portion of the connotation of names consists of actions. Now what is an action? Not one thing, but a series of two things: the state of mind called a volition, followed by an effect. The volition or intention to produce the effect, is one thing; the effect produced in consequence of the intention, is another thing; the two together constitute the action. I form the purpose of instantly moving my arm; that is a state of my mind: my arm (not being tied or paralytic) moves in obedience to my purpose; that is a physical fact, consequent on a state of mind. The intention, followed by the fact, or (if we prefer the expression) the fact when preceded and caused by the intention, is called the action of moving my arm.

§ 6. Of the first leading division of namable things, viz., Feelings or States of Consciousness, we began by recognizing three subdivisions; Sensations, Thoughts, and Emotions. The first two of these we have illustrated at considerable length; the third, Emotions, not being perplexed by similar ambiguities, does not require similar exemplification. And, finally, we have found it necessary to add to these three a fourth species, commonly known by the name Volitions. We shall now proceed to the two remaining classes of namable things; all things which are regarded as external to the mind being considered as belonging either to the class of Substances or to that of Attributes.

II. Substances.

Logicians have endeavored to define Substance and Attribute; but their definitions are not so much attempts to draw a distinction between the things themselves, as instructions what difference it is customary to make in the grammatical structure of the sentence, according as we are speaking of substances or of attributes. Such definitions are rather lessons of English, or of Greek, Latin, or German, than of mental philosophy. An attribute, say the school logicians, must be the attribute _of_ something; color, for example, must be the color _of_ something; goodness must be the goodness _of_ something; and if this something should cease to exist, or should cease to be connected with the attribute, the existence of the attribute would be at an end. A substance, on the contrary, is self-existent; in speaking about it, we need not put _of_ after its name. A stone is not the stone of any thing; the moon is not the moon _of_ any thing, but simply the moon. Unless, indeed, the name which we choose to give to the substance be a relative name; if so, it must be followed either by _of_, or by some other particle, implying, as that preposition does, a reference to something else: but then the other characteristic peculiarity of an attribute would fail; the _something_ might be destroyed, and the substance might still subsist. Thus, a father must be the father _of_ something, and so far resembles an attribute, in being referred to something besides himself: if there were no child, there would be no father: but this, when we look into the matter, only means that we should not call him father. The man called father might still exist though there were no child, as he existed before there was a child; and there would be no contradiction in supposing him to exist, though the whole universe except himself were destroyed. But destroy all white substances, and where would be the attribute whiteness? Whiteness, without any white thing, is a

contradiction in terms.

This is the nearest approach to a solution of the difficulty, that will be found in the common treatises on logic. It will scarcely be thought to be a satisfactory one. If an attribute is distinguished from a substance by being the attribute _of_ something, it seems highly necessary to understand what is meant by _of_; a particle which needs explanation too much itself, to be placed in front of the explanation of any thing else. And as for the self-existence of substance, it is very true that a substance may be conceived to exist without any other substance, but so also may an attribute without any other attribute: and we can no more imagine a substance without attributes than we can imagine attributes without a substance.

Metaphysicians, however, have probed the question deeper, and given an account of Substance considerably more satisfactory than this. Substances are usually distinguished as Bodies or Minds. Of each of these, philosophers have at length provided us with a definition which seems unexceptionable.

§ 7. A body, according to the received doctrine of modern metaphysicians, may be defined, the external cause to which we ascribe our sensations. When I see and touch a piece of gold, I am conscious of a sensation of yellow color, and sensations of hardness and weight; and by varying the mode of handling, I may add to these sensations many others completely distinct from them. The sensations are all of which I am directly conscious; but I consider them as produced by something not only existing independently of my will, but external to my bodily organs and to my mind. This external something I call a body.

It may be asked, how come we to ascribe our sensations to any external cause? And is there sufficient ground for so ascribing them? It is known, that there are metaphysicians who have raised a controversy on the point; maintaining that we are not warranted in referring our sensations to a cause such as we understand by the word Body, or to any external cause whatever. Though we have no concern here with this controversy, nor with the metaphysical niceties on which it turns, one of the best ways of showing what is meant by Substance is, to consider what position it is necessary to take up, in order to maintain its existence against opponents.

It is certain, then, that a part of our notion of a body consists of the notion of a number of sensations of our own, or of other sentient beings, habitually occurring simultaneously. My conception of the table at which I am writing is compounded of its visible form and size, which are complex sensations of sight; its tangible form and size, which are complex sensations of our organs of touch and of our muscles; its weight, which is also a sensation of touch and of the muscles; its color, which is a sensation of sight; its hardness, which is a sensation of the muscles; its composition, which is another word for all the varieties of sensation which we receive under various circumstances from the wood of which it is made, and so forth. All or most of these various sensations frequently are, and, as we learn by experience, always might be, experienced simultaneously, or in many different orders of succession at our own choice: and hence the thought of any one of them makes us think of the others, and the whole becomes mentally amalgamated into one mixed state of consciousness, which, in the language of the school of Locke and Hartley, is termed a Complex Idea.

Now, there are philosophers who have argued as follows: If we conceive an orange to be divested of its natural color without acquiring any new one; to lose its softness without becoming hard, its roundness without becoming square or pentagonal, or of any other regular or irregular figure whatever; to be deprived of size, of weight, of taste, of smell; to lose all its mechanical and all its chemical properties, and acquire no new ones; to become, in short, invisible, intangible, imperceptible not only by all our senses, but by the senses of all other sentient beings, real or possible; nothing, say these thinkers, would remain. For of what nature, they ask, could be the residuum? and by what token could it manifest its presence? To the unreflecting its existence seems to rest on the evidence of the senses. But to the senses nothing is apparent except the sensations. We know, indeed, that these sensations are bound together by some law; they do not come together at random, but according to a systematic order, which is part of the order established in the universe. When we experience one of these sensations, we usually experience the others also, or know that we have it in our power to experience them. But a fixed law of connection, making the sensations occur together, does not, say these philosophers, necessarily require what is called a substratum to support them. The conception of a substratum is but one of many possible forms in which that connection presents itself to our imagination; a mode of, as it were, realizing the idea. If there be such a substratum, suppose it at this instant miraculously annihilated, and let the sensations continue to occur in the same order, and how would the substratum be missed? By what signs should we be able to discover that its existence had terminated? Should we not have as much reason to believe that it still existed as we now have? And if we should not then be warranted in believing it, how can we be so now? A body, therefore, according to these metaphysicians, is not any thing intrinsically different from the sensations which the body is said to produce in us; it is, in short, a set of sensations, or rather, of possibilities of sensation, joined together according to a fixed law.

The controversies to which these speculations have given rise, and the doctrines which have been developed in the attempt to find a conclusive answer to them, have been fruitful of important consequences to the Science of Mind. The sensations (it was answered) which we are conscious of, and which we receive, not at random, but joined together in a certain uniform manner, imply not only a law or laws of connection, but a cause external to our mind, which cause, by its own laws, determines the laws according to which the sensations are connected and experienced. The schoolmen used to call this external cause by the name we have already employed, a _substratum_; and its attributes (as they expressed themselves) _inhered_, literally _stuck_, in it. To this substratum the name Matter is usually given in philosophical discussions. It was soon, however, acknowledged by all who reflected on the subject, that the existence of matter can not be proved by extrinsic evidence. The answer, therefore, now usually made to Berkeley and his followers, is, that the belief is intuitive; that mankind, in all ages, have felt themselves compelled, by a necessity of their nature, to refer their sensations to an external cause: that even those who deny it in theory, yield to the necessity in practice, and both in speech, thought, and feeling, do, equally with the vulgar, acknowledge their sensations to be the effects of something external to them: this knowledge, therefore, it is affirmed, is as evidently intuitive as our knowledge of our sensations themselves is intuitive. And here the question merges in the fundamental problem of metaphysics properly so called: to which science we leave it.

But although the extreme doctrine of the Idealist metaphysicians, that objects are nothing but our sensations and the laws which connect them, has not been generally adopted by subsequent thinkers; the point of most real importance is one on which those metaphysicians are now very generally considered to have made out their case: viz., that _all we know_ of objects is the sensations which they give us, and the order of the occurrence of those sensations. Kant himself, on this point, is as explicit as Berkeley or Locke. However firmly convinced that there exists a universe of “Things in themselves,” totally distinct from the universe of phenomena, or of things as they appear to our senses; and even when bringing into use a technical expression (_Noumenon_) to denote what the thing is in itself, as contrasted with the _representation_ of it in our minds; he allows that this representation (the matter of which, he says, consists of our sensations, though the form is given by the laws of the mind itself) is all we know of the object: and that the real nature of the Thing is, and by the constitution of our faculties ever must remain, at least in the present state of existence, an impenetrable mystery to us. “Of things absolutely or in themselves,” says Sir William Hamilton,(19) “be they external, be they internal, we know nothing, or know them only as incognizable; and become aware of their incomprehensible existence, only as this is indirectly and accidentally revealed to us, through certain qualities related to our faculties of knowledge, and which qualities, again, we can not think as unconditional, irrelative, existent in and of ourselves. All that we know is therefore phenomenal—phenomenal of the unknown.”(20) The same doctrine is laid down in the clearest and strongest terms by M. Cousin, whose observations on the subject are the more worthy of attention, as, in consequence of the ultra-German and ontological character of his philosophy in other respects, they may be regarded as the admissions of an opponent.(21)

There is not the slightest reason for believing that what we call the sensible qualities of the object are a type of any thing inherent in itself, or bear any affinity to its own nature. A cause does not, as such, resemble its effects; an east wind is not like the feeling of cold, nor heat like the steam of boiling water. Why then should matter resemble our sensations? Why should the inmost nature of fire or water resemble the impressions made by those objects upon our senses?(22) Or on what principle are we authorized to deduce from the effects, any thing concerning the cause, except that it is a cause adequate to produce those effects? It may, therefore, safely be laid down as a truth both obvious in itself, and admitted by all whom it is at present necessary to take into consideration, that, of the outward world, we know and can know absolutely nothing, except the sensations which we experience from it.(23)

§ 8. Body having now been defined the external cause, and (according to the more reasonable opinion) the unknown external cause, to which we refer our sensations; it remains to frame a definition of Mind. Nor, after the preceding observations, will this be difficult. For, as our conception of a body is that of an unknown exciting cause of sensations, so our conception of a mind is that of an unknown recipient or percipient, of them; and not of them alone, but of all our other feelings. As body is understood to be the mysterious something which excites the mind to feel, so mind is the mysterious something which feels and thinks. It is unnecessary to give in the case of mind, as we gave in the case of matter, a particular statement of the skeptical system by which its existence as a Thing in itself, distinct from the series of what are denominated its states, is called in question. But it is necessary to remark, that on the inmost nature (whatever be meant by inmost nature) of the thinking principle, as well as on the inmost nature of matter, we are, and with our faculties must always remain, entirely in the dark. All which we are aware of, even in our own minds, is (in the words of James Mill) a certain “thread of consciousness;” a series of feelings, that is, of sensations, thoughts, emotions, and volitions, more or less numerous and complicated. There is a something I call Myself, or, by another form of expression, my mind, which I consider as distinct from these sensations, thoughts, etc.; a something which I conceive to be not the thoughts, but the

being that has the thoughts, and which I can conceive as existing forever in a state of quiescence, without any thoughts at all. But what this being is, though it is myself, I have no knowledge, other than the series of its states of consciousness. As bodies manifest themselves to me only through the sensations of which I regard them as the causes, so the thinking principle, or mind, in my own nature, makes itself known to me only by the feelings of which it is conscious. I know nothing about myself, save my capacities of feeling or being conscious (including, of course, thinking and willing): and were I to learn any thing new concerning my own nature, I can not with my present faculties conceive this new information to be any thing else, than that I have some additional capacities, as yet unknown to me, of feeling, thinking, or willing.

Thus, then, as body is the unsentient cause to which we are naturally prompted to refer a certain portion of our feelings, so mind may be described as the sentient _subject_ (in the scholastic sense of the term) of all feelings; that which has or feels them. But of the nature of either body or mind, further than the feelings which the former excites, and which the latter experiences, we do not, according to the best existing doctrine, know any thing; and if any thing, logic has nothing to do with it, or with the manner in which the knowledge is acquired. With this result we may conclude this portion of our subject, and pass to the third and only remaining class or division of Namable Things.

III. Attributes: and, first, Qualities.

§ 9. From what has already been said of Substance, what is to be said of Attribute is easily deducible. For if we know not, and can not know, any thing of bodies but the sensations which they excite in us or in others, those sensations must be all that we can, at bottom, mean by their attributes; and the distinction which we verbally make between the properties of things and the sensations we receive from them, must originate in the convenience of discourse rather than in the nature of what is signified by the terms.

Attributes are usually distributed under the three heads of Quality, Quantity, and Relation. We shall come to the two latter presently: in the first place we shall confine ourselves to the former.

Let us take, then, as our example, one of what are termed the sensible qualities of objects, and let that example be whiteness. When we ascribe whiteness to any substance, as, for instance, snow; when we say that snow has the quality whiteness, what do we really assert? Simply, that when snow is present to our organs, we have a particular sensation, which we are accustomed to call the sensation of white. But how do I know that snow is present? Obviously by the sensations which I derive from it, and not otherwise. I infer that the object is present, because it gives me a certain assemblage or series of sensations. And when I ascribe to it the attribute whiteness, my meaning is only, that, of the sensations composing this group or series, that which I call the sensation of white color is one.

This is one view which may be taken of the subject. But there is also another and a different view. It may be said, that it is true we _know_ nothing of sensible objects, except the sensations they excite in us; that the fact of our receiving from snow the particular sensation which is called a sensation of white, is the _ground_ on which we ascribe to that substance the quality whiteness; the sole proof of its possessing that quality. But because one thing may be the sole evidence of the existence of another thing, it does not follow that the two are one and the same. The attribute whiteness (it may be said) is not the fact of receiving the sensation, but something in the object itself; a _power_ inherent in it; something _in virtue_ of which the object produces the sensation. And when we affirm that snow possesses the attribute whiteness, we do not merely assert that the presence of snow produces in us that sensation, but that it does so through, and by reason of, that power or quality.

For the purposes of logic it is not of material importance which of these opinions we adopt. The full discussion of the subject belongs to the other department of scientific inquiry, so often alluded to under the name of metaphysics; but it may be said here, that for the doctrine of the existence of a peculiar species of entities called qualities, I can see no foundation except in a tendency of the human mind which is the cause of many delusions. I mean, the disposition, wherever we meet with two names which are not precisely synonymous, to suppose that they must be the names of two different things; whereas in reality they may be names of the same thing viewed in two different lights, or under different suppositions as to surrounding circumstances. Because _quality_ and _sensation_ can not be put indiscriminately one for the other, it is supposed that they can not both signify the same thing, namely, the impression or feeling with which we are affected through our senses by the presence of an object; though there is at least no absurdity in supposing that this identical impression or feeling may be called a sensation when considered merely in itself, and a quality when looked at in relation to any one of the numerous objects, the presence of which to our organs excites in our minds that among various other sensations or feelings. And if this be admissible as a supposition, it rests with those who contend for an entity _per se_ called a quality, to show that their opinion is preferable, or is any thing in fact but a lingering remnant of the old doctrine of

occult causes; the very absurdity which Molière so happily ridiculed when he made one of his pedantic physicians account for the fact that opium produces sleep by the maxim, Because it has a soporific virtue.

It is evident that when the physician stated that opium has a soporific virtue, he did not account for, but merely asserted over again, the fact that it produces sleep. In like manner, when we say that snow is white because it has the quality of whiteness, we are only re-asserting in more technical language the fact that it excites in us the sensation of white. If it be said that the sensation must have some cause, I answer, its cause is the presence of the assemblage of phenomena which is termed the object. When we have asserted that as often as the object is present, and our organs in their normal state, the sensation takes place, we have stated all that we know about the matter. There is no need, after assigning a certain and intelligible cause, to suppose an occult cause besides, for the purpose of enabling the real cause to produce its effect. If I am asked, why does the presence of the object cause this sensation in me, I can not tell: I can only say that such is my nature, and the nature of the object; that the fact forms a part of the constitution of things. And to this we must at last come, even after interpolating the imaginary entity. Whatever number of links the chain of causes and effects may consist of, how any one link produces the one which is next to it, remains equally inexplicable to us. It is as easy to comprehend that the object should produce the sensation directly and at once, as that it should produce the same sensation by the aid of something else called the _power_ of producing it.

But, as the difficulties which may be felt in adopting this view of the subject can not be removed without discussions transcending the bounds of our science, I content myself with a passing indication, and shall, for the purposes of logic, adopt a language compatible with either view of the nature of qualities. I shall say—what at least admits of no dispute—that the quality of whiteness ascribed to the object snow, is _grounded_ on its exciting in us the sensation of white; and adopting the language already used by the school logicians in the case of the kind of attributes called Relations, I shall term the sensation of white the _foundation_ of the quality whiteness. For logical purposes the sensation is the only essential part of what is meant by the word; the only part which we ever can be concerned in proving. When that is proved, the quality is proved; if an object excites a sensation, it has, of course, the power of exciting it.

IV. Relations.

§ 10. The _qualities_ of a body, we have said, are the attributes grounded on the sensations which the presence of that particular body to our organs excites in our minds. But when we ascribe to any object the kind of attribute called a Relation, the foundation of the attribute must be something in which other objects are concerned besides itself and the percipient.

As there may with propriety be said to be a relation between any two things to which two correlative names are or may be given, we may expect to discover what constitutes a relation in general, if we enumerate the principal cases in which mankind have imposed correlative names, and observe what these cases have in common.

What, then, is the character which is possessed in common by states of circumstances so heterogeneous and discordant as these: one thing _like_ another; one thing _unlike_ another; one thing _near_ another; one thing _far from_ another; one thing _before_, _after_, _along with_ another; one thing _greater_, _equal_, _less_, than another; one thing the _cause_ of another, the _effect_ of another; one person the _master_, _servant_, _child_, _parent_, _debtor_, _creditor_, _sovereign_, _subject_, _attorney_, _client_, of another, and so on?

Omitting, for the present, the case of Resemblance, (a relation which requires to be considered separately,) there seems to be one thing common to all these cases, and only one; that in each of them there exists or occurs, or has existed or occurred, or may be expected to exist or occur, some fact or phenomenon, into which the two things which are said to be related to each other, both enter as parties concerned. This fact, or phenomenon, is what the Aristotelian logicians called the _fundamentum relationis_. Thus in the relation of greater and less between two magnitudes, the _fundamentum relationis_ is the fact that one of the two magnitudes could, under certain conditions, be included in, without entirely filling, the space occupied by the other magnitude. In the relation of master and servant, the _fundamentum relationis_ is the fact that the one has undertaken, or is compelled, to perform certain services for the benefit and at the bidding of the other. Examples might be indefinitely multiplied; but it is already obvious that whenever two things are said to be related, there is some fact, or series of facts, into which they both enter; and that whenever any two things are involved in some one fact, or series of facts, we may ascribe to those two things a mutual relation grounded on the fact. Even if they have nothing in common but what is common to all things, that they are members of the universe, we call that a relation, and denominate them fellow-creatures, fellow-beings, or fellow-denizens of the universe. But in proportion as the fact into which the two objects enter as parts is of a more special and peculiar, or of a more complicated nature, so also is the relation

grounded upon it. And there are as many conceivable relations as there are conceivable kinds of fact in which two things can be jointly concerned.

In the same manner, therefore, as a quality is an attribute grounded on the fact that a certain sensation or sensations are produced in us by the object, so an attribute grounded on some fact into which the object enters jointly with another object, is a relation between it and that other object. But the fact in the latter case consists of the very same kind of elements as the fact in the former; namely, states of consciousness. In the case, for example, of any legal relation, as debtor and creditor, principal and agent, guardian and ward, the _fundamentum relationis_ consists entirely of thoughts, feelings, and volitions (actual or contingent), either of the persons themselves or of other persons concerned in the same series of transactions; as, for instance, the intentions which would be formed by a judge, in case a complaint were made to his tribunal of the infringement of any of the legal obligations imposed by the relation; and the acts which the judge would perform in consequence; acts being (as we have already seen) another word for intentions followed by an effect, and that effect being but another word for sensations, or some other feelings, occasioned either to the agent himself or to somebody else. There is no part of what the names expressive of the relation imply, that is not resolvable into states of consciousness; outward objects being, no doubt, supposed throughout as the causes by which some of those states of consciousness are excited, and minds as the subjects by which all of them are experienced, but neither the external objects nor the minds making their existence known otherwise than by the states of consciousness.

Cases of relation are not always so complicated as those to which we last alluded. The simplest of all cases of relation are those expressed by the words antecedent and consequent, and by the word simultaneous. If we say, for instance, that dawn preceded sunrise, the fact in which the two things, dawn and sunrise, were jointly concerned, consisted only of the two things themselves; no third thing entered into the fact or phenomenon at all. Unless, indeed, we choose to call the succession of the two objects a third thing; but their succession is not something added to the things themselves; it is something involved in them. Dawn and sunrise announce themselves to our consciousness by two successive sensations. Our consciousness of the succession of these sensations is not a third sensation or feeling added to them; we have not first the two feelings, and then a feeling of their succession. To have two feelings at all, implies having them either successively, or else simultaneously. Sensations, or other feelings, being given, succession and simultaneousness are the two conditions, to the alternative of which they are subjected by the nature of our faculties; and no one has been able, or needs expect, to analyze the matter any further.

§ 11. In a somewhat similar position are two other sorts of relations, Likeness and Unlikeness. I have two sensations; we will suppose them to be simple ones; two sensations of white, or one sensation of white and another of black. I call the first two sensations _like_; the last two _unlike_. What is the fact or phenomenon constituting the _fundamentum_ of this relation? The two sensations first, and then what we call a feeling of resemblance, or of want of resemblance. Let us confine ourselves to the former case. Resemblance is evidently a feeling; a state of the consciousness of the observer. Whether the feeling of the resemblance of the two colors be a third state of consciousness, which I have _after_ having the two sensations of color, or whether (like the feeling of their succession) it is involved in the sensations themselves, may be a matter of discussion. But in either case, these feelings of resemblance, and of its opposite dissimilarity, are parts of our nature; and parts so far from being capable of analysis, that they are presupposed in every attempt to analyze any of our other feelings. Likeness and unlikeness, therefore, as well as antecedence, sequence, and simultaneousness, must stand apart among relations, as things _sui generis_. They are attributes grounded on facts, that is, on states of consciousness, but on states which are peculiar, unresolvable, and inexplicable.

But, though likeness or unlikeness can not be resolved into any thing else, complex cases of likeness or unlikeness can be resolved into simpler ones. When we say of two things which consist of parts, that they are like one another, the likeness of the wholes does admit of analysis; it is compounded of likenesses between the various parts respectively, and of likeness in their arrangement. Of how vast a variety of resemblances of parts must that resemblance be composed, which induces us to say that a portrait, or a landscape, is like its original. If one person mimics another with any success, of how many simple likenesses must the general or complex likeness be compounded: likeness in a succession of bodily postures; likeness in voice, or in the accents and intonations of the voice; likeness in the choice of words, and in the thoughts or sentiments expressed, whether by word, countenance, or gesture.

All likeness and unlikeness of which we have any cognizance, resolve themselves into likeness and unlikeness between states of our own, or some other, mind. When we say that one body is like another, (since we know nothing of bodies but the sensations which they excite,) we mean really that there is a resemblance between the sensations excited by the two bodies, or between some portions at least of those sensations. If we say that two attributes are like one another (since we know nothing of attributes except the sensations or states of feeling on which they are grounded), we mean really that those sensations, or states of feeling,

resemble each other. We may also say that two relations are alike. The fact of resemblance between relations is sometimes called _analogy_, forming one of the numerous meanings of that word. The relation in which Priam stood to Hector, namely, that of father and son, resembles the relation in which Philip stood to Alexander; resembles it so closely that they are called the same relation. The relation in which Cromwell stood to England resembles the relation in which Napoleon stood to France, though not so closely as to be called the same relation. The meaning in both these instances must be, that a resemblance existed between the facts which constituted the _fundamentum relationis_.

This resemblance may exist in all conceivable gradations, from perfect undistinguishableness to something extremely slight. When we say, that a thought suggested to the mind of a person of genius is like a seed cast into the ground, because the former produces a multitude of other thoughts, and the latter a multitude of other seeds, this is saying that between the relation of an inventive mind to a thought contained in it, and the relation of a fertile soil to a seed contained in it, there exists a resemblance: the real resemblance being in the two _fundamenta relationis_, in each of which there occurs a germ, producing by its development a multitude of other things similar to itself. And as, whenever two objects are jointly concerned in a phenomenon, this constitutes a relation between those objects, so, if we suppose a second pair of objects concerned in a second phenomenon, the slightest resemblance between the two phenomena is sufficient to admit of its being said that the two relations resemble; provided, of course, the points of resemblance are found in those portions of the two phenomena respectively which are connoted by the relative names.

While speaking of resemblance, it is necessary to take notice of an ambiguity of language, against which scarcely any one is sufficiently on his guard. Resemblance, when it exists in the highest degree of all, amounting to undistinguishableness, is often called identity, and the two similar things are said to be the same. I say often, not always; for we do not say that two visible objects, two persons, for instance, are the same, because they are so much alike that one might be mistaken for the other: but we constantly use this mode of expression when speaking of feelings; as when I say that the sight of any object gives me the _same_ sensation or emotion to-day that it did yesterday, or the _same_ which it gives to some other person. This is evidently an incorrect application of the word _same_; for the feeling which I had yesterday is gone, never to return; what I have to-day is another feeling, exactly like the former, perhaps, but distinct from it; and it is evident that two different persons can not be experiencing the same feeling, in the sense in which we say that they are both sitting at the same table. By a similar ambiguity we say, that two persons are ill of the _same_ disease; that two persons hold the _same_ office; not in the sense in which we say that they are engaged in the same adventure, or sailing in the same ship, but in the sense that they fill offices exactly similar, though, perhaps, in distant places. Great confusion of ideas is often produced, and many fallacies engendered, in otherwise enlightened understandings, by not being sufficiently alive to the fact (in itself not always to be avoided), that they use the same name to express ideas so different as those of identity and undistinguishable resemblance. Among modern writers, Archbishop Whately stands almost alone in having drawn attention to this distinction, and to the ambiguity connected with it.

Several relations, generally called by other names, are really cases of resemblance. As, for example, equality; which is but another word for the exact resemblance commonly called identity, considered as subsisting between things in respect of their _quantity_. And this example forms a suitable transition to the third and last of the three heads under which, as already remarked, Attributes are commonly arranged.

V. Quantity.

§ 12. Let us imagine two things, between which there is no difference (that is, no dissimilarity), except in quantity alone; for instance, a gallon of water, and more than a gallon of water. A gallon of water, like any other external object, makes its presence known to us by a set of sensations which it excites. Ten gallons of water are also an external object, making its presence known to us in a similar manner; and as we do not mistake ten gallons of water for a gallon of water, it is plain that the set of sensations is more or less different in the two cases. In like manner, a gallon of water, and a gallon of wine, are two external objects, making their presence known by two sets of sensations, which sensations are different from each other. In the first case, however, we say that the difference is in quantity; in the last there is a difference in quality, while the quantity of the water and of the wine is the same. What is the real distinction between the two cases? It is not within the province of Logic to analyze it; nor to decide whether it is susceptible of analysis or not. For us the following considerations are sufficient: It is evident that the sensations I receive from the gallon of water, and those I receive from the gallon of wine, are not the same, that is, not precisely alike; neither are they altogether unlike: they are partly similar, partly dissimilar; and that in which they resemble is precisely that in which alone the gallon of water and the ten gallons do not resemble. That in which the gallon of water and the gallon of wine are like each other, and in which the

gallon and the ten gallons of water are unlike each other, is called their quantity. This likeness and unlikeness I do not pretend to explain, no more than any other kind of likeness or unlikeness. But my object is to show, that when we say of two things that they differ in quantity, just as when we say that they differ in quality, the assertion is always grounded on a difference in the sensations which they excite. Nobody, I presume, will say, that to see, or to lift, or to drink, ten gallons of water, does not include in itself a different set of sensations from those of seeing, lifting, or drinking one gallon; or that to see or handle a foot-rule, and to see or handle a yard-measure made exactly like it, are the same sensations. I do not undertake to say what the difference in the sensations is. Every body knows, and nobody can tell; no more than any one could tell what white is to a person who had never had the sensation. But the difference, so far as cognizable by our faculties, lies in the sensations. Whatever difference we say there is in the things themselves, is, in this as in all other cases, grounded, and grounded exclusively, on a difference in the sensations excited by them.

VI. Attributes Concluded.

§ 13. Thus, then, all the attributes of bodies which are classed under Quality or Quantity, are grounded on the sensations which we receive from those bodies, and may be defined, the powers which the bodies have of exciting those sensations. And the same general explanation has been found to apply to most of the attributes usually classed under the head of Relation. They, too, are grounded on some fact or phenomenon into which the related objects enter as parts; that fact or phenomenon having no meaning and no existence to us, except the series of sensations or other states of consciousness by which it makes itself known; and the relation being simply the power or capacity which the object possesses of taking part along with the correlated object in the production of that series of sensations or states of consciousness. We have been obliged, indeed, to recognize a somewhat different character in certain peculiar relations, those of succession and simultaneity, of likeness and unlikeness. These, not being grounded on any fact or phenomenon distinct from the related objects themselves, do not admit of the same kind of analysis. But these relations, though not, like other relations, grounded on states of consciousness, are themselves states of consciousness: resemblance is nothing but our feeling of resemblance; succession is nothing but our feeling of succession. Or, if this be disputed (and we can not, without transgressing the bounds of our science, discuss it here), at least our knowledge of these relations, and even our possibility of knowledge, is confined to those which subsist between sensations, or other states of consciousness; for, though we ascribe resemblance, or succession, or simultaneity, to objects and to attributes, it is always in virtue of resemblance or succession or simultaneity in the sensations or states of consciousness which those objects excite, and on which those attributes are grounded.

§ 14. In the preceding investigation we have, for the sake of simplicity, considered bodies only, and omitted minds. But what we have said, is applicable, _mutatis mutandis_, to the latter. The attributes of minds, as well as those of bodies, are grounded on states of feeling or consciousness. But in the case of a mind, we have to consider its own states, as well as those which it produces in other minds. Every attribute of a mind consists either in being itself affected in a certain way, or affecting other minds in a certain way. Considered in itself, we can predicate nothing of it but the series of its own feelings. When we say of any mind, that it is devout, or superstitious, or meditative, or cheerful, we mean that the ideas, emotions, or volitions implied in those words, form a frequently recurring part of the series of feelings, or states of consciousness, which fill up the sentient existence of that mind.

In addition, however, to those attributes of a mind which are grounded on its own states of feeling, attributes may also be ascribed to it, in the same manner as to a body, grounded on the feelings which it excites in other minds. A mind does not, indeed, like a body, excite sensations, but it may excite thoughts or emotions. The most important example of attributes ascribed on this ground, is the employment of terms expressive of approbation or blame. When, for example, we say of any character, or (in other words) of any mind, that it is admirable, we mean that the contemplation of it excites the sentiment of admiration; and indeed somewhat more, for the word implies that we not only feel admiration, but approve that sentiment in ourselves. In some cases, under the semblance of a single attribute, two are really predicated: one of them, a state of the mind itself; the other, a state with which other minds are affected by thinking of it. As when we say of any one that he is generous. The word generosity expresses a certain state of mind, but being a term of praise, it also expresses that this state of mind excites in us another mental state, called approbation. The assertion made, therefore, is twofold, and of the following purport: Certain feelings form habitually a part of this person's sentient existence; and the idea of those feelings of his, excites the sentiment of approbation in ourselves or others.

As we thus ascribe attributes to minds on the ground of ideas and emotions, so may we to bodies on similar grounds, and not solely on the ground of sensations: as in speaking of the beauty of a statue; since this attribute is grounded on the peculiar feeling of pleasure which the statue produces in our minds; which is not a sensation, but an emotion.

VII. General Results.

§ 15. Our survey of the varieties of Things which have been, or which are capable of being, named—which have been, or are capable of being, either predicated of other Things, or themselves made the subject of predications—is now concluded.

Our enumeration commenced with Feelings. These we scrupulously distinguished from the objects which excite them, and from the organs by which they are, or may be supposed to be, conveyed. Feelings are of four sorts: Sensations, Thoughts, Emotions, and Volitions. What are called Perceptions are merely a particular case of Belief, and Belief is a kind of thought. Actions are merely volitions followed by an effect.

After Feelings we proceeded to Substances. These are either Bodies or Minds. Without entering into the grounds of the metaphysical doubts which have been raised concerning the existence of Matter and Mind as objective realities, we stated as sufficient for us the conclusion in which the best thinkers are now for the most part agreed, that all we can know of Matter is the sensations which it gives us, and the order of occurrence of those sensations; and that while the substance Body is the unknown cause of our sensations, the substance Mind is the unknown recipient.

The only remaining class of Namable Things is Attributes; and these are of three kinds, Quality, Relation, and Quantity. Qualities, like substances, are known to us no otherwise than by the sensations or other states of consciousness which they excite: and while, in compliance with common usage, we have continued to speak of them as a distinct class of Things, we showed that in predicating them no one means to predicate any thing but those sensations or states of consciousness, on which they may be said to be grounded, and by which alone they can be defined or described. Relations, except the simple cases of likeness and unlikeness, succession and simultaneity, are similarly grounded on some fact or phenomenon, that is, on some series of sensations or states of consciousness, more or less complicated. The third species of Attribute, Quantity, is also manifestly grounded on something in our sensations or states of feeling, since there is an indubitable difference in the sensations excited by a larger and a smaller bulk, or by a greater or a less degree of intensity, in any object of sense or of consciousness. All attributes, therefore, are to us nothing but either our sensations and other states of feeling, or something inextricably involved therein; and to this even the peculiar and simple relations just adverted to are not exceptions. Those peculiar relations, however, are so important, and, even if they might in strictness be classed among states of consciousness, are so fundamentally distinct from any other of those states, that it would be a vain subtlety to bring them under that common description, and it is necessary that they should be classed apart.(24)

As the result, therefore, of our analysis, we obtain the following as an enumeration and classification of all Namable Things:

1st. Feelings, or States of Consciousness.

2d. The Minds which experience those feelings.

3d. The Bodies, or external objects which excite certain of those feelings, together with the powers or properties whereby they excite them; these latter (at least) being included rather in compliance with common opinion, and because their existence is taken for granted in the common language from which I can not prudently deviate, than because the recognition of such powers or properties as real existences appears to be warranted by a sound philosophy.

4th, and last. The Successions and Co-existences, the Likenesses and Unlikenesses, between feelings or states of consciousness. Those relations, when considered as subsisting between other things, exist in reality only between the states of consciousness which those things, if bodies, excite, if minds, either excite or experience.

This, until a better can be suggested, may serve as a substitute for the Categories of Aristotle considered as a classification of Existences. The practical application of it will appear when we commence the inquiry into the Import of Propositions; in other words, when we inquire what it is which the mind actually believes, when it gives what is called its assent to a proposition.

These four classes comprising, if the classification be correct, all Namable Things, these or some of them must of course compose the signification of all names: and of these, or some of them, is made up whatever we call a fact.

For distinction's sake, every fact which is solely composed of feelings or states of consciousness considered as such, is often called a Psychological or Subjective fact; while every fact which is composed, either wholly or in part, of something different from these, that is, of substances and attributes, is called an Objective fact. We may say, then, that every objective fact is grounded on a

corresponding subjective one; and has no meaning to us (apart from the subjective fact which corresponds to it), except as a name for the unknown and inscrutable process by which that subjective or psychological fact is brought to pass.

Chapter IV.

Of Propositions.

§ 1. In treating of Propositions, as already in treating of Names, some considerations of a comparatively elementary nature respecting their form and varieties must be premised, before entering upon that analysis of the import conveyed by them, which is the real subject and purpose of this preliminary book.

A proposition, we have before said, is a portion of discourse in which a predicate is affirmed or denied of a subject. A predicate and a subject are all that is necessarily required to make up a proposition: but as we can not conclude from merely seeing two names put together, that they are a predicate and a subject, that is, that one of them is intended to be affirmed or denied of the other, it is necessary that there should be some mode or form of indicating that such is the intention; some sign to distinguish a predication from any other kind of discourse. This is sometimes done by a slight alteration of one of the words, called an _inflection_; as when we say, Fire burns; the change of the second word from _burn_ to _burns_ showing that we mean to affirm the predicate burn of the subject fire. But this function is more commonly fulfilled by the word _is_, when an affirmation is intended, _is not_, when a negation; or by some other part of the verb _to be_. The word which thus serves the purpose of a sign of predication is called, as we formerly observed, the _copula_. It is important that there should be no indistinctness in our conception of the nature and office of the copula; for confused notions respecting it are among the causes which have spread mysticism over the field of logic, and perverted its speculations into logomachies.

It is apt to be supposed that the copula is something more than a mere sign of predication; that it also signifies existence. In the proposition, Socrates is just, it may seem to be implied not only that the quality _just_ can be affirmed of Socrates, but moreover that Socrates _is_, that is to say, exists. This, however, only shows that there is an ambiguity in the word _is_; a word which not only performs the function of the copula in affirmations, but has also a meaning of its own, in virtue of which it may itself be made the predicate of a proposition. That the employment of it as a copula does not necessarily include the affirmation of existence, appears from such a proposition as this, A centaur is a fiction of the poets; where it can not possibly be implied that a centaur exists, since the proposition itself expressly asserts that the thing has no real existence.

Many volumes might be filled with the frivolous speculations concerning the nature of Being (το ■ν, ο■σ■α, Ens, Entitas, Essentia, and the like), which have arisen from overlooking this double meaning of the word _to be_; from supposing that when it signifies _to exist_, and when it signifies to _be_ some specified thing, as to _be_ a man, to _be_ Socrates, to _be_ seen or spoken of, to _be_ a phantom, even to _be_ a nonentity, it must still, at bottom, answer to the same idea; and that a meaning must be found for it which shall suit all these cases. The fog which rose from this narrow spot diffused itself at an early period over the whole surface of metaphysics. Yet it becomes us not to triumph over the great intellects of Plato and Aristotle because we are now able to preserve ourselves from many errors into which they, perhaps inevitably, fell. The fire-teazer of a modern steam-engine produces by his exertions far greater effects than Milo of Crotona could, but he is not therefore a stronger man. The Greeks seldom knew any language but their own. This rendered it far more difficult for them than it is for us, to acquire a readiness in detecting ambiguities. One of the advantages of having accurately studied a plurality of languages, especially of those languages which eminent thinkers have used as the vehicle of their thoughts, is the practical lesson we learn respecting the ambiguities of words, by finding that the same word in one language corresponds, on different occasions, to different words in another. When not thus exercised, even the strongest understandings find it difficult to believe that things which have a common name, have not in some respect or other a common nature; and often expend much labor very unprofitably (as was frequently done by the two philosophers just mentioned) in vain attempts to discover in what this common nature consists. But, the habit once formed, intellects much inferior are capable of detecting even ambiguities which are common to many languages: and it is surprising that the one now under consideration, though it exists in the modern languages as well as in the ancient, should have been overlooked by almost all authors. The quantity of futile speculation which had been caused by a misapprehension of the nature of the copula, was hinted at by Hobbes; but Mr. James Mill(25) was, I believe, the first who distinctly characterized the ambiguity, and pointed out how many errors in the received systems of philosophy it has had to answer for. It has, indeed, misled the moderns scarcely less than the ancients, though their mistakes, because our understandings are not yet so completely emancipated from their influence, do not appear equally irrational.

We shall now briefly review the principal distinctions which exist among propositions, and the technical terms most commonly in use to express those distinctions.

§ 2. A proposition being a portion of discourse in which something is affirmed or denied of something, the first division of propositions is into affirmative and negative. An affirmative proposition is that in which the predicate is _affirmed_ of the subject; as, Cæsar is dead. A negative proposition is that in which the predicate is _denied_ of the subject; as, Cæsar is not dead. The copula, in this last species of proposition, consists of the words _is not_, which are the sign of negation; _is_ being the sign of affirmation.

Some logicians, among whom may be mentioned Hobbes, state this distinction differently; they recognize only one form of copula, _is_, and attach the negative sign to the predicate. “Cæsar is dead,” and “Cæsar is not dead,” according to these writers, are propositions agreeing not in the subject and predicate, but in the subject only. They do not consider “dead,” but “not dead,” to be the predicate of the second proposition, and they accordingly define a negative proposition to be one in which the predicate is a negative name. The point, though not of much practical moment, deserves notice as an example (not unfrequent in logic) where by means of an apparent simplification, but which is merely verbal, matters are made more complex than before. The notion of these writers was, that they could get rid of the distinction between affirming and denying, by treating every case of denying as the affirming of a negative name. But what is meant by a negative name? A name expressive of the _absence_ of an attribute. So that when we affirm a negative name, what we are really predicating is absence and not presence; we are asserting not that any thing is, but that something is not; to express which operation no word seems so proper as the word denying. The fundamental distinction is between a fact and the non-existence of that fact; between seeing something and not seeing it, between Cæsar’s being dead and his not being dead; and if this were a merely verbal distinction, the generalization which brings both within the same form of assertion would be a real simplification: the distinction, however, being real, and in the facts, it is the generalization confounding the distinction that is merely verbal; and tends to obscure the subject, by treating the difference between two kinds of truths as if it were only a difference between two kinds of words. To put things together, and to put them or keep them asunder, will remain different operations, whatever tricks we may play with language.

A remark of a similar nature may be applied to most of those distinctions among propositions which are said to have reference to their _modality_; as, difference of tense or time; the sun _did_ rise, the sun _is_ rising, the sun _will_ rise. These differences, like that between affirmation and negation, might be glossed over by considering the incident of time as a mere modification of the predicate: thus, The sun is _an object having risen_, The sun is _an object now rising_, The sun is _an object to rise hereafter_. But the simplification would be merely verbal. Past, present, and future, do not constitute so many different kinds of rising; they are designations belonging to the event asserted, to the _sun’s_ rising to-day. They affect, not the predicate, but the applicability of the predicate to the particular subject. That which we affirm to be past, present, or future, is not what the subject signifies, nor what the predicate signifies, but specifically and expressly what the predication signifies; what is expressed only by the proposition as such, and not by either or both of the terms. Therefore the circumstance of time is properly considered as attaching to the copula, which is the sign of predication, and not to the predicate. If the same can not be said of such modifications as these, Cæsar _may_ be dead; Cæsar is _perhaps_ dead; it is _possible_ that Cæsar is dead; it is only because these fall altogether under another head, being properly assertions not of any thing relating to the fact itself, but of the state of our own mind in regard to it; namely, our absence of disbelief of it. Thus “Cæsar may be dead” means “I am not sure that Cæsar is alive.”

§ 3. The next division of propositions is into Simple and Complex; more aptly (by Professor Bain(26)) termed Compound. A simple proposition is that in which one predicate is affirmed or denied of one subject. A compound proposition is that in which there is more than one predicate, or more than one subject, or both.

At first sight this division has the air of an absurdity; a solemn distinction of things into one and more than one; as if we were to divide horses into single horses and teams of horses. And it is true that what is called a complex (or compound) proposition is often not a proposition at all, but several propositions, held together by a conjunction. Such, for example, is this: Cæsar is dead, and Brutus is alive: or even this, Cæsar is dead, _but_ Brutus is alive. There are here two distinct assertions; and we might as well call a street a complex house, as these two propositions a complex proposition. It is true that the syncategorematic words _and_ and _but_ have a meaning; but that meaning is so far from making the two propositions one, that it adds a third proposition to them. All particles are abbreviations, and generally abbreviations of propositions; a kind of short-hand, whereby something which, to be expressed fully, would have required a proposition or a series of propositions, is suggested to the mind at once. Thus the words, Cæsar is dead and Brutus is alive, are equivalent to these: Cæsar is dead; Brutus is alive; it is desired that the two preceding propositions should be thought of together. If the words were, Cæsar is dead, _but_ Brutus is alive, the sense would be equivalent to the same three propositions together with a fourth; “between the two preceding propositions there exists a contrast:” viz., either

between the two facts themselves, or between the feelings with which it is desired that they should be regarded.

In the instances cited the two propositions are kept visibly distinct, each subject having its separate predicate, and each predicate its separate subject. For brevity, however, and to avoid repetition, the propositions are often blended together: as in this, “Peter and James preached at Jerusalem and in Galilee,” which contains four propositions: Peter preached at Jerusalem, Peter preached in Galilee, James preached at Jerusalem, James preached in Galilee.

We have seen that when the two or more propositions comprised in what is called a complex proposition are stated absolutely, and not under any condition or proviso, it is not a proposition at all, but a plurality of propositions; since what it expresses is not a single assertion, but several assertions, which, if true when joined, are true also when separated. But there is a kind of proposition which, though it contains a plurality of subjects and of predicates, and may be said in one sense of the word to consist of several propositions, contains but one assertion; and its truth does not at all imply that of the simple propositions which compose it. An example of this is, when the simple propositions are connected by the particle _or_; as, either A is B or C is D; or by the particle _if_; as, A is B if C is D. In the former case, the proposition is called _disjunctive_, in the latter, _conditional_: the name _hypothetical_ was originally common to both.

As has been well remarked by Archbishop Whately and others, the disjunctive form is resolvable into the conditional; every disjunctive proposition being equivalent to two or more conditional ones. “Either A is B or C is D,” means, “if A is not B, C is D; and if C is not D, A is B.” All hypothetical propositions, therefore, though disjunctive in form, are conditional in meaning; and the words hypothetical and conditional may be, as indeed they generally are, used synonymously. Propositions in which the assertion is not dependent on a condition, are said, in the language of logicians, to be _categorical_.

A hypothetical proposition is not, like the pretended complex propositions which we previously considered, a mere aggregation of simple propositions. The simple propositions which form part of the words in which it is couched, form no part of the assertion which it conveys. When we say, If the Koran comes from God, Mohammed is the prophet of God, we do not intend to affirm either that the Koran does come from God, or that Mohammed is really his prophet. Neither of these simple propositions may be true, and yet the truth of the hypothetical proposition may be indisputable. What is asserted is not the truth of either of the propositions, but the inferribility of the one from the other. What, then, is the subject, and what the predicate of the hypothetical proposition? “The Koran” is not the subject of it, nor is “Mohammed:” for nothing is affirmed or denied either of the Koran or of Mohammed. The real subject of the predication is the entire proposition, “Mohammed is the prophet of God;” and the affirmation is, that this is a legitimate inference from the proposition, “The Koran comes from God.” The subject and predicate, therefore, of a hypothetical proposition are names of propositions. The subject is some one proposition. The predicate is a general relative name applicable to propositions; of this form—“an inference from so and so.” A fresh instance is here afforded of the remark, that particles are abbreviations; since “_If_ A is B, C is D,” is found to be an abbreviation of the following: “The proposition C is D, is a legitimate inference from the proposition A is B.”

The distinction, therefore, between hypothetical and categorical propositions is not so great as it at first appears. In the conditional, as well as in the categorical form, one predicate is affirmed of one subject, and no more: but a conditional proposition is a proposition concerning a proposition; the subject of the assertion is itself an assertion. Nor is this a property peculiar to hypothetical propositions. There are other classes of assertions concerning propositions. Like other things, a proposition has attributes which may be predicated of it. The attribute predicated of it in a hypothetical proposition, is that of being an inference from a certain other proposition. But this is only one of many attributes that might be predicated. We may say, That the whole is greater than its part, is an axiom in mathematics: That the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father alone, is a tenet of the Greek Church: The doctrine of the divine right of kings was renounced by Parliament at the Revolution: The infallibility of the Pope has no countenance from Scripture. In all these cases the subject of the predication is an entire proposition. That which these different predicates are affirmed of, is _the proposition_, “the whole is greater than its part;” _the proposition_, “the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father alone;” _the proposition_, “kings have a divine right;” _the proposition_, “the Pope is infallible.”

Seeing, then, that there is much less difference between hypothetical propositions and any others, than one might be led to imagine from their form, we should be at a loss to account for the conspicuous position which they have been selected to fill in treatises on logic, if we did not remember that what they predicate of a proposition, namely, its being an inference from something else, is precisely that one of its attributes with which most of all a logician is concerned.

§ 4. The next of the common divisions of Propositions is into Universal, Particular, Indefinite, and Singular: a distinction founded on the degree of generality in which the name, which is the subject of the proposition, is to be understood. The following are examples:

All men are mortal—Universal. _Some men_ are mortal—Particular. _Man_ is mortal—Indefinite. _Julius Cæsar_ is mortal—Singular.

The proposition is Singular, when the subject is an individual name. The individual name needs not be a proper name. “The Founder of Christianity was crucified,” is as much a singular proposition as “Christ was crucified.”

When the name which is the subject of the proposition is a general name, we may intend to affirm or deny the predicate, either of all the things that the subject denotes, or only of some. When the predicate is affirmed or denied of all and each of the things denoted by the subject, the proposition is universal; when of some undefined portion of them only, it is particular. Thus, All men are mortal; Every man is mortal; are universal propositions. No man is immortal, is also a universal proposition, since the predicate, immortal, is denied of each and every individual denoted by the term man; the negative proposition being exactly equivalent to the following, Every man is not-immortal. But “some men are wise,” “some men are not wise,” are particular propositions; the predicate _wise_ being in the one case affirmed and in the other denied not of each and every individual denoted by the term man, but only of each and every one of some portion of those individuals, without specifying what portion; for if this were specified, the proposition would be changed either into a singular proposition, or into a universal proposition with a different subject; as, for instance, “all _properly instructed_ men are wise.” There are other forms of particular propositions; as, “_Most_ men are imperfectly educated:” it being immaterial how large a portion of the subject the predicate is asserted of, as long as it is left uncertain how that portion is to be distinguished from the rest.(27)

When the form of the expression does not clearly show whether the general name which is the subject of the proposition is meant to stand for all the individuals denoted by it, or only for some of them, the proposition is, by some logicians, called Indefinite; but this, as Archbishop Whately observes, is a solecism, of the same nature as that committed by some grammarians when in their list of genders they enumerate the _doubtful_ gender. The speaker must mean to assert the proposition either as a universal or as a particular proposition, though he has failed to declare which: and it often happens that though the words do not show which of the two he intends, the context, or the custom of speech, supplies the deficiency. Thus, when it is affirmed that “Man is mortal,” nobody doubts that the assertion is intended of all human beings; and the word indicative of universality is commonly omitted, only because the meaning is evident without it. In the proposition, “Wine is good,” it is understood with equal readiness, though for somewhat different reasons, that the assertion is not intended to be universal, but particular.(28) As is observed by Professor Bain,(29) the chief examples of Indefinite propositions occur “with names of material, which are the subjects sometimes of universal, and at other times of particular predication. ‘Food is chemically constituted by carbon, oxygen, etc.,’ is a proposition of universal quantity; the meaning is all food—all kinds of food. ‘Food is necessary to animal life’ is a case of particular quantity; the meaning is some sort of food, not necessarily all sorts. ‘Metal is requisite in order to strength’ does not mean all kinds of metal. ‘Gold will make a way,’ means a portion of gold.”

When a general name stands for each and every individual which it is a name of, or in other words, which it denotes, it is said by logicians to be _distributed_, or taken distributively. Thus, in the proposition, All men are mortal, the subject, Man, is distributed, because mortality is affirmed of each and every man. The predicate, Mortal, is not distributed, because the only mortals who are spoken of in the proposition are those who happen to be men; while the word may, for aught that appears, and in fact does, comprehend within it an indefinite number of objects besides men. In the proposition, Some men are mortal, both the predicate and the subject are undistributed. In the following, No men have wings, both the predicate and the subject are distributed. Not only is the attribute of having wings denied of the entire class Man, but that class is severed and cast out from the whole of the class Winged, and not merely from some part of that class.

This phraseology, which is of great service in stating and demonstrating the rules of the syllogism, enables us to express very concisely the definitions of a universal and a particular proposition. A universal proposition is that of which the subject is distributed; a particular proposition is that of which the subject is undistributed.

There are many more distinctions among propositions than those we have here stated, some of them of considerable importance. But, for explaining and illustrating these, more suitable opportunities will occur in the sequel.

Chapter V.

Of The Import Of Propositions.

§ 1. An inquiry into the nature of propositions must have one of two objects: to analyze the state of mind called Belief, or to analyze what is believed. All language recognizes a difference between a doctrine or opinion, and the fact of entertaining the opinion; between assent, and what is assented to.

Logic, according to the conception here formed of it, has no concern with the nature of the act of judging or believing; the consideration of that act, as a phenomenon of the mind, belongs to another science. Philosophers, however, from Descartes downward, and especially from the era of Leibnitz and Locke, have by no means observed this distinction; and would have treated with great disrespect any attempt to analyze the import of Propositions, unless founded on an analysis of the act of Judgment. A proposition, they would have said, is but the expression in words of a Judgment. The thing expressed, not the mere verbal expression, is the important matter. When the mind assents to a proposition, it judges. Let us find out what the mind does when it judges, and we shall know what propositions mean, and not otherwise.

Conformably to these views, almost all the writers on Logic in the last two centuries, whether English, German, or French, have made their theory of Propositions, from one end to the other, a theory of Judgments. They considered a Proposition, or a Judgment, for they used the two words indiscriminately, to consist in affirming or denying one _idea_ of another. To judge, was to put two ideas together, or to bring one idea under another, or to compare two ideas, or to perceive the agreement or disagreement between two ideas: and the whole doctrine of Propositions, together with the theory of Reasoning (always necessarily founded on the theory of Propositions), was stated as if Ideas, or Conceptions, or whatever other term the writer preferred as a name for mental representations generally, constituted essentially the subject-matter and substance of those operations.

It is, of course, true, that in any case of judgment, as for instance when we judge that gold is yellow, a process takes place in our minds, of which some one or other of these theories is a partially correct account. We must have the idea of gold and the idea of yellow, and these two ideas must be brought together in our mind. But in the first place, it is evident that this is only a part of what takes place; for we may put two ideas together without any act of belief; as when we merely imagine something, such as a golden mountain; or when we actually disbelieve: for in order even to disbelieve that Mohammed was an apostle of God, we must put the idea of Mohammed and that of an apostle of God together. To determine what it is that happens in the case of assent or dissent besides putting two ideas together, is one of the most intricate of metaphysical problems. But whatever the solution may be, we may venture to assert that it can have nothing whatever to do with the import of propositions; for this reason, that propositions (except sometimes when the mind itself is the subject treated of) are not assertions respecting our ideas of things, but assertions respecting the things themselves. In order to believe that gold is yellow, I must, indeed, have the idea of gold, and the idea of yellow, and something having reference to those ideas must take place in my mind; but my belief has not reference to the ideas, it has reference to the things. What I believe, is a fact relating to the outward thing, gold, and to the impression made by that outward thing upon the human organs; not a fact relating to my conception of gold, which would be a fact in my mental history, not a fact of external nature. It is true, that in order to believe this fact in external nature, another fact must take place in my mind, a process must be performed upon my ideas; but so it must in every thing else that I do. I can not dig the ground unless I have the idea of the ground, and of a spade, and of all the other things I am operating upon, and unless I put those ideas together.(30) But it would be a very ridiculous description of digging the ground to say that it is putting one idea into another. Digging is an operation which is performed upon the things themselves, though it can not be performed unless I have in my mind the ideas of them. And in like manner, believing is an act which has for its subject the facts themselves, though a previous mental conception of the facts is an indispensable condition. When I say that fire causes heat, do I mean that my idea of fire causes my idea of heat? No: I mean that the natural phenomenon, fire, causes the natural phenomenon, heat. When I mean to assert any thing respecting the ideas, I give them their proper name, I call them ideas: as when I say, that a child's idea of a battle is unlike the reality, or that the ideas entertained of the Deity have a great effect on the characters of mankind.

The notion that what is of primary importance to the logician in a proposition, is the relation between the two _ideas_ corresponding to the subject and predicate (instead of the relation between the two _phenomena_ which they respectively express), seems to me one of the most fatal errors ever introduced into the philosophy of Logic; and the principal cause why the theory of the science has made such inconsiderable progress during the last two centuries. The treatises on Logic, and on the branches of Mental Philosophy connected with Logic, which have been produced since the intrusion of this cardinal error, though sometimes written by men of extraordinary abilities and attainments, almost always tacitly imply a theory that the investigation of truth consists in contemplating and handling our ideas, or conceptions of things, instead of the things themselves: a doctrine tantamount to the assertion, that the

only mode of acquiring knowledge of nature is to study it at second hand, as represented in our own minds. Meanwhile, inquiries into every kind of natural phenomena were incessantly establishing great and fruitful truths on most important subjects, by processes upon which these views of the nature of Judgment and Reasoning threw no light, and in which they afforded no assistance whatever. No wonder that those who knew by practical experience how truths are arrived at, should deem a science futile, which consisted chiefly of such speculations. What has been done for the advancement of Logic since these doctrines came into vogue, has been done not by professed logicians, but by discoverers in the other sciences; in whose methods of investigation many principles of logic, not previously thought of, have successively come forth into light, but who have generally committed the error of supposing that nothing whatever was known of the art of philosophizing by the old logicians, because their modern interpreters have written to so little purpose respecting it.

We have to inquire, then, on the present occasion, not into Judgment, but judgments; not into the act of believing, but into the thing believed. What is the immediate object of belief in a Proposition? What is the matter of fact signified by it? What is it to which, when I assert the proposition, I give my assent, and call upon others to give theirs? What is that which is expressed by the form of discourse called a Proposition, and the conformity of which to fact constitutes the truth of the proposition?

§ 2. One of the clearest and most consecutive thinkers whom this country or the world has produced, I mean Hobbes, has given the following answer to this question. In every proposition (says he) what is signified is, the belief of the speaker that the predicate is a name of the same thing of which the subject is a name; and if it really is so, the proposition is true. Thus the proposition, All men are living beings (he would say) is true, because _living being_ is a name of every thing of which _man_ is a name. All men are six feet high, is not true, because _six feet high_ is not a name of every thing (though it is of some things) of which _man_ is a name.

What is stated in this theory as the definition of a true proposition, must be allowed to be a property which all true propositions possess. The subject and predicate being both of them names of things, if they were names of quite different things the one name could not, consistently with its signification, be predicated of the other. If it be true that some men are copper-colored, it must be true—and the proposition does really assert—that among the individuals denoted by the name man, there are some who are also among those denoted by the name copper-colored. If it be true that all oxen ruminate, it must be true that all the individuals denoted by the name ox are also among those denoted by the name ruminating; and whoever asserts that all oxen ruminate, undoubtedly does assert that this relation subsists between the two names.

The assertion, therefore, which, according to Hobbes, is the only one made in any proposition, really is made in every proposition: and his analysis has consequently one of the requisites for being the true one. We may go a step further; it is the only analysis that is rigorously true of all propositions without exception. What he gives as the meaning of propositions, is part of the meaning of all propositions, and the whole meaning of some. This, however, only shows what an extremely minute fragment of meaning it is quite possible to include within the logical formula of a proposition. It does not show that no proposition means more. To warrant us in putting together two words with a copula between them, it is really enough that the thing or things denoted by one of the names should be capable, without violation of usage, of being called by the other name also. If, then, this be all the meaning necessarily implied in the form of discourse called a Proposition, why do I object to it as the scientific definition of what a proposition means? Because, though the mere collocation which makes the proposition a proposition, conveys no more than this scanty amount of meaning, that same collocation combined with other circumstances, that _form_ combined with other _matter_, does convey more, and the proposition in those other circumstances does assert more, than merely that relation between the two names.

The only propositions of which Hobbes's principle is a sufficient account, are that limited and unimportant class in which both the predicate and the subject are proper names. For, as has already been remarked, proper names have strictly no meaning; they are mere marks for individual objects: and when a proper name is predicated of another proper name, all the signification conveyed is, that both the names are marks for the same object. But this is precisely what Hobbes produces as a theory of predication in general. His doctrine is a full explanation of such predications as these: Hyde was Clarendon, or, Tully is Cicero. It exhausts the meaning of those propositions. But it is a sadly inadequate theory of any others. That it should ever have been thought of as such, can be accounted for only by the fact, that Hobbes, in common with the other Nominalists, bestowed little or no attention upon the _connotation_ of words; and sought for their meaning exclusively in what they _denote_: as if all names had been (what none but proper names really are) marks put upon individuals; and as if there were no difference between a proper and a general name, except that the first denotes only one individual, and the last a greater number.

It has been seen, however, that the meaning of all names, except proper names and that portion of the class of abstract names which are not connotative, resides in the connotation. When, therefore, we are analyzing the meaning of any proposition in which

the predicate and the subject, or either of them, are connotative names, it is to the connotation of those terms that we must exclusively look, and not to what they _denote_, or in the language of Hobbes (language so far correct) are names of.

In asserting that the truth of a proposition depends on the conformity of import between its terms, as, for instance, that the proposition, Socrates is wise, is a true proposition, because Socrates and wise are names applicable to, or, as he expresses it, names of, the same person; it is very remarkable that so powerful a thinker should not have asked himself the question, But how came they to be names of the same person? Surely not because such was the intention of those who invented the words. When mankind fixed the meaning of the word wise, they were not thinking of Socrates, nor, when his parents gave him the name of Socrates, were they thinking of wisdom. The names _happen_ to fit the same person because of a certain _fact_, which fact was not known, nor in being, when the names were invented. If we want to know what the fact is, we shall find the clue to it in the _connotation_ of the names.

A bird or a stone, a man, or a wise man, means simply, an object having such and such attributes. The real meaning of the word man, is those attributes, and not Smith, Brown, and the remainder of the individuals. The word _mortal_, in like manner connotes a certain attribute or attributes; and when we say, All men are mortal, the meaning of the proposition is, that all beings which possess the one set of attributes, possess also the other. If, in our experience, the attributes connoted by _man_ are always accompanied by the attribute connoted by _mortal_, it will follow as a consequence, that the class _man_ will be wholly included in the class _mortal_, and that _mortal_ will be a name of all things of which _man_ is a name: but why? Those objects are brought under the name, by possessing the attributes connoted by it: but their possession of the attributes is the real condition on which the truth of the proposition depends; not their being called by the name. Connotative names do not precede, but follow, the attributes which they connote. If one attribute happens to be always found in conjunction with another attribute, the concrete names which answer to those attributes will of course be predicable of the same subjects, and may be said, in Hobbes's language (in the propriety of which on this occasion I fully concur), to be two names for the same things. But the possibility of a concurrent application of the two names, is a mere consequence of the conjunction between the two attributes, and was, in most cases, never thought of when the names were introduced and their signification fixed. That the diamond is combustible, was a proposition certainly not dreamed of when the words Diamond and Combustible first received their meaning; and could not have been discovered by the most ingenious and refined analysis of the signification of those words. It was found out by a very different process, namely, by exerting the senses, and learning from them, that the attribute of combustibility existed in the diamonds upon which the experiment was tried; the number or character of the experiments being such, that what was true of those individuals might be concluded to be true of all substances "called by the name," that is, of all substances possessing the attributes which the name connotes. The assertion, therefore, when analyzed, is, that wherever we find certain attributes, there will be found a certain other attribute: which is not a question of the signification of names, but of laws of nature; the order existing among phenomena.

§ 3. Although Hobbes's theory of Predication has not, in the terms in which he stated it, met with a very favorable reception from subsequent thinkers, a theory virtually identical with it, and not by any means so perspicuously expressed, may almost be said to have taken the rank of an established opinion. The most generally received notion of Predication decidedly is that it consists in referring something to a class, _i.e._, either placing an individual under a class, or placing one class under another class. Thus, the proposition, Man is mortal, asserts, according to this view of it, that the class man is included in the class mortal. "Plato is a philosopher," asserts that the individual Plato is one of those who compose the class philosopher. If the proposition is negative, then instead of placing something in a class, it is said to exclude something from a class. Thus, if the following be the proposition, The elephant is not carnivorous; what is asserted (according to this theory) is, that the elephant is excluded from the class carnivorous, or is not numbered among the things comprising that class. There is no real difference, except in language, between this theory of Predication and the theory of Hobbes. For a class _is_ absolutely nothing but an indefinite number of individuals denoted by a general name. The name given to them in common, is what makes them a class. To refer any thing to a class, therefore, is to look upon it as one of the things which are to be called by that common name. To exclude it from a class, is to say that the common name is not applicable to it.

How widely these views of predication have prevailed, is evident from this, that they are the basis of the celebrated _dictum de omni et nullo_. When the syllogism is resolved, by all who treat of it, into an inference that what is true of a class is true of all things whatever that belong to the class; and when this is laid down by almost all professed logicians as the ultimate principle to which all reasoning owes its validity; it is clear that in the general estimation of logicians, the propositions of which reasonings are composed can be the expression of nothing but the process of dividing things into classes, and referring every thing to its proper class.

This theory appears to me a signal example of a logical error very often committed in logic, that of ■στερον προτ■ρον, or explaining a thing by something which presupposes it. When I say that snow is white, I may and ought to be thinking of snow as a class, because I am asserting a proposition as true of all snow: but I am certainly not thinking of white objects as a class; I am thinking of no white object whatever except snow, but only of that, and of the sensation of white which it gives me. When, indeed, I have judged, or assented to the propositions, that snow is white, and that several other things are also white, I gradually begin to think of white objects as a class, including snow and those other things. But this is a conception which followed, not preceded, those judgments, and therefore can not be given as an explanation of them. Instead of explaining the effect by the cause, this doctrine explains the cause by the effect, and is, I conceive, founded on a latent misconception of the nature of classification.

There is a sort of language very generally prevalent in these discussions, which seems to suppose that classification is an arrangement and grouping of definite and known individuals: that when names were imposed, mankind took into consideration all the individual objects in the universe, distributed them into parcels or lists, and gave to the objects of each list a common name, repeating this operation _toties quoties_ until they had invented all the general names of which language consists; which having been once done, if a question subsequently arises whether a certain general name can be truly predicated of a certain particular object, we have only (as it were) to read the roll of the objects upon which that name was conferred, and see whether the object about which the question arises is to be found among them. The framers of language (it would seem to be supposed) have predetermined all the objects that are to compose each class, and we have only to refer to the record of an antecedent decision.

So absurd a doctrine will be owned by nobody when thus nakedly stated; but if the commonly received explanations of classification and naming do not imply this theory, it requires to be shown how they admit of being reconciled with any other.

General names are not marks put upon definite objects; classes are not made by drawing a line round a given number of assignable individuals. The objects which compose any given class are perpetually fluctuating. We may frame a class without knowing the individuals, or even any of the individuals, of which it may be composed; we may do so while believing that no such individuals exist. If by the _meaning_ of a general name are to be understood the things which it is the name of, no general name, except by accident, has a fixed meaning at all, or ever long retains the same meaning. The only mode in which any general name has a definite meaning, is by being a name of an indefinite variety of things; namely, of all things, known or unknown, past, present, or future, which possess certain definite attributes. When, by studying not the meaning of words, but the phenomena of nature, we discover that these attributes are possessed by some object not previously known to possess them (as when chemists found that the diamond was combustible), we include this new object in the class; but it did not already belong to the class. We place the individual in the class because the proposition is true; the proposition is not true because the object is placed in the class.(31)

It will appear hereafter, in treating of reasoning, how much the theory of that intellectual process has been vitiated by the influence of these erroneous notions, and by the habit which they exemplify of assimilating all the operations of the human understanding which have truth for their object, to processes of mere classification and naming. Unfortunately, the minds which have been entangled in this net are precisely those which have escaped the other cardinal error commented upon in the beginning of the present chapter. Since the revolution which dislodged Aristotle from the schools, logicians may almost be divided into those who have looked upon reasoning as essentially an affair of Ideas, and those who have looked upon it as essentially an affair of Names.

Although, however, Hobbes's theory of Predication, according to the well-known remark of Leibnitz, and the avowal of Hobbes himself,(32) renders truth and falsity completely arbitrary, with no standard but the will of men, it must not be concluded that either Hobbes, or any of the other thinkers who have in the main agreed with him, did in fact consider the distinction between truth and error as less real, or attached less importance to it, than other people. To suppose that they did so would argue total unacquaintance with their other speculations. But this shows how little hold their doctrine possessed over their own minds. No person, at bottom, ever imagined that there was nothing more in truth than propriety of expression; than using language in conformity to a previous convention. When the inquiry was brought down from generals to a particular case, it has always been acknowledged that there is a distinction between verbal and real questions; that some false propositions are uttered from ignorance of the meaning of words, but that in others the source of the error is a misapprehension of things; that a person who has not the use of language at all may form propositions mentally, and that they may be untrue—that is, he may believe as matters of fact what are not really so. This last admission can not be made in stronger terms than it is by Hobbes himself,(33) though he will not allow such erroneous belief to be called falsity, but only error. And he has himself laid down, in other places, doctrines in which the true theory of predication is by implication contained. He distinctly says that general names are given to things on account of their attributes, and that abstract names are the names of those attributes. "Abstract is that which in any subject denotes the cause of the concrete name.... And these causes of names are the same with the causes of our conceptions, namely, some power of action, or affection,

of the thing conceived, which some call the manner by which any thing works upon our senses, but by most men they are called _accidents_."(34) It is strange that having gone so far, he should not have gone one step further, and seen that what he calls the cause of the concrete name, is in reality the meaning of it; and that when we predicate of any subject a name which is given _because_ of an attribute (or, as he calls it, an accident), our object is not to affirm the name, but, by means of the name, to affirm the attribute.

§ 4. Let the predicate be, as we have said, a connotative term; and to take the simplest case first, let the subject be a proper name: "The summit of Chimborazo is white." The word white connotes an attribute which is possessed by the individual object designated by the words "summit of Chimborazo;" which attribute consists in the physical fact, of its exciting in human beings the sensation which we call a sensation of white. It will be admitted that, by asserting the proposition, we wish to communicate information of that physical fact, and are not thinking of the names, except as the necessary means of making that communication. The meaning of the proposition, therefore, is, that the individual thing denoted by the subject, has the attributes connoted by the predicate.

If we now suppose the subject also to be a connotative name, the meaning expressed by the proposition has advanced a step further in complication. Let us first suppose the proposition to be universal, as well as affirmative: "All men are mortal." In this case, as in the last, what the proposition asserts (or expresses a belief of) is, of course, that the objects denoted by the subject (man) possess the attributes connoted by the predicate (mortal). But the characteristic of this case is, that the objects are no longer _individually_ designated. They are pointed out only by some of their attributes: they are the objects called men, that is, possessing the attributes connoted by the name man; and the only thing known of them may be those attributes: indeed, as the proposition is general, and the objects denoted by the subject are therefore indefinite in number, most of them are not known individually at all. The assertion, therefore, is not, as before, that the attributes which the predicate connotes are possessed by any given individual, or by any number of individuals previously known as John, Thomas, etc., but that those attributes are possessed by each and every individual possessing certain other attributes; that whatever has the attributes connoted by the subject, has also those connoted by the predicate; that the latter set of attributes _constantly accompany_ the former set. Whatever has the attributes of man has the attribute of mortality; mortality constantly accompanies the attributes of man.(35)

If it be remembered that every attribute is _grounded_ on some fact or phenomenon, either of outward sense or of inward consciousness, and that to _possess_ an attribute is another phrase for being the cause of, or forming part of, the fact or phenomenon upon which the attribute is grounded; we may add one more step to complete the analysis. The proposition which asserts that one attribute always accompanies another attribute, really asserts thereby no other thing than this, that one phenomenon always accompanies another phenomenon; insomuch that where we find the latter, we have assurance of the existence of the former. Thus, in the proposition, All men are mortal, the word man connotes the attributes which we ascribe to a certain kind of living creatures, on the ground of certain phenomena which they exhibit, and which are partly physical phenomena, namely the impressions made on our senses by their bodily form and structure, and partly mental phenomena, namely the sentient and intellectual life which they have of their own. All this is understood when we utter the word man, by any one to whom the meaning of the word is known. Now, when we say, Man is mortal, we mean that wherever these various physical and mental phenomena are all found, there we have assurance that the other physical and mental phenomenon, called death, will not fail to take place. The proposition does not affirm _when_; for the connotation of the word _mortal_ goes no further than to the occurrence of the phenomenon at some time or other, leaving the particular time undecided.

§ 5. We have already proceeded far enough, not only to demonstrate the error of Hobbes, but to ascertain the real import of by far the most numerous class of propositions. The object of belief in a proposition, when it asserts any thing more than the meaning of words, is generally, as in the cases which we have examined, either the co-existence or the sequence of two phenomena. At the very commencement of our inquiry, we found that every act of belief implied two Things: we have now ascertained what, in the most frequent case, these two things are, namely, two Phenomena; in other words, two states of consciousness; and what it is which the proposition affirms (or denies) to subsist between them, namely, either succession or co-existence. And this case includes innumerable instances which no one, previous to reflection, would think of referring to it. Take the following example: A generous person is worthy of honor. Who would expect to recognize here a case of co-existence between phenomena? But so it is. The attribute which causes a person to be termed generous, is ascribed to him on the ground of states of his mind, and particulars of his conduct: both are phenomena: the former are facts of internal consciousness; the latter, so far as distinct from the former, are physical facts, or perceptions of the senses. Worthy of honor admits of a similar analysis. Honor, as here used, means a state of approving and admiring emotion, followed on occasion by corresponding outward acts. "Worthy of honor" connotes all this, together with our approval of the act of showing honor. All these are phenomena; states of internal consciousness, accompanied or followed

by physical facts. When we say, A generous person is worthy of honor, we affirm co-existence between the two complicated phenomena connoted by the two terms respectively. We affirm, that wherever and whenever the inward feelings and outward facts implied in the word generosity have place, then and there the existence and manifestation of an inward feeling, honor, would be followed in our minds by another inward feeling, approval.

After the analysis, in a former chapter, of the import of names, many examples are not needed to illustrate the import of propositions. When there is any obscurity, or difficulty, it does not lie in the meaning of the proposition, but in the meaning of the names which compose it; in the extremely complicated connotation of many words; the immense multitude and prolonged series of facts which often constitute the phenomenon connoted by a name. But where it is seen what the phenomenon is, there is seldom any difficulty in seeing that the assertion conveyed by the proposition is, the co-existence of one such phenomenon with another; or the succession of one such phenomenon to another: so that where the one is found, we may calculate on finding the other, though perhaps not conversely.

This, however, though the most common, is not the only meaning which propositions are ever intended to convey. In the first place, sequences and co-existences are not only asserted respecting Phenomena; we make propositions also respecting those hidden causes of phenomena, which are named substances and attributes. A substance, however, being to us nothing but either that which causes, or that which is conscious of, phenomena; and the same being true, _mutatis mutandis_, of attributes; no assertion can be made, at least with a meaning, concerning these unknown and unknowable entities, except in virtue of the Phenomena by which alone they manifest themselves to our faculties. When we say Socrates was contemporary with the Peloponnesian war, the foundation of this assertion, as of all assertions concerning substances, is an assertion concerning the phenomena which they exhibit—namely, that the series of facts by which Socrates manifested himself to mankind, and the series of mental states which constituted his sentient existence, went on simultaneously with the series of facts known by the name of the Peloponnesian war. Still, the proposition as commonly understood does not assert that alone; it asserts that the Thing in itself, the _noumenon_ Socrates, was existing, and doing or experiencing those various facts during the same time. Co-existence and sequence, therefore, may be affirmed or denied not only between phenomena, but between noumena, or between a noumenon and phenomena. And both of noumena and of phenomena we may affirm simple existence. But what is a noumenon? An unknown cause. In affirming, therefore, the existence of a noumenon, we affirm causation. Here, therefore, are two additional kinds of fact, capable of being asserted in a proposition. Besides the propositions which assert Sequence or Co-existence, there are some which assert simple Existence;(36) and others assert Causation, which, subject to the explanations which will follow in the Third Book, must be considered provisionally as a distinct and peculiar kind of assertion.

§ 6. To these four kinds of matter-of-fact or assertion, must be added a fifth, Resemblance. This was a species of attribute which we found it impossible to analyze; for which no _fundamentum_, distinct from the objects themselves, could be assigned. Besides propositions which assert a sequence or co-existence between two phenomena, there are therefore also propositions which assert resemblance between them; as, This color is like that color; The heat of to-day is _equal_ to the heat of yesterday. It is true that such an assertion might with some plausibility be brought within the description of an affirmation of sequence, by considering it as an assertion that the simultaneous contemplation of the two colors is _followed_ by a specific feeling termed the feeling of resemblance. But there would be nothing gained by incumbering ourselves, especially in this place, with a generalization which may be looked upon as strained. Logic does not undertake to analyze mental facts into their ultimate elements. Resemblance between two phenomena is more intelligible in itself than any explanation could make it, and under any classification must remain specifically distinct from the ordinary cases of sequence and co-existence.

It is sometimes said, that all propositions whatever, of which the predicate is a general name, do, in point of fact, affirm or deny resemblance. All such propositions affirm that a thing belongs to a class; but things being classed together according to their resemblance, every thing is of course classed with the things which it is supposed to resemble most; and thence, it may be said, when we affirm that Gold is a metal, or that Socrates is a man, the affirmation intended is, that gold resembles other metals, and Socrates other men, more nearly than they resemble the objects contained in any other of the classes co-ordinate with these.

There is some slight degree of foundation for this remark, but no more than a slight degree. The arrangement of things into classes, such as the class _metal_, or the class _man_, is grounded indeed on a resemblance among the things which are placed in the same class, but not on a mere general resemblance: the resemblance it is grounded on consists in the possession by all those things, of certain common peculiarities; and those peculiarities it is which the terms connote, and which the propositions consequently assert; not the resemblance. For though when I say, Gold is a metal, I say by implication that if there be any other metals it must resemble them, yet if there were no other metals I might still assert the proposition with the same meaning as at

present, namely, that gold has the various properties implied in the word metal; just as it might be said, Christians are men, even if there were no men who were not Christians. Propositions, therefore, in which objects are referred to a class because they possess the attributes constituting the class, are so far from asserting nothing but resemblance, that they do not, properly speaking, assert resemblance at all.

But we remarked some time ago (and the reasons of the remark will be more fully entered into in a subsequent Book(37)) that there is sometimes a convenience in extending the boundaries of a class so as to include things which possess in a very inferior degree, if in any, some of the characteristic properties of the class—provided they resemble that class more than any other, insomuch that the general propositions which are true of the class, will be nearer to being true of those things than any other equally general propositions. For instance, there are substances called metals which have very few of the properties by which metals are commonly recognized; and almost every great family of plants or animals has a few anomalous genera or species on its borders, which are admitted into it by a sort of courtesy, and concerning which it has been matter of discussion to what family they properly belonged. Now when the class-name is predicated of any object of this description, we do, by so predicating it, affirm resemblance and nothing more. And in order to be scrupulously correct it ought to be said, that in every case in which we predicate a general name, we affirm, not absolutely that the object possesses the properties designated by the name, but that it _either_ possesses those properties, or if it does not, at any rate resembles the things which do so, more than it resembles any other things. In most cases, however, it is unnecessary to suppose any such alternative, the latter of the two grounds being very seldom that on which the assertion is made: and when it is, there is generally some slight difference in the form of the expression, as, This species (or genus) is _considered_, or _may be ranked_, as belonging to such and such a family: we should hardly say positively that it does belong to it, unless it possessed unequivocally the properties of which the class-name is scientifically significant.

There is still another exceptional case, in which, though the predicate is the name of a class, yet in predicating it we affirm nothing but resemblance, the class being founded not on resemblance in any given particular, but on general unanalyzable resemblance. The classes in question are those into which our simple sensations, or other simple feelings, are divided. Sensations of white, for instance, are classed together, not because we can take them to pieces, and say they are alike in this, and not alike in that, but because we feel them to be alike altogether, though in different degrees. When, therefore, I say, The color I saw yesterday was a white color, or, The sensation I feel is one of tightness, in both cases the attribute I affirm of the color or of the other sensation is mere resemblance—simple _likeness_ to sensations which I have had before, and which have had those names bestowed upon them. The names of feelings, like other concrete general names, are connotative; but they connote a mere resemblance. When predicated of any individual feeling, the information they convey is that of its likeness to the other feelings which we have been accustomed to call by the same name. Thus much may suffice in illustration of the kind of propositions in which the matter-of-fact asserted (or denied) is simple Resemblance.

Existence, Co-existence, Sequence, Causation, Resemblance: one or other of these is asserted (or denied) in every proposition which is not merely verbal. This five-fold division is an exhaustive classification of matters-of-fact; of all things that can be believed, or tendered for belief; of all questions that can be propounded, and all answers that can be returned to them.

Professor Bain(38) distinguishes two kinds of Propositions of Co-existence. “In the one kind, account is taken of Place; they may be described as propositions of Order in Place.” In the other kind, the co-existence which is predicated is termed by Mr. Bain Co-inherence of Attributes. “This is a distinct variety of Propositions of Co-existence. Instead of an arrangement in place with numerical intervals, we have the concurrence of two or more attributes or powers in the same part or locality. A mass of gold contains, in every atom, the concurring attributes that mark the substance—weight, hardness, color, lustre, incorrosibility, etc. An animal, besides having parts situated in place, has co-inhering functions in the same parts, exerted by the very same masses and molecules of its substance.... The Mind, which affords no Propositions of Order in Place, has co-inhering functions. We affirm mind to contain Feeling, Will, and Thought, not in local separation, but in commingling exercise. The concurring properties of minerals, of plants, and of the bodily and the mental structure of animals, are united in affirmations of co-inherence.”

The distinction is real and important. But, as has been seen, an Attribute, when it is any thing but a simple unanalyzable Resemblance between the subject and some other things, consists in causing impressions of some sort on consciousness. Consequently, the co-inherence of two attributes is but the co-existence of the two states of consciousness implied in their meaning: with the difference, however, that this co-existence is sometimes potential only, the attribute being considered as in existence, though the fact on which it is grounded may not be actually, but only potentially present. Snow, for instance, is, with great convenience, said to be white even in a state of total darkness, because, though we are not now conscious of the color, we shall be conscious of it as soon as morning breaks. Co-inherence of attributes is therefore still a case, though a complex one, of

co-existence of states of consciousness; a totally different thing, however, from Order in Place. Being a part of simultaneity, it belongs not to Place but to Time.

We may therefore (and we shall sometimes find it a convenience) instead of Co-existence and Sequence, say, for greater particularity, Order in Place and Order in Time: Order in Place being a specific mode of co-existence, not necessary to be more particularly analyzed here; while the mere fact of co-existence, whether between actual sensations, or between the potentialities of causing them, known by the name of attributes, may be classed, together with Sequence, under the head of Order in Time.

§ 7. In the foregoing inquiry into the import of propositions, we have thought it necessary to analyze directly those alone, in which the terms of the proposition (or the predicate at least) are concrete terms. But, in doing so, we have indirectly analyzed those in which the terms are abstract. The distinction between an abstract term and its corresponding concrete, does not turn upon any difference in what they are appointed to signify; for the real signification of a concrete general name is, as we have so often said, its connotation; and what the concrete term connotes, forms the entire meaning of the abstract name. Since there is nothing in the import of an abstract name which is not in the import of the corresponding concrete, it is natural to suppose that neither can there be any thing in the import of a proposition of which the terms are abstract, but what there is in some proposition which can be framed of concrete terms.

And this presumption a closer examination will confirm. An abstract name is the name of an attribute, or combination of attributes. The corresponding concrete is a name given to things, because of, and in order to express, their possessing that attribute, or that combination of attributes. When, therefore, we predicate of any thing a concrete name, the attribute is what we in reality predicate of it. But it has now been shown that in all propositions of which the predicate is a concrete name, what is really predicated is one of five things: Existence, Co-existence, Causation, Sequence, or Resemblance. An attribute, therefore, is necessarily either an existence, a co-existence, a causation, a sequence, or a resemblance. When a proposition consists of a subject and predicate which are abstract terms, it consists of terms which must necessarily signify one or other of these things. When we predicate of any thing an abstract name, we affirm of the thing that it is one or other of these five things; that it is a case of Existence, or of Co-existence, or of Causation, or of Sequence, or of Resemblance.

It is impossible to imagine any proposition expressed in abstract terms, which can not be transformed into a precisely equivalent proposition in which the terms are concrete; namely, either the concrete names which connote the attributes themselves, or the names of the _fundamenta_ of those attributes; the facts or phenomena on which they are grounded. To illustrate the latter case, let us take this proposition, of which the subject only is an abstract name, “Thoughtlessness is dangerous.” Thoughtlessness is an attribute, grounded on the facts which we call thoughtless actions; and the proposition is equivalent to this, Thoughtless actions are dangerous. In the next example the predicate as well as the subject are abstract names: “Whiteness is a color;” or “The color of snow is a whiteness.” These attributes being grounded on sensations, the equivalent propositions in the concrete would be, The sensation of white is one of the sensations called those of color—The sensation of sight, caused by looking at snow, is one of the sensations called sensations of white. In these propositions, as we have before seen, the matter-of-fact asserted is a Resemblance. In the following examples, the concrete terms are those which directly correspond to the abstract names; connoting the attribute which these denote. “Prudence is a virtue:” this may be rendered, “All prudent persons, _in so far as_ prudent, are virtuous:” “Courage is deserving of honor;” thus, “All courageous persons are deserving of honor _in so far_ as they are courageous:” which is equivalent to this—“All courageous persons deserve an addition to the honor, or a diminution of the disgrace, which would attach to them on other grounds.”

In order to throw still further light upon the import of propositions of which the terms are abstract, we will subject one of the examples given above to a minuter analysis. The proposition we shall select is the following: “Prudence is a virtue.” Let us substitute for the word virtue an equivalent but more definite expression, such as “a mental quality beneficial to society,” or “a mental quality pleasing to God,” or whatever else we adopt as the definition of virtue. What the proposition asserts is a sequence, accompanied with causation; namely, that benefit to society, or that the approval of God, is consequent on, and caused by, prudence. Here is a sequence; but between what? We understand the consequent of the sequence, but we have yet to analyze the antecedent. Prudence is an attribute; and, in connection with it, two things besides itself are to be considered; prudent persons, who are the _subjects_ of the attribute, and prudential conduct, which may be called the _foundation_ of it. Now is either of these the antecedent? and, first, is it meant, that the approval of God, or benefit to society, is attendant upon all prudent _persons_? No; except _in so far_ as they are prudent; for prudent persons who are scoundrels can seldom, on the whole, be beneficial to society, nor can they be acceptable to a good being. Is it upon prudential _conduct_, then, that divine approbation and benefit to mankind are supposed to be invariably consequent? Neither is this the assertion meant, when it is said that prudence is a virtue; except with

the same reservation as before, and for the same reason, namely, that prudential conduct, although in _so far as_ it is prudential it is beneficial to society, may yet, by reason of some other of its qualities, be productive of an injury outweighing the benefit, and deserve a displeasure exceeding the approbation which would be due to the prudence. Neither the substance, therefore (viz., the person), nor the phenomenon (the conduct), is an antecedent on which the other term of the sequence is universally consequent. But the proposition, “Prudence is a virtue,” is a universal proposition. What is it, then, upon which the proposition affirms the effects in question to be universally consequent? Upon that in the person, and in the conduct, which causes them to be called prudent, and which is equally in them when the action, though prudent, is wicked; namely, a correct foresight of consequences, a just estimation of their importance to the object in view, and repression of any unreflecting impulse at variance with the deliberate purpose. These, which are states of the person’s mind, are the real antecedent in the sequence, the real cause in the causation, asserted by the proposition. But these are also the real ground, or foundation, of the attribute Prudence; since wherever these states of mind exist we may predicate prudence, even before we know whether any conduct has followed. And in this manner every assertion respecting an attribute, may be transformed into an assertion exactly equivalent respecting the fact or phenomenon which is the ground of the attribute. And no case can be assigned, where that which is predicated of the fact or phenomenon, does not belong to one or other of the five species formerly enumerated: it is either simple Existence, or it is some Sequence, Co-existence, Causation, or Resemblance.

And as these five are the only things which can be affirmed, so are they the only things which can be denied. “No horses are web-footed” denies that the attributes of a horse ever co-exist with web-feet. It is scarcely necessary to apply the same analysis to Particular affirmations and negations. “Some birds are web-footed,” affirms that, with the attributes connoted by _bird_, the phenomenon web-feet is sometimes co-existent: “Some birds are not web-footed,” asserts that there are other instances in which this co-existence does not have place. Any further explanation of a thing which, if the previous exposition has been assented to, is so obvious, may here be spared.

Chapter VI.

Of Propositions Merely Verbal.

§ 1. As a preparation for the inquiry which is the proper object of Logic, namely, in what manner propositions are to be proved, we have found it necessary to inquire what they contain which requires, or is susceptible of, proof; or (which is the same thing) what they assert. In the course of this preliminary investigation into the import of Propositions, we examined the opinion of the Conceptualists, that a proposition is the expression of a relation between two ideas; and the doctrine of the extreme Nominalists, that it is the expression of an agreement or disagreement between the meanings of two names. We decided that, as general theories, both of these are erroneous; and that, though propositions may be made both respecting names and respecting ideas, neither the one nor the other are the subject-matter of Propositions considered generally. We then examined the different kinds of Propositions, and found that, with the exception of those which are merely verbal, they assert five different kinds of matters of fact, namely, Existence, Order in Place, Order in Time, Causation, and Resemblance; that in every proposition one of these five is either affirmed, or denied, of some fact or phenomenon, or of some object the unknown source of a fact or phenomenon.

In distinguishing, however, the different kinds of matters of fact asserted in propositions, we reserved one class of propositions, which do not relate to any matter of fact, in the proper sense of the term at all, but to the meaning of names. Since names and their signification are entirely arbitrary, such propositions are not, strictly speaking, susceptible of truth or falsity, but only of conformity or disconformity to usage or convention; and all the proof they are capable of, is proof of usage; proof that the words have been employed by others in the acceptation in which the speaker or writer desires to use them. These propositions occupy, however, a conspicuous place in philosophy; and their nature and characteristics are of as much importance in logic, as those of any of the other classes of propositions previously adverted to.

If all propositions respecting the signification of words were as simple and unimportant as those which served us for examples when examining Hobbes’s theory of predication, viz., those of which the subject and predicate are proper names, and which assert only that those names have, or that they have not, been conventionally assigned to the same individual, there would be little to attract to such propositions the attention of philosophers. But the class of merely verbal propositions embraces not only much more than these, but much more than any propositions which at first sight present themselves as verbal; comprehending a kind of assertions which have been regarded not only as relating to things, but as having actually a more intimate relation with them than any other propositions whatever. The student in philosophy will perceive that I allude to the distinction on which so much stress was

laid by the schoolmen, and which has been retained either under the same or under other names by most metaphysicians to the present day, viz., between what were called _essential_, and what were called _accidental_, propositions, and between essential and accidental properties or attributes.

§ 2. Almost all metaphysicians prior to Locke, as well as many since his time, have made a great mystery of Essential Predication, and of predicates which are said to be of the _essence_ of the subject. The essence of a thing, they said, was that without which the thing could neither be, nor be conceived to be. Thus, rationality was of the essence of man, because without rationality, man could not be conceived to exist. The different attributes which made up the essence of the thing were called its essential properties; and a proposition in which any of these were predicated of it was called an Essential Proposition, and was considered to go deeper into the nature of the thing, and to convey more important information respecting it, than any other proposition could do. All properties, not of the essence of the thing, were called its accidents; were supposed to have nothing at all, or nothing comparatively, to do with its inmost nature; and the propositions in which any of these were predicated of it were called Accidental Propositions. A connection may be traced between this distinction, which originated with the schoolmen, and the well-known dogmas of _substantiæ secundæ_ or general substances, and _substantial forms_, doctrines which under varieties of language pervaded alike the Aristotelian and the Platonic schools, and of which more of the spirit has come down to modern times than might be conjectured from the disuse of the phraseology. The false views of the nature of classification and generalization which prevailed among the schoolmen, and of which these dogmas were the technical expression, afford the only explanation which can be given of their having misunderstood the real nature of those Essences which held so conspicuous a place in their philosophy. They said, truly, that _man_ can not be conceived without rationality. But though _man_ can not, a being may be conceived exactly like a man in all points except that one quality, and those others which are the conditions or consequences of it. All, therefore, which is really true in the assertion that man can not be conceived without rationality, is only, that if he had not rationality, he would not be reputed a man. There is no impossibility in conceiving the _thing_, nor, for aught we know, in its existing: the impossibility is in the conventions of language, which will not allow the thing, even if it exist, to be called by the name which is reserved for rational beings. Rationality, in short, is involved in the meaning of the word man: is one of the attributes connoted by the name. The essence of man, simply means the whole of the attributes connoted by the word; and any one of those attributes taken singly, is an essential property of man.

But these reflections, so easy to us, would have been difficult to persons who thought, as most of the later Aristotelians did, that objects were made what they were called, that gold (for instance) was made gold, not by the possession of certain properties to which mankind have chosen to attach that name, but by participation in the nature of a general substance, called gold in general, which substance, together with all the properties that belonged to it, _inhered_ in every individual piece of gold.(39) As they did not consider these universal substances to be attached to all general names, but only to some, they thought that an object borrowed only a part of its properties from a universal substance, and that the rest belonged to it individually: the former they called its essence, and the latter its accidents. The scholastic doctrine of essences long survived the theory on which it rested, that of the existence of real entities corresponding to general terms; and it was reserved for Locke, at the end of the seventeenth century, to convince philosophers that the supposed essences of classes were merely the signification of their names; nor, among the signal services which his writings rendered to philosophy, was there one more needful or more valuable.

Now, as the most familiar of the general names by which an object is designated usually connotes not one only, but several attributes of the object, each of which attributes separately forms also the bond of union of some class, and the meaning of some general name; we may predicate of a name which connotes a variety of attributes, another name which connotes only one of these attributes, or some smaller number of them than all. In such cases, the universal affirmative proposition will be true; since whatever possesses the whole of any set of attributes, must possess any part of that same set. A proposition of this sort, however, conveys no information to any one who previously understood the whole meaning of the terms. The propositions, Every man is a corporeal being, Every man is a living creature, Every man is rational, convey no knowledge to any one who was already aware of the entire meaning of the word _man_, for the meaning of the word includes all this: and that every _man_ has the attributes connoted by all these predicates, is already asserted when he is called a man. Now, of this nature are all the propositions which have been called essential. They are, in fact, identical propositions.

It is true that a proposition which predicates any attribute, even though it be one implied in the name, is in most cases understood to involve a tacit assertion that there _exists_ a thing corresponding to the name, and possessing the attributes connoted by it; and this implied assertion may convey information, even to those who understood the meaning of the name. But all information of this sort, conveyed by all the essential propositions of which man can be made the subject, is included in the assertion, Men exist. And

this assumption of real existence is, after all, the result of an imperfection of language. It arises from the ambiguity of the copula, which, in addition to its proper office of a mark to show that an assertion is made, is also, as formerly remarked, a concrete word connoting existence. The actual existence of the subject of the proposition is therefore only apparently, not really, implied in the predication, if an essential one: we may say, A ghost is a disembodied spirit, without believing in ghosts. But an accidental, or non-essential, affirmation, does imply the real existence of the subject, because in the case of a non-existent subject there is nothing for the proposition to assert. Such a proposition as, The ghost of a murdered person haunts the couch of the murderer, can only have a meaning if understood as implying a belief in ghosts; for since the signification of the word ghost implies nothing of the kind, the speaker either means nothing, or means to assert a thing which he wishes to be believed to have really taken place.

It will be hereafter seen that when any important consequences seem to follow, as in mathematics, from an essential proposition, or, in other words, from a proposition involved in the meaning of a name, what they really flow from is the tacit assumption of the real existence of the objects so named. Apart from this assumption of real existence, the class of propositions in which the predicate is of the essence of the subject (that is, in which the predicate connotes the whole or part of what the subject connotes, but nothing besides) answer no purpose but that of unfolding the whole or some part of the meaning of the name, to those who did not previously know it. Accordingly, the most useful, and in strictness the only useful kind of essential propositions, are Definitions: which, to be complete, should unfold the whole of what is involved in the meaning of the word defined; that is (when it is a connotative word), the whole of what it connotes. In defining a name, however, it is not usual to specify its entire connotation, but so much only as is sufficient to mark out the objects usually denoted by it from all other known objects. And sometimes a merely accidental property, not involved in the meaning of the name, answers this purpose equally well. The various kinds of definition which these distinctions give rise to, and the purposes to which they are respectively subservient, will be minutely considered in the proper place.

§ 3. According to the above view of essential propositions, no proposition can be reckoned such which relates to an individual by name, that is, in which the subject is a proper name. Individuals have no essences. When the schoolmen talked of the essence of an individual, they did not mean the properties implied in its name, for the names of individuals imply no properties. They regarded as of the essence of an individual, whatever was of the essence of the species in which they were accustomed to place that individual; _i.e._, of the class to which it was most familiarly referred, and to which, therefore, they conceived that it by nature belonged. Thus, because the proposition Man is a rational being, was an essential proposition, they affirmed the same thing of the proposition, Julius Cæsar is a rational being. This followed very naturally if genera and species were to be considered as entities, distinct from, but _inhering_ in, the individuals composing them. If _man_ was a substance inhering in each individual man, the _essence_ of man (whatever that might mean) was naturally supposed to accompany it; to inhere in John Thompson, and to form the _common essence_ of Thompson and Julius Cæsar. It might then be fairly said, that rationality, being of the essence of Man, was of the essence also of Thompson. But if Man altogether be only the individual men and a name bestowed upon them in consequence of certain common properties, what becomes of John Thompson's essence?

A fundamental error is seldom expelled from philosophy by a single victory. It retreats slowly, defends every inch of ground, and often, after it has been driven from the open country, retains a footing in some remote fastness. The essences of individuals were an unmeaning figment arising from a misapprehension of the essences of classes, yet even Locke, when he extirpated the parent error, could not shake himself free from that which was its fruit. He distinguished two sorts of essences, Real and Nominal. His nominal essences were the essences of classes, explained nearly as we have now explained them. Nor is any thing wanting to render the third book of Locke's Essay a nearly unexceptional treatise on the connotation of names, except to free its language from the assumption of what are called Abstract Ideas, which unfortunately is involved in the phraseology, though not necessarily connected with the thoughts contained in that immortal Third Book.(40) But besides nominal essences, he admitted real essences, or essences of individual objects, which he supposed to be the causes of the sensible properties of those objects. We know not (said he) what these are (and this acknowledgment rendered the fiction comparatively innocuous); but if we did, we could, from them alone, demonstrate the sensible properties of the object, as the properties of the triangle are demonstrated from the definition of the triangle. I shall have occasion to revert to this theory in treating of Demonstration, and of the conditions under which one property of a thing admits of being demonstrated from another property. It is enough here to remark that, according to this definition, the real essence of an object has, in the progress of physics, come to be conceived as nearly equivalent, in the case of bodies, to their corpuscular structure: what it is now supposed to mean in the case of any other entities, I would not take upon myself to define.

§ 4. An essential proposition, then, is one which is purely verbal; which asserts of a thing under a particular name, only what is asserted of it in the fact of calling it by that name; and which, therefore, either gives no information, or gives it respecting the name, not the thing. Non-essential, or accidental propositions, on the contrary, may be called Real Propositions, in opposition to Verbal. They predicate of a thing some fact not involved in the signification of the name by which the proposition speaks of it; some attribute not connoted by that name. Such are all propositions concerning things individually designated, and all general or particular propositions in which the predicate connotes any attribute not connoted by the subject. All these, if true, add to our knowledge: they convey information, not already involved in the names employed. When I am told that all, or even that some objects, which have certain qualities, or which stand in certain relations, have also certain other qualities, or stand in certain other relations, I learn from this proposition a new fact; a fact not included in my knowledge of the meaning of the words, nor even of the existence of Things answering to the signification of those words. It is this class of propositions only which are in themselves instructive, or from which any instructive propositions can be inferred.(41)

Nothing has probably contributed more to the opinion so long prevalent of the futility of the school logic, than the circumstance that almost all the examples used in the common school books to illustrate the doctrine of predication and that of the syllogism, consist of essential propositions. They were usually taken either from the branches or from the main trunk of the Predicamental Tree, which included nothing but what was of the _essence_ of the species: _Omne corpus est substantia_, _Omne animal est corpus_, _Omnis homo est corpus_, _Omnis homo est animal_, _Omnis homo est rationalis_, and so forth. It is far from wonderful that the syllogistic art should have been thought to be of no use in assisting correct reasoning, when almost the only propositions which, in the hands of its professed teachers, it was employed to prove, were such as every one assented to without proof the moment he comprehended the meaning of the words; and stood exactly on a level, in point of evidence, with the premises from which they were drawn. I have, therefore, throughout this work, avoided the employment of essential propositions as examples, except where the nature of the principle to be illustrated specifically required them.

§ 5. With respect to propositions which do convey information—which assert something of a Thing, under a name that does not already presuppose what is about to be asserted; there are two different aspects in which these, or rather such of them as are general propositions, may be considered: we may either look at them as portions of speculative truth, or as memoranda for practical use. According as we consider propositions in one or the other of these lights, their import may be conveniently expressed in one or in the other of two formulas.

According to the formula which we have hitherto employed, and which is best adapted to express the import of the proposition as a portion of our theoretical knowledge, All men are mortal, means that the attributes of man are always accompanied by the attribute mortality: No men are gods, means that the attributes of man are never accompanied by the attributes, or at least never by all the attributes, signified by the word god. But when the proposition is considered as a memorandum for practical use, we shall find a different mode of expressing the same meaning better adapted to indicate the office which the proposition performs. The practical use of a proposition is, to apprise or remind us what we have to expect, in any individual case which comes within the assertion contained in the proposition. In reference to this purpose, the proposition, All men are mortal, means that the attributes of man are _evidence of_, are a _mark_ of, mortality; an indication by which the presence of that attribute is made manifest. No men are gods, means that the attributes of man are a mark or evidence that some or all of the attributes understood to belong to a god are not there; that where the former are, we need not expect to find the latter.

These two forms of expression are at bottom equivalent; but the one points the attention more directly to what a proposition means, the latter to the manner in which it is to be used.

Now it is to be observed that Reasoning (the subject to which we are next to proceed) is a process into which propositions enter not as ultimate results, but as means to the establishment of other propositions. We may expect, therefore, that the mode of exhibiting the import of a general proposition which shows it in its application to practical use, will best express the function which propositions perform in Reasoning. And accordingly, in the theory of Reasoning, the mode of viewing the subject which considers a Proposition as asserting that one fact or phenomenon is a _mark_ or _evidence_ of another fact or phenomenon, will be found almost indispensable. For the purposes of that Theory, the best mode of defining the import of a proposition is not the mode which shows most clearly what it is in itself, but that which most distinctly suggests the manner in which it may be made available for advancing from it to other propositions.

Chapter VII.

Of The Nature Of Classification, And The Five Predicables.

§ 1. In examining into the nature of general propositions, we have adverted much less than is usual with logicians to the ideas of a Class, and Classification; ideas which, since the Realist doctrine of General Substances went out of vogue, have formed the basis of almost every attempt at a philosophical theory of general terms and general propositions. We have considered general names as having a meaning, quite independently of their being the names of classes. That circumstance is in truth accidental, it being wholly immaterial to the signification of the name whether there are many objects, or only one, to which it happens to be applicable, or whether there be any at all. God is as much a general term to the Christian or Jew as to the Polytheist; and dragon, hippogriff, chimera, mermaid, ghost, are as much so as if real objects existed, corresponding to those names. Every name the signification of which is constituted by attributes, is potentially a name of an indefinite number of objects; but it needs not be actually the name of any; and if of any, it may be the name of only one. As soon as we employ a name to connote attributes, the things, be they more or fewer, which happen to possess those attributes, are constituted _ipso facto_ a class. But in predicating the name we predicate only the attributes; and the fact of belonging to a class does not, in many cases, come into view at all.

Although, however, Predication does not presuppose Classification, and though the theory of Names and of Propositions is not cleared up, but only encumbered, by intruding the idea of classification into it, there is nevertheless a close connection between Classification and the employment of General Names. By every general name which we introduce, we create a class, if there be any things, real or imaginary, to compose it; that is, any Things corresponding to the signification of the name. Classes, therefore, mostly owe their existence to general language. But general language, also, though that is not the most common case, sometimes owes its existence to classes. A general, which is as much as to say a significant, name, is indeed mostly introduced because we have a signification to express by it; because we need a word by means of which to predicate the attributes which it connotes. But it is also true that a name is sometimes introduced because we have found it convenient to create a class; because we have thought it useful for the regulation of our mental operations, that a certain group of objects should be thought of together. A naturalist, for purposes connected with his particular science, sees reason to distribute the animal or vegetable creation into certain groups rather than into any others, and he requires a name to bind, as it were, each of his groups together. It must not, however, be supposed that such names, when introduced, differ in any respect, as to their mode of signification, from other connotative names. The classes which they denote are, as much as any other classes, constituted by certain common attributes, and their names are significant of those attributes, and of nothing else. The names of Cuvier's classes and orders, _Plantigrades_, _Digitigrades_, etc., are as much the expression of attributes as if those names had preceded, instead of grown out of, his classification of animals. The only peculiarity of the case is, that the convenience of classification was here the primary motive for introducing the names; while in other cases the name is introduced as a means of predication, and the formation of a class denoted by it is only an indirect consequence.

The principles which ought to regulate Classification, as a logical process subservient to the investigation of truth, can not be discussed to any purpose until a much later stage of our inquiry. But, of Classification as resulting from, and implied in, the fact of employing general language, we can not forbear to treat here, without leaving the theory of general names, and of their employment in predication, mutilated and formless.

§ 2. This portion of the theory of general language is the subject of what is termed the doctrine of the Predicables; a set of distinctions handed down from Aristotle, and his follower Porphyry, many of which have taken a firm root in scientific, and some of them even in popular, phraseology. The predicables are a fivefold division of General Names, not grounded as usual on a difference in their meaning, that is, in the attribute which they connote, but on a difference in the kind of class which they denote. We may predicate of a thing five different varieties of class-name:

A _genus_ of the thing: (γ■νος). A _species_: (ε■σος). A _differentia_: (διαφορ■). A _proprium_: (■δι■ν). An _accidens_: (συμβεβηκ■ς).

It is to be remarked of these distinctions, that they express, not what the predicate is in its own meaning, but what relation it bears to the subject of which it happens on the particular occasion to be predicated. There are not some names which are exclusively genera, and others which are exclusively species, or differentiæ; but the same name is referred to one or another predicable, according to the subject of which it is predicated on the particular occasion. _Animal_, for instance, is a genus with respect to man, or John; a species with respect to Substance, or Being. _Rectangular_ is one of the Differentiæ of a geometrical square; it is merely one of the Accidentia of the table at which I am writing. The words genus, species, etc., are therefore relative terms; they are names applied to certain predicates, to express the relation between them and some given subject: a relation grounded, as we

shall see, not on what the predicate connotes, but on the class which it denotes, and on the place which, in some given classification, that class occupies relatively to the particular subject.

§ 3. Of these five names, two, Genus and Species, are not only used by naturalists in a technical acceptation not precisely agreeing with their philosophical meaning, but have also acquired a popular acceptation, much more general than either. In this popular sense any two classes, one of which includes the whole of the other and more, may be called a Genus and a Species. Such, for instance, are Animal and Man; Man and Mathematician. Animal is a Genus; Man and Brute are its two species; or we may divide it into a greater number of species, as man, horse, dog, etc. _Biped_, or _two-footed animal_, may also be considered a genus, of which man and bird are two species. _Taste_ is a genus, of which sweet taste, sour taste, salt taste, etc., are species. _Virtue_ is a genus; justice, prudence, courage, fortitude, generosity, etc., are its species.

The same class which is a genus with reference to the sub-classes or species included in it, may be itself a species with reference to a more comprehensive, or, as it is often called, a superior genus. Man is a species with reference to animal, but a genus with reference to the species Mathematician. Animal is a genus, divided into two species, man and brute; but animal is also a species, which, with another species, vegetable, makes up the genus, organized being. Biped is a genus with reference to man and bird, but a species with respect to the superior genus, animal. Taste is a genus divided into species, but also a species of the genus sensation. Virtue, a genus with reference to justice, temperance, etc., is one of the species of the genus, mental quality.

In this popular sense the words Genus and Species have passed into common discourse. And it should be observed that in ordinary parlance, not the name of the class, but the class itself, is said to be the genus or species; not, of course, the class in the sense of each individual of the class, but the individuals collectively, considered as an aggregate whole; the name by which the class is designated being then called not the genus or species, but the generic or specific name. And this is an admissible form of expression; nor is it of any importance which of the two modes of speaking we adopt, provided the rest of our language is consistent with it; but, if we call the class itself the genus, we must not talk of predicating the genus. We predicate of man the _name_ mortal; and by predicating the name, we may be said, in an intelligible sense, to predicate what the name expresses, the _attribute_ mortality; but in no allowable sense of the word predication do we predicate of man the _class_ mortal. We predicate of him the fact of belonging to the class.

By the Aristotelian logicians, the terms genus and species were used in a more restricted sense. They did not admit every class which could be divided into other classes to be a genus, or every class which could be included in a larger class to be a species. Animal was by them considered a genus; man and brute co-ordinate species under that genus: _biped_, however, would not have been admitted to be a genus with reference to man, but a _proprium_ or _accidens_ only. It was requisite, according to their theory, that genus and species should be of the _essence_ of the subject. Animal was of the essence of man; biped was not. And in every classification they considered some one class as the lowest or _infima_ species. Man, for instance, was a lowest species. Any further divisions into which the class might be capable of being broken down, as man into white, black, and red man, or into priest and layman, they did not admit to be species.

It has been seen, however, in the preceding chapter, that the distinction between the essence of a class, and the attributes or properties which are not of its essence—a distinction which has given occasion to so much abstruse speculation, and to which so mysterious a character was formerly, and by many writers is still, attached—amounts to nothing more than the difference between those attributes of the class which are, and those which are not, involved in the signification of the class-name. As applied to individuals, the word Essence, we found, has no meaning, except in connection with the exploded tenets of the Realists; and what the schoolmen chose to call the essence of an individual, was simply the essence of the class to which that individual was most familiarly referred.

Is there no difference, then, save this merely verbal one, between the classes which the schoolmen admitted to be genera or species, and those to which they refused the title? Is it an error to regard some of the differences which exist among objects as differences _in kind_ (_genere_ or _specie_), and others only as differences in the accidents? Were the schoolmen right or wrong in giving to some of the classes into which things may be divided, the name of _kinds_, and considering others as secondary divisions, grounded on differences of a comparatively superficial nature? Examination will show that the Aristotelians did mean something by this distinction, and something important; but which, being but indistinctly conceived, was inadequately expressed by the phraseology of essences, and the various other modes of speech to which they had recourse.

§ 4. It is a fundamental principle in logic, that the power of framing classes is unlimited, as long as there is any (even the smallest) difference to found a distinction upon. Take any attribute whatever, and if some things have it, and others have not, we may ground on the attribute a division of all things into two classes; and we actually do so, the moment we create a name which connotes the attribute. The number of possible classes, therefore, is boundless; and there are as many actual classes (either of real or of imaginary things) as there are general names, positive and negative together.

But if we contemplate any one of the classes so formed, such as the class animal or plant, or the class sulphur or phosphorus, or the class white or red, and consider in what particulars the individuals included in the class differ from those which do not come within it, we find a very remarkable diversity in this respect between some classes and others. There are some classes, the things contained in which differ from other things only in certain particulars which may be numbered, while others differ in more than can be numbered, more even than we need ever expect to know. Some classes have little or nothing in common to characterize them by, except precisely what is connoted by the name: white things, for example, are not distinguished by any common properties except whiteness; or if they are, it is only by such as are in some way dependent on, or connected with, whiteness. But a hundred generations have not exhausted the common properties of animals or of plants, of sulphur or of phosphorus; nor do we suppose them to be exhaustible, but proceed to new observations and experiments, in the full confidence of discovering new properties which were by no means implied in those we previously knew. While, if any one were to propose for investigation the common properties of all things which are of the same color, the same shape, or the same specific gravity, the absurdity would be palpable. We have no ground to believe that any such common properties exist, except such as may be shown to be involved in the supposition itself, or to be derivable from it by some law of causation. It appears, therefore, that the properties, on which we ground our classes, sometimes exhaust all that the class has in common, or contain it all by some mode of implication; but in other instances we make a selection of a few properties from among not only a greater number, but a number inexhaustible by us, and to which as we know no bounds, they may, so far as we are concerned, be regarded as infinite.

There is no impropriety in saying that, of these two classifications, the one answers to a much more radical distinction in the things themselves, than the other does. And if any one even chooses to say that the one classification is made by nature, the other by us for our convenience, he will be right; provided he means no more than this: Where a certain apparent difference between things (though perhaps in itself of little moment) answers to we know not what number of other differences, pervading not only their known properties, but properties yet undiscovered, it is not optional but imperative to recognize this difference as the foundation of a specific distinction; while, on the contrary, differences that are merely finite and determinate, like those designated by the words white, black, or red, may be disregarded if the purpose for which the classification is made does not require attention to those particular properties. The differences, however, are made by nature, in both cases; while the recognition of those differences as grounds of classification and of naming, is, equally in both cases, the act of man: only in the one case, the ends of language and of classification would be subverted if no notice were taken of the difference, while in the other case, the necessity of taking notice of it depends on the importance or unimportance of the particular qualities in which the difference happens to consist.

Now, these classes, distinguished by unknown multitudes of properties, and not solely by a few determinate ones—which are parted off from one another by an unfathomable chasm, instead of a mere ordinary ditch with a visible bottom—are the only classes which, by the Aristotelian logicians, were considered as genera or species. Differences which extended only to a certain property or properties, and there terminated, they considered as differences only in the _accidents_ of things; but where any class differed from other things by an infinite series of differences, known and unknown, they considered the distinction as one of _kind_, and spoke of it as being an _essential_ difference, which is also one of the current meanings of that vague expression at the present day.

Conceiving the schoolmen to have been justified in drawing a broad line of separation between these two kinds of classes and of class-distinctions, I shall not only retain the division itself, but continue to express it in their language. According to that language, the proximate (or lowest) Kind to which any individual is referrible, is called its species. Conformably to this, Isaac Newton would be said to be of the species man. There are indeed numerous sub-classes included in the class man, to which Newton also belongs; for example, Christian, and Englishman, and Mathematician. But these, though distinct classes, are not, in our sense of the term, distinct Kinds of men. A Christian, for example, differs from other human beings; but he differs only in the attribute which the word expresses, namely, belief in Christianity, and whatever else that implies, either as involved in the fact itself, or connected with it through some law of cause and effect. We should never think of inquiring what properties, unconnected with Christianity, either as cause or effect, are common to all Christians and peculiar to them; while in regard to all Men, physiologists are perpetually carrying on such an inquiry; nor is the answer ever likely to be completed. Man, therefore, we may call a species; Christian, or Mathematician, we can not.

Note here, that it is by no means intended to imply that there may not be different Kinds, or logical species, of man. The various races and temperaments, the two sexes, and even the various ages, may be differences of kind, within our meaning of the term. I do not say that they are so. For in the progress of physiology it may almost be said to be made out, that the differences which really exist between different races, sexes, etc., follow as consequences, under laws of nature, from a small number of primary differences which can be precisely determined, and which, as the phrase is, _account for_ all the rest. If this be so, these are not distinctions in kind; no more than Christian, Jew, Mussulman, and Pagan, a difference which also carries many consequences along with it. And in this way classes are often mistaken for real Kinds, which are afterward proved not to be so. But if it turned out that the differences were not capable of being thus accounted for, then Caucasian, Mongolian, Negro, etc., would be really different Kinds of human beings, and entitled to be ranked as species by the logician; though not by the naturalist. For (as already noticed) the word species is used in a different signification in logic and in natural history. By the naturalist, organized beings are not usually said to be of different species, if it is supposed that they have descended from the same stock. That, however, is a sense artificially given to the word, for the technical purposes of a particular science. To the logician, if a negro and a white man differ in the same manner (however less in degree) as a horse and a camel do, that is, if their differences are inexhaustible, and not referrible to any common cause, they are different species, whether they are descended from common ancestors or not. But if their differences can all be traced to climate and habits, or to some one or a few special differences in structure, they are not, in the logician's view, specifically distinct.

When the _infima species_, or proximate Kind, to which an individual belongs, has been ascertained, the properties common to that Kind include necessarily the whole of the common properties of every other real Kind to which the individual can be referrible. Let the individual, for example, be Socrates, and the proximate Kind, man. Animal, or living creature, is also a real kind, and includes Socrates; but, since it likewise includes man, or in other words, since all men are animals, the properties common to animals form a portion of the common properties of the sub-class, man. And if there be any class which includes Socrates without including man, that class is not a real Kind. Let the class, for example, be _flat-nosed_; that being a class which includes Socrates, without including all men. To determine whether it is a real Kind, we must ask ourselves this question: Have all flat-nosed animals, in addition to whatever is implied in their flat noses, any common properties, other than those which are common to all animals whatever? If they had; if a flat nose were a mark or index to an indefinite number of other peculiarities, not deducible from the former by an ascertainable law, then out of the class man we might cut another class, flat-nosed man, which, according to our definition, would be a Kind. But if we could do this, man would not be, as it was assumed to be, the proximate Kind. Therefore, the properties of the proximate Kind do comprehend those (whether known or unknown) of all other Kinds to which the individual belongs; which was the point we undertook to prove. And hence, every other Kind which is predicable of the individual, will be to the proximate Kind in the relation of a genus, according to even the popular acceptation of the terms genus and species; that is, it will be a larger class, including it and more.

We are now able to fix the logical meaning of these terms. Every class which is a real Kind, that is, which is distinguished from all other classes by an indeterminate multitude of properties not derivable from one another, is either a genus or a species. A Kind which is not divisible into other Kinds, can not be a genus, because it has no species under it; but it is itself a species, both with reference to the individuals below and to the genera above (Species Prædicabilis and Species Subjicibilis). But every Kind which admits of division into real Kinds (as animal into mammal, bird, fish, etc., or bird into various species of birds) is a genus to all below it, a species to all genera in which it is itself included. And here we may close this part of the discussion, and pass to the three remaining predicables, Differentia, Proprium, and Accidens.

§ 5. To begin with Differentia. This word is correlative with the words genus and species, and as all admit, it signifies the attribute which distinguishes a given species from every other species of the same genus. This is so far clear: but we may still ask, which of the distinguishing attributes it signifies. For we have seen that every Kind (and a species must be a Kind) is distinguished from other Kinds, not by any one attribute, but by an indefinite number. Man, for instance, is a species of the genus animal: Rational (or rationality, for it is of no consequence here whether we use the concrete or the abstract form) is generally assigned by logicians as the Differentia; and doubtless this attribute serves the purpose of distinction: but it has also been remarked of man, that he is a cooking animal; the only animal that dresses its food. This, therefore, is another of the attributes by which the species man is distinguished from other species of the same genus: would this attribute serve equally well for a differentia? The Aristotelians say No; having laid it down that the differentia must, like the genus and species, be of the _essence_ of the subject.

And here we lose even that vestige of a meaning grounded in the nature of the things themselves, which may be supposed to be attached to the word essence when it is said that genus and species must be of the essence of the thing. There can be no doubt

that when the schoolmen talked of the essences of things as opposed to their accidents, they had confusedly in view the distinction between differences of kind, and the differences which are not of kind; they meant to intimate that genera and species must be Kinds. Their notion of the essence of a thing was a vague notion of a something which makes it what it is, _i.e._, which makes it the Kind of thing that it is—which causes it to have all that variety of properties which distinguish its Kind. But when the matter came to be looked at more closely, nobody could discover what caused the thing to have all those properties, nor even that there was any thing which caused it to have them. Logicians, however, not liking to admit this, and being unable to detect what made the thing to be what it was, satisfied themselves with what made it to be what it was called. Of the innumerable properties, known and unknown, that are common to the class man, a portion only, and of course a very small portion, are connoted by its name; these few, however, will naturally have been thus distinguished from the rest either for their greater obviousness, or for greater supposed importance. These properties, then, which were connoted by the name, logicians seized upon, and called them the essence of the species; and not stopping there, they affirmed them, in the case of the _infima species_, to be the essence of the individual too; for it was their maxim, that the species contained the “whole essence” of the thing. Metaphysics, that fertile field of delusion propagated by language, does not afford a more signal instance of such delusion. On this account it was that rationality, being connoted by the name man, was allowed to be a differentia of the class; but the peculiarity of cooking their food, not being connoted, was relegated to the class of accidental properties.

The distinction, therefore, between Differentia, Proprium, and Accidens, is not grounded in the nature of things, but in the connotation of names; and we must seek it there, if we wish to find what it is.

From the fact that the genus includes the species, in other words _de_notes more than the species, or is predicable of a greater number of individuals, it follows that the species must connote more than the genus. It must connote all the attributes which the genus connotes, or there would be nothing to prevent it from denoting individuals not included in the genus. And it must connote something besides, otherwise it would include the whole genus. Animal denotes all the individuals denoted by man, and many more. Man, therefore, must connote all that animal connotes, otherwise there might be men who are not animals; and it must connote something more than animal connotes, otherwise all animals would be men. This surplus of connotation—this which the species connotes over and above the connotation of the genus—is the Differentia, or specific difference; or, to state the same proposition in other words, the Differentia is that which must be added to the connotation of the genus, to complete the connotation of the species.

The word man, for instance, exclusively of what it connotes in common with animal, also connotes rationality, and at least some approximation to that external form which we all know, but which as we have no name for it considered in itself, we are content to call the human. The Differentia, or specific difference, therefore, of man, as referred to the genus animal, is that outward form and the possession of reason. The Aristotelians said, the possession of reason, without the outward form. But if they adhered to this, they would have been obliged to call the Houyhnhnms men. The question never arose, and they were never called upon to decide how such a case would have affected their notion of essentiality. However this may be, they were satisfied with taking such a portion of the differentia as sufficed to distinguish the species from all other _existing_ things, though by so doing they might not exhaust the connotation of the name.

§ 6. And here, to prevent the notion of differentia from being restricted within too narrow limits, it is necessary to remark, that a species, even as referred to the same genus, will not always have the same differentia, but a different one, according to the principle and purpose which preside over the particular classification. For example, a naturalist surveys the various kinds of animals, and looks out for the classification of them most in accordance with the order in which, for zoological purposes, he considers it desirable that we should think of them. With this view he finds it advisable that one of his fundamental divisions should be into warm-blooded and cold-blooded animals; or into animals which breathe with lungs and those which breathe with gills; or into carnivorous, and frugivorous or graminivorous; or into those which walk on the flat part and those which walk on the extremity of the foot, a distinction on which two of Cuvier’s families are founded. In doing this, the naturalist creates as many new classes; which are by no means those to which the individual animal is familiarly and spontaneously referred; nor should we ever think of assigning to them so prominent a position in our arrangement of the animal kingdom, unless for a preconceived purpose of scientific convenience. And to the liberty of doing this there is no limit. In the examples we have given, most of the classes are real Kinds, since each of the peculiarities is an index to a multitude of properties belonging to the class which it characterizes: but even if the case were otherwise—if the other properties of those classes could all be derived, by any process known to us, from the one peculiarity on which the class is founded—even then, if these derivative properties were of primary importance for the purposes of the naturalist, he would be warranted in founding his primary divisions on them.

If, however, practical convenience is a sufficient warrant for making the main demarcations in our arrangement of objects run in lines not coinciding with any distinction of Kind, and so creating genera and species in the popular sense which are not genera or species in the rigorous sense at all; _à fortiori_ must we be warranted, when our genera and species _are_ real genera and species, in marking the distinction between them by those of their properties which considerations of practical convenience most strongly recommend. If we cut a species out of a given genus—the species man, for instance, out of the genus animal—with an intention on our part that the peculiarity by which we are to be guided in the application of the name man should be rationality, then rationality is the differentia of the species man. Suppose, however, that being naturalists, we, for the purposes of our particular study, cut out of the genus animal the same species man, but with an intention that the distinction between man and all other species of animal should be, not rationality, but the possession of "four incisors in each jaw, tusks solitary, and erect posture." It is evident that the word man, when used by us as naturalists, no longer connotes rationality, but connotes the three other properties specified; for that which we have expressly in view when we impose a name, assuredly forms part of the meaning of that name. We may, therefore, lay it down as a maxim, that wherever there is a Genus, and a Species marked out from that genus by an assignable differentia, the name of the species must be connotative, and must connote the differentia; but the connotation may be special—not involved in the signification of the term as ordinarily used, but given to it when employed as a term of art or science. The word Man in common use, connotes rationality and a certain form, but does not connote the number or character of the teeth; in the Linnæan system it connotes the number of incisor and canine teeth, but does not connote rationality nor any particular form. The word _man_ has, therefore, two different meanings; though not commonly considered as ambiguous, because it happens in both cases to _de_note the same individual objects. But a case is conceivable in which the ambiguity would become evident: we have only to imagine that some new kind of animal were discovered, having Linnæus's three characteristics of humanity, but not rational, or not of the human form. In ordinary parlance, these animals would not be called men; but in natural history they must still be called so by those, if any there should be, who adhere to the Linnæan classification; and the question would arise, whether the word should continue to be used in two senses, or the classification be given up, and the technical sense of the term be abandoned along with it.

Words not otherwise connotative may, in the mode just adverted to, acquire a special or technical connotation. Thus the word whiteness, as we have so often remarked, connotes nothing; it merely denotes the attribute corresponding to a certain sensation: but if we are making a classification of colors, and desire to justify, or even merely to point out, the particular place assigned to whiteness in our arrangement, we may define it "the color produced by the mixture of all the simple rays;" and this fact, though by no means implied in the meaning of the word whiteness as ordinarily used, but only known by subsequent scientific investigation, is part of its meaning in the particular essay or treatise, and becomes the differentia of the species.(42)

The differentia, therefore, of a species may be defined to be, that part of the connotation of the specific name, whether ordinary or special and technical, which distinguishes the species in question from all other species of the genus to which on the particular occasion we are referring it.

§ 7. Having disposed of Genus, Species, and Differentia, we shall not find much difficulty in attaining a clear conception of the distinction between the other two predicables, as well as between them and the first three.

In the Aristotelian phraseology, Genus and Differentia are of the _essence_ of the subject; by which, as we have seen, is really meant that the properties signified by the genus and those signified by the differentia, form part of the connotation of the name denoting the species. Proprium and Accidens, on the other hand, form no part of the essence, but are predicated of the species only _accidentally_. Both are Accidents, in the wider sense in which the accidents of a thing are opposed to its essence; though, in the doctrine of the Predicables, Accidens is used for one sort of accident only, Proprium being another sort. Proprium, continue the schoolmen, is predicated _accidentally_, indeed, but _necessarily_; or, as they further explain it, signifies an attribute which is not indeed part of the essence, but which flows from, or is a consequence of, the essence, and is, therefore, inseparably attached to the species; _e.g._, the various properties of a triangle, which, though no part of its definition, must necessarily be possessed by whatever comes under that definition. Accidens, on the contrary, has no connection whatever with the essence, but may come and go, and the species still remain what it was before. If a species could exist without its Propria, it must be capable of existing without that on which its Propria are necessarily consequent, and therefore without its essence, without that which constitutes it a species. But an Accidens, whether separable or inseparable from the species in actual experience, may be supposed separated, without the necessity of supposing any other alteration; or at least, without supposing any of the essential properties of the species to be altered, since with them an Accidens has no connection.

A Proprium, therefore, of the species, may be defined, any attribute which belongs to all the individuals included in the species, and which, though not connoted by the specific name (either ordinarily if the classification we are considering be for ordinary purposes, or specially if it be for a special purpose), yet follows from some attribute which the name either ordinarily or specially connotes.

One attribute may follow from another in two ways; and there are consequently two kinds of Proprium. It may follow as a conclusion follows premises, or it may follow as an effect follows a cause. Thus, the attribute of having the opposite sides equal, which is not one of those connoted by the word Parallelogram, nevertheless follows from those connoted by it, namely, from having the opposite sides straight lines and parallel, and the number of sides four. The attribute, therefore, of having the opposite sides equal, is a Proprium of the class parallelogram; and a Proprium of the first kind, which follows from the connoted attributes by way of _demonstration_. The attribute of being capable of understanding language, is a Proprium of the species man, since without being connoted by the word, it follows from an attribute which the word does connote, viz., from the attribute of rationality. But this is a Proprium of the second kind, which follows by way of _causation_. How it is that one property of a thing follows, or can be inferred, from another; under what conditions this is possible, and what is the exact meaning of the phrase; are among the questions which will occupy us in the two succeeding Books. At present it needs only be said, that whether a Proprium follows by demonstration or by causation, it follows _necessarily_; that is to say, its not following would be inconsistent with some law which we regard as a part of the constitution either of our thinking faculty or of the universe.

§ 8. Under the remaining predicable, Accidens, are included all attributes of a thing which are neither involved in the signification of the name (whether ordinarily or as a term of art), nor have, so far as we know, any necessary connection with attributes which are so involved. They are commonly divided into Separable and Inseparable Accidents. Inseparable accidents are those which—although we know of no connection between them and the attributes constitutive of the species, and although, therefore, so far as we are aware, they might be absent without making the name inapplicable and the species a different species—are yet never in fact known to be absent. A concise mode of expressing the same meaning is, that inseparable accidents are properties which are universal to the species, but not necessary to it. Thus, blackness is an attribute of a crow, and, as far as we know, a universal one. But if we were to discover a race of white birds, in other respects resembling crows, we should not say, These are not crows; we should say, These are white crows. Crow, therefore, does not connote blackness; nor, from any of the attributes which it does connote, whether as a word in popular use or as a term of art, could blackness be inferred. Not only, therefore, can we conceive a white crow, but we know of no reason why such an animal should not exist. Since, however, none but black crows are known to exist, blackness, in the present state of our knowledge, ranks as an accident, but an inseparable accident, of the species crow.

Separable Accidents are those which are found, in point of fact, to be sometimes absent from the species; which are not only not necessary, but not even universal. They are such as do not belong to every individual of the species, but only to some individuals; or if to all, not at all times. Thus the color of a European is one of the separable accidents of the species man, because it is not an attribute of all human creatures. Being born, is also (speaking in the logical sense) a separable accident of the species man, because, though an attribute of all human beings, it is so only at one particular time. _A fortiori_ those attributes which are not constant even in the same individual, as, to be in one or in another place, to be hot or cold, sitting or walking, must be ranked as separable accidents.

Chapter VIII.

Of Definition.

§ 1. One necessary part of the theory of Names and of Propositions remains to be treated of in this place: the theory of Definitions. As being the most important of the class of propositions which we have characterized as purely verbal, they have already received some notice in the chapter preceding the last. But their fuller treatment was at that time postponed, because definition is so closely connected with classification, that, until the nature of the latter process is in some measure understood, the former can not be discussed to much purpose.

The simplest and most correct notion of a Definition is, a proposition declaratory of the meaning of a word; namely, either the meaning which it bears in common acceptation, or that which the speaker or writer, for the particular purposes of his discourse, intends to annex to it.

The definition of a word being the proposition which enunciates its meaning, words which have no meaning are unsusceptible of definition. Proper names, therefore, can not be defined. A proper name being a mere mark put upon an individual, and of which it is

the characteristic property to be destitute of meaning, its meaning can not of course be declared; though we may indicate by language, as we might indicate still more conveniently by pointing with the finger, upon what individual that particular mark has been, or is intended to be, put. It is no definition of “John Thomson” to say he is “the son of General Thomson;” for the name John Thomson does not express this. Neither is it any definition of “John Thomson” to say he is “the man now crossing the street.” These propositions may serve to make known who is the particular man to whom the name belongs, but that may be done still more unambiguously by pointing to him, which, however, has not been esteemed one of the modes of definition.

In the case of connotative names, the meaning, as has been so often observed, is the connotation; and the definition of a connotative name, is the proposition which declares its connotation. This might be done either directly or indirectly. The direct mode would be by a proposition in this form: “Man” (or whatsoever the word may be) “is a name connoting such and such attributes,” or “is a name which, when predicated of any thing, signifies the possession of such and such attributes by that thing.” Or thus: Man is every thing which possesses such and such attributes: Man is every thing which possesses corporeity, organization, life, rationality, and certain peculiarities of external form.

This form of definition is the most precise and least equivocal of any; but it is not brief enough, and is besides too technical for common discourse. The more usual mode of declaring the connotation of a name, is to predicate of it another name or names of known signification, which connote the same aggregation of attributes. This may be done either by predicating of the name intended to be defined, another connotative name exactly synonymous, as, “Man is a human being,” which is not commonly accounted a definition at all; or by predicating two or more connotative names, which make up among them the whole connotation of the name to be defined. In this last case, again, we may either compose our definition of as many connotative names as there are attributes, each attribute being connoted by one, as, Man is a corporeal, organized, animated, rational being, shaped so and so; or we employ names which connote several of the attributes at once, as, Man is a rational _animal_, shaped so and so.

The definition of a name, according to this view of it, is the sum total of all the _essential_ propositions which can be framed with that name for their subject. All propositions the truth of which is implied in the name, all those which we are made aware of by merely hearing the name, are included in the definition, if complete, and may be evolved from it without the aid of any other premises; whether the definition expresses them in two or three words, or in a larger number. It is, therefore, not without reason that Condillac and other writers have affirmed a definition to be an _analysis_. To resolve any complex whole into the elements of which it is compounded, is the meaning of analysis: and this we do when we replace one word which connotes a set of attributes collectively, by two or more which connote the same attributes singly, or in smaller groups.

§ 2. From this, however, the question naturally arises, in what manner are we to define a name which connotes only a single attribute: for instance, “white,” which connotes nothing but whiteness; “rational,” which connotes nothing but the possession of reason. It might seem that the meaning of such names could only be declared in two ways; by a synonymous term, if any such can be found; or in the direct way already alluded to: “White is a name connoting the attribute whiteness.” Let us see, however, whether the analysis of the meaning of the name, that is, the breaking down of that meaning into several parts, admits of being carried farther. Without at present deciding this question as to the word _white_, it is obvious that in the case of _rational_ some further explanation may be given of its meaning than is contained in the proposition, “Rational is that which possesses the attribute of reason;” since the attribute reason itself admits of being defined. And here we must turn our attention to the definitions of attributes, or rather of the names of attributes, that is, of abstract names.

In regard to such names of attributes as are connotative, and express attributes of those attributes, there is no difficulty: like other connotative names, they are defined by declaring their connotation. Thus the word _fault_ may be defined, “a quality productive of evil or inconvenience.” Sometimes, again, the attribute to be defined is not one attribute, but a union of several: we have only, therefore, to put together the names of all the attributes taken separately, and we obtain the definition of the name which belongs to them all taken together; a definition which will correspond exactly to that of the corresponding concrete name. For, as we define a concrete name by enumerating the attributes which it connotes, and as the attributes connoted by a concrete name form the entire signification of the corresponding abstract name, the same enumeration will serve for the definition of both. Thus, if the definition of a _human being_ be this, “a being, corporeal, animated, rational, shaped so and so,” the definition of _humanity_ will be corporeity and animal life, combined with rationality, and with such and such a shape.

When, on the other hand, the abstract name does not express a complication of attributes, but a single attribute, we must remember that every attribute is grounded on some fact or phenomenon, from which, and which alone, it derives its meaning. To that fact or phenomenon, called in a former chapter the foundation of the attribute, we must, therefore, have recourse for its

definition. Now, the foundation of the attribute may be a phenomenon of any degree of complexity, consisting of many different parts, either co-existent or in succession. To obtain a definition of the attribute, we must analyze the phenomenon into these parts. Eloquence, for example, is the name of one attribute only; but this attribute is grounded on external effects of a complicated nature, flowing from acts of the person to whom we ascribe the attribute; and by resolving this phenomenon of causation into its two parts, the cause and the effect, we obtain a definition of eloquence, viz. the power of influencing the feelings by speech or writing.

A name, therefore, whether concrete or abstract, admits of definition, provided we are able to analyze, that is, to distinguish into parts, the attribute or set of attributes which constitute the meaning both of the concrete name and of the corresponding abstract: if a set of attributes, by enumerating them; if a single attribute, by dissecting the fact or phenomenon (whether of perception or of internal consciousness) which is the foundation of the attribute. But, further, even when the fact is one of our simple feelings or states of consciousness, and therefore unsusceptible of analysis, the names both of the object and of the attribute still admit of definition; or rather, would do so if all our simple feelings had names. Whiteness may be defined, the property or power of exciting the sensation of white. A white object may be defined, an object which excites the sensation of white. The only names which are unsusceptible of definition, because their meaning is unsusceptible of analysis, are the names of the simple feelings themselves. These are in the same condition as proper names. They are not indeed, like proper names, unmeaning; for the words _sensation of white_ signify, that the sensation which I so denominate resembles other sensations which I remember to have had before, and to have called by that name. But as we have no words by which to recall those former sensations, except the very word which we seek to define, or some other which, being exactly synonymous with it, requires definition as much, words can not unfold the signification of this class of names; and we are obliged to make a direct appeal to the personal experience of the individual whom we address.

§ 3. Having stated what seems to be the true idea of a Definition, I proceed to examine some opinions of philosophers, and some popular conceptions on the subject, which conflict more or less with that idea.

The only adequate definition of a name is, as already remarked, one which declares the facts, and the whole of the facts, which the name involves in its signification. But with most persons the object of a definition does not embrace so much; they look for nothing more, in a definition, than a guide to the correct use of the term—a protection against applying it in a manner inconsistent with custom and convention. Any thing, therefore, is to them a sufficient definition of a term, which will serve as a correct index to what the term _de_notes; though not embracing the whole, and sometimes, perhaps, not even any part, of what it connotes. This gives rise to two sorts of imperfect, or unscientific definition; Essential but incomplete Definitions, and Accidental Definitions, or Descriptions. In the former, a connotative name is defined by a part only of its connotation; in the latter, by something which forms no part of the connotation at all.

An example of the first kind of imperfect definitions is the following: Man is a rational animal. It is impossible to consider this as a complete definition of the word Man, since (as before remarked) if we adhered to it we should be obliged to call the Houyhnhnms men; but as there happen to be no Houyhnhnms, this imperfect definition is sufficient to mark out and distinguish from all other things, the objects at present denoted by “man;” all the beings actually known to exist, of whom the name is predicable. Though the word is defined by some only among the attributes which it connotes, not by all, it happens that all known objects which possess the enumerated attributes, possess also those which are omitted; so that the field of predication which the word covers, and the employment of it which is conformable to usage, are as well indicated by the inadequate definition as by an adequate one. Such definitions, however, are always liable to be overthrown by the discovery of new objects in nature.

Definitions of this kind are what logicians have had in view, when they laid down the rule, that the definition of a species should be _per genus et differentiam_. Differentia being seldom taken to mean the whole of the peculiarities constitutive of the species, but some one of those peculiarities only, a complete definition would be _per genus et differentias_, rather than _differentiam_. It would include, with the name of the superior genus, not merely _some_ attribute which distinguishes the species intended to be defined from all other species of the same genus, but _all_ the attributes implied in the name of the species, which the name of the superior genus has not already implied. The assertion, however, that a definition must of necessity consist of a genus and differentiæ, is not tenable. It was early remarked by logicians, that the _summum genus_ in any classification, having no genus superior to itself, could not be defined in this manner. Yet we have seen that all names, except those of our elementary feelings, are susceptible of definition in the strictest sense; by setting forth in words the constituent parts of the fact or phenomenon, of which the connotation of every word is ultimately composed.

§ 4. Although the first kind of imperfect definition (which defines a connotative term by a part only of what it connotes, but a part sufficient to mark out correctly the boundaries of its denotation), has been considered by the ancients, and by logicians in general, as a complete definition; it has always been deemed necessary that the attributes employed should really form part of the connotation; for the rule was that the definition must be drawn from the _essence_ of the class; and this would not have been the case if it had been in any degree made up of attributes not connoted by the name. The second kind of imperfect definition, therefore, in which the name of a class is defined by any of its accidents—that is, by attributes which are not included in its connotation—has been rejected from the rank of genuine Definition by all logicians, and has been termed Description.

This kind of imperfect definition, however, takes its rise from the same cause as the other, namely, the willingness to accept as a definition any thing which, whether it expounds the meaning of the name or not, enables us to discriminate the things denoted by the name from all other things, and consequently to employ the term in predication without deviating from established usage. This purpose is duly answered by stating any (no matter what) of the attributes which are common to the whole of the class, and peculiar to it; or any combination of attributes which happens to be peculiar to it, though separately each of those attributes may be common to it with some other things. It is only necessary that the definition (or description) thus formed, should be _convertible_ with the name which it professes to define; that is, should be exactly co-extensive with it, being predicable of every thing of which it is predicable, and of nothing of which it is not predicable; though the attributes specified may have no connection with those which mankind had in view when they formed or recognized the class, and gave it a name. The following are correct definitions of Man, according to this test: Man is a mammiferous animal, having (by nature) two hands (for the human species answers to this description, and no other animal does): Man is an animal who cooks his food: Man is a featherless biped.

What would otherwise be a mere description, may be raised to the rank of a real definition by the peculiar purpose which the speaker or writer has in view. As was seen in the preceding chapter, it may, for the ends of a particular art or science, or for the more convenient statement of an author's particular doctrines, be advisable to give to some general name, without altering its denotation, a special connotation, different from its ordinary one. When this is done, a definition of the name by means of the attributes which make up the special connotation, though in general a mere accidental definition or description, becomes on the particular occasion and for the particular purpose a complete and genuine definition. This actually occurs with respect to one of the preceding examples, "Man is a mammiferous animal having two hands," which is the scientific definition of man, considered as one of the species in Cuvier's distribution of the animal kingdom.

In cases of this sort, though the definition is still a declaration of the meaning which in the particular instance the name is appointed to convey, it can not be said that to state the meaning of the word is the purpose of the definition. The purpose is not to expound a name, but a classification. The special meaning which Cuvier assigned to the word Man (quite foreign to its ordinary meaning, though involving no change in the denotation of the word), was incidental to a plan of arranging animals into classes on a certain principle, that is, according to a certain set of distinctions. And since the definition of Man according to the ordinary connotation of the word, though it would have answered every other purpose of a definition, would not have pointed out the place which the species ought to occupy in that particular classification; he gave the word a special connotation, that he might be able to define it by the kind of attributes on which, for reasons of scientific convenience, he had resolved to found his division of animated nature.

Scientific definitions, whether they are definitions of scientific terms, or of common terms used in a scientific sense, are almost always of the kind last spoken of: their main purpose is to serve as the landmarks of scientific classification. And since the classifications in any science are continually modified as scientific knowledge advances, the definitions in the sciences are also constantly varying. A striking instance is afforded by the words Acid and Alkali, especially the former. As experimental discovery advanced, the substances classed with acids have been constantly multiplying, and by a natural consequence the attributes connoted by the word have receded and become fewer. At first it connoted the attributes, of combining with an alkali to form a neutral substance (called a salt); being compounded of a base and oxygen; causticity to the taste and touch; fluidity, etc. The true analysis of muriatic acid, into chlorine and hydrogen, caused the second property, composition from a base and oxygen, to be excluded from the connotation. The same discovery fixed the attention of chemists upon hydrogen as an important element in acids; and more recent discoveries having led to the recognition of its presence in sulphuric, nitric, and many other acids, where its existence was not previously suspected, there is now a tendency to include the presence of this element in the connotation of the word. But carbonic acid, silica, sulphurous acid, have no hydrogen in their composition; that property can not, therefore, be connoted by the term, unless those substances are no longer to be considered acids. Causticity and fluidity have long since been excluded from the characteristics of the class, by the inclusion of silica and many other substances in it; and the formation of neutral bodies by combination with alkalis, together with such electro-chemical peculiarities as this is supposed to imply, are now

the only _differentiæ_ which form the fixed connotation of the word Acid, as a term of chemical science.

What is true of the definition of any term of science, is of course true of the definition of a science itself; and accordingly (as observed in the Introductory Chapter of this work), the definition of a science must necessarily be progressive and provisional. Any extension of knowledge or alteration in the current opinions respecting the subject-matter, may lead to a change more or less extensive in the particulars included in the science; and its composition being thus altered, it may easily happen that a different set of characteristics will be found better adapted as differentiæ for defining its name.

In the same manner in which a special or technical definition has for its object to expound the artificial classification out of which it grows; the Aristotelian logicians seem to have imagined that it was also the business of ordinary definition to expound the ordinary, and what they deemed the natural, classification of things, namely, the division of them into Kinds; and to show the place which each Kind occupies, as superior, collateral, or subordinate, among other Kinds. This notion would account for the rule that all definition must necessarily be _per genus et differentiam_, and would also explain why a single differentia was deemed sufficient. But to expound, or express in words, a distinction of Kind, has already been shown to be an impossibility: the very meaning of a Kind is, that the properties which distinguish it do not grow out of one another, and can not therefore be set forth in words, even by implication, otherwise than by enumerating them all: and all are not known, nor are ever likely to be so. It is idle, therefore, to look to this as one of the purposes of a definition: while, if it be only required that the definition of a Kind should indicate what kinds include it or are included by it, any definitions which expound the connotation of the names will do this: for the name of each class must necessarily connote enough of its properties to fix the boundaries of the class. If the definition, therefore, be a full statement of the connotation, it is all that a definition can be required to be.(43)

§ 5. Of the two incomplete and popular modes of definition, and in what they differ from the complete or philosophical mode, enough has now been said. We shall next examine an ancient doctrine, once generally prevalent and still by no means exploded, which I regard as the source of a great part of the obscurity hanging over some of the most important processes of the understanding in the pursuit of truth. According to this, the definitions of which we have now treated are only one of two sorts into which definitions may be divided, viz., definitions of names, and definitions of things. The former are intended to explain the meaning of a term; the latter, the nature of a thing; the last being incomparably the most important.

This opinion was held by the ancient philosophers, and by their followers, with the exception of the Nominalists; but as the spirit of modern metaphysics, until a recent period, has been on the whole a Nominalist spirit, the notion of definitions of things has been to a certain extent in abeyance, still continuing, however, to breed confusion in logic, by its consequences indeed rather than by itself. Yet the doctrine in its own proper form now and then breaks out, and has appeared (among other places) where it was scarcely to be expected, in a justly admired word, Archbishop Whately's _Logic_.(44) In a review of that work published by me in the _Westminster __ Review_ for January, 1828, and containing some opinions which I no longer entertain, I find the following observations on the question now before us; observations with which my present view of that question is still sufficiently in accordance.

"The distinction between nominal and real definitions, between definitions of words and what are called definitions of things, though conformable to the ideas of most of the Aristotelian logicians, can not, as it appears to us, be maintained. We apprehend that no definition is ever intended to 'explain and unfold the nature of a thing.' It is some confirmation of our opinion, that none of those writers who have thought that there were definitions of things, have ever succeeded in discovering any criterion by which the definition of a thing can be distinguished from any other proposition relating to the thing. The definition, they say, unfolds the nature of the thing: but no definition can unfold its whole nature; and every proposition in which any quality whatever is predicated of the thing, unfolds some part of its nature. The true state of the case we take to be this. All definitions are of names, and of names only; but, in some definitions, it is clearly apparent, that nothing is intended except to explain the meaning of the word; while in others, besides explaining the meaning of the word, it is intended to be implied that there exists a thing, corresponding to the word. Whether this be or be not implied in any given case, can not be collected from the mere form of the expression. 'A centaur is an animal with the upper parts of a man and the lower parts of a horse,' and 'A triangle is a rectilineal figure with three sides,' are, in form, expressions precisely similar; although in the former it is not implied that any _thing_, conformable to the term, really exists, while in the latter it is; as may be seen by substituting in both definitions, the word _means_ for _is_. In the first expression, 'A centaur means an animal,' etc., the sense would remain unchanged: in the second, 'A triangle means,' etc., the meaning would be altered, since it would be obviously impossible to deduce any of the truths of geometry from a proposition expressive only of the manner in which we intend to employ a particular sign.

“There are, therefore, expressions, commonly passing for definitions, which include in themselves more than the mere explanation of the meaning of a term. But it is not correct to call an expression of this sort a peculiar kind of definition. Its difference from the other kind consists in this, that it is not a definition, but a definition and something more. The definition above given of a triangle, obviously comprises not one, but two propositions, perfectly distinguishable. The one is, ‘There may exist a figure, bounded by three straight lines;’ the other, ‘And this figure may be termed a triangle.’ The former of these propositions is not a definition at all: the latter is a mere nominal definition, or explanation of the use and application of a term. The first is susceptible of truth or falsehood, and may therefore be made the foundation of a train of reasoning. The latter can neither be true nor false; the only character it is susceptible of is that of conformity or disconformity to the ordinary usage of language.”

There is a real distinction, then, between definitions of names, and what are erroneously called definitions of things; but it is, that the latter, along with the meaning of a name, covertly asserts a matter of fact. This covert assertion is not a definition, but a postulate. The definition is a mere identical proposition, which gives information only about the use of language, and from which no conclusions affecting matters of fact can possibly be drawn. The accompanying postulate, on the other hand, affirms a fact, which may lead to consequences of every degree of importance. It affirms the actual or possible existence of Things possessing the combination of attributes set forth in the definition; and this, if true, may be foundation sufficient on which to build a whole fabric of scientific truth.

We have already made, and shall often have to repeat, the remark, that the philosophers who overthrew Realism by no means got rid of the consequences of Realism, but retained long afterward, in their own philosophy, numerous propositions which could only have a rational meaning as part of a Realistic system. It had been handed down from Aristotle, and probably from earlier times, as an obvious truth, that the science of Geometry is deduced from definitions. This, so long as a definition was considered to be a proposition “unfolding the nature of the thing,” did well enough. But Hobbes followed, and rejected utterly the notion that a definition declares the nature of the thing, or does any thing but state the meaning of a name; yet he continued to affirm as broadly as any of his predecessors, that the ■ρχα■, _principia_, or original premises of mathematics, and even of all science, are definitions; producing the singular paradox, that systems of scientific truth, nay, all truths whatever at which we arrive by reasoning, are deduced from the arbitrary conventions of mankind concerning the signification of words.

To save the credit of the doctrine that definitions are the premises of scientific knowledge, the proviso is sometimes added, that they are so only under a certain condition, namely, that they be framed conformably to the phenomena of nature; that is, that they ascribe such meanings to terms as shall suit objects actually existing. But this is only an instance of the attempt so often made, to escape from the necessity of abandoning old language after the ideas which it expresses have been exchanged for contrary ones. From the meaning of a name (we are told) it is possible to infer physical facts, provided the name has corresponding to it an existing thing. But if this proviso be necessary, from which of the two is the inference really drawn? From the existence of a thing having the properties, or from the existence of a name meaning them?

Take, for instance, any of the definitions laid down as premises in Euclid’s Elements; the definition, let us say, of a circle. This, being analyzed, consists of two propositions; the one an assumption with respect to a matter of fact, the other a genuine definition. “A figure may exist, having all the points in the line which bounds it equally distant from a single point within it:” “Any figure possessing this property is called a circle.” Let us look at one of the demonstrations which are said to depend on this definition, and observe to which of the two propositions contained in it the demonstration really appeals. “About the centre A, describe the circle B C D.”

Here is an assumption that a figure, such as the definition expresses, _may_ be described; which is no other than the postulate, or covert assumption, involved in the so-called definition. But whether that figure be called a circle or not is quite immaterial. The purpose would be as well answered, in all respects except brevity, were we to say, “Through the point B, draw a line returning into itself, of which every point shall be at an equal distance from the point A.” By this the definition of a circle would be got rid of, and rendered needless; but not the postulate implied in it; without that the demonstration could not stand. The circle being now described, let us proceed to the consequence. “Since B C D is a circle, the radius B A is equal to the radius C A.” B A is equal to C A, not because B C D is a circle, but because B C D is a figure with the radii equal. Our warrant for assuming that such a figure about the centre A, with the radius B A, may be made to exist, is the postulate. Whether the admissibility of these postulates rests on intuition, or on proof, may be a matter of dispute; but in either case they are the premises on which the theorems depend; and while these are retained it would make no difference in the certainty of geometrical truths, though every definition in Euclid, and every technical term therein defined, were laid aside.

It is, perhaps, superfluous to dwell at so much length on what is so nearly self-evident; but when a distinction, obvious as it may appear, has been confounded, and by powerful intellects, it is better to say too much than too little for the purpose of rendering such mistakes impossible in future. I will, therefore detain the reader while I point out one of the absurd consequences flowing from the supposition that definitions, as such, are the premises in any of our reasonings, except such as relate to words only. If this supposition were true, we might argue correctly from true premises, and arrive at a false conclusion. We should only have to assume as a premise the definition of a nonentity; or rather of a name which has no entity corresponding to it. Let this, for instance, be our definition:

A dragon is a serpent breathing flame.

This proposition, considered only as a definition, is indisputably correct. A dragon _is_ a serpent breathing flame: the word _means_ that. The tacit assumption, indeed (if there were any such understood assertion), of the existence of an object with properties corresponding to the definition, would, in the present instance, be false. Out of this definition we may carve the premises of the following syllogism:

A dragon is a thing which breathes flame: A dragon is a serpent:

From which the conclusion is,

Therefore some serpent or serpents breathe flame:

an unexceptionable syllogism in the first mode of the third figure, in which both premises are true and yet the conclusion false; which every logician knows to be an absurdity. The conclusion being false and the syllogism correct, the premises can not be true. But the premises, considered as parts of a definition, are true. Therefore, the premises considered as parts of a definition can not be the real ones. The real premises must be—

A dragon is a _really existing_ thing which breathes flame: A dragon is a _really existing_ serpent:

which implied premises being false, the falsity of the conclusion presents no absurdity.

If we would determine what conclusion follows from the same ostensible premises when the tacit assumption of real existence is left out, let us, according to the recommendation in a previous page, substitute _means_ for _is_. We then have—

Dragon is _a word meaning_ a thing which breathes flame: Dragon is _a word meaning_ a serpent:

From which the conclusion is,

Some _word or words which mean_ a serpent, also mean a thing which breathes flame:

where the conclusion (as well as the premises) is true, and is the only kind of conclusion which can ever follow from a definition, namely, a proposition relating to the meaning of words.

There is still another shape into which we may transform this syllogism. We may suppose the middle term to be the designation neither of a thing nor of a name, but of an idea. We then have—

The _idea of_ a dragon is _an idea of_ a thing which breathes flame: The _idea of_ a dragon is _an idea of_ a serpent: Therefore, there is _an idea of_ a serpent, which is _an idea of_ a thing breathing flame.

Here the conclusion is true, and also the premises; but the premises are not definitions. They are propositions affirming that an idea existing in the mind, includes certain ideal elements. The truth of the conclusion follows from the existence of the psychological phenomenon called the idea of a dragon; and therefore still from the tacit assumption of a matter of fact.(45)

When, as in this last syllogism, the conclusion is a proposition respecting an idea, the assumption on which it depends may be merely that of the existence of an idea. But when the conclusion is a proposition concerning a Thing, the postulate involved in the definition which stands as the apparent premise, is the existence of a thing conformable to the definition, and not merely of an idea conformable to it. This assumption of real existence we always convey the impression that we intend to make, when we profess to

define any name which is already known to be a name of really existing objects. On this account it is, that the assumption was not necessarily implied in the definition of a dragon, while there was no doubt of its being included in the definition of a circle.

§ 6. One of the circumstances which have contributed to keep up the notion, that demonstrative truths follow from definitions rather than from the postulates implied in those definitions, is, that the postulates, even in those sciences which are considered to surpass all others in demonstrative certainty, are not always exactly true. It is not true that a circle exists, or can be described, which has all its radii _exactly_ equal. Such accuracy is ideal only; it is not found in nature, still less can it be realized by art. People had a difficulty, therefore, in conceiving that the most certain of all conclusions could rest on premises which, instead of being certainly true, are certainly not true to the full extent asserted. This apparent paradox will be examined when we come to treat of Demonstration; where we shall be able to show that as much of the postulate is true, as is required to support as much as is true of the conclusion. Philosophers, however, to whom this view had not occurred, or whom it did not satisfy, have thought it indispensable that there should be found in definitions something _more_ certain, or at least more accurately true, than the implied postulate of the real existence of a corresponding object. And this something they flattered themselves they had found, when they laid it down that a definition is a statement and analysis not of the mere meaning of a word, nor yet of the nature of a thing, but of an idea. Thus, the proposition, “A circle is a plane figure bounded by a line all the points of which are at an equal distance from a given point within it,” was considered by them, not as an assertion that any real circle has that property (which would not be exactly true), but that we _conceive_ a circle as having it; that our abstract idea of a circle is an idea of a figure with its radii exactly equal.

Conformably to this it is said, that the subject-matter of mathematics, and of every other demonstrative science, is not things as they really exist, but abstractions of the mind. A geometrical line is a line without breadth; but no such line exists in nature; it is a notion merely suggested to the mind by its experience of nature. The definition (it is said) is a definition of this mental line, not of any actual line: and it is only of the mental line, not of any line existing in nature, that the theorems of geometry are accurately true.

Allowing this doctrine respecting the nature of demonstrative truth to be correct (which, in a subsequent place, I shall endeavor to prove that it is not); even on that supposition, the conclusions which seem to follow from a definition, do not follow from the definition as such, but from an implied postulate. Even if it be true that there is no object in nature answering to the definition of a line, and that the geometrical properties of lines are not true of any lines in nature, but only of the idea of a line; the definition, at all events, postulates the real existence of such an idea: it assumes that the mind can frame, or rather has framed, the notion of length without breadth, and without any other sensible property whatever. To me, indeed, it appears that the mind can not form any such notion; it can not conceive length without breadth; it can only, in contemplating objects, attend to their length, exclusively of their other sensible qualities, and so determine what properties may be predicated of them in virtue of their length alone. If this be true, the postulate involved in the geometrical definition of a line, is the real existence, not of length without breadth, but merely of length, that is, of long objects. This is quite enough to support all the truths of geometry, since every property of a geometrical line is really a property of all physical objects in so far as possessing length. But even what I hold to be the false doctrine on the subject, leaves the conclusion that our reasonings are grounded on the matters of fact postulated in definitions, and not on the definitions themselves, entirely unaffected; and accordingly this conclusion is one which I have in common with Dr. Whewell, in his _Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences_: though, on the nature of demonstrative truth, Dr. Whewell’s opinions are greatly at variance with mine. And here, as in many other instances, I gladly acknowledge that his writings are eminently serviceable in clearing from confusion the initial steps in the analysis of the mental processes, even where his views respecting the ultimate analysis are such as (though with unfeigned respect) I can not but regard as fundamentally erroneous.

§ 7. Although, according to the opinion here presented, Definitions are properly of names only, and not of things, it does not follow from this that definitions are arbitrary. How to define a name, may not only be an inquiry of considerable difficulty and intricacy, but may involve considerations going deep into the nature of the things which are denoted by the name. Such, for instance, are the inquiries which form the subjects of the most important of Plato’s Dialogues; as, “What is rhetoric?” the topic of the Gorgias, or, “What is justice?” that of the Republic. Such, also, is the question scornfully asked by Pilate, “What is truth?” and the fundamental question with speculative moralists in all ages, “What is virtue?”

It would be a mistake to represent these difficult and noble inquiries as having nothing in view beyond ascertaining the conventional meaning of a name. They are inquiries not so much to determine what is, as what should be, the meaning of a name; which, like other practical questions of terminology, requires for its solution that we should enter, and sometimes enter very deeply, into the properties not merely of names but of the things named.

Although the meaning of every concrete general name resides in the attributes which it connotes, the objects were named before the attributes; as appears from the fact that in all languages, abstract names are mostly compounds or other derivatives of the concrete names which correspond to them. Connotative names, therefore, were, after proper names, the first which were used: and in the simpler cases, no doubt, a distinct connotation was present to the minds of those who first used the name, and was distinctly intended by them to be conveyed by it. The first person who used the word white, as applied to snow or to any other object, knew, no doubt, very well what quality he intended to predicate, and had a perfectly distinct conception in his mind of the attribute signified by the name.

But where the resemblances and differences on which our classifications are founded are not of this palpable and easily determinable kind; especially where they consist not in any one quality but in a number of qualities, the effects of which, being blended together, are not very easily discriminated, and referred each to its true source; it often happens that names are applied to namable objects, with no distinct connotation present to the minds of those who apply them. They are only influenced by a general resemblance between the new object and all or some of the old familiar objects which they have been accustomed to call by that name. This, as we have seen, is the law which even the mind of the philosopher must follow, in giving names to the simple elementary feelings of our nature: but, where the things to be named are complex wholes, a philosopher is not content with noticing a general resemblance; he examines what the resemblance consists in: and he only gives the same name to things which resemble one another in the same definite particulars. The philosopher, therefore, habitually employs his general names with a definite connotation. But language was not made, and can only in some small degree be mended, by philosophers. In the minds of the real arbiters of language, general names, especially where the classes they denote can not be brought before the tribunal of the outward senses to be identified and discriminated, connote little more than a vague gross resemblance to the things which they were earliest, or have been most, accustomed to call by those names. When, for instance, ordinary persons predicate the words _just_ or _unjust_ of any action, _noble_ or _mean_ of any sentiment, expression, or demeanor, _statesman_ or _charlatan_ of any personage figuring in politics, do they mean to affirm of those various subjects any determinate attributes, of whatever kind? No: they merely recognize, as they think, some likeness, more or less vague and loose, between these and some other things which they have been accustomed to denominate or to hear denominated by those appellations.

Language, as Sir James Mackintosh used to say of governments, “is not made, but grows.” A name is not imposed at once and by previous purpose upon a _class_ of objects, but is first applied to one thing, and then extended by a series of transitions to another and another. By this process (as has been remarked by several writers, and illustrated with great force and clearness by Dugald Stewart in his Philosophical Essays) a name not unfrequently passes by successive links of resemblance from one object to another, until it becomes applied to things having nothing in common with the first things to which the name was given; which, however, do not, for that reason, drop the name; so that it at last denotes a confused huddle of objects, having nothing whatever in common; and connotes nothing, not even a vague and general resemblance. When a name has fallen into this state, in which by predicating it of any object we assert literally nothing about the object, it has become unfit for the purposes either of thought or of the communication of thought; and can only be made serviceable by stripping it of some part of its multifarious denotation, and confining it to objects possessed of some attributes in common, which it may be made to connote. Such are the inconveniences of a language which “is not made, but grows.” Like the governments which are in a similar case, it may be compared to a road which is not made but has made itself: it requires continual mending in order to be passable.

From this it is already evident, why the question respecting the definition of an abstract name is often one of so much difficulty. The question, What is justice? is, in other words, What is the attribute which mankind mean to predicate when they call an action just? To which the first answer is, that having come to no precise agreement on the point, they do not mean to predicate distinctly any attribute at all. Nevertheless, all believe that there is some common attribute belonging to all the actions which they are in the habit of calling just. The question then must be, whether there is any such common attribute? and, in the first place, whether mankind agree sufficiently with one another as to the particular actions which they do or do not call just, to render the inquiry, what quality those actions have in common, a possible one: if so, whether the actions really have any quality in common; and if they have, what it is. Of these three, the first alone is an inquiry into usage and convention; the other two are inquiries into matters of fact. And if the second question (whether the actions form a class at all) has been answered negatively, there remains a fourth, often more arduous than all the rest, namely, how best to form a class artificially, which the name may denote.

And here it is fitting to remark, that the study of the spontaneous growth of languages is of the utmost importance to those who would logically remodel them. The classifications rudely made by established language, when retouched, as they almost all require to be, by the hands of the logician, are often themselves excellently suited to his purposes. As compared with the classifications of

a philosopher, they are like the customary law of a country, which has grown up as it were spontaneously, compared with laws methodized and digested into a code: the former are a far less perfect instrument than the latter; but being the result of a long, though unscientific, course of experience, they contain a mass of materials which may be made very usefully available in the formation of the systematic body of written law. In like manner, the established grouping of objects under a common name, even when founded only on a gross and general resemblance, is evidence, in the first place, that the resemblance is obvious, and therefore considerable; and, in the next place, that it is a resemblance which has struck great numbers of persons during a series of years and ages. Even when a name, by successive extensions, has come to be applied to things among which there does not exist this gross resemblance common to them all, still at every step in its progress we shall find such a resemblance. And these transitions of the meaning of words are often an index to real connections between the things denoted by them, which might otherwise escape the notice of thinkers; of those at least who, from using a different language, or from any difference in their habitual associations, have fixed their attention in preference on some other aspect of the things. The history of philosophy abounds in examples of such oversights, committed for want of perceiving the hidden link that connected together the seemingly disparate meanings of some ambiguous word.(46)

Whenever the inquiry into the definition of the name of any real object consists of any thing else than a mere comparison of authorities, we tacitly assume that a meaning must be found for the name, compatible with its continuing to denote, if possible all, but at any rate the greater or the more important part, of the things of which it is commonly predicated. The inquiry, therefore, into the definition, is an inquiry into the resemblances and differences among those things: whether there be any resemblance running through them all; if not, through what portion of them such a general resemblance can be traced: and finally, what are the common attributes, the possession of which gives to them all, or to that portion of them, the character of resemblance which has led to their being classed together. When these common attributes have been ascertained and specified, the name which belongs in common to the resembling objects acquires a distinct instead of a vague connotation; and by possessing this distinct connotation, becomes susceptible of definition.

In giving a distinct connotation to the general name, the philosopher will endeavor to fix upon such attributes as, while they are common to all the things usually denoted by the name, are also of greatest importance in themselves; either directly, or from the number, the conspicuousness, or the interesting character, of the consequences to which they lead. He will select, as far as possible, such _differentiæ_ as lead to the greatest number of interesting _propria_. For these, rather than the more obscure and recondite qualities on which they often depend, give that general character and aspect to a set of objects, which determine the groups into which they naturally fall. But to penetrate to the more hidden agreement on which these obvious and superficial agreements depend, is often one of the most difficult of scientific problems. As it is among the most difficult, so it seldom fails to be among the most important. And since upon the result of this inquiry respecting the causes of the properties of a class of things, there incidentally depends the question what shall be the meaning of a word; some of the most profound and most valuable investigations which philosophy presents to us, have been introduced by, and have offered themselves under the guise of, inquiries into the definition of a name.

Book II.

OF REASONING.

Διωρισμ■νων δε το■των λ■γωμεν ■δη, δι■ τ■νων, κα■ π■τε, κα■ π■ς γ■νεται π■ς συλλογισμ■ς ■στερον δ■ λεκτ■ον περ■ ■ποδε■ξεως. Πρ■τερον γ■ρ περ■ συλλογισμο■ λεκτ■ον, ■ περ■ ■ποδε■ξεως, δι■ τ■ καθ■λου μ■λλον ε■ναι τ■ν συλλογισμ■ν. ■ μ■ν γ■ρ ■π■δειξις, συλλογισμ■ς τις; ■ συλλογισμ■ς δ■ ο■ π■ς, ■π■δειξις.—ARIST., _Analyt. Prior._, l. i., cap. 4.

Chapter I.

Of Inference, Or Reasoning, In General.

§ 1. In the preceding Book, we have been occupied not with the nature of Proof, but with the nature of Assertion: the import conveyed by a Proposition, whether that Proposition be true or false; not the means by which to discriminate true from false Propositions. The proper subject, however, of Logic is Proof. Before we could understand what Proof is, it was necessary to understand what that is to which proof is applicable; what that is which can be a subject of belief or disbelief, of affirmation or

denial; what, in short, the different kinds of Propositions assert.

This preliminary inquiry we have prosecuted to a definite result. Assertion, in the first place, relates either to the meaning of words, or to some property of the things which words signify. Assertions respecting the meaning of words, among which definitions are the most important, hold a place, and an indispensable one, in philosophy; but as the meaning of words is essentially arbitrary, this class of assertions are not susceptible of truth or falsity, nor therefore of proof or disproof. Assertions respecting Things, or what may be called Real Propositions, in contradistinction to verbal ones, are of various sorts. We have analyzed the import of each sort, and have ascertained the nature of the things they relate to, and the nature of what they severally assert respecting those things. We found that whatever be the form of the proposition, and whatever its nominal subject or predicate, the real subject of every proposition is some one or more facts or phenomena of consciousness, or some one or more of the hidden causes or powers to which we ascribe those facts; and that what is predicated or asserted, either in the affirmative or negative, of those phenomena or those powers, is always either Existence, Order in Place, Order in Time, Causation, or Resemblance. This, then, is the theory of the Import of Propositions, reduced to its ultimate elements: but there is another and a less abstruse expression for it, which, though stopping short in an earlier stage of the analysis, is sufficiently scientific for many of the purposes for which such a general expression is required. This expression recognizes the commonly received distinction between Subject and Attribute, and gives the following as the analysis of the meaning of propositions:—Every Proposition asserts, that some given subject does or does not possess some attribute; or that some attribute is or is not (either in all or in some portion of the subjects in which it is met with) conjoined with some other attribute.

We shall now for the present take our leave of this portion of our inquiry, and proceed to the peculiar problem of the Science of Logic, namely, how the assertions, of which we have analyzed the import, are proved or disproved; such of them, at least, as, not being amenable to direct consciousness or intuition, are appropriate subjects of proof.

We say of a fact or statement, that it is proved, when we believe its truth by reason of some other fact or statement from which it is said to _follow_. Most of the propositions, whether affirmative or negative, universal, particular, or singular, which we believe, are not believed on their own evidence, but on the ground of something previously assented to, from which they are said to be _inferred_. To infer a proposition from a previous proposition or propositions; to give credence to it, or claim credence for it, as a conclusion from something else; is to _reason_, in the most extensive sense of the term. There is a narrower sense, in which the name reasoning is confined to the form of inference which is termed ratiocination, and of which the syllogism is the general type. The reasons for not conforming to this restricted use of the term were stated in an earlier stage of our inquiry, and additional motives will be suggested by the considerations on which we are now about to enter.

§ 2. In proceeding to take into consideration the cases in which inferences can legitimately be drawn, we shall first mention some cases in which the inference is apparent, not real; and which require notice chiefly that they may not be confounded with cases of inference properly so called. This occurs when the proposition ostensibly inferred from another, appears on analysis to be merely a repetition of the same, or part of the same, assertion, which was contained in the first. All the cases mentioned in books of Logic as examples of equipollency or equivalence of propositions, are of this nature. Thus, if we were to argue, No man is incapable of reason, for every man is rational; or, All men are mortal, for no man is exempt from death; it would be plain that we were not proving the proposition, but only appealing to another mode of wording it, which may or may not be more readily comprehensible by the hearer, or better adapted to suggest the real proof, but which contains in itself no shadow of proof.

Another case is where, from a universal proposition, we affect to infer another which differs from it only in being particular: as All A is B, therefore Some A is B: No A is B, therefore Some A is not B. This, too, is not to conclude one proposition from another, but to repeat a second time something which had been asserted at first; with the difference, that we do not here repeat the whole of the previous assertion, but only an indefinite part of it.

A third case is where, the antecedent having affirmed a predicate of a given subject, the consequent affirms of the same subject something already connoted by the former predicate: as, Socrates is a man, therefore Socrates is a living creature; where all that is connoted by living creature was affirmed of Socrates when he was asserted to be a man. If the propositions are negative, we must invert their order, thus: Socrates is not a living creature, therefore he is not a man; for if we deny the less, the greater, which includes it, is already denied by implication. These, therefore, are not really cases of inference; and yet the trivial examples by which, in manuals of Logic, the rules of the syllogism are illustrated, are often of this ill-chosen kind; formal demonstrations of conclusions to which whoever understands the terms used in the statement of the data, has already, and consciously, assented.(47)

The most complex case of this sort of apparent inference is what is called the Conversion of propositions; which consists in turning the predicate into a subject, and the subject into a predicate, and framing out of the same terms thus reversed, another proposition, which must be true if the former is true. Thus, from the particular affirmative proposition, Some A is B, we may infer that Some B is A. From the universal negative, No A is B, we may conclude that No B is A. From the universal affirmative proposition, All A is B, it can not be inferred that all B is A; though all water is liquid, it is not implied that all liquid is water; but it is implied that some liquid is so; and hence the proposition, All A is B, is legitimately convertible into Some B is A. This process, which converts a universal proposition into a particular, is termed conversion _per accidens_. From the proposition, Some A is not B, we can not even infer that some B is not A; though some men are not Englishmen, it does not follow that some Englishmen are not men. The only mode usually recognized of converting a particular negative proposition, is in the form, Some A is not B, therefore something which is not B is A; and this is termed conversion by contraposition. In this case, however, the predicate and subject are not merely reversed, but one of them is changed. Instead of [A] and [B], the terms of the new proposition are [a thing which is not B], and [A]. The original proposition, Some A _is not_ B, is first changed into a proposition equipollent with it, Some A _is_ "a thing which is not B;" and the proposition, being now no longer a particular negative, but a particular affirmative, admits of conversion in the first mode, or as it is called, _simple_ conversion.(48)

In all these cases there is not really any inference; there is in the conclusion no new truth, nothing but what was already asserted in the premises, and obvious to whoever apprehends them. The fact asserted in the conclusion is either the very same fact, or part of the fact, asserted in the original proposition. This follows from our previous analysis of the Import of Propositions. When we say, for example, that some lawful sovereigns are tyrants, what is the meaning of the assertion? That the attributes connoted by the term "lawful sovereign," and the attributes connoted by the term "tyrant," sometimes co-exist in the same individual. Now this is also precisely what we mean, when we say that some tyrants are lawful sovereigns; which, therefore, is not a second proposition inferred from the first, any more than the English translation of Euclid's Elements is a collection of theorems different from and consequences of, those contained in the Greek original. Again, if we assert that no great general is a rash man, we mean that the attributes connoted by "great general," and those connoted by "rash," never co-exist in the same subject; which is also the exact meaning which would be expressed by saying, that no rash man is a great general. When we say that all quadrupeds are warm-blooded, we assert, not only that the attributes connoted by "quadruped" and those connoted by "warm-blooded" sometimes co-exist, but that the former never exist without the latter: now the proposition, Some warm-blooded creatures are quadrupeds, expresses the first half of this meaning, dropping the latter half; and therefore has been already affirmed in the antecedent proposition, All quadrupeds are warm-blooded. But that _all_ warm-blooded creatures are quadrupeds, or, in other words, that the attributes connoted by "warm-blooded" never exist without those connoted by "quadruped," has not been asserted, and can not be inferred. In order to re-assert, in an inverted form, the whole of what was affirmed in the proposition, All quadrupeds are warm-blooded, we must convert it by contraposition, thus, Nothing which is not warm-blooded is a quadruped. This proposition, and the one from which it is derived, are exactly equivalent, and either of them may be substituted for the other; for, to say that when the attributes of a quadruped are present, those of a warm-blooded creature are present, is to say that when the latter are absent the former are absent.

In a manual for young students, it would be proper to dwell at greater length on the conversion and equipollency of propositions. For though that can not be called reasoning or inference which is a mere re-assertion in different words of what had been asserted before, there is no more important intellectual habit, nor any the cultivation of which falls more strictly within the province of the art of logic, than that of discerning rapidly and surely the identity of an assertion when disguised under diversity of language. That important chapter in logical treatises which relates to the Opposition of Propositions, and the excellent technical language which logic provides for distinguishing the different kinds or modes of opposition, are of use chiefly for this purpose. Such considerations as these, that contrary propositions may both be false, but can not both be true; that subcontrary propositions may both be true, but can not both be false; that of two contradictory propositions one must be true and the other false; that of two subalternate propositions the truth of the universal proves the truth of the particular, and the falsity of the particular proves the falsity of the universal, but not _vicè versa_;(49) are apt to appear, at first sight, very technical and mysterious, but when explained, seem almost too obvious to require so formal a statement, since the same amount of explanation which is necessary to make the principles intelligible, would enable the truths which they convey to be apprehended in any particular case which can occur. In this respect, however, these axioms of logic are on a level with those of mathematics. That things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another, is as obvious in any particular case as it is in the general statement: and if no such general maxim had ever been laid down, the demonstrations in Euclid would never have halted for any difficulty in stepping across the gap which this axiom at present serves to bridge over. Yet no one has ever censured writers on geometry, for placing a list of these elementary

generalizations at the head of their treatises, as a first exercise to the learner of the faculty which will be required in him at every step, that of apprehending a _general_ truth. And the student of logic, in the discussion even of such truths as we have cited above, acquires habits of circumspect interpretation of words, and of exactly measuring the length and breadth of his assertions, which are among the most indispensable conditions of any considerable mental attainment, and which it is one of the primary objects of logical discipline to cultivate.

§ 3. Having noticed, in order to exclude from the province of Reasoning or Inference properly so called, the cases in which the progression from one truth to another is only apparent, the logical consequent being a mere repetition of the logical antecedent; we now pass to those which are cases of inference in the proper acceptation of the term, those in which we set out from known truths, to arrive at others really distinct from them.

Reasoning, in the extended sense in which I use the term, and in which it is synonymous with Inference, is popularly said to be of two kinds: reasoning from particulars to generals, and reasoning from generals to particulars; the former being called Induction, the latter Ratiocination or Syllogism. It will presently be shown that there is a third species of reasoning, which falls under neither of these descriptions, and which, nevertheless, is not only valid, but is the foundation of both the others.

It is necessary to observe, that the expressions, reasoning from particulars to generals, and reasoning from generals to particulars, are recommended by brevity rather than by precision, and do not adequately mark, without the aid of a commentary, the distinction between Induction (in the sense now adverted to) and Ratiocination. The meaning intended by these expressions is, that Induction is inferring a proposition from propositions _less general_ than itself, and Ratiocination is inferring a proposition from propositions _equally_ or _more_ general. When, from the observation of a number of individual instances, we ascend to a general proposition, or when, by combining a number of general propositions, we conclude from them another proposition still more general, the process, which is substantially the same in both instances, is called Induction. When from a general proposition, not alone (for from a single proposition nothing can be concluded which is not involved in the terms), but by combining it with other propositions, we infer a proposition of the same degree of generality with itself, or a less general proposition, or a proposition merely individual, the process is Ratiocination. When, in short, the conclusion is more general than the largest of the premises, the argument is commonly called Induction; when less general, or equally general, it is Ratiocination.

As all experience begins with individual cases, and proceeds from them to generals, it might seem most conformable to the natural order of thought that Induction should be treated of before we touch upon Ratiocination. It will, however, be advantageous, in a science which aims at tracing our acquired knowledge to its sources, that the inquirer should commence with the latter rather than with the earlier stages of the process of constructing our knowledge; and should trace derivative truths backward to the truths from which they are deduced, and on which they depend for their evidence, before attempting to point out the original spring from which both ultimately take their rise. The advantages of this order of proceeding in the present instance will manifest themselves as we advance, in a manner superseding the necessity of any further justification or explanation.

Of Induction, therefore, we shall say no more at present, than that it at least is, without doubt, a process of real inference. The conclusion in an induction embraces more than is contained in the premises. The principle or law collected from particular instances, the general proposition in which we embody the result of our experience, covers a much larger extent of ground than the individual experiments which form its basis. A principle ascertained by experience, is more than a mere summing up of what has been specifically observed in the individual cases which have been examined; it is a generalization grounded on those cases, and expressive of our belief, that what we there found true is true in an indefinite number of cases which we have not examined, and are never likely to examine. The nature and grounds of this inference, and the conditions necessary to make it legitimate, will be the subject of discussion in the Third Book: but that such inference really takes place is not susceptible of question. In every induction we proceed from truths which we knew, to truths which we did not know; from facts certified by observation, to facts which we have not observed, and even to facts not capable of being now observed; future facts, for example; but which we do not hesitate to believe on the sole evidence of the induction itself.

Induction, then, is a real process of Reasoning or Inference. Whether, and in what sense, as much can be said of the Syllogism, remains to be determined by the examination into which we are about to enter.

Chapter II.

Of Ratiocination, Or Syllogism.

§ 1. The analysis of the Syllogism has been so accurately and fully performed in the common manuals of Logic, that in the present work, which is not designed as a manual, it is sufficient to recapitulate, _memoriæ causâ_, the leading results of that analysis, as a foundation for the remarks to be afterward made on the functions of the Syllogism, and the place which it holds in science.

To a legitimate syllogism it is essential that there should be three, and no more than three, propositions, namely, the conclusion, or proposition to be proved, and two other propositions which together prove it, and which are called the premises. It is essential that there should be three, and no more than three, terms, namely, the subject and predicate of the conclusion, and another called the middle term, which must be found in both premises, since it is by means of it that the other two terms are to be connected together. The predicate of the conclusion is called the major term of the syllogism; the subject of the conclusion is called the minor term. As there can be but three terms, the major and minor terms must each be found in one, and only one, of the premises, together with the middle term which is in them both. The premise which contains the middle term and the major term is called the major premise; that which contains the middle term and the minor term is called the minor premise.

Syllogisms are divided by some logicians into three _figures_, by others into four, according to the position of the middle term, which may either be the subject in both premises, the predicate in both, or the subject in one and the predicate in the other. The most common case is that in which the middle term is the subject of the major premise and the predicate of the minor. This is reckoned as the first figure. When the middle term is the predicate in both premises, the syllogism belongs to the second figure; when it is the subject in both, to the third. In the fourth figure the middle term is the subject of the minor premise and the predicate of the major. Those writers who reckon no more than three figures, include this case in the first.

Each figure is divided into _moods_, according to what are called the _quantity_ and _quality_ of the propositions, that is, according as they are universal or particular, affirmative or negative. The following are examples of all the legitimate moods, that is, all those in which the conclusion correctly follows from the premises. A is the minor term, C the major, B the middle term.

FIRST FIGURE.

All B is C No B is C All B is C No B is C All A is B All A is B Some A is B Some A is B therefore therefore therefore therefore All A is C No A is C Some A is C Some A is not C

SECOND FIGURE.

No C is B All C is B No C is B All C is B All A is B No A is B Some A is B Some A is not B therefore therefore therefore therefore No A is C No A is C Some A is not C Some A is not C

THIRD FIGURE.

All B is No B is C Some B is All B is Some B is No B is C C C C not C All B is All B is All B is Some B is All B is Some B is A A A A A A therefore therefore therefore therefore therefore therefore Some A is Some A is Some A is Some A is Some A is Some A is C not C C C not C not C

FOURTH FIGURE.

All C is B All C is B Some C is B No C is B No C is B All B is A No B is A All B is A All B is A Some B is A therefore therefore therefore therefore therefore Some A is C Some A is Some A is C Some A is Some A is not C not C not C

In these exemplars, or blank forms for making syllogisms, no place is assigned to _singular_ propositions; not, of course, because such propositions are not used in ratiocination, but because, their predicate being affirmed or denied of the whole of the subject, they are ranked, for the purposes of the syllogism, with universal propositions. Thus, these two syllogisms—

All men are mortal, All men are mortal, All kings are men, Socrates is a man, therefore therefore All kings are mortal, Socrates is mortal,

are arguments precisely similar, and are both ranked in the first mood of the first figure.(50)

The reasons why syllogisms in any of the above forms are legitimate, that is, why, if the premises are true, the conclusion must inevitably be so, and why this is not the case in any other possible mood (that is, in any other combination of universal and particular, affirmative and negative propositions), any person taking interest in these inquiries may be presumed to have either learned from the common-school books of the syllogistic logic, or to be capable of discovering for himself. The reader may,

however, be referred, for every needful explanation, to Archbishop Whately's _Elements of Logic_, where he will find stated with philosophical precision, and explained with remarkable perspicuity, the whole of the common doctrine of the syllogism.

All valid ratiocination; all reasoning by which, from general propositions previously admitted, other propositions equally or less general are inferred; may be exhibited in some of the above forms. The whole of Euclid, for example, might be thrown without difficulty into a series of syllogisms, regular in mood and figure.

Though a syllogism framed according to any of these formulæ is a valid argument, all correct ratiocination admits of being stated in syllogisms of the first figure alone. The rules for throwing an argument in any of the other figures into the first figure, are called rules for the _reduction_ of syllogisms. It is done by the _conversion_ of one or other, or both, of the premises. Thus an argument in the first mood of the second figure, as—

No C is B All A is B therefore No A is C,

may be reduced as follows. The proposition, No C is B, being a universal negative, admits of simple conversion, and may be changed into No B is C, which, as we showed, is the very same assertion in other words—the same fact differently expressed. This transformation having been effected, the argument assumes the following form:

No B is C All A is B therefore No A is C,

which is a good syllogism in the second mood of the first figure. Again, an argument in the first mood of the third figure must resemble the following:

All B is C All B is A therefore Some A is C,

where the minor premise, All B is A, conformably to what was laid down in the last chapter respecting universal affirmatives, does not admit of simple conversion, but may be converted _per accidens_, thus, Some A is B; which, though it does not express the whole of what is asserted in the proposition All B is A, expresses, as was formerly shown, part of it, and must therefore be true if the whole is true. We have, then, as the result of the reduction, the following syllogism in the third mood of the first figure:

All B is C Some A is B,

from which it obviously follows, that

Some A is C.

In the same manner, or in a manner on which after these examples it is not necessary to enlarge, every mood of the second, third, and fourth figures may be reduced to some one of the four moods of the first. In other words, every conclusion which can be proved in any of the last three figures, may be proved in the first figure from the same premises, with a slight alteration in the mere manner of expressing them. Every valid ratiocination, therefore, may be stated in the first figure, that is, in one of the following forms:

Every B is C No B is C All A is B, All A is B, Some A is B, Some A is B, therefore therefore All A is C. No A is C. Some A is C. Some A is not C.

Or, if more significant symbols are preferred:

To prove an affirmative, the argument must admit of being stated in this form:

All animals are mortal; All men/Some men/Socrates are animals; therefore All men/Some men/Socrates are mortal.

To prove a negative, the argument must be capable of being expressed in this form:

No one who is capable of self-control is necessarily vicious;

No one who is capable of self-control is necessarily vicious; All negroes/Some negroes/Mr. A's negro are capable of self-control; therefore No negroes are/Some negroes are not/Mr. A's negro is not necessarily vicious.

Though all ratiocination admits of being thrown into one or the other of these forms, and sometimes gains considerably by the transformation, both in clearness and in the obviousness of its consequence; there are, no doubt, cases in which the argument falls more naturally into one of the other three figures, and in which its conclusiveness is more apparent at the first glance in those

figures, than when reduced to the first. Thus, if the proposition were that pagans may be virtuous, and the evidence to prove it were the example of Aristides; a syllogism in the third figure,

Aristides was virtuous, Aristides was a pagan, therefore Some pagan was virtuous,

would be a more natural mode of stating the argument, and would carry conviction more instantly home, than the same ratiocination strained into the first figure, thus—

Aristides was virtuous, Some pagan was Aristides, therefore Some pagan was virtuous.

A German philosopher, Lambert, whose _Neues Organon_ (published in the year 1764) contains among other things one of the most elaborate and complete expositions which had ever been made of the syllogistic doctrine, has expressly examined what sort of arguments fall most naturally and suitably into each of the four figures; and his investigation is characterized by great ingenuity and clearness of thought.(51) The argument, however, is one and the same, in whichever figure it is expressed; since, as we have already seen, the premises of a syllogism in the second, third, or fourth figure, and those of the syllogism in the first figure to which it may be reduced, are the same premises in every thing except language, or, at least, as much of them as contributes to the proof of the conclusion is the same. We are therefore at liberty, in conformity with the general opinion of logicians, to consider the two elementary forms of the first figure as the universal types of all correct ratiocination; the one, when the conclusion to be proved is affirmative, the other, when it is negative; even though certain arguments may have a tendency to clothe themselves in the forms of the second, third, and fourth figures; which, however, can not possibly happen with the only class of arguments which are of first-rate scientific importance, those in which the conclusion is a universal affirmative, such conclusions being susceptible of proof in the first figure alone.(52)

§ 2. On examining, then, these two general formulæ, we find that in both of them, one premise, the major, is a universal proposition; and according as this is affirmative or negative, the conclusion is so too. All ratiocination, therefore, starts from a _general_ proposition, principle, or assumption: a proposition in which a predicate is affirmed or denied of an entire class; that is, in which some attribute, or the negation of some attribute, is asserted of an indefinite number of objects distinguished by a common characteristic, and designated, in consequence, by a common name.

The other premise is always affirmative, and asserts that something (which may be either an individual, a class, or part of a class) belongs to, or is included in, the class respecting which something was affirmed or denied in the major premise. It follows that the attribute affirmed or denied of the entire class may (if that affirmation or denial was correct) be affirmed or denied of the object or objects alleged to be included in the class: and this is precisely the assertion made in the conclusion.

Whether or not the foregoing is an adequate account of the constituent parts of the syllogism, will be presently considered; but as far as it goes it is a true account. It has accordingly been generalized, and erected into a logical maxim, on which all ratiocination is said to be founded, insomuch that to reason, and to apply the maxim, are supposed to be one and the same thing. The maxim is, That whatever can be affirmed (or denied) of a class, may be affirmed (or denied) of every thing included in the class. This axiom, supposed to be the basis of the syllogistic theory, is termed by logicians the _dictum de omni et nullo_.

This maxim, however, when considered as a principle of reasoning, appears suited to a system of metaphysics once indeed generally received, but which for the last two centuries has been considered as finally abandoned, though there have not been wanting in our own day attempts at its revival. So long as what are termed Universals were regarded as a peculiar kind of substances, having an objective existence distinct from the individual objects classed under them, the _dictum de omni_ conveyed an important meaning; because it expressed the intercommunity of nature, which it was necessary on that theory that we should suppose to exist between those general substances and the particular substances which were subordinated to them. That every thing predicable of the universal was predicable of the various individuals contained under it, was then no identical proposition, but a statement of what was conceived as a fundamental law of the universe. The assertion that the entire nature and properties of the _substantia secunda_ formed part of the nature and properties of each of the individual substances called by the same name; that the properties of Man, for example, were properties of all men; was a proposition of real significance when man did not _mean_ all men, but something inherent in men, and vastly superior to them in dignity. Now, however, when it is known that a class, a universal, a genus or species, is not an entity _per se_, but neither more nor less than the individual substances themselves which are placed in the class, and that there is nothing real in the matter except those objects, a common name given to them, and common attributes indicated by the name; what, I should be glad to know, do we learn by being told, that whatever can be affirmed of a class, may be affirmed of every object contained in the class? The class _is_ nothing but the objects contained in it: and the

dictum de omni merely amounts to the identical proposition, that whatever is true of certain objects, is true of each of those objects. If all ratiocination were no more than the application of this maxim to particular cases, the syllogism would indeed be, what it has so often been declared to be, solemn trifling. The _dictum de omni_ is on a par with another truth, which in its time was also reckoned of great importance, “Whatever is, is.” To give any real meaning to the _dictum de omni_, we must consider it not as an axiom, but as a definition; we must look upon it as intended to explain, in a circuitous and paraphrastic manner, the meaning of the word _class_.

An error which seemed finally refuted and dislodged from thought, often needs only put on a new suit of phrases, to be welcomed back to its old quarters, and allowed to repose unquestioned for another cycle of ages. Modern philosophers have not been sparing in their contempt for the scholastic dogma that genera and species are a peculiar kind of substances, which general substances being the only permanent things, while the individual substances comprehended under them are in a perpetual flux, knowledge, which necessarily imports stability, can only have relation to those general substances or universals, and not to the facts or particulars included under them. Yet, though nominally rejected, this very doctrine, whether disguised under the Abstract Ideas of Locke (whose speculations, however, it has less vitiated than those of perhaps any other writer who has been infected with it), under the ultra-nominalism of Hobbes and Condillac, or the ontology of the later German schools, has never ceased to poison philosophy. Once accustomed to consider scientific investigation as essentially consisting in the study of universals, men did not drop this habit of thought when they ceased to regard universals as possessing an independent existence: and even those who went the length of considering them as mere names, could not free themselves from the notion that the investigation of truth consisted entirely or partly in some kind of conjuration or juggle with those names. When a philosopher adopted fully the Nominalist view of the signification of general language, retaining along with it the _dictum de omni_ as the foundation of all reasoning, two such premises fairly put together were likely, if he was a consistent thinker, to land him in rather startling conclusions. Accordingly it has been seriously held, by writers of deserved celebrity, that the process of arriving at new truths by reasoning consists in the mere substitution of one set of arbitrary signs for another; a doctrine which they suppose to derive irresistible confirmation from the example of algebra. If there were any process in sorcery or necromancy more preternatural than this, I should be much surprised. The culminating point of this philosophy is the noted aphorism of Condillac, that a science is nothing, or scarcely any thing, but _une langue bien faite_; in other words, that the one sufficient rule for discovering the nature and properties of objects is to name them properly: as if the reverse were not the truth, that it is impossible to name them properly except in proportion as we are already acquainted with their nature and properties. Can it be necessary to say, that none, not even the most trivial knowledge with respect to Things, ever was or could be originally got at by any conceivable manipulation of mere names, as such; and that what can be learned from names, is only what somebody who used the names knew before? Philosophical analysis confirms the indication of common sense, that the function of names is but that of enabling us to _remember_ and to _communicate_ our thoughts. That they also strengthen, even to an incalculable extent, the power of thought itself, is most true: but they do this by no intrinsic and peculiar virtue; they do it by the power inherent in an artificial memory, an instrument of which few have adequately considered the immense potency. As an artificial memory, language truly is, what it has so often been called, an instrument of thought; but it is one thing to be the instrument, and another to be the exclusive subject upon which the instrument is exercised. We think, indeed, to a considerable extent, by means of names, but what we think of, are the things called by those names; and there can not be a greater error than to imagine that thought can be carried on with nothing in our mind but names, or that we can make the names think for us.

§ 3. Those who considered the _dictum de omni_ as the foundation of the syllogism, looked upon arguments in a manner corresponding to the erroneous view which Hobbes took of propositions. Because there are some propositions which are merely verbal, Hobbes, in order apparently that his definition might be rigorously universal, defined a proposition as if no propositions declared any thing except the meaning of words. If Hobbes was right; if no further account than this could be given of the import of propositions; no theory could be given but the commonly received one, of the combination of propositions in a syllogism. If the minor premise asserted nothing more than that something belongs to a class, and if the major premise asserted nothing of that class except that it is included in another class, the conclusion would only be that what was included in the lower class is included in the higher, and the result, therefore, nothing except that the classification is consistent with itself. But we have seen that it is no sufficient account of the meaning of a proposition, to say that it refers something to, or excludes something from, a class. Every proposition which conveys real information asserts a matter of fact, dependent on the laws of nature, and not on classification. It asserts that a given object does or does not possess a given attribute; or it asserts that two attributes, or sets of attributes, do or do not (constantly or occasionally) co-exist. Since such is the purport of all propositions which convey any real knowledge, and since ratiocination is a mode of acquiring real knowledge, any theory of ratiocination which does not recognize this import of propositions,

can not, we may be sure, be the true one.

Applying this view of propositions to the two premises of a syllogism, we obtain the following results. The major premise, which, as already remarked, is always universal, asserts, that all things which have a certain attribute (or attributes) have or have not along with it, a certain other attribute (or attributes). The minor premise asserts that the thing or set of things which are the subject of that premise, have the first-mentioned attribute; and the conclusion is, that they have (or that they have not), the second. Thus in our former example,

All men are mortal, Socrates is a man, therefore Socrates is mortal,

the subject and predicate of the major premise are connotative terms, denoting objects and connoting attributes. The assertion in the major premise is, that along with one of the two sets of attributes, we always find the other: that the attributes connoted by "man" never exist unless conjoined with the attribute called mortality. The assertion in the minor premise is that the individual named Socrates possesses the former attributes; and it is concluded that he possesses also the attribute mortality. Or, if both the premises are general propositions, as

All men are mortal, All kings are men, therefore All kings are mortal,

the minor premise asserts that the attributes denoted by kingship only exist in conjunction with those signified by the word man. The major asserts as before, that the last-mentioned attributes are never found without the attribute of mortality. The conclusion is, that wherever the attributes of kingship are found, that of mortality is found also.

If the major premise were negative, as, No men are omnipotent, it would assert, not that the attributes connoted by "man" never exist without, but that they never exist with, those connoted by "omnipotent:" from which, together with the minor premise, it is concluded, that the same incompatibility exists between the attribute omnipotence and those constituting a king. In a similar manner we might analyze any other example of the syllogism.

If we generalize this process, and look out for the principle or law involved in every such inference, and presupposed in every syllogism, the propositions of which are any thing more than merely verbal; we find, not the unmeaning _dictum de omni et nullo_, but a fundamental principle, or rather two principles, strikingly resembling the axioms of mathematics. The first, which is the principle of affirmative syllogisms, is, that things which co-exist with the same thing, co-exist with one another: or (still more precisely) a thing which co-exists with another thing, which other co-exists with a third thing, also co-exists with that third thing. The second is the principle of negative syllogisms, and is to this effect: that a thing which co-exists with another thing, with which other a third thing does not co-exist, is not co-existent with that third thing. These axioms manifestly relate to facts, and not to conventions; and one or other of them is the ground of the legitimacy of every argument in which facts and not conventions are the matter treated of.(53)

§ 4. It remains to translate this exposition of the syllogism from the one into the other of the two languages in which we formerly remarked(54) that all propositions, and of course therefore all combinations of propositions, might be expressed. We observed that a proposition might be considered in two different lights; as a portion of our knowledge of nature, or as a memorandum for our guidance. Under the former, or speculative aspect, an affirmative general proposition is an assertion of a speculative truth, viz., that whatever has a certain attribute has a certain other attribute. Under the other aspect, it is to be regarded not as a part of our knowledge, but as an aid for our practical exigencies, by enabling us, when we see or learn that an object possesses one of the two attributes, to infer that it possesses the other; thus employing the first attribute as a mark or evidence of the second. Thus regarded, every syllogism comes within the following general formula:

Attribute A is a mark of attribute B, The given object has the mark A, therefore The given object has the attribute B.

Referred to this type, the arguments which we have lately cited as specimens of the syllogism, will express themselves in the following manner:

The attributes of man are a mark of the attribute mortality, Socrates has the attributes of man, therefore Socrates has the attribute mortality.

And again,

The attributes of man are a mark of the attribute mortality, The attributes of a king are a mark of the attributes of man, therefore The attributes of a king are a mark of the attribute mortality.

And, lastly,

The attributes of man are a mark of the absence of the attribute omnipotence, The attributes of a king are a mark of the attributes of man, therefore The attributes of a king are a mark of the absence of the attribute signified by the word omnipotent (or, are evidence of the absence of that attribute).

To correspond with this alteration in the form of the syllogisms, the axioms on which the syllogistic process is founded must undergo a corresponding transformation. In this altered phraseology, both those axioms may be brought under one general expression; namely, that whatever has any mark, has that which it is a mark of. Or, when the minor premise as well as the major is universal, we may state it thus: Whatever is a mark of any mark, is a mark of that which this last is a mark of. To trace the identity of these axioms with those previously laid down, may be left to the intelligent reader. We shall find, as we proceed, the great convenience of the phraseology into which we have last thrown them, and which is better adapted than any I am acquainted with, to express with precision and force what is aimed at, and actually accomplished, in every case of the ascertainment of a truth by ratiocination.(55)

Chapter III.

Of The Functions And Logical Value Of The Syllogism.

§ 1. We have shown what is the real nature of the truths with which the Syllogism is conversant, in contradistinction to the more superficial manner in which their import is conceived in the common theory; and what are the fundamental axioms on which its probative force or conclusiveness depends. We have now to inquire, whether the syllogistic process, that of reasoning from generals to particulars, is, or is not, a process of inference; a progress from the known to the unknown: a means of coming to a knowledge of something which we did not know before.

Logicians have been remarkably unanimous in their mode of answering this question. It is universally allowed that a syllogism is vicious if there be any thing more in the conclusion than was assumed in the premises. But this is, in fact, to say, that nothing ever was, or can be, proved by syllogism, which was not known, or assumed to be known, before. Is ratiocination, then, not a process of inference? And is the syllogism, to which the word reasoning has so often been represented to be exclusively appropriate, not really entitled to be called reasoning at all? This seems an inevitable consequence of the doctrine, admitted by all writers on the subject, that a syllogism can prove no more than is involved in the premises. Yet the acknowledgment so explicitly made, has not prevented one set of writers from continuing to represent the syllogism as the correct analysis of what the mind actually performs in discovering and proving the larger half of the truths, whether of science or of daily life, which we believe; while those who have avoided this inconsistency, and followed out the general theorem respecting the logical value of the syllogism to its legitimate corollary, have been led to impute uselessness and frivolity to the syllogistic theory itself, on the ground of the _petitio principii_ which they allege to be inherent in every syllogism. As I believe both these opinions to be fundamentally erroneous, I must request the attention of the reader to certain considerations, without which any just appreciation of the true character of the syllogism, and the functions it performs in philosophy, appears to me impossible; but which seem to have been either overlooked, or insufficiently adverted to, both by the defenders of the syllogistic theory and by its assailants.

§ 2. It must be granted that in every syllogism, considered as an argument to prove the conclusion, there is a _petitio principii_. When we say,

All men are mortal, Socrates is a man, therefore Socrates is mortal;

it is unanswerably urged by the adversaries of the syllogistic theory, that the proposition, Socrates is mortal, is presupposed in the more general assumption, All men are mortal: that we can not be assured of the mortality of all men, unless we are already certain of the mortality of every individual man: that if it be still doubtful whether Socrates, or any other individual we choose to name, be mortal or not, the same degree of uncertainty must hang over the assertion, All men are mortal: that the general principle, instead of being given as evidence of the particular case, can not itself be taken for true without exception, until every shadow of doubt which could affect any case comprised with it, is dispelled by evidence _aliundè_; and then what remains for the syllogism to prove? That, in short, no reasoning from generals to particulars can, as such, prove any thing: since from a general principle we

can not infer any particulars, but those which the principle itself assumes as known.

This doctrine appears to me irrefragable; and if logicians, though unable to dispute it, have usually exhibited a strong disposition to explain it away, this was not because they could discover any flaw in the argument itself, but because the contrary opinion seemed to rest on arguments equally indisputable. In the syllogism last referred to, for example, or in any of those which we previously constructed, is it not evident that the conclusion may, to the person to whom the syllogism is presented, be actually and _bona fide_ a new truth? Is it not matter of daily experience that truths previously unthought of, facts which have not been, and can not be, directly observed, are arrived at by way of general reasoning? We believe that the Duke of Wellington is mortal. We do not know this by direct observation, so long as he is not yet dead. If we were asked how, this being the case, we know the duke to be mortal, we should probably answer, Because all men are so. Here, therefore, we arrive at the knowledge of a truth not (as yet) susceptible of observation, by a reasoning which admits of being exhibited in the following syllogism:

All men are mortal, The Duke of Wellington is a man, therefore The Duke of Wellington is mortal.

And since a large portion of our knowledge is thus acquired, logicians have persisted in representing the syllogism as a process of inference or proof; though none of them has cleared up the difficulty which arises from the inconsistency between that assertion, and the principle, that if there be any thing in the conclusion which was not already asserted in the premises, the argument is vicious. For it is impossible to attach any serious scientific value to such a mere salvo, as the distinction drawn between being involved _by implication_ in the premises, and being directly asserted in them. When Archbishop Whately says(56) that the object of reasoning is “merely to expand and unfold the assertions wrapped up, as it were, and implied in those with which we set out, and to bring a person to perceive and acknowledge the full force of that which he has admitted,” he does not, I think, meet the real difficulty requiring to be explained, namely, how it happens that a science, like geometry, _can_ be all “wrapped up” in a few definitions and axioms. Nor does this defense of the syllogism differ much from what its assailants urge against it as an accusation, when they charge it with being of no use except to those who seek to press the consequences of an admission into which a person has been entrapped without having considered and understood its full force. When you admitted the major premise, you asserted the conclusion; but, says Archbishop Whately, you asserted it by implication merely: this, however, can here only mean that you asserted it unconsciously; that you did not know you were asserting it; but, if so, the difficulty revives in this shape—Ought you not to have known? Were you warranted in asserting the general proposition without having satisfied yourself of the truth of every thing which it fairly includes? And if not, is not the syllogistic art _prima facie_ what its assailants affirm it to be, a contrivance for catching you in a trap, and holding you fast in it?(57)

§ 3. From this difficulty there appears to be but one issue. The proposition that the Duke of Wellington is mortal, is evidently an inference; it is got at as a conclusion from something else; but do we, in reality, conclude it from the proposition, All men are mortal? I answer, no.

The error committed is, I conceive, that of overlooking the distinction between two parts of the process of philosophizing, the inferring part, and the registering part; and ascribing to the latter the functions of the former. The mistake is that of referring a person to his own notes for the origin of his knowledge. If a person is asked a question, and is at the moment unable to answer it, he may refresh his memory by turning to a memorandum which he carries about with him. But if he were asked, how the fact came to his knowledge, he would scarcely answer, because it was set down in his note-book: unless the book was written, like the Koran, with a quill from the wing of the angel Gabriel.

Assuming that the proposition, The Duke of Wellington is mortal, is immediately an inference from the proposition, All men are mortal; whence do we derive our knowledge of that general truth? Of course from observation. Now, all which man can observe are individual cases. From these all general truths must be drawn, and into these they may be again resolved; for a general truth is but an aggregate of particular truths; a comprehensive expression, by which an indefinite number of individual facts are affirmed or denied at once. But a general proposition is not merely a compendious form for recording and preserving in the memory a number of particular facts, all of which have been observed. Generalization is not a process of mere naming, it is also a process of inference. From instances which we have observed, we feel warranted in concluding, that what we found true in those instances, holds in all similar ones, past, present, and future, however numerous they may be. We then, by that valuable contrivance of language which enables us to speak of many as if they were one, record all that we have observed, together with all that we infer from our observations, in one concise expression; and have thus only one proposition, instead of an endless number, to remember or to communicate. The results of many observations and inferences, and instructions for making innumerable inferences in unforeseen cases, are compressed into one short sentence.

When, therefore, we conclude from the death of John and Thomas, and every other person we ever heard of in whose case the experiment had been fairly tried, that the Duke of Wellington is mortal like the rest; we may, indeed, pass through the generalization, All men are mortal, as an intermediate stage; but it is not in the latter half of the process, the descent from all men to the Duke of Wellington, that the _inference_ resides. The inference is finished when we have asserted that all men are mortal. What remains to be performed afterward is merely deciphering our own notes.

Archbishop Whately has contended that syllogizing, or reasoning from generals to particulars, is not, agreeably to the vulgar idea, a peculiar _mode_ of reasoning, but the philosophical analysis of _the_ mode in which all men reason, and must do so if they reason at all. With the deference due to so high an authority, I can not help thinking that the vulgar notion is, in this case, the more correct. If, from our experience of John, Thomas, etc., who once were living, but are now dead, we are entitled to conclude that all human beings are mortal, we might surely without any logical inconsequence have concluded at once from those instances, that the Duke of Wellington is mortal. The mortality of John, Thomas, and others is, after all, the whole evidence we have for the mortality of the Duke of Wellington. Not one iota is added to the proof by interpolating a general proposition. Since the individual cases are all the evidence we can possess, evidence which no logical form into which we choose to throw it can make greater than it is; and since that evidence is either sufficient in itself, or, if insufficient for the one purpose, can not be sufficient for the other; I am unable to see why we should be forbidden to take the shortest cut from these sufficient premises to the conclusion, and constrained to travel the "high priori road," by the arbitrary fiat of logicians. I can not perceive why it should be impossible to journey from one place to another unless we "march up a hill, and then march down again." It may be the safest road, and there may be a resting-place at the top of the hill, affording a commanding view of the surrounding country; but for the mere purpose of arriving at our journey's end, our taking that road is perfectly optional; it is a question of time, trouble, and danger.

Not only _may_ we reason from particulars to particulars without passing through generals, but we perpetually do so reason. All our earliest inferences are of this nature. From the first dawn of intelligence we draw inferences, but years elapse before we learn the use of general language. The child, who, having burned his fingers, avoids to thrust them again into the fire, has reasoned or inferred, though he has never thought of the general maxim, Fire burns. He knows from memory that he has been burned, and on this evidence believes, when he sees a candle, that if he puts his finger into the flame of it, he will be burned again. He believes this in every case which happens to arise; but without looking, in each instance, beyond the present case. He is not generalizing; he is inferring a particular from particulars. In the same way, also, brutes reason. There is no ground for attributing to any of the lower animals the use of signs, of such a nature as to render general propositions possible. But those animals profit by experience, and avoid what they have found to cause them pain, in the same manner, though not always with the same skill, as a human creature. Not only the burned child, but the burned dog, dreads the fire.

I believe that, in point of fact, when drawing inferences from our personal experience, and not from maxims handed down to us by books or tradition, we much oftener conclude from particulars to particulars directly, than through the intermediate agency of any general proposition. We are constantly reasoning from ourselves to other people, or from one person to another, without giving ourselves the trouble to erect our observations into general maxims of human or external nature. When we conclude that some person will, on some given occasion, feel or act so and so, we sometimes judge from an enlarged consideration of the manner in which human beings in general, or persons of some particular character, are accustomed to feel and act; but much oftener from merely recollecting the feelings and conduct of the same person in some previous instance, or from considering how we should feel or act ourselves. It is not only the village matron, who, when called to a consultation upon the case of a neighbor's child, pronounces on the evil and its remedy simply on the recollection and authority of what she accounts the similar case of her Lucy. We all, where we have no definite maxims to steer by, guide ourselves in the same way: and if we have an extensive experience, and retain its impressions strongly, we may acquire in this manner a very considerable power of accurate judgment, which we may be utterly incapable of justifying or of communicating to others. Among the higher order of practical intellects there have been many of whom it was remarked how admirably they suited their means to their ends, without being able to give any sufficient reasons for what they did; and applied, or seemed to apply, recondite principles which they were wholly unable to state. This is a natural consequence of having a mind stored with appropriate particulars, and having been long accustomed to reason at once from these to fresh particulars, without practicing the habit of stating to one's self or to others the corresponding general propositions. An old warrior, on a rapid glance at the outlines of the ground, is able at once to give the necessary orders for a skillful arrangement of his troops; though if he has received little theoretical instruction, and has seldom been called upon to answer to other people for his conduct, he may never have had in his mind a single general theorem respecting the relation between ground and array. But his experience of encampments, in circumstances more or less similar, has left a number of vivid, unexpressed, ungeneralized

analogies in his mind, the most appropriate of which, instantly suggesting itself, determines him to a judicious arrangement.

The skill of an uneducated person in the use of weapons, or of tools, is of a precisely similar nature. The savage who executes unerringly the exact throw which brings down his game, or his enemy, in the manner most suited to his purpose, under the operation of all the conditions necessarily involved, the weight and form of the weapon, the direction and distance of the object, the action of the wind, etc., owes this power to a long series of previous experiments, the results of which he certainly never framed into any verbal theorems or rules. The same thing may generally be said of any other extraordinary manual dexterity. Not long ago a Scotch manufacturer procured from England, at a high rate of wages, a working dyer, famous for producing very fine colors, with the view of teaching to his other workmen the same skill. The workman came; but his mode of proportioning the ingredients, in which lay the secret of the effects he produced, was by taking them up in handfuls, while the common method was to weigh them. The manufacturer sought to make him turn his handling system into an equivalent weighing system, that the general principle of his peculiar mode of proceeding might be ascertained. This, however, the man found himself quite unable to do, and therefore could impart his skill to nobody. He had, from the individual cases of his own experience, established a connection in his mind between fine effects of color, and tactual perceptions in handling his dyeing materials; and from these perceptions he could, in any particular case, infer the means to be employed, and the effects which would be produced, but could not put others in possession of the grounds on which he proceeded, from having never generalized them in his own mind, or expressed them in language.

Almost every one knows Lord Mansfield's advice to a man of practical good sense, who, being appointed governor of a colony, had to preside in its courts of justice, without previous judicial practice or legal education. The advice was to give his decision boldly, for it would probably be right; but never to venture on assigning reasons, for they would almost infallibly be wrong. In cases like this, which are of no uncommon occurrence, it would be absurd to suppose that the bad reason was the source of the good decision. Lord Mansfield knew that if any reason were assigned it would be necessarily an afterthought, the judge being _in fact_ guided by impressions from past experience, without the circuitous process of framing general principles from them, and that if he attempted to frame any such he would assuredly fail. Lord Mansfield, however, would not have doubted that a man of equal experience who had also a mind stored with general propositions derived by legitimate induction from that experience, would have been greatly preferable as a judge, to one, however sagacious, who could not be trusted with the explanation and justification of his own judgments. The cases of men of talent performing wonderful things they know not how, are examples of the rudest and most spontaneous form of the operations of superior minds. It is a defect in them, and often a source of errors, not to have generalized as they went on; but generalization, though a help, the most important indeed of all helps, is not an essential.

Even the scientifically instructed, who possess, in the form of general propositions, a systematic record of the results of the experience of mankind, need not always revert to those general propositions in order to apply that experience to a new case. It is justly remarked by Dugald Stewart, that though the reasonings in mathematics depend entirely on the axioms, it is by no means necessary to our seeing the conclusiveness of the proof, that the axioms should be expressly adverted to. When it is inferred that AB is equal to CD because each of them is equal to EF, the most uncultivated understanding, as soon as the propositions were understood, would assent to the inference, without having ever heard of the general truth that "things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another." This remark of Stewart, consistently followed out, goes to the root, as I conceive, of the philosophy of ratiocination; and it is to be regretted that he himself stopped short at a much more limited application of it. He saw that the general propositions on which a reasoning is said to depend, may, in certain cases, be altogether omitted, without impairing its probative force. But he imagined this to be a peculiarity belonging to axioms; and argued from it, that axioms are not the foundations or first principles of geometry, from which all the other truths of the science are synthetically deduced (as the laws of motion and of the composition of forces in dynamics, the equal mobility of fluids in hydrostatics, the laws of reflection and refraction in optics, are the first principles of those sciences); but are merely necessary assumptions, self-evident indeed, and the denial of which would annihilate all demonstration, but from which, as premises, nothing can be demonstrated. In the present, as in many other instances, this thoughtful and elegant writer has perceived an important truth, but only by halves. Finding, in the case of geometrical axioms, that general names have not any talismanic virtue for conjuring new truths out of the well where they lie hid, and not seeing that this is equally true in every other case of generalization, he contended that axioms are in their nature barren of consequences, and that the really fruitful truths, the real first principles of geometry, are the definitions; that the definition, for example, of the circle is to the properties of the circle, what the laws of equilibrium and of the pressure of the atmosphere are to the rise of the mercury in the Torricellian tube. Yet all that he had asserted respecting the function to which the axioms are confined in the demonstrations of geometry, holds equally true of the definitions. Every demonstration in Euclid might be carried on without them. This is apparent from the ordinary process of proving a proposition of geometry by means of a diagram. What assumption, in fact, do we set out from, to demonstrate by a diagram any of the properties of the circle? Not that in all circles the radii are equal,

but only that they are so in the circle ABC. As our warrant for assuming this, we appeal, it is true, to the definition of a circle in general; but it is only necessary that the assumption be granted in the case of the particular circle supposed. From this, which is not a general but a singular proposition, combined with other propositions of a similar kind, some of which _when generalized_ are called definitions, and other axioms, we prove that a certain conclusion is true, not of all circles, but of the particular circle ABC; or at least would be so, if the facts precisely accorded with our assumptions. The enunciation, as it is called, that is, the general theorem which stands at the head of the demonstration, is not the proposition actually demonstrated. One instance only is demonstrated: but the process by which this is done, is a process which, when we consider its nature, we perceive might be exactly copied in an indefinite number of other instances; in every instance which conforms to certain conditions. The contrivance of general language furnishing us with terms which connote these conditions, we are able to assert this indefinite multitude of truths in a single expression, and this expression is the general theorem. By dropping the use of diagrams, and substituting, in the demonstrations, general phrases for the letters of the alphabet, we might prove the general theorem directly, that is, we might demonstrate all the cases at once; and to do this we must, of course, employ as our premises, the axioms and definitions in their general form. But this only means, that if we can prove an individual conclusion by assuming an individual fact, then in whatever case we are warranted in making an exactly similar assumption, we may draw an exactly similar conclusion. The definition is a sort of notice to ourselves and others, what assumptions we think ourselves entitled to make. And so in all cases, the general propositions, whether called definitions, axioms, or laws of nature, which we lay down at the beginning of our reasonings, are merely abridged statements, in a kind of short-hand, of the particular facts, which, as occasion arises, we either think we may proceed on as proved, or intend to assume. In any one demonstration it is enough if we assume for a particular case suitably selected, what by the statement of the definition or principle we announce that we intend to assume in all cases which may arise. The definition of the circle, therefore, is to one of Euclid’s demonstrations, exactly what, according to Stewart, the axioms are; that is, the demonstration does not depend on it, but yet if we deny it the demonstration fails. The proof does not rest on the general assumption, but on a similar assumption confined to the particular case: that case, however, being chosen as a specimen or paradigm of the whole class of cases included in the theorem, there can be no ground for making the assumption in that case which does not exist in every other; and to deny the assumption as a general truth, is to deny the right of making it in the particular instance.

There are, undoubtedly, the most ample reasons for stating both the principles and the theorems in their general form, and these will be explained presently, so far as explanation is requisite. But, that unpracticed learners, even in making use of one theorem to demonstrate another, reason rather from particular to particular than from the general proposition, is manifest from the difficulty they find in applying a theorem to a case in which the configuration of the diagram is extremely unlike that of the diagram by which the original theorem was demonstrated. A difficulty which, except in cases of unusual mental power, long practice can alone remove, and removes chiefly by rendering us familiar with all the configurations consistent with the general conditions of the theorem.

§ 4. From the considerations now adduced, the following conclusions seem to be established. All inference is from particulars to particulars: General propositions are merely registers of such inferences already made, and short formulæ for making more: The major premise of a syllogism, consequently, is a formula of this description: and the conclusion is not an inference drawn _from_ the formula, but an inference drawn _according_ to the formula: the real logical antecedent, or premise, being the particular facts from which the general proposition was collected by induction. Those facts, and the individual instances which supplied them, may have been forgotten: but a record remains, not indeed descriptive of the facts themselves, but showing how those cases may be distinguished, respecting which, the facts, when known, were considered to warrant a given inference. According to the indications of this record we draw our conclusion: which is, to all intents and purposes, a conclusion from the forgotten facts. For this it is essential that we should read the record correctly: and the rules of the syllogism are a set of precautions to insure our doing so.

This view of the functions of the syllogism is confirmed by the consideration of precisely those cases which might be expected to be least favorable to it, namely, those in which ratiocination is independent of any previous induction. We have already observed that the syllogism, in the ordinary course of our reasoning, is only the latter half of the process of traveling from premises to a conclusion. There are, however, some peculiar cases in which it is the whole process. Particulars alone are capable of being subjected to observation; and all knowledge which is derived from observation, begins, therefore, of necessity, in particulars; but our knowledge may, in cases of certain descriptions, be conceived as coming to us from other sources than observation. It may present itself as coming from testimony, which, on the occasion and for the purpose in hand, is accepted as of an authoritative character: and the information thus communicated, may be conceived to comprise not only particular facts but general propositions, as when a scientific doctrine is accepted without examination on the authority of writers, or a theological doctrine on that of

Scripture. Or the generalization may not be, in the ordinary sense, an assertion at all, but a command; a law, not in the philosophical, but in the moral and political sense of the term: an expression of the desire of a superior, that we, or any number of other persons, shall conform our conduct to certain general instructions. So far as this asserts a fact, namely, a volition of the legislator, that fact is an individual fact, and the proposition, therefore, is not a general proposition. But the description therein contained of the conduct which it is the will of the legislator that his subjects should observe, is general. The proposition asserts, not that all men _are_ any thing, but that all men _shall_ do something.

In both these cases the generalities are the original data, and the particulars are elicited from them by a process which correctly resolves itself into a series of syllogisms. The real nature, however, of the supposed deductive process, is evident enough. The only point to be determined is, whether the authority which declared the general proposition, intended to include this case in it; and whether the legislator intended his command to apply to the present case among others, or not. This is ascertained by examining whether the case possesses the marks by which, as those authorities have signified, the cases which they meant to certify or to influence may be known. The object of the inquiry is to make out the witness's or the legislator's intention, through the indication given by their words. This is a question, as the Germans express it, of hermeneutics. The operation is not a process of inference, but a process of interpretation.

In this last phrase we have obtained an expression which appears to me to characterize, more aptly than any other, the functions of the syllogism in all cases. When the premises are given by authority, the function of Reasoning is to ascertain the testimony of a witness, or the will of a legislator, by interpreting the signs in which the one has intimated his assertion and the other his command. In like manner, when the premises are derived from observation, the function of Reasoning is to ascertain what we (or our predecessors) formerly thought might be inferred from the observed facts, and to do this by interpreting a memorandum of ours, or of theirs. The memorandum reminds us, that from evidence, more or less carefully weighed, it formerly appeared that a certain attribute might be inferred wherever we perceive a certain mark. The proposition, All men are mortal (for instance) shows that we have had experience from which we thought it followed that the attributes connoted by the term man, are a mark of mortality. But when we conclude that the Duke of Wellington is mortal, we do not infer this from the memorandum, but from the former experience. All that we infer from the memorandum is our own previous belief, (or that of those who transmitted to us the proposition), concerning the inferences which that former experience would warrant.

This view of the nature of the syllogism renders consistent and intelligible what otherwise remains obscure and confused in the theory of Archbishop Whately and other enlightened defenders of the syllogistic doctrine, respecting the limits to which its functions are confined. They affirm in as explicit terms as can be used, that the sole office of general reasoning is to prevent inconsistency in our opinions; to prevent us from assenting to any thing, the truth of which would contradict something to which we had previously on good grounds given our assent. And they tell us, that the sole ground which a syllogism affords for assenting to the conclusion, is that the supposition of its being false, combined with the supposition that the premises are true, would lead to a contradiction in terms. Now this would be but a lame account of the real grounds which we have for believing the facts which we learn from reasoning, in contradistinction to observation. The true reason why we believe that the Duke of Wellington will die, is that his fathers, and our fathers, and all other persons who were contemporary with them, have died. Those facts are the real premises of the reasoning. But we are not led to infer the conclusion from those premises, by the necessity of avoiding any verbal inconsistency. There is no contradiction in supposing that all those persons have died, and that the Duke of Wellington may, notwithstanding, live forever. But there would be a contradiction if we first, on the ground of those same premises, made a general assertion including and covering the case of the Duke of Wellington, and then refused to stand to it in the individual case. There is an inconsistency to be avoided between the memorandum we make of the inferences which may be justly drawn in future cases, and the inferences we actually draw in those cases when they arise. With this view we interpret our own formula, precisely as a judge interprets a law: in order that we may avoid drawing any inferences not conformable to our former intention, as a judge avoids giving any decision not conformable to the legislator's intention. The rules for this interpretation are the rules of the syllogism: and its sole purpose is to maintain consistency between the conclusions we draw in every particular case, and the previous general directions for drawing them; whether those general directions were framed by ourselves as the result of induction, or were received by us from an authority competent to give them.

§ 5. In the above observations it has, I think, been shown, that, though there is always a process of reasoning or inference where a syllogism is used, the syllogism is not a correct analysis of that process of reasoning or inference; which is, on the contrary (when not a mere inference from testimony), an inference from particulars to particulars; authorized by a previous inference from particulars to generals, and substantially the same with it; of the nature, therefore, of Induction. But while these conclusions appear

to me undeniable, I must yet enter a protest, as strong as that of Archbishop Whately himself, against the doctrine that the syllogistic art is useless for the purposes of reasoning. The reasoning lies in the act of generalization, not in interpreting the record of that act; but the syllogistic form is an indispensable collateral security for the correctness of the generalization itself.

It has already been seen, that if we have a collection of particulars sufficient for grounding an induction, we need not frame a general proposition; we may reason at once from those particulars to other particulars. But it is to be remarked withal, that whenever, from a set of particular cases, we can legitimately draw any inference, we may legitimately make our inference a general one. If, from observation and experiment, we can conclude to one new case, so may we to an indefinite number. If that which has held true in our past experience will therefore hold in time to come, it will hold not merely in some individual case, but in all cases of some given description. Every induction, therefore, which suffices to prove one fact, proves an indefinite multitude of facts: the experience which justifies a single prediction must be such as will suffice to bear out a general theorem. This theorem it is extremely important to ascertain and declare, in its broadest form of generality; and thus to place before our minds, in its full extent, the whole of what our evidence must prove if it proves any thing.

This throwing of the whole body of possible inferences from a given set of particulars, into one general expression, operates as a security for their being just inferences, in more ways than one. First, the general principle presents a larger object to the imagination than any of the singular propositions which it contains. A process of thought which leads to a comprehensive generality, is felt as of greater importance than one which terminates in an insulated fact; and the mind is, even unconsciously, led to bestow greater attention upon the process, and to weigh more carefully the sufficiency of the experience appealed to, for supporting the inference grounded upon it. There is another, and a more important, advantage. In reasoning from a course of individual observations to some new and unobserved case, which we are but imperfectly acquainted with (or we should not be inquiring into it), and in which, since we are inquiring into it, we probably feel a peculiar interest; there is very little to prevent us from giving way to negligence, or to any bias which may affect our wishes or our imagination, and, under that influence, accepting insufficient evidence as sufficient. But if, instead of concluding straight to the particular case, we place before ourselves an entire class of facts—the whole contents of a general proposition, every tittle of which is legitimately inferable from our premises, if that one particular conclusion is so; there is then a considerable likelihood that if the premises are insufficient, and the general inference therefore, groundless, it will comprise within it some fact or facts the reverse of which we already know to be true; and we shall thus discover the error in our generalization by a _reductio ad impossibile_.

Thus if, during the reign of Marcus Aurelius, a subject of the Roman empire, under the bias naturally given to the imagination and expectations by the lives and characters of the Antonines, had been disposed to expect that Commodus would be a just ruler; supposing him to stop there, he might only have been undeceived by sad experience. But if he reflected that this expectation could not be justifiable unless from the same evidence he was warranted in concluding some general proposition, as, for instance, that all Roman emperors are just rulers; he would immediately have thought of Nero, Domitian, and other instances, which, showing the falsity of the general conclusion, and therefore the insufficiency of the premises, would have warned him that those premises could not prove in the instance of Commodus, what they were inadequate to prove in any collection of cases in which his was included.

The advantage, in judging whether any controverted inference is legitimate, of referring to a parallel case, is universally acknowledged. But by ascending to the general proposition, we bring under our view not one parallel case only, but all possible parallel cases at once; all cases to which the same set of evidentiary considerations are applicable.

When, therefore, we argue from a number of known cases to another case supposed to be analogous, it is always possible, and generally advantageous, to divert our argument into the circuitous channel of an induction from those known cases to a general proposition, and a subsequent application of that general proposition to the unknown case. This second part of the operation, which, as before observed, is essentially a process of interpretation, will be resolvable into a syllogism or a series of syllogisms, the majors of which will be general propositions embracing whole classes of cases; every one of which propositions must be true in all its extent, if the argument is maintainable. If, therefore, any fact fairly coming within the range of one of these general propositions, and consequently asserted by it, is known or suspected to be other than the proposition asserts it to be, this mode of stating the argument causes us to know or to suspect that the original observations, which are the real grounds of our conclusion, are not sufficient to support it. And in proportion to the greater chance of our detecting the inconclusiveness of our evidence, will be the increased reliance we are entitled to place in it if no such evidence of defect shall appear.

The value, therefore, of the syllogistic form, and of the rules for using it correctly, does not consist in their being the form and the rules according to which our reasonings are necessarily, or even usually, made; but in their furnishing us with a mode in which

those reasonings may always be represented, and which is admirably calculated, if they are inconclusive, to bring their inconclusiveness to light. An induction from particulars to generals, followed by a syllogistic process from those generals to other particulars, is a form in which we may always state our reasonings if we please. It is not a form in which we _must_ reason, but it is a form in which we _may_ reason, and into which it is indispensable to throw our reasoning, when there is any doubt of its validity: though when the case is familiar and little complicated, and there is no suspicion of error, we may, and do, reason at once from the known particular cases to unknown ones.(58)

These are the uses of syllogism, as a mode of verifying any given argument. Its ulterior uses, as respects the general course of our intellectual operations, hardly require illustration, being in fact the acknowledged uses of general language. They amount substantially to this, that the inductions may be made once for all: a single careful interrogation of experience may suffice, and the result may be registered in the form of a general proposition, which is committed to memory or to writing, and from which afterward we have only to syllogize. The particulars of our experiments may then be dismissed from the memory, in which it would be impossible to retain so great a multitude of details; while the knowledge which those details afforded for future use, and which would otherwise be lost as soon as the observations were forgotten, or as their record became too bulky for reference, is retained in a commodious and immediately available shape by means of general language.

Against this advantage is to be set the countervailing inconvenience, that inferences originally made on insufficient evidence become consecrated, and, as it were, hardened into general maxims; and the mind cleaves to them from habit, after it has outgrown any liability to be misled by similar fallacious appearances if they were now for the first time presented; but having forgotten the particulars, it does not think of revising its own former decision. An inevitable drawback, which, however considerable in itself, forms evidently but a small set-off against the immense benefits of general language.

The use of the syllogism is in truth no other than the use of general propositions in reasoning. We _can_ reason without them; in simple and obvious cases we habitually do so; minds of great sagacity can do it in cases not simple and obvious, provided their experience supplies them with instances essentially similar to every combination of circumstances likely to arise. But other minds, and the same minds where they have not the same pre-eminent advantages of personal experience, are quite helpless without the aid of general propositions, wherever the case presents the smallest complication; and if we made no general propositions, few persons would get much beyond those simple inferences which are drawn by the more intelligent of the brutes. Though not necessary to reasoning, general propositions are necessary to any considerable progress in reasoning. It is, therefore, natural and indispensable to separate the process of investigation into two parts; and obtain general formulæ for determining what inferences may be drawn, before the occasion arises for drawing the inferences. The work of drawing them is then that of applying the formulæ; and the rules of syllogism are a system of securities for the correctness of the application.

§ 6. To complete the series of considerations connected with the philosophical character of the syllogism, it is requisite to consider, since the syllogism is not the universal type of the reasoning process, what is the real type. This resolves itself into the question, what is the nature of the minor premise, and in what manner it contributes to establish the conclusion: for as to the major, we now fully understand, that the place which it nominally occupies in our reasonings, properly belongs to the individual facts or observations of which it expresses the general result; the major itself being no real part of the argument, but an intermediate halting-place for the mind, interposed by an artifice of language between the real premises and the conclusion, by way of a security, which it is in a most material degree, for the correctness of the process. The minor, however, being an indispensable part of the syllogistic expression of an argument, without doubt either is, or corresponds to, an equally indispensable part of the argument itself, and we have only to inquire what part.

It is perhaps worth while to notice here a speculation of a philosopher to whom mental science is much indebted, but who, though a very penetrating, was a very hasty thinker, and whose want of due circumspection rendered him fully as remarkable for what he did not see, as for what he saw. I allude to Dr. Thomas Brown, whose theory of ratiocination is peculiar. He saw the _petitio principii_ which is inherent in every syllogism, if we consider the major to be itself the evidence by which the conclusion is proved, instead of being, what in fact it is, an assertion of the existence of evidence sufficient to prove any conclusion of a given description. Seeing this, Dr. Brown not only failed to see the immense advantage, in point of security for correctness, which is gained by interposing this step between the real evidence and the conclusion; but he thought it incumbent on him to strike out the major altogether from the reasoning process, without substituting any thing else, and maintained that our reasonings consist only of the minor premise and the conclusion, Socrates is a man, therefore Socrates is mortal: thus actually suppressing, as an unnecessary step in the argument, the appeal to former experience. The absurdity of this was disguised from him by the opinion he adopted, that reasoning is merely analyzing our own general notions, or abstract ideas; and that the proposition, Socrates is mortal, is evolved from the

proposition, Socrates is a man, simply by recognizing the notion of mortality as already contained in the notion we form of a man.

After the explanations so fully entered into on the subject of propositions, much further discussion can not be necessary to make the radical error of this view of ratiocination apparent. If the word man connoted mortality; if the meaning of “mortal” were involved in the meaning of “man;” we might, undoubtedly, evolve the conclusion from the minor alone, because the minor would have already asserted it. But if, as is in fact the case, the word man does not connote mortality, how does it appear that in the mind of every person who admits Socrates to be a man, the idea of man must include the idea of mortality? Dr. Brown could not help seeing this difficulty, and in order to avoid it, was led, contrary to his intention, to re-establish, under another name, that step in the argument which corresponds to the major, by affirming the necessity of _previously perceiving_ the relation between the idea of man and the idea of mortal. If the reasoner has not previously perceived this relation, he will not, says Dr. Brown, infer because Socrates is a man, that Socrates is mortal. But even this admission, though amounting to a surrender of the doctrine that an argument consists of the minor and the conclusion alone, will not save the remainder of Dr. Brown’s theory. The failure of assent to the argument does not take place merely because the reasoner, for want of due analysis, does not perceive that his idea of man includes the idea of mortality; it takes place, much more commonly, because in his mind that relation between the two ideas has never existed. And in truth it never does exist, except as the result of experience. Consenting, for the sake of the argument, to discuss the question on a supposition of which we have recognized the radical incorrectness, namely, that the meaning of a proposition relates to the ideas of the things spoken of, and not to the things themselves; I must yet observe, that the idea of man, as a universal idea, the common property of all rational creatures, can not involve any thing but what is strictly implied in the name. If any one includes in his own private idea of man, as no doubt is always the case, some other attributes, such for instance as mortality, he does so only as the consequence of experience, after having satisfied himself that all men possess that attribute: so that whatever the idea contains, in any person’s mind, beyond what is included in the conventional signification of the word, has been added to it as the result of assent to a proposition; while Dr. Brown’s theory requires us to suppose, on the contrary, that assent to the proposition is produced by evolving, through an analytic process, this very element out of the idea. This theory, therefore, may be considered as sufficiently refuted; and the minor premise must be regarded as totally insufficient to prove the conclusion, except with the assistance of the major, or of that which the major represents, namely, the various singular propositions expressive of the series of observations, of which the generalization called the major premise is the result.

In the argument, then, which proves that Socrates is mortal, one indispensable part of the premises will be as follows: “My father, and my father’s father, A, B, C, and an indefinite number of other persons, were mortal;” which is only an expression in different words of the observed fact that they have died. This is the major premise divested of the _petitio principii_, and cut down to as much as is really known by direct evidence.

In order to connect this proposition with the conclusion Socrates is mortal, the additional link necessary is such a proposition as the following: “Socrates resembles my father, and my father’s father, and the other individuals specified.” This proposition we assert when we say that Socrates is a man. By saying so we likewise assert in what respect he resembles them, namely, in the attributes connoted by the word man. And we conclude that he further resembles them in the attribute mortality.

§ 7. We have thus obtained what we were seeking, a universal type of the reasoning process. We find it resolvable in all cases into the following elements: Certain individuals have a given attribute; an individual or individuals resemble the former in certain other attributes; therefore they resemble them also in the given attribute. This type of ratiocination does not claim, like the syllogism, to be conclusive from the mere form of the expression; nor can it possibly be so. That one proposition does or does not assert the very fact which was already asserted in another, may appear from the form of the expression, that is, from a comparison of the language; but when the two propositions assert facts which are _bona fide_ different, whether the one fact proves the other or not can never appear from the language, but must depend on other considerations. Whether, from the attributes in which Socrates resembles those men who have heretofore died, it is allowable to infer that he resembles them also in being mortal, is a question of Induction; and is to be decided by the principles or canons which we shall hereafter recognize as tests of the correct performance of that great mental operation.

Meanwhile, however, it is certain, as before remarked, that if this inference can be drawn as to Socrates, it can be drawn as to all others who resemble the observed individuals in the same attributes in which he resembles them; that is (to express the thing concisely) of all mankind. If, therefore, the argument be admissible in the case of Socrates, we are at liberty, once for all, to treat the possession of the attributes of man as a mark, or satisfactory evidence, of the attribute of mortality. This we do by laying down the universal proposition, All men are mortal, and interpreting this, as occasion arises, in its application to Socrates and others. By this means we establish a very convenient division of the entire logical operation into two steps; first, that of ascertaining what

attributes are marks of mortality; and, secondly, whether any given individuals possess those marks. And it will generally be advisable, in our speculations on the reasoning process, to consider this double operation as in fact taking place, and all reasoning as carried on in the form into which it must necessarily be thrown to enable us to apply to it any test of its correct performance.

Although, therefore, all processes of thought in which the ultimate premises are particulars, whether we conclude from particulars to a general formula, or from particulars to other particulars according to that formula, are equally Induction; we shall yet, conformably to usage, consider the name Induction as more peculiarly belonging to the process of establishing the general proposition, and the remaining operation, which is substantially that of interpreting the general proposition, we shall call by its usual name, Deduction. And we shall consider every process by which any thing is inferred respecting an unobserved case, as consisting of an Induction followed by a Deduction; because, although the process needs not necessarily be carried on in this form, it is always susceptible of the form, and must be thrown into it when assurance of scientific accuracy is needed and desired.

§ 8. The theory of the syllogism laid down in the preceding pages, has obtained, among other important adhesions, three of peculiar value: those of Sir John Herschel,(59) Dr. Whewell,(60) and Mr. Bailey;(61) Sir John Herschel considering the doctrine, though not strictly “a discovery,” having been anticipated by Berkeley,(62) to be “one of the greatest steps which have yet been made in the philosophy of Logic.” “When we consider” (to quote the further words of the same authority) “the inveteracy of the habits and prejudices which it has cast to the winds,” there is no cause for misgiving in the fact that other thinkers, no less entitled to consideration, have formed a very different estimate of it. Their principal objection can not be better or more succinctly stated than by borrowing a sentence from Archbishop Whately.(63) “In every case where an inference is drawn from Induction (unless that name is to be given to a mere random guess without any grounds at all) we must form a judgment that the instance or instances adduced are _sufficient_ to authorize the conclusion; that it is _allowable_ to take these instances as a sample warranting an inference respecting the whole class;” and the expression of this judgment in words (it has been said by several of my critics) _is_ the major premise.

I quite admit that the major is an affirmation of the sufficiency of the evidence on which the conclusion rests. That it is so, is the very essence of my own theory. And whoever admits that the major premise is _only_ this, adopts the theory in its essentials.

But I can not concede that this recognition of the sufficiency of the evidence—that is, of the correctness of the induction—is a part of the induction itself; unless we ought to say that it is a part of every thing we do, to satisfy ourselves that it has been done rightly. We conclude from known instances to unknown by the impulse of the generalizing propensity; and (until after a considerable amount of practice and mental discipline) the question of the sufficiency of the evidence is only raised by a retrospective act, turning back upon our own footsteps, and examining whether we were warranted in doing what we have provisionally done. To speak of this reflex operation as part of the original one, requiring to be expressed in words in order that the verbal formula may correctly represent the psychological process, appears to me false psychology.(64) We review our syllogistic as well as our inductive processes, and recognize that they have been correctly performed; but logicians do not add a third premise to the syllogism, to express this act of recognition. A careful copyist verifies his transcript by collating it with the original; and if no error appears, he recognizes that the transcript has been correctly made. But we do not call the examination of the copy a part of the act of copying.

The conclusion in an induction is inferred from the evidence itself, and not from a recognition of the sufficiency of the evidence; as I infer that my friend is walking toward me because I see him, and not because I recognize that my eyes are open, and that eyesight is a means of knowledge. In all operations which require care, it is good to assure ourselves that the process has been performed accurately; but the testing of the process is not the process itself; and, besides, may have been omitted altogether, and yet the process be correct. It is precisely because that operation is omitted in ordinary unscientific reasoning, that there is any thing gained in certainty by throwing reasoning into the syllogistic form. To make sure, as far as possible, that it shall not be omitted, we make the testing operation a part of the reasoning process itself. We insist that the inference from particulars to particulars shall pass through a general proposition. But this is a security for good reasoning, not a condition of all reasoning; and in some cases not even a security. Our most familiar inferences are all made before we learn the use of general propositions; and a person of untutored sagacity will skillfully apply his acquired experience to adjacent cases, though he would bungle grievously in fixing the limits of the appropriate general theorem. But though he may conclude rightly, he never, properly speaking, knows whether he has done so or not; he has not tested his reasoning. Now, this is precisely what forms of reasoning do for us. We do not need them to enable us to reason, but to enable us to know whether we reason correctly.

In still further answer to the objection, it may be added that—even when the test has been applied, and the sufficiency of the evidence recognized—if it is sufficient to support the general proposition, it is sufficient also to support an inference from particulars to particulars without passing through the general proposition. The inquirer who has logically satisfied himself that the conditions of legitimate induction were realized in the cases A, B, C, would be as much justified in concluding directly to the Duke of Wellington as in concluding to all men. The general conclusion is never legitimate, unless the particular one would be so too; and in no sense, intelligible to me, can the particular conclusion be said to be drawn from the general one. Whenever there is ground for drawing any conclusion at all from particular instances, there is ground for a general conclusion; but that this general conclusion should be actually drawn, however useful, can not be an indispensable condition of the validity of the inference in the particular case. A man gives away sixpence by the same power by which he disposes of his whole fortune; but it is not necessary to the legality of the smaller act, that he should make a formal assertion of his right to the greater one.

Some additional remarks, in reply to minor objections, are appended.(65)

§ 9. The preceding considerations enable us to understand the true nature of what is termed, by recent writers, Formal Logic, and the relation between it and Logic in the widest sense. Logic, as I conceive it, is the entire theory of the ascertainment of reasoned or inferred truth. Formal Logic, therefore, which Sir William Hamilton from his own point of view, and Archbishop Whately from his, have represented as the whole of Logic properly so called, is really a very subordinate part of it, not being directly concerned with the process of Reasoning or Inference in the sense in which that process is a part of the Investigation of Truth. What, then, is Formal Logic? The name seems to be properly applied to all that portion of doctrine which relates to the equivalence of different modes of expression; the rules for determining when assertions in a given form imply or suppose the truth or falsity of other assertions. This includes the theory of the Import of Propositions, and of their Conversion, Æquipollence, and Opposition; of those falsely called Inductions (to be hereafter spoken of)(66), in which the apparent generalization is a mere abridged statement of cases known individually; and finally, of the syllogism: while the theory of Naming, and of (what is inseparably connected with it) Definition, though belonging still more to the other and larger kind of logic than to this, is a necessary preliminary to this. The end aimed at by Formal Logic, and attained by the observance of its precepts, is not truth, but consistency. It has been seen that this is the only direct purpose of the rules of the syllogism; the intention and effect of which is simply to keep our inferences or conclusions in complete consistency with our general formulæ or directions for drawing them. The Logic of Consistency is a necessary auxiliary to the logic of truth, not only because what is inconsistent with itself or with other truths can not be true, but also because truth can only be successfully pursued by drawing inferences from experience, which, if warrantable at all, admit of being generalized, and, to test their warrantableness, require to be exhibited in a generalized form; after which the correctness of their application to particular cases is a question which specially concerns the Logic of Consistency. This Logic, not requiring any preliminary knowledge of the processes or conclusions of the various sciences, may be studied with benefit in a much earlier stage of education than the Logic of Truth: and the practice which has empirically obtained of teaching it apart, through elementary treatises which do not attempt to include any thing else, though the reasons assigned for the practice are in general very far from philosophical, admits of philosophical justification.

Chapter IV.

Of Trains Of Reasoning, And Deductive Sciences.

§ 1. In our analysis of the syllogism, it appeared that the minor premise always affirms a resemblance between a new case and some cases previously known; while the major premise asserts something which, having been found true of those known cases, we consider ourselves warranted in holding true of any other case resembling the former in certain given particulars.

If all ratiocinations resembled, as to the minor premise, the examples which were exclusively employed in the preceding chapter; if the resemblance, which that premise asserts, were obvious to the senses, as in the proposition “Socrates is a man,” or were at once ascertainable by direct observation; there would be no necessity for trains of reasoning, and Deductive or Ratiocinative Sciences would not exist. Trains of reasoning exist only for the sake of extending an induction founded, as all inductions must be, on observed cases, to other cases in which we not only can not directly observe the fact which is to be proved, but can not directly observe even the mark which is to prove it.

§ 2. Suppose the syllogism to be, All cows ruminate, the animal which is before me is a cow, therefore it ruminates. The minor, if true at all, is obviously so: the only premise the establishment of which requires any anterior process of inquiry, is the major; and provided the induction of which that premise is the expression was correctly performed, the conclusion respecting the animal now

present will be instantly drawn; because, as soon as she is compared with the formula, she will be identified as being included in it. But suppose the syllogism to be the following: All arsenic is poisonous, the substance which is before me is arsenic, therefore it is poisonous. The truth of the minor may not here be obvious at first sight; it may not be intuitively evident, but may itself be known only by inference. It may be the conclusion of another argument, which, thrown into the syllogistic form, would stand thus: Whatever when lighted produces a dark spot on a piece of white porcelain held in the flame, which spot is soluble in hypochloride of calcium, is arsenic; the substance before me conforms to this condition; therefore it is arsenic. To establish, therefore, the ultimate conclusion, The substance before me is poisonous, requires a process, which, in order to be syllogistically expressed, stands in need of two syllogisms; and we have a Train of Reasoning.

When, however, we thus add syllogism to syllogism, we are really adding induction to induction. Two separate inductions must have taken place to render this chain of inference possible; inductions founded, probably, on different sets of individual instances, but which converge in their results, so that the instance which is the subject of inquiry comes within the range of them both. The record of these inductions is contained in the majors of the two syllogisms. First, we, or others for us, have examined various objects which yielded under the given circumstances a dark spot with the given property, and found that they possessed the properties connoted by the word arsenic; they were metallic, volatile, their vapor had a smell of garlic, and so forth. Next, we, or others for us, have examined various specimens which possessed this metallic and volatile character, whose vapor had this smell, etc., and have invariably found that they were poisonous. The first observation we judge that we may extend to all substances whatever which yield that particular kind of dark spot; the second, to all metallic and volatile substances resembling those we examined; and consequently, not to those only which are seen to be such, but to those which are concluded to be such by the prior induction. The substance before us is only seen to come within one of these inductions; but by means of this one, it is brought within the other. We are still, as before, concluding from particulars to particulars; but we are now concluding from particulars observed, to other particulars which are not, as in the simple case, _seen_ to resemble them in material points, but _inferred_ to do so, because resembling them in something else, which we have been led by quite a different set of instances to consider as a mark of the former resemblance.

This first example of a train of reasoning is still extremely simple, the series consisting of only two syllogisms. The following is somewhat more complicated: No government, which earnestly seeks the good of its subjects, is likely to be overthrown; some particular government earnestly seeks the good of its subjects, therefore it is not likely to be overthrown. The major premise in this argument we shall suppose not to be derived from considerations _a priori_, but to be a generalization from history, which, whether correct or erroneous, must have been founded on observation of governments concerning whose desire of the good of their subjects there was no doubt. It has been found, or thought to be found, that these were not easily overthrown, and it has been deemed that those instances warranted an extension of the same predicate to any and every government which resembles them in the attribute of desiring earnestly the good of its subjects. But _does_ the government in question thus resemble them? This may be debated _pro_ and _con_ by many arguments, and must, in any case, be proved by another induction; for we can not directly observe the sentiments and desires of the persons who carry on the government. To prove the minor, therefore, we require an argument in this form: Every government which acts in a certain manner, desires the good of its subjects; the supposed government acts in that particular manner, therefore it desires the good of its subjects. But is it true that the government acts in the manner supposed? This minor also may require proof; still another induction, as thus: What is asserted by intelligent and disinterested witnesses, may be believed to be true; that the government acts in this manner, is asserted by such witnesses, therefore it may be believed to be true. The argument hence consists of three steps. Having the evidence of our senses that the case of the government under consideration resembles a number of former cases, in the circumstance of having something asserted respecting it by intelligent and disinterested witnesses, we infer, first, that, as in those former instances, so in this instance, the assertion is true. Secondly, what was asserted of the government being that it acts in a particular manner, and other governments or persons having been observed to act in the same manner, the government in question is brought into known resemblance with those other governments or persons; and since they were known to desire the good of the people, it is thereupon, by a second induction, inferred that the particular government spoken of, desires the good of the people. This brings that government into known resemblance with the other governments which were thought likely to escape revolution, and thence, by a third induction, it is concluded that this particular government is also likely to escape. This is still reasoning from particulars to particulars, but we now reason to the new instance from three distinct sets of former instances: to one only of those sets of instances do we directly perceive the new one to be similar; but from that similarity we inductively infer that it has the attribute by which it is assimilated to the next set, and brought within the corresponding induction; after which by a repetition of the same operation we infer it to be similar to the third set, and hence a third induction conducts us to the ultimate conclusion.

§ 3. Notwithstanding the superior complication of these examples, compared with those by which in the preceding chapter we illustrated the general theory of reasoning, every doctrine which we then laid down holds equally true in these more intricate cases. The successive general propositions are not steps in the reasoning, are not intermediate links in the chain of inference, between the particulars observed and those to which we apply the observation. If we had sufficiently capacious memories, and a sufficient power of maintaining order among a huge mass of details, the reasoning could go on without any general propositions; they are mere formulæ for inferring particulars from particulars. The principle of general reasoning is (as before explained), that if, from observation of certain known particulars, what was seen to be true of them can be inferred to be true of any others, it may be inferred of all others which are of a certain description. And in order that we may never fail to draw this conclusion in a new case when it can be drawn correctly, and may avoid drawing it when it can not, we determine once for all what are the distinguishing marks by which such cases may be recognized. The subsequent process is merely that of identifying an object, and ascertaining it to have those marks; whether we identify it by the very marks themselves, or by others which we have ascertained (through another and a similar process) to be marks of those marks. The real inference is always from particulars to particulars, from the observed instances to an unobserved one: but in drawing this inference, we conform to a formula which we have adopted for our guidance in such operations, and which is a record of the criteria by which we thought we had ascertained that we might distinguish when the inference could, and when it could not, be drawn. The real premises are the individual observations, even though they may have been forgotten, or, being the observations of others and not of ourselves, may, to us, never have been known: but we have before us proof that we or others once thought them sufficient for an induction, and we have marks to show whether any new case is one of those to which, if then known, the induction would have been deemed to extend. These marks we either recognize at once, or by the aid of other marks, which by another previous induction we collected to be marks of the first. Even these marks of marks may only be recognized through a third set of marks; and we may have a train of reasoning, of any length, to bring a new case within the scope of an induction grounded on particulars its similarity to which is only ascertained in this indirect manner.

Thus, in the preceding example, the ultimate inductive inference was, that a certain government was not likely to be overthrown; this inference was drawn according to a formula in which desire of the public good was set down as a mark of not being likely to be overthrown; a mark of this mark was, acting in a particular manner; and a mark of acting in that manner was, being asserted to do so by intelligent and disinterested witnesses: this mark, the government under discussion was recognized by the senses as possessing. Hence that government fell within the last induction, and by it was brought within all the others. The perceived resemblance of the case to one set of observed particular cases, brought it into known resemblance with another set, and that with a third.

In the more complex branches of knowledge, the deductions seldom consist, as in the examples hitherto exhibited, of a single chain, _a_ a mark of _b, b_ of _c, c_ of _d_, therefore _a_ a mark of _d_. They consist (to carry on the same metaphor) of several chains united at the extremity, as thus: _a_ a mark of _d, b_ of _e, c_ of _f, d e f_ of _n_, therefore _a b c_ a mark of _n_. Suppose, for example, the following combination of circumstances: 1st, rays of light impinging on a reflecting surface; 2d, that surface parabolic; 3d, those rays parallel to each other and to the axis of the surface. It is to be proved that the concourse of these three circumstances is a mark that the reflected rays will pass through the focus of the parabolic surface. Now, each of the three circumstances is singly a mark of something material to the case. Rays of light impinging on a reflecting surface are a mark that those rays will be reflected at an angle equal to the angle of incidence. The parabolic form of the surface, is a mark that, from any point of it, a line drawn to the focus and a line parallel to the axis will make equal angles with the surface. And finally, the parallelism of the rays to the axis is a mark that their angle of incidence coincides with one of these equal angles. The three marks taken together are therefore a mark of all these three things united. But the three united are evidently a mark that the angle of reflection must coincide with the other of the two equal angles, that formed by a line drawn to the focus; and this again, by the fundamental axiom concerning straight lines, is a mark that the reflected rays pass through the focus. Most chains of physical deduction are of this more complicated type; and even in mathematics such are abundant, as in all propositions where the hypothesis includes numerous conditions: “_If_ a circle be taken, and _if_ within that circle a point be taken, not the centre, and _if_ straight lines be drawn from that point to the circumference, then,” etc.

§ 4. The considerations now stated remove a serious difficulty from the view we have taken of reasoning; which view might otherwise have seemed not easily reconcilable with the fact that there are Deductive or Ratiocinative Sciences. It might seem to follow, if all reasoning be induction, that the difficulties of philosophical investigation must lie in the inductions exclusively, and that when these were easy, and susceptible of no doubt or hesitation, there could be no science, or, at least, no difficulties in science. The existence, for example, of an extensive Science of Mathematics, requiring the highest scientific genius in those who contributed to its creation, and calling for a most continued and vigorous exertion of intellect in order to appropriate it when created,

may seem hard to be accounted for on the foregoing theory. But the considerations more recently adduced remove the mystery, by showing, that even when the inductions themselves are obvious, there may be much difficulty in finding whether the particular case which is the subject of inquiry comes within them; and ample room for scientific ingenuity in so combining various inductions, as, by means of one within which the case evidently falls, to bring it within others in which it can not be directly seen to be included.

When the more obvious of the inductions which can be made in any science from direct observations, have been made, and general formulas have been framed, determining the limits within which these inductions are applicable; as often as a new case can be at once seen to come within one of the formulas, the induction is applied to the new case, and the business is ended. But new cases are continually arising, which do not obviously come within any formula whereby the question we want solved in respect of them could be answered. Let us take an instance from geometry: and as it is taken only for illustration, let the reader concede to us for the present, what we shall endeavor to prove in the next chapter, that the first principles of geometry are results of induction. Our example shall be the fifth proposition of the first book of Euclid. The inquiry is, Are the angles at the base of an isosceles triangle equal or unequal? The first thing to be considered is, what inductions we have, from which we can infer equality or inequality. For inferring equality we have the following formulæ: Things which being applied to each other coincide, are equals. Things which are equal to the same thing are equals. A whole and the sum of its parts are equals. The sums of equal things are equals. The differences of equal things are equals. There are no other original formulæ to prove equality. For inferring inequality we have the following: A whole and its parts are unequals. The sums of equal things and unequal things are unequals. The differences of equal things and unequal things are unequals. In all, eight formulæ. The angles at the base of an isosceles triangle do not obviously come within any of these. The formulæ specify certain marks of equality and of inequality, but the angles can not be perceived intuitively to have any of those marks. On examination it appears that they have; and we ultimately succeed in bringing them within the formula, “The differences of equal things are equal.” Whence comes the difficulty of recognizing these angles as the differences of equal things? Because each of them is the difference not of one pair only, but of innumerable pairs of angles; and out of these we had to imagine and select two, which could either be intuitively perceived to be equals, or possessed some of the marks of equality set down in the various formulæ. By an exercise of ingenuity, which, on the part of the first inventor, deserves to be regarded as considerable, two pairs of angles were hit upon, which united these requisites. First, it could be perceived intuitively that their differences were the angles at the base; and, secondly, they possessed one of the marks of equality, namely, coincidence when applied to one another. This coincidence, however, was not perceived intuitively, but inferred, in conformity to another formula.

For greater clearness, I subjoin an analysis of the demonstration. Euclid, it will be remembered, demonstrates his fifth proposition by means of the fourth. This it is not allowable for us to do, because we are undertaking to trace deductive truths not to prior deductions, but to their original inductive foundation. We must, therefore, use the premises of the fourth proposition instead of its conclusion, and prove the fifth directly from first principles. To do so requires six formulas. (We presuppose an equilateral triangle, whose vertices are A, D, E, with point B on the side AD, and point C on the side AE, such that BC is parallel to DE. We must begin, as in Euclid, by prolonging the equal sides AB, AC, to equal distances, and joining the extremities BE, DC.)

FIRST FORMULA.—_The sums of equals are equal._

AD and AE are sums of equals by the supposition. Having that mark of equality, they are concluded by this formula to be equal.

SECOND FORMULA.—_Equal straight lines or angles, being applied to one another, coincide._

AC, AB, are within this formula by supposition; AD, AE, have been brought within it by the preceding step. The angle at A considered as an angle of the triangle ABE, and the same angle considered as an angle of the triangle ACD, are of course within the formula. All these pairs, therefore, possess the property which, according to the second formula, is a mark that when applied to one another they will coincide. Conceive them, then, applied to one another, by turning over the triangle ABE, and laying it on the triangle ACD in such a manner that AB of the one shall lie upon AC of the other. Then, by the equality of the angles, AE will lie on AD. But AB and AC, AE and AD are equals; therefore they will coincide altogether, and of course at their extremities, D, E, and B, C.

THIRD FORMULA.—_Straight lines, having their extremities coincident, coincide._

BE and CD have been brought within this formula by the preceding induction; they will, therefore, coincide.

FOURTH FORMULA.—_Angles, having their sides coincident, coincide._

The third induction having shown that BE and CD coincide, and the second that AB, AC, coincide, the angles ABE and ACD are thereby brought within the fourth formula, and accordingly coincide.

FIFTH FORMULA.—_Things which coincide are equal._

The angles ABE and ACD are brought within this formula by the induction immediately preceding. This train of reasoning being also applicable, _mutatis mutandis_, to the angles EBC, DCB, these also are brought within the fifth formula. And, finally,

SIXTH FORMULA.—_The differences of equals are equal._

The angle ABC being the difference of ABE, CBE, and the angle ACB being the difference of ACD, DCB; which have been proved to be equals; ABC and ACB are brought within the last formula by the whole of the previous process.

The difficulty here encountered is chiefly that of figuring to ourselves the two angles at the base of the triangle ABC as remainders made by cutting one pair of angles out of another, while each pair shall be corresponding angles of triangles which have two sides and the intervening angle equal. It is by this happy contrivance that so many different inductions are brought to bear upon the same particular case. And this not being at all an obvious thought, it may be seen from an example so near the threshold of mathematics, how much scope there may well be for scientific dexterity in the higher branches of that and other sciences, in order so to combine a few simple inductions, as to bring within each of them innumerable cases which are not obviously included in it; and how long, and numerous, and complicated may be the processes necessary for bringing the inductions together, even when each induction may itself be very easy and simple. All the inductions involved in all geometry are comprised in those simple ones, the formulæ of which are the Axioms, and a few of the so-called Definitions. The remainder of the science is made up of the processes employed for bringing unforeseen cases within these inductions; or (in syllogistic language) for proving the minors necessary to complete the syllogisms; the majors being the definitions and axioms. In those definitions and axioms are laid down the whole of the marks, by an artful combination of which it has been found possible to discover and prove all that is proved in geometry. The marks being so few, and the inductions which furnish them being so obvious and familiar; the connecting of several of them together, which constitutes Deductions, or Trains of Reasoning, forms the whole difficulty of the science, and, with a trifling exception, its whole bulk; and hence Geometry is a Deductive Science.

§ 5. It will be seen hereafter(67) that there are weighty scientific reasons for giving to every science as much of the character of a Deductive Science as possible; for endeavoring to construct the science from the fewest and the simplest possible inductions, and to make these, by any combinations however complicated, suffice for proving even such truths, relating to complex cases, as could be proved, if we chose, by inductions from specific experience. Every branch of natural philosophy was originally experimental; each generalization rested on a special induction, and was derived from its own distinct set of observations and experiments. From being sciences of pure experiment, as the phrase is, or, to speak more correctly, sciences in which the reasonings mostly consist of no more than one step, and are expressed by single syllogisms, all these sciences have become to some extent, and some of them in nearly the whole of their extent, sciences of pure reasoning; whereby multitudes of truths, already known by induction from as many different sets of experiments, have come to be exhibited as deductions or corollaries from inductive propositions of a simpler and more universal character. Thus mechanics, hydrostatics, optics, acoustics, thermology, have successively been rendered mathematical; and astronomy was brought by Newton within the laws of general mechanics. Why it is that the substitution of this circuitous mode of proceeding for a process apparently much easier and more natural, is held, and justly, to be the greatest triumph of the investigation of nature, we are not, in this stage of our inquiry, prepared to examine. But it is necessary to remark, that although, by this progressive transformation, all sciences tend to become more and more Deductive, they are not, therefore, the less Inductive; every step in the Deduction is still an Induction. The opposition is not between the terms Deductive and Inductive, but between Deductive and Experimental. A science is experimental, in proportion as every new case, which presents any peculiar features, stands in need of a new set of observations and experiments—a fresh induction. It is deductive, in proportion as it can draw conclusions, respecting cases of a new kind, by processes which bring those cases under old inductions; by ascertaining that cases which can not be observed to have the requisite marks, have, however, marks of those marks.

We can now, therefore, perceive what is the generic distinction between sciences which can be made Deductive, and those which must as yet remain Experimental. The difference consists in our having been able, or not yet able, to discover marks of marks. If by our various inductions we have been able to proceed no further than to such propositions as these, _a_ a mark of _b_, or _a_ and _b_ marks of one another, _c_ a mark of _d_, or c and _d_ marks of one another, without any thing to connect _a_ or _b_ with _c_ or _d_; we have a science of detached and mutually independent generalizations, such as these, that acids redden vegetable

blues, and that alkalies color them green; from neither of which propositions could we, directly or indirectly, infer the other: and a science, so far as it is composed of such propositions, is purely experimental. Chemistry, in the present state of our knowledge, has not yet thrown off this character. There are other sciences, however, of which the propositions are of this kind: _a_ a mark of _b, b_ a mark of _c, c_ of _d, d_ of _e_, etc. In these sciences we can mount the ladder from _a_ to _e_ by a process of ratiocination; we can conclude that _a_ is a mark of _e_, and that every object which has the mark _a_ has the property _e_, although, perhaps, we never were able to observe _a_ and _e_ together, and although even _d_, our only direct mark of _e_, may not be perceptible in those objects, but only inferable. Or, varying the first metaphor, we may be said to get from _a_ to _e_ underground: the marks _b_, _c_, _d_, which indicate the route, must all be possessed somewhere by the objects concerning which we are inquiring; but they are below the surface: _a_ is the only mark that is visible, and by it we are able to trace in succession all the rest.

§ 6. We can now understand how an experimental may transform itself into a deductive science by the mere progress of experiment. In an experimental science, the inductions, as we have said, lie detached, as, _a_ a mark of _b, c_ a mark of _d_, _e_ a mark of _f_, and so on: now, a new set of instances, and a consequent new induction, may at any time bridge over the interval between two of these unconnected arches; _b_, for example, may be ascertained to be a mark of _c_, which enables us thenceforth to prove deductively that _a_ is a mark of _c_. Or, as sometimes happens, some comprehensive induction may raise an arch high in the air, which bridges over hosts of them at once; _b_, _d_, _f_, and all the rest, turning out to be marks of some one thing, or of things between which a connection has already been traced. As when Newton discovered that the motions, whether regular or apparently anomalous, of all the bodies of the solar system (each of which motions had been inferred by a separate logical operation, from separate marks), were all marks of moving round a common centre, with a centripetal force varying directly as the mass, and inversely as the square of the distance from that centre. This is the greatest example which has yet occurred of the transformation, at one stroke, of a science which was still to a great degree merely experimental, into a deductive science.

Transformations of the same nature, but on a smaller scale, continually take place in the less advanced branches of physical knowledge, without enabling them to throw off the character of experimental sciences. Thus with regard to the two unconnected propositions before cited, namely, Acids redden vegetable blues, Alkalies make them green; it is remarked by Liebig, that all blue coloring matters which are reddened by acids (as well as, reciprocally, all red coloring matters which are rendered blue by alkalies) contain nitrogen: and it is quite possible that this circumstance may one day furnish a bond of connection between the two propositions in question, by showing that the antagonistic action of acids and alkalies in producing or destroying the color blue, is the result of some one, more general, law. Although this connecting of detached generalizations is so much gain, it tends but little to give a deductive character to any science as a whole; because the new courses of observation and experiment, which thus enable us to connect together a few general truths, usually make known to us a still greater number of unconnected new ones. Hence chemistry, though similar extensions and simplifications of its generalizations are continually taking place, is still in the main an experimental science; and is likely so to continue unless some comprehensive induction should be hereafter arrived at, which, like Newton’s, shall connect a vast number of the smaller known inductions together, and change the whole method of the science at once. Chemistry has already one great generalization, which, though relating to one of the subordinate aspects of chemical phenomena, possesses within its limited sphere this comprehensive character; the principle of Dalton, called the atomic theory, or the doctrine of chemical equivalents: which by enabling us to a certain extent to foresee the proportions in which two substances will combine, before the experiment has been tried, constitutes undoubtedly a source of new chemical truths obtainable by deduction, as well as a connecting principle for all truths of the same description previously obtained by experiment.

§ 7. The discoveries which change the method of a science from experimental to deductive, mostly consist in establishing, either by deduction or by direct experiment, that the varieties of a particular phenomenon uniformly accompany the varieties of some other phenomenon better known. Thus the science of sound, which previously stood in the lowest rank of merely experimental science, became deductive when it was proved by experiment that every variety of sound was consequent on, and therefore a mark of, a distinct and definable variety of oscillatory motion among the particles of the transmitting medium. When this was ascertained, it followed that every relation of succession or co-existence which obtained between phenomena of the more known class, obtained also between the phenomena which correspond to them in the other class. Every sound, being a mark of a particular oscillatory motion, became a mark of every thing which, by the laws of dynamics, was known to be inferable from that motion; and every thing which by those same laws was a mark of any oscillatory motion among the particles of an elastic medium, became a mark of the corresponding sound. And thus many truths, not before suspected, concerning sound, become deducible from the known laws of the propagation of motion through an elastic medium; while facts already empirically known respecting sound, become an indication of corresponding properties of vibrating bodies, previously undiscovered.

But the grand agent for transforming experimental into deductive sciences, is the science of number. The properties of number, alone among all known phenomena, are, in the most rigorous sense, properties of all things whatever. All things are not colored, or ponderable, or even extended; but all things are numerable. And if we consider this science in its whole extent, from common arithmetic up to the calculus of variations, the truths already ascertained seem all but infinite, and admit of indefinite extension.

These truths, though affirmable of all things whatever, of course apply to them only in respect of their quantity. But if it comes to be discovered that variations of quality in any class of phenomena, correspond regularly to variations of quantity either in those same or in some other phenomena; every formula of mathematics applicable to quantities which vary in that particular manner, becomes a mark of a corresponding general truth, respecting the variations in quality which accompany them: and the science of quantity being (as far as any science can be) altogether deductive, the theory of that particular kind of qualities becomes, to this extent, deductive likewise.

The most striking instance in point which history affords (though not an example of an experimental science rendered deductive, but of an unparalleled extension given to the deductive process in a science which was deductive already), is the revolution in geometry which originated with Descartes, and was completed by Clairaut. These great mathematicians pointed out the importance of the fact, that to every variety of position in points, direction in lines, or form in curves or surfaces (all of which are Qualities), there corresponds a peculiar relation of quantity between either two or three rectilineal co-ordinates; insomuch that if the law were known according to which those co-ordinates vary relatively to one another, every other geometrical property of the line or surface in question, whether relating to quantity or quality, would be capable of being inferred. Hence it followed that every geometrical question could be solved, if the corresponding algebraical one could; and geometry received an accession (actual or potential) of new truths, corresponding to every property of numbers which the progress of the calculus had brought, or might in future bring, to light. In the same general manner, mechanics, astronomy, and in a less degree, every branch of natural philosophy commonly so called, have been made algebraical. The varieties of physical phenomena with which those sciences are conversant, have been found to answer to determinable varieties in the quantity of some circumstance or other; or at least to varieties of form or position, for which corresponding equations of quantity had already been, or were susceptible of being, discovered by geometers.

In these various transformations, the propositions of the science of number do but fulfill the function proper to all propositions forming a train of reasoning, viz., that of enabling us to arrive in an indirect method, by marks of marks, at such of the properties of objects as we can not directly ascertain (or not so conveniently) by experiment. We travel from a given visible or tangible fact, through the truths of numbers, to the facts sought. The given fact is a mark that a certain relation subsists between the quantities of some of the elements concerned; while the fact sought presupposes a certain relation between the quantities of some other elements: now, if these last quantities are dependent in some known manner upon the former, or _vicè versa_, we can argue from the numerical relation between the one set of quantities, to determine that which subsists between the other set; the theorems of the calculus affording the intermediate links. And thus one of the two physical facts becomes a mark of the other, by being a mark of a mark of a mark of it.

Chapter V.

Of Demonstration, And Necessary Truths.

§ 1. If, as laid down in the two preceding chapters, the foundation of all sciences, even deductive or demonstrative sciences, is Induction; if every step in the ratiocinations even of geometry is an act of induction; and if a train of reasoning is but bringing many inductions to bear upon the same subject of inquiry, and drawing a case within one induction by means of another; wherein lies the peculiar certainty always ascribed to the sciences which are entirely, or almost entirely, deductive? Why are they called the Exact Sciences? Why are mathematical certainty, and the evidence of demonstration, common phrases to express the very highest degree of assurance attainable by reason? Why are mathematics by almost all philosophers, and (by some) even those branches of natural philosophy which, through the medium of mathematics, have been converted into deductive sciences, considered to be independent of the evidence of experience and observation, and characterized as systems of Necessary Truth?

The answer I conceive to be, that this character of necessity, ascribed to the truths of mathematics, and (even with some reservations to be hereafter made) the peculiar certainty attributed to them, is an illusion; in order to sustain which, it is necessary to suppose that those truths relate to, and express the properties of, purely imaginary objects. It is acknowledged that the conclusions of geometry are deduced, partly at least, from the so-called Definitions, and that those definitions are assumed to be correct representations, as far as they go, of the objects with which geometry is conversant. Now we have pointed out that, from a

definition as such, no proposition, unless it be one concerning the meaning of a word, can ever follow; and that what apparently follows from a definition, follows in reality from an implied assumption that there exists a real thing conformable thereto. This assumption, in the case of the definitions of geometry, is not strictly true: there exist no real things exactly conformable to the definitions. There exist no points without magnitude; no lines without breadth, nor perfectly straight; no circles with all their radii exactly equal, nor squares with all their angles perfectly right. It will perhaps be said that the assumption does not extend to the actual, but only to the possible, existence of such things. I answer that, according to any test we have of possibility, they are not even possible. Their existence, so far as we can form any judgment, would seem to be inconsistent with the physical constitution of our planet at least, if not of the universe. To get rid of this difficulty, and at the same time to save the credit of the supposed system of necessary truth, it is customary to say that the points, lines, circles, and squares which are the subject of geometry, exist in our conceptions merely, and are part of our minds; which minds, by working on their own materials, construct an _a priori_ science, the evidence of which is purely mental, and has nothing whatever to do with outward experience. By howsoever high authorities this doctrine may have been sanctioned, it appears to me psychologically incorrect. The points, lines, circles, and squares which any one has in his mind, are (I apprehend) simply copies of the points, lines, circles, and squares which he has known in his experience. Our idea of a point, I apprehend to be simply our idea of the _minimum visibile_, the smallest portion of surface which we can see. A line, as defined by geometers, is wholly inconceivable. We can reason about a line as if it had no breadth; because we have a power, which is the foundation of all the control we can exercise over the operations of our minds; the power, when a perception is present to our senses, or a conception to our intellects, of _attending_ to a part only of that perception or conception, instead of the whole. But we can not _conceive_ a line without breadth; we can form no mental picture of such a line: all the lines which we have in our minds are lines possessing breadth. If any one doubts this, we may refer him to his own experience. I much question if any one who fancies that he can conceive what is called a mathematical line, thinks so from the evidence of his consciousness: I suspect it is rather because he supposes that unless such a conception were possible, mathematics could not exist as a science: a supposition which there will be no difficulty in showing to be entirely groundless.

Since, then, neither in nature, nor in the human mind, do there exist any objects exactly corresponding to the definitions of geometry, while yet that science can not be supposed to be conversant about nonentities; nothing remains but to consider geometry as conversant with such lines, angles, and figures, as really exist; and the definitions, as they are called, must be regarded as some of our first and most obvious generalizations concerning those natural objects. The correctness of those generalizations, as generalizations, is without a flaw: the equality of all the radii of a circle is true of all circles, so far as it is true of any one: but it is not exactly true of any circle; it is only nearly true; so nearly that no error of any importance in practice will be incurred by feigning it to be exactly true. When we have occasion to extend these inductions, or their consequences, to cases in which the error would be appreciable—to lines of perceptible breadth or thickness, parallels which deviate sensibly from equidistance, and the like—we correct our conclusions, by combining with them a fresh set of propositions relating to the aberration; just as we also take in propositions relating to the physical or chemical properties of the material, if those properties happen to introduce any modification into the result; which they easily may, even with respect to figure and magnitude, as in the case, for instance, of expansion by heat. So long, however, as there exists no practical necessity for attending to any of the properties of the object except its geometrical properties, or to any of the natural irregularities in those, it is convenient to neglect the consideration of the other properties and of the irregularities, and to reason as if these did not exist: accordingly, we formally announce in the definitions, that we intend to proceed on this plan. But it is an error to suppose, because we resolve to confine our attention to a certain number of the properties of an object, that we therefore conceive, or have an idea of, the object, denuded of its other properties. We are thinking, all the time, of precisely such objects as we have seen and touched, and with all the properties which naturally belong to them; but, for scientific convenience, we feign them to be divested of all properties, except those which are material to our purpose, and in regard to which we design to consider them.

The peculiar accuracy, supposed to be characteristic of the first principles of geometry, thus appears to be fictitious. The assertions on which the reasonings of the science are founded, do not, any more than in other sciences, exactly correspond with the fact; but we suppose that they do so, for the sake of tracing the consequences which follow from the supposition. The opinion of Dugald Stewart respecting the foundations of geometry, is, I conceive, substantially correct; that it is built on hypotheses; that it owes to this alone the peculiar certainty supposed to distinguish it; and that in any science whatever, by reasoning from a set of hypotheses, we may obtain a body of conclusions as certain as those of geometry, that is, as strictly in accordance with the hypotheses, and as irresistibly compelling assent, _on condition_ that those hypotheses are true.(68)

When, therefore, it is affirmed that the conclusions of geometry are necessary truths, the necessity consists in reality only in this, that they correctly follow from the suppositions from which they are deduced. Those suppositions are so far from being necessary,

that they are not even true; they purposely depart, more or less widely, from the truth. The only sense in which necessity can be ascribed to the conclusions of any scientific investigation, is that of legitimately following from some assumption, which, by the conditions of the inquiry, is not to be questioned. In this relation, of course, the derivative truths of every deductive science must stand to the inductions, or assumptions, on which the science is founded, and which, whether true or untrue, certain or doubtful in themselves, are always supposed certain for the purposes of the particular science. And therefore the conclusions of all deductive sciences were said by the ancients to be necessary propositions. We have observed already that to be predicated necessarily was characteristic of the predicable Proprium, and that a proprium was any property of a thing which could be deduced from its essence, that is, from the properties included in its definition.

§ 2. The important doctrine of Dugald Stewart, which I have endeavored to enforce, has been contested by Dr. Whewell, both in the dissertation appended to his excellent _Mechanical Euclid_, and in his elaborate work on the _Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences_; in which last he also replies to an article in the Edinburgh Review (ascribed to a writer of great scientific eminence), in which Stewart's opinion was defended against his former strictures. The supposed refutation of Stewart consists in proving against him (as has also been done in this work) that the premises of geometry are not definitions, but assumptions of the real existence of things corresponding to those definitions. This, however, is doing little for Dr. Whewell's purpose; for it is these very assumptions which are asserted to be hypotheses, and which he, if he denies that geometry is founded on hypotheses, must show to be absolute truths. All he does, however, is to observe, that they, at any rate, are not _arbitrary_ hypotheses; that we should not be at liberty to substitute other hypotheses for them; that not only "a definition, to be admissible, must necessarily refer to and agree with some conception which we can distinctly frame in our thoughts," but that the straight lines, for instance, which we define, must be "those by which angles are contained, those by which triangles are bounded, those of which parallelism may be predicated, and the like."(69) And this is true; but this has never been contradicted. Those who say that the premises of geometry are hypotheses, are not bound to maintain them to be hypotheses which have no relation whatever to fact. Since an hypothesis framed for the purpose of scientific inquiry must relate to something which has real existence (for there can be no science respecting nonentities), it follows that any hypothesis we make respecting an object, to facilitate our study of it, must not involve any thing which is distinctly false, and repugnant to its real nature: we must not ascribe to the thing any property which it has not; our liberty extends only to slightly exaggerating some of those which it has (by assuming it to be completely what it really is very nearly), and suppressing others, under the indispensable obligation of restoring them whenever, and in as far as, their presence or absence would make any material difference in the truth of our conclusions. Of this nature, accordingly, are the first principles involved in the definitions of geometry. That the hypotheses should be of this particular character, is, however, no further necessary, than inasmuch as no others could enable us to deduce conclusions which, with due corrections, would be true of real objects: and in fact, when our aim is only to illustrate truths, and not to investigate them, we are not under any such restriction. We might suppose an imaginary animal, and work out by deduction, from the known laws of physiology, its natural history; or an imaginary commonwealth, and from the elements composing it, might argue what would be its fate. And the conclusions which we might thus draw from purely arbitrary hypotheses, might form a highly useful intellectual exercise: but as they could only teach us what _would_ be the properties of objects which do not really exist, they would not constitute any addition to our knowledge of nature: while, on the contrary, if the hypothesis merely divests a real object of some portion of its properties, without clothing it in false ones, the conclusions will always express, under known liability to correction, actual truth.

§ 3. But though Dr. Whewell has not shaken Stewart's doctrine as to the hypothetical character of that portion of the first principles of geometry which are involved in the so-called definitions, he has, I conceive, greatly the advantage of Stewart on another important point in the theory of geometrical reasoning; the necessity of admitting, among those first principles, axioms as well as definitions. Some of the axioms of Euclid might, no doubt, be exhibited in the form of definitions, or might be deduced, by reasoning, from propositions similar to what are so called. Thus, if instead of the axiom, Magnitudes which can be made to coincide are equal, we introduce a definition, "Equal magnitudes are those which may be so applied to one another as to coincide;" the three axioms which follow (Magnitudes which are equal to the same are equal to one another—If equals are added to equals, the sums are equal—If equals are taken from equals, the remainders are equal), may be proved by an imaginary superposition, resembling that by which the fourth proposition of the first book of Euclid is demonstrated. But though these and several others may be struck out of the list of first principles, because, though not requiring demonstration, they are susceptible of it; there will be found in the list of axioms two or three fundamental truths, not capable of being demonstrated: among which must be reckoned the proposition that two straight lines can not inclose a space (or its equivalent, Straight lines which coincide in two points coincide altogether), and some property of parallel lines, other than that which constitutes their definition: one of the most suitable for the purpose being that selected by Professor Playfair: "Two straight lines which intersect each other can not both of them be parallel to a third straight

line."(70)

The axioms, as well those which are indemonstrable as those which admit of being demonstrated, differ from that other class of fundamental principles which are involved in the definitions, in this, that they are true without any mixture of hypothesis. That things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another, is as true of the lines and figures in nature, as it would be of the imaginary ones assumed in the definitions. In this respect, however, mathematics are only on a par with most other sciences. In almost all sciences there are some general propositions which are exactly true, while the greater part are only more or less distant approximations to the truth. Thus in mechanics, the first law of motion (the continuance of a movement once impressed, until stopped or slackened by some resisting force) is true without qualification or error. The rotation of the earth in twenty-four hours, of the same length as in our time, has gone on since the first accurate observations, without the increase or diminution of one second in all that period. These are inductions which require no fiction to make them be received as accurately true: but along with them there are others, as for instance the propositions respecting the figure of the earth, which are but approximations to the truth; and in order to use them for the further advancement of our knowledge, we must feign that they are exactly true, though they really want something of being so.

§ 4. It remains to inquire, what is the ground of our belief in axioms—what is the evidence on which they rest? I answer, they are experimental truths; generalizations from observation. The proposition, Two straight lines can not inclose a space—or, in other words, Two straight lines which have once met, do not meet again, but continue to diverge—is an induction from the evidence of our senses.

This opinion runs counter to a scientific prejudice of long standing and great strength, and there is probably no proposition enunciated in this work for which a more unfavorable reception is to be expected. It is, however, no new opinion; and even if it were so, would be entitled to be judged, not by its novelty, but by the strength of the arguments by which it can be supported. I consider it very fortunate that so eminent a champion of the contrary opinion as Dr. Whewell has found occasion for a most elaborate treatment of the whole theory of axioms, in attempting to construct the philosophy of the mathematical and physical sciences on the basis of the doctrine against which I now contend. Whoever is anxious that a discussion should go to the bottom of the subject, must rejoice to see the opposite side of the question worthily represented. If what is said by Dr. Whewell, in support of an opinion which he has made the foundation of a systematic work, can be shown not to be conclusive, enough will have been done, without going elsewhere in quest of stronger arguments and a more powerful adversary.

It is not necessary to show that the truths which we call axioms are originally _suggested_ by observation, and that we should never have known that two straight lines can not inclose a space if we had never seen a straight line: thus much being admitted by Dr. Whewell, and by all, in recent times, who have taken his view of the subject. But they contend, that it is not experience which _proves_ the axiom; but that its truth is perceived _a priori_, by the constitution of the mind itself, from the first moment when the meaning of the proposition is apprehended; and without any necessity for verifying it by repeated trials, as is requisite in the case of truths really ascertained by observation.

They can not, however, but allow that the truth of the axiom, Two straight lines can not inclose a space, even if evident independently of experience, is also evident from experience. Whether the axiom needs confirmation or not, it receives confirmation in almost every instant of our lives; since we can not look at any two straight lines which intersect one another, without seeing that from that point they continue to diverge more and more. Experimental proof crowds in upon us in such endless profusion, and without one instance in which there can be even a suspicion of an exception to the rule, that we should soon have stronger ground for believing the axiom, even as an experimental truth, than we have for almost any of the general truths which we confessedly learn from the evidence of our senses. Independently of _a priori_ evidence, we should certainly believe it with an intensity of conviction far greater than we accord to any ordinary physical truth: and this too at a time of life much earlier than that from which we date almost any part of our acquired knowledge, and much too early to admit of our retaining any recollection of the history of our intellectual operations at that period. Where then is the necessity for assuming that our recognition of these truths has a different origin from the rest of our knowledge, when its existence is perfectly accounted for by supposing its origin to be the same? when the causes which produce belief in all other instances, exist in this instance, and in a degree of strength as much superior to what exists in other cases, as the intensity of the belief itself is superior? The burden of proof lies on the advocates of the contrary opinion: it is for them to point out some fact, inconsistent with the supposition that this part of our knowledge of nature is derived from the same sources as every other part.(71)

This, for instance, they would be able to do, if they could prove chronologically that we had the conviction (at least practically) so early in infancy as to be anterior to those impressions on the senses, upon which, on the other theory, the conviction is founded. This, however, can not be proved: the point being too far back to be within the reach of memory, and too obscure for external observation. The advocates of the _a priori_ theory are obliged to have recourse to other arguments. These are reducible to two, which I shall endeavor to state as clearly and as forcibly as possible.

§ 5. In the first place it is said, that if our assent to the proposition that two straight lines can not inclose a space, were derived from the senses, we could only be convinced of its truth by actual trial, that is, by seeing or feeling the straight lines; whereas, in fact, it is seen to be true by merely thinking of them. That a stone thrown into water goes to the bottom, may be perceived by our senses, but mere thinking of a stone thrown into the water would never have led us to that conclusion: not so, however, with the axioms relating to straight lines: if I could be made to conceive what a straight line is, without having seen one, I should at once recognize that two such lines can not inclose a space. Intuition is “imaginary looking;”(72) but experience must be real looking: if we see a property of straight lines to be true by merely fancying ourselves to be looking at them, the ground of our belief can not be the senses, or experience; it must be something mental.

To this argument it might be added in the case of this particular axiom (for the assertion would not be true of all axioms), that the evidence of it from actual ocular inspection is not only unnecessary, but unattainable. What says the axiom? That two straight lines _can not_ inclose a space; that after having once intersected, if they are prolonged to infinity they do not meet, but continue to diverge from one another. How can this, in any single case, be proved by actual observation? We may follow the lines to any distance we please; but we can not follow them to infinity: for aught our senses can testify, they may, immediately beyond the farthest point to which we have traced them, begin to approach, and at last meet. Unless, therefore, we had some other proof of the impossibility than observation affords us, we should have no ground for believing the axiom at all.

To these arguments, which I trust I can not be accused of understating, a satisfactory answer will, I conceive, be found, if we advert to one of the characteristic properties of geometrical forms—their capacity of being painted in the imagination with a distinctness equal to reality: in other words, the exact resemblance of our ideas of form to the sensations which suggest them. This, in the first place, enables us to make (at least with a little practice) mental pictures of all possible combinations of lines and angles, which resemble the realities quite as well as any which we could make on paper; and in the next place, make those pictures just as fit subjects of geometrical experimentation as the realities themselves; inasmuch as pictures, if sufficiently accurate, exhibit of course all the properties which would be manifested by the realities at one given instant, and on simple inspection: and in geometry we are concerned only with such properties, and not with that which pictures could not exhibit, the mutual action of bodies one upon another. The foundations of geometry would therefore be laid in direct experience, even if the experiments (which in this case consist merely in attentive contemplation) were practiced solely upon what we call our ideas, that is, upon the diagrams in our minds, and not upon outward objects. For in all systems of experimentation we take some objects to serve as representatives of all which resemble them; and in the present case the conditions which qualify a real object to be the representative of its class, are completely fulfilled by an object existing only in our fancy. Without denying, therefore, the possibility of satisfying ourselves that two straight lines can not inclose a space, by merely thinking of straight lines without actually looking at them; I contend, that we do not believe this truth on the ground of the imaginary intuition simply, but because we know that the imaginary lines exactly resemble real ones, and that we may conclude from them to real ones with quite as much certainty as we could conclude from one real line to another. The conclusion, therefore, is still an induction from observation. And we should not be authorized to substitute observation of the image in our mind, for observation of the reality, if we had not learned by long-continued experience that the properties of the reality are faithfully represented in the image; just as we should be scientifically warranted in describing an animal which we have never seen, from a picture made of it with a daguerreotype; but not until we had learned by ample experience, that observation of such a picture is precisely equivalent to observation of the original.

These considerations also remove the objection arising from the impossibility of ocularly following the lines in their prolongation to infinity. For though, in order actually to see that two given lines never meet, it would be necessary to follow them to infinity; yet without doing so we may know that if they ever do meet, or if, after diverging from one another, they begin again to approach, this must take place not at an infinite, but at a finite distance. Supposing, therefore, such to be the case, we can transport ourselves thither in imagination, and can frame a mental image of the appearance which one or both of the lines must present at that point, which we may rely on as being precisely similar to the reality. Now, whether we fix our contemplation upon this imaginary picture, or call to mind the generalizations we have had occasion to make from former ocular observation, we learn by the evidence of experience, that a line which, after diverging from another straight line, begins to approach to it, produces the impression on our

senses which we describe by the expression, “a bent line,” not by the expression, “a straight line.”(73)

The preceding argument, which is, to my mind unanswerable, merges, however, in a still more comprehensive one, which is stated most clearly and conclusively by Professor Bain. The psychological reason why axioms, and indeed many propositions not ordinarily classed as such, may be learned from the idea only without referring to the fact, is that in the process of acquiring the idea we have learned the fact. The proposition is assented to as soon as the terms are understood, because in learning to understand the terms we have acquired the experience which proves the proposition to be true. “We required,” says Mr. Bain,(74) “concrete experience in the first instance, to attain to the notion of whole and part; but the notion, once arrived at, implies that the whole is greater. In fact, we could not have the notion without an experience tantamount to this conclusion.... When we have mastered the notion of straightness, we have also mastered that aspect of it expressed by the affirmation that two straight lines can not inclose a space. No intuitive or innate powers or perceptions are needed in such case.... We can not have the full meaning of Straightness, without going through a comparison of straight objects among themselves, and with their opposites, bent or crooked objects. The result of this comparison is, _inter alia_, that straightness in two lines is seen to be incompatible with inclosing a space; the inclosure of space involves crookedness in at least one of the lines.” And similarly, in the case of every first principle,(75) “the same knowledge that makes it understood, suffices to verify it.” The more this observation is considered the more (I am convinced) it will be felt to go to the very root of the controversy.

§ 6. The first of the two arguments in support of the theory that axioms are _a priori_ truths, having, I think, been sufficiently answered; I proceed to the second, which is usually the most relied on. Axioms (it is asserted) are conceived by us not only as true, but as universally and necessarily true. Now, experience can not possibly give to any proposition this character. I may have seen snow a hundred times, and may have seen that it was white, but this can not give me entire assurance even that all snow is white; much less that snow _must_ be white. “However many instances we may have observed of the truth of a proposition, there is nothing to assure us that the next case shall not be an exception to the rule. If it be strictly true that every ruminant animal yet known has cloven hoofs, we still can not be sure that some creature will not hereafter be discovered which has the first of these attributes, without having the other.... Experience must always consist of a limited number of observations; and, however numerous these may be, they can show nothing with regard to the infinite number of cases in which the experiment has not been made.” Besides, Axioms are not only universal, they are also necessary. Now “experience can not offer the smallest ground for the necessity of a proposition. She can observe and record what has happened; but she can not find, in any case, or in any accumulation of cases, any reason for what _must_ happen. She may see objects side by side; but she can not see a reason why they must ever be side by side. She finds certain events to occur in succession; but the succession supplies, in its occurrence, no reason for its recurrence. She contemplates external objects; but she can not detect any internal bond, which indissolubly connects the future with the past, the possible with the real. To learn a proposition by experience, and to see it to be necessarily true, are two altogether different processes of thought.”(76) And Dr. Whewell adds, “If any one does not clearly comprehend this distinction of necessary and contingent truths, he will not be able to go along with us in our researches into the foundations of human knowledge; nor, indeed, to pursue with success any speculation on the subject.”(77)

In the following passage, we are told what the distinction is, the non-recognition of which incurs this denunciation. “Necessary truths are those in which we not only learn that the proposition _is_ true, but see that it _must be_ true; in which the negation of the truth is not only false, but impossible; in which we can not, even by an effort of imagination, or in a supposition, conceive the reverse of that which is asserted. That there are such truths can not be doubted. We may take, for example, all relations of number. Three and Two added together make Five. We can not conceive it to be otherwise. We can not, by any freak of thought, imagine Three and Two to make Seven.”(78)

Although Dr. Whewell has naturally and properly employed a variety of phrases to bring his meaning more forcibly home, he would, I presume, allow that they are all equivalent; and that what he means by a necessary truth, would be sufficiently defined, a proposition the negation of which is not only false but inconceivable. I am unable to find in any of his expressions, turn them what way you will, a meaning beyond this, and I do not believe he would contend that they mean any thing more.

This, therefore, is the principle asserted: that propositions, the negation of which is inconceivable, or in other words, which we can not figure to ourselves as being false, must rest on evidence of a higher and more cogent description than any which experience can afford.

Now I can not but wonder that so much stress should be laid on the circumstance of inconceivableness, when there is such ample experience to show, that our capacity or incapacity of conceiving a thing has very little to do with the possibility of the thing in itself;

but is in truth very much an affair of accident, and depends on the past history and habits of our own minds. There is no more generally acknowledged fact in human nature, than the extreme difficulty at first felt in conceiving any thing as possible, which is in contradiction to long established and familiar experience; or even to old familiar habits of thought. And this difficulty is a necessary result of the fundamental laws of the human mind. When we have often seen and thought of two things together, and have never in any one instance either seen or thought of them separately, there is by the primary law of association an increasing difficulty, which may in the end become insuperable, of conceiving the two things apart. This is most of all conspicuous in uneducated persons, who are in general utterly unable to separate any two ideas which have once become firmly associated in their minds; and if persons of cultivated intellect have any advantage on the point, it is only because, having seen and heard and read more, and being more accustomed to exercise their imagination, they have experienced their sensations and thoughts in more varied combinations, and have been prevented from forming many of these inseparable associations. But this advantage has necessarily its limits. The most practiced intellect is not exempt from the universal laws of our conceptive faculty. If daily habit presents to any one for a long period two facts in combination, and if he is not led during that period either by accident or by his voluntary mental operations to think of them apart, he will probably in time become incapable of doing so even by the strongest effort; and the supposition that the two facts can be separated in nature, will at last present itself to his mind with all the characters of an inconceivable phenomenon.(79) There are remarkable instances of this in the history of science: instances in which the most instructed men rejected as impossible, because inconceivable, things which their posterity, by earlier practice and longer perseverance in the attempt, found it quite easy to conceive, and which every body now knows to be true. There was a time when men of the most cultivated intellects, and the most emancipated from the dominion of early prejudice, could not credit the existence of antipodes; were unable to conceive, in opposition to old association, the force of gravity acting upward instead of downward. The Cartesians long rejected the Newtonian doctrine of the gravitation of all bodies toward one another, on the faith of a general proposition, the reverse of which seemed to them to be inconceivable—the proposition that a body can not act where it is not. All the cumbrous machinery of imaginary vortices, assumed without the smallest particle of evidence, appeared to these philosophers a more rational mode of explaining the heavenly motions, than one which involved what seemed to them so great an absurdity.(80)

And they no doubt found it as impossible to conceive that a body should act upon the earth from the distance of the sun or moon, as we find it to conceive an end to space or time, or two straight lines inclosing a space. Newton himself had not been able to realize the conception, or we should not have had his hypothesis of a subtle ether, the occult cause of gravitation; and his writings prove, that though he deemed the particular nature of the intermediate agency a matter of conjecture, the necessity of _some_ such agency appeared to him indubitable.

If, then, it be so natural to the human mind, even in a high state of culture, to be incapable of conceiving, and on that ground to believe impossible, what is afterward not only found to be conceivable but proved to be true; what wonder if in cases where the association is still older, more confirmed, and more familiar, and in which nothing ever occurs to shake our conviction, or even suggest to us any conception at variance with the association, the acquired incapacity should continue, and be mistaken for a natural incapacity? It is true, our experience of the varieties in nature enables us, within certain limits, to conceive other varieties analogous to them. We can conceive the sun or moon falling; for though we never saw them fall, nor ever, perhaps, imagined them falling, we have seen so many other things fall, that we have innumerable familiar analogies to assist the conception; which, after all, we should probably have some difficulty in framing, were we not well accustomed to see the sun and moon move (or appear to move), so that we are only called upon to conceive a slight change in the direction of motion, a circumstance familiar to our experience. But when experience affords no model on which to shape the new conception, how is it possible for us to form it? How, for example, can we imagine an end to space or time? We never saw any object without something beyond it, nor experienced any feeling without something following it. When, therefore, we attempt to conceive the last point of space, we have the idea irresistibly raised of other points beyond it. When we try to imagine the last instant of time, we can not help conceiving another instant after it. Nor is there any necessity to assume, as is done by a modern school of metaphysicians, a peculiar fundamental law of the mind to account for the feeling of infinity inherent in our conceptions of space and time; that apparent infinity is sufficiently accounted for by simpler and universally acknowledged laws.

Now, in the case of a geometrical axiom, such, for example, as that two straight lines can not inclose a space—a truth which is testified to us by our very earliest impressions of the external world—how is it possible (whether those external impressions be or be not the ground of our belief) that the reverse of the proposition _could_ be otherwise than inconceivable to us? What analogy have we, what similar order of facts in any other branch of our experience, to facilitate to us the conception of two straight lines inclosing a space? Nor is even this all. I have already called attention to the peculiar property of our impressions of form, that the ideas or mental images exactly resemble their prototypes, and adequately represent them for the purposes of scientific

observation. From this, and from the intuitive character of the observation, which in this case reduces itself to simple inspection, we can not so much as call up in our imagination two straight lines, in order to attempt to conceive them inclosing a space, without by that very act repeating the scientific experiment which establishes the contrary. Will it really be contended that the inconceivableness of the thing, in such circumstances, proves any thing against the experimental origin of the conviction? Is it not clear that in whichever mode our belief in the proposition may have originated, the impossibility of our conceiving the negative of it must, on either hypothesis, be the same? As, then, Dr. Whewell exhorts those who have any difficulty in recognizing the distinction held by him between necessary and contingent truths, to study geometry—a condition which I can assure him I have conscientiously fulfilled—I, in return, with equal confidence, exhort those who agree with him, to study the general laws of association; being convinced that nothing more is requisite than a moderate familiarity with those laws, to dispel the illusion which ascribes a peculiar necessity to our earliest inductions from experience, and measures the possibility of things in themselves, by the human capacity of conceiving them.

I hope to be pardoned for adding, that Dr. Whewell himself has both confirmed by his testimony the effect of habitual association in giving to an experimental truth the appearance of a necessary one, and afforded a striking instance of that remarkable law in his own person. In his _Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences_ he continually asserts, that propositions which not only are not self-evident, but which we know to have been discovered gradually, and by great efforts of genius and patience, have, when once established, appeared so self-evident that, but for historical proof, it would have been impossible to conceive that they had not been recognized from the first by all persons in a sound state of their faculties. “We now despise those who, in the Copernican controversy, could not conceive the apparent motion of the sun on the heliocentric hypothesis; or those who, in opposition to Galileo, thought that a uniform force might be that which generated a velocity proportional to the space; or those who held there was something absurd in Newton’s doctrine of the different refrangibility of differently colored rays; or those who imagined that when elements combine, their sensible qualities must be manifest in the compound; or those who were reluctant to give up the distinction of vegetables into herbs, shrubs, and trees. We can not help thinking that men must have been singularly dull of comprehension, to find a difficulty in admitting what is to us so plain and simple. We have a latent persuasion that we in their place should have been wiser and more clear-sighted; that we should have taken the right side, and given our assent at once to the truth. Yet in reality such a persuasion is a mere delusion. The persons who, in such instances as the above, were on the losing side, were very far, in most cases, from being persons more prejudiced, or stupid, or narrow-minded, than the greater part of mankind now are; and the cause for which they fought was far from being a manifestly bad one, till it had been so decided by the result of the war.... So complete has been the victory of truth in most of these instances, that at present we can hardly imagine the struggle to have been necessary. _The very essence of these triumphs is, that they lead us to regard the views we reject as not only false but inconceivable._”(81)

This last proposition is precisely what I contend for; and I ask no more, in order to overthrow the whole theory of its author on the nature of the evidence of axioms. For what is that theory? That the truth of axioms can not have been learned from experience, because their falsity is inconceivable. But Dr. Whewell himself says, that we are continually led, by the natural progress of thought, to regard as inconceivable what our forefathers not only conceived but believed, nay even (he might have added) were unable to conceive the reverse of. He can not intend to justify this mode of thought: he can not mean to say, that we can be right in regarding as inconceivable what others have conceived, and as self-evident what to others did not appear evident at all. After so complete an admission that inconceivableness is an accidental thing, not inherent in the phenomenon itself, but dependent on the mental history of the person who tries to conceive it, how can he ever call upon us to reject a proposition as impossible on no other ground than its inconceivableness? Yet he not only does so, but has unintentionally afforded some of the most remarkable examples which can be cited of the very illusion which he has himself so clearly pointed out. I select as specimens, his remarks on the evidence of the three laws of motion, and of the atomic theory.

With respect to the laws of motion, Dr. Whewell says: “No one can doubt that, in historical fact, these laws were collected from experience. That such is the case, is no matter of conjecture. We know the time, the persons, the circumstances, belonging to each step of each discovery.”(82) After this testimony, to adduce evidence of the fact would be superfluous. And not only were these laws by no means intuitively evident, but some of them were originally paradoxes. The first law was especially so. That a body, once in motion, would continue forever to move in the same direction with undiminished velocity unless acted upon by some new force, was a proposition which mankind found for a long time the greatest difficulty in crediting. It stood opposed to apparent experience of the most familiar kind, which taught that it was the nature of motion to abate gradually, and at last terminate of itself. Yet when once the contrary doctrine was firmly established, mathematicians, as Dr. Whewell observes, speedily began to believe that laws, thus contradictory to first appearances, and which, even after full proof had been obtained, it had required generations to

render familiar to the minds of the scientific world, were under “a demonstrable necessity, compelling them to be such as they are and no other;” and he himself, though not venturing “absolutely to pronounce” that _all_ these laws “can be rigorously traced to an absolute necessity in the nature of things,”(83) does actually so think of the law just mentioned; of which he says: “Though the discovery of the first law of motion was made, historically speaking, by means of experiment, we have now attained a point of view in which we see that it might have been certainly known to be true, independently of experience.”(84) Can there be a more striking exemplification than is here afforded, of the effect of association which we have described? Philosophers, for generations, have the most extraordinary difficulty in putting certain ideas together; they at last succeed in doing so; and after a sufficient repetition of the process, they first fancy a natural bond between the ideas, then experience a growing difficulty, which at last, by the continuation of the same progress, becomes an impossibility, of severing them from one another. If such be the progress of an experimental conviction of which the date is of yesterday, and which is in opposition to first appearances, how must it fare with those which are conformable to appearances familiar from the first dawn of intelligence, and of the conclusiveness of which, from the earliest records of human thought, no skeptic has suggested even a momentary doubt?

The other instance which I shall quote is a truly astonishing one, and may be called the _reductio ad absurdum_ of the theory of inconceivableness. Speaking of the laws of chemical composition, Dr. Whewell says:(85) “That they could never have been clearly understood, and therefore never firmly established, without laborious and exact experiments, is certain; but yet we may venture to say, that being once known, they possess an evidence beyond that of mere experiment. _For how in fact can we conceive combinations, otherwise than as definite in kind and quality?_ If we were to suppose each element ready to combine with any other indifferently, and indifferently in any quantity, we should have a world in which all would be confusion and indefiniteness. There would be no fixed kinds of bodies. Salts, and stones, and ores, would approach to and graduate into each other by insensible degrees. Instead of this, we know that the world consists of bodies distinguishable from each other by definite differences, capable of being classified and named, and of having general propositions asserted concerning them. And as _we can not conceive a world in which this should not be the case_, it would appear that we can not conceive a state of things in which the laws of the combination of elements should not be of that definite and measured kind which we have above asserted.”

That a philosopher of Dr. Whewell’s eminence should gravely assert that we can not conceive a world in which the simple elements should combine in other than definite proportions; that by dint of meditating on a scientific truth, the original discoverer of which was still living, he should have rendered the association in his own mind between the idea of combination and that of constant proportions so familiar and intimate as to be unable to conceive the one fact without the other; is so signal an instance of the mental law for which I am contending, that one word more in illustration must be superfluous.

In the latest and most complete elaboration of his metaphysical system (the _Philosophy of Discovery_), as well as in the earlier discourse on the _Fundamental Antithesis of Philosophy_, reprinted as an appendix to that work, Dr. Whewell, while very candidly admitting that his language was open to misconception, disclaims having intended to say that mankind in general can _now_ perceive the law of definite proportions in chemical combination to be a necessary truth. All he meant was that philosophical chemists in a future generation may possibly see this. “Some truths may be seen by intuition, but yet the intuition of them may be a rare and a difficult attainment.”(86) And he explains that the inconceivableness which, according to his theory, is the test of axioms, “depends entirely upon the clearness of the Ideas which the axioms involve. So long as those ideas are vague and indistinct, the contrary of an axiom may be assented to, though it can not be distinctly conceived. It may be assented to, not because it is possible, but because we do not see clearly what is possible. To a person who is only beginning to think geometrically, there may appear nothing absurd in the assertion that two straight lines may inclose a space. And in the same manner, to a person who is only beginning to think of mechanical truths, it may not appear to be absurd, that in mechanical processes, Reaction should be greater or less than Action; and so, again, to a person who has not thought steadily about Substance, it may not appear inconceivable, that by chemical operations, we should generate new matter, or destroy matter which already exists.”(87) Necessary truths, therefore, are not those of which we can not conceive, but “those of which we can not _distinctly_ conceive, the contrary.”(88) So long as our ideas are indistinct altogether, we do not know what is or is not capable of being distinctly conceived; but, by the ever increasing distinctness with which scientific men apprehend the general conceptions of science, they in time come to perceive that there are certain laws of nature, which, though historically and as a matter of fact they were learned from experience, we can not, now that we know them, distinctly conceive to be other than they are.

The account which I should give of this progress of the scientific mind is somewhat different. After a general law of nature has been ascertained, men’s minds do not at first acquire a complete facility of familiarly representing to themselves the phenomena of nature in the character which that law assigns to them. The habit which constitutes the scientific cast of mind, that of conceiving

facts of all descriptions conformably to the laws which regulate them—phenomena of all descriptions according to the relations which have been ascertained really to exist between them; this habit, in the case of newly-discovered relations, comes only by degrees. So long as it is not thoroughly formed, no necessary character is ascribed to the new truth. But in time, the philosopher attains a state of mind in which his mental picture of nature spontaneously represents to him all the phenomena with which the new theory is concerned, in the exact light in which the theory regards them: all images or conceptions derived from any other theory, or from the confused view of the facts which is anterior to any theory, having entirely disappeared from his mind. The mode of representing facts which results from the theory, has now become, to his faculties, the only natural mode of conceiving them. It is a known truth, that a prolonged habit of arranging phenomena in certain groups, and explaining them by means of certain principles, makes any other arrangement or explanation of these facts be felt as unnatural: and it may at last become as difficult to him to represent the facts to himself in any other mode, as it often was, originally, to represent them in that mode.

But, further (if the theory is true, as we are supposing it to be), any other mode in which he tries, or in which he was formerly accustomed, to represent the phenomena, will be seen by him to be inconsistent with the facts that suggested the new theory—facts which now form a part of his mental picture of nature. And since a contradiction is always inconceivable, his imagination rejects these false theories, and declares itself incapable of conceiving them. Their inconceivableness to him does not, however, result from any thing in the theories themselves, intrinsically and _a priori_ repugnant to the human faculties; it results from the repugnance between them and a portion of the facts; which facts as long as he did not know, or did not distinctly realize in his mental representations, the false theory did not appear other than conceivable; it becomes inconceivable, merely from the fact that contradictory elements can not be combined in the same conception. Although, then, his real reason for rejecting theories at variance with the true one, is no other than that they clash with his experience, he easily falls into the belief, that he rejects them because they are inconceivable, and that he adopts the true theory because it is self-evident, and does not need the evidence of experience at all.

This I take to be the real and sufficient explanation of the paradoxical truth, on which so much stress is laid by Dr. Whewell, that a scientifically cultivated mind is actually, in virtue of that cultivation, unable to conceive suppositions which a common man conceives without the smallest difficulty. For there is nothing inconceivable in the suppositions themselves; the impossibility is in combining them with facts inconsistent with them, as part of the same mental picture; an obstacle of course only felt by those who know the facts, and are able to perceive the inconsistency. As far as the suppositions themselves are concerned, in the case of many of Dr. Whewell's necessary truths the negative of the axiom is, and probably will be as long as the human race lasts, as easily conceivable as the affirmative. There is no axiom (for example) to which Dr. Whewell ascribes a more thorough character of necessity and self-evidence, than that of the indestructibility of matter. That this is a true law of nature I fully admit; but I imagine there is no human being to whom the opposite supposition is inconceivable—who has any difficulty in imagining a portion of matter annihilated: inasmuch as its apparent annihilation, in no respect distinguishable from real by our unassisted senses, takes place every time that water dries up, or fuel is consumed. Again, the law that bodies combine chemically in definite proportions is undeniably true; but few besides Dr. Whewell have reached the point which he seems personally to have arrived at (though he only dares prophesy similar success to the multitude after the lapse of generations), that of being unable to conceive a world in which the elements are ready to combine with one another "indifferently in any quantity;" nor is it likely that we shall ever rise to this sublime height of inability, so long as all the mechanical mixtures in our planet, whether solid, liquid, or aëriform, exhibit to our daily observation the very phenomenon declared to be inconceivable.

According to Dr. Whewell, these and similar laws of nature can not be drawn from experience, inasmuch as they are, on the contrary, assumed in the interpretation of experience. Our inability to "add to or diminish the quantity of matter in the world," is a truth which "neither is nor can be derived from experience; for the experiments which we make to verify it presuppose its truth.... When men began to use the balance in chemical analysis, they did not prove by trial, but took for granted, as self-evident, that the weight of the whole must be found in the aggregate weight of the elements."(89) True, it is assumed; but, I apprehend, no otherwise than as all experimental inquiry assumes provisionally some theory or hypothesis, which is to be finally held true or not, according as the experiments decide. The hypothesis chosen for this purpose will naturally be one which groups together some considerable number of facts already known. The proposition that the material of the world, as estimated by weight, is neither increased nor diminished by any of the processes of nature or art, had many appearances in its favor to begin with. It expressed truly a great number of familiar facts. There were other facts which it had the appearance of conflicting with, and which made its truth, as a universal law of nature, at first doubtful. Because it was doubtful, experiments were devised to verify it. Men assumed its truth hypothetically, and proceeded to try whether, on more careful examination, the phenomena which apparently pointed to a different conclusion, would not be found to be consistent with it. This turned out to be the case; and from that time the doctrine took its place

as a universal truth, but as one proved to be such by experience. That the theory itself preceded the proof of its truth—that it had to be conceived before it could be proved, and in order that it might be proved—does not imply that it was self-evident, and did not need proof. Otherwise all the true theories in the sciences are necessary and self-evident; for no one knows better than Dr. Whewell that they all began by being assumed, for the purpose of connecting them by deductions with those facts of experience on which, as evidence, they now confessedly rest.(90)

Chapter VI.

The Same Subject Continued.

§ 1. In the examination which formed the subject of the last chapter, into the nature of the evidence of those deductive sciences which are commonly represented to be systems of necessary truth, we have been led to the following conclusions. The results of those sciences are indeed necessary, in the sense of necessarily following from certain first principles, commonly called axioms and definitions; that is, of being certainly true if those axioms and definitions are so; for the word necessity, even in this acceptation of it, means no more than certainty. But their claim to the character of necessity in any sense beyond this, as implying an evidence independent of and superior to observation and experience, must depend on the previous establishment of such a claim in favor of the definitions and axioms themselves. With regard to axioms, we found that, considered as experimental truths, they rest on superabundant and obvious evidence. We inquired, whether, since this is the case, it be imperative to suppose any other evidence of those truths than experimental evidence, any other origin for our belief of them than an experimental origin. We decided, that the burden of proof lies with those who maintain the affirmative, and we examined, at considerable length, such arguments as they have produced. The examination having led to the rejection of those arguments, we have thought ourselves warranted in concluding that axioms are but a class, the most universal class, of inductions from experience; the simplest and easiest cases of generalization from the facts furnished to us by our senses or by our internal consciousness.

While the axioms of demonstrative sciences thus appeared to be experimental truths, the definitions, as they are incorrectly called, in those sciences, were found by us to be generalizations from experience which are not even, accurately speaking, truths; being propositions in which, while we assert of some kind of object, some property or properties which observation shows to belong to it, we at the same time deny that it possesses any other properties, though in truth other properties do in every individual instance accompany, and in almost all instances modify, the property thus exclusively predicated. The denial, therefore, is a mere fiction, or supposition, made for the purpose of excluding the consideration of those modifying circumstances, when their influence is of too trifling amount to be worth considering, or adjourning it, when important to a more convenient moment.

From these considerations it would appear that Deductive or Demonstrative Sciences are all, without exception, Inductive Sciences; that their evidence is that of experience; but that they are also, in virtue of the peculiar character of one indispensable portion of the general formulæ according to which their inductions are made, Hypothetical Sciences. Their conclusions are only true on certain suppositions, which are, or ought to be, approximations to the truth, but are seldom, if ever, exactly true; and to this hypothetical character is to be ascribed the peculiar certainty, which is supposed to be inherent in demonstration.

What we have now asserted, however, cannot be received as universally true of Deductive or Demonstrative Sciences, until verified by being applied to the most remarkable of all those sciences, that of Numbers; the theory of the Calculus; Arithmetic and Algebra. It is harder to believe of the doctrines of this science than of any other, either that they are not truths _a priori_, but experimental truths, or that their peculiar certainty is owing to their being not absolute but only conditional truths. This, therefore, is a case which merits examination apart; and the more so, because on this subject we have a double set of doctrines to contend with; that of the _a priori_ philosophers on one side; and on the other, a theory the most opposite to theirs, which was at one time very generally received, and is still far from being altogether exploded, among metaphysicians.

§ 2. This theory attempts to solve the difficulty apparently inherent in the case, by representing the propositions of the science of numbers as merely verbal, and its processes as simple transformations of language, substitutions of one expression for another. The proposition, Two and one is equal to three, according to these writers, is not a truth, is not the assertion of a really existing fact, but a definition of the word three; a statement that mankind have agreed to use the name three as a sign exactly equivalent to two and one; to call by the former name whatever is called by the other more clumsy phrase. According to this doctrine, the longest process in algebra is but a succession of changes in terminology, by which equivalent expressions are substituted one for another; a series of translations of the same fact, from one into another language; though how, after such a series of translations, the fact itself comes out changed (as when we demonstrate a new geometrical theorem by algebra), they have not explained; and it is a

difficulty which is fatal to their theory.

It must be acknowledged that there are peculiarities in the processes of arithmetic and algebra which render the theory in question very plausible, and have not unnaturally made those sciences the stronghold of Nominalism. The doctrine that we can discover facts, detect the hidden processes of nature, by an artful manipulation of language, is so contrary to common sense, that a person must have made some advances in philosophy to believe it: men fly to so paradoxical a belief to avoid, as they think, some even greater difficulty, which the vulgar do not see. What has led many to believe that reasoning is a mere verbal process, is, that no other theory seemed reconcilable with the nature of the Science of Numbers. For we do not carry any ideas along with us when we use the symbols of arithmetic or of algebra. In a geometrical demonstration we have a mental diagram, if not one on paper; AB, AC, are present to our imagination as lines, intersecting other lines, forming an angle with one another, and the like; but not so _a_ and _b_. These may represent lines or any other magnitudes, but those magnitudes are never thought of; nothing is realized in our imagination but _a_ and _b_. The ideas which, on the particular occasion, they happen to represent, are banished from the mind during every intermediate part of the process, between the beginning, when the premises are translated from things into signs, and the end, when the conclusion is translated back from signs into things. Nothing, then, being in the reasoner's mind but the symbols, what can seem more inadmissible than to contend that the reasoning process has to do with any thing more? We seem to have come to one of Bacon's Prerogative Instances; an _experimentum crucis_ on the nature of reasoning itself.

Nevertheless, it will appear on consideration, that this apparently so decisive instance is no instance at all; that there is in every step of an arithmetical or algebraical calculation a real induction, a real inference of facts from facts; and that what disguises the induction is simply its comprehensive nature, and the consequent extreme generality of the language. All numbers must be numbers of something: there are no such things as numbers in the abstract. _Ten_ must mean ten bodies, or ten sounds, or ten beatings of the pulse. But though numbers must be numbers of something, they may be numbers of any thing. Propositions, therefore, concerning numbers, have the remarkable peculiarity that they are propositions concerning all things whatever; all objects, all existences of every kind, known to our experience. All things possess quantity; consist of parts which can be numbered; and in that character possess all the properties which are called properties of numbers. That half of four is two, must be true whatever the word four represents, whether four hours, four miles, or four pounds weight. We need only conceive a thing divided into four equal parts (and all things may be conceived as so divided), to be able to predicate of it every property of the number four, that is, every arithmetical proposition in which the number four stands on one side of the equation. Algebra extends the generalization still farther: every number represents that particular number of all things without distinction, but every algebraical symbol does more, it represents all numbers without distinction. As soon as we conceive a thing divided into equal parts, without knowing into what number of parts, we may call it _a_ or _x_, and apply to it, without danger of error, every algebraical formula in the books. The proposition, 2 (_a_ + _b_)= 2 _a_ + 2 _b_, is a truth co-extensive with all nature. Since then algebraical truths are true of all things whatever, and not, like those of geometry, true of lines only or of angles only, it is no wonder that the symbols should not excite in our minds ideas of any things in particular. When we demonstrate the forty-seventh proposition of Euclid, it is not necessary that the words should raise in us an image of all right-angled triangles, but only of some one right-angled triangle: so in algebra we need not, under the symbol _a_, picture to ourselves all things whatever, but only some one thing; why not, then, the letter itself? The mere written characters, _a_, _b_, _x_, _y_, _z_, serve as well for representatives of Things in general, as any more complex and apparently more concrete conception. That we are conscious of them, however, in their character of things, and not of mere signs, is evident from the fact that our whole process of reasoning is carried on by predicating of them the properties of things. In resolving an algebraic equation, by what rules do we proceed? By applying at each step to _a_, _b_, and _x_, the proposition that equals added to equals make equals; that equals taken from equals leave equals; and other propositions founded on these two. These are not properties of language, or of signs as such, but of magnitudes, which is as much as to say, of all things. The inferences, therefore, which are successively drawn, are inferences concerning things, not symbols; though as any Things whatever will serve the turn, there is no necessity for keeping the idea of the Thing at all distinct, and consequently the process of thought may, in this case, be allowed without danger to do what all processes of thought, when they have been performed often, will do if permitted, namely, to become entirely mechanical. Hence the general language of algebra comes to be used familiarly without exciting ideas, as all other general language is prone to do from mere habit, though in no other case than this can it be done with complete safety. But when we look back to see from whence the probative force of the process is derived, we find that at every single step, unless we suppose ourselves to be thinking and talking of the things, and not the mere symbols, the evidence fails.

There is another circumstance, which, still more than that which we have now mentioned, gives plausibility to the notion that the propositions of arithmetic and algebra are merely verbal. That is, that when considered as propositions respecting Things, they all

have the appearance of being identical propositions. The assertion, Two and one is equal to three, considered as an assertion respecting objects, as for instance, “Two pebbles and one pebble are equal to three pebbles,” does not affirm equality between two collections of pebbles, but absolute identity. It affirms that if we put one pebble to two pebbles, those very pebbles are three. The objects, therefore, being the very same, and the mere assertion that “objects are themselves” being insignificant, it seems but natural to consider the proposition, Two and one is equal to three, as asserting mere identity of signification between the two names.

This, however, though it looks so plausible, will not bear examination. The expression “two pebbles and one pebble,” and the expression “three pebbles,” stand indeed for the same aggregation of objects, but they by no means stand for the same physical fact. They are names of the same objects, but of those objects in two different states: though they _de_note the same things, their _con_notation is different. Three pebbles in two separate parcels, and three pebbles in one parcel, do not make the same impression on our senses; and the assertion that the very same pebbles may by an alteration of place and arrangement be made to produce either the one set of sensations or the other, though a very familiar proposition, is not an identical one. It is a truth known to us by early and constant experience: an inductive truth; and such truths are the foundation of the science of Number. The fundamental truths of that science all rest on the evidence of sense; they are proved by showing to our eyes and our fingers that any given number of objects—ten balls, for example—may by separation and re-arrangement exhibit to our senses all the different sets of numbers the sums of which is equal to ten. All the improved methods of teaching arithmetic to children proceed on a knowledge of this fact. All who wish to carry the child’s _mind_ along with them in learning arithmetic; all who wish to teach numbers, and not mere ciphers—now teach it through the evidence of the senses, in the manner we have described.

We may, if we please, call the proposition, “Three is two and one,” a definition of the number three, and assert that arithmetic, as it has been asserted that geometry, is a science founded on definitions. But they are definitions in the geometrical sense, not the logical; asserting not the meaning of a term only, but along with it an observed matter of fact. The proposition, “A circle is a figure bounded by a line which has all its points equally distant from a point within it,” is called the definition of a circle; but the proposition from which so many consequences follow, and which is really a first principle in geometry, is, that figures answering to this description exist. And thus we may call “Three is two and one” a definition of three; but the calculations which depend on that proposition do not follow from the definition itself, but from an arithmetical theorem presupposed in it, namely, that collections of objects exist, which while they impress the senses thus, [Symbol: three circles, two above one], may be separated into two parts, thus, [Symbol: two circles, a space, and a third circle]. This proposition being granted, we term all such parcels Threes, after which the enunciation of the above-mentioned physical fact will serve also for a definition of the word Three.

The Science of Number is thus no exception to the conclusion we previously arrived at, that the processes even of deductive sciences are altogether inductive, and that their first principles are generalizations from experience. It remains to be examined whether this science resembles geometry in the further circumstance, that some of its inductions are not exactly true; and that the peculiar certainty ascribed to it, on account of which its propositions are called Necessary Truths, is fictitious and hypothetical, being true in no other sense than that those propositions legitimately follow from the hypothesis of the truth of premises which are avowedly mere approximations to truth.

§ 3. The inductions of arithmetic are of two sorts: first, those which we have just expounded, such as One and one are two, Two and one are three, etc., which may be called the definitions of the various numbers, in the improper or geometrical sense of the word Definition; and secondly, the two following axioms: The sums of equals are equal, The differences of equals are equal. These two are sufficient; for the corresponding propositions respecting unequals may be proved from these by a _reductio ad absurdum_.

These axioms, and likewise the so-called definitions, are, as has already been said, results of induction; true of all objects whatever, and, as it may seem, exactly true, without the hypothetical assumption of unqualified truth where an approximation to it is all that exists. The conclusions, therefore, it will naturally be inferred, are exactly true, and the science of number is an exception to other demonstrative sciences in this, that the categorical certainty which is predicable of its demonstrations is independent of all hypothesis.

On more accurate investigation, however, it will be found that, even in this case, there is one hypothetical element in the ratiocination. In all propositions concerning numbers, a condition is implied, without which none of them would be true; and that condition is an assumption which may be false. The condition is, that 1=1; that all the numbers are numbers of the same or of equal units. Let this be doubtful, and not one of the propositions of arithmetic will hold true. How can we know that one pound and one pound make two pounds, if one of the pounds may be troy, and the other avoirdupois? They may not make two pounds of either, or

of any weight. How can we know that a forty-horse power is always equal to itself, unless we assume that all horses are of equal strength? It is certain that 1 is always equal in _number_ to 1; and where the mere number of objects, or of the parts of an object, without supposing them to be equivalent in any other respect, is all that is material, the conclusions of arithmetic, so far as they go to that alone, are true without mixture of hypothesis. There are such cases in statistics; as, for instance, an inquiry into the amount of the population of any country. It is indifferent to that inquiry whether they are grown people or children, strong or weak, tall or short; the only thing we want to ascertain is their number. But whenever, from equality or inequality of number, equality or inequality in any other respect is to be inferred, arithmetic carried into such inquiries becomes as hypothetical a science as geometry. All units must be assumed to be equal in that other respect; and this is never accurately true, for one actual pound weight is not exactly equal to another, nor one measured mile's length to another; a nicer balance, or more accurate measuring instruments, would always detect some difference.

What is commonly called mathematical certainty, therefore, which comprises the twofold conception of unconditional truth and perfect accuracy, is not an attribute of all mathematical truths, but of those only which relate to pure Number, as distinguished from Quantity in the more enlarged sense; and only so long as we abstain from supposing that the numbers are a precise index to actual quantities. The certainty usually ascribed to the conclusions of geometry, and even to those of mechanics, is nothing whatever but certainty of inference. We can have full assurance of particular results under particular suppositions, but we can not have the same assurance that these suppositions are accurately true, nor that they include all the data which may exercise an influence over the result in any given instance.

§ 4. It appears, therefore, that the method of all Deductive Sciences is hypothetical. They proceed by tracing the consequences of certain assumptions; leaving for separate consideration whether the assumptions are true or not, and if not exactly true, whether they are a sufficiently near approximation to the truth. The reason is obvious. Since it is only in questions of pure number that the assumptions are exactly true, and even there only so long as no conclusions except purely numerical ones are to be founded on them; it must, in all other cases of deductive investigation, form a part of the inquiry, to determine how much the assumptions want of being exactly true in the case in hand. This is generally a matter of observation, to be repeated in every fresh case; or if it has to be settled by argument instead of observation, may require in every different case different evidence, and present every degree of difficulty, from the lowest to the highest. But the other part of the process—namely, to determine what else may be concluded if we find, and in proportion as we find, the assumptions to be true—may be performed once for all, and the results held ready to be employed as the occasions turn up for use. We thus do all beforehand that can be so done, and leave the least possible work to be performed when cases arise and press for a decision. This inquiry into the inferences which can be drawn from assumptions, is what properly constitutes Demonstrative Science.

It is of course quite as practicable to arrive at new conclusions from facts assumed, as from facts observed; from fictitious, as from real, inductions. Deduction, as we have seen, consists of a series of inferences in this form—_a_ is a mark of _b_, _b_ of _c_, _c_ of _d_, therefore _a_ is a mark of _d_, which last may be a truth inaccessible to direct observation. In like manner it is allowable to say, _suppose_ that a were a mark of _b_, _b_ of _c_, and _c_ of _d_, _a_ would be a mark of _d_, which last conclusion was not thought of by those who laid down the premises. A system of propositions as complicated as geometry might be deduced from assumptions which are false; as was done by Ptolemy, Descartes, and others, in their attempts to explain synthetically the phenomena of the solar system on the supposition that the apparent motions of the heavenly bodies were the real motions, or were produced in some way more or less different from the true one. Sometimes the same thing is knowingly done, for the purpose of showing the falsity of the assumption; which is called a _reductio ad absurdum_. In such cases, the reasoning is as follows: _a_ is a mark of _b_, and _b_ of _c_; now if c were also a mark of _d, a_ would be a mark of _d_; but _d_ is known to be a mark of the absence of _a_; consequently _a_ would be a mark of its own absence, which is a contradiction; therefore _c_ is not a mark of _d_.

§ 5. It has even been held by some writers, that all ratiocination rests in the last resort on a _reductio ad absurdum_; since the way to enforce assent to it, in case of obscurity, would be to show that if the conclusion be denied we must deny some one at least of the premises, which, as they are all supposed true, would be a contradiction. And in accordance with this, many have thought that the peculiar nature of the evidence of ratiocination consisted in the impossibility of admitting the premises and rejecting the conclusion without a contradiction in terms. This theory, however, is inadmissible as an explanation of the grounds on which ratiocination itself rests. If any one denies the conclusion notwithstanding his admission of the premises, he is not involved in any direct and express contradiction until he is compelled to deny some premise; and he can only be forced to do this by a _reductio ad absurdum_, that is, by another ratiocination: now, if he denies the validity of the reasoning process itself, he can no more be forced to assent to the second syllogism than to the first. In truth, therefore, no one is ever forced to a contradiction in terms: he can only

be forced to a contradiction (or rather an infringement) of the fundamental maxim of ratiocination, namely, that whatever has a mark, has what it is a mark of; or (in the case of universal propositions), that whatever is a mark of any thing, is a mark of whatever else that thing is a mark of. For in the case of every correct argument, as soon as thrown into the syllogistic form, it is evident without the aid of any other syllogism, that he who, admitting the premises, fails to draw the conclusion, does not conform to the above axiom.

We have now proceeded as far in the theory of Deduction as we can advance in the present stage of our inquiry. Any further insight into the subject requires that the foundation shall have been laid of the philosophic theory of Induction itself; in which theory that of Deduction, as a mode of Induction, which we have now shown it to be, will assume spontaneously the place which belongs to it, and will receive its share of whatever light may be thrown upon the great intellectual operation of which it forms so important a part.

Chapter VII.

Examination Of Some Opinions Opposed To The Preceding Doctrines.

§ 1. Polemical discussion is foreign to the plan of this work. But an opinion which stands in need of much illustration, can often receive it most effectually, and least tediously, in the form of a defense against objections. And on subjects concerning which speculative minds are still divided, a writer does but half his duty by stating his own doctrine, if he does not also examine, and to the best of his ability judge, those of other thinkers.

In the dissertation which Mr. Herbert Spencer has prefixed to his, in many respects, highly philosophical treatise on the Mind,(91) he criticises some of the doctrines of the two preceding chapters, and propounds a theory of his own on the subject of first principles. Mr. Spencer agrees with me in considering axioms to be “simply our earliest inductions from experience.” But he differs from me “widely as to the worth of the test of inconceivableness.” He thinks that it is the ultimate test of all beliefs. He arrives at this conclusion by two steps. First, we never can have any stronger ground for believing any thing, than that the belief of it “invariably exists.” Whenever any fact or proposition is invariably believed; that is, if I understand Mr. Spencer rightly, believed by all persons, and by one’s self at all times; it is entitled to be received as one of the primitive truths, or original premises of our knowledge. Secondly, the criterion by which we decide whether any thing is invariably believed to be true, is our inability to conceive it as false. “The inconceivability of its negation is the test by which we ascertain whether a given belief invariably exists or not.” “For our primary beliefs, the fact of invariable existence, tested by an abortive effort to cause their non-existence, is the only reason assignable.” He thinks this the sole ground of our belief in our own sensations. If I believe that I feel cold, I only receive this as true because I can not conceive that I am not feeling cold. “While the proposition remains true, the negation of it remains inconceivable.” There are numerous other beliefs which Mr. Spencer considers to rest on the same basis; being chiefly those, or a part of those, which the metaphysicians of the Reid and Stewart school consider as truths of immediate intuition. That there exists a material world; that this is the very world which we directly and immediately perceive, and not merely the hidden cause of our perceptions; that Space, Time, Force, Extension, Figure, are not modes of our consciousness, but objective realities; are regarded by Mr. Spencer as truths known by the inconceivableness of their negatives. We can not, he says, by any effort, conceive these objects of thought as mere states of our mind; as not having an existence external to us. Their real existence is, therefore, as certain as our sensations themselves. The truths which are the subject of direct knowledge, being, according to this doctrine, known to be truths only by the inconceivability of their negation; and the truths which are not the object of direct knowledge, being known as inferences from those which are; and those inferences being believed to follow from the premises, only because we can not conceive them not to follow; inconceivability is thus the ultimate ground of all assured beliefs.

Thus far, there is no very wide difference between Mr. Spencer’s doctrine and the ordinary one of philosophers of the intuitive school, from Descartes to Dr. Whewell; but at this point Mr. Spencer diverges from them. For he does not, like them, set up the test of inconceivability as infallible. On the contrary, he holds that it may be fallacious, not from any fault in the test itself, but because “men have mistaken for inconceivable things, some things which were not inconceivable.” And he himself, in this very book, denies not a few propositions usually regarded as among the most marked examples of truths whose negations are inconceivable. But occasional failure, he says, is incident to all tests. If such failure vitiates “the test of inconceivableness,” it “must similarly vitiate all tests whatever. We consider an inference logically drawn from established premises to be true. Yet in millions of cases men have been wrong in the inferences they have thought thus drawn. Do we therefore argue that it is absurd to consider an inference true on no other ground than that it is logically drawn from established premises? No: we say that though men may have taken for logical inferences, inferences that were not logical, there nevertheless _are_ logical inferences, and that we are justified in assuming the

truth of what seem to us such, until better instructed. Similarly, though men may have thought some things inconceivable which were not so, there may still be inconceivable things; and the inability to conceive the negation of a thing, may still be our best warrant for believing it.... Though occasionally it may prove an imperfect test, yet, as our most certain beliefs are capable of no better, to doubt any one belief because we have no higher guarantee for it, is really to doubt all beliefs." Mr. Spencer's doctrine, therefore, does not erect the curable, but only the incurable limitations of the human conceptive faculty, into laws of the outward universe.

§ 2. The doctrine, that "a belief which is proved by the inconceivableness of its negation to invariably exist, is true," Mr. Spencer enforces by two arguments, one of which may be distinguished as positive, and the other as negative.

The positive argument is, that every such belief represents the aggregate of all past experience. "Conceding the entire truth of" the "position, that during any phase of human progress, the ability or inability to form a specific conception wholly depends on the experiences men have had; and that, by a widening of their experiences, they may, by and by, be enabled to conceive things before inconceivable to them, it may still be argued that as, at any time, the best warrant men can have for a belief is the perfect agreement of all pre-existing experience in support of it, it follows that, at any time, the inconceivableness of its negation is the deepest test any belief admits of.... Objective facts are ever impressing themselves upon us; our experience is a register of these objective facts; and the inconceivableness of a thing implies that it is wholly at variance with the register. Even were this all, it is not clear how, if every truth is primarily inductive, any better test of truth could exist. But it must be remembered that while many of these facts, impressing themselves upon us, are occasional; while others again are very general; some are universal and unchanging. These universal and unchanging facts are, by the hypothesis, certain to establish beliefs of which the negations are inconceivable; while the others are not certain to do this; and if they do, subsequent facts will reverse their action. Hence if, after an immense accumulation of experiences, there remain beliefs of which the negations are still inconceivable, most, if not all of them, must correspond to universal objective facts. If there be ... certain absolute uniformities in nature; if these uniformities produce, as they must, absolute uniformities in our experience; and if ... these absolute uniformities in our experience disable us from conceiving the negations of them; then answering to each absolute uniformity in nature which we can cognize, there must exist in us a belief of which the negation is inconceivable, and which is absolutely true. In this wide range of cases subjective inconceivableness must correspond to objective impossibility. Further experience will produce correspondence where it may not yet exist; and we may expect the correspondence to become ultimately complete. In nearly all cases this test of inconceivableness must be valid now" (I wish I could think we were so nearly arrived at omniscience); "and where it is not, it still expresses the net result of our experience up to the present time; which is the most that any test can do."

To this I answer, first, that it is by no means true that the inconceivability, by us, of the negative of a proposition proves all, or even any, "pre-existing experience" to be in favor of the affirmative. There may have been no such pre-existing experiences, but only a mistaken supposition of experience. How did the inconceivability of antipodes prove that experience had given any testimony against their possibility? How did the incapacity men felt of conceiving sunset otherwise than as a motion of the sun, represent any "net result" of experience in support of its being the sun and not the earth that moves? It is not experience that is represented, it is only a superficial semblance of experience. The only thing proved with regard to real experience, is the negative fact, that men have _not had_ it of the kind which would have made the inconceivable proposition conceivable.

Next: Even if it were true that inconceivableness represents the net result of all past experience, why should we stop at the representative when we can get at the thing represented? If our incapacity to conceive the negation of a given supposition is proof of its truth, because proving that our experience has hitherto been uniform in its favor, the real evidence for the supposition is not the inconceivableness, but the uniformity of experience. Now this, which is the substantial and only proof, is directly accessible. We are not obliged to presume it from an incidental consequence. If all past experience is in favor of a belief, let this be stated, and the belief openly rested on that ground: after which the question arises, what that fact may be worth as evidence of its truth? For uniformity of experience is evidence in very different degrees: in some cases it is strong evidence, in others weak, in others it scarcely amounts to evidence at all. That all metals sink in water, was a uniform experience, from the origin of the human race to the discovery of potassium in the present century by Sir Humphry Davy. That all swans are white, was a uniform experience down to the discovery of Australia. In the few cases in which uniformity of experience does amount to the strongest possible proof, as with such propositions as these, Two straight lines can not inclose a space, Every event has a cause, it is not because their negations are inconceivable, which is not always the fact; but because the experience, which has been thus uniform, pervades all nature. It will be shown in the following Book that none of the conclusions either of induction or of deduction can be considered certain, except as far as their truth is shown to be inseparably bound up with truths of this class.

I maintain then, first, that uniformity of past experience is very far from being universally a criterion of truth. But secondly, inconceivableness is still further from being a test even of that test. Uniformity of contrary experience is only one of many causes of inconceivability. Tradition handed down from a period of more limited knowledge, is one of the commonest. The mere familiarity of one mode of production of a phenomenon often suffices to make every other mode appear inconceivable. Whatever connects two ideas by a strong association may, and continually does, render their separation in thought impossible; as Mr. Spencer, in other parts of his speculations, frequently recognizes. It was not for want of experience that the Cartesians were unable to conceive that one body could produce motion in another without contact. They had as much experience of other modes of producing motion as they had of that mode. The planets had revolved, and heavy bodies had fallen, every hour of their lives. But they fancied these phenomena to be produced by a hidden machinery which they did not see, because without it they were unable to conceive what they did see. The inconceivableness, instead of representing their experience, dominated and overrode their experience. Without dwelling further on what I have termed the positive argument of Mr. Spencer in support of his criterion of truth, I pass to his negative argument, on which he lays more stress.

§ 3. The negative argument is, that, whether inconceivability be good evidence or bad, no stronger evidence is to be obtained. That what is inconceivable can not be true, is postulated in every act of thought. It is the foundation of all our original premises. Still more it is assumed in all conclusions from those premises. The invariability of belief, tested by the inconceivableness of its negation, “is our sole warrant for every demonstration. Logic is simply a systematization of the process by which we indirectly obtain this warrant for beliefs that do not directly possess it. To gain the strongest conviction possible respecting any complex fact, we either analytically descend from it by successive steps, each of which we unconsciously test by the inconceivableness of its negation, until we reach some axiom or truth which we have similarly tested; or we synthetically ascend from such axiom or truth by such steps. In either case we connect some isolated belief, with a belief which invariably exists, by a series of intermediate beliefs which invariably exist.” The following passage sums up the theory: “When we perceive that the negation of the belief is inconceivable, we have all possible warrant for asserting the invariability of its existence: and in asserting this, we express alike our logical justification of it, and the inexorable necessity we are under of holding it.... We have seen that this is the assumption on which every conclusion whatever ultimately rests. We have no other guarantee for the reality of consciousness, of sensations, of personal existence; we have no other guarantee for any axiom; we have no other guarantee for any step in a demonstration. Hence, as being taken for granted in every act of the understanding, it must be regarded as the Universal Postulate.” But as this postulate, which we are under an “inexorable necessity” of holding true, is sometimes false; as “beliefs that once were shown by the inconceivableness of their negations to invariably exist, have since been found untrue,” and as “beliefs that now possess this character may some day share the same fate;” the canon of belief laid down by Mr. Spencer is, that “the most certain conclusion” is that “which involves the postulate the fewest times.” Reasoning, therefore, never ought to prevail against one of the immediate beliefs (the belief in Matter, in the outward reality of Extension, Space, and the like), because each of these involves the postulate only once; while an argument, besides involving it in the premises, involves it again in every step of the ratiocination, no one of the successive acts of inference being recognized as valid except because we can not conceive the conclusion not to follow from the premises.

It will be convenient to take the last part of this argument first. In every reasoning, according to Mr. Spencer, the assumption of the postulate is renewed at every step. At each inference we judge that the conclusion follows from the premises, our sole warrant for that judgment being that we can not conceive it not to follow. Consequently if the postulate is fallible, the conclusions of reasoning are more vitiated by that uncertainty than direct intuitions; and the disproportion is greater, the more numerous the steps of the argument.

To test this doctrine, let us first suppose an argument consisting only of a single step, which would be represented by one syllogism. This argument does rest on an assumption, and we have seen in the preceding chapters what the assumption is. It is, that whatever has a mark, has what it is a mark of. The evidence of this axiom I shall not consider at present;(92) let us suppose it (with Mr. Spencer) to be the inconceivableness of its reverse.

Let us now add a second step to the argument: we require, what? Another assumption? No: the same assumption a second time; and so on to a third, and a fourth. I confess I do not see how, on Mr. Spencer’s own principles, the repetition of the assumption at all weakens the force of the argument. If it were necessary the second time to assume some other axiom, the argument would no doubt be weakened, since it would be necessary to its validity that both axioms should be true, and it might happen that one was true and not the other: making two chances of error instead of one. But since it is the _same_ axiom, if it is true once it is true every time; and if the argument, being of a hundred links, assumed the axiom a hundred times, these hundred assumptions would make but one chance of error among them all. It is satisfactory that we are not obliged to suppose the deductions of pure mathematics to

be among the most uncertain of argumentative processes, which on Mr. Spencer's theory they could hardly fail to be, since they are the longest. But the number of steps in an argument does not subtract from its reliableness, if no new _premises_, of an uncertain character, are taken up by the way.(93)

To speak next of the premises. Our assurance of their truth, whether they be generalities or individual facts, is grounded, in Mr. Spencer's opinion, on the inconceivableness of their being false. It is necessary to advert to a double meaning of the word inconceivable, which Mr. Spencer is aware of, and would sincerely disclaim founding an argument upon, but from which his case derives no little advantage notwithstanding. By inconceivableness is sometimes meant, inability to form or get rid of an _idea_; sometimes, inability to form or get rid of a _belief_. The former meaning is the most conformable to the analogy of language; for a conception always means an idea, and never a belief. The wrong meaning of "inconceivable" is, however, fully as frequent in philosophical discussion as the right meaning, and the intuitive school of metaphysicians could not well do without either. To illustrate the difference, we will take two contrasted examples. The early physical speculators considered antipodes incredible, because inconceivable. But antipodes were not inconceivable in the primitive sense of the word. An idea of them could be formed without difficulty: they could be completely pictured to the mental eye. What was difficult, and, as it then seemed, impossible, was to apprehend them as believable. The idea could be put together, of men sticking on by their feet to the under side of the earth; but the belief _would_ follow, that they must fall off. Antipodes were not unimaginable, but they were unbelievable.

On the other hand, when I endeavor to conceive an end to extension, the two ideas refuse to come together. When I attempt to form a conception of the last point of space, I can not help figuring to myself a vast space beyond that last point. The combination is, under the conditions of our experience, unimaginable. This double meaning of inconceivable it is very important to bear in mind, for the argument from inconceivableness almost always turns on the alternate substitution of each of those meanings for the other.

In which of these two senses does Mr. Spencer employ the term, when he makes it a test of the truth of a proposition that its negation is inconceivable? Until Mr. Spencer expressly stated the contrary, I inferred from the course of his argument, that he meant unbelievable. He has, however, in a paper published in the fifth number of the _Fortnightly Review_, disclaimed this meaning, and declared that by an inconceivable proposition he means, now and always, "one of which the terms can not, by any effort, be brought before consciousness in that relation which the proposition asserts between them—a proposition of which the subject and predicate offer an insurmountable resistance to union in thought." We now, therefore, know positively that Mr. Spencer always endeavors to use the word inconceivable in this, its proper, sense: but it may yet be questioned whether his endeavor is always successful; whether the other, and popular use of the word, does not sometimes creep in with its associations, and prevent him from maintaining a clear separation between the two. When, for example, he says, that when I feel cold, I can not conceive that I am not feeling cold, this expression can not be translated into "I can not conceive myself not feeling cold," for it is evident that I can: the word conceive, therefore, is here used to express the recognition of a matter of fact—the perception of truth or falsehood; which I apprehend to be exactly the meaning of an act of belief, as distinguished from simple conception. Again, Mr. Spencer calls the attempt to conceive something which is inconceivable "an abortive effort to cause the non-existence," not of a conception or mental representation, but of a belief. There is need, therefore, to revise a considerable part of Mr. Spencer's language, if it is to be kept always consistent with his definition of inconceivability. But in truth the point is of little importance; since inconceivability, in Mr. Spencer's theory, is only a test of truth, inasmuch as it is a test of believability. The inconceivableness of a supposition is the extreme case of its unbelievability. This is the very foundation of Mr. Spencer's doctrine. The invariability of the belief is with him the real guarantee. The attempt to conceive the negative is made in order to test the inevitableness of the belief. It should be called, an attempt to _believe_ the negative. When Mr. Spencer says that while looking at the sun a man can not conceive that he is looking into darkness, he should have said that a man can not _believe_ that he is doing so. For it is surely possible, in broad daylight, to _imagine_ one's self looking into darkness.(94) As Mr. Spencer himself says, speaking of the belief of our own existence, "That he _might_ not exist, he can conceive well enough; but that he _does_ not exist, he finds it impossible to conceive," _i.e._, to believe. So that the statement resolves itself into this: That I exist, and that I have sensations, I believe, because I can not believe otherwise. And in this case every one will admit that the impossibility is real. Any one's present sensations, or other states of subjective consciousness, that one person inevitably believes. They are facts known _per se_: it is impossible to ascend beyond them. Their negative is really unbelievable, and therefore there is never any question about believing it. Mr. Spencer's theory is not needed for these truths.

But according to Mr. Spencer there are other beliefs, relating to other things than our own subjective feelings, for which we have the same guarantee—which are, in a similar manner, invariable and necessary. With regard to these other beliefs, they can not be necessary, since they do not always exist. There have been, and are, many persons who do not believe the reality of an external

world, still less the reality of extension and figure as the forms of that external world; who do not believe that space and time have an existence independent of the mind—nor any other of Mr. Spencer's objective intuitions. The negations of these alleged invariable beliefs are not unbelievable, for they are believed. It may be maintained, without obvious error, that we can not _imagine_ tangible objects as mere states of our own and other people's consciousness; that the perception of them irresistibly suggests to us the _idea_ of something external to ourselves: and I am not in a condition to say that this is not the fact (though I do not think any one is entitled to affirm it of any person besides himself). But many thinkers have believed, whether they could conceive it or not, that what we represent to ourselves as material objects, are mere modifications of consciousness; complex feelings of touch and of muscular action. Mr. Spencer may think the inference correct from the unimaginable to the unbelievable, because he holds that belief itself is but the persistence of an idea, and that what we can succeed in imagining we can not at the moment help apprehending as believable. But of what consequence is it what we apprehend at the moment, if the moment is in contradiction to the permanent state of our mind? A person who has been frightened when an infant by stories of ghosts, though he disbelieves them in after years (and perhaps never believed them), may be unable all his life to be in a dark place, in circumstances stimulating to the imagination, without mental discomposure. The idea of ghosts, with all its attendant terrors, is irresistibly called up in his mind by the outward circumstances. Mr. Spencer may say, that while he is under the influence of this terror he does not disbelieve in ghosts, but has a temporary and uncontrollable belief in them. Be it so; but allowing it to be so, which would it be truest to say of this man on the whole—that he believes in ghosts, or that he does not believe in them? Assuredly that he does not believe in them. The case is similar with those who disbelieve a material world. Though they can not get rid of the idea; though while looking at a solid object they can not help having the conception, and therefore, according to Mr. Spencer's metaphysics, the momentary belief, of its externality; even at that moment they would sincerely deny holding that belief: and it would be incorrect to call them other than disbelievers of the doctrine. The belief therefore is not invariable; and the test of inconceivableness fails in the only cases to which there could ever be any occasion to apply it.

That a thing may be perfectly believable, and yet may not have become conceivable, and that we may habitually believe one side of an alternative, and conceive only in the other, is familiarly exemplified in the state of mind of educated persons respecting sunrise and sunset. All educated persons either know by investigation, or believe on the authority of science, that it is the earth and not the sun which moves: but there are probably few who habitually _conceive_ the phenomenon otherwise than as the ascent or descent of the sun. Assuredly no one can do so without a prolonged trial; and it is probably not easier now than in the first generation after Copernicus. Mr. Spencer does not say, "In looking at sunrise it is impossible not to conceive that it is the sun which moves, therefore this is what every body believes, and we have all the evidence for it that we can have for any truth." Yet this would be an exact parallel to his doctrine about the belief in matter.

The existence of matter, and other Noumena, as distinguished from the phenomenal world, remains a question of argument, as it was before; and the very general, but neither necessary nor universal, belief in them, stands as a psychological phenomenon to be explained, either on the hypothesis of its truth, or on some other. The belief is not a conclusive proof of its own truth, unless there are no such things as _idola tribûs_; but being a fact, it calls on antagonists to show, from what except the real existence of the thing believed, so general and apparently spontaneous a belief can have originated. And its opponents have never hesitated to accept this challenge.(95) The amount of their success in meeting it will probably determine the ultimate verdict of philosophers on the question.

§ 4. In the revision, or rather reconstruction, of his "Principles of Psychology," as one of the stages or platforms in the imposing structure of his System of Philosophy, Mr. Spencer has resumed what he justly terms(96) the "amicable controversy that has been long pending between us;" expressing at the same time a regret, which I cordially share, that "this lengthened exposition of a single point of difference, unaccompanied by an exposition of the numerous points of concurrence, unavoidably produces an appearance of dissent very far greater than that which exists." I believe, with Mr. Spencer, that the difference between us, if measured by our conclusions, is "superficial rather than substantial;" and the value I attach to so great an amount of agreement, in the field of analytic psychology, with a thinker of his force and depth, is such as I can hardly overstate. But I also agree with him that the difference which exists in our premises is one of "profound importance, philosophically considered;" and not to be dismissed while any part of the case of either of us has not been fully examined and discussed.

In his present statement of the Universal Postulate, Mr. Spencer has exchanged his former expression, "beliefs which invariably exist," for the following: "cognitions of which the predicates invariably exist along with their subjects." And he says that "an abortive effort to conceive the negation of a proposition, shows that the cognition expressed is one of which the predicate invariably exists along with its subject; and the discovery that the predicate invariably exists along with its subject, is the discovery that this cognition

is one we are compelled to accept." Both these premises of Mr. Spencer's syllogism I am able to assent to, but in different senses of the middle term. If the invariable existence of the predicate along with its subject, is to be understood in the most obvious meaning, as an existence in actual Nature, or in other words, in our objective, or sensational, experience, I of course admit that this, once ascertained, compels us to accept the proposition: but then I do not admit that the failure of an attempt to conceive the negative, proves the predicate to be always co-existent with the subject in actual Nature. If, on the other hand (which I believe to be Mr. Spencer's meaning) the invariable existence of the predicate along with the subject is to be understood only of our conceptive faculty, _i.e._, that the one is inseparable from the other in our thoughts; then, indeed, the inability to separate the two ideas proves their inseparable conjunction, here and now, in the mind which has failed in the attempt; but this inseparability in thought does not prove a corresponding inseparability in fact; nor even in the thoughts of other people, or of the same person in a possible future.

"That some propositions have been wrongly accepted as true, because their negations were supposed inconceivable when they were not," does not, in Mr. Spencer's opinion, "disprove the validity of the test;" not only because any test whatever "is liable to yield untrue results, either from incapacity or from carelessness in those who use it," but because the propositions in question "were complex propositions, not to be established by a test applicable to propositions no further decomposable." "A test legitimately applicable to a simple proposition, the subject and predicate of which are in direct relation, can not be legitimately applied to a complex proposition, the subject and predicate of which are indirectly related through the many simple propositions implied." "That things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another, is a fact which can be known by direct comparison of actual or ideal relations.... But that the square of the hypothenuse of a right-angled triangle equals the sum of the squares of the other two sides, can not be known immediately by comparison of two states of consciousness: here the truth can be reached only mediately, through a series of simple judgments respecting the likenesses or unlikenesses of certain relations." Moreover, even when the proposition admits of being tested by immediate consciousness, people often neglect to do it. A school-boy, in adding up a column of figures, will say "35 and 9 are 46," though this is contrary to the verdict which consciousness gives when 35 and 9 are really called up before it; but this is not done. And not only school-boys, but men and thinkers, do not always "distinctly translate into their equivalent states of consciousness the words they use."

It is but just to give Mr. Spencer's doctrine the benefit of the limitation he claims—viz., that it is only applicable to propositions which are assented to on simple inspection, without any intervening media of proof. But this limitation does not exclude some of the most marked instances of propositions now known to be false or groundless, but whose negative was once found inconceivable: such as, that in sunrise and sunset it is the sun which moves; that gravitation may exist without an intervening medium; and even the case of antipodes. The distinction drawn by Mr. Spencer is real; but, in the case of the propositions classed by him as complex, consciousness, until the media of proof are supplied, gives no verdict at all: it neither declares the equality of the square of the hypothenuse with the sum of the squares of the sides to be inconceivable, nor their inequality to be inconceivable. But in all the three cases which I have just cited, the inconceivability seems to be apprehended directly; no train of argument was needed, as in the case of the square of the hypothenuse, to obtain the verdict of consciousness on the point. Neither is any of the three a case like that of the school-boy's mistake, in which the mind was never really brought into contact with the proposition. They are cases in which one of two opposite predicates, _mero adspectu_, seemed to be incompatible with the subject, and the other, therefore, to be proved always to exist with it.(97)

As now limited by Mr. Spencer, the ultimate cognitions fit to be submitted to his test are only those of so universal and elementary a character as to be represented in the earliest and most unvarying experience, or apparent experience, of all mankind. In such cases the inconceivability of the negative, if real, is accounted for by the experience: and why (I have asked) should the truth be tested by the inconceivability, when we can go further back for proof—namely, to the experience itself? To this Mr. Spencer answers, that the experiences can not be all recalled to mind, and if recalled, would be of unmanageable multitude. To test a proposition by experience seems to him to mean that "before accepting as certain the proposition that any rectilineal figure must have as many angles as it has sides," I have "to think of every triangle, square, pentagon, hexagon, etc., which I have ever seen, and to verify the asserted relation in each case." I can only say, with surprise, that I do not understand this to be the meaning of an appeal to experience. It is enough to know that one has been seeing the fact all one's life, and has never remarked any instance to the contrary, and that other people, with every opportunity of observation, unanimously declare the same thing. It is true, even this experience may be insufficient, and so it might be even if I could recall to mind every instance of it; but its insufficiency, instead of being brought to light, is disguised, if instead of sifting the experience itself, I appeal to a test which bears no relation to the sufficiency of the experience, but, at the most, only to its familiarity. These remarks do not lose their force even if we believe, with Mr. Spencer, that mental tendencies originally derived from experience impress themselves permanently on the cerebral structure and are transmitted by inheritance, so that modes of thinking which are acquired by the race become innate and _a priori_ in the

individual, thus representing, in Mr. Spencer's opinion, the experience of his progenitors, in addition to his own. All that would follow from this is, that a conviction might be really innate, _i.e._, prior to individual experience, and yet not be true, since the inherited tendency to accept it may have been originally the result of other causes than its truth.

Mr. Spencer would have a much stronger case, if he could really show that the evidence of Reasoning rests on the Postulate, or, in other words, that we believe that a conclusion follows from premises only because we can not conceive it not to follow. But this statement seems to me to be of the same kind as one I have previously commented on, viz., that I believe I see light, because I can not, while the sensation remains, conceive that I am looking into darkness. Both these statements seem to me incompatible with the meaning (as very rightly limited by Mr. Spencer) of the verb to conceive. To say that when I apprehend that A is B and that B is C, I can not conceive that A is not C, is to my mind merely to say that I am compelled to _believe_ that A is C. If to conceive be taken in its proper meaning, viz., to form a mental representation, I _may_ be able to conceive A as not being C. After assenting, with full understanding, to the Copernican proof that it is the earth and not the sun that moves, I not only can conceive, or represent to myself, sunset as a motion of the sun, but almost every one finds this conception of sunset easier to form, than that which they nevertheless know to be the true one.

§ 5. Sir William Hamilton holds as I do, that inconceivability is no criterion of impossibility. "There is no ground for inferring a certain fact to be impossible, merely from our inability to conceive its possibility." "Things there are which _may_, nay _must_, be true, of which the understanding is wholly unable to construe to itself the possibility."(98) Sir William Hamilton is, however, a firm believer in the _a priori_ character of many axioms, and of the sciences deduced from them; and is so far from considering those axioms to rest on the evidence of experience, that he declares certain of them to be true even of Noumena—of the Unconditioned—of which it is one of the principal aims of his philosophy to pro

Release date: May 12, 2008 [eBook #25447] Most recently updated: May 5, 2012

Language: English

Other information and formats: www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/25447

Credits: Produced by Jeannie Howse, Adrian Mastronardi and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team at http://www.pgdp.net (This file was produced from images generously made available by The Internet Archive/Canadian Libraries)

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK MYSTICISM AND LOGIC AND OTHER ESSAYS ***

Produced by Jeannie Howse, Adrian Mastronardi and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team at http://www.pgdp.net (This file was produced from images generously made available by The Internet Archive/Canadian Libraries)

* * * * *

+----------+ | Transcriber's Note: | | | | Inconsistent hyphenation in the original document has | | been preserved. | | | | Mathematical equations and variables are marked with | | [Math:] to reduce confusion between underscores used for | | italics and underscores used to indicate subscripts. | | Subscripts are indicated with underscores, with the | | subscripted character marked with {}'s, i.e.: x_{t} | | | | Greek letters have been transliterated and marked with | | []'s, i.e.: [alpha] | | | | Obvious typographical errors have been corrected. For | | a complete list, please see the end of this document. | | | +----------+

* * * * *

BERTRAND RUSSELL

MYSTICISM AND LOGIC

AND OTHER ESSAYS

LONDON GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN LTD RUSKIN HOUSE MUSEUM STREET

MYSTICISM AND LOGIC AND OTHER ESSAYS

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

The ABC of Relativity _The Analysis of Matter_ _Human Society in Ethics and Politics_ _The Impact of Science on Society_ _New Hopes for a Changing World_ _Authority and the Individual_ _Human Knowledge_ _History of Western Philosophy_ _The Principles of Mathematics_ _Introduction to Mathematical Philosophy_ _The Analysis of Mind_ _Our Knowledge of the External World_ _An Outline of Philosophy_ _The Philosophy of Leibniz_ _An Inquiry into Meaning and Truth_ _Logic and Knowledge_ _The Problems of Philosophy_ _Principia Mathematica_

Common Sense and Nuclear Warfare _Why I am Not a Christian_ _Portraits from Memory_ _My Philosophical Development_ _Unpopular Essays_ _Power_ _In Praise of Idleness_ _The Conquest of Happiness_ _Sceptical Essays_ _The Scientific Outlook_ _Marriage and Morals_ _Education and the Social Order_ _On Education_

Freedom and Organization _Principles of Social Reconstruction_ _Roads to Freedom_ _Practice and Theory of Bolshevism_

Satan in The Suburbs _Nightmares of Eminent Persons_

First published as "Philosophical Essays" _October 1910_ _Second Edition as "Mysticism and Logic"_ _December 1917_ _Third Impression_ _April 1918_ _Fourth Impression_ _February 1919_ _Fifth Impression_ _October 1921_ _Sixth Impression_ _August 1925_ _Seventh Impression_ _January 1932_ _Eighth Impression_ _1949_ _Ninth Impression_ _1950_ _Tenth Impression_ _1951_ _Eleventh Impression_ _1959_

This book is copyright under the Berne Convention. Apart from any fair dealing for the purpose of private study, research, criticism or review, as permitted under the Copyright Act, 1956, no portion may be reproduced by any process without written permission. Enquiry should be made to the publisher.

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN _by Taylor Garnett Evans & Co. Ltd., Watford, Herts._

PREFACE

The following essays have been written and published at various times, and my thanks are due to the previous publishers for the permission to reprint them.

The essay on "Mysticism and Logic" appeared in the _Hibbert Journal_ for July, 1914. "The Place of Science in a Liberal Education" appeared in two numbers of _The New Statesman_, May 24 and 31, 1913. "The Free Man's Worship" and "The Study of Mathematics" were included in a former collection (now out of print), _Philosophical Essays_, also published by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. Both were written in 1902; the first appeared originally in the _Independent Review_ for 1903, the second in the _New Quarterly_, November, 1907. In theoretical Ethics, the position advocated in "The Free Man's Worship" is not quite identical with that which I hold now: I feel less convinced than I did then of the objectivity of good and evil. But the general attitude towards life which is suggested in that essay still seems to me, in the main, the one which must be adopted in times of stress and difficulty by those who have no dogmatic religious beliefs, if inward defeat is to be avoided.

The essay on "Mathematics and the Metaphysicians" was written in 1901, and appeared in an American magazine, _The International Monthly_, under the title "Recent Work in the Philosophy of Mathematics." Some points in this essay require modification in view of later work. These are indicated in footnotes. Its tone is partly explained by the fact that the editor begged me to make the article "as romantic as possible."

All the above essays are entirely popular, but those that follow are somewhat more technical. "On Scientific Method in Philosophy" was the Herbert Spencer lecture at Oxford in 1914, and was published by the Clarendon Press, which has kindly allowed me to include it in this collection. "The Ultimate Constituents of Matter" was an address to the Manchester Philosophical Society, early in 1915, and was published in the _Monist_ in July of that year. The essay on "The Relation of Sense-data to Physics" was written in January, 1914, and first appeared in No. 4 of that year's volume of _Scientia_, an International Review of Scientific Synthesis, edited by M. Eugenio Rignano, published monthly by Messrs. Williams and Norgate, London, Nicola Zanichelli, Bologna, and Félix Alcan, Paris. The essay "On the Notion of Cause" was the presidential address to the Aristotelian Society in November, 1912, and was published in their _Proceedings_ for 1912-13. "Knowledge by Acquaintance and Knowledge by Description" was also a paper read before the Aristotelian Society, and published in their _Proceedings_ for 1910-11.

LONDON, _September, 1917_

CONTENTS

Chapter _Page_

I. _Mysticism and Logic_ 1

II. _The Place of Science in a Liberal Education_ 33

III. _A Free Man's Worship_ 46

IV. _The Study of Mathematics_ 58

V. _Mathematics and the Metaphysicians_ 74

VI. _On Scientific Method in Philosophy_ 97

VII. _The Ultimate Constituents of Matter_ 125

VIII. _The Relation of Sense-data to Physics_ 145

IX. _On the Notion of Cause_ 180

X. _Knowledge by Acquaintance and Knowledge by Description_ 209

MYSTICISM AND LOGIC AND OTHER ESSAYS

I

MYSTICISM AND LOGIC

Metaphysics, or the attempt to conceive the world as a whole by means of thought, has been developed, from the first, by the union and conflict of two very different human impulses, the one urging men towards mysticism, the other urging them towards science. Some men have achieved greatness through one of these impulses alone, others through the other alone: in Hume, for example, the scientific impulse reigns quite unchecked, while in Blake a strong hostility to science co-exists with profound mystic insight. But the greatest men who have been philosophers have felt the need both of science and of mysticism: the attempt to harmonise the two was what made their life, and what always must, for all its arduous uncertainty, make philosophy, to some minds, a greater thing than either science or religion.

Before attempting an explicit characterisation of the scientific and the mystical impulses, I will illustrate them by examples from two philosophers whose greatness lies in the very intimate blending which they achieved. The two philosophers I mean are Heraclitus and Plato.

Heraclitus, as every one knows, was a believer in universal flux: time builds and destroys all things. From the few fragments that remain, it is not easy to discover how he arrived at his opinions, but there are some sayings that strongly suggest scientific observation as the source.

"The things that can be seen, heard, and learned," he says, "are what I prize the most." This is the language of the empiricist, to whom observation is the sole guarantee of truth. "The sun is new every day," is another fragment; and this opinion, in spite of its paradoxical character, is obviously inspired by scientific reflection, and no doubt seemed to him to obviate the difficulty of understanding how the sun can work its way underground from west to east during the night. Actual observation must also have suggested to him his central doctrine, that Fire is the one permanent substance, of which all visible things are passing phases. In combustion we see things change utterly, while their flame and heat rise up into the air and vanish.

"This world, which is the same for all," he says, "no one of gods or men has made; but it was ever, is now, and ever shall be, an ever-living Fire, with measures kindling, and measures going out."

"The transformations of Fire are, first of all, sea; and half of the sea is earth, half whirlwind."

This theory, though no longer one which science can accept, is nevertheless scientific in spirit. Science, too, might have inspired the famous saying to which Plato alludes: "You cannot step twice into the same rivers; for fresh waters are ever flowing in upon you." But we find also another statement among the extant fragments: "We step and do not step into the same rivers; we are and are not."

The comparison of this statement, which is mystical, with the one quoted by Plato, which is scientific, shows how intimately the two tendencies are blended in the system of Heraclitus. Mysticism is, in essence, little more than a certain intensity and depth of feeling in regard to what is believed about the universe; and this kind of feeling leads Heraclitus, on the basis of his science, to strangely poignant sayings concerning life and the world, such as:

"Time is a child playing draughts, the kingly power is a child's."

It is poetic imagination, not science, which presents Time as despotic lord of the world, with all the irresponsible frivolity of a child. It is mysticism, too, which leads Heraclitus to assert the identity of opposites: "Good and ill are one," he says; and again: "To God all things are fair and good and right, but men hold some things wrong and some right."

Much of mysticism underlies the ethics of Heraclitus. It is true that a scientific determinism alone might have inspired the statement: "Man's character is his fate"; but only a mystic would have said:

"Every beast is driven to the pasture with blows"; and again:

"It is hard to fight with one's heart's desire. Whatever it wishes to get, it purchases at the cost of soul"; and again:

"Wisdom is one thing. It is to know the thought by which all things are steered through all things."[1]

Examples might be multiplied, but those that have been given are enough to show the character of the man: the facts of science, as they appeared to him, fed the flame in his soul, and in its light he saw into the depths of the world by the reflection of his own dancing swiftly penetrating fire. In such a nature we see the true union of the mystic and the man of science--the highest eminence, as I think, that it is possible to achieve in the world of thought.

In Plato, the same twofold impulse exists, though the mystic impulse is distinctly the stronger of the two, and secures ultimate victory whenever the conflict is sharp. His description of the cave is the classical statement of belief in a knowledge and reality truer and more real than that of the senses:

"Imagine[2] a number of men living in an underground cavernous chamber, with an entrance open to the light, extending along the entire length of the cavern, in which they have been confined, from their childhood, with their legs and necks so shackled that they are obliged to sit still and look straight forwards, because their chains render it impossible for them to turn their heads round: and imagine a bright fire burning some way off, above and behind them, and an elevated roadway passing between the fire and the prisoners, with a low wall built along it, like the screens which conjurors put up in front of their audience, and above which they exhibit their wonders.

I have it, he replied.

Also figure to yourself a number of persons walking behind this wall, and carrying with them statues of men, and images of other animals, wrought in wood and stone and all kinds of materials, together with various other articles, which overtop the wall; and, as you might expect, let some of the passers-by be talking, and others silent.

You are describing a strange scene, and strange prisoners.

They resemble us, I replied.

Now consider what would happen if the course of nature brought them a release from their fetters, and a remedy for their foolishness, in the following manner. Let us suppose that one of them has been released, and compelled suddenly to stand up, and turn his neck round and walk with open eyes towards the light; and let us suppose that he goes through all these actions with pain, and that the dazzling splendour renders him incapable of discerning those objects of which he used formerly to see the shadows. What answer should you expect him to make, if some one were to tell him that in those days he was watching foolish phantoms, but that now he is somewhat nearer to reality, and is turned towards things more real, and sees more correctly; above all, if he were to point out to him the several objects that are passing by, and question him, and compel him to answer what they are? Should you

not expect him to be puzzled, and to regard his old visions as truer than the objects now forced upon his notice?

Yes, much truer....

Hence, I suppose, habit will be necessary to enable him to perceive objects in that upper world. At first he will be most successful in distinguishing shadows; then he will discern the reflections of men and other things in water, and afterwards the realities; and after this he will raise his eyes to encounter the light of the moon and stars, finding it less difficult to study the heavenly bodies and the heaven itself by night, than the sun and the sun's light by day.

Doubtless.

Last of all, I imagine, he will be able to observe and contemplate the nature of the sun, not as it _appears_ in water or on alien ground, but as it is in itself in its own territory.

Of course.

His next step will be to draw the conclusion, that the sun is the author of the seasons and the years, and the guardian of all things in the visible world, and in a manner the cause of all those things which he and his companions used to see.

Obviously, this will be his next step....

Now this imaginary case, my dear Glancon, you must apply in all its parts to our former statements, by comparing the region which the eye reveals to the prison house, and the light of the fire therein to the power of the sun: and if, by the upward ascent and the contemplation of the upper world, you understand the mounting of the soul into the intellectual region, you will hit the tendency of my own surmises, since you desire to be told what they are; though, indeed, God only knows whether they are correct. But, be that as it may, the view which I take of the subject is to the following effect. In the world of knowledge, the essential Form of Good is the limit of our enquiries, and can barely be perceived; but, when perceived, we cannot help concluding that it is in every case the source of all that is bright and beautiful,--in the visible world giving birth to light and its master, and in the intellectual world dispensing, immediately and with full authority, truth and reason;--and that whosoever would act wisely, either in private or in public, must set this Form of Good before his eyes."

But in this passage, as throughout most of Plato's teaching, there is an identification of the good with the truly real, which became embodied in the philosophical tradition, and is still largely operative in our own day. In thus allowing a legislative function to the good, Plato produced a divorce between philosophy and science, from which, in my opinion, both have suffered ever since and are still suffering. The man of science, whatever his hopes may be, must lay them aside while he studies nature; and the philosopher, if he is to achieve truth, must do the same. Ethical considerations can only legitimately appear when the truth has been ascertained: they can and should appear as determining our feeling towards the truth, and our manner of ordering our lives in view of the truth, but not as themselves dictating what the truth is to be.

There are passages in Plato--among those which illustrate the scientific side of his mind--where he seems clearly aware of this. The most noteworthy is the one in which Socrates, as a young man, is explaining the theory of ideas to Parmenides.

After Socrates has explained that there is an idea of the good, but not of such things as hair and mud and dirt, Parmenides advises him "not to despise even the meanest things," and this advice shows the genuine scientific temper. It is with this impartial temper that the mystic's apparent insight into a higher reality and a hidden good has to be combined if philosophy is to realise its greatest possibilities. And it is failure in this respect that has made so much of idealistic philosophy thin, lifeless, and insubstantial. It is only in marriage with the world that our ideals can bear fruit: divorced from it, they remain barren. But marriage with the world is not to be achieved by an ideal which shrinks from fact, or demands in advance that the world shall conform to its desires.

Parmenides himself is the source of a peculiarly interesting strain of mysticism which pervades Plato's thought--the mysticism which may be called "logical" because it is embodied in theories on logic. This form of mysticism, which appears, so far as the West is concerned, to have originated with Parmenides, dominates the reasonings of all the great mystical metaphysicians from his day to that of Hegel and his modern disciples. Reality, he says, is uncreated, indestructible, unchanging, indivisible; it is "immovable in the bonds of mighty chains, without beginning and without end; since coming into being and passing away have been driven afar, and true belief has cast them away." The fundamental principle of his inquiry is stated in a sentence which would not be out of place in Hegel: "Thou canst not know what is not--that is impossible--nor utter it; for it is the same thing that can be thought and that can be." And again: "It needs must be that what can be thought and spoken of is; for it is possible for it to be, and it is not possible

for what is nothing to be." The impossibility of change follows from this principle; for what is past can be spoken of, and therefore, by the principle, still is.

Mystical philosophy, in all ages and in all parts of the world, is characterised by certain beliefs which are illustrated by the doctrines we have been considering.

There is, first, the belief in insight as against discursive analytic knowledge: the belief in a way of wisdom, sudden, penetrating, coercive, which is contrasted with the slow and fallible study of outward appearance by a science relying wholly upon the senses. All who are capable of absorption in an inward passion must have experienced at times the strange feeling of unreality in common objects, the loss of contact with daily things, in which the solidity of the outer world is lost, and the soul seems, in utter loneliness, to bring forth, out of its own depths, the mad dance of fantastic phantoms which have hitherto appeared as independently real and living. This is the negative side of the mystic's initiation: the doubt concerning common knowledge, preparing the way for the reception of what seems a higher wisdom. Many men to whom this negative experience is familiar do not pass beyond it, but for the mystic it is merely the gateway to an ampler world.

The mystic insight begins with the sense of a mystery unveiled, of a hidden wisdom now suddenly become certain beyond the possibility of a doubt. The sense of certainty and revelation comes earlier than any definite belief. The definite beliefs at which mystics arrive are the result of reflection upon the inarticulate experience gained in the moment of insight. Often, beliefs which have no real connection with this moment become subsequently attracted into the central nucleus; thus in addition to the convictions which all mystics share, we find, in many of them, other convictions of a more local and temporary character, which no doubt become amalgamated with what was essentially mystical in virtue of their subjective certainty. We may ignore such inessential accretions, and confine ourselves to the beliefs which all mystics share.

The first and most direct outcome of the moment of illumination is belief in the possibility of a way of knowledge which may be called revelation or insight or intuition, as contrasted with sense, reason, and analysis, which are regarded as blind guides leading to the morass of illusion. Closely connected with this belief is the conception of a Reality behind the world of appearance and utterly different from it. This Reality is regarded with an admiration often amounting to worship; it is felt to be always and everywhere close at hand, thinly veiled by the shows of sense, ready, for the receptive mind, to shine in its glory even through the apparent folly and wickedness of Man. The poet, the artist, and the lover are seekers after that glory: the haunting beauty that they pursue is the faint reflection of its sun. But the mystic lives in the full light of the vision: what others dimly seek he knows, with a knowledge beside which all other knowledge is ignorance.

The second characteristic of mysticism is its belief in unity, and its refusal to admit opposition or division anywhere. We found Heraclitus saying "good and ill are one"; and again he says, "the way up and the way down is one and the same." The same attitude appears in the simultaneous assertion of contradictory propositions, such as: "We step and do not step into the same rivers; we are and are not." The assertion of Parmenides, that reality is one and indivisible, comes from the same impulse towards unity. In Plato, this impulse is less prominent, being held in check by his theory of ideas; but it reappears, so far as his logic permits, in the doctrine of the primacy of the Good.

A third mark of almost all mystical metaphysics is the denial of the reality of Time. This is an outcome of the denial of division; if all is one, the distinction of past and future must be illusory. We have seen this doctrine prominent in Parmenides; and among moderns it is fundamental in the systems of Spinoza and Hegel.

The last of the doctrines of mysticism which we have to consider is its belief that all evil is mere appearance, an illusion produced by the divisions and oppositions of the analytic intellect. Mysticism does not maintain that such things as cruelty, for example, are good, but it denies that they are real: they belong to that lower world of phantoms from which we are to be liberated by the insight of the vision. Sometimes--for example in Hegel, and at least verbally in Spinoza--not only evil, but good also, is regarded as illusory, though nevertheless the emotional attitude towards what is held to be Reality is such as would naturally be associated with the belief that Reality is good. What is, in all cases, ethically characteristic of mysticism is absence of indignation or protest, acceptance with joy, disbelief in the ultimate truth of the division into two hostile camps, the good and the bad. This attitude is a direct outcome of the nature of the mystical experience: with its sense of unity is associated a feeling of infinite peace. Indeed it may be suspected that the feeling of peace produces, as feelings do in dreams, the whole system of associated beliefs which make up the body of mystic doctrine. But this is a difficult question, and one on which it cannot be hoped that mankind will reach agreement.

Four questions thus arise in considering the truth or falsehood of mysticism, namely:

I. Are there two ways of knowing, which may be called respectively reason and intuition? And if so, is either to be preferred to the other?

II. Is all plurality and division illusory?

III. Is time unreal?

IV. What kind of reality belongs to good and evil?

On all four of these questions, while fully developed mysticism seems to me mistaken, I yet believe that, by sufficient restraint, there is an element of wisdom to be learned from the mystical way of feeling, which does not seem to be attainable in any other manner. If this is the truth, mysticism is to be commended as an attitude towards life, not as a creed about the world. The meta-physical creed, I shall maintain, is a mistaken outcome of the emotion, although this emotion, as colouring and informing all other thoughts and feelings, is the inspirer of whatever is best in Man. Even the cautious and patient investigation of truth by science, which seems the very antithesis of the mystic's swift certainty, may be fostered and nourished by that very spirit of reverence in which mysticism lives and moves.

I. REASON AND INTUITION[3]

Of the reality or unreality of the mystic's world I know nothing. I have no wish to deny it, nor even to declare that the insight which reveals it is not a genuine insight. What I do wish to maintain--and it is here that the scientific attitude becomes imperative--is that insight, untested and unsupported, is an insufficient guarantee of truth, in spite of the fact that much of the most important truth is first suggested by its means. It is common to speak of an opposition between instinct and reason; in the eighteenth century, the opposition was drawn in favour of reason, but under the influence of Rousseau and the romantic movement instinct was given the preference, first by those who rebelled against artificial forms of government and thought, and then, as the purely rationalistic defence of traditional theology became increasingly difficult, by all who felt in science a menace to creeds which they associated with a spiritual outlook on life and the world. Bergson, under the name of "intuition," has raised instinct to the position of sole arbiter of metaphysical truth. But in fact the opposition of instinct and reason is mainly illusory. Instinct, intuition, or insight is what first leads to the beliefs which subsequent reason confirms or confutes; but the confirmation, where it is possible, consists, in the last analysis, of agreement with other beliefs no less instinctive. Reason is a harmonising, controlling force rather than a creative one. Even in the most purely logical realm, it is insight that first arrives at what is new.

Where instinct and reason do sometimes conflict is in regard to single beliefs, held instinctively, and held with such determination that no degree of inconsistency with other beliefs leads to their abandonment. Instinct, like all human faculties, is liable to error. Those in whom reason is weak are often unwilling to admit this as regards themselves, though all admit it in regard to others. Where instinct is least liable to error is in practical matters as to which right judgment is a help to survival: friendship and hostility in others, for instance, are often felt with extraordinary discrimination through very careful disguises. But even in such matters a wrong impression may be given by reserve or flattery; and in matters less directly practical, such as philosophy deals with, very strong instinctive beliefs are sometimes wholly mistaken, as we may come to know through their perceived inconsistency with other equally strong beliefs. It is such considerations that necessitate the harmonising mediation of reason, which tests our beliefs by their mutual compatibility, and examines, in doubtful cases, the possible sources of error on the one side and on the other. In this there is no opposition to instinct as a whole, but only to blind reliance upon some one interesting aspect of instinct to the exclusion of other more commonplace but not less trustworthy aspects. It is such one-sidedness, not instinct itself, that reason aims at correcting.

These more or less trite maxims may be illustrated by application to Bergson's advocacy of "intuition" as against "intellect." There are, he says, "two profoundly different ways of knowing a thing. The first implies that we move round the object: the second that we enter into it. The first depends on the point of view at which we are placed and on the symbols by which we express ourselves. The second neither depends on a point of view nor relies on any symbol. The first kind of knowledge may be said to stop at the _relative_; the second, in those cases where it is possible, to attain the _absolute_."[4] The second of these, which is intuition, is, he says, "the kind of _intellectual sympathy_ by which one places oneself within an object in order to coincide with what is unique in it and therefore inexpressible" (p. 6). In illustration, he mentions self-knowledge: "there is one reality, at least, which we all seize from within, by intuition and not by simple analysis. It is our own personality in its flowing through time--our self which endures" (p. 8). The rest of Bergson's philosophy consists in reporting, through the imperfect medium of words, the knowledge gained by

intuition, and the consequent complete condemnation of all the pretended knowledge derived from science and common sense.

This procedure, since it takes sides in a conflict of instinctive beliefs, stands in need of justification by proving the greater trustworthiness of the beliefs on one side than of those on the other. Bergson attempts this justification in two ways, first by explaining that intellect is a purely practical faculty to secure biological success, secondly by mentioning remarkable feats of instinct in animals and by pointing out characteristics of the world which, though intuition can apprehend them, are baffling to intellect as he interprets it.

Of Bergson's theory that intellect is a purely practical faculty, developed in the struggle for survival, and not a source of true beliefs, we may say, first, that it is only through intellect that we know of the struggle for survival and of the biological ancestry of man: if the intellect is misleading, the whole of this merely inferred history is presumably untrue. If, on the other hand, we agree with him in thinking that evolution took place as Darwin believed, then it is not only intellect, but all our faculties, that have been developed under the stress of practical utility. Intuition is seen at its best where it is directly useful, for example in regard to other people's characters and dispositions. Bergson apparently holds that capacity for this kind of knowledge is less explicable by the struggle for existence than, for example, capacity for pure mathematics. Yet the savage deceived by false friendship is likely to pay for his mistake with his life; whereas even in the most civilised societies men are not put to death for mathematical incompetence. All the most striking of his instances of intuition in animals have a very direct survival value. The fact is, of course, that both intuition and intellect have been developed because they are useful, and that, speaking broadly, they are useful when they give truth and become harmful when they give falsehood. Intellect, in civilised man, like artistic capacity, has occasionally been developed beyond the point where it is useful to the individual; intuition, on the other hand, seems on the whole to diminish as civilisation increases. It is greater, as a rule, in children than in adults, in the uneducated than in the educated. Probably in dogs it exceeds anything to be found in human beings. But those who see in these facts a recommendation of intuition ought to return to running wild in the woods, dyeing themselves with woad and living on hips and haws.

Let us next examine whether intuition possesses any such infallibility as Bergson claims for it. The best instance of it, according to him, is our acquaintance with ourselves; yet self-knowledge is proverbially rare and difficult. Most men, for example, have in their nature meannesses, vanities, and envies of which they are quite unconscious, though even their best friends can perceive them without any difficulty. It is true that intuition has a convincingness which is lacking to intellect: while it is present, it is almost impossible to doubt its truth. But if it should appear, on examination, to be at least as fallible as intellect, its greater subjective certainty becomes a demerit, making it only the more irresistibly deceptive. Apart from self-knowledge, one of the most notable examples of intuition is the knowledge people believe themselves to possess of those with whom they are in love: the wall between different personalities seems to become transparent, and people think they see into another soul as into their own. Yet deception in such cases is constantly practised with success; and even where there is no intentional deception, experience gradually proves, as a rule, that the supposed insight was illusory, and that the slower more groping methods of the intellect are in the long run more reliable.

Bergson maintains that intellect can only deal with things in so far as they resemble what has been experienced in the past, while intuition has the power of apprehending the uniqueness and novelty that always belong to each fresh moment. That there is something unique and new at every moment, is certainly true; it is also true that this cannot be fully expressed by means of intellectual concepts. Only direct acquaintance can give knowledge of what is unique and new. But direct acquaintance of this kind is given fully in sensation, and does not require, so far as I can see, any special faculty of intuition for its apprehension. It is neither intellect nor intuition, but sensation, that supplies new data; but when the data are new in any remarkable manner, intellect is much more capable of dealing with them than intuition would be. The hen with a brood of ducklings no doubt has intuition which seems to place her inside them, and not merely to know them analytically; but when the ducklings take to the water, the whole apparent intuition is seen to be illusory, and the hen is left helpless on the shore. Intuition, in fact, is an aspect and development of instinct, and, like all instinct, is admirable in those customary surroundings which have moulded the habits of the animal in question, but totally incompetent as soon as the surroundings are changed in a way which demands some non-habitual mode of action.

The theoretical understanding of the world, which is the aim of philosophy, is not a matter of great practical importance to animals, or to savages, or even to most civilised men. It is hardly to be supposed, therefore, that the rapid, rough and ready methods of instinct or intuition will find in this field a favourable ground for their application. It is the older kinds of activity, which bring out our kinship with remote generations of animal and semi-human ancestors, that show intuition at its best. In such matters as self-preservation and love, intuition will act sometimes (though not always) with a swiftness and precision which are astonishing to the critical intellect. But philosophy is not one of the pursuits which illustrate our affinity with the past: it is a highly refined, highly

civilised pursuit, demanding, for its success, a certain liberation from the life of instinct, and even, at times, a certain aloofness from all mundane hopes and fears. It is not in philosophy, therefore, that we can hope to see intuition at its best. On the contrary, since the true objects of philosophy, and the habit of thought demanded for their apprehension, are strange, unusual, and remote, it is here, more almost than anywhere else, that intellect proves superior to intuition, and that quick unanalysed convictions are least deserving of uncritical acceptance.

In advocating the scientific restraint and balance, as against the self-assertion of a confident reliance upon intuition, we are only urging, in the sphere of knowledge, that largeness of contemplation, that impersonal disinterestedness, and that freedom from practical preoccupations which have been inculcated by all the great religions of the world. Thus our conclusion, however it may conflict with the explicit beliefs of many mystics, is, in essence, not contrary to the spirit which inspires those beliefs, but rather the outcome of this very spirit as applied in the realm of thought.

II. UNITY AND PLURALITY

One of the most convincing aspects of the mystic illumination is the apparent revelation of the oneness of all things, giving rise to pantheism in religion and to monism in philosophy. An elaborate logic, beginning with Parmenides, and culminating in Hegel and his followers, has been gradually developed, to prove that the universe is one indivisible Whole, and that what seem to be its parts, if considered as substantial and self-existing, are mere illusion. The conception of a Reality quite other than the world of appearance, a reality one, indivisible, and unchanging, was introduced into Western philosophy by Parmenides, not, nominally at least, for mystical or religious reasons, but on the basis of a logical argument as to the impossibility of not-being, and most subsequent metaphysical systems are the outcome of this fundamental idea.

The logic used in defence of mysticism seems to be faulty as logic, and open to technical criticisms, which I have explained elsewhere. I shall not here repeat these criticisms, since they are lengthy and difficult, but shall instead attempt an analysis of the state of mind from which mystical logic has arisen.

Belief in a reality quite different from what appears to the senses arises with irresistible force in certain moods, which are the source of most mysticism, and of most metaphysics. While such a mood is dominant, the need of logic is not felt, and accordingly the more thoroughgoing mystics do not employ logic, but appeal directly to the immediate deliverance of their insight. But such fully developed mysticism is rare in the West. When the intensity of emotional conviction subsides, a man who is in the habit of reasoning will search for logical grounds in favour of the belief which he finds in himself. But since the belief already exists, he will be very hospitable to any ground that suggests itself. The paradoxes apparently proved by his logic are really the paradoxes of mysticism, and are the goal which he feels his logic must reach if it is to be in accordance with insight. The resulting logic has rendered most philosophers incapable of giving any account of the world of science and daily life. If they had been anxious to give such an account, they would probably have discovered the errors of their logic; but most of them were less anxious to understand the world of science and daily life than to convict it of unreality in the interests of a super-sensible "real" world.

It is in this way that logic has been pursued by those of the great philosophers who were mystics. But since they usually took for granted the supposed insight of the mystic emotion, their logical doctrines were presented with a certain dryness, and were believed by their disciples to be quite independent of the sudden illumination from which they sprang. Nevertheless their origin clung to them, and they remained--to borrow a useful word from Mr. Santayana--"malicious" in regard to the world of science and common sense. It is only so that we can account for the complacency with which philosophers have accepted the inconsistency of their doctrines with all the common and scientific facts which seem best established and most worthy of belief.

The logic of mysticism shows, as is natural, the defects which are inherent in anything malicious. The impulse to logic, not felt while the mystic mood is dominant, reasserts itself as the mood fades, but with a desire to retain the vanishing insight, or at least to prove that it _was_ insight, and that what seems to contradict it is illusion. The logic which thus arises is not quite disinterested or candid, and is inspired by a certain hatred of the daily world to which it is to be applied. Such an attitude naturally does not tend to the best results. Everyone knows that to read an author simply in order to refute him is not the way to understand him; and to read the book of Nature with a conviction that it is all illusion is just as unlikely to lead to understanding. If our logic is to find the common world intelligible, it must not be hostile, but must be inspired by a genuine acceptance such as is not usually to be found among metaphysicians.

III. TIME

The unreality of time is a cardinal doctrine of many metaphysical systems, often nominally based, as already by Parmenides, upon logical arguments, but originally derived, at any rate in the founders of new systems, from the certainty which is born in the moment of mystic insight. As a Persian Sufi poet says:

"Past and future are what veil God from our sight. Burn up both of them with fire! How long Wilt thou be partitioned by these segments as a reed?"[5]

The belief that what is ultimately real must be immutable is a very common one: it gave rise to the metaphysical notion of substance, and finds, even now, a wholly illegitimate satisfaction in such scientific doctrines as the conservation of energy and mass.

It is difficult to disentangle the truth and the error in this view. The arguments for the contention that time is unreal and that the world of sense is illusory must, I think, be regarded as fallacious. Nevertheless there is some sense--easier to feel than to state--in which time is an unimportant and superficial characteristic of reality. Past and future must be acknowledged to be as real as the present, and a certain emancipation from slavery to time is essential to philosophic thought. The importance of time is rather practical than theoretical, rather in relation to our desires than in relation to truth. A truer image of the world, I think, is obtained by picturing things as entering into the stream of time from an eternal world outside, than from a view which regards time as the devouring tyrant of all that is. Both in thought and in feeling, even though time be real, to realise the unimportance of time is the gate of wisdom.

That this is the case may be seen at once by asking ourselves why our feelings towards the past are so different from our feelings towards the future. The reason for this difference is wholly practical: our wishes can affect the future but not the past, the future is to some extent subject to our power, while the past is unalterably fixed. But every future will some day be past: if we see the past truly now, it must, when it was still future, have been just what we now see it to be, and what is now future must be just what we shall see it to be when it has become past. The felt difference of quality between past and future, therefore, is not an intrinsic difference, but only a difference in relation to us: to impartial contemplation, it ceases to exist. And impartiality of contemplation is, in the intellectual sphere, that very same virtue of disinterestedness which, in the sphere of action, appears as justice and unselfishness. Whoever wishes to see the world truly, to rise in thought above the tyranny of practical desires, must learn to overcome the difference of attitude towards past and future, and to survey the whole stream of time in one comprehensive vision.

The kind of way in which, as it seems to me, time ought not to enter into our theoretic philosophical thought, may be illustrated by the philosophy which has become associated with the idea of evolution, and which is exemplified by Nietzsche, pragmatism, and Bergson. This philosophy, on the basis of the development which has led from the lowest forms of life up to man, sees in _progress_ the fundamental law of the universe, and thus admits the difference between _earlier_ and _later_ into the very citadel of its contemplative outlook. With its past and future history of the world, conjectural as it is, I do not wish to quarrel. But I think that, in the intoxication of a quick success, much that is required for a true understanding of the universe has been forgotten. Something of Hellenism, something, too, of Oriental resignation, must be combined with its hurrying Western self-assertion before it can emerge from the ardour of youth into the mature wisdom of manhood. In spite of its appeals to science, the true scientific philosophy, I think, is something more arduous and more aloof, appealing to less mundane hopes, and requiring a severer discipline for its successful practice.

Darwin's _Origin of Species_ persuaded the world that the difference between different species of animals and plants is not the fixed immutable difference that it appears to be. The doctrine of natural kinds, which had rendered classification easy and definite, which was enshrined in the Aristotelian tradition, and protected by its supposed necessity for orthodox dogma, was suddenly swept away for ever out of the biological world. The difference between man and the lower animals, which to our human conceit appears enormous, was shown to be a gradual achievement, involving intermediate being who could not with certainty be placed either within or without the human family. The sun and the planets had already been shown by Laplace to be very probably derived from a primitive more or less undifferentiated nebula. Thus the old fixed landmarks became wavering and indistinct, and all sharp outlines were blurred. Things and species lost their boundaries, and none could say where they began or where they ended.

But if human conceit was staggered for a moment by its kinship with the ape, it soon found a way to reassert itself, and that way is the "philosophy" of evolution. A process which led from the amoeba to Man appeared to the philosophers to be obviously a progress--though whether the amoeba would agree with this opinion is not known. Hence the cycle of changes which science had shown to be the probable history of the past was welcomed as revealing a law of development towards good in the universe--an

evolution or unfolding of an idea slowly embodying itself in the actual. But such a view, though it might satisfy Spencer and those whom we may call Hegelian evolutionists, could not be accepted as adequate by the more whole-hearted votaries of change. An ideal to which the world continuously approaches is, to these minds, too dead and static to be inspiring. Not only the aspiration, but the ideal too, must change and develop with the course of evolution: there must be no fixed goal, but a continual fashioning of fresh needs by the impulse which is life and which alone gives unity to the process.

Life, in this philosophy, is a continuous stream, in which all divisions are artificial and unreal. Separate things, beginnings and endings, are mere convenient fictions: there is only smooth unbroken transition. The beliefs of to-day may count as true to-day, if they carry us along the stream; but to-morrow they will be false, and must be replaced by new beliefs to meet the new situation. All our thinking consists of convenient fictions, imaginary congealings of the stream: reality flows on in spite of all our fictions, and though it can be lived, it cannot be conceived in thought. Somehow, without explicit statement, the assurance is slipped in that the future, though we cannot foresee it, will be better than the past or the present: the reader is like the child which expects a sweet because it has been told to open its mouth and shut its eyes. Logic, mathematics, physics disappear in this philosophy, because they are too "static"; what is real is no impulse and movement towards a goal which, like the rainbow, recedes as we advance, and makes every place different when it reaches it from what it appeared to be at a distance.

I do not propose to enter upon a technical examination of this philosophy. I wish only to maintain that the motives and interests which inspire it are so exclusively practical, and the problems with which it deals are so special, that it can hardly be regarded as touching any of the questions that, to my mind, constitute genuine philosophy.

The predominant interest of evolutionism is in the question of human destiny, or at least of the destiny of Life. It is more interested in morality and happiness than in knowledge for its own sake. It must be admitted that the same may be said of many other philosophies, and that a desire for the kind of knowledge which philosophy can give is very rare. But if philosophy is to attain truth, it is necessary first and foremost that philosophers should acquire the disinterested intellectual curiosity which characterises the genuine man of science. Knowledge concerning the future--which is the kind of knowledge that must be sought if we are to know about human destiny--is possible within certain narrow limits. It is impossible to say how much the limits may be enlarged with the progress of science. But what is evident is that any proposition about the future belongs by its subject-matter to some particular science, and is to be ascertained, if at all, by the methods of that science. Philosophy is not a short cut to the same kind of results as those of the other sciences: if it is to be a genuine study, it must have a province of its own, and aim at results which the other sciences can neither prove nor disprove.

Evolutionism, in basing itself upon the notion of _progress_, which is change from the worse to the better, allows the notion of time, as it seems to me, to become its tyrant rather than its servant, and thereby loses that impartiality of contemplation which is the source of all that is best in philosophic thought and feeling. Metaphysicians, as we saw, have frequently denied altogether the reality of time. I do not wish to do this; I wish only to preserve the mental outlook which inspired the denial, the attitude which, in thought, regards the past as having the same reality as the present and the same importance as the future. "In so far," says Spinoza,[6] "as the mind conceives a thing according to the dictate of reason, it will be equally affected whether the idea is that of a future, past, or present thing." It is this "conceiving according to the dictate of reason" that I find lacking in the philosophy which is based on evolution.

IV. GOOD AND EVIL

Mysticism maintains that all evil is illusory, and sometimes maintains the same view as regards good, but more often holds that all Reality is good. Both views are to be found in Heraclitus: "Good and ill are one," he says, but again, "To God all things are fair and good and right, but men hold some things wrong and some right." A similar twofold position is to be found in Spinoza, but he uses the word "perfection" when he means to speak of the good that is not merely human. "By reality and perfection I mean the same thing," he says;[7] but elsewhere we find the definition: "By _good_ I shall mean that which we certainly know to be useful to us."[8] Thus perfection belongs to Reality in its own nature, but goodness is relative to ourselves and our needs, and disappears in an impartial survey. Some such distinction, I think, is necessary in order to understand the ethical outlook of mysticism: there is a lower mundane kind of good and evil, which divides the world of appearance into what seem to be conflicting parts; but there is also a higher, mystical kind of good, which belongs to Reality and is not opposed by any correlative kind of evil.

It is difficult to give a logically tenable account of this position without recognising that good and evil are subjective, that what is good is merely that towards which we have one kind of feeling, and what is evil is merely that towards which we have another kind

of feeling. In our active life, where we have to exercise choice, and to prefer this to that of two possible acts, it is necessary to have a distinction of good and evil, or at least of better and worse. But this distinction, like everything pertaining to action, belongs to what mysticism regards as the world of illusion, if only because it is essentially concerned with time. In our contemplative life, where action is not called for, it is possible to be impartial, and to overcome the ethical dualism which action requires. So long as we remain _merely_ impartial, we may be content to say that both the good and the evil of action are illusions. But if, as we must do if we have the mystic vision, we find the whole world worthy of love and worship, if we see

"The earth, and every common sight.... Apparell'd in celestial light,"

we shall say that there is a higher good than that of action, and that this higher good belongs to the whole world as it is in reality. In this way the twofold attitude and the apparent vacillation of mysticism are explained and justified.

The possibility of this universal love and joy in all that exists is of supreme importance for the conduct and happiness of life, and gives inestimable value to the mystic emotion, apart from any creeds which may be built upon it. But if we are not to be led into false beliefs, it is necessary to realise exactly _what_ the mystic emotion reveals. It reveals a possibility of human nature--a possibility of a nobler, happier, freer life than any that can be otherwise achieved. But it does not reveal anything about the non-human, or about the nature of the universe in general. Good and bad, and even the higher good that mysticism finds everywhere, are the reflections of our own emotions on other things, not part of the substance of things as they are in themselves. And therefore an impartial contemplation, freed from all pre-occupation with Self, will not judge things good or bad, although it is very easily combined with that feeling of universal love which leads the mystic to say that the whole world is good.

The philosophy of evolution, through the notion of progress, is bound up with the ethical dualism of the worse and the better, and is thus shut out, not only from the kind of survey which discards good and evil altogether from its view, but also from the mystical belief in the goodness of everything. In this way the distinction of good and evil, like time, becomes a tyrant in this philosophy, and introduces into thought the restless selectiveness of action. Good and evil, like time, are, it would seem, not general or fundamental in the world of thought, but late and highly specialised members of the intellectual hierarchy.

Although, as we saw, mysticism can be interpreted so as to agree with the view that good and evil are not intellectually fundamental, it must be admitted that here we are no longer in verbal agreement with most of the great philosophers and religious teachers of the past. I believe, however, that the elimination of ethical considerations from philosophy is both scientifically necessary and--though this may seem a paradox--an ethical advance. Both these contentions must be briefly defended.

The hope of satisfaction to our more human desires--the hope of demonstrating that the world has this or that desirable ethical characteristic--is not one which, so far as I can see, a scientific philosophy can do anything whatever to satisfy. The difference between a good world and a bad one is a difference in the particular characteristics of the particular things that exist in these worlds: it is not a sufficiently abstract difference to come within the province of philosophy. Love and hate, for example, are ethical opposites, but to philosophy they are closely analogous attitudes towards objects. The general form and structure of those attitudes towards objects which constitute mental phenomena is a problem for philosophy, but the difference between love and hate is not a difference of form or structure, and therefore belongs rather to the special science of psychology than to philosophy. Thus the ethical interests which have often inspired philosophers must remain in the background: some kind of ethical interest may inspire the whole study, but none must obtrude in the detail or be expected in the special results which are sought.

If this view seems at first sight disappointing, we may remind ourselves that a similar change has been found necessary in all the other sciences. The physicist or chemist is not now required to prove the ethical importance of his ions or atoms; the biologist is not expected to prove the utility of the plants or animals which he dissects. In pre-scientific ages this was not the case. Astronomy, for example, was studied because men believed in astrology: it was thought that the movements of the planets had the most direct and important bearing upon the lives of human beings. Presumably, when this belief decayed and the disinterested study of astronomy began, many who had found astrology absorbingly interesting decided that astronomy had too little human interest to be worthy of study. Physics, as it appears in Plato's Timæus for example, is full of ethical notions: it is an essential part of its purpose to show that the earth is worthy of admiration. The modern physicist, on the contrary, though he has no wish to deny that the earth is admirable, is not concerned, as physicist, with its ethical attributes: he is merely concerned to find out facts, not to consider whether they are good or bad. In psychology, the scientific attitude is even more recent and more difficult than in the physical sciences: it is natural to consider that human nature is either good or bad, and to suppose that the difference between good and bad, so all-important in practice, must be important in theory also. It is only during the last century that an ethically neutral psychology has

grown up; and here too, ethical neutrality has been essential to scientific success.

In philosophy, hitherto, ethical neutrality has been seldom sought and hardly ever achieved. Men have remembered their wishes, and have judged philosophies in relation to their wishes. Driven from the particular sciences, the belief that the notions of good and evil must afford a key to the understanding of the world has sought a refuge in philosophy. But even from this last refuge, if philosophy is not to remain a set of pleasing dreams, this belief must be driven forth. It is a commonplace that happiness is not best achieved by those who seek it directly; and it would seem that the same is true of the good. In thought, at any rate, those who forget good and evil and seek only to know the facts are more likely to achieve good than those who view the world through the distorting medium of their own desires.

We are thus brought back to our seeming paradox, that a philosophy which does not seek to impose upon the world its own conceptions of good and evil is not only more likely to achieve truth, but is also the outcome of a higher ethical standpoint than one which, like evolutionism and most traditional systems, is perpetually appraising the universe and seeking to find in it an embodiment of present ideals. In religion, and in every deeply serious view of the world and of human destiny, there is an element of submission, a realisation of the limits of human power, which is somewhat lacking in the modern world, with its quick material successes and its insolent belief in the boundless possibilities of progress. "He that loveth his life shall lose it"; and there is danger lest, through a too confident love of life, life itself should lose much of what gives it its highest worth. The submission which religion inculcates in action is essentially the same in spirit as that which science teaches in thought; and the ethical neutrality by which its victories have been achieved is the outcome of that submission.

The good which it concerns us to remember is the good which it lies in our power to create--the good in our own lives and in our attitude towards the world. Insistence on belief in an external realisation of the good is a form of self-assertion, which, while it cannot secure the external good which it desires, can seriously impair the inward good which lies within our power, and destroy that reverence towards fact which constitutes both what is valuable in humility and what is fruitful in the scientific temper.

Human beings cannot, of course, wholly transcend human nature; something subjective, if only the interest that determines the direction of our attention, must remain in all our thought. But scientific philosophy comes nearer to objectivity than any other human pursuit, and gives us, therefore, the closest constant and the most intimate relation with the outer world that it is possible to achieve. To the primitive mind, everything is either friendly or hostile; but experience has shown that friendliness and hostility are not the conceptions by which the world is to be understood. Scientific philosophy thus represents, though as yet only in a nascent condition, a higher form of thought than any pre-scientific belief or imagination, and, like every approach to self-transcendence, it brings with it a rich reward in increase of scope and breadth and comprehension. Evolutionism, in spite of its appeals to particular scientific facts, fails to be a truly scientific philosophy because of its slavery to time, its ethical preoccupations, and its predominant interest in our mundane concerns and destiny. A truly scientific philosophy will be more humble, more piecemeal, more arduous, offering less glitter of outward mirage to flatter fallacious hopes, but more indifferent to fate, and more capable of accepting the world without the tyrannous imposition of our human and temporary demands.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] All the above quotations are from Burnet's _Early Greek Philosophy_, (2nd ed., 1908), pp. 146-156.

[2] _Republic_, 514, translated by Davies and Vaughan.

[3] This section, and also one or two pages in later sections, have been printed in a course of Lowell lectures _On our knowledge of the external world_, published by the Open Court Publishing Company. But I have left them here, as this is the context for which they were originally written.

[4] _Introduction to Metaphysics_, p. 1.

[5] Whinfield's translation of the _Masnavi_ (Trübner, 1887), p. 34.

[6] _Ethics_, Bk. IV, Prop. LXII.

[7] Ib., Pt. IV, Df. I.

[8] _Ethics_. Pt. II. Df. VI.

II

THE PLACE OF SCIENCE IN A LIBERAL EDUCATION

I

Science, to the ordinary reader of newspapers, is represented by a varying selection of sensational triumphs, such as wireless telegraphy and aeroplanes, radio-activity and the marvels of modern alchemy. It is not of this aspect of science that I wish to speak. Science, in this aspect, consists of detached up-to-date fragments, interesting only until they are replaced by something newer and more up-to-date, displaying nothing of the systems of patiently constructed knowledge out of which, almost as a casual incident, have come the practically useful results which interest the man in the street. The increased command over the forces of nature which is derived from science is undoubtedly an amply sufficient reason for encouraging scientific research, but this reason has been so often urged and is so easily appreciated that other reasons, to my mind quite as important, are apt to be overlooked. It is with these other reasons, especially with the intrinsic value of a scientific habit of mind in forming our outlook on the world, that I shall be concerned in what follows.

The instance of wireless telegraphy will serve to illustrate the difference between the two points of view. Almost all the serious intellectual labour required for the possibility of this invention is due to three men--Faraday, Maxwell, and Hertz. In alternating layers of experiment and theory these three men built up the modern theory of electromagnetism, and demonstrated the identity of light with electromagnetic waves. The system which they discovered is one of profound intellectual interest, bringing together and unifying an endless variety of apparently detached phenomena, and displaying a cumulative mental power which cannot but afford delight to every generous spirit. The mechanical details which remained to be adjusted in order to utilise their discoveries for a practical system of telegraphy demanded, no doubt, very considerable ingenuity, but had not that broad sweep and that universality which could give them intrinsic interest as an object of disinterested contemplation.

From the point of view of training the mind, of giving that well-informed, impersonal outlook which constitutes culture in the good sense of this much-misused word, it seems to be generally held indisputable that a literary education is superior to one based on science. Even the warmest advocates of science are apt to rest their claims on the contention that culture ought to be sacrificed to utility. Those men of science who respect culture, when they associate with men learned in the classics, are apt to admit, not merely politely, but sincerely, a certain inferiority on their side, compensated doubtless by the services which science renders to humanity, but none the less real. And so long as this attitude exists among men of science, it tends to verify itself: the intrinsically valuable aspects of science tend to be sacrificed to the merely useful, and little attempt is made to preserve that leisurely, systematic survey by which the finer quality of mind is formed and nourished.

But even if there be, in present fact, any such inferiority as is supposed in the educational value of science, this is, I believe, not the fault of science itself, but the fault of the spirit in which science is taught. If its full possibilities were realised by those who teach it, I believe that its capacity of producing those habits of mind which constitute the highest mental excellence would be at least as great as that of literature, and more particularly of Greek and Latin literature. In saying this I have no wish whatever to disparage a classical education. I have not myself enjoyed its benefits, and my knowledge of Greek and Latin authors is derived almost wholly from translations. But I am firmly persuaded that the Greeks fully deserve all the admiration that is bestowed upon them, and that it is a very great and serious loss to be unacquainted with their writings. It is not by attacking them, but by drawing attention to neglected excellences in science, that I wish to conduct my argument.

One defect, however, does seem inherent in a purely classical education--namely, a too exclusive emphasis on the past. By the study of what is absolutely ended and can never be renewed, a habit of criticism towards the present and the future is engendered. The qualities in which the present excels are qualities to which the study of the past does not direct attention, and to which, therefore, the student of Greek civilisation may easily become blind. In what is new and growing there is apt to be something crude, insolent, even a little vulgar, which is shocking to the man of sensitive taste; quivering from the rough contact, he retires to the trim gardens of a polished past, forgetting that they were reclaimed from the wilderness by men as rough and earth-soiled as those from whom he shrinks in his own day. The habit of being unable to recognise merit until it is dead is too apt to be the result of a purely bookish life, and a culture based wholly on the past will seldom be able to pierce through everyday surroundings to the essential splendour of contemporary things, or to the hope of still greater splendour in the future.

"My eyes saw not the men of old; And now their age away has rolled. I weep--to think I shall not see The heroes of posterity."

So says the Chinese poet; but such impartiality is rare in the more pugnacious atmosphere of the West, where the champions of past and future fight a never-ending battle, instead of combining to seek out the merits of both.

This consideration, which militates not only against the exclusive study of the classics, but against every form of culture which has become static, traditional, and academic, leads inevitably to the fundamental question: What is the true end of education? But before attempting to answer this question it will be well to define the sense in which we are to use the word "education." For this purpose I shall distinguish the sense in which I mean to use it from two others, both perfectly legitimate, the one broader and the other narrower than the sense in which I mean to use the word.

In the broader sense, education will include not only what we learn through instruction, but all that we learn through personal experience--the formation of character through the education of life. Of this aspect of education, vitally important as it is, I will say nothing, since its consideration would introduce topics quite foreign to the question with which we are concerned.

In the narrower sense, education may be confined to instruction, the imparting of definite information on various subjects, because such information, in and for itself, is useful in daily life. Elementary education--reading, writing, and arithmetic--is almost wholly of this kind. But instruction, necessary as it is, does not _per se_ constitute education in the sense in which I wish to consider it.

Education, in the sense in which I mean it, may be defined as _the formation, by means of instruction, of certain mental habits and a certain outlook on life and the world_. It remains to ask ourselves, what mental habits, and what sort of outlook, can be hoped for as the result of instruction? When we have answered this question we can attempt to decide what science has to contribute to the formation of the habits and outlook which we desire.

Our whole life is built about a certain number--not a very small number--of primary instincts and impulses. Only what is in some way connected with these instincts and impulses appears to us desirable or important; there is no faculty, whether "reason" or "virtue" or whatever it may be called, that can take our active life and our hopes and fears outside the region controlled by these first movers of all desire. Each of them is like a queen-bee, aided by a hive of workers gathering honey; but when the queen is gone the workers languish and die, and the cells remain empty of their expected sweetness. So with each primary impulse in civilised man: it is surrounded and protected by a busy swarm of attendant derivative desires, which store up in its service whatever honey the surrounding world affords. But if the queen-impulse dies, the death-dealing influence, though retarded a little by habit, spreads slowly through all the subsidiary impulses, and a whole tract of life becomes inexplicably colourless. What was formerly full of zest, and so obviously worth doing that it raised no questions, has now grown dreary and purposeless: with a sense of disillusion we inquire the meaning of life, and decide, perhaps, that all is vanity. The search for an outside meaning that can _compel_ an inner response must always be disappointed: all "meaning" must be at bottom related to our primary desires, and when they are extinct no miracle can restore to the world the value which they reflected upon it.

The purpose of education, therefore, cannot be to create any primary impulse which is lacking in the uneducated; the purpose can only be to enlarge the scope of those that human nature provides, by increasing the number and variety of attendant thoughts, and by showing where the most permanent satisfaction is to be found. Under the impulse of a Calvinistic horror of the "natural man," this obvious truth has been too often misconceived in the training of the young; "nature" has been falsely regarded as excluding all that is best in what is natural, and the endeavour to teach virtue has led to the production of stunted and contorted hypocrites instead of full-grown human beings. From such mistakes in education a better psychology or a kinder heart is beginning to preserve the present generation; we need, therefore, waste no more words on the theory that the purpose of education is to thwart or eradicate nature.

But although nature must supply the initial force of desire, nature is not, in the civilised man, the spasmodic, fragmentary, and yet violent set of impulses that it is in the savage. Each impulse has its constitutional ministry of thought and knowledge and reflection, through which possible conflicts of impulses are foreseen, and temporary impulses are controlled by the unifying impulse which may be called wisdom. In this way education destroys the crudity of instinct, and increases through knowledge the wealth and variety of the individual's contacts with the outside world, making him no longer an isolated fighting unit, but a citizen of the universe, embracing distant countries, remote regions of space, and vast stretches of past and future within the circle of his interests. It is this simultaneous softening in the insistence of desire and enlargement of its scope that is the chief moral end of education.

Closely connected with this moral end is the more purely intellectual aim of education, the endeavour to make us see and imagine the world in an objective manner, as far as possible as it is in itself, and not merely through the distorting medium of personal

desire. The complete attainment of such an objective view is no doubt an ideal, indefinitely approachable, but not actually and fully realisable. Education, considered as a process of forming our mental habits and our outlook on the world, is to be judged successful in proportion as its outcome approximates to this ideal; in proportion, that is to say, as it gives us a true view of our place in society, of the relation of the whole human society to its non-human environment, and of the nature of the non-human world as it is in itself apart from our desires and interests. If this standard is admitted, we can return to the consideration of science, inquiring how far science contributes to such an aim, and whether it is in any respect superior to its rivals in educational practice.

II

Two opposite and at first sight conflicting merits belong to science as against literature and art. The one, which is not inherently necessary, but is certainly true at the present day, is hopefulness as to the future of human achievement, and in particular as to the useful work that may be accomplished by any intelligent student. This merit and the cheerful outlook which it engenders prevent what might otherwise be the depressing effect of another aspect of science, to my mind also a merit, and perhaps its greatest merit--I mean the irrelevance of human passions and of the whole subjective apparatus where scientific truth is concerned. Each of these reasons for preferring the study of science requires some amplification. Let us begin with the first.

In the study of literature or art our attention is perpetually riveted upon the past: the men of Greece or of the Renaissance did better than any men do now; the triumphs of former ages, so far from facilitating fresh triumphs in our own age, actually increase the difficulty of fresh triumphs by rendering originality harder of attainment; not only is artistic achievement not cumulative, but it seems even to depend upon a certain freshness and _naïveté_ of impulse and vision which civilisation tends to destroy. Hence comes, to those who have been nourished on the literary and artistic productions of former ages, a certain peevishness and undue fastidiousness towards the present, from which there seems no escape except into the deliberate vandalism which ignores tradition and in the search after originality achieves only the eccentric. But in such vandalism there is none of the simplicity and spontaneity out of which great art springs: theory is still the canker in its core, and insincerity destroys the advantages of a merely pretended ignorance.

The despair thus arising from an education which suggests no pre-eminent mental activity except that of artistic creation is wholly absent from an education which gives the knowledge of scientific method. The discovery of scientific method, except in pure mathematics, is a thing of yesterday; speaking broadly, we may say that it dates from Galileo. Yet already it has transformed the world, and its success proceeds with ever-accelerating velocity. In science men have discovered an activity of the very highest value in which they are no longer, as in art, dependent for progress upon the appearance of continually greater genius, for in science the successors stand upon the shoulders of their predecessors; where one man of supreme genius has invented a method, a thousand lesser men can apply it. No transcendent ability is required in order to make useful discoveries in science; the edifice of science needs its masons, bricklayers, and common labourers as well as its foremen, master-builders, and architects. In art nothing worth doing can be done without genius; in science even a very moderate capacity can contribute to a supreme achievement.

In science the man of real genius is the man who invents a new method. The notable discoveries are often made by his successors, who can apply the method with fresh vigour, unimpaired by the previous labour of perfecting it; but the mental calibre of the thought required for their work, however brilliant, is not so great as that required by the first inventor of the method. There are in science immense numbers of different methods, appropriate to different classes of problems; but over and above them all, there is something not easily definable, which may be called _the_ method of science. It was formerly customary to identify this with the inductive method, and to associate it with the name of Bacon. But the true inductive method was not discovered by Bacon, and the true method of science is something which includes deduction as much as induction, logic and mathematics as much as botany and geology. I shall not attempt the difficult task of stating what the scientific method is, but I will try to indicate the temper of mind out of which the scientific method grows, which is the second of the two merits that were mentioned above as belonging to a scientific education.

The kernel of the scientific outlook is a thing so simple, so obvious, so seemingly trivial, that the mention of it may almost excite derision. The kernel of the scientific outlook is the refusal to regard our own desires, tastes, and interests as affording a key to the understanding of the world. Stated thus baldly, this may seem no more than a trite truism. But to remember it consistently in matters arousing our passionate partisanship is by no means easy, especially where the available evidence is uncertain and inconclusive. A few illustrations will make this clear.

Aristotle, I understand, considered that the stars must move in circles because the circle is the most perfect curve. In the absence of evidence to the contrary, he allowed himself to decide a question of fact by an appeal to æsthetico-moral considerations. In such a case it is at once obvious to us that this appeal was unjustifiable. We know now how to ascertain as a fact the way in which the heavenly bodies move, and we know that they do not move in circles, or even in accurate ellipses, or in any other kind of simply describable curve. This may be painful to a certain hankering after simplicity of pattern in the universe, but we know that in astronomy such feelings are irrelevant. Easy as this knowledge seems now, we owe it to the courage and insight of the first inventors of scientific method, and more especially of Galileo.

We may take as another illustration Malthus's doctrine of population. This illustration is all the better for the fact that his actual doctrine is now known to be largely erroneous. It is not his conclusions that are valuable, but the temper and method of his inquiry. As everyone knows, it was to him that Darwin owed an essential part of his theory of natural selection, and this was only possible because Malthus's outlook was truly scientific. His great merit lies in considering man not as the object of praise or blame, but as a part of nature, a thing with a certain characteristic behaviour from which certain consequences must follow. If the behaviour is not quite what Malthus supposed, if the consequences are not quite what he inferred, that may falsify his conclusions, but does not impair the value of his method. The objections which were made when his doctrine was new--that it was horrible and depressing, that people ought not to act as he said they did, and so on--were all such as implied an unscientific attitude of mind; as against all of them, his calm determination to treat man as a natural phenomenon marks an important advance over the reformers of the eighteenth century and the Revolution.

Under the influence of Darwinism the scientific attitude towards man has now become fairly common, and is to some people quite natural, though to most it is still a difficult and artificial intellectual contortion. There is however, one study which is as yet almost wholly untouched by the scientific spirit--I mean the study of philosophy. Philosophers and the public imagine that the scientific spirit must pervade pages that bristle with allusions to ions, germ-plasms, and the eyes of shell-fish. But as the devil can quote Scripture, so the philosopher can quote science. The scientific spirit is not an affair of quotation, of externally acquired information, any more than manners are an affair of the etiquette-book. The scientific attitude of mind involves a sweeping away of all other desires in the interests of the desire to know--it involves suppression of hopes and fears, loves and hates, and the whole subjective emotional life, until we become subdued to the material, able to see it frankly, without preconceptions, without bias, without any wish except to see it as it is, and without any belief that what it is must be determined by some relation, positive or negative, to what we should like it to be, or to what we can easily imagine it to be.

Now in philosophy this attitude of mind has not as yet been achieved. A certain self-absorption, not personal, but human, has marked almost all attempts to conceive the universe as a whole. Mind, or some aspect of it--thought or will or sentience--has been regarded as the pattern after which the universe is to be conceived, for no better reason, at bottom, than that such a universe would not seem strange, and would give us the cosy feeling that every place is like home. To conceive the universe as essentially progressive or essentially deteriorating, for example, is to give to our hopes and fears a cosmic importance which _may_, of course, be justified, but which we have as yet no reason to suppose justified. Until we have learnt to think of it in ethically neutral terms, we have not arrived at a scientific attitude in philosophy; and until we have arrived at such an attitude, it is hardly to be hoped that philosophy will achieve any solid results.

I have spoken so far largely of the negative aspect of the scientific spirit, but it is from the positive aspect that its value is derived. The instinct of constructiveness, which is one of the chief incentives to artistic creation, can find in scientific systems a satisfaction more massive than any epic poem. Disinterested curiosity, which is the source of almost all intellectual effort, finds with astonished delight that science can unveil secrets which might well have seemed for ever undiscoverable. The desire for a larger life and wider interests, for an escape from private circumstances, and even from the whole recurring human cycle of birth and death, is fulfilled by the impersonal cosmic outlook of science as by nothing else. To all these must be added, as contributing to the happiness of the man of science, the admiration of splendid achievement, and the consciousness of inestimable utility to the human race. A life devoted to science is therefore a happy life, and its happiness is derived from the very best sources that are open to dwellers on this troubled and passionate planet.

III

A FREE MAN'S WORSHIP[9]

To Dr. Faustus in his study Mephistopheles told the history of the Creation, saying:

"The endless praises of the choirs of angels had begun to grow wearisome; for, after all, did he not deserve their praise? Had he not given them endless joy? Would it not be more amusing to obtain undeserved praise, to be worshipped by beings whom he tortured? He smiled inwardly, and resolved that the great drama should be performed.

"For countless ages the hot nebula whirled aimlessly through space. At length it began to take shape, the central mass threw off planets, the planets cooled, boiling seas and burning mountains heaved and tossed, from black masses of cloud hot sheets of rain deluged the barely solid crust. And now the first germ of life grew in the depths of the ocean, and developed rapidly in the fructifying warmth into vast forest trees, huge ferns springing from the damp mould, sea monsters breeding, fighting, devouring, and passing away. And from the monsters, as the play unfolded itself, Man was born, with the power of thought, the knowledge of good and evil, and the cruel thirst for worship. And Man saw that all is passing in this mad, monstrous world, that all is struggling to snatch, at any cost, a few brief moments of life before Death's inexorable decree. And Man said: 'There is a hidden purpose, could we but fathom it, and the purpose is good; for we must reverence something, and in the visible world there is nothing worthy of reverence.' And Man stood aside from the struggle, resolving that God intended harmony to come out of chaos by human efforts. And when he followed the instincts which God had transmitted to him from his ancestry of beasts of prey, he called it Sin, and asked God to forgive him. But he doubted whether he could be justly forgiven, until he invented a divine Plan by which God's wrath was to have been appeased. And seeing the present was bad, he made it yet worse, that thereby the future might be better. And he gave God thanks for the strength that enabled him to forgo even the joys that were possible. And God smiled; and when he saw that Man had become perfect in renunciation and worship, he sent another sun through the sky, which crashed into Man's sun; and all returned again to nebula.

"'Yes,' he murmured, 'it was a good play; I will have it performed again.'"

Such, in outline, but even more purposeless, more void of meaning, is the world which Science presents for our belief. Amid such a world, if anywhere, our ideals henceforward must find a home. That Man is the product of causes which had no prevision of the end they were achieving; that his origin, his growth, his hopes and fears, his loves and his beliefs, are but the outcome of accidental collocations of atoms; that no fire, no heroism, no intensity of thought and feeling, can preserve an individual life beyond the grave; that all the labours of the ages, all the devotion, all the inspiration, all the noonday brightness of human genius, are destined to extinction in the vast death of the solar system, and that the whole temple of Man's achievement must inevitably be buried beneath the débris of a universe in ruins--all these things, if not quite beyond dispute, are yet so nearly certain, that no philosophy which rejects them can hope to stand. Only within the scaffolding of these truths, only on the firm foundation of unyielding despair, can the soul's habitation henceforth be safely built.

How, in such an alien and inhuman world, can so powerless a creature as Man preserve his aspirations untarnished? A strange mystery it is that Nature, omnipotent but blind, in the revolutions of her secular hurryings through the abysses of space, has brought forth at last a child, subject still to her power, but gifted with sight, with knowledge of good and evil, with the capacity of judging all the works of his unthinking Mother. In spite of Death, the mark and seal of the parental control, Man is yet free, during his brief years, to examine, to criticise, to know, and in imagination to create. To him alone, in the world with which he is acquainted, this freedom belongs; and in this lies his superiority to the resistless forces that control his outward life.

The savage, like ourselves, feels the oppression of his impotence before the powers of Nature; but having in himself nothing that he respects more than Power, he is willing to prostrate himself before his gods, without inquiring whether they are worthy of his worship. Pathetic and very terrible is the long history of cruelty and torture, of degradation and human sacrifice, endured in the hope of placating the jealous gods: surely, the trembling believer thinks, when what is most precious has been freely given, their lust for blood must be appeased, and more will not be required. The religion of Moloch--as such creeds may be generically called--is in essence the cringing submission of the slave, who dare not, even in his heart, allow the thought that his master deserves no adulation. Since the independence of ideals is not yet acknowledged, Power may be freely worshipped, and receive an unlimited respect, despite its wanton infliction of pain.

But gradually, as morality grows bolder, the claim of the ideal world begins to be felt; and worship, if it is not to cease, must be given to gods of another kind than those created by the savage. Some, though they feel the demands of the ideal, will still consciously reject them, still urging that naked Power is worthy of worship. Such is the attitude inculcated in God's answer to Job out of the whirlwind: the divine power and knowledge are paraded, but of the divine goodness there is no hint. Such also is the attitude of those who, in our own day, base their morality upon the struggle for survival, maintaining that the survivors are necessarily the fittest. But others, not content with an answer so repugnant to the moral sense, will adopt the position which we

have become accustomed to regard as specially religious, maintaining that, in some hidden manner, the world of fact is really harmonious with the world of ideals. Thus Man creates God, all-powerful and all-good, the mystic unity of what is and what should be.

But the world of fact, after all, is not good; and, in submitting our judgment to it, there is an element of slavishness from which our thoughts must be purged. For in all things it is well to exalt the dignity of Man, by freeing him as far as possible from the tyranny of non-human Power. When we have realised that Power is largely bad, that man, with his knowledge of good and evil, is but a helpless atom in a world which has no such knowledge, the choice is again presented to us: Shall we worship Force, or shall we worship Goodness? Shall our God exist and be evil, or shall he be recognised as the creation of our own conscience?

The answer to this question is very momentous, and affects profoundly our whole morality. The worship of Force, to which Carlyle and Nietzsche and the creed of Militarism have accustomed us, is the result of failure to maintain our own ideals against a hostile universe: it is itself a prostrate submission to evil, a sacrifice of our best to Moloch. If strength indeed is to be respected, let us respect rather the strength of those who refuse that false "recognition of facts" which fails to recognise that facts are often bad. Let us admit that, in the world we know, there are many things that would be better otherwise, and that the ideals to which we do and must adhere are not realised in the realm of matter. Let us preserve our respect for truth, for beauty, for the ideal of perfection which life does not permit us to attain, though none of these things meet with the approval of the unconscious universe. If Power is bad, as it seems to be, let us reject it from our hearts. In this lies Man's true freedom: in determination to worship only the God created by our own love of the good, to respect only the heaven which inspires the insight of our best moments. In action, in desire, we must submit perpetually to the tyranny of outside forces; but in thought, in aspiration, we are free, free from our fellow-men, free from the petty planet on which our bodies impotently crawl, free even, while we live, from the tyranny of death. Let us learn, then, that energy of faith which enables us to live constantly in the vision of the good; and let us descend, in action, into the world of fact, with that vision always before us.

When first the opposition of fact and ideal grows fully visible, a spirit of fiery revolt, of fierce hatred of the gods, seems necessary to the assertion of freedom. To defy with Promethean constancy a hostile universe, to keep its evil always in view, always actively hated, to refuse no pain that the malice of Power can invent, appears to be the duty of all who will not bow before the inevitable. But indignation is still a bondage, for it compels our thoughts to be occupied with an evil world; and in the fierceness of desire from which rebellion springs there is a kind of self-assertion which it is necessary for the wise to overcome. Indignation is a submission of our thoughts, but not of our desires; the Stoic freedom in which wisdom consists is found in the submission of our desires, but not of our thoughts. From the submission of our desires springs the virtue of resignation; from the freedom of our thoughts springs the whole world of art and philosophy, and the vision of beauty by which, at last, we half reconquer the reluctant world. But the vision of beauty is possible only to unfettered contemplation, to thoughts not weighted by the load of eager wishes; and thus Freedom comes only to those who no longer ask of life that it shall yield them any of those personal goods that are subject to the mutations of Time.

Although the necessity of renunciation is evidence of the existence of evil, yet Christianity, in preaching it, has shown a wisdom exceeding that of the Promethean philosophy of rebellion. It must be admitted that, of the things we desire, some, though they prove impossible, are yet real goods; others, however, as ardently longed for, do not form part of a fully purified ideal. The belief that what must be renounced is bad, though sometimes false, is far less often false than untamed passion supposes; and the creed of religion, by providing a reason for proving that it is never false, has been the means of purifying our hopes by the discovery of many austere truths.

But there is in resignation a further good element: even real goods, when they are unattainable, ought not to be fretfully desired. To every man comes, sooner or later, the great renunciation. For the young, there is nothing unattainable; a good thing desired with the whole force of a passionate will, and yet impossible, is to them not credible. Yet, by death, by illness, by poverty, or by the voice of duty, we must learn, each one of us, that the world was not made for us, and that, however beautiful may be the things we crave, Fate may nevertheless forbid them. It is the part of courage, when misfortune comes, to bear without repining the ruin of our hopes, to turn away our thoughts from vain regrets. This degree of submission to Power is not only just and right: it is the very gate of wisdom.

But passive renunciation is not the whole of wisdom; for not by renunciation alone can we build a temple for the worship of our own ideals. Haunting foreshadowings of the temple appear in the realm of imagination, in music, in architecture, in the untroubled kingdom of reason, and in the golden sunset magic of lyrics, where beauty shines and glows, remote from the touch of sorrow,

remote from the fear of change, remote from the failures and disenchantments of the world of fact. In the contemplation of these things the vision of heaven will shape itself in our hearts, giving at once a touchstone to judge the world about us, and an inspiration by which to fashion to our needs whatever is not incapable of serving as a stone in the sacred temple.

Except for those rare spirits that are born without sin, there is a cavern of darkness to be traversed before that temple can be entered. The gate of the cavern is despair, and its floor is paved with the gravestones of abandoned hopes. There Self must die; there the eagerness, the greed of untamed desire must be slain, for only so can the soul be freed from the empire of Fate. But out of the cavern the Gate of Renunciation leads again to the daylight of wisdom, by whose radiance a new insight, a new joy, a new tenderness, shine forth to gladden the pilgrim's heart.

When, without the bitterness of impotent rebellion, we have learnt both to resign ourselves to the outward rule of Fate and to recognise that the non-human world is unworthy of our worship, it becomes possible at last so to transform and refashion the unconscious universe, so to transmute it in the crucible of imagination, that a new image of shining gold replaces the old idol of clay. In all the multiform facts of the world--in the visual shapes of trees and mountains and clouds, in the events of the life of man, even in the very omnipotence of Death--the insight of creative idealism can find the reflection of a beauty which its own thoughts first made. In this way mind asserts its subtle mastery over the thoughtless forces of Nature. The more evil the material with which it deals, the more thwarting to untrained desire, the greater is its achievement in inducing the reluctant rock to yield up its hidden treasures, the prouder its victory in compelling the opposing forces to swell the pageant of its triumph. Of all the arts, Tragedy is the proudest, the most triumphant; for it builds its shining citadel in the very centre of the enemy's country, on the very summit of his highest mountain; from its impregnable watchtowers, his camps and arsenals, his columns and forts, are all revealed; within its walls the free life continues, while the legions of Death and Pain and Despair, and all the servile captains of tyrant Fate, afford the burghers of that dauntless city new spectacles of beauty. Happy those sacred ramparts, thrice happy the dwellers on that all-seeing eminence. Honour to those brave warriors who, through countless ages of warfare, have preserved for us the priceless heritage of liberty, and have kept undefiled by sacrilegious invaders the home of the unsubdued.

But the beauty of Tragedy does but make visible a quality which, in more or less obvious shapes, is present always and everywhere in life. In the spectacle of Death, in the endurance of intolerable pain, and in the irrevocableness of a vanished past, there is a sacredness, an overpowering awe, a feeling of the vastness, the depth, the inexhaustible mystery of existence, in which, as by some strange marriage of pain, the sufferer is bound to the world by bonds of sorrow. In these moments of insight, we lose all eagerness of temporary desire, all struggling and striving for petty ends, all care for the little trivial things that, to a superficial view, make up the common life of day by day; we see, surrounding the narrow raft illumined by the flickering light of human comradeship, the dark ocean on whose rolling waves we toss for a brief hour; from the great night without, a chill blast breaks in upon our refuge; all the loneliness of humanity amid hostile forces is concentrated upon the individual soul, which must struggle alone, with what of courage it can command, against the whole weight of a universe that cares nothing for its hopes and fears. Victory, in this struggle with the powers of darkness, is the true baptism into the glorious company of heroes, the true initiation into the overmastering beauty of human existence. From that awful encounter of the soul with the outer world, renunciation, wisdom, and charity are born; and with their birth a new life begins. To take into the inmost shrine of the soul the irresistible forces whose puppets we seem to be--Death and change, the irrevocableness of the past, and the powerlessness of man before the blind hurry of the universe from vanity to vanity--to feel these things and know them is to conquer them.

This is the reason why the Past has such magical power. The beauty of its motionless and silent pictures is like the enchanted purity of late autumn, when the leaves, though one breath would make them fall, still glow against the sky in golden glory. The Past does not change or strive; like Duncan, after life's fitful fever it sleeps well; what was eager and grasping, what was petty and transitory, has faded away, the things that were beautiful and eternal shine out of it like stars in the night. Its beauty, to a soul not worthy of it, is unendurable; but to a soul which has conquered Fate it is the key of religion.

The life of Man, viewed outwardly, is but a small thing in comparison with the forces of Nature. The slave is doomed to worship Time and Fate and Death, because they are greater than anything he finds in himself, and because all his thoughts are of things which they devour. But, great as they are, to think of them greatly, to feel their passionless splendour, is greater still. And such thought makes us free men; we no longer bow before the inevitable in Oriental subjection, but we absorb it, and make it a part of ourselves. To abandon the struggle for private happiness, to expel all eagerness of temporary desire, to burn with passion for eternal things--this is emancipation, and this is the free man's worship. And this liberation is effected by a contemplation of Fate; for Fate itself is subdued by the mind which leaves nothing to be purged by the purifying fire of Time.

United with his fellow-men by the strongest of all ties, the tie of a common doom, the free man finds that a new vision is with him always, shedding over every daily task the light of love. The life of Man is a long march through the night, surrounded by invisible foes, tortured by weariness and pain, towards a goal that few can hope to reach, and where none may tarry long. One by one, as they march, our comrades vanish from our sight, seized by the silent orders of omnipotent Death. Very brief is the time in which we can help them, in which their happiness or misery is decided. Be it ours to shed sunshine on their path, to lighten their sorrows by the balm of sympathy, to give them the pure joy of a never-tiring affection, to strengthen failing courage, to instil faith in hours of despair. Let us not weigh in grudging scales their merits and demerits, but let us think only of their need--of the sorrows, the difficulties, perhaps the blindnesses, that make the misery of their lives; let us remember that they are fellow-sufferers in the same darkness, actors in the same tragedy with ourselves. And so, when their day is over, when their good and their evil have become eternal by the immortality of the past, be it ours to feel that, where they suffered, where they failed, no deed of ours was the cause; but wherever a spark of the divine fire kindled in their hearts, we were ready with encouragement, with sympathy, with brave words in which high courage glowed.

Brief and powerless is Man's life; on him and all his race the slow, sure doom falls pitiless and dark. Blind to good and evil, reckless of destruction, omnipotent matter rolls on its relentless way; for Man, condemned to-day to lose his dearest, to-morrow himself to pass through the gate of darkness, it remains only to cherish, ere yet the blow falls, the lofty thoughts that ennoble his little day; disdaining the coward terrors of the slave of Fate, to worship at the shrine that his own hands have built; undismayed by the empire of chance, to preserve a mind free from the wanton tyranny that rules his outward life; proudly defiant of the irresistible forces that tolerate, for a moment, his knowledge and his condemnation, to sustain alone, a weary but unyielding Atlas, the world that his own ideals have fashioned despite the trampling march of unconscious power.

FOOTNOTES:

[9] Reprinted from the _Independent Review_, December, 1903.

IV

THE STUDY OF MATHEMATICS

In regard to every form of human activity it is necessary that the question should be asked from time to time, What is its purpose and ideal? In what way does it contribute to the beauty of human existence? As respects those pursuits which contribute only remotely, by providing the mechanism of life, it is well to be reminded that not the mere fact of living is to be desired, but the art of living in the contemplation of great things. Still more in regard to those avocations which have no end outside themselves, which are to be justified, if at all, as actually adding to the sum of the world's permanent possessions, it is necessary to keep alive a knowledge of their aims, a clear prefiguring vision of the temple in which creative imagination is to be embodied.

The fulfilment of this need, in what concerns the studies forming the material upon which custom has decided to train the youthful mind, is indeed sadly remote--so remote as to make the mere statement of such a claim appear preposterous. Great men, fully alive to the beauty of the contemplations to whose service their lives are devoted, desiring that others may share in their joys, persuade mankind to impart to the successive generations the mechanical knowledge without which it is impossible to cross the threshold. Dry pedants possess themselves of the privilege of instilling this knowledge: they forget that it is to serve but as a key to open the doors of the temple; though they spend their lives on the steps leading up to those sacred doors, they turn their backs upon the temple so resolutely that its very existence is forgotten, and the eager youth, who would press forward to be initiated to its domes and arches, is bidden to turn back and count the steps.

Mathematics, perhaps more even than the study of Greece and Rome, has suffered from this oblivion of its due place in civilisation. Although tradition has decreed that the great bulk of educated men shall know at least the elements of the subject, the reasons for which the tradition arose are forgotten, buried beneath a great rubbish-heap of pedantries and trivialities. To those who inquire as to the purpose of mathematics, the usual answer will be that it facilitates the making of machines, the travelling from place to place, and the victory over foreign nations, whether in war or commerce. If it be objected that these ends--all of which are of doubtful value--are not furthered by the merely elementary study imposed upon those who do not become expert mathematicians, the reply, it is true, will probably be that mathematics trains the reasoning faculties. Yet the very men who make this reply are, for the most part, unwilling to abandon the teaching of definite fallacies, known to be such, and instinctively rejected by the unsophisticated mind of every intelligent learner. And the reasoning faculty itself is generally conceived, by those who urge its cultivation, as merely a

means for the avoidance of pitfalls and a help in the discovery of rules for the guidance of practical life. All these are undeniably important achievements to the credit of mathematics; yet it is none of these that entitles mathematics to a place in every liberal education. Plato, we know, regarded the contemplation of mathematical truths as worthy of the Deity; and Plato realised, more perhaps than any other single man, what those elements are in human life which merit a place in heaven. There is in mathematics, he says, "something which is _necessary_ and cannot be set aside ... and, if I mistake not, of divine necessity; for as to the human necessities of which the Many talk in this connection, nothing can be more ridiculous than such an application of the words. _Cleinias._ And what are these necessities of knowledge, Stranger, which are divine and not human? _Athenian._ Those things without some use or knowledge of which a man cannot become a God to the world, nor a spirit, nor yet a hero, nor able earnestly to think and care for man" (_Laws_, p. 818).[10] Such was Plato's judgment of mathematics; but the mathematicians do not read Plato, while those who read him know no mathematics, and regard his opinion upon this question as merely a curious aberration.

Mathematics, rightly viewed, possesses not only truth, but supreme beauty--a beauty cold and austere, like that of sculpture, without appeal to any part of our weaker nature, without the gorgeous trappings of painting or music, yet sublimely pure, and capable of a stern perfection such as only the greatest art can show. The true spirit of delight, the exaltation, the sense of being more than man, which is the touchstone of the highest excellence, is to be found in mathematics as surely as in poetry. What is best in mathematics deserves not merely to be learnt as a task, but to be assimilated as a part of daily thought, and brought again and again before the mind with ever-renewed encouragement. Real life is, to most men, a long second-best, a perpetual compromise between the ideal and the possible; but the world of pure reason knows no compromise, no practical limitations, no barrier to the creative activity embodying in splendid edifices the passionate aspiration after the perfect from which all great work springs. Remote from human passions, remote even from the pitiful facts of nature, the generations have gradually created an ordered cosmos, where pure thought can dwell as in its natural home, and where one, at least, of our nobler impulses can escape from the dreary exile of the actual world.

So little, however, have mathematicians aimed at beauty, that hardly anything in their work has had this conscious purpose. Much, owing to irrepressible instincts, which were better than avowed beliefs, has been moulded by an unconscious taste; but much also has been spoilt by false notions of what was fitting. The characteristic excellence of mathematics is only to be found where the reasoning is rigidly logical: the rules of logic are to mathematics what those of structure are to architecture. In the most beautiful work, a chain of argument is presented in which every link is important on its own account, in which there is an air of ease and lucidity throughout, and the premises achieve more than would have been thought possible, by means which appear natural and inevitable. Literature embodies what is general in particular circumstances whose universal significance shines through their individual dress; but mathematics endeavours to present whatever is most general in its purity, without any irrelevant trappings.

How should the teaching of mathematics be conducted so as to communicate to the learner as much as possible of this high ideal? Here experience must, in a great measure, be our guide; but some maxims may result from our consideration of the ultimate purpose to be achieved.

One of the chief ends served by mathematics, when rightly taught, is to awaken the learner's belief in reason, his confidence in the truth of what has been demonstrated, and in the value of demonstration. This purpose is not served by existing instruction; but it is easy to see ways in which it might be served. At present, in what concerns arithmetic, the boy or girl is given a set of rules, which present themselves as neither true nor false, but as merely the will of the teacher, the way in which, for some unfathomable reason, the teacher prefers to have the game played. To some degree, in a study of such definite practical utility, this is no doubt unavoidable; but as soon as possible, the reasons of rules should be set forth by whatever means most readily appeal to the childish mind. In geometry, instead of the tedious apparatus of fallacious proofs for obvious truisms which constitutes the beginning of Euclid, the learner should be allowed at first to assume the truth of everything obvious, and should be instructed in the demonstrations of theorems which are at once startling and easily verifiable by actual drawing, such as those in which it is shown that three or more lines meet in a point. In this way belief is generated; it is seen that reasoning may lead to startling conclusions, which nevertheless the facts will verify; and thus the instinctive distrust of whatever is abstract or rational is gradually overcome. Where theorems are difficult, they should be first taught as exercises in geometrical drawing, until the figure has become thoroughly familiar; it will then be an agreeable advance to be taught the logical connections of the various lines or circles that occur. It is desirable also that the figure illustrating a theorem should be drawn in all possible cases and shapes, that so the abstract relations with which geometry is concerned may of themselves emerge as the residue of similarity amid such great apparent diversity. In this way the abstract demonstrations should form but a small part of the instruction, and should be given when, by familiarity with concrete illustrations, they have come to be felt as the natural embodiment of visible fact. In this early stage proofs should not be

given with pedantic fullness; definitely fallacious methods, such as that of superposition, should be rigidly excluded from the first, but where, without such methods, the proof would be very difficult, the result should be rendered acceptable by arguments and illustrations which are explicitly contrasted with demonstrations.

In the beginning of algebra, even the most intelligent child finds, as a rule, very great difficulty. The use of letters is a mystery, which seems to have no purpose except mystification. It is almost impossible, at first, not to think that every letter stands for some particular number, if only the teacher would reveal _what_ number it stands for. The fact is, that in algebra the mind is first taught to consider general truths, truths which are not asserted to hold only of this or that particular thing, but of any one of a whole group of things. It is in the power of understanding and discovering such truths that the mastery of the intellect over the whole world of things actual and possible resides; and ability to deal with the general as such is one of the gifts that a mathematical education should bestow. But how little, as a rule, is the teacher of algebra able to explain the chasm which divides it from arithmetic, and how little is the learner assisted in his groping efforts at comprehension! Usually the method that has been adopted in arithmetic is continued: rules are set forth, with no adequate explanation of their grounds; the pupil learns to use the rules blindly, and presently, when he is able to before using this eBook.

Title: The Case of Wagner, Nietzsche Contra Wagner, and Selected Aphorisms.

Author: Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche

Release date: April 7, 2008 [eBook #25012] Most recently updated: June 20, 2020

Language: English

Other information and formats: www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/25012

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE CASE OF WAGNER, NIETZSCHE CONTRA WAGNER, AND SELECTED APHORISMS. ***

Friedrich Nietzsche

I: The Case Of Wagner

*II: Nietzsche *_Contra_* Wagner*

III: Selected Aphorisms

Translated By

Anthony M. Ludovici

Third Edition

T. N. Foulis

13 & 15 Frederick Street

Edinburgh and London

1911

CONTENTS

Translator’s Preface. Preface To The Third Edition The Case Of Wagner: A Musician’s Problem Nietzsche _contra_ Wagner Selected Aphorisms from Nietzsche’s Retrospect of his Years of Friendship with Wagner. Footnotes

TRANSLATOR’S PREFACE.

Nietzsche wrote the rough draft of “The Case of Wagner” in Turin, during the month of May 1888; he completed it in Sils Maria towards the end of June of the same year, and it was published in the following autumn. “Nietzsche _contra_ Wagner” was written

about the middle of December 1888; but, although it was printed and corrected before the New Year, it was not published until long afterwards owing to Nietzsche's complete breakdown in the first days of 1889.

In reading these two essays we are apt to be deceived, by their virulent and forcible tone, into believing that the whole matter is a mere cover for hidden fire,—a mere blind of æsthetic discussion concealing a deep and implacable personal feud which demands and will have vengeance. In spite of all that has been said to the contrary, many people still hold this view of the two little works before us; and, as the actual facts are not accessible to every one, and rumours are more easily believed than verified, the error of supposing that these pamphlets were dictated by personal animosity, and even by Nietzsche's envy of Wagner in his glory, seems to be a pretty common one. Another very general error is to suppose that the point at issue here is not one concerning music at all, but concerning religion. It is taken for granted that the aspirations, the particular quality, the influence, and the method of an art like music, are matters quite distinct from the values and the conditions prevailing in the culture with which it is in harmony, and that however many Christian elements may be discovered in Wagnerian texts, Nietzsche had no right to raise æsthetic objections because he happened to entertain the extraordinary view that these Christian elements had also found their way into Wagnerian music.

To both of these views there is but one reply:—they are absolutely false.

In the "Ecce Homo," Nietzsche's autobiography,—a book which from cover to cover and line for line is sincerity itself—we learn what Wagner actually meant to Nietzsche. On pages 41, 44, 84, 122, 129, &c, we cannot doubt that Nietzsche is speaking from his heart,—and what does he say?—In impassioned tones he admits his profound indebtedness to the great musician, his love for him, his gratitude to him,—how Wagner was the only German who had ever been anything to him—how his friendship with Wagner constituted the happiest and most valuable experience of his life,—how his breach with Wagner almost killed him. And, when we remember, too, that Wagner on his part also declared that he was "alone" after he had lost "that man" (Nietzsche), we begin to perceive that personal bitterness and animosity are out of the question here. We feel we are on a higher plane, and that we must not judge these two men as if they were a couple of little business people who had had a suburban squabble.

Nietzsche declares ("Ecce Homo," p. 24) that he never attacked persons as persons. If he used a name at all, it was merely as a means to an end, just as one might use a magnifying glass in order to make a general, but elusive and intricate fact more clear and more apparent, and if he used the name of David Strauss, without bitterness or spite (for he did not even know the man), when he wished to personify Culture-Philistinism, so, in the same spirit, did he use the name of Wagner, when he wished to personify the general decadence of modern ideas, values, aspirations and Art.

Nietzsche's ambition, throughout his life, was to regenerate European culture. In the first period of his relationship with Wagner, he thought that he had found the man who was prepared to lead in this direction. For a long while he regarded his master as the Saviour of Germany, as the innovator and renovator who was going to arrest the decadent current of his time and lead men to a greatness which had died with antiquity. And so thoroughly did he understand his duties as a disciple, so wholly was he devoted to this cause, that, in spite of all his unquestioned gifts and the excellence of his original achievements, he was for a long while regarded as a mere "literary lackey" in Wagner's service, in all those circles where the rising musician was most disliked.

Gradually, however, as the young Nietzsche developed and began to gain an independent view of life and humanity, it seemed to him extremely doubtful whether Wagner actually was pulling the same way with him. Whereas, theretofore, he had identified Wagner's ideals with his own, it now dawned upon him slowly that the regeneration of German culture, of European culture, and the transvaluation of values which would be necessary for this regeneration, really lay off the track of Wagnerism. He saw that he had endowed Wagner with a good deal that was more his own than Wagner's. In his love he had transfigured the friend, and the composer of "Parsifal" and the man of his imagination were not one. The fact was realised step by step; disappointment upon disappointment, revelation after revelation, ultimately brought it home to him, and though his best instincts at first opposed it, the revulsion of feeling at last became too strong to be scouted, and Nietzsche was plunged into the blackest despair. Had he followed his own human inclinations, he would probably have remained Wagner's friend until the end. As it was, however, he remained loyal to his cause, and this meant denouncing his former idol.

"Joyful Wisdom," "Thus Spake Zarathustra," "Beyond Good and Evil," "The Genealogy of Morals," "The Twilight of the Idols," "The Antichrist"—all these books were but so many exhortations to mankind to step aside from the general track now trodden by Europeans. And what happened? Wagner began to write some hard things about Nietzsche; the world assumed that Nietzsche and Wagner had engaged in a paltry personal quarrel in the press, and the whole importance of the real issue was buried beneath the

human, all-too-human interpretations which were heaped upon it.

Nietzsche was a musician of no mean attainments. For a long while, in his youth, his superiors had been doubtful whether he should not be educated for a musical career, so great were his gifts in this art; and if his mother had not been offered a six-years' scholarship for her son at the famous school of Pforta, Nietzsche, the scholar and philologist, would probably have been an able composer. When he speaks about music, therefore, he knows what he is talking about, and when he refers to Wagner's music in particular, the simple fact of his long intimacy with Wagner during the years at Tribschen, is a sufficient guarantee of his deep knowledge of the subject. Now Nietzsche was one of the first to recognise that the principles of art are inextricably bound up with the laws of life, that an æsthetic dogma may therefore promote or depress all vital force, and that a picture, a symphony, a poem or a statue, is just as capable of being pessimistic, anarchic, Christian or revolutionary, as a philosophy or a science is. To speak of a certain class of music as being compatible with the decline of culture, therefore, was to Nietzsche a perfectly warrantable association of ideas, and that is why, throughout his philosophy, so much stress is laid upon æsthetic considerations.

But if in England and America Nietzsche's attack on Wagner's art may still seem a little incomprehensible, let it be remembered that the Continent has long known that Nietzsche was actually in the right. Every year thousands are now added to the large party abroad who have ceased from believing in the great musical revolutionary of the seventies; that he was one with the French Romanticists and rebels has long since been acknowledged a fact in select circles, both in France and Germany, and if we still have Wagner with us in England, if we still consider Nietzsche as a heretic, when he declares that "Wagner was a musician for unmusical people," it is only because we are more removed than we imagine, from all the great movements, intellectual and otherwise, which take place on the Continent.

In Wagner's music, in his doctrine, in his whole concept of art, Nietzsche saw the confirmation, the promotion—aye, even the encouragement, of that decadence and degeneration which is now rampant in Europe; and it is for this reason, although to the end of his life he still loved Wagner, the man and the friend, that we find him, on the very eve of his spiritual death, exhorting us to abjure Wagner the musician and the artist.

Anthony M. Ludovici.

PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION(1)

In spite of the adverse criticism with which the above preface has met at the hands of many reviewers since the summer of last year, I cannot say that I should feel justified, even after mature consideration, in altering a single word or sentence it contains. If I felt inclined to make any changes at all, these would take the form of extensive additions, tending to confirm rather than to modify the general argument it advances; but, any omissions of which I may have been guilty in the first place, have been so fully rectified since, thanks to the publication of the English translations of Daniel Halévy's and Henri Lichtenberger's works, "The Life of Friedrich Nietzsche,"(2) and "The Gospel of Superman,"(3) respectively, that, were it not for the fact that the truth about this matter cannot be repeated too often, I should have refrained altogether from including any fresh remarks of my own in this Third Edition.

In the works just referred to (pp. 129 _et seq._ in Halévy's book, and pp. 78 _et seq._ in Lichtenberger's book), the statement I made in my preface to "Thoughts out of Season," vol. i., and which I did not think it necessary to repeat in my first preface to these pamphlets, will be found to receive the fullest confirmation.

The statement in question was to the effect that many long years before these pamphlets were even projected, Nietzsche's apparent _volte-face_ in regard to his hero Wagner had been not only foreshadowed but actually stated in plain words, in two works written during his friendship with Wagner,—the works referred to being "The Birth of Tragedy" (1872), and "Wagner in Bayreuth" (1875) of which Houston Stuart Chamberlain declares not only that it possesses "undying classical worth" but that "a perusal of it is indispensable to all who wish to follow the question [of Wagner] to its roots."(4)

The idea that runs through the present work like a leitmotif—the idea that Wagner was at bottom more of a mime than a musician—was so far an ever present thought with Nietzsche that it is ever impossible to ascertain the period when it was first formulated.

In Nietzsche's wonderful autobiography (_Ecce Homo_, p. 88), in the section dealing with the early works just mentioned, we find the following passage—"In the second of the two essays [Wagner in Bayreuth] with a profound certainty of instinct, I already characterised the elementary factor in Wagner's nature as a theatrical talent which, in all his means and aspirations, draws its final

conclusions." And as early as 1874, Nietzsche wrote in his diary—"Wagner is a born actor. Just as Goethe was an abortive painter, and Schiller an abortive orator, so Wagner was an abortive theatrical genius. His attitude to music is that of the actor; for he knows how to sing and speak, as it were out of different souls and from absolutely different worlds (_Tristan_ and the _Meistersinger_)."

There is, however, no need to multiply examples, seeing, as I have said, that in the translations of Halévy's and Lichtenberger's books the reader will find all the independent evidence he could possibly desire, disproving the popular, and even the learned belief that, in the two pamphlets before us we have a complete, apparently unaccountable, and therefore "demented" _volte-face_ on Nietzsche's part. Nevertheless, for fear lest some doubt should still linger in certain minds concerning this point, and with the view of adding interest to these essays, the Editor considered it advisable, in the Second Edition, to add a number of extracts from Nietzsche's diary of the year 1878 (ten years before "The Case of Wagner," and "Nietzsche _contra_ Wagner" were written) in order to show to what extent those learned critics who complain of Nietzsche's "morbid and uncontrollable recantations and revulsions of feeling," have overlooked even the plain facts of the case when forming their all-too-hasty conclusions. These extracts will be found at the end of "Nietzsche _contra_ Wagner." While reading them, however, it should not be forgotten that they were never intended for publication by Nietzsche himself—a fact which accounts for their unpolished and sketchy form—and that they were first published in vol. xi. of the first German Library Edition (pp. 99-129) only when he was a helpless invalid, in 1897. Since then, in 1901 and 1906 respectively, they have been reprinted, once in the large German Library Edition (vol. xi. pp. 181-202), and once in the German Pocket Edition, as an appendix to "Human-All-too-Human," Part II.

An altogether special interest now attaches to these pamphlets; for, in the first place we are at last in possession of Wagner's own account of his development, his art, his aspirations and his struggles, in the amazing self-revelation entitled _My Life_;(5) and secondly, we now have _Ecce Homo_, Nietzsche's autobiography, in which we learn for the first time from Nietzsche's own pen to what extent his history was that of a double devotion—to Wagner on the one hand, and to his own life task, the Transvaluation of all Values, on the other.

Readers interested in the Nietzsche-Wagner controversy will naturally look to these books for a final solution of all the difficulties which the problem presents. But let them not be too sanguine. From first to last this problem is not to be settled by "facts." A good deal of instinctive choice, instinctive aversion, and instinctive suspicion are necessary here. A little more suspicion, for instance, ought to be applied to Wagner's _My Life_, especially in England, where critics are not half suspicious enough about a continental artist's self-revelations, and are too prone, if they have suspicions at all, to apply them in the wrong place.

An example of this want of _finesse_ in judging foreign writers is to be found in Lord Morley's work on Rousseau,—a book which ingenuously takes for granted everything that a writer like Rousseau cares to say about himself, without considering for an instant the possibility that Rousseau might have practised some hypocrisy. In regard to Wagner's life we might easily fall into the same error—that is to say, we might take seriously all he says concerning himself and his family affairs.

We should beware of this, and should not even believe Wagner when he speaks badly about himself. No one speaks badly about himself without a reason, and the question in this case is to find out the reason. Did Wagner—in the belief that genius was always immoral—wish to pose as an immoral Egotist, in order to make us believe in his genius, of which he himself was none too sure in his innermost heart? Did Wagner wish to appear "sincere" in his biography, in order to awaken in us a belief in the sincerity of his music, which he likewise doubted, but wished to impress upon the world as "true"? Or did he wish to be thought badly of in connection with things that were not true, and that consequently did not affect him, in order to lead us off the scent of true things, things he was ashamed of and which he wished the world to ignore—just like Rousseau (the similarity between the two is more than a superficial one) who barbarously pretended to have sent his children to the foundling hospital, in order not to be thought incapable of having had any children at all? In short, where is the bluff in Wagner's biography? Let us therefore be careful about it, and all the more so because Wagner himself guarantees the truth of it in the prefatory note. If we were to be credulous here, we should moreover be acting in direct opposition to Nietzsche's own counsel as given in the following aphorisms (Nos. 19 and 20, p. 89):—

"It is very difficult to trace the course of Wagner's development,—no trust must be placed in his own description of his soul's experiences. He writes party-pamphlets for his followers.

"It is extremely doubtful whether Wagner is able to bear witness about himself."

While on p. 37 (the note), we read:—"He [Wagner] was not proud enough to be able to suffer the truth about himself. Nobody had less pride than he. Like Victor Hugo he remained true to himself even in his biography,—he remained an actor."

However, as a famous English judge has said—“Truth will come out, even in the witness box,” and, as we may add in this case, even in an autobiography. There is one statement in Wagner’s _My Life_ which sounds true to my ears at least—a statement which, in my opinion, has some importance, and to which Wagner himself seems to grant a mysterious significance. I refer to the passage on p. 93 of vol i., in which Wagner says:—“Owing to the exceptional vivacity and innate susceptibility of my nature … I gradually became conscious of a certain power of transporting or bewildering my more indolent companions.”

This seems innocent enough. When, however, it is read in conjunction with Nietzsche’s trenchant criticism, particularly on pp. 14, 15, 16, 17 and 18 of this work, and also with a knowledge of Wagner’s music, it becomes one of the most striking passages in Wagner’s autobiography, for it records how soon he became conscious of his dominant instinct and faculty.

I know perfectly well that the Wagnerites will not be influenced by these remarks. Their gratitude to Wagner is too great for this. He has supplied the precious varnish wherewith to hide the dull ugliness of our civilisation. He has given to souls despairing over the materialism of this world, to souls despairing of themselves, and longing to be rid of themselves, the indispensable hashish and morphia wherewith to deaden their inner discords. These discords are everywhere apparent nowadays. Wagner is therefore a common need, a common benefactor. As such he is bound to be worshipped and adored in spite of all egotistical and theatrical autobiographies.

Albeit, signs are not wanting—at least among his Anglo-Saxon worshippers who stand even more in need of romanticism than their continental brethren,—which show that, in order to uphold Wagner, people are now beginning to draw distinctions between the man and the artist. They dismiss the man as “human-all-too-human,” but they still maintain that there are divine qualities in his music. However distasteful the task of disillusioning these psychological tyros may be, they should be informed that no such division of a man into two parts is permissible, save in Christianity (the body and the soul), but that outside purely religious spheres it is utterly unwarrantable. There can be no such strange divorce between a bloom and the plant on which it blows, and has a black woman ever been known to give birth to a white child?

Wagner, as Nietzsche tells us on p. 19, “was something complete, he was a typical _decadent_ in whom every sign of ‘free will’ was lacking, in whom every feature was necessary.” Wagner, allow me to add, was a typical representative of the nineteenth century, which was the century of contradictory values, of opposed instincts, and of every kind of inner disharmony. The genuine, the classical artists of that period, such men as Heine, Goethe, Stendhal, and Gobineau, overcame their inner strife, and each succeeded in making a harmonious whole out of himself—not indeed without a severe struggle; for everyone of them suffered from being the child of his age, _i.e._, a decadent. The only difference between them and the romanticists lies in the fact that they (the former) were conscious of what was wrong with them, and possessed the will and the strength to overcome their illness; whereas the romanticists chose the easier alternative—namely, that of shutting their eyes on themselves.

“I am just as much a child of my age as Wagner—_i.e._, I am a _decadent_,” says Nietzsche. “The only difference is that I recognised the fact, that I struggled against it”(6)

What Wagner did was characteristic of all romanticists and contemporary artists: he drowned and overshouted his inner discord by means of exuberant pathos and wild exaltation. Far be it from me to value Wagner’s music _in extenso_ here—this is scarcely a fitting opportunity to do so;—but I think it might well be possible to show, on purely psychological grounds, how impossible it was for a man like Wagner to produce real art. For how can harmony, order, symmetry, mastery, proceed from uncontrolled discord, disorder, disintegration, and chaos? The fact that an art which springs from such a marshy soil may, like certain paludal plants, be “wonderful,” “gorgeous,” and “overwhelming,” cannot be denied; but true art it is not. It is so just as little as Gothic architecture is,—that style which, in its efforts to escape beyond the tragic contradiction in its mediæval heart, yelled its hysterical cry heavenwards and even melted the stones of its structures into a quivering and fluid jet, in order to give adequate expression to the painful and wretched conflict then raging between the body and the soul.

That Wagner, too, was a great sufferer, there can be no doubt; not, however, a sufferer from strength, like a true artist, but from weakness—the weakness of his age, which he never overcame. It is for this reason that he should be rather pitied than judged as he is now being judged by his German and English critics, who, with thoroughly neurotic suddenness, have acknowledged their revulsion of feeling a little too harshly.

“I have carefully endeavoured not to deride, or deplore, or detest…” says Spinoza, “but to understand”; and these words ought to be our guide, not only in the case of Wagner, but in all things.

Inner discord is a terrible affliction, and nothing is so certain to produce that nervous irritability which is so trying to the patient as well as to the outer world, as this so-called spiritual disease. Nietzsche was probably quite right when he said the only real and true music that Wagner ever composed did not consist of his elaborate arias and overtures, but of ten or fifteen bars which, dispersed here and there, gave expression to the composer's profound and genuine melancholy. But this melancholy had to be overcome, and Wagner with the blood of a _cabotin_ in his veins, resorted to the remedy that was nearest to hand—that is to say, the art of bewildering others and himself. Thus he remained ignorant about himself all his life; for there was, as Nietzsche rightly points out (p. 37, _note_), not sufficient pride in the man for him to desire to know or to suffer gladly the truth concerning his real nature. As an actor his ruling passion was vanity, but in his case it was correlated with a semi-conscious knowledge of the fact that all was not right with him and his art. It was this that caused him to suffer. His egomaniacal behaviour and his almost Rousseauesque fear and suspicion of others were only the external manifestations of his inner discrepancies. But, to repeat what I have already said, these abnormal symptoms are not in the least incompatible with Wagner's music, they are rather its very cause, the root from which it springs.

In reality, therefore, Wagner the man and Wagner the artist were undoubtedly one, and constituted a splendid romanticist. His music as well as his autobiography are proofs of his wonderful gifts in this direction. His success in his time, as in ours, is due to the craving of the modern world for actors, sorcerers, bewilderers and idealists who are able to conceal the ill-health and the weakness that prevail, and who please by intoxicating and exalting. But this being so, the world must not be disappointed to find the hero of a preceding age explode in the next. It must not be astonished to find a disparity between the hero's private life and his "elevating" art or romantic and idealistic gospel. As long as people will admire heroic attitudes more than heroism, such disillusionment is bound to be the price of their error. In a truly great man, life-theory and life-practice, if seen from a sufficiently lofty point of view, must and do always agree, in an actor, in a romanticist, in an idealist, and in a Christian, there is always a yawning chasm between the two, which, whatever well-meaning critics may do, cannot be bridged posthumously by acrobatic feats _in psychologicis_.

Let anyone apply this point of view to Nietzsche's life and theory. Let anyone turn his life inside out, not only as he gives it to us in his _Ecce Homo_, but as we find it related by all his biographers, friends and foes alike, and what will be the result? Even if we ignore his works—the blooms which blowed from time to time from his life—we absolutely cannot deny the greatness of the man's _private practice_, and if we fully understand and appreciate the latter, we must be singularly deficient in instinct and in _flair_ if we do not suspect that some of this greatness is reflected in his life-task.

ANTHONY M. LUDOVICI

London, _July 1911_.

THE CASE OF WAGNER: A MUSICIAN'S PROBLEM

A LETTER FROM TURIN, MAY 1888

"RIDENDO DICERE SEVERUM…."

Preface

I am writing this to relieve my mind. It is not malice alone which makes me praise Bizet at the expense of Wagner in this essay. Amid a good deal of jesting I wish to make one point clear which does not admit of levity. To turn my back on Wagner was for me a piece of fate, to get to like anything else whatever afterwards was for me a triumph. Nobody, perhaps, had ever been more dangerously involved in Wagnerism, nobody had defended himself more obstinately against it, nobody had ever been so overjoyed at ridding himself of it. A long history!—Shall I give it a name?—If I were a moralist, who knows what I might not call it! Perhaps a piece of _self-mastery_.—But the philosopher does not like the moralist, neither does he like high-falutin' words….

What is the first and last thing that a philosopher demands of himself? To overcome his age in himself, to become "timeless." With what then does the philosopher have the greatest fight? With all that in him which makes him the child of his time. Very well then! I am just as much a child of my age as Wagner—_i.e._, I am a decadent. The only difference is that I recognised the fact, that I struggled against it. The philosopher in me struggled against it.

My greatest preoccupation hitherto has been the problem of _decadence_, and I had reasons for this. "Good and evil" form only a playful subdivision of this problem. If one has trained one's eye to detect the symptoms of decline, one also understands

morality,—one understands what lies concealed beneath its holiest names and tables of values: _e.g._, _impoverished_ life, the will to nonentity, great exhaustion. Morality _denies_ life.… In order to undertake such a mission I was obliged to exercise self-discipline:—I had to side against all that was morbid in myself including Wagner, including Schopenhauer, including the whole of modern _humanity_.—A profound estrangement, coldness and soberness towards all that belongs to my age, all that was contemporary: and as the highest wish, Zarathustra's eye, an eye which surveys the whole phenomenon—mankind—from an enormous distance,—which looks down upon it.—For such a goal—what sacrifice would not have been worth while? What "self-mastery"! What "self-denial"!

The greatest event of my life took the form of a _recovery_. Wagner belongs only to my diseases.

Not that I wish to appear ungrateful to this disease. If in this essay I support the proposition that Wagner is _harmful_, I none the less wish to point out unto whom, in spite of all, he is indispensable—to the philosopher. Anyone else may perhaps be able to get on without Wagner: but the philosopher is not free to pass him by. The philosopher must be the evil conscience of his age,—but to this end he must be possessed of its best knowledge. And what better guide, or more thoroughly efficient revealer of the soul, could be found for the labyrinth of the modern spirit than Wagner? Through Wagner modernity speaks her most intimate language: it conceals neither its good nor its evil: it has thrown off all shame. And, conversely, one has almost calculated the whole of the value of modernity once one is clear concerning what is good and evil in Wagner. I can perfectly well understand a musician of to-day who says: "I hate Wagner but I can endure no other music." But I should also understand a philosopher who said, "Wagner is modernity in concentrated form." There is no help for it, we must first be Wagnerites.…

1.

Yesterday—would you believe it?—I heard _Bizet's_ masterpiece for the twentieth time. Once more I attended with the same gentle reverence; once again I did not run away. This triumph over my impatience surprises me. How such a work completes one! Through it one almost becomes a "masterpiece" oneself—And, as a matter of fact, each time I heard _Carmen_ it seemed to me that I was more of a philosopher, a better philosopher than at other times: I became so forbearing, so happy, so Indian, so _settled_.… To sit for five hours: the first step to holiness!—May I be allowed to say that Bizet's orchestration is the only one that I can endure now? That other orchestration which is all the rage at present—the Wagnerian—is brutal, artificial and "unsophisticated" withal, hence its appeal to all the three senses of the modern soul at once. How terribly Wagnerian orchestration affects me! I call it the _Sirocco_. A disagreeable sweat breaks out all over me. All my fine weather vanishes.

Bizet's music seems to me perfect. It comes forward lightly, gracefully, stylishly. It is lovable, it does not sweat. "All that is good is easy, everything divine runs with light feet": this is the first principle of my æsthetics. This music is wicked, refined, fatalistic, and withal remains popular,—it possesses the refinement of a race, not of an individual. It is rich. It is definite. It builds, organises, completes, and in this sense it stands as a contrast to the polypus in music, to "endless melody". Have more painful, more tragic accents ever been heard on the stage before? And how are they obtained? Without grimaces! Without counterfeiting of any kind! Free from the _lie_ of the grand style!—In short: this music assumes that the listener is intelligent even as a musician,—thereby it is the opposite of Wagner, who, apart from everything else, was in any case the most _ill-mannered_ genius on earth (Wagner takes us as if … , he repeats a thing so often that we become desperate,—that we ultimately believe it).

And once more: I become a better man when Bizet speaks to me. Also a better musician, a better _listener_. Is it in any way possible to listen better?—I even burrow behind this music with my ears. I hear its very cause. I seem to assist at its birth. I tremble before the dangers which this daring music runs, I am enraptured over those happy accidents for which even Bizet himself may not be responsible.—And, strange to say, at bottom I do not give it a thought, or am not aware how much thought I really do give it. For quite other ideas are running through my head the while.… Has any one ever observed that music _emancipates_ the spirit? gives wings to thought? and that the more one becomes a musician the more one is also a philosopher? The grey sky of abstraction seems thrilled by flashes of lightning; the light is strong enough to reveal all the details of things; to enable one to grapple with problems; and the world is surveyed as if from a mountain top—With this I have defined philosophical pathos—And unexpectedly _answers_ drop into my lap, a small hailstorm of ice and wisdom, of problems _solved_. Where am I? Bizet makes me productive. Everything that is good makes me productive. I have gratitude for nothing else, nor have I any other touchstone for testing what is good.

2.

Bizet's work also saves; Wagner is not the only "Saviour." With it one bids farewell to the _damp_ north and to all the fog of the Wagnerian ideal. Even the action in itself delivers us from these things. From Merimée it has this logic even in passion, from him it has the direct line, _inexorable_ necessity, but what it has above all else is that which belongs to sub-tropical zones—that dryness of atmosphere, that _limpidezza_ of the air. Here in every respect the climate is altered. Here another kind of sensuality, another kind of sensitiveness and another kind of cheerfulness make their appeal. This music is gay, but not in a French or German way. Its gaiety is African; fate hangs over it, its happiness is short, sudden, without reprieve. I envy Bizet for having had the courage of this sensitiveness, which hitherto in the cultured music of Europe has found no means of expression,—of this southern, tawny, sunburnt sensitiveness.… What a joy the golden afternoon of its happiness is to us! When we look out, with this music in our minds, we wonder whether we have ever seen the sea so _calm_. And how soothing is this Moorish dancing! How, for once, even our insatiability gets sated by its lascivious melancholy!—And finally love, love translated back into _Nature_! Not the love of a "cultured girl!"—no Senta-sentimentality.(7) But love as fate, as a fatality, cynical, innocent, cruel,—and precisely in this way _Nature_! The love whose means is war, whose very essence is the _mortal hatred_ between the sexes!—I know no case in which the tragic irony, which constitutes the kernel of love, is expressed with such severity, or in so terrible a formula, as in the last cry of Don José with which the work ends:

"Yes, it is I who have killed her, I—my adored Carmen!"

—Such a conception of love (the only one worthy of a philosopher) is rare: it distinguishes one work of art from among a thousand others. For, as a rule, artists are no better than the rest of the world, they are even worse—they _misunderstand_ love. Even Wagner misunderstood it. They imagine that they are selfless in it because they appear to be seeking the advantage of another creature often to their own disadvantage. But in return they want to _possess_ the other creature.… Even God is no exception to this rule, he is very far from thinking "What does it matter to thee whether I love thee or not?"—He becomes terrible if he is not loved in return "_L'amour_—and with this principle one carries one's point against Gods and men—_est de tous les sentiments le plus égoiste, et par conséquent, lorsqu'il est blessé, le moins généreux_" (B. Constant).

3.

Perhaps you are beginning to perceive how very much this music _improves_ me?—_Il faut méditerraniser la musique._ and I have my reasons for this principle ("Beyond Good and Evil," pp. 216 _et seq._) The return to Nature, health, good spirits, youth, _virtue_!—And yet I was one of the most corrupted Wagnerites.… I was able to take Wagner seriously. Oh, this old magician! what tricks has he not played upon us! The first thing his art places in our hands is a magnifying glass: we look through it, and we no longer trust our own eyes—Everything grows bigger, _even Wagner grows bigger_.… What a clever rattlesnake. Throughout his life he rattled "resignation," "loyalty," and "purity" about our ears, and he retired from the _corrupt_ world with a song of praise to chastity!—And we believed it all.…

—But you will not listen to me? You _prefer_ even the _problem_ of Wagner to that of Bizet? But neither do I underrate it; it has its charm. The problem of salvation is even a venerable problem. Wagner pondered over nothing so deeply as over salvation: his opera is the opera of salvation. Someone always wants to be saved in his operas,—now it is a youth; anon it is a maid,—this is _his problem_—And how lavishly he varies his _leitmotif_! What rare and melancholy modulations! If it were not for Wagner, who would teach us that innocence has a preference for saving interesting sinners? (the case in "Tannhauser"). Or that even the eternal Jew gets saved and _settled down_ when he marries? (the case in the "Flying Dutchman"). Or that corrupted old females prefer to be saved by chaste young men? (the case of Kundry). Or that young hysterics like to be saved by their doctor? (the case in "Lohengrin"). Or that beautiful girls most love to be saved by a knight who also happens to be a Wagnerite? (the case in the "Mastersingers"). Or that even married women also like to be saved by a knight? (the case of Isolde). Or that the venerable Almighty, after having compromised himself morally in all manner of ways, is at last delivered by a free spirit and an immoralist? (the case in the "Ring"). Admire, more especially this last piece of wisdom! Do you understand it? I—take good care not to understand it.… That it is possible to draw yet other lessons from the works above mentioned,—I am much more ready to prove than to dispute. That one may be driven by a Wagnerian ballet to desperation—_and_ to virtue! (once again the case in "Tannhauser"). That not going to bed at the right time may be followed by the worst consequences (once again the case of "Lohengrin").—That one can never be too sure of the spouse one actually marries (for the third time, the case of "Lohengrin"). "Tristan and Isolde" glorifies the perfect husband who, in a certain case, can ask only one question: "But why have ye not told me this before? Nothing could be simpler than that!" Reply:

“That I cannot tell thee. And what thou askest, That wilt thou never learn.”

“Lohengrin” contains a solemn ban upon all investigation and questioning. In this way Wagner stood for the Christian concept, “Thou must and shalt _believe_”. It is a crime against the highest and the holiest to be scientific.… The “Flying Dutchman” preaches the sublime doctrine that woman can moor the most erratic soul, or to put it into Wagnerian terms “save” him. Here we venture to ask a question. Supposing that this were actually true, would it therefore be desirable?—What becomes of the “eternal Jew” whom a woman adores and _enchains_? He simply ceases from being eternal, he marries,—that is to say, he concerns us no longer.—Transferred into the realm of reality, the danger for the artist and for the genius—and these are of course the “eternal Jews”—resides in woman: _adoring_ women are their ruin. Scarcely any one has sufficient character not to be corrupted—“saved” when he finds himself treated as a God—he then immediately condescends to woman.—Man is a coward in the face of all that is eternally feminine, and this the girls know.—In many cases of woman’s love, and perhaps precisely in the most famous ones, the love is no more than a refined form of _parasitism_, a making one’s nest in another’s soul and sometimes even in another’s flesh—Ah! and how constantly at the cost of the host!

We know the fate of Goethe in old-maidish moralin-corroded Germany. He was always offensive to Germans, he found honest admirers only among Jewesses. Schiller, “noble” Schiller, who cried flowery words into their ears,—he was a man after their own heart. What did they reproach Goethe with?—with the Mount of Venus, and with having composed certain Venetian epigrams. Even Klopstock preached him a moral sermon; there was a time when Herder was fond of using the word “Priapus” when he spoke of Goethe. Even “Wilhelm Meister” seemed to be only a symptom of decline, of a moral “going to the dogs”. The “Menagerie of tame cattle,” the worthlessness of the hero in this book, revolted Niebuhr, who finally bursts out in a plaint which _Biterolf_(8) might well have sung: “nothing so easily makes a painful impression as _when a great mind despoils itself of its wings and strives for virtuosity in something greatly inferior, while it renounces more lofty aims_.” But the most indignant of all was the cultured woman—all smaller courts in Germany, every kind of “Puritanism” made the sign of the cross at the sight of Goethe, at the thought of the “unclean spirit” in Goethe.—This history was what Wagner set to music. He _saves_ Goethe, that goes without saying; but he does so in such a clever way that he also takes the side of the cultured woman. Goethe gets saved: a prayer saves him, a cultured woman _draws him out of the mire_.

—As to what Goethe would have thought of Wagner?—Goethe once set himself the question, “what danger hangs over all romanticists—the fate of romanticists?”—His answer was: “To choke over the rumination of moral and religious absurdities.” In short: _Parsifal_.… The philosopher writes thereto an epilogue: _Holiness_—the only remaining higher value still seen by the mob or by woman, the horizon of the ideal for all those who are naturally short-sighted. To philosophers, however, this horizon, like every other, is a mere misunderstanding, a sort of slamming of the door in the face of the real beginning of their world,—their danger, their ideal, their desideratum.… In more polite language: _La philosophie ne suffit pas au grand nombre. Il lui faut la sainteté.…_

4.

I shall once more relate the history of the “Ring”. This is its proper place. It is also the history of a salvation except that in this case it is Wagner himself who is saved—Half his lifetime Wagner believed in the _Revolution_ as only a Frenchman could have believed in it. He sought it in the runic inscriptions of myths, he thought he had found a typical revolutionary in Siegfried.—“Whence arises all the evil in this world?” Wagner asked himself. From “old contracts”: he replied, as all revolutionary ideologists have done. In plain English: from customs, laws, morals, institutions, from all those things upon which the ancient world and ancient society rests. “How can one get rid of the evil in this world? How can one get rid of ancient society?” Only by declaring war against “contracts” (traditions, morality). _This Siegfried does._ He starts early at the game, very early—his origin itself is already a declaration of war against morality—he is the result of adultery, of incest.… Not the saga, but Wagner himself is the inventor of this radical feature, in this matter he _corrected_ the saga.… Siegfried continues as he began: he follows only his first impulse, he flings all tradition, all respect, all _fear_ to the winds. Whatever displeases him he strikes down. He tilts irreverently at old god-heads. His principal undertaking, however, is to emancipate woman,—“to deliver Brunnhilda.”… Siegfried and Brunnhilda, the sacrament of free love, the dawn of the golden age, the twilight of the Gods of old morality—_evil is got rid of_.… For a long while Wagner’s ship sailed happily along this course. There can be no doubt that along it Wagner sought his highest goal.—What happened? A misfortune. The ship dashed on to a reef; Wagner had run aground. The reef was Schopenhauer’s philosophy; Wagner had stuck fast on a _contrary_ view of the world. What had he set to music? Optimism? Wagner was ashamed. It was moreover an optimism for which Schopenhauer had devised an evil expression,—_unscrupulous_ optimism. He was more than ever ashamed. He reflected for

some time; his position seemed desperate.… At last a path of escape seemed gradually to open before him—what if the reef on which he had been wrecked could be interpreted as a goal, as the ulterior motive, as the actual purpose of his journey? To be wrecked here, this was also a goal:—_Bene navigavi cum naufragium feci_ … and he translated the “Ring” into Schopenhauerian language. Everything goes wrong, everything goes to wrack and ruin, the new world is just as bad as the old one:—Nonentity, the Indian Circe beckons … Brunnhilda, who according to the old plan had to retire with a song in honour of free love, consoling the world with the hope of a socialistic Utopia in which “all will be well”; now gets something else to do. She must first study Schopenhauer. She must first versify the fourth book of “The World as Will and Idea.” _Wagner was saved.…_ Joking apart, this _was_ a salvation. The service which Wagner owes to Schopenhauer is incalculable. It was the _philosopher of decadence_ who allowed the _artist of decadence_ to find himself.—

5.

The artist of decadence. That is the word. And here I begin to be serious. I could not think of looking on approvingly while this _décadent_ spoils our health—and music into the bargain. Is Wagner a man at all? Is he not rather a disease? Everything he touches he contaminates. _He has made music sick._

A typical _décadent_ who thinks himself necessary with his corrupted taste, who arrogates to himself a higher taste, who tries to establish his depravity as a law, as progress, as a fulfilment.

And no one guards against it. His powers of seduction attain monstrous proportions, holy incense hangs around him, the misunderstanding concerning him is called the Gospel,—and he has certainly not converted only the _poor in spirit_ to his cause!

I should like to open the window a little:—Air! More air!—

The fact that people in Germany deceive themselves concerning Wagner does not surprise me. The reverse would surprise me. The Germans have modelled a Wagner for themselves, whom they can honour: never yet have they been psychologists; they are thankful that they misunderstand. But that people should also deceive themselves concerning Wagner in Paris! Where people are scarcely anything else than psychologists. And in Saint Petersburg! Where things are divined, which even Paris has no idea of. How intimately related must Wagner be to the entire decadence of Europe for her not to have felt that he was decadent! He belongs to it, he is its protagonist, its greatest name.… We bring honour on ourselves by elevating him to the clouds—For the mere fact that no one guards against him is in itself already a sign of decadence. Instinct is weakened, what ought to be eschewed now attracts. People actually kiss that which plunges them more quickly into the abyss.—Is there any need for an example? One has only to think of the régime which anæmic, or gouty, or diabetic people prescribe for themselves. The definition of a vegetarian: a creature who has need of a corroborating diet. To recognise what is harmful as harmful, to be able to deny oneself what is harmful, is a sign of youth, of vitality. That which is harmful lures the exhausted: cabbage lures the vegetarian. Illness itself can be a stimulus to life but one must be healthy enough for such a stimulus!—Wagner increases exhaustion—_therefore_ he attracts the weak and exhausted to him. Oh, the rattlesnake joy of the old Master precisely because he always saw “the little children” coming unto him!

I place this point of view first and foremost: Wagner’s art is diseased. The problems he sets on the stage are all concerned with hysteria; the convulsiveness of his emotions, his over-excited sensitiveness, his taste which demands ever sharper condimentation, his erraticness which he togged out to look like principles, and, last but not least, his choice of heroes and heroines, considered as physiological types (—a hospital ward!—): the whole represents a morbid picture; of this there can be no doubt. _Wagner est une névrose_. Maybe, that nothing is better known to-day, or in any case the subject of greater study, than the Protean character of degeneration which has disguised itself here, both as an art and as an artist. In Wagner our medical men and physiologists have a most interesting case, or at least a very complete one. Owing to the very fact that nothing is more modern than this thorough morbidness, this dilatoriness and excessive irritability of the nervous machinery, Wagner is the _modern artist par excellence_, the Cagliostro of modernity. All that the world most needs to-day, is combined in the most seductive manner in his art,—the three great stimulants of exhausted people: _brutality_, _artificiality_ and _innocence_ (idiocy).

Wagner is a great corrupter of music. With it, he found the means of stimulating tired nerves,—and in this way he made music ill. In the art of spurring exhausted creatures back into activity, and of recalling half-corpses to life, the inventiveness he shows is of no mean order. He is the master of hypnotic trickery, and he fells the strongest like bullocks. Wagner’s _success_—his success with nerves, and therefore with women—converted the whole world of ambitious musicians into disciples of his secret art. And not only the ambitious, but also the _shrewd_.… Only with morbid music can money be made to-day; our big theatres live on Wagner.

6.

—Once more I will venture to indulge in a little levity. Let us suppose that Wagner's _success_ could become flesh and blood and assume a human form; that, dressed up as a good-natured musical savant, it could move among budding artists. How do you think it would then be likely to express itself?—

My friends, it would say, let us exchange a word or two in private. It is easier to compose bad music than good music. But what, if apart from this it were also more profitable, more effective, more convincing, more exalting, more secure, more _Wagnerian_?… _Pulchrum est paucorum hominum._ Bad enough in all conscience! We understand Latin, and perhaps we also understand which side our bread is buttered. Beauty has its drawbacks: we know that. Wherefore beauty then? Why not rather aim at size, at the sublime, the gigantic, that which moves the _masses_?—And to repeat, it is easier to be titanic than to be beautiful; we know that.…

We know the masses, we know the theatre. The best of those who assemble there,—German youths, horned Siegfrieds and other Wagnerites, require the sublime, the profound, and the overwhelming. This much still lies within our power. And as for the others who assemble there,—the cultured _crétins_, the _blasé_ pigmies, the eternally feminine, the gastrically happy, in short the people—they also require the sublime, the profound, the overwhelming. All these people argue in the same way. "He who overthrows us is strong; he who elevates us is godly; he who makes us wonder vaguely is profound."—Let us make up our mind then, my friends in music: we do want to overthrow them, we do want to elevate them, we do want to make them wonder vaguely. This much still lies within our powers.

In regard to the process of making them wonder: it is here that our notion of "style" finds its starting-point. Above all, no thoughts! Nothing is more compromising than a thought! But the state of mind which _precedes_ thought, the labour of the thought still unborn, the promise of future thought, the world as it was before God created it—a recrudescence of chaos.… Chaos makes people wonder.…

In the words of the master: infinity but without melody.

In the second place, with regard to the overthrowing,—this belongs at least in part, to physiology. Let us, in the first place, examine the instruments. A few of them would convince even our intestines (—they _throw open_ doors, as Handel would say), others becharm our very marrow. The _colour of the melody is_ all-important here, _the melody itself_ is of no importance. Let us be precise about _this_ point. To what other purpose should we spend our strength? Let us be characteristic in tone even to the point of foolishness! If by means of tones we allow plenty of scope for guessing, this will be put to the credit of our intellects. Let us irritate nerves, let us strike them dead: let us handle thunder and lightning,—that is what overthrows.…

But what overthrows best, is _passion_.—We must try and be clear concerning this question of passion. Nothing is cheaper than passion! All the virtues of counterpoint may be dispensed with, there is no need to have learnt anything,—but passion is always within our reach! Beauty is difficult: let us beware of beauty!… And also of _melody!_ However much in earnest we may otherwise be about the ideal, let us slander, my friends, let us slander,—let us slander melody! Nothing is more dangerous than a beautiful melody! Nothing is more certain to ruin taste! My friends, if people again set about loving beautiful melodies, we are lost!…

First principle: melody is immoral. _Proof_: "Palestrina". _Application_: "Parsifal." The absence of melody is in itself sanctifying.…

And this is the definition of passion. Passion—or the acrobatic feats of ugliness on the tight-rope of enharmonic—My friends, let us dare to be ugly! Wagner dared it! Let us heave the mud of the most repulsive harmonies undauntedly before us. We must not even spare our hands! Only thus, shall we become _natural_.…

And now a last word of advice. Perhaps it covers everything—_Let us be idealists!_—If not the cleverest, it is at least the wisest thing we can do. In order to elevate men we ourselves must be exalted. Let us wander in the clouds, let us harangue eternity, let us be careful to group great symbols all around us! _Sursum! Bumbum!_—there is no better advice. The "heaving breast" shall be our argument, "beautiful feelings" our advocates. Virtue still carries its point against counterpoint. "How could he who improves us, help being better than we?" man has ever thought thus. Let us therefore improve mankind!—in this way we shall become good (in this way we shall even become "classics"—Schiller became a "classic"). The straining after the base excitement of the senses, after so-called beauty, shattered the nerves of the Italians: let us remain German! Even Mozart's relation to music—Wagner spoke this

word of comfort to us—was at bottom frivolous.…

Never let us acknowledge that music “may be a recreation,” that it may “enliven,” that it may “give pleasure.” _Never let us give pleasure!_—we shall be lost if people once again think of music hedonistically.… That belongs to the bad eighteenth century.… On the other hand, nothing would be more advisable (between ourselves) than a dose of—_cant, sit venia verbo_. This imparts dignity.—And let us take care to select the precise moment when it would be fitting to have black looks, to sigh openly, to sigh devoutly, to flaunt grand Christian sympathy before their eyes. “Man is corrupt who will save him? _what will save him?_” Do not let us reply. We must be on our guard. We must control our ambition, which w

[... TRUNCATED at 800,000 chars for file-size management — full text in original source ...]

==========

Cecilia Valdés o la Loma del Ángel

Cirilo Villaverde

Project Gutenberg Release: March 08, 2009 · eBook #28281

Produced by Chuck Greif, Víctor Moné and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team at https://www.pgdp.net

CECILIA VALDES

_O_

LA LOMA DEL ANGEL

NOVELA DE COSTUMBRES CUBANAS

POR

CIRILO VILLAVERDE

Que también la hermosura tiene fuerza de despertar la caridad dormida.

CERVANTES

INDICE

INTRODUCCIÓN

DEDICATORIA

PRÓLOGO

PRIMERA PARTE

Capítulo I, Capítulo II, Capítulo III, Capítulo IV, Capítulo V, Capítulo VI, Capítulo VII, Capítulo VIII, Capítulo IX, Capítulo X, Capítulo XI, Capítulo XII,

SEGUNDA PARTE

Capítulo I, Capítulo II, Capítulo III, Capítulo IV, Capítulo V, Capítulo VI, Capítulo VII, Capítulo VIII, Capítulo IX, Capítulo X, Capítulo XI, Capítulo XII, Capítulo XIII, Capítulo XIV, Capítulo XV, Capítulo XVI, Capítulo XVII

TERCERA PARTE

Capítulo I, Capítulo II, Capítulo III, Capítulo IV, Capítulo V, Capítulo VI, Capítulo VII, Capítulo VIII, Capítulo IX,

CUARTA PARTE

Capítulo I, Capítulo II, Capítulo III, Capítulo IV, Capítulo V, Capítulo VI, Capítulo VII

GLOSARIO

BIBLIOGRAFÍA

INTRODUCCION

Cirilo Villaverde nació el 28 de octubre de 1812 en el ingenio Santiago, _cercano al pueblo de San Diego de Núñez (Pinar del Río). Su padre era médico del ingenio y en ese medio pasó sus primeros años._

En 1823 vino a La Habana, donde cursó estudios de pintura, filosofía y derecho. Se recibió de Bachiller en Leyes en 1832, pero apenas ejerció esta profesión. Sus principales actividades fueron la enseñanza y el periodismo.

Trabajó como maestro en los colegios Buenavista y Real Cubano de la capital y La Empresa de Matanzas. Publicó para uso de las escuelas un Compendio geográfico de la isla de Cuba (1845), El librito de cuentos y las conversaciones (1847) y El librito de los cuentos (1857).

Su obra es extensa y variada como periodista y literato. Colaboró en las principales publicaciones de la época.

Dio a conocer sus primeras narraciones--El ave muerta, La peña blanca, El perjurio y La cueva de Taganana--en Miscelánea de Útil y Agradable Recreo (1837) y en El Album, Engañar con la verdad, El espetón de oro y la primera parte de Excursión a Vuelta Abajo, todas en 1838. La Cartera Cubana insertó en su sección de folletines Amores y contratiempos de un guajiro y Una cruz negra, en 1839. La Siempreviva en ese mismo año publicó la primera versión de Cecilia Valdés o La loma del Ángel.

Mientras desempeñaba su cátedra en el colegio La Empresa _comenzó a escribir para_ Faro Industrial de La Habana. _De regreso a la capital, fue uno de sus principales redactores y condueño junto a Bachiller y Morales. En este diario aparecieron entre 1842 y 1847 la segunda parte de_ Excursión a Vuelta Abajo _(1842)_, El guajiro _(1842)_, La peineta calada _(1843)_, Dos amores _(1843)_, El penitente _(1844)_, La tejedora de sombreros de Yarey _(1844-45) y otras de menor importancia, así como multitud de notas, crónicas y artículos de crítica literaria y de costumbres calzados con su nombre o con los seudónimos de_ Sansueña, Yo, El ambulante del oeste, Lola de la Habana _y otros_.

Villaverde, defensor de los ideales independentistas, participó como propagandista activísimo en la conspiración de La Mina de la Rosa Cubana _de 1848. Al ser descubierta la misma por delación de un conjurado fue apresado en La Habana y condenado primero a muerte «en garrote vil» y más tarde a diez años de prisión. Escapó el 31 de marzo de 1849 con otros presos y escondido en la bodega de una goleta costera, llegó a los Estados Unidos._

En Norteamérica continuó luchando por sus principios políticos. Fue en Nueva York secretario de Narciso López, a quien conocía desde 1846, y redactor en jefe de La verdad. _Publicó en Nueva Orleans entre 1853 y 1854 el periódico_ El independiente, _etc._

Se trasladó a Filadelfia en 1854, donde vivió como profesor de español y contrajo matrimonio con Emilia Casanova, una destacada activista de la independencia cubana.

Regresó a La Habana en 1858, acogido a la amnistía. Aquí trabajó al frente de la imprenta La Antilla, _que publicara algunas obras de interés para nuestras letras, como los artículos de costumbres de Anselmo Suárez y Romero, y colaboró en el periódico literario_ La Habana _en compañía de Sterling y Calcagno, con importantes juicios críticos sobre Betancourt y otros contemporáneos. Volvió poco después a Nueva York, donde continuó sus labores de maestro y periodista. Fue entonces redactor de_ La América _(1861-62)_, La Ilustración Americana _(1865-1869)_, El Espejo _y_ El Avisador Hispanoamericano. _En 1864 fundó con su mujer un colegio en Wechawken. Durante esta segunda estancia en los Estados Unidos continuó luchando por la independencia de Cuba, como muchos otros cubanos de su tiempo. Sólo regresó a la Isla en 1888 por dos semanas._

Murió en Nueva York el 20 de octubre de 1894. Su figura al morir contaba con la admiración y el reconocimiento de sus contemporáneos por su doble condición de patriota y novelista.

La novela que consolidó su fama literaria fue Cecilia Valdés o La loma del Ángel, _publicada en su forma definitiva en Nueva York en 1882. Ninguna de sus obras anteriores respondió a empeño tan elevado ni despertó como ésta el entusiasmo del público y la crítica. En ella Villaverde recoge el panorama de la vida cubana desde 1812 hasta 1831. Muestra sus categorías políticas, sociales y económicas y las terribles lacras que padecían. La obra, con sus clases poderosas y sus clases oprimidas, con sus funcionarios venales y su burguesía indolente, con sus mulatos discriminados y sus negros esclavos, con sus familias enriquecidas por el régimen esclavista y sus aristócratas de blasones comprados a la decrépita monarquía española, sirve de esclarecedor prólogo a nuestra historia republicana._

El ambiente de esta época colonial, trasladado con amplitud y minuciosidad a las abundosas páginas del libro, es lo decisivo en la obra, lo que determina su vigencia en la apreciación de los críticos. Porque Cecilia Valdés _está muy lejos de ser una obra perfecta. El autor explica en el prólogo su proceso de creación; proceso que indudablemente resintió el saldo final del trabajo. El asunto central--drama de amor, celos, venganza y muerte--apenas difiere de los usuales en los folletines de la época; los

personajes en su mayoría no trascienden de los rasgos externos; la acción es desarticulada y digresiva, hurtada a la historia y los personajes principales por criaturas y sucesos de menor cuantía; el estilo, híbrido, plagado de debilidades románticas entre las que alborean atisbos realistas; el lenguaje, oscilante entre el arcaísmo más rebuscando y el espontáneo giro popular nuestro; el desenlace, atropellado, en contradicción con las dimensiones de la narración._

Pero Cecilia Valdés _es en nuestra historia literaria, a pesar de esas abundantes y graves deficiencias, la mejor creación novelística del siglo_ XIX.

Muchos cubanos de hoy la conocen a través de la adaptación teatral de Agustín Rodríguez y José Sánchez Arcilla, musicalizada admirablemente por Gonzalo Roig; versión que necesariamente fue vertebrada con la historia de los protagonistas. Despojado del lujo descriptivo de su ambiente, el asunto resulta endeble y melodramático. Esta aplaudida adaptación confirma que lo fundamental en Cecilia Valdés _es el ambiente. Su costumbrismo, de vigorosa indagación política, social y económica, es el que atenúa sus defectos y sitúa a la obra en las puertas de la novelística realista._

A LAS CUBANAS

Lejos de Cuba y sin esperanza de volver a ver su sol, sus flores, ni sus palmas, ¿a quién, sino a vosotras, caras paisanas, reflejo del lado más bello de la patria, pudiera consagrar, con más justicia, estas tristes páginas?

EL AUTOR

PROLOGO

Publiqué el primer tomo de esta novela, en la _Imprenta Literaria_ de don Lino Valdés a mediados del año de 1839. Contemporáneamente empecé la composición del segundo tomo, que debía completarla; pero no trabajé mucho en él, tanto porque me trasladé poco después a Matanzas como uno de los maestros del colegio de _La Empresa_, fundado recientemente en dicha ciudad, cuanto porque una vez allí, emprendí la composición de otra novela, _La joven de la flecha de oro_, que concluí e imprimí en un volumen el año de 1841.

De vuelta en la capital el año de 1842, sin abandonar el ejercicio del magisterio, entré a formar parte de la redacción de _El Faro Industrial_, al que consagré todos los trabajos literarios y novelescos que se siguieron casi sin interrupción hasta mediados de 1848. En sus columnas, entre otros muchos escritos de diverso género, aparecieron en la forma de folletines:--_El Ciego y su Perro_; _La Excursión a La Vuelta Bajo_; _La Peineta Calada_; _El Guajiro_; _Dos Amores_; _El Misionero del Caroní_; _El Penitente_, etc.

Pasada la media noche del 20 de octubre del último año citado, fui sorprendido en la cama y preso, con gran golpe de soldados y alguaciles por el comisario del barrio de Monserrate, Barreda; y conducido a la cárcel pública, de orden del Capitán General de la Isla, don Federico Roncaly.

Encerrado cual fiera en una oscura y húmeda bartolina, permanecí seis meses consecutivos, al cabo de los cuales, después de juzgado y condenado a presidio por la Comisión Militar Permanente como conspirador contra los derechos de la corona de España, logré evadirme el 4 de abril de 1849, en unión de don Vicente Fernández Blanco, reo de delito común y del llavero de la cárcel García Rey; quien de allí a poco fue causa de una grave dificultad entre los gobiernos de España y de los Estados Unidos. Por extraña casualidad los tres salimos juntos en barco de vela del puerto de La Habana; pero nuestra compañía sólo duró hasta la ría de Apalachicola, en la costa meridional de Florida, desde donde me encaminé por tierra a Savannah y Nueva York.

Fuera de Cuba, reformé mi género de vida: troqué mis gustos literarios por más altos pensamientos; pasé del mundo de las ilusiones, al mundo de las realidades; abandoné, en fin, las frívolas ocupaciones del esclavo en tierra esclava, para tomar parte en las empresas del hombre libre en tierra libre. Quedáronse allá mis manuscritos y libros, que si bien recibí algún tiempo después, ya no me fue dado hacer nada con ellos; puesto que primero como redactor de _La Verdad_, periódico separatista cubano, luego como secretario militar del general Narciso López, llevé vida muy activa y agitada, ajena por demás a los estudios y trabajos sedentarios.

Con el fracaso de la expedición de Cárdenas en 1850, el desastre de la invasión de las Pozas y la muerte del ilustre caudillo de nuestra intentona revolucionaria en 1851, no cesaron, antes revivieron nuevos proyectos de libertar a cuba, que venían acariciando los patriotas cubanos desde muy al principio del presente siglo. Todos, sin embargo, cual los anteriores terminaron en

desastres y desgracias por el año de 1854.

En 1858 me hallaba en La Habana tras nueve años de ausencia. Reimpresa entonces mi novela _Dos Amores_, en la imprenta del señor Próspero Massana, por consejo suyo acometí la empresa de revisar, mejor todavía, de refundir la otra novela, _Cecilia Valdés_, de la cual sólo existía impreso el primer tomo y manuscrita una pequeña parte del segundo. Había trazado el nuevo plan hasta sus más menudos detalles, escrito la advertencia y procedía al desarrollo de la acción, cuando tuve de nuevo que abandonar la patria.

Las vicisitudes que se siguieron a esta segunda expatriación voluntaria, la necesidad de proveer a la subsistencia de familia en país extranjero, la agitación política que desde 1865 empezó a sentirse en Cuba, las tareas periodísticas que luego emprendí, no me concedieron ánimo ni vagar para entregarme a la obra larga, sin expectativa de lucro inmediato, y por lo mismo tediosa--que demandaba el expurgo, ensanche y refundición de la más voluminosa y complicada de mis obras literarias.

Tras la nueva agitación de 1865 a 1868 vino la revolución del último año nombrado y la guerra sangrienta por una década en Cuba, acompañada de las escenas tumultuosas de los emigrados cubanos en todos los países circunvecinos a ella, especialmente en Nueva York. Como antes y como siempre, troqué las ocupaciones literarias por la política militante, siendo así que acá desplegaban la pluma y la palabra al menos la misma vehemencia que allá el rifle y el machete.

Durante la mayor parte de esa época de delirio y de sueños patrióticos, durmió, por supuesto, el manuscrito de la novela. ¿Qué digo? no progresó más allá de una media decena de capítulos, trazados a ratos perdidos, cuando el recuerdo de la patria empapada en la sangre de sus mejores hijos, se ofrecía en todo su horror y toda su belleza y parecía que demandaba de aquéllos que bien y mucho la amaban, la fiel pintura de su existencia bajo el triple punto de vista físico, moral y social, antes que su muerte o su exaltación a la vida de los pueblos libres, cambiaran enteramente los rasgos característicos de su anterior fisonomía.

De suerte, que en ningún sentido puede decirse con verdad que he empleado cuarenta años (período cursado de 1839 a la fecha) en la composición de la novela. Cuando me resolví a concluirla, habrá dos o tres años, lo más que he podido hacer ha sido despachar un capítulo, con muchas interrupciones, cada quince días, a veces cada mes, trabajando algunas horas entre semana y todo el día los domingos.

Con esta manera de componer obras de imaginación, no es fácil mantener constante el interés de la narrativa, ni siempre animada y unida la acción, ni el estilo parejo y natural, ni el tono templado y sostenido que exigen las producciones del género novelesco. Y tal es uno de los motivos que me impelen a hablar de la novela y de mí.

El otro es, que después de todo, me ha salido el cuadro tan sombrío y de carácter tan trágico, que, cubano como soy hasta la médula de los huesos y hombre de moralidad, siento una especie de temor o vergüenza presentarlo al público sin una palabra explicativa de disculpa. Harto se me alcanza que los extraños, dígase, las personas que no conozcan de cerca las costumbres ni la época de la historia de Cuba que he querido pintar, tal vez crean que escogí los colores más oscuros y sobrecargué de sombras el cuadro por el mero placer de causar efecto a la Rembrandt, o a la Gustavo Doré. Nada más distante de mi mente. Me precio de ser, antes que otra cosa, escritor realista, tomando esta palabra en el sentido artístico que se le da modernamente.

Hace más de treinta años que no leo novela ninguna, siendo Walter Scott y Manzoni los únicos modelos que he podido seguir al trazar los variados cuadros de _Cecilia Valdés_. Reconozco que habría sido mejor para mi obra que yo hubiese escrito un idilio, un romance pastoril, siquiera un cuento por el estilo de _Pablo y Virginia_[1] o de _Atala_ y _Renato_;[2] pero esto, aunque más entretenido y moral, no hubiera sido el retrato de ningún personaje viviente, ni la descripción de las costumbres y pasiones de un pueblo de carne y hueso, sometido a especiales leyes políticas y civiles, imbuido en cierto orden de ideas y rodeado de influencias reales y positivas. Lejos de inventar o de fingir caracteres y escenas fantasiosas e inverosímiles, he llevado el realismo, según entiendo, hasta el punto de presentar los principales personajes de la novela con todos sus pelos y señales, como vulgarmente se dice, vestidos con el traje que llevaron en vida, la mayor parte bajo su nombre y apellido verdaderos, hablando el mismo lenguaje que usaron en las escenas históricas en que figuraron, copiando en lo que cabía, _d'après nature_,[3] su fisonomía física y moral, a fin de que aquéllos que los conocieron de vista o por tradición, los reconozcan sin dificultad y digan cuando menos: el parecido es innegable.

Apenas si he aspirado a otra cosa. Lo único que debo agregar en descargo de mi conciencia, por si alguien juzgare que la pintura no tiene nada de santa ni de edificante, es que, al situar la acción de la novela en el teatro habanero y época corrida de 1812 a 1831, no encontré personajes que pudieran representar con mediana fidelidad el papel, por ejemplo, del payo Lorenzo, o el del

pacato de don Abundio, o el del enérgico padre Cristóbal, o el del santo arzobispo Carlos Borromeo; al paso que abundaban los que podían pasar, sin contradicción, por fieles copias de los Canoso, los Tramoya y los don Rodrigo, matones, bravos y libertinos, cuya generación parece ser de todos los países y de todas las épocas.

Tampoco ha de achacarse a falta del autor si el cuadro no ilustra, no escarmienta, no enseña deleitando. Lo más que me ha sido dado hacer, es abstenerme de toda pintura impúdica o grosera, falta en que era fácil incurrir, habida consideración a las condiciones, al carácter y a las pasiones de la mayoría de los actores de la novela; porque nunca he creído que el escritor público, en el afán de parecer fiel y exacto pintor de las costumbres, haya de olvidar que le merecen respeto la virtud y la modestia del lector.

Por lo demás, si la obra que ahora sale a luz completa, no contiene todos los defectos de lenguaje y de estilo que sacó el primer tomo impreso en La Habana, si hay mayor corrección y verdad en la pintura de los caracteres, si resultan eliminadas ciertas escenas y frases de escasa o dudosa moralidad, si el tono general de la composición es más uniforme y animado, en mucha parte a los consejos de mi esposa, con quien he podido consultar capítulo tras capítulo, a medida que los iba concluyendo.

C. VILLAVERDE

Nueva York, mayo, 1879

PRIMERA PARTE

CAPÍTULO I

Tal es el fruto de la culpa, Tello, cosecha de dolor.

SOLÍS

Hacia el oscurecer de un día de noviembre del año de 1812, seguía la calle de Compostela en dirección del norte de la ciudad, una calesa tirada por un par de mulas, en una de las cuales, como era de costumbre, cabalgaba el calesero negro. El traje de éste, las guarniciones de aquéllas y los ornamentos de plata maciza, mostraban a las claras que era rica la persona a que pertenecía tan lujoso equipaje. Prendida estaba de los calamones, no sólo por el frente, sino también por un costado y hasta la mitad del otro,--la cortina o capacete de paño con banda de vaqueta. Sea el que fuese quien ocupaba el carruaje a la sazón, no puede negarse que tenía interés en guardar la incógnita, aunque parecía excusada la precaución, por cuanto no había alma viviente en las calles, ni se divisaba otra luz que la de las estrellas, o la artificial de algunas casas que se escapaba por las anchas rendijas de las puertas cerradas.

Pararon de repente las mulas al trote en la esquina del callejón de San Juan de Dios y salió a espacio y con no poco trabajo de la calesa un caballero alto, bien puesto, vestido de frac negro abotonado hasta el cuello, dejando ver por debajo el chaleco o chupa de color claro, pantalones de _carranclán_ de pie, corbatín de cerda y sombrero de castor con copa enorme y ala angosta. Por lo que podía distinguirse en aquella media luz de las estrellas, las facciones más notables del hombre eran la nariz, que tenía aguileña, los ojos bastante vivos, el rostro ovalado y la barba pequeña. El color de ésta y el del cabello, las sombras del sombrero y de las paredes alterosas del convento vecino, lo oscurecían tal vez sin ser negro.

--Sigue hasta la calle de lo Empedrado--dijo el caballero en tono imperioso, más bajo, apoyando la mano izquierda en la silla de la mula de varas--y espera inmediato a la esquina. En caso que diese la ronda contigo, di que perteneces a don Joaquín Gómez y que aguardas sus órdenes. ¿Entiendes, Pío?

--Sí, señor, contestó el calesero; quien desde que empezó a hablar su amo tenía el sombrero en la mano.

Y siguió al paso de las mulas hasta el punto que le indicó aquél.

El callejón de San Juan de Dios se compone de dos cuadras solamente, cerrado por un extremo en las paredes del convento de Santa Catalina y por el otro en las casas de la calle de la Habana. El hospital de San Juan de Dios, que le da nombre, y que por sus altas y cuadradas ventanas, siempre deja salir el vaho caliente de los enfermos, ocupa todo un lado de la segunda cuadra y los otros tres, casitas pequeñas de tejas coloradas y un solo piso, el de las últimas en particular más alto que el nivel de la calle, con uno y dos escalones de piedra a la puerta. Las de mejor apariencia de ellas eran las de la primera cuadra entrando de la calle de Compostela. Eran todas de un mismo tamaño, poco más o menos, de una sola ventana y puerta, ésta de cedro con clavos de

cabeza grande, pintadas de color de ladrillo, aquélla o de espejo o volada[4] y de balaustres de madera gruesa. El piso de la calle se hallaba en su estado primitivo y natural, pedregoso y sin banquetas.

El caballero desconocido, arrimado a las paredes, debajo de los salientes aleros de tejas, se detuvo a la puerta de la tercera casita de su derecha y dio dos golpecitos con la punta de los dedos. Allí sin duda le aguardaban, porque tardaron en abrir lo que tardó en pasar de la ventana a la puerta la persona que quitó la tranca con que se cerraba por dentro. Esa resultó ser la ama de la casa; mulata como de 40 años de edad, de estatura mediana, llena de carnes, aunque conservaba el talle estrecho, los hombros redondos y desnudos, la cabeza hermosa, la nariz algo gruesa, la boca expresiva y el cabello espeso y muy crespo. Vestía camisa fina bordada, de manga corta, y enaguas de sarga sin pliegues ni adorno ninguno.

Había pocos muebles en la sala: arrimada a la pared de la derecha una mesa de caoba, sobre la cual ardía una vela de cera, dentro de una guardabrisa o fanal, y varias sillas pesadas de cedro con asiento y respaldo de vaqueta, clavados con tachuelas de cobre. En aquella época esto se tenía por lujo, mucho más tratándose de una mujer de color, que ocupaba aquella habitación como ama y no como criada. El caballero no le dio la mano al entrar, sólo le hizo un saludo grave sin dejar de ser gracioso y amable; lo que sin disputa era aún más extraño, pues aparte de su diferencia de condición y de raza, la de sus edades respectivas era notable a primera vista y no cabía entre ellos otra relación que la de la amistad, más o menos sincera y desinteresada. Enseguida preguntó en tono triste y acercándose a la mujer cuanto podía, a fin de no levantar la voz, que la tenía algo bronca:

--¿Y qué tal la enferma?

La mulata sacudió la cabeza con aire todavía más triste y contestó con tres monosílabos:

--¡Ah! muy mal.

Algo más animada, aunque sin despejársele el semblante, agregó poco después:

--¿No se lo dije al señor? _Entodavía_ ha de acabar con ella el golpe.

--Pues qué, replicó desazonado el caballero, ¿no me dijo Vd. anoche que estaba mejor y más tranquila?

--Lo estaba, sí, señor; pero la mañana la ha pasado muy _desinquieta_ y agitada. Decía que le daban calor las sábanas, que le ardía la cabeza, y varias veces ha tratado de salirse de la cama buscando aire. De manera que fue preciso mandar por el médico. Vino y recetó un calmante: lo tomó, porque la pobrecita toma cuanto le dan. De sus resultas ya se duerme como una piedra, ya _dispierta_ sobresaltada. ¡Ay, señor, su sueño se parece tanto a la muerte! Me da miedo, mucho miedo. Yo se lo decía al señor desde un principio, el golpe era demasiado para ella. Esa muchacha no tiene fuerzas para soportarlo. ¡Ah! mi señor, de esta hecha la perdemos, lo estoy mirando; me lo ha dado el corazón.

Y no dijo más, porque la emoción le ahogó la voz en la garganta.

--Veo que Vd. se acobarda, _seña_ Josefa, dijo el desconocido con dulzura y sentimiento. ¿Pues no ha tratado Vd. de convencerla de que la separación es sólo por muy corto tiempo? No es ella ninguna chiquilla...

--¡Que si no he tratado! El señor parece que no la conoce _entodavía_. Ella no oye razones. Es la más voluntariosa y cabecidura que ha nacido. Además, _dende_ ese lance no está en su cabal juicio y razón. ¿El señor mismo no trató aquella noche fatal de consolarla y tranquilizarla? ¿Y qué sacó? Acuérdese lo que _semos_: nada. El señor va a ver por sus propios ojos que se escogió mal el momento de someterla a semejante prueba. No se habían pasado los cuarenta días y luego tenía una calentura que volaba. Sí, concluyó ya del todo conmovida y llorosa--me tengo tragado que de ésta no sale ella con juicio o con vida.

--Dios querrá, _seña_ Josefa, que no se realicen tan funestos pronósticos, dijo el caballero preocupado. Después de breve rato añadió:--Ella es joven y robusta, y todavía la naturaleza triunfará de todos sus males y penas. Fío más en esto que en la ciencia oscura de los médicos. Aparte de eso, Vd. sabe que se ha hecho lo hecho por el bien de todos, mejor dicho... Más adelante me lo agradecerán, estoy seguro. Yo no podía ni debía darla mi nombre. No, no, repitió como azorado del eco de su propia voz. Nadie mejor que Vd. lo sabe. Vd. que es mujer de razón, conocerá y confesará que así tenía que ser. Es preciso que la chica lleve un nombre, nombre de que no tenga que avergonzarse mañana, ni esotro día, el de Valdés, con que quizás haga un buen casamiento. Para ello no había más remedio sino pasar por la Real Casa Cuna. Esto no ha podido ser más doloroso para la madre, bien lo sé, que para... todos nosotros. Pero dentro de breves días la habrán bautizado y entonces haré que la traiga aquí María de Regla, mi negra, que tres meses hace perdió un hijo del mal de los siete días, y la está amamantando en la Casa Cuna

por orden mía. Ella la devolverá sana, salva y cristiana a los brazos de su madre. Yo tengo arreglado todo eso con Montes de Oca, el médico de la Real Casa, por quien a menudo sé de la chica. Al principio lloraba mucho y se negaba a tomar el pecho de María de Regla, por lo que enflaqueció un poco. Pero ya todo eso ha pasado y ahora está gorda y rozagante, es decir, según me ha informado Montes de Oca, porque yo no la he visto desde la noche en que la hice pasar por el torno... Los ojos se me fueron tras ella. Es indecible cuánto me costó ese paso... Pero, a otra cosa. Vd. sabe, sin embargo, que no cabe equivocación.

--Demasiado que lo sé--dijo la mulata enjugándose las lágrimas. No puede equivocarse, no. Por lo tocante a eso estoy tranquila, como que a pesar de sus chillidos, que me partían el alma, le hice la media luna azul en el hombro izquierdo, según el señor me ordenó. Yo no sé a quién le dolería más, si a ella o a mí... La madre, la madre, mi señor, es la que me tiene sin sosiego. Ella no puede resistir. De por fuerza pierde el juicio o la vida. Yo se lo repito al señor.

Seña Josefa, como la llamó el desconocido, se conocía que era mujer inteligente, si bien por el descuido de su educación incurría a menudo en las faltas de lenguaje comunes al vulgo de las gentes en Cuba. A pesar de la madurez de sus años y de sus pesares, conservaba las muestras de una juventud bella y distinguida, buenos ojos, la expresión amorosa de la boca y la redondez del cuello, de los hombros y de los brazos. Tenía el color cetrino que resulta de la mezcla de hembra negra y varón indio; pero lo crespo del pelo y el óvalo del rostro no admitían la probabilidad de semejante maridaje, sino el de madre negra y padre blanco. Cuando joven llevó vida acomodada, tuvo goces y se rozó con gente bien criada y de buenas maneras. Honda debía de ser la pesadumbre que a la sazón la aquejaba, según eran la frecuencia de sus suspiros, la contracción repetida de su entrecejo y la abundancia del humor acuoso en que nadaban sus grandes ojos y le empañaban el brillo. Por lo demás, había en su actitud más desesperación que verdadero pesar. En efecto, como luego veremos, tenía razón sobrada para lo uno y no le faltaba para lo otro.

Hacía ratos que ambos personajes estaban callados, cada cual a vueltas con sus propios pensamientos, que de seguro no coincidían en ningún punto, a tiempo que se oyeron un lamento y un grito desgarrador salidos del interior de la casa. La mujer hizo una exclamación dolorosa, se llevó ambas manos a la cabeza y corrió como desalada por el primer aposento al segundo cuarto. Maquinalmente el caballero hizo con las manos el mismo movimiento y siguió sus pasos en silencio, aunque a cierta distancia. Allí no había más luz que la mortecina de una lamparita de aceite en una mesa, sobre la cual se veía un nicho o retablo de titiritero, donde se veneraba una figura de talla, con traje talar o de mujer, que miraba al cielo y tenía clavada en el pecho una espada, cuya empuñadura parecía de plata. En el lado opuesto había un catre, con colgaduras de seda, ya ajadas, y a la cabecera una silla de cuero, que en el momento que entró allí _seña_ Josefa, la había desocupado una anciana negra, escuálida, imagen de la muerte, cuya cabeza blanca contrastaba con el ébano de su cuello largo y huesoso. Tenía en la mano derecha un rosario y varios escapularios al pecho sobre la camisa blanca; ciñéndola el talle de la falda de cañamazo, una correa negra y larga a lo fraile agustino. Estaba como embebida o rezando con gran fervor, y al tocarle en el hombro _seña_ Josefa, alzó de repente la cabeza, la volvió hacia la puerta del aposento, vio en ella de pie al desconocido, hizo un movimiento de horror o de susto y desapareció por la puerta del fondo sin decir palabra.

Ocupó su lugar _seña_ Josefa. Abrió con tiento las cortinas del lecho, y por señas indicó al caballero que se acercara; lo que hizo éste, al parecer, con repugnancia. Los ojos de ambos se clavaron en el rostro pálido de una muchacha de 20 años, yaciente boca arriba y aparentemente muerta. Porque no se movía a la sazón, tenía los ojos hundidos y cerrados los párpados, cuyas pestañas eran tan largas que daban sombra a las mejillas. La cabeza era lo único que tenía fuera de las sábanas, y eso casi enterrada en la almohada, la cual desaparecía bajo una mata de pelo negro, undoso y esparcido por todas partes en el mayor desorden. De en medio de aquel fondo negro se destacaba el rostro ovalado, pálido de cera de la enferma, con la barba aguda, la frente cuadrada y alta, la boca pequeña, los labios belfos, y la nariz bastante bien hecha para mujer de raza mezclada, como sin duda era aquélla de que ahora se trata. El conjunto era bueno, femenil; pero había tal expresión de angustia y melancolía en el semblante marchito por la enfermedad, que daba lástima el contemplarle. Movida por este sentimiento tal vez _seña_ Josefa dijo al oído del caballero:--Se ha dormido.

La contestación del caballero fue sacudir la cabeza negativamente, acaso porque en aquel instante creyó notar un temblor convulsivo que recorría de pies a cabeza todo el cuerpo de la paciente. Tras el temblor empezó a levantársele el pecho, movimiento fácil de percibir por encima de la sábana, como una ola en mar sereno que repunta, de repente, y precursor del suspiro que exhaló enseguida del fondo del corazón, acompañado de un gemido doloroso y agudo. Comprendiendo el caballero lo que debía sobrevenir, sin poderlo remediar, apartó primero la vista y disimulada y paulatinamente se retiró a los pies de la cama. Incorporada en aquel instante la enferma, exclamó con aire de espanto:

--¡Mamita! ¿Era su merced?

--¡Hija mía! ¿Qué quieres? ¿Estás mejor?

--¡Ah! ¡Mamita! prosiguió la muchacha en el mismo aire de azorada.--La he visto, la acabo de ver. Sí, no me queda duda. ¡Ahí está! agregó señalando al cielo. ¡Se va! ¡Me la llevan! Debe estar muerta. ¡Ay!--Y se le escapó otro grito desgarrador.

--¡Hija! le observó la madre afligida. _Dispierta._ Tú estás soñando o esas son ilusiones tuyas.

--Venga acá, mamita, mire su merced misma.

Diciendo esto la atraía a sí por el brazo.

--¡Véala! ¿No es aquella la Virgen Santísima dentro de una nube dorada, con los pies desnudos, apoyados en las alas de infinitos ángeles? Ella es. ¡Mire! Por aquí. ¡Allá! Vea. ¡Se eleva!

--Visiones, hija mía. No hagas caso. Acuéstate y descansa.

--¿Cómo quiere su merced que me acueste, si veo que se llevan a mi hija, la hija de mis entrañas?

--¿Pero quién se la lleva, mi vida?

--¿Quién se la lleva? ¿Pues no lo ve su merced? La Virgen Santísima. Se la lleva en los brazos. Debe estar muerta. ¡Ah!

--Ella no se ha muerto, no lo creas; le dijo débilmente _seña_ Josefa, pues sobre este punto no estaba más segura que la enferma. Tu niña está viva y pronto la verás. Esos son sueños tuyos.

--Sueños, sueños, repitió la muchacha, distraída. ¿Yo soñaba? ¿No será más que un sueño? Pero, ¿y mi hija? ¿Dónde está? ¿Por qué me la han quitado? Y de que yo la perdiera su merced tiene la culpa, concluyó diciendo con iracundo ademán y acento.

No tuvo valor _seña_ Josefa para replicar palabra, bien por no irritar más a la enferma con una contradicción poco menos que inútil, bien porque la acusación era directa y fundada. Sólo acertó a volver los ojos hacia su derecha, con lo que los de la enferma naturalmente siguieron la misma dirección y en consecuencia tropezaron con el bulto oscuro del desconocido, que hacía por ocultarse tras las colgaduras de la cama.

--¿Quién está ahí? preguntó apuntando con el dedo. ¡Ah! ¡El es, el ladrón de mi hija! ¡Mi verdugo! ¿Qué vienes a buscar aquí? ¿Vienes, basilisco, a gozarte en tu obra? A tiempo llegas. Gózate a tus anchas. Mi hija ha volado al cielo, lo sé, de ello estoy convencida, yo la seguiré muy pronto; pero tú, tú, causa de nuestra condenación y muerte, tú bajarás... al infierno.

--¡Jesús! exclamó _seña_ Josefa santiguándose. Tú no sabes lo que dices. Calla.

Y anegada en lágrimas se arrojó sobre su hija con el doble objeto de impedirle que se levantara y de que siguiera en aquella terrible increpación contra el caballero desconocido. Por prudencia o por remordimiento, éste callaba e inclinó más la cabeza. El, de todos modos, estaba muy disgustado y luchaba consigo mismo a fin de tomar una resolución. Porque, previéndolo, había venido a ponerse al alcance de las recriminaciones, al parecer justas, de la enferma, quien aunque delirante, le echaba en cara la pérdida de su hija y la ruina de su razón. Mas no hizo por defenderse. Se sentía, al contrario, humillado, altamente ofendido por cuanto siendo sus intenciones las más puras, guiadas por el deseo del bien de todos los inmediatamente interesados, las resultas llevaban camino de ser muy desastrosas. A los ojos de su propia conciencia la justificación era fácil; el mundo, sin embargo, debía juzgarle por los hechos. Y a este juicio le tenía él horror cerval.

Continuaba entre tanto la lucha entre la madre y la hija. Esta, con los ojos de espantada, los cabellos desgreñados, la frente cubierta de sudor copioso, las mejillas encendidas por la fiebre, repelía con ambas manos a la madre y le repetía:--Déjame, mamita, déjame ver esa cara de hereje. Quiero pedirle cuenta de mi hija. El me la ha quitado, él, entrañas de fiera. Y la madre, siempre inundada en lágrimas estrechándola en sus brazos, le respondía:--Por el amor de Dios, hija mía, por la Purísima Concepción de María Santísima, por tu salud, por la de tu hija, que vive y está buena, cállate, tranquilízate. Yo te lo ruego por lo que más quiera.

Pero como se prolongase demasiado aquella lucha, se acercó el caballero a la cama, tomó en la suya una mano de la enferma, la cual ella no rechazó, y con voz grave, mas llena de exquisita ternura, le dijo:

--Charo, óyeme. Te prometo que mañana verás a tu hija. Vuelve en ti. ¡Cálmate! No más locuras.

Séase que de tanto bregar se le agotasen las fuerzas, séase que la impusiese respeto la voz del desconocido, es lo cierto que la enferma, exhalando un profundo suspiro, cayó repentinamente de espaldas en la almohada y allí quedó por breve rato sin movimiento. No creyó menos la madre, al pronto, sino que había expirado. Púsola con ese motivo la mano en el corazón, y como, ya por el susto, ya porque en efecto se le había paralizado la sangre en las venas a la paciente, no sintió por unos instantes las pulsaciones. Así que, grandemente asustada, se volvió para el caballero, que al parecer contemplaba impasible aquella escena muda, y con acento de amarga reconvención le dijo:

--¿Lo ve el señor? Está muerta.

No fue esto parte a hacerle perder al caballero su natural ecuanimidad. Lejos de ello, con mucha calma y deliberación le tomó el pulso a la muchacha, a guisa de médico, y después dijo:

--Traiga Vd. éter. Se ha desmayado. Esta moza está muy débil, necesita alimento.

--El médico lo ha prohibido, observó _seña_ Josefa.

--El médico no sabe lo que se pesca. Dela Vd. caldo. Pero despache con el éter.

Traído el álcali volátil, se le aplicaron a la nariz; pero las únicas señales de vida que dio la muchacha fue un estremecimiento de los párpados, que no abrió por cierto, y un llorar en silencio, o hilo a hilo, según reza la gráfica expresión vulgar. Mientras esto pasaba delante de la cama de la enferma, asomó la cabeza blanca por entre la puerta del fondo, medio abierta, la anciana negra antes mencionada; pero la retiró de golpe persignándose cual si viese al diablo, sin duda porque aún estaba allí el caballero desconocido. Al fin, éste se alejó de aquel sitio de dolor y de tribulación, saludó a _seña_ Josefa con una mera inclinación de cabeza, y salió a la calle murmurando en su despecho:

--¡Y nadie más que yo tiene la culpa!

CAPÍTULO II

Sola soy, sola nací, _Sola me tuvo mi madre,_ _Sola me tengo de andar,_ _Como la pluma en el aire._

Algunos años adelante, mejor, uno o dos después de la caída del segundo breve período constitucional, en que quedó establecido el estado de sitio de la Isla de Cuba y Capitán General de la misma don Francisco Dionisio Vives, solía verse por las calles del barrio del Ángel una muchacha de unos once a doce años de edad, quien, ya por su hábito andariego, ya por otras circunstancias de que hablaremos enseguida, llamaba la atención general.

Era su tipo el de las vírgenes de los más célebres pintores. Porque a una frente alta, coronada de cabellos negros y copiosos, naturalmente ondeados, unía facciones muy regulares, nariz recta que arrancaba desde el entrecejo, y por quedarse algo corta alzaba un si es no es el labio superior, como para dejar ver dos sartas de dientes menudos y blancos. Sus cejas describían un arco y daban mayor sombra a los ojos negros y rasgados, los cuales eran todo movilidad y fuego. La boca tenía chica y los labios llenos, indicando más voluptuosidad que firmeza de carácter. Las mejillas llenas y redondas y un hoyuelo en medio de la barba, formaban un conjunto bello, que para ser perfecto sólo faltaba que la expresión fuese menos maliciosa, si no maligna.

De cuerpo era más bien delgada que gruesa, para su edad antes baja que crecida, y el torso, visto de espaldas, angosto en el cuello y ancho hacia los hombros, formaba armonía encantadora, aun bajo sus humildes ropas, con el estrecho y flexible talle, que no hay medio de compararle sino con la base de una copa. La complexión podía pasar por saludable, la encarnación viva, hablando en el sentido en que los pintores toman esta palabra, aunque a poco que se fijaba la atención, se advertía en el color del rostro, que sin dejar de ser sanguíneo había demasiado ocre en su composición, y no resultaba diáfano ni libre. ¿A qué raza, pues, pertenecía esta muchacha? Difícil es decirlo. Sin embargo, a un ojo conocedor no podía esconderse que sus labios rojos tenían un borde o filete oscuro, y que la iluminación del rostro terminaba en una especie de penumbra hacia el nacimiento del cabello. Su sangre no era pura y bien podía asegurarse que allá en la tercera o cuarta generación estaba mezclada con la etíope.

Pero de cualquier manera, tales eran su belleza peregrina, su alegría y vivacidad, que la revestían de una especie de encanto, no dejando al ánimo vagar sino para admirarla y pasar de largo por las faltas o por las sobras de su progenie. Nunca la habían visto triste, nunca de mal humor, nunca reñir con nadie; tampoco podía darse razón dónde moraba ni de qué subsistía. ¿Qué hacía, pues, una niña tan linda, azotando las calles día y noche, como perro hambriento y sin dueño? ¿No había quien por ella hiciera ni rigiera su índole vagabunda?

Entre tanto la chica crecía gallarda y lozana, sin cuidarse de las investigaciones y murmuraciones de que era objeto, y sin caer en la cuenta de que su vida callejera, que a ella le parecía muy natural, inspiraba sospechas y temores, si no compasión a algunas viejas; que sus gracias nacientes y el descuido y libertad con que vivía, alimentaban esperanzas de bastardo linaje en mancebos corazones, que latían al verla atravesar la plazuela del Cristo, cuando a la carrerita y con la sutileza de la zorra hurtaba un bollo o un chicharrón a las negras que de parte de noche allí se ponen a freírlos; o cuando al descuido metía la pequeña mano en los cajones de pasas de los almacenes de víveres en las esquinas de las calles; o cuando levantaba el plátano maduro, el mango o la guayaba del tablero de la frutera; o cuando enredaba el perro del ciego en el cañón de la esquina, o le encaminaba a San Juan de Dios, si iba para Santa Clara:[5] que todas éstas eran travesuras dignas de celebración en una niña de su edad y parecer.

Su traje ordinario, no siempre aseado, consistía en falda de zaraza, sin más pañizuelo ni otro calzado que unas chancletas, las cuales anunciaban de lejos su aproximación, porque sonaban mucho en las banquetas de piedra de las pocas calles que entonces tenían tales adornos. Llevaba también el cabello siempre suelto y naturalmente rizado. El único ornamento de su cuello era un rosarito de filigrana, especie de gargantilla, con una cruz de coral y oro pendiente, memoria de la madre cara y desconocida.

A pesar de aquella vida suya y de aquel traje, parecía tan pura y linda, que estaba uno tentado a creer que jamás dejaría de ser lo que era, cándida niña en cabello, que se preparaba a entrar en el mundo por una puerta al parecer de oro, y que vivía sin tener sospecha siquiera de su existencia. Sin embargo, las calles de la ciudad, las plazas, los establecimientos públicos, como se apuntó más arriba, fueron su escuela, y en tales sitios, según es de presumir, su tierno corazón, formado acaso para dar abrigo a las virtudes, que son el más bello encanto de las mujeres, bebió a torrentes las aguas emponzoñadas del vicio, se nutrió desde temprano con las escenas de impudicia que ofrece diariamente un pueblo soez y desmoralizado. ¿Y cómo librarse de semejante influjo? ¿Cómo impedir que sus vivarachos ojos no viesen? ¿Qué sus orejas siempre alerta no oyesen? ¿Que aquella alma rebosando vida y juventud no se asomara antes de tiempo a los ojos y a los oídos para juzgar de cuanto pasaba en su derredor, en vez de dormir el sueño de la inocencia? ¡Bien temprano, a fe, llamó a sus puertas la legión de pasiones que gastan el corazón y abaten las frentes más soberbias!

Una tarde, entre otras, pasaba la chica, como de costumbre, a la carrerita, por cierta calle de que no hay para qué mencionar ahora el nombre. Asomadas a una de las altas y anchas rejas de hierro de las ventanas de una casa de apariencia aristocrática, estaban dos niñas poco más o menos de su edad y una joven de 14 a 15, las cuales, como viesen pasar aquella exhalación, según se expresó una de ellas mismas, excitada grandemente la curiosidad de todas, la llamaron con instancia. No se hizo de rogar la mozuela, antes se entró, desde luego por el zaguán, y se presentó con mucho desembarazo a la puerta de la sala, donde ya la esperaba el grupo de las tres jovencitas. Allí, éstas la tomaron por la mano y la llevaron delante de una señora algo gruesa, vestida con mucho aseo, que estaba arrellanada en un ancho sillón y descansaba los pies en un escabel.

--¡Ah! exclamó ésta cuando la hubo visto de cerca. ¡Y qué mona es! Dicho lo cual se enderezó en el asiento, operación que le costó un buen esfuerzo, y agregó:

--¿Cómo te llamas?

--Cecilia, respondió vivamente.

--¿Y tu madre?

--Yo no tengo madre.

--¡Pobrecita! ¿Y tu padre?

--Yo soy Valdés, yo no tengo padre.

--Esa está mejor, exclamó la señora recapacitando.

--Papá, papá, dijo la mayor de las señoritas dirigiéndose a un caballero que estaba recostado en un sofá a la derecha del estrado. Papá, ¿ha visto Vd. niña más preciosa?

--Ya, ya, contestó el padre casi sin volver el rostro. Dejadla en paz. Pero apenas salieron esas palabras de sus labios, reparó en él Cecilia, y entre admirada, y reída, dijo:

--¡Ay! Yo conozco a ese hombre que está ahí acostado. Este, por debajo de las manos, con que ya se sombreaba la frente, le echó una mirada fiera, en que iban pintados su mal humor y disgusto. Enseguida se levantó y dejó la sala, sin decir más palabra. Extraño es en verdad que sólo este hombre no sintiese simpatía por la linda callejera.

--¿Conque no tienes padre ni madre? Tornó a preguntar la buena señora, un si es no es preocupada por la anterior escena. ¿Y cómo vives? ¿Con quién vives? ¿Eres hija de la tierra o del aire?

--¡Ave María Purísima! exclamó la niña doblando la cabeza sobre el hombro derecho y mirando fijamente a sus preguntadoras. ¡Ay, Jesús! ¡Qué gente tan curiosa! Yo vivo con mi abuela, que es una viejecita muy buena, que me quiere mucho y que me deja hacer cuanto yo quiero. Mi madre se murió hace mucho tiempo y... mi padre también. No sé más ni me pregunten más.

Bien quisieran las jovencitas hacer más preguntas, e informarse de otros pormenores acerca de la vida y parentela de Cecilia; pero, por una parte, su padre les había dicho que la dejaran en paz, y, por otra, su madre, ya incapaz de dominar su desazón, les indicó por un gesto muy significativo que era tiempo saliese de allí mozuela tan procaz. Colmada de regalos y despedida al fin, Cecilia, pasaba por el zaguán en vuelta de la calle, a sazón que bajaba de los altos un jovencito en traje veraniego, es decir, de chupa y pantalón de Arabia quien apenas la vio, la reconoció y le dijo desde lo alto:

--Cecilia, ¡eh, Cecilia! Oye, mira.

Ella, sin contener el paso, mas sin dejar de mirar al que le daba voces, le decía hasta la puerta de la calle: ¡Cuico! ¡Cuico! Y al mismo tiempo abría la mano derecha, ponía el dedo pulgar en la punta de la nariz y movía los otros con gran rapidez. Que es una manera de burla que a menudo se hacen los muchachos en nuestras calles, como diciendo: ¡Ah! ¡que te engañé! ¡Ah! que me escapé de tus majaderías.

No es para referir aquí la escena que se siguió a la ida de la chica de aquella casa. Del señor y de la señora puede decirse que no volvieron a mencionar su nombre. Las señoritas, al contrario, aún cuando tornaron a la ventana para ver y saludar a sus amigas, que de vuelta del paseo pasaban en sus lujosas volantas, no cesaron de hablar de Cecilia y de repetir su nombre, ayudándoles entonces el hermano mayor, quien la conocía y a menudo se encontraba con ella cuando iba a la clase de latín del padre Morales, enfrente del convento de Santa Teresa.

En el medio tiempo la chica, siguiendo por la calle adelante salió a la plazuela de Santa Catalina, cuyo terraplén, que corre por todo el frente, subió a saltos, y luego bajó a la calle del Aguacate por una escalera de mampostería. Una vez allí, se dirigió derecho, aunque con cierta cautela, a la casita inmediata a la esquina ocupada por una taberna. No tocó ni se detuvo delante de la puerta, sino que empujó con suavidad la hoja de la derecha o macho, la cual estaba sujeta con una media bala de hierro en el suelo. Había sido de bermellón la pintura de dicha puerta, pero lavada por las lluvias, el sol y el tiempo, no le quedaban sino manchas oscuras en torno de la cabeza de los clavos y en las molduras profundas de los tableros. La ventanilla, que era de espejo y alta, sólo tenía tres o cuatro balaustres, había perdido la pintura primitiva, quedándole un baño ligero de color de plomo. Por lo que toca al interior, su apariencia era más ruin, si cabe, que el exterior. Se componía de una salita, dividida por un biombo para formar una alcoba, cuya puerta daba precisamente hacia la de la calle, y otra a la derecha con salida al patio angosto y no más largo que el fondo de la casita. A la izquierda de la entrada y a la altura de una vara, había un hueco en la pared medianera, a modo de nicho, en cuyo fondo se veía una Madre Dolorosa de cuerpo entero, aunque muy reducido, con una espada de fuego que le atravesaba el pecho de parte a parte. Alumbraban día y noche tan peregrina pintura dos mariposas, es decir, dos hornillas con su pabilo correspondiente, flotando en tres partes de agua y una de aceite, dentro de vasos ordinarios de vidrio. Una guirnalda de todas flores artificiales y de pedazos de cartulina dorada y plateada, ajadas, descoloridas y polvorosas adornaba el retablo. Y en torno, por las paredes, en el biombo y detrás de las puertas y ventanas, gran número de letreros, por ejemplo: ¡Ave María Purísima! ¡La Gracia de Dios sea en esta casa! ¡Viva Jesús! ¡Viva María! ¡Viva la Gracia y muera el Pecado! Con otros muchos por el estilo, que no hay para qué repetirlos. Las estampas, sin cuadro, pegadas a las paredes con obleas o engrudo, eran más numerosas que los letreros, todas de santos, impresas por el impresor Boloña[6] en papel común y recogidas de manos de los demandantes de los conventos a cambio de limosnas, o compradas a la puerta de las iglesias en los días de fiestas.

Reducíase a bien poco el mueblaje, aunque en su poquedad y ruina se conocía que había visto mejores tiempos cuando nuevo. El más apetecible de la casa era una butaca de Campeche, ya coja, con orejas grandes y desvencijada. Agregábanse tres o cuatro sillas de cedro con asiento y respaldo de vaqueta, del mismo estilo, fuertes, macizas y antiquísimas. Hacía juego con ellas una rinconera de la propia madera, cuyos pies estaban labrados en forma de pezuña de sátiro, con molduras y hojas de parra.

A pesar de la estrechez de aquel albergue, había un gato dormilón, varias palomas y gallinas, muy familiarizadas sin duda con sus dos únicos huéspedes humanos, pues que iban y venían, saltaban sobre los respaldos de las sillas, maullaban, arrullaban y cacareaban sin consideración ni temor. A un lado de la alcoba había una cama alta, cuadrilonga, que siempre estaba de recibo, como que era de cuero sin curtir, cuya dureza la suavizaba un colchón de plumas, cubierto perennemente con una colcha de mil y un retazos o taracea. Las columnas salomónicas, en vez de colgaduras, sostenían San Blases, escapularios, cruces de cartón, piedras de vidrio y palmas benditas de los domingos de ramos de muchos años atrás.

En realidad aquélla no era casa sino en cuanto daba abrigo a dos personas, porque, fuera de las dos piezas mencionadas, no tenía comodidad ni más desahogo que el patio dicho, donde estaba la cocina, mejor, fogón, cajoncito de madera lleno de ceniza, montado sobre cuatro pies derechos, y protegido de la lluvia por una especie de alero de mesilla. Nos hemos detenido tanto en la descripción de la casucha donde entró Cecilia, porque pare su imaginación el benigno lector en el contraste que ofrecería una niña tan linda, rebosando vida y juventud, en medio de tanta antigualla, que no parecía sino que el cielo la había colocado allí para decirle a cada rato al oído:--Hija, contempla lo que serás y sé más cuerda.

Pero estamos seguros que eso era lo menos en que ella pensaba, y entonces con doble motivo, cuanto que más le importaba que no la sintiese entrar cierta persona que, de espaldas en la butaca, frente al nicho, parecía rezar o dormitar. Sin embargo, por más tiento que pusiese la picaruela en el modo de asentar la planta, no lo pudo hacer tan callandito que no la oyese y sintiese distintamente la vieja, cuyos oídos eran muy finos, y que entonces no rezaba ni dormía, sino que leía, hecha un arco, en un libro pequeño de oraciones con forro de pergamino.

--¡Hola! le dijo mirándola de soslayo por encima de los aros perfectamente redondos de sus gafas, enhorquilladas en la punta de la nariz, a guisa de muchacho a la grupa de un caballo, ¡Hola señorita! ¿Aquí está Vd? ¿Eh? ¡Qué bueno! ¿Son éstas horas de venir a pedir la bendición de su abuela? (Porque la chica se acercaba con los brazos cruzados.) ¿Dónde has estado hasta ahora, buena pieza? (Habían tocado ya las oraciones.) ¡Qué linda estabas para ir por los óleos! Y echándole mano de pronto, en cuyo acto se le cayó el libro y se espantaron el gato que pestañeaba a menudo sentado en una silla, las palomas y las gallinas. Ven acá, espiritada, añadió; mariposa sin alas, oveja sin grey, loca de cepo; ven, que he de averiguar dónde has estado hasta estas horas. ¿Qué, tú no tienes rey ni Roque que te gobierne, ni Papa que te excomulgue? ¿Adónde se ha visto de eso? ¿Tú no tienes más vida que correr por las calles? ¿No se puede averiguar nadie contigo? Yo te haré entender que hay quien puede. ¡No me quedaba que ver!

Cecilia, lejos de asustarse, ni de huir, con mucha risa se echó en brazos de la malhumorada y gruñidora abuela, y, como para anudarle la lengua, le entregó cuanto le habían regalado las señoritas donde había estado.

CAPÍTULO III

Malditas viejas, Que a las mozas malamente Enloquecen con consejas.

ZORRILLA

Con más zalamería y astucia de las que cabían en una niña de su edad, Cecilia abrazó y besó a su abuela, a la cual dio el nombre de Chepilla (alteración caprichosa de Josefa), que así generalmente la llamaban. Bastó eso para aplacar su enojo, y nada hay en ello que extrañar, porque, según adelante veremos, había sido tan infeliz aquella mujer, sentía tal necesidad de ser amada por el único ser que la interesaba de cerca en el mundo, que mantener seriedad con la nieta, hubiera sido lo mismo que prolongar su propio martirio. Por supuesto que selló sus labios de golpe, y no acertó a otra cosa que a contemplarla, bien así como momentos antes había estado contemplando el dulce rostro de María Santísima, en fervorosa oración.

Mientras la niña estrechaba por la cintura a la vieja con sus torneados brazos y recostaba la hermosa cabeza en su pecho, semejante a la flor que brota en un tronco seco y con sus hojas y fragancia ostenta la vida junto a la misma muerte, la figura de _seña_ Josefa se mostraba más extraña y fea de lo que era naturalmente. Su rostro mismo formaba contraste con lo demás del cuerpo. Ya fuese porque tenía la costumbre de llevarse el cabello atrás, ya porque lo sacó de naturaleza, la verdad es que le lucía la frente demasiado ancha, la nariz grande y roma, la barba aguda, y la cuenca de los ojos hundida. Esto daba aviesa expresión a su semblante, no muy fácil de pasar por alto al menos avisado observador. Aún había morbidez en sus brazos, y sus manos podían calificarse de lindas. Pero lo más notable de su fisonomía eran sus ojos grandes, oscuros y penetrantes, restos de una facciones que habían sido agradables, desarmonizadas ahora por una vejez prematura.

Mulata de origen, su color era cobrizo, y con los años y las arrugas se le había vuelto atezado, o _achinado_; para valernos de la expresión vulgar con que se designa en Cuba al hijo de mulato y negra, o al contrario. Podía tener 60 años de edad, aunque aparentaba más, porque ya empezaba a blanquearle el cabello, cosa que en las gentes de color suele suceder más tarde que en las de raza caucásica. Los padecimientos del ánimo aniquilan primero el semblante que el cuerpo mortal del hombre. Como veremos después, la resignación cristiana, obra de su fe en Dios, pasto con que al fin alimentaba su espíritu en las largas horas consagradas al rezo y a la meditación, sólo la hubiera mantenido en pie contra los embates de su miserable suerte. Por otra parte, con el triste convencimiento del que de una ojeada midió su pasado y su porvenir, y lo que debía y podía esperar de su nieta, hermosa flor arrojada en mitad de la plaza pública, para ser hollada del primer transeúnte, ya en el último tercio de su vida, con los remordimientos de la pasada, antes de airarse, comprendió que le tocaba aplacar la cólera de su juez invisible y procurarse momentos de calma, ínterin sonaba la hora postrimera.

En aquélla en que la sorprende nuestra narración, aunque hubiese cumplido los 80 de su vida, habría creído que había vivido muy poco tiempo si llegaban sus últimos momentos y dejaba tras sí a la nieta joven y desamparada en el mundo, y no le era dado asistir al desenlace de un drama en que ella, bien a su pesar, sin ser la heroína, representaba, hacía tiempo, papel muy importante. Acomodado el carácter de _seña_ Josefa, naturalmente irascible, a la regla de conducta de que antes se ha hablado, como medio de alcanzar el perdón de sus propias culpas, fácil es comprender por qué, si bien justamente enojada con Cecilia porque llegaba tarde, y por otras muchas faltas anteriores, se sentía más bien dispuesta a disculparla que a reñirla. Después, como ella le vino con sus zalamerías, en vez de hurtarle el cuerpo, esto la sirvió de pretexto plausible para confirmarse en su propósito. En su virtud, cambiando prontamente de tono y aspecto, se contentó con preguntarle por segunda vez dónde había estado.

--¿Yo? repitió la niña apoyando ambos codos en las rodillas de la abuela y jugando con los escapularios que le pendían del pescuezo. ¿Yo? En casa de unas muchachas muy bonitas que me vieron pasar y me llamaron. Allí estaba una señora gorda sentada en un sillón, que me preguntó cómo me llamaba yo, y cómo se llamaba mi madre, y quién era mi padre, y dónde vivía yo...

--¡Jesús! ¡Jesús! exclamó _seña_ Josefa persignándose.

--¡Ay! continuó la chica sin parar mientes en la abuela. ¡Qué gente tan preguntona! ¿Y no sabe su merced cómo una de las muchachas aquellas me quería cortar el pelo para hacer una _cachucha_? Sí, señor. Pero yo me zafé.

--¡Vea Vd. espíritu maligno y por dónde trepa! volvió a exclamar la abuela como si hablase consigo misma.

--Y si no es por un hombre, prosiguió Cecilia, que estaba acostado en el sofá, y regañó a las muchachas y les dijo que me dejaran quieta y luego se fue para su cuarto bravísimo... ¿Su merced no sabe quién es ese hombre, abuelita? Yo lo he visto hablar con su merced algunas veces allá en Paula, cuando vamos a misa. Sí, sí, él es, no me cabe duda. Y ahora recuerdo que es el mismo que cada vez que me encuentra en la calle me dice callejera, perdida, pilluela y muchas cosas. ¡Ah! Y dice que mandará a los soldados que me cojan y me lleven a la cárcel. ¡Qué sé yo cuánto más! Le tengo mucho miedo a ese hombre. ¡Debe ser muy regañón!

--¡Niña! ¡Niña! exclamó sordamente la anciana apartándola un poco de su pecho y mirándola de un modo extraño y fijo, más enojada que sorprendida. Pero como si le ocurriese un grave pensamiento o un doloroso recuerdo y entre amonestarla y aconsejarla, lo que acaso equivalía a alumbrarle aquello de que debía estar ignorante toda la vida, su ánimo triste luchase en un mar de dudas, con sorpresa de la nieta selló de golpe sus labios. Poco a poco fue serenándose el piélago alborotado: se desvanecieron una después de la otra las nubes apiñadas en aquel horizonte naturalmente sombrío; y volviendo a estrechar la niña en sus desnudos brazos, añadió con toda la dulzura que pudo dar a su voz, por naturaleza bronca, con toda la calma de que pudo revestir su semblante:

--¡Cecilia! Hija de mi corazón, no vayas más a esa casa.

--¿Por qué, mamita?

--Porque, contestó la abuela como distraída, no sé verdaderamente, mi alma, no lo sé, no podría decirlo si quisiera..., pero es claro y constante, niña, que esa gente es muy mala.

--¡Mala! repitió Cecilia azorada, ¿y me hicieron tantas caricias, y me dieron dulces, y raso para zapatos? ¡Si tú supieras lo que me chiquearon...!

--Pues no te fíes, niña. Tú eres muy confiada y eso no está bien. Por lo mismo que te chiquearon tanto debías de andar con cuatro ojos. Querían atraerte para hacerte algún daño. Uno no puede decir de qué son capaces las gentes. ¡Tantas cosas suceden ahora que no se veían en mi tiempo...! Cuando menos lo que procuraban era que te descuidaras, para coger unas tijeras y ¡tris! tumbarte el pelo. Sería una lástima, porque tú lo tienes muy hermoso. Además, que ese pelo no te pertenece, sino a la Virgen, que te salvó de aquella grave enfermedad... ¡Acuérdate! Yo le ofrecí que si te ponías buena le daría tu cabellera para adornar su efigie en Santa Catalina. No te fíes te digo.

Esto diciendo, le cogía la cabeza a la nieta entre ambas manos y le desparramaba los copiosos rizos por la espalda y los hombros.

--Sí, replicó Cecilia apretando los labios y levantando con aire de desdén la frente, como yo soy tan boba para que me engañen así, así...

--Sin embargo, hija, lo mejor de los dados es no jugarlos. Yo bien sé que tú eres una muchacha dócil y entendida; pero estoy cierta que no conoces a esa gente. Mira, no les hagas caso; aunque se les seque el gañote llamándote, no vayas a donde están. Mas ahora que me acuerdo: lo mejor es que ni por cien leguas te acerques por su rededores. Luego, ese hombre que tú misma dices que donde quiera que te topa te pone mala cara. ¡Sabe Dios quién será! Aunque no debemos pensar mal de nadie, con todo, como puede ser un santo puede ser un de... (Y se persignó sin concluir la palabra.) El Señor sea con nosotras. Además, Cecilia, tú eres muy inocente, algo atolondrada, y en esa casa... ¿Tú no lo sabes? hay una bruja que se roba a las muchachas bonitas. Por milagro de su Divina Majestad has escapado. Tú estuviste allí por la tarde, ¿no?

--Por la tardecita; todavía no habían encendido las luces en las casas.

--¡Ay de ti si llegas a entrar de noche! Vamos, no vayas más en tu vida a esa casa, ni pases tampoco por la cuadra.

--¡Anjá! Con que allí vive también un muchacho ya grande, que a cada rato lo topo por Santa Teresa con un libro debajo del brazo. Siempre que me ve me quiere coger, me corre detrás y sabe mi nombre...

--Estudiante, perverso, como todos ellos. Cuando menos se le cayó de las uñas al mismo Barrabás. Pero voy viendo que tú tienes una cabecita dura como una piedra, y que por más que me afano en aconsejarte no consigo nada. En efecto, ¿quién ha visto que una niña tan linda como tú se ande azotando calles, con la chancleta arrastro y el pelo suelto y desgreñado, hasta las tantas más cuantas de la noche? ¿De quién aprendes estas malas mañas? ¿Por qué no me has de hacer caso?

--Y Nemesia, la hija de _seño_ Pimienta el músico, ¿no se está en la calle hasta las diez? Antenoche nada menos la topé en la plazuela del Cristo jugando a la _lunita_ con una porción de muchachos.

--¿Y tú te quieres comparar con la hija de _seño_ Pimienta, que es una pardita andrajosa, callejera, y mal criada? El día menos pensado traen a esa espiritada, a su casa en una tabla con la cabeza partida en dos pedazos. La cabra, hija, siempre tira al monte. Tú eres mejor nacida que ella. Tu padre es un caballero blanco, y algún día has de ser rica y andar en carruaje. ¿Quién sabe? Pero Nemesia no será nunca más de lo que es. Se casará, si se casa, con un mulato como ella, porque su padre tiene más de negro que de otra cosa. Tú, al contrario, eres casi blanca y puedes aspirar a casarte con un blanco. ¿Por qué no? De menos nos hizo Dios. Y has de saber que blanco, aunque pobre, sirve para marido; negro o mulato ni el buey de oro. Hablo por experiencia... Como que fui casada dos veces... No recordemos cosas pasadas. Si tú supieras lo que le sucedió a una muchachita, cuasi de tu misma edad, por no hacer caso de los consejos de una abuela suya, la cual le pronosticó que si daba en andar por las calles tarde de la noche le iba a suceder una gran desgracia...

--Cuéntemelo, cuéntemelo, Chepilla, repitió la niña con la curiosidad de tal.

--Pues, señor: una noche muy _escura_, en que soplaba el viento recio, por cierto que era día de San Bartolomé, en que, como ya te he dicho otras veces, se suelta el diablo desde las tres de la tarde, estaba la muchacha Narcisa, que éste era su nombre, sentada cantando bajito en el quicio de piedra de su casa, mientras su abuela rezaba arrinconada detrás de la ventana... Me acuerdo como si fuera ahora mismo. Pues señor, habían tocado ánimas en el Espíritu Santo, y como el viento había apagado los pocos faroles, las calles estaban muy _escuras_, silenciosas y solitarias, como boca de lobo. Pues según iba diciendo, la muchachita cantaba y la vieja rezaba el rosario, cuando estando así, cate que se oye tocar un violín por allá en vuelta del Ángel. ¿Qué se figuró la Narcisa? Que era cosa de baile, y sin pedirle permiso a la abuela, sin decir oste ni moste, echó a correr y no paró hasta la loma. Así que la vieja acabó de rezar, creyendo que su nieta estaba en la cama, según era natural, cerró la puerta.

--¿Y dejó en la calle a la pobrecita? interrumpió Cecilia a la contadora con muestras de ansiedad y lástima.

--Ahora verás. La viejecita, antes de acostarse, porque ya era tarde y se caía del sueño, cogió una vela y fue al catre de la nieta para ver si dormía. Figúrate cuál no se quedaría ella que la amaba tanto, al encontrarse con el catre vacío. Corrió a la puerta de la calle, la abrió, llamó a gritos a la nieta: ¡Narcisa! ¡Narcisa! Pero Narcisa no responde. Ya se ve, ¿cómo había de responder la infeliz si el diablo se la había llevado?

--¿Cómo fue eso? preguntó azorada la niña.

--Yo te lo contaré, prosiguió _seña_ Chepa con calma, notando que producía el efecto deseado su cuento de cuentos. Pues, señor, al llegar Narcisa a las cinco esquinas del Ángel, se le apareció un joven muy galán, que le preguntó a dónde iba a aquella hora de la noche.--A ver un baile, contestó la inocente.--Yo te llevaré, repuso el joven; y cogiéndola por un brazo la sacó a la muralla. Aunque era muy _escuro_, reparó Narcisa que según iban andando el desconocido se ponía prieto, muy prieto, como carbón; que los pelos de la cabeza se le enderezaban como lesnas; que al reír asomaba unos dientes tamaños como de cochino jabalí; que le nacían dos cuernos en la frente; que le arrastraba un rabo peludo por el suelo, vamos, que echaba fuego por la boca como un horno de hacer pan. Narcisa entonces dio un grito de horror y trató de zafarse, pero la figura prieta le clavó las uñas en la garganta para que no gritara, y, cargando con ella, se subió a la torre del Ángel, que, según habrás reparado, no tiene cruz, y desde allí la arrojó en un pozo hondísimo que se abrió y volvió a cerrarse tragándosela en un instante. Pues esto es, hija, lo que le sucede a las niñas que no hacen caso de los consejos de sus mayores.

Dio aquí fin a su cuento _seña_ Chepa y comenzó la admiración, el pavor de Cecilia, la cual se puso a temblar de pies a cabeza y a dar diente con diente, aunque sin cesar de bostezar, porque más era el sueño que el miedo; con lo que, dando traspiés, se fue a la cama, que es a lo que tiraba la astuta vieja. Muchos otros cuentos por el estilo le hizo a la andariega muchacha; pero estamos seguros que no sacó otro fruto con ellos que llenar su cabeza de supersticiones y amilanar su espíritu. Ello es, que no por eso dejó la chica de hacer su gusto, escapándose a veces por la ventana, aprovechándose otras del momento en que la enviaban a la taberna de la esquina inmediata, para andarse de calle en calle y de plaza en plaza: cuándo en pos de la incitativa música de un baile; cuándo tras los tambores de los relevos; cuándo de los carruajes del entierro; cuándo, en fin, de la turba muchachil que arrebata el medio de plata en el bautizo.

CAPÍTULO IV

Traen el pensamiento _Lleno de impudicia, y lo derraman_ _En torpes mil escandalosas voces,_ _Que inficionan el viento_ _Y altamente publican lo que aman._

GONZÁLEZ CARVAJAL

Cinco o seis años después de la época a que nos hemos contraído en los dos capítulos anteriores, a fines del mes de setiembre, había dado principio el convento de la Merced a la serie de ferias con que hasta el año de 1832, acostumbraban a solemnizar en Cuba las fiestas titulares religiosas, consagradas a los santos patrones de las iglesias y conventos; novenarios coincidentes a veces con el circular del Sacramento, introducido en el culto de Cuba desde los primeros años del siglo por el Señor Obispo Espada y Landa.

El novenario, de paso diremos, comenzaba nueve días anteriores a aquél en que caía el del santo patrono, prolongándose hasta otros nueve, con lo que se completaban dos novenas seguidas. Es decir, dieciocho días de fiesta, religiosas y profanas, que tenían más de grotescas y de irreverentes que de devotas y de edificantes. En ese tiempo se decía misa mayor con sermón por la mañana y se cantaba salve a prima noche dentro de la iglesia, con procesión por la calle el día del santo.

Fuera del templo había lo que se entendía por feria en Cuba, que se reducía a la acumulación en la plazuela o en las calles inmediatas, de innumerables puestos ambulantes, consistentes en una mesa o tablero de tijeras, cubiertos con un toldo y alumbrados por uno o más candiles de quemar grasa, donde se vendía, no ciertamente artículo alguno de industria o comercio del país, ni producto del suelo, caza, ave ni ganado, sino meramente baratijas de escasísimo valor, confituras de varias clases, tortas, obra de masa, avellanas, alcorza, agua de Loja y ponche de leche. Aquello no era feriar en el sentido recto de la palabra.

Pero esto no era por cierto el rasgo más notable de nuestras fiestas circulares. Había en el espectáculo algo que se hacía notable por demasiado grosero y procaz. Nos contraemos ahora a los juegos de envite y de manos que hacían parte de la feria y que provocaban con sus estupendas, aunque mentirosas ganancias, la codicia de los incautos. Los dirigían y ejecutaban en su mayoría hombres de color y de la peor ralea. Si bien groseros los artificios, no dejaban de engañar a muchos que se daban por

muy avisados. Estos tenían lugar en la plazuela o en la calle, a la luz mortecina de los candiles o de los faroles de papel, y tomaban en ellos parte gentes de todas clases, condiciones, edades y sexos. Para las de alta posición social, queremos decir, para los blancos, había algo más decente, había la casa de bailes, donde un Farruco, un Brito, un Illas o un Marqués de Casa Calvo tenían puesta la banca o juego del monte desde el oscurecer hasta pasada la media noche, mientras duraban los dieciocho días de la feria.

Procurábase que la casa o casas de bailes estuviesen lo más vecino que se pudiera a la parroquia o convento en que se celebraba el novenario. En la sala se bailaba, en el comedor tocaba la orquesta, y en el patio se jugaba al juego conocido por del monte. La mesa era larga y angosta, para que cupiesen los más de los jugadores sentados a ambos lados, el tallador a una cabeza y en la otra su ayudante, que dicen gurrupié. Para la protección de los jugadores y de los naipes, en caso de lluvia, frecuentes en el otoño, se tendía un toldo del alero de la casa al caballete de la tapia divisoria de la vecina. No todos los tahures, para vergüenza nuestra sea dicho, eran del sexo fuerte, hombres ya maduros, ni de la clase lega, que en el grupo apiñado y afanoso de los que arriesgaban a la suerte de una carta, quizás el sustento de su familia el día siguiente, o el honor de la esposa, de la hija o de la hermana, podía echarse de ver una dama más ocupada del albur que de su propio decoro, o un mozo todavía imberbe, o un fraile mercenario en sus hábitos de estameña color de pajuela, con el sombrero de ala ancha encasquetado, las cuentas del largo rosario entre el índice y el pulgar de la mano izquierda, y la derecha ocupada en colocar la moneda de oro o plata en el punto que más se daba, perdiendo o ganando siempre con la misma serenidad de ánimo que de semblante.

El banquero, para llamarle por su nombre más decente, era quien hacía el gasto del alquiler de la casa, el de la música y el de las velas de esperma con que se alumbraban la sala de baile, el comedor y la mesa del juego. Todo esto se hacía para atraer a los jugadores. La entrada, por supuesto, era libre, aunque el bastonero, que también tiraba sueldo, no admitía toda clase de persona. En aquella época corría mucho la moneda fuerte, los duros españoles y las onzas de oro. La plata menuda escaseaba, y era cosa de oír el continuo retintín de los pesotes columnarios y sonoras onzas, que maquinalmente dejaban caer los tahures de una mano a otra o sobre la mesa, como para distraer el pensamiento y de algún modo interrumpir el solemne silencio del azaroso juego.

Que nada de lo que aquí se traza a grandes rasgos estaba prohibido o no más que tolerado por las autoridades constituidas, se desprende claramente del hecho de que los garitos en Cuba pagaban una contribución al gobierno para supuestos objetos de caridad. ¿Qué más? La publicidad con que se jugaba al monte en todas partes de la Isla principalmente durante la última época del mando del capitán general don Francisco Dionisio Vives, anunciaba, a no dejar duda, que la política de éste o de su gobierno se basaba en el principio maquiavélico de corromper para dominar, copiando el otro célebre del estadista romano: _divide et impera_. Porque equivalía a dividir los ánimos, el corromperlos, cosa que no viese el pueblo su propia miseria y su degradación.

Pero esta digresión, por más necesaria que fuese, nos ha desviado un tanto del punto objetivo de la presente historia. Nuestra atención la atraía por completo un baile de la clase baja que se daba en el recinto de la ciudad por la parte que mira al Sur. La casa donde tenía efecto, ofrecía ruín apariencia, no ya por su fachada gacha y sucia, como por el sitio en que se hallaba, el cual no era otro que el de la garita de San José, opuesto a la muralla, en una calle honda y pedregosa. Aunque de puerta ancha con postigo, no formaba lo que se entiende en Cuba por zaguán, pues abría derecho a la sala. Tras ésta venía el comedor con el correspondiente tinajero, armazón piramidal de cedro, en que persianas menudas encerraban la piedra de filtrar, la tinaja colorada barrigona, los búcaros, de una especie de _terra cotta_ y las pálidas alcarrazas de Valencia, en España. Al comedor dicho daba la puerta lateral del primer aposento, ocupado en su mayor parte por dos órdenes de sillones de vaqueta colorada, una cama con colgaduras de muselina blanca y un armario, al que dicen en La Habana escaparate. Otros cuartos seguían a ése, atestados de muebles ordinarios, y paralelo a ellos un patio largo y angosto, también obstruido en parte por el brocal alto de un pozo cuyas aguas salobres dividía con la casa contigua, terminando cuartos y patio en una saleta atravesada y exenta.

En esta última se hallaba una mesa de regular tamaño, ya vestida y preparada con cubiertos como para hasta diez personas; algunos refrescos y manjares, agua de Loja, limonada, vinos dulces, confituras, panetelas cubiertas, suspiros, merengues, un jamón adornado con lazos de cintas y papel picado, y un gran pescado, nadando casi en una salsa espesa de fuerte condimento. En la sala había muchas sillas ordinarias de madera arrimadas a las paredes, y a la derecha, como se entra de la calle, un canapé, con varios atriles de pie derecho por delante. Aquél, a la sazón que principia nuestro cuento, le ocupaban hasta siete negros y mulatos músicos, tres violines, un contrabajo, un flautín, un par de timbales y un clarinete. El último de los instrumentos aquí mencionados se hallaba a cargo de un mulato joven, bien plantado y no mal parecido de rostro, quien, no obstante sus pocos años, dirigía aquella pequeña orquesta.

Ese se veía de pie a la cabeza del canapé por el lado de la calle. Sus compañeros, casi todos mayores que él, le decían Pimienta, y ya fuese un sobrenombre, ya su verdadero apellido, por éste lo designaremos de aquí adelante. Su mirada distraída y aun sombría, no se apartaba de la puerta de la calle, como si esperase algo o a alguien, en los momentos de que hablamos ahora.

Pero aquella puerta, lo mismo que la ventana de bastidor cuadrado, se veía asediada de una multitud de curiosos de todas edades y condiciones, que apenas permitían acceso a la sala a las mujeres y hombres con derecho o voluntad de entrar. Y decimos con derecho o voluntad porque nadie presentaba papeleta, ni había bastonero que recibiese o aposentase. El baile, conocidamente era uno de los que, sin que sepamos su origen, llamaban _cuna_ en La Habana. Sólo sabemos que se daban en tiempo de ferias, que en ellos tenían entrada franca los individuos de ambos sexos de la clase de color, sin que se le negase tampoco a los jóvenes blancos que solían honrarlos con su presencia. El hecho, sin embargo, de tenerse preparado en el interior un buen refresco, prueba, que si aquella era una _cuna_ en el sentido lato de la palabra, parte al menos de la concurrencia había recibido previa invitación o esperaba ser bien recibida. Así era en efecto la verdad. La ama de la casa, mulata rica y rumbosa, llamada Mercedes, celebraba su santo en unión de sus amigos particulares, y abría las puertas para que disfrutaran del baile los aficionados a esta diversión y contribuyeran con su presencia al mayor lustre e interés de la reunión.

Serían las ocho de la noche. Desde por la tarde habían estado cayendo los primeros chubascos de otoño, y aunque habían suspendido hacia el oscurecer, tras haber empapado el suelo, dejando las calles intransitables, no habían refrescado la atmósfera. Lejos de ello, había quedado tan saturada de humedad, que se adhería a la piel y hervía en los poros. Pero no eran estos inconvenientes para los curiosos que, según hemos dicho antes, asediaban la puerta y la ventana, hasta llenar casi la mitad de la angosta y torcida calle; ni para los concurrentes al baile, que a medida que avanzaba la noche llegaban en mayor número, unos a pie, otros en carruaje. Cosa de las nueve la sala de baile era un hervidero de cabezas humanas; las mujeres sentadas en las sillas del rededor y los hombres de pie en medio, formando grupo compacto, todos con los sombreros puestos; por lo cual la cabeza que sobresalía, de seguro que tropezaba con la bomba de cristal, suspendida de una vigueta por tres cadenas de cobre, en que ardía la única vela de esperma para alumbrar a medias aquella tan extraña como heterogénea multitud.

Bastante era el número de negras y mulatas que habían entrado, en su mayor parte vestidas estrafalariamente. Los hombres de la misma clase, cuya concurrencia superaba a la de las mujeres, no vestían con mejor gusto, aunque casi todos llevaban casaca de paño y chaleco de piqué, los menos chupa de lienzo, dril o Arabia, que entonces se usaban generalmente, y sombrero de paño. No escaseaban tampoco los jóvenes criollos de familias decentes y acomodadas, los cuales sin empacho se rozaban con la gente de color y tomaban parte en su diversión más característica, unos por mera afición y otros movidos por motivos de menos puro origen. Aparece que algunos de ellos, pocos en verdad, no se recataban de las mujeres de su clase, si hemos de juzgar por el desembarazo con que se detenían en la sala de baile y dirigían la palabra a sus conocidas o amigas, a ciencia y presencia de aquéllas que, mudas espectadoras, los veían desde la ventana de la casa.

Distinguíase entre los jóvenes dichos antes, así por su varonil belleza de rostro y formas, como por sus maneras joviales, uno a quien sus compañeros decían Leonardo. Vestía pantalón y chupa de dril crudo con listas rosadas, chaleco blanco de piqué, corbata de seda ajustada al cuello por un anillo de oro y las puntas sueltas, sombrero de yarey, tan fino que parecía hecho de holán Cambray, calcetín de seda de color de carne y zapato bajo con hebillita de oro al lado. Por debajo del chaleco, asomaba una cinta de aguas rojo y blanco, doblada en dos y sujetas las puntas con una hebilla también de oro. Esta servía de cadena al reloj en el bolsillo del pantalón. Había allí otro hombre que se distinguía más si cabe que Leonardo, aunque por distinto camino, esto es, por lo que diferían a su opinión y se reían de sus chocarrerías los negros y mulatos, y por la familiaridad con que trataba a las mujeres, sobre todas al ama de la casa. Frisaba ya en los cuarenta años de edad ese sujeto, no tenía pelo de barba, era blanco de rostro, con ojos grandes y alocados, la nariz larga, roja hacia la punta, indicio de su poca sobriedad, la boca grande, más expresiva. Portaba siempre debajo del brazo izquierdo una caña de Indias con puño de oro y borlas de seda negra. Le acompañaba a todas partes, como la sombra al cuerpo, un hombre de facha ordinaria, notable por la estrechez de la frente, por sus movibles y ardientes ojicos, y, sobre todo, por sus enormes patillas negras, que le daban el aire antes de bandolero que de alguacil; empleo que desempeñaba entonces, pues el otro a quien seguía era nada menos que Cantalapiedra, comisario del barrio del Ángel, el cual abandonaba por andarse tras la tentadora cuna.

Rato hacía que la música tocaba las sentimentales y bulliciosas contradanzas cubanas, aunque todavía el baile, para valernos de la frase vulgar, no se había rompido. Acomodaba afanosa el ama de la casa a sus amigas particulares y de más edad en los sillones del aposento, para que a salvo de las pisadas y tropiezos pudiesen gozar de la fiesta al mismo tiempo que no perder de vista a los objetos o de su cuidado, o de su cariño, que como jóvenes quedaban en la sala. Pimienta, el clarinete, se mantenía en pie a la cabeza de la orquesta, tocando su instrumento favorito, casi de frente para la calle, cual si no hubiese entrado aún la

persona digna de su música, o quisiera ser el primero en verla entrar. Parecía, sin embargo, inútil este cuidado, por cuanto no entraba hombre ni mujer que no tuviera algo que decirle al paso. A todos estos saludos contestaba él invariablemente con un movimiento de cabeza, si se exceptúa que cuando le tocó su vez al capitán Cantalapiedra, quien con su acostumbrada familiaridad le puso la mano en el hombro y le habló en secreto, contestó quitándose el instrumento de la boca:--Así parece, mi capitán.

Podía advertirse que cada vez que entraba una mujer notable por alguna circunstancia, los violines, sin duda para hacerle honor, apretaban los arcos, el flautín o requinto perforaba los oídos con los sones agudos de su instrumento, el timbalero repiqueteaba que era un primor, el contrabajo, manejado por el después célebre Brindis,[7] se hacía un arco con su cuerpo y sacaba los bajos más profundos imaginables, y el clarinete ejecutaba las más difíciles y melodiosas variaciones. Aquellos hombres, es innegable, se inspiraban, y la contradanza cubana, creación suya, aun con tan pequeña orquesta, no perdía un ápice de su gracia picante ni de su carácter profundamente malicioso-sentimental.

CAPÍTULO V

--¿Habéis visto en vuestra vida _Mujer más airosa?_ _--No._ _Ni al Parque jamás salió_ _Más aseada y bien prendida_

CALDERÓN

Mañanas de Abril y Mayo

Después de dar una vuelta por la sala, el comisario Cantalapiedra se entró de rondón en el aposento, y en son de broma le tapó por detrás los ojos al ama de la casa, en los momentos en que ella se inclinaba sobre la cama para depositar la _manta_ de una de sus amigas que acababa de entrar de la calle. La tal ama de la casa, Mercedes Ayala, era una mulata bastante vivaracha y alegre a pesar de sus treinta y pico cumplidos, regordeta, baja de cuerpo y no mal parecida. Atrapada y todo por detrás, no se cortó ni turbó por eso; antes por un movimiento natural acudió con entrambas manos a tentar las del que la impedía ver, y sin más dilación dijo:--Este no puede ser otro que Cantalapiedra.

--¿Cómo me conociste, mulata? preguntó él.

--¡Toma! repuso ella. Por el aquel de algunas gentes.

--¿El aquel mío o tuyo?

--El de los dos, señor, para que no haya disgusto.

Tras lo cual el comisario la atrajo a sí suavemente por la cintura con el brazo derecho y le dijo una cosa al paño que la hizo reír mucho; aunque, apartándole con ambas manos, repuso:

--Quite allá, lisonjero. La que trastorna el juicio está al caer. Ya yo ya... Cátela Vd.

Si con estas últimas palabras aludía la Ayala a una de las dos muchachas que en aquel mismo punto se apearon de un lujoso carruaje a la puerta de la casa, hecho anunciado por el movimiento general de cabezas de dentro y fuera de ella, no cabe duda que tenía sobrada razón. No la había más hermosa ni más capaz de trastornar el juicio de un hombre enamorado. Era la más alta y esbelta de las dos, la que tomó la delantera al descender del carruaje lo mismo que al entrar en la sala de baile, de brazo con un mulato que salió a recibirla al estribo, y la que, así por la regularidad de sus facciones y simetría de sus formas, por lo estrecho del talle, en contraste con la anchura de los hombros desnudos, por la expresión amorosa de su cabeza, como por el color ligeramente bronceado, bien podía pasar por la Venus de la raza híbrida etiópico-caucásica. Vestía traje de punto ilusión sobre viso de raso blanco, mangas cortas con ahuecadores, que las hacían parecer dos globos pequeños, banda de cinta ancha encarnada a través del pecho, guantes de seda largos hasta el codo, tres sartas de brillantes corales al cuello, y una pluma blanca de marabú con flores naturales, las que, con el pelo hecho un rodete bajo y un orden de rizos de sien a sien, por detrás, daban a su cabeza el aire de una gorra antigua de terciopelo negro, que es lo que ella o su peluquero se había propuesto contrahacer. La compañera iba vestida y peinada con poco más o menos como ella, pero no siendo ni con mucho tan esbelta y bella, no atrajo tanto la atención.

Volvíanse las mujeres todo ojos para verla, los hombres le abrían paso, le decían alguna lisonja o chocarrería, y en un instante el rumor sordo de:--La _Virgencita de bronce, la Virgencita de bronce_, recorrió de un extremo a otro la casa del baile. Que la reina de éste acababa de presentarse, sin la orquesta, dieron de ello claras muestras la animación y el movimiento difundidos por todas

partes. Al pasar ella por junto al clarinete Pimienta, le tocó con el abanico en el brazo, acompañando la acción con una sonrisa, que fueron parte para que el artista, que por lo visto esperaba aquel instante con ansia devoradora, sacara de su instrumento las melodías más extrañas y sensibles, cual si la musa de sus sueños platónicos hubiese bajado a la tierra y adoptado la forma de una mujer sólo para inspirarle. Puede decirse en resumen que el golpe del abanico surtió en el músico el efecto de una descarga eléctrica cuya sensación, si es dable expresarlo así, podía leerse lo mismo en su rostro que en todo su cuerpo, desde el cabello a la planta. No se cruzaron palabras entre ellos, por supuesto, ni parecían necesarias tampoco, al menos por lo que a él tocaba, pues el lenguaje de sus ojos y de su música era el más elocuente que podía emplear ser alguno sensible, para expresar la vehemencia de su amorosa pasión.

También le tocó con su abanico y se sonrió con Pimienta la compañera de la llamada _Virgencita de bronce_ pero el menos observador pudo advertir que el toque y la sonrisa de la una no tuvieron sobre él, ni con mucho, la influencia mágica de los de la otra. Al contrario, sus miradas se encontraron con natural y sereno movimiento, por donde era fácil colegir que había inteligencia entre ella y el músico, pero aquella inteligencia que tiene por origen la amistad o el parentesco, no el amor. Sea de esto lo que se fuere, Pimienta siguió con la vista a las dos muchachas, en cuanto se lo permitían las gentes, hasta que entraron en el primer aposento, por la puerta del comedor, entonces cesó de tocar y paró la música.

Los jóvenes blancos, con Cantalapiedra a su cabeza, se habían situado al fin en el comedor, cerca de esa puerta de comunicación, para hallarse a la mira, lo mismo de las mujeres que entraban de la calle, como de las que salían a bailar en la sala. El que llamaban Leonardo, no bien notó la aproximación del carruaje en que llegaban las dos muchachas arriba mencionadas, se abrió camino a la calle con alguna dificultad, y se dirigió derecho al calesero, al cual le habló en baja voz. Este, para oírlo, se inclinó desde la silla del caballo que montaba, se quitó el sombrero en señal de respeto, y diciendo,--sí, señor,--al punto echó a escape con el carruaje la vuelta del hospital de mujeres de Paula.

Mientras las dos muchachas pasaban del comedor al cuarto, la más hermosa preguntó a su amiga en tono de voz que pudieron oír algunos de los circunstantes:

--¿Lo has visto, Nene?

--¿Te ciega el amor? contestó la compañera con otra pregunta.

--No es eso, china, sino que no lo he visto. ¿Qué quieres?

--Pues por tu lado pasó como un reguilete, cuando nosotras entrábamos.

Con esto la otra echó una rápida ojeada en torno del grupo de cabezas que la rodeaban y se inclinaban sobre ella, en el afán de verla a su sabor y de atraer sus miradas. Pero no cabe duda que sus ojos no tropezaron con los del individuo, cuyo nombre ninguna de las dos mencionó, porque torció el ceño y dio claras muestras de su desazón. Cantalapiedra, sin embargo, oyendo sus palabras y observando su semblante, dijo: ¡Cómo! ¿Qué, no me ves? ¡Aquí me tienes, cielo!

La joven hizo un mohín muy sonoro y no replicó palabra. Por el contrario, Nemesia, que se perecía por los dimes y diretes, contestó con más viveza que gracia:

--Ahí se podía estar el señor toda la vida. _Naide_ preguntaba por el señor.

--Ni yo hablaba contigo, poca sal.

--Ni se necesita, cristiano.

--¡Qué lengua, qué lengua! repitió el comisario.

Todo esto pasó en un instante, sin volver atrás la cara las muchachas, ni pararse a conversar, sino el tiempo necesario para que los hombres les abrieran paso. Ya en la puerta del aposento, la Ayala recibió a sus amigas con los brazos abiertos y muchas demostraciones de alegría y de cariño. Y ya fuese por cumplimiento, ya porque así en efecto lo sentía, dijo casi a gritos:--Por ustedes se aguardaba para romper el baile. ¿Cómo está Chepilla? continuó hablando con la más joven. ¿No ha venido? Empezaba a creer que había habido novedad.

--Por poco no vengo, contestó la preguntada. Chepilla no se sentía buena, y luego se ha puesto tan impertinente. El quitrín esperó por nosotras media hora por lo menos.

--Más vale que no haya venido, continuó la Mercedes. Porque la cosa va a durar hasta el alba y ella no podría resistir. Denme sus _mantas_.

Tiempo era ya de que la fiesta comenzase. En efecto, no tardó en presentarse en el aposento ocupado por las matronas un mulato alto, calvo, algo entrado en años, aunque robusto, quien plantándose delante de la Mercedes Ayala, le dijo en voz bronca y con los brazos levantados:

--Vengo por la gracia y la sal para romper el baile.

--Pues, hermano, a la otra puerta, que aquí no es, repuso la Ayala con mucha risa.

--No hay que venirme con ésas, señora, porque yo soy porfiado. Además, que a nadie sino al ama de la casa corresponde el honor de romper el baile; con más que es su natalicio.

--Eso sería bueno si no hubiera en esta selecta reunión muchachas bonitas, a quienes de derecho corresponde el dominio y la gloria en todas partes.

--Ya se ve, agregó el calvo, que no faltan esta noche en tan selecta reunión muchas y muy bonitas muchachas, pero esta circunstancia, que concurre también en el ama de la casa, no les da derecho a romper el baile. Hoy en el día de su santo, Merceditas, es Vd. el ama de la casa, donde celebramos tan fausto día, y es Vd. la gracia y la sal del mundo. ¿He dicho algo? concluyó recorriendo con la vista los circunstantes en busca de su aprobación.

Todos, que más que menos, ya con palabras, ya con la acción, manifestaron su aquiescencia, de manera que la Ayala tuvo que ponerse en pie, y mal su grado seguir al compañero a la sala. Por entonces ya habían despejado los hombres, dejando un buen espacio libre en el centro. El calvo llevaba de la mano a la Ayala, y con ella se cuadró de frente para la orquesta, a la cual mandó en tono imperioso que tocase un minué de corte. Este baile serio y ceremonioso estaba en desuso en la época de que hablamos; pero por ser propio de señores o gente principal, la de color de Cuba le reservaba siempre para dar principio a sus fiestas.

Bailaba aquella anticuada pieza con bastante gracia por parte de la mujer y con aire grotesco por la del hombre, saludaron a la primera los circunstantes con estrepitosos aplausos, y luego, sin más demora, comenzó de veras el baile, es decir, la danza cubana, modificación tan especial y peregrina de la danza española, que apenas deja descubrir su origen. Uno de tantos presentes se arrestó a invitar a la joven de la pluma blanca, como si dijéramos, a la musa de aquella fiesta, y ella, sin hacerse de rogar ni poner ningún reparo, aceptó de plano la invitación. Cuando pasaba del aposento a la sala, para ocupar su puesto en las filas de la danza, se le escapó a una de las mujeres la siguiente audible exclamación:

--¡Qué linda! Dios la guarde y la bendiga.

--El mismo retrato de su madre, que santa gloria haya, agregó otra.

--¡Cómo! ¿Que murió la madre de esa niña? preguntó muy azorada una tercera.

--¡Toma! ¿Que ahora se desayuna Vd. de eso? repuso la que habló en segundo lugar. ¿Pues no oyó Vd. decir que había muerto de resultas de haber perdido a su hija a los pocos días de nacida?

--No entiendo cómo la perdió si vive.

--No me ha dejado Vd. explicar, _seña_ Caridad. Perdió a su hija a los pocos días de nacida porque se la quitaron cuando menos lo esperaba. Hay quien diga que la abuela, para ponerla en la Real Casa Cuna y hacerla pasar por blanca; hay quien diga que la abuela no fue la ladrona, sino el padre de la muchacha, que era un caballero de muchas campanillas y ya se había arrepentido de sus tratos y contratos con la madre. Esta perdió junto con la hija el juicio, y cuando le volvieron la hija, por consejo de los médicos, ya fue tarde, porque si recobró el juicio, que hay quien lo duda, no recobró la salud, y murió en Paula.

--Ha contado Vd. una historia, _seña_ Trinidad, dijo pasito la Ayala con sonrisa de incredulidad a la mulata que acababa de hablar.

--Hija, replicó la Trinidad alto, como me la contaron la cuento; ni quito ni pongo de mi caudal.

--Pues según mis informes, que son de buena tinta, continuó la Ayala, Vd. o la que le contó la historia añadió mucho de su propio caudal. Lo digo porque no se sabe de cierto si la madre de la niña ésta vive o muere; lo único que está bien averiguado es que la abuela oculta a la nieta el nombre de su padre, aunque es preciso ser ciega para no verlo o conocerlo. Cuando menos anda ahora

mismo por las ventanas, siguiéndole los pasos a la hija, como que no la pierde de vista un punto. Parece que ese hombre ingrato y desnaturalizado, arrepentido de su conducta con la infeliz Rosarito Alarcón, no halla otro medio de expiar su culpa que seguir a la hija de cuna en cuna y de ponina en ponina, para ver si la liberta de los peligros del mundo. No tenga cuidado. Trabajo le mando. Como que así así se le cortan las alas al pájaro que una vez emprendió el vuelo.

--Pero se puede saber, preguntó la que dijeron Caridad, ¿quién es el señorón de que se trata? Porque aquí tiene Vd. una persona que no lo conoce ni lo ha visto nunca, y no me parece que soy sorda ni ciega.

--Como sé lo que es una curiosidad no satisfecha, _seña_ Caridad, voy a sacarla de dudas, dijo la Ayala acercándose. Creo que hablo con una mujer de secreto, y por eso le digo todo lo que hay en el asunto. Apuradamente no tengo por qué andar con tapujos a estas horas. Sepa que el hombre es...; y poniéndole ambas manos en los hombros a la curiosa, le comunicó en secreto el nombre del individuo. ¿Lo conoce Vd. ahora? concluyó preguntando la Ayala.

--Por supuesto que sí, contestó _seña_ Caridad. Como a mis manos. Lo más que yo conocía. Por cierto que...; pero cállate, lengua.

Serían las diez de la noche y entonces estaba en su punto el baile. Bailábase con furor. Decimos con furor porque no encontramos término que pinte más al vivo aquel mover incesante de pies, arrastrándolos muellemente junto con el cuerpo al compás de la música; aquel revolverse y estrujarse en medio de la apiñada multitud de bailadores y mirones, y aquel subir y bajar la danza sin tregua ni respiro. Por sobre el ruido de la orquesta con sus estrepitosos timbales, podía oírse, en perfecto tiempo con la música, el monótono y continuo chis, chas de los pies; sin cuyo requisito no cree la gente de color que se puede llevar el compás con exacta medida en la danza criolla.

En la época a que nos referimos, estaban en boga las contradanzas de figuras, algunas difíciles y complicadas, tanto que era preciso aprenderlas por principio antes de ponerse a ejecutarlas, pues se exponía a la risa del público el que las equivocaba, equivocación a que decían _perderse_. Aquel que se colocaba a la cabeza de la danza ponía la figura, y las demás parejas debían ejecutarla o retirarse de las filas. En todas las _cunas_ generalmente había algún maestro a quien cedían o se tomaba el derecho de _poner la figura_, la misma que al volver a la cabeza de la danza la cambiaba a su antojo. El que más raras y complicadas figuras ponía, más crédito ganaba de excelente bailador, y se tenía a honra entre las mujeres el ser su compañera o pareja. Con el maestro _per se_, fuera de esa distinción, que se disputaba a veces, había la seguridad de no _perderse_, ni verse en la triste necesidad de sentarse, sin haber bailado, después de haberse colocado en las filas de la danza.

En la noche en cuestión, bailaba el maestro con Nemesia, la amiga predilecta de la joven de la pluma blanca. Había él puesto muchas y muy raras figuras, dejando conocidamente para lo último la más difícil y complicada. La segunda, tercera, cuarta y quinta parejas salieron airosas de la prueba, ejecutando la figura con los mismos enlaces, desenlaces y actitudes del maestro; pero no obstante el espacio que tuvo para estudiarla y aprenderla el compañero de la apellidada _Virgencita de bronce_, pues ocupaba en las filas el sexto lugar, a medida que se acercaba su turno, crecía su ansiedad y volvía el rostro hacia los músicos, en ademán suplicatorio, como esperando que adivinaran su aprieto y parasen la música. Aquella inquietud se comunicó a la muchacha, la cual conoció que iba a pasar por la vergüenza de tener que sentarse en lo más animado y divertido de la danza. El temor llegó a dominar todo su ser, poniéndola pálida y nerviosa. Lo que pasaba en el ánimo de esa pareja no tardó en hacerse visible a los ojos de las demás parejas y de muchos de los espectadores del baile.

La idea no más de que la hasta allí reina de la _cuna_ podía verse obligada a retirarse, antes de tiempo, de las filas, había llenado de cruel y envidioso regocijo a las otras muchachas a quienes habían mortificado sobre manera las preferencias y públicos elogios que de ella hacían los hombres desde el momento de su entrada en el baile. En aquellas críticas circunstancias, Pimienta, que no la había perdido tampoco un punto de vista en medio de sus caprichosos giros y del tumulto de la danza, comprendió al vuelo lo que pasaba, y sin advertir a nadie de su intento, paró la música de golpe. Respiró con desahogo el compañero de la joven, y ésta pagó con una sonrisa celestial aquel socorro tan a tiempo del director de la orquesta.

CAPÍTULO VI

Y del tumulto indiscreto _Que ardiente en su torno gira,_ _Ninguno le dijo: "mira,_ _Aquél te adora en secreto._ _Que oyendo y viéndote está"._

RAMÓN DE PALMA

Quince de Agosto

Habrá comprendido ya el discreto lector, que la _Virgencita de bronce_ de las anteriores páginas no es otra que Cecilia Valdés, la misma jovenzuela andariega que procuramos darle a conocer al principio de esta verídica historia. Hallábase, pues, en la flor de su juventud y de su belleza, y empezaba a recoger el idólatra tributo que a esas dos deidades rinde siempre con largueza el pueblo sensual y desmoralizado. Cuando se recuerde la descuidada crianza y se una a esto la soez galantería que con ella usaban los hombres, por lo mismo que era de la raza híbrida e inferior, se formará cualquier idea aproximada de su orgullo y vanidad, móviles secretos de su carácter imperioso. Así es que, sin vergüenza ni reparo, a menudo manifestaba sus preferencias por los hombres de la raza blanca y superior, como que de ellos es de quienes podía esperar distinción y goces, con cuyo motivo solía decir a boca llena,--que en verbo de mulato sólo quería las _mantas_ de seda[8], de negro sólo los ojos y el cabello.

Fácil es de creer, que una opinión tan francamente emitida como contraria a las aspiraciones de los hombres de las dos clases últimamente mencionadas, no les haría buena sangre, según suele decirse. Con todo eso, bien porque no se creyese sincera a su autora cuando la expresaba, bien porque se esperaba que hiciera una excepción, bien porque siendo tan bella era imposible verla sin amarla, lo cierto es que más de un mulato estaba perdido de amores por ella, sobre todos Pimienta, el músico, como habrá podido advertirse. Este tal gozaba la inapreciable ventaja sobre los demás pretendientes, de ser hermano de la amiga íntima y compañera de la infancia de Cecilia, con cuyo motivo podía verla a menudo, tratarla con intimidad, hacérsele necesario y ganar tal vez su rebelde corazón a fuerza de devoción y de constancia. ¿A quién no ha halagado en su vida esperanza más efímera? De todos modos, él siempre tenía presente aquel canto popular de los poetas españoles, que principia:--Labra el agua sin ser dura, un mármol endurecido,--y puede decirse, en honor de la verdad, que Cecilia le distinguía entre los hombres de su clase que se le acercaban a celebrarla, si bien semejante distinción, hasta la fecha presente, no había pasado de uno que otro rasgo de amabilidad con un hombre por otra parte muy amable, cortés y atento con las mujeres.

Acabada la danza, se inundó de nuevo la sala y comenzaron a formarse los grupos en torno de la mujer preferida por bella, por amable o por coqueta. Pero en medio de la aparente confusión que entonces reinaba en aquella casa, podía observar cualquiera que, al menos entre los hombres de color y los blancos, se hallaba establecida una línea divisoria que, tácitamente y al parecer sin esfuerzo, respetaban de una y otra parte. Verdad es que unos y otros se entregaban al goce del momento con tal ahinco, que no es mucho de extrañar olvidaran por entonces sus mutuos celos y odio mutuo. Además de eso, los blancos no abandonaron el comedor y aposento principal, a cuyas piezas acudían las mulatas que con ellos tenían amistad, o cualquier otro género de relación, o deseaban tenerla; lo cual no era ni nuevo ni extraño, atendida su marcada predilección. Cecilia y Nemesia, por uno u otro de estos motivos, o por su estrecha amistad con el ama de la casa, no bien concluyó la danza se fueron derecho al aposento y ocuparon asiento detrás de las matronas hacia el comedor. Allí, sin más dilación, se formó el grupo de los jóvenes blancos, porque, ya se ha dicho, aquellas dos muchachas eran las más interesantes del baile. Las personas conspicuas de ese grupo, sin disputa que eran tres: el comisario Cantalapiedra, Diego Meneses y su amigo íntimo el joven conocido por Leonardo. Este último tenía apoyada la mano derecha en el canto del respaldo de la silla ocupada por Cecilia, quien, por casualidad o a posta, le estrujó los dedos con la espalda.

--¿Así trata Vd. a sus amigos? Le dijo Leonardo sin retirar la mano, aunque le escocía bastante.

Contentose Cecilia con mirarlo de soslayo y torcerle los ojos cual si la palabra amigo sonase mal en quien debía saber que era tratado como enemigo.

--Esa niña está hoy muy desdeñosa, dijo Cantalapiedra, que notó la acción y la mirada.

--¿Y cuándo no? dijo Nemesia sin volver la cara.

--Nadie te ha dado vela en este entierro, repuso el comisario.

--Y al señor ¿quién se la ha dado? agregó Nemesia mirándole entonces de reojo.

--¿A mí? Leonardo.

--Pues a mí, Cecilia.

--No hagas caso, mujer, dijo esta última a su amiga.

--Si no fuera por qué... yo te ponía más suave que un guante, añadió Cantalapiedra hablando directamente con Cecilia.

No ha nacido todavía, dijo ella, el que me ha de hacer doblar el cocote.

--Tienes esta noche palabras de poco vivir, le dijo entonces Leonardo, inclinándose hasta ponerle la boca en el oído.

--Me la debe Vd. y me la ha de pagar, le contestó ella en el propio tono y con gran rapidez.

--Al buen pagador no le duelen prendas, dice a menudo mi padre.

--Yo no entiendo de eso, repuso Cecilia. Sólo sé que Vd. me ha desairado esta noche.

--¿Yo...? Vida mía...

En aquella misma sazón se acercó Pimienta por la puerta de la sala saludando a un lado y a otro a sus amigas, y cuando se puso al alcance de Cecilia ésta le echó mano del brazo derecho con desacostumbrada familiaridad, y le dijo, afectando tono y aire volubles:--¡Oiga! ¡Qué bien cumple un hombre su palabra empeñada!

--Niña--contestó con solemne tono, aunque acaso no era para tanto--José Dolores Pimienta siempre cumple su palabra.

--Lo cierto es que la contradanza prometida aún no se ha tocado.

--Se tocará, Virgencita, se tocará, porque es preciso que sepa que a su tiempo se maduran las uvas.

--La esperaba en la primera danza.

--Mal hecho. Las contradanzas dedicadas no se tocan en la primera, sino en la segunda danza, y la mía no debía salir de la regla.

--¿Qué nombre le ha puesto? preguntó Cecilia.

--El que se merece por todos estilos la niña a quien va dedicada: _Caramelo vendo_.

--¡Ah! Esa no soy yo por cierto, dijo la joven corrida.

--¡Quién sabe, niña! ¡Qué tarde vinieron! agregó hablando con su hermana Nemesia.

--No me digas nada, José Dolores, repuso ésta. Costó Dios y ayuda persuadir a Chepilla el que nos dejase venir solas, porque lo que es ella no podía acompañarnos. Consintió a lo último porque vinimos en quitrín. Y aún así, (para añadir estas palabras miró a Cecilia como consultando su semblante), si no tomamos la determinación de meternos en él, nos quedamos... Chepilla se puso furiosa en cuanto que se asomó a la puerta y conoció...

--Chepilla no se puso _brava_ por nada de eso, mujer; interrumpió Cecilia con gran viveza a su amiga. No quería que viniésemos porque la noche estaba muy mala para baile. Y tenía mucha razón, sólo que yo había dado mi palabra...

Por prudencia o por cualquier otro motivo, Pimienta se alejó de allí sin aguardar a más explicaciones. No sucedió lo mismo con Cantalapiedra, que era hombre curioso si los hay, por lo que con sonrisa maliciosa le preguntó a Nemesia:--¿Se puede saber por qué la Chepilla se puso furiosa luego que reconoció el quitrín en que ustedes vinieron al baile?

--Como que yo no soy baúl de _naiden_, contestó la Nemesia prontamente, diré la verdad. (Cecilia le pegó un pellizco, pero ella acabó la frase.) Claro, porque conoció que el quitrín era del caballero Leonardo.

Naturalmente las miradas de Cantalapiedra y de los demás presentes al alcance de las palabras de Nemesia, se concentraron en el individuo que ella había nombrado, y aquél, tocándole en el hombro, le dijo:

--Vamos, no se ponga colorado, que el prestar el carruaje a dos reales mozas como éstas en noche tan fea, no es motivo para que nadie sospeche malas intenciones de un caballero.

--Ese quitrín, lo mismo que el corazón de su dueño, repuso Leonardo sin cortarse, están siempre a la orden de las bellas.

Salía entonces Pimienta por la puerta del comedor y oyó distintamente las palabras del joven blanco, convenciéndole, desde luego, de quién era el quitrín en que Cecilia y su hermana Nemesia habían venido al baile. El desengaño le hirió en lo más vivo del alma; por lo que echando una mirada triste al grupo de jóvenes blancos, de seguidas pasó a la sala donde, después de armar el clarinete, tocó algunos registros a fin de que entendieran sus compañeros que era tiempo de que se reuniera de nuevo la orquesta. Afinados los instrumentos, sin más dilación rompió la música con una contradanza nueva, que a los pocos compases no

pudo menos de llamar la atención general y arrancar una salva de aplausos, no sólo porque la pieza era buena, sino porque los oyentes eran conocedores; aserto éste que creerán sin esfuerzo los que sepan cuán organizada para la música nace la gente de color. Se repitieron los aplausos luego que se dijo el título de la contradanza, _Caramelo vendo_, y a quién estaba dedicada, a la _Virgencita de bronce_. De paso puede añadirse que la fortuna de aquella pieza fue la más notable de las de su especie y época, porque después de recorrer los bailes de las ferias por el resto del año e invierno del subsecuente, pasó a ser el canto popular de todas las clases de la sociedad.

Excusado parece decir que con una contradanza nueva, guiada por su mismo autor y tocada con mucho sentimiento y gracia, los bailadores echaron el resto, quiere decirse, que llevaron el compás con cuerpo y pies; cuyo monótono rumor en toda apariencia duplicaba el número de la orquesta. Bien claro decía el clarinete en sus argentinas notas: _caramelo vendo, vendo caramelo_; al paso que los violines y el contrabajo las repetían en otro tono, y los timbales hacían coro estrepitoso a la voz melancólica de la vendedora de ese dulce. Pero ¿qué era del autor de la pieza que tanta impresión causaba? En medio del delirio de la danza, ¿había quien se acordara de su nombre? ¡Ay! No. Como la noche avanzaba sin señales de bonanza, desde temprano la gente curiosa de la calle empezó a desamparar la puerta y ventanas del baile, y a las once no quedaba en ellas caras blancas, al menos de mujer. De esta circunstancia se aprovecharon los jóvenes de familias decentes, a que nos hemos referido más arriba, que abrigaban un cierto escrúpulo para ponerse a bailar con las mulatas amigas o conocidas. Cantalapiedra tomó por pareja a la ama de la casa, Mercedes Ayala; Diego Meneses, a Nemesia y Leonardo a Cecilia; y parte por guardar en lo posible la línea de separación, parte por un resto de ese mismo tardío escrúpulo, establecieron la danza en el comedor, no obstante la estrechez y desaseo de la pieza.

Con semejante ocurrencia puede imaginar cualquiera la agonía de alma de Pimienta. Su musa inspiradora, la mujer adorada, se hallaba en brazos de un joven blanco, tal vez del preferido de su corazón; pues como sabemos, no ocultaba ella sus sentimientos, se entregaba toda al delirio del baile, mientras él, atado a la orquesta cual una roca, la veía gozar y contribuía a sus goces sin participar de ellos en lo más mínimo. La turbación de su espíritu no fue, sin embargo, bastante a perjudicar su dirección de la orquesta, ni a influir desfavorablemente en el manejo de su instrumento favorito. Por el contrario, su inquietud y su pasión no parece sino que encontraron desahogo por las llaves del clarinete; se exhalaron, por decirlo así, según lo peregrino y suave de las notas que de él sacaba, esparciendo el encanto y la animación entre los bailadores. Como suele decirse, no quedó títere con cabeza que no bailara, pues se armó la danza en la sala, en el comedor, en el aposento principal y en el angosto y descubierto patio de la casa. ¿Qué mucho, pues, que entonces no pasara siquiera por la mente de los que tanto se divertían y gozaban, que el autor y el alma de toda aquella alegría y fiesta, José Dolores Pimienta, compositor de la contradanza nueva, agonizaba de amor y de celos?

Pasadas serían las doce de la noche cuando cesó de nuevo la música, con lo que a poco empezaron a retirarse las personas que podían considerarse extrañas para el ama de casa, porque hasta entonces no levantó ésta la voz diciendo que era hora de cenar. Y para apresurar la marcha, agarró ella por el brazo a dos de sus mejores amigas y arrastro casi las llevó al fondo del patio donde dijimos que estaba puesta la mesa del ambigú. Tras ellas siguieron las demás mujeres y los hombres, entre los segundos Pimienta y Brindis, los músicos; Cantalapiedra y su inseparable corchete, el de las grandes patillas, Leonardo y su amigo Diego Meneses. Tomaron asiento en torno de la mesa las mujeres, únicas que cupieron, aunque eran pocas; los hombres se mantuvieron en pie cada cual detrás de la silla de su amiga o preferida. Quedaron juntos a una de las cabeceras Cantalapiedra y la Ayala, sin que sepamos decir si por casualidad o por hacer honor al comisario y a su categoría.

No cabe duda sino que el ejercicio del baile había aguzado el apetito de los comensales de ambos sexos, porque apoderándose los unos del jamón, los otros del pescado, aceitunas y demás manjares en algunos minutos, todos comían y habían aliviado la mesa de una buena porción de su peso. Satisfecha la primera necesidad, hubo lugar a los rasgos de galantería y cariño que en todos los países llevarán el sello de la educación que alcanzan las personas que los ejercen. Las de la verídica historia cuya fisonomía trazamos ahora a grandes pinceladas, no eran, en general, de la clase media siquiera, ni de la que mejor educación recibe en Cuba, y puede creerse sin esfuerzo que sus rasgos de galantería y de cariño en ninguna circunstancia tenían nada de delicados ni de finos.

--Que diga algo Cantalapiedra, dijo alguien.

--Cantalapiedra no dice nada cuando come, contestó él mismo mientras roí a la pierna del pavo.

--Pues que no coma si ha de callar, saltó otro.

--Eso no, porque comeré y diré hasta el juicio final, repuso el comisario. ¿Cómo quieren, sin embargo, que diga si aún no he remojado la garganta?

--¡Ahí va mi copa! ¡Ahí va la mía! ¡Tome ésta! exclamaron diez voces por lo menos, y otros tantos brazos se cruzaron sobre la mesa en dirección del comisario, quien, empuñando una tras otra copa, cada cual llena de un vino diferente, se las fue echando al coleto, sin presentar más muestra del efecto que le causaban que ponerse algo rubicundo y aguársele los ojos. Después, llenando su propia copa de rico champaña, tosió, levantó el pecho, y en voz campanuda, aunque un si es no es carrasposa, dijo:

--¡Bomba! En los felices natales de mi amiga Merceditas Ayala, décima:

Yo te digo en la ocasión, _Merceditas de mis ojos,_ _Que tu vista guarda abrojos,_ _Pues que punza el corazón._

Ten de un triste compasión, _Que por tus ojos suspira,_ _Que por tus ojos delira,_ _Que por tus ojos alienta,_ _Que por tus ojos sustenta_ _Esta vida de mentira._

Tras esta improvisación ramplona y de mal gusto, resonaron vivas y aplausos repetidos y estrepitosos, con destemplado golpeo de los platos con los cuchillos. Y como en recompensa de su poética labor, de ésta recibió una aceituna ensartada en el mismo tenedor con que acababa de llevarse el alimento a la boca, de esotra una tajada de jamón, de la de más allá un pedazo de pavo, de aquélla un caramelo, de su vecina una yema azucarada, hasta que la Ayala puso término al torrente de obsequios levantándose y pasando su copa, llena de Jerez, a Leonardo para que improvisara también como lo había hecho el complaciente comisario. Aprovechose éste de la tregua que se le concedía tácitamente, para levantarse de la mesa, ir derecho, aunque disimuladamente, hasta el brocal del pozo, donde, introduciéndose dos dedos en la boca, arrojó cuanto había comido y bebido, que no había sido poco. Y muy fresco y repuesto se volvió a la mesa. Merced a un medio tan sencillo como expedito, pudo tornar a comer y a beber cual si no hubiera probado bocado ni pasado gota en toda la noche. De los demás hombres que habían bebido con exceso y no conocían el remedio eficaz de Cantalapiedra, que más que menos, pocos acertaban a tener firme la cabeza, sin exceptuar al mismo joven Leonardo.

A esa lamentable circunstancia debe atribuirse el que un mozo tan fino como bien educado, se prestara también a hacer coplas y en obsequio de aquella heroína de la fiesta. Pero bien que mal las hizo, siendo no menos aplaudido y regalado que el anterior coplero, aunque fue de notarse que, lejos Cecilia Valdés de celebrar, como los demás, su esfuerzo poético, se mantuvo callada y visiblemente corrida. Tampoco tomó parte Nemesia en la celebración, si bien por causa muy distinta, a saber: por hallarse empeñada en un diálogo rápido y secreto con su hermano José Dolores Pimienta.

--¿Pues no va desocupada la zaga? le decía él.

--Tal vez no, le replicaba ella.

--¿Y tú cómo lo sabes?

--Como sé muchas cosas. ¿Necesito yo tampoco que me den la comida con cuchara?

--Ya, pero tú no te explicas.

--Porque no hay tiempo ahora.

--Sobrado, hermana.

--Luego, las paredes oyen.

--¡Vaya! Cuando se grita.

--Vamos, no seas porfiado. Te digo que no lo hagas.

--Yo no pierdo la ocasión.

--Vas a pasar un mal rato.

--¿Qué me importa si hago mi gusto?

--Te repito, José Dolores, no te metas en camisa de once varas. No seas cabezadura. Con esa porfía me quitas las ganas de ayudarte. Yo entiendo de eso mejor que tú, lo estoy viendo.

Antes que se hubiese calmado el ruido de voces, de palmadas y de golpes en los platos y la mesa, Leonardo le dijo algo en secreto a Cecilia, y salió a la calle arrastrando a Meneses por el brazo, sin despedirse de nadie, a la francesa, como dijo Cantalapiedra cuando los echó de menos. Una vez fuera, a pesar de la lluvia menuda, ambos jóvenes, siempre de brazo, tomaron a pie la calle de La Habana hacia el centro de la ciudad, y en la primera esquina, que era la de San Isidro, Meneses siguió derecho y Leonardo tomó la vuelta del hospital de Paula.

Nubes ligeras, claro oscuras, despedazadas por el viento fresco del nordeste, pasaban unas tras otras en procesión bastante regular por delante de la luna menguante, que ya traspasaba el cenit, y a veces dejaba caer rayos de luz blanquecina. La calle traviesa, angosta y torcida que llevaba el joven Leonardo no se despejó jamás, ni vio él a derechas su camino hasta que llegó a la plazuela del hospital antes dicho, y entonces sólo el lado izquierdo se alumbraba a ratos, pues las paredes de la iglesia de Paula, elevadas y oscuras, proyectaban una doble sombra sobre el espacio exento. Arrimado a ellas, sin embargo, pudo distinguir su carruaje, los caballos del cual agachaban la cabeza y las orejas, en su afán de evitar la lluvia y el viento que les herían de frente. Estaba echado el capacete y no parecía el jinete por ninguna parte, ni en la silla, su puesto acostumbrado, ni en la zaga, ni en el vano de la ancha puerta de la iglesia, que podía servirle de abrigo. Pero a la segunda ojeada comprendió Leonardo dónde estaba. Sentado en el pesebrón del quitrín, le colgaban las piernas cubiertas con las botas de campana, mientras descansaba la cabeza y los brazos, medio vuelto, en los muelles cojines de marroquí. En el suelo yacía la _cuarta_ que en el sueño se le había desprendido de las manos, la recogió Leonardo al punto, levantó un canto del capacete y con todas sus fuerzas le pegó dos o tres zurriagazos a manteniente, por las espaldas presentadas.

--¡Señor! exclamó el calesero, entre asustado y dolorido, descolgándose.

Ya de pie pudo verse que era un mozo mulato, bastante fornido, ancho de hombros y de cara, más fuerte si no más alto que el que acababa de calentarle las espaldas con el zurriago. Vestía a la usanza de los de su oficio en la isla de Cuba, chaqueta de paño oscuro, galoneado de pasamanería, chaleco de piqué, el cuello de la camisa a la marinera, pantalón de hilo, botas enormes de campana, a guisa de polainas, y sombrero negro redondo, galoneado de oro. Debemos mencionar también, como signos característicos del calesero, las espuelas dobles de plata, que no llevaba a la sazón el mulato de que ahora se habla.

--¡Oiga! le dijo su amo, pues lo era en efecto el joven Leonardo; dormías a pierna suelta, mientras los caballos quedaban a su albedrío. ¿Eh? ¿Qué hubiera sucedido si espantados por casualidad, echan a correr por esas calles de Barrabás?

--Yo no estaba _dormiendo_, niño; se atrevió a observar el calesero.

--¿Conque no dormías? Aponte, Aponte, tú parece que no me conoces, o que crees que yo me mamo el dedo. Mira, monta, que ya ajustaremos cuentas. Lleva el quitrín a la _cuna_, toma las dos muchachas que trajiste en él y condúcelas a su casa. Yo te espero en el paredón de Santa Clara, esquina a la calle de La Habana. No consientas que nadie monte a la zaga. ¿Entiendes?

--Sí, señor; contestó Aponte, partiendo en dirección de la garita de San José. En la puerta de la casa del baile, sin desmontarse, dijo a un desconocido que entonces entraba:

--¿Me hace el favor de decirle a la niña Cecilia que aquí está el quitrín?

A pesar del aditamento de _niña_ de que hizo uso el calesero hablando de Cecilia, que sólo se aplica en Cuba a las jóvenes de la clase blanca, el desconocido pasó el recado sin equivocación ni duda. Y ella incontinente se levantó de la mesa y fue a coger su _manta_, seguida de Nemesia y de la Ayala. Esta última las acompañó hasta la puerta de la calle, en donde ya se habían agrupado los pocos hombres que aún no se habían despedido. Allí, teniendo todavía por la cintura a Cecilia, en señal de amistad y cariño, la dijo:

--No te fíes de los hombres, china, porque llevas la de perder.

--Y ¿yo me he fiado de alguno a estas horas, Merceditas? repuso Cecilia sorprendida.

--Ya, pero ese quitrín tiene dueño, y nadie da palos de balde. Tenlo por sabido. Me parece que me explico.

Con esto y con fingir Cantalapiedra que lloraba por la partida de Cecilia, cosa que causó mucha risa, ésta y Nemesia subieron al carruaje dándoles la mano Pimienta, y de hecho quedó desbaratada la reunión.

Podía ser entonces la una de la madrugada. El viento no había abatido ni cesado la llovizna que, de cuando en cuando, arrojaban las voladoras nubes sobre la ciudad dormida y en tinieblas. Conforme reza la expresión vulgar, la oscuridad era como boca de lobo. No por eso, sin embargo, perdió el joven músico la pista del carruaje que conducía a su hermana y a su amiga, antes por el ruido de las ruedas en el piso pedregoso de las calles, le fue siguiendo las aguas, primero al paso redoblando y luego al trote, hasta que le alcanzó cerca de la calle de Acosta. Puso la mano en la tabla de atrás, se impulsó naturalmente con la carrera que llevaba y quedó montado a la mujeriega. Al punto le sintió el calesero e hizo alto.--Apéate, le dijo Nemesia por el postigo.--No hay para qué, dijo Cecilia.--Yo les voy guardando las espaldas, dijo Pimienta.--Apéese Vd., dijo en aquella sazón Aponte, que ya había echado pie a tierra.--¿No te lo decía? añadió Nemesia, hablando con su hermano.--Aquí dentro va mi hermana y mi amiga, observó el músico dirigiéndose al calesero.--Será así repuso éste; pero no consiento que nadie se monte atrás de mi quitrín. Se echa a perder, camará; agregó notando que se las había con un mulato como él.--Apéate, repitió Nemesia con insistencia.

Obedeció José Dolores Pimienta, conocidamente después de una lucha sorda y terrible consigo mismo, en que triunfó la prudencia; pero cediendo y todo en aquella coyuntura, no renunció a la resolución tomada de seguir el carruaje. Volvió a montar el calesero y continuó la carrera derecho hasta desembocar en la calle de Luz, torciendo allí a la izquierda hacia la de La Habana. Cerca del cañón de la esquina estaba un hombre de pie, guarecido del viento y de la menuda llovizna, con las elevadas tapias del patio perteneciente al monasterio de las monjas Claras. En ese punto, paró Aponte por segunda vez el quitrín, el hombre en silencio subió a la zaga, diciendo luego a media voz: ¡Arrea! Partió entonces aquél a escape, pero no sin dar tiempo a que se acercara lo bastante el músico, para advertir que el individuo que le reemplazó en la zaga del carruaje era el mismo joven blanco, Leonardo, que tantos celos le había inspirado en la _cuna_.

CAPÍTULO VII

¿Y qué modo de hombre es él, _es negocio moscatel,_ _es discreto vergonzoso,_ _o dulce o acibaroso?_

LOPE DE VEGA

La Buscona

En el barrio de San Francisco y en una de las calles menos torcidas, con banquetas o losas en una o dos cuadras, había, entre otras, una casa de azotea, que se distinguía por el piso alto sobre el arco de la puerta, y balconcito al poniente. La entrada general, como la de casi todas las casas del país--para los dueños, criados, bestias y carruajes, dos de los cuales había comúnmente de plantón--era por el zaguán; especie de casapuerta o cochera, que conducía al comedor, patio y cuartos escritorios.

Llamaban bajo este último nombre los que se veían a la derecha, a continuación del zaguán, ocupados, el primero por una carpeta doble de comerciante, con dos banquillos altos de madera, uno a cada frente, y debajo una caja pequeña de hierro, cuadrada, que en vez de puerta tenía tapa para abrirse o cerrarse, siempre que se guardaban en ella o se sacaban los sacos de dinero. En el lado opuesto de la casa se veía la hilera de cuartos bajos para la familia, con entrada común por la sala, puerta y ventana al comedor y al patio.

Este formaba un cuadrilátero, en cuyo centro sobresalía el brocal de piedra azul de un aljibe o cisterna, donde, por medio de canales de hoja de lata y de cañerías enterradas en el suelo, se vertían las aguas llovedizas de los tejados. Una tapia de dos varas de elevación, con un arco hacia el extremo de la derecha, separaba el patio de la cocina, caballeriza, letrina, cuarto de los caleseros y demás dependencias de la casa.

Entre el zaguán y los cuartos llamados escritorios, descendía al comedor, apoyada en la pared divisoria, una escalera de piedra tosca con pasamanos de cedro, sin meseta ni más descanso que la vuelta violenta que hacían los últimos escalones casi al pie. Esa escalera comunicaba con las habitaciones altas, compuestas de dos piezas: la primera que hacía de antesala, tan grande como el zaguán; la segunda, todavía mayor, como que tenía las mismas dimensiones que los escritorios sobre los cuales estaba construida y servía de dormitorio y estudio. Con efecto, los muebles principales que la llenaban casi, eran una cama o catre de armadura de caoba, cubierto con un mosquitero de rengue azul, un armario de aquella propia madera, un casaquero o percha de lo mismo, un sofá negro de cerda, unas cuantas sillas con asiento de paja, una mesa a modo de bufete, y una butaca campechana.[9] Sobre los tales muebles se hallaban varios libros, unos abiertos, otros cerrados o con una o más hojas dobladas por la punta, empastados a la española, con canto rojo, todos al parecer de leyes, según podía notarse, leyendo los letreros dorados en los lomos de algunos. En el sofá únicamente dos periódicos en forma de folletos: el más voluminoso con un malísimo

grabado que representaba los figurines de un hombre, una mujer y un niño, y llevaba por título _La moda o Recreo Semanal_,[10] el otro _El Regañón_.[11]

Abajo, en el comedor había una mesa de alas de caoba, capaz para doce cubiertos, hasta seis butacas en dos hileras frente a la puerta del aposento; en el ángulo el indispensable jarrero, mueble _sui generis_ en el país, y para proporcionar sombrío a la pieza y protegerla contra la reverberación del sol en el patio, había dos grandes cortinas de cañamazo, que se arrollaban y desarrollaban lo mismo que los telones de teatro. En la pared medianera entre el zaguán y la sala, había una reja de hierro, y para dar paso a la luz exterior en esta última, dos ventanas de lo mismo voladizas, que desde el nivel del piso de la calle subían hasta el alero del techo. De la viga principal colgaba por sus cadenas una bomba de cristal; de la pared del costado dos retratos al óleo, representativos de una dama y de un caballero en la flor de su edad, hechos por Escobar;[12] debajo de éstos un sofá, y en dirección perpendicular al mismo, en dos filas, hasta seis sillones con asiento y respaldo de marroquí rojo; en los cuatro ángulos, rinconeras de caoba, adornadas con guardabrisas de cristal o con floreros de china. En la pared, entre ventanas, una mesa alta con pies dorados y encima un espejo cuadrilongo; llenando los huecos intermedios, sillas con profusión.

Era de notarse la cortina de muselina blanca, con fleco de algodón, que pendía de los dinteles de las puertas y ventanas de los cuartos, como para dar libre paso al aire y ocultar sus interioridades de las miradas de los que pasaban por el comedor y el patio. En resumen, la casa aquella, peculiarmente habanera, según se habrá echado de ver por la menuda descripción que de ella hemos hecho, respiraba por todas partes aseo; limpieza y... lujo, porque tal puede llamarse, en efecto, si se tiene en cuenta el país, la época de que se habla, el estilo y calidad del mueblaje, los dos carruajes en el zaguán y la capacidad misma de la morada. ¿Vivía allí una familia decente, bien educada y feliz? Vamos a verlo en breve.

A la hora en que principia nuestro cuento, entre seis y siete de la mañana de uno de los días de octubre, ocupaba una de las butacas del comedor un caballero de hasta cincuenta años de edad, alto, robusto, entrecano, nariz grande aguileña, boca pequeña, los ojos pardos y vivos, la color del rostro rubicunda, la cabeza redonda por detrás; signos éstos característicos de pasiones fuertes y firmeza de carácter. Llevaba el cabello corto, la barba rasurada completamente; vestía bata talar de zaraza sobre chaleco largo de piqué blanco, pantalones de dril y chinelas de ante. Descansaba los pies en una silla con asiento de paja y con ambas manos se llevaba a los ojos un periódico impreso en papel español de hilo del folio común, titulado _El Diario de la Habana_.[13]

Mientras leía se le presentó un muchacho como de doce años de edad, vestido de pantalones y camisa de listadillo, que venía del fondo del patio y traía en la mano derecha una taza de café con leche, puesta en un plato, y en la otra un azucarero de plata. El caballero, sin enderezarse en la butaca, tomó la taza, endulzó y se puso a sorber y leer con toda calma, mientras el criado, con los brazos cruzados sobre el pecho, se quedó delante de él en pie, conservando en las manos respectivas el plato y el azucarero. Concluida la poción de café con leche, no obstante que el muchacho se hallaba a pocos pasos, le dijo en tono de voz atronadora:--¡Tabaco y lumbre! Salió aquél de carrera a la cocina y volvió a poco por los cuartos escritorios, trayendo entonces una vejiga grande con algunos cigarros[14] arrollados en el fondo y un braserillo de plata con una brasa de carbón vegetal, medio enterrada en un montón de cenizas. El caballero encendió un cigarro y cuando el muchacho se disponía a emprender de nuevo la carrera, le gritó:--¡Tirso!

--¡Señor! contestó también en alta voz como si ya estuviera en la cocina o hablara con sordo.

--¿Has estado arriba? le preguntó el amo.

--Sí, señor, _dende_ que llegó de la plaza el cocinero.

--¿Y cómo es que el niño Leonardo no ha bajado todavía?

--Es querer decir a su merced que el niño Leonardo no quiere que lo _dispierten_ cuando ha pasado mala noche.

--¡Mala noche! repitió el caballero mentalmente. Anda (al esclavo), despiértale y que baje.

--Señor, dijo el muchacho titubeando y confuso. Señor, su merced sabe...

--¿Qué sucede? volvió a tronar el amo, luego que echó de ver que el esclavo se estaba parado y no le había obedecido.

--Señor, es querer decir a su merced, que el niño se pone bravo cuando lo _dispiertan_, y...

--¿Qué? ¿Qué dices? ¡Ah! ¡Perro! Anda, corre si no quieres subir a puntapiés.

Y como el caballero medio se incorporase para ejecutar la amenaza, no esperó a que se la repitieran para obedecer la orden. En cuatro saltos se puso en lo alto de la escalera, desapareciendo en el dormitorio del joven Leonardo. A tiempo mismo que el muchacho corría escaleras arriba, asomaba por la puerta del aposento una señora algo gruesa, hermosa, de amabilísimo aspecto, las facciones menudas, con el cabello todavía negro, aunque pasaba de los cuarenta de edad, vestida de holán clarín blanco, y abrigada con una manta de burato color canario y toda ella muy pulcra y de ademán reposado y señoril. Sentose al lado del caballero de la bata, a quien, preguntándole por las noticias del día, dio el nombre de Gamboa. Este le contestó entre dientes que la única importante que traía _El Diario_ era la aparición del cólera morbus en Varsovia, donde hacía estragos espantosos.

--¿Y dónde es eso? preguntó la señora bostezando.

--¡Toma! contestó Gamboa. Eso es muy lejos. Figúrate, allá, cerca del Polo Norte, en Polonia. Ya tiene que rodar el señor cólera para llegar hasta nosotros, y entonces... ¡quién sabe dónde estaremos tú y yo!

--¡Dios nos libre de horas menguadas, Cándido! volvió a exclamar la señora con el mismo aire de indolencia de antes.

Bajaba Tirso en este punto los escalones con doble precipitación, si cabe, de aquella con que los había subido; y a no ser porque en tiempo agacha la cabeza, le alcanza en ella un libro que le arrojaron de lo alto, el cual, con la violencia del golpe se hizo pedazos en la puerta del escritorio. Don Cándido alzó la cabeza y la señora se levantó y fue hacia el pie de la escalera, preguntando:--¿Qué ha sido eso? Por toda respuesta el muchacho, muy asustado, le indicó con los ojos al joven Leonardo, que se hallaba en lo alto, envuelto en la sábana, con los puños apretados en señal de cólera y de amenaza. Pero no bien descubrió a su madre, pues lo era aquella señora, cambió de actitud y de semblante; e iba sin duda a explicarle la ocurrencia, cuando ella le contuvo haciéndole una seña muy significativa, que equivalía, poco más o menos a decirle:--Calla, que ahí está tu padre. Por lo que él, sin más demora, dio media vuelta y se volvió al dormitorio.

--¿Viene el niño Leonardo? preguntó Gamboa al esclavo, cual si no hubiera notado la carrera de éste, el librazo contra la puerta del escritorio ni la acción de su esposa.

--Sí, señor, contestó Tirso.

--¿Le diste mi recado? insistió don Cándido en tono de voz más recio y áspero.

--Es querer decir a su merced, repuso el esclavo todo turbado y tembloroso, que... el niño... el niño Leonardo no me dio tiempo.

La señora se había vuelto a sentar, y seguía llena de ansiedad las palabras y los movimientos del semblante de su marido. Le vio ponerse rojo a medida que Tirso soltaba las pocas frases de que en su turbación pudo hacer uso; aún le pareció que iba a levantarse, acaso para pegarle al esclavo, o hacer bajar por la fuerza a Leonardo; en cuya confusa alternativa, a fin de ganar tiempo, le dejó caer la mano derecha en el brazo izquierdo y le dijo en voz muy baja y musical:

--Cándido, Leonardito se viste para bajar.

--Y tú ¿cómo lo sabes? replicó don Cándido con gran viveza, volviéndose para su esposa.

--Acabo de verle a medio vestir, en lo alto de la escalinata, contestó ella con calma.

--Pues tú siempre estás al tanto de cuando Leonardo cumple con su deber, pero eres ciega para sus faltas.

--No sé yo que el porbrecito haya cometido ninguna, al menos recientemente.

--¡Ya! ¿No lo decía yo? Ciega, cieguecita, Rosa, tus mamanteos van a perder a ese muchacho. ¡Tirso! tronó don Cándido.

Antes que volviese Tirso de la cocina, en donde se había refugiado, luego que sus amos entablaron el anterior, brevísimo diálogo, entró por el zaguán adelante el mulato calesero que ya conocen nuestros lectores, por aquella escena en el barrio de San Isidro y noche del 24 de setiembre. Vestía ahora solamente camisa y pantalones cuyas piernas estaban arremangadas hasta poco más abajo de las rodillas, como para dejar ver el borde de los calzoncillos blancos, que formaba dientes en vez de dobladillos. Los zapatos eran de vaqueta muy escotados, con hebilla de plata al lado, y tenía argollas de oro en las orejas, pañuelo atado en la cabeza, el sombrero de paja en la mano derecha, y en la izquierda el ronzal de un caballo que traía rabiatado otro del mismo color y estampa, ambos recién salidos del baño, pues aun escurrían agua o sudor, y el último tenía la cola hecha un nudo. El mulato había cabalgado en el primero desde la caballeriza al baño, cerca del Muelle de Luz, porque todavía llevaba el sudadero, a falta de

silla.

--Pero aquí está Aponte, agregó don Cándido viéndole asomar. ¡Aponte!

--No hay necesidad de que preguntes a los criados interpuso doña Rosa.

--Quiero que oigas una de las recientes gracias de tu hijo, insistió el marido. ¿A qué hora trajiste anoche (_hablando con Aponte_) a tu amo?

--A las dos de la _madrugá_, contestó Aponte.

--¿Dónde pasó tu amo la noche? añadió don Cándido.

--Es inútil que lo diga, interrumpió la señora. Aponte, lleva esos caballos al pesebre.

--¿Dónde pasó tu amo la noche? repitió don Cándido en voz de trueno, viendo al calesero dispuesto a obedecer la orden de su ama.

--Es dificultoso que yo le diga a su merced mi amo, dónde pasó la noche mi amo el niño Leonardito.

--¡Qué! ¿Cómo se entiende?

--Le digo a su merced, mi amo, que es muy dificultoso, apresuróse Aponte a explicar, notando que don Cándido montaba en cólera; porque primeramente yo llevé el niño Leonardito a Santa _Catarina, dispués_ lo llevé al muelle de Luz, _dispués_ lo estuve esperando en el muelle de Luz hasta las doce de la noche, _dispués_ lo llevé otra vuelta a Santa _Catarina, dispués_...

--¡Basta! dijo doña Rosa enojada. Quedo enterada.

Aponte se retiró con los caballos, pasando por el comedor y el patio en dirección de la caballeriza, y don Cándido, volviéndose para su mujer, le dijo:

--¿Qué te-a-ele-tal? ¿No te parece reciente la de anoche? Yo no sabía nada, sospechaba únicamente, porque conozco a mi hijo mejor que tú, y ya has oído que se ha estado en Regla hasta las doce de la noche. Tal vez no fue solo. ¿Quiéres oír ahora con quiénes y cómo pasó la mitad del tiempo en Regla? ¿No lo adivinas? ¿No lo sospechas?

--Suponiendo que lo adivinase, que lo palpase, observó doña Rosa con ligero desdén, ¿qué aprovecharía? ¿Dejaría yo por eso de quererlo como lo quiero?

--Pero si no se trata de quererle ni desquererle, Rosa; saltó impaciente don Cándido. Se trata de poner remedio a sus faltas, que ya rayan en lo serio.

--Sus faltas, si las comete, no pasan de calaveradas propias de la juventud.

--Es que las calaveradas, cuando son repetidas y no se les pone coto a tiempo, suelen parar en cosas graves que dan mucho que llorar y que sentir.

--Pues tus calaveradas no te trajeron, que yo sepa, serios ni graves resultados, y eso que las suyas, comparadas con las tuyas, son meros pasatiempos juveniles; dijo doña Rosario con refinado sarcasmo.

--Señora, repuso don Cándido irritado, por más que hiciese esfuerzo visible por ocultarlo: sean cuales fueren las locuras que yo haya podido cometer en mi juventud, ellas no autorizan a Leonardo para que lleve la vida que lleva con... aprobación y aplauso de Vd.

--¡Mi aprobación! ¡mi aplauso! Esa sí que está buena. Nadie mejor que tú es testigo de que, lejos de aprobar y aplaudir las locuras de Leonardito, siempre le estoy aconsejando y aún reprendiendo.

--¡Ya! Por un lado le aconsejas y le reprendes, y por otro le das quitrín y calesero y caballos y media onza de oro todas las tardes para que se divierta, triunfe y corra la tuna con sus amigos. No apruebas ni aplaudes sus locuras, pero le facilitas el modo y medios de cometerlas.

--Eso es, yo facilito el modo y medio cómo se pierda el muchacho. Tú no, tú eres un santo. ¡Oh! Sí, tu vida ha sido ejemplar.

--No sé a qué conduce tan amarga sátira.

--Conduce a que eres muy duro con él, y a que estaría buena tu aspereza si fueses intachable, si no hubieses pecado...

--¿Me tiene él en tan buen concepto como el que la merezco a Vd. señora? ¿Sabe que yo haya pecado?

--Tal vez lo sepa.

--Si Vd. no se lo ha contado...

--No hay necesidad de que yo le enseñe cosas malas. Sería madre desnaturalizada si tal hiciera. Pero él no es ningún tonto, y luego fue demasiado público, escandaloso lo de María de Regla.

--No sería mucho que haya llegado a sus oídos y le provoque a imitarte. El mal ejemplo...

--Basta, señora, dijo don Cándido más desazonado que irritado. Creía, tenía razón para esperar que Vd. hubiese dado eso al olvido.

--Mala creencia, porque hay cosas que no es posible olvidarlas jamás.

--Ya lo veo. Lo que quiere decir eso es, que me he engañado; quiere decir que las mujeres, algunas mujeres, no olvidan ni perdonan ciertas faltas de los hombres. Pero, Rosa, agregó cambiando de tono, nosotros vamos fuera del carril y eso no está bien. La verdad es que si yo soy muy duro, como dices, con Leonardo, tú eres muy débil, y no sé yo qué será peor. El es un loco, voluntarioso y terco, necesita freno más que el pan que come. Advierto, sin embargo, con dolor, que, por pensar en mi dureza, le llevas sin querer, por supuesto, como por la mano a su pronta perdición. De veras, Rosa, tiempo es ya de que sus locuras y sus debilidades cesen; tiempo es ya de tomar una determinación que le libre a él de un presidio y a nosotros de llanto y de infamia eternos.

--¿Y qué remedio adoptar, Cándido? Ya es tarde, ya él es un hombrecito.

--¿Qué remedio? Varios. En los buques de guerra de S. M. hasta a los hombronazos se les mete en cintura. Pensando estaba que no le vendría mal oler a brea por corto tiempo. Apuradamente mi amigo Acha, comandante de La Sabina, está empeñado en enseñarle la maniobra. Ayer nada menos me dijo que me resolviera y se lo entregara, seguro de que le pondría más derecho que un mastelero de gavia. Sí, ésa fue la expresión de que hizo uso. De todos modos, estoy resuelto a poner freno a las demasías de ese mozo.

Conmoviose doña Rosa al oír las últimas palabras de su marido, mucho más al notar el tono de firme resolución con que las emitió; y parte para ocultar las lágrimas que le rebosaban en los ojos, parte por variar el objeto de una conversación que le hería en lo más vivo del alma, se levantó otra vez y se dirigió al patio. En aquel momento mismo bajaba Leonardo la escalera, vestido como para salir a la calle; y ella, que sintió sus pasos, retrocedió al sitio que acababa de dejar al lado de su marido, y en tono de humilde súplica, con voz temblosa por la emoción, le dijo:

--Por el amor de ese mismo hijo, Gamboa, no le digas nada ahora. Tu severidad le rebela y me mata a mí.

--¡Rosa! murmuró don Cándido echándole una mirada de reconvención. Tú le pierdes.

--¡Prudencia, Cándido! replicó doña Rosa, respirando más libremente; porque comprendió que su esposo estaba inclinado por entonces a ejercer aquella virtud. Advierte que ya es un hombre y que le tratas como si fuera un niño.

--¡Rosa! repitió don Cándido con otra mirada de reconvención ¿Hasta cuándo?

--Será ésta la última vez que interceda por él, se apresuró a decir doña Rosa. Te lo prometo.

En esto acababa de bajar la escalera el joven Gamboa y se encaminó derecho a su madre, la cual le salió al encuentro como para mejor protegerle del enojo de su padre. Pero éste, silencioso y cabizbajo, ya penetraba en el escritorio y no vio o se hizo que no vio al hijo besar a la madre en la frente, ni la seña con que ella le indicó que debía saludar también a su padre.

Leonardo no dijo palabra, ni hizo ademán de cumplir con la indicación. Sólo se sonrió, levantó los hombros y se encaminó a la calle, llevando debajo del brazo izquierdo un libro empastado a la española, con los cantos rojos, y en la mano derecha una caña de Indias cuyo puño de oro figuraba una corona.

CAPÍTULO VIII

¡Para hacer bien por el alma _Del que van a ajusticiar!_

ESPRONCEDA

El reo de muerte

Tiró el estudiante en dirección de la Plaza Vieja por la calle de San Ignacio. En la esquina de la de Sol tropezó con otros dos estudiantes poco más o menos de su edad, que en toda apariencia esperaban su llegada. El uno de ellos no es desconocido para el lector, pues le ha visto en la _cuna_ de la calle de San José. Nos referimos a Diego Meneses. Era el otro de figura menos galana y esbelta, agregando a su baja estatura un cuello muy corto y hombros bastante levantados, entre los cuales llevaba como enterrada una cabeza redonda y chica. Había cierta confusión en su frente más angosta y levantada; los ojos tenía pequeños y penetrantes, la nariz algo arremangada, la barba aguda y la boca fresca y húmeda, por cierto la más expresiva de sus menudas facciones; el cabello crespo y así en su semblante como en su cuerpo se descubría desde luego la gran malicia que animaba su travieso espíritu. Junto con una fuerte palmada en el hombro, Leonardo le dio el nombre de Pancho Solfa. Este, medio sonreído, medio mal humorado del golpe dijo:

--Cada animal tiene su lenguaje, y el tuyo, Leonardo, es a veces muy expresivo.

--Porque te quiero te aporreo, Pancho. ¿Quieres otra caricia?

--Basta, chico. Y se desvió, haciendo un movimiento con la mano izquierda.

--¿Qué hora es? preguntó Leonardo. Recuerdo que no le di cuerda anoche a mi reloj y se ha parado.

--Las siete acaban de dar en el reloj del Espíritu Santo, respondió Diego. Nos marchábamos sin ti, creyendo que se te habían pegado las sábanas.

--Por poco no me levanto en todo el día. Me acosté tarde y mi padre me hizo llamar al amanecer. Él, como se acuesta con las gallinas, madruga siempre. ¿No les parece a ustedes que hay tiempo de dar una vueltecita por la Loma del Ángel?

--Soy de opinión que no, dijo Pancho. A menos que tú, cual otro Josué, tengas la virtud de parar el sol.

--Te pereces por una cita, Pancho, venga o no venga a pelo. ¿Pues no sabes que el sol no camina desde que Josué le mandó parar su carrera? Si hubieses estudiado astronomía sabrías eso.

--Di, más bien, que si hubiera estudiado historia sagrada, dijo Meneses.

--El cuento es, observó Pancho, que sin estudiar a fondo una cosa y otra, sé que el caso participa de ambas y no son ustedes los que me corrigen la plana.

--A todas éstas, caballeros ¿qué lección tenemos hoy? No concurrí a la clase el viernes, ni he abierto el libro en todo este tiempo.

--Govantes señaló para hoy el título tercero, que trata del derecho de las personas, respondió Diego. Abre el libro y verás.

--Pues no he saludado esa materia siquiera, agregó Leonardo. Sólo sé que según el derecho patrio, hay personas y hay cosas; que muchas de éstas, aunque hablan y piensan, no tienen los mismos derechos que aquéllas. Por ejemplo, Pancho, ya que te gustan los símiles, tú a los ojos del Derecho no eres persona, sino cosa.

--No veo la similitud, porque no soy esclavo, que es a quien considera cosa el derecho romano.

--Ya. No eres esclavo, pero alguno de tus progenitores lo fue sin duda y tanto vale. Tu pelo al menos es sospechoso.

--Dichoso tú que le tienes flechudo como los indios. Si vamos a examinar, sin embargo, nuestros árboles genealógicos respectivos, hallaremos que aquéllos que pasan por ingenuos entre nosotros, son cuando menos libertinos.[15]

--Resuellas por la herida, compadre. Vamos, que no es ningún pecado amarrar la mula tras de la puerta. Mi padre es español y no tiene mula; mi madre sí es criolla y no respondo que sea de sangre pura.

--Es que tu padre por ser español, no está exento de la sospecha de tener sangre mezclada, pues supongo que es andaluz, y de Sevilla vinieron a América los primeros esclavos negros. Tampoco los árabes, que dominaron en Andalucía más que en otras partes de España, fueron de raza pura caucásica, sino africana. Por otra parte, era común ahí, entonces, la unión de blancos y negros, según el testimonio de Cervantes y de otros escritores contemporáneos.

--Ese rasguito histórico, don Pancho, vale un Potosí. Se conoce que la cuestión de razas te ha costado algunos quebraderos de cabeza. No paro yo en eso la atención, ni creo que hace bulto ni peso la sangre mezclada. Lo que puedo decir es que, no sé si porque tengo algo de mulato me gustan un puñado las mulatas. Lo confieso sin empacho.

--La cabra siempre tira al monte.

--El refrán no viene al caso; mas si lo dices para afirmar que no te gusta la _canela_, peor para ti, Pancho, porque eso quiere decir que te gusta el _carbón_, género mucho más inferior.

En este punto de su conversación iban, cuando entraron por los portales de la Plaza Vieja llamados del Rosario. Estos los forman unas cuatro o cinco casas, pertenecientes a familias nobles o ricas de La Habana, con anchos balcones, apoyados en altos arcos de piedra, cuyas luces cubren durante el día unas cortinas de cañamazo, a manera de velas mayores de barcos. El piso superior de esas casas lo ocupan los dueños o inquilinos, que viven de sus rentas; pero en los bajos, salones en general oscuros y poco ventilados, tienen sus tiendas unos mercaderes al por menor, que llaman baratilleros, quinquilleros propiamente dichos, los cuales, en absoluto, son españoles, por lo común montañeses. Dentro guardan el acopio de géneros y baratijas, y al frente, bajo los arcos de piedra, exponen lo que se entiende por quincalla en unas vidrieras o muestrarios portátiles, que descansan sobre una especie de tijeras. Por la mañana temprano los exponen y por la noche los guardan.

Poco después de las siete de la mañana se principia generalmente la primera de las operaciones aquí mencionadas. Los mercaderes, de dos en dos, sacan las vidrieras, sujetando uno por una cabeza, otro por la otra, como si fueran ataúdes o que pesaran mucho para un solo hombre.

Algunos estaban ya expuestos, y los vendedores se paseaban por delante de ellos en mangas de camisa, a pesar del airecillo de la mañana, cuando entraron en los portales nuestros tres estudiantes.

Llevaban la delantera Leonardo y Diego, riendo y charlando, sin hacer caso de los mozos españoles que iban y venían, afanados en la obra de exponer sus mercancías a tiempo. Detrás, y a paso mesurado, inclinada la cabeza y taciturno, los seguía su condiscípulo Pancho, y ya por esto, ya porque les chocase su facha, la verdad es que el primer buhonero con quien tropezó le echó mano por un brazo y le dijo: ¡Hola, rubio! ¿no quieres comprar un par de navajas de primera? Se desprendió de éste con un esguince y le cogió otro para decirle: Acá, primo, vendo gafas excelentes. Adelante se le interpuso un tercero para ofrecerle tirantes elásticos; un cuarto para meterle por los ojos cortaplumas vizcaínos, superiores a los ingleses. Rodando de uno para otro, ora sonriéndose, ora haciendo un gesto de enfado, el ya molesto estudiante logró adelantar algunos pasos. Al fin, rodeado por varios baratilleros más dispuestos a la burla que a encarecer sus baratijas, se quedó parado y cruzó los brazos. Por fortuna en aquel momento le echaron de menos sus compañeros, volvieron la cara y notaron el cerco que le habían formado. Ignorando la causa, Leonardo, que era intrépido, retrocedió a la carrera, penetró por fuerza por el corrillo y sacó a su amigo del apuro. Mas así que se informó por él mismo de lo que había pasado, rió de ganas y le dijo: Te tomaron por montuno, Pancho. Tú también tienes una figura...

--Mi figura no tiene nada que ver con el asunto, le interrumpió Pancho de mal talante; es que estos españoles tienen más de judíos que de caballeros.

Siguiendo la calle de San Ignacio nuestros estudiantes, a poco andar desembocaron en la Plazuela de la Catedral. Cuando llegaban a los portales de la casa conocida por de Filomeno, les llamó la atención un grupo numeroso y compacto de pueblo que entraba en la misma por el lado opuesto, es decir, por la calle de Mercaderes y el Boquete. La vanguardia, compuesta en su mayor parte de gente de color, hombres, mujeres y muchachos sucios, harapientos y descalzos, ya marchaba, ya hacía alto, y de cuando en cuando volvía atrás la cabeza, como por resorte. Entre dos filas de soldados equipados a la ligera, pues su uniforme consistía de chaqueta de paño azul, pantalón blanco, canana atada al cinto por delante, sombrero redondo y carabina corta, que portaban por los tercios, iban hasta doce mulatos y negros vestidos en traje talar de sarga negra, con caperuza de muselina blanca, cuya punta larga flotaba por detrás de la cabeza, a guisa de gallardete; y cada cual llevaba en la mano derecha una cruz negra de brazo corto y árbol largo. Cuatro de esos lúgubres hombres conducían al hombro, en silla de mano, a una al parecer criatura humana,

cuya cabeza y cuerpo desaparecían bajo los pliegues de un paño negro (manto de estameña), cayendo a plomo por fuera de todo el aparato.

A un lado de este ser misterioso venía un sacerdote con sotana negra de seda, bonete en la cabeza y un crucifijo en ambas manos; al otro un negro bastante joven, robusto y ágil. Este vestía pantalón blanco, sombrero redondo y chaqueta de paño negro, en cuya espalda se le descubría una como escalera bordada de seda amarilla. Eso indicaba su oficio, y era nada menos que el verdugo. Andaba a paso medido y no levantaba los ojos del suelo. Detrás venía un hombre blanco vestido de calzón corto, medias de seda, chupa de paño y sombrero de tres picos, todos de color negro. Este era el escribano. Inmediato a él marchaba un militar de alta graduación indicada por los tres entorchados de la casaca y el sombrero de tres picos galoneado de oro, con pluma blanca de avestruz. Cerraban el cortejo otros negros y mulatos en el traje negro talar y caperuza blanca, ya descrito, y más pueblo, todos moviéndose en solemne y silenciosa procesión, pues no se oía otro ruido que los pasos acompasados de la tropa y la voz gangosa del sacerdote recitando las oraciones de los moribundos.

Por esta rápida descripción advertirá el lector habanero que se trataba de un reo de muerte que conducían al patíbulo, acompañándole los hermanos de la Caridad y de la Fe, institución religiosa compuesta exclusivamente de gente de color que se ocupaba en asistir a los enfermos y moribundos y en enterrar a los muertos, principalmente los cadáveres de los ajusticiados. Es bien sabido que la justicia española lleva su saña hasta las puertas del sepulcro, y he ahí la necesidad de la institución religiosa dicha, que se encarga de recoger el cadáver del criminal y de darle sepultura, en vez de los parientes y amigos, privados de esos oficios por la ley o la costumbre.

La tropa que custodiaba al reo en tales circunstancias, en La Habana al menos, era un piquete de la célebre partida de Armona, especie de guardia civil, establecida por Vives, que desempeñaba el papel de la policía de otras partes: el militar de alta graduación, el mayor de plaza, a la sazón coronel Molina, después castellano del Morro, en cuyo empleo murió cargado con el odio de aquéllos a quienes había oprimido y explotado mientras desempeñó el primero de estos cargos: el individuo que conducían al suplicio de la manera referida no era hombre, sino mujer y blanca; la primera tal vez de su clase que ejecutaban en La Habana.

CAPÍTULO IX

...Esta es la justicia _Que facer el Rey ordena..._

EL DUQUE DE RIVAS

D. Alvaro de Luna.

Contarse merece, siquiera sea brevemente, la historia de la mujer cuyo delito se castigaba con la pena de muerte. Casada con un pobre campesino, vivía en los arrabales de la pequeña población del Mariel, no sabemos cuanto tiempo hacía, ni hace mucho al caso tampoco. Pero sin ser joven ni hermosa, contrajo ella relaciones ilícitas con un hombre soltero del mismo pueblo. Séase que el marido averiguara lo que pasaba y amenazara tomar venganza, séase que los amantes quisieran librarse de aquel estorbo, el hecho fue que entre los dos concertaron matarle. Y conseguido esto, que no cuesta gran trabajo matar a un hombre, trataron de ocultar las huellas del crimen descuartizando el cadáver y arrojando a un río inmediato los cuartos ensangrentados, cosidos en un saco. Tales fueron los hechos principales dilucidados en la causa.

Ahora bien, ¿qué papel desempeñó la mujer en el horrible drama? Eso no se puso en claro. En su defensa desplegó tan desinteresada como rara elocuencia el joven y brillante abogado Anacleto Bermúdez,[16] que acababa de llegar de España, en cuyos consejos se había recibido de abogado e hizo en esa causa su estreno como hábil criminalista. El hecho era atroz, sin embargo, y la criminalidad de la mujer quedó probada, pues si no había herido con su propia mano, había tomado parte principal en el asesinato y en la ocultación del cadáver. Se hizo, por tanto, necesaria su condenación a último suplicio, aunque éste fuese el de horca, pues que entonces sólo se aplicaba el del garrote a la gente noble, suceso todavía más raro en Cuba que el de ejecutar a una mujer blanca.

La pena de muerte en horca, en los dominios españoles era, si cabe, más terrible que la del garrote, introducida o generalizada algún tiempo después de aquel a que nos referimos ahora. El verdugo, así que ataba dos sogas al pescuezo del reo, le lanzaba desde lo alto de la escalera, se le montaba a horcajadas en los hombros, y con los calcañales le golpeaba el estómago para apresurar su fin; deslizándose por los pies del ajusticiado, cuyo cadáver, dentro de un traje talar, quedaba meciéndose al aire libre

por ocho horas, a dos varas del suelo. Semejante espectáculo no debía presentarse en La Habana con una mujer blanca, por vulgar que ella fuese u horrible su delito.

En tal situación, y cuando hubo fallado el recurso de una supuesta preñez, Bermúdez solicitó y obtuvo como gracia especial que se la hiciera morir en garrote. Recordará el lector que siete u ocho años después de aquel a que nos contraemos ahora, se abolió el suplicio de horca en Cuba, y que hallándose la cárcel en el ángulo occidental del edificio conocido por la Casa de Gobierno, donde funcionaba asimismo el Ayuntamiento con todas sus dependencias, donde residía el Capitán General con las suyas, y existían las escribanías públicas, tenía el reo que recorrer una larga y angustiosa carrera antes que se pusiera fin a su vida en el campo de la Punta, inmediato a la mar. En efecto, por la calle de Mercaderes pasaba a la plazuela de la Catedral, torcía luego a la de San Ignacio, luego a la de Chacón, luego a la de Cuba, enseguida por la orilla de la muralla a pasar por debajo de la puerta abovedada y oscura llamada de la Punta, en que había cuerpo de guardia y daba salida a los cadáveres de la ciudad que llevaban a enterrar en el cementerio general.

Al salir por aquella puerta de plaza sitiada, podía distinguir el reo a lo lejos, frente al arrecibe de la costa contra la cual se rompían las olas del mar en menudos copos de brillante espuma, la máquina terrible, horca, garrote o banquillo en que había de tener fin su vida. Para los de ánimo apocado, la muerte con todos sus horrores era fuerza que se les presentase mucho antes de recibirla. Por suerte, la mujer de que ahora hablamos, desde el momento que la metieron en capilla perdió las fuerzas, y con ellas la conciencia de su horrible situación, siendo preciso, como se ha visto, que la condujeran al lugar del suplicio en silla de mano, sentarla a brazos en el banco del garrote, y, muerta ya, dislocarle la vértebra del cuello para sofocar en su pecho el último soplo de vida.

Cinco o seis años después de los sucesos que acaban de referirse, había cambiado de un todo el aspecto del campo de la Punta. Al yermo desolado y polvoroso que limitaba al oeste las primeras casas de madera de la barriada de San Lázaro, por el sur rimeros de tablas y alfardas importadas de los Estados Unidos del Norte de América, por el norte la mar y el castillo de la Punta, que asomaba sus enanas almenas detrás de apiñadas calderas férreas de Carrón para la elaboración del azúcar, sucedió un edificio de tres cuerpos, macizo, cuadrangular, erigido por el Capitán General don Miguel Tacón para cárcel pública, depósito presidial y cuartel de infantería.

El espacio descubierto que quedó al lado septentrional de ese edificio, todavía se obstruyó más con la construcción de unos cobertizos de madera para abrigo de una parte del presidio, empleada en picar piedra menuda a martillo, con destino al empedrado de las calles de la ciudad, según el sistema de McAdam. Pero, de todos modos, así quedó separada la prisión de la Casa de Gobierno; los presos pasaron a un edificio, aunque defectuoso en muchos respectos, fabricado expresamente para su desahogo y seguridad; hubo más conveniente separación de sexos y de delitos, y, en especial, se redujo a la tercera parte la _via crucis_ de los infelices reos de muerte, pues que apenas se cuentan doscientos pasos de la cárcel nueva a la orilla del arrecife, donde se efectuaban las ejecuciones capitales. De allí y de la Punta, a la parte opuesta, salieron a recibir la muerte del patriota y del héroe, años adelante, Montes de Oca y el joven Facciolo; el General López y el español Pintó; el bravo Estrampes; y, en nuestros días, Medina y León y los inocentes estudiantes de la Universidad de La Habana.

Incorporáronse los tres amigos a la lúgubre procesión, y la acompañaron por el costado de la Catedral hasta la puerta del Seminario, edificio que se extiende por el fondo de ella y da sobre el puerto. No habían abierto aún la entrada a las aulas, y el golpe como de doscientos estudiantes de derecho, filosofía y latín, la flor de la juventud cubana, se dilataba desde las gradas de piedra de la portería hasta el cuartel de San Telmo por un lado, y por el otro largo trecho hacia las bocacalles del Tejadillo y de San Ignacio, a causa de la estrechura de la vía. Por un movimiento espontáneo, la muchedumbre estudiantil se dividió en dos filas, dando paso franco por medio de la calle a la extraña comitiva, a la cual precedía un rumor sordo como de enjambre de abejas que busca donde posarse.

Hizo alto por un momento ante la puerta del Seminario, para dar tiempo a que cuatro hermanos de la Caridad y de la Fe relevasen a los que portaban la silla de mano desde la cárcel. La figura entre tanto, no cambió de posición ni hizo el menor movimiento; pero aunque los pliegues del manto negro ocultaban por completo sus facciones, su nombre y la historia de su crimen corrieron de boca en boca entre todos los estudiantes.

--Nadie diría que llevan ahí a una mujer, dijo un estudiante de latín.

--En efecto, más parece la estatua de una llorona que ser viviente, agregó otro.

--El remordimiento la agobia, dijo un tercero. Por eso dobla la cabeza sobre el pecho.

--Ya, exclamó un estudiante alto, de aspecto amulatado; el caso no es para menos. Ahora supongo yo que está horrorizada de su propio crimen.

--¿Pero está probado, como luz del mediodía, según reza la ley de Partida, preguntó nuestro conocido Pancho, que Panchita mató a su marido?

--Tan cierto es que lo mató que le van a dar garrote, volvió a observar el estudiante amulatado, con cierta sonrisa de desdén. Por más señas que después de muerto le hizo tasajo, y, cosiéndole en un saco de henequén, le arrojó al río para pasto de los peces.

Todo eso no constituía un argumento de la criminalidad de Panchita Tapia, y su tocayo iba a replicar cuando otro estudiante se interpuso diciendo en voz campanuda y acento español:

--Por un tris hace la chica con su consorte lo que dispone la ley de Partida que se haga con el parricida. Sólo faltó que el saco fuera de cuero, que tuviese pintadas llamas coloradas al exterior y que hubiese puesto en el interior un gallo, una víbora y un mono, animales que no conocen padre ni madre.

--La ley de las Doce Tablas,[17] se apresuró a decir Pancho alzando la voz y empinándose un tanto, contento de poder corregirle la plana al estudiante españolado--copiada _pedem litterae_ en las Partidas, que mandó compilar don Alfonso el Sabio--no habla de gallos, sino de perro, víbora y mono, y no porque estos animales conozcan o desconozcan padre o madre, sino simplemente para entregar el criminal a su furor. El Código Alfonsino considera parricida aún a la mujer que mata a su marido. La práctica hoy día es arrastrar al reo en un serón atado a la cola de un caballo hasta el pie del patíbulo. De suerte que, si no arrastran a Panchita Tapia, acusada de ese horrendo crimen, la razón es porque no lo consienten nuestras costumbres. He dicho.

Con esto Pancho se alejó prontamente de aquel grupo, cosa de no dar tiempo a una réplica de parte del estudiante españolado. Pero éste se contentó con decir, viéndole alejarse:

--Se conoce que el chico ha estudiado la lección.

En aquel mismo punto se abrieron las ponderosas hojas de cedro de la puerta del Seminario, más conocido entonces bajo el nombre de Colegio de San Carlos. El gran patio lo constituían cuatro corredores anchos, de columnas de piedra, formando un cuadrado. En el centro había una fuente, y por todo el derredor naranjos lozanos y frondosos. En el lado opuesto a la entrada principal, a la izquierda, había una escalera de piedra que conducía a los claustros de los profesores; a la derecha, una reja que separaba el corredor de un callejón oscuro y húmedo, por el cual se penetraba en un salón lateral, largo y sucio, separado de las aguas del puerto por un jardín o huerto de tapias elevadas. Hacia allá daban unas cuatro ventanillas altas por donde entraba la única luz que a medias alumbraba el salón. Contra la pared de enfrente, en el centro, se poyaba una mala cátedra, y a ambos lados de ella había muchos bancos de madera, rudos, fuertes y de elevado respaldo, colocados transversalmente.

Ahí se enseñaba filosofía; ahí enseñó por la primera vez esta ciencia a la juventud cubana el ilustre padre Félix Varela, quien para ello redactó un texto, apartándose enteramente del aristotélico, único seguido en Cuba hasta entonces, desde la fundación de la Universidad de La Habana, en 1714, en el Convento de Santo Domingo. Cuando después, en 1821, el padre Varela marchó de representante a las Cortes españolas, quedó sustituyéndole en la misma cátedra el más aventajado de sus discípulos, José Antonio Saco, y en los momentos de nuestra historia la desempeñaba el abogado Francisco Javier de la Cruz, por ausencia en el norte de América del propietario y expatriación de su virtuoso fundador.

En el ángulo de la izquierda había otro salón, con entrada directamente del corredor, donde enseñaba latín el padre Plumas. Luego, ocupando casi todo el otro lado, estaba el refectorio de los seminaristas y algunos profesores que residían permanentemente en el mismo edificio, y a la izquierda de la entrada principal estaba la ancha escalinata, dando acceso a los corredores del piso alto. Por ésta subían los estudiantes de derecho no seminaristas; mientras los de filosofía y latín entraban en los salones respectivos, ya mencionados, por las puertas al ras del patio.

En la mañana del día que vamos refiriendo, cuando los estudiantes de derecho ponían el pie en el primer escalón de la escalinata, se detuvieron en masa como reparasen en un grupo de tres sujetos en animada conversación cerca de allí, bajo el corredor. El que llevaba la palabra podía tener de 28 a 30 años de edad. Era de mediana estatura, de rostro blanco, con la color bastante viva, los ojos azules y rasgados, boca grande de labios gruesos y cabello castaño y lacio, aunque copioso. Había cierta reserva en su aspecto y vestía elegantemente, a la inglesa. El otro de los tres personajes se podía decir el reverso de la medalla del ya descrito, pues a un cuerpo rechoncho, cabeza grande, cuello corto, cabello crespo y muy negro: los ojos grandes y saltones, el labio inferior

belfo, dejando asomar dientes desiguales, anchos y mal puestos agregaba un color de tabaco de hoja que hacía dudar mucho de la pureza de su sangre. El tercero difería en diverso sentido de los dos mencionados, siendo más delgado que ellos, de más edad, de color pálido y aspecto muy amable y delicado. Este era el catedrático de filosofía, Francisco Javier de la Cruz; el anterior José Agustín Govantes, distinguido jurisconsulto que regentaba la cátedra de derecho patrio; y el primero, nombrado José Antonio Saco, recién llegado del Norte de América.

Precedía a éste la fama de sus escritos en el _Mensajero Semanal_, que publicaba en Nueva York, según decían, con la cooperación del muy amado padre Varela, principalmente los que versaban acerca de los sucesos y eminentes personajes de la revolución de México y de Colombia. Sobre todo, acababa de leerse en La Habana, produciendo un vivo entusiasmo, su polémica crítico-política con el encargado del Jardín Botánico, don Ramón de la Sagra, en defensa del poeta matancero[18] José María Heredia.

De resultas de eso, los jóvenes cubanos, que ya se daban a la política, comenzaron a alejarse de la clase de botánica que pretendía enseñar La Sagra, burlándose de él a medida que admiraban a Saco, a quien tenían por un insurgente decidido, con cuya opinión, cosa singular, concurría de plano el gobierno de la colonia.

Algunos de los estudiantes de derecho le reconoció, desde luego, por haber estudiado filosofía con él en 1823 y murmuró su nombre, lo que fue bastante para que se pararan e hicieran una exclamación más bien de curiosidad que de otra cosa. Esto hubo de atraer la atención de Govantes, el cual, por señas, ordenó a sus discípulos que salieran al salón de clase, adonde él los seguiría en breve.

Allá, en efecto, se encaminaron de tropel y entraron en el salón con gran algazara, hablando de Saco, de Heredia, de su célebre _Himno del desterrado_ y su no menos famosa oda _Al Niágara_, inclusa en la colección de sus poesías impresas en Toluca, México; de las lecciones de botánica de La Sagra, y de los héroes de la revolución de Colombia, aunque entonces imperfectamente conocida por la juventud habanera. Cuando, poco después, entró Govantes a paso tardo, con un libro debajo del brazo y el semblante risueño y animado, callaron de golpe los estudiantes y reinó allí completo silencio. Ascendió los tres o cuatro escalones de la cátedra, puso el libro en el ancho pretil y se sentó en la silla de paja, a mano constantemente.

No era el salón de la clase de derecho sólo el más amplio y extenso del seminario, sino también el mejor situado bajo todos conceptos. Tenía la entrada por un extremo, con cuatro ventanas anchas abiertas al corredor, y otras tantas al puerto de La Habana, que daban luz y aire, dejando ver los valuartes de la ciudadela de la Cabaña y parte de los del Morro. Apoyada en la pared medianera, entre las ventanas centrales, se elevaba la cátedra; en frente había dos órdenes de bancos paralelos y a entrambos lados otros muchos colocados transversalmente, de modo que el catedrático, desde su elevado asiento, dominaba toda la clase, no obstante su extensión. Probablemente habría allí congregados hasta 150 estudiantes de varios cursos.

Los que habían estudiado la lección y creían poder explicarla con alguna claridad, presentaban el cuerpo y seguían los movimientos del catedrático. Los que no habían abierto siquiera el libro de texto, por el contrario, no sabían donde esconder la cara ni cómo encogerse. En este caso se hallaba nuestro conocido Leonardo Gamboa, según él mismo lo había dicho a sus amigos Meneses y Pancho Solfa. Como por su talla y su carácter no le fuera fácil ocultarse, nunca se sentaba en frente de la cátedra, sino a los costados, y eso en los últimos bancos. El día que vamos narrando ocupó el asiento de la cabeza en el rincón, desalojando para ello a su amigo Solfa. Después de recorrer Govantes con la vista toda la clase, se dirigió a un estudiante de su derecha, a quien llamó por el apellido de Martiartu, el españolado antes dicho, y le ordenó explicara la lección, cosa que hizo con facilidad y aún lucidez. Luego ordenó hiciera lo mismo al amulatado, que llamó Mena; enseguida a otro de apellido Arredondo, el cual ocupaba puesto frente a frente de la cátedra. Cuando éste hubo concluido la explicación más o menos textual, Govantes volvió los ojos a su izquierda, los pasó por encima de Leonardo--el cual de golpe bajó la cabeza con achaque de recoger el pañuelo dejado caer de intento y los detuvo en el joven que se sentaba en la otra cabecera del mismo banco. No se sabía éste la lección y se quedó callado, por lo cual, tras breve rato, el amable profesor dijo:--el otro, con idéntico resultado. Saltó enseguida al cuarto, luego al sexto, que tampoco pudo responder, hasta que dejando tres o cuatro por medio, dijo a Gamboa:--Usted. Disimuló él cuanto pudo, hizo como que no había oído ni entendido, mas su amigo Pancho le llamó la atención, y entonces, medio mohino, medio corrido, se puso en pie y dijo:

--Maldito si he estudiado la lección.

Semejantes palabras produjeron una risa general. Gamboa, sin inmutarse, continuó:

--Mas, por lo que han dicho los señores que me han precedido en el uso de la palabra, saco en consecuencia que el asunto de que hoy se trata es de los más importantes, y creo que no se me olvidarán los puntos principales para el caso de su aplicación en nuestro foro.

Con esto se sentó de pronto, pegando al mismo tiempo un puntazo con el dedo índice al sufrido Pancho, por el costado, quien, ya de dolor, ya de las cosquillas que le produjo, no pudo menos de dar un salto en el asiento. Su discurso, lo mismo que su acción, por inesperados, causaron una explosión de risa de que, no obstante su seriedad, participó el mismo Govantes; quien, sin más dilación, comenzó la explicación del texto, que versaba, como ya dicho, sobre el derecho de las personas. Definió primero lo que se entendía por persona, según el derecho romano; luego por estado, que dijo se dividía en natural y civil, y que este último podía ser de tres maneras, a saber: de libertad, de naturaleza y de familia. Y entró de lleno en lo que podía denominarse historia de la esclavitud, pintándola no ciertamente en sus relaciones con la sociedad antigua o moderna, sino con el derecho romano, el de los godos y el patrio; porque si bien reinaba bastante libertad de enseñanza entonces en Cuba, las ideas abolicionistas no habían empezado a propagarse en ella.

Govantes en aquel día, como solía, estuvo inspirado, elocuente, dando muestras repetidas de su vasta erudición; en lo cual sin duda no había tenido pequeña parte su reciente entrevista con Saco, el traductor y anotador de las _Recitaciones de Heinecio_,[19] de texto en el Colegio San Carlos desde el año anterior de 1829. Al ponerse él en pie, pues había sonado la hora de las nueve, los estudiantes imitaron su ejemplo, prorrumpiendo en estrepitosos aplausos.

CAPÍTULO X

Engañó al mezquino _Mucha hermosura;_ _Faltó la ventura,_ _Sobró el desatino;_ _Errado el camino_ _No pudo volver_ _El que por amores_ _Se dejó prender._

D. HURTADO DE MENDOZA

Decíamos que los estudiantes de derecho patrio imitaron el ejemplo de su profesor poniéndose todos de pie. Pero aunque ganosos de salir del aula, según es de suponerse, permanecieron en sus puestos respectivos hasta que aquél descendió de la cátedra y se dirigió a la puerta de salida, cabeza baja y libro de texto debajo del brazo; entonces desfilaron en dos columnas tras él, en respetuoso silencio.

Los pocos que le acompañaron hasta la puerta de su celda, al fondo de la galería, fueron los seminaristas, pupilos del colegio, los cuales se distinguían por la ropa talar de estameña color pardo que vestían y que les daba la apariencia de monacillos; si bien es seguro que ninguno de ellos seguiría la carrera eclesiástica.

Los otros estudiantes no seminaristas, en el número ya dicho, luego que se alejó el catedrático, deshicieron la formación que traían, se precipitaron por la ancha escalera de piedra, en tropel bajaron al corredor y en el mismo desorden salieron a la calle, cual si los hubiera vomitado de un golpe la amplia portería del Colegio de San Carlos.

Ya en la calle, se derramaron por diferentes rumbos de la ciudad. Un grupo bastante numeroso tomó la vuelta del cuartel de San Telmo en que termina la calle de San Ignacio, torció la de Chacón, enseguida a la de Cuba, en fin, por la de Cuarteles se encaminó a la Loma del Ángel, que era su destino. En este grupo estudiantil, marchando con gran algazara, bien podía notar el curioso lector de anteriores páginas, a los tres constantes amigos: Gamboa, Meneses y Solfa. El primero de éstos sin duda capitaneaba a los demás, porque iba a la cabeza blandiendo en la mano derecha, a guisa de bastón de tambor mayor, la caña de Indias con puño de oro y regatón de plata. A medida que se acercaban a la iglesia del Santo Ángel Custodio, que, como sabe el lector habanero, se halla sentada en la planicie de la Peñapobre, se estrechaba más la vía a causa del declive y del golpe de gentes de ambos sexos, de todos colores y condiciones que llevaban la misma dirección.

Las mujeres blancas, al menos las que no se dirigían a la iglesia, iban en quitrines, los cuales entonces empezaban a generalizarse y a sustituir a las _volantes_ o calesas, que venían usándose desde fines del siglo pasado. Casi todos los ocupaban tres señoras sentadas en el único asiento o de testera de esos carruajes, las mayores a los lados, recostadas muellemente; la más joven en medio y erguida siempre, porque nuestros quitrines ni nuestras _volantes_ se construyen en realidad para tres personas, sino para dos. Aunque pasadas las nueve de la mañana, no calentaba demasiado el sol, a causa de lo adelantado de la estación; por eso casi todos los quitrines llevaban el fuelle caído, mostrando a toda su luz la preciosa carga de mujeres, jóvenes en su mayor parte, vestidas de blanco o colores claros, sin toca ni gorra, la trenza negra de sus cabellos sujeta con el peine de carey

llamado peineta de teja, y los hombros y brazos descubiertos.

Las mujeres blancas que iban a pie por aquellas calles pedregosas sin aceras, de seguro se dirigían a la iglesia; lo que podía advertirse por el traje negro y la mantilla de encaje. La gente de color de ambos sexos, en doble número que la blanca, iba toda a pie, parte también a la iglesia, parte paseando o vendiendo tortillas de maíz en tableros de cedro, que era uno de los motivos de la fiesta. Las que se hallaban arrimadas a una u otra pared de la calle, eran por lo común negras de África, pues las criollas desdeñaban la ocupación, sentadas en sillas enanas de cuero, con una mesita por delante y el burén en el brasero a un lado. En la tal losa de piedra oscura tendían con una cuchara de madera la porción de harina de maíz mojada que constituía una torta de tres o cuatro onzas de peso, y cuando estaba doradita con el calor del burén, le esparcían por encima un poco de manteca de vacas, y así calientita y jugosa la ofrecían de venta al transeúnte a razón de medio de plata el par. Muchas señoritas no tenían a menos parar el carruaje y comparar las tortillas de San Rafael, según las denominaban, calientes todavía del indiano burén, pues por lo que parece, era como sabían mejor.

La ocasión de todo aquel bullicio y movimiento era la fiesta de San Rafael, que cae el 24 de octubre, cuya celebración se había principiado, según ya indicamos, nueve días antes. En cada uno de ellos se decía una misa rezada en las primeras horas de la mañana, misa mayor y sermón de diez a doce y salve a la hora de víspera. Durante la novena o circular se mantenía de manifiesto el Santísimo Sacramento, y con tal motivo la iglesia nunca se veía desocupada de los fieles que acudían de todas partes del barrio a ganar indulgencia plenaria.

Como hemos dicho anteriormente, la pequeña iglesia del Santo Ángel Custodio se halla asentada en la planicie estrecha de la Peñapobre, especie de arrecife de poca extensión, aunque bastante elevado respecto al plano general de la ciudad. Para subir a ella había, y hay ahora, dos escalinatas de piedra oscura y tosca, con repechos de lo mismo: una que arranca del fondo de la calle de los Cuarteles, la otra que desciende a la de Compostela, siendo ésta la más larga y pendiente.

En llegando a lo alto de la meseta, que también tiene repecho de piedra, se está en el piso del templo, cuya única nave, en los días de función, como de la que ahora se trata, se descubre toda entera--el altar mayor al fondo, retablo de madera de dos cuerpos--más allá de las dos puertas laterales, casi oculto tras el bosque de cirios blancos, candelabros dorados y plateados, macetas de flores artificiales y gran profusión de relumbrantes cartulinas. A izquierda y derecha se veían dos retablos de menos adornos, en el promedio de la puerta principal y las laterales, y en la media naranja otros dos retablos, en cada uno de los cuales se veneraba algún santo, por lo regular de madera de talla, encerrado en un nicho de cristal. El techo, en forma de caballete, dejaba al desnudo el maderamen de la armadura que estaba cubierta de tejas coloradas, y encima del arco toral, dentro del que había un pequeño coro, se levantaba el cuadrado campanario de piedra de tres cuerpos en disminución ascendente. Hacia el oeste, detrás del cuerpo de la iglesia, se hallaba la sacristía, la habitación del cura enseguida, y otra escalera de piedra menos espaciosa que las del frente, que daba salida a la calle de Egido, especie de callejón hondo, torcido y desigual que corre a lo largo de las paredes de las casas y los baluartes que circundaban la ciudad por la parte de tierra. El patio, por el frente, tiene un malecón de mampostería, al modo de muro de azotea. Pues en ese malecón, en la mañana del día que vamos refiriendo, el segundo o tercero de la novena de San Rafael, varios negros carpinteros se entretenían en levantar con tablas de pino, pintadas de color de cantos de piedra, algo que se asemejaba a las almenas de un castillejo, habiendo ya plantado el asta bandera y casi concluido la obra principal.

Los estudiantes se habían apoderado de todo el repecho de las escalinatas y mesetas; Leonardo Gamboa en lo más alto, con su caña al hombro dirigiendo la maniobra, y no subía por éstas persona alguna, ni pasaba por la calle mujer especialmente, en carruaje o a pie, sin que tuvieran ellos algo que decirle y aún hacerle. El más conspicuo por su voz, por el puesto que ocupaba y por su aventajada talla era Gamboa, prodigando, sin cesar dichos y requiebros, sobre todo a las muchachas bonitas, con sobra de galantería y lastimosa falta de buena crianza. Ellas, sin embargo, ya por el hábito de oírlos desde la cuna, ya porque siempre halaga la celebración, no se daban por ofendidas, antes éstas se sonreían; aquéllas, con el abanico entreabierto, hacían un saludo gracioso a los conocidos o amigos, y no faltaban quienes correspondían a una pulla, con otra pulla, por cierto no de la mejor ley.

Había Leonardo arrebatado un pedazo de tortilla a uno de sus compañeros, y, teniéndole en la mano izquierda, lo brindaba a la joven que mejor le parecía, sin ánimo de dársela a ninguna, ni probarlo él, hasta que, de tres que iban en un quitrín, creyó reconocer la que ocupaba el lado opuesto; por cuya razón, en vez de hacerle el mismo ofrecimiento que a las demás, bajó la mano de pronto y trató de ocultarse tras el repecho de la meseta. La joven le había visto, y reconocido desde luego; sólo que, lejos de sonreírse, como es natural cuando se divisa a un amigo entre multitud de gentes extrañas, se puso más seria y pálida de lo que era, aunque mientras pudo estuvo mirando el sombrero y la frente del estudiante, asomados a pesar suyo por encima del borde

del muro de piedra. A tiempo de agacharse Gamboa, por un movimiento involuntario, le echó garra por un brazo a su amigo Meneses, y de modo le apretó, que éste no pudo menos de quejarse y preguntarle:

--¿Qué sucede, Leonardo? Por Dios bendito, suelta, que me desprendes el brazo.

--¿No la conociste? repuso Leonardo enderezándose poco a poco.

--¿A quién? ¿Qué dices?

--A la muchacha aquella del quitrín azul que va sentada a la parte opuesta de nosotros. Pasa ahora las Cinco esquinas. Todavía mira hacia acá. De seguro me ha reconocido. ¡Y yo que la hacía a muchas leguas de distancia! ¿Si creerá que todavía duran los aguinaldos de pascuas?

No sé aún de quién hablas.

--De Isabel Ilincheta, hombre. ¿No la conociste? Bien que te gustaba su hermana Rosa.

--Acabáramos. No la conocí, en efecto. Me pareció muy delgada y trigueña, allá era la más linda del partido.

--Todas las muchachas cuando van para tías se ponen delgadas y palidecen; y lo que es Isabel tiene razón para ambas cosas, pues cuenta mi edad y no abriga esperanzas de casarse pronto.

--Todavía te casas tú con ella el día menos pensado.

--¿Yo? Primero con una escopeta. La chica me gusta, no lo niego; pero más me gustaba allá, en medio de las flores y del aire embalsamado, a la sombra de los naranjos y de las palmas, en aquellas guardarrayas y jardines del cafetal de su padre. Y luego, es una bailadora... de primera. No menos que tu Rosa.

--Deja tranquila a Rosa y volvamos a tu Isabel. Estaba lo que se llama enamorada de ti. ¡La pobre! no te conoce, a lo que entiendo. Porque si vale decir verdad, eres el más inconstante y voluble de los hombres.

--Lo confieso, lo siento, mas no puedo remediarlo; me empeño por una muchacha mientras me dice que no; en cuanto me dice que sí, aunque sea más linda que María Santísima, se me caen a los pies las alas del corazón. Desde mayo no le escribo. ¿Qué pensará de mí? Y es que estas muchachas criadas en el campo son tan empalagosas con su querer... Se figuran que nosotros los mozos de La Habana somos todo cera y miel.

--¿Dónde parará ella?

--De seguro en casa de las Gámez, sus primas, detrás del Convento de las monjas Teresas.

--¿Esperas tropezar ahí con Rosa? Cuando no estaba en el quitrín con Isabel, es claro que no ha venido del campo. En cuanto a mí, te juro que no deseo y temo encontrarme cara a cara con Isabel. Estará ella hecha un moderno virago conmigo. No es mujer a quien se puede ofender impunemente.

--Razón tiene sobrada para estar enojada contigo, y en conciencia debes hacer por aplacar su enojo...

--Conciencia, conciencia, repitió Leonardo en tono desdeñoso. ¿Quién la tuvo jamás en tratándose de mujeres?

--¡Hombre! No digas blasfemias, que hijo eres de mujer.

Esta última observación la hizo Pancho Solfa, que había estado oyendo el breve diálogo de los dos amigos. Leonardo le miró de alto a bajo; no por desprecio, sino porque le sacaba al menos dos palmos de ventaja en estatura, y le dijo serio:

--Tú vas a parar en fraile capuchino. Luego, volviéndose con viveza para Meneses, añadió: Esa muchacha va a trastornar todos mis planes.

--No lo comprendo, dijo Meneses.

--Ya lo verás, repuso Leonardo pensativo. Caballeros, prosiguió hablando con los que le seguían desde el colegio; vámonos que ya esto fastidia.

Conocidamente Leonardo se había puesto de mal humor; algo le contrariaba el ánimo, y él no era hombre para sobrellevar estorbos. Pero apenas bajó a la calle por el lado de la de Compostela, y se vio una vez más en medio del bullicio popular, cuando volvió a su ser natural y a las vivezas de su carácter. En efecto al llegar a las Cinco esquinas, alcanzó un caballero de mediana edad que llevaba la misma dirección que los estudiantes. Leonardo le pasó los brazos por debajo de los suyos, le cubrió los ojos con ambas manos y le dijo, variando el acento:--Adivina quién soy.

En vano el desconocido trató de desasirse de las garras del estudiante, en la persuasión quizás de que el objeto de aquella violencia era robarle a la claridad del día y a la vista del pueblo. Pero Leonardo, luego que se le reunieron los compañeros y multitud de curiosos, soltó al hombre; y, con el sombrero en la mano y la cabeza inclinada, en señal de respeto y arrepentimiento, le dijo:--Pido a Vd. mil perdones, caballero. He sufrido una equivocación lamentable, pero Vd. tiene la culpa, porque se parece a mi tío Antonio como un huevo a otro huevo.

Los estudiantes soltaron la carcajada, por lo mismo que el caballero desconocido, comprendiendo la burla, estalló en expresiones de mal humor y de enojo contra la juventud malcriada e insolente de la época. Aquella ridícula escena pasó con más rapidez de lo que hemos acertado a pintarla, y, como para hacer contraste con ella, no bien pasó Leonardo la calle de Chacón, metió la punta de su caña de Indias en una rolliza tortilla de maíz que empezaba a dorarse al calor del burén de una negra más rolliza todavía y casi desnuda, arrimada a la pared de la esquina y rodeada de sus cachivaches, y la levantó en el aire. Hizo la tortillera una exclamación de angustia, y al enderezarse en el enano asiento, como era tan gorda y pesada, echó a rodar la mesita que tenía delante, donde había otras tortillas ya cocidas, con lo cual se aumentó su disgusto y se menudearon sus gritos. Todos rieron de la ocurrencia, Diego Meneses, quien, por uno de aquellos impulsos nobles y generosos de su buen corazón, sacó del bolsillo del chaleco unos cuantos reales, se los arrojó al pecho abultado de la negra, y acertó a depositárselos en el seno, no obstante el bajo escote del cuerpo de su escasísimo traje.

Si con esto se le pasó el enojo o cesaron sus lamentos, los estudiantes no se detuvieron a averiguarlo. Adelante, en la calle del Tejadillo corta la de Compostela en ángulo recto y luego se encuentra la del Empedrado, dicha así por haber sido la primera en que se empezó a ensayar el sistema de pavimento de las calles de La Habana con chinas rodadas y arroyo en medio. Por ella torció Leonardo a la derecha, y después de saludar a sus compañeros y decir a sus íntimos amigos Meneses y Solfa que podían, si querían, esperarlo en la plazoleta inmediata de Santa Catalina, donde se reuniría con ellos dentro de un cuarto de hora. Pero siendo ya la de almorzar, según la costumbre de Cuba, ellos prefirieron continuar a sus casas respectivas, y así se separaron de Leonardo hasta la noche en la feria del Santo Ángel Custodio.

Una vez solo el estudiante de derecho, cambió de paso y de aspecto repentinamente. Se puso serio y pensativo, mucho más de lo que cabía esperar en un carácter tan alegre y vivaz. Era que le preocupaba demasiado la aparición en La Habana y en la feria, de la joven de Alquízar a quien denominó Isabel Ilincheta. No obstante que lo negase, estaba enamorado de ella, y recelaba que su repentina llegada diese ocasión a revelaciones desagradables, sobre todo, al descubrimiento de sus veleidades, que, por pervertido que tuviese el sentimiento de la decencia, no podían hacerle honor ni dejar de sacarle los colores a la cara.

Varias veces se detuvo y pegó con la punta del bastón en las angostas losas de la acera, de cuyo lujo gozaba entonces, entre otras pocas, la calle famosa de lo Empedrado. Entre seguir y volverse fluctuaban grandemente, pues es bueno que se sepa que aquella no era la dirección de su casa. Dio, al fin, un golpe más recio que los demás con la caña, se la echó al hombro, como solía, y apresuró el paso, murmurando:--¡Qué diablos! A lo hecho, pecho. Todo esto, para confirmarse en la resolución tomada.

A poco andar se encontró en la esquina de la calle del Aguacate, y arrimado a las alterosas paredes del Convento de Santa Catalina, no hizo alto hasta cerca de la esquina en que la calle de O'Reilly corta la que llevaba a la sazón. Allí, dirigió una mirada oblicua a la ventanilla cuadrada y alta de una casucha en la acera opuesta, inmediata a la esquina. Dicha casucha la hemos descrito minuciosamente al final del capítulo II de esta verídica historia. Las hojas de la ventanilla se hallaban entornadas, y por entre los balaustres de cedro, se veían los pliegues de una cortinilla de muselina blanca, la cual se agitaba ligeramente entonces, ya a causa del airecillo de la mañana, ya de los movimientos de alguna persona que estuviese detrás. En la misma disposición, aunque inversa, se veía la desvencijada puerta: la media bala de hierro, de que hemos hablado en otra parte, impedía que se cerrase del todo.

Que había una persona apostada entre la hoja entornada de la ventanilla y la cortina blanca, no cabe duda ninguna, porque apenas Leonardo cruzó y puso la mano derecha en el hueco que dejaba en el marco un balaustre caído, cuando se asomó la cara más linda de mujer que quizás existía en aquel tiempo en La Habana. A su vista, aunque los ojos de la mulata despedían rayos, y

no de amor, sino de cólera, quedó completamente subyugado Leonardo, y se olvidó de Isabel, de los bailes de Alquízar y de los paseos por las guardarrayas de palmas y de naranjos en los cafetales de esa comarca. El lector de los primeros capítulos de esta historia tiene delante a Cecilia Valdés. Mantenía los ardientes labios apretados, la sangre quería brotarle de sus redondas mejillas, el abultado seno con dificultad se contenía dentro de las ligaduras del traje de yocó. Al fin fue ella la primera a hablar, diciendo más con el semblante que con la voz:

--¿Para qué ha venido?

--Acabo de salir de la clase, contestó Leonardo en tono humilde y bajo, mas recio.

Cecilia miró al soslayo para adentro, con la mano izquierda abierta hizo seña a Leonardo que bajara algo más la voz y añadió con vehemencia:

--Le han visto hace poco en la loma del Ángel.

--Puede ser, venía para acá.

--Pero se ha detenido mucho, la distancia no es tan grande. ¡Ah! ¡Maldita la mujer que ama!

--Nada se ha perdido, Cecilia. Heme aquí.

--Ya. ¿Mas quién sabe la causa de su demora? Tal vez una mujer...

--Mujer no, te lo juro.

--No me jure, porque entonces menos le creo. El caso es que Chepilla ya está de vuelta de Paula y Vd. se aparece ahora. Ya no hay tiempo de hablar. Hace rato que llegó. Rezaba y dormitaba, supongo que de cansada; y ya levanta la cabeza y pone el oído de ético. (Esto lo dijo mirando otra vez hacia dentro.) A Vd. no le interesa mi amistad, se conoce, y soy una boba que le espero. ¡Maldita sea la mujer que quiere como yo!

--Tu desesperación me asusta, alma mía. Siento el percance, será mañana.

--Es que Chepilla no va todos los días a Paula.

--Me levanté cerca de las siete. Tú sabes a la hora que vinimos de Regla, cerca de la una de la madrugada.

--Eso no impidió que yo me despertase al amanecer. Me acosté con el cuidado y Vd. no, esto hace mucha diferencia.

--Déjate de ese tono irónico que no te sienta ni un poquito. Demasiado sabes tú que te idolatro.

--Obras son amores y no buenas razones, y el hombre que no cumple con una cita...

--No me condenes de ligero. Ya te he dicho la causa de mi demora. Te protesto, sin embargo, que lo siento en el alma, y ya te probaré...

--Malhaya viene tarde. En vano me protesta de su cariño. La persona que quiere bien no engaña. Sí, Vd. me está engañando. Me tiene muy herida. Váyase. Truena Vd., no habla.

Leonardo le cogió la mano y se la llevó a los labios, sin que ella opusiera la menor resistencia, por donde conoció que había pasado el furor de la tormenta y que la muchacha admitiría su visita en primera oportunidad. Con esto él siguió camino y al entrar en la calle de O'Reilly, puso el pie izquierdo en el estribo de una volanta que bajaba de la puerta del Monserrate, zarandeándose dentro de dos larguísimas varas, pendientes de dos enormes ruedas y del lomo de un verdadero Rocinante, y quedó sentado en el cojín de vaqueta. El estremecimiento producido por la repentina entrada del joven, llamó la atención del calesero, quien incontinente volvió la cara a fin de ver la casta de pasajero que había conseguido sin solicitarlo ni esperarlo. Este, a tiempo de caer en el asiento, tronó en voz campanuda y de mando:--A casa.

--¿Y dónde vive el niño? naturalmente preguntó el azorado calesero.

--¡Bruto! ¿Que no lo sabes? Calle de San Ignacio esquina a Luz. Arrea.

--¡Ah! exclamó el calesero, y le pegó tan fuerte latigazo a la pobre bestia en los ijares, que se estremeció toda dentro de la armazón de huesos, doblándose casi en dos, bien del dolor, bien del peso del carruaje, del pasajero y del jinete.

Mientras el estudiante, sacudido como una pelota va camino de su casa en la desvencijada volante séannos permitidas algunas reflexiones. ¿A qué aspiraba Cecilia al cultivar relaciones amorosas con Leonardo Gamboa? El era un joven blanco, de familia rica, emparentado con las primeras de La Habana, que estudiaba para abogado y que, en caso de contraer matrimonio, no sería ciertamente con una muchacha de la clase baja, cuyo apellido sólo bastaba para indicar lo oscuro de su origen, y cuya sangre mezclada se descubría en su cabello ondeado y en el color bronceado de su rostro. Su belleza incomparable era, pues, una cualidad relativa, la única quizás con que contaba para triunfar sobre el corazón de los hombres; mas eso no constituía título abonado para salir ella de la esfera en que había nacido y elevarse a aquélla en que giraban los blancos de un país de esclavos. Tal vez otras menos lindas que ella y de sangre más mezclada, se rozaban en aquella época con lo más granado de la sociedad habanera, y aún llevaban títulos de nobleza; pero éstas o disimulaban su oscuro origen o habían nacido y se habían criado en la abundancia; y ya se sabe que el oro purifica la sangre más turbia y cubre los mayores defectos, así físicos como morales.

Pero estas reflexiones, por naturales que parezcan, estamos seguros que jamás ocuparon la mente de Cecilia. Amaba por un sentimiento espontáneo de su ardiente naturaleza y sólo veía en el joven blanco el amante tierno, superior por muchas cualidades a todos los de su clase, que podían aspirar a su corazón y a sus favores. A la sombra del blanco, por ilícita que fuese su unión, creía y esperaba Cecilia ascender siempre, salir de la humilde esfera en que había nacido, si no ella, sus hijos. Casada con un mulato, descendería en su propia estimación y en la de sus iguales: porque tales son las aberraciones de toda sociedad constituida como la cubana.

El calesero, entre tanto, bajó por la calle de O'Reilly al trote, tomó la de Cuba, cruzó diagonalmente la plazoleta de Santa Clara, torció luego a la calle de San Ignacio, y sin adelantarse un paso paró la carrera a la puerta de la casa que le habían designado. Aquélla era una prueba de que el negro calesero no merecía el dictado de bruto que le dio Leonardo al entrar en la volante. No había acabado de parar ésta, cuando el estudiante saltó a la acera y con la misma rapidez le lanzó una moneda al calesero. Recibiola él en el aire, se la llevó a los ojos, vio que era una peseta columnaria, se persignó con ella, picó espuelas y siguió viaje, diciendo:--Mucha salud, niño.

CAPÍTULO XI

De mi patria _bajo el desnublado cielo_ _no pude resolverme a ser esclavo,_ _ni consentir que todo en la natura_ _fuese noble y feliz menos el hombre._

JOSÉ MARÍA HEREDIA

A Emilia.

Creyó advertir Leonardo cuando saltó de la volante a la acera, que un militar, en completo uniforme, que caminaba de prisa hacia la Plaza Vieja, se había separado de la segunda ventana de su casa, y que contemporáneamente se había desprendido de un postigo de la misma el bien conocido rostro de una de sus hermanas. Apresuró el paso, y, en efecto, a través de otro postigo de la reja del zaguán, vio a su hermana mayor Antonia, en el acto de alzar la cortina para entrar en el primer aposento, por la puerta que daba a la sala. Le desazonó más de lo que puede imaginarse este inesperado descubrimiento, porque atando cabos se convenció, a no quedarle duda, de que mientras él galanteaba a la mulata allá por el barrio del Ángel, un capitán del ejército español, a la clara luz de una mañana de octubre, le galanteaba la hermana acá por el barrio de San Francisco. El recuerdo del momento placentero que había gozado y que aún se cernía en su mente cual visión brillante, quedó enturbiado, se desvaneció del todo ante la desagradable escena a la ventana de su casa.

De la generación que procuramos pintar ahora bajo el punto de vista político-moral, y de la que eran muestra genuina Leonardo Gamboa y sus compañeros de estudios, debemos repetir que alcanzaba nociones muy superficiales sobre la situación de su patria en el mundo de las ideas y de los principios. Para decirlo de una vez, su patriotismo era de carácter platónico, pues no se fundaba en el sentimiento del deber, ni en el conocimiento de los propios derechos como ciudadano y como hombre libre.

El sistema constitucional que había regido en Cuba, la primera vez de 1808 a 1813, la segunda de 1821 a 1823, nada le había enseñado a la generación de 1830. Para ella habían pasado como un sueño, como cosas del otro mundo o de otro país, la libertad de imprenta, la milicia nacional, el ejercicio frecuente del derecho del sufragio, las reuniones populares, las agitaciones y

propaganda de los más exaltados, los conciliábulos de las sociedades masónicas, las cátedras de Derecho y de Economía Política, las lecciones de Constitución del Padre Varela. Después de cada uno de esos dos breves períodos había pasado sobre Cuba la ola del despotismo metropolitano y borrado hasta las ideas y los principios sembrados con tanto afán por ilustres maestros y eminentes patriotas. Habían desaparecido los periódicos libres, los folletos y los pocos libros publicados en las dos épocas memorables, de los cuales, si existía uno que otro ejemplar, era en manos del bibliógrafo, que tenía doble empeño en ocultarle.

Sujeta a la previa censura, había enmudecido la prensa en toda la Isla desde 1824, no mereciendo ese nombre los poquísimos periódicos, que después se publicaban en una que otra población grande de la misma. El estado de sitio en que desde entonces quedó avasallado el país, no consentía la discusión de las cuestiones que más podían interesar al pueblo. Delito grave era tratar de política en público y en privado, hasta el uso de ciertos nombres de personas y aún de cosas estaba estrictamente prohibido. Los sucesos pasados, pues, así dentro como fuera de Cuba, los conatos de revolución en ésta, las resultas de la tremenda lucha por la libertad e independencia en el continente, todo esto quedó sepultado en el misterio y en el olvido para la generalidad de los cubanos. La historia, además, que todo recoge y guarda para la ocasión oportuna, aún no se había escrito.

No faltaban fuera quienes tratasen contemporáneamente de la política militante y se afanasen por hacer llegar a la patria la noticia de lo que pasaba en torno de ella y que podía enseñar al pueblo sus deberes y recordarle sus derechos. A ese fin, entre otros, el virtuoso Padre Varela publicó en Filadelfia _El Habanero_, de 1824 a 1826; pero el gobierno español le declaró papel subversivo y prohibió su entrada en Cuba. De suerte que puede asegurarse que muy pocos ejemplares circularon en ella. Más tarde, es decir, de 1828 a 1830, emprendió Saco también en el Norte de América la publicación de _El Mensajero Semanal_, periódico científico-político-literario, el cual, por iguales motivos que el anterior, tuvo escasa circulación en La Habana y no ejerció influencia apreciable en las ideas políticas. Lo único que en ese periódico hizo eco en la juventud habanera, según se ha indicado anteriormente, fue la polémica que su ilustre redactor sostuvo con el director del Jardín Botánico de La Habana, don Ramón de la Sagra, por la apasionada crítica que éste había hecho del tomo de poesías dado a luz en Toluca, en el año de 1828, por el insigne Tirteo[20] cubano, José María Heredia.

Mayor y más general influencia ejercieron en el ánimo de la juventud los patrióticos versos de ese célebre poeta. Sobre todos su oda _La Estrella de Cuba_, octubre de 1823; su epístola _A Emilia_, 1824; su soneto a don Tomás Boves. Su _Himno del Desterrado_, 1825, causó un vivo entusiasmo en La Habana; muchos lo aprendieron de memoria y no pocos lo repetían cuando quiera que se ofrecía la ocasión de hacerlo sin riesgo de la libertad personal. Pero ni aquellos periódicos, ni estos fogosos versos, magüer que rebosando en ideas libres y patrióticas, bastaban a inspirar aquel sentimiento de patria y libertad que a veces impele a los hombres hasta el propio sacrificio, que les pone la espada en la mano y los lanza a la conquista de sus derechos.

Quedaban, además, confusas, si ya no tristes, reminiscencias de las pasadas conjuraciones. De la del año 12 sólo sobrevivía el nombre de Aponte,[21] cabeza motín de ella, porque siempre que se ofrecía pintar a un individuo perverso o maldito, exclamaban las viejas:--¡Más malo que Aponte! De la del año 23 se sabía por tradición, que Lemus, el cabecilla, gemía en un presidio de España; que Peoli se había escapado del cuartel de Belén disfrazado de mujer; que Ferrety, el delator, gozaba de la privanza o favores del Gobierno; y que Armona, el aprehensor y perseguidor de los principales conjurados, continuaba siendo el jefe de la única gendarmería del Capitán General don Francisco Dionisio Vives.

Como rumor no más había corrido que el gobierno de Washington se había opuesto a la invasión de Cuba y Puerto Rico por las tropas de México y de Colombia, y que de esas resultas habían ahorcado allá por Puerto Príncipe en 1826, como emisarios de los insurgentes, a Sánchez y a Agüero.[22] Pero a tal punto habían llegado el olvido y la indiferencia, que en los mismos días a que nos referimos en las anteriores páginas, se seguía causa de infidencia a los cómplices de la conjuración llamada del _Aguila Negra_, muchos de los cuales estaban presos en el cuartel de Dragones, en el de las Milicias de color, en el castillo de la Punta y en otras partes, y no se echaban de ver síntomas de descontento, siquiera de interés en el pueblo.

También los conjurados cubanos de anteriores intentonas malogradas, o se hallaban aún lejos de la patria, o habían muerto en el destierro, o se les había entibiado el ardor patriótico y llevaban vida oscura y pacífica, consagrados a la reparación de los estragos que habían producido en su salud y su fortuna, el tiempo y las contradicciones de los hombres. No era, pues, ni podía ser ocupación de los que habían vuelto a la patria, la propaganda de las opiniones y proyectos políticos concebidos y acariciados durante los días de la exaltación y de la fe ciega en la libertad.

Por su parte, los criollos y peninsulares emigrados del continente, como para subsanar su conducta cobarde, egoísta o retrógrada en la guerra por la independencia, a su llegada a Cuba, sólo se ocuparon de falsear el carácter de los sucesos, calificando de

injustos, de perversos y de innobles los motivos de los sacrificios patrióticos de los revolucionarios, amenguando sus hazañas, convirtiendo en ferocidad hasta sus actos de justicia y de meras represalias. Para esos renegados el republicano o patriota era un insurgente, esto es, un sedicioso, enemigo de Dios y del rey; el corsario, un pirata o musulmán, como llamaba el pueblo a los argelinos que hasta fines del siglo pasado infestaban las costas del Mediterráneo.

El lector habanero, conocedor de la juventud de la época que procuramos describir, nos creerá fácilmente si le decimos que Gamboa no se cuidaba de la política, y por más que le ocurriese alguna vez que Cuba gemía esclava, no le pasaba por la mente siquiera entonces, que él o algún otro cubano, debía poner los medios para libertarla. Como criollo que empezaba a entrar en el roce de las gentes mayores y a estudiar jurisprudencia, sí se había formado idea de un estado mejor de sociedad y de un gobierno menos militar y opresivo para su patria. Sin embargo, aunque hijo de padre español, que, siendo rico y del comercio visitaban con preferencia paisanos suyos, ya sentía odio hacia éstos, mucho más hacia los militares, en cuyos hombros, a todas luces, descansaba la complicada fábrica colonial de Cuba. No cabía, por tanto, que le hiciera buena sangre el que un militar le soplase la hermana querida, antes fueron tan vivos los celos que experimentó, como profundo era el odio que le inspiraba el hombre en su doble carácter de soldado y de español.

En consecuencia, entró en su casa disgustado. La mesa estaba puesta para el almuerzo, y Leonardo, en vez de ir en busca de su madre, como solía, sin ver a nadie se quitó la casaca de paño y arrojó el libro de clase en un asilla, se quitó la casaca de paño y se puso una chupa de dril de rayitas de color. Por breve rato estuvo indeciso entre si se echaría en la cama, la cual con su frescura y mosquitero de rengue azul le convidaba a reposar, o si salía al balcón, donde aún había sombra, se apareció el negrito Tirso y dijo:--Niño, el almuerzo está en la mesa. Y se apresuró a bajar, encontrando ya sentados a su madre y a su padre. A las calladas tomó asiento al lado de la primera, quien desde lejos le echó una mirada amorosa, cual si extrañara y la tuviese desazonada el que él no se le presentara cuando entró de la calle. El segundo ni siquiera levantó la vista del plato en que comía huevos fritos con salsa de tomates, aunque a derechas no había visto al hijo desde el día anterior.

Enseguida fueron saliendo una tras otra de las alcobas las hermanas de Leonardo, preparadas para salir a la calle, y sentándose a la mesa, en silencio, como monjas en el refectorio. Cada cual ocupó en ella su puesto respectivo, es decir, doña Rosa con su hijo preferido a un lado, las tres hijas de esa señora al otro, y don Cándido y el mayordomo en las opuestas cabeceras de la mesa. No era casual, pues, sino constante y deliberada esta distribución; salvo que se alterase por la aparición de algún comensal con quien debía usarse cumplimiento. Indicaba claramente el carácter, los hábitos y predilecciones de la familia entre sí y sobre todo de los padres respecto de sus hijos.

Las preferencias de doña Rosa no podían equivocarse: todas en favor de Leonardo. Las de don Cándido, si algunas dejaba ver en ocasiones señaladas, hacían foco en su hija mayor Antonia.

Era él hombre de negocios, más bien que de sociedad. Con escasa o ninguna cultura, había venido todavía joven a Cuba de las serranías de Ronda, y hecho caudal a fuerza de industria y de economía, especialmente de la buena fortuna que le había soplado en la riesgosa trata de esclavos de la costa de África.

Su tráfico principal en La Habana, aquel que le sirvió de peldaño para subir a la cima de la riqueza, consistió en la negociación de maderas y ripia del Norte de América, teja colorada, ladrillos y cal del país, si bien en el día no se ocupaba de eso exclusiva ni personalmente, sonándole mejor en los oídos el título de hacendado que le daban sus amigos, por el ingenio de fabricar azúcar, _La Tinaja_, que poseía en la jurisdicción del Mariel, el cafetal _Las Mercedes_, en la Güira de Melena, y el potrero o dehesa de Hoyo Colorado.

Por hábito, antes que por índole, era reservado y frío en el trato de su familia, teniéndole de ella alejado la naturaleza de sus primitivas ocupaciones y el afán de acumular dinero que se apoderó de su espíritu, luego que contrajo matrimonio con una criolla rica, y de las más encopetadas familias de La Habana.

Al principio de su nueva vida no había sido ejemplar su conducta, ni digna de servir de guía a Leonardo, según nos lo ha dado a entender doña Rosa al final del VII capítulo. Por uno y otro motivo, quizás por su ignorancia supina, no se ocupaba de la educación de sus hijos, mucho menos de su moralidad. Ambos deberes corrían a cargo de aquella discreta señora que, si no poseía la ciencia, sí el instinto y el amor materno más acendrado, con los cuales bien se puede dar la mejor dirección a las arrebatadas pasiones de la juventud. Señaladamente en materia de educación, la caridad es la fuente y el espejo de todas las virtudes.

Como hombre ignorante y rudo, tenía, además, don Cándido, extraño modo de reprender a sus hijos. Ya se ha visto que cuando Leonardo se presentó en el comedor, ni siquiera le miró a la cara. Esta era señal infalible que continuaba enojado con él. En efecto, siempre que alguno de ellos le daba motivo de queja, cosa al parecer frecuente, le castigaba, o creía castigarle, negándole la palabra por días y aún meses seguidos. De suerte que por el padre casi nunca averiguaban los hijos la causa real de su enojo; la madre en estos casos, servía siempre de conducto o intermediario para mantener la paz y la concordia en el seno de la familia.

Antonia, el vivo retrato de doña Rosa en lo físico, contaba 22 años de edad. Leonardo pasaba de los 20, y fluctuaban entre los 18 y 17 sus hermanas menores, Carmen y Adela. Esta última podía pasar en cualquier parte por un modelo acabado de belleza. Poseía todas las condiciones que requerían los estatuarios griegos en la persona cuya estatua debía tallarse: buena cabeza, facciones regulares, formas simétricas, airoso porte, talla esbelta, frente alta y mirada de fuego. Con parecerse ella a la Venus[23] griega más bien que a una de las Parcas,[24] tenía más semejanza con don Cándido que con doña Rosa. Había entre la hija y el padre algo más de lo que se entiende generalmente por aire de familia: la misma expresión fisonómica, el mismo espíritu, llevaba impreso en el rostro el sello de su progenie.

Ocupaba Leonardo en la mesa sitio opuesto al de su hermana Adela, y siempre que el padre se hallaba delante, mientras duraba el almuerzo, o la comida, se cruzaban entre ellos miradas de inteligencia, se sonreían a menudo, sostenían, en suma, conversaciones cariñosas y fraternales con los ojos y los labios, sin proferir una palabra. Que ligaban a los hermanos fuertes lazos de simpatía, parecía del todo evidente. Había del uno para la otra lo que se llama ángel. A no ser hermanos carnales se habrían amado, como se amaron los amantes más célebres que ha conocido el mundo. En la mañana del día que vamos refiriendo no sucedió, sin embargo, lo de costumbre. Leonardo estaba enojado o triste, o extraña y honda preocupación le dominaba el ánimo; lo cierto es que en vano Adela, cual solía, buscó su mirada, puso el entrecejo y trató de quemarle la frente con los rayos de sus divinos ojos, a través de la mesa. Ni una vez se cruzaron sus miradas, no hubo para ella en aquel rostro repentinamente petrificado, un rasgo de cariño. La inocente niña llegó a afligirse. ¿Habíale dado motivo de enojo sin saberlo? ¿Qué tenía su hermano querido? ¿Por qué en las dos o tres veces que le sorprendió mirándola en sorda y muda contemplación, bajó él los ojos de repente o fingió perfecta abstracción e indiferencia? Quizás Leonardo no se explicaba claramente y Adela era muy joven para comprender que aquél hacía, sin quererlo, un estudio comparativo de la encantadora fisonomía de su hermana. ¿Qué pensamientos cruzaban entonces por su mente? Difícil es decirlo; lo único que puede asegurarse como cosa positiva es que había en la contemplación de Leonardo más embebecimiento que distracción mental, más deleite que fría meditación, cual si hubiese descubierto ahora en el semblante de su hermana algo en que antes no había reparado.

Duró el almuerzo como una hora, reinando todo ese tiempo en la mesa el mayor silencio, pues apenas se oía otro ruido que el de los cubiertos de plata, ni más voz que la del que pedía éste o aquel plato distante al negrito Tirso, que ya conocen nuestros Lectores, y a una negra joven y bien parecida, los cuales, con los brazos cruzados sobre el pecho cuando esperaban órdenes, estaban atentos a las exigencias del servicio. El primero, con todo eso, servía principalmente a los hombres, la segunda a las mujeres. Pero uno y otra, era de notarse, le adivinaban a don Cándido hasta los pensamientos, poniéndole delante el plato designado con un mero movimiento de los ojos, a cuyo efecto no apartaban de él los suyos Tirso ni la criada Dolores, mientras servían a los demás comensales. ¡Ay de ellos si esperaban la orden o equivocaban el plato con que deseaba reemplazar el saboreado! El castigo no se hacía esperar: le arrojaba a la cabeza lo primero que se le venía a las manos.

La abundancia de las viandas corría pareja con la variedad de los platos. Además de la carne de vaca y de puerco frita, guisada y estofada, había picadillo de ternera servido en una torta de casabe mojado, pollo asado relumbrante con la manteca y los ajos, huevos fritos casi anegados en una salsa de tomates, arroz cocido, plátano maduro también frito, en luengas y melosas tajadas, y ensalada de berros y de lechuga. Acabado el almuerzo, se presentó un tercer criado, en mangas de camisa, y que por el pringue de su ropa parecía el cocinero, con una cafetera de loza en cada mano y principió a llenar de café y de leche, primero la taza de don Cándido y sucesivamente la de doña Rosa, la de Leonardo, las de las hermanas de éste, acabando por la del Mayordomo, aunque no ocupaba el último lugar en una mesa donde hacía de cabeza el amo y de cola la hija mayor. El Mayordomo no era sino un criado blanco, y nadie mejor que los otros criados definían su posición en aquella casa.

Tomaba la familia el café con leche hirviendo cuando pasó por el comedor en dirección de la calle, nuestro conocido, el calesero Aponte. Aunque todavía en mangas de camisa, llevaba calzadas las altas botas de montar y las macizas espuelas de plata. Conducía del diestro dos caballos enjaezados, cuyas colas estaban cuidadosamente trenzadas y las puntas atadas por un cordón de estambre a una argolla en el fuste de la silla por detrás. Al entrar en el zaguán soltó Aponte la pareja, y sin más demora abrió de par en par la ancha puerta de la calle, suspendió en peso las varas del quitrín por las argollas plateadas que tenían atornilladas al extremo, y gritando:--¡Atrás!, le sacó rodando hasta el medio de la calle, le hizo girar, y le arrimó a la acera de su casa.

Enseguida volvió a tomar por la brida la misma caballería de antes, le pegó una fuerte palmada en el vientre con la mano izquierda, casi por fuerza la metió entre varas, y luego colgó éstas por las argollas a unos ganchos dobles de hierro que pendían de la silla, cubiertos por pequeños faldones de vaqueta negra. La otra caballería, la de monta, quedó atada al carruaje por dos fuertes tirantes de cuero, adheridos por sus gazas a un balancín.

Después del café sacó don Cándido la vejiga de los tabacos (cigarros) y metió en ella el brazo hasta el codo; tan honda era. A su vista, Tirso voló a la cocina en busca del braserillo de plata con la brasa del carbón vegetal. Antes que el amo mordiera el remate del cigarro, sin cuyo requisito no arde bien, ya el esclavo, con expresión humilde mezclada de temor, le acercaba la lumbre para que encendiera de su mano. Con la primera bocanada de humo azuloso y acre que sacó del cigarro, se puso en pie y, seguido del Mayordomo, se entró en el escritorio, tan callado como cuando salió de él, una hora antes, para sentarse a la mesa del almuerzo.

La desaparición del padre determinó por sí sola un cambio repentino y completo en el ánimo y conducta de la familia, sin excluir la madre. El corazón de los hijos quedó aliviado, por lo visto, del peso que lo había oprimido, siendo así que a todos ellos, como por concierto, se les alegró el semblante y se les desató la lengua. Leonardo especialmente llevó el entusiasmo al punto de atraer a sí a su madre con el brazo izquierdo para darle uno y otro beso en la mejilla y decirle:

--¿Y qué tiene? (indicando su padre). ¿Está _bravo_?

--Contigo; repuso concisamente su madre.

--¿Conmigo? Pues ya le mando trabajo.

A poco, sin embargo, se puso de nuevo serio porque, habiendo reparado en su hermana Antonia, que no mostraba tanta expansión como los demás, recordó el incidente en la ventana de la calle.

--Mamá, agregó con más seriedad, se me figura que a ti te pasan la mota y que no lo sientes.

--¿Por qué me dices eso, hijo mío? replicó doña Rosa en el tono de voz más blando imaginable.

--¿Se lo digo, Antonia? preguntó a su hermana con aire malicioso.

Antonia, en vez de contestar, se puso más seria e hizo ademán de levantarse de la mesa, con lo cual añadió Leonardo a la carrera:

--Peor para ti, Antonia, si te levantas y me dejas con la palabra en la boca. No diré nada a mamá; pero es porque tengo ya hecha mi resolución. Se acabaron las visitas de los militares en mi casa.

--Hablas como si fueras el amo, repuso Antonia con desdén.

--No soy el amo, es cierto, mas puedo romperle las patas a uno el día menos pensado, y tanto vale.

--Te expones a que te la rompan a ti.

--Eso lo veremos.

--Supón que en vez de militar español fuera un cadete el que nos visitase, ¿también te opondrías?

--¡Cadete! ¡Cadete! repitió Leonardo con marcado desprecio. Nadie habla de cadetes, que cual los oficiales de milicia son nada entre dos platos. Ya la moda de los cadetes pasó; los últimos quedaron enterrados en las playas de Tampico, a donde, por dicha, se los llevó Barradas. Los que de ellos han sobrevivido a la desastrosa campaña, de seguro le han perdido la afición a las armas. Gracias a Dios que nos vemos libres de su fatuidad.

--De suerte que tu tirria es contra los españoles, como si tu padre fuese habanero.

--Ese odio tuyo a los españoles, dijo doña Rosa, todavía ha de costarnos caro, Leonardo.

--Es que mi odio no es ciego, mamá, ni general contra los españoles, sino contra los militares. Ellos se creen los amos del país, nos tratan con desprecio a nosotros los paisanos, y porque usan charreteras y sable se figuran que se merecen y que lo pueden todo. Para meterse en cualquier parte, no esperan a que los conviden y una vez dentro se llevan las primeras muchachas y las más lindas. Esto es insufrible. Aunque si bien se mira, las muchachas son las que tienen la culpa. Parece que les deslumbra el

brillo de las charreteras.

--Respecto de mí, observó Carmen, la regla padece una excepción.

--Y respecto de mí, añadió Adela, sucede la misma cosa. Los militares, por decentes que sean, trascienden a cuartel.

--No hables así, niña, le dijo su madre, que hay militares muy dignos, y sin ir lejos, mi tío Lázaro de Sandoval, que fue coronel del Regimiento Fijo de La Habana, estuvo en el sitio de Pensacola y murió lleno de honores y de cicatrices.

--Pero no se habla de esos militares, mamá, saltó y dijo Leonardo. Se habla de los militares que vinieron de España para reconquistar a México, y que habiendo fracasado allá vuelven aquí para que nosotros paguemos el mal humor de la ignominiosa derrota. A estos militares son a los que ahora me refiero. No es lo peor que trasciendan a cuartel, como dice Adela, sino que son, como hombres, malditísimos maridos. Mientras no llegan a brigadier, viven en los cuarteles o en los castillos, donde tienen por casa pabellones; por criados, asistentes rudos y desvergonzados; por diversión las palizas y carreras de baqueta que les pegan a los soldados; por música, el tambor de diana. Casi nunca se fijan en ninguna parte, porque cuando menos lo esperan, tienen que salir destacados, ya para Trinidad, ahora para Puerto Príncipe, luego para Santiago de Cuba, después para Bayamo... Y si son casados, la mujer y los hijos y los penates, por supuesto, tienen que seguirlos de cuartel en cuartel, de castillo en castillo, de destacamento en destacamento cuando por motivos de economía no se queda ella con sus padres y él no se marcha con sus soldados. Como su objeto es encontrar mujer rica con quien casarse, poco se cuidan del carácter y de los antecedentes de las que al cabo toman por esposa, tarde que temprano, ellas les arañan la cara y ellos las arrastran por el pelo.

No pudo Antonia sufrir más: se levantó de la mesa y se fue a la sala, callada y muy molesta.

--Has zaherido a tu hermana sin motivo, le dijo doña Rosa. Ella no piensa en militar alguno, por mucho que alguno la celebre.

--No piensa en ellos, pero admite galanteos por la ventana, y he aquí lo que me irrita.

--Antonia no es de ésas, por fortuna, hijo mío.

--¿No?--¡Ay, mamá! Parece vas perdiendo la vista del entendimiento y de la cara... No quiero hablar, lo único que digo y repito es que el día menos pensado le rompo una pata a uno de esos soldados.

Enseguida se levantó y cual si nada hubiese ocurrido, o dicho que le desazonara, fue para el puesto que ocupaba su hermana Adela, la estrechó con ambos brazos por la cintura y le dio muchos besos.

--Quita, quita, dijo ella. ¿Pues no estabas enojado conmigo? Me lastimas con la barba.

--¿A dónde bueno, tan emperifollada? le preguntó Leonardo esquivando el asunto indicado por la hermana.

--Vamos a la tienda de Madama Pitaux, que ahora vive en la calle de La Habana número 153. Hace poco que ha llegado de París y, según dicen, ha traído mil curiosidades. De camino pensábamos dar una vuelta por la Loma del Ángel.

Para ir a la Loma ya es muy tarde. Pasa de las once. Y ahora que me acuerdo, ¿han visto Vds. el número IV de _La Moda o Recreo Semanal_?[25] Desde el sábado se repartió, y está muy interesante.

--¿Tú le tienes ahí? preguntó Carmen. Es extraño que no nos hayan enviado nuestro ejemplar, estando suscritas.

--¿En dónde se suscribieron ustedes?

--En la librería de _La Coba_, calle de la Muralla, que es el punto más cercano.

--Pues reclamen allá. El ejemplar que yo leí estaba en el mostrador de la botica de San Feliú, porque el mío me ha faltado también. No son nada exactos, que digamos, los repartidores.

--¿Has averiguado quién es la Matilde de que habla _La Moda_? preguntó Adela a su hermano. Porque Carmen cree que es una que todos nosotros conocemos.

--A mí se me figura, dijo Leonardo, que es un ente imaginario. Tal vez Madama Pitaux sepa algo.

--Pues a mí se me ha puesto, dijo Carmen, que la Matilde de _La Moda_ no es otra que Micaelita Junco. Sucede que ella es la más elegante de La Habana; que su hermano, un verdadero lechuguino, se llama Juanito; que tiene una abuela de nombre doña

Estefanía de Menocal--apellido semejante al de Moncada--que le dan en _La Moda_.

--Voy creyendo que tienes razón, dijo Adela. No puedo negar que el vestido y el peinado que llevaba anteayer en el Paseo Micaelita Junco son idénticos al figurín de _La Moda_ del sábado antes pasado. Por cierto que no me gustó el peinado a la Jirafa. La trenza es demasiado ancha y los bucles muy altos; luego, por detrás la cabeza luce desairada. Las mangas cortas, aglobadas, con sobremangas de blonda, sí me parecen bonitas y le sientan bien a la que tiene el brazo torneado, como Micaelita. Su hermano Juanito, que nos saludó junto a la fuente de Neptuno, ¿te acuerdas?, iba también a la última moda igual al figurín. Le sentaban los pantalones de Mahón sin pliegues, el chaleco blanco y la casaca de paño verde sin carteras. Esa es la moda inglesa, según dicen. ¿Reparaste en el sombrero? La copa tropezaba en las ramas de los árboles de la Alameda con ser Juanito Junco un chiquirritín.

--El corbatín es lo que no me peta, dijo Leonardo. Es tan alto que no deja juego al pescuezo. No los usaré jamás. No me gustan esos collares de perro. Tampoco me petan las casacas a _la dernier_;[26] parecen de zacatecas. Los angostos faldones bajan hasta las corvas y se me figura que con esa moda se ha querido imitar la cola de las golondrinas. Sobre que se ha empeñado Federico en vestirnos a la inglesa y nosotros estamos mejor hallados con las modas francesas. Uribe tiene más gracia, si no más hábil tijera.

--No saques a Uribe, que es un sastre mulato de la calle de la Muralla y no sabe jota de las modas de París ni de Londres, dijo Carmen con marcado desprecio.

--No piensa así la gente principal de La Habana, repuso Leonardo prontamente. Los Montalvo, los Romero, los Valdés Herrera de Guanajay, el Conde de la Reunión, Filomeno, el Marqués Morales, Peñalver, Fernandina... no se visten con otro sastre. Yo le prefiero a Federico. El, además, recibe los periódicos de modas de París por todos los paquetes[27] del Havre.

Tan entretenida conversación de los hermanos, la interrumpió el calesero presentándose con la _cuarta_ engarzada en la muñeca de la mano derecha y el sombrero redondo en la izquierda, para anunciar que el quitrín estaba listo a la puerta. Luego al punto las dos hermanas menores fueron en busca de la mayor y de sus características _mantas_ y juntas rodearon a la madre para pedirle sus órdenes. Esta señora les hizo el encargo de algunas compras en las tiendas de lencería, o de ropa, y luego se dirigieron ellas por el zaguán a la calle.

No ha de extrañar el lector forastero ver a tres señoritas de la clase que podemos llamar media, salir a las calles de La Habana sin dueña, padre, madre o hermano que las acompañase. Pero con tal que no fueran a pie ni a pagar visita de etiqueta, bien podían dos, mucho más tres jóvenes, recorrer toda la ciudad, hacer sus compras, picotear con los mozos españoles de las tiendas y en las noches de retreta en la Plaza de Armas o en la Alameda de Paula, recibir al estribo del carruaje el homenaje de sus amigos y la adoración de sus amantes. Eso sí, aún para hacer una visita en la vecindad de su casa y a pie, exigía la costumbre, que la cubana, cuando no había pariente de respeto, se acompañase siquiera de su mismo esclavo.

Al entrar Carmen en el quitrín, le dio la mano para subir un joven desconocido que acertó a pasar por allí, después a Adela y últimamente a Antonia, recibiendo de ellas, en pago de su galantería, una sonrisa de agradecimiento.

Así, la más joven y bella de las hermanas ocupó el asiento de en medio, el menos cómodo ciertamente, pero sin duda el más conspicuo y propio para desplegar la habanera sus gracias naturales a maravilla. Desde luego, montó el calesero el caballo de fuera de varas, el que por su suave paso, buena estampa y cola cuidadosamente trenzada, era al mismo tiempo el descanso y el orgullo del jinete; y partió a escape el carruaje en vuelta de la Plaza Vieja.

CAPÍTULO XII

Por sus juguetes se conoce el niño, y se conjetura cuales han de ser sus obras.

Parábolas de Salomón

Quedaron al fin solos doña Rosa Sandoval de Gamboa y su hijo Leonardo.

No había sacado éste el talento de su padre para los negocios. Tampoco anunciaba disposición ninguna para la carrera literaria a que le dedicaban, aunque solía hacer versos y escribir articulejos para el _Diario_ y otros periódicos. Su madre, sin embargo, quería que fuese abogado, doctor de la Universidad de La Habana, halagándola la esperanza de que podría por este camino, llegar a oidor de la Audiencia de Puerto Príncipe, y hasta a Teniente Gobernador, como llamaban entonces a los jueces letrados de nombramiento real. Creía ella con razón que, mediante el dinero y las relaciones de su marido en la Corte, bien podía

conseguirse para su primogénito cualquier gracia, honor o título, entre los muchos que, merced a aquellos estímulos, es uso conceder la Corona.

De comerciante, en concepto del padre, no había esperanza de que el mozo llegase a más que alcalde municipal, a consiliario o diputado del Tribunal de Comercio o Real Consulado, empleos de mala muerte, sin honores ni emolumentos. Por otra parte, don Cándido, en realidad, no hacía hincapié en que su hijo estudiase y siguiese ésta ni esotra carrera literaria. ¿Abogado? Ni pensarlo. Se aficionaría a los pleitos, y acabaría con un caudal y con el de sus clientes. Tampoco don Cándido conocía más letras que las del Catón,[28] lo que no le había impedido acumular una fortuna respetable.

Ahora, además, le había nacido el deseo de titular, y no le parecía bien que su hijo, al menos, trocase los libros o la vara del mercader, ni el bonete de doctor, por la corona del conde, aunque hubiese un Santovenia, que por aquellos días precisamente, había hecho el último de los trueques mencionados. No obstante su ignorancia, reconocía que Leonardo no haría raya como hombre de letras, ni como de negocios, y decía para sí o cuando trataba del asunto con su esposa:

--No debemos forjarnos ilusiones. El (su hijo) no dará nunca mucho de sí, por más que uno se afane y gaste dinero en sus estudios. Ahí no hay cabeza sino para enamorar y correr la tuna. Eso se conoce a tiro de ballesta. Pero ¿necesita él tampoco de grandes conocimientos para hacer papel en el mundo?

--¡Ca! No, señor. Fortuna, esto es, dinero te dé Dios, hijo, que el saber poco te vale; reza el proverbio castellano. Y dinero no ha de faltarle cuando yo muera. Luego si logro el título de Conde de Casa Gamboa, que pretendo en Madrid, reunirá el monis con la nobleza, dos adminículos éstos con que el más bruto puede figurar en primera línea, gozar fuero y echarse a roncar a pierna suelta, cierto y seguro de que no le atropellarán por deudas, antes todos le sacarán el sombrero, le traerán en palmitas y le bailarán el agua delante, lo mismo los chicos que los grandes, los hombres de copete que las mujeres bonitas. ¡Ah! ¡Qué tiempo se ha perdido! Si yo hubiese titulado diez años ha, otro gallo nos cantara.

En efecto, Leonardo descubría menos ambición que talento. Por sentado, la esperanza de ser algo por sus conocimientos, por sus estudios, o por su industria, jamás calentó su corazón. Antes confiado en que a la muerte de sus padres sería bastante rico, no hacía esfuerzo ninguno por saber, ni se apuraba por estudiar las lecciones de derecho, y se reía a carcajadas cuando, en son de broma, se decía entre la familia que él podía llegar a ser oidor o conde, o que su padre hacía construir en España, con el fin de titular, un árbol genealógico en que no había de verse ni una gota de sangre de judío ni de moro. Por otra parte, tan humildes eran a la sazón sus inclinaciones, como sus pasiones fuertes e ingobernables.

Gozar era, por aquel tiempo al menos, la suprema ley de su alma. Y es que su madre, porque le quería demasiado, cualquiera creería que, lejos de regir sus desapoderados impulsos, parecía complacerse en darles rienda suelta. ¿Qué necesidades podía experimentar un mozo de sus años y ocupaciones? Libros, trajes, caballos, carruajes, criados, dinero, todo le sobraba; ni el trabajo de pedir casi nunca tenía, porque desde la cuna se había acostumbrado a ver satisfechos sus deseos y aún caprichos, apenas indicados. Con todo eso, no pasaba día sin que le hiciera la madre algún regalo costoso, teniendo además la costumbre de ponerle todas las tardes en la faltriquera del chaleco media onza de oro, a veces una onza. Naturalmente, como entraba ese dinero, así salía, sin conciencia de su valor, y era lo malo que jamás pasaba por la mente del hijo pródigo, que debía guardar para mañana lo que no fuese necesario para los gastos de hoy. ¿Cómo derramaba el oro nuestro imberbe estudiante? Adivinarlo puede el discreto lector, siendo como eran, el juego, las mujeres y las orgías con los amigos la vorágine que consumía el caudal de Gamboa y le agotaba el perfume del alma en la flor de su vida.

Estaba él, pues, sentado, luego que partieron las hermanas, en el puesto que dejó Adela, opuesto a su madre, a la que miraba de hito en hito, de codos en la mesa, con la cara entre las manos y le dijo de repente:

--¿Sabes una cosa, mamá?

--Si no me la dices... contestó ella como distraída.

--No creas que te voy a pedir. Yo no quiero nada.

--Ya, dijo doña Rosa; y se sonrió, pues que comprendió por el exordio que quería algo su hijo muy amado.

--¿Te ríes? Entonces me callo.

--No lo tomes a mal, hijo; me sonrío para que veas que te escucho con complacencia.

--Pues al pasar ayer tarde por la relojería de Dubois, en la calle del Teniente Rey, me llamó para enseñarme... ¿Te vuelves a sonreír? Vas a creer que te voy a pedir alguna cosa. Desde ahora te digo que te engañas.

--No hagas caso de mis sonrisas. Continúa. Deseo oír el fin; ¿qué te enseñó Dubois?

--Nada. Unos relojes de repetición que acababa de recibir de Suiza. Son los primeros que llegan a La Habana, según me dijo, directamente de Ginebra.

Callose en diciendo esto Leonardo y su madre imitó su ejemplo, aunque ésta, al parecer pensativa. Al fin ella fue la primera que rompió el silencio diciendo:

--¿Y qué tal los nuevos relojes de repetición? ¿Te gustaron, hijo mío?

Se le iluminó al joven el semblante, el cual exclamó:

--Muchísimo. Son magníficos, ginebrinos..., pero yo no quiero reloj nuevo, te lo advierto. Todavía sirve el inglés que tú me regalaste el año pasado, sólo que ya no es de moda. Yo no he visto nunca un reloj de repetición y mucho menos ginebrino, que no hay que abrirlo para saber la hora a cualesquiera del día o de la noche. Se empuja el botón de un resorte que tiene dentro de la argolla, y una campanilla interior da la hora y los cuartos. ¡Qué ventaja! ¿Eh, mamá?

--¿Por qué no me hablaste de eso antes de salir tus hermanas? Le habría encargado a Antonia que se pasara por la relojería.

--No me acordé ni tuve ocasión. Papá, además, estaba delante y luego entramos en una conversación... y me distraje. Bien que ellas no entienden de relojes.

Volvió a callar doña Rosa por corto rato, siempre con aire meditabundo, aunque sin manifestar enfado ni seriedad. Entretanto, Leonardo fingía no advertir la actitud abstraída de su madre, ni dar indicios de arrepentimiento por el embarazo en que la había puesto con sus antojadizas indicaciones. Por el contrario, mientras la pobre señora meditaba y echaba cálculos, él no cesaba de sobarse las mejillas con la punta de los dedos y de mirar al techo, cual si contara las vigas del colgadizo.

--¿Te dijo Dubois, continuó al cabo doña Rosa, el precio de sus nuevos relojes?

--Sí... No. ¿Para qué quieres saber el precio? ¿Para comprarme uno? Ya te he dicho que no lo necesito, que no lo quiero. ¿Para comprarles a mis hermanas? No los tiene Dubois de mujer, de hombre únicamente.

--Bien, pero ¿cuánto pide Dubois por sus relojes de repetición para hombre?

--Poca cosa, dieciocho onzas de oro. No pueden ser más baratos, porque son de oro, legítimos ginebrinos y de repetición.

--¿Tu reloj inglés no salió bueno?

--No tan bueno como creía al principio. Ese mismo Dubois te lo vendió, bien me acuerdo; pero es claro que se engañó o te engañó, porque se atrasa y se adelanta a cada rato, y ya le he llevado a la relojería más veces que onzas de oro pagaste por él. Y eso que te costó veinte, más de lo que piden por los ginebrinos. Dinero echado a la calle, mamá. Está visto, los relojes ingleses, aún los de Tobías, fallan a menudo; al contrario, los legítimos ginebrinos son otra cosa, casi todos salen buenos, exactos. Así al menos me dijo Dubois, que tú sabes entiende de relojes y es relojero de primera. Pero no hay que pensar más en eso, mamá; olvidémoslo, lo pasaré sin un reloj de confianza ¡cómo ha de ser!

--No te apures ni te aflijas, hijo, replicó Doña Rosa bastante alarmada. Ya veremos modo de que tengas el ginebrino si tan bueno es como dices y como cree Dubois. Yo siempre pensaba hacerte un regalo de pascuas, será el reloj ese que tanto te ha gustado, aunque de aquí a Navidad va todavía una pila de días. Pero se presenta una seria dificultad.

--¿Cuál? preguntó Leonardo asustado, por más que trató de dominarse.

--Sucede, continuó doña Rosa con suavidad, que en mi bolsa particular no creo que haya ahora todo el dinero requerido para la compra, y se me hace muy cuesta arriba acudir a la de tu padre.

--Pues si depende de papá, debo dar desde ahora por perdida la esperanza del reloj nuevo. El se ha vuelto más tacaño que un judío, al menos todo para mí le parece o caro o inútil; que lo que es para Antonia, ya sabemos que su bolsa siempre está abierta. Yo no sé para qué guarda él tanto dinero.

--Eres injusto con tu padre. ¿De quién es el dinero que tú derrochas? ¿Quién provee al lujo en que vives? ¿Quién trabaja para que tú goces y te diviertas?

--El trabaja, es verdad; él se industria y ahorra, no cabe duda ninguna, pero ¿tendría ahora tanto dinero si cuando se casó con contigo hubieras sido una mujer pobre? ¿A que no?

--Yo aporté al matrimonio unos doscientos mil pesos, que no es ni la cuarta parte de nuestro caudal hoy día. El aumento, ese gran aumento, se debe a los afanes y economías de tu padre, quien no era un pobrete tampoco cuando se casó conmigo; no, señor; tenía sus reales, y tú menos que nadie debías censurar su conducta, la cual, por otra parte, es hija de la tuya con él.

--En eso había de parar el sermón, en mi conducta con papá. El es seco y duro conmigo, ¿puedo yo ser cariñoso y blando con él? Vamos, di tú. Nunca me da tampoco ocasión de mostrarle mi cariño, aunque quisiera. Mas no hablemos del asunto, volvamos la hoja y tratemos de otra cosa, de lo otro. ¿Qué tenía papá cuando se casó contigo?

--Tenía algo, tenía bastante, sí, señor. Tenía un taller de maderas del Norte, tejamaní, ladrillos, cal..., allá en la Alameda o Paseo, cerca de la Punta. El terreno en que se hallaba también le pertenecía, si bien valía poco por ser muy pantanoso y bajo. Tenía asimismo por allí, donde ahora se ha fabricado la casa del colegio de Buena Vista, un barracón. Por cierto que de los últimos bozales que se marcaron en el hombro izquierdo con las letras _G_ y _B_ todavía quedan algunos en el ingenio _La Tinaja_, que heredé de mi padre. Cándido, en sociedad con don Pedro Blanco, suele traer todavía negros de África. Pero persiguen tanto los ingleses la trata, que se pierden muchas más expediciones que se salvan...

--Figúrate, mamá, dijo Leonardo con mucha risa, aunque bajando la voz, un plagiario de hombres convertido en Conde... del Barracón, por ejemplo. ¡Qué lindo título!--¿No te parece mamá?

--¿Qué quieres decir con esa salida de pie de banco? preguntó doña Rosa molesta no menos que sorprendida.

--¡Ay, mamá! ¿Tú no sabes que según las leyes romanas son plagiarios todos aquellos que roban hombres para venderlos?

--Ya. En ese caso tu padre no es el verdadero plagiario, como dices, sino don Pedro Blanco, quien es sabido, desde su factoría en Gallinas, en la costa de Guinea, (tantas veces he oído esos nombres que se me han quedado impresos) trata negros por baratijas y otras cosas y remite los cargamentos a esta Isla. Tu padre toma los que necesita para sus fincas y los demás los vende a los hacendados, porque él hasta hace poco ha estado actuando como consignatario y antes como socio de Blanco, cuando no se tenía por contrabando la trata de África, o se toleraba. Por su cuenta al menos, no ha despachado sino contadas expediciones. De un momento a otro espera la vuelta de su bergantín _Veloz_. ¡Dios quiera que no haya caído en las garras de los ingleses!

--Tú, sin querer, estás abogando en mi favor. Yo dije lo que dije en broma, pero es claro, mamá, que conforme a un principio de derecho tanto delito comete el que mata la vaca como el que le sujeta la pata.

--No me vengas con tus principios, tus fines ni tus leyes romanas. Digan ellas y ellos lo que gustes, la verdad es que existe mucha diferencia entre la conducta de tu padre y la de don Pedro Blanco. Este se halla allá, en la tierra de esos salvajes; él es quien los procura en trato, él es quien los apresa y remite para su venta en este país; de suerte que, si hay en ello algún delito o culpa, suyo será, en ningún caso de tu padre. Y, si bien se mira, lejos de hacer Gamboa nada malo o feo, hace un beneficio, una cosa digna de celebrarse, porque si recibe y vende, como consignatario, se entiende, hombres salvajes, es para bautizarlos y darles una religión que ciertamente no tienen en su tierra. Conque si lo dices por esto, ya sabes que, en caso de titular, en lo que por ahora no piensa, no le faltarían títulos bonitos y sobre todo, honrosos. Pues como te decía antes, esta vez no me será dado complacerte sin acudir a la bolsa de tu padre.

--¿Por qué no acudes?

--Porque tendría que decirle la verdad, esto es, que quería el dinero para hacerte un regalo.

--Bien, ¿y qué? El nunca te niega nada.

--Es cierto; pero como está tan enojado contigo, temo que me lo niegue.

--¿Cuándo no está él enojado conmigo, mamá? Esa es enfermedad endémica suya, crónica, mejor dicho. Si salgo, porque salgo; si no salgo, porque me estoy en casa. De todos modos, entra el año y sale el año y papá nunca está contento conmigo. Me ha cogido entre ojos, mamá, ésta es la verdad pura y dura. ¿Para qué andarnos con rodeos? El resultado es que no le pareces bien

nada de lo que yo hago o deshago.

--No es tu padre tan injusto, ni tan falto de amor paternal, que si te portaras bien, creería que te portabas mal. Mira, sin ir más lejos, anoche estuviste de correntón en Regla. ¿A qué hora volviste?

--¿Por quién lo ha sabido él?

--Importa poco el conducto, pero sabe que se lo dijeron esta mañana en el muelle de Caballería.

--¡Vamos! Esa no cuela. Al muelle no acuden temprano sino los _tasajeros_ y husmeadores de noticias, porque ése es su mentidero, pasándose la mañana esperando que el Morro señale el Correo de España, barco de Santander o de Montevideo, con harina o con tasajo. Semejantes nenes no frecuentan los bailes del Palacio de Regla. El cuentista ya caigo en quién fue, no pudo ser otro que Aponte. Te aseguro que ya me la pagará el muy perro conversador.

--No fue ese el soplón. Sin embargo, aunque lo hubiese sido, harías mal en pegarle por eso, pues si tu padre le preguntó, no sé yo cómo pudo ocultarle la verdad.

--Pudo decir que no sabía, que no oyó la campana del reloj del Espíritu Santo, que... cualquier cosa, menos que yo vine a tal o cuál hora, ni que estuve acá ni allá. Tiene muy floja la lengua el taita Aponte y papá le dio por la vena del gusto preguntándole. Milagro que no le contó... Pero, en resumidas cuentas, ¿qué estuve yo haciendo en Regla anoche?

--No me lo digas, no quiero saberlo, supongo que no hacías nada malo. El resultado es, Leonardito, que tú no te aplicas a los estudios, que no adelantas en nada bueno ni útil, y que el tiempo que debías dedicar a la lectura y a la meditación, lo desperdicias en fiestas frívolas y en correrías tan dañinas como peligrosas. Eso no puede gustarle a él, ni... a mí tampoco, por lo mismo que te quiero entrañablemente. Quiere tu padre y quiero yo que estudies más y que pasees menos, que te diviertas, pero que no te entregues a la disipación, que no pases malas noches, que te moderes, que..., en una palabra, te portes bien.

La emoción que experimentó doña Rosa la privó del uso de la palabra, arrasándose de lágrimas sus hermosos ojos.

--Tú no sirves para predicador, le dijo Leonardo, tal vez con ánimo de distraer su atención, porque te posesionas demasiado del asunto.

--Por lo que toca a Aponte, continuó doña Rosa luego que se hubo serenado, ya sé que es un conversador, mas, en honor de la verdad, debo decir que tu padre supo la hora a que volviste por el ruido que se hizo en el zaguán con la apertura de la puerta, la entrada del carruaje y las pisadas de los caballos. Con el silencio de la noche, todo ruido es un trueno. El despertó, encendió un tabaco con el yesquero, consultó el reloj e hizo una exclamación de enojo. Yo me hice la dormida. Eran las dos y media de la madrugada... Aún se te conoce en la cara la mala noche.

Hubo otro breve intervalo de silencio entre aquellos dos interlocutores, durante el cual Leonardo bostezó y se esperezó diferentes veces, hasta que, puesto en pie, dijo:

--Me voy a dormir... Si me compras el reloj, bueno; si no, poco importa.

Dio media vuelta y emprendió la subida de la escalera de su dormitorio, paso ante paso, cual si contara los escalones o le costara un grande esfuerzo. La madre, entre tanto, le siguió con los ojos, sin decirle otra palabra ni moverse de la silla; pero así que le perdió de vista en los altos de la escalera, se agitó con viveza y llamó en voz fuerte:--¡Reventos!

A una llamada tan apremiante, no tardó en responder en propia persona el mayordomo mencionado en el anterior capítulo. Era un hombre bajo de cuerpo, rechoncho, trigueño, con la cara redonda y el pelo muy crespo, que así en su aspecto como en sus maneras manifestaba resolución y agilidad. Aunque vestido de limpio, venía en chaleco, trasluciéndose a leguas que procedía de Asturias, tipo no muy común del español entonces en La Habana. Hacía de mayordomo en casa de don Cándido Gamboa, y si llevaba ciertos libros, no se ocupaba tanto en el escritorio, como en otras comisiones más en consonancia con su empleo. Cuando se presentó delante de doña Rosa, tenía la pluma detrás de la oreja, y ella le dijo en tono de mando:

--Reventos, diga a Gamboa que me mande con Vd. veinte onzas.

Fue el hombre y volvió sin demora con el dinero pedido, el cual sacó de la caja de hierro pequeña, debajo de la carpeta, en que había varios sacos atestados de monedas de oro y plata.

--Póngase la chaqueta, añadió doña Rosa derramando las onzas sobre la mesa para contarlas, y vaya ahora mismo a la calle del Teniente Rey, a la otra puerta de la botica de San Agustín, relojería de Dubois, y se compra Vd. el mejor reloj de repetición que haya recibido últimamente de Ginebra. Diga Vd. que es para mí. ¿Se ha enterado Vd.?

--Sí, señora.

--Supongo que Vd. no entiende de relojes.

--No se me alcanza mucho, que digamos, pero en Gijón, donde yo nací y me crié, hay más de una relojería; y un tío mío, hermano de mi madre, que en paz descanse, tenía en la uña, como quien dice, el mecanismo de los relojes.

--No lo decía por tanto, don Melitón, lo decía para prevenirle contra cualesquier engaño que pudieran practicar con Vd., si se creyese que el reloj era para Vd. u otra persona así... ¿Vd. me entiende?

--Ya, ya, estoy enterado.

--Oiga. Recalque Vd. a Dubois que el reloj es para mí. El me conoce y debe saber que le costaría caro...

--Dar a Vd. gato por liebre, interrumpió el mayordomo. Por sentado que le costaría un ojo de la cara, si tal hiciera el muy bellaco. Demasiado lo sé y lo sabe él.

--Yo no le tengo por bellaco, como Vd. dice; sin embargo, bueno es estar prevenido...

--Porque el soldado prevenido nunca fue vencido, volvió a interrumpir el mayordomo, interpretando a su modo el pensamiento del ama.

--¡Ah! Haga que le pongan en una caja fina, como para un regalo. ¿Entiende Vd.?

--¡Toma que si lo entiendo! Perfectamente.

--Bien. Vaya Vd.

--Volando.

--¿Se acordará Vd.? Reloj de oro, de repetición, suizo; quiero decir, ginebrino, de los últimamente recibidos de Ginebra por el relojero Dubois, que vive en la calle del Teniente Rey, a la otra puerta de la botica de San Agustín.

--Sí, sí, señora doña Rosa. Todo eso lo recuerdo y lo tendré presente. Y en un salto...

--¡Oiga! No me limito a 18 onzas. Se quiere el mejor reloj de repetición, ginebrino legítimo, cueste lo que cueste. Si más dinero se necesita, venga Vd. por él.

--Será servida la señora doña Rosa al pie de la letra.

--¡Ah! ¡Reventos! ¡Reventos! Venga acá. Lo principal se me olvidaba. Haga que le pongan por dentro de la tapa esta marca: L. G. S. oct. 24, 1830. No se olvide.

En efecto, en poco más de una hora el Mayordomo estuvo de vuelta y puso en manos de doña Rosa un estuche pequeño, cuadrado, de tafilete, con filetes de oro. Sin duda dicha señora le aguardaba impaciente, porque tomarle, abrirle, contemplarle por breve rato con una especie de alegría infantil, levantarse y meterse en su aposento, sin hacer más caso del Mayordomo, fue todo uno.

No pasó más tiempo que el que acabamos de emplear en la relación de la cómica escena.

Leonardo por su parte, tan seguro estaba de que no se pondría el sol de aquel día, sin que un nuevo reloj viniese a adornar su traje en el bolsillo de sus pantalones, que habiendo tendido éstos en el sofá, enfrente de su cama, se acostó tranquilo, resuelto a dormir y reparar las fuerzas quebrantadas por la fatiga y la falta de sueño de la noche anterior. Dormitaba solamente cuando el ruido de menudos pasos y de las ropas de una mujer, vino a confirmarle en su esperanza. Era su madre. Fingió que dormía y la vio acercarse quedito al sofá, levantar en alto los pantalones, meter en el bolsillo delantero algo redondo que relumbraba mucho, pendiente de una cinta de seda rosada y azul, formando aguas, de más de una pulgada de ancho y seis de largo, sujetas las puntas por una hebilla de oro. Sonriose de placer, y cerró los ojos, a fin de que su madre se retirase en la persuasión que le había

preparado una sorpresa.

Al volver doña Rosa los pantalones al sofá, cuidando de que la cinta del reloj quedase visible y deslizar en la faltriquera del chaleco las dos onzas que sobraron de la compra de aquél, le pareció que su hijo se había movido en la cama. Se sobresaltó cual si hubiera estado cometiendo un delito, y entonces, en efecto, entró un rayo de luz en su conciencia de madre, recordó vivamente las palabras de su marido en la conversación de por la mañana temprano, y sintió una especie de arrepentimiento. Algo en su interior la dijo que si no hacía actualmente mal, no resultaría tampoco un bien conocido y sólido de sus demostraciones tiernas y cariñosas con Leonardo, cuando no nacían de méritos contraídos por él, sino de la efusión espontánea e indiscreta de su corazón de madre.

Perpleja, entre recoger la prenda, cosa de guardarla para ocasión más oportuna, y arrostrar por ende la aflicción y el desagrado del hijo, se quedó inmóvil, como transfigurada. Aquél, aunque brevísimo, fue un momento supremo para la triste madre. Al fin echó una mirada furtiva hacia el lecho, vio a Leonardo desnudo de medio cuerpo arriba, con los brazos en la almohada y la hermosa cabeza apoyada en las palmas, el pecho abierto y levantado, subiendo en la aspiración y bajando en la respiración, cual la ola que no llega a romper, la nariz dilatada, la boca entreabierta para dar franco paso a la entrada y salida del aire, pálido el semblante por el sueño y la agitación del día, aunque lleno de salud y de fuerza, un sentimiento de orgullo se apoderó de todo su ser, cambiando de golpe y por completo el orden de sus pensamientos.

--¡Pobrecito! exclamó en tono casi audible. ¿Por qué había yo de privarle de nada, cuando está en la edad de gozar y de divertirse? Goza y diviértete, pues, mientras te duran la salud y la mocedad, que ya vendrán para ti, como han venido para todos nosotros, los días de los disgustos y de los pesares. La Virgen Santísima, en quien tanto fío y pongo toda mi esperanza, no dejará de oír mis ruegos. Ella te proteja y saque en bien de los peligros del mundo. Dios te haga un santo, hijo de mi corazón.

Movió los labios juntos, en señal de lanzar un beso, y fuese tan callandito como vino.

SEGUNDA PARTE

CAPÍTULO I

Tarde venientibus ossa. (Los que llegan tarde al banquete roen los huesos.)

Tenemos que dejar por breve tiempo estos personajes, para ocuparnos de otros que no por ser de inferior estofa, representan en nuestra verídica historia papel menos importante. Nos referimos ahora al célebre tocador de clarinete, José Dolores Pimienta.

Para verle con la aguja en la mano sentado a la turca junto con otros oficiales de sastre en una tarima baja, hilvanando una casaca de paño verde oscuro, todavía sin mangas ni faldones, fuerza es que pasemos a la sastrería del maestro Uribe, en la calle de la Muralla, puerta inmediata a la esquina de la de Villegas, donde hubo una tienda de mercerías llamada del Sol.

El primero de estos establecimientos se componía de una sala cuadrilonga con tres entradas: la de la primitiva puerta ancha y alta y las de las dos ventanas, cuyas rejas habían arrancado. Frente a ellas, en sentido longitudinal, había una mesa larga y angosta en que se veían varias piezas de dril, de piqué, de arabia, de un género de algodón que llamaban coquillo, de raso y de paño fino, todas arrolladas y apiladas en un extremo. Y hacia el opuesto, tendidos dos pedazos de tela de Mahón, en que ya se había trazado un par de pantalones de hombre con una astilla de jabón cenizoso.

Detrás de la mesa o mostrador, de pie, en mangas de camisa, con delantal blanco atado a la cintura, la tijera en la mano derecha, y echada en torno de los hombros, por medida, una cinta de papel doblada por medio en toda su longitud, con piquetes de trecho en trecho, se hallaba el maestro sastre Uribe, favorito en aquella época de la juventud elegante de La Habana. Aunque quisiera, no hubiera podido negar la raza negra, mezclada con la blanca a que debía su origen. Era de elevada talla, enjuto de carnes, carilargo, los brazos tenía desproporcionados, la nariz achatada, los ojos saltones, o a flor del rostro, la boca chica, y tanto que apenas cabían en ella dos sartas de dientes ralos, anchos y belfos; los labios renegridos, muy gruesos y el color cobrizo pálido. Usaba patilla corta, a la clérigo, rala y crespa, lo mismo que el cabello, si bien éste más espeso y en mechones erectos que daban a su cabeza la misma apariencia atribuida por la fábula a la de Medusa.[29]

Como sastre que debía dar el tono en la moda, vestía Uribe pantalones de mahón ajustados a las piernas, de tapa angosta, figurando una _M_ cursiva, sin los finales de enlace, y las indispensables trabillas de cuero. En vez del zapato de escarpín, entonces de uso general, llevaba chancletas de cordobán, dejando al descubierto unos pies que no tenían nada de chicos, ni bien

conformados, porque sobre mostrar demasiado los juanetes, apenas formaban puente. Por poco que previniese en su favor el aspecto de Uribe, no cabe duda que era el más amable de los sastres, muy ceremonioso y un si es no es pagado de la habilidad de sus tijeras. Estaba casado con una mulata como él, alta, gruesa, desenvuelta, quien en casa al menos, gustaba tanto de ir en piernas, arrastrando la chancleta de raso, como de enseñar más de lo que convenía a la decencia, las espaldas y los hombros rollizos y relucientes.

Comenzaba la tarde de uno de los últimos días del mes de octubre. Subían y bajaban muchos carruajes, carretones y carretas la angosta calle de la Muralla, tal vez la de más tráfico de la ciudad, por ser la más central y estar toda poblada de tiendas de varias clases. El ruido de las ruedas y de las patas de los caballos en las piedras, resonaba como un trueno continuado en el interior de las casas abiertas a todos los vientos. No pocas veces chocaban unos contra otros, y obstruían el paso por largo rato. En semejante caso, al trueno de los carruajes sucedían las voces y los ternos de los carreteros y caleseros, sin consideración ni respeto a las señoras. El transeúnte a pie, si no quería ser atropellado por los caballos o estrujado contra las paredes de las casas con los bocines salientes de los cubos de las ruedas, tenía que refugiarse en las tiendas hasta que se despejara la vía.

En la tarde de que hablamos ahora, ocurrió una de esas frecuentes colisiones entre un quitrín ocupado por tres señoritas, que bajaba, y un carretón cargado con dos cajas de azúcar, que subía. Chocaron con fuerza los cubos opuestos de ambos vehículos, de cuyas resultas el del segundo levantó la rueda del primero y se entró por sus rayos, rindiendo uno. Del choque los dos carruajes quedaron casi de través en la calle, el quitrín con la zaga hacia la puerta de la sastrería de Uribe, donde penetró la cabeza de la mula del carretón. El carretonero, que venía sentado a la mujeriega en una de las cajas de azúcar, con un zurriago en la mano derecha, perdió el equilibrio y dio en el lodo y piedras de la calle un terrible costalazo.

Y este hombre, africano de nacimiento, lo mismo que el otro, mulato de La Habana, en vez de acudir cada cual a su vehículo respectivo, a fin de deshacer el enredo y facilitar el pasaje, con atroces maldiciones y denuestos se embistieron mutuamente, ciegos de furor salvaje. No era que se conocían, estaban reñidos o tenían anteriores agravios que vengar; sino que siendo los dos esclavos, oprimidos y maltratados siempre por sus amos, sin tiempo ni medio de satisfacer sus pasiones, se odiaban a muerte por instinto y meramente desfogaban la ira de que estaban poseídos, en la primera ocasión que se les presentaba. En vano las señoritas del quitrín, muy sobresaltadas, pusieron el grito en el cielo, y la mayor de ellas amenazó repetidas veces al calesero con un fuerte castigo si no desistía de la riña y atendía a los inquietos caballos. Pero los combatientes, en su furor y en la lluvia de zurriagazos que se descargaban, no oían palabra. Luego los españoles de las tiendas, los oficiales de la sastrería, todos asomados a las puertas en mangas de camisa, aumentaban el ruido y la confusión con su vocería y sus risotadas, señales ciertas del júbilo con que presenciaban el combate.

En esto, un hombre de mala catadura entró por una puerta de la sastrería, como para evitar las ruedas del carruaje, y al salir por la otra extendió el brazo por encima del fuelle caído y le desprendió la peineta de teja de la cabeza de la más joven de las señoritas; con lo cual la larga y abundosa trenza de sus cabellos se desarrolló y desmadejó toda, cubriéndole la espalda con sus ondas sedosas y brillantes cual las alas del totí. Dio ella un grito y se llevó ambas manos a la cabeza; en cuyo momento, José Dolores Pimienta, mero espectador hasta entonces como los demás, hizo una exclamación de asombro, murmuró el nombre de la «Virgencita de bronce» y se lanzó sobre el ratero, o más bien sobre la presa, que se la llevaba en triunfo. Logró echarle garra; mas como era de quebradizo carey y estaba, además, primorosamente calada, se le quedó hecha pedazos en la mano: única cosa que pudo devolver a su afligida y asustada dueña. A favor de la confusión logró escapar el ratero, bien que ningún otro que el oficial de sastre había parado mientes en aquella ocurrencia. Sin embargo, la exclamación de éste, su acción generosa cuando la generalidad de los espectadores sólo pensaba en divertirse, llamó la atención de Uribe, que volviéndose de repente para él, le dijo:

--¿Estás loco? ¿Te figuraste que esa también era Cecilia Valdés? Si digo yo que tú ves visiones.

--No, contestó secamente José Dolores. Yo sé lo que me digo. Esas niñas son hermanas del caballero Gamboa.

--¡Acabáramos! exclamó a su vez Uribe. Yo bien quería conocerlas. Se parecen mucho. No pueden negar que son hermanos. Pues es preciso ampararlas. ¡Las hermanas de uno de mis rumbosos _clientes_! No faltaba más...

En efecto, entre el maestro sastre, sus oficiales y otros, consiguieron separar a los combatientes y desenredar las ruedas de los vehículos, tras lo cual uno y otro pudieron seguir su camino, llevando el carretonero las manchas de sangre de la _cuarta_ del calesero en la camisa de listado azul. Protegió quizás las espaldas de este último la chaqueta de paño de su librea; a lo menos no se le veían en ella las señales de la refriega.

Y una vez despejado aquel campo de Agramonte y vueltos, el maestro sastre a la mesa de cortar, los oficiales a su tarima, el primero sacó de pronto el reloj del bolsillo del pantalón y, con aire sorprendido, dijo:--¡Las tres! añadiendo enseguida más alto:--¡José Dolores!

No tardó éste en aparecer ante la presencia del maestro Uribe. Traía al hombro dos madejas trenzadas, una de hilo blanco de lino, otra de seda negra; clavadas en los tirantes de los pantalones varias agujas cortas, no muy finas, y en el dedo del medio de la mano derecha un dedal de acero, sin fondo.

Al nacimiento de José Dolores Pimienta y de Francisco de Paula Uribe concurrieron, sin duda, por igual las razas blanca y negra, con esta esencial diferencia: que aquél sacó más sangre de la primera que de la segunda, circunstancia a que deben atribuirse el color menos bilioso de su rostro, aunque pálido, la regularidad de sus facciones, la amplitud de su frente, la casi perfección de las manos y la pequeñez de los pies, que así en la forma como en el arco del puente podían competir con los de dama de raza caucásica. Ni con ser de constitución delicada sobresalían mucho los pómulos de su rostro ovalado, ni tenía el cabello tan lanudo como el de Uribe. En sus maneras, lo mismo que en la mirada, y a veces hasta en el tono de la voz, había aire marcado de timidez o melancolía, pues no siempre es fácil discernir entre ambas, que revelaba, o mucha modestia o mucha ternura de afectos.

De organización musical tenía que hacerse gran violencia, cosa que no podía echar a puerta ajena, para trocar el clarinete, su instrumento favorito, por el dedal o la aguja del sastre, una de las artes bellas por un oficio mecánico y sedentario. Pero la necesidad tiene cara de hereje, según reza el característico adagio español, y José Dolores Pimienta, aunque director de orquesta, ocupado a menudo en el coro de las iglesias por el día y en los bailes de las ferias por la noche, no le bastaba eso a cubrir sus propias necesidades y las de su hermana Nemesia, desahogadamente. La música en Cuba, como las demás bellas artes, no hacía ricos, ni siquiera proporcionaba comodidades a sus adeptos. El célebre Brindis, Ulpiano, Vuelta y Flores y otros se hallaban poco más o menos en este caso.

--¿Qué tal la casaca verde indivisible? le preguntó Uribe. ¿Se halla en estado de prueba? Son las tres y dentro de poco tendremos aquí al caballero Gamboa, como el reloj.

--Para el tiempo que hace que Vd. me la entregó, _señó_ Uribe, repuso Pimienta, la tengo bastante adelantada.

--¿Cómo es eso? ¿Pues no te la di desde tras de antier?

--Perdone Vd., _señó_ Uribe, yo no vine a recibir esa prenda, si hemos de hablar claro, hasta ayer por la mañana. Antier toqué la misa mayor del Santo Ángel Custodio, a prima toqué la salve y luego en el baile de Farruco hasta más de media noche. Conque no sé...

--Bien, bien, replicó Uribe serio interrumpiéndole: ¿Se halla o no en estado de prueba? Eso es lo esencial.

--Diré a Vd., lo que es probarse, puede ahora mismo. Las solapas están basteadas, lo propio que el cuello. Iba ahora a hilvanarle los forros de seda, para abrirle los ojales. Los hombros se hilvanarán cuando venga el caballero que Vd. dice, y las espaldas idem per idem. Las mangas las está cerrando _seña_ Clara, su mujer de Vd., aunque con probar una basta. De manera que a las ocho de la noche, cuando más tarde, estará concluida la casaca y lista para el baile, que no principiará hasta las nueve.

--El caso es que se quiere para mucho antes y no se dirá nunca que Pancho de Paula Uribe y Robirosa no cumple su palabra una vez empeñada.

--Entonces tendrá Vd. que poner otro oficial que me ayude; mejor dicho, que la concluya, porque a las seis debo tocar en la salve del Santo Ángel Custodio y luego después en el baile de Brito. Farruco abre sus bailes esta noche en la casa de Soto y yo no he querido llevar mi orquesta hasta allá. En la Filarmónica dirige Ulpiano con su violín y Brindis está comprometido a tocar el contrabajo. Conque considere Vd.

--Pues lo siento en el alma, José Dolores, y si hubiera sabido que tú no ibas a rematar esa pieza, no te la hubiera dado. Yo me estoy mirando en ella. Temo que si otro oficial la coge ahora en sus manos, le echa a perder el estilo. El caballerito Leonardo es el más quisquilloso de todos mis clientes. ¿No ve Vd. que nada en riqueza? ¿No ve cómo derrama la plata? ¡Para lo que le cuesta! Y vea Vd. su padre don Cándido, el otro día como quien dice, andaba con la pata en el suelo. Me parece que lo veo cuando llegó de su tierra: traía zapatos de empleita (quiso decir _pleita_, mejor, _alpargatas_), chaqueta y calzones de bayeta y gorro de paño. A poco más puso taller de maderas y tejas, después trajo negros de África a montones, después se casó con una niña que tenía ingenio, después le entró dinero por todos cuatro costados y hoy es un caballerazo de primera, sus hijas ruedan quitrín de pareja y

su hijo bota las onzas de oro como quien bota agua. _E intertanto_ aquella pobre muchacha... Mas, cállate lengua. Pues, según te decía, José Dolores, el caballerito Leonardo vino aquí la semana pasada y me dijo:--Maestro Uribe, tenga Vd. este paño verde indivisible que he hecho traer de París expresamente para que Vd. me haga una casaca como se debe. Pero déjese Vd. de vejeces, de talle encaramado en el cogote, ni de colas de golondrinas. Yo no soy ningún zacateca, Juanito Junco, ni Pepe Montalvo. Hágame una casaca como la gente, a la _dernier_, que yo sé que Vd. sabe pintarlas en el cuerpo, cuando le da la gana. Ese mozo tiene tanto dinero, que es preciso darle gusto o reventar. Además, como es tan elegante y bien parecido, da el tono en la moda, y si acierto a hacerle una cosa buena, me pongo las botas. Aunque a decir verdad, ya no tengo manos para todo el trabajo que me ha caído. Por donde se ve claro que la competencia del inglés Federico, lejos de dañificarme, me ha favorecido. Conque, mi querido José Dolores, al avío.

--Ya le he dicho, _señó_ Uribe, haré lo que pueda; pero sépalo, no tendré tiempo para darle la última mano. Lo principal, sin embargo, está hecho, esto es, las solapas y el cuello. La montura de los faldones y la espalda Vd. puede dirigirla, y los ojales nadie los hace mejor que _seña_ Clara.

--Trae acá la casaca.

Trájola el oficial, y con ella en la mano, para suspenderla a la altura de sus ojos, Uribe se encaminó a un espejo que había en la pared medianera de la primera ventana y la puerta. Allí le siguió maquinalmente José Dolores. Cuando los dos estuvieron delante del espejo, dijo el maestro a su oficial:

--Vamos, José Dolores, sirve tú de modelo... Apuradamente, tienes el mismo cuerpo que el caballerito Leonardo.

--Está bien, _señó_ Uribe, contestó Pimienta de malísimo humor. Pero sin ejemplar ¿eh?

--Compadre, tienes hoy palabras de poco vivir. ¿Qué te está labrando allá dentro? Antes tomaste una de las niñas Gamboa por Cecilia Valdés; ahora te pones bravo porque, para ganar tiempo, pruebo la casaca del hermano en tu cuerpo. Si lo haces porque ese blanco le pisa la sombra, lo peor que puedes hacer es tomarlo tan a pecho. ¿Qué remedio, José Dolores? Disimula, aguanta. Haz como el perro con las avispas, enseñar los dientes para que crean que te ríes. ¿No ves que _ellos_ son el martillo y nosotros el yunque? Los blancos vinieron primero y se comen las mejores tajadas; nosotros los de color vinimos después y gracias que roemos los huesos. Deja correr, chinito, que alguna vez nos ha de tocar a nosotros. Esto no puede durar siempre así. Haz lo que yo. ¿Tú no me ves besar muchas manos que deseo ver cortadas? Te figurarás que me sale de adentro. Ni lo pienses, porque lo cierto y verídico es que, en verbo de blanco, no quiero ni el papel.

--¡Qué ley tan brava, _señó_ Uribe! No pudo menos de exclamar por lo bajo el oficial, sorprendido más bien que alarmado de que abrigara principios tan severos.

--Pues qué, continuó el maestro sastre, ¿te figurabas que porque le hago el _rande vú_ a todos cuantos entran en esta casa, es que no sé distinguir y que no tengo orgullo? Te equivocas; en verbo de hombre, nadie creo mejor que yo. ¿Me estimaría en menos porque soy de color? Disparate. ¿Cuántos condes, abogados y médicos andan por ahí, que se avergonzarían de que su padre o su madre se les sentara al lado en el quitrín, o los acompañara a los besamanos del Capitán General en los días del rey o de la reina Cristina? Quizás tú no estás tan enterado como yo, porque no te rozas con la grandeza. Pero recapacita un poco y recuerda. ¿Tú conoces el padre del conde...? Pues fue el mayordomo de su abuela. ¿Y el padre de la marquesa...? Un talabartero de Matanzas, más sucio que el cerote que usaba para untarle a la pita con que cosía los arneses. ¿A que el marqués de... no enseña su madre a los que van a visitarlo en su palacio de la Catedral? Y ¿qué me dices del padre del doctor de tantas campanillas...? Es un carnicero de ahí al doblar. (Tuvo Uribe la discreción de pronunciar los nombres de las personas aludidas a la oreja del oficial, como para que los demás no le oyeran.) Pues yo no tengo por qué esconder mis progenitores. Mi padre fue un brigadier español. A mucha honra lo tengo, y mi madre no fue ninguna esclavona, ni ninguna mujer de nación. Si los padres de esos señorones hubieran sido siquiera sastres, pase, porque es notorio que S. M. el Rey ha declarado noble nuestro arte, lo mismo que el oficio de los tabaqueros, y podemos usar don. Tondá, con ser moreno, tiene don por el rey.

--Yo no me ocupo de eso, ni a derechas sé quién es mi padre, sólo sé que no fue negro, volvió Pimienta a interrumpir el torrente impetuoso del maestro sastre. Lo que yo sostengo es, que ni a Vd., ni a mí, ni... a nuestros hijos, según van las cosas, nos tocará ser martillo. Y es muy duro, durísimo, insufrible, _señó_ Uribe, agregó José Dolores, y se le nubló la vista y le temblaron los labios, que _ellos_ nos arrebaten las de color, y nosotros no podamos ni mirar para las mujeres blancas.

--¿Y quién tiene la culpa de eso? continuó Uribe hablando otra vez al oído del oficial, como para que no le oyera su mujer: la culpa la tienen _ellas_, no _ellos_. No te quepa género de duda, porque es claro, José Dolores, que si a las pardas no les gustaran los blancos, a buen seguro que los blancos no miraban para las pardas.

--Puede ser, _señó_ Uribe; pero, digo yo: ¿no tienen los blancos bastante con las suyas? ¿Por qué han de venir a quitarnos las nuestras? ¿Con qué derecho hacen ellos eso? ¿Con el derecho de blancos? ¿Quién les ha dado semejante derecho? Nadie. Desengáñese, _señó_ Uribe, si los blancos se contentaran con las blancas, las pardas no mirarían para los blancos.

--Hablas como un Salomón, chinito, sólo que eso no es lo que sucede, y es preciso atenerse a cómo son las cosas y no como queremos que sean. Yo me hago este cargo: ¿qué vale quejarse ni esperar que todo ha de salir a medida del deseo de uno? Ni ¿qué puedo yo solo, qué puedes tú, ni qué puede el otro contra el torrente del mundo? Nada, nada. Pues deja ir. Cuando son muchos contra uno, no hay remedio sino hacer que no se ve, ni se oye, ni se entiende, y aguardar hasta que le llegue a uno su turno. Que ya llegará, yo te lo aseguro. No todo ha de ser rigor, ni siempre ha de rasgar el paño a lo largo. _Intertanto_ aprende de mí, recibo las cosas como vienen y no pretendo enderezar el mundo. Podría salir crucificado. Tú todavía vas a tragar mucha sangre, lo estoy mirando.

--¿Qué importa? dijo el oficial con calor. Con tal que otros la traguen al mismo tiempo que yo...

--Ese es el caso, que si tú te calientas y tomas las cosas por donde más queman, no logras que otros traguen sangre, sino que la tragas tú a borbollones. Y eso es lo que pretenden los pícaros de los blanquitos. Bien, no te digo que te dejes sopetear de nadie, pues yo tampoco me he dejado pasar la mota. Lo que te digo es que no pierdas los estribos y aguardes la ocasión. ¿Ves ahí a Clara, tan formalota, tan seria? Ella cuando moza tuvo también más de un blanco tentador, y logré espantarlo sin mucho trabajo ni quebradero de cabeza. Así te digo, José Dolores, no te apures, ni te pongas bravo, porque llevas la de perder: te comes los hígados y sacas... lo que somos. Deja correr y aprenderás a vivir.

Durante esta larga y animada conversación, no cesó un punto la probadura de la casaca. Ya cogía Uribe una solapa con la mano derecha, la sacudía y atraía a sí, a tiempo que con la izquierda abierta comprimía los pliegues de la camisa del oficial por el pecho y el costado; ya mataba las ondas de la espalda, de los hombros para el centro; ya con el jabón de piedra trazaba crucetas a lo largo de las costuras de los costados; ya, en fin, metía las tijeras por la orilla del cuello y de las boca-mangas y sisaba el paño adherido por los hilvanes de hilo blanco a las entretelas de cañamazo. Así el embrión de frac tomaba poco a poco la forma del cuerpo del oficial bajo la tijera y la astilla de jabón de Uribe, sin que a todas éstas tuviese él la certidumbre de que le viniese bien a su legítimo dueño; pero fiaba el maestro mucho en su experiencia y conocida habilidad. Siempre que se le ofrecía alguna duda respecto al tamaño, ocurría a la tira de papel doblada en dos con piquetes en ambas orillas, que le servía de medida y rectificaba las dimensiones.

Media hora larga se había pasado en esta faena del maestro con su oficial, cuando paró una volante de alquiler a la puerta de la sastrería y se apeó de ella, de un salto, el intrépido joven que había servido de asunto, por la mayor parte, de su sazonada conversación.

CAPÍTULO II

No es caballero el que nace, sino el que lo sabe ser.

La llegada repentina del joven mencionado al final del capítulo anterior, esperada y todo, sorprendió al maestro sastre, con tanto más motivo que su oficial aguardaba precisamente aquel momento para echar atrás los brazos y soltarle en las manos la pieza de ropa en estado de prueba.

Esto, sin embargo, no fue parte para que él dejase de salir al encuentro de Leonardo Gamboa y recibirle con muchas sonrisas y zalamerías.

Si el joven recién llegado observó o no la retirada precipitada de Pimienta, o si adivinó el motivo, es más de lo que puede afirmarse con probabilidad de acierto. Fuerza es decir, no obstante, que hasta allí Leonardo ignoraba que tuviese un enemigo acérrimo en el músico; y que, además, se creía superior para ocuparse de las simpatías o antipatías de un hombre de baja esfera, mulato por añadidura. Lo seguro es que ni siquiera sospechó que había acabado de ser el objeto casi exclusivo de la conversación del maestro sastre y de su oficial. Venía, además, allí a hora fija y por cita expresa, sólo se demoraría el tiempo necesario. No había, por tanto, ocasión ni motivo de dar su atención y pensamientos a cosas ajenas al traje que hacía el maestro Uribe. Tampoco éste

le dio lugar a divagaciones.

Como tenía por costumbre Leonardo, al apearse sacó una peseta del bolsillo del chaleco y se la arrojó al calesero, el cual la recibió en el aire. Luego, sin más demora, se encaminó derecho al sastre, cortándole, en medio de sus obsequiosas demostraciones, con la pregunta:

--¿Qué hay de mi ropa? ¿Lista?

--Casi concluida, señor don Leonardito.

--Lo temía, lo esperaba, replicó éste impaciente. Un zapatero remendón tiene más palabra que tú, Uribe.

--Pues ¿qué hora es, caballero Gamboa?

--Son las cuatro y más de la tarde; y me prometiste la ropa para ayer tarde.

--Perdone el caballero, se la prometí para hoy a las siete de la noche. Es decir, concluida y planchada de un todo. Porque el caballero debe estar enterado que de mi taller no sale pieza sin todos sus periquitos y ringo rangos. Cuente el caballero que este pobre sastre no posee otra cosa que su reputación, como que viste, hace más de diez años, a la grandeza de La Habana, y nadie podría decir en justicia que Francisco de Paula Uribe y Robirosa...

--¡Ah! ¡Maestro Uribe! ¡Maestro Uribe! volvió a interrumpirle el joven con mayor impaciencia. El que no te conozca que te compre. Dale con la palabra y vuelta con su reputación y pocas veces, si alguna, cumpliendo con exactitud. Dejemos toda esta palabrería para otra ocasión y vamos a los hechos. Al fin ¿tendré la ropa esta noche, en tiempo para el baile o no? He aquí lo que importa saber.

--La tendrá el caballerito o pierdo el nombre que llevo. Por lo que toca al chaleco, que es lo único que se hace fuera de casa, lo espero por momentos. Apuradamente, está en manos de una pardita que se pinta sola para chalecos y es como el reloj. Ya que el caballero ha tenido la bondad de honrar mi taller con su presencia, probaremos la casaca, aunque estoy cierto y seguro que el caballero va a confesar que tengo buen ojo, si no otra cosa. Le ruego que no repare en su estado presente, porque sé que para las personas que no son del arte aquí hay trabajo de dos días, cuando para un oficial experto sólo hay trabajo de dos horas. Si alguna vez se me atrasa la obra, no es por culpa mía, ni por falta de oficiales, sino porque me cae mucha de golpe. En el taller sólo tengo cinco oficiales, fuera, en sus casas, cuantos quiero, aunque yo prefiero tener mi gente siempre a la vista.

Por entonces, plantado Leonardo delante del espejo, se había despojado del frac con la ayuda del sastre, y mientras le probaban el nuevo, creyó ver reflejada en aquél la imagen de alguien que le miraba a hurtadillas desde atrás de la puerta del comedor. Aunque le pasó por la mente que había visto aquella cara en alguna parte, de pronto no pudo recordar dónde ni cuándo. En este esfuerzo de imaginación se quedó un rato pensativo, completamente abstraído. Por supuesto, durante ese tiempo no vio lo que pasaba, no oyó ni entendió la charla del maestro Uribe.

Acertó a entrar en aquella sazón en la sastrería una muchacha de color, medio cubierta la cabeza en la _manta_ de burato pardo oscuro, a la usanza persa. Dio las buenas tardes, y como si no hubiese reparado en lo que allí se hacía, pasó de largo hacia el aposento, por detrás de la mesa de cortar. Pero Uribe la esperaba impaciente y la detuvo antes de alcanzar la puerta, preguntándole:

--¿Traes el chaleco, Nene?

--Sí, señor; contestó ella con voz muy suave y musical, deteniéndose a la cabeza de la mesa, en la cual depositó un lío pequeño que sacó de debajo de la manta.

El nombre, lo mismo que la voz de la muchacha, sacaron a Leonardo de su abstracción; volvió a ella el rostro y le clavó la vista. Ambos se reconocieron desde luego, y cambiaron una mirada de inteligencia y una sonrisa de cariño, señales que por cierto no se escaparon a la penetración de Uribe.--Aquí hay gato encerrado, pensó él. ¡Pobre muchacha! ¡la compadezco! ¡En qué garras has caído! Cuando menos ésta es la causa de las quemazones de sangre de Pimienta... Tiene razón,...Pero no, debe ser por algo más de eso.

Después sacó el chaleco del pañuelo de seda en que estaba envuelto, y dándole éste a su dueño, añadió hablando con Gamboa.

--¿No se lo dije al caballero? Aquí tiene la prenda. La costurera vale un Potosí.

Era el chaleco de raso negro, sembrado de abejas color verde brillante, entretejidas en la tela. No se lo probó Leonardo, ni lo juzgó necesario el sastre. Tampoco hubo desde allí tiempo para mucho, porque, cual por cita, acudió la mayor parte de los parroquianos de Uribe. Entre ellos, Fernando O'Reilly, hermano menor del conde de este nombre; el primogénito de Filomeno, después Marqués de Aguas Claras; el secretario o confidente del Conde de Peñalver; el joven Marqués de Villalta; el Mayordomo del Conde de Lombillo; y uno que le decían Seiso Ferino, protegido por la opulenta familia de Valdés Herrera. Casi todos éstos habían ordenado piezas de ropa para sí o para sus amos en la sastrería del maestro Uribe, y, ya de paso para el Paseo de extramuros en sus carruajes, ya ex profeso, entraban en ella y se detenían el tiempo necesario para esa averiguación.

Al entrar el primero de los personajes arriba nombrados, le puso familiarmente la mano en el hombro a Leonardo, le llamó por este nombre, y le trató de tú por tú. Habían sido condiscípulos de Filosofía en el Colegio de San Carlos desde 1827 a 1828, en cuya última fecha O'Reilly se había separado para ir a España y proseguir sus estudios hasta recibirse de abogado, como se recibió, tornando a los patrios lares sólo unos pocos meses antes del día de que aquí hablamos, con el empleo de Alcalde Mayor. Después de dos años de ausencia, aquélla era la primera vez que se veían, no habiendo tenido Leonardo ocasión ni humor de ir a saludarlo, quizás porque, si bien antiguos condiscípulos, no había dejado él de ser miembro de una familia la más orgullosa de La Habana, de la primera grandeza de España. Por otra parte, partió soltero y volvió casado con una madrileña, motivo de más para que sus gustos y aficiones ahora fuesen muy distintos de lo que fueron cuando juntos concurrían a oír las elocuentes lecciones del amable filósofo Francisco Javier de la Cruz.

La ocasión de aquella afluencia de señores y sus criados no era otra que el baile de tabla que se celebraba por la noche del mismo día, en los altos del palacio situado en la calle de San Ignacio esquina a la del Teniente Rey, alquilado para sus funciones por la Sociedad Filarmónica, en 1828. Desde los días del carnaval, a fines de febrero, en que coincidieron los festejos públicos por el casamiento de la princesa de Nápoles, doña María Cristina con Fernando VII de España, la Sociedad antes dicha no había vuelto a abrir sus salones. Ahora lo hacía como para despedir el año de 1830, pues es sabido que la gente principal de La Habana, única con derecho a concurrir a sus funciones, se marchaba al campo desde principios de diciembre y no volvía a la ciudad sino hasta mucho después de Reyes. En vísperas del sarao, la juventud de ambos sexos acudía en tropel a los establecimientos de modas y novedades para hacerse de trajes nuevos, de adornos, joyas y guantes. Las sastrerías como la de Federico, Turla y Uribe, que eran las favoritas; los almacenes como los del «Palo Gordo» y de «Maravillas»; las joyerías como las de Rozan y «La Llave de Oro»; las tiendas de modistas como la de madama Pitaux; las zapaterías como la de Baró, en la calle de O'Reilly y la de «Las Damas» en la calle de la Salud esquina a la de Manrique, extramuros de la ciudad, varios días anteriores al señalado para el baile se veían asediados a mañana y tarde, por las señoritas y jóvenes más distinguidos por su elegancia y el lujo de sus trajes. Las primeras por esa época empezaban a usar los zapatos o escarpines de raso blanco a la China, con cintas para atarlos a la garganta del pie y mostrar las medias de seda caladas, siendo así que el vestido se llevaba sobre lo corto. Los hombres usaban también escarpines de becerro con hebillita de oro al lado de fuera y calcetas de seda color de carne.

Con los caballeros, Uribe echó el resto de la cortesía y de la amabilidad, de que sabía revestirse cada vez que le convenía; con los criados, aunque acudían en nombre de personas de elevada posición, fue seco y parco en demostraciones civiles. Pero tuvo habilidad bastante para dejarlos a todos contentos y satisfechos, como que nada le costaba prodigar promesas a diestro y a siniestro, que es moneda imaginaria con que se pagan la mayor parte de las deudas en sociedad. De esta manera cumplió exactamente con los que le hablaron gordo desde el principio; a los restantes dio un solemne chasco, sin perder por eso su patrocinio. E idos todos, porque ninguno calentó asiento, se puso desde luego a habilitar las piezas que se proponía concluir para aquella noche. No descuidó, por supuesto, la casaca verde invisible de Gamboa; quien, satisfecho de que no sería chasqueado de nuevo, cedió a las vivas instancias de su amigo Fernando O'Reilly y le acompañó en el quitrín al paseo, llamado por imitación del famoso de Madrid, el Prado.

Ocupaba éste, y ocupa en el día, el espacio de terreno que se dilata desde la calzada del Monte hasta el arrecife de la Punta al Norte, al morir el glacis de los fosos de la ciudad por el lado del oeste. Cienfuegos extendió el paseo de la calzada del Monte hasta el Arsenal hacia el sur; pero jamás se ha usado como tal esa parte sino como calle Ancha, cuyo nombre lleva. Entre las obras de adorno que tuvieron origen en el gobierno de don Luis de las Casas, se cuenta el _nuevo Prado_ (el de que hablamos ahora). El Conde de Santa Clara concluyó la primera fuente que dejó en proyecto las Casas, y construyó otra más al norte; nos referimos a la de Neptuno en el promedio del Prado, y la de los Leones al extremo. Ambas se surtían de agua de la Zanja real, que atravesaba el paseo (y aún le atraviesa) por el frente del Jardín Botánico, hoy estación principal del ferrocarril de La Habana a Güines, y por la orilla del foso iba a verter sus turbias aguas en el fondo del puerto, al costado del Arsenal. Mucho después, al extremo meridional del Prado, donde estuvo originalmente la estatua en mármol de Carlos III, que don Miguel Tacón trasladó en 1835 a su paseo

Militar, hizo construir a su costa en 1837 el Conde de Villanueva la bella fuente de la India o de La Habana.

El nuevo Prado constaba de una milla de extensión, poco más o menos, formando un ángulo casi imperceptible de 80 grados, frente a la plazoleta donde se elevaba la fuente rústica de Neptuno. Le constituían cuatro hileras de árboles comunes del bosque de Cuba, algunos con la edad muy corpulentos, e impropios todos de alamedas. Por la calle del centro, la más ancha, podían correr cuatro carruajes apareados; las dos laterales, más angostas, con unos pocos asientos de piedra, servían para la gente de a pie, hombres solamente, quienes en los días de gala o fiesta se formaban en filas interminables a lo largo del paseo. La mayor parte de éstos, especialmente los domingos, se componían de mozos españoles empleados en el comercio de pormenor de la ciudad, en las oficinas del gobierno, en la marina de guerra y en el ejército, pues por su calidad de solteros y por sus ocupaciones, no podían usar carruaje y visitar el Prado en días comunes. Es de advertirse además, que a la hora del paseo, estaba prohibido atravesar siquiera el Prado en vehículo de alquiler; y si algún extranjero lo hacía por ignorancia de la regla o consentimiento del sargento del piquete de dragones que daba allí la guardia, llamaba la atención y excitaba la risa general del público.

La juventud cubana o criolla tenía a menos concurrir al Prado a pie; sobre todo el confundirse con los españoles en las filas de espectadores domingueros. De suerte que allí tomaba parte activa en el paseo sólo la gente principal: las mujeres invariablemente en quitrín, algunas personas de edad en volante y ciertos jóvenes de familias ricas, a caballo. Ninguna otra especie de carruaje se usaba entonces en La Habana, a excepción del Obispo y del Capitán General que usaban coche. El recreo se reducía a girar en torno de la estatua de Carlos III y la fuente de Neptuno cuando la concurrencia era corta, que cuando era mucha, se extendía hasta la de los Leones u otro cualquier punto intermedio, donde el sargento del piquete calculaba que debía plantar uno de sus dragones, a fin de mantener el orden y de que se guardase la debida distancia entre carruaje y carruaje. Mientras mayor era la afluencia de éstos, menor era el paso a que se les permitía moverse; de que resultaba a menudo un ejercicio muy monótono, no desaprovechado en verdad por las señoritas, cuya diversión principal consistía en ir reconociendo a sus amigos y conocidos, entre los espectadores de las calles laterales, y saludarlos con el abanico entreabierto, de la manera graciosa y elegante que sólo es dado a las habaneras.

Por fortuna la monotonía y la funérea gravedad de tan inocente recreo, a que las autoridades españolas daban el nombre arbitrario de orden, duraban lo que la presencia de los dragones del piquete en la avenida central del Prado, es decir, de las cinco a las seis de la tarde. Porque es cosa sabida que, unas veces con la punta de la lanza, otras a varazos, hacían que los caleseros guardasen el paso y la fila. Pero después de saludar el pabellón español en las fortalezas del contorno, ceremonia previa para arriarlo, lo mismo que las señales del Morro, desfilaba el piquete por la orilla de la Zanja, en dirección de la calle y cuartel de su nombre, y al punto empezaban las carreras, el verdadero ejercicio, la belleza y novedad de la diversión. Espectáculo digno de contemplarse era, en efecto, entonces, el paseo en carruaje y a caballo, del nuevo Prado de La Habana, iluminado a medias por los últimos rayos de oro del sol poniente, que en las tardes de otoño o de invierno se degradan en manojos de plata, antes de confundirse con el azul purísimo de la bóveda celeste. Los caleseros expertos se aprovechaban con ganas de la ocasión que se les presentaba para hacer alarde de su habilidad y destreza, no ya sólo en el regir de los caballos, en el girar violento y caprichoso de los quitrines, sino en el tino con que los metían por las estrechuras y la confusión, y los sacaban sin choque ni roce siquiera de unas ruedas con otras. Aún las tímidas señoritas, en el colmo del entusiasmo por el torbellino de las carreras y giros, arrebatadas en sus conchas aéreas, con la acción y a veces con la palabra, animaban a los jinetes; con que unos y otros contribuían hasta donde más al peligro y grandeza del espectáculo. Poco a poco desaparecía la vaporosa luz crepuscular; una polvareda sutil y cenicienta se elevaba remolinando hasta las primeras ramas de los copudos árboles y cubría todo el paseo; de manera que, cuando uno tras otro los quitrines, con su carga de mujeres jóvenes y bellas, dejaban el estadio en vuelta de la ciudad o de los barrios extramuros, no creía menos el desapercibido espectador sino que salían de las nubes, cual otras Venus, de la espuma de la mar.

En aquellos tiempos en que la Metrópolis creía que la ciencia de gobernar las colonias se encerraba en plantar unos cuantos cañones de batería, se ideó la construcción de las murallas de La Habana, obra que se comenzó a principios del décimo séptimo siglo y se terminó casi al finalizar el décimo octavo. Las tales murallas eran parte de una fortificación vasta y completa, así por el lado de tierra como por el del mar o el puerto; no faltándole cuatro puertas hacia el campo, poternas hacia el agua, puentes levadizos, foso ancho y hondo, terraplenes, almacenes, estacadas, aspilleras, y baluartes almenados; de modo que la ciudad más populosa de la Isla quedaba de hecho convertida en una inmensa ciudadela. Así existieron las cosas hasta la venida del memorable don Miguel Tacón, quien abrió tres puertas más y sustituyó los puentes levadizos con puentes fijos de piedra. Pero en la época de la historia que vamos refiriendo, esto es, cuando sólo existían las cinco puertas originales, las tres del centro llamadas de Monserrate, de la Muralla y de Tierra, eran para el uso del público en carruaje, a caballo y a pie, y las de los extremos, denominadas de la Punta y de la Tenaza estaban destinadas especialmente al tráfico. Por ellas, pues, se acarreaba el azúcar, el

café y otros efectos pesados en el único medio de trasporte de entonces, a saber, las enormes primitivas carretas, tiradas por cachazudos bueyes. La guarnición de la plaza, numerosa en los últimos tiempos, daba la guardia en las puertas y en las poternas, juntamente con el resguardo, constituido en todas ellas; pues nadie ni nada entraba ni salía sin estar sujeto a un doble registro, todo según se acostumbra en las plazas sitiadas.

Después de entrado el carruaje en que iban O'Reilly y Gamboa, en el rastrillo interior, donde se hallaba la garita del resguardo, asomó, por la parte opuesta del puente levadizo, un caballo tan cargado de forraje verde de maíz, a que llaman vulgarmente _maloja_, que no se veían más que los pies y la cabeza, la cual procuraba alzar cuanto podía, a causa sin duda del demasiado peso. Sobre aquella montaña de hierba venía montado a la mujeriega, mejor dicho, recostado a la grupa el conductor o malojero, mozo natural de Islas Canarias, vestido a la usanza de los campesinos cubanos. El centinela español, que se paseaba entre las dos puertas con el fusil al brazo, miró primero hacia el puente, luego hacia el rastrillo, y se plantó en medio de la vía en señal de que ambos debían pararse, hasta que se resolviera cuál de los dos tenía que ciar o desviarse. Pararse el caballo del forraje equivaldría a obstruir el paso; volverse en el estrecho puente era imposible sin exponerse a una caída; en tanto que al carruaje le era fácil arrendar los caballos sobre el cuartel del cuerpo de guardia y dejar expedito el camino. A pesar de su natural torpeza, esto lo vio claro, desde luego, el centinela; así que ordenó con la mano al malojero que se parase y avanzó a paso de carga al carruaje y gritó:--¡Atrás!

Pero orgulloso el calesero de la nobleza y autoridad de su amo, envanecido de los escudos de arma bordados en su librea, lo mismo que de sus espuelas de plata, metal de que estaban sobrecargadas las guarniciones, aún el mismo carruaje, en vez de obedecer la orden del centinela, plantó los caballos delante de la puerta interior, y miró de medio lado a su amo. Venía éste muy embebecido contándole a Gamboa los peligros que había corrido en su ascención al monte Etna en Sicilia, y hasta la parada repentina del carruaje no echó de ver que se había presentado un obstáculo. Naturalmente los ojos del amo se encontraron con los del esclavo que le pedía órdenes:--¡Arrea! le dijo, y como si nada ocurriese, continuó la íntima conversación que traía con su condiscípulo y amigo.

Moviéronse los caballos y entonces el centinela repitió la voz de:--¡Atrás! presentando la bayoneta a sus pechos; a cuya vista O'Reilly, que era soberbio, se puso rojo de la indignación. Medio se incorporó en el asiento, como para mostrar mejor la cruz roja de Calatrava que llevaba bordada en la solapa de la casaca, y gritó:--¡Cabo de guardia! Y luego que éste se le presentó con la mano derecha abierta sobre la frente, agregó:--¡Haga Vd. despejar el paso!

Informose el cabo en un instante de lo que pasaba, y aunque no conocía el sujeto que le había hablado, por el tono imperioso que usó y por la cruz roja, supuso que era un señor principal, jefe, o cosa parecida, y le contestó, siempre con la mano abierta, a la altura de la frente:--El malojero no puede retroceder.

--¿Cómo es eso? exclamó Fernando en el colmo de la cólera. ¿Sabe Vd. con quien habla? Llame al oficial de guardia.

--No hay para qué, repuso el cabo. Ya veremos modo de arreglarlo. No se incomode V. E.

--Haga ciar ese caballo de la maloja... Pronto.

A las voces, acudieron el oficial de guardia, que se entretenía en jugar a los naipes con unos cuantos amigos, y los soldados de facción, los cuales esperaban órdenes sentados en un banco sin respaldo a la puerta del cuartel, mientras los demás dormían a pierna suelta en las tarimas fijas del interior. Aquel militar, que debíamos suponer más enterado que el cabo de la noción de lo justo y de lo injusto, no vio más sino que un caballero cruzado no podía proseguir su paseo porque se lo impedía un paisano con su caballo cargado de forraje. Así que dio la orden perentoria de despejar el puente. Ejecutada en un dos por tres, el monte de forraje verde quedó montado en la barandilla del puente levadizo, única cosa que ocurrió a los soldados hacederos en aquella circunstancias. En efecto, así pudo pasar el carruaje, aunque llevándose en el bocín del cubo parte de la maloja. Todo aquello sucedió tan repentina como inesperadamente para el mozo conductor, que sólo tuvo tiempo de echarse al suelo, no para resistir el atropello, sino para no ser lanzado al foso. Expresó su sorpresa con algunos juramentos, y su enojo con mudas demostraciones; mas nadie le hizo caso. Por el contrario, temeroso de mayor violencia, se apresuró a descargar parte de la hierba, a fin de que el caballo pudiera enderezarse y seguir camino a la ciudad.

En saliendo de la cabeza del puente para coger el estrecho rastrillo de la estacada, había que orillar el foso por corto trecho, pasar por encima de la esclusa de la Zanja, parte de cuyas aguas se vertía en aquél, formando un charco de regulares dimensiones. Pues en el borde del alto terraplén, en el instante en que hablamos, había un grupo de hombres y muchachos en observación de

algo que ocurría abajo, en el charco.

--¿Qué es ello? preguntó O'Reilly.

--No sé, contestó su amigo; supongo que gentes que se bañan.

Preguntado el calesero, informó a su amo sin titubear, que eran el mulato Polanco y el negro Tondá, célebres nadadores, riñendo a zapatazos. En efecto, desnudos completamente, cual salvajes del África, zambullían, giraban bajo del agua, y luego procuraban hacerse daño, descargándose tremendos golpes con las piernas, al modo como dicen que hace el cocodrilo cuando ataca la presa. Esto llamaban en Cuba tirar zapatazos. Parece que el inmoral espectáculo se repetía a menudo, supuesto que el calesero de O'Reilly desde luego dijo los nombres de los bañistas y lo que hacían en el agua. El primero más de una vez había acometido a un tiburón en el puerto y le había rendido a puñaladas; además de excelente nadador el segundo, era bien conocido en toda la ciudad por su valor heroico y actividad desplegada en la persecución de los malhechores de su propia raza, con autoridad especial del mismo capitán general don Francisco Dionisio Vives.

El fácil triunfo obtenido sobre el mozo del forraje en la puerta de la Muralla, había envalentonado al calesero, el cual quiso entrar en el paseo por la orilla de la Zanja; pero se lo impidió el dragón con lanza en ristre. A pesar de las protestas de O'Reilly, quien invocó su carácter de Alcalde Mayor, hubo que dar la vuelta a la estatua de Carlos III y esperar allí un claro para incorporarse en la fila. Este fue el primer motivo de mortificación para tan orgulloso joven; el segundo le aguardaba en el punto donde la calle de San Rafael corta el Prado. Desembocaban por ella el coche del general Vives con su escolta de a caballo, todos a galope tendido; y mientras, para abrir campo, los dragones del piquete interrumpían el movimiento de los quitrines de ambas filas, en el paseo, entre los cuales se hallaba el de O'Reilly; dos flanqueadores con sable desnudo detenían y arrollaban a los que pretendían entrar o salir por la puerta del Monserrate, antes que su excelencia el Capitán General.

Probaba esto que había en La Habana alguien superior y más privilegiado que un segundo génito de conde, aunque Grande de España de primera clase. En la acepción recta de la palabra, no era demócrata Leonardo, mas le disgustó mucho el atropello del malojero y casi se alegró de las mortificaciones que experimentó su amigo en el paseo, cual si hubiesen querido humillarle el orgullo. Evidente, pues, aparecía que las distinciones sociales del país, sólo aprovechaban en todas circunstancias a la autoridad militar, ante la cual nobles y plebeyos debían doblar la cerviz.

CAPÍTULO III

Y al compás se agitaban mil bellezas Que ropajes fantásticos vestían, Y a mí cual las visiones se ofrecían De un poeta oriental.

R. PALMA

Aquella noche[30] el teatro de la elegancia habanera sentó sus reales en la Sociedad Filarmónica. Brillaron allí con todo su esplendor el gusto y la finura de las señoras, lo mismo que el porte decente de los caballeros. Además de los socios y convidados de costumbre, asistieron los señores cónsules de las naciones extranjeras, los oficiales de la guarnición y de la real Marina, los ayudantes del Capitán General y algunos otros personajes notables por su carácter y circunstancias, como fueron el hijo del célebre Mariscal Ney, que estaba viajando, y el cónsul de Holanda en Nueva York.

Hiciéronse notables los vestidos de tul bordados de plata y oro sobre fondo de raso blanco, por ser de última moda e iguales al que Mme. Minette hizo en París para la actual soberana de España. Las mangas de este traje conocidas con el nombre de a la _Cristina_, eran cortas, abobadas y guarnecidas su parte inferior con encaje muy ancho. También se vieron otros de tul bordados con muchísima delicadeza, sobre fondo celeste. Llamaron así mismo la atención general los vestidos de tul sobre raso blanco con guarnición en puntas encontradas, adornadas éstas de encaje estrecho y mangas a la _Cristina_. Otros iguales a estos últimos, pero con diferentes guarniciones, pudieron señalarse, sin que dejase de haber muchos más cuya elegancia y gusto en nada desmerecían de los ya descritos.

Los peinados armonizaban con los vestidos. Llevaban unas turbantes egipcios, otras plumas blancas puestas con mucho donaire; las más, jirafas de todos tamaños, adornadas con flores azules o blancas, guardando unión con el color del traje, y algunas tenían lazos de oro graciosamente colocados. Era grandioso y bello el efecto que producía la reunión de tantas y tan hermosas lechuguinas. Animaba la concurrencia una completa alegría, y rebosaba la sonrisa en los labios de todos. La etiqueta, que generalmente caracteriza a los bailes de la Sociedad, no se vio más que en los vestidos de las señoras y en los trajes de los hombres, los cuales lucieron a porfía sus recamados uniformes de gentiles-hombres, de generales, de brigadieres, de coroneles,

de altos empleados, Cadaval y Lemaur sus fajas rojas de seda, al paso que los que no poseían título ni condecoraciones se contentaron con la última moda de París en semejantes reuniones.

Adornaba la testera principal de la sala el magnífico dosel, cuyo centro ocupaba el retrato del rey Fernando VII. Los paños de la pared sostenían cuadros históricos y de las cornisas pendía una colgadura de damasco azul con pabellones blancos guarnecidos de vistosos flecos de seda, sostenida por adornos dorados y clavos romanos, de los cuales caían con gracia cordones y borlones de seda. El cielo raso de la sala estaba vestido de damasco del mismo color de la colgadura.

Cosa de las diez empezó el baile y a las once el salón principal estaba completamente lleno. En los intermedios servían sorbetes y refrescos de todas clases en grandes bandejas de plata sostenidas por lacayos. Las señoras que preferían tomarlos fuera del salón tenían preparada para este efecto una sala alumbrada perfectamente, en donde estaba la repostería y criados prontos para servirlas; pero la política y la urbanidad de los socios y convidados les ahorró un trabajo que para los caballeros se convierte en placer cuando se emplea en servicio de las damas.

La cena se principió entre doce y una de la madrugada, y consistía en pavo fiambre, jamón de Westfalia, queso, gigote excelente, ropa-vieja, dulces secos, conservas, vinos generosos de España y extranjeros, chocolate suculento, café y frutas de todos los países en comercio con la isla de Cuba. Y fue lo más notable que, compitiendo la esplendidez de la mesa con su pródiga abundancia, los manjares no costaban sino el trabajo de pedirlos.

Puede afirmarse sin temor de ser desmentidos que la elegancia y la belleza de La Habana se habían dado cita aquella noche en la Sociedad Filarmónica. Porque allí estaba la marquesa de Arcos, hija del famoso marqués Pedro Calvo, con Luisa, su hija mayor, entonces de quince años de edad. Por ésta había improvisado Plácido aquellos versos que dicen:

Andaba revoloteando _En el ambiente exquisito,_ _Muerto de sed un mosquito,_ _Jugo de flores buscando;_ _Llegó a tu boca, y pensando_ _Que era una rosa o clavel,_ _Introduciéndose en él,_ _Porque allí el placer le encanta_ _Murió en tu dulce garganta,_ _Como en un vaso de miel._

Allí las hermanas Chacón, que merecieron por su hermosura figurar en el gran lienzo pintado por Vermay[31] para perpetuar la memoria de la misa que se celebró en la inauguración del Templete de la Plaza de Armas. Allí las Montalvo, de tipo teutónico, una de las cuales fue declarada reina de la belleza, cuando la corrida de cañas el año anterior, en la antigua plaza de Toros del Campo de Marte; allí la Arango, célebre por haber contribuido a la evasión del poeta Heredia, y que después se casó con un Ayudante de campo del Capitán General Ricafort; allí las hermanas Aceval, Venus de Milo en las formas, tan distinguidas por su talento como desdichadas por sus pasiones; allí las hermanas Alcázar, modelos de perfección, así por la simetría de sus menudas facciones, como por las rosas de sus mejillas y el color negro de sus cabellos; allí las Junco y las Lamar, de Matanzas, conocidas bajo el poético vocativo de las Ninfas del Yumurí; allí las tres hermanas de Gamboa, las cuales ya hemos tenido ocasión de describir; allí la Topete, hija del Comandante general del Apostadero de La Habana, que más adelante inspiró a Palma su inmortal «_Quince de Agosto_», allí la menor de las Gámez, Venus de Belvedere, cuyo cabello castaño, ondulante y copioso, llevaba suelto sembrado de estrellas de oro; allí, en fin, entre otras muchas que sería prolijo enumerar, Isabel Ilincheta, hija del que había sido asesor del Capitán General Someruelos, quien poseía los rasgos principales del tipo severo y modesto celtíbero, a que debía su origen.

Como modelos de varonil belleza, entre los jóvenes concurrentes al baile de la Sociedad aquella noche, pudiera hacerse mención del Teniente coronel de Lanceros del Rey, Rafael de la Torre, quien unos días después murió estrellado contra las ruedas de los quitrines en el Paseo, junto a la estatua de Carlos III, víctima de la fogosidad de su caballo; Bernardo Echeverría y O'Gabán, que en los días de gala gustaba vestir el uniforme de gentil-hombre de Cámara con entrada, por cuanto podía lucir las bien hechas y rollizas piernas; Ramón Montalvo, en la flor de su edad, bello como un inglés de la más pura sangre; José Gastón, el verdadero Apolo de Cuba; Dionisio Mantilla, recién llegado de Francia, que venía hecho un cumplido parisiense; Diego Duarte, el feliz campeón de las corridas de cañas celebradas el año anterior, con motivo de las nupcias de Fernando VII con María Cristina de Nápoles; varios oficiales de la marina y del ejército español en sus vistosos uniformes, más propios de una parada que de un baile particular.

También contribuyó al lustre de la fiesta la presencia de algunos jóvenes que empezaban a distinguirse en el cultivo de las letras, a saber: Palma, que había sido uno de los competidores en la corrida de cañas; Echeverría empleado en la Hacienda, que el año siguiente alcanzó el premio en el concurso poético abierto por la Comisión de Literatura, con objeto de celebrar el nacimiento de la Infanta de Castilla, Isabel de Borbón; Valdés Machuca, conocido por _Desval_ en la república de las letras; Policarpo Valdés, que se firmaba _Polidoro_; Anacleto Bermúdez, que solía publicar versos bajo el nombre de _Delicio_; Manuel Garay y Heredia, que

imprimía sus versos en _La Aurora_ de Matanzas; Vélez Herrera, el autor del romance cubano _Elvira de Oquendo; Delio_, el cantor de las ruinas del Alhambra; Domingo André, joven abogado, elocuente y amable; Domingo del Monte, que introdujo el romance cubano, de variados conocimientos y muy distinguido porte.

Diego Meneses, Francisco Solfa, Leonardo Gamboa y otros varios, que también se hallaban en el baile, si se exceptúan el segundo que era dado a los estudios filosóficos, y el tercero que entraba ya en la clase rica, no se hacían notables por su talento, aunque los tres solían escribir en los periódicos literarios; y el último pasaba, además, por mozo de buen parecer y varoniles formas. Los literatos, mejor dicho, los aficionados a las letras, sobre todo los que cultivaban la poesía, empezaban a tener entrada con la gente que podía tenerse por noble en Cuba, o que aspiraba, por su caudal, a la nobleza y alternaba con ella. Mostraban al menos distinción por ellos algunas familias tituladas de La Habana y los atraían a sus fiestas y reuniones, entre otras, por ejemplo, los condes de Fernandina, los de Casa Bayona, los de Casa Peñalver, los marqueses de Montehermoso y los de Arco. Dichas fiestas y reuniones en los días de pascuas de navidad se trasladaban a los lindísimos cafetales de San Antonio, de Alquízar, de San Andrés y de la Artemisa, que pertenecían a la gente rica.

No se presentaron en los salones de la Sociedad nuestros amigos Gamboa, Meneses y Solfa, sino hasta cerca de las once de la noche. Durante las primeras horas habían estado visitando los bailes de la feria del Ángel, el de Farruco y el de Brito, sin olvidar la _cuna_ de la gente de color, en la calle del Empedrado, entre Compostela y Aguacate. En ninguno de esos sitios habían tomado ellos parte activa, si se exceptúa el primero, quien al juego del monte perdió en un instante las dos onzas de oro que aquella misma tarde le había metido su madre en el bolsillo del chaleco. No conocía el valor del dinero, ni jugaba por amor a la ganancia, sino por el placer de la excitación del momento; pero sucedió que los bailes no le prestaron atractivo ninguno, desertados de las muchachas bonitas; que no logró ver a Cecilia Valdés en la ventana de la casa, ni en la _cuna_, cosas todas que se conspiraron para ponerle de malísimo humor. Para remate de desdichas, cuando perdidoso y disgustado volvía con sus amigos en busca del quitrín, que había dejado apostado en la calle del Aguacate al abrigo de las altas paredes del convento de Santa Catalina, descubrió que no estaba allí, ni fue posible encontrarle sino media hora después y en punto opuesto y distante.

Por otra parte, preguntado el calesero sobre el motivo que le indujo a desobedecer una orden terminante de su joven amo, dio al principio respuestas evasivas, y al fin, apretado, dijo que un desconocido, medio cubierto el rostro con un pañuelo, le había forzado a abandonar el puesto y fingir que se volvía a casa, valiéndose de amenazas terribles. No parecía creíble el cuento: hubo empero que aceptarlo como bueno y verídico; lo que, si cabe, aumentó el mal humor de Leonardo, porque en caso de ser cierta la relación del calesero, ¿quién podía ser ese sujeto, ni qué interés tener en que el carruaje aguardase en una u otra esquina de la calle? ¿Por qué emplear amenazas? ¿Qué autoridad tenía para ello? Aponte no pudo decir si el desconocido era militar o paisano, comisario de barrio o magistrado, hombre blanco o de color. Tal vez era un inesperado y desconocido rival que de aquel modo se preparaba a disputarle el cariño de Cecilia Valdés.

Corroboraba tan desagradable sospecha, el hecho de que ni ella, ni su amiga Nemesia se habían presentado en parte alguna de la feria del Ángel. Además de eso, la circunstancia de no haber abierto la ventana, aún cuando Gamboa hizo la señal convenida pasando la punta del bastón por los pocos balaustres que aún le quedaban, casi no dejaba duda de que algo extraordinario había ocurrido en el humilde y oscuro hogar.

Mas sea de esto lo que se fuere, que no hay tiempo de verificarlo ahora, Leonardo Gamboa entró en el baile de la Filarmónica preocupado y de muy mal talante. Armada sin embargo la danza, en la sala principal y el aposento del palacio, bastante espaciosos por cierto, según dice el poeta:

Una noche por fin: entre cristales _La luz reverberaba en los salones;_ _Y la sangre inflamaba con sus sones,_ _La danza tropical;_

no pudo nuestro héroe sustraerse a su arrobadora influencia. La orquesta, que dirigía el célebre violinista Ulpiano, ocupaba el anchísimo corredor sobre la mano izquierda, como se sube de la regia escalera de piedra oscura. Luego, a la derecha, estaba la puerta del salón, enfrente de otra que daba sobre los más amplios balcones, que formaban los portales llamados del Rosario. Dejados los sombreros y los bastones en manos de un lacayo negro, a la puerta de un cuarto entresuelo que abría al descanso de la escalera de doble tramo, y tendiendo la vista por el soberbio salón, que podía tener «la carrera de un caballo», si se nos permite la exageración, descubrieron los estudiantes que las animadas parejas le llenaban de extremo a extremo. Recibían los hombres de espalda, y las mujeres de frente, mientras esperaban su turno para hacer cedazo, el aire fresco de la media noche, que entraba por las puertas y ventanas abiertas de par en par.

Como hemos dicho antes, allí se hallaba reunido lo más granado y florido de la juventud cubana de ambos sexos, entregada, por el momento al menos, con alma y cuerpo a su diversión favorita. Y a la luz deslumbrante de las arañas de cristal, en olas de una música tan plañidera como voluptuosa, pues que procede del corazón de un pueblo esclavizado, al través de la nube sutil de polvo que levantaban los bailarines con los pies, las mujeres parecían más hermosas, los hombres más bizarros. ¿Podía, pues, entregarse el ánimo de la juventud a otros pensamientos que los que le sugerían los halagadores objetos que tenía delante? No es posible.

Gamboa se ocupó, desde luego, en buscar compañera para tomar parte en el baile, aunque no le gustaba mucho; pero Meneses, que rara vez bailaba, y Solfa, que no bailaba nunca, se quedaron de espectadores en el medio del salón, observando el último, con sonrisa amarga, que mientras aquella loca juventud gozaba a sus anchas de los placeres del momento, el más estúpido y brutal de los reyes de España parecía contemplarla con aire de profundo desprecio desde el dorado dosel donde se veía pintada su imagen odiosa.

Andando con algún trabajo entre las apiñadas filas de espectadores y bailarines, tropezó Gamboa con la más joven de las señoritas Gámez, cuyo retrato hemos hecho arriba a vuela pluma, en lo más empeñado de la danza. Por todo saludo, sin dejar de girar, como una sílfide, en brazos de su pareja, le dijo ella antes con los ojos que con la lengua:--Ahí está Isabel.

--¿Bailando? preguntó el joven.

--¡Qué bailar! Esperando por Vd.

--¿Por mí? Qué descanso el suyo. Pues por un tris no vengo al baile esta noche.

En efecto, aquella señorita se hallaba a la sazón en toda apariencia comiendo pavo, según reza la frase vulgar en Cuba, es decir, sentada a la izquierda, cerca de la puerta del aposento entre una señora de mediana edad y el culto abogado Domingo André, con quien sostenía animada conversación. No obstante su natural despreocupación, sintió Gamboa un arranque de celos que le fue imposible reprimir, no ya porque estuviese de veras enamorado, sino porque el caballero en cuya compañía la encontraba, era asaz galán y sabía insinuarse en el ánimo de las mujeres discretas. De paso debemos decir, sin embargo, que el norte de las galanterías de André por aquella época, se dirigían a otra beldad muy distinta de Isabel Ilincheta, la misma que perdió por tímido y que ganó por osado el literato dominicano Domingo del Monte, si no estamos muy equivocados, en la noche de que estamos hablando. Por lo que hace a Isabel, recibió a Leonardo con una sonrisa adorable, lo cual, lejos de tranquilizarle, fue parte a causarle mayor desazón. Cambiados los saludos de costumbre, pues la compañera de Isabel, madre de las Gámez, era amiga del joven estudiante, lo mismo que André, en prueba de que no tenía nada de coqueta, tampoco de vengativa, dijo muy risueña:

--Decía a este caballero poco hace, que tenía comprometida esta danza, y no me quiere creer.

--Es que Vd. no ha bailado ninguna todavía, que yo sepa, repuso André.

--Cierto que dos se han bailado solamente, replicó Isabel sin cortarse, pero hasta ahora que se baila la tercera, no ha venido Vd. a invitarme.

--Lo que quiere decir en sustancia, continuó André, que he llegado en hora menguada. ¡Cómo ha de ser!

--Esta señorita tiene razón, interpuso Leonardo repuesto de su embarazo. Por compromiso anterior, en cualquier baile donde nos encontremos, me reserva ella la tercera danza. No he podido llegar, pues, a mejor hora según veo. Por eso se dice que más vale llegar a tiempo que rondar un año.

--Ya, exclamó el galante abogado, el caso es que con las buenas mozas pocos somos los que llegamos a tiempo.

André saludó y fue a formar coro a las dos hijas del potentado Aldama, de las cuales la menor, de nombre Lola, cedía a muy pocas aquella noche la palma codiciada de la belleza. Entretanto Leonardo e Isabel, cogidos por la mano, se metieron en las filas de la danza, no distante de la cabecera, mediante el favor de amigos mutuos, que, aunque llegaron tarde, no les dejaron incorporarse a la cola, como era de rigor. La cubana danza sin duda que se inventó para hacerse la corte los enamorados. En sí el baile es muy sencillo, los movimientos cómodos y fáciles, siendo su objeto primordial la aproximación de los sexos, en un país donde las costumbres moriscas tienden a su separación; en una palabra, la comunión de las almas. Porque el caballero lleva a la dama casi siempre como en vilo, pues que mientras con el brazo derecho la rodea el talle, con la mano izquierda la comprime la suya blandamente. No es aquello bailar, puesto que el cuerpo sigue meramente los compases; es mecerse como en sueños, al son de

una música gemidora y voluptuosa, es conversar íntimamente dos personas queridas, es acariciarse dos seres que se atraen mutuamente, y que el tiempo, el espacio, el estado, la costumbre ha mantenido alejados. El estilo es el hombre, ha dicho alguien oportunamente; el baile es un pueblo, decimos nosotros, y no hay ninguno como la danza que pinte más al vivo el carácter, los hábitos, el estado social y político de los cubanos, ni que esté en más armonía con el clima de la Isla.

La noche en cuestión lucía Isabel Ilincheta a maravilla las gracias naturales de que la había dotado el cielo. Era alta, bien formada, esbelta, y vestía elegantemente, conque siendo muy discreta y amable, está dicho que debía llamar la atención de la gente culta. Hasta la suave palidez de su rostro, la expresión lánguida de sus claros ojos y finos labios, contribuía a hacer atractiva a una joven que, por otra parte, no tenía nada de hermosa. Su encanto consistía en su palabra y en sus modos. Entraba en la pubertad cuando perdió a su madre, y para educarla, lo mismo que para libertarla de los peligros del mundo, su padre la puso al cuidado de las religiosas Ursulinas, venidas de Nueva Orleans y establecidas en su convento de puerta de Tierra desde principios de este siglo. Después de un pupilaje de más de cuatro años, en que recibió una educación antes religiosa que erudita y completa, se retiró al campo, en el cafetal de su padre, cerca de la población de Alquízar, junto con su hermana menor, Rosa y una tía, viuda de un cirujano de marina, de nombre Bohorques. Este individuo había hecho varios viajes a la costa de África en las expediciones despachadas por cuenta de la sociedad de Gamboa y Blanco. Contrajo de esas resultas una enfermedad terrible, murió en la travesía y le arrojaron al agua, cual otros muchos de los infelices salvajes a quienes había ayudado a plagiar de su nativo suelo. En más de una ocasión fue la viuda, con tal motivo, el objeto de la munificencia de don Cándido Gamboa. Leonardo la visitó en el cafetal de Alquízar, y no pudo menos de enamorarse de la sobrina, cuya modestia y gracias realzaban su clara inteligencia y fina discreción.

No había nada de redondez femenil, y, por supuesto, ni de voluptuosidad, ya lo hemos indicado, en las formas de Isabel. Y la razón era obvia: el ejercicio a caballo, su diversión favorita en el campo; el nadar frecuentemente en el río de San Andrés y en el de San Juan de Contreras, donde todos los años pasaba la temporada de baños; las caminatas casi diarias en el cafetal de su padre y en los de los vecinos, su exposición frecuente a las intemperies por gusto y por razón de su vida activa, habían robustecido y desarrollado su constitución física al punto de hacerle perder las formas suaves y redondas de las jóvenes de su edad y estado. Para que nada faltase al aire varonil y resuelto de su persona, debe añadirse que sombreaba su boca expresiva un bozo oscuro y sedoso, al cual sólo faltaba una tonsura frecuente para convertirse en bigote negro y poblado. Tras ese bozo asomaban a veces unos dientes blancos, chicos y parejos, y he aquí lo que constituía la magia de la sonrisa de Isabel.

No debe extrañarse que, siendo Leonardo un tanto descreído y despegado, sintiese pasión por una joven tal como la que acaba de describirse. Entraba él por las puertas doradas de la vida. A pesar de sus connotaciones y de su riqueza, no había tenido aún trato con las mujeres de su esfera y educación, ni había empezado a buscar en ellas tampoco la compañera futura de su vida. La aspereza suya no era sino externa, estaba en sus maneras bruscas, porque allá en el fondo de su pecho, como habrá ocasión de observarlo, había raudal inagotable de generosidad, ternura de sentimientos. Dios, por dicha, no le había negado la capacidad de amar, sólo que las mujeres con quienes hasta allí había tropezado, o habían cedido a la fogosidad de sus afectos, a la intrepidez de sus pocos años, o a la influencia de su _lluvia de oro_. Ninguno de estos móviles podía tener ascendiente en el ánimo de una joven rica, bien educada, modesta y virtuosa como Isabel Ilincheta. Atraído Leonardo primero por sus prendas físicas, seducido después por sus relevantes dotes morales, comprendió desde luego que para ganar su afecto fuerza era tocar su corazón, hablar a su entendimiento. Por otra parte, aquella mujer que se presentaba a los ojos de Leonardo bajo un nuevo aspecto, habitaba el trasunto del paraíso terrenal cuando la vio por la primera vez.

Si podemos prescindir del esclavo y de sus padecimientos, que son, sin embargo, más llevaderos en los cafetales, se convendrá en que Isabel, su hermana Rosa, su tía doña Juana, su padre y criados, llevaban una vida de paz y quietud, lejos del bullicio de la ciudad, rodeados de olorosas flores, de los cafetos y naranjos siempre verdes, de las airosas palmas, del clásico plátano, embebecidos con el canto perenne de las aves y el susurro melancólico de la brisa en los campos de Cuba. Hasta la estación de los aguinaldos y de los azahares, en que Leonardo conoció a Isabel, contribuyó a rodearla de encanto a sus ojos y a despertar en su pecho algo que no había sentido nunca a los 21 años de su vida: el amor.

CAPÍTULO IV

Princesa.--Su nombre al menos, _Rey.--Nunca, nunca, nunca._

Sueños de amor y ambición.

El callejón de la Bomba, como el de San Juan de Dios, que parece ser su continuación, se compone de dos cuadras. Es, si cabe, más estrecho, hondo y húmedo, aún cuando sus casas son en general más amplias. En una de éstas, inmediato a la calle del Aguacate, vivía Nemesia Pimienta con su hermano José Dolores, ocupando dos cuartos seguidos, cuyo mueblaje se reducía a un par de sillas, un columpio, una mesita de pino y un catre de viento, que se abría de noche y se cerraba de día, a fin de despejar el campo.

Anochecido ya, Nemesia salió de la sastrería de Uribe y se encaminó a paso menudo hacia el barrio del Ángel. Prefirió para ello la calle del Aguacate, que si bien más solitaria y oscura, por la ausencia de establecimientos públicos, conducía derecho a dos puntos en donde de paso quería detenerse. Cuando llegó a las cuatro esquinas formadas por la calle de O'Reilly y la traviesa que llevaba, se detuvo un breve rato, pensativa e indecisa. Miró primero atrás, luego a su derecha, después adelante, fijando la mirada en la ventanilla de la casucha inmediata a la taberna de la izquierda, aunque por estar en línea paralela a la observadora, sólo se distinguían las molduras de los balaustres que sobresalían un poco del plano de la pared. Difícil era, pues, saber si había o no persona asomada allí o a la puerta. En consecuencia, la mulata se trasladó a la esquina de abajo y dio un silbido peculiar muy agudo, haciendo pasar el viento con fuerza por entre los dientes del medio de la mandíbula superior.

Algunos segundos después vio asomar por los balaustres de la ventana un canto de la cortina blanca; pero al acudir al reclamo, notó que descendía del terraplén del convento un caballero a paso largo, que se dirigía derecho al punto objetivo de sus miradas. Estúvose a observar lo que pasaba. ¿Quién sería ese sujeto? ¿Quién le aguardaba en aquella casa? Vestía de frac oscuro, pantalón claro y sombrero de ala angosta y copa desproporcionadamente ancha, sobresaliéndole por detrás el cuello blanco y recto de la camisa. No era joven, ni anciano, sino de mediana edad. A pesar de la oscuridad, todo eso lo pudo notar Nemesia a la corta distancia a que se encontraba, que no excedía de treinta pasos. Su porte, sus movimientos acompasados y firmes, no podían confundirse con los de un mozalbete ni de un viejo.

Se dirigió, sin embargo, con aparente cautela al punto donde se veía el canto de la cortina blanca, sostuvo un breve diálogo con la persona que se hallaba oculta detrás de sus pliegues, y entonces, a paso largo siguió al abrigo de las altas paredes del convento, la vuelta de la Punta. Nemesia le perdió bien pronto de vista en la oscuridad; pero no le quedó duda de que le esperaba un carruaje a mediados de la cuadra, porque oyó distintamente el ruido de las ruedas en las piedras de la calle, corriendo en sentido opuesto a aquél en que ella estaba, y favorable al que seguía el desconocido.

Aguijada por la curiosidad, volvió la muchacha a silbar como lo había hecho antes; le contestaron desde la ventanilla moviendo la cortina blanca, y acudió al punto; pero en vez de su querida amiga Cecilia, sólo encontró a la abuela. ¿Cuál de las dos mujeres había recibido y hablado con el caballero del frac oscuro y el sombrero de copa abultada? Nuevo motivo de curiosidad y de mayor confusión.

--¡Ah! ¿Era Vd., Chepilla? exclamó Nemesia.

--Entra, le dijo ésta, pasando a la puerta y quitando con la punta del pie la media bala que la aseguraba.

No se hizo de rogar la muchacha. Parecía seria y desazonada la abuela; y la nieta, sentada en un rincón, con el traje flojo, el aspecto desaliñado, la cabeza doblada sobre el pecho, los brazos extendidos y los dedos cruzados en la falda, era viva imagen del abatimiento y de la desesperación.

--Entra, hija mía. Seas bienvenida, repitió Chepilla. Entra y siéntate; hazme el favor de sentarte, añadió notando que la moza se mantenía en pie, como azorada y confusa.

--Ya es tarde y estoy de prisa, repuso ésta dejándose caer maquinalmente en la butaca de cuero delante del nicho en que se veneraba la imagen de la Dolorosa.

Iba Chepilla a repetir la instancia, pero visto que la recién llegada se sentaba sin más demora, se quedó parada entre ella y su nieta.

--Decía, agregó Nemesia a poco rato, que es tarde y venía de prisa. Fui a llevar unas costuras al taller de _señó_ Uribe, y _me se_ ha hecho de noche. Porque resulta que Clarita su mujer es muy conservadora, y después quiso que la ayudara a cerrar la saya de un túnico que está haciendo para la Nochebuena chiquita.[32] José Dolores debe de estar esperándome. El salió del taller mucho antes que yo, pues tenía que tocar en la salve del Santo Ángel Custodio. Por cierto que ha habido mucha gente de fuste esta tarde en la sastrería, todos a buscar ropa para un baile en la Filarmónica, y para las Pascuas de Navidad. A _señó_ Uribe hay que

hacerle el encargo con tiempo. Bien que el trabajo le llueve. Todos dicen que está haciendo mucho dinero, pero es más gastador... Mas ahora que me acuerdo, ¿qué sucede por acá? Parecen Vds., muy atribuladas, dijo Nemesia notando que ninguna de las dos mujeres le prestaba atención.

Suspiró Cecilia únicamente y la abuela dijo:

--No es cosa lo que sucede; sólo que esta muchacha (señalando para la nieta con un movimiento de los labios) parece poseída... ¡Dios nos asista! (y se persignó). Iba a decir un disparate. Quiero que seas el juez y la consejera en este caso, aunque tú puedes ser dos veces mi hija. Por eso te he hecho entrar. Vamos, dime, hija mía, ¿qué harías tú si tu protector, tu amigo constante, tu único apoyo en el mundo, como si dijéramos, tu mismo padre, que es verdaderamente un padre para nosotras pobres, desvalidas mujeres, sin otro amparo bajo el cielo, ¿qué harías tú si te aconsejaba, vamos, si te prohibía el que hicieras una cosa? Di, ¿tú lo harías? ¿Tú le desobedecerías?

--Mamita, saltó y dijo Cecilia sin poder contenerse; su merced no ha pintado el caso como es.

--Cállate, replicó la abuela con imperio. Deja que Nemesia conteste.

--Pero su merced parte de un principio equivocado, y Nene no puede contestar derecho, aunque quiera. Su merced dice que nuestro amigo, nuestro protector, nuestro apoyo y qué sé yo qué más, ha rogado y ha prohibido que hagan y deshagan. Y en primer lugar, la persona a que su merced se refiere, no creo que es nada de lo que su merced dice para nosotras, al menos para mí. En segundo lugar, por más que me devano los sesos, no veo la razón ni el derecho que tenga para meterse en mis cosas y ver si salgo, o si entro, si me río o si lloro... Voy a acabar, agregó Cecilia de pronto, advirtiendo que la abuela iba a cortarle la palabra. Sobre todo, su merced no tenía para qué haberme _rompido_ el túnico de punto de ilusión y la peineta de teja, sólo por darle gusto a un viejo que me tiene ojeriza, y está celoso porque yo no lo quiero ni lo querré nunca, así...

--No creas nada de lo que dice esa chica, la interrumpió la anciana.

--¿Pues no me rompió su merced el túnico y la peineta? ¿Por culpa de quién fue? ¿No fue por culpa de ese viejo narizón que Dios...?

--Calla, calla, le atajó la abuela. No blasfemes después de haber rabiado, porque creeré que estás en pecado mortal. Si se rompió el vuelo del vestido ¿no fue porque te propusiste ponértelo contra mi expresa voluntad? ¿Quién tuvo la culpa de que se cayera y se quebrara la peineta? Tú, nadie más que tú, porque si no tuvieras esos actos de soberbia, nada de eso hubiera sucedido. Sí, sí, es preciso que te confieses, es preciso que hagas penitencia, que te arrepientas de tus pecados y que te enmiendes. Estás en pecado mortal, y si sigues así vas a parar en mal. Hay que poner remedio a esto en tiempo.

--¡Esa sí que está mejor! continuó Cecilia a pesar de los ojos que le echaba la abuela. Nunca había oído decir que era pecado no querer a quien no le gusta a uno.

--¿Y quién te dice que le quieras, espiritada? exclamó la Chepilla con vehemencia. ¿El te enamora acaso? El pecado consiste en no agradecer los favores que nos hacen y en morder la mano que nos acaricia.

--Vamos a ver, ¿cuáles son los favores de que habla su merced? ¿La mesada que nos pasa? ¿Los regalos que me hace de Corpus a San Juan? Dios y él sólo saben el motivo que le guía. ¿No es extraño, muy extraño, que sea tan generoso con nosotras, pobres mujeres de color, un hombre blanco y rico que no es nada de su merced, ni mío tampoco?

--¿Y vuelta, Cecilia? No prosigas ni ensartes más disparates. El enemigo malo únicamente pudiera inspirarte unas ideas tan contrarias a la humildad y a la caridad cristianas. ¿Cómo puede ser buena hija, buena esposa, buena madre, ni buena amiga, la mujer que no agradece favores ni paga beneficios? Por pequeños que sean (que no lo son) los favores que nos hace el caballero dicho, nuestro deber es agradecérselos, ya que no podemos otra cosa. Es grave pecado pagar bien con mal. Tus murmuraciones y tu ingratitud nos van a costar muy caro.

--No sé cómo su merced entiende mi conducta con él. Apenas le conozco. Ni le doy ni le quito; lo que no quiero es que me mande y se meta en mis cosas.

--Es que tú tampoco parece que lo entiendes a él. Si desea que no hagas esto o aquello, ¿es por su bien o por tu bien? Si aprueba o desaprueba algo de lo que tú dices o haces, ¿qué mejor prueba puede darse de su cariño para contigo, y de su buen corazón? Figúrate, Nemesia, que el individuo de que hablamos (bueno es que tú lo sepas) es una dama en su trato, y su generosidad para

nosotras tan grande como desinteresada, y debe dolerle muchísimo...

--¿Desinteresada? repitió Cecilia. He ahí lo que no puedo...

--No me interrumpas, niña; estoy hablando con Nemesia. Nos da cuanto necesitamos y muchas cosas que apetecemos. Apenas le indico un deseo de esta niña, cuando se apresura a complacerla. Di que no. Preciso es que no tengas conciencia si lo niegas.

--Y no lo niego. Todo eso es muy cierto, pero ¿por qué lo hace?

--Lo mejor de todo, prosiguió la Chepilla, es que de mí no exige nada, y de ti no espera otra cosa que cariño, gratitud, y... respeto.

--Hete aquí la que me mata, saltó otra vez Cecilia con vehemencia. ¿Sabes tú, Nene, de alguna persona que dé palos de balde? Yo no la conozco. Que no exija nada de mamita, se comprende; pero que espere de mí sólo cariño, gratitud y respeto, como dice ella, eso que lo crean los tontos. Tú sabes de quién hablamos. ¿No es así? Pues bien, el tal no se puede tener en rigor por viejo. Le sobra el dinero y ha sido toda su vida, según dice mamita, un correntón y enamorado como hay pocos. Hasta ayer, como quien dice, según me ha contado mamita, a pesar de ser casado y con hijos, mantenía mujeres, con preferencia las de color. Ha perdido más muchachas que pelos tiene en su cabeza; y mamita parece empeñada en hacerme creer que su generosidad conmigo es inocente y desinteresada. Quien no lo conozca que lo compre.

--Hablas por hablar, niña, dijo la abuela al cabo de un largo espacio de meditación y de silencio. Nada de lo que has dicho viene al caso, ni se trata de eso tampoco. Se trata de que tú no le complaces, ni le tienes voluntad a una persona que es tan buena contigo y sólo le lleva el bien que te puede resultar de que hagas o no hagas ciertas cosas. _Verbi gratia_: ¿por qué habías de salir esta noche si él no quería que salieras? Cuando él se oponía, algún motivo tenía. Ese motivo no puede ser otro que tu bien. Considera, Nene, agregó la anciana en tono más blando, que poco antes de llegar tú estuvo aquí el buen señor... No entró. ¡Qué! El nunca entra. Lo primero que hizo fue preguntar por Cecilia. Siempre pregunta y se ocupa mucho de ella, por supuesto desinteresadamente; quiero decir, sin otra mira que la de saber cómo va de salud. Tú lo sabes, Nemesia; al menos me lo has oído decir muchas veces... Estuvo por la ventana... Sólo un momento. Luego que preguntó por la salud de Cecilia, como te he dicho, con mucho interés, con el interés de un... Así que le dije que ella se preparaba para ir a la _cuna_ del Ángel, me dijo muy agitado, sí, muy agitado, se le conocía, porque hasta le temblaba la voz:--No la deje ir, _seña_ Chepa, no la deje ir, deténgala; esa chica busca su perdición... (Ese es su modo de hablar). No la deje ir, deténgala, en otra ocasión le explicaré lo que pasa. Luego se fue, arrimadito a la pared como si temiera de que lo viesen. Al irse me puso una onza de oro en la mano para zapatos para Cecilia. ¿Puede darse mayor generosidad ni nobleza de alma? ¿Estará enamorada una persona que siempre obra así? Vamos. Di. ¿Ves en esto interés malicioso, celos mundanos, amor? ¿De esa manera enamoran los hombres de su edad hoy en día? Bien, ¿qué te parece, Nemesia? ¿Qué opinas?

--Yo, en verdad, contestó Nemesia, consultando con la vista el semblante de su amiga, no sé qué decir, ni me atrevo a dar una opinión franca. Sin embargo, añadió luego más animada: yo que Cecilia me reía de todo eso, en vez de ponerme brava. Si el hombre estaba enamorado de veras, porque lo estaba, y si no para burlarse de él y que me pagase por todo lo malo que me hicieran los demás. A mí no me importaría un comino que uno como ése me hiciera la rueda y me celara a todas horas; mientras me daba dinero, le pagaba con sonrisas. Y no se diga que yo procedía mal, ni cometía un pecado, porque los hombres son todos falsos, fingen amor cuando no lo sienten, y tienen tantas tretas que es difícil conocer cuando quieren de verdad y cuando se proponen engañar a las pobres mujeres. Piensa mal y acertarás, dice el proverbio. ¿Qué daño te puede resultar tampoco, Celia, de no ir esta noche a la _cuna_?

--Daño ni bien no me podía resultar de ir o no ir esta noche, claro está, replicó Cecilia. El caso es que el hombre de que habla mamita se ha propuesto meterse en mis negocios y gobernarme, por puro capricho o por gana de moler la paciencia, y eso es lo que hallo intolerable.

--Está bien, mujer, observó Nemesia blandamente; mas no veo que te cause ninguna extorsión con meterse.

--¿Cómo que no? repuso Cecilia prontamente. Mamita toma su parte desde luego, y me regaña, y me pelea, y me rompe el túnico para que me quede en casa y le dé gusto al viejo majadero. ¿Te parece poco?

--Ya, a mí tampoco me gusta que se meta _naiden_ en mis negocios. Con todo, a veces tiene una que hacerse la boba, a fin de sacar mejor partido de ciertos hombres. A ése se le ha metido en la cabeza mandarte y celarte; déjale seguir su capricho, mujer; haz que le das gusto; no le deseches de una vez; sonríete con él, por lo menos mientras se muestra dadivoso, y gozarás y vivirás

hasta ponerte vieja.

Por entonces la conversación se concretaba a Nemesia y su amiga, porque la anciana había vuelto a su butaca y a sus cavilaciones.

--Mira, prosiguió aquélla, que el que se apura se muere. Por otra parte, ten por seguro que ningún viejo por marrullero que sea es peligroso para una muchacha como tú.

--No, yo no lo creo peligroso, no le temo ni un tantico, dijo Cecilia. Yo soy muy independiente y no consentiré jamás que nadie me gobierne, mucho menos un extraño.

--¡Extraño! repitió la abuela para sí, con voz ronca y profunda.

Las dos muchachas se miraron como azoradas, así por el tono como porque ambas la creyeron absorbida completamente en sus tristes pensamientos.

--Su hijo, prosiguió Nemesia en baja voz. Tú me entiendes... Ese sí que es de temer... Joven, bien plantado, rebosándole la gracia por todas partes, con mucha labia y dinero para derramarlo como quien derrama agua... No hay mujer de corazón que se resista. ¿Es verdad, china? No es posible verlo y oírlo sin quererlo. Yo me guardaría de un hombre como él como del diablo. Ya le ha dado quebraderos de cabeza a más de una muchacha. Tiene a quien salir.

Continuaba la Chepilla en su abstracción, sin oír ni entender, en la apariencia, las palabras de Nemesia. Cecilia al contrario, desde que su amiga mencionó a su amante, se volvió toda oídos, comprendiendo que ella se proponía comunicarle alguna noticia importante.

--Pues como te iba diciendo, añadió Nemesia, cuando salí de la sastrería de _señó_ Uribe, tomé por la calle del Aguacate, y al enfrentar con la casa de las Gámez, que sabes tú está detrás del convento de las monjas Teresas, oí música y voces de hombres y mujeres. Me arrimé a una de las ventanas que tiene el poyo alto. Estaban abiertas las hojas y las cortinas echadas. Había en la sala una gran reunión: tocaban, cantaban y bailaban. ¿Qué día es hoy? ¡Ah! El 27 de Octubre. ¡Toma! ¡Si es el santo de la más chica de las Gámez, Florencia! Por eso estaba vestida de blanco y tenía el cabello suelto, y muy crespo para ser de mujer blanca. Cuando menos... Eso sí hermosísimo, porque es largo y abundante, aunque me gustaría de color más oscuro.

Cecilia dio un suspiro y Nemesia continuó ya sin más rodeos:

--Decía que rodeaban a Florencia delante del piano varias señoritas y caballeros. ¿Sabes quién estaba allí también? Sí, no me cabe duda, era ella. ¿Te acuerdas de la muchacha alta, pálida, buena moza, que te dije pasó por la Loma del Ángel en el quitrín de las Gámez, la mañana de San Rafael? La misma. Conversaba con Meneses, el amigo de... tú sabes. Por allí estaba el otro también, que siempre anda junto con los dos individuos... ¿Cómo se llama? Sola, Sofa. ¡Ah! Ya, Solfa. Pero el individuo no estaba, mencionaron su nombre únicamente. Estoy cierta que lo mencionaron...

--¿Quién lo mencionó? preguntó Cecilia con ansiedad.

--No te pudiera decir lo cierto; mas si no me engaño, entre Meneses y la muchacha pálida. Ellos hablaban de él. Según entendí, todos iban al gran baile que se da esta noche en la Filarmónica.

--Lo temía, dijo Cecilia.

--¡Ay! exclamó Nemesia. Ahora caigo para quién era el chaleco de seda que tuve que hacer con tanta premura. ¡Oh! Si lo averiguo antes no me apuro para acabarlo en tiempo. Cosí hasta bien tarde de la noche, porque me lo dieron ayer tardecita y se quería para hoy a las tres. ¡Quién lo hubiera adivinado! Al menos no hubiera ido él al baile de la gente blanca con un chaleco hecho por mí. Para lucírselo a Dios sabe quién. Nadie sabe para quién trabaja. Digo esto por ti, chinita, porque a mí no me va ni me viene. El no me pertenece; sólo me intereso por ti, que has puesto tu cariño... ¡Cuidado que los hombres son ingratos! Pero más vale callar y no ponerle más leña al fuego.

Bastaba, en efecto, y sobraba lo dicho para poner en ascuas a una joven menos fogosa que Cecilia. A medida que la amiga fue desarrollando su pensamiento, pues lo había de seguro en las noticias que comunicó y aún en el modo de comunicarlas, fue creciendo su cólera y desazón. ¿Qué hacer en aquellas circunstancias a fin de impedir, si era tiempo, que el individuo, según Nemesia, se viese en la Filarmónica con la señorita desconocida? Eran celos, rabia, desesperación lo que sentía. No cabía en la

silla, cerca de la ventana. Se levantó varias veces en ademán de entrar en el aposento, sin duda para mudarse de traje y salir a la calle, y otras tantas volvió al asiento. La sangre estaba a punto de ahogarla.

La abuela entre tanto seguía como absorbida en devotas oraciones, sobando, al parecer, con el pulgar e índice de la mano derecha, una tras otra, las cuentas negras del rosario que tenía en el regazo, y con los ojos cerrados. Nemesia miraba de soslayo a su amiga, leía, como al través de un cristal purísimo, la fiera batalla que se libraba en su pecho, y de cuando en cuando se sonreía ligeramente, cual si hubiera previsto todo aquello, o no temiese que tuviera un resultado desagradable. Al cabo Cecilia se desplomó en la silla, exhaló un suspiro profundo y murmuró:

--Más vale que no; yo sé lo que he de hacer. De mí no se burla nadie... Casi me alegro... No salgo a ninguna parte.

Chepilla alzó entonces la vista y miró a la nieta con cierta alegría mezclada de compasión. Por su parte Nemesia, en toda apariencia satisfecha, más diremos, orgullosa de que su venida hubiese surtido todo el efecto deseado, se marchó, despidiéndose cariñosamente de sus amigas.

CAPÍTULO V

Aún pienso estaros mirando... _La faz terrible y airada,_ _La vista desencajada,_ _El látigo vil sonando._

J. PADRÍÑEZ

Llegaba Nemesia a la puerta de su casa, a tiempo que salía de ella su querido hermano José Dolores con el clarinete en la funda debajo del brazo y un rollo de papeles de música en la mano. Según costumbre, caminaba cabizbajo y meditabundo. Por esta razón y por estar muy oscura la calle, no habiendo tampoco luz en la casa, por poco se cruzan los hermanos sin reconocerse, a pesar de la proximidad. Así como así, ella le reconoció primero, se le atravesó en el camino y le preguntó repitiendo dos versos de una canción tan popular entonces como llena de malicia:

«--¿A dónde vas con ese gato y la noche tan oscura?»

--¡Qué! dijo José Dolores sorprendido. ¡Ah! ¿Eres tú? Me cansé de esperarte.

--¿Tan temprano para el baile?

--Pues, ¿qué hora es?

--Tocaban a vísperas ahorita mismo en Santa _Catarina_, cuando pasé por el costado del convento.

--Te equivocas; debe ser más tarde de lo que tú te figuras.

--Puede ser, porque traigo la cabeza como un güiro, y no sé lo que me pasa.

--¿Pues qué sucede, hermana? Despacha que estoy de prisa.

--Bien. No quiero detenerte mucho. Sin embargo, creo que tenías tiempo de tomar un bocado... Una taza de café.

--Ya anduve yo ese camino. Tomé café con leche, pan y queso, y esto me basta hasta media noche en que haré por tomar gigote o cosa así. Di.

--En la casita a la otra puerta de la taberna de la esquina de la calle de O'Reilly, tú me entiendes, ha habido una _San Francia_ esta noche.

--¿Cómo así? Y tú parece que te alegras.

--Hay de todo. Te diré. Pasaba yo por allá... _Seña_ Clara me detuvo más de lo regular en la sastrería. Pues pasaba por allá, aunque era bastante tarde, porque había quedado con Cecilia en que daríamos una vuelta por el Ángel después de la salve. Ella sospechaba que el individuo que estuvo esta tarde en la sastrería a buscar su ropa nueva iba al baile de Farruco para verse con la muchacha del campo del día de San Rafael, y se proponía pillarlo _en fragante_. Cálculos de mujer celosa. Apenas llegué a la esquina vi acercarse un hombre a la ventana de la casita y hablar con una persona que estaba detrás de la cortina. Aquello picó más mi curiosidad, y así que se separó el hombre me acerqué yo... Y ¿con quién te figuras tú que me topé? Con Chepilla. Me hizo entrar. Acababa de haber allí una de mar y morena. Parece que Cecilia se había vestido para salir conmigo; y la abuela, en la

brega de impedírselo, le rompió el túnico y la peineta de teja. Todo eso sucedió en un momento.

--¡Pobre muchacha! exclamó el músico compadecido.

--Cecilia es muy cabezadura. Cuando se le pone una cosa, eso ha de ser; de manera que la abuela vio los cielos abiertos luego que yo me aparecí. Ya ella no puede con la nieta. Pues bien, me hizo entrar para ver si entre las dos lográbamos que Cecilia no saliera.

--¿Lo lograron? preguntó José Dolores con muestras de interés.

--Por supuesto, dijo Nemesia con intención. Yo sabía por donde atacarla y no erre el golpe. La abuela no quería que la nieta saliera; yo tampoco quería, y sucedió que el hombre del barrio de San Francisco que las mantiene, lo había prohibido. Ese fue, como luego supe, el que estuvo por la ventana hablando con Chepilla antes que yo.

--¿Qué es _él_ de _ella_? Quisiera saberlo.

--Yo, verdaderamente, no lo sé. A veces _me se_ figura que es mucho cuidado el suyo para mero enamorado...

--¡Si será su padre! _Señó_ Uribe cree a puño cerrado que lo es y sostiene que la madre vive. ¿Pero dónde está la madre? ¿Quién la conoce? ¿Quién la ha visto?

--Eso es lo que yo digo.

--Ahí tienes. Yo me tengo tragado que el padre y el hijo están enamorados de Cecilia hasta la punta del pelo.

--Puede ser, hermana, porque se han visto muchos de esos casos en el mundo. Ella preferirá al hijo...

--Se entiende, y ¿quién no preferiría el joven al viejo?

--La hermosura de Cecilia será al fin la causa de su perdición. ¿Qué puede esperar ella de esos dos blancos? ¿El viejo quizás le dé dinero, lujo y cuidados, mas el joven...? Este no es posible que se case con ella; gracias si la toma de querida por algún tiempo, se fastidia y la deja con dos o tres hijos el día menos pensado. Yo no sé qué será de mí si tal cosa sucede. No quiero pensar en eso.

--Ella te tiene voluntad, pero no amor. Bien claro que lo veo. Sin embargo, si yo pudiera hacer que olvidara a Leonardo, estaba vencida la principal dificultad.

--La que bien quiere, tarde o nunca olvida.

--Hay sus excepciones, y Celia, que es muy soberbia, no es imposible que por lo mismo que quiere mucho olvide pronto. Del amor al odio no hay más que el salto de una pulga.

--Esa, al fin, es una esperanza.

--Te juro que le ha de costar mucho trabajo engañarla y engañarme a mí. Yo conozco mejor que él el flaco de Celia y tengo esta ventaja. Ahora poco le dije a ella una cosa que la puso como candela. Está que trina contra el individuo. Ya se le pasará la rabieta, pero volveré a la carga y estoy segura que la haré saltar las trancas... Todo lo que sea alejarla de él, es acercarla a...

No le dejó concluir la frase José Dolores. Se sonrió tristemente, y diciendo a su hermana que no le esperase, se marchó en dirección de la calle del Aguacate. Nemesia entró en su cuarto repitiendo cual si hablara con otro:

--¡Cómo que yo me mamo el dedo! No siempre había de trabajar para el inglés. Si no ha de ser para mí, que no sea para ella tampoco. El es muy enamorado y le gustan mucho las pardas. No es tan difícil la cosa como parece. Veamos si de una vía hago dos mandados. Ella para José Dolores y _él_ para mí. Se puede, se puede...

Ahora corresponde que volvamos al sarao en la Filarmónica donde hemos dejado a Leonardo Gamboa en las filas de la danza con Isabel Ilincheta. Comprendiendo bien ella el carácter de su pareja, no le dio queja ninguna sobre su falta de puntualidad en escribir, ni de su aparente desvío; le habló, al contrario, de asuntos indiferentes: de los amigos mutuos en el campo; de las ocurrencias en el partido de Alquízar; del rosal rojo que él había injertado en el rosal blanco del jardín fronterizo del cafetal; del naranjo a cuya sombra, las pascuas pasadas, habían comido tantas veces las naranjas más dulces que producía la finca; de la

hija mayor del mayoral de su padre, que, para casarse, como se casó, en la Ceiba del Agua, se había fugado con un joven guajiro del pueblo.

--Tía Juana, añadió Isabel, se empeñó con el padre y lo hizo reconciliarse con la hija. Así es que los novios hoy día están hechos cargo del sitio de papá, en que sabe Vd. se crían gallinas y se ceban algunos animales. La muchacha se quedó con su marido, y su padre, nuestro mayoral, tuvo que salir. Yo lo sentí por su esposa, porque era una buena mujer y nos acompañaba bastante; pero, desde que se casó la hija, se le puso el humor atroz: no dejaba resollar a los negros, los castigaba por cualquier falta, siempre con verdadera sevicia, hasta que papá le despidió. Al presente pasamos algunas soledades, y nuestras salidas en el cafetal se reducen a ir al sitio todas las tardes y volver a las puestas del sol. Cuando hace luna...

--Te acuerdas de mí, ¿no es eso? la interrumpió Leonardo, con indiscreto despecho, al ver su glacial indiferencia.

--Naturalmente, contestó ella, al parecer sin notar lo que pasaba por su compañero. No puedo olvidar que en tardes divinas, como son todas las de invierno en el campo, más de una vez hemos hecho juntos ese paseo en compañía de Rosa y de tía Juana.

--Te encuentro algo cambiada, observó el joven después de breve rato de silencio.

--¿Yo cambiada? Pues está buena. Vamos, Vd. se chancea.

--Hasta me tratas de Vd.

--Creo que siempre le he tratado del mismo modo.

--No al pie del naranjo dulce.

Isabel se puso colorada, y luego dijo:

--Es ya una costumbre en mí el tratar de Vd. a todo el mundo. Aún con mis propios esclavos, si son viejos sobre todo, se me escapa el decir Vd. A papá le sucede lo mismo frecuentemente.

--El _tú_ es más cariñoso.

--¿Lo cree Vd. así? El _Vd._ es más modesto.

Cortábase a cada paso este chispeante diálogo, es decir, tantas veces cuantas la pareja que bajaba hacía figura con la pareja que subía la danza. Al fin, hubo de cambiarse del todo el tema de la conversación cuando Meneses y Solfa, que habían venido saludando a las amigas, llegaron al puesto ocupado por Isabel y Leonardo. Ambos habían visto a la joven aquella misma tarde en casa de las Gámez. Poco tenían que decirse que de nuevo fuera; Isabel, sin embargo, distinguía a Meneses, y se alegró de volver a verle.

--¿Qué es eso? ¿No baila Vd? le preguntó con interés.

--Casi nunca bailo por mera cortesía.

--¡Ay! Si le oyese Florencia se ofendería.

--Me cae en gracia Florencia, me parece bonita, la quiero, pero si bailase con ella ahora sería por mera galantería. Mi amiga del alma está lejos de aquí, Vd. lo sabe, y es mucha crueldad en Vd. atribuirme intenciones de galantear a otra.

--Sobre que le voy cogiendo miedo al amigo Solfa, dijo ella volviéndose de repente para éste, con el doble objeto de atender a todos y de no seguir la broma con Meneses.

--¿Qué he hecho para inspirar temor a la impávida Isabelita?

--¿No ve Vd.? Esa es una sátira.

--Lo sería, señorita, repitió Solfa prontamente, si la mía fuese una opinión aislada, pero no lo es. De ella participan, estoy seguro, Leonardo y Diego, juntamente con cuantos conocen a Vd. ¿Cómo pues, puedo inspirarle temor?

--Porque voy viendo que es Vd. implacable, que no perdona enemigos ni amigos.

--¿Esa más? Me aturde Vd. señorita.

--Sí, hágase Vd. ahora el inocentico, el que no quiebra un plato. ¡Cómo que desde que asomó Vd. a la puerta del salón no noto que ha venido hasta mí cortando cada traje que es un primor! Apelo al amigo Meneses; él dirá si me he equivocado o no.

Solfa y Meneses cambiaron una mirada y una sonrisa, con que corroboraron implícitamente la observación aguda de Isabel, y el primero dijo:

--Ya eso es distinto, lo declaro, me gusta la tijera; mas se me ha hecho pedazos entre las manos al llegar a Vd.

En esto cesó la danza, y las diferentes parejas de bailarines, deshaciendo la formación, corrieron las unas a ocupar sus asientos en la sala y cuartos, las otras a respirar el aire libre de los corredores. Los hombres, por la mayor parte, se dividieron en grupos para hablar de las conquistas amorosas de la noche, y casi todos para fumar un cigarro puro o de papel. Leonardo dio un paseo por los corredores con su amable compañera de baile, la cual, si hemos de juzgar por la frecuencia de sus sonrisas, no tuvo a mal que se prolongara la entrevista, aunque había terminado el encanto de la música.

Continuando, entretanto, por su parte la revista de la fiesta que se habían propuesto pasar Meneses y Solfa, se detuvieron por breve rato ante la madre y hermanas de su amigo y condiscípulo Leonardo Gamboa. Hallábanse ellas sentadas en el lado norte del salón, debajo del dosel donde dijimos que se ostentaba el retrato colosal al óleo de Fernando VII de Borbón. Antonia, la mayor, tenía a su derecha a un capitán del ejército en completo uniforme, con quien cambiaba en tono bajo frases breves de inteligencia; después seguía su madre, y a la izquierda de ésta, las dos hermanas Carmen y Adela. Con la primera de estas tres hablaba el Mariscal de campo don José Cadaval; con las dos últimas los currutacos más célebres que conocía La Habana entonces: Juanito Junco y Pepe Montalvo, cadete del regimiento Fijo. Asomó a poco Leonardo Gamboa, y como por magia desapareció el capitán español del lado de Antonia, a una insinuación suya con el codo; Cadaval siguió adelante, y el lechuguino y el cadete hicieron lo mismo con un profundo saludo.

Al descubrir de lejos Leonardo al militar español mano a mano con su hermana, se renovó en su mente la memoria de las escenas de por la mañana, primero al postigo de la ventana y después en la mesa del almuerzo, sintiendo el mismo rapto de celos y de odio que ya había experimentado. Todo el deseo que tenía de ver y hablar un rato con su madre y hermanas en el baile, se enfrió y apagó en el instante, y sólo por respeto y cariño a aquélla no les volvió la espalda. A un gesto suyo, Antonia ocupó el asiento que dejó vacante el capitán, y así pudo sentarse Leonardo y decir al oído de doña Rosa:

--¿Es posible, mamá, que tú consientas que ese soldado pele la pava con Antonia en tu presencia?

--¡Cállate! replicó doña Rosa seria. Ese caballero ha venido a traernos un recado de tu padre, el cual no puede venir por nosotras hasta la una y creo que tú tendrás que acompañarnos. De la ocurrencia me alegro con doble motivo; lo uno porque ya podré irme cuando quiera o me dé sueño; lo otro porque no te quedarás tú por detrás, ni me harás pasar otra mala noche.

--Debo acompañar a Isabel Ilincheta y a las Gámez a su casa, pues su carruaje ha sufrido una avería y no pueden usarlo esta noche.

--¡Cómo! ¿Isabel está aquí y no ha venido a saludarnos?

--No lo extrañes, porque sin duda ella ignoraba que Vds. hubiesen venido al baile, y luego ha habido una concurrencia extraordinaria.

--Bien, manda en tu quitrín a tus amigas a su casa.

--Antes, sin embargo, es preciso que Vds. vean a Isabel, o que Isabel salude a Vds.

--¿Ya te has enamorado de ella? Eres un veleta. No pienses en burlarte de esa muchacha también. Tráela aquí y la veremos.

--No. He pensado que debemos tomar algo y en la mesa nos reuniremos todos. El ambigú dicen que no es menos abundante que exquisito. ¿Qué te parece, Adela?

--Aprobado, contestó ésta alegre.

--Pero es el caso, dijo Leonardo, que si alguna de Vds. no me saca de apuros, no tendré con qué cubrir el gasto.

--Pues, ¿y las dos onzas de oro que te puse en el chaleco por la tarde cuando dormías la siesta? preguntó doña Rosa con seriedad.

--No he visto semejante dinero, mamá. Bien que si lo pusiste en la faltriquera del chaleco de esta mañana, allá en mi cuarto se quedó. Apenas tengo tres o cuatro pesos en este chaleco que me puse a la vuelta del paseo para venir al baile.

No hizo Leonardo esta explicación con la franqueza que solía; se puso colorado y titubeó varias veces. Lo advirtió su madre y le preguntó:

--¿Por qué te has aparecido en el baile tan tarde? Creí que ya no venías, y eso que tú saliste de casa antes que nosotras. Quién sabe por donde has andado.

--Había reunión y piano en casa de las Gámez con motivo de ser el santo de Florencia...

--Ellas no vinieron contigo, que yo sepa. Tú no dices la verdad, Leonardo, lo conozco y de veras te digo que haces mal, muy mal. Yo soy tu mejor amiga, hijo, y tengo el desconsuelo de ver que cada día eres menos franco conmigo. Vamos al ambigú, añadió no poco desazonada; yo pago los costos y aquí tienes mi bolsa, que contiene unas seis onzas de oro.

Era de punto de seda roja, formando dos senos separados por un nudo o lazada en el medio, para dividir el oro entero del menudo y la plata. Se la sacó del seno, porque las señoras en esa época no usaban bolsillos en las faldas como al presente, sino que se colgaban la bolsa del cinto o cordón del traje casero. Leonardo recibió el dinero con las mejillas encendidas de la vergüenza, porque a la humillación de recibir dos veces la suma que había perdido al juego, se agregaban las mentiras conque había pretendido encubrir su falta. La madre, tal vez sin quererlo ni saberlo tampoco, había leído en el fondo de su alma como a través de un cristal. ¿Le servió eso de correctivo? No es tiempo todavía de examinarlo. Pero aquel incidente había pasado para el hijo y la madre no más, para la última ciertamente no en toda su genuina deformidad, pues puede decirse que sin conciencia de ello había puesto el dedo en la llaga. Del choque recibido trabajo le costó reponerse a Leonardo, quien dijo a su madre luego que se puso en pie y le tomó el brazo para conducirla a la sala del ambigú:

--¿Y dónde quedaba papá?

--Quedaba en casa de don Joaquín Gómez, a donde han concurrido varios otros hacendados; entre ellos Samá, Martiartu, Mañero, Suárez Argudín, Lombillo, Laza...

--¿No se sabe cuál es el objeto de semejante junta?

--El capitán Miranda no ha podido explicarlo, sin duda porque él mismo lo ignora; pero por lo poco que me dijo tu padre cuando salió de casa, saco en consecuencia que va a tratarse de las expediciones a la costa de África. Vives está ya cansado de las quejas de Tolmé y de las impertinencias de los jueces de la maldita comisión mixta, y ha hecho decir a Gómez por trasmano que procuren que las expediciones de bozales no desembarquen por los alrededores de La Habana. También llegó un expreso del Mariel, participando que se ha presentado un bergantín parecido al _Veloz_, que se esperaba con un buen cargamento, perseguido por un buque inglés.

--Tal vez lo ha apresado.

--¿A la vista del torreón del Mariel? Sería demasiado atrevimiento. Con todo, esos ingleses protestantes se figuran que el mundo entero les pertenece, y no lo extrañaría. Si la expedición se pierde, tu padre pierde un pico regular. Es la primera que él emprende en sociedad con sus amigos de aquí por ser muy costosa. Cuando menos trae quinientos negros.

--¿Quién mete a papá en tales trotes, al cabo de sus años?

--¡Ay, hijo! ¿Echarías tú tanto lujo, ni gozarías de tantas comodidades, si tu padre dejase de trabajar? Las tablas y las tejas no hacían rico a nadie. ¿Qué negocio deja más ganancias que el de la trata? Di tú que si los egoístas ingleses no dieran en perseguirla como la persiguen en el día, por pura maldad, se entiende, pues ellos tienen muy pocos esclavos y cada vez tendrán menos, no había negocio mejor ni más bonito en qué emprender.

--Convenido, mas son tantos los riesgos, que quitan las ganas de emprender.

--¿Los riesgos? No son muchos comparados con las ganancias que se obtienen. El costo total de la expedición del bergantín _Veloz_, por ejemplo, según me dijo tu padre, no ha pasado de 30,000 pesos, y como la empresa es de varios, su cuota fue de algunos miles de pesos solamente. Ahora bien, si se salva la expedición, ¿cuánto no le tocará?... Saca la cuenta. Pero aquí está Isabel.

Doña Rosa la recibió con los brazos abiertos; excepto Antonia, las hermanas de Leonardo con sinceras demostraciones de cariño; sobre todas. Adela la abrazó y besó repetidas veces. Era ésta la más joven, entusiasta y franca e Isabel la preferida de su hermano querido. Después de los saludos de costumbre y las quejas mutuas, juntas todas con las Gámez, llevando Leonardo, Meneses y Solfa cada uno dos mujeres del brazo, pasaron a la sala del ambigú, espléndidamente iluminada, al fondo del palacio. Eran muchos y no cabían en una sola mesa, por cuya razón ocuparon dos, aunque inmediata una de otra.

Señoras y caballeros tomaron gigote de pechuga de pavo, fiambre de esta ave, con rico jamón de Westfalia, algunos arroz y frijoles negros, ninguno vinos ni espíritus, todos café con leche para terminación de cena. Esta, conforme al precio usual de los platos pedidos en funciones semejantes, calculó Leonardo que no bajaría el costo de onza y media de oro, o veinticinco y medio duros, cuando menos. Deseoso de hacer alarde del dinero, sacando la bolsa de seda roja, preguntó al mozo blanco, que servía ambas mesas con destreza imponderable:

--¿Cuánto es?

--Nada, contestó el hombre con la misma brevedad, a tiempo que formaba en el brazo izquierdo una _torre de porcelana_ con los platos y tazas.

--¿Cómo se entiende? repuso el joven asombrado. Pues ¿quién ha pagado por mí?

--Se conoce que Vd. no pertenece a la junta directiva, dijo el mozo con cierta impertinencia. La sociedad costea el ambigú de esta noche, y si yo fuese uno como hay muchos le hacía pasar a Vd. plaza de primo.

--¡Ah! exclamó Leonardo, corrido como una mona y no poco mortificado.

Se puso en pie murmurando:

--Estos mozos españoles son a veces demasiado impertinentes.

Si él oyó o no, es cosa que no se sabe, aunque por la mirada de través que le echó al joven, parece que resonó en sus oídos lo de español e impertinente. Bien quisieran Adela y Florencia Gámez tomar parte en la siguiente danza, la primera hasta se lo indicó a su hermano; mas él se sonrió distraídamente y no contestó palabra.

Entre tanto doña Rosa dispuso que las _niñas_, según se expresó, pasaran al camarín a recoger sus _mantas_ de seda. Al mismo tiempo los tres jóvenes bajaron al entresuelo a reclamar sus sombreros y bastones respectivos; pero tanto aquí como en el camarín, ya se habían adelantado otras muchas personas en demanda de sus prendas; de suerte que antes que obtuvieran las suyas nuestros conocidos, se pasó algún tiempo. Después bajó Leonardo al portal para prevenir a su calesero que estuviese listo.

De este intervalo se aprovecharon las más jóvenes de las señoritas para acercarse a los sitios en que se había armado la danza última, que dicen es la que mejor acompañan los músicos. No faltó quien las invitara, y ellas, en son de marcha, se pusieron a bailar con más gusto que nunca. Doña Rosa, Isabel, Antonia, la señora de Gámez y la mayor de sus hijas se sentaron en grupo a esperar la hora de la partida.

Pasada era la una de la madrugada. Cuando Leonardo descendía las escaleras de piedra del palacio de la Filarmónica, lo primero que hirió sus oídos fue el repiqueteo de las espuelas de plata de los caleseros en las sonoras piedras del portal, bailando el zapateo al son del tiple cubano. Tocaba uno, bailaban dos, haciendo uno de ellos de mujer; y de los demás, quiénes batían las palmas de las manos, quiénes golpeaban la dura losa con los puños de plata de los látigos, sin perder el compás ni cometer la más mínima disonancia. Algunos de ellos cantaban las décimas de los campesinos, anunciando por esto, por el baile y por el tiple que todos ellos eran criollos.

Aún aquí se habían adelantado muchas familias que se retiraban del baile lo más temprano posible; y eran de oírse los apellidos de las más distinguidas de La Habana repetidos de boca en boca, como ecos en escala, por todos los caleseros:--¡Montalvo! gritaba una voz y Montalvo repetían veinte sucesivamente, hasta que se perdía a lo lejos o contestaba el llamado acercando el carruaje; en cuyo acto ocurrían algunos choques, no pocas peloteras entre los esclavos, más de un varapalo asestado por el dragón que mantenía el orden en la calle, todo esto acompañado del estallido de los látigos, del ruido de las ruedas, cual truenos lejanos, y de las patadas de los caballos en las chinas pelonas del pavimento. En medio de toda aquella batahola, no cesaba el clamor de los caleseros por el nombre de las familias a que pertenecían. A saber: ¡Peñalver! ¡Cárdenas! ¡O'Farril! ¡Fernandina! ¡Arcos! ¡Chacón! ¡Calvo! ¡Herrera! ¡Cadaval! repetido tantas veces cuantas era necesario para que llegara la palabra al calesero

que se quería; el cual, después de todo, si no estaba a la cabeza de la fila que rodeaba la manzana, tenía que esperar a que le tocara su turno para mover el carruaje si no quería que el dragón de guardia le midiera las costillas con la vara de su lanza.

Apenas se pronunció el apellido de Gamboa, cesó el baile del zapateo, porque el tocador del agudo tiple no era otro que nuestro antiguo conocido Aponte. El triste esclavo se divertía al parecer con todas veras, o punteaba el instrumento primorosamente para distracción suya y de sus compañeros, porque pesaban sobre su espíritu, nada obtuso por cierto, dos amenazas terribles, la de su señorita por la tarde y la de su joven amo a las diez y media de la noche; y sabía, bien a su pesar, que ellos no olvidaban ni perdonaban faltas de sus esclavos. Pero si aquella era su suerte y no había remedio, ¿a qué apurarse ni afligirse anticipadamente? Así reflexionaba él, y así poco más o menos reflexionanban todos sus compañeros, a quienes Dios, en su santa merced, no había negado un alma pensante.

Acabada la junta de hacendados, don Joaquín Gómez puso su carruaje a la disposición de don Cándido Gamboa, para retirarse a su casa, como lo hizo, poco después de la media noche; con lo que éste pudo despachar el suyo a la familia en la Filarmónica, para que hiciera lo mismo cuando lo tuviera por conveniente. Mediante aquel refuerzo inesperado, las Gámez y su amiga Isabel pudieron trasladarse de una sola vez desde el baile a su morada a espaldas del convento de Santa Teresa, y enseguida la familia de Gamboa.

Metieron los caleseros sus respectivos quitrines en el zaguán, llevaron los caballos a la caballeriza en el traspatio, pusieron las monturas en sus burros, colgaron los arreos, libreas y sombreros en clavos fijos en la pared de un cuartucho; y por lo que hace a Aponte, acabado el trabajo, con la tarima a la espalda, cual Cristo con la cruz, volvía al zaguán para ver de descansar de las fatigas del día, durmiendo las pocas horas de la madrugada. Por entonces habían sonado las dos hacía rato en el reloj de la parroquia del Espíritu Santo. La luna menguante trasponía el tejado de la casa por el lado de la calle, cuya sombra ganaba la altura de la tapia divisoria entre ambos patios, de modo que reinaba oscuridad en el primero, aunque no tanta que no se viesen los bultos ni se reconociesen los rostros. De repente un hombre interceptó el paso de Aponte, quien levantó los ojos y vio que agitaba el látigo en la mano derecha. Se paró al instante, porque reconoció a su amo, el joven Gamboa.

--Suelta la tarima, le ordenó éste con voz bronca por la cólera; arrodíllate y quítate la camisa.

--Niño, ¿su merced me va a castigar? dijo el atribulado esclavo, ejecutando por parte lo que se le había ordenado.

--Vamos, despacha, agregó el amo acompañando a la vez el golpe, por la vía de apremio.

--Espere su merced, niño. ¿En qué le he faltado yo?

--¡Ah! ¡Perro! ¿Y me lo preguntas? ¿No te dije que te iba a castigar porque no me esperaste como te mandé, en la esquina del convento?

--Sí, señor, niño; pero yo no tuve la culpa.

--¿Pues quién la tuvo? Yo le probaré que cuando te mando una cosa la has de hacer o reventar.

Y sin más ni más empezaron a llover zurriagazos en las espaldas desnudas del infeliz esclavo. Se retorcía, porque los golpes los descargaba un brazo vigoroso, y decía:--Bueno está, mi amo (por basta). Por la niña Adela, mi amo. Por Señorita (como llamaban los criados a doña Rosa Sandoval de Gamboa), mi amito. Si yo pudiera decir la verdad, niño, su merced vería que no tuve yo la culpa. ¡Bueno está ya, niño Leonardito!

Pero aquella boca había callado, embargada por la cólera; aquel corazón se había vuelto de piedra; aquella alma había perdido el sentimiento; aquel brazo sólo parecía animado, de hierro, no se cansaba de descargar golpes. ¡Qué cansarse! los menudeaba cada vez con más furor, si no con más fuerza. Dormía ya don Cándido, cuando le despertaron asustados los estallidos del látigo y los lamentos del calesero.

--¿Qué es eso? preguntó a su esposa.

--Nada, Leonardo que castiga a Aponte.

--Pero ¡qué escándalo! ¿Qué horas son éstas de castigar a los criados? Di a ese muchacho de Barrabás que pare la mano, o por Dios bendito...

--Acuéstate y duerme, repitió la mujer. Aponte está muy perro y necesita un buen castigo.

--Sí, mas estoy seguro que esta vez no ha cometido falta. Véase qué pasada le han jugado a tu hijo y ahora se la paga el pobre mulato.

--Tú no sabes lo que hizo por la tarde a las muchachas en la calle de la Muralla.

--Será así, pero que pare el muchacho la mano o me levanto y le rompo una costilla como me llamo Cándido. ¿Hase visto mayor desvergüenza?

Claro vio doña Rosa que por poco que continuasen el vapuleo, los clamores y las protestas de inocencia del calesero, se levantaba don Cándido y hacía una de las suyas, pues a la natural rudeza de quien no había recibido educación, agregaba un carácter violento, se asomó al postigo de la ventana de su alcoba y dijo:--Leonardo, basta.

Esto fue lo suficiente. Bien que ya era tiempo de que el joven hubiese desfogado la cólera que le dominaba, o de que se le desmayase el vigor.

Después de eso, ¿cuál de los dos, la víctima o el verdugo, encontró primero reposo en la cama? Mejor dicho ¿qué pasaba por el alma del amo cuando se echó en la suya? ¿Qué por el alma del esclavo cuando se desplomó en la rígida tarima? Difícil es que lo expliquen los que no han sido una ni otra cosa, e imposible que lo entiendan en toda su fuerza, aquéllos que no han vivido jamás en un país de esclavos.

CAPÍTULO VI

¡Hola! del bergantín. _--¿Qué dirá?--¿Cómo se llama?_ _--El Condenado.--¿De dónde procede?_ _--De Sarrapatán.--¿Qué carga trae?_ _--Sacos vacíos.--¿Cómo se llama el capitán?_ _--Don Guindo Cerezo._

Escenas a la vista del Morro de la Habana.

Como es de suponer, a las nueve de la mañana del día después del baile en la Filarmónica, con dos excepciones, todo el mundo dormía en casa de Gamboa. Hablamos aquí del mundo de los amos, en cuyo número no entraban los ocho o nueve criados de la familia, porque éstos desde el amanecer debían estar en pie, desempeñando las obligaciones cotidianas, no embargante el cómo habían pasado la noche.

Don Cándido, a pesar del poco dormir y de los graves pensamientos que le ocupaban a consecuencia de lo ocurrido en la junta en casa de don Joaquín Gómez, se levantó temprano y salió a la calle a pie, por pura impaciencia de carácter.

Su esposa, algo más tarde, tomaba café con leche muellemente arrellanada en uno de los sillones del comedor.

No carecía de objeto el sentarse doña Rosa todas las mañanas en ese sitio. Registrábase desde allí el interior de la casa, y se veía si las lavanderas preparaban la lejía para el lavado de la ropa, o el brasero con carbón vegetal para el aplanchado desde temprano; si las costureras, en vez de ponerse a coser las _esquifaciones_, perdían el tiempo en conversaciones con los otros siervos; si los caleseros lavaban los carruajes, daban sebo y limpiaban las correas de las monturas; si Aponte volvía temprano o tarde de bañar los caballos, lo que probaba que había ido al muelle de Luz o a la Punta, más distante; si Pío, el anciano calesero de Gamboa, hacía zapatos de mujer en el zaguán para uso de las criadas de la casa y a veces hasta para las amas, al mismo tiempo que desempeñaba el oficio de portero, cuando no tenía que ponerle el carruaje a su amo; por último, si el cocinero, negro de aire aristocrático, bien hablado y racional, según dicen los esclavistas, había ido o no de madrugada al mercado inmediato de la Plaza Vieja, en busca de las vituallas y hortalizas que se le habían encargado la noche anterior.

Era éste el que más madrugaba en la casa. Debía hacer el fuego y preparar el café con leche, a fin de que Tirso y Dolores pudieran servirlo tan luego como despertaran los amos. No siempre despachaba el cocinero el mercado a la misma hora, ni en breve tiempo, aun cuando la Plaza Vieja distaba poco de la casa de Gamboa. En la madrugada de que hablamos ahora, por ejemplo, salió para allá demasiado temprano. Pero andando en esa dirección con el farolito en una mano, según estaba mandado por las Ordenanzas municipales desde los tiempos de Someruelos, y un canasto en la otra, sonó el cañonazo de las cuatro, el capitán de llaves abrió las puertas de la muralla y al silencio mortal de la ciudad se sucedieron el tumulto y toda clase de ruidos tan disonantes como desapacibles.

A la vuelta del mercado había siempre ajuste de cuentas del cocinero con su ama, regaños y amenazas de castigo por el precio de las carnes, por su calidad y aun peso; porque en vez de pollos trajo gallinas, por la hortaliza, pues en vez de habichuelas trajo

guisantes, y berros por lechuga, o viceversa. Porque es condición del esclavo no acertar nunca a complacer a sus amos. Para doña Rosa, en suma, siempre había motivo de queja; su cocinero pecaba a menudo por torpe, por malicia o por descuido.

--Dionisio, ¿no te encargué pollos tiernos? decía ella levantando del canasto el par de aves atadas fuertemente por los pies, ¿por qué me has traído gallinas? Tu amo no come sino pollos.

--Son pollonas, señorita, contestaba el cocinero; lo que tiene es que están gordas y parecen gallinas hechas. También no se encuentran pollos en la plaza.

--No me vengas con esas, Dionisio, que no soy boba ni nací ayer. Si tú sabes mucho, yo sé más. Vamos, ¿cuánto te costaron?

--Dos pesos, señorita. Las aves están caras ahora.

--¡Ave María Purísima! ¿A que se las compraste a tu _carabela_, la negra lucumí más carera de la plaza?

--No, señorita, se las compré a un placero del campo. Mírelas su merced bien, todavía tienen las plumas sucias de tierra colorada.

--Esa no es prueba, Dionisio, porque bien pudo tu comadre dejarles la tierra para hacer creer que eran frescas del campo, y no de segunda mano.

--Señorita, la morena de los pollos no es mi comadre ni mi _carabela_ tampoco. Ella es de nación.

--Yo sé lo que me digo, Dionisio, y no vengas tú a corregirme la plana. Si tú tienes leyes, yo sé a dónde se enderezan a los doctores como tú. Ahí está la maestranza de artillería[33] ahí está el Vedado.[34] No cuesta nada un curso de derecho en esos lugares. ¡Eh! Conque ande Vd. listo, taita Dionisio. Lo que no quiero es que Vd. se festeje ni festeje a sus comadres con mi dinero.

Al buen callar llaman Sancho, y por dolorosa experiencia de largos treinta años de esclavitud, sabía bien Dionisio que debía guardar silencio desde el punto en que sus amos empezaban a tratarle de Vd. Aquella era señal segura de que subía la marea de la cólera. Se aproximaba la tempestad y en breve estallaría el rayo. En tal virtud, el cocinero recogió a toda prisa los avíos de la comida y se refugió en su cocina, como buen piloto que busca abrigo temporal en el primer puerto que le depara el cielo.

Este esclavo había nacido y se había criado en Jaruco, en el palacio de los condes de ese título. Sabía leer y escribir casi por intuición, dones adquiridos que le revestían de mérito extraordinario a los ojos de sus compañeros de esclavitud, mucho más ignorantes que él, en general, bajo esos respectos. Era aficionadísimo al baile, gran bailador de minué, que aprendió en las suntuosas fiestas de sus amos, pues en su calidad de paje, que fue su empleo primitivo, siempre estaba en contacto con ellos; y allí conoció a la después Condesa de Merlín, a varios Capitanes Generales, al primer conde de Barreto y a otras notabilidades de Cuba, de España y del extranjero, por ejemplo, a Luis Felipe de Orleans, después rey de los franceses.

A poder de tiempo, de industria y de economía, viviendo entre gente rica y rumbosa, que visitaban personajes notables, logró Dionisio reunir dinero suficiente para _coartarse_, quiere decir, para fijar el precio en que se le vendería, si lo vendían, dando a su amo diez y ocho onzas de oro, o 306 duros. Sacáronle, sin embargo, a remate junto con otros varios esclavos, por ante el Escribano público don José Salinas, a la muerte del Conde, para cubrir las grandes costas que ocasionaron su testamentaría y división de bienes. La habilidad de Dionisio en la cocina y la repostería, a que le aplicaron apenas llegó a la virilidad, le daba más valor en el mercado que a los otros esclavos sin oficio; de consiguiente, la _coartación_ sólo le sirvió para que le vendieran en 500 pesos, en vez de los 800 en que le estimó el amo cuando le aceptó la suma arriba mencionada. En el _lote_, don Cándido le obtuvo por menos de los 500 pesos en que quedó coartado, aunque él no fue el mejor postor; pero supo untarle en tiempo la mano al oficial de causas, y no aparecieron las otras pujas. De dos graves faltas adolecía Dionisio, graves por su triste condición: era la una su afición a las mujeres; la otra ya se ha dicho, su afición al baile propio de los blancos.

Dadas las 9 de la mañana, entró don Cándido Gamboa por el zaguán de su casa. Parecía cariacontecido, cansado y sudoso, no ya por el calor, que no dejaba de sentirse, aunque estábamos a fines de octubre, sino por la agitación de las primeras horas del día y los pensamientos que ocupaban su espíritu. Sin reparar en su esposa, que inquieta le aguardaba junto a la mesa del comedor, puesta ya para el almuerzo por el ágil Tirso, de la calle pasó derecho al escritorio, donde estaba el Mayordomo don Melitón Reventos encaramado en el banquillo, con la pluma detrás de la oreja y de codos en la carpeta, meditando sobre un pliego de papel español, escrito en renglones desiguales, a manera de versos de arte mayor, que tenía delante.

--¿Qué hace? le preguntó entrando don Cándido, sin darle los buenos días, acaso porque aquél era uno de los peores de su vida.

--Hacía el apunte de los efectos que ordena el Mayordomo de _La Tinaja_ para la próxima molienda, y miraba si se me había escapado algo. El patrón Sierra estuvo aquí y dijo que salía...

--Deje Vd. eso de la mano, que no precisa, y vamos a lo que importa. Reventos, ahora mismo se pone Vd. la chaqueta y se va corriendito al baratillo de Suárez Argudín en el portal del Rosario, y recoge Vd. cuantas camisas de listado y pantalones de rusia tenga hechos, y le dice Vd. que los cargue en cuenta. Probable es que no tenga cuanto se necesita, 400 mudas; pero él puede completar el número en los otros baratillos de los paisanos. Mas en caso que ni así se consigan todas, 300, 250, 200, las que se puedan... ¿Qué remedio? Si no salvamos tantos, salvamos cuantos.

--¿Cuántos qué? preguntó Reventos, demasiado curioso para dejarlo para luego.

--Bultos, hombre, bultos, repuso brevente don Cándido. ¿No sabe Vd. que ha llegado el _Veloz_?

--¿Sí? A fe que no lo sabía.

--Pues ha llegado, mejor dicho, lo han traído al puerto. El número fijo a bordo no se sabe todavía. Las escotillas están clavadas, y dice el Capitán Carricarte que, aunque embarcó sobre 500, con el largo viaje y la atroz caza que le han dado los ingleses, se le han muerto algunos y tenido que echar al agua... muchos, vamos, la broza por fortuna. ¿Está Vd.? Ahora bien, tome las mudas de ropa, forme tres o cuatro líos, según; los conduce Vd. en un carretón al muelle de Caballería, frente a Casa Blanca, y se los entrega al patrón del guadaño _Flor de Regla_. Vd. le conoce. Bien, le entrega Vd. todo, que él está ya avisado y sabe a dónde ha de llevarse eso. Vd. le acompaña, pues que conoce al contador. ¡Eh! conque al avío. Se le guardará a Vd. el almuerzo si no da la vuelta en tiempo. De cualquier modo, la ropa debe estar a bordo antes de las once. ¿Lo oye Vd.?

El Mayodomo ido, de seguidas entró doña Rosa en el escritorio. Se paseaba su marido arriba y abajo agitado; mas al verla se detuvo por un instante esperando la pregunta, que, en efecto, no tardó ella en dirigirle:--¿Qué ocurre, Gamboa? Ahí va Reventos que se desnuca y tú aquí inquieto. Di, por caridad, ¿qué pasa?

--Lo de siempre, hija; que si seguimos como vamos, todavía los pícaros de los ingleses han de causar la ruina de este hermoso florón de S. M. C. el rey, que Dios guarde.

--No me digas.

--Como lo oyes, porque si los ingleses no nos dejan importar los brazos que nos hacen tan suma falta, no sé con qué ni cómo vamos a elaborar el azúcar. Sí, esto se lo lleva Barrabás, no me canso de decirlo.

--Tal es mi tema, Cándido; pero al grano.

--Al grano. Esta mañana a las siete señaló el Morro buque inglés de guerra a sotavento. Nos hallábamos en el muelle varios: Gómez, Azopardo, Samá, en fin, casi todos los de la junta de anoche. A poco el Morro señaló presa y media hora después se presentó en la boca del puerto la corbeta inglesa _Perla_, su comandante el Lord Pege o Pegete, según nos dijeron después los que desde la Punta oyeron la contestación que dio el práctico al vigía de señales.[35] ¿Cuál te figuras que era la presa?

--¿El bergantín _Veloz_?

--El mismo, Rosa; con casi todo el cargamento a bordo.

--Luego se ha salvado el cargamento. ¡Qué bueno!

--¿Salvado? repitió don Cándido con amargo acento. Pluguiera a Dios. Desde el punto que nuestro bello bergantín entra aquí como presa...

--Están perdido barco y cargamento, ¿no? ¡Sería una gran desgracia!

--Lo que es perderse todo no será si los que estamos interesados en la salvación de una cosa y otra no nos dormimos en las pajas. Por lo pronto, los pasos que se han dado y que se darán más adelante nos hacen abrigar la esperanza de que cuando no todos los bultos, al menos las dos terceras partes lograremos arrancarlos de las garras de los ingleses. ¿Has de creer, Rosa, que a veces se me figura que más dolor me causaría la pérdida del bergantín que la del cargamento, aunque es el más valioso de cuantos ha traído del África, según la factura del Capitán Carricarte? Pues no te quepa duda ninguna. Con mi bergantín se pueden traer con seguridad y en corto tiempo no uno, sino varios cargamentos, y no hay muchos como él. Habrá tres años que se lo

compré a Didier, de Baltimore, y ya ha dado cuatro viajes felices al África. Este era el quinto viaje y ya me he reembolsado tres veces de su costo. Admírate, Rosa, salió de Casa Blanca... ¿te acuerdas? a mediados de julio y a los cuatro meses no cabales ha dado la vuelta. Eso se llama andar. ¿Quién negará ahora que es el más velero de cuantos se emplean en la carrera al presente? Ahí están el _Feliz_, de Zuaznávar; la _Vencedora_, de Abarzusa; la _Venus_, de Martínez; la _Nueva Amable Salomé_ de Carballo; el _Veterano_ de Gómez, y muchos otros de fama. ¿Qué son en comparación de mi _Veloz_? Potalas, urcas. Sí, sentiría mucho perderlo; no por el dinero, aunque no son un grano de anís los diez mil pesos que di por él, sino porque difícilmente se construye buque de más pies.

--¡Ah! Cándido, no te hagas ilusiones. Tú y tus amigos abrigan esperanzas, yo no. Cuando los ingleses agarran, no sueltan, tenlo por seguro. Cada vez me parecen más odiosos esos judíos protestantes. Vea Vd. ¿quién los mete en lo que no les va ni les viene? Yo me hago los sesos agua y no atino a comprender por qué se ha de oponer Inglaterra a que nosotros traigamos salvajes de Guinea. ¿Por qué no se opone también a que se traiga de España aceite, pasas y vinos? Pues hallo más humanitario traer salvajes para convertirlos en cristianos y hombres que vinos y esas cosas que sólo sirven para satisfacer la gula y los vicios.

--Rosa, los enemigos de nuestra prosperidad, quiero decir, los ingleses, no entienden esa filosofía, no la quieren entender tampoco; de otra manera tendrían más miramientos con nosotros los vasallos de una nación amiga y en otro tiempo aliada de la suya. Pero yo no les echo toda la culpa a ellos, a quienes culpo principalmente es a los que aconsejaron a nuestro augusto soberano don Fernando VII celebrar el tratado de 1817 con Inglaterra. Aquí está el mal. Por la miserable suma de 500,000 libras esterlinas los indiscretos consejeros del mejor de los monarcas concedieron a la pérfida Albión el derecho de visita de nuestros buques mercantes y de insultar, como insulta un día con otro, impunemente, el sagrado pabellón de la que no ha mucho fue señora de los mares y dueña de dos mundos. ¡Qué vergüenza! No sé cómo toleramos... Mas al caso, Rosa. Como te decía, la llamada repentina de Gómez ayer tardecita tuvo por objeto oír la historia de lo ocurrido con el _Veloz_, de boca del capitán Carricarte, que llegó a revienta cinchas del Mariel, y ver lo que se hacía por si era posible jugarle una buena a los ingleses; porque tú sabes que, hecha la ley, hecha la trampa. Cuando llegué a casa de Gómez, que serían cerca de las ocho...

--¿Cómo así? le interrumpió su mujer. Tú saliste de acá antes de las siete. ¿En qué te demoraste? ¿Cómo echaste más de una hora en ir a casa de Gómez?

--No me demoré en ninguna parte, no; repuso el marido, visiblemente embarazado. ¿Dije que serían cerca de las ocho? Pues cuenta que quise decir poco después de las siete, a las siete y cuarto, a las siete y media... La hora precisa no importa.

Parecía que no importaba; pero no dejó de llamar la atención de doña Rosa, que, yendo en carruaje su marido, para trasladarse de la esquina de la calle de San Ignacio y Luz, donde vivía, al extremo de la de Cuba, hacia el norte, donde se celebró la reunión, echase una hora, cuando esta distancia puede recorrerse a pie en la mitad de ese tiempo descansadamente. Natural fue que Doña Rosa, que parece no las tenía todas consigo, en tratándose de la lealtad conyugal de su marido, se callase, es cierto, mas a todas luces perdió el entusiasmo, y con éste el interés en lo que pensaba hacerse para salvar la presa y su cargamento. Advirtiéndolo don Cándido, pues harto conocía a su mujer, diose una palmada en la frente y dijo:

--¡Tate! me dilaté porque tuve que ver si Madrazo, el cual vive frente a Santa Catalina, era o no de la junta o le habían avisado. El Capitán Miranda puede decir la hora a que llegué a casa de Gómez. Esa fue la única parada que hice en el camino. Pío también es testigo. Vamos ahora al caso. Como te decía, cuando llegué a casa de Gómez, que tú sabes está allá lejos, frente a la muralla, encontré toda la gente reunida. Madrazo fue conmigo, Mañero entró después. Samá, Martiartu, Abrisqueta, Suárez Argudín y La Hera, sobrino de Lombillo, porque el tío había ido de carrera a su cafetal _La Tentativa_ en la Puerta de la Güira; Martínez, Carballo, Azopardo y otros varios que, si bien no inmediatamente interesados en el cargamento del _Veloz_, como principales importadores que son de esclavos, deseaban informarse a fondo de lo ocurrido en el Mariel y de cómo nosotros pensábamos sacar el caballo del atolladero. Carricarte se mudaba de ropa en los entresuelos de la casa de Gómez, y bajó así que todos estábamos reunidos. Formábamos una corte regular en la sala baja. Depositó el Capitán unos papeles en la mesa del centro, y luego, sin más ceremonia, comenzó la relación de lo que le había pasado desde las costas de África hasta las de nuestra Isla. Dice que desde que salió de Gallinas, a fines de setiembre, navegó de bolina y mar bonancible hasta reconocer a Puerto Rico. Allí, sin embargo, una vela sospechosa por sotavento le hizo variar de rumbo. Durante la noche, siempre con viento fresco, volvió a su derrota, esperando avistar el _Pan de Matanzas_ el día siguiente por la tarde. Hacia el oscurecer, en efecto, le avistó; pero la misma vela de antes se le presentó en lo más estrecho del canal de Bahama, empezando desde luego la caza. Dice Carricarte que su primera intención fue entrar en Arcos de Canasí. No fue posible: el crucero inglés, porque resultó serlo, como que llevaba la línea recta y más inmediata a la costa de Cuba, a pesar de los buenos pies del bergantín, siempre se presentaba a su costado,

mayormente a la altura de las _Tetas de Camarioca_. Cerró la noche de nuevo, el _Veloz_ se hizo mar a fuera y luego viró con ánimo de meterse en Cojímar, en Jaimanitas, en Banes, en el Mariel, en Cabañas, en el primer puerto sobre el cual le amaneciese. Aflojó el viento, por desgracia el terral le fue contrario, así que, cuando tornó a dar vista a la tierra, ya asomaba el sol y el crucero amagaba ganarle el barlovento. Vio entonces Carricarte que no podía escapar sino a milagros, por lo que resolvió jugar el todo por el todo. Dio orden, pues, de despejar el puente, a fin de facilitar la maniobra y aligerar el buque lo que se pudiese, y como lo dijo lo hizo. En un santiamén fueron al mar los cascos del agua de repuesto, no poca jarcia y los fardos que había sobre cubierta...

--¿Los bozales quieres decir? ¡Qué horror! exclamó doña Rosa, llevándose ambas manos a la cabeza.

--Pues es claro, continuó Gamboa imperturbable. ¿Tú no ves que por salvar 80 ó 100 fardos iba a exponer su libertad el Capitán, la de la marinería y la del resto del cargamento, que era triple mayor en número? El obró arreglado a sus instrucciones: salvar el barco y los papeles a toda costa. Además, había que despejar el puente y aligerar, como te he dicho. No había tiempo que perder. ¡Pues no faltaba otra cosa! Eso sí, dice Carricarte, y yo lo creo, porque él es mozo honrado y a carta cabal, que en la hora del mayor peligro sólo tenía sobre cubierta los muy enfermos, los enclenques, aquéllos que de todos modos morirían, mucho más pronto si los volvían al sollado donde estaban como sardinas, porque fue preciso clavar las escotillas.

--¡Las escotillas! repitió doña Rosa. Es decir, las tapas de la bodega del buque. De manera que los de abajo a estas horas han muerto sofocados. ¡Pobrecitos!

--¡Ca! dijo don Cándido con el más exquisito desprecio. Nada de eso, mujer. Sobre que voy creyendo que tú te has figurado que los sacos de carbón sienten y padecen como nosotros. No hay tal. Vamos, dime, ¿cómo viven allá en su tierra? En cuevas o pantanos. Y ¿qué aire respiran en esos lugares? Ninguno, o aire mefítico. ¿Y sabes cómo vienen? Barajados, quiere decir, sentados uno dentro de las piernas de otro, en dos hileras sucesivas, cosa de dejar calle en el medio y poder pasarles el alimento y el agua. Y no se mueren por eso. A casi todos hay que ponerles grillos, y a no pocos es fuerza meterlos en barras.

--¿Qué son barras, Cándido?

--¡Toma! ¿Ahora te desayunas? El cepo, mujer.

--No me quedaba que oír.

--A todo esto y mucho más da lugar la persecución arbitraria de los ingleses. El único sentimiento de Carricarte ahora es que con el afán y la precipitación de limpiar el puente, echaron al agua los marineros una muleque de 12 años, muy graciosa, que ya repetía palabras en español y que le dio el rey de Gotto a cambio de un cuñete de salchichas de Vich y dos muleques de 7 a 8 años que le regaló la reina del propio lugar por un pan de azúcar y una caja de té para su mesa privada.

--¡Ángeles de Dios! volvió a exclamar doña Rosa sin poder contenerse. Y reflexionando que acaso no estaban bautizados, añadió: de todos modos, esas almas...

--Y dale con creer que los fardos de África tienen alma y que son ángeles. Esas son blasfemias, Rosa; la interrumpió el marido con brusquedad. Pues de ahí nace el error de ciertas gentes... Cuando el mundo se persuada que los negros son animales y no hombres, entonces acabará uno de los motivos que alegan los ingleses para perseguir la trata de África. Cosa semejante ocurre en España con el tabaco: prohíben su tráfico, y los que viven de eso, cuando se ven apurados por los carabineros, sueltan la carga y escapan con el pellejo y el caballo. ¿Crees tú que el tabaco tiene alma? Hazte cuenta que no hay diferencia entre un tercio y un negro, al menos en cuanto a sentir.

No había similitud ninguna en el ejemplo aducido, tampoco tiempo para discutir, porque en aquella sazón se presentó Tirso en la puerta del escritorio y dijo que el almuerzo estaba listo. Eran las diez y media de la mañana; por donde se ve claro que la conversación de don Cándido con su mujer había durado largo tiempo; y, sin embargo, no le había dicho los medios de que pensaba valerse para arrancar el _Veloz_ y la mayor parte de la carga, compuesta de seres humanos, diga él lo que quiera, de las garras de los testarudos ingleses.

CAPÍTULO VII

_"Por lo cual deberían poner tasa los magistrados, a quien toca, a la codicia de los mercaderes, que ha introducido en Europa, y no menos en estas Indias, caudalosísimos empleos de esclavos, en tanto grado, que se sustentan de irlos a traer de sus tierras,

ya por engaño, ya por fuerza, como quien va a caza de conejos o perdices, y los trajinan de unos puertos a otros como holandas o cariseas."_

FR. ALONSO DE SANDOVAL

Paseábase don Cándido Gamboa largo rato hacía en su escritorio, después de levantado el mantel del almuerzo, cuando entró su Mayordomo don Melitón Reventos. Venía con la cara hecha un ascua por el calor del día, las carreras desde temprano, y la satisfacción que experimentaba y que se le conocía por encima del pelo de la ropa. De modo que, advirtiéndolo el amo, paró los paseos, se quitó el tabaco de la boca y se apoyó de espaldas contra la carpeta, a fin de escuchar a sus anchas la relación de las diligencias practicadas en los baratillos y el puerto. Hasta doña Rosa, cuyo interés en el asunto cedía tan sólo ante el de su marido, acudió ganosa al escritorio; y entre los tres personajes tuvo lugar la siguiente escena.

No venía, sin embargo, dispuesto don Melitón a satisfacer de plano la ansiedad de sus señores. Creía, por el contrario, que acababa de vencer una gran dificultad, mas que había alcanzado una hazaña; y, como hombre de poco seso, se daba importancia inmerecida. Después de ir y venir arriba y abajo del escritorio recogiendo papeles, arreglando las plumas de ave en el tintero, abriendo y cerrando gavetas, se volvió para don Cándido y su esposa, que seguían sus movimientos, no poco disgustados, y dijo:

--¡Qué calor! ¿eh?

Ninguno de sus oyentes le replicó palabra, y él continuó muy satisfecho:

--Vea Vd. en Gijón. Por este mismo tiempo empieza a soplar un airecillo, que ya... Es preciso abrigarse, so pena de coger un _costipado_...pero esta Isla se ha hecho para los negros. Bien pudo el señor don Cristóbal haberla descubierto en otra parte, donde no hubiese tanto calor. Porque, pongo por caso, llega aquí un mozo de Castilla, o de Santander, llega robusto, con unos cachetes que parecen dos cerezas, vamos, rozagante, fuerte como un toro, y en menos de seis meses, si escapa con vida del vómito,[36] se queda escueto y desmazalado por el resto de su vida. ¡Qué tierra ésta! Sí, ¡digo a Vd. que es ésta mucha tierra!

En estos momentos sus ojos tropezaron con los de don Cándido y doña Rosa que le miraban de hito en hito, y, cual si volviera en su acuerdo, agregó en diferente tono:

--Pues, señor, me parece, sí, me parece que todo ha salido a pedir de boca.

--¡Acabáramos! dijo don Cándido respirando fuerte.

--Allá iba, prosiguió don Melitón, respondiendo antes a la intención que a la palabra de Gamboa. Allá iba, pero Vd. me conoce, señor don Cándido, y sabe que yo no soy escopeta catalana.

--No tiene Vd. que repetirlo, replicó don Cándido con énfasis.

--Al caso, terció doña Rosa en tono blando, pues conoció que iba a armarse una disputa interminable.

--Al caso, repitió el Mayordomo, entonces más en caja. Pues como decía, ha salido la cosa mejor de lo que esperábamos. Marché, ¿qué digo? partí como una saeta para el portal del Rosario y me entré de rondón en el baratillo de don José a pesar que el mozo de las vidrieras, en el portal, lo mismo que los otros dos detrás de los mostradores dentro, creyendo que iba a comprarles la tienda en peso, me tira éste del brazo, aquél de la chaqueta... Vd. sabe que ellos son bromistas y más pillos, que ya...

--Lo que sé, repuso don Cándido molesto, es que Vd. gasta una pachorra...

--Pues decía, continuó como si no hubiese oído a su amo, que me costó algún trabajillo deshacerme de esos bellacos. ¿Dónde está don José? pregunté a don Liberato. Quiero ver a don José. Traigo un recado urgente para él. ¡Chite! me dijo el mozo; ahora está muy entretenido para que Vd. le vea. Venga acá, y me llevó por la mano a la puerta del patio, y agregó:--Véale. En efecto, muy acicalado estaba y arrimadito a la pared, en interesante conversación por señas y medias palabras, con la sombra de una mujer que se entreveía a través de las persianas del balcón en el principal de la casa. Sólo vi dos ojazos como dos carbones encendidos y la punta de unos deditos de rosa asomándose de cuando en cuando por entre los listoncillos verdes. ¿Qué significa eso? pregunté a don Liberato. ¿No lo entiende Vd.? me contestó. Nuestro don José que se aprovecha de la ausencia del paisano y amigo en el campo para camelarle la hermosa dama.

Don Cándido y doña Rosa cambiaron una mirada de inteligencia y de asombro, y el primero dijo:

--Don Melitón de mis culpas ¿qué tenemos que hacer nosotros con un cuento con todos los visos de calumnia?

--¡Calumnia! repitió el Mayordomo serio. Pluguiera al cielo. Nada de eso; ya verá Vd. mis trabajos, ya. No se puede negar que es el más buen mozo que ha salido de Asturias. Y su pico de oro, porque sabe hablar, que ya... Es cosa notoria que ahora años, cuando el sistema constitucional, le comparaban con el divino Argüelles, y una vez le pasearon en triunfo en esos mismos portales de la Plaza Vieja. Y, con perdón de la señora doña Rosa, todo eso le peta mucho a las mujeres, y la Gabriela que es joven y bella... ya, ya. La intención, las ausencias del marido, las galanterías, el diablo que nunca duerme...

--Don Melitón, saltó otra vez Gamboa muy molesto, ¿de quién nos habla Vd.?

--¡Toma! Pues creía que me estaba Vd. atento. Le hablo de don José, mi paisano, y de la Gabriela Arenas. No parece hija del país por lo blanca y rosada.

Doña Rosa, que era criolla y que no lo tenía a menos, se sonrió al oír la grosería de su Mayordomo, el cual prosiguió:

--Pues el señor don José ni me hizo caso, sino que le dijo de muy mal humor a don Liberato:--despache Vd. a ese mozo y no permita que me molesten. Al punto nos pusimos a revolver los entrepaños y las cajas, y con mucho trabajo conseguimos tres líos de mudas de ropa, de 50 pares cada uno. No era bastante. Corrí al baratillo de Mañero, donde sólo había 30 mudas. Sabe Vd. que por esta época empiezan las _refacciones_ de los ingenios, según se dice aquí. Los que se proveen por tierra, se adelantan hasta dos meses. Las carretas echan semanas en andar cualquier distancia, con que escasea la ropa hecha de los esclavos. Pues como decía, del baratillo de Mañero pasé al del vizcaíno ese... Martiartu, donde Aldama estuvo de mozo. Ahí conseguí 60 mudas más, y por no perder tiempo y porque juzgué que serían suficientes, llamé a un carretonero, cargué con todos los bultos y andando, andando para el muelle de Caballería, hice cinco líos, los até con unos cordeles, y al avío... Pero cate Vd. que al pasar por delante de la casilla del resguardo, sale el hombre y detiene la mula por la brida.--¿Cómo se entiende? ¿Qué hace Vd.? le grité encolerizado.--Se entiende, me dijo él con mucha sorna, que si Vd. no trae guía, para embarcar estos efectos, yo no los dejo pasar.--Guía, guía, le dije. ¿Para qué diablos ese requisito? Estos líos no son para embarcar a ninguna parte. Son _esquifaciones_.--Sean lo que fueren, prosiguió el hombre sin soltar la presa. La guía al canto o no hay paso.--¿Qué quería Vd. que hiciera en semejante aprieto? Eran pasadas las once. Ya había oído yo el reloj de la Aduana. Me registré los bolsillos, encontré un dobloncejo de a dos, le saqué, se lo puse en la mano al carabinero, diciéndole: Vaya la guía, hombre; y sin más ni más soltó las bridas y dio paso franco. La cara del rey posee magia.

--Eso es, dijo don Cándido en tono de aprobación.

--Pues es claro, añadió el Mayordomo satisfecho. Para ciertas gentes no hay mejor lenguaje. Mas aquí no pararon mis trabajos. Llegados al muelle, allí estaba el botero. ¿Sabe Vd. que el hombre es listo? En un santiamén descargamos el carretón y luego dimos con los líos en el bote. Tomé el timón bajo la carroza, y a viaje. Viramos, y en poco más que lo cuento nos pusimos en Casa Blanca, a vela y remo. Opuesto estaba el famoso bergantín sobre las anclas y con la proa para Regla, tan ufano y orgulloso cual si libre cortara las aguas del océano y no se hallara cautivo de los perros ingleses. En la cubierta se paseaban varios soldados de marina; algunos de los cuales me pareció que no era de los nuestros; pero alcancé a ver el cocinero Felipillo hacia popa, quien no tardó en conocerme y hacerme señas de que no atracara por el costado de estribor, sino por el de babor, hacia la parte de tierra. Así se hizo, corriendo a un largo la vuelta de Triscornia y luego virando por redondo a ganar la popa del bergantín, bajo la cual nos acoramos, y como quien no quiere la cosa, bonitamente fuimos metiendo lío tras lío por un ventanillo, donde el cocinero los recibía con toda seguridad.

--¡Vamos! exclamó don Cándido en un arranque de entusiasmo, rarísimo en sujeto tan grave. Esa sí que estuvo buena. ¡Magnífico!, don Melitón. Ya se puede dar por seguro que al menos se salvará una buena parte del cargamento y habrá para cubrir los gastos. No todo se ha perdido. Hecho, hecho.

Bien quisiera doña Rosa participar de la alegría y entusiasmo de su marido; pero sucedía que ella no entendía jota del bien que pudiera traer a la salvación del cargamento del bergantín _Veloz_, el hecho de haber introducido a hurtadillas por un ventanillo de popa, las mudas de ropa nueva compradas por don Melitón en los baratillos de los portales de la Plaza Vieja. Así es que se contentó con mirar primero a uno y luego al otro de sus interlocutores, como si les pidiera una explicación. Entendiolo así Gamboa, porque continuó con la misma animación:

--Ciego el que no ve en día tan claro. Rosa, ¿no comprendes que si vestimos de limpio los bultos pueden pasar por ladinos, venidos de... de Puerto Rico, de cualquier parte, menos de África? ¿Estás? No todo se ha de decir. Estos son secretos... porque...

hecha la ley, hecha la trampa. Reventos, agregó con volubilidad, que le den de almorzar. Rosa, a Tirso que le sirva el almuerzo... Debe traer hambre canina, y además, quizás tenga que volver a salir. Por lo que a mí toca, a la una debo estar en casa de Gómez, quien me espera en compañía de Madrazo, de Mañero... Vaya (empujando suavemente por el hombro a su Mayordomo), despache.

--Corriendito, contestó él. No necesito que me rueguen. Apuradamente, tengo un hambre que ya... ¿Pues no ando de ceca en meca desde las nueve de la mañana? Ya, ya... Se la doy al más pintado. Lo extraño sería que no sintiese una gazuza, que ya...

Hacia el medio día don Cándido, que había hecho venir al barbero para que le afeitase, estaba listo para salir, y el quitrín le esperaba a la puerta. Antonia, su hija mayor, le puso la corbata blanca con puntas bordadas y colgantes, untándole aceite de Macastar, de olor fuerte, especie de esencia de clavo, muy generalizado entonces, y peinándole a la Napoleón, es decir, con la punta del pelo traída sobre la frente hasta tocar casi la unión de las cejas y la nariz. Adela le trajo la caña de Indias con puño de oro y regatón de plata, y Tirso, que andaba por allí, viéndole desdoblar la gran vejiga de los cigarros, le acercó el braserillo. De seguidas, medio envuelto en la nube azulosa de su exquisito habano, sin sonreírse ni decir palabra a ninguno de su familia, salió con aire majestuoso por el zaguán a la calle y se metió en el carruaje.

--¡A la Punta! fue lo único que dijo en su voz bronca al viejo calesero Pío.

No era un enigma este brevísimo lenguaje para el anciano calesero. Significaba que debía dirigirse al trote a casa de don Joaquín Gómez, que entonces vivía en aquel pedazo de calle frente a una cortina de la muralla que da hacia la entrada del puerto.

Allí esperaban el amo de la casa, el hacendado Madrazo y el comerciante Mañero. Este último era el más inteligente de los cuatro; se ocupaba en importar géneros y quincalla de Europa, que vendía a plazos a mercaderes de la plaza. Aquel era un medio muy tardío de hacer fortuna, fuera de que los vendedores no siempre cumplían exactamente con sus compromisos, de que resultaban pérdidas en vez de ganancias. Mañero, por esto, como otros muchos paisanos suyos, había emprendido en las expediciones a la costa de África, hasta allí con mejor suerte que en el comercio de géneros.

Al salir, como salieron a poco para el palacio del Capitán General, Gómez dijo a Mañero que llevara la palabra, cosa que aprobaron de la mejor gana Madrazo y Gamboa, reconociéndose incapaces para desempeñar el papel de orador siquiera con mediano lucimiento. Las dos de la tarde serían cuando entraban ellos por el ancho y elevadísimo pórtico de ese edificio que, según se sabe, ocupa todo el frente de la Plaza de Armas. A aquella hora estaba lleno de gente no por cierto del mejor pelaje, aunque no podía calificársele, en general, como de la clase del pueblo bajo de Cuba. El movimiento era incesante y activo. El rumor de pasos y de voces ruidoso y aún chillón. Unos iban, otros venían, observándose que los que más agilidad mostraban, mozos en su mayoría y nada atildados en su porte ni en su traje, llevaban debajo del brazo izquierdo, doblados por la mitad en sentido longitudinal, unos legajos de papeles del folio español. Por lo común entraban en o salían de los cuartos o covachuelas, que dicen en Cuba accesorias, cuya única puerta y acaso ventana daban al pórtico, al ras del piso de chinas pelonas de que estaba formado. A la primera ojeada, era de advertirse que esa multitud de gente no acudía a solazarse ni por mera curiosidad; porque se distribuía en grupos y corrillos más o menos numerosos, en los cuales se hablaba a voz en cuello, mejor, a veces se gritaba, acompañando siempre la acción a la palabra como si se discutieran asuntos de gran importancia, o que mucho interesaban a los principales actores. Desde luego, puede asegurarse que no se trataba de política; estaba absolutamente prohibido, y el derecho de reunión no se practicaba en Cuba desde al año de 1824 en que acabó el segundo período del sistema constitucional. Y sin embargo, aquel era un Congreso en toda forma.

Mientras esto pasaba en medio del pórtico, arrimado a una de las macizas y gruesas columnas, se veía un grupo compuesto de una negra y cuatro niños de color, el mayor de doce años de edad, la menor una mulatica de 7, todos cosidos a la falda de la primera, la cual tenía la cabeza doblada sobre el pecho y cubierto con una _manta_ de algodón. Enfrente de este melancólico grupo se hallaba un negro en mangas de camisa, y a su lado un hombre blanco, vestido decentemente, quien leía en voz baja de un legajo de papeles abiertos, que a guisa de libro sostenía en ambas manos, y el primero repetía en voz alta, concluyendo siempre con la fórmula:

--Se han de rematar: éste es el último pregón. ¿No hay quien dé más?

Cada una de estas palabras parecía herir, como con un cuchillo, el corazón de la pobre mujer, porque procuraba ocultar la cabeza más y más bajo los pliegues del pañolón, temblaba toda y se le cosían a la falda los hermosos niños. Llamó el grupo o la escena aquella la atención de Mañero, se la indicó con el dedo a Gómez, y le dijo al paño:--¿Ves? Farsa, farsa. El remate ya está hecho

aquí (señalando entonces para una de las covachuelas a su derecha). Pero, tate, agregó dándose una palmada en la frente y tocándole después en el hombro a Madrazo, que iba por delante al par de Gamboa, ¿pues no es esa negra la María de la O de Marzán que tú tenías hace tiempo en depósito judicialmente? Yo que tú la remataba con sus cuatro hijos. Dentro de unos pocos años valen ellos cuatro tantos lo que te cuesten con la madre ahora.

--¿Qué sabes tú si no la ha rematado ya? observó Gómez con naturalidad.

--¿Interesa a ustedes el asunto? dijo Madrazo desazonado, contestando a Gómez y a Mañero.

--Me intereso por ti y por la mulatica, repuso este último con malicia, dándole un buen codazo a su compañero. La madre de los chicos es excelente cocinera, lo sé por experiencia propia, y luego la chica... Sobre que se me figura mucho a su padre.

--A Marzán querrás decir, dijo Madrazo.

--¡Ba! No. ¿Cuánto tiempo hace del pleito de Marzán con don Diego del Revollar y del depósito de los negros del primero en tu ingenio de Manimán? preguntó Mañero con aparente sencillez.

--Cerca de ocho años, dijo Gómez. Marzán es curro y del Revollar montañés como nosotros, y siempre han vivido como perro y gato en sus cafetales del Cuzco.

--No creo que hace tanto tiempo, interpuso Madrazo.

--Sea como fuere, continuó Mañero, el caso es que la chicuela esa de padre blanco y madre negra no tiene arriba de siete años de edad y...

No continuó Mañero, porque en aquel instante se acercó a Madrazo un hombre sin sombrero, le tocó en el brazo, le llamó por su nombre y le atrajo a una de las covachuelas de que antes hemos hablado. Madrazo con la mano abierta indicó a sus amigos que le esperaran, y desapareció entre la multitud de gente, casi toda a pie, que llenaba la pieza.

--¿No se los decía? añadió Mañero hablando con Gómez y Gamboa. Madrazo ha hecho el remate de María de la O con sus cuatro hijos, uno de los cuales, o el diablo me lleve o es la mismísima efigie del rematador, y el pregón no ha sido una farsa para guardar las apariencias y mostrar imparcialidad con el amigo Marzán. Al fin tiene entrañas de padre y se porta como buen amo: no habrá extrañamiento ni dispersión de la familia.

Según debe haberlo comprendido el lector avisado, aquellas eran las escribanías públicas de la jurisdicción judicial de La Habana. Componíanse de un saloncito cuadrilongo con puerta al pórtico y ventana de rejas de hierro al patio del palacio de la Capitanía General de Cuba. Eran unas diez o doce al frente, unas tres más había en el costado del norte o calle de O'Reilly y otras tantas o más en la de Mercaderes, entre éstas la de hipotecas. De medio día a las tres bajaba la audiencia, como se decía allí, y los oficiales de causa, junto con los procuradores, que venían a tomar nota de los autos en los pleitos a su cargo, los escribanos que daban fe, uno u otro abogado de poca clientela y aún bachilleres en derecho que comenzaban la práctica de los juicios por su propia cuenta, llenaban las escribanías hasta el exceso. Fuera de esto, el cuarto no era nada amplio y estaba flanqueado de mesas cargadas de tinta y de papeles o procesos, y detrás de ellas, arrimados a las paredes, había anchos y altos armarios, con redes de alambre o cuerda por puertas para que se viesen entre sus entrepaños los numerosos protocolos forrados de pergamino cual códices de antiguas bibliotecas.

El hombre sin sombrero llevó a Madrazo a la derecha de la escribanía, ante la primera mesa, algo más grande y decente que las demás, pues tenía barandilla, y el tintero se conocía que era de plomo, es decir, que no estaba tan cargado de tinta. El individuo que ocupaba una silla de vaqueta detrás de dicha mesa, se puso en pie lleno de respeto luego que vio al hacendado, le saludó con amabilidad y en voz alta pidió los autos de Revollar contra Marzán. Traídos por el hombre del pregón y abiertos por una hoja que estaba doblada longitudinalmente, apuntó con el índice de la mano izquierda para una providencia compuesta de unos pocos renglones manuscritos, y dijo a Madrazo que pusiera debajo su firma. Hízolo así éste, con una pluma de ganso que le alcanzó el escribano, y saludando, fuese enseguida a reunirse con sus compañeros.

CAPÍTULO VIII

Hecha la ley, hecha la trampa.

Proverbio castellano.

Mira, como se sabe, hacia la Plaza de Armas o el Este el frontispicio del palacio de la Capitanía General de Cuba. La entrada es amplia, especie de zaguán, con cuartos a ambos lados, cuyas puertas abren al mismo, y sirven, el de la izquierda para el oficial de guardia, el de la derecha para cuartel del piquete. Los fusiles de los soldados descansaban en su astillero, mientras la centinela, con el arma al brazo, se paseaba por delante de la puerta.

Tenía Mañero formas varoniles, maneras distinguidas y vestía traje de etiqueta, como que debía presentarse con decencia ante la primera autoridad de la Isla. No era, pues, mucho tomarle, a primera vista, por un gran personaje. Además, habiendo servido en la milicia nacional durante el sitio de Cádiz por el ejército francés en 1823, había adquirido aire militar, al que daba mayor realce el cabo de una cinta roja con crucecita de oro, que solía llevar en el segundo ojal del frac negro. Luego que Madrazo se reunió con sus amigos, Mañero se volvió de pronto y a su cabeza marchó derecho a la entrada del palacio.

Reparó entonces en él la centinela, cuadróse, presentó el arma y gritó:

--¡La guardia! El Excelentísimo Señor Intendente.

Armáronse en un instante los soldados de facción con su caña hueca, púsose a su cabeza el oficial con la espada desnuda, y la caja empezó a tocar llamada. El grito de la centinela y el movimiento de los soldados llamaron la atención de Mañero y de sus amigos, los cuales, a fin de despejar el campo, apresuraron el paso; pero como les presentasen armas y el oficial hiciese el saludo de ordenanza, comprendieron que uno de ellos, el que marchaba delante, había sido tomado por el Superintendente de Hacienda, don Claudio Martínez de Pinillos, con quien, en efecto, tenía alguna semejanza. No tardó, sin embargo, en reconocer el error el oficial de guardia, y en su enojo mandó relevar la centinela y que guardara arresto en el cuartel, por el resto del día.

Los cuatro amigos entonces, reprimiendo la risa para no excitar más la cólera del teniente de facción, emprendieron la subida de la ancha escalera del palacio. Una vez en los espaciosos corredores, a la desfilada y con sombrero en mano, se dirigieron a la puerta del salón llamado de los Gobernadores. En ella estaba constituido un negro de aspecto respetable, quien a la vista de los extraños que se acercaban, se puso en pie y se les atravesó en el camino, como para pedirles el santo y seña.

En pocas palabras le manifestó Mañero el objeto de la embajada; pero antes que el negro replicase, se presentó un ayudante del Capitán General, e informó que S. E. no se hallaba en el palacio sino en el patio de la Fuerza, probando la calidad de un par de gallos finos o ingleses que había recibido de regalo de la Vuelta-Abajo recientemente.

--No tengan Vds. reparo en ir a verle allá, si urge el asunto que les trae a su presencia, añadió el ayudante notando la incertidumbre de los recienvenidos; porque S. E. suele dar audiencia en medio de sus gallos de pelea, hasta al general de marina, a los cónsules extranjeros...

Aunque la cosa urgía sin duda, pues iba a reunirse pronto la comisión mixta para dar un fallo decisivo sobre si eran buena presa el bergantín _Veloz_ y su cargamento, o no, gran alivio experimentaron Gómez Madrazo y Gamboa especialmente, así que se convencieron de que podía verificarse la entrevista con el Capitán General algo después y en sitio menos aristocrático e imponente que su palacio. Entre la Fuerza y la Intendencia de Hacienda, detrás de los pabellones en que más adelante se estableció la escribanía de la misma, había y hay un patio o plaza, dependencia del primero de estos edificios, donde el Capitán General don Francisco Dionisio Vives había hecho construir en toda forma una _valla_ o reñidero de gallos con su piso de serrín, galería de bancos para los espectadores, en suma, una verdadera _gallería_. Allí se cuidaban y se adestraban hasta dos docenas de gallos ingleses, que son los más pugnaces, producto de crías famosas de la Isla y regalos todos que de tiempo en tiempo habían hecho al general Vives individuos particulares, bien conocida como era de todos su afición a las riñas de esa especie. Y allí tenían efecto también éstas de cuando en cuando, sobre todo, siempre que se le antojaba a S. E. obsequiar a sus amigos y subalternos con uno de esos espectáculos que, si no bárbaro como el de las corridas de toros, no dejan de ser crueles y sangrientos.

El individuo a cuyo cargo corría el cuidado y doctrina de los gallos del Capitán General de Cuba, era hombre de historia, como suele decirse. Le llamaban Padrón. Había cometido un homicidio alevoso, según decían unos; en defensa propia según otros; lo cierto es que, preso, encausado y condenado a presidio en La Habana, mediante los ruegos y representaciones de una hermana suya, joven y no mal parecida, y la influencia del Marqués don Pedro Calvo, que le abrigaba y protegía, vista su habilidad en el manejo de los gallos finos, Vives le hizo quitar los grillos y le llevó al patio de la Fuerza donde, a tiempo que cuidaba de la gallería de S. E., podía cumplir el término de su condena, sin el mal ejemplo ni los trabajos del presidio. Quieren decir que Padrón había cometido otras picardihuelas además del homicidio dicho y que los parientes del muerto habían jurado eterna venganza contra el

matador. Pero ¿quién se atrevía a sacarle del patio de la Fuerza, ni del amparo del Capitán General de la Isla? Padrón, pues, el penado Padrón, sin hipérbole, se hallaba allí protegido por una doble fuerza.

En el patio de aquélla de que ahora hablamos, se presentaron sin anunciarse, con sombrero en mano y el cuerpo arqueado, en señal de profundo respeto, nuestros conocidos, los asendereados tratantes en esclavos, Mañero y amigos. Ya los habían precedido en el mismo sitio varios personajes de cuenta, entre otros el comandante de marina Laborde, el mayor de plaza Zurita, el teniente de rey Cadaval, el coronel del regimiento Fijo de La Habana Córdoba, el castellano del Morro Molina, el célebre médico Montes de Oca, y otros de menor cuantía. Con excepción de Laborde, Cadaval, Molina y un negro joven que ceñía sable y lucía dos charreteras doradas en los hombros de su chaqueta de paño, los demás se mantenían a respetable distancia del Capitán General Vives, quien a la sazón se hallaba arrimado a un pilar de madera que sostenía el techo de la valla por la parte de fuera de las graderías.

La atención de este personaje estaba toda concentrada en las carreras y revuelos de un gallo cobrizo y muy arriscado, al cual Padrón provocaba hasta el furor, dejando que otro gallo que tenía por los encuentros en la mano izquierda le pegara de cuando en cuando un picotazo en la cabeza rapada y roja como sangre. Vestía Padrón a la usanza guajira, quiere decirse: de camisa blanca y pantalón de listas azules ceñido a la cintura por detrás con una hebilla de plata, que recogía las dos tiras en que remataba la pretina. No sabemos si por dolencia, por abrigo o por costumbre, tenía la cabeza envuelta en un pañuelo de hilo a cuadros, cuyas puntas formaban una lazada sobre la nuca. Los zapatos de vaqueta apenas le cubrían los pies pequeños y el empeine arqueado como de mujer, y sin calcetines. Por respeto sin duda al Capitán General, sujetaba el sombrero de paja con la mano derecha, apoyada por el dorso en la espalda. Era de talla mediana, enjuto, musculoso, fuerte, pálido, de facciones menudas, y podía contar 34 años de edad.

No era mucho más aventajada la talla del Capitán General don Francisco Dionisio Vives, el cual vestía frac negro de paño, sobre chaleco blanco de piqué, pantalones de mahón o nankín y sombrero redondo de castor, siendo el único distintivo del rango que ocupaba en el ejército español y en la gobernación político-militar de la colonia, la ancha y pesada faja de seda roja con que se ceñía el abdomen por encima del chaleco. Ni en su aspecto ni en su porte había nada que revelara al militar. En la época de que hablamos podía tener él cincuenta años de edad. Era de mediana estatura, como ya se ha indicado, bastante enjuto de carnes, aunque de formas redondeadas, como de persona que no había llevado una vida muy activa. Tenía el rostro más largo que ancho, casi cuadrado; las facciones regulares, los ojos claros, el cutis fino y blanco, el cabello crespo y negro todavía, y no llevaba bigote, ni más pie de barba a la clérigo. Sí, aquel hombre no tenía nada de guerrero, y, sin embargo, su rey le había confiado el mando en jefe de la mayor de sus colonias insulares en América, precisamente cuando parecían más próximos a romperse los tenues y anómalos lazos que aún la tenían sujeta al trono de su metrópolis.

Aunque la traición de don Agustín Ferrety había puesto en manos de Vives sin mayor dificultad los principales caudillos de la conspiración conocida por los _Soles de Bolívar_ en 1826, muchos afiliados de menos metas, si bien no menos audaces, pudieron escapar al Continente y desde allá, por medio de emisarios celosos, mantenían viva la esperanza de los partidarios de la independencia en la Isla y llevaban la zozobra al ánimo de las autoridades de la misma.

La prensa había enmudecido desde 1824, no existía la milicia ciudadana, los ayuntamientos habían dejado de ser cuerpos populares, y no quedaba ni la sombra de libertad, pues por decreto de 1825 se declaró el país en estado de sitio, instituyéndose la Comisión Militar permanente. El paso repentino de las más amplias franquicias a la más opresiva de las tiranías, fue harto rudo para no engendrar, como engendró, un profundo descontento y un malestar general, con tanto más motivo cuanto que en los dos cortos períodos constitucionales el pueblo se había acostumbrado a las luchas de la vida política. Privado de esa atmósfera acudió con más ahinco que antes a las reuniones de las sociedades secretas, muchas de las cuales aún existían a fines del año de 1830, no habiéndolas podido suprimir el gobierno con la misma facilidad que había suprimido las garantías constitucionales. La conspiración fue desde allí un estado normal y permanente de una buena parte de la juventud cubana. Tomaba creces y se extendía a casi todas las clases sociales la agitación más intensa en las grandes poblaciones, tales como La Habana, Matanzas, Puerto Príncipe, Bayamo y Santiago de Cuba.

En todas ellas hubo más o menos alborotos y demostraciones de resistencia, porque tardó algún tiempo antes que el pueblo doblara la cerviz y se sometiera al yugo de la tiranía colonial. Numerosas prisiones se habían efectuado en todas partes de la Isla, saliendo de ellas para el extranjero cuantos pudieron eludir la vigilancia de la policía, muy obtusa y de organización deficiente entonces.

A todas éstas la metrópolis no tenía marina de guerra digna de este nombre; se reducía a unos pocos buques de vela viejos, pesados y casi podridos. Con excepción de La Habana, no había verdaderas plazas fortificadas. Muy escasa era la guarnición veterana, y sobre escasa había cundido en sus filas la insubordinación. Componíase de cumplidos y de capitulados de México y Costa-Firme, y ni todos sus jefes generales eran españoles; los había también naturales del país o criollos en las tres armas, y éstos nunca podían inspirar confianza al más suspicaz de los gobiernos que ha tenido España, si se exceptúa el de Felipe II.

Por otra parte, el desorden de la administración de la colonia, la penuria del erario, la venalidad y la corrupción de los jueces y de los empleados, la desmoralización de las costumbres y el atraso general, se combinaban para amenazar de muerte aquella sociedad que ya venía trabajada por toda suerte de males de muchos años de desgobierno. Durante los seis que duró el mando de Vives, ni la vida, ni la propiedad estaban seguras, así en las poblaciones como en los campos. De éstos se enseñoreaban cuadrillas de bandoleros feroces que todo lo ponían a sangre y fuego. En los mares circunvecinos cruzaban triunfantes los corsarios de las colonias que acababan de emanciparse y destruían el mezquino comercio de Cuba. En las islitas adyacentes se abrigaban piratas que para ejercer el contrabando apresaban los buques escapados de los corsarios y, después de robarles, mataban a los tripulantes y hacían desaparecer toda huella del crimen con el fuego.

Tal era, en resumen, el estado de cosas en la isla de Cuba hasta bien entrado el año de 1828. Y es perfectamente claro que, sin la oficiosa intervención de los Estados Unidos en 1826, se habría llevado a efecto la invasión de las dos Antillas españolas por las fuerzas combinadas de México y de Colombia, de acuerdo con los planes de Bolívar y los deseos de los cubanos, una diputación de los cuales fue a encontrarle con ese objeto cuando volvía vencedor de los famosos campos de Ayacucho. Suceso éste que, realizado, infaliblemente hubiera sido el golpe de gracia al dominio español en el Nuevo Mundo. En tan críticas circunstancias, al menos para neutralizar las maquinaciones de los enemigos de España en el interior de la colonia, se requerían las artimañas de un diplomático más bien que la espada de un guerrero; un hombre de astucia y de doblez, más bien que de acción; un hombre de intriga, más bien que de violencia; un gobernante humano por política, más bien que severo por índole; un Maquiavelo, más bien que un duque de Alba, y Vives fue ese hombre: escogido con grande acierto por el más despótico de los gobiernos que ha tenido España en lo que va del presente siglo, para la gobernación de Cuba.

Mucho se alegró don Cándido Gamboa de encontrarse un conocido en el grupo de los cortesanos que venían a saludar al Capitán General en su gallería del patio de la Fuerza. El aspecto de ese sujeto no prevenía nada en su favor, porque sobre ser de baja estatura y raquítico, llevaba la cabeza metida entre los hombros, tenía la cara larga y el color aceitunado, como la persona muy biliosa, siendo su desaliño general, casi repugnante. En sus ojos chicos y de hondas cuencas había, sin embargo, bastante para redimir las faltas y las sobras del cuerpo y del semblante, había fuego e inteligencia. Al saludarle don Cándido, le dio el título de Doctor.

--¿Cómo está Vd.? contestó él en voz chillona y risa que bien pudiera llamarse fría.

Para ello tuvo que levantar la cabeza, porque su interlocutor le sacaba dos palmos, por lo menos, de altura.

--Bien, si no fueran los trotes en que sin quererlo me veo ahora metido.

--Y ¿qué troles son esos? preguntó el Doctor como por mero cumplimiento.

--¡Toma! ¿Pues no sabe Vd. que los perros de los ingleses _nos_ acaban de apresar un bergantín bajo los fuegos del torreón del Mariel, como quien dice en nuestras barbas, so pretexto de que era un buque negrero, procedente de Guinea? Pero esta vez se han llevado solemne chasco: el bergantín no venía de África, sino de Puerto Rico, y no con negros bozales, sino ladinos.

--¡Qué me dice Vd.! Nada sabía. Bien que con los enfermos, no tengo tiempo aun para rascarme la cabeza, cuánto más para averiguar noticias que no me tocan de cerca. Aunque si he de decir a Vd. la verdad, si a alguno le causa perjuicio el celo exagerado de los ingleses es a mí, pues harta falta me hacen brazos para mi cafetal del Aguacate.

--¿Y a quién no le hacen falta? Eso es lo que todos los hacendados necesitamos como el pan. Sin brazos se arruinan nuestros ingenios y cafetales. Y tal parece que es lo que buscan esos judíos ingleses, que Dios confunda. ¿No le parece a Vd., Doctor, que el Capitán General, sobre este punto es de la misma opinión que nosotros?

--¡Hombre! Acerca de este particular no le he oído expresarse.

--Ya, pero pudiera ser que Vd. le hubiese oído declamar...

--¿Contra los ingleses? interpuso el Doctor. Mucho que sí. Por cierto que Tolmé le carga y a duras penas le sufre sus impertinencias y desmanes.

--Eso, eso, repitió Gamboa alegre. No en vano se dice que Vd. tiene vara alta con S. E.

--¿Sí? ¿Tal se corre? dijo el Doctor con muestras de que la especie halagaba no poco su vanidad. Es cierto que le merezco a S. E. una buena voluntad y aun distinción; pero nada de extraño tiene porque yo soy el médico de él y de su familia desde que vinieron de España, y por otra parte, es cosa sabida su llaneza. Me distingue bastante, mucho.

--Lo sé, lo oigo repetir a distintas personas y por lo mismo, estaba pensando, me ocurre, mejor dicho, que, como Vd. se prestase a ejercer su influjo todavía podríamos jugarle una buena pasada a los ingleses y dejarlos con tamaño palmo de narices. Estoy seguro que tampoco le pesaría a Vd., amigo Doctor, el darnos la mano en este aprieto.

--No lo entiendo. Explíquese Vd., don Cándido.

--Hágase Vd. el cargo, Doctor, que la expedición apresada por los ingleses, salvada íntegra, nos vale a nosotros los dueños de ella, por lo bajo dieciocho mil onzas de oro, libres de polvo y paja. En caso de perderse la mitad, todavía nos deja una ganancia líquida de nueve mil, que no es ningún grano de anís. Con que vea Vd. si podemos ser liberales con el que nos ayude. Escogería Vd. mismo media docena de mulecones entre la partida, que es de lo mejor que viene de la costa de Gallinas, y no le costaría sino el trabajo de...

--Aún no entiendo jota, señor don Cándido.

--Pues me explicaré más. La expedición consta de unos 500 bultos, 300 de los cuales es posible hacerlos pasar por ladinos importados de Puerto Rico, habiéndose remitido a bordo, desde esta mañana, sobre 400 mudas de ropa de cañamazo. Ahora bien, si S. E. es de parecer que tenemos necesidad de brazos para cultivar los campos, y que no debe permitirse que los ingleses destruyan nuestra riqueza agrícola, es claro que, como haya quien le hable y le pinte bien el caso, no podrá menos de ponerse de nuestra parte. Una palabra suya al señor don Juan Montalvo, de la comisión mixta, bastaría a decidir el pleito en favor nuestro; y ya ve Vd. si nos sería fácil ser liberales con... Además, cinco o seis bozales no van a ninguna banda, ni nos harían más ricos ni más pobres a nosotros los armadores, que por todos somos ocho... ¿Comprende Vd. ahora mi idea?

--Claro que sí. Cuente Vd. con que pondré de mi parte cuanto esté en mi mano, aunque no me estimula tanto la oferta de Vd. como el deseo de servirle y de contribuir al castigo de la ambición y malas intenciones de los ingleses. Supongo que Vd. viene a hablar con S. E. sobre el asunto.

--Si, vengo a eso con mis amigos Gómez, Mañero y Madrazo. Creo que Vd. los conoce.

--Conozco de oídas a Madrazo, cuyo ingenio de _Manimán_ está en la misma jurisdicción de Bahía Honda que mi cafetal del Aguacate.

--Pues bien, ellos y los otros interesados estarán y pasarán por todo lo que yo acuerde con Vd. Si Vd. cree que S. E. acepte un regalito de unos cuantos centenares de onzas...

--Deje Vd. eso a mi cargo. Yo sé como entrarle a S. E. Le hablaré esta noche misma. Véanle Vds. primero. Y ahora que me acuerdo, ¿qué se hizo de la chica aquélla?...

--¿Cuál? No atino, dijo Gamboa poniéndose colorado.

--Pobre memoria tiene Vd., según parece. Bien que de eso hace ya algún tiempo, pero Vd. estaba muy interesado, pues me recomendó mucho la asistencia de la chica.

--Ya ése es otro cantar... En Paula...

--¿Cómo en Paula? ¿Enferma?

--Peor que eso, Doctor. Creo que ha perdido el juicio sin remedio.

--¡Qué me cuenta Vd.! ¿Tan joven?

--No tanto.

--Jovencita, digo. Veamos, ¿qué tiempo hace? Dieciséis o diecisiete años. Fue en 1812 ó 1813. Sí, estoy seguro. No puede ser más joven.

--¿Pues no se refería Vd. a la madre?

--Pregunto por la chica, la que conocí en la Real Casa Cuna. Prometía ser un pimpollo cuando grande.

--Ya, acabáramos para mañana. El enredo nace de que tengo por chica cualquier moza, como sea de pocos años, y la madre, en rigor, no pertenece a esa categoría.

--Recordará Vd., dijo el Doctor, que yo no curaba a la mujer que Vd. dice, sino Rosaín, aunque me consultó varias veces el caso. No tenía idea de que la enferma del callejón de San Juan de Dios tuviese nada que ver con la chica de la Real Casa Cuna. Ahora me desengaño. Padecía de fiebre puerperal en combinación con una meningitis aguda...

En este punto Gamboa cortó bruscamente la conversación y volvió a reunirse con sus amigos, y Mañero le preguntó:

--¿Qué ha sido ello? ¿Gato encerrado?

--No, gata, replicó Gamboa prontamente.

--Lo presumía, dijo Mañero con naturalidad. Tú fuiste siempre aficionado a las empresas gatunas. Pero ¿quién es con mil de a caballo ese hombrecito que llamas _Doctor_?

--Pues qué, ¿no le conoces, hombre?... El Doctor don Tomás de Montes de Oca.

--Le había oído mentar. No le había visto la facha, sin embargo. Figura asaz ridícula, y _ainda mais_...[37]

--Buen medido y diestra cuchilla.

--Dios me libre de sus manos.

--Es el que cura a la familia del Capitán General.

En este punto se notó un movimiento en el grupo de las personas que rodeaban a ese personaje más de cerca, cesando desde luego los diálogos en voz baja de las más distantes. Padrón había llevado los gallos a sus respectivas casillas, y Vives saludaba afectuosamente a Laborde, a Cadaval, a Zurita, a Molina y a Córdoba, pasando de uno a otro hasta que llegó al joven negro, arriba mencionado, a quien dijo, sin darle la mano ni más saludarle:

--Tondá, preséntate en Secretaría a recibir órdenes.

Tenemos que hacer un paréntesis en este punto, para decir dos palabras acerca de Tondá. Era el protegido del Capitán General Vives, quien le sacó de la milicia de color donde tenía el grado de teniente, y después de ascenderle a capitán, previa la venia de S. E. el rey, de facultarle para usar el don y ceñir sable, le dio comisión para perseguir criminales de color en las afueras de la ciudad, sin duda por aquello de que no hay peor cuña que la del mismo palo.

Y en este caso, como en otros muchos que pudieran citarse, se echaron bien de ver el tacto y tino con que solía Vives escoger sus hombres. Parece ocioso agregar que el protegido llegó en breve a distinguirse por su actividad, celo y astucia en la averiguación de los crímenes, la persecución y captura de los criminales. En estas empresas difíciles cuanto riesgosas, le ayudaron mucho su juventud y robustez, su presencia, que era gallarda, su educación regular, sus finas maneras y modesto porte, en fin, su valor sereno, que a veces llevaba hasta la temeridad; prendas éstas que al paso que le ganaron la admiración de las mujeres, le dieron ascendencia mágica en el ánimo fantasioso de las gentes de su raza. Y como a menudo acontece con los personajes novelescos, el pueblo le compuso y dedicó canciones y danzas alusivas a sus hechos más notables, y le dio un apodo que de tal modo ha oscurecido, apagado su nombre patronímico, que hoy, al cabo de cuarenta años, sólo podemos decir que le llamaban Tondá.

Empleado activo y leal, tardó en cumplir la orden recibida lo que tardó en pasar del patio de la Fuerza a los entresuelos del palacio de la Capitanía General. Desempeñaba entonces la secretaría política don José M. de la Torre y Cárdenas. Este, aunque recibió a Tondá con semblante risueño, no le brindó asiento, ni a derechas contestó a su respetuoso saludo; sólo se ocupó de decirle que en la noche anterior, por parte del Comisario del barrio de Guadalupe, Barredo, se sabía que se había cometido un crimen atroz en la calle de Manrique esquina a la de la Estrella, y que S. E. deseaba se hiciese la pronta averiguación del hecho, a fin de

descubrir el autor o autores, y se pudiera perseguirlos sin descanso hasta capturarlos y entregarlos a los tribunales; porque estaba empeñado en hacer un señalado escarmiento.

Enseguida le llegó su turno a los de la comisión, y Mañero expresó su embajada lisa y llanamente, reducida a decir que no procedía en ley ni en justicia se declarase buena presa, si se declaraba por la comisión mixta, la del bergantín _Veloz_, ahora mismo en el puerto de La Habana, aunque traía un cargamento de negros, pues como atestaban sus papeles, despachados en toda forma, venía de Puerto Rico y no de las costas de África directamente; y aun cuando se considerase contrabando el tráfico en esclavos con esta última, no lo era respecto de la primera, que por fortuna aún pertenecía, al par de Cuba, a la corona de S. M. el rey de España e Indias, don Fernando VII, Q. D. G.

Sonriose el General Vives y dijo al postulante que le presentara un memorial expresivo de todas las razones y hechos alegados, que él lo pasaría a la comisión mixta con los papeles del buque; que ya tenía noticias de lo ocurrido, por boca del mismo cónsul inglés, el cual se le había presentado antes de la hora de audiencia en compañía del comandante del apresador, el Lord Clarence Paget, y añadió con cierta severidad de tono y de semblante:

--Reconozco, señores, la injusticia y los daños que nos ocasiona un tratado por el cual se concede a Inglaterra, la enemiga natural de nuestras colonias, el derecho de visita sobre nuestros buques mercantes; pero los ministros de S. M. en su alta sabiduría tuvieron a bien aprobarlo, y a nosotros, leales súbditos, sólo nos toca acatar y obedecer el mandato del augusto monarca Q. D. G. Y se me figura, señores, que si Vds., están dispuestos a respetar el tratado, no lo están ni poco ni mucho a cumplirlo. En vano me hago de la vista gorda respecto de lo que Vds. hacen día tras día (señores, cuando hablo así no me refiero a Vds., personalmente, sino a todos los que se ocupan en la trata de África), que según va la cosa, no pararán hasta meter sus expediciones en Banes, en Cojímar, en los Arcos de Canasí y aun en este mismo puerto. En vano he hecho cerrar y derribar los barracones del Paseo, que Vds. no escarmientan y siguen introduciendo sus bozales en esta plaza, persuadidos, sin duda, que no hay mejor mercado para esa mercancía. En tal momento no se acuerdan Vds., del pobre Capitán General, contra quien el cónsul inglés endereza sus tiros, porque no bien entra aquí un saco de carbón, como Vds. dicen, cuando él lo huele y viene hecho un energúmeno a desahogar conmigo su mal humor.

--¡Ea! Vayan Vds., con Dios y otra vez sean más prudentes. Y a propósito de prudencia: ayer tarde vino a mí un joven dependiente de una casa de comercio para quejarse de que a la luz del día, en la plaza de San Francisco, le habían arrebatado un saco de dinero de su principal. ¿Cabe mayor imprudencia que la de ir por la calle enseñando el dinero a todo el mundo y tentando a la gente de mala índole? También se me quejó de que al oscurecer del día de ayer, dos negros con puñal en mano le pararon cerca de la estatua de Carlos III y le desvalijaron de cuanto llevaba encima de valor, el reloj, etcétera. Si Vd. hubiera tenido un tantico de prudencia, le dije, no se habría expuesto a perder la vida atravesando sitio tan solitario como ese del Paseo, a la entrada de la noche, hora que escoge la gente mala para cometer sus fechorías. Aprenda de mí que no salgo de noche a la calle. Lo mismo digo a Vds.: no se metan en las garras de los ingleses y salvarán sus expediciones, ni comprometan la honra del Capitán General. La prudencia es la primera de las virtudes en el mundo.

CAPÍTULO IX

En ti pensaba y en aquel instante Me mandaba llorar naturaleza.

JOSÉ MARÍA HEREDIA

Personaje de más cuenta de lo que nadie puede imaginarse era en casa de Gamboa su Mayordomo don Melitón Reventos. Tenía en el manejo general económico más voz que su amo, y a las veces se hombreaba en ese terreno con doña Rosa.

Pero donde ejercía un poderoso imperio era entre los esclavos. Corría con su provisión de vestuario y de alimentos, tanto de los del servicio doméstico en La Habana, como de los de las fincas rurales. Para con los primeros, sobre todo, se daba los aires de señor; más que eso, de déspota. Hacía, sin embargo, respecto de éstos, dos excepciones el feroz Mayordomo. En primer lugar, no gustaba de estrechar lance con el calesero Aponte. No ya sólo era hombre serio y temible sino que pertenecía al hijo mimado de la casa, el cual no quería delegar en nadie el derecho de castigarle.

Tampoco tenía don Melitón malas obras ni malas palabras para Dolores. Lejos de eso, para ella reservaba sus sonrisas, sus agasajos y atenciones. De cuando en cuando la hacía regalos de pañuelos y dijes, que la muchacha aceptaba sin reparo, aunque para usarlos tuviese que mentir a sus señoritas; porque, después de todo, no halagaba poco su vanidad el que un hombre blanco

emplease con ella tales galanterías.

No tenían origen estas distinciones del Mayordomo en favor de Dolores en la circunstancia de que era la doncella de las señoritas de la casa, tratada por ello con ciertas consideraciones por toda la familia, no; tenían diverso origen, procedían de los méritos de la moza como mujer: joven, bien formada y bonita para negra.

Aquel día en que por llegar tarde de su comisión al bergantín _Veloz_, almorzaba don Melitón a la cabecera de la mesa en el comedor, con todos los aires de amo, servido atentamente por Tirso, acertó a pasar Dolores y tropezar con su codo en los momentos en que se llevaba un vaso de vino a la boca. Fuese aquello por casualidad o de hecho pensado, el Mayordomo se aprovechó de la ocasión para pegarle un pellizco en el desnudo y bien torneado brazo.

--¡Ay, don Melitón! exclamó ella sin alzar la voz, aunque llevándose la mano al punto dolorido.

--¡Ay, Dolores! remedó él lleno de risa.

--Eso duele, agregó la muchacha.

--¡Ca! No hagas caso. Si todavía te he de libertar.

Dolores hizo con la boca el ruido onomatopéyico que llaman freír un huevo, cual si no creyera ni jota en la sinceridad de las últimas palabras del Mayordomo. No obstante, harto dulce es el nombre de la libertad para que la joven esclava cerrase el oído a la promesa y el corazón a la esperanza de verla realizada, fuera el que fuese el sacrificio que la exigiese el donante. De cualquier modo, siguiola él con la vista hasta que traspasó el arco del patio, y entonces murmuró:

--Esta todavía se casa con el bribón de Aponte. ¡Sería una lástima!

María de Regla, mencionada al principio de esta historia, tuvo Dolores de su unión legítima con Dionisio el cocinero, quince años antes de la época actual. Contemporáneamente tuvo doña Rosa a Adela, su hija menor, la cual entregó a María de Regla para que se la lactase, por no sentirse ella en condiciones para desempeñar por entonces aquél, el más dulce de los deberes de madre. Por supuesto, para llenar encargo tan delicado, necesario se hizo destetar a Dolores y criarla con leche de cabra o de vaca, aparte enteramente de la hija de su señora y ama.

Prohibiósele explícitamente a María de Regla el dividir sus caricias y el tesoro de su seno entre las dos niñas, siquiera el tomarlas juntas en brazos. Pero aunque esclava, temerosa del castigo con que la habían amenazado, era madre, quería a su propia hija entrañablemente, quizás más por lo mismo que no la permitían criarla; así que siempre que las otras esclavas le proporcionaban la ocasión, tarde de la noche y fuera del alcance de la vista de los amos, se ponía ambas niñas a los pechos y las amamantaba con imponderable delicia. La robustez de la nodriza, al parecer sin detrimento ni desmedro, proveía ampliamente a aquella doble lactancia. Criábanse las dos hermanas de leche sanas y fuertes. María de Regla no hacía diferencia entre ellas, y así en la mayor armonía habría corrido su infancia si tan luego como empezó a disminuir el sustento no trataran de disputárselo y armar llanto, en especial la blanca, no acostumbrada a semejante división.

Al cabo, atraída una noche doña Rosa por el llanto de su hija, sorprendió a la nodriza dormida entre las dos niñas, que, con ambos brazos extendidos, se impedían el mutuo goce del delicioso líquido. ¿Qué hacer en aquellas circunstancias? ¿Castigar a la esclava en el acto por su desobediencia? ¿Cambiar de nodriza? Tan malo sería lo uno como lo otro, pensó doña Rosa. Lo primero, porque el castigo envenenaría la leche de la esclava; y lo segundo, porque en el octavo mes de la lactancia, el cambio repentino produciría resultados no menos fatales a la salud y tal vez a la existencia de Adela. Tan perpleja estaba que consultó a su marido, quien, hombre violento si los hay, aconsejó la prudencia y el disimulo hasta ocasión más oportuna. Descubierta su primera falta, dijo él, no es probable que María de Regla reincida. De cualquier modo, así continuaron las cosas por un año y medio más, al cabo de cuyo tiempo, el día menos pensado, se le ordenó al Mayordomo echara por delante a la _criandera_ y la embarcara a bordo de una goleta que hacía viajes de La Habana al Mariel, dejándola en el ingenio de _La Tinaja_, bien recomendada al Mayoral. Allí se hallaba de enfermera el año de 1830, es decir, purgando la culpa de ser madre amorosa, cometida trece años antes de esa fecha.

Que la esclavitud tiene fuerza de trastornar la noción de lo justo y de lo injusto en el espíritu del amo; que embota la sensibilidad humana; que afloja los lazos sociales más estrechos; que debilita el sentimiento de la propia dignidad y aun oscurece las ideas del honor, se comprende; pero que cierre el corazón al amor de padres o de hermanos a la simpatía espontánea de las almas tiernas, he aquí lo que no se ve a menudo. No es, pues, extraño que María de Regla sintiese en lo profundo del pecho su separación a un

tiempo de la hija, del padre de ésta y de Adela misma, para pasar el resto de sus días en el destierro del ingenio _La Tinaja_.

En el código no escrito de los amos de esclavos no se reconoce proporción ni medida entre los delitos y las penas. Es que no se castiga por corregir, sino por desfogar la pasión del momento; de que resulta que casi siempre se le apliquen al esclavo varias penas por un solo delito. Luego, llovía sobre mojado, como vulgarmente se dice, en el caso de María de Regla. Su destierro de La Habana, la separación de la hija y del marido, quizás para no verlos más en la vida, el cambio de ocupación de ama de leche en la ciudad por el de enfermera en el campo, el traspaso de dependencia bajo el capricho del Mayordomo en aquélla, al del Mayoral en el ingenio, en concepto de doña Rosa no bastaban a purgar la culpa de su triste esclava.

No había logrado averiguar esa señora a ciencia cierta de quién era la niña que había estado lactando María de Regla, cosa de año y medio antes de haber dado a luz a Dolores. Lo único que pudo sacar de don Cándido fue que el médico Montes de Oca la había contratado para lactar a la hija ilegítima de un amigo, cuyo nombre no debía revelarse. El precio del alquiler, dos onzas de oro, las recibió doña Rosa mes tras mes, con la mayor puntualidad mientras duró la lactancia, por mano de don Cándido. Esto poco no pudo bastar a satisfacer sus celos, antes fue a sembrar fuertes sospechas en su ánimo, siendo el misterio motivo constante de quejas y disgustos entre ella y su marido, y, por rechazo, de gran preocupación, que a veces rayaba en odio, contra María de Regla.

Por fortuna, tales ejemplos de injusticia y de crueldad ocurrieron cuando ambas niñas no tenían uso de razón, y como crecieran juntas, como en realidad mamaran una misma leche, no obstante su opuesta condición y raza, se amaron con amor de hermanas. Adela entró en años y concurrió a una escuela de niñas poco distante de su casa en compañía de su hermana Carmen, a donde Dolores les llevaba los libros junto con la fruta y el refresco a medio día, y a las tres de la tarde las acompañaba en su vuelta a la casa. Carmen y Adela alcanzaron la edad de la pubertad, Dolores antes que ellas, y en dejando la escuela no se les separaba ésta ni de día ni de noche. Las vestía, las peinaba, les lavaba los pies a la hora de acostarse; durante el día cosía al lado de sus señoritas, y de noche, bien dormía en el duro suelo al lado de la cama de Adela, bien en el cuarto inmediato sobre la rígida tarima, a la vista de otra criada, la más anciana de la servidumbre.

Dolores y Tirso eran hermanos uterinos. La primera, nacida en La Habana, salió negra, porque a esa raza pertenecía su padre; el segundo, nacido después en el ingenio La Tinaja, salió mulato, porque su padre, fuera el que fuese, era de la raza blanca. De aquí provenía el que ellos no se viesen como tales hermanos, y que María de Regla quisiese más a Tirso, que mejoraba la condición, que a Dolores, la cual perpetuaba el odioso color, causa aparente y principal, creía ella, de su inacabable esclavitud. Pero aun en este particular estaba María de Regla condenada a ver defraudadas sus más risueñas ilusiones de madre. Tirso, su preferido, no la quería, mas se avergonzaba de haber nacido de negra, enfermera del ingenio por añadidura. Al contrario, Dolores adoraba en su madre. Cada vez que llegaba a sus oídos la noticia del mal trato que le daban en _La Tinaja_, era motivo de amargo llanto para ella y para suplicar a Adela la hiciese venir a La Habana y la sacase de aquel purgatorio donde la tenían penando, hacía tanto tiempo, sólo por haber dado de mamar a la vez a su propia hija y a la hija de sus amos. Sentía Adela la fuerza de estas dolorosas quejas, y, no obstante sus pocos años y muchas distracciones, oyendo continuamente, en el silencio de la noche, ella acostada y Dolores de rodillas junto a su cama, la triste historia de los trabajos y padecimientos de María de Regla en el ingenio, se conmovía hasta verter lágrimas, y entre bostezo y bostezo la prometía que al día siguiente hablaría a doña Rosa sobre el asunto. Así se quedaban dormidas muchas veces aquellas hermanas de leche, casi siempre con las mejillas aún húmedas del llanto.

Mas sucedía que al día siguiente no encontraba Adela ocasión favorable para hablarle a su madre, señora algo seria con sus hijos, con la sola excepción de Leonardo, el niño mimado de la casa, y harto severa con los esclavos. De esta manera se pasaba el tiempo. Una tarde, al fin, mientras se hallaba Adela recostada en el sofá de la sala por un ligero dolor de cabeza, como se le acercase la madre, se le sentase al lado y empezase a pasarle la mano por la frente, en son de acariciarla o por mera distracción, cobró ánimo la joven, y agarró la ocasión por los cabellos, cual suele decirse:

--Quisiera pedirte un favor, mamá; dijo con voz trémula por la emoción o el temor.

Por breve rato no contestó palabra doña Rosa; sólo miró a su hija, entre sorprendida y pensativa. Esto aumentó la turbación de Adela, quien, no embargante, añadió a la carrera:

--Tú no me vas a decir que no.

--Estás enferma, niña, dijo doña Rosa secamente. Tranquilízate. Y se levantó para marcharse.

--Un favor, mamá. Escucha un momento, prosiguió Adela, ya con los ojos humedecidos, deteniendo a su madre por la falda.

Esta volvió a sentarse, tal vez porque le llamaron la atención las palabras, y más la actitud de su hija, indicativas todas de extraordinaria agitación y zozobra.

--Vamos, te escucho. Di.

--Pero tú no te negarás a mi ruego.

--No sé qué quieres de mí; mal puedo decir de antemano si me negaré o no. Supongo, sin embargo, que es una de tus boberías. Acaba.

--¿No crees tú, mamá, que ya María de Regla ha purgado la culpa?...

--¿No lo dije? la interrumpió doña Rosa enojada. ¿Y para esa necesidad me detienes y me ruegas que te oiga? ¿Ni quién te ha dicho que esa negra está purgando culpa alguna?

--¿Por qué la tienen tanto tiempo en el ingenio?

--¿Y dónde estaría mejor la muy perra?

--¡Jesús, mamá! Me duele que hables así de quien me crió.

--Ojalá que nunca te hubiera dado de mamar. No sabes tú cuánto me ha pesado la hora en que te puse en sus manos. Pero bien sabe Dios que lo hice a no poder más. No me hables de María de Regla, no quiero saber de ella.

--Creía que la habías perdonado.

--¡Perdonado! ¡perdonado! repitió doña Rosa alzando la voz. ¡Jamás! Para mí ya ella ha muerto.

--¿Qué te ha hecho para tanto rigor?

--¿Quién la trata con rigor?

--¿Te parecen pocos los trabajos del ingenio? ¿El maltrato que le dan?

--No sé yo que la maltraten más de lo que ella merece.

--Pues todos dicen que sí.

--¿Quiénes son esos todos?

--Uno de ellos creo que ha sido el patrón Sierra que estuvo aquí la semana pasada, cuando vino por las _esquifaciones_ para el ingenio.

--Lo que extraño es que el patrón hablase contigo.

--Yo no, mamá, sino otra persona, y como saben lo que quiero a María de Regla, me contaron lo que ella decía. Me han afligido mucho las cosas que allá le pasan, y quisiera, de veras, que tú hicieras algo por ella y por mí. Me ruega le sirva de madrina y haga que la saquen del ingenio...

--Adela, dijo doña Rosa afectada con el tono de ingenuidad y de exquisita ternura de su hija. Adela, tú no sabes el sacrificio que exiges de mí. Pero se acercan las Pascuas, toda la familia irá al ingenio y ya veremos lo que puede hacerse con esa negra de Barrabás. Debo advertirte, sin embargo, que no esperes me ablande de pronto y sin madura reflexión. Esa negra está perdida y muy sobre sí. Lejos de arrepentirse y enmendarse, como esperaba, para lavarse de la culpa de su desobediencia a mi expreso mandato, la ha hecho peor desde su llegada a _La Tinaja_. Va para doce años que la tengo allá, y cada vez me traen más quejas de ella y oigo cosas más escandalosas. El Administrador que teníamos allí trinaba con la negra. Yo no te había dicho nada, hija, porque no se había ofrecido la ocasión; pero me parece que ya María de Regla no puede vivir con nosotros. Sería un mal ejemplo para ti, para Carmen y aun para la misma Dolores. Desde que entró en el ingenio, entró allí la guerra civil; de cuyas resultas ha habido que cambiar a menudo de mayordomos, de mayorales, de maestros de azúcar, de carpinteros, en fin, de cuantos tienen la cara blanca, pues no parece sino que la maldita negra tiene un encanto para los hombres o que todos ellos son fáciles de infatuarse con cualquiera que lleva túnico. Tirso es una acusación viva contra la moralidad de María de Regla, pues su padre fue un carpintero vizcaíno que tuvimos hace tiempo en _La Tinaja_... Los _bocabajos_ que ha llevado no la han corregido...

Las últimas palabras de doña Rosa estremecieron a Adela de pies a cabeza, pues a pesar de los lamentos de Dolores, ignoraba que le hubiesen impuesto a su adorada ama de leche otro castigo que el durísimo del destierro de La Habana y de las personas que más quería en el mundo. Pareciole oír el chasquido del látigo, los gritos de la víctima y el crujido de las carnes; se llenó de horror, se cubrió la cara con ambas manos, y por entre sus dedos de rosa saltaron dos lágrimas como dos gotas de rocío, y fueron a estrellarse en su casto y agitado seno, exclamando solamente.

--¡Pobrecita!

Conoció entonces doña Rosa que había ido muy lejos, y apresuradamente añadió:

--¿Lo ves? Tú también estás infatuada con la negra. Por desgracia te dio de mamar, debes de tenerle algún cariño, lo comprendo; no obstante, es preciso que reconozcas que es muy mal empleado y ya te convencerás que ella no merece tu compasión. Espera: de aquí a Navidad no va mucho. Ya veremos el medio de arreglar lo que haya de hacerse.

De todos modos aquella era una esperanza, que Adela tardó en impartirle a su hermana de leche lo que tardó la madre en alejarse de su lado. Dolores no sabía más que amar a su joven señorita, siendo todavía muy joven para amar a otra persona de contrario sexo, y hacía esfuerzos constantes para identificarse con ella, imitar el tono de su voz, sus modos, su aire de andar y de llevar el traje, sus coqueterías; de manera que los compañeros de esclavitud, cuando querían decirle algo que la complaciera mucho, la llamaban allá entre ellos: Niña Adela.

CAPÍTULO X

--Ya sé lo que me pides, Llévate en él mi corazón y... toma.

RAMÓN MAYORGA

Promediaba el mes de noviembre de 1830. Los vientos del norte ya habían arrojado sobre las playas cubanas las primeras aves de paso de la Florida, probando así que se había adelantado el invierno en el opuesto continente. El mar a menudo se hinchaba y con bramidos atronadores rompía contra los arrecifes de las costas que sembraba por largo trecho de blanca espuma, de conchuelas y sedimentos salinos.

A las cuatro de la mañana no había bastante claridad en las calles de La Habana, ni a cierta distancia se reconocían las personas, excepto aquéllas, pocas en verdad, que llevaban un farolito encendido balanceándose en la mano, mientras a paso acelerado se dirigían, bien a los mercados, bien a los templos; en algunos de los cuales se oía a medias el órgano con que las monjas o los frailes acompañaban el canto de los maitines.

Hacía aún noche, decimos, y ya don Cándido Gamboa, en su bata de zaraza y gorro de dormir, se hallaba asomado al postigo de la ventana de la calle, abrigado tras de la cortina de muselina blanca, en espera de _El Diario de la Habana_, o para respirar aire más libre que el pesado de la alcoba.

A poco más empezó a oírse el ruido, al principio sordo, después más vivo, de los pasos de alguien que se acercaba de la parte de la Plaza Vieja. Hacia allá tornó los ojos don Cándido; mas no vino a salir de dudas hasta que tuvo delante la persona en cuestión. Vestía traje de cañamazo, compuesto de una especie de chal para cubrirse la cabeza y de la falda corta que ceñía a la cintura con una correa de cuero larga y negra. Contribuía además a disfrazarla, el color cobrizo mate del rostro, propio de los mulatos, mayormente cuando van para viejos, que le daba la apariencia de mujer de la raza india.

--Buenos días, señor don Cándido, le dijo en tono gangoso.

--Téngalos muy buenos la _seña_ Josefa, contestó él procurando bajar la voz. Temprano ha madrugado.

--¿Qué quiere el señor? Quien tiene cuidados no duerme.

--Pues, ¿qué se ofrece de nuevo? Al grano.

--Se ofrece mucho y me pareció que si me dilataba hasta la venida del día, la cosa no tenía remedio.

--Entiendo. La orden que se ha dado el otro día por la Capitanía General sobre pordioseros y locos trae aquí a _seña_ Josefa. La esperaba.

--Lo acertó el señor. No sé como tengo vida, ni cuando acabarán mis tribulaciones. Se creía al principio que sólo iban a recoger a los pobres y los locos que andan por las calles. Pero ayer por la tarde me dijo la madre de Paula que hasta los locos en las casas privadas y en los hospitales van a ser trasladados a San Dionisio o a una casa que han fabricado en el patio de la Beneficencia. El señor podrá calcular cómo estará mi espíritu con tal noticia. No he cerrado los ojos en toda la noche. _Dende_ que se publicó la orden el corazón me anunció una desgracia.

--Tal vez haya tiempo todavía de remediarla.

--Quiéralo Dios, mi señor, porque si en el hospital la muchacha sufre, ¿qué no será cuando la lleven a San Dionisio, o a la casa nueva, allá por San Lázaro? Ahí no hay quien la cuide ni haga por ella. La tratarán a palos. ¡Y yo que no había perdido la esperanza de verla en su sano juicio y cabal salud! Ahora mi pobre Charito irá por delante, yo por detrás. Acabaremos de pena... Hágase la voluntad de la Virgen Santísima.

--¿Cree la _seña_ Josefa que se podrá hacer algo de provecho en este caso?

--Creo, mejor dicho, _seña_ Soledad, la madre del hospital, cree que si hay una persona de influjo que le hable al _Contralor_, sujeto muy caritativo y temeroso de Dios, se hará de la vista gorda y no se cumplirá la orden por lo tocante a Charito. Todo depende de él. Tal vez _haiga_ que buscar un médico que dé una certificación. El _Contralor_ es bueno como el pan, y quiere servir, lo _mesmo_ seña Soledad. Conque, para que vea el señor...

--Entiendo, entiendo, repitió don Cándido pensativo. Digo a Vd., por lo tanto, que he consultado a Montes de Oca, quien es de opinión lleven al campo a la enferma y la hagan tomar baños de agua salada. Veremos lo que puede hacerse...

Pero como sintiera pasos en el zaguán, se interrumpió e hizo señas a la anciana mulata para que se alejara a toda prisa.

El toque de diana primero y de seguidas el disparo de cañón a bordo del navío _Soberano_ anclado junto al muelle de la Machina, estremeciendo las ventanas del cuarto, hicieron despertar sobresaltado a Leonardo Gamboa. Sacó lumbre en el mechón de escarzo, y abriendo el reloj, vio que eran las cuatro de la madrugada.--A tiempo, dijo entre sí, y se apresuró a salir de la cama y vestirse. Para esto encendió una vela de esperma, valiéndose de una pajuela, pues aún no se conocían los cerillos en La Habana.

Mientras se peinaba delante del tocador, soltó de repente el peine de carey, volvió a requerir el reloj, y murmuró:

--¡Las cuatro y cuarto! Muy temprano todavía y de aquí allá no podré echar arriba de quince minutos andando despacio. Ella me dijo que cerca de las cinco... ¿No sería mejor aguardar en la esquina? Sí, concluyó diciendo con resolución. Y vestido y perfumado y con la caña de Indias, salió de su cuarto y empezó a bajar la escalera de piedra.

Apoyábase con la mano izquierda en el barandal de cedro, cosa de no dar pisadas recias; mas así que descendió al zaguán, donde no había tal apoyo, antes reinaba gran oscuridad, por más cuidado que puso, aunque no tuviesen tacones sus zapatos de escarpín, hizo demasiado ruido, aquel ruido sordo que se oye cuando uno camina por encima de un suelo hueco, abovedado. No parece sino que se habían despertado de improviso todos los ecos del zaguán y de la sala vecina, donde él sospechaba que podía estar su padre, madrugador por excelencia. Andando a tienta paredes, tropezó con el viejo calesero, quien, acostumbrado a la oscuridad, vio venir desde luego al joven y le salió al encuentro para servirle de guía y evitar que se diera de narices contra la llanta férrea de uno de los carruajes.

--¡Pío! ¿Eres tú? dijo él en voz muy baja. Abre.

--El amo está _asomao_ en la ventana de la calle, contestó el negro.

--¡Diablos! ¿Tiene cerrojo el postigo de la puerta?

--No, señor. _Dende_ que salió Dionisio _pa_ la plaza quité el _serojo_.

--Abre poco a poco.

No crujieron los goznes; pero ya don Cándido había oído los pasos en el zaguán, y arrimado a la reja tronaba:

--Pío, ¿quién va?

--El niño _Lionar_, mi amo.

--Sal. Llámale. Detenle. Dile que yo le llamo. Corre, patas de plomo.

Entre tanto volvía el esclavo no cesó don Cándido de ir y venir, muy desazonado, de la ventana de la calle a la reja del zaguán y vice versa, murmurando:

--¿A dónde irá el muy bribón a estas horas? A nada bueno por cierto. Allá ha ido. Claro que sí, por decontado. Le estoy mirando. ¿Y no habrá dejado aquella santa mujer nadie al cuidado?... Tal vez no, lo más probable es que no. A ciertas gentes se les pasea el alma por el cuerpo, se descuidan mucho, no toman precauciones y de aquí provienen las desgracias... El demonio no más podría imaginar un cúmulo de circunstancias... La ocasión, la edad, la tentación, el enemigo malo que no duerme... Yo también me he descuidado. Debí preverlo, evitarlo, sí, impedirlo... Pero ¿cómo? ¡Si yo pudiera dar la cara! Veremos. Le desnuco, le meto en un buque de guerra como me llamo Cándido, y hago que le den chicote a ver si suelta alguna de la sangre criolla que tiene en las venas. No es hijo mío, no. Todo esto se hubiera evitado si le mando a España como tenía pensado hace más de cuatro años. Su madre tiene la culpa. Casi, casi me alegraría de que no le encontrase Pío, porque podría matarle. Tal me siento contra él.

En esto volvió Pío fatigado, sin aliento y dijo:

--Na, lamo, el niño no parece po ningún parte.

--¡Bruto! tronó don Cándido. ¿Por dónde fuiste a buscarle?

--Po la mano e larienda, lamo.

--¿Por la izquierda, quieres decir? ¡Animal en dos pies! Si marchó por la derecha ¿cómo habías de dar con él, pedazo de bestia? Vete. Quítate de mi presencia, porque si Dios no me tiene de su mano, me parece que te destripo de una patada.

A las voces destempladas de don Cándido se asomó doña Rosa a la puerta del aposento que daba a la sala, y asustada preguntó:

--¿Qué ha sucedido, Gamboa? ¿Por qué gritas?

--Pregúntale a tu hijo que acaba de salir por ahí hecho un facineroso.

--¿Un facineroso? No lo entiendo. ¿Ha hecho algo malo? ¿Va a hacerlo?

--No sé mucho más que tú; sin embargo, sospecho, temo, se me ha puesto que el muy bribón va a hacer una de las suyas. Se necesita ser ganso para no sospechar que ese muchacho no ha podido salir a la calle a estas horas en que no se ven ni las manos, y recatándose de mí, para oír misa ni confesarse.

--Quizás ha ido a tomar el fresco, quizás ha querido darte gusto levantándose de madrugada. No hay razón para sospechar nada malo. Tú, al menos, no estás seguro, no lo sabes. ¿Por qué has de pensar siempre mal de tu hijo?

--Porque dice el refrán español: piensa mal y acertarás.

--Te repito, él no ha ido a nada bueno. Le conozco mejor que tú que le pariste. Yo sé lo que he de hacer con él.

--El pobre muchacho no acierta nunca a complacerte. Ni que fuera tu hijastro. Si lo fuera, tal vez serías más indulgente...

--Compadécele. Dios quiera que no tengas que llorarle antes de mucho.

Luego que salió Leonardo a la calle notó que, arrimado a la acera de la izquierda caminaba en la dirección de Paula un bulto oscuro como de mujer. Entre seguirlo hasta cerciorarse de quién podía ser y alejarse de su destino, estuvo un momento titubeando, pero la voz de su padre, que llamaba a Pío, le decidió a marchar la vuelta contraria, a fin de ganar lo más pronto posible la esquina de la calle de Santa Clara. Así lo hizo en segundos de tiempo. Por esta casualidad no le dio alcance el esclavo. En poco más se puso en la calle de O'Reilly, y subió al alto terraplén o terrado del convento de Santa Catalina, lo atravesó de este a oeste y descendió a la calle del Aguacate por la escalera de tres o cuatro escalones mencionada al principio de esta historia, yendo derecho a la casita enfrente de ella.

Pareciéndole que la puerta no estaba cerrada con llave ni tranca, empujó una hoja con la punta de los dedos. Cedió algo, en efecto; por lo cual hizo mayor esfuerzo, rodó la silla en que se apoyaba y se abrió lo bastante para que el joven se deslizara por entre las dos hojas y quedase dentro, sin más ni más. De pronto no vio nada. Allí eran las tinieblas tan espesas como el aire húmedo que llenaba la estrecha pieza. Sin embargo, a favor de la lámpara que ardía aún en el poyo del nicho sobre la izquierda,

pudo al fin distinguir al alcance de su mano un par de palomas caseras dormidas en el respaldo de una silla, un gato enroscado en el fondo de un sillón de vaqueta, y una gallina bajo una mesa protegiendo con sus amorosas alas varios pollitos, que asomaban los picos por entre las plumas y empezaron a piar del modo suave y repetido que suelen siempre que sienten temor o frío.

Gradualmente sus miradas fueron elevándose del suelo hasta la altura de la puerta del cuarto del fondo, donde vio algo que le pareció una mujer o visión, de pie, escasamente vestida con un ropaje blanco, y el copioso cabello suelto hecho mil anillos y revueltas ondas, desparramadas por el seno y los hombros sin alcanzar a ocultarlos, con ser tan abundoso y largo. Reconocerse, correr el uno hacia la otra y abrazarse estrechamente en medio de los besos ardientes y sonoros, fue todo uno.

El hospital de Paula no es más que la continuación de la iglesia del mismo nombre, inmediato al ángulo de la muralla, por la parte que da al sudeste de la bahía. Tiene la entrada al norte, abierta en una alterosa tapia de una galería que sirve de pasaje entre la iglesia y el hospital. Precede a la entrada un vestíbulo con tejadillo, que más parece mampara de convento que otra cosa. Allí se estaciona un centinela para impedir el escape de los presos o dementes que reciben asistencia médica en el hospital. Generalmente sólo se admiten mujeres en uno u otro estado, cuando ni el delito es grave, ni la demencia de carácter furioso.

La mujer que había visto Leonardo caminando a paso vivo en la dirección del sur de la ciudad, por la calle de San Ignacio abajo, no paró hasta llegar al vestíbulo de que antes hemos hablado. Empezaba a clarear el horizonte entonces por el lado de oriente. Era su ánimo entrarse de rondón, pero ya la centinela con el sable desnudo se paseaba de un extremo al otro del tejadillo, y se le encaró cerrandole el paso:

--Buenos días tenga Vd., señor militar, dijo la anciana tratando de congraciarse con la centinela.

--Buenos o malos, contestó con rudeza el soldado, hace ratos que acá los tenemos.

--El señor militar parece que no me conoce, agregó ella en tono y actitud suplicatorios.

--No tiene nada de extraño, porque el diablo me lleve si he tenido tratos con brujas.

Se persignó la mujer y añadió que deseaba hablar con _seña_ Soledad, la madre del hospital.

--Tampoco conozco a esa tía, repuso la centinela reasumiendo sus paseos. Por allá dentro nadie se menea. Entrar, entrar y despejar el campo.

En traspasando el umbral del vestíbulo, se está en un gran patio cuadrangular que lo forman, por la derecha el costado de la iglesia y por los otros tres lados unos anchos pasadizos, de los cuales el de la izquierda, por tres anchas puertas conduce a la sala de la enfermería. Varias columnas cuadradas de fábrica de mampostería dividen ésta en dos naves longitudinales, llenas de camas, cuyas cabeceras se apoyan en las paredes maestras del edificio, con lo que queda despejado el centro. No había allí mamparas ni compartimientos, de manera que el observador situado en cualquiera de las puertas, podía registrar con la vista todas las camas. Hacia la bahía o el este, lo mismo que hacia el sur y el norte, había ventanas altas que daban claridad y saludable ventilación a la espaciosa sala.

Apenas la mujer con el cilicio de cañamazo puso el pie en el patio, vio asomar por el lado de la iglesia a la madre _seña_ Soledad, con un farolito, y detrás de ella un clérigo en sotana negra de sarga, sin bonete, llevando en ambas manos, a la altura de su pecho, un copón de plata con tapadera de lo mismo. Ambos caminaban a paso largo y murmuraban ciertos rezos que en el silencio del patio resonaban con los zumbidos de muchos moscones. Se encaminaron derecho a la enfermería y atravesaron la sala de un lado a otro. Al pasar los dos por junto a la anciana, conoció ésta de lo que se trataba y cayó de rodillas exclamando:

--¡Los óleos! Dios reciba en su seno el alma del moribundo.

Rezado el credo con mucho fervor, recogió todas sus fuerzas hecha casi un arco con su cuerpo y dando traspieses, continuó hasta la puerta del medio de la sala y volvió a caer de rodillas. Era que acababa de notar que el clérigo de pie al lado de una cama enfrente, administraba la extrema unción a una de las enfermas, mientras la madre de rodillas en el lado opuesto suspendía cuanto podía el farolito para alumbrar aquella triste y desolada escena.

De vuelta de la iglesia a donde había acompañado al clérigo, la madre tornó a la sala y encontró todavía de rodillas a la mujer del cilicio, con la cabeza doblada sobre el pecho, absorbida en sus oraciones. Tocole en el hombro _seña_ Soledad y le dio los buenos días, en cuyo momento la mujer, en tono de voz casi ahogado por la angustia:

--¿Conque ha muerto? preguntó.

--Ya descansa en paz, contestó la madre brevemente.

--¡Ah! dijo la anciana y cayó desplomada en el suelo.

--¡Jesús! ¡_Seña_ Josefa! repitió la madre haciendo esfuerzos por levantarla. ¿Qué le pasa? ¡Va que Vd., no me ha entendido! Mire que todo ha sido una equivocación de las dos. No comprendí su pregunta de Vd., ni Vd., tampoco comprendió mi _contesta_. La muerta no ha sido Charo. No, señor, no ha sido ella, sino una pobre morena que hacía pocos días había entrado en el hospital. Charo va mejor, está más aliviada del pecho. Sí, no cabe duda. Así lo dice el médico y yo lo veo. Vamos, venga, quiero que Vd. se desengañe por sus mismos ojos.

Poco a poco, con tales seguridades, empezó a volver en sí _seña_ Josefa. Después de derramar un mar de lágrimas en silencio, se sintió en actitud de seguir a la madre hasta la cama de la enferma por la cual se interesaba tanto. Hallábase la tal a la sazón sentada, sin más abrigo que la sábana que le cubría las piernas encogidas, las cuales sujetaba con ambos brazos desnudos, apoyando la frente en las rodillas. Tenía cortado el cabello casi de raíz, como se hace generalmente con los locos, y bajo la piel floja, descolorida y seca mostraba la armazón de huesos, tanto más cuanto que la camisa, sola pieza interior que llevaba, no le cubría sino parte de la espalda. Por su posición en la cama y por una tos hueca y débil que a veces le acometía, se conocía que estaba viva.

--Charo, Charito, le dijo la madre con amabilidad. Mira quién está aquí. Levanta la cabeza, niña. Anímate.

--¡Hija mía! se atrevió a decir _seña_ Josefa. Mírame. ¿Me oyes? ¿Me conoces, mi vida? Soy tu madre, quiero verte la cara. Respóndeme siquiera. Te traigo buenas noticias; pronto vamos a sacarte de aquí. Te llevaremos al campo para que te cures y tengas el gusto de conocer y abrazar a tu hija. ¡Ah! ¡Si la vieras! Está lindísima. Es tu retrato cuando eras de su edad.

--Véala Vd. tan callada, dijo _seña_ Soledad. Cuando está así no habla, no se mueve y cuesta Dios y ayuda que pase un bocado. Otras veces la coge por gritar, como si la estuvieran matando, por llorar o por reírse a carcajadas.

Pero en vano empleó _seña_ Josefa los medios que juzgó más eficaces para moverla. En vano acudió a los ruegos, a las caricias, a las lágrimas; la enferma se mostró insensible a todo, no contestó palabra, no alzó la cabeza, no cambió la posición acurrucada. Claro era que no había tenido conciencia de la escena de muerte que acababa de verificarse en una cama opuesta a la suya, y, por supuesto, no dio señal alguna de haber reconocido la voz familiar de _seña_ Soledad, ni la angustiosa de su desconsolada madre.

En fin, se adelantaba el día y era preciso que _seña_ Josefa se apresurase a volver a su casa, donde había dejado sola a la nieta. Dijo, pues, a la carrera a _seña_ Soledad que el caballero que las protegía a ellas se proponía hacer el último esfuerzo para curar a Charo, si es que aún tenía remedio, y que para ello la llevaría al campo, cerca del mar, en donde respirase otro aire y se bañase a menudo, bajo la vigilancia de un médico.

--Pues a ello, _seña_ Josefa, y que para bien sea, dijo alegre la madre. Lo que es aquí, está visto que esa pobre muchacha no tiene cura. Además, es preciso sacarla o no hay modo de impedir que se la lleven para la nueva casa en la Beneficencia. Todos estos días atrás han andado recogiendo pobres y locos por las calles. Ayer se llevaron a Dolores Santa Cruz, tan alborotosa. Y el Comisario Cantalapiedra ya me ha notificado la orden de traslación de todas las locas en disposición de moverse.

Figurarse puede cualquiera cómo llevaría el corazón _seña_ Josefa después de lo que había visto, escuchado y sentido en el hospital de San Francisco de Paula.

CAPÍTULO XI

...Pero si el vicio mancha su limpieza Vertiendo en ella su funesto hielo, Levanta el ángel de su guarda el vuelo, Y Dios torna a otro lado la cabeza.

LUISA PÉREZ DE MONTES DE OCA

Era el día claro y calentaba bastante el sol cuando _seña_ Josefa volvió a su casita de la calle del Aguacate. Al parecer nadie allí se había movido, excepto la gallina con sus polluelos, que buscaban la salida al patio por entre el cabio y el quicio de la puerta. El

primer cuidado de la anciana fue ver si la nieta reposaba en el alteroso lecho; y satisfecha de que dormía tranquila, se quitó el chal de cañamazo, se desciñó la correa y se dejó caer en la butaca, desalojando para ello al gato, que al ruido de la entrada de su ama entonces se esperezaba, abría tamaña boca y mostraba la roja lengua con los afilados dientes.

En desplomándose dio un profundo suspiro. Apuraba ahora el cáliz más amargo que jamás apuraron labios humanos. Su única hija languidecía en un hospital, privada de los cuidados maternales, falta de juicio y devorada por la consunción, si que ella pudiera valerle en nada. Que no tendría remedio ni alivio mientras continuara en ese lugar, plenamente convencida quedó en aquella mañana _seña_ Josefa, si era que antes abrigaba dudas.

¿Por qué estaba la madre afligida separada hacía tanto tiempo, de la hija doliente y moribunda? Esta separación tenía dieciséis años de fecha, porque, según recordará el lector, María del Rosario Alarcón había perdido el juicio a consecuencia del sentimiento y sorpresa que le produjo el secuestro de su hija recién nacida, para pasarla por la Casa Cuna. Cuando se la devolvieron, bien amamantada y rolliza, ya era demasiado tarde, ya se había apagado en su mente el último rayo de la divina luz. Todavía si su demencia hubiese tomado un carácter manso y tranquilo, habría sido posible dejarla pasar el resto de su vida al lado de la madre y de la hija; pero a veces le entraban accesos de furor, en cuya disposición era difícil sujetarla e impedir que se hiciera daño o le hiciera a los suyos.

Además, aun cuando por no haber casa de dementes en La Habana, admitían en los hospitales, por ejemplo, en el de Paula, algunas mujeres en ese estado, aquéllos cuyas familias no podían guardarlos en sus casas que eran los más, andaban sueltos por las calles, hechos el hazmerreír de los muchachos y el escándalo de las gentes timoratas. Tal, entre otros, Dolores Santa Cruz, a que hizo referencia la madre del hospital de Paula.

Esta negra había sido esclava de la familia distinguida de Jaruco cuyo apellido llevaba. Con su industria y economías había logrado libertarse y reunir un capital. Compró casa y esclavos, dedicándose a la reventa de carnes y frutas, que entonces era negocio bastante lucrativo.

Sin que sepamos el motivo, alguien le disputó en juicio el dominio directo a su pequeña hacienda. Esto la enredó en un pleito largo y costoso, que si bien ganó con costas, en honorarios, sobornos, propinas, entre abogados, procuradores, escribanos, oficiales de causa, jueces y asesores, se consumió el valor de la casita, juntamente con el de las dos esclavas. El resultado fue, que el día menos pensado la pobre mujer se quedó literal, no figuradamente, por puertas.

Golpe rudo debió de haber sido éste para quien amaba mucho el dinero y las satisfacciones que procura. La que siendo esclava fue libre, dueña de esclavos y de fincas, y de nuevo se vio atada al poste de otra esclavitud: la miseria; no era posible sobrellevar el cambio sin que su razón perdiese el equilibrio. Se le desvaneció en efecto, y desde entonces, vestida de harapos, y adornada la cabeza con flores artificiales y pajas, a la Hamlet,[38] recorría día y noche las calles apoyada en un palo largo, de que pendía una jaba, gritando desaforadamente por las esquinas: _¡Po! ¡po! Aquí va Dolores Santa Cruz. Yo no tiene dinero, no come, no duerme. Los ladrones me quitan cuanto tiene. ¡Po! ¡po! ¡Poó!_

Figúrese el lector la hija de _seña_ Josefa, madre a su vez desgraciada, revelando al pueblo en sus arrebatos de locura los pasos, los medios y el nombre, quizás, de la persona o personas por cuya agencia se veía en aquel tristísimo estado. No debía darse, y no se dio semejante espectáculo; antes por doloroso que fuese el sacrificio hubo que hacerlo todo entero, como que de ello dependían hasta cierto punto la salud y la felicidad de la inocente niña que había sido la causa indirecta de la desgracia de su madre. Tampoco debía crecer y desarrollar su razón viendo que ésta la había perdido y era el ludibrio de los extraños. Ni había llegado el tiempo, creía la abuela, de que la hija y la madre se conociesen. La separación, pues, podía ser eterna.

Tales pensamientos ocupaban el ánimo de la anciana con más fijeza que nunca en los momentos que llamaron a la puerta de la calle. Cual si despertara de un sueño pesado, levantose a abrir y se encontró con el lechero, isleño de Canarias que en el traje usual de los campesinos, con una botija debajo del brazo y un jarrito de lata en la mano, la saludó en el tono peculiar de su país, con las palabras:

--Pues abriera para mañana la casera. _Verídicamente_ ésta es la tercera vez que le traigo la leche.

--Yo estaba en misa, contestó _seña_ Josefa trayendo la cazuela para recibir la poción láctea.

--Como que iba creyendo que se habían muerto toditos en esta casa.

--Acabo de entrar de la calle.

Después de mirar a la vieja con aire peculiar, añadió:

--Andese con cuatro ojos la casera, continuó el lechero; porque enseña el refrán que el que tiene enemigos no duerme.

--Yo no tengo enemigos, a Dios gracias.

--Parécele a la casera. Toditos tenemos enemigos ocultos en este mundo. ¿No tiene la casera una hija bonita?

--¿Hija? No, señor, nieta.

--Es lo _mesmo_. Pues en el palmito de esta nieta está el enemigo del reposo de la casera. No hay mozo que no se perezca por los buenos palmitos. El _demongo_ me lleve si esta madrugada mesma no _vide_ por aquí un lindo don Diego. Ahora no me atrevo a decir si estaba juntito a la puerta o a la ventana... Pero _de que lo vide lo vide_.

--El casero se engaña, observó la anciana desazonada y temblorosa. No estuve fuera sino por corto tiempo, y mi nieta no tiene mozo que le persiga el lindo palmito como dice el casero.

--Dígole a la casera lo que le digo, ándese con cuatro ojos, y no se duerma en las pajas, porque _de que lo vide lo vide_.

Nuevo motivo de inquietud y de tormento para la desventurada abuela. Sabía que un joven blanco, de familia rica, seguía a su nieta como la sombra al cuerpo, que la hacía regalos costosos, que la facilitaba su carruaje para concurrir a los bailes de las ferias, que ella decididamente se pagaba de esas atenciones y obsequios; pero estaba muy distante de creer, siquiera de sospechar, que él se aprovechase de su ausencia en la iglesia o el hospital para soplarle la nieta, corromperla y malograr su porvenir.

Entonces pensó que la había dejado sola, encomendada a la vecina de la casa inmediata, y bien pudieron los dos amantes ponerse de acuerdo, darse cita de antemano y reunídose allí mismo, mientras ella se andaba por Paula. De cualquier modo, afirmaba el lechero haber visto temprano a la puerta de su ventana o casita a un lindo don Diego.--¿Quién sabe si estuvo dentro? ¿Cúya era la falta si ocurría una desgracia? ¿Sería posible que la nieta siguiese el mismo camino y casi por los mismos medios se perdiese como su desventurada madre?

--¡Ah! exclamó _seña_ Josefa cayendo de rodillas al pie del nicho donde se veneraba la imagen de la Dolorosa. ¡Virgen Santísima! ¿Qué he hecho yo para este duro castigo? ¿Cuál ha sido mi grave culpa? ¿Habré estado toda la vida en pecado mortal sin saberlo? Tú sabes que he sido buena hija, buena hermana y cariñosa madre. Yo he procurado criar mis hijos en el santo temor de Dios. Yo me he desvelado por infundirles sanos principios de moral, de virtud y de religión. Yo cumplo estrictamente con lo que manda la santa madre Iglesia. ¿Por qué consientes, Virgen purísima, amparo de los débiles, madre de misericordia, por qué permites que el Tentador en figura humana aleje a mi nieta, niña inocente, tierna oveja del señor, del camino de la virtud, la empuje al pecado y la haga caer de la gracia divina como a su infeliz madre? ¿Me abandonarás tú también, piadosísima Señora, en éste el más duro trance de mi vida?

Aunque _seña_ Josefa había tomado casi al pie de la letra las ideas y hasta las palabras de los libros de devoción, únicos que leía, no cabe duda ninguna sino que el fervor de su fe religiosa, la consideración de la nueva desgracia que le venía encima, la conciencia de la tremenda responsabilidad que le cabía en caso de salir ciertas sus sospechas, en medio de su poca cultura, la habían inspirado, al punto de improvisar una oración elocuente, por cuanto expresaba con verdad los sentimientos que la dominaban en aquellas circunstancias. Poco fue, no obstante, el alivio que proporcionó a su desgarrado corazón el ferviente desfogue. Porque el aviso del canario, por oportuno y certero, hacía en su pecho el mismo efecto del cuchillo, hincado en las carnes, que si se mueve lascera, si se clava, mata. Tampoco era fácil olvidar las últimas sentenciosas palabras de aquél, no pensar en ellas; antes continuamente resonaban en sus oídos: _De que lo vide lo vide._

También resonaron en los oídos de Cecilia, la cual no dormía desde mucho antes que volviese su abuela de la iglesia; sólo que le causaron impresión muy distinta. Encendiéronle el pecho en cólera e indignación. Porque, pensaba ella, ¿quién mete al hombre a dar semejante aviso? ¿Qué le iba ni le venía conque ella tuviese o no tuviese un amante, en que se viese con él o no por la puerta o por la ventana? ¿Por qué insistir en haberle visto? ¡Maldito hombre! ¡No se le hubiera secado la lengua antes de decir lo que dijo! Seguramente también vio al joven entrar o salir, y si no lo afirmó con la misma pertinacia, fue porque la abuela no le dio tiempo ni ocasión.

Pero fuerza era atender a las demostraciones de dolor y sentimiento de la abuela, que parecían extraordinarias y debían tener causa poderosa y legítima. ¿Cuál podía ser ésta? Ignoraba Cecilia lo ocurrido en Paula. Su conciencia alarmada vino a descifrarle

el enigma. Había cometido una grave falta admitiendo en su casa, a ocultas de la abuela y contra su expresa orden, al joven blanco con quien cultivaba relaciones amorosas.

Desde ese punto, la soberbia e independiente Cecilia experimentó algo que no había experimentado nunca, algo que no atinaba a explicarse ella misma, una revolución en todo su ser. Es que ante la culpa empezaba a verse débil, temerosa, irresoluta, y tener vergüenza de sí, de su abuela y de sus amigas. ¿Con qué cara se les presentaría ella? El hombre de la leche iba a publicar su falta por todas partes aquella misma mañana. Cuando menos el vecindario ya estaba impuesto de todo, y en cuanto saliera a la calle la señalarían con el dedo y dirían de manera que lo oyese:--Ahí va la muchacha que se aprovecha de la ausencia de su abuela en la iglesia para admitir en su casa al hombre que públicamente la corteja.

Pero en medio de aquella confusión de ideas, comprendió Cecilia sin mayor esfuerzo dos cosas importantes: la una, que tal vez la abuela no estaba aún convencida de su culpa; la otra, que a la tranquilidad de las dos, pues que ya no había remedio, convenía disimular lo más posible hasta averiguar la verdad de lo que pasaba y tomar un partido. En esta disposición, se levantó con tiento, se echó por encima de la camisa un traje y se asomó a la puerta de la alcoba. Aún se hallaba la anciana de rodillas y concluía la improvisada plegaria. Corrió a arrodillarse a su lado, le pasó un brazo por la cintura y, dándole un beso en la mejilla, le preguntó con exquisita ternura:--Mamita, ¿qué tiene su merced? ¿Por qué está tan afligida?

No le respondió palabra la anciana, volvió a la butaca y rompió a llorar en silencio. No hay cosa más pegadiza que el llanto, y Cecilia estaba predispuesta a contraer el mal. Se arrojó en brazos de la abuela y confundió sus lágrimas con las de ella; desahogo necesario de dolores que, sin embargo, tenían contrapuesto origen. Tal vez habrían aprovechado aquella coyuntura para tener una explicación que no podía menos de ser satisfactoria para entrambas, porque así lo predisponía el estado de sus ánimos; pero llamaron de nuevo a la puerta y _seña_ Josefa se apresuró a abrir, enjugándose de camino las mejillas empapadas. Era la vendedora de carne, manteca y huevos, negra de África, con tablero cuadrilongo equilibrado en la cabeza sobre un rodete, y un espanta-moscas, hecho de varetas de palma de coco, en la mano derecha.

Bien por cierta tendencia a la obesidad, por el calor, o por el desaliño natural de la gente de color, el traje de la vendedora consistía de falda de listadillo y camisolín, que cuando limpio debía de ser blanco, y apenas le llegaba a los hombros, quedándose más corto por las espaldas, cuyas partes, junto con los brazos desnudos a la griega o romana y las mejillas redondas y rollizas, le brillaban cual si, a la usanza de su tierra, se las hubiese untado con grasa. Por supuesto, no calzaba zapatos, sino que al caminar arrastraba un par de chancletas con la punta de los dedos. Luego que abrió _seña_ Josefa, depuso el tablero en el quicio de la puerta, y en tono de voz chillona, cuyo volumen no correspondía con el de su cuerpo, dijo:

--_Güenos días, caserite. ¿No me toma naa hoy? Entoavía no ha hecho la cru._

Contestado brevemente el saludo por la anciana, ayudó a deponer el tablero en el suelo, agregando de prisa que le diera un real de carne de puerco, medio real de huevos y medio de manteca. La vendedora cortó la carne a ojo de buen cubero, y con los demás artículos pedidos la puso en un plato que trajo Cecilia; y no bien la vio, parece que la entraron ganas de hablar hasta por los codos.

--Labana etá perdía, niña. Toos son mataos y ladronisio. Ahora mismito han desplumao un cristián alantre de mi sojo. Uno niño blanca, muy bonite. Lo abayunca entre un pardo con jierre po atrá y un moreno po alantre, arrimao al cañón delasquina de Sant Terese. De día crara, niño, lo quitan la reló y la dinere. Yo no queriba mirá. Pasa batante gente. Yo conose le moreno; e le sijo de mi marío. ¡Ah! Me da mieo. Entoavía me tiembla la pecho.

Con semejante descuadernado e ininteligible relato, se asustó mucho Cecilia, porque le pasó por la mente que el robado podía ser su amante; pero disimuló cuanto pudo y la carnicera prosiguió:

--Allá por los Sitios ha habio la mar y la morene lotra noche. Tondá quiee prendré los mataores del bodeguer de la calle Manrico y la Estreya. Elle estaba en un mortorio. El gobernaó manda prendeslo. Dentra Tondá, elle solito con su espá, coge dos; Malanga, lo sijo de mi marío juye po patio y toavía anda escondió. Ese, ese, ma malo que toos. Conque pa que vea la caserite. No se pue un fía de naide. ¡Adiós, caserite! Mucha salú.

Ida la carnicera vino el panadero con la cesta de pan a la cabeza de un negro que le seguía los pasos, como la sombra verdadera de su cuerpo. Entonces _seña_ Josefa se acordó que debía preparar el almuerzo. Según dijimos al principio de esta historia, el fogón se hallaba en el patio, debajo de un alero de mesilla, sin chimenea ni cosa que lo valga. Allí la anciana hizo lumbre valiéndose del eslabón, el pedernal, el azufre, el cabo de vela y unos cuantos carbones vegetales, y en poco más el almuerzo

quedó listo. Entretanto Cecilia puso la mesa y ambas mujeres se sentaron a ella. Por largo rato estuvieron sin probar bocado, levantar los ojos del plato, ni hablar palabra. Es que a cada rato esperaba la nieta que la abuela le leyese la culpa en el semblante, y no se atrevía a mirarla de frente; al paso que ésta parecía muy nerviosa y desazonada. Varias veces intentó decir algo; harto se le conoció por el movimiento de los labios, y otras tantas la voz se le atravesó en la garganta, porque en vez de sonidos articulados sólo se le escaparon sollozos. Por último, hizo un esfuerzo y dijo:

--Yo debía morirme ahora mismo.

--¡Jesús, mamita! No diga eso, exclamó Cecilia sin alzar la cabeza.

--¿Por qué no, si tal es lo que siento? ¿Qué hago yo en el mundo? ¿De qué sirvo? De estorbo, nada más que de estorbo.

--Nunca había hablado así su merced.

--Puede ser, pero mis penas, aunque grandes, he podido sobrellevarlas hasta ahora. Ya estoy vieja; sin embargo, me faltan las fuerzas, no puedo más. Estaba pensando que sería mejor echarme a morir.

--¿No dice su merced que es pecado murmurar de los trabajos y penas que Dios nos manda? Acuérdese que Jesucristo llevó la cruz hasta el calvario.

--¡Pobre de mí! Mucho tiempo hace que he andado la _vía crucis_, y que estoy en el calvario. Sólo falta mi crucificación, y tal parece que me la tienen decretada aquellos mismos que más quiero en este mundo.

--Si mamita lo dice por mí, mire su merced que comete una verdadera injusticia. Bien sabe Dios que por aliviarle los pesares, de buena gana daría la sangre de mis venas.

--No lo demuestras, no se te conoce. Al contrario, parece que te complaces en hacer siempre lo que yo no quiero que hagas, lo mismo que te prohíbo. Si tú me quisieras como dices no harías ciertas cosas...

--¡Eh! Ya veo por donde va su merced.

--Voy por donde debo ir, por donde va toda madre que estima en algo el porvenir de sus hijos y su propio decoro.

--Si su merced no diera oídos a chismosos, lengua largas, se ahorraría más de un disgusto.

--Sucede, niña, que esta vez el chisme viene bien con lo que yo vi con estos ojos y oí con estas orejas que se han de comer la tierra.

En el calor de la discusión la muchacha había cobrado aliento y dijo:

--¿Qué ha podido ver ni oír su merced que no sea un chisme? Vamos, dígalo.

--Cecilia, lo que yo veo claro como la luz del día es que a pesar de mis amonestaciones y de mis consejos, tú buscas tu perdición como la mariposa la luz de la vela.

--Y si cierta persona, que es a quien su merced se refiere, se casa conmigo, me colma de riquezas y me da muchos túnicos de seda, y me hace una señora y me lleva a otra tierra donde nadie me conoce, ¿qué diría su merced?

--Diría que ese es un sueño irrealizable, un disparate, una locura. En primer lugar él es blanco y tú de color, por más que lo disimule tu cutis de nácar y tus cabellos negros y sedosos. En segundo lugar, él es de familia rica y conocida de La Habana, y tú pobre y de origen oscuro... En tercer lugar... Pero, ¿a qué cansarme? Hay otro inconveniente todavía mayor, más grande, insuperable... Tú eres una chicuela casquivana... Mujer perdida, sin remedio. ¡Dios mío! ¿qué he hecho yo para que me castiguen así?

La última exclamación la hizo _seña_ Josefa, ya en pie y con las manos en los oídos, como para no oír por boca de la nieta la confirmación del mal juicio que se había formado acerca de sus opiniones sobre el matrimonio. Cecilia se puso también en pie y quiso seguir a la abuela, sea con la intención de calmarla, sea con la de justificarse, explicando o ampliando su idea; pero se detuvo de repente porque en aquel momento asomó por la entreabierta puerta de la calle el bien conocido rostro de Nemesia.

CAPÍTULO XII

...Pero ponme _esa mano en este pecho._ _¿No sientes en él, Matilde,_ _Un volcán? ¡Pues son mis celos!_

J. J. MILANÉS

--Santos días por acá, entró diciendo muy risueña Nemesia sin llamar a la puerta.

Pero se quedó callada e inmóvil no bien echó de ver la cara y actitud de sus dos amigas. La abuela había vuelto a desplomarse en la butaca, su sitio favorito; la nieta se mantenía de pie, junto a la mesa, en la cual apoyaba una mano, fluctuando visiblemente entre el dolor y la desesperación.

No pudo ser más oportuna la aparición de la amiga en aquellas circunstancias. La anciana había dicho más de lo que la prudencia aconsejaba, y la joven temía averiguar el sentido íntimo de las últimas palabras de la abuela. ¿Qué sabía ella? ¿Por qué usar un lenguaje tan embozado? ¿Abrigaba fundadas sospechas o sólo pretendía intimidar?

La verdad es que en la disputa, con la conciencia alarmada, si no en posesión de hechos, ambas habían avanzado a un terreno resbaladizo, hasta allí vedado para ellas, donde la primera que entrase había de recoger larga cosecha de pesares y remordimientos. Por su parte, no creía _seña_ Josefa llegado el momento de enterar a Cecilia de su verdadera posición en el mundo. Tal vez el lechero se había equivocado respecto de la identidad del joven; tal vez éste meramente pasaba por la puerta de la casa. Si usted quiere conservar la inocencia de una doncella, no la acuse, sin pruebas de haber pecado. Por estas razones _seña_ Josefa, aunque desazonada, y llena de profundo pesar, desde lo íntimo del pecho saludó con alegría la venida inesperada de Nemesia.

Por fortuna también, para sacar a las tres mujeres de su embarazosa situación, llamaron entonces a la puerta de la calle con un fuerte golpe de aldaba, modo desusado de llamar. _Seña_ Josefa, siempre lista para estos casos, corrió a abrir, recibiendo, junto con un saludo profundo, un papel que le alargó un negro ya canoso, vestido decentemente de limpio. Tenía todo el aire de calesero de casa principal. Dada la carta, se marchó diciendo:--No contesta.

No tenía, en efecto, contestación, ni venía dirigida a _seña_ Josefa, sino al «Dr. Don Tomás de Montes de Oca. En mano propia». Llegaba a tiempo de calmar la ansiedad mayor de su espíritu atribulado. Con el auxilio de las gafas, que le alcanzó Cecilia, pudo ella mascullar para sí:

«Muy señor mío: De conformidad con lo que hemos hablado, doy la presente a la portadora, que se le presentará hoy mismo, a fin de que Vd. la explique lo que haya de hacerse en el asunto consabido. Está de más repetirle que responde a todo y que le vivirá eternamente reconocido S. S. S. y amigo Q. B. S. M.[39]

C. de Gamboa y Ruiz.»

Leída una y otra vez la carta para enterarse mejor del contenido, miró por encima de las gafas, primero a la nieta, luego a Nemesia, que se estaba callada a esperar el resultado de aquella escena muda, conocidamente absorbida, y como dudosa del partido que debía tomar. Pero el «hoy mismo» de la carta la obligó a formar una resolución preguntando:

--¿Qué hora es?

--Son las ocho, contestó Nemesia prontamente. Acaban de mudar las guardias de la _suidad_. Como que oigo los tambores _entodavía_.

--¡Qué me alegro! repuso _seña_ Josefa. ¿Estás tú hoy muy de prisa, hija mía? añadió hablando con Nemesia.

--No, señora, ni un tantico. Iba a la sastrería de Uribe en busca de costura. Pero si la vida dura, el tiempo es largo. Iré más tarde. Lo mismo da.

--Ahora bien, hija, tú me vas a hacer un favor: te quedas aquí en la compaña de Cecilia, intertanto doy un saltico a la Merced y vuelvo en un santiamén. ¿Te quedarás?

Sin aguardar respuesta se ciñó de nuevo la correa, se echó el chal de cañamazo por la cabeza y salió a la calle. Y no bien lo hizo cuando Nemesia se volvió de improviso para Cecilia, la cogió por ambas manos y le dijo:

--¿Qué te cuento, china? Acabo de toparme con él.

--¿Con quién? preguntó Cecilia.

--Con tu adorado tormento.

--¿Y qué bienes nos vienen con esa gracia?

--¿Es posible, mujer? Lo dices como si no te importara. Cuando digo que me he topado con él es porque creo que te interesa saber cómo, cuándo y dónde lo he visto. Vengo a buscarte.

--Yo no puedo salir.

--Para estos casos siempre hacen un poder las mujeres de pelo en pecho como tú.

--Mamita puede volver pronto y yo no quiero que me encuentre fuera.

--¿Qué importa? ¿Quién dijo miedo? No es lejos tampoco. Detrás de Santa Teresa.

--No sé qué sacaré yo con ir hasta allá.

--Tal vez un desengaño.

--Pues para eso no voy. No quiero desengaños tan temprano.

--Es preciso que vengas, mujer. Te interesa, te lo repito. Pronto.

--No estoy vestida ni peinada.

--No le hace. En un momento te pones el túnico, te alisas el pelo, te echas la manta por la cabeza y _naide_ te conoce. Yo te ayudaré.

--Nene, ¿cómo dejamos la casa?

--Le echamos la llave a la puerta, y ojos que te vieron ir, paloma torcaza. Vamos, anda. No hay tiempo que perder. Podemos llegar tarde, cuando _haygan_ volado los pájaros.

--Me da vergüenza salir a la calle de trapillos.

--_Naide_ te verá. ¡Hombre! Ni que fueras a perder por eso el casamiento. ¿Vienes? Sería una lástima llevarnos chasco.

--¿Qué será? pensó Cecilia entrando en el cuarto para prepararse, como lo hizo, en un dos por tres.

Había logrado Nemesia despertar la curiosidad y aún la alarma en el ánimo de la amiga, y de antemano saboreaba el placer de verla morir de celos.

Bastante trabajo costó a las dos muchachas el cerrar la puerta con llave. La oxidada cerradura estaba fija en el ángulo del marco y la traviesa a un lado, el picolete adherido a su armella en la hoja macho al otro, mal ajustado en la alcayata que le servía de apoyo, y de consiguiente no entraba el cerradero en la hembrilla para que hiciera presa el pestillo. Al fin, lograron su objeto, haciendo uso Cecilia de más maña que fuerza; y echaron a andar a paso menudo, bajo la sombra de los tejados, en dirección del sur de la ciudad.

Detrás de las tapias del convento de Santa Teresa, opuesto a una casa de ventanas de poyo alto y rejas voladizas, había parado un carruaje, al cual se veían enganchados tres caballos apareados, de frente para la calle de la Muralla. El calesero montaba el de la izquierda, armado de machete largo y demás adminículos del oficio, en son de marcha. Al estribo inmediato a la acera había un joven dando los últimos adioses a una señorita en traje de viaje, que se hallaba sentada a la derecha de un caballero entrado en años y de aire respetable.

Ocupaba el poyo de la ventana mencionada un grupo compuesto de varias señoras y caballeros, todos conocidos nuestros; es decir, la familia Gámez, Diego Meneses y Francisco Solfa, despidiéndose de Isabel Ilincheta que, en unión de su padre, se volvía para Alquízar. Casi a un tiempo todos aquéllos le dirigían la palabra desde la ventana y ella les contestaba, asomando a veces la cabeza por debajo del capacete, sin desatender el joven al estribo, que apoyaba en él un pie mientras asía con la mano izquierda la abrazadera del quitrín.

En esto llegaban las dos muchachas por la parte del norte de la calle. Desde lejos reconoció Cecilia al joven que hacía de lacayo, Leonardo Gamboa. Y aunque no había visto todavía a la dama del carruaje, ni a derechas la conocía tampoco, adivinó quién podía ser. Andando, andando, formó la resolución de dar un buen susto a los dos, tal que les sirviera de castigo, si no de saludable escarmiento. Para ello, adelantose a su compañera, le pegó un fuerte empellón a Leonardo, que, por no estar prevenido, perdió el equilibrio, resbaló y dio de costado en la concha del quitrín, a los pies de la sorprendida dama. Esta, ignorante de lo que pasaba, o juzgando que aquello no era más que una broma, aunque pesada, sacó la cabeza por debajo de la cortina para ver a la agresora, en cuyo momento, creyendo reconocerla, entre asustada y reída, exclamo:--¡Adela!

En efecto, Cecilia, sin el disfraz, pues se le había rodado el embozo a los hombros, la negra cabellera flotando, sólo sujeta a la altura de la frente por una cinta roja, con las mejillas encendidas y los ojos chispeantes de la cólera, era el trasunto de la hermana menor de Leonardo Gamboa, aunque de facciones más pronunciadas y duras. Mas ¡ay! reconoció ella pronto su error. Apenas se cruzaron sus miradas, aquel prototipo de la dulce y tierna amiga se transformó en una verdadera arpía, lanzándole una palabra, un solo epíteto, pero tan indecente y sucio que la hirió como una saeta y la obligó a esconder la cara en el rincón del carruaje. El epíteto constaba de dos sílabas únicamente. Cecilia lo pronunció a media voz, despacio, sin abrir casi los labios:--¡Pu...!

Nemesia se llevó por fuerza a Cecilia, Leonardo se incorporó como pudo, el señor Ilincheta dio la orden de marcha, el calesero pegó con el pie en los ijares del caballo de varas, dejando caer al mismo tiempo la punta del látigo en las espaldas del de fuera y el carruaje partió a buen paso, con lo que a poco más se perdió de vista en la esquina de la calle inmediata, por donde torció a la derecha en dirección de la puerta de las murallas de la ciudad, llamada _de Tierra_. En vano las señoras y caballeros en el poyo de la ventana esperaron ver alzarse la cortina del postigo posterior del quitrín y asomar el pañuelo blanco para decir el último adiós. Ni aquélla se movió, ni apareció éste tampoco, pregonando el hecho, desde luego, la desagradable impresión que había producido el lance en el ánimo de los desapercibidos viajeros. Mas todavía cuando recapacitaron en lo que acababa de suceder, ya no estaban allí las mulatas, ya había desaparecido Leonardo juntamente con el carruaje.

En la calle de la Merced, cerca del convento de este nombre, como quien va para la alameda de Paula, sobre la mano derecha, hay una casa de azotea, la única de la cuadra. La entrada, aunque amplia, pues admitía hasta dos carruajes en fila, no era de las llamadas propiamente de zaguán. Delante de la puerta había estacionada una mala volante a la que se hallaba enganchado entre varas, un caballo que para no desdecir de aquélla tenía más de Rocinante que de Bucéfalo. Encaramado allá en la alterosa silla, hecha así por la multitud de sudaderos para mejor resguardo de los lomos de la bestia, descansaba a horcajadas el calesero negro, cuyo traje y aspecto no desdecían un punto del resto del equipaje. Mientras esperaba por el dueño, o dormía, o tenía en la mollera más aguardiente del necesario, porque le costaba trabajo mantener la cabeza erecta y alta, antes daba a veces con la frente en el pescuezo del caballo, que por su inmovilidad parecía de piedra.

Se le acercó _seña_ Josefa por el lado de dentro y le dirigió la palabra repetidas veces, sin lograr que despertara o diera señales de vida. Bien es que ella, por respeto o por natural timidez, ni alzaba bastante la voz, ni osaba tocarle. No sabía su nombre tampoco, pero sospechando que se llamaba José, le dijo éste repetidas veces en tono cariñoso:--José, José, Joseíto, ¿está ahí el Doctor?

Medio se incorporó el negro en la silla, e hizo muecas horribles en el afán de abrir los ojos, casi cegados por el polvo blanco de la calle, y dijo al fin:--_Yo no me ñama José, me ñama Ciliro, y mi amo el Dotor está ahí aentro, si no ha salío. Dentre, dentre._

Después de darle las gracias al amable calesero, entró, en efecto, la anciana. Había en la sala varias personas de aspecto pobre y ambos sexos esperando por el médico, el cual en aquel momento no se hallaba presente. _Seña_ Josefa le conocía, y desde luego le buscó por todas partes con cierta inquietud, pues tal vez había salido; aunque el hecho de la volante a la puerta y la presencia de los pacientes en la sala, indicaban que si estaba fuera de casa, no era para la visita ordinaria de enfermos que giraba todos los días después de almuerzo. Al fin alcanzó a verle en el patio, inclinado sobre un hombre que, sentado en una silla, emitía de cuando en cuando quejidos apagados, más dolorosos, por donde se conocía que el Doctor ejecutaba una operación quirúrgica difícil. Era Montes de Oca cirujano hábil, no cabe duda, al menos atrevidísimo en el manejo de la cuchilla, tajando carne humana como quien taja hogazas de pan, siempre, es verdad, con acierto, tal vez por la misma sangre fría con que ejecutaba esas operaciones carniceras. Cuéntase, en efecto que en cierta ocasión le abrió el vientre a un individuo para extirparle un absceso que se le había formado en el hígado, y que lo ejecutó con la mayor fortuna, pues no se le murió el paciente entre las manos, sino que sanó, al menos de aquella dolencia. Eso sí, era tan hábil como interesado y codicioso de dinero. A nadie curaba de balde; ni se movía de su casa sino para hacer visitas de paga al contado violento, o con promesa explícita de que se le pagaría bien su habilidad, reconocida generalmente, tarde que temprano.

Conoció luego _seña_ Josefa que había terminado la operación, así porque había cesado de quejarse el paciente, como porque el Doctor, alzando el instrumento con que la había ejecutado, dijo:

--¡Ea! ya está Vd., despachado. Vea lo que tenía en el oído: un frijol, como un garbanzo, pues con la humedad de esa parte creció dos tantos de su natural tamaño.

--Gracias, Doctor, mil gracias. Dios se lo pague y le dé mucha salud. No sabe Vd. cuánto me ha atormentado ese frijol en el oído. Hacía más de diez días que no dormía, no comía ni...

--Lo creo, le interrumpió el Doctor con aire triunfante y no poco receloso. Buen trabajo me ha costado extraerle el cuerpo extraño. Luego, la parte esa es tan delicada, que por poco que me fallase el pulso podían resbalarse las pinzas y dañarle el tímpano del oído y dejarle sordo por el resto de sus días. Bien. Ahora me paga Vd. mi trabajo, se marcha a casa y se da unos bañitos de cocimiento de malvas con unas gotas de láudano para calmar la irritación...

--¿Cuánto le debo Doctor? preguntó el hombre temblando, no ya del dolor, sino del recelo de que le pidiesen mucho dinero por una operación ejecutada, y eso brevemente.

--Media onza de oro, contestó Montes de Oca con sequedad e impaciencia.

No tuvo el hombre más remedio que meterse la mano en el pantalón y sacar un pañuelo nada limpio, en una de cuyas puntas tenía atadas varias monedas, que ciertamente no hacían mucha mayor suma de la que había exigido el cirujano por la curación. Volvía éste para la sala, como acostumbraba con la cabeza baja y el hombro derecho derribado, cuando se encontró de manos a boca, cual se dice, con _seña_ Josefa, a la que preguntó con su voz gangosa:

--¿Qué quiere Vd. buena mujer?

Por toda respuesta _seña_ Josefa le alargó la carta de recomendación.

--¡Ah! agregó el cirujano después de haberla leído. Tenía ya noticias de esto. El mismo señor don Cándido estuvo aquí bien temprano y me habló del asunto. Pero debo decirle a Vd. lo que a él le dije, a saber: que no he visto aún a la enferma, que no conozco el caso y que sin conocerlo tendría que ser adivino para decidir lo que deba hacerse.

--¿No le contó el señor don Cándido, se atrevió a observar la anciana, toda temblorosa, que el caso es desesperado, digo, que no da espera, porque depende la vida o la muerte...?

--Sí, sí, la interrumpió el cirujano. Algo me dijo sobre eso el señor don Cándido. El caso es que no puedo atender a todo. Si me dividiese en diez me parece que no daba avío. ¿Ve Vd. los que aquí aguardan por mi? Pues fuera me esperan muchos más, y todos con premura. Estimo al señor don Cándido, sé que es generoso, desprendido y que sabe agradecer los favores que se le hacen. Deseo, puedo y está en mi mano servirle; creo que si le sirvo esta vez, ha de pagármelo bien. Mas Vd. es mujer racional, conocerá que necesito tiempo, que debo examinar por mí mismo el caso antes de aventurar un diagnóstico. Tal vez no tenga cura, tal vez sea peor el remedio que la enfermedad. No soy el médico brujo que a ciegas decidía y así salía ello. Sin embargo, quizás Vd. pueda darme mejores informes de lo que ha podido el señor don Cándido, que, por lo que entiendo, conoce el caso de oídas. ¿Quién es la enferma?

--¡Mi hija!, señor don Tomás.

--¿Hija de Vd. eh? ¿Qué edad tendrá ahora?

--Va en los treinta y siete.

--Vamos, no es vieja. Hay ahí cuerpo todavía, y habrá resistencia. ¿Qué tiempo hace que enfermó?

--¡Ay, señor! Mucho tiempo, la vida de un cristiano, hará ahora dieciocho años más bien más que menos.

--No, no quiero decir eso. ¿Desde cuándo entró en el hospital de Paula?

--Poco después de haber enfermado. Hace ahora algo menos de diecisiete años, porque la niña tendría unos dos meses de nacida cuando, por no poderla sujetar en casa, me vi obligada a ponerla en el hospital de Paula, según me aconsejó el médico Rosaín. Ya puede imaginar el señor Doctor lo que me costaría esta separación. Se me arrancó el alma...

--De suerte, añadió pensativo Montes de Oca, de suerte que la niña...

--¿Mi nieta? dijo _seña_ Josefa.

--Sí, su nieta de Vd., hija de la enferma, ¿tendrá...?

--Va en los dieciocho años de edad.

--¿Y qué tal?

--A Dios gracias, buena y sana.

--No, no es eso. Pregunto que qué figura tiene, qué tal parece la muchacha.

--¡Ay, señor Doctor! su figura y su parecer son los que van a acabar conmigo antes de mucho tiempo. Aunque me esté a mal el decirlo, es lo más lindo en verbo de mujer que se ha visto en el mundo. Nadie diría que tiene de color ni un tantico. Parece blanca. Su lindura me tiene loca y fuera de mí. No vivo ni duermo por guardarla de los caballeritos blancos que la persiguen como moscas a la miel. Me tiene sin sombra.

--¿Y esa muchacha encantadora acompañaría a la enferma si la sacamos del hospital?

--Si el señor Doctor lo cree conveniente, me parece que sí la acompañaría.

--De convenir, creo que convendría y mucho; pero se ofrece una dificultad. Veamos. ¿Qué tiempo hace que no se ven la madre y la hija?

--¡Qué! Hace una pila de tiempo. Más de diecisiete años.

--¿Tanto? Malo. ¿Pero Vd. u otro le habrá hablado a menudo a la madre de la hija y a la hija de la madre?

--A la madre sí le he hablado frecuentemente de la hija, cada vez que he ido a verla; a la hija nunca de su madre. Estoy por creer que no sabe que existe.

--¿Conque no se ha intentado nunca el que se vean la madre y la hija?

--Nunca.

--Mal hecho.

--Así creí yo, pero el señor Doctor Rosaín, que fue quien la asistió en el parto y después del parto, me aconsejó que las separase, y después que a la madre se le remató el juicio, me repitió que no le hablase de eso a la hija, porque querría verla y era fácil que la loca en uno de sus arrebatos la ahogase con sus propias manos. Pues es preciso que sepa el señor Doctor don Tomás, que tomó la locura con la hija, diciendo que como había nacido blanca tenía a menos el tener madre de color.

--Vaya, pues. Se equivocó Rosaín. Es un buen médico, no se puede negar, sólo que en este caso me parece que perdió los papeles o que se le fue el santo al cielo. Si la madre y la hija se ven de repente, después de una larga separación, tal vez se efectúe una reacción, y las enfermedades se curan con reacciones o revulsiones, no con medicinas, particularmente aquéllas en que aparece afectado el sistema nervioso. Somos todo nervio, nada más que nervio. Irritados los nervios cate Vd. la locura. Estaba pensando... Se había pensado llevar la enferma al campo, a una finca que poseo cerca del puerto de Jaimanitas, a fin de ver si cambiando el aire y dándose unos baños de agua salada, se lograba la revulsión que se busca. Pero es que la hija no puede ir allá con la madre. Figúrese Vd. que en esa finca, en el ingenio de Jaimanitas, digo, tengo sociedad con los Padres Belenitas. Lo administran y muchos de ellos se pasan en él buenas temporadas, en particular durante la molienda. ¿Qué escándalo no se armaría con la aparición de una joven tan linda, como Vd. dice, en medio de aquellos benditos Padres? ¡La tentación! Dios nos libre. Más de uno de ellos perdería el juicio y se diría que yo tenía la culpa... Mas ya veremos modo de arreglar eso. Vuélvase Vd. por acá pasado mañana, que yo veré a la enferma entre tanto y diré a Vd. lo que haya de hacerse. Quiero servir al señor don Cándido, puedo servirle, y me parece que será con beneficio de todos los interesados.

CAPÍTULO XIII

La alegría del corazón conserva la edad florida, la tristeza seca los huesos.

Parábolas de Salomón.

En la época de que venimos hablando, eran _rara avis_ los dentistas de profesión en La Habana. Siguiendo aquel refrán castellano que enseña: al que le duele la muela que se la saque, el oficio o arte dental lo ejercían, por la mayor parte, en las poblaciones, los barberos; en los campos los cirujanos, quiénes armados con el potente gatillo de acero, no dejaban diente ni muela con vida.

Había también sacamuelas intrusos o aficionados. Entre éstos, uno de nombre Fiayo se había hecho célebre por la destreza y habilidad con que ponía las raíces al aire y sin dolores de esos apéndices de la masticación. Su fama y popularidad, sin embargo, provenían del hecho, primero, de no emplear instrumento quirúrgico de ninguna clase; segundo, de no llevar dinero por sus mágicas operaciones dentarias.

La hija mayor de los señores Gamboa, Antonia, hacía tiempo venía padeciendo de una neurosis de carácter agudo a la cara, cuyo asiento en la mandíbula superior daba lugar a presumir tenía por causa la carie de un molar. Los médicos consultados, después de probar la aplicación de apósitos, sanguijuelas, enjuagues y cabezales, sin fruto aparente, decidieron se hiciera la extracción. Pero la idea no más de que para llevarse a efecto había de emplearse el temible gatillo, ocasionaba sudores y desmayos en la dolorida joven.

Por aquellos días llegó a La Habana, desde el campo, el mágico dentista Fiayo, y, como de costumbre se hospedó[40] en casa del Doctor Montes de Oca. No bien llegó a oídos de doña Rosa la noticia, cuando dispuso la engancharan el quitrín, y sola, con la hija doliente, se dirigió a la calle de la Merced. Llena estaba la sala de pacientes, unos en solicitud de los consejos o remedios del médico, otros de los servicios del famoso sacamuelas. Este ocupaba el segundo cuarto, cuya puerta y ventana daban al patio, y era por eso el más claro y a propósito para las operaciones de la boca. Allí tenía una silla común de madera, en que hacía sentar al paciente con la cara para el este, y en un dos por tres ponía al aire las raíces de la muela o el diente que le indicaba el interesado. Sucedía a veces que encontraba mayor resistencia de la que podía vencer con la fuerza del pulgar y del índice de la mano derecha; en cuyo caso, disimuladamente metía ésta en la faltriquera del chaleco, cual si pretendiera enjugársela, se armaba de una llavecita de hierro, convertía el paletón en gatillo, el tronco en palanca, y el éxito era instantáneo y seguro.

La entrada de doña Rosa Sandoval de Gamboa con su hermosa hija Antonia no causó poca sorpresa en las personas presentes en la sala, principalmente en Montes de Oca, que si bien era el médico de palacio y gozaba de extensa y merecida fama, no estaba acostumbrado a que le consultasen en su propia casa, señoras tan distinguidas y en la apariencia ricas. Tamaña condescendencia y amabilidad no podían menos de obligar a un médico de las condiciones y calidades del que tratamos ahora; así fue que, abandonando desde luego a sus pacientes, salió a recibir y atender a las recién llegadas. No conocía él sino de nombre y de vista a doña Rosa, a pesar de la estrecha y antigua amistad que le ligaba con su marido. Pero a tiempo de acercársele y hacérsela presente, le pasó por la mente que tal vez la inesperada venida de aquella respetable señora tenía que ver algo con la enferma del hospital de Paula, de la cual hablaba precisamente con la anciana _seña_ Josefa, en los momentos en que entró en la sala. Y una vez metido este extraño pensamiento en su cabeza, ya no hubo forma de sacarle de ahí.

--La señora esposa de mi caro amigo el señor don Cándido Gamboa y Ruiz, si no estoy equivocado, dijo Montes de Oca.

--Servidora de Vd., contestó secamente doña Rosa.

--Yo lo soy de Vd. muy atento. ¿Y ésta es su señorita hija de Vd.?

--Sí, señor.

--Bien se conoce. Hermosa niña. Dios se la guarde. Tengan la bondad de pasar adelante y sentarse.

--No hay necesidad, dijo doña Rosa. Vd. es persona muy ocupada, y luego venía solamente...

--Lo adivino, lo sé, mejor dicho, y perdone que la interrumpa, dijo Montes de Oca con desusada oficiosidad. Me complace el ver que Vd., también se interesa por la salud de la enferma en el hospital de Paula. Tanta bondad y nobleza de alma son mucho de celebrarse. Lo veo, lo comprendo perfectamente, desea Vd., conocer cuanto antes cuál es mi diagnóstico acerca del estado de la pobre muchacha. Es de celebrarse.

No teniendo noticias de semejante enferma, la madre y la hija se miraron azoradas, azoramiento que el médico no sólo no entendió, sino que lo interpretó por uno de aquellos sentimientos de admiración mezclados de gratitud que sienten las personas

bien criadas cuando les adivinan sus pensamientos y se anticipan a sus caros deseos. Halagada de este modo su vanidad, continuó diciendo, cada vez más satisfecho de su penetración:

--Diré a Vd., señora mía, con gran sentimiento, lo mismo que acabo de decirle a la anciana madre de la enferma, con quien me ha visto Vd., hablando hace poco. No es nada favorable mi diagnóstico. Con Vd. aun puedo ser más franco que con la madre. Ahí no hay ya fuerzas, sujeto, como decimos; quedan sólo alma en boca y huesos en costal, según se dice de los bozales recién llegados de Guinea. Su mal trae origen de una meningitis aguda, superveniente de un susto, que bajo el influjo de una fiebre puerperal, la privó del juicio y produjo un desorden general del sistema nervioso, cuyo estado ha pasado a crónico, para el que hasta ahora no se conoce remedio en la ciencia médica. En el día los síntomas más marcados son los de una consunción lenta, ya en el último período, cuyo término puede ser más o menos cercano, pero cierto y fatal que, o mucho me engaño, o no podría alargar una hora, un minuto el mismo Galeno[41] si para ello solamente volviese al mundo. Esta clase de enfermos acaban como las velas así que se evapora el sebo de que están hechas. Se apagará su vida el día y a la hora menos pensada. Lo peor de todo, _misea_[42] Rosa, es que ya es demasiado tarde para sacarla del hospital. Corremos riesgo de que se nos quede muerta entre las manos, que se apague la vela en cuanto le dé el aire libre del campo. Siento mucho no poder llenar los deseos del señor don Cándido...

En este punto hizo Rosa un movimiento de sorpresa que llamó la atención aun del embebecido médico, obligándole a dejar trunca la frase. No era para menos la especie. Mujer más joven, menos precavida que ella, habría hecho una exclamación demostrando mayor desazón y cólera. De tal naturaleza fue, sin embargo, la impresión que le causaron las últimas palabras de Montes de Oca, que cambió de color, poniéndosele rojo en el primer instante el rostro, y luego pálido, y desapareció, por supuesto, la plácida expresión con que había estado escuchando el ininteligible diagnóstico. Aunque de origen bien diverso, la misma sensación de extrañeza experimentó Antonia. No comprendía ésta, es cierto, por su juventud y ninguna experiencia, toda la malicia que podía encerrar el hecho de que su padre desease sacar del hospital de Paula a una muchacha enferma y desconocida para toda la familia, con el objeto de que se curase en alguna otra parte. Pero no se hallaba doña Rosa en el mismo caso. Lo que era oscuro e insignificante para la hija, era un mar de luz para la madre, la verificación de continuas sospechas, el aguijón de celos antiguos y siempre vivos. ¿Quién podía ser aquella moza, ni qué clase de relaciones tenía o había tenido con ella su esposo, que estaba empeñado en sacarla del hospital de Paula por medio del médico Montes de Oca? Debía de ser una mulata, pues que su madre era casi negra. Se hallaba gravemente enferma, el médico la había desahuciado, estaría hecho un esqueleto, fea, asquerosa, moriría ciertamente en breve; pero había sido su rival, había gozado a la par con ella del amor y de las caricias de Gamboa.

¿Por qué disposición del cielo averiguaba en la hora postrera un secreto tras el cual venía corriendo hacía más de una década? Ya era poco menos que inútil la venganza. La muerte se interpondría en breve entre la esposa y la manceba. ¡Qué desesperación! ¡Qué tumulto de pasiones! ¡Qué atar y desatar de cabos sueltos, ocultos mas no olvidados en los rincones del pensamiento! Quería hablar, gritar, desahogar de alguna manera su corazón oprimido. ¡Cuánto alivio no la habrían proporcionado las lágrimas! Cristiana y discreta como era doña Rosa, sin duda hubiera dado en aquel instante la mitad de su vida por retrotraer los sucesos al año 13 ó 14, en que, joven todavía, llena de fuerza y de encantos personales, con menos cordura y calma, la hubiera sido fácil, plausible, hacer valer sus derechos de esposa, de madre y de señora.

Mientras revolvía todas estas cuestiones en la cabeza, obra que no le costó muchos minutos, sino segundos de tiempo, y sentía que la sangre se asomaba toda a sus mejillas, pasole por la mente lo de la niña en la Casa Cuna y su lactancia por María de Regla, la esclava ahora de enfermera en el ingenio _La Tinaja_; y dedujo, por necesaria consecuencia, que esa historia se relacionaba estrechamente con la mujer enferma en el hospital de Paula. ¿Buscaba, pues, Gamboa salvarle la vida a la madre de su hija bastarda? ¿Quién sería ésta? ¿Vivía aún? ¿La reconocía como tal el padre? Fuerza era averiguarlo. Tal vez Montes de Oca estaba enterado. Haciendo un esfuerzo supremo, logró dominar la agitación ya a punto de embargarle los sentidos; y decidió apurar hasta las heces la copa de la curiosidad y de los celos. Así, tomando de nuevo el hilo de la conversación con Montes de Oca, que mostraba deseos de manifestar cuanto sabía, dijo:

--Yo también siento en el alma que no se pueda hacer nada de provecho con la pobre...

--Rosario Alarcón, sugirió el médico, viendo que doña Rosa titubeaba.

--Rosario Alarcón, repitió ésta. Lo más presente que yo tenía. Mi memoria es flaca en esto de recordar nombres. Se lo dije a Gamboa que ya era demasiado tarde y no dudo que el desengaño le causará un verdadero pesar. Luego la hija, así que lo sepa...

--En cuanto a eso, repuso prontamente Montes de Oca, pierda Vd. cuidado, _misea_ Rosa. La abuela ha tenido la habilidad de ocultarle a la hija hasta la existencia de la madre enferma.

--¡Es posible! exclamó doña Rosa. Parece increíble...

--Nada más fácil, continuó el médico. Esto es, repito lo que me ha contado la anciana que acaba de salir de aquí y que yo no hallo absurdo. Supongo que Vd. no ignora que cuando pusieron en Paula a la Rosario Alarcón, la hija era una chiquilla, sin uso de razón para echar de menos a una madre a quien después no ha visto.

--Con que la hija, una mujer hecha y derecha...

--Y muy linda, sin desdoro de los presentes, dijo Montes de Oca, cortando otra vez la palabra a su interlocutora para interpretar a su manera un pensamiento no más que indicado.

--Quiere decir, dijo doña Rosa, que Vd. conoce a la mozuela. Estaría aquí con la abuela.

--No, señora, no la he visto nunca. Hablo por boca de ganso, repito lo que me ha contado la abuela. Mejor dicho, no la veo desde el primero o segundo mes de nacida, cuando la Real Casa Cuna o de Maternidad estaba situada en la calle de San Luis Gonzaga, cerca de la esquina de la del Campanario Viejo.

--Luego tal es la niña para cuya crianza se tomó en alquiler a mi esclava María de Regla.

--Puede ser, yo no sé de eso jota.

--¿Cómo que no, si por orden de Vd. se me pagaron las dos onzas mensuales del alquiler mientras duró la lactancia de la susodicha niña?

--¿Por orden mía? Perdone Vd. _misea_ Rosa. No tengo idea de semejante inquilinato, y, por supuesto, de la tal mensualidad. ¿No estará Vd. equivocada?

--Vaya, señor Doctor, repuso doña Rosa. ¿Es olvido o pura modestia de Vd.?

--Ni lo uno ni lo otro, mi señora. Positivamente no tengo noticias de lo que Vd. dice.

--Así será, dijo al fin doña Rosa advirtiendo que el médico se ponía en guardia. Comprendo lo que pasa por Vd.: no quiere que se hable más de este asunto. No añadiré palabra. Eso no obsta para que yo le manifieste mi complacencia por el uso que hizo Vd. de los servicios de mi esclava, cuando se le ofreció sacar de apuros a un amigo. Permítame le agregue, ya que se presenta la ocasión, que me negué a tomar un peso por el alquiler de la criatura, y que si al fin recibí el dinero fue porque se me dijo que de otro modo Vd. no la aceptaba.

Guardó silencio Montes de Oca. Únicamente inclinó respetuoso la cabeza como hombre que, cogido en un fallo, y sin salida plausible ni medios de defensa, se resigna y aguarda la sentencia. Pero lo poco que negó fue precisamente aquello de que debía estar más convencida doña Rosa, es a saber, del inquilinato de la nodriza y del salario que por ello la abonaron mes a mes, durante cierto tiempo. En lo que sí se equivocaba lastimosamente era en dar por hecho que Montes de Oca había sido el contratante y pagado el dinero del supuesto alquiler. Sobre este particular importante había sufrido dicha señora un engaño: ¡su marido no le había dicho la verdad!

Ahora bien: a la vista de la persistente negativa del médico, ¿salió doña Rosa de su error? Difícil es la comprobación en tales casos, y por lo mismo nos limitamos a decir que, aclarados ciertos particulares oscuros sobre la mujer enferma y las relaciones que con ella y con la hija tenía su marido, lo demás se caía de su peso, se infería sin esfuerzo, y no era digno de una señora el informar a una persona extraña de secretos de familia que quizás realmente ignoraba. Desistió, pues, del ataque y concluyó pidiendo al médico que la perdonase las molestias que le había ocasionado, sirviéndose decirla si Fiayo se hallaba dispuesto a examinarle la boca a su hija Antonia. Por sentado que lo estaba, y se ejecutó la operación con toda felicidad. Después, don Tomás Montes de Oca tuvo la cortesía de acompañar a las dos señoras hasta el estribo del carruaje y de ayudarlas a montar en él. Y una vez sentada y emprendida la marcha en vuelta de la casa, doña Rosa se cubrió la cara con las manos y dio a llorar y sollozar sin medida ni consuelo; todo esto con extrañeza grande de la hija, quien, ocupada de su propio dolor físico, no había echado de ver la transformación del semblante de su madre así que se alejó de la presencia del médico.

Conviene advertir aquí que a consecuencia de un disgusto con su padre por la salida a la calle tan de madrugada, según hemos referido ya, Leonardo hacía tres o cuatro días que no paraba en su casa, sino en la de una tía materna. Esto contribuyó a aumentar el pesar de doña Rosa. No sólo se negó a sentarse a la mesa, lista para el almuerzo, sino a darle explicación alguna a

don Cándido sobre los motivos de su sentimiento. En medio del llanto y de los suspiros, pronunció varias veces el nombre del hijo favorito, razón por qué las hijas, suponiendo que la ausencia de éste era la causa original de sus lamentos, despacharon a Aponte en su busca con el carruaje. Vino el joven, y al punto doña Rosa, rodeándole con sus brazos, le cubrió la frente de besos y de lágrimas. Dábale entre tanto los epítetos más cariñosos y le decía:--Hijo del alma, ¿dónde estabas? ¿Por qué huías de las caricias de tu madre? Mi amor, mi consuelo, no te apartes de mi lado. ¿No sabes que tu triste madre no tiene otro apoyo que el tuyo? Tú no mientes, tú dices siempre verdad, tú eres el único en esta casa que conoce lo que vale una madre y esposa leal. Mi vida, mi corazón, mi fiel amigo, mi todo ya en el mundo, ¿qué, ni quién tendrá bastante poder ahora para arrancarte de mis brazos? Sólo la muerte.

Al fin esta señora, casada, madre de familia, halagada por los dones de la fortuna y de la naturaleza, al llegar a su casa se encontró rodeada de varias personas que le eran muy queridas, que la respetaban y que se apresuraron a enjugar sus lágrimas, a ofrecerle consuelos y distracciones. Al fin, aquella angustia suya, dado que legítima, nacía de un mero desengaño en su vida conyugal, que por la época en que le recibió, bien se conocía que el ángel de su guarda se le había apartado de los ojos hasta la hora en que su conocimiento la fuese menos doloroso. Hasta allí un golpe de celos era lo único que venía a turbar la serenidad de sus días, por otra parte siempre plácidos e iguales.

Pero ¿qué había de común entre el pesar, el desengaño ni los celos de doña Rosa Sandoval de Gamboa, y el pesar, el desengaño y la desolación de la pobre _seña_ Josefa, más desamparada y sola que antes desde el punto que se separó del médico Montes de Oca y volvió a cruzar el umbral de su casita en la calle del Aguacate? Con razón pudo entonces exclamar con el salmista:--Venid, cielos y tierras, aves que pobláis el aire, peces que llenáis las aguas, brutos que holláis los campos, y decidme: ¿Hay dolor comparable con el dolor mío?

Nadie le preguntó por qué lloraba y se mostraba tan afligida. Cecilia, a quien encontró allí de vuelta, estaba harto disgustada para pensar en los disgustos ajenos. Nemesia también guardó un profundo silencio, diciendo sólo al despedirse de las dos:--Hasta después. Aun la imagen de la Virgen en el nicho, frente a su butaca, parecía que no debía ofrecerla esta vez consuelo. Transida por el dolor de la espada que le atravesaba el pecho, dirigía hacia otra parte sus amorosos ojos.

Y tal fue, después de todo, la indicación oportuna que recibiera _seña_ Josefa en medio de su pavorosa soledad. La madre del Salvador del mundo, en los momentos de perderle enclavado en una cruz, claramente le enseñaba con su resignada, sublime actitud, que hay dolores tan grandes para los cuales no se encuentra consuelo aquí abajo, sino allá arriba, ¡en el cielo!

CAPÍTULO XIV

Meditando su pena _Dentro del pecho el corazón se abrasa:_ _El fuego desordena_ _Los límites y pasa:_ _Y suelta ya la lengua, hablé sin tasa._

GONZÁLEZ CARVAJAL

La extraña conducta y las frases irónicas de su cara esposa traían alarmado a don Cándido Gamboa. Nunca había usado ella un lenguaje tan sarcástico. Por el contrario, en sus arranques de celos siempre había pecado por franca y desembozada. ¿Qué había averiguado de nuevo? ¿Dónde había estado aquella mañana, que la produjo tal cambio?

No entraban en el carácter, ni en las ideas de honor y dignidad de don Cándido el pedir a su esposa la explicación del misterio, menos a los hijos con quienes pocas veces hablaba, mucho menos a los criados, alguno de los cuales sabía más secretos de la familia de lo que convenía a la paz y a la dicha del hogar. Hombre de mundo y astuto, creyó que podía dejar al tiempo y a la indiscreción de la mujer o de los hijos el salir de dudas más tarde o más temprano.

Adoptó, eso sí, mayor cautela, observó con doble atención; y he aquí la sola novedad que se operó en su conducta en adelante respecto de su familia. Ni tuvo que mantener larga espectativa tampoco, porque días después, en la mesa del almuerzo, se habló de la neurosis facial de Antonia y del alivio que sentía después de la extracción de la muela por Fiayo. No necesitó de más don Cándido: su mujer había estado en casa de Montes de Oca, donde era notorio que aquél paraba y ejecutaba sus operaciones dentarias.

Precioso dato éste; sólo que, en vez de ayudarle a resolver el enigma, contribuyó a desorientarle y hasta cierto punto a adormecer sus recelos. Porque no cabía en su cabeza que el médico hubiese hablado a su esposa de la moza enferma en el hospital de Paula. Por flojo de lengua que le supiese, no podía imaginar siquiera que llevase la candidez (malicia no era) al extremo de

comunicar a una persona extraña que veía por la primera vez, un asunto con el cual no tenía relación ni interés alguno. ¿Con qué motivo, tampoco, suscitar la conversación? Daba por hecho Gamboa, además, que él había hablado al médico sobre la enferma en confianza, y aunque no le había exigido el secreto, se entendía que debía observarse en todas circunstancias.

Ya se ha visto cuán falaces eran todos estos razonamientos de don Cándido. Del mismo erróneo tenor fue la reflexión de que _seña_ Josefa, encontrándose por casualidad con doña Rosa en casa de Montes de Oca, tuvo una explicación, o habló delante de ella de la enferma en el hospital de Paula. En esta persuasión la esperó varias mañanas seguidas al postigo de la ventana de su casa.

Inútilmente. El médico había sido todavía más franco, diríamos más rudo con la anciana que con doña Rosa. De una vez le quitó toda esperanza, cuando en el lenguaje vulgar, no en el de la ciencia, le desahució a la hija. Para una mujer de sus años, agobiada por los trabajos y los pesares, cada vez más descontenta de su nieta, que llevaba, al parecer, el mismo camino de la madre moribunda, era aquella noticia más de lo que su espíritu y su cuerpo podían sobrellevar. Para valernos de sus propias palabras, ya había ella andado la _via crucis_, se hallaba en la cima del calvario, sólo faltaba la _crucificación_, la muerte que compasiva, pondría fin a una existencia ya muy larga para lo que había sufrido, tela inacabable de privaciones y de sacrificios.

De este golpe no se repuso más. Tras el llanto y otras demostracciones de dolor, acudió con doble ahinco que antes, al rezo, a la oración, a la confesión y comunión casi diarias, a la penitencia continua, recayendo al cabo en aquel estado de indiferencia y apatía mental y corporal para los negocios del mundo, que tanto se asemeja a la fatuidad o a la demencia. No parece sino que de repente se le había apagado el fuego misterioso que desde los primeros años de su existencia venía comunicando calor a su sangre, actividad a su espíritu. Porque dejó de ser comunicativa, se encerró en sí misma, descuidó a la nieta, se ocupó solamente de los actos de devoción que eran en ella una segunda naturaleza, un movimiento automático, se echó a dormir, en una palabra, desde entonces, el sueño de la vida.

Tal y tan repentino cambio no pudo menos de llamar la atención de Cecilia, quien, si al principio se aprovechó de él para satisfacer sus pasiones y caprichos, sintió luego mayor compasión y ternura por su abuela. Conociendo que sin enfermedad aparente, el día menos pensado caería muerta, empezó a asustarse y ocuparse más de su propio porvenir. En breve se quedaría sola en el mundo, destituida de parientes, de amigos respetables, de amparo, y redobló sus cuidados con la abuela, fue con ella más amable y servicial de lo que jamás había sido en su vida. Pero sus caricias, sus palabras amorosas, sus asiduos oficios de hija sumisa y tierna no obtenían correspondencia digna de este nombre, no excitaban a veces más que una sonrisa fría y... pavorosa para la inexperta joven, que creía ver en eso un signo de anticipada decrepitud, si no de demencia. Ni era que la anciana había perdido ya la facultad de sentir, porque más de una vez la sorprendió la nieta con las mejillas húmedas de las lágrimas. Si éste fue el estado de _seña_ Josefa inmediatamente después de su última entrevista con Montes de Oca, mal pudo ella acercarse a don Cándido para hablarle de un asunto casi borrado de su memoria.

No era por cierto mucho más llevadera la situación de este caballero. Seguía guardando con él su esposa desusada reserva, tal que rayaba en despego; al paso que, como por pique, hacía con su hijo Leonardo dobles extremos de cariño y de ternura. Cada vez que salía a la calle, le acompañaba hasta el zaguán y allí le despedía con besos y abrazos repetidos. Si volvía tarde de la noche, cosa frecuente, le esperaba anhelosa a la reja de la ventana cual se espera a un amante, y lejos de reñirle cuando llegaba, le besaba y abrazaba de nuevo, como si hubiese durado largo tiempo su ausencia, o corrido un grave peligro fuera de casa. Todo le parecía poco a dicha señora para el hijo mimado. Ocioso es añadir que se anticipaba a sus gustos, que le adivinaba los pensamientos y que acudía a satisfacérselos, no como madre, sino como enamorada, con apresuramiento y afán de pródiga, sin pérdida de tiempo y costara lo que costase. Si al volver de una de sus correrías insinuaba siquiera que se sentía cansado o doliente, ¡santo Dios! ponía ella la casa toda en movimiento, haciendo que las hermanas, los criados, el Mayordomo, todos, no se ocupasen de otra cosa que del alivio y bienestar del enfermo.

Así tuviese don Cándido la calma del buey o la paciencia de Job, por fuerza que habían de cargarle estas cosas; más, hacerle hervir la sangre, no tanto porque la madre contribuía con sus halagos intempestivos a la perversión del hijo, cuanto porque así tiraba a mortificar al padre. Tan hostigado se vio, que la dijo un día:

--Si de propósito te pusieras, Rosa, a perder al muchacho, me parece que no lo harías mejor.

--No eres tú quien puede hacerme el cargo, contestó ella con mucho énfasis.

--No obstante, te lo hago.

--Lo veo, y lo atribuyo a que los hombres pierden a veces el... pudor.

--Dura es la palabra, mas la paso en obsequio de la paz.

--No la pases, si te parece. Lo mismo da.

--Es que se me figura que olvidas que yo estoy tan interesado en este asunto como tú.

--¡Tú interesado! ¡Tú interesado como yo en la buena o mala conducta del niño! Graciosa salida por cierto. Lo dudo, no lo creo, lo niego.

--En vano es negarlo, señora; no sería su padre si otra cosa dijese.

--Pues bien, yo que soy su madre, que le di el ser, que le crié en mis brazos, digo a Vd. que puede excusarse el trabajo de velar por la suerte del niño. El no tiene necesidad de los cuidados de padre, le bastan los de su madre.

--Eso no quita que yo mire con inquietud cómo la madre a posta echa a perder cada vez más al mozo.

--No creo que le importe mucho al padre que se pierda o se salve.

--Me importa más de lo que Vd. se figura, señora mía. Si no llevase mi nombre...

--¡Lindo nombre en verdad, donoso!

--Tan bueno es como el de otro cualquiera. Para mí vale mucho.

--Creería que eso era así si no hubiese visto que Vd. mismo le ha arrastrado por el suelo. Lindo nombre, digo. Esté Vd. seguro que si lo que he sabido ahora lo hubiese sabido hace veinticuatro años, mi hijo no llevaría el nombre que lleva. Pero yo tengo la culpa. No me sucedería esto si me hubiera llevado por los consejos de mi madre, que santa gloria haya.

--¿Y qué os aconsejó vuestra buena madre? ¿Se puede saber?

--No tengo embarazo en decirlo, pues me dijo: hija, no te cases con hombre de opuesta religión o naturaleza a la tuya.

--Lo que tanto vale como decir, me parece, agregó don Cándido bastante mortificado, que a Vd. la pesa ya haberse casado conmigo. ¿Hubiera Vd. preferido a un criollo jugador y botarate? Por supuesto.

Tal vez, repuso doña Rosa con mayor suavidad de tono mientras más punzantes eran sus palabras. Pero jugador o no, es probable que el criollo, el paisano mío, se hubiera portado conmigo con más lealtad y decencia. De seguro que el criollo no me hubiera engañado por el espacio de doce o trece años...

--¡Acabáramos! exclamó Gamboa respirando con más libertad. Protesto contra la acusación. Yo no la he engañado nunca.

--¿Y tiene Vd. valor de negarlo? ¿Quién sino Vd. me aseguró una y otra vez que María de Regla criaba a la hija bastarda de un amigo de Montes de Oca? ¿Quién inventó lo del alquiler de la negra? ¿Quién pagó las dos onzas de oro del supuesto inquilinato mientras duró la crianza de la chiquilla? No, no fue Vd. Fue otro, fue el amigo reservado de Montes de Oca. El dinero, sí, es verdad, no salió del bolsillo de Vd., salió del mío; por mejor decir, me lo quitó Vd., con una mano para devolvérmele con la otra.

--Ladrón, ladronazo; ni más claro ni más turbio, dijo don Cándido tratando de echar la cosa a broma.

--Lo ha dicho Vd. Y de que es exacta la calificación, se prueba con el hecho notorio de haber sido mi caudal mucho mayor y más saneado que el de Vd. cuando nos casamos.

--No tiene Vd., necesidad de recordármelo.

--¡Cómo que no! estalló doña Rosa con entereza. Aún tengo que recordarle otras cosas. Pues debo decirle que en caso igual mi marido el criollo quizás juega su dinero y el mío, pero de seguro que no hubiera gastado un peso en amoríos con mulatas. De seguro que no habría ido a Montes de Oca para que le sacara la manceba del hospital de Paula y se la curase en el campo. De seguro que no se desatinaría por una mozuela cuyo padre verdadero sabe Dios quién es.

--¿Conque todo eso me tenía reservado la señora doña Rosa Sandoval y Rojas?

--He aquí como me explico, continuó ésta sin hacer cuenta de la salida burlona de su marido, el odio, sí, el odio, ni más ni menos, que Vd. siempre le ha profesado a mi hijo. He aquí el verdadero motivo del empeño de Vd., en separarlo de mi lado y mandarlo a comer cebollas y garbanzos en España. Temía Vd. que descubriese lo que su madre acaba de descubrir por una rara casualidad. Temía que le despreciase y tuviese a menos el llevar el nombre de Vd., al ver con sus ojos los cenagales por donde Vd., ha venido arrastrándolo. Temía que se avergonzase e indignara de que su padre, no un criollo jugador y botarate, sino todo un hidalgo español, se la pegaba a su madre con una mulata sucia, que purga sus penas y pecados en un hospital de caridad.

--Espero que Vd. acabe para...

--¿Que yo acabe espera Vd.? le interrumpió doña Rosa sonriendo desdeñosamente. No tengo cuando acabar. ¿Para qué tampoco había de acabar? ¿Ni qué puede decir Vd., si yo lo oyera, en atenuación de su mala conducta con la más leal y consecuente de las esposas? ¿Podría, se atrevería Vd., a negar los hechos que le acusan?

--Negarlos a bulto no, explicarlos sí, y de manera que Vd. misma se convenciese que no soy el malvado que su imaginación la pinta.

--No quiero oír más explicaciones. Sobrado tiempo me ha tenido Vd., engañada con sus cuentos y enredos.

--Veo, pues, que Vd., lo que se propone es desfogar su cólera, no dar oídos a la razón y a la justicia.

--Lo que yo me propongo, señor don Cándido Gamboa y Ruiz, dijo su mujer alzando la voz y con ademán solemne, es que Vd. no continúe derrochando mi dinero ni el de mis hijos en _querindangos_ y en la familia de la querida. Sobre esto y sobre lo de maltratar a mi hijo para que le pague sus desengaños en amor, mi resolución está tomada: o Vd., se enmienda o yo me divorcio.

Con lo dicho don Cándido se retiró a su escritorio callado y serio. Y su retirada la saludó doña Rosa con sinceros aplausos desde el fondo de su pecho. Porque es bueno que se sepa, que mientras duró el vivo diálogo que acaba de leerse, estuvo ella haciendo un grande esfuerzo sobre sí misma, a fin de decir cuanto tenía encerrado en largos años de zozobras y sospechas, antes que sus más nobles sentimientos recobrasen el acostumbrado imperio y se echase a perder la lección que había pensado darle a su marido. Bueno es decir, además, que ella se había casado por amor, no obstante la oposición de su madre, y quizás por eso mismo; y no quería romper con el padre de sus hijos y constante compañero. Después, en los veinticuatro años de matrimonio, no había tenido ocasión plausible de arrepentirse, por mucho que no hubiese sido nunca ejemplar la fidelidad de don Cándido.

También se habrá echado de ver en el curso de la presente verídica historia, que don Cándido, antes y después de casado, como se dice vulgarmente, no había reservado pluma. Bastante galán y de apuesta persona, en su mocedad había sido muy enamorado o mujeriego; y tal era su falta mas de bulto. Pero a pesar de la rudeza de sus maneras y de su poca cultura, había bondad e hidalguía en el fondo de su corazón, prendas éstas que redimían en gran parte aquel defecto. Precisamente porque amaba mucho y bien y era hombre de conciencia, cuando contraía un compromiso, fuera de la naturaleza que fuese, hacía cuanto estaba en su mano por cumplirlo, arrostrando a veces para ello con frente serena las dificultades todas que se le presentaban.

Dieciocho o veinte años atrás, esto es, cuatro o cinco después de casado, va con dos hijos de su legítima mujer, tropezó con una mozuela de singular belleza. Sin saber cómo ni cuándo contrajo con ella relaciones clandestinas; lazo fácil de formar cuando el hombre es joven, rico y buen mozo y la mujer bella, en los quince y de la raza mezclada. De estos necios amoríos resultó una niña, la cual don Cándido se empeñó en salvar, primero de la muerte cuando infante, luego de la miseria, de la oscuridad y de la degradación cuando joven. Un compromiso le metió en otro y otro, no ya sólo respecto de esa niña, sino de su abuela, que pronto tuvo que ejercer con ella los oficios de madre; aunque ninguna de las tres estaba ya en aptitud ni situación de apreciar sus favores ni de reconocer sus costosos sacrificios.

Pasado el tiempo de la efervescencia, el más propicio para las locuras de la mocedad, empezó a turbarle no poco el ánimo el recuerdo de sus debilidades. De esa fecha datan sus luchas tremendas para llenar sus obligaciones de amante y padre adúltero, sin descuidar las sagradas de esposo y honrado padre de familia. Pero los celos de doña Rosa, excitados a lo sumo por el orgullo de raza y de señora casada, por sus ideas sobre la virtud de la mujer y los deberes de la madre de familia, la ocupaban de manera y ofuscaban hasta tal punto su razón, que no la permitían notar que su marido estaba plenamente arrepentido de sus anteriores faltas, y que para enmendarlas ponía todos los medios que estaban a su alcance. Mientras dicha señora, justamente ofendida, le echaba en cara sus extravíos de mozo, no veía que laceraba una a una toda las fibras de su corazón; no veía que ya no existían ni podían existir después los motivos de celos que tanto la habían desazonado; no veía, en fin, que deplorando el pasado desde el fondo de su alma, don Cándido de algún tiempo a esta parte sólo trataba de evitar un gran escándalo, una catástrofe en no lejano

porvenir.

CAPÍTULO XV

Perdí el desamor Con las libertades; Quísele bien luego, Bien le quise, madre. Empecé a quererle, Empezó a olvidarme: Rabia le dé, madre. Rabia que le mate.

L. DE GÓNGORA

Cursaban las horas, los días y las semanas y no llegaban a la ciudad letras ni noticias de Isabel Ilincheta, desde su partida para Alquízar. Cierto que eran entonces difíciles y raras las comunicaciones de la capital, aún con los pueblos de su misma jurisdicción. Pero no escaseaban los correos privados, trajinantes o buhoneros, que se prestaban a llevar y traer cartas y líos sin cargar porte. Y de éstos acostumbraba a valerse Isabel para mantener correspondencia con sus primas las Gámez y con Leonardo.

Salía éste bastante preocupado de casa de esas señoritas al oscurecer del 6 ó 7 de Diciembre, al propio tiempo que bajaba la calle en dirección de la de Teniente Rey una mujer, cubierta la cabeza con una manta oscura. Pareciéndole que la conocía, apresuró el paso, le ganó pronto la delantera, la observó de soslayo y la detuvo, visto que era Nemesia.

--¿Qué prisa es ésta? la preguntó Gamboa.

--¡Ay, Jesús! exclamó la muchacha. ¡Cuidado que el caballero me ha dado un buen susto!

--Como que te me querías escapar de rengue liso, dijo Leonardo haciendo uso del lenguaje de la gente de color.

--No es mi natural el escaparme de rengue liso ni labrado, y menos de las personas de mi estimación.

--De tu estimación. ¿Soy yo por ventura de ese número?

--El primerito.

--El que te crea que le compre.

--¿Lo duda el caballero?

--¿Cómo que si lo dudo? No lo creo, porque dice el refrán que obras son amores y no buenas razones.

--¿Qué pruebas tiene el señor para decir eso?

--Muchas. Te daré una, la más reciente. El día en que me despedía de una amiga a la puerta de la casa de donde acabo de salir, ¿quién trajo a Celia para que me viese y se encelara conmigo? Tú. Nadie más que tú.

--¿Quién se lo dijo?

--Nadie. Lo sospeché entonces y ahora estoy convencido de ello. Tú eres más mala que Aponte, como decía mi abuela.

--No lo crea el señor, dijo Nemesia retozándole la risa en los ángulos de la boca. Créame el caballero, todo fue una pura casualidad. Yo iba a buscar costura en la sastrería de _señó_ Uribe y Celia quiso acompañarme.

--Sí, hazte ahora la santica y la inocente. Sábete que cometes un pecado en declararme la guerra. Si lo haces porque te figuras que no hay en mi corazón amor más que para Celia, mira que te equivocas. Hay para ella, para la amiga en el campo y todavía queda para las malagradecidas como tú un mundo de cariño.

--Ahora sí que yo digo que el que crea al caballero que lo compre.

--Tienes que creerme, porque te lo digo y porque tú eres la mulata más salerosa que pisa la tierra.

--¡Lisonjero! ¡Veleidoso! exclamó Nemesia conocidamente pagada del requiebro. Cuidado que los hombres son malos. Sólo que a mí no me gusta partir con _naiden_ ni ser plato de segunda mesa.

--En siendo plato, mujer, no importa de qué mesa. ¡Ay de las que no son plato de ninguna! porque es la prueba de que se quedaron para tías y para vestir santos. Celebremos un trato: no me hagas la guerra.

--Dale con la tema: yo no le hago la guerra al caballero.

--Sí, sí, me la haces. Lo veo, lo conozco. Celia está _brava_ conmigo por ti. Pero has escogido un mal camino para alejarme de ella. No le eches leña al fuego. Aquí, aquí, añadió oprimiéndose el lado izquierdo del pecho con ambas manos, aquí hay lugar para Celia y para su más tierna amiga.

--No. Para que yo _dentrara_ ahí habría de ser sola, solita. No quiero compaña en el corazón del hombre que yo ame.

--¡Egoísta! la dijo Leonardo echándole una mirada amorosa. Y se separaron, tirando Nemesia hacia la calle de Villegas en dirección de su casa en el callejón de la Bomba, y Leonardo todo derecho a la calle de O'Reilly.

Había aquélla oído de los labios del joven, de quien estaba perdidamente enamorada, que cabía en su corazón juntamente con Cecilia. Tal vez la cosa no pasaba de una mera galantería. ¿Qué decimos? Leonardo sólo se propuso propiciarla, halagando de paso su vanidad femenil con la esperanza de que en cierta contingencia podría ver realizado su amoroso deseo. Mas ella reflexionó que si cabía, lo más difícil en su concepto, bien podría suceder que entrase acompañada y se quedase sola y dueña del campo. Así que el descubrimiento, además de causarla un regocijo indecible, la confirmó más en el plan sobre cuya ejecución venía trabajando hacía algún tiempo. Para llevarle a debido efecto, dos medios se ofrecían a su traviesa imaginación. Con el conocimiento que tenía de los rasgos más marcados del carácter de su amiga, una índole eminentemente celosa, unida a una soberbia desapoderada, juzgó Nemesia, y juzgó bien, que si excitaba a lo sumo ambas pasiones, aún cuando no lograse que rompiera con el amante, ni suplantarla en el amor de éste, haría al menos que él la abandonase.

En la escena debía jugar José Dolores su hermano un papel principal. Daba por hecho que Cecilia no le amaría nunca. Esto poco importaba, porque una vez torcidos los amantes, no sería difícil infundir celos a Gamboa, por lo mismo que en su pique con el blanco era natural que ella se prestase a coquetear con el mulato. Ya veremos el desenlace fatal de estas intrigas.

Sucedió que al desembocar Leonardo Gamboa en la calle de O'Reilly, se separaba de la ventanilla de la casa de Cecilia un hombre que tenía toda la traza del hermano de Nemesia. Picó aquello su curiosidad, por lo cual, sin previo aviso, se acercó a media carrera, y con la punta de los dedos levantó el canto de la cortina blanca. Detrás se hallaba Cecilia sentada en una silla, con el codo descansando en el poyo de la ventana y la barba en la palma de la mano. Al reconocer a su amante en la persona que había levantado la cortinilla, no manifestó sorpresa ni alegría.

--Sí, la dijo él, muy mortificado por lo que había visto y por la indiferencia con que ella le recibía. Sí, disimula ahora. ¿Quién no la ve ahí? Parece que no quiebra un plato. ¿Qué haces?

--Nada, contesto seca y lacónicamente.

--¿Está fuera tu abuela?

--Sí, señor. Ha ido a la salve, ahí enfrente.

--Abre pues. Déjame entrar.

--De ninguna manera.

--¿De cuándo acá tanto rigor? Quisiera saberlo.

--No sé. Vd. dirá.

--Lo que yo sé es que de aquí acaba de salir un hombre.

--No, señor. Aquí no ha estado nadie desde que salió Chepilla.

--Le he visto con mis ojos.

--Sus ojos le engañaron. Ha sido una ilusión.

--Qué ilusión ni que niño _muerto_. Le vi, le vi, no me queda género de duda.

--Entonces creeré que Vd. ve visiones.

--No me hables más con ese aire desdeñoso, despreciativo diría, que me parece intolerable y ajeno de ti y de mí. No disimules tampoco ni busques persuadirme que fue un duende y no un hombre de carne y hueso, el que acaba de alejarse de esta ventana, tras de la cual te encuentro sentada y al parecer muy tranquila.

--¡Ah! Ya eso es otro cantar. Puede Vd. haber visto un hombre parado donde está Vd., ahora. Lo que yo niego y negaré siempre es que Vd. le viera salir de aquí, porque él no puso los pies en esta casa.

--De todos modos salió de aquí, de este lugar, estuvo conversando contigo y necesito saber quién es y qué buscaba.

--«Necesito», repitió Cecilia con desdén. ¡Qué _guapo_! ¿Ha de ser a la fuerza? Pues no lo digo.

--Sea como fuere, tienes que decírmelo, o de lo contrario me peleo contigo y no me vuelves a ver la cara en la vida.

--Eso es lo que yo quisiera ver.

--Lo verás. En fin, ¿me dices quién es?

--No lo digo.

--Tú parece que quieres jugar conmigo.

--No juego, hablo de veras.

--Bien. Abre la puerta y déjame entrar, porque me da vergüenza que me vea la gente que pasa. Van a figurarse que estamos peleando.

--Y se figurarán lo cierto.

--Vamos. ¿Te dejas de retrecherías?

--Yo digo lo que siento.

Leonardo la miró un rato con fijeza, como para medir el alcance de sus palabras, y trató luego de cogerla la mano que ella retiró, y después la cara con igual resultado. Cecilia no parecía dispuesta a ceder un punto de la actitud tomada desde el principio. ¿Sería ella capaz de dejarle por otro hombre? ¿Era el preferido aquél que vio alejarse de la ventana? Tanteemos un poco más, se dijo para sí, y enseguida añadió alto:

--¿Qué tienes tú en realidad? ¿Se puede saber?

--¿Yo? Nada.

--Si te encierras en ese círculo vicioso de: no sé nada, no lo digo, creo que lo mejor será que yo me vaya con la música a otra parte.

--Como Vd. guste.

--Cada vez te entiendo menos, Celia. Sospecho, sin embargo, que no dices ahora lo que sientes, y que si diera ascenso a tus palabras de poco vivir y me marchase, habías de derramar lágrimas de sangre. ¡Cómo! ¿Te quedas callada? ¿Qué dices? Contesta.

Iba siendo demasiado larga y violenta la posición asumida por Cecilia para que durase mucho tiempo. Amaba de veras. Si persistía en su desacostumbrada severidad, tal vez ahuyentaba al amante; fuera de que no tenía prueba patente de su inconstancia. Por todas estas razones, cuando precisada a responder categóricamente, inclinó la cabeza y rompió a llorar con grandes sollozos.

--¿Lo ves? la dijo él bastante conmovido. Ya sabía yo que en esto vendrían a parar tus bravezas. Tu corazón me quiere cuando tus labios me desdeñan. ¡Bah! Se acabó todo. No llores más, mi vida, porque concluiré por llorar contigo. Ahora lo que corresponde es: pelillos a la mar y tan amigos como siempre.

--Sólo bajo una condición haría yo las paces contigo, acertó a decir Cecilia entre sollozo y sollozo.

--Admitido. Afuera con esa condición.

--No. Es preciso primero que prometas cumplirla.

--¡Hombre! Eso es mucho pedir. Tal vez no está en mis facultades. Pero, ¿quién dijo miedo? Sí, prometo.

--No vayas al campo en las próximas Pascuas...

--¡Celia, por Dios!... ¡qué caprichos tan extraños tienes tú! ¿De qué nace tamaña exigencia? Sin duda te figuras que me alejo para siempre o que te he de olvidar. Reflexiona y no me pidas imposibles.

--Lo tengo bien pensado. ¿Te vas o te quedas?

--No me voy, ni me quedo; porque una ausencia de quince días en el campo no va a ninguna banda, no es una ida ni una quedada formal.

--Está bien, dijo Cecilia con firmeza, enjugándose las lágrimas. Ve. Yo sé lo que he de hacer.

--No tomes resolución que luego te pese. Te ruego de nuevo que reflexiones y veas mi posición tal cual es. ¿Te parece fácil que yo permanezca en La Habana mientras toda mi familia está en el ingenio de _La Tinaja_ cerca del Mariel? Pues no lo es; en primer lugar no habrá en casa sino el mayordomo con algunos criados. En segundo lugar, aunque yo pretendiera quedarme, mi madre no lo consentiría, mucho menos mi padre. La marcha será del 20 al 22 para volver después del domingo de Niño Perdido. ¿Comprendes ahora?

--Lo que comprendo es que vas a divertirte en el campo con una mujer que detesto sin conocerla a derechas, y que no puedo, no debo, ni quiero consentirlo.

--Eres muy celosa, Celia. He aquí tu único defecto. Si yo te amo más que a mi vida, más que a todas las mujeres del mundo, ¿no te basta? ¿qué más quieres? Por otra parte, esta corta ausencia nos conviene a los dos, así nos querremos con mayor ternura a mi vuelta. Después, en Abril entrante me recibiré de Bachiller en derecho y entonces tendré más libertad para hacer lo que me dé la gana. Ya verás, ya verás cuanto vamos a gozar. Yo para ti, tú para mí.

Para este tiempo Cecilia se había puesto en pie, esperando quizás la retirada de su amante, callada y pensativa. Su hermoso busto, sus hombros y brazos torneados cual los de una estatua, el estrechísimo talle que casi se podía abarcar con ambas manos lucían a maravilla, alumbrados a medias por la bujía en el interior, en contraste con la oscuridad ya reinante en la calle. Más enamorado que nunca Leonardo de tanta belleza, añadió con la mayor ternura:

--Lo que falta ahora, cielo mío, es que me des un beso en señal de paz y de amor.

Cecilia no respondió palabra ni hizo el menor movimiento. Parecía transfigurada.

--¡Vaya con Dios!, dijo el joven desconsolado. ¿Tampoco me darás la mano?

El mismo silencio, igual inmutabilidad. La conversión no podía ser más completa, pues si respiraba, no daba señales el redondo y levantado seno, de agitación ni de perceptible movimiento.

--Tu abuela va a venir, agregó Gamboa. ¿Oyes? Se concluye la salve en Santa Catalina; yo no quiero que me vea. ¡Adiós, pues!... ¡Ah! ¿Me dirás el nombre de la persona que hablaba contigo cuando yo llegué?

--José Dolores Pimienta, contestó Cecilia en tono tan breve como solemne.

Sintió Leonardo que toda la sangre se le agolpaba al rostro y que le quemaba las mejillas; y como para mejor ocultar la impresión que le había causado aquel nombre en boca de Cecilia, se alejó de allí a toda prisa, a la sazón que los fieles salían del convento vecino.

Por su parte Cecilia se dejó caer en la silla y lloró amargamente.

CAPÍTULO XVI

¡Conciencia, nunca dormida, mudo y pertinaz testigo que no deja sin castigo ningún crimen en la vida! La ley calla, el mundo olvida; mas ¿quién sacude tu yugo? Al Sumo Hacedor le plugo que a solas con el pecado, fueses tú para el culpado delator, juez y verdugo.

NÚÑEZ DE ARCE

Llega una época en la vida de cada hombre culpable de falta grave, en que el arrepentimiento es el tributo forzoso que se paga a la conciencia alarmada; pero la enmienda, como sujeta a otras leyes y dependiente de circunstancias externas, no siempre está el cumplirla en la voluntad humana. Porque tiene eso de característico la culpa, que, cual ciertas manchas, mientras más se lavan, más clara presentan la haz.

Bien quisiera don Cándido romper de una vez con el pasado, borrar de su memoria hasta la huella de ciertos hechos. Pero sin saber cómo, sin poderlo evitar, cuando más libre se creía, sentía, puede decirse así, en sus carnes el peso de los grillos que le ataban al misterioso poste de su primitiva culpa. Mucha parte tenían en esto los testigos y cómplices de ella. Recordábansela sin cesar y se la ponían delante a doquiera que tornase los ojos.

Aquí tiene el lector algunas de las razones por qué, a raíz del serio altercado con doña Rosa, don Cándido se hizo el encontradizo con Montes de Oca. No le riñó por las indiscreciones que había tenido con su esposa. ¡Qué reñirle! Al contrario, nunca le apretó con más efusión la mano. Es que le necesitaba para el arreglo de un proyecto en que venía meditando de poco tiempo a esta parte. Quería que, como médico, certificase que sin riesgo de la vida no era posible la traslación de la enferma en el hospital de Paula, a la nueva casa de locos. Esto, en primer lugar. En segundo lugar, pretendía que se prestara a servir de conducto por medio del cual _seña_ Josefa, o en su defecto la nieta, recibiera una pensión mensual de veinte y cinco duros y medio por tiempo indefinido.

Estimulada la codicia de Montes de Oca con un espléndido regalo, no hubo dificultad en que despachara la certificación, ni en que aceptara el encargo de la mensualidad. Este era un modo, por parte de don Cándido, de hacer del ladrón fiel; fuera de que sería quizás más riesgoso probar la discreción de tercera persona en aquel asunto.

Así cortaba, creía Gamboa, toda directa relación futura con las tres cómplices de su grave culpa, sin fallar a los compromisos con ellas contraídos. Pero aún quedaba el rabo por desollar. ¿Cómo librar a Cecilia Valdés de los lazos que la tendía su hijo Leonardo? Ellos se amaban con delirio, se veían a menudo, no bastaban a separarlos los regaños a ella de la abuela, ni las amenazas a él, por medio de doña Rosa, de don Cándido. No había, pues, más remedio que embarcar al galán y echarlo del país, o que secuestrar a la dama y ponerla donde no se viese ni se comunicase con él. Lo primero no había que pensarlo siquiera: doña Rosa se opondría con todas sus fuerzas. Lo segundo, era riesgoso en alto grado y estaba l rodeado de dificultades casi insuperables. Tales eran los pensamientos que más preocupaban el ánimo de don Cándido y le hacían sufrir las torturas del infierno por la época que vamos historiando.

Ahora bien: ¿convenía proceder desde luego al secuestro de la muchacha? Convenía, mas no era de urgente necesidad en aquel momento, por dos razones principales, a saber: porque vivía la abuela, aunque achacosa y decadente; y porque dentro de dos semanas marcharía la familia a pasar las Pascuas en el ingenio de _La Tinaja_, y se había acordado que Leonardo fuese de la partida.

Efectivamente: una semana antes despachose al Mariel la goleta _Vencedora_: su patrón Francisco Sierra con las vituallas, conservas y vinos que no se encontraban por amor ni por dinero en aquellas partes, y con los criados del servicio particular de la familia de Gamboa, entre ellos Tirso y Dolores. También debían ser de la partida la señorita Ilincheta con su tía doña Juana; para lo cual Leonardo y Diego Meneses les darían escolta desde Alquízar.

El motivo de la próxima reunión de las dos familias en el ingenio de _La Tinaja_, tenía por objeto presenciar el estreno de una máquina de vapor para auxilio de la molienda de la caña miel, en vez de la potencia de sangre con que hasta allí se venía operando el primitivo pesado trapiche.

No quiso partir Leonardo sin tener una entrevista con Cecilia. Obtúvola fácilmente, así porque ambos la deseaban como porque a la fecha parecía que _seña_ Josefa había perdido todo dominio sobre la nieta. Pero de nada valieron ruegos, halagos, promesas de mayor ventura ni amenazas de rompimiento. Cecilia cerró los oídos a todo eso y se mantuvo firme, cual una roca, en negar su consentimiento a la partida del amante para el campo. El corazón leal la anunciaba que él corría a reunirse con su temible rival; lo que equivalía a perderle para siempre. Otro, que el atolondrado joven habría parado mientes en la actitud y firmeza de la muchacha, y le habría concedido admiración ya que no simpatía. Mas él, ligero de cascos y soberbio, principió por creer que vencería su resistencia y acabó por darse por ofendido y retirarse despechado.

Esta vez no lloró Cecilia. Con el corazón partido de dolor, en silencio vio alejarse a Leonardo. No abrió los labios para llamarle ni consintió que sus lágrimas, aun ido él, viniesen a revelar la angustia de su alma, dando así, a sus propios ojos, muestra indigna de flaqueza. Antes que rendirse al rigor de la suelte, creyó la soberbia muchacha que debía armarse de valor a fin de tomar señalada venganza de su ingrato amante. Dicho y hecho, apenas se alejó de su lado, se vistió ella a la carrera, dio un beso a la abuela, que, como solía, se hallaba hundida en el fondo de enana butaca de Campeche y salió a la calle. Mas yendo en la dirección de la casa de Nemesia, en el callejón de la Bomba, se encontró en la esquina con Cantalapiedra, a quien no veía desde la noche del 24 de Setiembre. No le valió inclinar la cabeza, ni estrechar en torno del rostro los pliegues de la manta de burato. El Comisario la reconoció al punto, y, quiera que no, la detuvo en medio de la calle diciéndola:

--Alto a la justicia. Date o te va la vida.

--Con su licencia, replicó Cecilia seria, en ademán de seguir camino.

--Date presa, digo, o de lo contrario haré uso de la autoridad que me concede la ley. Respeta estas borlas (enseñándole las del bastón que llevaba bajo el brazo izquierdo) o le ordeno a Bonora (su esbirro, el de las grandes patillas, que se mantenía a respetable distancia) que proceda a prenderte.

--Como no he cometido ningún delito, contestó Cecilia muy tranquila, es inútil que me enseñe las borlas y me amenace con su teniente. Déjeme pasar, que no estoy para bromas.

--Sin ver antes esa carita fuera de la manta, no esperes que te deje dar un paso más.

--¿Tengo acaso monos pintados en la cara?

--¡Muchachita! Juégate conmigo y todavía te dan las doce sin campana.

--Yo no me juego, no estoy para juegos. Déjeme ir.

--¿A dónde vas?

--A una parte.

--¿Es cosa de cita?

--Yo no tengo citas con nadie, ni dejaría mi casa por ver al rey de los hombres.

--Quien te oye, segurito que se traga que hablas de veras.

--¿Sabe Vd., que yo haya hablado de mentira sobre estas cosas?

--Bien, veremos si eso que dices es verdad.

--¿De qué manera?

--Fácilmente, siguiéndote las aguas.

--¿Está Vd. loco, Capitán?

--No, sino muy cuerdo. Soy el Comisario del barrio y ¿qué se diría de mí si por descuido dejaba que una muchacha tan linda como tú daba un mal paso y luego andábamos de tribunales y pleitos?

--No me doy por ofendida de sus palabras, porque sé que Vd. es muy _jaranero_.

--Es que no jaraneo ahora. No deseo ofenderte ni en el negro de una uña; pero, repito, que ni como Comisario, ni como hombre, debo consentir que andes a estas horas por las calles sin galán que te guíe y te defienda.

--No me sucederá nada. Esté Vd. seguro. Voy aquí cerquita.

--Está bien, quiero creerte. Ve con Dios y la Virgen. ¿Mas no me dejarás verte la carita?

--¿No la está Vd. viendo?

--Así no me gusta verla. Echa hacia atrás los malditos pliegues de esa manta.

Hizo Cecilia lo que la dijeron, quizás para verse libre de aquel impertinente, descubriendo casi todo el busto con sólo dejar caer la manta sobre los hombros. En ese tiempo Cantalapiedra atizó el cigarro puro que fumaba, y produjo mayor claridad de la que reinaba en torno, puesto que no había faroles por allí, y las estrellas no alumbraban bastante.

--¡Ah! exclamó el Comisario lleno de entusiasmo. ¿Habrá quien no se muera de amor por ti? ¡Maldito de Dios y de los hombres el que no te adore de rodillas como a los santos del cielo!

Ante el cómico ademán y las exageradas expresiones del Comisario, no pudo menos de sonreírse Cecilia, la cual después continuó derecho a casa de Nemesia, sin cuidarse de averiguar si aquél seguía o no sus pasos. Conociendo ella bien las entradas y salidas, no tocó en ninguna puerta, sino que pasó de la calle al cuarto de su amiga, a quien sorprendió muy afanada cosiendo una pieza de sastrería, delante de una mesita de pino, a la luz dudosa de una vela de sebo de Flandes en un candelero de hoja de lata.

--¡Qué atareada que está una mujer! dijo entrando.

--¡Hola! exclamó Nemesia soltando la costura y yendo al encuentro de Cecilia con los brazos abiertos. ¡Tanto bueno por acá! ¿Quién se querrá morir? Es preciso hacer una raya en el agua.

--¿Estás sola? preguntó Cecilia antes de sentarse en el columpio de madera que le presentó la amiga.

--Solita en alma, aunque José Dolores no tardará mucho.

--No quisiera que me encontrase aquí.

--¿Por qué, china?

--Porque los hombres luego se figuran que una los busca.

--Mi hermano no es de esos, chinita. El te ama, te adora, te idolatra, se le conoce, suspira siempre por ti; pero es tan vergonzoso que no se atrevería a decirte negros ojos tienes, cuanto más a figurarse que vienes por él.

--¡Ay, Nene! continuó Cecilia desentendiéndose de las manifestaciones de su amiga. La otra tarde me encontró Leonardo hablando con José Dolores por la ventana de casa. En mala hora. Me ha costado una tragedia con él.

--¡No me digas! repuso Nemesia sin poder ocultar del todo su contento. Pero ya habrán hecho las paces. ¿No?

--¡Ojalá! exclamó Cecilia suspirando. Se puso _bravo_ y se ha ido peleado conmigo. ¿Quién sabe cuándo nos Núñez de Arce? Tal vez... nunca más. Él es muy perro y yo poco menos.

En diciendo estas palabras, callose por breve rato. Se le había atravesado la voz en la garganta, y en sus bellos ojos aparecieron gruesas lágrimas.

--¡Cómo! dijo Nemesia sorprendida. ¿De veras tú lloras? ¿No te da vergüenza?

--Sí, lloro, repuso Cecilia con visible sentimiento. Lloro, no de dolor, lloro de rabia conmigo misma, porque conozco que he sido una tonta.

--¡Anjá! Me alegro oírte. Ya te lo había dicho yo muchas veces, no debe fiarse una de ningún hombre.

--No lo digo por eso, Nene. ¿Llamas tú fiarme de un hombre el amarlo mucho? Puede ser; y yo te digo, ¿acaso está en tu mano amar o no amar? ¿Conoces algún remedio contra el amor y los celos? Lo mejor sería, china, no tener corazón. Así no sentiríamos cariño por nadie.

--Luego, parece que tú te das por engañada.

--Tal como engañada no. ¡Dios me libre! Leonardo no me ha dejado por otra ni creo que me deje. Si lo sospechase siquiera no estaría diciéndotelo desde esta silla.

--¿Y qué más quieres, mujer? Mucho temo que ese peje no vuelva a picar en tu anzuelo.

--¿Qué sabes tú? preguntó Cecilia asustada.

--Nada, nada, repitió Nemesia. Mas no puedo olvidar el dicho de _seña_ Clara, la mujer de Uribe: cada uno con su cada uno.

--No entiendo.

--Más claro no puede ser. ¿_Seña_ Clara no tiene más experiencia que nosotras? Desde luego. Es mayor de edad y ha visto doble mundo que tú y que yo. Pues si a menudo repite ese dicho, razón buena ha de tener. Aquí, inter nos, _naiden_ me lo ha contado, pero yo sé que a _seña_ Clara siempre le gustaron más los blancos que los pardos, y bien durita ya se casó con _señó_ Uribe. Por supuesto, llevó más quemadas y desengaños que pelos tiene en la cabeza, y por eso ahora se consuela repitiendo a las muchachas como tú y como yo: cada uno con su cada uno. ¿Entiendes?

--Sí, bastante, sólo que no veo cómo me venga el refrán.

--Te viene pintiparado, chinita; te coge por derecho. ¿Tú no prefieres los blancos a los pardos, como seña Clara?

--No lo niego, mucho que sí me gustan más los blancos que los pardos. Se me caería la cara de vergüenza si me casara y tuviera un hijo _saltoatrás_.

--Desengáñate, mujer: bonitura, amor, cariño, constancia, nada sujeta a los blancos. Después, Leonardo no se va a casar tampoco contigo por la iglesia.

--¿Por qué no? replicó Cecilia con vehemencia. El me lo ha prometido y cumplirá su palabra. De otro modo yo no lo querría como lo quiero.

--¡Ay! Me da mucha pena oírte hablar así, mas no quisiera quitarte la ilusión. Sólo te digo que abras los ojos, no sea que mal haya venga muy tarde. No te fíes, no te fíes, y ten siempre presente que la hormiga por meterse a volar se quemó las alas.

--El que por su gusto muere, hasta la muerte le sabe.

--Lo comprendo, mas si una muriese de repente, sin dolor, ni trabajos, pase, sea todo por Dios. El caso es, china, que antes de morir se sufre mucho. Ven acá, ¿duele tanto cuando un hombre blanco nos deja por una mujer de color, como cuando nos deja por una blanca? ¿A que no? Eso sí que duele. Y _me se_ figura que a ti te está pasando eso ahora. Conque no hables, ni digas de esta agua no beberé.

Disponíase Cecilia a negar la exactitud del símil cuando apareció por la puerta del patio José Dolores Pimienta, y si ella no pudo o no supo decir lo que pensaba, él se quedó mudo y estático en el quicio del cuarto. No esperaba semejante compañía, mucho menos a aquella hora de la noche. Repuesto luego de su sorpresa, la manifestó en breves y escogidas frases cuánto se alegraba de verla. Cecilia dijo que había venido solamente a darle una caradita a Nemesia, y se puso en pie para marcharse.

--Tengo una buena noticia que darles, dijo el músico. El baile de etiqueta de la gente de color se ha convenido en darlo la víspera de la Noche buena, en la casa de Soto, esquina a Jesús María. Por supuesto, la señorita está convidada en primera línea, y se espera que vaya Nemesia y _seña_ Clara, y Mercedita Ayala, y todas las amigas.

Será un baile de ringorrango. Hará raya, yo se lo digo a la señorita.

--Lo más fácil es que yo no pueda asistir, dijo Cecilia. Chepilla no está buena y temo dejarla sola.

--Pues si falta la señorita, cuente que no habrá luz para alumbrar el baile.

--No sabía que Vd. era tan lisonjero, dijo Cecilia sonriendo y moviéndose hacia la puerta.

--No debe la señorita ir sola, dijo José Dolores.

--Nadie me comerá, pierda Vd. cuidado. No se moleste. ¡Adiós!

No obstante su negativa, el músico y su hermana acompañaron a Cecilia hasta la puerta de la casa en que vivía.

CAPÍTULO XVII

Y al punto que el triunfo creyera posible _De lúcido acero se vio traspasar._

J. L. LUACES

Dijo José Dolores Pimienta que el baile de la gente de color se celebraría en la casa de Soto. Ocupa la esquina occidental de la calle de Jesús María, en su encuentro con la calzada del Monte, opuesta al Campo de Marte.

Precede al zaguán o entrada un ancho portal con barandilla de madera. Desde éste, por las alterosas ventanas, enteramente abiertas, pudo el público, sin derecho a entrar, presenciar a su sabor la fiesta. En el cuadrado patio, que se cubrió con un toldo, se pusieron las mesas del ambigú; en el comedor tocaba la orquesta; en la amplísima sala se bailaba y en los cuartos se reposaba y tenían las conversaciones íntimas de los amigos o los amantes.

Los adornos de la sala se reducían a unas colgaduras de damasco rojo, el color nacional, recogidas con cintas azules en pabellones, a la altura de los dinteles de las puertas y ventanas. El alumbrado lo proporcionaban bujías de pura esperma, ardiendo en grandes arañas de cristal, con profusión de prismas de lo mismo que reflejaban la luz, la multiplicaban y descomponían en todos los colores del iris.

Con la frase _baile de etiqueta o de corte_, se quiso dar a entender uno muy ceremonioso, de alto tono, y tal, que ya no celebraban los blancos, ni por las piezas bailables, ni por el traje singular de los hombres y de las mujeres. Porque el de éstas debía consistir y consistió en falda de raso blanco, banda azul atravesada por el pecho y pluma de marabú en la cabeza. El de los hombres, en frac de paño negro, chaleco de piqué y corbata de hilo blanco, calzón corto de Nankín, media de seda color de carne y zapato bajo con hebilla de plata; todo según la moda de Carlos III, cuya estatua, hecha por Canova,[43] se hallaba al extremo del Prado, donde hoy se ostenta la fuente de la India o de La Habana.

Para entrar y tomar parte en la fiesta no bastaba el traje especial de los hombres; era preciso venir provisto de papeleta, la que debía presentarse en el zaguán a la comisión allí constituida para recibirla y aposentar a las mujeres. Observose esta medida estrictamente al principio; pero tan luego como llegó la hora de bailar, Brindis y Pimienta, principales aposentadores, delegaron el encargo en sujetos menos escrupulosos y rectos. A semejante descuido se debió el que, tarde de la noche, penetrasen algunos individuos que, si bien en traje de ceremonia, no presentaron papeleta ni eran artesanos tampoco.

De este número fue un negro de talla mediana, algo grueso, de cara redonda y llena, con grandes entradas en ambos lados de la frente, que por poco que pasase él de los cuarenta años de edad, terminarían en una calva completa. Aunque se vestía como se había dispuesto, el frac le venía algo estrecho, el chaleco se le quedaba bastante corto, las medias estaban descoloridas por viejas, carecían de hebillas sus zapatos, no tenía vuelos la camisa y el cuello le subía demasiado hasta cubrirle casi las orejas, tal vez por ser él de pescuezo corto y morrudo.

Sea por estas faltas, o sobras, de que no estamos bien enterados, el negro de las entradas se hizo el blanco de las miradas de todos desde que puso el pie en el baile. Advirtiolo él, que no era ningún tonto, y naturalmente andaba al principio como azorado, esquivando la sala, donde la luz era más profusa y brillante; pero hacia las once de la noche hizo por incorporarse en los corrillos que se formaban en torno de las muchachas bonitas, hasta que se atrevió a invitar a una y bailar un minué de corte, con tanto compás y donaire que llamó por ello la atención general. Dos o tres veces se acercó al grupo que galanteaba o adoraba en Cecilia Valdés a la más hermosa de las mujeres de aquella reunión heterogénea; la contempló de reojo largo rato y luego se alejó con visibles muestras de despecho.

En uno de estos momentos, un oficial de la sastrería de Uribe que le observaba de cerca, le siguió fuera de la sala, le puso la mano en el hombro con alguna familiaridad y le dijo:

--¡Oiga! ¿Estás aquí?

--¿Qué, qué se ofrece? contestó él volviéndose y estremeciéndose de pies a cabeza.

--¿Qué haces por estos barrios, chiquete? le preguntó el oficial con mayor familiaridad.

--Sírvase decirme, señor mío, replicó el de las entradas, enfadado: ¿cuándo y dónde le he echado maloja?

--¡Hombre! repuso el oficial bastante mortificado, esas son palabras mayores.

--Mayores o menores, son las que uso con los importunos como Vd.

--No te vengas haciendo el misterioso y el señorón, que yo sé quién eres tú y tú sabes quién soy yo. Apéate, compadre, del tablado. _Te se_ puede desvanecer la cabeza, y si te caes, das en el fogón de la cocina.

--Vamos, ¿y qué quiere Vd. conmigo ahora?

--Nada, no quiero nadita de este mundo. Reparé sólo que le hiciste el feo a la niña más linda del baile y esto picó mi curiosidad.

--¿Le va o le viene a Vd. algo en este ajiaco?

--Bastante, más de lo que tú te figuras.

--Y Vd. se propone defender a esa niña, ¿no?

--Creo que tú no las has injuriado. Las mujeres no son la cara del rey para agradar a todos. En gustar o disgustar no hay ofensa.

--Bien, entonces déjeme Vd. el alma quieta.

--Eres un mal agradecido, le dijo el oficial, serio. No tienes tú la culpa, sino yo que me ocupo de un individuo inferior a mí, cocinero y... esclavo. Llenose de ira el negro con esto y levantó la mano para pegarle una bofetada a su contrincante; pero, por razones que él se sabía, no descargó el golpe. Había penetrado en aquella casa sin papeleta, no conocía a nadie, era un intruso y todo escándalo que se armase debía redundar en su daño. Contentóse, pues, con amenazarle y decirle que arreglaría cuentas luego que terminase el baile; volviéndole la espalda con desprecio. Semejante salida excitó a lo sumo la risa del oficial de sastre, y dijo por burla:

--Casaca, suelta a ese hombre.

De seguidas buscó a su amigo José Dolores Pimienta, le contó la ocurrencia con el negro de las grandes entradas rieron los dos de la ocurrencia y no se ocuparon más del asunto.

Desde temprano el baile estaba lleno, de bote en bote, según reza la frase familiar. El golpe de gente de todos colores, sexos y condiciones que se apiñaba ante ambas ventanas del ancho portal, presentaba aspecto tan animado, como interesante y tumultuoso. En el gran salón no se cabía ni de pie, al menos mientras no se bailaba; los hombres se codeaban unos con otros, y ocultaban casi del todo a las mujeres sentadas alrededor. Cecilia, con Nemesia y _seña_ Clara, la mujer de Uribe, ocupaba un asiento de frente para la calle, en el lienzo de pared medianero entre la puerta del comedor y la del aposento, y siempre que lo permitían los grupos de hombres que acudían a saludarla, podían oírse las exclamaciones de admiración que su peregrina belleza excitaba en las personas del portal.

A veces, tras las ponderaciones de las gracias de la muchacha, podían oírse voces de compasión, pues tomándola por una joven de pura sangre, era natural que les chocase de verla allí y que creyesen de bajos sentimientos a quien consentía en rozarse tan de cerca con la gente de color. Cecilia, entretanto, saboreaba a sus anchas el triunfo mayor que jamás alcanzó mujer alguna en la flor de su juventud y de su belleza. Uno tras otro, cuantos hombres de cierto viso llenaban el baile aquella noche, conociéndola o no, vinieron a saludarla y rendirla homenaje, cual saben rendirlo los negros criollos de Cuba que han recibido alguna educación y se precian de finos y atentos con las damas. Entre éstos podemos citar a Brindis, músico, elegante y bien criado; a Tondá protegido del Capitán General Vives, negro joven, inteligente y bravo como un león; a Vargas y a Dodge, ambos de Matanzas, barbero el uno, carpintero el otro, que fueron comprendidos en la supuesta conspiración de la gente de color en 1844 y fusilados en el paseo de Versalles de la misma ciudad; a José de la Concepción Valdés, alias _Plácido_, el poeta de más estro que ha visto Cuba, y que tuvo la misma desastrada suerte de los dos precedentes; a Tomás Vuelta y Flores, insigne violinista y compositor de notables contradanzas, el cual en dicho año pereció en la Escalera, tormento a que le sometieron sus jueces para arrancarle la confesión de complicidad en un delito cuya existencia jamás se ha probado lo suficiente; al propio Francisco de Paula Uribe, sastre habilísimo, que por no correr la suerte del anterior, se quitó la vida con una navaja de barbear en los momentos que le encerraban en uno de los calabozos de la ciudadela de la Cabaña; a Juan Francisco Manzano, tierno poeta que acababa de recibir la libertad, gracias a la filantropía de algunos literatos habaneros; a José Dolores Pimienta, sastre y diestro tocador de clarinete, tan agraciado de rostro como modesto y atildado en su persona.

Con este último y con Vargas se dignó Cecilia bailar danza, minué de corte con Brindis, otro con Dodge; conversó amablemente con Plácido, contestó con un saludo gracioso al que le hizo Tondá, habló de contradanzas con Vuelta y Flores, y celebró mucho el talento músico de Ulpiano, que dirigió la orquesta del baile.

Cualquiera mediano observador pudo advertir que, a vueltas de la amabilidad empleada por Cecilia con todos los que se le acercaban, había marcada diferencia entre los negros y los mulatos. Con éstos, por ejemplo, bailó dos contradanzas, con los

primeros sólo minués ceremoniosos. Pero dio amplia rienda a su innato exclusivismo cuando se le presentó el negro de las entradas profundas y la rogó le admitiera como pareja para una danza o un minué. Eso sí, no llevó su negativa hasta el no áspero y seco; le dio sus razones para no bailar con él, que tenía comprometida la siguiente pieza, que se sentía muy cansada, etc. El hombre no se dio por satisfecho, antes se mortificó lo que es indecible y se alejó murmurando frases groseras y amenazantes.

No paró mucho en esto la atención Cecilia; pero cuando poco después se paseaba con Nemesia y _seña_ Clara en torno de las mesas del ambigú y tropezó con el negro de las entradas, que parecía en acecho reclinado en la jamba de la puerta de uno de los cuartos laterales, tuvo miedo; y apretando el brazo de su amiga la dijo en voz baja y apresurada:--¡Ahí está!

--¿Quién? preguntó Nemesia volviendo el rostro.

--Mira, agregó Cecilia. Por acá. Ese.

En este momento el hombre se desprendió de la puerta y avanzó hasta tocar con la barba en el hombro de Cecilia, a la cual sin más preliminar le dijo:

--¿Conque no me ha creído la niña digno de ser su compañero esta noche?

--¿Qué dice Vd.? preguntó Cecilia más asustada que antes.

--Digo, continuó el negro echando una mirada siniestra a Cecilia, digo que la niña me ha hecho un desaire.

--Si lo cree Vd. así le pido mil perdones, porque no be tenido tal intención.

--La niña me dijo que estaba cansada y enseguida salió a bailar con otro. No busque disculpa la niña (añadió de carrera conociendo que Cecilia quería replicar), comprendo la razón por qué la niña me ha desairado. La niña me ve prieto, pobremente vestido, sin amigos en esta selecta reunión y se ha figurado que soy un cualquiera, un malcriado, un pelagatos.

--Se equivoca Vd.

--Yo no me equivoco. Sé lo que digo, como sé quién es la niña.

--Señor, Vd. me toma por otra.

--La conozco más de lo que imagina la niña. La conozco desde que la niña mamaba y gateaba. Conocí a su madre, conozco a su padre como a mis manos y tengo muchos motivos para conocer a la mujer que la crió por más de un año seguido.

--Pues yo no lo conozco a Vd., ni...

--¿Ni le importa tampoco a la niña? Lo comprendo. Debo decirle a la niña, sin embargo, que la niña me desprecia porque se figura que como tiene el pellejo blanco es blanca. La niña no lo es. Si a otros puede engañar, a mí no.

--¿Me ha detenido Vd. para insultarme?

--No, señorita. Yo no estoy acostumbrado a insultar a las personas que gastan túnico. Si como lleva túnico la niña, lleva calzones, crea que no le hablaría así. Me molesta tanto más el orgullo que la niña gasta conmigo...

--Bastante hemos hablado, le interrumpió Cecilia volviéndole la espalda.

--Como la niña guste, continuó él altamente irritado, mas déjeme decirle que baje un poco el cocote, porque si su padre es blanco, su madre no es más blanca que yo, y además, la niña es la causa de que me vea separado de mi mujer por más de doce años.

--¿Y yo qué tengo que ver con eso?

--Debía de tener algo, pues mi mujer ha sido la verdadera madre de la niña, como que la crió desde que nació, no pudiendo criar a la niña su madre por estar loca...

--El loco es Vd., exclamó Cecilia en alta voz.

Nemesia y _seña_ Clara rodearon entonces a su amiga y trataron de llevársela para la sala. Pero se detuvieron al ver a Tondá, a Uribe, al oficial de éste y al mismo José Dolores Pimienta (bajo cuya protección implícita estaba Cecilia), que oyeron el grito y acudieron presurosos para averiguar lo que pasaba. El último nombrado fue el primero a preguntarla.

--Nada. Ese moreno, dijo ella con soberano desprecio, se ha empeñado en tener un lance conmigo... como me ve mujer.

--¡Cobarde! gritó Pimienta, convertido de repente en león el modesto cordero.

Y se avalanzó al desconocido para castigarle; pero hurtó el cuerpo y se puso en guardia.

José Dolores estaba desarmado y se contentó con añadir:

--¿Quién es Vd.?

--Soy quien soy, contestó el otro con impavidez.

--¿Qué busca Vd. aquí?

--Lo que me da la gana.

--Pues ahora mismo sale Vd. de la casa o lo echo a patadas.

--Quisiera verlo.

--¡A, perro! Habías de ser esclavo. ¡Afuera!

En ese punto intervinieron Tondá, Uribe y el oficial de sastre, sin cuya presencia de seguro que se arma una riña sangrienta entre el galante músico y el desconocido de las grandes entradas. El oficial dicho le dio el nombre de Dionisio Gamboa, y habiéndole rodeado todos poco a poco, fueron empujándole hasta ponerle materialmente de patitas en la calle. Mientras se le llevaban así, volvía con frecuencia la cara y decía, dirigiéndose a Cecilia:--Se figura que es blanca y es parda. Su madre vive y está loca. Hablando después con Pimienta, decía:--Señor defensor de las niñas, sangre de _chincha_, el que la debe la paga. No se ha de quedar riendo. Ya nos veremos las caras. Al oficial de sastre, que le repetía:--Cállate la boca, Dionisio Gamboa, vete a cocinar a casa de tu amo, no te metas a farolero, porque pueden darte un bocabajo que te chupes los dedos; casaca, suelta a ese hombre, le decía:--Yo no me llamo Gamboa me llamo Jaruco. Y acuérdate que también me la debes.

Afectaron un tanto a Cecilia la conducta y sobre todo las palabras del negro de las entradas. Daba la casualidad que cuanto dijo respecto de sus padres, coincidía extrañamente con lo que ella misma había antes oído y sospechado. El lenguaje misterioso que empleaba la abuela siempre que del caballero que las favorecía se trataba, era bastante para hacerla pensar a veces que debía de tener con ella alguna otra relación que la de un mero galanteo, aun cuando no le pasara por la mente que fuese su padre el padre de su amante. Este no la amaría ni la prometería unión eterna si supiera, como debía saberlo, que ligaba a los dos tan cercano parentesco. Por lo tocante a su madre, la abuela, mejor autoridad que el cocinero de Gamboa, si bien no la aseguró jamás que hubiese muerto, no la afirmó tampoco que viviese, menos aun que estuviese loca. La mujer a quien _seña_ Josefa solía visitar en el hospital de Paula, según lo poco que se le había escapado de los labios en momentos de vivo pesar y honda tristeza, no era hija suya, siquiera sobrina; tal vez pariente de pariente de una amiga íntima de la mocedad. El cocinero Dionisio Gamboa o Jaruco estaba por fuerza equivocado, repetía meros rumores, hablaba de memoria.

En tal virtud, y teniendo en cuenta la edad y carácter alegre de Cecilia, no es de extrañarse que, tras pasajera preocupación, se entregase de nuevo en brazos de los placeres que le brindaba el baile. Sin embargo, en medio del torbellino de la danza y del incienso de adulación con que los hombres pretendían embebecerla, la inquietaba a veces el pensamiento del riesgo que corría el hermano de su amiga Nemesia, por haberla defendido de los insultos de un loco o de un asesino.

Por eso, como mujer agradecida, desde aquel punto empezó a sentir por José Dolores una especie de simpatía que no había sentido nunca, y en descuento de la deuda contraída no tuvo empacho en manifestarle sus temores. Riose él de ganas al oírla, replicándole, quizás para tranquilizarla que el Dionisio Gamboa, Jaruco o lo que fuese, era un miserable esclavo, muy bocón para parársele delante fuera del baile, porque dice el refrán que perro que mucho ladra no muerde. Observole Cecilia que siendo esclavo y cobarde era más de temer, pues atacaría a traición, no cara a cara. Replicó a esto José Dolores, que, efectivamente, tenía que ir prevenido y con los ojos muy abiertos, no fuera que le dieran por la espalda; pero que por lo demás ya él se había armado con un cuchillo que le acababa de prestar un amigo, y que tenía que ser lince el hombre que le matase del primer _viaje_.

Después del ambigú y de otra danza entre las doce y la una de la madrugada, terminó el baile y cada cual marchó para su casa. _Seña_ Clara, de brazo con Uribe, su marido; Cecilia y Nemesia con el hermano de ésta, en unión agradable se dirigieron a lo largo de las casuchas que había por aquel lado de la calzada, en dirección de la puerta de la muralla, llamada _de Tierra_ por ser

la más inmediata. Al acercarse a la primera esquina de la calle de Cienfuegos o Ancha, notó Cecilia la sombra de un hombre que, ganándoles la delantera, torció por allí a la derecha. Sospechó desde luego quién podría ser y trató de llamarle la atención a su compañero, al lado opuesto, indicándole el café nombrado de Atenas, solitario y oscuro, cerca de la estatua de Carlos III, a la entrada del paseo. Pero el hombre no pasó de largo cual ella esperaba; se plantó en la esquina y dijo alto:--Sinvergüenza, sangre de _chincha_, ven para acá, si eres guapo.

Preciso era que José Dolores tuviese sangre de ese insecto para que se desentendiese de un desafío semejante, hecho delante de la dama de sus pensamientos. Hizo, pues, por desprenderse de sus compañeras, las cuales, sujetándole cada una por un brazo, habrían conseguido el intento si no acude en su ayuda Uribe diciendo a las muchachas:

--Dejen que le dé una _mojada_.

Así fue. José Dolores sacó el cuchillo, tomó el sombrero en la mano izquierda para usarle como la capa el matador delante del toro, y siguió los pasos del contrario sin acercarse demasiado.

Cecilia, con Nemesia y _seña_ Clara, agarradas de las manos y de Uribe, todas temblorosas y con la ansiedad que es de imaginar, se estuvieron a esperar cerca de la esquina el resultado de una lucha que no podía menos de ser sangrienta. A poco más oyeron la voz argentina de José Dolores que dijo:--Aquí; y la ronca del negro que respondió:--Aquí. Y comenzó sin más la horrible brega.

La carencia absoluta del alumbrado público, junto con la oscuridad de una noche sin luna, impedían ver claro los movimientos de los combatientes, no obstante la proximidad a que estaban del grupo espectador. Suponiendo que Dionisio tuviese el valor sereno de José Dolores, no tenía su agilidad y mucho menos su destreza en el manejo del cuchillo. Esto se echó de ver pronto, porque tras unos pocos esguinces y quites con el sombrero, se oyó primero un ruido extraño, como de tela nueva que se rasga con fuerza, y de seguidas el bronco de un cuerpo pesado que da en tierra. Cecilia y Nemesia dieron un grito penetrante y cerraron los ojos. ¿Quién de los dos había caído? ¡Momento de terrible ansiedad!

Mientras el caído continuaba gimiendo sordamente, el otro pareció acercarse a paso menudo hacia la calzada. En segundos, que no en minutos, salió de la densa oscuridad que le rodeaba, mucho más densa para los ojos de los que le aguardaban y que del sobresalto no podían ver claro. Venía riente, ligero como un gamo, envainaba el cuchillo y se ponía el sombrero hecho trizas. Era José Dolores Pimienta. Cecilia fue la primera a recibirle, y sin saber lo que hacía, por un impulso de su alma generosa y sensible, le echó los brazos al cuello, preguntándole con cariño:--¿Te han herido?

--¡Ni un arañazo! contestó él, tanto más orgulloso cuanto que sentía sobre su corazón la cabeza de la mujer a quien adoraba sin esperanza de correspondencia. En oyéndole ella, lloró de pura alegría cual la niña que recupera su muñeca cuando la juzgaba irrevocablemente perdida.

TERCERA PARTE

CAPÍTULO I

Tú vistes de jazmines Al arbusto sabeo, Y el perfume le das que en los jardines La fiebre insana templará a Lieo.

A. BELLO

Separose Leonardo Gamboa de su familia después de almuerzo en la dehesa o potrero de Hoyo Colorado, y en la amable compañía de Diego Meneses tomó por entre Vereda Nueva y San Antonio de los Baños, la vuelta de Alquízar, rumbo al sudoeste de su punto de partida.

A pocas leguas se hallaron en lo que llaman por ahí _Tierra Llana_, planicie extensa e igual, cuyo centro por esa parte lo ocupa la población últimamente nombrada. Su fondo es un calcáreo muy poroso y puro, cubierto de una capa de tierra rojiza, o color de ladrillo, a trechos bastante espesa y suelta, acusando el óxido de hierro de que está cargada y de una fertilidad prodigiosa. Con algunas interrupciones de nivel se dilata hacia el oeste hasta Callajabos, al pie de las serranías de la Vuelta Abajo y hacia el este hasta los últimos límites de Colón, siendo su latitud general estrecha.

Por supuesto, en las porciones más elevadas de dicha mesa, no se ven fuentes naturales, ni llueve tampoco a menudo; pero es tan copioso el rocío nocturno, que moja el suelo y refresca la vegetación. No conociéndose en el país ningún sistema de regadío, a

ese fenómeno meteorológico hay que atribuir la lozanía con que crecen y el verde esmeralda con que se visten las plantas en todas las estaciones del año. En cambio, el descuaje del arbolado, el cultivo general de la mesa, particularmente de aquella parte que iban recorriendo nuestros dos viajeros, habían ahuyentado los pájaros de cuenta, y apenas si se veían uno que otro grupo de judío de vuelo pesado y penetrante graznido, un par de tímidas tojosas, una fugaz bijirita y pequeños tomeguines escondidos en los arbustos inmediatos.

Mientras más se alejaban de Hoyo Colorado, más cafetales encontraban a uno y otro lado del camino; como que esas eran las únicas fincas rurales de cierta importancia en la porción occidental de la mesa, al menos hasta el año de 1840. Hablamos ahora del famoso jardín de Cuba, circunscrito entre las jurisdicciones de Guanajay, Güira de Melena, San Marcos, Alquízar, Ceiba del Agua y San Antonio de los Baños. No se fundaban entonces ahí granjas para la explotación agronómica, en el sentido estricto de la palabra, sino verdaderos jardines para la recreación de sus sibaritas propietarios, mientras se mantuvo alto el precio del café.

Contra el sistema legal de mensuras observado en Cuba desde _ab initio_, estaban divididas esas bellísimas fincas en figuras regulares, prevaleciendo el cuadrado, y acotadas todas con setos de limoneros enanos, con zarzas y más comúnmente con tapias de piedra seca, o cercas primorosas y artísticamente construidas. Cubríanse éstas de enredaderas o aguinaldos, especialmente de campanilla blanca, los cuales abrían por Pascuas de Navidad, daban aspecto risueño a la campiña con sus níveas flores, en contraste con el verdor fuerte del arbolado cercano, mientras que con su exquisito y trascendental perfume embalsamaban el ambiente por millas y millas a la redonda.

Sus ostentosas y cómodas viviendas no caían en las anchas calles o calzadas que separaban entre sí los diferentes predios. Más bien buscaban la reclusión y el sombrío que brindaba el interior, como que crecía ahí más frondoso el naranjo de globos de oro, el limonero indígena y exótico, el mango y la manga de la India, el árbol del pan, de ancha hoja; el ciruelo de varias especies, el copudo tamarindo de ácidas vainas, el guanábano de fruta acorazonada y dulcísima, la gallarda palma, en fin, notable entre la gran familia vegetal por su tronco recto, cilíndrico, liso y grueso como el fuste de una columna dórica, y por el hermoso cerco de _pencas_ con que se corona perennemente.

A flor del camino sí erigían la entrada, portal, mejor, arco triunfal, bajo cuya sombra, como por las horcas caudinas, había que pasar para coger la ancha avenida, flanqueada de palmas y naranjos, que conducía a la apartada vivienda señorial, oculta allá en el espeso arbolado. Aún después de haber avanzado bien adentro, no siempre descubría de lleno el caserío, ni se llegaba a él derecho; porque a menudo ocurría dividirse la avenida en dos ramales, describiendo dos medios círculos, uno de entrada, otro de salida, que limitaban de un lado los cafetos o setos de zarzas, y del opuesto los jardines de flores, desplegados a un tiempo a la vista del sorprendido viajero. Siguiendo por cualquiera de esos medios círculos, de seguro que se daba con la morada de los dueños y sus dependencias inmediatas en primer término; después con la casa, por lo general exenta, del molino, en el centro de una como plaza o batey, en torno del cual se hallaban los tendales o secaderos de café, los almacenes o graneros, las caballerizas, palomar, corral de gallinas y la aldea formada por las cabañas de paja de los esclavos.

Leonardo Gamboa y su amigo, con los caballos algo sofocados, cubiertos ya unos y otros del polvo bermejo y sutil de la tierra llana, avistaron los linderos del cafetal _La Luz_, perteneciente a don Tomás Ilincheta, cosa de media legua distante del pueblo de Alquízar, pasadas las cuatro de la tarde del 22 de Diciembre de 1830. Por la derecha de los viajeros, bajo un cielo azul y sin nubes, se ponía entonces el glorioso sol de los trópicos, cuyos abrasadores rayos lanzaban manojos de luz a través de las ramas de los árboles, tendiendo cada vez más larga la sombra de las palmas sobre el campo verde, tachonado de gayadas flores, a tiempo que encendían el átomo térreo impalpable que se cernía en el tranquilo ambiente.

Resonaba a lo lejos con las pisadas de las caballerías el fondo poroso y hueco de la tierra llana; de manera que, mucho antes de que los jinetes tocaran el portal de la finca, ya se hallaba en la reja de hierro, dispuesto para abrirla, el portero negro, que acababa de salir de una especie de garita grande de mampostería y teja plana, hacia la izquierda. Reconoció desde luego a aquéllos y los recibió con los escorrozos tan propios de las gentes de su raza y condición diciendo:

--_¡Ojó! ¡ojó!_ Niño Leonardito ¿_ya sumerce vinió_? ¡Ah! ¡Ah!, y el niño Dieguito _asina_ mismo.

--¿Cómo está la familia, congo? le preguntó Leonardo.

--_Toos güenos, grasi Dió._ Ahorita _dentraron_ las niñas con doña Juanita. _Vinían_ del _protero_. Milagro que no se toparon con ellas los niños. Si susmercés _jarrean_ un poco _entoavía_ las alcanzan más _pacá_ de la casa.

Y agregó luego hablando con Leonardo:--¡Ah! ¡_Qué si va a legrá_ la niña Isabelita! ¡Y la niña Rosita! (hablando con Meneses). _¡No mi diga!_

Los dos jóvenes se sonrieron y continuaron al paso de sus caballerías por el centro de la magnífica alameda, deseando en secreto, por extraña coincidencia de sentimientos, que se alargase algo más el término de su camino. Es que en los momentos de comparecer ante las damas de sus amores, temía Leonardo que le recibiese la suya, no cual solía, como amiga y amante tierna, sino como juez severo y duro, por sus pasadas flaquezas y veleidades. Para decir verdad, sentía algo que se parecía más a la vergüenza que al contento. Diego, por su parte, próximo a realizar el deseo más vivo e íntimo de su pecho, el de volver a ver a Rosa en su paraíso de Alquízar, después de un año de ausencia, quería probar si retardando el momento apetecido, se calmaba un tanto el tumulto de su sangre y podía saludarla con la compostura del respetuoso caballero.

Pero por ahora, ni la satisfacción de este capricho les fue dado realizarlo a nuestros amigos. Porque en desviándose de la avenida que traían, alcanzaron a ver a las hermanas penetrando en lo más intrincado del jardín, allí donde los rosales de Alejandría, los jazmines del Cabo y las clavellinas, competidores de los más bellos de que se precian Turquía y Persia, si no acertaban a envolverlas con sus ramas, sin duda que las envolvían con sus emanaciones aromáticas.

También las jóvenes, por las pisadas de los caballos, se apercibieron de la presencia de los viajeros, reconociéndolos, especialmente al primero que puso pie a tierra, abandonando la montura a su albedrío, y fue Leonardo Gamboa. Rosa, más joven y cándida que la hermana, hizo una exclamación involuntaria de alegría; Isabel experimentó sentimiento opuesto. Recordaba que su despedida de La Habana no fue agradable ni cordial, y creía que antes de dar entrada en su pecho al placer con que solía recibir a Leonardo, necesitaba cuando menos una explicación suya satisfactoria de lo pasado.

Ni Leonardo ni Diego se hallaban en aptitud de leer claro en el semblante de sus amigas lo que pasaba en sus espíritus cuando llegó el momento de saludarse, según el modo frío y rígido que piden las costumbres cubanas, esto es, sin el significativo apretón de manos. Fue bien marcado, no obstante, el cambio que se operó en el rostro de las dos hermanas. El de Isabel asumió aspecto serio y pálido; el de Rosa tomó el color de la flor de su nombre; y por breve rato, ellos ni ellas supieron qué hacerse ni qué decir. Tocó al cabo a la más avisada de las mujeres el advertir la embarazosa posición de todos, y, para salir pronto del paso, acudió a una de las coqueterías características de su edad y sexo. Tenía Isabel en la mano una rosa de Alejandría, abierta aquella misma tarde, y se la prometió a Meneses diciendo:

--¿No es ésta su flor preferida?

Asomáronsele los colores a la cara del agraciado, y se puso más colorada que antes la de Rosa, quien, ya quisiese ocultar su propio rubor, ya enmendar el aparente desaire hecho a Gamboa, se quitó un clavel que se había prendido en el cabello y se lo dio balbuceando:--¿No es ésta la flor que prefiere el amigo Leonardo?

Bastó esto poco a romper el encanto; sólo que por aquella tarde y noche Isabel se dedicó a obsequiar y atender a Meneses, aunque no veía el momento de conciliación con Leonardo. Entre tanto, juntos los cuatro fueron al encuentro de doña Juana y del señor Ilincheta que venían a saludar a los recién llegados.

Desaparecía por entonces la claridad del día, y el airecillo de la noche, por más que viniese cargado de los perfumes de las flores y de las emanaciones gratas que emite el campo a esa hora, empezó a dejarse sentir. Las señoras, sobre todo, tuvieron que apelar al abrigo acostumbrado, el pañolón de seda, echado al desgaire sobre los hombros. Pero en los momentos de trasladarse a la sala, resonó el melancólico tañido de la campana de la queda en los cafetales circunvecinos y en el de _La Luz_, llamando a amos y esclavos a la oración y al recogimiento. En oyéndolo doña Juana, sus sobrinas, los dos jóvenes y don Tomás Ilincheta, éstos con los sombreros en la mano, y los criados del servicio inmediato de la familia con los brazos cruzados, todos de pie, aquella señora comenzó diciendo:--¡Ave María Purísima!; a que contestaron los circunstantes en coro: Sin pecado concebida.--El Ángel del Señor (prosiguió la señora) anunció a María que el Hijo de Dios Padre encarnaría en sus entrañas, para redención del mundo. ¡Ave María! María Santísima lo admitió diciendo: ves aquí la esclava del Señor, hágase en mí según tu palabra ¡Ave María! El Hijo de Dios se hizo hombre, y vivió entre nosotros. ¡Ave María!

Dadas las buenas noches, las hijas primero y tras ellas los criados, besaron la mano de doña Juana y de don Tomás, y recibieron en contestación el usual _Dios te haga una santa_, o _un santo_.

De seguidas una criada avisó a Isabel que el Contramayoral la esperaba en el otro lado del pórtico. Pidió ella permiso a los huéspedes. Su padre, hablando con éstos, explicó el motivo de su ausencia diciendo:--Es mi Mayordoma, cajera y tenedora de

libros, y cree que primero es la obligación que la devoción. Lleva cuenta del café que se recolecta, del que se descascara, escoge y ensaca, del que se remite a La Habana. Cuando se vende, glosa ella las cuentas del refaccionista, cobra y paga. Todo como un hombre. En una palabra, desde que murió mi esposa, que santa gloria haya, mi Isabel está hecho cargo de la casa, del cafetal y de todos mis negocios. ¡Ay! No sé qué sería de mí si también ella me faltase.

¿Quién era el Contramayoral? Un negro como un trinquete, del color de la pez, cari-ancho, de aspecto franco y mirada inteligente. No bien se apareció su ama, la hizo una genuflexión para pedirla su bendición, porque él mismo acababa de dirigir el rezo de sus treinta o más compañeros en medio del batey, a la luz de las estrellas.

--Niña, la dijo, aquí está la cuenta de _lo barrí llenao_ hoy. ¿Y le alargó un papel? ¿La hoja de una planta con signos caligráficos o aritméticos? Nada de eso. Aunque aquel esclavo había aprendido de coro ciertas oraciones del catecismo que le enseñaron para bautizarle, no sabía escribir ni pintar guarismos. La cuenta de que hablaba se reducía a dos o tres varas cortas de un arbusto del campo, con muchos cortes o muescas de través, tarjas o quipos modernos para indicar el número de barriles de café recolectados durante ocho horas de trabajo.

Con pasar Isabel las yemas de los dedos por las muescas de las tarjas, conoció que no había sido abundante la recolección, y así se lo dijo al esclavo.

--Niña, se apresuró él a explicar en su guirigay especial la causa de la deficiencia. _Niña, la safra va de vencía_, no queda café _maúro_ en la mata, _ni pa remedia. Brujuliando po aquí y po allí se ha llenao 25 barrí._

--Está bien, Pedro, repuso Isabel. No hay para qué estropear las matas, ni que tumbar el grano verde. Sería mucho menor la zafra el año entrante si eso se hiciera. Escúchame Pedro, con atención. Mañana bien temprano pon toda la gente a limpiar el batey y las guardarrayas principales hasta las nueve. Tenemos visitas y quiero que todo esté aseado y bonito. Por la tarde es preciso que unos pilen y avienten el café seco, y que otros, las mujeres y los más débiles, a escoger. El caso es aviar todo el pilado y aventado, mañana mismo si es posible.

--_Asina si jará, niña._

--¡Ah! Lo principal se me olvidaba, agregó Isabel en tono triste. A Leocadio que dé bastante maíz y yerba al trío moro y al trío dorado, porque tienen que emprender largo viaje pasado mañana.

--_¿Va a salí lamo?_

--No, tía Juana, Rosita y yo, que vamos a pasar las Pascuas en la Vuelta Abajo.

--_¡Anjá! La niña si va otra vuelta, la casa parece robá._

--Papa se queda. Estamos convidados a pasar las Pascuas como digo, con la familia del señor Gamboa en su ingenio _La Tinaja_, allá lejos, muy lejos, por el Mariel. Han puesto una gran máquina de vapor para moler caña; romperá la molienda la víspera de Pascuas y aguardan por nosotros. Aquí han llegado a buscarme el niño Leonardito y el niño Diego Meneses, que tú conoces.

--_¿Con que si va otra vuelta?_, repitió el Contramayoral pensativo.

--Estaremos ausentes muy poco tiempo, cuando más hasta después del domingo de Niño perdido. Me da mucha pena dejar a papá solo. Pero espero en Dios que no le sucederá nada, antes me prometo que Vds. le cuidarán bien.

--_Asina si jará niña._

--Pero si por desgracia se enfermare en nuestra ausencia, te encargo, Pedro, que sin pérdida de tiempo me despaches un propio al ingenio _La Tinaja_, cerca del pueblo de Quiebrahacha. Acuérdate de estos dos nombres: _Tinaja_ y _Quiebrahacha_.

--_Asina si jará, niña._

--Rafael o Celedonio, cualquiera de los dos, sirve para el mandado. Ellos conocen el camino de aquí a Guanajay; de allí al Quiebra Hacha se sabe que quien tiene lengua a Roma va.

--_Asina si jará, niña._

--Bueno, confío en ti, Pedro. Es un gran descanso para nosotros, cuando salimos, dejar el cuidado de la casa y de la finca a un hombre tan racional y honrado como tú.

Ni porque le hicieron este elogio franco cuanto sincero, hizo uso el negro de su conocida muletilla. Sólo sacudió la cabeza cual si quisiera desterrar una idea enojosa, y volvió a un lado el rostro, sin darle la espalda a su señorita, lo cual habría sido una falta de respeto.

--Atiende, Pedro, continuó Isabel. Hay que traer del potrero el caballo careto para llevar a Guanajay uno de los dos tríos. El que le lleve, sea Rafael o Celedonio, debe salir al Ave María o con los primeros claros del día de pasado mañana, apearse en la posada de Ochandarena, frente a la plaza, hacer que bañen y den un buen pienso a los caballos y aguardar por nosotros, pues tendrá que regresar con el trío que saquemos de acá. ¿Recordarás todas estas cosas, Pedro?

--_Mi ricorde, niña_, dijo el Contramayoral afectado; añadiendo a la carrera: _Le pobre negre va a tené una Pacua mu maguá._

--¿Por qué? preguntó Isabel con exagerada sorpresa. Le diré a papá que les deje tocar tambor en los dos días de Pascuas y el día de Reyes.

--_Ma como la niña no etá allante, le negre no se diviete._

--¡Qué bobería! Nada, a bailar, a divertirse para que esté contenta la niña cuando vuelva del paseo. ¡Eh! Nada más, Pedro.

Se retiraba éste despacio y de mala gana, e Isabel, que quedaba pensativa apoyada en el barandal del pórtico, llamole luego, diciendo:--Pedro, ¿ya lo ves? Por tus interrupciones y majaderías se me iba o olvidar una de las cosas que tenía más presente. Debo hacerte otro encargo, mi último encargo. Mira, Pedro, estoy pensando que por sí o por no, lo mejor será que guardes el látigo en tu bohío hasta después de Pascuas. Sí, sí, mejor será pues mientras le tengas en la mano has de querer usarlo, y yo no quiero que se levante el látigo para nadie, ¿lo oyes, Pedro? Que no suene el látigo en mi ausencia.

--_Le negre etá perdío_, dijo Pedro sonriéndose, _por mor de la niña_.

--Me importa poco, replicó Isabel con firmeza. Tú sabes que papá botó al mayoral en abril porque daba mucho cuero. Recuerda que la cogió contigo. No ha de oírse un latigazo en el cafetal en mi ausencia. Lo repito, lo quiero así, lo mando, Pedro.

Volviendo de su breve diálogo con el Contramayoral, encontró Isabel puesta la mesa para la cena en medio de la sala. Serían las ocho de la noche. El lujo de la vajilla de plata, de cuyo metal eran hasta los grandes macizos candeleros, parecía competir con la abundancia de los manjares. Mas nada de esto se hacía por vano alarde. En primer lugar, porque habiendo comido la familia a las tres de la tarde, según la costumbre del campo entonces, suponían que los dos huéspedes tuviesen hambre y querrían satisfacerla. En efecto, las señoritas, la tía y el señor Ilincheta, que por cumplimiento habían ocupado juntos un costado de la mesa, participaron únicamente del chocolate o del café con leche; haciendo, eso sí, Isabel, los honores con gracia y naturalidad características.

Tras la cena y una conversación agradable, se levantó don Tomás y se retiró a su cuarto, recomendando a sus hijas no detuvieran mucho a los huéspedes, quienes por fuerza estarían cansados y desearían reposar de las fatigas del viaje.

La casa vivienda del cafetal _La Luz_ estaba hecha a la francesa, es decir, conforme al sistema que para habitaciones tales se seguía en las fincas de igual naturaleza por los criollos de la Guadalupe y Martinica; pues de hecho la había trazado y dirigido un arquitecto natural de una de esas islas. El plano figuraba una cruz con dobles brazos, cuyo centro lo ocupaba la sala, y las ocho alcobas, ambos brazos de la misma, formadas por dos pasillos que terminaban en dos saletas, debajo de los cobertizos de las culatas de la casa. En los ángulos de los pórticos había cuatro cuartos que interiormente se comunicaban con las saletas dichas, y exteriormente con los jardines y aquéllos. Los pórticos, pues, se extendían cuanto la sala, corrían paralelos a ella y estaban cerrados por barandillas de madera y por cortinas de cañamazo en vez de persianas. El techo del cuerpo principal estaba formado con las hojas de la palma llamada _cana_, por su espesor, duración y frescura; y el de los pórticos o cobertizos con teja plana. Las puertas y ventanas, en número por cierto excesivo, abrían todas hacia afuera, dejando entrar a raudales, al menos de día, la luz y el aire siempre cargado con el perfume de las flores o de las frutas en que tanto abundaba aquella morada encantadora.

Por razones que es fácil colegir, las señoras no siguieron desde luego el ejemplo del amo de la casa. Los jóvenes no sentían inclinación ninguna a separarse por el resto de la noche, sin comunicarse con una palabra, con una mirada aunque fuese algo de lo mucho que bullía en sus cabezas. Así es que, por instinto casi, después de la cena volvieron al pórtico fronterizo y

emprendieron paseos de arriba a abajo, en dos grupos: el de Isabel con su tía y Meneses y el de Rosa y Leonardo a retaguardia. A la primera vuelta preguntó éste a aquélla, en tono bajo, indicando a la hermana mayor:

--¿Qué tiene la niña?

Este era casualmente el primer verso de una canción muy popular entonces; y Rosa, que era viva y traviesa, contestó al punto con el segundo verso que la daba nombre:

--Sarampión.

--¿Con qué se le cura?, volvió a preguntar Leonardo con el tercer verso.

--Con coscorrón; concluyó Rosa sin poder tener la risa.

--¿De qué se ríen Vds.?, preguntó Isabel muy atenta a lo que pasaba a sus espaldas.

--No le diga, Gamboa, dijo Rosa. Déjela con su curiosidad. Ella no es de nuestro bando.

Parecía que Isabel se proponía monopolizar por el resto de la velada la conversación y la sociedad de Diego Meneses. De aquí el motivo aparente del pique de Rosa con ella, según lo revelaban sus últimas palabras. La misma sospecha y con igual copia de razones podía abrigar Isabel respecto de su hermana menor, dado que desde el principio se apropió las atenciones y compañía de Leonardo. Mas ninguno de los jóvenes estaba satisfecho de sí mismo ni del otro. Esta era la verdad; de suerte que se cansaron de los paseos más pronto de lo que podía razonablemente esperarse, sólo que en vez de sentarse se apoyaron como por acaso en la barandilla, quedando, también casualmente, cual deseaban en secreto: Isabel al lado de Leonardo. Rosa al de Meneses, y doña Juana fuera del grupo. Amaba ésta a sus sobrinas con amor de madre, como quien las había criado desde pequeñuelas; deseaba su establecimiento, y, siendo ella casamentera de índole, claro está que no tomó a mal una eliminación mediante la cual aquéllas podían tener un rato de íntima comunicación con sus galanes.

Reinaba en torno de la casa la calma más profunda, habiendo abatido el airecillo que se levantara a las puestas del sol. No se movían las ramas de los árboles, ni era bastante la luz de las estrellas, ni la transparencia del cielo para reflejarse en las anchas hojas del plátano, cuyo tallo fibroso sobresalía entre los enanos y espesos cafetos. El único rumor que se apercibía era el distante y sordo procedente de esclavos, los cuales, antes de entregarse al descanso, preparaban la frugal cena a la lumbre de sus bohíos mientras discutían la novedad de la noche, a saber: la próxima ausencia de su señorita. Pero más cerca de nuestros jóvenes no puede decirse con exactitud que formaban ruido apreciable el chirriar de los grillos ocultos en la yerba, ni el aleteo de las mariposillas nocturnas que con fugaz zumbido pasaban del jardín a la casa, atraídas por la luz de la vela dentro de la guardabrisa o fanal en la mesa del centro de la sala.

El sitio, pues, la hora, el silencio de la tierra y del cielo, el aspecto sombrío del pórtico ancho, gacho y de limitado horizonte por el espeso arbolado inmediato, la misma lucha de la débil claridad artificial interior con la oscuridad exterior, todo predisponía a la exaltación de las pasiones de los jóvenes, arrobadas sus almas en la contemplación del bellísimo cuadro que los rodeaba por todas partes. En tales momentos, las mujeres menos agraciadas parecen aéreas y adorables; los hombres más tímidos se atreven a todo, y sintiendo más se expresan con mayor elocuencia.

--Isabel, dijo Leonardo, me extraña tu conducta conmigo.

--Califíquela, repuso Isabel sonriendo.

--No me corresponde calificarla, por la sencilla razón de que soy el agraviado.

--¿Eso más? Pues era lo que faltaba.

--¿Te sorprende? ¿Cómo se compagina, si no, nuestra amigable despedida de La Habana (por mi parte, se entiende), con tu silencio e indiferencia enseguidas...?

--¿Sin motivo que justificara el cambio?

--Sin motivo que lo justificara. Yo al menos no he podido penetrarlo todavía.

--Refresque Vd. la memoria de los hechos.

--Nada, Isabel, no alcanzo, desconozco el motivo.

--¿De verás?

--De veras.

--Entonces he sido una loca, una tonta, he visto visiones.

--Tanto como eso no, Isabel. ¿No te ocurre que hayas podido interpretar mal un acto inocente mío o de otra persona hacia mí?

--Si no se trata de interpretaciones, señor don Leonardo, se trata de lo que yo vi con mis ojos.

--Sepamos lo que vio mi señora doña Isabel con sus ojos.

--Vi lo que Vd. vio, mejor dicho, lo que le pasó Vd. al estribo del quitrín.

--¿Y ése era motivo suficiente para que tú me perdieras el cariño y estuvieras a punto de olvidarme?

--Lo era y grande, para enojarse cualquier mujer de vergüenza, por mucho que la cegara la pasión.

--Veo claro, Isabel, que en todo ello ha habido una equivocación de tu parte, y que, sin quererlo has sido injusta conmigo.

--Explíquese Vd., dijo Isabel con aparente ansiedad.

--Te diré en pocas palabras lo que pasó, continuó Leonardo, poniéndose colorado, porque de hecho pensado iba a mentir. Mientras te decía el último adiós, naturalmente extendí un pie sobre la acera. Una de las dos mulatas que pasaban tropezó conmigo, y, creyendo que le había armado una zancadilla, llena de ira me dio un empellón. Tú sabes lo insolente que son esas mujerzuelas cuando se creen ofendidas.

--Sí, dijo Isabel pensativa. Después de un breve rato añadió: Mas ¿qué motivo le di yo para que me dijese la palabra indecente que aún me zumba en los oídos?

--Tu exclamación, Isabel, y luego el llamarla Adela, cuando tal vez se llamaba Nicolasa o Rosario fue sin duda lo que aumentó su cólera.

--Si la llamé por el nombre de Adela, mejor dicho, si en mi exclamación solté ese nombre, fue porque me figuré que era ella su hermana de Vd. Además de tomarla por el vivo retrato de Adela, no pude, ni debí imaginar que otra mujer tuviese con Vd. semejantes bromas.

--¡Toma! El cuento es que no hubo broma de su parte.

--Luego ella le conoce a Vd. y le maltrató por... celos.

--La conozco de vista, lo confieso, ya me había llamado la atención su semejanza con mi hermana Adela; mas no la he dado jamás ocasión a encelarse de mí.

--Quizá le ama a Vd. en secreto.

--No tendría nada de particular, sólo que en mi vida le he dicho «ojos negros tienes».

--Sentiría hacer a Vd. una injusticia, Leonardo. Las apariencias, sin embargo, le condenan.

--No, Isabel, no. Soy inocente. Si te engañase en este momento, si no te dijese toda verdad, si te pintara una pasión que no sentía, si en consecuencia te hubiese dado justo motivo de agravio, sería el más malo de los hombres...

--Está bien; doblemos la hoja, le interrumpió Isabel convencida.

--¿Pelillos a la mar?, le preguntó Leonardo con amoroso acento.

--Pelillos a la mar, contestó ella con celestial sonrisa. No habría dicha para mí si me viese condenada a dudar de la palabra del hombre a quien tenía por amigo y caballero.

--Bien, agregó Leonardo más animado. ¿No crees tú que debíamos sellar esta dulce reconciliación...?

Diciendo esto dejaba correr disimuladamente la mano por el barandal para coger la de Isabel, que se apoyaba en el mismo. Pero ella, evitando la ocasión, evitó el peligro. Se puso seria y pasó al lado de su tía, a quien dijo alto que era hora de recogerse. El reloj de Leonardo marcaba las once de la noche.

Había volado el tiempo. Diego Meneses, no obstante sabedor de que la ocasión la pintan calva, supo aprovecharla lo que bastaba para hacer a Rosa una formal declaración de amor; habiendo encontrado el tema o pretexto de la conversación en el regalo del clavel que esa joven hizo a Leonardo en el jardín. ¡Cándida paloma del vergel de Alquízar! Ella, que no había escuchado antes un «te amo, Rosa» dicho con intención y con fuego. Ella, que se sentía atraída hacia aquel joven como la aguja al imán, como la avecica a la serpiente, no pudo desviar la atracción, deshacer el encanto; no encontró a mano gesto, palabra ni ardid para negar que había sucumbido y que también amaba a su tentador desde la primer temporada que pasaron juntos en el cafetal _La Luz_.

CAPÍTULO II

Y en los bellos cafetales todo es frescura y olores, besadas sus blancas flores por las brisas tropicales.

J. PADRÍÑEZ

Como novia de Cupido desde la víspera, Rosa Ilincheta, por el temor pudoroso de encararse con su cómplice a la clara luz del día, retardó cuanto pudo su salida del tocador. Pero Isabel tenía obligaciones que llenar y bien temprano apareció en el pórtico del sur de la casa con la sombrilla en la mano derecha, una cestita calada al brazo izquierdo por el aro, y por todo abrigo el pañolón de seda bordado de realce.

Asomaba entonces el sol por un ángulo de la casa, alumbrando una parte del jardín y proyectando la sombra de aquélla y de los árboles, por largo trecho, sobre el espacioso batey de la finca. Había sido abundante el rocío de la madrugada. Empapado estaba el césped, apagado el polvo bermejo de los caminos y las hojas de las plantas y las corolas de las flores cuajadas de menudos aljófares; otros tantos prismas que descomponían la luz del almo sol, al recibirla de soslayo.

Echó Isabel una mirada inquisitiva por todo el país desplegado ante ella, y se aventuró fuera del pórtico; porque desde allí echó a ver una rosa de Alejandría que acababa de abrirse al dulce calor solar, en el cuadro del sudeste del jardín. Cortola sin punzarse ni mojarse, y cuando se adornaba con ella la espléndida trenza de sus cabellos, volvió maquinalmente los ojos hacia la casa y le pareció que uno de sus huéspedes la observaba desde el postigo de la ventana del cuarto, en el extremo del pórtico, donde en efecto se habían los dos alojado. Era Diego Meneses, que por no haber disfrutado de sueño tranquilo, dejó la cama desde el amanecer y aspiraba el puro ambiente del campo, a la sazón que Isabel apareció en medio de sus gayadas flores.

De tal modo la turbó este incidente, que por breve rato estuvo indecisa entre si volvía atrás o seguiría adelante, porque los actos de adornarse el cabello y de mirar para la casa, magüer que inocentes y casuales, podían interpretarse de diversas maneras, y ella huía tanto de la frivolidad como de la necia coquetería. Pero tenía que salir y salió con firme paso.

Por el lado del sur, una cerca de piedra separaba el campo del cuadrado en que se comprendía el variado caserío de la finca. En el centro se alzaba el molino del café, entre los dos pares de tendales, capaces de contener a un tiempo, secándose, la mitad de la cosecha. Más lejos, cerrando el gran espacio por la izquierda, se veía el grueso y oscuro brocal del pozo con su horca y garrucha para la extracción del agua; el palomar después, el corral de las aves y algunos chiqueros; al fondo y a la derecha, el campanario, o más bien el pilar de madera de cuyo brazo cubierto con un tejadillo, pendía la campana; los graneros o almacenes, las caballerizas, el establo de las vacas y las otras dependencias. Los bohíos de los esclavos figuraban una aldea de regular tamaño.

Ni estaba desprovisto de vegetación el magnífico batey que hemos venido describiendo, pues muchos árboles, y sin duda los más copudos y corpulentos de toda aquella hacienda, le adornaban y daban sombra. Entre ellos varios aguacates, mameyes colorados, mangos y caimitos; sobre todo los primeros, cual las coníferas del continente, parecían escalar el cielo con la cúspide de sus ramas. Aquéllos más empinados y coposos eran los escogidos por las gallinas de Guinea (_Numidas Meneagris_ de Cuvier), conocida la hurañía de esas aves exóticas, para sus querencias de noche. La banda, que bien podía componerse de cien, desde antes de aparecer el sol empezaron a removerse y a repetir el clamor o cacareo peculiar suyo, en que parece que una dice _pascual_ y la otra contesta, _pascual_, hasta que todas despiertan y se preparan para descender de sus elevadísimas y naturales alcándaras. Ni los pichones ni las gallinas daban aún señales de vida: aquéllos por no ser madrugadores, éstas por el encierro y la oscuridad de su casa.

Por lo demás, se notaba bastante movimiento en todo el batey. De los esclavos de ambos sexos, quiénes recogían con sus guatacas o azadones las hojas secas y briznas del suelo; quiénes con los mismos instrumentos rozaban la yerba de los caminos; quiénes con ambas manos abiertas levantaban la basura amontonada y la metían en canastas que otros conducían fuera a la cabeza; quiénes a brazo sacaban agua del profundo pozo y la vertían en una amplia cubeta de piedra al pie del brocal para que otros, en unos baldes rústicos hechos del pecíolo de la palma, la distribuyesen en los depósitos de los varios departamentos de la hacienda. A la vera del pozo daba agua y bañaba los caballos de dos en dos o de tres en tres, el calesero Leocadio. Dentro del molino resonaba la voz penetrante del negrito, que, sentado al extremo del eje de la rueda vertical, con que girando en la solera se descascaraba el café, aguijaba sin cesar a la caballería que servía de motor. Cuatro esclavas, entre tanto, tendían el grano, aún no bien seco; mientras otros conducían el _pilado_ o descortezado al aventador, cuyas paletas hacían un ruido tremendo y despertaban los ecos doquiera que la ola sonora encontraba obstáculo elástico en su trayecto. Y una vez limpio de toda paja o polvo, era llevado a los almacenes para que allí se escogiese y clasificase por otros esclavos.

Ninguno de los que pasaban al alcance de Isabel dejaba de darla los buenos días y de pedirla su bendición, doblando la rodilla en señal de sumisión y respeto. Pedro, el Contramayoral, sin la insignia ominosa de su oficio, yendo de un lado a otro, animaba a sus compañeros al trabajo y daba la mano en muchos casos, como para imprimir mayor peso a la palabra con la obra. La subida o aparición de Isabel en los tendales fue la señal para que el negrito del molino alzase la voz argentinada y aguda con la canción, tan ruda como sencilla, improvisada quizás la noche anterior, la cual principiaba con esta especie de verso: _La niña sen va_, y terminaba con este otro, repetido en coro por todos los demás negros: _Probe cravo llorá_. Entre la primera letra y el estribillo o pie insertaba el guía, no obstante que criollo, nacido en el cafetal, frases en congo puro, a que también contestaba el coro con el obligado: _Probe cravo llorá_.

Inútil fuera pedir armonía, siquiera música a una canción, ni civilizada ni salvaje del todo; pero si parecía asaz monótona a oídos delicados, también es verdad que el tono y la letra rebosaban en melancólico sentimiento. Así lo estimó Isabel, aunque hizo como que no oía ni entendía palabra, y siguió adelante hasta el pie de los árboles, donde ya bullían y corrían en todas direcciones las aborotosas gallinas de Guinea. Algunas, las más ariscas, al verla quisieron emprender vuelo, estallando en el grito nasal, chillón y alto con que suelen dar la voz de alarma a sus compañeras. Mas conocida la voracidad de esas aves, bastaron a tranquilizarlas y contenerlas unos granos de maíz que Isabel sacó de la cestita que llevaba al brazo y que tuvo cuidado de arrojarlos en un punto dado, cerca de sí. La banda en masa se echó sobre el escaso alimento, depuesta la vigilancia, olvidado el peligro, y sólo ocupada de egullir granos o pedrezuelas. De esta circunstancia se aprovechó una de las esclavas, a una señal de su señorita, para arrastrarse por el suelo y pillar dos, sin que lo echaran de ver las otras. Muy gustosa es la carne de estas aves, tan gustosa como la de la perdiz, razón por qué Isabel se propuso obsequiar a sus huéspedes con un par de ellas, asadas, en el almuerzo.

A la vista del alimento, arrojado ahora a puñados, acudieron presurosos los pichones. Estos, menos huraños que las guineas, a las cuales temían, y más capaces de simpatía que ellas, revolotearon al principio en torno de la joven, luego se posaron en su cabeza, en sus hombros y en el brazo de la cesta, acabando por arrebatarle el maíz de las manos y aun picarle en la boca. Tales y tan tiernas demostraciones de inocentes avecicas, por más que repetidas un día con otro, siempre la enternecían, y jamás, sino en casos extraordinarios, consintió que las matasen fuera de su vista. Por éste y otros actos parecidos en que se ponía de manifiesto la influencia ejercida por Isabel sobre cuantos seres se le acercaban, no creían menos sus esclavos sino que Dios la había dotado de una especie de encanto o poder secreto, el cual no cabía aludir ni repeler.

Seguía Diego Meneses con la vista los pasos de su amiga, y, bien que, a fuer de hombre civilizado, no estaba dispuesto a conceder nada sobrenatural en ella, sí creía, como los demás, que era una mujer extraordinaria. Desde su puesto de observación daba cuenta fiel de lo que veía u oía, a Leonardo, quien continuaba en la cama descansando y gozando de las finísimas sábanas cargadas de encajes y perfumadas con los pétalos de las rosas de Alejandría, obra toda de las industriosas manos de Isabel. Decía Meneses a Gamboa, entre otras cosas:

--Es mucha mujer ésa, amigo.

--¿No te lo decía yo?, contestaba éste satisfecho.

--Vale un Perú. No se ven muchas como ella por ahí.

--¿Quieres cambiar? La cambio pelo a pelo por Rosa. Vamos.

--No te burles, compadre, contestaba Diego serio. Que reconozca en Isabel prendas raras, dignas de encomio, no quiere decir que me guste más que otras mujeres, ni que esté prendado de ella. Pero la verdad es que cada vez me convenzo más de que tú no te la mereces.

--¡Pues qué! ¿Te figuras que ella es mejor que yo? replicaba Leonardo, herido de la observación de su amigo. Te equivocas, chico, de medio a medio. Ten presente que Isabel es hija de un antiguo empleado del gobierno, empleado cesante, un cafetalista arruinado, un pobretón, en suma; mientras que mis padres tienen potreros, cafetal, ingenio, son hacendados ricos y hacen diferente papel en La Habana. ¿Está Vd.?

--Estoy, sólo que no me referí a nada de eso cuando te dije que no te merecías esa muchacha. Hablando en plata, Leonardo, tú no la quieres.

--¿Por qué supones que no la quiero?

--¡Qué! ¿Acaso no tengo ojos? Desde que llegamos vengo observando tus acciones y palabras, y nada en ti me persuade que amas a Isabel.

--¡Hombre, Diego! Te diré francamente lo que me pasó, dijo Gamboa tras breve rato de silencio. No siento por Isabel aquella pasión ciega y ardiente que sientes tú, por ejemplo... por Rosa.

--Di mejor, le atajó prontamente Meneses, que la que tú sientes por Cecí...

--¡Calla! exclamó Leonardo alarmado, y medio incorporado en la cama. No se mienta la soga en casa del ahorcado. Te pueden oír: las paredes oyen. Ese nombre es vedado aquí.

--Poco importa un nombre. Es muy común y no creo que Isabel lo haya oído en su vida.

--Probable es que no, pero por el hilo se saca el ovillo, cuanto más que Isabel no tiene pelo de tonta.

--Y ahora que viene al caso, ¿cómo te has compuesto respecto a la escena delante de la casa de las Gámez en el momento de la partida de Isabel?

--Creo que sospecha algo y tengo para mí que sus primas le han contado o escrito sobre eso algún cuento. Ello es que Isabel se muestra recelosa y al parecer muy sentida conmigo.

--No dudo que las primas hayan despertado sus celos. La cosa fue, no obstante, muy clara para que se dejase de alarmar Isabel y sospechar lo mismo que tú y yo sabemos. ¡Qué osadía la de aquella muchacha!

--¿Qué quieres? La cegó el demonio de los celos, comprometiéndome a los ojos de Isabel y de sus primas. No puedes imaginarte cuánta fue mi vergüenza.

--Lo considero. Yo, en tu lugar, escondo la cara bajo siete estados de tierra. Mas ¿de dónde sacó Isabel que podía haber sido tu hermana Adela?

--Ahí verás, Diego. Con todo, si bien recuerdas, se parecen mucho a primera vista.

--Ya había hecho yo la misma observación. ¡Qué malo que tu padre tuviese que ver con semejante parecido!

--¿Quién sabe? A él le gusta la _canela_ tanto como a mí. No tendría nada de extraño que, andando a salto de mata, como solía cuando mozo, hubiese dado un tropezón... Lo que es de C... está que se le cae la baba. Me consta.

--Luego no puede ser su padre.

--¡Qué había de serlo! Ni pensarlo. ¡Disparate!

--Pues por ahí se corre que lo es.

--Habladurías de las gentes, Diego. ¿Conciben que estaría enamorado de C... si le ligasen esas relaciones de parentesco con ella?

--Quizás lo ignore, porque tú dices, fue todo a consecuencia de un tropezón. Quizás también la cela de ti, sabedor del parentesco que media entre Vds. dos. ¡Cuando el río suena!...

--En este caso el río no lleva agua, ni piedra. Sólo porque da la casualidad que se parecen mucho C... y Adela se encapricha la gente y habla... Lo que te sé decir es que él me ha hecho pasar más sustos que pelos tengo en la cabeza. Cuando menos lo espero me doy con él de manos a boca. Casi, y sin casi, me causa doble inquietud que el músico Pimienta. Lo único que me tranquiliza por esta parte, es que ella desdeña tanto a los viejos como desprecia a los mulatos.

--No te fíes, sin embargo. Cosa sabida es que hijo de gato ratón caza, y que por donde salta la madre salta la hija. Mas volviendo a nuestro cuento, el resultado de estas misas es que tú no estás en el mejor pie con Isabel.

--No. Como te decía, ella sospecha algo, o alguien la ha predispuesto contra mí. Isabel es, además, muy perra para explicarse con franqueza; yo soy punto menos, de modo que así iremos pasando hasta que Dios quiera, o ella deponga el orgullo y se reconcilie conmigo.

--Esa misma conformidad tuya, observó Meneses, me confirma en la creencia de que tú no amas a Isabel.

--O yo no me he sabido explicar, o tú no me entiendes, Diego. No habiendo puntos de comparación bajo ningún concepto entre las dos mujeres, no puedo querer a la una como quiero a la otra. La de allá me trae siempre loco, me ha hecho cometer más de una locura y todavía me hará cometer muchas más. Con todo, no la amo, ni la amaré nunca como amo a la de acá... Aquélla es toda pasión y fuego, es mi tentadora, un diablito en figura de mujer, la Venus de las mula... ¿Quién es bastante fuerte para resistírsele? ¿Quién puede acercársele sin quemarse? ¿Quién al verla no más no siente hervirle la sangre en las venas? ¿Quién la oye decir: _te quiero_, y no se le trastorna el cerebro cual si bebiera vino? Ninguna de esas sensaciones es fácil experimentar al lado de Isabel. Bella, elegante, amable, instruida, severa, posee la virtud del erizo, que punza con sus espinas al que osa tocarla. Estatua, en fin, de mármol por lo rígida y por lo fría, inspira respeto, admiración, cariño tal vez, no amor loco, no una pasión volcánica.

--Y pensando como piensas, Leonardo, ¿te casarás con Isabel?

--¿Por qué no? Precisamente así es como debe buscarse la mujer para esposa. El que se casa con Isabel está seguro de que no padecerá de... quebraderos de cabeza, aunque sea más celoso que un turco. Con las mujeres como C... el peligro es constante, es fuerza andar siempre cual vendedor de yesca. No me ha pasado jamás por la mente casarme con la de allá, ni con ninguna que se le parezca, y sin embargo, aquí me tienes que me entran sudores cada vez que pienso que ella puede estar coqueteando ahora mismo con un pisaverde o con el mulato músico.

--Lo que prueba, amigo mío, que no hay forma de servir a dos amos.

--En negocios de amores, o galanteos, se puede servir hasta a veinte, cuanto y más a dos. La de La Habana será mi Venus citerea,[44] la de Alquízar mi ángel custodio, mi monjita Ursulina, mi hermana de la caridad.

--Es que no se trata aquí de amores ni de meros galanteos, se trata de amar mucho a una y de casarse con otra que no se ama tanto.

Ya veo que tú no entiendes de la misa la media. Para gozar mucho en la vida el hombre no debe casarse con la mujer que adora, sino con la mujer que quiere. ¿Entiendes ahora?

--Entiendo que tú no has nacido para casado.

Prosiguiendo Isabel en su excursión matutina, muy ajena de la conversación que se tenían los jóvenes habaneros sobre ella, se llegó al pozo. Allí, como en todas partes, impuso respeto su presencia. Por lo que toca al aguador, suspendió el trabajo, no fuera que al verter el agua en la cubeta salpicase el traje de su señorita, que se había acercado demasiado. Al contrario, el calesero criollo, poco más o menos de la edad de aquélla, y que por haberse criado a su vista la trataba con más confianza, no detuvo el bañado de los caballos, dado que se quitó el sombrero. Tampoco dobló la rodilla, cual su compañero, al desearla los buenos días, circunstancia que estamos seguros no advirtió Isabel, ya por estar acostumbrada, ya por no concordar con sus sentimientos filantrópicos la humillación, ni en el esclavo.

--Blas, dijo dirigiéndose al aguador, ¿tiene mucha agua el pozo?

--_A bombón_ (por mucha), _niña._

--¿Cómo lo sabes tú?, le preguntó ella.

--_¡Ah, niña! Yo oye siempre bu, bu, bu._

--Luego se podrá ver el movimiento del agua.

--_Se pue, niña, se pue. Yo mira jervir._

--Veamos, dijo Isabel acercándose todavía más al brocal.

--_¿Sumelsé mira?_, preguntó el negro muy asustado. _No, no mira. Mu jondo. Diablo rempuja la niña._

De los aspavientos del compañero riose Leocadio y sugirió que la señorita podía satisfacer su curiosidad sin riesgo si se afirmaba de un ramal de la soga mientras ellos dos sujetaban el otro cabo. De esta manera se hizo; pero Isabel no alcanzó a ver el fondo por la demasiada profundidad, por el espesor del brocal de mampostería y por los innumerables helechos adheridos a las paredes interiores, que con sus graciosas palmas casi cerraban la boca del pozo.

Enseguida Isabel preguntó al calesero si los caballos estaban en disposición de emprender el viaje del día siguiente:

--Niña Isabelita, contestó él en lenguaje más inteligente que el de su compañero: _Pajarito_ y _Venao_ necesitan _herraura_ nueva.

--¿Por qué no me lo habías dicho, Leocadio de mis culpas?

--¿Y yo he tenío tiempo? Hasta anoche no supe na del viaje. _Dispués_ de bañar los caballos iba a decírselo a la niña.

--Pues tienes que ir al pueblo a herrarlos.

--Iré _dispués_ de almuerzo. Deme la niña la papeleta para el _herraor_. Si no se ha _emborrachao_, estamos bien.

--Por eso, ve lo más temprano que puedas. Y echa ahora a correr y sofocar los caballos antes de tiempo.

--La niña siempre se figura que uno mata los caballos.

--Debías llamarte mata-caballos, no Leocadio.

No se detuvo Isabel en las otras dependencias de la finca por aquel lado del batey; mas al cruzar al opuesto, echó de menos a uno de los esclavos de campo y la informó el Contramayoral que por enfermo no se había presentado en la fila la noche anterior. Reprendió a Pedro que no le dio el aviso oportuno, siguiendo derecho a la enfermería. Se hallaba sentado el enfermo en el suelo, junto a la lumbre, abatido y con un pañuelo atado en la cabeza. Por pronta providencia la enfermera le había suministrado sendas jícaras de infusión de corteza de naranja, endulzada con azúcar de _raspaduras_. Isabel le tomó el pulso, comprendió que tenía fiebre y dispuso se recogiera entre tanto venía el médico. De vuelta a la casa de vivienda, examinó la caballeriza y el salón en que se escogía el café.

La esperaban en el pórtico los huéspedes, junto con su hermana, su tía y su padre. Parecía natural que quien tan puntualmente había desempeñado las obligaciones de administradora de la heredad y de las _cosas_ a ella adscritas, se sintiese satisfecha de sí misma y más dispuesta para el desempeño de sus deberes como ama de casa. En el semblante risueño y animado con que tornó al lado de la familia, se echó bien de ver que la dueña cariñosa y blanda de esclavos sumisos, sabía ser amable y atenta con sus iguales y amigos. Desde ese momento se consagró a obsequiarlos y a hacerles cuanto agradable se pudiese su corta estada en el cafetal.

Como la mañana siguiese siendo fresca y de poco sol, propuso Isabel a sus amigos una breve visita al jardín fronterizo de la casa. Ese era su Edén. Poca cosa se le alcanzaba del arte de la jardinería, mucho menos de botánica; tampoco se había propagado en Cuba el gusto por la floricultura, ni Pedregal u otros jardineros franceses habían importado de Francia la gran variedad de rosas que adelante trajeron la invasión rosada a La Habana. Pero Isabel era florista por instinto y por afición decidida, y como había plantado con sus manos, sabía de coro la historia de todas las flores que crecían en su delicioso pensil. Guardóse, no obstante, de mencionar siquiera el rosal de flores pálidas en que Leonardo, hacía un año cabal, había injertado de púa el rosal de flores encarnadas. Vigoroso y lozano se mostraba, ostentando en cada nudo rosas de uno y otro color; remedo fiel y poético de dos seres sensibles ligados por la más humana de las humanas pasiones: el amor.

Más tarde la visita a los jardines la extendió Isabel a una excursión a caballo de los cuatro jóvenes por los cafetales vecinos. Sentía ella la necesidad de distraerse, más aún, de aturdirse con el continuo movimiento. Aparte de que no la había dejado satisfecha su explicación de la víspera con Leonardo, le dolía alejarse del apacible hogar y del amoroso padre, y ya la acometía aquella especie de fiebre, síntoma infalible de la extrema dolencia conocida por nostalgia.

Así cursó el 2 de diciembre y vino la melancólica mañana del 24. Mucho antes de aclarar había partido para Guanajay el postillón con el relevo de las tres caballerías. En la silla, y armado al uso general con el látigo y largo machete de cabo de carey y plata, aguardaba por las viajeras el apuesto calesero Leocadio. Cerca de allí se veían varias esclavas y algo más distante los otros siervos, aparentemente preparándose para emprender las faenas del nuevo día, en realidad, como después se vio, en expectativa de la tristísima escena que allí se representaría.

Deseosa Isabel de abreviar el doloroso momento de la separación, abrazó a su padre de carrera, tomó el brazo que le brindaba Gamboa y, con los ojos empañados por las lágrimas, salió a la avenida del este para tomar el carruaje. Las señoras iban en el traje riguroso de camino, de seda oscuro y el sombrerito de paja o gorra al estilo francés. A su aparición se observó un movimiento general seguido de un murmullo entre los esclavos espectadores, quienes prorrumpieron a una en el clamor o canto monótono de la víspera: _La niña sen va, probe cravo llorá_, repetido en coro solemne a la luz matinal del nuevo día, que apenas alumbraba la cúspide de los más empinados árboles.

Este inesperado saludo acabó de desconcertar a Isabel. Flameó el pañuelo hacia el grupo de esclavos en señal de despedida y apresuró más el paso. Entonces reparó en el Contramayoral.

A pie firme, callado, la cabeza erguida, dejando ver a través de los cabezones de la camisa el cuello rollizo y parte del membrudo pecho, Espartaco por su varonil musculatura, flaca mujer por la sensibilidad de su inculto espíritu, tenía de la cama del freno de plata el inquieto caballo de Gamboa. Junto a él se hallaba su mujer, también inmóvil y callada, con un niño en los brazos, hondamente afligida, según lo mostraban las gruesas gotas de lágrimas que rodaban por sus mejillas de ébano. Tan conmovida como ella, Isabel le puso la mano en el hombro, imprimió un dulce beso en la frente del niño y dijo a su marido:

--¡Pedro, Pedro!, no le olvides de mis encargos.

Sin aguardar respuesta tomó refugio en el carruaje.

En ese asilo comenzaron las que pudieran llamarse cariñosas importunidades de los esclavos. Las negras especialmente, convencidas de que se marchaba su señorita, rodearon el quitrín y las más expresivas se agolparon al estribo, metían la cabeza por debajo de la cortina o capacete, y, según su costumbre, clamaban a grito herido:

--¡Adiós, niña! ¡Vuelva pronto, niña! ¡No se quede por allá, niñita mía! ¡Dios y la Virgen lleven con bien a la niña! Acompañando estas frases, que hemos traducido en gracia del lector, con sus extravagantes demostraciones, como oprimirle suavemente los pies, besárselos cien veces, lo mismo que las manos con que ella quería rechazarlas. Todo esto dicho y expresado con verdadero sentimiento, con exquisita ternura, y sin dejar de contemplar su angelical semblante, cual el de un ídolo o de una imagen sagrada.

Pobres, sensibles, aunque ignorantes y sencillos esclavos, tenían a su ama por la más hermosa y buena de las mujeres, por un ser delicado y sobrenatural, y se lo demostraban a su manera ruda e idólatra.

Poco a poco, ya por ruegos, ora por amonestaciones suaves, logró Isabel apartar de sí a las más petulantes, dio la orden de partir, y anegada en llanto exclamó:--Yo no sirvo para estas escenas.

A tiempo de montar echó Gamboa una mirada desdeñosa al espectáculo en torno del carruaje, y dijo alto, de modo que lo oyó Pedro, que le tenía el estribo:

--¡Ay! ¡Qué falta hacía aquí un buen _cuero_!

El calesero llamó la atención hacia las riendas del caballo de fuera, y cuando Isabel pudo tomarlas en la mano ya el quitrín y los viajeros habían salvado la portada y se hallaban casi en los límites, por el oeste, del cafetal _La Luz_.

CAPÍTULO III

¡Dulce Cuba!, en tu seno se miran en el grado más alto y profundo, las bellezas del físico mundo, los horrores del mundo moral.

JOSÉ MARÍA HEREDIA

Llaman Vuelta Abajo o Vuelta Bajo en la isla de Cuba, a aquella región que cae a la parte poniente del meridiano de La Habana, y que, principiando en las cercanías de Guanajay, termina en el cabo de San Antonio. Se ha hecho famosa por el excelente tabaco que se produce en las fértiles vegas de sus numerosos ríos, principalmente sobre la vertiente meridional de la cordillera de los Organos. Para darla semejante dictado parece que hay una razón de mucho peso, a saber: la baja nivelación del suelo de ese territorio, comparada con la alta del ya descrito.

Empieza el descenso a pocas millas al oeste de Guanajay, advirtiéndose desde luego un cambio brusco en el aspecto del país. El color del suelo, sus elementos componentes, la vegetación, el clima y el género de cultivo en general son del todo diferentes. Así es que el rápido declive constituye una rampa para el que va y un cerro para el que viene de la Vuelta Abajo.

Al borde de esta precipitosa rampa se despliega ante los ojos del viajero un cuadro inmenso, magnífico, que no hay lienzo que le contenga, ni ojos humanos que le abarquen en toda su grandeza. Figuraos una aparente planicie, limitada al oeste por las brumas del lejano horizonte, al norte por las colinas peladas que corren a lo largo de la costa, y al sur por las ásperas y alterosas sierras que forman parte de la extensa cordillera de montañas de la Vuelta Abajo. Y hemos dicho aparente llanura, porque de hecho es una serie sucesiva de valles transversales, estrechos y hondos, formados por otros tantos riachuelos, arroyos y torrentes que descienden de las laderas septentrionales de los montes y, después de un curso torcido y manso, se pierden en las grandes e insalubres cuencas paludosas del Mariel y de Cabañas.

A la vista del grandioso cuadro, Isabel, que era artista por sentimiento y que amaba todo lo bueno y bello en la naturaleza, mandó parar los caballos a los bordes de la rampa y echó pie a tierra, sin aguardar a que se aceptara la proposición por sus compañeros. Serían las ocho de la mañana. Ensanchábase allí el camino, describiendo una zeda para disminuir en lo posible lo precipitoso de la bajada. Por esta razón, aunque ambas laderas se hallaban cubiertas largo trecho de un arbolado crecido y hojoso, ni sus copas sobresalían mucho del nivel de la planicie que ocupaban los viajeros, ni obstruían, que digamos, la vista panorámica de más allá. Asombrosa era la vegetación. A pesar de lo avanzado de la estación invernal, parece que había vestido sus mejores galas y que orgullosa sonreía a los primeros rayos del almo sol. Do quiera que no había hollado la planta del hombre ni el casco de la bestia, allí brotaba, por decirlo así, a raudales el modesto césped o rastrera grama, el dulce romerillo, el gracioso arbusto, el serpentino bejuco y el membrudo árbol. Hasta de las ramas verdes y gajos secos, cual cabelleras de seres invisibles, pendían las parásitas de todas clases y formas, que viven de la humedad de que está constantemente saturada la atmósfera de los trópicos. El suelo y la floresta, en una palabra, cuajados de flores, ya en ramilletes, ya en festones de variada apariencia y diversidad de matices, formaban un conjunto tan gallardo como pintoresco, aun para aquellas personas acostumbradas a la vista de los campos feracísimos de Cuba.

Para mayor novedad y encanto, se ofrecía allí la vida bajo sus formas más bizarras: bullía materialmente el bosque vecino con todos los insectos y pájaros casi que cría la prolífica tierra cubana. Todos a una zumbaban, silbaban o trinaban entre el sombrío ramaje o la espesa yerba, y hacían concierto tal y tan armonioso como no podrán jamás hacerlo los hombres con la voz ni los instrumentos músicos. Dichosos ellos que de puro pequeños e inermes no excitaban la codicia del cazador, ni temían ser interrumpidos en sus inocentes correrías y revoloteos mientras recogiendo la miel en el cáliz de las flores, o saltando de rama en rama, hacían temblar las hojas, desprendían el rocío cuajado en ellas y las gotas, al dar en la hojarasca seca del suelo, remendaban una lluvia en que no tenían parte las nubes.

No hay paridad ninguna en la fisonomía del país visto por ambos lados de las montañas. Por el del sur, la llanura con sus cafetales, dehesas y plantaciones de tabaco, continúa casi hasta el extremo de la isla y es lo más ameno y risueño que puede imaginarse. Al contrario por el lado del Norte, en el mismo paralelo se ofrece tan hondo, áspero y lúgubre a las miradas del viajero que cree pisar otra tierra y otro clima. Ni porque está ahora cultivado en su mayor parte hasta más allá de Bahía Honda, se desvanece esa mala impresión. Quizás porque sus labranzas son ingenios azucareros, porque el clima es sin duda más húmedo y cálido, porque el suelo es negro y barroso, porque la atmósfera es más pesada, porque el hombre y la bestia se hallan ahí más oprimidos y maltratados que en otras partes de la Isla, a su aspecto sólo la admiración se trueca luego en disgusto y la alegría en lástima.

Tal, poco más o menos, sintió Isabel en presencia de aquel pedazo de la famosa Vuelta Abajo. Sus puertas, que eran de hecho las alturas en que se hallaban detenidos los viajeros, no podían ser más espléndidas; podían calificarse de doradas. Pero ¿qué pasaba por allá abajo? ¿Sería aquélla la morada siquiera de la paz? ¿Habría dicha para el blanco, reposo y contentamiento

alguna vez en su vida para el negro, en un país insalubre y donde el trabajo recio e incesante se imponía como un castigo y no como un deber del hombre en sociedad? ¿A qué aspiraba ni qué podía esperar tanto ser afanoso cuando pasado el día y venida la noche se entregaba al sueño que Dios, en su santa merced, concede a la más miserable de sus criaturas? ¿Ganaba alguno, entre tanto trabajador, el pan libre y honradamente para sostener una familia virtuosa y cristiana? Aquellas fincas colosales que representaban la mayor riqueza en el país, ¿eran los signos del contento y de los puros placeres de sus dueños? ¿Habría dicha, tranquilidad de espíritu para quienes a sabiendas cristalizaban el jugo de la caña-miel con la sangre de millares de esclavos?

Y la ocurrió naturalmente que si se casaba con Gamboa, tarde que temprano tendría que residir por más o menos tiempo en el ingenio de _La Tinaja_, a donde ahora se dirigían en son de paseo. Naturalmente también, se agolparon a su mente, como en procesión fantástica, los rasgos principales de su breve existencia. Recordó su estada en el convento de las monjas Ursulinas de La Habana, donde en medio del silencio y de la paz se nutrió su corazón de los principios más sanos de virtud y caridad cristiana. Como en contraste recordó la muerte de su piadosa madre; la orfandad en que quedó sumida; su desolación y hondo pesar; los días serenos e iguales que después había venido pasando en el cafetal _La Luz_, bello jardín, remedo del que perdieron nuestros primeros padres, acariciada por sus más allegados e idolatrada por sus esclavos como no lo fue reina alguna sobre la tierra. Recordó, en fin, la situación aflictiva en que dejó a su padre, achacoso y ya entrado en años, el cual no aprobaba del todo aquel viaje, tal vez porque podía ser el preludio de separación más grave y prolongada.

Brevísimos fueron el silencio y recogimiento de la joven; pero tan intensa, tan viva su emoción, que no pudo evitar se le llenaran de lágrimas los ojos. Leonardo se hallaba a su lado, teniendo por la brida el brioso caballo, y ya por divertirla de sus tristes ideas, ya por echarla de _cicerone_, comenzó a describir los puntos culminantes del magnífico panorama que tenían a la vista. Había pasado él varias veces por aquellos lugares; conocía a palmos el terreno que pisaba y quería dar muestras a las amigas de su buena memoria. El primer ingenio a nuestros pies, dijo, es el de Zayas. Los árboles de esta parte de la loma nos impiden ver las fábricas, pero aquéllos son sus últimos cañaverales. Debe de estar moliendo, porque hasta acá llega el olor del melado. Muele todavía con trapiche y mulas. Tenemos que pasar por el mismo batey. Después, en el centro de este gran valle, un poco hacia nuestra derecha, por junto al tronco de aquella ceiba, pueden verse las tejas coloradas de la casa de calderas del viejísimo ingenio de Escobar o del Mariel. Según me cuenta mamá, fue el primero que se _fomentó_ en esta parte de la Vuelta Abajo. También debe de estar moliendo pues veo salir humo de entre la arboleda del batey. Luego, ¿no ven Vds., una nube blanca que atraviesa el valle en toda su latitud a la altura de los árboles describiendo una porción de vueltas y revueltas? Un poeta diría que era un cendal de gasa. A mí me parece la piel de una culebra soltada en la huida del monstruo de las montañas al mar. Pues no es otra cosa, si bien reparan Vds., que los vapores que van marcando el curso torcido del río Hondo, notable por lo estrecho de su cause y por las grandes avenidas que hace en tiempo de lluvias. Ahora estará bajo y habrá puentes para pasarlo sin necesidad de mojarnos los pies. Del otro lado, por aquí derecho, en vuelta del noroeste, ¿divisan Vds., un bosque muy verde y tupido del cual asoman unas torres que parecen redondas? Ese es el ingenio _Valvanera_, de don Claudio Martínez de Pinillos, recién creado Conde de Villanueva. A la izquierda, al pie del monte de Rubín o Rubí, se ven los cañaverales del ingenio _La Begoña_, y a la derecha, aún no discernible, _La Tinaja_, cerca de una legua del pueblo de Quiebra Hacha.

Muy pendiente era la bajada por aquel lado al vastísimo valle de los ingenios de azúcar, y aunque trazada en zig zag, todavía trabajaban mucho los caballos para mantener el carruaje en el conveniente nivel. Acortaba el calesero las riendas del de varas, temeroso de un resbalón; y se abatía de nalgas y se deslizaba que no marchaba de firme. Con esto crujían las sopandas de cuero, sobre las cuales se mecía la caja del quitrín a guisa de zaranda, y el sudor empezaba a brotar del tronco de las orejas y de los ijares de las fatigadas bestias.

--Poco a poco, Leocadio, dijo Isabel en llegando a lo más agrio de la cuesta. No había visto yo camino más pendiente.

Cabalgaba Leonardo al estribo derecho del carruaje, y dijo en son de broma:

--¿Es Isabel la que habla? La creía yo más guapa que eso.

--Si se figura Vd. que tengo miedo, repuso ella prontamente, se engaña de medio a medio. No temo ni pizca por mí, temo por los caballos. Mire Vd., el de barras: la carga es mucha y la bajada precipitosa; se ha bañado en sudor, y estoy esperando verle caer y rodar. Sí, mejor será apearnos. Para Leocadio.

--No, no se apee, niña, dijo el calesero con instancia, arriesgando un choque con sus amas. Como su merced se apee en este paraje, tendrá que apearse en todas las lomas. _Pajarito_ es _mu_ resabioso y sabe más que las bibijaguas. Déjeme su merced darle _cuarta_ y verá cómo no se hace más el chiquito.

--Eso es lo que tú quisieras, que te dejase maltratar al pobre caballo. ¿No sabes que no está acostumbrado a las lomas? De ningún modo consentiré que le pegues. Para, te digo.

--La niña tiene _perdíos_ los animales y la gente, murmura Leocadio recogiendo las riendas para parar. Cuando estaba viva la señora estos caballos volaban como pájaros. A ella sí que le gustaba _jarrear_ de duro.

En este punto intervino Leonardo, oponiéndose al propósito anunciado por su amiga, no ya sólo porque de hacerlo así el tronco adquiriría el vicio de que hablaba el calesero, sino porque de resultas de la sombra del arbolado de la derecha aun no había enjugado el sol la humedad del suelo barroso del camino. Cedió ella con visible repugnancia, y como para no tomar parte directa en el martirio, según dijo, de los caballos, entregó los cordones del de la pluma a su hermana Rosa y cerró los ojos mientras duró la bajada.

No deseaba ésta cosa mejor. Joven y viva de carácter, amaba el peligro y se perecía por manejar, fueran las que fuesen las fatigas que experimentasen las caballerías en trasportarla por aquellos derrocaderos, como al niño en su cuna de viento.

Molía Zayas en efecto. Las pilas de caña miel recién segada cerraban casi los costados exentos de la casa de ingenio, pues sólo dejaban un pasaje bastante amplio, eso sí, por el lado del batey, o camino que traían los viajeros. Notábase allí gran vocerío y movimiento, lo mismo dentro que fuera. Dentro, las mulas del trapiche pasaban y repasaban por delante del espacio abierto en su precipitado giro, azotadas despiadadamente por los mozos negros que corrían a par de ellas con ese único propósito. Por entre aquel estrépito infernal se oía distintamente el crujir de los haces de caña que otros esclavos desnudos de medio cuerpo arriba metían de una vez y sin descanso en las masas cilíndricas de hierro. Al otro lado del trapiche, aunque eran mayores si cabe la batahola y la algarabía, por decirlo así, de los ruidos confusos, no se veía cosa alguna; impedíalo completamente el denso humo revuelto con el vapor que se desprendía de las hirvientes calderas, donde se cocía el dulcísimo jugo de la caña y llenaba con sus inmensas olorosas columnas todo el interior del gran laboratorio.

Afuera, una doble fila de carretas, o se acercaban cargadas a dicha casa, o se alejaban de vacío en dirección del campo o del _corte_ de caña, como se dice; todas tiradas por un par de bueyes no menos flacos que tardos en sus movimientos. Pie a pie de cada yunta marchaba el conductor o carretero esclavo, armado de ahijada larga y pincho agudo de hierro; y a todo lo largo de la doble fila de carretas, ya en una dirección, ya en otra opuesta, cabalgaba en su mula marchadora el bovero blanco, armado también, mas no de vara, sino del indispensable _cuero_, con el que de cuando en cuando cruzaba las espaldas de aquel negro que creía remiso en el uso de la férrea ahijada.

La hechura de las carretas era lo más zurdo y primitivo que puede imaginarse; el engrase de los ejes por darse, con lo que las cargadas chirriaban sin cesar; al paso que las de vacío, con sus desmesuradas ruedas y holgura de manga, sobre no guardar jamás la perpendicular, fuera cual fuese la nivelación del piso, hacían un retintín desagradable, chocando de continuo las sueltas bilortas contra los sotrozos de hierros fijos, y saliéndose de su sitio las tablas de la cama. Por largo trecho en una y otra dirección, el batey y las guardarrayas desaparecían bajo las hojas pajizas y aun los trozos útiles de caña dejados caer por incuria, por exceso de carga o por defecto material de los vehículos empleados en su trasporte. A este lamentable desperdicio contribuían como los que más los conductores. No bien se alejaba el boyero de un punto dado, se aprovechaba el conductor inmediato para sacar de la carga el trozo de caña que mejor le parecía, en cuyo acto arrastraba otros varios que se caían en el camino y allí quedaban para ser hollados y molidos por las carretas que venían detrás. No se cuidaba de eso, antes se llevaba a la boca por un extremo el trozo de caña y le chupaba afanoso, sin dejar de animar a los bueyes con voces descompasadas y repetidos pinchazos hasta sacarles sangre: puede ser en desquite por la que el boyero hacía saltar de sus espaldas con la pita, o llámese punta, del terrible látigo.

Tales escenas u otras muy parecidas a éstas se repitieron a la vista de los viajeros, a su paso por los ingenios de _Jabaco_, _Tibotibo_, _El Mariel_ o antiguo de _Escobar_, _Ríohondo_ y _Valvanera._

Entre las dos plantaciones últimamente mencionadas, sólo avistaron una pequeña _sitiería_, a la margen derecha del camino, quiere decir, de un grupo de cabañas pajizas donde algunas familias pobres cultivaban un corto paño de tierra y criaban animales domésticos. No podía dársele siquiera el nombre de aldea, dado que allí, ni en muchas millas a la redonda, había escuela ni iglesia. Los ingenios de fabricar azúcar no consentían, por lo general, en su inmediata vecindad, esos símbolos del progreso y de la civilización.

Para librarse de aquellos amargos pensamientos procuraba separar los ojos del suelo negro, duro y sin lustre, cual hierro dulce, del camino, y los pasaba por cima de las flores o güines color violado claro, de las cañas en sazón, hasta tropezar en la zona azulosa donde se unía el horizonte con las cumbres oscurísimas de las distantes montañas.

Pero por más de un motivo poderoso no la era dable a Isabel aquella concentración que demandaba el espíritu en su agonía. Bruscas cuanto frecuentes eran las ondulaciones del terreno; el camino, aunque ancho, necesariamente torcido; las cañadas estrechas y hondas; la mayor parte de las cuales había que pasarlas por puentes hechos sin arte ni solidez, con maderos rollizos, o con tablas sacadas de los troncos de las palmas. Tenía que ser la marcha, en consecuencia, lenta y cautelosa, y luego no sabía Rosa regir el caballo de fuera; razón por qué más bien que de ayuda servía de estorbo al de varas, ya atravesándosele delante, ya no tirando a la par, o tirando en dirección opuesta a la del movimiento del carruaje. Quejose más de una vez el calesero de estos tropiezos, hasta que Isabel, para acallarle y evitar un contratiempo serio, reasumió los cordones del caballo de la pluma.

Si Rosa supiera, no habría podido manejar mejor en aquella alegre mañana de viaje. A la izquierda del quitrín, donde lo permitía la amplitud del camino, iba Diego Meneses, tan galán a caballo como decidor y amable a pie y entonces inspirado y elocuente, dispuesto más que otras veces a ver las escenas que recorrían sólo por su lado poético y brillante. A cada paso hallaba motivo para empeñar la atención de su entusiasta amiga, ya indicándole los festones de aguinaldos blancos o campanillas pendientes de todos los arbustos a orillas de los cañaverales, ya los güines de las cañas, que comparaba con las garzotas de innumerables guerreros en marcial arreo, mecidos blandamente por la gentil brisa de la mañana; ora los grupos de tomeguines que con rumor sordo, cual de viento rastrero y en gran tropel, seguían por algún trecho la dirección de los viajeros, rozando con las yerbas y luego desapareciendo por entre los troncos de las cañas; o el vivaracho sabanero de tardo vuelo, que salía con estrépito del espeso matorral y se posaba con mucha dificultad en la primer hoja de caña con que tropezaba en su desatentada fuga; o la esquiva garza blanca que se abría paso por entre las ramas del roble ribereño, y con el largo cuello replegado a la espalda y los pies colgando seguía en su huida el curso del arroyo; o la bandada de alborotosas cotorras que cubrían los naranjos silvestres y sólo se veían cuando se aferraban a la dorada fruta para extraerle la simiente; o el gavilán, en fin, águila de Cuba, que daba gritos y gritos penetrantes mientras se cernía por encima de las palmas más alterosas, entre la tierra y el cielo.

Finalmente, pasadas las diez de la mañana, atravesaron los viajeros los cañaverales del ingenio _Valvanera_, a la vista de sus grandes fábricas. Dos millas adelante se acercaron al pueblo de Quiebra Hacha. Aquí se dividía en dos el camino que traían, uno que torcía al oeste y era el carretero de la Vuelta Abajo, y el otro, el de La Angosta, que servía de entrada a los ingenios de azúcar, ya establecidos en esa región de la costa. Este tomaron nuestros viajeros. A su paso por el pueblo varias personas reconocieron y saludaron con amistoso respeto a Leonardo Gamboa.

Presentábase adelante el país tan áspero, desigual y montuoso como el anterior recorrido, aunque el arbolado era más frondoso y lozano, casi primitivo, y el suelo surcado de arroyos bulliciosos y de limpias aguas que corrían a perderse al fondo de la bahía del Mariel, o en el mar abierto al Norte. Tras media hora de camino debajo del bosque, donde no penetraban los rayos del sol, se avistaron los cañaverales de un ingenio en el repecho de una colina, acotados por una cerca rústica hecha de gajos, que mantenían en posición horizontal rajas de leña o estacas con horquilla hincadas en tierra y atados juntos de trecho en trecho, para mayor seguridad, con un bejuco que, cuando verde, es bastante flexible y elástico, conocido en la Vuelta Abajo con el nombre vulgar de colorado, _Bauchinis heterophyllas_.

Luego que, siguiendo por breve espacio, paralelo a dicha ruda cerca, en cuyo tiempo ganaron los viajeros la altura de la colina, se les ofrecieron en toda su extensión y grandeza los campos de caña y allá, en el centro del cuadro, el variado grupo de sus fábricas, coronando otra colina de mayor planicie y más ancha base. Aquél era el ingenio de _La Tinaja_, y Leonardo Gamboa, que servía de guía, se las mostró a sus amigos con cierto sentimiento de orgullo. Para ello había motivo sobrado, no ya sólo por el valor en dinero que representaba la finca, y por las consideraciones sociales que se les guardaban a sus dueños, mas también por el cuadro bello y pintoresco del conjunto, contemplado a buena distancia; encubridora eficaz de los lunares y manchas inherentes a casi todas las obras, así humanas como divinas.

El camino por donde se habían internado los viajeros hasta allí era el denominado de la Playa, porque servía para el acarreo de los azúcares al pueblo del Mariel, desde el cual se embarcaban y conducían en goletas al mercado de La Habana. Cruzaba la colina por su cúspide y había establecida en ella una talanquera no menos rústica que la cerca, pues se reducía a unas varas en bruto, metidas por sus cabezas en los orificios de dos largueros paralelos. Arrimada a la cerca, y en su encuentro con la talanquera, se alzaba una cabaña o bohío de los de vara en tierra o de dos aguas, tan gacho que la techumbre se componía de hojas enteras de la palma tendidas en los costados o vertientes, con las puntas descansando en el suelo.

Adelantose Leonardo para ver por qué no se hallaba en su puesto el negro guardiero y abría la talanquera. Con tal objeto, plantó su caballo ante la única entrada del bohío, e inclinando el cuerpo, trató de registrar el interior. Inútil trabajo: la puerta o boca era muy estrecha y baja, y más allá de dos pies del umbral no podían penetrar ojos humanos, no tanto por la viva claridad del día afuera, cuanto por la densa nube de humo de leña que ardía dentro y no tenía otro medio de escape que ése.

--No veo nada y dudo que haya alma viviente en el bohío, dijo Gamboa hablando con las señoras en el quitrín, parado en medio del camino. ¡Maldito negro!

--Tal vez duerme, dijo Isabel.

--Si no es el sueño de la muerte, repuso Gamboa, juro que no le salva nadie de un bocabajo.

--¿De qué se trata? preguntó Meneses. ¿De abrir la talanquera? Yo abriré y no perderé el casamiento por eso.

--No harás tal, replicó Leonardo colérico. No lo consiento.

--Bien, sugirió Isabel con su voz argentina y dulce. Abrirá el calesero; los caballos están harto cansados para echar a correr. Leocadio, apéate.

--No, no, Isabel, replicó Leonardo, cada vez más colérico. Tampoco puedo consentir en eso, no debo consentirlo. Si el guardiero está vivo abrirá la talanquera, que para eso y para más le han puesto ahí.

Sacó el reloj y añadió enseguida:

--Ya han dado las doce, hora en que sueltan la negrada para que coma. Si hubiéramos llegado aquí un poco antes, habríamos oído la campana del ingenio. Apostaría a que el _taita_ guardiero se ha metido en el cañaveral para verse con alguna de sus carabelas. ¡Por Dios vivo que la paga! Nada, no está en parte alguna. ¡Caimán! ¡Caimán!, gritó a todo torrente.

Los montes del rededor fueron los únicos que le devolvieron el eco de sus voces con temblor continuado, hondo y siniestro; y luego empezó a ladrar un perrillo dogo dentro del bohío. Ahí está el guardiero, pensó el joven, y se hace el dormido para no tomarse el trabajo de abrir la talanquera. Lo haré salir a patadas, agregó alto, dando un puñetazo en el pomo de la silla. Echó pie a tierra sin más demora y se metió en el bohío, teniendo siempre el caballo de la brida.

Muy mal sonaron estas palabras y aquellos juramentos en los oídos de la modesta Isabel, aun cuando para no avergonzar a su amigo ni irritarle más contra el pobre esclavo, se guardó de representarle lo absurdo y aun el riesgo de su final propósito, si a posta éste se escondía por tener oculto algún compañero en el bohío o por otra causa cualquiera. Afortunadamente, nada de eso ocurría. En aquel mismo instante las señoras del carruaje, Meneses y el calesero a caballo oyeron un ruido de ramas en el bosque vecino, agitadas por una persona o animal que se abría paso con alguna dificultad, y después apareció en la orilla un negro anciano mal vestido, con un gorro de lana en la cabeza, un palo largo y nudoso en la mano, que le servía de apoyo, tal vez para no besar la tierra con la frente, pues tenía el cuerpo hecho un arco por la edad, por los trabajos o por la costumbre inveterada de vivir en casas de techo bajo. Echó de ver a los viajeros apenas salió del bosque, porque se detuvo un momento indeciso del partido que debía tomar, y en soltando entre las altas yerbas algo que brillaba a los rayos del sol y parecía botella u otra vasija por el estilo, después continuó andando derecho al carruaje por la parte opuesta al bohío.

Esta circunstancia casual le salvó del primer choque de la ira de su amo, el cual, no bien salió del bohío, le reconoció desde lejos y se lanzó sobre él a carrera tendida. Pero mientras montó a caballo y salvó la distancia que le separaba de su intentada víctima, dio tiempo para que éste se pusiera inconscientemente al amparo de las señoras. Lo probable es que el infeliz esclavo no tuviese noticias de que aquellas personas eran esperadas en el ingenio, ni que entre ellas viniese guiándolas su joven amo. A derechas no le conocía tampoco. Pero al notar que se le venía encima a todo correr, y que gritaba:--¡Ah, perro! ¡Ahora lo verás!, no pudo desconocerle ni dejar de caer de rodillas a los pies del caballo, quien, conteniéndose y todo, le echó a rodar con el solo bote del pecho.

El susto de las señoras fue grande. Rosa hizo una exclamación de horror; doña Juana repitió:--¡Jesús! ¡Jesús! e Isabel medio que se incorporó en el asiento, sacó el brazo fuera del carruaje y dijo más indignada que asustada:--¡No le mate, Leonardo!

--Agradecer debe que están Vds. delante, dijo Leonardo; de otro modo me parece que le mataba. Tan indignado me siento contra él.

--¡Ah, mi _suamito_!, exclamó el viejo incorporándose trabajosamente hasta ponerse otra vez de rodillas, como humildísimo pecador en presencia de su airado juez.

--¿Dónde te habías metido, perro brujo? le preguntó el joven, y sin aguardar por la respuesta continuó preguntando o diciendo: ¿Qué hacías en el monte? ¿Por qué no estabas en tu bohío? ¿A que habías ido a _cambalachar_ por aguardiente con el tabernero del pueblo la raspadura que robas en el ingenio? Sí, sí. Lo juraría.

--_¡No, mi suamito, no siñó, sumercé! ¡Caimán no roba rapaúra! ¡Caimán no bebe aguaurdiente!_

--¡Cállate, perro viejo! Anda, corre a abrir la talanquera. ¿No corres todavía? ¿No sabes correr? Ya haré que el Mayoral te avive un poco con el cuero. ¡Anda! ¡Vuela!... y trató de pegarle (sin alcanzarle por fortuna) un puntapié en la cabeza desde el caballo.

Parecía ser el guardiero hombre de más de sesenta años de edad. Tenía al menos encanecida la cabeza, y aun la escasa barba, que le cubría el labio superior, señal segura de vejez en las gentes de su raza. A unos brazos desproporcionadamente largos y huesosos, unía dedos crispados, cual si padeciese lepra; ojos chicos de expresión hosca y triste, nunca más triste que, cuando después de abierta la talanquera, echó una mirada a las señoras del quitrín y pareció rogarles le protegieran de la cólera de su amo.

Pasado el primer momento de irritación y de ceguedad, comprendió éste que había mostrado demasiado apasionamiento y bastante grosería delante de señoras que, además de hallarse bajo su protección, iban a disfrutar de su hospitalidad en el ingenio. El caballo había sido más generoso que él puesto que, pudiéndolo, no atropelló al esclavo cuando le halló postrado en su camino. Tuvo vergüenza Gamboa de su conducta, pero muy soberbio para reconocer su falta y enmendarla con la franqueza que demandaba el caso, se limitó a referir los rasgos principales de la vida del guardiero, por supuesto, calumniándole de paso.

--No se figuren Vds., dijo, que el _taita_ Caimán es lo que parece, un viejo inerme y manso o esclavo leal y humilde. Han de saber Vds. que el sobrenombre que lleva no se lo han puesto a humo de paja; es lo más astuto, maligno, con ribetes de taimado que existe; ni tan ignorante que no practique ciertas artes, que le dan importante consideración entre los suyos. Pasa por brujo y por hacerse invisible cuando le conviene o se halla en peligro. Construye ídolos y encantos que tienen propiedades mágicas en ciertos casos. Nadie diría que ve, oye ni entiende, y sin embargo, tanto de día como de noche nada ni nadie se le escapa; y sabe, como el caimán, hacerse el dormido para asegurar mejor la presa. La juventud la ha pasado en el monte huido, y en sus repetidas fugas ha visitado todos los palenques del Cuzco y hecho amistad con los negros cimarrones más famosos de la Vuelta Abajo. Ahora está muy viejo para tales trotes, y, en consideración a haber sido uno de los fundadores del ingenio de _La Tinaja_, el único que sobrevive de los que tumbaron aquí los primeros palos, mamá hizo que lo pusieran de guardiero, y le conserva en ese puesto contra la opinión de los empleados que conocen su historia y sus malas mañas. Cuando quiere o le conviene no le gana a vigilante ni el perro más fino. Puede decirse que es libre: cría gallinas, engorda todos los años uno o dos cochinos que vende, y entierra el dinero en alguna parte, y posee una yegua, en la cual puede dar vueltas de noche a los linderos de la finca. Pero como digo, es muy taimado y maligno y apostaría cualquier cosa a que no se hallaba lejos del bohío y de su puesto sin algún objeto doloso y reprobado a la mira. Por el cañaveral se ve con sus compañeros del ingenio; por el monte sólo con los cimarrones o con los taberneros del pueblo para cambiar azúcar por tabaco, aguardiente u otra cosa por el estilo.

--Así debe de ser, Leonardo, comenzó diciendo Rosa, pues me pareció que traía una...

La tía y la hermana, más avisadas que ella, no la dejaron terminar la frase; y nadie más habló en el resto del camino.

Entre la una y las dos de la tarde, bajo un sol de fuego cuyos rayos los reflejaban las hojas de la caña cual si fueran bruñidas espadas, se desmontaron los viajeros en la gran casa de vivienda de La Tinaja.

CAPÍTULO IV

Lo más negro de la esclavitud no es el negro.

JOSÉ DE LA LUZ Y CABALLERO

Bajo más de un concepto era una finca soberbia el ingenio de _La Tinaja_, calificativo que tenía bien merecido por sus dilatados y lozanos campos de caña-miel, por los trescientos o más brazos para cultivarlos, por su gran boyada, su numeroso material móvil, su máquina de vapor con hasta veinticinco caballos de fuerza, recién importada de la América del Norte, el costo de veinte y tantos mil pesos, sin contar el trapiche horizontal, también nuevo y que armado allí había costado la mitad de aquella suma.

La casa de calderas o de ingenio era tan fuerte como vasta: edificio exento casi enteramente, cuya armadura se componía de pares rollizos, apoyados en soleras pesadas y éstas en pilares, dichos horcones en el país, sin escuadría ninguna ni más pulimento que el que pudo darles con la zuela el vizcaíno carpintero-arquitecto contratado en la finca para esos trabajos. Tenía el aire imponente y rústico que parecía demandar su destino. Debajo de su cubierta de tejas coloradas se abrigaban el trapiche, la máquina de vapor y el tren Jamaiquino de elaborar el azúcar, montado sobre tres hornos o fornallas. No se hallaban en el mismo nivel todos estos aparatos: el de las calderas era varios pies más bajo; y para pasar de un departamento a otro había que descender dos anchas escalinatas de piedra, flanqueando el plano del trapiche y máquina de vapor. Esto se hacía así para que tuviese una caída fácil el guarapo, que al salir de las masas corría por una canal de madera a la artesa, llamada allí mansera, donde algo se limpiaba y seguía al tacho o paila para recibir el primer hervor.

Paralelo con este edificio había otro tan grande y más gacho, cerrado por sus costados con paredes de mampostería y una sola entrada, haciendo frente a la parte de las calderas mencionadas. Este era la casa para la purga y el secado del azúcar. En otros separados se hallaban la carpintería, la herrería, la enfermería, y la que puede llamarse casa de maternidad; las habitaciones del mayoral, del boyero, carpintero, mayordomo y maestro de azúcar, quien temporalmente residía también en el ingenio. Para el maquinista, cuyo oficio a la sazón desempeñaba un joven americano, se había construido una habitación provisional con tablas de cedro, cerca de la máquina de vapor; único sitio abrigado en aquel feo caserón. Seguían después, formando grupo, sobre doscientas cabañas o bohíos de paja, con sus correspondientes corrales y gallineros adjuntos, para la morada de los trescientos esclavos, o dotación del ingenio. Las otras casas exentas, a saber: las del bagazo, la de batir el barro para la purificación del azúcar, y otras de menos importancia, se hallaban erigidas en el espacio medianero entre la de calderas y la de purga.

La planta de aquélla, denominada por antonomasia «de vivienda», figuraba en paralelogramo trapezoidad, sentada en el suave declive de una colina, cuya diferencia de nivel se había procurado remediar alzando el piso por el frente. Era de un solo cuerpo de fábrica de manipostería gruesa con cubierta de tejas huecas coloradas, amplio pórtico, la sala cuadrada al medio, flanqueada a ambos lados por dos crujías de cuartos, pasadizos corridos por el interior, patio rectangular en el centro, cerrado por una tapia alta con caballete de vidrios, y una portada en el lienzo del fondo, que se cerraba con cerrojo y cerradura y servía para la comunicación interior de la servidumbre de la casa. En el patio crecían muchas flores, algunos naranjos, higueras y parras, que no contribuían poco con su verdor y su sombrío a la frescura de los cuartos; aunque para quebrar la reflexión de los rayos solares en puntos de medio día, habían puesto cortinas de cañamazo en todo el derredor de los pasadizos. Arreglo igual se advertía en el pórtico, que por su elevación y amplitud, se hallaba más expuesto a los embates del viento y a los efectos desagradables de la reflexión solar en el extenso y desolado batey.

Desde lo alto de la escalinata del pórtico se registraba de un extremo a otro la casa de calderas al frente, la de purga algo más a la derecha, aunque sólo por el lado de las gavetas para secar el azúcar; el barracón de los negros o la estacada que encerraba sus habitaciones rústicas; en suma, la mayor parte de las que componían la vasta población del ingenio; los campos de caña hacia el oeste, los techos pajizos de las casas del potrero, y más allá un palmar inmenso, un codo del río y luego la selva alterosa y primitiva, que formaba como el fondo oscuro de este variado cuadro campestre.

Cosa del medio día del 24 de diciembre de 1830, arrellanados en cómodas butacas de vaqueta, se hallaban los amos del ingenio en cómodas butacas de vaqueta colorada, se hallaban los amos del ingenio _La Tinaja_, junto con otras varias personas, al abrigo de la reflexión solar, tras las cortinas de cañamazo. Casi todos los caballeros, don Cándido Valdés, cura de Quiebra Hacha, el capitán del partido y el médico fumaban tabaco; doña Rosa, la esposa del capitán antes dicho, la mujer y cuñada del mayoral del potrero y las señoritas Gamboa, comían unas dulces cañas de la tierra, otras, naranjas de China y guayaba del Perú, etc., productos éstos de la estancia del ingenio. Por allí andaban nuestros conocidos de La Habana: Tirso, Aponte, Dolores, junto con otra de las negras que habían venido por mar, y dos o tres más de la dotación del ingenio, que por criollas y de mejor apariencia las habían destinado al servicio doméstico, todos haciéndose útiles.

De las señoritas Gamboa, Carmen y Adela no calentaban asiento, picaban un pedazo de guayaba o de naranja y emprendían luego largos paseos, enlazadas de las manos, de un extremo a otro del pórtico, con manifiestas señales de impaciencia por la tardanza, a su juicio, de las amigas de Alquízar. Adela en particular, cada vez que tocaba en el ángulo del sur, levantaba un canto de cortina de cañamazo y echaba una ansiosa mirada por toda la guardarraya maestra adelante hasta su intercepción en el camino de la Playa. Al fin, poco después de la una de la tarde, se oyó a lo lejos ruido de ruedas de un carruaje y la marcha precipitada de varias caballerías; y Adela, sin ver nada aún, exclamó alegre:--¡Ahí están!

No se engañó esta vez. A poco más llegaron al pie de la escalinata del pórtico las señoritas Ilincheta en su carruaje, el cual, junto con sus ocupantes, los caballos y los jinetes, venían cubiertos con el polvo de la tierra colorada. Inútil sería detenernos a describir punto por punto las variadas escenas del encuentro de ambas familias en medio de las soledades de la Vuelta Abajo. Más de un motivo había para que, al menos algunos de los presentes, mirasen aquel instante como un evento verdadero, digno de nota. Sucede, además, que los jóvenes, y también a veces las personas mayores, cuando se reúnen en un sitio de campo con ánimo de pasar sólo unos días en franca y cordial sociedad, lejos de los lugares donde se han acostumbrado a vivir y divertirse, se sienten fuertemente atraídos; si son amigos lo son y lo expresan más; si parientes, se persuaden que los unen más estrechos lazos; si amantes, ¡ah!, su amor les parece eterno, la dicha de amarse, celestial.

Las mujeres se estrecharon fuertemente entre los brazos. Adela lloró de alegría al apretar entre los suyos a Isabel, por la cual sentía afición extraordinaria. Para ella era la más modesta y amorosa de las mujeres. También doña Rosa distinguía a la mayor de las Ilincheta, y en la ocasión de que hablamos la mostró señalada cordialidad. Hasta don Cándido tan seriote y desmañado, que no tuvo ni una sonrisa para su hijo cuando éste se acercó a pedirle la bendición, recibió a las señoritas Ilincheta con desusadas demostraciones de cariño, y se las presentó a los caballeros que estaban de visita, diciendo:--También éstas son mis hijas. Y hablando con Isabel añadió: He aquí tu casa; espero que goces y te diviertas en ella como en la tuya encantadora de Alquízar.

Ya no duró el recibimiento en el pórtico sino corto rato. Sobre estropeadas las señoras del viaje, necesitaban algún reposo, asearse, cambiar de traje, antes de sentarse a la mesa. Doña Rosa, o la mujer del Mayoral Moya, que hacía de ama de llaves para ahorrarle trabajo a esa señora, había hecho preparar alojamientos para las señoritas Ilincheta y para su tía, inmediatos a los aposentos ocupados por la familia de Gamboa en la crujía de la derecha, después de la sala.

Ya de tardecita se sentaron a la mesa en la gran sala de la casa de vivienda, entre señoras y caballeros, unas dieciséis personas, atendidas por la mitad de ese número de siervos. Doña Rosa hizo los honores. La secundó cuanto era compatible con su carácter don Cándido, aunque éste guardó sus cumplimientos para el administrador de _Valvanera_ en primer lugar, en segundo lugar para el cura de Quiebra Hacha, en tercero para el médico de su finca y para el Capitán del partido. Todos debían pasar la noche en el ingenio para tomar parte en las ceremonias que iban a celebrarse al día siguiente, o primero de Pascua de Navidad. Fuera de la esposa y de la cuñada del Mayoral del potrero, ninguno de los empleados del ingenio fue invitado a comer en la casa de vivienda; y el mismo Moya, que tenía vara alta con los amos actuales de _La Tinaja_, no tomó asiento, aún invitado por don Cándido, so pretexto de haber comido.

Reinaron en el banquete la jovialidad y animación, templadas por las maneras decentes propias de la buena crianza, aunque excepto Meneses, el joven Gamboa y el cura, nadie de los presentes había recibido educación esmerada ni frecuentado el trato de la alta sociedad cubana. El último nombrado, don Cándido Valdés, criollo, se había educado en el Seminario de San Carlos, de La Habana. En materias religiosas era tolerante hasta la despreocupación; en política profesaba opiniones liberales que solía llevar hasta la exaltación.[45] El médico Mateu, de Galicia, había hecho la práctica de su profesión a bordo de los buques negreros, y ahora curaba por iguala en varios ingenios de la comarca. Pasaba por buen mozo; pero su bien parecer corría parejas con su necedad y pedantería. Creía que todas las mujeres se enamoraban de él, y desde su puesto en la mesa le lanzaba miradas a hurtadillas a Rosa Ilincheta, cuya graciosa figura, viveza y fogocidad de carácter sobraban para volverle el juicio a hombre de más seso que él. El cura simpatizó desde luego con Isabel, que en todas sus palabras y acciones revelaba las altas prendas de su espíritu. Don Manuel Peña, asturiano, casado con una criolla buena moza, desde el mostrador o taberna del pueblo había ascendido a Capitán pedáneo, especie de Juez de paz, y única circunstancia por la cual los amos del ingenio de _La Tinaja_ le sentaban a su mesa. Don José de Cocco era otra especie de hombre; natural de Cádiz, tenía fina apariencia, los dientes muy blancos y los ojos azules, poca talla, bastante chiste y escasa instrucción.

Este se dedicó a obsequiar a la segunda de las señoritas Gamboa, a cuyo lado quedó en la mesa, con la conciencia, sin embargo, de bajo ninguna circunstancia una de las amas del ingenio _La Tinaja_ daría su corazón ni su mano al Administrador del ingenio _Valvanera_. Por lo que toca a Adela, la más linda de todas, su extremada juventud la ponía a cubierto de los galanteos de los hombres allí reunidos.

Circuló entre éstos libremente la copa del vino desde el principio hasta el fin de la comida; terminada la cual, se levantaron los manteles para servir los postres sobre la tabla desnuda, de bruñida caoba. Trájose enseguida el café puro en tazas de trasluciente China, la espumosa champaña, el coñac francés y el ron de Jamaica. Después don Cándido Gamboa sacó a relucir su gran vejiga olorosa y dorada, y repartió sendos tabacos, cual brevas, entre el Capitán, el Médico y el Cura, pues Cocco no fumaba, tampoco Meneses, y Leonardo no se hubiera atrevido a tocar un cigarro delante de su padre.

Puesto el sol terminó el banquete. Pero pasando la familia y las visitas al amplísimo pórtico donde ya los criados habían enrollado las cortinas de cañamazo, pudo echarse de ver que hacía suficiente claridad en el campo circunvecino. Era que por un lado surgía la luna creciente de entre el bosque lejano y hería oblicuamente las hojas y flores de las cañas y los troncos blancos de las palmas, al paso que desde lo alto del cielo azul y diáfano como el cristal, vertían innumerables estrellas chispas de plata y oro.

Por sus pasos contados, después del banquete, todas las personas reunidas en la casa de vivienda se dividieron en tres grupos. Doña Rosa, en compañía de doña Juana, la Moya, la mujer del Capitán y Antonia, la mayor de las señoritas Gamboa, volvieron a ocupar los sillones de vaqueta colorada. Don Cándido, con el Cura, el Capitán y el Mayoral del potrero, para digerir mejor la comida y saborear sus olorosos tabacos, daban cortos paseos y conversaban en una cabeza del portal. El primero, sobre todo, aprovechó la ocasión de tomar algunos informes, más imparciales que los de su mayoral, acerca de las ocurrencias en la finca durante los quince o más días que precedieron al de su llegada a ella. Con este motivo dirigió como de paso varias preguntas a Moya, el cual, honrado con aquella distinción por el amo del ingenio delante del Cura y del Capitán pedáneo, se apresuró a contestarlas con lisura y no poca satisfacción. Por ejemplo, preguntado:

--¿No se ha sabido nada, Moya, acerca de los negros que se fugaron la semana pasada? El Mayodomo me ha dicho que son siete, entre ellos una negra.

--_Veríficamente_, señor don Cándido, no se ha _sabío naitica_ entre dos platos, contestó.

--Pero, ¿se ha hecho alguna diligencia?

--¡Pues no, señor don Cándido! Se han _registrao_ los montes de Santo Tomás y los montes de La Angosta. En _toas_ partes se han _encontrao_ rastros frescos, mas como los perros de don Liborio Sánchez no son _buscaores_ sino _mordeores_, _anque_ le tienen gran interés a los negros no han _dao_ con ellos. Y _me se_ ha puesto que no han _salío_ de los linderos del ingenio, porque no se han _juío en denantes_ y no saben andar por el monte. Con buenos perros ya se hubieran _topao_, segurito. ¡Ah! Dios me dé perros que huelan un negro _dende_ una legua...

--Por lo que a mí toca, dijo el capitán Peña cortándole la palabra a Moya, debo informar al señor don Cándido que he hecho en su obsequio cuanto cabía en mis facultades. En efecto, apenas tuve aviso de la ocurrencia por parte que me dio su mayoral de Vd., don Liborio Sánchez, no perdí tiempo en pasar atento oficio, valiéndome del correo de Bahía Honda, a los señores don Lucas Villaverde y don Máximo Arosarena, inspectores en San Diego de Núñez, de la partida que capitanea don Francisco Estévez, que acaba de formarse por disposición de la Real Junta de Fomento, para perseguir negros cimarrones en las jurisdicciones desde el muelle de Tablas o el Mariel, Callajabos, Quiebra Hacha, etc., hasta los límites occidentales de Bahía Honda. Con mi oficio a los señores inspectores incluí la filiación, edad y naturaleza (poco más o menos, se entiende, pues Vd. sabe que todos los negros se parecen) de los siete que se le han fugado a Vd. Espero, pues, que si tropieza con ellos la partida, cosa factible, porque sospecho que han tirado hacia las sierras cercanas del Cuzco, que los capture y... Ni debe extrañar al señor don Cándido que se le hayan fugado siete negros, cuando por la misma época se han alzado 12 de _Santo Tomás_, 8 de _Valvanera_, 6 de _Santa Isabel_, 20 de _La Begoña_, y 40, sí señor, 40, como Vd. lo oye, de _La Angosta_, el ingenio aquí inmediato, perteneciente al Excmo. Señor Conde de Fernandina. La lista de todos éstos obra ya en poder de los señores inspectores, y, supongo también, del capitán Estévez.

--No me extraña la fuga de mis siervos, dijo don Cándido pensativo. Ni son éstos los primeros negros que se me huyen. Ahí están, si no, Chilala, José, Sixto, Juan, Lino, Nicolás, Picapica, etc., que no me dejarán mentir. Esos, cuando no se hallan alzados en los montes, sufren, como ahora, una condena más o menos larga en la finca, y llevan grillos de doble ramal, o arrastran cadena con maza. Goyo, o Caimán, el guardiero de la talanquera en el camino de la Playa, se sabe que ha pasado su juventud entre esas serranías que se ven desde aquí... Mas todos ésos son congo real, congo loango o congo musundi, raza humilde, sumisa, leal, la más propia para la esclavitud, que parece su condición natural. Sólo tiene un defecto, eso sí, grave, capital: es la raza más holgazana que sale del África. Si pudieran los congos vivir sin comer, no habría fuerzas humanas que les obligaran a doblar el lomo y trabajar. Serían capaces de pasarse la vida echados panciarriba... Y por no trabajar, a menudo se huyen... Lo que me extraña mucho, lo que no acierto a explicarme es el por qué han seguido el ejemplo de los congos Pedro y Pablo carabalí, Julián arará, Andrés bibí, Tomasa suama, Antonio briche ni Cleto gangá. Estos negros industriosos, incansables para el trabajo, fuertes, robustos, formales, éstos no se fugan sin causa. No, negros que siempre tienen tiempo para sus amos y para sí, que juntan dinero y a menudo se libertan, no se huyen por poca cosa. Son muy soberbios, tal es su único defecto, para alzarse sin causa poderosa. Antes se ahorcan que fugarse al bosque...

Podía echarse de ver por esto poco que algo se le alcanzaba a don Cándido Gamboa de achaque de etnología africana. Ya se ve, el tráfico constante en esclavos por muchos años, la posesión de dos o tres centenas de éstos, le habían enseñado que según su raza eran más sumisos o levantiscos, más o menos a propósito para llevar hasta la muerte el pesado yugo de la esclavitud. Sucedía, sin embargo, que otra cosa le había enseñado a Moya su larga experiencia en el manejo de negros suyos y ajenos, y todo su ser se sublevaba cuando oía decir que los había buenos y malos, y que algunos no se huían jamás sin causa poderosa, más bien se quitaban la vida. Por eso Moya, a riesgo de quebrar pajita con el amo, dijo:

--Se conoce que el señor don Cándido ha visto negros y sabe los que sirven _pa_ esto y no sirven _pa_ lo otro. Con permiso del señor don Cándido yo digo que _toos_ los negros son lo _mesmo_ cuando la Guinea se les mete en la cabeza. Entonces _toos jalan pa_ atrás como los mulos y es preciso _jarrearlos_ con el cuero. Vamos a ver. ¿Por qué se han _juío_ los siete de acá? ¿Por falta de _comía_? ¿Por falta de _frasá_? ¿Por falta de cochino? ¿Por falta de conuco? _Naa_ de eso les hace falta. _Too_ eso lo tienen ellos a bombón. ¿Por el mucho trabajo? ¿Por el mucho cuero? Ahora no trabajan, como quien dice, y _verificamente_ don Liborio de Corpus a San Juan da un bocabajo.

--Si me es dado decir lo que pienso, terció en este punto el Cura modestamente, mi opinión es que no debe esperarse de gente tan ignorante como son los negros, el que juzguen y actúen cual las criaturas racionales. Sería excusado buscar la razón de sus alzamientos y delitos en los instintos de la justicia y el derecho. No. La causa ha sido quizás la más quimérica, la más absurda, la menos justificada... Es, sin embargo, coincidencia rara que a un tiempo se hayan alzado tantos negros y de aquellas fincas precisamente que han cambiado de poco acá su sistema de moler caña. ¿Será que esas estúpidas criaturas se han figurado que se les aumenta el trabajo porque en vez de moler con bueyes o mulas se muele con máquina de vapor? ¿Qué sabemos? Vale la pena investigarlo.

--Ya, dijo don Cándido, siempre pensativo, siguiendo con los ojos entreabiertos las columnas de humo cenizoso que se le escapaban de la boca. El argumento de mi tocayo es bueno tratándose de negros congos, falso, hablándose de negros de otras naciones de África. He observado de cerca sus índoles diversas y sé lo que digo. El trato más que otra cosa tiene que ver con la conducta de ciertos negros. Todos han nacido para la esclavitud, ésa es su condición natural; en su mismo país no son otra cosa que esclavos, o de unos pocos amos o del demonio. Los hay, no obstante, que necesitan rigor, mucho rigor, el látigo siempre encima para que trabajen; los hay que por las buenas se saca de ellos cuanto se quiere.

--_Asina_ es, como dice el señor don Cándido, volvió Moya a meter la cucharada. Mas yo digo que si hay negros que no se _pueen_ quejar del trato, ésos son los del señor don Cándido. Ellos están como las flores: bien _comíos_, bien _vestíos_, _ca_ uno con su conuco y su cochino, muchos _casaos_, no trabajan más que de sol a sol, y no se les da cuero por _náa_ y _náa_, como yo he visto que se hace en otros ingenios. Sacan _mu_ poca fajina: dos o tres horas los domingos. Y cuando no se muele caña casi _too_ el resto del tiempo es suyo para hacer canasta, engordar sus cochinos, guataquear sus conucos... Casi todas las ascuas tienen un día de tambor. ¿Qué más quieren esos _endinos_? Ni el obispo está mejor.

--Y vuelta a la misma tema, dijo don Cándido molesto. Moya, está bien lo que Vd. asegura y repite; pero nada de eso me convence, ni me explica la causa, la causa real y verdadera de la fuga de mis carabalíes. Lo peor es que sospecho que Vd. sabe algo y no quiere decirlo delante del señor Cura y del Capitán.

--Pues por _toas_ éstas y por la en que Jesucristo murió, dijo Moya con vehemencia besando las cinco cruces que había formado con los diez dedos de las manos enlazadas, que no sé _naitica_ más. Y si dejo algo _embuchao_, que aquí _mesmo_ me parta un rayo, y _ustees_ perdonen mi _moo_ de hablar.

--No hay que maldecir por tan poca cosa, dijo el Cura.

--Registre Vd. su memoria, Moya, dijo sonriendo don Cándido al ver su apuro.

--El caso es, repuso éste después de breve detención, que yo no sé que _puée_ ser la causa y que no _puée_ ser causa _pa_ que se _juya_ un negro. El señor don Cándido dice que unos negros se _ajorcan_ y no se _juyen_; y _dispués_ dice que el mal trato es la causa de los cimarrones. Bueno. También dice el señor don Cándido que los _carabalí_ son _mu_ soberbios. Yo digo que son _mu_ perros y más perros que _toos_ los negros juntos. Pedro briche es el cabecilla de sus carabelas en el ingenio. Siempre habla lengua con ellos, y el Mayoral está _quemao_ con él. Yo lo sé; pero no le había puesto nunca la mano encima, ni _dende_ que vino de África creo yo que _naiden_ le sacó sangre con el cuero. Pues, señor, la semana antes _pasáa_, Pedro briche no se presentó en la _jila_, ni _dormió_ por la noche en el barracón. ¿Qué querían que hiciera don Liborio? Al día siguiente va y lo coge

sotaventao, y le da unos cuerazos por arriba de la camisa, lo puso en el cepo por dos días, le quitó el mando de contramayoral y lo sopló al campo a chapear. Se emperró más. Yo le dije que le diera un buen bocabajo, pero temió que le levantara _toa_ la _negráa_. Y ya se ha visto el _resultao_, se fue al monte con seis compañeros porque no se le castigó bastante.

--¿No lo decía? dijo don Cándido con aire satisfecho. Y añadió, antes que Moya le quitara la palabra:--¿Y qué dice de todo eso Goyo, el guardiero del camino de la Playa? ¿Sabe Vd. si le han sondeado?

--¿Cómo que no? contestó Moya prontamente. El primerito que se vio _pa_ eso. ¿No ve el señor don Cándido que hasta la puerta _mesma_ de su _bujío_ se encontró rastro fresco de negros que venían del monte, del lado de allá? Pero él juró por _toos_ los santos del cielo que no vio, oyó ni sintió _náa_ en _too_ este tiempo. Se calentó don Liborio contra él y quiso arrimarle unos cuerazos _pa_ que cantara; mas yo se lo quité de la cabeza, porque pensé que se iba a poner brava la señora doña Rosa en cuanto que supiera que habían _castigao_ al taita Caimán.

Con esto don Cándido menudeó sus paseos sin curarse de las personas que le hacían compañía, quizás para que no le interrumpieran en sus meditaciones. Luego, volviéndose de improviso para Moya, en tono breve e imperioso le preguntó por el Mayoral.

--Cuando yo venía del potrero, contestó Moya, estaba él con la gente en el corte de caña, enfrente de la tumba nueva. No debe de tardar ya, pues como no hay que cortar yerba de Guinea pa la comía de los caballos, porque hay _cojollo_, soltará la gente más temprano. Mire, ahí vienen las carretas con las últimas cañas _pa_ probar la máquina... Allá lejos se ve el boyero en su mula, y más lejos _entoavía_, por la otra guardarraya, veo ahora a don Liborio. El cañaveral me tapa sus perros y yo no _pueo_ decir si va solo o con la gente. El viene a caballo.

CAPÍTULO V

9. Limpio soy yo, y sin delito...

10. Por cuanto ha hallado achaques contra mí, por eso me ha tenido por enemigo suyo.

11. Ha puesto en un cepo mis pies, ha guardado todas mis sendas.

JOB, XXXIV

Mientras en un extremo del pórtico ocurría la escena trazada ya, tenía lugar en el opuesto otra muy diversa. Formaban allí grupo animado e interesante las señoritas Ilincheta, junto con las dos más jóvenes de Gamboa, rodeadas por el medio círculo de los caballeros que las galanteaban o admiraban. Todos en pie. Las señoras apoyadas de espaldas en la barandilla, y los caballeros pendientes de los labios de Rosa Ilincheta que, en pocas palabras, llenas de gracia y gráfica expresión, describía los pequeños incidentes del viaje, su mal manejo parte del camino, y sus propias impresiones.

Leonardo se sonreía, Cocco aplaudía, Mateu el médico hacía piruetas de gusto, y Meneses se mantenía serio de celos, porque crecían con esto los admiradores de su linda amante. Adela e Isabel, dadas las manos, escuchaban y callaban. De pronto alguien le tiró de la falda a Adela por el lado de fuera del pórtico. Volvió ella el rostro con viveza y vio a una negra de buen aspecto, en traje muy diferente del que usaban las demás esclavas de la finca.

--¿Qué quieres?--preguntó Adela bastante asustada.

--Su merced me dispense, niña. Venía por el médico. (No le veía por la oscuridad y las faldas de las señoras interpuestas.)

--Y ¿quién eres tú?

--Soy la enfermera, criada de su merced.

--¡La enfermera! repitió Adela sorprendida.

--Sí, niña, la enfermera María Regla. ¿Y su merced no es la niña Adelita?

--La misma que viste y calza.

--¡Ah! exclamó la esclava, apretándole suavemente los pies a la joven, ya que no podía otra parte de su cuerpo. Me lo decía el corazón. Ayer la vi pasar por el batey desde la ventana de la enfermería. Quedé en dudas de cuál sería mi niña, si la niña Carmen o su merced. ¡Cuánto ha cambiado! ¡Qué linda se ha puesto mi hija, Virgen Santa!

--Me lo decía el corazón, linda, mi hija, remedó Adela. Si soy tu hija, si me quieres tanto, ¿por qué no has venido a verme? Te avisé con Dolores. ¿Por qué no saliste a hablarme? Me tienes muy brava.

--¡Ay! exclamó la negra. No me diga eso, niña, que me mata... Su merced no iba sola.

--No. Iba con mamá, Carmen, la mujer de Moya y su cuñada Panchita. ¿Qué tenía eso de particular?

--Bastante, niña de mis ojos.

--Habla, explícate.

--No puedo ahora, niña mía.

--¡Qué! ¿Tú no piensas pedirle la bendición a mamá?

--Sí, niña. Debo, lo deseo en el alma, venía... Desde el punto que llegó Señorita de La Habana, pensé correr y echarme a sus pies...

--¿Por qué no lo has hecho así? ¿Quién te lo ha impedido?

--Señorita misma.

--¿Mamá? No, no puede ser. Te engañas, sueñas, María de Regla.

--Ni me engaño, ni sueño, niña Adelita. ¡Ojalá! Señorita ha prohibido que ponga los pies en esta casa.

--¿Cómo es que yo no sé nada de eso? ¿Quién te ha ido con semejante cuento?

--No ha sido cuento, niña Adelita. Dolores me refirió una conversación que Señorita tuvo con el amo sobre mí...

--¿Ya lo ves? Dolores entendió mal. Mamá no está brava contigo. Y si no, ahora mismo voy a averiguarlo.

--No lo haga, niña Adelita, no, por el amor de Dios, replicó la esclava muy asustada, deteniendo a la joven por un canto del vestido. Por sí, o por no, será mejor que Señorita no me vea ahora. ¿Está ahí el médico?

--Pues yo quiero verte a solas. Arreglaremos el modo. Con Dolores te avisaré. ¿Y para qué quieres al médico?

--Para un moreno que han traído del monte mordido por los perros.

--¡Mordido por los perros! repitió Adela. ¡Ay! Debe de ser muy serio el caso cuando llaman al médico. ¡Si le habrán despedazado! Es probable. Esos perros son como fieras. ¡Qué horror, Dios mío! Mateu, añadió en alta voz, ahí le buscan.

Cosas bien extrañas en verdad empezaba Isabel a averiguar respecto de la familia bajo cuyo techo se hallaba hospedada y del ingenio tan ponderado de _La Tinaja_. Interesada vivamente en la suerte de la enfermera, antigua nodriza de su tierna amiga, ahora desterrada de la casa solariega, y conmovida, horrorizada con lo que había oído respecto del esclavo, mordido por perros feroces, cosas todas inauditas para ella, no pudo ocultar Isabel de Leonardo, ni su intenso disgusto ni sus hondas emociones.

--¿Qué tienes? ¿Qué te ha dado? le preguntó él.

--No sé, contestó ella. Me siento mal.

--Me pareció, continuó Leonardo, que te había afectado el cuento del negro herido. No seas boba. ¿Qué apostamos a que no ha sido mayor la cosa? ¿A que no pasa de unos cuantos rasguños? Si conocieras a la enfermera pensarías como yo. Mamá no la puede ver por escandalosa. Ni hay que dar nunca entero crédito a lo que dicen los negros. Todo lo exageran y abultan.

--¿Qué fue, Adela? preguntó doña Rosa desde su asiento oyéndola llamar al médico.

La enfermera desapareció en un instante, y antes que Adela contestase a su madre se apareció el Mayoral a caballo, precedido por sus dos hermosos alanos, para dar cuenta en voz campanuda de todo lo que había pasado. Era éste hombre alto, enjuto de

carnes, mas de recios miembros, muy moreno de rostro, ojinegro, el cabello crespo y poblado de barba, cuyas grandes patillas le cubrían ambos lados de la cara hasta tocar en los ángulos de la boca, que por esto parecía más chica. A pesar del sombrero de ala ancha que llevaba siempre puesto, lo mismo en el campo que en la casa, al aire libre que bajo techo, pues muchas veces hacía uso de él como de gorro de dormir, cuando se lo quitó para hablar con don Cándido viose que mientras la parte superior de su frente parecía de un hombre blanco, la nariz, las mejillas y las manos nadie diría sino que eran de un mulato; tan quemadas estaban del sol. Venía armado, como suele decirse, hasta los dientes, de machete de cinta, puñal con cabo de plata o que brillaba como tal, y el ponderoso látigo, cuyo mango, hecho de un gajo de naranjo silvestre, no era arma menos terrible por ser sólo contundente.

Comenzó diciendo:

--Santas tardes tenga el señor don Cándido con _toa la compaña_. Yo soy _venío a participasle_ que han _traío_ a Pedro brichi con algunas _mordías_. Se _arresistió_ y fue preciso atojarle los perros.

--¿Quién le ha capturado? preguntó el amo con mucha calma.

--La _partía_ de don Francisco Estévez, _nombráa pa_ coger negros cimarrones.

--¿Sabe Vd. dónde le han capturado?

--En los cañaverales de _La Begoña_, cerquitica de las sierras.

--¿Estaba él solo? ¿Y los compañeros?

--_Náa_ se sabe de ellos, señor don Cándido, ni Pedro _quie decislo_ tampoco. _Me se_ figura que será preciso _biraslo pa que cante_. Por eso vengo a donde el señor don Cándido _pa_ que me diga qué hago con Pedro. Está muy _emperrao_...

¿Dónde le tiene Vd. don Liborio? preguntó el amo después de larga pausa.

--En la enfermería.

--¿Qué, tan estropeado está?

--No por eso, señor don Cándido. Lo tengo en el cepo de la enfermería _pa_ mayor _seguriá_, y no he _querío ponesle_ grillos por las _herías_; y luego _dispués me se_ figura que tiene malas intenciones. Sus ojos son dos tomates _maúros_, y he _reparao_ que cuando se le ponen _asina_ los ojos a los negros es que _quieen_ hacer una _fechuría_. Yo le digo al señor que está _mu emperrao_ ese negro. Mire el señor si es perro, que cuando lo metí en el cepo me dijo:--el hombre no muere más que una vez, y que «ya estaba _cansao_ de trabajar _pa_ su amo». El señor debe de saber que luego que los negros cogen y hablan _asina_ es porque, como dice mi compadre Moya, que está presente, se les ha _metío_ la Guinea en la cabeza. _Apuráamente_ ellos se tienen _tragáo_ que cuando se _ajorcan_ aquí van derechitos a su tierra.

--¡Aberraciones de la ignorancia! exclamó el Cura.

--Sí, señor don Cándido, continuó el Mayoral, ese negro está pidiendo cuero como los muertos misa.

Se sonrieron el Cura y don Cándido, y éste dijo:

--A su tiempo, don Liborio, a su tiempo se maduran las uvas. Por lo pronto no me parece conveniente azotarle. Se pondrá bueno de las mordidas, y entonces habrá lugar de castigarle por su falta, una de las más graves que pueden cometerse en estas fincas. Alzarse, fugarse el esclavo, privar al amo de sus servicios sin causa poderosa y bastante, por más o menos tiempo, es imperdonable; no sólo por él mismo, sino por el mal ejemplo a sus compañeros. Se le castigará, no lo dude. No habrá quien le apadrine. En otro negro cualquiera esa misma falta aparecería leve. A bien que Pedro puede resistir un novenario... Tiene buenos jarretes. A otra cosa. ¿No sabía la partida de Estévez que ese negro era mío? ¿No la informó Vd. que estaba yo aquí?

--Sí, señor, sabía _toito_ y yo le dije que viniera a la casa de vivienda _pa_ entregar el cimarrón y _recebir_ la captura, que es un doblón de a cuatro. Mas me contestaba y dice que prefería dormir en el monte. Además, que no quería que lo viesen los negros mansos, porque _le_ daban el soplo a los cimarrones; además que tenía que _dir_ donde _La Angosta_ a ver si cogía los cuarenta negros que se le _juyeron_ a _suescelencia_ el señor Conde la Fernandina la semana _pasáa_ arriba, y el Mayoral lo había _mandao_ a _ñamar_...

En aquel punto desfilaban en el batey del ingenio de _La Tinaja_, entre la casa de vivienda y la de calderas, los 300 y más esclavos de su dotación, y el Mayoral diciendo, «con licencia», fue a ponerse a su cabeza para pasarles revista y darles las últimas órdenes por medio de los contramayorales, que eran también esclavos. Desde buena distancia les había precedido el rumor de sus conversaciones y el sonido de las prisiones de los penados. Dos de ellos llevaban grillos, con barra atravesada y cadena de dos ramales suspendida a la cintura, y caminaban con mucho trabajo, pues para avanzar tenían que describir medios círculos, ya con un pie, ya con el otro. Uno llevaba grillete, del cual pendía una cadena como de unos seis pies de largo, cuyo extremo inferior iba engarzado al anillo de una masa férrea como pesa de reloj, la que, al caminar, era fuerza que llevara al brazo, so pena de que el roce de la argolla moliera el hueso de la canilla, aunque se lo había abrigado con un trapo. Este mismo se detenía de cuando en cuando y alzaba la voz en tono melancólico y timbre argentino, que resonaba por todas partes diciendo:--«Aquí va Chilala, cimarrón».

Penados o no, varones o hembras, todos traían algo a la cabeza, ya haces de cogollo, ya de ramas de ramón de que tanto gustan las caballerías en Cuba, ora racimos de plátanos verdes o maduros, ora de _palmiche_ para los cerdos; éste una calabaza, aquel un brazado de leña. Unos pocos, quince o veinte, llevaban camisa y calzón de cañamazo nuevos o de pocos meses de uso y estaban enteros; el traje de los restantes se componía de harapos, a través de cuyos agujeros se les veían las carnes negras y sin lustre. Ninguno calzaba zapatos, uno que otro, abarcas de cuero sin curtir, ajustadas al pie por cordones de majagua, bien de arique de yagua que no son menos resistentes. Las hembras, de treinta a treinta y cinco por todas, sobre andar revueltas entre los hombres, apenas se distinguían por otra cosa que por la especie de saco talar de cañamazo con que se cubrían el cuerpo desde los hombros hasta un poco más abajo de las rodillas, sin mangas; para que no faltase nada a la tosca imitación de la túnica romana.

--_¡Ajilar!_ gritó don Liborio con su voz de trueno, recorriendo a caballo las desordenadas filas como un general que ordena una evolución. Con lo cual, sin tropiezo, por el mero hábito, la mayor parte formó; pero los perezosos, los torpes, los impedidos por las prisiones, por la demasiada carga o por la prisa que se dieron los delanteros a cerrar las filas, ésos se quedaron detrás, menos visibles que los otros. Contra estos infelices estalló la cólera del Mayoral. Enarboló el látigo y empezó a repartir latigazos a diestro y a siniestro, sin distinguir inocente de culpable, hasta lograr la formación deseada.

Si así es como se ha razonado con el esclavo en todos tiempos y países, ¿podría esperarse que fuesen una excepción a esta regla general los señores del ingenio de _La Tinaja_? De ninguna manera. En su opinión, como en la de la mayoría de los amos, no era el negro la _cosa_ de que habla el derecho romano. Había bastante diferencia. Para ellos, que entendían por derecho únicamente aquello que no torcía el cumplimiento de sus pasiones y caprichos, el hombre-cosa de la antigua Roma tal vez no pensaba, era una máquina de trabajo; al paso que el hombre-cosa actual, estaban plenamente convencidos, pensaba al menos en tres cosas: en el modo de sustraerse al trabajo, en quemarle la sangre a su detentor, y en obrar siempre en oposición a sus miras, deseos e intereses.

Para el amo en general, el negro es un compuesto monstruoso de estupidez, de cinismo, de hipocresía, de bajeza y de maldad; y el solo medio de hacerle llenar sin murmuración, reparo ni retraso la tarea que tiene a bien imponerle, es el de la fuerza, la violencia, el látigo. El negro quiere por mal, es dicho común entre los amos. Por eso, en concepto de éstos, aquel Mayoral que no disimula ni perdona falta, que como rayo hiere al que delinque, que en todas ocasiones tiene entereza bastante y valor para «meter en cintura» a gente tan perversa e ingobernable, ése es más meritorio, más digno de consideración y respeto. Siempre se ha admirado más al inquisidor que más herejes mandaba al quemadero.

Así se explica por qué, luego que el Mayoral dio la orden de _tumba_, y todos soltaron la carga a sus pies, no importa si de forraje o de frutos, de cuyas resultas éstos se reventaron con la caída, dando ocasión a que el Mayoral hiciese nuevo uso del látigo, los señores del ingenio de _La Tinaja_ aprobaron y celebraron el _castigo_; porque era claro que los culpables habían procedido de malicia y no por torpeza y ofuscación a causa del anterior vapuleo.

Doña Rosa, mujer cristiana y amable con sus iguales, que se confesaba a menudo, que daba limosna a los pobres, que adoraba en sus hijos, que en abstracto al menos estaba dispuesta a perdonar las faltas ajenas para que Dios, que está en el cielo, la perdonara las suyas; doña Rosa, sentimos decirlo, al ver las contorsiones de aquéllos a quienes la punta del látigo de cuero trenzado del mayoral abría surcos en sus espaldas o brazos, se sonreía, tal vez por creer grotesco el espectáculo, o exclamaba, exclamación en que la hacían coro las personas de que se hallaba rodeadas:--¡Hase visto gente más bruta!

También se sonrieron los caleseros Aponte y Leocadio, junto con dos mozos más, que desde el colgadizo de la gran caballeriza del ingenio, atraídos por el continuo estallar del temible cuero, presenciaban a salvo la escena y esperaban se despejase el campo para salir y recoger el forraje destinado a las caballerías de que estaban hecho cargo inmediatamente.

Si añadimos que en estas circunstancias hasta los perros del Mayoral mostraron a su modo una alegría desusada, no creemos decir nada nuevo. Ello, mientras don Liborio hablaba con los amos del ingenio, se mantuvieron echados a los pies de su caballo; pero apenas se dirigió a los negros, se colocaron a sus flancos y no perdieron de vista ni sus ojos ni los movimientos de su brazo derecho, aguardando sin duda la orden de echarse sobre la víctima y rematarla.

Es de consignarse aquí, sin embargo, que no todas las señoras presentes se unieron al coro a que antes se ha aludido. Doña Juana, al contrario, apartó los ojos para no ver, ya que la política la vedaba retirarse y era fatal el oír los latigazos y los quejidos sordos de las víctimas. En igual caso se hallaban las sobrinas de esta señora y las dos hijas menores de Gamboa; pero éstas tuvieron siquiera el arbitrio de refugiarse en el patio. Allá las seguían Meneses, Cocco y Leonardo, a tiempo que don Cándido llamó a este último y le ordenó acompañase al médico al hospital y se informase menudamente de lo ocurrido con el preso. En conversación íntima a poco con el cura y el capitán, agregó:

--Quiero acostumbrarle (a su hijo) a estas cosas desde temprano, porque yo mañana o esotro día me muero y él por necesidad habrá de reemplazarme en el manejo del caudal; sobre todo en la administración de esta finca, que por más de un motivo le pertenece. Este ha de ser su mayorazgo.

De aquel mandato imperioso de don Cándido nació el que Leonardo, repugnándole y todo la visita, ya que no le era dado desobedecer, ni excusarse tampoco, pretendiera le acompañasen sus amigas y hermanas. Cedieron éstas sin dificultad, lo mismo que Rosa, tanto más cuanto que se brindaron a ir de la mejor gana Meneses y Cocco. Isabel de pronto se negó; mas instada y reflexionando que tal vez habría ocasión de ejercer en aquella visita uno de los actos de misericordia, cedió también, y cuando salía del brazo con Leonardo, dijo al paso a doña Rosa en tono amable y risueño:--Me llevan.

--Bien hecho, repuso doña Rosa.

--¡Buena pareja! dijo doña Teresa, la mujer del capitán Peña, a tiempo que Leonardo e Isabel descendían por las gradas del pórtico al batey.

--¡Hermosa! dijo doña Nicolasa, la mujer de Moya.

--¿No crees, Rosa, (dijo don Cándido a la suya al paño, concordando mentalmente con la oportuna observación de aquellas dos mujeres), cada vez más acertada la idea de casar cuanto antes a Leonardo con Isabel?

--Sí, contestó doña Rosa distraídamente.

--A ella la tengo por una buena cosa. Y se conoce que está enamorada de Leonardo. Luego el matrimonio es un freno...

No sabía don Liborio contar de _cálamo currente_[46] más de una decena. Pero tenía feliz memoria y era buen fisonomista; de modo que, exceptuando los siete esclavos prófugos, ocho enfermos en el hospital y los veintiocho adscritos a las diversas dependencias de la finca, carpinteros, albañiles, herreros, mozos de cuadra y sirvientes, los demás, hasta el número de 306, varones, hembras, solteros, casados, grandes y chicos, no le quedó género de duda que uno tras otro habían pasado por delante de sus ojos y entrado en el barracón. Satisfecho sobre este particular cerró la portada, pasó el cerrojo horizontal de figura de T, y le echó la llave; la cual, junto con el látigo colgó de un clavo fijo en la jamba de la puerta de su casa, por la parte fuera, debajo del colgadizo.

Si hubiera leído el _Quijote_, habría podido decir con el caballero andante: «Nadie las mueva, que estar no pueda con Roldán a prueba.» Porque al pie de esos símbolos del poder señorial cubano, lloviese, ventease, hiciese calor o frío, dormían los feroces alanos del Mayoral y ¡ay del sin ventura que osase acercarse para desprender la llave o el látigo!

Después de comer solo, porque la familia estaba de visita en la estancia, don Liborio a pie, con machete y puñal al cinto, acompañado de sus perros, se dirigió de prisa a reunirse con el médico en el hospital. Para llegar a él, allá en los confines del plano o cuadrado donde se habían erigido todas las fábricas del ingenio, había que pasar por junto al ángulo de un seto de piñones que protegía un cañaveral en flor. Allí los perros se separaron de su amo y en el vano empeño de traspasar el obstáculo, gruñeron, o más bien gimieron de aquel modo que suelen cuando husmean la presa cercana. Pero ya hemos dicho que el Mayoral

estaba de prisa, y siguió adelante llamando a sus perros.

Apenas penetró en la enfermería, bajó por la guardarraya al batey un negro a caballo, lo atravesó de un lado a otro, entró en el colgadizo de la casa del Mayoral, observó bien por todas partes, vio que no había luz ni gente, y sin apearse de la yegua flaca y desvencijada que montaba en pelo, cogió la llave, descorrió con ella el pestillo de la cerradura y la volvió a su sitio. Después de esta hazaña, siguió a la casa de vivienda y solicitó ver a sus amos, los cuales, hallándose aún en el pórtico, no tuvieron embarazo en recibirle.

No se desmontó, se deslizó por los costados de la bestia al suelo no teniendo estribo en que apoyar el pie. Su primer cuidado fue quitarse el gorro de lana con que se cubría la cabeza, y hecho todo un arco su cuerpo y tembloso, se echó de rodillas delante de doña Rosa, y en su mal español dijo:

--_La bendició, mi suamita._

--¡Ah! exclamó dicha señora algo asustada. ¿Eres tú, Goyo? Dios te haga un santo. ¿Cómo estás?

--_Mala, mi suamita._

--¿Qué te duele, Goyo?

Contestó con muchos rodeos y perífrasis ininteligibles las más, que ya le pesaba el cuerpo demasiado; que le faltaban las fuerzas y deseaba descansar en el cementerio; que estaba muy viejo; que el padre de doña Rosa le había sacado del barracón de La Habana cuando esta señora no había nacido; que fue uno de los esclavos fundadores del ingenio _La Tinaja_, uno de los primeros en derribar los montes con el hacha. Todo esto, que se tenía harto sabido la señora con quien hablaba, para informarla, en medio de aspavientos y circunloquios, que sabía donde se hallaban ocultos algunos de los esclavos prófugos, quienes deseaban presentarse desde que supieron que sus amos habían llegado de La Habana, porque estaban casi seguros que no se les castigaría por la falta cometida, en gracia de ser la primera vez; mayormente si el guardiero, que tan largos servicios había prestado en la finca, pedía perdón para ellos a la señora.

--Bien, dijo doña Rosa habiendo consultado con una mirada la opinión de su marido. Está bien, Goyo. Ve. Di a tus ahijados que pueden presentarse sin miedo; que por ti se les hará justicia... ¿Oyes?

Con dirigirse a doña Rosa para pedirla el perdón de los prófugos, dio a entender el guardiero que a lo menos podía concebir su cerebro dos ideas bien definidas. La una, que juzgaba más capaz de caridad el corazón de doña Rosa, por el hecho de ser mujer, que el de don Cándido; la otra, que siquiera por ama legítima del ingenio, pues le había heredado de su padre, había de ser ella más indulgente con las faltas de sus esclavos que él, quien, aunque señor de hecho, no lo era de derecho.

El pensamiento así expuesto parece demasiado abstruso para caber en la cabeza de un negro doblemente estúpido por sus largos años de esclavitud. Pero fuéralo o no en efecto, de esta manera fue como don Cándido interpretó el discurso del esclavo, hiriéndole en lo vivo, de un lado, que prescindiera de él en su embajada; del otro, la odiosa diferencia que marcó entre ama y amo. Es que llovía sobre mojado, como suele decirse, y cogió la ocasión por los cabellos para vengarse del insulto y recobrar, ante las personas testigos de la escena, la que él creía rebajada dignidad del señor amo. En esta disposición de ánimo, y cuando el anciano todo tembloso hacía los mayores esfuerzos para ganar de nuevo el lomo desnudo de su mansísima yegua, dijo don Cándido:

--Lindos estaríamos si por el primer zopenco que se interpone, hubiésemos de perdonar, no ya sólo las faltas más graves, sino hasta los delitos de nuestros esclavos.

Mirole asombrada doña Rosa, y luego dijo con aparente calma:

--¿Pues no estabas tú de acuerdo con mi decisión?

--Tal vez.

--¿Luego...?

--Luego es preciso que se haga justicia a esos bribones que osaron fugarse cuando más necesidad teníamos de sus servicios.

--¿Qué entiendes, Gamboa, por hacer justicia?

--Entiendo, repuso él con sorna, dar a cada quisque su merecido, castigar cual se debe al que delinque.

--Pero eso no sería hacer justicia.

--¿Cómo que no? pregúntale a tu hijo que estudia leyes, qué se entiende por hacer justicia. Recuerda, si no, cómo rezan los edictos de los fiscales de la comisión militar permanente que publica con frecuencia _El Diario_. «Yo, Fulano de tal, capitán del ejército por S. M., etc., cito, llamo y emplazo por éste mi primer edicto, a Zutano de Cual, para que se presente en la cárcel pública de esta ciudad dentro del improrrogable plazo de tantos días, a descargarse de la culpa que le resulta en la causa que le sigo por asalto y robo en despoblado o por infidencia; cierto y seguro de que si compareciere dentro del término señalado, _se le hará cumplida justicia_...» ¿Oíste? Cumplida justicia. Me le sé de memoria.

--No creo yo que la comisión militar, o como se llame, castigue a todo el que cita para hacerle justicia.

--Tienes que creerlo, porque por fas o por nefas, así sucede. ¿Cómo es que por más que le citen, llamen y emplacen, nadie se presenta de _motu proprio_? Claro, porque lo de _hacer justicia_ no pasa de ser jarabe de pico. Puede ser el emplazado tan inocente como un recién nacido; con todo, si le pillan, de seguro que mamá cárcel por tres o cuatro años, y ya esto es un castigo... que de buena gana le daría a todos los que me quieren mal.

--Bien, Cándido, está bien todo eso; el caso es que yo no hablé en el sentido que dices. En resumidas cuentas, prometí el perdón que Goyo vino a pedirme para sus compañeros.

--Pues ahí está el engaño tuyo, Rosa. Tú no has prometido tal perdón ni calabazas. Ni si hubieras prometido era posible cumplir...

--Pero es que mi palabra está empeñada.

--Ese es el ajo, mi cara Rosa. En pocas palabras, tú no has prometido nada y tal fue lo que me propuse probarte para evitar mayores males. Por el mero hecho de decir _se les hará justicia_ no se deduce que prometiste el perdón, lisa y llanamente... sin condiciones.

--Sí, pero Goyo creerá otra cosa, creerá que le he engañado.

--¿Y qué importa el quedar mal con el negro en la apariencia? Nadie tampoco guardó lealtad con los desleales _a nativitate_.[47]

--Tal vez no importe mucho por Goyo, que al fin es un negro viejo e ignorante, y de seguro no me entendió. Pero, ¿y mi conciencia, Cándido? Mi intención fue...

--Tu intención fue perdonar, la interrumpió don Cándido. Lo sé. Por lo que respecta a tu conciencia, añadió con exquisita ironía, debe estar más tranquila y serena que una balsa de aceite, en este caso. Y si hay en ello alguna culpa, échala sobre mí. Tú sabes que el diablo las carga. Quien sintió alguna vez escrúpulos de conciencia respecto de lo que dijo o no dijo, hizo o no hizo a los negros, ese santo varón, o esa santa mujer no ha debido tener esclavos jamás. ¡Escrúpulos de conciencia por semejantes bestias! ¡Ja! ¡Ja!

A este tiempo volvieron de la enfermería las señoritas y caballeros. El médico dijo que el negro había recibido varias mordeduras de carácter grave, no peligroso, en los brazos, antebrazos, canillas y carpos de las manos y de los pies. Parecía desgarrada la epidermis de algunos de los dedos de la mano derecha.--Pero por fortuna, agregó en su lenguaje peculiar, los incisivos de la fiera no han interesado lo bastante para romper ningún vaso principal y no hay temor de hematosis, aunque se ha presentado la hemalopia consiguiente a la exasperación física y moral, bajo la cual viene laborando hace tiempo el enfermo. Esto es preciso combatirlo con aplicaciones de sanguijuelas a las sienes; las que, de paso sea dicho, habrá que traer del pueblo, pues faltan en el botiquín de la finca. Por lo que hace al tétano, fácil es que se presente mediante a que el negro se ha mojado después de recibir las heridas. Con este motivo he dispuesto se le den unturas frecuentes de sebo y aceite con unas cabecitas de ajo majadas. Puedo decir, sin embargo, que hasta ahora no aparece dañado ningún nervio...

Leonardo fue más conciso. Hablando con su madre, dijo de manera que lo oyese su padre: que Pedro apenas le había reconocido a él como su amo; que estaba negado a declarar; que nada sabía de sus compañeros; que, como para intimidarle y obligarle a hablar le dijese don Liborio que ahora sí no se escaparía del cepo y que ahí le tendría hasta que doblase el cogote, contestó riendo que no había nacido el hombre capaz de sujetarle en ninguna parte contra su voluntad. Leonardo, lleno de indignación, le había vuelto la espalda; y, cosa extraña, agregó éste, luego que nos retirábamos, me llamó para decirme que deseaba ver a su amo, a papá.

--Lo esperaba, murmuró don Cándido alejándose. Hay tiempo mañana; no me molestaré ahora por su señoría.

Si se hubiera pedido informe a las señoritas sobre lo que habían visto en la enfermería, habrían referido muy diferente historia de la relatada por el médico y Leonardo. Hubieran dicho que el Hércules africano tendido boca-arriba en la dura tarima, con ambos pies en el cepo, con los hoyos cónicos de los dientes de los perros aún abiertos en sus carnes cenizosas, con los vestidos hechos trizas, por toda almohada para descansar la cabeza, las palmas de las manos, a pesar de tener rasgados los dedos y, necesariamente doloridos, Jesucristo de ébano en la cruz, como alguna de ellas observó, era espectáculo digno de conmiseración y de respeto. Su arrepentimiento de haber concurrido a aquel lugar no podía compararse sino con el dolor que experimentaron, singularmente la piadosa Isabel, cuando se desengañaron que no podían hacer nada en alivio de esta otra víctima de la tiranía civil en su desventurada patria.

CAPÍTULO VI

Los negros... ¡Oh! mi lengua se resiste A formular de su miseria el nombre!

D. V. TEJERA

Por mostrar celo y actividad a los dueños, o por equivocar la hora precisa, como se guió por el canto de los gallos, el Mayoral del ingenio de _La Tinaja_, en la mañana de Pascua, puso la _gente_ en pie mucho más temprano de lo acostumbrado.

Con el último solemne tañido de la campana, después de tomar sendas tazas de café, de encender un tabaco y de armarse, descolgó la llave, llamó a sus perros y se encaminó a pie al barracón para abrir la reja de hierro. Metió resueltamente la ponderosa llave en la cerradura, quiso hacerla girar en la guarda y no pudo: ¡Qué _demongo_! dijo para sí. Aquí han _andao_. Me parece que voy a dar más cuero... que Dios toca a juicio.

Alumbró con el tabaco el ojo de la llave, dio media vuelta en sentido de cerrar y oyó distintamente correr el pestillo y entrar en el cerradero del cerrojo.--¡Voto a Dios! exclamó. Si estaba abierta la puerta y yo he _sío_ tan caballo que la he _cerrao_. ¡Va que la dejé abierta anoche! ¿Estaba yo _bebió_, o loco, o _trastornao_? ¿O ha _habío_ aquí brujería? ¿Qué pasa, Liborio?

Salían en aquel punto los negros de sus bohíos y fue preciso que don Liborio pensase en lo que había de hacer con ellos. Descorrido el cerrojo, se plantó junto a la jamba de la puerta para verlos desfilar uno a uno, según tenía ordenado. Por eso, aunque hacía bastante oscuro, pudo observar que una negra se parapetaba del compañero y quería pasar desapercibida. Malicioso y vigilante, no necesitó de más para echársele encima, cogerla por un brazo y acercarle la lumbre del tabaco a la cara. Con sorpresa mezclada de alegría vio que era la negra Tomasa suama, prófuga hacía entonces precisamente dos semanas. Mientras sujetaba ésta, apareció recatándose también Cleto gangá, y tras él Julián arará, Andrés bibí y Antonio Macuá, los cuales detuvo y colocó a un lado.

Así que pasaron todos los demás y que formaron en medio del batey, echó por delante a los cinco presos y les ordenó hacer alto frente a frente del centro de la fila, tanto más larga cuanto que era sencilla. Seguidamente empezó el interrogatorio:

--Venga acá, mamá Tomasa, y dígame por _vía_ suyita, ¿de _aónde_ viene la niña ahora?

--_De la monte_, contestó ella imperturbable.

--¡Oiga! ¿Y qué fue a buscar al monte la niña Tomasa?

--_¿Siñó...?_

--No lo diga. No se tome ese trabajo la niña; lo sé: fue a _pajariar_. Yo le daré pajareo. Pero, ¿cómo es que se aparece ahora doña Tomasa suama?

--_Venga a presentarse a la suamos._

--¡Bueno! _Asina_ se hace. Pero ¿por _aónde dentraron_ ustedes en el barracón?

--_Po la pueta._

--¿Quién abrió la puerta a la niña?

--_Naide._ Tenía la _pueta abieta_.

Aquí se remató la paciencia del cómitre.

--Conque estaba abierta la puerta, ¿eh? ¡Ah, pedazo de p...!

Y sin más ni más la pegó tan fuerte bofetón, que la tendió en el suelo aturdida. Mientras ella se ponía en pie, dirigió poco más o menos las mismas preguntas a los cuatro compañeros de la negra y obtuvo poco más o menos idénticas respuestas.

--¡_Vírate_!,[48] dijo a la esclava echándole garra por un hombro con el objeto de derribarla de bruces.

Mas ella joven, robusta y ya prevenida, se mantuvo firme y dijo:

--_Sumecé no me catiga, mi suama mi madrina._

--¡Ja! ¡Ja! déjame reír. ¿La señora tu madrina? Pues dile que se levante de la cama y que venga a salvarte del bocabajo. Mira, negra de Barrabás, vírate o te mato...

--_¡Mata!_ repuso ella con arrogancia.

--Agárrala tú. Túmbala tú, gritó el Mayoral, ya en el paroxismo de la ira, a los compañeros de la esclava.

Tres de éstos obedecieron sin tardanza. Dos la cogieron por un brazo y el otro por un pie, con lo que fue fácil hacerla perder el equilibrio y dar con ella en tierra boca abajo.

De presumir es que la misma ciega obediencia con que los tres se prestaron a ejecutar la orden perentoria del Mayoral, excitara más la cólera de éste respecto a Julián ararará, que parecía dispuesto a desobedecer. Midiole don Liborio de alto a bajo con ojos en que se traslucía algo de la rabia que le dominaba, no poco de sorpresa y un mundo de recelos, porque era amenazadora la actitud del negro y, como la mayoría de sus compañeros allí presentes, estaba armado de machete corto o calabozo y azadón. Vino a comprender entonces que había andado algo imprudente, y que estaba perdido como flaquease en el momento crítico. Así que, haciendo de tripas corazón, gritó con más aparente brío que nunca:

--¿Y tú qué haces, perro? ¿Por qué no metes mano? Dobla el lomo... (soltando uno de los ternos que acostumbraba, a falta de mejor expletivo).

Acompañó, además, las palabras con tan fuerte garrotazo con el mango del látigo en la cabeza del esclavo, que le hizo titubear y caer luego de rodillas a los pies de Tomasa. Aun allí, abatido y todo, no dio muestras Julián de que iba a obedecer; antes temiendo el Mayoral que se recobrara del golpe y se pusiera de nuevo en pie, agregó:

--Sujeta por la pata a esa grandísima p... o ¡vive Dios! que te muelo a palos.

Y por vía de apremio le asestó un segundo garrotazo, que no por más fuerte que el primero, sino porque quizás acertó a darle en lugar donde el cabello lanudo no protegía completamente el cráneo, le dividió la piel como con un cuchillo y brotó un chorro de sangre de la herida. Julián a tientas apoyó la mano abierta en la garganta del pie de su compañera, y... empezó el bocabajo.

Tan singular conducta de parte de aquel negro en tales circunstancias, habría llamado la atención imparcial de persona menos estúpida o menos cegada por la pasión que don Liborio; habría inspirado consideración, ya que no respeto, en toda alma noble y generosa; habría excitado siquiera la curiosidad de averiguar el origen de un sentimiento que no dejaba de ser bello porque se abrigase en el pecho de un hombre semi-salvaje.

Varias circunstancias, además, concurrían en el caso del negro y de la negra, que servían para explicar la conducta de ambos en estos momentos de prueba. Y es de creerse que porque estaba al cabo de ellas don Liborio, mostraba tanta saña con la pareja. Julián y Tomasa eran poco más o menos de la misma edad; joven, robusta, agraciada ella; joven, atlético y gallardo él; procedían del mismo país en África; se tenían por paisanos o carabelas, según dicen. ¿Qué extraño sería que se amasen?

Tomasa, por su juventud, alegre humor y buena presencia era la favorita de sus camaradas y de los empleados blancos de la finca. La esclavitud no pesaba tanto para ella, ni tenía motivo para quejarse de su suerte, comparativamente hablando. ¿Por qué se había fugado? Parecía claro: por seguir a Julián, que, arrastrado por Pedro, su padrino de bautismo, el cabecilla del motín, adoptó esa malhadada resolución. Hizo más Tomasa: luego que cayó prisionero Pedro, del modo trágico referido, recabó de Julián el que se presentase y solicitase perdón de los amos por medio de Caimán, que ellos sabían tenía ascendiente en doña Rosa.

Para mayor abrigo, llevaba don Liborio atado a la cabeza un pañuelo de algodón, dos puntas de la lazada del cual le caían por detrás, y encima se había encasquetado el sombrero de paja. Traía la camisa suelta por fuera o faldeta, el puñal en la cinta y el machete en su puesto, asegurado con una faja de lienzo blanco. Apoyó la mano izquierda en la empuñadura, y con la extremidad del mango del látigo arrolló las faldas del vestido de la esclava hasta más arriba de las caderas y soltó la trenza del cuero crudo, que había sujetado en el hueco de la misma mano derecha. Todo esto por su orden, bien calculado con calma y formalidad, como quien no tenía prisa, antes se proponía saborear goce exquisito, a cuyo efecto no debía precipitar los sucesos.

Clareaba el horizonte por el este con las purísimas luces del alba. Descargado el primer latigazo con el aplomo y tino de quien posee brazo experimentado y de hierro, pudo convencerse el Mayoral que la _pajuela_ o punta de cáñamo torcida y nudosa, con chasquido peculiar, había trazado un surco ceniciento en las carnes de la muchacha. Enseguida descargó otros y otros en más rápida sucesión hasta saltar pedazos de la piel y fluir la sangre; sin que a todas éstas la víctima exhalase una queja, ni hiciese otro movimiento que contraer los músculos y morderse los labios.

Así tuvo un desfogue momentáneo la ira del Mayoral, mas el estoicismo de la muchacha le privó en mucha parte del placer que se prometía al azotarla. El dolor, sensación fatal en todo ser animado, no la redujo, como él esperaba, al extremo de pedir perdón a su verdugo. Por eso, y porque deseaba concluir antes de salir el sol, encomendó a los dos contramayorales el castigo de Julián y de sus compañeros, contentándose él con observarlos de cerca para hacerles «apretar la mano» cada vez que por compasión o por otro motivo cualquiera suponía que no daban bastante recio. Tan pronto como se despachaba uno, le hacía lavar la llaga con orines en que se habían echado de antemano unas puntas de tabaco, a fin de evitar el _pasmo_ o tétano, ordenando que los herreros les pusieran los grillos que para eso se hicieron venir de la mayordomía de la finca. Por lo que respecta a Julián, que se había desmayado dos o tres veces, o por el rigor del castigo, o por la pérdida de la sangre, juzgó prudente fuese trasladado a la enfermería para que le curasen la herida de la cabeza. A los demás penados, impedidos por el peso de los grillos y el dolor de los crueles azotes, los obligó a trabajar, junto con los restantes negros, en el _chapeo_ de las guardarrayas alrededor del _caserío_ del ingenio, que fue la _fajina_ que desde el principio se propuso sacar don Liborio.

--¿Escuchas, Cándido? dijo doña Rosa entre sábanas a su marido. Me parece que oigo el cuero. Temprano ha madrugado hoy don Liborio.

Dormía profundamente don Cándido para que le despertase la música de los latigazos de su Mayoral, no obstante que por el vigor con que los descargaba y la calma de la naturaleza, resonaban por millas a la redonda. Pero repetida la pregunta a sus oídos, entre bostezo y bostezo, contestó luego con esta otra:

--¿Qué tengo de oír, Rosa?

--El _cuero_ del Mayoral. Ni que fueras sordo.

--Ya, ya. Como que oigo algo. Sí. Está castigando. ¿Y qué?

--Alabo tu sangre fría. Aparte de otras cosas, ¿te parece poco habernos quitado el sueño tan temprano? De seguro voy a tener hoy un dolor de cabeza de los bravos. Me ha puesto nerviosa ese maldito hombre. Lo peor es que voy creyendo que el tal don Liborio no tiene ni pizca de consideración con nosotros. Nunca me gustó su cara de bandolero.

--¿Y qué querías que hiciera el hombre?

--Lo que toda persona decente hubiera hecho en su lugar. Irse a otra parte, lejos de la casa de vivienda a castigar los negros, si es que han cometido una gran falta y no podía dejar el castigo para luego.

--Quizás no ha podido remediarlo. Los negros a veces se empeñan en que los azoten y fuerza es darles gusto o se expone uno a que se le vayan a las barbas. También suele convenir en muchos casos que la pena siga al delito sobre la marcha para que surta el debido efecto.

--¿Pero tú no sabes mejor que yo la causa de este escándalo tan de madrugada?

--La supongo, Rosa, y es lo mismo. Me basta saber que los negros se le cayeron de las uñas al diablo.

--Sean o no malos los negros en general, y los nuestros en particular, la verdad es que don Liborio no para la mano desde ayer. Y si esto hace estando nosotros aquí, ¿qué no será cuando estamos lejos? Crucifica vivos a los negros.

--Pues tú le celebrabas anoche de hombre recto, y...

--¿Qué querías que dijera delante de la gente? Por dentro estaba que me comía los hígados. También no había él enseñado todas las uñas. Mas ya esto es demasiado. Qué ¿no sabrá el muy bestia que tenemos visitas? ¿Qué dirá Meneses, joven instruido, casi extraño para nosotros, no acostumbrado a estas escenas? Lo menos que se figurará es que éste es un presidio, el Vedado, y que somos de alma negra...

--No te dé cuidado por el mozo, dijo don Cándido. Apostaría cualquier cosa a que duerme a pierna suelta, arrullado con la música de los latigazos...

--Sí, pero ahora que me acuerdo, ¿qué dirá Isabelita si ha despertado? Por fuerza que ha de haber despertado. Deben oírse los cuerazos en el muelle de Tablas. Resuenan en mis oídos como cañonazos. Vea Vd.; y esa muchacha que es tan delicada, tan enemiga de los castigos. No será mucho que de esta hecha rompa con tu hijo, creyendo que sus padres son dos verdugos y que él le ha bebido los vientos. Lo sentiría por ti que estás tan empeñado en que se casen...

--Poco a poco, mi cara Rosa, la interrumpió don Cándido con más viveza que de costumbre. Hablas cual si no aprobaras el matrimonio en proyecto.

--¿De dónde has sacado tú que yo lo apruebo?

--¡Hombre! Hasta habíamos acordado el día de la boda, poco más o menos.

--Tú has arreglado eso, yo no. Si consiento en el matrimonio no es que lo apruebo de corazón, no es que me empeño en que se casen. Por una parte, no podré aprobar nunca que mi hijo querido deje mi abrigo y se vaya a vivir en otra casa. Por otra parte, no conozco mujer bastante buena para mi Leonardo. Ni Isabelita, a quien tengo por una santa, ni la diosa Venus que bajara de nuevo a la tierra, me parecería digna de él. Si consiento en que se casen (todavía puede que se arrepientan) es por ti, es porque no te cansas de repetirme y cantaletearme noche y día que el mozo se va a perder, que tendrá mal fin, que es preciso sujetarlo, que es muy enamorado (el pobrecito hasta ahora no ha mirado sino para Isabel), que asoma inclinaciones bajas... Me pones la cabeza tamaña con tales agüeros, me asustas y digo para mí: no es mal sastre el que conoce el paño: tal padre, tal hijo, y desaprobando, doy el consentimiento. El es un niño todavía, necesita de mis caricias; pero tú eres implacable, quieres casarlo y te saldrás con la tuya. Se casará, si es que la muchacha no se vuelve atrás... A veces creo contigo que el matrimonio es un freno, aunque si hemos de juzgar por ti... las mayores locuras las has cometido después de casado, y sabe Dios...

--En esto había de venir a parar la cerrazón, volvió a interrumpir don Cándido a su mujer. Más vale así. Al fin te has distraído y dejado en paz a don Liborio.

--Lo que es a ese pícaro no pararé hasta botarlo...

--Sería mala política despedir a don Liborio a raíz de haber castigado con mano fuerte las desvergüenzas de los esclavos. ¿A dónde iría a parar el prestigio de la autoridad? El Mayoral representa aquí el mismo papel que el coronel delante de su reglamento, o que el capitán general delante de los vasallos de S. M. en esta colonia. ¿Cómo, si no, se conservarían el orden, la paz ni la disciplina en el ingenio, en el cuartel o en la Capitanía General de la isla de Cuba? Nada, Rosa, el prestigio de la autoridad lo primero.

--¿De manera, repuso doña Rosa con la lógica parda de las mujeres, que por conservar el prestigio de la autoridad de don Liborio vas a dejar que acabe con los negros?

--¡Acabar con los negros! repitió don Cándido fingiendo sorpresa. No hará tal, por la sencilla razón de que de ellos está llena el África.

--Allá se pueden estar todos los negros del mundo; el caso es que cada vez se dificulta más la reposición de los que se pierden por causa de los ingleses.

--Tampoco es eso como suena, Rosa. Aparte de que por un bocabajo más o menos no se muere negro ninguno, ríete de que los ingleses lleguen a impedir la trata al punto de hacer escasear los brazos. Ya ves cómo les pasamos por los bigotes los de la última partida del _Veloz_, haciéndoles creer que eran ladinos de Puerto Rico.

--Continúa el cuero, Cándido. Es preciso averiguar qué es eso. Haz que venga el Mayordomo. Levántate, dispón alguna cosa.

--Ahí llaman. Dile a Dolores que pregunte entre tanto me visto.

Esta dormía en el cuarto inmediato con las señoritas. A las voces de su ama se asomó a un postigo y dijo:

--Es Tirso, con el café para el amo y para Señorita.

--Pregúntale qué pasa allá por el batey, dijo ésta a la esclava. ¡Qué día de ascuas se nos depara! ¡Y luego la mala noche... y el bochorno! ¡Qué prestigio de autoridad ni qué calabazas! ¡Al infierno con don Liborio!

Informó Tirso, temblando del frío o del miedo, que se habían aparecido los negros fugados, que el Mayoral los estaba castigando y que había matado a Julián porque no había querido _virarse_.

--¿No te lo decía? dijo doña Rosa. Ni siquiera ha respetado que yo les servía de madrina.

--Probable es que él no lo supiera.

--Ellos han debido decírselo.

--No los ha creído sobre su palabra. Además, Tirso miente como un bellaco. Me levantaré, sin embargo, por darte gusto. Cuando se te pone una cosa en la cabeza, eso ha de ser.

--Me da no sé qué tu santa calma. Te están matando a los negros y no corres. ¡Cómo si no costaran dinero!

--Ahora sí que has hablado como un Salomón, dijo don Cándido saliendo al pórtico.

Según es de suponer, mucho antes que de costumbre estaban en movimiento toda la familia y las visitas en la casa de vivienda del ingenio de _La Tinaja_. El sitio que ofrecía más desahogo y sombrío era el pórtico, y allá acudieron todos. El sol hería la casa por la espalda, proyectando la sombra por largo trecho adentro del batey donde, entre las ocho y las nueve de la mañana, se hallaba tendida la dotación de esclavos de la finca, en su traje ordinario, sucio y harapiento.

Acercose don Liborio al pórtico a caballo, se desmontó, le ató por el ronzal a la barandilla y ascendió la escalinata hasta situarse en el último escalón. Desde allí, quitándose respetuosamente el sombrero, saludó a la compañía en general, y en particular a doña Rosa, quien, sentada con mucha gravedad en el sillón más conspicuo, cual reina en su trono, y rodeada de sus hijas y amigas, contestó con un murmullo inaudible. No podía perdonarle esta señora a aquel hombre el mal rato, si es que don Cándido se había dado por satisfecho después de oírle el relato parcial de lo sucedido por la madrugada.

Las criadas al inmediato servicio de la familia presenciaban el espectáculo desde la puerta de la sala, y doña Rosa, por conducto de la más anciana, hizo decir al Mayoral que llamara a los dos contramayorales. Venidos, hicieron la genuflexión de costumbre en presencia de sus amos, cruzándose de brazos y permaneciendo en silencio, cual dos estatuas de piedra negra. El aire de dignidad con que se presentaron aquellos dos hombres, indicaba claramente que no eran congos. Eran lucumíes, raza guerrera del África y está dicho todo.

--¿Qué tal les va? fue la primera pregunta que les dirigió doña Rosa.

Se miraron el uno al otro y de soslayo a don Liborio, como si se animaran mutuamente a decir algo, o dar algún desahogo a su espíritu atribulado. Adivinó doña Rosa el motivo del embarazo de sus esclavos: se morían por hablar, mas temerosos de las consecuencias, por la presencia del Mayoral, juzgaron más cuerdo callarse. No necesitó ella de más para hacerles salir de su reserva. Cambió la pregunta.

--¿Tienen bastante comida?

--Sí, _siñora_, contestaron a una sin titubear.

--¿Mucho trabajo?

--No, _siñora_.

--¿Están Vds. contentos?

Volvió a sucederse la escena mímica de antes. Después de mirarse el uno al otro, y de reojo al Mayoral, que empezaba a manifestar bastante inquietud, quizás se disponía el más viejo de los dos a hacer la breve cuanto dolorosa relación de sus trabajos

y miserias, cuando don Cándido los atajó ordenando en alta voz que les entregaran la ropa nueva traída de La Habana para regalo de Pascua de la dotación del ingenio.

Constaba cada muda para los varones, de camisa de cañamazo o rusia, nada cumplida, pantalón de lo mismo, gorro y frazada de lana; para las hembras, de una como camisa talar llamada túnica, también de rusia, pañuelo de algodón de colores y frazada. Estas piezas constituían lo que en lenguaje marino de Cuba se entendía por la _esquifación_ de los negros que trabajan en el campo.

Buena dosis de soberbia había en el carácter de doña Rosa, no siendo de aquellas mujeres a quienes es fácil desviar de sus propósitos con subterfugios ni sutilezas dialécticas. La mera suposición de que don Cándido, con achaque de proteger el prestigio de la autoridad investida en el Mayoral, tendía a rebajar sus derechos de ama, delante de personas extrañas, bastó a poner espuelas a su deseo de afirmarlos, y de un modo señalado. En tal virtud, no bien se retiraron los contramayorales cargados con las esquifaciones para ellos y sus compañeros, siempre por medio del Mayoral hizo comparecer en su presencia al negro que denominaban Chilala. Acercose despacio y con bastante trabajo, clamando, como le estaba ordenado:--Aquí va Chilala, cimarrón.

Así que depositó la masa de hierro en el piso del pórtico, se arrodilló delante de doña Rosa, cruzó los brazos sobre el pecho, y con gran humildad en su peculiar lenguaje, dijo:

--_La bendició, mi suama sumecé._

--Dios te haga un santo, Isidoro, contestó doña Rosa amablemente. Levántate.

--_Asi ta mijó mi suama sumecé._

--¿Por qué te huyes, Isidoro? le preguntó el ama en tono compasivo.

Extrema era la flacura de este esclavo. Apenas tenía otra cosa que huesos y nervios. Luego, el color rojizo de sus cabellos, la palidez cenicienta del rostro, su mirar vagaroso e inquieto, comunicaban a su semblante una expresión de azoramiento como de animal montaraz.

--_¡Ah, mi suama sumecé!_ exclamó dando un suspiro. _Tlabaja, tlabaja; poco comía; no conuca; no cuchina; no mujé: cuera, cuera, cuera..._

--De modo, replicó doña Rosa con mucho reposo y cierta sonrisa de satisfacción, de modo que si te acortan el trabajo y te dan mejor comida y un conuco, y un cochino, y mujer con quien casarte y no te castigan tanto, ¿tú no te huyes más y te portas bien?

--Si, _siñó, mi suama sumecé. Chilala no juye ma: Chilala tlabaja; Chilala fino, fino_.

--Pues bien, Isidoro, ya que tú me prometes que no te huirás más y que te portarás como hombre formal, haré que no te castiguen tanto, que no te hagan trabajar mucho, que te den bastante comida, y un cochino, y un conuco, y mujer con quien casarte. ¿Estás contento?

--_Sí, siñora, mi suama sumecé; Chilala contente, mu contente._

--Más todavía quiero hacer por ti, segura de que no me has de engañar. Don Liborio, añadió en tono alto e imperioso: quítenle ahora mismo los grillos a este negro.

La larga esclavitud, la ignorancia crasa en que había vivido, el durísimo trato del ingenio, nada había podido borrar la sensibilidad, el sentimiento de la gratitud en el pecho del esclavo. Costole trabajo y esfuerzo de imaginación entender lo que su ama le decía; mas tan luego como entendió que iban a quitarle los grillos, faltándole las palabras apeló a las demostraciones para expresar su inmenso agradecimiento. Se echó de bruces a las plantas de doña Rosa, cual lo hiciera delante de un fetiche en su país natal, y con grandes aspavientos y exclamaciones incoherentes de una alegría loca, besó muchas veces el suelo que ella había hollado.

En todo son extremadas las mujeres de la índole de Isabel: o aman, o aborrecen; las medias tintas de sus pasiones se quedan para casos raros. En las pocas horas de su estada en el ingenio, había podido observar cosas que, aunque oídas antes, no las creyó nunca reales y verdaderas. Vio, con sus ojos, que allí reinaba un estado permanente de guerra, guerra sangrienta, cruel, implacable, del negro contra el blanco, del amo contra el esclavo. Vio que el látigo estaba siempre suspendido sobre la cabeza de éste como el solo argumento y el solo estímulo para hacerle trabajar y someterle a los horrores de la esclavitud. Vio que se aplicaban castigos injustos y atroces por toda cosa y a todas horas; que jamás la averiguación del tanto de la culpa precedía a la

aplicación de la pena; y que a menudo se aplicaban dos y tres penas diferentes por una misma falta o delito; que el trato era inicuo, sin motivo que le aplacara ni freno que le moderase; que apelaba el esclavo a la fuga o al suicidio en horca como el único medio para librarse de un mal que no tenía cura ni intermitencia. He aquí la síntesis de la vida en el ingenio, según se ofreció a los ojos del alma de Isabel, en toda su desnudez.

Pero nada de esto era lo peor; lo peor, en opinión de Isabel, era la extraña apatía, la impasibilidad, la inhumana indiferencia con que amos o no, miraban los sufrimientos, las enfermedades y aún la muerte de los esclavos. Como si a nadie importara su vida bajo ningún concepto. Como si no fuera nunca el propósito de los amos corregir y reformar a los esclavos, sino meramente el deseo de satisfacer una venganza. Como si el negro fuese malvado por negro y no por esclavo. Como si tratado como bestia se extrañara que se portara a veces como fiera.

¿Cuál podía ser la causa original de un estado de cosas tan opuesto a todo sentimiento de justicia y moralidad? ¿Tendría el hábito o la educación, fuerza bastante para sofocar en el corazón, sobre todo de la mujer, el sentimiento de la piedad? ¿La costumbre de presenciar actos crueles sería capaz de encallecer la sensibilidad natural del hombre y de la mujer ilustrada y cristiana? ¿Tenía algo que ver en el asunto la antipatía instintiva de raza? ¿No estaba en el interés del amo la conservación o la prolongación de la vida del esclavo, capital viviente? Sí lo estaba, a no quedar género de duda; pero eso tenía de perversa la esclavitud, que poco a poco e insensiblemente infiltraba su veneno en el alma de los amos, trastornaba todas sus ideas de lo justo y de lo injusto, convertía al hombre en un ser todo iracundia y soberbia, destruyendo de rechazo la parte más bella de la segunda naturaleza de la mujer: la caridad.

Repasando Isabel todas estas cosas en la mente, mientras los demás contraían su atención a las escenas que se representaban en el pórtico y en el batey, la ocurrió preguntarse:--¿Por qué quiero yo a Leonardo? ¿Qué hay de común entre mis ideas y las suyas? ¿Llegaremos alguna vez a ponernos de acuerdo sobre el trato que ha de darse a los negros? Suponiendo que sobre este particular cupiera concordancia entre nosotros, ¿me resignaría a seguirle a este infierno? Y siguiéndole, ¿vería yo, cual doña Rosa, con impasibilidad, los horrores e injusticias que aquí se cometen día y noche impunemente?...

En este punto del soliloquio de Isabel, empezaba doña Rosa a mostrar el lado bello de su carácter, que aquélla ni muchas otras personas aún habían visto. Como va dicho, a su voz cayeron las prisiones del más infeliz, por humilde, de sus esclavos. Y una vez empeñada en esta línea de conducta, la prosiguió hasta el fin. Era que la impelia la especie de fiebre que produce el deseo de las buenas o las malas acciones, y procedía a ciegas en la obra del bien. Aún tenía de bruces a sus pies a Isidoro, cuando ordenó se quitaran los grillos a los seis compañeros del mismo, y no contenta con esta trascendental medida, hizo comparecer a su presencia a Tomasa y a los tres castigados por la madrugada; oyó con paciencia sus quejas, les dio algunos consejos, los consoló cuanto pudo en aquellas circunstancias y acabó por decir en tono airado:--Contra mi voluntad y expreso mandato los han azotado a Vds hoy. ¡Ea, don Liborio!, quítenle los grillos a estos negros.

Fuera el que fuese el motivo secreto que impelía a doña Rosa a reasumir _coram populi_[49] la autoridad domínica en su ingenio de _La Tinaja_, los actos piadosos con que la afirmó produjeron honda y sincera impresión en el ánimo de la concurrencia. Los hombres aprobaron y aplaudieron; las mujeres, conmovidas, derramaron lágrimas de alegría. A los ojos de Isabel, la señora de Gamboa se transfiguró, pasando de golpe, allá en su noble corazón, de las profundidades del desprecio a la más alta cima de la admiración. La vio entonces la más hermosa y buena de las mujeres. La hubiera estrechado en sus brazos con el mismo cariño que solía estrechar a su madre sana y risueña tras días y horas de ausencia; la hubiera adorado de rodillas con el mismo fervor que el primer esclavo, objeto de la piedad del ama, la había mostrado su agradecimiento.

--¡Qué dulce es, exclamó, perdonar las faltas de aquellos que dependen de nosotros! ¡Para esto únicamente es una dicha ser ama de esclavos! Y dio a llorar ya sin fuerzas para dominar su emoción.

--¡Qué! ¿Llora Vd., señorita? la preguntó el cura compadecido.

--No me es dado, contestó ella sollozando, contemplar las acciones generosas y caritativas con los ojos enjutos.

--Muchas más lágrimas derramaría Vd. tal vez por motivos opuestos, si continuase en el ingenio.

--No me parece que pudiera vivir aquí mucho tiempo.

--Señorita, observó el cura admirado de tanta sensibilidad y discreción: veo que no es Vd. de carne y de los huesos de los amos de esclavos.

--No, no lo soy. Si me viera en el caso forzoso de escoger entre ama y esclava, preferiría la esclavitud, por la sencilla razón de que creo más llevadera la vida de la víctima que la del victimario.

Adela, en su entusiasmo, rodeó el cuello de su madre con los brazos, imprimió una porción de amorosos besos en sus mejillas y la dijo:

--Pues que es hoy día de perdones, ¿llamo a...? No dio el nombre en voz alta.

--¿Quién? preguntó doña Rosa torciendo el ceño.

Con mayor timidez que antes repitió Adela al oído de su madre el nombre reprobado.

Cambió doña Rosa de repente de semblante y de actitud, pasando del fervor piadoso a la seriedad y... a la ira.

--No, no. Ella no merece perdón... Tampoco se ha dignado pedírmelo.

--Ahí cerca está para pedírtelo. Sólo aguarda mi aviso.

--No, no, hija. Que no se me presente. Me haría arrepentir de lo que he estado haciendo. No, que no se me presente.

Alejose Adela del lado de su madre afligida y llorosa.

Enseguida se procedió al bautizo de los 27 negros bozales de la expedición del bergantín _Veloz_ que le tocaron en suerte a don Cándido Gamboa; luego al casamiento de tres o cuatro esclavas, cuya voluntad no se exploró ni por mera forma; en fin, se dio permiso para que hubiera tambor (baile) en la finca hasta la puesta del sol.

Por disposición de doña Rosa, el boyero tomó interinamente el bastón, quiere decir, el látigo, mejor, el mando de los esclavos del ingenio de _La Tinaja_.

CAPÍTULO VII

15. ¿En dónde, pues, está ahora mi esperanza?

16. A lo más profundo del sepulcro descenderán mis cosas, ¿crees tú que siquiera allí tendré yo reposo?

JOB. XVII

Declinaba a toda prisa la tarde. Allá, por el rincón más apartado del batey, aún se oía el rudo tambor con que los negros se acompañaban el melancólico canto y el baile salvaje de su país natal.

Acá, por la casa de ingenio, había gran agitación y ruido. Las torres o chimeneas de los hornos para hacer vapor y calentar las pailas del tren Jamaiquino,[50] lanzaban al aire columnas de humo negruzco y espeso.

El bozal del maquinista, recién llegado del granítico Maine, en los Estados Unidos de Norte América, con la alcuza de cuello largo y corvo en la mano, iba del trapiche para la máquina y de ésta para aquél, dando aceite a las juntas y ejes, a fin de moderar la fricción, causa fatal de las pérdidas de fuerza.

Impaciente y desazonado el maestro de azúcar, aguardaba la corriente del guarapo que debía poner a prueba su habilidad en hacer ese dulce con caña molida según un nuevo sistema. Por su parte los negros del cuarto de prima miraban recelosos y azorados los preparativos que se hacían para resolver el problema de hacer azúcar sin necesidad de las ariscas mulas ni de los cachazudos bueyes.

Se ponía el sol, redondo y encendido cual bala roja, por detrás del inmenso palmar del potrero, cuando invadieron la casa de calderas los dueños de la finca, en compañía de su familia, amigos y empleados. Guiaba la procesión el cura de Quiebra Hacha, revestido de la sotana y el bonete de ceremonia. Marchaban a su lado dos caballeros conduciendo cada uno un haz de cañas, atados con cintas de seda blanca y azul, que sujetaban por la punta cuatro señoritas. Llegados delante del trapiche, murmuró el cura una breve oración en latín, roció los cilindros con agua bendita, valiéndose para ello del hisopo de plata, los caballeros colocaron enseguida las cañas en el tablero de alimentación y dio comienzo la primer molienda con máquina de vapor el célebre ingenio de _La Tinaja_.

Más tarde, o entre dos luces, se sirvió el banquete de tabla en la casa de vivienda. En el intermedio de la comida a los postres vinieron a avisar al médico que su presencia era necesaria en la enfermería. Fue, y volvió al cabo de media hora un si es no es cariacontecido, saliendo a recibirle don Cándido con desusada solicitud para preguntarle:

--¿Novedad, Mateu?

--Novedad y gorda, señor don Cándido, contestó el médico con el mismo laconismo.

--Bien vengas, mal, si vienes sólo, dijo don Cándido revestido de toda su calma. Afuera con el embuchado.

--Acaba Vd. de perder su mejor negro.

--Sea todo por Dios. ¿Cuál?

--Pedro carabalí. Se ha suicidado en el cepo.

--¡Bah! Más ha perdido él que yo. ¿Qué arma ha empleado?

--Ninguna.

--¡Cómo! Entonces ha hecho uso del dogal.

--Menos. En pocas palabras, señor don Cándido, el negro se ha tragado la lengua.

--¡Qué me dice Vd.! ¡Ahora menos lo entiendo!

--Lo entenderá Vd., cuando le diga que este es un caso de asfixia por causa mecánica.

--¡Si creerá Vd., doctor, que yo hablo el griego!

--Diré a Vd., señor don Cándido. Ora haya hecho uso el negro de los dedos, ora de un poderoso esfuerzo de absorción, evidente es que, doblando la punta de la lengua hacia dentro, empujó la glotis sobre la tráquea y quedó ésta obliterada, impidiendo la entrada y salida del aire en los pulmones, o cesando la inspiración y la expiración. He aquí lo que el vulgo llama tragarse la lengua, y que nosotros llamamos asfixia por causa mecánica. Durante mis viajes a la costa del África he tenido ocasión de observar varios casos; pero en mi larga práctica de los ingenios de la Isla, éste es el primero que se me presenta. Tal género de muerte, lo mismo que el del ahogado, debe ser muy doloroso, peor que el de estrangulación en horca, porque no se produce la asfixia instantáneamente, sino por grados, en todo su conocimiento, y después de una agonía atroz. Si hiciéramos la autopsia del cadáver, veríamos que el sistema venoso está ingurgitado de sangre de color negruzco muy oscuro, lo mismo el pulmón y el cerebro.

--A fe que no había oído en mi vida semejante cosa, dijo Cándido. Vamos a la enfermería.

En esta excursión (no fue otra cosa) acompañaron a don Cándido sus huéspedes y algunos empleados. El Cura y el Capitán del partido meramente por hacerle honor, pues para el primero ya había pasado la ocasión de ejercer su santo ministerio con el suicida; para el segundo, ni antes ni después de la muerte del esclavo habría tenido ocasión de ejercer el suyo, mediante a que dentro de los límites de sus haciendas o dominios era _ipso jure_ señor de horca y cuchillo don Cándido Gamboa.

Dispuso éste retiraran el cadáver del cepo. Horrorosa era su vista, habiendo adquirido ya la rigidez de la muerte. Tendido de espaldas en la tarima, su lecho de agonía, aún apretaba los bordes con los dedos crispados. A consecuencia de las mordidas de los perros, tenía hinchados los brazos, las piernas y el levantado pecho; los ojos casi fuera de sus cuencas e inyectados de sangre, de la cual estaban salpicadas sus ropas en girones.

Contribuía a darle un aspecto feroz el tener la piel de la frente arrollada desde la línea de las cejas hasta el nacimiento de la pasa, y zajadas las mejillas verticalmente desde el párpado inferior hasta la orilla de la quijada, a usanza de la tribu en su país natal. Parte de esa costumbre era el aguzarse los dientes superiores, que dejaba ver a través de los labios entreabiertos, trabados con los de la mandíbula inferior: nueva prueba ésta de la lucha entre la vida y la muerte. No acusaba su semblante más de 27 ó 30 años de edad; de modo que se hallaba entonces en todo el vigor y desarrollo de su juventud.

--¡Lástima de negro!, dijo Cocco.

--Valía lo que pesaba en oro para el trabajo, dijo don Cándido interpretando en su verdadero sentido la exclamación del administrador de _Valvanera_.

--He ahí la vera efigie de un salvaje africano, dijo el Cura. Dios tenga piedad de su alma.

--Debió haber sido ese negro la pura soberbia, dijo el Capitán Peña con aire sentencioso.

--Y dígalo, dijo Moya satisfecho, porque había allí uno que diera forma a su pensamiento en aquel instante. Más cachorro no ha _salío_ de la Guinea.

--Ha muerto en su ley, dijo el gallego mayordomo de la finca. Dios no le tome en cuenta sus muchos pecados.

--Veamos lo que dice María de Regla, dijo don Cándido sin mirar de lleno a la cara de la enfermera.

Insensiblemente las personas que acababan de hablar se habían situado en torno del cadáver, que entonces alumbraba a medias con la vela de cera amarilla, desde el pie de la tarima, la negra mencionada por don Cándido. Ella, con los ojos bajos, dijo:

--Le contaré a mi señor lo que ha pasado.

La precisión y claridad de las pocas palabras vertidas, junto con el acento argentino y medido de su voz, pregonándola como mujer de talento y de algún trato social, le ganaron desde luego la atención de los circunstantes. Poseía ella ambas cosas en grado notable, relativamente a su falta de escuela y a su condición de esclava desde la cuna. A la natural perspicacia y carácter dulce y simpático, combinados con un exterior agradable y fino, se agregaba el haber servido de doncella a sus primeros amos; teniendo ocasión de rozarse más con éstos y con las personas decentes que visitaban la casa que con las ignorantes de su misma condición, y de aprender, no ya sólo las maneras, sino el modo de decir y de portarse en sociedad la gente blanca y educada. Frisaba en los 36 ó 40 de la edad, como la atestaban sus formas redondeadas y voluptuosas. Dos medias lunas grandes de oro pendían de sus orejas, y para ocultar las pasas, que detestaba, se cubría la cabeza con un pañuelo de algodón, dicho de Bayajá, atado con bastante gracia y coquetería, a guisa de turbante turco. En el momento de que hablamos, su aspecto y tono de voz revelaban mucho disgusto y tristeza.

--Le contaré a mi señor lo que ha pasado a mi vista, dijo ella cual si hablara con el muerto y no con su amo. Pedro, desde que le pusieron en el cepo, se negó a comer y hablar. Sólo esta madrugada bebió un poco de sambumbia, que le hice tragar, como quien dice, de por fuerza. El hambre se aguanta, la sed no hay quien la entretenga siquiera, y él, por las mordidas, debía de sentir una sed ardiente. Después, como hacía veinticuatro horas que no pasaba bocado, como había ya perdido mucha sangre y se le habían inflamado las heridas, a pesar de las unturas que ordenó el médico, estaba muy débil, irritado, no podía reconciliar el sueño. Se calmó un poco luego que apagó la sed. Pero no ladraba un perro, no cantaba un gallo, no se oían pasos de gente o de animales en el batey sin que él se moviera, le crujieran los huesos en la tarima y se pusiera a escuchar. Los primeros cuerazos de don Liborio esta mañanita le causaron un sobresalto grandísimo y no tuvo un momento de reposo. A cada cuerazo se estremecía de pies a cabeza, lo mismito que hace el caballo (y perdonen sus mercedes la comparación) cuando le quitan la silla después de un largo viaje.

«Estoy segura, añadió la enfermera con cierta timidez, que más le dolieron los bocabajos a Pedro que a aquéllos a quienes se los dieron. Le entró una especie de furia. Murmuraba en su lengua palabras que yo no entendía. Parecía loco. En esto trajeron a Julián más muerto que vivo, entre cuatro morenos. Pedro lo vio. Era su ahijado de bautismo y se convenció de que estaban castigando a sus compañeros de fuga. Entonces se remató. Estoy persuadida que si hubiera podido, hace añicos el cepo. Le cogí miedo. Trataba de sacar los pies de los agujeros; dejé la cura de Julián y me acerqué cuanto pude a la tarima de Pedro. Le encontré sentado, mirando para todas partes, cual si esperara que vinieran por él a cada rato para darle un bocabajo.

«¿Qué tienes, Pedro?, le pregunté. ¿Qué sientes? ¿qué te duele? ¿qué quieres? Me miró fijamente, dio un gran suspiro y dijo con la garganta, no con la lengua:--_Lamo._ ¿Llamo?, le pregunté. ¿A quién llamo, al médico? Se quedó callado. Di, Pedro, ¿quieres que mande por el amo? Abrió tamaños ojos, enseñó los dientes y repitió: _Lamo, lamo... su mercea_, concluyó diciendo María de Regla con mayor timidez, sin levantar la vista para don Cándido.»

Este no hizo más que sonreírse ligeramente y la enfermera prosiguió su gráfica narración.

«Yo le contesté: todavía no, Pedro; todo el mundo duerme en la casa de vivienda; velaré, y así que salga el amo, le avisaré que quieres verlo. Duerme, descansa un rato. Por fortuna en aquella misma hora se oyó alejarse a la gente y Pedro dio un suspiro. No

venían por él. Después me pareció inútil avisar al amo. Estaban ocupados con la repartición de las esquifaciones, el bautismo de los bozales... Señorita estaba quitando grillos y perdonando a todos; ¿quién no creería que se había pasado el peligro? Pero en mala hora entró aquí don Liborio a buscar algo que se le había quedado anoche. Venía furioso. Dijo que lo habían botado por culpa de Pedro, pero que no se quedaría riendo el muy cachorro, pues había ordenado el señor don Cándido que le dieran un novenario luego que se pusiera bueno, y que si él no tenía el gusto de dárselo se lo daría el otro Mayoral. No se aparecía el amo y Pedro creyó que estaba bravo y que don Liborio decía verdad. Desde este momento decidió quitarse la vida. Me asomé a la ventana para ver el baile de tambor por un instante, cuando sentí que Pedro se movía; volvía la cara y noté que se andaba en la boca con los dedos. No pensé nada malo, pero hizo un movimiento cual si le entraran náuseas. Corrí a su lado... Acababa de sacarse los dedos de la boca, apretaba los dientes y procuraba agarrarse de la tarima con las dos manos. Entonces le entraron convulsiones. Me dio horror; mandé llamar al médico, y sin saber cómo ni cuándo se me quedó muerto entre los brazos. Así como está ahora le encontró el señor don José (el médico). Muchos he visto morir desde que estoy aquí, pero ningún muerto me ha causado tanto horror.»

--Se explica la negra, dijo Cocco a don Cándido cuando salían de la enfermería.

--No sabe Vd., todas las letras menudas que tiene, repuso don Cándido a media voz. He aquí la causa de su perdición. Si fuese menos bachillera estaría quizás más contenta con su suerte.

--Pues qué, ¿es mujer de aspiraciones?

--¡Que si es! Demasiado. Apresurémonos no sea que perdamos el plus café. Luego Rosa extrañará nuestra demora y no conviene todavía que sepa la muerte del negro.

Conocidamente pasaba don Cándido por el carácter de la enfermera como por sobre ascuas. No era indiferencia la suya, tampoco desdén, menos desprecio: era miedo, puro miedo no fuera que se averiguase la posición en que se hallaba colocado respecto de ésa su humilde esclava. Porque es bueno se diga una vez más, que don Cándido Gamboa y Ruiz, caballero español, rico hacendado de Cuba, fundador de una familia distinguida que llevaría su preclaro nombre quién sabe hasta qué generación, con ínfulas de noble, ya en camino de titular y ganoso de rozarse con la gente encopetada y aristocrática de La Habana, se sentía atado a la enfermera de su ingenio de _La Tinaja_ por lazos que, no por invisibles eran menos fuertes e inquebrantables. María de Regla poseía el único secreto de su vida libertina que le avergonzaba y hacía infeliz en medio de la grandeza y el boato de que ahora se veía rodeado.

El día siguiente armose en _La Tinaja_ divertida cabalgata, compuesta de las señoritas Ilincheta y las dos más jóvenes de Gamboa, escoltadas por el hermano de éstas, por Meneses y por Coceo.

Hacía tiempo hermoso, quiere decir, que las nubes aplomadas que encapotaban el cielo, impedían el brillo del sol en toda su fuerza, mientras el aire seco del norte, que a su paso por el angosto brazo del Golfo no había podido despojarse de los fríos vapores del vecino continente, refrescaba que era una delicia la atmósfera de toda esa costa cubana. Isabel, diestra jinete, orgullosa de su habilidad, amaba el ejercicio a caballo y se hacía la ilusión que dominaría a su sabor el campo desde la silla, respiraría aire más puro y más libre y ensancharía los horizontes de su existencia, cruelmente circunscritos en el ingenio de _La Tinaja_. Este inesperado desahogo lo demandaban a una su cuerpo, su espíritu y su corazón.

El tropel de las caballerías, esguazando el río, camino de la estancia, hizo levantar a los vocingleros totíes y a las hurañas palomas rabiches que habían bajado a beber o a bañarse a la lengua del agua, abrigadas por las tendidas ramas de los robles.

--¡Qué sombrío! exclamó Isabel. Convida ese charco a bañarse.

--Es muy hondo al pie de la palma sobre la margen derecha, observó Gamboa.

--¿Cómo que hondo? preguntó la joven.

--Tapa a un hombre.

--Entonces se podrá nadar con desembarazo.

--Sí, pero es muy peligroso bañarse allí a causa de los caimanes que suelen ascender el río desde la boca. En ese mismo charco que tanto incita a Isabel, perdió papá un perdiguero que quería mucho. Yo era un chicuelo entonces y le acompañaba en la caza. Le disparó un tiro a un aguaitacaimán y cayó en mitad del charco; tras él se lanzó el perro para traerle a la orilla, pero sin darle

alcance se hundió bajo de las aguas cual si le faltaran las fuerzas de repente. Luego apareció en la superficie un borbollón de sangre, por donde conoció papá que le había atrapado un caimán.

Buen efecto producían el arrozal en lo más hondo de un vallecito, irguiendo sus innumerables espigas, todavía verdes, en busca del calor solar y el campo de maíz en las laderas de las colinas, con sus flores de color morado y las barbas rubias de sus mazorcas.

En el platanal inmediato abundaban los racimos amarillos, que por su mucho peso hacían inclinar la cepa hasta besar la tierra con la punta de sus anchas y largas hojas, cual láminas de acero.

Corriendo a la ventura, sin detenerse en ninguna parte, nuestros paseantes repasaron el río por un vado más abajo del anterior, dejando tras sí los terrenos de la estancia y entrando en los del potrero, por medio de un dilatadísimo palmar. Sus enhiestos y blancos troncos remedaban las gigantes columnas de un templo antiguo arruinado. Tenía establecido en él su campamento una banda de aquellas aves, especie de cuervos que en su canto o grito expresan por onomatopeya el nombre bajo el cual se les conoce vulgarmente en Cuba: cao, cao.

En tan gran número se habían juntado que ennegrecían el racimo de la palma o la penca donde se posaban; y lejos de asustarlas o hacerlas abandonar el puesto las pisadas de las caballerías o las voces alegres de los jinetes, eso mismo pareció aumentar su algarabía y desfachatez, expresada en las miradas de soslayo que lanzaban desde sus naturales alcándaras, cual si poseyeran inteligencia y quisieran burlarse de quienes no tenían alas para llegar hasta ellas.

--No se reirían Vds. de mí, dijo Gamboa, si tuviera a mano mi escopeta. Yo haría descender más que de prisa a algunos de esos bribones.

--Tan dudoso es lo que Vd. dice, dijo Cocco con sorna, que viene bien aquí aquello de «al mejor cazador se le va una liebre».

--¿Por qué así? preguntó Isabel, que se daba por diestra tiradora.

--Diré a Vd., señorita, repuso Cocco con su vocecilla gangosa e innata cortesía. Porque con el calor del día se le pone la pluma muy resbaladiza lo mismo al cao que a la paloma torcaz, y no le entra fácilmente la munición.

Luego cambiaron de rumbo los paseantes, rodeando la finca por el lado norte, que era la porción más elevada del terreno. Desde una de sus alturitas se alcanzaba a ver un pedazo del mar azul, en la apariencia sereno, y allá en el horizonte algunas velas blancas como otras tantas aves acuáticas rizando la linfa de un manso lago.

Cerraba la guardarraya que recorrían los paseantes, un bosque alteroso que servía de línea divisoria entre el ingenio de _La Tinaja_ y el de _La Angosta_ del otro lado. Según recordaba Leonardo debía de haber una vereda que atravesaba dicho bosque, y siguiendo la cual podía llegarse a la finca del Conde de Fernandina en la mitad del tiempo que se emplearía en caso de ir por el camino real o de la Playa. La vía naturalmente era muy estrecha y estaría en parte obstruida por ramas bajas y espinosas de los árboles y plantas trepadoras, en las cuales bien podían dejar las señoras, como se descuidasen, girones de sus vestidos. Esto entendido, les propuso acometer la ardua empresa.

Había novedad en la propuesta, por lo mismo que se corría peligro; razón de más para que las señoritas, ganosas de aventuras, la aceptasen de plano y aun con entusiasmo. ¿Qué importaba un arañazo más o menos si se prolongaba un poco aquel rato de libertad y de expansión? La intrépida Isabel, sobre todas, a quien el aire del campo y el ejercicio ecuestre habían devuelto las rosas a sus mejillas, el fuego a sus ojos y la sonrisa a sus labios, exclamó:--¿Quién dijo miedo? Adelante. No se diría nunca que por donde pasó un hombre a caballo Isabel se quedó atrás.

Penetraron todos en el sombrío bosque, llenos de alegría. Pero apenas anduvieron corto trecho, uno detrás de otro, abriéndose paso a veces con las manos, cuando tuvieron que detenerse. Empezó a sentirse un hedor fuerte, como de cuerpo muerto; y de seguidas descubriose una vasta congregación de _auras tiñosas_, rindiendo con su peso las ramas de los árboles que servían como de arcos triunfales a la vereda. Algunas de esas asquerosas aves, las más cercanas, a la vista de los caminantes emprendieron el vuelo, y haciendo un ruido tremendo con sus amplias y pesadas alas, fueron a posarse algo más lejos. Otras, las más distantes, no sólo no se movieron de sus perchas naturales, sino que se pusieron a ojear en todas direcciones con aire siniestro. La causa de su amenazadora actitud se echó luego de ver: se entretenían en devorar el cadáver de un negro, colgado por el pescuezo de la rama de un árbol a orillas de la vereda, e interrumpidas en lo más interesante del festín, manifestaban su indignación de la manera dicha.

En los momentos de acercarse los jóvenes, oscilaba ligeramente el cuerpo. Esta circunstancia engañó de pronto a Leonardo, que llevaba la delantera, respecto de su estado actual; pero la reflexión de que las auras al abandonarle le habían impreso el movimiento oscilatorio, aun observable, le sacó prontamente del error. Habíanle extraído los ojos y la lengua, y cuando fueron interrumpidas buscaban afanosas el corazón con sus encorvados picos.

--¡Mira! dijo Gamboa a Isabel, que le seguía de cerca indicándola, con el brazo tendido, el horrible cadáver contra el cual estuvo él mismo a punto de tropezar.

--¡Ay, Leonardo! exclamó ella horrorizada.

Perdió el color y el habla, y hubiera perdido también el conocimiento y caído de la silla al suelo si Leonardo, advirtiendo su imprudencia, no revuelve a toda prisa el caballo, la coge de la mano, le da los dictados más cariñosos, le pide mil perdones y la saca al limpio, invirtiendo el orden de la marcha.

Mientras Leonardo despachaba el guardiero Caimán al bosque para identificar, si era posible, la persona del suicida, Meneses acudió por agua al arroyo inmediato, la trajo y se la hizo beber a Isabel en un vaso rústico, de forma de cartucho, hecho de una yagua recién desprendida de la palma.

Averiguose que el muerto era Pablo, compañero de Pedro, que se quedó en el bosque cuando los otros cinco prófugos, inducidos por Tomasa y con el apoyo de Caimán, resolvieron presentarse a los amos.

La estaba reservado a Isabel, en su breve correría por los campos del ingenio de _La Tinaja_, encuentro no menos desagradable que el anterior. Dando la vuelta con lento paso por una guardarraya paralela a la que llevaron antes, no a fin de alargar el paseo, sino con el de distraer a Isabel, aun no repuesta del choque, avistaron un cercado de regular tamaño, con puerta de tablas mal unidas y una cruz tosca de madera sobrepuesta en el centro. Parecía indicar su destino este signo de la fe del cristiano; pero ante la ausencia absoluta de monumentos, losas o camellones de sepulturas, ante la lujosa vegetación herbácea del suelo, costaba creer que era el cementerio donde se enterraban los esclavos que morían en el ingenio de _La Tinaja_. El señor Obispo Espada había concedido su establecimiento en aquellas fincas rurales que por su lejanía de los centros de población o de las parroquias hacía difícil a la salud pública la conducción de los cadáveres.

Sin duda porque todos, o casi todos, sabían el destino del cercado, nadie habló de él. Pasaron de largo y tomaron otra guardarraya en dirección del ingenio. Descendían luego una cuesta suave y prolongada a medida que la subían tres negros a pie. Dos caminaban delante, cada cual con su azadón al hombro. El otro algo más atrás, conducía del diestro un caballo de mal pelaje. A cierta distancia no era fácil conocer, al menos por las señoritas de la cabalgata, el objeto de la procesión ni la naturaleza de la carga.

Descubríanse solamente dos como cilindros o trozos de cepa de plátano, asegurados longitudinalmente en los lados del aparejo común de carga en el país, a guisa de cañones de campaña trasportados a lomos de acémilas. Para Leonardo todo este misterio desapareció desde el momento que pudo ligar la idea de los tres negros que marchaban en esa dirección, preparados para abrir una sepultura.

Pero, ¿quién era el muerto? ¿dónde estaba? Iba de espaldas en lo que puede llamarse la batalla del aparejo encajonado entre las dos cepas de plátano. Por más señas que, sobresaliendo el cuerpo, la cabeza cubierta con un pañuelo a cuadros, batía colgando un lado del pescuezo del caballo, por más despacio que marchaba; al mismo tiempo que le golpeaba las ancas con los calcañales de los pies desnudos.

La guardarraya era muy angosta. A un lado y otro se desplegaban cañaverales extensos y cerrados. El encuentro se hacía inevitable. En tal aprieto, y deseoso Leonardo de ahorrar a sus amigos, en cuanto cabía, el nuevo mal rato que se les esperaba, mandó picar el paso so pretexto de que se hacía tarde, y él mismo procuró tomar la derecha de Isabel y divertir su atención hacia el otro lado del campo. Inútil cuidado. Todas las jóvenes, que entonces marchaban de dos en fondo, vieron y entendieron perfectamente de lo que se trataba, tributando quien un ¡pobrecito! quien una lágrima silenciosa a la memoria del muerto Pedro; el cual, por ser negro y esclavo, no era menos digno de su compasión. Porque ellas, aunque criadas a la leche de la esclavitud, como tiernas flores que abrían sus pétalos a los primeros rayos del sol de la vida, bien podían exclamar con el orador latino: _homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto_.[51]

Recibió doña Rosa a los paseantes con vivas muestras de cariño y regocijo. Tomó a Isabel por la mano y dijo hablando en general:

--Gracias a Dios que han vuelto. Sobre que ya iba entrando en cuidado. Me pareció que les había sucedido algo. Luego, me acaban de decir que ésta (Isabel) pierde el juicio en cuanto monta a caballo. Supongo que se han divertido mucho.

Isabel se sonrió meramente y se retiró a su cuarto con Adela; pero Leonardo, Meneses y Cocco protestaron del juicio con que todas las señoritas se habían portado en el largo paseo.

--Me alegro, me alegro, dijo doña Rosa. Mas luego, dirigiéndose en particular a su hijo, añadió: ¿Qué tiene? (Se refería a Isabel.)

--Nada, que yo sepa, replicó Leonardo.

--Me parece que ha venido más triste. ¿Se ha enfermado en el paseo? ¿O tú le has hecho algo?

--¿Yo, mamá? Jamás he estado más amable y cumplido con ella.

Entonces Leonardo refirió a su madre cuanto habían visto en su malhadado paseo; su encuentro con el negro ahorcado en el bosque y con el entierro de Pedro.

--Pero ¡hombre! ¿a quién se le ocurre llevar a las muchachas por semejantes andurriales?

--¿Y yo qué sabía, mamá? Para adivino, Dios.

--¿No lo decía yo? De esta hecha Isabel no vuelve a poner los pies en el ingenio. Se figurará que siempre es lo mismo.

--Ella no se ha quejado.

--Sabe mucho Isabel y es demasiado discreta para decir lo que siente, sin ton ni son; pero se conoce que esto no le ha gustado ni un poquito. Y tu padre está creído que cuando te cases con ella vendrán Vds. a menudo a _La Tinaja_ a pasar largas temporadas. El dice que tú tarde que temprano, has de ser el administrador, y parecería muy feo que tu mujer se quedase en La Habana...

--¿Han arreglado ya Vds. el plan?

--¡Cómo! ¡Qué! ¿No te gusta?

--¿El plan o la novia?

--La novia y el plan, hijo.

--La novia me gusta un puñado, no lo puedo negar; pero, ¿es hora de casarme, mamá? El casamiento es cosa seria, tú lo sabes. No ha de hacerse cochiherviti. En cuanto a la administración del ingenio, ¿crees tú que yo deba encerrarme en este desierto, cuando empiezo a gozar?

--No sabes cuánto gusto me da el oírte hablar así, hijo mío. Salomón no se expresaría con más juicio. Eso mismo le decía yo a tu padre anoche. ¿Para qué tanta prisa? Pero él es muy porfiado, testarudo y caprichoso, más que un vizcaíno. Se le ha puesto que te cases el año entrante y eso ha de ser. Tú, sin embargo, no tienes por qué apurarte ni afligirte. Como tú eres quien se casa y no tu padre, se hará el casamiento cuando convenga. Mas si bien se mira, Leonardito, tu padre no deja de tener razón. El me ha hecho sus reflexiones, y... casi, casi que me ha convencido. Porque dice: Mañana es otro día nos morimos nosotros. ¿Qué será de todo esto? ¿Qué de nuestros cuantiosos bienes? ¿qué de tus hermanas si aún no se han casado? Soltero tú no podrás cuidarlas, dirigirlas ni protegerlas. Todo andará manga por hombro, vendrán a menos los bienes cada día, y, sobre todo, se destruirá la casa que tanto trabajo nos ha costado fundar... El cree que en el primer correo de España le viene el título de Conde de La Tinaja o de Casa Gamboa. Ha dejado el nombre a la elección de su agente en Madrid. El título pasará a ti, mejor dicho, tú lo disfrutarás, pues para ti verdaderamente se ha pedido. Entonces, además que sería una vergüenza que trabajaras personalmente, como tu padre ha trabajado toda su vida, ¿qué necesidad, tampoco tendrías tú de ello? Al contrario, si nuestra muerte y el condado te encuentran casado y firmemente establecido, ¿cuán diferente no será tu suerte y la de tus hermanas? ¿Ni con quién pudieras enlazarte mejor que con Isabel que es tan buena y virtuosa? Cada vez me gusta más esa muchacha. Si yo fuera hombre me parece que la enamoraba y me casaba con ella. Por otra parte, hijo mío, ¿quién atendería esto mejor que tú que eres su dueño y que te duele? Mira, cada vez que me acuerdo que por debilidad mía... No tal, por majaderías de tu padre, se dejó tanto tiempo de Mayoral de esta finca a don Liborio, a ese bandolero, cara de hereje, me da cólera de mí misma. ¿Para qué servía ese condenado? Nada más

que para enamorar las negras y desollar los negros con el cuero. Se deleitaba en dar bocabajos, según me ha contado la mujer de Moya. Tenía convertido el ingenio en un presidio. Por nada y nada cargaba de grillos al mejor negro después de arrancarle la tira del pellejo. Creo firmemente que si no le boto no me deja uno vivo. El tuvo la culpa de que se huyeran tantos; por él es fácil que se muera de pasmo todavía Julián. Le dio un bocabajo a Tomasa sabiendo que yo le servía de madrina, lo mismo que a los otros que se habían huido con ella. ¡Bárbaro! Estamos de malas. Dios quiera que el año venidero sea mejor para nosotros. Para complemento de desgracias, acaba de recibirse carta de La Habana en que participa don Melitón que desapareció Dionisio desde el día 24, y que ha oído decir lo mataron de una puñalada por el barrio de Jesús María. Descerrajó el escaparate de tu padre y se llevó la casaca, el calzón corto de paño, las medias de seda y los zapatos con hebillas de oro que usaba antes de la Constitución del año 12. ¿Qué se propuso hacer con esa ropa? ¿Venderla? Nadie se la compraría. ¿Has visto qué pícaro? ¡Qué malvado! ¡Y después de esto crea Vd. en la honradez y formalidad de los negros! Dios me perdone, pero el mejor... merece que lo quemen vivo. ¡Cuánta ingratitud contra amos tan buenos!

CAPÍTULO VIII

¡Ay del señor, que sus vasallos deja Al cielo remitir su justa queja!

LOPE DE VEGA

La familia de Gamboa, en unión de sus huéspedes, pasó la mayor parte de la noche del segundo día de Pascuas en la casa de calderas.

Alumbraban el trapiche unas fogatas que habían encendido los negros, no tanto para obtener claridad en aquel ancho y tenebroso edificio, como para calentarse; pues se sentía un relente desapacible y ellos carecían de abrigo, excepto el gorro de lana que algunos llevaban puesto. Ruidos distintos y gran batahola reinaban por todas partes. Hombres y mujeres pasaban y repasaban del tablero de alimentación del trapiche a las pilas de cañas, ya con los brazados a la cabeza, ya de vacío, según era el caso; todos siempre de carrera, estimulados por el látigo del contramayoral, que no les concedía momentos de descanso ni de respiro. En sus idas y venidas pasaban lo más cerca que podían de las fogatas, así para atizarlas con el pie como para recibir de lleno el calor, en cuyas ocasiones la llama rojiza, cual siniestro relámpago en medio de una noche tempestuosa, solía iluminarlos de pies a cabeza, con lo que se podía echar de ver que eran seres humanos y no fantasmas de las regiones infernales quienes desempeñaban tan recias faenas en horas que la mayoría de los obreros se entrega al sueño.

En esta parte de la casa de calderas no se oían, pues, más que los estallidos de los ramos verdes y del bagazo todavía húmedo con que los negros alimentaban el fuego, o el crujido de los haces de caña al pasar por entre los cilindros macizos y relucientes del trapiche, o el zumbido sordo, peculiar del volante de la máquina de vapor en sus vertiginosos giros. Con este afanoso trabajar, desaparecían una tras otra las pilas de caña, especie de murallas verdes, que al principio circunvalaban casi la casa de ingenio; de suerte que la corriente del guarapo en la canal de madera hacía el mismo murmurio que un arroyuelo ordinario.

El departamento propio de las calderas estaba pobremente alumbrado por unos cuantos candiles de grasa común colgados a trechos de las gruesas vigas, en derredor del laboratorio o tren Jamaiquino. Más humo que luz emitían, soltando de cu

[... TRUNCATED at 800,000 chars for file-size management — full text in original source ...]

==========

Astounding Stories of Super-Science, August 1930

Various

Project Gutenberg Release: August 23, 2009 · eBook #29768

Produced by Sankar Viswanathan, Greg Weeks, and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team at http://www.pgdp.net

ASTOUNDING

STORIES

OF SUPER-SCIENCE

20¢

On Sale the First Thursday of Each Month

W. M. CLAYTON, Publisher HARRY BATES, Editor DR. DOUGLAS M. DOLD, Consulting Editor

The Clayton Standard on a Magazine Guarantees

That the stories therein are clean, interesting, vivid, by leading writers of the day and purchased under conditions approved by the Authors' League of America;

That such magazines are manufactured in Union shops by American workmen;

That each newsdealer and agent is insured a fair profit;

That an intelligent censorship guards their advertising pages.

The other Clayton magazines are:

ACE-HIGH MAGAZINE, RANCH ROMANCES, COWBOY STORIES, CLUES, FIVE-NOVELS MONTHLY, ALL STAR DETECTIVE STORIES, RANGELAND LOVE STORY MAGAZINE, and WESTERN ADVENTURES.

More than Two Million Copies Required to Supply the Monthly Demand for Clayton Magazines.

* * * * *

VOL. III, No. 2 CONTENTS AUGUST, 1930

COVER DESIGN H. W. WESSOLOWSKI _Painted in Water-colors from a Scene in "The Planet of Dread."_

THE PLANET OF DREAD R. F. STARZL 147 _A Stupid Blunder--and Mark Forepaugh Faces a Lifetime of Castaway Loneliness in the Savage Welter of the Planet Inra's Monster-ridden Jungles._

THE LORD OF SPACE VICTOR ROUSSEAU 158 _A Black Caesar Had Arisen on Eros--and All Earth Trembled at His Distant Menace._

THE SECOND SATELLITE EDMOND HAMILTON 175 _Earth-men War on Frog-vampires for the Emancipation of the Human Cows of Earth's Second Satellite._ (A Novelet.)

SILVER DOME HARL VINCENT 192 _In Her Deep-buried Kingdom of Theros, Phaestra Reveals the Amazing Secret of the Silver Dome._

EARTH, THE MARAUDER ARTHUR J. BURKS 210 _Deep in the Gnome-infested Tunnels of the Moon, Sarka and Jaska Are Brought to Luar the Radiant Goddess Against Whose Minions the Marauding Earth Had Struck in Vain._ (Part Two of a Three-Part Novel.)

MURDER MADNESS MURRAY LEINSTER 237 _Bell Has Fought through Tremendous Obstacles to Find and Kill The Master, Whose Diabolical Poison Makes Murder-mad Snakes of the Hands; and, as He Faces the Monster at Last--His Own Hands Start to Writhe!_ (Conclusion.)

THE FLYING CITY H. THOMPSON RICH 260 _From Space Came Cor's Disc-city of Vada--Its Mighty, Age-old Engines Weakening--Its Horde of Dwarfs Hungry for the Earth!_

THE READERS' CORNER ALL OF US 279 _A Meeting Place for Readers of Astounding Stories._

* * * * *

Single Copies, 20 Cents (In Canada, 25 Cents) Yearly Subscription, $2.00

Issued monthly by Publishers' Fiscal Corporation, 80 Lafayette St., New York, N. Y. W. M. Clayton, President; Nathan Goldmann, Secretary. Entered as second-class matter December 7, 1929, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under Act of March 3, 1879. Title registered as a Trade Mark in the U. S. Patent Office. Member Newsstand Group--Men's List. For advertising rates address E. R. Crowe & Co., Inc., 25 Vanderbilt Ave., New York; or 225 North Michigan Ave., Chicago.

* * * * *

The Planet of Dread

By R. F. Starzl

[Illustration: _This time Forepaugh was ready for it._]

[Sidenote: A stupid blunder--and Mark Forepaugh faces a life of castaway loneliness in the savage welter of the planet Inra's monster-ridden jungles.]

There was no use hiding from the truth. Somebody had blundered--a fatal blunder--and they were going to pay for it! Mark Forepaugh kicked the pile of hydrogen cylinders. Only a moment ago he had broken the seals--the mendacious seals that certified to the world that the flasks were fully charged. And the flasks were empty! The supply of this precious power gas, which in an emergency should have been sufficient for six years, simply did not exist.

He walked over to the integrating machine, which as early as the year 2031 had begun to replace the older atomic processes, due to the shortage of the radium series metals. It was bulky and heavy compared to the atomic disintegrators, but it was much more economical and very dependable. Dependable--provided some thick-headed stock clerk at a terrestrial supply station did not check in empty hydrogen cylinders instead of full ones. Forepaugh's unwonted curses brought a smile to the stupid, good-natured face of his servant, Gunga--he who had been banished for life from his native Mars for his impiety in closing his single round eye during the sacred Ceremony of the Wells.

The Earth man was at this steaming hot, unhealthful trading station under the very shadow of the South Pole of the minor planet Inra for an entirely different reason. One of the most popular of his set on the Earth, an athletic hero, he had fallen in love, and the devoutly wished-for marriage was only prevented by lack of funds. The opportunity to take charge of this richly paid, though dangerous, outpost of civilization had been no sooner offered than taken. In another week or two the relief ship was due to take him and his valuable collection of exotic Inranian orchids back to the Earth, back to a fat bonus, Constance, and an assured future.

It was a different young man who now stood tragically before the useless power plant. His slim body was bowed, and his clean features were drawn. Grimly he raked the cooling dust that had been forced in the integrating chamber by the electronic rearrangement of the original hydrogen atoms--finely powdered iron and silicon--the "ashes" of the last tank of hydrogen.

* * * * *

Gunga chuckled.

"What's the matter?" Forepaugh barked. "Going crazy already?"

"Me, haw! Me, haw! Me thinkin'," Gunga rumbled. "Haw! We got, haw! plenty hydr'gen." He pointed to the low metal roof of the trading station. Though it was well insulated against sound, the place continually vibrated to the low murmur of the Inranian rains

that fell interminably through the perpetual polar day. It was a rain such as is never seen on Earth, even in the tropics. It came in drops as large as a man's fist. It came in streams. It came in large, shattering masses that broke before they fell and filled the air with spray. There was little wind, but the steady green downpour of water and the brilliant continuous flashing of lightning shamed the dull soggy twilight produced by the large, hot, but hidden sun.

"_Your_ idea of a joke!" Forepaugh growled in disgust. He understood what Gunga's grim pleasantry referred to. There was indeed an incalculable quantity of hydrogen at hand. If some means could be found to separate the hydrogen atoms from the oxygen in the world of water around them they would not lack for fuel. He thought of electrolysis, and relaxed with a sigh. There was no power. The generators were dead, the air drier and cooler had ceased its rhythmic pulsing nearly an hour ago. Their lights were gone, and the automatic radio utterly useless.

"This is what comes of putting all your eggs in one basket," he thought, and let his mind dwell vindictively on the engineers who had designed the equipment on which his life depended.

An exclamation from Gunga startled him. The Martian was pointing to the ventilator opening, the only part of this strange building that was not hermetically sealed against the hostile life of Inra. A dark rim had appeared at its margin, a loathsome, black-green rim that was moving, spreading out. It crept over the metal walls like the low-lying smoke of a fire, yet it was a solid. From it emanated a strong, miasmatic odor.

"The giant mold!" Forepaugh cried. He rushed to his desk and took out his flash pistol, quickly set the localizer so as to cover a large area. When he turned he saw, to his horror, Gunga about to smash into the mold with his ax. He sent the man spinning with a blow to the ear.

"Want to scatter it and start it growing in a half-dozen places?" he snapped. "Here!"

* * * * *

He pulled the trigger. There was a light, spiteful "ping" and for an instant a cone of white light stood out in the dim room like a solid thing. Then it was gone, and with it was gone the black mold, leaving a circular area of blistered paint on the wall and an acrid odor in the air. Forepaugh leaped to the ventilating louver and closed it tightly.

"It's going to be like this from now on," he remarked to the shaken Gunga. "All these things wouldn't bother us as long as the machinery kept the building dry and cool. They couldn't live in here. But it's getting damp and hot. Look at the moisture condensing on the ceiling!"

Gunga gave a guttural cry of despair. "It knows, Boss; look!"

Through one of the round, heavily framed ports it could be seen, the lower part of its large, shapeless body half-floating in the lashing water that covered their rocky shelf to a depth of several feet, the upper part spectral and gray. It was a giant amoeba, fully six feet in diameter in its present spheroid form, but capable of assuming any shape that would be useful. It had an envelope of tough, transparent matter, and was filled with a fluid that was now cloudy and then clear. Near the center there was a mass of darker matter, and this was undoubtedly the seat of its intelligence.

The Earth man recoiled in horror! A single cell with a brain! It was unthinkable. It was a biological nightmare. Never before had he seen one--had, in fact, dismissed the stories of the Inranian natives as a bit of primitive superstition, had laughed at these gentle, stupid amphibians with whom he traded when they, in their imperfect language, tried to tell him of it.

They had called it the Ul-lul. Well, let it be so. It was an amoeba, and it was watching him. It floated in the downpour and watched him. With what? It had no eyes. No matter, it was watching him. And then it suddenly flowed outward until it became a disc rocking on the waves. Again its fluid form changed, and by a series of elongations and contractions it flowed through the water at an incredible speed. It came straight for the window, struck the thick, unbreakable glass with a shock that could be felt by the men inside. It flowed over the glass and over the building. It was trying to eat them, building and all! The part of its body over the port became so thin that it was almost invisible. At last, its absolute limit reached, it dropped away, baffled, vanishing amid the glare of the lightning and the frothing waters like the shadows of a nightmare.

* * * * *

The heat was intolerable and the air was bad.

"Haw, we have to open vent'lator, Boss!" gasped the Martian.

Forepaugh nodded grimly. It wouldn't do to smother either. Though to open the ventilator would be to invite another invasion by the black mold, not to mention the amoebae and other fabulous monsters that had up to now been kept at a safe distance by the repeller zone, a simple adaptation of a very old discovery. A zone of mechanical vibrations, of a frequency of 500,000 cycles per second, was created by a large quartz crystal in the water, which was electrically operated. Without power, the protective zone had vanished.

"We watch?" asked Gunga.

"You bet we watch. Every minute of the 'day' and 'night.'"

He examined the two chronometers, assuring himself that they were well wound, and congratulated himself that they were not dependent on the defunct power plant for energy. They were his only means of measuring the passage of time. The sun, which theoretically would seem to travel round and round the horizon, rarely succeeded in making its exact location known, but appeared to shift strangely from side to side at the whim of the fog and water.

"Th' fellas," Gunga remarked, coming out of a study. "Why not come?" He referred to the Inranians.

"Probably know something's wrong. They can tell the quartz oscillator is stopped. Afraid of the Ul-lul, I suppose."

"'Squeer," demurred the Martian. "Ul-lul not bother fellas."

"You mean it doesn't follow them into the underbrush. But it would find tough going there. Not enough water; trees there, four hundred feet high with thorny roots and rough bark--they wouldn't like that. Oh no, these natives ought to be pretty snug in their dens. Why, they're as hard to catch as a muskrat! Don't know what a muskrat is, huh? Well, it's the same as the Inranians, only different, and not so ugly."

* * * * *

For the next six days they existed in their straitened quarters, one guarding while the other slept, but such alarms as they experienced were of a minor nature, easily disposed of by their flash pistol. It had not been intended for continuous service, and under the frequent drains it showed an alarming loss of power. Forepaugh repeatedly warned Gunga to be more sparing in its use, but that worthy persisted in his practice of using it against every trifling invasion of the poisonous Inranian cave moss that threatened them, or the warm, soggy water-spiders that hopefully explored the ventilator shaft in search of living food.

"Bash 'em with a broom, or something! Never mind if it isn't nice. Save our flash gun for something bigger."

Gunga only looked distressed.

On the seventh day their position became untenable. Some kind of sea creature, hidden under the ever-replenished storm waters, had found the concrete emplacements of their trading post to its liking. Just how it was done was never learned. It is doubtful that the creatures could gnaw away the solid stone--more likely the process was chemical, but none the less it was effective. The foundations crumbled; the metal shell subsided, rolled half over so that silty water leaked in through the straining seams, and threatened at any moment to be buffeted and urged away on the surface of the flood toward that distant vast sea which covers nine-tenths of the area of Inra.

"Time to mush for the mountains," Forepaugh decided.

Gunga grinned. The Mountains of Perdition were, to his point of view, the only part of Inra even remotely inhabitable. They were sometimes fairly cool, and though perpetually pelted with rain, blazing with lightning and reverberating with thunder, they had caves that were fairly dry and too cool for the black mold. Sometimes, under favorable circumstances on their rugged peaks, one could get the full benefit of the enormous hot sun for whose actinic rays the Martian's starved system yearned.

"Better pack a few cans of the food tablets," the white man ordered. "Take a couple of waterproof sleeping bags for us, and a few hundred fire pellets. You can have the flash pistol; it may have a few more charges in it."

* * * * *

Forepaugh broke the glass case marked "Emergency Only" and removed two more flash pistols. Well he knew that he would need them after passing beyond the trading area--perhaps sooner. His eyes fell on his personal chest, and he opened it for a brief examination. None of the contents seemed of any value, and he was about to pass when he dragged out a long, heavy, .45 caliber six-shooter in a holster, and a cartridge belt filled with shells. The Martian stared.

"Know what it is?" his master asked, handing him the weapon.

"Gunga not know." He took it and examined it curiously. It was a fine museum piece in an excellent state of preservation, the metal overlaid with the patina of age, but free from rust and corrosion.

"It's a weapon of the Ancients," Forepaugh explained. "It was a sort of family heirloom and is over 300 years old. One of my grandfathers used it in the famous Northwest Mounted Police. Wonder if it'll still shoot."

He leveled the weapon at a fat, sightless wriggler that came squirming through a seam, squinting unaccustomed eyes along the barrel. There was a violent explosion, and the wriggler disappeared in a smear of dirty green. Gunga nearly fell over backward in fright, and even Forepaugh was shaken. He was surprised that the ancient cartridge had exploded at all, though he knew powder making had reached a high level of perfection before explosive chemical weapons had yielded to the newer, lighter, and infinitely more powerful ray weapons. The gun would impede their progress. It would be of very little use against the giant Carnivora of Inra. Yet something--perhaps a sentimental attachment, perhaps what his ancestors would have called a "hunch"--compelled him to strap it around his waist. He carefully packed a few essentials in his knapsack, together with one chronometer and a tiny gyroscopic compass. So equipped, they could travel with a fair degree of precision toward the mountains some hundred miles on the other side of a steaming forest, a-crawl with feral life, and hot with blood-lust.

* * * * *

Man and master descended into the warm waters and, without a backward glance, left the trading post to its fate. There was not even any use in leaving a note. Their relief ship, soon due, would never find the station without radio direction.

The current was strong, but the water gradually became shallower as they ascended the sloping rock. After half an hour they saw ahead of them the loom of the forest, and with some trepidation they entered the gloom cast by the towering, fernlike trees, whose tops disappeared in murky fog. Tangled vines impeded their progress. Quagmires lay in wait for them, and tough weeds tripped them, sometimes throwing one or another into the mud among squirming small reptiles that lashed at them with spiked, poisonous feet and then fell to pieces, each piece to lie in the bubbling ooze until it grew again into a whole animal.

Several times they almost walked under the bodies of great, spheroidal creatures with massive short legs, whose tremendously long, sinuous necks disappeared in the leafy murk above, swaying gently like long-stalked lilies in a terrestial pond. These were azornacks, mild-tempered vegetarians whose only defense lay in their thick, blubbery hides. Filled with parasites, stinking and rancid, their decaying covering of fat effectively concealed the tender flesh underneath, protecting them from fangs and rending claws.

Deeper in the forest the battering of the rain was mitigated. Giant neo-palm leaves formed a roof that shut out not only most of the weak daylight, but also the fury of the downpour. The water collected in cataracts, ran down the boles of the trees, and roared through the semi-circular canals of the snake trees, so named by early explorers for their waving, rubbery tentacles, multiplied a millionfold, that performed the duties of leaves. Water gurgled and chuckled everywhere, spread in vast dim ponds and lakes writhing with tormented roots, up-heaved by unseen, uncatalogued leviathans, rippled by translucent discs of loathsome, luminescent jelly that quivered from place to place in pursuit of microscopic prey.

Yet the impression was one of calm and quiet, and the waifs from other worlds felt a surcease of nervous tension. Unconsciously they relaxed. Taking their bearings, they changed their course slightly for the nesting place of the nearest tribe of Inranians where they hoped to get food and at least partial shelter; for their food tablets had mysteriously turned to an unpleasant viscous liquid, and their sleeping bags were alive with giant bacteria easily visible to the eye.

* * * * *

They were doomed to disappointment. After nearly twelve hours of desperate struggling through the morass, through gloomy aisles, and countless narrow escapes from prowling beasts of prey in which only the speed and tremendous power of their flash pistols saved them from instant death, they reached a rocky outcropping which led to the comparatively dry rise of land on which a

tribe of Inranians made its home. Their faces were covered with welts made by the hanging filaments of blood-sucking trees as fine as spider webs, and their senses reeled with the oppressive stench of the abysmal jungle. If the pampered ladies of the Inner Planets only knew where their thousand-dollar orchids sprang from!

Converging runways showed the opening of one of the underground dens, almost hidden from view by a bewildering maze of roots, rendered more formidable by long, sharp stakes made from the iron-hard thigh-bones of the flying kabo.

Forepaugh cupped his hands over his mouth and gave the call.

"Ouf! Ouf! Ouf! Ouf! Ouf!"

He repeated it over and over, the jungle giving back his voice in a muffled echo, while Gunga held a spare flash pistol and kept a sharp lookout for a carnivore intent on getting an unwary Inranian.

There was no answer. These timid creatures, who are often rated the most intelligent life native to primitive Inra, had sensed disaster and had fled.

Forepaugh and Gunga slept in one of the foul, poorly ventilated dens, ate of the hard, woody tubers that had not been worth taking along, and wished they had a certain stock clerk at that place at that time. They were awakened out of deep slumber by the threshing of an evil looking creature which had become entangled among the sharpened spikes. Its tremendous maw, splitting it almost in half, was opened in roars of pain that showed great yellow fangs eight inches in length. Its heavy flippers battered the stout roots and lacerated themselves in the beast's insensate rage. It was quickly dispatched with a flash pistol and Gunga cooked himself some of the meat, using a fire pellet; but despite his hunger Forepaugh did not dare eat any of it, knowing that this species, strange to him, might easily be one of the many on Inra that are poisonous to terrestials.

* * * * *

They resumed their march toward the distant invisible mountains, and were fortunate in finding somewhat better footing than they had on their previous march. They covered about 25 miles on that "day," without untoward incident. Their ray pistols gave them an insuperable advantage over the largest and most ferocious beasts they could expect to meet, so that they became more and more confident, despite the knowledge that they were rapidly using up the energy stored in their weapons. The first one had long ago been discarded, and the charge indicators of the other two were approaching zero at a disquieting rate. Forepaugh took them both, and from that time on he was careful never to waste a discharge except in case of a direct and unavoidable attack. This often entailed long waits or stealthy detours through sucking mud, and came near to ending both their lives.

The Earth man was in the lead when it happened. Seeking an uncertain footing through a tangle of low-growing, thick, ghastly white vegetation, he placed a foot on what seemed to be a broad, flat rock projecting slightly above the ooze. Instantly there was a violent upheaval of mud; the seeming rock flew up like a trap-door, disclosing a cavernous mouth some seven feet across, and a thick, triangular tentacle flew up from its concealment in the mud in a vicious arc. Forepaugh leaped back barely in time to escape being swept in and engulfed. The end of the tentacle struck him a heavy blow on the chest, throwing him back with such force as to bowl Gunga over, and whirling the pistols out of his hands into a slimy, bulbous growth nearby, where they stuck in the phosphorescent cavities the force of their impact had made.

* * * * *

There was no time to recover the weapons. With a bellow of rage the beast was out of its bed and rushing at them. Nothing stayed its progress. Tough, heavily scaled trees thicker than a man's body shuddered and fell as its bulk brushed by them. But it was momentarily confused, and its first rush carried it past its dodging quarry. This momentary respite saved their lives.

Rearing its plumed head to awesome heights, its knobby bark running with brown rivulets of water, a giant tree, even for that world of giants, offered refuge. The men scrambled up the rough trunk easily, finding plenty of hand and footholds. They came to rest on one of the shelflike circumvoluting rings, some twenty-five feet above the ground. Soon the blunt brown tentacles slithered in search of them, but failed to reach their refuge by inches.

And now began the most terrible siege that interlopers in that primitive world can endure. From that cavernous, distended throat came a tremendous, world-shaking noise.

"HOOM! HOOM! HOOM! HOOM! HOOM! HOOM!"

Forepaugh put his hand to his head. It made him dizzy. He had not believed that such noise could be. He knew that no creature could long live amidst it. He tore strips from his shredded clothing and stuffed his ears, but felt no relief.

"HOOM! HOOM! HOOM! HOOM! HOOM!"

It throbbed in his brain.

Gunga lay a-sprawl, staring with fascinated eye into the pulsating scarlet gullet that was blasting the world with sound. Slowly, slowly he was slipping. His master hauled him back. The Martian grinned at him stupidly, slid again to the edge.

Once more Forepaugh pulled him back. The Martian seemed to acquiesce. His single eye closed to a mere slit. He moved to a position between Forepaugh and the tree trunk, braced his feet.

"No you don't!" The Earth man laughed uproariously. The din was making him light-headed. It was so funny! Just in time he had caught that cunning expression and prepared for the outlashing of feet designed to plunge him into the red cavern below and to stop that hellish racket.

"And now--"

He swung his fist heavily, slamming the Martian against the tree. The red eye closed wearily. He was unconscious, and lucky.

Hungrily the Earth man stared at his distant flash pistols, plainly visible in the luminescence of their fungus bedding. He began a slow, cautious creep along the top of a vine some eight inches thick. If he could reach them....

* * * * *

Crash! He was almost knocked to the ground by the thud of a frantic tentacle against the vine. His movement had been seen. Again the tentacle struck with crushing force. The great vine swayed. He managed to reach the shelf again in the very nick of time.

"HOOM! HOOM! HOOM! HOOM! HOOM!"

A bolt of lightning struck a giant fern some distance away. The crash of thunder was hardly noticeable. Forepaugh wondered if his tree would be struck. Perhaps it might even start a fire, giving him a flaming brand with which to torment his tormentor. Vain hope! The wood was saturated with moisture. Even the fire pellets could not make it burn.

"HOOM! HOOM! HOOM! HOOM! HOOM! HOOM! HOOM!"

The six-shooter! He had forgotten it. He jerked it from its holster and pointed it at the red throat, emptied all the chambers. He saw the flash of yellow flame, felt the recoil, but the sound of the discharges was drowned in the Brobdignagian tumult. He drew back his arm to throw the useless toy from him. But again that unexplainable, senseless "hunch" restrained him. He reloaded the gun and returned it to its holster.

"HOOM! HOOM! HOOM! HOOM! HOOM! HOOM!"

A thought had been struggling to reach his consciousness against the pressure of the unbearable noise. The fire pellets! Couldn't they be used in some way? These small chemical spheres, no larger than the end of his little finger, had long ago supplanted actual fire along the frontiers, where electricity was not available for cooking. In contact with moisture they emitted terrific heat, a radiant heat which penetrated meat, bone, and even metal. One such pellet would cook a meal in ten minutes, with no sign of scorching or burning. And they had several hundred in one of the standard moisture-proof containers.

* * * * *

As fast as his fingers could work the trigger of the dispenser Forepaugh dropped the potent little pellets down the bellowing throat. He managed to release about thirty before the bellowing stopped. A veritable tornado of energy broke loose at the foot of the tree. The giant maw was closed, and the shocking silence was broken only by the thrashing of a giant body in its death agonies. The radiant heat, penetrating through and through the beast's body, withered nearby vegetation and could be easily felt on the perch up the tree.

Gunga was slowly recovering. His iron constitution helped him to rally from the powerful blow he had received, and by the time the jungle was still he was sitting up mumbling apologies.

"Never mind," said his master. "Shin down there and cut us off a good helping of roast tongue, if it has a tongue, before something else comes along and beats us out of a feast."

"Him poison, maybe," Gunga demurred. They had killed a specimen new to zoologists.

"Might as well die of poison as starvation," Forepaugh countered.

Without more ado the Martian descended, cut out some large, juicy chunks as his fancy dictated, and brought his loot back up the tree. The meat was delicious and apparently wholesome. They gorged themselves and threw away what they could not eat, for food spoils very quickly in the Inranian jungles and uneaten meat would only serve to attract hordes of the gauzy-winged, glutinous Inranian swamp flies. As they sank into slumber they could hear the beginning of a bedlam of snarling and fighting as the lesser Carnivora fed on the body of the fallen giant.

When they awoke the chronometer recorded the passing of twelve hours, and they had to tear a network of strong fibers with which the tree had invested them preparatory to absorbing their bodies as food. For so keen is the competition for life on Inra that practically all vegetation is capable of absorbing animal food directly. Many an Inranian explorer can tell tales of narrow escapes from some of the more specialized flesh-eating plants; but they are now so well known that they are easily avoided.

* * * * *

A clean-picked framework of crushed and broken giant bones was all that was left of the late bellowing monster. Six-legged water dogs were polishing them hopefully, or delving into them with their long, sinuous snouts for the marrow. The Earth man fired a few shots with his six-shooter, and they scattered, dragging the bodies of their fallen companions to a safe distance to be eaten.

Only one of the flash pistols was in working order. The other had been trampled by heavy hoofs and was useless. A heavy handicap under which to traverse fifty miles of abysmal jungle. They started with nothing for breakfast except water, of which they had plenty.

Fortunately the outcroppings of rocks and gravel washes were becoming more and more frequent, and they were able to travel at much better speed. As they left the low-lying jungle land they entered a zone which was faintly reminiscent of a terrestial jungle. It was still hot, soggy, and fetid, but gradually the most primitive aspects of the scene were modified. The over-arching trees were less closely packed, and they came across occasional rock clearings which were bare of vegetation except for a dense carpet of brown, lichenlike vegetation that secreted an astonishing amount of juice. They slipped and sloshed through this, rousing swarms of odd, toothed birds, which darted angrily around their heads and slashed at them with the razor-sharp saw edges on the back of their legs. Annoying as they were, they could be kept away with branches torn from trees, and their presence connoted an absence of the deadly jungle flesh-eaters, permitting a temporary relaxation of vigilance and saving the resources of the last flash gun.

They camped that "night" on the edge of one of these rock clearings. For the first time in weeks it had stopped raining, although the sun was still obscured. Dimly on the horizon could be seen the first of the foothills. Here they gathered some of the giant, oblong fungus that early explorers had taken for blocks of porous stone because of their size and weight, and, by dint of the plentiful application of fire pellets, managed to set it ablaze. The heat added nothing to their comfort, but it dried them out and allowed them to sleep unmolested.

* * * * *

An unwary winged eel served as their breakfast, and soon they were on their way to those beckoning hills. It had started to rain again, but the worst part of their journey was over. If they could reach the top of one of the mountains there was a good chance that they would be seen and rescued by their relief ship, provided they did not starve first. The flyer would use the mountains as a base from which to search for the trading station, and it was conceivable that the skipper might actually have anticipated their desperate adventure and would look for them in the Mountains of Perdition.

They had crossed several ranges of the foothills and were beginning to congratulate themselves when the diffused light from above was suddenly blotted out. It was raining again, and above the echo-augmented thunder they heard a shrill screeching.

"A web serpent!" Gunga cried, throwing himself flat on the ground.

Forepaugh eased into a rock cleft at his side. Just in time. A great grotesque head bore down upon him, many-fanged as a medieval dragon. Between obsidian eyes was a fissure whence emanated a wailing and a foul odor. Hundreds of short, clawed legs slithered on the rocks under a long sinuous body. Then it seemed to leap into the air again. Webs grew taut between the legs, strumming as they caught a strong uphill wind. Again it turned to the attack, and missed them. This time Forepaugh was ready for it. He shot at it with his flash pistol.

* * * * *

Nothing happened. The fog made accurate shooting impossible, and the gun lacked its former power. The web serpent continued to course back and forth over their heads.

"Guess we'd better run for it," Forepaugh murmured.

"Go 'head!"

They cautiously left their places of concealment. Instantly the serpent was down again, persistent if inaccurate. It struck the place of their first concealment and missed them.

"Run!"

They extended their weary muscles to the utmost, but it was soon apparent that they could not escape long. A rock wall in their path saved them.

"Hole!" the Martian gasped.

Forepaugh followed him into the rocky cleft. There was a strong draft of dry air, and it would have been next to impossible to hold the Martian back, so Forepaugh allowed him to lead on toward the source of the draft. As long as it led into the mountains he didn't care.

The natural passageway was untenanted. Evidently its coolness and dryness made it untenable for most of Inra's humidity and heat loving life. Yet the floor was so smooth that it must have been artificially leveled. Faint illumination was provided by the rocks themselves. They appeared to be covered by some microscopic phosphorescent vegetation.

After hundreds of twists and turns and interminable straight galleries the cleft turned more sharply upward, and they had a period of stiff climbing. They must have gone several miles and climbed at least 20,000 feet. The air became noticeably thin, which only exhilarated Gunga, but slowed the Earth man down. But at last they came to the end of the cleft. They could go no further, but above them, at least 500 feet higher, they saw a round patch of sky, miraculously bright blue sky!

"A pipe!" Forepaugh cried.

He had often heard of these mysterious, almost fabulous structures sometimes reported by passing travelers. Straight and true, smooth as glass and apparently immune to the elements, they had been occasionally seen standing on the very tops of the highest mountains--seen for a few moments only before they were hidden again by the clouds. Were they observatories of some ancient race, placed thus to pierce the mysteries of outer space? They would find out.

* * * * *

The inside of the pipe had zigzagging rings of metal, conveniently spaced for easy climbing. With Gunga leading, they soon reached the top. But not quite.

"Eh?" said Forepaugh.

"Uh?" said Gunga.

There had not been a sound, but a distinct, definite command had registered on their minds.

"Stop!"

They tried to climb higher, but could not unclasp their hands. They tried to descend, but could not lower their feet.

The light was by now relatively bright, and as by command their eyes sought the opposite wall. What they saw gave their jaded nerves an unpleasant thrill--a mass of doughy matter of a blue-green color about three feet in diameter, with something that resembled a cyst filled with transparent liquid near its center.

And this thing began to flow along the rods, much as tar flows. From the mass extended a pseudopod; touched Gunga on the arm. Instantly the arm was raw and bleeding. Terrified, immovable, he writhed in agony. The pseudopod returned to the main mass, disappearing into its interior with the strip of bloody skin.

Its attention was centered so much on the luckless Martian that its control slipped from Forepaugh. Seizing his flash pistol, he set the localized for a small area and aimed it at the thing, intent on burning it into nothingness. But again his hand was stayed. Against the utmost of his will-power his fingers opened, letting the pistol drop. The liquid in the cyst danced and bubbled. Was it laughing at him? It had read his mind--thwarted his will again.

Again a pseudopod stretched out and a strip of raw, red flesh adhered to it and was consumed. Mad rage convulsed the Earth man. Should he throw himself tooth and nail on the monster? And be engulfed?

He thought of the six-shooter. It thrilled him.

But wouldn't it make him drop that too?

* * * * *

A flash of atavistic cunning came to him.

He began to reiterate in his mind a certain thought.

"This thing is so I can see you better--this thing is so I can see you better."

He said it over and over, with all the passion and devotion of a celibate's prayer over a uranium fountain.

"This thing is harmless--but it will make me see you better!"

Slowly he drew the six-shooter. In some occult way he knew it was watching him.

"Oh, this is harmless! This is an instrument to aid my weak eyes! It will help me realize your mastery! This will enable me to know your true greatness. This will enable me to know you as a god."

Was it complacence or suspicion that stirred the liquid in the cyst so smoothly? Was it susceptible to flattery? He sighted along the barrel.

"In another moment your great intelligence will overwhelm me," proclaimed his surface mind desperately, while the subconscious tensed the trigger. And at that the clear liquid burst into a turmoil of alarm. Too late. Forepaugh went limp, but not before he had loosed a steel-jacketed bullet that shattered the mind cyst of the pipe denizen. A horrible pain coursed through his every fibre and nerve. He was safe in the arms of Gunga, being carried to the top of the pipe to the clean dry air, and the blessed, blistering sun.

The pipe denizen was dying. A viscous, inert mass, it dropped lower and lower, lost contact at last, shattered into slime at the bottom.

* * * * *

Miraculous sun! For a luxurious fifteen minutes they roasted there on the top of the pipe, the only solid thing in a sea of clouds as far as the eye could reach. But no! That was a circular spot against the brilliant white of the clouds, and it was rapidly coming closer. In a few minutes it resolved itself into the _Comet_, fast relief ship of the Terrestial, Inranian, Genidian, and Zydian Lines, Inc. With a low buzz of her repulsion motors she drew alongside. Hooks were attached and ports opened. A petty officer and a crew of roustabouts made her fast.

"What the hell's going on here?" asked the cocky little terrestial who was skipper, stepping out and surveying the castaways. "We've been looking for you ever since your directional wave failed. But come on in--come on in!"

He led the way to his stateroom, while the ship's surgeon took Gunga in charge. Closing the door carefully, he delved into the bottom of his locker and brought out a flask.

"Can't be too careful," he remarked, filling a small tumbler for himself and another for his guest. "Always apt to be some snooper to report me. But say--you're wanted in the radio room."

"Radio room nothing! When do we eat?"

"Right away, but you'd better see him. Fellow from the Interplanetary News Agency wants you to broadcast a copyrighted story. Good for about three years' salary, old boy."

"All right. I'll see him"--with a happy sigh--"just as soon as I put through a personal message."

[Advertisement: Everyone Is Invited _To "Come Over in_ 'THE READERS' CORNER'!"]

The Lord of Space

By Victor Rousseau

[Illustration]

[Sidenote: A Black Caesar had arisen on Eros--and all Earth trembled at his distant menace.]

"On the day of the next full moon every living thing on earth will be wiped out of existence--unless you succeed in your mission, Lee."

Nathaniel Lee looked into the face of Silas Stark, President of the United States of the World, and nodded grimly. "I'll do my best, Sir," he answered.

"You have the facts. We know who this self-styled Black Caesar is, who has declared war upon humanity. He is a Dane named Axelson, whose father, condemned to life imprisonment for resisting the new world-order, succeeded in obtaining possession of an interplanetary liner.

"He filled it with the gang of desperate men who had been associated with him in his successful escape from the penitentiary. Together they sailed into Space. They disappeared. It was supposed that they had somehow met their death in the ether, beyond the range of human ken.

"Thirty years passed, and then this son of Axelson, born, according to his own story, of a woman whom the father had persuaded to accompany him into Space, began to radio us. We thought at first it was some practical joker who was cutting in.

[Illustration: _It was like struggling with some vampire creatures in a hideous dream._]

"When our electricians demonstrated beyond doubt that the voice came from outer space, it was supposed that some one in our Moon Colony had acquired a transmitting machine. Then the ships we sent to the Moon Colony for gold failed to return. As you know, for seven weeks there has been no communication with the Moon. And at the last full moon the--blow--fell.

"The world depends upon you, Lee. The invisible rays that destroyed every living thing from China to Australia--one-fifth of the human race--will fall upon the eastern seaboard of America when the moon is full again. That has been the gist of Axelson's repeated communications.

"We shall look to you to return, either with the arch-enemy of the human race as your prisoner, or with the good news that mankind has been set free from the menace that overhangs it.

"God bless you, my boy!" The President of the United States of the World gripped Nat's hand and stepped down the ladder that led from the landing-stage of the great interplanetary space-ship.

* * * * *

The immense landing-field reserved for the ships of the Interplanetary Line was situated a thousand feet above the heart of New York City, in Westchester County. It was a flat space set on the top of five great towers, strewn with electrified sand, whose glow

had the property of dispersing the sea fogs. There, at rest upon what resembled nothing so much as iron claws, the long gray shape of the vacuum flyer bulked.

Nat sneezed as he watched the operations of his men, for the common cold, or coryza, seemed likely to be the last of the germ diseases that would yield to medical science, and he had caught a bad one in the Capitol, while listening to the debate in the Senate upon the threat to humanity. And it was cold on the landing-stage, in contrast to the perpetual summer of the glass-roofed city below.

But Nat forgot the cold as he watched the preparations for the ship's departure. Neon and nitrogen gas were being pumped under pressure into the outer shell, where a minute charge of leucon, the newly discovered element that helped to counteract gravitation, combined with them to provide the power that would lift the vessel above the regions of the stratosphere.

In the low roof-buildings that surrounded the stage was a scene of tremendous activity. The selenium discs were flashing signals, and the radio receivers were shouting the late news; on the great power boards dials and light signals stood out in the glow of the amylite tubes. On a rotary stage a thousand feet above the ship a giant searchlight, visible for a thousand miles, moved its shaft of dazzling luminosity across the heavens.

Now the spar-aluminite outer skin of the ship grew bright with the red neon glare. Another ship, from China, dropped slowly to its stage near by, and the unloaders swarmed about the pneumatic tubes to receive the mail. The teleradio was shouting news of a failure of the Manchurian wheat crop. Nat's chief officer, a short cockney named Brent, came up to him.

"Ready to start, Sir," he said.

* * * * *

Nat turned to him. "Your orders are clear?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Send Benson here."

"I'm here, Sir." Benson, the ray-gunner in charge of the battery that comprised the vessel's armament, a lean Yankee from Connecticut, stepped forward.

"You know your orders, Benson? Axelson has seized the Moon and the gold-mines there. He's planning to obliterate the Earth. We've got to go in like mad dogs and shoot to kill. No matter if we kill every living thing there, even our own people who are inmates of the Moon's penal settlement, we've got to account for Axelson."

"Yes, Sir."

"We can't guess how he got those gold-ships that returned with neon and argon for the Moon colonists. But he mustn't get us. Let the men understand that. That's all."

"Very good, Sir."

The teleradio suddenly began to splutter: A-A-A, it called. And instantly every sound ceased about the landing-stage. For that was the call of Axelson, somewhere upon the Moon.

"Axelson speaking. At the next full moon all the American Province of the World Federation will be annihilated, as the Chinese Province was at the last. There's no hope for you, good people. Send out your vacuum liners. I can use a few more of them. Within six months your world will be depopulated, unless you flash me the signal of surrender."

Would the proud old Earth have to come to that? Daily those ominous threats had been repeated, until popular fears had become frenzy. And Nat was being sent out as a last hope. If he failed, there would be nothing but surrender to this man, armed with a super-force that enabled him to lay waste the Earth from the Moon.

Within one hour, those invisible, death-dealing rays had destroyed everything that inhaled oxygen and exhaled carbon. The ray with which the liner was equipped was a mere toy in comparison. It would kill at no more than 500 miles, and its action was quite different.

As a prelude to Earth's surrender, Axelson demanded that World President Stark and a score of other dignitaries should depart for the Moon as hostages. Every ray fortress in the world was to be dismantled, every treasury was to send its gold to be piled up in a great pyramid on the New York landing-stage. The Earth was to acknowledge Axelson as its supreme master.

* * * * *

The iron claws were turning with a screwlike motion, extending themselves, and slowly raising the interplanetary vessel until she looked like a great metal fish with metal legs ending with suckerlike disks. But already she was floating free as the softly purring engines held her in equipoise. Nat climbed the short ladder that led to her deck. Brent came up to him again.

"That teleradio message from Axelson--" he began.

"Yes?" Nat snapped out.

"I don't believe it came from the Moon at all."

"You don't? You think it's somebody playing a hoax on Earth? You think that wiping out of China was just an Earth-joke?"

"No, Sir." Brent stood steady under his superior's sarcasm. "But I was chief teleradio operator at Greenwich before being promoted to the Province of America. And what they don't know at Greenwich they don't know anywhere."

Brent spoke with that self-assurance of the born cockney that even the centuries had failed to remove, though they had removed the cockney accent.

"Well, Brent?"

"I was with the chief electrician in the receiving station when Axelson was radioing last week. And I noticed that the waves of sound were under a slight Doppler effect. With the immense magnification necessary for transmitting from the Moon, such deflection might be construed as a mere fan-like extension. But there was ten times the magnification one would expect from the Moon; and I calculated that those sound-waves were shifted somewhere."

"Then what's your theory, Brent?"

"Those sounds come from another planet. Somewhere on the Moon there's an intercepting and re-transmitting plant. Axelson is deflecting his rays to give the impression that he's on the Moon, and to lure our ships there."

"What do you advise?" asked Nat.

"I don't know, Sir."

"Neither do I. Set your course Moonward, and tell Mr. Benson to keep his eyes peeled."

* * * * *

The Moon Colony, discovered in 1976, when Kramer, of Baltimore, first proved the practicability of mixing neon with the inert new gas, leucon, and so conquering gravitation, had proved to be just what it had been suspected of being--a desiccated, airless desolation. Nevertheless, within the depths of the craters a certain amount of the Moon's ancient atmosphere still lingered, sufficient to sustain life for the queer troglodytes, with enormous lung-boxes, who survived there, browsing like beasts upon the stunted, aloe-like vegetation.

Half man, half ape, and very much unlike either, these vestiges of a species on a ruined globe had proved tractable and amenable to discipline. They had become the laborers of the convict settlement that had sprung up on the Moon.

Thither all those who had opposed the establishment of the World Federation, together with all persons convicted for the fourth time of a felony, had been transported, to superintend the efforts of these dumb, unhuman Moon dwellers. For it had been discovered that the Moon craters were extraordinarily rich in gold, and gold was still the medium of exchange on Earth.

To supplement the vestigial atmosphere, huge stations had been set up, which extracted the oxygen from the subterranean waters five miles below the Moon's crust, and recombined it with the nitrogen with which the surface layer was impregnated, thus creating an atmosphere which was pumped to the workers.

Then a curious discovery had been made. It was impossible for human beings to exist without the addition of those elements existing in the air in minute quantities--neon, krypton, and argon. And the ships that brought the gold bars back from the Moon had conveyed these gaseous elements there.

* * * * *

The droning of the sixteen atomic motors grew louder, and mingled with the hum of gyroscopes. The ladder was drawn up and the port hole sealed. On the enclosed bridge Nat threw the switch of durobronze that released the non-conducting shutter which gave play to the sixteen great magnets. Swiftly the great ship shot forward into the air. The droning of the motors became a shrill whine, and then, growing too shrill for human ears to follow it, gave place to silence.

Nat set the speed lever to five hundred miles an hour, the utmost that had been found possible in passing through the earth's atmosphere, owing to the resistance, which tended to heat the vessel and damage the delicate atomic engines. As soon as the ether was reached, the speed would be increased to ten or twelve thousand. That meant a twenty-two hour run to the Moon Colony--about the time usually taken.

He pressed a lever, which set bells ringing in all parts of the ship. By means of a complicated mechanism, the air was exhausted from each compartment in turn, and then replaced, and as the bells rang, the men at work trooped out of these compartments consecutively. This had been originated for the purpose of destroying any life dangerous to man that might unwittingly have been imported from the Moon, but on one occasion it had resulted in the discovery of a stowaway.

Then Nat descended the bridge to the upper deck. Here, on a platform, were the two batteries of three ray-guns apiece, mounted on swivels, and firing in any direction on the port and starboard sides respectively. The guns were enclosed in a thin sheath of osmium, through which the lethal rays penetrated unchanged; about them, thick shields of lead protected the gunners.

He talked with Benson for a while. "Don't let Axelson get the jump on you," he said. "Be on the alert every moment." The gunners, keen-looking men, graduates from the Annapolis gunnery school, grinned and nodded. They were proud of their trade and its traditions; Nat felt that the vessel was safe in their hands.

The chief mate appeared at the head of the companion, accompanied by a girl. "Stowaway, Sir," he reported laconically. "She tumbled out of the repair shop annex when we let out the air!"

* * * * *

Nat stared at her in consternation, and the girl stared back at him. She was a very pretty girl, hardly more than twenty-two or three, attired in a businesslike costume consisting of a leather jacket, knickers, and the black spiral puttees that had come into style in the past decade. She came forward unabashed.

"Well, who are you?" snapped Nat.

"Madge Dawes, of the Universal News Syndicate," she answered, laughing.

"The devil!" muttered Nat. "You people think you run the World Federation since you got President Stark elected."

"We certainly do," replied the girl, still laughing.

"Well, you don't run this ship," said Nat. "How would you like a long parachute drop back to Earth?"

"Don't be foolish, my dear man," said Madge. "Don't you know you'll get wrinkles if you scowl like that? Smile! Ah, that's better. Now, honestly, Cap we just had to get the jump on everybody else in interviewing Axelson. It means such a lot to me."

Pouts succeeded smiles. "You're not going to be cross about it, are you?" she pleaded.

"Do you realize the risk you're running, young woman?" Nat demanded. "Are you aware that our chances of ever getting back to Earth are smaller than you ought to have dreamed of taking?"

"Oh, that's all right," the girl responded. "And now that we're friends again, would you mind asking the steward to get me something to eat? I've been cooped up in that room downstairs for fifteen hours, and I'm simply starving."

Nat shrugged his shoulders hopelessly. He turned to the chief mate. "Take Miss Dawes down to the saloon and see that Wang Ling supplies her with a good meal," he ordered. "And put her in the Admiral's cabin. That good enough for you?" he asked satirically.

"Oh that'll be fine," answered the girl enthusiastically. "And I shall rely on you to keep me posted about everything that's going on. And a little later I'm going to take X-ray photographs of you and all these men." She smiled at the grinning gunners. "That's the new fad, you know, and we're going to offer prizes for the best developed skeletons in the American Province, and pick a King and Queen of Beauty!"

* * * * *

"A radio, Sir!"

Nat, who had snatched a brief interval of sleep, started up as the man on duty handed him the message. The vessel had been constantly in communication with Earth during her voyage, now nearing completion, but the dreaded A-A-A that prefaced this message told Nat that it came from Axelson.

"Congratulations on your attempt," the message ran, "I have watched your career with the greatest interest, Lee, through the medium of such scraps of information as I have been able to pick up on the Moon. When you are my guest to-morrow I shall hope to be able to offer you a high post in the new World Government that I am planning to establish. I need good men. Fraternally, the Black Caesar."

Nat whirled about. Madge Dawes was standing behind him, trying to read the message over his shoulder.

"Spying, eh?" said Nat bitterly.

"My dear man, isn't that my business?"

"Well, read this, then," said Nat, handing her the message. "You're likely to repent this crazy trick of yours before we get much farther."

And he pointed to the cosmic-ray skiagraph of the Moon on the curved glass dome overhead. They were approaching the satellite rapidly. It filled the whole dome, the craters great black hollows, the mountains standing out clearly. Beneath the dome were the radium apparatus that emitted the rays by which the satellite was photographed cinematographically, and the gyroscope steering apparatus by which the ship's course was directed.

Suddenly a buzzer sounded a warning. Nat sprang to the tube.

"Gravitational interference X40, gyroscopic aberrancy one minute 29," he called. "Discharge static electricity from hull. Mr. Benson, stand by."

"What does that mean?" asked Madge.

"It means I shall be obliged if you'll abstain from speaking to the man at the controls," snapped Nat.

"And what's that?" cried Madge in a shriller voice, pointing upward.

* * * * *

Across the patterned surface of the Moon, shown on the skiagraph, a black, cigar-shaped form was passing. It looked like one of the old-fashioned dirigibles, and the speed with which it moved was evident from the fact that it was perceptibly traversing the Moon's surface. Perhaps it was travelling at the rate of fifty thousand miles an hour.

Brent, the chief officer, burst up the companion. His face was livid.

"Black ship approaching us from the Moon, Sir," he stammered. "Benson's training his guns, but it must be twenty thousands miles away."

"Yes, even our ray-guns won't shoot that distance," answered Nat. "Tell Benson to keep his guns trained as well as he can, and open fire at five hundred."

Brent disappeared. Madge and Nat were alone on the bridge. Nat was shouting incomprehensible orders down the tube. He stopped and looked up. The shadow of the approaching ship had crossed the Moon's disk and disappeared.

"Well, young lady, I think your goose is cooked," said Nat. "If I'm not mistaken, that ship is Axelson's, and he's on his way to knock us galley-west. And now oblige me by leaving the bridge."

"I think he's a perfectly delightful character, to judge from that message he sent you," answered Madge, "and--"

Brent appeared again. "Triangulation shows ten thousand miles, Sir," he informed Nat.

"Take control," said Nat. "Keep on the gyroscopic course, allowing for aberrancy, and make for the Crater of Pytho. I'll take command of the guns." He hurried down the companion, with Madge at his heels.

* * * * *

The gunners stood by the ray-guns, three at each. Benson perched on a revolving stool above the batteries. He was watching a periscopic instrument that connected with the bridge dome by means of a tube, a flat mirror in front of him showing all points of the compass. At one edge the shadow of the black ship was creeping slowly forward.

"Eight thousand miles, Sir," he told Nat. "One thousand is our extreme range. And it looks as if she's making for our blind spot overhead."

Nat stepped to the speaking-tube. "Try to ram her," he called up to Brent. "We'll open with all guns, pointing forward."

"Very good, Sir," the Cockney called back.

The black shadow was now nearly in the centre of the mirror. It moved upward, vanished. Suddenly the atomic motors began wheezing again. The wheeze became a whine, a drone.

"We've dropped to two thousand miles an hour, Sir," called Brent.

Nat leaped for the companion. As he reached the top he could hear the teleradio apparatus in the wireless room overhead begin to chatter:

"A-A-A. Don't try to interfere. Am taking you to the Crater of Pytho. Shall renew my offer there. Any resistance will be fatal. Axelson."

And suddenly the droning of the motors became a whine again, then silence. Nat stared at the instrument-board and uttered a cry.

"What's the matter?" demanded Madge.

Nat swung upon her. "The matter?" he bawled. "He's neutralized our engines by some infernal means of his own, and he's towing us to the Moon!"

* * * * *

The huge sphere of the Moon had long since covered the entire dome. The huge Crater of Pytho now filled it, a black hollow fifty miles across, into which they were gradually settling. And, as they settled, the pale Earth light, white as that of the Moon on Earth, showed the gaunt masses of bare rock, on which nothing grew, and the long stalactites of glassy lava that hung from them.

Then out of the depths beneath emerged the shadowy shape of the landing-stage.

"You are about to land," chattered the radio. "Don't try any tricks; they will be useless. Above all, don't try to use your puny ray. You are helpless."

The ship was almost stationary. Little figures could be seen swarming upon the landing-stage, ready to adjust the iron claws to clamp the hull. With a gesture of helplessness, Nat left the bridge and went down to the main deck where, in obedience to his orders, the crew had all assembled.

"Men, I'm putting it up to you," he said. "Axelson, the Black Caesar, advises us not to attempt to use the Ray-guns. I won't order you to. I'll leave the decision with you."

"We tried it fifteen minutes ago, Sir," answered Benson. "I told Larrigan to fire off the stern starboard gun to see if it was in working order, and it wasn't!"

At that moment the vessel settled with a slight jar into the clamps. Once more the teleradio began to scream:

"Open the port hold and file out slowly. Resistance is useless. I should turn my ray upon you and obliterate you immediately. Assemble on the landing-stage and wait for me!"

"You'd best obey," Nat told his men. "We've got a passenger to consider." He glared at Madge as he spoke, and Madge's smile was a little more tremulous than it had been before.

"This is the most thrilling experience of my life, Captain Lee," she said. "And I'll never rest until I've got an X-Ray photograph of Mr. Axelson's skeleton for the Universal News Syndicate."

* * * * *

One by one, Nat last, the crew filed down the ladder onto the landing-stage, gasping and choking in the rarefied air that lay like a blanket at the bottom of the crater. And the reason for this was only too apparent to Nat as soon as he was on the level stage.

Overhead, at an altitude of about a mile, the black ship hung, and from its bow a stupendous searchlight played to and fro over the bottom of the crater, making it as light as day. And where had been the mining machinery, the great buildings that had housed convicts and Moon people, and the huge edifice that contained the pumping station, there was--nothing.

The devilish ray of Axelson had not merely destroyed them, it had obliterated all traces of them, and the crew of the liner were breathing the remnants of the atmosphere that still lay at the bottom of the Crater of Pytho.

But beside the twin landing-stages, constructed by the World Federation, another building arose, with an open front. And that front was a huge mirror, now scintillating under the searchlight from the black ship.

"That's it, Sir!" shouted Brent.

"That's what?" snapped Nat.

"The deflecting mirror I was speaking of. That's what deflected the ray that wiped out China. The ray didn't come from the Moon. And that's the mirror that deflects the teleradio waves, the super-Hertzian rays that carry the sound."

Nat did not answer. Sick at heart at the failure of his mission, he was watching the swarm of Moon men who were at work upon the landing-stage, turning the steel clamps and regulating the mechanism that controlled the apparatus. Dwarfed, apish creature, with tiny limbs, and chests that stood out like barrels, they bustled about, chattering in shrill voices that seemed like the piping of birds.

It was evident that Axelson, though he had wiped out the Moon convicts and the Moon people in the crater, had reserved a number of the latter for personal use.

* * * * *

The black ship was dropping into its position at the second landing-stage, connected with the first by a short bridge. The starboard hold swung open, and a file of shrouded and hooded forms appeared, masked men, breathing in condensed air from receptacles upon their chests, and staring with goggle eyes at their captives. Each one held in his hand a lethal tube containing the ray, and, as if by command, they took up their stations about their prisoners.

Then, at a signal from their leader, they suddenly doffed their masks.

Nat looked at them in astonishment. He had not known whether these would be Earth denizens or inhabitants of some other planet. But they were Earth men. And they were old.

Men of sixty or seventy, years, with long, gray beards and wrinkled faces, and eyes that stared out from beneath penthouses of shaggy eyebrows. Faces on which were imprinted despair and hopelessness.

Then the first man took off his mask and Nat saw a man of different character.

A man in the prime of life, with a mass of jet black hair and a black beard that swept to his waist, a nose like a hawk's, and a pair of dark blue eyes that fixed themselves on Nat's with a look of Luciferian pride.

"Welcome, Nathaniel Lee," said the man, in deep tones that had a curious accent which Nat could not place. "I ought to know your name, since your teleradios on Earth have been shouting it for three days past as that of the man who is to save Earth from the threat of destruction. And you know me!"

"Axelson--the Black Caesar," Nat muttered. For the moment he was taken aback. He had anticipated any sort of person except this man, who stood, looked, and spoke like a Viking, this incarnation of pride and strength.

Axelson smiled--and then his eyes lit upon Madge Dawes. And for a moment he stood as if petrified into a block of massive granite.

"What--who is this?" he growled.

"Why, I'm Madge Dawes, of the Universal News Syndicate," answered the girl, smiling at Axelson in her irrepressible manner. "And I'm sure you're not nearly such a bold, bad pirate as people think, and you're going to let us all go free."

* * * * *

Instantly Axelson seemed to become transformed into a maniac. He turned to the old men and shouted in some incomprehensible language. Nat and Madge, Brent and Benson, and two others who wore the uniforms of officers were seized and dragged across the bridge to the landing-stage where the black ship was moored. The rest of the crew were ordered into a double line.

And then the slaughter began.

Before Nat could even struggle to break away from the gibbering Moon men to whom he and the other prisoners had been consigned, the aged crew of the Black Caesar had begun their work of almost instantaneous destruction.

Streams of red and purple light shot from the ray-pistols that they carried, and before them the crew of the ether-liner simply withered up and vanished. They became mere masses of human débris piled on the landing-stage, and upon these masses, too, the old men turned their implements, until only a few heaps of charred carbon remained on the landing-stage, impalpable as burned paper, and slowly rising in the low atmospheric pressure until they drifted over the crater.

Nat had cried out in horror at the sight, and tried to tear himself free from the grasp of the Moon dwarfs who held him. So had the rest. Never was struggle so futile. Despite their short arms and legs, the Moon dwarfs held them in an unshakable grip, chattering and squealing as they compressed them against their barrel-like chests until the breath was all but crushed out of their bodies.

"Devil!" cried Nat furiously, as Axelson came up to him. "Why don't you kill us, too?" And he hurled furious taunts and abuse at him, in the hope of goading him into making the same comparatively merciless end of his prisoners.

Axelson looked at him calmly, but made no reply. He looked at Madge again, and his features were convulsed with some emotion that gave him the aspect of a fiend. And then only did Nat realize that it was Madge who was responsible for the Black Caesar's madness.

Axelson spoke again, and the prisoners were hustled up the ladder and on board the black vessel.

* * * * *

"The Kommandant-Kommissar will see you!" The door of their prison had opened, letting in a shaft of light, and disclosing one of the graybeards, who stood there, pointing at Nat.

"The--who?" Nat demanded.

"The Kommandant-Kommissar, Comrade Axelson," snarled the graybeard.

Nat knew what that strange jargon meant. He had read books about the political sect known as Socialists who flourished in the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries, and, indeed, were even yet not everywhere extinct. And with that a flash of intuition explained the presence of these old men on board.

These were the men who had been imprisoned in their youth, with Axelson's father, and had escaped and made their way into space, and had been supposed dead long since. Somewhere they must have survived.

And here they were, speaking a jargon of past generations, and ignorant that the world had changed, relics of the past, dead as the dead Moon from which the black ship was winging away through the ether.

"Don't go, Captain," pleaded Madge. "Tell him we'll all go together."

Nat shook his head. "Maybe I'll be able to make terms with him," he answered, and stepped out upon the vessel's deck.

The graybeard slammed the door and laughed savagely. "You'll make no terms with the Black Caesar," he said. "This is the reign of the proletariat. The bourgeois must die! So Lenin decreed!"

But he stopped suddenly and passed his hand over his forehead like a man awakening from a dream.

"Surely the proletariat has already triumphed on earth?" he asked. "A long time has passed, and daily we expect the summons to return and establish the new world-order. What year is this? Is it not 2017? It is so hard to reckon on Eros."

"On Eros?" thought Nat. "This is the year 2044," he answered. "You've been dreaming, my friend. We've had our new world-order, and it's not in the least like the one you and your friends anticipated."

"Gott!" screamed the old man. "Gott, you're lying to me, bourgeois! You're lying, I tell you!"

* * * * *

So Eros was their destination! Eros, one of the asteroids, those tiny fragments of a broken planet, lying outside the orbit of Mars. Some of these little worlds, of which more than a thousand are known to exist, are no larger than a gentleman's country estate; some are mere rocks in space. Eros, Nat knew, was distinguished among them from the fact that it had an eccentric orbit, which brought it at times nearer Earth than any other heavenly body except the Moon.

Also that it had only been known for thirty years, and that it was supposed to be a double planet, having a dark companion.

That was in Nat's mind as he ascended the bridge to where Axelson was standing at the controls, with one of the graybeards beside him. The door of his stateroom was open, and suddenly there scuttled out of it one of the most bestial objects Nat had ever seen.

It was a Moon woman, a dwarfish figure, clothed in a shapeless garment of spun cellulose, and in her arms she held a heavy-headed Moon baby, whose huge chest stood up like a pyramid, while the tiny arms and legs hung dangling down.

"Here is the bourgeois, Kommandant," said Nat's captor.

Axelson looked at Nat, eye meeting eye in a slow stare. Then he relinquished the controls to the graybeard beside him, and motioned Nat to precede him into the stateroom.

Nat entered. It was an ordinary room, much like that of the captain of the ether-liner now stranded on the Moon. There were a bunk, chairs, a desk and a radio receiver.

Axelson shut the door. He tried to speak and failed to master his emotion. At last he said:

"I am prepared to offer you terms, Nathaniel Lee, in accordance with my promise."

"I'll make no terms with murderers," replied Nat bitterly.

* * * * *

Axelson stood looking at him. His great chest rose and fell. Suddenly he put out one great hand and clapped Nat on the shoulder.

"Wise men," he said, "recognize facts. Within three weeks I shall be the undisputed ruler of Earth. Whether of a desert or of a cowed and submissive subject-population, rests with the Earth men. I have never been on Earth, for I was born on Eros. My mother died at my birth. I have never seen another human woman until to-day."

Nat looked at him, trying to follow what was in Axelson's mind.

"My father fled to Eros, a little planet seventeen miles in diameter, as we have found. He called it a heavenly paradise. It was his intention to found there a colony of those who were in rebellion against the tyrants of Earth.

"His followers journeyed to the Moon and brought back Moon women for wives. But there were no children of these unions. Later there were dissensions and civil war. Three-fourths of the colony died in battle with one another.

"I was a young man. I seized the reins of power. The survivors--these old men--were disillusioned and docile. I made myself absolute. I brought Moon men and women to Eros to serve us as slaves. But in a few years the last of my father's old compatriots will have died, and thus it was I conceived of conquering Earth and having men to obey me. For fifteen years I have been experimenting and constructing apparatus, with which I now have Earth at my mercy.

"But I shall need assistance, intelligent men who will obey me and aid me in my plans. That is why I saved you and the other officers of your ether-lines. If you will join me, you shall have the highest post on Earth under me, Nathaniel Lee, and those others shall be under you."

* * * * *

Axelson paused, and, loathing the man though he did, Nat was conscious of a feeling of pity for him that he could not control. He saw his lonely life on Eros, surrounded by those phantom humans of the past, and he understood his longing for Earth rule--he the planetary exile, the sole human being of all the planetary system outside Earth, perhaps, except for his dwindling company of aged men.

"To-day, Nathaniel Lee," Axelson went on, "my life was recast in a new mould when I saw the woman you have brought with you. I did not know before that women were beautiful to look on. I did not dream that creatures such as she existed. She must be mine, Nathaniel Lee.

"But that is immaterial. What is your answer to my offer?"

Nat was trying to think, though passion distorted the mental images as they arose in his brain. To Axelson it was evidently incomprehensible that there would be any objection to his taking Madge. Nat saw that he must temporize for Madge's sake.

"I'll have to consult my companions," he answered.

"Of course," answered Axelson. "That is reasonable. Tell them that unless they agree to join me it will be necessary for them to die. Do Earth men mind death? We hate it on Eros, and the Moon men hate it, too, though they have a queer legend that something in the shape of an invisible man raises from their ashes. My father told me that that superstition existed on Earth in his time, too. Go and talk to your companions, Nathaniel Lee."

The Black Caesar's voice was almost friendly. He clapped Nat on the shoulder again, and called the graybeard to conduct him back to his prison.

"Oh, Captain Lee, I'm so glad you're back!" exclaimed Madge. "We've been afraid for you. Is he such a terrible man, this Black Caesar?"

Nat sneered, then grinned malevolently. "Well, he's not exactly the old-fashioned idea of a Sunday-school teacher," he answered. Of course he could not tell the girl about Axelson's proposal.

* * * * *

The little group of prisoners stood on the upper deck of the black ship and watched the Moon men scurrying about the landing-stage as she hovered to her position.

Axelson's father had not erred when he had called the tiny planet, Eros, a heavenly paradise, for no other term could have described it.

They were in an atmosphere so similar to that of Earth that they could breathe with complete freedom, but there seemed to be a lightness and a vigor in their limbs that indicated that the air was supercharged with oxygen or ozone. The presence of this in large amounts was indicated by the intense blueness of the sky, across which fleecy clouds were drifting.

And in that sky what looked like threescore moons were circling with extraordinary swiftness. From thirty to forty full moons, of all sizes, from that of a sun to that of a brilliant planet, and riding black against the blue.

The sun, hardly smaller than when seen from Earth, shone in the zenith, and Earth and Mars hung in the east and north respectively, each like a blood-red sun.

The moons were some of the thousand other asteroids, weaving their lacy patterns in and out among each other. But, stupendous as the sight was, it was toward the terrestrial scene that the party turned their eyes as the black ship settled.

A sea of sapphire blue lapped sands of silver and broke into soft lines of foam. To the water's edge extended a lawn of brightest green, and behind this an arm of the sea extended into what looked like a tropical forest. Most of the trees were palmlike, but towered to immense heights, their foliage swaying in a gentle breeze. There were apparently no elevations, and yet, so small was the little sphere that the ascending curve gave the illusion of distant heights, while the horizon, instead of seeming to rise, lay apparently perfectly flat, producing an extraordinary feeling of insecurity.

Near the water's edge a palatial mansion, built of hewn logs and of a single story, stood in a garden of brilliant flowers. Nearer, beyond the high landing-stage, were the great shipbuilding works, and near them an immense and slightly concave mirror flashed back the light of the sun.

"The death ray!" whispered Brent to Nat.

Axelson came up to the party as the ship settled down. "Welcome to Eros," he said cordially. "My father told me that in some Earth tongue that name meant 'love'."

* * * * *

Never, perhaps, was so strange a feast held as that with which Axelson entertained his guests that day. Dwarfish Moon men passed viands and a sort of palm wine in the great banquet-room, which singularly resembled one of those early twentieth century interiors shown in museums. Only the presence of a dozen of the aged guards, armed with ray-rods, lent a grimness to the scene.

Madge sat on Axelson's right, and Nat on his left. The girl's lightheartedness had left her; her face grew strained as Axelson's motives--which Nat had not dared disclose to her--disclosed themselves in his manner.

Once, when he laid his finger for a moment against her white throat, she started, and for a moment it seemed as if the gathering storm must break.

For Nat had talked with his men, and all had agreed that they would not turn traitor, though they intended to temporize as long as possible, in the hope of catching the Black Caesar unawares.

Then slowly a somber twilight began to fall, and Axelson rose.

"Let us walk in the gardens during the reign of Erebos," he said.

"Erebos?" asked Nat.

"The black world that overshadows us each sleeping period," answered Axelson.

Nat knew what he meant. The dark companion of Eros revolves around it every six hours; the day of Eros would therefore never be longer than six hours, this without reckoning the revolution of Eros around the sun. But owing to its small size, it was probable that it was bathed in almost perpetual sunshine.

The sweet scent of the flowers, much stronger than of any flowers on earth, filled the air. They walked across the green lawn and entered a jungle path, with bamboos and creeping plants on either side, and huge palmlike trees. Behind them stalked the guards with their ray-rods.

A lake of deepest black disclosed itself. Suddenly Madge uttered a scream and clung to Nat. "Look, look!" she cried. "It's horrible!"

* * * * *

Suddenly Nat realized that the lake swarmed with monsters. They were of crocodilian form, but twice the size of the largest crocodile, and sprawled over one another in the shallows beside the margin. As the party drew near, an enormous monster began waddling on its clawed feet toward them.

A mouth half the length of the creature opened, disclosing a purplish tongue and hideous fangs. Madge screamed again.

"Ah, so fear exists on Earth, too?" asked Axelson blandly. "That makes my conquest sure. I suspected it, and yet I was not sure that science had not conquered it. But there is no cause for fear. A magnetic field protects us. See!"

For the waddling monster suddenly stopped short as if brought up sharply by the bars of a cage, and drew back.

Axelson turned and wheezed in the Moon language--if the gibbering of the dwarfs could be called speech--and one of the guards answered him.

"These primitive dwellers on Eros I have preserved," said Axelson, "as a means of discipline. The Moon animals are afraid of them. I keep a supply of those who have transgressed my laws to feed them. See!"

He turned and pointed. Two guards were bringing a gibbering, screeching, struggling Moon man with them. Despite his strength, he seemed incapable of making any resistance, but his whole body quivered, and his hideous face was contorted with agony of terror.

At a distance of some fifty feet they turned aside into a little bypath through the jungle, reappearing close beside the Lake upon a raised platform. And what happened next happened so swiftly that Nat was unable to do anything to prevent it.

The guards disappeared; the Moon man, as if propelled by some invisible force, moved forward jerkily to the lake's edge. Instantly one of the saurians had seized him in its jaws, and another had wrenched half the body away, and the whole fighting, squirming mass vanished in the depths.

And from far away came the screeching chant of the Moon men, as if in invocation to some hideous deity.

And, moving perceptibly, the huge black orb of Eros's dark satellite crept over the sky, completely covering it.

* * * * *

Axelson stepped forward to where Nat stood, supporting Madge in his arms. The girl had fainted with horror at the scene.

"Your answer Nathaniel Lee," he said softly. "I know you have been postponing the decision. Now I will take the girl, and you shall give me your answer. Will you and these men join me, or will you die as the Moon man died?" He spoke wheezily, as if he, like Nat, had a cold.

And he put his arm around Madge.

Next moment something happened to him that had never happened in his life before. The Black Caesar went down under a well-directed blow to the jaw.

He leaped to his feet trembling with fury and barked a command. Instantly the old guards had hurled themselves forward. And behind them a horde of Moon men came, ambling.

While the guards covered their prisoners with their ray-rods, two Moon men seized each of them, imprisoning him in their unbreakable grasp.

Axelson pointed upward. "When the reign of Erebos is past," he said, "you become food for the denizens of the lake, unless you have agreed to serve me."

And he raised Madge in his arms, laughing as the girl fought and struggled to resist him.

"Madge!" cried Nat, trying to run toward her.

So furious were his struggles that for a moment he succeeded in throwing off the Moon men's grasp. Then he was caught again, and, fighting desperately, was borne off by the dwarfs through the shadows.

They traversed the border of the lake until a small stone building disclosed itself. Nat and the others were thrust inside into pitch darkness. The door clanged; in vain they hurled themselves against it. It was of wood, but it was as solid as the stone itself, and it did not give an inch for all their struggles.

* * * * *

"Where is your Kommandant?" The whisper seemed in the stone hut itself. "Your Nathaniel Lee. I must speak to him. I am the guard who brought him to the Black Caesar on board the ship."

"I'm here," said Nat. "Where are you?"

"I am in the house of the ray. I am on guard there. I am speaking into the telephone which runs only to where you are. You can speak anywhere in the hut, and I shall hear you."

"Well, what do you want?" asked Nat.

"You love the Earth woman. I remember, when I was a boy, we used to love. I had forgotten. There was a girl in Stamford.... Tell me, is it true that this is the year 2044 and that the proletariat has not yet triumphed?"

"It's true," said Nat. "Those dreams are finished, We're proud of the World Federation. Tell me about Madge Dawes--the Earth woman. Is she safe?"

"He has taken her to his house. I do not think she is harmed. He is ill. He is closely guarded. There are rumors afoot. I do not know."

"What do you want, then?"

"If the Black Caesar dies will you take me back to Earth again? I long so for the old Earth life. I will be your slave, if only I can set foot on Earth before I die."

"Can you rescue us?" Nat held his breath.

"The Moon men are on guard."

"They have no ray-guns and you have."

"The penalty would be terrible. I should be thrown to the monsters."

"Can you get us each a ray-gun? Will you risk it, to get back to Earth?" asked Nat.

A pause. Then, "My friend, I am coming."

Nat heard Benson hissing in his ear, "If we can surprise them, we can get possession of the black ship and return."

"We must get Madge Dawes."

"And smash the mirror," put in Brent.

After that there was nothing to do but wait.

* * * * *

The door clicked open. An indistinct form stood in the entrance. It was already growing light; the dark satellite that eclipsed Eros was passing.

"Hush! I have brought you ray-rods!" It was the old man with whom Nat had spoken on the boat. Under his arm he held five metallic rods, tipped with luminous glass. He handed one to each of the prisoners. "Do you know how to use them?" he asked.

Nat examined his. "It's an old-style rod that was used on earth fifty years ago," he told his men. "I've seen them in museums. It came into use in the Second World War of 1950 or thereabouts. You slip back the safety catch and press this button, taking aim as one did with the pistol. You fellows have seen pistols?"

"My father had an old one," said the chief mate, Barnes.

"How many times can they be fired without reloading?" Nat asked the old guard.

"Ten times; sometimes more; and they were all freshly loaded yesterday."

"Take us to where Axelson is."

"First you must destroy the guards. I sent the one on duty here away on some pretext. But the others may be here at any moment. Talk lower. Are you going to kill them?"

"We must," said Nat.

The old fellow began to sob. "We were companions together. They seized us and imprisoned us together, the capitalists, years ago. I thought the proletariat would have won, and you say it is all different. I am an old man, and life is sad and strange."

"Listen. Is Axelson in the house?" demanded Nat.

"He is in his secret room. I do not know the way. None of us has ever entered it."

"And Madge?"

"She was with him. I do not know anything more." He sank down, groaning, broken.

* * * * *

Nat pushed his way past him. It was fast growing light now. A ray of sunshine shot from beneath the edge of the dark sphere overhead, which still filled almost all the heavens. At that moment the hideous face and squat body of one of the Moon men came into view at the end of the path. The creature stopped, gibbering with surprise, and then rushed forward, mewing like a cat.

Nat aimed his ray-rod and pressed the button. The streak of light, not quite aimed, in Nat's excitement, sheared off one side of the Moon man's face.

The creature rocked where it stood, raised its voice in a screech, and rushed forward again, arms flailing. And this time Nat got home. The streak passed right through the body of the monster, which collapsed into a heap of calcined carbon.

But its screech had brought the other dwarfs running to the scene. In a moment the path was blocked by a score of the hideous monsters, which, taking in what was happening, came forward in a yelling bunch.

The ray-rods streaked their message of death into the thick of them. Yet so fierce was the rush that some parts got home. Arms, legs, and barrel chests, halves of men, covering the five with that impalpable black powder into which their bodies were dissolving. Nat remembered afterward the horror of a grinning face, apparently loose in the air, and a flailing arm that lashed his chest.

For fifteen seconds, perhaps, it was like struggling with some vampire creatures in a hideous dream. And then, just when it seemed to Nat that he was going mad, he found the path free, and the huddled remnants of the Moon men piled up about him on every side.

He emptied two more ray-shots into the writhing mass, and saw it cease to quiver and then dissolve into the black powder. He turned and looked at his companions. They, too, showed the horror of the strain they had undergone.

"We must kill the guards now," Nat panted. "And then find Madge and save her."

"We're with you," answered Brent, and together the five rushed into the sunlight and the open.

* * * * *

There were no guards on duty at the entrance of the house, and the door stood wide open. Nat rushed through the door at the head of his men. A single guard was in the hall, but he only looked up as they came in. And it was evident that he was in no condition to resist, for he was in the grip of some terrible disease.

His features were swollen so that they were hardly recognizable, and hoarse, panting breaths came from his lungs. He was so far gone that he hardly registered surprise at the advent of the five.

"Where's Axelson?" demanded Nat.

The guard pointed toward the end of the corridor, then let his arm fall. Nat led his men along the half-dark passage.

At the end of the corridor two more guards were on duty, but one was collapsed upon the floor, apparently unconscious, and the other, making a feeble attempt to draw his ray-rod, crumbled into ashes as Brent fired. The five burst through the door.

They found themselves in the banquet-hall. The remnants of the meal were still upon the table, and three Moon men, looking as if they had been poisoned, were writhing on the floor. At the farther end of the hall was another door.

This gave upon a central hall, with a door in each of its four sides, and a blaze of sunlight coming through the crystal roof. The five stopped, baffled. Then of a sudden Axelson's voice broke the silence--his voice, yet changed almost beyond recognition, hoarse, broken, and gasping:

"Try the doors, Nathaniel Lee. Try each door in turn, and then go back. And know that in an instant I can blast you to nothingness where you stand!"

And suddenly there came Madge's voice, "He can't! He can't, Nat. He's dying, and he knows it. I won't let him, and he hasn't got the strength to move."

"Which door?" cried Nat in desperation.

"None of the doors. They're a trick," came Madge's voice. "Go forward and press the grooved panel upon the wall in front of you."

* * * * *

Nat stepped forward, found the panel, and pressed it. The wall swung open, like two folded doors, revealing another room within, perfectly circular.

It contained a quantity of pieces of apparatus, some glowing with light, some dark, and a radio transmitting set; it was evidently the secret lair of the Black Caesar. And there he was, trapped at last by the mortal illness that had overtaken him!

He was lying upon the couch, his great form stretched out, his features hideously swollen by the same disease that had attacked the guards.

Nat raised his ray-rod, but Axelson feebly put up his hand, and Nat lowered the weapon. And, as the five gathered about the dying man, again Nat felt that strange sense of pathos and pity for him.

He had never known Earth life, and he was not to be measured by the common standards applicable on Earth.

"Don't fire, Nat," said Madge in a shaky voice. She was seated beside Axelson, and--the wonder of it--she was sponging the foam from his lips and moistening his forehead. She raised a crystal that contained some fluid to his lips, and he drained it greedily.

"So--Earth wins, Nathaniel Lee," whispered Axelson hoarsely. "I am dying. I know it. It is the same dreaded disease that came to the Moon at the time of my father's landing there. Three-fourths of the Moon animals died. It is mortal. The lungs burn away.

"My father told me that on Earth it is not mortal. He called it 'cold'--but I am burning hot."

Then only did Nat understand, and the irony of it made him catch his breath and grit his teeth to check his hysterical laughter. The Black Caesar, the terror of Earth, was dying of a common cold which he himself had given him.

The coryza germ, almost harmless on Earth, among a population habituated to it for countless generations, had assumed the potency of a plague here, where no colds had ever been known--among the Moon men, and even among the guards, after their lifetime in the germless climate of Eros.

"I've failed, Nathaniel Lee," came the Black Caesar's voice. "And yet that hardly troubles me. There is something more that I do not understand. She is a creature like ourselves--with will and reason. She is not like the Moon women. She told me that she did not wish to be queen of the Earth because she did not love me. I do not understand. And so--I am glad to go."

* * * * *

A gasp came from Axelson's throat as he raised his head and tried to speak, but the death-rattle was already in his throat. A slight struggle, and the massive form upon the couch was nothing but inanimate clay.

Madge rose from beside him, and the tears were streaming down her face.

"He wasn't a bad man, Nat," she said. "He was--gentle with me. He didn't understand; that was all. When I refused to be his queen, he was overcome with bewilderment. Oh, Nat, I can never, never write this story for the Universal News Syndicate."

Nat led her, sobbing, from the room.

Soon he succeeded in getting into teleradio communication with Earth. He broadcast the news that the Black Caesar was dead, and that his power for evil was at an end forever.

Then, in the few hours of daylight that remained, he set his men to work to smash the ray outfit that had destroyed China. There was some principle involved which he did not altogether understand, though Brent professed to have a clue to it, but it was evident that, except for the ray, Axelson had possessed no knowledge superior to that of the Earth scientists.

Of the guards, a few were already recovering, principally those of comparatively younger age. Not a Moon man, on the other hand, had survived the epidemic. As soon as Nat had got the guards out of the house, he reduced it to ashes by the aid of an old-fashioned box of phosphoric matches.

As the dark satellite was again creeping over Eros, the black ship set sail.

* * * * *

But of the return journey to the Moon, where they transferred to their own ship, of their landing at New York, and of the triumphal reception that was accorded them, this is no place to speak. Nat's journey with Madge from the center of the city, in what was the old Borough of Westchester, to his home in the suburb of Hartford, was a continual ovation.

Crowds lined the air-route, and every few miles, so thick was the air-traffic, he was forced to hover and address the cheering multitudes. Hartford itself was _en fete_, and across the main road the City Bosses had hung an old-fashioned banner, strung from house to house on either side, bearing the legend: For World President: NATHANIEL LEE!

Nat turned to Madge, who was seated beside him silently. "Ever hear of 'getting married?'" he asked.

"Of course I've heard of it," replied the girl indignantly. "Do you think I'm as dumb as that, Nat Lee? Why, those old-fashioned novels are part of the public schools' curriculum."

"Pity those days can't come back. You ought to be a World Presidentess, you know," said Nat. "I was thinking, if we registered as companionates, I could take you into the White House, and you'd have a swell time there taking X-rays on visiting days."

"Well," answered Madge slowly. "I never thought of that. It might be worth trying out."

The Second Satellite

By Edmond Hamilton

[Illustration: _The city of the frog-men!_]

[Sidenote: Earth-men war on frog-vampires for the emancipation of the human cows of Earth's second satellite.]

Norman and Hackett, bulky in their thick flying suits, seemed to fill the little office. Across the room Harding, the field superintendent, contemplated them. Two planes were curving up into the dawn together from the field outside, their motors thunderous as they roared over the building. When their clamor had receded, Harding spoke:

"I don't know which of you two is crazier," he said. "You, Norman, to propose a fool trip like this, or you, Hackett, to go with him."

Hackett grinned, but the long, lean face of Norman was earnest. "No doubt it all sounds a little insane," he said, "but I'm convinced I'm right."

The field superintendent shook his head. "Norman, you ought to be writing fiction instead of flying. A second satellite--and Fellows and the others on it--what the devil!"

"What other theory can account for their disappearance?" asked Norman calmly. "You know that since the new X-type planes were introduced, hundreds of fliers all over Earth have been trying for altitude records in them. Twenty-five miles--thirty--thirty-five--the records have been broken every day. But out of the hundreds of fliers who have gone up to those immense heights, four have never come down nor been seen again!

"One vanished over northern Sweden, one over Australia, one over Lower California, and one, Fellows, himself, right here over Long Island. You saw the globe on which I marked those four spots, and you saw that when connected they formed a perfect circle around the Earth. The only explanation is that the four fliers when they reached a forty-mile height were caught up by some body moving round Earth in that circular orbit, some unknown moon circling Earth inside its atmosphere, a second satellite of Earth's whose existence has until now never been suspected!"

* * * * *

Harding shook his head again. "Norman, your theory would be all right if it were not for the cold fact that no such satellite has ever been glimpsed."

"Can you glimpse a bullet passing you?" Norman retorted. "The two fliers at Sweden and Lower California vanished within three hours of each other, on opposite sides of the Earth. That means that this second satellite, as I've computed, circles Earth once every six hours, and travelling at that terrific speed it is no more visible to us of Earth than a rifle bullet would be."

"Moving through Earth's atmosphere at such speed, indeed, one would expect it to burn up by its own friction with the air. But it does not, because its own gravitational power would draw to itself enough air to make a dense little atmosphere for itself that would cling to it and shield it as it speeds through Earth's upper air. No, I'm certain that this second satellite exists, Harding, and I'm as certain that it's responsible for the vanishing of those four fliers."

"And now you and Hackett have figured when it will be passing over here and are going up in an X-type yourselves to look for it," Harding said musingly.

"Look for it?" echoed Hackett. "We're not going to climb forty miles just to get a look at the damn thing--we're going to try landing on it!"

"You're crazy sure!" the field superintendent exploded. "If Fellows and those others got caught by the thing and never came down again, why in the name of all that's holy would you two want--" He stopped suddenly. "Oh, I think I see," he said, awkwardly. "Fellows was rather a buddy of you two, wasn't he?"

"The best that ever flew a crippled Nieuport against three Fokkers to pull us out of a hole," said Norman softly. "Weeks he's been gone, and if it had been Hackett and I he'd be all over the sky looking for us--the damned lunatic. Well, we're not going to let him down."

"I see," Harding repeated. Then--"Well, here comes your mechanic, Norman, so your ship must be ready. I'll go with you. It's an event to see two Columbuses starting for another world."

* * * * *

The gray dawn-light over the flying field was flushing to faint rose as the three strode out to where the long X-type stood, its strangely curved wings, enclosed cabin and flat, fan-like tail gleaming dully. Its motor was already roaring with power and the plane's stubby wheels strained against the chocks. In their great suits Norman and Hackett were like two immense ape-figures in the uncertain light, to the eyes of those about them.

"Well, all the luck," Harding told them. "You know I'm pulling for you, but--I suppose it's useless to say anything about being careful."

"I seem to have heard the words," Hackett grinned, as he and Norman shook the field superintendent's hand.

"It's all the craziest chance," Norman told the other. "And if we don't come down in a reasonable time--well, you'll know that our theory was right, and you can broadcast it or not as you please."

"I hope for your sake that you're dead wrong," smiled the official. "I've told you two to get off the Earth a lot of times, but I never meant it seriously."

Harding stepped back as the two clambered laboriously into the cramped cabin. Norman took the controls, the door slammed, and as the chocks were jerked back and the motor roared louder the long plane curved up at a dizzy angle from the field into the dawn. Hackett waved a thick arm down toward the diminishing figures on the field below; then turned from the window to peer ahead with his companion.

The plane flew in a narrow ascending spiral upward, at an angle that would have been impossible to any ship save an X-type. Norman's eyes roved steadily over the instrument as they rose, his ears unconsciously alert for each explosion of the motor. Earth receded swiftly into a great gray concave surface as they climbed higher and higher.

By the time the five-mile height was reached Earth's surface had changed definitely from concave to convex. The plane was ascending by then in a somewhat wider spiral, but its climb was as steady and sure as ever. Frost begin to form quickly on the cabin's windows, creeping out from the edges. Norman spoke a word over the motor's muffled thunder, and Hackett snicked on the electrical radiators. The frost crept back as their warm, clean heat flooded the cabin.

Ten miles--fifteen--they had reached already altitudes impossible but a few years before, though it was nothing to the X-types. As they passed the ten-mile mark, Hackett set the compact oxygen-generator going. A clean, tangy odor filled the cabin as it began functioning. Twenty miles--twenty-two--

* * * * *

After a time Norman pointed mutely to the clock on the instrument board, and Hackett nodded. They were well within their time schedule, having calculated to reach the forty-mile height at ten, the hour when, by its computed orbit, the second satellite should be passing overhead. "--26--27--28--" Hackett muttered the altimeter figures to himself as the needle crept over them.

Glancing obliquely down through the window he saw that Earth was now a huge gray ball beneath them, white cloud-oceans obscuring the drab details of its surface here and there. "--31--32--" The plane was climbing more slowly, and at a lesser angle. Even the X-type had to struggle to rise in the attenuated air now about them. Only the super-light, super-powered plane could ever have reached the terrific height.

It was at the thirty-four mile level that the real battle for altitude began. Norman kept the plane curving steadily upward, handling it with surpassing skill in the rarefied air. Frost was on its windows now despite the heating mechanism. Slowly the altimeter needle crept to the forty mark. Norman kept the ship circling, its wings tilted slightly, but not climbing, Earth a great gray misty ball beneath.

"Can't keep this height long," he jerked. "If our second satellite doesn't show up in minutes we've had a trip for nothing."

"All seems mighty different up here," was Hackett's shouted comment. "Easy enough to talk down there about hopping onto the thing, but up here--hell, there's nothing but air and mighty little of that!"

Norman grinned. "There'll be more. If I'm right about this thing we won't need to hop it--its own atmosphere will pick us up."

Both looked anxious as the motor sputtered briefly. But in a moment it was again roaring steadily. Norman shook his head.

"Maybe a fool's errand after all. No--I'm still sure we're right! But it seems that we don't prove it this time."

"Going down?" asked Hackett.

"We'll have to, in minutes. Even with its own air-feed the motor can't stand this height for--"

* * * * *

Norman never finished the words. There was a sound, a keen rising, rushing sound of immense power that reached their ears over the motor's roar. Then in an instant the universe seemed to go mad about them: they saw the gray ball of Earth and the sun above skyrocketing around them as the plane whirled madly.

The rushing sound was in that moment thunderous, terrible, and as winds smashed and rocked the plane like giant hands, Hackett glimpsed another sphere that was not the sphere of Earth, a greenish globe that expanded with lightning speed in the firmament beside their spinning plane! The winds stilled; the green globe changed abruptly to a landscape of green land and sea toward which the plane was falling! Norman was fighting the controls--land and sea were gyrating up to them with dizzy speed--crash!

With that cracking crash the plane was motionless. Sunlight poured through its windows, and great green growths were all around it. Hackett, despite Norman's warning cry, forced the door open and was bursting outside, Norman after him. They staggered and fell, with curious lightness and slowness, on the ground outside, then clutched the plane for support and gazed stupefiedly around them.

The plane had crashed down into a thicket of giant green reeds that rose a yard over their heads, its pancake landing having apparently not damaged it. The ground beneath their feet was soft and soggy, the air warm and balmy, and the giant reeds hid all the surrounding landscape from view.

In the sky the sun burned near one horizon with unusual brilliance. But it was dwarfed, in size, by the huge gray circle that filled half the heavens overhead. A giant gray sphere it was, screened here and there by floating white mists and clouds, that had yet plain on it the outlines of dark continents and gleaming seas. A quaking realization held the two as they stared up at it.

* * * * *

"Earth!" Norman was babbling. "It's Earth, Hackett--above us; my God, I can't believe even yet that we've done it!"

"Then we're on--the satellite--the second satellite!--" Hackett fought for reality. "Those winds that caught us--"

"They were the atmosphere of this world, of the second satellite! They caught us and carried us on inside this smaller world's atmosphere, Hackett. We're moving with it around Earth at terrific speed now!"

"The second satellite, and we on it!" Hackett whispered, incredulously. "But these reeds--it can't all be like this--"

They stepped together away from the plane. The effort sent each of them sailing upward in a great, slow leap, to float down more than a score of feet from the plane. But unheeding in their eagerness this strange effect of the satellite's lesser gravitational power, they moved on, each step a giant, clumsy leap. Four such steps took them out of the towering reeds onto clear ground.

It was a gentle, grassy slope they were on, stretching away along a gray-green sea that extended out to the astoundingly near horizon on their right. To the left it rose into low hills covered with dense masses of green junglelike vegetation. Hackett and Norman, though, gazed neither at sea or hills for the moment, but at the half-score grotesque figures who had turned toward them as they emerged from the reeds. A sick sense of the unreal held them as they gazed, frozen with horror. For the great figures returning their gaze a few yards from them were--frog-men!

* * * * *

Frog-men! Great mottled green shapes seven to eight feet in height, with bowed, powerful legs and arms that ended in webbed paws. The heads were bulbous ones in which wide, unwinking frog-eyes were set at the sides, the mouths white-lipped and white-lined. Three of the creatures held each a black metal tube-and-handle oddly like a target-pistol.

"Norman!" Hackett's voice was a crescendo of horror. "_Norman!_"

"Back to the plane!" Norman cried thickly. "The plane--"

The two staggered back, but the frog-men, recovering from their own first surprise, were running forward with great hopping steps! The two fliers flung themselves back in a floating leap toward the reeds, but the green monsters were quick after them. A croaking cry came from one and as another raised his tube-and-handle, something flicked from it that burst close beside Norman. There was no sound or light as it burst, but the reeds for a few feet around it vanished!

* * * * *

A hoarse cry from Hackett--the creatures had reached him, grasped him at the edge of the reeds! Norman swerved in his floating leap to strike the struggling flier and frog-men. The scene whirled around him as he fought them, great paws reaching for him. With a sick, frantic rage he felt his clenched fist drive against cold, green, billowy bodies. Croaking cries sounded in his ears; then, Hackett and he were jerked to their feet, held tightly by four of the creatures.

"My God, Norman," panted Hackett, helpless. "What are they--frog-things?--"

"Steady, Hackett. They're the people of the second satellite, it seems; wait!"

One of the armed frog-men approached and inspected them, and then croaked an order in a deep voice. Then, still holding the two tightly, the party of monsters began to move along the slope, skirting the sea's edge. In a few minutes they reached two curious objects resting on the slope. They seemed long black metal boats, slender and with sharp prow and stern. A compact mechanism and control-board filled the prow, while at the stern and sides were long tubes mounted on swivels like machine-guns.

The frog-men motioned Norman and Hackett into one, fastening the two prisoners and themselves into their seats with metal straps provided for the purpose. Four had entered the one boat, the others that of the captives. One at the prow moved his paws over the control-board and with a purring of power the boat, followed by the other, rose smoothly into the air. It headed out over the gray-green sea, land dropping quickly from sight behind, the horizons water-bounded on all sides. From their nearness Norman guessed that this second satellite of Earth's was small indeed beside its mother planet. He had to look up to earth's great gray sphere overhead to attain a sense of reality.

Hackett was whispering beside him, the frog-men watchful. "Norman, it's not real--it can't be real! These things--these boats--intelligent like men--"

The other sought to steady him. "It's a different world, Hackett. Gravitation different, light different, everything different, and evolution here has had a different course. On Earth men evolved to be the most intelligent life-forms, but here the frog-races, it seems."

"But where are they taking us? Could we ever find the plane again?"

"God knows. If we ever get away from these things we might. And we've got to find Fellows, too; I wonder where he is on this world."

* * * * *

For many minutes the two boats raced on at great speed over the endless waters before the watery skyline was broken far ahead by something dark and unmoving. Hackett and Norman peered with intense interest toward it. It seemed at first a giant squat mountain rising from the sea, but as they shot nearer they saw that its outline was too regular, and that colossal as it was in size it was the work of intelligence. They gasped as they came nearer and got a better view of it.

For it was a gigantic dome of black metal rising sheer from the lonely sea, ten miles if anything in diameter, a third that in greatest height. There was no gate or window or opening of any kind in it. Just the colossal, smooth black dome rearing from the watery plain. Yet the two boats were flashing lower toward it.

"They can't be going inside!" Hackett conjectured. "There's no way in and what could be in there? The whole thing's mad--"

"There's some way," Norman said. "They're slowing--"

The flying-boats were indeed slowing as they dipped lower. They were very near the dome now, its curving wall a looming, sky-high barrier before them. Suddenly the boats dipped sharply downward toward the green sea. Before the two fliers could comprehend their purpose, could do aught more than draw instinctive great breaths in preparation, the two craft had shot down into the waters and were arrowing down through the green depths.

Blinded, flung against his metal strap by the resistance of the waters they ripped through, Norman yet retained enough of consciousness to glimpse beams of light that stabbed ahead from the prows of their rushing boats, to see vaguely strange creatures of the deep blundering in and out of those beams as the boats hurtled forward. The water that forced its way between his lips was fresh, he was vaguely aware, and even as he fought to hold his breath was aware too that the frog-men seemed in no way incommoded by the sudden transition into the water, their amphibian nature allowing them to stay under it far longer than any human could do.

The boats ripped through the waters at terrific speed and in a few seconds there loomed before them the giant metal wall of the great dome, going down into the depths here. Norman glimpsed vaguely that the whole colossal dome rested on a vast pedestal-like mountain of rock that rose from the sea's floor almost to the surface. Then a great round opening in the wall; the boats flashed into it and were hurtling along a water-filled tunnel. Norman felt his lungs near bursting--when the tunnel turned sharply upward and the boats whizzed up and abruptly out of the water-tunnel into air!

* * * * *

But it was not the open air again. They were beneath the gigantic dome! For as Norman and Hackett breathed deep, awe fell on their faces as they took in the scene. Far overhead stretched the dome's colossally curving roof, and far out on all sides. It was lit beneath that roof by a clear light that the two would have sworn was sunlight. The dome was in effect the roof of a gigantic, illuminated building, and upon its floor there stretched a mighty city.

The city of the frog-men! Their boats were rising up over it and Norman and Hackett saw it clear. Square mile upon square mile of structures stretched beneath the dome, black buildings often of immense size, varying in shape, but all of square, rectangular proportions. Between them moved countless frog-hordes, swirling throngs in streets and squares, and over the roofs darted thick swarms of flying-boats. And at the city's center, in a great, circular, clear space, lay a wide, round, green pool--the opening of the water-tunnel up through which they had come.

Norman pointed down toward it. "That's your answer!" he cried. "The only entrance to this frog-city is from the sea, up through that water-tunnel!"

"Good God, an amphibian city!" Hackett was shaken, white-faced.

The two boats were driving quickly over the city, through the swarming craft. Norman glimpsed towering buildings that might have been palaces, temples, laboratories. They slowed and dipped toward one block-like building not far from the water-tunnel's opening. Armed frog-guards were on its roof, and other boats rested there. The two came to rest and the two captives were jerked out, the guards seizing them.

Half-dragged and half-floating they were led toward an opening in the roof from which a stair led downward. They passed down thus into the building's interior, lit by many windows. Norman glimpsed long halls ending in barred doors, guards here and there. Tube-lines ran along the walls and somewhere machines were throbbing dully. They came at last to a barred door whose guard opened it at the croaking order of the frog-men who held the two, and they were thrust inside, as the door clanged. They turned, and exclaimed in amazement. The room held fully a half-hundred men!

They were men such as the two fliers had never seen before, like humans except that their skins were a light green instead of the normal white and pink. They were dressed in dark short tunics, and kept talking to each other in a tongue quite unintelligible to Norman and Hackett. They came closer, flocking curiously around the two men, with a babel of voices quite meaningless to the two. Then one of the men uttered an exclamation, and all turned.

* * * * *

The barred door had swung open and a half-dozen frog-guards entered, followed by two frog-men carrying a square little mechanism from which tubing led back out through the door.

"Norman--these men--" Hackett was whispering rapidly. "If there are men in this world too, it may be that--"

"Quiet, Hackett--look at what they're doing."

The two frog-men had set their mechanism in place and then croaked out a brief word or order. Slowly, reluctantly, one of the green men moved toward them. Quickly they removed a metal disk fastened to his arm, exposing a small orifice like an unhealed wound. Onto this they fastened a suckerlike object from which a transparent tube led back through the mechanism. The machine hummed and at once a red stream pulsed through the tube and back through the mechanism. The man to whom it was attached was growing rapidly pale!

Norman, sick with horror, clutched his companion. "Hackett--these frog-men are sucking his blood from him!"

"Good God! And look--they're doing it with another!"

"All of these men--kept prisoners to furnish them with blood. It must be the damned creatures' food! And we here with the others--"

A common horror shook the two. It did not seem to affect the green men in the room, though, who advanced to the mechanism one by one with a reluctant air as of cows unwilling to be milked. Each was attached to the mechanism by the sucking disk on his arm, and out of each the blood poured through the tube. The metal disk was replaced on his arm then and he went back to the others. Norman saw that the frog-men took only from each an amount of blood that they could lose and yet live, since, though each came back pale and weak from the mechanism, they were able to walk.

"It must be their food--human blood!" Norman repeated. "They may have thousands on thousands of humans penned up like this, like so many herds of cows, and perhaps they live entirely on the life-blood they milk from them. Human cows--God!"

"Norman--look--they're calling to us!"

* * * * *

The two stiffened. All the others in the room had taken their turn at the blood-sucking mechanism and now the frog-men croaked their order to the two fliers. They had forgotten their own predicament in the horror of the scene, but now it became real to them. They backed against the room's wall, quivering, dangerous.

The frog-guards came forward to drag them to the machine. A webbed paw was outstretched but Hackett with a wild blow drove the frog-man back and downward. The frog-guards leaped, and Norman and Hackett struck them back with all the greater strength the lesser gravitation gave them. The room was in an uproar, the green men shouting hoarsely and seeming on the point of rushing to their aid.

But the menacing force-pistols of the other frog-guards held back the shouting men and in moments the two fliers were overpowered by sheer weight of frog-bodies. Norman felt himself dragged to the machine.

Pain needled his upper arm as an incision was made. He felt the sucking-disk attached; then the machine hummed, and a sickening nausea swept him as the blood drained from his body. Held tightly by the guards he went dizzy, weak, but at last felt the sucker removed and a metal disk fastened over the incision. He was jerked aside and Hackett, his face deathly white, was dragged into his place. In a moment some of the latter's blood had been pumped from him also.

The machine was withdrawn, Norman and Hackett were released, and the frog-men, with their black force-pistols watchfully raised, withdrew, the door clanging. The room settled back to quietness, the green men stretching in lassitude on the metal bunks around it. The two fliers crouched down near the door, shuddering nausea and weakness still holding them.

Norman found that Hackett was laughing weakly. "To think that twenty-four hours ago I was in New York," he half-laughed, half-sobbed. "On Earth--Earth--"

The other gripped his arm. "It's horrible, Hackett, I know. But it isn't instant death, and we've still a chance to escape. Hell, can damn frog-men keep us here? Where's your nerve, man?"

A voice beside them made them turn in amazement. "You are men from Earth?" it asked, in queerly accented English. "From Earth?"

* * * * *

Astonishment held them as they saw who spoke. It was one of the green men in the room, who had settled down by their side. A tall figure with superb muscles and frank, clean countenance, his dark eyes afire with eagerness.

"English?" Norman exclaimed. "You know English--you understand me?"

The other showed his teeth in a smile. "I know, yes. I'm Sarja, and I learned to speak it from Fallas, in my city, before the Ralas caught me."

"Fallas--" Norman repeated, puzzled; then suddenly he flamed. "By God, he means Fellows!"

"Fallas, yes," said the other. "From the sky he fell into our city in a strange flying-boat that was smashed. He was hurt but we cared for him, and he taught me his speech, which I heard you talking now."

"Then Fellows is in your city now?" asked Hackett eagerly. "Where is that?"

"Across this sea--back in the hills," the other waved. "It is far from the sea but I was rash one day and came too near the water in my flying-boat. The Ralas were out raiding and they saw me, caught me, and brought me here. No escape now, until I die."

"The Ralas--you mean these frog-men?" Norman asked.

Sarja nodded. "Of course. They are the tyrants and oppressors of this world. Our little world is but a tenth or less the size of your great Earth which it circles, but it has its lands and rivers, and this one great fresh-water sea into which the latter empty. In this sea long ago developed the Ralas, the great frog-men who acquired such intelligence and arts that they became lords of this world.

"Through the centuries, while on the land our races of green men have been struggling upward, the Ralas have oppressed them. Long ago the Ralas left all their other cities to build this one great amphibian city at the sea's center. Entrance to it is only by the water-tunnel from without, and being frog-people entrance thus is easy for them since they can move for many minutes under water, though they drown like any other breathing animal if kept under too long. Humans dare not try to enter it thus by the water-tunnel, since, before they could find it and make their way up through it, they would have drowned.

* * * * *

"So the Ralas have ruled from this impregnable amphibian city. Its colossal metal dome is invulnerable to ordinary attack, and though solid and without openings it is always as light beneath the dome here as outside, since the Ralas' scientists contrived light-condensers and conductors that catch light outside and bring it in to release inside. So when it is day outside the sunlight is as bright here, and when night comes the Earth-light shines here the same as without.

"From this city their raiding parties have gone out endlessly to swoop down on the cities of us green men. Since we learned to make flying-boats like theirs, with molecular-motors, and to make the guns like theirs that fire shells filled with annihilating force, we have resisted them stoutly but their raids have not ceased. And always they have brought their prisoners back in to this, their city.

"Tens of thousands of green men they have prisoned here like us, for the sole purpose of supplying them with blood. For the Ralas live on this blood alone, changing it chemically to fit their own bodies and then taking it into their bodies. It eliminates all necessity for food here for them. Every few days they drain blood from us, and since we are well fed and cared for to keep us good blood-producers, we will be here for a long time before we die."

"But haven't you made any attempt to get out of here--to escape?" Norman asked.

Sarja smiled. "Who could escape the city of the Ralas? In all recorded history it has never been done, for even if by some miracle you got a flying-boat, the opening of the water-tunnel that leads outward is guarded always."

"Guards or no guards, we're going to try it and not sit here to furnish blood for the Ralas," Norman declared. "Are you willing to help, to try to get to Fellows and your city?"

The green man considered. "It is hopeless," he said, "but as well to die beneath the force-shells of the Ralas as live out a lifetime here. Yes, I will help, though I cannot see how you expect to escape even from this room."

"I think we can manage that," Norman told him. "But first--not a word to these others. We can't hope to escape with them all, and there is no knowing what one might not betray us to the frog-men."

He went on then to outline to the other two the idea that had come to him. Both exclaimed at the simpleness of the idea, though Sarja remained somewhat doubtful. While Hackett slept, weak still from his loss of blood, Norman had the green man scratch on the metal floor as well as possible a crude map of the satellite's surface, and found that the city, where Fellows was, seemed some hundreds of miles back from the sea.

* * * * *

While they talked, the sunlight, apparently sourceless, that came through the heavily barred windows of the room faded rapidly, and dusk settled over the great amphibian city beneath the giant dome, kept from total darkness by a silvery pervading light that Norman reflected must be the light from Earth's great sphere. With the dusk's coming the activities in the frog-city lessened greatly.

With dusk, too, frog-guards entered the room bearing long metal troughs filled with a red jellylike substance, that they placed on racks along the wall. As the guards withdrew the men in the room rushed toward the troughs, elbowing each other aside and striking each other to scoop up and eat as much of the red jelly as possible. It was for all the world like the feeding of farm-animals, and Hackett and Norman so sickened at the sight that they had no heart to try the food. Sarja, though, had no such scruples and seemed to make a hearty meal at one of the troughs.

After the meal the green men sought the bunks and soon were stretched in sonorous slumber. It was, Norman reflected, exactly the existence of domesticated animals--to eat and sleep and give food to their masters. A deeper horror of the frog-men shook him, and a deeper determination to escape them. He waited until all in the room were sleeping before beckoning to Sarja and Hackett.

"Quiet now," he whispered to them. "If these others wake they'll make such a clamor we won't have a chance in the world. Ready, Sarja?"

The green man nodded. "Yes, though I still think such a thing's impossible."

"Probably is," Norman admitted. "But it's the one chance we've got, the immensely greater strength of our Earth-muscle that the frog-men must have forgotten when they put us in here."

They moved silently to the room's great barred door, outside which a frog-guard paced. They waited until he had passed the door and on down the hall, then Norman and Hackett and Sarja grasped together one of the door's vertical bars. It was an inch and a half in thickness, of solid metal, and it seemed ridiculous that any men could bend it by the sheer strength of their muscles.

Norman, though, was relying on the fact that on the second satellite, with its far lesser gravitational influence, their Earth-muscles gave them enormous strength. He grasped the bar, Hackett and Sarja gripping it below him, and then at a whispered word they pulled with all their force. The bar resisted and again, with sweat starting on their foreheads, they pulled. It gave a little.

* * * * *

They shrank back from it as the guard returned, moving past. Then grasping the bar again they bent all their force once more upon it. Each effort saw it bending more, the opening in the door's bars widening. They gave a final great wrench and the bent bar squealed a little. They shrank back, appalled, but the guard had not heard or noticed. He moved past it on his return along the hall, and no sooner was past it than Norman squeezed through the opening and leaped silently for the great frog-man's back.

It went down with a wild flurry of waving webbed paws and croaking cries, stilled almost instantly by Norman's terrific blows. There was silence then as Hackett and Sarja squeezed out after him, the momentary clamor of the battle having aroused no one.

The three leaped together toward the stairs. In two great floating leaps they were on the floor above, Hackett and Norman dragging Sarja between them. They were not seen, were sailing in giant steps up another stair, hopes rising high. The last stair--the roof-opening above; and then from beneath a great croaking cry swelled instantly into chorus of a alarmed shouts.

"They've found the door--the guard!" panted Hackett.

They were bursting out onto the roof. Frog-guards were on it who came in a hopping rush toward them, force-pistols raised. But a giant leap took Hackett among them, to amaze them for a moment with great flailing blows. Sarja had leaped for the nearest flying-boat resting on the roof, and was calling in a frantic voice to Norman and Hackett. Norman was turning toward Hackett, the center of a wild combat, but the latter emerged from it for a brief second to motion him frantically back.

"No use, Norman--get away--get away!" he cried hoarsely, frenziedly.

"Hackett--for God's sake--!" Norman half-leaped to the other, but an arm caught him, pulled him desperately onto the boat's surface. It was Sarja, the long craft flying over the roof beneath his control.

"They come!" he panted. "Too late now--" Frog-men were pouring up onto the roof from below. Sarja sent the craft rocketing upward, as Hackett gestured them away for a last frantic time before going down beneath the frog-men's onslaught.

* * * * *

The roof and the combat on it dropped back and beneath them like a stone as their craft ripped across the silvery dusk over the mighty frog-city. They were shooting toward the city's center, toward the green pool that was the entrance to the water-tunnel, while behind and beneath an increasing clamor of alarm spread swiftly. Norman raged futilely.

"Hackett--Hackett! We can't leave him--"

"Too late!" Sarja cried. "We cannot help him but only be captured again. We escape now and come back--come back--"

The truth of it pierced Norman's brain even in the wild moment. Hackett had fought and held back the frog-guards only that they might escape. He shouted suddenly.

"Sarja--the water-tunnel!" A half-dozen boats with frog-guards on them were rising round it in answer to the alarm!

"The force-gun!" cried the green man. "Beside you--!"

Norman whirled, glimpsed the long tube on its swivel beside him, trained it on the boats rising ahead as they rocketed nearer. He fumbled frantically at a catch at the gun's rear, then felt a stream of shells flicking out of it. Two of the boats ahead vanished as the shells released their annihilating force, another sagged and fell. From the remaining three invisible force-shells flicked around them, but in an instant Sarja had whirled the boat through them and down into the water-tunnel!

Norman clung desperately to his seat as the boat flashed down through the waters, and then, as Sarja sent it flying out through the great tunnel's waters, glimpsed, close behind, the beams of the three Rala boats as they pursued them through the tunnel, overtaking them. Could the force-shells be fired under water? Norman did not know, but desperately he swung the force-gun back as they rushed through the waters, and pressed the catch. An instant later beams and boats behind them in the tunnel vanished.

His lungs were afire; it seemed that he must open them to the strangling water. The boat was ripping the waters at such tremendous speed that he felt himself being torn from his hold on it. Pain seemed poured like molten metal through his chest--he could hold out no longer; and then the boat stabbed up from the waters into clear air!

* * * * *

Norman panted, sobbed. Behind them rose the colossal metal dome of the frog-city, gleaming dully in the silvery light that flooded the far-stretching seas. That light poured down from a stupendous silver crescent in the night skies. Norman saw dully the dark outlines on it before he remembered. Earth! He laughed a little hysterically. Sarja was driving the flying-boat out over the sea and away from the frog-city at enormous speed. At last he glanced back. Far behind them lay the great dome and up around it gleaming lights were pouring, lights of pursuing Rala boats.

"We escape," Sarja cried, "the city of the Ralas, from which none ever before escaped!"

Remembrance smote Norman. "Hackett! Held off those frog-men so we could get away--we'll come back for him, by God!"

"We come back!" said Sarja. "We come back with all the green men of this world to the Ralas' city, yes! I know what Fallas has planned."

"Can you find your way to him--to your city?" Norman asked.

Sarja nodded, looking upward. "Before the next sun has come and gone we can reach it."

The boat flew onward, and the great dome and the searching lights around it dropped beneath the horizon. Norman felt the warm wind drying his drenched garments as they rushed onward. Crouched on the boat he gazed up toward the silver crescent of Earth sinking toward the horizon ahead. That meant, he told himself, that the satellite turned slowly on its axis as it whirled around Earth. It came to him that its night and day periods must be highly irregular.

When the sun climbed from the waters behind them they were flying still over a boundless waste of waters, but soon they sighted on the horizon ahead the thin green line of land. Sarja slowed as they reached it, took his bearings, and sent the craft flying onward.

They passed over a green coastal plain and then over low hills joined in long chains and mantled by dense and mighty jungles, towering green growths of unfamiliar appearance to Norman. He thought he glimpsed, more than once, huge beastlike forms moving in them. He did see twice in the jungles great clearings where were fair-sized cities of bright-green buildings, a metal tower rising from each. But when he pointed to them Sarja shook his head.

* * * * *

At last, as they passed over another range of hills and came into sight of a third green city with its looming tower, the other pointed, his face alight.

"My city," he said. "Fallas there."

Fellows! Norman's heart beat faster.

They shot closer and lower and he saw that the buildings were obviously green to lend them a certain protective coloration similar to that of the green jungles around them. The tower with its surmounting cage puzzled him though, but before he could ask Sarja concerning it his answer came in a different way. A long metal tube poked slowly out of the cage on the tower's top and sent a hail of force-shells flicking around them.

"They're firing on us!" Norman cried. "This can't be your city!"

"They see our black boat!" Sarja exclaimed. "They think we're Rala raiders and unless we let them know they'll shoot us out of the air! Stand up--wave to them--!"

Both Norman and Sarja sprang to their feet and waved wildly to those in the tower-cage, their flying-boat drifting slowly forward. Instantly the force-shells ceased to hail toward them, and as they moved nearer a sirenlike signal broke from the cage. At once scores of flying-boats like their own, but glittering metal instead of black, shot up from the city where they had lain until now, and surrounded them.

As Sarja called in his own tongue to them the green men on the surrounding boats broke into resounding cries. They shot down toward the city, Norman gazing tensely. Great crowds of green men in their dark tunics had swarmed out into its streets with the passing of the alarm, and their craft and the others came to rest in an open square that was the juncture of several streets.

The green men that crowded excitedly about Norman and Sarja gave way to a half-dozen hurrying into the square from the greatest of the buildings facing on it. All but one were green men like the others. But that one--the laughing-eyed tanned face--the worn brown clothing, the curious huge steps with which he came--Norman's heart leapt.

"Fellows!"

"Great God--Norman!" The other's face was thunderstruck. "Norman--how by all that's holy did you get here?"

* * * * *

Norman, mind and body strained to the breaking point, was incoherent. "We guessed how you'd gone--the second satellite, Fellows--Hackett and I came after you--taken to that frog-city--"

As Norman choked the tale, Fellows' face was a study. And when it was finished he swallowed, and gripped Norman's hand viselike.

"And you and Hackett figured it out and came after me--took that risk? Crazy, both of you. Crazy--"

"Fellows, Hackett's still there, if he's alive! In the Rala city!"

Fellows' voice was grim, quick. "We'll have him out. Norman, if he still lives. And living or dead, the Ralas will pay soon for this and for all they've done upon this world in ages. Their time nears--yes."

He led Norman, excited throngs of the green men about them, into the great building from which he had emerged. There were big rooms inside, workshops and laboratories that Norman but vaguely glimpsed in passing. The room to which the other led him was one with a long metal couch. Norman stretched protestingly upon it at the other's bidding, drifted off almost at once into sleep.

He woke to find the sunlight that had filled the room gone and replaced by the silvery Earth-light. From the window he saw that the silver-lit city outside now held tremendous activity, immense hordes of green men surging through it with masses of weapons and equipment, flying-boats pouring down out of the night from all directions. He turned as the door of the room clicked open behind him. It was his old friend Fellows.

"I thought you'd be awake by now, Norman. Feeling fit?"

"As though I'd slept a week," Norman said, and the other laughed his old care-free laugh.

"You almost have, at that. Two days and nights you've slept, but it all adds up to hardly more than a dozen hours."

"This world!" Norman's voice held all his incredulity. "To think that we should be on it--a second satellite of Earth's--it seems almost beyond belief."

* * * * *

"Sometimes it seems so to me, too," Fellows said thoughtfully. "But it's not a bad world--not the human part of it, at least. When this satellite's atmosphere caught me and pitchforked me down among these green men, smashing the plane and almost myself, they took care of me. You say three others vanished as I did? I never heard of them here; they must have crashed into the sea or jungles. Of course, I'd have got back to Earth on one of these flying-boats if I'd been able, but their molecular power won't take them far from this world's surface, so I couldn't.

"As it was, the green men cared for me, and when I found how those frog-men have dominated this world for ages, how that city of the Ralas has spread endless terror among the humans here, I resolved to smash those monsters whatever I did. I taught some of the green men like Sarja my own speech, later learning theirs, and in the weeks I've been here I've been working out a way to smash the Ralas.

"You know that amphibian city is almost impregnable because humans can hardly live long enough under the water to get into it, let alone fight under water as the frog-men can. To meet them on even terms the green men needed diving-helmets with an oxygen supply. They'd never heard of such an idea, too afraid of the sea ever to experiment in it, but I convinced them and they've made enough helmets for all their forces. In them they can meet the Ralas under water on equal terms.

"And there's a chance we can destroy that whole Rala city with their help. It's built on a giant pedestal of rock rising from the sea's floor, as you saw, and I've had some of the green men make huge force-shells or force-bombs that ought to be powerful enough to split that pedestal beneath the city. If we can get a chance to place those bombs it may smash the frog-men forever on this world. But one thing is sure: we're going to get Hackett out if he still lives!"

"Then you're, going to attack the Rala city now?" Norman cried.

Fellows nodded grimly. "While you have slept all the forces of the green men on this world have been gathering. Your coming has only precipitated our plans, Norman--the whole soul of the green races has been set upon this attack for weeks!"

* * * * *

Norman, half bewildered at the swiftness with which events rushed upon him, found himself striding with Fellows in great steps out through the building into the great square. It was shadowed now by mass on mass of flying-boats, crowded with green men, that hung over it and over the streets. One boat, Sarja at its controls, waited on the ground and as they entered and buckled themselves into the seats the craft drove up to hang with the others.

A shattering cheer greeted them. Norman saw that in the silvery light of Earth's great crescent there stretched over the city and surrounding jungle now a veritable plain of flying-boats. On each were green men and each bristled with force-guns, and had as many great goggled helmets fastened to it as it had occupants. He glimpsed larger boats loaded with huge metal cylinders--the force-bombs Fellows had mentioned.

Fellows rose and spoke briefly in a clear voice to the assembled green men on their craft, and another great shout roared from them, and from these who watched in the city below. Then as he spoke a word, Sarja sent their craft flying out over the city, and the great mass of boats, fully a thousand in number, were hurtling in a compact column after them.

Fellows leaned to Norman as the great column of purring craft shot on over the silver-lit jungles. "We'll make straight for the Rala city and try setting into it before they understand what's happening."

"Won't they have guards out?"

"Probably, but we can beat them back into the city before their whole forces can come out on us. That's the only way in which we can get inside and reach Hackett. And while we're attacking the force-bombs can be placed, though I don't rely too much on them."

"If the attack only succeeds in getting us inside," Norman said, grim-lipped, "we'll have a chance--"

"It's on the knees of the gods. These green men are doing an unprecedented thing in attacking the Ralas, the masters of this world, remember. But they've got ages of oppression to avenge; they'll fight."

The fleet flew on, hills and rivers a silver-lit panorama unreeling beneath them. Earth's crescent sank behind them, and by the time they flashed out over the great fresh-water sea, the sun was rising like a flaming eye from behind it. Land sank from sight behind and the green men were silent, tense, as they saw stretching beneath only the gray waters that for ages had been the base of the dread frog-men. But still the fleet's column raced on.

* * * * *

At last the column slowed. Far ahead the merest bulge broke the level line where sky and waters met. The amphibian city of the Ralas! At Fellows' order-the flying-boats sank downward until they moved just above the waters. Another order made the green hosts don the grotesque helmets. Norman found that while cumbersome their oxygen supply was unfailing. They shot on again at highest speed, but as the gigantic black dome of the frog-city grew in their vision there darted up from around it suddenly a far-flung swarm of black spots.

"Rala boats!"

The muffled exclamation was Fellows'. There needed now no order on his part, though. Like hawks, leaping for prey, the fleet of the green men sprang through the air. Norman, clutching the force-gun between his knees, had time only to see that the Rala craft were a few hundred in number and that, contemptuous of the greater odds that favored these humans they had so long oppressed, they were flying straight to meet them. Then the two fleets met--and were spinning side by side above the waters.

Norman saw the thing only as a wild whirl of Rala boats toward and beside them, great green frog-men crowding the craft, their force-guns hailing shells. Automatically, with the old air-fighting instinct, his fingers had pressed the catch of the gun between his knees and as its shells flicked toward the rushing boats he saw areas of nothingness opening suddenly in their mass, shells striking and exploding in annihilating invisibility there and in their own fleet.

The two fleets mingled and merged momentarily, the battle becoming a thing of madness, a huge whirl of black and glittering flying-boats together, striking shells exploding nothingness about them. The Ralas were fighting like demons.

The merged, terrific combat lasted but moments; could last but moments. Norman, his gun's magazine empty, seemed to see the mass of struggling ships splittering, diverging; then saw that the black craft were dropping, plummeting downward toward the waves! The Ralas, stunned by that minute of terrific combat, were fleeing. Muffled cries and cheers came from about him as the glittering flying-boats of the green men shot after them. They crashed down into the waters and curved deeply into their green-depths, toward the gigantic dome.

* * * * *

Ahead the Rala boats were in flight toward their city, and now their pursuers were like sharks striking after them. There in the depths the force-guns of black and glittering boats alike were spitting, and giant waves and underwater convulsions rocked pursued and pursuers as the exploding shells annihilated boats and water about them. The tunnel! Its round opening yawned in the looming wall ahead, and Norman saw the Rala craft, reduced to scores in number, hurtling into it, to rouse all the forces of the great amphibian city. Their own boats were flashing into the opening after them. He glimpsed as he glanced back for a moment the larger craft with the great force-bombs veering aside behind them.

It was nightmare in the water-tunnel. Flashing beams of the craft ahead and waters that rocked and smashed around them as in flight the Ralas still rained back force-shells toward them in a chaos of action. Once the frog-men turned to hold them back in the tunnel, but by sheer weight the rushing ships of the green men crashed them onward. Boats were going into nothingness all around them. A part of Norman's brain wondered calmly why they survived even while another part kept his gun again working, with refilled magazine. Fellows and Sarja were grotesque shapes beside him. Abruptly the tunnel curved upward and as they flashed up after the remaining Rala craft their boats ripped up into clear air! They were beneath the giant dome!

The frog-men chased inward spread out in all directions over their mighty, swarming city and across it a terrific clamor of alarm ran instantly as the green men emerged after them! Norman saw flying-boats beginning to rise across all the city and realized that moments would see all the immense force of the Ralas, the thousands of craft they could muster, pouring upon them. He pointed out over the city to a block-like building, and shouted madly through his helmet to Fellows and Sarja:

"Hackett!"

But already Sarja had sent their craft whirling across the city toward the structure, half their fleet behind it, with part still emerging from the water-tunnel. Rala boats rose before them, but nothing could stop them now, their force-shells raining ahead to clear a path for their meteor-flight. They shot down toward the block-structure, and Norman, half-crazed by now, saw that to descend and enter was suicide in the face of the frog-forces rising now over all the city. He cried to Fellows, and with two of the guns as they swooped lower they sprayed force-shells along the building's side.

* * * * *

The shells struck and whiffed away the whole side, exposing the level on the building's interior. Out from it rushed swarms of crazed green men, sweeping aside the frog-men guards, while far over the city the invading craft were loosing shells on the block-like buildings that held the prisoners, tens of thousands of them swarming forth. In the throng below as they raced madly forth Norman saw one, and shouted wildly. The one brown garbed figure looked up, saw their boat swooping lower, and leaped for it in a tremendous forty-foot spring that brought his fingers to its edge. Norman pulled him frenziedly up.

"Norman!" he babbled. "In God's name--Fellows--!"

"That helmet, Hackett!" Fellows flung at him. "My God, look at those prisoners--Norman!"

The countless thousands of green men released from the buildings whose walls had vanished under the shells of the invaders had poured forth to make the amphibian city a chaos of madness. Oblivious to all else they were throwing themselves upon the city's crowding frog-men in a battle whose ferocity was beyond belief, disregarding all else in this supreme chance to wreak vengeance on the monstrous beings who had fed upon their blood. In the incredible insanity of that raging fury the craft of the green men hanging over the city were all but forgotten.

Suddenly the city and the mighty dome over it quivered violently, and then again. There came from beneath a dull, vast, grinding roar.

"The great force-bombs!" Fellows screamed. "They've set them off--the city's sinking--out of here, for the love of God!"

The boat whirled beneath Sarja's hands toward the pool of the water-tunnel, all their fleet rushing with them. The grinding roar was louder, terrible; dome and city were shaking violently now; but in the insensate fury of their struggle the frog-men and their released prisoners were hardly aware of it. The whole great dome seemed sinking upon them and the city falling beneath it as Sarja's craft ripped down into the tunnel's waters, and then out, at awful speed, as the great tunnel's walls swayed and sank around them! They shot out into the green depths from it to hear a dull, colossal crashing through the waters from behind as the great pedestal of rock on which the city had stood, shattered by the huge force-bombs, collapsed. And as their boats flashed up into the open air they saw that the huge dome of the city of the Ralas was gone.

Beneath them was only a titanic whirlpool of foaming waters in which only the curved top of the settling dome was visible for a moment as it sank slowly and ponderously downward, with a roar as of the roar of falling worlds. Buckling, collapsing, sinking, it vanished in the foam-wild sea with all the frog-men who for ages had ruled the second satellite, and with all those prisoners who had at the last dragged them down with them to death! Ripping off their helmets, with all the green men shouting crazily about them, Norman and Fellows and Hackett stared down at the colossal maelstrom in the waters that was the tomb of the masters of a world.

Then the depression's sides collapsed, the waters rushing together ... and beneath them was but troubled, tossing sea....

* * * * *

Earth's great gray ball was overhead again and the sun was sinking again to the horizon when the three soared upward in the long, gleaming plane, its motor roaring. Norman, with Hackett and Fellows crowding the narrow cabin beside him, waved with them through its windows. For all around them were rising the flying-boats of the green men.

They were waving wildly, shouting their farewells, Sarja's tall figure erect at the prow of one. Insistent they had been that the three should stay, the three through whom the monstrous age-old tyranny of the frog-men had been lifted, but Earth-sickness was on them, and they had flown to where the plane lay still unharmed among the reeds, a hundred willing hands dragging it forth for the take-off.

The plane soared higher, motor thundering, and they saw the flying-boats sinking back from around them. They caught the wave of Sarja's hand still from the highest, and then that, too, was gone.

Upward they flew toward the great gray sphere, their eyes on the dark outlines of its continents and on one continent. Higher--higher--green land and gray tea receding beneath them; Hackett and Fellows intent and eager as Norman kept the plane rising. The satellite lay, a greenish globe, under them. And as they went higher still a rushing sound came louder to their ears.

"The edge of the satellite's atmosphere?" Fellows asked, as Norman nodded.

"We're almost to it--here we go!"

As he shot the plane higher, great forces smote it, gray Earth and green satellite and yellow sun gyrating round it as it reeled and plunged. Then suddenly it was falling steadily, gray Earth and its dark continent now beneath, while with a dwindling rushing roar its second satellite whirled away above them, passing and vanishing. Passing as though, to Norman it seemed, all their strange sojourn on it were passing; the frog-men and their mighty city, Sarja and their mad flight, the green men and the last terrific battle; all whirling away--whirling away.

HISTORIC EXPERIMENT PROVES EARTH'S ROTATION

The famous experiment which proves that the "earth do move" by letting the observer actually see it twisting underneath his feet, an experiment invented by the French mathematician Jean B. L. Foucault nearly a century ago was repeated recently under unusually impressive circumstances before an international scientific congress at Florence, Italy, the same city where Galileo once was persecuted for holding the same opinion.

From the center of the dome of the Church of Santa Maria di Fiore, Father Guido Alfani, director of the Astronomical Observatory, suspended a 200-pound weight on a wire 150 feet long. On the bottom of this weight was a tiny projecting point which traced a line on a table-top sprinkled with sand, as the great pendulum swung slowly back and forth. At a given signal Father Alfani set the pendulum to swinging. While the assembled scientists watched it, slowly the line traced across the sand table-top changed direction.

As Foucault proved long ago and as the watching scientists well knew, the table was being twisted underneath the pendulum by the rotation of the earth.

A REVOLUTIONARY AIRPLANE

A new airplane propeller has recently been patented by J. Kalmanson of Brooklyn, N. Y. Greater speed and marked saving in fuel is claimed for the invention, which may be attached to any type of airplane.

The device is in two parts, which may be used separately as front and rear propellers or combined into a single blade. The principle is that the front one acts to bring air to the other, giving the propeller more of a hold, so to speak, and greater power. This is accomplished by four air-spoons, one on each side of each blade of the propeller.

It is said that the device can double the speed of an airplane and raise it from the ground in ninety feet instead of the 200 feet most airplanes now require. It is also claimed that the new propeller will prevent the plane from making a nose drive unless the pilot forces it to do so, and enable it to make a safe landing within a short distance. Because of the increase in power and speed, the device would save a large amount of gasoline and oil, as well as guarding the motor from part of the strain on it.

The device is said to be also applicable to ships, the same principle operating in water as well as air.

Silver Dome

By Harl Vincent

[Illustration: _Orris led the way to a great underground city._]

[Sidenote: In her deep-buried kingdom of Theros, Phaestra reveals the amazing secret of the Silver Dome.]

In a secluded spot among the hills of northern New Jersey stood the old DeBost mansion, a rambling frame structure of many wings and gables that was well-nigh hidden from the road by the half-mile or more of second-growth timber which intervened. High on the hill it stood, and it was only by virtue of its altitude that an occasional glimpse might be obtained of weatherbeaten gable or partly tumbled-down chimney. The place was reputed to be haunted since the death of old DeBost, some seven years previously, and the path which had once been a winding driveway was now seldom trod by human foot.

It was now two years since Edwin Leland bought the estate for a song and took up his residence in the gloomy old house. And it had then been vacant for five years since DeBost shot himself in the northeast bedroom. Leland's associates were sure he would repent of his bargain in a very short time, but he stayed on and on in the place, with no company save that of his man-servant, an aged hunch-back who was known to outsiders only as Thomas.

Leland was a scientist of note before he buried himself in the DeBost place, and had been employed in the New York research laboratory of one of the large electrical manufacturers, where he was much admired and not a little envied by his fellow workers. These knew almost nothing of his habits or of his personal affairs, and were much surprised when he announced one day that he had come into a sizable fortune and was leaving the organization to go in for private research and study. Attempts to dissuade him were of no avail, and the purchase of the DeBost property followed, after which Leland dropped from sight for nearly two years.

* * * * *

Then, on a blustery winter day, a strange telephone call was received at the laboratory where he had previously worked. It was from old Thomas, out there in the DeBost mansion, and his quavering voice asked for Frank Rowley, the genial young engineer whose work had been most closely associated with Leland's.

"Oh, Mr. Rowley," wailed the old man, when Frank responded to the call, "I wish you would come out here right away. The master has been acting very queerly of late, and to-day he has locked himself in his laboratory and will not answer my knocks."

"Why don't you break in the door?" asked Frank, looking through the window at the snow storm that still raged.

"I thought of that, Mr. Rowley, but it is of oak and very thick. Besides, it is bound with steel or iron straps and is beyond my powers."

"Why not call the police?" growled Frank. He did not relish the idea of a sixty or seventy mile drive in the blizzard.

"Oh--no--no--no!" Old Thomas was panicky at the suggestion. "The master told me he'd kill me if I ever did that."

Before Frank could formulate a reply, there came a sharp gasp from the other end of the line, a wailing cry and a thud as of a falling body; then silence. All efforts to raise Leland's number merely resulted in "busy" or "line out of order" reports.

Frank Rowley was genuinely concerned. Though he had never been a close friend of Leland's, the two had worked on many a knotty problem together and were in daily contact during the nearly ten years that the other man had worked in the same laboratory.

"Say, Tommy," said Frank, replacing the receiver and turning to his friend, Arnold Thompson, who sat at an adjoining desk, "something has happened out at Leland's place in Sussex County. Want to take a drive out there with me?"

"What? On a day like this? Why not take the train?"

"Don't be foolish, Tommy," said Frank. "The place is eight miles from the nearest station, which is a flag stop out in the wilds. And, even if you could find a cab there--which you couldn't--there isn't a taxi driver in Jersey who'd take you up into those mountains on a day like this. No, we'll have to drive. It'll be okay. I've got chains on the rear and a heater in the old coupe, so it shouldn't be so bad. What do you say?"

So Tommy, who usually followed wherever Frank led, was prevailed upon to make the trip. He had no particular feeling for Leland, but he sensed an adventure, and, in Frank's company, he could ask for no more.

* * * * *

Frank was a careful driver, and three hours were required to make the sixty-mile journey. Consequently, it was late in the afternoon when they arrived at the old DeBost estate. It had stopped snowing, but the drifts were deep in spots, and Frank soon found that the car could not be driven through the winding path from the road to the house. So they left it half buried in a drift and proceeded

on foot.

It was a laborious task they had undertaken, and, by the time they set foot on the dilapidated porch, even Frank, husky and athletic as was his build, was puffing and snorting from his exertions. Little Tommy, who tipped the scales at less than a hundred and twenty, could hardly speak. They both were wet to the waist and in none too good humor.

"Holy smoke!" gasped Tommy, stamping the clinging snow from his sodden trouser legs and shoes, "if it snows any more, how in Sam Hill are we going to get out of this place?"

"Rotten trip I let you in for Tommy," growled Frank, "and I hope Leland's worth it. But, darn it all, I just had to come."

"It's all right with me, Frank. And maybe it'll be worth it yet. Look--the front door's open."

* * * * *

He pointed to the huge oaken door and Frank saw that it was ajar. The snow on the porch was not deep and they saw that footprints led from the open door to a corner of the porch. At that point the snow on the railing was disturbed, as if a hurrying man had clung to it a moment before jumping over and into the drifts below. But the tracks led no further, for the drifting snow had covered all excepting a hollow where some body had landed.

"Thomas!" exclaimed Frank. "And he was in a hustle, by the looks of the tracks. Bet he was frightened while at the telephone and beat it."

They entered the house and closed the door behind them. It was growing quite dark and Frank searched for the light switch. This was near the door, and, at pressure on the upper button, the spacious old hall with its open staircase was revealed dimly by the single remaining bulb in a cluster set in the center of the high ceiling. The hall was unfurnished, excepting for a telephone table and chair, the chair having fallen to the floor and the receiver of the telephone dangling from the edge of the table by its cord.

"You must have heard the chair fall," commented Tommy, "and it sure does look as if Thomas left in a hurry. Wonder what it was that frightened him?"

The house was eerily silent and the words echoed awesomely through the adjoining rooms which connected with the hall through large open doorways.

"Spooky place, isn't it?" returned Frank.

* * * * *

And then they were both startled into immobility by a rumble that seemed to shake the foundations of the house. Heavier and heavier became this vibration, as if some large machine was coming up to speed. Louder and louder grew the rumble until it seemed that the rickety old house must be shaken down about their ears. Then there came a whistling scream from the depths of the earth--from far underground it seemed to be--and this mounted in pitch until their eardrums tingled. Then abruptly the sounds ceased, the vibration stopped, and once more there was the eery silence.

Rather white-faced, Tommy gazed at Frank.

"No wonder old Thomas beat it!" he said. "What on earth do you suppose that is?"

"Search me," replied Frank. "But whatever it is, I'll bet it has something to do with Leland's strange actions. And we're going to find out."

He had with him the large flashlamp from the car, and, by its light, the two made their way from room to room searching for the iron-bound door mentioned by Thomas.

They found all rooms on the first and second floors dusty and unused with the exception of two bedrooms, the kitchen and pantry, and the library. It was a gloomy and spooky old house. Floor boards creaked startlingly and unexpectedly and the sound of their footsteps echoed dismally.

"Where in time is that laboratory of Leland's?" exclaimed Frank, his ruddy features showing impatient annoyance, exaggerated to an appearance of ferocity by the light of the flashlamp.

"How about the cellar?" suggested Tommy.

"Probably where it is," agreed Frank, "but I don't relish this job so much. I'd hate to find Leland stiff down there, if that's where he is."

"Me, too," said Tommy. "But we're here now, so let's finish the job and get back home. It's cold here, too."

"You said it. No steam in the pipes at all. He must have let the fire go out in his furnace, and that's probably in the cellar too--usually is."

* * * * *

While talking, Frank had opened each of the four doors that opened from the kitchen, and the fourth revealed a stairway that led into the blackness beneath. With the beam of his torch directed at the steps, he proceeded to descend, and Tommy followed carefully. There was no light button at the head of the stairs, where it would have been placed in a more modern house, and it was not until they had reached the furnace room that they located a light fixture with a pull cord. An ordinary cellar, with furnace, coal bin, and a conglomeration of dust-covered trunks and discarded furniture, was revealed. And, at its far end, was the iron-bound door.

The door was locked and could not be shaken by the combined efforts of the two men.

"Have to have a battering ram," grunted Frank, casting about for a suitable implement.

"Here you are," called Tommy, after a moment's search. "Just the thing we are looking for."

* * * * *

He had come upon a pile of logs, and one of these, evidently a section of an old telephone pole, was of some ten or twelve inches diameter and about fifteen feet long. Frank pounced upon it eagerly, and, supporting most of the weight himself, led the attack on the heavy oak door with the iron bands.

No sound from within greeted the thunderous poundings. Clearly, if Leland was behind that door, he was either dead or unconscious.

Finally the double lock gave way and Tommy and Frank were precipitated headlong into the brightly lighted room beyond. Recovering their balance, they took stock of their surroundings and were amazed at what they saw--a huge laboratory, fitted out with every modern appliance that money could buy. A completely equipped machine shop there was; bench after bench covered with the familiar paraphernalia of the chemical and physical laboratory; huge retorts and stills; complicated electrical equipments; dozens of cabinets holding crucibles, flasks, bottles, glass tubing, and what not.

"Good Lord!" gasped Tommy. "Here's a laboratory to more than match our own. Why, Leland's got a fortune invested here!"

"I should say so. And a lot of stuff that our company does not even have. Some of it I don't know even the use of. But where is Leland?"

* * * * *

There was no sign of the man they had come to help. He was not in the laboratory, though the door had been locked from within and the lights left burning throughout.

With painstaking care they searched every nook and cranny of the large single room and were about to give up in despair when Tommy happened to observe an ivory button set into the wall at the only point in the room where there were no machines or benches at hand. Experimentally he pressed the button, and, at the answering rumble from under his feet, jumped back in alarm. Slowly there opened in the paneled oak wall a rectangular door, a door of large enough size to admit a man. From the recess beyond there came a breath of air, foul with the musty odor of decayed vegetation, dank as the air of a tomb.

"Ah-h-h!" breathed Frank. "So that is where Ed Leland is hiding! The secret retreat of the gloomy scientist!"

He spoke half jestingly, yet when he squeezed his stalwart bulk through the opening and flashed the beam of his light into the darkness of a narrow passage ahead he was assailed with vague forebodings. Tommy followed close behind and spoke not a word.

* * * * *

The passage floor was thick with dust, but the marks of many footsteps going and returning gave mute evidence of the frequency of Leland's visits. The air was heavy and oppressive and the temperature and humidity increased as they progressed along the winding length of the rock-walled passageway. The floor sloped, ever downward and, in spots, was slippery with slimy seepage. It seemed that they turned back on their course on several occasions but were descending deeper and deeper into the heart of the mountain. Then, abruptly, the passage ended at the mouth of a shaft, which dropped vertically from almost beneath their feet.

"Whew!" exclaimed Frank. "Another step and I'd have dropped into it. That's probably what happened to Leland."

He knelt at the rim of the circular opening and looked into the depths of the pit, Tommy following suit. The feeble ray of the flashlight was lost in the blackness below.

"Say, Frank," whispered Tommy, "turn off the flash. I think I saw a light down there."

And, with the snapping of the catch, there came darkness. But, miles below them, it seemed, there was a tiny pin-point of brilliance--an eery green light that was like a wavering phosphorescence of will-o'-the-wisp. For a moment it shone and was gone. Then came the dreadful vibration they had experienced in the hall of the house--the whistling scream that grew louder and louder until it seemed they must be deafened. The penetrating wail rose from the depths of the pit, and the vibration was all around them, in the damp rock floor on which they knelt, and in the very air of the cavern. Hastily Frank snapped on the light of his flash.

"Oh boy!" he whispered. "Leland is certainly up to something down there and no mistake! How're we going to get down?"

"Get down?" asked Tommy. "You don't want to go down there, do you?"

"Sure thing. We're this far now and, by George, we're going to find out all there is to learn."

"How deep do you suppose it is?"

"Pretty deep, Tommy. But we can get an idea by dropping a stone and counting the seconds until it strikes."

* * * * *

He played the light of the flash over the floor and soon located a smooth round stone of the size of a baseball. This he tossed over the rim of the pit and awaited results.

"Good grief!" exclaimed Tommy. "It's not falling!"

What he said was true, for the stone poised lightly over the opening and drifted like a feather. Then slowly it moved, settling gradually into oblivion. Frank turned the flash downward and they watched in astonishment as the two-pound pebble floated deliberately down the center of the shaft at the rate of not more than one foot in each second.

"Well, I'll be doggoned," breathed Frank admiringly. "Leland has done it. He has conquered gravity. For, in that pit at least, there is no gravity, or at any rate not enough to mention. It has been almost completely counteracted by some force he has discovered and now we know how to follow him down there. Come on Tommy, let's go!"

And, suiting action to his words, Frank jumped into the mouth of the pit where he bobbed about for a moment as if he had jumped into a pool of water. Then slowly he sank from view, and Tommy followed him.

* * * * *

It was a most unique experience, that drop into the heart of the mountain. Practically weightless, the two young men found it quite difficult to negotiate the passage. For the first hundred or more feet they continued to bump about in the narrow shaft and each sustained painful bruises before he learned that the best and simplest method of accommodating himself to the strange condition was to remain absolutely motionless and allow the greatly weakened gravity to take its course. Each movement of an arm or leg was accompanied by a change in direction of movement, and contact with the hard stone walls followed. If they endeavored to push themselves from the contact the result was likely to be an even more serious bump on the opposite side of the shaft. So they continued the leisurely drop into the unknown depth of the pit.

Frank had turned off the flashlamp, for its battery was giving out and he wished to conserve its remaining energy for eventualities. Thus they were in Stygian darkness for nearly a half-hour, though the green luminosity far beneath them grew stronger with each passing minute. It now revealed itself as a clearly defined disc of light that flickered and sputtered continually, frequently lighting the lower end of the shaft with an unusual burst of brilliance. Remotely distant it seemed though, and unconscionably slow in drawing nearer.

"How far do you think we must drop?" called Tommy to Frank, who was probably fifty feet below him in the shaft.

"Well, I figure we have fallen about a thousand feet so far," came the reply, "and my guess is that we are about one third of the way down."

"Then this shaft is over a half-mile deep, you think?"

"Yes, at least a thousand yards, I should say. And I hope his gravity neutralizing machinery doesn't quit all of a sudden and let us down."

"Me, too," called Tommy, who had not thought of that possibility.

* * * * *

This was no joke, this falling into an unknown region so far beneath the surface of good old mother earth, thought Tommy. And how they would ever return was another thing that was not so funny. Frank was always rushing into things like this without counting the possible cost and--well--this might be the last time.

Gradually the mysterious light became stronger and soon they could make out the conformation of the rock walls they were passing at such a snail's pace. Layers of vari-colored rock showed here and there, and, at one point there was a stratum of gold-bearing or mica-filled rock that glistened with a million reflections and re-reflections. The air grew warmer and more humid as they neared the mysterious light source. They moved steadily, without acceleration, and Frank estimated the rate at about forty feet a minute. Then, with blinding suddenness, the light was immediately below and they drifted into a tremendous cavern that was illuminated by its glow.

Directly beneath the lower end of the shaft through which they had passed, there was a glowing disc of metal about fifteen feet in diameter. They drifted to its surface and sprawled awkwardly where they fell. Scrambling to gain a footing, they bounced and floated about like toy balloons before realizing that it would be necessary to creep slowly from the influence of that repelling force which had made the long drop possible without injury. Gravity met them at the disc's edge with what seemed to be unusual violence.

* * * * *

At first it seemed that their bodies weighed twice the normal amount, but this feeling soon passed and they looked about them with incredulous amazement. The metal disc was quite evidently the medium through which the repelling force was set up in the shaft, and to this disc was connected a series of heavy cables that led to a pedestal nearby. On the pedestal was a controlling lever and this moved over a quadrant that was graduated in degrees, one end of the quadrant being labeled "Up" and the other "Down." The lever now stood at a point but a very few degrees from the center or "Zero" mark and on the down side. Frank pulled this lever over to the full "Down" position and they found that they could walk over the disc with normal gravity.

"I suppose," said Frank, "that if the lever is at the other end of the scale one would fall upward with full gravity acceleration--reversed. At zero, gravity is exactly neutralized, and the intermediate positions are useful in conveying materials or human beings up and down the shaft as desired. Very clever; but what is the reason for it all?"

In the precise center of the great cavern there was a dome or hemisphere of polished metal, and it was from this dome that the eery light emanated. At times, when the light died down, this dome gleamed with dull flickerings that threatened to vanish entirely. Then suddenly it would resume full brilliance, and the sight was marvelous beyond description. A slight hissing sound came from the direction of the dome, and this varied in intensity as did the light.

"Gosh!" said Tommy. "That looks like silver to me. And, if it is, what a wealthy man our friend Leland has become. He has spent his fortune well, even if he used it all to get to this."

"Yes, but where is he?" commented Frank. Then: "Leland! Leland!" he called.

* * * * *

His voice echoed through the huge vault and re-echoed hollowly. But there was no reply save renewed flickerings from the dome.

Leaving the vicinity of the gravity disc, the two men advanced in the direction of the shining dome, which was about a quarter-mile from where they stood. Both perspired freely, for the air was very close and the temperature high. But the light of the dome was as cold as the light of a firefly and they had no hesitancy in drawing near. It was a beautiful sight, this dome of silver with its flickering lights and perfect contour.

"By George, I believe it _is_ silver," exclaimed Frank, when they were within a few feet of the dome. "No other metal has that precise color. And look! There is a wheelbarrow and some mining tools. Leland has been cutting away some of the material."

Sure enough, there was indisputable evidence of the truth of his statement. And the material was undoubtedly silver!

"Silver Dome," breathed Tommy, holding a lump of the metal in his hand. "A solid dome of pure silver--fifty feet high and a hundred in diameter. How much does that figure in dollars and cents, Frank?"

"Maybe it isn't solid," said Frank dryly, "though it's worth a sizeable fortune even if it is hollow. And we haven't found Leland."

* * * * *

They circled the dome twice and looked into every corner of the great cavern, but there was no sign of the man for whom they searched. The wheelbarrow was half filled with lumps of the heavy metal, and maul and drill lay where they had been dropped by the lone miner. A cavity three feet across, and as many deep, appeared in the side of the dome to show that considerably more than one wheelbarrow load had been removed.

"Funny," grunted Tommy. "Seems almost like the old dome had swallowed him up."

At his words there came the terrific vibration. The light of the dome died out, leaving them in utter darkness, and from its interior there rose the mounting scream that had frightened old Thomas away. From so close by it was hideous, devastating; and the two men clung to each other in fright, expecting momentarily that the earth would give way beneath their feet and precipitate them into some terrible depth from which there could be no return.

Then the sound abruptly ceased and a gleam of light came from under the dome of silver. A crack appeared between its lower edge and the rocky floor of the cavern, and through this crack there shone a light of dazzling brilliancy--a warm light of rosy hue. Wider grew the opening until there was a full three feet between the floor and the bottom of the dome. Impelled by some irresistible force from within, the two men stumbled blindly to the opening, fell to the floor and rolled inside.

There was a heavy thud and the dome had returned to its normal position, with Frank and Tommy prisoners within its spacious hollow. The warm light bathed them with fearful intensity for a moment, then faded to a rosy glow that dulled their senses and quieted their nerves. Morpheus claimed them.

* * * * *

When Frank awoke he found himself between silken covers, and for a moment he gazed thoughtfully at a high arched ceiling that was entirely unfamiliar. Then, remembering, he sprang from the downy bed to his feet. The room, the furnishings, his silken robe, everything was strange. His bed, he saw, was a high one, and the frame was of the same gleaming silver as the dome under which they had been trapped. The arched ceiling glowed softly with the same rosy hue as had the inner surface of the dome. A large pool of water invited him, the surface of the pool being no more than a foot below the point where it was built into the tile floor of the room. A large open doorway connected with a similar adjoining room, where he suspected Tommy had been taken. On his bare toes, he moved silently to the other room and saw that his guess had been correct. Tommy lay sleeping quietly beneath covers as soft as his own and amidst equal luxury of surroundings.

"Well," he whispered, "this doesn't look as though we would come to any harm. And I might as well take a dive in that pool."

Returning to his own room, he removed the silken garment with which he had been provided and was quietly immersed in the cool, invigorating water of the bath. His head cleared instantly.

"Hi there!" called Tommy from the doorway. "Why didn't you wake me up? Where are we, anyway?"

With dripping head and shoulders above the water, Frank was compelled to laugh at the sleepy-eyed, wondering expression on the blue-jowled face of his friend. "Thought you were dead to the world," he returned, "you old sleepy-head. And I don't know where we are, excepting that it is somewhere under the silver dome. What's more, I don't much care. You should get into this water. It's great!"

* * * * *

So saying, he dived to the bottom of the pool and stood on his hands, his feet waving ludicrously above the surface. Tommy sniffed once and then made a quick dash for the pool in his own room. He was not to be outdone by his more energetic partner.

A half-hour later, shaved and attired in their own garments, which had been cleaned and pressed and hung neatly in the closets, they settled themselves for a discussion of the situation. Having tried the doors of both rooms and found them locked from the outside, there was no other course open to them. They must await developments.

"Looks like Leland has quite an establishment down here inside the mountain," ventured Tommy.

"Hm!" snorted Frank, "this place is none of Leland's work. He is probably a prisoner here, as are we. He just stumbled on to the silver dome and was captured by whatever race is living down here beneath it, the same as we were. Who the real inhabitants are, and what the purpose of all this is, remains to be seen."

"You think we are in friendly hands?"

"These quarters do not look much like prison cells, Tommy, but I must admit that we are locked in. Anyhow, I'm not worrying, and we will soon learn our fate and have to be ready to meet it. The people who own this place must have everything they want, and they sure have some scientific knowledge that is not known to us on the surface."

"Wonder if they are humans?"

"Certainly they are. You never heard of wild beasts sleeping in beds like these, did you?"

* * * * *

Tommy laughed at he examined the exquisite hand-wrought figures on the silver bedstead. "No, I didn't," he admitted; "but where on earth did they come from, and what are they doing here?"

"You ask too many questions," replied Frank, shrugging his broad shoulders. "We must simply wait for the answers to reveal themselves."

There was a soft rap at the door of Frank's room, where the two men were talking.

"Come in," called Frank, chuckling at the idea of such consideration from their captors.

A key rattled in the lock and the door swung open to admit the handsomest man they had ever set eyes on. He was taller than Frank by several inches, standing no less than six feet five in his thin-soled sandals, and he carried himself with the air for an emperor. His marble-white body was uncovered with the exception of a loin cloth of silver hue, and lithe muscles rippled beneath his smooth skin as he advanced to meet the prisoners. His head, surmounted by curly hair of ebon darkness, was large, and his forehead high. The features were classic and perfectly regular. The corners of his mouth drew upward in a benign smile.

"Greetings," he said, in perfect English and in a soft voice, "to the domain of Theros. You need fear no harm from our people and will be returned to the upper world when the time comes. We hope to make your stay with us enjoyable and instructive, and that you will carry back kind memories of us. The morning meal awaits you now."

* * * * *

So taken aback were the two young Americans that they stared foolishly agape for a space. Then a tinkling laugh from the tall stranger set them once more at ease.

"You will pardon us, I hope," apologized Frank, "but this is all so unexpected and so unbelievable that your words struck me speechless. And I know that my friend was similarly affected--We place ourselves in your hands."

The handsome giant nodded understanding. "No offense was taken," he murmured, "since none was intended. And your feelings are not to be wondered at. You may call me Orrin."

He turned toward the open door and signified that they were to follow him. They fell in at his side with alacrity, both suddenly realizing that they were very hungry.

They followed in silent wonderment as Orrin led the way to a broad balcony that overlooked a great underground city--a city lighted by the soft glow from some vast lighting system incorporated in its vaulted ceiling high overhead. The balcony was many levels above the streets, which were alive with active beings of similar appearance to Orrin, these speeding hither and yon by means of the many lanes of traveling ways of which the streets were composed. The buildings--endless rows of them lining the orderly streets--were octagonal in shape and rose to the height of about twenty stories, as nearly as could be judged by earthly standards. There were no windows, but at about every fifth floor there was an outer silver-railed balcony similar to the one on which they walked. The air was filled with bowl-shaped flying ships that sped over the roof tops in endless procession and without visible means of support or propulsion. Yet the general effect of the busy scene was one of precise orderliness, unmarred by confusion or distracting noises.

* * * * *

Orrin vouchsafed no explanations and they soon reentered the large building of which the balcony was a part. Here they were conducted to a sumptuously furnished dining room where their breakfast awaited them.

During the meal, which consisted of several courses of fruits and cereals entirely strange to Frank and Tommy, they were tended by Orrin with the utmost deference and most painstaking attention. He anticipated their every want and their thoughts as well. For, when Frank endeavored to ask one of the many questions with which his mind was filled, he was interrupted by a wave of the hand and a smile from their placid host.

"It is quite clear to me that you have many questions to propound," said Orrin, "and this is not a matter of wonder. But it is not permitted that I enlighten you on the points you have in mind. You must first finish your meal. Then it is to be my privilege to conduct you to the presence of Phaestra, Empress of Theros, who will reveal all. May I ask that you be patient until then?"

So friendly was his smile and so polished his manner that they restrained their impatience and finished the excellent breakfast in polite silence.

And Orrin was as good as his word, for, no sooner had they finished when he led them from the room and showed the way to the elevator which conveyed them to the upper floor of the building.

From the silver-grilled cage of the lift they stepped into a room of such beauty and magnificence of decoration that they gazed about them in wondering admiration. The paneling and mouldings were of hammered silver that gleamed with polished splendor in the soft rose glow of the hidden lights. The hangings were of heavy plush of deep green hue and bore intricate designs of silver thread woven into the material. At the opposite side of the room there was a pair of huge double doors of chased silver and on either side of this pretentious portal there stood an attendant attired as was Orrin, but bearing a silver scepter to denote his official capacity.

"Phaestra awaits the visitors from above," intoned one of the attendants. Both bowed stiffly from the waist when Orrin led the two young scientists through the great doors which had opened silently and majestically at their approach.

* * * * *

If the outer room was astonishing in its sumptuousness of decoration and furnishing, the one they now entered was positively breath-taking. On every side there were the exquisite green and silver hangings. Tables, divans, and rugs of priceless design and workmanship. But the beauty of the surroundings faded into insignificance when they saw the empress.

A canopied dais in the center of the room drew their attention and they saw that Phaestra had risen from her seat in a deeply cushioned divan and now stood at its side in an attitude of welcome. Nearly as tall as Frank, she was a figure of commanding and imperious beauty. The whiteness of her body was accentuated by the silver embroidered and tightly fitted black vestments that

covered yet did not conceal its charms. A halo of glorious golden hair surmounted a head that was poised expectantly alert above the perfectly rounded shoulders. The exquisite oval of her face was chiseled in features of transcendent loveliness. She spoke, and, at sound of her musical voice, Frank and Tommy were enslaved.

* * * * *

"Gentlemen of the upper world," she said gently, "you are welcome to Theros. Your innermost thoughts have been recorded by our scientists and found good. With a definite purpose in mind, you learned of the existence of the silver dome of Theros, yet you came without greed or malice and we have taken you in to enlighten you on the many questions that are in your minds and to return you to mankind with a knowledge of Theros--which you must keep secret. You are about to delve into a mystery of the ages; to see and learn many things that are beyond the ken of your kind. It is a privilege never before accorded to beings from above."

"We thank you, oh, Queen," spoke Frank humbly, his eyes rivetted to the gaze of those violet orbs that seemed to see into his very soul. Tommy mumbled some commonplace.

"Orrin--the sphere!" Phaestra, slightly embarrassed by Frank's stare, clapped her hands.

At her command, Orrin, who had stood quietly by, stepped to the wall and manipulated some mechanism that was hidden by the hangings. There was a musical purr from beneath the floor, and, through a circular opening which appeared as if by magic, there rose a crystal sphere of some four feet in diameter. Slowly it rose until it reached the level of their eyes and there it came to rest. The empress raised her hands as if in invocation and the soft glow of the lights died down, leaving them in momentary darkness. There came a slight murmur from the sphere, and it lighted with the eery green flickerings they had observed in the dome of silver.

* * * * *

Fascinated by the weaving lights within, they gazed into the depths of the crystal with awed expectancy. Phaestra spoke.

"Men from the surface," she said, "you, Frank Rowley, and you, Arnold Thompson, are about to witness the powers of that hemisphere of metal you were pleased to term 'Silver Dome.' As you rightly surmised, the dome is of silver--mostly. There are small percentages of platinum, iridium, and other elements, but it is more than nine-tenths pure silver. To you of the surface the alloy is highly valuable for its intrinsic worth by your own standards, but to us the value of the dome lies in its function in revealing to us the past and present events of our universe. The dome is the 'eye' of a complicated apparatus which enables us to see and hear any desired happening on the surface of the earth, beneath its surface, or on the many inhabited planets of the heavens. This is accomplished by means of extremely complex vibrations radiated from the hemisphere, these vibrations penetrating earth, metals, buildings, space itself, and returning to our viewing and sound reproducing spheres to reveal the desired past or present occurrences at the point at which the rays of vibrations are directed.

* * * * *

"In order to view the past on our own planet, the rays, which travel at the speed of light, are sent out in a huge circle through space, returning to earth after having spent the requisite number of years in transit. Instantaneous effect is secured by a connecting beam that ties together the ends of the enormous arc. This, of course, is beyond your comprehension, since the Ninth Dimension is involved. When it is desired that events of the present be observed, the rays are projected direct. The future can not be viewed, since, in order to accomplish this, it would be necessary that the rays travel at a speed greater than that of light, which is manifestly impossible."

"Great guns!" gasped Frank. "This crystal sphere then, is capable of bringing to our eyes and ears the happenings of centuries past?"

"It is, my dear Frank," said Phaestra, "and I would that I were able to describe the process more clearly." She smiled, and in the unearthly light of the sphere she appeared more beautiful than before, if such a thing were possible.

On the pedestal which supported the sphere there was a glittering array of dials and levers. Several of these controls were now adjusted by Phaestra, the delicate motions of her tapered fingers being watched by the visitors with intense admiration. There came a change in the note of the sphere, a steadying of the flickerings within.

"Behold!" exclaimed Phaestra.

* * * * *

They gazed into the depths of the sphere and lost all sense of detachment from the scene depicted therein. It seemed they were at a point several thousand miles from the surface of a planet. A great continent spread beneath them, its irregular shore line being clearly outlined against a large body of water. Here and there the surface was obscured by great white patches of clouds that cast their shadows below.

"Atlantis!" breathed Phaestra reverently.

The lost continent of mythology! The fabled body of land that was engulfed by the Atlantic thousands of years ago--a fact!

Tommy glanced at Frank, noting that he had withdrawn his gaze from the sphere and was devouring Phaestra with his eyes. As if drawn by the ardor of his observation, she raised her own eyes from the sphere to meet those of the handsome visitor. Obviously confused, she dropped her long lashes and turned nervously to the controls. Tommy experienced a sudden feeling of dread. Surely his pal was not falling in love with this Theronian empress!

Then there came another change in the note of the sphere and once more they lost themselves in contemplation of the scene within. The surface of the lost continent was rushing madly to meet them. With terrific velocity they seemed to be falling. An involuntary gasp was forced from Tommy's lips. Mountains, valleys, rivers could now be discerned.

* * * * *

Then the scene shifted slightly and they were stationary, directly above a large seacoast city. A city of great beauty it was, and its buildings were of the same octagonal shape as were those of Theros! There could be but one inference--the Theronians were direct descendants of those inhabitants of ancient Atlantis.

"Yes," sighed Phaestra, in answer to the thought she had read, "our ancestors were those you now see in the streets of this city of Atlantis. A marvelous race they were, too. When the rest of the world was still savage and unenlightened, they knew more of the arts and sciences than is known on the surface to-day. The mysteries of the Fourth Dimension they had already solved. Their telescopes were of such power that they knew of the existence of intelligent beings on Mars and Venus. They had conquered the air. They knew of the relation between gravity and magnetism but recently propounded by your Einstein. They were prosperous, happy. Then--but watch!"

Faint sounds of the life of the city came to their ears. A swarm of monoplanes roared past just beneath them. The streets were crowded with rapidly moving vehicles, the roof-tops with air-craft. Then suddenly the scene darkened; a deep rumbling came from the sea. As they watched in fascinated wonder, a great chasm opened up through the heart of the city. Tall buildings swayed and crumbled, falling into heaps of twisted metal and crushed masonry and burying hundreds of the populace in their fall. The confusion was indescribable, the uproar terrific, and within the space of a very few minutes the entire city was a mass of ruins, fully half of the wrecked area having been swallowed up by the heaving waters of the ocean.

* * * * *

Phaestra stifled a sob. "Thus it began," she stated. "Trovus was first--the city you just saw--then came three more of the cities of the western coast in rapid succession. Computations of the scientists showed that the upheaval was widespread and that the entire continent was to be engulfed in a very short time. The exodus began, but it was too late, and only a few hundred people were able to escape the continent before it was finally destroyed. The ocean became the tomb of two hundred millions. The handful of survivors reached the coast of what is now North America. But the rigors of the climate proved severe and more than three-quarters of them perished within a few days after their planes landed. Then the rest took to the caves along the shore, and for a while were safe."

She manipulated the controls once more and there was a quick shift to another coast, a rugged, wave-beaten shore. Closer they drew until they observed a lofty palisade that extended for miles along the barren waterfront. They saw a fire atop this elevation and active men and women at various tasks within the narrow circle of its warmth. A cave mouth opened at the brink of the precipice near the spot they occupied.

Then came a repetition of the upheaval at Trovus. The ocean rushed in and beat against the cliff with such ferocity that its spray was tossed hundreds of feet in the air. The earth shook and the group of people around the fire made a hasty retreat to the mouth

of the cave. The sky darkened and the winds howled with demoniac fury. Quake after quake rent the rugged cliffs: huge sections toppled into the angry waters. Then a great tidal wave swept in and covered everything, cliffs, cave mouths and all. Nought remained where they had been but the seething waters.

* * * * *

"But some escaped!" exulted Phaestra, "and these discovered Theros. Though many miles of the eastern seaboard of your United States were submerged and the coastline entirely altered, these few were saved. Their cave connected with a long passage, a tunnel that led into the bowels of the earth. With the outer entrance blocked by the upheaval they had no alternative save to continue downward."

"They traveled for days and days. Some were overcome by hunger and fell by the wayside. The most hardy survived to reach Theros, a series of enormous caverns that extends for hundreds of miles under the surface of your country. Here they found subterranean lakes of pure water; forests, game. They had a few tools and weapons and they established themselves in this underground world. From that small beginning came this!"

Phaestra's slim fingers worked rapidly at the controls. The scenes shifted in quick succession. They were once more in the present, and seemed to be traveling speedily through the underground reaches of Theros. Now they were racing through a long lighted passage; now over a great city similar to the one in which they had arrived. Here they visited a huge workshop or laboratory; there a mine where radium or cobalt or platinum was being wrested from the vitals of the unwilling earth. Then they visited a typical Theronian household, saw the perfect peace and happiness in which the family lived. Again they were in a large power plant where direct application of the internal heat of the earth as obtained through deep shafts bored into the interior was utilized in generating electricity.

They saw vast quantities of supplies, fifty-ton masses of machinery, moved from place to place as lightly as feathers by use of the gravity discs, those heavily charged plates whose emanations counteracted the earth's attraction. In one busy laboratory they saw an immense television apparatus and heard scientists discussing moot questions with inhabitants of Venus, whose images were depicted on the screen. They witnessed a severe electrical storm in the huge cavern arch over one of the cities, a storm that condensed moisture from the artificially oxygenated and humidified atmosphere in such blinding sheets as to easily explain the necessity for well-roofed buildings in the underground realm. And, in all the speech and activities of the Theronians, there was evident that all-pervading feeling of absolute contentment and freedom from care.

"What I can not understand," said Frank, during a quiet interval, "is why the Theronians have never migrated to the surface. Surely, with all your command of science and mechanics, that would be easy."

"Why? Why?" Phaestra's voice spoke volumes. "Here--I'll show you the reason."

* * * * *

And again the scene in the sphere changed. They were on the surface and a few years in the past--at Chateau Thierry. They saw their fellow men mangled and broken; saw human beings shot down by hundreds in withering bursts of machine-gun fire; saw them in hand-to-hand bayonet fights; gassed and in delirium from the horror of it all.

They traveled over the ocean; saw a big passenger liner the victim of torpedo fire; saw babies tossed into the water by distracted mothers who jumped in after them to join them in death.

A few years were passed by and they saw gang wars in Chicago and New York; saw militia and picketing strikers in mortal combat; saw wealthy brokers and bank presidents turn pistols on themselves following a crash in the stock market; government officials serving penitentiary terms for betrayal of the people's trust; opium dens, speakeasies, sex crimes. It was a fearful indictment.

"Ah, no," said Phaestra kindly, "the surface world has not yet emerged from savagery. We should be unwelcome were we to venture outside. And now we come to the reason for your visit. You come in search of one Edwin Leland, a fellow worker at one time. Your motives are above reproach. But Leland came as a greedy searcher of riches. We brought him within to teach him the error of his ways and to beg him to desist from his efforts at destroying the dome of silver. He alone knew the secret."

"Then you followed him and we took you in for similar reasons, though our scientists found very quickly that your mental reactions were of entirely different type from Leland's and that the secret would be safe in your keeping. Leland remains obdurate. He

threatens us with physical violence, and his reactions to the thought-reading machines are of the most treacherous sort. We must keep him with us. He shall remain unharmed, but he must not be allowed to return. That is the story. You two are free to leave when you choose. I ask not that you give your word to keep the secret of 'Silver Dome.' I know it is not necessary."

* * * * *

The lights had resumed their normal glow, and the marvelous sphere returned to its receptacle beneath the floor. Phaestra resumed her seat on the canopied divan. Frank dropped to a seat on the edge of the dais. Tommy and Orrin remained standing, Tommy lost in thought and Orrin stolidly mute. The empress avoided Frank's gaze studiously. Her cheeks were flushed; her eyes bright with emotion.

Frank was first to break the silence. "Leland is in solitary confinement?" he asked.

"For the present he is under guard," replied Phaestra. "He was quite violent and it was necessary to disarm him after he had killed one of my attendants with a shot from his automatic pistol. When he agrees to submit peacefully, he shall be given the freedom of Theros for the remainder of his life."

"Perhaps," suggested Frank, "if I spoke to him...."

"The very thing." Phaestra thanked him with her wondrous eyes.

A high pitched note rang out from behind the hangings, and, in rapid syllables of the language of Theros, a voice broke forth from the concealed amplifiers. Orrin, startled from his stoicism, sprang to the side of his empress. She rose from her seat as the voice completed its excited message.

"It is Leland," she said calmly. "He has escaped and recovered his pistol. I have been told that he is now at large in the palace, terrorizing the household. We have no weapons here, you see."

"Good God!" shouted Frank. "Suppose he should come here?"

* * * * *

He jumped to his feet just as a shot rang out in the antechamber. Orrin dashed to the portal when a second shot spat forth from the automatic which must certainly be in the hands of a madman. The doors swung wide and Leland, hair disarranged and bloodshot eyes staring, burst into the room. Orrin went down at the next shot and the hardly recognizable scientist advanced toward the dais.

When he saw Frank and Tommy he stopped in his tracks. "So you two have been following me!" he snarled. "Well, you won't keep me from my purpose. I'm here to kill this queen of hell!"

Once more he raised his automatic, but Frank had been watching closely and he literally dove from the steps of the dais to the knees of the deranged Leland. As beautiful a tackle as he had ever made in his college football days laid the maniac low with a crashing thud that told of a fractured skull. The bullet intended for Phaestra went wide, striking Tommy in the shoulder.

Spun half way around by the impact of the heavy bullet, Tommy fought to retain his balance. But his knees went suddenly awry and gave way beneath him. He crumpled helplessly to the floor, staring foolishly at the prostrate figure of Leland and at Frank, who had risen to his feet and now faced the beautiful empress of Theros. Strange lights danced before Tommy's eyes, and he found it difficult to keep the pair in focus. But he was sure of one thing--his pal was unharmed. Then the two figures seemed to merge into one and he blinked his eyes rapidly to clear his failing vision. By George, they were in each other's arms! Funny world--above or below--it didn't seem to make any difference. But it was a tough break for Frank--morganatic marriage and all that. No chance--well--

Tommy succumbed to his overpowering drowsiness.

* * * * *

The awakening was slow, but not painful. Rather there was a feeling of utter contentment, of joy at being alive. A delicious languor pervaded Tommy's being as he turned his head on a snow white silken pillow and stared at the figure of the white-capped nurse who was fussing with the bottles and instruments that lay on an enameled table beside the bed. Memory came to him immediately. He felt remarkably well and refreshed. Experimentally he moved his left shoulder. There was absolutely no pain and it felt perfectly

normal. He sat erect in his surprise and felt the shoulder with his right hand. There was no bandage, no wound. Had he dreamed of the hammer blow of that forty-five caliber bullet?

His nurse, observing that her patient had recovered consciousness, broke forth in a torrent of unintelligible Theronian, then rushed from the room.

He was still examining his unscarred shoulder in wonder, when the nurse returned, with Frank Rowley at her heels. Frank laughed at the expression of his friend's face.

"What's wrong, old-timer?" he asked.

"Why--I--thought that fool of a Leland had shot me in the shoulder," stammered Tommy, "but I guess I dreamed it. Where are we? Still in Theros?"

"We are." Frank sobered instantly, and Tommy noted with alarm that his usually cheerful features were haggard and drawn and his eyes hollow from loss of sleep. "And you didn't dream that Leland shot you. That shoulder of yours was mangled and torn beyond belief. He was using soft nosed bullets, the hell-hound!"

"Then how--?"

* * * * *

"Tommy, these Theronians are marvelous. We rushed you to this hospital and a half-dozen doctors started working on you at once. They repaired the shattered bones by an instantaneous grafting process, tied the severed veins and arteries and closed the gaping wound by filling it with a plastic compound and drawing the edges together with clamps. You were anaesthetized and some ray machine was used to heal the shoulder. This required but ten hours and they now say that your arm is as good as ever. How does it feel?"

"Perfectly natural. In fact I feel better than I have in a month." Tommy observed that the nurse had left the room and he jumped from his bed and capered like a school boy.

This drew no sign of merriment from Frank, and Tommy scrutinized him once more in consternation. "And you," he said, "what is wrong with you?"

"Don't worry about me," replied Frank impatiently. Then, irrelevantly, he said "Leland's dead."

"Should be. I knew we shouldn't have started out to help him. But, Frank, I'm concerned about you. You look badly." Tommy was getting into his clothes as he spoke.

"Forget it, Tommy. You've been sleeping for two days, you know--part of the cure--and I haven't had much rest during that time. That is all."

"It's that Phaestra woman," Tommy accused him.

"Well, perhaps. But I'll get over it, I suppose. Tommy, I love her. But there's no chance for me. Haven't seen her since the row in the palace. Her council surrounds her continually and I have been advised to-day that we are to be returned as quickly as you are up and around. That means immediately now."

"Good. The sooner the better. And you just forget about this queen as soon as you are able. She's a peach, of course, but not for you. There's lots more back in little old New York." But Frank had no reply to this sally.

* * * * *

There came a knock at the door and Tommy called, "Come in."

"I see you have fully recovered," said the smiling Theronian who entered at the bidding, "and we are overjoyed to know this. You have the gratitude of the entire realm for your part in the saving of our empress from the bullets of the madman."

"I?"

"Yes. You and your friend. And now, may I ask, are you ready to return to your own land?"

Tommy stared. "Sure thing," he said, "or rather, I will be in a few minutes."

"Thank you. We shall await you in the transmitting room." The Theronian bowed and was gone.

"Well, I like that," said Tommy. "He hands me an undeserved compliment and then asks how soon we can beat it. A 'here's your hat, what's your hurry' sort of thing."

"It's me they're anxious to be rid of," remarked Frank, shrugging his broad shoulders, "and perhaps it is just as well."

"You bet it is!" agreed Tommy enthusiastically, "and I'm in favor of making it good and snappy." He completed his toilet as rapidly as possible and then turned to face the down-hearted Frank.

"How do we go? The way we came?" he asked.

* * * * *

"No, Tommy. They have closed off the shaft that led from the cavern of the silver dome. They are taking no more chances. It seems that the shaft down which we floated was constructed by the Theronians; not by Leland. They had used it and the gravity disc to transport casual visitors to the surface, who occasionally mixed with our people in order to learn the languages of the upper world and to actually touch and handle the things they were otherwise able to see only through the medium of Silver Dome and the crystal spheres. Further visits to the surface are now forbidden, and we are to be returned by a remarkable process of beam transmission of our disintegrated bodies."

"Disintegrated?"

"Yes. It seems they have learned to dissociate the atoms of which the human body is composed and to transmit them to any desired point over a beam of etheric vibrations, then to reassemble them in the original living condition."

"What? You mean to say we are to be shot to the surface through the intervening rock and earth? Disintegrated and reintegrated? And we'll not even be bent, let alone busted?"

* * * * *

This time he was rewarded by a laugh. "That's right. And I have gone through the calculations with one of the Theronian engineers and can find no flaw in the scheme. We're safe in their hands."

"If you say so, Frank, it's okay with me. Let's go!"

Reluctantly his friend lifted his athletic bulk from the chair. In silence he led the way to the transmitting room of the Theronian scientists.

Here they were greeted by two savants with whom Frank was already acquainted, Clarux and Rhonus by name. A bewildering array of complex mechanisms was crowded into the high-ceilinged chamber and, prominent among them, was one of the crystal spheres, this one of somewhat smaller size than the one in the palace of Phaestra.

"Where do you wish to arrive?" asked Clarux.

"As near to my automobile as possible," replied Frank, taking sudden interest in the proceedings. "It is parked in the lane between Leland's house and the road."

Tommy looked quickly in his direction, encouraged by the apparent change in his attitude. The scientists proceeded to energize the crystal sphere. They were bent upon speeding the parting guests. Their beloved empress was to be saved from her own emotions.

Quick adjustments of the controls resulted in the locating of Frank's car, which was still buried to its axles in snow. The scene included Leland's house, or rather its site, for it appeared to have been utterly demolished by some explosion within.

* * * * *

Tommy raised questioning eyebrows.

"It was necessary," explained Rhonus, "to destroy the house in obliterating all traces of our former means of egress. It has been commanded that you two be returned safely, and we are authorized to trust implicitly in your future silence regarding the existence of Theros. This is satisfactory, I presume?"

Both Tommy and Frank nodded agreement.

"Are you ready, gentlemen?" asked Clarux, who was adjusting a mechanism that resembled a huge radio transmitter. Its twelve giant vacuum tubes glowed into life as he spoke.

"We are," chimed the two visitors.

They were requested to step to a small circular platform that was raised about a foot from the floor by means of insulating legs. Above the table there was an inverted bowl of silver in the shape of a large parabolic reflector.

"There will be no alarming sensations," averred Clarux. "When I close the switch the disintegrating energy from the reflector above will bathe your bodies for a moment in visible rays of a deep purple hue. You may possibly experience a slight momentary feeling of nausea. Then--presto!--you have arrived."

"Shoot!" growled Frank from his position on the stand.

Clarux pulled the switch and there was a murmur as of distant thunder. Tommy blinked involuntarily in the brilliant purple glow that surrounded him. Then all was confusion in the transmitting room. Somebody had rushed through the open door shouting, "Frank! Frank!" It was the empress Phaestra.

* * * * *

In a growing daze Tommy saw her dash to the platform, seize Frank in a clutch of desperation. There was a violent wrench as if some monster were twisting at his vitals. He closed his eyes against the blinding light, then realized that utter silence had followed the erstwhile confusion. He sat in Frank's car--alone.

The journey was over, and Frank was left behind. With awful finality it came to him that there was nothing he could do. It was clear that Phaestra had wanted his pal, needed him--come for him. From the fact that Frank remained behind it was evident that she had succeeded in retaining him. A sickening fear came to Tommy that she had been too late; that Frank's body was already partly disintegrated and that he might have paid the price of her love with his life. But a little reflection convinced him that if this were the case a portion of his friend's body would have reached the intended destination. Then, unexplainably, he received a mental message that all was well.

* * * * *

Considerably heartened, he pressed the starter button and the cold motor of Frank's coupe turned over slowly, protestingly. Finally it coughed a few times, and, after considerable coaxing by use of the choke, ran smoothly. He proceeded to back carefully through the drifts toward the road, casting an occasional regretful glance in the direction of the demolished mansion.

He would have some explaining to do when he returned to New York. Perhaps--yes, almost certainly, he would be questioned by the police regarding Frank's disappearance. But he would never betray the trust of Phaestra. Who indeed would believe him if he told the story? Instead, he would concoct a weird fabrication regarding an explosion in Leland's laboratory, of his own miraculous escape. They could not hold him, could not accuse him of murder without producing a body--the _corpus delicti_, or whatever they called it.

Anyway, Frank was content. So was Phaestra.

Tommy swung the heavy car into the road and turned toward New York, alone and lonely--but somehow happy; happy for his friend.

[Advertisement: ASTOUNDING STORIES

Appears on Newsstands

THE FIRST THURSDAY IN EACH MONTH]

Earth, the Marauder

PART TWO OF A THREE-PART NOVEL

By Arthur J. Burks

[Illustration: Closer and closer they came.]

[Sidenote: Deep in the gnome-infested tunnels of the Moon, Sarka and Jaska are brought to Luar, the radiant goddess against whose minions the marauding Earth had struck in vain.]

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

The Earth was dying. Ever since Sarka the First, king of scientists, had given mankind the Secret of Life, which prolonged life indefinitely, the Earthlings had multiplied beyond all count, and been forced to burrow deep into the ground and high into the air in the desperate search for the mere room in which to live. There was much civil war. The plight of the children of men was desperate. Something had to be done.

[Illustration]

Then Sarka the Third called the Spokesmen of the Gens of Earth around him, and proposed to them a new scheme which had come to him in his laboratory atop the Himalayas. He would swing the Earth from its orbit!--send it careening through space toward the Moon!--there to destroy its inhabitants and supplant them with a colony of Earthlings! And then they would surge on to Mars!

One by one the twelve Spokesmen, each the head and representative of the teeming trillions comprising his Gens, acceded. Even Dalis, the jealous rival of Sarka, finally gave his sulky consent.

So, under Sarka's commands, the Earth's hordes were mobilized; and in tune with the Master Beryl in Sarka's laboratory all the Beryls of the Earth vibrated, freeing the Earth from her age-old orbit and swinging her out towards the Moon.

The Gens of Dalis--the trillions of people who swore allegiance to him--would lead the attack on the Moon. When within fifty thousand miles, they darted out, clad only in their tight green clothing and the helmets that held the anti-gravitational ovoids, which neutralized gravity for them and enabled them to instantly fly where they willed. Their only weapons were hand atom-disintegrators. And out from the Moon came mysterious aircars, with long clutching tentacles--the weapons of the Moon's minions! The war of the worlds was begun!

Yet Dalis, leader of the Gens that now engaged the Moon's aircars, was still in the laboratory with Sarka. For Dalis' treacherous mind coveted control of the Earth, and though the urge to lead his Gens into battle was tremendous, still he stayed, watching Sarka closely, waiting for the moment when he could trick Sarka and assume control.

And at the head of the Gens of Dalis was a woman, Jaska, whom Sarka loved. The Moon's aircars swept away the Gens of Dalis, and out from Earth poured the Gens of Cleric, who was Jaska's father. The newcomers fought desperately to save Jaska from the deadly clutches of the aircars.

Dalis could stand it no longer. He sped forth from the laboratory, to reorganize his beaten Gens. Jaska flew for home; but behind her a single aircar, splashed with crimson, reached forth its tentacles to clutch her--and Sarka groaned with the agony of his impotence to help the woman he loved.

CHAPTER XI

Escape--and Dalis' Laughter

But Sarka was not to be so easily beaten. There still remained an infinite number of possible changes of speed by manipulation of ovidum by vibration set up by the Beryls, without which this flight from the beginning would have been impossible. But for two hours, while the white robed men of Cleric fought against the car of the crimson splashes to prevent the capture of the daughter of their Spokesman--and died by hundreds in the grip of those grim tentacles--Sarka was forced to labor with the Beryls until perspiration bathed his whole body and his heart was heavy as he foresaw failure. And failure meant death or worse for Jaska.

But at the end of two hours, while the men of Cleric fought like men inspired against the aircar of the crimson slashes, a cessation in the outward speed of the earth could be noted. At the end of three hours the body of Jaska, all this time fighting manfully to attain to landing place on the Earth, was at last bulking larger; but the tentacles of the aircar were groping after her, reaching for her, striving to catch and clasp her to her death.

The two Sarkas watched and prayed while the might of the Beryls, traveling at top speed, fought against the force of whatever was used by the Moon-men to compel the Moon to withdraw. Still the men of Cleric fought that single car, and died by hundreds in the fighting. White robed figures which became shriveled and black in the grip of those tentacles.

* * * * *

Countless of the men of Cleric deliberately cast themselves against those tentacles, throwing their lives away to give Jaska more leeway in her race for life.

"Will she make it, father?" queried Sarka in a whisper.

"If the courage and loyalty of her people stand for anything, she will make it," he replied.

On she came at top speed, and now through the micro-telescopes the Sarkas could see the agony of effort on her face, even through the smooth mask used by the people of Earth for flight in space where there was no atmosphere. Courage was there, and the will of never-say-die; and Jaska, moreover, was coming back to the man she loved. In a nebulous sort of way Sarka realized this, for though these two had not mated there was a resonant inner sympathy between them which had rounded into an emotion of overpowering force since Jaska had proved to Sarka that she was to be trusted--that he had been something less than a faithful lover when he had mistrusted her, ever so little.

Closer now and closer, and at last the aircar of the crimson splashes was drawing away, losing in the race for life. It was falling back, as though minded to turn about and race back for the Moon, now a ball in the sky, far away, the outlines of its craters growing dim and misty with distance. Now the men of Cleric, those who remained, were breaking contact with the aircar, and forming a valiant rear-guard for the retreat of Jaska.

* * * * *

Throughout the Earth, as the Beryls fought with ever increasing speed to lower the rate of the earth's outward race from the Moon, was such a trembling, such a vibration induced by conflicting, alien forces as there had not been even in that moment when back there in its orbit, the Earth could have either been kept within its orbit, or hurled outward into space at the touch of a finger.

Now Jaska, surrounded by her father's men, was almost close enough to touch the Earth.

She made it, weak and weary, and rested for a moment while her father's men steadied her. Then, thrusting them aside, with gestures bidding them return to their Gens, she lifted into the air again, and fled straight for the laboratory of Sarka.

She entered tiredly through the exit dome, and all but collapsed into the arms of Sarka. Gently he removed her helmet of the anti-gravitational ovoid, noting as she leaned against him the tumultuous beating of her heart. Then her gentle eyes opened and she whispered to Sarka.

"You trust me now?"

For answer he bent and kissed her softly on the lips--for the kiss, from the far distant time when the first baby was kissed by the first mother, had been the favored caress of mankind. Her face was transfigured as she read his answer in his eyes, and the touch of his lips. Then, remembering, fear flashed across her face. She straightened, and grasping Sarka by the hand, hurried with him into the observatory.

* * * * *

She took the seat in which Dalis had sat before he had gone out to the command of his Gens, studied for many minutes the battle in space between the two alien worlds.

"Dalis is winning," said the Elder Sarka quietly, "apparently!"

"The qualification is a just one," said Jaska softly. "'Apparently,' indeed! You will note now that, though men of the Gens of Dalis swarm all about the aircars, and even clamber atop them, no more are dying in the grasp of those tentacles? Is Dalis arranging a treacherous truce with the Moon-men?"

"I have been wondering about that," said Sarka softly, "for it is my belief that nothing not conducive to his own selfish interests would have forced Dalis to leave this place and take command of his Gens, as I had first ordered, unless he had schemes planned of which father and I could know nothing. Now that I think of it, Jaska, how did Dalis know our secret code of fingers?"

Jaska started, and turned a blanched face to Sarka.

"_Did_ he know?" she cried. "Did he? If he did that proves a suspicion that I have entertained since the first moment when Dalis swept into the fight, and I sensed that alien signals were being flashed back and forth!"

"Flashed back and forth!" ejaculated Sarka. "How do you mean? That Dalis was somehow able to communicate with the Moon-men in their own language, or through their own signals?"

* * * * *

"Why not? He knew our secret code, did he not? I never gave it to him, and I know that you did not. No, Dalis has some means, never discovered or suspected by you Sarkas, whereby he is able to understand alien tongues and alien sign manuals!"

"That means," said Sarka the Elder in a dead voice, "that by forcing Dalis to go out at the head of his Gens...."

"We have," interrupted Sarka the Younger, "placed a new weapon of treason in his hands! Dalis, at the very moment of contact with the aircars, loaded with Moon-men, broke in on their signals--they must have had some means of signalling one another--and communicated with them in their own way! Do you think it possible that, with all his Gens, he may go over to the Moon-men, form an alliance with them?"

For many moments no one dared to answer the question; yet, from what the Sarkas knew of him, it was not impossible at all. For Dalis was the master egotist always, and never overlooked opportunity to gain something for himself.

It was Jaska who broke the silence.

"Did you note carefully," she said, "those aircars which were partially destroyed by our ray directors and atom-disintegrators?"

The Sarkas nodded.

"Did you note that no men, formed like our own, no creatures of any sort whatever, fell from the cars?"

* * * * *

Again the awesome silence, and the keen brains of the Sarkas wrestled with this vague hint of the uncanny.

"You mean, Jaska ... you mean...."

"That the occupants of aircars are part of the cars, but--Beings of the Moon! That they are either metal monsters endowed with brains or tiny creatures irrevocably attached to the cars themselves!"

"But how," said Sarka at last, "are we to be sure? I can understand what Dalis might do if the Moon-men granted his wish for an alliance with them. It is easy to understand why his Gens would follow his lead, for with the Moon forced outward from the Earth faster than his Gens could retreat, there is but one direction for his Gens to go--toward the Moon! They would go to the Moon as captives and trust the keen brain of Dalis to gain the mastery, sooner or later, over the Moon-men. And then...."

"And then--?" repeated Sarka the Elder.

"Then, Dalis has already been inspired by the speed with which those aircars travel! You will remember that he did not take kindly to leaving the Earth and making his abode on some other planet! But why could he not do so, combine forces and knowledge with the people of that planet--and then return to Earth in alliance with them?--after we have depleted our forces by placing a large portion of our people on Mars and Venus and Saturn?"

"Sarka, my son," said Sarka's father, "before we continue with our flight to Mars, we must know the truth! We must somehow learn exactly what is going on on the Moon! If you could reach the Moon, alone, undetected, and bring back a report...."

* * * * *

For a moment he left it there, and the faces of all three were gray with worry and abysmal fear.

"I can't go bodily, father," said Sarka at last, "but you remember my secret exit dome, to the right of the observatory, from which I have never yet dared exit from this place for fear that it might cost me my life?"

Sarka the Elder nodded, while Jaska looked puzzled. Another evidence of the fact that Sarka had not always trusted her, for she knew nothing of a secret exit dome. Sarka's eyes, as he looked at Jaska, mutely asked her forgiveness, which she gave him with her smile.

"I remember, son, and now?..."

"Surely it is worth risking one's life to know what new menace looms over the children of men!"

"What is the use of this secret dome?" asked Jaska softly.

"It is merely an elaboration of the regular exit dome, combined with certain phases of our atom-distintegrators, and the principle involved in the anti-gravitational ovoids. I step into the secret exit dome, garbed for flight Outside, and will myself to appear bodily in a certain place. It is instantaneous. I step into the dome, for example, and will myself to appear whole upon the Moon, and there I will appear!"

"You mean that during the period of transposition you are invisible?"

"Yes, invisible because non-existent, except for the essential elements of me, broken down by the secret exit dome, reassembled at the place willed in their entirety! I can't fly there, for a million eyes would see me approach! I must go in secret, as a spy, and wearing the clothing and insignia of a member of the Gens of Dalis!"

Silence in the observatory for a brief breathing space, and then Jaska spoke that speech out of the books of antiquity, which remains the classic expression of loyalty.

"Whithersoever thou goest, there will I go also!"

From the laboratory came a sudden burst of laughter, the laughter which all three recognized as the laughter of Dalis; but when they entered the place of the Revolving Beryl, there was no one there--and a feeling of dread, all encompassing, held them thralled for the space of several heart-beats. Dalis, they knew, was thousands of miles away, upon the Moon; yet here in the place of the Master Beryl they all three had just heard his sardonic laughter!

CHAPTER XII

Ashes of the Moon

Through the micro-telescopes it was possible to see what had happened after Dalis had assumed command of the Gens of Dalis. For even though the Moon, in spite of the speed of the Beryls, was being forced further and further from the Earth, the eyes of the micro-telescopes picked out and enlarged details to such an extent that the battle seemed to be transpiring under the eyes of the beholders.

A terrific jumble, in which Earthlings and aircars were all tumbled together in mad chaos, a great mass of writhing, green-garbed figures. Infinite in number--in the midst of which were the gigantic aircars, like monster beetles being beset by armies upon armies of ants.

Then, by the time Jaska had seated herself in the observatory atop the Himalayas, to watch what developed, the battle seemed to be over, and the Moon-men had won. For the huge cars swung around between the myriads of the Gens of Dalis, and seemed to be herding them toward the Moon, as though they were prisoners.

Telepathically, Sarka and his father had been able to catch some hint of the thoughts of the Earthlings in the battle, and these thoughts had been tinged with doubt, fear and horror, so that even thus to receive them, by mental telepathy, was to feel the

searing heat of their fear.

* * * * *

Now, in the instant when the battle in Space seemed to be over and the Gens of Dalis were prisoners, the thought waves were no more, and a brooding silence took their place. Dalis, the Sarkas knew, possessed the power to mask his thoughts, for it was a power possessed in common by all the scientists of Earth. But the common people of his Gens did not posses that power. However, for the moment Sarka had forgotten an all important something: that, when people were outside the roof of the world, they were subservient to the will of a common commander to whom they had sworn allegiance.

If, therefore, Dalis could mask his own thoughts from the brains of men, he could also mask the thoughts of the people of his Gens, merely by willing it! So Sarka and his father and Jaska could not know whether the Gens of Dalis had gone over in a body with him, in a truce with the people of the Moon, or whether they were dual prisoners--of Dalis and of the Moon-men!

More than ever was it necessary for someone to somehow reach the Moon and make a thorough investigation, discover just what Dalis was doing, what mischief he was hatching.

The secret exit dome seemed to be the answer.

"You can manage without me, father?" asked Sarka.

* * * * *

The elder Sarka nodded.

"Of the other Spokesmen of Earth," went on Sarka, "I trust Gerd the most. Might I suggest that you bring him here, trust him in all details, and let him take my place wherever possible? Or, better still, keep Jaska here with you! I ... I may not be able to return! I'll try to find a way, but--we can always communicate telepathically. Jaska...."

"Jaska," said that young lady grimly, "goes with Sarka wherever Sarka goes!"

"But it may mean death! We can only guess at the cunning of the Moon dwellers! They may have been in secret communication with Dalis for centuries! Dalis, who somehow discovered our secret finger code, may also know of the secret exit dome, and the principle upon which it operates! If he does, he may know how to combat it! Perhaps that explains his laughter! Perhaps he heard and understood every word we spoke, hears and understands every word we speak now! Who knows? He may wait until I have passed through the secret exit dome, and then make it impossible for me to be reincarnated on the Moon--or elsewhere!"

"No matter," said Jaska softly, "wherever Sarka goes, there goes Jaska! It is useless to attempt to dissuade me, and it is time you learned that!"

In spite of himself Sarka smiled, and his father met his smile with a quizzical one of his own. Both men had the same thought.

"The eternal woman!" said Sarka the Elder. "No man has ever understood her--no man ever will! And all men are ruled by her!"

Sarka shrugged, and Jaska spoke again.

"Don't you think it is time we tried this new experiment?"

* * * * *

Sarka nodded, and his face was suddenly alight with the excitement which burned within him.

"First," he said, "we need accoutrements of the Gens of Dalis for two people!"

Jaska smiled.

"Forseeing that we might have need of such equipment, I had several complete outfits sent here when I took charge of the Gens of Dalis as its Spokesman!"

Two minutes later, arrayed in the green clothing of the House of Dalis, swathed in it from neck to toe, wearing their belts and the masks which were necessary to life in space where there was no atmosphere, the whole topped by the gleaming helmets whose

skull-pans held the infinitesimally small anti-gravitational ovoids, Jaska and Sarka entered the secret exit dome, side by-side.

On the breast and back of each showed the yellow stars of the Gens of Dalis. There was no hiding their identity otherwise, and if any of the Gens saw them, both would be immediately recognized--for Jaska had commanded the Gens, and Sarka was the world's greatest scientist known to every human being. But they planned on carrying out their investigations by stealth.

"Father," said Sarka, "when the inner door is closed upon us, you have but to press the button to the right of the door. Press it when the light beside it glows red, which will indicate that we have willed ourselves to go to a certain destination!"

* * * * *

The inner door closed upon Sarka and Jaska, and, hand in hand, side by side, their bodies glowing with knowledge of warm, sympathetic contact, they waited for a miracle which had never before been attempted.

"Are you afraid, beloved?" queried Sarka.

"When I am with you," she said softly, "I have no fear."

"Then face the outer door, and will to go wherever I will to take you!"

Side by side, hand-in-hand still, they faced the outer door, and Sarka willed:

"Let us appear together in a deserted spot, within sight but unseen, of the Moon crater from which those aircars were sent against us!"

A sudden blur, a cessation of all knowledge, and then....

Sarka and Jaska stood side by side in a desolate expanse surrounded by bleak and appalling mountains of grotesque shape, in a light that was weirdly, awesomely blue. Their feet were invisible, deeply rooted in some soft, fine material which looked like snow.

After a swift glance around to see if anything lived or moved in this awful desolation, Sarka stooped and dipped up some of the fine stuff with his fingers, touched it to his lips.

* * * * *

The material seemed to be fine blue ashes and on his tongue it had a soapy savor. He peered at Jaska, whose eyes were glowing with excitement, whose lips were parted with anticipation, and instantly he opened a mental conversation with her.

"We must speak with each other telepathically, but do not speak with me until I have explained to you how to mask your thoughts from all persons save the one with whom you hold converse! First, I love you! Second, let us see if, searching the sky, we can find the Earth!"

In a few brief, highly technical words, Sarka told his beloved how to talk with him in the manner which he had never before explained to her. They had used telepathy before, countless times, but they had not cared who heard--while now secrecy in all things was the prime essential for success, even for life.

When he had told her, and she replied, "I understand perfectly, and it seems quite easy," they turned and surveyed the heavens, out of which, by this new miracle of the secret exit dome, they had dropped to the face of the Moon.

Away across the space between worlds, its transfiguration plainly visible to the two, they could make out and identify the world from which they had come. Save that they knew themselves standing on the Moon, they would have thought as far as appearances went, that the place where they had come was the Moon, many times enlarged. It seemed incredible that they had come so far in the twinkling of an eye; but that they had was proved by the fact of their physical presence.

"Look, Jaska!" said Sarka suddenly. "See how our Earth glows, as though it were afire inside!"

* * * * *

They stared at the great circular yellowish flame that he pointed out, and Sarka, always the scientist whose science was one of exactness, tried to estimate just where, on the Earth's surface, the glow was.

"Jaska," he said again, "that glow comes out of the heart of the Gens area which Dalis ruled! And no one lives there, since Dalis' Gens flew out to do battle! That's why we did not know of it before we left! That glow, somehow, beloved, is the cause of the outward-from-the-Earth journey of the Moon! First we must locate the Moon-source of the glow, and render it incapable of further forcing itself away! For do you realize that, unless we do so, we will never again see home?"

Jaska said nothing, but her eyes were troubled for a moment. Then she smiled again.

"What care I if I become a prisoner on the Moon, if you are with me?"

Sarka was just now realizing the wonder of this raven-haired woman whom, knowing her for half a century as he had, he had just known so little after all.

"If we seem in danger of discovery, Jaska," he said to her, "drop down instantly into the ashes, for if we are discovered by Dalis...."

He left it there and, with a deep intake of breath, started away for the nearest and highest hill. They desired to walk, yet found walking almost impossible, as they could not keep their feet on the ground save by the exercise of a really incredible effort of will. So, despairing of keeping their feet in contact with the ashes, they flew just above them, heading for the nearest weird-looking ridge.

* * * * *

In the strange light, which was oddly like moonlight in some painted desert of Earth, shapes were distorted and somehow menacing, colors were raw, almost bleeding--and distances that seemed but a step required hours to traverse.

Ever and anon, as they traveled they looked back up at the Earth which was their home. It still was visible, though plainly smaller with distance, and for a time Sarka's heart misgave him; but he only clasped tighter the hand of Jaska and moved on.

They were just at the base of the first hill, which had now become a mountain of gloomy, forbidding aspect, when the first sound they had heard on the moon came to them. A sound that was a commingling of the laughter of Dalis, the barking of jackals of the olden times, the humming of a million Beryls revolving at top speed, and a strident buzzing such as neither had ever heard.

Had they been discovered? Was the sound a warning? They could not know; but as they stared at the crest of the hill, two long, snaky, waving things appeared above the crest, undulating, waving to and fro, as though questing for something. They crouched low in the white ashes at the base of the mountain, and waited, scarcely breathing.

CHAPTER XIII

The Lunar Cubes

For a long time Sarka and Jaska remained still, like sentinels, listening to the strange discord which seemed to emanate from behind the hill at whose base they crouched.

"Look!" said Sarka at last. "There against the sky, beyond and between those two waving tentacles! Note that column of light, scarcely lighter than the light which surrounds it everywhere? It looks like a massive column just lighter than everything around it, yet so little lighter that you have to watch closely to see it at all?"

Jaska stared for all of a minute, before she thought back her answer.

"I see it," she said.

"Note now whether it goes, as it reaches outward into Space!"

Jaska followed the mighty height of the thing, outward and outward, and then gasped.

"Sarka," she said, "its end touches the Earth in the very heart of that strange glow we spoke about!"

"Exactly! And people of Earth know nothing about it, because it is invisible to them! It is only from Outside that the glow it makes against the Earth is visible! If we can divert its direction, or render it useless in any way, the Moon will no longer be thrust away by its force!"

A pause of indecision, then Sarka thought again:

"Let us go, Jaska! Keep behind me, right on my heels!"

Slowly, fighting against something that seemed determined to pull, or hurl, them outward from the surface of the Moon with each forward movement they made, they essayed the side of the hill, pausing at the end of what seemed like hours in a sort of hollow just large enough to mask their bodies and stared over its edge into one of the craters of the Moon. Out of the depths of that crater came the discordant sounds, which now were almost deafening, and out of that crater too came the almost invisibly bluish column whose outer tip touched the Earth.

* * * * *

Right before them, so close that they all but rested in its shadow, was one of those monster aircars, its tentacles moving to and fro as though wafted into motion by some vagrant breeze. But since neither Sarka nor Jaska could feel the breeze, Sarka knew that it was life which caused the waving motion of those tentacles of terror.

"Note," he said to Jaska, "that there is a tiny trap-door in the bottom of the aircar, and that the thing rests on a half-dozen of those tentacles!"

"I see," came Jaska's reply.

Jaska went on:

"Note the gleaming thing on the ground, right below the aircar? I wonder what it is?"

They studied the thing there, which seemed to be a huge jewel of some sort that glittered balefully in the eery light of the Moon. It was, perhaps, twice the size of an average man's torso, and was almost exactly cubical in shape. As Sarka studied the thing, he sensed that feeling flowed out of it--that the cube, whatever it was, was alive!

He tore his glance away from it, and realized that he accomplished the feat with a distinct effort of will--as though the cube had willed to hold his gaze, knew he was there. His eyes, peering around the inner slope of the crater--which dipped over, some hundreds of feet down, and plunged downward to some unknown depth--noted a broad, flat stone, off to his right; and around the rim of the crater he counted a full hundred of the aircars, all with their tentacles waving as if they belonged to sentient creatures.

* * * * *

Below each one, as he studied them and strained his eyes to make out details, he caught the baleful gleam of other cubes like the first he had seen. The aircars, it seemed, were either sentinels, at the lip of the crater, or were the dwelling places of sentinels--and the cubes were those sentinels!

It seemed absurd, but it came to Sarka in a flash that that was the answer, and his eyes came back to the first cube, because it was nearer and more easy to study.

"I will not be swayed by the will of the thing," Sarka told himself. "Nor will I allow it to analyze me! Jaska, do you do likewise!"

Beside him, Jaska shivered. He turned to look at her. Her face was coldly white, and her eyes were big with terror and fascination as she stared at that first cube, resting so balefully there under the first aircar.

He shook her, and she seemed to bring her eyes to his with a terrific, will-straining effort.

"Look at me!" he told her, telepathically. "Keep your eyes on me, for to look at the cube spells danger!"

But his own eyes went back to the thing, and he studied it closely. A cold chill raced through his body as he noted that its gleam was becoming dull, fading slowly out. It had gleamed brightly at first, and now was losing its sheen, fading away to invisibility. He thought he should be able, regardless of gleam or color, to see its outline; but its outline, too, seemed to be becoming faint, indistinct.

* * * * *

Then, in a trice, it was gone, and a feeling of uneasiness, more compelling than he had ever known before, coursed through the soul of Sarka. Where had the cube gone? What was it? What was its purpose? He tore his eyes away from the spot where he had last seen it, and stared away to the shadow beneath the second nearest aircar, where he had glimpsed another of the cubes.

The cube there, too, was fading out.

"Sarka! Sarka! Look!" came to his brain the thoughts of Jaska.

Sarka turned and stared at her, and a feeling of fear for which he could not account at all took fast hold of him. The eyes of Jaska, wide and staring as they had been when he commanded her to look away from the cube under the aircar, were staring at that flat, table-like rock, off to his right.

There, almost in the center of the rock, a gleaming something was taking shape! Just a dull spot, in the center of the yellow glow; then the beginning of the outline of a cube. Then, all at once, the cube itself, gleaming and baleful!

Sarka gasped in terror. He had seen the cube vanish, its glow disappear, and now here it was, almost close enough to touch, on a rock beside him, gleaming and baleful as before! That it was the same cube he had seen under the first aircar, he somehow knew without being told. That it was a sentient _thing_ he also knew, for now there was no mistaking the fact that, but for the presence in the little hollow of Jaska and Sarka, the cube would not have moved.

* * * * *

Swift as light, Sarka's right hand darted to his belt, where his ray director should be nestled against his need of it. And with his first movement, the cube's brilliance vanished instantly, the cube disappeared, and appeared again right before the face of Sarka, so close he could touch it! Yet he did not turn the ray director against it, nor did he extend his hand to touch the thing--because he was afraid to do so!

Even as the cube appeared before his eyes, thrice baleful and menacing in its close proximity, his eyes darted back to that broad flat rock, where the second gleaming cube now appeared!

"Great God, Jaska!" he sent mentally, "what does it mean?"

"These," she answered bravely back, "are Moon-soldiers! And, unless we manage not to appear furtive, we are undone!"

Still Sarka made no move, while other gleaming cubes appeared on the flat rock. Five other cubes appeared beside the first, at the rim of the hollow which held the forms of Jaska and Sarka. The cubes were closing on them, oddly like a squad of Earthlings in the olden times, advancing by rushes against an entrenched enemy!

The buzzing sound which they had first heard now seemed accentuated, but, instead of being outside of the listeners, seemed inside them, hammering against their very brains! Messages were being sent to them, or passed back and forth between and among the cube-men about them--and they hadn't the slightest idea how to make answer, know whether an answer was expected of them, or what the cube-men thought about them!

Since there was nothing else to do, they lay there, hands clasped, as children in the dark clasp hands, and waited for what might transpire.

* * * * *

Suddenly the discord from the inside of the crater ceased, and all was still, while it came to Sarka that the cube-men who stood before him were in grim communication with something invisible to Sarka and Jaska, somebody, perhaps, deep in the bowels of the Moon, over inside the crater.

They knew, those two, that the cube-soldiers were reporting their presence, and asking instructions; that the Moon had gone silent to listen, and that within a few moments their fate would be decided. What should they do?

In his hand Sarka held his ray director, with which he knew he could blast one or all of the cubes into nothingness. But still he held his hand, made no move.

Something, however, had to be done, for the discord was starting again, growing in volume. It made Sarka think, oddly enough, of a deaf mute fighting for speech! Then came the first intelligible sound....

A burst, from the depths of the crater, of sardonic laughter!

"Dalis!" said Sarka, and moved. While Sarka moved, Jaska held fast to his arm. Casting her fear to the winds, furious because of the laughter of Dalis, Sarka thrust his ray director back into his belt and stood upright.

Bending over he seized the first of the gleaming cubes and hurled it over the edge of the crater, saw it start plummeting down. But even before it fell out of sight within the crater its gleam had dulled until it was almost impossible to see the thing. Racing as though racing against time, Sarka caught up cube after cube and hurled them all after the first.

* * * * *

Out of the crater there came no sound of heavy objects striking, though Sarka felt there should have, for the cubes were almost as heavy as a man.

Then his hair almost stood on end under his helmet, for under that first aircar, where he had first seen it, the initial cube was again gleaming into life!

The thing had dissolved while being hurled over the rim, and reformed in its proper place, its station as silent sentinel under the aircar!

These cubes then, were indeed sentinels--sentinels impossible to injure. Though no force had been used against Sarka and Jaska, Sarka had the feeling that they were powerless, and that here on the edge of a crater of the Moon awful forces were being mustered against them. Mustered slowly, sluggishly, yet surely, as though the mentality which mustered them knew them helpless, and that there was no need to hurry!

As for Jaska, she merely clung to Sarka and waited--trusting him no matter what might transpire.

On a blind chance, Sarka brought out his ray director again, turned its muzzle toward that invisibly-blue column, pressed with his fingers, moving the director back and forth.

Instantly the blue column seemed to break short off, while the broken upper portion started racing outward toward the Earth. Sarka watched it, and noted that the yellowish glow on the Earth, even as he watched, was fading out--disappearing!

"If the ray will smash the blue column, Jaska," he said, "it will also destroy its source! Come! We will go look for it!"

And, holding her hand tightly, he rose to his feet and strode boldly down the inner slope of the vast crater.

CHAPTER XIV

The Crater Gnomes

It seemed to Sarka, as he moved down the inner slope of the crater, that the cubes were somehow making sport of him, laughing at him, though no hint of laughter or anything resembling laughter emanated from them.

But, shutting his lips grimly, holding fast to Jaska's hand, he proceeded on, reached the lower portion of the inner slope, where it dropped off into a seeming black abyss, and dropped, keeping to a safe speed because of the fact that both he and Jaska were attired for movement in the air--though their manner of aerial transportation could scarcely be called flying.

The anti-gravitational ovoids simply rendered ineffectual the law of gravity.

Down they dropped, endlessly it seemed, while all about them, growing gradually, a bluish glow began to make itself manifest. Sarka turned and looked at the face of Jaska and noted that it--all her being--was glowing with this strange radiance.

He smiled at her, and she smiled back.

Looking down now, to what seemed still a vast depth, they could see figures moving, tiny, almost infinitesimal, about a great circular cone, out of the depths of which came that strange bluish column whose outer tip touched the Earth.

* * * * *

Some inner sense warned Sarka not to touch that column, or to permit Jaska to do so. They dropped down beside it, while Sarka, for no reason that he could assign, once more took his ray director in his free hand and held it in readiness. It seemed so tiny and futile--so foolish for two people, one of them a woman--to go into the very heart of an alien world, against an unknown enemy,

armed with such a tiny weapon. Two people against unguessed myriads, whose very nature was an enigma, even to Sarka.

Closer now appeared the bottom of the crater, whose floor seemed to be covered with something that looked like blue sand, or rock. From this bluish substance the glow which bathed the two Earthlings seemed to emanate.

The funnel of the crater had now given away to the immensities of space, in all directions, and the cold of outside was being replaced by a warmth which promised soon to be even uncomfortable.

Then, without a jar, the two landed at the bottom of the crater, side by side, close enough almost to that great cone to touch it. Out of the cone came that bluish column, to shoot up through the funnel down which the two had lightly dropped ... and the motion of the--whatever it was--was accompanied by a muted moaning sound, like that of a distant waterfall.

They paused there, in amazement, taking stock of their surroundings. Huge tunnels, whose roofs were lost to invisibility in the bluish haze, whose extremities could only be guessed at, reached off in all directions. As far as the two could tell they were the only living souls within the crater, though both knew better.

Sarka had the feeling, and he knew Jaska shared it with him, that innumerable eyes were studying them, innumerable intellects were cataloguing them. And somehow he sensed the presence, somewhere near, of the traitor Dalis!

* * * * *

Then that discordant sound again, breaking so swiftly that it fell upon the eardrums of Sarka and Jaska like the crack of doom. Out of the many tunnels, from all directions, came hordes of beings which would have made the nightmares of Paracelsus--first of the scientists of Earth--pale to insignificance.

Paracelsus had written and illustrated his nightmares. Had hinted of strange acts of flesh-grafting--as the grafting of legs on the head of man. He had spoken, and written about, ghastly operations, from which men came forth as part men, part spiders; part men, part scorpions, dogs, cats, crocodiles....

Sarka thought, as his mind went back to those ancient books of his people in which still remained vestiges of the theories of Paracelsus, that somehow, in his dreams, Paracelsus must have visited the craters of the Moon.

These people ... if they could be called people....

They had heads like the heads of Earthlings, broad-domed of brow, lacking eyelashes or lids, so that their eyes were perpetually staring. They possessed no bodies at all, and their legs, thin and attenuated to the size of the wrists of average men, seemed to support the massive heads with difficulty!

From all directions they came, looking like spiders such as Sarka the First had described to Sarka, when Sarka had been a mere boy. They came on the floor, out of the tunnels; they dropped from the walls of the tunnels, and down from the invisible roofs, landing on the floor as lightly as feathers--and all converged on Jaska and Sarka.

They seemed to have no fear at all, but only a vast curiosity.

Closer and closer they came.

* * * * *

Jaska's grip tightened on the hand of Sarka, for one of the creatures, with a spiderish leap, had jumped upon her, fastening its legs in her tight-fitting costume, where he hung, his face within an inch or two of hers. His lidless eyes, unblinking, stared deeply into hers.

Others jumped up beside the first, and still others clambered over Sarka, until both Sarka and Jaska were covered by them like beetles attacked by ants. But these strange gnomelike creatures, who did not fear these strangers, apparently meant them no harm.

Then, after a thorough scrutiny, began the strangest talking Sarka had ever heard. The crater-Gnomes seemed to communicate by making strange clucking sounds with their tongues, sounds which were unmusical and discordant, and which, as the Gnomes who stood back from them, because already the two were covered until no more could cling to Jaska or Sarka, joined in the speech--mounted in the cavern to a vast crescendo of sound.

Sarka knew then that this was the sound which had come out to them while they crouched at the crater rim. These were people of the Moon: but if these were Moon-men, what, or who, were those gleaming cubes?

"Stand perfectly still," Sarka mentally admonished Jaska, "they apparently mean us no harm!"

He had not spoken aloud, had not allowed his thought to reach any but Jaska; yet instantly the discordant clucking ceased, and the Gnomes were quiet, as though they politely listened to someone who had interrupted them, yet whose interruption they resented, or were curious about.

* * * * *

Wondering how the creature would regard his action, Sarka reached forth and plucked away the first Gnome which had jumped upon Jaska, and placed him gently on the ground. The thing merely stared at Sarka with his lidless eyes, as though wondering at Sarka's meaning. Then his lips, which were triangular, rather than straight as those of Earthlings, began again that strange clucking.

Immediately the Gnomes which clung to Jaska and Sarka dropped away, and scuttled into the midst of the myriads that stood and watched. They did not understand the speech of these Earthlings, but they were unusually clever in comprehending the meaning of gestures.

"Hold fast to me, Jaska," thought Sarka toward her--and wondered anew as the Gnomes instantly ceased their clucking sounds--"for I am going to try an experiment."

Holding her hand still, he turned and strode straight toward the huge cone out of which rose the bluish column.

Instantly the Gnomes broke into a frightful clucking of tongues, a sound that mounted to ear-drum-breaking intensity, and in a trice, climbing over one another to get into position, they moved in between Sarka and the cone. So eager were they to bar his further progress that they stood atop one another, until the depth of them was as tall as Sarka standing upright.

Yet, though they plainly said to Sarka: "You must not approach the cone," they did not seem to be angry with their visitors, but only curious. Sarka looked at Jaska, noted how wanly she smiled.

Then he turned, and headed for the nearest of the monster tunnels.

* * * * *

Instantly he detected a surprising eagerness in the renewed clucking of tongues, while the Gnomes raced ahead, behind, all about the two, capering like pet animals, showing these strangers the way into the tunnel.

As they entered it, Sarka tried to discover whence came the bluish glow. The floor seemed to be of bluish sandstone, though its color, too, might have been caused by the glow. It was warm, too, so warm that perspiration was breaking out on the cheeks of Sarka.

Whence came the glow? Apparently from the very walls of the tunnel, or its roof; but surely from somewhere, surely from some secret place, whence it was diffused all over.

"And Jaska," said Sarka, "the Moon, according to my father's researches, is literally honeycombed with craters like this one!"

Again, as he thought, that strange, sudden cessation of the clucking of the Gnomes. Whither were they leading them? It was plain to be seen that the Gnomes were heading for some destination, almost herding Sarka and Jaska toward it. Capering creatures, who behaved witlessly, yet were far from witless. If Sarka were not sadly mistaken, these were Moon-men--and women, too, perhaps, since he could not tell the sex of them--and those gleaming cubes were their outer guards, perhaps slaves.

If the cubes were really of metal--they had felt warm to Sarka's touch--then these Moon-men had gone further in science than Earthlings, as they had imbued at least some metals, or stones, with intelligence sufficiently advanced for them to perform actions independently of their masters' wills.

* * * * *

Sarka, too, was remembering another thing: that he had touched one of these Gnomes, to remove it from Jaska--and had felt a distinct shock that was patently electrical!

The bluish glow was increasing, becoming more soft and mellow, shading gradually into golden, as they advanced--shading still as they preceded until it was almost white, almost blinding, in its radiance.

Then, of a sudden, the clucking of the Gnomes ended, and the creatures ceased their capering, fell into something that might have been an ordered military formation, and with Jaska and Sarka in the midst of them, moved straight toward a broad expanse of the tunnel wall, in the face of which appeared three long lines, deeply cut in the shape of a triangle.

The Gnome who had first leaped upon Jaska advanced to the wall, paused with his face almost against the lower line of the triangle, and remained there, intently staring, while the other Gnomes remained mute and unmoving.

Stronger and stronger appeared the blinding light. Slowly the inner portion of the triangle began to give inward, like a door. And out of the opening came that blinding radiance.

As the triangular door stood entirely open, Sarka and Jaska stood in thunderstruck silence, staring like people bereft of their senses. For there, standing in the opening, the now white radiance itself a mantle to cover her, was a woman, unclothed save for the radiance, who might have been of the Earth, save that she was more beautiful than any woman of Earth.

Beside her the radiant beauty of Jaska paled, became wan and sickly.

But Sarka noted immediately her eyes, whose depths bewildered, amazed him. For in them he could see no expression, no feeling, but only abysmal cruelty. That she was Sarka's master, and Jaska's master, and master of all these Gnomes, became instantly apparent for telepathically she addressed Sarka.

"I am busy now. The Moon-people will hold you prisoners in the Place of the Blue light, until I am ready to give you to the Cone!"

CHAPTER XV

The Place of the Blue Light

So the Gnomes were Moon-people, masters of the Moon cubes! And people and cubes were ruled by a woman who resembled a woman of Earth!

The Gnomes took them back the way they had come.

Where, Sarka wondered, were the people of the Gens of Dalis? And where was Dalis himself! Sarka was sure that, in those first discords which had come out of the crater, he had heard at least a hint of the laughter of Dalis.

And this woman clothed in radiance--who was she? And what? That she was a creature of the Moon, and yet resembled in all ways a woman of Earth, save that she was more beautiful than any woman Sarka had ever seen, seemed almost impossible to believe. Yet he had seen her. So had Jaska, and as Sarka and Jaska, with the capering Gnomes still about them, were led away to a fate at which they could only guess, Sarka wondered at Jaska's silence and at the strange lack of expression on her face.

He pressed her hand, but somehow she failed to return the pressure, mystifying more than ever. This sudden coldness was not like Jaska.

Back they went through the vast cavern where the cone of the bluish column still moaned and murmured. Sarka moved as close to the cone as the Gnomes would permit, and peered up along the mighty length of the column. At its tip was still the Earth, like a star viewed from the bottom of a deep well.

Smaller, too, it seemed, which proved that Sarka's breaking of the blue column had been but momentary, that the column had almost instantly regained its contact with the Earth. What was its source, what the composition of the column?

* * * * *

At the moment there could be no answer to the question. Now the Gnomes were escorting them into another tunnel, whose glow was even bluer than that which the two had experienced in the other tunnels. And the deeper they penetrated, the more distant from the cavern of the Cone, the deeper in color became that light.

Finally the Gnome who had mentally asked permission of the Radiant Woman to show her Jaska and Sarka passed before another expanse of wall, identical in appearance with that of the wall of the triangle from which the Radiant Woman had appeared.

This time the Gnome managed ingress by a strange clucking sound, with his triangular lips held close to the base-line of the triangle.

Now the door swung open; but the radiance which now came out was not clear white, as in the case of the outer door, but deeply, coldly blue. For the first time the Gnomes used force with their prisoners, thus proving to them that they were indeed prisoners. Their tiny feet caught at Sarka and at Jaska, and forced them through the door, which swung shut behind them.

Sarka looked at Jaska who, in this strange new light, had taken on the color of indigo, and smiled at her. She did not return his smile, but her eyes looked deeply, somewhat sorrowfully, into his. As though she asked him a question he could not understand, to which he could therefore give no answer.

* * * * *

Sarka was now conscious of the fact that the heat of their prison-house--whose character they did not as yet know--was becoming almost unbearable. They were alone, too, for the Gnomes had not entered the door of triangle. Sarka partially removed his life mask, and testing the atmosphere of the place, found it capable of being breathed without the mask. He signalled mentally to Jaska to remove her mask, and when the girl had done so he took her in his arms and kissed her on the lips.

She accepted his caress, but did not return it, and her eyes still peered deeply into his.

"Well, beloved," he said. "I am terribly sorry. But I did not want you to come because I was afraid that something of this sort would happen."

She did not answer.

"What is it, Jaska?" he said at last.

"What did you think of that woman?" she asked softly.

"Beautiful!" he said enthusiastically. "Fearfully beautiful! But did you see her eyes? She had no more mercy in her heart than if she were made of stone! And she hated us both the moment she saw us!"

"And you, Sarka--did you hate her, too?"

Sarka stared at her, not comprehending.

"I feel," he said, "that if we are ever to escape her, we must kill her, or render her incapable of retaining us!"

Then, of her own accord, Jaska placed her arms around Sarka, and gave him her lips. Her new behavior was as incomprehensible to Sarka as her former enigmatic expression had been. Wise in the ways of science was Sarka, but he knew nothing of women!

* * * * *

Now hand in hand again, they began a survey of their prison house. The bluish glow was unbearable to the eyes, and tears came unbidden and ran down the cheeks of the prisoners. In a minute or two, perspiration was literally bathing the bodies of the two. After a questioning exchange of glances, Sarka swiftly divested himself of his costume, stripping down to the gray toga of Earth's manhood. With a shrug, Jaska removed her clothing to her own toga, and the two suits Sarka carried under his arm.

They started ahead, exploring, then sprang back with a cry of fright. Sarka did not know whether it was Jaska or himself who had cried out; for just as they moved forward, a rent opened in the floor at their feet, and their eyes for a moment--they could stand no longer--peered into a bluely flaming abyss which, save for the color, reminded Sarka of the word pictures of Hell he had read in Earth's books of antiquity!

As the two stepped back, the rent in the floor closed instantly. Sarka had noted where the end of it had been, and started to detour, his eyes on the floor.

Over to his left the bluely glowing wall reached up to invisible immensity. But as he would have passed along the wall, the rent opened again, effectually barring his way.

Beyond the rent he could see a vast continuation of the cavern, and he felt that, could they only pass the rent, they might reach a place where the heat was not so unbearable, and they could stay and talk in comfort.

* * * * *

Releasing Jaska, he stepped back and prepared to leap the spot where the rent had been. High he jumped, and far, surprised at the length of his own leap. He landed lightly, far beyond the area where the rent had been, and even as he landed, a rent opened again at his feet, thus effectually barring further progress!

"It could just as easily," he told himself, "have opened under my feet, and dropped me into the abyss!"

From behind him came the sudden sound of screaming. He whirled to look back, to see Jaska standing there, arms outstretched toward him, her eyes wide with fear and horror, and as he stood watching, she raced to him, unmindful of abysses that might open under her feet, and flung herself into his arms.

"Come back!" she moaned. "Come back! Don't you see? _They_ don't wish you to explore further! We are in their power, and must simply await their pleasure, whoever or whatever they are! They see all we do!"

So they turned back, and stood against the door which held them prisoners; and the heat of the place seemed to enter into them, to gnaw at their very vitals. After a time Sarka found himself almost tearing at his throat, fighting for breath.

* * * * *

Gasping, the tears bathing their cheeks until even their tears and their perspiration would flow no more, they huddled now just inside the massive stone door, arms about each other, and almost prayed for death. Sarka at least prayed for death for both of them; but Jaska prayed for a way of deliverance, prayed that herself and Sarka might somehow win free, and be together again.

Sarka, who knew little of women, marveled at the grandeur of her courage, and wondered that he really knew this radiant woman so little. He compared her in his mind with the unclothed woman who had ordered them here as prisoners, and it came to him that Jaska was all perfection, all tender womanhood, while the Radiant Woman was a monster, without soul or compassion--a creature of horror who mocked God with her outward seeming of perfection.

Jaska read his thoughts, and smiled wanly to herself, and Sarka wondered how, suffering as he knew she must be suffering, she could find the courage to smile.

Then, for a time, the two became comatose, mastered by the blue heat, and in dreamlike imaginings wandered in strange fields which could only, to these two, have been racial memories, since neither had ever seen such fields. There were cool streams, all a-murmur, and breezes which cooled their sun-tanned cheeks. Water touched their tongues, and cooled their whole bodies as they gratefully imbibed it.

* * * * *

In their wanderings, in which Sarka was a faun and Jaska a nymph, they talked together in a language which only these two comprehended--a language which dealt in figures of speech, a language which depended upon handclasps for periods, glances of the eyes for commas, and the singing of their hearts for complete understanding.

Then a cool breeze, cool by comparison, caressed their pain-distorted cheeks, and the Gnomes came in, found them lying there, and clucked endlessly as though wondering what to do with them.

From hand to tiny hand, their feet serving as hands, the Gnomes passed garments--garments of the Gens of Dalis, and clothed again the two whom the Place of the Blue Light had all but slain. Of that ghastly experiment Sarka retained but one real memory....

That bluish light, in the midst of the abyss, shifting and swaying like blue serpents swimming in Hades ... that bluish light of the Cone, which he had broken up for a brief moment by the use of his ray director. Was this bluish light in the abyss the source of the light in the Cone? If one were to destroy it at its source....

The two regained consciousness completely as the triangular door closed behind Sarka and Jaska and the Gnomes, and they were taken into the refreshing coolness of the tunnel, led back again in the direction of the room where they had seen the Radiant Woman. Both Jaska and Sarka noticed that they were clothed in new clothing, and a shy blush tinged the cheeks of Jaska as her eyes met those of Sarka.

* * * * *

This time they entered the vast chamber of radiance behind the first triangular door, and were forced to their knees to do obeisance to the Radiant Woman, who sat on a gleaming yellow stone for dais! The guards who forced Sarka and Jaska to their knees, were clothed in the green of the Gens of Dalis, and Dalis himself, his face stern, but bearing no sign of recognition of these two, stood at the right hand of the Radiant Woman!

"You come to us as spies," the thought of the Radiant Woman impinged upon the brains of Sarka and of Jaska, "and as spies you should be given to the Cone. But if you swear eternal allegiance to me, to obey me in all things, to forego your allegiance to Earth, your lives will be spared! What say you?"

Boldly Sarka stared into the almost opaque eyes of the woman. Then his glance went to the face of Dalis.

"What," he asked boldly, in the language of Earth, "does the traitor Dalis say?"

"I have sworn allegiance to Luar, who addresses you, and am her ally in all things! I have but one addition to make to what she says: Jaska belongs to me!"

The sudden leering grin of Dalis was hideous.

Sarka peered at Jaska, framing his answer. But Jaska spoke first.

"For myself, O Dalis," she said swiftly, "I can answer in but one way. Return me to the Place of the Blue Light, and forget me there!"

Sarka smiled, while his heart leaped with joy.

"And I, O Luar," he said mentally to the Radiant Woman, "prefer death with Jaska, at the Place of the Blue Light, than life as a traitor to the world of my nativity!"

Instantly Luar began the clucking sound which was the language of the Gnomes, at the same time allowing her thoughts as she spoke to impress themselves upon the brains of the prisoners.

"Take them away! Take them to the Cavern of the Cone, and when they have suffered as much as such inferior beings are capable of suffering, thrust them into the base of the Cone!"

CHAPTER XVI

Cavern of the Cone

The Gnomes had been bidden to take the prisoners to the Cavern of the Cone, but to the surprise of Sarka and Jaska, they were taken back to the Place of the Blue Light! This time the Gnomes entered the place with them, closing and securing the door behind them.

But the Place of the Blue Light had changed!

Now it had no floor of blue, as it had had before, but only a corridor perhaps wide enough to allow the passage of four grown men, walking side by side, while the abyss of which the two had got but the merest hint through the opening and closing rents filled all the center of the place!

The Gnomes seemed impervious to the unendurable heat, and these, moving together, one behind the other, one beside the other, one atop the other, formed a living wall between Sarka and Jaska and the rim of the flaming blue abyss, to protect them from the heat.

Yet through the bodies of this living wall of Gnomes, a wall which was higher than the heads of Sarka and Jaska, the heat forced its way to the prisoners, and burned them anew with its agony.

To what dread rendezvous were they going? Where, save for the few guards at the house of Luar, were the people of the Gens of Dalis? Sarka felt, somehow, that the answers to all these questions would soon be made manifest, and a feeling of exaltation he could not explain was possessing him as he advanced. Around the corridor, whose one side was the wall reaching up to invisibility, whose other side dropped off into the abyss, the Gnomes herded the prisoners.

* * * * *

The leader of the Gnomes was again the Gnome who had first leaped upon Jaska to examine her curiously. Now, watching the lidless eyes of this being, Sarka fancied he could detect a hint of some expression. The Gnome was excited at some prospect, some climax which they were approaching. What? On and on they moved. The blue flames from the abyss, roaring in a way that neither of the prisoners had ever experienced, reached upward in searing tongues toward the invisible roof of this place.

Then, when they had progressed far from the door of entry, Sarka gasped at a new manifestation. Out of the abyss, some distance ahead, came a gleaming thing, something that had apparently evolved itself out of the flames of the abyss. Blue of color it was, because of the flames from the pit; but Sarka recognized it with a start which he could not suppress nor understand.

It was one of those cubes, such as he and Jaska had seen at the lip of the Moon-crater! As they approached, guided by the Gnomes, other cubes appeared out of the abyss, others in numbers swiftly augmented, until a veritable battalion of them had marshalled itself, there at the lip of the abyss.

* * * * *

Straight toward these cubes the Gnomes led Sarka and Jaska, and when they had reached the center of the group, they halted, forming a circle, still a wall to mask the prisoners from the heat of the abyss. The leader of the Gnomes stopped with his face, his lidless eyes, close to one of the cubes.

For a moment he paused thus, and Sarka felt sure that somehow the Gnome was holding thought converse with the cube; but, try as he might, he could find no meaning in the weird conversation for himself. It was oddly like listening to a conversation in a code beyond his knowledge.

Then the Gnome turned back to Sarka and Jaska. By a pressure of tiny feet, he tried to indicate that Sarka and Jaska should unclasp their hands. But they only clung the tighter, and now threw their arms about each other.

The Gnome desisted, much to the joy of the lovers, while Sarka studied the cubes, wondering what their mission was with Jaska and himself.

Slowly, together, the cubes began to lose their bluish glow, their cube shape--to vanish utterly.

In a trice, still locked in each other's arms, Sarka and Jaska saw the Gnomes through what appeared to be an even bluer haze. Besides, the heat of the abyss no longer tortured them, and their bodies were cooling in a way that was unbelievably refreshing.

"What is it, beloved?" whispered Jaska. "What is it?"

* * * * *

Sarka stared at the Gnomes, now in retreat, capering as they had first capered when the two had fallen into their hands, toward the door by which all had entered. Mystified, Sarka put forth his hand. It came in contact with something solid, and oddly warm, which stirred an instantly responsive chord in the brain of Sarka.

This feeling was the same as he experienced when he had lifted those cubes and hurled them into the crater--where they had dissolved in falling, and instantly reappeared, each under its own aircar!

"Jaska!" he explained. "Jaska! The cubes have dissolved themselves, and have reformed in the shape of a globe, as a protective covering about us, to protect us from the heat of the abyss! Apparently we are not to be killed at once! These cubes are slaves of the Gnomes, of whom Luar is ruler!"

They were indeed locked inside a globe, a globe whose integral parts were the cubes of their acquaintance; and the atmosphere of the interior was not uncomfortable, but otherwise. Sarka and Jaska were feeling normal for the first time since they had landed on the Moon. But what was the meaning of this strange imprisonment?

They were soon to know!

For the globe which enclosed them, moved to the edge of the flaming abyss, and dropped into the bluish glow! It did not drop heavily, like a falling object on Earth, but rather floated downward, right into the heart of the flames. At this new manifestation of the strangeness of science on the Moon, Sarka was at once all scientist himself, striving to find adequate answers for things which, from cause to effect, were entirely new to him. With Jaska still clasped close against him, he seated himself in the base of the globe and studied the area through which they were passing.

Blue flames which seemed to be born somewhere, an infinite distance below them; blue flames which he knew to be the element that, shot outward from the great cone, had forced the Moon away from the Earth.

No sound of the roaring flames came through the globe, but every movement of them was visible.

* * * * *

Sarka turned and peered through the bottom of the globe; but all he could see below were the flames, a molten indigo lake of them. Now, as they floated downward, the glow was giving away to lighter blue, to white, almost pure white, like the radiance which covered Luar like a mantle.

Sarka felt himself on the eve of vast important discoveries, and the scientist in him made him, for the moment, almost forget the woman at his side. Jaska, unbothered about anything, now that Sarka was at her side, regarded his expression of deep concentration with a tolerant smile.

Whiter now was the light, and faster fell the globe which held the two.

The color of the globe, now fallen below the area of blue, had taken on, chameleonlike, the color of the white flames that bathed it.

Then, apparently right in the center of a lake of white flames, though Sarka could see no solid place on which the globe had landed, the globe came to rest.

Now everything was plain to see, and Sarka studied his surroundings with new interest. He felt a mounting sensation of scalp-prickling horror.

For, scattered throughout the lake of white flames, in all directions, as far as the eye could reach--standing alone, suffering untold agonies, from the expressions on their faces--were people of the Gens of Dalis!

* * * * *

No longer were they clothed in green and wearing on breast and back the yellow stars of their Gens. Now they were nude as they had come into the world and standing there, each was holding out hands in horror, to hold back myriads of the Gnomes, who would have forced them to submerge themselves in the white flames of the lake!

Was the Gens of Dalis being burned alive? What was the meaning of this?

For a moment, filled with horror, Sarka looked away from the spectacle. Off to his right, as he sat, he noted that the flames, which here seemed lighter than they had in high levels, were converging on a single spot toward the side of the lake of white flames--as smoke converges on the base of a chimney leading outward to the air!

He knew as he stared that he was gazing at the spot where the bluish column of the cone was born!

Shaking his head, he turned back to the mighty spectacle of this horrible thing that was being done to the people of the Gens of Dalis.

In his brain there suddenly crashed a thought whose source he could only guess at, whose meaning mystified him more than anything yet experienced. The thought might have emanated from Luar, or from Dalis. But the more he thought of the matter, the more he thought how the phrasing of the thought was like the telepathy of Sarka the Second, now thousands of miles away, upon the Earth. And this was the thought:

"If they fight the flames, the flames will destroy them! If they go into them freely, voluntarily, they will be rendered immune to heat and to cold, to life and to death. But it is better that they die, for Earth's sake!"

What did it mean?

* * * * *

Sarka thought of the radiant white light which perpetually bathed the person of Luar, and thought that he had somehow been given a hint of its source. If the Gens of Dalis were voluntarily bathed in the lake of white flames, would they become as Luar?

Somehow, though he knew that such bathing would save their lives, the idea filled him anew with horror. He found himself torn between two duties. If he sent his thought out there to the Gens of Dalis, people of Earth, his people, they would be saved, but might forever become allies of the people of the Moon. If Sarka did not tell them, they would die--and there were millions of them.

But his science had always been a science of Life, and it still was.

"Enter the flames!" he telepathically bade his people. "Enter the flames!"

But they did not heed him, and for the first time the atmosphere of the interior of the globe seemed filled with savage, abysmal menace! Plain to Sarka was the meaning of that menace: The cubes which composed this globe were loyal to their masters, the masters to a mistress, Luar, and would countenance no meddling.

Likewise it was impossible, if the Gnomes willed it to the cubes, for Sarka to transmit his thoughts to the Gens of Dalis through the transparent walls of the globe!

They were prisoners, indeed, of Dalis and of Luar!

* * * * *

But could Sarka and Jaska turn their new-found knowledge to their own use? Sarka was thinking back, back to one of the ancient tomes of his people. It spoke, someplace, of a man who had got trapped in the heart of a seething volcano, where the heat of it had cured him of his illnesses, made him whole again, given him new youth and freshness.

But since the cubes could forestall his transmission of thought, and perhaps could read and understand thoughts, how was he to tell Jaska? How show her that a way of deliverance had been given into their hands, if they only possessed the courage to use it!

Again came that thought, which Sarka recognized as the telepathy of his father:

"Courage! You will win, and Jaska with you!"

Thoughts could come in to them then, but could not go out. Or did it mean that the cubes, or the masters of the cubes, did not care if the prisoners received messages from outside, because they knew themselves capable of frustrating anything the prisoners planned? Perhaps. More than likely that was it.

But, looking through the bottom of the globe, into the sea of white flames below, Sarka gripped more tightly his ray director, and tried to marshal the forces of his courage. There was surely some way of escape. Some way out of their strange predicament.

CHAPTER XVII

Casting the Die

Somehow Sarka believed that this white radiance of the abyss held the secret of the omnipotence of Luar, if omnipotence she possessed. That she did seemed sure, else Dalis would not have been with her. Besides, she had asked Sarka and Jaska to swear allegiance to her. Yes the secret was here, in the heart of the lake of white flames.

It might have been the Moon Fountain of Youth, or of omnipotence. There was no telling, unless Sarka tried an experiment.

His fury at Dalis now knew no bounds, and he was conscious of a desire, too poignant almost to be borne, in some way to circumvent the arch-traitor. For here in the craters of the Moon Dalis was working out a strange amplification of the scheme which he had, centuries before, proposed to Sarka the First. He was subjecting the people of his Gens to the white flames.

If they immersed themselves voluntarily, they became as Luar was, but still subservient to the will of Dalis--and, in his hands, invincible instruments of war! Dalis had doubtless already been bathed in the flames. Sarka was not sure, for in the home of Luar

the white light was so blinding it would have been impossible to make sure that the white radiance clothed the others with Luar.

"That's it!" said Sarka to himself. "That's it! Dalis and those guards at the dais of Luar have already been subjected to the white flames! The rest who immerse themselves, voluntarily, come forth as Luar and Dalis! Who do not, die. Dalis' manner of forcing the survival of the fittest! His idea of the flood in grandfather's time, only now he causes his selection by flames instead of flood! He believes that only those worthy to survive, and to stand at his back in whatever he conceives to be his need, will guess the secret of the immersion. The others will die!"

* * * * *

What a terrible alternative, when Dalis could as easily have given the secret to all his people! Could have told them how to save themselves! But it was not Dalis' way. Here, in the beginning of what was to become a dual sovereignty of the Moon, Dalis had already taken thought on the matter of over-population, and was destroying the many that the few--the strongest, most ruthless--might survive! Hundreds of thousands, millions of the Gens of Dalis, stood at the door of life, and did not know how to enter, merely because Dalis withheld the key! And, pausing in terror before the flames, they died, when a step and a plunge would have saved them all!

"If he lives to be a million, if he lives through everlasting life," said Sarka to himself, "and does penance through a thousand reincarnations, Dalis can never atone for this wholesale destruction of humanity! But I ... I wonder!"

Sarka realized the nicety of the revenge of Dalis upon Jaska and himself. Dalis had not given the secret to the prisoners, but by his use of the cubes, he had plunged them into the very heart of the horror, where they could see the suffering of the people of the Gens. Then, when they had seen and appreciated the horror of it all, they would follow the people of the Gens to death!

But Luar had spoken of thrusting them into the base of the Cone!

* * * * *

Then they were not for the flames after all! How could it be done? The globe composed of the cubes had but to transport the prisoners to the base of the Cone, press against that base, and open to let the prisoners free--and in the heart of the white-blue column they would be hurled outward from the Moon, into space. The mere prospect of such horror caused the perspiration to break forth anew on the body of Sarka.

But there might be a way.

"I wonder," he asked himself, "if the Earth people in _this_ crater could read my thoughts in spite of their agonies, if I could get my thought to them through the globe? I wonder if, reading my thoughts, they would obey?"

Bit by bit, as parts of a puzzle fall into place, he made his plan, and his heart beat high with excitement. Jaska bent before him to look into his eyes, and he knew that she was trying to read his face. She knew, wise Jaska, that this brilliant lover of hers was making a plan, and she believed in the sure success of it because it would be _his_!

She smiled at him, her courage high, and waited!

Holding the ray director between his body and that of Jaska, he took a terrible, ghastly chance. Dalis had known the secret sign manual of these two; but would the intelligence of the cubes comprehend it? He must take the chance, slender as it seemed. His free hand began to spell out, with all speed, the mad plan he had conceived.

"The white flames are harmless if one plunges into them voluntarily. Are you afraid to attempt it? No? Then unfasten your clothing, and have it so arranged that you can drop entirely out of it when I give you the signal, which will be a mere widening of the eyes, like this! You understand? We must go nude into the flames, so that they will bathe our whole bodies! But, when you slip out of your clothing, tear your anti-gravitational ovoid from the skull-pan of your helmet, and hold it in your mouth! Then depend upon me, and have no fear!"

"I have no fear," replied the fingers of Jaska. "I go to death with you if you wish--or to Life!"

* * * * *

Feeling the menace of the cubes almost gripping at his throat as he got into action, Sarka unfastened his own clothing, ripped the ovoid from his helmet, placed it in his mouth. Then, looking at Jaska, he gave her the signal.

Instantly, at her nod, he brought forth the ray director, pressed it with his fingers, directing its muzzle toward the curve of the globe, swinging it around in a circle, cutting out the bottom of the globe of cubes.

The action must have been one of untold surprise to the cubes which made up the globe, for before anything could be done to stay the hand of Sarka, his ray director had cut out the bottom of the globe, and Jaska and himself, divested now of all clothing, had fallen from the globe.

Unbearable heat slashed and tore at them. They still held hands, and when their feet touched upon something solid, they were gasping with the unbelievable heat; and it was ripping at their lungs like talons of white hot steel. But, pausing not at all, Sarka raced ahead with Jaska, and dived straight into the lake of white flames.

As he dived he directed his thoughts toward the people of the Gens who stood, undecided, dying by slow inches, on their little oases in the lake. And this was the thought, which was a command.

"Plunge into the flames! They will not hurt you! Plunge in, and obey my commands, O people of the Gens of Dalis! I, Sarka, command that you obey me! Jaska, who commanded you at the will of Dalis, also commands. Gather with Jaska and me at the base of the Cone! You have but to follow the converging of the flames!"

* * * * *

Together the two plunged in, and it seemed all at once as though the fire had gone out of the white flames, for they were cool and soothing to the touch. Sarka could feel new life being borne in him, could feel himself revitalized, exalted, lifted to the heights. He suddenly experienced the desire to run, and shout his joy for all to hear. But reason held him. Not thus easily would Luar and Dalis, the traitor, give over their designs against these two.

But in the heart of the flames, they dropped down, while they turned their faces toward the base of the Cone, or where they thought the base to be, even as Sarka gave another command to the now invisible people of the Gens of Dalis.

"Hold your ovoids in your mouths and follow! Obey my will!"

They dropped now to what seemed to be cool flagstones, while above them showed an orifice in a wall, into which those tongues of flame were darting. They paused there, side by side, their faces radiant, and looked back the way they had come.

Coming out of the white flames, like battalions on parade, were the people of the Gens of Dalis--scores and hundreds of them, who had sensed and heeded the mental commands of Sarka. Like genii appearing out of the flames they came, to muster about Sarka and Jaska.

Then, when it seemed that no more were coming, Sarka turned to the base of the Cone, his face high shining with courage and confidence, and stepped straight into the flames that led into the Cone. Beside him came Jaska, while behind him came the people of the Gens of Dalis who dared to do as he had commanded.

They were sucked into the Cone like chips sucked into a whirlpool, and Sarka willed a last command as they entered:

"Quit the column at the lip of the crater, and muster about the aircars!"

CHAPTER XVIII

The People of Radiance

The exaltation of Sarka knew no bounds, and looking into the eyes of Jaska, he knew she felt it, too. For her face was shining, and all of her, the wondrous shining brilliance of her, was bathed in the white radiance that mantled Luar. And now, since Jaska too knew that radiance, her beauty was greater even than that of Luar. Sarka thrilled anew at the glory of her.

But even as he stepped into the base of the Cone, he stepped out of the blue column at the lip of the Moon-crater. Swift as light, and swifter, had been the flight upward from the Cavern of the Cone; yet, so keen were his perceptions, he knew when he had passed through the chamber of the bluish glow, into which he and Jaska had first dropped upon arrival.

Now they were on the lip of the crater, and the people of the Gens who had followed him, were slipping out of the blue column, like insects out of a flame, and converging on the aircars whose tentacles still waved as they had when Sarka had last seen them.

Sarka looked at these people in amazement. To him there was a divinity now about their nudeness which nudity never before had suggested to him. For the people shone, and there was something glorious in those divinely white bodies. They reminded Sarka of his people's books of antiquity, and his childhood's pictures of angels....

But the effect of those white flames!...

* * * * *

There was no explaining it. But Sarka felt that whatever he willed to do he could do; that whatever he wished for was his, whether it was his by right or no. He felt that he could move mountains, with only the aid of his hands. Looking at Jaska he conceived all sorts of new beauty in her, for she was the brightest, to him, of all the people who had passed through the lake of white flames, and been cleansed in their heat.

"No wonder Luar has mastered the Moon!" he cried to Jaska. "For when she was bathed in the white flames, her will is paramount!"

"But how, if she passes the people of the Gens of Dalis through the flames, will she retain her sovereignty?"

"Because Dalis, too, has passed through, and his will is the will of the Gens! They will obey him, and he has sworn allegiance to Luar, or given some sort of oath of fealty!"

"How strange that but one person on the Moon has been bathed in the white flames!"

"How do we know," Sarka almost whispered it, "that she is, originally, of the Moon? Does she not look too much like our people, to be from another world entirely?"

"I do not know, but ... you mean ... you mean...?"

"I scarcely know; but Dalis would swear allegiance to no man, much less to a woman, unless he knew that man, or woman, far better than he has had opportunity, in a matter of hours only, to know Luar!"

He left it there then, as he strode boldly, with Jaska by his side, to the nearest of the aircars.

* * * * *

As he approached the car, the gleam cube beneath it seemed to gleam brighter and brighter, as though it echoed the radiance of Sarka. Sarka knew, studying this phenomenon, that he possessed at least a hint of the secret of Luar's omnipotence. There had been a hint before, but by now its meaning was clearer. The white flames, out of the heart of the dying Moon, gave new life, exaltation, not only to the bodies but to the brains of those who passed through it, and with their brains quickened, they possessed such knowledge as men of Earth, for ages, had wished to possess.

Transmutation of metals ... the ability, at will, to endow the higher, more selective metals with intelligence ... and the ability to retain command of the intelligences thus endowed. This explained the power of Luar over the Gnomes, and the power of the Gnomes over the cubes--if they possessed that power.

But the Gnomes, what of them? What were they?

But for a space Sarka must await the answer to that question, for there was little time. Already he knew that the tale of his escape, and his taking over of a portion of the Gens of Dalis, must have gone like wildfire through all the crater, and from this crater, perhaps, had been transmitted to all the craters of the Moon. All the craters....

* * * * *

That explained to him the absence from the lake of white flames, where he had seen so few, comparatively, of the people of Dalis' Gens. The Moon was honeycombed by such craters, and perhaps the white flame connected them all, made them all one. And Luar commanded all from her dais in this crater Sarka and his people were escaping. The millions of the Gens had been swallowed by the craters of the Moon, at command of Luar, acceded to by Dalis--and all over the Moon the very things which Sarka and Jaska had witnessed were taking place.

Even now, as Sarka raced for the aircar, and Jaska with him, he could feel a backward pulling that was well-nigh invincible. Someone was willing him to return, willing the Gnomes to pursue him, willing the cubes to refuse obedience to him; but he laughed and stepped to the aircar, passing by the nearest writhing tentacle as though he knew it possessed no power to harm him. The tentacle swept aside, and did not try to bar him, while he sent his will crashing against that brightly gleaming cube. "Into the aircar! We enter with you!"

The cube vanished instantly, and it seemed to Sarka that invisible hands caught at his feet, lifting him up through the trap-door in the belly of the aircar, up and inside. The door swung shut, and in the forward end of the vast aircar gleamed the cube which had obeyed his command!

* * * * *

Sarka sent one thought careening outward from the aircar, a command to the cubes which stood watch beneath the other aircars.

"Obey the Radiant People, and through them, _me_!"

The light of the cube made the interior of the aircar as light as day, and Sarka was struck at once with another phenomenon. He could see through the sides of the car in any direction.

And what he saw filled him with a sudden fear!

Out of the crater poured myriads of the Gnomes, and up the sides of it came myriads of the gleaming cubes, all racing toward the cars.

"Get back! Get back!" he commanded the Gnomes and the cubes.

At the same time he issued his commands to the cube within his own car, and to the cubes which by now were inside the other aircars, realizing that the cubes themselves were the motive power of the aircars--and that his will was the will of these individual cubes.

"Fly at once! Fly outward at top speed toward the Earth!"

Instantly, as though a single signal had started all the cars, a dozen aircars rose majestically from the crater, while Sarka studied the Gnomes and the cubes in turmoil on the rim. He noted then, a strange circumstance: that when he commanded the Gnomes and the pursuing cubes to keep back, they hesitated, dazedly, as though they did not know whether to advance or to retreat; that when he merely watched them, they came on.

He laughed aloud at this measuring of mental swords with Luar, and with Dalis. For he could sense the conflict very plainly. She commanded the Gnomes and the cubes to attack, he commanded them to retreat, and they remained undecided, like people drawn between two extremities, and uncertain which direction to take.

Upward, side by side now, floated the aircars of the Moon, and in the forepeak of each, one of the gleaming cubes, like--like anti-gravitational ovoids of the Moon! At the fast falling rim of the crater boiled the Gnomes and the cubes, stirring and tumbling, hampered by their very numbers, as they tried to attack at will of Luar and retreated in confusion at the will of Sarka.

Then there was Jaska beside Sarka, her face fearful, as he pointed off across the gloomy expanse of the Moon.

From all sides, from all directions, from other craters which these two had not even seen, came scores and hundreds of the monster cars!

They had beaten Luar and Dalis but for a moment, then! Now, at her command, the countless other aircars were coming in to head them off, to fight them back to the surface of the Moon. It would be a race against time, and against death. But of at least a dozen of the aircars, Sarka was master, and he did not fear the issue. That strange exaltation which the white flames had given him filled him with a confidence that nothing could shake.

He shot a thought at the gleaming cube in the forepeak.

"Faster! Faster! There is no limit to your speed! Faster! Faster! Even faster!"

Instantly the Moon seemed literally to drop away beneath the dozen aircars which carried the Radiant People, while the aircars of Luar and of Dalis fell hopelessly behind.

Sure that they would win in this race now, since he was just beginning to realize the vastness of his power--the all-encompassing, all-mastering power of the human mind and will, which the white flames of the Moon had made almost god-like--Sarka turned his eyes toward a coldly gleaming sphere in the star-spangled heavens ahead.

* * * * *

It was the Earth, and it seemed ringed in flames! From its edges there seemed to shoot long streamers of yellow or golden flames, which broke into sunlike pinwheels of radiance at their tips. Something, there on the precious Earth, was decidedly wrong!

Instantly, telepathically, he sought to gain mental contact with his father.

"Father, we are coming!" he said, across those countless miles. "What is happening?"

For a full minute there was no answer. Then it came, feeble, broken, weighted with fear; but it was a thought-message, unmistakably, of Sarka the Second.

"Hurry, son! Hurry! For Dalis has indeed betrayed us! I could not maintain control of the Earth with the Beryls, for some strange catastrophe has destroyed all the Beryls in the area Dalis ruled! The shifting of positions of the Earth and the Moon has so altered the relative effects of the pull of gravity exerted by the planets that Mars has been brought into dangerous proximity to us and is already so close that her ether-lights are playing over us! Surely you must be able to see them! We have received messages, but as yet I have only been partially able to decode them! What I have decoded, however, presages catastrophe--for I am sure that Mars and the Moon are in confederation, and that the Moon-people have deliberately forced us into contact with her ally!"

Cold fear clutched at the throat of Sarka as he caught the message. He decided not to tell Jaska for the moment. He looked to right and left, at the aircars on either side of him, then issued his commands.

"Faster! Faster! Be prepared to land in the area of the Gens of Cleric, as close as possible to my laboratory!"

A strange, awesome sight, that flight of the rebels of Dalis' Gens from the Moon to the Earth--like gleaming stars across the void. Far out in Space they fled at terrific speed through almost utter darkness, but their light was still blinding, lighting the way.

(_Concluded in the next issue_)

Murder Madness

CONCLUSION OF A FOUR-PART NOVEL

By Murray Leinster

[Illustration: _The deck was covered with panic-stricken folk who had come in awful terror to watch. And all were slaves to The Master._]

[Sidenote: Bell has fought through tremendous obstacles to find and kill The Master, whose diabolical poison makes murder-mad snakes of the hands; and, as he faces the monster at last--his own hands start to writhe!]

CHAPTER XV

The door of the car swung wide, and Ortiz's pale grim face peered in behind the blue steel barrel of his automatic. He smiled queerly as Jamison, with a grunt of relief, tapped Bell's wrist in sign to put away his weapon.

"Ah, very well," said Ortiz, with the same queer smile upon his face. "One moment."

He disappeared. On the instant there was the thunderous crashing of a weapon. Bell started up, but Jamison thrust him back. Then Ortiz appeared again with smoke still trickling from the barrel of his pistol.

"I have just done something that I have long wished to do," he observed coolly. "I have killed the chauffeur and his companion. You may alight, now. I believe we will have half an hour or more. It will do excellently."

He offered his hand to Paula as she stepped out. She seemed to shudder a little as she took it.

"I do not blame you for shuddering, Senorita," he said politely, "but men who are about to die may indulge in petty spites. And the chauffeur was a favorite with the deputy for whom I am substituting. Like all favorites of despots, he had power to abuse, and abused it. I could tell you tales, but refrain."

* * * * *

The car had come to a stop in what seemed to be a huge warehouse, and by the sound of water round about, it was either near or entirely built out over the harbor. A large section near the outer end was walled off. Boxes, bales, parcels and packages of every sort were heaped all about. Bell saw crated air engines lying in a row against one wall. There were a dozen or more of them. Machinery, huge cases of foodstuffs....

"The Buenos Aires depot," said Ortiz almost gaily. "This was the point of receipt for all the manufactured goods which went to the _fazenda_ of Cuyaba, Senor Bell. Since you destroyed that place, it has not been so much used. However, it will serve excellently as a tomb. There are cases of hand grenades yonder. I advise you to carry a certain number with you. The machine guns for the air-craft, with their ammunition, are here...."

He was hurrying them toward the great walled-off space as he talked, his automatic serving as a pointer when he indicated the various objects.

"Now, here," he added as he unlocked the door, "is your vessel. The Master bought only amphibian planes of late. Those for Cuyaba were assembled in this little dock and took off from the water. Your destruction up there, Senor Bell, left one quite complete but undelivered. I think another, crated, is still in the warehouse. I have been very busy, but if you can fuel and load it before we are attacked...."

They were in a roofed and walled but floorless shed, built into the warehouse itself. Water surged about below them, and on it floated a five passenger plane, fully assembled and apparently ready to fly, but brand new and so far unused.

* * * * *

"I'll look it over," said Bell, briefly. He swung down the catwalk painted on the wings. He began a swift and hasty survey. Soot on the exhaust stacks proved that the motors had been tried, at least. Everything seemed trim and new and glistening in the cabin. The fuel tanks showed the barest trace of fuel. The oil tanks were full to their filling-plugs.

He swung back up.

"Taking a chance, of course," he said curtly. "If the motors were all right when they were tried, they probably are all right now. They may have been tuned up, and may not. I tried the controls, and they seem to work. For a new ship, of course, a man would like to go over it carefully, but if we've got to hurry...."

"I think," said Ortiz, and laughed, "that haste would be desirable. Herr Wiedkind--No! _Amigo mio_, it was that damned Antonio Calles who listened to us last night. I found pencil marks beside the listening instrument. He must have sat there and eavesdropped upon me many weary hours, and scribbled as men do to pass the time. He had a pretty taste in monograms.... I gave all the orders that were needful for you to take off from the flying field. I even went there myself and gave additional orders. And Calles was there. Also others of The Master's subjects. My treason would provoke a terrible revenge from The Master, so they thought to prove their loyalty by permitting me to disclose my plan and foil it at its beginning.

"I would have made the journey with you to The Master, but as a prisoner with the tale of my treason written out. So I returned and changed the orders to the chauffeur, when all the Master's loyal subjects were waiting at the flying field. But soon it will occur to them what I have done. They will come here. Therefore, hasten!"

"We want food," said Bell evenly, "and arms, but mostly we want fuel. We'll get busy."

* * * * *

He shed his coat and picked up a hand-truck. He rammed it under a drum of gasoline and ran it to the walkway nearest to the floating plane. Coiled against the wall there was a long hose with a funnel at its upper end. In seconds he had the hose end in one of the wing fuel-tanks. In seconds more he had propped the funnel into place and was watching the gasoline gurgling down the

hose.

"Paula," he said curtly, "watch this. When it's empty roll the drum away so I can put another in its place."

She moved quickly beside it, throwing him a little smile. She set absorbedly about her task.

Jamison arrived with another drum of gas before the first was emptied, and Bell was there with a third while the second still gurgled. They heaped the full drums in place, and Jamison suddenly abandoned his truck to swear wrathfully and tear off his spectacles and fling them against the wall. The bushy eyebrows and beard peeled off. His coat went down. He began to rush loads of foodstuffs, arms, and other objects to a point from which they could be loaded on the plane. Ortiz pointed out the things he pantingly demanded.

In minutes, it seemed, he was demanding: "How much can we take? Any more than that?"

"No more," said Bell. "All the weight we can spare goes for fuel. See if you can find another hose and funnel and get to work on the other tank. I'm going to rustle oil."

He came staggering back with heavy drums of it. A thought struck him.

"How do we get out? What works the harbor door?"

* * * * *

Ortiz pointed, smiling.

"A button, Senor, and a motor does the rest." He looked at his watch. "I had better see if my fellow subjects have come."

He vanished, smiling his same queer smile. Bell worked frantically. He saw Ortiz coming back, pausing to light a cigarette, and taking up a hatchet, with which he attacked a packing case.

"They are outside, Senor," he called. "They have found the signs of the car entering, and now are discussing."

He plucked something carefully from the packing box and went leisurely back toward the door. Bell began to load the food and stores into the cabin, with sweat streaming down his face.

There was the sound of a terrific explosion, and Bell jumped savagely to solid ground.

"Keep loading! I'll hold them back!" he snapped to Jamison.

But when he went pounding to the back of the warehouse he found Ortiz laughing.

"A hand grenade, Senor," he said in wholly unnatural levity. "Among the subjects of The Master. I believe that I am going mad, to take such pleasure in destruction. But since I am to die so shortly, why not go mad, if it gives me pleasure?"

* * * * *

He peered out a tiny hole and aimed his automatic carefully. It spurted out all the seven shots that were left.

"The man who poisoned me," he said pleasantly. "I think he is dead. Go back and make ready to leave, Senor Bell, because they will probably try to storm this place soon, and then the police will come, and then.... It is amusing that I am the one man to whom those enslaved among the city authorities would look for The Master's orders."

Bell stared out. He saw a small horde of people, frantically agitated, milling in the cramped and unattractive little street of Buenos Aires' waterfront. Sheer desperation seemed to impel them, desperation and a frantic fear. They surged forward--and Ortiz flung a hand grenade. Its explosion was terrific, but he had perhaps purposely flung it short. Bell suddenly saw police uniforms, fighting a way through to the front of the crowd and the source of all this disturbance.

"Go back," said Ortiz seriously. "I shall die, Senor Bell. There is nothing else for me to do. But I wish to die with Latin melodrama." He managed a smile. "I will give you ten minutes more. I can hold off the police themselves for so long. But you must hasten, because there are police launches."

* * * * *

He held out his hand. Bell took it.

"Good luck," said Ortiz.

"You can come--" began Bell, wrenched by the gaiety on Ortiz's face.

"Absurd," said Ortiz, smiling. "I should be murder mad within three days. This is a preferable death, I assure you. Ten minutes, no more!"

And Bell went racing back and found Jamison rolling away the last of the fuel drums and Paula looking anxiously for him.

"Tanks full," said Jamison curtly. "Everything set. What next?"

"Engines," said Bell.

He swung down and jerked a prop over. Again, and again.... The motor caught. He went plunging to the other. Minutes.... They caught. He throttled them down to the proper warming up roaring, while the air in the enclosed space grew foul.

* * * * *

Once more to the warehouse. Ortiz shouted and waved his hand. He was filling his pockets with hand grenades. Bell made a gesture of farewell and Ortiz seemed to smile as he went back to hold the entrance for a little longer.

"We're going," said Bell grimly. "Get your guns ready, Jamison, for when the door goes up."

He pressed on the button Ortiz had pointed out. There were more explosions and the rattle of firearms from the front of the warehouse. There was a sudden rumble of machinery and the blank front of the little covered dock rose suddenly. The sunlit waters of Buenos Aires harbor spread out before them. To Bell, who had not looked on sunlight that day, the effect was dazzling. He blinked, and then saw a fast little launch approaching. There were uniformed figures crowded about its bows.

"All set!" he snapped. "I'm going to give her the gun."

"Go to it," said Jamison. "We're--"

The motors bellowed and drowned out the rest. The plane shuddered and began to move. The sound of explosions from the back of the warehouse was loud and continuous, now. Out into the bright sunlight the plane moved, at first heavily, then swiftly....

Bell saw arms waving wildly in the launch with the uniformed men. Sunlight glittered suddenly on rifle barrels. Puffs of vapor shot out. Something spat through the wall beside Bell. But the roaring of the motors kept up, and the pounding of the waves against the curved bow of the boat-body grew more and more violent.... Sweat came out on Bell's face. The ship was not lifting....

* * * * *

But it did lift. Slowly, very slowly, carrying every pound with which it could have risen from the water. It swept past the police launch at ninety miles an hour, but no more than five feet above the waves. A big, clumsy tramp flying the Norwegian flag splashed up river with its propeller half out of water. Bell dared to rise a little so he could bank and dodge it. He could not rise above it.

He had one glimpse of blonde, astonished beards staring over the stern of the tramp as he swept by it, his wing tips level with its rail and barely twenty feet away. And then he went on and on, out to sea.

He began to spiral for height fully four miles offshore, and looked back at the sprawling city. Down by the waterfront a thick, curling mass of smoke was rising from one spot abutting on the water. It swayed aside and Bell saw the rectangular opening out of which the plane had come.

"Ortiz's in there," he said, sick at heart. "Dying as he planned."

But there was a sudden upheaval of timbers and roof. A colossal burst of smoke. A long time later the concussion of a vast explosion. There was nothing left where the warehouse had been.

Bell looked, and swore softly to himself, and felt a fresh surge of the hatred he bore to The Master and all his works. And then filmy clouds loomed up but a little above the rising plane, and Bell shot into them and straightened out for the south.

* * * * *

For many long hours the plane floated on to southward, high above a gray ocean which seemed deceptively placid beneath a canopy of thin clouds. The motors roared steadily in the main, though once Bell instructed Jamison briefly in the maintenance of a proper course and height, and swung out into the terrific blast of air that swept past the wings. He clung to struts and handholds and made his way out on the catwalk to make some fine adjustment in one motor, with six thousand feet of empty space below the swaying wing.

"Carburetter wrong," he explained when he had closed the cabin window behind him again and the motors' roar was once more dulled. "It was likely to make a lot of carbon in the cylinders. O.K., now."

Paula's hand touched his shyly. He smiled abstractedly at her and went back to the controls.

And then the plane kept on steadily. Time and space have become purely relative in these days, in startling verification of Mr. Einstein, and the distance between Buenos Aires and Magellan Strait is great or small, a perilous journey or a mere day's travel, according to the mind and the transportation facilities of the voyager. Before four o'clock in the afternoon the coast was low and sandy to the westward, and it continued sterile and bare for long hours while the plane hung high against the sky with a following wind driving it on vastly more swiftly than its own engines could have contrived.

* * * * *

It was little before sunset when the character of the shore changed yet again, and the sun was low behind a bank of angry clouds when the stubby forefinger of rock that Magellan optimistically named the Cape of the Eleven Thousand Virgins reached upward from the seemingly placid water. Bell swept lower, then, much lower, looking for a landing place. He found it eight or nine miles farther on, on a wide sandy beach some three miles from a lighthouse. The little plane splashed down into tumbling sea and, half supported by the waves and half by the lift remaining to its wings, ran for yards up upon the hard packed sand.

The landing had been made at late twilight, and Bell moved stiffly when he rose from the pilot's seat.

"I'm going over to that lighthouse," he said curtly. "There won't be enough men there to be dangerous and they probably haven't frequent communication with the town. I'll learn something, anyway. You two stay with the plane."

Jamison lifted his eyebrows and was about to speak, but looked at Bell's expression and stopped. Leadership is everywhere a matter of emotion and brains together, and though Jamison had his share of brains, he had not Bell's corroding, withering passion of hatred against The Master and all who served him gladly. All the way down the coast Bell had been remembering things he had seen of The Master's doing. His power was solely that of fear, and the deputies of his selection had necessarily been men who would spread that terror with an unholy zest. The nature of his hold upon his subjects was such that no honorable man would ever serve him willingly, and for deputies he had need of men even of enthusiasm. His deputies, then, were men who found in the assigned authority of The Master full scope for the satisfaction of their own passions. And Bell had seen what those passions brought about, and there was a dull flame of hatred burning in his eyes that would never quite leave them until those men were powerless and The Master dead.

* * * * *

"You'll look after the ship and Paula," said Bell impatiently. "All right?"

Jamison nodded. Paula looked appealingly at Bell, but he had become a man with an obsession. Perhaps the death of Ortiz had cemented it, but certainly he was unable to think of anything, now, but the necessity of smashing the ghastly hold of The Master upon all the folk he had entrapped. Subconsciously, perhaps, Bell saw in the triumph of The Master a blow to all civilization. Less vaguely, he foresaw an attempt at the extension of The Master's rule to his own nation. But when Bell thought of The Master, mainly he remembered certain disconnected incidents. The girl at Ribiera's luxurious _fazenda_ outside of Rio, who had been ordered to persuade him to be her lover, on penalty of a horrible madness for her infant son if she failed. Of a pale and stricken _fazendiero_ on the Rio Laurenço who thought him a deputy and humbly implored the grace of The Master for a moody twelve year old girl. Of a young man who kept his father, murder mad, in a barred room in his house and waited despairingly for that madness to be meted out upon himself and on his wife and children. Of a white man who had been kept in a cage in Cuyaba, with other men....

* * * * *

Bell trudged on through the deepening night with his soul a burning flame of hatred. He clambered amid boulders, guided by the tall lighthouse of Cape Possession with the little white dwelling he had seen at its base before nightfall. He fell, and rose, and forced his way on and upward, and at last was knocking heavily at a trim and neatly painted door.

He was so absorbed in his rage that his talk with the lighthouse keeper seemed vague in his memory, afterward. The keeper was a wizened little Welshman from the Chibut who spoke English with an extraordinary mixture of a Spanish intonation and a Cimbrian accent. Bell listened heavily and spoke more heavily still. At the end he went back to the plane with a spindle-shanked boy with a lantern accompanying him.

"All settled," he said grimly, when Jamison came out into the darkness with a ready revolver to investigate the approaching light. "We get a boat from the lighthouse keeper to go to Punta Arenas in. He's a devout member of some peculiar sect, and he's seen enough of the hell Punta Arenas amounts to, to believe what I told him of its cause. His wife will look after Paula, and this boy will hitch a team to the plane and haul it out of sight early in the morning. With the help of God, we'll kill Ribiera and The Master before sunset to-morrow."

CHAPTER XVI

But they did not kill The Master before nightfall. It was not quite practicable. Bell and Jamison started out well before dawn with a favorable wind and tide, in the small launch the wizened Welshman placed at their disposal. His air was one of dour piety, but he accepted Bell's offer of money with an obvious relief, and criticized his Paraguayan currency with an acid frankness until Jamison produced Argentine pesos sufficient to pay for the boat three times over.

"I think," said Jamison dryly, "that Pau--that Miss Canalejas is safe enough until we come back. The keeper is a godly man and knows we have money. She'll be in no danger, except of her soul. They may try to save that."

Bell did not answer. He could think of nothing but the mission he had set himself. He tinkered with the engine to make it speed up, and set the sails with infinite care to take every possible advantage of the stiff breeze that blew. During the day, those sails proved almost as much of a nuisance as a help. The fiendish, sullen williwaws that blow furiously and without warning about the Strait required watching, and more than once it was necessary to reef everything and depend on the motor alone.

Bell watched the horizon ahead with smouldering eyes. Jamison watched him almost worriedly.

"Look here, Bell," he said at last, "you'll get nowhere feeling like you do. I know you've done The Master more damage than I have, but you'll just run your head into a trap unless you use your brains. For instance, you didn't ask about communications. There's a direct telegraph wire from Cape Virgins to Buenos Aires, and there's telephonic communication between the Cape and Punta Arenas. Do you imagine that the plane wasn't seen when it came in the Cape? And do you imagine The Master doesn't know we're here?"

* * * * *

Bell turned, then, and frowned blackly.

"I hadn't thought of it," he said grimly, "but I put some hand grenades in the locker, there."

"You damned fool!" said Jamison angrily. "Stop being bloodthirsty and use your head! You haven't even asked what I've done! I've done something, anyhow. That bundle I chucked in the bow has a couple of sheepmen's outfits in it. Lots of sheep raised around here. We'll put 'em on before we land. And like a good general, I arranged a method of retreat before we left B. A. There'll be a naval vessel here in two or three days. She's carrying a party of Government scientists. She'll anchor in Punta Arenas harbor and announce a case of some infectious disease on board. No shore leave, you see, and nobody from shore permitted on board her. And she has one or two damned good analytical chemists with a damned good laboratory on board her, too. It's a long gamble, but if we can get hold of some of The Master's poison.... Do you see?"

"Yes," said Bell heavily. "I see. But you haven't been through what I've been through. What I've done, fighting that devil, has caused men to be deserted after being enslaved. There's one place, Cuyaba...."

His face twitched. That place was in his dreams, now. That place and others where human beings had watched their bodies go mad, and had been carried about screaming with horror at the crimes those bodies committed....

"I'm going to kill The Master," he rasped. "That's all."

He settled down to his grim watch for the city. All during the cloudy, overcast day he strained his eyes ahead. Jamison could make nothing of him. In the end he had to leave Bell to his moody waiting.

* * * * *

The morning passed, and midday, and a long afternoon. Three times Bell came restlessly back to the engine and tried to coax more speed out of it. But when darkness fell the town was still not in sight. They kept on, then, steering by the stars with the motor putt-putt-putting sturdily away in the stern. The water splashed and washed all about them. The little boat rose, and fell, and rose and fell again.

"That's the town," said Bell grimly.

It was eleven at night, or later. Lights began to appear, very far away, dancing miragelike on the edge of the water. They grew nearer with almost infinite slowness. Two wide bands of many lights, with a darker space in which a few much brighter lights showed clearly. Presently a single red light appeared, the Punta Arenas harbor light, twenty-five feet up on an iron pole. They passed it.

"Bell," said Jamison curtly, "it's time you showed some sense, now. We're going to find out some things before we get reckless. This town isn't a big one, but it always was a hell on earth. No extradition from here. It's full of wanted men. It's dying, now, from the old days when all ships passed the Straits before the Panama Canal opened up, but it ought to be still a hell on earth. And we're going to put on these sheepmen outfits, and put up at some low caste sailors' and sheepmen's hotel on shore, and find out what is what. In the morning, if you like--"

"In the morning," said Bell coldly, "I'm going to settle with The Master."

* * * * *

They found a small and filthy hotel, in a still filthier street where the houses were alternately black and silent and empty, and filled with the squalid hilarity most seaport towns can somehow manage to support. The street lamps were white and cold. The dirt and squalor showed the more plainly by their light. There were sailors from the few ships in harbor, and women so haggard and bedraggled that shrill laughter and lavish endearments remained their only allure. And Bell and Jamison plodded to the reeking place in which a half-drunk sheepman pointed, and there Bell sat grimly in the vermin infested room while Jamison, swearing wryly, went out.

He came back later, much later. His breath was strong of bad whiskey and he looked like a man who feels that a bath would be very desirable. He looked like a man who feels unclean.

"Give me a cigarette," he said shortly. "I found out most of what we want to know."

* * * * *

Bell gave him a cigarette and waited.

"Good thing you stayed behind," said Jamison. "I want to vomit. Why people go in hell holes for fun.... But I was very drunk and very amorous. Picked up a woman and fed her liquor. Young, too. Damnation! She got crying drunk and told me everything she knew. I gave her money and left. Punta Arenas is The Master's, body and soul."

"One could have guessed it," said Bell grimly.

"Nothing like it is," said Jamison. "Every living creature, man, woman, and child, has been fed that devilish poison of his. The keepers of the dives go fawning to the local officials for the antidote. The _jefe politico_ is driven in his carriage to be cured when red spots form before his eyes. The damned place is full of suicides, and women, and--oh, my God! It's horrible!"

A humming, buzzing noise set up off in the night somewhere. It kept up for a long time, throttled down. Suddenly it seemed to grow louder, changed in pitch, and dwindled as if into the far, far distance.

"That's one of The Master's planes now, no doubt," said Jamison savagely, "going off on some errand for him. He uses this place practically as an experiment station. The human beings here are his guinea pigs. The deputies get a standardized form of the stuff, but he's got it worked out in different doses so he can make a man go mad in hours, if he chooses, instead of after a delay. I don't know how. And The Master--"

* * * * *

He checked himself sharply. There were shuffling footsteps in the hall outside. A timid tap on the door. Jamison opened it, while Bell dropped one hand inconspicuously to a weapon inside his shapeless clothing.

The toothless and filthy old man who kept the hotel beamed in at them.

"_Senores_," he cackled. "_Vdes son de Porvenir, no es verdad?_"

Jamison hiccoughed, as one who has been out and been drunken ought to do.

"_No, viejo_," he rumbled tipsily, "_somos de la estancia del Señor Rubio. Vaya._"

The old man seemed to mourn that they did not come from the sheep ranches about Porvenir Bay. But he produced a bottle with a shaking hand, still beaming.

"_Tengo muchos amigos en Porvenir_," he chirped amiably. "_Y questa botella--_"

"_Démela_," rumbled Jamison. He reached out his hand.

"_No mas que poquito!_" said the old man, beaming but anxious as Jamison tilted it to his lips. "_Es visky de gentes...._"

He beamed upon Bell, and Bell swallowed a spoonful and seemed to swallow vastly more. He lay back lazily while Jamison in the part of a tipsy sheepherder bullied the old man amiably and eventually chased him out.

"You're amused?" asked Jamison sardonically, when there were no more sounds outside. "Because I said you didn't want to meet the young senorita who loved you when she saw you downstairs? Well, Bell, if you used your brain you didn't swallow any of that stuff."

Bell started up. Jamison caught him by the shoulder.

"I'm not sure," he said sharply. "Of course not. But it's damned funny for a Spanish hotel keeper to give something for nothing, even when he seemed just to want to gossip about his friends. Here. Drink this water. It looks vile enough to take the place of mustard...."

* * * * *

Next morning the hotel keeper beamed upon them both as they went out of the place. A slatternly, dark haired girl who leaned on his shoulder smiled invitingly at Bell. And Bell, in his character of a loutish sheepman from one of the ranches that dot the shores of the Strait, grinned awkwardly back. But he went on with Jamison.

"We separate," said Jamison under his breath. "We want to find where The Master lives, mostly, and then we want to find the laboratory where his stuff is mixed. We don't want to do any killing until that's settled. After all, the Trade has something to say!"

Bell codded indifferently and began to wander idly about the streets, turning here and there as if moved by nothing more than the vaguest curiosity. But gradually he was working through the sections in which the larger buildings stood. Concrete structures, astonishingly modern, dotted the business section. But none of them had the air that would surround a place where a man with power of life or death would be. In a town the size of Punta Arenas there would be unmistakable evidences about The Master's residence, even if it were only that those who passed it did so hurriedly and with a twinge of fear.

* * * * *

There were prosperous men in plenty on the streets, mingled with deserting sailors, stockmen and farmers from the villages along the Strait, and even a few grimy men who looked like miners. But there is a lignite mine not far from the city, and a narrow gauge railroad running to it. Of the prosperous-seeming men, however, Bell picked out one here and there toward whom all passersby

adopted a manner of cringing respect. Bell lounged against a pole and studied them thoughtfully. Men with an air of amused and careless scorn which only men with unlimited power may adopt. He saw one grossly fat man with hard and cruel eyes. The uniformed policemen drove all traffic abjectly out of the way of his carriage, and stood with lifted hat until he had passed. The fat man gave no faintest sign of acknowledgment.

"I wonder," said Bell slowly, and very grimly, "if that's The Master?"

And then a passerby dodged quickly past his shoulder, brushing against him, and waited humbly in the street. Bell turned. A party of men were taking up nearly all the sidewalk. There were half a dozen of them in all. And nearly in the middle was the bulky, immaculate, pigmented Ribiera.

Bell stiffened. But to move, beyond clearing the way, would be to attract attention. He backed clumsily off the curbing as if making way....

And Ribiera looked at his face.

* * * * *

Bell's hand drifted near his hidden weapon. But Ribiera looked neither surprised nor alarmed. He halted and chuckled.

"Ah, the Senhor Bell!"

Bell said nothing, looking as stupid as possible, merely because there was nothing else to do.

"Ah, do not deny my acquaintance!" said Ribiera. He laughed. "I advise you to go and look at the view, over the harbor. Good day, Senhor Bell."

Laughing, he went off along the street. And Bell felt a cold horror creeping over him as he realized what Ribiera might mean. Ribiera had entirely too much against him to greet him only, in a town where even the dogs dared not bark without The Master's express command. He had guards with him, men who would have shot Bell down at a nod from Ribiera.

Bell burst into a mad run for the waterfront. When the bay spread out before his eyes he saw what Ribiera meant, and something seemed to snap in his brain.

The plane in which he and Jamison and Paula had escaped in was floating out in the harbor. It was unmistakable. A larger, bulkier seaplane floated beside it. The buzzing in the air the night before.... The arrival of the plane had been telephoned from Cape Virgins. Through a glass, perhaps, even its alighting had been watched. And a big seaplane had gone out to bring it back. Footprints in the sand would lead toward the lighthouse. There would be plenty of men to storm that, if necessary, to take the three fugitives. But they would have found only Paula. It was quite possible that the plane had only been sent for after Bell and Jamison had been seen to land in Punta Arenas. And Paula in The Master's hands would explain Ribiera's amusement perfectly.

* * * * *

Bell found Jamison looking unhurriedly for him. And Jamison glanced at his utterly white face and said softly:

"We want to get where we can't be seen, to talk. There's the devil to pay."

"No use hiding," said Bell. His lips seemed stiff. "Paula--"

"Hide anyway," snapped Jamison. He fairly thrust Bell into an alleyway between two houses and thrust two rounded objects beneath his loose fitting coat. "Two grenades. I have two more. The boat we came in is taken--"

"So is the plane," said Bell emotionlessly.

"And there is a sign, in English, posted where we tied it up. The sign says, '_The Senores Bell and Jamison may recover their boat on application to The Master, and may also receive news of a late traveling companion from him._"

"We're known," Bell told him--and amazingly found it possible to smile faintly--"Ribiera met me on the street and spoke to me and laughed and went on."

Jamison stared. Bell's manner was almost entirely normal again. Then Jamison shrugged.

"The sense of what you're saying," he observed wryly, "is that we're licked. Let us, then, go to see The Master. I confess I feel some curiosity to know just what he's like."

* * * * *

Bell was smiling. Being in an entirely abnormal state, he had a curious certitude of the proper course to adopt. He went up to a policeman and said politely, in Spanish:

"I am desired to report to The Master, himself. Will you direct me?"

The policeman abased himself instantly and trotted with them as a guide. And Bell walked naturally, now, with his head up and his shoulders back, and smoked leisurely as he went, and the policeman's abasement became abject. All who walked with that air of amused superiority in Punta Arenas were high in the service of The Master. Obviously, the two men in these dejected clothes must also be high in the service of The Master, and had adopted their disguise for purposes into which a mere policeman and a slave of The Master should not dare enquire.

Jamison was rather grim and still. Jamison thought he was walking to his death. But Bell smiled peculiarly and talked almost gaily and--as Jamison thought--almost irrationally.

* * * * *

They came to a house set in a fairly spacious lawn behind a rather high wall. There were greenhouses behind it, and there were flowers growing as well as any flowers can be expected to grow in such high altitudes. It was an extraordinarily cheerful dwelling to be found in Punta Arenas, but the shuddering fear with which the little policeman removed his hat as he entered the gateway was instructive.

They were confronted by four other policemen, on guard inside the gate.

"_Estos Señores_--" began the abject one.

"Take us to The Master," commanded Bell in a species of amused and superior scorn.

"It is required, Senor," said the leader of the four on guard, very respectfully, "it is required that none enter without being searched for weapons."

Bell laughed.

"Does The Master manage things so?" he asked scornfully. "Now, where I am deputy no man would dare to think of a weapon to be used against me! If it is The Master's rule, though...."

The policeman cringed. Bell scornfully thrust an automatic out.

"Take it," he snapped. "And go and tell The Master that the Senores Bell and Jamison await his pleasure, and that they have given up their weapons."

The policeman scuttled toward the house. Bell smiled at his cigarette.

"Do you know, Bell," said Jamison dryly, in English, "I'd hate to play poker with you."

"I'm not bluffing," said Bell. "Not altogether. I've a four card flush, with the draw to come."

* * * * *

Almost instantly the policeman returned, more abject still. He had stammered out Bell's message, just as it was given him. And the slaves of The Master did not usually disobey orders, especially orders designed to prevent any danger of a doomed man or woman trying to assassinate The Master before madness was complete. Bell and Jamison were received by liveried servants in utter silence and conducted through a long passageway, too long to have been contained entirely in the house as seen from the front. Indeed, they came out into a great open greenhouse, in which the smell of flowers was heavy. There were flowers everywhere, and a benign, small old man with a snowy beard and hair, sat at a desk as if chatting of amiable trivialities with the frock-coated men who stood about him. The white haired old man lifted a blossom delicately to his nostrils and inhaled its perfume with a sensitive

delight. He looked up and smiled benignly upon the two.

It was then that Jamison got a shock surpassing all the rest. Bell's hands were writhing at the ends of his wrists, writhing as if they were utterly beyond his control and as if they were longing to rend and tear....

And Bell suddenly looked down at them, and his expression was that of a man who sees cobras at the ends of his arms.

CHAPTER XVII

There was a long pause. Bell was very calm. He seemed to tear his eyes from the writhing hands that were peculiarly sensate, as if under the control of in intelligence alien to his own.

"I believe," said Bell steadily, "that The Master wishes to speak to me."

With an apparent tremendous effort of will, he thrust his hands into his pockets. Jamison cursed softly. Bell had taken the direction of things entirely out of his hands. It only remained to play up.

"To be sure," said a mild, benevolent voice. The man with the snowy beard regarded Bell exactly in the fashion of an elderly philanthropist. "I am The Master, Senor Bell. You have interested me greatly. I have grown to have a great admiration for you. Will you be seated? Your companion also pleases me. I would like"--and the mild brown eyes beamed at him--"I would like to have your friendship, Senor Bell."

"Pull out a chair for me, Jamison," said Bell in a strained voice. "And--I'd like to have a cigarette."

Jamison, cursing under his breath, put a chair behind Bell and stuck a cigarette between his lips. He held a match, though his hands shook.

"You might sit down, too," said Bell steadily. "From the manner of The Master, I imagine that the conversation will take some time."

* * * * *

He inhaled deeply of his cigarette, and faced the little man again. And The Master looked so benevolent that he seemed absolutely cherubic, and there was absolutely no sign of anything but the utmost saintliness about him. His eyes were clear and mild. His complexion was fresh and translucent. The wrinkles that showed upon his face were those of an amiable and a serene soul filled with benevolence and charity. He looked like one of those irritatingly optimistic old gentlemen who habitually carry small coins and stray bits of candy in their pockets for such small children as they may converse with under the smiling eyes of nurses.

"Ah, Senor Bell," he said gently. "You do cause me to admire you. May I see your hands again?"

Bell held them out. He seemed to have conquered their writhing to some extent. But he could not hold them quite still. Sweat stood out on his forehead. He thrust them abruptly out of sight again.

"Sad," said The Master gently. "Very sad." He sighed faintly and laid down the rose he had been toying with. His fingers caressed the soft petals delicately. "Fortunately," he said benevolently, "it is not yet too late for me to relieve the strain under which you labor, Senor. May I send for a certain medicine which will dispose of those symptoms in a very short time?"

"We'll talk first," said Bell harshly. "I want to hear what you have to say."

* * * * *

The Master nodded, his fingers touching the rose petals as if in a sensitive pleasure in their texture.

"Always courageous," he said benignly. "I admire it while I combat it. But the Senor Jamison...."

Jamison had been looking fascinatedly at his own hands, opening and closing the fingers with a savage abruptness. They obeyed him, though they trembled.

"I didn't drink the damned stuff that hotel keeper brought us last night," he growled. "Bell did. And I--"

"Wait a minute, Jamison," said Bell evenly. "Let's talk to The Master for a while. I swore, sir," he said grimly, "that I'd kill you. I've seen what your devilish poison does, in the hands of the men you've chosen to distribute it. I've seen"--he swallowed and said

harshly--"I've seen enough to make me desire nothing so much as to see you roast in hell! But you wanted to talk to me. Go ahead!"

* * * * *

The Master beamed at him, and then glanced about at the frock-coated men who had been attending him. Bell glanced at them. Ribiera was there, chuckling.

"I told you, _tio mio_," he said familiarly, "that he would not be polite. You can do nothing with him. Better have him shot."

Francia, of Paraguay, nodded amusedly to Bell as their eyes met. But The Master shook his really rather beautiful head. An old man can be good to look at, and with a saintly aureole of snow-white hair and the patriarchal white beard, The Master was the picture of benign and beautiful old age.

"Ah, you do not understand," he protested mildly. "The more the Senor Bell shows his courage, _hijo mio_, the more we must persuade him." He turned to Bell. "I realise," he said gently, "that there are hardships connected with the administration of my power, Senor. It is inevitable. But the Latin races of the continent which is now nearly mine require strong handling. They require a strong man to lead them. They are comfortable only under despotism. The task I have chosen for you is different, entirely. _Los Americanos del Norte_ will not respond to the treatment which is necessary for those _del Sud_. Their governments, their traditions, are entirely unlike. If you become my deputy and viceroy for all your nation, you shall rule as you will. A benevolent, yet strong, rule is needed for your people. It may even be--I will permit it--that the democratic institutions of your nation may continue if you so desire. I am offering you, Senor, the position of the absolute ruler of your nation. You may interfere with the present government not at all, if you choose, provided only that my own commands are obeyed when relayed through you. I choose you because you have courage, and resource, and because you have the _Yanqui_ cleverness which will understand your nation and cope with it."

* * * * *

Bell inhaled deeply.

"In other words," he said bitterly, "you're saying indirectly that you offer me a chance to be the sort of ruler Americans will submit to without too much fuss, because you think one of Ribiera's stamp would drive them to rebellion."

The fine dark eyes twinkled.

"You have much virtue, Senor. My nephew--though he is to be my successor--has a weakness for a pretty face. Would you prefer that I give him the task of subduing your nation?"

"You might try it," said Bell. His eyes gleamed. "He'd be dead within a week."

The Master laughed softly.

"I like you, Senor. I do like you indeed. I have not been so defied since another _Americano del Norte_ defied me in this same room. But he had not your resource. He had been enslaved with much less difficulty than yourself. I do not remember what happened to him...."

"He was taken, Master," said a fat man with hard eyes, obsequiously, "he was taken in Bolivia." It was the man whom Bell had seen earlier that morning in a carriage. "You gave him to me. He had insulted me when I ordered him sent to you. I had him killed, but he was very obstinate."

"Ah, yes," said The Master meditatively. "You told me the details." He seemed to recall small facts in benevolent retrospection. "But you, Senor Bell, I have need of you. In fact, I shall insist upon your friendship. And therefore--"

He beamed upon Bell.

"I give you back the Senorita Canalejas."

* * * * *

He shook his head reproachfully at the utterly grim look in Bell's eyes.

"I shall give you one single portion of the antidote to the medicine which makes your hands behave so badly. You may take it when you please. The Senor Jamison I shall keep and enslave. I do not think he will be as obstinate as you are, but he has excellent qualities. If you prove obdurate, I may yet persuade him to undertake certain tasks for me. But you and the Senorita Canalejas are free. Your boat has been reprovisioned and provided with fuel. You may go from here where you will."

Ribiera snarled.

"_Tio mio_," he protested angrily, "you promised me--"

"Your will in many things," said The Master gently, "but not in all. Remember that you have much to learn, _hijo mio_. I have taught you to prepare my little medicine, it is true. That is so you can take my place if age infirmity shall carry me away." The Master folded his hands with an air of pious resignation. "But you must learn policy. The Senorita Canalejas belongs to the Senor Bell."

Jamison was staring, now, but Bell's eyes had narrowed to mere slits.

"You see," said The Master gently, to him, "I desire your friendship. You may go where you will. You may take the Senorita Canalejas with you. You will have enough of the antidote to my little medicine to keep you sane for perhaps a week. In one week you may go far, with her. You may do many things. But you cannot find a place of safety for her. I still have a little power, Senor. If you take her with you, your hands will writhe again. Your body will become uncontrollable. Your eyes, staring and horror-struck, will observe your own hands rending her. While your brain is yet sane you will see this body of yours which now desires her so ardently, tearing at and crushing that delicate figure, gouging out her eyes, battering her tender flesh, destroying her.... Have you ever seen what a man who has taken my little medicine does to a human being at his mercy?"

* * * * *

The figures about The Master were peculiarly tense. The fat man with the hard eyes laughed suddenly. It was a horrible laugh. Francia of Paraguay took out his handkerchief and delicately wiped his lips. He was smiling. Ribiera looked at Bell's face and chuckled. His whole gross figure shook with his amusement.

"And of course," said The Master benignly, "if you prefer to commit suicide, if you prefer to leave her here--well, my nephew knows little expedients to reduce her will to compliance. You recall _Yagué_, among others."

Bell's face was a white mask of horror and fury. He tried to speak, and failed. He raised his hand to his throat--and it tore at the flesh, insanely.

"Let--let me see her," croaked Bell, as if strangling.

Jamison stiffened. Bell seemed to be trying to get his hands into his pockets. They were apparently uncontrollable. He thrust them under his coat as there was a stirring at the door.

* * * * *

And Paula was brought in, as if she had been waiting. She was entirely colorless, but she smiled at Bell. She came quickly to his side.

"I heard," she said in a clear and even little voice. "We will go together, Charles. If there is a week in which we can be together, it will be so much of happiness. And when you are--The Master's victim, we will let the little boat sink, and sink with it. I do not wish to live without you, Charles, and you do not wish to live as his slave."

Bell gave utterance to a sudden laugh that was like a bark. His hands came out from under his coat. Dangling from each one was a small, pear-shaped globule of metal. A staff projected upward from each one, and he held those staffs in his writhing hands. About each wrist was a tiny loop of cord that went down to a pin at the base of the staffs.

"Close to me, Paula," he said coldly. She clung to his arm. He moved forward, with half-a-dozen revolver muzzles pointed at his breast.

"If one of you damned fools fires," he said harshly, "I'll let go. When I let go--these are Mills grenades, and they go off in three seconds after they leave the hand. Stand still!"

* * * * *

There was a terrible, frozen silence. Then a movement from behind Bell. Jamison was rising with a grunt.

"Some day, Bell," he observed coolly, "I'll be on to all of your curves. This is the best one yet. But you're likely to let go at any second, aren't you?"

"Like hell!" raged Bell. "I drank some of your poison," he snarled at The Master. "Yes! I was fool enough to do it! But I took what measures any man will take who finds he's swallowed poison. I got it out of my stomach at once. And if you or one of these deputies tries to move...."

Ribiera had blanched to a pasty gray. The Master was frozen. But Bell saw Ribiera's eyes move in swift calculation. There was a solid wall behind The Master. It seemed as if the greenhouse were a sort of passageway between two larger structures. And there was a door almost immediately behind Ribiera. Ribiera glanced right--left--

He flung himself through that door. He knew the secret of The Master's power. He was The Master's appointed successor. If The Master and all his deputies died, Ribiera....

But Bell snapped into action like a bent spring released. His arm shot forward. A grenade went hurtling through the door through which Ribiera had fled. There was an instantaneous, terrific explosion. The solid wall shook and shivered and, with a vast deliberation, collapsed. The greenhouse was full of crushed plaster dust. Panes of glass shivered....

But Bell was upon The Master. He had struck the little man down and stood over him, his remaining automatic replacing the grenade he had thrown.

"Ribiera's dead," he snapped, "and if I'm shot The Master dies too and you all go mad! Stand back!"

The deputies stood frozen.

"I think," said Jamison composedly, "I take a hand now. I'll pick him up, Bell.... Right. I've got him. With a grenade hanging down his back. If he jerks away from me, or I from him, it will blow his spine to bits."

"Hold him so," said Bell coldly.

* * * * *

He went coolly to where he could look over the heap of the collapsed wall. He saw a bundle of torn clothing that had been a man. It was flung against a cracked and tottering chimney.

"Right," he said evenly. "Ribiera's dead, all right."

He turned to the deputies, whose revolvers were still in their hands.

"The Master's carriage, please," he said politely. "To the door. You may accompany us if you please, but in other carriages. I am working for the release of all the Master's slaves, and you among them if you choose. But you can see very easily that there is no hope of the release of The Master without the meeting of my terms."

The Master spoke, softly and mildly and without fear.

"It is my order that the Senor Bell is to be obeyed. I shall return. You need have no fear of my death. My carriage."

A man went stiffly, half-paralyzed with terror, to where chattering scared servants were grouped in the awful fear that came upon the slaves of The Master at any threat to his rule.

But Bell and Paula and Jamison went slowly and cautiously--though they held the whip hand--to the entrance door of the house, and out to the entrance gate. A carriage was already before the door when they reached it, and others were drawing up in a line behind it.

"Get in," said Bell briefly. "Down to the waterfront."

He turned to the group of frock-coated, stricken men who had followed.

"Some of you men," he said coldly, "had better go on ahead and warn the police and the public generally about the certainty of The Master's death if any attempt is made to rescue him."

Francia, of Paraguay, summoned a swagger and raised his hand to the second carriage. It drew in to the curb.

"I will attend to it, Senor Bell," he said politely. "Ah, when I think that I once raised my revolver to shoot you and refrained!"

He drove off swiftly.

* * * * *

Bell's eyes were glowing. He got into the carriage, and such a procession drove through the streets of Punta Arenas as has rarely moved through the streets of any city in the world. The long line of carriages moved at a funereal pace amid a surging, terrified mob. The Master beamed placidly as he looked out over white, starkly agonized faces. Some of the people groaned audibly. A few cursed The Master in their despair. More cursed Bell, not daring to strike or fire on him. But he would have been torn to bits if he had stepped from the carriage for an instant.

"Bell," said Jamison dryly, "considering that I'm prepared to be blown apart on three seconds notice, it is peculiar that this mob frightens me."

The Master's eyes twinkled benignly. He seemed totally insensible to fear.

"You need not be afraid," he said gently. "They will not touch you unless I order them."

Jamison stared down at the little man whose collar he held firmly, with a Mills grenade dangling down at the base of his neck.

"I wouldn't order them to attack, if I were you," he said coldly. "I haven't Bell's brains, but I have just as much dislike for you as he has."

* * * * *

They came to the harbor. Bell spoke again.

"The carriage is to drive out to the end of one of the docks, and no one else is to go out on that dock."

The Master relayed the order in his mild voice, but as the coachman obeyed him he clucked his tongue commiseratingly.

"Senor Bell," he protested gently. "You do not expect to escape! Not after killing me! Why that is absurd!"

Bell said nothing. He alighted from the carriage, his face set grimly, and stared ashore at the long, long row of terrified faces staring out at him. The whole waterfront seemed to be lined with staring faces. Wails came from that mass of enslaved human beings.

"Hold him here, Jamison," he said drearily. "I'm going out to look at that big plane. There's a rowboat tied to the dock, here."

He swung down the side into the dock and rowed off into the harbor, while the horses attached to The Master's carriage pawed impatiently at the wooden flooring of the dock. Bell reached the two planes anchored on the still harbor water. The smaller one had brought them down from Buenos Aires. The larger one had gone after the beached amphibian and brought it and Paula on to the city. Bell, from the shore, was seen to be investigating the larger one. He came rowing back.

His head appeared above the dock edge.

"All right," he said tiredly. "The Master has a rule requiring all his ships ready for instant flight. Very useful. The big plane is fueled and full of oil. We'll go out to it and take off."

* * * * *

Jamison lifted The Master to his feet and with a surge of muscles swept him down to the flooring of the dock.

"Paula first," said Bell, "and then The Master, and then you, Jamison."

"One moment," said The Master reproachfully. "It would be cruel not to let me reassure my subjects. I will give an order."

Bell and Jamison listened suspiciously. But he spoke gently to the coachman.

"You will tell the deputies," said The Master in Spanish, "that a month's supply of medicine for all my subjects will be found in my laboratory. And you may tell them that I shall return before the end of that time."

The coachman's eyes filled with a passionate relief.

"Now," said The Master placidly, "I am ready for our little jaunt."

Paula descended the ladder and seated herself in the bow of the boat. Bell covered The Master grimly with his automatic as he descended, with surprising agility. Jamison came down last, and resumed his former grip on The Master's collar. Bell rowed out to the big plane.

* * * * *

Jamison kept close watch while Bell started the four huge motors and throttled them down to warming up speed, and while he hauled up the anchor with which the huge seaplane was anchored.

The dock was covered with a swarm of panic stricken folk. Everywhere, all the inhabitants of the city who were slaves to The Master had come in awful terror to watch. And all the inhabitants of the city were slaves to The Master. Some of them fell to their knees and held out imploring arms to Bell, begging him for mercy and the return of The Master. Some cursed wildly.

But, with his jaws set grimly, Bell gave the motors the gun.

The big plane moved heavily, then more swiftly through the water. It lifted slowly, and rose, and rose, and dwindled to a speck high in the air.

And all through the streets and ways of Punta Arenas, fear stalked almost as a tangible thing. Panic hovered over the housetops, always ready to descend. Terror was in the air that every man breathed, and every human being looked at every other human being with staring, haunted eyes. Punta Arenas was waiting for its murder madness to begin.

CHAPTER XVIII

There were four motors to pull the big plane through the air, and their roaring was a vast thundering noise which the earth re-echoed. But inside the cabin that tumult was reduced to a not intolerable humming sound.

"What'll I do with this devil, Bell?" asked Jamison. "Now that we're aloft, I confess this grenade makes me nervous. I'm holding it so tightly my fingers are getting cramped."

"Tie him up," said Bell, without looking. "He'll talk presently."

Movements. The plane flew on, swaying slightly in the way of big sea-planes everywhere. A williwaw began in the hills ahead and swept out and set the ship to reeling crazily in its erratic currents. The Strait vanished and there were tumbled hills below them. Minutes passed.

"Got him fixed up," said Jamison coolly, "I'll guarantee he won't break loose. Got any plans, Bell?"

"No time," said Bell. "I haven't had time to make any. The first thing is to get where his folk will never find us. Then we'll see what we can do with him."

Paula looked at the now bound figure of The Master. And the little old man beamed at her.

"He--he's smiling!" said Paula, in a voice that was full of a peculiar horrified shock.

* * * * *

Bell shrugged. Punta Arenas was all of twenty-five miles behind, and the earth over which they flew began to take on the shape of an island. Water appeared beyond it, and innumerable small islands. Bell began to rack his brain for the infinitesimal scraps of knowledge he had about this section of the world. It was pitifully scanty. Punta Arenas was the southernmost point of the continental mass. All about it was an archipelago and a maze of waterways, thinly inhabited everywhere and largely without any inhabitants at all. The only solid ground between Cape Horn and the Antarctic ice pack was Diego Ramirez and the South Shetlands....

Nothing to go on. But any sufficiently isolated and desolate spot would do. Almost anywhere along the southern edge of the continental islands should serve.

The plane roared on monotonously, while Bell began to wrestle with another and more serious problem. In three days--two, now--an American naval vessel would turn up, with scientists and chemists on board. It was to be doubted whether anything like an overt act would be risked by that vessel. If all the governments of South America were under The Master's thumb, then cabled orders from his deputies would race three navies to the spot. And the government of the United States does not like to start war, anywhere. Certainly it would not willingly enter into a conflict with the whole southern continent for the solution of a problem that so far affected that continent alone. The Master's kidnapping had solved nothing, so far.

* * * * *

Jamison tapped his shoulder.

"No pursuit, so far," he observed coolly. "I've looked." Bell nodded.

"They don't dare. Not yet, anyhow. They're depending on The Master. How is he?"

"Smiling peacefully to himself, damn him!" snarled Jamison. "Do you know what we're up against?"

"Ourselves," said Bell coldly. "But I'm nearly licked. He's got to talk!"

Jamison moved away again. The earth below looked as if it had been torn to shreds in some titanic convulsion of ages past. The sea was everywhere, and so was land! There were little threads of silver interlacing and crossing and wavering erratically in every conceivable direction. And there were specks of islands--rocks only yards in extent--and islands of every imaginable size and shape, with their surfaces in every possible state of upheaval and distortion. A broader mass of land appeared ahead and to the left.

"Tierra del Fuego again," muttered Bell. "If we cross it...."

For fifteen minutes the plane thundered across desolate, rocky hills. Then the maze of islets again. Bell scanned them keenly, and saw a tiny steamer traveling smokily, for no conceivable reason, among the scattered bits of stone. The sea appeared, stretching out toward infinity.

Bell rose, to survey a wider space. He swung to the left, so that he was heading nearly southeast, and went on down toward that desolation of desolations, the stormy cape which faces the eternal ice of the antarctic. He was five thousand feet up, then, and scanning sea and earth and sky....

And suddenly he swung sharply to the right and headed out toward the open sea. He felt a small figure pressing against his shoulder. Presently fingers closed tightly upon his sleeve. He glanced down at Paula and managed to smile.

"There are some rocks out there," he told her quietly. "Islands, I think, and Diego Ramirez, at a guess."

* * * * *

They were specks, no more, but they were vastly more distinct from the plane than from Mount Beaufoy. That is on Henderson Island in New Year Sound, and its seventeen-hundred-foot peak was almost below Bell when he sighted the islands. But the islands have been seen full fifty miles from there.

It took the plane nearly forty minutes to cover the space, but long before that the islands had become distinct. Two tiny groups of scattered rocks, the whole group hardly five miles in length and by far the greater number no more than boulders surrounded by sheets of foam from breakers. Two of them merited the name of islands. The nearer was high and bare and precipitous. No trace of vegetation showed upon it. The farther was smaller, and at its northern corner a little cove showed, nearly land-locked.

Bell descended steeply. The big plane plunged wildly in the air eddies about the taller island at five hundred feet, but steadied and went winging on down lower, and lower.... The waves between the two islands were not high, but the seaplane alighted with a mighty, a tremendous splashing, and Bell navigated it grimly though clumsily into the mouth of the cove. There a small beach showed. He went very slowly toward it. Presently he swung abruptly about. A wing tip float grounded close to the shore.

The motors cut off and left a thunderous silence. Bell climbed atop the cabin and let go the anchor.

"We're here," he said shortly. "Bring The Master and we'll go ashore."

* * * * *

The catwalk painted on the lower wing guided them. Bell jumped to the rocks first, and stumbled, and then rose to lift Paula down and take The Master's small, frail body from Jamison's arms.

"You looked for a gun?" asked Bell

"He'd nothing to fight with," said Jamison heavily. He had been facing the same problem Bell had worked on desperately, and had found no answer. But he shuddered a little as he looked about the island.

There was nothing in sight but rock. No moss. No lichens. Not even stringy grass or the tufty scrub bushes that seemed able to grow anywhere.

Bell untied The Master, carefully but without solicitude. The little man sat up, and brushed himself off carefully, and arranged himself in a comfortable position.

"I am an old man," said The Master in mild reproach. "You might at least have given me a cushion to sit upon."

Bell sat down and lighted a cigarette with fingers that did not tremble in the least.

"Suppose," he said hardly, "you talk. First, of what your poison is made. Second, of what the antidote is made. Third, how we may be sure you tell the truth."

* * * * *

The Master looked at him with bright, shrewd, and apparently kindly old eyes.

"_Hijo mio_," he said mildly, "I am an old man. But I am obstinate. I will tell you nothing."

Bell's eyes glowed coldly.

"Does it occur to you," he asked grimly, "that it's too important a matter for us to have any scruples about? That we can--and will--make you talk?"

"You may kill me," said The Master benignly, "but that is all."

"And," said Bell, still more grimly, "we have only to get back in the plane yonder, and go away...."

The Master beamed at him. Presently he began to laugh softly.

"_Hijo mio_," he said gently, "let us stop this little byplay. You will take me back in my airplane, and you will land me at Punta Arenas. And then you will fly away. I concede you freedom, but that is all. You cannot leave me here."

"Paula," said Bell coldly, "get in the plane again. Jamison--"

Paula rose doubtfully. Jamison stood up. The Master continued to chuckle amiably.

"You see," he said cherubically, "you happen to be a gentleman, Senor Bell. Every man has some weakness. That is yours. And you will not leave me here to die, because you have killed my nephew, who was the only other man who knew how to prepare my little medicine. And you know, Senor, that all my subjects will wish to die. Those who do, in fact," he added mildly, "will be fortunate. The effect of my little medicine does not make for happiness without its antidote."

* * * * *

Bell's hands clenched.

"You know," said The Master comfortably, "that there are many thousands of people whose hands will writhe, very soon. The city of Punta Arenas will be turned into a snarling place of maniacs within a very little while--if I do not return. Would you like, Senor, to think in after days of that pleasant city filled with men and women tearing each other like beasts? Of little children, even, crouching,

and crushing and rending the tender flesh of other little children? Of lisping little ones gone--"

"Stop!" snarled Bell, in a frenzy. "Damn your soul! You're right! I can't! You win--so far!"

"Always," said The Master benevolently. "I win always. And you forget, Senor. You have seen the worst side of my rule. The revolutions, the rebellions that have made men free, were they pretty things to watch? Always, _amigo_, the worst comes. But when my rule is secure, then you shall see."

* * * * *

He waved a soft, beautifully formed hand. From every possible aspect the situation was a contradiction of all reason. The bare, black, salt encrusted rocks with no trace of vegetation showing. The gray water rumbling and surging among the uneven rocks at the base of the shore, while gulls screamed hoarsely overhead. The white haired little man with his benevolent face, smiling confidently at the two grim men.

"The time will come," said The Master gently, and in the tone of utter confidence with which one states an inescapable fact, "the time will come when all the earth will know my rule. The taking of my little medicine will be as commonplace a thing as the smoking of tobacco, which I abhor, Senores. You are mistaken about there being an antidote and a poison. It is one medicine only. One little compound. A vegetable substance, Senor Bell, combined with a product of modern chemistry. It is a synthetic drug. Modern chemistry is a magnificent science, and my little medicine is its triumph. Even my deputies have not heard me speak so, Senores."

Bell snarled wordlessly, but if one had noticed his eyes they would have been seen to be curiously cool and alert and waiting. The Master leaned forward, and for once spoke seriously, almost reverently.

"There shall be a forward step, Senores, in the race of men. Do you know the difference between the brain of a man and that of an anthropoid ape? It consists only of a filmy layer of cortex, a film of gray nerve cells which the ape has not. And that little layer creates the difference between ape and man. And I have discovered more. My little medicine acts upon that film. Administered in the tiny quantities I have given to my slaves, it has no perceptible effect. It is merely a compound of a vegetable substance and a synthetic organic base. It is not excreted from the body. Like lead, it remains always in solution in the blood. But in or out of the blood it changes, always, to the substance which causes murder madness. Fresh or changed, my little medicine acts upon the brain."

* * * * *

He smiled brightly upon them.

"But though in tiny quantities it has but little effect, in larger quantities--when fresh it makes the functioning of the gray cells of the human brain as far superior to the unmedicated gray cells, as those human gray cells are to the white cells of the ape! That is what I have to offer to the human race! Intelligence for every man, which shall be as the genius of the past!"

He laughed softly.

"Think, Senores! Compare the estate of men with the estate of apes! Compare the civilization which will arise upon the earth when men's brains are as far above their present level as the present level is above the anthropoid! The upward steps of the human race under my rule will parallel, will surpass the advance from the brutish caveman to intellectual genius. But I have seen, Senores, the one danger in my offering."

There was silence. Jamison shook his head despairingly. The Master could not see him. He formed the word with his lips.

"Crazy!"

* * * * *

But Bell said coldly:

"Go on."

"I must rule," said The Master soberly. "It is essential. If my little secret were known, intelligences would be magnified, but under many flags and with many aims. Scientists, with genius beside which Newton's pales, would seek out deadly weapons for war. The world would destroy itself of its own genius. But under my rule--"

"Men go mad," said Bell coldly.

The Master smiled reproachfully.

"Ah, you are trying to make me angry, so that I will betray something! You are clever, Senor Bell. With my little medicine, in such quantities as I would administer it to you...."

"You describe it," said Bell harshly and dogmatically, "as a brain stimulant. But it drives men mad."

"To be sure," said The Master mildly. "It does. It is not excreted from the body save very, very slowly. But it changes in the blood stream. As--let us say--sugar changes into alcohol in digestion. The end-product of my little medicine is a poison which attacks the brain. But the slightest bit of unchanged medicine is an antidote. It is"--he smiled amiably--"it is as if sugar in the body changed to alcohol, and alcohol was a poison, but sugar--unchanged--was an antidote. That is it exactly. You see that I have taken my little medicine for years, and it has not harmed me."

"Which," said Bell--and somehow his manner made utter silence fall so that each word fell separately into a vast stillness--"which, thank God, is the one thing that wins finally, for me!"

* * * * *

He stood up and laughed. Quite a genuine laugh.

"Paula," he said comfortably, "get on the plane. In the cabin. Jamison and I are going to strip The Master."

Paula stared. The Master looked at him blankly. Jamison frowned bewilderedly, but stood up grimly to obey.

"But Senor," said The Master in gentle dignity, "merely to humiliate me--"

"Not for that," said Bell. He laughed again. "But all the time I've been hearing about the stuff, I've noticed that nobody thought of it as a drug. It was a poison. People were poisoned. They did not become addicts. But you--you are the only addict to your drug."

He turned to Jamison, his eyes gleaming.

"Jamison," he said softly, "did you ever know of a drug addict who could bear to think of ever being without a supply of his drug--_right on his person_?"

Jamison literally jumped.

"By God! No!"

The Master was quick. He was swarming up the plane-wing tip before Jamison reached him, and he kicked frenziedly when Jamison plucked him off. But then it was wholly, entirely, utterly horrible that the little white haired man, whose face and manner had seemed so cherubic and so bland, should shriek in so complete a blind panic as they forced his fingers open and took a fountain pen away from him.

"This is it," said Bell in a deep satisfaction. "This is his point of weakness."

* * * * *

The Master was ghastly to look at, now. Jamison held him gently enough, considering everything, but The Master looked at that fountain pen as one might look at Paradise.

"I--I swear," he gasped. "I--swear I will give you the formula!"

"You might lie," said Jamison grimly.

"I swear it!" panted The Master in agony. "It--If the formula is known it--can be duplicated! It--the excretion can be hastened! It can all be forced from the body! Simply! So simply! If only you know! I will tell you how it is done! The medicine is the cacodylate of--"

Bell was leaning forward, now, like a runner breasting the tape at the end of a long and exhausting race.

"I'll trade," he said softly. "Half the contents of the pen for the formula. The other half we'll need for analysis. Half the stuff in the pen for the formula for freeing your slaves!"

The Master sobbed.

"A--a pencil!" he gasped. "I swear--"

Jamison gave him a pencil and a notebook. He wrote, his hands shaking. Jamison read inscrutably.

"It doesn't mean anything to me," he said soberly, "but you can read it. It's legible."

Bell smiled faintly. With steady finger he took his own fountain pen from his pocket. He emptied it of ink, and put a scrupulous half of a milky liquid from The Master's pen into it. He passed it over.

"Your medicine," said Bell quietly, "may taste somewhat of ink, but it will not be poisonous. Now, what do we do with you? I give you your choice. If we take you with us, you will be held very secretly as a prisoner until the truth of the information you have given us can be proven. And if your slaves have all been freed, then I suppose you will be tried...."

* * * * *

The Master was drawn and haggard. He looked very, very old and beaten.

"I--I would prefer," he said dully, "that you did not tell where I am, and that you go away and leave me here. I--I may have some subjects who will search for me, and--they may discover me here.... But I am beaten, Senor. You know that you have won."

Bell swung up on the wing of the plane. He explored about in the cabin. He came back.

"There are emergency supplies," he said coldly. "We will leave them with you, with such things as may be useful to allow you to hope as long as possible. I do not think you will ever be found here."

"I--prefer it, Senor," said The Master dully. "I--I will catch fish...."

Jamison helped put the packages ashore. The Master shivered. Bell stripped off his coat and put it on top of the heap of packages. The Master did not stir. Bell laid a revolver on top of his coat. He went out to the plane and started the motors. The Master watched apathetically as the big seaplane pulled clumsily out of the little cove. The rumble of the engines became a mighty roar. It started forward with a rush, skimmed the water for two hundred yards or so, and suddenly lifted clear to go floating away through the air toward the north.

* * * * *

Paula was the only one who looked back.

"He's crying," she said uncomfortably.

"It isn't fear," said Bell quietly. "It's grief at the loss of his ambition. It may not seem so to you two, but I believe he meant all that stuff he told me. He was probably really aiming, in his own way, for an improved world for men to live in."

The plane roared on. Presently Bell said shortly:

"That stuff he has won't last indefinitely. I'm glad I left him that revolver."

Jamison stirred suddenly. He dug down in his pocket and fished out a cigar.

"Since I feel that I may live long enough to finish smoking this," he observed dryly, "I think I'll light it. I haven't felt that I had twenty minutes of life ahead of me for a long time, now. A sense of economy made me smoke cigarettes. It wouldn't be so much waste if you left half a cigarette behind you when you were killed."

* * * * *

The tight little cabin began to reek of the tobacco. Paula pressed close to Bell.

"But--Charles," she asked hopefully, "is--is it really all right, now?"

"I think so," said Bell, frowning. "Our job's over, anyhow. We go up the Chilean coast and find that navy boat. We turn our stuff over to them. They'll take over the task of seeing that every doctor, everywhere in South America, knows how to get The Master's poison out of the system of anybody who's affected. Some of them won't be reached, but most of them will. I looked at his formula. Standard drugs, all of them. There won't be any trouble getting the news spread. The Master's slaves will nearly go crazy with joy. And," he added grimly, "I'm going to see to it that the Rio police take back what they said about us. I think we'll have enough pull to demand that much!"

He was silent for a moment or so, thinking.

"I do think, Jamison," he said presently, "we did a pretty good job."

Jamison grunted.

"If--if it's really over," said Paula hopefully, "Charles--"

"What?"

"You--will be able to think about me sometimes," asked Paula wistfully, "instead of about The Master always?"

Bell stared down at her.

"Good Lord!" he groaned. "I have been a brute, Paula! But I've been loving you--" He stopped, and then said with the elaborate politeness and something of the customary idiotic air of a man making such an announcement. "I say, Jamison, did you know Paula and I were to be married?"

Jamison snorted. Then he said placidly:

"No. Of course not. I never dreamed of such a thing. When did this remarkably original idea occur to you?"

He puffed a huge cloud of smoke from his cigar. It was an unusually vile cigar. Bell scowled at him helplessly for a moment and then said wrathfully:

"Oh, go to hell!"

And he bent over and kissed Paula.

(_The End._)

[Advertisement: IN THE NEXT ISSUE

JETTA OF THE LOWLANDS _Beginning an Exciting Three-Part Novel of the Nares Deep_ By Ray Cummings

AN ATTACK FROM SPACE _A Sequel to "Beyond the Heaviside Layer"_ By Captain S. P. Meek

MAROONED UNDER THE SEA _A Thrilling Novelet of the Ocean Floor_ By Paul Ernst

EARTH, THE MARAUDER _The Conclusion of the Tremendous Novel_ By Arthur J. Burks

----_AND OTHERS!_]

The Flying City

By H. Thompson Rich

[Illustration: The ray shot down--and squadrons of planes frizzled like moths in the air.]

[Sidenote: From Space came Cor's disc-city of Vada--its mighty, age-old engines weakening--its horde of dwarfs hungry for the Earth!]

In the burning solitude of the great Arizona desert, some two miles south of Ajo, a young scientist was about to perform an experiment that might have far-reaching results for humanity.

The scientist was Gordon Kendrick--a tall, tanned, robust chap who looked more like a prospector in search of gold than a professor of physics from the State University of Tucson.

Indeed, he was in a way, a prospector, since it was gold he sought--some practical method of tapping the vast radio-energetic treasure of the sun--and it was an apparatus designed to accomplish just this that he was about to test.

The primary unit of the mechanism comprised a spheroidal vacuum-tube measuring a little over a foot across its long axis, mounted in a steel bracket that held it horizontal with the ground. Down through its short axis ran a shaft on which was centered a light cross of aluminum wire, carrying four vanes of mica, one face of each coated with lampblack. A flexible cable led from the bottom of this shaft to the base of the bracket, where it was geared to a small electric motor driven by two dry cells. A rheostat-switch for delivering and controlling the current was mounted nearby.

[Illustration]

At the wide arc of the egg-shaped tube was a concave platinum cathode, at the narrow arc a nib of some sort, ending in a socket. From this socket, two heavy insulated wires extended sixty feet or so across the sand to the secondary unit of the mechanism, which was roughly a series of resistance coils, resembling those in an ordinary electric heater.

* * * * *

As Kendrick prepared to test this delicate apparatus that represented so much of his time and thought, held so much of his hope locked up in it, a turmoil was in his heart, though his brown face was calm.

If his theories were right, that revolving cross would tap and draw into its vanes radio-energetic waves of force, much as the whirling armature of a dynamo draws into its coils electro-magnetic waves of force. For the blackened sides of the vanes, absorbing more radiation than the bright sides, would cause the molecules to rebound from the warmer surfaces with greater velocity, setting up an alternate pressure and bringing the rays to a focus on the cathode, where they would be reflected to the nib as waves of _heatricity_, to use the word he had coined.

Those were Kendrick's theories, and now he moved to put them to the supreme test. Switching on the current, he set the motor going. In response, the cross began to revolve, slowly at first--then faster, faster, as he opened the rheostat wider.

Eyes fixed on his resistance coils, he gave a sudden cry of triumph. Yes, there was no doubt about it! They were growing red, glowing brightly, whitely, above the intense desert sunlight.

Here was a means of convening solar radiation into heat, then, that offered tremendous commercial possibilities!

But even as he exulted, there came a blinding flash--and the overtaxed coils burst into flame.

* * * * *

Shielding his eyes from the glare, he reached for the rheostat, shut off the current, rushed to his secondary unit--where he beheld an amazing sight. Not only had this part of the apparatus completely disintegrated, but the sand of the desert floor under it as well. On the spot quivered a miniature lake of molten glass!

As Kendrick stood ruefully beside that fiery pool, meditating on the spectacular but not altogether gratifying results of his experiment, a peculiar low humming sound reached his ears. Rushing back to his primary unit, with the thought that perhaps by some chance he had not fully closed the rheostat, he looked at the cross. But no, the vanes were still.

The humming increased, however--grew into a vibration that made his eardrums ache.

Puzzled, he looked around. What on earth could it be? Had his unruly experiment called into play some tremendous, unsuspected force of the universe. Was he to bring the world to ruin, as a result of his blind groping after this new giant of power?

Such predictions had often been made by the ignorant, to be dismissed by scientists as the veriest nonsense. But was there some truth in the universal fear, after all? Was he to be the Prometheus who stole fire from Olympus, the Samson who toppled down the temple?

Chilled, dizzied with the pain of the ever-increasing vibration, he gritted his teeth, awaiting he knew not what.

Then it came--a spectacle so staggering that he went rigid with awe as he regarded it, all power of motion utterly numbed for the moment. The vibration ceased. The thing appeared.

It was a city--a city in the air--a flying city!

* * * * *

As Kendrick stood staring at this phenomenon, he could scarcely credit his senses.

Had the magic carpet of Bagdad suddenly materialized before him, he would not have been more astounded. And indeed, it was in a way a magic carpet--a great disclike affair, several miles in diameter, its myriad towers and spires glinting like gold under the noonday sun, while its vast shadow fell athwart the desert like the pall of an eclipse.

The lower portion, he noted, was in the main flat, though a number of wartish protuberances jutted down from it, ejecting a pale violet emanation. Whatever this was it seemed to have the effect of holding the thing motionless in the air, for it hovered there quite easily, a hundred yards or so above the ground.

But what was it? Where was it from? What had brought it?

Those were the questions he wanted answered; and they were to be, sooner than he knew.

As he stood there speculating, a device like a trap-door opened in the base of the disc, and creatures resembling human beings began descending. Began floating down, rather.

Whereupon Kendrick did what any sensible man would have done, under similar circumstances. He reacted into motion. In short, he ran.

* * * * *

Glancing back over his shoulder after a minute or two, however, he drew up sheepishly. Of that strange apparition and those who had descended from it there was not a trace, not a shadow!

But the peculiar humming had recommenced, he realized in the next breath--and at the same instant he felt himself seized by invisible hands.

There was a struggle, but it was brief and futile. When it was over his captors became visible once more. They were singular little beings about four feet tall, with strange, wise, leathery faces, their heads grotesquely bald.

The humming had ceased again. The disc, too, was once more visible.

What happened next was something even more astounding, if there could be any further degrees of wonder possible for the utterly baffled young scientist. He felt himself lifted up, leaving the desert floor, whirling away toward that incredible phenomenon hovering there.

Another moment or two and he had been borne up through its trap-door opening, was standing in a dark space bounded by solid metal walls. Then he was thrust into a cylinder with several of his tiny guards, shot swiftly upward.

* * * * *

A door opened as they came to rest, and he was led out into a vast court of gleaming amber crystal. Something like a taxi slid up, with irridescent planes, and he was bundled into it, whirled away again.

Down broad, gleaming avenues they passed, where similar traffic flowed densely, but under marvelous control. Towering skyscrapers loomed to right and left. Tier on tier of upper and lower boulevards revealed themselves, all crowded with automotive and pedestrian activity.

At length a stupendous concourse was reached. Thousands of these taxis and similar vehicles were parked along its broad flanks, while literal swarms of diminutive individuals circulated to and fro.

Assisted from the vehicle that had brought him to this obvious center of the disc's activities. Kendrick was led into a monumental structure of jade-green stone that towered a full hundred, stories above the street level. There he was escorted into another of

those projectilelike elevators, shot up, up--till at length it came to rest. The door opened and he was led out into a small lobby of the same amber crystal he had observed before.

By now his guards had diminished to two, but he no longer made any effort to escape. Wherever this amazing adventure might lead, he was resolved to follow it through.

One of the guards had advanced to a jewelled door and was pressing a button. In response, the door opened. A golden-robed, regal creature stood there.

* * * * *

Though dwarfed to four feet, like his fellow, he was obviously their mental superior to a prodigious degree. Not only was his symmetrical bald head of large brain content, but the finely-cut features of his parchment face bore the unmistakable stamp of a powerful intellect.

"_Ao-chaa!_" commanded this evident monarch of the disc, addressing the guards.

They bowed and departed, abruptly.

"My dear Kendrick!" the regal personage now said, in thin, precise English. "It is indeed a pleasure to welcome you to my humble quarters. Pray enter and make yourself comfortable."

Whereupon he ushered him into a dazzling apartment that was one vast mosaic of precious gems, indicated a richly carved chair, into which the young scientist dropped wonderingly.

"Now then, Professor," continued the mighty little dwarf, when he was seated in a chair even more sumptuous, "suppose we have a friendly little discussion. I have been much interested in your experiments on heat radiation. What you demonstrated this morning, in particular, was most absorbing. You have hit upon a rather profound scientific principle, yes?"

"Possibly," Kendrick admitted, quite conscious that he was being patronized.

"Oh, don't be modest, my dear fellow!" smiled the dwarf. "I am the last one to belittle your achievement. Indeed, it is because of it that I have invited you here to-day. Permit me to introduce myself, and to make clear one or two possibly perplexing matters. Then I am sure we shall have a most agreeable chat."

* * * * *

His name was Cor, he said, and he was in truth the monarch of this strange realm. His people had come from the one-time planet of Vada, far distant in the universe. A thousand years ago, this planet had been doomed by the approach of an alien star. Their great scientist, Ravv, had met the emergency by inventing the disc, into whose construction they had poured all their resources. The pick of their populace had been salvaged on this giant life-raft. The rest had perished when that destroying star had crashed down on the doomed Vada.

Since then these survivors and their descendants had been voyaging through space on their marvelous disc. For hundreds of years they had given no thought to the future, content to drift on and on in the interstellar void, breathing an atmosphere produced artificially. But at length the inevitable had happened. This superb piece of mechanism devised by their super-genius, Ravv, was beginning to show signs of wear. Some of its mighty engines were nearing the exhaustion point. Either they must soon find a planet comparable with the one they had once known, where they could pause and rehabilitate their machinery, or they must disintegrate and pass into oblivion.

Faced with that crisis, Cor had long been seeking such a planet. He had found it, at last, in the earth--and had resolved that this was where they were going to alight and transplant the civilization of ancient Vada, pending such time as they could take to space again.

* * * * *

For some months now they had been hovering over various portions of the earth, studying its geography and its peoples, with the result that they had concluded the United States offered the most logical point for launching the attack. Once this country was subdued, they were in possession of the richest and most advanced section of the planet. The conquest of the rest of it could await

their leisure.

With such an invasion in view, their scientists had mastered the language of the country. This had been accomplished very easily, since in addition to their power of mingling with the populace in an invisible form, they had the principles of radio developed to a high degree and were able to tune in on any station they wanted.

Kendrick sat there, stunned, as Cor followed his astounding revelation of their origin with this calm plan for the conquest of America, of the world. Why, of all people on earth, had he alone been singled out for this disclosure?

He asked the question now.

"My dear Professor, can't you really guess?" replied Cor, with that leathery smile. "Hasn't it dawned that you were a little too near our own field with that machine of yours? A trifle more research, a slightly different application--and you would have become a dangerous enemy."

"You--you mean--?"

"I mean there isn't a great deal of difference between the experiments you have been making and those our great Ravv once made. For instance, had you broadcast your heatricity, as you call it, instead of trying to transmit it on wires--well, picture a receiving apparatus in each home of the land, like your commercial radio sets. You would have become a billionaire, don't you see?"

* * * * *

Kendrick saw indeed. It was simple, so simple! Fool--why hadn't he thought of it?

"But your invention will never make you wealthy now, my dear fellow," Cor went on, tauntingly. "You will be our guest, here, until we have taken over your interesting country. After that, if there is any need for the broadcasting of heat, we will furnish it ourselves. We have those facilities, among others, fully developed. Would you care to see our plant?"

Kendrick naturally admitted that he would, so the dwarf led him through a rear door and up a winding flight of stairs. They emerged presently into a great laboratory housed in the glass-roofed pinnacle of the tower.

There he beheld a sight that left him breathless. Never before had he seen such an assemblage of scientific apparatus. Its vastness and strangeness were fairly overpowering, even to a man as well versed in physio-chemical paraphernalia as he was.

Before his eyes could take in a tenth part of the spectacle, Cor had led him to the left wall.

"There," he said, "you will observe a development of your heat generator."

Kendrick looked--to see a long bank of large vacuum-tubes, each about three feet high and a foot wide, connected by a central shaft that caused series of little vanes in each of them to revolve at lightning speed.

Around the apparatus moved numerous small attendants, oiling, wiping, adjusting its many delicate parts.

"Well, what do you think now?" asked Cor.

Kendrick made no reply, though he was thinking plenty.

"You see, it is your invention, my dear Professor," the dwarf went on in his taunting voice, "only anteceded by a thousand years--and rather more perfected, you must admit."

* * * * *

He walked now to the center of the laboratory, where stood a huge dial of white crystal, ranked with many levers and switches, all capped with the same material.

"Behold!" he said, throwing over one.

Instantly there came again that peculiar low humming that had so puzzled him a few minutes before--and the entire room, its engines, its attendants, Cor himself, leapt into invisibility. Only Kendrick remained, facing the faintly visible crystal dial.

Then he saw a switch move, as though automatically. But no, for the dwarf's hand was on it now. Visibility had returned. The vibration ceased.

"That is the central control," said Cor. "Our city and all its inhabitants become invisible when that switch is thrown. Only the dial remains, for the guidance of the operator, and even that cannot be seen at a distance of more than fifty feet. But now behold!"

He raised his hand, touched a watch-like device strapped to his wrist--and was instantly invisible. But the laboratory and every machine and person in it remained in plain view. Nor was there any vibration now.

* * * * *

The next moment, having touched that curious little device again, Cor reappeared.

"That is the local control," he said. "Every one of our inhabitants, except those under discipline, has one of these little mechanisms. It enables us to make ourselves invisible at will. A convenience at times, you must admit."

"Decidedly," Kendrick agreed. "And the principle?"

"Quite simple. One of those, in fact, that lies behind your researches. Doubtless you would have hit upon it yourself in time. Your own scientist, Faraday, you may recall, held the opinion that the various forms under which the forces of matter manifest themselves have a common origin. We of the disc, thanks to our great Ravv, have found that common origin."

It was the origin of matter itself, Cor said, which lay in the ether of interstellar space--energy, raw, cosmic--vibrations, rays.

By harnessing and controlling these various rays, his people had been able to accomplish their seeming miracles--miracles that the people of earth, too, were beginning to achieve--as in electricity, for instance, and its further application, radio.

But the people of Vada had long since mastered such simple rays, and now, in possession of vastly more powerful ones, had the elemental forces of the universe at their disposal.

* * * * *

The disc was propelled through space by short rays of tremendously high frequency, up above the ultra-violet. The same rays, directed downward instead of outward, enabled them to overcome the pull of gravity when in a planet's influence, as at present. And the escalator rays, by which they could proceed to and from the disc, were also of high frequency, as were their invisibility rays.

"But you, Professor, are more interested in low frequency rays, the long ones down below infra-red," continued Cor. "You have seen our development of the heat-dynamo principle. It utilizes, I might add, not only solar radiation but that of the stars as well. There being a billion and a half of these in the universe, many of them a thousand times or more as large as your own sun, we naturally have quite an efficient little heating plant here. It provides us with our weapon of warfare, as well as keeping us warm. Permit me to demonstrate."

He led the way to a gleaming circle of glass like an inverted telescope, about a yard in diameter, mounted in the floor.

"Look!" said the dwarf.

Kendrick did so--and there, spread below him, lay the floor of the desert. His camp, his apparatus, were just as he had left them.

Cor now moved toward the dial.

"Behold!" he said, pulling a lever.

Instantly the scene below was an inferno. Stricken by a blast of stupendous heat, the whole area went molten, lay quivering like a lake of lava in the crater of an active volcano.

"Suppose, my dear Professor," smiled the dwarf, strolling back from the dial, "just suppose, for instance, that instead of the lonely camp of an obscure scientist, your proud city of New York had been below there!"

* * * * *

Kendrick shuddered.

Well he knew now the terrible power, the appalling menace of this strange invader.

"I would prefer not to make such a supposition," he said, quietly, with a last thoughtful glance at that witches' caldron below.

"Then let us think of pleasanter things. You are my guest of honor, sir--America's foremost scientist, though she may never realize it," with a piping chuckle. "To-night there will be a great banquet in your honor. Meanwhile, suppose I show you to your quarters."

Nettled, fuming, though outwardly calm, Kendrick permitted himself to be escorted from the laboratory to an ornate apartment on one of the lower floors.

There Cor left him, with the polite hint that he would find plenty of attendants handy should he require anything.

Alone now, in the midst of this vast, nightmarish metropolis, he paced back and forth, back and forth--knowing the hideous fate that threatened the world but powerless to issue one word of warning, much less avert it.

* * * * *

Kendrick was still thinking and brooding along these lines when he saw the door of the apartment swiftly open and close again.

Someone had entered, invisible!

Backing away, he waited, tense. Then, suddenly, his visitor materialized. With a gasp, he saw standing before him a beautiful girl.

She was a young woman, rather, in her early twenties. Not one of these pigmies of the disc either, but a tall, slender creature of his own world.

Her hair was dark, modishly bobbed. Her eyes were a deep, clear brown, her skin a warm olive. And she was dressed as though she had just stepped off Fifth Avenue--which indeed she had, not so long ago, as he was soon to learn.

"I hope I haven't startled you too much, Mr. Kendrick," she said, in a rich, husky murmur, "but--well, there wasn't any other way."

"Oh, I guess I'll get over it," he replied with a smile. "But you have the advantage of me, since you know my name."

Hers was Marjorie Blake, she told him then.

"Not the daughter of Henderson Blake?" he gasped.

"Yes," with a tremor, "his only daughter."

Whereupon Kendrick knew the solution of a mystery that had baffled the police for weeks. The newspapers had been full of it at the time. This beautiful girl, whose father was one of America's richest men and president of its largest bank, had disappeared as though the earth had swallowed her. She had left their summer estate at Great Neck, Long Island, on a bright June morning, bound for New York on a shopping tour--and had simply vanished.

* * * * *

Suicide had been hinted by some of the papers, but had not been taken seriously, since she had no apparent motive for ending her life. Abduction seemed to be the more logical explanation, and huge rewards had been offered by her frantic parents--all to no avail.

What had happened was, she now explained, that after visiting several shops and making a number of purchases, she had stepped into Central Park at the Plaza for a breath of fresh air before lunching at the Sherry-Netherlands, where she planned to meet some friends.

But before advancing a hundred yards along the secluded path, she had been seized by invisible hands--had felt something strapped to her wrist, before anyone came in sight--and then, invisible too, had been lifted up, whirled away into a vast, humming vibration that sounded through the air.

Once on the disc, it had swept off into space at incredible speed, pausing only when some hundreds of miles above the earth and invisible from below without mechanical aid. When its vibration finally ceased that amazing city had leapt before her eyes.

Then, her own visibility restored, she had been led into the presence of that mighty little monarch, Cor, who explained that she had been seized as a hostage and would be held as an ace in the hole, pending conquest of her country. Since when she had been a prisoner aboard the disc.

* * * * *

Learning of Kendrick's capture, from gossip among the women, she had taken the first opportunity of coming to him, in the hope that between them they might devise some means of escape.

Indeed, that was his own fondest hope--their imperative need, if the people of America and of the earth were to be saved from this appalling menace. But what basis was there for such a fantastic hope? Just one, that he could see.

"That thing on your wrist," he said, voicing it. "I'm surprised they let you wear one of those."

"They don't," she smiled. "I stole it!--from one of the maids in my apartment. It was the only way I could get here without being seen. I felt I must see you at once. We've got to do something, soon, or it'll be too late. I felt that, as a scientist, you might have some idea how we could get off."

"How do the people themselves get off?" he asked. "That escalator ray--do you know how they use it?"

"No, I've never been able to find out. They don't let me go near that part of the city."

Kendrick reflected a moment.

"Let's have a look at that invisibility affair," he said.

She removed it from her wrist, handed it to him. Somewhat in awe, he examined it.

* * * * *

The mechanism portion, which was linked in a strap of elastic metal, resembled only superficially a watch, he now saw. Rather it had the appearance of some delicate electric switch. Rectangular in shape, it was divided into two halves by a band of white crystal. In each of these halves were two little buttons of the same material, those on one side round, on the other square.

"Which buttons control the invisibility?" he asked.

"The square ones," she replied. "One's pushed in now, you see. If you should push the other, the first would come out--and you'd pass out of the picture, so to speak."

Kendrick was half tempted to try the thing then and there, but deferred the impulse.

"What are the round buttons for?" he inquired instead.

Marjorie didn't know, but thought they were probably an emergency pair, in case something went wrong with the square ones. In any event, nothing happened when you pushed them.

Kendrick pushed one, just to see. It was true. Nothing happened--but he seemed to sense a faint, peculiar vibration and a wave of giddiness swept over him. On pushing the other, which released the first, it stopped.

* * * * *

He handed the device back to Marjorie.

"There's your bracelet. Now, if I can just get one like it, I think we'll get down to earth all right."

"Oh, Mr. Kendrick!" Her eyes lit up eagerly. "Then you've thought of a way?"

"Not exactly. I think I've discovered their own way. I can't be certain, but I'm willing to gamble on it, if you are."

"Then you--you think those round buttons are connected with the escalator rays?"

"Exactly! I think they control individual descent and ascent, just as the square ones control individual visibility and invisibility. At any rate, it's the hunch I'm going to act on right now, if you're with me."

"Oh, I'm with, you!" she breathed. "Anything, death almost, would be preferable to this."

"Then stand by, invisible. I'm going to get one of my jailors in here and relieve him of his wrist-watch."

Marjorie touched that little square button on her own. She instantly became invisible.

Kendrick touched a button too, a button he had noticed beside the door. As he had supposed, it brought one of the Vadans.

Shutting the door quietly, he seized the fellow before he could move his hand to his wrist. Thwarted in his attempt to vanish from sight, the diminutive guard attempted an outcry. But Kendrick promptly throttled him.

* * * * *

Marjorie had reappeared by now and together they bound him to a chair with a gilded cord torn from the drapery.

Removing the precious mechanism from his wrist, Kendrick slipped it on his own.

"Now let's go!" he said, pressing the protruding square button of the device. "We haven't a minute to--my golly, what a peculiar sensation!"

"It is rather odd, isn't it?" she laughed, pressing her own and joining him in that invisible realm.

"Feels like a combination electric massage and cold shower! Where are you, anyway? I can't see you."

"Of course you can't!" came an unseen tinkle. "Here!"

He felt her brush him.

"Better hold hands," he suggested, then gave an invisible flush he was glad she couldn't see.

"All right. A good idea."

Her delicate hand came into his, soft, warm. Heart vibrating even faster than his body, his whole being a-quiver with a strange exaltation, Kendrick opened the door, and they left the apartment.

* * * * *

The next half-hour was the tensest either of then had ever experienced. Every foot of the way was fraught with peril.

Not only did they have to carefully avoid the visible swarms of little people who hurried everywhere, but had to be on their guard as well against any who might be moving about like themselves under cover of invisibility.

Nor could they use any elevator or public conveyances, but were obliged to make their way down to the concourse by heaven knew how many flights of stairs, and cross heaven knew how many teeming streets on foot, before they reached the amber court, below which the trap-door and their hope of freedom.

They got there at last, however, descended, and peered down from that yawning brink upon the desert floor--to draw back with gasps of dismay. For the area still gleamed semi-molten from the stupendous blast that had wiped out Kendrick's camp.

"W-what is it?" she gasped.

Swiftly he told her.

"But isn't there any way around it? Look, over there to the left. One edge of the crater seems to end almost underneath us."

It was true that the center of the caldron was far to the right of where they stood, and that its left rim was only a little within their direct line of descent. But to land even one foot inside that inferno would be as fatal as to alight in its very midst.

* * * * *

Kendrick was thinking fast.

"There's just a chance," he said. "It all depends upon how wide the zone of these escalator rays is, and whether we can tune in on them. At least, I can probably answer the latter question."

Pushing the protrudent round button on his mysterious bracelet as he spoke, he leaned over the edge of the trap-door and awaited results.

They were not long in coming. The vibration he was already under from the invisibility rays seemed to double. Alternate waves of giddiness and depression, of push and pull, swept over him.

A minute of it was enough. He pressed the round button that now protruded, ending this influence, and faced Marjorie, stating:

"I'm positive now that these things control descent and ascent. As nearly as I can figure, the rays work on the principle of an endless belt. If you're up here, you get carried down, and vice versa. As to how wide the belt is, and whether you can move sideways on it, remains to be seen. Anyway, I'm going to take a chance. I'll go first. If my guess is wrong, you--well, needn't follow."

"No, I'm going with you!" she declared resolutely. "We've come this far together. I shan't be left alone now. Let's go!"

And again her soft, warm hand was in his.

Lord, what a girl! How many would be brave enough to take a gamble like that, on a fellow's mere supposition?

"All right--go it is!" he said. "Push your round button, like this." He showed her the way he thought was right, pushed his own. "Ready?"

"Ready!"

* * * * *

Their voices were grave. It was a grim prospect, stepping off into space like that, with only a guess between them and death.

"Then jump!"

They jumped, gripping each other's hands tightly--and instead of dropping like plummets were caught in a powerful field of force and whirled gently downward.

"Oh, you were right!" gasped Marjorie, awed. "See, we--"

Then she paused, horror-stricken, for it was obvious that they were to descend within that lake of molten glass, unless they could change their course at once.

"Quick!" he called. "Hold fast! Now--run!"

Breathless, they raced to the left, across that invisible descending belt.

Too far, Kendrick knew, and they would plunge outside its zone, fall crushed and mangled. Not far enough, and they would meet cremation. It was a fearful hazard, either way, but it had to be taken.

They were almost down, now, and still not quite far enough to the left. The heat of that yawning crater rose toward them.

"Faster--_faster_!" he cried, fairly dragging her along with him.

A last dash--a breathless instant--and they stood there on the ground, not three feet from the edge of doom.

Swooning with the heat, Marjorie swayed against him, murmured an incoherent prayer.

"Take heart!" he whispered, lifting her bodily and bearing her some yards away. "We're down--safe!"

* * * * *

Their safety was but relative, however, Kendrick well knew. Until they could put miles between them and this monstrous disc, they were not really safe. No telling how soon their escape might be discovered. No telling what terrible means Cor might take of curbing their flight.

So as soon as Marjorie had recovered sufficiently to proceed, they headed off across the desert at a fast walk toward Ajo, where he hoped to catch the afternoon train for Gila Bend. From there, they could board the limited for Tucson and points east, when it came through from Yuma that night.

They had tuned out on the escalator rays, but continued on still invisible--for the disc hung above them in plain view and it would have been suicide to let themselves be seen.

Even so, Kendrick soon began to have an uneasy feeling of being followed. He looked around from time to time, but could see nothing. Were some of those invisible little creatures on their trail?

He said nothing to Marjorie of his anxiety, but presently she too began glancing backward uneasily, every few steps.

"They are near us!" she said at length, in a whisper. "I can sense them."

It was more than sense, they soon discovered. Little paddings became quite audible, and once or twice they saw the sand scuffed up, not twenty feet away, as though by a foot passing over it.

* * * * *

Meanwhile they were climbing a rise of ground, broken by many small hummocks and dotted with thorny shrubs. On the other side, at the foot of a long down-slope, lay Ajo.

Once they reached the summit, Kendrick felt sure they could outdistance their pursuers on the descent. Already, if his watch was right, the train was preparing to pull out. It would be a breathless dash, but he was confident they could make it.

So he reassured Marjorie as best he could, and helped her on up the slope.

They were practically on the summit and already in view of the little railroad station and huddle of shacks below--when suddenly he felt himself tripped and flung violently to the ground. At the same instant, his companion emitted a scream, as she felt herself seized by invisible hands.

Leaping to his feet, Kendrick flailed out with solid fists at their attackers. Groans answered the impacts and he knew his blows were taking effect.

* * * * *

Free for a moment he dashed to Marjorie, felt for the midgets who swarmed around her. Seizing one of the invisible forms, he lifted it and flung it crashing to the ground. Another, likewise, and another.

Then he threshed his legs, where two of the creatures clung, trying to drag him down again. They flew through the air, with cries of fright.

"Well, so far, so good!" he exclaimed. "We won't wait to see if there are any more. Come on--let's go!"

"Right!"

Reaching for each other's hands, they raced down the slope.

Halfway there they saw a warning blast of steam rise from the engine, followed by a whistle.

"They'll be pulling out in a minute now!" he gasped, increasing speed. "We've got to make it!--our only chance!"

"We _will_ make it!" she sobbed through clenched teeth, meeting his pace.

Glancing over his shoulder, after another fifteen seconds, Kendrick saw that the disc was no longer visible. Since there was no vibration he realized with relief that it was now hidden behind the slope they were descending.

"Quick--push your button!" he said, pushing his own.

They came out of the influence of the invisibility rays, raced breathless on down the slope--gained the station platform just as the train was getting under way.

Helping the exhausted girl aboard, he mounted the steps himself, led her through the vestibule into its single passenger coach.

Dropping into a seat, they sat there panting as the train gathered speed.

* * * * *

By the time the decrepit but life-saving little local drew into Gila Bend they had somewhat recovered from their harrowing experience.

Marjorie was still pale, however, as Kendrick helped her from the train.

"I may recover," she said with a wan smile, "but I'll never look the same! An old saying, but I know what it means now."

He thought better of a sudden impulse to tell her she looked quite all right to him. Instead, he said grimly:

"I know now what a lot of things mean!"

The Tucson limited would not be through for over an hour, they learned. That would give them time to hunt up the authorities and sound a warning of the ominous invader that was in the vicinity. Perhaps, by prompt military action, it might be destroyed, or at least crippled.

But first they went to the telegraph office, where Marjorie got off a message that would bring joy to her grieved family.

While standing there outside the barred window, odors of food wafting to them from a nearby lunch-room.

"Um-m!" she sniffed. "That smells good to me! I haven't tasted any earthly cooking for ages. Everything on that horrible disc was synthetic."

"Then I suggest we have ham and eggs, at once," he said. "Or would you prefer a steak?"

"I think I'll have both!"

* * * * *

As they walked into the lunch-room, Kendrick told her of the banquet in his honor Cor had promised for that night.

"I guess I didn't miss much," he ended.

"You certainly didn't!" she assured him, with a smile. "It would have opened with a purée of split-molecule soup, continued with an entrée of breaded electrons, and closed with an ionic café."

He laughed.

"I'm just as well satisfied. I was unable to attend! Humble as it is, I think this will prove to be much more wholesome food."

Night had fallen by the time they left the lunch-room. Glancing at his watch, Kendrick saw that they still had better than a half-hour before the limited was due, so they betook themselves to the police station.

It was only a block away and in consequence they weren't long reaching it.

The chief had gone home, the officer at the desk informed them, but if there was anything they cared to report, he would be glad to make note of it.

A big raw-boned westerner, he shifted his quid as he spoke and spat resoundingly in a cuspidor at his feet.

"All right, then--get your pencil ready!" said Kendrick with a smile. "This is Miss Marjorie Blake, daughter of Henderson Blake, of New York. Perhaps you read of her disappearance, a few weeks ago. And I...."

As he introduced himself and told briefly of their astounding experience, the officer's eyes bulged with amazement.

"Say, what yuh-all tryin' to hand me?" he snorted finally. "D'yuh think I was born simple?"

"Press your button!" whispered Marjorie. "Show him how the invisibility ray works. It'll save a lot of argument."

"Right!"

* * * * *

He held up his wrist.

"See this? Now watch!"

Whereupon he pressed the button. But to their dismay, nothing happened.

"Wa-al. I'm still watchin'!" drawled the officer. "Who's loony now?"

Kendrick examined the mechanism in impatience, pressed that little button repeatedly: but still nothing happened.

"Try yours!" he told Marjorie finally.

She did so, with similar results--or lack of them, rather.

"Something's wrong," he said at length. "The ray isn't working."

"Wrong is right!" declared the officer with a contemptuous flood of tobacco juice. "Yuh folks better go catch yuhr train 'fore yuh ferget where it is."

Chagrined, embarrassed, they took their leave, headed back toward the railroad station.

"Of all the utterly silly things!" declared Marjorie, as they walked along. "Why do you suppose it didn't work?"

Kendrick didn't reply at once. When he did, his voice was grave.

"Because the disc has gone!" he said. "We are outside its zone of influence. That's my hunch, at least, and I think we'd better act on it."

"You mean...?"

"I mean our escape has probably caused them to hurry their plans. They're probably over New York right now. I think we'd better get there the quickest possible way."

* * * * *

The result was that when the train came, they remained on it only to Tucson. There they chartered a fast plane and started east at once.

At sunset the following day the plane swooped out of the sky and slid to rest on the broad grounds of the Blake estate at Great Neck.

As Kendrick stepped from the cabin and helped Marjorie down, a tall, distinguished-looking man with graying hair and close-cropped mustache came hurrying toward them.

"Daddy!" she cried, rushing into his arms. "Oh, Daddy--Daddy!"

Even without this demonstration. Kendrick would have recognized Henderson Blake from pictures he had seen recently in the papers.

Now he was introduced, and Blake was gripping his hand warmly.

"I don't quite know what this is all about, Professor," he heard the great financier say. "Marjorie's telegram last night was as cryptic as it was over-joying. But I do know that I owe you a deep debt of gratitude."

"Yes, and you owe our pilot about a thousand dollars, too!" put in the daughter of the house, clinging to her father's arm. "Please give him a check--then we'll go inside and I'll explain all about it."

"A matter very much easier dispatched than my debt to Professor Kendrick," said Blake, complying.

The check was for two thousand, not one, the pilot saw when he received it.

"Thank you very much, sir!" he said, saluting.

"Don't mention it. Good night--and good luck to you!"

* * * * *

The pilot returned to his plane, it lifted from the lawn, droned off into the twilight.

Then they approached the cool white villa that stood invitingly a hundred yards or so away beyond sunken gardens.

As they neared it, a handsome, well-preserved woman whose face reflected Marjorie's own beauty came toward them. Lines of suffering were still evident around her sensitive mouth, but her dark eyes were radiant.

"Mother!"

"My poor darling!"

They rushed into each other's arms, clung, sobbing and laughing.

Kendrick was glad when these intimate greetings were over and he had met Mrs. Blake.

They were in the drawing-room now, listening to a somewhat more lucid account of their daughter's experiences and those of her rescuer. Marjorie was doing most of the talking, but every now and again she would turn to Kendrick for verification.

"Heavens!" gasped Mrs. Blake, finally. "Can such things be possible?"

"Almost anything seems possible nowadays, my dear," her husband told her. "And you say, Professor, that you have brought back samples of this invisibility device?"

"Yes, we have, but I can't promise they'll work. I'll try, however."

Whereupon, sceptically, he pressed that little square button--and instantly faded out of sight.

"Good Lord!" cried Blake, leaping to his feet. "That proves it! Why, this is positively--"

* * * * *

His remarks were cut short by a scream of terror from his wife.

"Marjorie--Marjorie!" she shrieked.

Wheeling, he faced the chair where his daughter had sat. It was empty, so far as human eyes could see.

"Don't worry Mother--Daddy!" came a calm voice from it. "I'm quite all right--coming back--steady."

And back she came, as did Kendrick, from the empty chair beside her.

His face was grave. The success of the demonstration, which had proved their story to practical-minded Henderson Blake, had proved to him something altogether more significant. The disc, as he had surmised, had rushed eastward immediately on learning of their escape, and was now probably hovering right over New York.

"Marvelous--marvelous!" declared Blake. "But that heat ray, Professor. That sounds bad. You are convinced it is as powerful as they make out!"

"Positively! That blast they let go in the desert would have utterly destroyed New York."

"Hm! Yes, no doubt you're right. I fully realize how the fearful menace of this thing. Do you think the military authorities will be able to cope with it?"

"I don't know. Perhaps, if they are prompt enough."

"And is there no other way--no scientific way?"

* * * * *

Kendrick grew thoughtful.

"I wonder," he said at last. "There's just a possibility--something running through my mind--an experiment I'd like to make, if I had the facilities of some large electrical laboratory."

"You shall have them to-morrow!" Blake promised. "I'm one of the directors of Consolidated Electric. Their experimental laboratory in Brooklyn is the finest of its kind in America. I'll see that you have the run of it."

"That will be very kind," said Kendrick. "But don't expect anything to come from it, necessarily. It's just a theory I want to work out."

A butler entered at this moment and announced dinner.

"Well, theories are mighty these days!" beamed Blake, as they rose, clapping the younger man on the shoulder. "You go ahead with your theories--and I'll bring a few facts to bear. To-morrow noon I'll escore some military men and others of my friends over to the laboratory to hear and see something of this menace direct. Meanwhile, and during this crisis, it will honor me to have you as my guest."

"Our guest!" amended Marjorie, with a warm smile.

* * * * *

Next morning Blake motored Kendrick out to the Brooklyn Laboratory of the Consolidated Electric Utilities Corporation and installed him there.

Then he left--to return at noon with the promised delegation of generals, admirals, statesmen and financiers.

They were all frankly sceptical, though realizing that Henderson Blake was not a man given to exaggeration. Nor did their scepticism altogether vanish when Kendrick had ended his bizarre story with a demonstration of the invisibility device.

Murmurs of amazement ran around the laboratory, it is true, but the more hard-headed of his spectators charged him with having invented the apparatus himself. Though they didn't come right out and say so, they seemed to imply that he was seeking publicity.

Annoyedly, Kendrick tried to refute their charges. But even as he was summoning words, refutation utter and complete came from the air.

A low, humming vibration sounded, grew in volume till it filled the room--and as suddenly ceased: The light of midday faded to twilight.

"_The disc!_" gasped Kendrick, rushing to the west windows.

They followed, tense with awe. And there, between earth and sun, its myriad towers and spires refracting a weird radiance, hovered that vast flying city.

"My God!" muttered a famous general, staring as though he had seen a ghost.

A great statesman opened his lips, but no words came.

"Appalling! Incredible!" burst from others of that stunned assemblage.

* * * * *

Their comments were cut short by a broadcast voice, thin and clear, tremendously amplified, a voice Kendrick recognized at once as that of Cor.

"People of America!" it said. "We of the planet Vada have come to conquer your country. You will be given forty-eight hours to lay down your arms. If complete surrender has not been made by high noon, two days from now, New York will be destroyed."

The voice ceased. The humming recommenced--waned in volume till it died away. Twilight turned once more to midday.

Peering fixedly through the west windows of the laboratory, the little assemblage saw the disc swallowed up in the clear blue sky.

Then they turned, faced one another gravely.

Outside, on the streets, confusion reigned. In newspaper plants, presses were whirling. In telegraph and cable offices, keys were ticking. From radio towers, waves were speeding.

Within an hour, the nation and the world knew of this planetary invader and its staggering ultimatum.

Naturally, the government at Washington refused to meet these shameful terms. Military and naval forces were rushed to the threatened metropolis. The Atlantic Fleet steamed up from Hampton Roads under forced draught and assembled in the outer harbor. Thousands of planes gathered at Mitchell Field and other nearby aerodromes.

* * * * *

But where was the enemy? He must be miles up in space, Kendrick knew, as he toiled feverishly in the laboratory over his experiment after a sleepless night. For had that flying city been nearer earth, it could not have maintained invisibility without that peculiar humming vibration.

Scout planes urged on by impatient squadron commanders, climbed till they reached their ceilings, searching in vain. They could encounter nothing, see nothing of the invader.

Thus passed a morning of growing tension.

But by noon of that day, with a bare twenty-four hours left before the expiration of the ultimatum, the disc came down, showed itself boldly.

There followed stunning disasters.

One salvo, and the ray shot down--the Atlantic Fleet, the pride of America, burst and melted in flaming hell. Squadrons of planes, carrying tons of bombs, frizzled like moths in the air. Mighty projectiles hurled by land batteries were deflected off on wild trajectories.

Appalled, the nation and the world followed in lurid extras these crushing defeats.

By nightfall of that day, all seemed lost. All opposition had been obliterated. America must capitulate or perish. It had until the next noon to decide which.

* * * * *

Meanwhile, in that great Brooklyn laboratory, Kendrick was working against time, besieged by frantic delegations of the nation's leaders. They knew now that their one hope lay in him. Was he succeeding? Was there even any hope?

Face haggard, eyes bloodshot from lack of sleep, he waved them away, went on with his work.

"I will tell you--as soon as I know."

That was all he would say.

Followed a night that was the blackest in all history, though the myriad stars of heaven shone tauntingly brilliant in the summer sky.

At length, as dawn was breaking. Kendrick paused in his labors.

"There!" he said, grimly, surveying an apparatus that seemed to involve the entire facilities of the laboratory. "It is done! Now then--will it work?"

The delegation were called to witness the test.

Henderson Blake was among them, as was Marjorie. She stepped forward, as he prepared to make the demonstration.

"I _know_, somehow, you're going to be successful!" she murmured, pressing his hand, meeting his eyes with a smile of confidence.

"I hope you're right--Marjorie!" he replied, letting slip the last word almost unconsciously.

Her face colored warmly as the stepped back and rejoined her father.

Kendrick's heart was beating fast as he turned to his instruments. How could he fail, with faith like that behind him?--love, even, perhaps! He mustn't fail--nor would he, if his theories were sound.

* * * * *

Addressing the assemblage, he explained briefly the complicated apparatus.

"These towers," he said, pointing to four steel structures about ten feet high, arranged at the corners of a square roughly twenty feet across, "are miniature radio masts. The area enclosed by them, we will assume, is the city of New York. That metal disc suspended above the area represents the invader. It contains a miniature heat-generator such as I was experimenting with recently in the Arizona desert."

He paused, threw a switch. Somewhere in the laboratory a dynamo began to whir.

"I am now sending electro-magnetic waves from the four towers," he resumed. "But instead of broadcasting them in every direction. I am bending them in concave cathode of force over the city. You may picture this cathode as an invisible shield, if you choose, but it is more than that. It it a reflector. If my theories are right, the radio-energetic ray I am about to project upon it from my miniature disc will be flung back to its source as though it had been a ray of light falling on a mirror. The success of the experiment depends upon what the result will be."

* * * * *

Kendrick ceased, moved toward a rheostat.

As he made ready to touch it, a breathless tension settled upon the assemblage. Upon the outcome of what was now to happen rested the fate of America--and the world.

Calmly, though every fiber of his being was at breaking stress, the young scientist opened the rheostat.

For an instant, the ray seared down--then, as it boomeranged back, the disc burst into flame, dissolved, disintegrated. A thin dust, like carbon, slowly settled to the laboratory floor.

Cutting off the current from the radio towers, Kendrick faced them, a light of triumph in his tired eyes.

"You see--it works," he said.

They saw. Beyond a doubt, it worked!

And what Kendrick saw, as his eyes met Marjorie's, made him forget his fatigue.

* * * * *

The rest was a mad scramble of preparation. Only a few brief hours remained, and much was to be done.

The application of the principle that had just been demonstrated involved a hook-up from the Consolidated Electric laboratory with every broadcasting station in the metropolitan area, power being supplied by commandeering every generating plant within a radius of fifty miles.

The city, moreover, had to be evacuated of all but the few brave hundreds who volunteered to stand by their posts at radio stations and generating plants.

As for Kendrick, it was the busiest, most hectic morning he had ever experienced. Only the realization of a girl's love and a nation's trust enabled him to overcome the exhaustion of two sleepless nights.

At length, a little before eleven, all was in readiness. Just two questions troubled the young scientist's mind. Had the people of the disc learned of their preparations to counter the attack? And would the improvised broadcasting apparatus of the area stand the stupendous strain that would be placed upon it if the ray came down?

The first of these questions was answered, staggeringly, at a quarter after eleven.

"Kendrick--oh, my God!" cried Blake, bursting into the laboratory. "Marjorie--they've got her again! Look! Read this!"

He thrust out a piece of paper. Kendrick took it, read:

Your daughter will be my queen, after this noon.

"Where'd you get it?" he gasped.

"One of the invisible devils thrust it into my hand right out in the street, not five minutes ago," Blake explained, trembling with anguish. "Do you realize what this means, Kendrick? She's on the disc now--and in a scant three-quarters of an hour...."

"Yes, I realize!" his voice came grimly. "And I realize, too, that they don't know their fate. They'll stay. There's forty-five minutes yet. We can't abandon our defense against the ray, not even for Marjorie. But I'll go, I'll rescue her--or die with her!"

And even as Blake mutely reached out his hand to grip that of the determined young man who stood before him. Kendrick touched his wrist mechanism and went invisible.

* * * * *

Once on the street, he pressed the escalator button as well--and by the strength of the vibrations that followed, he knew he must be very close within that mysterious lifting zone.

Running west a block, he found it growing stronger.

Fairly racing now, he continued on toward the river, progress unhampered in the deserted streets. Suddenly, with a thrill of exultation, he felt himself swept up, whirled away toward that great shimmering hulk against the sun.

"What hope?" he was thinking. "What possible hope?" And the answer came: Cor!

Reaching the disc, he switched out the escalator influence and hastened across the city to that monumental structure of jade-green stone.

The mighty little dwarf would be up there in his glittering mosaic apartment, or in his pinnacle laboratory, perhaps, ready to pull the lever that would release that stupendous blast of heat.

Gaining the jewelled door of the monarch's quarters at last, after escaping detection by a hair's breadth more than once, he pressed the button outside, just as the guard had done that first time.

In response, the door opened--and there stood Cor.

* * * * *

He stood there an instant, that is, while the expression on his leathery face went from inquiry to alarm. Then, as Kendrick burst into the room and shut the door, he went invisible.

In that same instant, the young scientist's eyes beheld a sight that caused his heart to leap. There sat Marjorie, bound in a chair, an expression half of hope, half of dejection, on her face.

"It's I--Gordon!" he called. "Take courage!"

"Oh, I prayed so you'd come--and you came!" she murmured as her face lighted. Then, tensely, she added, "The door--look out!"

Kendrick wheeled, and just in time. The door was opening.

"Not so fast!" he called, lunging.

His hands gripped the dwarf, yanked him back, throttled him before he could emit a cry, pushed the door shut.

Cor struggled like a madman, but it was futile. Kendrick's hands cut into his throat like a vice. After a moment or two, he gasped, relaxed.

Releasing his grip then, Kendrick felt for his wrist, stripped off his bracelet--whereupon the dwarf became visible. His face was putty-white. He was either dead or unconscious.

Restoring his own visibility then, he advanced to Marjorie, swiftly freed her.

"Take this!" he said, handing her Cor's bracelet.

She slipped it on.

"Now let's tie him and get out of here. He may be dead, but we can't take any chances."

* * * * *

The dwarf wasn't dead, however, for he groaned and opened his eyes as they lifted him into the chair.

"You win, Professor--but it avails you nothing!" He smiled maliciously. "My capture, my death even, will not prevent the ray. The orders have been given. It will be projected sharp at twelve. You but go to your doom!"

"That," said Kendrick, "is a matter of opinion."

Swiftly they bound him, gagged him.

"And now," he added, "we wish you good day--and such fate as you deserve!"

Then, turning to Marjorie:

"Your hand again!"

There was a new tenderness in its soft warmth that thrilled him.

They touched their buttons, went invisible.

Silently, then, they stole from the apartment. Swiftly they made their way down to the concourse, raced across the city to the amber court, descended to the trap-door.

It must be nearly twelve, Kendrick knew. He couldn't look at his watch, for it as well as himself was invisible. Indeed, even as they stood there, poised for the plunge, a faint whistle rose from below.

Marjorie trembled.

"Steady!" he spoke. "Some of them always blow a minute or two before. Are you ready?"

"Yes!"

"Then press your button--jump!"

Even as they leapt, the sickening thought came that perhaps the escalator ray was no longer running. But the fear was unwarranted. They were caught up, whirled gently downward.

Moving along laterally, as they descended, they were able to land without difficulty in the middle of a deserted street near the Consolidated Electric laboratory.

"Thank heaven!" she sighed, as their feet touched solid ground. They pressed off both buttons, becoming visible once more.

"Echo!" he agreed. "So let's--"

* * * * *

But Kendrick never completed that sentence--for now whistles all over the metropolitan area, rising from the generating plants, announced the ominous hour.

It was high noon. The ultimatum had expired.

Lifting tense faces to the disc, they waited. Would that stupendous ray be hurled back upon itself? Or would it sear through their makeshift defense, plunging them and the whole great metropolis into oblivion?

Suddenly, cataclysmically, the answer came.

There burst a withering whirlwind from the disc. It struck that mighty concave cathode of interlaced waves above the city. There followed an instant's clash of titanic forces. Then the cathode triumphed, hurled it back.

Rocked by a concussion as of two worlds in impact, blinded by a glare that made the sunlight seem feeble in comparison. Marjorie and Kendrick clung together, while the disc grew into a satellite of calcium fire in the sky.

Presently, as the conflagration waned, they opened their eyes. Gravely, but with deep thanksgiving, they searched each other's faces. In them they read deep understanding, too, and a new hope.

"I think we'd better go and find father," she said at length, quietly.

"I think so too!" he agreed.

As they headed toward the laboratory, a fine, powdery dust, like volcanic ash was falling.

It continued to fall until the city streets were covered to a depth of an inch or more.

Thus passed the menace of Vada.

[Advertisement: NO ONE MUST FORGET

That he has a standing invitation to

"Come Over In 'THE READERS' CORNER'"

And join in the general discussion of stories, authors, likes, dislikes--everything pertaining to

ASTOUNDING STORIES

And Science-Fiction]

The Readers' Corner

A Meeting Place for Readers of Astounding Stories

[Illustration:]

To the Rescue

Dear Editor:

I hope you can see fit to print this letter in the July issue of Astounding Stories. This letter is written in defence of Ray Cummings and in reply to the letter of C. Harry Jaeger, 2900 Jordan Road, Oakland, California.

Following is an extract of Mr. Jaeger's letter: "Also I like my authors to make an original contribution to whatever theory of science they develop fictionally. This, Ray Cummings does not do in his very interesting story, "Phantoms of Reality." His beginning is palpably borrowed from Francis Flagg's story, "The Blue Dimension," which appeared in a Science Fiction magazine in 1927." Another paragraph is devoted to explaining his claim. He claims that Cummings' method of transporting his characters from one dimension or planet to another is practically copied from Flagg's story. The method, that is, not the narration. I hope to prove that if any borrowing was done, it was done by Flagg. Incidentally, Flagg's story "The Blue Dimension" was printed in 1928, not 1927, as Mr. Jaeger says.

I have in my possession a story by Ray Cummings named "Into the Fourth Dimension" and published in another magazine during the last month of 1926 and first ones of 1927. And in this story--printed two years before Flagg's story--Cummings uses almost the same apparatus of passing from one dimension to another as is used in "Phantoms of Reality." I will not discuss whether this procedure is to be approved or not.

This letter is not to be construed as an attack on Mr. Jaeger, or Mr. Flagg, or on either of the two stories under discussion.

If Mr. Jaeger will let me know I will send him Ray Cumming's story "Into the Fourth Dimension," as clipped from the magazines.

I write this letter to the magazine, instead of Mr. Jaeger, so that if any one was misled by Mr. Jaeger's well meant but mistaken criticism they will be straightened out.--Donald Coneyon, Petoskey, Michigan.

A Wish for Success

Dear Editor:

I have read both of your first issues. I am writing to say that I wish you success with your new magazine, which I know will succeed.

Also to say I wish you would get more of the "Carnes and Dr. Bird Stories" by Captain S. P. Meek, for I think everybody, including myself, likes them. I also enjoyed "Creatures of the Light."--Thomas D. Taylor, 415 So. 7th St., Boise, Idaho.

No Kick Any More

Dear Editor:

I have been a reader of Astounding Stories ever since you started it, and I guess I'm getting too particular as I don't get the kick out of it any more that I did out of the first issues. That is, I don't get the kick out of ALL of the stories as I did at first. However, "Murder Madness" sure is a hot one. Why not print a story by Sax Rohmer, H. G. Wells, or some of them?--H. Elsworth Jones, Box 340, R. R. 6, Battle Creek, Mich.

Via Postcard

Dear Editor:

Astounding Stories is an astounding magazine. It has really astounding stories. It couldn't be better. There's hardly room for improvement. May Astounding Stories be more astounding yet. I like it!--Monroe Hood Stinson, 1742, 12th Ave., Oakland, California.

Only Fiction!

Dear Editor:

I have just finished a story in the February, 1930, issue of Astounding Stories entitled "Into Space," by Sterner St. Paul.

I would like to know if it is a true story, if the actions described in it really happened, or is it merely a story of fiction.--Dan S. Scherrer, Shawneetown, Ill.

Perhaps--Soon

Dear Editor:

I have just finished reading your new magazine, Astounding Stories. It is the best magazine I have ever read. Keep up the good work and you will find me a constant reader. I have only one suggestion to make: Let Astounding Stories come out every other Thursday.--Harold Kulko, 433 Palmer E., Detroit, Michigan.

More Preferences

Dear Editor:

I have read with great interest the second issue of Astounding Stories and note your invitation for readers to express themselves.

I enjoyed the whole magazine, finding the literary quality surprisingly high. Especially good were "Spawn of the Stars," and "Creatures of the Light." Harl Vincent's tale was the best of his I have read; and Captain Meek's are always good. "The Corpse on the Grating," however, was merely Poe's "Fall of the House of Usher" done over, and not half so well.

As for the sort of tales I like, here they are in order of preference:

1. Tales of weird mystery--Merritt's "Moon Pool" and his others; Taine's "White Lily."

2. Interplanetary Adventure--"A Columbus of Space," by Serviss; "The Skylark of Space," by Smith.

3. "Different stories," that defy classification, based on new ideas of science--most of Wells' short stories are examples. 4. Detective, Fourth Dimension, and air adventure--only well done.--Jack Williamson, Box 661 Canyon, Texas.

A Brick or Two

Dear Editor:

For the last three years we have been reading any and all of the various Science Fiction magazines which have appeared upon the market. We therefore feel that we are as well qualified as anyone to offer the criticism and advice that follows.

First, the stories. We feel that it would be a good idea to get your stories from the same authors whose work has been and is being accepted by the other magazines in this field. In one case you have already done this, and I consider his stories to be the best in each issue. I believe that you will be forced to do this eventually, anyhow, because the people who read this magazine will naturally be readers of the others also, and will therefore, be used to the standards set by those publications. Then, you should have someone who is well qualified to pass upon the science in the stories.

Second, the cover design and the pictures at the beginning of each story. Up to this time the cover and inside pictures have contained many mistakes. The cover of the March issue was especially atrocious. In the first place a voyager in outer space would find it jet black and studded with stars, instead of blue and apparently empty, except for a few tremendously oversize planets, a moon with entirely too many craters, and a total eclipse of the sun with a very much distorted corona visible beside the earth. Illustrations by your cover artist also appear in another publication, but these are much superior to the ones in Astounding Stories. Here also a scientific advisor would be welcome.

Third, I think it would be a good idea to have a department in which readers could write their opinions of the stories and suggest improvements in the conduct of the magazine.

Fourth, I think there should be a scientific editorial in each issue by some eminent scientist. This is also a feature in the other magazines.

We hope that you take these criticisms and suggestions, as they were offered, in good faith. We also hope that the circulation will increase as the magazine becomes better.--George L. Williams and Harry Heillisan, 5714 Howe St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

"_Wonderful_"

Dear Editor:

I received your magazine last week, Astounding Stories, and I think it is wonderful. I am very glad that I subscribed for it. I can hardly wait to get the latest one which I hoped to receive to-day and was very much disappointed when it did not arrive. I hope you will consider a quarterly or at least an annual in the near future.

I wish you success with this magazine, and hope you will forgive my writing you so often in reference to your magazine--Louis Wentzler, 1935, Woodbine St., Brooklyn, New York.

--_But We Made Our Bow Only Last January!_

Dear Editor:

Last month my boy brought one copy of this magazine home, and I want to ask you if you would send me the copies from last January, 1929, up to December, 1929. If you charge no more than $3.00 would you send them C. O. D.? Do you have the issues for 1928, too?

I never knew there was a magazine like that on the market. I never bought one because most of them are no good, and when one has children one has to be doubly careful.

But this magazine is just right. No silly love stories and mushy stuff in them. It sure keeps your mind from unpleasant things. We can get them from the newsstand but I would like to subscribe for them.

Keep up the good work and please send me the last year's copies and let me know if I could get 1928, too.--Mrs. M. Ristan, 4684, No. Broadway, Denver, Colorado.

"_Best One Yet_"

Dear Editor:

The April issue is the best one you have put out yet. Arthur J. Burks is GOOD. I hope to see much of him in the future. "Brigands of the Moon," by Ray Cummings, is getting better with each instalment. The stories of Dr. Bird are always interesting. I would like to see one in each issue, if you could arrange for it.

As long as the other readers like the size of Astounding stories, I will, too, but please cut all edges smooth like the latest issue of Five Novels Monthly. I would like to see a full-page illustration with each story, and if possible by Wesso.

I am glad that you are starting another serial in the May issue of Astounding Stories. I like serials and I hope that you will always have two in each issue.

Your schedule for the May issue looks good, and I'm sure it will be, with such authors as Murray Leinster, Victor Rousseau, Ray Cummings, Harl Vincent and Sewell P. Wright.

I am still waiting for a different colored cover.--Jack Darrow, 4225, N. Spaulding Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

An Enthusiastic Reader

Dear Editor:

As a reader of long standing of Science Fiction I feel I am qualified to make some remarks and give my opinion of the wonderful Astounding Stories magazine lately put out. Although I read three other Science Fiction magazines none of them have aroused in me such a wonderful enthusiasm as Astounding Stories. Before I forget it I want to mention that I read two quarterlies also.

The reason, or rather reasons, for my enthusiasm I will now enumerate. (1) The stories are wonderful. (2) The binding is very strong and efficient. (3) The print is just right, and soothing to the eyes of one who reads much. The paper is good, and the size and price of the magazine is just right. The covers are excellent, and with the addition of "The Readers' Corner" the magazine becomes absolutely perfect. Truly a wonderful start. See that it is kept up. The only thing that can still spoil the magazine is poor stories. Science Fiction stories that contain no science.

In "Vampires of Venus" the plot was rather weak. Even if the Venerians knew nothing of entomology, they should have brains enough to get rid of the vampires the way Leslie Larner did without having to call an Earthman to help them. Another thing: the Venerians kept only insects that were not harmful to the crops. On Earth there are such insects who help the farmer by eating harmful insects. If the harmful insects were exterminated--an almost impossible and gigantic task--the harmless insects would change their diet and become harmful too. And it seems funny, too, that such a highly civilized planet as Venus should still depend on domesticated animals for food, drink and clothing instead of manufacturing what they need synthetically.

The April cover on your magazine was wonderful.

Before I close I wish to say a word about the Science Correspondence Club of which I am a proud member. There is little to say, however, after reading Conrad Ruppert's letter in the April issue. The membership has increased to over 300 now, numbering among them quite a number of famous scientists and authors. All I can say is that I hope every scientifically inclined person of whatever nationality, creed, color or sex they may be, will join this wonderful and rapidly progressing club. I will now close thanking the publishers of Astounding Stories for issuing such a wonderful magazine--Stan Osowski, E2, Railroad St., Central Falls, R. I.

But--Conniston Was An Impostor!

Dear Editor:

I read with interest Mr. Ray Cummings' story, "Brigands of the Moon," in the March number of Astounding Stories. The tale was a worthy one from the pen of so clever a writer. I do think, however, that the author might have left out the point about Sir Arthur Conniston, an English gentleman, turning traitor. This sort of thing is hardly calculated to bring about a friendly feeling between England and America, the two greatest countries in the world. I have the greatest admiration for the United States, and though we may have a little fun at each other's expense, there is no ill feeling meant, but I really hope you will not publish any other story like that one.--An Englishman, Montreal, Canada.

Likes the Romance

Dear Editor:

I have just finished my second copy of Astounding Stories and I wish to say I have enjoyed every story.

For some time I have been a reader of Science Fiction, but none will compare to Astounding Stories. These stories seem to have the proper amount of romance in them to make them really interesting, and it adds the proper touch.

I have no criticism to make. May I wish you a great success with this magazine--Frank I. Sontag, 825 Prescott Ave., Scranton, Pa.

High Praise

Dear Editor:

Allow me to congratulate you upon the establishment of "The Readers' Corner." I do not know which was the first issue of your delightful magazine, but I have been buying it regularly for quite a few months.

I may not be an experienced critic, but it can be easily seen by anyone that this magazine is one of the best on sale. I, for one, enjoy your stories more than any other stories I have ever read.

I have just finished the second part of the four-part serial entitled "Brigands of the Moon." I thing Ray Cummings is the best author I have ever met up with in stories. The drawings are fine, the print is excellent, but I think the paper could be improved. But by no means change the size of your little magazine. The size is just right.

In your April issue I read in "The Readers' Corner" about a Science Correspondence Club. Believe me when I say I'm sending immediately for an application blank. I think the idea of this club is excellent.

Truly you have contributed a great gift to Science Fiction readers in offering this magazine to the receptive public.--Theodore L. Page, 2361 Los Angeles Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

"_Don't Do It!_"

Dear Editor:

This afternoon I saw Astounding Stories for the first time and immediately grabbed a copy, as I have read others of the Clayton group, and moreover am a Science Fiction fan.

The newsstand has no back numbers, and I simply must have the March 1930 issue, as I wish to read "Brigands of the Moon," so here is 25¢, in stamps to cover purchase price and cost of mailing me a copy of that issue.

Have you a complete file since Vol. 1, No. 1? If so, what is the cost including charges? I'm sorry that I missed this magazine before, but you can rest assured that I'll miss no more.

In the "Readers' Corner" I notice a call from Stephen Takacs for a change in size. DON'T DO IT! The size and shape are O. K., and to make it the awkward size of most magazines (including two of the Science Fiction magazines that I am now a confirmed reader of), would not improve it a bit.

You have two of my favorite authors in the April number; no, I see it is three--Burks, Cummings and Meek. They are O. K., but don't forget a few others, such as Burroughs, Verrill, Hamilton, Coblentz, Keller, Quinn, Williamson, Leinster, Repp, Vincent, Flagg--oh, why continue; you certainly know all the good authors of OUR kind of fiction; try them all. Of course, the other Science Fiction magazines that I take are full of stories by my favorites, but you can get stories by them too.

From this one issue that I have read I can see only praise for your publication. Here's to a long life and a happy one.

Don't forget to send me the March issue as fast as the mail can get it here--Robert J. Hyatt, 1353 Kenyon St., N. W., Washington D. C.

"_Worst Ever Read_"

Dear Editor:

Since you invite criticism as well as praise, I am impelled to state that by far the worst story I ever read in any Science Fiction magazine was "Vampires of Venus," by Anthony Pelcher, which appeared in your April issue. It was so idiotic, so flat and inane, that it might have passed for a burlesque rather than a straight story, were it not painfully evident that the author was serious. The yarn was unworthy of Astounding Stories and did not belong in this magazine.

The other stories, except for an amateurish attempt called "The Man Who Was Dead," were deeply engrossing and of unusual merit.--Sears Langell, 1214 Boston Road, New York.

"_The Readers' Corner_"

All Readers are extended a sincere and cordial invitation to "come over in 'The Readers' Corner'" and join in our monthly discussion of stories, authors, scientific principles and possibilities--everything that's of common interest in connection with our Astounding Stories.

Although from time to time the Editor may make a comment or so, this is a department primarily for _Readers_, and we want you to make full use of it. Likes, dislikes, criticisms, explanations, roses, brickbats, suggestions--everything's welcome here; so "come over in 'The Readers' Corner'" and discuss it with all of us!

--_The Editor._

* * * * *

==========

Untitled

Unknown

Project Gutenberg Release: April 20, 2010 · eBook #32066

The Fundamental Principles

Of

Old and New World Civilizations

A Comparative Research Based on a Study of the Ancient Mexican Religious, Sociological, and Calendrical Systems.

By

Zelia Nuttall

Honorary Special Assistant of the Peabody Museum; Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science; Member of the Philosophical Society, Philadelphia; Honorary Member of the Archaeological Association, Univ. of Pennsylvania; Corresponding Member of the Antiquarian and Numismatic Society of Philadelphia; of the Anthropological Society of Washington; of the Societá Italiana d'Antropologia; of the Société de Géographie de Genève; of the Sociedad Cientifico "Antonio Alzate," Mexico; and of the Société des Américanistes de Paris.

Archaeological and Ethnological Papers

Of The

Peabody Museum

Harvard University

Vol. II.

Cambridge, Mass.

Peabody Museum of American Archaeology and Ethnology.

March, 1901.

CONTENTS

Editorial Note. Author's Preface. The Fundamental Principles Of Old And New World Civilizations. Appendix I. Comparative Table of some Quechua, Nahuatl and Maya Words. Appendix II. A Prayer-meeting of the Star-worshippers. Appendix III. Comparative Lists of Words. Index. Note. Footnotes

EDITORIAL NOTE.

The author of this volume explains in her preface how she came to be led beyond her special field of research into a comparative study of the early civilizations of the Old World; and how she traced the origin of the swastika, in Mexico, to an astronomical source and, in all countries alike, found its use as a sacred symbol accompanied by evidences of a certain phase of culture based on pole-star worship, and the recognition of the fixed laws of nature, which found expression in the ideal of celestial kingdoms or states organized on a set numerical plan and regulated by the apparent revolutions of circumpolar constellations.

The results of the author's researches seem to justify her summary of conclusions; but she distinctly states that she does not wish to propound any theory. She invites further study and discussion by Orientalists and Americanists before drawing final conclusions from the facts she has gathered. The publication of this paper will open anew the consideration of pre-Columbian visits to the New World, shown, as many have believed, by identities too many and too close to be considered as mere resemblances or as the natural results of independent intellectual development.

The illustrations are nearly all from drawings by the author. The analytical Index has been prepared by Miss Mead. It will be seen, by the numbering at the bottom of each page, that it was at first intended to include this paper in Volume I of the Archaeological and Ethnological Papers of the Museum; but the addition of the text relating to the Old World made too bulky a volume, and it is therefore issued as Volume II of the series.

To Mrs. Nuttall for the gift of her work, the results of years of research, and to the several generous friends who have provided the means for publishing this volume, the editor expresses his gratitude in behalf of the Museum.

F. W. PUTNAM, Curator of the Peabody Museum. Harvard University, March 1, 1901.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

In February, 1898, while engaged upon the translation and commentary of the anonymous Hispano Mexican MS. of the Biblioteca Nazionale Centrale Library, of Florence, my interest was suddenly and unexpectedly diverted from my self-imposed task by the circumstances described in the opening pages of the present publication.

Laying my work aside, as I then supposed, for a few days only, I seized the new thread of investigation with a keen and enthusiastic interest, little knowing that it, in turn, was not only to hold me fast for nearly three years, but was to lead me out of my original field of research, into distant, and to me, hitherto untrodden realms, in close pursuit of facts relating to the oldest forms of religion, social organization, and symbolism.

The first portion of the present publication was planned as a short monograph of forty-one pages, treating of the origin of the native swastika or cross symbols, and was written in July, 1898, its outcome being the unforeseen conclusion that the cosmical conceptions of the ancient Mexicans were identical with those of the Zuñis. I next traced the same fundamental set of ideas in Yucatan, Central America and Peru and formed the wish to add this investigation to the preceding. The result has been the portion of the work extending from page 41, paragraph 2, to page 284, which was printed in 1899.

Having once launched into a course of comparative research, the deep interest I have always taken in the question of Asiatic contact led me to carry my investigation of the same subject into China. It then seemed impossible not to extend researches from Eastern to Western Asia, and from Asia Minor to Egypt, Greece, Rome and Western Europe. It is in this unpremeditated way that the scope of the present investigation enlarged itself of its own accord, for the simple reason that the most interesting and precious facts fell into my way as I advanced and all I had to do was to pick them up and add them to my collection of evidence.

One serious disadvantage, arising from the circumstance that the present investigation has been in press for nearly three years, is my inability to make any alteration, amendment, or addition, in the earlier portions, which stand as written at different times. It is a matter of regret to me that I was not acquainted with O'Neil's "Night of the Gods" and Hewitt's "Ruling Races of Prehistoric Times," at an earlier stage of my investigation, as through them my publication would have been enriched by many valuable additions which I could have incorporated in the body of my work without unduly sacrificing its unity of form.

In the line of Maya investigation notable advances have been made since I wrote (on page 221), about the "septenary set of signs" described by Mr. A. P. Maudslay in 1886, and about the inscription on the tablet of the Temple of the Cross at Palenque (pp. 237-39). Since that time an important publication on the Tablet of the Cross, to which I should have liked to refer, has been issued by the much esteemed Nestor of Maya investigations, Herr Geheimrath Dr. Förstemann. My attention has also been drawn by the best versed of American students of the Maya Codices, Mr. Charles P. Bowditch, to the fact that Mr. Maudslay now recognizes the general recurrence of an eighth sign in combination with the septenary group, causing this to consist of an initial glyph, followed by seven instead of six signs. Referring the reader to pp. 221 and 222, I point out that the employment of an initial glyph, representing the synopsis of a whole, followed by seven signs, appears even more strongly to corroborate my view that the inhabitants of Copan were acquainted with the septenary, cosmical division I have traced.

My fellow archaeologists will understand the disadvantage of issuing an investigation partly written a few years previously, and will realize that, had I, at the outset, been in possession of all the facts I have since learned, the present work would have been very differently planned and executed. On the other hand, as it partakes somewhat of the nature of a log-book, the reader is able to follow closely my blundering course, and will recognize and appreciate some of its perils and difficulties. It being, unfortunately, impossible to re-write the book. I shall have to be resigned to incur some criticism and blame for omissions, which could have been averted. I shall, however, be content if my prolonged study of ancient Mexican archaeology and the present research open out new

lines of investigation, and conclusively prove that primitive cross-symbols and the swastika are universally accompanied by vestiges of a certain set of cosmical conceptions and schemes of organization, which can be traced back to an original pole-star worship. I can but think that the material I have collected will also lead to a recognition that the rôle of the Phœnicians, as intermediaries of ancient civilization, was greater than has been supposed, and that it is imperative that future research be devoted to a fresh study and examination of those indications which appear to show that America must have been intermittently colonized by the intermediation of Mediterranean seafarers.

To me the most interesting result of the present investigation is the fact that, having once started on an unpremeditated course of study, I found an unsuspected wealth of material and finally attained one main, totally undreamed-of conclusion, concerning the law governing the evolution of religion and civilization. This leads me to think that, as I groped in darkness, searching for light, I unwittingly struck the true key-note of that great universal theme which humanity, with a growing perception of existing, universal harmony, has ever been striving to seize and incorporate into their lives. The fact that many of the transcriptions of the original harmony have been and are discordant, and that they temporarily obscure, instead of rendering, its sublime grandeur, unity and noble simplicity, appears as the inevitable result of the mental activity, ingenuity and creative imagination to which mankind also owes its intellectual and spiritual progress.

In conclusion I regret my inability to express adequately my grateful appreciation of the unfailing loyalty of those true friends, in particular Prof. F. W. Putnam, who, trusting in the earnestness of my purpose and endeavor, have constantly encouraged and cheered me as they patiently awaited the long-delayed completion of my work.

Z. N. CAMBRIDGE, MASS., DECEMBER 31, 1900.

THE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF OLD AND NEW WORLD CIVILIZATIONS.

One evening, in February, 1898, I left my desk and, stepping to the window, looked out at Polaris and the circumpolar region of the sky, with a newly awakened and eager interest.

For thirteen years I had been studying and collecting material with the hope of obtaining some understanding of the calendar, religion and cosmogony of the ancient Mexicans, but had hitherto purposely refrained from formulating or expressing any conclusions on the latter subjects having felt unable to extract a clear and satisfactory understanding of the native beliefs from the chaotic mass of accumulated data under which they lay like the ruin of an ancient temple. Though frequently discouraged, I had, however, never ceased to pursue my research and to note carefully the slightest indication or suggestion which might prove of ultimate value. Becoming utterly absorbed in the collection of such notes, I found no time to publish anything during the past four years, though realizing, with regret, that those interested in my work might be disappointed at my delay in issuing the papers announced, in 1894, as speedily forthcoming. Slowly but steadily, however, I was gaining ground. Various excursions along new lines of research increased my experience and, in crossing and re-crossing the field of ancient Mexico, I frequently had occasion to observe certain familiar landmarks, from a new point of view, and illuminated by rays of fresh light proceeding from recently acquired sources. It was remarkable how often facts, which had seemed so hopelessly complicated, finally appeared to be quite simple and comprehensible. This was noticeably the case with the Aztec deities which, for years, had seemed to me as numberless. After closely studying their respective symbols, attributes and names, during several consecutive months, and subjecting them to a final minute analysis, I found that their number dwindled in a remarkable way and also verified the truth of the statement made by the anonymous author of the Biblioteca Nazionale manuscript which I was editing, that the Mexicans painted one and the same god under a different aspect “with different colours,” according to the various names they gave him in each instance.

It was particularly interesting to find that, in assuming that certain names designated different native deities, the early Spanish writers had committed a mistake as great as though someone, reading the litany of the Virgin in a Catholic prayer-book, for the first time, inferred that it was a series of invocations addressed to distinct divinities, amongst whom figured the “morning star,” a “mirror of justice,” and a “mystical rose,” etc. An examination of the texts of several native prayers preserved, established that the Mexicans addressed their prayers to a supreme Creator and ruler, whom they termed “invisible, incomprehensible and impalpable,” and revered as “the father and mother of all.” Some of their so-called idols were, after all, either attempts to represent in objective form, the attributes of the divine power, the forces of nature, the elements, etc., or rebus figures. As these “gods” or “idols” are enumerated farther on and are exhaustively treated in my commentary of the Biblioteca Nazionale manuscript, now in press, it suffices for my present purpose merely to mention here that the most mysterious figure of Mexican cosmogony, Tezcatlipoca,

whose symbolical name literally means “shining mirror,” proved to be identical with Mictlantecuhtli, the lord of the underworld, whose title may also be interpreted as “the ruler or regent of the North,” since Mictlampa is the name of this cardinal point.

The Codex Fuenleal (Anales del Museo Nacional, Mexico, tomo II, p. 88) preserves an important myth relating how Tezcatlipoca, after having been the sun, was cast down from this supreme position by Huitzilopochtli, “descended to the water,” but had arisen again in the shape of an ocelot, and transformed himself into the constellation of Ursa Major.

According to Sahagun the native name of this star-group was Citlal-Colotl or “star scorpion.” Reference to Nahuatl dictionaries revealed that this insect had doubtlessly been named colotl on account of its habit of recurving its tail when enraged.

The Nahuatl verb coloa means, to bend over or twist something, the adjective coltic is applied to something bent over or recurved. The noun colotli, which is almost identical with colotl, means “the cross-beams, the mounting, branch or handle of a cross” (“armadura de manga de cruz.” See Molina’s dictionary).

The above facts show that the idea underlying the name for Ursa Major is primarily that of “something bent over or recurved.” It is obvious that the form of the constellation answers to this description. It is, moreover, extremely significant to find, in the Maya language also, a certain resemblance between the words for scorpion and for a cross. This, in Maya, is zin-che and that for a scorpion is zin-au. The above data justify the induction that the native conception of a cross was connected with the idea of its arms being bent over or recurved, as in the Mexican calendar-swastika.

It is important to find the scorpion figured as one of several symbols of Mictlantecuhtli, the lord of the North, in his sculptured effigy preserved at the National Museum of Mexico (fig. 19).

It is more significant that the verb coloa, besides meaning “to bend over or twist something,” also expressed the action “of describing or performing a circle by walking around something.” Now this is precisely what Tezcatlipoca (the Ursa Major) is represented as doing on page 77 of the B.N. manuscript, since he figures there, surrounded by a circle of footsteps. I could but note that this fact showed that the name of Colotl, applied to the constellation, was not incompatible with its identification with Tezcatlipoca. Once my attention had been drawn to the action of walking, performed by this god, I naturally considered, with fresh interest, the peculiar fact that he is usually represented with one foot only. The circumstances under which he had been deprived of this member are set forth in several of the Codices wherein we see that, after he “descended to the water,” he had an encounter with an alligator, who had viciously bitten off his foot and carried it away. (See Féjérvary Codex, pp. 3 and 74. Vatican, II, p. 74.) Pictures representing Tezcatlipoca, after this event, display the broken end of the tibia exposed and the transverse section of the bone forming a ring, usually painted either white or red. Special pains seem to have been taken to accentuate the hollowness of the bone ring, since its centre is usually painted blue, the symbolical color of air, and conventionalized puffs of breath or air are shown as issuing from it (fig. 1). In some cases, as on the sculptured monolith called “the Stone of Tizoc,” these symbols of breath, issuing from the broken tibia, are figured in such a way that modern writers, ignoring what they were meant to represent, were led to identify them as some animal’s tail attached to the foot of the deity. The hollow circle and puffs of air, constantly associated with the god, frequently figure as his ear ornament when his broken tibia is concealed (fig. 2, no. 3). Besides certain fanciful interpretations which have been given to this symbol, it has been explained as being a hieroglyph conveying the name Tezcatlipoca, and consisting of an obsidian mirror=tezcatl, and smoke=poctli. A possible objection to this assertion might be that in Mexican pictography, the mirror is invariably represented as jet-black, in a white or red frame. In the Codex Telleriano Remensis, a combination of symbols (of water, fire and a serpent) are figured as issuing from the base of the bone (fig. 1, nos. 5, 6). Having taken particular pains to collect all representations of the footless god, I was specially interested in one (Féjérvary, p. 1) in which he is figured as standing on the cross-shaped symbol ollin, the accepted meaning of which is Four Movements. The most remarkable and puzzling picture I found, however, is that (fig. 1, no. 2) in which the jaws of a tecpatl, the symbol of the North, are represented as holding one of Tezcatlipoca’s ankles in a tight grip and practically fastening him thus to the centre of a diagonal cross. In this and other pictures (Codex Féjérvary, 41, 43 and 96) it is obvious that the artists had endeavored to convey the idea of a person permanently attached to one spot by one foot. The only form of locomotion possible to him would be to describe a circle by hobbling on one foot around the other, which would serve as an axis or pivot. The association of this peculiarity with the symbols of the North impressed me deeply and involuntarily caused me to think of a title bestowed in the Codex Fuenleal upon the supreme divinity, namely, “The Wheel of the Winds;” as well as of an expression employed by Tezozomoc (Cronica, p. 574). Referring to the constellations revered by the natives, he mentions “the North and its wheel.”

[Illustration.]

Figure 1

Realizing that some definite and important meaning must underlie the remarkable representations of Tezcatlipoca, I resorted to all possible means to gain an understanding of them. Referring to Nahuatl dictionaries, I found a variety of synonymous names for a person who limped or was lame or maimed. Amongst them was Popoztequi from poztequi, the verb, “to break a leg.” Other names were xopuztequi, xotemol and Icxipuztequi (icxitl=foot). The latter name happened to be familiar to me, for the commentator of the Vatican Codex, Padre Rios, gives it as the name of a god and translates it as “the lame devil.” He records it immediately after Mictlantecuhtli, the lord of the North, and designates it as the name of one of the four principal and primitive gods of the Mexicans.

The commentator of the Telleriano-Remensis Codex, moreover, records that these four gods were “said to have been stars and had fallen from the heavens. At the present time there are stars in the firmament named after them” (Kingsborough, vol. v, pp. 132 and 162).

Other synonymous terms for lame persons were icxinecuiltic and xonecuiltic. Tzimpuztequi, on the other hand, besides meaning lame, also signified something crooked, bent or incurvated. The second name furnished me with an important clue, for Sahagun distinctly records that the native name for the constellation Ursa Minor was Xonecuilli and that it was figured as an S (Historia, 1. VII, cap. 3). Besides, the Academia MS. of his monumental work contains the native drawing of this star-group reproduced as fig. 16, no. 1. He also states that S-shaped loaves of bread named xonecuilli were made at a certain festival in honor of this constellation, while the B.N. MS. records that a peculiar recurved weapon, figured in the hands of deities, was named xonequitl (fig. 16, nos. 2 and 3).

The above data furnished me with indisputable evidence of the existence, in ancient Mexico, of a species of star cult connected with the circumpolar constellations and with Tezcatlipoca, the lord of the North, the central figure of the native cosmogony. It was puzzling to find this god connected not only with the Ursa Major but also with Ursa Minor, but an indication suggesting a possible explanation or reconciliation of these apparent inconsistencies is furnished by the descriptions of the strange ritual performance, which was annually repeated at the festival Tlacaxipehualiztli and was evidently the dramatization of a sacred myth.

As an illustration and a description of this rite are contained in the B.N. MS. and the subject is fully treated in my commentary, I shall but allude here to its salient features. It represented a mortal combat between a prisoner, attached by a short piece of cord to the centre of a large circular stone, and five warriors, who fought him singly. The fifth, who was masked as an ocelot and always obtained victory in the unequal contest, fought with his left hand, being “left-handed,” a peculiarity ascribed to Huitzilopochtli. It was he who subsequently wore the skin of the flayed victim, an action which obviously symbolized a metamorphosis. One point is obvious: this drama exhibits the victor as a warrior who was able to circumscribe the stone freely and was masked as an ocelot—Tezcatlipoca—the Ursa Major, but was endowed, at the same time, with the left-handedness identified with Huitzilopochtli. This mythical personage vanquishes and actually wears the skin of the man attached to the stone; becomes his embodiment, in point of fact, and obtains the supremacy for which he had fought so desperately. In the light shed by the Codex Fuenleal, before cited, it was easy to see that the entire performance dramatized the mythical combat between Tezcatlipoca and Huitzilopochtli for the position of the ruling power, in the heavens—the sun. At the same time it was decidedly puzzling to find celestial supremacy personified by a man, firmly fastened to one spot, the centre of a stone circle. It was impossible not to perceive the identity of thought underlying the representation of this prisoner and the pictures of Tezcatlipoca, the one-footed or lame god—Xonecuilli the Ursa Minor. It was moreover of extreme interest to note the existence of traditional records, preserved in the native myths, of changes in the relative positions of celestial bodies and of the Ursa Major in particular.

Whilst dwelling upon the striking analogy existing between the representations of Tezcatlipoca held fast by the symbol of the North and the prisoner attached to what is described either as “a temalacatl, stone whorl” or “an image of the sun,” my gaze fell on a small model of the calendar-stone of Mexico, hanging above my desk, and rested on the symbol Ollin in its centre. The learned director of the National Museum of Mexico, Señor Troncoso (Anales del Museo Nacional, vol. II), had expressed his view that this symbol was an actual figurative representation of the annual apparent movements of the sun, and recorded its positions at the solstitial and equinoctial periods. I had, moreover, submitted a drawing of this same figure to the eminent English astronomer, Prof. Norman Lockyer, and he had corroborated this view and established its correctness. On the other hand, I had long noted that the _Ollin_ was usually figured with an eye, the symbol for star, in its centre (fig. 2, nos. 1, 3), and had also paid particular attention to the fact that the Mexicans had conceived the ideas of two suns, a young day sun and an ancient night or black sun. In the B. N. MS., on the mantas worn at their respective festivals, the day sun is depicted in a somewhat fanciful manner, in blue and red on a white field. The black sun is, however, represented in classical style, so to speak, as on the sculptured calendar-stone, with four larger and four

smaller V-shaped rays issuing from it. In this connection it is well to recall here that the Mexicans had no specific name for the sun, beyond _Tonatiuh_, which merely means “that which sheds light” and could equally apply to the stars. In the picture-writings the image of the sun was employed to convey the word _Teotl_. But we find that this word, assumed to be equivalent to their “Dios” by the Spaniards, was also a reverential title bestowed upon chieftains and superiors and was constantly employed in the composition of words to signify something divine, supremely beautiful, etc. Whilst I was pondering on the possibility that the symbol _Ollin_ might have represented the movements of the luminaries of night as well as the orb of day, my attention became fixed upon the four numerals in each of the ends of the symbol and I was struck by a certain resemblance between their positions and those of the four stars which form the body of the bear in the constellation of Ursa Major. It was then that it occurred to me, as mentioned in the opening sentence of this introduction, to look at the familiar constellations, with a view to verifying the resemblance noted above. As my gaze sought “the pointers” in Ursa Major, and then mechanically turned to Polaris, I thought of some passages I had recently re-read, in Professor Lockyer’s Dawn of Astronomy, realizing that his observations, dealing with the latitude 26° (taking Thebes as representing Egypt), could equally apply to Mexico as this country stretches from latitude 15° to 31°.

[Illustration.]

Figure 2

“The moment primitive man began to observe anything, he must have taken note of the stars, and as soon as he began to talk about them he must have started by defining, in some way or other, the particular star he meant.... Observers would first consider the brightest stars and separate them from the dimmer ones; they would then discuss the stars which never set (the circumpolar constellations) and separate them from those which did rise and set. Then they would naturally, in a northern clime, choose out the constellation of the Great Bear or Orion, and for small groups, the Pleiades (_op. cit._ p. 132).... A few years’ observation would have appeared to demonstrate the absolute changelessness of the places of the rising and setting of the same stars. It is true that this result would have been found to be erroneous when a long period of time had elapsed and when observation became more accurate, but for hundreds of years the stars would certainly appear to represent fixity, while the movements of the sun, moon and planets would seem to be bound by no law ... would appear erratic, so long as the order of their movements was not known.”

The reflection that Ursa Major was probably the first constellation which made any deep impression upon the mind of prehistoric man in America, as elsewhere, lent an additional interest to the star-group, as I concentrated my mind upon its form and endeavored to imagine it in four equidistant positions, corresponding to the numerals in the symbol _Ollin_ of the calendar-stone of Mexico (fig. 2, no. 2).

I succeeded in obtaining, in succession, mental images of the constellation in four opposite positions. This effort led to an unforeseen result which surprised me. In a flash of mental vision I perceived a quadrupled image of the entire constellation, standing out in scintillating brilliancy from the intense darkness of the wintry sky (fig. 3, no. 3). At the same moment I saw that it bore the semblance of a symmetrical swastika of giant proportions. This fact, so unexpectedly realized, gave rise to such an absorbing train of new ideas and interpretations of the data I had accumulated, that I left my window, on that memorable night, with a growing perception of the deep and powerful influence the prolonged observation of Polaris and the circumpolar constellations would naturally have exerted upon the mind of primitive man. Deeply impressed with the striking resemblance between the composite image of Polaris, Ursa Major, and certain forms of the swastika, I started on a fresh line of investigation, and devoted myself to the study of primitive astronomy and its influence upon the intellectual development of mankind in general and the American races in particular. After having worked, during thirteen years, without any preconceived ideas about the ancient Mexican civilization and without formulating any general conclusion concerning it, I saw all the knowledge I had slowly acquired fall into rank and file and organize itself into a simple and harmonious whole.

[Illustration.]

Figure 3

Realizing this I perceived how, with the origin of the swastika, I had found the origin of the set of primeval ideas which had governed the human race from its infancy and which, in Mexican and Central American civilizations, ultimately developed into their ingenious system of government and social organization.

[Illustration.]

Plate I. Chart of the Polar Constellations. I: Just After Sunset. II: Midnight. III: Just Before Sunrise.

[Illustration.]

Plate II. Various Forms of the Swastika.

[Illustration.]

Figure 4

The sequel to the above episode was that, with the aid of my movable star-chart, I made the following notes of the apparent positions of the circumpolar constellations at the times of sunrise, midnight and sunset, choosing the periods of the solstices and equinoxes in order to obtain an exact division of the year (pl. I). Whilst studying these I realized that the midnight position was the only stable one, since the actual visibility of the constellations before dawn and after dusk would be subject to considerable variation, according to seasons, latitudes and atmospherical conditions. Having noted these positions, I next combined them separately, obtaining the remarkable results given in fig. 4. The combined midnight positions of the Ursa Major or Minor, at the four divisions of the year, yielded symmetrical swastikas, the forms of which were identical with the different types of swastika or cross-symbols (the normal, ogee and volute, etc.), which have come down to us from remote antiquity and are reproduced here for comparison (pl. II, _a-f_). Reflection showed me that such composite pictures of the Ursa constellations constituted an exact record of their annual rotation, and afforded a perfect sign for the period of a year. I moreover perceived how the association of rotatory motion with the advance of time, and its division into fixed periods or cycles, would be the natural outcome of the recognition of the annual rotation of the star-groups.

The Calendar-Swastika, or cross of ancient Mexico (pl. II, _g_) constitutes an absolute proof of the native association of the cross-symbol with the ideas of rotatory motion and the progress of time, and furnishes an indication that, in an analogous manner, the swastika may have been primarily and generally employed by primitive races, as a sign for a year or cycle. A close scrutiny of the respective forms of the crosses yielded by Ursæ Major and Minor shows that the normal swastika and suavastika may be explained as the separate representations of the two constellations—the angular break in the outline of Ursa Major suggesting the direction of the bend to the right of the arms of the normal swastika, whilst the form of Ursa Minor obviously suggests the bend to the left which is characteristic of the suavastika.

[Illustration.]

Figure 5

My growing conviction that the Bear constellations had furnished the archetype of the different forms of swastika and cross-symbols, found subsequent support when I referred to the map showing the geographical distribution of the ancient symbol published by Prof. Thomas Wilson in his valuable and comprehensive monograph on the subject,(1) to which I am indebted for much information and several illustrations (pl. II, _a-f_, etc.). The map, reproduced here (fig. 5), proves that, with two exceptions, which can be attributed to a migration southward, the employment of the swastika has been confined to the northern hemisphere, _i. e._, precisely to that portion of our globe from which the circumpolar constellations are visible.

[Illustration.]

Figure 6. Star-Map, Representing The Precessional Movement Of The Celestial Pole From The Year 4000 B.C. To The Year 2000 A.D. (_From Piazzi Smyth_.)

The interesting possibility of being able to determine, approximately, the date in the world’s history when the swastika began to be employed as a symbol, next occurred to me. Piazzi Smyth’s star-map, discussed and reproduced in Professor Lockyer’s work already cited (fig. 6), illustrates the changes of direction of the earth’s axis in space, which gives rise to what is called the precession of the equinoxes and has a cycle of something like 25,000 or 26,000 years. Reference to this star-map (fig. 6) proved that the observations, leading to the adoption of the swastika as a symbol, could not possibly have been made until after Ursa Major had become circumpolar, about 4,000 B.C. At that period, when Draconis was the pole-star, the circle described about it by Ursa Major was considerably closer than it is at present. The accompanying illustrations (fig. 7), subject to correction, demonstrate the relative distance of the constellation about 2,770 B.C., 1,800 B.C., and 2,000 A.D., and show how much more strikingly impressive the polar region of the heavens was in remote antiquity.

[Illustration.]

Figure 7.

Let us now briefly review some of the ideas which would naturally suggest themselves to the mind of the primitive observer, after he had recognized the apparent immovability of the polar-star, concentrated his attention upon this feature, and contrasted it with the varying motions of all other celestial bodies in general and with the rotation of the circumpolar star-groups in particular.

This recognition would lead to his gradually learning to utilize Polaris as a means of ascertaining direction. His appreciation of valuable guidance rendered in perilous wanderings would develop feelings of trust, dependence and gratitude towards the one changeless star which permanently rendered valuable services and under whose guidance difficult and essential nocturnal expeditions could be safely undertaken. Superiority and, eventually, extensive supernatural power would more and more be attributed to it, as knowledge was gained of the laws of motion from which it alone seemed to be exempt. This exemption would cause it to be viewed as superior to all other heavenly bodies and even to the sun, and it is easy to see how this idea, becoming predominant, might cause the cult of the pole-star to disestablish an organized sun-cult amongst some tribes. Historical evidence, to which I shall revert more fully proves, indeed, that a native American ruler and reformer actually employed the following reasoning in order to convert his council and people from the worship of the sun to that of a superior divinity which could have been no other but Polaris: “It is not possible that the sun should be the God who created all things, for if so he would sometimes rest and light up the whole world from one spot. Thus it cannot be otherwise but that there is someone who directs him and this truly is the true Creator.”

These words shed a whole flood of light upon primitive religious ideas at an early stage of development. They prove that the association of repose and immovability with the supreme power signified a radical change of thought, based upon prolonged astronomical observation, and indicated intellectual advancement. Attempts to render the new idea objective, to express it and impress it upon the multitude, would naturally end in the production of images of the supernatural power, representing or typifying immovability, changelessness, strength combined with absolute repose.

It is thus rendered evident what a deep significance may be embodied in the rudest images of supernatural beings in attitudes of repose, since a prolonged course of astronomical observation and reasoning may have preceded their production.

Simultaneously with the recognition of Polaris as an immutable centre of axial energy, the rotatory movement of Ursa Major must have excited interest and observation. It was inevitable that star-gazers should gradually recognize a constant agreement between certain positions of Ursa Major and Cassiopeia after dusk for instance, and the annual recurrence of rain, verdure and bountiful food-supplies.

The members of a tribe who, more observant than others, had learned to associate certain positions of these constellations with the seasons and, as a consequence, were able to decide when expeditions to distant localities, in quest of game or fruit, might be successfully undertaken, would naturally assume leadership and command obedience and respect.

The sense of responsibility, superiority and, possibly, rivalry would act upon such individuals as a powerful incentive to further observation and thought and it is evident that, as their mental faculties expanded and one generation transmitted its store of accumulated knowledge to the next, a regular caste of astronomer-leaders would develop, with a tendency to conceal the secrets of their power from the ignorant majority. A broken line, carved on a rock by one of these primitive observers, would have constituted a valuable secret note of the position of Ursa Major on a memorable occasion and would be looked upon as a mystic or magical sign by the uninitiated. A series of such inscriptions might represent the store of astronomical knowledge accumulated by several generations of observers, and it is interesting to recognize that such astronomical records as these were probably the first which men were impelled to perpetuate in a lasting form; since it was absolutely necessary that they should be permanently available for reference at prolonged intervals of time. What is more, the mere fact of being obliged to refer to these inscriptions would cause the astronomers to reside permanently in one locality. The habit of consulting the prophet or oracle before undertaking important steps, involving the welfare of the tribe, would gradually cause the rocks or cavern in which he resided to be invested with a certain sacredness.

It is thus evident that the first men, who rudely scratched the outline of Ursa Major or Minor on a rock, took what was probably one of the most momentous steps in the history of the human race, and it is easy to see how a variety of combinations of circumstances would have led many men, in widely-separated localities and at different periods of the world’s history, to perform precisely the

same action. In some cases, under favorable surroundings, the rudimentary attempt would mark the starting point for a long line of patient observation and study, which would inevitably lead to the creation of centres of intellectual growth, to the association of the different positions of the constellation with the seasons and culminate in the habitual employment of a swastika as the sign for a year, or cycle of time.(2)

The idea of rotation, associated with calendar signs and periods, finds its most striking and convincing exemplification in the following description of the ancient Mexican game “of those who fly,” translated from Clavigero (op. et ed. cit. p. 236). This performance, which furnished a diversion to the Spaniards after the Conquest, had evidently been, originally, connected with religious ideas. “The Indians selected a tall, stout and straight tree, and, lopping off its branches, planted it firmly in the centre of the great square” (which was always situated in the centre of the city and had four roads leading to it from the four quarters). “On the summit they placed a large cylinder of wood, the shape of which was compared by the Spaniards to that of a mortar. Four strong ropes hung from this and supported a square frame composed of four wooden beams. Four other ropes were fastened by one end to the pole itself and wound around it thirteen times. Their loose ends were passed through holes in the middle of each beam and hung from these. Four Indians, masked as eagles or other birds, ascended the pole singly, by means of certain loops of cord, and mounting on the cylinder they performed in this perilous position a few dance-like movements. Each man then attached himself to the loose end of one of the hanging ropes, and then, with a violent jerk and at the same moment, the four men cast themselves into space from their positions on the beams. This simultaneous movement caused the frame and cylinder to revolve and uncoil the ropes to which the men were fastened and these descended to the ground after performing a series of widening circles in the air. Meanwhile a fifth individual, who had mounted the wooden cylinder after the others, stood on this as it revolved, beating a small drum with one hand, whilst he held a banner aloft with the other.” Whilst it is obvious that this peculiar and dangerous performance clearly symbolized axial rotation, typified by the revolving pivot and the four men in aërial motion, its full meaning and intention are only made clear by the following explanation recorded by Clavigero. “The essential point in this game was to calculate so exactly the height of the pole and the length of the ropes, that the men should describe precisely thirteen circles each before reaching the ground, so as to represent the cycle (of 4×13=)52 years.”

This passage constitutes absolute proof that the Mexican Calendar system was intimately associated with axial rotation and ideas such as could only have been derived from observation of Polaris and of the circumpolar constellations. The game itself was a beautiful and well-conceived illustration of the flight of time, typified by the aërial circles performed by the men masked as birds, and of its methodical division into fixed periods.

Leaving the subject of the calendar for the present we must revert to my tables recording the apparent annual and nocturnal axial rotation of the circumpolar constellations.

Whilst studying these the reflection naturally arose, that the people who observed Ursa Major must have paid equal attention to Cassiopeia and noticed that these constellations ever occupied opposite positions to each other as they circled around the pole. Dwelling on the fact that in ancient Mexico Ursa Major was associated with an ocelot, I remembered the many representations in which an ocelot is represented as confronting an eagle, usually in mortal combat. Mexican war-chiefs were classed into two equally honorable grades, designated as the “ocelots and the quauhtlis, _i. e._, eagles.” The constellation of Cassiopeia presents to me, a marked resemblance to the image of a bird with outspread wings, whose head is turned toward Polaris. The fact that when this star-group seems to be above, Ursa Major seems to be below, and _vice versa_, would obviously suggest the idea of an eternal combat between two adversaries who alternately succumbed and resuscitated. It was interesting on reasoning further, to note that once the above idea had taken root it must have been impossible not to associate in course of time, the quadruped and the bird with the elements to which they seemed to pertain, and gradually to conceive the idea of an everlasting antagonism between the powers of the sky and of the earth, or light and darkness, and other opposites which suggested themselves naturally, or were artificially created, by the fertile mind of man. In this connection it should be observed that the mythical adversary of Tezcatlipoca, the ocelot, designated as Ursa Major, is Huitzilopochtli, whose idol, in the Great Temple of Mexico, represented him masked as a hummingbird (see Atlas Duran). The special reason why this bird became associated with the god is explained by the following passage in Gomara (Histoire générale des Indes. Paris, 1584, chap. 96, p. 190): “This bird died, or rather fell asleep in the month of October and remained attached by its feet to a twig. It awakened again in April when the flowers blossomed. For this reason, in the language of the country it is named Huitzitzilin, the resuscitated.” We therefore see that whilst it is stated in the myth that the ocelot arose again after having been cast down from the sky by Huitzilopochtli, the very name of the latter betokened that the bird-god had also only just “resuscitated” from a presumably similar defeat.

[Illustration.]

Figure 8.

As one and the same object may suggest several resemblances at the same time or consecutively, and thus give rise to a group of associations around a single figure, I venture to point out that the zigzag form of Cassiopeia may well have been compared to forked lightning and caused the idea of lightning and thunder to become indissolubly connected with the conception of a great celestial bird. Again there is the possibility that the same star-group may have more strikingly suggested, to other people, the idea of the winding body of a serpent describing a perpetual circle around a central star. In Mexico, as elsewhere, we find the serpent closely associated with the idea of time. It is represented as encircling the calendar wheel published by Clavigero (fig. 8). Four loops, formed of its body, mark the four divisions of the year. Twin serpents, whose heads and tails almost meet, are sculptured around the famous calendar-stone of Mexico. Four serpents whose bent bodies form a large swastika and whose heads are directed towards a central figure, are represented in the Codex Borgia in association with calendar-signs (fig. 9, _cf._ Féjérvary, p. 24). I shall have occasion to refer in detail to Mexican serpent-symbolism further on.

Meanwhile I would submit the interesting results obtained on combining the positions apparently assumed by the circumpolar constellations during a single night. The tables exhibit four composite groups representing the positions at the solstitial and equinoctial periods (fig. 10).

[Illustration.]

Figure 9.

[Illustration.]

Figure 10.

The night of the winter solstice, the longest of the year, yielded alone a symmetrical figure. It resembled the well-known triskelion, the companion-symbol of the swastika (figs. 10 and 11). Just as this had proved to be the most natural of year symbols, so the triskelion revealed itself as a natural sign of the winter solstice, the period recognized and celebrated by most inhabitants of the northern hemisphere as the turning-point of the year. In a climate like that of Mexico and Central America, however, where the year divided itself naturally into a dry and a rainy season, it is evident that the winter solstice would be less observed and that the ardently-desired recurrence of the rainy season, after a long and trying period of drought, should be regarded as the annual event of utmost importance. Indeed, if carefully looked into, the entire religious cult of these people seems to express but one great struggling cry to the God of Nature for life-giving rain, and a hymn of thanksgiving for the annual, precious, but uncertain gift of water.

[Illustration.]

Figure 11.

To these supplicants the winter solstice betokened little or nothing and it is not surprising to find no proofs of the employment of the triskelion as a sacred symbol in ancient Mexico. On the other hand, it has been traced by Mr. Willoughby on pottery from Arkansas, and in Scandinavia, where the circumpolar constellations have doubtlessly been observed from remote times, and the winter solstice has ever been hailed as the herald of coming spring, the triskelion is often found associated with the swastika.

[Illustration.]

Figure 12.

I am indebted to Prof. Thomas Wilson’s work already cited for the two following illustrations of objects exhibiting this association. The first is a spearhead found in Brandenburg, Germany (fig. 12). The second is a bronze brooch from Scandinavia, to which I shall presently revert (fig. 13). It exhibits, besides the triskelion, swastika and circle, the S-shaped figure which was, as I shall show further on, the sign actually employed by the ancient Mexicans and Mayas as the image of the constellation Ursa Minor, whose outline it indeed effectually reproduces.

Before referring to the Mexican and Maya representations of the star-group, I would next demonstrate that the sacred numbers of Mexico, and of other countries situated in the northern hemisphere, coincide exactly with the number of stars in the circumpolar

constellations themselves and in simple combinations of the same.

Ursa Major and Ursa Minor each contains seven stars, and the number seven is the most widely-spread sacred number. Ancient traditions record that the race inhabiting Mexico consisted of seven tribes who traced their separate origins to seven caves, situated in the north. In memory of these, at the time of the Conquest, there were seven places of sacrifice in the city of Mexico. I shall recur to the number seven further on, in discussing the native social organization, and now direct attention to the five stars of Cassiopeia and to the fact that the combination of the stars in this constellation with Polaris and Ursa Major yields the number thirteen. This result is specially interesting since the entire Calendar-system of Mexico and Yucatan is based on the combination of the numerals 13+7=20, the latter again being 4×5.

[Illustration.]

Figure 13.

On the other hand the same number, 13, is also obtained by the combination of the Ursæ star-groups with Polaris. The number 5 is constantly yielded by Cassiopeia and the four-fold repetitions of the groups supply the suggestion of the number 4. The combination of Ursa Minor and Cassiopeia yields 12. The accompanying figure exhibits swastikas composed of Ursa Minor accompanied by Ursa Major and Cassiopeia separated and combined (fig. 14). I next direct attention to the peculiar difference in the numerical values of the Ursæ swastikas.

In the first, the central star, surrounded by four repetitions of the seven-star constellation, yielded a total of twenty-nine stars—4x5+9. Further combinations will be seen by a glance at the Ursa Major swastika (fig. 4). The analysis of the Ursa Minor swastika is not so simple and occasions a certain perplexity.

When I had first combined the four positions of this constellation, I had, naturally, and without further thought, figured Polaris but once, as the fixed centre, whereas I had repeated the other stars of the compact group four times. It was not until I began to count the stars in the swastika that I realized how I had, unconsciously, made one central star stand for four, and thus deprived the composite group of the numerical value of three stars. On the other hand, if I repeated the entire constellation four times, I obtained a swastika with four repetitions of Polaris in the middle. In this way, however, Polaris became displaced, and the idea of a fixed centre was entirely lost. A third possible method of composing the swastika was to allow one central star for each cross-arm. But this gave two central stars, each of which would represent two stars. Unless enclosed in a circle and considered as a central group by themselves, the four and the two repetitions of Polaris could not convey the idea of a pivot or fixed centre. The three respective numerical values obtained from these experimental combinations were 4×6+1=25, 4×7=28, and finally 2×13 or 4×6+2=26. In each swastika the central star forcibly stood for and represented two or four (fig. 15).

[Illustration.]

Figure 14.

In the triskelions the same perplexity arose: if Polaris was repeated, the idea of a fixed centre was lost (fig. 15); if figured singly, it nevertheless necessarily and inevitably stood as an embodiment of three stars. Reasoning from my own experience, I could but perceive, in the foregoing facts, a fruitful and constant source of mental suggestions, the natural outcome of which would be the association of the central star with an enhanced numerical value, and a familiarity with the idea of one star being an embodiment of two, three or four.

[Illustration.]

Figure 15.

As the evolution of religious thought and symbolism progressed, this idea would obviously lead to the conception of a single being uniting several natures in his person. In this connection it is certainly extremely interesting to find the serpent associated with the Calendar in Mexico and Yucatan, its Nahuatl name being homonymous for twin, _i. e._ two, and the Maya for serpent, _can_ or _cam_, being homonymous for the number four. The serpent was, therefore, in both countries the most suggestive and appropriate symbol which could possibly have been employed in pictography, to convey the idea of dual or quadruple natures embodied in a single figure.(3) Added to this the circumstance that, to the native mind, the serpent, upon merely shedding its skin, lived again, we can understand why the ancient Mexicans not only employed it as a symbol of an eternal renewal or continuation of time and of life,

but also combined it with the idea of fecundity and reproductiveness. In Yucatan where the Maya for serpent, _can_, is almost homonymous with _caan_=sky or heaven and the adjective _caanlil_=celestial, divine, the idea of a divine or celestial serpent would naturally suggest itself. It is therefore not surprising to find, in both countries, the name of _serpent_ bestowed as a title upon a supreme, celestial embodiment of the forces of nature and its image employed to express this association in objective form. In Yucatan one of the surnames of Itzamná, the supreme divinity, was Canil, a name clearly related to _caanlil_=divine and _can_=serpent.

In Mexico the duality and generative force implied by the word “coatl” are clearly recognizable in the native invocations addressed to “Our lord Quetzalcoatl the Creator and Maker or Former, who dwells in heaven and is the lord of the earth [Tlaltecuhtli]; who is our celestial father and mother, great lord and great lady, whose title is Ome-Tecuhtli [literally, two-lord=twin lord] and Ome-Cihuatl [literally, two-lady=twin lady”] (Sahagun, book VI, chaps. 25, 32 and 34).

The following data will suffice to render it quite clear that the Mexicans and Mayas employed the serpent as an expressive symbol merely, signifying the generative force of the Creator to whom alone they rendered homage. It is no less an authority than Friar Bartholomew de las Casas who maintained that “in many parts of the [American] Continent, the natives had a particular knowledge of the true God; they believed that He created the Universe and was its Lord and governed it. And it was to Him they addressed their sacrifices, their cult and homage, in their necessities...” (Historia Apologetica, chap. 121).

Friar Bartholomew specially adds that this was the case in Mexico according to the authority of Spanish missionaries and no one can doubt that this was the case when they read that in the native invocations, preserved by Sahagun, the supreme divinity is described as “invisible and intangible, like the air, like the darkness of night,” or as the “lord who is always present in all places, who is [as impenetrable as] an abyss, who is named the wind [air or breath] and the night.” “All things obey him, the order of the universe depends upon his will—he is the creator, sustainer, the omnipotent and omniscient.” He is termed “the father and mother of all,” “the great god and the great goddess,” “our lord and protector who is most powerful and most humane,”—“our lord in whose power it is to bestow all contentment, sweetness, happiness, wealth and prosperity, because thou alone art the lord of all things.” One prayer concludes thus: “Live and reign forever in all peace and repose thou who art our lord, our shelter, our comfort, who art most kind, most bountiful, invisible and impalpable!” (Sahagun, book VI, on the rhetoric, moral philosophy and theology of the Mexicans, chaps. 1-40). It is related that, in gratitude for the birth of a son, the ruler of Texcoco, Nezahual-coyotl erected a temple to the Unknown God.... It consisted of nine stories, to symbolize the nine heavens. The exterior of the tenth, which formed the top of the nine other stories, was painted black with stars. Its interior was encrusted with gold, precious stones and feathers and held “the said god, who was unknown, unseen, shapeless and formless” (Ixtlilxochitl, Historia Chichimeca ed. Chavero, p. 227; see also p. 244). A passage in Sahagun (book VI, chap. VII) states that “the invisible and imageless god of the Chichimecs was named Yoalli-ehecatl [literally, night-air or wind], which means the invisible and impalpable god ... by whose virtue all live, who directs by merely exerting his wisdom and will.” In the Codex Fuenleal (chap. 1) the remarkable title of “wheel of the winds=Yahualliehecatl,” is recorded as “another name for Quetzalcoatl.” This undeniably proves that the Mexicans not only figured the Deity by the image of a serpent but also thought of him as a wheel which obviously symbolized centrical force, rotation, lordship over the four quarters, _i. e._, universal rulership.

[Illustration.]

Figure 16.

Returning from these ideas of later development to the primitive source of their suggestion, let us now examine the native picture of Xonecuilli, Ursa Minor, preserved in the unpublished Academia MS. of Sahagun’s Historia, in Madrid (fig. 16, no. 1). It is an exact representation of the star-group. The fact that the seven stars are figured of the same size in accurate relation to each other, either proves that the eyesight of the native astronomers was extremely keen and their atmosphere remarkably clear, or that possibly, the minor stars of the group were more brilliant in ancient times, than they are now. Astronomers tell us, for instance, that as late as the seventeenth century the star in the body of Ursa Major nearest to the tail, was as bright as the others, while it is now of the fourth magnitude only.

It must be admitted that the shape of the constellation resembles an S. An SS sign is mentioned by Sahagun (Historia, book VIII, chap. 8) as occurring frequently, as a symbolical design on native textile fabrics. It figures as such, in the black garments of the female consort of Mictlantecuhtli in the Vienna Codex, pp. 23 and 33. He denounces it as suspect and hints that it was intimately connected with the ancient religion.

S-shaped sacred cakes, called Xonecuilli, were made during the feast of Macuilxochitl=five flowers, and are figured (fig. 16, no. 2) in the B. N. MS. (p. 69) with a four-cornered cross-shaped cake of a peculiar form (fig. 20, III), which is found associated with five dots or circles in the Codices and also with the Tecpatl-symbol of the North (fig. 20, I and II).

A recurved staff, which is held in the hand of a deity in the B. N. MS. is designated in the text as a _xonoquitl_ (fig. 16, no. 3). Amongst the insignia of the "gods," sent as presents by Montezuma to Cortés upon his landing at Vera Cruz, were three such recurved "sceptres," the descriptions of which I have collated and translated in my paper on the Atlatl or Spear-thrower of the Ancient Mexicans (Peabody Museum Papers, vol. 1, no. 3, Cambridge, 1891, p. 22). In this work I presented my reasons for concluding that these recurved sceptres were ceremonial forms of the atlatl. I now perceive that they were endowed with deeper significance and meaning. The Nahuatl text of Sahagun's Laurentian MS. of the Historia de la Conquista (lib. XII, chap. IV) records the name of one of these staffs as "hecaxonecuilli," literally "the curved or bent over, air or wind," and describes it as made of "bent or curved wood, inlaid with stars formed of white jade=chalchihuite." This passage authorizes the conclusion that four representations in the B. N. MS. of black recurved sceptres, exhibiting a series of white dots, are also heca-xonoquitl, inlaid with stars, and that all of these are none other but conventional representations of the constellation Xonecuilli, the Ursa Minor. In each case the deity, carrying the star-image, also displays the ecacozcatl the "jewel of the wind," the well-known symbol of the wind-god. In one of these pictures (p. 50) he not only bears in his hand the star-image, but also exhibits a star-group on his head-dress, consisting of a central-star, on a dark ground, surrounded by a blue ring. Attached to this against a dark ground, six other stars are depicted, making seven in all. In connection with this star-group it is interesting to note that the hieroglyph, designated by Fra Diego de Landa as "the character with which the Mayas began their count of days or calendar and named Hun-Imix," furnishes a case of an identical though inverted group (Relacion de las Cosas de Yucatan, ed. B. de Bourbourg, p. 237). Enclosed in a black ring, the glyph displays, above, a large black dot with six smaller ones grouped in a semicircle about it, and below, four perpendicular bars.

Subject to correction, I am inclined to interpret this glyph as a hieratic sign for the constellation Ursa Minor and its four movements, and to consider it as furnishing a valuable proof of the origin of the Maya Calendar.

The seemingly inappropriate procedure of figuring shining stars by black dots actually furnishes the strongest proof that a star group is thus represented; for, in the Maya language, "ek" is a homonym for star and black, and a black spot was, in consequence, the most expressive sign for a star. This fact affords a valuable explanation of the reason why the ocelot, whose skin is spotted with black, was employed as the figure of the nocturnal sky, and clearly proves that the Mexicans adopted this symbol and its meaning from the Mayas.

[Illustration.]

Figure 17.

We will now revert to the S-shaped sign. Its association with images of star is further exemplified in Mexican Codices. It occurs on the wall of a temple, in combination with symbols for stars and the North-Mictlan, which consist in this case, of skulls and cross-bones (fig. 17, II).

In the Dresden Codex, of Maya origin, there is an extremely important page on which the S-sign occurs in connection with twin deities, besides rain and cross symbols (fig. 17, I). A careful examination of the group shows that one of the seated figures is accompanied by a downpour of water (painted blue in the original), besides the S-symbol which is also repeated above the head of his companion. Higher up, on the same page, the S occurs again in a group of glyphs alongside of twin-seated figures. These, as well as the single-seated form beneath them, have an eye or a large black spot surmounted by dots instead of a head (Vocabulaire de l'écriture hiératique de Yucatan, p. 38). Monsieur Léon de Rosny has identified this figure, which also occurs in the Codex Troano, as the image of the supreme divinity of the Mayas, of whom more anon, one of whose titles was Kin-ich-ahau, literally Sun-eye lord.

A similar sign consisting of the lower half of a human body seated, with a large eye on its knees is repeated several times in the Borgian Codex. This form is also figured as seated in a temple, without the eye-star, but three stars are on the roof and the S-sign is on the lower wall of the building (Borgian Codex, p. 16).

The above facts demonstrate that, in both MSS. derived from different sources, the same association of ideas is expressed.(4) The S sign appears in connection with twin- or single-seated forms, surmounted by a symbol for star. It is unnecessary for me to lay further stress upon the obvious facts: that the only celestial body which could possibly have been associated with a seated form,

suggesting repose, was Polaris. It is, moreover, only by assuming that the sign of the seated star represents the stationary pole-star that its combination in the Codices with the S-sign—Xonecuilli—Ursa Minor, can be understood. I likewise draw attention to the possibility that the S, or single representation of the constellation, may well have been employed as a sign for the summer solstice, since, in some localities, during the shortest night of the year, Ursa Minor may have been visible in one position only. Assuming that the triskelion was the sign for the winter solstice we should thus have natural signs for the two nights marking the turning-points of light and darkness in the year.

Reverting to fig. 17, I, from the Codex Dresdenis, I draw attention that it furnishes definite proof that the Mayas associated the idea of the immovable seated star with twin deities and that they connected the S-symbol with cross and rain symbols. A striking combination of the latter symbols is represented under the principal seated figures. It consists of a diagonal cross traversed perpendicularly by a band of blue water.

[Illustration.]

Figure 18.

Further Maya cross-symbols should be cursorily examined here, viz: fig. 18, I, II, III, VI, VII and VIII. They will be found to consist of variations of two fundamental types, often figured alongside of each other and enclosed in a square, or circle. One type consists of two diagonally crossed bars, plain or representing cross bones (I). A rectilinear cross with interlaced circle (II) is also found. The other type exhibits a small cross, square, circle or dot in the centre of the square with a circle in each corner. In some cases these are united by a series of dots to the central circle and thus form a diagonal cross (VI and VIII) which is sometimes figured as contained in a flower with four petals, such as is also found in Mexican symbolism. The diagonal, dotted cross is frequently combined with four pairs of black bars, placed in the middle of each side of the square, pointing towards the centre. Similar pairs of black bars are figured in the B. N. MS. (p. 3) on the manta of Mictlantecuhtli, with stars, around one of his symbols, a spider. They likewise recur on two of several sacrificial papers on p. 69, amongst which one exhibits a diagonal cross, another the S-sign, while others display realistic drawings of stars with six or eight points.

The pairs of bars figure in the hieroglyph designated by Maya scholars as the sign for _Kin_, the sun, which may be seen in the centre of large diagonal cross-symbols in fig. 18, VII, VIII, from the Dresden Codex: The cross, of fig. 18, VII, is composed of two bones and two arrowpoints, a particularly interesting combination considering that in the Maya a bone is _bak_, an arrow is _kab-cheil_ and the name given to the gods of the four quarters “the sustainers of the world,” is _Bakab_. It cannot be denied that the phonetic elements of this name occur in the words for bones and arrows which form the cross, symbolic of the four quarters. In fig. 18, VIII, the cross may be composed of four bones, but of this I am not certain. In both cases, however, the crosses rest on a curious double and parti-colored symbol and are associated with serpent signs, in which the open jaws and teeth are prominent features. It is noteworthy that while “can” or “cam” is the Maya for serpent, the word “camach” means jaw. The figure consisting of the upper jaw only of a serpent, in the left hand corner of the band above, fig. 18, VIII, proves, therefore, to be a cursive phonetic sign for serpent.

The parti-colored symbol combined with the cross obviously signifies a duality, such as light and darkness, the Above and the Below and a series of dualities—possibly the two divisions of the year, the dry and rainy seasons. In Mexico we are authorized by documentary evidence, to give a wider and deeper interpretation to the symbol of duality, for it can be absolutely proven that the Mexican philosophers divided the heavens into two imaginary portions, and respectively identified these with the male and female principles.

In Nahuatl the West was designated as Cihuatlampa, “the place or part of the women.” The souls of the women who had earned immortality were supposed to dwell there, whilst the souls of the men resided in the East. In the appendix to book III of Sahagun’s Historia, it is described how, according to the native belief, the souls of the male warriors hailed the daily appearance of the sun above the eastern horizon, and escorted it to Nepantla, the zenith. Here the souls of the women awaited it and assumed the duty of escorting the sun to the western horizon, the symbol for which was calli=the house. The above passage indicates that the native philosophers imagined across the middle of the sky a line of demarcation, separating the portions of the heaven respectively allotted to the male and female souls. For four years after death these souls retained their human form, and then, after passing through nine successive heavens, entered into the celestial paradise where they assumed the forms of different kinds of butterflies and humming-birds. The names of these are enumerated in the Nahuatl text of Sahagun’s Laurentian MS. (book III).(5) The symbolism of the humming-bird has already been explained by a passage cited from Gomara’s Historia. In this connection it is

extremely interesting to find the humming-bird represented in the B. N. MS., as sucking honey from a flower, which is attached by a cord, covered with bird's down, to a bone, the symbol of death.

This peculiar but expressive group of symbols figures only on the head-dresses of deities wearing certain other symbols, amongst which we find the Eca-cozcatl and Eca-xonequilli the image of Ursa Minor, already described.

The merest indication of the association of a circumpolar constellation with the idea of death (disappearance) and resurrection (re-appearance) is of special interest, since the ancient Mexicans located the Underworld, the "place of the dead," in the North. Reflection showed, however, that such an association could only have suggested itself to the minds of star-observers living in southern latitudes, approximate to the equator, or in localities where the northern horizon was more or less shut off from view by intervening mountains. In such places Polaris would appear comparatively close to the boundary-line of the northern sky so that the Ursa constellations and Cassiopeia would be invisible to the local astronomers at midnight during that period of the year when one or the other of the star-groups seemingly stretched between Polaris and the northern horizon. A glance at plate I shows that, at the present time, it is about the period of the autumnal equinox that Ursa Minor would be invisible at midnight, in such localities, while Ursa Major would gradually disappear from view towards midnight, during a certain number of nights, according to latitude and locality, between the autumnal equinox and the winter solstice whilst Cassiopeia would seem to hover above the horizon. The total or partial alternate periodical disappearance of the two most familiar star-groups in the extreme North and their re-appearance after sometimes regular intervals of time could but have made a profound impression upon primitive astronomers and thinkers. Whilst the mere periodical reversal of the positions of Cassiopeia and Ursa Major suggested alternate victory and defeat, the actual though brief and partial disappearance of either star-group must have appeared to be a descent into an under-ground space, associated with darkness and death, followed by a resurrection. In his Cronica, Tezozomoc records, besides Mictlan (the land of the dead), another name for the underworld, Opochcal-ocan, literally, the place of the house to the left. This appellation can only be understood when it is realized that, in a sufficiently southern latitude, an observer, watching the setting of a circumpolar constellation below the horizon, would always see it disappear to his left and subsequently rise to his right. It is evident that in time this fact would give rise to the association of the left with the underworld, the lower region, and the right with the region above. The native idea of a dwelling in the underworld is further demonstrated by the bestowal of the symbol _calli_=house, upon the western horizon below which all heavenly bodies were seen to disappear. A definite connection between the West and one half of the North being thus established, it would naturally result that a corresponding union of the South and East would be thought of in time, and that these quarters would become associated with the rising of celestial bodies, _i. e._, with light, the Above, while the opposite quarters became identified with their setting, _i. e._, with darkness, the Below.

Pausing to review the foregoing conclusions, which I have shown to be the natural and inevitable result of simple but prolonged astronomical studies, observation and plain reasoning, we see that they led to a conception of the Cosmos as divided into seven parts, _i. e._, the fixed Centre, the pivot, primarily suggested by Polaris who was regarded as the creative, generative and ruling power of the universe; the Four Quarters, seemingly ruled by the central force and associated with the elements; the Above and the Below, suggested by the rising and setting of celestial bodies and associated with light and darkness, sky and earth, etc., etc.

Many of my readers will doubtless recognize at once that the above organization of the Cosmos into the Centre or Middle, the Above and the Below, and the Four Quarters, is precisely that which the Zuñi priests taught Mr. Frank Cushing, when they initiated him into their secret beliefs. Other explorers have recorded the same conception amongst different native American tribes and with these proofs that this set of ideas is still held on our Continent at the present time, I point out the fact that the Maya figures (fig. 18, VII and VIII, from the Dresden Codex) become perfectly intelligible only when interpreted as representing the Centre, the Four Quarters, the Above and the Below, the latter figured by the dark and light halves of the dual sign. Furthermore, I can demonstrate that this fundamental set of elementary, abstract ideas, furnishing the first principles of organization, is plainly visible under the surface of the ancient Mexican civilization and can be traced not only in Yucatan and Central America, but also in Peru. In these countries, as I shall show, it assumed an absolute dominion over the minds of the native sages, directly suggesting the forms of government and social organization existing at the time of the Conquest and faintly surviving to the present day. It entirely controlled the development of aboriginal religious cult and philosophical speculations and pervaded not only the native architecture and decorative art, but also all superstitious rites and ceremonies, and entered into the very games and pastimes of the people.

The following table presents the bare outline of the scheme of organization exposed in the preceding text. In making it I have, after due consideration, definitely adopted the assignment of the Mexican symbols and colors to the cardinal points given by Friar Duran in the Calendar-swastika contained in his atlas and reproduced (pl. II, _g_).

Each of these is North; West; South; then East. Symbols: Tecpatl, Flint; Calli, House; Acatl, Cane; Tochtli, Rabbit. Colors: Red; Yellow; Blue; Green. Elements: Fire; Earth; Air; Water. Warmth; Darkness; Breath; Rain.

Together, North and West are The Below, the “female” region. TEZCATLIPOCA=MICTLANTECUHTLI.

South and East are The Above, the “male” region, HUITZILOPOCHTLI.

Combined, they are The Centre. The dual, generative, ruling and directive Force. QUETZALCOATL. The Divine Twin.

Before proceeding to examine more closely the great edifice of human thought which was reared, in the course of centuries, on the ground plan designated above, we must retrace our steps and consider what a deep impression the gradual realization of the changes in the relative positions of Polaris and certain familiar star-groups must have produced upon those who were the first to realize them. Transporting ourselves back to the gray dawn of civilization, let us endeavor to understand the position of the native priest astronomers who, having received and transmitted a set of religious and cosmical ideas, based on the assumption of the absolute and eternal immutability of the centre of the heaven, Polaris, gradually became aware that it also was subject to change, evidently obeyed an unseen higher power and that the ancient order of things, recorded by their predecessors, had actually passed away.

It is obvious that, in all centres of astronomical observation and intellectual culture, a complete revolution of fundamental doctrine or thought must have taken place. A period of painful misgivings and doubt must have been passed through, during which an earnest and anxious observation of all celestial bodies must have seemed imperative and obligatory. Under such circumstances astronomy must have made great strides and astronomical observation become the foremost and highest duty of the intellectual leaders of the native races. Pyramids and temples would be built for the purpose of verifying and recording the positions of sun, moon, planets and stars, and the orientation of these buildings would be carefully planned accordingly. Before obtaining glimpses of the great evolution of religious thought which progressed on our Continent in olden times, it is well to realize, by means of Piazzi Smyth’s map (fig. 6) that the world ceased to possess a brilliantly conspicuous, absolutely immovable pole-star for a prolonged period of time, stretching somewhere between 500 B.C. and 1200 A.D.

The ancient native chronicles record that under “divine” leadership great migrations of tribes took place within this period, the purpose of which was to find a locality which fulfilled certain ardently-desired conditions connected with religious cult.

From various centres of civilization in Mexico and Central America we also hear different accounts of how, at different times, small bands of earnest men, under a leader of superior intelligence, bent on a peaceable but unexplained errand, arrived from distant regions and departed for an unknown goal, after delaying just long enough to teach social organization and impart a higher civilization to the tribes encountered on their passage.

These preserved the memory of the _title_ of the leader, in their different languages and he became the culture-hero of their tribe. The fact that, in each case, these sages taught the ignorant tribes the division of time and instituted the calendar, proves that they were skilled in astronomy.

From a sentence uttered by Montezuma to the native astronomers whom he termed “the Sons of the Night,” we learn that it was their custom “to climb mountains” so as “to study the stars.” When one considers the full import of the problems which had to be faced by these ancient sages, who earnestly endeavored to account for the great changes which had taken place in the heavens, within the memory of man, it seems natural to suppose that many an expedition was undertaken for the purpose of acquiring further astronomical knowledge, of finding, perhaps, the immovable star which had been revered in past ages by the ancestors of the native race.

The cult of Polaris may well have made such expeditions assume the aspect of an imperative religious duty and sacred pilgrimage. As all expeditions across Mexico and Central America would necessarily be limited by the oceans and be fruitless as far as Polaris was concerned, it is obvious that the line of exploration which would be ultimately adopted, would run from south to north and _vice versa_. A small band of enthusiasts, setting forth under the leadership of some of the most advanced thinkers of the time, would undoubtedly have been prepared to devote their entire lives to the object in view. As long as a single member of such an expedition existed, he would be a powerful and active agent in spreading the fundamental set of ideas derived from the observation of Polaris. In lapse of time, by transmission, its influence might travel to a region too remote perhaps for direct contact to have taken place.

If I have indulged in the foregoing line of conjecture and surmise, it is because it is my purpose also to demonstrate, by absolute proof, that the dominion of the above set of ideas extended over Yucatan, Honduras, Guatemala and even reached Peru, where its influence is distinctly visible.

It also extended far to the north in prehistoric times, for certain carved shell-gorgets which have been found in prehistoric graves in Illinois, Missouri and Tennessee exhibit emblems which have definite meanings in the Maya language, spoken in Yucatan.

In order to maintain this assertion I must make a slight digression from the main subject and revert to the myth already cited, recording the casting down from heaven of Tezcatlipoca who arose and ascended again in the form of an ocelot. There are interesting native pictures of this combat and the fall of the ocelot in the Vatican Codex II, p. 34, the Féjérvary Codex, p. 56, and others equally important, representing the fall or descent of an eagle from the sky, to which I shall revert.

It is moreover recorded by Mendieta (p. 82) that Tezcatlipoca likewise descended or let himself down from the sky by a spider's thread, and in the Bodleian MS. (p. 12) there are two curious pictures one of an ocelot and a cobweb, the other of an ocelot, descending head foremost from stars. The same incident is also pictured in the Vienna Codex (p. 9) where the ocelot, attached by the tail, is connected by a cord with star-emblems.

There are two facts of special interest in regard to the above descent of Tezcatlipoca by a spider's thread. The first is that the title Tzontemoc="he who descends head foremost" is recorded in the Codex Fuenleal immediately after the name Mictlantecuhtli. The second is that the spider is figured on the manta of Mictlantecuhtli in the B. N. MS. and is sculptured in the centre, above his forehead, in his sculptured image, identified as such by Señor Sanchez (Anales del Museo Nacional III, p. 299) and reproduced here (fig. 19). It represents "the lord of the North or Underworld" descending, head foremost, with a tecpatl or flint knife issuing from his mouth and with outspread limbs, the outlines of which are almost lost under the multitude of symbols which are grouped around him. These symbols are carefully analyzed in my commentary on the B. N. MS. in which I also describe other known carved representations of the same conception and point out analogous pictures in the Maya Codices. The position of the limbs of the descending figure is best understood by a glance at fig. 20, II, from the Dresden Codex. It represents a bar with cross symbols from which a human body is descending. The feet rest on dual symbols, about which more could be written than the scope of the present paper allows. A tecpatl or flint knife, attached to the body by a double bow with ends, may be seen between the dual symbols, and its presence is of utmost importance since it proves that the Mayas also associated the flint with the same figure. Instead of a head the body exhibits a sort of equidistant cross with four circles. Strange to say, the only analogous cross-figures I have been able to find in all the Codices are those reproduced in fig. 20, I, III, and IV. The latter exhibits a curious, conventionalized flower growing on the top of a pyramid. Its stem and leaves are painted brown and are spotted, resembling the skin of an ocelot. As there is a Mexican flower, the Tigridia, of which the native name was ocelo-xochitl, it may be that it is this which is thus represented. Fig. 20, III, from the B. N. MS., figures as a sacred cake, alongside of the S-shaped xonecuilli breads which were made in honor of Ursa Minor at a certain feast. Finally, fig. 20, I, represents a certain kind of ceremonial staff which is inserted between the two peaks of a mountain—a favorite method employed by the native scribes, to convey the idea that the object figured was in the exact centre. This kind of staff occurs frequently in certain Codices, sometimes being carried by a high priest. It invariably exhibits a flower-like figure with five circles and is surmounted by a tecpatl or flint knife. Without pausing to discuss the subject fully I merely point out here that, collectively, these symbols explain each other and convey the idea of the Centre and the Four Quarters evidently associated with the tecpatl, the symbol of the north, and the ocelot and xonecuilli=Ursa Minor. It is particularly interesting to note that the outspread human body is made to serve as a sort of cross-symbol. A careful study of the conventional representation of the face of "the lord of the North," in fig. 19, gives the impression that it was also used to convey the idea of duality, or the union of two in one. The upper half of the face exhibits a numeral on either cheek under the eyes, seeming to convey the idea of dualities. The two circular ear ornaments, united by a band above the head, and the two nostrils united in one nose, seem to convey the idea of the union of the dualities, whilst the lower half of the face, which is rendered strikingly different to the upper, by being in higher relief and marked with perpendicular lines, exhibits a mouth from which a flint knife, with symbolical eye and fangs carved on it, is hanging like a tongue. I have already shown that the flint knife was regarded as the sacred producer of the "vital spark." I may add here that I have also found, in the Codices, tecpatl-symbols on which the curved symbol of air or breath was figured. To my idea the sculptured face is meant to symbolize the dual creator, the dispenser of the spark and breath of life, whilst the human skull on his back betokens that he is also the giver of death. Though unable to enter fully into the subject here, I would nevertheless state that I can produce further data to prove that the human face was frequently employed for a symbolical purpose by the native American races who were evidently entirely under the dominion of the idea of duality, of the Above and Below and the life-producing union of both.

[Illustration.]

Figure 19.

[Illustration.]

Figure 20.

The question why the spider, named “tocatl” in Nahuatl, should have been adopted as the chief symbol of Mictlantecuhtli, occupied me much until I found the clue to its significance in the Maya language. In this the word for North is _Aman_ and the name for “the spider whose bite is mortal,” is _Am_. This striking fact may be interpreted as a positive proof that the spider-symbol, employed by the Mexicans, must have originated in Yucatan, from the mere homonymy of two Maya words.

On the other hand shell-gorgets exhibiting the effigy of a spider, and obviously intended to be worn with its head turned downwards, have not only been found in Illinois but also in Tennessee and Missouri. On the gorgets from the latter States a cross is carved on the body of the spider (fig. 22, _a_). As certain spiders exhibit cross-markings, it is, of course, possible that it was chosen as a cross-symbol for this reason only, in some localities, just as the butterfly was evidently adopted in Mexico, as an apt image of the Centre and the Four Quarters on account of its shape and its possession of four wings. The conventionalized figure of a butterfly, with a star on its body and four balls, painted with the colors of the quarters, was a sacred symbol which is minutely described by Sahagun and is figured on a manta in the B. N. MS. A glance at its reproduction (fig. 21, no. 13) shows how the form of the insect has been conventionalized so as to resemble the ollin (no. 12) and other Mexican cross-symbols (nos. 2, 4, 11, 14 etc.). The eye or star in its centre, like that in the ollin, and circle (no. 4), signify Polaris; the conventionalized head and antennæ are obviously made to convey the idea of “two in one,” of the Above and Below united in the Centre.

[Illustration.]

Figure 21.

I venture to suggest that the dragon-fly was employed as a cross-symbol in an analogous manner, on the Algonquin garment preserved at the Riksmuseum, Stockholm, and described by Dr. Hjalmar Stolpe in his admirable study on American art (Amerikansk Ornamentik, Stockholm, 1896, p. 30). As I shall revert to it later on, I now draw special attention to the circumstance that instead of the cross, on a spider-gorget from Tennessee, there is a round hole which, when the shell-disc is held aloft, lets a ray of light shine through and furnishes an apt presentation of a star. This and the cross furnish analogies to the Mexican and Maya symbols of Polaris which are too obvious to need to be emphasized. Nor do these gorgets alone furnish an undeniable indication that an identical symbolism extended from Yucatan to Illinois. Other gorgets, also figured in Mr. Wm. H. Holmes’ monograph “Art in Shell,” several of which are in the Peabody Museum, from the stone graves in Tennessee, exhibit variously carved representations of a serpent. In all specimens the identical idea is carried out: the eye of the serpent forms the centre of the design on the disc and four circles on the body of the reptile, or four solid bars, interrupting a hollow line encircling the central motif, emphasized a division of the disc into four equal parts. The idea of the Serpent in repose, the Centre and the Four Quarters is thoroughly carried out and the true meaning of the design is only appreciated by the light of the Maya and Mexican symbolism which has already been so fully discussed.

[Illustration.]

Figure 22.

The third Tennessee gorget reproduced here (fig. 22, _c_), from Mr. Holmes’ work, exhibits a combination of numerals which is particularly interesting if confronted with the sacred numbers of the Mexicans and Mayas. From a central circle three curved lines issue in a fashion resembling those on fig. 21, no. 2, but the fact that the circular band exhibits seven double circles and the outer edge is divided into thirteen parts, is of special moment. Still another design, on a shell-gorget from Tennessee, not only exhibits the peculiarity, pointed out by Mr. Holmes, of a square with loops, resembling certain figures in Mexican Codices, but also other significant details which I shall point out (fig. 22, _b_). The cross in the centre occupies the centre of a star with eight rays and the four birds’ heads at the sides of the square illustrate rotation from right to left. I am inclined to view in this gorget an emblem of Polaris with Cassiopeia in rotation around it, figured as a bird, but whether this is the case or not it must be conceded that it is indeed remarkable to find a set of symbols, consisting of the spider, the cross, the serpent and the bird, carved on prehistoric

gorgets found in the United States whilst the deep meaning of these identical symbols is furnished by Maya and Mexican records. I venture to remark here that no more expressive and appropriate ornament than these shell-gorgets could have been designed, or worn by the ancient Maya or Mexican priests, prophets and leaders who, in a remote past, had guided themselves by the light of Polaris and instituted its cult as the basis of their native religion.

On realizing the above-mentioned identity of symbolism, it is impossible not to conclude that the prehistoric race which inhabited certain parts of the United States was under the dominion of the same ideas as were the Mexicans and Mayas. The indications point, in fact, to the probability that the origin of the employment of the spider-symbol originated in Yucatan, and if this be admitted then there is no reason to deny the possibility that the serpent-symbol came from there also, since the Maya language suggests an affinity between the serpent, _can_, and the sky=_caan_, and the numeral 4=_can_. I refrain, for the present, from expressing any final conclusion on this subject, which will doubtless afford ample food for reflection and argument to all interested in the important problem as to where the cradle of ancient American civilization was situated. But these symbolic gorgets go far towards substantiating Professor Putnam's oft-expressed conclusions that the ancient peoples of the central and southern portions of the United States were, to a certain extent, offshoots of the ancient Mexicans.

[Illustration.]

Figure 23.

Before abandoning the subject of native symbolism and star-emblems I should like to present, as a curiosity, with an appeal to specialists to enlighten me as to the astronomical knowledge of the Eskimos, an Eskimo drawing from Professor Wilson's instructive and useful monograph. It is said to represent a "flock of birds," but so closely resembles Cassiopeia and Polaris that I am tempted to view it as an indication that the Eskimos may also have associated the idea of a celestial bird, or birds, wheeling around a central point, with the constellation and the pole-star (fig. 23). Having once ventured so far afield, I cannot refrain from presenting here an interesting set of aboriginal star-symbols, reproduced from Professor Wilson's comprehensive work (fig. 24), each composed of a cross combined, with a single exception, with a circle. I draw attention to the striking resemblance of some of these signs to those painted on the finely decorated pottery found on the hacienda of Don José Luna, in Nicaragua, and described by J. F. Brandsford, M.D. (Archaeological Researches in Nicaragua, Smithsonian Inst., 1881, p. 30, B), and suggest that, in both localities, the symbol may be a rudimentary swastika, and represent Polaris and circumpolar rotation.

[Illustration.]

Plate III. 1. Shell gorget, Missouri. 2, 5-14. Pottery vessels, Arkansas. 3, 4, 15-17, 19-28. Pottery vessels, Missouri. 18. Pottery vessel, Kentucky. 6. National Museum. 3, 16, 17, 21, 24, 25. St. Louis Academy. All others Peabody Museum. Willoughby, "Pottery from the Mississippi Valley." Journal of American Folk-lore, January-March, 1897.

In conclusion I refer the reader to Mr. C. C. Willoughby's valuable and most interesting "Analysis of the decorations upon pottery from the Mississippi Valley" (Journal Amer. Folk-lore, vol. X, 1897), in which he figures the remarkable specimens preserved in the Peabody Museum, Cambridge, the designs on which, as he states, "are mostly of symbolic origin and have been in use among various tribes within the historic period from the Great Lakes to Mexico." With the kind permission of the editor of the Journal, I reproduce some of Mr. Willoughby's illustrations on Plate III.

[Illustration.]

Figure 24. Crosses And Circles Representing Star Symbols, Arizona.

Returning to consider the probable result of the gradual diffusion of star-cult owing to natural causes and of the consequent divergence from the idea of the Centre, which had so deeply influenced the minds of primitive men during many centuries, with earnest, and extended astronomical observation, keeping pace with the development of the idea of the Above and Below, it is obvious that the utmost attention would be next given to the conspicuous star groups and planets which are visible at certain times and then seem to have departed or descended into the under world. Any one who has read the interesting communications by Herr Richard Andree (Globus. bd. LXIV, nr. 22), On the relation of the Pleiades to the beginning of the year amongst primitive people, followed by a note by Herr Karl von den Steinen on the same subject, will realize that widely-separated tribes of men, by dint of simple observation, knew the exact length of the periodical appearance and disappearance of this star group and regulated their year accordingly. Herr Andree cites, for instance, that "in the Society islands, the year was divided into two portions, the first of

which was named Matari-i-inia=the Pleiades above. It began and lasted during the time when these constellations were visible close to the horizon after sunset. The second period, named Matarii-i-raro=the Pleiades below, began and lasted for the time during which the star-group was invisible after sunset" (W. Ellis, Polynesian Researches, vol. II, p. 419, London 1829). That the ancient Mexicans had likewise observed the Pleiades and been deeply impressed by them is proven by the well-known fact that the ceremony of the kindling of the sacred fire, which betokened the commencement of a new cycle, was performed "when the Pleiades attained the zenith at midnight precisely." In my complete monograph in the ancient Mexican calendar-system it will be my endeavor to present all the data I have collected concerning the degree of elementary astronomical knowledge attained by the native astronomers. I shall, therefore, content myself with pointing out here that besides the foregoing testimony about the Pleiades, the native name for which was the miec=the many, or the tianquiztli=the marketplace, there are records proving that the cult of the planet Venus was a firmly established feature of the native religion at the time of the Conquest. Sahagun records that the Nahuatl names for this planet were citlalpul or hueycitlallin both signifying "the great star." "In the great temple of Mexico an edifice named ilhuicatitlan [literally, the land of the sky] consisted of a great, high column, on which the morning star was painted.... Captives were sacrificed in front of this column annually, at the period when the star re-appeared" (_op. cit._ appendix to book II).

With regard to the connection of the Pleiades with the beginning of the Mexican cycle, it is interesting to note Herr Andree's statements that the most intimate connection of the star-group with the thoughts of primitive people, would naturally take place in such localities where its periodical movements coincided with the changes of season, wind and weather which affected agriculture. A survey of the data presented by Herr Andree shows that the cult of the Pleiades attained its greatest development amongst tribes inhabiting a southerly latitude. It was in South America, indeed, that the Peruvians, alongside of their highly developed sun-cult, rendered homage and offered sacrifices to the Pleiades. In Mexico, the cult of the Pleiades appears as intimately associated with that of the sun and to have assumed importance only in historical and comparatively recent times, probably when the periodicity of the sun's movements had been taught or recognized and the sign _ollin_, which is an exact presentation of the annual course of the sun, had been invented and adopted as a symbol. I have already pointed out that this sign occurs on the calendar-stone, for instance, which has a human face in its centre, bearing two numerals on the forehead and obviously symbolizing the union of two in one. In other instances the centre displays the eye, or star symbol and conveys the suggestion that the "four movements" of the circumpolar constellations were thereby symbolized. It may be that, in ancient Mexico, the two symbols, respectively referring to the movements of the sun and of the circumpolar star-groups, were emblematic of the two different cults or religions which existed alongside of each other. The first, the cult of the Above, of the Blue Sky, was directed towards the sun and the planets and stars intimately associated with sunrise and sunset, amongst them the Pleiades. The cult of the Below, of the Nocturnal Heaven, was directed towards the moon, Polaris and the circumpolar constellations—also to the stars and planets during the period of their disappearance and possibly in the same way to the enigmatical "Black Sun," figured in the B. N. MS. which may have been the sun during its nightly stay in the House of the Underworld, whose door was in the west. In order to obtain an idea of the immense proportions ultimately assumed by these two diverging cults and the enormous influence they exerted upon the entire native civilization, it will be necessary to examine the form of the social organization in Montezuma's time.

In order to comprehend this, however, it is first necessary to study carefully the myths relating to its origin. Torquemada (lib. VI, chap. 41) cites the authority of Friar Andreas de Olmos for the following native account of the creation of man, which was differently recounted to him in each province. He states that the majority of the natives, however, agreed that "there was in heaven a god named 'Shining Star' (Citlal-Tonac) and a goddess named 'She of the starry skirt' (Citlal-Cue), who gave birth to a flint knife (Tecpatl). Their other children, startled at this, cast the flint down from the sky. It fell to earth at the place named 'Seven caves' and 'produced 1,600 gods and goddesses,' " a figure of speech which evidently expressed the idea that, in coming in forcible contact with the soil the flint gave forth sparks innumerable which conveyed vitality to numberless beings. It is evidently the same idea of "life sparks" being called into existence by the union of heaven and earth which underlies the Texcocan version of the creation of man recorded as follows by Torquemada (_op. et loc. cit._). "The sun ... shot an arrow towards the land of Acolma near the boundary of Texcoco. This made a hole in the ground whence issued the first man...."

[Illustration.]

Figure 25.

The illustrated version of the above myths, given in the Vatican Codex I, designates the celestial progenitor of human life as Quetzalcoatl, also named Tonaca-Tecuhtli=the lord of our subsistence, Chicome-xochitl="Seven roses or flowers" and Citlalla-Tonalla="The Milky Way," literally, The shining stars. The dual divinity is figured (fig. 25, no. 4) as two persons with the shaft

of an arrow over each of their heads and with the symbol Tecpatl=flint, between them as the issue of their union. In the Borgian Codex (fig. 25, no. 1), a barbed arrowpoint, instead of the Tecpatl, figures between the celestial parents. Their union is symbolized by a covering, the shape of which, in further representations (fig. 25, nos. 3 and 5) in the same MS., offers resemblance to the tau-shaped windows which are such a common feature in Maya and also in Pueblo architecture (fig. 25, no. 2_b_). The preceding data, which could be amplified, seem to show that the natives associated the tau-shape not merely with the idea of the Male and Female principl This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

Title: The decline of the West Volume 1, Form and actuality

Author: Oswald Spengler

Translator: Charles Francis Atkinson

Release date: December 6, 2023 [eBook #72344]

Language: English

Original publication: London: George Allen & Unwin, 1926

Other information and formats: www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/72344

Credits: Tim Lindell, KD Weeks and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team at https://www.pgdp.net

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE DECLINE OF THE WEST ***

Transcriber’s Note:

This version of the text cannot represent certain typographical effects. Italics are delimited with the ‘_’ character as _italic_. A number of long horizontal and vertical brackets are simulated. Superscripted characters are preceded by ‘^’, and if multiple characters are raised, they are delimited by ‘{}’.

Footnotes have been moved to follow the sections in which they are referenced.

Minor errors, attributable to the printer, have been corrected. Please see the transcriber’s note at the end of this text for details regarding the handling of any textual issues encountered during its preparation.

THE DECLINE OF THE WEST

[Illustration]

THE DECLINE OF THE WEST FORM AND ACTUALITY

BY

OSWALD SPENGLER

AUTHORIZED TRANSLATION WITH NOTES BY

CHARLES FRANCIS ATKINSON

LONDON: GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN LTD. RUSKIN HOUSE, 40 MUSEUM STREET, W.C. 1

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

THIS TRANSLATION IS DEDICATED TO ELLINOR JAMES

A FRIEND

Wenn im Unendlichen dasselbe Sich wiederholend ewig fliesst, Das tausendfältige Gewölbe Sich kräftig ineinander schliesst; Strömt Lebenslust aus allen Dingen, Dem kleinsten wie dem grössten Stern, Und alles Drängen, alles Ringen Ist ewige Ruh in Gott dem Herrn. —GOETHE.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE

It must be left to critics to say whether it was Destiny or Incident— using these words in the author's sense—that Spengler's "Untergang des Abendlandes" appeared in July, 1918, that is, at the very turning-point of the four years' World-War. It was conceived, the author tells us, before 1914 and fully worked out by 1917. So far as he is concerned, then, the impulse to create it arose from a view of our civilization not as the late war left it, but (as he says expressly) as the _coming_ war would find it. But inevitably the public impulse to read it arose in and from post-war conditions, and thus it happened that this severe and difficult philosophy of history found a market that has justified the printing of 90,000 copies. Its very title was so apposite to the moment as to predispose the higher intellectuals to regard it as a work of the moment—the more so as the author was a simple Oberlehrer and unknown to the world of authoritative learning.

Spengler's was not the only, nor indeed the most "popular," philosophical product of the German revolution. In the graver conjunctures, sound minds do not dally with the graver questions—they either face and attack them with supernormal resolution or thrust them out of sight with an equally supernormal effort to enjoy or to endure the day as it comes. Even after the return to normality, it is no longer possible for men—at any rate for Western men—not to know that these questions exist. And, if it is none too easy even for the victors of the struggle to shake off its sequelæ, to turn back to business as the normal and to give no more than amateur effort and dilettantish attention to the very deep things, for the defeated side this is impossible. It goes through a period of material difficulty (often extreme difficulty) and one in which pride of achievement and humility in the presence of unsuccess work dynamically together. So it was with sound minds in the post-Jena Germany of Jahn and Fichte, and so it was also with such minds in the Germany of 1919-1920.

To assume the rôle of critic and to compare Spengler's with other philosophies of the present phase of Germany, as to respective intrinsic weights, is not the purpose of this note nor within the competence of its writer. On the other hand, it is unconditionally necessary for the reader to realize that the book before him has not only acquired this large following amongst thoughtful laymen, but has forced the attention and taxed the scholarship of every branch of the learned world. Theologians, historians, scientists, art critics—all saw the challenge, and each brought his _apparatus criticus_ to bear on that part of the Spengler theory that affected his own domain. The reader who is familiar with German may be referred to Manfred Schroeter's "Der Streit um Spengler" for details; it will suffice here to say that Schroeter's index of critics' names contains some 400 entries. These critics are not only, or even principally, general reviewers, most of them being specialists of high standing. It is, to say the least, remarkable that a volcanically assertive philosophy of history, visibly popular and produced under a catchy title (Reklamtitel) should call forth, as it did, a special number of _Logos_ in which the Olympians of scholarship passed judgment on every inaccuracy or unsupported statement that they could detect. (These were in fact numerous in the first edition and the author has corrected or modified them in detail in the new edition, from which this translation has been done. But it should be emphasized that the author has not, in this second edition, receded in any essentials from the standpoint taken up in the first.)

The conspicuous features in this first burst of criticism were, on the one hand, want of adequate critical equipment in the general critic, and, on the other, inability to see the wood for the trees in the man of learning. No one, reading Schroeter's book (which by the way is one- third as large as Spengler's first volume itself), can fail to agree with his judgment that notwithstanding paradoxes, overstrainings, and inaccuracies, the work towers above all its commentators. And it was doubtless a sense of this greatness that led many scholars—amongst them some of the very high—to avoid expressing opinions on it at all. It would be foolish to call their silence a "sitting on the fence"; it is a case rather of reserving judgment on a philosophy and a methodology that challenge all the canons and carry with them immense implications. For the very few who combine all the necessary depth of learning with all the necessary freedom and breadth of outlook, it will not be the accuracy or inaccuracy of details under a close magnifying-glass that will be decisive. The very idea of accuracy and inaccuracy presupposes the selection or acceptance of co-ordinates of reference, and therefore the selection or acceptance of a standpoint as "origin." That is mere elementary science—and yet the scholar-critic

would be the first to claim the merit of scientific rigour for his criticisms! It is, in history as in science, impossible to draw a curve through a mass of plotted observations when they are looked at closely and almost individually.

Criticism of quite another and a higher order may be seen in Dr. Eduard Meyer's article on Spengler in the _Deutsche Literaturzeitung_, No. 25 of 1924. Here we find, in one of the great figures of modern scholarship, exactly that large-minded judgment that, while noting minor errors—and visibly attaching little importance to them—deals with the Spengler thesis fairly and squarely on the grand issues alone. Dr. Meyer differs from Spengler on many serious questions, of which perhaps the most important is that of the scope and origin of the Magian Culture. But instead of cataloguing the errors that are still to be found in Spengler's vast ordered multitude of facts, Eduard Meyer honourably bears testimony to our author's "erstaunlich umfangreiches, _ihm ständig präsentes, Wissen_" (a phrase as neat and as untranslatable as Goethe's "exakte sinnliche Phantasie"). He insists upon the fruitfulness of certain of Spengler's ideas such as that of the "Second Religiousness." Above all, he adheres to and covers with his high authority the basic idea of the parallelism of organically-living Cultures. It is not necessarily Spengler's structure of the Cultures that he accepts—parts of it indeed he definitely rejects as wrong or insufficiently established by evidences—but on the question of their being _an_ organic structure of the Cultures, _a_ morphology of History, he ranges himself frankly by the side of the younger thinker, whose work he sums up as a "bleibendez und auf lange Zeit hinaus nachhaltig wirkendes Besitz unserer Wissenschaft und Literatur." This last phrase of Dr. Meyer's expresses very directly and simply that which for an all-round student (as distinct from an erudite specialist) constitutes the peculiar _quality_ of Spengler's work. Its influence is far deeper and subtler than any to which the conventional adjective "suggestive" could be applied. It cannot in fact be described by adjectives at all, but only denoted or adumbrated by its result, which is that, after studying and mastering it, "one finds it nearly if not quite impossible to approach any culture-problem—old or new, dogmatic or artistic, political or scientific—without conceiving it primarily as 'morphological.'"

The work comprises two volumes—under the respective sub-titles "Form and Reality" and "World-historical Perspectives"—of which the present translation covers the first only. Some day I hope to have the opportunity of completing a task which becomes—such is the nature of this book—more attractive in proportion to its difficulty. References to Volume II are, for the present, necessarily to the pages of the German original; if, as is hoped, this translation is completed later by the issue of the second volume, a list of the necessary adjustments of page references will be issued with it. The reader will notice that translator's foot-notes are scattered fairly freely over the pages of this edition. In most cases these have no pretensions to being critical annotations. They are merely meant to help the reader to follow up in more detail the points of fact which Spengler, with his "ständig präsentes Wissen," sweeps along in his course. This being their object, they take the form, in the majority of cases, of references to appropriate articles in the Encyclopædia Britannica, which is the only single work that both contains reasonably full information on the varied (and often abstruse) matters alluded to, and is likely to be accessible wherever this book may penetrate. Every reader no doubt will find these notes, where they appertain to his own special subject, trivial and even annoying, but it is thought that, for example, an explanation of the mathematical Limit may be helpful to a student who knows all about the Katharsis in Greek drama, and _vice versa_.

In conclusion I cannot omit to put on record the part that my wife, Hannah Waller Atkinson, has taken in the work of translation and editing. I may best describe it by saying that it ought perhaps to have been recorded on the title page instead of in this place.

C. F. A.

January, 1926.

PREFACE TO THE REVISED EDITION

At the close of an undertaking which, from the first brief sketch to the final shaping of a complete work of quite unforeseen dimensions, has spread itself over ten years, it will not be out of place to glance back at what I intended and what I have achieved, my standpoint then and my standpoint to-day.

In the Introduction to the 1918 edition—inwardly and outwardly a fragment—I stated my conviction that an idea had now been irrefutably formulated which no one would oppose, once the idea had been put into words. I ought to have said: once that idea had been understood. And for that we must look—as I more and more realize—not only in this instance but in the whole history of thought—to the new generation that is _born_ with the ability to do it.

I added that this must be considered as a first attempt, loaded with all the customary faults, incomplete and not without inward opposition. The remark was not taken anything like as seriously as it was intended. Those who have looked searchingly into the hypotheses of living thought will know that it is not given to us to gain insight into the fundamental principles of existence without conflicting emotions. A thinker is a person whose part it is to symbolize time according to his vision and understanding. He has no choice; he thinks as he has to think. Truth in the long run is to him the picture of the world which was born at his birth. It is that which he does not invent but rather discovers within himself. It is himself over again: his being expressed in words; the meaning of his personality formed into a doctrine which so far as concerns his life is unalterable, because truth and his life are identical. This symbolism is the one essential, the vessel and the expression of human history. The learned philosophical works that arise out of it are superfluous and only serve to swell the bulk of a professional literature.

I can then call the essence of what I have discovered “true”—that is, _true for me_, and as I believe, true for the leading minds of the coming time; not true in itself as dissociated from the conditions imposed by blood and by history, for that is impossible. But what I wrote in the storm and stress of those years was, it must be admitted, a very imperfect statement of what stood clearly before me, and it remained to devote the years that followed to the task of correlating facts and finding means of expression which should enable me to present my idea in the most forcible form.

To perfect that form would be impossible—life itself is only fulfilled in death. But I have once more made the attempt to bring up even the earliest portions of the work to the level of definiteness with which I now feel able to speak; and with that I take leave of this book with its hopes and disappointments, its merits and its faults.

The result has in the meantime justified itself as far as I myself am concerned and—judging by the effect that it is slowly beginning to exercise upon extensive fields of learning—as far as others are concerned also. Let no one expect to find everything set forth here. It is _but one side_ of what I see before me, a new outlook on _history and the philosophy of destiny_—the first indeed of its kind. It is intuitive and depictive through and through, written in a language which seeks to present objects and relations illustratively instead of offering an army of ranked concepts. It addresses itself solely to readers who are capable of living themselves into the word-sounds and pictures as they read. Difficult this undoubtedly is, particularly as our awe in face of mystery—the respect that Goethe felt—denies us the satisfaction of thinking that dissections are the same as penetrations.

Of course, the cry of “pessimism” was raised at once by those who live eternally in yesterday (_Ewiggestrigen_) and greet every idea that is intended for the pathfinder of to-morrow only. But I have not written for people who imagine that delving for the springs of action is the same as action itself; those who make definitions do not know destiny.

By understanding the world I mean being equal to the world. It is the hard reality of living that is the essential, not the concept of life, that the ostrich-philosophy of idealism propounds. Those who refuse to be bluffed by enunciations will not regard this as pessimism; and the rest do not matter. For the benefit of serious readers who are seeking a glimpse at life and not a definition, I have—in view of the far too great concentration of the text—mentioned in my notes a number of works which will carry that glance into more distant realms of knowledge.

And now, finally, I feel urged to name once more those to whom I owe practically everything: Goethe and Nietzsche. Goethe gave me method, Nietzsche the questioning faculty—and if I were asked to find a formula for my relation to the latter I should say that I had made of his “outlook” (_Ausblick_) an “overlook” (_Überblick_). But Goethe was, without knowing it, a disciple of Leibniz in his whole mode of thought. And, therefore, that which has at last (and to my own astonishment) taken shape in my hands I am able to regard and, despite the misery and disgust of these years, proud to call _a German philosophy_.

OSWALD SPENGLER.

Blankenburg am Harz, December, 1922.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION

The complete manuscript of this book—the outcome of three years’ work— was ready when the Great War broke out. By the spring of 1917 it had been worked over again and—in certain details—supplemented and cleared up, but its appearance in print was still delayed by the conditions then prevailing.

Although a philosophy of history is its scope and subject, it possesses also a certain deeper significance as a commentary on the great epochal moment of which the portents were visible when the leading ideas were being formed.

The title, which had been decided upon in 1912, expresses quite literally the intention of the book, which was to describe, in the light of the decline of the Classical age, one world-historical phase of several centuries upon which we ourselves are now entering.

Events have justified much and refuted nothing. It became clear that these ideas must necessarily be brought forward at just this moment and in Germany, and, more, that the war itself was an element in the premisses from which the new world-picture could be made precise.

For I am convinced that it is not merely a question of writing one out of several possible and merely logically justifiable philosophies, but of writing _the_ philosophy of our time, one that is to some extent a natural philosophy and is dimly presaged by all. This may be said without presumption; for an idea that is historically essential—that does not occur within an epoch but itself makes that epoch—is only in a limited sense the property of him to whose lot it falls to parent it. It belongs to our time as a whole and influences all thinkers, without their knowing it; it is but the accidental, private attitude towards it (without which no philosophy can exist) that—with its faults and its merits—is the destiny and the happiness of the individual.

OSWALD SPENGLER.

Munich, December, 1917.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME I

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE ix

AUTHOR'S PREFACE TO THE REVISED EDITION xiii

AUTHOR'S PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION xv

CHAPTER I. INTRODUCTION 1

Scope of the work, p. 3. Morphology of World-History, a new philosophy, p. 5. For whom is History? p. 8. Classical and Indian mankind ahistorical, p. 9. The Egyptian mummy and the burning of the dead, p. 13. The conventional scheme of World-History (ancient, mediæval, modern), p. 15. Its origin, p. 18. Its breakdown, p. 22. Europe not a centre of gravity, p. 23. The only historical method is Goethe's, p. 25. Ourselves and the Romans, p. 26. Nietzsche and Mommsen, p. 28. The problem of Civilization, p. 31. Imperialism the last phase, p. 36. The necessity and range of our basic idea, p. 39. Its relation to present-day philosophy, p. 41. Philosophy's last task, p. 45. The origin of this work, p. 46.

CHAPTER II. THE MEANING OF NUMBERS 51

Fundamental notions, p. 53. Numbers as the sign of delimitation, p. 56. Every Culture has its own Mathematic, p. 59. Number as magnitude in the Classical world, p. 64. Aristarchus, p. 68. Diophantus and Arabian number, p. 71. Number as Function in the Western Culture, p. 74. World-fear and world-longing, p. 78. Geometry and arithmetic, p. 81. The Limit idea, p. 86. Visual limits transcended; symbolical space worlds, p. 86. Final possibilities, p. 87.

CHAPTER III. THE PROBLEM OF WORLD-HISTORY. (1) PHYSIOGNOMIC AND SYSTEMATIC 91

Copernican methods, p. 93. History and Nature, p. 94. Form and Law, p. 97. Physiognomic and Systematic, p. 100. Cultures as organisms, p. 104. Inner form, tempo, duration, p. 108. Homology, p. 111. What is meant by "contemporary," p. 112.

CHAPTER IV. THE PROBLEM OF WORLD-HISTORY. (2) THE DESTINY-IDEA AND THE CAUSALITY-PRINCIPLE 115

Logic, organic and inorganic, p. 117. Time and Destiny, p. 119. Space and Causality, p. 119. The problem of Time, p. 121. Time a counter-conception to Space, p. 126. The symbols of Time—tragedy, time reckoning, disposal of the dead, p. 130. Care (sex, the State, works), p. 136. Destiny and Incident, p. 139. Incident and Cause, p. 141. Incident and Style of existence, p. 142. Anonymous and personal epochs, p. 148. Direction into the future and Image of the Past, p. 152. Is there a Science of History? p. 155. The new enunciation of the problem, p. 159.

CHAPTER V. MAKROKOSMOS. (1) THE SYMBOLISM OF THE WORLD-PICTURE AND THE PROBLEM OF SPACE 161

The Macrocosm as the sum total of symbols referred to a Soul, p. 163. Space and Death, p. 165. “Alles vergängliche ist nur ein Gleichnis,” p. 167. The space problem (only Depth is space- forming), p. 169. Depth as Time, p. 172. The world-idea of a Culture born out of its prime symbol, p. 174. Classical Body, Magian Cavern, Western Infinity, p. 174.

CHAPTER VI. MAKROKOSMOS. (2) APOLLINIAN, FAUSTIAN, AND MAGIAN SOUL 181

Prime symbol, architecture, divinities, p. 183. The Egyptian prime symbol of the path, p. 188. Expression-language of art: Ornamentation and Imitation, p. 191. Ornament and early architecture, p. 196. The window, p. 199. The grand style, p. 200. The history of a Style as organism, p. 205. On the history of the Arabian style, p. 207. Psychology of art-technique, p. 214.

CHAPTER VII. MUSIC AND PLASTIC. (1) THE ARTS OF FORM 217

Music one of the arts of form, p. 219. Classification of the arts impossible except from the historical standpoint, p. 221. The choice of particular arts itself an expression-means of the higher order, p. 222. Apollinian and Faustian art-groups, p. 224. The stages of Western Music, p. 226. The Renaissance an anti- Gothic and anti-musical movement, p. 232. Character of the Baroque, p. 236. The Park, p. 240. Symbolism of colours, p. 245. Colours of the Near and of the Distance, p. 246. Gold background and Rembrandt brown, p. 247. Patina, p. 253.

CHAPTER VIII. MUSIC AND PLASTIC. (2) ACT AND PORTRAIT 257

Kinds of human representation, p. 259. Portraiture, Contrition, Syntax, p. 261. The heads of Classical statuary, p. 264. Portrayal of children and women, p. 266. Hellenistic portraiture, p. 269. The Baroque portrait, p. 272. Leonardo, Raphael and Michelangelo overcome the Renaissance, p. 273. Victory of Instrumental Music over Oil-Painting, corresponding to the victory of Statuary over Fresco in the Classical, p. 282. Impressionism, p. 285. Pergamum and Bayreuth, p. 291. The finale of Art, p. 293.

CHAPTER IX. SOUL-IMAGE AND LIFE-FEELING. (1) ON THE FORM OF THE SOUL 297

Soul-image as function of World-image, p. 299. Psychology of a counter-physics, p. 302. Apollinian, Magian and Faustian soul-image, p. 305. The “Will” in Gothic space, p. 308. The “inner” mythology, p. 312. Will and Character, p. 314. Classical posture tragedy and Faustian character tragedy, p. 317. Symbolism of the drama-image, p. 320. Day and Night Art, p. 324. Popular and esoteric, p. 326. The astronomical image, p. 329. The geographical horizon, p. 332.

CHAPTER X. SOUL-IMAGE AND LIFE-FEELING. (2) BUDDHISM, STOICISM, AND SOCIALISM 339

The Faustian morale purely dynamic, p. 341. Every Culture has a form of morale proper to itself, p. 345. Posture-morale and will-morale, p. 347. Buddha, Socrates, Rousseau as protagonists of the dawning Civilizations, p. 351. Tragic and plebeian morale, p. 354. Return to Nature, Irreligion, Nihilism, p. 356. Ethical Socialism, p. 361. Similarity of structure in the philosophical history of every Culture, p. 364. The Civilized philosophy of the West, p. 365.

CHAPTER XI. FAUSTIAN AND APOLLINIAN NATURE-KNOWLEDGE 375

Theory as Myth, p. 377. Every Natural Science depends upon a preceding Religion, p. 391. Statics, Alchemy, Dynamics as the theories of three Cultures, p. 382. The Atomic theory, p. 384. The problem of motion insoluble, p. 388. The style of causal process and experience, p. 391. The feeling of God and the knowing of Nature, p. 392. The great Myth, p. 394. Classical, Magian and Faustian _numina_, p. 397. Atheism, p. 408. Faustian physics as a dogma of force, p. 411. Limits of its theoretical (as distinct from its technical) development, p. 417. Self- destruction of Dynamics, and invasion of historical ideas; theory dissolves into a system of morphological relationships, p. 420.

INDEX _Following page_ 428

TABLES ILLUSTRATING THE COMPARATIVE _At end of volume_ MORPHOLOGY OF HISTORY

CHAPTER I INTRODUCTION

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

I

In this book is attempted for the first time the venture of predetermining history, of following the still untravelled stages in the destiny of a Culture, and specifically of the only Culture of our time and on our planet which is actually in the phase of fulfilment—the West-European-American.

Hitherto the possibility of solving a problem so far-reaching has evidently never been envisaged, and even if it had been so, the means of dealing with it were either altogether unsuspected or, at best, inadequately used.

Is there a logic of history? Is there, beyond all the casual and incalculable elements of the separate events, something that we may call a metaphysical structure of historic humanity, something that is essentially independent of the outward forms—social, spiritual and political—which we see so clearly? Are not these actualities indeed secondary or derived from that something? Does world-history present to the seeing eye certain grand traits, again and again, with sufficient constancy to justify certain conclusions? And if so, what are the limits to which reasoning from such premisses may be pushed?

Is it possible to find in life itself—for human history is the sum of mighty life-courses which already have had to be endowed with ego and personality, in customary thought and expression, by predicating entities of a higher order like “the Classical” or “the Chinese Culture,” “Modern Civilization”—a series of stages which must be traversed, and traversed moreover in an ordered and obligatory sequence? For everything organic the notions of birth, death, youth, age, lifetime are fundamentals—may not these notions, in this sphere also, possess a rigorous meaning which no one has as yet extracted? In short, is all history founded upon general biographic archetypes?

The decline of the West, which at first sight may appear, like the corresponding decline of the Classical Culture, a phenomenon limited in time and space, we now perceive to be a philosophical problem that, when comprehended in all its gravity, includes within itself every great question of Being.

If therefore we are to discover in what form the destiny of the Western Culture will be accomplished, we must first be clear as to what culture _is_, what its relations are to visible history, to life, to soul, to nature, to intellect, what the forms of its manifestation are and how far these forms—peoples, tongues and epochs, battles and ideas, states and gods, arts and craft-works, sciences, laws, economic types and world-ideas, great men and great events—may be accepted and pointed to as symbols.

II

The means whereby to identify dead forms is Mathematical Law. The means whereby to understand living forms is Analogy. By these means we are enabled to distinguish polarity and periodicity in the world.

It is, and has always been, a matter of knowledge that the expression- forms of world-history are limited in number, and that eras, epochs, situations, persons are ever repeating themselves true to type. Napoleon has hardly ever been discussed without a side-glance at Cæsar and Alexander—analogies of which, as we shall see, the first is morphologically quite inacceptable and the second is correct—while Napoleon himself conceived of his situation as akin to Charlemagne’s. The French Revolutionary Convention spoke of Carthage when it meant England, and the Jacobins styled themselves Romans. Other such comparisons, of all degrees of soundness and unsoundness, are those of Florence with Athens, Buddha with Christ, primitive Christianity with modern Socialism, the Roman financial magnate of Cæsar’s time with the Yankee. Petrarch, the first passionate archæologist (and is not archæology itself an expression of the sense that history is repetition?) related himself mentally to Cicero, and but lately Cecil Rhodes, the organizer of British South Africa, who had in his library specially prepared translations of the classical lives of the Cæsars, felt himself akin to the Emperor Hadrian. The fated Charles XII of Sweden used to carry Quintus Curtius’s life of Alexander in his pocket, and to copy that conqueror was his deliberate purpose.

Frederick the Great, in his political writings—such as his _Considérations_, 1738—moves among analogies with perfect assurance. Thus he compares the French to the Macedonians under Philip and the Germans to the Greeks. “Even now,” he says, “the Thermopylæ of Germany, Alsace and Lorraine, are in the hands of Philip,” therein exactly characterizing the policy of Cardinal Fleury. We find him drawing parallels also between the policies of the Houses of Habsburg and Bourbon and the proscriptions of Antony and of Octavius.

Still, all this was only fragmentary and arbitrary, and usually implied rather a momentary inclination to poetical or ingenious expressions than a really deep sense of historical forms.

Thus in the case of Ranke, a master of artistic analogy, we find that his parallels of Cyaxares and Henry the Fowler, of the inroads of the Cimmerians and those of the Hungarians, possess morphologically no significance, and his oft-quoted analogy between the Hellenic city- states and the Renaissance republics very little, while the deeper truth in his comparison of Alcibiades and Napoleon is accidental. Unlike the strict mathematician, who finds inner relationships between two groups of differential equations where the layman sees nothing but dissimilarities of outward form, Ranke and others draw their historical analogies with a Plutarchian, popular-romantic, touch, and aim merely at presenting comparable scenes on the world-stage.

It is easy to see that, at bottom, it is neither a principle nor a sense of historic necessity, but simple inclination, that governs the choice of the tableaux. From any _technique_ of analogies we are far distant. They throng up (to-day more than ever) without scheme or unities, and if they do hit upon something which is true—in the essential sense of the word that remains to be determined—it is thanks to luck, more rarely to instinct, never to a principle. In this region no one hitherto has set himself to work out a _method_, nor has had the slightest inkling that there is here a root, in fact the only root, from which can come a broad solution of the problems of History.

Analogies, in so far as they laid bare the organic structure of history, might be a blessing to historical thought. Their technique, developing under the influence of a comprehensive idea, would surely eventuate in inevitable conclusions and logical mastery. But as hitherto understood and practised they have been a curse, for they have enabled the historians to follow their own tastes, instead of soberly realizing that their first and hardest task was concerned with the symbolism of history and its analogies, and, in consequence, the problem has till now not even been comprehended, let alone solved. Superficial in many cases (as for instance in designating Cæsar as the creator of the official newspaper), these analogies are worse than superficial in others (as when phenomena of the Classical Age that are not only extremely complex but utterly alien to us are labelled with modern catchwords like Socialism, Impressionism, Capitalism, Clericalism), while occasionally they are bizarre to the point of perversity—witness the Jacobin clubs with their cult of Brutus, that millionaire-extortioner Brutus who, in the name of oligarchical doctrine and with the approval of the patrician senate, murdered the Man of the Democracy.

III

Thus our theme, which originally comprised only the limited problem of present-day civilization, broadens itself into a new philosophy—_the_ philosophy of the future, so far as the metaphysically-exhausted soil of the West can bear such, and in any case the only philosophy which is within the _possibilities_ of the West-European mind in its next stages. It expands into the conception of a _morphology of world history_, of the world-as-history in contrast to the morphology of the world-as- nature that hitherto has been almost the only theme of philosophy. And it reviews once again the forms and movements of the world in their depths and final significance, but this time according to an entirely different ordering which groups them, not in an ensemble picture inclusive of everything known, but in a picture of _life_, and presents them not as things-become, but as things-becoming.

The _world-as-history_, conceived, viewed and given form from out of its opposite the _world-as-nature_—here is a new aspect of human existence on this earth. As yet, in spite of its immense significance, both practical and theoretical, this aspect has not been realized, still less presented. Some obscure inkling of it there may have been, a distant momentary glimpse there has often been, but no one has deliberately faced it and taken it in with all its implications. We have before us two possible ways in which man may inwardly possess and experience the world around him. With all rigour I distinguish (as to form, not substance) the organic from the mechanical world-impression, the content of images from that of laws, the picture and symbol from the formula and the system, the instantly actual from the constantly possible, the intents and purposes of imagination ordering according to plan from the intents and purposes of experience dissecting according to scheme; and— to mention even thus early an opposition that has never yet been noted, in spite of its significance—the domain of _chronological_ from that of _mathematical number_.[1]

Consequently, in a research such as that lying before us, there can be no question of taking spiritual-political events, as they become visible day by day on the surface, at their face value, and arranging them on a scheme of “causes” or “effects” and following them up in the obvious and intellectually easy directions. Such a “pragmatic” handling of history would be nothing but a piece of “natural science” in disguise, and for their part, the supporters of the materialistic idea of history make no secret about it—it is their adversaries who largely fail to see the similarity of the two methods. What concerns us is not what the historical facts which appear at this or that time _are_, per se, but what they signify, what they point to, _by appearing_. Present-day historians think they

are doing a work of supererogation in bringing in religious and social, or still more art-history, details to “illustrate” the political sense of an epoch. But the decisive factor—decisive, that is, in so far as visible history is the expression, sign and embodiment of soul—they forget. I have not hitherto found one who has carefully considered the _morphological relationship_ that inwardly binds together the expression-forms of _all_ branches of a Culture, who has gone beyond politics to grasp the ultimate and fundamental ideas of Greeks, Arabians, Indians and Westerners in mathematics, the meaning of their early ornamentation, the basic forms of their architecture, philosophies, dramas and lyrics, their choice and development of great arts, the detail of their craftsmanship and choice of materials—let alone appreciated the decisive importance of these matters for the form- problems of history. Who amongst them realizes that between the Differential Calculus and the dynastic principle of politics in the age of Louis XIV, between the Classical city-state and the Euclidean geometry, between the space-perspective of Western oil-painting and the conquest of space by railroad, telephone and long-range weapon, between contrapuntal music and credit economics, there are deep uniformities? Yet, viewed from this morphological standpoint, even the humdrum facts of politics assume a symbolic and even a metaphysical character, and— what has perhaps been impossible hitherto—things such as the Egyptian administrative system, the Classical coinage, analytical geometry, the cheque, the Suez Canal, the book-printing of the Chinese, the Prussian Army, and the Roman road-engineering can, as symbols, be made _uniformly_ understandable and appreciable.

But at once the fact presents itself that as yet there exists no theory- enlightened art of historical treatment. What passes as such draws its methods almost exclusively from the domain of that science which alone has completely disciplined the methods of cognition, viz., physics, and thus we imagine ourselves to be carrying on historical research when we are really following out objective connexions of cause and effect. It is a remarkable fact that the old-fashioned philosophy never imagined even the possibility of there being any other relation than this between the conscious human understanding and the world outside. Kant, who in his main work established the formal rules of cognition, took _nature_ only as the object of reason’s activity, and neither he himself, nor anyone after him, noted the reservation. Knowledge, for Kant, is mathematical knowledge. He deals with innate intuition-forms and categories of the reason, but he never thinks of the wholly different mechanism by which historical impressions are apprehended. And Schopenhauer, who, significantly enough, retains but one of the Kantian categories, viz., causality, speaks contemptuously of history.[2] That there is, besides a necessity of cause and effect—which I may call the _logic of space_—another necessity, an organic necessity in life, that of Destiny—the _logic of time_—is a fact of the deepest inward certainty, a fact which suffuses the whole of mythological religions and artistic thought and constitutes the essence and kernel of all history (in contradistinction to nature) but is unapproachable through the cognition-forms which the “Critique of Pure Reason” investigates. This fact still awaits its theoretical formulation. As Galileo says in a famous passage of his _Saggiatore_, philosophy, as Nature’s great book, is written “in mathematical language.” We await, to-day, the philosopher who will tell us in what language history is written and how it is to be read.

Mathematics and the principle of Causality lead to a naturalistic, Chronology and the idea of Destiny to a historical ordering of the phenomenal world. Both orderings, each on its own account, cover the _whole_ world. The difference is only in the eyes by which and through which this world is realized.

Footnote 1:

Kant’s error, an error of very wide bearing which has not even yet been overcome, was first of all in bringing the outer and inner Man into relation with the ideas of space and time by pure scheme, though the meanings of these are numerous and, above all, not unalterable; and secondly in allying arithmetic with the one and geometry with the other in an utterly mistaken way. It is not between arithmetic and geometry—we must here anticipate a little—but between chronological and mathematical number that there is fundamental opposition. Arithmetic and geometry are _both_ spatial mathematics and in their higher regions they are no longer separable. _Time-reckoning_, of which the plain man is capable of a perfectly clear understanding through his senses, answers the question “When,” not “What” or “How Many.”

Footnote 2:

One cannot but be sensible how little depth and power of abstraction has been associated with the treatment of, say, the Renaissance or the Great Migrations, as compared with what is obviously required for the theory of functions and theoretical optics. Judged by the standards of the physicist and the mathematician, the historian becomes _careless_ as soon as he has assembled and ordered his material and passes on to interpretation.

IV

Nature is the shape in which the man of higher Cultures synthesizes and interprets the immediate impressions of his senses. History is that from which his imagination seeks comprehension of the living existence of the world in relation to his own life, which he thereby invests with a deeper reality. Whether he is capable of creating these shapes, which of them it is that dominates his waking consciousness, is a primordial problem of all human existence.

Man, thus, has before him two _possibilities_ of world-formation. But it must be noted, at the very outset, that these possibilities are not necessarily _actualities_, and if we are to enquire into the sense of all history we must begin by solving a question which has never yet been put, viz., _for whom_ is there History? The question is seemingly paradoxical, for history is obviously for everyone to this extent, that every man, with his whole existence and consciousness, is a part of history. But it makes a great difference whether anyone lives under the constant impression that his life is an element in a far wider life- course that goes on for hundreds and thousands of years, or conceives of himself as something rounded off and self-contained. For the latter type of consciousness there is certainly no world-history, no _world-as- history_. But how if the self-consciousness of a whole nation, how if a whole Culture rests on this ahistoric spirit? How must actuality appear to it? The world? Life? Consider the Classical Culture. In the world-consciousness of the Hellenes all experience, not merely the personal but the common past, was immediately transmuted into a timeless, immobile, mythically-fashioned background for the particular momentary present; thus the history of Alexander the Great began even before his death to be merged by Classical sentiment in the Dionysus legend, and to Cæsar there seemed at the least nothing preposterous in claiming descent from Venus.

Such a spiritual condition it is practically impossible for us men of the West, with a sense of time-distances so strong that we habitually and unquestioningly speak of so many years before or after Christ, to reproduce in ourselves. But we are not on that account entitled, in dealing with the problems of History, simply to ignore the fact.

What diaries and autobiographies yield in respect of an individual, that historical research in the widest and most inclusive sense—that is, every kind of psychological comparison and analysis of alien peoples, times and customs—yields as to the soul of a Culture as a whole. But the Classical culture possessed no _memory_, no organ of history in this special sense. The memory of the Classical man—so to call it, though it is somewhat arbitrary to apply to alien souls a notion derived from our own—is something different, since past and future, as arraying perspectives in the working consciousness, are absent and the “pure Present,” which so often roused Goethe’s admiration in every product of the Classical life and in sculpture particularly, fills that life with an intensity that to us is perfectly unknown.

This pure Present, whose greatest symbol is the Doric column, in itself predicates the _negation of time_ (of direction). For Herodotus and Sophocles, as for Themistocles or a Roman consul, the past is subtilized instantly into an impression that is timeless and changeless, _polar and not periodic_ in structure—in the last analysis, of such stuff as myths are made of—whereas for our world-sense and our inner eye the past is a definitely periodic and purposeful organism of centuries or millennia.

But it is just this background which gives the life, whether it be the Classical or the Western life, its special colouring. What the Greek called Kosmos was the image of a world that is not continuous but complete. _Inevitably_, then, the Greek man himself was not a series but a term.[3]

For this reason, although Classical man was well acquainted with the strict chronology and almanac-reckoning of the Babylonians and especially the Egyptians, and therefore with that eternity-sense and disregard of the present-as-such which revealed itself in their broadly- conceived operations of astronomy and their exact measurements of big time-intervals, none of this ever became _intimately_ a part of him. What his philosophers occasionally told him on the subject they had heard, not experienced, and what a few brilliant minds in the Asiatic- Greek cities (such as Hipparchus and Aristarchus) discovered was rejected alike by the Stoic and by the Aristotelian, and outside a small professional circle not even noticed. Neither Plato nor Aristotle had an observatory. In the last years of Pericles, the Athenian people passed a decree by which all who propagated astronomical theories were made liable to impeachment (ε■σαγγελ■α). This last was an act of the deepest symbolic significance, expressive of the determination of the Classical soul to banish distance, in every aspect, from its world-consciousness.

As regards Classical history-writing, take Thucydides. The mastery of this man lies in his truly Classical power of making alive and self- explanatory the events of the _present_, and also in his possession of the magnificently _practical outlook_ of the born

statesman who has himself been both general and administrator. In virtue of this quality of _experience_ (which we unfortunately confuse with the historical sense proper), his work confronts the merely learned and professional historian as an inimitable model, and quite rightly so. But what is absolutely hidden from Thucydides is perspective, the power of surveying the history of centuries, that which for us is implicit in the very conception of a historian. The fine pieces of Classical history-writing are invariably those which set forth matters within the political present of the writer, whereas for us it is the direct opposite, our historical masterpieces without exception being those which deal with a distant past. Thucydides would have broken down in handling even the Persian Wars, let alone the general history of Greece, while that of Egypt would have been utterly out of his reach. He, as well as Polybius and Tacitus (who like him were practical politicians), loses his sureness of eye from the moment when, in looking backwards, he encounters motive forces in any form that is unknown in his practical experience. For Polybius even the First Punic War, for Tacitus even the reign of Augustus, are inexplicable. As for Thucydides, his lack of historical feeling—in our sense of the phrase—is conclusively demonstrated on the very first page of his book by the astounding statement that before his time (about 400 B.C.) no events of importance had occurred (ο■ μεγ■λα γεν■σθαι) in the world![4]

Consequently, Classical history down to the Persian Wars and for that matter the structure built up on traditions at much later periods, are the product of an essentially mythological thinking. The constitutional history of Sparta is a poem of the Hellenistic period, and Lycurgus, on whom it centres and whose “biography” we are given in full detail, was probably in the beginning an unimportant local god of Mount Taygetus. The invention of pre-Hannibalian Roman history was still going on even in Cæsar’s time. The story of the expulsion of the Tarquins by Brutus is built round some contemporary of the Censor Appius Claudius (310 B.C.). The names of the Roman kings were at that period made up from the names of certain plebeian families which had become wealthy (K. J. Neumann). In the sphere of constitutional history, setting aside altogether the “constitution” of Servius Tullius, we find that even the famous land law of Licinius (367 B.C.) was not in existence at the time of the Second Punic War (B. Niese). When Epaminondas gave freedom and statehood to the Messenians and the Arcadians, these peoples promptly provided themselves with an early history. But the astounding thing is not that history of this sort was produced, but that there was practically none of any other sort; and the opposition between the Classical and the modern outlook is sufficiently illustrated by saying that Roman history before 250 B.C., as known in Cæsar’s time, was substantially a forgery, and that the little that we know has been established by ourselves and was entirely unknown to the later Romans. In what sense the Classical world understood the word “history” we can see from the fact that the Alexandrine romance-literature exercised the strongest influence upon serious political and religious history, even as regards its matter. It never entered the Classical head to draw any distinction of principle between history as a story and history as documents. When, towards the end of the Roman republic, Varro set out to stabilize the religion that was fast vanishing from the people’s consciousness, he classified the deities _whose cult was exactly and minutely observed by the State_, into “certain” and “uncertain” gods, i.e., into gods of whom something was still known and gods that, in spite of the unbroken continuity of official worship, had survived in name only. In actual fact, the religion of Roman society in Varro’s time, the poet’s religion which Goethe and even Nietzsche reproduced in all innocence, was mainly a product of Hellenistic literature and had almost no relation to the ancient practices, which no one any longer understood.

Mommsen clearly defined the West-European attitude towards this history when he said that “the Roman historians,” meaning especially Tacitus, “were men who said what it would have been meritorious to omit, and omitted what it was essential to say.”

In the Indian Culture we have the perfectly ahistoric soul. Its decisive expression is the Brahman Nirvana. There is no pure Indian astronomy, no calendar, and therefore no history so far as history is the track of a conscious spiritual evolution. Of the visible course of their Culture, which as regards its organic phase came to an end with the rise of Buddhism, we know even less than we do of Classical history, rich though it must have been in great events between the 12th and 8th centuries. And this is not surprising, since it was in dream-shapes and mythological figures that both came to be fixed. It is a full millennium after Buddha, about 500 A.D., when Ceylon first produces something remotely resembling historical work, the “Mahavansa.”

The world-consciousness of Indian man was so ahistorically built that it could not even treat the appearance of a book written by a single author as an event determinate in time. Instead of an organic series of writings by specific persons, there came into being gradually a vague mass of texts into which everyone inserted what he pleased, and notions such as those of intellectual individualism, intellectual evolution, intellectual epochs, played no part in the matter. It is in this _anonymous_ form that we possess the Indian philosophy—which is at the same time all the Indian history that we have—and it is instructive to compare with it the philosophy-history of the West, which is a perfectly definite structure made up of individual books and personalities.

Indian man forgot everything, but Egyptian man forgot _nothing_. Hence, while the art of portraiture—which is biography in the kernel—was unknown in India, in Egypt it was practically the artist’s only theme.

The Egyptian soul, conspicuously historical in its texture and impelled with primitive passion towards the infinite, perceived past and future as its _whole_ world, and the present (which is identical with waking consciousness) appeared to him simply as the narrow common frontier of two immeasurable stretches. The Egyptian Culture is an embodiment of _care_—which is the spiritual counterpoise of distance—care for the future expressed in the choice of granite or basalt as the craftsman's materials,[5] in the chiselled archives, in the elaborate administrative system, in the net of irrigation works,[6] and, necessarily _bound up therewith_, care for the past. The Egyptian mummy is a symbol of the first importance. The body of the dead man was _made everlasting_, just as his personality, his "Ka," was immortalized through the portrait- statuettes, which were often made in many copies and to which it was conceived to be attached by a transcendental likeness.

There is a deep relation between the attitude that is taken towards the historic past and the conception that is formed of death, and this relation is expressed in the _disposal of the dead_. The Egyptian denied mortality, the Classical man affirmed it in the whole symbolism of his Culture. The Egyptians embalmed even their history in chronological dates and figures. From pre-Solonian Greece nothing has been handed down, not a year-date, not a true name, not a tangible event—with the consequence that the later history, (which alone we know) assumes undue importance—but for Egypt we possess, from the 3rd millennium and even earlier, the names and even the exact reign-dates of many of the kings, and the New Empire must have had a complete knowledge of them. To-day, pathetic symbols of the will to endure, the bodies of the great Pharaohs lie in our museums, their faces still recognizable. On the shining, polished-granite peak of the pyramid of Amenemhet III we can read to-day the words "Amenemhet looks upon the beauty of the Sun" and, on the other side, "Higher is the soul of Amenemhet than the height of Orion, and it is united with the underworld." Here indeed is victory over Mortality and the mere present; it is to the last degree un-Classical.

Footnote 3:

In the original, these fundamental antitheses are expressed simply by means of _werden_ and _sein_. Exact renderings are therefore impossible in English.—_Tr._

Footnote 4:

The attempts of the Greeks to frame something like a calendar or a chronology after the Egyptian fashion, besides being very belated indeed, were of extreme _naïveté_. The Olympiad reckoning is not an era in the sense of, say, the Christian chronology, and is, moreover, a late and purely literary expedient, without popular currency. The people, in fact, had no general need of a numeration wherewith to date the experiences of their grandfathers and great-grandfathers, though a few learned persons might be interested in the calendar question. We are not here concerned with the soundness or unsoundness of a calendar, but with its currency, with the question of whether men regulated their lives by it or not; but, incidentally, even the list of Olympian victors before 500 is quite as much of an invention as the lists of earlier Athenian archons or Roman consuls. Of the colonizations, we possess not one single authentic date (E. Meyer. _Gesch. d. Alt._ II, 442. Beloch. _Griech. Gesch._ I, 2, 219) "in Greece before the fifth century, no one ever thought of noting or reporting historical events." (Beloch. I, 1, 125). We possess an inscription which sets forth a treaty between Elis and Heraea which "was to be valid for a hundred years from this year." What "this year" was, is however not indicated. After a few years no one would have known how long the treaty had still to run. Evidently this was a point that no one had taken into account at the time—indeed, the very "men of the moment" who drew up the document, probably themselves soon forgot. Such was the childlike, fairy-story character of the Classical presentation of history that any ordered dating of the events of, say, the Trojan War (which occupies in their series the same position as the Crusades in ours) would have been felt as a sheer solecism.

Equally backward was the geographical science of the Classical world as compared with that of the Egyptians and the Babylonians. E. Meyer (_Gesch. d. Alt._ II, 102) shows how the Greeks' knowledge of the form of Africa degenerated from Herodotus (who followed Persian authorities) to Aristotle. The same is true of the Romans as the heirs of the Carthaginians; they first repeated the information of their alien forerunners and then slowly forgot it.

Footnote 5:

Contrast with this the fact, symbolically of the highest importance and unparalleled in art-history, that the Hellenes, though they had before their eyes the works of the Mycenæan Age and their land was only too rich in stone, _deliberately reverted to wood_; hence the absence of architectural remains of the period 1200-600. The Egyptian plant-column was from the outset of stone, whereas the

Doric column was wooden, a clear indication of the intense antipathy of the Classical soul towards duration.

Footnote 6:

Is there any Hellenic city that ever carried out one single comprehensive work that tells of care for future generations? The road and water systems which research has assigned to the Mycenæan—i.e., the pre-Classical—age fell into disrepair and oblivion from the birth of the Classical peoples—that is, from the Homeric period. It is a remarkably curious fact, proved beyond doubt by the lack of epigraphic remains, that the Classical alphabet did not come into use till after 900, and even then only to a limited extent and for the most pressing economic needs. Whereas in the Egyptian, the Babylonian, the Mexican and the Chinese Cultures the formation of a script begins in the very twilight of dawn, whereas the Germans made themselves a Runic alphabet and presently developed that respect for writing as such which led to the successive refinements of ornamental calligraphy, the Classical primitives were entirely ignorant of the numerous alphabets that were current in the South and the East. We possess numerous inscriptions of Hittite Asia Minor and of Crete, but not one of Homeric Greece. (See Vol. II, pp. 180 et seq.)

V

In opposition to this mighty group of Egyptian life-symbols, we meet at the threshold of the Classical Culture the custom, typifying the ease with which it could forget every piece of its inward and outward past, of _burning the dead_. To the Mycenæan age the elevation into a ritual of this particular funerary method amongst all those practised in turn by stone-age peoples, was essentially alien; indeed its Royal tombs suggest that earth-burial was regarded as peculiarly honourable. But in Homeric Greece, as in Vedic India, we find a change, so sudden that its origins must necessarily be psychological, from burial to that burning which (the Iliad gives us the full pathos of the symbolic act) was the ceremonial completion of death and the denial of all historical duration.

From this moment the plasticity of the individual spiritual evolution was at an end. Classical drama admitted truly historical motives just as little as it allowed themes of inward evolution, and it is well known how decisively the Hellenic instinct set itself against portraiture in the arts. Right into the imperial period Classical art handled only the matter that was, so to say, natural to it, the myth.[7] Even the “ideal” portraits of Hellenistic sculpture are mythical, of the same kind as the typical biographies of Plutarch’s sort. No great Greek ever wrote down any recollections that would serve to fix a phase of experience for his inner eye. Not even Socrates has told, regarding his inward life, anything important in our sense of the word. It is questionable indeed whether for a Classical mind it was even possible to react to the motive forces that are presupposed in the production of a Parzeval, a Hamlet, or a Werther. In Plato we fail to observe any conscious evolution of doctrine; his separate works are merely treatises written from very different standpoints which he took up from time to time, and it gave him no concern whether and how they hung together. On the contrary, a work of deep self-examination, the _Vita Nuova_ of Dante, is found at the very outset of the spiritual history of the West. How little therefore of the Classical pure-present there really was in Goethe, the man who forgot nothing, the man whose works, as he avowed himself, are only fragments of a _single great confession_!

After the destruction of Athens by the Persians, all the older art-works were thrown on the dustheap (whence we are now extracting them), and we do not hear that anyone in Hellas ever troubled himself about the ruins of Mycenæ or Phaistos for the purpose of ascertaining historical facts. Men read Homer but never thought of excavating the hill of Troy as Schliemann did; for what they wanted was myth, not history. The works of Æschylus and those of the pre-Socratic philosophers were already partially lost in the Hellenistic period. In the West, on the contrary, the piety inherent in and peculiar to the Culture manifested itself, five centuries before Schliemann, in Petrarch—the fine collector of antiquities, coins and manuscripts, the very type of historically- sensitive man, viewing the distant past and scanning the distant prospect (was he not the first to attempt an Alpine peak?), living in his time, yet essentially not of it. The soul of the collector is intelligible only by having regard to his conception of Time. Even more passionate perhaps, though of a different colouring, is the collecting- bent of the Chinese. In China, whoever travels assiduously pursues “old traces” (Ku-tsi) and the untranslatable “Tao,” the basic principle of Chinese existence, derives all its meaning from a deep historical feeling. In the Hellenistic period, objects were indeed collected and displayed everywhere, but they were curiosities of mythological appeal (as described by Pausanias) as to which questions of date or purpose simply did not arise—and this too in the very presence of Egypt, which even by the time of the great Thuthmosis had been transformed into one vast museum of strict tradition.

Amongst the Western peoples, it was the Germans who discovered the mechanical _clock_, the dread symbol of the flow of time, and the chimes of countless clock towers that echo day and night over West Europe are perhaps the most wonderful expression of which a historical world- feeling is capable.[8] In the timeless countrysides and cities of the Classical world, we find nothing of the

sort. Till the epoch of Pericles, the time of day was estimated merely by the length of shadow, and it was only from that of Aristotle that the word ■ρα received the (Babylonian) significance of “hour”; prior to that there was no exact subdivision of the day. In Babylon and Egypt water-clocks and sun-dials were discovered in the very early stages, yet in Athens it was left to Plato to introduce a practically useful form of clepsydra, and this was merely a minor adjunct of everyday utility which could not have influenced the Classical life-feeling in the smallest degree.

It remains still to mention the corresponding difference, which is very deep and has never yet been properly appreciated, between Classical and modern mathematics. The former conceived of things _as they are_, as _magnitudes_, timeless and purely present, and so it proceeded to Euclidean geometry and mathematical statics, rounding off its intellectual system with the theory of conic sections. We conceive things as they _become_ and _behave_, as _function_, and this brought us to dynamics, analytical geometry and thence to the Differential Calculus.[9] The modern theory of functions is the imposing marshalling of this whole mass of thought. It is a bizarre, but nevertheless psychologically exact, fact that the physics of the Greeks—being statics and not dynamics—neither knew the use nor felt the absence of the time- element, whereas we on the other hand work in thousandths of a second. The one and only evolution-idea that is timeless, ahistoric, is Aristotle’s entelechy.

This, then, is our task. We men of the Western Culture are, with our historical sense, an exception and not a rule. World-history is _our_ world picture and not all mankind’s. Indian and Classical man formed no image of a world in progress, and perhaps when in due course the civilization of the West is extinguished, there will never again be a Culture and a human type in which “world-history” is so potent a form of the waking consciousness.

Footnote 7:

From Homer to the tragedies of Seneca, a full thousand years, the same handful of myth-figures (Thyestes, Clytæmnestra, Heracles and the like) appear time after time without alteration, whereas in the poetry of the West, Faustian Man figures, first as Parzeval or Tristan, then (modified always into harmony with the epoch) as Hamlet, Don Quixote, Don Juan, and eventually Faust or Werther, and now as the hero of the modern world-city romance, but is always presented in the atmosphere and under the conditions of a particular century.

Footnote 8:

It was about 1000 A.D. and therefore contemporaneously with the beginning of the Romanesque style and the Crusades—the first symptoms of a new Soul—that Abbot Gerbert (Pope Sylvester II), the friend of the Emperor Otto III, invented the mechanism of the chiming wheel- clock. In Germany too, the first tower-clocks made their appearance, about 1200, and the pocket watch somewhat later. Observe the significant association of time measurement with the edifices of religion.

Footnote 9:

Newton’s choice of the name “fluxions” for his calculus was meant to imply a standpoint towards certain metaphysical notions as to the nature of time. In Greek mathematics time figures not at all.

VI

What, then, _is_ world-history? Certainly, an ordered presentation of the past, an inner postulate, the expression of a capacity for feeling form. But a feeling for form, however definite, is not the same as form itself. No doubt we feel world-history, experience it, and believe that it is to be read just as a map is read. But, even to-day, it is only forms of it that we know and not _the_ form of it, which is the mirror- image of _our own_ inner life.

Everyone of course, if asked, would say that he saw the inward form of History quite clearly and definitely. The illusion subsists because no one has seriously reflected on it, still less conceived doubts as to his own knowledge, for no one has the slightest notion how wide a field for doubt there is. In fact, the _lay-out_ of world-history is an unproved and subjective notion that has been handed down from generation to generation (not only of laymen but of professional historians) and stands badly in need of a little of that scepticism which from Galileo onward has regulated and deepened our inborn ideas of nature.

Thanks to the subdivision of history into “Ancient,” “Mediæval” and “Modern”—an incredibly jejune and _meaningless_ scheme, which has, however, entirely dominated our historical thinking—we have failed to perceive the true position in the general history of higher mankind, of the little part-world which has developed on West-European[10] soil from the time of the German-Roman Empire, to judge of its relative importance and above all to estimate its direction. The Cultures that are to come will find it difficult to believe that the validity of such a scheme with its simple rectilinear progression and its meaningless proportions, becoming more and more preposterous with each century, incapable of bringing into itself the new fields of history as they successively come into the light of our knowledge, was, in spite of all, never whole- heartedly attacked. The criticisms that it has long been the fashion of historical researchers to level at the scheme mean nothing; they have only obliterated the one existing plan without substituting for it any other. To toy with phrases such as “the Greek Middle Ages” or “Germanic antiquity” does not in the least help us to form a clear and inwardly- convincing picture in which China and Mexico, the empire of Axum and that of the Sassanids have their proper places. And the expedient of shifting the initial point of “modern history” from the Crusades to the Renaissance, or from the Renaissance to the beginning of the 19th Century, only goes to show that the scheme _per se_ is regarded as unshakably sound.

It is not only that the scheme circumscribes the area of history. What is worse, it rigs the stage. The ground of West Europe is treated as a steady pole, a unique patch chosen on the surface of the sphere for no better reason, it seems, than because we live on it—and great histories of millennial duration and mighty far-away Cultures are made to revolve around this pole in all modesty. It is a quaintly conceived system of sun and planets! We select a single bit of ground as the natural centre of the historical system, and make it the central sun. From it all the events of history receive their real light, from it their importance is judged in _perspective_. But it is in our own West-European conceit alone that this phantom “world-history,” which a breath of scepticism would dissipate, is acted out.

We have to thank that conceit for the immense optical illusion (become natural from long habit) whereby distant histories of thousands of years, such as those of China and Egypt, are made to shrink to the dimensions of mere episodes while in the neighbourhood of our own position the decades since Luther, and particularly since Napoleon, loom large as Brocken-spectres. We know quite well that the slowness with which a high cloud or a railway train in the distance seems to move is only apparent, yet we believe that the _tempo_ of all early Indian, Babylonian or Egyptian history was really slower than that of our own recent past. And we think of them as less substantial, more damped-down, more diluted, because we have not learned to make the allowance for (inward and outward) distances.

It is self-evident that for the Cultures of the West the existence of Athens, Florence or Paris is more important than that of Lo-Yang or Pataliputra. But is it permissible to found a scheme of world-history on estimates of such a sort? If so, then the Chinese historian is quite entitled to frame a world-history in which the Crusades, the Renaissance, Cæsar and Frederick the Great are passed over in silence as insignificant. How, _from the morphological point of view_, should our 18th Century be more important than any other of the sixty centuries that preceded it? Is it not ridiculous to oppose a “modern” history of a few centuries, and that history to all intents localized in West Europe, to an “ancient” history which covers as many millennia—incidentally dumping into that “ancient history” the whole mass of the pre-Hellenic cultures, unprobed and unordered, as mere appendix-matter? This is no exaggeration. Do we not, for the sake of keeping the hoary scheme, dispose of Egypt and Babylon—each as an individual and self-contained history quite equal in the balance to our so-called “world-history” from Charlemagne to the World-War and well beyond it—as a _prelude_ to classical history? Do we not relegate the vast complexes of Indian and Chinese culture to foot-notes, with a gesture of embarrassment? As for the great American cultures, do we not, on the ground that they do not “fit in” (with what?), entirely ignore them?

The most appropriate designation for this current West-European scheme of history, in which the great Cultures are made to follow orbits round _us_ as the presumed centre of all world-happenings, is the _Ptolemaic system_ of history. The system that is put forward in this work in place of it I regard as the _Copernican discovery_ in the historical sphere, in that it admits no sort of privileged position to the Classical or the Western Culture as against the Cultures of India, Babylon, China, Egypt, the Arabs, Mexico—separate worlds of dynamic being which in point of mass count for just as much in the general picture of history as the Classical, while frequently surpassing it in point of spiritual greatness and soaring power.

Footnote 10:

Here the historian is gravely influenced by preconceptions derived from geography, which assumes a _Continent_ of Europe, and feels himself compelled to draw an ideal frontier corresponding to the physical frontier between “Europe” and “Asia.” The word “Europe” ought to be struck out of history. There is historically no “European” type, and it is sheer delusion to speak of the Hellenes as “European Antiquity” (were Homer and Heraclitus and Pythagoras, then, Asiatics?) and to enlarge upon their “mission” as such. These phrases express no realities but merely a sketchy interpretation of the map. It is thanks to this word “Europe” alone, and the complex of ideas resulting from it, that our historical consciousness has come to link Russia with the West in an utterly baseless unity—a mere abstraction derived from the reading of books—that has led to immense real consequences. In the shape of Peter the Great, this word has falsified the historical tendencies of a primitive human mass for two centuries, whereas the Russian _instinct_ has very truly and fundamentally divided “Europe” from “Mother Russia” with the hostility that we can see embodied in Tolstoi, Aksakov or Dostoyevski. “East” and “West” are notions that contain real history, whereas “Europe” is an empty sound. Everything great that the Classical world created, it created in pure denial of the existence of any continental barrier between Rome and Cyprus, Byzantium and Alexandria. Everything that we imply by the term European Culture came into existence between the Vistula and the Adriatic and the Guadalquivir and, even if we were to agree that Greece, the Greece of Pericles, lay in Europe, the Greece of to-day certainly does not.

VII

The scheme “ancient-mediæval-modern” in its first form was a creation of the Magian world-sense. It first appeared in the Persian and Jewish religions after Cyrus,[11] received an apocalyptic sense in the teaching of the Book of Daniel on the four world-eras, and was developed into a world-history in the post-Christian religions of the East, notably the Gnostic systems.[12]

This important conception, within the very narrow limits which fixed its intellectual basis, was unimpeachable. Neither Indian nor even Egyptian history was included in the scope of the proposition. For the Magian thinker the expression “world-history” meant a unique and supremely dramatic act, having as its theatre the lands between Hellas and Persia, in which the strictly dualistic world-sense of the East expressed itself not by means of polar conceptions like the “soul and spirit,” “good and evil” of contemporary metaphysics, but by the figure of a catastrophe, an epochal change of phase between world-creation and world-decay.[13]

No elements beyond those which we find stabilized in the Classical literature, on the one hand, and the Bible (or other sacred book of the particular system), on the other, came into the picture, which presents (as “The Old” and “The New,” respectively) the easily-grasped contrasts of Gentile and Jewish, Christian and Heathen, Classical and Oriental, idol and dogma, nature and spirit _with a time connotation_—that is, as a drama in which the one prevails over the other. The historical change of period wears the characteristic dress of the religious “Redemption.” This “world-history” in short was a conception narrow and provincial, but within its limits logical and complete. Necessarily, therefore, it was specific to this region and this humanity, and incapable of any _natural_ extension.

But to these two there has been added a third epoch, the epoch that we call “modern,” on Western soil, and it is this that for the first time gives the picture of history the look of a progression. The oriental picture was _at rest_. It presented a self-contained antithesis, with equilibrium as its outcome and a unique divine act as its turning-point. But, adopted and assumed by a wholly new type of mankind, it was quickly transformed (without anyone’s noticing the oddity of the change) into a conception of a _linear progress_: from Homer or Adam—the modern can substitute for these names the Indo-German, Old Stone Man, or the Pithecanthropus—through Jerusalem, Rome, Florence and Paris according to the taste of the individual historian, thinker or artist, who has unlimited freedom in the interpretation of the three-part scheme.

This third term, “modern times,” which in form asserts that it is the last and conclusive term of the series, has in fact, ever since the Crusades, been stretched and stretched again to the elastic limit at which it will bear no more.[14] It was at least implied if not stated in so many words, that here, beyond the ancient and the mediæval, something definitive was beginning, a Third Kingdom in which, somewhere, there was to be fulfilment and culmination, and which had an objective point.

As to what this objective point is, each thinker, from Schoolman to present-day Socialist, backs his own peculiar discovery. Such a view into the course of things may be both easy and flattering to the patentee, but in fact he has simply taken the spirit of the West, as reflected in his own brain, for the meaning of the world. So it is that great thinkers, making a metaphysical virtue of intellectual necessity, have not only accepted without serious investigation the scheme of history agreed “by common consent” but have made

of it the basis of their philosophies and dragged in God as author of this or that “world- plan.” Evidently the mystic number three applied to the world-ages has something highly seductive for the metaphysician’s taste. History was described by Herder as the education of the human race, by Kant as an evolution of the idea of freedom, by Hegel as a self-expansion of the world-spirit, by others in other terms, but as regards its ground-plan everyone was quite satisfied when he had thought out some abstract meaning for the conventional threefold order.

On the very threshold of the Western Culture we meet the great Joachim of Floris (c. 1145-1202),[15] the first thinker of the Hegelian stamp who shattered the dualistic world-form of Augustine, and with his essentially Gothic intellect stated the new Christianity of his time in the form of a third term to the religions of the Old and the New Testaments, expressing them respectively as the Age of the Father, the Age of the Son and the Age of the Holy Ghost. His teaching moved the best of the Franciscans and the Dominicans, Dante, Thomas Aquinas, in their inmost souls and awakened a world-outlook which slowly but surely took entire possession of the historical sense of our Culture. Lessing— who often designated his own period, with reference to the Classical as the “after-world”[16] (Nachwelt)—took his idea of the “education of the human race” with its three stages of child, youth and man, from the teaching of the Fourteenth Century mystics. Ibsen treats it with thoroughness in his _Emperor and Galilean_ (1873), in which he directly presents the Gnostic world-conception through the figure of the wizard Maximus, and advances not a step beyond it in his famous Stockholm address of 1887. It would appear, then, that the Western consciousness feels itself urged to predicate a sort of finality inherent in its own appearance.

But the creation of the Abbot of Floris was a _mystical_ glance into the secrets of the divine world-order. It was bound to lose all meaning as soon as it was used in the way of reasoning and made a hypothesis of _scientific_ thinking, as it has been—ever more and more frequently— since the 17th Century.

It is a quite indefensible method of presenting world-history to begin by giving rein to one’s own religious, political or social convictions and endowing the sacrosanct three-phase system with tendencies that will bring it exactly to one’s own standpoint. This is, in effect, making of some formula—say, the “Age of Reason,” Humanity, the greatest happiness of the greatest number, enlightenment, economic progress, national freedom, the conquest of nature, or world-peace—a criterion whereby to judge whole millennia of history. And so we judge that they were ignorant of the “true path,” or that they failed to follow it, when the fact is simply that their will and purposes were not the same as ours. Goethe’s saying, “What is important in life is life and not a result of life,” is the answer to any and every senseless attempt to solve the riddle of historical form by means of a _programme_.

It is the same picture that we find when we turn to the historians of each special art or science (and those of national economics and philosophy as well). We find:

“Painting” from the Egyptians (or the cave-men) to the Impressionists, or

“Music” from Homer to Bayreuth and beyond, or

“Social Organization” from Lake Dwellings to Socialism, as the case may be,

presented as a linear graph which steadily rises in conformity with the values of the (selected) arguments. No one has seriously considered the possibility that arts may have an allotted span of life and may be attached as forms of self-expression to particular regions and particular types of mankind, and that therefore the total history of an art may be merely an additive compilation of separate developments, of special arts, with no bond of union save the name and some details of craft-technique.

We know it to be true of every organism that the rhythm, form and duration of its life, and all the expression-details of that life as well, are determined by the _properties of its species_. No one, looking at the oak, with its millennial life, dare say that it is at this moment, now, about to start on its true and proper course. No one as he sees a caterpillar grow day by day expects that it will go on doing so for two or three years. In these cases we feel, with an unqualified certainty, a _limit_, and this sense of the limit is identical with our sense of the inward form. In the case of higher human history, on the contrary, we take our ideas as to the course of the future from an unbridled optimism that sets at naught all historical, i.e., _organic_, experience, and everyone therefore sets himself to discover in the accidental present terms that he can expand into some striking progression-series, the existence of which rests not on scientific proof but on predilection. He works upon unlimited possibilities—never a natural end—and from the momentary top-course of his bricks plans artlessly the continuation of his structure.

“Mankind,” however, has no aim, no idea, no plan, any more than the family of butterflies or orchids. “Mankind” is a zoological expression, or an empty word.[17] But conjure away the phantom, break the magic circle, and at once there emerges an

astonishing wealth of _actual_ forms—the Living with all its immense fullness, depth and movement— hitherto veiled by a catchword, a dryasdust scheme, and a set of personal “ideals.” I see, in place of that empty figment of _one_ linear history which can only be kept up by shutting one’s eyes to the overwhelming multitude of the facts, the drama of _a number_ of mighty Cultures, each springing with primitive strength from the soil of a mother-region to which it remains firmly bound throughout its whole life-cycle; each stamping its material, its mankind, in _its own image_; each having _its own_ idea, _its own_ passions, _its own_ life, will and feeling, _its own_ death. Here indeed are colours, lights, movements, that no intellectual eye has yet discovered. Here the Cultures, peoples, languages, truths, gods, landscapes bloom and age as the oaks and the stone-pines, the blossoms, twigs and leaves—but there is no ageing “Mankind.” Each Culture has its own new possibilities of self-expression which arise, ripen, decay, and never return. There is not _one_ sculpture, _one_ painting, _one_ mathematics, _one_ physics, but many, each in its deepest essence different from the others, each limited in duration and self-contained, just as each species of plant has its peculiar blossom or fruit, its special type of growth and decline. These cultures, sublimated life-essences, grow with the same superb aimlessness as the flowers of the field. They belong, like the plants and the animals, to the living Nature of Goethe, and not to the dead Nature of Newton. I see world-history as a picture of endless formations and transformations, of the marvellous waxing and waning of organic forms. The professional historian, on the contrary, sees it as a sort of tapeworm industriously adding on to itself one epoch after another.

But the series “ancient-mediæval-modern history” has at last exhausted its usefulness. Angular, narrow, shallow though it was as a scientific foundation, still we possessed no other form that was not wholly unphilosophical in which our data could be arranged, and world-history (as hitherto understood) has to thank it for filtering our classifiable solid residues. But the number of centuries that the scheme can by any stretch be made to cover has long since been exceeded, and with the rapid increase in the volume of our historical material—especially of material that cannot possibly be brought under the scheme—the picture is beginning to dissolve into a chaotic blur. Every historical student who is not quite blind knows and feels this, and it is as a drowning man that he clutches at the only scheme which he knows of. The word “Middle Age,”[18] invented in 1667 by Professor Horn of Leyden, has to-day to cover a formless and constantly extending mass which can only be defined, negatively, as every thing not classifiable under any pretext in one of the other two (tolerably well-ordered) groups. We have an excellent example of this in our feeble treatment and hesitant judgment of modern Persian, Arabian and Russian history. But, above all, it has become impossible to conceal the fact that this so-called history of the world is a limited history, first of the Eastern Mediterranean region and then,—with an abrupt change of scene at the Migrations (an event important only to us and therefore greatly exaggerated by us, an event of purely Western and not even Arabian significance),—of West-Central Europe. When Hegel declared so naïvely that he meant to ignore those peoples which did not fit into his scheme of history, he was only making an honest avowal of methodic premisses that every historian finds necessary for his purpose and every historical work shows in its lay- out. In fact it has now become an affair of scientific tact to determine which of the historical developments shall be _seriously_ taken into account and which not. Ranke is a good example.

Footnote 11:

See Vol. II, pp. 31, 175.

Footnote 12:

Windelband, _Gesch. d. Phil._ (1903), pp. 275 ff.

Footnote 13:

In the New Testament the polar idea tends to appear in the dialectics of the Apostle Paul, while the periodic is represented by the Apocalypse.

Footnote 14:

As we can see from the expression, at once desperate and ridiculous, “newest time” (_neueste Zeit_).

Footnote 15:

K. Burdach, _Reformation, Renaissance, Humanismus_, 1918, pp. 48 et seq. (English readers may be referred to the article _Joachim of Floris_ by Professor Alphandery in the Encyclopædia Britannica, XI ed., _Tr._)

Footnote 16:

The expression “antique”—meant of course in the dualistic sense—is found as early as the _Isagoge_ of Porphyry (c. 300 A.D.).

Footnote 17:

“Mankind? It is an abstraction. There are, always have been, and always will be, men and only men.” (Goethe to Luden.)

Footnote 18:

“Middle Ages” connotes the history of the space-time region in which _Latin was the language of the Church and the learned_. The mighty course of Eastern Christianity, which, long before Boniface, spread over Turkestan into China and through Sabæa into Abyssinia, was entirely excluded from this “world-history.”

VIII

To-day we think in continents, and it is only our philosophers and historians who have not realized that we do so. Of what significance to us, then, are conceptions and purviews that they put before us as universally valid, when in truth their furthest horizon does not extend beyond the intellectual atmosphere of Western Man?

Examine, from this point of view, our best books. When Plato speaks of humanity, he means the Hellenes in contrast to the barbarians, which is entirely consonant with the ahistoric mode of the Classical life and thought, and his premisses take him to conclusions that _for Greeks_ were complete and significant. When, however, Kant philosophizes, say on ethical ideas, he maintains the validity of his theses for men of all times and places. He does not say this in so many words, for, for himself and his readers, it is something that goes without saying. In his æsthetics he formulates the principles, not of Phidias’s art, or Rembrandt’s art, but of Art generally. But what he poses as necessary forms of thought are in reality only necessary forms of Western thought, though a glance at Aristotle and his essentially different conclusions should have sufficed to show that Aristotle’s intellect, not less penetrating than his own, was of different structure from it. The categories of the Westerner are just as alien to Russian thought as those of the Chinaman or the ancient Greek are to him. For us, the effective and complete comprehension of Classical root-words is just as impossible as that of Russian[19] and Indian, and for the modern Chinese or Arab, with their utterly different intellectual constitutions, “philosophy from Bacon to Kant” has only a curiosity-value.

It is _this_ that is lacking to the Western thinker, the very thinker in whom we might have expected to find it—insight into the _historically relative_ character of his data, which are expressions of one _specific existence and one only_; knowledge of the necessary limits of their validity; the conviction that his “unshakable” truths and “eternal” views are simply true for him and eternal for his world-view; the duty of looking beyond them to find out what the men of other Cultures have with equal certainty evolved out of themselves. That and nothing else will impart completeness to the philosophy of the future, and only through an understanding of the living world shall we understand the symbolism of history. Here there is nothing constant, nothing universal. We must cease to speak of the forms of “Thought,” the principles of “Tragedy,” the mission of “The State.” Universal validity involves always the fallacy of arguing from particular to particular.

But something much more disquieting than a logical fallacy begins to appear when the centre of gravity of philosophy shifts from the abstract-systematic to the practical-ethical and our Western thinkers from Schopenhauer onward turn from the problem of cognition to the problem of life (the will to life, to power, to action). Here it is not the ideal abstract “man” of Kant that is subjected to examination, but actual man as he has inhabited the earth during historical time, grouped, whether primitive or advanced, by peoples; and it is more than ever futile to define the structure of his highest ideas in terms of the “ancient-mediæval-modern” scheme with its local limitations. But it is done, nevertheless.

Consider the historical horizon of Nietzsche. His conceptions of decadence, militarism, the transvaluation of all values, the will to power, lie deep in the essence of Western civilization and are for the analysis of that civilization of decisive importance. But what, do we find, was the foundation on which he built up his creation? Romans and Greeks, Renaissance and European present, with a fleeting and uncomprehending side-glance at Indian philosophy—in short “ancient, mediæval and modern” history. Strictly speaking, he never once moved outside the scheme, not did any other thinker of his time.

What correlation, then, is there or can there be of his idea of the “Dionysian” with the inner life of a highly-civilized Chinese or an up- to-date American? What is the significance of his type of the “Superman”—for the world of Islam? Can image-forming antitheses of Nature and Intellect, Heathen and Christian, Classical and Modern, have any meaning for the soul of the Indian or the Russian? What can Tolstoi— who from the depths of his humanity rejected the whole Western world- idea as something alien and distant—_do_ with the “Middle Ages,” with Dante, with Luther? What can a Japanese do with Parzeval and “Zarathustra,” or an Indian with Sophocles? And is the thought-range of Schopenhauer, Comte, Feuerbach, Hebbel or Strindberg any wider? Is not their whole psychology, for all its intention of world-wide validity, one of purely West-European significance?

How comic seem Ibsen’s woman-problems—which also challenge the attention of all “humanity”—when, for his famous Nora, the lady of the North-west European city with the horizon that is implied by a house-rent of £100 to £300 a year and a Protestant upbringing, we substitute Cæsar’s wife, Madame de Sévigné, a Japanese or a Turkish peasant woman! But, for that matter, Ibsen’s own circle of vision is that of the middle class in a great city of yesterday and to-day. His conflicts, which start from spiritual premisses that did not exist till about 1850 and can scarcely last beyond 1950, are neither those of the great world nor those of the lower masses, still less those of the cities inhabited by non-European populations.

All these are local and temporary values—most of them indeed limited to the momentary “intelligentsia” of cities of West-European type. World- historical or “eternal” values they emphatically are not. Whatever the substantial importance of Ibsen’s and Nietzsche’s generation may be, it infringes the very meaning of the word “world-history”—which denotes the totality and not a selected part—to subordinate, to undervalue, or to ignore the factors which lie outside “modern” interests. Yet in fact they are so undervalued or ignored to an amazing extent. What the West has said and thought, hitherto, on the problems of space, time, motion, number, will, marriage, property, tragedy, science, has remained narrow and dubious, because men were always looking for _the_ solution of _the_ question. It was never seen that many questioners implies many answers, that any philosophical question is really a veiled desire to get an explicit affirmation of what is implicit in the question itself, that the great questions of any period are fluid beyond all conception, and that therefore it is only by obtaining a _group of historically limited solutions_ and measuring it by _utterly impersonal_ criteria that the final secrets can be reached. The real student of mankind treats no standpoint as absolutely right or absolutely wrong. In the face of such grave problems as that of Time or that of Marriage, it is insufficient to appeal to personal experience, or an inner voice, or reason, or the opinion of ancestors or contemporaries. These may say what is true for the questioner himself and for his time, but that is not all. In other Cultures the phenomenon talks a different language, for other men there are different truths. The _thinker_ must admit the validity of all, or of none.

How greatly, then, Western world-criticism can be widened and deepened! How immensely far beyond the innocent relativism of Nietzsche and his generation one must look—how fine one’s sense for form and one’s psychological insight must become—how completely one must free oneself from limitations of self, of practical interests, of horizon—before one dare assert the pretension to understand world-history, the _world-as- history_.

Footnote 19:

See Vol. II, p. 362, foot-note. To the true Russian the basic proposition of Darwinism is as devoid of meaning as that of Copernicus is to a true Arab.

IX

In opposition to all these arbitrary and narrow schemes, derived from tradition or personal choice, into which history is forced, I put forward the natural, the “Copernican,” form of the historical process which lies deep in the essence of that process and reveals itself only to an eye perfectly free from prepossessions.

Such an eye was Goethe’s. That which Goethe called _Living Nature_ is exactly that which we are calling here world-history, _world-as- history_. Goethe, who as artist portrayed the life and development, always the life and development, of his figures, the thing-becoming and not the thing-become (“Wilhelm Meister” and “Wahrheit und Dichtung”) hated Mathematics. For him, the world-as-mechanism stood opposed to the world-as-organism, dead nature to living nature, law to form. As naturalist, every line he wrote was meant to display the image of a thing-becoming, the “impressed form” living and developing. Sympathy, observation, comparison, immediate and inward certainty, intellectual _flair_—these were the means whereby he was enabled to approach the

secrets of the phenomenal world in motion. _Now these are the means of historical research_—precisely these and no others. It was this _godlike_ insight that prompted him to say at the bivouac fire on the evening of the Battle of Valmy: “Here and now begins a new epoch of world history, and you, gentlemen, can say that you ‘were there.’” No general, no diplomat, let alone the philosophers, ever so directly felt history “becoming.” It is the deepest judgment that any man ever uttered about a great historical act in the moment of its accomplishment.

And just as he followed out the development of the plant-form from the leaf, the birth of the vertebrate type, the process of the geological strata—_the Destiny in nature and not the Causality_—so here we shall develop the form-language of human history, its periodic structure, its _organic logic_ out of the profusion of all the challenging details.

In other aspects, mankind is habitually, and rightly, reckoned as one of the organisms of the earth’s surface. Its physical structure, its natural functions, the whole phenomenal conception of it, all belong to a more comprehensive unity. Only in _this_ aspect is it treated otherwise, despite that deeply-felt relationship of plant destiny and human destiny which is an eternal theme of all lyrical poetry, and despite that similarity of human history to that of any other of the higher life-groups which is the refrain of endless beast-legends, sagas and fables.

But only bring analogy to bear on this aspect as on the rest, letting the world of human Cultures intimately and unreservedly work upon the imagination instead of forcing it into a ready-made scheme. Let the words youth, growth, maturity, decay—hitherto, and to-day more than ever, used to express subjective valuations and entirely personal preferences in sociology, ethics and æsthetics—be taken at last as objective descriptions of organic states. Set forth the Classical Culture as a self-contained phenomenon embodying and expressing the Classical soul, put it beside the Egyptian, the Indian, the Babylonian, the Chinese and the Western, and determine for each of these higher individuals what is typical in their surgings and what is necessary in the riot of incident. And then at last will unfold itself the picture of world-history that is natural to us, men of the West, and to us alone.

X

Our narrower task, then, is primarily to determine, from such a world- survey, the state of West Europe and America as at the epoch of 1800- 2000—to establish the chronological position of this period in the ensemble of Western culture-history, its significance as a chapter that is in one or other guise necessarily found in the biography of every Culture, and the organic and symbolic meaning of its political, artistic, intellectual and social expression-forms.

Considered in the spirit of analogy, this period appears as chronologically parallel—“contemporary” in our special sense—with the phase of Hellenism, and its present culmination, marked by the World- War, corresponds with the transition from the Hellenistic to the Roman age. _Rome_, with its rigorous realism—uninspired, barbaric, disciplined, practical, Protestant, _Prussian_—will always give us, working as we must by analogies, the key to understanding our own future. The _break of destiny that we express by hyphening the words “Greeks = Romans” is occurring for us also, separating that which is already fulfilled from that which is to come_. Long ago we might and should have seen in the “Classical” world a development which is the complete counterpart of our own Western development, differing indeed from it in every detail of the surface but entirely similar as regards the inward power driving the great organism towards its end. We might have found the constant _alter ego_ of our own actuality in establishing the correspondence, item by item, from the “Trojan War” and the Crusades, Homer and the Nibelungenlied, through Doric and Gothic, Dionysian movement and Renaissance, Polycletus and John Sebastian Bach, Athens and Paris, Aristotle and Kant, Alexander and Napoleon, to the world-city and the imperialism common to both Cultures.

Unfortunately, this requires an interpretation of the picture of Classical history very different from the incredibly one-sided, superficial, prejudiced, limited picture that we have in fact given to it. We have, in truth been only too conscious of our near relation to the Classical Age, and only too prone in consequence to unconsidered assertion of it. Superficial similarity is a great snare, and our entire Classical study fell a victim to it as soon as it passed from the (admittedly masterly) ordering and critique of the discoveries to the interpretation of their spiritual meaning. That close inward relation in which we conceive ourselves to stand towards the Classical, and which leads us to think that we are its pupils and successors (whereas in reality we are simply its adorers), is a venerable prejudice which ought at last to be put aside. The whole religious-philosophical, art- historical and social-critical work of the 19th Century has been necessary to enable us, not to _understand_ Æschylus, Plato, Apollo and Dionysus, the Athenian state and Cæsarism (which we are far indeed from doing), but to begin to realize, once and for all, how immeasurably alien and distant these things are from our inner selves—more alien, maybe, than Mexican gods and Indian architecture.

Our views of the Græco-Roman Culture have always swung between two extremes, and our standpoints have invariably been defined for us by the “ancient-mediæval-modern” scheme. One group, public men before all else— economists, politicians, jurists—opine that “present-day mankind” is making excellent progress, assess it and its performances at the very highest value and measure everything earlier by its standards. There is no modern party that has not weighed up Cleon, Marius, Themistocles, Catiline, the Gracchi, according to its own principles. On the other hand we have the group of artists, poets, philologists and philosophers. These feel themselves to be out of their element in the aforesaid present, and in consequence choose for themselves in this or that past epoch a standpoint that is in its way just as absolute and dogmatic from which to condemn “to-day.” The one group looks upon Greece as a “not yet,” the other upon modernity as a “nevermore.” Both labour under the obsession of a scheme of history which treats the two epochs as part of the same straight line.

In this opposition it is the two souls of Faust that express themselves. The danger of the one group lies in a clever superficiality. In its hands there remains finally, of all Classical Culture, of all reflections of the Classical soul, nothing but a bundle of social, economic, political and physiological facts, and the rest is treated as “secondary results,” “reflexes,” “attendant phenomena.” In the books of this group we find not a hint of the mythical force of Æschylus’s choruses, of the immense mother-earth struggle of the early sculpture, the Doric column, of the richness of the Apollo-cult, of the real depth of the Roman Emperor-worship. The other group, composed above all of belated romanticists—represented in recent times by the three Basel professors Bachofen, Burckhardt and Nietzsche—succumb to the usual dangers of ideology. They lose themselves in the clouds of an antiquity that is really no more than the image of their own sensibility in a philological mirror. They rest their case upon the only evidence which they consider worthy to support it, viz., the relics of the old literature, yet there never was a Culture so incompletely represented for us by its great writers.[20] The first group, on the other hand, supports itself principally upon the humdrum material of law-sources, inscriptions and coins (which Burckhardt and Nietzsche, very much to their own loss, despised) and subordinates thereto, often with little or no sense of truth and fact, the surviving literature. Consequently, even in point of critical foundations, neither group takes the other seriously. I have never heard that Nietzsche and Mommsen had the smallest respect for each other.

But neither group has attained to that higher method of treatment which reduces this opposition of criteria to ashes, although it was within their power to do so. In their self-limitation they paid the penalty for taking over the causality-principle from natural science. Unconsciously they arrived at a pragmatism that sketchily copied the world-picture drawn by physics and, instead of revealing, obscured and confused the quite other-natured forms of history. They had no better expedient for subjecting the mass of historical material to critical and normative examination than to consider one complex of phenomena as being primary and causative and the rest as being secondary, as being consequences or effects. And it was not only the matter-of-fact school that resorted to this method. The romanticists did likewise, for History had not revealed even to their dreaming gaze its specific logic; and yet they _felt_ that there was an immanent necessity in it to determine this somehow, rather than turn their backs upon History in despair like Schopenhauer.

Footnote 20:

This is conclusively proved by the selection that determined survival, which was governed not by mere chance but very definitely by a deliberate tendency. The Atticism of the Augustan Age, tired, sterile, pedantic, back-looking, conceived the hall-mark “classical” and allowed only a very small group of Greek works up to Plato to bear it. The rest, including the whole wealth of Hellenistic literature, was rejected and has been almost entirely lost. It is this pedagogue’s anthology that has survived (almost in its entirety) and so fixed the imaginary picture of “Classical Antiquity” alike for the Renaissance Florentine and for Winckelmann, Hölderlin, and even Nietzsche.

[In this English translation, it should be mentioned, the word “Classical” has almost universally been employed to translate the German _antike_, as, in the translator’s judgment, no literal equivalent of the German word would convey the specific meaning attached to _antike_ throughout the work, “antique,” “ancient” and the like words having for us a much more general connotation.—_Tr._]

XI

Briefly, then, there are two ways of regarding the Classical—the materialistic and the ideological. By the former, it is asserted that the sinking of one scale-pan has its cause in the rising of the other, and it is shown that this occurs invariably (truly a striking theorem); and in this juxtaposing of cause and effect we naturally find the social and sexual, at all events the purely political, facts classed as causes and the religious, intellectual and (so far as the materialist tolerates them as facts at all) the artistic as effects. On the other hand, the ideologues show that the rising of one scale-pan follows from the sinking of the other, which they are able to prove of course with equal exactitude; this done, they lose themselves in cults, mysteries, customs, in the secrets of the strophe and the line, throwing scarcely a side-glance at the commonplace daily life—for them an unpleasant consequence of earthly imperfection. Each side, with its gaze fixed on causality, demonstrates that the other side either cannot or will not understand the true linkages of things and each ends by calling the other blind, superficial, stupid, absurd or frivolous, oddities or Philistines. It shocks the ideologue if anyone deals with Hellenic finance-problems and instead of, for example, telling us the deep meanings of the Delphic oracle, describes the far-reaching money operations which the Oracle priests undertook with their accumulated treasures. The politician, on the other hand, has a superior smile for those who waste their enthusiasm on ritual formulæ and the dress of Attic youths, instead of writing a book adorned with up-to-date catchwords about antique class-struggles.

The one type is foreshadowed from the very outset in Petrarch; it created Florence and Weimar and the Western classicism. The other type appears in the middle of the 18th Century, along with the rise of civilized,[21] economic-megalopolitan[22] politics, and England is therefore its birthplace (Grote). At bottom, the opposition is between the conceptions of culture-man and those of civilization-man, and it is too deep, too essentially human, to allow the weaknesses of _both standpoints alike_ to be seen or overcome.

The materialist himself is on this point an idealist. He too, without wishing or desiring it, has made his views dependent upon his wishes. In fact all our finest minds without exception have bowed down reverently before the picture of the Classical, abdicating in this one instance alone their function of unrestricted criticism. The freedom and power of Classical research are always hindered, and its data obscured, by a certain almost religious awe. In all history there is no analogous case of one Culture making a passionate cult of the memory of another. Our devotion is evidenced yet again in the fact that since the Renaissance, a thousand years of history have been undervalued so that an ideal “Middle” Age may serve as a link between ourselves and antiquity. We Westerners have sacrificed on the Classical altar the purity and independence of our art, for we have not dared to create without a side- glance at the “sublime exemplar.” We have projected our own deepest spiritual needs and feelings on to the Classical picture. Some day a gifted psychologist will deal with this most fateful illusion and tell us the story of the “Classical” that we have so consistently reverenced since the days of Gothic. Few theses would be more helpful for the understanding of the Western soul from Otto III, the first victim of the South, to Nietzsche, the last.

Goethe on his Italian tour speaks with enthusiasm of the buildings of Palladio, whose frigid and academic work we to-day regard very sceptically: but when he goes on to Pompeii he does not conceal his dissatisfaction in experiencing “a strange, half-unpleasant impression,” and what he has to say on the temples of Pæstum and Segesta—masterpieces of Hellenic art—is embarrassed and trivial. Palpably, when Classical antiquity in its full force met him face to face, he did not recognize it. It is the same with all others. Much that was Classical they chose not to see, and so they saved their inward image of the Classical—which was in reality the background of a life-ideal that they themselves had created and nourished with their heart’s blood, a vessel filled with their own world-feeling, a phantom, an idol. The audacious descriptions of Aristophanes, Juvenal or Petronius of life in the Classical cities—the southern dirt and riff-raff, terrors and brutalities, pleasure-boys and Phrynes, phallus worship and imperial orgies—excite the enthusiasm of the student and the dilettante, who find the same realities in the world-cities of to-day too lamentable and repulsive to face. “In the cities life is bad; there are too many of the lustful.”—_also sprach Zarathustra_. They commend the state-sense of the Romans, but despise the man of to-day who permits himself any contact with public affairs. There is a type of scholar whose clarity of vision comes under some irresistible spell when it turns from a frock-coat to a toga, from a British football-ground to a Byzantine circus, from a transcontinental railway to a Roman road in the Alps, from a thirty-knot destroyer to a trireme, from Prussian bayonets to Roman spears—nowadays, even, from a modern engineer’s Suez Canal to that of a Pharaoh. He would admit a steam-engine as a symbol of human passion and an expression of intellectual force if it were Hero of Alexandria who invented it, not otherwise. To such it seems blasphemous to talk of Roman central-heating or book-keeping in preference to the worship of the Great Mother of the Gods.

But the other school sees _nothing but_ these things. It thinks it exhausts the essence of this Culture, alien as it is to ours, by treating the Greeks as simply equivalent, and it obtains its conclusions by means of simple factual substitutions, ignoring altogether the Classical _soul_. That there is not the slightest inward correlation between the things meant by “Republic,” “freedom,”

“property” and the like then and there and the things meant by such words here and now, it has no notion whatever. It makes fun of the historians of the age of Goethe, who honestly expressed their own political ideals in classical history forms and revealed their own personal enthusiasms in vindications or condemnations of lay-figures named Lycurgus, Brutus, Cato, Cicero, Augustus—but it cannot itself write a chapter without reflecting the party opinion of its morning paper.

It is, however, much the same whether the past is treated in the spirit of Don Quixote or in that of Sancho Panza. Neither way leads to the end. In sum, each school permits itself to bring into high relief that part of the Classical which best expresses its own views—Nietzsche the pre- Socratic Athens, the economists the Hellenistic period, the politicians Republican Rome, poets the Imperial Age.

Not that religious and artistic phenomena are more primitive than social and economic, any more than the reverse. For the man who in these things has won his unconditional freedom of outlook, beyond _all_ personal interests whatsoever, there is no dependence, no priority, no relation of cause and effect, no differentiation of value or importance. That which assigns relative ranks amongst the individual detail-facts is simply the greater or less purity and force of their form-language, their symbolism, beyond all questions of good and evil, high and low, useful and ideal.

Footnote 21:

As will be seen later, the words _zivilisierte_ and _Zivilisation_ possess in this work a special meaning.—_Tr._

Footnote 22:

English not possessing the adjective-forming freedom of German, we are compelled to coin a word for the rendering of _grossstädtisch_, an adjective not only frequent but of emphatic significance in the author’s argument.—_Tr._

XII

Looked at in this way, the “Decline of the West” comprises nothing less than the problem of _Civilization_. We have before us one of the fundamental questions of all higher history. What is Civilization, understood as the organic-logical sequel, fulfilment and finale of a culture?

For every Culture has _its own_ Civilization. In this work, for the first time the two words, hitherto used to express an indefinite, more or less ethical, distinction, are used in a _periodic_ sense, to express a strict and necessary _organic succession_. The Civilization is the inevitable _destiny_ of the Culture, and in this principle we obtain the viewpoint from which the deepest and gravest problems of historical morphology become capable of solution. Civilizations are the most external and artificial states of which a species of developed humanity is capable. They are a conclusion, the thing-become succeeding the thing-becoming, death following life, rigidity following expansion, intellectual age and the stone-built, petrifying world-city following mother-earth and the spiritual childhood of Doric and Gothic. They are an end, irrevocable, yet by inward necessity reached again and again.

So, for the first time, we are enabled to understand the Romans as the _successors_ of the Greeks, and light is projected into the deepest secrets of the late-Classical period. What, but this, can be the meaning of the fact—which can only be disputed by vain phrases—that the Romans were barbarians who did not _precede_ but _closed_ a great development? Unspiritual, unphilosophical, devoid of art, clannish to the point of brutality, aiming relentlessly at tangible successes, they stand between the Hellenic Culture and nothingness. An imagination directed purely to practical objects—they had religious laws governing godward relations as they had other laws governing human relations, but there was no specifically Roman saga of gods—was something which is not found at all in Athens. In a word, Greek _soul_—Roman _intellect_; and this antithesis is the differentia between Culture and Civilization. Nor is it only to the Classical that it applies. Again and again there appears this type of strong-minded, completely non-metaphysical man, and in the hands of this type lies the intellectual and material destiny of each and every “late” period. Such are the men who carried through the Babylonian, the Egyptian, the Indian, the Chinese, the Roman Civilizations, and in such periods do Buddhism, Stoicism, Socialism ripen into definitive world-conceptions which enable a moribund humanity to be attacked and re-formed in its intimate structure. _Pure_ Civilization, as a historical process, consists in a progressive _taking-down_ of forms that have become inorganic or dead.

The transition from Culture to Civilization was accomplished for the Classical world in the 4th, for the Western in the 19th Century. From these periods onward the great intellectual decisions take place, not as in the days of the Orpheus-movement or the Reformation in the “whole world” where not a hamlet is too small to be unimportant, but in three or four world-cities that have absorbed into themselves the whole content of History, while the old wide landscape of the Culture, become merely provincial, serves only to feed the cities with what remains of its higher mankind.

World-city and province[23]—the two basic ideas of every civilization— bring up a wholly new form-problem of History, the very problem that we are living through to-day with hardly the remotest conception of its immensity. In place of a world, there is a _city, a point_, in which the whole life of broad regions is collecting while the rest dries up. In place of a type-true people, born of and grown on the soil, there is a new sort of nomad, cohering unstably in fluid masses, the parasitical city dweller, traditionless, utterly matter-of-fact, religionless, clever, unfruitful, deeply contemptuous of the countryman and especially that highest form of countryman, the country gentleman. This is a very great stride towards the inorganic, towards the end—what does it signify? France and England have already taken the step and Germany is beginning to do so. After Syracuse, Athens, and Alexandria comes Rome. After Madrid, Paris, London come Berlin and New York. It is the destiny of whole regions that lie outside the radiation-circle of one of these cities—of old Crete and Macedon and to-day the Scandinavian North[24]—to become “provinces.”

Of old, the field on which the opposed conception of an epoch came to battle was some world-problem of a metaphysical, religious or dogmatic kind, and the battle was between the soil-genius of the countryman (noble, priest) and the “worldly” patrician genius of the famous old small towns of Doric or Gothic springtime. Of such a character were the conflicts over the Dionysus religion—as in the tyranny of Kleisthenes of Sikyon[25]—and those of the Reformation in the German free cities and the Huguenot wars. But just as these cities overcame the country-side (already it is a purely civic world-outlook that appears in even Parmenides and Descartes), so in turn the world-city overcame them. It is the common intellectual process of later periods such as the Ionic and the Baroque, and to-day—as in the Hellenistic age which at its outset saw the foundation of artificial, land-alien Alexandria—Culture-cities like Florence, Nürnberg, Salamanca, Bruges and Prag, have become provincial towns and fight inwardly a lost battle against the world- cities. The world-city means cosmopolitanism in place of “home,”[26] cold matter-of-fact in place of reverence for tradition and age, scientific irreligion as a fossil representative of the older religion of the heart, “society” in place of the state, natural instead of hard- earned rights. It was in the conception of _money_ as an inorganic and abstract magnitude, entirely disconnected from the notion of the fruitful earth and the primitive values, that the Romans had the advantage of the Greeks. Thenceforward any high ideal of life becomes largely a question of money. Unlike the Greek stoicism of Chrysippus, the Roman stoicism of Cato and Seneca presupposes a private income;[27] and, unlike that of the 18th Century, the social-ethical sentiment of the 20th, if it is to be realized at a higher level than that of professional (and lucrative) agitation, is a matter for millionaires. To the world-city belongs not a folk but a mass. Its uncomprehending hostility to all the traditions representative of the Culture (nobility, church, privileges, dynasties, convention in art and limits of knowledge in science), the keen and cold intelligence that confounds the wisdom of the peasant, the new-fashioned naturalism that in relation to all matters of sex and society goes back far beyond Rousseau and Socrates to quite primitive instincts and conditions, the reappearance of the _panem et circenses_ in the form of wage-disputes and football-grounds—all these things betoken the definite closing-down of the Culture and the opening of a quite new phase of human existence—anti-provincial, late, futureless, but quite inevitable.

This is what has to be _viewed_, and viewed not with the eyes of the partisan, the ideologue, the up-to-date novelist, not from this or that “standpoint,” but in a high, time-free perspective embracing whole millenniums of historical world-forms, if we are really to comprehend the great crisis of the present.

To me it is a symbol of the first importance that in the Rome of Crassus—triumvir and all-powerful building-site speculator—the Roman people with its proud inscriptions, the people before whom Gauls, Greeks, Parthians, Syrians afar trembled, lived in appalling misery in the many-storied lodging-houses of dark suburbs,[28] accepting with indifference or even with a sort of sporting interest the consequences of the military expansion: that many famous old-noble families, descendants of the men who defeated the Celts and the Samnites, lost their ancestral homes through standing apart from the wild rush of speculation and were reduced to renting wretched apartments; that, while along the Appian Way there arose the splendid and still wonderful tombs of the financial magnates, the corpses of the people were thrown along with animal carcases and town refuse into a monstrous common grave—till in Augustus’s time it was banked over for the avoidance of pestilence and so became the site of Mæcenas’s renowned park; that in depopulated Athens, which lived on visitors and on the bounty of rich foreigners, the mob of parvenu tourists from Rome gaped at the works of the Periclean age with as little understanding as the American globe-trotter in the Sistine Chapel at those of Michelangelo, every removable art- piece having ere this been taken away or bought at fancy prices to be replaced by the Roman

buildings which grew up, colossal and arrogant, by the side of the low and modest structures of the old time. In such things—which it is the historian's business not to praise or to blame but to consider morphologically—there lies, plain and immediate enough for one who has learnt to see, an _idea_.

For it will become manifest that, from this moment on, all great conflicts of world-outlook, of politics, of art, of science, of feeling will be under the influence of this one opposition. What is the hall- mark of a politic of Civilization to-day, in contrast to a politic of Culture yesterday? It is, for the Classical rhetoric, and for the Western journalism, both serving that abstract which represents the power of Civilization—_money_.[29] It is the money-spirit which penetrates unremarked the historical forms of the people's existence, often without destroying or even in the least disturbing these forms—the form of the Roman state, for instance, underwent very much less alteration between the elder Scipio and Augustus than is usually imagined. Though forms subsist, the great political parties nevertheless cease to be more than reputed centres of decision. The decisions in fact lie elsewhere. A small number of superior heads, whose names are very likely not the best-known, settle everything, while below them are the great mass of second-rate politicians—rhetors, tribunes, deputies, journalists—selected through a provincially-conceived franchise to keep alive the illusion of popular self-determination. And art? Philosophy? The ideals of a Platonic or those of a Kantian age had for the higher mankind concerned a general validity. But those of a Hellenistic age, or those of our own, are valid exclusively for the brain of the Megalopolitan. For the villager's or, generally, the nature-man's world- feeling our Socialism—like its near relation Darwinism (how utterly un- Goethian are the formulæ of "struggle for existence" and "natural selection"!), like its other relative the woman-and-marriage problem of Ibsen, Strindberg, and Shaw, like the impressionistic tendencies of anarchic sensuousness and the whole bundle of modern longings, temptations and pains expressed in Baudelaire's verse and Wagner's music—are simply non-existent. The smaller the town, the more unmeaning it becomes to busy oneself with painting or with music of these kinds. To the Culture belong gymnastics, the tournament, the agon, and to the Civilization belongs Sport. This is the true distinction between the Hellenic palæstra and the Roman circus.[30] Art itself becomes a sport (hence the phrase "art for art's sake") to be played before a highly- intelligent audience of connoisseurs and buyers, whether the feat consist in mastering absurd instrumental tone-masses and taking harmonic fences, or in some _tour de force_ of colouring. Then a new fact- philosophy appears, which can only spare a smile for metaphysical speculation, and a new literature that is a necessity of life for the megalopolitan palate and nerves and both unintelligible and ugly to the provincials. Neither Alexandrine poetry nor _plein-air_ painting is anything to the "people." And, then as now, the phase of transition is marked by a series of scandals only to be found at such moments. The anger evoked in the Athenian populace by Euripides and by the "Revolutionary" painting of Apollodorus, for example, is repeated in the opposition to Wagner, Manet, Ibsen, and Nietzsche.

It is possible to understand the Greeks without mentioning their economic relations; the Romans, on the other hand, can _only_ be understood through these. Chæronea and Leipzig were the last battles fought about an idea. In the First Punic War and in 1870 economic motives are no longer to be overlooked. Not till the Romans came with their practical energy was slave-holding given that big collective character which many students regard as the die-stamp of Classical economics, legislation and way of life, and which in any event vastly lowered both the value and the inner worthiness of such free labour as continued to exist side by side with gang-labour. And it was not the Latin, but the Germanic peoples of the West and America who developed out of the steam-engine a big industry that transformed the face of the land. The relation of these phenomena to Stoicism and to Socialism is unmistakable. Not till the Roman Cæsarism—foreshadowed by C. Flaminius, shaped first by Marius, handled by strong-minded, large-scale men of fact—did the Classical World learn the _pre-eminence of money_. Without this fact neither Cæsar, nor "Rome" generally, is understandable. In every Greek is a Don Quixote, in every Roman a Sancho Panza factor, and these factors are dominants.

Footnote 23:

See Vol. II, pp. 117 et seq.

Footnote 24:

One cannot fail to notice this in the development of Strindberg and especially in that of Ibsen, who was never quite at home in the civilized atmosphere of his problems. The motives of "Brand" and "Rosmersholm" are a wonderful mixture of innate provincialism and a theoretically-acquired megalopolitan outlook. Nora is the very type of the provincial derailed by reading.

Footnote 25:

Who forbade the cult of the town's hero Adrastos and the reading of the Homeric poems, with the object of cutting the Doric nobility from its spiritual roots (c. 560 B.C.).

Footnote 26:

A profound word which obtains its significance as soon as the barbarian becomes a culture-man and loses it again as soon as the civilization-man takes up the motto "_Ubi bene, ibi patria_."

Footnote 27:

Hence it was that the first to succumb to Christianity were the Romans who could _not afford_ to be Stoics. See Vol. II, pp. 607 et seq.

Footnote 28:

In Rome and Byzantium, lodging-houses of six to ten stories (with street-widths of ten feet at most!) were built without any sort of official supervision, and frequently collapsed with all their inmates. A great part of the _cives Romani_, for whom _panem et circenses_ constituted all existence, possessed no more than a high-priced sleeping-berth in one of the swarming ant-hills called _insulæ_. (Pohlmann, _Aus Altertum und Gegenwart_, 1911, pp. 199 ff.)

Footnote 29:

See Vol. II, 577.

Footnote 30:

German gymnastics, from the intensely provincial and natural forms imparted to it by Jahn, has since 1813 been carried by a very rapid development into the sport category. The difference between a Berlin athletic ground on a big day and a Roman circus was even by 1914 very slight.

XIII

Considered in itself, the Roman world-dominion was a negative phenomenon, being the result not of a surplus of energy on the one side— that the Romans had never had since Zama—but of a deficiency of resistance on the other. That the Romans did _not_ conquer the world is certain;[31] they merely took possession of a booty that lay open to everyone. The _Imperium Romanum_ came into existence not as the result of such an extremity of military and financial effort as had characterized the Punic Wars, but because the old East forwent all external self-determinations. We must not be deluded by the appearance of brilliant military successes. With a few ill-trained, ill-led, and sullen legions, Lucullus and Pompey conquered whole realms—a phenomenon that in the period of the battle of Ipsus would have been unthinkable. The Mithradatic danger, serious enough for a system of material force which had never been put to any real test, would have been nothing to the conquerors of Hannibal. After Zama, the Romans never again either waged or were capable of waging a war against a great military Power.[32] Their classic wars were those against the Samnites, Pyrrhus and Carthage. Their grand hour was Cannæ. To maintain the heroic posture for centuries on end is beyond the power of any people. The Prussian- German people have had three great moments (1813, 1870 and 1914), and that is more than others have had.

Here, then, I lay it down that _Imperialism_, of which petrifacts such as the Egyptian empire, the Roman, the Chinese, the Indian may continue to exist for hundreds or thousands of years—dead bodies, amorphous and dispirited masses of men, scrap-material from a great history—is to be taken as the typical symbol of the passing away. Imperialism is Civilization unadulterated. In this phenomenal form the destiny of the West is now irrevocably set. The energy of culture-man is directed inwards, that of civilization-man outwards. And thus I see in Cecil Rhodes the first man of a new age. He stands for the political style of a far-ranging, Western, Teutonic and especially German future, and his phrase "expansion is everything" is the Napoleonic reassertion of the indwelling tendency of _every_ Civilization that has fully ripened— Roman, Arab or Chinese. It is not a matter of choice—it is not the conscious will of individuals, or even that of whole classes or peoples that decides. The expansive tendency is a doom, something daemonic and immense, which grips, forces into service, and uses up the late mankind of the world-city stage, willy-nilly, aware or unaware.[33] Life is the process of effecting possibilities, and for the brain-man there are _only extensive_ possibilities.[34] Hard as the half-developed Socialism of to-day is fighting against expansion, one day it will become arch-

expansionist with all the vehemence of destiny. Here the form-language of politics, as the direct intellectual expression of a certain type of humanity, touches on a deep metaphysical problem—on the fact, affirmed in the grant of unconditional validity to the causality-principle, that _the soul is the complement of its extension_.

When, between 480 and 230,[35] the Chinese group of states was tending towards imperialism, it was entirely futile to combat the principle of Imperialism (Lien-heng), practised in particular by the “Roman” state of Tsin[36] and theoretically represented by the philosopher Dschang Yi, by ideas of a League of Nations (Hoh-tsung) largely derived from Wang Hü, a profound sceptic who had no illusions as to the men or the political possibilities of this “late” period. Both sides opposed the anti- political idealism of Lao-tse, but as between themselves it was Lien- heng and not Hoh-tsung which swam with the natural current of expansive Civilization.[37]

Rhodes is to be regarded as the first precursor of a Western type of Cæsars, whose day is to come though yet distant. He stands midway between Napoleon and the force-men of the next centuries, just as Flaminius, who from 232 B.C. onward pressed the Romans to undertake the subjugation of Cisalpine Gaul and so initiated the policy of colonial expansion, stands between Alexander and Cæsar. Strictly speaking, Flaminius was a private person—for his real power was of a kind not embodied in any constitutional office—who exercised a dominant influence in the state at a time when the state-idea was giving way to the pressure of economic factors. So far as Rome is concerned, he was the archetype of opposition Cæsarism; with him there came to an end the _idea of state-service_ and there began the “will to power” which ignored traditions and reckoned only with forces. Alexander and Napoleon were romantics; though they stood on the threshold of Civilization and in its cold clear air, the one fancied himself an Achilles and the other read Werther. Cæsar, on the contrary, was a pure man of fact gifted with immense understanding.

But even for Rhodes political success means territorial and financial success, and only that. Of this Roman-ness within himself he was fully aware. But Western Civilization has not yet taken shape in such strength and purity as this. It was only before his maps that he could fall into a sort of poetic trance, this son of the parsonage who, sent out to South Africa without means, made a gigantic fortune and employed it as the engine of political aims. His idea of a trans-African railway from the Cape to Cairo, his project of a South African empire, his intellectual hold on the hard metal souls of the mining magnates whose wealth he forced into the service of his schemes, his capital Bulawayo, royally planned as a future Residence by a statesman who was all- powerful yet stood in no definite relation to the State, his wars, his diplomatic deals, his road-systems, his syndicates, his armies, his conception of the “great duty to civilization” of the man of brain—all this, broad and imposing, is the prelude of a future which is still in store for us and with which the history of West-European mankind will be definitely _closed_.

He who does not understand that this outcome is obligatory and insusceptible of modification, that our choice is between willing _this_ and willing nothing at all, between cleaving to _this_ destiny or despairing of the future and of life itself; he who cannot feel that there is grandeur also in the realizations of powerful intelligences, in the energy and discipline of metal-hard natures, in battles fought with the coldest and most abstract means; he who is obsessed with the idealism of a provincial and would pursue the ways of life of past ages— must forgo all desire to comprehend history, to live through history or to make history.

Thus regarded, the Imperium Romanum appears no longer as an isolated phenomenon, but as the normal product of a strict and energetic, megalopolitan, predominantly practical spirituality, as typical of a final and irreversible condition which has occurred often enough though it has only been identified as such in this instance.

Let it be realized, then:

That the secret of historical form does not lie on the surface, that it cannot be grasped by means of similarities of costume and setting, and that in the history of men as in that of animals and plants there occur phenomena showing deceptive similarity but inwardly without any connexion—e.g., Charlemagne and Haroun-al-Raschid, Alexander and Cæsar, the German wars upon Rome and the Mongol onslaughts upon West Europe—and other phenomena of extreme outward dissimilarity but of identical import—e.g., Trajan and Rameses II, the Bourbons and the Attic Demos, Mohammed and Pythagoras.

That the 19th and 20th centuries, hitherto looked on as the highest point of an ascending straight line of world-history, are in reality a stage of life which may be observed in every Culture that has ripened to its limit—a stage of life characterized not by Socialists, Impressionists, electric railways, torpedoes and differential equations (for these are only body-constituents of the time), but by a civilized spirituality which possesses not only these but also quite other creative possibilities.

That, as our own time represents a transitional phase which occurs with certainty under particular conditions, there are perfectly well-defined states (such as have occurred more than once in the history of the past) _later_ than the present-day state of West

Europe, and therefore that

The future of the West is not a limitless tending upwards and onwards for all time towards our present ideals, but a single phenomenon of history, strictly limited and defined as to form and duration, which covers a few centuries and can be viewed and, in essentials, calculated from available precedents.

Footnote 31:

See Vol. II, 529.

Footnote 32:

The conquest of Gaul by Cæsar was frankly a colonial, i.e., a one- sided, war; and the fact that it is the highest achievement in the later military history of Rome only shows that the well of real achievement was rapidly drying up.

Footnote 33:

The modern Germans are a conspicuous example of a people that has become expansive without knowing it or willing it. They were already in that state while they still believed themselves to be the people of Goethe. Even Bismarck, the founder of the new age, never had the slightest idea of it, and believed himself to have reached the _conclusion_ of a political process (cf. Vol. II, 529).

Footnote 34:

This is probably the meaning of Napoleon's significant words to Goethe: "What have we to-day to do with destiny? Policy is destiny."

Footnote 35:

Corresponding to the 300-50 B.C. phase of the Classical world.

Footnote 36:

Which in the end gave its name to the Empire (Tsin = China).

Footnote 37:

See Vol. II, 521-539.

XIV

This high plane of contemplation once attained, the rest is easy. To this _single_ idea one can refer, and by it one can solve, without straining or forcing, all those separate problems of religion, art- history, epistemology, ethics, politics, economics with which the modern intellect has so passionately—and so vainly—busied itself for decades.

This idea is one of those truths that have only to be expressed with full clarity to become indisputable. It is one of the inward necessities of the Western Culture and of its world-feeling. It is capable of entirely transforming the world-outlook of one who fully understands it, i.e., makes it intimately his own. It immensely deepens the world- picture natural and necessary to us in that, already trained to regard world-historical evolution as an organic unit seen backwards from our standpoint in the present, we are enabled by its aid to follow the broad lines into the future—a privilege of dream-calculation till now permitted only to the physicist. It is, I repeat, in effect the substitution of a Copernican for a Ptolemaic aspect of history, that is, an immeasurable widening of horizon.

Up to now everyone has been at liberty to hope what he pleased about the future. Where there are no facts, sentiment rules. But henceforward it will be every man's business to inform himself of what _can_ happen and therefore of what with the unalterable necessity of destiny and irrespective of personal ideals, hopes or desires, _will_ happen. When we use the risky word "freedom" we shall mean freedom to do, not this or that, but the necessary or nothing. The feeling that this is "just as it should be" is the hall-mark of the man of fact. To lament it and blame it is not to alter it. To birth belongs death, to youth age, to life generally its form and its

allotted span. The present is a civilized, emphatically not a cultured time, and _ipso facto_ a great number of life-capacities fall out as impossible. This may be deplorable, and may be and will be deplored in pessimist philosophy and poetry, but it is not in our power to make otherwise. It will not be—already it is not— permissible to defy clear historical experience and to expect, merely because we hope, that this will spring or that will flourish.

It will no doubt be objected that such a world-outlook, which in giving this certainty as to the outlines and tendency of the future cuts off all far-reaching hopes, would be unhealthy for all and fatal for many, once it ceased to be a mere theory and was adopted as a practical scheme of life by the group of personalities effectively moulding the future.

Such is not my opinion. We are civilized, not Gothic or Rococo, people; we have to reckon with the hard cold facts of a _late_ life, to which the parallel is to be found not in Pericles's Athens but in Cæsar's Rome. Of great painting or great music there can no longer be, for Western people, any question. Their architectural possibilities have been exhausted these hundred years. Only _extensive_ possibilities are left to them. Yet, for a sound and vigorous generation that is filled with unlimited hopes, I fail to see that it is any disadvantage to discover betimes that some of these hopes must come to nothing. And if the hopes thus doomed should be those most dear, well, a man who is worth anything will not be dismayed. It is true that the issue may be a tragic one for some individuals who in their decisive years are overpowered by the conviction that in the spheres of architecture, drama, painting, there is nothing left for _them_ to conquer. What matter if they do go under! It has been the convention hitherto to admit no limits of any sort in these matters, and to believe that each period had its own task to do in each sphere. Tasks therefore were found by hook or by crook, leaving it to be settled posthumously whether or not the artist's faith was justified and his life-work necessary. Now, nobody but a pure romantic would take this way out. Such a pride is not the pride of a Roman. What are we to think of the individual who, standing before an exhausted quarry, would rather be told that a new vein will be struck to-morrow—the bait offered by the radically false and mannerized art of the moment—than be shown a rich and virgin clay- bed near by? The lesson, I think, would be of benefit to the coming generations, as showing them what is possible—and therefore necessary— and what is excluded from the inward potentialities of their time. Hitherto an incredible total of intellect and power has been squandered in false directions. The West-European, however historically he may think and feel, is at a certain stage of life invariably uncertain of his own direction; he gropes and feels his way and, if unlucky in environment, he loses it. But now at last the work of centuries enables him to view the disposition of his own life in relation to the general culture-scheme and to test his own powers and purposes. And I can only hope that men of the new generation may be moved by this book to devote themselves to technics instead of lyrics, the sea instead of the paint- brush, and politics instead of epistemology. Better they could not do.

XV

It still remains to consider the relation of a morphology of world- history to Philosophy. All genuine historical work is philosophy, unless it is mere ant-industry. But the operations of the systematic philosopher are subject to constant and serious error through his assuming the permanence of his results. He overlooks the fact that every thought lives in a historical world and is therefore involved in the common destiny of mortality. He supposes that higher thought possesses an everlasting and unalterable objectiveness (Gegenstand), that the great questions of all epochs are identical, and that therefore they are capable in the last analysis of unique answers.

But question and answer are here one, and the great questions are made great by the very fact that unequivocal answers to them are so passionately demanded, so that it is as life-symbols only that they possess significance. There are no eternal truths. Every philosophy is the expression of its own and only its own time, and—if by philosophy we mean effective philosophy and not academic triflings about judgment- forms, sense-categories and the like—no two ages possess the same philosophic intentions. The difference is not between perishable and imperishable doctrines but between doctrines which live their day and doctrines which never live at all. The immortality of thoughts-become is an illusion—the essential is, what kind of man comes to expression in them. The greater the man, the truer the philosophy, with the inward truth that in a great work of art transcends all proof of its several elements or even of their compatibility with one another. At highest, the philosophy may absorb the entire content of an epoch, realize it within itself and then, embodying it in some grand form or personality, pass it on to be developed further and further. The scientific dress or the mark of learning adopted by a philosophy is here unimportant. Nothing is simpler than to make good poverty of ideas by founding a system, and even a good idea has little value when enunciated by a solemn ass. Only its necessity to life decides the eminence of a doctrine.

For me, therefore, the test of value to be applied to a thinker is his eye for the great facts of his own time. Only this can settle whether he is merely a clever architect of systems and principles, versed in definitions and analyses, or whether it is the very soul

of his time that speaks in his works and his intuitions. A philosopher who cannot grasp and command actuality as well will never be of the first rank. The Pre-Socratics were merchants and politicians _en grand_. The desire to put his political ideas into practice in Syracuse nearly cost Plato his life, and it was the same Plato who discovered the set of geometrical theorems that enabled Euclid to build up the Classical system of mathematics. Pascal—whom Nietzsche knows only as the “broken Christian”— Descartes, Leibniz were the first mathematicians and technicians of their time.

The great “Pre-Socratics” of China from Kwan-tsi (about 670) to Confucius (550-478) were statesmen, regents, lawgivers like Pythagoras and Parmenides, like Hobbes and Leibniz. With Lao-tsze—the opponent of all state authority and high politics and the enthusiast of small peaceful communities—unworldliness and deed-shyness first appear, heralds of lecture-room and study philosophy. But Lao-tsze was in his time, the _ancien régime_ of China, an exception in the midst of sturdy philosophers for whom epistemology meant the knowledge of the important relations of actual life.

And herein, I think, all the philosophers of the newest age are open to a serious criticism. What they do not possess is real standing in actual life. Not one of them has intervened effectively, either in higher politics, in the development of modern technics, in matters of communication, in economics, or in any other _big_ actuality, with a single act or a single compelling idea. Not one of them counts in mathematics, in physics, in the science of government, even to the extent that Kant counted. Let us glance at other times. Confucius was several times a minister. Pythagoras was the organizer of an important political movement[38] akin to the Cromwellian, the significance of which is even now far underestimated by Classical researchers. Goethe, besides being a model executive minister—though lacking, alas! the operative sphere of a great state—was interested in the Suez and Panama canals (the dates of which he foresaw with accuracy) and their effects on the economy of the world, and he busied himself again and again with the question of American economic life and its reactions on the Old World, and with that of the dawning era of machine-industry. Hobbes was one of the originators of the great plan of winning South America for England, and although in execution the plan went no further than the occupation of Jamaica, he has the glory of being one of the founders of the British Colonial Empire. Leibniz, without doubt the greatest intellect in Western philosophy, the founder of the differential calculus and the _analysis situs_, conceived or co-operated in a number of major political schemes, one of which was to relieve Germany by drawing the attention of Louis XIV to the importance of Egypt as a factor in French world-policy. The ideas of the memorandum on this subject that he drew up for the Grand Monarch were so far in advance of their time (1672) that it has been thought that Napoleon made use of them for his Eastern venture. Even thus early, Leibniz laid down the principle that Napoleon grasped more and more clearly after Wagram, viz., that acquisitions on the Rhine and in Belgium would not permanently better the position of France and that the neck of Suez would one day be the key of world-dominance. Doubtless the King was not equal to these deep political and strategic conceptions of the Philosopher.

Turning from men of this mould to the “philosophers” of to-day, one is dismayed and shamed. How poor their personalities, how commonplace their political and practical outlook! Why is it that the mere idea of calling upon one of them to prove his intellectual eminence in government, diplomacy, large-scale organization, or direction of any big colonial, commercial or transport concern is enough to evoke our pity? And this insufficiency indicates, not that they possess inwardness, but simply that they lack weight. I look round in vain for an instance in which a modern “philosopher” has made a name by even one deep or far-seeing pronouncement on an important question of the day. I see nothing but provincial opinions of the same kind as anyone else’s. Whenever I take up a work by a modern thinker, I find myself asking: has he any idea whatever of the actualities of world-politics, world-city problems, capitalism, the future of the state, the relation of technics to the course of civilization, Russia, Science? Goethe would have understood all this and revelled in it, but there is not one living philosopher capable of taking it in. This sense of actualities is of course not the same thing as the content of a philosophy but, I repeat, it is an infallible symptom of its inward necessity, its fruitfulness and its symbolic importance.

We must allow ourselves no illusions as to the gravity of this negative result. It is palpable that we have lost sight of the final significance of effective philosophy. We confuse philosophy with preaching, with agitation, with novel-writing, with lecture-room jargon. We have descended from the perspective of the bird to that of the frog. It has come to this, that the very _possibility_ of a real philosophy of to-day and to-morrow is in question. If not, it were far better to become a colonist or an engineer, to do something, no matter what, that is true and real, than to chew over once more the old dried-up themes under cover of an alleged “new wave of philosophic thought”—far better to construct an aero-engine than a new theory of apperception that is not wanted. Truly it is a poor life’s work to restate once more, in slightly different terms, views of a hundred predecessors on the Will or on psycho-physical parallelism. This may be a profession, but a philosophy it emphatically is not. A doctrine that does not attack and affect the life of the period in its inmost depths is no doctrine and had better not be taught. And what was possible even yesterday

is, to-day, at least not indispensable.

To me, the depths and refinement of mathematical and physical theories are a joy; by comparison, the æsthete and the physiologist are fumblers. I would sooner have the fine mind-begotten forms of a fast steamer, a steel structure, a precision-lathe, the subtlety and elegance of many chemical and optical processes, than all the pickings and stealings of present-day “arts and crafts,” architecture and painting included. I prefer one Roman aqueduct to all Roman temples and statues. I love the Colosseum and the giant vault of the Palatine, for they display for me to-day in the brown massiveness of their brick construction the _real_ Rome and the grand practical sense of her engineers, but it is a matter of indifference to me whether the empty and pretentious marblery of the Cæsars—their rows of statuary, their friezes, their overloaded architraves—is preserved or not. Glance at some reconstruction of the Imperial Fora—do we not find them the true counterpart of a modern International Exhibition, obtrusive, bulky, empty, a boasting in materials and dimensions wholly alien to Periclean Greece and the Rococo alike, but exactly paralleled in the Egyptian modernism that is displayed in the ruins of Rameses II (1300 B.C.) at Luxor and Karnak? It was not for nothing that the genuine Roman despised the _Græculus histrio_, the kind of “artist” and the kind of “philosopher” to be found on the soil of Roman Civilization. The time for art and philosophy had passed; they were exhausted, used up, superfluous, and his instinct for the realities of life told him so. _One_ Roman law weighed more than all the lyrics and school-metaphysics of the time together. And I maintain that to-day many an inventor, many a diplomat, many a financier is a sounder philosopher than all those who practise the dull craft of experimental psychology. This is a situation which regularly repeats itself at a certain historical level. It would have been absurd in a Roman of intellectual eminence, who might as Consul or Prætor lead armies, organize provinces, build cities and roads, or even be the Princeps in Rome, to want to hatch out some new variant of post-Platonic school philosophy at Athens or Rhodes. Consequently no one did so. It was not in harmony with the tendency of the age, and therefore it only attracted third-class men of the kind that always advances as far as the _Zeitgeist_ of the day before yesterday. It is a very grave question whether this stage has or has not set in for us already.

A century of purely extensive effectiveness, excluding big artistic and metaphysical production—let us say frankly an irreligious time which coincides exactly with the idea of the world-city—is a time of decline. True. But we have not _chosen_ this time. We cannot help it if we are born as men of the early winter of full Civilization, instead of on the golden summit of a ripe Culture, in a Phidias or a Mozart time. Everything depends on our seeing our own position, our _destiny_, clearly, on our realizing that though we may lie to ourselves about it we cannot evade it. He who does not acknowledge this in his heart, ceases to be counted among the men of his generation, and remains either a simpleton, a charlatan, or a pedant.

Therefore, in approaching a problem of the present, one must begin by asking one’s self—a question answered in advance by instinct in the case of the genuine adept—what to-day is possible and what he must forbid himself. Only a very few of the problems of metaphysics are, so to say, allocated for solution to any epoch of thought. Even thus soon, a whole world separates Nietzsche’s time, in which a last trace of romanticism was still operative, from our own, which has shed every vestige of it.

Systematic philosophy closes with the end of the 18th Century. Kant put its utmost possibilities in forms both grand in themselves and—as a rule—final for the Western soul. He is followed, as Plato and Aristotle were followed, by a specifically megalopolitan philosophy that was not speculative but practical, irreligious, social-ethical. This philosophy— paralleled in the Chinese civilization by the schools of the “Epicurean” Yang-chu, the “Socialist” Mo-ti, the “Pessimist” Chuang-tsü, the “Positivist” Mencius, and in the Classical by the Cynics, the Cyrenaics, the Stoics and the Epicureans—begins in the West with Schopenhauer, who is the first to make the _Will to life_ (“creative life-force”) the centre of gravity of his thought, although the deeper tendency of his doctrine is obscured by his having, under the influence of a great tradition, maintained the obsolete distinctions of phenomena and things-in-themselves and suchlike. It is the same creative will-to-life that was Schopenhauer-wise denied in “Tristan” and Darwin-wise asserted in “Siegfried”; that was brilliantly and theatrically formulated by Nietzsche in “Zarathustra”; that led the Hegelian Marx to an economic and the Malthusian Darwin to a biological hypothesis which together have subtly transformed the world-outlook of the Western megalopolis; and that produced a homogeneous series of tragedy-conceptions extending from Hebbel’s “Judith” to Ibsen’s “Epilogue.” It has embraced, therefore, all the possibilities of a true philosophy—and at the same time it has exhausted them.

Systematic philosophy, then, lies immensely far behind us, and ethical has been wound up. _But a third possibility, corresponding to the Classical Scepticism, still remains to the soul-world_ of the present- day West, and it can be brought to light by the hitherto unknown methods of historical morphology. That which is a possibility is a necessity. The Classical scepticism is ahistoric, it doubts by denying outright. But that of the West, if it is an inward necessity, a symbol of the autumn of our spirituality, is obliged to be historical through and through. Its solutions are got by treating everything as relative, as a historical phenomenon, and its procedure is psychological. Whereas the Sceptic philosophy arose within Hellenism as the negation of philosophy— declaring

philosophy to be purposeless—we, on the contrary, regard the _history of philosophy_ as, in the last resort, philosophy's gravest theme. This _is_ "skepsis," in the true sense, for whereas the Greek is led to renounce absolute standpoints by contempt for the intellectual past, we are led to do so by comprehension of that past as an organism.

In this work it will be our task to sketch out this unphilosophical philosophy—the last that West Europe will know. Scepticism is the expression of a pure Civilization; and it dissipates the world-picture of the Culture that has gone before. For us, its success will lie in resolving all the older problems into one, the genetic. The conviction that what _is_ also _has become_, that the natural and cognizable is rooted in the historic, that the World as the actual is founded on an Ego as the potential actualized, that the "when" and the "how long" hold as deep a secret as the "what," leads directly to the fact that everything, whatever else it may be, must at any rate be _the expression of something living_. Cognitions and judgments too are acts of living men. The thinkers of the past conceived external actuality as produced by cognition and motiving ethical judgments, but to the thought of the future they are above all _expressions and symbols. The Morphology of world-history becomes inevitably a universal symbolism._

With that, the claim of higher thought to possess general and eternal truths falls to the ground. Truths are truths only in relation to a particular mankind. Thus, my own philosophy is able to express and reflect _only_ the Western (as distinct from the Classical, Indian, or other) soul, and that soul _only_ in its present civilized phase by which its conception of the world, its practical range and its sphere of effect are specified.

Footnote 38:

See Vol. II, 373 ff.

XVI

In concluding this Introduction, I may be permitted to add a personal note. In 1911, I proposed to myself to put together some broad considerations on the political phenomena of the day and their possible developments. At that time the World-War appeared to me both as imminent and also as the inevitable outward manifestation of the historical crisis, and my endeavour was to comprehend it from an examination of the spirit of the preceding centuries—not years. In the course of this originally small task,[39] the conviction forced itself on me that for an effective understanding of the epoch the area to be taken into the foundation-plan must be very greatly enlarged, and that in an investigation of this sort, if the results were to be fundamentally conclusive and necessary results, it was impossible to restrict one's self to a single epoch and its political actualities, or to confine one's self to a pragmatical framework, or even to do without purely metaphysical and highly transcendental methods of treatment. It became evident that a political problem could not be comprehended by means of politics themselves and that, frequently, important factors at work in the depths could only be grasped through their artistic manifestations or even distantly seen in the form of scientific or purely philosophical ideas. Even the politico-social analysis of the last decades of the 19th century—a period of tense quiet between two immense and outstanding events: the one which, expressed in the Revolution and Napoleon, had fixed the picture of West-European actuality for a century and another of at least equal significance that was visibly and ever more rapidly approaching—was found in the last resort to be impossible without bringing in _all_ the great problems of Being in all their aspects. For, in the historical as in the natural world-picture, there is found nothing, however small, that does not embody in itself the entire sum of fundamental tendencies. And thus the original theme came to be immensely widened. A vast number of unexpected (and in the main entirely novel) questions and interrelations presented themselves. And finally it became perfectly clear that no single fragment of history could be thoroughly illuminated unless and until the secret of world-history itself, to wit the story of higher mankind as an organism of regular structure, had been cleared up. And hitherto this has not been done, even in the least degree.

From this moment on, relations and connexions—previously often suspected, sometimes touched on but never comprehended—presented themselves in ever-increasing volume. The forms of the arts linked themselves to the forms of war and state-policy. Deep relations were revealed between political and mathematical aspects of the same Culture, between religious and technical conceptions, between mathematics, music and sculpture, between economics and cognition-forms. Clearly and unmistakably there appeared the fundamental dependence of the most modern physical and chemical theories on the mythological concepts of our Germanic ancestors, the style-congruence of tragedy and power- technics and up-to-date finance, and the fact (bizarre at first but soon self-evident) that oil-painting perspective, printing, the credit system, longrange weapons, and contrapuntal

music in one case, and the nude statue, the city-state and coin-currency (discovered by the Greeks) in another were identical expressions of one and the same spiritual principle. And, beyond and above all, there stood out the fact that these great _groups of morphological relations_, each one of which symbolically represents a particular sort of mankind in the whole picture of world-history, are strictly symmetrical in structure. It is this perspective that first opens out for us the true style of history. Belonging itself as symbol and expression to one time and therefore inwardly possible and necessary only for present-day Western man, it can but be compared—distantly—to certain ideas of ultra-modern mathematics in the domain of the Theory of Groups. These were thoughts that had occupied me for many years, though dark and undefined until enabled by this method to emerge in tangible form.

Thereafter I saw the present—the approaching World-War—in a quite other light. It was no longer a momentary constellation of casual facts due to national sentiments, personal influences, or economic tendencies endowed with an appearance of unity and necessity by some historian's scheme of political or social cause-and-effect, but the type of _a historical change of phase_ occurring within a great historical organism of definable compass at the point preordained for it hundreds of years ago. The mark of the great crisis is its innumerable passionate questionings and probings. In our own case there were books and ideas by the thousand; but, scattered, disconnected, limited by the horizons of specialisms as they were, they incited, depressed and confounded but could not free. Hence, though these questions are seen, their identity is missed. Consider those art-problems that (though never comprehended in their depths) were evinced in the disputes between form and content, line and space, drawing and colour, in the notion of style, in the idea of Impressionism and the music of Wagner. Consider the decline of art and the failing authority of science; the grave problems arising out of the victory of the megalopolis over the country-side, such as childlessness and land-depopulation; the place in society of a fluctuating Fourth Estate; the crisis in materialism, in Socialism, in parliamentary government; the position of the individual _vis-à-vis_ the State; the problem of private property with its pendant the problem of marriage. Consider at the same time one fact taken from what is apparently an entirely different field, the voluminous work that was being done in the domain of folk-psychology on the origins of myths, arts, religions and thought—and done, moreover, no longer from an ideal but from a strictly morphological standpoint. It is my belief that every one of these questions was really aimed in the same direction as every other, viz., towards that _one_ Riddle of History that had never yet emerged with sufficient distinctness in the human consciousness. The tasks before men were not, as supposed, infinitely numerous—they were one and the same task. Everyone had an inkling that this was so, but no one from his own narrow standpoint had seen the single and comprehensive solution. And yet it had been in the air since Nietzsche, and Nietzsche himself had gripped all the decisive problems although, being a romantic, he had not dared to look strict reality in the face.

But herein precisely lies the inward necessity of the _stock-taking_ doctrine, so to call it. It had to come, and it could only come at this time. Our scepticism is not an attack upon, but rather the verification of, our stock of thoughts and works. It _confirms_ all that has been sought and achieved for generations past, in that it integrates all the truly living tendencies which it finds in the special spheres, no matter what their aim may be.

Above all, there discovered itself the _opposition of History and Nature_ through which alone it is possible to grasp the essence of the former. As I have already said, man as an element and representative of the World is a member, not only of nature, but also of history—which is a second Cosmos different in structure and complexion, entirely neglected by Metaphysics in favour of the first. I was originally brought to reflect on this _fundamental_ question of our world- consciousness through noticing how present-day historians as they fumble round tangible events, things-become, believe themselves to have already grasped History, the happening, the becoming itself. This is a prejudice common to all who proceed by reason and cognition, as against intuitive perception.[40] And it had long ago been a source of perplexity to the great Eleatics with their doctrine that through cognition there could be no becoming, but only a being (or having-become). In other words, History was seen as Nature (in the objective sense of the physicist) and treated accordingly, and it is to this that we must ascribe the baneful mistake of applying the principles of causality, of law, of system—that is, the structure of rigid being—to the picture of happenings. It was assumed that a human culture existed just as electricity or gravitation existed, and that it was capable of analysis in much the same way as these. The habits of the scientific researcher were eagerly taken as a model, and if, from time to time, some student asked what Gothic, or Islam, or the Polis _was_, no one inquired why such symbols of something living _inevitably_ appeared just _then, and there, in that form, and for that space of time_. Historians were content, whenever they met one of the innumerable similarities between widely discrete historical phenomena, simply to register it, adding some clever remarks as to the marvels of coincidence, dubbing Rhodes the "Venice of Antiquity" and Napoleon the "modern Alexander," or the like; yet it was just these cases, in which the _destiny-problem_ came to the fore as the true problem of history (viz., the problem of time), that needed to be treated with all possible seriousness and scientifically regulated _physiognomic_ in order to find out what strangely-constituted necessity, so completely alien to the causal, was at work. That every phenomenon _ipso facto_ propounds a metaphysical riddle, that the time of its occurrence is

never irrelevant; that it still remained to be discovered what kind of a _living_ interdependence (apart from the inorganic, natural-law interdependence) subsists within the world- picture, which radiates from nothing less than the whole man and not merely (as Kant thought) from the cognizing part of him; that a phenomenon is not only a fact for the understanding but also an expression of the spiritual, not only an object but a symbol as well, be it one of the highest creations of religion or art or a mere trifle of everyday life—all this was, philosophically, something new.

And thus in the end I came to see the solution clearly before me in immense outlines, possessed of full inward necessity, a solution derived from one single principle that though discoverable had never been discovered, that from my youth had haunted and attracted me, tormenting me with the sense that it was there and must be attacked and yet defying me to seize it. Thus, from an almost accidental occasion of beginning, there has arisen the present work, which is put forward as the provisional expression of a new world-picture. The book is laden, as I know, with all the defects of a first attempt, incomplete, and certainly not free from inconsistencies. Nevertheless I am convinced that it contains the incontrovertible formulation of an idea which, once enunciated clearly, will (I repeat) be accepted without dispute.

If, then, the narrower theme is an analysis of the Decline of that West- European Culture which is now spread over the entire globe, yet the object in view is the development of a philosophy and of the operative method peculiar to it, which is now to be tried, viz., the method of comparative morphology in world-history. The work falls naturally into two parts. The first, “Form and Actuality,” starts from the form- language of the great Cultures, attempts to penetrate to the deepest roots of their origin and so provides itself with the basis for a science of Symbolic. The second part, “World-historical Perspectives,” starts from the _facts of actual life_, and from the historical practice of higher mankind seeks to obtain a quintessence of historical experience that we can set to work upon the formation of our own future.

The accompanying tables[41] present a general view of what has resulted from the investigation. They may at the same time give some notion both of the fruitfulness and of the scope of the new methods.

CHAPTER II THE MEANING OF NUMBERS

CHAPTER II

THE MEANING OF NUMBERS

It is necessary to begin by drawing attention to certain basic terms which, as used in this work, carry strict and in some cases novel connotations. Though the metaphysical content of these terms would gradually become evident in following the course of the reasoning, nevertheless, the exact significance to be attached to them ought to be made clear beyond misunderstanding from the very outset.

The popular distinction—current also in philosophy—between “being” and “becoming” seems to miss the essential point in the contrast it is meant to express. An endless becoming—“action,” “actuality”—will always be thought of also as a condition (as it is, for example, in physical notions such as uniform velocity and the condition of motion, and in the basic hypothesis of the kinetic theory of gases) and therefore ranked in the category of “being.” On the other hand, out of the results that we do in fact obtain by and in consciousness, we may, with Goethe, distinguish as final elements “becoming” and “the become” (_Das Werden_, _das Gewordne_). In all cases, though the atom of human-ness may lie beyond the grasp of our powers of abstract conception, the very clear and definite _feeling_ of this contrast—fundamental and diffused throughout consciousness—is the most elemental something that we reach. It necessarily follows therefore that “the become” is always founded on a “becoming” and not the other way round.

I distinguish further, by the words “proper” and “alien” (_das Eigne_, _das Fremde_), those two basic facts of consciousness which for all men in the waking (not in the dreaming) state are established with an immediate inward certainty, without the necessity or possibility of more precise definition. The element called “alien” is always related in some way to the basic fact expressed by the word “perception,” i.e., the outer world, the life of sensation. Great thinkers have bent all their powers of image-forming to the task of expressing this relation, more and more rigorously, by the aid of half-intuitive dichotomies such as “phenomena and things-in-themselves,” “world-as-will and world-as-idea,” “ego and non-ego,” although human powers of exact knowing are surely inadequate for the task.

Similarly, the element “proper” is involved with the basic fact known as feeling, i.e., the inner life, in some intimate and invariable way that equally defies analysis by the methods of abstract thought.

I distinguish, again, “soul” and “world.” _The existence of this opposition is identical with the fact of purely human waking consciousness (Wachsein)._ There are degrees of clearness and sharpness in the opposition and therefore grades of the consciousness, of the spirituality, of life. These grades range from the feeling-knowledge that, unalert yet sometimes suffused through and through by an inward light, is characteristic of the primitive and of the child (and also of those moments of religious and artistic inspiration that occur ever less and less often as a Culture grows older) right to the extremity of waking and reasoning sharpness that we find, for instance, in the thought of Kant and Napoleon, for whom soul and world have become subject and object. This elementary structure of consciousness, as a fact of immediate inner knowledge, is not susceptible of conceptual subdivision. Nor, indeed, are the two factors distinguishable at all except verbally and more or less artificially, since they are always associated, always intertwined, and present themselves as a unit, a totality. The epistemological starting-point of the born idealist and the born realist alike, the assumption that soul is to world (or world to soul, as the case may be) as foundation is to building, as primary to derivative, as “cause” to “effect,” has no basis whatever in the pure fact of consciousness, and when a philosophic system lays stress on the one or the other, it only thereby informs us as to the personality of the philosopher, a fact of purely biographical significance.

Thus, by regarding waking-consciousness structurally as a tension of contraries, and applying to it the notions of “becoming” and “the thing- become,” we find for the word _Life_ a perfectly definite meaning that is closely allied to that of “becoming.” We may describe becomings and the things-become as the form in which respectively the facts and the results of life exist in the waking consciousness. To man in the waking state his proper life, progressive and constantly self-fulfilling, is presented through the element of Becoming in his consciousness—_this fact we call “the present”_—and it possesses that mysterious property of _Direction_ which in all the higher languages men have sought to impound and—vainly—to rationalize by means of the enigmatic word _time_. It follows necessarily from the above that there is a fundamental connexion between _the become_ (the _hard-set_) and _Death_.

If, now, we designate the Soul—that is, the Soul as it is felt, not as it is reasonably pictured—as the _possible_ and the World on the other hand as the _actual_ (the meaning of these expressions is unmistakable to man’s inner sense), we see life as _the form in which the actualizing of the possible is accomplished_. With respect to the property of Direction, the possible is called the _Future_ and the actualized the _Past_. The actualizing itself, the centre-of-gravity and the centre-of- meaning of life, we call the _Present_. “Soul” is the still-to-be- accomplished, “World” the accomplished, “life” the accomplishing. In this way we are enabled to assign to expressions like moment, duration, development, life-content, vocation, scope, aim, fullness and emptiness of life, the definite meanings which we shall need for all that follows and especially for the understanding of historical phenomena.

Lastly, the words _History_ and _Nature_ are here employed, as the reader will have observed already, in a quite definite and hitherto unusual sense. These words comprise _possible_ modes of understanding, of comprehending the totality of knowledge—becoming as well as things- become, life as well as things-lived—as a homogeneous, spiritualized, well-ordered _world-picture_ fashioned out of an indivisible mass- impression in this way or in that according as the becoming or the become, direction (“time”) or extension (“space”) is the dominant factor. And it is not a question of one factor being alternative to the other. The possibilities that we have of possessing an “outer world” that reflects and attests our proper existence are infinitely numerous and exceedingly heterogeneous, and the purely organic and the purely mechanical world-view (in the precise literal sense of that familiar term[42]) are only the extreme members of the series. Primitive man (so far as we can imagine his waking-consciousness) and the child (as we can remember) cannot fully see or grasp these possibilities. One condition of this higher world-consciousness is the possession of _language_, meaning thereby not mere human utterance but a culture-language, and such is non-existent for primitive man and existent but not accessible in the case of the child. In other words, neither possesses any clear and distinct notion of the world. They have an inkling but no real knowledge of history and nature, being too intimately incorporated with the ensemble of these. _They have no Culture._

And therewith that important word is given a positive meaning of the highest significance which henceforward will be assumed in using it. In the same way as we have elected to distinguish the Soul as the possible and the World as the actual, we can now differentiate between _possible_ and _actual_ culture, i.e., culture as _an idea in the_ (general or individual) _existence_ and culture as the _body_ of that idea, as the total of its visible, tangible and comprehensible expressions—acts and opinions, religion and state, arts and sciences, peoples and cities, economic and social forms, speech, laws, customs, characters, facial lines and

costumes. _Higher history_, intimately related to life and to becoming, _is the actualizing of possible Culture_.[43]

We must not omit to add that these basic determinations of meaning are largely incommunicable by specification, definition or proof, and in their deeper import must be reached by feeling, experience and intuition. There is a distinction, rarely appreciated as it should be, between experience as lived and experience as learned (zwischen Erleben und Erkennen), between the immediate certainty given by the various kinds of intuition—such as illumination, inspiration, artistic flair, experience of life, the power of "sizing men up" (Goethe's "exact percipient fancy")—and the product of rational procedure and technical experiment.

The first are imparted by means of analogy, picture, symbol, the second by formula, law, scheme. The become is experienced by learning—indeed, as we shall see, the having-become is for the human mind identical with the completed act of cognition. A becoming, on the other hand, can only be experienced by living, felt with a deep wordless understanding. It is on this that what we call "knowledge of men" is based; in fact the understanding of history implies a superlative knowledge of men. The eye which can see into the depths of an alien soul—owes nothing to the cognition-methods investigated in the "Critique of Pure Reason," yet the purer the historical picture is, the less accessible it becomes to any other eye. The mechanism of a pure nature-picture, such as the world of Newton and Kant, is cognized, grasped, dissected in laws and equations and finally reduced to system: the organism of a pure history-picture, like the world of Plotinus, Dante and Giordano Bruno, is intuitively seen, inwardly experienced, grasped as a form or symbol and finally rendered in poetical and artistic conceptions. Goethe's "living nature" is a _historical_ world-picture.[44]

Footnote 39:

The work referred to is embodied in Vol. II (pp. 521 et seq., 562 et seq., 631 et seq.).

Footnote 40:

The philosophy of this book I owe to the philosophy of Goethe, which is practically unknown to-day, and also (but in a far less degree) to that of Nietzsche. The position of Goethe in West-European metaphysics is still not understood in the least; when philosophy is being discussed he is not even named. For unfortunately he did not set down his doctrines in a rigid system, and so the systematic philosophy has overlooked him. Nevertheless he was a philosopher. His place _vis-à- vis_ Kant is the same as that of Plato—who similarly eludes the would- be-systematizer—_vis-à-vis_ Aristotle. Plato and Goethe stand for the philosophy of Becoming, Aristotle and Kant the philosophy of Being. Here we have intuition opposed to analysis. Something that it is practically impossible to convey by the methods of reason is found in individual sayings and poems of Goethe, e.g., in the Orphische Urworte, and stanzas like "Wenn im Unendlichen" and "Sagt es Niemand," which must be regarded as the expression of a _perfectly definite_ metaphysical doctrine. I would not have one single word changed in this: "The Godhead is effective in the living and not in the dead, in the becoming and the changing, not in the become and the set-fast; and therefore, similarly, the reason (_Vernunft_) is concerned only to strive towards the divine through the becoming and the living, and the understanding (_Verstand_) only to make use of the become and the set- fast" (to Eckermann). This sentence comprises my entire philosophy.

Footnote 41:

At the end of the volume.

Footnote 42:

Weltanschauung im wörtlichen Sinne; Anschauung der Welt.

Footnote 43:

The case of mankind in the historyless state is discussed in Vol. II, pp. 58 et seq.

Footnote 44:

With, moreover, a "biological horizon." See Vol. II, p. 34.

II

In order to exemplify the way in which a soul seeks to actualize itself in the picture of its outer world—to show, that is, in how far Culture in the “become” state can express or portray an idea of human existence— I have chosen _number_, the primary element on which all mathematics rests. I have done so because mathematics, accessible in its full depth only to the very few, holds a quite peculiar position amongst the creations of the mind. It is a science of the most rigorous kind, like logic but more comprehensive and very much fuller; it is a true art, along with sculpture and music, as needing the guidance of inspiration and as developing under great conventions of form; it is, lastly, a metaphysic of the highest rank, as Plato and above all Leibniz show us. Every philosophy has hitherto grown up in conjunction with a mathematic _belonging_ to it. Number is the symbol of causal necessity. Like the conception of God, it contains the ultimate meaning of the world-as- nature. The existence of numbers may therefore be called a mystery, and the religious thought of every Culture has felt their impress.[45]

Just as all becoming possesses the original property of _direction_ (irreversibility), all things-become possess the property of _extension_. But these two words seem unsatisfactory in that only an artificial distinction can be made between them. The real secret of all things-become, which are _ipso facto_ things extended (spatially and materially), is embodied in mathematical number as contrasted with chronological number. Mathematical number contains in its very essence the notion of a _mechanical demarcation_, number being in that respect akin to _word_, which, in the very fact of its comprising and denoting, fences off world-impressions. The deepest depths, it is true, are here both incomprehensible and inexpressible. But the actual number with which the mathematician works, the figure, formula, sign, diagram, in short the _number-sign which he thinks, speaks or writes exactly_, is (like the exactly-used word) from the first a symbol of these depths, something imaginable, communicable, comprehensible to the inner and the outer eye, which can be accepted as representing the demarcation. The origin of numbers resembles that of the myth. Primitive man elevates indefinable nature-impressions (the “alien,” in our terminology) into deities, _numina_, at the same time capturing and impounding them by a _name_ which limits them. So also numbers are something that marks off and captures nature-impressions, and it is by means of names and numbers that the human understanding obtains power over the world. In the last analysis, the number-language of a mathematic and the grammar of a tongue are structurally alike. Logic is always a kind of mathematic and vice versa. Consequently, in all acts of the intellect germane to mathematical number—measuring, counting, drawing, weighing, arranging and dividing[46]—men strive to delimit the extended in words as well, i.e., to set it forth in the form of proofs, conclusions, theorems and systems; and it is only through acts of this kind (which may be more or less unintentioned) that waking man begins to be able to use numbers, normatively, to specify objects and properties, relations and differentiæ, unities and pluralities—briefly, that structure of the world-picture which he feels as necessary and unshakable, calls “Nature” and “cognizes.” _Nature is the numerable_, while History, on the other hand, is the aggregate of that which has no relation to mathematics— hence the mathematical certainty of the laws of Nature, the astounding rightness of Galileo’s saying that Nature is “written in mathematical language,” and the fact, emphasized by Kant, that exact natural science reaches just as far as the possibilities of applied mathematics allow it to reach. In number, then, as the _sign of completed demarcation_, lies the _essence_ of everything actual, which is cognized, is delimited, and has become all at once—as Pythagoras and certain others have been able to see with complete inward certitude by a mighty and truly religious intuition. Nevertheless, mathematics—meaning thereby the capacity to think practically in figures—must not be confused with the far narrower scientific mathematics, that is, the _theory_ of numbers as developed in lecture and treatise. The mathematical vision and thought that a Culture possesses within itself is as inadequately represented by its written mathematic as its philosophical vision and thought by its philosophical treatises. Number springs from a source that has also quite other outlets. Thus at the beginning of every Culture we find an archaic style, which might fairly have been called geometrical in other cases as well as the Early Hellenic. There is a common factor which is expressly mathematical in this early Classical style of the 10th Century B.C., in the temple style of the Egyptian Fourth Dynasty with its absolutism of straight line and right angle, in the Early Christian sarcophagus- relief, and in Romanesque construction and ornament. Here every line, every deliberately non-imitative figure of man and beast, reveals a mystic number-thought in direct connexion with the mystery of death (the hard-set).

Gothic cathedrals and Doric temples are _mathematics in stone_. Doubtless Pythagoras was the first in the Classical Culture to conceive number scientifically as the principle of a world-order of comprehensible things—as _standard_ and as _magnitude_—but even before him it had found expression, as a noble arraying of sensuous-material units, in the strict canon of the statue and the Doric order of columns. The great arts are, one and all, modes of interpretation by means of limits based on number (consider, for example, the problem of space- representation in oil painting). A high mathematical endowment may, without any mathematical science whatsoever, come to fruition and full self-knowledge in _technical_ spheres.

In the presence of so powerful a number-sense as that evidenced, even in the Old Kingdom,[47] in the dimensioning of pyramid temples and in the technique of building, water-control and public administration (not to mention the calendar), no one surely would

maintain that the valueless arithmetic of Ahmes belonging to the New Empire represents the level of Egyptian mathematics. The Australian natives, who rank intellectually as thorough primitives, possess a mathematical instinct (or, what comes to the same thing, a power of thinking in numbers which is not yet communicable by signs or words) that as regards the interpretation of pure space is far superior to that of the Greeks. Their discovery of the boomerang can only be attributed to their having a sure feeling for numbers of a class that we should refer to the higher geometry. _Accordingly_—we shall justify the adverb later—they possess an extraordinarily complicated ceremonial and, for expressing degrees of affinity, such fine shades of language as not even the higher Cultures themselves can show.

There is analogy, again, between the Euclidean mathematic and the absence, in the Greek of the mature Periclean age, of any feeling either for ceremonial public life or for loneliness, while the Baroque, differing sharply from the Classical, presents us with a mathematic of spatial analysis, a court of Versailles and a state system resting on dynastic relations.

It is the style of a Soul that comes out in the world of numbers, and the world of numbers includes something more than the science thereof.

Footnote 45:

See Vol. II, pp. 327 et seq.

Footnote 46:

Also “thinking in money.” See Vol. II, pp. 603 et seq.

Footnote 47:

Dynasties I-VIII, or, effectively, I-VI. The Pyramid period coincides with Dynasties IV-VI. Cheops, Chephren and Mycerinus belong to the IV dynasty, under which also great water-control works were carried out between Abydos and the Fayum.—_Tr._

III

From this there follows a fact of decisive importance which has hitherto been hidden from the mathematicians themselves.

There is not, and cannot be, number as such. There are several number- worlds as there are several Cultures. We find an Indian, an Arabian, a Classical, a Western type of mathematical thought and, corresponding with each, a type of number—each type fundamentally peculiar and unique, an expression of a specific world-feeling, a symbol having a specific validity which is even capable of scientific definition, a principle of ordering the Become which reflects the central essence of one and only one soul, viz., the soul of that particular Culture. Consequently, there are more mathematics than one. For indubitably the inner structure of the Euclidean geometry is something quite different from that of the Cartesian, the analysis of Archimedes is something other than the analysis of Gauss, and not merely in matters of form, intuition and method but above all in essence, in the intrinsic and obligatory meaning of number which they respectively develop and set forth. This number, the horizon within which it has been able to make phenomena self- explanatory, and therefore the whole of the “nature” or world-extended that is confined in the given limits and amenable to its particular sort of mathematic, are not common to all mankind, but specific in each case to one definite sort of mankind.

The style of any mathematic which comes into being, then, depends wholly on the Culture in which it is rooted, the sort of mankind it is that ponders it. The soul can bring its inherent possibilities to scientific development, can manage them practically, can attain the highest levels in its treatment of them—but is quite impotent to alter them. The idea of the Euclidean geometry is actualized in the earliest forms of Classical ornament, and that of the Infinitesimal Calculus in the earliest forms of Gothic architecture, centuries before the first learned mathematicians of the respective Cultures were born.

A deep inward experience, the genuine _awakening of the ego_, which turns the child into the higher man and initiates him into community of his Culture, marks the beginning of number-sense as it does that of language-sense. It is only after this that objects come to exist for the waking consciousness as things limitable and distinguishable as to number and kind; only after this that properties, concepts, causal necessity, system in the world-around, _a form of the world_, and _world laws_ (for that which is set

and settled is _ipso facto_ bounded, hardened, number-governed) are susceptible of exact definition. And therewith comes too a sudden, almost metaphysical, feeling of anxiety and awe regarding the deeper meaning of measuring and counting, drawing and form.

Now, Kant has classified the sum of human knowledge according to syntheses _a priori_ (necessary and universally valid) and _a posteriori_ (experiential and variable from case to case) and in the former class has included mathematical knowledge. Thereby, doubtless, he was enabled to reduce a strong inward feeling to abstract form. But, quite apart from the fact (amply evidenced in modern mathematics and mechanics) that there is no such sharp distinction between the two as is originally and unconditionally implied in the principle, the _a priori_ itself, though certainly one of the most inspired conceptions of philosophy, is a notion that seems to involve enormous difficulties. With it Kant postulates—without attempting to prove what is quite incapable of proof—both _unalterableness of form_ in all intellectual activity and _identity of form for all men_ in the same. And, in consequence, a factor of incalculable importance is—thanks to the intellectual prepossessions of his period, not to mention his own—simply ignored. This factor is the _varying degree_ of this alleged “universal validity.” There are doubtless certain characters of very wide-ranging validity which are (seemingly at any rate) independent of the Culture and century to which the cognizing individual may belong, but along with these there is a quite particular necessity of form which underlies all his thought as axiomatic and to which he is subject by virtue of belonging to his own Culture and no other. Here, then, we have two very different kinds of _a priori_ thought-content, and the definition of a frontier between them, or even the demonstration that such exists, is a problem that lies beyond all possibilities of knowing and will never be solved. So far, no one has dared to assume that the supposed constant structure of the intellect is an illusion and that the history spread out before us contains more than one _style of knowing_. But we must not forget that unanimity about things that have not yet become problems may just as well imply universal error as universal truth. True, there has always been a certain sense of doubt and obscurity—so much so, that the correct guess might have been made from that non-agreement of the philosophers which every glance at the history of philosophy shows us. But that this non-agreement is not due to imperfections of the human intellect or present gaps in a perfectible knowledge, in a word, is not due to defect, but to destiny and historical necessity—this is a _discovery_. Conclusions on the deep and final things are to be reached not by predicating constants but by studying differentiæ and developing the _organic logic_ of differences. The _comparative morphology of knowledge forms_ is a domain which Western thought has still to attack.

IV

If mathematics were a mere science like astronomy or mineralogy, it would be possible to define their object. This man is not and never has been able to do. We West-Europeans may put our own scientific notion of number to perform the same tasks as those with which the mathematicians of Athens and Baghdad busied themselves, but the fact remains that the theme, the intention and the methods of the like-named science in Athens and in Baghdad were quite different from those of our own. _There is no mathematic but only mathematics._ What we call “the history of mathematics”—implying merely the progressive actualizing of a single invariable ideal—is in fact, below the deceptive surface of history, a complex of self-contained and independent developments, an ever-repeated process of bringing to birth new form-worlds and appropriating, transforming and sloughing alien form-worlds, a purely organic story of blossoming, ripening, wilting and dying within the set period. The student must not let himself be deceived. The mathematic of the Classical soul sprouted almost out of nothingness, the historically- constituted Western soul, already possessing the Classical science (not inwardly, but outwardly as a thing learnt), had to win its own by apparently altering and perfecting, but in reality destroying the essentially alien Euclidean system. In the first case, the agent was Pythagoras, in the second Descartes. In both cases the act is, at bottom, the same.

The relationship between the form-language of a mathematic and that of the cognate major arts,[48] is in this way put beyond doubt. The temperament of the thinker and that of the artist differ widely indeed, but the expression-methods of the waking consciousness are inwardly the same for each. The sense of form of the sculptor, the painter, the composer is essentially mathematical in its nature. The same inspired ordering of an infinite world which manifested itself in the geometrical analysis and projective geometry of the 17th Century, could vivify, energize, and suffuse contemporary music with the harmony that it developed out of the art of thoroughbass, (which is the geometry of the sound-world) and contemporary painting with the principle of perspective (the felt geometry of the space-world that only the West knows). This inspired ordering is that which Goethe called “_The Idea, of which the form is immediately apprehended in the domain of intuition_, whereas pure science does not apprehend but observes and dissects.” The Mathematic goes beyond observation and dissection, and in its highest moments finds the way by vision, not abstraction. To Goethe again we owe the profound saying: “the mathematician is only complete in so far as he feels within himself the _beauty_ of the true.” Here we feel how nearly the secret of number is related to the secret of artistic creation.

And so the born mathematician takes his place by the side of the great masters of the fugue, the chisel and the brush; he and they alike strive, and must strive, to actualize the grand order of all things by clothing it in symbol and so to communicate it to the plain fellow-man who hears that order within himself but cannot effectively possess it; the domain of number, like the domains of tone, line and colour, becomes an image of the world-form. For this reason the word “creative” means more in the mathematical sphere than it does in the pure sciences— Newton, Gauss, and Riemann were artist-natures, and we know with what suddenness their great conceptions came upon them.[49] “A mathematician,” said old Weierstrass “who is not at the same time a bit of a poet will never be a full mathematician.”

The mathematic, then, is an art. As such it has its styles and style- periods. It is not, as the layman and the philosopher (who is in this matter a layman too) imagine, substantially unalterable, but subject like every art to unnoticed changes from epoch to epoch. The development of the great arts ought never to be treated without an (assuredly not unprofitable) side-glance at contemporary mathematics. In the very deep relation between changes of musical theory and the analysis of the infinite, the details have never yet been investigated, although æsthetics might have learned a great deal more from these than from all so-called “psychology.” Still more revealing would be a history of musical instruments written, not (as it always is) from the technical standpoint of tone-production, but as a study of the deep spiritual bases of the tone-colours and tone-effects aimed at. For it was the wish, intensified to the point of a longing, to fill a spatial infinity with sound which produced—in contrast to the Classical lyre and reed (lyra, kithara; aulos, syrinx) and the Arabian lute—the two great families of keyboard instruments (organ, pianoforte, etc.) and bow instruments, and that as early as the Gothic time. The development of both these families belongs spiritually (and possibly also in point of technical origin) to the Celtic-Germanic North lying between Ireland, the Weser and the Seine. The organ and clavichord belong certainly to England, the bow instruments reached their definite forms in Upper Italy between 1480 and 1530, while it was principally in Germany that the organ was developed into the _space-commanding_ giant that we know, an instrument the like of which does not exist in all musical history. The free organ-playing of Bach and his time was nothing if it was not analysis—analysis of a strange and vast tone-world. And, similarly, it is in conformity with the Western number-thinking, and in opposition to the Classical, that our string and wind instruments have been developed not singly but in great groups (strings, woodwind, brass), ordered within themselves according to the compass of the four human voices; the history of the modern orchestra, with all its discoveries of new and modification of old instruments, is in reality the self-contained history of one tone-world—a world, moreover, that is quite capable of being expressed in the forms of the higher analysis.

V

When, about 540 B.C., the circle of the Pythagoreans arrived at the idea that _number is the essence of all things_, it was not “a step in the development of mathematics” that was made, but a wholly new mathematic that was born. Long heralded by metaphysical problem-posings and artistic form-tendencies, now it came forth from the depths of the Classical soul as a formulated theory, a mathematic born in one act at one great historical moment—just as the mathematic of the Egyptians had been, and the algebra-astronomy of the Babylonian Culture with its ecliptic co-ordinate system—and new—for these older mathematics had long been extinguished and the Egyptian was never written down. Fulfilled by the 2nd century A.D., the Classical mathematic vanished in its turn (for though it seemingly exists even to-day, it is only as a convenience of notation that it does so), and gave place to the Arabian. From what we know of the Alexandrian mathematic, it is a necessary presumption that there was a great movement within the Middle East, of which the centre of gravity must have lain in the Persian-Babylonian schools (such as Edessa, Gundisapora and Ctesiphon) and of which only details found their way into the regions of Classical speech. In spite of their Greek names, the Alexandrian mathematicians—Zenodorus who dealt with figures of equal perimeter, Serenus who worked on the properties of a harmonic pencil in space, Hypsicles who introduced the Chaldean circle-division, Diophantus above all—were all without doubt Aramæans, and their works only a small part of a literature which was written principally in Syriac. This mathematic found its completion in the investigations of the Arabian- Islamic thinkers, and after these there was again a long interval. And then a perfectly new mathematic was born, the Western, _our own_, which in our infatuation we regard as “Mathematics,” as the culmination and the implicit purpose of two thousand years’ evolution, though in reality its centuries are (strictly) numbered and to-day almost spent.

The most valuable thing in the Classical mathematic is its proposition that number is the essence of all things _perceptible to the senses_. Defining number as a measure, it contains the whole world-feeling of a soul passionately devoted to the “here” and the “now.” Measurement in this sense means the measurement of something near and corporeal. Consider the content of the Classical art-work, say the free-standing statue of a naked man; here every essential and important element of Being, its whole rhythm, is exhaustively rendered by surfaces, dimensions and the sensuous relations of the parts. The Pythagorean notion of the harmony of

numbers, although it was probably deduced from music—a music, be it noted, that knew not polyphony or harmony, and formed its instruments to render single plump, almost fleshy, tones— seems to be the very mould for a sculpture that has this ideal. The worked stone is only a something in so far as it has considered limits and measured form; what it _is_ is what it _has become_ under the sculptor's chisel. Apart from this it is a _chaos_, something not yet actualized, in fact for the time being a null. The same feeling transferred to the grander stage produces, as an opposite to the state of chaos, that of _cosmos_, which for the Classical soul implies a cleared-up situation of the external world, a harmonic order which includes each separate thing as a well-defined, comprehensible and present entity. The sum of such things constitutes neither more nor less than the whole world, and the interspaces between them, which for us are filled with the impressive symbol of the Universe of Space, are for them the nonent (τ■ μ■ ■ν).

Extension means, for Classical mankind body, and for us space, and it is as a function of space that, to us, things "appear." And, looking backward from this standpoint, we may perhaps see into the deepest concept of the Classical metaphysics, Anaximander's ■πειρον—a word that is quite untranslatable into any Western tongue. It is that which possesses no "number" in the Pythagorean sense of the word, no measurable dimensions or definable limits, and therefore no being; the measureless, the negation of form, the statue not yet carved out of the block; the ■ρχ■ optically boundless and formless, which only becomes a something (namely, the world) after being split up by the senses. It is the underlying form _a priori_ of Classical cognition, bodiliness as such, which is replaced exactly in the Kantian world-picture by that Space out of which Kant maintained that all things could be "thought forth."

We can now understand what it is that divides one mathematic from another, and in particular the Classical from the Western. The whole world-feeling of the matured Classical world led it to see mathematics only as the theory of relations of magnitude, dimension and form between bodies. When, from out of this feeling, Pythagoras evolved and expressed the decisive formula, number had come, for him, to be an _optical_ symbol—not a measure of form generally, an abstract relation, but a frontier-post of the domain of the Become, or rather of that part of it which the senses were able to split up and pass under review. By the whole Classical world without exception numbers are conceived as units of measure, as magnitude, lengths, or surfaces, and for it no other sort of extension is imaginable. The whole Classical mathematic is at bottom _Stereometry_ (solid geometry). To Euclid, who rounded off its system in the third century, the triangle is of deep necessity the bounding surface of a body, never a system of three intersecting straight lines or a group of three points in three-dimensional space. He defines a line as "length without breadth" (μ■κος ■πλατ■ς). In our mouths such a definition would be pitiful—in the Classical mathematic it was brilliant.

The Western number, too, is not, as Kant and even Helmholtz thought, something proceeding out of Time as an _a priori_ form of conception, but is something specifically spatial, in that it is an order (or ordering) of like units. Actual time (as we shall see more and more clearly in the sequel) has not the slightest relation with mathematical things. Numbers belong exclusively to the domain of extension. But there are precisely as many possibilities—and therefore necessities—of ordered presentation of the extended as there are Cultures. Classical number is a thought-process dealing not with spatial relations but with visibly limitable and tangible units, and it follows naturally and necessarily that the Classical knows only the "natural" (positive and whole) numbers, which on the contrary play in our Western mathematics a quite undistinguished part in the midst of complex, hypercomplex, non- Archimedean and other number-systems.

On this account, the idea of irrational numbers—the unending decimal fractions of our notation—was unrealizable within the Greek spirit. Euclid says—and he ought to have been better understood—that incommensurable lines are "_not related to one another like numbers_." In fact, it is the idea of irrational number that, once achieved, separates the notion of number from that of magnitude, for the magnitude of such a number (π, for example) can never be defined or exactly represented by any straight line. Moreover, it follows from this that in considering the relation, say, between diagonal and side in a square the Greek would be brought up suddenly against a quite other sort of number, which was fundamentally alien to the Classical soul, and was consequently feared as a secret of its proper existence too dangerous to be unveiled. There is a singular and significant late-Greek legend, according to which the man who first published the hidden mystery of the irrational perished by shipwreck, "for the unspeakable and the formless must be left hidden for ever."[50]

The fear that underlies this legend is the selfsame notion that prevented even the ripest Greeks from extending their tiny city-states so as to organize the country-side politically, from laying out their streets to end in prospects and their alleys to give vistas, that made them recoil time and again from the Babylonian astronomy with its penetration of endless starry space,[51] and refuse to venture out of the Mediterranean along sea-paths long before dared by the Phœnicians and the Egyptians. It is the deep metaphysical fear that the sense- comprehensible and present in which the Classical existence had entrenched itself would collapse and precipitate its cosmos (largely created and sustained by art) into unknown primitive abysses. And to understand this

fear is to understand the final significance of Classical number—that is, _measure in contrast to the immeasurable_—and to grasp the high ethical significance of its limitation. Goethe too, as a nature-student, felt it—hence his almost terrified aversion to mathematics, which as we can now see was really an involuntary reaction against the _non-Classical_ mathematic, the Infinitesimal Calculus which underlay the natural philosophy of his time.

Religious feeling in Classical man focused itself ever more and more intensely upon physically present, _localized_ cults which alone expressed a college of Euclidean deities. Abstractions, _dogmas_ floating homeless in the space of thought, were ever alien to it. A cult of this kind has as much in common with a Roman Catholic dogma as the statue has with the cathedral organ. There is no doubt that something of cult was comprised in the Euclidean mathematic—consider, for instance, the secret doctrines of the Pythagoreans and the Theorems of regular polyhedrons with their esoteric significance in the circle of Plato. Just so, there is a deep relation between Descartes' analysis of the infinite and contemporary dogmatic theology as it progressed from the final decisions of the Reformation and the Counter-Reformation to entirely desensualized deism. Descartes and Pascal were mathematicians and Jansenists, Leibniz a mathematician and pietist. Voltaire, Lagrange and D'Alembert were contemporaries. Now, the Classical soul felt the principle of the irrational, which overturned the statuesquely-ordered array of whole numbers and the complete and self-sufficing world-order for which these stood, as an impiety against the Divine itself. In Plato's "Timæus" this feeling is unmistakable. For the transformation of a series of discrete numbers into a continuum challenged not merely the Classical notion of number but the Classical world-idea itself, and so it is understandable that even _negative_ numbers, which to us offer no conceptual difficulty, were impossible in the Classical mathematic, let alone _zero as a number_, that refined creation of a wonderful abstractive power which, for the Indian soul that conceived it as base for a positional numeration, was nothing more nor less than the key to the meaning of existence. _Negative magnitudes_ have no existence. The expression -2×-3=+6 is neither something perceivable nor a representation of magnitude. The series of magnitudes ends with +1, and in graphic representation of negative numbers

(+ 3 + 2 + 1 0 - 1 - 2 - 3) — ■ — ■ — ■ ■ — ■ — ■ — ■

we have suddenly, from zero onwards, _positive_ symbols of something negative; they _mean_ something, but they no longer _are_. But the fulfilment of this act did not lie within the direction of Classical number-thinking.

Every product of the waking consciousness of the Classical world, then, is elevated to the rank of actuality by way of sculptural definition. That which cannot be drawn is not "number." Archytas and Eudoxus use the terms surface- and volume-numbers to mean what we call second and third powers, and it is easy to understand that the notion of higher integral powers did not exist for them, for a fourth power would predicate at once, for the mind based on the plastic feeling, an extension in four dimensions, and four _material_ dimensions into the bargain, "which is absurd." Expressions like ε^{ix} which we constantly use, or even the fractional index (e.g., 5^½) which is employed in the Western mathematics as early as Oresme (14th Century), would have been to them utter nonsense. Euclid calls the factors of a product its sides πλευρα■ and fractions (finite of course) were treated as whole-number relationships between two lines. Clearly, out of this no conception of zero as a number could possibly come, for from the point of view of a draughtsman it is meaningless. We, having minds differently constituted, must not argue from our habits to theirs and treat their mathematic as a "first stage" in the development of "Mathematics." Within and for the purposes of the world that Classical man evolved for himself, the Classical mathematic was a complete thing—it is merely not so _for us_. Babylonian and Indian mathematics had long contained, as essential elements of _their_ number-worlds, things which the Classical number-feeling regarded as nonsense—and not from ignorance either, since many a Greek thinker was acquainted with them. It must be repeated, "Mathematics" is an illusion. A mathematical, and, generally, a scientific way of thinking is right, convincing, a "necessity of thought," when it completely expresses the life-feeling proper to it. Otherwise it is either impossible, futile and senseless, or else, as we in the arrogance of our historical soul like to say, "primitive." The modern mathematic, though "true" only for the Western spirit, is undeniably a master-work of that spirit; and yet to Plato it would have seemed a ridiculous and painful aberration from the path leading to the "true"—to wit, the Classical—mathematic. And so with ourselves. Plainly, we have almost no notion of the multitude of great ideas belonging to other Cultures that we have suffered to lapse because _our_ thought with its limitations has not permitted us to assimilate them, or (which comes to the same thing) has led us to reject them as false, superfluous, and nonsensical.

VI

The Greek mathematic, as a science of perceivable magnitudes, deliberately confines itself to facts of the comprehensibly present, and limits its researches and their validity to the near and the small. As compared with this impeccable consistency, the position of

the Western mathematic is seen to be, practically, somewhat illogical, though it is only since the discovery of Non-Euclidean Geometry that the fact has been really recognized. Numbers are images of the perfectly desensualized understanding, of pure thought, and contain their abstract validity within themselves.[52] Their exact application to the actuality of conscious experience is therefore a problem in itself—a problem which is always being posed anew and never solved—and the congruence of mathematical system with empirical observation is at present anything but self-evident. Although the lay idea—as found in Schopenhauer—is that mathematics rest upon the direct evidences of the senses, Euclidean geometry, superficially identical though it is with the popular geometry of all ages, is only in agreement with the phenomenal world approximately and within very narrow limits—in fact, the limits of a drawing-board. Extend these limits, and what becomes, for instance, of Euclidean parallels? They meet at the line of the horizon—a simple fact upon which all our art-perspective is grounded.

Now, it is unpardonable that Kant, a Western thinker, should have evaded the mathematic of distance, and appealed to a set of figure-examples that their mere pettiness excludes from treatment by the specifically Western infinitesimal methods. But Euclid, as a thinker of the Classical age, was entirely consistent with its spirit when he refrained from proving the phenomenal truth of his axioms by referring to, say, the triangle formed by an observer and two infinitely distant fixed stars. For these can neither be drawn nor “intuitively apprehended” and his feeling was precisely the feeling which shrank from the irrationals, which did not dare to give nothingness a value as zero (i.e., a number) and even in the contemplation of cosmic relations shut its eyes to the Infinite and held to its symbol of Proportion.

Aristarchus of Samos, who in 288-277 belonged to a circle of astronomers at Alexandria that doubtless had relations with Chaldaeo-Persian schools, projected the elements of a heliocentric world-system.[53] Rediscovered by Copernicus, it was to shake the metaphysical passions of the West to their foundations—witness Giordano Bruno[54]—to become the fulfilment of mighty premonitions, and to justify that Faustian, Gothic world-feeling which had already professed its faith in infinity through the forms of its cathedrals. But the world of Aristarchus received his work with entire indifference and in a brief space of time it was forgotten—designedly, we may surmise. His few followers were nearly all natives of Asia Minor, his most prominent supporter Seleucus (about 150) being from the Persian Seleucia on Tigris. In fact, the Aristarchian system had no spiritual appeal to the Classical Culture and might indeed have become dangerous to it. And yet it was differentiated from the Copernican (a point always missed) by something which made it perfectly conformable to the Classical world-feeling, viz., the assumption that the cosmos is _contained_ in a materially finite and optically appreciable _hollow sphere_, in the middle of which the planetary system, arranged as such on Copernican lines, moved. In the Classical astronomy, the earth and the heavenly bodies are consistently regarded as entities of two different kinds, however variously their movements in detail might be interpreted. Equally, the opposite idea that the earth is _only a star among stars_[55] is not inconsistent in itself with either the Ptolemaic or the Copernican systems and in fact was pioneered by Nicolaus Cusanus and Leonardo da Vinci. But by this device of a celestial sphere the principle of infinity which would have endangered the sensuous-Classical notion of bounds was smothered. One would have supposed that the infinity-conception was inevitably implied by the system of Aristarchus—long before his time, the Babylonian thinkers had reached it. But no such thought emerges. On the contrary, in the famous treatise on the grains of sand[56] Archimedes proves that the filling of this stereometric body (for that is what Aristarchus’s Cosmos is, after all) with atoms of sand leads to very high, but _not_ to infinite, figure-results. This proposition, quoted though it may be, time and again, as being a first step towards the Integral Calculus, amounts to a denial (implicit indeed in the very title) of everything that we mean by the word analysis. Whereas in our physics, the constantly-surging hypotheses of a material (i.e., directly cognizable) æther, break themselves one after the other against our refusal to acknowledge material limitations of any kind, Eudoxus, Apollonius and Archimedes, certainly the keenest and boldest of the Classical mathematicians, completely worked out, in the main with rule and compass, a _purely optical_ analysis of things-become on the basis of sculptural-Classical bounds. They used deeply-thought-out (and for us hardly understandable) methods of integration, but these possess only a superficial resemblance even to Leibniz’s definite-integral method. They employed geometrical loci and co-ordinates, but these are always specified lengths and units of measurement and never, as in Fermat and above all in Descartes, unspecified spatial relations, values of points in terms of their positions in space. With these methods also should be classed the exhaustion-method of Archimedes,[57] given by him in his recently discovered letter to Eratosthenes on such subjects as the quadrature of the parabola section by means of inscribed rectangles (instead of through similar polygons). But the very subtlety and extreme complication of his methods, which are grounded in certain of Plato’s geometrical ideas, make us realize, in spite of superficial analogies, what an enormous difference separates him from Pascal. Apart altogether from the idea of Riemann’s integral, what sharper contrast could there be to these ideas than the so-called quadratures of to-day? The name itself is now no more than an unfortunate survival, the “surface” is indicated by a bounding function, and the _drawing_ as such, has vanished. Nowhere else did the two mathematical minds approach each other more closely than in this instance, and nowhere is it

more evident that the gulf between the two souls thus expressing themselves is impassable.

In the cubic style of their early architecture the Egyptians, so to say, concealed pure numbers, fearful of stumbling upon their secret, and for the Hellenes too they were the key to the meaning of the become, the stiffened, the mortal. The stone statue and the scientific system deny life. Mathematical number, the formal principle of an extension-world of which the phenomenal existence is only the derivative and servant of waking human consciousness, bears the hall-mark of causal necessity and so is linked with _death_ as chronological number is with becoming, with _life_, with the necessity of destiny. This connexion of strict mathematical form with the _end_ of organic being, with the phenomenon of its organic remainder the corpse, we shall see more and more clearly to be the origin of all great art. We have already noticed the development of early ornament on funerary equipments and receptacles. _Numbers are symbols of the mortal._ Stiff forms are the negation of life, formulas and laws spread rigidity over the face of nature, numbers make dead—and the “Mothers” of Faust II sit enthroned, majestic and withdrawn, in

“The realms of Image unconfined. ... Formation, transformation, Eternal play of the eternal mind With semblances of all things in creation For ever and for ever sweeping round.”[58]

Goethe draws very near to Plato in this divination of one of the final secrets. For his unapproachable Mothers are Plato’s Ideas—the possibilities of a spirituality, the unborn forms to be realized as active and purposed Culture, as art, thought, polity and religion, in a world ordered and determined by that spirituality. And so the number- thought and the world-idea of a Culture are related, and by this relation, the former is elevated above mere knowledge and experience and becomes a view of the universe, there being consequently as many mathematics—as many number-worlds—as there are higher Cultures. Only so can we understand, as something _necessary_, the fact that the greatest mathematical thinkers, the creative artists of the realm of numbers, have been brought to the decisive mathematical discoveries of their several Cultures by a deep religious intuition.

Classical, Apollinian number we must regard as the creation of Pythagoras—_who founded a religion_. It was an instinct that guided Nicolaus Cusanus, the great Bishop of Brixen (about 1450), from the idea of the unendingness of God in nature to the elements of the Infinitesimal Calculus. Leibniz himself, who two centuries later definitely settled the methods and notation of the Calculus, was led by purely metaphysical speculations about the divine principle and its relation to infinite extent to conceive and develop the notion of an _analysis situs_—probably the most inspired of all interpretations of pure and emancipated space—the possibilities of which were to be developed later by Grassmann in his _Ausdehnungslehre_ and above all by Riemann, their real creator, in his symbolism of two-sided planes representative of the nature of equations. And Kepler and Newton, strictly religious natures both, were and remained convinced, like Plato, that it was precisely through the medium of number that they had been able to apprehend intuitively the essence of the divine world- order.

VII

The Classical arithmetic, we are always told, was first liberated from its sense-bondage, widened and extended by Diophantus, who did not indeed create algebra (the science of undefined magnitudes) but brought it to expression within the framework of the Classical mathematic that we know—and so suddenly that we have to assume that there was a pre- existent stock of ideas which he worked out. But this amounts, not to an enrichment of, but a complete victory over, the Classical world-feeling, and the mere fact should have sufficed in itself to show that, inwardly, Diophantus does not belong to the Classical Culture at all. What is active in him is a new number-feeling, or let us say a new limit-feeling with respect to the actual and become, and no longer that Hellenic feeling of sensuously-present limits which had produced the Euclidean geometry, the nude statue and the coin. Details of the formation of this new mathematic we do not know—Diophantus stands so completely by himself in the history of so-called late-Classical mathematics that an Indian influence has been presumed. But here also the influence it must really have been that of those early-Arabian schools whose studies (apart from the dogmatic) have hitherto been so imperfectly investigated. In Diophantus, unconscious though he may be of his own essential antagonism to the Classical foundations on which he attempted to build, there emerges from under the surface of Euclidean _intention_ the new limit- _feeling_ which I designate the “Magian.” He did not widen the idea of number as magnitude, but (unwittingly) eliminated it. No Greek could have stated anything about an _undefined_ number _a_ or an _undenominated_ number 3—which are neither magnitudes nor lines—whereas the new limit-feeling sensibly expressed by numbers of this sort at least underlay, if it did not constitute, Diophantine treatment; and the letter-notation which we employ to clothe our own (again transvalued) algebra was first introduced by Vieta in 1591, an unmistakable, if unintended, protest against the classicizing tendency of Renaissance mathematics.

Diophantus lived about 250 A.D., _that is, in the third century of that Arabian Culture_ whose organic history, till now smothered under the surface-forms of the Roman Empire and the “Middle Ages,”[59] comprises everything that happened after the beginning of our era in the region that was later to be Islam’s. It was precisely in the time of Diophantus that the last shadow of the Attic statuary art paled before the new space-sense of cupola, mosaic and sarcophagus-relief that we have in the Early-Christian-Syrian style. In that time there was once more _archaic_ art and strictly geometrical ornament; and at that time too Diocletian completed the transformation of the now merely sham Empire into a Caliphate. The four centuries that separate Euclid and Diophantus, separate also Plato and Plotinus—the last and conclusive thinker, the Kant, of a fulfilled Culture and the first schoolman, the Duns Scotus, of a Culture just awakened.

It is here that we are made aware for the first time of the existence of those higher individualities whose coming, growth and decay constitute the _real substance of history_ underlying the myriad colours and changes of the surface. The Classical spirituality, which reached its final phase in the cold intelligence of the Romans and of which the whole Classical Culture with all its works, thoughts, deeds and ruins forms the “body,” had been born about 1100 B.C. in the country about the Ægean Sea. The Arabian Culture, which, under cover of the Classical Civilization, had been germinating in the East since Augustus, came wholly out of the region between Armenia and Southern Arabia, Alexandria and Ctesiphon, and we have to consider as expressions of this new soul almost the whole “late-Classical” art of the Empire, all the young ardent religions of the East—Mandæanism, Manichæism, Christianity, Neo- Platonism, and in Rome itself, as well as the Imperial Fora, that Pantheon which is the _first of all mosques_.

That Alexandria and Antioch still wrote in Greek and imagined that they were thinking in Greek is a fact of no more importance than the facts that Latin was the scientific language of the West right up to the time of Kant and that Charlemagne “renewed” the Roman Empire.

In Diophantus, number has ceased to be the measure and essence of _plastic things_. In the Ravennate mosaics man has ceased to be a _body_. Unnoticed, Greek designations have lost their original connotations. We have left the realm of Attic καλοκ■γαθ■α the Stoic ■ταραξ■α and γαλ■νη. Diophantus does not yet know zero and negative numbers, it is true, but he has _ceased_ to know Pythagorean numbers. And this Arabian indeterminateness of number is, in its turn, something quite different from the controlled variability of the later Western mathematics, the variability of the _function_.

The Magian mathematic—we can see the outline, though we are ignorant of the details—advanced through Diophantus (who is obviously not a starting-point) boldly and logically to a culmination in the Abbassid period (9th century) that we can appreciate in Al-Khwarizmi and Alsidzshi. And as Euclidean geometry is to Attic statuary (the same expression-form in a different medium) and the analysis of space to polyphonic music, so this algebra is to the Magian art with its mosaic, its arabesque (which the Sassanid Empire and later Byzantium produced with an ever-increasing profusion and luxury of tangible-intangible organic motives) and its Constantinian high-relief in which uncertain deep-darks divide the freely-handled figures of the foreground. As algebra is to Classical arithmetic and Western analysis, so is the cupola-church to the Doric temple and the Gothic cathedral. It is not as though Diophantus were one of the great mathematicians. On the contrary, much of what we have been accustomed to associate with his name is not his work alone. His accidental importance lies in the fact that, so far as our knowledge goes, he was the first mathematician in whom the new number-feeling is unmistakably present. In comparison with the masters who _conclude_ the development of a mathematic—with Apollonius and Archimedes, with Gauss, Cauchy, Riemann—Diophantus has, in his form-language especially, something _primitive_. This something, which till now we have been pleased to refer to “late-Classical” decadence, we shall presently learn to understand and value, just as we are revising our ideas as to the despised “late-Classical” art and beginning to see in it the tentative expression of the nascent Early Arabian Culture. Similarly archaic, primitive, and groping was the mathematic of Nicolas Oresme, Bishop of Lisieux (1323-1382),[60] who was the first Western who used co-ordinates so to say elastically[61] and, more important still, to employ fractional powers—both of which presuppose a number-feeling, obscure it may be but quite unmistakable, which is completely non- Classical and _also_ non-Arabic. But if, further, we think of Diophantus together with the early-Christian sarcophagi of the Roman collections, and of Oresme together with the Gothic wall-statuary of the German cathedrals, we see that the mathematicians as well as the artists have something in common, which is, that they stand in their respective Cultures at _the same_ (viz., the primitive) level of abstract understanding. In the world and age of Diophantus the stereometric sense of bounds, which had long ago reached in Archimedes the last stages of refinement and elegance proper to the megalopolitan intelligence, had passed away. Throughout that world men were unclear, longing, mystic, and no longer bright and free in the Attic way; they were men rooted in the earth of a young country-side, not megalopolitans like Euclid and D’Alembert.[62] They no longer understood the deep and complicated forms of the Classical thought, and their own were confused and new, far as yet from urban clarity and tidiness. Their Culture was in the _Gothic_ condition, as all Cultures have been in their youth—as even

the Classical was in the early Doric period which is known to us now only by its Dipylon pottery. Only in Baghdad and in the 9th and 10th Centuries were the young ideas of the age of Diophantus carried through to completion by ripe masters of the calibre of Plato and Gauss.

Footnote 48:

As also those of law and of money. See Vol. II, pp. 68 et seq., pp. 616 et seq.

Footnote 49:

Poincaré in his _Science et Méthode_ (Ch. III), searchingly analyses the “becoming” of one of his own mathematical discoveries. Each decisive stage in it bears “_les mêmes caractères de brièveté, de soudaineté et de certitude absolue_” and in most cases this “_certitude_” was such that he merely registered the discovery and put off its working-out to any convenient season.—_Tr._

Footnote 50:

One may be permitted to add that according to legend, both Hippasus who took to himself public credit for the discovery of a sphere of twelve pentagons, viz., the regular dodecahedron (regarded by the Pythagoreans as the quintessence—or æther—of a world of real tetrahedrons, octahedrons, icosahedrons and cubes), and Archytas the eighth successor of the Founder are reputed to have been drowned at sea. The pentagon from which this dodecahedron is derived, itself involves incommensurable numbers. The “pentagram” was the recognition badge of Pythagoreans and the ■λογον (incommensurable) their special secret. It would be noted, too, that Pythagoreanism was popular till its initiates were found to be dealing in these alarming and subversive doctrines, and then they were suppressed and lynched—a persecution which suggests more than one deep analogy with certain heresy-suppressions of Western history. The English student may be referred to G. J. Allman, _Greek Geometry from Thales to Euclid_ (Cambridge, 1889), and to his articles “Pythagoras,” “Philolaus” and “Archytas” in the _Ency. Brit._, XI Edition.—_Tr._

Footnote 51:

Horace’s words (Odes I xi): “Tu ne quæsieris, scire nefas, quem mihi quem tibi finem di dederint, Leuconoë, _nec Babylonios temptaris numeros_ ... carpe diem, _quam minimum credula postero_.”—_Tr._

Footnote 52:

See Vol. II, pp. 11 et seq.

Footnote 53:

In the only writing of his that survives, indeed, Aristarchus maintains the geocentric view; it may be presumed therefore that it was only temporarily that he let himself be captivated by a hypothesis of the Chaldaean learning.

Footnote 54:

Giordano Bruno (born 1548, burned for heresy 1600). His whole life might be expressed as a crusade on behalf of God and the Copernican universe against a degenerated orthodoxy and an Aristotelian world- idea long coagulated in death.—_Tr._

Footnote 55:

F. Strunz, _Gesch. d. Naturwiss. im Mittelalter_ (1910), p. 90.

Footnote 56:

In the “Psammites,” or “Arenarius,” Archimedes framed a numerical notation which was to be capable of expressing the number of grains of sand _in a sphere of the size of our universe_.—_Tr._

Footnote 57:

This, for which the ground had been prepared by Eudoxus, was employed for calculating the volume of pyramids and cones: “the means whereby the Greeks were able _to evade_ the forbidden notion of infinity” (Heiberg, _Naturwiss. u. Math. i. Klass. Alter._ [1912], p. 27).

Footnote 58:

Dr. Anster's translation.—_Tr._

Footnote 59:

See Vol. II, Chapter III.

Footnote 60:

Oresme was, equally, prelate, church reformer, scholar, scientist and economist—the very type of the philosopher-leader.—_Tr._

Footnote 61:

Oresme in his _Latitudines Formarum_ used ordinate and abscissa, not indeed to specify numerically, but certainly to describe, change, i.e., fundamentally, to express functions.—_Tr._

Footnote 62:

Alexandria ceased to be a world-city in the second century A.D. and became a collection of houses left over from the Classical civilization which harboured a primitive population of quite different spiritual constitution. See Vol. II, pp. 122 et seq.

VIII

The decisive act of Descartes, whose geometry appeared in 1637, consisted not in the introduction of a new method or idea in the domain of traditional geometry (as we are so frequently told), but in the definitive conception of _a new number-idea_, which conception was expressed in the emancipation of geometry from servitude to optically- realizable constructions and to measured and measurable lines generally. With that, the analysis of the infinite became a fact. The rigid, so- called Cartesian, system of co-ordinates—a semi-Euclidean method of ideally representing measurable magnitudes—had long been known (witness Oresme) and regarded as of high importance, and when we get to the bottom of Descartes' thought we find that what he did was not to round off the system but to overcome it. Its last historic representative was Descartes' contemporary Fermat.[63]

In place of the sensuous element of concrete lines and planes—the specific character of the Classical feeling of bounds—there emerged the abstract, spatial, un-Classical element of the _point_ which from then on was regarded as a group of co-ordered pure numbers. The idea of magnitude and of perceivable dimension derived from Classical texts and Arabian traditions was destroyed and replaced by that of variable relation-values between positions in space. It is not in general realized that this amounted to the _supersession of geometry_, which thenceforward enjoyed only a fictitious existence behind a façade of Classical tradition. The word "geometry" has an inextensible Apollinian meaning, and from the time of Descartes what is called the "new geometry" is made up in part of synthetic work upon the _position_ of _points_ in a space which is no longer necessarily three-dimensional (a "manifold of points"), and in part of analysis, in which numbers are defined through point-positions in space. And this replacement of lengths by positions carries with it a purely spatial, and no longer a material, conception of extension.

The clearest example of this destruction of the inherited optical-finite geometry seems to me to be the conversion of angular functions—which in the Indian mathematic had been numbers (in a sense of the word that is hardly accessible to our minds)—into _periodic_ functions, and their passage thence into an infinite number-realm, in which they become series and not the smallest trace remains of the Euclidean figure. In all parts of that realm the circle-number π, like the Napierian base ε, generates relations of all sorts which obliterate all the old distinctions of geometry, trigonometry and algebra, which are neither arithmetical nor geometrical in their nature, and in which no one any longer dreams of actually drawing circles or working out powers.

Footnote 63:

Born 1601, died 1665. See Ency. Brit., XI Ed., article _Fermat_, and references therein.—_Tr._

IX

At the moment exactly corresponding to that at which (c. 540) the Classical Soul in the person of Pythagoras discovered its own proper Apollinian number, the measurable magnitude, the Western soul in the persons of Descartes and his generation (Pascal, Fermat, Desargues) discovered a notion of number that was the child of a passionate _Faustian_ tendency towards the infinite. Number as _pure magnitude_ inherent in the material presentness of things is paralleled by numbers as _pure relation_,[64] and if we may characterize the Classical "world," the cosmos, as being based on a deep need of visible limits and composed accordingly as a sum of material things, so we may say that our world-picture is an actualizing of an infinite space in which things visible appear very nearly as realities of a lower order, limited in the presence of the illimitable. The symbol of the West is an idea of which no other Culture gives even a hint, the idea of _Function_. The function is anything rather than an expansion of, it is complete emancipation from, any pre-existent idea of number. With the function, not only the Euclidean geometry (and with it the common human geometry of children and laymen, based on everyday experience) but also the Archimedean arithmetic, ceased to have any value for the really _significant_ mathematic of Western Europe. Henceforward, this consisted solely in abstract analysis. For Classical man geometry and arithmetic were self- contained and complete sciences of the highest rank, both phenomenal and both concerned with magnitudes that could be drawn or numbered. For us, on the contrary, those things are only practical auxiliaries of daily life. Addition and multiplication, the two Classical methods of reckoning magnitudes, have, like their sister geometrical-drawing, utterly vanished in the infinity of functional processes. Even the power, which in the beginning denotes numerically a set of multiplications (products of equal magnitudes), is, through the exponential idea (logarithm) and its employment in complex, negative and fractional forms, dissociated from all connexion with magnitude and transferred to a transcendent relational world which the Greeks, knowing only the two positive whole-number powers that represent areas and volumes, were unable to approach. Think, for instance, of expressions like ε^{-x}, $\sqrt[\pi]{x}$, $\alpha^{1/i}$.

Every one of the significant creations which succeeded one another so rapidly from the Renaissance onward—imaginary and complex numbers, introduced by Cardanus as early as 1550; infinite series, established theoretically by Newton's great discovery of the binomial theorem in 1666; the differential geometry, the definite integral of Leibniz; the aggregate as a new number-unit, hinted at even by Descartes; new processes like those of general integrals; the expansion of functions into series and even into infinite series of other functions—is a victory over the popular and sensuous number-feeling in us, a victory which the new mathematic had to win in order to make the new world- feeling actual.

In all history, so far, there is no second example of one Culture paying to another Culture long extinguished such reverence and submission in matters of science as ours has paid to the Classical. It was very long before we found courage to think our proper thought. But though the wish to emulate the Classical was constantly present, every step of the attempt took us in reality further away from the imagined ideal. The history of Western knowledge is thus one of _progressive emancipation_ from Classical thought, an emancipation never willed but enforced in the depths of the unconscious. _And so the development of the new mathematic consists of a long, secret and finally victorious battle against the notion of magnitude._[65]

Footnote 64:

Similarly, coinage and double-entry book-keeping play analogous parts in the money-thinking of the Classical and the Western Cultures respectively. See Vol. II, pp. 610 et seq.

Footnote 65:

The same may be said in the matter of Roman Law (see Vol. II, pp. 96 et seq.) and of coinage (see Vol. II, pp. 616 et seq.).

X

One result of this Classicizing tendency has been to prevent us from finding the new notation proper to our Western number as such. The present-day sign-language of mathematics perverts its real content. It is principally owing to that tendency that the belief in numbers as magnitudes still rules to-day even amongst mathematicians, for is it not the base of all our written notation?

But it is not the separate signs (e.g., χ, π, ς) serving to express the functions _but the function itself as unit_, as element, the variable relation no longer capable of being optically defined, that constitutes the new number; and this new number should have

demanded a new notation built up with entire disregard of Classical influences. Consider the difference between two equations (if the same word can be used of two such dissimilar things) such as 3^x + 4^x = 5^x and x^n + y^n = z^n (the equation of Fermat's theorem). The first consists of several Classical numbers—i.e., magnitudes—but the second is _one number_ of a different sort, veiled by being written down according to Euclidean-Archimedean tradition in the identical form of the first. In the first case, the sign = establishes a rigid connexion between definite and tangible magnitudes, but in the second it states that within a domain of variable images there exists a relation such that from certain alterations certain other alterations necessarily follow. The first equation has as its aim the specification by measurement of a concrete magnitude, viz., a "result," while the second has, in general, no result but is simply the picture and sign of a relation which for n>2 (this is the famous Fermat problem[66]) _can probably be shown to_ exclude integers. A Greek mathematician would have found it quite impossible to understand the purport of an operation like this, which was not meant to be "worked out."

As applied to the letters in Fermat's equation, the notion of the unknown is completely misleading. In the first equation _x_ is a magnitude, defined and measurable, which it is our business to compute. In the second, the word "defined" has no meaning at all for _x_, _y_, _z_, _n_, and consequently we do not attempt to compute their "values." Hence they are not numbers at all in the plastic sense but signs representing a connexion that is destitute of the hallmarks of magnitude, shape and unique meaning, an infinity of possible positions of like character, an ensemble unified and so attaining existence as a _number_. The whole equation, though written in our unfortunate notation as a plurality of terms, is actually _one single_ number, _x_, _y_, _z_ being no more numbers than + and = are.

In fact, directly the essentially anti-Hellenic idea of the irrationals is introduced, the foundations of the idea of number as concrete and definite collapse. Thenceforward, the series of such numbers is no longer a visible row of increasing, discrete, numbers capable of plastic embodiment but a unidimensional _continuum_ in which each "cut" (in Dedekind's sense) represents a number. Such a number is already difficult to reconcile with Classical number, for the Classical mathematic knows only _one_ number between 1 and 3, whereas for the Western the totality of such numbers is an infinite aggregate. But when we introduce further the imaginary (√-1 or _i_) and finally the complex numbers (general form _a_ + _bi_), the linear continuum is broadened into the highly transcendent form of a number-body, i.e., the content of an aggregate of homogeneous elements in which a "cut" now stands for a number-surface containing an infinite aggregate of numbers of a lower "potency" (for instance, all the real numbers), and there remains not a trace of number in the Classical and popular sense. These number- surfaces, which since Cauchy and Riemann have played an important part in the theory of functions, are _pure thought-pictures_. Even positive irrational number (e.g., √2) could be conceived in a sort of negative fashion by Classical minds; they had, in fact, enough idea of it to ban it as ■■■ητος and ■λογος. But expressions of the form _x_ + _yi_ lie beyond every possibility of comprehension by Classical thought, whereas it is on the extension of the mathematical laws over the whole region of the complex numbers, within which these laws remain operative, that we have built up the function theory which has at last exhibited the Western mathematic in all purity and unity. Not until that point was reached could this mathematic be unreservedly brought to bear in the parallel sphere of our _dynamic_ Western physics; for the Classical mathematic was fitted precisely to its own stereometric world of individual objects and to _static_ mechanics as developed from Leucippus to Archimedes.

The brilliant period of the Baroque mathematic—the counterpart of the Ionian—lies substantially in the 18th Century and extends from the decisive discoveries of Newton and Leibniz through Euler, Lagrange, Laplace and D'Alembert to Gauss. Once this immense creation found wings, its rise was miraculous. Men hardly dared believe their senses. The age of refined scepticism witnessed the emergence of one seemingly impossible truth after another.[67] Regarding the theory of the differential coefficient, D'Alembert had to say: "Go forward, and faith will come to you." Logic itself seemed to raise objections and to prove foundations fallacious. But the goal was reached.

This century was a very carnival of abstract and immaterial thinking, in which the great masters of analysis and, with them, Bach, Gluck, Haydn and Mozart—a small group of rare and deep intellects—revelled in the most refined discoveries and speculations, from which Goethe and Kant remained aloof; and in point of content it is exactly paralleled by the ripest century of the Ionic, the century of Eudoxus and Archytas (440- 350) and, we may add, of Phidias, Polycletus, Alcamenes and the Acropolis buildings—in which the form-world of Classical mathematic and sculpture displayed the whole fullness of its possibilities, and so ended.

And now for the first time it is possible to comprehend in full the elemental opposition of the Classical and the Western souls. In the whole panorama of history, innumerable and intense as historical relations are, we find no two things so fundamentally alien to one another as these. And it is because extremes meet—because it may be there is some deep common origin behind their divergence—that we find in the Western Faustian soul this yearning effort towards the Apollinian ideal, the only alien ideal which we

have loved and, for its power of intensely living in the pure sensuous present, have envied.

XI

We have already observed that, like a child, a primitive mankind acquires (as part of the inward experience that is the birth of the ego) an understanding of number and _ipso facto_ possession of an external world referred to the ego. As soon as the primitive's astonished eye perceives the dawning world of _ordered_ extension, and the _significant_ emerges in great outlines from the welter of mere impressions, and the irrevocable parting of the outer world from his proper, his inner, world gives form and direction to his waking life, there arises in the soul—instantly conscious of its loneliness—the root- feeling of _longing_ (Sehnsucht). It is this that urges "becoming" towards its goal, that motives the fulfilment and actualizing of every inward possibility, that unfolds the idea of individual being. It is the child's longing, which will presently come into the consciousness more and more clearly as a feeling of constant _direction_ and finally stand before the mature spirit as the _enigma of Time_—queer, tempting, insoluble. Suddenly, the words "past" and "future" have acquired a fateful meaning.

But this longing which wells out of the bliss of the inner life is also, in the intimate essence of every soul, a _dread_ as well. As all becoming moves towards a having-become wherein it _ends_, so the prime feeling of becoming—the longing—touches the prime feeling of having- become, the dread. In the present we feel a trickling-away, the past implies a passing. Here is the root of our eternal dread of the irrevocable, the attained, the final—our dread of mortality, of the world itself as a thing-become, where death is set as a frontier like birth—our dread in the moment when the possible is actualized, the life is inwardly fulfilled and consciousness stands at its _goal_. It is the deep world-fear of the child—which never leaves the higher man, the believer, the poet, the artist—that makes him so infinitely lonely in the presence of the alien powers that loom, threatening in the dawn, behind the screen of sense-phenomena. The element of direction, too, which is inherent in all "becoming," is felt owing to its inexorable _irreversibility_ to be something alien and hostile, and the human will- to-understanding ever seeks to bind the inscrutable by the spell of a name. It is something beyond comprehension, this transformation of future into past, and thus time, in its contrast with space, has always a queer, baffling, oppressive ambiguity from which no serious man can wholly protect himself.

This world-fear is assuredly the most _creative_ of all prime feelings. Man owes to it the ripest and deepest forms and images, not only of his conscious inward life, but also of the infinitely-varied external culture which reflects this life. Like a secret melody that not every ear can perceive, it runs through the form-language of every true art- work, every inward philosophy, every important deed, and, although those who can perceive it in that domain are the very few, it lies at the root of the great problems of mathematics. Only the spiritually dead man of the autumnal cities—Hammurabi's Babylon, Ptolemaic Alexandria, Islamic Baghdad, Paris and Berlin to-day—only the pure intellectual, the sophist, the sensualist, the Darwinian, loses it or is able to evade it by setting up a secretless "scientific world-view" between himself and the alien. As the longing attaches itself to that impalpable something whose thousand-formed elusive manifestations are comprised in, rather than denoted by, the word "time," so the other prime feeling, dread, finds its expression in the intellectual, understandable, outlinable symbols of _extension_; and thus we find that every Culture is aware (each in its own special way) of an opposition of time and space, of direction and extension, the former underlying the latter as becoming precedes having-become. It is the longing that underlies the dread, _becomes_ the dread, and not vice versa. The one is not subject to the intellect, the other is its servant. The rôle of the one is purely to experience, that of the other purely to know (erleben, erkennen). In the Christian language, the opposition of the two world-feelings is expressed by: "Fear God and love Him."

In the soul of all primitive mankind, just as in that of earliest childhood, there is something which impels it to find means of dealing with the alien powers of the extension-world that assert themselves, inexorable, in and through space. To bind, to bridle, to placate, to "know" are all, in the last analysis, the same thing. In the mysticism of all primitive periods, to _know God_ means to conjure him, to make him favourable, to _appropriate_ him inwardly. This is achieved, principally, by means of a word, the Name—the "nomen" which designates and _calls up_ the "numen"—and also by ritual practices of secret potency; and the subtlest, as well as the most powerful, form of this defence is causal and systematic knowledge, delimitation by label and number. In this respect man only becomes wholly man when he has acquired _language_. When cognition has ripened to the point of words, the original chaos of _impressions_ necessarily transforms itself into a "Nature" that has laws and must obey them, and the world-in-itself becomes a world-for-us.[68]

The world-fear is stilled when an intellectual form-language hammers out brazen vessels in which the mysterious is captured and made comprehensible. This is the _idea_ of "_taboo_,"[69] which plays a decisive part in the spiritual life of all primitive men, though the original content of the word lies so far from us that it is incapable of translation into any ripe culture-language. Blind

terror, religious awe, deep loneliness, melancholy, hate, obscure impulses to draw near, to be merged, to escape—all those _formed_ feelings of mature souls are in the childish condition blurred in a monotonous indecision. The two senses of the word “conjure” (verschwören), meaning to bind and to implore at once, may serve to make clear the sense of the mystical process by which for primitive man the formidable alien becomes “taboo.” Reverent awe before that which is independent of one’s self, things ordained and fixed by law, the alien powers of the world, is the source from which the elementary formative acts, one and all, spring. In early times this feeling is actualized in ornament, in laborious ceremonies and rites, and the rigid laws of primitive intercourse. At the zeniths of the great Cultures those formations, though retaining inwardly the mark of their origin, the characteristic of binding and conjuring, have become the complete form-worlds of the various arts and of religious, scientific and, above all, _mathematical_ thought. The method common to all—the only way of actualizing itself that the soul knows—is the _symbolizing of extension_, of space or of things; and we find it alike in the conceptions of absolute space that pervade Newtonian physics, Gothic cathedral-interiors and Moorish mosques, and the atmospheric infinity of Rembrandt’s paintings and again the dark tone-worlds of Beethoven’s quartets; in the regular polyhedrons of Euclid, the Parthenon sculptures and the pyramids of Old Egypt, the Nirvana of Buddha, the aloofness of court-customs under Sesostris, Justinian I and Louis XIV, in the God- idea of an Æschylus, a Plotinus, a Dante; and in the world-embracing spatial energy of modern technics.

Footnote 66:

That is, “it is impossible to part a cube into two cubes, a biquadrate into two biquadrates, and generally any power above the square into two powers having the same exponent.” Fermat claimed to possess a proof of the proposition, but this has not been preserved, and no general proof has hitherto been obtained.—_Tr._

Footnote 67:

Thus Bishop Berkeley’s _Discourse addressed to an infidel mathematician_ (1735) shrewdly asked whether the mathematician were in a position to criticize the divine for proceeding on the basis of faith.—_Tr._

Footnote 68:

From the savage conjuror with his naming-magic to the modern scientist who subjects things by attaching technical labels to them, the form has in no wise changed. See Vol. II, pp. 116 et seq., 322 et seq.

Footnote 69:

See Vol. II, pp. 137 et seq.

XII

To return to mathematics. In the Classical world the starting-point of every formative act was, as we have seen, the ordering of the “become,” in so far as this was present, visible, measurable and numerable. The Western, Gothic, form-feeling on the contrary is that of an unrestrained, strong-willed far-ranging soul, and its chosen badge is pure, imperceptible, unlimited space. But we must not be led into regarding such symbols as unconditional. On the contrary, they are strictly conditional, though apt to be taken as having identical essence and validity. Our universe of infinite space, whose existence, for us, goes without saying, simply does not exist for Classical man. It is not even capable of being presented to him. On the other hand, the Hellenic cosmos, which is (as we might have discovered long ago) entirely foreign to our way of thinking, was for the Hellene something self-evident. The fact is that the infinite space of our physics is a form of very numerous and extremely complicated elements tacitly assumed, which have come into being only as the copy and expression of _our_ soul, and are actual, necessary and natural only for _our_ type of waking life. The simple notions are always the most difficult. They are simple, in that they comprise a vast deal that not only is incapable of being exhibited in words but does not even need to be stated, because _for men of the particular group_ it is anchored in the intuition; and they are difficult because for all alien men their real content is _ipso facto_ quite inaccessible. Such a notion, at once simple and difficult, is our specifically Western meaning of the word “space.” The whole of our mathematic from Descartes onward is devoted to the theoretical interpretation of this great and wholly religious symbol. The aim of all our physics since Galileo is identical; but in the Classical mathematics and physics the content of this word is simply _not known_.

Here, too, Classical names, inherited from the literature of Greece and retained in use, have veiled the realities. Geometry means the art of measuring, arithmetic the art of numbering. The mathematic of the West has long ceased to have anything to do with both these forms of defining, but it has not managed to find new names for its own elements— for the word “analysis” is hopelessly inadequate.

The beginning and end of the Classical mathematic is consideration of the properties of individual bodies and their boundary-surfaces; thus indirectly taking in conic sections and higher curves. _We_, on the other hand, at bottom know only the abstract space-element of the point, which can neither be seen, nor measured, nor yet named, but represents simply a centre of reference. The straight line, for the Greeks a measurable edge, is for us an infinite continuum of points. Leibniz illustrates his infinitesimal principle by presenting the straight line as one limiting case and the point as the other limiting case of a circle having infinitely great or infinitely little radius. But for the Greek the circle is a _plane_ and the problem that interested him was that of bringing it into a commensurable condition. Thus the _squaring of the circle became for the Classical intellect the supreme problem of the finite_. The deepest problem of world-form seemed to it to be to alter surfaces bounded by curved lines, without change of magnitude, into rectangles and so to render them measureable. For us, on the other hand, it has become the usual, and not specially significant, practice to represent the number π by algebraic means, regardless of any geometrical image.

The Classical mathematician knows only what he sees and grasps. Where definite and defining visibility—the domain of his thought—ceases, his science comes to an end. The Western mathematician, as soon as he has quite shaken off the trammels of Classical prejudice, goes off into a wholly abstract region of infinitely numerous “manifolds” of _n_ (no longer 3) dimensions, in which his so-called geometry always can and generally must do without every commonplace aid. When Classical man turns to artistic expressions of his form-feeling, he tries with marble and bronze to give the dancing or the wrestling human form that pose and attitude in which surfaces and contours have all attainable proportion and meaning. But the true artist of the West shuts his eyes and loses himself in the realm of bodiless music, in which harmony and polyphony bring him to images of utter “beyondness” that transcend all possibilities of visual definition. One need only think of the meanings of the word “figure” as used respectively by the Greek sculptor and the Northern contrapuntist, and the opposition of the two worlds, the two mathematics, is immediately presented. The Greek mathematicians ever use the word σ■μα for their entities, just as the Greek lawyers used it for persons as distinct from things (σ■ματα κα■ πρ■γματα: _personæ et res_).

Classical number, integral and corporeal, therefore inevitably seeks to relate itself with the birth of bodily man, the σ■μα. The number 1 is hardly yet conceived of as actual number but rather as ■ρχ■, the prime stuff of the number-series, the origin of all true numbers and therefore all magnitudes, measures and materiality (Dinglichkeit). In the group of the Pythagoreans (the date does not matter) its figured-sign was also the symbol of the mother-womb, the origin of all life. The digit 2, the first _true_ number, which doubles the 1, was therefore correlated with the male principle and given the sign of the phallus. And, finally, 3, the “holy number” of the Pythagoreans, denoted the act of union between man and woman, the act of propagation—the erotic suggestion in adding and multiplying (the only two processes of increasing, of _propagating_, magnitude useful to Classical man) is easily seen—and its sign was the combination of the two first. Now, all this throws quite a new light upon the legends previously alluded to, concerning the sacrilege of disclosing the irrational. The irrational—in our language the employment of unending decimal fractions—implied the destruction of an organic and corporeal and reproductive order that the gods had laid down. There is no doubt that the Pythagorean reforms of the Classical religion were themselves based upon the immemorial Demeter-cult. Demeter, Gæa, is akin to Mother Earth. There is a deep relation between the honour paid to her and this exalted conception of the numbers.

Thus, inevitably, the Classical became by degrees the Culture of the _small_. The Apollinian soul had tried to tie down the meaning of things-become by means of the principle of _visible limits_; its taboo was focused upon the immediately-present and proximate alien. What was far away, invisible, was _ipso facto_ “not there.” The Greek and the Roman alike sacrificed to the gods of the place in which he happened to stay or reside; all other deities were outside the range of vision. Just as the Greek tongue—again and again we shall note the mighty symbolism of such language-phenomena—possessed _no word for space_, so the Greek himself was destitute of our feeling of landscape, horizons, outlooks, distances, clouds, and of the idea of the far-spread fatherland embracing the great nation. _Home_, for Classical man, is what he can see from the citadel of his native town and no more. All that lay beyond the visual range of this political atom was alien, and hostile to boot; beyond that narrow range, fear set in at once, and hence the appalling bitterness with which these petty towns strove to destroy one another. The Polis is the smallest of all conceivable state-forms, and its policy is frankly short-range, therein differing in the extreme from our own cabinet-diplomacy which is the policy of the unlimited. Similarly, the Classical temple, which can be taken in in one glance, is the smallest of all first-rate architectural forms. Classical geometry from Archytas to Euclid—like the school geometry of to-day which is still dominated by

it—concerned itself with small, manageable figures and bodies, and therefore remained unaware of the difficulties that arise in establishing figures of astronomical dimensions, which in many cases are not amenable to Euclidean geometry.[70] Otherwise the subtle Attic spirit would almost surely have arrived at some notion of the problems of non-Euclidean geometry, for its criticism of the well-known “parallel” axiom,[71] the doubtfulness of which soon aroused opposition yet could not in any way be elucidated, brought it very close indeed to the decisive discovery. The Classical mind as unquestioningly devoted and limited itself to the study of the small and the near as ours has to that of the infinite and ultra-visual. All the mathematical ideas that the West found for itself or borrowed from others were automatically subjected to the form-language of the Infinitesimal—and that long before the actual Differential Calculus was discovered. Arabian algebra, Indian trigonometry, Classical mechanics were incorporated as a matter of course in analysis. Even the most “self-evident” propositions of elementary arithmetic such as $2 \times 2 = 4$ become, when considered analytically, problems, and the solution of these problems was only made possible by deductions from the Theory of Aggregates, and is in many points still unaccomplished. Plato and his age would have looked upon this sort of thing not only as a hallucination but also as evidence of an utterly nonmathematical mind. In a certain measure, geometry may be treated algebraically and algebra geometrically, that is, the eye may be switched off or it may be allowed to govern. We take the first alternative, the Greeks the second. Archimedes, in his beautiful management of spirals, touches upon certain general facts that are also fundamentals in Leibniz’s method of the definite integral; but his processes, for all their superficial appearance of modernity, are subordinated to stereometric principles; in like case, an Indian mathematician would naturally have found some trigonometrical formulation.[72]

Footnote 70:

A beginning is now being made with the application of non-Euclidean geometries to astronomy. The hypothesis of curved space, closed but without limits, filled by the system of fixed stars on a radius of about 470,000,000 earth-distances, would lead to the hypothesis of a counter-image of the sun which to us appears as a star of medium brilliancy. (See translator’s footnote, p. 332.)

Footnote 71:

That only one parallel to a given straight line is possible through a given point—a proposition that is incapable of proof.

Footnote 72:

It is impossible to say, with certainty, how much of the Indian mathematics that we possess is old, i.e., before Buddha.

XIII

From this fundamental opposition of Classical and Western numbers there arises an equally radical difference in the relationship of element to element in each of these number-worlds. The nexus of _magnitudes_ is called _proportion_, that of _relations_ is comprised in the notion of _function_. The significance of these two words is not confined to mathematics proper; they are of high importance also in the allied arts of sculpture and music. Quite apart from the rôle of proportion in ordering the parts of the _individual_ statue, the typically Classical artforms of the statue, the relief, and the fresco, admit _enlargements and reductions of scale—words that in music have no meaning at all_—as we see in the art of the gems, in which the subjects are essentially reductions from life-sized originals. In the domain of Function, on the contrary, it is the idea of _transformation of groups_ that is of decisive importance, and the musician will readily agree that similar ideas play an essential part in modern composition-theory. I need only allude to one of the most elegant orchestral forms of the 18th Century, the _Tema con Variazioni_.

All proportion assumes the constancy, all transformation the variability of the constituents. Compare, for instance, the congruence theorems of Euclid, the proof of which depends in fact on the assumed ratio 1 : 1, with the modern deduction of the same by means of angular functions.

XIV

The Alpha and Omega of the Classical mathematic is _construction_ (which in the broad sense includes elementary arithmetic), that is, the production of a single visually-present figure. The chisel, in this second sculptural art, is the compass. On the other hand, in function- research, where the object is not a result of the magnitude sort but a discussion of general formal possibilities, the way of working is best described as a sort of composition-procedure closely analogous to the musical; and in fact, a great

number of the ideas met with in the theory of music (key, phrasing, chromatics, for instance) can be directly employed in physics, and it is at least arguable that many relations would be clarified by so doing.

Every _construction_ affirms, and every _operation_ denies appearances, in that the one works out that which is optically given and the other dissolves it. And so we meet with yet another contrast between the two kinds of mathematic; the Classical mathematic of small things deals with the concrete _individual instance_ and produces a once-for-all construction, while the mathematic of the infinite handles whole _classes_ of formal possibilities, _groups_ of functions, operations, equations, curves, and does so with an eye, not to any result they may have, but to their course. And so for the last two centuries—though present-day mathematicians hardly realize the fact—there has been growing up _the idea of a general morphology of mathematical operations_, which we are justified in regarding as the real meaning of modern mathematics as a whole. All this, as we shall perceive more and more clearly, is one of the manifestations of a general tendency inherent in the Western intellect, proper to the Faustian spirit and Culture and found in no other. The great majority of the problems which occupy our mathematic, and are regarded as “our” problems in the same sense as the squaring of the circle was the Greeks’,—e.g., the investigation of convergence in infinite series (Cauchy) and the transformation of elliptic and algebraic integrals into multiply- periodic functions (Abel, Gauss)—would probably have seemed to the Ancients, who strove for simple and definite quantitative results, to be an exhibition of rather abstruse virtuosity. And so indeed the popular mind regards them even to-day. There is nothing less “popular” than the modern mathematic, and it too contains its symbolism of the infinitely far, of _distance_. _All_ the great works of the West, from the “Divina Commedia” to “Parsifal,” are unpopular, whereas everything Classical from Homer to the Altar of Pergamum was popular in the highest degree.

XV

Thus, finally, the whole content of Western number-thought centres itself upon the historic _limit-problem_ of the Faustian mathematic, the key which opens the way to the Infinite, that _Faustian infinite_ which is so different from the infinity of Arabian and Indian world-ideas. Whatever the guise—infinite series, curves or functions—in which number appears in the particular case, the _essence_ of it is the _theory of the limit_.[73] This limit is the absolute opposite of the limit which (without being so called) figures in the Classical problem of the quadrature of the circle. Right into the 18th Century, Euclidean popular prepossessions obscured the real meaning of the differential principle. The idea of infinitely small quantities lay, so to say, ready to hand, and however skilfully they were handled, there was bound to remain a trace of the Classical constancy, the _semblance of magnitude_, about them, though Euclid would never have known them or admitted them as such. Thus, zero is a constant, a whole number in the linear continuum between +1 and -1; and it was a great hindrance to Euler in his analytical researches that, like many after him, he treated the differentials as zero. Only in the 19th Century was this relic of Classical number-feeling finally removed and the Infinitesimal Calculus made logically secure by Cauchy’s definitive elucidation of the _limit- idea_; only the intellectual step from the “infinitely small quantity” to the “lower limit of _every possible_ finite magnitude” brought out the conception of a variable number which oscillates beneath any assignable number that is not zero. A number of this sort has ceased to possess any character of magnitude whatever: the limit, as thus finally presented by theory, is no longer that which is approximated to, but _the approximation, the process, the operation itself. It is not a state, but a relation._ And so in this decisive problem of our mathematic, we are suddenly made to see how _historical_ is the constitution of the Western soul.[74]

Footnote 73:

The technical difference (in German usage) between _Grenz_ and _Grenzwert_ is in most cases ignored in this translation as it is only the underlying conception of “number” common to both that concerns us. _Grenz_ is the “limit” strictly speaking, i.e., the number _a_ to which the terms _a__{1}■, _a__{2}■, _a_■ ... of a particular _series_ approximate more and more closely, till nearer to _a_ than any assignable number whatever. The _Grenzwert_ of a _function_, on the other hand, is the “limit” of the value which the function takes for a given value _a_ of the variable _x_. These methods of reasoning and their derivatives enable solutions to be obtained for series such as (1⁄_m_¹,) (1⁄_m_²,) (1⁄_m_³,) ... (1⁄_m_^{_x_}) or functions such as

$$_x_(2_x_ - 1) _y_ = \frac{}{} (_x_+ 2)(_x_- 3)$$

where _x_ is _infinite_ or _indefinite_.—_Tr._

Footnote 74:

“Function, rightly understood, is existence considered as an activity” (Goethe). Cf. Vol. II, p. 618, for functional money.

XVI

The liberation of geometry from the visual, and of algebra from the notion of magnitude, and the union of both, beyond all elementary limitations of drawing and counting, in the great structure of function- theory—this was the grand course of Western number-thought. The constant number of the Classical mathematic was dissolved into the variable. Geometry _became_ analytical and dissolved all concrete forms, replacing the mathematical bodies from which the rigid geometrical values had been obtained, by abstract spatial relations which in the end ceased to have any application at all to sense-present phenomena. It began by substituting for Euclid's optical figures geometrical loci referred to a co-ordinate system of arbitrarily chosen "origin," and reducing the postulated objectiveness of existence of the geometrical object to the one condition that during the operation (which itself was one of equating and not of measurement) the selected co-ordinate system should not be changed. But these co-ordinates immediately came to be regarded as values pure and simple, serving not so much to determine as to represent and replace the position of points as space-elements. Number, the boundary of things-become, was represented, not as before pictorially by a figure, but symbolically by an equation. "Geometry" altered its meaning; the co-ordinate system as a picturing disappeared and the point became an entirely abstract number-group. In architecture, we find this inward transformation of Renaissance into Baroque through the innovations of Michael Angelo and Vignola. Visually pure lines became, in palace and church façades as in mathematics, ineffectual. In place of the clear co-ordinates that we have in Romano-Florentine colonnading and storeying, the "infinitesimal" appears in the graceful flow of elements, the scrollwork, the cartouches. The constructive dissolves in the wealth of the decorative—in mathematical language, the functional. Columns and pilasters, assembled in groups and clusters, break up the façades, gather and disperse again restlessly. The flat surfaces of wall, roof, storey melt into a wealth of stucco work and ornaments, vanish and break into a play of light and shade. The light itself, as it is made to play upon the form-world of mature Baroque— viz., the period from Bernini (1650) to the Rococo of Dresden, Vienna and Paris—has become an essentially musical element. The Dresden Zwinger[75] is a _sinfonia_. Along with 18th Century mathematics, 18th Century architecture develops into a form-world of _musical_ characters.

Footnote 75:

Built for August II, in 1711, as barbican or fore-building for a projected palace.—_Tr._

XVII

This mathematics of ours was bound in due course to reach the point at which not merely the limits of artificial geometrical form but the limits of the visual itself were felt by theory and by the soul alike as limits indeed, as obstacles to the unreserved expression of inward possibilities—in other words, the point at which the ideal of transcendent extension came into fundamental conflict with the limitations of immediate perception. The Classical soul, with the entire abdication of Platonic and Stoic ■ταραξ■α, submitted to the sensuous and (as the erotic under-meaning of the Pythagorean numbers shows) it rather _felt_ than _emitted_ its great symbols. Of transcending the corporeal here-and-now it was quite incapable. But whereas number, as conceived by a Pythagorean, exhibited the essence of individual and discrete _data_ in "Nature" Descartes and his successors looked upon number as _something to be conquered_, to be _wrung out_, an abstract relation royally indifferent to all phenomenal support and capable of holding its own against "Nature" on all occasions. The will-to-power (to use Nietzsche's great formula) that from the earliest Gothic of the Eddas, the Cathedrals and Crusades, and even from the old conquering Goths and Vikings, has distinguished the attitude of the Northern soul to its world, appears also in the sense-transcending energy, the _dynamic_ of Western number. In the Apollinian mathematic the intellect is the servant of the eye, in the Faustian its master. Mathematical, "absolute" space, we see then, is utterly un-Classical, and from the first, although mathematicians with their reverence for the Hellenic tradition did not dare to observe the fact, it was something different from the indefinite spaciousness of daily experience and customary painting, the _a priori_ space of Kant which seemed so unambiguous and sure a concept. It is a pure abstract, an ideal and unfulfillable postulate of a soul which is ever less and less satisfied with sensuous means of expression and in the end passionately brushes them aside. _The inner eye has awakened._

And then, for the first time, those who thought deeply were obliged to see that the Euclidean geometry, which is the _true and only_ geometry of the simple of all ages, is when regarded from the higher standpoint nothing but a _hypothesis_, the general validity of which, since Gauss, we know it to be quite impossible to prove in the face of other and perfectly non-perceptual geometries. The critical proposition of this geometry, Euclid's axiom of parallels, is an _assertion_, for which we are quite at liberty to substitute another assertion. We may assert, in fact, that through a given point, no parallels, or two, or many parallels may be drawn to a given straight line, and all these assumptions lead to completely irreproachable geometries of three dimensions, which can be employed in physics and even in astronomy, and are in some cases preferable to the Euclidean.

Even the simple axiom that extension is boundless (boundlessness, since Riemann and the theory of curved space, is to be distinguished from endlessness) at once contradicts the essential character of all immediate perception, in that the latter depends upon the existence of light-resistances and _ipso facto_ has material bounds. But abstract principles of boundary can be imagined which transcend, in an entirely new sense, the possibilities of optical definition. For the deep thinker, there exists even in the Cartesian geometry the tendency to get beyond the three dimensions of _experiential_ space, regarded as an unnecessary restriction on the symbolism of number. And although it was not till about 1800 that the notion of _multi-dimensional space_ (it is a pity that no better word was found) provided analysis with broader foundations, the real first step was taken at the moment when powers— that is, really, logarithms—were released from their original relation with sensually realizable surfaces and solids and, through the employment of irrational and complex exponents, brought within the realm of function as perfectly general relation-values. It will be admitted by everyone who understands anything of mathematical reasoning that directly we passed from the notion of a^3 as a natural maximum to that of $a^{_n_}$, the unconditional necessity of three-dimensional space was done away with.

Once the space-element or point had lost its last persistent relic of visualness and, instead of being represented to the eye as a cut in co- ordinate lines, was defined as a group of three independent numbers, there was no longer any inherent objection to replacing the number 3 by the general number _n_. The notion of dimension was radically changed. It was no longer a matter of treating the properties of a point metrically with reference to its position in a visible system, but of representing the entirely abstract properties of a number-group by means of any dimensions that we please. The number-group—consisting of _n_ independent ordered elements—is an _image_ of the point and it is _called_ a point. Similarly, an equation logically arrived therefrom is _called_ a plane and is the image of a plane. And the aggregate of all points of _n_ dimensions is _called_ an _n_-dimensional space.[76] In these transcendent space-worlds, which are remote from every sort of sensualism, lie the relations which it is the business of analysis to investigate and which are found to be consistently in agreement with the data of experimental physics. This space of higher degree is a symbol which is through-and-through the peculiar property of the Western mind. That mind alone has attempted, and successfully too, to capture the "become" and the extended in _these_ forms, to conjure and bind—to "know"—the alien by _this_ kind of appropriation or taboo. Not until such spheres of number-thought are reached, and not for any men but the few who have reached them, do such imaginings as systems of hypercomplex numbers (e.g., the quaternions of the calculus of vectors) and apparently quite meaningless symbols like $\infty^{_n_}$ acquire the character of something actual. And here if anywhere it must be understood that actuality is not only sensual actuality. The spiritual is in no wise limited to perception-forms for the actualizing of its idea.

Footnote 76:

From the standpoint of the theory of "aggregates" (or "sets of points"), a well-ordered set of points, irrespective of the dimension figure, is called a corpus; and thus an aggregate of _n_ - 1 dimensions is considered, _relatively_ to one of _n_ dimensions, as a surface. Thus the limit (wall, edge) of an "aggregate" represents an aggregate of lower "potentiality."

XVIII

From this grand intuition of symbolic space-worlds came the last and conclusive creation of Western mathematic—the expansion and subtilizing of the function theory in that of _groups_. Groups are aggregates or sets of homogeneous mathematical images—e.g., the totality of all differential equations of a certain type—which in structure and ordering are analogous to the Dedekind number-bodies. Here are worlds, we feel, of perfectly new numbers, which are nevertheless not utterly sense-transcendent for the _inner_ eye of the adept; and the problem now is to discover in those vast abstract form-systems certain

elements which, relatively to a particular group of operations (viz., of transformations of the system), remain unaffected thereby, that is, possess invariance. In mathematical language, the problem, as stated generally by Klein, is— given an _n_-dimensional manifold (“space”) and a group of transformations, it is required to examine the forms belonging to the manifold in respect of such properties as are not altered by transformation of the group.

And with this culmination our Western mathematic, having exhausted every inward possibility and fulfilled its destiny as the _copy and purest expression of the idea of the Faustian soul_, closes its development in the same way as the mathematic of the Classical Culture concluded in the third century. Both those sciences (the only ones of which the organic structure can even to-day be examined historically) arose out of a wholly new idea of number, in the one case Pythagoras’s, in the other Descartes’. Both, expanding in all beauty, reached their maturity one hundred years later; and both, after flourishing for three centuries, completed the structure of their ideas at the same moment as the Cultures to which they respectively belonged passed over into the phase of megalopolitan Civilization. The deep significance of this interdependence will be made clear in due course. It is enough for the moment that for us the time of the _great_ mathematicians is past. Our tasks to-day are those of preserving, rounding off, refining, selection— in place of big dynamic creation, the same clever detail-work which characterized the Alexandrian mathematic of late Hellenism.

A historical paradigm will make this clearer.

column 1

column two

CHAPTER III THE PROBLEM OF WORLD-HISTORY

I PHYSIOGNOMIC AND SYSTEMATIC

CHAPTER III THE PROBLEM OF WORLD-HISTORY

I PHYSIOGNOMIC AND SYSTEMATIC

I

Now, at last, it is possible to take the decisive step of sketching an image of history that is independent of the accident of standpoint, of the period in which this or that observer lives—independent too of the personality of the observer himself, who as an interested member of his own Culture is tempted, by its religious, intellectual, political and social tendencies, to order the material of history according to a perspective that is limited as to both space and time, and to fashion arbitrary forms into which the superficies of history can be forced but which are entirely alien to its inner content.

What has been missing, till now, is _detachment_ from the objects considered (die Distanz vom Gegenstande). In respect of Nature, this detachment has long ago been attained, though of course it was relatively easy of attainment, since the physicist can obviously systematize the mechanical-causal picture of his world as impersonally as though he himself did not exist in it.

It is quite possible, however, to do the same as regards the form-world of History. We have merely been unaware of the possibility. The modern historian, in the very act of priding himself on his “objectivity,” naïvely and unconsciously reveals his prepossessions. For this reason it is quite legitimate to say—and it will infallibly be said some day—that so far a genuinely Faustian treatment of history has been entirely lacking. By such a treatment is meant one that has enough detachment to admit that any “present” is only such with reference to a particular generation of men; that the number of generations is infinite, and that the proper present must therefore be regarded just as something infinitely distant and alien is regarded, and treated as an interval of time neither more nor less significant in the whole picture of History than others. Such a treatment will employ no distorting modulus of personal ideals, set no personal origin of co-ordinates, be influenced by none of the personal hopes and fears and other inward impulses which count for so much in practical life; and such a detachment will—to use the words of Nietzsche (who, be it said, was far from possessing enough of it himself)—enable one to view the whole fact of Man from an immense distance, to regard the individual

Cultures, one's own included, as one regards the range of mountain peaks along a horizon.

Once again, therefore, there was an act like the act of Copernicus to be accomplished, an act of emancipation from the evident present in the name of infinity. This the Western soul achieved in the domain of Nature long ago, when it passed from the Ptolemaic world-system to that which is alone valid for it to-day, and treats the position of the observer on one particular planet as accidental instead of normative.

A similar emancipation of world-history from the accidental standpoint, the perpetually re-defined "modern period," is both possible and necessary. It is true that the 19th Century A.D. seems to us infinitely fuller and more important than, say, the 19th Century B.C.; but the moon, too, seems to us bigger than Jupiter or Saturn. The physicist has long ago freed himself from prepossessions as to relative distance, the historian not so. We permit ourselves to consider the Culture of the Greeks as an "ancient" related to our own "modern." Were they in their turn "modern" in relation to the finished and historically mature Egyptians of the court of the great Thuthmosis who lived a millennium before Homer? For us, the events which took place between 1500 and 1800 on the soil of Western Europe constitute the most important third of "world"-history; for the Chinese historian, on the contrary, who looks back on and judges by 4000 years of Chinese history, those centuries generally are a brief and unimportant episode, infinitely less significant than the centuries of the Han dynasty (206 B.C. to 220 A.D.), which in _his_ "world"-history are epoch-making.

To liberate History, then, from that thraldom to the observers' prejudices which in our own case has made of it nothing more than a record of a partial past leading up to an accidental present, with the ideals and interests of that present as criteria of the achievement and possibility, is the object of all that follows.

II

Nature and _History_[77] are the opposite extreme terms of man's range of possibilities, whereby he is enabled to order the actualities about him as a picture of the world. An actuality is Nature in so far as it assigns things-becoming their place as things-become, and History in so far as it orders things-become with reference to their becoming. An actuality as an evocation of mind is contemplated, and as an assurance of the senses is critically comprehended, the first being exemplified in the worlds of Plato, Rembrandt, Goethe and Beethoven, the second in the worlds of Parmenides, Descartes, Kant and Newton. Cognition in the strict sense of the word is that act of experience of which the completed issue is called "Nature." The cognized and "Nature" are one and the same. The symbol of mathematical number has shown us that the aggregate of things cognized is the same as the world of things mechanically defined, things correct once and for all, things brought under law. _Nature is the sum of the law-imposed necessities._ There are only laws of _Nature_. No physicist who understands his duty would wish to transcend these limits. His task is to establish an ordered code which not only includes all the laws that he can find in the picture of Nature that is proper to himself but, further, represents that picture exhaustively and without remainder.

Contemplation or vision (Anschauen), on the other hand—I may recall Goethe's words: "vision is to be carefully distinguished from seeing"—, is that act of experience which _is itself history because it is itself a fulfilling_. That which has been lived is that which has happened, and it is history. (Erlebtes ist Geschehenes, ist Geschichte.)

Every happening is unique and incapable of being repeated. It carries the hall-mark of Direction ("Time"), of _irreversibility_. That which has happened is thenceforth counted with the become and not with the becoming, with the stiffened and not the living, and belongs beyond recall to the past. Our feeling of world-fear has its sources here. Everything cognized, on the contrary, is _timeless_, neither past nor future but simply "there," and consequently permanently valid, as indeed the very constitution of natural law requires that it should be. Law and the domain of law are _anti-historical_. They exclude incident and casuality. The laws of nature are forms of rigorous and therefore inorganic necessity. It becomes easy to see why mathematics, as the ordering of things-become by number, is _always and exclusively_ associated with laws and causality.

Becoming has no number. We can count, measure, dissect only the lifeless and so much of the living as can be dissociated from livingness. Pure becoming, pure life, is in this sense incapable of being bounded. It lies beyond the domain of cause and effect, law and measure. No deep and pure historical research seeks for conformities with causal laws—or, if it does so, it does not understand its own essence.

At the same time, history as positively treated is not pure becoming: it is an image, a world-form radiated from the waking consciousness of the historian, in which the becoming _dominates_ the become. The possibility of extracting results of any sort by scientific methods depends upon the proportion of things-become present in the subject treated, and by hypothesis there is in this

case a defect of them; the higher the proportion is, the more mechanical, reasonable, causal, history is made to appear. Even Goethe's "living nature," utterly unmathematical world- picture as it was, contained enough of the dead and stiffened to allow him to treat at least his foreground scientifically. But when this content of things-become dwindles to very little, then history becomes approximately pure becoming, and contemplation and vision become an experience which can only be rendered in forms of _art_. That which Dante saw before his spiritual eyes as the destiny of the world, he _could not possibly_ have arrived at by ways of science, any more than Goethe could have attained by these ways to what he saw in the great moments of his "Faust" studies, any more than Plotinus and Giordano Bruno could have distilled their visions from researches. This contrast lies at the root of all dispute regarding the inner form of history. In the presence of the same object or corpus of facts, every observer according to his own disposition has a different _impression_ of the whole, and this impression, _intangible and incommunicable_, underlies his judgment and gives it its personal colour. The degree in which things-become are taken in differs from man to man, which is quite enough in itself to show that they can never agree as to task or method. Each accuses the other of a deficiency of "clear thinking," and yet the something that is expressed by this phrase is something not built with hands, not implying superiority or a priority of degree but necessary difference of kind. The same applies to all natural sciences.

Nevertheless, we must not lose sight of the fact that at bottom the wish to write history _scientifically_ involves a contradiction. True science reaches just as far as the notions of truth and falsity have validity: this applies to mathematics and it applies also to the science of historical spade-work, viz., the collection, ordering and sifting of material. But real historical vision (which only _begins_ at this point) belongs to the domain of significances, in which the crucial words are not "correct" and "erroneous," but "deep" and "shallow." The true physicist is not deep, but _keen_: it is only when he leaves the domain of working hypotheses and brushes against the final things that he can be deep, but at this stage he is already a metaphysician. Nature is to be handled scientifically, History poetically. Old Leopold von Ranke is credited with the remark that, after all, Scott's "Quentin Durward" was the true history-writing. And so it is: the advantage of a good history book is that it enables the reader to be his own Scott.

On the other hand, within the very realm of numbers and exact knowledge there is that which Goethe called "living Nature," an immediate vision of pure becoming and self-shaping, in fact, history as above defined. Goethe's world was, in the first instance, an organism, an existence, and it is easy therefore to see why his researches, even when superficially of a physical kind, do not make numbers, or laws, or causality captured in formulæ, or dissection of any sort their object, but are morphology in the highest sense of the word; and why his work neither uses nor needs to use the specifically Western and un-Classical means of causal treatment, metrical experiment. His treatment of the Earth's crust is invariably geology, and never mineralogy, which he called the science of something dead.

Let it be said, once more, that there are no exact boundaries set between the two kinds of world-notion. However great the contrast between becoming and the become, the fact remains that they are jointly present in every kind of understanding. He who looks at the becoming and fulfilling in them, experiences History; he who dissects them as become and fulfilled cognizes Nature.

In every man, in every Culture, in every culture-phase, there is found an inherent disposition, an inherent inclination and vocation to prefer one of the two forms as an ideal of understanding the world. Western man is in a high degree historically disposed,[78] Classical man far from being so. We follow up what is given us with an eye to past and future, whereas Classical man knew only the point-present and an ambiance of myth. We have before us a symbol of becoming in every bar of our music from Palestrina to Wagner, and the Greeks a symbol of the pure present in every one of their statues. The rhythm of a body is based upon a simultaneous relation of the parts, that of a fugue in the succession of elements in time.

Footnote 77:

See p. 55, also Vol. II, pp. 25 et seq.

Footnote 78:

"Anti-historical," the expression which we apply to a decidedly systematic valuation, is to be carefully distinguished from "ahistorical." The beginning of the IV Book (53) of Schopenhauer's _Welt als Wille und Vorstellung_ affords a good illustration of the man who thinks anti-historically, that is, deliberately for theoretical reasons suppresses and rejects the historical in himself—something that is actually there. The ahistoric Greek nature, on the contrary, neither possesses nor understands it.

III

There emerge, then, as the two basic elements of all world-picturing, the principle of Form (Gestalt) and the principle of Law (Gesetz). The more decidedly a particular world-picture shows the traits of “Nature,” the more unconditionally law and number prevail in it; and the more purely intuitive the picture of the world as eternally becoming, the more alien to numbers its manifold and intangible elements. “Form is something mobile, something becoming, something passing. The doctrine of formation is the doctrine of transformation. Metamorphosis is the key to the whole alphabet of Nature,” so runs a note of Goethe’s, marking already the methodic difference between his famous “exact percipient fancy” which quietly lets itself be worked upon by the living,[79] and the exact killing procedure of modern physics. But whatever the process, a remainder consisting of so much of the alien element as is present is always found. In strict natural sciences this remainder takes the form of the inevitable _theories and hypotheses_ which are imposed on, and leaven, the stiff mass of number and formula. In historical research, it appears as _chronology_, the number-structure of dates and statistics which, alien though number is to the essence of becoming, is so thoroughly woven around and into the world of historical forms that it is never felt to be intrusive. For it is devoid of mathematical import. Chronological number distinguishes uniquely-occurring actualities, mathematical number constant possibilities. The one sharpens the images and works up the outlines of epoch and fact for the understanding eye. But the other _is itself_ the law which it seeks to establish, the end and aim of research. Chronological number is a scientific means of pioneering borrowed from the science of sciences, mathematics, and used as such without regard to its specific properties. Compare, for instance, the meaning of the two symbols 12 × 8 = 96, and 18 October, 1813.[80] It is the same difference, in the use of figures, that prose and poetry present in the use of words.

One other point remains to be noted.[81] As a becoming always lies at the base of the become, and as the world-picture representative of becoming is that which history gives us, therefore history is the _original_ world-form, and Nature—the fully elaborated world-mechanism— is the _late_ world-form that only the men of a mature Culture can completely actualize. In fact, the darkness encompassing the simple soul of primitive mankinds, which we can realize even to-day from their religious customs and myths—that entirely organic world of pure wilfulness, of hostile demons and kindly powers—was through-and-through a living and swaying whole, ununderstandable, indefinable, incalculable. We may call this Nature if we like, but it is not what _we_ mean by “nature,” i.e., the strict image projected by a knowing intellect. Only the souls of children and of great artists can now hear the echoes of this long-forgotten world of nascent humanity, but it echoes still, and not rarely, even in the inelastic "nature"-medium that the city-spirit of the mature Culture is remorselessly building up round the individual. Hence that acute antagonism between the scientific (“modern”) and the artistic (“unpractical”) world-idea which every Late period knows; the man of fact and the poet do not and cannot understand one another. Hence comes, too, that tendency of historical study, which must inevitably contain an element of the childish, the dreamy, the Goethian, to dress up as a science, to be (using its own naïve word) “materialistic,” at the imminent risk of becoming a mere physics of public life.

“Nature,” in the exact sense, is a way of possessing actuality which is special to the few, restricted to the megalopolitans of the late periods of great Cultures, masculine, perhaps even senatorial; while History is the naïve, youthful, more or less instinctive way that is proper to _all_ men alike. At least, that is the position of the number-based, unmystical, dissectable and dissected “Nature” of Aristotle and Kant, the Sophists and the Darwinians, modern physics and chemistry, _vis-à- vis_ the lived, felt and unconfined “Nature” of Homer and the Eddas, of Doric and Gothic man. To overlook this is to miss the whole essence of historical treatment. It is history that is the truly natural, and the exact mechanically-correct “Nature” of the scientist that is the artificial conception of world by soul. Hence the paradox that modern man finds "nature"-study easy and historical study hard.

Tendencies towards a mechanistic idea of the world proceeding wholly from mathematical delimitation and logical differentiation, from law and causality, appear quite early. They are found in the first centuries of all Cultures, still weak, scattered and lost in the full tide of the religious world-conception. The name to be recalled here is that of Roger Bacon. But soon these tendencies acquire a sterner character: like everything that is wrung out of the soul and has to defend itself against human nature, they are not wanting in arrogance and exclusiveness. Quietly the spatial and comprehensible (comprehension is in its essence number, in its structure quantitative) becomes prepotent throughout the outer world of the individual and, aiding and aided by the simple impressions of sensuous-life, effects a mechanical synthesis of the causal and legal sort, so that at long last the sharp consciousness of the megalopolitan—be he of Thebes, Babylon, Benares, Alexandria or a West European cosmopolis—is subjected to so consistent a pressure of natural-law notions that, when scientific and philosophical prejudice (it is no more than that) dictates the proposition that this condition of the soul is _the_ soul and the mechanical world-picture is _the_ world, the assertion is scarcely challenged. It has been made predominant by logicians like Aristotle and Kant. But Plato and Goethe have rejected it and refuted it.

IV

The task of world-knowing—for the man of the higher Cultures a need, seen as a duty, of expressing his own essence—is certainly in every case the same, though its process may be called science or philosophy, and though its affinity to artistic creation and to faith-intuition may for one be something felt and for another something questionable. It is to present, without accretions, that form of the world-picture which to the individual in each case is proper and significant, and for him (so long as he does not _compare_) is in fact “the” world.

The task is necessarily a double one, in view of the distinction between “Nature” and “History.” Each speaks its own form-language which differs utterly from that of the other, and however the two may overlap and confuse one another in an unsifted and ambiguous world-picture such as that of everyday life, they are incapable of any inner unity.

Direction and Extension are the outstanding characters which differentiate the historical and the scientific (naturhaft) kind of impressibility, and it is totally impossible for a man to have both working creatively within him at the same time. The double meaning of the German word “Ferne” (distance, farness) is illuminating. In the one order of ideas it implies futurity, in the other a spatial interval of standing apart, and the reader will not fail to remark that the historical materialist almost necessarily conceives time as a mathematical dimension, while for the born artist, on the contrary,—as the lyrics of every land show us—the distance-impressions made by deep landscapes, clouds, horizon and setting sun attach themselves without an effort to the sense of a future. The Greek poet denies the future, and consequently he neither sees nor sings of the things of the future; he cleaves to the near, as he belongs to the present, entirely.

The natural-science investigator, the productive reasoner in the full sense of the word, whether he be an experimenter like Faraday, a theorist like Galileo, a calculator like Newton, finds in his world only directionless _quantities_ which he measures, tests and arranges. It is only the quantitative that is capable of being grasped through figures, of being causally defined, of being captured in a law or formula, and when it has achieved this, pure nature-knowledge has shot its bolt. All its laws are quantitative connexions, or as the physicist puts it, all physical processes _run a course in space_, an expression which a Greek physicist would have corrected—without altering the fact—into “all physical processes _occur between bodies_” conformably to the space- denying feeling of the Classical soul.

The historical kind of impression-process is alien to everything quantitative, and affects a different organ. To World-as-Nature certain modes of apprehension, as to World-as-History certain other modes, are _proper_. We know them and use them every day, without (as yet) having become aware of their opposition. There is _nature-knowledge_ and there is _man-knowledge_; there is _scientific_ experience and there is _vital_ experience. Let the reader track down this contrast into his own inmost being, and he will understand what I mean.

All modes of comprehending the world may, in the last analysis, be described as Morphology. _The Morphology of the mechanical and the extended, a science which discovers and orders nature-laws and causal relations, is called Systematic. The Morphology of the organic, of history and life and all that bears the sign of direction and destiny, is called Physiognomic._

V

In the West, the Systematic mode of treating the world reached and passed its culminating-point during the last century, while the great days of Physiognomic have still to come. In a hundred years all sciences that are still possible on this soil will be parts of a single vast Physiognomic of all things human. This is what the “Morphology of World- History” means. In every science, and in the aim no less than in the content of it, man tells the story of himself. Scientific experience is spiritual self-knowledge. It is from this standpoint, as a chapter of Physiognomic, that we have just treated of mathematics. We were not concerned with what this or that mathematician _intended_, nor with the savant as such or his results as a contribution to an aggregate of knowledge, but with the mathematician as a human being, with his work as a part of the phenomenon of himself, with his knowledge and purposes as a part of his expression. This alone is of importance to us here. He is the mouthpiece of a Culture which tells us about itself through him, and he belongs, as personality, as soul, as discoverer, thinker and creator, to the physiognomy of that Culture.

Every mathematic, in that it brings out and makes visible to all the idea of number that is proper to itself and inborn in its conscious being, is, whether the expression-form be a scientific system or (as in the case of Egypt) an architecture, the confession of a Soul. If it is true that the intentional accomplishments of a mathematic belong only to the surface of history, it is equally true that its unconscious element, its number-as-such, and the style in which it builds up its self- contained cosmos of forms are an expression

of its existence, its blood. Its life-history of ripening and withering, its deep relation to the creative acts, the myths and the cults of the same Culture—such things are the subject-matter of a second or historical morphology, though the possibility of such a morphology is hardly yet admitted.

The visible foregrounds of history, therefore, have the same significance as the outward phenomena of the individual man (his statue, his bearing, his air, his stride, his way of speaking and writing), as distinct from what he says or writes. In the “knowledge of men” these things exist and matter. The body and all its elaborations—defined, “become” and _mortal_ as they are—are an expression of the soul. But henceforth “knowledge of men” implies also knowledge of those superlative human organisms that I call Cultures, and of their mien, their speech, their acts—these terms being meant as we mean them already in the case of the individual.

Descriptive, creative, Physiognomic is the art of portraiture transferred to the spiritual domain. Don Quixote, Werther, Julian Sorel, are portraits of an epoch, Faust the portrait of a whole Culture. For the nature-researcher, the morphologist as systematist, the portrayal of the world is only a business of imitation, and corresponds to the “fidelity to nature” and the “likeness” of the craftsman-painter, who, at bottom, works on purely mathematical lines. But a real portrait in the Rembrandt sense of the word is physiognomic, that is, _history_ captured in a moment. The set of his self-portraits is nothing else but a (truly Goethian) autobiography. So should the biographies of the great Cultures be handled. The “fidelity” part, the work of the professional historian on facts and figures, is only a means, not an end. The countenance of history is made up of all those things which hitherto we have only managed to evaluate according to personal standards, i.e., as beneficial or harmful, good or bad, satisfactory or unsatisfactory— political forms and economic forms, battles and arts, science and gods, mathematics and morals. Everything whatsoever that has _become_ is a symbol, and the expression of a soul. Only to one having the knowledge of men will it unveil itself. The restraint of a law it abhors. What it demands is that its significance should be sensed. And thus research reaches up to a final or superlative truth—Alles Vergängliche ist nur ein Gleichnis.[82]

The nature-researcher can be educated, but the man who knows history is born. He seizes and pierces men and facts with one blow, guided by a feeling which cannot be acquired by learning or affected by persuasion, but which only too rarely manifests itself in full intensity. Direction, fixing, ordering, defining by cause and effect, are things that one can do if one likes. These things are work, but the other is creation. Form and law, portrayal and comprehension, symbol and formula, have different organs, and their opposition is that in which life stands to death, production to destruction. Reason, system and comprehension kill as they “cognize.” That which is cognized becomes a rigid object, capable of measurement and subdivision. Intuitive vision, on the other hand, vivifies and incorporates the details in a living inwardly-felt unity. Poetry and historical study are kin. Calculation and cognition also are kin. But, as Hebbel says somewhere, systems are not dreamed, and art- works are not calculated or (what is the same thing) thought out. The artist or the real historian sees the becoming of a thing (schaut, wie etwas wird), and he can re-enact its becoming from its lineaments, whereas the systematist, whether he be physicist, logician, evolutionist or pragmatical historian, learns the thing that has become. The artist’s soul, like the soul of a Culture, is something potential that may actualize itself, something complete and perfect—in the language of an older philosophy, a microcosm. The systematic spirit, narrow and withdrawn “abs-tract”) from the sensual, is an autumnal and passing phenomenon belonging to the ripest conditions of a Culture. Linked with the _city_, into which its life is more and more herded, it comes and goes with the city. In the Classical world, there is science only from the 6th-century Ionians to the Roman period, but there was art in the Classical world for just as long as there was existence.

Once more, a paradigm may help in elucidation.

Soul _World_ Existence { potentiality → fulfilment → actuality { (_Life_)

{ becoming → the become Consciousness { direction extension { organic mechanical { symbol, portrait, number, notion. [Crossed ↓ downward ↓ arrows] { _History_ _Nature_ World-image { Rhythm, form. Tension, law. { Physiognomic. Systematic. { Facts Truths

Seeking thus to obtain a clear idea of the unifying principle out of which each of these two worlds is conceived, we find that mathematically-controlled cognition relates always (and the purer it is, the more directly) to a continuous present. The picture of nature dealt with by the physicist is that which is deployed before his senses at the given moment. It is one of the tacit, but none the less firm, presuppositions of nature-research that “Nature” (_die_ Natur) is the same for every consciousness and for all times. An experiment is decisive for good and all; time being, not precisely denied, but eliminated from the field of investigation. Real history rests on an equally certain sense of the contrary; what it presupposes as its origin is a nearly indescribable sensitive faculty within, which is continuously labile under continuous impressions, and is incapable therefore of possessing what may be called a centre of

time.[83] (We shall consider later what the physicist means by “time.”) The picture of history—be it the history of mankind, of the world of organisms, of the earth or of the stellar systems—is a _memory_-picture. “Memory,” in this connexion, is conceived as a higher state (certainly not proper to every consciousness and vouchsafed to many in only a low degree), a perfectly definite kind of imagining power, which enables experience to traverse each particular moment _sub specie æternitatis_ as one point in an integral made up of all the past and all the future, and it forms the necessary basis of all looking-backward, all self-knowledge and all self-confession. In this sense, Classical man has no memory and therefore no history, either in or around himself. “No man can judge history but one who has himself experienced history,” says Goethe. In the Classical world-consciousness all Past was absorbed in the instant Present. Compare the entirely historical heads of the Nürnberg Cathedral sculptures, of Dürer, of Rembrandt, with those of Hellenistic sculpture, for instance the famous Sophocles statue. The former tell the whole history of a soul, whereas the latter rigidly confines itself to expressing the traits of a momentary being, and tells nothing of how this being is the issue of a course of life—if indeed we can speak of “course of life” at all in connexion with a purely Classical man, who is always complete and never becoming.

Footnote 79:

“There are prime phenomena which in their godlike simplicity we must not disturb or infringe.”

Footnote 80:

The date of Napoleon’s defeat, and the liberation of Germany, on the field of Leipzig.—_Tr._

Footnote 81:

See Vol. II, pp. 25 et seq., 327 et seq.

Footnote 82:

“All we see before us passing Sign and symbol is alone.”

From the final stanza of Faust II (Anster’s translation).—_Tr._

Footnote 83:

This phrase, derived by analogy from the centre of gravity of mechanics, is offered as a translation of “mithin in einim Zeitpunkte ger nicht zusammengefasst werden können.”—_Tr._

VI

And now it is possible to discover the ultimate elements of the historical form-world.

Countless shapes that emerge and vanish, pile up and melt again, a thousand-hued glittering tumult, it seems, of perfectly wilful chance— such is the picture of world-history when first it deploys before our inner eye. But through this seeming anarchy, the keener glance can detect those pure forms which underlie all human becoming, penetrate their cloud-mantle, and bring them unwillingly to unveil.

But of the whole picture of world-becoming, of that cumulus of grand planes that the Faust-eye[84] sees piled one beyond another—the becoming of the heavens, of the earth’s crust, of life, of man—we shall deal here only with that very small morphological unit that we are accustomed to call “world-history,” that history which Goethe ended by despising, the history of higher mankind during 6000 years or so, without going into the deep problem of the inward homogeneity of all these aspects. What gives this fleeting form-world meaning and substance, and what has hitherto lain buried deep under a mass of tangible “facts” and “dates” that has hardly yet been bored through, is the _phenomenon of the Great Cultures_. Only after these prime forms shall have been seen and felt and worked out in respect of their physiognomic meaning will it be possible to say that the essence and inner form of human History as opposed to the essence of Nature are understood—or rather, that we understand them. Only after this inlook and this outlook will a serious philosophy of history become feasible. Only then will it be possible to see each fact in the historical picture—each idea, art, war, personality, epoch—according to its symbolic content, and to regard history not as a mere

sum of past things without intrinsic order or inner necessity, but as an organism of rigorous structure and significant articulation, an organism that does not suddenly dissolve into a formless and ambiguous future when it reaches the accidental present of the observer.

Cultures are organisms, and world-history is their collective biography. Morphologically, the immense history of the Chinese or of the Classical Culture is the exact equivalent of the petty history of the individual man, or of the animal, or the tree, or the flower. For the Faustian vision, this is not a postulate but an experience; if we want to learn to recognize inward forms that constantly and everywhere repeat themselves, the comparative morphology[85] of plants and animals has long ago given us the methods. In the destinies of the several Cultures that follow upon one another, grow up with one another, touch, overshadow, and suppress one another, is compressed the whole content of human history. And if we set free their shapes, till now hidden all too deep under the surface of a trite "history of human progress," and let them march past us in the spirit, it cannot but be that we shall succeed in distinguishing, amidst all that is special or unessential, the primitive culture-form, _the_ Culture that underlies as ideal all the individual Cultures.

I distinguish the _idea_ of a Culture, which is the sum total of its inner possibilities, from its sensible _phenomenon_ or appearance upon the canvas of history as a fulfilled actuality. It is the relation of the soul to the living body, to its expression in the light-world perceptible to our eyes. This history of a Culture is the progressive actualizing of its possible, and the fulfilment is equivalent to the end. In this way the Apollinian soul, which some of us can perhaps understand and share in, is related to its unfolding in the realm of actuality, to the "Classical" or "antique" as we call it, of which the tangible and understandable relics are investigated by the archæologist, the philologist, the æsthetic and the historian.

Culture is the _prime phenomenon_ of all past and future world-history. The deep, and scarcely appreciated, idea of Goethe, which he discovered in his "living nature" and always made the basis of his morphological researches, we shall here apply—in its most precise sense—to all the formations of man's history, whether fully matured, cut off in the prime, half opened or stifled in the seed. It is the method of living into (erfühlen) the object, as opposed to dissecting it. "The highest to which man can attain, is wonder; and if the prime phenomenon makes him wonder, let him be content; nothing higher can it give him, and nothing further should he seek for behind it; here is the limit." The prime phenomenon is that in which the idea of becoming is presented net. To the spiritual eye of Goethe the idea of the prime plant was clearly visible in the form of every individual plant that happened to come up, or even that could possibly come up. In his investigation of the "os intermaxillare" his starting-point was the _prime phenomenon of the vertebrate type_; and in other fields it was geological stratification, or the leaf as the prime form of the plant-organism, or the metamorphosis of the plants as the prime form of all organic becoming. "The same law will apply to everything else that lives," he wrote, in announcing his discovery to Herder. It was a look into the heart of things that Leibniz would have understood, but the century of Darwin is as remote from such a vision as it is possible to be.

At present, however, we look in vain for any treatment of history that is entirely free from the methods of Darwinism—that is, of systematic natural science based on causality. A physiognomic that is precise, clear and sure of itself and its limits has never yet arisen, and it can only arise through the discoveries of method that we have yet to make. Herein lies the great problem set for the 20th Century to solve—to explore carefully the inner structure of the organic units through and in which world-history fulfils itself, to separate the morphologically necessary from the accidental, and, by seizing the _purport_ of events, to ascertain the languages in which they speak.

VII

A boundless mass of human Being, flowing in a stream without banks; up- stream, a dark past wherein our time-sense loses all powers of definition and restless or uneasy fancy conjures up geological periods to hide away an eternally-unsolvable riddle; down-stream, a future even so dark and timeless—such is the groundwork of the Faustian picture of human history.

Over the expanse of the water passes the endless uniform wave-train of the generations. Here and there bright shafts of light broaden out, everywhere dancing flashes confuse and disturb the clear mirror, changing, sparkling, vanishing. These are what we call the clans, tribes, peoples, races which unify a series of generations within this or that limited area of the historical surface. As widely as these differ in creative power, so widely do the images that they create vary in duration and plasticity, and when the creative power dies out, the physiognomic, linguistic and spiritual identification-marks vanish also and the phenomenon subsides again into the ruck of the generations. Aryans, Mongols, Germans, Kelts, Parthians, Franks, Carthaginians, Berbers, Bantus are names by which we specify some very heterogeneous images of this order.

But over this surface, too, the great Cultures[86] accomplish their majestic wave-cycles. They appear suddenly, swell in splendid lines, flatten again and vanish, and the face of the waters is once more a sleeping waste.

A Culture is born in the moment when a great soul awakens out of the proto-spirituality (_dem urseelenhaften Zustande_) of ever-childish humanity, and detaches itself, a form from the formless, a bounded and mortal thing from the boundless and enduring. It blooms on the soil of an exactly-definable landscape, to which plant-wise it remains bound. It dies when this soul has actualized the full sum of its possibilities in the shape of peoples, languages, dogmas, arts, states, sciences, and reverts into the proto-soul. But its living existence, that sequence of great epochs which define and display the stages of fulfilment, is an inner passionate struggle to maintain the Idea against the powers of Chaos without and the unconscious muttering deep-down within. It is not only the artist who struggles against the resistance of the material and the stifling of the idea within him. Every Culture stands in a deeply- symbolical, almost in a mystical, relation to the Extended, the space, in which and through which it strives to actualize itself. The aim once attained—the idea, the entire content of inner possibilities, fulfilled and made externally actual—the Culture suddenly hardens, it mortifies, its blood congeals, its force breaks down, and it becomes _Civilization_, the thing which we feel and understand in the words Egypticism, Byzantinism, Mandarinism. As such they may, like a worn-out giant of the primeval forest, thrust their decaying branches towards the sky for hundreds or thousands of years, as we see in China, in India, in the Islamic world. It was thus that the Classical Civilization rose gigantic, in the Imperial age, with a false semblance of youth and strength and fullness, and robbed the young Arabian Culture of the East of light and air.[87]

This—the inward and outward fulfilment, the finality, that awaits every living Culture—is the purport of all the historic “declines,” amongst them that decline of the Classical which we know so well and fully, and another decline, entirely comparable to it in course and duration, which will occupy the first centuries of the coming millennium but is heralded already and sensible in and around us to-day—the decline of the West.[88] Every Culture passes through the age-phases of the individual man. Each has its childhood, youth, manhood and old age. It is a young and trembling soul, heavy with misgivings, that reveals itself in the morning of Romanesque and Gothic. It fills the Faustian landscape from the Provence of the troubadours to the Hildesheim cathedral of Bishop Bernward.[89] The spring wind blows over it. “In the works of the old- German architecture,” says Goethe, “one sees the blossoming of an extraordinary state. Anyone immediately confronted with such a blossoming can do no more than wonder; but one who can see into the secret inner life of the plant and its rain of forces, who can observe how the bud expands, little by little, sees the thing with quite other eyes and knows what he is seeing.” Childhood speaks to us also—and in the same tones—out of early-Homeric Doric, out of early-Christian (which is really early-Arabian) art and out of the works of the Old Kingdom in Egypt that began with the Fourth Dynasty. There a mythic world- consciousness is fighting like a harassed debtor against all the dark and daemonic in itself and in Nature, while slowly ripening itself for the pure, day-bright expression of the existence that it will at last achieve and know. The more nearly a Culture approaches the noon culmination of its being, the more virile, austere, controlled, intense the form-language it has secured for itself, the more assured its sense of its own power, the clearer its lineaments. In the spring all this had still been dim and confused, tentative, filled with childish yearning and fears—witness the ornament of Romanesque-Gothic church porches of Saxony[90] and southern France, the early-Christian catacombs, the Dipylon[91] vases. But there is now the full consciousness of ripened creative power that we see in the time of the early Middle Kingdom of Egypt, in the Athens of the Pisistratidæ, in the age of Justinian, in that of the Counter-Reformation, and we find every individual trait of expression deliberate, strict, measured, marvellous in its ease and self-confidence. And we find, too, that everywhere, at moments, the coming fulfilment suggested itself; in such moments were created the head of Amenemhet III (the so-called “Hyksos Sphinx” of Tanis), the domes of Hagia Sophia, the paintings of Titian. Still later, tender to the point of fragility, fragrant with the sweetness of late October days, come the Cnidian Aphrodite and the Hall of the Maidens in the Erechtheum, the arabesques on Saracen horseshoe-arches, the Zwinger of Dresden, Watteau, Mozart. At last, in the grey dawn of Civilization, the fire in the Soul dies down. The dwindling powers rise to one more, half- successful, effort of creation, and produce the Classicism that is common to all dying Cultures. The soul thinks once again, and in Romanticism looks back piteously to its childhood; then finally, weary, reluctant, cold, it loses its desire to be, and, as in Imperial Rome, wishes itself out of the overlong daylight and back in the darkness of protomysticism, in the womb of the mother, in the grave. The spell of a “second religiousness”[92] comes upon it, and Late-Classical man turns to the practice of the cults of Mithras, of Isis, of the Sun—those very cults into which a soul just born in the East has been pouring a new wine of dreams and fears and loneliness.

Footnote 84:

Cf. Vol. II, p. 33 et seq.

Footnote 85:

Not the dissecting morphology of the Darwinian's pragmatic zoology with its hunt for causal connexions, but the seeing and overseeing morphology of Goethe.

Footnote 86:

See Vol. II, pp. 41 et seq.

Footnote 87:

See Vol. II, pp. 227 et seq.

Footnote 88:

See Vol. II, pp. 116 et seq. What constitutes the downfall is not, e.g., the catastrophe of the Great Migrations, which like the annihilation of the Maya Culture by the Spaniards (see Vol. II, p. 51 et seq.) was a coincidence without any deep necessity, but the inward undoing that began from the time of Hadrian, as in China from the Eastern Han dynasty (25-220).

Footnote 89:

St. Bernward was Bishop of Hildesheim from 993 to 1022, and himself architect and metal-worker. Three other churches besides the cathedral survive in the city from his time or that of his immediate successors, and Hildesheim of all North German cities is richest in monuments of the Romanesque.—_Tr._

Footnote 90:

By "Saxony," a German historian means not the present-day state of Saxony (which was a small and comparatively late accretion), but the whole region of the Weser and the lower Elbe, with Westphalia and Holstein.—_Tr._

Footnote 91:

Vases from the cemetery adjoining the Dipylon Gate of Athens, the most representative relics that we possess of the Doric or primitive age of the Hellenic Culture (about 900 to 600 B.C.).—_Tr._

Footnote 92:

See Vol. II, pp. 381 et seq.

VIII

The term "habit" (Habitus) is used of a plant to signify the special way, proper to itself, in which it manifests itself, i.e., the character, course and duration of its appearance in the light-world where we can see it. By its habit each kind is distinguished, in respect of each part and each phase of its existence, from all examples of other species. We may apply this useful notion of "habit" in our physiognomic of the grand organisms and speak of the habit of the Indian, Egyptian or Classical Culture, history or spirituality. Some vague inkling of it has always, for that matter, underlain the notion of _style_, and we shall not be forcing but merely clearing and deepening that word if we speak of the religious, intellectual, political, social or economic style[93] of a Culture. This "habit" of existence in space, which covers in the case of the individual man action and thought and conduct and disposition, embraces in the case or the existence of whole Cultures the totality of life-expressions of the higher order. The choice of particular branches of art (e.g., the round and fresco by the Hellenes, counterpoint and oil-painting by the West) and the out-and-out rejection of others (e.g., of plastic by the Arabs); inclination to the esoteric (India) or the popular (Greece and Rome); preference for oratory (Classical) or for writing (China, the West) as the form of spiritual communication, are all style-manifestations, and so also are the various types of costume, of administration, of transport, of social courtesies. All great personalities of the Classical world form a self-contained group, whose spiritual habit is definitely different from that of all great men of the Arabian or the Western groups. Compare even Goethe and Raphael with Classical men, and Heraclitus, Sophocles, Plato, Alcibiades, Themistocles, Horace and Tiberius rank themselves together instantly as members of one family. Every Classical Cosmopolis—from Hiero's Syracuse to Imperial Rome the embodiment and sense-picture of one and the same life-feeling—differs radically in lay-out and street- plan, in the language of its

public and private architecture, in the type of its squares, alleys, courts, façades, in its colour, noises, street-life and night-life, from the group of Indian or that of Arabian or that of Western world-cities. Baghdad and Cairo could be felt in Granada long after the conquest; even Philip II's Madrid had all the physiognomic hall-marks of modern London and Paris. There is a high symbolism in every dissimilarity of this sort. Contrast the Western tendency to straight-lined perspectives and street-alignments (such as the grand tract of the Champs-Elysées from the Louvre, or the Piazza before St. Peter's) with the almost deliberate complexity and narrowness of the Via Sacra, the Forum Romanum and the Acropolis, whose parts are arranged without symmetry and with no perspective. Even the town- planning—whether darkly as in the Gothic or consciously as in the ages of Alexander and Napoleon—reflects the same principle as the mathematic— in the one case the Leibnizian mathematic of infinite space, in the other the Euclidean mathematic of separate bodies.[94] But to the "habit" of a group belong, further, its definite _life-duration_ and its definite tempo of development. Both of these are properties which we must not fail to take into account in a historical theory of structure. The rhythm (Takt) of Classical existence was different from that of Egyptian or Arabian; and we can fairly speak of the _andante_ of Greece and Rome and the _allegro con brio_ of the Faustian spirit.

The notion of life-duration as applied to a man, a butterfly, an oak, a blade of grass, comprises a specific time-value, which is quite independent of all the accidents of the individual case. Ten years are a slice of life which is approximately equivalent for all men, and the metamorphosis of insects is associated with a number of days exactly known and predictable in individual cases. For the Romans the notions of _pueritia_, _adolescentia_, _iuventus_, _virilitas_, _senectus_ possessed an almost mathematically precise meaning. Without doubt the biology of the future will—in opposition to Darwinism and to the exclusion in principle of causal fitness-motives for the origins of species—take these _pre-ordained_ life durations as the starting-point for a new enunciation of its problem.[95] The duration of a generation— whatever may be its nature—is a fact of almost mystical significance.

Now, such relations are valid also, and to an extent never hitherto imagined, for all the higher Cultures. _Every Culture, every adolescence and maturing and decay of a Culture, every one of its intrinsically necessary stages and periods, has a definite duration, always the same, always recurring with the emphasis of a symbol._ In the present work we cannot attempt to open up this world of most mysterious connexions, but the facts that will emerge again and again as we go on will tell us of themselves how much lies hidden here. What is the meaning of that striking fifty-year period, the rhythm of the political, intellectual and artistic "becoming" of all Cultures?[96] Of the 300-year period of the Baroque, of the Ionic, of the great mathematics, of Attic sculpture, of mosaic painting, of counterpoint, of Galileian mechanics? What does the _ideal_ life of one millennium for each Culture mean in comparison with the individual man's "three-score years and ten"? As the plant's being is brought to expression in form, dress and carriage by leaves, blossoms, twigs and fruit, so also is the being of a Culture manifested by its religious, intellectual, political and economic formations. Just as, say, Goethe's individuality discourses of itself in such widely- different forms as the _Faust_, the _Farbenlehre_, the _Reineke Fuchs_, _Tasso_, _Werther_, the journey to Italy and the Friederike love, the _Westöstliche Diwan_ and the _Römische Elegien_; so the individuality of the Classical world displays itself in the Persian wars, the Attic drama, the City-State, the Dionysia and not less in the Tyrannis, the Ionic column, the geometry of Euclid, the Roman legion, and the gladiatorial contests and "panem et circenses" of the Imperial age.

In this sense, too, every individual being that has any sort of importance recapitulates,[97] of intrinsic necessity, all the epochs of the Culture to which it belongs. In each one of us, at that decisive moment when he begins to know that he is an ego, the inner life wakens just where and just how that of the Culture wakened long ago. Each of us men of the West, in his child's day-dreams and child's play, lives again its Gothic—the cathedrals, the castles, the hero-sagas, the crusader's "Dieu le veult," the soul's oath of young Parzival. Every young Greek had his Homeric age and his Marathon. In Goethe's Werther, the image of a tropic youth that every Faustian (but no Classical) man knows, the springtime of Petrarch and the Minnesänger reappears. When Goethe blocked out the _Urfaust_,[98] he was Parzival; when he finished _Faust I_, he was Hamlet, and only with _Faust II_ did he become the world-man of the 19th Century whom Byron could understand. Even the senility of the Classical—the faddy and unfruitful centuries of very late Hellenism, the second-childhood of a weary and blasé intelligence—can be studied in more than one of its grand old men. Thus, much of Euripides' _Bacchæ_ anticipates the life-outlook, and much of Plato's _Timæus_ the religious syncretism of the Imperial age; and Goethe's _Faust II_ and Wagner's _Parsifal_ disclose to us in advance the shape that _our_ spirituality will assume in our next (_in point of creative power our last_) centuries.

Biology employs the term _homology_ of organs to signify morphological equivalence in contradistinction to the term _analogy_ which relates to functional equivalence. This important, and in the sequel most fruitful, notion was conceived by Goethe (who was led thereby to the discovery of the "os intermaxillare" in man) and put into strict scientific shape by Owen;[99] this notion also we shall incorporate in our historical method.

It is known that for every part of the bone-structure of the human head an exactly corresponding part is found in all vertebrated animals right down to the fish, and that the pectoral fins of fish and the feet, wings and hands of terrestrial vertebrates are homologous organs, even though they have lost every trace of similarity. The lungs of terrestrial, and the swim-bladders of aquatic animals are homologous, while lungs and gills on the other hand are analogous—that is, similar in point of use.[100] And the trained and deepened morphological insight that is required to establish such distinctions is an utterly different thing from the present method of historical research, with its shallow comparisons of Christ and Buddha, Archimedes and Galileo, Cæsar and Wallenstein, parcelled Germany and parcelled Greece. More and more clearly as we go on, we shall realize what immense views will offer themselves to the historical eye as soon as the rigorous morphological method has been understood and cultivated. To name but a few examples, _homologous_ forms are: Classical sculpture and West European orchestration, the Fourth Dynasty pyramids and the Gothic cathedrals, Indian Buddhism and Roman Stoicism (Buddhism and Christianity are _not even analogous_); the periods of “the Contending States” in China, the Hyksos in Egypt and the Punic Wars; the age of Pericles and the age of the Ommayads; the epochs of the Rigveda, of Plotinus and of Dante. The Dionysiac movement is homologous with the Renaissance, analogous to the Reformation. For us, "Wagner is the _résumé_ of modernity," as Nietzsche rightly saw; and the equivalent that logically _must_ exist in the Classical modernity we find in Pergamene art. (Some preliminary notion of the fruitfulness of this way of regarding history, may be gathered from studying the tables included in this volume.)

The application of the “homology” principle to historical phenomena brings with it an entirely new connotation for the word “contemporary.” I designate as contemporary two historical facts that occur in exactly the same—relative—positions in their respective Cultures, and therefore possess exactly equivalent importance. It has already been shown how the development of the Classical and that of the Western mathematic proceeded in complete congruence, and we might have ventured to describe Pythagoras as the contemporary of Descartes, Archytas of Laplace, Archimedes of Gauss. The Ionic and the Baroque, again, ran their course _contemporaneously_. Polygnotus pairs in time with Rembrandt, Polycletus with Bach. The Reformation, Puritanism and, above all, the turn to Civilization appear simultaneously in all Cultures; in the Classical this last epoch bears the names of Philip and Alexander, in our West those of the Revolution and Napoleon. Contemporary, too, are the building of Alexandria, of Baghdad, and of Washington; Classical coinage and our double-entry book-keeping; the first Tyrannis and the Fronde; Augustus and Shih-huang-ti;[101] Hannibal and the World War.

I hope to show that without exception all great creations and forms in religion, art, politics, social life, economy and science appear, fulfil themselves and die down _contemporaneously_ in all the Cultures; that the inner structure of one corresponds strictly with that of all the others; that there is not a single phenomenon of deep physiognomic importance in the record of one for which we could not find a counterpart in the record of every other; and that this counterpart is to be found under a characteristic form and in a perfectly definite chronological position. At the same time, if we are to grasp such homologies of facts, we shall need to have a far deeper insight and a far more critical attitude towards the visible foreground of things than historians have hitherto been wont to display; who amongst them, for instance, would have allowed himself to dream that the counterpart of Protestantism was to be found in the Dionysiac movement, and that English Puritanism was for the West what Islam was for the Arabian world?

Seen from this angle, history offers possibilities far beyond the ambitions of all previous research, which has contented itself in the main with arranging the facts of the past so far as these were known (and that according to a one-line scheme)—the possibilities, namely, of

Overpassing the present as a research-limit, and predetermining the spiritual form, duration, rhythm, meaning and product of the _still unaccomplished_ stages of our western history; and

Reconstructing long-vanished and unknown epochs, even whole Cultures of the past, by means of morphological connexions, in much the same way as modern palæontology deduces far-reaching and trustworthy conclusions as to skeletal structure and species from a single unearthed skull-fragment.

It is possible, given the physiognomic rhythm, to recover from scattered details of ornament, building, script, or from odd political, economic and religious data, the organic characters of whole centuries of history, and from known elements on the scale of art-expression, to find corresponding elements on the scale of political forms, or from that of mathematical forms to read that of economic. This is a truly Goethian method—rooted in fact in Goethe’s conception of the _prime phenomenon_— which is already to a limited extent current in comparative zoology, but can be extended, to a degree hitherto undreamed of, over the whole field of history.

Footnote 93:

In English the word “cast” will evidently satisfy the sense better on occasion. The word “stil” will therefore not necessarily be always rendered “style.”—_Tr._

Footnote 94:

See Vol. II, pp. 109 et seq.

Footnote 95:

See Vol. II, pp. 36 et seq.

Footnote 96:

I will only mention here the distances apart of the three Punic Wars, and the series—likewise comprehensible only as rhythmic—Spanish Succession War, Silesian wars, Napoleonic Wars, Bismarck’s wars, and the World War (cf. Vol. II, p. 488). Connected with this is the spiritual relation of grandfather and grandson, a relation which produces in the mind of primitive peoples the conviction that the soul of the grandfather returns in the grandson, and has originated the widespread custom of giving the grandson the grandfather’s _name_, which by its mystic spell binds his soul afresh to the corporeal world.

Footnote 97:

The word is used in the sense in which biology employs it, viz., to describe the process by which the embryo traverses all the phases which its species has undergone.—_Tr._

Footnote 98:

The first draft of _Faust I_, discovered only comparatively recently.— _Tr._

Footnote 99:

See Ency. Brit., XIth Ed., articles _Owen, Sir Richard; Morphology and Zoology_ (p. 1029).—_Tr._

Footnote 100:

It is not superfluous to add that there is nothing of the causal kind in these _pure phenomena_ of “Living Nature.” Materialism, in order to get a system for the pedestrian reasoner, has had to adulterate the picture of them with fitness-causes. But Goethe—who anticipated just about as much of Darwinism as there will be left of it in fifty years from Darwin—_absolutely_ excluded the causality-principle. And the very fact that the Darwinians quite failed to notice its absence is a clear indication that Goethe’s “Living Nature” belongs to actual life, "cause"-less and "aim"-less; for the idea of the prime-phenomenon does not involve causal assumptions of any sort unless it has been misunderstood in advance in a mechanistic sense.

Footnote 101:

Reigned 246-210 B.C. He styled himself “first universal emperor” and intended a position for himself and his successors akin to that of “Divus” in Rome. For a brief account of his energetic and comprehensive work see Ency. Brit., XI Ed., article _China_, p. 194.—_Tr._

CHAPTER IV

THE PROBLEM OF WORLD-HISTORY

II

THE IDEA OF DESTINY AND THE PRINCIPLE OF CAUSALITY

CHAPTER IV

THE PROBLEM OF WORLD-HISTORY

II THE IDEA OF DESTINY AND THE PRINCIPLE OF CAUSALITY

I

Following out this train of thought to the end, we come into the presence of an opposition in which we perceive the key—the only key— wherewith to approach, and (so far as the word has any meaning at all) to solve, one of the oldest and gravest of man's riddles. This is the opposition of the _Destiny Idea_ and the _Causality Principle_—an opposition which, it is safe to say, has never hitherto been recognized for what it is, the necessary foundation of world-building.

Anyone who understands at all what is meant by saying that the soul is the _idea of an existence_, will also divine a near relationship between it and the _sure sense of a destiny_ and must regard Life itself (our name for the form in which the actualizing of the possible is accomplished) as directed, irrevocable in every line, fate-laden. Primitive man feels this dimly and anxiously, while for the man of a higher Culture it is definite enough to become his vision of the world— though this vision is communicable only through religion and art, never through notions and proofs.

Every higher language possesses a number of words such as luck, doom, conjuncture, vocation, about which there is, as it were, a veil. No hypothesis, no science, can ever get into touch with that which we feel when we let ourselves sink into the meaning and sound of these words. They are symbols, not notions. In them is the centre of gravity of that world-picture that I have called the World-as-history as opposed to the World-as-nature. The Destiny-idea demands life-experience and not scientific experience, the power of seeing and not that of calculating, depth and not intellect. There is an _organic logic_, an instinctive, dream-sure logic of all existence as opposed to the _logic of the inorganic_, the logic of understanding and of things understood—a logic of direction as against a logic of extension—and no systematist, no Aristotle or Kant, has known how to deal with it. They are on their own ground when they tell us about "judgment," "perception," "awareness," and "recollection," but as to what is in the words "hope," "happiness," "despair," "repentance," "devotion," and "consolation" they are silent. He who expects here, in the domain of the living, to find reasons and consequences, or imagines that an inward certainty as to the meaning of life is the same thing as "Fatalism" or "Predestination," simply knows nothing of the matters in question, confusing experience lived with experience acquired or acquirable. Causality is the reasonable, the law- bound, the describable, the badge of our whole waking and reasoning existence. But destiny is the word for an inner certainty that is _not_ describable. We bring out that which is in the causal by means of a physical or an epistemological system, through numbers, by reasoned classification; but the idea of destiny can be imparted only by the artist working through media like portraiture, tragedy and music. The one requires us to _distinguish_ and in distinguishing to dissect and destroy, whereas the other is _creative_ through and through, and thus destiny is related to life and causality to death.

In the Destiny-idea the soul reveals its world-longing, its desire to rise into the light, to accomplish and actualize its vocation. To no man is it entirely alien, and not before one has become the unanchored "late" man of the megalopolis is original vision quite overpowered by matter-of-fact feeling and mechanizing thought. Even then, in some intense hour, the lost vision comes back to one with terrible clearness, shattering in a moment all the causality of the world's surface. For the world as a system of causal connexions is not only a "late" but also a highly rarefied conception and only the energetic intellects of high Cultures are capable of possessing it—or perhaps we should say, devising it—with conviction. The notion of causality is coterminous with the notion of law: the only laws that are, are causal laws. But just as there lies in the causal, according to Kant, a _necessity of the thinking consciousness_ and the _basic form of its relation to the essence of things_, so also, designated by the words destiny, dispensation, vocation, there is a something that is an inevitable _necessity of life_. Real history is heavy with fate but free of laws. One can divine the future (there is, indeed, a certain insight that can penetrate its secrets deeply) but one cannot reckon it. The physiognomic flair which enables one to read a whole life in a face or to sum up whole peoples from the picture of an epoch—and to do so without deliberate effort or "system"—is utterly remote from all "cause and effect."

He who comprehends the light-world that is before his eyes not physiognomically but systematically, and makes it intellectually his own by the methods of _causal_ experience, must necessarily in the end come to believe that every living thing can be understood by reference to cause and effect—that there is no secret and no inner directedness. He, on the other hand, who as Goethe did—and for that matter as everyone does in nine out of ten of his waking moments—lets the impressions of the world about him work merely upon his senses, absorbs these impressions as a whole, feels the become in its becoming. The stiff mask of causality

is lifted by mere _ceasing to think_. Suddenly, Time is no more a riddle, a notion, a “form” or “dimension” but becomes an inner certainty, destiny itself; and in its directedness, its _irreversibility_, its livingness, is disclosed the very meaning of the historical world-picture. _Destiny and Causality are related as Time and Space._

In the two possible world-forms then—History and Nature, the physiognomy of all becoming and the system of all things become—destiny _or_ causality prevails. Between them there is all the difference between a feeling of life and a method of knowledge. Each of them is the starting- point of a complete and self-contained, but not _of a unique_ world. Yet, after all, just as the become is founded upon a becoming, so the _knowledge_ of cause and effect is founded upon the sure _feeling_ of a destiny. Causality is—so to say—destiny become, destiny made inorganic and modelled in reason-forms. Destiny itself (passed over in silence by Kant and every other builder of rational world-systems because with their armoury of _abstractions_ they could not touch _life_) stands beyond and outside all comprehended Nature. Nevertheless, being itself the original, it alone gives the stiff dead principle of cause-and- effect the opportunity to figure in the later scenes of a culture-drama, alive and historical, as the incarnation of a tyrannical thinking. The existence of the Classical soul is the _condition_ for the appearance of Democritus’s method, the existence of the Faustian soul for that of Newton’s. We may well imagine that either of these Cultures might have failed to produce a natural science of its own, but we cannot imagine the systems without their cultural foundations.

Here again we see how becoming and the become, direction and extension, include one another and are subordinated each to the other, according as we are in the historical or in the “natural” focus. If history is that kind of world-order in which all the become is fitted to the becoming, then the products of scientific work must _inter alia_ be so handled; and, in fact, for the historical eye there is only a _history_ of physics. It was Destiny that the discoveries of oxygen, Neptune, gravitation and spectrum analysis happened as and when they did. It was Destiny that the phlogiston theory, the undulatory theory of light, the kinetic theory of gases could arise at all, seeing that they were elucidations of results and, as such, highly personal to their respective authors, and that other theories (“correct” or “erroneous”) might equally well have been developed instead. And it is again Destiny and the result of strong personality when one theory vanishes and another becomes the lodestar of the physicist’s world. Even the born physicist speaks of the “fate” of a problem or the “history” of a discovery.

Conversely, if “Nature” is that constitution of things in which the becoming should logically be incorporated in the thing-become, and living direction in rigid extension, history may best be treated as a chapter of epistemology; and so indeed Kant would have treated it if he had remembered to include it at all in his system of knowledge. Significantly enough, he did not; for him as for every born systematist Nature is _The_ World, and when he discusses time without noticing that it has direction and is irreversible, we see that he is dealing with the Nature-world and has no inkling of the possibility of another, the history-world. Perhaps, for Kant, this other world _was_ actually impossible.

Now, _Causality has nothing whatever to do with Time_. To the world of to-day, made up of Kantians who know not how Kantian they are, this must seem an outrageous paradox. And yet every formula of Western physics exhibits the “how” and the “how long” as distinct in essence. As soon as the question is pressed home, causality restricts its answer rigidly to the statement _that_ something happens—and not _when_ it happens. The “effect” must of necessity be put with the “cause.” The _distance_ between them belongs to a different order, it lies within the act of understanding itself (which is an element of life) and not within the thing or things understood. It is of the essence of the extended that it overcomes directedness, and of Space that it contradicts Time, _and yet the latter, as the more fundamental, precedes and underlies the former_. Destiny claims the same precedence; we begin with the idea of Destiny, and only later, when our waking-consciousness looks fearfully for a spell that will bind in the sense-world and overcome the death that cannot be evaded, do we conceive causality as an anti-Fate, and make it _create another world to protect us from and console us for this_. And as the web of cause and effect gradually spreads over the visible surfaces there is formed a convincing picture of timeless duration— essentially, Being, but Being endowed with attributes by the sheer force of pure thought. This tendency underlies the feeling, well known in all mature Cultures, that “Knowledge is Power,” the power that is meant being power over Destiny. The abstract savant, the natural-science researcher, the thinker in systems, whose whole intellectual existence bases itself on the causality principle, are “late” manifestations of an unconscious _hatred_ of the powers of incomprehensible Destiny. “Pure Reason” denies all possibilities that are outside itself. Here strict thought and great art are eternally in conflict. The one keeps its feet, and the other lets itself go. A man like Kant must always feel himself as superior to a Beethoven as the adult is to the child, but this will not prevent a Beethoven from regarding the “Critique of Pure Reason” as a pitiable sort of philosophy. _Teleology_, that nonsense of all nonsenses within science, is a misdirected attempt to deal mechanically with the _living_ content of scientific knowledge (for knowledge implies someone to know, and though the substance of thought may be “Nature” the _act_ of thought is history), and so with life itself as an inverted causality. Teleology is a caricature of the Destiny-idea which transforms the

vocation of Dante into the _aim_ of the savant. It is the deepest and most characteristic tendency both of Darwinism—the megalopolitan-intellectual product of the most abstract of all Civilizations—and of the materialist conception of history which springs from the same root as Darwinism and, like it, kills all that is organic and fateful. Thus the morphological element of the Causal is a _Principle_, and the morphological element of Destiny is an _Idea_, an idea that is incapable of being "cognized," described or defined, and can only be felt and inwardly lived. This idea is something of which one is either entirely ignorant or else—like the man of the spring and every truly significant man of the late seasons, believer, lover, artist, poet—entirely certain.

Thus Destiny is seen to be the true _existence-mode of the prime phenomenon_, that in which the living idea of becoming unfolds itself immediately to the intuitive vision. And therefore the Destiny-idea dominates the whole world-picture of history, while causality, which is the existence-mode of _objects_ and stamps out of the world of sensations a set of well-distinguished and well-defined _things_, _properties_ and _relations_, dominates and penetrates, as the form of the understanding, the Nature-world that is the understanding's "alter ego."

But inquiry into the degree of validity of causal connexions within a presentation of nature, or (what is henceforth the same thing for us) into the destinies involved in that presentation, becomes far more difficult still when we come to realize that for primitive man or for the child no comprehensive causally-ordered world exists at all as yet and that we ourselves, though "late" men with a consciousness disciplined by powerful speech-sharpened thought, can do no more, even in moments of the most strained attention (the only ones, really, in which we are exactly in the physical focus), than _assert_ that the causal order which we see in such a moment is continuously present in the actuality around us. Even waking, we take in the actual, "the living garment of the Deity," _physiognomically_, and we do so involuntarily and by virtue of a power of experience that is rooted in the deep sources of life.

A _systematic_ delineation, on the contrary, is the expression of an understanding emancipated from perception, and by means of it we bring the mental picture of all times and all men into conformity with the moment's picture of Nature as ordered by ourselves. But the mode of this ordering, which has a history that we cannot interfere with in the smallest degree, is not the working of a cause, but a destiny.

II

The way to the problem of Time, then, begins in the primitive wistfulness and passes through its clearer issue the Destiny-idea. We have now to try to outline, briefly, the content of that problem, so far as it affects the subject of this book.

The _word_ Time is a sort of charm to summon up that intensely personal something designated earlier as the "proper," which with an inner certainty we oppose to the "alien" something that is borne in upon each of us amongst and within the crowding impressions of the sense-life. "The Proper," "Destiny" and "Time" are interchangeable words.

The problem of Time, like that of Destiny, has been completely misunderstood by all thinkers who have confined themselves to the systematic of the Become. In Kant's celebrated theory there is not one word about its character of directedness. Not only so, but the omission has never even been noticed. But what _is_ time as a length, time without direction? Everything living, we can only repeat, has "life," direction, impulse, will, a movement-quality (Bewegtheit) that is most intimately allied to yearning and has not the smallest element in common with the "motion" (Bewegung) of the physicists. The living is indivisible and irreversible, once and uniquely occurring, and its course is entirely indeterminable by mechanics. For all such qualities belong to the essence of Destiny, and "Time"—that which we actually feel at the sound of the word, which is clearer in music than in language, and in poetry than in prose—has this _organic_ essence, while Space has not. Hence, Kant and the rest notwithstanding, it is impossible to bring Time _with Space_ under one general Critique. Space is a _conception_, but time is a _word_ to indicate something inconceivable, a sound- symbol, and to use it as a notion, scientifically, is utterly to misconceive its nature. Even the word direction—which unfortunately cannot be replaced by another—is liable to mislead owing to its visual content. The vector-notion in physics is a case in point.

For primitive man the word "time" can have no meaning. He simply lives, without any necessity of specifying an opposition to something else. He _has_ time, but he _knows_ nothing of it. All of us are conscious, as being aware, of space only, and not of time. Space "is," (i.e. exists, in and with our sense-world)—as a self-extension while we are living the ordinary life of dream, impulse, intuition and conduct, and as space in the strict sense in the moments of strained attention. "Time," on the contrary, is a _discovery_, which is only made by thinking. We create it as an idea or notion and do not begin till much later to suspect that _we ourselves are Time_, inasmuch as we live.[102] And only the higher Cultures, whose world-conceptions have reached the mechanical-Nature stage, are capable of deriving from their consciousness of a well- ordered measurable and comprehensible

Spatial, the projected image of time, the _phantom_ time,[103] which satisfies their need of comprehending, measuring and causally ordering all. And this impulse—a sign of the sophistication of existence that makes its appearance quite early in every Culture—fashions, outside and beyond the real life- feeling, that which is called time in all higher languages and has become for the town-intellect a completely _inorganic magnitude_, as deceptive as it is current. But, if the characteristics, or rather the characteristic, of extension—limit and causality—is really wizard's gear wherewith our proper soul attempts to conjure and bind alien powers— Goethe speaks somewhere of the "principle of reasonable order that we bear within ourselves and could impress as the seal of our power upon everything that we touch"—if all law is a fetter which our world-dread hurries to fix upon the incrowding sensuous, a deep necessity of self- preservation, so also the invention of a time that is knowable and spatially representable within causality is a later act of this same self-preservation, an attempt to bind by the force of _notion_ the tormenting inward riddle that is doubly tormenting to the intellect that has attained power only to find itself defied. Always a subtle hatred underlies the intellectual process by which anything is forced into the domain and form-world of measure and law. The living is _killed_ by being introduced into space, for space is dead and makes dead. With birth is given death, with the fulfilment the end. Something _dies_ within the woman when she conceives—hence comes that eternal hatred of the sexes, child of world-fear. The man destroys, in a very deep sense, when he begets—by bodily act in the sensuous world, by "knowing" in the intellectual. Even in Luther[104] the word "know" has the secondary genital sense. And with the "knowledge" of life—which remains alien to the lower animals—the knowledge of death has gained that power which dominates man's whole waking consciousness. By a _picture_ of time the actual is changed into the transitory.[105]

The mere creation of the _name_ Time was an unparalleled deliverance. To name anything by a name is to win power over it. This is the essence of primitive man's art of magic—the evil powers are constrained by naming them, and the enemy is weakened or killed by coupling certain magic procedures with his name.[106]

And there is something of this primitive expression of world-fear in the way in which all systematic philosophies use mere names as a last resort for getting rid of the Incomprehensible, the Almighty that is all too mighty for the intellect. We name something or other the "Absolute," and we feel ourselves at once its superior. Philosophy, the _love_ of Wisdom, is at the very bottom defence against the incomprehensible. What is named, comprehended, measured is _ipso facto_ overpowered, made inert and taboo.[107] Once more, "knowledge is power." Herein lies one root of the difference between the idealist's and the realist's attitude towards the Unapproachable; it is expressed by the two meanings of the German word _Scheu_—respect and abhorrence.[108] The idealist contemplates, the realist would subject, mechanize, render innocuous. Plato and Goethe accept the secret in humility, Aristotle and Kant would open it up and destroy it. The most deeply significant example of this realism is in its treatment of the Time problem. The dread mystery of Time, life itself, must be spellbound and, by the magic of comprehensibility, neutralized.

All that has been said about time in "scientific" philosophy, psychology and physics—the supposed answer to a question that had better never have been asked, namely what _is_ time?—touches, not at any point the secret itself, but only a spatially-formed _representative_ phantom. The livingness and directedness and fated course of real Time is replaced by a figure which, be it never so intimately absorbed, is only a _line_, measurable, divisible, reversible, and not a portrait of that which is incapable of being portrayed; by a "time" that can be mathematically expressed in such forms as $\sqrt{_t_}$, $_t_^2$, $-_t_$, from which the assumption of a time of zero magnitude or of negative times is, to say the least, _not_ excluded.[109] Obviously this is something quite outside the domain of Life, Destiny, and living _historical_ Time; it is a purely conceptual time-system that is remote even from the sensuous life. One has only to substitute, in any philosophical or physical treatise that one pleases, this word "Destiny" for the word "time" and one will instantly see how understanding loses its way when language has emancipated it from sensation, and how impossible the group "time and space" is. What is not experienced and felt, what is merely _thought_, necessarily takes a _spatial_ form, and this explains why no systematic philosopher has been able to make anything out of the mystery-clouded, far-echoing sound symbols "Past" and "Future." In Kant's utterances concerning time they do not even occur, and in fact one cannot see any relation which could connect them with what is said there. But only this spatial form enables time and space to be brought into functional interdependence as magnitudes _of the same_ order, as four-dimensional vector analysis[110] conspicuously shows. As early as 1813 Lagrange frankly described mechanics as a four-dimensional geometry, and even Newton's cautious conception of "tempus absolutum sive duratio" is not exempt from this _intellectually inevitable_ transformation of the living into mere extension. In the older philosophy I have found one, and only one, profound and reverent presentation of Time; it is in Augustine—"If no one questions me, I know: if I would explain to a questioner, I know not."[111]

When philosophers of the present-day West "hedge"—as they all do—by saying that things _are_ in time as in space and that "outside" them nothing is "conceivable," they are merely putting another kind of space (Räumlichkeit) beside the ordinary one, just

as one might, if one chose, call hope and electricity the two forces of the universe. It ought not, surely, to have escaped Kant when he spoke of the “two forms” of perception, that whereas it is easy enough to come to a scientific understanding about space (though not to “explain” it, in the ordinary sense of the word, for that is beyond human powers), treatment of time on the same lines breaks down utterly. The reader of the “Critique of Pure Reason” and the “Prolegomena” will observe that Kant gives a well- considered proof for the connexion of space and geometry but carefully avoids doing the same for time and arithmetic. There he did not go beyond enunciation, and constant reassertion of analogy between the two conceptions lured him over a gap that would have been fatal to his system. _Vis-à-vis_ the Where and the How, the When forms a world of its own as distinct as is metaphysics from physics. Space, object, number, notion, causality are so intimately akin that it is impossible—as countless mistaken systems prove—to treat the one independently of the other. Mechanics is a copy of the logic of its day and vice versa. The picture of thought as psychology builds it up and the picture of the space-world as contemporary physics describes it are reflections of one another. Conceptions and things, reasons and causes, conclusions and processes coincide so nicely, as received by the consciousness, that the abstract thinker himself has again and again succumbed to the temptation of setting forth the thought-“process” graphically and schematically— witness Aristotle’s and Kant’s tabulated categories. “Where there is no scheme, there is no philosophy” is the objection of principle— unacknowledged though it may be—that all professional philosophers have against the “intuitives,” to whom inwardly they feel themselves far superior. That is why Kant crossly describes the Platonic style of thinking “as the art of spending good words in babble” (die Kunst, wortreich zu schwatzen), and why even to-day the lecture-room philosopher has not a word to say about Goethe’s philosophy. Every logical operation is capable of being _drawn_, every system a _geometrical_ method of handling thoughts. And therefore Time either finds no place in the system at all, or is made its victim.

This is the refutation of that widely-spread misunderstanding which connects time with arithmetic and space with geometry by superficial analogies, an error to which Kant ought never to have succumbed—though it is hardly surprising that Schopenhauer, with his incapacity for understanding mathematics, did so. Because the living act of numbering is somehow or other related to time, number and time are constantly confused. But numbering is not number, any more than drawing is a drawing. Numbering and drawing are a becoming, numbers and figures are things become. Kant and the rest have in mind now the living act (numbering) and now the result thereof (the relations of the finished figure); but the one belongs to the domain of Life and Time, the other to that of Extension and Causality. _That_ I calculate is the business of organic, _what_ I calculate the business of inorganic, logic. Mathematics as a whole—in common language, arithmetic and geometry— answers the _How?_ and the _What?_—that is, the problem of the Natural order of things. In opposition to this problem stands that of the _When?_ of things, the specifically historical problem of destiny, future and past; and all these things are comprised in the word _Chronology_, which simple mankind understands fully and unequivocally.

Between arithmetic and geometry there is no opposition.[112] Every kind of number, as has been sufficiently shown in an earlier chapter, belongs entirely to the realm of the extended and the become, whether as a Euclidean magnitude or as an analytical function; and to which heading should we have to assign the cyclometric[113] functions, the Binomial Theorem, the Riemann surfaces, the Theory of Groups? Kant’s scheme was refuted by Euler and d’Alembert before he even set it up, and only the unfamiliarity of his successors with the mathematics of their time—what a contrast to Descartes, Pascal and Leibniz, who evolved the mathematics of _their_ time from the depths of their own philosophy!—made it possible for mathematical notions of a relation between time and arithmetic to be passed on like an heirloom, almost uncriticized.

But between Becoming and any part whatsoever of mathematics there is not the slightest contact. Newton indeed was profoundly convinced (and he was no mean philosopher) that in the principles of his Calculus of Fluxions[114] he had grasped the problem of Becoming, and therefore of Time—in a far subtler form, by the way, than Kant’s. But even Newton’s view could not be upheld, even though it may find advocates to this day. Since Weierstrass proved that continuous functions exist which either cannot be differentiated at all or are capable only of partial differentiation, this most deep-searching of all efforts to close with the Time-problem mathematically has been abandoned.

Footnote 102:

The sensuous life and the intellectual life too are Time; it is only sensuous _experience_ and intellectual _experience_, the “world,” that is spatial nature. (As to the nearer affinity of the Feminine to Time, see Vol. II, pp. 403 et seq.)

Footnote 103:

The expression “space of time” (Zeitraum) which is common to many languages, is evidence of our inability to represent direction otherwise than by extension.

Footnote 104:

I.e., the translated Bible.—_Tr._

Footnote 105:

See Vol. II, pp. 19 et seq.

Footnote 106:

See p. 80 of this volume, and Vol. II, pp. 166, 328.

Footnote 107:

See Vol. II, p. 137.

Footnote 108:

The nearest English equivalent is perhaps the word “fear.” “Fearful” would correspond exactly but for the fact that in the second sense the word is objective instead of subjective. The word “shy” itself bears the second meaning in such trivial words as gun-shy, work-shy.—_Tr._

Footnote 109:

The Relativity theory, a working hypothesis which is on the way to overthrowing Newton’s mechanics—which means at bottom his view of the problem of motion—admits cases in which the words “earlier” and “later” may be inverted. The mathematical foundation of this theory by Minkowski uses _imaginary_ time units for measurement.

Footnote 110:

The dimensions are _x_, _y_, _z_ (in respect of space) and _t_ (in respect of time), and all four appear to be regarded as perfectly equivalent in transformations. [The English reader may be referred to A. Einstein, “Theory of Relativity,” Ch. XI and appendices I, II.— _Tr._]

Footnote 111:

Si nemo ex me quaerat, scio; si quaerenti explicari velim, nescio. (_Conf._ XI, 14.)

Footnote 112:

Save in elementary mathematics. (It may be remarked that most philosophers since Schopenhauer have approached these questions with the prepossessions of elementary mathematics.)

Footnote 113:

The “inverse circular functions” of English text-books.—_Tr._

Footnote 114:

The Newtonian form of the differential calculus was distinct from the Leibnizian, which is now in general use. Without going into unnecessary detail, the characteristic of Newton’s method was that it was meant not for the calculation of quadratures and tangents (which had occupied his predecessors), nor as an organ of functional theory as such (as the differential calculus became much later), but quite definitely as a method of dealing with _rate of change_ in pure mechanics, with the “flowing” or “fluxion” of a dependent variable under the influence of a variable which for Newton was the “fluent,” and which we call the argument of a function.—_Tr._

III

Time is a counter-conception (Gegenbegriff) to Space, arising out of Space, just as the notion (as distinct from the fact) of Life arises only in opposition to thought, and the notion (as distinct from the fact) of birth and generation only in opposition to death.[115] This is implicit in the very essence of all awareness. Just as any sense- impression is only remarked when it detaches itself from another, so any kind of understanding that is genuine critical activity[116] is only made possible through the setting-up of a new concept as anti-pole to one already present, or through the divorce (if we may call it so) of a pair of inwardly-polar concepts which as long as they are mere constituents, possess no actuality.[117] It has long been presumed—and rightly, beyond a doubt—that all root-words, whether they express things or properties, have come into being by pairs; but even later, even to- day, the connotation that every new word receives is a reflection of some other. And so, guided by language, the understanding, incapable of fitting a sure inward subjective certainty of Destiny into its form- world, created "time" out of space as its opposite. But for this we should possess neither the word nor its connotation. And so far is this process of word-formation carried that the particular style of extension possessed by the Classical world led to a specifically Classical notion of time, differing from the time-notions of India, China and the West exactly as Classical space differs from the space of these Cultures.[118]

For this reason, the notion of an art-form—which again is a "counter- concept"—has only arisen when men became aware that their art-creations had a connotation (Gehalt) at all, that is, when the expression-language of the art, along with its effects, had ceased to be something perfectly natural and taken-for-granted, as it still was in the time of the Pyramid-Builders, in that of the Mycenæan strongholds and in that of the early Gothic cathedrals. Men become suddenly aware of the existence of "works," and then for the first time the understanding eye is able to distinguish a causal side and a destiny side in every living art.

In every work that displays the _whole_ man and the _whole_ meaning of the existence, fear and longing lie close together, but they are and they remain different. To the fear, to the Causal, belongs the whole "taboo" side of art—its stock of motives, developed in strict schools and long craft-training, carefully protected and piously transmitted; all of it that is comprehensible, learnable, _numerical_; all the _logic_ of colour, line, structure, order, which constitutes the mother- tongue of every worthy artist and every great epoch. But the other side, opposed to the "taboo" as the directed is to the extended and as the development-destiny within a form-language to its syllogisms, comes out in genius (namely, in that which is wholly personal _to the individual artists_, their imaginative powers, creative passion, depth and richness, as against all mere mastery of form) and, beyond even genius, in that superabundance of creativeness in the race which conditions the rise and fall of whole arts. This is the "totem" side, and owing to it— notwithstanding all the æsthetics ever penned—there is no timeless and solely-true way of art, but only a _history_ of art, marked like everything that lives with the sign of irreversibility.[119]

And this is why architecture of the grand style—which is the only one of the arts that handles the alien and fear-instilling itself, the immediate Extended, the stone—is naturally _the_ early art in all Cultures, and only step by step yields its primacy to the special arts of the city with their more mundane forms—the statue, the picture, the musical composition. Of all the great artists of the West, it was probably Michelangelo who suffered most acutely under the constant nightmare of world-fear, and it was he also who, alone among the Renaissance masters, never freed himself from the architectural. He even painted as though his surfaces were stone, become, stiff, _hateful_. His work was a bitter wrestle with the powers of the cosmos which faced him and challenged him in the form of material, whereas in the yearning Leonardo's colour we see, as it were, a glad materialization of the spiritual. But in every large architectural problem an implacable causal logic, not to say mathematic, comes to expression—in the Classical orders of columns a Euclidean relation of _beam_ and _load_, in the "analytically" disposed thrust-system of Gothic vaulting the dynamic relation of _force_ and _mass_. Cottage-building traditions—which are to be traced in the one and in the other, which are the necessary background even of Egyptian architecture, which in fact develop in every early period and are regularly lost in every later—contain the whole sum of this logic of the extended. But the symbolism of direction and destiny is beyond all the "technique" of the great arts and hardly approachable by way of æsthetics. It lies—to take some instances—in the contrast that is always felt (but never, either by Lessing or by Hebbel, elucidated) between Classical and Western tragedy; in the succession of scenes of old Egyptian relief and generally in the _serial_ arrangement of Egyptian statues, sphinxes, temple-halls; in the choice, as distinct from the treatment, of materials (hardest diorite to affirm, and softest wood to deny, the future); in the occurrence, and not in the grammar, of the individual arts, e.g., the victory of arabesque over the Early Christian picture, the retreat of oil-painting before chamber music in the Baroque; in the utter diversity of intention in Egyptian, Chinese and Classical statuary. All these are not matters of "can" but of "must," and therefore it is not mathematics and abstract thought, but the great arts in their kinship with the contemporary religions, that give the key to the problem of Time, a problem that can hardly be solved within the domain of history[120] alone.

Footnote 115:

See Vol. II, pp. 13, 19.

Footnote 116:

See Vol. II, p. 16.

Footnote 117:

The original reads: “(So ist jede Art von Verstehen ... nur dadurch möglich ...) dass ein Begriffspaar von innerem Gegensatz gewissermassen durch Auseinandertreten erst Wirklichkeit erhält.”— _Tr._

Footnote 118:

At this point the German text repeats the paragraph which in this edition begins at “But inquiry” (p. 121) and ends at the close of section I (p. 121).—_Tr._

Footnote 119:

See Vol. II, pp. 137, 159.

Footnote 120:

Here the author presumably means history in the ordinary acceptation of the word.—_Tr._

IV

It follows from the meaning that we have attached to the Culture as a prime phenomenon and to destiny as the organic logic of existence, that each Culture must necessarily possess its own destiny-idea. Indeed, this conclusion is implicit from the first in the feeling that every great Culture is nothing but the actualizing and form of a single, singularly- constituted (einzigartig) soul. And what cannot be felt by one sort of men exactly as it is felt by another (since the life of each is the expression of the idea _proper_ to himself) and still less transcribed, what is named by us “conjuncture,” “accident,” “Providence” or “Fate,” by Classical man “Nemesis,” “Ananke,” “Tyche” or “Fatum,” by the Arab “Kismet,” by everyone in some way of his own, is just that of which each unique and unreproduceable soul-constitution, quite clear to those who share in it, is a rendering.

The Classical form of the Destiny-idea I shall venture to call Euclidean. Thus it is the sense-actual person of Œdipus, his “empirical ego,” nay, his σ■μα that is hunted and thrown by Destiny. Œdipus complains that Creon has misused his “body”[121] and that the oracle applied to his “body.”[122] Æschylus, again, speaks of Agamemnon as the “royal body, leader of fleets.”[123] It is this same word σ■μα that the mathematicians employ more than once for the “bodies” with which they deal. But the destiny of King Lear is of the “analytical” type—to use here also the term suggested by the corresponding number-world—and consists in dark inner relationships. The idea of fatherhood emerges; spiritual threads weave themselves into the action, incorporeal and transcendental, and are weirdly illuminated by the counterpoint of the secondary tragedy of Gloster’s house. Lear is at the last a mere name, the axis of something unbounded. _This_ conception of destiny is the “infinitesimal” conception. It stretches out into infinite time and infinite space. It touches the bodily, Euclidean existence not at all, but affects only the Soul. Consider the mad King between the fool and the outcast in the storm on the heath, and then look at the Laocoön group; the first is the Faustian, the other the Apollinian way of suffering. Sophocles, too, wrote a Laocoön drama; and we may be certain that there was nothing of _pure soul-agony_ in it. Antigone goes below ground in the body, because she has buried her brother’s body. Think of Ajax and Philoctetes, and then of the Prince of Homburg and Goethe’s Tasso—is not the difference between magnitude and relation traceable right into the depths of artistic creation?

This brings us to another connexion of high symbolic significance. The drama of the West is ordinarily designated _Character-Drama_. That of the Greeks, on the other hand, is best described as _Situation-Drama_, and in the antithesis we can perceive what it is that Western, and what it is that Classical, man respectively feel as the basic life-form that is imperilled by the onsets of tragedy and fate. If in lieu of “direction” we say “irreversibility,” if we let ourselves sink into the terrible meaning of those words “too late” wherewith we resign a fleeting bit of the present to the _eternal_ past, we find the deep foundation of every tragic

crisis. It is Time that is the tragic, and it is by the meaning that it intuitively attaches to Time that one Culture is differentiated from another; and consequently “tragedy” of the grand order has only developed in the Culture which has most passionately affirmed, and in that which has most passionately denied, Time. The sentiment of the ahistoric soul gives us a Classical tragedy of the moment, and that of the ultrahistorical soul puts before us Western tragedy that deals with the _development of a whole life_. Our tragedy arises from the feeling of an _inexorable_ Logic of becoming, while the Greek feels the _illogical, blind Casual of the moment_—the life of Lear matures inwardly towards a catastrophe, and that of Œdipus stumbles without warning upon a situation. And now one may perceive how it is that synchronously with Western drama there rose and fell a mighty portrait-art (culminating in Rembrandt), a kind of historical and biographical art which (_because_ it was so) was sternly discountenanced in Classical Greece at the apogee of Attic drama. Consider the veto on likeness-statuary in votive offerings[124] and note how—from Demetrius of Alopeke (about 400)[125]—a timid art of “ideal” portraiture began to venture forth when, and only when, grand tragedy had been thrown into the background by the light society-pieces of the “Middle Comedy.”[126] Fundamentally all Greek statues were standard masks, like the actors in the theatre of Dionysus; all bring to expression, in significantly strict form, _somatic_ attitudes and positions. Physiognomically they are _dumb_, corporeal and _of necessity_ nude—character-heads of definite individuals came only with the Hellenistic age. Once more we are reminded of the contrast between the Greek number-world, with its computations of tangible results, and the other, our own, in which the relations between groups of functions or equations or, generally, formula-elements of the same order are investigated morphologically, and the character of these relations fixed _as such_ in express laws.

Footnote 121:

Œd. Rex., 642. κακ■ς ε■ληφα το■μ■ν σ■μα σ■ν τ■χν■ κακ■. (Cf. Rudolf Hirsch, _Die Person_ (1914), p. 9.)

Footnote 122:

Œd. Col., 355. μαντε■α ... ■ το■δ’ ■χρ■σθη σ■ματος.

Footnote 123:

Choëphoræ, 710. ■π■ ναυ■ρχ■ σ■ματι ... τ■ βασιλε■■.

Footnote 124:

Phidias, and through him his patron Pericles, were attacked for alleged introduction of portraits upon the shield of Athene Parthenos. In Western religious art, on the contrary, portraiture was, as everyone knows, a habitual practice. Every Madonna, for instance, is more or less of a portrait.

With this may be compared again the growing resistance of Byzantine art, as it matured, to portraiture in sacred surroundings, evidenced for instance in the history of the _nimbus_ or halo—which was removed from the insignia of the Prince to become the badge of the Saint—in the legend of the miraculous effacement of Justinian’s pompous inscription on Hagia Sophia, and in the banishment of the human patron from the celestial part of the church to the earthly.—_Tr._

Footnote 125:

Who was criticized as “no god-maker but a man-maker” and as one who spoilt the _beauty_ of his work by aiming at _likeness_.

Cresilas, the sculptor from whom the only existing portrait of Pericles is derived, was a little earlier; in him, however, the “ideal” was still the supreme aim.—_Tr._

Footnote 126:

The writers immediately succeeding Aristophanes.—_Tr._

V

In the capacity of experientially living history and the way in which history, particularly the history of personal becoming, is lived, one man differs very greatly from another.

Every Culture possesses a wholly individual way of looking at and comprehending the world-as-Nature; or (what comes to the same thing) it _has_ its own peculiar “Nature” which no other sort of man can possess in exactly the same form. But in a far greater degree still, every Culture—including the individuals comprising it (who are separated only by minor distinctions)—possesses a specific and peculiar sort of history—and it is in the picture of this and the style of this that the general and the personal, the inner and the outer, the world-historical and the biographical becoming, are immediately perceived, felt and lived. Thus the autobiographical tendency of Western man—revealed even in Gothic times in the symbol of auricular confession[127]—is utterly alien to Classical man; while his intense historical awareness is in complete contrast to the almost dreamy unconsciousness of the Indian. And when Magian man—primitive Christian or ripe scholar of Islam—uses the words “world-history,” what is it that he sees before him?

But it is difficult enough to form an exact idea even of the “Nature” proper to another kind of man, although in this domain things specifically cognizable are causally ordered and unified in a communicable system. And it is quite impossible for us to penetrate completely a historical world-aspect of “becoming” formed by a soul that is quite differently constituted from our own. Here there must always be an intractable residue, greater or smaller in proportion to our historical instinct, physiognomic tact and knowledge of men. All the same, the solution of this very problem is the condition-precedent of all really deep understanding of the world. The historical environment of another is a part of his _essence_, and no such other can be understood without the knowledge of his time-sense, his destiny-idea and the style and degree of acuity of his inner life. In so far therefore as these things are not directly confessed, we have to extract them from the symbolism of the alien Culture. And as it is thus and only thus that we can approach the incomprehensible, the style of an alien Culture, and the great time-symbols belonging thereto acquire an immeasurable importance.

As an example of these hitherto almost uncomprehended signs we may take the _clock_, a creation of highly developed Cultures that becomes more and more mysterious as one examines it. Classical man managed to do without the clock, and his abstention was more or less deliberate. To the Augustan period, and far beyond it, the time of day was estimated by the length of one’s shadow,[128] although sun-dials and water-clocks, designed in conformity with a strict time-reckoning and imposed by a deep sense of past and future, had been in regular use in both the older Cultures of Egypt and Babylonia.[129] Classical man’s existence— Euclidean, relationless, point-formed—was wholly contained in the instant. Nothing must remind him of past or future. For the true Classical, archæology did not exist, nor did its _spiritual inversion_, _astrology_. The Oracle and the Sibyl, like the Etruscan-Roman “haruspices” and “augurs,” did not foretell any distant future but merely gave indications on particular questions of immediate bearing. No time-reckoning entered intimately into everyday life (for the Olympiad sequence was a mere literary expedient) and what really matters is not the goodness or badness of a calendar but the questions: “who uses it?” and “does the life of the nation run by it?” In Classical cities nothing suggested duration, or old times or times to come—there was no pious preservation of ruins, no work conceived for the benefit of future generations; in them we do not find that durable[130] material was deliberately chosen. The Dorian Greek ignored the Mycenæan stone- technique and built in wood or clay, though Mycenæan and Egyptian work was before him and the country produced first-class building-stone. The Doric style is a timber style—even in Pausanias’s day some wooden columns still lingered in the Heræum of Olympia. The real organ of history is “memory” in the sense which is always postulated in this book, viz., that which preserves as a constant present the image of one’s personal past and of a national and a world-historical past[131] as well, and is conscious of the course both of personal and of super- personal becoming. That organ was not present in the make-up of a Classical soul. There was no “Time” in it. Immediately behind his proper present, the Classical historian sees a background that is already destitute of temporal and therefore of inward order. For Thucydides the Persian Wars, for Tacitus the agitation of the Gracchi, were already in this vague background;[132] and the great families of Rome had traditions that were pure romance—witness Cæsar’s slayer, Brutus, with his firm belief in his reputed tyrannicide ancestor. Cæsar’s reform of the calendar may almost be regarded as a deed of emancipation from the Classical life-feeling. But it must not be forgotten that Cæsar also imagined a renunciation of Rome and a transformation of the City-State into an empire which was to be dynastic—marked with the badge of duration—and to have its centre of gravity in Alexandria, which in fact is the birthplace of his calendar. His assassination seems to us a last outburst of the antiduration feeling that was incarnate in the _Polis_ and the _Urbs Roma_.

Even then Classical mankind was still living every hour and every day for itself; and this is equally true whether we take the individual Greek or Roman, or the city, or the nation, or the whole Culture. The hot-blooded pageantry, palace-orgies, circus-battles

of Nero or Caligula—Tacitus is a true Roman in describing only these and ignoring the smooth progress of life in the distant provinces—are final and flamboyant expressions of the Euclidean world-feeling that deified the body and the present.

The Indians also have no sort of time-reckoning (the absence of it in their case expressing their Nirvana) and no clocks, and _therefore_ no history, no life memories, no care. What the conspicuously historical West calls “Indian history” achieved itself without the smallest consciousness of what it was doing.[133] The millennium of the Indian Culture between the Vedas and Buddha seems like the stirrings of a sleeper; here life was _actually_ a dream. From all this our Western Culture is unimaginably remote. And, indeed, man has never—not even in the “contemporary” China of the Chóu period with its highly-developed sense of eras and epochs[134]—been so awake and aware, so deeply sensible of time and conscious of direction and fate and movement as he has been in the West. _Western history was willed and Indian history happened._ In Classical existence years, in Indian centuries scarcely counted, but here the hour, the minute, yea the second, is of importance. Of the tragic tension of a historical crisis like that of August, 1914, when even moments seem overpowering, neither a Greek nor an Indian could have had any idea.[135] Such crises, too, a deep-feeling man of the West can experience _within himself_, as a true Greek could never do. Over our country-side, day and night from thousands of belfries, ring the bells[136] that join future to past and fuse the point-moments of the Classical present into a grand relation. The epoch which marks the birth of our Culture—the time of the Saxon Emperors— marks also the discovery of the wheel-clock.[137] Without exact time- measurement, without a _chronology of becoming_ to correspond with his imperative need of archæology (the preservation, excavation and collection of _things-become_), Western man is unthinkable. The Baroque age intensified the Gothic symbol of the belfry to the point of grotesqueness, and produced the pocket watch that constantly accompanies the individual.[138]

Another symbol, as deeply significant and as little understood as the symbol of the clock, is that of the funeral customs which all great Cultures have consecrated by ritual and by art. The grand style in India begins with tomb-temples, in the Classical world with funerary urns, in Egypt with pyramids, in early Christianity with catacombs and sarcophagi. In the dawn, innumerable equally-possible forms still cross one another chaotically and obscurely, dependent on clan-custom and external necessities and conveniences. But every Culture promptly elevates one or another of them to the highest degree of symbolism. Classical man, obedient to his deep unconscious life-feeling, picked upon burning, an act of annihilation in which the Euclidean, the here- and-now, type of existence was powerfully expressed. He _willed_ to have no history, no duration, neither past nor future, neither preservation nor dissolution, and therefore he _destroyed_ that which no longer possessed a present, the _body_ of a Pericles, a Cæsar, a Sophocles, a Phidias. And the soul passed to join the vague crowd to which the living members of the clan paid (but soon ceased to pay) the homage of ancestor-worship and soul-feast, and which in its _formlessness_ presents an utter contrast to the ancestor-_series_, the _genealogical tree_, that is eternalized with all the marks of historical order in the family-vault of the West. In this (with one striking exception, the Vedic dawn in India) no other Culture parallels the Classical.[139] And be it noted that the Doric-Homeric spring, and above all the “Iliad,” invested this act of burning with all the vivid feeling of a _new-born_ symbol; for those very warriors whose deeds probably formed the nucleus of the epic were in fact buried almost in the Egyptian manner in the graves of Mycenæ, Tiryns, Orchomenos and other places. And when in Imperial times the sarcophagus or “flesh-consumer”[140] began to supersede the vase of ashes, it was again, as in the time when the Homeric urn superseded the shaft-grave of Mycenæ, a _changed sense of Time_ that underlay the change of rite.

The Egyptians, who preserved their past in memorials of stone and hieroglyph so purposefully that we, four thousand years after them, can determine the order of their kings’ reigns, so thoroughly eternalized their bodies that today the great Pharaohs lie in our museums, recognizable in every lineament, a symbol of grim triumph—while of Dorian kings not even the names have survived. For our own part, we know the exact birthdays and deathdays of almost every great man since Dante, and, moreover, we see nothing strange in the fact. Yet in the time of Aristotle, the very zenith of Classical education, it was no longer known with certainty if Leucippus, the founder of Atomism and a contemporary of Pericles—i.e., hardly a century before—had ever existed at all; much as though for us the existence of Giordano Bruno was a matter of doubt[141] and the Renaissance had become pure saga.

And these museums themselves, in which we assemble everything that is left of the corporeally-sensible past! Are not they a symbol of the highest rank? Are they not intended to conserve in mummy the entire “body” of cultural development?

As we collect countless data in milliards of printed books, do we not also collect _all_ the works of _all_ the dead Cultures in these myriad halls of West-European cities, in the mass of the collection depriving each individual piece of that instant of actualized purpose that is its own—the one property that the Classical soul would have respected—and _ipso facto_ dissolving it into our unending and unresting Time? Consider what it was that the Hellenes named Μουσεῖον;[142] how deep a significance lies in the change of sense!

Footnote 127:

See Vol. II, pp. 360 et seq.

Footnote 128:

Diels, _Antike Technik_ (1920), p. 159.

Footnote 129:

About 400 B.C. savants began to construct crude sun-dials in Africa and Ionia, and from Plato's time still more primitive clepsydræ came into use; but in both forms, the Greek clock was a mere imitation of the far superior models of the older East, and it had not the slightest connexion with the Greek life-feeling. See Diels, _op. cit._, pp. 160 et seq.

Footnote 130:

Horace's _monumentum ære perennius_ (Odes III, 30) may seem to conflict with this: but let the reader reconsider the whole of that ode in the light of the present argument, and turn also to Leuconoe and her "Babylonian" impieties (Odes I, 11) _inter alia_, and he will probably agree that so far as Horace is concerned, the argument is supported rather than impugned.—_Tr._

Footnote 131:

Ordered, for us, by the Christian chronology and the ancient-mediæval- modern scheme. It was on those foundations that, from early Gothic times, the images of religion and of art have been built up in which a large part of Western humanity continues to live. To predicate the same of Plato or Phidias is quite impossible, whereas the Renaissance artists could and did project a classical past, which indeed they permitted to dominate their judgments completely.

Footnote 132:

See pp. 9. et seq.

Footnote 133:

The Indian history of our books is a Western reconstruction from texts and monuments. See the chapter on epigraphy in the "Indian Gazetteer," Vol. II.—_Tr._

Footnote 134:

See Vol. II, pp. 482, 521 et seq.

Footnote 135:

There is one famous episode in Greek history that may be thought to contradict this—the race against time of the galley sent to Mitylene to countermand the order of massacre (Thucydides, III, 49). But we observe that Thucydides gives twenty times the space to the debates at Athens that he gives to the drama of the galley-rowers pulling night and day to save life. And we are told that it was the Mitylenean ambassadors who spared no expense to make it worth the rowers' while to win, whereupon "there arose such a zeal of rowing that...." The final comment is, strictly construing Thucydides's own words: "Such was the magnitude of the danger that Mitylene passed by" (παρ■ τοσο■τον μ■ν ■ Μυτιλ■νη ■λθε κινδ■νου), a phrase which recalls forcibly what has just been said regarding the "situation-drama."— _Tr._

Footnote 136:

Besides the clock, the bell itself is a Western "symbol." The passing- bell tolled for St. Hilda of Whitby in 680, and a century before that time bells had come into general use in Gaul both for monasteries and for parish churches. On the contrary, it was not till 865 that Constantinople possessed bells, and these were presented in that year by Venice. The presence of a belfry in a Byzantine church is accounted a proof of "Western influence": the East used and still largely uses mere gongs and rattles for religious purposes. (British Museum "Handbook of Early Christian Antiquities)".—_Tr._

Footnote 137:

May we be permitted to guess that the Babylonian sun-dial and the Egyptian water-clock came into being “simultaneously,” that is, on the threshold of the third millennium before Christ? The history of clocks is inwardly inseparable from that of the calendar; it is therefore to be assumed that the Chinese and the Mexican Cultures also, with their deep sense of history, very early devised and used methods of time- measurement.

(The Mexican Culture developed the most intricate of all known systems of indicating year and day. See British Museum “Handbook of May on Antiquities.”—_Tr._)

Footnote 138:

Let the reader try to imagine what a Greek would feel when suddenly made acquainted with this custom of ours.

Footnote 139:

The Chinese ancestor-worship honoured genealogical order with strict ceremonies. And whereas here ancestor-worship by degrees came to be the centre of all piety, in the Classical world it was driven entirely into the background by the cults of _present_ gods; in Roman times it hardly existed at all.

(Note the elaborate precautions taken in the Athenian “Anthesteria” to keep the anonymous mass of ghosts at bay. This feast was anything but an All Souls’ Day of re-communion with the departed spirits.—_Tr._)

Footnote 140:

With obvious reference to the resurrection of the flesh (■κ νεκρ■ν). But the meaning of the term “resurrection” has undergone, from about 1000 A.D., a profound—though hardly noticed—change. More and more it has tended to become identified with “immortality.” But in the resurrection from the dead, the implication is that time begins again to repeat in space, whereas in “immortality” it is time that overcomes space.

Footnote 141:

For English readers, the most conspicuous case of historic doubt is the Shakespeare-Bacon matter. But even here, it is only the work of Shakespeare that is in question, not his existence and personality, for which we have perfectly definite evidence.—_Tr._

Footnote 142:

Originally a philosophical and scientific lecture-temple founded in honour of Aristotle, and later the great University of Alexandria, bore the title Μουσε■ον. Both Aristotle and the University amassed collections but they were collections of (_a_) books, (_b_) natural history specimens, living or taken from life. In the West, the collection of _memorials of the past as such_ dates from the earliest days of the Renaissance.—_Tr._

VI

It is the _primitive feeling of Care_[143] which dominates the physiognomy of Western, as also that of Egyptian and that of Chinese history, and it creates, further, the symbolism of the erotic which represents the flowing on of endless life in the form of the familial series of individual existences. The point-formed Euclidean existence of Classical man, in this matter as in others, conceived only the here-and- now definitive act of begetting or of bearing, and thus it comes about that we find the birth-pangs of the mother made the centre of Demeter- worship and the Dionysiac symbol of the phallus (the sign of a sexuality wholly concentrated on the moment and losing past and future in it) more or less everywhere in the Classical. In the Indian world we find, correspondingly, the sign of the Lingam and the sect of worshippers of Paewati.[144] In the one case as in the other, man feels himself as nature, as a plant, as a willless and care-less element of becoming (dem Sinn des Werdens willenlos und sorglos hingegeben). The domestic religion of Rome centred on the _genius_, i.e., the creative power of the head of the family. To all this, the deep and thoughtful care of the Western soul has opposed the sign of _mother-love_, a symbol which in the Classical Culture only appeared above the horizon to the extent that we see it in, say, the mourning for Persephone or (though this is only Hellenistic) the seated statue of Demeter of Knidos.[145] The Mother with the Child—the future—at her breast, the Mary-cult in the new Faustian form, began to flourish only in the centuries of the Gothic and found its highest expression in Raphael’s Sistine Madonna.[146] This conception is not one belonging to Christianity generally. On the contrary, Magian Christianity had elevated Mary as Theotokos, “she who gave birth to

God”[147] into a symbol felt quite otherwise than by us. The lulling Mother is as alien to Early-Christian-Byzantine art as she is to the Hellenic (though for other reasons) and most certainly Faust’s Gretchen, with the deep spell of unconscious motherhood on her, is nearer to the Gothic Madonna than all the Marys of Byzantine and Ravennate mosaics. Indeed, the presumption of a spiritual relation between them breaks down completely before the fact that the Madonna with the Child answers exactly to the Egyptian Isis with Horus—both are caring, nursing mothers—and that nevertheless this symbol had vanished for a thousand years and more (for the whole duration of the Classical and the Arabian Cultures) before it was reawakened by the Faustian soul.[148]

From the maternal care the way leads to the paternal, and there we meet with the highest of all the time-symbols that have come into existence within a Culture, the State. The meaning of the child to the mother is the future, the continuation, namely, of her own life, and mother-love is, as it were, a welding of two discontinuous individual existences; likewise, the meaning of the state to the man is comradeship in arms for the protection of hearth and home, wife and child, and for the insurance for the whole people of its future and its efficacy. The state is the inward form of a nation, its “form” in the athletic sense, and history, in the high meaning, is the State conceived as kinesis and not as kinema (nicht als Bewegtes sondern als Bewegung gedacht). _The Woman as Mother is, and the Man as Warrior and Politician makes, History._[149]

And here again the history of higher Cultures shows us three examples of state-formations in which the element of care is conspicuous: the Egyptian administration even of the Old Kingdom (from 3000 B.C.); the Chinese state of the Chóu dynasty (1169-256 B.C.), of the organization of which the Chóu Li gives such a picture that, later on, no one dared to believe in the authenticity of the book; and the states of the West, behind whose characteristic eye-to-the-future there is an unsurpassably intense Will to the future.[150] And on the other hand we have in two examples—the Classical and the Indian world—a picture of utterly care- less submission to the moment and its incidents. Different in themselves as are Stoicism and Buddhism (the old-age dispositions of these two worlds), they are at one in their negation of the historical feeling of care, their contempt of zeal, of organizing power, and of the duty- sense; and therefore neither in Indian courts nor in Classical market- places was there a thought for the morrow, personal or collective. The _carpe diem_ of Apollinian man applies also to the Apollinian state.

As with the political, so with the other side of historical existence, the economic. The hand-to-mouth life corresponds to the love that begins and ends in the satisfaction of the moment. There was an economic organization on the grand scale in Egypt, where it fills the whole culture-picture, telling us in a thousand paintings the story of its industry and orderliness; in China, whose mythology of gods and legend- emperors turns entirely upon the holy tasks of cultivation; and in Western Europe, where, beginning with the model agriculture of the Orders, it rose to the height of a special science, “national economy,” which was in very principle a _working hypothesis_, purporting to show not what happens but what _shall_ happen. In the Classical world, on the other hand—to say nothing of India—men managed from day to day, in spite of the example of Egypt; the earth was robbed not only of its wealth but of its capacities, and the casual surpluses were instantly squandered on the city mob. Consider critically any great statesman of the Classical— Pericles and Cæsar, Alexander and Scipio, and even revolutionaries like Cleon and Tiberius Gracchus. Not one of them, economically, looked far ahead. No city ever made it its business to drain or to afforest a district, or to introduce advanced cultivation methods or new kinds of live stock or new plants. To attach a Western meaning to the “agrarian reform” of the Gracchi is to misunderstand its purport entirely. Their aim was to make their supporters _possessors_ of land. Of educating these into managers of land, or of raising the standard of Italian husbandry in general, there was not the remotest idea—one let the future come, one did not attempt to work upon it. Of this economic Stoicism of the Classical world the exact antithesis is Socialism, meaning thereby not Marx’s theory but Frederick William I’s Prussian practice which long preceded Marx and will yet displace him—the socialism, inwardly akin to the system of Old Egypt, that comprehends and cares for permanent economic relations, trains the individual in his duty to the whole, and glorifies hard work as an affirmation of Time and Future.

VII

The ordinary everyday man in all Cultures only observes so much of the physiognomy of becoming—his own and that of the living world around him— as is in the foreground and immediately tangible. The sum of his experiences, inner and outer, fills the course of his day merely as a series of facts. Only the outstanding (bedeutende) man feels behind the commonplace unities of the history-stirred surface a deep logic of becoming. This logic, manifesting itself in the idea of Destiny, leads him to regard the less significant collocations of the day and the surface as mere incidents.

At first sight, however, there seems to be only a difference of degree in the connotations of “destiny” and “incident.” One feels that it is more or less of an incident when Goethe goes to Sesenheim, but destiny when he goes to Weimar;[151] one regards the former as an episode and the latter as an epoch. But we can see at once that the distinction depends on the inward quality of the man who

is impressed. To the mass, the whole life of Goethe may appear as a sequence of anecdotal incidents, while a very few will become conscious, with astonishment, of a symbolic necessity inherent even in its most trivial occurrences. Perhaps, then, the discovery of the heliocentric system by Aristarchus was an unmeaning incident for the Classical Culture, but its supposed[152] rediscovery by Copernicus a destiny for the Faustian? Was it a destiny that Luther was not a great organizer and Calvin was? And if so, for whom was it a destiny—for Protestantism as a living unit, for the Germans, or for Western mankind generally? Were Tiberius Gracchus and Sulla incidents and Cæsar a destiny?

Questions like these far transcend the domain of the understanding that operates through concepts (der begriffliche Verständigung). What is destiny, what incident, the spiritual experiences of the individual soul—and of the Culture-soul—decide. Acquired knowledge, scientific insight, definition, are all powerless. Nay more, the very attempt to grasp them epistemologically defeats its own object. For without the inward certainty that destiny is something entirely intractable to critical thought, we cannot perceive the world of becoming at all. Cognition, judgment, and the establishment of _causal_ connexions within the known (i.e., between things, properties, and positions that have been distinguished) are one and the same, and he who approaches history in the spirit of _judgment_ will only find "data." But that—be it Providence or Fate—which moves in the depths of present happening or of represented past happening is lived, and only lived, and lived with that same overwhelming and unspeakable certainty that genuine Tragedy awakens in the uncritical spectator. Destiny and incident form an opposition in which the soul is ceaselessly trying to clothe something which consists _only_ of feeling and living and intuition, and can only be made plain in the most subjective religious and artistic creations of those men who are _called_ to divination. To evoke this root-feeling of living existence which endows the picture of history with its meaning and content, I know of no better way—for "name is mere noise and smoke"—than to quote again those stanzas of Goethe which I have placed at the head of this book to mark its fundamental intention.

"In the Endless, self-repeating flows for evermore The Same. Myriad arches, springing, meeting, hold at rest the mighty frame. Streams from all things love of living, grandest star and humblest clod. All the straining, all the striving is eternal peace in God."[153]

On the surface of history it is the _unforeseen_ that reigns. Every individual event, decision and personality is stamped with its hall-mark. No one foreknew the storm of Islam at the coming of Mohammed, nor foresaw Napoleon in the fall of Robespierre. The coming of great men, their doings, their fortune, are all incalculables. No one knows whether a development that is setting in powerfully will accomplish its course in a straight line like that of the Roman patrician order or will go down in doom like that of the Hohenstaufen or the Maya Culture. And— science notwithstanding—it is just the same with the destinies of every single species of beast and plant within earth-history and beyond even this, with the destiny of the earth itself and all the solar systems and Milky Ways. The insignificant Augustus made an epoch, and the great Tiberius passed away ineffective. Thus, too, with the fortunes of artists, artworks and art-forms, dogmas and cults, theories and discoveries. That, in the whirl of becoming, one element merely succumbed to destiny when another became (and often enough has continued and will continue to be) a destiny itself—that one vanishes with the wave-train of the surface while the other _makes_ this, is something that is not to be explained by any why-and-wherefore and yet is of inward necessity. And thus the phrase that Augustine in a deep moment used of Time is valid also of destiny—"if no one questions me, I know: if I would explain to a questioner, I know not."

So, also, the supreme ethical expression of Incident and Destiny is found in the Western Christian's idea of Grace—the grace, obtained through the sacrificial death of Jesus, of being made free to will.[154] The polarity of Disposition (original sin) and Grace—a polarity which must ever be a projection of feeling, of the emotional life, and not a precision of learned reasoning—embraces the existence of every truly significant man of this Culture. It is, even for Protestants, even for atheists, hidden though it may be behind a scientific notion of "evolution" (which in reality is its direct descendant[155]), the foundation of every confession and every autobiography; and it is just its absence from the constitution of Classical man that makes confession, by word or thought, impossible to him. It is the final meaning of Rembrandt's self-portraits and of music from Bach to Beethoven. We may choose to call that something which correlates the life-courses of all Western men disposition, Providence or "inner evolution"[156] but it remains inaccessible to thought. "Free will" is an inward certitude. But whatever one may will or do, that which actually ensues upon and issues from the resolution—abrupt, surprising, unforeseeable—_subserves_ a deeper necessity and, for the eye that sweeps over the picture of the distant past, visibly conforms to a major order. And when the Destiny of that which was willed has been Fulfilment we are fain to call the inscrutable "Grace." What did Innocent III, Luther, Loyola, Calvin, Jansen, Rousseau and Marx will, and what came of the things that they willed in the stream of Western history? Was it Grace or Fate? Here all rationalistic dissection ends in nonsense. The Predestination doctrine of Calvin and Pascal—who, both of them more upright than Luther and Thomas Aquinas, dared to draw the causal conclusion from Augustinian dialectic—is the _necessary_ absurdity to

which the pursuit of these secrets by the reason leads. They lost the destiny-logic of the world-becoming and found themselves in the causal logic of notion and law; they left the realm of direct intuitive vision for that of a mechanical system of objects. The fearful soul-conflicts of Pascal were the strivings of a man, at once intensely spiritual and a born mathematician, who was determined to subject the last and gravest problems of the soul both to the intuitions of a grand instinctive faith and to the abstract precision of a no less grand mathematical plan. In this wise the Destiny-idea—in the language of religion, God's Providence—is brought _within the schematic form of the Causality Principle_, i.e., the Kantian form of mind activity (productive imagination); _for that is what Predestination signifies_, notwithstanding that thereby Grace—the causation-free, living Grace which can only be experienced as an inward certainty—is made to appear as a nature-force that is bound by irrevocable law and to turn the religious world-picture into a rigid and gloomy system of machinery. And yet was it not a Destiny again—for the world as well as for themselves— that the English Puritans, who were filled with this conviction, were ruined not through any passive self-surrender but through their hearty and vigorous certainty that their will was the will of God?

Footnote 143:

The connotation of "care" is almost the same as that of "Sorge," but the German word includes also a certain specific, _ad hoc_ apprehension, that in English is expressed by "concern" or "fear."— _Tr._

Footnote 144:

The _Lingayats_ are one of the chief sects of the Saivas (that is, of the branch of Hinduism which devotes itself to Shiva) and Paewati worshippers belong to another branch, having the generic name of Saktas, who worship the "active female principle" in the persons of Shiva's consorts, of whom Paewati is one. Vaishnavism—the Vishnu branch of Indian religion—also contains an erotic element in that form which conceives Vishnu as Krishna. But in Krishna worship the erotic is rather less precise and more amorous in character.

See "Imperial Gazetteer of India," Vol. I, pp. 421 et seq., and Ency. Brit., XI Edition, article _Hinduism_.—_Tr._

Footnote 145:

British Museum.—_Tr._

Footnote 146:

Dresden.—_Tr._

Footnote 147:

See Vol. II, p. 316.

Footnote 148:

In connexion with this very important link in the Author's argument, attention may be drawn to a famous wall-painting of very early date in the Catacomb of St. Priscilla. In this, Mary is definitely and unmistakably the _Stillende Mutter_. But she is, equally unmistakably, different in soul and style from her "Early-Christian-Byzantine" successor the Theotokos. Now, it is well known that the art of the catacombs, at any rate in its beginnings, is simply the art of contemporary Rome, and that this "Roman" art had its home in Alexandria. See Woermann's _Geschichte der Kunst_, III, 14-15, and British Museum "Guide to Early Christian Art," 72-74, 86. Woermann speaks of this Madonna as the prototype of our grave, tenderly- solicitous Mother-Madonnas. Dr. Spengler would probably prefer to regard her as the last Isis. In any case it is significant that the symbol disappears: in the very same catacomb is a Theotokos of perhaps a century later date.—_Tr._

Footnote 149:

Vol. II, pp. 403 et seq.

Footnote 150:

See, further, the last two sections of Vol. II (_Der Staat_ and _Wirtschaftsleben_).—_Tr._

Footnote 151:

Sesenheim is the home of Friederike, and a student's holiday took him thither: Weimar, of course, is the centre from which all the activity of his long life was to radiate.—_Tr._

Footnote 152:

Vermeintlich. The allusion is presumably to the fact that Copernicus, adhering to the hypothesis of circular orbits, was obliged to retain some elements of Ptolemy's geocentric machinery of epicycles, so that Copernicus's sun was not placed at the true centre of any planetary orbit.—_Tr._

Footnote 153:

Sprüche in Reimen.

Footnote 154:

See Vol. II, pp. 294 et seq., 359 et seq.

Footnote 155:

The path from Calvin to Darwin is easily seen in English philosophy.

Footnote 156:

This is one of the eternal points of dispute in Western art-theory. The Classical, ahistorical, Euclidean soul has no "evolution"; the Western, on the contrary, extends itself in evolving like the convergent function that it is. The one _is_, the other _becomes_. And thus all Classical tragedy assumes the _constancy_ of the personality, and all Western its _variability_, which essentially constitutes a "character" in our sense, viz., a picture of being that consists in continuous qualitative movement and an endless wealth of relationships. _In Sophocles the grand gesture ennobles the suffering, in Shakespeare the grand idea_ (Gesinnung) _ennobles the doing_. As our æsthetic took its examples from _both_ Cultures, it was bound to go wrong in the very enunciation of its problem.

VIII

We can proceed to the further elucidation of the incidental (or casual) without running the risk of considering it as an exception or a breach in the causal continuity of "Nature," for Nature is _not_ the world- picture in which Destiny is operative. Wherever the sight emancipates itself from the sensible-become, spiritualizes itself into Vision, penetrates through the enveloping world and lets prime phenomena instead of mere objects work upon it, we have the grand _historical_, trans- natural, super-natural outlook, the outlook of Dante and Wolfram and also the outlook of Goethe in old age that is most clearly manifested in the finale of Faust II. If we linger in contemplation in this world of Destiny and Incident, it will very likely seem to us incidental that the episode of "world-history" should have played itself out in this or that phase of one particular star amongst the millions of solar systems; incidental that it should be men, peculiar animal-like creatures inhabiting the crust of this star, that present the spectacle of "knowledge" and, moreover, present it in just this form or in just that form, according to the very different versions of Aristotle, Kant and others; incidental that as the counter-pole of this "knowing" there should have arisen just these codes of "natural law," each supposedly eternal and universally-valid and each evoking a supposedly general and common picture of "Nature." Physics—quite rightly—banishes incidentals from its field of view, but it is incidental, again, that physics itself should occur in the alluvial period of the earth's crust, uniquely, as a particular kind of intellectual composition.

The world of incident is the world of once-actual facts that longingly or anxiously we live forward to (entgegenleben) as Future, that raise or depress us as the living Present, and that we contemplate with joy or with grief as Past. The world of causes and effects is the world of the constantly-possible, of the timeless truths which we know by dissection and distinction.

The latter only are scientifically attainable—they are indeed _identical_ with science. He who is blind to this other, to the world as _Divina Commedia_ or drama for a god, can only find a senseless turmoil of incidents,[157] and here we use the word in its most trivial sense. So it has been with Kant and most other systematists of thought. But the professional and inartistic sort of historical

research too, with its collecting and arranging of mere data, amounts for all its ingenuity to little more than the giving of a _cachet_ to the banal-incidental. Only the insight that can penetrate into the metaphysical is capable of experiencing in data _symbols_ of that which happened, and so of elevating an Incident into a Destiny. And he who is to himself a Destiny (like Napoleon) does not need this insight, since between himself as a fact and the other facts there is a harmony of metaphysical rhythm which gives his decisions their dreamlike certainty.[158]

It is this insight that constitutes the singularity and the power of Shakespeare. Hitherto, neither our research nor our speculation has hit upon this in him—that he is _the Dramatist of the Incidental_. And yet this Incidental is the very heart of Western tragedy, which is a true copy of the Western history idea and with it gives the clue to that which we understand in the world—so misconstrued by Kant—"Time." It is incidental that the political situation of "Hamlet," the murder of the King and the succession question impinge upon just that character that Hamlet is. Or, take Othello—it is incidental that the man at whom Iago, the commonplace rogue that one could pick up in any street, aims his blow is one whose person possesses just this wholly special physiognomy. And Lear! Could anything be more incidental (and therefore more "natural") than the conjunction of this commanding dignity with these fateful passions and the inheritance of them by the daughters? No one has even to-day realized all the significance of the fact that Shakespeare took his stories as he found them and _in the very finding of them_ filled them with the force of inward necessity, and never more sublimely so than in the case of the Roman dramas. For the _will_ to understand him has squandered itself in desperate efforts to bring in a moral causality, a "therefore," a connexion of "guilt" and "expiation." But all this is neither correct nor incorrect—these are words that belong to the World-as-Nature and imply that something causal is being judged—but _superficial_, shallow, that is, in contrast to the poet's deep subjectivizing of the mere fact-anecdote. Only one who feels this is able to admire the grand naïveté of the entrances of Lear and Macbeth. Now, Hebbel is the exact opposite, he destroys the depth of the anecdote by a system of cause and effect. The arbitrary and abstract character of his plots, which everyone feels instinctively, comes from the fact that the causal scheme of his spiritual conflicts is in contradiction with the historically-motived world-feeling and the quite other logic proper to that feeling. These people do not live, they _prove_ something by coming on. One feels the presence of a great understanding, not that of a deep life. Instead of the Incident we get a Problem.

Further, this _Western_ species of the Incidental is entirely alien to the Classical world-feeling and therefore to its drama. Antigone has no incidental character to affect her fortunes in any way. What happened to Œdipus—unlike the fate of Lear—might just as well have happened to anyone else. This is the Classical "Destiny," the _Fatum_ which is common to all mankind, which affects the "body" and in no wise depends upon incidents of personality.

The kind of history that is commonly written must, even if it does not lose itself in compilation of data, come to a halt before the _superficially_ incidental—that is the ... destiny of its authors, who, spiritually, remain more or less in the ruck. In their eyes nature and history mingle in a cheap unity, and incident or accident, "sa sacrée majesté le Hazard," is for the man of the ruck the easiest thing in the world to understand. For him the secret logic of history 'which he does not feel' is replaced by a causal that is only waiting behind the scene to come on and prove itself. It is entirely appropriate that the anecdotal foreground of history should be the arena of all the scientific causality-hunters and all the novelists and sketch-writers of the common stamp. How many wars have been begun when they were because some jealous courtier wished to remove some general from the proximity of his wife! How many battles have been won and lost through ridiculous incidents! Only think how Roman history was written in the 18th Century and how Chinese history is written even to-day! Think of the Dey smacking the Consul with his fly-flap[159] and other such incidents that enliven the historical scene with comic-opera motives! Do not the deaths of Gustavus Adolphus and of Alexander seem like expedients of a nonplussed playwright; Hannibal a simple intermezzo, a surprise intrusion in Classical history; or Napoleon's "transit" more or less of a melodrama? Anyone who looks for the inner form of history in any causal succession of its visible detail-events must always, if he is honest, find a comedy of burlesque inconsequence, and I can well imagine that the dance-scene of the drunken Triumvirs in "Antony and Cleopatra" (almost overlooked, but one of the most powerful in that immensely deep work)[160] grew up out of the contempt of the prince of _historical_ tragedy for the pragmatic aspect of history. For this is the aspect of it that has always dominated "the world," and has encouraged ambitious little men to interfere in it. It was because their eyes were set on _this_, and its rationalistic structure, that Rousseau and Marx could persuade themselves that they could alter the "course of the world" by a theory. And even the social or economic interpretation of political developments, to which present-day historical work is trying to rise as to a peak-ideal (though its biological cast constantly leads us to suspect foundations of the causal kind), is still exceedingly shallow and trivial.

Napoleon had in his graver moments a strong feeling for the deep logic of world-becoming, and in such moments could divine to what extent he _was_, and to what extent he _had_, a destiny. "I feel myself driven towards an end that I do not know. As soon as I

shall have reached it, as soon as I shall become unnecessary, an atom will suffice to shatter me. Till then, not all the forces of mankind can do anything against me," he said at the beginning of the Russian campaign. Here, certainly, is not the thought of a pragmatist. In this moment he divined how little the logic of Destiny needs particular instances, better men or situations. Supposing that he himself, as "empirical person," had fallen at Marengo—then that which he _signified_ would have been actualized in some other form. A melody, in the hands of a great musician, is capable of a wealth of variations; it can be entirely transformed so far as the simple listener is concerned without altering itself—which is quite another matter—fundamentally. The epoch of German national union accomplished itself through the person of Bismarck, that of the Wars of Freedom through broad and almost nameless events; but either theme, to use the language of music, could have been "worked out" in other ways. Bismarck might have been dismissed early, the battle of Leipzig might have been lost, and for the group of wars 1864—1866—1870 there might have been substituted (as "modulations") diplomatic, dynastic, revolutionary or economic facts—though it must not be forgotten that _Western history, under the pressure of its own physiognomic abundance_ (as distinct from physiognomic style, for even Indian history has that) _demands, so to say, contrapuntally strong accents—wars or big personalities—at the decisive points_. Bismarck himself points out in his reminiscences that in the spring of 1848 national unity could have been achieved on a broader base than in 1870 but for the policy (more accurately, the personal taste) of the King of Prussia;[161] and yet, again, according to Bismarck, this would have been so tame a working-out that a coda of one sort or another (_da capo e poi la coda_) would have been imperatively necessary. Withal, the Theme—the meaning of the epoch— would have been entirely unaltered by the facts assuming this or that shape. Goethe might—possibly—have died young, but _not_ his "idea." Faust and Tasso would not have been written, but they would have "been" in a deeply mysterious sense, even though they lacked the poet's elucidation.

For if it is incidental that the history of higher mankind fulfils itself in the form of great Cultures, and that one of these Cultures awoke in West Europe about the year 1000; yet from the moment of awakening it is bound by its charter. Within every epoch there is unlimited abundance of surprising and unforeseeable possibilities of self-actualizing in detail-facts, but the epoch itself is necessary, for the life-unity is in it. That its inner form is precisely what it is, constitutes its specific determination (Bestimmung). Fresh incidentals can affect the shape of its development, can make this grandiose or puny, prosperous or sorrowful, but alter it they cannot. An irrevocable fact is not merely a special case but a special type; thus in the history of the Universe we have the type of the "solar system" of sun and circling planets; in the history of our planet we have the type "life" with its youth, age, duration and reproduction; in the history of "life" the type "humanity," and in the world-historical stage of that humanity the type of the great individual Culture.[162] And these Cultures are essentially related to the plants, in that they are bound for the whole duration of their life to the soil from which they sprang. Typical, lastly, is the manner in which the men of a Culture understand and experience Destiny, however differently the picture may be coloured for this individual and that; what I say here about it is not "true," but inwardly necessary for this Culture and this time-phase of it, and if it convinces you, it is not because there is only one "truth" but because you and I belong to the same epoch.

For this reason, the Euclidean soul of the Classical Culture could only experience its existence, bound as this was to present foregrounds, in the form of _incidents of the Classical style_. If in respect of the Western soul we can regard incident as a minor order of Destiny, in respect of the Classical soul it is just the reverse. Destiny is incident become immense—that is the very signification of Ananke, Heimarmene, Fatum. As the Classical soul did not genuinely live through history, it possessed no genuine feeling for a _logic_ of Destiny. We must not be misled by words. The most popular goddess of Hellenism was Tyche, whom the Greeks were practically unable to distinguish from Ananke. But Incident and Destiny are felt by _us_ with all the intensity of an opposition, and on the issue of this opposition we feel that everything fundamental in our existence depends. _Our_ history is that of great connexions, Classical history—its full actuality, that is, and not merely the image of it that we get in the historian (e.g., Herodotus)—is that of anecdotes, of a series of plastic details. The style of the Classical life generally, the style of every individual life within it, is anecdotal, using the word with all seriousness. The sense-perceivable side of events condenses on _anti-historical, daemonic, absurd_ incidents; it is the denial and disavowal of all logic of happening. The stories of the Classical master-tragedies one and all _exhaust_ themselves in incidents that mock at any meaning of the world; they are the exact denotation of what is connoted by the word ε■μαρμ■νη[163] in contrast to the Shakesperian _logic_ of incident. Consider Œdipus once more: that which happened to him was wholly extrinsic, was neither brought about nor conditioned by anything subjective to himself, and could just as well have happened to anyone else. This is the very _form of the Classical myth_. Compare with it the necessity—inherent in and governed by the man's whole existence and the relation of that existence to Time—that resides in the destiny of Othello, of Don Quixote, of Werther. It is, as we have said before, the difference of situation-tragedy and character-tragedy. And this opposition repeats itself in history proper—every epoch of the West has character, while each epoch of the Classical only presents a situation. While the life of Goethe was one of fate-filled logic, that of Cæsar was one of mythical indidentalness, and it was left to

Shakespeare to _introduce_ logic into it. Napoleon is a tragic character, Alcibiades fell into tragic situations. Astrology, in the form in which from Gothic to Baroque the Western soul knew it—was dominated by it even in denying it—was the attempt to master one's _whole_ future life-course; the Faustian horoscope, of which the best-known example is perhaps that drawn out for Wallenstein by Kepler, _presupposes_ a steady and purposeful direction in the existence that has yet to be accomplished. But the Classical oracle, always consulted for the _individual_ case, is the genuine symbol of the meaningless incident and the moment; it accepts the point-formed and the discontinuous as the elements of the world's course, and oracle-utterances were therefore entirely in place in that which was written and experienced as history at Athens. Was there one single Greek who possessed the notion of a historical _evolution_ towards this or that or any aim? And _we_—should we have been able to reflect upon history or to make it if we had _not_ possessed it? If we compare the destinies of Athens and of France at corresponding times after Themistocles and Louis XIV, we cannot but feel that the style of the historical feeling and the style of its actualization are always one. In France logic _à outrance_, in Athens un-logic.

The ultimate meaning of this significant fact can now be understood. History is the actualizing of a soul, and the same style governs the history one makes as governs the history one contemplates. The Classical mathematic excludes the symbol of infinite space, and therefore the Classical history does so too. It is not for nothing that the scene of Classical existence is the smallest of any, the individual _Polis_, that it lacks horizon and perspective—notwithstanding the episode of Alexander's expedition[164]—just as the Attic stage cuts them off with its flat back-wall, in obvious contrast to the long-range efficacy of Western Cabinet diplomacy and the Western capital city. And just as the Greeks and the Romans neither knew nor (with their fundamental abhorrence of the Chaldean astronomy) would admit as actual any cosmos but that of the foreground; just as at bottom their deities are house- gods, city-gods, field-gods but never star-gods,[165] so also what they _depicted_ was only foregrounds. Never in Corinth or Athens or Sicyon do we find a landscape with mountain horizon and driving clouds and distant towns; every vase-painting has the same constituents, figures of Euclidean separateness and artistic self-sufficiency. Every pediment or frieze group is serially and not contrapuntally built up. But then, life-experience itself was one strictly of foregrounds. Destiny was not the "course of life" but something upon which one suddenly stumbles. And this is how Athens produced, with Polygnotus's fresco and Plato's geometry, _a fate-tragedy_ in which fate is precisely the fate that we discredit in Schiller's "Bride of Messina." The complete unmeaning of blind doom that is embodied, for instance, in the curse of the House of Atreus, served to reveal to the ahistorical Classical soul the full meaning of its own world.

Footnote 157:

"The older one becomes, the more one is persuaded that His Sacred Majesty Chance does three-quarters of the work of this miserable Universe." (Frederick the Great to Voltaire.) So, necessarily, must the genuine rationalist conceive it.

Footnote 158:

See Vol. II, pp. 20 et seq.

Footnote 159:

The incident which is said to have precipitated the French war on Algiers (1827).—_Tr._

Footnote 160:

Act. II, Scene VII.—_Tr._

Footnote 161:

In the general upheaval of 1848 a German national parliament was assembled at Frankfurt, of a strongly democratic colour, and it chose Frederick William IV of Prussia as hereditary emperor. Frederick William, however, refused to "pick up a crown out of the gutter." For the history of this momentous episode, the English reader may be referred to the Cambridge Modern History or to the article _Germany (History)_ in the Ency. Brit., XI Edition.—_Tr._

Footnote 162:

It is the fact that a whole group of these Cultures is available for our study that makes possible the "comparative" method used in the present work. See Vol. II, pp. 42 et seq.

Footnote 163:

Derived from με■ρομαι, to receive as one's portion, to have allotted to one, or, colloquially, to "come in for" or "step into."—_Tr._

Footnote 164:

The expedition of the Ten Thousand into Persia is no exception. The Ten Thousand indeed formed an ambulatory Polis, and its adventures are truly Classical. It was confronted with a series of "situations."— _Tr._

Footnote 165:

Helios is only a poetical figure; he had neither temples nor cult. Even less was Selene a moon-goddess.

IX

We may now point our moral with a few examples, which, though hazardous, ought not at this stage to be open to misunderstanding. Imagine Columbus supported by France instead of by Spain, as was in fact highly probable at one time. Had Francis I been the master of America, without doubt he and not the Spaniard Charles V would have obtained the imperial crown. The early Baroque period from the Sack of Rome to the Peace of Westphalia, which was actually the _Spanish_ century in religion, intellect, art, politics and manners, would have been shaped from Paris and not from Madrid. Instead of the names of Philip, Alva, Cervantes, Calderon, Velasquez we should be talking to-day of great Frenchmen who in fact—if we may thus roundly express a very difficult idea—remained unborn. The style of the Church which was definitively fixed in this epoch by the Spaniard Loyola and the Council of Trent which he spiritually dominated; the style of politics to which the war-technique of Spanish captains, the diplomacy of Spanish cardinals and the courtly spirit of the Escorial gave a stamp that lasted till the Congress of Vienna and in essential points till beyond Bismarck; the architecture of the Baroque; the great age of Painting; ceremonial and the polite society of the great cities—all these would have been represented by other profound heads, noble and clerical, by wars other than Philip II's wars, by another architect than Vignola, by another Court. The Incidental chose the Spanish gesture for the late period of the West. But the _inward logic_ of that age, which was _bound_ to find its fulfilment in the great Revolution (or some event of the same connotation), remained intact.

This French revolution might have been represented by some other event of different form and occurring elsewhere, say in England or Germany. But its "idea,"—which (as we shall see later) was the transition from Culture to Civilization, the victory of the inorganic megalopolis over the organic countryside which was henceforward to become spiritually "the provinces,"—was necessary, and the moment of its occurrence was also necessary. To describe such a moment we shall use the term (long blurred, or misused as a synonym for period) _epoch_. When we say an event is epoch-making we mean that it marks in the course of a Culture a necessary and fateful turning-point. The merely incidental event, a crystallization-form of the historical surface, may be represented by other appropriate incidents, but the _epoch_ is necessary and predeterminate. And it is evident that the question of whether, in respect of a particular Culture and its course, an event ranks as an epoch or as an episode is connected with its ideas of Destiny and Incidents, and therefore also with its idea of the Tragic as "epochal" (as in the West) or as "episodic" (as in the Classical world).

We can, further, distinguish between _impersonal_ or anonymous and _personal_ epochs, according to their physiognomic type in the picture of history. Amongst "incidents" of the first rank we include those great persons who are endowed with such formative force that the destiny of thousands, of whole peoples, and of ages, are incorporated in their private destinies; but at the same time we can distinguish the adventurer or successful man who is destitute of inward greatness (like Danton or Robespierre) from the Hero of history by the fact that his personal destiny displays only the traits of the common destiny. Certain names may ring, but "the Jacobins" collectively and not individuals amongst them were the type that dominated the time. The first part of this epoch of the Revolution is therefore thoroughly anonymous, just as the second or Napoleonic is in the highest degree personal. In a few years the immense force of these phenomena accomplished what the corresponding epoch of the Classical (c. 386-322), fluid and unsure of itself, required decades of undermining-work to achieve. It is of the essence of all Culture that at the outset of each stage the same potentiality is present, and that necessity fulfils itself thereafter either in the form of a great individual person (Alexander, Diocletian, Mohammed, Luther, Napoleon) or in that of an almost anonymous happening of powerful inward constitution (Peloponnesian War, Thirty Years' War, Spanish Succession War) or else in a feeble and indistinct evolution (periods of the Diadochi and of the Hyksos, the Interregnum in Germany). And the question which of these forms is the more likely to occur in any given instance, is one that is influenced in advance by the historical and therefore also the tragic style of the Culture

concerned.[166]

The tragic in Napoleon's life—which still awaits discovery by a poet great enough to comprehend it and shape it—was that he, who rose into effective being by fighting British policy and the British spirit which that policy so eminently represented, completed by that very fighting the continental victory of this spirit, which thereupon became strong enough, in the guise of "liberated nations" to overpower him and to send him to St. Helena to die. It was not Napoleon who originated the expansion principle. That had arisen out of the Puritanism of Cromwell's _milieu_ which called into life the British Colonial Empire.[167] Transmitted through the English-schooled intellects of Rousseau and Mirabeau to the Revolutionary armies, of which English philosophical ideas were essentially the driving force, it became their tendency even from that day of Valmy which Goethe alone read aright. It was not Napoleon who formed the idea, but the idea that formed Napoleon, and when he came to the throne he was obliged to pursue it further against the only power, England namely, whose purpose was _the same_ as his own. His Empire was a creation of French blood but of English style. It was in London, again, that Locke, Shaftesbury, Samuel Clarke and, above all, Bentham built up the theory of "European Civilization"—the Western Hellenism—which Bayle, Voltaire and Rousseau carried to Paris. Thus it was in the name of _this_ England of Parliamentarianism, business morality and journalism that Valmy, Marengo, Jena, Smolensk and Leipzig were fought, and in _all_ these battles it was the English spirit that defeated the French Culture of the West.[168] The First Consul had no intention of incorporating West Europe in France; his primary object was—note the Alexander-idea on the threshold of every Civilization!—to replace the British Colonial Empire by a French one. Thereby, French preponderance in the Western culture-region would have been placed on a practically unassailable foundation; it would have been the Empire of Charles V on which the sun never set, but managed from Paris after all, in spite of Columbus and Philip, and organized as an economic-military instead of as an ecclesiastical-chivalric unit. So far-reaching, probably, was the destiny that was in Napoleon. But the Peace of Paris in 1763 had already decided the question _against_ France, and Napoleon's great plans time and again came to grief in petty incidents. At Acre a few guns were landed in the nick of time from the British warships: there was a moment, again, just before the signature of the Peace of Amiens, when the whole Mississippi basin was still amongst his assets and he was in close touch with the Maratha powers that were resisting British progress in India; but again a minor naval incident[169] obliged him to abandon the whole of a carefully-prepared enterprise: and, lastly, when by the occupation of Dalmatia, Corfu and all Italy he had made the Adriatic a French lake, with a view to another expedition to the East, and was negotiating with the Shah of Persia for action against India, he was defeated by the whims of the Tsar Alexander, who at times was undoubtedly willing to support a march on India and whose aid would infallibly have secured its success. It was only after the failure of all extra-European combinations that he chose, as his _ultima ratio_ in the battle against England, the incorporation of Germany and Spain, and so, raising against himself _his own_ English- Revolutionary ideas, the very ideas of which he had been the vehicle,[170] he took the step that made him "no longer necessary."

At one time it falls to the Spanish spirit to outline, at another to the British or the French to remould, the world-embracing colonial system. A "United States of Europe," actualized through Napoleon as founder of a romantic and popular military monarchy, is the analogue of the Realm of the Diadochi; actualized as a 21st-Century economic organism by a matter-of-fact Cæsar, it is the counterpart of the _imperium Romanum_. These are incidentals, but they are in the picture of history. But Napoleon's victories and defeats (which always hide a victory of England and Civilization over Culture), his Imperial dignity, his fall, the _Grande Nation_, the episodic liberation of Italy (in 1796, as in 1859, essentially no more than a change of political costume for a people long since become insignificant), the destruction of the Gothic ruin of the Roman-German Empire, are mere surface phenomena, behind which is marching the great logic of genuine and invisible History, and it was in the sense of this logic that the West, having fulfilled its French- formed Culture in the _ancien régime_, closed it off with the English Civilization. As symbols of "contemporary" epochal moments, then, the storming of the Bastille, Valmy, Austerlitz, Waterloo and the rise of Prussia correspond to the Classical-history facts of Chæronea, Gaugamela (Arbela), Alexander's Indian expedition and the Roman victory of Sentinum.[171] And we begin to understand that in wars and political catastrophies—the chief material of our historical writings—victory is not the essence of the fight nor peace the aim of a revolution.

Footnote 166:

The original is somewhat obscure. It reads: "Welche Form die Wahrscheinlichkeit für sich hat, ist bereits eine Frage des historischen—und also des tragischen—Stils."—_Tr._

Footnote 167:

The words of Canning at the beginning of the XIXth century may be recalled. “South America free! and if possible English!” The expansion idea has never been expressed in greater purity than this.

Footnote 168:

The Western Culture of maturity was through-and-through a French outgrowth of the Spanish, beginning with Louis XIV. But even by Louis XVI’s time the English park had defeated the French, sensibility had ousted wit, London costume and manners had overcome Versailles, and Hogarth, Chippendale and Wedgwood had prevailed over Watteau, Boulle and Sèvres.

Footnote 169:

The allusion is to the voyage of Linois’s small squadron to Pondichéry in 1803, its confrontation by another small British squadron there, and the counter-order which led Linois to retire to Mauritius.—_Tr._

Footnote 170:

Hardenberg’s reorganization of Prussia was thoroughly English in spirit, and as such incurred the severe censure of the old Prussian Von der Marwitz. Scharnhorst’s army reforms too, as a breakaway from the professional army system of the eighteenth-century cabinet-wars, are a sort of “return to nature” in the Rousseau-Revolutionary sense.

Footnote 171:

Where in 295 B.C. the Romans decisively defeated the last great Samnite effort to resist their hegemony over Italy.—_Tr._

X

Anyone who has absorbed these ideas will have no difficulty in understanding how the causality principle is bound to have a fatal effect upon the capacity for genuinely experiencing History when, at last, it attains its rigid form in that “late” condition of a Culture to which it is proper and in which it is able to tyrannize over the world- picture. Kant, very wisely, established causality as a necessary form of knowledge, and it cannot be too often emphasized that this was meant to refer exclusively to the understanding of man’s environment by the way of reason. But while the word “necessary” was accepted readily enough, it has been overlooked that this limitation of the principle to a single domain of knowledge is just what forbids its application to the contemplation and experiencing of living history. Man-knowing and Nature-knowing are in essence entirely incapable of being compared, but nevertheless the whole Nineteenth Century was at great pains to abolish the frontier between Nature and History in favour of the former. The more historically men tried to think, the more they forgot that in this domain they ought _not_ to think. In forcing the rigid scheme of a spatial and anti-temporal relation of cause and effect upon something alive, they disfigured the visible face of becoming with the construction-lines of a physical nature-picture, and, habituated to their own late, megalopolitan and causally-thinking _milieu_, they were unconscious of the fundamental absurdity of a science that sought to understand an organic becoming by methodically misunderstanding it as the _machinery_ of the thing-become. Day is not the cause of night, nor youth of age, nor blossom of fruit. Everything that we grasp intellectually has a _cause_, everything that we live organically with inward certitude has a _past_. The one recognizes the _case_, that which is generally possible and has a fixed inner form which is the same whenever and wherever and however often it occurs, the other recognizes the _event_ which once was and will never recur. And, according as we grasp something in our envelope-world critically and consciously or physiognomically and involuntarily, we draw our conclusion from technical or from living experience, and we relate it to a timeless cause in space or to a direction which leads from yesterday to to-day and to-morrow.

But the spirit of our great cities _refuses_ to be involuntary. Surrounded by a machine-technique that it has itself created in surprising Nature’s most dangerous secret, the “law,” it seeks to conquer history also technically, “theoretically and practically.” “Usefulness,” suitableness to purpose (Zweckmässigkeit), is the great word which assimilates the one to the other. A materialist conception of history, ruled by laws of causal Nature, leads to the setting up of usefulness-ideals such as “enlightenment,” “humanity,” “world-peace,” as aims of world-history, to be reached by the “march of progress.” But in these schemes of old age the feeling of Destiny has died, and with it the young reckless courage that, self-forgetful and big with a future, presses on to meet a dark decision.

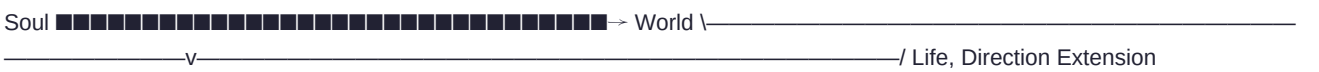
For only youth has a future, and _is_ Future, that enigmatic synonym of directional Time and of Destiny. _Destiny is always young._ He who replaces it by a mere chain of causes and effects, sees even in the not- yet-actualized something, as it were, old and past—_direction_ is wanting. But he who lives towards a something in the superabundant flow of things need not concern himself with aims and abilities, for he feels that he himself is the meaning of what is to happen. This was the faith in the Star that never left Cæsar nor Napoleon nor the great doers of another kind; and this it is that lies deepest of all—youthful melancholy notwithstanding—in every childhood and in every young clan, people, Culture, that extends forward over all their history for men of act and of vision, who are young however white their hair, younger even than the most juvenile of those who look to a timeless utilitarianism. The feeling of a significance in the momentarily present world-around discloses itself in the earliest days of childhood, when it is still only the persons and things of the nearest environment that essentially exist, and develops through silent and unconscious experience into a comprehensive picture. This picture constitutes the general expression of the whole Culture as it is at the particular stage, and it is only the fine judge of life and the deep searcher of history who can interpret it.

At this point a distinction presents itself between the _immediate impression_ of the present and the _image_ of the past that is only presented in the spirit, in other words between the world as happening and the world as history. The eye of the man of action (statesman and general) appreciates the first, that of the man of contemplation (historian and poet) the second. Into the first one plunges practically to do or to suffer; chronology,[172] that great symbol of irrevocable past, claims the second. We look backwards, and we live forward towards the unforeseen, but even in childhood our _technical_ experience soon introduces into the image of the singular occurrence elements of the foreseeable, that is, an image of regulated Nature which is subject not to physiognomic fact but to calculation. We apprehend a “head of game” as a living entity and immediately afterwards as food; we see a flash of lightning as a peril and then as an electrical discharge. And this second, later, petrifying projection of the world more and more tends to overpower the first in the Megalopolis; the image of the past is mechanized and materialized and from it is deduced a set of causal rules for present and future. We come to believe in historical laws and in a rational understanding of them.

Nevertheless science is always natural science. Causal knowledge and technical experience refer only to the become, the extended, the comprehended. As life is to history, so is knowledge (Wissen) to Nature, viz., to the sensible world apprehended as an element, treated as in space and subjected to the law of cause and effect. Is there, then, a science of History at all? To answer this question, let us remember that in every personal world-picture, which only approximates more or less to the ideal picture, there is both something of Nature and something of History. No Nature is without living, and no History without causal, _harmonies_. For within the sphere of Nature, although two like experiments, conformably to law, have the like result, yet each of these experiments is a historical event possessing a date and not recurring. And within that of History, the dates or data of the past (chronologies, statistics, names, forms[173]) form a rigid web. “Facts are facts” even if we are unaware of them, and all else is image, _Theoria_, both in the one domain and in the other. But history is itself the condition of being “in the focus” and the material is only an aid to this condition, whereas in Nature the real aim is the winning of the material, and theory is only the servant of this purpose.

There is, therefore, not a science _of_ history but an ancillary science _for_ history, which ascertains that which has been. For the historical outlook itself the data are always symbols. Scientific research, on the contrary, is science and only science. In virtue of its technical origin and purpose it sets out to find data and laws of the causal sort and nothing else, and from the moment that it turns its glance upon something else it becomes _Metaphysics_, something trans-scientific. And just because this is so, historical and natural-science data are different. The latter consistently repeat themselves, the former never. The latter are _truths_, the former _facts_. However closely related incidentals and causals may appear to be in the everyday picture, fundamentally they belong to different worlds. As it is beyond question that the shallowness of a man’s history-picture (the man himself, therefore) is in proportion to the dominance in it of frank incidentals, so it is beyond question that the emptiness of written history is in proportion to the degree in which it makes the establishment of purely factual relations its object. The more deeply a man lives History, the more rarely will he receive “causal” impressions and the more surely will he be sensible of their utter insignificance. If the reader examines Goethe’s writings in natural science, he will be astounded to find how “living nature” can be set forth without formulas, without laws, almost without a trace of the causal. For him, Time is not a distance but a feeling. But the experience of last and deepest things is practically denied to the ordinary savant who dissects and arranges purely critically and allows himself neither to contemplate nor to feel. In the case of History, on the contrary, this power of experience is _the_ requisite. And thus is justified the paradox that the less a historical researcher has to do with real science, the better it is for his history.

To elucidate once more by a diagram:



Destiny-Experience Causal Knowledge The uniquely The occurring and irrevocable constantly-possible “Fact” “Truth” Physiognomic tact (instinct) Systematic criticism (reason) ↓ [Crossed downward ↓ arrows] Consciousness Consciousness as _servant_ of Being as _master_ of Being The world-image of “History” The world-image of "Nature" _Life-experience_ _Scientific methods_ Image of the Past Religion. Natural Science Constructive Contemplation Theoretical: Myth and Dogma. Hypothesis (Historian, Tragic Dramatist) Practical: Cult. Technique to _investigate_ Destiny Direction into the Future Constructive Action (Statesman) to _be_ Destiny

XI

Is it permissible to fix upon one, any one, group of social, religious, physiological or ethical facts as the “cause” of another? “Certainly,” the rationalistic school of history, and still more the up-to-date sociology, would reply. That, they would say, is what is meant by our comprehending history and deepening our knowledge of it. But in reality, with “civilized” man there is always the implicit postulate of an underlying _rational_ purpose—without which indeed his world would be meaningless. And there is something rather comic in the most unscientific freedom that he allows himself in his _choice_ of his fundamental causes. One man selects this, another that, group as _prima causa_—an inexhaustible source of polemics—and all fill their works with pretended elucidations of the “course of history” on natural-science lines. Schiller has given us the classical expression of this method in one of his immortal banalities, the verse in which the “Weltgetriebe” is stat “durch Hunger und durch Liebe”; and the Nineteenth Century, progressing from Rationalism to Materialism, has made this opinion canonical. The cult of the useful was set up on high. To it Darwin, in the name of his century, sacrificed Goethe’s Nature-theory. The organic logic of the facts of life was supplanted by a mechanics in physiological garb. Heredity, adaptation, natural selection, are utility-causes of purely mechanical connotation. The historical _dispensations_ were superseded by a naturalistic _movement_ “in space.” (But _are there_ historical or spiritual “processes,” or life- “processes” of any sort whatever? Have historical “movements” such as, for example, the Renaissance or the Age of Enlightenment anything whatever to do with the scientific notion of movement?) The word “process” eliminated Destiny and unveiled the secret of becoming, and lo! there was no longer a tragic but only an exact mathematical structure of world-happening. And thereupon the “exact” historian enunciated the proposition that in the history-picture we had before us a sequence of “states” of mechanical type which were amenable to rational analysis like a physical experiment or a chemical reaction, and that therefore causes, means, methods and objects were capable of being grouped together as a comprehensible system on the visible surface. It all becomes astonishingly simple. And one is bound to admit that given a sufficiently shallow observer, the hypothesis (so far as concerns _his_ personality and its world-picture) comes off.

Hunger and Love[174] thus become mechanical causes of mechanical processes in the “life of peoples.” Social problems and sexual problems (both belonging to a “physics” or “chemistry” of public—all-too-public— existence) become the obvious themes of utilitarian history and _therefore of the corresponding tragedy_. For the social drama necessarily accompanies the materialist treatment of history, and that which in Goethe’s “Wahlverwandtschaften” was destiny in the highest sense has become in Ibsen’s “Lady from the Sea” nothing but a sexual problem. Ibsen and all the reason-poets of our great cities build—build from their very first causes to their very last effect—but they do not sing. As artist, Hebbel fought hard to overcome this merely prosaic element in his more critical than intuitive temperament, to be a poet _quand même_, hence his desperate and wholly un-Goethean effort to _motive_ his events. In Hebbel, as in Ibsen, motiving means trying to shape tragedy _causally_, and he dissected and re-dissected and transformed and retransformed his Anecdote until he had made it into a system that proved a case. Consider his treatment of the Judith story— Shakespeare would have taken it as it was, and scented a world-secret in the physiognomic charm of the pure adventure. But Goethe’s warning: “Do not, I beg you, look for anything behind phenomena. _They are themselves their own lesson_ (sie selbst sind die Lehre)” had become incomprehensible to the century of Marx and Darwin. The idea of trying to read a destiny in the physiognomy of the past and that of trying to represent unadulterated Destiny as a tragedy were equally remote from them. In both domains, the cult of the useful had set before itself an entirely different aim. Shapes were called into being, not to be, but to prove something. “Questions” of the day were “treated,” social problems suitably “solved,” and the stage, like the history-book, became a means to that end. Darwinism, however unconscious of what it was doing, has made biology politically effective. Somehow or other, democratic stirrings happened in the protoplasm, and the struggle for existence of the rain-worms is a useful lesson for the bipeds who have scraped through.

With all this, the historians have failed to learn the lesson that our ripest and strictest science, Physics, would have taught them, the lesson of prudence. Even if we concede them their causal method, the superficiality with which they apply it is an outrage. There is neither the intellectual discipline nor the keen sight, let alone the scepticism that is inherent in our handling of physical hypotheses.[175] For the attitude of the physicist to his atoms, electrons, currents, and fields of force, to æther and mass, is very

far removed from the naïve faith of the layman and the Monist in these things. They are _images_ which he subjects to the abstract relationships of his differential equations, in which he clothes trans-phenomenal numbers, and if he allows himself a certain freedom to choose amongst several theories, it is because he does not try to find in them any actuality but that of the “conventional sign.”[176] He knows, too, that over and above an experimental acquaintance with the technical structure of the world-around, all that it is possible to achieve by this process (which is the only one open to natural science) is a symbolic interpretation of it, no more—certainly not “Knowledge” in the sanguine popular sense. For, the image of Nature being a creation and copy of the Intellect, its “alter ego” in the domain of the extended, to _know_ Nature means to know oneself.

If Physics is the maturest of our sciences, Biology, whose business is to explore the picture of organic life, is in point both of content and of methods the weakest. What historical investigation _really_ is, namely pure Physiognomic, cannot be better illustrated than by the course of Goethe’s nature-studies. He works upon mineralogy, and at once his views fit themselves together into a conspectus of an earth-history in which his beloved granite signifies nearly the same as that which I call the proto-human signifies in man’s history. He investigates well- known plants, and the prime phenomenon of metamorphosis, the original form of the history of all plant existence, reveals itself; proceeding further, he reaches those extraordinarily deep ideas of vertical and spiral tendencies in vegetation which have not been fully grasped even yet. His studies of ossature, based entirely on the contemplation of life, lead him to the discovery of the “os intermaxillare” in man and to the view that the skull-structure of the vertebrates developed out of six vertebræ. Never is there a word of causality. He feels the necessity of Destiny just as he himself expressed it in his _Orphische Urworte_:

“So must thou be. Thou canst not Self escape. So erst the Sibyls, so the Prophets told. Nor Time nor any Power can mar the shape Impressed, that living must itself unfold.”

The mere chemistry of the stars, the mathematical side of physical observations, and physiology proper interested him, the great historian of Nature very little, because they belonged to Systematic and were concerned with experiential learning of the become, the dead, and the rigid. This is what underlies his anti-Newton polemic—a case in which, it must be added, both sides were in the right, for the one had “knowledge” of the regulated nature-process in the dead colour[177] while the experiencing of the other, the artist, was intuitive-sensuous “feeling.” Here we have the two worlds in plain opposition; and now therefore the essentials of their opposition must be stated with all strictness.

History carries the mark of the _singular-factual_, Nature that of the _continuously possible_. So long as I scrutinize the image of the world- around in order to see by what laws it _must_ actualize itself, irrespective of whether it does happen or merely might happen— irrespective, that is, of time—then I am working in a genuine science. For the necessity of a nature-law (and there are no other laws) it is utterly immaterial whether it becomes phenomenal infinitely often or never. _That is, it is independent of Destiny._ There are thousands of chemical combinations that never are and never will be produced, but they are demonstrably possible and therefore they _exist_—for the fixed System of Nature though not for the Physiognomy of the whirling universe. A system consists of truths, a history rests on facts. Facts follow one another, truths follow _from_ one another, and this is the difference between “when” and “how.” That there has been a flash of lightning is a fact and can be indicated, without a word, by the pointing of a finger. “When there is lightning there is thunder,” on the contrary, is something that must be communicated by a proposition or sentence. Experience-lived may be quite wordless, while systematic knowing can only be through words. “Only that which has no history is capable of being defined,” says Nietzsche somewhere. But History is present becoming that tends into the future and looks back on the past. Nature stands beyond all time, its mark is extension, and it is without directional quality. Hence, for the one, the necessity of the mathematical, and for the other the necessity of the tragic.

In the actuality of waking existence both worlds, that of scrutiny and that of acceptance (Hingebung), are interwoven, just as in a Brabant tapestry warp and woof together effect the picture. Every law must, to be _available_ to the understanding at all, once have been discovered through some destiny-disposition in the history of an intellect—that is, it must have once been in experiential life; and every destiny appears in some sensible garb—as persons, acts, scenes and gestures—in which Nature-laws are operative. Primitive life is submissive before the daemonic unity of the fateful; in the consciousness of the mature Culture this “early” world-image is incessantly in conflict with the other, “late,” world-image; and in the civilized man the tragic world- feeling succumbs to the mechanizing intellect. History and nature _within ourselves_ stand opposed to one another as _life_ is to _death_, as _ever-becoming time_ to _ever-become space_. In the waking consciousness, becoming and become struggle for control of the world- picture, and the highest and maturest forms of both sorts (possible only for the great Cultures) are seen, in the case of the Classical soul, in the opposition of Plato and Aristotle, and, in the case of our Western, in that of Goethe and Kant—the pure physiognomy of the world contemplated by the soul of an eternal child, and its pure system comprehended by the reason of an

eternal greybeard.

XII

Herein, then, I see the _last_ great task of Western philosophy, the only one which still remains in store for the aged wisdom of the Faustian Culture, the preordained issue, it seems, of our centuries of spiritual evolution. No Culture is at liberty to _choose_ the path and conduct of its thought, but here for the first time a Culture can foresee the way that destiny has chosen for it.

Before my eyes there seems to emerge, as a vision, a hitherto unimagined mode of superlative historical research that is truly Western, necessarily alien to the Classical and to every other soul but ours—a comprehensive Physiognomic of all existence, a morphology of becoming for _all_ humanity that drives onward to the highest and last ideas; a duty of penetrating the world-feeling not only of our proper soul but of all souls whatsoever that have contained grand possibilities and have expressed them in the field of actuality as grand Cultures. This philosophic view—to which we and we alone are entitled in virtue of our analytical mathematic, our contrapuntal music and our perspective painting—in that its scope far transcends the scheme of the systematist, presupposes the eye of an artist, and of an artist who can feel the whole sensible and apprehensible environment dissolve into a deep infinity of mysterious relationships. So Dante felt, and so Goethe felt. To bring up, out of the web of world-happening, a millennium of organic culture-history as an entity and person, and to grasp the conditions of its inmost spirituality—such is the aim. Just as one penetrates the lineaments of a Rembrandt portrait or a Cæsar-bust, so the new art will contemplate and understand the grand, fateful lines in the visage of a Culture as a superlative human individuality.

To attempt the interpretation of a poet or a prophet, a thinker or a conqueror, is of course nothing new, but to enter a culture-soul—Classical, Egyptian or Arabian—so intimately as to absorb into one's self, to make part of one's own life, the totality expressed by typical men and situations, by religion and polity, by style and tendency, by thought and customs, is quite a new manner of experiencing life. Every epoch, every great figure, every deity, the cities, the tongues, the nations, the arts, in a word everything that ever existed and will become existent, are physiognomic traits of high symbolic significance that it will be the business of quite a new kind of "judge of men" (Menschenkenner) to interpret. Poems and battles, Isis and Cybele, festivals and Roman Catholic masses, blast furnaces and gladiatorial games, dervishes and Darwinians, railways and Roman roads, "Progress" and Nirvana, newspapers, mass-slavery, money, machinery—all these are equally signs and symbols in the world-picture of the past that the soul presents to itself and would interpret. "_Alles Vergängliche ist nur ein Gleichnis._" Solutions and panoramas as yet unimagined await the unveiling. Light will be thrown on the dark questions which underlie dread and longing—those deepest of primitive human feelings—and which the will-to-know has clothed in the "problems" of time, necessity, space, love, death, and first causes. There is a wondrous music of the spheres which _wills to be heard_ and which a few of our deepest spirits will hear. The physiognomic of world-happening will become the _last Faustian philosophy_.

CHAPTER V

MAKROKOSMOS

I

THE SYMBOLISM OF THE WORLD-PICTURE AND THE SPACE-PROBLEM

CHAPTER V

MAKROKOSMOS

I THE SYMBOLISM OF THE WORLD-PICTURE AND THE SPACE-PROBLEM

I

The notion of a world-history of physiognomic type expands itself therefore into the wider idea of an _all-embracing symbolism_. Historical research, in the sense that we postulate here, has simply to investigate the picture of the once-living past and to determine its inner form and logic, and the Destiny-idea is the furthest limit to which it can penetrate. But this research, however comprehensive the new orientation tends to make it, cannot be more than a fragment and a foundation of a still wider treatment. Parallel with it, we have a Nature-investigation that is equally fragmentary and is limited to its own causal system of relations. But

neither tragic nor technical “motion” (if we may distinguish by these words the respective bases of the lived and the known) exhausts the living itself. We both live and know when we are awake, but, in addition, we live when mind and senses are asleep. Though night may close every eye, the blood does not sleep. We are moving in the moving (so at least we try to indicate, by a word borrowed from science, the inexpressible that in sleep-hours we feel with inward certainty). But it is only in the waking existence that “here” and “there” appear as an irreducible duality. Every impulse proper to oneself has an expression and every impulse alien to oneself makes an impression. And thus everything of which we are conscious, whatever the form in which it is apprehended—“soul” and “world,” or life and actuality, or History and Nature, or law and feeling, Destiny or God, past and future or present and eternity—has for us a deeper meaning still, a final meaning. And the one and only means of rendering this incomprehensible comprehensible must be a kind of metaphysics which regards _everything whatsoever_ as having significance as a _symbol_.

Symbols are sensible signs, final, indivisible and, above all, unsought impressions of definite meaning. A symbol is a trait of actuality that for the sensuously-alert man has an immediate and inwardly-sure significance, and that is incommunicable by process of reason. The detail of a Doric or Early-Arabic or Early-Romanesque ornament; the forms of the cottage and the family, of intercourse, of costume and rite; the aspect, gait and mien of a man and of whole classes of peoples and men; the communication-and community-forms of man and beast; and beyond all this the whole voiceless language of Nature with her woods and pastures, flocks, clouds, stars, moonlight and thunderstorm, bloom and decay, nearness and distance—all this is the emblematical impression of the Cosmos upon us, who are both aware and in our reflective hours quite capable of listening to this language. Vice versa, it is the sense of a homogeneous understanding that raises up the family, the class, the tribe, or finally the Culture, out of the general humanity and assembles it as such.

Here, then, we shall not be concerned with what a world “is,” but with what it signifies to the being that it envelops. When we wake up, at once something extends itself between a “here” and a “there.” We live the “here” as something proper, we experience the “there” as something alien. There is a dualizing of soul and world as poles of actuality; and in the latter there are both resistances which we grasp causally as things and properties, and impulses in which we feel beings, _numina_ (“just like ourselves”) to be operative. But there is in it, further, something which, as it were, eliminates the duality. Actuality—the world _in relation to_ a soul—is for every individual the projection of the Directed upon the domain of the Extended—the Proper mirroring itself on the Alien; one’s _actuality then signifies oneself_. By an act that is both creative and unconscious—for it is not “I” who actualize the possible, but “it” actualizes itself through me—the bridge of symbol is thrown between the living “here” and “there.” Suddenly, necessarily, and completely “the” world comes into being out of the totality of received and remembered elements: and as it is an individual who apprehends the world, there is for each individual a singular world.

There are therefore as many worlds as there are waking beings and like- living, like-feeling groups of beings. The supposedly single, independent and external world that each believes to be common to all is really an ever-new, uniquely-occurring and non-recurring experience in the existence of each.

A whole series of grades of consciousness leads up from the root- beginnings of obscure childish intuition, in which there is still no clear world for a soul or self-conscious soul within a world, to the highly intellectualized states of which only the men of fully-ripened civilizations are capable. This gradation is at the same time an expansion of symbolism from the stage in which there is an inclusive meaning of _all_ things to one in which separate and specific signs are distinguished. It is not merely when, after the manner of the child, the dreamer and the artist, I am passive to a world full of dark significances; or when I am awake without being in a condition of extreme alertness of thought and act (such a condition is much rarer even in the consciousness of the real thinker and man of action than is generally supposed)—it is continuously and always, for as long as my life can be considered to be a waking life at all, that I am endowing that which is outside me with the _whole_ content that is in me, from the half-dreamy impressions of world-coherence to the rigid world of causal laws and number that overlies and binds them. And even in the domain of pure number the symbolical is not lacking, for we find that refined _thought_ puts inexpressible meanings into signs like the triangle, the circle and the numbers 7 and 12.

This is the _idea of the Macrocosm, actuality as the sum total of all symbols in relation to one soul_. From this property of being significant nothing is exempt. All that is, symbolizes. From the corporeal phenomena like visage, shape, mien (of individuals and classes and peoples alike), which have always been known to possess meaning, to the supposedly eternal and universally-valid forms of knowledge, mathematics and physics, everything speaks out of the essence of one and only one soul.

At the same time these individuals' worlds as lived and experienced by men of _one_ Culture or spiritual community are interrelated, and on the greater or less degree of this interrelation depends the greater or less communicability of intuitions, sensations and thoughts from one to another—that is, the possibility of making intelligible what one has created in the style of one's own being, through expression-media such as language or art or religion, by means of word-sounds or formulæ or signs that are themselves also symbols. The degree of interrelation between one's world and another's fixes the limit at which understanding becomes self-deception. Certainly it is only very imperfectly that we can understand the Indian or the Egyptian soul, as manifested in the men, customs, deities, root-words, ideas, buildings and acts of it. The Greeks, ahistoric as they were, could not even guess at the essence of alien spiritualities—witness the naïveté with which they were wont to rediscover their own gods and Culture in those of alien peoples. But in our own case too, the current translations of the ■ρχ■, or _Atman_, or _Tao_ of alien philosophers presuppose our proper world-feeling, which is that from which our "equivalents" claim their significance, as the basis of an alien soul-expression. And similarly we elucidate the characters of early Egyptian and Chinese portraits with reference to our own life-experience. In both cases we deceive ourselves. That the artistic masterpieces of all Cultures are still living for us—"immortal" as we say—is another such fancy, kept alive by the unanimity with which we understand the alien work in the proper sense. Of this tendency of ours the effect of the Laocoön group on Renaissance sculpture and that of Seneca on the Classicist drama of the French are examples.

II

Symbols, as being things actualized, belong to the domain of the extended. They are become and not becoming (although they may stand for a becoming) and they are therefore rigidly limited and subject to the laws of space. There are _only_ sensible-spatial symbols. The very word "form" designates something extended in the extended,—even the inner forms of music are no exception, as we shall see. But extension is the hall-mark of the fact "waking consciousness," and this constitutes only one side of the individual existence and is intimately bound up with that existence's destinies. Consequently, every trait of the actual waking-consciousness, whether it be feeling or understanding, is in the moment of our becoming aware of it, already _past_. We can only _reflect_ upon impressions, "think them over" as our happy phrase goes, but that which for the sensuous life of the animals is _past_, is for the grammatical (wortgebundene) understanding of man _passing_, _transient_. That which happens is, of course, transient, for a happening is irrevocable, but every kind of significance is also transient. Follow out the destiny of the Column, from the Egyptian tomb- temple in which columns are ranked to mark the path for the traveller, through the Doric peripteros in which they are held together by the body of the building, and the Early-Arabian basilica where they support the interior, to the façades of the Renaissance in which they provide the upward-striving element. As we see, an old significance never returns; that which has entered the domain of extension has begun and ended at once. A deep relation, and one which is early felt, exists _between space and death_. Man is the only being that knows death; all others become old, but with a consciousness wholly limited to the moment which must seem to them eternal. They live, but like children in those first years in which Christianity regards them as still "innocent," they know nothing of life, and they die and they see death without knowing anything about it. Only fully-awakened man, man proper, whose understanding has been emancipated by the habit of language from dependence on sight, comes to possess (besides sensibility) the _notion_ of transience, that is, a memory of the past as past and an experiential conviction of irrevocability. We _are_ Time,[178] but we _possess_ also an image of history and in this image death, and with death birth, appear as the two riddles. For all other beings life pursues its course without suspecting its limits, i.e., without conscious knowledge of task, meaning, duration and object. It is because there is this deep and significant identity that we so often find the awakening of the inner life in a child associated with the death of some relation. The child _suddenly_ grasps the lifeless corpse for what it is, something that has become wholly matter, wholly space, and at the same moment it feels itself as an individual _being_ in an alien extended world. "From the child of five to myself is but a step. But from the new-born baby to the child of five is an appalling distance," said Tolstoi once. Here, in the decisive moments of existence, when man first becomes man and realizes his immense loneliness in the universal, the world-fear reveals itself for the first time as the essentially human fear in the presence of death, the limit of the light-world, rigid space. Here, too, the higher thought originates as meditation upon death. Every religion, every scientific investigation, every philosophy proceeds from it. Every great symbolism attaches its form-language to the cult of the dead, the forms of disposal of the dead, the adornment of the graves of the dead. The Egyptian style begins with the tomb-temples of the Pharaohs, the Classical with the geometrical decoration of the funerary urns, the Arabian with catacomb and sarcophagus, the Western with the cathedral wherein the sacrificial death of Jesus is re-enacted daily under the hands of the priest. From this primitive fear springs, too, historical sensitiveness in all its modes, the Classical with its cleaving to the life-abundant present, the Arabian with its baptismal rite that wins new life and overcomes death, the Faustian with its contrition that makes worthy to receive the Body of Jesus and therewith immortality. Till we have the constantly-wakeful concern for the life that is _not yet past_, there is

no concern for that which _is past_. The beast has only the future, but man knows also the past. And thus every new Culture is awakened in and with a new view of the world, that is, a sudden glimpse of death as the secret of the perceivable world. It was when the idea of the impending end of the world spread over Western Europe (about the year 1000) that the Faustian soul of this religion was born.

Primitive man, in his deep amazement before death, sought with all the forces of his spirit to penetrate and to spellbind this world of the extended with the inexorable and always present limits of its causality, this world filled with dark almightiness that continuously threatened to make an end of him. This energetic defensive lies deep in unconscious existence, but, as being the first impulse that genuinely projects soul and world as parted and opposed, it marks the threshold of _personal_ conduct of life. Ego-feeling and world-feeling begin to work, and all culture, inner or outer, bearing or performance, is as a whole only the intensification of this being-human. Henceforward all that resists our sensations is not mere resistance or thing or impression, as it is for animals and for children also, but an expression as well. Not merely are things actually contained in the world-around but also they possess _meaning_, as phenomena in the world-_view_. Originally they possessed only a relationship to men, but now there is also a relationship of men to them. They have become emblems of his existence. And thus the essence of every genuine—_unconscious and inwardly necessary_—symbolism proceeds from the knowledge of death in which the secret of space reveals itself. All symbolism implies a defensive; it is the expression of a deep _Scheu_ in the old double sense of the word,[179] and its form-language tells at once of hostility and of reverence.

Every thing-become is mortal. Not only peoples, languages, races and Cultures are transient. In a few centuries from now there will no more be a Western Culture, no more be German, English or French than there were Romans in the time of Justinian. Not that the sequence of human generations failed; it was the inner form of a people, which had put together a number of these generations as a single gesture, that was no longer there. The _Civis Romanus_, one of the most powerful symbols of Classical being, had nevertheless, as a form, only a duration of some centuries. But the primitive phenomenon of the great Culture will itself have disappeared some day, and with it the drama of world-history; aye, and man himself, and beyond man the phenomenon of plant and animal existence on the earth's surface, the earth, the sun, the whole world of sun-systems. All art is mortal, not merely the individual artifacts but the arts themselves. One day the last portrait of Rembrandt and the last bar of Mozart will have ceased to be—though possibly a coloured canvas and a sheet of notes may remain—because the last eye and the last ear accessible to their message will have gone. Every thought, faith and science dies as soon as the spirits in whose worlds their "eternal truths" were true and necessary are extinguished. Dead, even, are the star-worlds which "appeared," a proper world to the proper eye, to the astronomers of the Nile and the Euphrates, for our eye is different from theirs; and our eye in its turn is mortal. All this we know. The beast does not know, and what he does not know does not exist in his experienced world-around. But if the image of the past vanishes, the longing to give a deeper meaning to the passing vanishes also. And so it is with reference to the purely human macrocosm that we apply the oft- quoted line, which shall serve as motto for all that follows: _Alles Vergängliche ist nur ein Gleichnis_.

From this we are led, without our noticing it, back to the space- problem, though now it takes on a fresh and surprising form. Indeed, it is as a corollary to these ideas that it appears for the first time as capable of solution—or, to speak more modestly, of enunciation—just as the time-problem was made more comprehensible by way of the Destiny- idea. From the moment of our awakening, the fateful and directed life appears in the phenomenal life as an experienced _depth_. Everything extends itself, but it is not yet "space," not something established in itself but a self-extension continued from the moving here to the moving there. World-experience is bound up with the essence of _depth_ (i.e., _far-ness_ or _distance_). In the abstract system of mathematics, "depth" is taken along with "length" and "breadth" as a "third" dimension; but this trinity of elements of like order is misleading from the outset, for in our impression of the spatial world these elements are unquestionably _not_ equivalents, let alone homogeneous. Length and breadth are no doubt, experientially, a unit and not a mere sum, but they are (the phrase is used deliberately) simply a form of reception; they represent the purely sensuous impression. But depth is a representation of _expression_, of _Nature_, and with it begins the "world."

This discrimination between the "third" and the other two dimensions, so called, which needless to say is wholly alien to mathematics, is inherent also in the opposition of the notions of sensation and contemplation. Extension into depth converts the former into the latter; in fact, depth is the first and genuine dimension in the literal sense of the word.[180] In it the waking consciousness is active, whereas in the others it is strictly passive. It is the _symbolic content of a particular order_ as understood by one particular Culture that is expressed by this original fundamental and unanalysable element. The experiencing of depth (this is a premiss upon which all that follows is dependent) is an act, as entirely involuntary and necessary as it is creative, whereby the

ego keeps its world, so to say, in subordination (zudiktiert erhält). Out of the rain of impressions the ego fashions a formal unit, a cinematic _picture_, which as soon as it is mastered by the understanding is subjected to law and the causality principle; and therefore, as the projection of an individual spirit it is transient and mortal.

There is no doubt, however reason may contest it, that this extension is capable of infinite variety, and that it operates differently not merely as between child and man, or nature-man and townsman, or Chinese and Romans, but as between individual and individual according as they experience their worlds contemplatively or alertly, actively or placidly. Every artist has rendered “Nature” by line and by tone, every physicist—Greek, Arabian or German—has dissected “Nature” into ultimate elements, and how is it that they have not all discovered the same? Because every one of them has had his own Nature, though—with a naïveté that was really the salvation of his world-idea and of his own self— every one believed that he had it in common with all the rest. Nature is a possession which is saturated through and through with the most personal connotations. _Nature is a function of the particular Culture._

III

Kant believed that he had decided the great question of whether this _a priori_ element was pre-existent or obtained by experience, by his celebrated formula that Space is the form of perception which underlies all world impressions. But the “world” of the careless child and the dreamer undeniably possess this form in an insecure and hesitant way,[181] and it is only the tense, practical, _technical_ treatment of the world-around—imposed on the free-moving being which, unlike the lilies of the fields, must care for its life—that lets sensuous self- extension stiffen into rational tridimensionality. And it is only the city-man of matured Cultures that really _lives_ in this glaring wakefulness, and only for his thought that there is a Space wholly divorced from sensuous life, “absolute,” dead and alien to Time; and it exists not as a form of the intuitively-perceived but as a form of the rationally-comprehended. There is no manner of doubt that the “space” which Kant saw all around him with such unconditional certainty when he was thinking out his theory, did not exist in anything like so rigorous a form for his Carolingian ancestors. Kant’s greatness consists in his having created the idea of a "form _a priori_," but not in the application that he gave it. We have already seen that Time is not a “form of perception” nor for that matter a form at all—forms exist only in the extended—and that there is no possibility of defining it except as a counter-concept to Space. But there is the further question—does this word “space” exactly cover the formal content of the intuitively- perceived? And beyond all this there is the plain fact that the “form of perception” _alters with distance_. Every distant mountain range is “perceived” as a scenic plane. No one will pretend that he sees the moon as a body; for the eye it is a pure plane and it is only by the aid of the telescope—i.e. when the distance is artificially reduced—that it progressively obtains a spatial form. Obviously, then, the “form of perception” is a function of distance. Moreover, when we reflect upon anything, we do not exactly remember the impressions that we received at the time, but “represent to ourselves” the picture of a space abstracted from them. But this representation may and does deceive us regarding the living actuality. Kant let himself be misled; he should certainly not have permitted himself to distinguish between forms of perception and forms of ratiocination, for _his_ notion of Space in principle embraced both.[182]

Just as Kant marred the Time-problem by bringing it into relation with an essentially misunderstood arithmetic and—on that basis—dealing with a phantom sort of time that lacks the life-quality of direction and is therefore a mere spatial scheme, so also he marred the Space-problem by relating it to a common-place geometry.

It befell that a few years after the completion of Kant’s main work Gauss discovered the first of the Non-Euclidean geometries. These, irreproachably demonstrated as regards their own internal validity, enable it to be proved that there are _several_ strictly mathematical kinds of three-dimensional extension, all of which are _a priori_ certain, and none of which can be singled out to rank as the genuine “form of perception.”

It was a grave, and in a contemporary of Euler and Lagrange an unpardonable, error to postulate that the Classical school-geometry (for it was that which Kant always had in mind) was to be found reproduced in the forms of Nature around us. In moments of attentive observation at very short range, and in cases in which the relations considered are sufficiently small, the living impressions and the rules of customary geometry are certainly in approximate agreement. But the _exact_ conformity asserted by philosophy can be demonstrated neither by the eye nor by measuring-instruments. Both these must always stop short at a certain limit of accuracy which is very far indeed below that which would be necessary, say, for determining which of the Non-Euclidean geometries is the geometry of “empirical” Space.[183] On the large scales and for great distances, where the experience of depth completely dominates the perception-picture (for example, looking on a broad landscape as against a drawing) the form of perception is in fundamental contradiction with mathematics. A glance down any avenue shows us that parallels meet at the

horizon. Western perspective and the otherwise quite different perspective of Chinese painting are both alike based on this fact, and the connexion of these perspectives with the root- problems of their respective mathematics is unmistakable.

Experiential Depth, in the infinite variety of its modes, eludes every sort of numerical definition. The whole of lyric poetry and music, the entire painting of Egypt, China and the West by hypothesis deny any strictly mathematical structure in space as felt and seen, and it is only because all modern philosophers have been destitute of the smallest understanding of painting that they have failed to note the contradiction. The “horizon” _in and by which every visual image gradually passes into a definitive plane_, is incapable of any mathematical treatment. Every stroke of a landscape painter’s brush refutes the assertions of conventional epistemology.

As mathematical magnitudes abstract from life, the “three dimensions” have no natural limits. But when this proposition becomes entangled with the surface-and-depth of experienced impression, the original epistemological error leads to another, viz., that apprehended extension is also without limits, although in fact our vision only comprises the _illuminated_ portion of space and stops at the light-limit of the particular moment, which may be the star-heavens or merely the bright atmosphere. The “visual” world is the totality of _light-resistances_, since vision depends on the presence of radiated or reflected light. The Greeks took their stand on this and stayed there. It is the Western world-feeling that has produced the idea of a limitless universe of space—a space of infinite star-systems and distances that far transcends all optical possibilities—and this was a creation of the _inner_ vision, incapable of all actualization through the eye, and, even as an idea, alien to and unachievable by the men of a differently-disposed Culture.

IV

The outcome, then, of Gauss’s discovery, which _completely_ altered the course of modern mathematics,[184] was the statement that there are severally equally valid structures of three-dimensional extension. That it should even be asked which of them corresponds to actual perception shows that the problem was not in the least comprehended. Mathematics, whether or not it employs visible images and representations as working conveniences, concerns itself with systems that are entirely emancipated from life, time and distance, with form-worlds of pure numbers whose validity—not _fact-foundation_—is timeless and like everything else that is “known” is known by causal logic and not experienced.

With this, the difference between the living intuition-way and the mathematical form-language became manifest and the secret of _spatial becoming_ opened out.

As becoming is the foundation of the become, continuous living history that of fulfilled dead nature, the organic that of the mechanical, destiny that of causal law and the causally-settled, so too _direction is the origin of extension. The secret of Life accomplishing itself which is touched upon by the word Time forms the foundation of that which, as accomplished, is understood by_ (or rather _indicated to an inner feeling in us by_) _the word Space_. Every extension that is actual has first been accomplished in and with an experience of depth, and what is primarily indicated by the word Time is just this process of extending, first sensuously (in the main, visually) and only later intellectually, into depth and distance, i.e., the _step_ from the planar semi-impression to the macrocosmically ordered world-picture with its mysterious-manifest kinesis. We feel—and the feeling is what constitutes the state of all-round awareness in us—that we are _in_ an extension that encircles us; and it is only necessary to follow out this original impression that we have of the worldly to see that in reality there is only one true “dimension” of space, which is direction from one’s self outwards into the distance, the “there” and the future, and that the abstract system of three dimensions is a mechanical representation and not a fact of life. By the depth-experience sensation is _expanded_ into the world. We have seen already that the directedness that is in life wears the badge of _irreversibility_, and there is something of this same hall-mark of Time in our instinctive tendency to feel the depth that is in the world uni-directionally also—viz., from ourselves outwards, and never from the horizon inwards. The bodily mobility of man and beast is disposed in this sense. We move _forward_— towards the Future, nearing with every step not merely our aim but our old age—and we feel every _backward_ look as a glance at something that is past, that has already become history.[185]

If we can describe the basic form of the understood, viz., causality, as _destiny become rigid_, we may similarly speak of spatial depth as a _time become rigid_. That which not only man but even the beast _feels_ operative around him as destiny, he _perceives_ by touching, looking, listening, scenting as movement, and under his intense scrutiny it stiffens and becomes causal. We _feel_ that it is drawing towards spring and we feel in advance how the spring landscape expands around us; but we _know_ that the earth as it moves in space revolves and that the duration of spring consists of ninety such revolutions of the earth, or days. Time gives birth to Space, but Space gives death to Time.

Had Kant been more precise, he would, instead of speaking of the “two forms of perception,” have called time the form of perception and space the form of the perceived, and then the connexion of the two would probably have revealed itself to him. The logician, mathematician, or scientist in his moments of intense thought, knows only the Become—which has been detached from the singular event by the very act of meditating upon it—and true systematic space—in which everything possesses the _property_ of a mathematically-expressible “duration.” But it is just this that indicates to us how space is continuously “becoming.” While we gaze into the distance with our senses, it floats around us, but when we are startled, the alert eye sees a tense and rigid space. This space _is_; the principle of its existing at all is that it is, outside time and detached from it and from life. In it duration, a piece of perished time, resides as a known property of things. And, as we know ourselves too as _being_ in this space, we know that we also have a duration and a limit, of which the moving finger of our clock ceaselessly warns us. But the rigid Space itself is transient too—at the first relaxation of our intellectual tension it vanishes from the many-coloured spread of our world-around—and so it is a sign and symbol of _the most elemental and powerful symbol_, of life itself.

For the involuntary and unqualified realization of depth, which dominates the consciousness with the force of an elemental event (_simultaneously with the awakening of the inner life_), marks the frontier between child and ... Man. The symbolic experience of depth is what is lacking in the child, who grasps at the moon and knows as yet no meaning in the outer world but, like the soul of primitive man, dawns in a dreamlike continuum of sensations (in traumhafter Verbundenheit mit allem Empfindungshaften hindämmert). Of course the child is not without experience of the extended, of a very simple kind, but there is no _world-perception_; distance is felt, but it does not yet speak to the soul. And with the soul’s awakening, direction, too, first reaches living expression—Classical expression in steady adherence to the near- present and exclusion of the distant and future; Faustian in direction- energy which has an eye only for the most distant horizons; Chinese, in free hither-and-thither wandering that nevertheless goes to the goal; Egyptian in resolute march down the path once entered. Thus the Destiny- idea manifests itself in every line of a life. With it alone do we become members of a particular Culture, whose members are connected by a common world-feeling and a common world-form derived from it. A deep identity unites the awakening of the _soul_, its birth into clear existence in the name of a Culture, with the sudden realization of distance and time, the _birth of its outer world_ through the symbol of extension; and thenceforth this symbol is and remains the _prime symbol_ of that life, imparting to it its specific style and the historical form in which it progressively actualizes its inward possibilities. From the specific directedness is derived the specific prime-symbol of extension, namely, for the Classical world-view the near, strictly limited, self- contained Body, for the Western infinitely wide and infinitely profound three-dimensional Space, for the Arabian the world as a Cavern. And therewith an old philosophical problem dissolves into nothing: this prime form of the world is _innate_ in so far as it is an original possession of the soul of that Culture which is expressed by our life as a whole, and _acquired_ in so far that every individual soul re-enacts for itself that creative act and unfolds in early childhood the symbol of depth to which its existence is predestined, as the emerging butterfly unfolds its wings. The first comprehension of depth is _an act of birth_—the spiritual complement of the bodily.[186] In it the Culture is born out of its mother-landscape, and the act is repeated by every one of its individual souls throughout its life-course. This is what Plato—connecting it with an early Hellenic belief—called anamnesis. The definiteness of the world-form, which for each dawning soul _suddenly is_, derives meaning from Becoming. Kant the systematic, however, with his conception of the form _a priori_, would approach the interpretation of this very riddle from a dead result instead of along a living way.

From now on, we shall consider the _kind of extension as the prime symbol of a Culture_. From it we are to deduce the entire form-language of its actuality, its physiognomy as contrasted with the physiognomy of every other Culture and still more with the almost entire lack of physiognomy in primitive man’s world-around. For now the interpretation of depth rises to acts, to formative expression in works, to the _trans_-forming of actuality, not now merely in order to subserve necessities of life (as in the case of the animals) but above all to create a picture out of extensional elements of all sorts (material, line, colour, tone, motion)—a picture, often, that re-emerges with power to charm after lost centuries in the world-picture of another Culture and tells new men of the way in which its authors understood the world.

But the prime symbol does not actualize itself; it is operative through the form-sense of every man, every community, age and epoch and dictates the style of every life-expression. It is inherent in the form of the state, the religious myths and cults, the ethical ideals, the forms of painting and music and poetry, the fundamental notions of each science— but it is not presented by these. Consequently, it is not presentable by words, for language and words are themselves _derived_ symbols. Every individual symbol tells of it, but only to the inner feelings, not to the understanding. And when we say, as henceforth we shall say, that the prime-symbol of the Classical soul is the material and individual body, that of the Western pure infinite space, it must always be with the reservation that concepts cannot represent the inconceivable, and thus at the most a _significative feeling_ may be evoked by the sound of words.

Infinite space is the ideal that the Western soul has always striven to find, and to see immediately actualized, in its world-around; and hence it is that the countless space-theories of the last centuries possess— over and above all ostensible “results”—a deep import as symptoms of a world-feeling. In how far does unlimited extension _underlie_ all objective things? There is hardly a single problem that has been more earnestly pondered than this; it would almost seem as if every other world-question was dependent upon the one problem of the nature of space. And is it not in fact so—_for us_? And how, then, has it escaped notice that the whole Classical world never expended one word on it, and indeed did not even possess a word[187] by which the problem could be exactly outlined? Why had the great pre-Socratics nothing to say on it? Did they overlook in their world just that which appears to us the problem of all problems? Ought we not, in fact, to have seen long ago that the answer is in the very fact of their silence? How is it that according to _our_ deepest feeling the “world” is nothing but that world-of-space which is the true offspring of our depth-experience, and whose grand emptiness is corroborated by the star-systems lost in it? Could a “world” of this sense have been made even comprehensible to a Classical thinker? In short, we suddenly discover that the “eternal problem” that Kant, in the name of humanity, tackled with a passion that itself is symbolic, is a _purely Western_ problem that simply does not arise in the intellects of other Cultures.

What then was it that Classical man, whose insight into his own world- around was certainly not less piercing than ours, regarded as the prime problem of all being? It was the problem of ■ρχ■, the _material origin and foundation_ of all sensuously-perceptible things. If we grasp this we shall get close to the significance of the fact—not the fact of space, but the fact that made it a necessity of destiny for the space- problem to become the problem of the Western, and only the Western, soul.[188] This very spatiality (Räumlichkeit) that is the truest and sublimest element in the aspect of _our_ universe, that absorbs into itself and begets out of itself the substantiality of all things, Classical humanity (which knows no word for, and therefore has no idea of, space) with one accord cuts out as the nonent, τ■ μ■ ■ν, that which _is not_. The pathos of this denial can scarcely be exaggerated. The whole passion of the Classical soul is in this act of excluding by symbolic negation that which it _would_ not feel as actual, that in which its own existence _could_ not be expressed. A world of other colour suddenly confronts us here. The Classical statue in its splendid bodiliness—all structure and expressive surfaces and no incorporeal _arrière-pensée_ whatsoever—contains without remainder all that Actuality is for the Classical eye. The material, the optically definite, the comprehensible, the immediately present—this list exhausts the characteristics of this kind of extension. The Classical universe, the _Cosmos_ or well-ordered aggregate of all near and completely viewable things, is concluded by the corporeal vault of heaven. More there is not. The need that is in us to think of “space” as being behind as well as before this shell was wholly absent from the Classical world- feeling. The Stoics went so far as to treat even properties and relations of things as “bodies.” For Chrysippus, the Divine Pneuma is a “body,” for Democritus seeing consists in our being penetrated by material particles of the things seen. The State is a body which is made up of all the bodies of its citizens, the law knows only corporeal persons and material things. And the feeling finds its last and noblest expression in the stone body of the Classical temple. The windowless interior is carefully concealed by the array of columns; but outside there is not one truly straight line to be found. Every flight of steps has a slight sweep outward, every step relatively to the next. The pediment, the roof-ridge, the sides are all curved. Every column has a slight swell and none stand truly vertical or truly equidistant from one another. But swell and inclination and distance vary from the corners to the centres of the sides in a carefully toned-off ratio, and so the whole corpus is given a something that swings mysterious about a centre. The curvatures are so fine that to a certain extent they are invisible to the eye and only to be “sensed.” But it is just by these means that direction in depth is eliminated. While the Gothic style _soars_, the Ionic _swings_. The interior of the cathedral pulls up with primeval force, but the temple is laid down in majestic rest. All this is equally true as relating to the Faustian and Apollinian Deity, and likewise of the fundamental ideas of the respective physics. To the principles of position, material and form we have opposed those of straining movement, force and mass, and we have defined the last-named as a constant ratio between force and acceleration, nay, finally volatilized both in the purely spatial elements of _capacity_ and _intensity_. It was an obligatory consequence also of this way of conceiving actuality that the instrumental music of the great 18th-Century masters should emerge as a master-art—for it is the only one of the arts whose form-world is inwardly related to the contemplative vision of pure space. In it, as opposed to the statues of Classical temple and forum, we have bodiless realms of tone, tone-intervals, tone-seas. The orchestra swells, breaks, and ebbs, it depicts distances, lights, shadows, storms, driving clouds, lightning flashes, colours etherealized and transcendent—think of the instrumentation of Gluck and Beethoven. “Contemporary,” in our sense, with the Canon of Polycletus, the treatise in which the great sculptor laid down the strict rules of human body-build which remained authoritative till beyond Lysippus, we find the strict canon (completed by Stamitz about 1740) of the sonata-movement of four elements which begins to relax in late-Beethoven quartets and symphonies and, finally, in the lonely, utterly infinitesimal tone-world of the “Tristan” music, frees itself from all earthly comprehensibleness. This prime feeling of a loosing, Erlösung, solution, of the Soul in the Infinite, of a liberation from all material heaviness which the highest

moments of our music always awaken, sets free also the energy of depth that is in the Faustian soul: whereas the effect of the Classical art-work is to bind and to bound, and the body-feeling secures, brings back the eye from distance to a Near and Still that is saturated with beauty.

Footnote 172:

Which, inasmuch as it has been detached from time, is able to employ mathematical symbols. These rigid figures _signify_ for us a destiny of yore. But their meaning is other than mathematical. Past is not a cause, nor Fate a formula, and to anyone who handles them, as the historical materialist handles them, mathematically, the past event as such, as an actuality that has lived once and only once, is invisible.

Footnote 173:

That is, not merely conclusions of peaces or deathdays of persons, but the Renaissance style, the _Polis_, the Mexican Culture and so forth— are dates or data, facts that have been, even when we possess no representation of them.

Footnote 174:

See Vol. II, pp. 403 et seq., 589 et seq.

Footnote 175:

The formation of hypotheses in Chemistry is much more thoughtless, owing to the less close relation of that science to mathematics. A house of cards such as is presented to us in the researches of the moment on atom-structure (see, for example, M. Born, _Der Aufbau der Materie_, 1920) would be impossible in the near neighbourhood of the electro-magnetic theory of light, whose authors never for a moment lost sight of the frontier between mathematical vision and its representation by a picture, or of the fact that this was only a picture.

Footnote 176:

There is no difference essentially between these representations and the switchboard wiring-diagram.

Footnote 177:

Goethe's theory of colour openly controverted Newton's theory of light. A long account of the controversy will be found in Chapter IX of G. H. Lewes's _Life of Goethe_—a work that, taken all in all, is one of the wisest biographies ever written. In reading his critique of Goethe's theory, of course, it has to be borne in mind that he wrote before the modern development of the electro-magnetic theory, which has substituted a merely mathematical existence for the Newtonian physical existence of colour-rays as such in white light. Now, this physical existence was just what, in substance, Goethe denied. What he affirmed, in the simpler language of his day, was that white light was something simple and colourless that becomes coloured through diminutions or modifications imposed upon it by "darkness." The modern physicist, using a subtler hypothesis than Newton's and a more refined "balance" than that which Lewes reproaches Goethe for "flinging away," has found in white light, not the Newtonian mixture of colour-rays, but a surge of irregular wave-trains which are only regularized into colour-vibrations through being acted upon by analysers of one sort and another, from prisms to particulate matter. This necessity of a counter-agent for the production of colour seems—to a critical outsider at any rate—very like the necessity of an efficient negative principle or "opaque" that Goethe's intuitive interpretation of his experiments led him to postulate. It is this that is the heart of the theory, and not the "simplicity" of light _per se_.

So much it seems desirable to add to the text and the reference, in order to expand the author's statement that "both were right." For Lewes, with all his sympathetic penetration of the man and real appreciation of his scientific achievement, feels obliged to regard his methods and his theory as such as "erroneous." And it is perhaps not out of place in this book to adduce an instance of the peculiar nature and power of intuitive vision (which entirely escapes direct description) in which Vision frankly challenges Reason on its own ground, meets with refutation (or contempt) from the Reason of its day, and yet may come to be upheld in its specific rightness (its rightness as vision, that is, apart from its technical enunciation by the seer) by the Reason of a later day.—_Tr._

Footnote 178:

See p. 123.

Footnote 179:

See page 123.

Footnote 180:

The word _dimension_ ought only to be used in the singular. It means extension but not extensions. The idea of the three directions is an out-and-out abstraction and is not contained in the immediate extension-feeling of the body (the “soul”). Direction as such, the direction-essence, gives rise to the mysterious _animal_ sense of right and left and also the _vegetable_ characteristic of below-to-above, earth to heaven. The latter is a fact felt dream-wise, the former a truth of waking existence to be learned and therefore capable of being transmuted. Both find expression in architecture, to wit, in the symmetry of the plan and the energy of the elevation, and it is only because of this that we specially distinguish in the “architecture” of the space around us the angle of 90° in preference, for example, to that of 60°. Had not this been so, the conventional number of our “dimensions” would have been quite different.

Footnote 181:

The want of perspective in children’s drawings is emphatically not perceptible to the children themselves.

Footnote 182:

His idea that the _a priori_-ness of space was proved by and through the unconditional validity of simple geometrical facts rests, as we have already remarked, on the all-too-popular notion that mathematics are either geometry or arithmetic. Now, even in Kant’s time the mathematic of the West had got far beyond this naïve scheme, which was a mere imitation of the Classical. Modern geometry bases itself not on space but on multiply-infinite number-manifolds—amongst which the three-dimensional is simply the undistinguished special case—and within these groups investigates functional formations with reference to their structure; that is, there is no longer any contact or even possibility of contact between any possible kind of sense-perception and mathematical facts in the domain of such extensions as these, and yet the demonstrability of the latter is in no wise impaired thereby. Mathematics, then, are independent of the perceived, and the question now is, how much of this famous demonstrability of the forms of perception is left when the artificiality of juxtaposing both in a supposedly single process of experience has been recognized.

Footnote 183:

It is true that a geometrical theorem may be proved, or rather demonstrated, by means of a drawing. But the theorem is differently constituted in every kind of geometry, and that being so, the drawing ceases to be a _proof_ of anything whatever.

Footnote 184:

So much so that Gauss said nothing about his discovery until almost the end of his life for tear of “the clamour of the Bœotians.”

Footnote 185:

The distinction of right and left (see p. 169) is only conceivable as the outcome of this directedness in the dispositions of the body. “In front” has no meaning whatever for the body of a plant.

Footnote 186:

It may not be out of place here to refer to the enormous importance attached in savage society to initiation-rites at adolescence.—_Tr._

Footnote 187:

Either in Greek or in Latin, τ■πος (= _locus_) means spot, locality, and also social position; χ■ρα (= _spatium_) means space-between, distance, rank, and also ground and soil (e.g., τ■ ■κ τ■ς χ■ρας, produce); τ■ κ■νον (_vacuum_) means quite unequivocally a hollow body, and the stress is emphatically on the envelope. The literature of the Roman Imperial Age, which attempted to render the _Magian_ world- feeling through Classical words, was reduced to such clumsy versions as ■ρατ■ς τ■πος

(sensible world) or _spatium inane_ (“endless space,” but also “wide surface”—the root of the word “spatium” means to swell or grow fat). In the true Classical literature, the idea not being there, there was no necessity for a word to describe it.

Footnote 188:

It has not hitherto been seen that this fact is implicit in Euclid’s famous parallel axiom (“through a point only one parallel to a straight line is possible”).

This was the only one of the Classical theorems which remained unproved, and as we know now, it is incapable of proof. But it was just that which made it into a dogma (as opposed to any experience) _and therefore the metaphysical centre_ and main girder of that geometrical system. Everything else, axiom or postulate, is merely introductory or corollary to this. This one proposition is necessary and universally-valid for the Classical intellect, _and yet not deducible_. What does this signify?

It signifies that the statement is a _symbol_ of the first rank. It contains the structure of Classical corporeality. It is just this proposition, theoretically the weakest link in the Classical geometry (objections began to be raised to it as early as Hellenistic times), that reveals its soul, and it was just this proposition, self-evident within the limits of routine experience, that the Faustian number- thinking, derived from incorporeal spatial distances, fastened upon as the centre of doubt. It is one of the deepest symbols of _our_ being that we have opposed to the Euclidean geometry not one but _several_ other geometries all of which for us are equally true and self- consistent. The specific tendency of the anti-Euclidean group of geometries—in which there may be no parallel or two parallels or several parallels to a line through a point—lies in the fact that by their very plurality the corporeal sense of extension, which Euclid _canonized_ by his principle, is entirely got rid of; for what they reject is that which all corporeal postulates but all spatial denies. The question of which of the three Non-Euclidean geometries is the “correct” one (i.e., that which underlies actuality)—although Gauss himself gave it earnest consideration—is in respect of world-feeling entirely Classical and therefore it should not have been asked by a thinker of our sphere. Indeed it prevents us from seeing the true and deep meaning implicit in the plurality of these geometries. The specifically Western symbol resides not in the reality of one or of another, but in the true plurality of _equally possible_ geometries. It is the _group_ of space-structures—in the abundance of which the classical system is a mere particular case—that has dissolved the last residuum of the corporeal into the pure space-feeling.

V

Each of the great Cultures, then, has arrived at a secret language of world-feeling that is only fully comprehensible by him whose soul belongs to that Culture. We must not deceive ourselves. Perhaps we can read a little way into the Classical soul, because its form-language is almost the exact inversion of the Western; how far we have succeeded or can ever succeed is a question which necessarily forms the starting- point of all criticism of the Renaissance, and it is a very difficult one. But when we are told that probably (it is at best a doubtful venture to meditate upon so alien an expression of Being) the Indians conceived numbers which according to our ideas possessed neither value nor magnitude nor relativity, and which only became positive and negative, great or small units in virtue of position, we have to admit that it is impossible for us exactly to re-experience what spiritually underlies this kind of number. For us, 3 is always _something_, be it positive or negative; for the Greeks it was unconditionally a positive magnitude, +3; but for the Indian it indicates a possibility without existence, to which the word “something” is _not yet_ applicable, outside both existence and non-existence which are _properties_ to be introduced into it. +3, -3, ■, are thus emanating actualities of subordinate rank which reside in the mysterious substance (3) in some way that is entirely hidden from us. It takes a Brahmanic soul to perceive these numbers as self-evident, as ideal emblems of a self- complete world-form; to us they are as unintelligible as is the Brahman Nirvana, for which, as lying beyond life _and_ death, sleep _and_ waking, passion, compassion _and_ dispassion and yet somehow actual, words entirely fail us. Only this spirituality could originate the grand conception of _nothingness as a true number, zero_, and even then this zero is the Indian zero for which existent and non-existent are equally external designations.[189]

Arabian thinkers of the ripest period—and they included minds of the very first order like Alfarabi and Alkabi—in controverting the ontology of Aristotle, _proved_ that the body as such did not necessarily assume space for existence, and deduced the essence of this space—the _Arabian_ kind of extension, that is—from the characteristic of “one’s being in a position.”

But this does not prove that as against Aristotle and Kant they were in error or that their thinking was muddled (as we so readily say of what our own brains cannot take in). It shows that the Arabian spirit possessed other world-categories than our own. They could

have rebutted Kant, or Kant them, with the same subtlety of proof—and both disputants would have remained convinced of the correctness of their respective standpoints.

When we talk of space to-day, we are all thinking more or less in the same style, just as we are all using the same languages and word-signs, whether we are considering mathematical space or physical space or the space of painting or that of actuality, although all philosophizing that insists (as it must) upon putting an _identity_ of understanding in the place of such kinship of significance-feeling must remain somewhat questionable. But no Hellene or Egyptian or Chinaman could re-experience any part of those feelings of ours, and no artwork or thought-system could possibly convey to him unequivocally what “space” means for us. Again, the prime conceptions originated in the quite differently constituted soul of the Greek, like ■ρχ■, ■λη, μορφ■, comprise the whole content of his world. But this world is differently constituted from ours. It is, for us, alien and remote. We may take these words of Greek and translate them by words of our own like “origin,” “matter” and “form,” but it is mere imitation, a feeble effort to penetrate into a world of feeling in which the finest and deepest elements, in spite of all we can do, remain dumb; it is as though one tried to set the Parthenon sculptures for a string quartet, or cast Voltaire’s God in bronze. The master-traits of thought, life and world-consciousness are as manifold and different as the features of individual men; in those respects as in others there are distinctions of “races” and “peoples,” and men are as unconscious of these distinctions as they are ignorant of whether “red” and “yellow” do or do not mean the same for others as for themselves. It is particularly the common symbolic of language that nourishes the illusion of a homogeneous constitution of human inner-life and an identical world-form; in this respect the great thinkers of one and another Culture resemble the colour-blind in that each is unaware of his own condition and smiles at the errors of the rest.

And now I draw the conclusions. There is a plurality of prime symbols. It is the depth-experience through which the world becomes, through which perception _extends itself_ to world. Its signification is for the soul to which it belongs and only for that soul, and it is different in waking and dreaming, acceptance and scrutiny, as between young and old, townsmen and peasant, man and woman. It actualizes for every high Culture the possibility of form upon which that Culture’s existence rests and it does so of deep necessity. All fundamentals words like our mass, substance, material, thing, body, extension (and multitudes of words of the like order in other culture-tongues) are emblems, obligatory and determined by destiny, that out of the infinite abundance of world-possibilities evoke in the name of the individual Culture those possibilities that alone are significant and therefore necessary for it. None of them is exactly transferable just as it is into the experiential living and knowing of another Culture. And none of these prime words ever recurs. The _choice of prime symbol_ in the moment of the Culture- soul’s awakening into self-consciousness on its own soil—a moment that for one who can read world-history thus contains something catastrophic— decides all.

Culture, as the soul’s total expression “become” and perceptible in gestures and works, as its mortal transient body, obnoxious to law, number and causality:

As the historical drama, a picture in the whole picture of world- history:

As the sum of grand emblems of life, feeling and understanding:

—this is the language through which alone a soul can tell of what it undergoes.

The macrocosm, too, is a property of the individual soul; we can never know how it stands with the soul of another. That which is implied by “infinite space,” the space that “passeth all understanding,” which is the creative interpretation of depth-experience proper and peculiar to us men of the West—the kind of extension that is nothingness to the Greeks, the Universe to us—dyes our world in a colour that the Classical, the Indian and the Egyptian souls had not on their palettes. One soul listens to the world-experience in A flat major, another in F minor; one apprehends it in the Euclidean spirit, another in the contrapuntal, a third in the Magian spirit. From the purest analytical Space and from Nirvana to the most somatic reality of Athens, there is a series of prime symbols each of which is capable of forming a complete world out of itself. And, as the idea of the Babylonian or that of the Indian world was remote, strange and elusive for the men of the five or six Cultures that followed, so also the Western world will be incomprehensible to the men of Cultures yet unborn.

CHAPTER VI

MAKROKOSMOS

II

APOLLINIAN, FAUSTIAN AND MAGIAN SOUL

CHAPTER VI

MAKROKOSMOS

II APOLLINIAN, FAUSTIAN AND MAGIAN SOUL

I

Henceforth we shall designate the soul of the Classical Culture, which chose the sensuously-present individual body as the ideal type of the extended, by the name (familiarized by Nietzsche) of the _Apollinian_. In opposition to it we have the _Faustian_ soul, whose prime-symbol is pure and limitless space, and whose “body” is the Western Culture that blossomed forth with the birth of the Romanesque style in the 10th century in the Northern plain between the Elbe and the Tagus. The nude statue is Apollinian, the art of the fugue Faustian. Apollinian are: mechanical statics, the sensuous cult of the Olympian gods, the politically individual city-states of Greece, the doom of Œdipus and the phallus-symbol. Faustian are: Galileian dynamics, Catholic and Protestant dogmatics, the great dynasties of the Baroque with their cabinet diplomacy, the destiny of Lear and the Madonna-ideal from Dante’s Beatrice to the last line of _Faust II_. The painting that defines the individual body by contours is Apollinian, that which forms space by means of light and shade is Faustian—this is the difference between the fresco of Polygnotus and the oil painting of Rembrandt. The Apollinian existence is that of the Greek who describes his ego as _soma_ and who lacks all idea of an inner development and therefore all real history, inward and outward; the Faustian is an existence which _is led_ with a deep consciousness and introspection of the ego, and a resolutely personal culture evidenced in memoirs, reflections, retrospects and prospects and conscience. And in the time of Augustus, in the countries between Nile and Tigris, Black Sea and South Arabia, there appears—aloof but able to speak to us through forms borrowed, adopted and inherited—the Magian soul of the Arabian Culture with its algebra, astrology and alchemy, its mosaics and arabesques, its caliphates and mosques, and the sacraments and scriptures of the Persian, Jewish, Christian, “post-Classical” and Manichæan religions.

“Space”—speaking now in the Faustian idiom—is a spiritual something, rigidly distinct from the momentary sense-present, which _could_ not be represented in an Apollinian language, whether Greek or Latin. But the created _expression-space_ of the Apollinian arts is equally alien to ours. The tiny cella of the early-Classical temple was a dumb dark nothingness, a structure (originally) of perishable material, an envelope of the moment in contrast to the eternal vaults of Magian cupolas and Gothic naves, and the closed ranks of columns were expressly meant to convey that for the eye at any rate this body possessed no _Inward_. In no other Culture is the firm footing, the socket, so emphasized. The Doric column bores into the ground, the vessels are always thought of from below upward (whereas those of the Renaissance float above their footing), and the sculpture-schools feel the stabilizing of their figures as their main problem. Hence in archaic works the legs are disproportionately emphasized, the foot is planted on the full sole, and if the drapery falls straight down, a part of the hem is removed to show that the foot is standing. The Classical relief is strictly stereometrically set on a plane, and there is an interspace between the figures but no depth. A landscape of Claude Lorrain, on the contrary, is _nothing but_ space, every detail being made to subserve its illustration. All bodies in it possess an atmospheric and perspective meaning purely as carriers of light and shade. The extreme of this disembodiment of the world in the service of space is Impressionism. Given this world-feeling, the Faustian soul in the springtime necessarily arrived at an architectural problem which had its centre of gravity in the spatial vaulting-over of vast, and from porch to choir dynamically deep, cathedrals. This last expressed _its_ depth- experience. But with it was associated, in opposition to the cavernous Magian expression-space,[190] the element of a soaring into the broad universe. Magian roofing, whether it be cupola or barrel-vault or even the horizontal baulk of a basilica, _covers in_. Strzygowski[191] has very aptly described the architectural idea of Hagia Sophia as an introverted Gothic striving under a closed outer casing. On the other hand, in the cathedral of Florence the cupola _crowns_ the long Gothic body of 1367, and the same tendency rose in Bramante’s scheme for St. Peter’s to a veritable towering-up, a magnificent “Excelsior,” that Michelangelo carried to completion with the dome that floats high and bright over the vast vaulting. To this sense of space the Classical opposes the symbol of the Doric peripteros, wholly corporeal and comprehensible in one glance.

The Classical Culture begins, then, with a great _renunciation_. A rich, pictorial, almost over-ripe art lay ready to its hand. But this _could_ not become the expression of the young soul, and so from about 1100 B.C. the harsh, narrow, and to our eyes scanty and barbaric, early-Doric geometrical style appears in opposition to the Minoan.[192] For the three centuries which correspond to the

flowering of our Gothic, there is no hint of an architecture, and it is only at about 650 B.C., “contemporarily” with Michelangelo’s transition into the Baroque, that the Doric and Etruscan temple-type arises. All “Early” art is religious, and this symbolic Negation is not less so than the Egyptian and the Gothic Affirmation. The idea of _burning_ the dead accords with the cult-site but not with the cult-building; and the Early Classical religion which conceals itself from us behind the solemn names of Calchas, Tiresias, Orpheus and (probably) Numa[193] possessed for its rites simply that which is left of an architectural idea when one has subtracted the architecture, viz., the sacred precinct. The original cult-plan is thus the Etruscan templum, a sacred area merely staked off on the ground by the augurs with an impassable boundary and a propitious entrance on the East side.[194] A “templum” was created where a rite was to be performed or where the representative of the state authority, senate or army, happened to be. It existed only for the duration of its use, and the spell was then removed. It was probably only about 700 B.C. that the Classical soul so far mastered itself as to represent this architectural Nothing in the sensible form of a built body. In the long run the Euclidean feeling proved stronger than the mere antipathy to duration.

Faustian architecture, on the contrary, begins on the grand scale simultaneously with the first stirrings of a new piety (the Cluniac reform, c. 1000) and a new thought (the Eucharistic controversy between Berengar of Tours and Lanfranc 1050),[195] and proceeds at once to plans of gigantic intention; often enough, as in the case of Speyer, the whole community did not suffice to fill the cathedral,[196] and often again it proved impossible to complete the projected scheme. The passionate language of this architecture is that of the poems too.[197] Far apart as may seem the Christian hymnology of the south and the Eddas of the still heathen north, they are alike in the implicit space-endlessness of prosody, rhythmic syntax and imagery. Read the _Dies Iræ_ together with the Völuspá,[198] which is little earlier; there is the same adamantine will to overcome and break all resistances of the visible. No rhythm ever imagined radiates immensities of space and distance as the old Northern does:

Zum Unheil werden—noch allzulange Männer und Weiber—zur Welt geboren Aber wir beide —bleiben zusammen Ich und Sigurd.

The accents of the Homeric hexameter are the soft rustle of a leaf in the midday sun, the rhythm of _matter_; but the “Stabreim” likes “potential energy” in the world-pictures of modern physics, creates a tense restraint in the void without limits, distant night-storms above the highest peaks. In its swaying indefiniteness all words and things dissolve themselves—it is the dynamics, not the statics, of language. The same applies to the grave rhythm of _Media vita in morte sumus_. Here is heralded the colour of Rembrandt and the instrumentation of Beethoven—_here infinite solitude is felt as the home of the Faustian soul_. What is Valhalla? Unknown to the Germans of the Migrations and even to the Merovingian Age, it was conceived by the nascent Faustian soul. It was conceived, no doubt, under Classic-pagan and Arabian- Christian impressions, for the antique and the sacred writings, the ruins and mosaics and miniatures, the cults and rites and dogmas of these past Cultures reached into the new life at all points. _And yet_, this Valhalla is something beyond all sensible actualities floating in remote, dim, Faustian regions. Olympus rests on the homely Greek soil, the Paradise of the Fathers is a magic garden somewhere in the Universe, but Valhalla is nowhere. Lost in the limitless, it appears with its inharmonious gods and heroes the supreme symbol of solitude. Siegfried, Parzeval, Tristan, Hamlet, Faust are the loneliest heroes in all the Cultures. Read the wondrous awakening of the inner life in Wolfram’s Parzeval. The longing for the woods, the mysterious compassion, the ineffable sense of forsakenness—it is all Faustian and only Faustian. Every one of us knows it. The motive returns with all its profundity in the Easter scene of Faust I.

“A longing pure and not to be described drove me to wander over woods and fields, and in a mist of hot abundant tears I felt a world arise and live for me.”

Of this world-experience neither Apollinian nor Magian man, neither Homer nor the Gospels, knows anything whatever. The climax of the poem of Wolfram, that wondrous Good Friday morning scene when the hero, at odds with God and with himself, meets the noble Gawan and resolves to go on pilgrimage to Tevrezent, takes us to the heart of the _Faustian_ religion. Here one can feel the mystery of the Eucharist which binds the communicant to a mystic company, to a Church that alone can give bliss. In the myth of the Holy Grail and its Knights one can feel the inward necessity of the German-Northern Catholicism. In opposition to the Classical sacrifices offered to individual gods in separate temples, there is here the _one never-ending_ sacrifice repeated everywhere and every day. This is the Faustian idea of the 9th-11th Centuries, the Edda time, foreshadowed by Anglo-Saxon missionaries like Winfried but only then ripened. The Cathedral, with its High Altar enclosing the accomplished miracle, is its expression in stone.[199]

The plurality of separate bodies which represents Cosmos for the Classical soul, requires a similar pantheon—hence the antique polytheism. The _single_ world-volume, be it conceived as cavern or as space, demands the _single_ god of Magian or Western Christianity. Athene or Apollo might be represented by a statue, but it is and has long been evident to our feeling that the Deity of

the Reformation and the Counter-Reformation can only be “manifested” in the storm of an organ fugue or the solemn progress of cantata and mass. From the rich manifold of figures in the Edda and contemporary legends of saints to Goethe our myth develops itself in steady opposition to the Classical—in the one case a continuous disintegration of the divine that culminated in the early Empire in an impossible multitude of deities, in the other a process of simplification that led to the Deism of the 18th Century.

The Magian hierarchy of heaven—angels, saints, persons of the Trinity— has grown paler and paler, more and more disembodied, in the sphere of the Western pseudomorphosis,[200] supported though it was by the whole weight of Church authority, and even the Devil—the great adversary in the Gothic world-drama[201]—has disappeared unnoticed from among the possibilities of the Faustian world-feeling. Luther could still throw the inkpot at him, but he has been passed over in silence by perplexed Protestant theologians long ago. For the _solitude_ of the Faustian soul agrees not at all with a duality of world powers. God himself is the All. About the end of the 17th Century this religiousness could no longer be limited to pictorial expression, and instrumental music came as its last and only form-language: we may say that the Catholic faith is to the Protestant as an altar-piece is to an oratorio. But even the Germanic gods and heroes are surrounded by this rebuffing immensity and enigmatic gloom. They are steeped in music and in night, for daylight gives visual bounds and therefore shapes bodily things. Night eliminates body, day soul. Apollo and Athene have no souls. On Olympus rests the eternal light of the transparent southern day, and Apollo’s hour is high noon, when great Pan sleeps. But Valhalla is light-less, and even in the Eddas we can trace that deep midnight of Faust’s study-broodings, the midnight that is caught by Rembrandt’s etchings and absorbs Beethoven’s tone colours. No Wotan or Baldur or Freya has “Euclidean” form. Of them, as of the Vedic gods of India, it can be said that they suffer not “any graven image or any likeness whatsoever”; and this impossibility carries an implicit recognition that eternal space, and not the corporeal copy— which levels them down, desecrates them, denies them—is the supreme symbol. This is the deep-felt motive that underlies the iconoclastic storms in Islam and Byzantium (_both_, be it noted, of the 7th century), and the closely similar movement in our Protestant North. Was not Descartes’s creation of the _anti-Euclidean_ analysis of space an iconoclasm? The Classical geometry handles a number-world of day, the function-theory is the genuine mathematic of night.

Footnote 189:

This zero, which probably contains a suggestion of the _Indian_ idea of extension—of that spatiality of the world that is treated in the Upanishads and is entirely alien to our space-consciousness—was of course wholly absent in the Classical. By way of the Arabian mathematics (which completely transformed its meaning) it reached the West, where it was only introduced in 1554 by Stipel, with its sense, moreover, again fundamentally changed, for it became the mean of +1 and -1 as a cut in a linear continuum, i.e., it was assimilated to the Western number-world in a wholly un-Indian sense of _relation_.

Footnote 190:

The word _Höhlengefühl_ is Leo Frobenius’s (_Paideuma_, p. 92). (The Early-Christian Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem [A.D. 327] is built over a natural cave.—_Tr._)

Footnote 191:

Strzygowski’s _Ursprung der Christlichen Kirchenkunst_ (1920), p. 80.

Footnote 192:

See Vol. II, p. 101 et seq.

Footnote 193:

See Vol. II, pp. 345 et seq.

Footnote 194:

Müller-Decker, _Die Etrusker_ (1877), II, pp. 128 et seq. Wissowa, _Religion und Kultus der Römer_ (1912), p. 527. The oldest plan of Roma Quadrata was a “templum” whose limits had nothing to do with the building-up of the city but were connected with sacral rules, as the significance of this precinct (the “Pomœrium”) in later times shows. A “templum,” too, was the Roman camp whose rectangular outline is visible to-day in many a Roman-founded town; it was the consecrated area within which the army felt itself under the protection of its gods, and originally had nothing whatever to do with fortification, which is a product of Hellenistic

times. (It may be added that Roman camps retained their rigidity of outline even where obvious “military considerations” of ground, etc., must have suggested its modification.—_Tr._) Most Roman stone-temples ("_ædes_") were not “templa” at all. On the other hand, the early Greek τ■μενος of Homeric times must have had a similar significance.

Footnote 195:

The student may consult the articles “Church History,” “Monasticism,” “Eucharist” and other articles therein referred to in the Encyclopædia Britannica, XI Edition.—_Tr._

Footnote 196:

English readers may remember that Cobbett (“Rural Rides,” passim) was so impressed with the spaciousness of English country churches as to formulate a theory that mediæval England must have been more populous than modern England is.—_Tr._

Footnote 197:

Cf. my introduction to Ernst Droem’s _Gesänge_, p. ix.

Footnote 198:

The oldest and most mystical of the poems of the “Elder Edda.”—_Tr._

Footnote 199:

See Vol. II, p. 358 et seq.

Footnote 200:

See Vol. II, pp. 241 et seq.

Footnote 201:

See Vol. II, p. 354.

II

That which is expressed by the soul of the West in its extraordinary wealth of media—words, tones, colours, pictorial perspectives, philosophical systems, legends, the spaciousness of Gothic cathedrals and the formulæ of functions—namely its world-feeling, is expressed by the soul of Old Egypt (which was remote from all ambitions towards theory and literariness) almost exclusively by the immediate language of _Stone_. Instead of spinning word-subtleties around its form of extension, its “space” and its “time,” instead of forming hypotheses and number-systems and dogmas, it set up its huge symbols in the landscape of the Nile in all silence. Stone is the great emblem of the Timeless- Become; space and death seem bound up in it. “Men have built for the dead,” says Bachofen in his autobiography, “before they have built for the living, and even as a perishable wooden structure suffices for the span of time that is given to the living, so the housing of the dead for ever demands the solid stone of the earth. The oldest cult is associated with the stone that marks the place of burial, the oldest temple- building with the tomb-structure, the origins of art and decoration with the grave-ornament. Symbol has created itself in the graves. That which is thought and felt and silently prayed at the grave-side can be expressed by no word, but only hinted by the boding symbol that stands in unchanging grave repose.” The dead strive no more. They are no more Time, but only Space—something that stays (if indeed it stays at all) but does _not_ ripen towards a Future; and hence it is stone, the abiding stone, that expresses how the dead is mirrored in the waking consciousness of the living. The Faustian soul looks for an immortality to follow the bodily end, a sort of marriage with endless space, and it disembodies the stone in its Gothic thrust-system (contemporary, we may note, with the “consecutives” in Church music[202]) till at last nothing remained visible but the indwelling depth- and height-energy of this self-extension. The Apollinian soul would have its dead burned, would see them annihilated, and so it remained averse from stone building throughout the early period of its Culture. The Egyptian soul saw itself as moving down a narrow and inexorably-prescribed life-path to come at the end before the judges of the dead (“Book of the Dead,” cap. 125). That was its _Destiny-idea_. The Egyptian’s existence is that of the traveller who follows one unchanging direction, and the whole form- language of his Culture is a translation into the sensible of this one theme. And as we have taken _endless space_ as the prime symbol of the North and _body_ as that of the Classical, so we may take the word

way as most intelligibly expressing that of the Egyptians. Strangely, and for Western thought almost incomprehensibly, the one element in extension that they emphasize is that of direction in depth. The tomb- temples of the Old Kingdom and especially the mighty pyramid-temples of the Fourth Dynasty represent, not a purposed organization of space such as we find in the mosque and the cathedral, but a rhythmically ordered _sequence_ of spaces. The sacred way leads from the gate-building on the Nile through passages, halls, arcaded courts and pillared rooms that grow ever narrower and narrower, to the chamber of the dead,[203] and similarly the Sun-temples of the Fifth Dynasty are not "buildings" but a path enclosed by mighty masonry.[204] The reliefs and the paintings appear always as rows which with an impressive compulsion lead the beholder in a definite direction. The ram and sphinx avenues of the New Empire have the same object. For the Egyptian, the depth-experience which governed his world-form was so emphatically directional that he comprehended space more or less as a continuous process of actualization. There is nothing rigid about distance as expressed here. The man must move, and so become himself a symbol of life, in order to enter into relation with the stone part of the symbolism. "Way" signifies both Destiny and third dimension. The grand wall-surfaces, reliefs, colonnades past which he moves are "length and breadth"; that is, mere perceptions of the senses, and it is the forward-driving life that _extends_ them into "world." Thus the Egyptian experienced space, we may say, in and by the processional march along its distinct elements, whereas the Greek who sacrificed _outside_ the temple did not feel it and the man of our Gothic centuries praying in the cathedral let himself be immersed in the quiet infinity of it. And consequently the art of these Egyptians must aim at _plane_ effects and nothing else, even when it is making use of solid means. For the Egyptian, the pyramid over the king's tomb is a _triangle_, a huge, powerfully expressive _plane_ that, whatever be the direction from which one approaches, closes off the "way" and commands the landscape. For him, the columns of the inner passages and courts, with their dark backgrounds, their dense array and their profusion of adornments, appear entirely as vertical strips which rhythmically accompany the march of the priests. Relief-work is—in utter contrast to the Classical—carefully restricted in one plane; in the course of development dated by the Third to the Fifth dynasties it diminishes from the thickness of a finger to that of a sheet of paper, and finally it is _sunk_ in the plane.[205] The dominance of the horizontal, the vertical and the right angle, and the avoidance of all foreshortening support the two-dimensional principle and serve to insulate this directional depth-experience which coincides with the way and the grave at its end. It is an art that admits of no deviation for the relief of the tense soul.

Is not this an expression in the noblest language that it is possible to conceive of what all our space-theories would like to put into words? Is it not a metaphysic in stone by the side of which the written metaphysics of Kant seems but a helpless stammering?

There is, however, another Culture that, different as it most fundamentally is from the Egyptian, yet found a closely-related prime symbol. This is the Chinese, with its intensely directional principle of the Tao.[206] But whereas the Egyptian treads to the end a way that is prescribed for him with an inexorable necessity, the Chinaman _wanders_ through his world; consequently, he is conducted to his god or his ancestral tomb not by ravines of stone, between faultless smooth walls, but by friendly Nature herself. Nowhere else has the _landscape_ become so genuinely the material of the architecture. "Here, on religious foundations, there has been developed a grand lawfulness and unity common to all building, which, combined with the strict maintenance of a north-south general axis, always holds together gate-buildings, side- buildings, courts and halls in the same homogeneous plan, and has led finally to so grandiose a planning and such a command over ground and space that one is quite justified in saying that the artist builds and reckons with the landscape itself."[207] The temple is not a self- contained building but a lay-out, in which hills, water, trees, flowers, and stones in definite forms and dispositions are just as important as gates, walls, bridges and houses. This Culture is the only one in which the art of gardening is a grand religious art. There are gardens that are reflections of particular Buddhist sects.[208] It is the architecture of the landscape, and only that, which explains the architecture of the buildings, with their flat extension and the emphasis laid on the roof as the really expressive element. And just as the devious ways through doors, over bridges, round hills and walls lead at last to the end, so the paintings take the beholder from detail to detail whereas Egyptian relief masterfully points him in the one set direction. "The whole picture is _not_ to be taken at once. Sequence in time presupposes a sequence of space-elements through which the eye is to wander from one to the next."[209] Whereas the Egyptian architecture dominates the landscape, the Chinese espouses it. But in both cases it is direction in depth that maintains the _becoming_ of space as a continuously-present experience.

Footnote 202:

This refers to the diaphonic chant of Church music in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. The form of this chant is supposed to have been an accompaniment of the "plain chant" by voices moving parallel to it at a fourth, fifth, or octave.—_Tr._

Footnote 203:

Hölscher, _Grabdenkmal des Königs Chephren_; Borchardt, _Grabdenkmal des Sahurê_; Curtius, _Die Antike Kunst_, p. 45.

Footnote 204:

See Vol. II, p. 342; Borchardt, _Re-Heiligtum des Newoserri_; Ed. Mayer, _Geschichte des Altertums_, I, 251.

Footnote 205:

“Relief en creux”; compare H. Schäfer, _Von ägyptischer Kunst_ (1919), I, p. 41.

Footnote 206:

See Vol. II, pp. 350 et seq.

Footnote 207:

O. Fischer, _Chinesische Landmalerei_ (1921), p. 24. What makes Chinese—as also Indian—art so difficult a study for us is the fact that all works of the early periods (namely, those of the Hwangho region from 1300 to 800 B.C. and of pre-Buddhist India) have vanished without a trace. But that which we now call “Chinese art” corresponds, say, to the art of Egypt from the Twentieth Dynasty onward, and the great schools of painting find their parallel in the sculpture schools of the Saïte and Ptolemaic periods, in which an antiquarian preciosity takes the place of the living inward development that is no longer there. Thus from the examples of Egypt we are able to tell how far it is permissible to argue backwards to conclusions about the art of Chóu and Vedic times.

Footnote 208:

C. Glaser, _Die Kunst Ostasiens_ (1920), p. 181.

Footnote 209:

Glaser, _op. cit._, p. 43.

III

All art is _expression-language_.[210] Moreover, in its very earliest essays—which extend far back into the animal world—it is that of one active existence speaking for itself only, and it is unconscious of witnesses even though in the absence of such the impulse to expression would not come to utterance. Even in quite “late” conditions we often see, instead of the combination of artist and spectator, a crowd of art- makers who _all_ dance or mime or sing. The idea of the “Chorus” as sum total of persons present has never entirely vanished from art-history. It is only the higher art that becomes decisively an art “before witnesses” and especially (as Nietzsche somewhere remarks) before God as the supreme witness.[211]

This expression is either _ornament_ or _imitation_. Both are _higher_ possibilities and their polarity to one another is hardly perceptible in the beginnings. Of the two, imitation is definitely the earlier and the closer to the producing race. Imitation is the outcome of a physiognomic idea of a second person with whom (or which) the first is involuntarily induced into resonance of vital rhythm (mitschwingen im); whereas ornament evidences an ego conscious of its own specific character. The former is widely spread in the animal world, the latter almost peculiar to man.

Imitation is born of the secret rhythm of all things cosmic. For the waking being the One appears as discrete and extended; there is a Here and a There, a Proper and an Alien something, a Microcosm and a Macrocosm that are polar to one another in the sense-life, and what the rhythm of imitation does is to bridge this dichotomy. Every religion is an effort of the waking soul to reach the powers of the world-around. And so too is Imitation, which in its most devoted moments is wholly religious, for it consists in an identity of inner activity between the soul and body “here” and the world-around “there” which, vibrating as one, become one. As a bird poises itself in the storm or a float gives to the swaying waves, so our limbs take up an irresistible beat at the sound of march-music. Not less contagious is the imitation of another’s bearing and movements, wherein children in particular excel. It reaches the superlative when we “let ourselves go” in the common song or parade- march or dance that creates out of many units one unit of feeling and expression, a “we.” But a “successful” picture of a man or a landscape is also the outcome of a felt harmony

of the pictorial motion with the secret swing and sway of the living opposite; and it is this actualizing of physiognomic rhythm that requires the executant to be an adept who can reveal the idea, the _soul_, of the alien in the play of its surface. In certain unreserved moments we are all adepts of this sort, and in such moments, as we follow in an imperceptible rhythm the music and the play of facial expression, we suddenly look over the precipice and see great secrets. The aim of all imitation is effective simulation; this means effective assimilation of ourselves into an alien something— such a transposition and transubstantiation that the One lives henceforth in the Other that it describes or depicts—and it is able to awaken an intense feeling of unison over all the range from silent absorption and acquiescence to the most abandoned laughter and down into the last depths of the erotic, a unison which is inseparable from creative activity. In this wise arose the popular circling-dances (for instance, the Bavarian _Schuhplattler_ was originally imitated from the courtship of the woodcocks) but this too is what Vasari means when he praises Cimabue and Giotto as the first who returned to the imitation of “Nature”—the Nature, that is, of springtime men, of which Meister Eckart said: “God flows out in all creatures, and therefore all created is God.” That which in this world-around presents itself to our contemplation—and therefore contains meaning for our feelings—as movement, we render by movement. Hence all imitation is in the broadest sense dramatic; drama is presented in the movement of the brush-stroke or the chisel, the melodic curve of the song, the tone of the recitation, the line of poetry, the description, the dance. But everything that we _experience_ with and in seeings and hearings is always an alien soul to which we are uniting ourselves. It is only at the stage of the Megalopolis that art, reasoned to pieces and de- spiritualized, goes over to naturalism as that term is understood nowadays; viz., imitation of the charm of visible appearances, of the stock of sensible characters that are capable of being scientifically fixed.

Ornament detaches itself now from Imitation as something which does not follow the stream of life but rigidly _faces it_. Instead of physiognomic traits overheard in the alien being, we have established motives, _symbols_, which are impressed upon it. The intention is no longer to pretend but to conjure. The “I” overwhelms the “Thou.” Imitation is only a _speaking_ with means that are born of the moment and unreproduceable—but Ornament _employs a language_ emancipated from the speaking, a stock of forms that possesses duration and is not at the mercy of the individual.[212]

Only the _living_ can be imitated, and it can be imitated only in movements, for it is through these that it reveals itself to the senses of artists and spectators. To that extent, imitation belongs to Time and Direction. All the dancing and drawing and describing and portraying for eye and ear is irrevocably “directional,” and hence the highest possibilities of Imitation lie in the copying of a destiny, be it in tones, verses, picture or stage-scene.[213] Ornament, on the contrary, is something taken away from Time: it is pure extension, settled and stable. Whereas an imitation expresses something by _accomplishing itself_, ornament can only do so by presenting itself to the senses as a finished thing. It is Being as such, wholly independent of origin. Every imitation possesses beginning and end, while an ornament possesses only duration, and therefore we can only imitate the destiny of an _individual_ (for instance, Antigone or Desdemona), while by an ornament or symbol only the generalized destiny-idea itself can be represented (as, for example, that of the Classical world by the Doric column). And the former presupposes a talent, while the latter calls for an acquirable knowledge as well.

All strict arts have their grammar and syntax of form-language, with rules and laws, inward logic and tradition. This is true not merely for the Doric cabin-temple and Gothic cottage-cathedral, for the carving- schools of Egypt[214] and Athens and the cathedral plastic of northern France, for the painting-schools of the Classical world and those of Holland and the Rhine and Florence, but also for the fixed rules of the Skalds and Minnesänger which were learned and practised as a craft (and dealt not merely with sentence and metre but also with gesture and the choice of imagery[215]), for the narration-technique of the Vedic, Homeric and Celto-Germanic Epos, for the composition and delivery of the Gothic sermon (both vernacular and Latin), and for the orators’ prose[216] in the Classical, and for the rules of French drama. In the ornamentation of an art-work is reflected the inviolable causality of the macrocosm as the man of the particular kind sees and comprehends it. Both have system. Each is penetrated with the religious side of life— _fear_ and love.[217] A genuine symbol can instil fear or can set free from fear; the “right” emancipates and the “wrong” hurts and depresses. The imitative side of the arts, on the contrary, stands closer to the real race-feelings of _hate_ and love, out of which arises the opposition of _ugly_ and _beautiful_. This is in relation only with the living, of which the inner rhythm repels us or draws us into phase with it, whether it be that of the sunset-cloud or that of the tense breath of the machine. An imitation is beautiful, an ornament _significant_, and therein lies the difference between direction and extension, organic and inorganic logic, life and death. That which we think beautiful is “worth copying.” Easily it swings with us and draws us on to imitate, to join in the singing, to repeat. Our hearts beat higher, our limbs twitch, and we are stirred till our spirits overflow. But as it belongs to Time, it “has its time.” A symbol endures, but everything beautiful vanishes with the life-pulsation of the man, the class, the people or the race that feels it as a specific beauty in the general cosmic rhythm.[218] The “beauty” that Classical sculpture and poetry contained for Classical eyes is something different from the beauty that they contain for ours—something

extinguished irrecoverably with the Classical soul—while what we regard as beautiful in it is something that only exists for us. Not only is that which is beautiful for one kind of man neutral or ugly for another—e.g., the whole of our music for the Chinese, or Mexican sculpture for us. For _one and the same life_ the accustomed, the habitual, owing to the very fact of its possessing duration, cannot possess beauty.

And now for the first time we can see the opposition between these two sides of every art in all its depth. Imitation spiritualizes and quickens, ornament enchants and kills. The one becomes, the other is. And therefore the one is allied to love and, above all—in songs and riot and dance—to the _sexual love_, which turns existence to face the future; and the other to care of the past, to recollection[219] and to the _funerary_. The beautiful is longingly pursued, the significant instils dread, and there is no deeper contrast than that between the house of the living and the house of the dead.[220] The peasant's cottage[221] and its derivative the country noble's hall, the fenced town and the castle are mansions of life, unconscious expressions of circling blood, that no art produced and no art can alter. The idea of the family appears in the plan of the proto-house, the inner form of the stock in the plan of its villages—which after many a century and many a change of occupation still show what race it was that founded them[222]—the life of a nation and its social ordering in the plan (_not_ the elevation or silhouette) of the city.[223] On the other hand, Ornamentation of the high order develops itself on the stiff symbols of death, the urn, the sarcophagus, the stele and the temple of the dead,[224] and beyond these in gods' temples and cathedrals _which are Ornament through and through_, not the expressions of a race but the language of a world-view. They are pure art through and through—just what the castle and the cottage are not.[225]

For cottage and castle are _buildings in which_ art, and, specifically, imitative art, is _made and done_, the home of Vedic, Homeric and Germanic epos, of the songs of heroes, the dance of boors and that of lords and ladies, of the minstrel's lay. The cathedral, on the other hand, _is_ art, and, moreover, the only art by which _nothing_ is imitated; it alone is pure tension of persistent forms, pure three- dimensional logic that expresses itself in edges and surfaces and volumes. But the art of villages and castles is derived from the inclinations of the moment, from the laughter and high spirit of feasts and games, and to such a degree is it dependent on Time, so much is it a thing of occasion, that the troubadour obtains his very name from finding, while Improvisation—as we see in the Tzigane music to-day—is nothing but race manifesting itself to alien senses under the influence of the hour. To this free creative power all spiritual art opposes the strict _school_ in which the individual—in the hymn as in the work of building and carving—is the servant of a logic of timeless forms, and so in all Cultures the seat of its style-history is in its early cult architecture. In the castle it is the life and not the structure that possesses style. In the town the plan is an image of the destinies of a people, whereas the silhouette of emergent spires and cupolas tells of the _logic in the builders' world-picture_, of the "first and last things" of their universe.

In the architecture of the living, stone _serves a_ worldly _purpose_, but in the architecture of the cult _it is a symbol_.[226] Nothing has injured the history of the great architectures so much as the fact that it has been regarded as the history of architectural techniques instead of as that of architectural ideas which took their technical expression- means as and where they found them. It has been just the same with the history of musical instruments,[227] which also were developed on a foundation of tone-language. Whether the groin and the flying buttress and the squinch-cupola were imagined specially for the great architectures or were expedients that lay more or less ready to hand and were taken into use, is for art-history a matter of as little importance as the question of whether, technically, stringed instruments originated in Arabia or in Celtic Britain. It may be that the Doric column was, as a matter of workmanship, borrowed from the Egyptian temples of the New Empire, or the late-Roman domical construction from the Etruscans, or the Florentine court from the North-African Moors. Nevertheless the Doric peripteros, the Pantheon, and the Palazzo Farnese belong to wholly different worlds—they subserve the artistic expression of the prime- symbol in three different Cultures.

Footnote 210:

See Vol. II, pp. 135 et seq.

Footnote 211:

The monologue-art of very lonely natures is also in reality a conversation with self in the second person. But it is only in the intellectuality of the megalopolitan stages that the impulse to express is overcome by the impulse to communicate (see Vol. II, p. 135) which gives rise to that tendencious art that seeks to instruct or convert or prove views of a politico-social or moral character,

and provokes the antagonistic formula of “Art for Art’s sake”—which is itself rather a view than a discipline, though it does at least serve to recall the primitive significance of artistic expression.

Footnote 212:

See Vol. II, pp. 138 et seq., and Worringer, _Abstraktion und Einführung_, pp. 66 et seq.

Footnote 213:

Imitation, being life, is past in the very moment of accomplishment. The curtain falls, and it passes either into oblivion or, if the product is a durable artifact, into art-history. Of the songs and dances of old Cultures nothing remains, of their pictures and poems little. And even this little contains, substantially, only the ornamental side of the original imitation. Of a grand drama there remains only the text, not the image and the sound; of a poem only the words, not the recital; and of all their music the notes at most, not the tone-colours of the instruments. The essential is irrevocably gone, and every “reproduction” is in reality something new and different.

Footnote 214:

For the workshop of Thothmes at Tell-el-Amarna, see _Mitteilungen der Deutschen Orient-Gesellschaft_, No. 52, pp. 28 et seq.

Footnote 215:

K. Burdach, _Deutsche Renaissance_, p. 11. The pictorial art of the Gothic period also has its strict typism and symbolism.

Footnote 216:

E. Norden, _Antike Kunst-prosa_, pp. 8 et seq.

Footnote 217:

See Vol. II, p. 323.

Footnote 218:

The translation is so far a paraphrase here that it is desirable to reproduce the German original: “Alles Schöne vergeht mit dem Lebenspulsschlag (dessen) der es aus dem kosmischen Takt heraus als solches empfindet.”

Footnote 219:

Hence the ornamental character of script.

Footnote 220:

See p. 188.

Footnote 221:

See Vol. II, p. 104.

Footnote 222:

E.g., the Slavonic round-villages and Teutonic street-villages east of the Elbe. Similarly, conclusions can be drawn as to many of the events of the Homeric age from the distribution of round and rectangular buildings in ancient Italy.

Footnote 223:

See Vol. II, p. 109.

Footnote 224:

See p. 167.

Footnote 225:

See Vol. II, pp. 142 et seq.

Footnote 226:

See p. 128.

Footnote 227:

See p. 62.

IV

In every springtime, consequently, there are _two_ definitely ornamental and non-imitative arts, that of building and that of decoration. In the longing and pregnant centuries before it, elemental expression belongs exclusively to Ornamentation in the narrow sense. The Carolingian period is represented only by its ornament, as its architecture, for want of the _Idea_, stands between the styles. And similarly, as a matter of art-history, it is immaterial that no buildings of the Mycenæan age have survived.[228] But with the dawn of the great Culture, _architecture as ornament_ comes into being suddenly and with such a force of expression that for a century mere decoration-as-such shrinks away from it in awe. The spaces, surfaces and edges of stone speak _alone_. The tomb of Chephren is the culmination of mathematical simplicity—everywhere right angles, squares and rectangular pillars, nowhere adornment, inscription or desinence—and it is only after some generations have passed that Relief ventures to infringe the solemn magic of those spaces and the strain begins to be eased. And the noble Romanesque of Westphalia-Saxony (Hildesheim, Gernrode, Paulinzella, Paderborn), of Southern France and of the Normans (Norwich and Peterborough) managed to render the whole sense of the world with indescribable power and dignity in _one_ line, _one_ capital, _one_ arch.

When the form-world of the springtime is at its highest, and not before, the ordained relation is that architecture is lord and ornament is vassal. And the word “ornament” is to be taken here in the widest possible sense. Even conventionally, it covers the Classical _unit_- motive with its quiet poised symmetry or meander supplement, the _spun surface_ of arabesque and the not dissimilar surface-patterning of Mayan art, and the “Thunder-pattern”[229] and others of the early Chóu period which prove once again the landscape basis of the old Chinese architecture without a doubt. But the warrior figures of Dipylon vases are also conceived in the spirit of ornament, and so, in a far higher degree still, are the statuary _groups_ of Gothic cathedrals. “The figures were composed pillarwise from the spectator, the figures of the pillar being, with reference to the spectator, ranked upon one another like rhythmic figures in a symphony that soars heavenward and expands its sounds in every direction.”[230] And besides draperies, gestures, and figure-types, even the structure of the hymn-strophe and the parallel motion of the parts in church music are ornament in the service of the all-ruling architectural idea.[231] The spell of the great Ornamentation remains unbroken till in the beginning of a “late” period architecture falls into a _group_ of civic and worldly special arts that unceasingly devote themselves to pleasing and clever imitation and become _ipso facto_ personal. To Imitation and Ornament the same applies that has been said already of time and space. Time gives birth to space, but space gives death to time.[232] In the beginning, rigid symbolism had petrified everything alive; the Gothic statue was not permitted to be a living body, but was simply a set of lines disposed in human form. But now Ornament loses all its sacred rigour and becomes more and more decoration for the architectural setting of a polite and mannered life. It was purely as this, namely _as a beautifying_ element, that Renaissance taste was adopted by the courtly and patrician world of the North (and by it alone!). Ornament meant something quite different in the Egyptian Old Kingdom from what it meant in the Middle; in the geometric period from what it meant in the Hellenistic; at the end of the 12th Century from what it meant at the end of Louis XIV’s reign. And architecture too becomes pictorial and makes music, and its forms seem always to be trying to imitate something in the picture of the world- around. From the Ionic capital we proceed to the Corinthian, and from Vignola through Bernini to the Rococo.

At the last, when Civilization sets in, true ornament and, with it, great art as a whole are extinguished. The transition consists—in every Culture—in Classicism and Romanticism of one sort or another, the former being a sentimental regard for an Ornamentation (rules, laws, types) that has long been archaic and soulless, and the latter a sentimental Imitation, not of life, but of an older Imitation. In the place of architectural style we find architectural taste. Methods of painting and mannerisms of writing, old forms and new, home and foreign, come and go with the fashion. The inward necessity is no longer there, there are no longer “schools,” for everyone selects what and where it pleases him to select. _Art becomes craft-art_ (_Kunstgewerbe_) in all its branches—

architecture and music, poetry and drama—and in the end we have a pictorial and literary stock-in-trade which is destitute of any deeper significance and is employed according to taste. This final or industrial form of Ornament—no longer historical, no longer in the condition of “becoming”—we have before us not only in the patterns of oriental carpets, Persian and Indian metal work,` Chinese porcelain, but also in Egyptian (and Babylonian) art as the Greeks and Romans met it. The Minoan art of Crete is pure craft-art, a northern outlier of Egyptian post-Hyksos taste; and its “contemporary,” Hellenistic-Roman art from about the time of Scipio and Hannibal, similarly subserves the habit of comfort and the play of intellect. From the richly-decorated entablature of the Forum of Nerva in Rome to the later provincial ceramics in the West, we can trace the same steady formation of an unalterable craft-art that we find in the Egyptian and the Islamic worlds, and that we have to presume in India after Buddha and in China after Confucius.

V

Now, Cathedral and Pyramid-temple are different in spite of their deep inward kinship, and it is precisely in these differences that we seize the mighty phenomenon of the Faustian soul, whose depth-impulse refuses to be bound in the prime symbol of a way, and from its earliest beginnings strives to transcend every optical limitation. Can anything be more alien to the Egyptian conception of the State—whose tendency we may describe as a noble sobriety—than the political ambitions of the great Saxon, Franconian and Hohenstaufen Emperors, who came to grief because they overleapt all political actualities and for whom the recognition of any bounds would have been a betrayal of the idea of their rulership? Here the prime symbol of infinite space, with all its indescribable power, entered the field of active political existence. Beside the figures of the Ottos, Conrad II, Henry VI and Frederick II stand the Viking-Normans, conquerors of Russia, Greenland, England, Sicily and almost of Constantinople; and the great popes, Gregory VII and Innocent III—all of whom alike aimed at making their visible spheres of influence coincident with the whole known world. This is what distinguishes the heroes of the Grail and Arthurian and Siegfried sagas, ever roaming in the infinite, from the heroes of Homer with their geographically modest horizon; and the Crusades, that took men from the Elbe and the Loire to the limits of the known world, from the historical events upon which the Classical soul built the “Iliad” and which from the style of that soul we may safely assume to have been local, bounded, and completely appreciable.

The Doric soul actualized the symbol of the corporally-present individual thing, while deliberately rejecting all big and far-reaching creations, and it is for this very good reason that the first post- Mycenæan period has bequeathed nothing to our archæologists. The expression to which this soul finally attained was the Doric temple with its purely outward effectiveness, set upon the landscape as a massive image but denying and artistically disregarding the space within as the µ■ ■v, that which was held to be incapable of existence. The ranked columns of the Egyptians carried the roof of a hall. The Greek in borrowing the motive invested it with a meaning proper to himself—he turned the architectural type inside out like a glove. The outer column- sets are, in a sense, relics of a denied interior.[233]

The Magian and the Faustian souls, on the contrary, built high. Their dream-images became concrete as vaultings above significant inner- spaces, structural anticipations respectively of the mathematic of algebra and that of analysis. In the style that radiated from Burgundy and Flanders rib-vaulting with its lunettes and flying buttresses emancipated the contained space from the sense-appreciable surface[234] bounding it. In the Magian interior "the window is merely a negative component, a utility-form in no wise yet developed into an art-form—to put it crudely, nothing but a hole in the wall."[235] When windows were in practice indispensable, they were for the sake of artistic impression concealed by galleries as in the Eastern basilica.[236] The _window as architecture_, on the other hand, is peculiar to the Faustian soul and the most significant symbol of its depth-experience. In it can be felt the will to emerge from the interior into the boundless. The same will that is immanent in contrapuntal music was native to these vaultings. The incorporeal world of this music was and remained that of the first Gothic, and even when, much later, polyphonic music rose to such heights as those of the Matthew Passion, the Eroica, and Tristan and Parsifal, it became of inward necessity _cathedral-like_ and returned to its home, the stone language of the Crusade-time. To get rid of every trace of Classical corporeality, there was brought to bear the full force of a deeply significant Ornamentation, which defies the delimiting power of stone with its weirdly impressive transformations of vegetal, animal and human bodies (St. Pierre in Moissac), which dissolves all its lines into melodies and variations on a theme, all its façades into many-voiced fugues, and all the bodiliness of its statuary into a music of drapery- folds. It is this spirituality that gave their deep meaning to the gigantic glass-expanses of our cathedral-windows with their polychrome, _translucent and therefore wholly bodiless_, painting—an art that has never and nowhere repeated itself and forms the completest contrast that can be imagined to the Classical fresco. It is perhaps in the Sainte- Chapelle at Paris that this emancipation from bodiliness is most evident. Here the stone practically vanishes in the gleam of the glass. Whereas the fresco-painting is co-material with the wall on and with which it has grown and its colour is effective as material, here we have

colours dependent on no carrying surface but as free in space as organ notes, and shapes poised in the infinite. Compare with the Faustian spirit of these churches—almost wall-less, loftily vaulted, irradiated with many-coloured light, aspiring from nave to choir—the Arabian (that is, the Early-Christian Byzantine) cupola-church. The pendentive cupola, that seems to float on high above the basilica or the octagon, was indeed also a victory over the principle of natural gravity which the Classical expressed in architrave and column; it, too, was a defiance of architectural body, of "exterior." But the very absence of an exterior emphasizes the more the unbroken coherence of the wall that shuts in the Cavern and allows no look and no hope to emerge from it. An ingeniously confusing interpenetration of spherical and polygonal forms; a load so placed upon a stone drum that it seems to hover weightless on high, yet closing the interior without outlet; all structural lines concealed; vague light admitted, through a small opening in the heart of the dome but only the more inexorably to emphasize the walling-in—such are the characters that we see in the masterpieces of this art, S. Vitale in Ravenna, Hagia Sophia in Constantinople, and the Dome of the Rock[237] in Jerusalem. Where the Egyptian puts reliefs that with their flat planes studiously avoid any foreshortening suggestive of lateral depth, where the Gothic architects put their pictures of glass to draw in the world of space without, the Magian clothes his walls with sparkling, predominantly golden, mosaics and arabesques and so drowns his cavern in that unreal, fairy-tale light which for Northerners is always so seductive in Moorish art.

Footnote 228:

The same applies to the architecture of Thinite Egypt and to the Seleucid-Persian sun and fire temples of the pre-Christian area.

Footnote 229:

The combination of scrolls and "Greek keys" with the Dragon or other emblem of storm-power.—_Tr._

Footnote 230:

Dvorák, _Idealismus und Naturalismus in der got. Skulptur u. Malerei_ (_Hist. Zeitschrift_, 1918, pp. 44 et seq.).

Footnote 231:

And, finally, ornament in the highest sense includes _script_, and with it, the Book, which is the true associate of the cult-building, and as an art-work always appears and disappears with it. (See Vol. II, pp. 182. et seq., pp. 298 et seq.) In writing, it is understanding as distinct from intuition that attains to form: it is not essences that those signs symbolize but notions abstracted therefrom by words, and as for the speech-habituated human intellect rigid space is the presented objective, the writing of a Culture is (after its stone- building) the purest of all expressions of its prime-symbol. It is quite impossible to understand the history of Arabesque if we leave the innumerable Arabian scripts out of consideration, and it is no less impossible to separate Egyptian and Chinese style-history from the history of the corresponding writing-signs and their arrangement and application.

Footnote 232:

See p. 173.

Footnote 233:

Certainly the Greeks at the time when they advanced from the Antæ to the Peripteros were under the mighty influence of the Egyptian _series_-columns—it was at this time that their sculpture in the round, indisputably following Egyptian models, freed itself from the relief manner which still clings to the Apollo figures. But this does not alter the fact that the motive of the Classical column and the Classical application of the rank-principle were wholly and peculiarly Classical.

Footnote 234:

The surface of the space-volume itself, not that of the stone. Dvorák, _Hist. Ztschr._, 1918, pp. 17 et seq.

Footnote 235:

Dehio, _Gesch. der deutschen Kunst_, I, p. 16.

Footnote 236:

For descriptions and illustrations of types of Doming and Vaulting, see the article _Vault_ in Ency. Brit., XI Ed.—_Tr._

Footnote 237:

“Mosque of Omar.”—_Tr._

VI

The phenomenon of the _great style_, then, is an emanation from the essence of the Macrocosm, from the prime-symbol of a _great_ culture. No one who can appreciate the connotation of the word sufficiently to see that it designates not a form-aggregate but a form-history, will try to aline the fragmentary and chaotic art-utterances of primitive mankind with the comprehensive certainty of a style that consistently develops over centuries. Only the art of great Cultures, the art that has ceased to be only art and has begun to be an effective unit of expression and significance, possesses style.

The organic history of a style comprises a "pre—," a "non—" and a "post— ." The bull tablet of the First Dynasty of Egypt[238] is not yet “Egyptian.” Not till the Third Dynasty do the works acquire a style—but then they do so suddenly and very definitely. Similarly the Carolingian period stands “between-styles.” We see different forms touched on and explored, but nothing of inwardly necessary expression. The creator of the Aachen Minster “thinks surely and builds surely, but does not feel surely.”[239] The Marienkirche in the Castle of Würzburg (c. 700) has its counterpart in Salonika (St. George), and the Church of St. Germigny des Près (c. 800) with its cupolas and horseshoe niches is almost a mosque. For the whole of West Europe the period 850-950 is almost a blank. And just so to-day Russian art stands between two styles. The primitive wooden architecture with its steep eight-sided tent-roof (which extends from Norway to Manchuria) is impressed with Byzantine motives from over the Danube and Armenian-Persian from over the Caucasus. We can certainly feel an “elective affinity” between the Russian and the Magian souls, but as yet the prime symbol of Russia, the _plane without limit_,[240] finds no sure expression either in religion or in architecture. The church roof emerges, hillock-wise, but little from the landscape and on it sit the tent-roofs whose points are coifed with the “kokoshniks” that suppress and would abolish the upward tendency. They neither tower up like the Gothic belfry nor enclose like the mosque-cupola, but _sit_, thereby emphasizing the horizontality of the building, which is meant to be regarded merely from the outside. When about 1760 the Synod forbade the tent roofs and prescribed the orthodox onion-cupolas, the heavy cupolas were set upon slender cylinders, of which there may be any number[241] and which sit on the roof-plane.[242] It is not yet a style, only the promise of a style that will awaken when the real Russian religion awakens.

In the Faustian West, this awakening happened shortly before A.D. 1000. In one moment, the Romanesque style was there. Instead of the fluid organization of space on an insecure ground plan, there was, suddenly, a strict dynamic of space. From the very beginning, inner and outer construction were placed in a fixed relation, the wall was penetrated by the form-language and the form worked into the wall in a way that no other Culture has ever imagined. From the very beginning the window and the belfry were invested with their meanings. The form was irrevocably assigned. Only its development remained to be worked out.

The Egyptian style began with another such creative act, just as unconscious, just as full of symbolic force. The prime symbol of the Way came into being suddenly with the beginning of the Fourth Dynasty (2930 B.C.). The world-creating depth-experience of this soul gets its substance from the direction-factor itself. Spatial depth as stiffened Time, distance, death, Destiny itself dominate the expression, and the merely sensuous dimensions of length and breadth become an escorting plane which restricts and prescribes the Way of destiny. The Egyptian flat-relief, which is designed to be seen at close quarters and arranged serially so as to compel the beholder to pass along the wall-planes in the prescribed direction, appears with similar suddenness about the beginning of the Fifth Dynasty.[243] The still later avenues of sphinxes and statues and the rock- and terrace-temples constantly intensify that tendency towards the one distance that the world of Egyptian mankind knows, the grave. Observe how soon the colonnades of the early period come to be systems of huge, close-set pillars that _screen off_ all side-view. This is something that has never reproduced itself in any other architecture.

The grandeur of this style appears to us as rigid and unchanging. And certainly it stands beyond the passion which is ever seeking and fearing and so imparts to subordinate characters a quality of restless personal movement in the flow of the centuries. But, vice versa, we cannot doubt that to an Egyptian the Faustian style (which _is_ our style, from earliest Romanesque to Rococo and Empire) would with its unresting persistent search for a Something, appear far more uniform than we can imagine. It follows, we must not forget, from the conception of style that we are working on here, that Romanesque, Gothic, Renaissance, Baroque and

Rococo are only _stages of one and the same style_, in which it is naturally the variable that we and the constant that men of other eyes remark. In actual fact, the inner unity of the Northern Renaissance is shown in innumerable reconstructions of Romanesque work in Baroque and of late Gothic work in Rococo that are not in the least startling. In peasant art, Gothic and Baroque have been identical, and the streets of old towns with their pure harmony of all sorts of gables and façades (wherein definite attributions to Romanesque or Gothic Renaissance or Baroque or Rococo are often quite impossible) show that the family resemblance between the members is far greater than they themselves realize.

The Egyptian style was purely architectural, and remained so till the Egyptian soul was extinguished. It is the only one in which Ornamentation as a decorative supplement to architecture is entirely absent. It allowed of no divergence into arts of entertainment, no display-painting, no busts, no secular music. In the Ionic phase, the centre of gravity of the Classical style shifted from architecture to an independent plastic art; in that of the Baroque the style of the West passed into music, whose form-language in its turn ruled the entire building art of the 18th Century; in the Arabian world, after Justinian and Chosroes-Nushirvan, Arabesque dissolved all the forms of architecture, painting and sculpture into style-impressions that nowadays we should consider as craft-art. But in Egypt the sovereignty of architecture remained unchallenged; it merely softened its language a little. In the chambers of the pyramid-temple of the Fourth Dynasty (Pyramid of Chephren) there are unadorned angular pillars. In the buildings of the Fifth (Pyramid of Sahu-rê) the plant-column makes its appearance. Lotus and papyrus branches turned into stone arise gigantic out of a pavement of transparent alabaster that represents water, enclosed by purple walls. The ceiling is adorned with birds and stars. The sacred way from the gate-buildings to the tomb-chamber, the picture of life, is a stream—it is the Nile itself become one with the prime- symbol of direction. The spirit of the mother-landscape unites with the soul that has sprung from it.

In China, in lieu of the awe-inspiring pylon with its massy wall and narrow entrance, we have the “Spirit-wall” (yin-pi) that conceals the way in. The Chinaman slips into life and thereafter follows the Tao of life’s path; as the Nile valley is to the up-and-down landscape of the Hwang Ho, so is the stone-enclosed temple-way to the mazy paths of Chinese garden-architecture. And just so, in some mysterious fashion, the Euclidean existence is linked with the multitude of little islands and promontories of the Ægean, and the passionate Western, roving in the infinite, with the broad plains of Franconia and Burgundy and Saxony.

VII

The Egyptian style is the expression of a _brave_ soul. The rigour and force of it Egyptian man himself never felt and never asserted. He dared all, but said nothing. In Gothic and Baroque, on the contrary, the triumph over heaviness became a perfectly conscious motive of the form- language. The drama of Shakespeare deals openly with the desperate conflict of will and world. Classical man, again, was weak in the face of the “powers.” The κ■θαρσις of fear and pity, the _relief and recovery_ of the Apollinian soul in the moment of the περιπ■τεια was, according to Aristotle, the effect deliberately aimed at in Attic tragedy. As the Greek spectator watched _someone whom he knew_ (for everyone knew the myth and its heroes and lived in them) senselessly maltreated by fortune, without any conceivable possibility of resistance to the Powers, and saw him go under with splendid mien, defiant, heroic, his own Euclidean soul experienced a marvellous uplifting. If life was worthless, at any rate the _grand gesture_ in losing it was not so. The Greek willed nothing and dared nothing, but he found a stirring beauty in _enduring_. Even the earlier figures of Odysseus the patient, and, above all, Achilles the archetype of Greek manhood, have this characteristic quality. The morale of the Cynics, that of the Stoics, that of Epicurus, the common Greek ideals of σωφροσ■νη and ■ταραξ■α, Diogenes devoting himself to θεωρ■α in a tub—all this is masked cowardice in the face of grave matters and responsibilities, and different indeed from the pride of the Egyptian soul. Apollinian man goes below ground out of life’s way, even to the point of suicide, which _in this Culture alone_ (if we ignore certain related Indian ideals) ranked as a high ethical act and was treated with the solemnity of a ritual symbol.[244] The Dionysiac intoxication seems a sort of furious drowning of uneasinesses that to the Egyptian soul were utterly unknown. And consequently the Greek Culture is that of the small, the easy, the simple. Its technique is, compared with Egyptian or Babylonian, a clever nullity.[245] No ornamentation shows such a poverty of invention as theirs, and their stock of sculptural positions and attitudes could be counted on one’s fingers. “In its poverty of forms, which is conspicuous even allowing that at the beginning of its development it may have been better off than it was later, the Doric style pivoted everything on proportions and on measure.”[246] Yet, even so, what adroitness in avoiding! The Greek architecture with its commensuration of load and support and its peculiar smallness of scale suggests a persistent evasion of difficult architectural problems that on the Nile and, later, in the high North were literally looked for, which moreover were known and certainly not burked in the Mycenæan age. The Egyptian loved the strong stone of immense buildings; it was in keeping with his self- consciousness that he should choose only the hardest for his task. But the Greek avoided it; his architecture first set itself small tasks, then ceased altogether. If we survey it as a whole, and then compare it with the totality of Egyptian or Mexican or even, for that matter, Western architecture, we

are astounded at the feeble development of the style. A few variations of the Doric temple and it was exhausted. It was already closed off about 400 when the Corinthian capital was invented, and everything subsequent to this was merely modification of what existed.

The result of this was an almost bodily standardization of form-types and style-species. One might choose between them, but never overstep their strict limits—that would have been in some sort an admission of an infinity of possibilities. There were three orders of columns and a definite disposition of the architrave corresponding to each; to deal with the difficulty (considered, as early as Vitruvius, as a conflict) which the alternation of triglyphs and metopes produced at the corners, the nearest intercolumniations were narrowed—no one thought of imagining new forms to suit the case. If greater dimensions were desired, the requirements were met by superposition, juxtaposition, etc., of additional elements. Thus the Colosseum possesses three rings, the Didymæum of Miletus three rows of columns in front, and the Frieze of the Giants of Pergamum an endless succession of individual and unconnected motives. Similarly with the style-species of prose and the types of lyric poetry, narrative and tragedy. Universally, the expenditure of powers on the basic form is restricted to the minimum and the creative energy of the artist directed to detail-fineness. It is a statical treatment of static genera, and it stands in the sharpest possible contrast to the dynamic fertility of the Faustian with its ceaseless creation of new types and domains of form.

VIII

We are now able to see the _organism_ in a great style-course. Here, as in so many other matters, Goethe was the first to whom vision came. In his “Winckelmann” he says of Velleius Paterculus: “with his standpoint, it was not given to him to see all art as a living thing (ζ■ον) that must have an inconspicuous beginning, a slow growth, a brilliant moment of fulfilment and a gradual decline like every other organic being, though it is presented in a set of individuals.” This sentence contains the entire morphology of art-history. Styles do not follow one another like waves or pulse-beats. It is not the personality or will or brain of the artist that makes the style, but the style that makes the _type_ of the artist. The style, like the Culture, is a prime phenomenon in the strictest Goethian sense, be it the style of art or religion or thought, or the style of life itself. It is, as “Nature” is, an ever-new experience of waking man, his alter ego and mirror-image in the world- around. And therefore in the general historical picture of a Culture there can be but one style, _the style of the Culture_. The error has lain in treating mere style-phases—Romanesque, Gothic, Baroque, Rococo, Empire—as if they were styles on the same level as units of quite another order such as the Egyptian, the Chinese (or even a “prehistoric”) style. Gothic and Baroque are simply the youth and age of one and the same vessel of forms, the style of the West as ripening and ripened. What has been wanting in our art-research has been detachment, freedom from prepossessions, and the will to abstract. Saving ourselves trouble, we have classed any and every form-domain that makes a strong impression upon us as a “style,” and it need hardly be said that our insight has been led astray still further by the Ancient-Mediæval-Modern scheme. But in reality, even a masterpiece of strictest Renaissance like the court of the Palazzo Farnese is infinitely nearer to the arcade- porch of St. Patroclus in Soest, the interior of the Magdeburg cathedral, and the staircases of South-German castles of the 18th Century than it is to the Temple of Pæstum or to the Erechtheum. The same relation exists between Doric and Ionic, and hence Ionic columns can be as completely combined with Doric building forms as late Gothic is with early Baroque in St. Lorenz at Nürnberg, or late Romanesque with late Baroque in the beautiful upper part of the West choir at Mainz. And our eyes have scarcely yet learned to distinguish within the Egyptian style the Old Kingdom and Middle Empire elements corresponding to Doric and Gothic youth and to Ionic and Baroque maturity, because from the Twelfth Dynasty these elements interpenetrate in all harmony in the form-language of all the greater works.

The task before art-history is to write the _comparative biographies of the great styles_, all of which as organisms of the same genus possess structurally cognate life histories.

In the beginning there is the timid, despondent, naked expression of a newly-awakened soul which is still seeking for a relation between itself and the world that, though its proper creation, yet is presented as alien and unfriendly. There is the child’s fearfulness in Bishop Bernward’s building at Hildesheim, in the Early-Christian catacomb- painting, and in the pillar-halls of the Egyptian Fourth Dynasty. A February of art, a deep presentiment of a coming wealth of forms, an immense suppressed tension, lies over the landscape that, still wholly rustic, is adorning itself with the first strongholds and townlets. Then follows the joyous mounting into the high Gothic, into the Constantinian age with its pillared basilicas and its domical churches, into the relief-ornament of the Fifth-Dynasty temple. _Being_ is understood, a sacred form-language has been completely mastered and radiates its glory, and the Style ripens into a majestic symbolism of directional depth and of Destiny. But fervent youth comes to an end, and contradictions arise within the soul itself. The Renaissance, the Dionysiac-musical hostility to Apollinian Doric, the Byzantine of 450 that looks to Alexandria and away from the overjoyed art of Antioch, indicate a moment of resistance, of effective

or ineffective impulse to destroy what has been acquired. It is very difficult to elucidate this moment, and an attempt to do so would be out of place here.

And now it is the manhood of the style-history that comes on. The Culture is changing into the intellectuality of the great cities that will now dominate the country-side, and _pari passu_ the style is becoming intellectualized also. The grand symbolism withers; the riot of superhuman forms dies down; milder and more worldly arts drive out the great art of developed stone. Even in Egypt sculpture and fresco are emboldened to lighter movement. The _artist_ appears, and “plans” what formerly grew out of the soil. Once more existence becomes self- conscious and now, detached from the land and the dream and the mystery, stands questioning, and wrestles for an expression of its new duty—as at the beginning of Baroque when Michelangelo, in wild discontent and kicking against the limitations of his art, piles up the dome of St. Peter’s—in the age of Justinian I which built Hagia Sophia and the mosaic-decked domed basilicas of Ravenna—at the beginning of that Twelfth Dynasty in Egypt which the Greeks condensed under the name of Sesostris—and at the decisive epoch in Hellas (c. 600) whose architecture probably, nay certainly, expressed that which is echoed for us in its grandchild Æschylus.

Then comes the gleaming autumn of the style. Once more the soul depicts its happiness, this time con

Release date: February 14, 2014 [eBook #44908] Most recently updated: October 24, 2024

Language: English

Other information and formats: www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/44908

Credits: Produced by Sean (scribe_for_hire@yahoo.com), based on page images generously made available by the Internet Archive (https://archive.org/details/lawofcivilizatio00adam).

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE LAW OF CIVILIZATION AND DECAY: AN ESSAY ON HISTORY ***

[Italics are indicated by _underscores_.

Superscript is indicated by this format: ^{superscript}.]

THE LAW OF CIVILIZATION AND DECAY

An Essay on History

BY

BROOKS ADAMS

New York THE MACMILLAN COMPANY LONDON: MACMILLAN & CO., Ltd. 1897

All rights reserved

Copyright, 1896, By THE MACMILLAN COMPANY.

Set up and electrotyped September, 1896. Reprinted February, September, 1897.

Norwood Press J. S. Cushing & Co. Berwick & Smith Norwood Mass. U.S.A.

PREFACE

In offering to the public a second edition of _The Law of Civilization and Decay_ I take the opportunity to say emphatically that such value as the essay may have lies in its freedom from any preconceived bias. All theories contained in the book, whether religious or economic, are the effect, and not the cause, of the way in which the facts unfolded themselves. I have been passive.

The value of history lies not in the multitude of facts collected, but in their relation to each other, and in this respect an author can have no larger responsibility than any other scientific observer. If the sequence of events seems to indicate the existence of a law governing social development, such a law may be suggested, but to approve or disapprove of it would be as futile as to discuss the

moral bearings of gravitation.

Some years ago, when writing a sketch of the history of the colony of Massachusetts Bay, I became deeply interested in certain religious aspects of the Reformation, which seemed hardly reconcilable with the theories usually advanced to explain them. After the book had been published, I continued reading theology, and, step by step, was led back, through the schoolmen and the crusades, to the revival of the pilgrimage to Palestine, which followed upon the conversion of the Huns. As ferocious pagans, the Huns had long closed the road to Constantinople; but the change which swept over Europe after the year 1000, when Saint Stephen was crowned, was unmistakable; the West received an impulsion from the East. I thus became convinced that religious enthusiasm, which, by stimulating the pilgrimage, restored communication between the Bosphorus and the Rhine, was the power which produced the accelerated movement culminating in modern centralization.

Meanwhile I thought I had discovered not only that faith, during the eleventh, twelfth, and early thirteenth centuries, spoke by preference through architecture, but also that in France and Syria, at least, a precise relation existed between the ecclesiastical and military systems of building, and that the one could not be understood without the other. In the commercial cities of the same epoch, on the contrary, the religious idea assumed no definite form of artistic expression, for the Gothic never flourished in Venice, Genoa, Pisa, or Florence, nor did any pure school of architecture thrive in the mercantile atmosphere. Furthermore, commerce from the outset seemed antagonistic to the imagination, for a universal decay of architecture set in throughout Europe after the great commercial expansion of the thirteenth century; and the inference I drew from these facts was, that the economic instinct must have chosen some other medium by which to express itself. My observations led me to suppose that the coinage might be such a medium, and I ultimately concluded that, if the development of a mercantile community is to be understood, it must be approached through its money.

Another conviction forced upon my mind, by the examination of long periods of history, was the exceedingly small part played by conscious thought in moulding the fate of men. At the moment of action the human being almost invariably obeys an instinct, like an animal; only after action has ceased does he reflect.

These controlling instincts are involuntary, and divide men into species distinct enough to cause opposite effects under identical conditions. For instance, impelled by fear, one type will rush upon an enemy, and another will run away; while the love of women or of money has stamped certain races as sharply as ferocity or cunning has stamped the lion or the fox.

Like other personal characteristics, the peculiarities of the mind are apparently strongly hereditary, and, if these instincts be transmitted from generation to generation, it is plain that, as the external world changes, those who receive this heritage must rise or fall in the social scale, according as their nervous system is well or ill adapted to the conditions to which they are born. Nothing is commoner, for example, than to find families who have been famous in one century sinking into obscurity in the next, not because the children have degenerated, but because a certain field of activity which afforded the ancestor full scope, has been closed against his offspring. Particularly has this been true in revolutionary epochs such as the Reformation; and families so situated have very generally become extinct.

When this stage had been reached, the Reformation began to wear a new aspect, but several years elapsed before I saw whither my studies led. Only very slowly did a sequence of cause and effect take shape in my mind, a sequence wholly unexpected in character, whose growth resembled the arrangement of the fragments of an inscription, which cannot be read until the stones have been set in a determined order. Finally, as the historical work neared an end, I perceived that the intellectual phenomena under examination fell into a series which seemed to correspond, somewhat closely, with the laws which are supposed to regulate the movements of the material universe.

Theories can be tested only by applying them to facts, and the facts relating to successive phases of human thought, whether conscious or unconscious, constitute history; therefore, if intellectual phenomena are evolved in a regular sequence, history, like matter, must be governed by law. In support of such a conjecture, I venture to offer an hypothesis by which to classify a few of the more interesting intellectual phases through which human society must, apparently, pass, in its oscillations between barbarism and civilization, or, what amounts to the same thing, in its movement from a condition of physical dispersion to one of concentration. The accompanying volume contains the evidence which suggested the hypothesis, although, it seems hardly necessary to add, an essay of this size on so vast a subject can only be regarded as a suggestion.

The theory proposed is based upon the accepted scientific principle that the law of force and energy is of universal application in nature, and that animal life is one of the outlets through which solar energy is dissipated.

Starting from this fundamental proposition, the first deduction is, that, as human societies are forms of animal life, these societies must differ among themselves in energy, in proportion as nature has endowed them, more or less abundantly, with energetic material.

Thought is one of the manifestations of human energy, and among the earlier and simpler phases of thought, two stand conspicuous--Fear and Greed. Fear, which, by stimulating the imagination, creates a belief in an invisible world, and ultimately develops a priesthood; and Greed, which dissipates energy in war and trade.

Probably the velocity of the social movement of any community is proportionate to its energy and mass, and its centralization is proportionate to its velocity; therefore, as human movement is accelerated, societies centralize. In the earlier stages of concentration, fear appears to be the channel through which energy finds the readiest outlet; accordingly, in primitive and scattered communities, the imagination is vivid, and the mental types produced are religious, military, artistic. As consolidation advances, fear yields to greed, and the economic organism tends to supersede the emotional and martial.

Whenever a race is so richly endowed with the energetic material that it does not expend all its energy in the daily struggle for life, the surplus may be stored in the shape of wealth; and this stock of stored energy may be transferred from community to community, either by conquest, or by superiority in economic competition.

However large may be the store of energy accumulated by conquest, a race must, sooner or later, reach the limit of its martial energy, when it must enter on the phase of economic competition. But, as the economic organism radically differs from the emotional and martial, the effect of economic competition has been, perhaps invariably, to dissipate the energy amassed by war.

When surplus energy has accumulated in such bulk as to preponderate over productive energy, it becomes the controlling social force. Thenceforward, capital is autocratic, and energy vents itself through those organisms best fitted to give expression to the power of capital. In this last stage of consolidation, the economic, and, perhaps, the scientific intellect is propagated, while the imagination fades, and the emotional, the martial, and the artistic types of manhood decay. When a social velocity has been attained at which the waste of energetic material is so great that the martial and imaginative stocks fail to reproduce themselves, intensifying competition appears to generate two extreme economic types,--the usurer in his most formidable aspect, and the peasant whose nervous system is best adapted to thrive on scanty nutriment. At length a point must be reached when pressure can go no further, and then, perhaps, one of two results may follow: A stationary period may supervene, which may last until ended by war, by exhaustion, or by both combined, as seems to have been the case with the Eastern Empire; or, as in the Western, disintegration may set in, the civilized population may perish, and a reversion may take place to a primitive form of organism.

The evidence, however, seems to point to the conclusion that, when a highly centralized society disintegrates, under the pressure of economic competition, it is because the energy of the race has been exhausted. Consequently, the survivors of such a community lack the power necessary for renewed concentration, and must probably remain inert until supplied with fresh energetic material by the infusion of barbarian blood.

BROOKS ADAMS.

Quincy, August 20, 1896.

CONTENTS

PAGE

CHAPTER I

The Romans 1

CHAPTER II

The Middle Age 48

CHAPTER III

The First Crusade 79

CHAPTER IV

The Second Crusade 103

CHAPTER V

The Fall of Constantinople 124

CHAPTER VI

The Suppression of the Temple 152

CHAPTER VII

The English Reformation 186

CHAPTER VIII

The Suppression of the Convents 220

CHAPTER IX

The Eviction of the Yeomen 243

CHAPTER X

Spain and India 286

CHAPTER XI

Modern Centralization 313

CHAPTER XII

Conclusion 352

Index 385

CIVILIZATION AND DECAY

CHAPTER I

THE ROMANS

When the Romans first emerged from the mist of fable, they were already a race of land-owners who held their property in severalty, and, as the right of alienation was established, the formation of relatively large estates had begun. The ordinary family, however, held, perhaps, twelve acres, and, as the land was arable, and the staple grain, it supported a dense rural population. The husbandmen who tilled this land were of the martial type, and, probably for that reason, though supremely gifted as administrators and soldiers, were ill-fitted to endure the strain of the unrestricted economic competition of a centralized society. Consequently their conquests had hardly consolidated before decay set in, a decay whose causes may be traced back until they are lost in the dawn of history.

The Latins had little economic versatility; they lacked the instinct of the Greeks for commerce, or of the Syrians and Hindoos for manufactures. They were essentially land-owners, and, when endowed with the acquisitive faculty, usurers. The latter early developed into a distinct species, at once more subtle of intellect and more tenacious of life than the farmers, and on the disparity between these two types of men, the fate of all subsequent civilization has hinged. At a remote antiquity Roman society divided into creditors and debtors; as it consolidated, the power of the former increased, thus intensifying the pressure on the weak, until, when centralization culminated under the Cæsars, reproduction slackened, disintegration set in, and, after some centuries of decline, the Middle Ages began.

The history of the monarchy must probably always remain a matter of conjecture, but it seems reasonably certain that the expulsion of the Tarquins was the victory of an hereditary monied caste, which succeeded in concentrating the functions of government in a practically self-perpetuating body drawn from their own order.[1] Niebuhr has demonstrated, in one of his most striking chapters, that usury was originally a patrician privilege; and some of the fiercest struggles of the early republic seem to have been decided against the oligarchy by wealthy plebeians, who were determined to break down the monopoly in money-lending. At all events, the conditions of life evidently favoured the growth of the instinct which causes its possessor to suck the vitality of the economically weak; and Macaulay, in the preface to _Virginia_, has given so vivid a picture of the dominant class, that one passage at least should be read entire.

“The ruling class in Rome was a monied class; and it made and administered the laws with a view solely to its own interest. Thus the relation between lender and borrower was mixed up with the relation between sovereign and subject. The great men held a large portion of the community in dependence by means of advances at enormous usury. The law of debt, framed by creditors, and for the protection of creditors, was the most horrible that has ever been known among men. The liberty, and even the life, of the insolvent were at the mercy of the patrician money-lenders. Children often became slaves in consequence of the misfortunes of their parents. The debtor was imprisoned, not in a public gaol under the care of impartial public functionaries, but in a private workhouse belonging to the creditor. Frightful stories were told respecting these dungeons.”

But a prisoner is an expense, and the patricians wanted money. Their problem was to exhaust the productive power of the debtor before selling him, and, as slaves have less energy than freemen, a system was devised by which the plebeians were left on their land, and stimulated to labour by the hope of redeeming themselves and their children from servitude. Niebuhr has explained at length how this was done.

For money weighed out a person could pledge himself, his family, and all that belonged to him. In this condition he became _nexus_, and remained in possession of his property until breach of condition, when the creditor could proceed by summary process.[2] Such a contract satisfied the requirements, and the usurers had then only to invent a judgment for debt severe enough to force the debtor to become _nexus_ when the alternative was offered him. This presented no difficulty. When an action was begun the defendant had thirty days of grace, and was then arrested and brought before the prætor. If he could neither pay nor find security, he was fettered with irons weighing not less than fifteen pounds, and taken home by the plaintiff. There he was allowed a pound of corn a day, and given sixty days in which to settle. If he failed, he was taken again before the prætor and sentenced. Under this sentence he might be sold or executed, and, where there were several plaintiffs, they might cut him up among them, nor was any individual liable for carving more than his share.[3] A man so sentenced involved his descendants, and therefore, rather than submit, the whole debtor class became _nexi_, toiling for ever to fulfil contracts quite beyond their strength, and year by year sinking more hopelessly into debt, for ordinarily the accumulated interest soon raised “the principal to many times its original amount.”[4] Niebuhr has thus summed up the economic situation:--

“To understand the condition of the plebeian debtors, let the reader, if he is a man of business, imagine that the whole of the private debts in a given country were turned into bills at a year, bearing interest at twenty per cent or more; and that the non-payment of them were followed on summary process by imprisonment, and by the transfer of the debtor’s whole property to his creditor, even though it exceeded what he owed. We do not need those further circumstances, which are incompatible with our manners, the personal slavery of the debtor and of his children, to form an estimate of the fearful condition of the unfortunate plebeians.”[5]

Thus the usurer first exhausted a family and then sold it; and as his class fed on insolvency and controlled legislation, the laws were as ingeniously contrived for creating debt, as for making it profitable when contracted. One characteristic device was the power given the magistrate of fining for “offences against order.” Under this head “men might include any accusations they pleased, and by the higher grades in the scale of fines they might accomplish whatever they desired.”[6] As the capitalists owned the courts and administered justice, they had the means at hand of ruining any plebeian whose property was tempting. Nevertheless, the stronghold of usury lay in the fiscal system, which down to the fall of the Empire was an engine for working bankruptcy. Rome’s policy was to farm the taxes; that is to say, after assessment, to sell them to a publican, who collected what he could. The business was profitable in proportion as it was extortionate, and the country was subjected to a levy unregulated by law, and conducted to enrich speculators. “Ubi publicanus est,” said Livy, quoting the Senate, “ibi aut jus publicum vanum, aut libertatem sociis nullam esse.”[7]

Usury was the cream of this business. The custom was to lend to defaulters at such high rates of interest that insolvency was nearly certain to follow; then the people were taken on execution, and slave-hunting formed a regular branch of the revenue

service. In Cicero's time whole provinces of Asia Minor were stripped bare by the traffic. The effect upon the Latin society of the fifth century before Christ was singularly destructive. Italy was filled with petty states in chronic war, the troops were an unpaid militia, which comprised the whole able-bodied population, and though the farms yielded enough for the family in good times, when the males were with the legions labour was certain to be lacking. The campaigns therefore brought want, and with want came the inability to pay taxes.

As late as the Tunic War, Regulus asked to be relieved from his command, because the death of his slave and the incompetence of his hired man left his fields uncared for; and if a general and a consul were pinched by absence, the case of the men in the ranks can be imagined. Even in victory the lot of the common soldier was hard enough, for, beside the chance of wounds and disease, there was the certain loss of time, for which no compensation was made. Though the plebeians formed the whole infantry of the line, they received no part of the conquered lands, and even the plunder was taken from them, and appropriated by the patricians to their private use.[8] In defeat, the open country was overrun, the cattle were driven off or slaughtered, the fruit trees cut down, the crops laid waste, and the houses burned. In speaking of the Gallic invasion, Niebuhr has pointed out that the ravaging of the enemy, and the new taxes laid to rebuild the ruined public works, led to general insolvency.[9]

Such conditions fostered the rapid propagation of distinct types of mind, and at a very early period Romans had been bred destitute of the martial instinct, but more crafty and more tenacious of life than the soldier. These were the men who conceived and enforced the usury laws, and who held to personal pledges as the dearest privilege of their order; nor does Livy attempt to disguise the fact "that every patrician house was a gaol for debtors; and that in seasons of great distress, after every sitting of the courts, herds of sentenced slaves were led away in chains to the houses of the nobless."[10]

Of this redoubtable type the Claudian family was a famous specimen, and the picture which has been drawn by Macaulay of the great usurer, Appius Claudius, the decemvir, is so brilliant that it cannot be omitted.

"Appius Claudius Crassus ... was descended from a long line of ancestors distinguished by their haughty demeanour, and by the inflexibility with which they had withstood all the demands of the plebeian order. While the political conduct and the deportment of the Claudian nobles drew upon them the fiercest public hatred, they were accused of wanting, if any credit is due to the early history of Rome, a class of qualities which, in a military commonwealth, is sufficient to cover a multitude of offences. The chiefs of the family appear to have been eloquent, versed in civil business, and learned after the fashion of their age; but in war they were not distinguished by skill or valour. Some of them, as if conscious where their weakness lay, had, when filling the highest magistracies, taken internal administration as their department of public business, and left the military command to their colleagues. One of them had been entrusted with an army, and had failed ignominiously. None of them had been honoured with a triumph....

"His grandfather, called, like himself, Appius Claudius, had left a name as much detested as that of Sextus Tarquinius. This elder Appius had been consul more than seventy years before the introduction of the Licinian Laws. By availing himself of a singular crisis in public feeling, he had obtained the consent of the commons to the abolition of the tribuneship, and had been the chief of that Council of Ten to which the whole direction of the State had been committed. In a few months his administration had become universally odious. It had been swept away by an irresistible outbreak of popular fury; and its memory was still held in abhorrence by the whole city. The immediate cause of the downfall of this execrable government was said to have been an attempt made by Appius Claudius upon the chastity of a beautiful young girl of humble birth. The story ran that the Decemvir, unable to succeed by bribes and solicitations, resorted to an outrageous act of tyranny. A vile dependant of the Claudian house laid claim to the damsel as his slave. The cause was brought before the tribunal of Appius. The wicked magistrate, in defiance of the clearest proofs, gave judgment for the claimant. But the girl's father, a brave soldier, saved her from servitude and dishonour by stabbing her to the heart in the sight of the whole Forum. That blow was the signal for a general explosion. Camp and city rose at once; the Ten were pulled down; the tribuneship was re-established; and Appius escaped the hands of the executioner only by a voluntary death."[11]

Virginia was slain in 449 B.C., just in the midst of the long convulsion which began with the secession to the Mons Sacer, and ended with the Licinian Laws. During this century and a quarter, usury drained the Roman vitality low. Niebuhr was doubtless right in his conjecture that the mutinous legions were filled with nexi to whom the continuance of the existing status meant slavery, and Mommsen also pointed out that the convulsions of the third and fourth centuries, in which it seemed as though Roman society must disintegrate, were caused by "the insolvency of the middle class of land-holders."[12]

Had Italy been more tranquil, it is not inconceivable that the small farmers might even then have sunk into the serfdom which awaited them under the Empire, for in peace the patricians might have been able to repress insurrection with their clients; but the

accumulation of capital had hardly begun, and several centuries were to elapse before money was to take its ultimate form in a standing army. Meanwhile, troops were needed almost every year to defend the city; and, as the legions were a militia, they were the enemy and not the instrument of wealth. Until the organization of a permanent paid police they were, however, the highest expression of force, and, when opposed to them, the monied oligarchy was helpless, as was proved by the secession to the Mons Sacer. The storm gathered slowly. The rural population was ground down under the usury laws, and in 495 B.C. the farmers refused to respond to the levy. The consul Publius Servilius had to suspend prosecutions for debt and to liberate debtors in prison; but at the end of the campaign the promises he had made in the moment of danger were repudiated by Appius Claudius, who rigorously enforced the usury legislation, and who was, for the time, too strong to be opposed.

That year the men submitted, but the next the legions had again to be embodied; they again returned victorious; their demands were again rejected; and then, instead of disbanding, they marched in martial array into the district of Crustumeria, and occupied the hill which ever after was called the Sacred Mount.[13] Resistance was not even attempted; and precisely the same surrender was repeated in 449. When Virginius stabbed his daughter he fled to the camp, and his comrades seized the standards and marched for Rome. The Senate yielded at once, decreed the abolition of the Decemvirate, and the triumphant cohorts, drawn up upon the Aventine, chose their tribunes.

Finally, in the last great struggle, when Camillus was made dictator to coerce the people, he found himself impotent. The monied oligarchy collapsed when confronted with an armed force; and Camillus, reduced to act as mediator, vowed a temple to Concord, on the passage of the Licinian Laws.[14] The Licinian Laws provided for a partial liquidation, and also for an increase of the means of the debtor class by redistribution of the public land. This land had been seized in war, and had been monopolized by the patricians without any particular legal right. Licinius obtained a statute by which back payments of interest should be applied to extinguishing the principal of debts, and balances then remaining due should be liquidated in three annual instalments. He also limited the quantity of the public domain which could be held by any individual, and directed that the residue which remained after the reduction of all estates to that standard should be distributed in five-acre lots.

Pyrrhus saw with a soldier's eye that Rome's strength did not lie in her generals, who were frequently his inferiors, but in her farmers, whom he could not crush by defeat, and this was the class which was favoured by the Licinian Laws. They multiplied greatly when the usurers capitulated, and, as Macaulay remarked, the effect of the reform was "singularly happy and glorious." It was indeed no less than the conquest of Italy. Rome, "while the disabilities of the plebeians continued ... was scarcely able to maintain her ground against the Volscians and Hernicans. When those disabilities were removed, she rapidly became more than a match for Carthage and Macedon."[15]

But nature's very bounty to the Roman husbandman and soldier proved his ruin. Patient of suffering, enduring of fatigue, wise in council, fierce in war, he routed all who opposed him; and yet the vigorous mind and the robust frame which made him victorious in battle, were his weakness when at peace. He needed costly nutriment, and when brought into free economic competition with Africans and Asiatics, he starved. Such competition resulted directly from foreign conquests, and came rapidly when Italy had consolidated, and the Italians began to extend their power over other races. Nearly five centuries intervened between the foundation of the city and the defeat of Pyrrhus, but within little more than two hundred years from the victory of Beneventum, Rome was mistress of the world.

Indeed, beyond the peninsula, there was not much, save Carthage, to stop the march of the legions. After the death of Alexander, in 323 B.C., Greece fell into decline, and by 200, when Rome attacked Macedon, she was in decrepitude. The population of Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt was not martial, and had never been able to cope in battle with the western races; while Spain and Gaul, though inhabited by fierce and hardy tribes, lacked cohesion, and could not withstand the onset of organized and disciplined troops. Distance, therefore, rather than hostile military force, fixed the limit of the ancient centralization, for the Romans were not maritime, and consequently failed to absorb India or discover America. Thus their relatively imperfect movement made the most material difference between the ancient and modern economic system.

By conquest the countries inhabited by races of a low vitality and great tenacity of life were opened both for trade and slaving, and their cheap labour exterminated the husbandmen of Italy. Particularly after the annexation of Asia Minor this labour overran Sicily, and the cultivation of the cereals by the natives became impossible when the island had been parcelled out into great estates stocked by capitalists with eastern slaves who, at Rome, undersold all competitors. During the second century the precious metals poured into Latium in a flood, great fortunes were amassed and invested in land, and the Asiatic provinces of the Empire were swept of their men in order to make these investments pay. No data remain by which to estimate, even approximately, the size of

this involuntary migration, but it must have reached enormous numbers, for sixty thousand captives were the common booty of a campaign, and after provinces were annexed they were depopulated by the publicans.

The best field hands came from the regions where poverty had always been extreme, and where, for countless generations, men had been inured to toil on scanty food. Districts like Bithynia and Syria, where slaves could be bought for little or nothing, had always been tilled by races far more tenacious of life than any Europeans. After Lucullus plundered Pontus, a slave brought only four drachmæ, or, perhaps, seventy cents.[16] On the other hand, competition grew sharper among the Italians themselves. As capital accumulated in the hands of the strongest, the poor grew poorer, and pauperism spread. As early as the Marsian War, in 90 B.C., Lucius Marcius Philippus estimated that there were only two thousand wealthy families among the burgesses. In about three hundred years nature had culled a pure plutocracy from what had been originally an essentially martial race.

The primitive Roman was a high order of husbandman, who could only when well fed flourish and multiply. He was adapted to that stage of society when the remnants of caste gave a certain fixity of tenure to the farmer, and when prices were maintained by the cost of communication with foreign countries. As the world centralized, through conquest, these barriers were swept away. Economic competition became free, land tended to concentrate in fewer and fewer hands, and this land was worked by eastern slaves, who reduced the wages of labour to the lowest point at which the human being can survive.

The effect was to split society in halves, the basis being servile, and the freemen being separated into a series of classes, according to the economic power of the mind. Wealth formed the title to nobility of the great oligarchy which thus came to constitute the core of the Empire. At the head stood the senators, whose rank was hereditary unless they lost their property, for to be a senator a man had to be rich. Augustus fixed $48,000 as the minimum of the senatorial fortune, and made up the deficiency to certain favoured families,[17] but Tiberius summarily ejected spendthrifts.[18] All Latin literature is redolent of money. Tacitus, with an opulent connection, never failed to speak with disdain of the base-born, or, in other words, of the less prosperous. “Poppæus Sabinus, a man of humble birth,” raised to position by the caprice of two emperors;[19] “Cassius Severus, a man of mean extraction”;[20] and, in the poetry of antiquity, there are few more famous lines than those in which Juvenal has described the burden of poverty:

“Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat Res angusta domi.”[21]

Perhaps no modern writer has been so imbued with the spirit of the later Empire as Fustel de Coulanges, and on this subject he has been emphatic. Not only were the Romans not democratic, but at no period of her history did Rome love equality. In the Republic rank was determined by wealth. The census was the basis of the social system. Every citizen had to declare his fortune before a magistrate, and his grade was then assigned him. “Poverty and wealth established the legal differences between men.”

The first line of demarcation lay between those who owned land and those who did not. The former were _assidui_: householders rooted in the soil. The latter were _proletarians_. The _proletarians_ were equal in their poverty; but the _assidui_ were unequal in their wealth, and were consequently divided into five classes. Among these categories all was unequal--taxes, military service, and political rights. They did not mix together.

“If one transports oneself to the last century of the Republic ... one finds there an aristocracy as strongly consolidated as the ancient patrician.... At the summit came the senatorial order. To belong to it the first condition was to possess a great fortune.... The Roman mind did not understand that a poor man could belong to the aristocracy, or that a rich man was not part of it.”[22]

Archaic customs lingered late in Rome, for the city was not a centre of commercial exchanges; and long after the death of Alexander, when Greece passed its meridian, the Republic kept its copper coinage. Regulus farmed his field with a single slave and a hired servant, and there was, in truth, nothing extraordinary in the famous meeting with Cincinnatus at the plough, although such simplicity astonished a contemporary of Augustus. Advancing centralization swept away these ancient customs, a centralization whose march is, perhaps, as sharply marked by the migration of vagrants to the cities, as by any single phenomenon. Vagrant paupers formed the proletariat for whose relief the “Frumentariæ Leges” were framed; and yet, though poor-laws in some form are considered a necessity in modern times, few institutions of antiquity have been more severely criticised than those regulating charity. From the time of Cato downward, the tendency has been to maintain that at Rome demagogues fed the rabble at the cost of the lives of the free-holders.

Probably the exact converse is the truth; the public gifts of food appear to have been the effect of the ruin of agriculture, and not its cause. After the Italian husbandmen had been made insolvent by the competition of races of lower vitality, they flocked starving to

the capital, but it was only reluctantly that the great speculators in grain, who controlled the Senate, admitted the necessity of granting State aid to the class whom they had destroyed.

Long before the Punic Wars the Carthaginians had farmed Sicily on capitalistic principles; that is to say, they had stocked domains with slaves, and had traded on the basis of large sales and narrow profits. The Romans when they annexed the island only carried out this system to its logical end. Having all Asia Minor to draw upon for labour, they deliberately starved and overworked their field-hands, since it was cheaper to buy others than to lose command of the market. The familiar story of the outbreak of the Servile War, about 134 B.C., shows how far the contemporaries of the Sicilian speculators believed them capable of going.

Damophilus, an opulent Sicilian landlord, being one day implored by his slaves to have pity on their nakedness and misery, indignantly demanded why they went hungry and cold, with arms in their hands, and the country before them. Then he bound them to stakes and flayed them with the lash.[23]

The reduction of Syracuse by Marcellus broke the Carthaginian power in the island, and, after the fall of Agrigentum in 210 B.C., the pacification of the country went on rapidly. Probably from the outset, even in the matter of transportation, the provinces of the mainland were at a disadvantage because of the cheapness of sea freights, but at all events the opening of the Sicilian grain trade had an immediate and disastrous effect on Italy. The migration of vagrants to Rome began forthwith, and within seven years, 203 B.C., a public distribution of wheat took place, probably by the advice of Scipio. Nevertheless the charity was private and not gratuitous. On the contrary, a charge of six sesterces, or twenty-five cents the bushel, was made, apparently near half the market rate, a price pretty regularly maintained on such occasions down to the Empire. This interval comprehended the whole period of the Sicilian supremacy in the corn trade, for in 30 B.C. Egypt was annexed by Augustus.

The distress which followed upon free trade with Egypt finally broke down the resistance of the rich to gratuitous relief for the poor. Previously the opposition to State aid had been so stubborn that until 123 B.C. no legal provision whatever was made for paupers; and yet the account left by Polybius of the condition of Lombardy toward the middle of the second century shows the complete wreck of agriculture.

“The yield of corn in this district is so abundant that wheat is often sold at four obols a Sicilian medimnus [about eight cents by the bushel, or a little less than two sesterces], barley at two, or a metretes of wine for an equal measure of barley.... The cheapness and abundance of all articles of food may also be clearly shown from the fact that travellers in these parts, when stopping at inns, do not bargain for particular articles, but simply ask what the charge is per head for board. And for the most part the innkeepers are content” with half an as (about half a cent) a day.[24]

These prices indicate a lack of demand so complete, that the debtors among the peasantry must have been ruined, and yet tax-payers remained obdurate. Gratuitous distributions were tried in 58 B.C. by the Lex Clodia, but soon abandoned as costly, and Cæsar applied himself to reducing the outlay on the needy. He hoped to reach his end by cutting down the number of grain-receivers one-half, by providing that no grain should be given away except on presentation of a ticket, and by ordering that the number of ticket-holders should not be increased. The law of nature prevailed against him, for the absorption of Egypt in the economic system of the Empire, marked, in the words of Mommsen “the end of the old and the beginning of a new epoch.”[25]

Among the races which have survived through ages upon scanty nutriment, none have, perhaps, excelled the Egyptian fellah. Even in the East no peasantry has probably been so continuously overworked, so under-paid, and so taxed.

“If it is the aim of the State to work out the utmost possible amount from its territory, in the Old World the Lagids were absolutely the masters of statecraft. In particular they were in this sphere the instructors and the models of the Cæsars.”[26]

In the first century Egypt was, as it still is, preeminently a land of cheap labour; but it was also something more. The valley of the Nile, enriched by the overflow of the river, returned an hundred-fold, without manure; and this wonderful district was administered, not like an ordinary province, but like a private farm belonging to the citizens of Rome. The emperor reserved it to himself. How large a revenue he drew from it is immaterial; it suffices that one-third of all the grain consumed in the capital came from thence. According to Athenæus, some of the grain ships in use were about 420 feet long by 57 broad, or nearly the size of a modern steamer in the Atlantic trade.[27] From the beginning of the Christian era, therefore, the wages of the Egyptian fellah regulated the price of the cereals within the limits where trade was made free by Roman consolidation, and it is safe to say that, thenceforward, such of the highly nourished races as were constrained to sustain this competition, were doomed to perish. It is even extremely doubtful whether the distributions of grain by the government materially accelerated the march of the decay. Spain should have

been far enough removed from the centre of exchanges to have had a certain local market of her own, and yet Martial, writing about 100 A.D., described the Spanish husbandman eating and drinking the produce he could not sell, and receiving but four sesterces the bushel for his wheat, which was the price paid by paupers in the time of Cicero.[28]

Thus by economic necessity great estates were formed in the hands of the economically strong. As the value of cereals fell, arable land passed into vineyards or pasture, and, the provinces being unable to sustain their old population, eviction went on with gigantic strides. Had the Romans possessed the versatility to enable them to turn to industry, factories might have afforded a temporary shelter to this surplus labour, but manufactures were monopolized by the East; therefore the beggared peasantry were either enslaved for debt, or wandered as penniless paupers to the cities, where gradually their numbers so increased as to enable them to extort a gratuitous dole. Indeed, during the third century, their condition fell so low that they were unable even to cook the food freely given them, and Aurelian had their bread baked at public ovens.[29]

As centralization advanced with the acceleration of human movement, force expressed itself more and more exclusively through money, and the channel in which money chose to flow was in investments in land. The social system fostered the growth of large estates. The Romans always had an inordinate respect for the landed magnate, and a contempt for the tradesman. Industry was reputed a servile occupation, and, under the Republic, the citizen who performed manual labour was almost deprived of political rights. Even commerce was thought so unworthy of the aristocracy that it was forbidden to senators. “The soil was always, in this Roman society, the principal source and, above all, the only measure of wealth.”

A law of Tiberius obliged capitalists to invest two-thirds of their property in land. Trajan not only exacted of aspirants to office that they should be rich, but that they should place at least one-third of their fortune in Italian real estate; and, down to the end of the Empire, the senatorial class “was at the same time the class of great landed proprietors.”[30]

The more property consolidated, the more resistless the momentum of capital became. Under the Empire small properties grew steadily rarer, and the fewer they were, the greater the disadvantage at which their owners stood. The small farmer could hardly sustain himself in competition with the great landlord. The grand domain of the capitalist was not only provided with a full complement of labourers, vine-dressers, and shepherds, but with the necessary artisans. The poor farmer depended on his rich neighbour even for his tools. “He was what a workman would be to-day who, amidst great factories, worked alone.”[31] He bought dearer and sold cheaper, his margin of profit steadily shrunk; at last he was reduced to a bare subsistence in good years, and the first bad harvest left him bankrupt.

The Roman husbandman and soldier was doomed, for nature had turned against him; the task of history is but to ascertain his fate, and trace the fortunes of his country after he had gone.

Of the evicted, many certainly drifted to the cities and lived upon charity, forming the proletariat, a class alike despised and lost to self-respect: some were sold into slavery, others starved; but when all deductions have been made, a surplus is left to be accounted for, and there is reason to suppose that these stayed on their farms as tenants to the purchasers.

In the first century such tenancies were common. The lessee remained a freeman, under no subjection to his landlord, provided he paid his rent; but in case of default the law was rigorous. Everything upon the land was liable as a pledge, and the tenant himself was held in pawn unless he could give security for what he owed. In case, therefore, of prolonged agricultural depression, all that was left of the ancient rural population could hardly fail to pass into the condition of serfs, bound to the land by debts beyond the possibility of payment.

That such a depression actually occurred, and that it extended through several centuries, is certain. Nor is it possible that its only cause was Egyptian competition, for had it been so, an equilibrium would have been reached when the African exchanges had been adjusted, whereas a continuous decline of prices went on until long after the fall of the Western Empire. The only other possible explanation of the phenomenon is that a contraction of the currency began soon after the death of Augustus, and continued without much interruption down to Charlemagne. Between the fall of Carthage and the birth of Christ, the Romans plundered the richest portions of the world west of the Indus; in the second century, North Africa, Macedon, Spain, and parts of Greece and Asia Minor; in the first, Athens, Cappadocia, Syria, Gaul, and Egypt. These countries yielded an enormous mass of treasure, which was brought to Rome as spoil of war, but which was not fixed there by commercial exchanges, and which continually tended to flow back to the natural centres of trade. Therefore, when conquests ceased, the sources of new bullion dried up, and the quantity held in Italy diminished as the balance of trade grew more and more unfavourable.

Under Augustus the precious metals were plenty and cheap, and the prices of commodities were correspondingly high; but a full generation had hardly passed before a dearth began to be felt, which manifested itself in a debasement of the coinage, the surest sign of an appreciation of the currency.

Speaking generally, the manufactures and the more costly products of antiquity came from countries to the east of the Adriatic, while the West was mainly agricultural; and nothing is better established than that luxuries were dear under the Empire, and food cheap.[32] Therefore exchanges were unfavourable to the capital from the outset; the exports did not cover the imports, and each year a deficit had to be made good in specie.

The Romans perfectly understood the situation, and this adverse balance caused them much uneasiness. Tiberius dwelt upon it in a letter to the Senate as early as 22 A.D. In that year the ædiles brought forward proposals for certain sumptuary reforms, and the Senate, probably to rid itself of a delicate question, referred the matter to the executive. Most of the emperor's reply is interesting, but there is one particularly noteworthy paragraph. "If a reform is in truth intended, where must it begin? and how am I to restore the simplicity of ancient times?... How shall we reform the taste for dress?... How are we to deal with the peculiar articles of female vanity, and, in particular, with that rage for jewels and precious trinkets, which drains the Empire of its wealth, and sends, in exchange for bawbles, the money of the Commonwealth to foreign nations, and even to the enemies of Rome?"[33] Half a century later matters were, apparently, worse, for Pliny more than once returned to the subject. In the twelfth book of his Natural History, after enumerating the many well-known spices, perfumes, drugs, and gems, which have always made the Eastern trade of such surpassing value, he estimated that at the most moderate computation 100,000,000 sesterces, or about $4,000,000 in coin, were annually exported to Arabia and India alone; and at a time when silk was worth its weight in gold, the estimate certainly does not seem excessive. He added, "So dear do pleasures and women cost us."[34]

The drain to Egypt and the Asiatic provinces could hardly have been much less serious. Adrian almost seems to have been jealous of the former, for in his letter to Servianus, after having criticised the people, he remarked that it was also a rich and productive country "in which no one was idle," and in which glass, paper and linen were manufactured.[35] The Syrians were both industrial and commercial. Tyre, for example, worked the raw silk of China, dyed and exported it. The glass of Tyre and Sidon was famous; the local aristocracy were merchants and manufacturers, "and, as later the riches acquired in the East flowed to Genoa and Venice, so then the commercial gains of the West flowed back to Tyre and Apamea."[36]

Within about sixty years from the final consolidation of the Empire under Augustus, this continuous efflux of the precious metals began to cause the currency to contract, and prices to fall; and the first effect of shrinking values appears to have been a financial crisis in 33 A.D. Probably the diminution in the worth of commodities relatively to money, had already made it difficult for debtors to meet their liabilities, for Tacitus has prefaced his story by pointing out that usury had always been a scourge of Rome, and that just previous to the panic an agitation against the money-lenders had begun with a view to enforcing the law regarding interest. As most of the senators were deep in usury they applied for protection to Tiberius, who granted what amounted to a stay of proceedings, and then, as soon as the capitalists felt themselves safe, they proceeded to take their revenge. Loans were called, accommodation refused, and mortgagors were ruthlessly sold out. "There was great scarcity of money ... and, on account of sales on execution, coin accumulated in the imperial, or the public treasury. Upon this the Senate ordered that every one should invest two-thirds of his capital on loan, in Italian real estate; but the creditors called in the whole, nor did public opinion allow debtors to compromise." Meanwhile there was great excitement but no relief, "as the usurers hoarded for the purpose of buying low. The quantity of sales broke the market, and the more liabilities were extended, the harder liquidation became. Many were ruined, and the loss of property endangered social station and reputation."[37] The panic finally subsided, but contraction went on and next showed itself, twenty-five years later, in adulterated coinage. From the time of the Punic Wars, about two centuries and a half before Christ, the silver denarius, worth nearly seventeen cents, had been the standard of the Roman currency, and it kept its weight and purity unimpaired until Nero, when it diminished from 1⁄84 to 1⁄96 of a pound of silver, the pure metal being mixed with 1⁄10 of copper.[38] Under Trajan, toward 100 A.D., the alloy reached twenty per cent; under Septimius Severus a hundred years later it had mounted to fifty or sixty per cent, and by the time of Elagabalus, 220 A.D., the coin had degenerated into a token of base metal, and was repudiated by the government.

Something similar happened to the gold. The aureus, though it kept its fineness, lost in weight down to Constantine. In the reign of Augustus it equalled one-fortieth of a Roman pound of gold, in that of Nero one forty-fifth, in that of Caracalla but one-fiftieth, in that of Diocletian one-sixtieth, and in that of Constantine one seventy-second, when the coin ceased passing by tale and was taken only by weight.[39]

The repudiation of the denarius was an act of bankruptcy; nor did the financial position improve while the administration remained at Rome. Therefore the inference is that, toward the middle of the third century, Italy had lost the treasure she had won in war, which had gradually gravitated to the centre of exchanges. This inference is confirmed by history. The movements of Diocletian seem to demonstrate that after 250 A.D. Rome ceased to be either the political or commercial capital of the world.

Unquestionably Diocletian must have lived a life of intense activity at the focus of affairs, to have raised himself from slavery to the purple at thirty-nine; and yet Gibbon thought he did not even visit Rome until he went thither to celebrate his triumph, after he had been

[... TRUNCATED at 800,000 chars for file-size management — full text in original source ...]

Untitled

John Addington Symonds

Project Gutenberg Release: May 29, 2010 · eBook #32588

Produced by Chuck Greif and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team at https://www.pgdp.net (This book was produced from scanned images of public domain material from the Google Print project.)

A PROBLEM IN MODERN ETHICS

Of this work only 100 copies have been printed.

_No._

A

PROBLEM IN MODERN ETHICS

BEING

AN INQUIRY INTO THE PHENOMENON OF SEXUAL INVERSION

ADDRESSED ESPECIALLY TO MEDICAL PSYCHOLOGISTS AND JURISTS

BY

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

LONDON

1896

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

CHAPTER PAGE

LIST OF BOOKS CONSULTED vii

INTRODUCTION 1

I. CHRISTIAN OPINION FROM THE AGE OF JUSTINIAN 5

II. VULGAR ERRORS 9

III. LITERATURE: PORNOGRAPHIC AND DESCRIPTIVE: Carlier, _Les deux Prostitutions_ 16

IV. LITERATURE: MEDICO-FORENSIC: _Tardieu_ 21

V. LITERATURE: MEDICO-PSYCHOLOGICAL: Moreau, Tarnowsky, Krafft-Ebing, Lombroso 29

VI. LITERATURE: HISTORICAL AND ANTHROPOLOGICAL: Meier, "A Problem in Greek Ethics"; Rosenbaum, Bastian, Herbert Spencer, Sir Richard Burton, Mantegazza 75

VII. LITERATURE: POLEMICAL: Karl Heinrich Ulrichs 84

VIII. LITERATURE: IDEALISTIC: Walt Whitman 115

IX. EPILOGUE 126

X. SUGGESTIONS UPON LEGISLATION 131

BOOKS CONSULTED.

GIBBON'S =History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.= Chapter XLIV.

F. CARLIER. =Les deux Prostitutions.= Paris, Dentu, 1889.

A. TARDIEU. =Attentats aux Moeurs.= Paris, Billière, 1878.

J. L. CASPER and CARL LIMAN. =Handbuch der Gerichtlichen Medicin.= Berlin, Hirschwald, 1889.

J. L. CASPER. =Klinische Novellen.= Berlin, Hirschwald, 1863.

P. MORRAU. =Des Aberrations du Sens Génétique.= Paris, Asselin et Houzeau, 1887.

B. TARNOWSKY. =Die krankhaften Erscheinungen des Geschlechtssinnes.= Berlin, Hirschwald, 1886.

LEVY-MÜNCHEN. =Die Männliche Sterilität.= Berlin, Henser, 1889.

R. VON KRAFFT-EBING. =Psychopathia Sexualis.= Stuttgart, Enke, 1889.

CESARE LOMBROSO. =Der Verbrecher in Anthropologischer, Aerztlicher und Juristischer Beziehung.= Hamburg, Richter, 1887.

M. H. F. MEIER. =Pæderastie.= Ersch und Gruber's Allgemeine Encyclopädie. Leipzig, Brockhaus, 1837.

=A Problem in Greek Ethics.= No name or date. "Ten Copies printed for the Author's Use."

J. ROSENBAUM. =Geschichte der Lustseuche im Alterthume.= Halle a. S., H. W. Schmidt, 1882.

BASTIAN. =Der Mensch in der Geschichte.= Leipzig, Wigand, 1860.

HERBERT SPENCER. =Sociological Tables.=

P. DUFOUR. =Histoire de la Prostitution.= Eight vols. Bruxelles, Rozey, 1861.

Sir R. F. BURTON. =Arabian Nights.= Vol. 10. Benares, 1885.

P. MANTEGAZZA. =Gli Amori degli Uomini.= Milano, 1886.

NUMA NUMANTIUS (K. H. ULRICHS). =Inclusa.= Anthropologische Studien über mannmännliche Geschlechtsliebe. Leipzig, 1864.

NUMA NUMANTIUS. =Formatrix.= Anthrop. Studien über urnische Liebe. Leipzig, 1865.

NUMA NUMANTIUS. =Vindex.= Social-juristische Studien über mannmännliche Geschlechtsliebe. Leipzig, 1864.

NUMA NUMANTIUS. =Vindicta.= Kampf für Freiheit u.s.w. Leipzig, 1865.

NUMA NUMANTIUS. =Ara Spei.= Moralphil. und Socialphil. Studien über urnische Liebe. Leipzig, 1865.

K. H. ULRICHS. =Gladius Furens.= Das Naturräthsel der Urningsliebe. Kassel, Württenberger, 1868.

K. H. ULRICHS. =Memnon.= Die Geschlechtsnatur des mannliebenden Urnings. Schleiz, H. Heyn, 1868.

K. H. ULRICHS. =Incubus.= Urningsliebe und Blutgier. Leipzig, A. Serbe, 1869.

K. H. ULRICHS. =Argonauticus.= Zastrow und die Urninge. Leipzig, A. Serbe, 1869.

K. H. ULRICHS. =Prometheus.= Beitärge zur Erforschung des Naturräthsels des Uranismus. Leipzig, Serbe, 1870.

K. H. ULRICHS. =Araxes.= Ruf nach Befreiung der Urningsnatur vom Strafgesetz. Schleiz, Heyn, 1870.

WALT WHITMAN. =Leaves of Grass,= in "Complete Poems and Prose." 1889-1890.

WALT WHITMAN. =Democratic Vistas.=

=Nuova Codice Penale per il Regno d'Italia.=

A. COFFIGNON. =La Corruption à Paris.= Paris, La Librairie Illustrée. 7th edition. No date.

INTRODUCTION.

There is a passion, or a perversion of appetite, which, like all human passions, has played a considerable part in the world's history for good or evil; but which has hardly yet received the philosophical attention and the scientific investigation it deserves. The reason of this may be that in all Christian societies the passion under consideration has been condemned to pariahdom; consequently, philosophy and science have not deigned to make it the subject of special enquiry. Only one great race in past ages, the Greek race, to whom we owe the inheritance of our ideas, succeeded in raising it to the level of chivalrous enthusiasm. Nevertheless, we find it present everywhere and in all periods of history. We cannot take up the religious books, the legal codes, the annals, the descriptions of the manners of any nation, whether large or small, powerful or feeble, civilised or savage, without meeting with this passion in one form or other. Sometimes it assumes the calm and dignified attitude of conscious merit, as in Sparta, Athens, Thebes. Sometimes it skulks in holes and corners, hiding an abashed head and shrinking from the light of day, as in the capitals of modern Europe. It confronts us on the steppes of Asia, where hordes of nomads drink the milk of mares; in the bivouac of Keltish warriors, lying wrapped in wolves' skins round their camp-fires; upon the sands of Arabia, where the Bedaween raise desert dust in flying squadrons. We discern it among the palm-groves of the South Sea Islands, in the card-houses and temple-gardens of Japan, under Esquimaux snow-huts, beneath the sultry vegetation of Peru, beside the streams of Shiraz and the waters of the Ganges, in the cold clear air of Scandinavian winters. It throbs in our huge cities. The pulse of it can be felt in London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, no less than in Constantinople, Naples, Teheran, and Moscow. It finds a home in Alpine valleys, Albanian ravines, Californian canyons, and gorges of Caucasian mountains. It once sat, clothed in Imperial purple, on the throne of the Roman Caesars, crowned with the tiara on the chair of St. Peter. It has flaunted, emblazoned with the heraldries of France and England, in coronation ceremonies at Rheims and Westminster. The royal palaces of Madrid and Aranjuez tell their tales of it. So do the ruined courtyards of Granada and the castle-keep of Avignon. It shone with clear radiance in the gymnasium of Hellas, and nerved the dying heroes of Greek freedom for their last forlorn hope upon the plains of Chæronea. Endowed with inextinguishable life, in spite of all that has been done to suppress it, this passion survives at large in modern states and towns, penetrates society, makes itself felt in every quarter of the globe where men are brought into communion with men.

Yet no one dares to speak of it; or if they do, they bate their breath, and preface their remarks with maledictions.

Those who read these lines will hardly doubt what passion it is that I am hinting at. _Quod semper ubique et ab omnibus_--surely it deserves a name. Yet I can hardly find a name which will not seem to soil this paper. The accomplished languages of Europe in the nineteenth century supply no term for this persistent feature of human psychology, without importing some implication of disgust, disgrace, vituperation. Science, however, has recently--within the last twenty years in fact--invented a convenient phrase, which does not prejudice the matter under consideration. She speaks of the "inverted sexual instinct"; and with this neutral nomenclature the investigator has good reason to be satisfied.

Inverted sexuality, the sexual instinct diverted from its normal channel, directed (in the case of males) to males, forms the topic of the following discourse. The study will be confined to modern times, and to those nations which regard the phenomenon with religious detestation. This renders the enquiry peculiarly difficult, and exposes the enquirer, unless he be a professed expert in diseases of the mind and nervous centres, to almost certain misconstruction. Still, there is no valid reason why the task of statement and analysis should not be undertaken. Indeed, one might rather wonder why candid and curious observers of humanity have not attempted to fathom a problem which faces them at every turn in their historical researches and in daily life. Doubtless their neglect is due to natural or acquired repugnance, to feelings of disgust and hatred, derived from immemorial tradition, and destructive of the sympathies which animate a really zealous pioneer. Nevertheless, what is human is alien to no human being. What the law punishes, but what, in spite of law, persists and energises, ought to arrest attention. We are all of us responsible to some extent for the maintenance and enforcement of our laws. We are all of us, as evolutionary science surely teaches, interested in the facts of anthropology, however repellant some of these may be to our own feelings. We cannot evade the conditions of _atavism_ and _heredity_. Every family runs the risk of producing a boy or a girl whose life will be embittered by inverted sexuality, but who in all other respects will be no worse or better than the normal members of the home. Surely, then, it is our duty and our interest to learn what we can about its nature, and to arrive through comprehension at some rational method of dealing with it.

I.

CHRISTIAN OPINION.

Since this enquiry is limited to actual conditions of contemporary life, we need not discuss the various ways in which the phenomenon of sexual inversion has been practically treated by races with whose habits and religions we have no affinity.

On the other hand, it is of the highest importance to obtain a correct conception of the steps whereby the Christian nations, separating themselves from ancient paganism, introduced a new and stringent morality into their opinion on this topic, and enforced their ethical views by legal prohibitions of a very formidable kind.

Without prejudging or prejudicing this new morality, now almost universally regarded as a great advance upon the ethics of the earlier pagan world, we must observe that it arose when science was non-existent, when the study of humanity had not emerged from the cradle, and when theology was in the ascendant. We have therefore to expect from it no delicate distinctions, no anthropological investigations, no psychological analysis, and no spirit of toleration. It simply decreed that what had hitherto been viewed as immorality at worst should henceforth be classed among crimes against God, nature, humanity, the state.

Opening the Bible, we find severe penalties attached to sexual inversion by the Mosaic law, in the interests of population and in harmony with the Jewish theory of abominations. The lesson is driven home by the legend of two cities, Sodom and Gomorrah, overwhelmed with fire because of their addiction to abnormal sexual indulgences. Here the _vindices flammæ_ of the Roman code appear for the first time--the stake and the flames, which mediæval legislation appointed for offenders of this sort.

St. Paul, penetrated with Hebrew ethics, denounced the corruption of the Gentiles in these words: "For this cause God gave them up into vile affections: for even their women did change the natural use into that which is against nature: and likewise also the men, leaving the natural use of the woman, burned in their lust one toward another; men with men working that which is unseemly, and receiving in themselves that recompence of their error which was meet."

Christ uttered no opinion upon what we now call sexual inversion. Neither light nor leading comes from Him, except such as may be indirectly derived from his treatment of the woman taken in adultery.

When the Empire adopted Christianity, it had therefore the traditions of the Mosaic law and the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans to guide its legislators on this topic. The Emperors felt obscurely that the main pulses of human energy were slackening; population all tended to dwindle; the territory of the empire shrank slowly year by year before their eyes. As the depositaries of a higher religion and a nobler morality, they felt it their duty to stamp out pagan customs, and to unfurl the banner of social purity. The corruption of the Roman cities had become abominable. The laziness and cowardice of Roman citizens threatened the commonwealth with ruin. To repress sexual appetites was not the ruler's object. It was only too apparent that these natural desires no longer prompted the people to sufficient procreation or fertility. The brood begotten upon Roman soil was inadequate to cope with the inrushing tide of barbarians. Wisdom lay in attempting to rehabilitate marriage, the family domestic life. Meanwhile a certain vice ran riot through society, a vice for which Jehovah had rained fire and brimstone upon Sodom, a vice which the Mosaic code punished with death, a vice threatened by St. Paul with "that recompence of their error which was meet."

Justinian, in 538 A.D., seems to have been terrified by famines, earthquakes and pestilences. He saw, or professed to see, in these visitations the avenging hand of Jehovah, the "recompence which was meet" mysteriously prophesied by St. Paul. Thereupon he fulminated his edict against unnatural sinners, whereby they were condemned to torments and the supreme penalty of death. The preamble to his famous Novella 77 sets forth the principles on which it has been framed: "Lest as the result of these impious acts whole cities should perish together with their inhabitants; for we are taught by Holy Scripture, to wit that through these acts cities have perished with the men in them.... It is on account of such crimes that famines and earthquakes take place, and also pestilences."

Before Justinian, both Constantine and Theodosius passed laws against sexual inversion, committing the offenders to "avenging flames." But these statutes were not rigidly enforced, and modern opinion on the subject may be said to flow from Justinian's legislation. Opinion, in matters of custom and manners, always follows law. Though Imperial edicts could not eradicate a passion which is inherent in human nature, they had the effect of stereotyping extreme punishments in all the codes of Christian nations, and of creating a permanent social antipathy.

II.

VULGAR ERRORS.

Gibbon's remarks upon the legislation of Constantine, Theodosius, and Justinian supply a fair example of the way in which men of learning and open mind have hitherto regarded what, after all, is a phenomenon worthy of cold and calm consideration. "I touch," he says, "with reluctance, and despatch with impatience, a more odious vice, of which modesty rejects the name, and nature abominates the idea." After briefly alluding to the morals of Etruria, Greece, and Rome, he proceeds to the enactments of Constantine: "Adultery was first declared to be a capital offence ... the same penalties were inflicted on the passive and active guilt of pæderasty; and all criminals, of free or servile condition, were either drowned, or beheaded, or cast alive into the avenging flames."[1] Then, without further comment, he observes: "The adulterers were spared by the common sympathy of mankind; but the lovers of their own sex were pursued by general and pious indignation." "Justinian relaxed the punishment at least of female infidelity: the guilty spouse was only condemned to solitude and penance, and at the end of two years she might be recalled to the arms of a forgiving husband. But the same Emperor declared himself the implacable enemy of unmanly lust, and the cruelty of his persecution can scarcely be excused by the purity of his motives. In defiance of every principle of justice he stretched to past as well as future offences the operations of his edicts, with the previous allowance of a short respite for confession and pardon. A painful death was inflicted by the amputation of the sinful instrument, or the insertion of sharp reeds into the pores and tubes of most exquisite sensibility." One consequence of such legislation may be easily foreseen. "A sentence of death and infamy was often founded on the slight and suspicious evidence of a child or a servant: the guilt of the green faction, of the rich, and of the enemies of Theodora, was presumed by the judges, and pæderasty became the crime of those to whom no crime could be imputed."

This state of things has prevailed wherever the edicts of Justinian have been adopted into the laws of nations. The Cathari, the Paterini, the heretics of Provence, the Templars, the Fraticelli, were all accused of unnatural crimes, tortured into confession, and put to death. Where nothing else could be adduced against an unpopular sect, a political antagonist, a wealthy corporation, a rival in literature, a powerful party-leader, unnatural crime was insinuated, and a cry of "Down with the pests of society" prepared the populace for a crusade.

It is the common belief that all subjects of sexual inversion have originally loved women, but that, through monstrous debauchery and superfluity of naughtiness, tiring of normal pleasure, they have wilfully turned their appetites into other channels. This is true about a certain number. But the sequel of this Essay will prove that it does not meet by far the larger proportion of cases, in whom such instincts are inborn, and a considerable percentage in whom they are also inconvertible. Medical jurists and physicians have recently agreed to accept this as a fact.

It is the common belief that a male who loves his own sex must be despicable, degraded, depraved, vicious, and incapable of humane or generous sentiments. If Greek history did not contradict this supposition, a little patient enquiry into contemporary manners would suffice to remove it. But people will not take this trouble about a matter, which, like Gibbon, they "touch with reluctance and despatch with impatience." Those who are obliged to do so find to their surprise that "among the men who are subject to this deplorable vice there are even quite intelligent, talented, and highly-placed persons, of excellent and even noble character."[2] The vulgar expect to discover the objects of their outraged animosity in the scum of humanity. But these may be met with every day in drawing-rooms, law-courts, banks, universities, mess-rooms; on the bench, the throne, the chair of the professor; under the blouse of the workman, the cassock of the priest, the epaulettes of the officer, the smock-frock of the ploughman, the wig of the barrister, the mantle of the peer, the costume of the actor, the tights of the athlete, the gown of the academician.

It is the common belief that one, and only one, unmentionable act is what the lovers seek as the source of their unnatural gratification, and that this produces spinal disease, epilepsy, consumption, dropsy, and the like.[3] Nothing can be more mistaken, as the scientifically reported cases of avowed and adult sinners amply demonstrate. Neither do they invariably or even usually prefer the _aversa Venus_; nor, when this happens, do they exhibit peculiar signs of suffering in health.[4] Excess in any venereal pleasure will produce diseases of nervous exhaustion and imperfect nutrition. But the indulgence of inverted sexual instincts within due limits, cannot be proved to be especially pernicious. Were it so, the Dorians and Athenians, including Sophocles, Pindar, Æschines, Epaminondas, all the Spartan kings and generals, the Theban legion, Pheidias, Plato, would have been one nation of rickety, phthisical, dropsical paralytics. The grain of truth contained in this vulgar error is that, under the prevalent laws and hostilities of modern society, the inverted passion has to be indulged furtively, spasmodically, hysterically; that the repression of it through fear and shame frequently leads to habits of self-abuse; and that its unconquerable solicitations sometimes convert it from a healthy outlet of the sexual nature into a morbid monomania.[5] It is also true that professional male prostitutes, like their female counterparts, suffer from local and constitutional disorders, as is only natural.[6]

It is the common belief that boys under age are specially liable to corruption. This error need not be confuted here. Anyone who chooses to read the cases recorded by Casper-Liman, Casper in his Novellen, Krafft-Ebing, and Ulrichs, or to follow the developments of the present treatise, or to watch the manners of London after dark, will be convicted of its absurdity. Young boys are less exposed to dangers from abnormal than young girls from normal voluptuaries.

It is the common belief that all subjects from inverted instinct carry their lusts written in their faces; that they are pale, languid, scented, effeminate, painted, timid, oblique in expression. This vulgar error rests upon imperfect observation. A certain class of such people are undoubtedly feminine. From their earliest youth they have shown marked inclination for the habits and the dress of women; and when they are adult, they do everything in their power to obliterate their manhood. It is equally true that such unsexed males possess a strong attraction for some abnormal individuals. But it is a gross mistake to suppose that all the tribe betray these attributes. The majority differ in no detail of their outward appearance, their physique, or their dress from normal men. They are athletic, masculine in habits, frank in manner, passing through society year after year without arousing a suspicion of their inner temperament. Were it not so, society would long ago have had its eyes opened to the amount of perverted sexuality it harbours.

The upshot of this discourse on vulgar errors is that popular opinion is made up of a number of contradictory misconceptions and confusions. Moreover, it has been taken for granted that "to investigate the depraved instincts of humanity is unprofitable and disgusting." Consequently the subject has been imperfectly studied; and individuals belonging to radically different species are confounded in one vague sentiment of reprobation. Assuming that they are all abominable, society is content to punish them indiscriminately. The depraved debauchee who abuses boys receives the same treatment as the young man who loves a comrade. The male prostitute who earns his money by extortion is scarcely more contemned than a man of birth and breeding who has been seen walking with soldiers.

III.

LITERATURE--DESCRIPTIVE.

Sexual inversion can boast a voluminous modern literature, little known to general readers. A considerable part of this is pornographic, and need not arrest our attention.[7] A good deal is descriptive, scientific, historical, anthropological, apologetical and polemical. With a few books in each of these kinds I propose to deal now.

The first which falls under my hand is written by a French official, who was formerly Chief of the Police Department for Morals in Paris.[8] M. Carlier, during ten years, had excellent opportunities for studying the habits of professional male prostitutes and their frequenters. He had condensed the results of his experience in seven very disagreeable chapters, which offer a revolting picture of vice and systematised extortion in the great metropolis.

"In the numerous books," says M. Carlier, "which treat of prostitution, the antiphysical passions have hitherto been always deliberately omitted. Officially, public opinion does not recognise them, the legislature will take no notice of them. The police are left alone to react against them; and the unequal combat may some day cease, since it is supported by no text of the code and no regulation of the state. When that happens, pæderasty will become a calamity far more dangerous, more scandalous, than female prostitution, the organisation of which it shares in full. A magistrate once declared that 'in Paris it is the school where the cleverest and boldest criminals are formed; and as a matter of fact, it produces associations of special scoundrels, who use it as the means of theft and _chantage_, not stopping short of murder in the execution of their plots.'"

It will be seen from this exordium that M. Carlier regards the subject wholly from the point of view of prostitution. He has proved abundantly that male prostitution is organised in Paris upon the same system as its female counterpart, and he has demonstrated that this system is attended with the same dangers to society.

A violent animus against antiphysical passions makes him exaggerate these dangers, for it is clear that normal vice is no less free from sordid demoralisation and crimes of violence than its abnormal twin-brother. Both are fornication; and everywhere, in Corinth as in Sodom, the prostitute goes hand in hand with the bully, the robber, and the cut-throat.

With reference to the legal position of these passions in France, he says: "Pæderasty is not punished by our laws. It can only come within the reach of the code by virtue of circumstances under which it may be practised. If the facts take place in the presence of witnesses, or in a place open to public observation, there will be an outrage to decency. If minors are seduced, there may be proof of the habitual incitement of minors to debauch, corruption, or even rape. But the passion itself is not subject to penalty; it is only a

vice arising from one of the seven deadly sins. We have no intention of analysing this perverted instinct. Since the law does not regard it, we will do like the law. We will pass in silence all its private details, occupying ourselves only with what meets the eye, with what may be called a veritable prostitution."

M. Carlier proceeds to describe the two main classes, which in France are known as _tantes_ and _amateurs_. The former are subdivided into minor branches, under the names of _jésus_, _petits jésus_, _corvettes_ (naval), soldiers. The latter, called also _rivettes_, are distinguished by their tastes for different sorts of _tantes_.

Those who are interested in such matters may turn to M. Carlier's pages for minute information regarding the habits, coteries, houses of debauch, bullies, earnings, methods of extortion, dwellings, balls, banquets, and even wedding-parties of these people. A peculiar world of clandestine vice in a great city is revealed; and the authentic documents, abundantly presented, render the picture vivid in its details. From the official papers which passed through M. Carlier's bureau during ten years (1860-70), he compiles a list of 6,342 pæderasts who came within the cognisance of the police: 2,049 Parisians, 3,709 provincials, 484 foreigners. Of these 3,532, or more than the half, could not be convicted of illegal acts.

While devoting most of his attention to professionals who dress like women, and have become exactly similar to the effeminated youth described in _Monsieur Vénus_,[9] Carlier gives some curious details about the French army. Soldiers are no less sought after in France than in England or in Germany, and special houses exist for military prostitution both in Paris and the garrison towns.[10] Upon this point it should be remarked that Carlier expresses a very strong opinion regarding the contagiousness of antiphysical passion. And certainly many facts known about the French army go to prove that these habits have been contracted in Algeria, and have spread to a formidable extent through whole regiments.[11]

In conclusion, M. Carlier, though he so strongly deplores the impunity extended by French law to sexual inversion, admits that this has not augmented the evil. Speaking about England, where legal penalties are heavy enough, he says; "Though they call it the _nameless crime_ there, it has in England at least as many votaries as in France, and they are quite as depraved."[12]

IV.

LITERATURE--MEDICO-FORENSIC.

Carlier's book deals with the external aspects of inverted sexuality, as this exists in Paris under the special form of prostitution. The author professes to know nothing more about the subject than what came beneath his notice in the daily practice of his trade as a policeman. He writes with excusable animosity. We see at once that he is neither a philosopher by nature, nor a man of science, but only a citizen, endowed with the normal citizen's antipathy for passions alien to his own. Placed at the head of the Bureau of Morals, Carlier was brought into collision with a tribe of people whom he could not legally arrest, but whom he cordially hated. They were patently vicious; and (what was peculiarly odious to the normal man) these degraded beings were all males. He saw that the public intolerance of "antiphysical passions," which he warmly shared, encouraged an organised system of _chantage_. Without entertaining the question whether public opinion might be modified, he denounced the noxious gang as pests of society. The fact that England, with her legal prohibitions, suffered to the same extent as France from the curse of "pæderasty," did not make him pause. Consequently, the light which he has thrown upon the subject of this treatise only illuminates the dark dens of male vice in a big city. He leaves us where we were about the psychological and ethical problem. He shows what deep roots the passion strikes in the centres of modern civilisation, and how it thrives under conditions at once painful to its victims and embarrassing to an agent of police.

Writers on forensic medicine take the next place in the row of literary witnesses. It is not their business to investigate the psychological condition of persons submitted to the action of the laws. They are concerned with the law itself, and with those physical circumstances which may bring the accused within its operation, or may dismiss him free from punishment.

Yet their function, by importing the quality of the physician into the sphere of jurisprudence, renders them more apprehensive of the underlying problem than a mere agent of police. We expect impartial scientific scrutiny in such authorities, and to some extent we find it.

The leading writers on forensic medicine at the present time in Europe are Casper (edited by Liman) for Germany, Tardieu for France, and Taylor for England. Taylor is so reticent upon the subject of unnatural crime that his handbook on "The Principles and Practice of Medical Jurisprudence" does not demand minute examination. It may, however, be remarked that he believes false

accusations to be even commoner in this matter than in the case of rape, since they are only too frequently made the means of blackmailing. For this reason he leaves the investigation of such crimes to the lawyers.

Both Casper and Tardieu discuss the topic of sexual inversion with antipathy. But there are notable points of difference in the method and in the conclusions of the two authors. Tardieu, perhaps because he is a Frenchman, educated in the school of Paris, which we have learned to know from Carlier, assumes that all subjects of the passion are criminal or vicious. He draws no psychological distinction between pæderast and pæderast. He finds no other name for them, and looks upon the whole class as voluntarily degraded beings who, for the gratification of monstrous desires, have unsexed themselves. A large part of his work is devoted to describing what he believes to be the signs of active and passive immorality in the bodies of persons addicted to these habits.[13] It is evident that imagination has acted powerfully in the formation of his theories. But this is not the place to discuss their details.[14]

Casper and Liman approach the subject with almost equal disgust, but with more regard for scientific truth than Tardieu. They point out that the term pæderast is wholly inadequate to describe the several classes of male persons afflicted with sexual inversion. They clearly expect, in course of time, a general mitigation of the penalties in force against such individuals. According to them, the penal laws of North Germany, on the occasion of their last revision, would probably have been altered, had not the jurists felt that the popular belief in the criminality of pæderasts ought to be considered.[15] Consequently, a large number of irresponsible persons, in the opinion of experts like Casper and Liman, are still exposed to punishment by laws enacted under the influence of vulgar errors.

These writers are not concerned with the framing of codes, nor again with the psychological diagnosis of accused persons. It is their business to lay down rules whereby a medical authority, consulted in a doubtful case, may form his own view as to the guilt or innocence of the accused. Their attention is therefore mainly directed to the detection of signs upon the bodies of incriminated individuals.

This question of physical diagnosis leads them into a severe critique of Tardieu. Their polemic attacks each of the points which he attempted to establish. I must content myself by referring to the passage of their work which deals with the important topic.[16] Suffice it here to say that they reject all signs as worse than doubtful, except a certain deformation of one part of the body, which may possibly be taken as the proof of habitual prostitution, when it occurs in quite young persons. Of course they admit that wounds, violent abrasions of the skin, in certain places, and some syphilitic affections strongly favour the presumption of a criminal act. Finally, after insisting on the insecurity of Tardieu's alleged signs, and pointing out the responsibility assumed by physicians who base a judgment on them, the two Germans sum up their conclusions in the following words (p. 178): "It is extremely remarkable that while Tardieu mentions 206 cases, and communicates a select list of 19, which appear to him to exhibit these peculiar conformations of the organs, he can only produce one single instance where the formation seemed indubitable. Let anyone peruse his 19 cases, and he will be horrified at the unhesitating condemnations pronounced by Tardieu." The two notes of exclamation which close this sentence in the original are fully justified. It is indeed horrifying to think that a person, implicated in some foul accusation, may have his doom fixed by a doctrinaire like Tardieu. Antipathy and ignorance in judges and the public, combined with erroneous canons of evidence in the expert, cannot fail to lead in such cases to some serious miscarriage of justice.

Passing from the problem of diagnosis and the polemic against Tardieu, it must be remarked that Casper was the first writer of this class to lay down the distinction between inborn and acquired perversion of the sexual instinct. The law does not recognise this distinction. If a criminal act be proved, the psychological condition of the agent is legally indifferent--unless it can be shown that he was clearly mad and irresponsible, in which case he may be consigned to a lunatic asylum instead of a jail. But Casper and Liman, having studied the question of sexual maladies in general, and given due weight to the works of Ulrichs, call attention to the broad differences which exist between persons in whom abnormal appetites are innate and those in whom they are acquired. Their companion sketches of the two types deserve to be translated and presented in a somewhat condensed form.[17]

"In the majority of persons who are subject to this vice, it is congenital; or at any rate the sexual inclination can be followed back into the years of childhood, like a kind of physical hermaphroditism. Sexual contact with a woman inspires them with real disgust. Their imagination delights in handsome young men, and statues or pictures of the same. In the case of this numerous class of pæderasts there is therefore no depraved fancy at work, no demoralisation through satiety of natural sexual appetite,[18] Their congenital impulse explains the fact, moreover, that very many pæderasts are addicted to what may be termed a Platonic voluptuousness, and feel themselves drawn towards the objects of their desire with a warmth of passion more fervent than is common in the relations of the opposed sexes; that, in other cases again, they are satisfied with embracements, from which they

derive a mutual pleasure. Westphal maintains that this anomalous direction of the sexual appetite is more often the symptom of a psychopathical, neuropathical condition than people commonly suppose."[19]

"In the case of another class of men, upon the contrary, the taste for this vice has been acquired in life, and is the result of over-satiety with natural pleasures. People of this stamp sometimes indulge their gross appetites alternately with either sex. I once observed a man, after contracting a venereal disease with women, adopt pæderasty out of fear of another infection; but he was, it must be admitted, a weak-minded individual. In all the great towns of Europe the vice goes creeping around, unobserved by the uninitiated. It appears that there is no inhabited spot of the globe where it may not be discovered. I said, unobserved by the uninitiated, advisedly. In antiquity the members of the sect had their own means of mutual recognition. And at the present time, these men know each other at first sight; moreover, they are found everywhere, in every station of society, without a single exception. 'We recognise each other at once,' says the writer of a report which I shall communicate below: 'A mere glance of the eye suffices; and I have never been deceived. On the Rigi, at Palermo, in the Louvre, in the Highlands of Scotland, in Petersburg, on disembarking at the port of Barcelona, I have found people, never seen by me before, and whom I discriminated in a second.' Several men of this sort whom I have known (continues Casper) are certainly accustomed to dress and adorn themselves in a rather feminine way. Nevertheless, there are indisputable pæderasts, who present an entirely different aspect, some of them elderly and negligent in their attire, and people of the lower classes, distinguished by absolutely nothing in their exterior from other persons of the same rank."

Medico-juristic science made a considerable step when Casper adopted this distinction of two types of sexual inversion. But, as is always the case in the analysis of hitherto neglected phenomena, his classification falls far short of the necessities of the problem. While treating of acquired sexual inversion, he only thinks of debauchees. He does not seem to have considered a deeper question--deeper in its bearing upon the way in which society will have to deal with the whole problem--the question of how far these instincts are capable of being communicated by contagion to persons in their fullest exercise of sexual vigour. Taste, fashion, preference, as factors in the dissemination of anomalous passions, he has left out of his account. It is also, but this is a minor matter, singular that he should have restricted his observations on the freemasonry among pæderasts to those in whom the instinct is acquired. That exists quite as much or even more among those in whom it is congenital.

The upshot of the whole matter, however, is that the best book on medical jurisprudence now extant repudiates the enormities of Tardieu's method, and lays it down for proved that "the majority of persons who are subject" to sexual inversion come into the world, or issue from the cradle, with their inclination clearly marked.

V.

LITERATURE--MEDICINE.

Medical writers upon this subject are comparatively numerous in French and German literature, and they have been multiplying rapidly of late years. The phenomenon of sexual inversion is usually regarded in these books from the point of view of psychopathic or neuropathic derangement, inherited from morbid ancestors, and developed in the patient by early habits of self-abuse.

What is the exact distinction between "psychopathic" and "neuropathic" I do not know. The former term seems intelligible in the theologian's mouth, the latter in a physician's. But I cannot understand both being used together to indicate different kinds of pathological diathesis. What is the soul, what are the nerves? We have probably to take the two terms as indicating two ways of considering the same phenomenon; the one subjective, the other objective; "psychopathic" pointing to the derangement as observed in the mind emotions of its subject; "neuropathic" to the derangement as observed in anomalies of the nervous system.

It would be impossible, in an essay of this kind, to review the whole mass of medical observation, inference and speculation which we have at our command. Nor is a layman, perhaps, well qualified for the task of criticism and comparison in a matter of delicacy where doctors differ as to details. I shall therefore content myself with giving an account of four of the most recent, most authoritative, and, as it seems to me, upon the whole most sensible studies. Moreau, Tarnowsky, Krafft-Ebing and Lombroso take very nearly similar views of the phenomenon; and between them they are gradually forming a theory which is likely to become widely accepted.

Des Aberrations du Sens Génésique, par le Dr. Paul Moreau, 4th edition, 1887.

Moreau starts with the proposition that there is a sixth sense, "le sens génital," which, like other senses, can be injured psychically and physically without the mental functions, whether affective or intellectual, suffering thereby. His book is therefore a treatise on the diseases of the sexual sense. These diseases are by no means of recent origin, he says. They have always and everywhere existed.

He begins with a historical survey, which, so far as antiquity is concerned, is very defective. Having quoted with approval the following passage about Greek society:--

"La sodomie se répand dans toute la Grèce; les écoles des philosophes deviennent des maisons de débauche, et les grands exemples d'amitié légués par le paganisme ne sont, pour la plupart, qu'une infâme turpitude voilée par une sainte apparence": having quoted these words of Dr. Descuret, Moreau leaves Greece alone, and goes on to Rome. The state of morals in Rome under the empire he describes as "une dépravation maladive, devenue par la force des choses héréditaire, endémique, épidémique." Then follows a short account of the emperors and their female relatives. "Cet éréthisme génésique qui, pendant près de deux siècles, régna a l'état épidémique dans Rome" he ascribes mainly to heredity. Of Julia, the daughter of Augustus, he says, "Peut-on lutter contre un état morbide héréditaire?" The union of unrestrained debauchery and ferocity with great mental gifts strikes him as a note of disease; and he winds up with this sentence: "Parmi les causes les plus fréquentes des aberrations du sens génital, l'hérédité tient la première place."

Then he passes to the middle ages, and dwells upon the popular belief in _incubi_ and _succubi_. It is curious to find him placing Leo X., François I., Henri IV., Louis XIV., among the neuropathics. When it comes to this, everybody with strong sexual instincts, and the opportunity of indulging them, is a nervous invalid. Modern times are illustrated by the debaucheries of the Regency, the reign of Louis XV., Russian ladies, the Marquis de Sade. The House of Orleans seems in truth to have been tainted with hereditary impudicity of a morbid kind. But if it was so at the end of the last century, it has since the Revolution remarkably recovered health--by what miracle?

Moreau now formulates the thesis he wishes to prove: "L'aberration pathologique des sentiments génésiques doit être assimilée complètement à une névrose, et, comme telle, son existence est compatible avec les plus hautes intelligences." He discovers hereditary taint universally present in these cases. "Hérédité directe, hérédité indirecte, hérédité transformée, se trouve chez les génésiaques."

Passing to etiology, he rests mainly upon an organism predisposed by ancestry, and placed in a milieu favourable to its morbid development. Provocative causes are not sufficient to awake the aberration in healthy organisms, but the least thing will set a predisposed organism on the track. This, I may observe, seems to preclude simple imitation, upon which Moreau afterwards lays considerable stress; for if none but the already tainted can be influenced by their milieu, none but the tainted will imitate.

What he calls "General Physical Causes" are (1) Extreme Poverty, (2) Age, (3) Constitution, (4) Temperament, (5) Seasons of the Year, (6) Climate, (7) Food.

Extreme poverty leads to indiscriminate vice, incest, sodomy, &c. That is true, and we know that our city poor and the peasants of some countries are habitually immoral. Yet Moreau proves too much here. For, according to his principles, hereditary neurosis ought by this time to have become chronic, epidemic, endemic, in all the city poor and in all the peasants of all countries; which is notably not the fact. Puberty and the approach of senility are pointed out as times when genesiac symptoms manifest themselves. His observations upon the other points are commonplace enough; and he repeats the current notion that inhabitants of hot climates are more lascivious than those of the North.

Among "Individual Physical Causes," Moreau treats of malformation of the sexual organs, diseases of those organs, injuries to the organism by wounds, blows, poisons, masturbation, excessive indulgence in venery, and exaggerated continence.

When we come to "General Moral Causes," heredity plays the first part. This may be direct, i.e., the son of a genesiac will have the same tastes as his father, or transformed; what is phthisis in one generation assuming the form of sexual aberration in another. Bad education and exposure to bad examples, together with imitation, are insisted on more vaguely.

The "Individual Moral Causes" include impressions received in early youth, on which I think perhaps Moreau does not lay sufficient stress, and certain tendencies to subjective preoccupations with ideal ideas, certain abnormal physical conditions which disturb the whole moral sensibility.

Passing to Pathological Anatomy, Moreau declares that it is as yet impossible to localise the sexual sense. The brain, the cerebellum, the spinal marrow? We do not know. He seems to incline toward the cerebellum.

It is not necessary to follow Moreau in his otherwise interesting account of the various manifestations of sexual disease. The greater part of these have no relation to the subject of my work. But what he says in passing about "pæderasts, sodomites, saphists," has to be resumed. He reckons them among "A class of individuals who cannot and ought not to be confounded either with men enjoying the fulness of their intellectual faculties, or yet with madmen properly so called. They form an intermediate class, a mixed class, constituting a real link of union between reason and madness, the nature and existence of which can most frequently be explained only by one word: Heredity" (p. 159). It is surprising, after this announcement, to discover that what he has to say about sexual inversion is limited to Europe and its moral system, "having nothing to do with the morals of other countries where pæderasty is accepted and admitted" (p. 172, note). Literally, then, he regards sexual inversion in modern Christian Europe as a form of hereditary neuropathy, a link between reason and madness; but in ancient Greece, in modern Persia and Turkey, he regards the same psychological anomaly from the point of view, not of disease, but of custom. In other words, an Englishman or a Frenchman who loves the male sex must be diagnosed as tainted with disease; while Sophocles, Pindar, Pheidias, Epaminondas, Plato, are credited with yielding to an instinct which was healthy in their times because society accepted it. The inefficiency of this distinction in a treatise of analytical science ought to be indicated. The bare fact that ancient Greece tolerated, and that modern Europe refuses to tolerate sexual inversion, can have nothing to do with the etiology, the pathology, the psychological definition of the phenomenon in its essence. What has to be faced is that a certain type of passion flourished under the light of day and bore good fruits for society in Hellas; that the same type of passion flourishes in the shade and is the source of misery and shame in Europe. The passion has not altered; but the way of regarding it morally and legally is changed. A scientific investigator ought not to take changes of public opinion into account when he is analysing a psychological peculiarity.

This point on which I am insisting--namely, that it is illogical to treat sexual inversion among the modern European races as a malady, when you refer its prevalence among Oriental peoples and the ancient Hellenes to custom--is so important that I shall illustrate it by a passage from one of Dr. W. R. Huggard's Essays.[20] "It may be said that the difference between the delusion of the overpowering impulse in the Fijian and in the insane Englishman is that, in the savage, the mental characters are due to education and surroundings; while, in the lunatic they are due to disease. In a twofold manner, however, would this explanation fail. On the one hand, even if in the Fijian there were disease, the question of insanity could not arise in regard to a matter considered by his society to be one of indifference. It would be absurd to talk of homicidal mania, of nymphomania, and of kleptomania, as forms of insanity, where murder, promiscuous intercourse, and stealing are not condemned. On the other hand, the assumption that insanity is always due to disease is not merely an unproved, but an improbable supposition. There must, of course, be some defect of organism; but there is every reason to think that, in many cases, the defect is of the nature of a congenital lack of balance between structures themselves healthy; and that many cases of insanity might properly be regarded as a kind of 'throwback' to a type of organisation now common among the lower races of mankind." Substitute any term to indicate sexual inversion for "nymphomania" in this paragraph, and the reasoning precisely suits my argument. It is interesting, by the way, to find this writer agreeing with Ulrichs in his suggestion of a "congenital lack of balance between structures themselves healthy," and with Lombroso in his supposition of atavistic reversion to savagery. Lombroso, we shall see, ultimately identifies congenital criminality (one form of which is sexual aberration in this theory) with moral insanity; and here Dr. Huggard is, unconsciously perhaps, in agreement with him; for he defines insanity to be "any mental defect that renders a person unable (and not capable of being made able by punishment) to conform to the requirements of society"--a definition which is no less applicable to the born criminal than to the madman.

How little Dr. Moreau has weighed the importance of ancient Greece in his discussion of this topic, appears from the omission of all facts supplied by Greek literature and history in the introduction to his Essay. He dilates upon the legends recorded by the Roman Emperors, because these seem to support his theory of hereditary malady. He uses Juvenal, Tacitus, Suetonius, and the Augustan Histories to support his position, although they form part of the annals of a people among whom "pæderasty was accepted and admitted." He ignores the biographies of the Spartan kings, the institutions of Crete, the Theban Sacred Band, the dialogues of Plato, the anecdotes related about Pheidias, Sophocles, Pindar, Demosthenes, Alcibiades, and so forth. Does he perhaps do so because they cannot in any way be made to square with his theory of morbidity? The truth is that ancient Greece offers insuperable difficulties to theorists who treat sexual inversion exclusively from the points of view of neuropathy, tainted heredity, and masturbation. And how incompetent Dr. Moreau is to deal with Greek matters may be seen in the grotesque synonym he has invented for pæderasty-_philopodie_ (p. 173). Properly the word is compounded of [Greek: philein] and [Greek: pous]; but I suppose it is meant to suggest [Greek: philein] and _podex_.

In a chapter on Legal Medicine, Moreau starts by observing that "The facts are so monstrous, so tainted with aberration, and yet their agents offer so strong an appearance of sound reason, occupy such respectable positions in the world, are reputed to enjoy such probity, such honourable sentiments, &c., that one hesitates to utter an opinion." Proceeding further, he considers it sufficiently established that: "Not unfrequently, under the influence of some vice of organism, generally of heredity, the moral faculties may undergo alterations, which, if they do not actually destroy the social relations of the individual, as happens in cases of declared insanity, yet modify them to a remarkable degree, and certainly demand to be taken into account, when we have to estimate the morality of these acts" (p. 301). His conclusion, therefore, is that the aberrations of the sexual sense, including its inversion, are matters for the physician rather than the judge, for therapeutics rather than punishment, and that representatives of the medical faculty ought to sit upon the bench as advisers or assessors when persons accused of outrages against decency come to trial. "While we blame and stigmatise these crimes with reason, the horrified intellect seeks an explanation and a moral excuse (nothing more) for such odious acts. It insists on asking what can have brought a man honourably known in society, enjoying (apparently at least) the fulness of his mental faculties, to these base and shameful self-indulgences. We answer: Such men for the most part are abnormal intelligences, veritable candidates for lunacy, and, what is more, they are the subjects of hereditary maladies. But let us cast a veil over a subject so humiliating to the honour of humanity!" (p. 177).

As the final result of this analysis, Moreau classifies sexual inversion with erotomania, nymphomania, satyriasis, bestiality, rape, profanation of corpses, &c., as the symptom of a grave lesion of the procreative sense. He seeks to save its victims from the prison by delivering them over to the asylum. His moral sentiments are so revolted that he does not even entertain the question whether their instincts are natural and healthy though abnormal. Lastly, he refuses to face the aspects of this psychological anomaly which are forced upon the student of ancient Hellas. He does not even take into account the fact, patent to experienced observers, that simple folk not unfrequently display no greater disgust for the abnormalities of sexual appetite than they do for its normal manifestations.[21]

Die krankhaften Erscheinungen des Geschlechtssinnes. B. Tarnowsky. Berlin, Hirschwald, 1886.

This is avowedly an attempt to distinguish the morbid kinds of sexual perversion from the merely vicious, and to enforce the necessity of treating the former not as criminal but as pathological. "The forensic physician discerns corruption, oversatiated sensuality, deep-rooted vice, perverse will, &c., where the clinical observer recognises with certainty a morbid condition of the patient marked by typical steps of development and termination. Where the one wishes to punish immorality, the other pleads for the necessity of methodical therapeutic treatment."

The author is a Russian, whose practice in St. Petersburg has brought him into close professional relations with the male prostitutes and habitual pæderasts of that capital.

He is able therefore to speak with authority, on the ground of a quite exceptional knowledge of the moral and physical disturbances connected with sodomy. I cannot but think that the very peculiarities of his experience have led him to form incomplete theories. He is too familiar with venal pathics, pædicators, and effeminates who prostitute their bodies in the grossest way, to be able to appreciate the subtler bearings of the problem.

Tarnowsky makes two broad divisions of sexual inversion. The first kind is inborn, dependent upon hereditary taint and neuropathic diathesis. He distinguishes three sorts of inborn perversity. In the most marked of its forms it is chronic and persistent, appearing with the earliest dawn of puberty, unmodified by education, attaining to its maximum of intensity in manhood, manifesting, in fact, all the signs of ordinary sexual inclination. In a second form it is not chronic and persistent, but periodical. The patient is subject to occasional disturbances of the nervous centres, which express themselves in violent and irresistible attacks of the perverted instinct. The third form is epileptical.

With regard to acquired sexual inversion, he dwells upon the influence of bad example, the power of imitation, fashion, corrupt literature, curiosity in persons jaded with normal excesses. Extraordinary details are given concerning the state of schools in Russia (pp. 63-65); and a particular case is mentioned, in which Tarnowsky himself identified twenty-nine passive pæderasts, between the ages of nine and fifteen, in a single school. He had been called in to pronounce upon the causes of an outbreak of syphilis among the pupils. Interesting information is also communicated regarding the prevalence of abnormal vice in St. Petersburg, where it appears that bath-men, cab-drivers, care-takers of houses, and artisans are particularly in request (pp. 98-101). The Russian people show no repugnance for what they call "gentlemen's tricks." Tarnowsky calls attention to ships, garrisons, prisons, as milieux well calculated for the development of this vice, when it had once been introduced by some one tainted with it. His view

about nations like the Greeks, the Persians, and the Afghans is that, through imitation, fashion, and social toleration, it has become endemic. But all the sorts of abnormality included under the title of acquired Tarnowsky regards as criminal. The individual ought, he thinks, to be punished by the law. He naturally includes under this category of acquired perversion the vices of old debauchees. At this point, however, his classification becomes confused; for he shows how senile tendencies to sodomitic passion are frequently the symptom of approaching brain disease, to which the reason and the constitution of the patient will succumb. French physicians call this "la pédérastie des ramollis."

Returning to what Tarnowsky says about the inborn species of sexual inversion, I may call attention to an admirable description of the type in general (pp. 11-15) I think, however, that he lays too great stress upon the passivity of the emotions in these persons, their effeminacy of press, habits, inclinations. He is clearly speaking from large experience. So it must be supposed that he has not come across frequent instances of men who feel, look, and act like men, the only difference between them and normal males being that they love their own sex. In describing a second degree of the aberration (pp. 16, 17), he still accentuates effeminacy in dress and habits beyond the point which general observation would justify. Careful study of the cases adduced in Krafft-Ebing's "Psychopathia" supplies a just measure for the criticism of Tarnowsky upon this head. From them we learn that effeminacy of physique and habit is by no means a distinctive mark of the born pæderast. Next it may be noticed that Tarnowsky believes even innate and hereditary tendencies can be modified and overcome by proper moral, and physique discipline in youth, and that the subjects of them will even be brought to marry in some cases (pp. 17, 18).

It would not serve any purpose of utility here to follow Tarnowsky into further details regarding the particular forms assumed by perverted appetite. But attention must be directed to his definition of hereditary predisposition (pp. 33-35). This is extraordinarily wide. He regards every disturbance of the nervous system in an ancestor as sufficient; epilepsy, brain disease, hysteria, insanity. He includes alcoholism, syphilitic affections, pneumonia, typhus, physical exhaustion, excessive anæmia, debauchery, "anything in short which is sufficient to enfeeble the nervous system and the sexual potency of the parent." At this point he remarks that long residence at high altitudes tends to weaken the sexual activity and to develop perversity, adducing an old belief of the Persians that pæderastia originated in the high plateau of Armenia (p. 35). It need hardly, I think, be said that these theories are contradicted to the fullest extent by the experience of those who have lived with the mountaineers of Central Europe. They are indeed capable of continence to a remarkable degree, but they are also vigorously procreative and remarkably free from sexual inversion.

Finally, it must be observed that Tarnowsky discusses the physical signs of active and passive sodomy at some length (108-135). His opportunities of physical observation in medical practice as the trusted physician of the St. Petersburg pæderasts gives him the right to speak with authority. The most decisive thing he says is that Casper, through want of familiarity with the phenomena, is too contemptuous toward one point in Tardieu's theory. In short, Tarnowsky feels sure that a habitual passive pæderast will show something like the sign in question, if examined by an expert in the proper position. But that is the only deformation of the body on which he relies.

Psychopathia Sexualis, mit besonderer Berücksichtigung der Conträren Sexualempfindung. Von Dr. R. v. Krafft-Ebing. Stuttgart, Enke, 1889.

Krafft-Ebing took the problem of sexual inversion up when it had been already investigated by a number of pioneers and predecessors. They mapped the ground out, and established a kind of psychical chart. We have seen the medical system growing in the works of Moreau and Tarnowsky. If anything, Krafft-Ebing's treatment suffers from too much subdivision and parade of classification. It is only, however, by following the author in his differentiation of the several species that we can form a conception of his general theory, and of the extent of the observations upon which this is based. He starts with (A) Sexual Inversion as an acquired morbid phenomenon. Then he reviews (B) Sexual Inversion as an inborn morbid phenomenon.

(A) "Sexual feeling and sexual instinct," he begins, "remain latent, except in obscure foreshadowings and impulses, until the time when the organs of procreation come to be developed. During the period of latency, when sex has not arrived at consciousness, is only potentially existent, and has no powerful organic bias, influences may operate, injurious to its normal and natural evolution. In that case the germinating sexual sensibility runs a risk of being both qualitatively and quantitatively impaired, and under certain circumstances may even be perverted into a false channel. Tarnowsky has already published this experience. I can thoroughly confirm it, and am prepared to define the conditions of this acquired, or, in other words, this cultivated perversion of the sexual instinct in the following terms. The fundamental or ground predisposition is a neuropathic hereditary bias. The exciting or efficient cause is sexual abuse, and more particularly onanism. The etiological centre of gravity has to be sought in hereditary disease; _and I think it is questionable whether an untainted individual is capable of homosexual feelings at all_."[22]

Krafft-Ebing's theory seems then to be that all cases of acquired sexual inversion may be ascribed in the first place to morbid predispositions inherited by the patient (_Belastung_), and in the second place to onanism as the exciting cause of the latent neuropathic ailment.

He excludes the hypothesis of a physiological and healthy deflection from the normal rule of sex. "I think it questionable," he says, "whether the untainted individual (_das unbelastete Individuum_) is capable of homosexual feelings at all." The importance of this sentence will be apparent when we come to deal with Krafft-Ebing's account of congenital sexual inversion, which he establishes upon a large induction of cases observed in his own practice.

For the present we have the right to assume that Krafft-Ebing regards sexual inversion, whether "acquired" or "congenital," as a form of inherited neuropathy (_Belastung_). In cases where it seems to be "acquired," he lays stress upon the habit of self-pollution.

This is how he states his theory of onanism as an exciting cause of inherited neuropathy, resulting in sexual inversion. The habit of self-abuse prepares the patient for abnormal appetites by weakening his nervous force, degrading his sexual imagination, and inducing hyper-sensibility in his sexual apparatus. Partial impotence is not unfrequently exhibited. In consequence of this sophistication of his nature, the victim of inherited neuropathy and onanism feels shy with women, and finds it convenient to frequent persons of his own sex. In other words, it is supposed to be easier for an individual thus broken down at the centres of his life to defy the law and to demand sexual gratification from men than to consort with venal women in a brothel.

Krafft-Ebing assumes that males who have been born with neuropathic ailments of an indefinite kind will masturbate, destroy their virility, and then embark upon a course of vice which offers incalculable dangers, inconceivable difficulties, and inexpressible repugnances. That is the theory. But whence, if not from some overwhelming appetite, do the demoralised victims of self-abuse derive courage for facing the obstacles which a career of sexual inversion carries with it in our civilisation? One would have thought that such people, if they could not approach a prostitute in a brothel, would have been unable to solicit a healthy man upon the streets. The theory seems to be constructed in order to elude the fact that the persons designated are driven by a natural impulse into paths far more beset with difficulties than those of normal libertines.

Krafft-Ebing gives the details of five cases of "acquired" sexual inversion. Three of these were the children of afflicted parents. One had no morbid strain in his ancestry, except pulmonary consumption. The fifth sprang from a strong father and a healthy mother. Masturbation entered into the history of all.

It must be observed, in criticising Krafft-Ebing's theory, that it is so constructed as to render controversy almost impossible. If we point out that a large percentage of males who practise onanism in their adolescence do not acquire sexual inversion, he will answer that these were not tainted with hereditary disease. The autobiographies of onanists and passionate woman-lovers (J. J. Rousseau, for example, who evinced a perfect horror of homosexual indulgence, and J. J. Bouchard, whose disgusting excentricities were directed toward females even in the period of his total impotence) will be dismissed with the remark that the ancestors of these writers must have shown a clean record.

It is difficult to square Krafft-Ebing's theory with the phenomena presented by schools, both public and private, in all parts of Europe. In these institutions not only is masturbation practised to a formidable extent, but it is also everywhere connected with some form of sexual inversion, either passionately Platonic or grossly sensual. Nevertheless, we know that few of the boys addicted to these practices remain abnormal after they have begun to frequent women. The same may be said about convict establishments, military prisons, and the like.[23] With such a body of facts staring us in the face, it cannot be contended that "only tainted individuals are capable of homosexual feelings." Where females are absent or forbidden, males turn for sexual gratification to males. And in certain conditions of society sexual inversion may become permanently established, recognised, all but universal. It would be absurd to maintain that all the boy-lovers of ancient Greece owed their instincts to hereditary neuropathy complicated with onanism.

The invocation of heredity in problems of this kind is always hazardous. We only throw the difficulty of explanation further back. At what point of the world's history was the morbid taste acquired? If none but tainted individuals are capable of homosexual feelings, how did these feelings first come into existence? On the supposition that neuropathy forms a necessary condition of abnormal instinct, is it generic neuropathy or a specific type of that disorder? If generic, can valid reasons be adduced for regarding nervous malady in any of its aspects (hysteria is the mother, insanity is the father) as the cause of so peculiarly differentiated an affection of the sexual appetite? If specific, that is, if the ancestors of the patient must have been afflicted with sexual inversion, in what way did

they acquire it, supposing all untainted individuals to be incapable of the feeling?

At this moment of history there is probably no individual in Europe who has not inherited some portion of a neuropathic stain. If that be granted, everybody is liable to sexual inversion, and the principle of heredity becomes purely theoretical.

That sexual inversion may be and actually is transmitted, like any other quality, appears to be proved by the history of well-known families both in England and in Germany. That it is not unfrequently exhibited by persons who have a bad ancestral record, may be taken for demonstrated. In certain cases we are justified, then, in regarding it as the sign or concomitant of nervous maladies. But the evidence of ancient Greece or Rome, of what Burton calls the "sotadic races" at the present time, of European schools and prisons, ought to make us hesitate before we commit ourselves to Krafft-Ebing's theory that hereditary affliction is a necessary predisposing cause.[24]

In like manner, masturbation may be credited with certain cases of acquired homosexual feeling. Undoubtedly the instinct is occasionally evoked in some obscure way by the depraved habit of inordinate self-abuse. Yet the autobiographies of avowed Urnings do not corroborate the view that they were originally more addicted to onanism than normal males. Ulrichs has successfully combated the theory advanced by Tarnowsky, Prager, and Krafft-Ebing, if considered as a complete explanation of the problem.[25] On the other hand, common experience shows beyond all doubt, that young men between 16 and 20 give themselves up to daily self-abuse without weakening their appetite for women. They love boys and practice mutual self-abuse with persons of their own sex; yet they crave all the while for women. Of the many who live thus during the years of adolescence, some have undoubtedly as bad a family record as the worst of Krafft-Ebing's cases show. Finally, as regards the onanism which is a marked characteristic of some adult Urnings, this must be ascribed in most cases to the repression of their abnormal instincts. They adopt the habit, as Krafft-Ebing himself says, _faute de mieux_.[26]

In justice to the theory I am criticising, it ought to be remarked that Krafft-Ebing does not contend that wherever hereditary taint and onanism concur, the result will be sexual inversion; but rather that wherever we have diagnosed an acquired form of sexual inversion, we shall discover hereditary taint and onanism. Considering the frequency of both hereditary taint and onanism in our civilisation, this is not risking much. Those factors are discoverable in a large percentage of male persons. What seems unwarranted by facts is the suggestion that inherited neuropathy is an indispensable condition and the fundamental cause of homosexual instincts. The evidence of ancient Greece, schools, prisons, and sotadic races, compels us to believe that normally healthy people are often born with these instincts or else acquire them by the way of custom. Again, his insinuation that onanism, regarded as the main exciting cause, is more frequent among young people of abnormal inclinations than among their normal brethren, will not bear the test of common observation and of facts communicated in the autobiographies of professed onanists and confessed Urnings.

The problem is too delicate, too complicated, also too natural and simple, to be solved by hereditary disease and self-abuse. When we shift the ground of argument from acquired to inborn sexual inversion, its puzzling character will become still more apparent. We shall hardly be able to resist the conclusion that theories of disease are incompetent to explain the phenomenon in modern Europe. Medical writers abandon the phenomenon in savage races, in classical antiquity, and in the sotadic zone. They strive to isolate it as an abnormal and specifically morbid exception in our civilisation. But facts tend to show that it is a recurring impulse of humanity, natural to some people, adopted by others, and in the majority of cases compatible with an otherwise normal and healthy temperament.

Krafft-Ebing calls attention to the phenomenon of permanent _effeminatio_, in males unsexed by constant riding and the exhaustion of their virility by friction of the genitals--a phenomenon observed by Herodotus among Scythians, and prevalent among some nomadic races of the Caucasus at the present day.[27] He claims this in support of his theory of masturbation; and within due limits, he has the right to do so. The destruction of the male apparatus for reproduction, whether it be by castration after puberty, or by an accident to the parts, or by a lesion of the spine, or by excessive equitation, as appears proved from the history of nomad tribes, causes men to approximate physically to the female type, and to affect feminine occupations and habits. In proportion as the masculine functions are interfered with, masculine characteristics tend to disappear; and it is curious to notice that the same result is reached upon so many divers ways.

Next he discusses a few cases in which it seems that sexual inversion displays itself episodically under the conditions of a psychopathical disturbance.[28] That is to say, three persons, two women and one man, have been observed by him, under conditions approaching mental alienation, to exchange their normal sexual inclination for abnormal appetite. In the analysis of the

problem these cases cannot be regarded as wholly insignificant. The details show that the subjects were clearly morbid. Therefore they have their value for the building up of a theory of sexual inversion upon the basis of inherited and active disease.

(B) Ultimately, Krafft-Ebing attacks the problem of what he calls "the innate morbid phenomenon" of sexual inversion.[29] While giving a general description of the subjects of this class, he remarks that the males display a pronounced sexual antipathy for women, and a strongly accentuated sympathy for men. Their reproductive organs are perfectly differentiated on the masculine type; but they desire men instinctively, and are inclined to express their bias by assuming characters of femininity. Women infected by a like inversion, exhibit corresponding anomalies.

Casper, continues Krafft-Ebing, thoroughly diagnosed the phenomenon. Griesinger referred it to hereditary affliction. Westphal defined it as "a congenital inversion of the sexual feeling, together with a consciousness of its morbidity." Ulrichs explained it by the presence of a feminine soul in a male body, and gave the name _Urning_[30] to its subjects. Gley suggested that a female brain was combined with masculine glands of sex. Magnan hypothesised a woman's brain in a man's body.

Krafft-Ebing asserts that hardly any of these Urnings are conscious of morbidity. They look upon themselves as unfortunate mainly because law and social prejudices stand in the way of their natural indulgence.[31] He also takes for proved, together with all the authorities he cites, that the abnormal sexual appetite is constitutional and inborn.

Krafft-Ebing, as might have been expected, refers the phenomenon to functional degeneration, dependent upon neuropathical conditions in the patient, which are mainly derived from hereditary affliction.

He confirms the account reported above from Casper as to the platonic or semi-platonic relations of the Urning with the men he likes, his abhorrence of coition, and his sexual gratification through acts of mutual embracement. The number of Urnings in the world, he says, is far greater than we can form the least conception of from present means of calculation.

At this point he begins to subdivide the subjects of congenital inversion. The first class he constitutes are called by him "Psychical Hermaphrodites." Born with a predominant inclination towards persons of their own sex, they possess rudimentary feelings of a semi-sexual nature for the opposite. These people not unfrequently marry; and Krafft-Ebing supposes that many cases of frigidity in matrimony, unhappy unions, and so forth, are attributable to the peculiar diathesis of the male--or it may be, of the female--in these marriages. They are distinguished from his previous class of "acquired" inversion by the fact that the latter start with instincts for the other sex, which are gradually obliterated; whereas the psychical hermaphrodites commence life with an attraction towards their own sex, which they attempt to overcome by making demands upon their rudimentary normal instincts. Five cases are given of such persons.[32]

In the next place he comes to true homosexual individuals, or Urnings in the strict sense of that phrase. With them there is no rudimentary appetite for the other sex apparent. They present a "grotesque" parallel to normal men and women, inverting or caricaturing natural appetites. The male of this class shrinks from the female, and the female from the male.[33] Each is vehemently attracted from earliest childhood to persons of the same sex. But they, in their turn, have to be subdivided into two sub-species. In the first of these, the sexual life alone is implicate; the persons who compose it do not differ in any marked or external characteristics from the type of their own sex; their habits and outward appearance remain unchanged. With the second sub-species the case is different. Here the character, the mental constitution, the habits, and the occupations of the subject have been altered by his or her predominant sexual inversion; so that a male addicts himself to a woman's work, assumes female clothes, acquires a shriller key of voice, and expresses the inversion of his sexual instinct in every act and gesture of his daily life.

It appears from Krafft-Ebing's recorded cases that the first of these sub-species yields nearly the largest number of individuals. He presents eleven detailed autobiographies of male Urnings, in whom the _vita sexualis_ alone is abnormal, and who are differentiated to common observation from normal men by nothing but the nature of their amorous proclivities. The class includes powerfully developed masculine beings, who are unsexed in no particular except that they possess an inordinate appetite for males, and will not look at females.

As regards the family history of the eleven selected cases, five could show a clear bill of health, some were decidedly bad, a small minority were uncertain.

One of these Urnings, a physician, informed Krafft-Ebing that he had consorted with at least six hundred men of his own stamp; many of them in high positions of respectability. In none had he observed an abnormal formation of the sexual organs; but frequently some approximation to the feminine type of body--hair sparingly distributed[34], tender complexion, and high tone of

voice. About ten per cent. eventually adopted love for women. Not ten per cent. exhibited any sign of the _habitus muliebris_ in their occupations, dress, and so forth. A large majority felt like men in their relations to men, and were even inclined toward active pæderasty. From the unmentionable act they were deterred by æsthetical repulsion and fear of the law.

The second of these sub-species embraces the individuals with whom the reader of Carlier is familiar, and whom Ulrichs calls Weiblinge. In their boyhood they exhibited a marked disinclination for the games of their school-fellows, and preferred to consort with girls. They helped their mothers in the household, learned to sew and knit, caught at every opportunity of dressing up in female clothes. Later on, they began to call themselves by names of women, avoided the society of normal comrades, hated sport and physical exercise, were averse to smoking and drinking, could not whistle. Whether they refrained from swearing is not recorded. Many of them developed a taste for music, and prided themselves upon their culture. Eventually, when they became unclassed, they occupied themselves with toilette, scandal, tea, and talk about their lovers--dressed as far as possible in female clothes, painted, perfumed and curled their hair--addressed each other in the feminine gender, adopted pseudonyms of Countess or of Princess, and lived the life of women of a dubious demi-monde.[35]

Yet they remained in their physical configuration males. Unlike the preceding sub-species, they did not feel as men feel towards their sweethearts, but on the contrary like women. They had no impulse toward active pæderasty, no inclination for blooming adolescents. What they wanted was a robust adult; and to him they submitted themselves with self-abandonment. Like all Urnings, they shrank from the act of coition for the most part, and preferred embracements which produced a brief and pleasurable orgasm. But some developed a peculiar liking for the passive act of sodomy or the anomalous act of fellatio.

In this characterisation I have overpassed the limits of the fifteen cases presented by Krafft-Ebing. In order to constitute the type, I have drawn upon one reliable, because sympathetic, source in Ulrichs, and on another reliable, because antipathetic, source in Carlier.

Sexual inversion, in persons of the third main species, has reached its final development. Descending, if we follow Krafft-Ebing's categories, from acquired to innate inversion, dividing the latter into psychopathic hermaphrodites and Urnings, subdividing Urnings into those who retain their masculine habit and those who develop a habit analogous to that of females, we come in this last class to the most striking phenomenon of inverted sex. Here the soul which is doomed to love a man, and is nevertheless imprisoned in a male body, strives to convert that body to feminine uses so entirely that the marks of sex, except in the determined organs of sex, shall be obliterated. And sometimes it appears that the singular operation of nature, with which we are occupied in this Essay, goes even further. The inverted bias given to the sexual appetite, as part of the spiritual nature of the man, can never quite transmute male organs into female organs of procreation. But it modifies the bony structure of the body, the form of the face, the fleshly and muscular integuments to such an obvious extent that Krafft-Ebing thinks himself justified in placing a separate class of androgynous beings (with their gynandrous correspondents) at the end of the extraordinary process.

At this point it will be well to present a scheme of his analysis under the form of a table.

{ Persistent. { Acquired { { { Episodical. { Sexual Inversion { { Psychopathic Hemaphrodites. { { { { { Male Habitus { { { (Mannlinge). { Congenital { Urnings { { { Female Habitus { { (Weiblinge). { { Androgyni.

What is the rational explanation of the facts presented to us by the analysis which I have formulated in this table cannot as yet be thoroughly determined. We do not know enough about the law of sex in human beings to advance a theory. Krafft-Ebing and writers of his school are at present inclined to refer them all to diseases of the nervous centres, inherited, congenital, excited by early habits of self-abuse. The inadequacy of this method I have already attempted to set forth; and I have also called attention to the fact that it does not sufficiently account for phenomena known to us through history and through every-day experience.

Presently we shall be introduced to a theory (that of Ulrichs) which is based upon a somewhat grotesque and metaphysical conception of nature, and which dispenses with the hypothesis of hereditary disease. I am not sure whether this theory, unsound as it may seem to medical specialists, does not square better with ascertained facts than that of inherited disorder in the nervous centres.

However that may be, the physicians, as represented by Krafft-Ebing, absolve all subjects of inverted sexuality from crime. They represent them to us as the subjects of ancestral malady. And this alters their position face to face with vulgar error, theological rancour, and the stringent indifference of legislators. A strong claim has been advanced for their treatment henceforth, not as delinquents, but as subjects of congenital depravity in the brain centres, over which they have no adequate control.

The fourth medical author, with whom we are about to be occupied, includes sexual inversion in his general survey of human crime, and connects it less with anomalies of the nervous centres than with atavistic reversion to the state of nature and savagery. In the end, it will be seen, he accepts a concordat with the hypothesis of "moral insanity."

Cesare Lombroso. "_Der Verbrecher in Anthropologischer, Aerztlicher und Juristischer Beziehung._"

This famous book, which has contributed no little to a revolution of opinion regarding crime and its punishment in Italy, contains a searching inquiry into the psychological nature, physical peculiarities, habits, and previous history of criminals.[36] It is, in fact, a study of the criminal temperament. Lombroso deals in the main, as is natural, with murder, theft, rape, cruelty, and their allied species. But he includes sexual inversion in the category of crimes, and regards the abnormal appetites as signs of that morbid condition into which he eventually revolves the criminal impulse.

Wishing to base his doctrine on a sound foundation, Lombroso begins with what may be termed the embryology of crime. He finds unnatural vices frequent among horses, donkeys, cattle, insects, fowls, dogs, ants. The phenomenon, he says, is usually observable in cases where the male animal has been excluded from intercourse with females. Having established his general position that what we call crimes of violence, robbery, murder, cruelty, blood-thirst, cannibalism, unnatural lust, and so forth, exist among the brutes--in fact, that most of these crimes form the rule and not the exception in their lives--he passes on to the consideration of the savage man. In following his analysis, I shall confine myself to what he says about abnormal sexual passion.

He points out that in New Caledonia the male savages meet together at night in huts for the purpose of promiscuous intercourse (p. 42). The same occurs in Tahiti, where the practice is placed under the protection of a god. Next he alludes to the ancient Mexicans; and then proceeds to Hellas and Rome, where this phase of savage immorality survived and became a recognised factor in social life (p. 43). At Rome, he says, the Venus of the sodomites received the title of Castina (p. 38).

Lombroso's treatment of sexual inversion regarded as a survival from prehistoric times is by no means exhaustive. It might be supplemented and confirmed by what we know about the manners of the Kelts, as reported by Aristotle (Pol. ii. 6. 5.)--Tartars, Persians, Afghans, North American Indians, &c. Diodorus Siculus, writing upon the morals of the Gauls, deserves attention in this respect.[37] It is also singular to find that the Norman marauders of the tenth century carried unnatural vices wherever they appeared in Europe.[38] The Abbot of Clairvaux, as quoted by Lombroso (p. 43), accused them of spreading their brutal habits through society. People accustomed to look upon these vices as a form of corruption in great cities will perhaps be surprised to find them prevalent among nomadic and warlike tribes. But, in addition to survival from half-savage periods of social life, the necessities of warriors thrown together with an insufficiency of women must be considered. I have already suggested that Greek love grew into a custom during the Dorian migration and the conquest of Crete and Peloponnesus by bands of soldiers.

Cannibalism, Lombroso points out (p. 68), originated in necessity, became consecrated by religion, and finally remained as custom and a form of gluttony. The same process of reasoning, when applied to sexual aberrations, helps us to understand how a non-ethical habit, based on scarcity of women, survived as a social and chivalrous institution among the civilised Hellenes.

Lombroso traces the growth of justice in criminal affairs, and the establishment of pains and penalties, up to the instinct of revenge and the despotic selfishness of chiefs in whom the whole property of savage tribes, including women, was vested. This section of his work concludes with the following remarkable sentence (p. 96): "The universal diffusion of crime which we have demonstrated at a certain remote epoch, and its gradual disappearance as a consequence of new crimes springing up, traces of which are still discoverable in our penal codes [he means revenge, the egotism of princes, and ecclesiastical rapacity], are calculated even more than the criminality of brutes to make us doubt of what metaphysicians call eternal justice, and indicate the real cause of the perpetual reappearance of crime among civilised races, namely atavism."

Having established this principle, Lombroso proceeds to trace the atavism of criminality in children. He shows that just as the human embryo passes through all forms of lower lives, so men and women in their infancy exactly reproduce the moral type of savages. Ungovernable rage, revengeful instincts, jealousy, envy, lying, stealing, cruelty, laziness, vanity, sexual proclivities, imperfect family affections, a general bluntness of the ethical sense, are common qualities of children, which the parent and the teacher strive to control or to eradicate by training. "The child, considered as a human being devoid of moral sense, presents a perfect picture of what doctors call moral insanity, and I prefer to classify as inborn crime" (p. 97). "All species of anomalous sexual appetite, with the exception of those dependent upon senile decadence, make their appearance in childhood, together with the other criminal tendencies" (p. 117).

Lombroso arrives, then, at the conclusion that what civilised humanity calls crime and punishes, is the law of nature in brutes, persists as a normal condition among savages, and displays itself in the habits and instincts of children. The moral instinct is therefore slowly elaborated out of crime in the course of generations by whole races, and in the course of infancy and adolescence in the individual. The habitual criminal, who remains a criminal in his maturity, in whom crime is inborn and ineradicable, who cannot develop a moral sense, he explains at first by atavism. A large section of his volume (pp. 124-136, 137-253) is devoted to anthropometrical observations upon the physical structure, the cranial and cerebral development, and the physiognomy of such criminals. Into this part of his work we need not enter. Nor is it necessary to follow his interesting researches in the biology and psychology of "born criminals"--chapters on tattooing, ways of thinking and feeling, passions, tendencies to suicide, religious sentiment, intelligence and culture, capacity of self-control, liability to relapse, and so forth. Many curious facts relating to sexual inversion are treated in the course of these enquiries; and one passage describing the general characteristics of pæderasts (p. 376) ought to be alluded to. Considering this subject solely as a phase of crime, Lombroso reveals a superficial conception of its perplexity.

It is more important to reflect upon his theory of crime in general. Having started with the hypothesis of atavism, and adopted the term "born criminal," he later on identifies "innate crime" with "moral insanity," and illustrates both by the phenomena of epilepsy.[39] This introduces a certain confusion and incoherence into his speculative system; for he frankly admits that he has only gradually and tardily been led to recognise the identity of what is called crime and what is called moral insanity. Criminal atavism might be defined as the sporadic reversion to savagery in certain individuals. It has nothing logically to connect it with distortion or disease--unless we assume that all our savage ancestors were malformed or diseased, and that the Greeks, in whom one form of Lombroso's criminal atavism became established, were as a nation morally insane. The appearance of structural defects in habitual criminals points less to atavistic reversion than to radical divergence from the normal type of humanity. In like manner the invocation of heredity as a principle (p. 135) involves a similar confusion. Hereditary taint is a thing different not in degree but in kind from savage atavism prolonged from childhood into manhood.

Be this as it may, whether we regard offenders against law and ethic as "born criminals," or as "morally insane," or whether we transcend the distinction implied in these two terms, Lombroso maintains that there is no good in trying to deal with them by punishment. They ought to be treated with life-long sequestration in asylums (p. 135), and rigidly forbidden to perpetuate the species. That is the conclusion to which the whole of his long argument is carried. He contends that the prevalent juristic conception of crime rests upon ignorance of nature, brute-life, savagery, and the gradual emergence of morality. So radical a revolution in ideas, which gives new meaning to the words sin and conscience, which removes moral responsibility, and which substitutes the anthropologist and the physician for the judge and jury, cannot be carried out, even by its fervent apostle, without some want of severe logic. Thus we find Lombroso frequently drawing distinctions between "habitual" or "born" criminals and what he calls "occasional" criminals, without explaining the phenomenon of "occasional crime," and saying how he thinks this ought to be regarded by society. Moreover, he almost wholly ignores the possibility of correcting criminal tendencies by appeal to reason, by establishing habits of self-restraint, and by the employment of such means as hypnotic suggestion.[40] Yet experience and the common practice of the world prove that these remedies are not wholly inefficacious; and indeed the passage from childish savagery to moralised manhood, on which he lays so great a stress, is daily effected by the employment of such measures in combination with the fear of punishment and the desire to win esteem.

The final word upon Lombroso's book is this: Having started with the natural history of crime, as a prime constituent in nature and humanity, which only becomes crime through the development of social morality, and which survives atavistically in persons ill adapted to their civilised environment, he suddenly turns round and identifies the crime thus analysed with morbid nerve-conditions, malformations and moral insanity. Logically, it is impossible to effect this coalition of two radically different conceptions. If crime was not crime but nature in the earlier stages, and only appeared as crime under the conditions of advancing culture, its manifestation as a survival in certain individuals ought to be referred to nature, and cannot be relegated to the category of physical or mental disease. Savages are savages, but not lunatics or epileptics.

NOTE TO THE FOREGOING SECTION.

At the close of this enquiry into medical theories of sexual inversion, all of which assume that the phenomenon is morbid, it may not be superfluous to append the protest of an Urning against that solution of the problem. I translate it from the original document published by Krafft-Ebing (pp. 216-219). He says that the writer is "a man of high position in London"; but whether the communication was made in German or in English, does not appear.

"You have no conception what sustained and difficult struggles we all of us (the thoughtful and refined among us most of all) have to carry on, and how terribly we are forced to suffer under the false opinions which still prevail regarding us and our so-called immorality.

"Your view that, in most cases, the phenomenon in question has to be ascribed to congenital morbidity, offers perhaps the easiest way of overcoming popular prejudices, and awakening sympathy instead of horror and contempt for us poor 'afflicted' creatures.

"Still, while I believe that this view is the most favourable for us in the present state of things, I am unable in the interest of science to accept the term _morbid_ without qualification, and venture to suggest some further distinctions bearing on the central difficulties of the problem.

"The phenomenon is certainly anomalous; but the term _morbid_ carries a meaning which seems to me inapplicable to the subject, or at all events to very many cases which have come under my cognisance. I will concede _à priori_ that a far larger proportion of mental disturbance, nervous hyper-sensibility, &c., can be proved in Urnings than in normal men. But ought this excess of nervous erethism to be referred necessarily to the peculiar nature of the Urning? Is not this the true explanation, in a vast majority of cases, that the Urning, owing to present laws and social prejudices, cannot like other men obtain a simple and easy satisfaction of his inborn sexual desires?

"To begin with the years of boyhood: an Urning, when he first becomes aware of sexual stirrings in his nature, and innocently speaks about them to his comrades, soon finds that he is unintelligible. So he wraps himself within his own thoughts. Or should he attempt to tell a teacher or his parents about these feelings, the inclination, which for him is as natural as swimming to a fish, will be treated by them as corrupt and sinful; he is exhorted at any cost to overcome and trample on it. Then there begins in him a hidden conflict, a forcible suppression of the sexual impulse; and in proportion as the natural satisfaction of his craving is denied, fancy works with still more lively efforts, conjuring up those seductive pictures which he would fain expel from his imagination. The more energetic is the youth who has to fight this inner battle, the more seriously must his whole nervous system suffer from it. It is this forcible suppression of an instinct so deeply rooted in our nature, it is this, in my humble opinion, which first originates the morbid symptoms, that may often be observed in Urnings. But such consequences have nothing in themselves to do with the sexual inversion proper to the Urning.

"Well then; some persons prolong this never-ending inner conflict, and ruin their constitutions in course of time; others arrive eventually at the conviction that an inborn impulse, which exists in them so powerfully, cannot possibly be sinful--so they abandon the impossible task of suppressing it. But just at this point begins in real earnest the Iliad of their sufferings and constant nervous excitations. The normal man, if he looks for means to satisfy his sexual inclinations, knows always where to find that without trouble. Not so the Urning. He sees the men who attract him; he dares not utter, nay, dares not even let it be perceived, what stirs him. He imagines that he alone of all the people in the world is the subject of emotions so eccentric. Naturally, he cultivates the society of young men, but does not venture to confide in them. So at last he is driven to seek some relief in himself, some makeshift for the satisfaction he cannot obtain. This results in masturbation, probably excessive, with its usual pernicious consequences to health. When, after the lapse of a certain time, his nervous system is gravely compromised, this morbid phenomenon ought not to be ascribed to sexual inversion in itself; far rather we have to regard it as the logical issue of the Urning's position, driven as he is by dominant opinion to forego the gratification which _for him_ is natural and normal, and to betake himself to onanism.

"But let us now suppose that the Urning has enjoyed the exceptional good-fortune of finding upon his path in life a soul who feels the same as he does, or else that he has been early introduced by some initiated friend into the circles of the Urning-world. In this case, it is possible that he will have escaped many painful conflicts; yet a long series of exciting cares and anxieties attend on every step he takes. He knows indeed now that he is by no means the only individual in the world who harbours these abnormal emotions; he opens his eyes, and marvels to discover how numerous are his comrades in all social spheres and every class of industry; he also soon perceives that Urnings, no less than normal men and women, have developed prostitution, and that male strumpets can be bought for money just as easily as females. Accordingly, there is no longer any difficulty for him in gratifying his sexual impulse. But how differently do things develop themselves in his case! How far less fortunate is he than normal man!

"Let us assume the luckiest case that can befall him. The sympathetic friend, for whom he has been sighing all his life, is found. Yet he cannot openly give himself up to this connection, as a young fellow does with the girl he loves. Both of the comrades are continually forced to hide their _liaison_; their anxiety on this point is incessant; anything like an excessive intimacy, which could arouse suspicion (especially when they are not of the same age, or do not belong to the same class in society), has to be

concealed from the external world. In this way, the very commencement of the relation sets a whole chain of exciting incidents in motion: and the dread lest the secret should be betrayed or divined, prevents the unfortunate lover from ever arriving at a simple happiness. Trifling circumstances, which would have no importance for another sort of man, make him tremble: lest suspicion should awake, his secret be discovered, and he become a social outcast, lose his official appointment, be excluded from his profession. Is it conceivable that this incessant anxiety and care should pass over him without a trace, and not react upon his nervous system?

"Another individual, less lucky, has not found a sympathetic comrade, but has fallen into the hands of some pretty fellow, who at the outset readily responded to his wishes, till he drew the very deepest secret of his nature forth. At that point the subtlest methods of blackmailing begin to be employed. The miserable persecuted wretch, placed between the alternative of paying money down or of becoming socially impossible, losing a valued position, seeing dishonour bursting upon himself and family, pays, and still the more he pays, the greedier becomes the vampire who sucks his life-blood, until at last there lies nothing else before him except total financial ruin or disgrace. Who will be astonished if the nerves of an individual in this position are not equal to the horrid strain?

"In some cases the nerves give way altogether: mental alienation sets in; at last the wretch finds in a madhouse that repose which life would not afford him. Others terminate their unendurable situation by the desperate act of suicide. How many unexplained cases of suicide in young men ought to be ascribed to this cause!

"I do not think I am far wrong when I maintain that at least half of the suicides of young men are due to this one circumstance. Even in cases where no merciless blackmailer persecutes the Urning, but a connection has existed which lasted satisfactorily on both sides, still in these cases even discovery, or the dread of discovery, leads only too often to suicide. How many officers, who have had connection with their subordinates, how many soldiers, who have lived in such relation with a comrade, when they thought they were about to be discovered, have put a bullet through their brains to avoid the coming disgrace! And the same thing might be said about all the other callings in life.

"In consequence of all this, it seems clear that if, as a matter of fact, mental abnormalities and real disturbances of the intellect are commoner with Urnings than in the case of other men, this does not establish an inevitable connection between the mental eccentricity and the Urning's specific temperament, or prove that the latter causes the former. According to my firm conviction, mental disturbances and morbid symptoms which may be observed in Urnings ought in the large majority of instances not to be referred to their sexual anomaly; the real fact is that they are educed in them by the prevalent false theory of sexual inversion, together with the legislation in force against Urnings and the reigning tone of public opinion. It is only one who has some approximate notion of the mental and moral sufferings, of the anxieties and perturbations, to which an Urning is exposed, who knows the never-ending hypocrisies and concealments he must practise in order to cloak his indwelling inclination, who comprehends the infinite difficulties which oppose the natural satisfaction of his sexual desire--it is only such a one, I say, who is able properly to wonder at the comparative rarity of mental aberrations and nervous ailments in the class of Urnings. The larger proportion of these morbid circumstances would certainly not be developed if the Urning, like the normal man, could obtain a simple and facile gratification of his sexual appetite, and if he were not everlastingly exposed to the torturing anxieties I have attempted to describe."

This is powerfully and temperately written. It confirms what I have attempted to establish while criticising the medical hypothesis; and raises the further question whether the phenomenon of sexual inversion ought not to be approached from the point of view of embryology rather than of psychical pathology. In other words, is not the true Urning to be regarded as a person born with sexual instincts improperly correlated to his sexual organs? This he can be without any inherited or latent morbidity; and the nervous anomalies discovered in him when he falls at last beneath the observation of physicians, may be not the evidence of an originally tainted constitution, but the consequence of unnatural conditions to which he has been exposed from the age of puberty.

VI.

LITERATURE--HISTORICAL, ANTHROPOLOGICAL.

No one has yet attempted a complete history of inverted sexuality in all ages and in all races. This would be well worth doing. Materials, though not extremely plentiful, lie to hand in the religious books and codes of ancient nations, in mythology and poetry and literature, in narratives of travel, and the reports of observant explorers.

Gibbon once suggested that: "A curious dissertation might be formed on the introduction of pæderasty after the time of Homer, its progress among the Greeks of Asia and Europe, the vehemence of their passions, and the thin device of virtue and friendship which amused the philosophers of Athens. But," adds the prurient prude, "Scelera ostendi oportet dum puniunter, abscondi flagitia."

Two scholars responded to this call. The result is that the chapter on Greek love has been very fairly written by equally impartial, equally learned, and independent authors, who approached the subject from somewhat different points of view, but who arrived in the main at similar conclusions.

The first of these histories is M. H. E. Meier's article on _Pæderastie_ in Ersch and Gruber's "Allgemeine Encyklopädie:" Leipzig, Brockhaus, 1837.

The second is a treatise entitled "A Problem in Greek Ethics," composed by an Englishman in English. The anonymous author was not acquainted with Meier's article before he wrote, and only came across it long after he had printed his own essay. This work is extremely rare, ten copies only having been impressed for private use.

Enquirers into the psychology and morality of sexual inversion should not fail to study one or other of these treatises. It will surprise many a well-read scholar, when he sees the whole list of Greek authorities and passages collected and co-ordinated, to find how thoroughly the manners and the literature of that great people were penetrated with pæderastia. The myths and heroic legends of prehistoric Hellas, the educational institutions of the Dorian state, the dialogues of Plato, the history of the Theban army, the biographies of innumerable eminent citizens--lawgivers and thinkers, governors and generals, founders of colonies and philosophers, poets and sculptors--render it impossible to maintain that this passion was either a degraded vice or a form of inherited neuropathy in the race to whom we owe so much of our intellectual heritage. Having surveyed the picture, we may turn aside to wonder whether modern European nations, imbued with the opinions I have described above in the section on Vulgar Errors, are wise in making Greek literature a staple of the higher education. Their motto is _Érasez l'infâme!_ Here the infamous thing clothes itself like an angel of light, and raises its forehead unabashed to heaven among the marble peristyles and olive-groves of an unrivalled civilization.

Another book, written from a medical point of view, is valuable upon the pathology of sexual inversion and cognate aberrations among the nations of antiquity. It bears the title "Geschichte der Lustseuche im Alterthume," and is composed by Dr. Julius Rosenbaum.[41] Rosenbaum attempts to solve the problem of the existence of syphilis and other venereal diseases in the remote past. This enquiry leads him to investigate the whole of Greek and Latin literature in its bearing upon sexual vice. Students will therefore expect from his pages no profound psychological speculations and no idealistic presentation of an eminently repulsive subject. One of the most interesting chapters of his work is devoted to what Herodotus called [Greek: Nousos phêleia] among the Scythians, a wide-spread effemination prevailing in a wild warlike and nomadic race. We have already alluded to Krafft-Ebing's remarks on this disease, which has curious points of resemblance with some of the facts of male prostitution in modern cities.[42]

Professed anthropologists have dealt with the subject, collecting evidence from many quarters, and in some cases attempting to draw general conclusions. Bastian's "Der Mensch der Geschichte"[43] and Herbert Spencer's Tables deserve special mention for their encyclopædic fulness of information regarding the distribution of abnormal sexuality and the customs of savage tribes.

In England an Essay appended to the last volume of Sir Richard Burton's "Arabian Nights" made a considerable stir upon its first appearance.[44] The author endeavoured to co-ordinate a large amount of miscellaneous matter, and to frame a general theory regarding the origin and prevalence of homosexual passions. His erudition, however, is incomplete; and though he possesses a copious store of anthropological details, he is not at the proper point of view for discussing the topic philosophically.[45] For example, he takes for granted that "Pederasty," as he calls it, is everywhere and always what the vulgar think it. He seems to have no notion of the complicated psychology of Urnings, revealed to us by their recently published confessions in French and German medical and legal works. Still his views deserve consideration.

Burton regards the phenomenon as "geographical and climatic, not racial." He summarises the result of his investigations in the following five conclusions.[46]

"(1) There exists what I shall call a 'Sotadic Zone,' bounded westwards by the northern shores of the Mediterranean (N. lat. 43°) and by the southern (N. lat. 30°). Thus the depth would be 780 to 800 miles, including meridional France, the Iberian Peninsula, Italy and Greece, with the coast-regions of Africa from Morocco to Egypt.

"(2) Running eastward the Sotadic Zone narrows, embracing Asia Minor, Mesopotamia and Chaldæa, Afghanistan, Sind, the Punjab, and Kashmir.

"(3) In Indo-China the belt begins to broaden, enfolding China, Japan, and Turkistan.

"(4) It then embraces the South Sea Islands and the New World, where, at the time of its discovery, Sotadic love was, with some exceptions, an established racial institution.

"(5) Within the Sotadic Zone the vice is popular and endemic, held at the worst to be a mere peccadillo, whilst the races to the North and South of the limits here defined practise it only sporadically, amid the opprobrium of their fellows, who, as a rule, are physically incapable of performing the operation, and look upon it with the liveliest disgust."

This is a curious and interesting generalisation, though it does not account for what history has transmitted regarding the customs of the Kelts, Scythians, Bulgars, Tartars, Normans, and for the acknowledged leniency of modern Slavs to this form of vice.

Burton advances an explanation of its origin. "The only physical cause for the practice which suggests itself to me, and that must be owned to be purely conjectural, is that within the Sotadic Zone there is a blending of the masculine and feminine temperament, a crasis which elsewhere occurs only sporadically."[47] So far as it goes, this suggestion rests upon ground admitted to be empirically sound by the medical writers we have already examined, and vehemently declared to be indisputable as a fact of physiology by Ulrichs, whom I shall presently introduce to my readers. But Burton makes no effort to account for the occurrence of this crasis of masculine and feminine temperaments in the Sotadic Zone at large, and for its sporadic appearance in other regions. Would it not be more philosophical to conjecture that the crasis, if that exists at all, takes place universally; but that the consequences are only tolerated in certain parts of the globe, which he defines as the Sotadic Zone? Ancient Greece and Rome permitted them. Modern Greece and Italy have excluded them to the same extent as Northern European nations. North and South America, before the Conquest, saw no harm in them. Since its colonisation by Europeans they have been discountenanced. The phenomenon cannot therefore be regarded as specifically geographical and climatic. Besides, there is one fact mentioned by Burton which ought to make him doubt his geographical theory. He says that, after the conquest of Algiers, the French troops were infected to an enormous extent by the habits they had acquired there, and from them it spread so far and wide into civilian society that "the vice may be said to have been democratised in cities and large towns."[48] This surely proves that north of the Sotadic Zone males are neither physically incapable of the acts involved in abnormal passion, nor gifted with an insuperable disgust for them. Law, and the public opinion generated by law and religious teaching, have been deterrent causes in those regions. The problem is therefore not geographical and climatic, but social. Again, may it not be suggested that the absence of "the Vice" among the negroes and negroid races of South Africa, noticed by Burton,[49] is due to their excellent customs of sexual initiation and education at the age of puberty--customs which it is the shame of modern civilisation to have left unimitated?

However this may be, Burton regards the instinct as natural, not _contre nature_, and says that its patients "deserve, not prosecution but the pitiful care of the physician and the study of the psychologist."[50]

Another distinguished anthropologist, Paolo Mantegazza, has devoted special attention to the physiology and psychology of what he calls "I pervertimenti dell'amore."[51] Starting with the vulgar error that all sexual inversion implies the unmentionable act of coition (for which, by the way, he is severely rebuked by Krafft-Ebing, Psy. Sex., p. 92), he explains anomalous passions by supposing that the nerves of pleasurable sensation, which ought to be carried to the genital organs, are in some cases carried to the rectum.[52] This malformation makes its subject desire _coitum per anum_. That an intimate connection exists between the nerves of the reproductive organs and the nerves of the rectum is known to anatomists and is felt by everybody. Probably some _cinædi_ are excited voluptuously in the mode suggested. Seneca, in his Epistles, records such cases; and it is difficult in any other way to account for the transports felt by male prostitutes of the Weibling type. Finally, writers upon female prostitution mention women who are incapable of deriving pleasure from any sexual act except _aversa venus_.

Mantegazza's observation deserves to be remembered, and ought to be tested by investigation. But, it is obvious, he pushes the corollary he draws from it, as to the prevalence of sexual inversion, too far.

He distinguishes three classes of sodomy: (1) Perpheric or anatomical, caused by an unusual distribution of the nerves passing from the spine to the reproductive organs and the rectum; (2) psychical, which he describes as "specific to intelligent men, cultivated, and frequently neurotic," but which he does not attempt to elucidate, though he calls it "not a vice, but a passion"; (3) luxurious or lustful, when the _aversa venus_ is deliberately chosen on account of what Mantegazza terms "la desolante larghezza"

of the female.[53]

Mantegazza winds up, like Burton, by observing that "sodomy, studied with the pitying and indulgent eye of the physician and the physiologist, is consequently a disease which claims to be cured, and can in many cases be cured."[54]

After perusing what physicians, historians, and anthropologists have to say about sexual inversion, there is good reason for us to feel uneasy as to the present condition of our laws. And yet it might be argued that anomalous desires are not always maladies, not always congenital, not always psychical passions. In some cases they must surely be vices deliberately adopted out of lustfulness, wanton curiosity, and seeking after sensual refinements. The difficult question still remains then--how to repress vice, without acting unjustly toward the naturally abnormal, the unfortunate, and the irresponsible.

I pass now to the polemical writings of a man who maintains that homosexual passions, even in their vicious aspects, ought not to be punished except in the same degree and under the same conditions as the normal passions of the majority.

VII.

LITERATURE--POLEMICAL.

It can hardly be said that inverted sexuality received a serious and sympathetic treatment until a German jurist, named Karl Heinrich Ulrichs, began his long warfare against what he considered to be prejudice and ignorance upon a topic of the greatest moment to himself. A native of Hanover, and writing at first under the assumed name of Numa Numantius, he kept pouring out a series of polemical, analytical, theoretical, and apologetical pamphlets between the years 1864 and 1870. The most important of these works is a lengthy and comprehensive Essay entitled "Memnon. Die Geschlechtsnatur des mannliebenden Urnings. Eine naturwissenschaftliche Darstellung. Schleiz, 1868." Memnon may be used as the text-book of its author's theories; but it is also necessary to study earlier and later treatises--Inclusa, Formatrix, Vindex, Ara Spei, Gladius Furens, Incubus, Argonauticus, Prometheus, Araxes, Kritische Pfeile--in order to obtain a complete knowledge of his opinions, and to master the whole mass of information he has brought together.

The object of Ulrichs in these miscellaneous writings is twofold. He seeks to establish a theory of sexual inversion upon the basis of natural science, proving that abnormal instincts are inborn and healthy in a considerable percentage of human beings; that they do not owe their origin to bad habits of any kind, to hereditary disease, or to wilful depravity; that they are incapable in the majority of cases of being extirpated or converted into normal channels; and that the men subject to them are neither physically, intellectually, nor morally inferior to normally constituted individuals. Having demonstrated these points to his own satisfaction, and supported his views with a large induction of instances and a respectable show of erudition, he proceeds to argue that the present state of the law in many states of Europe is flagrantly unjust to a class of innocent persons, who may indeed be regarded as unfortunate and inconvenient, but who are guilty of nothing which deserves reprobation and punishment. In this second and polemical branch of his exposition, Ulrichs assumes, for his juristic starting-point, that each human being is born with natural rights which legislation ought not to infringe but protect. He does not attempt to confute the utilitarian theory of jurisprudence, which regards laws as regulations made by the majority in the supposed interests of society. Yet a large amount of his reasoning is designed to invalidate utilitarian arguments in favour of repression, by showing that no social evil ensues in those countries which have placed abnormal sexuality upon the same footing as the normal, and that the toleration of inverted passion threatens no danger to the well-being of nations.

After this prelude, an abstract of Ulrichs' theory and his pleading may be given, deduced from the comparative study of his numerous essays.

The right key to the solution of the problem is to be found in physiology, in that obscure department of natural science which deals with the evolution of sex. The embryo, as we are now aware, contains an undetermined element of sex during the first months of pregnancy. This is gradually worked up into male and female organs of procreation; and these, when the age of puberty arrives, are generally accompanied by corresponding male and female appetites. That is to say, the man in an immense majority of cases desires the woman, and the woman desires the man. Nature, so to speak, aims at differentiating the undecided foetus into a human being of one or the other sex, the propagation of the species being the main object of life. Still, as Aristotle puts it, and as we observe in many of her operations, "Nature wishes, but has not always the power": [Greek: hê physis bouletai men all' ou dynatai]. Consequently in respect of physical structure, there come to light imperfect individuals, so-called hermaphrodites, whose sexual apparatus is so far undetermined that many a real male has passed a portion of his life under a mistake, has worn female clothes, and has cohabited by preference with men. Likewise, in respect of spiritual nature, there appear males who, notwithstanding their

marked masculine organisation, feel from the earliest childhood a sexual proclivity toward men, with a corresponding indifference for women. In some of these abnormal, but natural, beings, the appetite for men resembles the normal appetite of men for women; in others it resembles the normal appetite of women for men. That is to say, some prefer effeminate males, dressed in feminine clothes and addicted to female occupations. Others prefer powerful adults of an ultra-masculine stamp. A third class manifest their predilection for healthy young men in the bloom of adolescence, between nineteen and twenty. The attitude of such persons towards women also varies. In genuine cases of inborn sexual inversion a positive horror is felt when the woman has to be carnally known; and this horror is of the same sort as that which normal men experience when they think of cohabitation with a male.[55] In others the disinclination does not amount to repugnance; but the abnormal man finds considerable difficulty in stimulating himself to the sexual act with females, and derives a very imperfect satisfaction from the same. A certain type of man, in the last place, seems to be indifferent, desiring males at one time and females at another.

In order to gain clearness in his exposition, Ulrichs has invented names for these several species. The so-called hermaphrodite he dismisses with the German designation of _Zwitter_. Imperfect individuals of this type are not to be considered, because it is well known that the male or female organs are never developed in one and the same body. It is also, as we shall presently discover, an essential part of his theory to regard the problem of inversion psychologically.

The normal man he calls _Dioning_, the abnormal man _Urning_. Among Urnings, those who prefer effeminate males are christened by the name of _Mannling_; those who prefer powerful and masculine adults receive the name of _Weibling_; the Urning who cares for adolescents is styled a _Zwischen-Urning_. Men who seemed to be indifferently attracted by both sexes, he calls _Uranodioninge_. A genuine Dioning, who, from lack of women, or under the influence of special circumstances, consorts with persons of his own sex, is denominated _Uraniaster_. A genuine Urning, who has put restraint upon his inborn impulse, who has forced himself to cohabit with women, or has perhaps contracted marriage, is said to be _Virilisirt_--a virilised Urning.

These outlandish names, though seemingly pedantic and superfluous, have their technical value, and are necessary to the understanding of Ulrichs' system. He is dealing exclusively with individuals classified by common parlance as males without distinction. Ulrichs believes that he can establish a real natural division between men proper, whom he calls _Dioninge_, and males of an anomalous sexual development, whom he calls _Urninge_. Having proceeded so far, he finds the necessity of distinguishing three broad types of the Urning, and of making out the crosses between Urning and Dioning, of which he also find three species. It will appear in the sequel that whatever may be thought about his psychological hypothesis, the nomenclature he has adopted is useful in discussion, and corresponds to well-defined phenomena, of which we have abundant information. The following table will make his analysis sufficiently plain:--

{ (1) Man or Dioning ... Uraniaster, when { he has acquired the { tastes of the Urning. { The { { Mannling. Human { (2) Urning { Weibling. Male { { Zwischen-Urning. { { Virilised Urning. { { (3) Uranodioning. { (4) Hermaphrodite.

Broadly speaking, the male includes two main species: Dioning and Urning, men with normal and men with abnormal instincts. What, then, constitutes the distinction between them? How are we justified in regarding them as radically divergent?

Ulrichs replies that the phenomenon of sexual inversion is to be explained by physiology, and particularly by the evolution of the embryo.[56] Nature fails to complete her work regularly and in every instance. Having succeeded in differentiating a male with full-formed sexual organs from the undecided foetus, she does not always effect the proper differentiation of that portion of the psychical being in which resides the sexual appetite. There remains a female soul in a male body. _Anima muliebris virili corpore inclusa_, is the formula adopted by Ulrichs; and he quotes a passage from the "Vestiges of Creation," which suggests that a male is a more advanced product of sexual evolution than the female. The male instinct of sex is a more advanced product than the female instinct. Consequently men appear whose body has been differentiated as masculine, but whose sexual instinct has not progressed beyond the feminine stage.

Ulrichs' own words ought to be cited upon this fundamental part of his hypothesis, since he does not adopt the opinion that the Urning is a Dioning arrested at a certain point of development; but rather that there is an element of uncertainty attending the simultaneous evolution of physical and psychical factors from the indeterminate ground-stuff. "Sex," says he, "is only an affair of development. Up to a certain stage of embryonic existence all living mammals are hermaphroditic. A certain number of them advance to the condition of what I call man (Doining), others to what I call woman (Dioningin), a third class become what I call _Urning_ (including _Urningin_). It ensues therefrom that between these three sexes there are no primary, but only secondary differences. And yet true differences, constituting sexual species, exist as facts."[57] Man, Woman, and Urning--the third being

either a male or a female in whom we observe a real and inborn, not an acquired or a spurious, inversion of appetite--are consequently regarded by him as the three main divisions of humanity viewed from the point of view of sex. The embryonic ground-stuff in the case of each was homologous; but while the two former, Man and Woman, have been normally differentiated, the Urning's sexual instinct, owing to some imperfection in the process of development, does not correspond to his or her sexual organs.

The line of division between the sexes, even in adult life, is a subtle one; and the physical structure of men and women yields indubitable signs of their emergence from a common ground-stuff. Perfect men have rudimentary breasts. Perfect women carry a rudimentary penis in their clitoris. The raphé of the scrotum shows where the aperture, common at first to masculine and feminine beings, but afterwards only retained in the female vulva, was closed up to form a male. Other anatomical details of the same sort might be adduced. But these will suffice to make thinking persons reflect upon the mysterious dubiety of what we call sex. That gradual development, which ends in normal differentiation, goes on very slowly. It is only at the age of puberty that a boy distinguishes himself abruptly from a girl, by changing his voice and growing hair on parts of the body where it is not usually found in women. This being so, it is surely not surprising that the sexual appetite should sometimes fail to be normally determined, or in other words should be inverted.

Ulrichs maintains that the body of an Urning is masculine, his soul feminine, so far as sex is concerned. Accordingly, though physically unfitted for coition with men, he is imperatively drawn towards them by a natural impulse. Opponents meet him with this objection: "Your position is untenable. Body and soul constitute one inseparable entity." So they do, replies Ulrichs; but the way in which these factors of the person are combined in human beings differs extremely, as I can prove by indisputable facts. The body of a male is visible to the eyes, is mensurable and ponderable, is clearly marked in its specific organs. But what we call his soul--his passions, inclinations, sensibilities, emotional characteristics, sexual desires--eludes the observation of the senses. This second factor, like the first, existed in the undetermined stages of the foetus. And when I find that the soul, this element of instinct and emotion and desire existing in a male, had been directed in its sexual appetite from earliest boyhood towards persons of the male sex, I have the right to qualify it with the attribute of femininity. You assume that soul-sex is indissolubly connected and inevitably derived from body-sex. The facts contradict you, as I can prove by referring to the veracious autobiographies of Urnings and to known phenomena regarding them.

Such is the theory of Ulrichs; and though we may not incline to his peculiar mode of explaining the want of harmony between sexual organs and sexual appetite in Urnings, there can be no doubt that in some way or other their eccentric diathesis must be referred to the obscure process of sexual differentiation.[58] Perhaps he antedates the moment at which the aberration sometimes takes its origin, not accounting sufficiently for imperative impressions made on the imagination or the senses of boys during the years which precede puberty.

However this may be, the tendency to such inversion is certainly inborn in an extremely large percentage of cases. That can be demonstrated from the reports of persons whose instincts were directed to the male before they knew what sex meant. It is worth extracting passages from these confessions.[59] (1) "As a schoolboy of eight years, I sat near a comrade rather older than myself; and how happy was I, when he touched me. That was the first indefinite perception of an inclination which remained a secret for me till my nineteenth year." (2) "Going back to my seventh year, I had a lively feeling for a schoolfellow, two years older than myself; I was happy when I could be as close as possible to him, and in our games could place my head near to his private parts." (3) "At ten years of age he had a romantic attachment for a comrade; and the passion for people of his own sex became always more and more marked." (4) Another confessed that "already at the age of four he used to dream of handsome grooms." (5) A fifth said: "My passion for people of my own sex awoke at the age of eight. I used to enjoy my brother's nakedness; while bathing with other children, I took no interest at all in girls, but felt the liveliest attraction toward boys." (6) A sixth dates his experience from his sixth or seventh year. (7) A seventh remembers that "while yet a boy, before the age of puberty, sleeping in the company of a male agitated him to such an extent that he lay for hours awake." (8) An eighth relates that "while three years old, I got possession of a fashion book, cut out the pictures of men, and kissed them to tatters. The pictures of women I did not care to look at." (9) A ninth goes back to his thirteenth year, and a school friendship. (10) A tenth records the same about his seventh year. (11) An eleventh says that his inverted instincts awoke in early childhood, and that from his ninth year onward he fell over and over again in love with adult men. (12) A twelfth spoke as follows: "So far back as I can remember, I was always subject to this passion. Quite as a child, young men made deeper impression on me than women or girls. The earliest sensual perturbation of which I have any recollection was excited by a tutor, when I was nine or ten, and my greatest pleasure was to be allowed to ride astride upon his leg." (13) A thirteenth: "From the earliest childhood I have been haunted by visions of men, and only of men; never has a woman exercised the least influence

over me. At school I kept these instincts to myself, and lived quite retired." (14) A fourteenth can recollect "receiving a distinctly sensual impression at the age of four, when the man-servants caressed him." (15) A fifteenth says that at the age of thirteen, together with puberty, the inversion of appetite awoke in him. (16) A sixteenth confesses that he felt an unconquerable desire for soldiers in his thirteenth year. (17) A seventeenth remembers having always dreamed only of men; and at school, he says, "when my comrades looked at pretty girls and criticised them during our daily promenades, I could not comprehend how they found anything to admire in such creatures." On the other hand, the sight and touch of soldiers and strong fellows excited him enormously. (18) An eighteenth dates the awakening of passion in him at the age of eleven, when he saw a handsome man in church; and from that time forward his instinct never altered. (19) A nineteenth fell in love with an officer at the age of thirteen, and since then always desired vigorous adult males. (20) A twentieth confessed to have begun to love boys of his own age, sensually, while only eight years of age. (21) A twenty-first records that, when he was eight, he began to crave after the sight of naked men.

In addition to these cases a great many might be culled from the writings of Ulrichs, who has published a full account from his own early experience.[60] "I was fifteen years and ten and a half months old," he says, "when the first erotic dream announced the arrival of puberty. Never before that period had I known sexual gratification of any kind whatever. The occurrence was therefore wholly normal. From a much earlier time, however, I had been subject to emotions, partly romantic, partly sensual, without any definite desire, and never for one and the same young man. These aimless yearnings of the senses plagued me in my solitary hours, and I could not overcome them. During my fifteenth year, while at school at Detmold, the vague longing took a twofold shape. First, I came across Norman's 'Säulenordnungen,' and there I was vehemently attracted by the figure of a Greek god or hero, standing in naked beauty. Secondly, while studying in my little room, or before going to sleep, the thought used suddenly and irresistibly to rise up in my mind--If only a soldier would clamber through the window and come into my room! I then painted in my fancy the picture of a splendid soldier of twenty to twenty-two years old. And yet I had no definite idea of why I wanted him; nor had I ever come in contact with soldiers. About two years after this, I happened to sit next a soldier in a post-carriage. The contact with his thigh excited me to the highest degree." Ulrichs also relates that in his tenth year he conceived an enthusiastic and romantic friendship for a boy two years his senior.

That experiences of the kind are very common, every one who has at all conversed with Urnings knows well. From private sources of unquestionable veracity, these may be added. _A_ relates that, before eight years old, reverie occurred to him during the day, and dreams at night, of naked sailors. When he began to study Latin and Greek, he dreamed of young gods, and at the age of fourteen, became deeply enamoured of the photograph of the Praxitelian Erôs in the Vatican. He had a great dislike for physical contact with girls; and with boys was shy and reserved, indulging in no acts of sense. _B_ says that during his tenderest boyhood, long before the age of puberty, he fell in love with a young shepherd on one of his father's farms, for whom he was so enthusiastic that the man had to be sent to a distant moor. _C_ at the same early age, conceived a violent affection for a footman; _D_ for an officer, who came to stay at his home; _E_ for the bridegroom of his eldest sister.

In nearly all the cases here cited, the inverted sexual instinct sprang up spontaneously. Only a few of the autobiographies record seduction by an elder man as the origin of the affection. In none of them was it ever wholly overcome. Only five out of the twenty-seven men married. Twenty declare that, tortured by the sense of their dissimilarity to other males, haunted by shame and fear, they forced themselves to frequent public women soon after the age of puberty. Some found themselves impotent. Others succeeded in accomplishing their object with difficulty, or by means of evoking the images of men on whom their affections were set. All, except one, concur in emphatically asserting the superior attraction which men have always exercised for them over women. Women leave them, if not altogether disgusted, yet cold and indifferent. Men rouse their strongest sympathies and instincts. The one exception just alluded to is what Ulrichs would call an Uranodioning. The others are capable of friendship with women, some even of æsthetic admiration, and the tenderest regard for them, but not of genuine sexual desire. Their case is literally an inversion of the ordinary.

Some observations may be made on Ulrichs' theory. It is now recognised by the leading authorities, medical and medico-juristic, in Germany, by writers like Casper-Liman and Krafft-Ebing, that sexual inversion is more often than not innate. So far, without discussing the physiological or metaphysical explanations of this phenomenon, without considering whether Ulrichs is right in his theory of _anima muliebris inclusa in corpore virili_, or whether heredity, insanity, and similar general conditions are to be held responsible for the fact, it may be taken as admitted on all sides that the sexual diathesis in question is in a very large number of instances congenital. But Ulrichs seems to claim too much for the position he has won. He ignores the frequency of acquired habits. He shuts his eyes to the force of fashion and depravity. He reckons men like Horace and Ovid and Catullus, among the ancients, who were clearly indifferent in their tastes (as indifferent as the modern Turks) to the account of Uranodionings. In one

word, he is so enthusiastic for his physiological theory that he overlooks all other aspects of the question. Nevertheless, he has acquired the right to an impartial hearing, while pleading in defence of those who are acknowledged by all investigators of the problem to be the subjects of an inborn misplacement of the sexual appetite.

Let us turn, then, to the consideration of his arguments in favour of freeing Urnings from the terrible legal penalties to which they are at present subject, and, if this were possible, from the no less terrible social condemnation to which they are exposed by the repugnance they engender in the normally constituted majority. Dealing with these exceptions to the kindly race of men and women, these unfortunates who have no family ties knotted by bonds by mutual love, no children to expect, no reciprocity of passion to enjoy, mankind, says Ulrichs, has hitherto acted just in the same way as a herd of deer acts when it drives the sickly and the weakly out to die in solitude; burdened with contumely, and cut off from common sympathy.

From the point of view of morality and law, he argues, it does not signify whether we regard the sexual inversion of an Urning as morbid or as natural. He has become what he is in the dawn and first emergence of emotional existence. You may contend, that he derives perverted instincts from his ancestry, that he is the subject of a psychical disorder, that from the cradle he is predestined by atavism or disease to misery. I maintain that he is one of nature's sports, a creature healthy and well organised, evolved in her superb indifference to aberrations from the normal type. We need not quarrel over our solutions of the problem. The fact that he is there, among us, and that he constitutes an ever-present factor in our social system, has to be faced. How are we to deal with him? Has society the right to punish individuals sent into the world with homosexual instincts? Putting the question at its lowest point, admitting that these persons are the victims of congenital morbidity, ought they to be treated as criminals? It is established that their appetites, being innate, are _to them_ at least natural and undepraved; the common appetites, being excluded from their sexual scheme, are _to them_ unnatural and abhorrent. Ought not such beings, instead of being hunted down and persecuted by legal bloodhounds, to be regarded with pitying solicitude as among the most unfortunate of human beings, doomed as they are to inextinguishable longings and life-long deprivation of that which is the chief prize of man's existence on this planet, a reciprocated love? As your laws at present stand, you include all cases of sexual inversion under the one domination of crime. You make exceptions in some special instances, and treat the men involved as lunatics. But the Urning is neither criminal nor insane. He is only less fortunate than you are, through an accident of birth, which is at present obscure to our imperfect science of sexual determination.

So far Ulrichs is justified in his pleading. When it has been admitted that sexual inversion is usually a fact of congenital diathesis, the criminal law stands in no logical relation to the phenomenon. It is monstrous to punish people as wilfully wicked because, having been born with the same organs and the same appetites as their neighbours, they are doomed to suffer under the frightful disability of not being able to use their organs or to gratify their appetites in the ordinary way.

But here arises a difficulty, which cannot be ignored, since upon it is based the only valid excuse for the position taken up by society in dealing with this matter. Not all men and women possessed by abnormal sexual desires can claim that these are innate. It is certain that the habits of sodomy are frequently acquired under conditions of exclusion from the company of persons of the other sex--as in public schools, barracks, prisons, convents, ships. In some cases they are deliberately adopted by natures tired of normal sexual pleasure. They may even become fashionable and epidemic. Lastly, it is probable that curiosity and imitation communicate them to otherwise normal individuals at a susceptible moment of development. Therefore society has the right to say: Those who are the unfortunate subjects of inborn sexual inversion shall not be allowed to indulge their passions, lest the mischief should spread, and a vicious habit should contaminate our youth. From the utilitarian point of view, society is justified in protecting itself against a minority of exceptional beings whom it regards as pernicious to the general welfare. From any point of view, the majority is strong enough to coerce to inborn instincts and to trample on the anguish of a few unfortunates. But, asks Ulrichs, is this consistent with humanity, is it consistent with the august ideal of impartial equity? Are people, sound in body, vigorous in mind, wholesome in habit, capable of generous affections, good servants of the state, trustworthy in all the ordinary relations of life, to be condemned at law as criminals because they cannot feel sexually as the majority feel, because they find some satisfaction for their inborn want in ways which the majority dislike?

Seeking a solution of the difficulty stated in the foregoing paragraph, Ulrichs finds it in fact and history. His answer is that if society leaves nature to take her course, with the abnormal as well as with the normal subjects of sexual inclination, society will not suffer. In countries where legal penalties have been removed from inverted sexuality, where this is placed upon the same footing as the normal--in France, Bavaria (?), the Netherlands (?)--no inconvenience has hitherto arisen.[61] There has ensued no sudden and flagrant outburst of a depraved habit, no dissemination of a spreading moral poison. On the other hand, in countries where these penalties exist and are enforced--in England, for example, and in the metropolis of England, London--inverted sexuality runs riot,

despite of legal prohibitions, despite of threats of prison, dread of exposure, and the intolerable pest of organised _chantage_. In the eyes of Ulrichs, society is engaged in sitting on a safety-valve, which if nature were allowed to operate unhindered would do society no harm, but rather good. The majority, he thinks, are not going to become Urnings, for the simple reason that they have not the unhappy constitution of the Urning. Cease to persecute Urnings, accept them as inconsiderable, yet real, factors, in the social commonwealth, leave them to themselves, and you will not be the worse for it, and will also not carry on your conscience the burden of intolerant vindictiveness.

Substantiating this position, Ulrichs demonstrates that acquired habits of sexual inversion are almost invariably thrown off by normal natures. Your boys at public schools, he says, behave as though they were Urnings. In the lack of women, at the time when their passions are predominant, they yield themselves up together to mutual indulgences which would bring your laws down with terrible effect upon adults. You are aware of this. You send your sons to Eton and to Harrow, and you know very well what goes on there. Yet you remain untroubled in your minds. And why? Because you feel convinced that they will return to their congenital instincts.

When the school, the barrack, the prison, the ship has been abandoned, the male reverts to the female. This is the truth about Dionings. The large majority of men and women remain normal, simply because they were made normal. They cannot find the satisfaction of their nature in those inverted practices to which they yielded for a time through want of normal outlet. Society risks little by the occasional caprice of the school, the barrack, the prison, and the ship. Some genuine Urnings may, indeed, discover their inborn inclination by means of the process to which you subject them. But you are quite right in supposing that a Dioning, though you have forced him to become for a time an Uraniaster, will never in the long run appear as an Urning. The extensive experience which English people possess regarding such matters, owing to the notorious condition of their public schools, goes to confirm Ulrichs' position. Headmasters know how many Uraniasters they have dealt with, what excellent Dionings they become, and how comparatively rare, and yet how incorrigibly steadfast, are the genuine Urnings in their flock.

The upshot of this matter is that we are continually forcing our young men into conditions under which, if sexual inversion were an acquired attribute, it would become stereotyped in their natures. Yet it does not do so. Provisionally, because they are shut off from girls, because they find no other outlet for their sex at the moment of its most imperious claims, they turn toward males, and treat their younger school-fellows in ways which would consign an adult to penal servitude. They are Uraniasters by necessity and _faute de mieux_. But no sooner are they let loose upon the world than the majority revert to normal channels. They pick up women in the streets, and form connections, as the phrase goes. Some undoubtedly, in this fiery furnace through which they have been passed, discover their inborn sexual inversion. Then, when they cannot resist the ply of their proclivity, you condemn them as criminals in their later years. Is that just? Would it not be better to revert from our civilisation to the manners of the savage man--to initiate youths into the mysteries of sex, and to give each in his turn the chance of developing a normal instinct by putting him during his time of puberty freely and frankly to the female? If you abhor Urnings, as you surely do, you are at least responsible for their mishap by the extraordinary way in which you bring them up. At all events, when they develop into the eccentric beings which they are, you are the last people in the world who have any right to punish them with legal penalties and social obloquy.

Considering the present state of the law in most countries to be inequitable toward a respectable minority of citizens, Ulrichs proposes that Urnings should be placed upon the same footing as other men. That is to say, sexual relations between males and males should not be treated as criminal, unless they be attended with violence (as in the case of rape), or be carried on in such a way as to offend the public sense of decency (in places of general resort or on the open street), or thirdly be entertained between an adult and a boy under age (the protected age to be decided as in the case of girls). What he demands is that when an adult male, freely and of his own consent, complies with the proposals of an adult person of his own sex, and their intercourse takes place with due regard for public decency, neither party shall be liable to prosecution and punishment at law. In fact he would be satisfied with the same conditions as those prevalent in France, and since June, 1889, in Italy.

If so much were conceded by the majority of normal people to the abnormal minority, continues Ulrichs, an immense amount of misery and furtive vice would be at once abolished. And it is difficult to conceive what evil results would follow. A defender of the present laws of England, Prussia, &c., might indeed reply: "This is opening a free way to the seduction and corruption of young men." But young men are surely at least as capable of defending themselves against seduction and corruption as young women are. Nay, they are far more able, not merely because they are stronger, but because they are not usually weakened by an overpowering sexual instinct on which the seducer plays. Yet the seduction and corruption of young women is tolerated, in spite of the attendant consequences of illegitimate childbirth, and all which that involves. This toleration of the seduction of women by men springs from the assumption that only the normal sexual appetite is natural. The seduction of a man by a male passes for criminal,

because the inverted sexual instinct is regarded as unnatural, depraved, and wilfully perverse. On the hypothesis that individuals subject to perverted instincts can suppress them at pleasure or convert them into normal appetite, it is argued that they must be punished. But when the real facts come to be studied, it will be found: first, that these instincts are inborn in Urnings, and are therefore in their case natural; secondly, that the suppression of them is tantamount to life-long abstinence under the constant torture of sexual solicitation; thirdly, that the conversion of them into normal channels is in a large percentage of cases totally impossible, in nearly all where it has been attempted is only partially successful, and where marriage ensues has generally ended in misery for both parties. Ulrichs, it will be noticed, does not distinguish between Urnings, in whom the inversion is admitted to be congenital, and Uraniasters, in whom it has been acquired or deliberately adopted. And it would be very difficult to frame laws which should take cognisance of these two classes. The Code Napoleon legalises the position of both, theoretically at any rate. The English code treats both as criminal, doing thereby, it must be admitted, marked injustice to recognised Urnings, who at the worst are morbid or insane, or sexually deformed, through no fault of their own.

In the present state of things, adds Ulrichs, the men who yield their bodies to abnormal lovers, do not merely do so out of compliance, sympathy, or the desire for reasonable reward. Too often they speculate upon the illegality of the connection, and have their main object in the extortion of money by threats of exposure. Thus the very basest of all trades, that of _chantage_, is encouraged by the law. Alter the law, and instead of increasing vice, you will diminish it; for a man who should then meet the advances of an Urning, would do so out of compliance, or, as is the case with female prostitutes, upon the expectation of a reasonable gain. The temptation to ply a disgraceful profession with the object of extorting money would be removed. Moreover, as regards individuals alike abnormally constituted, voluntary and mutually satisfying relations, free from degrading risks, and possibly permanent, might be formed between responsible agents. Finally, if it be feared that the removal of legal disabilities would turn the whole male population into Urnings, consider whether London is now so much purer in this respect than Paris?

One serious objection to recognising and tolerating sexual inversion has always been that it tends to check the population. This was a sound political and social argument in the time of Moses, when a small and militant tribe needed to multiply to the full extent of its procreative capacity. It is by no means so valid in our age, when the habitable portions of the globe are rapidly becoming overcrowded.[62] Moreover, we must bear in mind that society, under the existing order, sanctions female prostitution, whereby men and women, the normally procreative, are sterilised to an indefinite extent. Logic, in these circumstances, renders it equitable and ridiculous to deny a sterile exercise of sex to abnormal men and women, who are by instinct and congenital diathesis non-procreative.

As the result of these considerations, Ulrichs concludes that there is no real ground for the persecution of Urnings except as may be found in the repugnance by the vast numerical majority for an insignificant minority. The majority encourages matrimony, condones seduction, sanctions prostitution, legalises divorce in the interests of its own sexual proclivities. It makes temporary or permanent unions illegal for the minority whose inversion of instinct it abhors. And this persecution, in the popular mind at any rate, is justified, like many other inequitable acts of prejudice or ignorance, by theological assumptions and the so-called mandates of revelation.

In the next place it is objected that inversed sexuality is demoralising to the manhood of a nation, that it degrades the dignity of a man, and that it is incapable of moral elevation. Each of these points may be taken separately. They are all of them at once and together contradicted by the history of ancient Greece. There the most warlike sections of the race, the Dorians of Crete and Sparta, and the Thebans, organised the love of male for male because of the social and military advantages they found in it. Their annals abound in eminent instances of heroic enthusiasm, patriotic devotion, and high living, inspired by homosexual passion. The fighting peoples of the world, Kelts in ancient story, Normans, Turks, Afghans, Albanians, Tartars, have been distinguished by the frequency among them of what popular prejudice regards as an effeminate vice.

With regard to the dignity of man, is there, asks Ulrichs, anything more degrading to humanity in sexual acts performed between male and male than in similar acts performed between male and female. In a certain sense all sex has an element of grossness which inspires repugnance. The gods, says Swinburne,

"Have strewed one marriage-bed with tears and fire, For extreme loathing and supreme desire."

It would not be easy to maintain that a curate begetting his fourteenth baby on the body of a worn-out wife is a more elevating object of mental contemplation than Harmodius in the embrace of Aristogeiton, or that a young man sleeping with a prostitute picked up in the Haymarket is cleaner than his brother sleeping with a soldier picked up in the Park. Much of this talk about the

dignity of man, says Ulrichs, proceeds from a vulgar misconception as to the nature of inverted sexual desire. People assume that Urnings seek their pleasure only or mainly in an act of unmentionable indecency. The exact opposite, he assures them, is the truth. The act in question is no commoner between men and men than it is between men and women. Ulrichs, upon this point, may be suspected, perhaps, as an untrustworthy witness. His testimony, however, is confirmed by Krafft-Ebing, who, as we have seen, has studied sexual inversion long and minutely from the point of view of psychical pathology. "As regards the nature of their sexual gratification," he writes, "it must be established at the outset that the majority of them are contented with reciprocal embraces; the act commonly ascribed to them they generally abhor as much as normal men do; and, inasmuch as they always prefer adults, they are in no sense specially dangerous to boys."[63] This author proceeds to draw a distinction between Urnings in whom sexual inversion is congenital, and old debauchees or half-idiotic individuals, who are in the habit of misusing boys. The vulgar have confounded two different classes; and everybody who studies the psychology of Urnings is aware that this involves a grave injustice to the latter.

"But, after all," continues the objector, "you cannot show that inverted sexuality is capable of any moral elevation." Without appealing to antiquity, the records of which confute this objection overwhelmingly, one might refer to the numerous passages in Ulrich's writings where he relates the fidelity, loyalty, self-sacrifice, and romantic enthusiasm which frequently accompany such loves, and raises them above baseness. But, since here again he may be considered a suspicious witness, it will suffice, as before, to translate a brief passage from Krafft-Ebing. "The Urning loves, idolizes his friend, quite as much as the normal man loves and idolizes his girl. He is capable of making for him the greatest sacrifices. He suffers the pangs of unhappy, often unreturned, affection; feels jealousy, mourns under the fear of his friend's infidelity."[64] When the time comes for speaking about Walt Whitman's treatment of this topic, it will appear that the passion of a man for his comrade has been idealised in fact and deed, as well as in poetry. For the present it is enough to remark that a kind of love, however spontaneous and powerful, which is scouted, despised, tabooed, banned, punished, relegated to holes and corners, cannot be expected to show its best side to the world. The sense of sin and crime and danger, the humiliation and repression and distress to which the unfortunate pariahs of inverted sexuality are daily and hourly exposed must inevitably deteriorate the nobler elements in their emotion. Give abnormal love the same chance as normal love, subject it to the wholesome control of public opinion, allow it to be self-respecting, draw it from dark slums into the light of day, strike off its chains and set it free--and I am confident says Ulrichs, that it will exhibit analogous virtues, checkered, of course, by analogous vices, to those with which you are familiar in the mutual love of male and female. The slave has of necessity a slavish soul. The way to elevate is to emancipate him.

"All that may be true," replies the objector: "it is even possible that society will take the hard case of your Urnings into consideration, and listen to their bitter cry. But, in the meanwhile, supposing these inverted instincts to be inborn, supposing them to be irrepressible and inconvertible, supposing them to be less dirty and nasty than they are commonly considered, is it not the plain duty of the individual to suppress them, so long as the law of his country condemns them?" No, rejoins Ulrichs, a thousand times no! It is only the ignorant antipathy of the majority which renders such law as you speak of possible. Go to the best books of medical jurisprudence, go to the best authorities on psychical deviations from the normal type. You will find that these support me in my main contention. These, though hostile in their sentiments and chilled by natural repugnance, have a respect for science, and they agree with me in saying that the Urning came into this world an Urning, and must remain till the end of his life an Urning still. To deal with him according to your code is no less monstrous than if you were to punish the colour-blind, or the deaf and dumb, or albinoes, or crooked-back cripples. "Very well," answers the objector: "But I will quote the words of an eloquent living writer, and appeal to your generous instincts and your patriotism. Professor Dowden observes that 'self-surrender is at times sternly enjoined, and if the egoistic desires are brought into conflict with social duties, the individual life and joy within us, at whatever cost of personal suffering, must be sacrificed to the just claims of our fellows.'[65] What have you to say to that?" In the first place, replies Ulrichs, I demur in this case to the phrases _egoistic desires_, _social duties_, _just claims of our fellows_. I maintain that in trying to rehabilitate men of my own stamp and to justify their natural right to toleration I am not egoistic. It is begging the question to stigmatise their inborn desire as selfish. The social duties of which you speak are not duties, but compliances to law framed in blindness and prejudice. The claims of our fellows, to which you appeal, are not just, but cruelly inequitous. My insurgence against all these things makes me act indeed as an innovator; and I may be condemned, as a consequence of my rashness, to persecution, exile, defamation, proscription. But let me remind you that Christ was crucified, and that he is now regarded as a benefactor. "Stop," breaks in the objector: "We need not bring most sacred names into this discussion. I admit that innovators have done the greatest service to society. But you have not proved that you are working for the salvation of humanity at large. Would it not be better to remain quiet, and to sacrifice your life and joy, the life and joy of an avowed minority, for the sake of the immense majority who cannot tolerate you, and who dread your innovation? The Catholic priesthood is vowed to celibacy; and

unquestionably there are some adult men in that order who have trampled out the imperious appetite of the male for the female. What they do for the sake of their vow will not you accomplish, when you have so much of good to gain, of evil to escape?" What good, what evil? rejoins Ulrichs. You are again begging the question; and now you are making appeals to my selfishness, my personal desire for tranquillity, my wish to avoid persecution and shame. I have taken no vow of celibacy. If I have taken any vow at all, it is to fight for the rights of an innocent, harmless, downtrodden group of outraged personalities. The cross of a Crusade is sewn upon the sleeve of my right arm. To expect from me and from my fellows the renouncement voluntarily undertaken by a Catholic priest is an absurdity, when we join no order, have no faith to uphold, no ecclesiastical system to support. We maintain that we have the right to exist after the fashion in which nature made us. And if we cannot alter your laws, we shall go on breaking them. You may condemn us to infamy, exile, prison--as you formerly burned witches. You may degrade our emotional instincts and drive us into vice and misery. But you will not eradicate inverted sexuality. Expel nature with a fork, and you know what happens. "That is enough," says the objector: "We had better close this conversation. I am sorry for you, sorry that you will not yield to sense and force. The Urning must be punished."

VIII.

LITERATURE--IDEALISTIC.

To speak of Walt Whitman at all in connection with Ulrichs and sexual inversion seems paradoxical. At the outset it must be definitely stated that he has nothing to do with anomalous, abnormal, vicious, or diseased forms of the emotion which males entertain for males. Yet no man in the modern world has expressed so strong a conviction that "manly attachment," "athletic love," "the high towering love of comrades," is a main factor in human life, a virtue upon which society will have to rest, and a passion equal in its permanence and intensity to sexual affection.

He assumes, without raising the question, that the love of man for man co-exists with the love of man for woman in one and the same individual. The relation of the two modes of feeling is clearly stated in this poem:--

"Fast-anchored, eternal, O love! O woman I love! O bride! O wife! More resistless than I can tell, the thought of you Then separate, as disembodied, or another born, Ethereal, the last athletic reality, my consolation; I ascend--I float in the regions of your love, O man, O sharer of my roving life."

Neuropathical Urnings are not hinted at in any passage of his works. As his friend and commentator Mr. Burroughs puts it: "The sentiment is primitive, athletic, taking form in all manner of large and homely out-of-door images, and springs, as anyone may see, directly from the heart and experience of the poet."

This being so, Whitman never suggests that comradeship may occasion the development of physical desires. But then he does not in set terms condemn these desires, or warn his disciples against them. To a Western boy he says:--

"If you be not silently selected by lovers, and do not silently seek lovers, Of what use is it that you seek to become eleve of mine."

Like Plato, in the Phædrus, Whitman describes an enthusiastic type of masculine emotion, leaving its private details to the moral sense and special inclination of the person concerned.[66]

The language of "Calamus" (that section of "Leaves of Grass" which is devoted to the gospel of comradeship) has a passionate glow, a warmth of emotional tone, beyond anything to which the modern world is used in the celebration of the love of friends. It recalls to our mind the early Greek enthusiasm--that fellowship in arms which flourished among Dorian tribes, and made a chivalry for prehistoric Hellas. Nor does the poet himself appear to be unconscious that there are dangers and difficulties involved in the highly-pitched emotions he is praising. The whole tenor of two mysterious compositions, entitled "Whoever you are, Holding me now in Hand," and "Trickle, Drops," suggests an underlying sense of spiritual conflict. The following poem, again, is sufficiently significant and typical to call for literal transcription:--

"Earth, my likeness!

Though you look so impressive, ample and spheric here, I now suspect that is not all; I now suspect there is something fierce in you, eligible to burst forth; For an athletic is enamoured of me--and I of him, But toward him there is something fierce and terrible in me, eligible to burst forth, I dare not tell it in words--not even in these songs."

The reality of Whitman's feeling, the intense delight which he derives from the personal presence and physical contact of a beloved man, find expression in "A Glimpse," "Recorders ages hence," "When I heard at the Close of Day," "I saw in Louisiana a Live Oak growing," "Long I thought that Knowledge alone would content me,"[67] "O Tan-faced Prairie Boy," and "Vigil Strange I kept on the Field one Night."[68]

It is clear, then, that in his treatment of comradeship, or the impassioned love of man for man, Whitman has struck a keynote, to the emotional intensity of which the modern world is unaccustomed. It therefore becomes of much importance to discover the poet-prophet's _Stimmung_--his radical instinct with regard to the moral quality of the feeling he encourages. Studying his works by their own light, and by the light of their author's character, interpreting each part by reference to the whole and in the spirit of the whole, an impartial critic will, I think, be drawn to the conclusion that what he calls the "adhesiveness" of comradeship is meant to have no interblending with the "amativeness" of sexual love. Personally, it is undeniable that Whitman possesses a specially keen sense of the fine restraint and continence, the cleanliness and chastity, that are inseparable from the perfectly virile and physically complete nature of healthy manhood. Still, we may predicate the same ground-qualities in the early Dorians, those martial founders of the institution of Greek Love; and it is notorious to students of Greek civilisation that the lofty sentiment of their chivalry was intertwined with singular anomalies in its historical development.

To remove all doubt about Whitman's own intentions when he composed "Calamus," and promulgated his doctrine of impassioned comradeship, I wrote to him, frankly posing the questions which perplexed my mind. The answer I received, dated Camden, New Jersey, U.S.A., August 19, 1890, and which he permits me to make use of, puts the matter beyond all debate, and confirms the conclusions to which I had been led by criticism. He writes as follows: "About the questions on 'Calamus,' &c., they quite daze me. 'Leaves of Grass' is only to be rightly construed by and within its own atmosphere and essential character--all its pages and pieces so coming strictly under. That the Calamus part has ever allowed the possibility of such construction as mentioned is terrible. I am fain to hope the pages themselves are not to be even mentioned for such gratuitous and quite at the time undreamed and unwished possibility of morbid inferences--which are disavowed by me and seem damnable."

No one who knows anything about Walt Whitman will for a moment doubt his candour and sincerity. Therefore the man who wrote "Calamus," and preached the gospel of comradeship, entertains feelings at least as hostile to sexual inversion as any law-abiding humdrum Anglo-Saxon could desire. It is obvious that he has not even taken the phenomena of abnormal instinct into account. Else he must have foreseen that, human nature being what it is, we cannot expect to eliminate all sexual alloy from emotions raised to a high pitch of passionate intensity, and that permanent elements within the midst of our society will emperil the absolute purity of the ideal he attempts to establish.

These considerations do not, however, affect the spiritual nature of that ideal. After acknowledging, what Whitman has omitted to perceive, that there are inevitable points of contact between sexual inversion and his doctrine of comradeship, the question now remains whether he has not suggested the way whereby abnormal instincts may be moralised and raised to higher value. In other words, are those instincts provided in "Calamus" with the means of their salvation from the filth and mire of brutal appetite? It is difficult to answer this question; for the issue involved is nothing less momentous than the possibility of evoking a new chivalrous enthusiasm, analogous to that of primitive Hellenic society, from emotions which are at present classified among the turpitudes of human nature.

Let us look a little closer at the expression which Whitman has given to his own feelings about friendship. The first thing that strikes us is the mystic emblem he has chosen for masculine love. That is the water-plant, or scented rush, called Calamus, which springs in wild places, "in paths untrodden, in the growth by margins of pond-waters" He has chosen these "emblematic and capricious blades" because of their shyness, their aromatic perfume, their aloofness from the patent life of the world. He calls them "sweet leaves, pink-tinged roots, timid leaves," "scented herbage of my breast." Finally, he says:--[69]

"Here my last words, and the most baffling, Here the frailest leaves of me, and yet my strongest-lasting, Here I shade down and hide my thoughts--I do not expose them, And yet they expose me more than all my other poems."

The manliness of the emotion, which is thus so shyly, mystically indicated, appears in the magnificent address to soldiers at the close of the great war: "Over the Carnage rose Prophetic a Voice."[70] Its tenderness emerges in the elegy on a slain comrade--:[71]

"Vigil for boy of responding kisses (never again on earth responding), Vigil for comrade swiftly slain--vigil I never forget, how as day brightened, I rose from the chill ground, and folded my soldier well in his blanket, And buried him where he fell."

Its pathos and clinging intensity transpire through the first lines of the following piece, which may have been suggested by the legends of David and Jonathan, Achilles and Patroclus, Oretes and Pylades:--[72]

"When I pursue the conquered fame of heroes, and the victories of mighty generals, I do not envy the generals, Nor the president in his Presidency, nor the rich in his great house; But when I read of the brotherhood of lovers, how it was with them, How through life, through dangers, odium, unchanging, long and long, Through youth, and through middle and old age, how unfaltering, how affectionate and faithful they were, Then I am pensive--I hastily put down the book, and walk away, filled with the bitterest envy."

But Whitman does not conceive of comradeship as a merely personal possession, delightful to the friends it links in bonds of amity. He regards it essentially as a social and political virtue. This human emotion is destined to cement society and to render commonwealths inviolable. Reading some of his poems, we are carried back to ancient Greece--to Plato's Symposium, to Philip gazing on the Sacred Band of Thebans after the fight at Chæronea.[73]

"I dream'd in a dream, I saw a city invincible to the attacks of the whole of the rest of the earth; I dream'd that was the new City of Friends; Nothing was greater there than the quality of robust love--it led the rest; It was seen every hour in the actions of the men of that city, And in all their looks and words."

And again:[74]

"I believe the main purport of these States is to found a superb friendship, exalté, previously unknown, Because I perceive it waits, and has been always waiting, latent in all men."

And once again:--[75]

"Come, I will make the continent indissoluble; I will make the most splendid race the sun ever yet shone upon; I will make divine magnetic lands, With the love of comrades, With the life-long love of comrades. I will plant companionship thick as trees all along the shores of America, and along the shores of the great lakes, and all over the prairies; I will make inseparable cities, with their arms about each other's necks; By the love of comrades, By the manly love of comrades. For you these from me, O Democracy, to serve you ma femme! For you, for you I am thrilling these songs."

In the company of Walt Whitman we are very far away from Gibbon and Carlier, from Tardieux and Casper-Liman, from Krafft-Ebing and Ulrichs. What indeed has this "superb friendship, exalté, previously unknown," which "waits, and has been always waiting, latent in all men," that "something fierce in me, eligible to burst forth," "ethereal comradeship," "the last athletic reality"--what has all this in common with the painful topic of the preceding sections of my Essay?

It has this in common with it. Whitman recognises among the sacred emotions and social virtues, destined to regenerate political life and to cement nations, an intense, jealous, throbbing, sensitive, expectant love of man for man: a love which yearns in absence, droops under the sense of neglect, revives at the return of the beloved; a love that finds honest delight in hand-touch, meeting lips, hours of privacy, close personal contact. He proclaims this love to be not only a daily fact in the present, but also a saving and ennobling aspiration. While he expressly repudiates, disowns, and brands as "damnable" all "morbid inferences" which may be drawn by malevolence or vicious cunning from his doctrine, he is prepared to extend the gospel of comradeship to the whole human race. He expects Democracy, the new social and political medium, the new religious ideal of mankind, to develop and extend "that fervid comradeship," and by its means to counterbalance and to spiritualise what is vulgar and materialistic in the modern world. "Democracy," he maintains, "infers such loving comradeship, as its most inevitable twin or counterpart, without which it will be incomplete, in vain, and incapable of perpetuating itself."[76]

If this be not a dream, if he is right in believing that "threads of manly friendship, fond and loving, pure and sweet, strong and life-long, carried to degrees hitherto unknown," will penetrate the organism of society, "not only giving tone to individual character, and making it unprecedentedly emotional, muscular, heroic, and refined, but having deepest relations to general politics"--then are we perhaps justified in foreseeing here the advent of an enthusiasm which shall rehabilitate those outcast instincts, by giving them a spiritual atmosphere, an environment of recognised and healthy emotions, wherein to expand at liberty and purge away the grossness and the madness of their pariahdom?

This prospect, like all ideals, until they are realised in experience, may seem fantastically visionary. Moreover, the substance of human nature is so mixed that it would perhaps be fanatical to expect from Whitman's chivalry of "adhesiveness" a more immaculate purity than was attained by the mediæval chivalry of "amativeness." Still that mediæval chivalry, the great emotional

product of feudalism, though it fell short of its own aspiration, bequeathed incalculable good to modern society by refining and clarifying the crudest of male appetites. In like manner, the democratic chivalry, announced by Whitman, may be destined to absorb, control, and elevate those darker, more mysterious, apparently abnormal appetites, which we have seen to be widely diffused and ineradicable in the ground-work of human nature.

Returning from the dream, the vision of a future possibility, it will at any rate be conceded that Whitman has founded comradeship, the enthusiasm which binds man to man in fervent love, upon a natural basis. Eliminating classical associations of corruption, ignoring the perplexed questions of a guilty passion doomed by law and popular antipathy to failure, he begins anew with sound and primitive humanity. There he discovers "a superb friendship, exalté, previously unknown." He perceives that "it waits, and has been always waiting, latent in all men." His method of treatment, fearless and uncowed by any thought of evil, his touch upon the matter, chaste and wholesome and aspiring, reveal the possibility of restoring in all innocence to human life a portion of its alienated or unclaimed moral birthright. The aberrations we have been discussing in this treatise are perhaps the morbid symptoms of suppression, of hypertrophy, of ignorant misregulation, in a genuine emotion capable of being raised to good by sympathetic treatment.

It were well to close upon this note. The half, as the Greeks said, is more than the whole; and the time has not yet come to raise the question whether the love of man for man shall be elevated through a hitherto unapprehended chivalry to nobler powers, even as the barbarous love of man for woman once was. This question at the present moment is deficient in actuality. The world cannot be invited to entertain it.[77]

IX.

EPILOGUE.

The conclusions to which I am led by this enquiry into sexual inversion are that its several manifestations may be classified under the following categories: (1) Forced abstinence from intercourse with females, or _faute de mieux;_ (2) Wantonness and curious seeking after novel pleasure; (3) Pronounced morbidity; (4) Inborn instinctive preference for the male and indifference to the female sex; (5) Epochs of history when the habit has become established and endemic in whole nations.

Under the first category we group the phenomena presented by schools, prisons, convents, ships, garrisons in solitary stations, nomadic tribes of marauding conquerors.[78]

To the second belong those individuals who amuse themselves with experiments in sensual pleasure, men jaded with ordinary sexual indulgence, and indifferent voluptuaries. It is possible that something morbid or abnormal usually marks this class.

To the third we assign clear cases of hereditary malady, in which a want of self-control is prominent, together with sufferers from nervous lesion, wounds, epilepsy, senile brain-softening, in so far as these physical disturbances are complicated with abnormal passions.[79]

The fourth includes the whole class of Urnings, who have been hitherto ignored by medical investigators, and on whose numerical importance Ulrichs has perhaps laid exaggerated stress. These individuals behave precisely like persons of normal sexual proclivities, display no signs of insanity, and have no morbid constitutional diathesis to account for their peculiarity.

Under the existing conditions of European Society, these four categories exist sporadically. That is to say, the members of them are found scattered through all communities, but are nowhere recognised except by the penal code and the medical profession. In the fifth category we are brought face to face with the problem offered by ancient Hellas, by Persia, by Afghan, by the peoples of what Burton calls the Sotadic Zone. However we may account for the origin of sexual inversion, the instinct has through usage, tradition, and social toleration passed here into the nature of the race; so that the four previous categories are confounded, or, if distinguished, are only separable in the same way as the vicious and morbid affections of the ordinary sexual appetite may be differentiated from its healthier manifestations.

Returning to the first four categories, which alone have any importance for a modern European, we perceive that only one of them, the third, is positively morbid, and only one, the second, is _ipso facto_ vicious. The first is immoral in the same sense as all incontinence, including self-abuse, fornication, and so forth, practised _faute de mieux_, is immoral; but it cannot be called either morbid or positively vicious, because the habit in question springs up under extra-social circumstances. The members of the fourth category are abnormal through their constitution. Whether we refer that abnormality to atavism, or to some hitherto unapprehended

deviation from the rule in their sexual conformation, there is no proof that they are the subjects of disease. At the same time it is certain that they are not deliberately vicious.

The treatment of sexual inversion by society and legislation follows the view taken of its origin and nature. Ever since the age of Justinian, it has been regarded as an unqualified crime against God, the order of the world, and the State. This opinion, which has been incorporated in the codes of all the Occidental races, sprang originally from the conviction that sterile passions are injurious to the tribe by checking propagation. Religion adopted this view, and, through the legend of Sodom and Gomorrah, taught that God was ready to punish whole nations with violent destruction if they practised the "unmentionable vice." Advancing civilisation, at the same time, sought in every way to limit and regulate the sexual appetite; and while doing so, it naturally excluded those forms which were not agreeable to the majority, which possessed no obvious utility, and which _prima facie_ seemed to violate the cardinal laws of human nature.

Social feeling, moulded by religion, by legislation, by civility, and by the persistent antipathies of the majority regards sexual inversion with immitigable abhorrence. It does not distinguish between the categories I have indicated, but includes all species under the common condemnation of crime.

Meanwhile, of late years, we have come to perceive that the phenomena presented by sexual inversion, cannot be so roughly dealt with. Two great nations, the French and the Italian, by the "Code Napoleon" and the "Codice Penale" of 1889, remove these phenomena from the category of crime into that of immorality at worst. That is to say, they place the intercourse of males with males upon the same legal ground as the normal sexual relation. They punish violence, protect minors, and provide for the maintenance of public decency. Within these limitations, they recognise the right of adults to deal as they choose with their persons.

The new school of anthropologists and psychological physicians study sexual inversion partly on the lines of historical evolution, and partly from the point of view of disease. Mixing up atavism and heredity with nervous malady in the individual, they wish to substitute medical treatment for punishment, life-long sequestration in asylums for terms of imprisonment differing in duration according to the offence.

Neither society nor science entertains the notion that those instincts which the laws of France and Italy tolerate, under certain restrictions, can be simply natural in a certain percentage of male persons. Up to the present time the Urning has not been considered as a sport of nature in her attempt to differentiate the sexes. Ulrichs is the only European who has maintained this view in a long series of polemical and imperfectly scientific works. Yet facts brought daily beneath the notice of open-eyed observers prove that Ulrichs is justified in his main contention. Society lies under the spell of ancient terrorism and coagulated errors. Science is either wilfully hypocritical or radically misinformed.

Walt Whitman, in America, regards what he calls "manly love" as destined to be a leading virtue of democratic nations, and the source of a new chivalry. But he does not define what he means by "manly love." And he emphatically disavows any "morbid inferences" from his doctrine as "damnable."

This is how the matter stands now. The one thing which seems clear is that sexual inversion is no subject for legislation, and that the example of France and Italy might well be followed by other nations. The problem ought to be left to the physician, the moralist, the educator, and finally to the operation of social opinion.

X.

SUGGESTIONS ON THE SUBJECT OF SEXUAL INVERSION IN RELATION TO LAW AND EDUCATION.

I.

The laws in force against what are called unnatural offences derive from an edict of Justinian, A.D. 538. The Emperor treated these offences as criminal, on the ground that they brought plagues, famines, earthquakes, and the destruction of whole cities, together with their inhabitants, upon the nations who tolerated them.

II.

A belief that sexual inversion is a crime against God, nature, and the State pervades all subsequent legislation on the subject. This belief rests on (1) theological conceptions derived from the Scriptures; (2) a dread of decreasing the population; (3) the antipathy of the majority for the tastes of the minority; (4) the vulgar error that antiphysical desires are invariably voluntary, and the result either of inordinate lust or of satiated appetites.

III.

Scientific investigation has proved in recent years that a very large proportion of persons in whom abnormal sexual inclinations are manifested possess them from their earliest childhood, that they cannot divert them into normal channels, and that they are powerless to get rid of them. In these cases, then, legislation is interfering with the liberty of individuals, under a certain misconception regarding the nature of their offence.

IV.

Those who support the present laws are therefore bound to prove that the coercion, punishment, and defamation of such persons are justified either (1) by any injury which these persons suffer in health of body or mind, or (2) by any serious danger arising from them to the social organism.

V.

Experience, confirmed by scientific observation, proves that the temperate indulgence of abnormal sexuality is no more injurious to the individual than a similar indulgence of normal sexuality.

VI.

In the present state of over-population, it is not to be apprehended that a small minority of men exercising sterile and abnormal sexual inclinations should seriously injure society by limiting the increase of the human race.

VII.

Legislation does not interfere with various forms of sterile intercourse between men and women: (1) prostitution, (2) cohabitation in marriage during the period of pregnancy, (3) artificial precautions against impregnation, and (4) some abnormal modes of congress with the consent of the female. It is therefore in an illogical position, when it interferes with the action of those who are naturally sterile, on the ground of maintaining the numerical standard of the population.

VIII.

The danger that unnatural vices, if tolerated by the law, would increase until whole nations acquired them, does not seem to be formidable. The position of women in our civilisation renders sexual relations among us occidentals different from those of any country--ancient Greece and Rome, modern Turkey and Persia--where antiphysical habits have hitherto become endemic.

IX.

In modern France, since the promulgation of the Code Napoleon, sexual inversion has been tolerated under the same restrictions as normal sexuality. That is to say, violence and outrages to public decency are punished, and minors are protected, but adults are allowed to dispose as they like of their own persons. The experience of nearly a century shows that in France, where sexual inversion is not criminal _per se_, there has been no extension of it through society. Competent observers, like agents of police, declare that London, in spite of our penal legislation, is no less notorious for abnormal vice than Paris.

X.

Italy, by the Penal Code of 1889, adopted the principles of the Code Napoleon on this point. It would be interesting to know what led to this alteration of the Italian law. But it cannot be supposed that the results of the Code Napoleon in France were not fully considered.

XI.

The severity of the English statutes render them almost incapable of being put in force. In consequence of this the law is not unfrequently evaded, and crimes are winked at.

XII.

At the same time our laws encourage blackmailing upon false accusation; and the presumed evasion of their execution places from time to time a vile weapon in the hands of unscrupulous politicians, to attack the Government in office. Examples: the Dublin Castle Scandals of 1884, the Cleveland Street Scandals of 1889.

XIII.

Those who hold that our penal laws are required by the interests of society must turn their attention to the higher education. This still rests on the study of the Greek and Latin classics, a literature impregnated with pæderastia. It is carried on at public schools, where young men are kept apart from females, and where homosexual vices are frequent. The best minds of our youth are therefore exposed to the influences of a pæderastic literature at the same time that they acquire the knowledge and experience of unnatural practices. Nor is any trouble taken to correct these adverse influences by physiological instruction in the laws of sex.

XIV.

The points suggested for consideration are whether England is still justified in restricting the freedom of adult persons, and rendering certain abnormal forms of sexuality criminal, by any real dangers to society: after it has been shown (1) that abnormal inclinations are congenital, natural, and ineradicable in a large percentage of individuals; (2) that we tolerate sterile intercourse of various types between the two sexes; (3) that our legislation has not suppressed the immorality in question; (4) that the operation of the Code Napoleon for nearly a century has not increased this immorality in France; (5) that Italy, with the experience of the Code Napoleon to guide her, adopted its principles in 1889; (6) that the English penalties are rarely inflicted to their full extent; (7) that their existence encourages blackmailing, and their non-enforcement gives occasion for base political agitation; (8) that our higher education is in open contradiction to the spirit of our laws.[80]

FINIS.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Vindices Flammæ.

[2] Stieber, "Practisches Lehrbuch der Criminal-Polizei," 1860, cap. 19, quoted by Ulrichs, "Araxes," p. 9. It is not necessary to multiply evidences upon a point so patent to every man of the world. But I will nevertheless translate a striking passage from Mantegazza (_op. cit._, p. 148). "Nor is this infamous abomination confined to the vilest classes of our society. It soars into the highest spheres of wealth and intelligence. Within the narrow range of my own experience I have known among the most scandalous sodomites a French journalist, a German poet, an Italian statesman, and a Spanish jurist; all of these men of exquisite taste and profound culture!" It would not be difficult to draw up a list of English kings, bishops, deans, nobles of the highest rank, poets, historians, dramatists, officers in the army and navy, civil servants, schoolmasters in the most fashionable schools, physicians, members of Parliament, journalists, barristers, who in their lifetime were, as Dante says, "d'un medesmo peccato al mondo lerci." Many belonging to the past are notorious; and no good could come of mentioning the names of the living.

[3] This accusation against men who feel a sexual inclination for males loses some of its significance when we consider how common the practice of _Venus aversa_ is among libertines who love women. Parent-Duchatelet asserts that no prostitute after a certain age has escaped it. Coffignon, in his book on, "La Corruption à Paris" (p. 324), says: "Chaque année, il passe en traîtement a l'hôpital de Lourcine une centaine de femmes sodomistes.... Je suis persuadé qu'à l'hôpital de St. Lazare la proportion des sodomistes est encore beaucoup plus grande.... Les maîtresses de maison, professant cet odieux principe que la clientèle doit être satisfaite, ne permettent pas à une fille de se refuser à une acte de sodomie." Tardieu (Attentats, &c., p. 198) observes: "Chose singulière! c'est principalement des rapports conjugaux que se sont produits les faits de cette nature."

[4] See Casper-Liman, vol. i., p. 182, at the end of Case 71.

[5] While studying what Germans call the _Casuistik_ of this question in medical, forensic, and anthropological works, we often meet with cases where inverted sexuality exhibits extraordinary symptoms of apparent craziness--strange partialities for particular

kinds of dress, occupations in the beloved object, nastinesses, and so forth. But it must be remarked first that the same symptoms are exhibited by sexually normal natures (Krafft-Ebing, Observations 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, and the cases recorded in footnote to page 90); and, secondly, that if they should appear to be more frequent in the abnormal, this can in a great measure be ascribed to the fact that these latter cases only come under the observation of medical men and judges when the patients have already for many years been suffering from all the pangs of a coerced and defrauded instinct. There is nothing in the copious history of Greece and Rome upon this subject to lead us to suppose that in a society which tolerated sexual inversion, its subjects were more conspicuous for filthy and degrading or insane proclivities than ordinary men and women were. Those who can bring themselves to enquire into such matters may convince themselves by reading Forberg's annotations to "Hermaphroditus," Rosenbaum's "Lustseuche," the pseudo-Meursius, and the pornographical dialogues of Aretino. It will appear conclusively that both in ancient and in modern times the normal sexual instinct has been subject to the wildest freaks and aberrations; not in actually diseased persons, but simply in lustful wantons and the epicures of new sensations. The curious things we know about flagellation and cruelty in connection with the ordinary appetite should also be remembered. As a final note on this topic, I will refer to a passage quoted by Tarnowsky from a work of Taxil, describing a peculiarly repulsive class of fashionable libertines in Paris called "les stercoraires" (_op. cit._, p. 70). Compare what Mantegazza reports of a "gentile ufficiale francese" (Gli amore degli uomini, vol. i. p. 117).

[6] See upon this point Tardieu, "Attentats aux Moeurs," Rosenbaum, "Die Lustseuche."

[7] Ancient literature abounds in prose and poetry which are both of them concerned with homosexual love. Only a portion of this can be called pornographic: among the Greeks, the [Greek: Mousa Paidikê], parts of Lucian, and occasional hints in Athenæus and Aristophanes perhaps deserve the name; among the Romans, the Priapeia, the Satyricon of Petronius, some elegies and satires, certainly do so. Italian literature can show the Rime Burlesche, Beccadelli's Hermaphroditus, the Canti Carnascialeschi, the maccaronic poems of Fidentius, and the remarkably outspoken romance entitled "Alcibiade fanciullo a scolla." Balzac has treated the theme, but with reserve and delicacy. Mirabeau's "Erotika Biblion" is a kind of classic on the subject. In English literature, if we except Shakespeare's Sonnets, George Barnfield's Poems, parts of Marlowe, "Roderick Random," Churchill's Satire "The Times," homosexual passions have been rarely handled, and none of these works are pornographic. In Germany, Count von Platen, Heine's victim, was certainly an Urning; but his homosexual imitations of Persian poetry are pure, though passionate. I am not acquainted with more than the titles of some distinctly pornographic German books. The following appears to be of this sort: "Mannesliebe, oder drei Jahre aus dem Leben eines jungen Mannes."

[8] Les Deux Prostitutions, par F. Carlier, Ancien Chef du Service actif des Moeurs à la Préfecture de Police. Paris. Dentu. 1889.

[9] Paris, Brossier, 1889.

[10] In the recently published military novel "Sous Offs." (by Lucien Descaves, Paris, Tresse et Stock, 1890) some details are given regarding establishments of this nature. See pp. 322, 412, 417, for a description of the drinking-shop called "Aux Amis de l'Armée," where a few maids were kept for show, and also of its frequenters, including in particular the adjutant Laprévotte (cp. 44).

[11] On the morals of the Foreign Legions, see Ulrichs, Ara Spei, p. 20; Memnon, p. 27. Also General Brossier's report, quoted by Burton, Arabian Nights, vol. x. p. 251

[12] P. 459.

[13] Tardieu, _op. cit._, pp. 213-255.

[14] In dealing with Tardieu, Casper-Liman, and Tarnowsky, I have directed the reader to passages in the works of the three medical authorities who have spoken most decidedly upon this topic. After comparing their evidence, the case seems to me to stand thus. Both male and female prostitutes are exposed to considerable risks of physical deformation in the exercise of their illicit trade. But males and females, if they keep their vicious propensities within the bounds of temperance, offer no physical deformations to observation. Only those men who for years have practised promiscuous prostitution earn epithets like the Greek slang [Greek: euryprôktos], or the Italian _culo rotto_.

[15] Casper-Liman, _op. cit._, vol. i. p. 164.

[16] Casper-Liman, _op. cit._, vol. i. pp. 174-181.

[17] _Op. cit._, vol. i. pp. 164-166.

[18] Having criticised Tardieu for his use of the phrase _pæderast_, Casper and Liman can find no better.

[19] Westphal: Die Conträre Sexualempfindung. Archiv für Psychatrie, vol. ii. I.

[20] The Standard of Sanity, Br. Med. Journal, Nov. 28, 1885.

[21] See Tarnowsky about the opinion of the lower classes in St. Petersburg, _op. cit._, p. 99. "Ueberhaupt verhalten sich die gemeinen ungebildeten Leute, dem Ausspruch aller mir bekannten Päderasten gemäss, äusserat nachsichtig gegen unzüchtige Anträge--'herrschaft-liche Spielerei,' wie sie es nennen." This is true not only of Russia, but of countries where we should least expect to find the compliance in question.

[22] P. 73. The italics are the translator's. The adjective _homosexual_, though ill-compounded of a Greek and a Latin word, is useful, and has been adopted by medical writers on this topic. _Unisexual_ would perhaps be better.

[23] A note upon this subject has to be written; and it may be introduced here as well as elsewhere. Balzac, in _Une dernière incarnation de Vautrin_, describes the morals of the French _bagnes_. Dostoieffsky, in _Prison Life in Siberia_, touches on the same topic. See his portrait of Sirotkin, p. 52, _et seq._, p. 120 (edn. J. & R. Maxwell, London). We may compare Carlier, _op. cit._, pp. 300, 301, for an account of the violence of homosexual passions in French prisons. The initiated are familiar with the facts in English prisons. There is a military prison on the Lido at Venice, where incorrigible lovers of their own sex, amongst other culprits, are confined. A man here said: "All our loves in this place are breech-loaders." Bouchard, in his _Confessions_ (Paris, Liseux, 1881), describes the convict station at Marseilles in 1630. The men used to be allowed to bring women on board the galleys. At that epoch they "les besognoient avant tout le monde, les couchant sous le banc sur leur 'capot. Mais depuis quelques années en ca, le general a defendu entrée aux femmes. De sorte qu'il ne se pêche plus maintenant là-dedans qu'en sodomie, mollesse, irrumation, et autres pareilles tendresses" (p. 151). The same Frenchman, speaking of the Duc d'Orléans' pages at Paris, says that this was a "cour extrèmemen impie et débauchée, surtout pour les garçons, M. d'Orléans deffendoit à ses pages de se besogner ni branler la pique; leur donnant au reste congé de voir les femmes tant qu'ils voudroient, et quelquefois venant de nuict heurter à la porte de leur chambre, avec cinq ou six garses, qu'il enfermoit avec eux une heure à deux" (p. 88). This prince was of the same mind as Campanella, who, in the _Città del Sole_, laid it down that young men ought to be freely admitted to women, for the avoidance of sexual aberrations. Aretino and Berni enable us to comprehend the sexual immorality of males congregated together in the courts of Roman prelates. As regards military service, the facts related by Ulrichs about the French Foreign Legion in Algeria, on the testimony of a credible witness, who had been a pathic in his regiment, deserve attention (_Ara Spei_, p. 20; _Memnon_, p. 27). This man, who was a German, told Ulrichs that the Spanish, French, and Italian soldiers were the lovers, the Swiss and German their beloved. See General Brossier, cited above, p. 19. Ulrichs reports that in the Austrian army lectures on homosexual vices are regularly given to cadets and conscripts (_Memnon_, p. 20).

[24] See above, p. 33, my criticism of Moreau upon this point, with special reference to Greece.

[25] Prometheus, pp. 20-26, _et seq._

[26] Without having recourse to Ulrichs, it may be demonstrated from Krafft-Ebing's own cases of genuine Urnings that early onanism is by no means more frequent among them than among normal males. Five marked specimens showed no inclination for self-abuse. The first (p. 128) says: "As I never masturbated and felt no inclination for it, I sometimes had a nocturnal pollution." The second (p. 155): "You will be surprised to hear that before my twenty-eighth year I never had any ejaculation of semen, either by nocturnal emissions, or by masturbation, or by contact with a man." The third (p. 172): "Onanism is a miserable makeshift, and pernicious, whereas homosexual love elevates the moral and strengthens the physical nature." The fourth (p. 163): "I had an internal horror of onanism, although from the very first appearance of puberty I was sensually very excitable and troubled with persistent erections." The fifth (p. 142) is not so clear; but it is obvious from his remarks that the first ejaculation of semen which happened to him did so at the sight of a handsome soldier: "feeling my parts moistened, I was horribly frightened and thought it was a hæmorrhage." Some of the cases do not mention the subject at all. A good many seem to have begun to masturbate early; but the proportion is not excessive to the whole number. One Urning explains the _faute de mieux_ system (p. 115): "If we have no friend, whose sexual company has become needful to the preservation of our health, and if we abandon ourselves at last to masturbation alone with our imagination, then indeed do we become ill." Another speaks as follows (p. 151): "Homosexual indulgence with a man gave me enjoyment and a consequent feeling of well-being, whereas onanism _faute de mieux_ produced an opposite result."

[27] P. 82. Herodotus called it "the female disease."

[28] P. 86, _et seq._

[29] P. 88, _et seq._

[30] Henceforward we may use the word Urning without apology; for however the jurists and men of science repudiate Ulrichs' doctrine, they have adopted his designation for a puzzling and still unclassified member of the human race. A Dr. Kaserer, of Vienna, is said to have invented the term Urning.

[31] This is a hit at Westphal, Krafft-Ebing's predecessor, who laid down the doctrine that Urnings are conscious of their own morbidity. Of course, both authorities are equally right. Approach an Urning with terrors of social opinion and law; and he will confess his dreadful apprehensions. Approach him from the point of view of science; and he will declare that, within four closed walls, he has no thought of guilt.

[32] Pp. 97-106.

[33] The physical repugnance of true Urnings for women may be illustrated by passages from three of Krafft-Ebing's cases (pp. 117, 123, 163), which I will translate. (1) "I had observed that a girl was madly in love with me, and longed intensely to yield herself up to me. I gave her an assignation in my house, hoping that I should succeed better with a girl who sought me out of love than I had with public women. After her first fiery caresses, I did indeed feel a little less frigid; but when it came to thinking about copulation, all was over--the same stark frost set in, and my part was played out. I sent her away, deeply excited, with some moral remarks; and I have never tried the like experiments again. On all these occasions _the specific odour of the female added to my horror_." (2) "The proximity of wenches aroused in me qualms and nausea; _in particular I could not bear to smell them_." (3) "It seems to me absurd to set up the female form as the prototype of human beauty. I regard a woman's person as displeasing, the formation of her hips as ugly and unæsthetic. Dancing is therefore an abomination to me. _I loathe the odour which the so-called fair sex exhales when heated by the dance._" The disgust inspired in these three Urnings by the smell of the female is highly significant; since we know that the sense of smell acts powerfully upon the sexual appetite of normal individuals. It may be remarked that in all the instances of pronounced Urnings, sexual congress with women seems to have been followed with disgust, nervous exhaustion, and the sense of an unnatural act performed without pleasure. This is true even of those who have brought themselves to marriage.

[34] A sign, by the way, which may be observed in the most masculine of athletes. This is very noticeable in the nude photographs of Sandow.

[35] Englishmen know the type as Mariannes, and had occasion to study their habits in the Boulton and Park trial. For the type in Paris, consult Carlier, _op. cit._, pp. 323-326, 339-351, 463.

[36] I have used the German version of Lombroso's work, because of the translator's preface and occasional annotations.

[37] See Dufour, "Histoire de la Prostitution," vol. iii. (France, ch. i.) p. 193.

[38] See Dufour, "Histoire de la Prostitution," (France, chs. 6 and 7).

[39] See above, p. 35, for an ingenious definition by Dr. Huggard, which covers both classes as born criminals and moral madmen.

[40] His German translator calls attention to this omission; p. 153 footnote.

[41] Third edition. Halle a. S., 1882.

[42] Psych. Sex., p. 82.

[43] Leipzig, Wigand, 1860.

[44] Arabian Nights, 1885, vol. x., pp. 205-254.

[45] Burton's acquaintance with what he called "le Vice" was principally confined to Oriental nations. He started on his enquiries, imbued with vulgar errors; and he never weighed the psychical theories examined by me in the foregoing section of this Essay. Nevertheless, he was led to surmise a crasis of the two sexes in persons subject to sexual inversion. Thus he came to speak of "the third sex." During conversations I had with him less than three months before his death, he told me that he had begun a

general history of "le Vice"; and at my suggestion he studied Ulrichs and Krafft-Ebing. It is to be lamented that life failed before he could apply his virile and candid criticism to those theories, and compare them with the facts and observations he had independently collected.

[46] I give the author's own text, p. 206.

[47] P. 208.

[48] P. 251.

[49] P. 222.

[50] Pp. 204, 209.

[51] Gli amori degli Uomini, Milano, 1886, vol. i. cap. 5.

[52] _Ibid._, p. 149.

[53] Pp. 148-154.

[54] P. 154.

[55] See above, p. 55, note.

[56] The notion that human beings were originally hermaphrodite is both ancient and wide-spread. We find it in the Book of Genesis, unless, indeed, there be a confusion here between two separate theories of creation. God is said to have first made man in his own image, male and female in one body, and to have bidden them multiply. Later on he created the woman out of part of the primitive man. The myth related by Aristophanes in Plato's _Symposium_ has a curious bearing upon Ulrichs' speculations. There were originally human beings of three sexes: men, the children of the sun; women, the children of the earth; and hermaphrodites, the children of the moon. They were round, with two faces, four hands, four feet and two sets of reproductive organs apiece. In the case of the third sex, one set was male, the other female. Zeus, on account of their strength and insolence, sliced them into halves. Since that time the halves of each sort have always striven to unite with their corresponding halves, and have found some satisfaction in carnal congress--males with males, females with females, and males and females with each other: "They who are a section of the male follow the male, and while they are young, being slices of the original man, they hang about men and embrace them, and they are themselves the best of boys and youths, because they have the most manly nature. And when they reach manhood, they are lovers of youth, and are not naturally inclined to marry or beget children, which they do, if at all, only in obedience to the law, but they are satisfied if they may be allowed to live with one another unwedded; and such a nature is prone to love and ready to return love, always embracing that which is akin to him." (Symp. 191-2, Jowett's translation.) Then follows a glowing description of Greek Love, the whole reminding us very closely of the confessions made by Urnings in modern times, and preserved by medical or forensic writers on sexual inversion.

[57] Memnon, section xix.

[58] See above, p. 36, the suggestion quoted from Dr. Huggard of "a congenital lack of balance between structures themselves healthy." It might be queried whether this "imperfect sexual differentiation," or this "congenital lack of balance between structures themselves healthy," is not the result of an evolutionary process arriving through heredity and casual selection at an abnormal, but not of necessity a morbid, phenomenon in certain individuals.

[59] The first two from Casper-Liman, Handbuch der gerichtlichen Medicin, vol. i. pp. 166-169. The others from Krafft-Ebing, Psychopathia Sexualis.

[60] Memnon, section lxxiii. p. 54.

[61] Since Ulrichs left off writing, Italy (by the "Nuovo Codice Penale" of 1889) has adopted the principles of the Code Napoleon, and has placed sexual inversion under the same legal limitations as the normal sexual instinct.

[62] Dr. W. Ogle, on the 18th March, 1890, read a paper before the Statistical Society upon "Marriage Rates and Ages." The conclusion he arrived at, with regard to the rapidly-advancing over-population of England, was that, in order to equalise the death-rate with the birth-rate (or in other words, to maintain the population at its present level), we must look forward either to (1) an

increase of emigration which would involve social revolution, or (2) to the advance of the average age at which women marry to the point of thirty years, or (3) to an exclusion of 45 per cent. of those who now marry from matrimony at any period of life. In the face of these calculations, after admitting their possible exaggeration, it seems illogical to punish with severe legal penalties those members of the male sex who do not want to marry, and who can satisfy their natural desires in ways which involve no detriment to the State and no violation of the rights of individuals.

[63] Psych. Sex., p. 108. I have condensed the sense of four short paragraphs, to translate which in full would have involved a disagreeable use of medical language.

[64] Psych. Sex., p. 107.

[65] Studies in Literature, p. 119.

[66] In this relation it is curious to note what one of Casper-Liman's correspondents says about the morals of North America (_op. cit._, vol. i. p. 173). "Half a year after my return I went to North America, to try my fortune. There the unnatural vice in question is more ordinary than it is here; and I was able to indulge my passions with less fear of punishment or persecution. The American's tastes in this matter resemble my own; and I discovered, in the United States, that I was always immediately recognised as a member of the confraternity." The date of this man's visit to America was the year 1871-72. He had just returned from serving as a volunteer in the great Franco-German war of 1870-71.

[67] Not included in the "Complete Poems and Prose." It will be found in "Leaves of Grass," Boston, 1860-1861.

[68] The two last are from "Drum-Taps."

[69] This I cannot find in "Complete Poems and Prose." It is included in the Boston edition, 1860-61, and the Camden edition, 1876.

[70] "Drum-Taps." Complete Poems, p. 247.

[71] _Ibid._, p, 238.

[72] "Leaves of Grass." Complete Poems, p. 107.

[73] Complete Poems, p. 109. Compare, "I hear it was charged against me," _ibid._, p. 107.

[74] Complete Poems, p. 110.

[75] Camden edition, 1876, p. 127. Complete Poems, p. 99. Compare "Democratic Vistas," Complete Prose, p. 247, note.

[76] These prose passages are taken from "Democratic Vistas," cited above, p. 119, note.

[77] While these sheets were going through the press, I communicated Whitman's reply to a judicious friend, whose remarks upon it express my own opinion more clearly and succinctly than I have done above: "I do not feel that this answer throws light on the really interesting question; does the sentiment of 'Calamus' represent, in its own way, the ideal which we should aim at impressing on passionate affections between men, as certainly liable to take other objectionable forms? Is there sufficient affinity between the actual and the ideal for this to be practicable? That is what I have never felt sure about when we have discussed these matters. But I do not feel that my doubts have been resolved in any negative direction by Walt Whitman."

[78] Kelts, Scythians, Dorians, Tartars, Normans.

[79] It ought to be borne in mind that they are by no means invariably complicated with abnormal sexuality, but quite as often with normal sexuality in some extravagant shape, as well as with other kinds of moral aberration.

[80] It may not be superfluous to recapitulate the main points of English legislation on this topic. (1) Sodomy is a felony, defined as the carnal knowledge (per anum) of any man or of any woman by a male person; punishable with penal servitude for life as a maximum, for ten years as a minimum. (2) The attempt to commit sodomy is punishable with ten years' penal servitude as a maximum. (3) The commission, in public or private, by any male person with another male person, of "any act of gross indecency," is punishable with two years' imprisonment and hard labour."

==========

My own story

Emmeline Pankhurst

Project Gutenberg Release: January 06, 2011 · eBook #34856

Produced by Chuck Greif, Martin Pettit, University of Toronto Libraries and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team at http://www.pgdp.net

MRS. PANKHURST'S OWN STORY

[Illustration: E. Pankhurst]

MY OWN STORY

BY EMMELINE PANKHURST

[Illustration: Logo]

ILLUSTRATED

LONDON EVELEIGH NASH

1914

Copyright, 1914, by

HEARSTS'S INTERNATIONAL LIBRARY CO., INC.

All rights reserved, including the translation into foreign languages, including the Scandinavian.

CONTENTS

BOOK I

THE MAKING OF A MILITANT

CHAPTER PAGE I 1

II 18

III 37

IV 57

BOOK II

FOUR YEARS OF PEACEFUL MILITANCY

CHAPTER PAGE I 81

II 97

III 116

IV 131

V 149

VI 160

VII 166

VIII 185

BOOK III

THE WOMEN'S REVOLUTION

CHAPTER PAGE

I 205

II 221

III 249

IV 270

V 285

VI 303

VII 323

VIII 339

IX 350

ILLUSTRATIONS

Portrait of Mrs. Pankhurst _Frontispiece_

FACING PAGE

Mrs. Pankhurst addressing a by-election crowd 74

Mrs. Pankhurst and Christabel hiding from the police on the roof garden at Clements Inn, October, 1908 120

Christabel, Mrs. Drummond and Mrs. Pankhurst in the dock, First Conspiracy Trial, October, 1908 126

Mrs. Pankhurst and Miss Christabel Pankhurst in prison dress 132

Inspector Wells conducting Mrs. Pankhurst to the House of Commons, June, 1908 140

Over 1,000 women had been in prison--Broad arrows in the 1910 parade 170

The head of the deputation on Black Friday, November, 1910 178

For hours scenes like this were enacted on Black Friday, November, 1910 180

Riot scenes on Black Friday, November, 1910 186

In this manner thousands of women throughout the Kingdom slept in unoccupied houses over census night 194

The argument of the broken window pane 218

A suffragette throwing a bag of flour at Mr. Asquith in Chester 260

Re-Arrest of Mrs. Pankhurst at Woking, May 26, 1913 312

Mrs. Pankhurst and Christabel in the garden of Christabel's home in Paris 324

"Arrested at the King's gate!" May, 1914 348

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

The author wishes to express her deep obligation to Rheta Childe Dorr for invaluable editorial services performed in the preparation of this volume, especially the American edition.

FOREWORD

The closing paragraphs of this book were written in the late summer of 1914, when the armies of every great power in Europe were being mobilised for savage, unsparing, barbarous warfare--against one another, against small and unaggressive nations, against helpless women and children, against civilisation itself. How mild, by comparison with the despatches in the daily newspapers, will seem this chronicle of women's militant struggle against political and social injustice in one small corner of Europe. Yet let it stand as it was written, with peace--so-called, and civilisation, and orderly government as the background for heroism such as the world has seldom witnessed. The militancy of men, through all the centuries, has drenched the world with blood, and for these deeds of horror and destruction men have been rewarded with monuments, with great songs and epics. The militancy of women has harmed no human life save the lives of those who fought the battle of righteousness. Time alone will reveal what reward will be allotted to the women.

This we know, that in the black hour that has just struck in Europe, the men are turning to their women and calling on them to take up the work of keeping civilisation alive. Through all the harvest fields, in orchards and vineyards, women are garnering food for the men who fight, as well as for the children left fatherless by war. In the cities the women are keeping open the shops, they are driving trucks and trams, and are altogether attending to a multitude of business.

When the remnants of the armies return, when the commerce of Europe is resumed by men, will they forget the part the women so nobly played? Will they forget in England how women in all ranks of life put aside their own interests and organised, not only to nurse the wounded, care for the destitute, comfort the sick and lonely, but actually to maintain the existence of the nation? Thus far, it must be admitted, there are few indications that the English Government are mindful of the unselfish devotion manifested by the women. Thus far all Government schemes for overcoming unemployment have been directed towards the unemployment of men. The work of women, making garments, etc., has in some cases been taken away.

At the first alarm of war the militants proclaimed a truce, which was answered half-heartedly by the announcement that the Government would release all suffrage prisoners who would give an undertaking "not to commit further crimes or outrages." Since the truce had already been proclaimed, no suffrage prisoner deigned to reply to the Home Secretary's provision. A few days later, no doubt influenced by representations made to the Government by men and women of every political faith--many of them never having been supporters of revolutionary tactics--Mr. McKenna announced in the House of Commons that it was the intention of the Government, within a few days, to release unconditionally, all suffrage prisoners. So ends, for the present, the war of women against men. As of old, the women become the nurturing mothers of men, their sisters and uncomplaining helpmates. The future lies far ahead, but let this preface and this volume close with the assurance that the struggle for the full enfranchisement of women has not been abandoned; it has simply, for the moment, been placed in abeyance. When the clash of arms ceases, when normal, peaceful, rational society resumes its functions, the demand will again be made. If it is not quickly granted, then once more the women will take up the arms they to-day generously lay down. There can be no real peace in the world until woman, the mother half of the human family, is given liberty in the councils of the world.

BOOK I

THE MAKING OF A MILITANT

Mrs. Pankhurst's Own Story

CHAPTER I

Those men and women are fortunate who are born at a time when a great struggle for human freedom is in progress. It is an added good fortune to have parents who take a personal part in the great movements of their time. I am glad and thankful that this was my case.

One of my earliest recollections is of a great bazaar which was held in my native city of Manchester, the object of the bazaar being to raise money to relieve the poverty of the newly emancipated negro slaves in the United States. My mother took an active part in this effort, and I, as a small child, was entrusted with a lucky bag by means of which I helped to collect money.

Young as I was--I could not have been older than five years--I knew perfectly well the meaning of the words slavery and emancipation. From infancy I had been accustomed to hear pro and con discussions of slavery and the American Civil War. Although the British government finally decided not to recognise the Confederacy, public opinion in England was sharply divided on the questions both of slavery and of secession. Broadly speaking, the propertied classes were pro-slavery, but there were many exceptions to the rule. Most of those who formed the circle of our family friends were opposed to slavery, and my father, Robert Goulden, was always a most ardent abolitionist. He was prominent enough in the movement to be appointed on a committee to meet and welcome Henry Ward Beecher when he arrived in England for a lecture tour. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's novel, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," was so great a favourite with my mother that she used it continually as a source of bedtime stories for our fascinated ears. Those stories, told almost fifty years ago, are as fresh in my mind to-day as events detailed in the morning's papers. Indeed they are more vivid, because they made a much deeper impression on my consciousness. I can still definitely recall the thrill I experienced every time my mother related the tale of Eliza's race for freedom over the broken ice of the Ohio River, the agonizing pursuit, and the final rescue at the hands of the determined old Quaker. Another thrilling tale was the story of a negro boy's flight from the plantation of his cruel master. The boy had never seen a railroad train, and when, staggering along the unfamiliar railroad track, he heard the roar of an approaching train, the clattering car-wheels seemed to his strained imagination to be repeating over and over again the awful words, "Catch a nigger--catch a nigger--catch a nigger--" This was a terrible story, and throughout my childhood, whenever I rode in a train, I thought of that poor runaway slave escaping from the pursuing monster.

These stories, with the bazaars and the relief funds and subscriptions of which I heard so much talk, I am sure made a permanent impression on my brain and my character. They awakened in me the two sets of sensations to which all my life I have most readily responded: first, admiration for that spirit of fighting and heroic sacrifice by which alone the soul of civilisation is saved; and next after that, appreciation of the gentler spirit which is moved to mend and repair the ravages of war.

I do not remember a time when I could not read, nor any time when reading was not a joy and a solace. As far back as my memory runs I loved tales, especially those of a romantic and idealistic character. "Pilgrim's Progress" was an early favourite, as well as another of Bunyan's visionary romances, which does not seem to be as well known, his "Holy War." At nine I discovered the Odyssey and very soon after that another classic which has remained all my life a source of inspiration. This was Carlyle's "French Revolution," and I received it with much the same emotion that Keats experienced when he read Chapman's translation of Homer--" ... like some watcher of the skies, When a new planet swims into his ken."

I never lost that first impression, and it strongly affected my attitude toward events which were occurring around my childhood. Manchester is a city which has witnessed a great many stirring episodes, especially of a political character. Generally speaking, its citizens have been liberal in their sentiments, defenders of free speech and liberty of opinion. In the late sixties there occurred in Manchester one of those dreadful events that prove an exception to the rule. This was in connection with the Fenian Revolt in Ireland. There was a Fenian riot, and the police arrested the leaders. These men were being taken to the jail in a prison van. On the way the van was stopped and an attempt was made to rescue the prisoners. A man fired a pistol, endeavouring to break the lock of the van door. A policeman fell, mortally wounded, and several men were arrested and were charged with murder. I distinctly remember the riot, which I did not witness, but which I heard vividly described by my older brother. I had been spending the afternoon with a young playmate, and my brother had come after tea to escort me home. As we walked through the deepening November twilight he talked excitedly of the riot, the fatal pistol shot, and the slain policeman. I could almost see the man bleeding on the ground, while the crowd swayed and groaned around him.

The rest of the story reveals one of those ghastly blunders which justice not infrequently makes. Although the shooting was done without any intent to kill, the men were tried for murder and three of them were found guilty and hanged. Their execution, which greatly excited the citizens of Manchester, was almost the last, if not the last, public execution permitted to take place in the city. At the time I was a boarding-pupil in a school near Manchester, and I spent my week-ends at home. A certain Saturday afternoon stands out in my memory, as on my way home from school I passed the prison where I knew the men had been confined. I saw that a part of the prison wall had been torn away, and in the great gap that remained were evidences of a gallows recently removed. I was transfixed with horror, and over me there swept the sudden conviction that that hanging was a mistake--worse, a crime. It was my awakening to one of the most terrible facts of life--that justice and judgment lie often a world apart.

I relate this incident of my formative years to illustrate the fact that the impressions of childhood often have more to do with character and future conduct than heredity or education. I tell it also to show that my development into an advocate of militancy was largely a sympathetic process. I have not personally suffered from the deprivations, the bitterness and sorrow which bring so many men and women to a realisation of social injustice. My childhood was protected by love and a comfortable home. Yet, while still a very young child, I began instinctively to feel that there was something lacking, even in my own home, some false conception of family relations, some incomplete ideal.

This vague feeling of mine began to shape itself into conviction about the time my brothers and I were sent to school. The education of the English boy, then as now, was considered a much more serious matter than the education of the English boy's sister. My parents, especially my father, discussed the question of my brothers' education as a matter of real importance. My education and that of my sister were scarcely discussed at all. Of course we went to a carefully selected girls' school, but beyond the facts that the head mistress was a gentlewoman and that all the pupils were girls of my own class, nobody seemed concerned. A girl's education at that time seemed to have for its prime object the art of "making home attractive"--presumably to migratory male relatives. It used to puzzle me to understand why I was under such a particular obligation to make home attractive to my brothers. We were on excellent terms of friendship, but it was never suggested to them as a duty that they make home attractive to me. Why not? Nobody seemed to know.

The answer to these puzzling questions came to me unexpectedly one night when I lay in my little bed waiting for sleep to overtake me. It was a custom of my father and mother to make the round of our bedrooms every night before going themselves to bed. When they entered my room that night I was still awake, but for some reason I chose to feign slumber. My father bent over me, shielding the candle flame with his big hand. I cannot know exactly what thought was in his mind as he gazed down at me, but I heard him say, somewhat sadly, "What a pity she wasn't born a lad."

My first hot impulse was to sit up in bed and protest that I didn't want to be a boy, but I lay still and heard my parents' footsteps pass on toward the next child's bed. I thought about my father's remark for many days afterward, but I think I never decided that I regretted my sex. However, it was made quite clear that men considered themselves superior to women, and that women apparently acquiesced in that belief.

I found this view of things difficult to reconcile with the fact that both my father and my mother were advocates of equal suffrage. I was very young when the Reform Act of 1866 was passed, but I very well remember the agitation caused by certain circumstances attending it. This Reform Act, known as the Household Franchise Bill, marked the first popular extension of the ballot in England since 1832. Under its terms, householders paying a minimum of ten pounds a year rental were given the Parliamentary vote. While it was still under discussion in the House of Commons, John Stuart Mill moved an amendment to the bill to include women householders as well as men. The amendment was defeated, but in the act as passed the word "man," instead of the usual "male person," was used. Now, under another act of Parliament it had been decided that the word "man" always included "woman" unless otherwise specifically stated. For example, in certain acts containing rate-paying clauses, the masculine noun and pronoun are used throughout, but the provisions apply to women rate-payers as well as to men. So when the Reform Bill with the word "man" in it became law, many women believed that the right of suffrage had actually been bestowed upon them. A tremendous amount of discussion ensued, and the matter was finally tested by a large number of women seeking to have their names placed upon the register as voters. In my city of Manchester 3,924 women, out of a total of 4,215 possible women voters, claimed their votes, and their claim was defended in the law courts by eminent lawyers, including my future husband, Dr. Pankhurst. Of course the women's claim was settled adversely in the courts, but the agitation resulted in a strengthening of the woman-suffrage agitation all over the country.

I was too young to understand the precise nature of the affair, but I shared in the general excitement. From reading newspapers aloud to my father I had developed a genuine interest in politics, and the Reform Bill presented itself to my young intelligence as something that was going to do the most wonderful good to the country. The first election after the bill became law was naturally a memorable occasion. It is chiefly memorable to me because it was the first one in which I ever participated. My sister and I had just been presented with new winter frocks, green in colour, and made alike, after the custom of proper British families. Every girl child in those days wore a red flannel petticoat, and when we first put on our new frocks I was struck with the fact that we were wearing red and green--the colours of the Liberal party. Since our father was a Liberal, of course the Liberal party ought to carry the election, and I conceived a brilliant scheme for helping its progress. With my small sister trotting after me, I walked the better part of a mile to the nearest polling-booth. It happened to be in a rather rough factory district, but we did not notice that. Arrived there, we two children picked up our green skirts to show our scarlet petticoats, and brimful of importance, walked up and down before the

assembled crowds to encourage the Liberal vote. From this eminence we were shortly snatched by outraged authority in the form of a nursery-maid. I believe we were sent to bed into the bargain, but I am not entirely clear on this point.

I was fourteen years old when I went to my first suffrage meeting. Returning from school one day, I met my mother just setting out for the meeting, and I begged her to let me go along. She consented, and without stopping to lay my books down I scampered away in my mother's wake. The speeches interested and excited me, especially the address of the great Miss Lydia Becker, who was the Susan B. Anthony of the English movement, a splendid character and a truly eloquent speaker. She was the secretary of the Manchester committee, and I had learned to admire her as the editor of the _Women's Suffrage Journal_, which came to my mother every week. I left the meeting a conscious and confirmed suffragist.

I suppose I had always been an unconscious suffragist. With my temperament and my surroundings I could scarcely have been otherwise. The movement was very much alive in the early seventies, nowhere more so than in Manchester, where it was organised by a group of extraordinary men and women. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Bright, who were always ready to champion the struggling cause. Mr. Jacob Bright, a brother of John Bright, was for many years member of Parliament for Manchester, and to the day of his death was an active supporter of woman suffrage. Two especially gifted women, besides Miss Becker, were members of the committee. These were Mrs. Alice Cliff Scatcherd and Miss Wolstentholm, now the venerable Mrs. Wolstentholm-Elmy. One of the principal founders of the committee was the man whose wife, in later years, I was destined to become, Dr. Richard Marsden Pankhurst.

When I was fifteen years old I went to Paris, where I was entered as a pupil in one of the pioneer institutions in Europe for the higher education of girls. This school, one of the founders of which was Madame Edmond Adam, who was and is still a distinguished literary figure, was situated in a fine old house in the Avenue de Neuilly. It was under the direction of Mlle. Marchef-Girard, a woman distinguished in education, and who afterward was appointed government inspector of schools in France. Mlle. Marchef-Girard believed that girls' education should be quite as thorough and even more practical than the education boys were receiving at that time. She included chemistry and other sciences in her courses, and in addition to embroidery she had her girls taught bookkeeping. Many other advanced ideas prevailed in this school, and the moral discipline which the pupils received was, to my mind, as valuable as the intellectual training. Mlle. Marchef-Girard held that women should be given the highest ideals of honour. Her pupils were kept to the strictest principles of truth-telling and candour. Myself she understood and greatly benefited by an implicit trust which I am sure I could not have betrayed, even had I felt for her less real affection.

My roommate in this delightful school was an interesting young girl of my own age, Noemie Rochefort, daughter of that great Republican, Communist, journalist, and swordsman, Henri Rochefort. This was very shortly after the Franco-Prussian War, and memories of the Empire's fall and of the bloody and disastrous Commune were very keen in Paris. Indeed my roommate's illustrious father and many others were then in exile in New Caledonia for participation in the Commune. My friend Noemie was torn with anxiety for her father. She talked of him constantly, and many were the blood-curdling accounts of daring and of patriotism to which I listened. Henri Rochefort was, in fact, one of the moving spirits of the Republican movement in France, and after his amazing escape in an open boat from New Caledonia, he lived through many years of political adventures of the most lively and picturesque character. His daughter and I remained warm friends long after our school-days ended, and my association with her strengthened all the liberal ideas I had previously acquired.

I was between eighteen and nineteen when I finally returned from school in Paris and took my place in my father's home as a finished young lady. I sympathised with and worked for the woman-suffrage movement, and came to know Dr. Pankhurst, whose work for woman suffrage had never ceased. It was Dr. Pankhurst who drafted the first enfranchisement bill, known as the Women's Disabilities Removal Bill, and introduced into the House of Commons in 1870 by Mr. Jacob Bright. The bill advanced to its second reading by a majority vote of thirty-three, but it was killed in committee by Mr. Gladstone's peremptory orders. Dr. Pankhurst, as I have already said, with another distinguished barrister, Lord Coleridge, acted as counsel for the Manchester women, who tried in 1868 to be placed on the register as voters. He also drafted the bill giving married women absolute control over their property and earnings, a bill which became law in 1882.

My marriage with Dr. Pankhurst took place in 1879.

I think we cannot be too grateful to the group of men and women who, like Dr. Pankhurst, in those early days lent the weight of their honoured names to the suffrage movement in the trials of its struggling youth. These men did not wait until the movement became popular, nor did they hesitate until it was plain that women were roused to the point of revolt. They worked all their lives with those

who were organising, educating, and preparing for the revolt which was one day to come. Unquestionably those pioneer men suffered in popularity for their feminist views. Some of them suffered financially, some politically. Yet they never wavered.

My married life lasted through nineteen happy years. Often I have heard the taunt that suffragists are women who have failed to find any normal outlet for their emotions, and are therefore soured and disappointed beings. This is probably not true of any suffragist, and it is most certainly not true of me. My home life and relations have been as nearly ideal as possible in this imperfect world. About a year after my marriage my daughter Christabel was born, and in another eighteen months my second daughter Sylvia came. Two other children followed, and for some years I was rather deeply immersed in my domestic affairs.

I was never so absorbed with home and children, however, that I lost interest in community affairs. Dr. Pankhurst did not desire that I should turn myself into a household machine. It was his firm belief that society as well as the family stands in need of women's services. So while my children were still in their cradles I was serving on the executive committee of the Women's Suffrage Society, and also on the executive board of the committee which was working to secure the Married Women's Property Act. This act having passed in 1882, I threw myself into the suffrage work with renewed energy. A new Reform Act, known as the County Franchise Bill, extending the suffrage to farm labourers, was under discussion, and we believed that our years of educational propaganda work had prepared the country to support us in a demand for a women's suffrage amendment to the bill. For several years we had been holding the most splendid meetings in cities all over the kingdom. The crowds, the enthusiasm, the generous response to appeals for support, all these seemed to justify us in our belief that women's suffrage was near. In fact, in 1884, when the County Franchise Bill came before the country, we had an actual majority in favour of suffrage in the House of Commons.

But a favourable majority in the House of Commons by no means insures the success of any measure. I shall explain this at length when I come to our work of opposing candidates who have avowed themselves suffragists, a course which has greatly puzzled our American friends. The Liberal party was in power in 1884, and a great memorial was sent to the Prime Minister, the Right Honourable William E. Gladstone, asking that a women's suffrage amendment to the County Franchise Bill be submitted to the free and unbiased consideration of the House. Mr. Gladstone curtly refused, declaring that if a women's suffrage amendment should be carried, the Government would disclaim responsibility for the bill. The amendment was submitted nevertheless, but Mr. Gladstone would not allow it to be freely discussed, and he ordered Liberal members to vote against it. What we call a whip was sent out against it, a note virtually commanding party members to be on hand at a certain hour to vote against the women's amendment. Undismayed, the women tried to have an independent suffrage bill introduced, but Mr. Gladstone so arranged Parliamentary business that the bill never even came up for discussion.

I am not going to write a history of the woman suffrage movement in England prior to 1903, when the Women's Social and Political Union was organised. That history is full of repetitions of just such stories as the one I have related. Gladstone was an implacable foe of woman suffrage. He believed that women's work and politics lay in service to men's parties. One of the shrewdest acts of Mr. Gladstone's career was his disruption of the suffrage organisation in England. He accomplished this by substituting "something just as good," that something being Women's Liberal Associations. Beginning in 1881 in Bristol, these associations spread rapidly through the country and, in 1887, became a National Women's Liberal Federation. The promise of the Federation was that by allying themselves with men in party politics, women would soon earn the right to vote. The avidity with which the women swallowed this promise, left off working for themselves, and threw themselves into the men's work was amazing.

The Women's Liberal Federation is an organisation of women who believe in the principles of the Liberal party. (The somewhat older Primrose League is a similar organisation of women who adhere to Conservative party principles.) Neither of these organisations have woman suffrage for their object. They came into existence to uphold party ideas and to work for the election of party candidates.

I am told that women in America have recently allied themselves with political parties, believing, just as we did, that such action would break down opposition to suffrage by showing the men that women possess political ability, and that politics is work for women as well as men. Let them not be deceived. I can assure the American women that our long alliance with the great parties, our devotion to party programmes, our faithful work at elections, never advanced the suffrage cause one step. The men accepted the services of the women, but they never offered any kind of payment.

As far as I am concerned, I did not delude myself with any false hopes in the matter. I was present when the Women's Liberal Federation came into existence. Mrs. Gladstone presided, offering the meeting many consolatory words for the absence of "our great leader," Mr. Gladstone, who of course had no time to waste on a gathering of women. At Mrs. Jacob Bright's request I joined

the Federation. At this stage of my development I was a member of the Fabian Society, and I had considerable faith in the permeating powers of its mild socialism. But I was already fairly convinced of the futility of trusting to political parties. Even as a child I had begun to wonder at the _naive_ faith of party members in the promises of their leaders. I well remember my father returning home from political meetings, his face aglow with enthusiasm. "What happened, father?" I would ask, and he would reply triumphantly, "Ah! We passed the resolution."

"Then you'll get your measure through the next session," I predicted.

"I won't say that," was the usual reply. "Things don't always move as quickly as that. But we passed the resolution."

Well, the suffragists, when they were admitted into the Women's Liberal Federation must have felt that they had passed their resolution. They settled down to work for the party and to prove that they were as capable of voting as the recently enfranchised farm labourers. Of course a few women remained loyal to suffrage. They began again on the old educational lines to work for the cause. Not one woman took counsel with herself as to how and why the agricultural labourers had won their franchise. They had won it, as a matter of fact, by burning hay-ricks, rioting, and otherwise demonstrating their strength in the only way that English politicians can understand. The threat to march a hundred thousand men to the House of Commons unless the bill was passed played its part also in securing the agricultural labourer his political freedom. But no woman suffragist noticed that. As for myself, I was too young politically to learn the lesson then. I had to go through years of public work before I acquired the experience and the wisdom to know how to wring concessions from the English Government. I had to hold public office. I had to go behind the scenes in the government schools, in the workhouses and other charitable institutions; I had to get a close-hand view of the misery and unhappiness of a man-made world, before I reached the point where I could successfully revolt against it. It was almost immediately after the collapse of the woman suffrage movement in 1884 that I entered upon this new phase of my career.

CHAPTER II

In 1885, a year after the failure of the third women's suffrage bill, my husband, Dr. Pankhurst, stood as the Liberal candidate for Parliament in Rotherline, a riverside constituency of London. I went through the campaign with him, speaking and canvassing to the best of my ability. Dr. Pankhurst was a popular candidate, and unquestionably would have been returned but for the opposition of the Home-Rulers. Parnell was in command, and his settled policy was opposition to all Government candidates. So, in spite of the fact that Dr. Pankhurst was a staunch upholder of home rule, the Parnell forces were solidly opposed to him, and he was defeated. I remember expressing considerable indignation, but my husband pointed out to me that Parnell's policy was absolutely right. With his small party he could never hope to win home rule from a hostile majority, but by constant obstruction he could in time wear out the Government, and force it to surrender. That was a valuable political lesson, one that years later I was destined to put into practice.

The following year found us living in London, and, as usual, interesting ourselves with labour matters and other social movements. This year was memorable for a great strike of women working in the Bryant and May match factories. I threw myself into this strike with enthusiasm, working with the girls and with some women of prominence, among these the celebrated Mrs. Annie Besant. The strike was a successful one, the girls winning substantial improvements in their working conditions.

It was a time of tremendous unrest, of labour agitations, of strikes and lockouts. It was a time also when a most stupid reactionary spirit seemed to take possession of the Government and the authorities. The Salvation Army, the Socialists, the trade-unionists--in fact, all bodies holding outdoor meetings--were made special objects of attack. As a protest against this policy a Law and Liberty League was formed in London, and an immense Free Speech meeting was held in Trafalgar Square, John Burns and Cunningham Graham being the principal speakers. I was present at this meeting, which resulted in a bloody riot between the police and the populace. The Trafalgar Square Riot is historic, and to it Mr. John Burns owes, in large part, his subsequent rise to political eminence. Both John Burns and Cunningham Graham served prison sentences for the part they played in the riot, but they gained fame, and they did much to establish the right of free speech for English men. English women are still contending for that right.

In 1890 my last child was born in London. I now had a family of five young children, and for a time I was less active in public work. On the retirement of Mrs. Annie Besant from the London School Board I had been asked to stand as candidate for the vacancy, but although I should have enjoyed the work, I decided not to accept this invitation. The next year, however, a new suffrage association, the Women's Franchise League, was formed, and I felt it my duty to become affiliated with it The League was preparing a new suffrage bill, the provisions of which I could not possibly approve, and I joined with old friends, among whom were

Mrs. Jacob Bright, Mrs. Wolstentholm-Elmy, who was a member of the London School Board, and Mrs. Stanton Blatch, then resident in England, in an effort to substitute the original bill drafted by Dr. Pankhurst. As a matter of fact, neither of the bills was introduced into Parliament that year. Mr. (now Lord) Haldane, who had the measure in charge, introduced one of his own drafting. It was a truly startling bill, royally inclusive in its terms. It not only enfranchised all women, married and unmarried, of the householding classes, but it made them eligible to all offices under the Crown. The bill was never taken seriously by the Government, and indeed it was never intended that it should be, as we were later made to understand. I remember going with Mrs. Stanton Blatch to the law courts to see Mr. Haldane, and to protest against the introduction of a measure that had not the remotest chance of passing.

"All, that bill," said Haldane, "is for the future."

All their woman suffrage bills are intended for the future, a future so remote as to be imperceptible. We were beginning to understand this even in 1891. However, as long as there was a bill, we determined to support it. Accordingly, we canvassed the members, distributed a great deal of literature, and organised and addressed meetings. We not only made speeches ourselves, but we induced friendly members of Parliament to go on our platforms. One of these meetings, held in an East End Radical club, was addressed by Mr. Haldane and a young man who accompanied him. This young man, Sir Edward Grey, then in the beginning of his career, made an eloquent plea for woman's suffrage. That Sir Edward Grey should, later in life, become a bitter foe of woman's suffrage need astonish no one. I have known many young Englishmen who began their political life as suffrage speakers and who later became anti-suffragists or traitorous "friends" of the cause. These young and aspiring statesmen have to attract attention in some fashion, and the espousal of advanced causes, such as labour or women's suffrage, seems an easy way to accomplish that end.

Well, our speeches and our agitation did nothing at all to assist Mr. Haldane's impossible bill. It never advanced beyond the first reading.

Our London residence came to an end in 1893. In that year we returned to our Manchester home, and I again took up the work of the Suffrage Society. At my suggestion the members began to organise their first out-of-door meetings, and we continued these until we succeeded in working up a great meeting that filled Free Trade Hall, and overflowed into and crowded a smaller hall near at hand. This marked the beginning of a campaign of propaganda among working people, an object which I had long desired to bring about.

And now began a new and, as I look back on it, an absorbingly interesting stage of my career. I have told how our leaders in the Liberal Party had advised the women to prove their fitness for the Parliamentary franchise by serving in municipal offices, especially the unsalaried offices. A large number of women had availed themselves of this advice, and were serving on Boards of Guardians, on school boards, and in other capacities. My children now being old enough for me to leave them with competent nurses, I was free to join these ranks. A year after my return to Manchester I became a candidate for the Board of Poor Law Guardians. Several weeks before, I had contested unsuccessfully for a place on the school board. This time, however, I was elected, heading the poll by a very large majority.

For the benefit of American readers I shall explain something of the operation of our English Poor Law. The duty of the law is to administer an act of Queen Elizabeth, one of the greatest reforms effected by that wise and humane monarch. When Elizabeth came to the throne she found England, the Merrie England of contemporary poets, in a state of appalling poverty. Hordes of people were literally starving to death, in wretched hovels, in the streets, and at the very gates of the palace. The cause of all this misery was the religious reformation under Henry VIII, and the secession from Rome of the English Church. King Henry, it is known, seized all the Church lands, the abbeys and the convents, and gave them as rewards to those nobles and favourites who had supported his policies. But in taking over the Church's property the Protestant nobles by no means assumed the Church's ancient responsibilities of lodging wayfarers, giving alms, nursing the sick, educating youths, and caring for the young and the superannuated. When the monks and the nuns were turned out of their convents these duties devolved on no one. The result, after the brief reign of Edward VI and the bloody one of Queen Mary, was the social anarchy inherited by Elizabeth.

This great queen and great woman, perceiving that the responsibility for the poor and the helpless rightfully rests on the community, caused an act to be passed creating in the parishes public bodies to deal with local conditions of poverty. The Board of Poor Law Guardians disburses for the poor the money coming from the Poor Rates (taxes), and some additional moneys allowed by the local government board, the president of which is a cabinet minister. Mr. John Burns is the present incumbent of the office. The Board of

Guardians has control of the institution we call the workhouse. You have, I believe, almshouses, or poorhouses, but they are not quite so extensive as our workhouses, which are all kinds of institutions in one. We had, in my workhouse, a hospital with nine hundred beds, a school with several hundred children, a farm, and many workshops.

When I came into office I found that the law in our district, Chorlton, was being very harshly administered. The old board had been made up of the kind of men who are known as rate savers. They were guardians, not of the poor but of the rates, and, as I soon discovered, not very astute guardians even of money. For instance, although the inmates were being very poorly fed, a frightful waste of food was apparent. Each inmate was given each day a certain weight of food, and bread formed so much of the ration that hardly anyone consumed all of his portion. In the farm department pigs were kept on purpose to consume this surplus of bread, and as pigs do not thrive on a solid diet of stale bread the animals fetched in the market a much lower price than properly fed farm pigs. I suggested that, instead of giving a solid weight of bread in one lump, the loaf be cut in slices and buttered with margarine, each person being allowed all that he cared to eat. The rest of the board objected, saying that our poor charges were very jealous of their rights, and would suspect in such an innovation an attempt to deprive them of a part of their ration. This was easily overcome by the suggestion that we consult the inmates before we made the change. Of course the poor people consented, and with the bread that we saved we made puddings with milk and currants, to be fed to the old people of the workhouse. These old folks I found sitting on backless forms, or benches. They had no privacy, no possessions, not even a locker. The old women were without pockets in their gowns, so they were obliged to keep any poor little treasures they had in their bosoms. Soon after I took office we gave the old people comfortable Windsor chairs to sit in, and in a number of ways we managed to make their existence more endurable.

These, after all, were minor benefits. But it does gratify me when I look back and remember what we were able to do for the children of the Manchester workhouse. The first time I went into the place I was horrified to see little girls seven and eight years old on their knees scrubbing the cold stones of the long corridors. These little girls were clad, summer and winter, in thin cotton frocks, low in the neck and short sleeved. At night they wore nothing at all, night dresses being considered too good for paupers. The fact that bronchitis was epidemic among them most of the time had not suggested to the guardians any change in the fashion of their clothes. There was a school for the children, but the teaching was of the poorest order. They were forlorn enough, these poor innocents, when I first met them. In five years' time we had changed the face of the earth for them. We had bought land in the country and had built a cottage system home for the children, and we had established for them a modern school with trained teachers. We had even secured for them a gymnasium and a swimming-bath. I may say that I was on the building committee of the board, the only woman member.

Whatever may be urged against the English Poor Law system, I maintain that under it no stigma of pauperism need be applied to workhouse children. If they are treated like paupers of course they will be paupers, and they will grow up paupers, permanent burdens on society; but if they are regarded merely as children under the guardianship of the state, they assume quite another character. Rich children are not pauperized by being sent to one or another of the free public schools with which England is blest. Yet a great many of those schools, now exclusively used for the education of upper middle-class boys, were founded by legacies left to educate the poor--girls as well as boys. The English Poor Law, properly administered, ought to give back to the children of the destitute what the upper classes have taken from them, a good education on a self-respecting basis.

The trouble is, as I soon perceived after taking office, the law cannot, in existing circumstances, do all the work, even for children, that it was intended to do. We shall have to have new laws, and it soon became apparent to me that we can never hope to get them until women have the vote. During the time I served on the board, and for years since then, women guardians all over the country have striven in vain to have the law reformed in order to ameliorate conditions which break the hearts of women to see, but which apparently affect men very little. I have spoken of the little girls I found scrubbing the workhouse floors. There were others at the hateful labour who aroused my keenest pity. I found that there were pregnant women in that workhouse, scrubbing floors, doing the hardest kind of work, almost until their babies came into the world. Many of them were unmarried women, very, very young, mere girls. These poor mothers were allowed to stay in the hospital after confinement for a short two weeks. Then they had to make a choice of staying in the workhouse and earning their living by scrubbing and other work, in which case they were separated from their babies; or of taking their discharges. They could stay and be paupers, or they could leave--leave with a two-weeks-old baby in their arms, without hope, without home, without money, without anywhere to go. What became of those girls, and what became of their hapless infants? That question was at the basis of the women guardians' demand for a reform of one part of the Poor Law.

That section deals with the little children who are boarded out, not by the workhouse, but by the parents, that parent being almost always the mother. It is from that class of workhouse mothers--mostly young servant girls--which thoughtless people say all working girls ought to be; it is from that class more than from any other that cases of illegitimacy come. Those poor little servant girls, who

can get out perhaps only in the evening, whose minds are not very cultivated, and who find all the sentiment of their lives in cheap novelettes, fall an easy prey to those who have designs against them. These are the people by whom the babies are mostly put out to nurse, and the mothers have to pay for their keep. Of course the babies are very badly protected. The Poor Law Guardians are supposed to protect them by appointing inspectors to visit the homes where the babies are boarded. But, under the law, if a man who ruins a girl pays down a lump sum of twenty pounds, less than a hundred dollars, the boarding home is immune from inspection. As long as a baby-farmer takes only one child at a time, the twenty pounds being paid, the inspectors cannot inspect the house. Of course the babies die with hideous promptness, often long before the twenty pounds have been spent, and then the baby-farmers are free to solicit another victim. For years, as I have said, women have tried in vain to get that one small reform of the Poor Law, to reach and protect all illegitimate children, and to make it impossible for any rich scoundrel to escape future liability for his child because of the lump sum he has paid down. Over and over again it has been tried, but it has always failed, because the ones who really care about the thing are mere women.

I thought I had been a suffragist before I became a Poor Law Guardian, but now I began to think about the vote in women's hands not only as a right but as a desperate necessity. These poor, unprotected mothers and their babies I am sure were potent factors in my education as a militant. In fact, all the women I came in contact with in the workhouse contributed to that education. Very soon after I went on the board I saw that the class of old women who came into the workhouse were in many ways superior to the kind of old men who came into the workhouse. One could not help noticing it. They were, to begin with, more industrious. In fact, it was quite touching to see their industry and patience. Old women, over sixty and seventy years of age, did most of the work of that place, most of the sewing, most of the things that kept the house clean and which supplied the inmates with clothing. I found that the old men were different. One could not get very much work out of them. They liked to stop in the oakum picking-room, where they were allowed to smoke; but as to real work, very little was done by our old men.

I began to make inquiries about these old women. I found that the majority of them were not women who had been dissolute, who had been criminal, but women who had lead perfectly respectable lives, either as wives and mothers, or as single women earning their own living. A great many were of the domestic-servant class, who had not married, who had lost their employment, and had reached a time of life when it was impossible to get more employment. It was through no fault of their own, but simply because they had never earned enough to save. The average wage of working women in England is less than two dollars a week. On this pittance it is difficult enough to keep alive, and of course it is impossible to save. Every one who knows anything about conditions under which our working women live knows that few of them can ever hope to put by enough to keep them in old age. Besides, the average working woman has to support others than herself. How can she save?

Some of our old women were married. Many of them, I found, were widows of skilled artisans who had had pensions from their unions, but the pensions had died with the men. These women, who had given up the power to work for themselves, and had devoted themselves to working for their husbands and children, were left penniless. There was nothing for them to do but to go into the workhouse. Many of them were widows of men who had served their country in the army or the navy. The men had had pensions from the government, but the pensions had died with them, and so the women were in the workhouse.

We shall not in future, I hope, find so many respectable old women in English workhouses. We have an old-age pension law now, which allows old women as well as old men the sum of five shillings--$1.20--a week; hardly enough to live on, but enough to enable the poor to keep their old fathers and mothers out of the workhouse without starving themselves or their children. But when I was a Poor Law Guardian there was simply nothing to do with a woman when her life of toil ceased except make a pauper of her.

I wish I had space to tell you of other tragedies of women I witnessed while I was on that board. In our out-relief department, which exists chiefly for able-bodied poor and dependent persons, I was brought into contact with widows who were struggling desperately to keep their homes and families together. The law allowed these women relief of a certain very inadequate kind, but for herself and one child it offered no relief except the workhouse. Even if the woman had a baby at her breast she was regarded, under the law, as an able-bodied man. Women, we are told, should stay at home and take care of their children. I used to astound my men colleagues by saying to them: "When women have the vote they will see that mothers _can_ stay at home and care for their children. You men have made it impossible for these mothers to do that."

I am convinced that the enfranchised woman will find many ways in which to lessen, at least, the curse of poverty. Women have more practical ideas about relief, and especially of prevention of dire poverty, than men display. I was struck with this whenever I attended the District Conferences and the annual Poor Law Union Meetings. In our discussions the women showed themselves much more capable, much more resourceful, than the men. I remember two papers which I prepared and which caused

considerable discussion. One of these was on the Duties of Guardians in Times of Unemployment, in which I pointed out that the government had one reserve of employment for men which could always be used. We have, on our northwest coast, a constant washing away of the fore shore. Every once in a while the question of coast reclamation comes up for discussion, but I had never heard any man suggest coast reclamation as a means of giving the unemployed relief.

In 1898 I suffered an irreparable loss in the death of my husband. His death occurred suddenly and left me with the heavy responsibility of caring for a family of children, the eldest only seventeen years of age. I resigned my place on the Board of Guardians, and was almost immediately appointed to the salaried office of Registrar of Births and Deaths in Manchester. We have registrars of births, deaths and marriages in England, but since the act establishing the last named contains the words "male person," a woman may not be appointed a registrar of marriages. The head of this department of the government is the registrar-general, with offices at Somerset House, London, where all vital statistics are returned and all records filed.

It was my duty as registrar of births and deaths to act as chief census officer of my district; I was obliged to receive all returns of births and deaths, record them, and send my books quarterly to the office of the registrar-general. My district was in a working-class quarter, and on this account I instituted evening office hours twice a week. It was touching to observe how glad the women were to have a woman registrar to go to. They used to tell me their stories, dreadful stories some of them, and all of them pathetic with that patient and uncomplaining pathos of poverty. Even after my experience on the Board of Guardians, I was shocked to be reminded over and over again of the little respect there was in the world for women and children. I have had little girls of thirteen come to my office to register the births of their babies, illegitimate, of course. In many of these cases I found that the child's own father or some near male relative was responsible for her state. There was nothing that could be done in most cases. The age of consent in England is sixteen years, but a man can always claim that he thought the girl was over sixteen. During my term of office a very young mother of an illegitimate child exposed her baby, and it died. The girl was tried for murder and was sentenced to death. This was afterwards commuted, it is true, but the unhappy child had the horrible experience of the trial and the sentence "to be hanged by the neck, until you are dead." The wretch who was, from the point of view of justice, the real murderer of the baby, received no punishment at all.

I needed only one more experience after this one, only one more contact with the life of my time and the position of women, to convince me that if civilisation is to advance at all in the future, it must be through the help of women, women freed of their political shackles, women with full power to work their will in society. In 1900 I was asked to stand as a candidate for the Manchester School Board. The schools were then under the old law, and the school boards were very active bodies. They administered the Elementary Education Act, bought school sites, erected buildings, employed and paid teachers. The school code and the curriculum were framed by the Board of Education, which is part of the central government. Of course this was absurd. A body of men in London could not possibly realise all the needs of boys and girls in remote parts of England. But so it was.

As a member of the school board I very soon found that the teachers, working people of the higher grade, were in exactly the same position as the working people of the lower grades. That is, the men had all the advantage. Teachers had a representative in the school board councils. Of course that representative was a man teacher, and equally of course, he gave preference to the interests of the men teachers. Men teachers received much higher salaries than the women, although many of the women, in addition to their regular class work, had to teach sewing and domestic science into the bargain. They received no extra pay for their extra work. In spite of this added burden, and in spite of the lower salaries received, I found that the women cared a great deal more about their work, and a great deal more about the children than the men. It was a winter when there was a great deal of poverty and unemployment in Manchester. I found that the women teachers were spending their slender salaries to provide regular dinners for destitute children, and were giving up their time to waiting on them and seeing that they were nourished. They said to me, quite simply: "You see, the little things are too badly off to study their lessons. We have to feed them before we can teach them."

Well, instead of seeing that women care more for schools and school children than men do and should therefore have more power in education, the Parliament of 1900 actually passed a law which took education in England entirely out of the hands of women. This law abolished the school board altogether and placed the administration of schools in the hands of the municipalities. Certain corporations had formerly made certain grants to technical education--Manchester had built a magnificent technical college--and now the corporations had full control of both elementary and secondary education.

The law did indeed provide that the corporations should co-opt at least one woman on their education boards. Manchester co-opted four women, and at the strong recommendation of the Labour Party, I was one of the women chosen. At their urgent solicitation I was appointed to the Committee on Technical Instruction, the one woman admitted to this committee. I learned that the Manchester

Technical College, called the second best in Europe, spending thousands of pounds annually for technical training, had practically no provision for training women. Even in classes where they might easily have been admitted, bakery and confectionery classes and the like, the girls were kept out because the men's trades unions objected to their being educated for such skilled work. It was rapidly becoming clear to my mind that men regarded women as a servant class in the community, and that women were going to remain in the servant class until they lifted themselves out of it. I asked myself many times in those days what was to be done. I had joined the Labour Party, thinking that through its councils something vital might come, some such demand for the women's enfranchisement that the politicians could not possibly ignore. Nothing came.

All these years my daughters had been growing up. All their lives they had been interested in women's suffrage. Christabel and Sylvia, as little girls, had cried to be taken to meetings. They had helped in our drawing-room meetings in every way that children can help. As they grew older we used to talk together about the suffrage, and I was sometimes rather frightened by their youthful confidence in the prospect, which they considered certain, of the success of the movement. One day Christabel startled me with the remark: "How long you women have been trying for the vote. For my part, I mean to get it."

Was there, I reflected, any difference between trying for the vote and getting it? There is an old French proverb, "If youth could know; if age could do." It occurred to me that if the older suffrage workers could in some way join hands with the young, unwearied and resourceful suffragists, the movement might wake up to new life and new possibilities. After that I and my daughters together sought a way to bring about that union of young and old which would find new methods, blaze new trails. At length we thought we had found a way.

CHAPTER III

In the summer of 1902--I think it was 1902--Susan B. Anthony paid a visit to Manchester, and that visit was one of the contributory causes that led to the founding of our militant suffrage organisation, the Women's Social and Political Union. During Miss Anthony's visit my daughter Christabel, who was very deeply impressed, wrote an article for the Manchester papers on the life and works of the venerable reformer. After her departure Christabel spoke often of her, and always with sorrow and indignation that such a splendid worker for humanity was destined to die without seeing the hopes of her lifetime realised. "It is unendurable," declared my daughter, "to think of another generation of women wasting their lives begging for the vote. We must not lose any more time. We must act."

By this time the Labour Party, of which I was still a member, had returned Mr. Keir Hardie to Parliament, and we decided that the first step in a campaign of action was to make the Labour Party responsible for a new suffrage bill. At a recent annual conference of the party I had moved a resolution calling upon the members to instruct their own member of Parliament to introduce a bill for the enfranchisement of women. The resolution was passed, and we determined to organise a society of women to demand immediate enfranchisement, not by means of any outworn missionary methods, but through political action.

It was in October, 1903, that I invited a number of women to my house in Nelson street, Manchester, for purposes of organisation. We voted to call our new society the Women's Social and Political Union, partly to emphasise its democracy, and partly to define its object as political rather than propagandist. We resolved to limit our membership exclusively to women, to keep ourselves absolutely free from any party affiliation, and to be satisfied with nothing but action on our question. Deeds, not words, was to be our permanent motto.

To such a pass had the women's suffrage cause come in my country that the old leaders, who had done such fine educational work in the past, were now seemingly content with expressions of sympathy and regret on the part of hypocritical politicians. This fact was thrust upon me anew by an incident that occurred almost at the moment of the founding of the Women's Social and Political Union. In our Parliament no bill has a chance of becoming a law unless it is made a Government measure. Private members are at liberty to introduce measures of their own, but these rarely reach the second reading, or debatable stage. So much time is given to discussion of Government measures that very little time can be given to any private bills. About one day in a week is given over to consideration of private measures, to which, as we say, the Government give facilities; and since there are a limited number of weeks in a session, the members, on the opening days of Parliament, meet and draw lots to determine who shall have a place in the debates. Only these successful men have a chance to speak to their bills, and only those who have drawn early chances have any prospect of getting much discussion on their measures.

Now, the old suffragists had long since given up hope of obtaining a Government suffrage bill, but they clung to a hope that a private member's bill would some time obtain consideration. Every year, on the opening day of Parliament, the association sent a deputation of women to the House of Commons, to meet so-called friendly members and consider the position of the women's suffrage cause. The ceremony was of a most conventional, not to say farcical character. The ladies made their speeches and the members made theirs. The ladies thanked the friendly members for their sympathy, and the members renewed their assurances that they believed in women's suffrage and would vote for it when they had an opportunity to do so. Then the deputation, a trifle sad but entirely tranquil, took its departure, and the members resumed the real business of life, which was support of their party's policies.

Such a ceremony as this I attended soon after the founding of the W. S. P. U. Sir Charles M'Laren was the friendly member who presided over the gathering, and he did his full duty in the matter of formally endorsing the cause of women's suffrage. He assured the delegation of his deep regret, as well as the regret of numbers of his colleagues, that women so intelligent, so devoted, etc., should remain unenfranchised. Other members did likewise. The ceremonies drew to a close, but I, who had not been asked to speak, determined to add something to the occasion.

"Sir Charles M'Laren," I began abruptly, "has told us that numbers of his colleagues desire the success of the women's suffrage cause. Now every one of us knows that at this moment the members of the House of Commons are balloting for a place in the debates. Will Sir Charles M'Laren tell us if any member is preparing to introduce a bill for women's suffrage? Will he tell us what he and the other members will pledge themselves to _do_ for the reform they so warmly endorse?"

Of course, the embarrassed Sir Charles was not prepared to tell us anything of the kind, and the deputation departed in confusion and wrath. I was told that I was an interloper, an impertinent intruder. Who asked me to say anything? And what right had I to step in and ruin the good impression they had made? No one could tell how many friendly members I had alienated by my unfortunate remarks.

I went back to Manchester and with renewed energy continued the work of organising for the W. S. P. U.

In the spring of 1904 I went to the annual conference of the Independent Labour Party, determined if possible to induce the members to prepare a suffrage bill to be laid before Parliament in the approaching session. Although I was a member of the National Administrative Council and presumably a person holding some influence in the party, I knew that my plan would be bitterly opposed by a strong minority, who held that the Labour Party should direct all its efforts toward securing universal adult suffrage for both men and women. Theoretically, of course, a Labour party could not be satisfied with anything less than universal adult suffrage, but it was clear that no such sweeping reform could be effected at that time, unless indeed the Government made it one of their measures. Besides, while a large majority of members of the House of Commons were pledged to support a bill giving women equal franchise rights with men, it was doubtful whether a majority could be relied upon to support a bill giving adult suffrage, even to men. Such a bill, even if it were a Government measure, would probably be difficult of passage.

After considerable discussion, the National Council decided to adopt the original Women's Enfranchisement Bill, drafted by Dr. Pankhurst, and advanced in 1870 to its second reading in the House of Commons. The Council's decision was approved by an overwhelming majority of the conference.

The new session of Parliament, so eagerly looked forward to, met on February 13, 1905. I went down from Manchester, and with my daughter Sylvia, then a student at the Royal College of Art, South Kensington, spent eight days in the Strangers' Lobby of the House of Commons, working for the suffrage bill. We interviewed every one of the members who had pledged themselves to support a suffrage bill when it should be introduced, but we found not one single member who would agree that his chance in the ballot, if he drew such a chance, should be given to introducing the bill. Every man had some other measure he was anxious to further. Mr. Keir Hardie had previously given us his pledge, but his name, as we had feared, was not drawn in the ballot. We next set out to interview all the men whose names had been drawn, and we finally induced Mr. Bamford Slack, who held the fourteenth place, to introduce our bill. The fourteenth place was not a good one, but it served, and the second reading of our bill was set down for Friday, May 12th, the second order of the day.

This being the first suffrage bill in eight years, a thrill of excitement animated not only our ranks but all the old suffrage societies. Meetings were held, and a large number of petitions circulated. When the day came for consideration on our bill, the Strangers' Lobby could not hold the enormous gathering of women of all classes, rich and poor, who flocked to the House of Commons. It was pitiful to see the look of hope and joy that shone on the faces of many of these women. We knew that our poor little measure had

the very slightest chance of being passed. The bill that occupied the first order of the day was one providing that carts travelling along public roads at night should carry a light behind as well as before. We had tried to induce the promoters of this unimportant little measure to withdraw it in the interests of our bill, but they refused. We had tried also to persuade the Conservative Government to give our bill facilities for full discussion, but they also refused. So, as we fully anticipated, the promoters of the Roadway Lighting Bill were allowed to "talk out" our bill. They did this by spinning out the debate with silly stories and foolish jokes. The members listened to the insulting performance with laughter and applause.

When news of what was happening reached the women who waited in the Strangers' Lobby, a feeling of wild excitement and indignation took possession of the throng. Seeing their temper, I felt that the moment had come for a demonstration such as no old-fashioned suffragist had ever attempted. I called upon the women to follow me outside for a meeting of protest against the government. We swarmed out into the open, and Mrs. Wolstenholm-Elmy, one of the oldest suffrage workers in England, began to speak. Instantly the police rushed into the crowd of women, pushing them about and ordering them to disperse. We moved on as far as the great statue of Richard Coeur de Lion that guards the entrance to the House of Lords, but again the police intervened. Finally the police agreed to let us hold a meeting in Broad Sanctuary, very near the gates of Westminster Abbey. Here we made speeches and adopted a resolution condemning the Government's action in allowing a small minority to talk out our bill. This was the first militant act of the W. S. P. U. It caused comment and even some alarm, but the police contented themselves with taking our names.

The ensuing summer was spent in outdoor work. By this time the Women's Social and Political Union had acquired some valuable accessions, and money began to come to us. Among our new members was one who was destined to play an important role in the unfolding drama of the militant movement. At the close of one of our meetings at Oldham a young girl introduced herself to me as Annie Kenney, a mill-worker, and a strong suffrage sympathiser. She wanted to know more of our society and its objects, and I invited her and her sister Jenny, a Board School teacher, to tea the next day. They came and joined our Union, a step that definitely changed the whole course of Miss Kenney's life, and gave us one of our most distinguished leaders and organisers. With her help we began to carry our propaganda to an entirely new public.

In Lancashire there is an institution known as the Wakes, a sort of travelling fair where they have merry-go-rounds, Aunt-Sallies, and other festive games, side-shows of various kinds, and booths where all kinds of things are sold. Every little village has its Wakes-week during the summer and autumn, and it is the custom for the inhabitants of the villages to spend the Sunday before the opening of the Wakes walking among the booths in anticipation of tomorrow's joys. On these occasions the Salvation Army, temperance orators, venders of quack medicines, pedlars, and others, take advantage of the ready-made audience to advance their propaganda. At Annie Kenney's suggestion we went from one village to the other, following the Wakes and making suffrage speeches. We soon rivalled in popularity the Salvation Army, and even the tooth-drawers and patent-medicine pedlars.

The Women's Social and Political Union had been in existence two years before any opportunity was presented for work on a national scale. The autumn of 1905 brought a political situation which seemed to us to promise bright hopes for women's enfranchisement. The life of the old Parliament, dominated for nearly twenty years by the Conservative Party, was drawing to an end, and the country was on the eve of a general election in which the Liberals hoped to be returned to power. Quite naturally the Liberal candidates went to the country with perfervid promises of reform in every possible direction. They appealed to the voters to return them, as advocates and upholders of true democracy, and they promised that there should be a Government united in favour of people's rights against the powers of a privileged aristocracy.

Now repeated experiences had taught us that the only way to attain women's suffrage was to commit a Government to it. In other words, pledges of support from candidates were plainly useless. They were not worth having. The only object worth trying for was pledges from responsible leaders that the new Government would make women's suffrage a part of the official programme. We determined to address ourselves to those men who were likely to be in the Liberal Cabinet, demanding to know whether their reforms were going to include justice to women.

We laid our plans to begin this work at a great meeting to be held in Free Trade Hall, Manchester, with Sir Edward Grey as the principal speaker. We intended to get seats in the gallery, directly facing the platform and we made for the occasion a large banner with the words: "Will the Liberal Party Give Votes for Women?" We were to let this banner down over the gallery rails at the moment when our speaker rose to put the question to Sir Edward Grey. At the last moment, however, we had to alter the plan because it was impossible to get the gallery seats we wanted. There was no way in which we could use our large banner, so, late in the afternoon on the day of the meeting, we cut out and made a small banner with the three-word inscription: "Votes for Women." Thus,

quite accidentally, there came into existence the present slogan of the suffrage movement around the world.

Annie Kenney and my daughter Christabel were charged with the mission of questioning Sir Edward Grey. They sat quietly through the meeting, at the close of which questions were invited. Several questions were asked by men and were courteously answered. Then Annie Kenney arose and asked: "If the Liberal party is returned to power, will they take steps to give votes for women?" At the same time Christabel held aloft the little banner that every one in the hall might understand the nature of the question. Sir Edward Grey returned no answer to Annie's question, and the men sitting near her forced her rudely into her seat, while a steward of the meeting pressed his hat over her face. A babel of shouts, cries and catcalls sounded from all over the hall.

As soon as order was restored Christabel stood up and repeated the question: "Will the Liberal Government, if returned, give votes to women?" Again Sir Edward Grey ignored the question, and again a perfect tumult of shouts and angry cries arose. Mr. William Peacock, chief constable of Manchester, left the platform and came down to the women, asking them to write their question, which he promised to hand to the speaker. They wrote: "Will the Liberal Government give votes to working-women? Signed, on behalf of the Women's Social and Political Union, Annie Kenney, member of the Oldham committee of the card-and blowing-room operatives." They added a line to say that, as one of 96,000 organised women textile-workers, Annie Kenney earnestly desired an answer to the question.

Mr. Peacock kept his word and handed the question to Sir Edward Grey, who read it, smiled, and passed it to the others on the platform. They also read it with smiles, but no answer to the question was made. Only one lady who was sitting on the platform tried to say something, but the chairman interrupted by asking Lord Durham to move a vote of thanks to the speaker. Mr. Winston Churchill seconded the motion, Sir Edward Grey replied briefly, and the meeting began to break up. Annie Kenney stood up in her chair and cried out over the noise of shuffling feet and murmurs of conversation: "Will the Liberal Government give votes to women?" Then the audience became a mob. They howled, they shouted and roared, shaking their fists fiercely at the woman who dared to intrude her question into a man's meeting. Hands were lifted to drag her out of her chair, but Christabel threw one arm about her as she stood, and with the other arm warded off the mob, who struck and scratched at her until her sleeve was red with blood. Still the girls held together and shouted over and over: "The question! The question! Answer the question!"

Six men, stewards of the meeting, seized Christabel and dragged her down the aisle, past the platform, other men following with Annie Kenney, both girls still calling for an answer to their question. On the platform the Liberal leaders sat silent and unmoved while this disgraceful scene was taking place, and the mob were shouting and shrieking from the floor.

Flung into the streets, the two girls staggered to their feet and began to address the crowds, and to tell them what had taken place in a Liberal meeting. Within five minutes they were arrested on a charge of obstruction and, in Christabel's case, of assaulting the police. Both were summonsed to appear next morning in a police court, where, after a trial which was a mere farce, Annie Kenney was sentenced to pay a fine of five shillings, with an alternative of three days in prison, and Christabel Pankhurst was given a fine of ten shillings or a jail sentence of one week.

Both girls promptly chose the prison sentence. As soon as they left the court-room I hurried around to the room where they were waiting, and I said to my daughter: "You have done everything you could be expected to do in this matter. I think you should let me pay your fines and take you home." Without waiting for Annie Kenney to speak, my daughter exclaimed: "Mother, if you pay my fine I will never go home." Before going to the meeting she had said, "We will get our question answered or sleep in prison to-night." I now knew her courage remained unshaken.

Of course the affair created a tremendous sensation, not only in Manchester, where my husband had been so well known and where I had so long held public office, but all over England. The comments of the press were almost unanimously bitter. Ignoring the perfectly well-established fact that men in every political meeting ask questions and demand answers of the speakers, the newspapers treated the action of the two girls as something quite unprecedented and outrageous. They generally agreed that great leniency had been shown them. Fines and jail-sentences were too good for such unsexed creatures. "The discipline of the nursery" would have been far more appropriate. One Birmingham paper declared that "if any argument were required against giving ladies political status and power it had been furnished in Manchester." Newspapers which had heretofore ignored the whole subject now hinted that while they had formerly been in favour of women's suffrage, they could no longer countenance it. The Manchester incident, it was said, had set the cause back, perhaps irrevocably.

This is how it set the cause back. Scores of people wrote to the newspapers expressing sympathy with the women. The wife of Sir Edward Grey told her friends that she considered them quite justified in the means they had taken. It was stated that Winston

Churchill, nervous about his own candidacy in Manchester, visited Strangeways Gaol, where the two girls were imprisoned, and vainly begged the governor to allow him to pay their fines. On October 20, when the prisoners were released, they were given an immense demonstration in Free-Trade Hall, the very hall from which they had been ejected the week before. The Women's Social and Political Union received a large number of new members. Above all, the question of women's suffrage became at once a live topic of comment from one end of Great Britain to the other.

We determined that from that time on the little "Votes For Women" banners should appear wherever a prospective member of the Liberal Government rose to speak, and that there should be no more peace until the women's question was answered. We clearly perceived that the new Government, calling themselves Liberal, were reactionary so far as women were concerned, that they were hostile to women's suffrage, and would have to be fought until they were conquered, or else driven from office.

We did not begin to fight, however, until we had given the new Government every chance to give us the pledge we wanted. Early in December the Conservative Government had gone out, and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the Liberal leader, had formed a new Cabinet. On December 21 a great meeting was held in Royal Albert Hall, London, where Sir Henry, surrounded by his cabinet, made his first utterance as Prime Minister. Previous to the meeting we wrote to Sir Henry and asked him, in the name of the Women's Social and Political Union, whether the Liberal Government would give women the vote. We added that our representatives would be present at the meeting, and we hoped that the Prime Minister would publicly answer the question. Otherwise we should be obliged publicly to protest against his silence.

Of course Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman returned no reply, nor did his speech contain any allusion to women's suffrage. So, at the conclusion, Annie Kenney, whom we had smuggled into the hall in disguise, whipped out her little white calico banner, and called out in her clear, sweet voice: "Will the Liberal Government give women the vote?"

At the same moment Theresa Billington let drop from a seat directly above the platform a huge banner with the words: "Will the Liberal Government give justice to working-women?" Just for a moment there was a gasping silence, the people waiting to see what the Cabinet Ministers would do. They did nothing. Then, in the midst of uproar and conflicting shouts, the women were seized and flung out of the hall.

This was the beginning of a campaign the like of which was never known in England, or, for that matter, in any other country. If we had been strong enough we should have opposed the election of every Liberal candidate, but being limited both in funds and in members we concentrated on one member of the Government, Mr. Winston Churchill. Not that we had any animus against Mr. Churchill. We chose him simply because he was the only important candidate standing for constituencies within reach of our headquarters. We attended every meeting addressed by Mr. Churchill. We heckled him unmercifully; we spoiled his best points by flinging back such obvious retorts that the crowds roared with laughter. We lifted out little white banners from unexpected corners of the hall, exactly at the moment when an interruption was least desired. Sometimes our banners were torn from our hands and trodden under foot. Sometimes, again, the crowds were with us, and we actually broke up the meeting. We did not succeed in defeating Mr. Churchill, but he was returned by a very small majority, the smallest of any of the Manchester Liberal candidates.

We did not confine our efforts to heckling Mr. Churchill. Throughout the campaign we kept up the work of questioning Cabinet Ministers at meetings all over England and Scotland. At Sun Hall, Liverpool, addressed by the Prime Minister, nine women in succession asked the important question, and were thrown out of the hall; this in the face of the fact that Sir Campbell-Bannerman was an avowed suffragist. But we were not questioning him as to his private opinions on the suffrage; we were asking him what his Government were willing to do about suffrage. We questioned Mr. Asquith in Sheffield, Mr. Lloyd-George in Altrincham, Cheshire, the Prime Minister again in Glasgow, and we interrupted a great many other meetings as well. Always we were violently thrown out and insulted. Often we were painfully bruised and hurt.

What good did it do? We have often been asked that question, even by the women our actions spurred into an activity they had never before thought themselves capable of. For one thing, our heckling campaign made women's suffrage a matter of news--it had never been that before. Now the newspapers were full of us. For another thing, we woke up the old suffrage associations. During the general election various groups of non-militant suffragists came back to life and organised a gigantic manifesto in favour of action from the Liberal Government. Among others, the manifesto was signed by the Women's Co-operative Guild with nearly 21,000 members; the Women's Liberal Federation, with 76,000 members; the Scottish Women's Liberal Federation, with 15,000 members; the North-of-England Weavers' Association, with 100,000 members; the British Women's Temperance Association, with nearly 110,000 members; and the Independent Labour Party with 20,000 members. Surely it was something to have inspired all

this activity.

We decided that the next step must be to carry the fight to London, and Annie Kenney was chosen to be organiser there. With only two pounds, less than ten dollars, in her pocket the intrepid girl set forth on her mission. In about a fortnight I left my official work as registrar in the hands of a deputy and went down to London to see what had been accomplished. To my astonishment I found that Annie, working with my daughter Sylvia, had organised a procession of women and a demonstration to be held on the opening day of Parliament. The confident young things had actually engaged Caxton Hall, Westminster; they had had printed a large number of handbills to announce the meeting, and they were busily engaged in working up the demonstration. Mrs. Drummond, who had joined the Union shortly after the imprisonment of Annie Kenney and Christabel, sent word from Manchester that she was coming to help us. She had to borrow the money for her railroad-fare, but she came, and, as ever before and since, her help was invaluable.

How we worked, distributing handbills, chalking announcements of the meeting on pavements, calling on every person we knew and on a great many more we knew only by name, canvassing from door to door!

At length the opening day of Parliament arrived. On February 19, 1906, occurred the first suffrage procession in London. I think there were between three and four hundred women in that procession, poor working-women from the East End, for the most part, leading the way in which numberless women of every rank were afterward to follow. My eyes were misty with tears as I saw them, standing in line, holding the simple banners which my daughter Sylvia had decorated, waiting for the word of command. Of course our procession attracted a large crowd of intensely amused spectators. The police, however, made no attempt to disperse our ranks, but merely ordered us to furl our banners. There was no reason why we should not have carried banners but the fact that we were women, and therefore could be bullied. So, bannerless, the procession entered Caxton Hall. To my amazement it was filled with women, most of whom I had never seen at any suffrage gathering before.

Our meeting was most enthusiastic, and while Annie Kenney was speaking, to frequent applause, the news came to me that the King's speech (which is not the King's at all, but the formally announced Government programme for the session) had been read, and that there was in it no mention of the women's suffrage question. As Annie took her seat I arose and made this announcement, and I moved a resolution that the meeting should at once proceed to the House of Commons to urge the members to introduce a suffrage measure. The resolution was carried, and we rushed out in a body and hurried toward the Strangers' Entrance. It was pouring rain and bitterly cold, yet no one turned back, even when we learned at the entrance that for the first time in memory the doors of the House of Commons were barred to women. We sent in our cards to members who were personal friends, and some of them came out and urged our admittance. The police, however, were obdurate. They had their orders. The Liberal government, advocates of the people's rights, had given orders that women should no longer set foot in their stronghold.

Pressure from members proved too great, and the government relented to the extent of allowing twenty women at a time to enter the lobby. Through all the rain and cold those hundreds of women waited for hours their turn to enter. Some never got in, and for those of us who did there was small satisfaction. Not a member could be persuaded to take up our cause.

Out of the disappointment and dejection of that experience I yet reaped a richer harvest of happiness than I had ever known before. Those women had followed me to the House of Commons. They had defied the police. They were awake at last. They were prepared to do something that women had never done before--fight for themselves. Women had always fought for men, and for their children. Now they were ready to fight for their own human rights. Our militant movement was established.

CHAPTER IV

To account for the phenomenal growth of the Women's Social and Political Union after it was established in London, to explain why it made such an instant appeal to women hitherto indifferent, I shall have to point out exactly wherein our society differs from all other suffrage associations. In the first place, our members are absolutely single minded; they concentrate all their forces on one object, political equality with men. No member of the W. S. P. U. divides her attention between suffrage and other social reforms. We hold that both reason and justice dictate that women shall have a share in reforming the evils that afflict society, especially those evils bearing directly on women themselves. Therefore, we demand, before any other legislation whatever, the elementary justice of votes for women.

There is not the slightest doubt that the women of Great Britain would have been enfranchised years ago had all the suffragists adopted this simple principle. They never did, and even to-day many English women refuse to adopt it. They are party members

first and suffragists afterward; or they are suffragists part of the time and social theorists the rest of the time. We further differ from other suffrage associations, or from others existing in 1906, in that we clearly perceived the political situation that solidly interposed between us and our enfranchisement.

For seven years we had had a majority in the House of Commons pledged to vote favourably on a suffrage bill. The year before, they had voted favourably on one, yet that bill did not become law. Why? Because even an overwhelming majority of private members are powerless to enact law in the face of a hostile Government of eleven cabinet ministers. The private member of Parliament was once possessed of individual power and responsibility, but Parliamentary usage and a changed conception of statesmanship have gradually lessened the functions of members. At the present time their powers, for all practical purposes, are limited to helping to enact such measures as the Government introduces or, in rare instances, private measures approved by the Government. It is true that the House can revolt, can, by voting a lack of confidence in the Government, force them to resign. But that almost never happens, and it is less likely now than formerly to happen. Figureheads don't revolt.

This, then, was our situation: the Government all-powerful and consistently hostile; the rank and file of legislators impotent; the country apathetic; the women divided in their interests. The Women's Social and Political Union was established to meet this situation, and to overcome it. Moreover we had a policy which, if persisted in long enough, could not possibly fail to overcome it. Do you wonder that we gained new members at every meeting we held?

There was little formality about joining the Union. Any woman could become a member by paying a shilling, but at the same time she was required to sign a declaration of loyal adherence to our policy and a pledge not to work for any political party until the women's vote was won. This is still our inflexible custom. Moreover, if at any time a member, or a group of members, loses faith in our policy; if any one begins to suggest, that some other policy ought to be substituted, or if she tries to confuse the issue by adding other policies, she ceases at once to be a member. Autocratic? Quite so. But, you may object, a suffrage organisation ought to be democratic. Well the members of the W. S. P. U. do not agree with you. We do not believe in the effectiveness of the ordinary suffrage organisation. The W. S. P. U. is not hampered by a complexity of rules. We have no constitution and by-laws; nothing to be amended or tinkered with or quarrelled over at an annual meeting. In fact, we have no annual meeting, no business sessions, no elections of officers. The W. S. P. U. is simply a suffrage army in the field. It is purely a volunteer army, and no one is obliged to remain in it. Indeed we don't want anybody to remain in it who does not ardently believe in the policy of the army.

The foundation of our policy is opposition to a Government who refuse votes to women. To support by word or deed a Government hostile to woman suffrage is simply to invite them to go on being hostile. We oppose the Liberal party because it is in power. We would oppose a Unionist government if it were in power and were opposed to woman suffrage. We say to women that as long as they remain in the ranks of the Liberal party they give their tacit approval to the Government's anti-suffrage policy. We say to members of Parliament that as long as they support any of the Government's policies they give their tacit approval to the anti-suffrage policy. We call upon all sincere suffragists to leave the Liberal party until women are given votes on equal terms with men. We call upon all voters to vote against Liberal candidates until the Liberal Government does justice to women.

We did not invent this policy. It was most successfully pursued by Mr. Parnell in his Home Rule struggle more than thirty-five years ago. Any one who is old enough to remember the stirring days of Parnell may recall how, in 1885, the Home Rulers, by persistently voting against the Government in the House of Commons, forced the resignation of Mr. Gladstone and his Cabinet. In the general election which followed, the Liberal party was again returned to power, but by the slender majority of eighty-four, the Home Rulers having fought every Liberal candidate, even those, who, like my husband, were enthusiastic believers in Home Rule. In order to control the House and keep his leadership, Mr. Gladstone was obliged to bring in a Government Home Rule Bill. The downfall, through private intrigue, and the subsequent death of Parnell prevented the bill from becoming law. For many years afterward the Irish Nationalists had no leader strong enough to carry on Parnell's anti-government policy, but within late years it was resumed by Mr. James Redmond, with the result that the Commons passed a Home Rule Bill.

The contention of the old-fashioned suffragists, and of the politicians as well, has always been that an educated public opinion will ultimately give votes to women without any great force being exerted in behalf of the reform. We agree that public opinion must be educated, but we contend that even an educated public opinion is useless unless it is vigorously utilised. The keenest weapon is powerless unless it is courageously wielded. In the year 1906 there was an immensely large public opinion in favour of woman suffrage. But what good did that do the cause? We called upon the public for a great deal more than sympathy. We called upon it to demand of the Government to yield to public opinion and give women votes. And we declared that we would wage war, not only on all anti-suffrage forces, but on all neutral and non-active forces. Every man with a vote was considered a foe to woman suffrage

unless he was prepared to be actively a friend.

Not that we believed that the campaign of education ought to be given up. On the contrary, we knew that education must go on, and in much more vigorous fashion than ever before. The first thing we did was to enter upon a sensational campaign to arouse the public to the importance of woman suffrage, and to interest it in our plans for forcing the Government's hands. I think we can claim that our success in this regard was instant, and that it has proved permanent. From the very first, in those early London days, when we were few in numbers and very poor in purse, we made the public aware of the woman suffrage movement as it had never been before. We adopted Salvation Army methods and went out into the highways and the byways after converts. We threw away all our conventional notions of what was "ladylike" and "good form," and we applied to our methods the one test question, Will it help? Just as the Booths and their followers took religion to the street crowds in such fashion that the church people were horrified, so we took suffrage to the general public in a manner that amazed and scandalised the other suffragists.

We had a lot of suffrage literature printed, and day by day our members went forth and held street meetings. Selecting a favourable spot, with a chair for a rostrum, one of us would ring a bell until people began to stop to see what was going to happen. What happened, of course, was a lively suffrage speech, and the distribution of literature. Soon after our campaign had started, the sound of the bell was a signal for a crowd to spring up as if by magic. All over the neighbourhood you heard the cry: "Here are the Suffragettes! Come on!" We covered London in this way; we never lacked an audience, and best of all, an audience to which the woman-suffrage doctrine was new. We were increasing our favourable public as well as waking it up. Besides these street meetings, we held many hall and drawing-room meetings, and we got a great deal of press publicity, which was something never accorded the older suffrage methods.

Our plans included the introduction of a Government suffrage bill at the earliest possible moment, and in the spring of 1906 we sent a deputation of about thirty of our members to interview the Prime Minister, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. The Prime Minister, it was stated, was not at home; so in a few days we sent another deputation. This time the servant agreed to carry our request to the Prime Minister. The women waited patiently on the doorstep of the official residence, No. 10 Downing Street, for nearly an hour. Then the door opened and two men appeared. One of the men addressed the leader of the deputation, roughly ordering her and the others to leave. "We have sent a message to the Prime Minister," she replied, "and we are waiting for the answer." "There will be no answer," was the stern rejoinder, and the door closed.

"Yes, there will be an answer," exclaimed the leader, and she seized the door-knocker and banged it sharply. Instantly the men reappeared, and one of them called to a policeman standing near, "Take this woman in charge." The order was obeyed, and the peaceful deputation saw its leader taken off to Canon Row Station.

Instantly the women protested vigorously. Annie Kenney began to address the crowd that had gathered, and Mrs. Drummond actually forced her way past the doorkeeper into the sacred residence of the Prime Minister of the British Empire! Her arrest and Annie's followed. The three women were detained at the police station for about an hour, long enough, the Prime Minister probably thought, to frighten them thoroughly and teach them not to do such dreadful things again. Then he sent them word that he had decided not to prosecute them, but would, on the contrary, receive a deputation from the W. S. P. U., and, if they cared to attend, from other suffrage societies as well.

All the suffrage organisations at once began making preparations for the great event. At the same time two hundred members of Parliament sent a petition to the Prime Minister, asking him to receive their committee that they might urge upon him the necessity of a Government measure for woman suffrage. Sir Henry fixed May 19th as the day on which he would receive a joint deputation from Parliament and from the women's suffrage organisations.

The W. S. P. U. determined to make the occasion as public as possible, and began preparations for a procession and a demonstration. When the day came we assembled at the foot of the beautiful monument to the warrior-queen, Boadicea, that guards the entrance to Westminster Bridge, and from there we marched to the Foreign Office. At the meeting eight women spoke in behalf of an immediate suffrage measure, and Mr. Keir Hardie presented the argument for the suffrage members of Parliament. I spoke for the W. S. P. U., and I tried to make the Prime Minister see that no business could be more pressing than ours. I told him that the group of women organised in our Union felt so strongly the necessity for women enfranchisement that they were prepared to sacrifice for it everything they possessed, their means of livelihood, their very lives, if necessary. I begged him to make such a sacrifice needless by doing us justice now.

What answer do you think Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman made us? He assured us of his sympathy with our cause, his belief in its justice, and his confidence in our fitness to vote. And then he told us to have patience and wait; he could do nothing for us because some of his Cabinet were opposed to us. After a few more words the usual vote of thanks was moved, and the deputation was dismissed. I had not expected anything better, but it wrung my heart to see the bitter disappointment of the W. S. P. U. women who had waited in the street to hear from the leaders the result of the deputation. We held a great meeting of protest that afternoon, and determined to carry on our agitation with increased vigor.

Now that it had been made plain that the Government were resolved not to bring in a suffrage bill, there was nothing to do but to continue our policy of waking up the country, not only by public speeches and demonstrations, but by a constant heckling of Cabinet Ministers. Since the memorable occasion when Christabel Pankhurst and Annie Kenney were thrown out of Sir Edward Grey's meeting in Manchester, and afterward imprisoned for the crime of asking a courteous question, we had not lost an opportunity of addressing the same question to every Cabinet Minister we could manage to encounter. For this we have been unmercifully criticised, and in a large number of cases most brutally handled.

In almost every one of my American meetings I was asked the question, "What good do you expect to accomplish by interrupting meetings?" Is it possible that the time-honoured, almost sacred English privilege of interrupting is unknown in America? I cannot imagine a political meeting from which "the Voice" was entirely absent. In England it is invariably present. It is considered the inalienable right of the opposition to heckle the speaker and to hurl questions at him which are calculated to spoil his arguments. For instance, when Liberals attend a Conservative gathering they go prepared to shatter by witticisms and pointed questions all the best effects of the Conservative orators. The next day you will read in Liberal newspapers headlines like these: "The Voice in Fine Form," "Short Shrift for Tory Twaddle," "Awkward Answers from the Enemy's Platform." In the body of the article you will learn that "Lord X found that the Liberals at his meeting were more than a match for him," that "there was continued interruption during Sir So-and-so's speech," that "Lord M fared badly last night in his encounter with the Voice," or that "Captain Z had the greatest difficulty in making himself heard."

In accordance with this custom we heckle Cabinet Ministers. Mr. Winston Churchill, for example, is speaking. "One great question," he exclaims, "remains to be settled."

"And that is woman suffrage," shouts a voice from the gallery.

Mr. Churchill struggles on with his speech: "The men have been complaining of me----"

"The women have been complaining of you, too, Mr. Churchill," comes back promptly from the back of the hall.

"In the circumstances what can we do but----"

"Give votes to women."

Our object, of course, is to keep woman suffrage in the foreground of interest and to insist on every possible occasion that no other reform advocated is of such immediate importance.

From the first the women's interruptions have been resented with unreasoning anger. I remember hearing Mr. Lloyd-George saying once of a man who interrupted him:

"Let him remain. I like interruptions. They show that people holding different opinions to mine are present, giving me a chance to convert them." But when suffragists interrupt Mr. Lloyd-George he says something polite like this: "Pay no attention to those cats mewing."

Some of the ministers are more well bred in their expressions, but all are disdainful and resentful. All see with approval the brutal ejection of the women by the Liberal stewards.

At one meeting where Mr. Lloyd-George was speaking, we interrupted with a question, and he claimed the sympathy of the audience on the score that he was a friend to woman suffrage. "Then why don't you do something to give votes to women?" was the obvious retort. But Mr. Lloyd-George evaded this by the counter query: "Why don't they go for their enemies? Why don't they go for their greatest enemy?" Instantly, all over the hall, voices shouted, "Asquith! Asquith!" For even at that early day it was known that the then Chancellor of the Exchequer was a stern foe of women's independence.

In the summer of 1906, together with other members of the W. S. P. U., I went to Northampton, where Mr. Asquith was holding a large meeting in behalf of the Government's education bills. We organised a number of outdoor meetings, and of course prepared to attend Mr. Asquith's meeting. In conversation with the president of the local Women's Liberal Association, I mentioned the fact that we expected to be put out, and she indignantly declared that such a thing could not happen in Northampton, where the women had done so much for the Liberal party. I told her that I hoped she would be at the meeting.

I had not intended to go myself, my plans being to hold a meeting of my own outside the door. But our members, before Mr. Asquith began to speak, attempted to question him, and were thrown out with violence. So then, turning my meeting over to them, I slipped quietly into the hall and sat down in the front row of a division set apart for wives and women friends of the Liberal leaders. I sat there in silence, hearing men interrupt the speaker and get answers to their questions. At the close of the speech I stood up and, addressing the chairman, said: "I should like to ask Mr. Asquith a question about education." The chairman turned inquiringly to Mr. Asquith, who frowningly shook his head. But without waiting for the chairman to say a word, I continued: "Mr. Asquith has said that the parents of children have a right to be consulted in the matter of their children's education, especially upon such questions as the kind of religious instruction they should receive. Women are parents. Does not Mr. Asquith think that women should have the right to control their children's education, as men do, through the vote?" At this point the stewards seized me by the arms and shoulders and rushed me, or rather dragged me, for I soon lost my footing, to the door and threw me out of the building.

The effect on the president of the Northampton Women's Liberal Association was most salutary. She resigned her office and became a member of the W. S. P. U. Perhaps her action was influenced further by the press reports of the incident. Mr. Asquith was reported as saying, after my ejection, that it was difficult to enter into the minds of people who thought they could serve a cause which professed to appeal to the reason of the electors of the country by disturbing public meetings. Apparently he could enter into the minds of the men who disturbed public meetings.

To our custom of public heckling of the responsible members of the hostile Government we added the practice of sending deputations to them for the purpose of presenting orderly arguments in favour of our cause. After Mr. Asquith had shown himself so uninformed as to the objects of the suffragists, we decided to ask him to receive a deputation from the W. S. P. U. To our polite letter Mr. Asquith returned a cold refusal to be interviewed on any subject not connected with his particular office. Whereupon we wrote again, reminding Mr. Asquith that as a member of the Government he was concerned with all questions likely to be dealt with by Parliament. We said that we urgently desired to put our question before him, and that we would send a deputation to his house hoping that he would feel it his duty to receive us.

Our first deputation was told that Mr. Asquith was not at home. He had, in fact, escaped from the house through the back door, and had sped away in a fast motor-car. Two days later we sent a larger deputation, of about thirty women, to his house in Cavendish Square. To be accurate, the deputation got as near the house as the entrance to Cavendish Square; there the women met a strong force of police, who told them that they would not be permitted to go farther.

Many of the women were carrying little "Votes for Women" banners, and these the police tore from them, in some cases with blows and insults. Seeing this, the leader of the deputation cried out: "We will go forward. You have no right to strike women like that." The reply, from a policeman near her, was a blow in the face. She screamed with pain and indignation, whereupon the man grasped her by the throat and choked her against the park railings until she was blue in the face. The young woman struggled and fought back, and for this she was arrested on a charge of assaulting the police. Three other women were arrested, one because, in spite of the police, she succeeded in ringing Mr. Asquith's door-bell and another because she protested against the laughter of some ladies who watched the affair from a drawing-room window. She was a poor working-woman, and it seemed to her a terrible thing that rich and protected women should ridicule a cause that to her was so profoundly serious. The fourth woman was taken in charge, because after she had been pushed off the pavement, she dared to step back. Charged with disorderly conduct, these women were sentenced to six weeks in the Second Division. They were given the option of a fine, it is true, but the payment of a fine would have been an acknowledgment of guilt, which made such a course impossible. The leader of the deputation was given a two months' sentence, with the option of a fine of ten pounds. She, too, refused to pay, and was sent to prison; but some unknown friend paid the fine secretly, and she was released before the expiration of her sentence.

About the time these things were happening in London, similar violence was offered our women in Manchester, where John Burns, Lloyd-George, and Winston Churchill, all three Cabinet Ministers, were addressing a great Liberal demonstration. The women were there, as usual, to ask government support for our measure. There, too, they were thrown out of the meeting, and three of them were sent to prison.

There are people in England, plenty of them, who will tell you that the Suffragettes were sent to prison for destroying property. The fact is that hundreds of women were arrested for exactly such offences as I have described before it ever occurred to any of us to destroy property. We were determined, at the beginning of our movement, that we would make ourselves heard, that we would force the Government to take up our question and answer it by action in Parliament. Perhaps you will see some parallel to our case in the stand taken in Massachusetts by the early Abolitionists, Wendell Phillips and William Lloyd Garrison. They, too, had to fight bitterly, to face insult and arrest, because they insisted on being heard. And they were heard; and so, in time, were we.

I think we began to be noticed in earnest after our first success in opposing a Liberal candidate. This was in a by-election held at Cockermouth in August, 1906. I shall have to explain that a by-election is a local election to fill a vacancy in Parliament caused by a death or a resignation. The verdict of a by-election is considered as either an indorsement or a censure of the manner in which the Government have fulfilled their pre-election pledges. So we went to Cockermouth and told the voters how the Liberal party had fulfilled its pledges of democracy and lived up to its avowed belief in the rights of all the people. We told them of the arrests in London and Manchester, of the shameful treatment of women in Liberal meetings, and we asked them to censure the Government who had answered so brutally our demand for a vote. We told them that the only rebuke that the politicians would notice was a lost seat in Parliament, and that on that ground we asked them to defeat the Liberal candidate.

How we were ridiculed! With what scorn the newspapers declared that "those wild women" could never turn a single vote. Yet when the election was over it was found that the Liberal candidate had lost the seat, which, at the general election a little more than a year before, had been won by a majority of 655. This time the Unionist candidate was returned by a majority of 609. Tremendously elated, we hurried our forces off to another by-election.

Now the ridicule was turned to stormy abuse. Mind you, the Liberal Government still refused to notice the women's question; they declared through the Liberal press that the defeat at Cockermouth was insignificant, and that anyhow it wasn't caused by the Suffragettes; yet the Liberal leaders were furiously angry with the W. S. P. U. Many of our members had been Liberals, and it was considered by the men that these women were little better than traitors. They were very foolish and ill-advised, into the bargain, the Liberals said, because the vote, if won at all, must be gained from the Liberal party; and how did the women suppose the Liberal party would ever give the vote to open and avowed enemies? This sage argument was used also by the women Liberals and the constitutional suffragists. They advised us that the proper way was to work for the party. We retorted that we had done that unsuccessfully for too many years already, and persisted with the opposite method of persuasion.

Throughout the summer and autumn we devoted ourselves to the by-election work, sometimes actually defeating the Liberal candidate, sometimes reducing the Liberal majority, and always raising a tremendous sensation and gaining hundreds of new members to the Union. In almost every neighbourhood we visited we left the nucleus of a local union, so that before the year was out we had branches all over England and many in Scotland and Wales. I especially remember a by-election in Wales at which Mr. Samuel Evans, who had accepted an officership under the Crown, had to stand for re-election. Unfortunately no candidate had been brought out against him. So there was nothing for my companions and me to do but make his campaign as lively as possible. Mr.--now Sir Samuel--Evans was the man who had incensed women by talking out a suffrage resolution introduced into the House by Keir Hardie. So we went to two of his meetings and literally talked him out, breaking up the gatherings amid the laughter and cheers of delighted crowds.

On October 23d Parliament met for its autumn session, and we led a deputation to the House of Commons in another effort to induce the Government to take action on woman suffrage. In accordance with orders given the police, only twenty of us were admitted to the Strangers' Lobby. We sent in for the chief Liberal whip, and asked him to take a message to the Prime Minister, the message being the usual request to grant women the vote that session. We also asked the Prime Minister if he intended to include the registration of qualified women voters in the provisions of the plural voting bill, then under consideration. The Liberal whip came back with the reply that nothing could be done for women that session.

[Illustration: MRS. PANKHURST ADDRESSING A BY-ELECTION CROWD]

"Does the Prime Minister," I asked, "hold out any hope for the women for any session during this Parliament, or at any future time?" The Prime Minister, you will remember, called himself a suffragist.

The Liberal whip replied, "No, Mrs. Pankhurst, the Prime Minister does not."

What would a deputation of unenfranchised men have done in these circumstances--men who knew themselves to be qualified to exercise the franchise, who desperately needed the protection of the franchise, and who had a majority of legislators in favour of giving them the franchise? I hope they would have done at least as much as we did, which was to start a meeting of protest on the spot. The newspapers described our action as creating a disgraceful scene in the lobby of the House of Commons, but I think that history will otherwise describe it. One of the women sprang up on a settee and began to address the crowd. In less than a minute she was pulled down, but instantly another woman took her place; and after she had been dragged down, still another sprang to her place, and following her another and another, until the order came to clear the lobby, and we were all forced outside.

In the melee I was thrown to the floor and painfully hurt. The women, thinking me seriously injured, crowded around me and refused to move until I was able to regain myself. This angered the police, who were still more incensed when they found that the demonstration was continued outside. Eleven women were arrested, including Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, our treasurer, Mrs. Cobden Sanderson, Annie Kenney and three more of our organisers; and they were all sent to Holloway for two months. But the strength of our movement was proved by the number of volunteers who immediately came forward to carry on the work. Mrs. Tuke, now Hon. Secretary of the W. S. P. U., joined the Union at this time. It had not occurred to the authorities that their action would have this effect. They thought to crush the Union at a blow, but they gave it the greatest impetus it had yet received. The leaders of the older suffrage organisations for the time forgot their disapproval of our methods, and joined with women writers, physicians, actresses, artists, and other prominent women in denouncing the affair as barbarous.

One more thing the authorities failed to take into account. The condition of English prisons was known to be very bad, but when two of our women were made so ill in Holloway that they had to be released within a few days, the politicians began to tremble for their prestige. Questions were asked in Parliament concerning the advisability of treating the Suffragettes not as common criminals but as political offenders with the right to confinement in the First Division. Mr. Herbert Gladstone, the Home Secretary, replied to these questions that he had no power to interfere with the magistrates' decisions, and could do nothing in the matter of the suffragettes' punishment. I shall ask you to remember this statement of Mr. Herbert Gladstone's, as later we were able to prove it a deliberate falsehood--although really the falsehood proved itself when the women, by Government order, were released from prison when they had served just half their sentences. The reason for this was that an important by-election was being held in the north of England, and we had distributed broadcast throughout the constituency hand bills telling the electors that nine women, including the daughter of Richard Cobden, were being held as common criminals by the Liberal Government who were asking for their votes.

I took a group of the released prisoners to Huddersfield, and they told prison stories to such effect that the Liberal majority was reduced by 540 votes. As usual the Liberal leaders denied that our work had anything to do with the slender majority by which the party retained the seat, but among our souvenirs is a handbill, one of thousands given out from Liberal headquarters:

+------------------------------+ | MEN OF HUDDERSFIELD | | DON'T BE MISLED | | BY SOCIALISTS, SUFFRAGETTES | | OR TORIES | | VOTE FOR SHERWELL | +------------------------------+

Meanwhile, other demonstrations had taken place before the House of Commons, and at Christmas time twenty-one suffragettes were in Holloway Prison, though they had committed no crime. The Government professed themselves unmoved, and members of Parliament spoke with sneers of the "self-made martyrs." However, a considerable group of members, strongly moved by the passion and unquenchable ardor of this new order of suffragists, met during the last week of the year and formed a committee whose object it was to press upon the government the necessity of giving the franchise to women during that Parliament. The committee resolved that its members would work to educate a wider public opinion on the question, and especially to advocate suffrage when addressing meetings in their constituencies, to take Parliamentary action on every possible occasion, and to induce as many members of Parliament as possible to ballot for the introduction of a suffrage bill or motion next session.

Our first year in London had borne wonderful fruits. We had grown from a mere handful of women, a "family party" the newspapers had derisively called us, to a strong organisation with branches all over the country, permanent headquarters in Clements Inn, Strand; we had found good financial backing, and above all, we had created a suffrage committee in the House of Commons.

BOOK II

FOUR YEARS OF PEACEFUL MILITANCY

CHAPTER I

The campaign of 1907 began with a Women's Parliament, called together on February 13th in Caxton Hall, to consider the provisions of the King's speech, which had been read in the national Parliament on the opening day of the session, February 12th. The King's speech, as I have explained, is the official announcement of the Government's programme for the session. When our Women's Parliament met at three o'clock on the afternoon of the thirteenth we knew that the Government meant to do nothing for women during the session ahead.

I presided over the women's meeting, which was marked with a fervency and a determination of spirit at that time altogether unprecedented. A resolution expressing indignation that woman suffrage should have been omitted from the King's speech, and calling upon the House of Commons to give immediate facilities to such a measure, was moved and carried. A motion to send the resolution from the hall to the Prime Minister was also carried. The slogan, "Rise up, women," was cried from the platform, the answering shout coming back as from one woman, "Now!" With copies of the resolution in their hands, the chosen deputation hurried forth into the February dusk, ready for Parliament or prison, as the fates decreed.

Fate did not leave them very long in doubt. The Government, it appeared, had decided that not again should their sacred halls of Parliament be desecrated by women asking for the vote, and orders had been given that would henceforth prevent women from reaching even the outer precincts of the House of Commons. So when our deputation of women arrived in the neighbourhood of Westminster Abbey they found themselves opposed by a solid line of police, who, at a sharp order from their chief, began to stride through and through the ranks of the procession, trying to turn the women back. Bravely the women rallied and pressed forward a little farther. Suddenly a body of mounted police came riding up at a smart trot, and for the next five hours or more, a struggle, quite indescribable for brutality and ruthlessness, went on.

The horsemen rode directly into the procession, scattering the women right and left. But still the women would not turn back. Again and again they returned, only to fly again and again from the merciless hoofs. Some of the women left the streets for the pavements, but even there the horsemen pursued them, pressing them so close to walls and railings that they were obliged to retreat temporarily to avoid being crushed. Other strategists took refuge in doorways, but they were dragged out by the foot police and were thrown directly in front of the horses. Still the women fought to reach the House of Commons with their resolution. They fought until their clothes were torn, their bodies bruised, and the last ounce of their strength exhausted. Fifteen of them did actually fight their way through those hundreds on hundreds of police, foot and mounted, as far as the Strangers' Lobby of the House. Here they attempted to hold a meeting, and were arrested. Outside, many more women were taken into custody. It was ten o'clock before the last arrest was made, and the square cleared of the crowds. After that the mounted men continued to guard the approaches to the House of Commons until the House rose at midnight.

The next morning fifty-seven women and two men were arraigned, two and three at a time, in Westminster police court. Christabel Pankhurst was the first to be placed in the dock. She tried to explain to the magistrate that the deputation of the day before was a perfectly peaceful attempt to present a resolution, which, sooner or later, would be presented and acted upon. She assured him that the deputation was but the beginning of a campaign that would not cease until the Government yielded to the women's demand. "There can be no going back for us," she declared, "and more will happen if we do not get justice."

The magistrate, Mr. Curtis Bennett, who was destined later to try women for that "more," rebuked my daughter sternly, telling her that the Government had nothing to do with causing the disorders of the day before, that the women were entirely responsible for what had occurred, and finally, that these disgraceful scenes in the street must cease--just as King Canute told the ocean that it must roll out instead of in. "The scenes can be stopped in only one way," replied the prisoner. His sole reply to that was, "Twenty shillings or fourteen days," Christabel chose the prison sentence, and so did all the other prisoners. Mrs. Despard, who headed the deputation, and Sylvia Pankhurst, who was with her, were given three weeks in prison.

Of course the raid, as it was called, gave the Women's Social and Political Union an enormous amount of publicity, on the whole, favourable publicity. The newspapers were almost unanimous in condemning the Government for sending mounted troops out against unarmed women. Angry questions were asked in Parliament, and our ranks once more increased in size and ardour. The old-fashioned suffragists, men as well as women, cried out that we had alienated all our friends in Parliament; but this proved to be untrue. Indeed, it was found that a Liberal member, Mr. Dickinson, had won the first place in the ballot, and had announced that he intended to use it to introduce a women's suffrage bill. More than this, the prime minister, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, promised to give the bill his support. For a time, a very short time, it is true, we felt that the hour of our freedom might be at hand, that our prisoners had perhaps already won us our precious symbol--the vote.

Soon, however, a number of professed suffragists in the House began to complain that Mr. Dickinson's bill, practically the original bill, was not "democratic" enough, that it would enfranchise only the women of the upper classes--to which, by the way, most of them belonged. That this was not true had been proved again and again from the municipal registers, which showed a majority of working women's names as qualified householders. The contention was but a shallow excuse, and we knew it. Therefore we were not surprised when Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman departed from his pledge of support, and allowed the bill to be talked out.

Following this event, the second Women's Parliament assembled, on the afternoon of March 20, 1907. As before, we adopted a resolution calling upon the Government to introduce an official suffrage measure, and again we voted to send the resolution from the hall to the Prime Minister. Lady Harberton was chosen to lead the deputation, and instantly hundreds of women sprang up and volunteered to accompany her. This time the police met the women at the door of the hall, and another useless, disgraceful scene of barbarous, brute-force opposition took place. Something like one thousand police had been sent out to guard the House of Commons from the peaceful invasion of a few hundred women. All afternoon and evening we kept Caxton Hall open, the women returning every now and again, singly and in small groups, to have their bruises bathed, or their torn clothing repaired. As night fell the crowds in the street grew denser, and the struggle between the women and the police became more desperate. Lady Harberton, we heard, had succeeded in reaching the entrance to the House of Commons, nay, had actually managed to press past the sentries into the lobby, but her resolution had not been presented to the Prime Minister. She and many others were arrested before the police at last succeeded in clearing the streets, and the dreadful affair was over.

The next day, in Westminster police court, the magistrate meted out sentences varying from twenty shillings or fourteen days to forty shillings or one month's imprisonment. Two of the women, Miss Woodlock and Mrs. Chatterton, who had left Holloway only a week before, were, as "old offenders," given thirty days without the option of a fine. Another woman, Mary Leigh, was given thirty days because she offended the magistrate's dignity by hanging a "Votes for Women" banner over the edge of the dock. Those of my readers who are unable to connect the word "militancy" with anything milder than arson are invited to reflect that within the first two months of the year 1907 the English Government sent to prison one hundred and thirty women whose "militancy" consisted merely of trying to carry a resolution from a hall to the Prime Minister in the House of Commons. Our crime was called obstructing the police. It will be seen that it was the police who did the obstructing.

It may be asked why neither of these deputations was led by me personally. The reason was that I was needed in another capacity, that of leader and supervisor of the suffrage forces in the field to defeat Government candidates at by-elections. On the night of the second "riot," while our women were still struggling in the streets, I left London for Hexham in Northumberland, where by our work the majority of the Liberal candidate was reduced by a thousand votes. Seven more by-elections followed in rapid succession.

Our by-election work was such a new thing in English politics that we attracted an enormous amount of attention wherever we went. It was our custom to begin work the very hour we entered a town. If, on our way from the station to the hotel, we encountered a group of men, say, in the market-place, we either stopped and held a meeting on the spot, or else we stayed long enough to tell them when and where our meetings were to be held, and to urge them to attend. The usual first step, after securing lodgings, was to hire a vacant shop, fill the windows with suffrage literature, and fling out our purple, green, and white flag. Meanwhile, some of us were busy hiring the best available hall. If we got possession of the battle-ground before the men, we sometimes "cornered" all the good halls and left the candidate nothing but schoolhouses for his indoor meetings. Truth to tell, our meetings were so much more popular than theirs that we really needed the larger halls. Often, a candidate with the Suffragettes for rivals spoke to almost empty benches. The crowds were away listening to the women.

Naturally, this greatly displeased the politicians, and it scandalised many of the old-fashioned Liberal partisans. In one place, I think it was Colne Valley in Yorkshire, an amusing instance of masculine hostility occurred. We had arrived on a day when both Conservative and Liberal committees were choosing their candidates, and we thought it a good opportunity to hold a series of outdoor meetings. We tried to get a lorry for a rostrum, but the only man in town who had these big vans to let disapproved of Suffragettes so violently that he wouldn't let us have one. So we borrowed a chair from a woman shopkeeper, and went at it. Soon we had a large crowd and an interested audience. We also got the attention of a number of small boys with pea-shooters, and had to make our speeches under a blistering fire of dried peas.

While I was speaking the fire ceased, to my relief--for dried peas sting. I continued my speech with renewed vigor, only to have one of my best points spoiled by roars of laughter from the crowd. I finished somehow, and sat down; and then it was explained to me that the pea-shooters had been financed by one of the prominent Liberals of the town, another man who disapproved of our policy of opposing the Government. As soon as the ammunition gave out this man furnished the boys with a choice supply of rotten

oranges. These were not so easily handled, it appeared, for the very first one went wild, and struck the chivalrous gentleman violently in the neck. This it was that had caused the laughter, and stopped the attack on the women.

We met with some pretty rough horse-play, and even with some brutality, in several by-elections, but on the whole we found the men ready, and the women more than ready, to listen to us. We tamed and educated a public that had always been used to violence at elections. We even tamed the boys, who came to the meetings on purpose to skylark. When we were in Rutlandshire that spring three schoolboys came to see me and told me, shyly, that they were interested in suffrage. They had had a debate on the subject at their school, and although the decision had been for the other side, all the boys wanted to know more about it. Wouldn't I please have a meeting especially for them? Of course I consented, and I found my boy audience quite delightful. Indeed, I hope they liked me half as well as I did them.

All through the spring our by-election work continued with amazing success, although our part in the Government losses was rarely admitted by the politicians. The voters knew, however. At an election in Suffolk, where we helped to double the Unionist vote, the successful candidate, speaking to the crowd from his hotel window, said, "What has been the cause of the great and glorious victory?" Instantly the crowd roared, "Votes for Women!"--"Three cheers for the Suffragettes!" This was not at all what the successful candidate had intended, but he waved his hand graciously and said, "No doubt the ladies had something to do with it."

The newspaper correspondents were not so reluctant to acknowledge our influence. Even when they condemned our policy, they were unsparing in their admiration for our energy, and the courage and ardour of our workers. Said the correspondent of the London _Tribune_, a Liberal paper hostile to our tactics: "Their staying power, judging them by the standards of men, is extraordinary. By taking afternoon as well as evening meetings, they have worked twice as hard as the men. They are up earlier, they retire just as late. Women against men, they are better speakers, more logical, better informed, better phrased, with a surer insight for the telling argument."

After a summer spent in strengthening our forces, organising new branches, holding meetings--something like three thousand of these between May and October--invading meetings of Cabinet Ministers--we managed to do that about once every day--electioneering, and getting up huge demonstrations in various cities, we arrived at the end of the year. In the last months of the year, I directed several hotly contested by-elections, at one of which I met with one of the most serious misadventures of my life.

This by-election was held in the division of Mid-Devon, a stronghold of Liberalism. In fact, since its creation in 1885, the seat has never been held by any except a Liberal member. The constituency is a large one, divided into eight districts. The population of the towns is a rough and boisterous one, and its devotion, blind and unreasoning, to the Liberal party has always reflected the rude spirit of the voters. A Unionist woman told me, shortly after my arrival, that my life would be unsafe if I dared openly to oppose the Liberal candidate. She had never dared, she assured me, to wear her party colours in public. However, I did speak--in our headquarters at Newton Abbott, the principal town of the division, at Hull, and at Bovey Tracey. We held meetings twice a day, calling upon the voters to "beat the Government in Mid-Devon, as a message that women must have votes next year." Although some of the meetings were turbulent, we were treated with much more consideration than either of the candidates, who, not infrequently, were howled down and put to flight. Often the air of their meetings was thick with decayed vegetables and dirty snowballs. We had some rather lively sessions, too. Once, at an outdoor meeting, some young roughs dragged our lorry round and round until it seemed that we must be upset, and several times the language hurled at us from the crowd was quite unfit for me to repeat. Still, we escaped actual violence until the day of the election, when it was announced that the Unionist candidate had won the seat by a majority of twelve hundred and eighty. We knew instantly that the deepest resentment of the Liberals would be aroused, but it did not occur to us that the resentment would be directed actively against us.

After the declaration at the polls, my companion, Mrs. Martel, and I started to walk to our lodgings. Some of our friends stopped us, and drew our attention to the newly elected Unionist member of Parliament, who was being escorted from the polling place by a strong guard of police. We were warned that our safety demanded an immediate flight from the town. I laughingly assured our friends that I was never afraid to trust myself in a crowd, and we walked on. Suddenly we were confronted by a crowd of young men and boys, clay-cutters from the pits on the edge of town. These young men, who wore the red rosettes of the Liberal party, had just heard of their candidate's defeat, and they were mad with rage and humiliation. One of them pointed to us, crying: "They did it! Those women did it!" A yell went up from the crowd, and we were deluged with a shower of clay and rotten eggs. We were not especially frightened, but the eggs were unbearable, and to escape them we rushed into a little grocer's shop close at hand. The grocer's wife closed and bolted the door, but the poor grocer cried out that his place would be wrecked. I did not want that to

happen, of course, so I asked them to let us out by the back door. They led us out the door, into a small back yard which led into a little lane, whence we expected to make our escape. But when we reached the yard we found that the rowdies, anticipating our move, had surged round the corner, and were waiting for us.

They seized Mrs. Martel first, and began beating her over the head with their fists, but the brave wife of the shopkeeper, hearing the shouts and the oaths of the men, flung open the door and rushed to our rescue. Between us we managed to tear Mrs. Martel from her captors and get her into the house. I expected to get into the house, too, but as I reached the threshold a staggering blow fell on the back of my head, rough hands grasped the collar of my coat, and I was flung violently to the ground. Stunned, I must have lost consciousness for a moment, for my next sensation was of cold, wet mud seeping through my clothing. Sight returning to me, I perceived the men, silent now, but with a dreadful, lowering silence, closing in a ring around me. In the centre of the ring was an empty barrel, and the horrid thought occurred to me that they might intend putting me in it. A long time seemed to pass, while the ring of men slowly drew closer. I looked at them, in their drab clothes smeared with yellow pit-clay, and they appeared so underfed, so puny and sodden, that a poignant pity for them swept over me. "Poor souls," I thought, and then I said suddenly, "Are none of you _men_?" Then one of the youths darted toward me, and I knew that whatever was going to happen to me was about to begin.

At that very moment came shouts, and a rush of police who had fought their way through hostile crowds to rescue us. Of course the mob turned tail and fled, and I was carried gently into the shop, which the police guarded for two hours, before it was deemed safe for us to leave in a closed motor-car. It was many months before either Mrs. Martel or I recovered from our injuries.

The rowdies, foiled of their woman prey, went to the Conservative Club, smashed all the windows in the house, and kept the members besieged there through the night. The next morning the body of a man, frightfully bruised about the head, was found in the mill-race. Throughout all this disorder and probable crime, not a man was arrested. Contrast this, if you like, with the treatment given our women in London.

The King opened Parliament in great state on January 29, 1908. Again his speech omitted all mention of woman suffrage, and again the W. S. P. U. issued a call for a Women's Parliament, for February 11th, 12th and 13th. Before it was convened we heard that an excellent place in the ballot had been won by a friend of the movement, Mr. Stanger, who promised to introduce a suffrage bill, February 28th was the day fixed for the second reading, and we realised that strong pressure would have to be brought to bear to prevent the bill being wrecked, as the Dickinson bill had been the previous year. Therefore, on the first day of the Women's Parliament, almost every woman present volunteered for the deputation, which was to try to carry the resolution to the prime minister. Led by two well-known portrait painters, the deputation left Caxton Hall and proceeded in orderly ranks, four abreast, toward the House of Commons. The crowds in the streets were enormous, thousands of sympathisers coming out to help the women, thousands of police determined that the women should not be helped, and thousands of curious spectators. When the struggle was over, fifty women were locked up in police-court cells.

The next morning, when the cases were tried, Mr. Muskett, who prosecuted for the Crown, and who was perhaps a little tired of telling the Suffragettes that these scenes in the streets must cease, and then seeing them go on exactly as if he had not spoken, made a very severe and terrifying address. He told the women that this time they would be subject to the usual maximum of two months' imprisonment, with the option of a fine of five pounds, but that, in case they ever offended again, the law had worse terrors in store for them. It was proposed to revive, for the benefit of the Suffragettes, an Act passed in the reign of Charles II, which dealt with "Tumultuous Petitions, either to the Crown or Parliament." This Act provided that no person should dare to go to the King or to Parliament "with any petition, complaint, remonstrance, declaration or other address" accompanied with a number of persons above twelve. A fine of one hundred pounds, or three months' imprisonment, might be imposed under this law. The magistrate then sentenced all but two of the women to be bound over for twelve months, or to serve six weeks in the second division. Two other women, "old offenders," were given one month in the third division, or lowest class. All the prisoners, except two who had very ill relatives at home, chose the prison sentence.

The next day's session of the Women's Parliament was one of intense excitement, as the women reviewed the events of the previous day, the trials, and especially the threat to revive the obsolete Act of Charles II, an act _which was passed to obstruct the progress of the Liberal party, which came into existence under the Stuarts, and under the second Charles was fighting for its life_. It was an amazing thing that the political descendants of these men were proposing to revive the Act to obstruct the advance of the women's cause, fighting for its life under George V and his Liberal government. At least, it was evidence that the Government were baffled in their attempt to crush our movement. Christabel Pankhurst, presiding over the second session of the Women's Parliament, said: "At last it is realized that women are fighting for freedom, as their fathers fought. If they want twelve women, aye,

and more than twelve, if a hundred women are wanted to be tried under that act and sent to prison for three months, they can be found."

I was not present at this session, nor had I been present at the first one. I was working in a by-election at South Leeds, the last of several important by-elections in great industrial centres, where our success was unquestioned, except by the Liberal press. The elections had wound up with a great procession, and a meeting of 100,000 people on Hounslet Moor. The most wonderful enthusiasm marked that meeting. I shall never forget what splendid order the people kept, in spite of the fact that no police protection was given us; how the vast crowd parted to let our procession through; how the throngs of mill women kept up a chorus in broad Yorkshire: "Shall us win? Shall us have the vote? We shall!" No wonder the old people shook their beads, and declared that "there had never been owt like it."

CHAPTER II

With those brave shouts in my ears, I hurried down to London for the concluding session of the parliament, for I had determined that I must be the first person to challenge the Government to carry out their threat to revive the old Act of Charles II. I made a long speech to the women that day, telling them something of my experiences of the past months, and how all that I had seen and heard throughout the country had only deepened my conviction of the necessity for women's votes. "I feel," I concluded, "that the time has come when I must act, and I wish to be one of those to carry our resolution to Parliament this afternoon. My experience in the country, and especially in South Leeds, has taught me things that Cabinet Ministers, who have not had that experience, do not know, and has made me feel that I must make one final attempt to see them, and to urge them to reconsider their position before some terrible disaster has occurred."

Amid a good deal of excitement and emotion, we chose the requisite thirteen women, who were prepared to be arrested and tried under the Charles II "Tumultuous Petitions" Act. I had not entirely recovered from the attack made upon me at Mid-Devon, and my wrenched ankle was still too sensitive to make walking anything but a painful process. Seeing me begin almost at once to limp badly, Mrs. Drummond, with characteristic, blunt kindness, called to a man driving a dog-cart and asked him if he would drive me to the House of Commons. He readily agreed, and I mounted to the seat behind him, the other women forming in line behind the cart. We had not gone far when the police, who already surrounded us in great force, ordered me to dismount. Of course I obeyed and walked, or rather limped along with my companions. They would have supported me, but the police insisted that we should walk single-file. Presently I grew so faint from the pain of the ankle that I called to two of the women, who took hold of my arms and helped me on my way. This was our one act of disobedience to police orders. We moved with difficulty, for the crowd was of incredible size. All around, as far as eye could see, was the great moving, swaying, excited multitude, and surrounding us on all sides were regiments of uniformed police, foot and mounted. You might have supposed that instead of thirteen women, one of them lame, walking quietly along, the town was in the hands of an armed mob.

We had progressed as far as the entrance to Parliament Square, when two stalwart policemen suddenly grasped my arms on either side and told me that I was under arrest. My two companions, because they refused to leave me, were also arrested, and a few minutes later Annie Kenney and five other women suffered arrest. That night we were released on bail, and the next morning we were arraigned in Westminster police court for trial under the Charles II Act. But, as it turned out, the authorities, embarrassed by our readiness to test the act, announced that they had changed their minds, and would continue, for the present, to treat us as common street brawlers.

This was my first trial, and I listened, with a suspicion that my ears were playing tricks with my reason, to the most astonishing perjuries put forth by the prosecution. I heard that we had set forth from Caxton Hall with noisy shouts and songs, that we had resorted to the most riotous and vulgar behaviour, knocking off policemen's helmets, assaulting the officers right and left as we marched. Our testimony, and that of our witnesses, was ignored. When I tried to speak in my own defence, I was cut short rudely, and was told briefly that I and the others must choose between being bound over or going to prison, in the second division, for six weeks.

I remember only vaguely the long, jolting ride across London to Holloway Prison. We stopped at Pentonville, the men's prison, to discharge several men prisoners, and I remember shuddering at the thought of our women, many of them little past girlhood, being haled to prison in the same van with criminal men. Arriving at the prison, we groped our way through dim corridors into the reception-ward, where we were lined up against the wall for a superficial medical examination. After that we were locked up in separate cells, unfurnished, except for low, wooden stools.

It seemed an endless time before my cell door was opened by a wardress, who ordered me to follow her. I entered a room where another wardress sat at a table, ready to take an inventory of my effects. Obeying an order to undress, I took off my gown, then paused. "Take off everything," was the next order. "Everything?" I faltered. It seemed impossible that they expected me to strip. In fact, they did allow me to take off my last garments in the shelter of a bath-room. I shivered myself into some frightful underclothing, old and patched and stained, some coarse, brown woollen stockings with red stripes, and the hideous prison dress stamped all over with the broad arrow of disgrace. I fished a pair of shoes out of a big basket of shoes, old and mostly mismates. A pair of coarse but clean sheets, a towel, a mug of cold cocoa, and a thick slice of brown bread were given me, and I was conducted to my cell.

My first sensations when the door was locked upon me were not altogether disagreeable. I was desperately weary, for I had been working hard, perhaps a little too hard, for several strenuous months. The excitement and fatigue of the previous day, and the indignation I had suffered throughout the trial, had combined to bring me to the point of exhaustion, and I was glad to throw myself on my hard prison bed and close my eyes. But soon the relief of being alone, and with nothing to do, passed from me. Holloway Prison is a very old place, and it has the disadvantages of old places which have never known enough air and sunshine. It reeks with the odours of generations of bad ventilation, and it contrives to be at once the stuffiest and the draughtiest building I have ever been in. Soon I found myself sickening for fresh air. My head began to ache. Sleep fled. I lay all night suffering with cold, gasping for air, aching with fatigue, and painfully wide awake.

The next day I was fairly ill, but I said nothing about it. One does not expect to be comfortable in prison. As a matter of fact, one's mental suffering is so much greater than any common physical distress that the latter is almost forgotten. The English prison system is altogether mediaeval and outworn. In some of its details the system has improved since they began to send the Suffragettes to Holloway. I may say that we, by our public denunciation of the system, have forced these slight improvements. In 1907 the rules were excessively cruel. The poor prisoner, when she entered Holloway, dropped, as it were, into a tomb. No letters and no visitors were allowed for the first month of the sentence. Think of it--a whole month, more than four weeks, without sending or receiving a single word. One's nearest and dearest may have gone through dreadful suffering, may have been ill, may have died, meantime. One was given plenty of time to imagine all these things, for the prisoner was kept in solitary confinement in a narrow, dimly-lit cell, twenty-three hours out of the twenty-four. Solitary confinement is too terrible a punishment to inflict on any human being, no matter what his crime. Hardened criminals in the men's prisons, it is said, often beg for the lash instead. Picture what it must be to a woman who has committed some small offence, for most of the women who go to Holloway are small offenders, sitting alone, day after day, in the heavy silence of a cell--thinking of her children at home--thinking, thinking. Some women go mad. Many suffer from shattered nerves for a long period after release. It is impossible to believe that any woman ever emerged from such a horror less criminal than when she entered it.

Two days of solitary confinement, broken each day by an hour of silent exercise in a bitterly cold courtyard, and I was ordered to the hospital. There I thought I should be a little more comfortable. The bed was better, the food a little better, and small comforts, such as warm water for washing, were allowed. I slept a little the first night. About midnight I awoke, and sat up in bed, listening. A woman in the cell next mine was moaning in long, sobbing breaths of mortal pain. She ceased for a few minutes, then moaned again, horribly. The truth flashed over me, turning me sick, as I realised that a life was coming into being, there in that frightful prison. A woman, imprisoned by men's laws, was giving a child to the world. A child born in a cell! I shall never forget that night, nor what I suffered with the birth-pangs of that woman, who, I found later, was simply waiting trial on a charge which was found to be baseless.

The days passed very slowly, the nights more slowly still. Being in hospital, I was deprived of chapel, and also of work. Desperate, at last I begged the wardress for some sewing, and she kindly gave me a skirt of her own to hem, and later some coarse knitting to do. Prisoners were allowed a few books, mostly of the "Sunday-school" kind. One day I asked the chaplain if there were not some French or German books in the library, and he brought me a treasure, "_Autour de mon Jardin_," by Jules Janin. For a few days I was quite happy, reading my book and translating it on the absurd little slate they gave us in lieu of paper and pencil. That slate was, after all, a great comfort. I did all kinds of things with it. I kept a calendar, I wrote all the French poetry I could remember on it, I even recorded old school chorals and old English exercises. It helped wonderfully to pass the endless hours until my release. I even forgot the cold, which was the harder to bear because of the fur coat, which I knew was put away, ticketed with my name. I begged them for the coat, but they wouldn't let me have it.

At last the time came when they gave me back all my things, and let me go free. At the door the Governor spoke to me, and asked me if I had any complaints to make. "Not of you," I replied, "nor of any of the wardresses. Only of this prison, and all of men's prisons. We shall raze them to the ground."

Back in my comfortable home, surrounded by loving friends, I would have rested quietly for a few days, but there was a great meeting that night at Albert Hall, to mark the close of a week of self-denial to raise money for the year's campaign. Women had sold papers, flowers, toys, swept crossings, and sung in the streets for the cause. Many women, well known in the world of art and letters, did these things. I felt that I should be doing little if I merely attended the meeting. So I went. My release was not expected until the following morning, and no one thought of my appearing at the meeting. My chairman's seat was decorated with a large placard with the inscription, "Mrs. Pankhurst's Chair." After all the others were seated, the speakers, and hundreds of ex-prisoners. I walked quietly onto the stage, took the placard out of the chair and sat down. A great cry went up from the women as they sprang from their seats and stretched their hands toward me. It was some time before I could see them for my tears, or speak to them for the emotion that shook me like a storm.

The next morning I, with the other released prisoners, drove off to Peckham, a constituency of London, where the W. S. P. U. members were fighting a vigorous by-election. In open brakes we paraded the streets, dressed in our prison clothes, or exact reproductions of them. Naturally, we attracted a great deal of attention and sympathy, and our daily meetings on Peckham Rye, as their common is known, drew enormous crowds. When polling day came our members were stationed at every polling booth, and many men as they came to the booths told us that they were, for the first time, voting "for the women," by which they meant against the Government. That night, amid great excitement, it was made known that the Liberal majority of 2,339 at the last general election had been turned into a Conservative majority of 2,494. Letters poured into the newspapers, declaring that the loss of this important Liberal seat was due almost entirely to the work of the Suffragettes, and many prominent Liberals called upon party leaders to start doing something for women before the next general election. The Liberal leaders, with the usual perspicacity of politicians, responded not at all. Instead they beheld with approval the rise to highest power the arch-enemy of the suffragists, Mr. Asquith.

Mr. Asquith became prime minister about Easter time, 1908, on the resignation, on account of ill health, of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. Mr. Asquith was chosen, not because of any remarkable record of statesmanship, nor yet because of great personal popularity--for he possessed neither--but simply because no better man seemed available just then. He was known as a clever, astute, and somewhat unscrupulous lawyer. He had filled several high offices to the satisfaction of his party, and under Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman had been Chancellor of the Exchequer, a post which is generally regarded as a stepping-stone to the Premiership. The best thing the Liberal press found to say of the new Premier was that he was a "strong" man. Generally in politics this term is used to describe an obstinate man, and this we already knew Mr. Asquith to be. He was a bluntly outspoken opponent of woman suffrage, and it was sufficiently plain to us that no methods of education or persuasion would ever prove successful where he was concerned. Therefore the necessity of action on our part was greater than ever.

Such an opportunity presented itself at once through changes that took place in the new Cabinet. According to English law, all new comers into the Cabinet are obliged to resign their seats in Parliament and offer themselves to their constituencies for re-election. Besides these vacancies there were several others, on account of death or elevations to the peerage. This made necessary a number of by-elections, and the Women's Social and Political Union once more went into the field against the Liberal candidates. I shall deal no further with these by-elections than is necessary to show the effect of our work on the Government, and its subsequent effect on our movement--which was to force us into more and more militancy. I shall leave it to the honest judgment of my readers to place where it ought rightly to be placed the responsibility for those first broken windows.

We selected as our first candidate for defeat Mr. Winston Churchill, who was about to appeal to his constituency of North West Manchester to sanction his appointment as president of the Board of Trade. My daughter Christabel took charge of this election, and the work of herself and her forces was so successful that Mr. Churchill lost his seat by 420 votes. All the newspapers acknowledged that it was the Suffragettes who had defeated Mr. Churchill, and one Liberal newspaper, the London _Daily News_, called upon the party to put a stop to an intolerable state of affairs by granting the women's demand for votes.

Another seat was immediately secured for Mr. Churchill, that of Dundee, then strongly--in the merely party sense--Liberal, and therefore safe. Nevertheless, we determined to fight Mr. Churchill there, to defeat him if possible, and to bring down the Liberal majority in any case. I took personal charge of the campaign, holding a very large meeting in Kinnaird Hall on the evening before Mr. Churchill's arrival. Although he felt absolutely sure of election in this Scottish constituency, Mr. Churchill dreaded the effect of our presence on the Liberal women. The second meeting he addressed in Dundee was held for women only, and instead of asking

for support of the various measures actually on the government's programme, the politician's usual method, he talked about the certainty of securing, within a short time, the Parliamentary franchise for women. "No one," he declared, "can be blind to the fact that at the next general election woman suffrage will be a real, practical issue; and the next Parliament, I think, ought to see the gratification of the women's claims. I do not exclude the possibility of the suffrage being dealt with in this Parliament." Mr. Churchill earnestly reiterated his claim to be considered a true friend of the women's cause; but when pressed for a pledge that his Government would take action, he urged his inability to speak for his colleagues.

This specious promise, or rather, prophecy of woman suffrage at some indefinite time, won over a great many of the Liberal women, who forthwith went staunchly to work for Mr. Churchill's election. Dundee has a large population of extremely poor people, workers in the jute mills and the marmalade factories. Some concessions in the matter of the sugar tax, timely made, and the announcement that the new Government meant to establish old age pensions, created an immense wave of Liberal enthusiasm that swept Mr. Churchill into office in spite of our work, which was untiring. We held something like two hundred meetings, and on election eve, five huge demonstrations--four of them in the open air and one which filled a large drill hall. Polling day, May 9th, was very exciting. For every Suffragette at the polling-booths there were half a dozen Liberal men and women, handing out bills with such legends as "Vote for Churchill, and never mind the women," and "Put Churchill in and keep the women out." Yet for all their efforts, Mr. Churchill polled 2200 votes less than his Liberal predecessor had polled at the general election.

In the first seven by-elections following Mr. Asquith's elevation to the premiership, we succeeded in pulling down the Liberal vote by 6663. Then something happened to check our progress. Mr. Asquith received a deputation of Liberal members of Parliament, who urged him to allow the Stanger suffrage bill, which had passed its second reading by a large majority, to be carried into law. Mr. Asquith replied that he himself did not wish to see women enfranchised, and that it would not be possible for the Government to give the required facilities to Mr. Stanger's bill. He added that he was fully alive to the many defects of the electoral system, and that the Government intended, "barring accidents," to bring in a reform bill before the close of that Parliament. Woman suffrage would have no place in it, but it would be so worded that a woman-suffrage amendment might be added if any member chose to move one. In that case, said Mr. Asquith, he should not consider it the duty of the Government to oppose the amendment if it were approved by a majority of the House of Commons--_provided_ that the amendment was on democratic lines, and that it had back of it the support, the strong and undoubted support, of the women of the country as well as the present electorate.

One would not suppose that such an evasive utterance as this would be regarded in any quarter as a promise that woman suffrage would be given any real chances of success under the Asquith Government. That it was, by many, taken quite seriously is but another proof of the gullibility of the party-blinded public. The Liberal press lauded Mr. Asquith's "promise," and called for a truce of militancy in order that the Government might have every opportunity to act. Said the _Star_, in a leader typical of many others: "The meaning of Mr. Asquith's pledge is plain. Woman's suffrage will be passed through the House of Commons before the present Government goes to the country."

As for the women's Liberal Associations, they were quite delirious with joy. In a conference called for the purpose of passing resolutions of gratitude, Lady Carlisle said: "This is a glorious day of rejoicing. Our great Prime Minister, all honour to him, has opened a way to us by which we can enter into that inheritance from which we have been too long debarred."

At the two following by-elections, the last of the series, enormous posters were exhibited, "Premier's Great Reform Bill: Votes for Women." We tried to tell the electors that the pledge was false on the face of it; that the specious proviso that the amendment be "democratic" left no doubt that the Government would cause the rejection of any practical amendment that might be moved. Our words fell on deaf ears, and the Liberal majorities soared.

Just a week later Mr. Asquith was questioned in the House of Commons by a slightly alarmed anti-suffragist member. The member asked Mr. Asquith whether he considered himself pledged to introduce the reform hill during that Parliament, whether he meant to allow such a bill to carry a woman-suffrage amendment, if such were moved, and whether, in that case, the suffrage amendment would become part of the Government policy. Evasive as ever, the Prime Minister, after some sparring, replied, "My honourable friend has asked me a question with regard to a remote and speculative future." Thus was our interpretation of Mr. Asquith's "promise" justified from his own lips. Yet the Liberal women still clung to the hope of Government action, and the Liberal press pretended to cling to it. As for the Women's Social and Political Union, we prepared for more work. We had to strike out along a new line, since it was evident that the Government could, for a time at least, neutralise our by-election work by more false promises. Consistent with our policy, of never going further than the Government compelled us to go, we made our first action a perfectly peaceable one.

On the day when the Stanger bill had reached its second reading in the House, and several days after I had gone to Holloway for the first time, Mr. Herbert Gladstone, the Home Secretary, made a speech which greatly interested the Suffragettes. He professed himself a suffragist, and declared that he intended to vote for the bill. Nevertheless, he was confident that it could not pass, because of the division in the Cabinet, and because it had no political party united either for or against it. Woman suffrage, said Mr. Gladstone, must advance to victory through all the stages that are required for great reforms to mature. First academic discussion, then effective action, was the history of men's suffrage; it must be the same with women's suffrage. "Men," declared Mr. Gladstone, "have learned this lesson and know the necessity for demonstrating the greatness of their movement, and for establishing that _force majeure_ which actuates and arms a Government for effective work. That is the task before the supporters of this great movement. Looking back at the great political crises in the thirties, the sixties and the eighties, it will be found that the people did not go about in small crowds, nor were they content with enthusiastic meetings in large halls; they assembled in their tens of thousands all over the country.

"Of course," added Mr. Gladstone, "it is not to be expected that women can assemble in such masses, but power belongs to masses, and through this power a Government can be influenced into more effective action than a Government will be likely to take under present conditions."

The Women's Social and Political Union determined to answer this challenge. If assembling in great masses was all that was necessary to convince the Government that woman suffrage had passed the academic stage and now demanded political action, we thought we could undertake to satisfy the most skeptical member of the Cabinet. We knew that we could organise a demonstration that would out-rival any of the great franchise demonstrations held by men in the thirties, sixties, and eighties. The largest number of people ever gathered in Hyde Park was said to have approximated 72,000. We determined to organise a Hyde Park demonstration of at least 250,000 people. Sunday, June 21, 1908, was fixed for the date of this demonstration, and for many months we worked to make it a day notable in the history of the movement. Our example was emulated by the non-militant suffragists, who organised a fine procession of their own, about a week before our demonstration. Thirteen thousand women, it was said, marched in that procession.

On our demonstration we spent, for advertising alone, over a thousand pounds, or five thousand dollars. We covered the hoardings of London and of all the principal provincial cities with great posters bearing portraits of the women who were to preside at the twenty platforms from which speeches were to be made; a map of London, showing the routes by which the seven processions were to advance, and a plan of the Hyde Park meeting-place were also shown. London, of course, was thoroughly organised. For weeks a small army of women was busy chalking announcements on sidewalks, distributing handbills, canvassing from house to house, advertising the demonstration by posters and sandwich boards carried through the streets. We invited everybody to be present, including both Houses of Parliament. A few days before the demonstration Mrs. Drummond and a number of other women hired and decorated a launch and sailed up the Thames to the Houses of Parliament, arriving at the hour when members entertain their women friends at tea on the terrace. Everyone left the tables and crowded to the water's edge as the boat stopped, and Mrs. Drummond's strong, clear voice pealed out her invitation to the Cabinet and the members of Parliament to join the women's demonstration in Hyde Park. "Come to the park on Sunday," she cried. "You shall have police protection, and there will be no arrests, we promise you." An alarmed someone telephoned for the police boats, but as they appeared, the women's boat steamed away.

What a day was Sunday, June 21st--clear, radiant, filled with golden sunshine! As I advanced, leading, with the venerable Mrs. Wolstenholm-Elmy, the first of the seven processions, it seemed to me that all London had turned out to witness our demonstration. And a goodly part of London followed the processions. When I mounted my platform in Hyde Park, and surveyed the mighty throngs that waited there and the endless crowds that were still pouring into the park from all directions, I was filled with amazement not unmixed with awe. Never had I imagined that so many people could be gathered together to share in a political demonstration. It was a gay and beautiful as well as an awe-inspiring spectacle, for the white gowns and flower-trimmed hats of the women, against the background of ancient trees, gave the park the appearance of a vast garden in full bloom.

The bugles sounded, and the speakers at each of the twenty platforms began their addresses, which could not have been heard by more than half or a third of the vast audience. Notwithstanding this, they remained to the end. At five o'clock the bugles sounded again, the speaking ceased, and the resolution calling upon the Government to bring in an official woman-suffrage bill without delay was carried at every platform, often without a dissenting vote. Then, with a three-times-repeated cry of "Votes for Women!" from the assembled multitude, the great meeting dispersed.

The London _Times_ said next day: "Its organisers had counted on an audience of 250,000. That expectation was certainly fulfilled, and probably it was doubled, and it would be difficult to contradict any one who asserted that it was trebled. Like the distances and the number of the stars, the facts were beyond the threshold of perception."

The _Daily Express_ said: "It is probable that so many people never before stood in one square mass anywhere in England. Men who saw the great Gladstone meeting years ago said that compared with yesterday's multitude it was as nothing."

We felt that we had answered the challenge in Mr. Gladstone's declaration that "power belongs to the masses," and that through this power the Government could be influenced; so it was with real hope that we despatched a copy of the resolution to the Prime Minister, asking him what answer the Government would make to that unparalleled gathering of men and women. Mr. Asquith replied formally that he had nothing to add to his previous statement--that the Government intended, at some indefinite time, to bring in a general reform bill which _might_ be amended to include woman suffrage. Our wonderful demonstration, it appeared, had made no impression whatever upon him.

CHAPTER III

Now we had reached a point where we had to choose between two alternatives. We had exhausted argument. Therefore either we had to give up our agitation altogether, as the suffragists of the eighties virtually had done, or else we must act, and go on acting, until the selfishness and the obstinacy of the Government was broken down, or the Government themselves destroyed. Until forced to do so, the Government, we perceived, would never give women the vote.

We realised the truth of John Bright's words, spoken while the reform bill of 1867 was being agitated. Parliament, John Bright then declared, had never been hearty for any reform. The Reform Act of 1832 had been wrested by force from the Government of that day, and now before another, he said, could be carried, the agitators would have to fill the streets with people from Charing Cross to Westminster Abbey. Acting on John Bright's advice, we issued a call to the public to join us in holding a huge demonstration, on June 30th outside the House of Commons. We wanted to be sure that the Government saw as well as read of our immense following. A public proclamation from the Commissioner of Police, warning the public not to assemble in Parliament Square and declaring that the approaches to the Houses of Parliament must be kept open, was at once issued.

We persisted in announcing that the demonstration would take place, and I wrote a letter to Mr. Asquith telling him that a deputation would wait upon him at half-past four on the afternoon of June 30th. We held the usual Women's Parliament in Caxton Hall, after which Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, eleven other women, and myself, set forth. We met with no opposition from the police, but marched through cheering crowds of spectators to the Strangers' Entrance to the House of Commons. Here we were met by a large group of uniformed men commanded by Inspector Scantlebury, of the police. The inspector, whom I knew personally, stepped forward and demanded officially, "Are you Mrs. Pankhurst, and is this your deputation?"

"Yes," I replied.

"My orders are to exclude you from the House of Commons."

"Has Mr. Asquith received my letter?" I asked.

For answer the inspector drew my letter from his pocket and handed it to me.

"Did Mr. Asquith return no message, no kind of reply?" I inquired.

"No," replied the inspector.

We turned and walked back to Caxton Hall, to tell the waiting audience what had occurred. We resolved that there was nothing to do but wait patiently until evening, and see how well the public would respond to our call to meet in Parliament Square. Already we knew that the streets were filled with people, and early as it was the crowds were increasing rapidly. At eight we went out in groups from Caxton Hall, to find Parliament Square packed with a throng, estimated next day at least 100,000. From the steps of public buildings, from stone copings, from the iron railings of the Palace Yard, to which they clung precariously, our women made speeches until the police pulled them down and flung them into the moving, swaying, excited crowds. Some of the women were arrested, others were merely ordered to move on. Mingled cheers and jeers rose from the spectators. Some of the men were roughs who had come out to amuse themselves. Others were genuinely sympathetic, and tried valiantly to help us to reach the House of Commons. Again and again the police lines were broken, and it was only as the result of repeated charges by mounted

police that the people's attacks were repelled. Many members of Parliament, including Mr. Lloyd-George, Mr. Winston Churchill, and Mr. Herbert Gladstone, came out to witness the struggle, which lasted until midnight and resulted in the arrest of twenty-nine women. Two of these women were arrested after they had each thrown a stone through a window of Mr. Asquith's official residence in Downing Street, the value of the windows being about $2.40.

This was the first window-breaking in our history. Mrs. Mary Leigh and Miss Edith New, who had thrown the stones, sent word to me from the police court that, having acted without orders, they would not resent repudiation from headquarters. Far from repudiating them, I went at once to see them in their cells, and assured them of my approval of their act. The smashing of windows is a time-honoured method of showing displeasure in a political situation. As one of the newspapers, commenting on the affair, truly said, "When the King and Queen dine at Apsley on the 13th inst. they will be entertained in rooms the windows of which the Duke of Wellington was obliged to protect with iron shutters from the fury of his political opponents."

In Winchester a few years ago, to give but one instance, a great riot took place as a protest against the removal of a historic gun from one part of the town to another. In the course of this riot windows were broken and other property of various kinds was destroyed, very serious damage being done. No punishment was administered in respect of this riot and the authorities, bowing to public opinion thus riotously expressed, restored the gun to its original situation.

Window-breaking, when Englishmen do it, is regarded as honest expression of political opinion. Window-breaking, when Englishwomen do it, is treated as a crime. In sentencing Mrs. Leigh and Miss New to two months in the first division, the magistrate used very severe language, and declared that such a thing must never happen again. Of course the women assured him that it would happen again. Said Mrs. Leigh: "We have no other course but to rebel against oppression, and if necessary to resort to stronger measures. This fight is going on."

The summer of 1908 is remembered as one of the most oppressively hot seasons the country had known for years. Our prisoners in Holloway suffered intensely, some being made desperately ill from the heat, the bad air, and the miserable food. We who spent the summer campaigning suffered also, but in less degree. It was a tremendous relief when the cool days of autumn set in, and it was with renewed vigour that we prepared for the opening day of Parliament, which was October 12th. Again we resolved to send a deputation to the Prime Minister, and again we invited the general public to take part in the demonstration. We had printed thousands of little handbills bearing this inscription: "Men and Women, Help the Suffragettes to Rush the House of Commons, on Tuesday Evening, October 13th, at 7:30."

On Sunday, October 11th, we held a large meeting in Trafalgar Square, my daughter Christabel, Mrs. Drummond and I speaking from the plinth of the Nelson monument. Mr. Lloyd-George, as we afterward learned, was a member of the audience. The police were there, taking ample notes of our speeches. We had not failed to notice that they were watching us daily, dogging our footsteps, and showing in numerous ways that they were under orders to keep track of all our movements. The climax came at noon on October 12th, when Christabel, Mrs. Drummond and I were each served with an imposing legal document which read, "Information has been laid this day by the Commissioner of Police that you, in the month of October, in the year 1908, were guilty of conduct likely to provoke a breach of the peace by initiating and causing to be initiated, by publishing and causing to be published, a certain handbill, calling upon and inciting the public to do a certain wrongful and illegal act, viz., to rush the House of Commons at 7:30 P.M. on October 13th inst."

[Illustration: MRS. PANKHURST AND CHRISTABEL HIDING FROM THE POLICE ON THE ROOF GARDEN AT CLEMENTS INN

October, 1908]

The last paragraph was a summons to appear at Bow Street police station that same afternoon at three o'clock. We did not go to Bow Street police station. We went instead to a crowded "At Home" at Queen's Hall, where it can be imagined that our news created great excitement. The place was surrounded by constables, and the police reporters were on hand to take stenographic reports of everything that was said from the platform. Once an excited cry was raised that a police inspector was coming in to arrest us. But the officer merely brought a message that the summons had been adjourned until the following morning.

It did not suit our convenience to obey the adjourned summons quite so early, so I wrote a polite note to the police, saying that we would be in our headquarters, No. 4 Clements Inn, the next evening at six o'clock, and would then be at his disposal. Warrants for our arrests were quickly issued, and Inspector Jarvis was instructed to execute them at once. This he found impossible to do, for Mrs. Drummond was spending her last day of liberty on private business, while my daughter and I had retreated to another part of

Clements Inn, which is a big, rambling building. There, in the roof-garden of the Pethick Lawrence's private flat, we remained all day, busy, under the soft blue of the autumn sky, with our work and our preparations for a long absence. At six we walked downstairs, dressed for the street. Mrs. Drummond arrived promptly, the waiting officers read the warrants, and we all proceeded to Bow Street in cabs. It was too late for the trial to be held. We asked for bail, but the authorities had no mind to allow us to take part in the "rush" which we had incited, so we were obliged to spend the night in the police station. All night I lay awake, thinking of the scenes which were going on in the streets.

The next morning, in a courtroom crowded to its utmost capacity, my daughter rose to conduct her first case at law. She had earned the right to an LL.B. after her name, but as women are not permitted to practise law in England, she had never appeared at the bar in any capacity except that of defendant. Now she proposed to combine the two roles of defendant and lawyer, and conduct the case for the three of us. She began by asking the magistrate not to try the case in that court, but to send it for trial before a judge and jury. We had long desired to take the Suffragettes' cases before bodies of private citizens, because we had every reason to suspect that the police-court officials acted under the direct commands of the very persons against whom our agitation was directed. Jury trial was denied us; but after the preliminary examination was over the magistrate, Mr. Curtis Bennett, allowed a week's adjournment for preparation of the case.

On October 21st the trial was resumed, with the courtroom as full as before and the press table even more crowded, for it had been widely published that we had actually subpoenaed two members of the Government, who had witnessed the scenes on the night of October 13th. The first witness to enter the box was Mr. Lloyd-George. Christabel examined him at some length as to the meaning and merits of the word rush, and succeeded in making him very uncomfortable--and the charge against ourselves look very flimsy. She then questioned him about the speeches he had heard at Trafalgar Square, and as to whether there had been any suggestion that property be destroyed or personal violence used. He admitted that the speeches were temperate and the crowds orderly. Then Christabel suddenly asked, "There were no words used so likely to incite to violence as the advice you gave at Swansea, that the women should be ruthlessly flung out of your meeting?" Mr. Lloyd-George looked black, and answered nothing. The magistrate hastened to the protection of Mr. Lloyd-George. "This is quite irrelevant," he said. "That was a private meeting." It was a public meeting, and Christabel said so. "It was a private meeting _in a sense_," insisted the magistrate.

Mr. Lloyd-George assumed an air of pompous indignation when Christabel asked him, "Have we not received encouragement from you, and if not from you from your colleagues, to take action of this kind?" Mr. Lloyd-George rolled his eyes upward as he replied, "I should be very much surprised to hear that, Miss Pankhurst."

"Is it not a fact," asked Christabel, "that you yourself have set us an example of revolt?" "I never incited a crowd to violence," exclaimed the witness. "Not in the Welsh graveyard case?" she asked. "No!" he cried angrily. "You did not tell them to break down a wall and disinter a body?" pursued Christabel. He could not deny this but, "I gave advice which was found by the Court of Appeal to be sound legal advice," he snapped, and turned his back as far as he could in the narrow witness-box.

Mr. Herbert Gladstone had asked to be allowed to testify early, as he was being detained from important public duties. Christabel asked to question one witness before Mr. Gladstone entered the box. The witness was Miss Georgiana Brackenbury, who had recently suffered six weeks' imprisonment for the cause, and had since met and had a talk with Mr. Horace Smith, the magistrate, who had made to her a most important and damaging admission of the government's interference in suffragists' trials. Christabel asked her one question. "Did Mr. Horace Smith tell you in sentencing you that he was doing what he had been told to do?" "You must not put that question!" exclaimed the magistrate. But the witness had already answered "Yes." There was an excited stir in the courtroom. It had been recorded under oath that a magistrate had admitted that Suffragettes were being sentenced not by himself, according to the evidence and according to law, but by the Government, for no one could possibly doubt where Mr. Horace Smith's orders came from.

Mr. Gladstone, plump, bald, and ruddy, in no way resembles his illustrious father. He entered the witness-box smiling and confident, but his complacence vanished when Christabel asked him outright if the Government had not ordered the Commissioner of Police to take this action against us. Of course the magistrate intervened, and Mr. Gladstone did not answer the question. Christabel tried again. "Did you instruct Mr. Horace Smith to decide against Miss Brackenbury, and to send her to prison for six weeks?" That too was objected to, as were all questions on the subject.

All through the examination the magistrate constantly intervened to save the Cabinet Minister from embarrassment, but Christabel finally succeeded in making Mr. Gladstone admit, point by point, that he had said that women could never get the vote because

they could not fight for it as men had fought.

A large number of witnesses testified to the orderly nature of the demonstration on the 13th, and then Christabel rose to plead. She began by declaring that these proceedings had been taken, as the legal saying is, "in malice and vexation," in order to lame a political enemy. She declared that, under the law, the charge which might properly be brought against us was that of illegal assembly, but the Government had not charged us with this offence, because the Government desired to keep the case in a police court.

"The authorities dare not see this case come before a jury," she declared, "because they know perfectly well that if it were heard before a jury of our countrymen we should be acquitted, just as John Burns was acquitted years ago for taking action far more dangerous to the public peace than we have taken. We are deprived of trial by jury. We are also deprived of the right to appeal against the magistrate's decision. Very carefully has this procedure been thought out."

Of the handbill she said: "We do not deny that we issued this bill; none of us three has wished to deny responsibility. We did issue the bill; we did cause it to be circulated; we did put upon it the words 'Come and help the suffragettes rush the House of Commons.' For these words we do not apologise. It is very well known that we took this action in order to press forward a claim, which, according to the British constitution, we are well entitled to make."

In all that the Suffragettes had done, in all that they might ever do, declared my daughter, they would only be following in the footsteps of men now in Parliament. "Mr. Herbert Gladstone has told us in the speech I read to him that the victory of argument alone is not enough. As we cannot hope to win by force of argument alone, it is necessary to overcome by other means the savage resistance of the Government to our claim for citizenship. He says, 'Go on, fight as the men did.' And then, when we show our power and get the people to help us, he takes proceedings against us in a manner that would have been disgraceful even in the old days of coercion. Then there is Mr. Lloyd-George, who, if any man has done so, has set us an example. His whole career has been a series of revolts. He has said that if we do not get the vote--mark these words--we should be justified in adopting the methods the men had to adopt, namely, pulling down the Hyde Park railings." She quoted Lord Morley as saying of the Indian unrest: "'We are in India in the presence of a living movement, and a movement for what? For objects which we ourselves have taught them to think are desirable objects; and unless we can somehow reconcile order with satisfaction of those ideals and aspirations, the fault will not be theirs, it will be ours--it will mark the breakdown of British statesmanship.'--Apply those words to our case," she continued.

[Illustration: CHRISTABEL, MRS. DRUMMOND AND MRS. PANKHURST IN THE DOCK, FIRST CONSPIRACY TRIAL

October, 1908]

"Remember that we are demanding of Liberal statesmen that which is for us the greatest boon and the most essential right--and if the present Government cannot reconcile order with our demand for the vote without delay, it will mark the breakdown of their statesmanship. Yes, their statesmanship has broken down already. They are disgraced. It is only in this court that they have the smallest hope of being supported."

My daughter had spoken with passion and fervour, and her righteous indignation had moved her to words that caused the magistrate's face to turn an angry crimson. When I rose to address the Court I began by assuming an appearance of calmness which I did not altogether feel. I endorsed all that Christabel had said of the unfairness of our trial and the malice of the Government; I protested against the trial of political offenders in a common police court, and I said that we were not women who would come into the court as ordinary law-breakers. I described Mrs. Drummond's worthy career as a wife, a mother, and a self-sustaining business woman. I said, "Before you decide what is to be done with us, I should like you to hear from me a statement of what has brought me into the dock this morning." And then I told of my life and experiences, many of which I have related in these pages of what I had seen and known as a Poor Law Guardian and a registrar of births and deaths; of how I had learned the burning necessity of changing the status of women, of altering the laws under which they and their children live, and of the essential justice of making women self-governing citizens.

"I have seen," I said, "that men are encouraged by law to take advantage of the helplessness of women. Many women have thought as I have, and for many, many years have tried, by that influence of which we have been so often reminded, to alter these laws, but we find that influence counts for nothing. When we went to the House of Commons we used to be told, when we were persistent, that members of Parliament were not responsible to women, they were responsible only to voters, and that their time was too fully occupied to reform those laws, although they agreed that they needed reforming.

"We women have presented larger petitions in support of our enfranchisement than were ever presented for any other reform; we have succeeded in holding greater public meetings than men have ever held for any reform, in spite of the difficulty which women have in throwing off their natural diffidence, that desire to escape publicity which we have inherited from generations of our foremothers. We have broken through that. We have faced hostile mobs at street corners, because we were told that we could not have that representation for our taxes that men have won unless we converted the whole of the country to our side. Because we have done this, we have been misrepresented, we have been ridiculed, we have had contempt poured upon us, and the ignorant mob have been incited to offer us violence, which we have faced unarmed and unprotected by the safeguards which Cabinet Ministers enjoy. We have been driven to do this; we are determined to go on with this agitation because we feel in honour bound. Just as it was the duty of your forefathers, it is our duty to make the world a better place for women than it is to-day.

"Lastly, I want to call attention to the self-restraint which was shown by our followers on the night of the 13th, after we had been arrested. Our rule has always been to be patient, exercise self-restraint, show our so-called superiors that we are not hysterical; to use no violence, but rather to offer ourselves to the violence of others.

"That is all I have to say to you, sir. We are here, not because we are law-breakers; we are here in our efforts to become law-makers."

The burly policemen, the reporters, and most of the spectators were in tears as I finished. But the magistrate, who had listened part of the time with his hand concealing his face, still held that we were properly charged in a common police court as inciters to riot. Since we refused to be bound over to keep the peace, he sentenced Mrs. Drummond and myself to three months' imprisonment, and Christabel to ten weeks' imprisonment. It was destined to be a kind of imprisonment the authorities had never yet been called upon to deal with.

CHAPTER IV

My first act on reaching Holloway was to demand that the Governor be sent for. When he came I told him that the Suffragettes had resolved that they would no longer submit to being treated as ordinary law-breakers. In the course of our trial two Cabinet Ministers had admitted that we were political offenders, and therefore we should henceforth refuse to be searched or to undress in the presence of the wardresses. For myself I claimed the right, and I hoped the others would do likewise, to speak to my friends during exercise, or whenever I came in contact with them. The Governor, after reflection, yielded to the first two demands, but said that he would have to consult the Home Office before permitting us to break the rule of silence. We were accordingly allowed to change our clothing privately, and, as a further concession, were placed in adjoining cells. This was little advantage to me, however, since within a few days I was removed to a hospital cell, suffering from the illness which prison life always inflicts on me. Here the Governor visited me with the unwelcome news that the Home Secretary had refused to allow me the privilege of speech with my fellow prisoners. I asked him if I might, when I was strong enough to walk, take exercise with my friends. To this he assented, and I soon had the joy of seeing my daughter and the other brave comrades, and walking with them in the dismal courtyard of the prison. Single file we walked, at a distance of three or four feet from one another, back and forth under the stony eyes of the wardresses. The rough flags of the pavement hurt our feet, shod in heavy, shapeless prison boots. The autumn days were cold and cheerless, and we shivered violently under our scanty cloaks. But of all our hardships the ceaseless silence of our lives was worst.

At the end of the second week I decided I would no longer endure it. That afternoon at exercise I suddenly called my daughter by name and bade her stand still until I came up to her. Of course she stopped, and when I reached her side we linked arms and began to talk in low tones. A wardress ran up to us, saying: "I shall listen to everything you say." I replied: "You are welcome to do that, but I shall insist on my right to speak to my daughter." Another wardress had hastily left the yard, and now she returned with a large number of wardresses. They seized me and quickly removed me to my cell, while the other suffrage prisoners cheered my action at the top of their voices. For their "mutiny" they got three days' solitary confinement, and I, for mine, a much more severe punishment. Unrepentant, I told the Governor that, in spite of any punishment he might impose on me, I would never again submit to the silence rule. To forbid a mother to speak to her daughter was infamous. For this I was characterised as a "dangerous criminal" and was sent into solitary confinement, without exercise or chapel, while a wardress was stationed constantly at my cell door to see that I communicated with no one.

[Illustration: MRS. PANKHURST AND MISS CHRISTABEL PANKHURST IN PRISON DRESS]

It was two weeks before I saw any of my friends again, and meantime the health of Mrs. Drummond had been so seriously impaired that she was released for hospital treatment. My daughter also, I learned, was ill, and in desperation I made application to the Board of Visiting Magistrates to be allowed to see her. After a long conference, during which I was made to wait outside in the corridor, the magistrates returned a refusal, saying that I might renew my application in a month. The answer then, they said, would depend on my conduct. A month! My girl might be dead by that time. My anxiety sent me to bed ill again, but, although I did not know it, relief was already on its way. I had told the visiting magistrates that I would wait until public opinion got within those walls, and this happened sooner than I had dared to hope. Mrs. Drummond, as soon as she was able to appear in public, and the other suffrage prisoners, as they were released, spread broadcast the story of our mutiny, and of a subsequent one led by Miss Wallace Dunlop, which sent a large number of women into solitary confinement. The Suffragettes marched by thousands to Holloway, thronging the approaches to the prison street. Round and round the prison they marched, singing the Women's Marseillaise and cheering. Faintly the sound came to our ears, infinitely lightening our burden of pain and loneliness. The following week they came again, so we afterwards learned, but this time the police turned them back long before they reached the confines of the prison.

The demonstrations, together with a volley of questions asked in the House of Commons, told at last. Orders came from the Home Office that I was to see my daughter, and that we were to be allowed to exercise and to talk together for one hour each day. In addition, we were to be permitted the rare privilege of reading a daily newspaper. Then, on December 8th, the day of Christabel's release, orders came that I, too, should be discharged, two weeks before the expiration of my sentence.

At the welcome breakfast given us, as released prisoners, at Lincoln's Inn Hotel, I told our members that henceforth we should all insist on refusing to abide by ordinary prison rules. We did not propose to break laws and then shirk punishment. We simply meant to assert our right to be recognised as political prisoners. We reached this point after due reflection. We first set ourselves not to complain of prison, not to say anything about it, to avoid it, to keep away from all side issues, to keep along the straight path of political reform, to get the vote; because we knew that when we had won it we could reform prisons and a great many other abuses as well. But now that we had had in the witness box the admission of Cabinet Ministers that we are political offenders, we should in future demand the treatment given to men political offenders in all civilised countries. "If nations," I said, "are still so governed that they make political offenders, then Great Britain is going to treat her political offenders as well as political offenders are treated by other nations. If it were the custom to treat political offenders as ordinary offenders against the well-being of society are treated, we should not have complained if we were treated like that; but it is not the international custom to do it, and so, for the dignity of the women of the country, and for the sake of the consciences of the men of the country, and for the sake of our nation amongst the nations of the earth, we are not going to allow the Liberal government to treat us like ordinary law-breakers in future."

I said the same thing that night in a great meeting held in Queen's Hall to welcome the released prisoners, and, although we all knew that our determination involved a bitter struggle, our women endorsed it without a moment's hesitation. Had they been able to look forward to the events which were even then overshadowing us, could they have foreseen the new forms of suffering and danger that lay in waiting, I am certain that they would still have done the same thing, for our experiences had taught us to dispense with fear. Whatever of timidity, of shrinking from pain or hardship any of us had originally possessed, it had all vanished. There were no terrors that we were not now ready to face.

The year 1909 marks an important point in our struggle, partly because of this decision of ours, never again to submit to be classed with criminals; and partly because in this year we forced the Liberal Government to go on record, publicly, in regard to the oldest of popular rights, the right of petition. We had long contemplated this step, and now the time seemed ripe for taking it.

In the closing days of 1908 Mr. Asquith, speaking on the policy to be carried out in 1909, commented on the various deputations he was obliged at that time to receive. They called on him, he said, "from all quarters and in all causes, on an average of something like two hours on three days in every week." The deputations all asked for different things, and, although all of the things could not possibly be included in the King's speech, Mr. Asquith was inclined to agree that many of them ought to be included. This declaration from the Prime Minister that he was constantly receiving deputations of men, and listening favourably to their suggestions of what policies to pursue, aroused in the Suffragettes feelings of deep indignation. This in part they expressed on January 25th, when the first meeting of the Cabinet Council took place. A small deputation from the W. S. P. U. proceeded to Downing Street to claim the right to be heard, as men were heard. For knocking at the door of the official residence four of the women, including my sister, Mrs. Clark, were arrested and sent to prison for one month.

A month later the seventh of our Women's Parliaments was called against this and against the fact that no mention of women had been included in the King's speech. Led by Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, Lady Constance Lytton and Miss Daisy Solomon, a deputation

of women endeavoured to carry the resolution to the House of Commons. They were promptly arrested and, next day, were sent to prison on sentences of from one to two months. The time was rapidly approaching when the legality of these arrests would have to be tested. In June of the year 1909 the test was made.

It will be remembered that we had endeavoured to force the authorities to make good their threat to charge us under the obsolete Charles II "Tumultuous Petitions Act," which prescribes severe penalties for persons proceeding to Parliament in groups of more than twelve for the purpose of presenting petitions. It had been stated that if we were charged under that act our case would be given a hearing before a judge and jury instead of a police magistrate. Since this was exactly what we desired to have happen we had sent deputation after deputation of more than twelve persons, but always they were tried in police courts, and were sent to prison often for periods as long as that prescribed in the Charles II Act. Now we determined to do something still more ambitious; we resolved to test, not the Charles II Act, but the constitutional right of the subject to petition the Prime Minister as the seat of power.

The right of petition, which has existed in England since the earliest known period, was written into the Bill of Rights which became law in 1689 on the accession of William and Mary. It was, in fact, one of the conditions attaching to the accession of the joint monarchs. According to the Bill of Rights, "It is the right of subjects to petition the King and all commitments, and prosecutions for such petitionings are illegal." The power of the King having passed almost completely into the hands of Parliament, the Prime Minister now stands where the King's majesty stood in former times. Clearly, then, the right of the subject to petition the Prime Minister cannot be legally denied. Thus were we advised, and in order to keep within the strict letter of the law, we accepted the limitations of the right of petition laid down in the Charles II Act, and decided that our petition should be carried to the House of Commons by small groups of women.

Again I called together, on the evening of June 29th, a Parliament of women. Previously I had written to Mr. Asquith stating that a deputation of women would wait on him at the House of Commons at eight o'clock in the evening. I wrote him further that we were not to be refused, as we insisted upon our constitutional right to be received. To my note the Prime Minister returned a formal note declining to receive us. Nevertheless we continued our preparations, because we knew that the Prime Minister would continue to decline, but that in the end he would be forced to receive us.

An incident which occurred a week before the date of the deputation was destined to have important consequences. Miss Wallace Dunlop went to St. Stephen's Hall in the House of Commons, and marked with printer's ink on the stone work of the Hall an extract from the Bill of Rights. The first time she made the attempt she was interrupted by a policeman, but two days later she succeeded in stamping on the ancient walls the reminder to Parliament that women as well as men possess constitutional rights, and that they were proposing to exercise those rights. She was arrested and sentenced to prison for one month, in the third division. The option of a heavy fine was given her, which of course she refused. Miss Wallace Dunlop's prison term began on June 22d. Perhaps her deed had something to do with the unusual interest taken in the approaching deputation, an interest which was shown not only by the public but by many members of Parliament. In the House of Commons a strong feeling that the women ought this time to be received manifested itself in many questions put to the Government. One member even asked leave to move the adjournment of the House on a matter of urgent public importance, namely the danger to the public peace, owing to the refusal of the Prime Minister to receive the deputation. This was denied, however, and the Government mendaciously disclaimed all responsibility for what action the police might take toward the deputation. The Home Secretary, Mr. Gladstone, when asked by Mr. Kier Hardie to give instructions that the deputation, if orderly, should be admitted to St. Stephen's, replied: "I cannot say what action the police ought to take in the matter." Our Women's Parliament met at half past seven on the evening of June 29th, and the petition to the Prime Minister was read and adopted. Then our deputation set forth. Accompanying me as leader were two highly respectable women of advanced years, Mrs. Saul Solomon, whose husband had been Prime Minister at the Cape, and Miss Neligan, one of the foremost of the pioneer educators of England. We three and five other women were preceded by Miss Elsie Howey, who, riding fast, went on horse-back to announce our coming to the enormous crowds that filled the streets. She, we afterward learned, progressed as far as the approaches to the House of Commons before being turned back by the police. As for the deputation, it pressed on through the crowd as far as St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, where we found a long line of police blocking the road. We paused for a moment, gathering strength for the ordeal of trying to push through the lines, when an unexpected thing happened. An order was given from some one, and instantly the police lines parted, leaving a clear space through which we walked towards the House. We were escorted on our way by Inspector Wells, and as we passed the crowd broke into vociferous cheering, firmly believing that we were after all to be received. As for myself I did little speculating as to what was about to happen. I simply led my deputation on as far as the entrance to St. Stephen's Hall. There we encountered another strong force of police commanded

by our old acquaintance, Inspector Scantlebury, who stepped forward and handed me a letter. I opened it and read in aloud to the women. "The Prime Minister, for the reasons which he has already given in a written reply to their request, regrets that he is unable to receive the proposed deputation."

I dropped the note to the ground and said: "I stand upon my rights, as a subject of the King, to petition the Prime Minister, and I am firmly resolved to stand here until I am received."

[Illustration: INSPECTOR WELLS CONDUCTING MRS. PANKHURST TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

June, 1908]

Inspector Scantlebury turned away and walked rapidly towards the door of the Strangers' Entrance. I turned to Inspector Jarvis, who remained, to several members of Parliament and some newspaper men who stood looking on, and begged them to take my message to the Prime Minister, but no one responded, and the Inspector, seizing my arm, began to push me away. I now knew that the deputation would not be received and that the old miserable business of refusing to leave, of being forced backward, and returning again and again until arrested, would have to be re-enacted. I had to take into account that I was accompanied by two fragile old ladies, who, brave as they were to be there at all, could not possibly endure what I knew must follow. I quickly decided that I should have to force an immediate arrest, so I committed an act of technical assault on the person of Inspector Jarvis, striking him very lightly on the cheek. He said instantly, "I understand why you did that," and I supposed then that we would instantly be taken. But the other police apparently did not grasp the situation, for they began pushing and jostling our women. I said to the inspector: "Shall I have to do it again?" and he said "Yes." So I struck him lightly a second time, and then he ordered the police to make the arrests.

The matter did not end with the arrest of our deputation of eight women. In recurring deputations of twelve the Suffragettes again and again pressed forward in vain endeavour to reach the House of Commons. In spite of the fact that the crowds were friendly and did everything they could to aid the women, their deputations were broken up by the police and many of the women arrested. By nine o'clock Parliament Square was empty, an enormous force of mounted police having beaten the people back into Victoria Street and across Westminster Bridge. For a short time all looked tranquil, but soon little groups of women, seven or eight at a time, kept appearing mysteriously and making spirited dashes toward the House. This extraordinary procedure greatly exasperated the police, who could not unravel the mystery of where the women came from. As a matter of bygone history the explanation is that the W. S. P. U. had hired thirty offices in the neighborhood, in the shelter of which the women waited until it was time for them to sally forth. It was a striking demonstration of the ingenuity of women opposing the physical force of men, but it served still another purpose. It diverted the attention of the police from another demonstration which was going on. Other Suffragettes had gone to the official residence of the First Lord of the Admiralty, to the Home Office, the Treasury and Privy Council Offices, and had registered their contempt for the Government's refusal to receive the deputation by the time-honoured method of breaking a window in each place.

One hundred and eight women were arrested that night, but instead of submitting to arrests and trial, the Women's Social and Political Union announced that they were prepared to prove that the Government and not the women had broken the law in refusing to receive the petition. My case, coupled with that of the Hon. Mrs. Haverfield, was selected as a test case for all the others, and Lord Robert Cecil was retained for the defence. Mr. Muskett, who conducted the case for the prosecution, tried to prove that our women had not gone to the House of Commons to present a petition, but this was easily demonstrated to be an unwarranted claim. The speeches of the leader, the official articles published in our newspaper, _Votes for Women_, and the letters sent to Mr. Asquith, not to speak of the indisputable facts that every member of the deputation carried a copy of the petition in her hand, furnished evidence enough of the nature of our errand. The whole case of the subject's right of petition was then brought forward for discussion. Mr. Muskett spoke first, then our council, Mr. Henle, then Lord Robert Cecil. Last of all I spoke, describing the events of June 29th. I told the magistrate that should he decide that we and not the Government had been guilty of an infraction of the law, we should refuse to be bound over, but should all choose to go to prison. In that case we should not submit to being treated like criminals. "There are one hundred and eight of us here to-day," I said, pointing to the benches where my fellow-prisoners sat, "and just as we have thought it is our duty to defy the police in the street, so when we get into prison, as we are political prisoners, we shall do our best to bring back into the twentieth century the treatment of political prisoners which was thought right in the case of William Cobbett, and other political offenders of his time."

The magistrate, Sir Albert de Rutzen, an elderly, amiable man, rather bewildered by this unprecedented situation, then gave his decision. He agreed with Mr. Henle and Lord Robert Cecil that the right of petition was clearly guaranteed to every subject, but he thought that when the women were refused permission to enter the House of Commons, and when Mr. Asquith had said that he would not receive them, the women acted wrongly to persist in their demands. He should, therefore, fine them five pounds each, or sentence them to prison for one month in the second division. The sentence would be suspended for the present until learned counsel could obtain a decision from a higher court on the legal point of the right of petition.

I then put in a claim for all the prisoners, and asked that all their cases might be held over until the test case was decided, and this was agreed to, except in regard to fourteen women charged with window-breaking. They were tried separately and sent to prison on sentences varying from six weeks to two months. Of them later.

The appeal against Sir Albert de Rutzen's decision was tried in a Divisional Court early in December of that year. Lord Robert Cecil again appeared for the defence, and in a masterly piece of argumentation, contended that in England there was and always had been the right of petition, and that the right had always been considered a necessary condition of a free country and a civilised Government. The right of petition, he pointed out, had three characteristics: In the first place, it was the right to petition the actual repositories of power; in the second place, it was the right to petition in person; and in the third place, the right must be exercised reasonably. A long list of historical precedents were offered in support of the right to petition in person, but Lord Robert argued that even if these did not exist, the right was admitted in the Charles II "Tumultuous Petitions Act," which provides "That no person or persons whatsoever shall repair to His Majesty or both or either Houses of Parliament upon pretence of presenting or delivering any petition, complaint, remonstrance, or declaration or other address, accompanied with excessive number of people ..." etc. The Bill of Rights had specially confirmed the right of petition in so far as the King personally was concerned. "The women," pursued Lord Robert, "had gone to Parliament Square on June 29th in the exercise of a plain constitutional right, and that in going there with a petition they had acted according to the only constitutional method they possessed, being voteless, for the redress of their grievances."

If then it were true, as contended, the subject not only possessed the right to petition, but to petition in person, the only point to be considered was whether the right had been exercised reasonably. If persons desired to interview the Prime Minister, it was surely reasonable to go to the House of Commons, and to present themselves at the Strangers' Entrance. Mrs. Pankhurst, Mrs. Haverfield and the others had, as the evidence showed, proceeded along the public highway and had been escorted to the door of the House of Commons by an officer of the police, and could not therefore, up to that point, have been acting in an unlawful manner. The police had kept clear a large open space opposite the House of Commons, the crowd being kept at a certain distance away. Within the open space there were only persons having business in the House of Commons, members of the police force and the eight women who formed the deputation. It could not possibly be contended that these eight women had caused an obstruction. It was true that a police officer told them that the Prime Minister was not in the House of Commons, but when one desired an interview with a Member of Parliament one did not make his request of a casual policeman in the street. Moreover, the police did not possess any authority to stop anyone from going into the House of Commons.

The letter given the women, in which the Prime Minister said that he could not or would not see them, had been cited. Now, had the Prime Minister, in his letter, said that he could not or would not see the women at that time, that the time was not convenient; but that he would at some future time, at a more convenient time, receive them, that would have been a sufficient answer. The women would not have been justified in refusing to accept such an answer, because the right to petition must be exercised reasonably. But the letter contained an unqualified refusal, and that, if we allow the right of petition to exist, was no answer at all. Last of all Lord Robert argued that if there is a right to petition a Member of Parliament, then it must be incumbent on the part of a Member of Parliament to receive the petition, and that no one has a right to interfere with the petitioner. If the eight women were legally justified in presenting their petition, then they were also justified in refusing to obey the orders of the police to leave the place.

In an address full of bias, and revealing plainly that he had no accurate knowledge of any of the events that had led up to the case in hand, the Lord Chief Justice delivered judgment. He said that he entirely agreed with Lord Robert Cecil as to the right to present a petition to the Prime Minister, either as Prime Minister or as a Member of Parliament; and he agreed also that petitions to the King should be presented to the Prime Minister. But the claim of the women, he said, was not merely to present a petition, but to be received in a deputation. He did not think it likely that Mr. Asquith would have refused to receive a petition from the women, but his refusal to receive the deputation was not unnatural, "in consequence of what we know did happen on previous occasions."[1]

Referring to the Metropolitan Police Act of 1839, which provides that it shall be lawful for the Commissioner of Police to make regulations and to give instructions to the constable for keeping order, and for preventing any obstruction of thoroughfares in the immediate neighbourhood of the House of Commons, and the Sessional Order empowering the police to keep clear the approaches to the House of Commons, the Lord Chief Justice decided that I and the other women were guilty of an infraction of the law when we insisted on a right to enter the House of Commons. The Lord Chief Justice therefore ruled that our conviction in the lower court had been proper, and our appeal was dismissed with costs.

Thus was destroyed in England the ancient constitutional right of petition, secured to the people by the Bill of Rights, and cherished by uncounted generations of Englishmen. I say the right was destroyed, for of how much value is a petition which cannot be presented in person? The decision of the high court was appalling to the members of the W. S. P. U., as it closed the last approach, by constitutional means, to our enfranchisement. Far from discouraging or disheartening us, it simply spurred us on to new and more aggressive forms of militancy.

FOOTNOTE:

[1] Mr. Asquith had never, since becoming Prime Minister, received a deputation of women, nor had he ever received a deputation of the W. S. P. U. So it was absurd of the Lord Chief Justice to speak of "what did happen, on previous occasions."

CHAPTER V

Between the time of the arrest in June and the handing down of the absurd decision of the Lord Chief Justice that although we, as subjects, possessed the right of petition, yet we had committed an offence in exercising that right, nearly six months had passed. In that interval certain grave developments had lifted the militant movement onto a new and more heroic plane. It will be remembered that a week before our deputation to test the Charles II Act, Miss Wallace Dunlop had been sent to prison for one month for stamping an extract from the Bill of Rights on the stone walls of St. Stephen's Hall. On arriving at Holloway on Friday evening, July 2nd, she sent for the Governor and demanded of him that she be treated as a political offender. The Governor replied that he had no power to alter the sentence of the magistrate, whereupon Miss Wallace Dunlop informed him that it was the unalterable resolution of the Suffragettes never again to submit to the prison treatment given to ordinary offenders against the law. Therefore she should, if placed in the second division as a common criminal, refuse to touch food until the Government yielded her point. It is hardly likely that the Government or the prison authorities realised the seriousness of Miss Wallace Dunlop's action, or the heroic mould of the Suffragettes' character. At all events the Home Secretary paid no attention to the letter sent him by the prisoner, in which she explained simply but clearly her motives for her desperate act, and the prison authorities did nothing except seek means of breaking down her resistance. The ordinary prison diet was replaced by the most tempting food, and this instead of being brought to her cell at intervals, was kept there night and day, but always untouched. Several times daily the doctor came to feel her pulse and observe her growing weakness. The doctor, as well as the Governor and the wardresses argued, coaxed and threatened, but without effect. The week passed without any sign of surrender on the part of the prisoner. On Friday the doctor reported that she was rapidly reaching a point at which death might at any time supervene. Hurried conferences were carried on between the prison and the Home Office, and that evening, June 8th, Miss Wallace Dunlop was sent home, having served one-fourth of her sentence, and having ignored completely all the terms of her imprisonment.

On the day of her release the fourteen women who had been convicted of window breaking received their sentences, and learning of Miss Wallace Dunlop's act, they, as they were being taken to Holloway in the prison van, held a consultation and agreed to follow her example. Arrived at Holloway they at once informed the officials that they would not give up any of their belongings, neither would they put on prison clothing, perform prison labour, eat prison food or keep the rule of silence.

The Governor agreed for the moment to allow them to retain their property and to wear their own clothing, but he told them that they had committed an act of mutiny and that he would have to so charge them at the next visit of the magistrates. The women then addressed petitions to the Home Secretary, demanding that they be given the prison treatment universally allowed political offenders. They decided to postpone the hunger strike until the Home Secretary had had time to reply. Meanwhile, after a vain appeal for more fresh air, for the weather was stiflingly hot, the women committed one more act of mutiny, they broke the windows of their cells.

We learned this from the prisoners themselves. Several days after they had gone to prison, my daughter Christabel and Mrs. Tuke, filled with anxiety for their fate, gained admission to an upper story room of a house overlooking the prison. Calling at the top of

their voices and waving a flag of the Union, they succeeded in attracting the prisoners' attention. The women thrust their arms through the broken panes, waving handkerchiefs, Votes for Women badges, anything they could get hold of, and in a few shouted words told their tale. That same day the visiting magistrates arrived, and the mutineers were sentenced to terms of seven to ten days of solitary confinement in the punishment cells. In these frightful cells, dark, unclean, dripping with moisture, the prisoners resolutely hunger struck. At the end of five days one of the women was reduced to such a condition that the Home Secretary ordered her released. The next day several more were released, and before the end of the week the last of the fourteen had gained their liberty.

The affair excited the greatest sympathy all over England, sympathy which Mr. Gladstone tried to divert by charging two of the prisoners with kicking and biting the wardresses. In spite of their vigorous denials these two women were sentenced, on these charges, one to ten days and the other to a month in prison. Although still very weak from the previous hunger strike, they at once entered upon a second hunger strike, and in three days had to be released.

After this each succeeding batch of Suffragette prisoners, unless otherwise directed, followed the example of these heroic rebels. The prison officials, seeing their authority vanish, were panic stricken. Holloway and other women's prisons throughout the Kingdom became perfect dens of violence and brutality. Hear the account given by Lucy Burns of her experience:

"We remained quite still when ordered to undress, and when they told us to proceed to our cells we linked arms and stood with our backs to the wall. The Governor blew his whistle and a great crowd of wardresses appeared, falling upon us, forcing us apart and dragging us towards the cells. I think I had twelve wardresses for my share, and among them they managed to trip me so that I fell helplessly to the floor. One of the wardresses grasped me by my hair, wound the long braid around her wrist and literally dragged me along the ground. In the cell they fairly ripped the clothing from my back, forcing on me one coarse cotton garment and throwing others on the bed for me to put on myself. Left alone exhausted by the dreadful experience I lay for a time gasping and shivering on the floor. By and by a wardress came to the door and threw me a blanket. This I wrapped around me, for I was chilled to the bone by this time. The single cotton garment and the rough blanket were all the clothes I wore during my stay in prison. Most of the prisoners refused everything but the blanket. According to agreement we all broke our windows and were immediately dragged off to the punishment cells. There we hunger struck, and after enduring great misery for nearly a week, we were one by one released."

How simply they tell it. "After enduring great misery--" But no one who has not gone through the awful experience of the hunger strike can have any idea of how great that misery is. In an ordinary cell it is great enough. In the unspeakable squalor of the punishment cells it is worse. The actual hunger pangs last only about twenty-four hours with most prisoners. I generally suffer most on the second day. After that there is no very desperate craving for food. Weakness and mental depression take its place. Great disturbances of digestion divert the desire for food to a longing for relief from pain. Often there is intense headache, with fits of dizziness, or slight delirium. Complete exhaustion and a feeling of isolation from earth mark the final stages of the ordeal. Recovery is often protracted, and entire recovery of normal health is sometimes discouragingly slow.

The first hunger strike occurred in early July. In the two months that followed scores of women adopted the same form of protest against a Government who would not recognise the political character of their offences. In some cases the hunger strikers were treated with unexampled cruelty. Delicate women were sentenced, not only to solitary confinement, but to wear handcuffs for twenty-four hours at a stretch. One woman on refusing prison clothes was put into a straightwaistcoat.

The irony of all this appears the greater when it is considered that, at this precise time, the leaders of the Liberal Party in the House of Commons were in the midst of their first campaign against the veto power of the Lords.

On September 17th a great meeting was held in Birmingham, on which occasion Mr. Asquith was to throw down his challenge to the Lords, and to announce that their veto was to be abolished, leaving the people's will paramount in England. Of course the Suffragettes seized this opportunity for a demonstration. This course was perfectly logical. Denied the right of petition, shut out now from every Cabinet Minister's meeting, the women were forced to take whatever means that remained to urge their cause upon the Government. Mrs. Mary Leigh and a group of Birmingham members addressed a warning to the public not to attend Mr. Asquith's meeting as disturbances were likely to happen. From the time that the Prime Minister and his Cabinet left the House of Commons until the train drew in to the station at Birmingham they were completely surrounded with detectives and policemen. The precautions taken to guard Mr. Asquith have never been equalled except in the case of the Tsar during outbreaks of revolution in Russia. From the station he was taken by an underground passage a quarter of a mile in length to his hotel, where he dined in solitary state, after having been carried upstairs in a luggage lift. Escorted to the Bingley Hall by a strong guard of mounted police,

he was so fearful of encountering the Suffragettes that he entered by a side door. The hall was guarded as for a siege. Over the glass roof a thick tarpaulin had been stretched. Tall ladders were placed on either side of the building, and firemen's hose were laid in readiness--not to extinguish fires, but to play upon the Suffragettes should they appear at an inaccessible spot on the roof. The streets on every hand were barricaded, and police, in regiments, were drawn up to defend the barricades against the onslaughts of the women. Nobody was allowed to pass the barricades without showing his entrance tickets to long files of police, and then the ticket holders were squeezed through the narrow doors one by one.

Their precautions were in vain, for the determined Suffragettes found more than one way in which to turn Mr. Asquith's triumph into a fiasco. Although no women gained access to the hall, there were plenty of men sympathisers present, and before the meeting had proceeded far thirteen men had been violently thrown out for reminding the Prime Minister that "the people" whose right to govern he was professing to uphold, included women as well as men. Outside, mingling in the vast crowds, bands of women attacked the barricades, the outer barricades being thrown down in spite of the thousands of police. From the roof of a neighbouring house Mrs. Leigh and Charlotte Marsh tore up dozens of slates and threw them on the roof of Bingley Hall and in the streets below, taking care, however, to strike no one. As Mr. Asquith drove away the women hurled slates at the guarded motor car. The fire hose was brought forth and the firemen were ordered to turn the water on the women. They refused, to their credit be it said, but the police, infuriated by their failure to keep the peace, did not scruple to play the cold water on the women as they crouched and clung to the dangerous slope of the roof. Roughs in the streets flung bricks at them, drawing blood. Eventually the women were dragged down by the police and in their dripping garments marched through the streets to the police station.

The Suffragettes who had rushed the barricades and flung stones at Mr. Asquith's departing train received sentences from a fortnight to one month, but Miss Marsh and Mrs. Leigh were sent to prison for three and four months respectively. All of the prisoners adopted the hunger strike, as we knew they would.

Several days later we were horrified to read in the newspapers that these prisoners were being forcibly fed by means of a rubber tube thrust into the stomach. Members of the Union applied at once both at the prison and at the Home Office to learn the truth of the report, but all information was refused. On the following Monday at our request, Mr. Keir Hardie, at question time in the House, insisted on information from the Government. Mr. Masterman, speaking for the Home Secretary, reluctantly admitted that, in order to preserve the dignity of the Government and at the same time save the lives of the prisoners, "hospital treatment" was being administered. "Hospital treatment" was the term used to draw attention from one of the most disgusting and brutal expedients ever resorted to by prison authorities. No law allows it except in the case of persons certified to be insane, and even then when the operation is performed by skilled nursing attendants under the direction of skilled medical men, it cannot be called safe. In fact, the asylum cases usually die after a short time. _The Lancet_, perhaps the best known medical journal in the language, published a long list of opinions from distinguished physicians and surgeons who condemned the practice as applied to the suffrage prisoners as unworthy of civilisation. One physician told of a case which had come under his observation in which death had occurred almost as soon as the tube had been inserted. Another cited a case where the tongue, twisted behind the feeding tube, had, in the struggle, been almost bitten off. Cases where food had been injected into the lungs were not unknown. Mr. C. Mansell-Moullin, M.D., F.R.C.S., wrote to _The Times_ that as a hospital surgeon of more than thirty years' experience he desired indignantly to protest against the Government's term "Hospital treatment" in connection with the forcible feeding of women. It was a foul libel, he declared, for violence and brutality have no place in hospitals. A memorial signed by 116 well-known physicians was addressed to the Prime Minister protesting against the practice of forcible feeding, and pointing out to him in detail the grave dangers attaching to it.

So much for medical testimony against a form of brutality which continued and still continues in our English prisons, as a punishment for women who are there for consciences' sake. As for the testimony of the victims, it makes a volume of most revolting sort. Mrs. Leigh, the first victim, is a woman of sturdy constitution, else she could scarcely have survived the experience. Thrown into Birmingham prison after the Asquith demonstration, she had broken the windows of her cell, and as a punishment was sent to a dark and cold punishment cell. Her hands were handcuffed, behind her during the day, and at night in front of her body _with the palms out_. She refused to touch the food that was brought to her, and three days after her arrival she was taken to the doctor's room. What she saw was enough to terrify the bravest. In the centre of the room was a stout chair resting on a cotton sheet. Against the wall, as if ready for action stood four wardresses. The junior doctor was also on hand. The senior doctor spoke, saying: "Listen carefully to what I have to say. I have orders from my superior officers that you are not to be released even on medical grounds. If you still refrain from food I must take other measures to compel you to take it." Mrs. Leigh replied that she did still refuse, and she said further that she knew that she could not legally be forcibly fed because an operation could not be performed

without the consent of the patient if sane. The doctor repeated that he had his orders and would carry them out. A number of wardresses then fell upon Mrs. Leigh, held her down and tilted her chair backward. She was so taken by surprise that she could not resist successfully that time. They managed to make her swallow a little food from a feeding cup. Later two doctors and the wardresses appeared in her cell, forced Mrs. Leigh down to the bed and held her there. To her horror the doctors produced a rubber tube, two yards in length, and this he began to stuff up her nostril. The pain was so dreadful that she shrieked again and again. Three of the wardresses burst into tears and the junior doctor begged the other to desist. Having had his orders from the Government, the doctor persisted and the tube was pushed down into the stomach. One of the doctors, standing on a chair and holding the tube high poured liquid food through a funnel almost suffocating the poor victim. "The drums of my ears," she said afterwards, "seemed to be bursting. I could feel the pain to the end of the breast bone. When at last the tube was withdrawn it felt as if the back of my nose and throat were being torn out with it."

In an almost fainting condition Mrs. Leigh was taken back to the punishment cell and laid on her plank bed. The ordeal was renewed day after day. The other prisoners suffered similar experiences.

CHAPTER VI

The militant movement was at this point when, in October, 1909, I made my first visit to the United States. I shall never forget the excitement of my landing, the first meeting with the American "reporter," an experience dreaded by all Europeans. In fact the first few days seemed a bewildering whirl of reporters and receptions, all leading up to my first lecture at Carnegie Hall on October 25th. The huge hall was entirely filled, and an enormous crowd of people thronged the streets outside for blocks. With me on the stage were several women whom I had met in Europe, and in the chair was an old friend, Mrs. Stanton Blatch, whose early married life had been spent in England. The great crowd before me, however, was made up of strangers, and I could not know how they would respond to my story. When I rose to speak a deep hush fell, but at my first words: "I am what you call a hooligan--" a great shout of warm and sympathetic laughter shook the walls. Then I knew that I had found friends in America. And this all the rest of the tour demonstrated. In Boston the committee met me with a big grey automobile decorated in the colours of our Union, and that night at Tremont Temple I spoke to an audience of 2,500 people all most generous in their responsiveness. In Baltimore professors, and students from Johns Hopkins University acted as stewards of the meeting. I greatly enjoyed my visit to Bryn Mawr College and to Rosemary Hall, a wonderful school for girls in Connecticut. In Chicago, I met, among other notable people, Miss Jane Addams and Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, superintendent of schools. My visit to Canada will always be remembered, especially Toronto, where the mayor, dressed in the chains of his office, welcomed me. I met too the venerable Goldwin Smith, since dead.

Everywhere I found the Americans kind and keen, and I cannot say too much for the wonderful hospitality they showed me. The women I found were remarkably interested in social welfare. The work of the women's clubs struck me very favourably, and I thought these institutions a perfect basis for a suffrage movement. But at that time, 1909, the suffrage movement in the United States was in a curious state of quiescence. A large number of women with whom I came in contact appeared to think it only just that they should have a vote, but few seemed to realise any actual need of it. Some, it is true, were beginning to connect the vote with the reforms for which they were working so unselfishly and so devotedly. It was when talking with the younger women that I came to feel that under the surface of things in America, a strong suffrage movement was stirring. Those young women, leaving their splendid colleges to begin life were realising in a very intelligent fashion that they needed and would be obliged to secure for themselves a political status.

On December 1st I sailed on the _Mauretania_ for England, and on arriving I learned that the prison sentence which hung over me while the petitions case had been argued, was discharged, some unknown friend having paid my fine while I was on the ocean.

The year 1910 began with a general election, precipitated by the House of Lords' rejection of Mr. Lloyd-George's 1909 budget. The Liberal Party went to the country with promises of taxes on land values. They promised also abolition of the veto power of the Lords, Irish Home Rule, disestablishment of the Church of Wales, and other reforms. Woman suffrage was not directly promised, but Mr. Asquith pledged that, if retained in office, he would introduce an electoral reform bill which could be amended to include woman suffrage. The Unionists under the leadership of Mr. Balfour, had tariff reform for their programme, and they offered not even a vague promise of a possible suffrage measure. Yet we, as usual, went into the constituencies and opposed the Liberal Party. We had no faith in Mr. Asquith's pledge, and besides, if we had failed to oppose the party in power we should but have invited Mr. Asquith and Mr. Balfour to enter into an agreement not to deal with the suffrage, with the view of keeping the cause permanently outside practical politics. We were in something of the same position as the Irish Nationalists in 1885, when neither the Liberal nor

the Conservative leaders would include home rule in their programme. The Irish opposed the Liberal Party, with the result that it was returned by such a narrow majority that the Liberal Government was dependent on the Irish vote in Parliament in order to remain in office. On this account they were obliged to bring in a Home Rule Bill.

The other suffrage societies and many of the Liberal women begged us not to oppose the Liberal party at this election. We were implored to waive our claim "just this once" in view of the importance of the struggle between the Commons and the House of Lords over the budget. We replied that the same plea had been made in 1906 when we were implored to waive our claim "just this once" on account of the fiscal issue. For women there was only one political issue, we said, and that was the issue of their own enfranchisement. The dispute between the Lords and the Commons was far less vital than the claims of the people--represented in this case by women--to be admitted to citizenship. From our point of view both Houses of Parliament were unrepresentative until women had a voice in choosing legislators and influencing law making.

We opposed Liberal candidates in forty constituencies, and in almost every one of these the Liberal majorities were reduced and no less than eighteen seats were wrested from the Liberal candidates. It really was a terrible election for the Government. Mr. Asquith travelled from one constituency to another accompanied by a body guard of detectives, and official "chuckers out," whose sole duty was to eject women, and men as well, who interrupted his meetings on the question of Votes for Women. The halls where he spoke had the windows boarded up or the glass covered with strong wire netting. Every thoroughfare leading to the halls was barricaded, traffic was suspended, and large forces of police were on guard. The most extraordinary precautions were taken to protect the Prime Minister. At one place he went to his meeting strongly guarded and by way of a secret pathway that led through gooseberry bushes and a cabbage patch to a back door. After the meeting he escaped through the same door and was solemnly guided along a path heavily laid with sawdust to deaden his footsteps, to a concealed motor car, where he sat until the crowd had all dispersed.

The other ministers had to resort to similar precautions. They lived under the constant protection of body-guards. Their meetings were policed in a manner without precedent. Of course no women were admitted to their meetings, but they got in just the same. Two women hid for twenty-five hours in the rafters of a hall in Louth where Mr. Lloyd-George spoke. They were arrested, but not until after they had made their demonstration. Two others hid under a platform for twenty-two hours in order to question the Prime Minister. I could continue this record almost indefinitely.

We had printed a wonderful poster showing the process of forcible feeding, and we used it on hoardings everywhere. We told the electors that the "Liberal Party," the people's friend, had imprisoned 450 women for the crime of asking for a vote. They were torturing women at that time in Holloway. It was splendid ammunition and it told. The Liberal Party was returned to power, but with their majority over all sections of the House of Commons swept away. The Asquith Government were dependent now for their very existence on the votes of the Labour Party and the Irish Nationalists.

CHAPTER VII

The first months of 1910 were occupied by the re-elected Government in a struggle to keep control of affairs. A coalition with the Irish party, the leaders of which agreed, if the Home Rule bill were advanced, to stand by the budget. No publicly announced coalition with the Labour Party was made at that time, Keir Hardie, at the annual conference of the party, announcing that they would continue to be independent of the Government. This was important to us because it meant that the Labour Party, instead of entering into an agreement to give general support to all Government measures, would be free to oppose the Government in the event of the continued withholding of a franchise bill. Other things combined to make us hopeful that the tide had turned in our favour. It was hinted to us that the Government were weary of our opposition and were ready to end the struggle in the only possible way, providing they could do so without appearing to yield to coercion. We therefore, early in February, declared a truce to all militancy.

Parliament met on February 15th and the King's speech was read on February 21st. No mention of women's suffrage was made in the speech nor was any private member successful in winning a place in the ballot for a suffrage bill. However, since the situation, on account of the proposed abolition of the Lord's power of veto, was strained and abnormal, we decided to wait patiently for a while. It was confidently expected that another general election would have to be held before the contentions between the two Houses of Parliament were settled, and this event unquestionably would have occurred, not later than June, but for the unexpected death of King Edward VII. This interrupted the strained situation. The passing of the King served as an occasion for the temporary softening of animosities and produced a general disposition to compromise on all troubled issues. The question of women's enfranchisement was taken up again in this spirit, and in a manner altogether creditable to the members with whom the movement

originated.

A strictly non-party committee on women's suffrage had been established in the House of Commons in 1887, mainly through the efforts of Miss Lydia Becker, whom I have mentioned before as the Susan B. Anthony of the English suffrage movement. In 1906, for reasons not necessary to enumerate, the original committee had been allowed to lapse, the Liberal supporters of women's suffrage forming a committee of their own. Now, in this period of good feeling, at the suggestion of certain members, led by Mr. H. N. Brailsford, not himself a member of Parliament, formed another non-party body which they called the Conciliation Committee. Its object was declared to be the bringing together of the full strength of suffragists of the House of Commons, regardless of party affiliation, and of framing a suffrage measure that could be passed by their united effort. The Earl of Lytton accepted the chairmanship of the committee and Mr. Brailsford was made its secretary. The committee consisted of twenty-five Liberals, seventeen Conservatives, six Irish Nationalists, and six members of the Labour Party. Under difficulties which I can hardly hope to make clear to American readers the committee laboured to frame a bill which should win the support of all sections of the House. The Conservatives insisted on a moderate bill, whilst the Liberals were concerned lest the terms of the bill should add to the power of the propertied classes. The original suffrage bill, drafted by my husband. Dr. Pankhurst, giving the vote to women on equal terms with men, was abandoned, and a bill was drawn up along the lines of the existing municipal franchise law. The basis of the municipal franchise is occupation, and the Conciliation Bill, as first drafted, proposed to extend the Parliamentary vote to women householders, and to women occupiers of business premises paying ten pounds rental and upwards. It was estimated that about ninety-five per cent. of the women who would be enfranchised under the bill were householders. This, in England, does not mean a person occupying a whole house. Any one who inhabits even a single room over which he or she exercises full control is a householder.

The text of the Conciliation Bill was submitted to all the suffrage societies and other women's organisations, and it was accepted by every one of them. Our official newspaper said editorially: "We of the Women's Social and Political Union are prepared to share in this united and peaceful action. The new bill does not give us all that we want, but we are for it if others are also for it."

It seemed certain that an overwhelming majority of the House of Commons were for the bill, and were prepared to vote it into law. Although we knew that it could not possibly pass unless the Government agreed that it should, we hoped that the leaders of all parties and the majority of their followers would unite in an agreement that the bill should pass. This settlement by consent is rare in the English Parliament, but some extremely important and hard fought measures have been carried thus. The extension of the franchise in 1867 is a case in point.

The Conciliation Bill was introduced into the House of Commons on June 14th, 1910, by Mr. D. J. Shackleton, and was received with the most extraordinary enthusiasm. The newspapers remarked on the feeling of reality which marked the attitude of the House towards the bill. It was plain that the members realised that here was no academic question upon which they were merely to debate and to register their opinions, but a measure which was intended to be carried through all its stages and to be written into English law. The enthusiasm of the House swept all over the Kingdom. The medical profession sent in a memorial in its favour, signed by more than three hundred of the most distinguished men and women in the profession. Memorials from writers, clergymen, social workers, artists, actors, musicians, were also sent. The Women's Liberal Federation met and unanimously resolved to ask the Prime Minister to give full facilities to the bill. Some advanced spirits in the Federation actually proposed to send then and there a deputation to the House of Commons with the resolution, but this proposal was rejected as savouring too much of militancy. A request for an interview was sent to Mr. Asquith, and he replied promising to receive, at an early day, representatives of both the Liberal Women's Federation and of the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies.

The joint deputation was received by Mr. Asquith on June 21st, and Lady M'Laren, as a representative of the Women's Liberal Federation, spoke very directly to her party's leader. She said in part: "If you refuse our request we shall have to go to the country and say you, who are against the veto of the House of Lords, are placing a veto on the House of Commons by refusing to allow a second reading of this bill."

Mr. Asquith replied warily that he could not decide alone on such a serious matter, but would have to consult his Cabinet, the majority of whom, he admitted, were suffragists. Their decision, he said, would be given in the House of Commons.

[Illustration: OVER 1,000 WOMEN HAD BEEN IN PRISON--BROAD ARROWS IN THE 1910 PARADE]

The Women's Social and Political Union arranged a demonstration in support of the Conciliation Bill, the greatest that had, up to that time, been made. It was a national, indeed an inter-national affair in which all the suffrage groups took part, and its massed

ranks were so great that the procession required an hour and a half to pass a given point. At the head marched six hundred and seventeen women, white clad and holding long silver staves tipped with the broad arrow. These were the women who had suffered imprisonment for the cause, and all along the line of march they received a tribute of cheers from the public. The immense Albert Hall, the largest hall in England, although it was packed from orchestra to the highest gallery, was not large enough to hold all the marchers. Amid great joy and enthusiasm Lord Lytton delivered a stirring address in which he confidently predicted the speedy advance of the bill. The women, he declared, had every reason to believe that their enfranchisement was actually at hand.

It was true that the time for passing a suffrage bill was ripe. Not in fifty years had the way been so clear, because the momentary absence of ordinary legislation left the field open for an electoral reform bill. Yet when the Prime Minister was asked in the House of Commons whether he would give the members an early opportunity for discussion, the answer was not encouraging. The Government, said Mr. Asquith, were prepared to give time before the close of the session for full debate and division on second reading, but they could not allow any further facilities. He stated frankly that he personally did not want the bill to pass, but the Government realised that the House of Commons ought to have an opportunity, if that was their deliberate desire, for effectively dealing with the whole question.

This cryptic utterance was taken by the majority of the suffragists, by the press and by the public generally to mean that the Government were preparing gracefully to yield to the undoubted desire of the House of Commons to pass the bill. But the Women's Social and Political Union were doubtful. Mr. Asquith's remark was ambiguous, and was capable of being interpreted in several ways. It could mean that he was prepared to accept the verdict of the majority and let the bill pass through all its stages. That of course would be the only way to allow the House opportunity effectively to deal with the whole question. On the other hand Mr. Asquith might be intending to let the bill pass through its debating stages and be afterwards smothered in committee. We feared treachery, but in view of the announcement that the Government had set apart July 11 and 12 for debate on the second reading, we preserved a spirit of waiting calm. July 26th had been fixed as the day for the adjournment of Parliament, and if the bill was voted on favourably on the 12th there would be ample time to take it through its final stages. When a bill passes its second reading it is normally sent upstairs to a Grand Committee which sits while the House of Commons is transacting other business, and thus the committee stage can proceed without special facilities. The bill does not go back to the House until the report stage is reached, at which time the third and last reading occurs. After that the bill goes to the House of Lords. A week at most is all that is required for this procedure. A bill may be referred to the Whole House, and in this case it cannot be brought up for its committee stage unless it is given special facilities. In our paper and in many public speeches we urged that the members vote to send the bill to a Grand Committee.

Some days before the bill reached its second reading it was rumoured that Mr. Lloyd-George was going to speak against it, but we refused to credit this. Unfair to women as Mr. Lloyd-George had shown himself in various ways, he had consistently posed as a staunch friend of women's suffrage, and we could not believe that he would turn against us at the eleventh hour. Mr. Winston Churchill, whose speech to the women of Dundee I quoted in a previous chapter, the promoters of the Bill also counted upon, as it was known that he had more than once expressed sympathy with its objects. But when the debates began we found both of these ardent suffragists arrayed against the bill. Mr. Churchill, after making a conventional anti-suffrage speech, in which he said that women did not need the ballot, and that they really had no grievances, attacked the Conciliation Bill because the class of women who would be enfranchised under it did not suit him. Some women, he conceded, ought to be enfranchised, and he thought the best plan would be to select "some of the best women of all classes" on considerations of property, education and earning capacity. These special franchises would be carefully balanced, "so as not on the whole to give undue advantage to the property vote against the wage earning vote." A more fantastic proposal and one less likely to find favour in the House of Commons could not possibly be imagined. Mr. Churchill's second objection to the bill was that it was anti-democratic! It seemed to us that anything was more democratic than his proposed "fancy" franchises.

Mr. Lloyd-George said that he agreed with everything Mr. Churchill had said "both relevant and irrelevant." He made the amazing assertion that the Conciliation Committee that had drafted the bill was a "committee of women meeting outside the House." And that this committee said to the House of Commons not only that they must vote for a women's suffrage bill but "You must vote for the particular form upon which we agree, and we will not even allow you to deliberate upon any other form."

Of course these statements were wholly false. The Conciliation Bill was drafted by men, and it was introduced because the Government had refused to bring in a party measure. The suffragists would have been only too glad to have had the Government deliberate on a broader form of suffrage. Because they refused to deliberate on any form, this private bill was introduced.

This fact was brought forward in the course of Mr. Lloyd-George's speech. It had been urged, said he, that this bill was better than none at all, but why should that be the alternative? "What is the other?" called out a member, but Mr. Lloyd-George dodged the question with a careless "Well, I cannot say for the present."

Later on he said: "If the promoters of this bill say that they regard the second reading merely as an affirmation of the principle of women's suffrage, and if they promise that when they re-introduce the bill it will be in a form which will enable the House of Commons to move any amendment either for restriction or extension I shall be happy to vote for this bill."

Mr. Philip Snowden, replying to this, said: "We will withdraw this bill if the Right Honourable gentleman, on behalf of the Government, or the Prime Minister himself will undertake to give to this House the opportunity of discussing and carrying through its various stages another form of franchise bill. If we cannot get that, then we shall prosecute this bill."

The Government made no reply at all to this, and the debate proceeded. Thirty-nine speeches were made, the Prime Minister showing plainly in his speech that he intended to use all his power to prevent the bill becoming law. He began by saying that a franchise measure ought never to be sent to a Grand Committee, but to one of the Whole House. He said also that his conditions, that the majority of women should show beyond any doubt that they desired the franchise, and that the bill be democratic in its terms, had not been complied with.

When the division was taken it was seen that the Conciliation Bill had passed its second reading by a majority of 109, a larger majority than the Government's far famed budget or the House of Lords Resolution had received. In fact no measure during that Parliament had received so great a majority--299 members voted for it as against 190 opposed. Then the question arose as to which committee should deal with the bill. Mr. Asquith had said that all franchise bills should go to a Committee of the Whole House, so that in the division his words moved many sincere friends of the bill to send it there. Others understood that this was a mischievous course, but were afraid of incurring the anger of the Prime Minister. Of course all the anti-suffragists voted the same way, and thus the bill went to the Whole House.

Even then the bill could have been advanced to its final reading. The House had time on their hands, as virtually all important legislative work was halted because of the deadlock between the Lords and the Commons. Following the death of the King a conference of leaders of the Conservative and the Liberal Parties had been arranged to adjust the matters at issue, and this conference had not yet reported. Hence Parliament had little business on hand. The strongest possible pressure was brought to bear upon the Government to give facilities to the Conciliation Bill. A number of meetings were held in support of the bill. The Men's Political Union for Women's Enfranchisement, the Men's League for Women's Suffrage and the Conciliation Committee held a joint meeting in Hyde Park. Some of the old school of suffragists held another large meeting in Trafalgar Square. The Women's Social and Political Union, on July 23rd, which was the anniversary of the day in 1867 on which working men, agitating for their vote, had pulled down the Hyde Park railings, held another enormous demonstration there. A space of half a square mile was cleared, forty platforms erected, and two great processions marched from east and west to the meeting. Many other suffrage societies co-operated with us on this occasion. On the very day of that meeting Mr. Asquith wrote to Lord Lytton refusing to allow any more time for the bill during that session.

Those who still had faith that the Government could be induced to do justice to women set their hopes on the autumn session of Parliament. Resolutions urging the Government to give the bill facilities during the autumn were sent, not only by the suffrage associations but from many organisations of men. The Corporations of thirty-eight cities, including Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, Dublin and Cork, sent resolutions to this effect. Cabinet Ministers were besieged with requests to receive deputations of women, and since the country was on the verge of a general election, and the Liberal Party wanted the services of women, their requests could not altogether be ignored. Mr. Asquith, early in October, received a deputation of women from his own constituency of East Fife, but all he had to tell them was that the bill could not be advanced that year. "What about next year?" They asked, and he replied shortly: "Wait and see."

It had been exceedingly difficult, during these troublous days, to hold all the members of the W. S. P. U. to the truce, and when it became perfectly apparent that the Conciliation Bill was doomed, war was again declared. At a great meeting held in Albert Hall on November 10th, I myself threw down the gage of battle. I said, because I wanted the whole matter to be clearly understood by the public as well as by our members: "This is the last constitutional effort of the Women's Social and Political Union to secure the passage of the bill into law. If the Bill, in spite of our efforts, is killed by the Government, then first of all, I have to say there is an end of the truce. If we are met by the statement that there is no power to secure on the floor of the House of Commons time for our

measure, then our first step is to say, 'We take it out of your hands, since you fail to help us, and we resume the direction of the campaign ourselves.'"

Another deputation, I declared, must go to the House of Commons to carry a petition to the Prime Minister. I myself would lead, and if no one cared to follow me I would go alone. Instantly, all over the hall, women sprang to their feet crying out, "Mrs. Pankhurst, I will go with you!" "I will go!" "I will go!" And I knew that our brave women were as ever ready to give themselves, their very lives, if need be, for the cause of freedom.

The autumn session convened on Friday, November 18th, and Mr. Asquith announced that Parliament would be adjourned on November 28th. While his speech was in progress, 450 women, in small groups, to keep within the strict letter of the law, were marching from Caxton Hall and from the headquarters of the Union.

[Illustration: THE HEAD OF THE DEPUTATION ON BLACK FRIDAY

November, 1910]

How to tell the story of that dreadful day, Black Friday, as it lives in our memory--how to describe what happened to English women at the behest of an English Government, is a difficult task. I will try to tell it as simply and as accurately as possible. The plain facts, baldly stated, I am aware will strain credulity.

Remember that the country was on the eve of a general election, and that the Liberal Party needed the help of Liberal women. This fact made the wholesale arrest and imprisonment of great numbers of women, who were demanding the passage of the Conciliation Bill, extremely undesirable from the Government's point of view. The Women's Liberal Federations also wanted the passage of the Conciliation Bill, although they were not ready to fight for it. What the Government feared, was that the Liberal women would be stirred by our sufferings into refraining from doing election work for the party. So the Government conceived a plan whereby the Suffragettes were to be punished, were to be turned back and defeated in their purpose of reaching the House, but would not be arrested. Orders were evidently given that the police were to be present in the streets, and that the women were to be thrown from one uniformed or ununiformed policeman to another, that they were to be so rudely treated that sheer terror would cause them to turn back. I say orders were given and as one proof of this I can first point out that on all previous occasions the police had first tried to turn back the deputations and when the women persisted in going forward, had arrested them. At times individual policemen had behaved with cruelty and malice toward us, but never anything like the unanimous and wholesale brutality that was shown on Black Friday.

The Government very likely hoped that the violence of the police towards the women would be emulated by the crowds, but instead the crowds proved remarkably friendly. They pushed and struggled to make a clear pathway for us, and in spite of the efforts of the police my small deputation actually succeeded in reaching the door of the Strangers' Entrance. We mounted the steps to the enthusiastic cheers of the multitudes that filled the streets, and we stood there for hours gazing down on a scene which I hope never to look upon again.

At intervals of two or three minutes small groups of women appeared in the square, trying to join us at the Strangers' Entrance. They carried little banners inscribed with various mottoes, "Asquith Has Vetoed Our Bill," "Where There's a Bill There's a Way," "Women's Will Beats Asquith's Won't," and the like. These banners the police seized and tore in pieces. Then they laid hands on the women and literally threw them from one man to another. Some of the police used their fists, striking the women in their faces, their breasts, their shoulders. One woman I saw thrown down with violence three or four times in rapid succession, until at last she lay only half conscious against the curb, and in a serious condition was carried away by kindly strangers. Every moment the struggle grew fiercer, as more and more women arrived on the scene. Women, many of them eminent in art, in medicine and science, women of European reputation, subjected to treatment that would not have been meted out to criminals, and all for the offence of insisting upon the right of peaceful petition.

[Illustration: FOR HOURS SCENES LIKE THIS WERE ENACTED ON BLACK FRIDAY

November, 1910]

This struggle lasted for about an hour, more and more women successfully pushing their way past the police and gaining the steps of the House. Then the mounted police were summoned to turn the women back. But, desperately determined, the women, fearing not the hoofs of the horses or the crushing violence of the police, did not swerve from their purpose. And now the crowds began to

murmur. People began to demand why the women were being knocked about; why, if they were breaking the law, they were not arrested; why, if they were not breaking the law, they were not permitted to go on unmolested. For a long time, nearly five hours, the police continued to hustle and beat the women, the crowds becoming more and more turbulent in their defence. Then, at last the police were obliged to make arrests. One hundred and fifteen women and four men, most of them bruised and choked and otherwise injured, were arrested.

While all this was going on outside the House of Commons, the Prime Minister was obstinately refusing to listen to the counsels of some of the saner and more justice-loving members of the House. Keir Hardie, Sir Alfred Mondell and others urged Mr. Asquith to receive the deputation, and Lord Castlereagh went so far as to move as an amendment to a Government proposal, another proposal which would have compelled the Government to provide immediate facilities to the Conciliation Bill. We heard of what was going on, and I sent in for one and another friendly member and made every possible effort to influence them in favour of Lord Castlereagh's amendment. I pointed to the brutal struggle that was going on in the square, and I begged them to go back and tell the others that it must be stopped. But, distressed as some of them undoubtedly were, they assured me that there was not the slightest chance for the amendment.

"Is there not a single _man_ in the House of Commons," I cried, "one who will stand up for us, who will make the House see that the amendment must go forward?"

Well, perhaps there were men there, but all save fifty-two put their party loyalty before their manhood, and, because Lord Castlereagh's proposal would have meant censure of the Government, they refused to support it. This did not happen, however, until Mr. Asquith had resorted to his usual crafty device of a promise of future action. In this instance he promised to make a statement on behalf of the Government on the following Tuesday.

The next morning the suffrage prisoners were arraigned in police court. Or rather, they were kept waiting outside the court room while Mr. Muskett, who prosecuted on behalf of the Chief Commissioner of Police, explained to the astounded magistrate that he had received orders from the Home Secretary that the prisoners should all be discharged. Mr. Churchill it was declared, had had the matter under careful consideration, and had decided that "no public advantage would be gained by proceeding with the prosecution, and accordingly no evidence would be given against the prisoners."

Subdued laughter and, according to the newspapers, some contemptuous booing were raised in the court, and when order was restored the prisoners were brought in in batches and told that they were discharged.

On the following Tuesday the W. S. P. U. held another meeting of the Women's Parliament in Caxton Hall to hear the news from the House of Commons. Mr. Asquith said: "The Government will, if they are still in power, give facilities in the next Parliament for effectively proceeding with a franchise bill which is so framed as to admit of free amendment." He would not promise that this would be done during the first year of Parliament.

We had demanded facilities for the Conciliation Bill, and Mr. Asquith's promise was too vague and too ambiguous to please us. The Parliament now about to be dissolved had lasted a scant ten months. The next one might not last longer. Therefore, Mr. Asquith's promise, as usual, meant nothing at all. I said to the women, "I am going to Downing Street. Come along, all of you." And we went.

We found a small force of police in Downing Street, and we easily broke through their line and would have invaded the Prime Minister's residence had not reinforcements of police arrived on the scene. Mr. Asquith himself appeared unexpectedly, and as we thought, very opportunely. Before he could have realised what was happening he found himself surrounded by angry Suffragettes. He was well hooted and, it is said, well shaken, before he was rescued by the police. As his taxicab rushed away some object struck one of the windows, smashing it.

Another Cabinet Minister, Mr. Birrell, unwittingly got into the midst of the melee, and I am obliged to record that he was pretty thoroughly hustled. But it is not true that his leg was injured by the women. His haste to jump into a taxicab resulted in a slightly sprained ankle.

That night and the following day windows were broken in the houses of Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Lewis Harcourt and Mr. John Burns; and also in the official residences of the Premier and the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

That week 160 Suffragettes were arrested, but all except those charged with window-breaking or assault were discharged. This amazing court action established two things: First, that when the Home Secretary stated that he had no responsibility for the

prosecution and sentencing of Suffrage prisoners, he told a colossal falsehood; and second, that the Government fully realised that it was bad election tactics to be responsible for the imprisonment of women of good character who were struggling for citizenship.

CHAPTER VIII

Almost immediately after the events chronicled in the preceding chapter I sailed for my second tour through the United States. I was delighted to find a thoroughly alive and progressive suffrage movement, where before had existed with most people only an academic theory in favour of equal political rights between men and women. My first meeting, held in Brooklyn, was advertised by sandwich women walking through the principal streets of the city, quite like our militant suffragists at home. Street meetings, I found, were now daily occurrences in New York. The Women's Political Union had adopted an election policy, and throughout the country as far west as I travelled, I found women awakened to the necessity of political action instead of mere discussion of suffrage.

My second visit to America, like my first one, is clouded in my memory with sorrow. Very soon after my return to England a beloved sister, Mrs. Mary Clarke died. My sister, who was a most ardent suffragist and a valued worker in the Women's Social and Political Union, was one of the women who was shockingly maltreated in Parliament Square on Black Friday. She was also one of the women who, a few days later, registered their protest against the Government by throwing a stone through the window of an official residence. For this act she was sent to Holloway prison for a term of one month. Released on December 21st, it was plain to those who knew her best that her health had suffered seriously from the dreadful experience of Black Friday and the after experience of prison. She died suddenly on Christmas day, to the profound sorrow of all her associates. Hers was not the only life that was sacrificed as a result of that day. Other deaths occurred, mostly from hearts weakened by overstrain. Miss Henria Williams died on January 2nd, 1911, from heart failure. Miss Cecelia Wolseley Haig was another victim. Ill treatment on Black Friday resulted in her case in a painful illness which ended, after a year of intense suffering, in her death on December 21st, 1911.

It is not possible to publish a full list of all the women who have died or have been injured for life in the course of the suffrage agitation in England. In many cases the details have never been made public, and I do not feel at liberty to record them here. A very celebrated case, which is public property, is that of Lady Constance Lytton, sister of the Earl of Lytton, who acted as chairman of the Conciliation Committee. Lady Constance had twice in 1909 gone to prison as a result of suffrage activities, and on both occasions had been given special privileges on account of her rank and family influence. In spite of her protests and her earnest pleadings to be accorded the same treatment as other suffrage prisoners, the snobbish and cowardly authorities insisted in retaining Lady Constance in the hospital cells and discharging her before the expiration of her sentence. This was done on a plea of her ill health, and it was true that she suffered from a valvular disease of the heart.

[Illustration: RIOT SCENES ON BLACK FRIDAY

November, 1910]

Smarting under the sense of the injustice done her comrades in this discrimination, Lady Constance Lytton did one of the most heroic deeds to be recorded in the history of the suffrage movement. She cut off her beautiful hair and otherwise disguised herself, put on cheap and ugly clothing, and as "Jane Warton" took part in a demonstration at Newcastle, again suffering arrest and imprisonment. This time the authorities treated her as an ordinary prisoner. Without testing her heart or otherwise giving her an adequate medical examination, they subjected her to the horrors of forcible feeding. Owing to her fragile constitution she suffered frightful nausea each time, and when on one occasion the doctor's clothing was soiled, he struck her contemptuously on the cheek. This treatment was continued until the identity of the prisoner suddenly became known. She was, of course, immediately released, but she never recovered from the experience, and is now a hopeless invalid.[2]

I want to say right here, that those well-meaning friends on the outside who say that we have suffered these horrors of prison, of hunger strikes and forcible feeding, because we desired to martyrise ourselves for the cause, are absolutely and entirely mistaken. We never went to prison in order to be martyrs. We went there in order that we might obtain the rights of citizenship. We were willing to break laws that we might force men to give us the right to make laws. That is the way men have earned their citizenship. Truly says Mazzini that the way to reform has always led through prison.

The result of the general election, which took place in January, 1911, was that the Liberal Party was again returned to power. Parliament met on January 31st, but the session formally opened on February 6th with the reading of the King's speech. The programme for the session included the Lords' veto measure, Home Rule, payment for members of Parliament, and the

abolishment of plural voting. Invalid insurance was also mentioned and certain amendments to the old age pension bill. Women's suffrage was not mentioned. Nevertheless, we were singularly lucky, the first three places in the ballot being secured by members of the Conciliation Committee. Mr. Philips, an Irish member, drew the first place, but as the Irish party had decided not to introduce any bills that session, he yielded to Sir George Kemp, who announced that he would use his place for the purpose of taking a second reading debate on the new Conciliation Bill. The old bill had been entitled: "A Bill to give the Vote to Women Occupiers," a title that made amendment difficult. The new bill bore the more flexible title, "A Bill to Confer the Parliamentary Franchise on Women," thus doing away with one of Mr. Lloyd-George's most plausible objections to it. The L10 occupation clause was omitted, doing away with another objection, that of the possibility of "faggot voting," that is, of a rich man conferring the vote on a family of daughters by the simple expedient of making them tenants of slices of his own property. The Conciliation Bill now read: "1. Every woman possessed of a household qualification within the meaning of the Representation of the People Act (1884) shall be entitled to be registered as a voter, and when registered to vote in the county or borough in which the qualifying premises are situated.

"2. For the purposes of this Act a woman shall not be disqualified by marriage for being registered as a voter, provided that a husband and wife shall not both be registered as voters in the same Parliamentary borough or county division."

This bill met with even warmer approval than the first one, because it was believed that it would win votes from those members who felt that the original measure had fallen short of being truly democratic. Nevertheless, the Prime Minister showed from the first that he intended to oppose it, as he had all previous suffrage measures. He announced that all Fridays up to Easter and also all time on Tuesdays and Wednesdays usually allowed for private members' bills were to be occupied with consideration of Government measures. Hardly a Liberal voice was raised against this arbitrary ruling. The Irish members indeed were delighted with it, since it gave the Home Rule Bill an advantage. The Labour members seemed complacent, and the rest of the coalition were indifferent. One back bench Liberal went so far as to rise and thank the Prime Minister for the courtesy with which the gagging process was accomplished. There was some show of fight made by the Opposition, but Conservative indignation was tempered by the reflection that the precedent established might be followed to advantage when their party came into power.

Sir George Kemp then announced that he would take May 5th for the second reading of the Conciliation Bill, and the supporters of the bill, according to their various convictions, set to work to further its interests. The conviction of the W. S. P. U. was that Mr. Asquith's Government would never allow the bill to pass until they were actually forced to do so, and we adopted our own methods to secure a definite pledge from the Government that they would give facilities to the bill.

In April of that year the census was to be taken, and we organised a census resistance on the part of women. According to our law the census of the entire kingdom must be taken every ten years on a designated day. Our plan was to reduce the value of the census for statistical purposes by refusing to make the required returns. Two ways of resistance presented themselves. The first and most important was direct resistance by occupiers who should refuse to fill in the census papers. This laid the register open to a fine of L5 or a month's imprisonment, and thus required the exercise of considerable courage. The second means of resistance was evasion--staying away from home during the entire time that the enumerators were taking the census. We made the announcement of this plan and instantly there ensued a splendid response from women and a chorus of horrified disapproval from the conservative public. The _Times_ voiced this disapproval in a leading article, to which I replied, giving our reasons for the protest. "The Census," I wrote, "is a numbering of the people. Until women count as people for the purpose of representation in the councils of the nation as well as for purposes of taxation, we shall refuse to be numbered."

On the subject of laws made by men--without the assistance of women--for the protection of women and children, I have a very special feeling. From my experience as poor law guardian and as Registrar of Births and Deaths, I know how ridiculously, say rather how tragically, these laws fall short of protection. Take for instance the vaunted "Children's Charter" of 1906, the measure which spread Mr. Lloyd-George's fame throughout the world. A volume could be filled with the mistakes and the cruelties of that Act, the object of which is the preservation and improvement of child life. A distinguishing characteristic of the Act is that it puts most of the responsibility for neglect of children on the backs of the mothers, who, under the laws of England, have no rights as parents. Two or three especially striking cases of this kind came into notice about this time, and gave the census resistance an additional justification.

The case of Annie Woolmore was a very pitiful one. She was arrested and sentenced to Holloway for six weeks for neglecting her children. The evidence showed that the woman lived with her husband and children in a miserable hovel, which would have been almost impossible to keep clean even if there had been water in the house. As it was the poor soul, who was in ill health and weakened by deprivation, had to carry all the water she used across a great distance. The children as well as the house were very

dirty, it was true, but the children were well nourished and kindly treated. The husband, a labourer, out of work much of the time, testified that his wife "starved herself to feed the kids." Yet she had violated the terms of the "Children's Charter" and she went to prison. I am glad to say that owing to the efforts of suffragists she was pardoned and provided with a better home.

Another case was that of Helen Conroy, who was charged with living in one wretched room, with her husband and seven children, the youngest a month old. According to the law the mother was forbidden to have this infant in bed with her overnight, yet part of the charge against her was that the child was found sleeping in a box of damp straw. Doubtless she would have preferred a cradle, or even a box of dry straw. But direst poverty made the cradle impossible and the conditions of the tenement kept the straw damp. Both parents in this instance were sent to prison for three months at hard labour. The magistrate casually remarked that the house in which these poor people lived had been condemned two years before, but some respectable property owner was still collecting rents from it.

Another poor mother, evicted from her home because she could not pay the rent, took her four children out into the open country, and when found was sleeping with them in a gravel pit. She was sent to prison for a month and the children went to the workhouse.

These sorry mothers, logical results of the subjection of women, are enough in themselves to justify almost any defiance of a Government who deny the women the right to work out their destinies in freedom. No pledge having been secured from the Prime Minister by April 1st, we carried out, and most successfully, our census resistance. Many thousands of women all over the country refused or evaded the returns. I returned my census paper with the words "No vote no census" written across it, and other women followed that example with similar messages. One woman filled in the blank with full information about her one man servant, and added that there were many women but no more persons in her household. In Birmingham sixteen women of wealth packed their houses with women resisters. They slept on the floors, on chairs and tables, and even in the baths. The head of a large college threw open the building to 300 women. Many women in other cities held all night parties for friends who wished to remain away from home. In some places unoccupied houses were rented for the night by resisters, who lay on the bare boards. Some groups of women hired gipsy vans and spent the night on the moors.

In London we gave a great concert at Queen's Hall on Census night. Many of us walked about Trafalgar Square until midnight and then repaired to Aldwich skating rink, where we amused ourselves until morning. Some skated while others looked on, and enjoyed the admirable musical and theatrical entertainment that helped to pass the hours. We had with us a number of the brightest stars in the theatrical world, and they were generous in their contributions. It being Sunday night, the chairman had to call on each of the artists for a "speech" instead of a song or other turn. An all-night restaurant near at hand did a big business, and on the whole the resisters had a very good time. The Scala Theatre was the scene of another all-night entertainment.

There was a good deal of curiosity to see what the Government would devise in the way of a punishment for the rebellious women, but the Government realised the impossibility of taking punitive action, and Mr. John Burns, who, as head of the Local Government Board, was responsible for the census, announced that they had decided to treat the affair with magnanimity. The number of evasions, he declared, was insignificant. But every one knew that this was the exact reverse of the facts.

[Illustration: IN THIS MANNER THOUSANDS OF WOMEN THROUGHOUT THE KINGDOM SLEPT IN UNOCCUPIED HOUSES OVER CENSUS NIGHT]

The Conciliation Bill was debated on May 5th and passed its second reading by the enormous majority of 137. And now the public and a section of the press united in a strong demand that the Government yield to the undoubted will of the House and grant facilities to the bill. The Conciliation Committee sent a deputation of members to the Prime Minister to remind him of his pre-election promise that the House of Commons should have an opportunity of dealing with the whole question of woman suffrage, but they succeeded only in getting his assurance that he had the matter under consideration. Late in the month the announcement was made in the House that the Government would not grant facilities during that session, but, since the new bill fulfilled the conditions named by the Prime Minister, and was now capable of amendment, the Government recognised it to be their duty to grant facilities in some session of the present Parliament. They would be prepared next session, when the bill had been again read for the second time, either as a result of obtaining a good place in the ballot, or (if that did not happen) by a grant of a Government day for the purpose, to give a week, which they understood to be the time suggested as reasonable by the promoters for its further stages.

This pledge was made in order to deter the W. S. P. U. from making a militant demonstration in connection with the coronation of the King.

Keir Hardie asked if the Government would, by means of a closure or otherwise, make certain that the bill would go through in the week, and the Prime Minister replied, "No, I cannot give an assurance of that kind. After all, it is a problem of the very greatest magnitude."

This reply seemed to make the Government's pledge practically worthless. The Conciliation Committee also realised the possibilities of the bill being talked out, and Lord Lytton wrote to Mr. Asquith and asked him for assurances that the facilities offered were intended not for academic discussion but for effective opportunity for carrying the bill. He also asked that the week offered should not be construed rigidly but that, providing the committee stage were got through in the time, additional days for the report and third reading stages might be forthcoming. Reasonable opportunity for making use of the closure was also asked. To Lord Lytton's letter the Prime Minister replied as follows:

My dear Lytton--In reply to your letter on the subject of the Women's Enfranchisement Bill, I would refer you to some observations recently made in a speech at the National Liberal Club by Sir Edward Grey, which accurately expresses the intention of the Government.

It follows (to answer your specific inquiries), that the "week" offered will be interpreted with reasonable elasticity, that the Government will interpose no reasonable obstacle to the proper use of the closure, and that if (as you suggest) the bill gets through committee in the time proposed, the extra days required for report and third reading will not be refused.

The Government, though divided in opinion on the merits of the bill, are unanimous in their determination to give effect, not only in the letter but in the spirit, to the promise in regard to facilities which I made on their behalf before the last general election. Yours etc., H. H. ASQUITH.

Sceptical up to this point, the W. S. P. U. was now convinced that the Government were sincere in their promise to give the bill full facilities in the following year. We held a joyful mass meeting in Queen's Hall and I again declared that warfare against the Government was at an end. Our new policy was the inauguration of a great holiday campaign, with the object of making victory in 1912 absolutely certain. Electors must be aroused, members of Parliament held to their allegiance. Women must be organised in order that questions that vitally affect the social welfare of the country might be placed before them. I chose Scotland and Wales as the scenes of my holiday labours.

I may say that our confidence was fully shared by the public at large. The belief in Mr. Asquith's pledge was accurately reflected in a leader published in _The Nation_, which said: "From the moment the Prime Minister signed the frank and ungrudging letter to Lord Lytton which appeared in last Saturday's newspapers, women became, in all but the legal formality, voters and citizens. For at least two years, if not for longer, nothing has been lacking save a full and fair opportunity for the House of Commons to translate its convictions into the precise language of a statute. That opportunity has been promised for next session and promised in terms and under conditions which ensure success."

The only thing, as we thought, that we had to fear were wrecking amendments to the bill, and in the new by-election policy which we adopted we worked against all candidates of every party who would refuse to promise, not only to support the Conciliation Committee to carry the bill, but also to vote against any amendment the committee thought dangerous. We believed that we had covered every possibility of disaster. But we had something yet to learn of the treachery of the Asquith Ministry and their capacity for cold-blooded lying.

Mr. Lloyd-George from the first was an open enemy of the bill, but since we had no doubt of the sincerity of the Prime Minister, we could only conclude that Mr. Lloyd-George had detached himself from the main body of the Government and had become the self-constituted leader of the opposition. In an address to a large Liberal group Mr. Lloyd-George advised that Liberal members be asked to ballot for a place for a "democratic measure," in order that such a measure might claim the Prime Minister's pledge for facilities next session. In one or two other speeches he made vague allusions to the possibilities of introducing another suffrage bill. His own idea was to amend the bill to give a vote to wives of all electors--making married women voters in virtue of their husband's qualification. The inevitable effect of such an amendment would be to wreck the bill, since it would have enfranchised about 6,000,000 women in addition to the million and a half who would benefit by the original terms of the bill. Such a wholesale addition to the electorate was never known in England; the number enfranchised by the Reform Bill of 1832 being hardly more than half a million. The Reform Bill of 1867 admitted a million new voters, and that of 1884 perhaps two millions. The absurdity of Mr. Lloyd-George's proposition was such that we did not regard it seriously. We did not allow his opposition to give us serious alarm

until a day in August when a Welsh member, Mr. Leif Jones, asked the Prime Minister from the floor of the House, whether he was aware that his promise for facilities for the Conciliation Bill in the next session was being claimed exclusively for that bill, and asked further for a statement that the promised facilities would be equally granted to any other suffrage bill that might secure a second reading and was capable of amendment. Mr. Lloyd-George, speaking for the Government, replied that they could not undertake to give facilities to more than one bill on the same subject, but that any bill which, satisfying these tests, secured a second reading, would be treated by them as falling within their engagements.

Astounded at this plain evasion of a sacred promise, Lord Lytton again wrote to the Prime Minister, reviewing the entire matter, and asking for another statement of the Government's intentions. The following is the text of Mr. Asquith's reply:

My dear Lytton--I have no hesitation in saying that the promises made by, and on behalf of the Government, in regard to giving facilities to the Conciliation Bill, will be strictly adhered to, both in letter and in spirit. Yours sincerely, H. H. ASQUITH. August 23, 1911.

Again we were reassured, and our confidence in the Premier's pledge remained unshaken throughout the campaign, although Mr. Lloyd-George continued to throw out hints that the promises of facilities for the bill were altogether illusory. We could not believe him, and when, two months later, I was asked in America: "When will English women vote?" I replied with perfect conviction, "Next year."

This was in Louisville, Kentucky, where I attended the 1911 Annual Convention of the National American Woman Suffrage Association.

I remember this third visit to the United States with especial pleasure. I was the guest in New York of Dr. and Mrs. John Winters Brannan, and through the courtesy of Dr. Brannan, who is at the head of all the city hospitals, I saw something of the penal system and the institutional life of America. We visited the workhouse and the penitentiary on Blackwell's Island, and although I am told that these places are not regarded as model institutions, I can assure my readers that they are infinitely superior to the English prisons where women are punished for trying to win their political freedom. In the American prisons, much as they lacked in some essentials, I saw no solitary confinement, no rule of silence, no deadly air of officialdom. The food was good and varied, and above all there was an air of kindness and good feeling between the officials and the prisoners that is almost wholly lacking in England.

But, after all, in the United States as in other countries, the problem of the relations between unfranchised women and the State remains unsolved and unsatisfactory. One night my friends took me to that sombre and terrible institution, the Night Court for Women. We sat on the bench with the magistrate, and he very courteously explained everything to us. The whole business was heart-breaking. All the women, with one exception--an old drunkard--were charged with solicitation. Most of them were of high type by nature. It all seemed so hopeless, and it was clear that they were victims of an evil system. Their conviction was a foregone conclusion.

The magistrate said that in most cases the reason for their coming there was economic. One case of a little cigar maker, who said very simply that she only went on the streets when out of work, and that when in work she earned $8 a week, was very tragic and touching. I could not keep the Night Court out of my speeches after that. The whole dreadful injustice of women's lives seemed mirrored in that place.

I went as far west as the Pacific Coast on this visit, spending Christmas day in Seattle, and for the first time seeing a community where women and men existed on terms of exact equality. It was a delightful experience. As I wrote home to our members, the men of the western States seemed to my eyes eager, earnest, rough men, building a great community in a great hurry, but never have I seen greater respect, courtesy and chivalry shown to women than in that one Suffrage State it has been my privilege to visit.

I am getting a little ahead of my story, however. It was in November, when I was in the city of Minneapolis, that a crushing blow descended on the English suffragists. I learned of this through cabled despatches in the newspapers and from private cables, and was so staggered that I could scarcely command myself sufficiently to fill my immediate engagements. This was the news, that the Government had broken their plighted word and had deliberately destroyed the Conciliation Bill. My first wild thought, on hearing of this act of treachery, was to cancel all engagements and return to England, but my final decision to remain afterwards proved the right one, because the women at home, without a moment's loss of time, struck the answering blow, guided by that insight which has been characteristic of every act of the members of our Union. I did not return to England until January 11, 1912, and by that time great deeds had been done. Our movement had entered upon a new and more vigorous stage of militancy.

FOOTNOTE:

[2] Lady Constance Lytton's story has been thrillingly told in her book "Prisons and Prisoners," Heinemann.

BOOK III

THE WOMEN'S REVOLUTION

CHAPTER I

Parliament had reassembled on October 25th, 1911, and the first move on the part of the Government was, to say the least of it, rather unpropitious. The Prime Minister submitted two motions, the first one empowering them to take all the time of the House during the remainder of the session, and the second guillotining discussion on the Insurance Bill so as to force the measure through before Christmas. One day only was allotted to the clauses relating to women in that bill. These clauses were notoriously unfair; they provided for sickness insurance of about four million women and unemployment insurance of no women at all. Under the provision of the bill eleven million men were ensured against sickness and about two and a half million against unemployment. Women were given lower benefits for the same premium as men, and premiums paid out of the family income were credited solely to the men's account. The bill as drafted provided no form of insurance for wives, mothers and daughters who spent their lives at home working for the family. It penalised women for staying in the home, which most men agree is women's only legitimate sphere of action. The amended bill grudgingly allowed aside from maternity benefits, a small insurance, on rather difficult terms, for workingmen's wives.

Thus the re-elected Government's first utterance to women was one of contempt; and this was followed, on November 7th, by the almost incredible announcement that the Government intended, at the next session, to introduce a manhood suffrage bill. This announcement was not made in the House of Commons, but to a deputation of men from the People's Suffrage Federation, a small group of people who advocated universal adult suffrage. The deputation, which was very privately arranged for, was received by Mr. Asquith, and the then Master of Elibank (Chief Liberal Whip). The spokesman asked Mr. Asquith to bring in a Government measure for universal adult suffrage, including adult women. The Prime Minister replied that the Government had pledged facilities for the Conciliation Bill, which was as far as they were prepared to go in the matter of women's suffrage. But, he added, the Government intended in the next session to introduce and to pass through all its stages a genuine reform bill which would sweep away existing qualifications for the franchise, and substitute a single qualification of residence. The bill would apply to adult males only, but it would be so framed as to be open to a woman suffrage amendment in case the House of Commons desired to make that extension and amendment.

This portentous announcement came like a bolt from the blue, and there was strong condemnation of the Government's treachery to women. Said the _Saturday Review_:

With absolutely no demand, no ghost of a demand, for more votes for men, and with--beyond all cavil--a very strong demand for votes for women, the Government announce their Manhood Suffrage Bill and carefully evade the other question! For a naked, avowed plan of gerrymandering no Government surely ever did beat this one.

The _Daily Mail_ said that the "policy which Mr. Asquith proposes is absolutely indefensible." And the _Evening Standard and Globe_ said: "We are no friends of female suffrage, but anything more contemptible than the attitude assumed by the Government it is difficult to imagine."

If the Government hoped to deceive any one by their dishonest reference to the possibility of a woman suffrage amendment, they were disappointed. Said the _Evening News_:

Mr. Asquith's bombshell will blow the Conciliation Bill to smithereens, for it is impossible to have a manhood suffrage for men and a property qualification for women. True, the Premier consents to leave the question of women's suffrage to the House, but he knows well enough what the decision of the House will be. The Conciliation Bill had a chance, but the larger measure has none at all.

I have quoted these newspaper leaders to show you that our opinion of the Government's action was shared even by the press. Universal suffrage in a country where women are in a majority of one million is not likely to happen in the lifetime of any reader of

this volume, and the Government's generous offer of a possible amendment was nothing more than a gratuitous insult to the suffragists.

The truce, naturally, came to an abrupt end. The W. S. P. U. wrote to the Prime Minister, saying that consternation had been aroused by the Government's announcement, and that it had been decided accordingly to send a deputation representing the Women's Social and Political Union to wait upon himself and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, on the evening of November 21st. The purpose of the deputation was to demand that the proposed manhood suffrage bill be abandoned, and that in its place should be introduced a Government measure giving equal franchise rights to men and women. A similar letter was despatched to Mr. Lloyd-George.

Six times before on occasions of crisis had the W. S. P. U. requested an interview with Mr. Asquith, and each time they had been refused. This time the Prime Minister replied that he had decided to receive a deputation of the various suffrage societies on November 17th, "including your own society, if you desire it." It was proposed that each society appoint four representatives as members of the deputation which would be received by the Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Nine suffrage societies sent representatives to the meeting, our own representatives being Christabel Pankhurst, Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, Miss Annie Kenney, Lady Constance Lytton and Miss Elizabeth Robins. Christabel and Mrs. Lawrence spoke for the Union, and they did not hesitate to accuse the two Ministers to their faces of having grossly tricked and falsely misled women. Mr. Asquith, in his reply to the deputation, resented these imputations.

He had kept his pledge, he insisted, in regard to the Conciliation Bill. He was perfectly willing to give facilities to the Bill, if the women preferred that to an amendment to his reform bill. Moreover, he denied that he had made any new announcement. As far back as 1908 he had distinctly declared that the Government regarded it as a sacred duty to bring forward a manhood suffrage bill before that Parliament came to an end. It was true that the Government did not carry out that binding obligation, and it was also true that until the present time nothing more was ever said about a manhood suffrage bill, but that was not the Government's fault. The crisis of the Lord's veto, had momentarily displaced the bill. Now he merely proposed to fulfil his promise made in 1908, and also his promise about giving facilities to the Conciliation Bill. He was ready to keep both promises. Well he knew that those promises were incompatible, that the fulfilment of both was therefore impossible, and Christabel told him so bluntly and fearlessly. "We are not satisfied," she warned him, and the Prime Minister said acidly: "I did not expect to satisfy _you_."

The reply of the W. S. P. U. was immediate and forceful. Led by Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, our women went out with stones and hammers and broke hundreds of windows in the Home Office, the War and Foreign Offices, the Board of Education, the Privy Council Office, the Board of Trade, the Treasury, Somerset House, the National Liberal Club, several post offices, the Old Banqueting Hall, the London and South Western Bank, and a dozen other buildings, including the residence of Lord Haldane and Mr. John Burns. Two hundred and twenty women were arrested and about 150 of them sent to prison for terms varying from a week to two months.

One individual protest deserves mention because of its prophetic character. In December Miss Emily Wilding Davison was arrested for attempting to set fire to a letter box at Parliament Street Post Office. In court Miss Davison said that she did it as a protest against the Government's treachery, and as a demand that women's suffrage be included in the King's speech. "The protest was meant to be serious," she said, "and so I adopted a serious course. In past agitation for reform the next step after window-breaking was incendiarism, in order to draw the attention of the private citizens to the fact that this question of reform was their concern as well as that of women."

Miss Davison received the severe sentence of six months' imprisonment for her deed.

To this state of affairs I returned from my American tour. I had the comfort of reflecting that my imprisoned comrades were being accorded better treatment than the early prisoners had known. Since early in 1910 some concessions had been granted, and some acknowledgment of the political character of our offences had been made. During the brief period when these scant concessions to justice were allowed, the hunger strike was abandoned and prison was robbed of its worst horror, forcible feeding. The situation was bad enough, however, and I could see that it might easily become a great deal worse. We had reached a stage at which the mere sympathy of members of Parliament, however sincerely felt, was no longer of the slightest use. Reminding our members this, in the first speeches made after returning to England I asked them to prepare themselves for more action. If women's suffrage was not included in the next King's speech we should have to make it absolutely impossible for the Government to touch the question of the franchise.

The King's speech, when Parliament met in February, 1912, alluded to the franchise question in very general terms. Proposals, it was stated, would be brought forward for the amendment of the law with respect to the franchise and the registration of electors. This might be construed to mean that the Government were going to introduce a manhood suffrage bill or a bill for the abolition of plural voting, which had been suggested in some quarters as a substitute for the manhood suffrage bill. No precise statement of the Government's intentions was made, and the whole franchise question was left in a cloud of uncertainty. Mr. Agg Gardner, a Unionist member of the Conciliation Committee, drew the third place in the ballot, and he announced that he should reintroduce the Conciliation Bill. This interested us very slightly, for knowing its prospect of success to have been destroyed, for we were done with the Conciliation Bill forever. Nothing less than a Government measure would henceforth satisfy the W. S. P. U., because it had been clearly demonstrated that only a Government measure would be allowed to pass the House of Commons. With sublime faith, or rather with a deplorable lack of political insight, the Women's Liberal Federation and the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies professed full confidence in the proposed amendment to a manhood suffrage bill, but we knew how futile was that hope. We saw that the only course to take was to offer determined opposition to any measure of suffrage that did not include as an integral part, equal suffrage for men and women.

On February 16th we held a large meeting of welcome to a number of released prisoners who had served two and three months for the window breaking demonstration that had taken place in the previous November. At this meeting we candidly surveyed the situation and agreed on a course of action which we believed would be sufficiently strong to prevent the Government from advancing their threatened franchise bill. I said on this occasion:

"We don't want to use any weapons that are unnecessarily strong. If the argument of the stone, that time-honoured official political argument, is sufficient, then we will never use any stronger argument. And that is the weapon and the argument that we are going to use next time. And so I say to every volunteer on our demonstration, 'Be prepared to use that argument.' I am taking charge of the demonstration, and that is the argument I am going to use. I am not going to use it for any sentimental reason, I am going to use it because it is the easiest and the most readily understood. Why should women go to Parliament Square and be battered about and insulted, and most important of all, produce less effect than when we throw stones? We tried it long enough. We submitted for years patiently to insult and assault. Women had their health injured. Women lost their lives. We should not have minded if that had succeeded, but that did not succeed, and we have made more progress with less hurt to ourselves by breaking glass than ever we made when we allowed them to break our bodies.

"After all, is not a woman's life, is not her health, are not her limbs more valuable than panes of glass? There is no doubt of that, but most important of all, does not the breaking of glass produce more effect upon the Government? If you are fighting a battle, that should dictate your choice of weapons. Well, then, we are going to try this time if mere stones will do it. I do not think it will ever be necessary for us to arm ourselves as Chinese women have done, but there are women who are prepared to do that if it should be necessary. In this Union we don't lose our heads. We only go as far as we are obliged to go in order to win, and we are going forward with this next protest demonstration in full faith that this plan of campaign, initiated by our friends whom we honour to-night, will on this next occasion prove effective."

Ever since militancy took on the form of destruction of property the public generally, both at home and abroad, has expressed curiosity as to the logical connection between acts such as breaking windows, firing pillar boxes, et cetera, and the vote. Only a complete lack of historical knowledge excuses that curiosity. For every advance of men's political freedom has been marked with violence and the destruction of property. Usually the advance has been marked by war, which is called glorious. Sometimes it has been marked by riotings, which are deemed less glorious but are at least effective. That speech of mine, just quoted, will probably strike the reader as one inciting to violence and illegal action, things as a rule and in ordinary circumstances quite inexcusable. Well, I will call the reader's attention to what was, in this connection, a rather singular coincidence. At the very hour when I was making that speech, advising my audience of the political necessity of physical revolt, a responsible member of the Government, in another hall, in another city, was telling his audience precisely the same thing. This Cabinet Minister, the right Honourable C. E. H. Hobhouse, addressing a large anti-suffrage meeting in his constituency of Bristol, said that the suffrage movement was not a political issue because its adherents had failed to prove that behind this movement existed a large public demand. He declared that "In the case of the suffrage demand there has not been the kind of popular sentimental uprising which accounted for Nottingham Castle in 1832 or the Hyde Park railings in 1867. There has not been a great ebullition of popular feeling."

The "popular sentimental uprising" to which Mr. Hobhouse alluded was the burning to the ground of the castle of the anti-suffrage Duke of Newcastle, and of Colwick Castle, the country seat of another of the leaders of the opposition against the franchise bill.

The militant men of that time did not select uninhabited buildings to be fired. They burned both these historic residences over their owners' heads. Indeed, the wife of the owner of Colwick Castle died as a result of shock and exposure on that occasion. No arrests were made, no men imprisoned. On the contrary the King sent for the Premier, and begged the Whig Ministers favourable to the franchise bill not to resign, and intimated that this was also the wish of the Lords who had thrown out the bill. Molesworth's History of England says:

These declarations were imperatively called for. The danger was imminent and the Ministers knew it and did all that lay in their power to tranquillise the people, and to assure them that the bill was only delayed and not finally defeated.

For a time the people believed this, but soon they lost patience, and seeing signs of a renewed activity on the part of the anti-suffragists, they became aggressive again. Bristol, the very city in which Mr. Hobhouse made his speech, was set on fire. The militant reformers burned the new gaol, the toll houses, the Bishop's Palace, both sides of Queen's Square, including the Mansion House, the custom house, the excise office, many warehouses, and other private property, the whole valued at over L100,000--five hundred thousand dollars. It was as a result of such violence, and in fear of more violence, that the reform bill was hurried through Parliament and became law in June, 1832.

Our demonstration, so mild by comparison with English men's political agitation, was announced for March 4th, and the announcement created much public alarm. Sir William Byles gave notice that he would "ask the Secretary of State for the Home Department whether his attention had been drawn to a speech by Mrs. Pankhurst last Friday night, openly and emphatically inciting her hearers to violent outrage and the destruction of property, and threatening the use of firearms if stones did not prove sufficiently effective; and what steps he proposes to take to protect Society from this outbreak of lawlessness."

The question was duly asked, and the Home Secretary replied that his attention had been called to the speech, but that it would not be desirable in the public interest to say more than this at present.

Whatever preparations the police department were making to prevent the demonstration, they failed because, while as usual, we were able to calculate exactly what the police department were going to do, they were utterly unable to calculate what we were going to do. We had planned a demonstration for March 4th, and this one we announced. We planned another demonstration for March 1st, but this one we did not announce. Late in the afternoon of Friday, March 1st, I drove in a taxicab, accompanied by the Hon. Secretary of the Union, Mrs. Tuke and another of our members, to No. 10 Downing Street, the official residence of the Prime Minister. It was exactly half past five when we alighted from the cab and threw our stones, four of them, through the window panes. As we expected we were promptly arrested and taken to Cannon Row police station. The hour that followed will long be remembered in London. At intervals of fifteen minutes relays of women who had volunteered for the demonstration did their work. The first smashing of glass occurred in the Haymarket and Piccadilly, and greatly startled and alarmed both pedestrians and police. A large number of the women were arrested, and everybody thought that this ended the affair. But before the excited populace and the frustrated shop owners' first exclamation had died down, before the police had reached the station with their prisoners, the ominous crashing and splintering of plate glass began again, this time along both sides of Regent Street and the Strand. A furious rush of police and people towards the second scene of action ensued. While their attention was being taken up with occurrences in this quarter, the third relay of women began breaking the windows in Oxford Circus and Bond Street. The demonstration ended for the day at half past six with the breaking of many windows in the Strand. The _Daily Mail_ gave this graphic account of the demonstration:

From every part of the crowded and brilliantly lighted streets came the crash of splintered glass. People started as a window shattered at their side; suddenly there was another crash in front of them; on the other side of the street; behind--everywhere. Scared shop assistants came running out to the pavements; traffic stopped; policemen sprang this way and that; five minutes later the streets were a procession of excited groups, each surrounding a woman wrecker being led in custody to the nearest police station. Meanwhile the shopping quarter of London had plunged itself into a sudden twilight. Shutters were hurriedly fitted; the rattle of iron curtains being drawn came from every side. Guards of commissionaires and shopmen were quickly mounted, and any unaccompanied lady in sight, especially if she carried a hand bag, became an object of menacing suspicion.

At the hour when this demonstration was being made a conference was being held at Scotland Yard to determine what should be done to prevent the smashing of windows on the coming Monday night. But we had not announced the hour of our March 4th protest. I had in my speech simply invited women to assemble in Parliament Square on the evening of March 4th, and they accepted the invitation. Said the _Daily Telegraph_:

By six o'clock the neighbourhood Houses of Parliament were in a stage of siege. Shop keepers in almost every instance barricaded their premises, removed goods from the windows and prepared for the worst. A few minutes before six o'clock a huge force of police, amounting to nearly three thousand constables, was posted in Parliament Square, Whitehall, and streets adjoining, and large reserves were gathered in Westminster Hall and Scotland Yard. By half past eight Whitehall was packed from end to end with police and public. Mounted constables rode up and down Whitehall keeping the people on the move. At no time was there any sign of danger....

The demonstration had taken place in the morning, when a hundred or more women walked quietly into Knightsbridge and walking singly along the streets demolished nearly every pane of glass they passed. Taken by surprise the police arrested as many as they could reach, but most of the women escaped.

[Illustration: THE ARGUMENT OF THE BROKEN WINDOW PANE]

For that two days' work something like two hundred suffragettes were taken to the various police stations, and for days the long procession of women streamed through the courts. The dismayed magistrates found themselves facing, not only former rebels, but many new ones, in some cases, women whose names, like that of Dr. Ethel Smyth, the composer, were famous throughout Europe. These women, when arraigned, made clear and lucid statements of their positions and their motives, but magistrates are not schooled to examine motives. They are trained to think only of laws and mostly of laws protecting property. Their ears are not tuned to listen to words like those spoken by one of the prisoners, who said: "We have tried every means--processions and meetings--which were of no avail. We have tried demonstrations, and now at last we have to break windows. I wish I had broken more. I am not in the least repentant. Our women are working in far worse condition than the striking miners. I have seen widows struggling to bring up their children. Only two out of every five are fit to be soldiers. What is the good of a country like ours? England is absolutely on the wane. You only have one point of view, and that is the men's, and while men have done the best they could, they cannot go far without the women and the women's views. We believe the whole is in a muddle too horrible to think of."

The coal miners were at that time engaging in a terrible strike, and the Government, instead of arresting the leaders, were trying to come to terms of peace with them. I reminded the magistrate of this fact, and I told him that what the women had done was but a fleabite by comparison with the miners' violence. I said further: "I hope our demonstration will be enough to show the Government that the women's agitation is going on. If not, if you send me to prison, I will go further to show that women who have to help pay the salaries of Cabinet Ministers, and your salary too, sir, are going to have some voice in the making of the laws they have to obey."

I was sentenced to two months' imprisonment. Others received sentences ranging from one week to two months, while those who were accused of breaking glass above five pounds in value, were committed for trial in higher courts. They were sent to prison on remand, and when the last of us were behind the grim gates, not only Holloway but three other women's prisons were taxed to provide for so many extra inmates.

It was a stormy imprisonment for most of us. A great many of the women had received, in addition to their sentences, "hard labour," and this meant that the privileges at that time accorded to Suffragettes, as political offenders, were withheld. The women adopted the hunger strike as a protest, but as the hint was conveyed to me that the privileges would be restored, I advised a cessation of the strike. The remand prisoners demanded that I be allowed to exercise with them, and when this was not answered they broke the windows of their cells. The other suffrage prisoners, hearing the sound of shattered glass, and the singing of the Marseillaise, immediately broke their windows. The time had long gone by when the Suffragettes submitted meekly to prison discipline. And so passed the first days of my imprisonment.

CHAPTER II

The panic stricken Government did not rest content with the imprisonment of the window breakers. They sought, in a blind and blundering fashion, to perform the impossible feat of wrecking at a blow the entire militant movement. Governments have always tried to crush reform movements, to destroy ideas, to kill the thing that cannot die. Without regard to history, which shows that no Government have ever succeeded in doing this, they go on trying in the old, senseless way.

For days before the two demonstrations described in the last chapter our headquarters in Clement's Inn had been under constant observation by the police, and on the evening of March 5th an inspector of police and a large force of detectives suddenly

descended on the place, with warrants for the arrest of Christabel Pankhurst and Mr. and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, who with Mrs. Tuke and myself were charged with "conspiring to incite certain persons to commit malicious damage to property." When the officers entered they found Mr. Pethick Lawrence at work in his office, and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence in her flat upstairs. My daughter was not in the building. The Lawrences, after making brief preparations drove in a taxicab to Bow Street Station, where they spent the night. The police remained in possession of the offices, and detectives were despatched to find and arrest Christabel. But that arrest never took place. Christabel Pankhurst eluded the entire force of detectives and uniformed police, trained hunters of human prey.

Christabel had gone home, and at first, on hearing of the arrest of Mr. and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, had taken her own arrest for granted. A little reflection however showed her the danger in which the Union would stand if completely deprived of its accustomed leadership, and seeing that it was her duty to avoid arrest, she quietly left the house. She spent that night with friends who, next morning, helped her to make the necessary arrangements and saw her safely away from London. The same night she reached Paris, where she has since remained. My relief, when I learned of her flight, was very great, because I knew that whatever happened to the Lawrences and myself, the movement would be wisely directed, this in spite of the fact that the police remained in full possession of headquarters.

The offices in Clement's Inn were thoroughly ransacked by the police, in a determined effort to secure evidence of conspiracy. They went through every desk, file and cabinet, taking away with them two cab loads of books and papers, including all my private papers, photographs of my children in infancy, and letters sent me by my husband long ago. Some of these I never saw again.

The police also terrorised the printer of our weekly newspaper, and although the paper came out as usual, about a third of its columns were left blank. The headlines, however, with the ensuing space mere white paper produced a most dramatic effect. "History Teaches" read one headline to a blank space, plainly indicating that the Government were not willing to let the public know some of the things that history teaches. "Women's Moderation" suggested that the destroyed paragraph called for comparison of the women's window breaking with men's greater violence in the past. Most eloquent of all was the editorial page, absolutely blank except for the headline, "A Challenge!" and the name at the foot of the last column, Christabel Pankhurst. What words could have breathed a prouder defiance, a more implacable resolve? Christabel was gone, out of the clutches of the Government, yet she remained in complete possession of the field. For weeks the search for her went relentlessly on. Police searched every railway station, every train, every sea port. The police of every city in the Kingdom were furnished with her portrait. Every amateur Sherlock Holmes in England joined with the police in finding her. She was reported in a dozen cities, including New York. But all the time she was living quietly in Paris, in daily communication with the workers in London, who within a few days were once more at their appointed tasks. My daughter has remained in France ever since.

Meanwhile, I found myself in the anomalous position of a convicted offender serving two months' prison sentence, and of a prisoner on remand waiting to be charged with a more serious offence. I was in very bad health, having been placed in a damp and unwarmed third division cell, the result being an acute attack of bronchitis. I addressed a letter to the Home Secretary, telling him of my condition, and urging the necessity of liberty to recover my health and to prepare my case for trial. I asked for release on bail, the plain right of a remand prisoner, and I offered if bail were granted now to serve the rest of my two months' sentence later on. The sole concessions granted me, however, were removal to a better cell and the right to see my secretary and my solicitor, but only in the presence of a wardress and a member of the prison clerical staff. On March 14th Mr. and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, Mrs. Tuke and myself were brought up for preliminary hearing on the charge of having, on November 1, 1911, and on various other dates "conspired and combined together unlawfully and maliciously to commit damage, etc." The case opened on March 14th in a crowded courtroom in which I saw many friends. Mr. Bodkin, who appeared for the prosecution, made a very long address, in which he endeavoured to prove that the Women's Social and Political Union was a highly developed organisation of most sinister character. He produced much documentary evidence, some of it of such amusing character that the court rocked with stifled laughter, and the judge was obliged to conceal his smiles behind his hand. Mr. Bodkin cited our code book with the assistance of which we were able to communicate private messages. His voice sank to a scandalised half whisper as he stated the fact that we had presumed to include the sacred persons of the Government in our private code. "We find," said Mr. Bodkin portentously, "that public men in the service of His Majesty as members of the Cabinet are tabulated here under code names. We find that the Cabinet collectively has its code word "Trees," and individual members of the Cabinet are designated by the name, sometimes of trees, but I am also bound to say the commonest weeds as well." Here a ripple of laughter interrupted. Mr. Bodkin frowned heavily, and continued: "There is one," he said solemnly, "called Pansy; another one--more complimentary--Roses, another, Violets, and so on." Each of the defendants was designated by a code letter. Thus Mrs. Pankhurst was identified by the letter F; Mrs. Pethick Lawrence,

D; Miss Christabel Pankhurst, E. Every public building, including the House of Commons, had its code name. The deadly possibilities of the code were illustrated by a telegram found in one of the files. It read: "Silk, thistle, pansy, duck, wool, E. Q." Translated by the aid of the code book the telegram read: "Will you protest Asquith's public meeting to-morrow evening but don't get arrested unless success depends on it. Wire back to Christabel Pankhurst, Clements Inn."

More laughter followed these revelations, which after all proved no more than the business-like methods employed by the W. S. P. U. The laughter proved something a great deal more significant, for it was a plain indication that the old respect in which Cabinet Ministers had been held was no more. We had torn the veil from their sacro-sanct personalities and shown them for what they were, mean and scheming politicians. More serious from the point of view of prosecution was the evidence brought in by members of the police department in regard to the occurrences of March 1st and 4th. The policemen who arrested me and my two companions in Downing Street on March 1st, after we had broken the windows in the Premier's house, testified that following the arrest, we had handed him our reserve stock of stones, and that they were all alike, heavy flints. Other prisoners were found in possession of similar stones, tending to prove that the stones all came from one source. Other officers testified to the methodical manner in which the window breaking of March 1st and 4th was carried out, how systematically it had been planned and how soldierly had been the behaviour of the women. By twos and threes March 4th they had been seen to go to the headquarters at Clement's Inn, carrying handbags, which they deposited at headquarters, and had then gone on to a meeting at the Pavillion Music Hall. The police attended the meeting, which was the usual rally preceding a demonstration or a deputation. At five o'clock the meeting adjourned and the women went out, as if to go home. The police observed that many of them, still in groups of twos and threes, went to the Gardenia restaurant in Catherine Street, Strand, a place where many Suffragette breakfasts and teas had been held. The police thought that about one hundred and fifty women congregated there on March 4th. They remained until seven o'clock, and then, under the watching eyes of the police, they sauntered out and dispersed. A few minutes later, when there was no reason to expect such a thing, the noise was heard, in many streets, of wholesale window smashing. The police authorities made much of the fact that the women who had left their bags at headquarters and were afterwards arrested, were bailed out that night by Mr. Pethick Lawrence. The similarity of the stones used; the gathering of so many women in one building, prepared for arrest; the waiting at the Gardenia Restaurant; the apparent dispersal; the simultaneous destruction in many localities of plate glass, and the bailing of prisoners by a person connected with the headquarters mentioned, certainly showed a carefully worked out plan. Only a public trial of the defendants could establish whether or not the plan was a conspiracy.

On the second day of the Ministerial hearing, Mrs. Tuke, who had been in the prison infirmary for twenty days and had to be attended in court by a trained nurse, was admitted to bail. Mr. Pethick Lawrence made a strong plea for bail for himself and his wife, pointing out that they had been in prison on remand for two weeks and were entitled to bail. I also demanded the privileges of a prisoner on remand. Both of these pleas were denied by the court, but a few days later the Home Secretary wrote to my solicitor that the remainder of my sentence of two months would be remitted until after the conspiracy trail at Bow Street. Mr. and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence had already been admitted to bail. Public opinion forced the Home Secretary to make these concessions, as it is well known that it is next to impossible to prepare a defence while confined in prison. Aside from the terrible effect of prison on one's body and nerves, there is the difficulty of consulting documents and securing other necessary data to be considered.

On April 4th the Ministerial hearing ended in the acquittal of Mrs. Tuke, whose activities in the W. S. P. U. were shown to be purely secretarial. Mr. and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence and myself were committed for trial at the next session of the Central Criminal Court, beginning April 23rd. Because of the weak state of my health the judge was with great difficulty prevailed upon to postpone the trial two weeks and it was, therefore, not until May 15th that the case was opened.

The trial at Old Bailey is a thing that I shall never forget. The scene is clear before me as I write, the judge impressively bewigged and scarlet robed, dominating the crowded courtroom, the solicitors at their table, the jury, and looking very far away, the anxious pale faces of our friends who crowded the narrow galleries.

By the veriest irony of fate this judge, Lord Coleridge, was the son of Sir Charles Coleridge who, in the year 1867, appeared with my husband, Dr. Pankhurst, in the famous case of Chorlton v. Lings, and sought to establish that women were persons, and as such were entitled to the Parliamentary vote. To make the irony still deeper the Attorney General, Sir Rufus Isaacs, who appeared as Counsel for the prosecution against women militants, himself had been guilty of remarkable speeches in corroboration of our point of view. In a speech made in 1910, in relation to the abolition of the Lords' veto, Sir Rufus made the statement that, although the agitation against privilege was being peacefully conducted, the indignation behind it was very intense. Said Sir Rufus: "Formerly when the great mass of the people were voteless they had to do something violent in order to show what they felt; to-day the elector's bullet is his ballot. Let no one be deceived, therefore, because in this present struggle everything is peaceful and orderly,

in contrast to the disorderliness of other great struggles of the past." We wondered if the man who said these words could fail to realise that voteless women, deprived of every constitutional means of righting their grievances, were also obliged to do something violent in order to show how they felt. His opening address removed all doubt on that score.

Sir Rufus Isaacs has a clear-cut, hawk-like face, deep eyes, and a somewhat world worn air. The first words he spoke were so astoundingly unfair that I could hardly believe that I heard them aright. He began his address to the jury by telling them that they must not, on any account, connect the act of the defendants with any political agitation.

"I am very anxious to impress upon you," he said, "from the moment we begin to deal with the facts of this case, that all questions of whether a woman is entitled to the Parliamentary franchise, whether she should have the same right of franchise as a man, are questions which are in no sense involved in the trial of this issue.... Therefore, I ask you to discard altogether from the consideration of the matters which will be placed before you any viewpoint you may have on this no doubt very important political issue."

Nevertheless Sir Rufus added in the course of his remarks that he feared that it would not be possible to keep out of the conduct of the case various references to political events, and of course the entire trial, from beginning to end, showed clearly that the case was what Mr. Tim Healey, Mrs. Pethick Lawrence's counsel, called it, a great State Trial.

Proceeding, the Attorney General described the W. S. P. U., which he said he thought had been in existence since 1907, and had used what were known as militant methods. In 1911 the association had become annoyed by the Prime Minister because he would not make women's suffrage what was called a Government question. In November, 1911, the Prime Minister announced the introduction of a manhood suffrage bill. From that time on the defendants set to work to carry out a campaign which would have meant nothing less than anarchy. Women were to be induced to act together at a given time, in different given places, in such numbers that the police should be paralysed by the number of persons breaking the law, in order, to use the defendant's own words, "to bring the Government to its knees."

After designating the respective positions held by the four defendants in the W. S. P. U., Sir Rufus went on to relate the events which resulted in the smashing of plate glass windows valued at some two thousand pounds, and the imprisonment of over two hundred women who were incited to their deeds by the conspirators in the dock. He entirely ignored the motive of the acts in question, and he treated the whole affair as if the women had been burglars. This inverted statement of the matter, though accurate enough as to facts, was such as might have been given by King John of the signing of Magna Charta.

A very great number of witnesses were examined, a large number of them being policemen, and their testimony, and our cross examination disclosed the startling fact that there exists in England a special band of secret police entirely engaged in political work. These men, seventy-five in number, form what is known as the political branch of the Criminal Investigation Department of the Police. They go about in disguise, and their sole duty is to shadow Suffragettes and other political workers. They follow certain political workers from their homes to their places of business, to their social pleasures, into tea rooms and restaurants, even to the theatre. They pursue unsuspecting people in taxicabs, sit beside them in omnibuses. Above all they take down speeches. In fact the system is exactly like the secret police system of Russia.

Mr. Pethick Lawrence and I spoke in our own defence, and Mr. Healey M. P. defended Mrs. Pethick Lawrence. I cannot give our speeches in full, but I should like to include as much of them as will serve to make the entire situation clear to the reader.

Mr. Lawrence spoke first at the opening of the case. He began by giving an account of the suffrage movement and why he felt the enfranchisement of women appeared to him a question so grave that it warranted strong measures in its pursuit. He sketched briefly the history of the Women's Social and Political Union, from the time when Christabel Pankhurst and Annie Kenney were thrown out of Sir Edward Grey's meeting and imprisoned for asking a political question, to the torpedoing of the Conciliation Bill. "The case that I have to put before you," he said, "is that neither the conspiracy nor the incitement is ours; but that the conspiracy is a conspiracy of the Cabinet who are responsible for the Government of this country; and that the incitement is the incitement of the Ministers of the Crown." And he did this most effectually not only by telling of the disgraceful trickery and deceit with which the Government had misled the suffragists in the matter of suffrage bills, but by giving the plain words in which members of the Cabinet had advised the women that they would never get the vote until they had learned to fight for it as men had fought in the past.

When it came my turn to speak, realising that the average man is profoundly ignorant of the history of the women's movement--because the press has never adequately or truthfully chronicled the movement--I told the jury, as briefly as I could, the story of the forty years' peaceful agitation before my daughters and I resolved that we would give our lives to the work of getting the

vote for women, and that we should use whatever means of getting the vote that were necessary to success.

"We founded the Women's Social and Political Union," I said, "in 1903. Our first intention was to try and influence the particular political Party, which was then coming into power, to make this question of the enfranchisement of women their own question and to push it. It took some little time to convince us--and I need not weary you with the history of all that has happened--but it took some little time to convince us that that was no use; that we could not secure things in that way. Then in 1905 we faced the hard facts. We realised that there was a Press boycott against Women's Suffrage. Our speeches at public meetings were not reported, our letters to the editors, were not published, even if we implored the editors; even the things relating to Women's Suffrage in Parliament were not recorded. They said the subject was not of sufficient public interest to be reported in the Press, and they were not prepared to report it. Then with regard to the men politicians in 1905: we realised how shadowy were the fine phrases about democracy, about human equality, used by the gentlemen who were then coming into power. They meant to ignore the women--there was no doubt whatever about that. For in the official documents coming from the Liberal party on the eve of the 1905 election, there were sentences like this: 'What the country wants is a simple measure of Manhood Suffrage.' There was no room for the inclusion of women. We knew perfectly well that if there was to be franchise reform at all, the Liberal party which was then coming into power did not mean Votes for Women, in spite of all the pledges of members; in spite of the fact that a majority of the House of Commons, especially on the Liberal side, were pledged to it--it did not mean that they were going to put it into practice. And so we found some way of forcing their attention to this question.

"Now I come to the facts with regard to militancy. We realised that the plans we had in our minds would involve great sacrifice on our part, that it might cost us all we had. We were at that time a little organisation, composed in the main of working women, the wives and daughters of working men. And my daughters and I took a leading part, naturally, because we thought the thing out, and, to a certain extent, because we were of better social position than most of our members, and we felt a sense of responsibility."

I described the events that marked the first days of our work, the scene in Free Trade Hall, Manchester, when my daughter and her companion were arrested for the crime of asking a question of a politician, and I continued:

"What did they do next? (I want you to realise that no step we have taken forward has been taken until after some act of repression on the part of our enemy, the Government--because it is the Government that is our enemy; it is not the Members of Parliament, it is not the men in the country; it is the Government in power alone that can give us the vote. It is the Government alone that we regard as our enemy, and the whole of our agitation is directed to bringing just as much pressure as necessary upon those people who can deal with our grievance.) The next step the women took was to ask questions during the course of meetings, because, as I told you, these gentlemen gave them no opportunity of asking them afterwards. And then began the interjections of which we have heard, the interference with the right to hold public meetings, the interference with the right of free speech, of which we have heard, for which these women, these hooligan women, as they have been called--have been denounced. I ask you, gentlemen, to imagine the amount of courage which it needs for a woman to undertake that kind of work. When men come to interrupt women's meetings, they come in gangs, with noisy instruments, and sing and shout together, and stamp their feet. But when women have gone to Cabinet Ministers' meetings--only to interrupt Cabinet Ministers and nobody else--they have gone singly. And it has become increasingly difficult for them to get in, because as a result of the women's methods there has developed the system of admission by ticket and the exclusion of women--a thing which in my Liberal days would have been thought a very disgraceful thing at Liberal meetings. But this ticket system developed, and so the women could only get in with very great difficulty. Women have concealed themselves for thirty-six hours in dangerous positions, under the platforms, in the organs, wherever they could get a vantage point. They waited starving in the cold, sometimes on the roof exposed to a winter's night, just to get a chance of saying in the course of a Cabinet Minister's speech, 'When is the Liberal Government going to put its promises into practice?' That has been the form militancy took in its further development."

I went over the whole matter of our peaceful deputations, and of the violence with which they were invariably met; of our arrests and the farcical police court trials, where the mere evidence of policemen's unsupported statements sent us to prison for long terms; of the falsehoods told of us in the House of Commons by responsible members of the Government--tales of women scratching and biting policemen and using hatpins--and I accused the Government of making these attacks against women who were powerless to defend themselves because they feared the women and desired to crush the agitation represented by our organisation.

"Now it has been stated in this Court," I said, "that it is not the Women's Social and Political Union that is in the Court, but that it is certain defendants. The action of the Government, gentlemen, is certainly against the defendants who are before you here to-day, but it is also against the Women's Social and Political Union. The intention is to crush that organisation. And this intention

apparently was arrived at after I had been sent to prison for two months for breaking a pane of glass worth, I am told, 2s. 3d., the punishment which I accepted because I was a leader of this movement, though it was an extraordinary punishment to inflict for so small an act of damages as I had committed. I accepted it as the punishment for a leader of an agitation disagreeable to the Government; and while I was there this prosecution started. They thought they would make a clean sweep of the people who they considered were the political brains of the movement. We have got many false friends in the Cabinet--people who by their words appear to be well-meaning towards the cause of Women's Suffrage. And they thought that if they could get the leaders of the Union out of the way, it would result in the indefinite postponement and settlement of the question in this country. Well, they have not succeeded in their design, and even if they had got all the so-called leaders of this movement out of their way they would not have succeeded even then. Now why have they not put the Union in the dock? We have a democratic Government, so-called. This Women's Social and Political Union is not a collection of hysterical and unimportant wild women, as has been suggested to you, but it is an important organisation, which numbers amongst its membership very important people. It is composed of women of all classes of the community, women who have influence in their particular organisations as working women; women who have influence in professional organisations as professional women; women of social importance; women even of Royal rank are amongst the members of this organisation, and so it would not pay a democratic Government to deal with this organisation as a whole.

"They hoped that by taking away the people that they thought guided the political fortunes of the organisation they would break the organisation down. They thought that if they put out of the way the influential members of the organisation they, as one member of the Cabinet, I believe, said, would crush the movement and get it 'on the run.' Well, Governments have many times been mistaken, gentlemen, and I venture to suggest to you that Governments are mistaken again. I think the answer to the Government was given at the Albert Hall meeting held immediately after our arrest. Within a few minutes, without the eloquence of Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, without the appeals of the people who have been called the leaders of this movement, in a very few minutes L10,000 was subscribed for the carrying on of this movement.

"Now a movement like that, supported like that, is not a wild, hysterical movement. It is not a movement of misguided people. It is a very serious movement. Women, I submit, like our members, and women, I venture to say, like the two women, and like the man who are in the dock to-day, are not people to undertake a thing like this lightly. May I just try to make you feel what it is that has made this movement the gigantic size it is from the very small beginnings it had? It is one of the biggest movements of modern times. A movement which is not only an influence, perhaps not yet recognised, in this country, but is influencing the women's movement all over the world. Is there anything more marvellous in modern times than the kind of spontaneous outburst in every country of this woman's movement? Even in China--and I think it somewhat of a disgrace to Englishmen--even in China women have won the vote, as an outcome of a successful revolution, with which, I dare say, members of his Majesty's Government sympathise--a bloody revolution.

"One more word on that point. When I was in prison the second time, for three months as a common criminal for no greater offence than the issue of a handbill--less inflammatory in its terms than some of the speeches of members of the Government who prosecute us here--during that time, through the efforts of a member of Parliament, there was secured for me permission to have the daily paper in prison, and the first thing I read in the daily Press was this: that the Government was at that moment feting the members of the Young Turkish Revolutionary Party, gentlemen who had invaded the privacy of the Sultan's home--we used to hear a great deal about invading the privacy of Mr. Asquith's residence when we ventured to ring his door bell--gentlemen who had killed and slain, and had been successful in their revolution, while we women had never thrown a stone--for none of us was imprisoned for stone throwing, but merely for taking the part we had then taken in this organisation. There we were imprisoned while these political murderers were being feted by the very Government who imprisoned us, and were being congratulated on the success of their revolution. Now I ask you, was it to be wondered at that women said to themselves: 'Perhaps it is that we have not done enough. Perhaps it is that these gentlemen do not understand womenfolk. Perhaps they do not realise women's ways, and because we have not done the things that men have done, they may think we are not in earnest.'

"And then we come down to this last business of all, when we have responsible statesmen like Mr. Hobhouse saying that there had never been any sentimental uprising, no expression of feeling like that which led to the burning down of Nottingham Castle. Can you wonder, then, that we decided we should have to nerve ourselves to do more, and can you understand why we cast about to find a way, as women will, that would not involve loss of human life and the maiming of human beings, because women care more about human life than men, and I think it is quite natural that we should, for we know what life costs. We risk our lives when men are born. Now, I want to say this deliberately as a leader of this movement. We have tried to hold it back, we have tried to keep it from

going beyond bounds, and I have never felt a prouder woman than I did one night when a police constable said to me, after one of these demonstrations, 'Had this been a man's demonstration, there would have been bloodshed long ago.' Well, my lord, there has not been any bloodshed except on the part of the women themselves--these so-called militant women. Violence has been done to us, and I who stand before you in this dock have lost a dear sister in the course of this agitation. She died within three days of coming out of prison, a little more than a year ago. These are things which, wherever we are, we do not say very much about. We cannot keep cheery, we cannot keep cheerful, we cannot keep the right kind of spirit, which means success, if we dwell too much upon the hard part of our agitation. But I do say this, gentlemen, that whatever in future you may think of us, you will say this about us, that whatever our enemies may say, we have always put up an honourable fight, and taken no unfair means of defeating our opponents, although they have not always been people who have acted so honourably towards us.

"We have assaulted no one; we have done no hurt to any one; and it was not until 'Black Friday'--and what happened on 'Black Friday' is that we had a new Home Secretary, and there appeared to be new orders given to the police, because the police on that occasion showed a kind of ferocity in dealing with the women that they had never done before, and the women came to us and said: 'We cannot bear this'--it was not until then we felt this new form of repression should compel us to take another step. That is the question of 'Black Friday,' and I want to say here and now that every effort was made after 'Black Friday' to get an open public judicial inquiry into the doings of 'Black Friday,' as to the instructions given to the police. That inquiry was refused; but an informal inquiry was held by a man, whose name will carry conviction as to his status and moral integrity on the one side of the great political parties, and a man of equal standing on the Liberal side. These two men were Lord Robert Cecil and Mr. Ellis Griffith. They held a private inquiry, had women before them, took their evidence, examined that evidence, and after hearing it said that they believed what the women had told them was substantially true, and that they thought there was good cause for that inquiry to be held. That was embodied in a report. To show you our difficulties, Lord Robert Cecil, in a speech at the Criterion Restaurant, spoke on this question. He called upon the Government to hold this inquiry, and not one word of that speech was reported in any morning paper. That is the sort of thing we have had to face, and I welcome standing here, if only for the purpose of getting these facts out, and I challenge the Attorney General to institute an inquiry into these proceedings--not that kind of inquiry of sending their inspectors to Holloway and accepting what they are told by the officials--but to open a public inquiry, with a jury, if he likes, to deal with our grievances against the Government and the methods of this agitation.

"I say it is not the defendants who have conspired, but the Government who have conspired against us to crush this agitation; but however the matter may be decided, we are content to abide by the verdict of posterity. We are not the kind of people who like to brag a lot; we are not the kind of people who would bring ourselves into this position unless we were convinced that it was the only way. I have tried--all my life I have worked for this question--I have tried arguments, I have tried persuasion. I have addressed a greater number of public meetings, perhaps, than any person in this court, and I have never addressed one meeting where substantially the opinion of the meeting--not a ticket meeting, but an open meeting, for I have never addressed any other kind of a meeting--has not been that where women bear burdens and share responsibilities like men they should be given the privileges that men enjoy. I am convinced that public opinion is with us--that it has been stifled--wilfully stifled--so that in a public Court of Justice one is glad of being allowed to speak on this question."

The Attorney General's summing up for the prosecution was very largely a defence of the Liberal Party and its course in regard to woman suffrage legislation. Therefore, Mr. Tim Healey, in his defence of Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, did well to lay stress on the political character of the conspiracy charge and trial. He said:

"It is no doubt a very useful thing when you have political opponents to be able to set the law in motion against them. I have not the smallest doubt it would be a very convenient thing, if they had the courage to do it, to shut up the whole of His Majesty's Opposition while the present Government is in office--to lock up all the men of lustre and distinction in our public forum and on our public platforms--all the Carsons, F. E. Smiths, Bonar Laws, and so on. It would be a most convenient thing to end the whole thing, as it would be to end women's agitation in the form of the indictment. Gentlemen of the jury, whatever words have been spoken by mutual opponents, whatever instructions have been addressed, not to feeble females, but to men who boast of drilling and of arms, they have not had the courage to prosecute anybody, except women, by means of an indictment. Yet the Government of my learned friend have selected two dates as cardinal dates, and they ask you to pass judgment upon the prisoners at the bar, and to say that, without rhyme or reason, taking the course suggested without provocation, these responsible, well-bred, educated, University people, have suddenly, in the words of the indictment, wickedly and with malice aforethought engaged in these criminal designs.

"Gentlemen of the jury, the first thing I would ask in that connection is this: What is there in the course of this demand put forward by women which should have excited the treatment at the hands of His Majesty's Ministers which this movement, according to the documents which are in evidence before me, has received? I should suppose that the essence of all government is the smooth conduct of affairs, so that those who enjoy high station, great emoluments, should not be parties against whom the accusation of provoking civic strife and breeding public turmoil should be brought. What do we find? We find that, in regard to the treatment of the demand which had always been put forward humbly, respectably, respectfully, in its origin, by those who have received trade unionists, anti-vaccinators, deceased wife's sisters, and all other forms of political demand, and who have received them humbly and yielded to them, we find that when these people advocating this particular form of civic reform request an audience, request admission, request even to have their petitions respectfully received, they have met, judicially, at all events, with a flat and solemn negative. That is the beginning of this unhappy spirit bred in the minds of persons like the defendants, persons like those against whom evidence has been tendered--which has led to your being empanelled in that box to-day. And I put it to you when you are considering whether it is the incitement of my clients or the conduct of Ministers that have led to these events--whether I cannot ask you to say that even a fair apportionment of blame should not rest upon more responsible shoulders, and whether you should go out of your way to say that these persons in the dock alone are guilty."

In closing Mr. Healey reverted to the political character of the trial. "The Government have undertaken this prosecution," he declared, "to seclude for a considerable period their chief opponents. They hope there will be at public meetings which they attend no more inconvenient cries of 'Votes for Women.' I cannot conceive any other object which they could have in bringing the prosecution. I have expressed my regret at the loss which the shopkeepers, tradesmen and others have suffered. I regret it deeply. I regret that any person should bring loss or suffering upon innocent people. But I ask you to say that the law has already been sufficiently vindicated by the punishment of the immediate authors of the deed. What can be gained? Does justice gain?

"I almost hesitate to treat this as a legal inquiry. I regard it as a vindictive political act. Of all the astonishing acts that have ever been brought into a public court against a prisoner I cannot help feeling the charge against Mr. Pethick Lawrence is the most astonishing. He ventured to attend at some police courts and gave bail for women who had been arrested in endeavouring, as I understand, to present petitions to Parliament or to have resort to violence. I do not complain of the way in which my learned friend has conducted the prosecution, but I do complain of the police methods--inquiring into the homes and the domestic circumstances of the prisoners, obtaining their papers, taking their newspaper, going into their banking account, bringing up their bankers here to say what is their balance; and I do say that in none of the prosecutions of the past have smaller methods belittled a great State trial, because, look at it as you will, you cannot get away from it that this is a great State trial. It is not the women who are on trial. It is the men. It is the system of Government which is upon its trial. It is this method of rolling the dice by fifty-four counts in an indictment without showing to what any bit of evidence is fairly attributable; the system is on its trial--a system whereby every innocent act in public life is sought to be enmeshed in a conspiracy."

The jury was absent for more than an hour, showing that they had some difficulty in agreeing upon a verdict. When they returned it was plain from their strained countenances that they were labouring under deep feeling. The foreman's voice shook as he pronounced the verdict, guilty as charged, and he had hard work to control his emotion as he added: "Your Lordship, we unanimously desire to express the hope that, taking into consideration the undoubtedly pure motives that underlie the agitation that has led to this trouble, you will be pleased to exercise the utmost clemency and leniency in dealing with the case."

A burst of applause followed this plea. Then Mr. Pethick Lawrence arose and asked to say a few words before sentence was pronounced. He said that it must be evident, aside from the jury's recommendation, that we had been actuated by political motives, and that we were in fact political offenders. It had been decided in English Courts that political offenders were different from ordinary offenders, and Mr. Lawrence cited the case of a Swiss subject whose extradition was refused because of the political character of his offence. The Court on that occasion had declared that even if the crime were murder committed with a political motive it was a political crime. Mr. Lawrence also reminded the judge of the case of the late Mr. W. T. Stead, convicted of a crime, yet because of the unusual motive behind the crime, was allowed first division treatment and full freedom to receive his family and friends. Last of all the case of Dr. Jameson was cited. Although his raid resulted in the death of twenty-one persons and the wounding of forty-six more, the political character of his offence was taken into account and he was made a first division prisoner.

They were men, fighting in a man's war. We of the W. S. P. U. were women, fighting in a woman's war. Lord Coleridge, therefore, saw in us only reckless and criminal defiers of law. Lord Coleridge said: "You have been convicted of a crime for which the law would sanction, if I chose to impose it, a sentence of two years' imprisonment with hard labour. There are circumstances connected with your case which the jury have very properly brought to my attention, and I have been asked by you all three to treat you as first

class misdemeanants. If, in the course of this case, I had observed any contrition or disavowal of the acts you have committed, or any hope that you would avoid repetition of them in future, I should have been very much prevailed upon by the arguments that have been advanced to me."

No contrition having been expressed by us, the sentence of the Court was that we were to suffer imprisonment, in the second division, for the term of nine months, and that we were to pay the costs of the prosecution.

CHAPTER III

The sentence of nine months astonished us beyond measure, especially in view of certain very recent events, one of these being the case of some sailors who had mutinied in order to call attention to something which they considered a peril to themselves and to all seafarers. They were tried and found technically guilty, but because of the motive behind their mutiny, were discharged without punishment. Perhaps more nearly like our case than this was the case of the labour leader, Tom Mann, who, shortly before, had written a pamphlet calling upon His Majesty's soldiers not to fire upon strikers when commanded to do so by their superior officers. From the Government's point of view this was a much more serious kind of inciting than ours, because if it had been responded to the authorities would have been absolutely crippled in maintaining order. Besides, soldiers who refuse to obey orders are liable to the death penalty. Tom Mann was given a sentence of six months, but this was received, on the part of the Liberal Press and Liberal politicians, with so much clamour and protest that the prisoner was released at the end of two months. So, even on our way to prison, we told one another that our sentences could not stand. Public opinion would never permit the Government to keep us in prison for nine months, or in the second division for any part of our term. We agreed to wait seven Parliamentary days before we began a hunger strike protest.

It was very dreary waiting, those seven Parliamentary days, because we could not know what was happening outside, or what was being talked of in the House. We could know nothing of the protests and memorials that were pouring in, on our behalf, from Oxford and Cambridge Universities, from members of learned societies, and from distinguished men and women of all professions, not only in England but in every country of Europe, from the United States and Canada, and even from India. An international memorial asking that we be treated as political prisoners was signed by such great men and women as Prof. Paul Milyoukoff, leader of the Constitutional Democrats in the Duma; Signor Enrico Ferri, of the Italian Chamber of Deputies; Edward Bernstein, of the German Reichstag; George Brandes, Edward Westermarck, Madame Curie, Ellen Key, Maurice Maeterlinck, and many others. The greatest indignation was expressed in the House, Keir Hardie and Mr. George Lansbury leading in the demand for a drastic revision of our sentences and our immediate transference to the first division. So much pressure was brought to bear that within a few days the Home Secretary announced that he felt it his duty to examine into the circumstances of the case without delay. He explained that the prisoners had not at any time been forced to wear prison clothes. Ultimately, which in this case means shortly before the expiration of the seven Parliamentary days, we were all three placed in the first division. Mrs. Pethick Lawrence was given the cell formerly occupied by Dr. Jameson and I had the cell adjoining. Mr. Pethick Lawrence, in Brixton Gaol, was similarly accommodated. We all had the privilege of furnishing our cells with comfortable chairs, tables, our own bedding, towels, and so on. We had meals sent in from the outside; we wore our own clothing and had what books, newspapers and writing materials we required. We were not permitted to write or receive letters or to see our friends except in the ordinary two weeks' routine. Still we had gained our point that suffrage prisoners were politicals.

We had gained it, but, as it turned out, only for ourselves. When we made the inquiry, "Are all our women now transferred to the first division?" the answer was that the order for transference referred only to Mr. and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence and myself. Needless to say, we immediately refused to accept this unfair advantage, and after we had exhausted every means in our power to induce the Home Secretary to give the other suffrage prisoners the same justice that we had received, we adopted the protest of the hunger strike. The word flew swiftly through Holloway, and in some mysterious way travelled to Brixton, to Aylesbury, and Winson Green, and at once all the other suffrage prisoners followed our lead. The Government then had over eighty hunger strikers on their hands, and, as before, had ready only the argument of force, which means that disgusting and cruel process of forcible feeding. Holloway became a place of horror and torment. Sickening scenes of violence took place almost every hour of the day, as the doctors went from cell to cell performing their hideous office. One of the men did his work in such brutal fashion that the very sight of him provoked cries of horror and anguish. I shall never while I live forget the suffering I experienced during the days when those cries were ringing in my ears. In her frenzy of pain one woman threw herself from the gallery on which her cell opened. A wire netting eight feet below broke her fall to the iron staircase beneath, else she must inevitably have been killed. As it was she was frightfully hurt.

The wholesale hunger strike created a tremendous stir throughout England, and every day in the House the Ministers were harassed with questions. The climax was reached on the third or fourth day of the strike, when a stormy scene took place in the House of Commons. The Under Home Secretary, Mr. Ellis Griffith, had been mercilessly questioned as to conditions under which the forcible feeding was being done, and as soon as this was over one of the suffragist members made a moving appeal to the Prime Minister himself to order the release of all the prisoners. Mr. Asquith, forced against his will to take part in the controversy, rose and said that it was not for him to interfere with the actions of his colleague, Mr. McKenna, and he added, in his own suave, mendacious manner: "I must point out this, that there is not one single prisoner who cannot go out of prison this afternoon on giving the undertaking asked for by the Home Secretary." Meaning an undertaking to refrain henceforth from militancy.

Instantly Mr. George Lansbury sprang to his feet and exclaimed: "You know they cannot! It is perfectly disgraceful that the Prime Minister of England should make such a statement."

Mr. Asquith glanced carelessly at the indignant Lansbury, but sank into his seat without deigning to reply. Shocked to the depths of his soul by the insult thrown at our women, Mr. Lansbury strode up to the Ministerial bench and confronted the Prime Minister, saying again: "That was a disgraceful thing for you to say, Sir. You are beneath contempt, you and your colleagues. You call yourselves gentlemen, and you forcibly feed and murder women in this fashion. You ought to be driven out of office. Talk about protesting. It is the most disgraceful thing that ever happened in the history of England. You will go down to history as the men who tortured innocent women."

By this time the House was seething, and the indignant Labour member had to shout at the top of his big voice in order to be heard over the din. Mr. Asquith's pompous order that Mr. Lansbury leave the House for the day was probably known to very few until it appeared in print next day. At all events Mr. Lansbury continued his protest for five minutes longer. "You murder, torture and drive women mad," he cried, "and then you tell them they can walk out. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. You talk about principle--you talk about fighting in Ulster--you, too--" turning to the Unionist benches--"You ought to be driven out of public life. These women are showing you what principle is. You ought to honour them for standing up for their womanhood. I tell you, Commons of England, you ought to be ashamed of yourselves."

The Speaker came to Mr. Asquith's rescue at last and adjured Mr. Lansbury that he must obey the Prime Minister's order to leave the House, saying that such disorderly conduct would cause the House to lose respect. "Sir," exclaimed Mr. Lansbury, in a final burst of righteous rage, "it has lost it already."

This unprecedented explosion of wrath and scorn against the Government was the sensation of the hour, and it was felt on all sides that the release of the prisoners, or at least cessation of forcible feeding, which amounted to the same thing, would be ordered. Every day the Suffragettes marched in great crowds to Holloway, serenading the prisoners and holding protest meetings to immense crowds. The music and the cheering, faintly wafted to our straining ears, was inexpressibly sweet. Yet it was while listening to one of these serenades that the most dreadful moment of my imprisonment occurred. I was lying in bed, very weak from starvation, when I heard a sudden scream from Mrs. Lawrence's cell, then the sound of a prolonged and very violent struggle, and I knew that they had dared to carry their brutal business to our doors. I sprang out of bed and, shaking with weakness and with anger, I set my back against the wall and waited for what might come. In a few moments they had finished with Mrs. Lawrence and had flung open the door of my cell. On the threshold I saw the doctors, and back of them a large group of wardresses. "Mrs. Pankhurst," began the doctor. Instantly I caught up a heavy earthenware water jug from a table hard by, and with hands that now felt no weakness I swung the jug head high.

"If any of you dares so much as to take one step inside this cell I shall defend myself," I cried. Nobody moved or spoke for a few seconds, and then the doctor confusedly muttered something about to-morrow morning doing as well, and they all retreated.

I demanded to be admitted to Mrs. Lawrence's cell, where I found my companion in a desperate state. She is a strong woman, and a very determined one, and it had required the united strength of nine wardresses to overcome her. They had rushed into the cell without any warning, and had seized her unawares, else they might not have succeeded at all. As it was she resisted so violently that the doctors could not apply the stethoscope, and they had very great difficulty in getting the tube down. After the wretched affair was over Mrs. Lawrence fainted, and for hours afterwards was very ill.

This was the last attempt made to forcibly feed either Mrs. Lawrence or myself, and two days later we were ordered released on medical grounds. The other hunger strikers were released in batches, as every day a few more triumphant rebels approached the point where the Government stood in danger of committing actual murder. Mr. Lawrence, who was forcibly fed twice a day for more

than ten days, was released in a state of complete collapse on July 1st. Within a few days after that the last of the prisoners were at liberty.

As soon as I was sufficiently recovered I went to Paris and had the joy of seeing again my daughter Christabel, who, during all the days of strife and misery, had kept her personal anxiety in the background and had kept staunchly at her work of leadership. The absence of Mr. and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence had thrown the entire responsibility of the editorship of our paper, _Votes for Women_, on her shoulders, but as she has invariably risen to meet new responsibility, she conducted the paper with skill and discretion.

We had much to talk about and to consider, because it was evident that militancy, instead of being dropped, as the other suffrage societies were constantly suggesting, must go on very much more vigorously than before. The struggle had been too long drawn out. We had to seek ways to shorten it, to bring it to such a climax that the Government would acknowledge that something had to be done. We had already demonstrated that our forces were impregnable. We could not be conquered, we could not be terrified, we could not even be kept in prison. Therefore, since the Government had their war lost in advance, our task was merely to hasten the surrender.

The situation in Parliament, as far as the suffrage question was concerned, was clean swept and barren. The third Conciliation Bill had failed to pass its second reading, the majority against it being fourteen.

Many Liberal members were afraid to vote for the bill because Mr. Lloyd-George and Mr. Lewis Harcourt had persistently spread the rumour that its passage, at that time, would result in splitting the Cabinet. The Irish Nationalist members had become hostile to the bill because their leader, Mr. Redmond, was an anti-suffragist, and had refused to include a woman suffrage clause in the Home Rule Bill. Our erstwhile friends, the Labour members, were so apathetic, or so fearful for certain of their own measures, that most of them stayed away from the House on the day the bill reached its second reading. So it was lost, and the Militants were blamed for its loss! In June the Government announced that Mr. Asquith's manhood suffrage bill would soon be introduced, and very soon after this the bill did appear. It simplified the registration machinery, reduced the qualifying period of residence to six months, and abolished property qualifications, plural voting and University representation. In a word, it gave the Parliamentary franchise to every man above the age of twenty-one and it denied it to all women. Never in the history of the suffrage movement had such an affront been offered to women, and never in the history of England had such a blow been aimed at women's liberties. It is true that the Prime Minister had pledged himself to introduce a bill capable of being amended to include women's suffrage, and to permit any amendment that passed its second reading to become a part of the bill. But we had no faith in an amendment, nor in any bill that was not from its inception an official Government measure. Mr. Asquith had broken every pledge he had ever made the women, and this new pledge impressed us not at all. Well we knew that he had given it only to cover his treachery in torpedoing the Conciliation Bill, and in the hope of placating the suffragists, perhaps securing another truce to militancy.

If this last was his hope he was most grievously disappointed. Signs were constantly appearing to indicate that women would no longer be contented with the symbolic militancy involved in window breaking. For example, traces were found in the Home Secretary's office at Whitehall of an attempt at arson. On the doorstep of another Cabinet Minister similar traces were found. Had the Government acted upon these warnings, by giving women the vote, all the serious acts of militancy that have occurred since would have been averted. But like the heart of Pharaoh, the heart of the Government hardened, and militant acts followed one another in rapid succession. In July the W. S. P. U. issued a manifesto which set forth our intentions in that regard. The manifesto read in part as follows:

"The leaders of the Women's Social and Political Union have so often warned the Government that unless the vote were granted to women in response to the mild militancy of the past, a fiercer spirit of revolt would be awakened which it would be impossible to control. The Government have blindly disregarded the warning, and now they are reaping the harvest of their unstatesmanlike folly."

This was issued immediately after a visit paid by Mr. Asquith to Dublin. The occasion had been intended to be one of great pomp and circumstance, a huge popular demonstration in honour of the sponsor of Home Rule, but the Suffragettes turned it into the most lamentable fiasco imaginable. From the hour of Mr. Asquith's attempted secret departure from London until his return he lived and moved in momentary dread of Suffragettes. Every time he entered or left a railway carriage or a steamer he was confronted by women. Every time he rose to speak he was interrupted by women. Every public appearance he made was turned into a riot by women. As he left Dublin a woman threw a hatchet into his motor car, without, however, doing him any injury. As a final protest against his reception by Irishmen, the Theatre Royal was set on fire by two women. The theatre was practically empty at the time,

the performance having been completed, and the damage done was comparatively small, yet the two women chiefly concerned, Mrs. Leigh and Miss Evans, were given the barbarous sentences of five years each in prison. These were the first women sentenced to penal servitude in the history of our movement. Of course they did not serve their sentences. On entering Mountjoy Prison they put in the usual claim for first division treatment, and this being refused, they immediately adopted the hunger strike. A number of Irish Suffragettes were in Mountjoy at this time for a protest made against the exclusion of women from the Home Rule Bill. They were in the first division, and they were almost on the eve of their release, but such is the indomitable spirit of militancy that these women entered upon a sympathetic hunger strike. They were released, but the Government forbade the release of Mrs. Leigh and Miss Evans, that is, they ordered the authorities to retain the women as long as they could, by forcible feeding, be kept alive. After a struggle which, for fierceness and cruelty, is almost unparalleled in our annals, the two women fought their way out.

All during that summer militancy surged up and down throughout the Kingdom. A series of attacks on golf links was instituted, not at all in a spirit of wanton mischief, but with the direct and very practical object of reminding the dull and self-satisfied English public that when the liberties of English women were being stolen from them was no time to think of sports. The women selected country clubs where prominent Liberal politicians were wont to take their week-end pleasures, and with acids they burned great patches of turf, rendering the golf greens useless for the time being. They burned the words, Votes for Women, in some cases, and always they left behind them reminders that women were warring for their freedom. On one occasion when the Court was at Balmoral Castle in Scotland, the Suffragettes invaded the Royal golf links, and when Sunday morning dawned all the marking flags were found to have been replaced by W. S. P. U. flags hearing inscriptions such as "Votes for Women means peace for Ministers," "Forcible feeding must be stopped," and the like. The golf links were frequently visited by Suffragettes in order to question recreant ministers. Two women followed the Prime Minister to Inverness, where he was playing golf with Mr. McKenna. Approaching the men one Suffragette exclaimed: "Mr. Asquith, you must stop forcible feeding--" She got no farther, for Mr. Asquith, turning pale with rage--perhaps--retreated behind the Home Secretary, who, quite forgetting his manners, seized the Suffragette, crying out that he was going to throw her into the pond. "Then we will take you with us," the two retorted, after which a very lively scuffle ensued, and the women were not thrown into the pond.

[Illustration: A SUFFRAGETTE THROWING A BAG OF FLOUR AT MR. ASQUITH IN CHESTER]

This golf green activity really aroused more hostility against us than all the window-breaking. The papers published appeals to us not to interfere with a game that helped weary politicians to think clearly, but our reply to this was that it had not had any such effect on the Prime Minister or Mr. Lloyd-George. We had undertaken to spoil their sport and that of a large class of comfortable men in order that they should be obliged to think clearly about women, and women's firm determination to get justice.

I made my return to active work in the autumn by speaking at a great meeting of the W. S. P. U., held in the Albert Hall. At that meeting I had the announcement to make that the six years' association of Mr. and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence with the W. S. P. U. had ended.

Since personal dissensions have never been dwelt upon in the W. S. P. U., have never been allowed to halt the movement or to interfere for an hour with its progress, I shall not here say any more about this important dissension than I said at our first large meeting in Albert Hall after the holiday, on October 17th. That day a new paper was sold on the streets. It was called _The Suffragette_, it was edited by Christabel Pankhurst, and was henceforth to be the official organ of the Union. Both in this new paper and in _Votes for Women_, the following announcement appeared:

GRAVE STATEMENT BY THE LEADERS

At the first reunion of the leaders after the enforced holiday, Mrs. Pankhurst and Miss Christabel Pankhurst outlined a new militant policy which Mr. and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence found themselves altogether unable to approve.

Mrs. Pankhurst and Miss Christabel Pankhurst indicated that they were not prepared to modify their intentions, and recommended that Mr. and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence should resume control of the Paper, _Votes for Women_, and should leave the Women's Social and Political Union.

Rather than make schism in the ranks of the Union Mr. and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence consented to take this course.

This was signed by all four. That night at the meeting I further explained to the members that, hard as partings from old friends and comrades unquestionably were, we must remember that we were fighting in an army, and that unity of purpose and unity of policy

are absolutely necessary, because without them the army is hopelessly weakened. "It is better," I said, "that those who cannot agree, cannot see eye to eye as to policy, should set themselves free, should part, and should be free to continue their policy as they see it in their own way, unfettered by those with whom they can no longer agree."

Continuing I said: "I give place to none in appreciation and gratitude to Mr. and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence for the incalculable services that they have rendered the militant movement for Woman Suffrage, and I firmly believe that the women's movement will be strengthened by their being free to work for woman suffrage in the future as they think best, while we of the Women's Social and Political Union shall continue the militant agitation for Woman Suffrage initiated by my daughter and myself and a handful of women more than six years ago."

I then went on to survey the situation in which the W. S. P. U. now stood and to outline the new militant policy which he had decided upon. This policy, to begin with, was relentless opposition, not only to the party in power, the Liberal Party, but to all parties in the coalition. I reminded the women that the Government that had tricked and betrayed us and was now plotting to make our progress towards citizenship doubly difficult, was kept in office through the coalition of three parties. There was the Liberal Party, nominally the governing party, but they could not live another day without the coalition of the Nationalist and the Labour parties. So we should say, not only to the Liberal Party but to the Nationalist Party and the Labour Party, "So long as you keep in office an anti-suffrage Government, you are parties to their guilt, and from henceforth we offer you the same opposition which we give to the people whom you are keeping in power with your support." I said further: "We have summoned the Labour Party to do their duty by their own programme, and to go into opposition to the Government on every question until the Government do justice to women. They apparently are not willing to do that. Some of them tell us that other things are more important than the liberty of women--than the liberty of working women. We say, 'Then, gentlemen, we must teach you the value of your own principles, and until you are prepared to stand for the right of women to decide their lives and the laws under which they shall live, you, with Mr. Asquith and company, are equally responsible for all that has happened and is happening to women in this struggle for emancipation.'"

Outlining further our new and stronger policy of aggression, I said: "There is a great deal of criticism, ladies and gentlemen, of this movement. It always seems to me when the anti-suffrage members of the Government criticise militancy in women that it is very like beasts of prey reproaching the gentler animals who turn in desperate resistance when at the point of death. Criticism from gentlemen who do not hesitate to order out armies to kill and slay their opponents, who do not hesitate to encourage party mobs to attack defenceless women in public meetings--criticism from them hardly rings true. Then I get letters from people who tell me that they are ardent suffragists but who say that they do not like the recent developments in the militant movement, and implore me to urge the members not to be reckless with human life. Ladies and gentlemen, the only recklessness the militant suffragists have shown about human life has been about their own lives and not about the lives of others, and I say here and now that it has never been and never will be the policy of the Women's Social and Political Union recklessly to endanger human life. We leave that to the enemy. We leave that to the men in their warfare. It is not the method of women. No, even from the point of view of public policy, militancy affecting the security of human life would be out of place. _There is something that governments care far more for than human life, and that is the security of property, and so it is through property that we shall strike the enemy._ From henceforward the women who agree with me will say, 'We disregard your laws, gentlemen, we set the liberty and the dignity and the welfare of women above all such considerations, and we shall continue this war, as we have done in the past; and what sacrifice of property, or what injury to property accrues will not be our fault. It will be the fault of that Government who admit the justice of our demands, but refuses to concede them without the evidence, so they have told us, afforded to governments of the past, that those who asked for liberty were in earnest in their demands!"

I called upon the women of the meeting to join me in this new militancy, and I reminded them anew that the women who were fighting in the Suffragette army had a great mission, the greatest mission the world has ever known--the freeing of one-half the human race, and through that freedom the saving of the other half. I said to them: "Be militant each in your own way. Those of you who can express your militancy by going to the House of Commons and refusing to leave without satisfaction, as we did in the early days--do so. Those of you who can express militancy by facing party mobs at Cabinet Ministers' meetings, when you remind them of their falseness to principle--do so. Those of you who can express your militancy by joining us in our anti-Government by-election policy--do so. Those of you who can break windows--break them. Those of you who can still further attack the secret idol of property, so as to make the Government realise that property is as greatly endangered by women's suffrage as it was by the Chartists of old--do so. And my last word is to the Government: I incite this meeting to rebellion. I say to the Government: You have not dared to take the leaders of Ulster for their incitement to rebellion. Take me if you dare, but if you dare I tell you this, that so long as those who incited to armed rebellion and the destruction of human life in Ulster are at liberty, you will not keep me in prison. So

long as men rebels--and voters--are at liberty, we will not remain in prison, first division or no first division."

I ask my readers, some of whom no doubt will be shocked and displeased at these words of mine that I have so frankly set down, to put themselves in the place of those women who for years had given their lives entirely and unstintingly to the work of securing political freedom for women; who had converted so great a proportion of the electorate that, had the House of Commons been a free body, we should have won that freedom years before; who had seen their freedom withheld from them through treachery and misuse of power. I ask you to consider that we had used, in our agitation, only peaceful means until we saw clearly that peaceful means were absolutely of no avail, and then for years we had used only the mildest militancy, until we were taunted by Cabinet Ministers, and told that we should never get the vote until we employed the same violence that men had used in their agitation for suffrage. After that we had used stronger militancy, but even that, by comparison with the militancy of men in labour disputes, could not possibly be counted as violent. Through all these stages of our agitation we had been punished with the greatest severity, sent to prison like common criminals, and of late years tortured as no criminals have been tortured for a century in civilised countries of the world. And during all these years we had seen disastrous strikes that had caused suffering and death, to say nothing at all of the enormous economic waste, and we had never seen a single strike leader punished as we had been. We, who had suffered sentences of nine months' imprisonment for inciting women to mild rebellion, had seen a labour leader who had done his best to incite an army to mutiny released from prison in two months by the Government. And now we had come to a point where we saw civil war threatened, where we read in the papers every day reports of speeches a thousand times more incendiary than anything we had ever said. We heard prominent members of Parliament openly declaring that if the Home Rule Bill was passed Ulster would fight, and Ulster would be right. None of these men were arrested. Instead they were applauded. Lord Selborne, one of our sternest critics, referring to the fact that Ulstermen were drilling under arms, said publicly: "The method which the people of Ulster are adopting to show the depths of their convictions and the intensity of their feelings will impress the imagination of the whole country." But Lord Selborne was not arrested. Neither were the mutinous officers who resigned their commissions when ordered to report for duty against the men of Ulster who were actually preparing for civil war.

What does all this mean? Why is it that men's blood-shedding militancy is applauded and women's symbolic militancy punished with a prison cell and the forcible feeding horror? It means simply this, that men's double standard of sex morals, whereby the victims of their lust are counted as outcasts, while the men themselves escape all social censure, really applies to morals in all departments of life. Men make the moral code and they expect women to accept it. They have decided that it is entirely right and proper for men to fight for their liberties and their rights, but that it is not right and proper for women to fight for theirs.[3]

They have decided that for men to remain silently quiescent while tyrannical rulers impose bonds of slavery upon them is cowardly and dishonourable, but that for women to do that same thing is not cowardly and dishonourable, but merely respectable. Well, the Suffragettes absolutely repudiate that double standard of morals. If it is right for men to fight for their freedom, and God knows what the human race would be like to-day if men had not, since time began, fought for their freedom, then it is right for women to fight for their freedom and the freedom of the children they bear. On this declaration of faith the militant women of England rest their case.

FOOTNOTE:

[3] There is no question that a great deal of the animus directed against us during 1913 and 1914 by the Government was due to sex bitterness stirred up by a series of articles written by Christabel Pankhurst and published in _The Suffragette_. These articles, a fearless and authoritative expose of the evils of sexual immoralities and their blasting effect on innocent wives and children, have since been published in a book called "The Great Scourge, and how to end it," issued by David Nutt, New Oxford Street, London W. C.

CHAPTER IV

I had called upon women to join me in striking at the Government through the only thing that governments are really very much concerned about--property--and the response was immediate. Within a few days the newspapers rang with the story of the attack made on letter boxes in London, Liverpool, Birmingham, Bristol, and half a dozen other cities. In some cases the boxes, when opened by postmen, mysteriously burst into flame; in others the letters were destroyed by corrosive chemicals; in still others the addresses were rendered illegible by black fluids. Altogether it was estimated that over 5,000 letters were completely destroyed and many thousands more were delayed in transit.

It was with a deep sense of their gravity that these letter-burning protests were undertaken, but we felt that something drastic must be done in order to destroy the apathy of the men of England who view with indifference the suffering of women oppressed by unjust laws. As we pointed out, letters, precious though they may be, are less precious than human bodies and souls. This fact was universally realised at the sinking of the _Titanic_. Letters and valuables disappeared forever, but their loss was forgotten in the far more terrible loss of the multitude of human lives. And so, in order to call attention to greater crimes against human beings, our letter burnings continued.

In only a few cases were the offenders apprehended, and one of the few women arrested was a helpless cripple, a woman who could move about only in a wheeled chair. She received a sentence of eight months in the first division, and, resolutely hunger striking, was forcibly fed with unusual brutality, the prison doctor deliberately breaking one of her teeth in order to insert a gag. In spite of her disabilities and her weakness the crippled girl persisted in her hunger strike and her resistance to prison rules, and within a short time had to be released. The excessive sentences of the other pillar box destroyers resolved themselves into very short terms because of the resistance of the prisoners, every one of whom adopted the hunger strike.

Having shown the Government that we were in deadly earnest when we declared that we would adopt guerrilla warfare, and also that we would not remain in prison, we announced a truce in order that the Government might have full opportunity to fulfil their pledge in regard to a woman suffrage amendment to the Franchise Bill. We did not, for one moment, believe that Mr. Asquith would willingly keep his word. We knew that he would break it if he could, but there was a bare chance that he would not find this possible. However, our principal reason for declaring the truce was that we believed that the Prime Minister would find a way of evading his promise, and we were determined that the blame should be placed, not on militancy, but on the shoulders of the real traitor. We reviewed the history of past suffrage bills: In 1908 the bill had passed its second reading by a majority of 179; and then Mr. Asquith had refused to allow it to go on; in 1910 the Conciliation Bill passed its second reading by a majority of 110, and again Mr. Asquith blocked its progress, pledging himself that if the bill were reintroduced in 1911, in a form rendering it capable of free amendment, it would be given full facilities for becoming law; these conditions were met in 1911, and we saw how the bill, after receiving the increased majority of 167 votes, was torpedoed by the introduction of a Government manhood suffrage bill. Mr. Asquith this time had pledged himself that the bill would be so framed that a woman suffrage amendment could be added, and he further pledged that in case such an amendment was carried through its second reading, he would allow it to become a part of the bill. Just exactly how the Government would manage to wriggle out of their promise was a matter of excited speculation.

All sorts of rumours were flying about, some hinting at the resignation of the Prime Minister, some suggesting the possibility of a general election, others that the amended bill would carry with it a forced referendum on women's suffrage. It was also said that the intention of the Government was to delay the bill so long that, after it was passed in the House, it would be excluded from the benefits of the Parliament Acts, according to which a bill, delayed of passage beyond the first two years of the life of a Parliament, has no chance of being considered by the Lords. In order to become a law without the sanction of the House of Lords, a bill must pass three times through the House of Commons. The prospect of a woman suffrage bill doing that was practically nil.

To none of the rumours would Mr. Asquith give specific denial, and in fact the only positive utterance he made on the subject of the Franchise Bill was that he considered it highly improbable that the House would pass a woman suffrage amendment. In order to discourage woman suffrage sentiment in the House, Mr. Lloyd-George and Mr. Lewis Harcourt again busied themselves with spreading pessimistic prophecies of a Cabinet split in case an amendment was carried. No other threat, they well knew, would so terrorize the timid back bench Liberals, who, in addition to their blind party loyalty, stood in fear of losing their seats in the general election which would follow such a split. Rather than risk their political jobs they would have sacrificed any principle. Of course the hint of a Cabinet split was pure buncombe, and it deceived few of the members. But it established very clearly one thing, and this was that Mr. Asquith's promise that the House should be left absolutely free to decide the suffrage issue, and that the Cabinet stood ready to bow to the decision of the House was never meant to be fulfilled.

The Franchise Bill unamended, by its very wording, specifically denied the right of any woman to vote. Sir Edward Grey moved an amendment deleting from the bill the word male, thus leaving room for a women's suffrage amendment. Two such amendments were moved, one providing for adult suffrage for men and women, and the other providing full suffrage for women householders and wives of householders. The latter postponed the voting age of women to twenty-five years, instead of the men's twenty-one. On January 24th, 1913, debate on the first of the amendments was begun. A day and a half had been allotted to consideration of Sir Edward Grey's amendment, which if carried would leave the way clear for consideration of the other two, to each of which one-third of a day was allotted.

We had arranged for huge meetings to be held every day during the debates, and on the day before they were to open we sent a deputation of working women, led by Mrs. Drummond and Miss Annie Kenney, to interview Mr. Lloyd-George and Sir Edward Grey. We had asked Mr. Asquith to receive the deputation, but, as usual, he refused. The deputation consisted of the two leaders, four cotton mill operatives from Lancashire, four workers in sweated trades of London, two pit brow lassies, two teachers, two trained nurses, one shop assistant, one laundress, one boot and shoe worker and one domestic worker, twenty in all, the exact number specified by Mr. Lloyd-George. Some hundreds of working women escorted the deputation to the official residence of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and waited anxiously in the street to hear the result of the audience.

The result was, of course, barren. Mr. Lloyd-George glibly repeated his confidence in the "great opportunity" afforded by the Franchise Bill, and Sir Edward Grey, reminding the women of the divergence of view held by the members of Cabinet on the suffrage question, assured them that their best opportunity for success lay in an amendment to the present bill. The women spoke with the greatest candour to the two ministers and questioned them sharply as to the integrity of the Prime Minister's pledge to accept the amendments, if passed. To such depth of infamy had English politics sunk that it was possible for women openly to question the plighted word of the King's chief Minister! Mrs. Drummond, who stands in awe of no human being, in plain words invited the slippery Mr. Lloyd-George to clear his own character from obloquy. In the closing words of her speech she put the whole matter clearly up to him, saying: "Now, Mr. Lloyd-George, you have doggedly stuck to your old age pensions, and the insurance act, and secured them, and what you have done for these measures you can do also for the women."

The House met on the following afternoon to debate Sir Edward Grey's permissive amendment, but no sooner had the discussion opened than a veritable bombshell was cast into the situation. Mr. Bonar Law arose and asked for a ruling on the constitutionality of a woman's suffrage amendment to the bill as framed. The Speaker, who, besides acting as the presiding officer of the House, is its official parliamentarian, replied that, in his opinion, such an amendment would make a huge difference in the bill, and that he would be obliged, at a later stage of the debates, to consider carefully whether, if carried, any woman suffrage amendment would not so materially alter the bill that it would have to be withdrawn. In spite of this sinister pronouncement, the House continued to debate the Grey amendment, which was ably supported by Lord Hugh Cecil, Sir John Rolleston, and others.

During the intervening week-end holiday two Cabinet councils were held, and when the House met on Monday the Prime Minister called upon the Speaker for his ruling. The Speaker declared that, in his opinion, the passage of any one of the woman suffrage amendments would so alter the scope of the Franchise Bill as practically to create a new bill, because the measure, as it was framed, did not have for its main object the bestowal of the franchise on a hitherto excluded class. Had it been so framed a woman suffrage amendment would have been entirely proper. But the main object of the bill was to alter the qualification, or the basis of registration for a Parliamentary vote. It would increase the male electorate, but only as an indirect result of the changed qualifications. An amendment to the bill removing the sex barrier from the election laws was not, in the Speaker's opinion, a proper one.

The Prime Minister then announced the intentions of the Cabinet, which were to withdraw the Franchise Bill and to refrain from introducing, during that session, a plural voting bill. Mr. Asquith blandly admitted that his pledge in regard to women's suffrage had been rendered incapable of fulfilment, and he said that he felt constrained to give a new pledge to take its place. There were only two that could be given. The first was that the Government should bring in a bill to enfranchise women, and this the Government would not do. The second was that the Government agree to give full facilities as to time, during the next session of Parliament, to a private member's bill, so drafted as to be capable of free amendment. This was the course that the Government had decided to adopt. Mr. Asquith had the effrontery to say in conclusion that he thought that the House would agree that he had striven and had succeeded in giving effect, both in letter and in spirit, to every undertaking which the Government had given.

Two members only, Mr. Henderson and Mr. Keir Hardie had the courage to stand up on the floor of the House and denounce the Government's treachery, for treachery it unquestionably was. Mr. Asquith had pledged his sacred honour to introduce a bill that would be capable of an amendment to include women's suffrage, and he had framed a bill that could not be so amended. Whether he had done the thing deliberately, with the plain intention of selling out the women, or whether ignorance of Parliamentary rules accounted for the failure of the bill was immaterial. The bill need not have been drawn in ignorance. The fount of wisdom represented by Mr. Speaker could have been consulted at the time the bill was under construction quite as easily as when it had reached the debating stage. Our paper said editorially, representing and perfectly expressing our member's views: "Either the Government are so ignorant of Parliamentary procedure that they are unfit to occupy any position of responsibility, or else they are scoundrels of the worst kind."

I am inclined to think that the verdict of posterity will lean towards the later conclusion. If Mr. Asquith had been a man of honour he would have reframed the Franchise Bill in such a way that it could have included a suffrage amendment, or else he would have made amends for his stupendous blunder--if it was a blunder--by introducing a Government measure for women's suffrage. He did neither, but disposed of the matter by promising facilities for a private member's bill which he knew, and which everybody knew, could not possibly pass.

There was no chance for a private member's bill, even with facilities, because of a number of reasons, but principally because the torpedoing of the Conciliation Bill had destroyed utterly the spirit of conciliation in which Conservatives, Liberals and Radicals in the House of Commons, and militant and non-militant women throughout the Kingdom had set aside their differences of opinion and agreed to come together on a compromise measure. When the second Conciliation Bill, of 1911, was under discussion, Lord Lytton had said: "If this bill does not go through, the woman suffrage movement will not be stopped, but the spirit of conciliation of which this bill is an expression will be destroyed, and there will he war throughout the country, raging, tearing, fierce, bitter strife, though nobody wants it."

Lord Lytton's words were prophetic. At this last brazen piece of trickery on the part of the Government the country blazed with bitter wrath. All the suffrage societies united in calling for a Government measure for women's suffrage to be introduced without delay. The idle promise of facilities for a private member's bill was rejected with contumely and scorn. The Liberal women's executive committee met, and a strong effort was made to pass a resolution threatening the withdrawal from party work of the entire federation, but this failed and the executive merely passed a feeble resolution of regret.

The membership of the Women's Liberal Federation was, at that time, close to 200,000, and if the executive had passed the strong resolution, refusing to do any more work for the party until a Government measure had been introduced, the Government would have been forced to yield. They could not have faced the country without the support of the women. But these women, many of them, were wives of men in the service, the paid service of the Liberal Party. Many of them were wives of Liberal members. They lacked the courage, or the intelligence, or the insight, to declare war as a body on the Government. A large number of women, and also many men, did resign from the Liberal Party, but the defections were not serious enough to affect the Government.

The militants declared, and proceeded instantly to carry out, unrelenting warfare. We announced that either we must have a Government measure, or a Cabinet split--those men in the Cabinet calling themselves suffragists going out--or we would take up the sword again, never to lay it down until the enfranchisement of the women of England was won.

It was at this time, February, 1913, less than two years ago as I write these words, that militancy, as it is now generally understood by the public began--militancy in the sense of continued, destructive, guerilla warfare against the Government through injury to private property. Some property had been destroyed before this time, but the attacks were sporadic, and were meant to be in the nature of a warning as to what might become a settled policy. Now we indeed lighted the torch, and we did it with the absolute conviction that no other course was open to us. We had tried every other measure, as I am sure that I have demonstrated to my readers, and our years of work and suffering and sacrifice had taught us that the Government would not yield to right and justice, what the majority of members of the House of Commons admitted was right and justice, but that the Government would, as other governments invariably do, yield to expediency. Now our task was to show the Government that it was expedient to yield to the women's just demands. In order to do that we had to make England and every department of English life insecure and unsafe. We had to make English law a failure and the courts farce comedy theatres; we had to discredit the Government and Parliament in the eyes of the world; we had to spoil English sports, hurt business, destroy valuable property, demoralise the world of society, shame the churches, upset the whole orderly conduct of life--

That is, we had to do as much of this guerilla warfare as the people of England would tolerate. When they came to the point of saying to the Government: "Stop this, in the only way it can be stopped, by giving the women of England representation," then we should extinguish our torch.

Americans, of all people, ought to see the logic of our reasoning. There is one piece of American oratory, beloved of schoolboys, which has often been quoted from militant platforms. In a speech now included among the classics of the English language your great statesman, Patrick Henry, summed up the causes that led to the American Revolution. He said: "We have petitioned, we have remonstrated, we have supplicated, we have prostrated ourselves at the foot of the throne, and it has all been in vain. We must fight--I repeat it, sir, we must fight."

Patrick Henry, remember, was advocating killing people, as well as destroying private property, as the proper means of securing the political freedom of men. The Suffragettes have not done that, and they never will. In fact the moving spirit of militancy is deep and abiding reverence for human life. In the latter course of our agitation I have been called upon to discuss our policies with many eminent men, politicians, literary men, barristers, scientists, clergymen. One of the last named, a high dignitary of the Church of England, told me that while he was a convinced suffragist, he found it impossible to justify our doing wrong that right might follow. I said to him: "We are not doing wrong--we are doing right in our use of revolutionary methods against private property. It is our work to restore thereby true values, to emphasise the value of human rights against property rights. You are well aware, sir, that property has assumed a value in the eyes of men, and in the eyes of the law, that it ought never to claim. It is placed above all human values. The lives and health and happiness, and even the virtue of women and children--that is to say, the race itself--are being ruthlessly sacrificed to the god of property every day of the world."

To this my reverend friend agreed, and I said: "If we women are wrong in destroying private property in order that human values may be restored, then I say, in all reverence, that it was wrong for the Founder of Christianity to destroy private property, as He did when He lashed the money changers out of the Temple and when He drove the Gaderene swine into the sea."

It was absolutely in this spirit that our women went forth to war. In the first month of guerilla warfare an enormous amount of property was damaged and destroyed. On January 31st a number of putting greens were burned with acids; on February 7th and 8th telegraph and telephone wires were cut in several places and for some hours all communication between London and Glasgow were suspended; a few days later windows in various of London's smartest clubs were broken, and the orchid houses at Kew were wrecked and many valuable blooms destroyed by cold. The jewel room at the Tower of London was invaded and a showcase broken. The residence of H. R. H. Prince Christian and Lambeth Palace, seat of the Archbishop of Canterbury, were visited and had windows broken. The refreshment house in Regents Park was burned to the ground on February 12th and on February 18th a country house which was being built at Walton-on-the-Hill for Mr. Lloyd-George was partially destroyed, a bomb having been exploded in the early morning before the arrival of the workmen. A hat pin and a hair pin picked up near the house--coupled with the fact that care had been taken not to endanger any lives--led the police to believe that the deed had been done by women enemies of Mr. Lloyd-George. Four days later I was arrested and brought up in Epsom police court, where I was charged with having "counselled and procured" the persons who did the damage. Admitted to bail for the night, I appeared next morning in court, where the case was fully reviewed. Speeches of mine were read, one speech, made at a meeting held on January 22nd, in which I called for volunteers to act with me in a particular engagement; and another, made the day after the explosion, in which I publicly accepted responsibility for all militant acts done in the past, and even for what had been done at Walton. At the conclusion of the hearing I was committed for trial at the May Assizes at Guildford. Bail would be allowed, it was stated, if I would agree to give the usual undertaking to refrain from all militancy or incitement to militancy.

I asked that the case be set for speedy trial at the Assizes then in progress. I was entirely willing, I said, to give an undertaking for a short period, for a week, or even two weeks, but I could not possibly do so for a much longer period, looking at the fact that a new session of Parliament began in March, and was vitally concerned with the interests of women. The request was refused, and I was ordered to be taken to Holloway. I warned the magistrate that I should at once adopt the hunger strike, and I told him that if I lived at all until the summer it would be a dying woman who would come up for trial.

Arriving at Holloway I carried out my intention, but within twenty-four hours I heard that the authorities had arranged that my trial should take place on April 1st, instead of at the end of June, and at the Central Criminal Court, London, instead of the Guildford Court. I then gave the required under-takings and was immediately released on bail.

CHAPTER V

When I entered Old Bailey on that memorable Wednesday, April 2nd, 1913, to be tried for inciting to commit a felony, the court was packed with women. A great crowd of women who could not obtain the necessary tickets remained in the streets below for hours waiting news of the trial. A large number of detectives from Scotland Yard, and a still larger number of uniformed police were on duty both inside and outside the court. I could not imagine why it was considered necessary to have such a regiment of police on hand, for I had not, at that time, realised the state of terror into which the militant movement, in its new development, had thrown the authorities.

Mr. Bodkin and Mr. Travers Humphreys appeared to prosecute on behalf of the Crown, and I conducted my own case, in consultation with my solicitor, Mr. Marshall. The Judge, Mr. Justice Lush, having taken his seat I entered the dock and listened to

the reading of the indictment. I pled "not guilty," not because I wished to evade responsibility for the explosion,--I had already assumed that responsibility--but because the indictment accused me of having wickedly and maliciously incited women to crime. What I had done was not wicked of purpose, but quite the opposite of wicked. I could not therefore truthfully plead guilty. The trial having opened the Judge courteously asked me if I would like to sit down. I thanked him, and asked if I might also have a small table on which to place my papers. By orders of the Judge a table was brought me.

Mr. Bodkin opened the case by explaining the "Malicious Damages to Property Act" of 1861, under which I was charged, and after describing the explosion which had damaged the Lloyd-George house at Walton, said that I was accused of being in the affair an accessory before the fact. It was not suggested, he said, that I was present when the crime was committed, but it was charged that I had moved and incited, counselled and procured women whose names were unknown to carry out that crime. It would be for the jury to decide, after the evidence had been presented, whether the facts did not point most clearly to the conclusion that women, probably two in number, who committed the crime were members of the Women's Social and Political Union, which had its office in Kingsway in London, and of which the defendant was the head, moving spirit and recognised leader.

The blowing up of Mr. Lloyd-George's house was then described in detail. That the damage was intended as an act against Mr. Lloyd-George was clear, Mr. Bodkin said, from the malicious statements made against him by the prisoner. He produced a private letter written by me to a friend in which I had defended militancy, and said that not only had it become a duty but in the circumstances it had also become a political necessity. Said Mr. Bodkin:

"A letter of that kind proves very clearly several things. It shows that she is the leader. It shows her influence over the emotional members of this organisation. It shows that according to her, militancy can be withheld for a time and let loose upon society at another time. And it further shows that any person or any woman who wants to indulge in militancy, which is only a picturesque expression for committing crimes against society, has to communicate with her, and with her alone, by word of mouth or by letter. That is the Proclamation which went out to the members of this organisation. The plain language of that letter is, 'If we don't get what we want, the Government and their members will be responsible, and the Government and the public will be bullied into giving us what we want.'"

Many extracts from my speeches made in January and February were read, and the final speech made just before my arrest at Chelsea. But before they were read I said:

"I wish to lodge an objection now to the police reports of my speeches. They have been supplied to me, and the only report I accept is that of the journalist of Cardiff who is one of the witnesses. He has furnished a fairly accurate report of what I said in that town. The police reports I do not accept. They are grossly inaccurate and ignorant and ungrammatical, and they convey an absolutely wrong impression of what I said in many respects."

Witnesses were then examined; the carter who heard and reported the explosion; the foreman in charge of the damaged house, who told the cost of the damages, and described the explosives, etc., found on the premises; several police officers who told of finding hairpins and a woman's rubber golosh in the house, and so on. Absolutely nothing was brought out that tended to show that the Suffragettes had anything to do with the affair. The Judge noted this for he said to Mr. Bodkin:

"I am not quite sure how you present this case. There are two ways of looking at it. Do you only ask the jury to say that the defendant specifically counselled the perpetration of this crime, or do you also say that, looking at her speeches that you read--assuming you prove that they were uttered--that the language used being a general incitement to damage property, any one who acted on this invitation and perpetrated this outrage would be incited by her to do it?"

Mr. Bodkin replied that the latter assumption was correct.

"I say that the speeches generally are incitement to all kinds of acts of violence against property, and that they present evidence of attacks against property and a particular individual, and that there is evidence in the speeches which have been read, and which will be proved, of admissions by Mrs. Pankhurst of having been connected with the particular outrage in a way which makes her in law an accessory before the fact."

"But you do not confine the case to the latter way of putting it?"

"No," replied Mr. Bodkin.

"Even if the jury are satisfied," said the Judge, "that Mrs. Pankhurst was not directly connected with this outrage by counselling it, you still ask the jury to say that by counselling, as you say she had in the speeches, the destruction of property, especially that belonging to a particular gentleman, anybody who acted on that and committed this outrage would have been incited by her to do it?"

"Yes, my lord."

"I think, Mrs. Pankhurst, you now understand the way it is put?" asked the Judge.

"I understand it quite well, my lord," I replied.

Proceedings were resumed on the following day, and the examination of witnesses for the prosecution went on. At the close of the examination, the Judge inquired whether I desired to call any witnesses. I replied:

"I do not desire to give evidence or to call any witnesses, but I desire to address your Lordship."

I began by objecting to some of the things Mr. Bodkin had said in his speech which concerned me personally. He had referred to me--or at least his words conveyed the suggestion--that I was a woman riding about in my motor car inciting other women to do acts which entail imprisonment and great suffering, while I, perhaps indulging in some curious form of pleasure, was protected, or thought myself protected, from serious consequences. I said that Mr. Bodkin knew perfectly well that I shared all the dangers the other women faced, that I had been in prison three times, serving two of the sentences in full, and being treated like an ordinary felon--searched, put in prison clothes, eating prison fare, given solitary confinement and conforming to all the abominable rules imposed upon women who commit crimes in England. I thought I owed it to myself, especially as the same suggestions--in regard to the luxury in which I lived, supported by the members of the W. S. P. U.--had been made, not only by Mr. Bodkin in court, but by members of the Government in the House of Commons--I thought I owed it to myself to say that I owned no motor car and never had owned one. The car in which I occasionally rode was owned by the organisation and was used for general propaganda work. In that car, and in cars owned by friends I had gone about my work as a speaker in the Woman Suffrage movement. It was equally untrue, I said, that some of us were making incomes of L1,000 to L1,500 a year out of the suffrage movement, as had actually been alleged in the debates in the House in which members of Parliament were trying to decide how to crush militancy. No woman in our organisation was making any such income, or anything remotely like it. Myself, I had sacrificed a considerable portion of my income because I had to surrender a very important part of it in order to be free to do what I thought was my duty in the movement.

Addressing myself to my defence I told the Court that it was a very serious condition of things when a large number of respectable and naturally law abiding people, people of upright lives, came to hold the law in contempt, came seriously to making up their minds that they were justified in breaking the law.

"The whole of good government," I said, "rests upon acceptance of the law, upon respect of the law, and I say to you seriously, my lord, and gentlemen of the jury, that women of intelligence, women of training, women of upright life, have for many years ceased to respect the laws of this country. It is an absolute fact, and when you look at the laws of this country as they effect women it is not to be wondered at."

At some length I went over these laws, laws that made it possible for the Judge to send me, if found guilty, to prison for fourteen years, while the maximum penalty for offences of the most revolting kind against little girls was only two years' imprisonment. The laws of inheritance, the laws of divorce, the laws of guardianship of children--all so scandalously unjust to women, I sketched briefly, and I said that not only these laws and others, but the administration of the laws fell so far short of adequacy that women felt that they must be permitted to share the work of cleaning up the entire situation. I tried here to tell of certain dreadful things that I had learned as the wife of a barrister, things about some of the men in high places who are entrusted with the administration of the law, of a judge of Assizes where many hideous crimes against women were tried, this judge himself being found dead one morning in a brothel, but the Court would not allow me to go into personalities, as he called it, with regard to "distinguished people," and told me that the sole question before the jury was whether or not I was guilty as charged. I must speak on that subject and on no other.

After a hard fight to be allowed to tell the jury the reasons why women had lost respect for the law, and were making such a struggle in order to become law makers themselves, I closed my speech by saying:

"Over one thousand women have gone to prison in the course of this agitation, have suffered their imprisonment, have come out of prison injured in health, weakened in body, but not in spirit. I come to stand my trial from the bedside of one of my daughters, who

has come out of Holloway Prison, sent there for two months' hard labour for participating with four other people in breaking a small pane of glass. She has hunger-struck in prison. She submitted herself for more than five weeks to the horrible ordeal of feeding by force, and she has come out of prison having lost nearly two stone in weight. She is so weak that she cannot get out of her bed. And I say to you, gentlemen, that is the kind of punishment you are inflicting upon me or any other woman who may be brought before you. I ask you if you are prepared to send an incalculable number of women to prison--I speak to you as representing others in the same position--if you are prepared to go on doing that kind of thing indefinitely, because that is what is going to happen. There is absolutely no doubt about it. I think you have seen enough even in this present case to convince you that we are not women who are notoriety hunters. We could get that, heaven knows, much more cheaply if we sought it. We are women, rightly or wrongly, convinced that this is the only way in which we can win power to alter what for us are intolerable conditions, absolutely intolerable conditions. A London clergyman only the other day said that 60 per cent. of the married women in his parish were breadwinners, supporting their husbands as well as their children. When you think of the wages women earn, when you think of what this means to the future of the children of this country, I ask you to take this question very, very seriously. Only this morning I have had information brought to me which could be supported by sworn affidavits, that there is in this country, in this very city of London of ours, a regulated traffic, not only in women of full age, but in little children; that they are being purchased, that they are being entrapped, and that they are being trained to minister to the vicious pleasures of persons who ought to know better in their positions of life.

"Well, these are the things that have made us women determined to go on, determined to face everything, determined to see this thing out to the end, let it cost us what it may. And if you convict me, gentlemen, if you find me guilty, I tell you quite honestly and quite frankly, that whether the sentence is a long sentence, whether the sentence is a short sentence, I shall not submit to it. I shall, the moment I leave this court, if I am sent to prison, whether to penal servitude or to the lighter form of imprisonment--because I am not sufficiently versed in the law to know what his lordship may decide; but whatever my sentence is, from the moment I leave this court I shall quite deliberately refuse to eat food--I shall join the women who are already in Holloway on the hunger strike. I shall come out of prison, dead or alive, at the earliest possible moment; and once out again, as soon as I am physically fit I shall enter into this fight again. Life is very dear to all of us. I am not seeking, as was said by the Home Secretary, to commit suicide. I do not want to commit suicide. I want to see the women of this country enfranchised, and I want to live until that is done. Those are the feelings by which we are animated. We offer ourselves as sacrifices, just as your forefathers did in the past, in this cause, and I would ask you all to put this question to yourselves:--Have you the right, as human beings, to condemn another human being to death--because that is what it amounts to? Can you throw the first stone? Have you the right to judge women?

"You have not the right in human justice, not the right by the constitution of this country, if rightly interpreted, to judge me, because you are not my peers. You know, every one of you, that I should not be standing here, that I should not break one single law--if I had the rights that you possess, if I had a share in electing those who make the laws I have to obey; if I had a voice in controlling the taxes I am called upon to pay, I should not be standing here. And I say to you it is a very serious state of things. I say to you, my lord, it is a very serious situation, that women of upright life, women who have devoted the best of their years to the public weal, that women who are engaged in trying to undo some of the terrible mistakes that men in their government of the country have made, because after all, in the last resort, men are responsible for the present state of affairs--I put it to you that it is a very serious situation. You are not accustomed to deal with people like me in the ordinary discharge of your duties; but you are called upon to deal with people who break the law from selfish motives. I break the law from no selfish motive. I have no personal end to serve, neither have any of the other women who have gone through this court during the past few weeks, like sheep to the slaughter. Not one of these women would, if women were free, be law-breakers. They are women who seriously believe that this hard path that they are treading is the only path to their enfranchisement. They seriously believe that the welfare of humanity demands this sacrifice; they believe that the horrible evils which are ravaging our civilisation will never be removed until women get the vote. They know that the very fount of life is being poisoned; they know that homes are being destroyed; that because of bad education, because of the unequal standard of morals, even the mothers and children are destroyed by one of the vilest and most horrible diseases that ravage humanity.

"There is only one way to put a stop to this agitation; there is only one way to break down this agitation. It is not by deporting us, it is not by locking us up in gaol; it is by doing us justice. And so I appeal to you gentlemen, in this case of mine, to give a verdict, not only on my case, but upon the whole of this agitation. I ask you to find me not guilty of malicious incitement to a breach of the law.

"These are my last words. My incitement is not malicious. If I had power to deal with these things, I would be in absolute obedience to the law. I would say to women, 'You have a constitutional means of getting redress for your grievances; use your votes, convince

your fellow-voters of the righteousness of your demands. That is the way to obtain justice.' I am not guilty of malicious incitement, and I appeal to you, for the welfare of the country, for the welfare of the race, to return a verdict of not guilty in this case that you are called upon to try."

After recapitulating the charge the Judge, in summing up, said:

"It is scarcely necessary for me to tell you that the topics urged by the defendant in her address to you with regard to provocation by the laws of the country and the injustice done to women because they are not given the vote as men are, have no bearing upon the question you have to decide.

"The motive at the back of her mind, or at the back of the minds of those who actually did put the gunpowder there, would afford no defence to this indictment. I am quite sure you will deal with this case upon the evidence, and the evidence alone, without regard to any question as to whether you think the law is just or unjust. It has nothing to do with the case. I should think you will probably have no doubt that this defendant, if she did these things charged against her, is not actuated by the ordinary selfish motive that leads most of the criminals who are in this dock to commit the crimes that they do commit. She is none the less guilty if she did these things which are charged against her, although she believes that by means of this kind the condition of society will be altered."

The jury retired, and soon after the afternoon session of the court opened they filed in, and in reply to the usual question asked by the clerk of arraigns, said that they had agreed upon a verdict. Said the clerk:

"Do you find Mrs. Pankhurst guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty," said the foreman, "with a strong recommendation to mercy."

I spoke once more to the Judge.

"The jury have found me guilty, with a strong recommendation to mercy, and I do not see, since motive is not taken into account in human laws, that they could do otherwise after your summing up. But since motive is not taken into account in human laws, and since I, whose motives are not ordinary motives, am about to be sentenced by you to the punishment which is accorded to people whose motives are selfish motives, I have only this to say: If it was impossible for a different verdict to be found; if it is your duty to sentence me, as it will be presently, then I want to say to you, as a private citizen, and to the jury as private citizens, that I, standing here, found guilty by the laws of my country, I say to you it is your duty, as private citizens, to do what you can to put an end to this intolerable state of affairs. I put that duty upon you. And I want to say, _whatever the sentence you pass upon me, I shall do what is humanly possible to terminate that sentence at the earliest possible moment. I have no sense of guilt. I feel I have done my duty. I look upon myself as a prisoner of war. I am under no moral obligation to conform to, or in any way accept, the sentence imposed upon me._ I shall take the desperate remedy that other women have taken. It is obvious to you that the struggle will be an unequal one, but I shall make it--I shall make it as long as I have an ounce of strength left in me, or any life left in me.

"I shall fight, I shall fight, I shall fight, from the moment I enter prison to struggle against overwhelming odds; I shall resist the doctors if they attempt to feed me. I was sentenced last May in this court to nine months' imprisonment. I remained in prison six weeks. There are people who have laughed at the ordeal of hunger-striking and forcible feeding. All I can say is, and the doctors can bear me out, that I was released because, had I remained there much longer, I should have been a dead woman.

"I know what it is because I have gone through it. My own daughter[4] has only just left it. There are women there still facing that ordeal, facing it twice a day. Think of it, my lord, twice a day this fight is gone through. Twice a day a weak woman resisting overwhelming force, fights and fights as long as she has strength left; fights against women and even against men, resisting with her tongue, with her teeth, this ordeal. Last night in the House of Commons some alternative was discussed, or rather, some additional punishment. Is it not a strange thing, my lord, that laws which have sufficed to restrain men throughout the history of this country do not suffice now to restrain women--decent women, honourable women?

"Well, my lord, I do want you to realise it. I am not whining about my punishment, I invited it. I deliberately broke the law, not hysterically or emotionally, but of set serious purpose, because I honestly feel it is the only way. Now, I put the responsibility of what is to follow upon you, my lord, as a private citizen, and upon the gentlemen of the jury, as private citizens, and upon all the men in this court--what are you, with your political powers, going to do to end this intolerable situation?

"_To the women I have represented, to the women who, in response to my incitement, have faced these terrible consequences, have broken laws, to them, I want to say I am not going to fail them, but to face it as they face it, to go through with it, and I know that they will go on with the fight whether I live or whether I die._

"_This movement will go on and on until we have the rights of citizens in this country, as women have in our Colonies, as they will have throughout the civilised world before this woman's war is ended._

"That is all I have to say."

Mr. Justice Lush, in passing sentence, said: "It is my duty, Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, and a very painful duty it is, to pass what, in my opinion, is a suitable and adequate sentence for the crime of which you have been most properly convicted, having regard to the strong recommendation to mercy by the jury. I quite recognise, as I have already said, that the motives that have actuated you in committing this crime are not the selfish motives that actuate most of the persons who stand in your position, but although you blind your eyes to it, I cannot help pointing out to you that the crime of which you have been convicted is not only a very serious one, but, in spite of your motives, it is, in fact, a wicked one. It is wicked because it not only leads to the destruction of property of persons who have done you no wrong, but in spite of your calculations, it may expose other people to the danger of being maimed or even killed. It is wicked because you are, and have been, luring other people--young women, it may be--to engage in such crimes, possibly to their own ruin; and it is wicked, because you cannot help being alive to it if you would only think.

"You are setting an example to other persons who may have other grievances that they legitimately want to have put right by embarking on a similar scheme to yours, and trying to effect their object by attacking the property, if not the lives, of other people. I know, unfortunately--at least, I feel sure--you will pay no heed to what I say. I only beg of you to think of these things."

"I have thought of them," I interjected.

"Think, if only for one short hour, dispassionately," continued the majesty of law, "I can only say that, although the sentence I am going to pass must be a severe one, must be adequate to the crime of which you have been found guilty, if you would only realise the wrong you are doing, and the mistake you are making, and would see the error you have committed, and undertake to amend matters by using your influence in a right direction, I would be the first to use all my best endeavours to bring about a mitigation of the sentence I am about to pass.

"I cannot, and I will not, regard your crime as a merely trivial one. It is not. It is a most serious one, and, whatever you may think, it is a wicked one. I have paid regard to the recommendation of the jury. You yourself have stated the maximum sentence which this particular offence is by the legislature thought to deserve. The least sentence I can pass upon you is a sentence of three years' penal servitude."

As soon as the sentence was pronounced the intense silence which had reigned throughout the trial was broken, and an absolute pandemonium broke out among the spectators. At first it was merely a confused and angry murmur of "Shame!" "Shame!" The murmurs quickly swelled into loud and indignant cries, and then from gallery and court there arose a great chorus uttered with the utmost intensity and passion. "Shame!" "Shame!" The women sprang to their feet, in many instances stood on their seats, shouting "Shame!" "Shame!" as I was conducted out of the dock in charge of two wardresses. "Keep the flag flying!" shouted a woman's voice, and the response came in a chorus: "We will!" "Bravo!" "Three cheers for Mrs. Pankhurst!" That was the last I heard of the courtroom protest.

Afterwards I heard that the noise and confusion was kept up for several minutes longer, the Judge and the police being quite powerless to obtain order. Then the women filed out singing the Women's Marseillaise--

"March on, march on, Face to the dawn, The dawn of liberty."

The Judge flung after their retreating forms the dire threat of prison for any woman who dared repeat such a scene. Threat of prison--to Suffragettes! The women's song only swelled the louder and the corridors of Old Bailey reverberated with their shouts. Certainly that venerable building had never in its checkered history witnessed such a scene. The great crowd of detectives and police who were on duty seemed actually paralysed by the audacity of the protest, for they made no attempt to intervene.

At three o'clock, when I left the court by a side entrance in Newgate Street, I found a crowd of women waiting to cheer me. With the two wardresses I entered a four wheeler and was driven to Holloway to begin my hunger strike. Scores of women followed in

taxicabs, and when I arrived at the prison gates there was another protest of cheers for the cause and boos for the law. In the midst of all this intense excitement I passed through the grim gates into the twilight of prison, now become a battle-ground.

FOOTNOTE:

[4] Sylvia Pankhurst, who was forcibly fed for five weeks, during an original sentence of two months imposed for breaking one window.

CHAPTER VI

Prison had indeed been for us a battle-ground ever since the time when we had solemnly resolved that, as a matter of principle, we would not submit to the rules that bound ordinary offenders against the law. But when I entered Holloway on that April day in 1913, it was with full knowledge that I had before me a far more prolonged struggle than any that the militant suffragists had hitherto faced. I have described the hunger strike, that terrible weapon with which we had repeatedly broken our prison bars. The Government, at their wits' end to cope with the hunger strikers, and to overcome a situation which had brought the laws of England into such scandalous disrepute, had had recourse to a measure, surely the most savagely devised ever brought before a modern Parliament.

In March of that year, while I was waiting trial on the charge of conspiring to destroy Mr. Lloyd-George's country house, a bill was introduced into the House of Commons by the Home Secretary, Mr. Reginald McKenna, a bill which had for its avowed object the breaking down of the hunger strike. This measure, now universally known as the "Cat and Mouse Act," provided that when a hunger striking suffrage prisoner (the law was frankly admitted to apply only to suffrage prisoners) was certified by the prison doctors to be in danger of death, she could be ordered released on a sort of a ticket of leave for the purpose of regaining strength enough to undergo the remainder of her sentence. Released, she was still a prisoner, the prisoner, or the patient, or the victim, as you may choose to call her, being kept under constant police surveillance. According to the terms of the bill the prisoner was released for a specified number of days, at the expiration of which she was supposed to return to prison on her own account. Says the Act:

"The period of temporary discharge may, if the Secretary of State thinks fit, be extended on a representation of the prisoner that the state of her health renders her unfit to return to prison. If such representation be made, the prisoner shall submit herself, if so required, for medical examination by the medical officer of the above mentioned prison, or other registered medical practitioner appointed by the Secretary of State.

The prisoner shall notify to the Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis the place of residence to which she goes on her discharge. She shall not change her residence without giving one clear day's notice in writing to the Commissioner, specifying the residence to which she is going and she shall not be temporarily absent from her residence for more than twelve hours without giving a like notice," etc.

The idea of militant suffragists respecting a law of this order is almost humorous, and yet the smile dies before the pity one feels for the Minister whose confession of failure is embodied in such a measure. Here was a mighty Government weakly resolved that justice to women it would not grant, knowing that submission of women it could not force, and so was willing to compromise with a piece of class legislation absolutely contrary to all of its avowed principles. Said Mr. McKenna, pleading in the House for the advancement of his odious measure: "At the present time I cannot make these prisoners undergo their sentences without serious risk of death and I want to have power to enable me to compel a prisoner to undergo the sentence, and I want that power in all cases where the prisoner adopts the system of the hunger strike. At the present moment, although I have the power of release, I cannot release a prisoner without a pardon, and I have to discharge them for good. I want the power of releasing a prisoner without a pardon, with the sentence remaining alive.... I want to enforce the Law, and I want, if I can, to enforce it without forcible feeding, and without undergoing the risk of some one else's life."

Interrogated by several members, Mr. McKenna admitted that the "Cat and Mouse" bill, if passed, would not inevitably do away with forcible feeding, but he promised that the hateful and disgusting process would be resorted to only when "absolutely necessary." We shall see later how hypocritical this representation was.

Parliament, which had never had time to consider, beyond its initial stages, a women's suffrage measure, passed the Cat and Mouse Act through both houses within the limits of a few days. It was already law when I entered Holloway on April 3rd, 1913, and I

grieve to state that many members of the Labour Party, pledged to support woman suffrage, helped to make it into law.

Of course the Act was, from its inception, treated by the suffragists with the utmost contempt. We had not the slightest intention of assisting Mr. McKenna in enforcing unjust sentences against soldiers in the army of freedom, and when the prison doors closed behind me I adopted the hunger strike exactly as though I expected it to prove, as formerly, a means of gaining my liberty.

That struggle is not a pleasant one to recall. Every possible means of breaking down my resolution was resorted to. The daintiest and most tempting food was placed in my cell. All sorts of arguments were brought to bear against me--the futility of resisting the Cat and Mouse Act, the wickedness of risking suicide--I shall not attempt to record all the arguments. They fell against a blank wall of consciousness, for my thoughts were all very far away from Holloway and all its torments. I knew, what afterwards I learned as a fact, that my imprisonment was followed by the greatest revolutionary outbreak that had been witnessed in England since 1832. From one end of the island to the other the beacons of the women's revolution blazed night and day. Many country houses--all unoccupied--were fired, the grand stand of Ayr race course was burned to the ground, a bomb was exploded in Oxted Station, London, blowing out walls and windows, some empty railroad carriages were blown up, the glass of thirteen famous paintings in the Manchester Art Gallery were smashed with hammers--these are simply random specimens of the general outbreak of secret guerilla warfare waged by women to whose liberties every other approach had been barricaded by the Liberal Government of free England. The only answer of the Government was the closing of the British Museum, the National Gallery, Windsor Castle, and other tourist resorts. As for the result on the people of England, that was exactly what we had anticipated. The public were thrown into a state of emotion of insecurity and frightened expectancy. Not yet did they show themselves ready to demand of the Government that the outrages be stopped in the only way they could be stopped--by giving votes to women. I knew that it would be so. Lying in my lonely cell in Holloway, racked with pain, oppressed with increasing weakness, depressed with the heavy responsibility of unknown happenings, I was sadly aware that we were but approaching a far goal. The end, though certain, was still distant. Patience, and still more patience, faith and still more faith, well, we had called upon these souls' help before and it was certain that they would not fail us at this greatest crisis of all.

Thus in great anguish of mind and body passed nine terrible days, each one longer and more acutely miserable than the preceding. Towards the last, I was mercifully half unconscious of my surroundings. A curious indifference took possession of my over-wrought mind, and it was almost without emotion that I heard, on the morning of the tenth day, that I was to be released temporarily in order to recover my health. The Governor came to my cell and read me my licence, which commanded me to return to Holloway in fifteen days, and meanwhile to observe all the obsequious terms as to informing the police of my movements. With what strength my hands retained I tore the document in strips and dropped it on the floor of the cell. "I have no intention," I said, "of obeying this infamous law. You release me knowing perfectly well that I shall never voluntarily return to any of your prisons."

They sent me away, sitting bolt upright in a cab, unmindful of the fact that I was in a dangerous condition of weakness, having lost two stone in weight and suffered seriously from irregularities of heart action. As I left the prison I was gratefully aware of groups of our women standing bravely at the gates, as though enduring a long vigil. As a matter of fact, relays of women had picketed the place night and day during the whole term of my imprisonment. The first pickets were arrested, but as others constantly arrived to fill their places the police finally gave in and allowed the women to march up and down before the prison carrying the flag.

At the nursing home to which I was conveyed I learned that Annie Kenney, Mrs. Drummond, and our staunch friend, Mr. George Lansbury,[5] had been arrested during my imprisonment, and that all three had adopted the hunger strike. I also learned on my own account how desperately the Government were striving to make their Cat and Mouse Act--the last stand in their losing campaign--a success. Without regard to the extra expense laid on the unfortunate tax payers of the country, the Government employed a large extra force of police especially for this purpose. As I lay in bed, being assisted by every medical resource to return to life and health, these special police, colloquially termed "Cats," guarded the nursing home as if it were a besieged castle. In the street under my windows two detectives and a constable stood on guard night and day. In a house at right angles to my refuge three more detectives kept constant watch. In the mews at the rear of the house were more detectives, and diligently patrolling the road, as if in expectation of a rescuing regiment, two taxicabs, each with its quota of detectives, guarded the highways.

All this made recovery slow and difficult. But worse was to come. On April 30th, just as I was beginning to rally somewhat, came the news that the police had swooped down on our headquarters in Kingsway and had arrested the entire official force. Miss Barrett, associate editor of _The Suffragette_; Miss Lennox, the sub-editor; Miss Lake, business manager; Miss Kerr, office manager, and Mrs. Sanders, financial secretary of the Union, were arrested, although not one of them had ever appeared in any militant action. Mr. E. G. Clayton, a chemist, was also arrested, accused of furnishing the W. S. P. U. with explosive materials. The offices were

thoroughly searched, and, as on a former occasion, stripped of all books and papers. While this was being done another party of police, armed with a special warrant, proceeded to the printing office where our paper, _The Suffragette_, was published. The printer, Mr. Drew, was placed under arrest and the material for the paper, which was to appear on the following day, was seized. By one o'clock in the afternoon the entire plant and the headquarters of the Union were in the hands of the police, and to all appearances the militant movement--temporarily at least--was brought to a full stop. In my state of semi-prostration it at first seemed to me best to let the week's issue of the paper lapse, but on second thought I decided that even the appearance of surrender was not to be thought of. How we managed it need not here be told, but we actually did, overnight, with hardly any material, except Christabel's leading article, and with hastily summoned helpers, get out the paper as usual, and side by side with the morning journals which bore front page stories of the suppression of the Suffragette organ, our paper sellers sold _The Suffragette_. The front page bore, instead of the usual cartoon, the single word in bold faced type--

"RAIDED,"

the full story of the police search and the arrests being related in the other pages. Our headquarters, I may say in passing, remained closed less than forty-eight hours. We are so organised that the arrest of leaders does not seriously cripple us. Every one has an understudy, and when one leader drops out her substitute is ready instantly to take her place.

In this emergency there appeared as chief organiser in Miss Kenney's place, Miss Grace Roe, one of the young Suffragettes of whom I, as belonging to the older generation, am so proud. Faced by difficulties as great as the Government could make them, Miss Roe at once showed herself to be equal to the situation, and to have the gift of unswerving loyalty combined with a strong and rapid judgment of things and people. Aiding her was Mrs. Dacre Fox, who surprised us all by her amazing ability to act as assistant editor of _The Suffragette_, manage a host of affairs in the office, and preside at our weekly meetings. Another member of the Union who came prominently to the front at the time of this crisis was Mrs. Mansel.

In two days' time the office was open and running quite as usual, no outward sign showing the grief and indignation felt for our imprisoned comrades. Most of them refused bail and instantly hunger struck appearing in court for trial three days later in a pitiful state. Mrs. Drummond was so obviously ill and in need of medical attention that she was discharged and was very soon afterwards operated upon. Mr. Drew, the printer, was forced to sign an undertaking not to publish the paper again. The others were sentenced to terms varying from six to eighteen months. Mr. Clayton was sentenced to twenty-one months, and after desperate resistance, during which he was forcibly fed many times, escaped his prison. The others, following the same example, starved their way to liberty, and have ever since been pursued at intervals and rearrested under the Cat and Mouse Act.

After my discharge, April 12th, I remained in the nursing home until partially restored, then, under the eyes of the police, I motored out to Woking, the country home of my friend, Dr. Ethel Smyth. This house, like the nursing home, was guarded by a small army of police. I never went to the window, I never took the air in the garden without being conscious of watching eyes. The situation became intolerable, and I determined to end it. On May 26th there was a great meeting at the London Pavillion, and I gave notice that I would attend it. Supported by Dr. Flora Murray, Dr. Ethel Smyth and my devoted Nurse Pine, I walked downstairs, to be confronted at the door by a detective, who demanded to know where I was going. I was in a weak state, much weaker than I had imagined, and in refusing the right of a man to question my movements I exhausted the last remnant of my strength and sank fainting in the arms of my friends. As soon as I recovered I got into the motor car. The detective instantly took his place beside me and told the chauffeur to drive to Bow Street Station. The chauffeur replied that he took his orders only from Mrs. Pankhurst, whereupon the detective summoned a taxicab and, placing me under arrest, took me to Bow Street.

Under the Cat and Mouse Act a paroled prisoner can be thus arrested without the formality of a warrant, nor does the time she has spent at liberty, in regaining her health, count off from her prison sentence. The magistrate at Bow Street was therefore quite within his legal rights when he ordered me returned to Holloway. I felt it my duty, nevertheless, to point out to him the inhumanity of his act. I said to him: "I was released from Holloway on account of my health. Since then I have been treated exactly as if I were in prison. It has become absolutely impossible for any one to recover health under such conditions, and this morning I decided to make this protest against a state of affairs unparalleled in a civilised country."

[Illustration: RE-ARREST OF MRS. PANKHURST AT WOKING

May 26, 1913]

The magistrate replied formally: "You quite understand what the position is. You have been arrested on this warrant and all I have to do is to make an order recommending you to prison."

"I think" I said, "that you should do so, with a full sense of responsibility. If I am taken to Holloway on your warrant I shall resume the protest I made before which led to my release, and I shall go on indefinitely until I die, or until the Government decide, since they have taken upon themselves to employ you and other people to administer the laws, that they must recognise women as citizens and give them some control over the laws of this country."

It was a five days' hunger strike this time, because the extreme weakness of my condition made it impossible for me to endure a longer term. I was released on May 30th on a seven days' licence, and in a half-alive state was again carried to a nursing home. Less than a week later, while I was still bed-ridden, a terrible event occurred, one that should have shaken the stolid British public into a realisation of the seriousness of the situation precipitated by the Government. Emily Wilding Davison, who had been associated with the militant movement since 1906, gave up her life for the women's cause by throwing herself in the path of the thing, next to property, held most sacred to Englishmen--sport. Miss Davison went to the races at Epsom, and breaking through the barriers which separated the vast crowds from the race course, rushed in the path of the galloping horses and caught the bridle of the King's horse, which was leading all the others. The horse fell, throwing his jockey and crushing Miss Davison in such shocking fashion that she was carried from the course in a dying condition. Everything possible was done to save her life. The great surgeon, Mr. Mansell Moullin, put everything aside and devoted himself to her case, but though he operated most skilfully, the injuries she had received were so frightful that she died four days later without once having recovered consciousness. Members of the Union were beside her when she breathed her last, on June 8th, and on June 14th they gave her a great public funeral in London. Crowds lined the streets as the funeral car, followed by thousands of women, passed slowly and sadly to St. George's Church, Bloomsbury, where the memorial services were held.

Emily Wilding Davison was a character almost inevitably developed by a struggle such as ours. She was a B. A. of London University, and had taken first class honours at Oxford in English Language and Literature. Yet the women's cause made such an appeal to her reason and her sympathies that she put every intellectual and social appeal aside and devoted herself untiringly and fearlessly to the work of the Union. She had suffered many imprisonments, had been forcibly fed and most brutally treated. On one occasion when she had barricaded her cell against the prison doctors, a hose pipe was turned on her from the window and she was drenched and all but drowned in the icy water while workmen were breaking down her cell door. Miss Davison, after this experience, expressed to several of her friends the deep conviction that now, as in days called uncivilised, the conscience of the people would awaken only to the sacrifice of a human life. At one time in prison she tried to kill herself by throwing herself head-long from one of the upper galleries, but she succeeded only in sustaining cruel injuries. Ever after that time she clung to her conviction that one great tragedy, the deliberate throwing into the breach of a human life, would put an end to the intolerable torture of women. And so she threw herself at the King's horse, in full view of the King and Queen and a great multitude of their Majesties' subjects, offering up her life as a petition to the King, praying for the release of suffering women throughout England and the world. No one can possibly doubt that that prayer can forever remain unanswered, for she took it straight to the Throne of the King of all the worlds.

The death of Miss Davison was a great shock to me and a very great grief as well, and although I was scarcely able to leave my bed I determined to risk everything to attend her funeral. This was not to be, however, for as I left the house I was again arrested by detectives who lay in waiting. Again the farce of trying to make me serve a three years' sentence was undertaken. But now the militant women had discovered a new and more terrible weapon with which to defy the unjust laws of England, and this weapon--the thirst strike--I turned against my gaolers with such effect that they were forced within three days to release me.

The hunger strike I have described as a dreadful ordeal, but it is a mild experience compared with the thirst strike, which is from beginning to end simple and unmitigated torture. Hunger striking reduces a prisoner's weight very quickly, but thirst striking reduces weight so alarmingly fast that prison doctors were at first thrown into absolute panic of fright. Later they became somewhat hardened, but even now they regard the thirst strike with terror. I am not sure that I can convey to the reader the effect of days spent without a single drop of water taken into the system. The body cannot endure loss of moisture. It cries out in protest with every nerve. The muscles waste, the skin becomes shrunken and flabby, the facial appearance alters horribly, all these outward symptoms being eloquent of the acute suffering of the entire physical being. Every natural function is, of course, suspended, and the poisons which are unable to pass out of the body are retained and absorbed. The body becomes cold and shivery, there is constant headache and nausea, and sometimes there is fever. The mouth and tongue become coated and swollen, the throat thickens and the voice sinks to a thready whisper.

When, at the end of the third day of my first thirst strike, I was sent home I was in a condition of jaundice from which I have never completely recovered. So badly was I affected that the prison authorities made no attempt to arrest me for nearly a month after my release. On July 13th I felt strong enough once more to protest against the odious Cat and Mouse Act, and, with Miss Annie Kenney, who was also at liberty "on medical grounds," I went to a meeting at the London Pavillion. At the close of the meeting, during which Miss Kenney's prison licence was auctioned off for L12, we attempted for the first time the open escape which we have so frequently since effected. Miss Kenney, from the platform, announced that we should openly leave the hall, and she forthwith walked coolly down into the audience. The police rushed in in overwhelming numbers, and after a desperate fight, succeeded in capturing her. Other detectives and policemen hurried to the side door of the hall to intercept me, but I disappointed them by leaving by the front door and escaping to a friend's house in a cab.

The police soon traced me to the house of my friend, the distinguished scientist, Mrs. Hertha Ayrton, and the place straightway became a besieged fortress. Day and night the house was surrounded, not only by police, but by crowds of women sympathisers. On the Saturday following my appearance at the Pavillion we gave the police a bit of excitement of a kind they do not relish. A cab drove up to Mrs. Ayrton's door, and several well-known members of the Union alighted and hurried indoors. At once the word was circulated that a rescue was being attempted, and the police drew resolutely around the cab. Soon a veiled woman appeared in the doorway, surrounded by Suffragettes, who, when the veiled lady attempted to get into the cab, resisted with all their strength the efforts of the police to lay hands upon her. The cry went up from all sides: "They are arresting Mrs. Pankhurst!" Something very like a free fight ensued, occupying all the attention of the police who were not in the immediate vicinity of the cab. The men surrounding that rocking vehicle succeeded in tearing the veiled figure from the arms of the other women and piling into the cab ordered the chauffeur to drive full speed to Bow Street. Before they reached their destination, however, the veiled lady raised her veil--alas, it was not Mrs. Pankhurst, who by that time was speeding away in another taxicab in quite another direction.

Our ruse infuriated the police, and they determined to arrest me at my first public appearance, which was at the Pavillion on the Monday following the episode just related. When I reached the Pavillion I found it literally surrounded by police, hundreds of them. I managed to slip past the outside cordon, but Scotland Yard had its best men inside the hall, and I was not permitted to reach the platform. Surrounded by plain clothes men, batons drawn, I could not escape, but I called out to the women that I was being taken, and so valiantly did they rush to the rescue that the police had their hands full for nearly half an hour before they got me into a taxicab bound for Holloway. Six women were arrested that day, and many more than six policemen were temporarily incapacitated for duty.

By this time I had made up my mind that I would not only resist staying in prison, I would resist to the utmost of my ability going to prison. Therefore, when we reached Holloway I refused to get out of the cab, declaring to my captors that I would no longer acquiesce in the slow judicial murder to which the Government were subjecting women. I was lifted out and carried into a cell in the convicted hospital wing of the gaol. The wardresses who were on duty there spoke with some kindness to me, suggesting that, as I was very apparently exhausted and ill, I should do well to undress and go to bed. "No," I replied, "I shall not go to bed, not once while I am kept here. I am weary of this brutal game, and I intend to end it."

Without undressing, I lay down on the outside of the bed. Later in the evening the prison doctor visited me, but I refused to be examined. In the morning he came again, and with him the Governor and the head wardress. As I had taken neither food nor water since the previous day my appearance had become altered to such an extent that the doctor was plainly perturbed. He begged me, "as a small concession," to allow him to feel my pulse, but I shook my head, and they left me alone for the day. That night I was so ill that I felt some alarm for my own condition, but I knew of nothing that could be done except to wait. On Wednesday morning the Governor came again and asked me with an assumption of carelessness if it were true that I was refusing both food and water. "It is true," I said, and he replied brutally: "You are very cheap to keep." Then, as if the thing were not a ridiculous farce, he announced that I was sentenced to close confinement for three days, with deprivation of all privileges, after which he left my cell.

Twice that day the doctor visited me, but I would not allow him to touch me. Later came a medical officer from the Home Office, to which I had complained, as I had complained to the Governor and the prison doctor, of the pain I still suffered from the rough treatment I had received at the Pavillion. Both of the medical men insisted that I allow them to examine me, but I said: "I will not be examined by you because your intention is not to help me as a patient, but merely to ascertain how much longer it will be possible to keep me alive in prison. I am not prepared to assist you or the Government in any such way. I am not prepared to relieve you of any responsibility in this matter." I added that it must be quite obvious that I was very ill and unfit to be confined in prison. They hesitated for a moment or two, then left me.

Wednesday night was a long nightmare of suffering, and by Thursday morning I must have presented an almost mummified appearance. From the faces of the Governor and the doctor when they came into my cell and looked at me I thought that they would at once arrange for my release. But the hours passed and no order for release came. I decided that I must force my release, and I got up from the bed where I had been lying and began to stagger up and down the cell. When all strength failed me and I could keep my feet no longer I lay down on the stone floor, and there, at four in the afternoon, they found me, gasping and half unconscious. And then they sent me away. I was in a very weakened condition this time, and had to be treated with saline solutions to save my life. I felt, however, that I had broken my prison walls for a time at least, and so this proved. It was on July 24th that I was released. A few days later I was borne in an invalid's chair to the platform of the London Pavillion. I could not speak, but I was there, as I had promised to be. My licence, which by this time I had ceased to tear up because it had an auction value, was sold to an American present for the sum of one hundred pounds. I had told the Governor on leaving that I intended to sell the licence and to spend the money for militant purposes, but I had not expected to raise such a splendid sum as one hundred pounds. I shall always remember the generosity of that unknown American friend.

A great medical congress was being held in London in the summer of 1913, and on August 11th we held a large meeting at Kingsway Hall, which was attended by hundreds of visiting doctors. I addressed this meeting, at which a ringing resolution against forcible feeding was passed, and I was allowed to go home without police interference. It was, as a matter of fact, the second time during that month that I had spoken in public without molestation. The presence of so many distinguished medical men in London may have suggested to the authorities that I had better be left alone for the time being. At all events I was left alone, and late in the month I went, quite publicly, to Paris, to see my daughter Christabel and plan with her the campaign for the coming autumn. I needed rest after the struggles of the past five months, during which I had served, of my three years' prison sentence, not quite three weeks.

FOOTNOTE:

[5] Mr. Lansbury shortly before this had resigned his seat in Parliament and had gone to his constituents on the question of women's suffrage. Both the Liberal and the Conservative parties had united against him, with the result that a Unionist candidate was returned in his place. Mr. Lloyd-George publicly rejoiced in the result of this election, saying that Mr. Marsh, the Conservative candidate, had been his man. The Labour Party, in Parliament and out, meekly accepted this piece of Liberal chicanery without protest.

CHAPTER VII

The two months of the summer of 1913 which were spent with my daughter in Paris were almost the last days of peace and rest I have been destined since to enjoy. I spent the days, or some hours of them, in the initial preparation of this volume, because it seemed to me that I had a duty to perform in giving to the world my own plain statement of the events which have led up to the women's revolution in England. Other histories of the militant movement will undoubtedly be written; in times to come when in all constitutional countries of the world, women's votes will be as universally accepted as men's votes are now; when men and women occupy the world of industry on equal terms, as co-workers rather than as cut-throat competitors; when, in a word, all the dreadful and criminal discriminations which exist now between the sexes are abolished, as they must one day be abolished, the historian will be able to sit down in leisurely fashion and do full justice to the strange story of how the women of England took up arms against the blind and obstinate Government of England and fought their way to political freedom. I should like to live long enough to read such a history, calmly considered, carefully analysed, conscientiously set forth. It will be a better book to read than this one, written, as it were, in camp between battles. But perhaps this one, hastily prepared as it has been, will give the reader of the future a clearer impression of the strenuousness and the desperation of the conflict, and also something of the heretofore undreamed of courage and fighting strength of women, who, having learned the joy of battle, lose all sense of fear and continue their struggle up to and past the gates of death, never flinching at any step of the way.

Every step since that meeting in October, 1912, when we definitely declared war on the peace of England, has been beset with danger and difficulty, often unexpected and undeclared. In October, 1913, I sailed in the French liner, _La Provence_, for my third visit to the United States. My intention was published in the public press of England, France and America. No attempt at concealment of my purpose was made, and in fact, my departure was witnessed by two men from Scotland Yard. Some hints had reached my ears that an attempt would be made by the Immigration Officers at the port of New York to exclude me as an undesirable alien, but I gave little credit to these reports. American friends wrote and cabled encouraging words, and so I passed

my time aboard ship quite peacefully, working part of the time, resting also against the fatigue always attendant on a lecture tour.

[Illustration: MRS. PANKHURST AND CHRISTABEL IN THE GARDEN OF CHRISTABEL'S HOME IN PARIS]

We came to anchor in the harbour of New York on October 26th, and there, to my astonishment, the Immigration authorities notified me that I was ordered to Ellis Island to appear before a Board of Special Inquiry. The officers who served the order of detention did so with all courtesy, even with a certain air of reluctance. They allowed my American travelling companion, Mrs. Rheta Childe Dorr, to accompany me to the Island, but no one, not even the solicitor sent by Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont to defend me, was permitted to attend me before the Board of Special Inquiry. I went before these three men quite alone, as many a poor, friendless woman, without any of my resources, has had to appear. The moment of my entrance to the room I knew that extraordinary means had been employed against me, for on the desk behind which the Board sat I saw a complete _dossier_ of my case in English legal papers. These papers may have been supplied by Scotland Yard, or they may have been supplied by the Government. I cannot tell, of course. They sufficed to convince the Board of Special Inquiry that I was a person of doubtful character, to say the least of it, and I was informed that I should have to be detained until the higher authorities at Washington examined my case. Everything was done to make me comfortable, the rooms of the Commissioner of Immigration being turned over to me and my companion. The very men who found me guilty of moral obloquy--something of which no British jury has ever yet accused me--put themselves out in a number of ways to make my detention agreeable. I was escorted all over the Island and through the quarters assigned detained immigrants, whose right to land in the United States is in question. The huge dining-rooms, the spotless kitchens and the admirably varied bill of fare interested and impressed me. Nothing like them exists in any English institution.

I remained at Ellis Island two and a half days, long enough for the Commissioner of Immigration at Washington to take my case to the President who instantly ordered my release. Whoever was responsible for my detention entirely overlooked the advertising value of the incident. My lecture tour was made much more successful for it and I embarked for England late in November with a very generous American contribution to our war chest, a contribution, alas, that I was not permitted to deliver in person.

The night before the White Star liner _Majestic_ reached Plymouth a wireless message from headquarters informed me that the Government had decided to arrest me on my arrival. The arrest was made, under very dramatic conditions, the next day shortly before noon. The steamer came to anchor in the outer harbour, and we saw at once that the bay, usually so animated with passing vessels, had been cleared of all craft. Far in the distance the tender, which on other occasions had always met the steamer, rested at anchor between two huge grey warships. For a moment or two the scene halted, the passengers crowding to the deckrails in speechless curiosity to see what was to happen next. Suddenly a fisherman's dory, power driven, dashed across the harbour, directly under the noses of the grim war vessels. Two women, spray drenched, stood up in the boat, and as it ploughed swiftly past our steamer the women called out to me: "The Cats are here, Mrs. Pankhurst! They're close on you--" Their voices trailed away into the mist and we heard no more. Within a minute or two a frightened ship's boy appeared on deck and delivered a message from the purser asking me to step down to his office. I answered that I would certainly do nothing of the kind, and next the police swarmed out on deck and I heard, for the fifth time that I was arrested under the Cat and Mouse Act. They had sent five men from Scotland Yard, two men from Plymouth and a wardress from Holloway, a sufficient number, it will be allowed, to take one woman from a ship anchored two miles out at sea.

Following my firm resolve not to assist in any way the enforcing of the infamous law, I refused to go with the men, who thereupon picked me up and carried me to the waiting police tender. We steamed some miles up the Cornish coast, the police refusing absolutely to tell me whither they were conveying me, and finally disembarked at Bull Point, a Government landing-stage, closed to the general public. Here a motor car was waiting, and accompanied by my bodyguard from Scotland Yard and Holloway, I was driven across Dartmoor to Exeter, where I had a not unendurable imprisonment and hunger strike of four days. Everyone from the Governor of the prison to the wardresses were openly sympathetic and kind, and I was told by one confidential official that they kept me only because they had orders to do so until after the great meeting at Empress Theatre, Earls Court, London, which had been arranged as a welcome home for me. The meeting was held on the Sunday night following my arrest, and the great sum of L15,000 was poured into the coffers of militancy. This included the L4,500 which had been collected during my American tour.

Several days after my release from Exeter I went openly to Paris to confer with my daughter on matters relating to the campaign about to open, returning to attend a W. S. P. U. meeting on the day before my license expired. Nevertheless the boat train carriage in which I travelled with my doctor and nurse was invaded at Dover town by two detectives who told me to consider myself under arrest. We were making tea when the men entered, but this we immediately threw out of the window, because a hunger strike always began at the instant of arrest. We never compromised at all, but resisted from the very first moment of attack.

The reason for this uncalled for arrest at Dover was the fear on the part of the police of the body guard of women, just then organised for the expressed purpose of resisting attempts to arrest me. That the police, as well as the Government were afraid to risk encountering women who were not afraid to fight we had had abundant testimony. We certainly had it on this occasion, for knowing that the body guard was waiting at Victoria Station, the authorities had cut off all approaches to the arrival platform and the place was guarded by battalions of police. Not a passenger was permitted to leave a carriage until I had been carried across the arrival platform between a double line of police and detectives and thrown into a forty horse power motor car, guarded within by two plain clothes men and a wardress, and without by three more policemen. Around this motor car were twelve taxi-cabs filled with plain clothes men, four to each vehicle, and three guarding the outside, not to mention the driver, who was also in the employ of the police department. Detectives on motor cycles were on guard at various points ready to follow any rescuing taxicab.

Arrived at Holloway I was again lifted from the car and taken to the reception room and placed on the floor in a state of great exhaustion. When the doctor came in and told me curtly to stand up I was obliged to tell him that I could not stand. I utterly refused to be examined, saying that I was resolved to make the Government assume full responsibility for my condition. "I refuse to be examined by you or any prison doctor," I declared, "and I do this as a protest against my sentence, and against my being here at all. I no longer recognise a prison doctor as a medical man in the proper sense of the word. I have withdrawn my consent to be governed by the rules of prison; I refuse to recognise the authority of any prison official, and I therefore make it impossible for the Government to carry out the sentence they have imposed upon me."

Wardresses were summoned, I was placed in an invalid chair and so carried up three flights of stairs and put into an unwarmed cell with a concrete floor. Refusing to leave the chair I was lifted out and placed on the bed, where I lay all night without removing my coat or loosening my garments. It was on a Saturday that the arrest had been made, and I was kept in prison until the following Wednesday morning. During all that time no food or water passed my lips, and I added to this the sleep strike, which means that as far as was humanly possible I refused all sleep and rest. For two nights I sat or lay on the concrete floor, resolutely refusing the oft repeated offers of medical examination. "You are not a doctor," I told the man. "You are a Government torturer, and all you want to do is to satisfy yourself that I am not quite ready to die." The doctor, a new man since my last imprisonment, flushed and looked extremely unhappy. "I suppose you do think that," he mumbled.

On Tuesday morning the Governor came to look at me, and no doubt I presented by that time a fairly bad appearance. At least I gathered as much from the alarmed expression of the wardress who accompanied him. To the Governor I made the simple announcement that I was ready to leave prison and that I intended to leave very soon, dead or alive. I told him that from that moment I should not even rest on the concrete floor, but should walk my cell until I was released or until I died from exhaustion. All day I kept to this resolution, pacing up and down the narrow cell, many times stumbling and falling, until the doctor came in at evening to tell me that I was ordered released on the following morning. Then I loosened my gown and lay down, absolutely spent, and fell almost instantly into a death-like sleep. The next morning a motor ambulance took me to the Kingsway headquarters where a hospital room had been arranged for my reception. The two imprisonments in less than ten days had made terrible drafts on my strength, and the coldness of the Holloway cell had brought on a painful neuralgia. It was many days before I recovered even a tithe of my usual health.

These two arrests resulted exactly as the Government should have known that they would result, in a great outbreak of fresh militancy. As soon as the news spread that I had been taken at Plymouth a huge fire broke out in the timber yards at Richmond Walk, Devenport, and an acre and a half of timber, beside a pleasure fair and a scenic railway adjacent, to the value of thousands of pounds was destroyed. No one ever discovered the cause of the fire, the greatest that ever occurred in the neighbourhood, but tied to one of the railings was a copy of the _Suffragette_ and to another railing two cards, on one of which was written a message to the Government: "How dare you arrest Mrs. Pankhurst and allow Sir Edward Carson and Mr. Bonar Law to go free?" The second card bore the words: "Our reply to the torture of Mrs. Pankhurst, and her cowardly arrest at Plymouth."

Besides this fire, which waged fiercely from midnight until dawn, a large unoccupied house at Bristol was destroyed by fire; a fine residence in Scotland, also unoccupied, was badly damaged by fire; St. Anne's Church in a suburb of Liverpool was partly destroyed; and many pillar boxes in London, Edinburgh, Derby and other cities were fired. In churches all over the Kingdom our women created consternation by interpolating into the services reverently spoken prayers for prisoners who were suffering for conscience' sake. The reader no doubt has heard of these interruptions, and if so he has read of brawling, shrieking women, breaking into the sanctity of religious services, and creating riot in the House of God. I think the reader should know exactly what does happen when militants, who are usually religious women, interrupt church services. On the Sunday when I was in Holloway,

following my arrest at Dover, certain women attending the afternoon service at Westminster Abbey, chanted in concert the following prayer: "God save Emmeline Pankhurst, help us with Thy love and strength to guard her, spare those who suffer for conscience' sake. Hear us when we pray to Thee." They had hardly finished this prayer when vergers fell upon them and with great violence hustled them out of the Abbey. One kneeling man, who happened to be near one of the women, forgot his Christian intercessions long enough to beat her in the face with his fists before the vergers came.

Similar scenes have taken place in churches and cathedrals throughout England and Scotland, and in many instances the women have been most barbarously treated by vergers and members of the congregations. In other cases the women not only have been left unmolested, but have been allowed to finish their prayers amid deep and sympathetic silence. Some clergymen have even been brave enough to add a reverent amen to these prayers for women in prison, and it has happened that clergymen have voluntarily offered prayers for us. The Church as a whole, however, has undoubtedly failed to live up to its obligation to demand justice for women, and to protest against the torture of forcible feeding. During the year just closing we sent many deputations to Church authorities, the Bishops, one after another having been visited in this manner. Some of the Bishops, including the reactionary Archbishop of Canterbury, refused to accord the desired interview, and when that happened, the answer of the deputation was to sit on the doorstep of the episcopal residence until surrender followed--as it invariably did.

As Holloway Gaol is within his diocese, the Bishop of London was visited by the W. S. P. U. and the demand was made that the Bishop himself should witness forcible feeding in order to realise the horror of the proceeding. He did visit two of the tortured women, but he did not see them forcibly fed, and when he came out he gave the public an account of his interview with them which was in effect the Government's version of the facts. The W. S. P. U. was naturally indignant, while all the Government's friends hailed the Bishop as a supporter of the policy of torture. Only those who have suffered the pain and agony, not to speak of the moral humiliation of forcible feeding can realise the depths of the iniquity which the Bishop of London was manoeuvred by the Government to whitewash. It may be true, as the Bishop comforted himself by saying, that the victims of forcible feeding suffered the more because they struggled under the process. But, as Mary Richardson wrote in the _Suffragette_, to expect a victim not to struggle was the same as telling her that she would suffer less if she did not jump on getting a cinder in her eye. "The principle," declared Miss Richardson, "is the same. One struggles because the pain is excruciating, and the nerves of the eyes, ears and face are so tortured that it would be impossible not to resist to the uttermost. One struggles, also, because of another reason--a moral reason--for forcible feeding is an immoral assault as well as a painful physical one, and to remain passive under it would give one the feeling of sin; the sin of concurrence. One's whole nature is revolted; resistance is therefore inevitable."

I think it proper here to explain also the policy upon which we embarked in 1914 of taking our cause directly to the King. The reader has perhaps heard of Suffragette "insults" to King George and Queen Mary, and it is but just that he should hear a direct account of how these "insults" are offered. Several isolated attempts had been made to present petitions to the King, once when he was on his way to Westminster to open Parliament, and again on an occasion when he paid a visit to Bristol. On the latter occasion the woman who tried to present the petition was assaulted by one of the King's equerries, who struck her with the flat of his sword.

We finally resolved on the policy of direct petition to the king because we had been forced to abandon all hope of successful petitioning to his Ministers. Tricked and betrayed at every turn by the Liberal Government, we announced that we would not again put even a pretence of confidence in them. We would carry our demand for justice to the throne of the Monarch. Late in December, 1913, while I was in prison for the second time since my return to England, a great gala performance was given at Covent Garden, the opera being the Jeanne d'Arc of Raymond Roze. The King and Queen and the entire Court were present, and the scene was expected to be one of unusual brilliance. Our women took advantage of the occasion to make one of the most successful demonstrations of the year. A box was secured directly opposite the Royal Box, and this was occupied by three women, beautifully gowned. On entering they had managed, without attracting the slightest attention, to lock and barricade the door, and at the close of the first act, as soon as the orchestra had disappeared, the women stood up, and one of them, with the aid of a megaphone, addressed the King. Calling attention to the impressive scenes on the stage, the speaker told the King that women were to-day fighting, as Joan of Arc fought centuries ago, for human liberty, and that they, like the maid of Orleans, were being tortured and done to death, in the name of the King, in the name of the Church, and with the full knowledge and responsibility of established Government. At this very hour the leader of these fighters in the army of liberty was being held in prison and tortured by the King's authority.

The vast audience was thrown into a panic of excitement and horror, and amid a perfect turmoil of cries and adjurations, the door of the box was finally broken down and the women ejected. As soon as they had left the house others of our women, to the number of forty or more, who had been sitting quietly in an upper gallery, rose to their feet and rained suffrage literature on the heads of the

audience below. It was fully three quarters of an hour before the excitement subsided and the singers could go on with the opera.

The sensation caused by this direct address to Royalty inspired us to make a second attempt to arouse the King's conscience, and early in January, as soon as Parliament re-assembled, we announced that I would personally lead a deputation to Buckingham Palace. The plan was welcomed with enthusiasm by our members and a very large number of women volunteered to join the deputation, which was intended to make a protest against three things--the continued disfranchisement of women; the forcible feeding and the cat and mouse torture of those who were fighting against this injustice; and the scandalous manner in which the Government, while coercing and torturing militant women, were allowing perfect freedom to the men opponents of Home Rule in Ireland, men who openly announced that they were about to carry out a policy, not merely of attacking property, but of destroying human life.

I wrote a letter to the King, conveying to him "the respectful and loyal request of the Women's Social and Political Union that Your Majesty will give audience to a deputation of women." The letter went on: "The deputation desire to submit to Your Majesty in person their claim to the Parliamentary vote, which is the only protection against the grievous industrial and social wrongs that women suffer; is the symbol and guarantee of British citizenship; and means the recognition of women's equal dignity and worth, as members of our great Empire.

"The Deputation will further lay before Your Majesty a complaint of the mediaeval and barbarous methods of torture whereby Your Majesty's Ministers are seeking to repress women's revolt against the deprivation of citizen rights--a revolt as noble and glorious in its spirit and purpose as any of those past struggles for liberty which are the pride of the British race.

"We have been told by the unthinking--by those who are heedless of the constitutional principles upon which is based our loyal request for an audience of Your Majesty in person--that our conversation should be with Your Majesty's Ministers.

"We repudiate this suggestion. In the first place, it would not only be repugnant to our womanly sense of dignity, but it would be absurd and futile for us to interview the very men against whom we bring the accusations of betraying the Women's Cause and torturing those who fight for that Cause.

"In the second place, we will not be referred to, and we will not recognise the authority of men who, in our eyes, have no legal or constitutional standing in the matter, because we have not been consulted as to their election to Parliament nor as to their appointment as Ministers of the Crown."

I then cited as a precedent in support of our claim to be heard by the King in person, the case of the Deputation of Irish Catholics, which, in the year 1793, was received by King George III in person.

I further said:

"Our right as women to be heard and to be aided by Your Majesty is far stronger than any such right possessed by men, because it is based upon our lack of every other constitutional means of securing the redress of our grievances. We have no power to vote for Members of Parliament, and therefore for us there is no House of Commons. We have no voice in the House of Lords. But we have a King, and to him we make our appeal.

"Constitutionally speaking, we are, as voteless women, living in the time when the power of the Monarch was unlimited. In that old time, which is passed for men though not for women, men who were oppressed had recourse to the King--the source of power, of justice, and of reform.

"Precisely in the same way we now claim the right to come to the foot of the Throne and to make of the King in person our demand for the redress of the political grievance which we cannot, and will not, any longer tolerate.

"Because women are voteless, there are in our midst to-day sweated workers, white slaves, outraged children, and innocent mothers and their babes stricken by horrible disease. It is for the sake and in the cause of these unhappy members of our sex, that we ask of Your Majesty the audience that we are confident will be granted to us."

It was some days before we had the answer to this letter, and in the meantime some uncommonly stirring and painful occurrences attracted the public attention.

CHAPTER VIII

For months before my return to England from my American lecture tour, the Ulster situation had been increasingly serious. Sir Edward Carson and his followers had declared that if Home Rule government should be created and set up in Dublin, they would--law or no law--establish a rival and independent Government in Ulster. It was known that arms and ammunition were being shipped to Ireland, and that men--and women too, for that matter--were drilling and otherwise getting ready for civil war. The W. S. P. U. approached Sir Edward Carson and asked him if the proposed Ulster Government would give equal voting rights to women. We frankly declared that in case the Ulster men alone were to have the vote, that we should deal with "King Carson" and his colleagues exactly in the same manner that we had adopted towards the British Government centred at Westminster. Sir Edward Carson at first promised us that the rebel Ulster Government, should it come into existence, would give votes to Ulster women. This pledge was later repudiated, and in the early winter months of 1914 militancy appeared in Ulster. It had been raging in Scotland for some time, and now the imprisoned Suffragettes in that country were being forcibly fed as in England. The answer to this was, of course, more militancy. The ancient Scottish church of Whitekirk, a relic of pre-Reformation days, was destroyed by fire. Several unoccupied country houses were also burned.

It was about this time, February, 1914, that I undertook a series of meetings outside London, the first of which was to be held in Glasgow, in the St. Andrews Hall, which holds many thousands of people. In order that I might be free on the night of the meeting, I left London unknown to the police, in a motor car. In spite of all efforts to apprehend me I succeeded in reaching Glasgow and in getting to the platform of St. Andrews' where I found myself face to face with an enormous, and manifestly sympathetic audience.

As it was suspected that the police might rush the platform, plans had been made to offer resistance, and the bodyguard was present in force. My speech was one of the shortest I have ever made. I said:

"I have kept my promise, and in spite of His Majesty's Government I am here to-night. Very few people in this audience, very few people in this country, know how much of the nation's money is being spent to silence women. But the wit and ingenuity of women is overcoming the power and money of the British Government. It is well that we should have this meeting to-night, because to-day is a memorable day in the annals of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. To-day in the House of Commons has been witnessed the triumph of militancy--men's militancy--and to-night I hope to make it clear to the people in this meeting that if there is any distinction to be drawn at all between militancy in Ulster and the militancy of women, it is all to the advantage of the women. Our greatest task in this women's movement is to prove that we are human beings like men, and every stage of our fight is forcing home that very difficult lesson into the minds of men, and especially into the minds of politicians. I propose to-night at this political meeting to have a text. Texts are usually given from pulpits, but perhaps you will forgive me if I have a text to-night. My text is: 'Equal justice for men and women, equal political justice, equal legal justice, equal industrial justice, and equal social justice.' I want as clearly and briefly as I can to make it clear to you to-night that if it is justifiable to fight for common ordinary equal justice, then women have ample justification, nay, have greater justification, for revolution and rebellion, than ever men have had in the whole history of the human race. Now that is a big contention to make, but I am going to prove it. You get the proof of the political injustice--"

As I finished the word "injustice," a steward uttered a warning shout, there was a tramp of heavy feet, and a large body of police burst into the hall, and rushed up to the platform, drawing their truncheons as they ran. Headed by detectives from Scotland Yard, they surged in on all sides, but as the foremost members attempted to storm the platform, they were met by a fusillade of flower-pots, tables, chairs, and other missiles. They seized the platform railing, in order to tear it down, but they found that under the decorations barbed wires were concealed. This gave them pause for a moment.

Meanwhile, more of the invading host came from other directions. The bodyguard and members of the audience vigorously repelled the attack, wielding clubs, batons, poles, planks, or anything they could seize, while the police laid about right and left with their batons, their violence being far the greater. Men and women were seen on all sides with blood streaming down their faces, and there were cries for a doctor. In the middle of the struggle, several revolver shots rang out, and the woman who was firing the revolver--which I should explain was loaded with blank cartridges only--was able to terrorise and keep at bay a whole body of police.

I had been surrounded by members of the bodyguard, who hurried me towards the stairs from the platform. The police, however, overtook us, and in spite of the resistance of the bodyguard, they seized me and dragged me down the narrow stair at the back of the hall. There a cab was waiting. I was pushed violently into it, and thrown on the floor, the seats being occupied by as many constables as could crowd inside.

The meeting was left in a state of tremendous turmoil, and the people of Glasgow who were present expressed their sense of outrage at the behavior of the police, who, acting under the Government's instructions, had so disgraced the city. General Drummond, who was present on the platform, took hold of the situation and delivered a rousing speech, in which she exhorted the audience to make the Government feel the force of their indignation.

I was kept in the Glasgow police-cells all night, and the next morning was taken, a hunger and thirst striking prisoner, to Holloway, where I remained for five memorable days. This was the seventh attempt the Government had made to make me serve a three years' term of penal servitude on a conspiracy charge, in connection with the blowing up of Mr. Lloyd-George's country house. In the eleven and a half months since I had received that sentence I had spent just thirty days in prison. On March 14th I was again released, still suffering severely, not only from the hunger and thirst strike, but from injuries received at the time of my brutal arrest in Glasgow.

The answer to that arrest had been swift and strong. In Bristol, the scene of great riots and destruction when men were fighting for votes, a large timber-yard was burnt. In Scotland a mansion was destroyed by fire. A milder protest consisted of a raid upon the house of the Home Secretary, in the course of which eighteen windows were broken.

The greatest and most startling of all protests hitherto made was the attack at this time on the Rokeby "Venus" in the National Gallery. Mary Richardson, the young woman who carried out this protest, is possessed of a very fine artistic sense, and nothing but the most compelling sense of duty would have moved her to the deed. Miss Richardson being placed on trial, made a moving address to the Court, in the course of which she said that her act was premeditated, and that she had thought it over very seriously before it was undertaken. She added: "I have been a student of art, and I suppose care as much for art as any one who was in the gallery when I made my protest. But I care more for justice than I do for art, and I firmly believe than when a nation shuts its eyes to justice, and prefers to have women who are fighting for justice ill-treated, mal-treated, and tortured, that such action as mine should be understandable; I don't say excusable, but it should be understood.

"I should like to point out that the outrage which the Government has committed upon Mrs. Pankhurst is an ultimatum of outrages. It is murder, slow murder, and premeditated murder. That is how I have looked at it....

"How you can hold women up to ridicule and contempt, and put them in prison, and yet say nothing to the Government for murdering people, I cannot understand....

"The fact is that the nation is either dead or asleep. In my opinion there is undoubted evidence that the nation is dead, because women have knocked in vain at the door of administrators, archbishops, and even the King himself. The Government have closed all doors to us. And remember this--a state of death in a nation, as well as in an individual, leads to one thing, and that is dissolution. I do not hesitate to say that if the men of the country do not at this eleventh hour put their hand out and save Mrs. Pankhurst, before a few more years are passed they will stretch out their hand in vain to save the Empire."

In sentencing Miss Richardson to six month's imprisonment the Magistrate said regretfully that if she had smashed a window instead of an art treasure he could have given her a maximum sentence of eighteen months, which illustrates, I think, one more queer anomaly of English law.

A few weeks later another famous painting, the Sargent portrait of Henry James, was attacked by a Suffragette, who, like Miss Richardson, was sent through the farce of a trial and a prison sentence which she did not serve. By this time practically all the picture galleries and other public galleries and museums had been closed to the public. The Suffragettes had succeeded in large measure in making England unattractive to tourists, and hence unprofitable to the world of business. As we had anticipated, the reaction against the Liberal Government began to manifest itself. Questions were asked daily, in the press, in the House of Commons, everywhere, as to the responsibility of the Government in the Suffragette activities. People began to place that responsibility where it belonged, at the doors of the Government, rather than at our own.

Especially did the public begin to contrast the treatment meted out to the rebel women with that accorded to the rebel men of Ulster. For a whole year the Government had been attacking the women's right of free speech, by their refusal to allow the W. S. P. U. to hold public meetings in Hyde Park. The excuse given for this was that we advocated and defended a militant policy. But the Government permitted the Ulster militants to advocate their war policy in Hyde Park, and we determined that, with or without the Government's permission, we should, on the day of the Ulster meeting, hold a suffrage meeting in Hyde Park. General Drummond was announced as the chief speaker at this meeting, and when the day came, militant Ulster men and militant women assembled in

Hyde Park. The militant men were allowed to speak in defence of bloodshed; but General Drummond was arrested before she had uttered more than a few words.

Another proof that the Government had a law of leniency for militant men and a law of persecution for militant women was shown at this time by the case of Miss Dorothy Evans, our organiser in Ulster. She and another Suffragette, Miss Maud Muir, were arrested in Belfast charged with having in their possession a quantity of explosives. It was well known that there were houses in Belfast that secreted tons of gunpowder and ammunition for the use of the rebels against Home Rule, but none of those houses were entered and searched by the police. The authorities reserved their energies in this direction for the headquarters of the militant women. Naturally enough the two suffrage prisoners, on being arraigned in court, refused to be tried unless the Government proceeded also against the men rebels. The prisoners throughout the proceedings kept up such a disturbance that the trial could not properly go on. When the case was called Miss Evans rose and protested loudly, saying: "I deny your jurisdiction entirely until there are in the dock beside us men who are well known leaders of the Ulster militant movement." Miss Muir joined Miss Evans in her protest and both women were dragged from the court. After an hour's adjournment the trial was resumed, but the women again began to speak, and the case was hurried through in the midst of indescribable din and commotion. The women were sent to prison on remand, and after a four days' hunger and thirst strike were released unconditionally.

The result of this case was a severe outbreak of militancy, three fires destroying Belfast mansions within a few days. Fires blazed almost daily throughout England, a very important instance being the destruction of the Bath Hotel at Felixstowe, valued at L35,000. The two women responsible for this were afterwards arrested, and as their trials were delayed, they were, although unconvicted prisoners, tortured by forcible feeding for several months. This occurred in April, a few weeks before the day appointed for our deputation to the King.

I had appointed May 21st for the deputation, in spite of the fact that the King had, through his Ministers, refused to receive us. Replying to this I had written, again directly to the King, that we utterly denied the constitutional right of Ministers, who not being elected by women were not responsible to them, to stand between ourselves and the Throne, and to prevent us from having an audience of His Majesty. I declared further that we would, on the date announced, present ourselves at the gates of Buckingham Palace to demand an interview.

Following the despatch of this letter my life was made as uncomfortable and as insecure as the Government, through their police department, could contrive. I was not allowed to make a public appearance, but I addressed several huge meetings from the balcony of houses where I had taken refuge. These were all publicly announced, and each time the police, mingling with crowds, made strenuous efforts to arrest me. By strategy, and through the valiant efforts of the bodyguard, I was able each time to make my speech and afterwards to escape from the house. All of these occasions were marked by fierce opposition from the police and splendid courage and resistance on the part of the women.

The deputation to the King was, of course, marked by the Government as an occasion on which I could be arrested, and when, on the day appointed, I led the great deputation of women to the gates of Buckingham Palace, an army of several thousand police were sent out against us. The conduct of the police showed plainly that they had been instructed to repeat the tactics of Black Friday, described in an earlier chapter. Indeed, the violence, brutality and insult of Black Friday were excelled on this day, and at the gates of the King of England. I myself did not suffer so greatly as others, because I had advanced towards the Palace unnoticed by the police, who were looking for me at a more distant point. When I arrived at the gates I was recognised by an Inspector, who at once seized me bodily, and conveyed me to Holloway.

[Illustration: (C) _International News Service_

"ARRESTED AT THE KING'S GATE!" _May, 1914_]

Before the Deputation had gone forth, I had made a short speech to them, warning them of what might happen, and my final message was: "Whatever happens, do not turn back." They did not, and in spite of all the violence inflicted upon them, they went forward, resolved, so long as they were free, not to give up the attempt to reach the Palace. Many arrests were made, and of those arrested many were sent to prison. Although for the majority, this was the first imprisonment, these brave women adopted the hunger strike, and passed seven or eight days without food and water before they were released, weak and ill as may be supposed.

CHAPTER IX

In the weeks following the disgraceful events before Buckingham Palace the Government made several last, desperate efforts to crush the W. S. P. U., to remove all the leaders and to destroy our paper, the _Suffragette_. They issued summonses against Mrs. Drummond, Mrs. Dacre Fox and Miss Grace Roe; they raided our headquarters at Lincolns Inn House; twice they raided other headquarters temporarily in use, not to speak of raids made upon private dwellings where the new leaders, who had risen to take the places of those arrested, were at their work for the organisation. But with each successive raid the disturbances which the Government were able to make in our affairs became less, because we were better able, each time, to provide against them. Every effort made by the Government to suppress the _Suffragette_ failed, and it continued to come out regularly every week. Although the paper was issued regularly, we had to use almost super-human energy to get it distributed. The Government sent to all the great wholesale news agents a letter which was designed to terrorise and bully them into refusing to handle the paper or to sell it to the retail news agents. Temporarily, at any rate, the letter produced in many cases the desired effect, but we overcame the emergency by taking immediate steps to build up a system of distribution which was worked by women themselves, independently of the newspaper trade. We also opened a "Suffragette Defence Fund," to meet the extra expense of publishing and distributing the paper.

Twice more the Government attempted to force me to serve the three years' term of penal servitude, one arrest being made when I was being carried to a meeting in an ambulance. Wholesale arrests and hunger strikes occurred at the same time, but our women continued their work of militancy, and money flowed into our Protest and Defence Fund. At one great meeting in July the fund was increased by nearly L16,000.

But now unmistakable signs began to appear that our long and bitter struggle was drawing to a close. The last resort of the Government of inciting the street mobs against us had been little successful, and we could see in the temper of the public abundant hope that the reaction against the Government, long hoped for by us, had actually begun.

Every day of the militant movement was so extraordinarily full of events and changes that it is difficult to choose a point at which this narrative should be brought to a close. I think, however, that an account of a recent debate which took place in the House of Commons will give the reader the best idea of the complete breakdown of the Government in their effort to crush the women's fight for liberty.

On June 11th, when the House of Commons had gone into a Committee of Supply, Lord Robert Cecil moved a reduction of 100 pounds on the Home Office vote, thus precipitating a discussion of militancy. Lord Robert said that he had read with some surprise that the Government were not dissatisfied with the measures which they had taken to deal with the violent suffragists, and he added with some asperity that the Government took a much more sanguine view of the matter than anybody else in the United Kingdom. The House, Lord Robert went on to declare, would not be in a position to deal with the case satisfactorily unless they realised the devotion of the followers to their leaders, who were almost fully responsible for what was going on. Ministerial cheers greeted this utterance, but they ceased suddenly when the speaker went on to say that these leaders could never have induced their followers to enter upon a career of crime but for the serious mistakes which had been made over and over again by the Government. Among these mistakes Lord Robert cited the shameful treatment of the women on Black Friday, the policy of forcible feeding and the scandal of the different treatment accorded Lady Constance Lytton and "Jane Warton." There were Opposition cheers at this, and they were again raised when Lord Robert deplored the terrible waste of energy, and "admirable material" involved in the militant movement. Although Lord Robert Cecil deemed it unjust as well as futile for Suffragist Members to withhold their support from the woman suffrage movement on account of militancy he himself was in favor of deportation for Suffragettes. At this there were cries of "Where to?" and "Ulster!"

Mr. McKenna replied by first calling attention to the fact that in the militant movement they had a phenomenon "absolutely without precedent in our history." Women in numbers were committing crimes, beginning with window breaking, and proceeding to arson, not with the motives of ordinary criminals, but with the intention of advertising a political cause and of forcing the public to grant their demands. Mr. McKenna continuing said:

"The number of women who commit crimes of that kind is extremely small, but the number of those who sympathise with them is extremely large. One of the difficulties which the police have in detecting this form of crime and in bringing home the offence to the criminal is that the criminals find so many sympathisers among the well-to-do and thoroughly respectable classes that the ordinary administration of the law is rendered comparatively impossible. Let me give the House some figures showing the number of women who have been committed to prison for offences since the beginning of the militant agitation in 1906. In that year the total number of commitments to prison was 31, all the persons charged being women. In 1909 the figure rose to 156; in 1911 to 188 (182 women

and six men); and in 1912 to 290 (288 women and two men). In 1913 the number dropped to 183, and so far this year it has dropped to 108. These figures include all commitments to prison and rearrests under the Cat and Mouse Act. What is the obvious lesson to be drawn? Up to 1912 the number of offences committed for which imprisonment was the punishment was steadily increasing, but since the beginning of last year--that is to say, since the new Act came into force--the number of individual offences has been very greatly reduced. On the other hand, we see that the seriousness of the offences is much greater."

This statement, that the number of imprisonments had decreased since the adoption of the Cat and Mouse Act, was of course, incorrect, or at best misleading. The fact was that the number of imprisonments decreased because, where formerly the militants went willingly to prison for their acts, they now escaped prison wherever possible. A comparatively small number of "mice" were ever rearrested by the police.

Mr. McKenna went on to say that he realised fully the growing sense of indignation against the militant suffragists and he added, "Their one hope is, rightly or wrongly, that the well advertised indignation of the public will recoil on the head of the Government."

"And so it will," interpolated a voice.

"My honourable friend," replied Mr. McKenna, "says so it will. I believe that he is mistaken." But he gave no reasons for so believing. Referring to what he called the "recent grave rudenesses which have been committed against the King," Mr. McKenna said: "It is true that all subjects have the right of petitioning His Majesty, providing the petition is couched in respectful terms, but there is no right on the part of the subjects generally to personal audience for the purpose of the presentation of the petition or otherwise. It is the duty of the Home Secretary to present all such petitions to the King, and further to advise His Majesty what action should be taken. It was therefore ridiculous for any Suffragist to assert that there had been any breach of constitutional propriety on the part of the King in refusing, on the advice of the Home Secretary to receive the deputation."

Also, said Mr. McKenna, in view of the fact that the petition for an audience was sent by a person under sentence of penal servitude--myself--it was the plain duty of the Home Secretary to advise the King not to grant it. He referred to the incident, he said, only because it was illustrative of the militant's methods of advertising their cause. He gave them credit, he was bound to say, for a certain degree of intelligence in adopting their methods. "No action has been so fruitful of advertisement as the recent absurdities which they have perpetrated in relation to the King."

Coming down to the question of methods of meeting and overcoming militancy, Mr. McKenna said that he had received an almost unlimited correspondence on the subject from every section of the public. "Four methods were suggested," said he. "The first is to let them die. (Hear, hear.) That is, I should say, at the present moment, the most popular (laughter), judging by the number of letters I have received. The second is to deport them. (Hear, hear.) The third is to treat them as lunatics. (Hear, hear.) And the fourth is to give them the franchise. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) I think that is an exhaustive list. I notice each one of them is received with a certain very moderate amount of applause in this House. I hope to give reason why at the present time I think we should not adopt any one of them."

The first suggestion was usually, not always, based on the assumption that the women would take their food if they knew that the alternative was death. Mr. McKenna read to the House in opposition to that view "the opinion of a great medical expert who had had intimate knowledge of the Suffragettes from the first." "We have to face the fact, therefore, that they would die," continued Mr. McKenna.

"Let me say, also, with actual experience of dealing with suffragists, in many cases they have got in their refusal of food and water beyond the point when they could help themselves, and they have clearly done all that they could do to show their readiness to die.... There are those who hold another assumption. They think that after one or two deaths in prison militancy would cease. In my judgment there was never a greater delusion. I readily admit that this is the issue upon which I stand and upon which I feel I would fight to the end those who would adopt as their policy to let the prisoners die. So far from putting an end to militancy, I believe it would be the greatest incentive to militancy which could ever happen. For every woman who dies, there would be scores of women who would come forward for the honour, as they would deem it, of earning the crown of martyrdom."

"How do you know?" called out an Opposition member.

"How do I know?" retorted the Home Secretary. "I have had more to do with these women than the honourable member, much more. Those who hold that opinion leave out of account all recognition of the nature of these women. I do not speak in admiration of them. They are hysterical fanatics, but, coupled with their hysterical fanaticism, they have a courage, part of their fanaticism, which

undoubtedly stands at nothing, and the honourable member who thinks that they would not come forward, not merely to risk death, but to undergo it, for what they deem the greatest cause on earth is making, in my judgment, a profound mistake.... They would seek death, and I am sure that however strong public opinion outside might be to-day in favour of allowing them to die, when there were twenty, thirty, forty, or more deaths in prison, you would have a violent reaction of public opinion, and the honourable gentleman who now so glibly says 'Let them die' would be among the first to blame the Government for what he would describe as the inhuman attitude they had adopted.

"That policy," continued Mr. McKenna, "could not be adopted without an Act of Parliament. For the reason I have given I have not asked Parliament to remove from prison officials the responsibility under which they now rest for doing their best to keep those committed to their charge alive. But, supposing this legal responsibility were removed from the prison officials, let honourable members for a moment transport themselves in imagination to a prison cell and conceive of a prison doctor, a humane man, standing by watching a woman slowly being done to death by starvation and thirst, knowing that he could help her and that he could keep her alive. Did they think that any doctor would go on with such action, or that we should be able to retain medical men under such conditions in our service? I do not believe it.

"The doctor would think, as I should think if I saw a woman lying there, 'What has been this woman's offence?' It may have been obstructing the police, coupled with the obstinacy derived from fanaticism which leads her to refuse food and water. Obstructing the police and she is to die! I could not distinguish, and no Home Secretary could ever say, that this woman should be left to die and that that woman should not. Once we were committed to a policy of allowing them to die if they did not take their food we should have to go on with it, and we should have woman after woman whose only offence may have been obstructing the police, breaking a window, or even burning down an empty house, dying because she was obstinate. I do not believe that that is a policy which on consideration will ever recommend itself to the British people, and I am bound to say for myself I could never take a hand in carrying that policy out." (Cheers.)

Lord Robert Cecil's favourite remedy of deportation Mr. McKenna dismissed on the grounds that this would be merely removing the difficulty to some other country than Great Britain. If the suggested distant island were treated as a prison the women would hunger strike there as they did in English prisons. If the island were not treated as a prison, the Suffragettes' rich friends would come and rescue them in yachts.

The suggestion that the militants be treated as lunatics was also dismissed as impossible. Admitting that he had tried to get them certified as lunatics and had failed because the medical profession would not consent to such a course, Mr. McKenna said that he could not, contrary to the advice of the doctors, get certification by Act of Parliament. "There remains," said Mr. McKenna, "the last proposal, that we should give them the franchise."

"That is the right one," exclaimed Mr. William Redmond, but the Home Secretary replied:

"Whatever may be said as to the merits or demerits of that proposal, it is clearly not one I can discuss now in Committee of Supply. I am not responsible, as Home Secretary, for the state of the law on the franchise, nor is there any occasion for me to express or conceal my own opinions on the point; but I certainly do not think, and I am sure the Committee will agree with me, that that could be seriously treated as a remedy for the existing state of lawlessness."

Coming at last to the constructive part of his speech Mr. McKenna told the House of Commons that the Government had one last resort, which was to take legal proceedings against subscribers to the funds of the W. S. P. U. The funds of the society, he said, were undoubtedly beyond the arm of the British law. But the Government were in hopes of stopping future subscriptions. "We are now not without hope," he concluded, "that we have evidence which will enable us to proceed against the subscribers" (loud cheers) "in civil action, and if we succeed the subscribers will become personally liable for all the damage done." (Cheers.) "It is a question of evidence.... I have further directed that the question should be considered whether the subscribers could not be proceeded against criminally as well as by civil action." (Cheers.) "We have only been able to obtain this evidence by our now not infrequent raids upon the offices, and such property as we can get at of the society.... A year ago a raid was made on the offices of the society, but we obtained no such evidence. If we succeed in making the subscribers personally responsible individually for the whole damage done I have no doubt that the insurance companies will quickly follow the example set them by the Government, and in turn bring actions to recover the cost which has been thrown upon them. If that is done I have no doubt the days of militancy are over.

"The militants live only by the subscriptions of rich women" (cheers) "who themselves enjoy all the advantages of wealth secured for them by the labour of others" (cheers) "and use their wealth against the interests of society, paying their unfortunate victims to undergo all the horrors of a hunger and thirst strike in the commission of a crime. Whatever feelings we may have against the wretched women who for 30s. and L2 a week go about the country burning and destroying, what must our feelings be for the women who give their money to induce the perpetration of these crimes and leave their sisters to undergo the punishment while they live in luxury?" (Cheers.) "If we can succeed against them we will spare no pains. If the action is successful in the total destruction of the means of revenue of the Women's Social and Political Union I think we shall see the last of the power of Mrs. Pankhurst and her friends." (Cheers.)

In the general debate which followed the Government were obliged to listen to very severe criticisms of their past and present policy towards the militant women. Mr. Keir Hardie said in part:

"We may not to-day discuss the question of the franchise, but surely it was possible for the Home Secretary, without any transgression on the rules of the House, to have held out just a ray of hope for the future as to the intentions of the Government in regard to this most urgent question. On that point, may I say that I am not one of those who believe that a right thing should be withheld because some of the advocates of it resort to weapons of which we do not approve. That note has been sounded more than once, and if it be true, and it is true, that a section of the public outside are strongly opposed to this conduct, it is equally true that the bulk of the people look with a very calm and indifferent eye upon what is happening so long as the vote is withheld from women."

Mr. Hardie concluded by regretting that the House, instead of discussing Woman Suffrage, was discussing methods of penalising militant women.

Mr. Rupert Gwynne said: "Nobody is in a more ridiculous position than the members on the Treasury Bench. They cannot address a meeting, or go to a railway station, or even get into a taxicab, without having detectives with them. Even if they like it, we, the public do not, because we have to pay for it. It is not worth the expense that it costs to have a detective staff following Cabinet Ministers wherever they go, whether in a private or a public capacity.

"Further," said Mr. Gwynne, "if the Home Secretary is correct in saying that these women are prepared to die, and invite death, in order to advertise their devotion to their cause, does he really think they are going to mind if their funds are attached?"

Another friend of the Suffragists, Mr. Wedgwood said: "We are dealing with a problem which is a very serious one indeed. To my mind, when you find a large body of public opinion, and a large number of people capable of going to these lengths, there is only one thing for a respectable House of Commons to do, and that is to consider very closely and clearly whether the complaints of those who complain are or are not justified. We are not justified in acting in panic. What it is our duty to do is to consider the rights and wrongs of these people who have acted in this way. I attribute myself no value to the vote, but I do think that when we seriously consider the question of Woman Suffrage, which has not been done by this House up to the present, we should remember that when you see people capable of this amount of self-sacrifice, that the one duty of the House of Commons is not to stamp the iron heel upon them, but to see how far their cause is just, and to act according to justice."

When such a debate as this was possible in the House of Commons, it must be plain to every disinterested reader that militancy never set the cause of suffrage back, but on the contrary, set it forward at least half a century. When I remember how that same House of Commons, a few years ago, treated the mention of woman suffrage with scorn and contempt, how they permitted the most insulting things to be said of the women who were begging for their political freedom, how, with indecent laughter and coarse jokes they allowed suffrage bills to be talked out, I cannot but marvel at the change our militancy so quickly brought about. Mr. McKenna's speech was in itself a token of the complete surrender of the Government.

Of course the promise of the Home Secretary that subscribers to our funds should, if possible, be held legally responsible for damage done to private property by the Suffragettes, was never meant to be adhered to. It was, in fact, a perfectly absurd promise, and I think that very few Members of Parliament were deceived by it. Our subscribers can always remain anonymous if they choose, and if it should ever be possible to attack them for our deeds, they would naturally take refuge behind that privilege.

Our battles are practically over, we confidently believe. For the present at least our arms are grounded, for directly the threat of foreign war descended on our nation we declared a complete truce from militancy. What will come out of this European war--so terrible in its effects on the women who had no voice in averting it--so baneful in the suffering it must necessarily bring on innocent

children--no human being can calculate. But one thing is reasonably certain, and that is that the Cabinet changes which will necessarily result from warfare will make future militancy on the part of women unnecessary. No future Government will repeat the mistakes and the brutality of the Asquith Ministry. None will be willing to undertake the impossible task of crushing or even delaying the march of women towards their rightful heritage of political liberty and social and industrial freedom.

THE END

==========